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THE GIFT OF
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EURIPIDES.
BUST IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.
EURIPIDES
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Litt.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

1

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS
RHEUS, HECUBA
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY
HELEN

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
MCMXVI
EURIPIDES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Lit.

IN FOUR VOLUMES
I

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RHEUS HECUBA
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INTRODUCTION

The life of Euripides coincides with the most strenuous and most triumphant period of Athenian history, strenuous and triumphant not only in action, but in thought, a period of daring enterprise, alike in material conquest and development, and in art, poetry, and philosophic speculation. He was born in 480 B.C., the year of Thermopylae and Salamis. Athens was at the height of her glory and power, and was year by year becoming more and more the City Beautiful, when his genius was in its first flush of creation. He had been writing for more than forty years before the tragedy of the Sicilian Expedition was enacted; and, felix opportunitate mortis, he was spared the knowledge of the shameful sequel of Arginusae, the miserable disaster of Aegospotami, the last lingering agony of famished Athens. He died more than a year before these calamities befell.
INTRODUCTION

His father was named Mnesarchides, his mother Kleito. They must have been wealthy, for their son possessed not only considerable property (he had at least once to discharge a "liturgy," \(^1\) and was "proxenus," or consul, for Magnesia, costly duties both), but also, what was especially rare then, a valuable library. His family must have been well-born, for it is on record that he took part as a boy in certain festivals of Apollo, for which any one of mean birth would have been ineligible.

He appeared in the dramatic arena at a time when it was thronged with competitors, and when it must have been most difficult for a new writer to achieve a position. Aeschylus had just died, after being before the public for 45 years: Sophocles had been for ten years in the front rank, and was to write for fifty years longer, while there were others, forgotten now, but good enough to wrest the victory from these at half the annual dramatic competitions at least. Moreover, the new poet was not content to achieve excellence along the lines laid down by his predecessors and already marked with the stamp of public approval. His genius was original, and he

\(^1\) Perhaps the expense, or part-expense, of equipping a war-ship.
INTRODUCTION

followed it fearlessly, and so became an innovator in his handling of the religious and ethical problems presented by the old legends, in the literary setting he gave to these, and even in the technicalities of stage-presentation. As originality makes conquest of the official judges of literature last, and as his work ran counter to a host of prejudices, honest and otherwise,¹ it is hardly surprising that his plays gained the first prize only five times in fifty years.

But the number of these official recognitions is no index of his real popularity, of his hold on the hearts, not only of his countrymen, but of all who spoke his mother-tongue. It is told how on two occasions the bitterest enemies of Athens so far yielded to his spell, that for his sake they spared to his conquered countrymen, to captured Athens, the last horrors of war, the last humiliation of the vanquished. After death he became, and remained, so long as Greek was a living language, the most popular and the most influential of the three great masters of the drama. His nineteenth-century eclipse has been followed by a reaction in which he is recognised as

¹ "He was baited incessantly by a rabble of comic writers, and of course by the great pack of the orthodox and the vulgar."—Murray.
INTRODUCTION

presenting one of the most interesting studies in all literature.

In his seventy-third year he left Athens and his clamorous enemies, to be an honoured guest at the court of the king of Macedon. There, unharassed by the malicious vexations, the political unrest, and the now imminent perils of Athens, he wrote with a freedom, a rapidity, a depth and fervour of thought, and a splendour of diction, which even he had scarcely attained before.

He died in 406 B.C., and, in a revulsion of repentant admiration and love, all Athens, following Sophocles' example, put on mourning for him. Four plays, which were part of the fruits of his Macedonian leisure, were represented at Athens shortly after his death, and were crowned by acclamation with the first prize, in spite of the attempt of Aristophanes, in his comedy of The Frogs, a few months before, to belittle his genius.

His characteristics, as compared with those of his two great brother-dramatists, may be concisely stated thus:—

Aeschylus sets forth the operation of great principles, especially of the certainty of divine retribution, and of the persistence of sin as an ineradicable plague-
INTRODUCTION

taint. He believes and trembles. Sophocles depicts great characters: he ignores the malevolence of destiny and the persistent power of evil: to him “man is man, and master of his fate.” He believes with unquestioning faith. Euripides propounds great moral problems: he analyses human nature, its instincts, its passions, its motives; he voices the cry of the human soul against the tyranny of the supernatural, the selfishness and cruelty of man, the crushing weight of environment. He questions: “he will not make his judgment blind.”

Of more than 90 plays which Euripides wrote, the names of 81 have been preserved, of which 19 are extant—18 tragedies, and one satyric drama, the Cyclops. His first play, The Daughters of Pelias (lost) was represented in 455 B.C. The extant plays may be arranged, according to the latest authorities, in the following chronological order of representation, the dates in brackets being conjectural: (1) Rhesus (probably the earliest); (2) Cyclops; (3) Alcestis, 438; (4) Medea, 431; (5) Children of Hercules, (429–427); (6) Hippolytus, 428; (7) Andromache, (430–424); (8) Hecuba, (425); (9) Suppliant, (421); (10) Madness of Hercules, (423–420); (11) Ion, (419–416); (12) Daughters of Troy, 415; (13) Electra, (413);
INTRODUCTION

(14) Iphigeneia in Taurica, (414–412); (15) Helen, 412; (16) Phoenician Maidens, (411–409); (17) Orestes, 408; (18) Bacchanals, 405; (19) Iphigeneia in Aulis, 405.

In this edition the plays are arranged in three main groups, based on their connexion with (1) the Story of the Trojan War, (2) the Legends of Thebes, (3) the Legends of Athens. The Alcestis is a story of old Thessaly. The reader must, however, be prepared to find that the Trojan War series does not present a continuously connected story, nor, in some details, a consistent one. These plays, produced at times widely apart, and not in the order of the story, sometimes present situations (as in Hecuba, Daughters of Troy, and Helen) mutually exclusive, the poet not having followed the same legend throughout the series.

The Greek text of this edition may be called eclectic, being based upon what appeared, after careful consideration, to be the soundest conclusions of previous editors and critics. In only a few instances, and for special reasons, have foot-notes on readings been admitted. Nauck’s arrangement of the choruses has been followed, with few exceptions.

The translation (first published 1894–1898) has been revised throughout, with two especial aims,
INTRODUÇÃO

closer fidelity to the original, and greater lucidity in expression. It is hoped that the many hundreds of corrections will be found to bring it nearer to the attainment of these objects. The version of the Cyclops, which was not included in the author’s translation of the Tragedies, has been made for this edition. This play has been generally neglected by English translators, the only existing renderings in verse being those of Shelley (1819), and Wodhull (1782).
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ARGUMENT

When the hosts of Hellas were mustered at Aulis beside the narrow sea, with purpose to sail against Troy, they were hindered from departing thence by the wrath of Artemis, who suffered no favouring wind to blow. Then, when they enquired concerning this, Calchas the prophet proclaimed that the anger of the Goddess would not be appeased save by the sacrifice of Iphigenia, eldest daughter of Agamemnon, captain of the host. Now she abode yet with her mother in Mycenae; but the king wrote a lying letter to her mother, bidding her send her daughter to Aulis, there to be wedded to Achilles. All this did Odysseus devise, but Achilles knew nothing thereof. When the time drew near that she should come, Agamemnon repented him sorely. And herein is told how he sought to undo the evil, and of the maiden's coming, and how Achilles essayed to save her, and how she willingly offered herself for Hellas' sake, and of the marvel that befell at the sacrifice.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AGAMEMNON, captain of the host.
OLD SERVANT of Agamemnon.
MENELAUS, brother of Agamemnon, husband of Helen.
CLYTEMNESTRA, wife of Agamemnon.
IPHIGENIA, daughter of Agamemnon.
ACHILLES, son of the sea-goddess Thetis.

MESSENGER.

CHORUS, consisting of women of Chalcis in the isle of Euboea,
who have crossed over to Aulis to see the fleet.

Orestes, infant son of Agamemnon, attendants, and guards of
the chiefs.

SCENE: In the Greek camp at Aulis, outside the tent of
Agamemnon.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

'Ω πρέσβυ, δόμων τών τί πάροιθεν
στείχε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
στείχω. τί δὲ καινουργεῖς,
'Αγάμεμνον ἀναξ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
σπεύσεις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
σπεύδω.

μάλα τοι γῆς τούμων ἀντιτῶν
καὶ ἐπ’ ὀφθαλμῶν ὃ ἐν πάρεστιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τίς ποτ’ ἄρ’ ἀστὴρ ὡδὲ πορθμεύει;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
Σείριος ἐγγὺς τῆς ἐπταπόρου
Πλειάδος ἀσσων ἐτὶ μεσσήρης.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὐκον φθόγγος γ’ οὐτ’ ὀρνίθων
οὔτε θαλάσσης· σιγαὶ δ’ ἀνέμων
τώνδε κατ’ Ἑὔριπον ἐξουσίων.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS


AGAMEMNON
Ancient, before this tent come stand.

OLD SERVANT (coming forward).
I come. What purpose hast thou in hand, Agamemnon, my king?

AGAMEMNON
And wilt thou not hasten?

OLD SERVANT
I haste.

For the need of mine eld scant sleep provideth—This eld o'er mine eyelids like vigilant sentry is placed.

AGAMEMNON
What star in the heaven's height yonder rideth?

OLD SERVANT
Sirius: nigh to the Pleiads seven
He is sailing yet through the midst of heaven.

AGAMEMNON
Sooth, voice there is none, nor slumberous cheep
Of bird, nor whisper of sea; and deep
Is the hush of the winds on Euripus that sleep.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Ἡ ἐΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΙΤΗΣ

τί δὲ σὺ σκηνὴς ἐκτός ἀϊσσεις, "Ἀγάμεμνον ἄναξ;
ἔτι δ' ἡσυχία τῇδε κατ' Ἀδλιν, καὶ ἀκίνητοι φυλακαὶ τειχέων.
στείχωμεν ἐσώ.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΟΝ

ξηλῶ σὲ, γέρον,
ξηλῶ δ' ἀνδρῶν δς ἀκίνδυνον
βίον ἐξεπέρασ' ἀγνὸς ἀκλείψ.
τοὺς δ' ἐν τιμαῖς ἡσσον ξηλῶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΙΤΗΣ

καὶ μὴν τὸ καλὸν γ' ἐνταῦθα βίον.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΟΝ

τούτῳ δὲ γ' ἔστιν τὸ καλὸν σφαλερὸν:
καὶ τὸ πρότιμον
γλυκὺ μὲν, λύπη δὲ προσιστάμενον.
τοτὲ μὲν τὰ θεῶν οὐκ ὁρθωθέντ' ἀνέτρεψε βίον, τοτὲ δ' ἀνθρώπων
γνῶμαι πολλὰ
καὶ δυσάρεστοι διέκναισαν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΙΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἀγαμαὶ ταῦτ' ἀνδρὸς ἀριστεὼς,
οὐκ ἐπὶ πᾶσιν σ' ἐφύτευσ' ἁγαθῶς,
'Ἀγάμεμνον, Ἀτρέως.

dεῖ δὲ σὲ χαίρειν καὶ λυπεῖσθαι:
θυρυτὸς γὰρ ἔφυσ. καὶ μὴ σὺ θέλης,
τὰ θεῶν οὕτω βουλόμεν' ἐσται.

σὺ δὲ λαμπτήρος φάος ἀμπετάσας
δέλτον τε γράφεις
tὴνδ' ἥν πρὸ χερῶν ἐτί βαστάζεις,
καὶ ταῦτα πάλιν γράφματα συγχεῖς
καὶ σφραγίζεις λυεῖς τ' ὑπίσω,
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT
Yet without thy tent, Agamemnon my lord,
Why dost thou pace thus feverishly?
Over Aulis yonder is night's peace poured:
They are hushed which along the walls keep ward.
Come, pass we within.

AGAMEMNON
I envy thee,
Ancient, and whose unperilled may pace
Life's pathway unheeded and unrenowned:
But little I envy the high in place.

OLD SERVANT
Yet the life of these is glory-crowned.

AGAMEMNON
Ah, still with the glory is peril bound.
Sweetly ambition tempteth, I trow;
Yet is it neighbour to sore disquiet.
For the Gods' will clasheth with man's will now,
Wrecking his life: by men that riot
With divers desires, whom one cannot content,
Now is the web of a life's work rent.

OLD SERVANT
Nay, in a king I love not this repining.
Atreus begat thee, Agamemnon, not
Only to bask in days all cloudless-shining:
Needs must be joy and sorrow in thy lot.
Mortal thou art: though marred be thy designing,
Still to fulfilment is the Gods' will brought.

Thou the star-glimmer of thy lamp hast litten,
Writest a letter—in thine hand yet grasped,—
Then thou erasest that which thou hast written,
Sealest, and breakest bands as soon as clasped;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ρίππεις τε πέδῳ πεύκην, θαλερὸν
catá δάκρυ χέων,
καὶ τῶν ἀπόρων οὐδενὸς ἐνδείξ
μὴ ὦ μαίνεσθαι.
tί ποιεῖς; τί νέον περὶ σοὶ, βασιλεῦ;
φέρε κοίνωσον μύθον ἑς ἡμᾶς.
πρὸς δὲ ἄνδρι ἀγαθὸν πιστῶν τε φράσεις;
σῇ γὰρ ἀλόχω τότε Τυνδάρεως
πέμπτε φερνὴν
συννυμφοκόμου τε δίκαιον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγένοντο Δήδα Θεστιάδι τρεῖς παρθένοι.
Φοίβη Κλυταμνήστρα τ’ ἐμὴ ξυνάρος
’Ελένη τε· ταῦτα οἱ τὰ πρῶτ’ ὠλβισμένοι
μυνηστήρες ἦλθον Ἐλλάδος νεανία.
δειναὶ δ’ ἀπείλα καὶ κατ’ ἀλλήλων φόνος
ξυνίσταθ’, ὡστὶς μὴ λάβοι τὴν παρθένον.
τὸ πράγμα δ’ ἀπόρως εἰς Τυνδάρεω πατρί,
δοῦναι τε μὴ δοῦναι τε, τῆς τύχης ὅπως
ἀψαίρ’ ἀθραυστὰ. 1 καὶ νῖν εἰσήλθεν τάδε,
όρκους συνύψαι δεξιὰς τε συμβαλεῖν
μυνηστήρας ἀλλήλοις καὶ δι’ ἐμπύρων
στονδὰς καθεῖναι καταράσασθαι τάδε,
ὅτου γυνὴ γένοιο Τυνδαρίς κόρη,
τούτῳ συναμυνεῖν, εἰ τις ἐκ δόμων λαβὼν
οίχοιτο τῶν τ’ ἔχοντ’ ἀπωθοῖν λέχου,
κατησπρατεύειν καὶ κατασκάψειν πόλιν
’Ελλην’ ὁμοίως βάρβαρον θ’ ὅπλων μέτα.
ἐπεὶ δ’ ἐπιστῶθησαν, εὑ δὲ πῶς γέρων
ὑπῆλθεν αὐτοὺς Τυνδάρεως πυκνῇ φρενί,
δίδως’ ἐλέοθαι θυγατρὶ μυνηστήρων ἐνα,
ὅποι πνοαί φέροιεν ’Αφροδίτης φίλαι.

1 Hemsterhuys: for ἄριστα of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Castest to earth the pine-slip, ever streaming
   Tears from thine eyes; nor lacketh anything
Of madness in thy mien despairful-seeming.
   What is thy grief, thy strange affliction, king?

Come, let me share thy story: to the loyal
   Thou wilt reveal it, to the true and tried,
Whom, at thy bridal, with the dower royal
   Tyndareus sent to wait upon thy bride.

AGAMEMNON

Three daughters Leda, child of Thestius, bare,
Phoebe, and Clytemnestra mine own wife,
   And Helen. Wooing this last, princes came
In fortune foremost in all Hellas-land.
With fearful threatenings breathed they murder, each
   Against his rivals, if he won her not.

Then sore perplexed was Tyndareus her sire,
How, giving or refusing, he should 'scape
Shipwreck: and this thing came into his mind,
That each to each the suitors should make oath,
And clasp right hands, and with burnt sacrifice
   Should pour drink-offerings, and swear to this:
Whose wife soever Tyndareus' child should be,
   Him to defend: if any from her home
Stole her and fled, and thrust her lord aside,
To march against him, and to raze his town,
Hellene or alien, with their mailed array.
So when they had pledged them thus, and cunningly
Old Tyndareus had by craft outwitted them,
   He let his daughter midst the suitors choose
Him unto whom Love's sweet winds wafted her.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

70 ή δ' εἴλεθ', δός σφε μῆποτ' ὄφελεν λαβεῖν, Μενέλαου. ἐλθὼν δ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν ὁ τάς θεᾶς κρίνων δῷ, ὡς ὁ μῦθος Ἀργείων ἔχει, Λακεδαίμον, ἀνθρὲς μὲν εἰμάτων στολῇ χρυσῷ τε λαμπρός βαρβάρῳ χλιδήματι, έρων ἐρώταν ὄχετ' ἔξαρπνάσας 'Ελένην πρὸς Ἰδης βούσταθμ', ἐκδημον λαβὼν Μενέλαου· ὁ δὲ καθ' Ἐλλάδ' ὀιστρήσας δρόμῳ δρκους παλαιοὺς Τυνδάεω μαρτύρεται, ὡς χρῆ βοηθεῖν τοὺς ἡδικμένους.

80 τούτους οὖν Ἐλληνες ἄξιστες δορί, τεύχῃ λαβόντες στενόπορ' Αὐλίδος βάθρα ἦκουσι τήσδε, ναυσίν ἀσπίσιν θ' ὄμοι ἱπποὺ τε πολλοὶ ἄρμασιν τ' ἡσκημένου, κάμε στρατηγεῖν δῆτα Μενέλεως χάριν εἶλοντο, σύγγονον γε. τὰξιῳμα δὲ ἄλλος τις ὀφελ' ἀντ' ἐμοί λαβεῖν τόδε. ἥθροισμένου δὲ καὶ ξυνεστώτος στρατοῦ, ἢμεσθ' ἀπλοία χρώμενοι κατ' Αὐλίδα. Κάλχας δ' ὁ μάντις ἀπορία κεχρημένοις ἀνέιλεν Ἴφυγένειαν ἦν ἐσπειρ' ἐγώ 'Αρτέμιδι θύσαι τῇ τόδ' οἰκούση πέδων, καὶ πλοῦν τ' ἔσσεσθαι καὶ κατασκαφᾶς Φρυγῶν θύσασι, μὴ θύσασι δ' οὐκ εἶναι τάδε. κλύων δ' ἐγὼ ταύτ', ὀρθώ κηρύγματι Ταλθύβιον ἐπίνοι πάντ' ἀφίεναι στρατοῦ, ὡς οὖποτ' ἂν τλᾶς θυγατέρα κτανεῖν ἐμήν. οὔ δ' ἴ' ἀδελφός πάντα προσφέρων λόγον ἐπεισε τλήναι δεινά. κἀν δέλτου πτυχαῖς γράψας ἐπεμψα πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμήν στέλλειν 'Ἀχιλλεῖ θυγατέρ' ὡς γαμουμένην, τό τ' ἄξιωμα τάνδρος ἐκγαυρούμενος,
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

She chose—O had she never chosen him!—
Menelaus. Then from Phrygia he who judged
The Goddesses, as Argive legend tells,
To Sparta came, his vesture flower-bestarred
Gleaming with gold, barbaric bravery,
Loved Helen, and was loved, stole her and fled
To Ida's steadings, when from home afar
Menelaus was. Through Hellas frenzy-stung
He sped, invoking Tyndareus' ancient oath,
Claiming of all their bond to help the wronged.

Thereat up sprang the Hellenes spear in hand,
Donned mail of fight, and to this narrow gorge
Of Aulis came, with galleys and with shields,
And many a horse and chariots many arrayed.
And me for Menelaus' sake they chose
For chief, his brother. Would some other man
Might but have won the honour in my stead!

Now when the gathered host together came,
At Aulis did we tarry weather-bound.
Then the seer Calchas bade in our despair
Slay Iphigeneia, her whom I begat,
To Artemis who dwelleth in this land;
So should we voyage, and so Phrygia smite;
But if we slew her not, it should not be.
I, when I heard this, bade Talthybius
Dismiss the host with proclamation loud,
Since I would never brook to slay my child.
Whereat my brother, pleading manifold pleas,
To the horror thrust me. In a tablet's folds
I wrote, and bade therein my wife to send
Our daughter, as to be Achilles' bride,
Extolled therein the hero's high repute,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

συμπλείν τ’ Ἀχαιώς οὖνεκ’ οὐ θέλοι λέγων,
ei μὴ παρ’ ἡμῶν εἰςιν εἰς Φθίαν λέχος:
πειθῶ γὰρ εἰχον τήνδε πρὸς δέμαρτ’ ἐμὴν,
ψευδὴ συνάψας ἀμφὶ παρθένου γάμον.
μόνοι δ’ Ἀχαιῶν ἱσμεν ὡς ἔχει τάδε
Κάλκας, Ὁδυσσεύς, Μενέλαως θ’. ἃ δ’ οὐ καλῶς
ἐγνών τότ’, αὐθίς μεταγράφω καλῶς πάλιν
εἰς τήνδε δέλτοι, ἣν κατ’ εὐφρόνησι σκιᾶν
λύνοντα καὶ συνδούντα μ’ εἰςείδης, γέρων.

ἀλλ’ εἰα χώρει τάσδ’ ἐπιστολᾶς λαβὼν
πρὸς Ἀργος. ἃ δὲ κέκευθε δέλτος ἐν τυχαίς,
λόγῳ φράσω σοι πάντα τάγγυγραμμέναι
πιστῶσ γὰρ ἄλοχο τοῖς τ’ ἐμοῖς δόμοισιν εἰ.

ΠΡΕΒΩΤΗΣ

λέγει καὶ σήμαιν’, ἱνα καὶ γλώσσῃ
σύντονα τοῖς σοῖς γράμμασιν αὐδῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πέμπω σοι πρὸς ταῖς πρόσθεν
δέλτοις, ὁ Λήδας ἔρνος,
μὴ στήλλειν τὰν σὰν ὑπν πρὸς

τὰν κολπώδη πτέρυγ’ Εὐθοῖας
Ἀχλιν ἄκλυσταν,
eἰς ἄλλας ὀρας γὰρ δὴ

παιδὸς δαῖσομεν ύμεναιοὺς.

ΠΡΕΒΩΤΗΣ

καὶ πῶς Ἀχιλεὺς λέκτρων ὑπλακών
οὐ μέγα φυσῶν θυμῶν ἐπαρεῖ
σοι σῇ τ’ ἄλοχο;

tόδε καὶ δεινον. σήμαιν’ ὃ τι φής.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Said with Achaea's host he would not sail,
Except a bride of our house came to Phthia.
Yea, this I counted should persuade my wife,
Such framing of feigned spousals for the maid.

This none Achaean knoweth with me, save
Calchas, Odysseus, Menelaus. Now
That wrong I here revoke, and write the truth
Within this scroll, which in the gloom of night
Thou saw'st me, ancient, open and reseal.
Up, go, this letter unto Argos bear;
And what the tablet hideth in its folds,
All things here written, will I tell to thee,
For loyal to my wife and house art thou.

OLD SERVANT

Speak, and declare, that my tale heard
Ring true beside the written word.

AGAMEMNON

(Reads)—"This add I to my letter writ before:—
O child of Leda, do thou send
Thy daughter not unto the waveless shore
Of Aulis, where the bend
Of that sea-pinion of Euboea lies
Gulf-shapen. 'Ere we celebrate
Our daughter's marriage-tide solemnities,
A season must we wait."

OLD SERVANT

Yet, if Achilles lose his plighted spouse,
Will not his anger's tempest swell
Against thee and thy wife? Sure, perilous
Is this!—thy meaning tell.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ἘΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
δομέ, ὦκ ἑργον παρέχον Ἀχιλεὺς
οὐκ οἴδε γάμους, οὐδ' ὁ τι πράσσομεν,
οὐδ' ὅτι κείνῳ παῖδ' ἐπεφήμισα
νυμφεῖον εἰς ἄγκων
ἐυνάς ἐκδώσειν λέκτροις.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
δεινά γ' ἐτόλμας, Ἀγάμεμνον ἀναξ,
δς τῷ τῆς θεᾶς σήν παῖδ' ἄλοχον
φατίσας ἦγες σφάγιον Δαναοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οἴμοι, γυνώμας ἐξέσταν,
αιαί, πίπτω δ' εἰς ἄταν.
ἀλλ' ἂθ' ἔρεσσων σῶν πόδα, γῆρα
μηδὲν υπείκων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
σπεύδω, βασίλευ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
μή νυν μήτ' ἀληθοῦς ἢν
κρήνας, μῆθ' ἅπερ θελχθῆς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
εὐφήμα θρόει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
πάντη δὲ πόρου σχιστῶν ἀμείβων
λεύσσε, φυλάσσων μὴ τίς σε λάθη
τροχαλοῖσιν ὄχις παραμειναμένη
παῖδα κομίζουσι' ἐνθάδ' ἀπήνη
Δαναῶν πρὸς ναῦς.

Ἡν γὰρ νῦν πομπαῖς ἀντήσης,
πάλιν ἔξωρμα, σειε χαλινοῦς,
ἐπὶ Κυκλώπων ἵεἰς θυμέλας.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

His name, no more, Achilles lends,—hath known
Nought of a bride, nor aught we planned,
Nor how to him I have, in word alone,
Given my daughter’s hand.

OLD SERVANT

Fearfully, Agamemnon, was this done,
That thou shouldst bring thy child, O King,
Hither, named bride unto the Goddess’ son,
Yet a burnt-offering!

AGAMEMNON

Woe! I am all distraught:
I am reeling ruin-ward!
Speed thy foot, ancient, slacking nought
For eel.

OLD SERVANT

I speed, my lord.

AGAMEMNON

Sit thee not down where the forest-founts leap,
Neither be bound by the spell of sleep.

OLD SERVANT

Breathe not such doubt abhorred!

AGAMEMNON

When thou comest where ways part, keenly then
Watch, lest a chariot escape thy ken,
Whose rolling wheels peradventure may bear
My daughter hitherward, even to where
Be the ships of the Danaan men.
For, if thou light on her escort-train,
Then turn them aback, grasp, shake the rein:
To the walls Cyclopean speed them again.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἔσται τάδε.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κλήθρων δ' ἐξόρμα. ¹

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πιστὸς δὲ φράσας τάδε πῶς ἔσομαι, λέγε, παιδί σέθεν τῇ σῇ τ' ἀλόχω; ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σφραγίδα φύλασσ' ἦν ἐπὶ δέλτῳ τῇδε κομίζεις. ἢθι. λευκάινει τὸδε φῶς ἢδη λάμπουσ' ἢδς πῷρ τε τεθρίππων τῶν 'Αελίουν σύλλαβε μόχθων.

θυητῶν δ' ὀλβίος εἰς τέλος οὔδείς οὐδ' εὐδαίμον· οὕτω γὰρ ἐφ' τις ἀλυπος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔμολον ἀμφὶ παρακτίαν στρ. α'

ψάμαθον Ἀύλίδος ἐναλίας,

Εὐρίπτου διὰ χευμάτων κέλσασα στενοπόρθμων,

Χαλκίδα πόλιν ἐμὰν προλιπόνο',

ἀγχιάλων ὑδάτων τροφὸν τᾶς κλεινᾶς Ἀρεθούσας,

Ἀχαιῶν στρατιὰν ὡς ἰδοῖμαι ἀγανῶν τε πλάτας ναυσιπόρους ἡμιθέων, οὐδ' ἐπὶ Τροί.

αν ἐλάταις χιλιόναυσιν τὸν ξανθὸν Μενέλαον ἀμέτεροι πόσεις

¹ Adopting Nauck's arrangement and reading for ll. 149–152.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT
Yea, this will I do.

AGAMEMNON
From the gates forth go.

OLD SERVANT
Yet how shall thy wife and thy daughter know
My faith herein, that the thing is so?

AGAMEMNON
Keep thou this seal, whose impress lies
On the letter thou bearest. Away! — the skies
Already are grey, and they kindle afar
With the dawn's first flush, and the Sun-god's car.
Now help thou my strait!

[Exit OLD SERVANT.

No man to the end is fortunate,
Happy is none:
For a lot unvexed never man yet won.

[Exit.

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS
I have come to the Aulian sea-gulf's verge, (Str. I)
To her gleaming sands:
I have voyaged Euripus' rushing surge
From the city that stands
Queen of the Sea-gate, Chalcis mine,
On whose bosom-fold
Arethusa gleameth, the fountain divine,—
Have come to behold
The Achaean array, and the heroes' oars
That shall onward speed
A thousand galleys to Troyland's shores.
These two kings lead:
Yea, with prince Menelaus the golden-haired,
As our own lords say,
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η·ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἐνέπους’ Ἀγαμέμνονά τ’ εὐπατρίδαν
στέλλειν ἐπὶ τὰν Ἐλέαν, ὑπ’
Εὐρώτα δονακοτρόφου

180
Πάρις ὁ βουκόλος ἄν ἔλαβε,
δόρον τὰς Ἀφροδίτας,
ὅτ’ ἐπὶ κρηναίαισι δρόσους
"Ἡρα Παλλάδι τ’ ἔριν ἔριν
μορφᾶς ἑν Κύρπις ἔσχεν.

πολύθυτον δὲ δι’ ἀλσος Ἀρ-
τέμιδος ἡλιθον ὄρμενα,
φοινίσσουσα παρῆδ’ ἐμὰν
αισχύνα νεοθαλεῖ,
ἀσπίδος ἔρυμα καὶ κλίσιας
ὀπλοφόρους Δαναῶν θέλος’
ἵππων τ’ ὀχλον ἱδέσθαι.

190
κατείδου δὲ δὺ’ Ἀίαντε συνέδρω
τὸν Ωἰλέως Τελαμώνος τε γόνων,
tὸν Σαλαμίνος στέφανον,
Πρωτεσφίλαν τ’ ἐπὶ θάκοις
πεσσῶν ἡδωμένους μορ-
φαίας πολυπλόκοις,
Παλαμήδεα θ’, δυν τέκε παῖς ὁ Ποσει-
dάνος, Διομήδεα θ’ ἱδο-
ναῖς δίσκου κεχαρημένον,
παρὰ δὲ Μηρώνην, Ἀρεος
ὀξου, θαῦμα βροτοῖς,
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And with King Agamemnon all these fared
On the vengeance-way,
On the quest of her whom the herdman drew
From beside the river
Of whispering reeds, his sin-wage due,—
Aphrodite the giver,—
Promised, when into the fountain down
Spray-veiled she descended,¹
When with Hera and Pallas for beauty's crown
The Cyprian contended.
And through Artemis' grove of sacrifice (Ant. I)
Hasting I came,
While swift in my cheeks did the crimson rise,
The roses of shame:
For to look on the shields, on the tents agleam
With arms, was I fain,
And on thronging team upon chariot-team.
There marked I twain,
The Oileid Aias and Telamon's child,
Salamis' pride.
By the shifting maze of the draughts beguiled
Sat side by side
Protesilaus and he that was sprung
Of Poseidon's seed,
Palamedes: and there, by the strong arm flung
Of Diomedes,
Did the discus leap, and he joyed therein;
And hard beside him
Was Meriones of the Wan-god's kin—
Men wondering eyed him.

¹ In Andromache, 284-5, the rival Goddesses are described as bathing in a forest-fountain before coming before Paris for judgment.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

τὸν ἀπὸ νησαίων τ' ὅρεων
Δαέρτα τόκου, ἅμα δὲ Νι-ρή, κάλλιστον Ἀχαίων.

τὸν ἵσανεμόν τε ποδοῖν
λαυψηροδρόμον Ἀχιλῆ, τὸν ἄ Θέτις τέκε καὶ
Χείρων ἑξέπονασεν,

210 εἶδον αἰγιαλοῖσι

παρὰ τε κροκάλαις δρόμουν ἔχοντα σὺν ὅπλοις
ἀμιλλαν δ' ἐπόνει ποδοῖν
πρὸς ἅρμα τέτρωρον
ἐλίσσων περὶ νίκας.

ὁ δὲ διφρηλάτας ἔβοατ'
Εὖμηλος Φερητιάδας,
ἡ κάλλιστον ἰδόμαν
χρυσοδαιδάλτους στομίοις

220 πώλους κέντρῳ θειομένους,
τοὺς μὲν μέσους ζυγίους,

λευκοστίκτωρ τριχὶ βαλιοῦς,
τοὺς δ' ἔξω σειροφόρους,
ἀντίρεις καμπαίσι δρόμων,

πυρσότριχας, μονόχαλα δ' ὑπὸ σφυρὰ

ποικιλοδέρμωνας· ὦς παρεπάλλετο
Πηλείδας σὺν ὅπλοις παρ' ἄντυγα

230 καὶ σύριγγας ἀρματείους.


ναὸν δ' εἰς ἄριθμὸν ἠλυθον
καὶ θέαν ἀθέσφατον,

τὰν γυναικεῖον ὄψιν ὅμοιων
ὡς πλήσαμι, μείλινον ἰδονάν.

καὶ κέρας μὲν ἦν
δεξιόν πλάτας ἔχων

22
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And Laertes' son from the isle-hills far
Through the sea-haze gleaming;
And Nireus, of all that host of war
The goodliest-seeming.

(Mesode)

There was Achilles, whose feet are as winds for the
storm-rush unreined:
Him I beheld who of Thetis was born, who of
Cheiron was trained;
Clad in his armour he raced, over sand, over shingle
he strained,
Matching in contest of swiftness his feet with a
Rounding the sweep of the course for the victory:—
rang evermore
[that he bore
Shouts from Pheretid Eumelus, and aye with the goad
Smote he his horses most goodly—I saw them, saw
gold-glitter deck
Richly their bits; and the midmost, the car-yoke who
bore on their neck,
Dappled were they, with a hair here and there like a
snow-smitten fleck.
[turning-post swept,
They that in traces without round the perilous
Bays were they, spotted their fetlocks: Peleides
beside them on-leapt:
Sheathed in his harness, unflagging by car-rail and
axle he kept.

(Str. 2)

And I came where the host of the war-ships lies,—
A marvel past telling,—
To fill with the vision a woman's eyes
And a heart joy-swelling.
And there, on the rightward wing arrayed,
Φθιώτας ὁ Μυρμιδών Ἀρης
πεντήκοντα ναυσὶ θουρλαῖς.
χρυσέαις δὲ εἰκόσιν κατ' ἀκρα Νη-
ῥῆδες ἐστασαν θεάι,
πρύμναις σῆμι Ἀχιλλείου στρατοῦ.
'Αργείων δὲ ταῖσδ' ἱσήρετμοι
νᾶς ἐστασαν πέλας.
ὧν ὁ Μηκιστέως στρατηλάτας
παῖς ἦν, Ταλαὸς δὲν τρέφετε πατήρ.
Καπανέως τε παῖς
Σθένελος Ἀτθίδος δ' ἄγων
ἐξήκοντα ναῦς ὁ Ἐσσέως
παῖς ἐξῆς ἑναυλόχει θεάν

Παλλάδ' ἐν μωνύχοις ἔχων πτερω-
τοῖσιν ἄρμασιν θετὸν
eυσημόν τε φάσμα ναυβάταις.

Βοιωτῶν δ' ὀπλισμα ποντίας
πεντήκοντα νῆας εἰδόμαν
σημείοισιν ἐστολισμένας.
τοῖς δὲ Κάδμος ἦν
χρύσεων δράκοντ' ἔχων
ἀμφὶ ναῦν κόρυμβα.
Ἄθιτος δ' ὁ γηγενής

ἀρχὲ ναῶν στρατοῦ.
Φωκίδος δ' ἀπὸ χθονός,
Δοκράς δὲ τοῖσδ' ἰσας ἄγων
ὣς ναῦς Οἰλέως τόκος κλυτὰν
Θρονιάδ' ἐκλειπὼν πόλιν.

Μυκήνας δὲ τὰς Κυκλωπίας
παῖς Ἀτρέως ἐπεμπε ναυβάτας

ἀντ. γ'
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Was Phthia's Myrmidon battle-aid,
Fifty galleys swift for the war,
With the ranks of oars by their bulwarks swayed;
And high on their sterns in effigies golden.
The Nereid Goddesses gleamed afar,
The sign by Achilles' host upheld.

Hard by, keels equal by tale unto these (Ant. 2)
Did the Argives gather;
With Talaüs' fosterling passed they the seas,—
Mecisteus his father,—
And with Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, at his side.
And there did the galleys of Attica ride
With the scion of Theseus, the next to the left,—
Ships threescore,—and the peerless pride
Of their blazonry was a winged car, bearing
Pallas, with horses of hooves uncleft,
A blessèd sign unto folk sea-faring.

Boeotia's barks sea-plashing (Str. 3)
Fifty there lay:
I marked their ensigns flashing.
Cadmus had they,
Whose Golden Dragon shone
On each stern's garnison;
And Leïtus Earth's son
Led their array.
Galleys from Phocis came;
'In' Locrian barks, the same
By tale, went Thronium's fame
'Neath Aias' sway.

Atreides' Titan-palace, (Ant. 3)
Mycenae, sent
ναὼν ἐκατὸν ἡθροὶσμένους.
σὺν δ' ἀδελφὸς ἡ ἐν
ταγός, ὥς φίλος φίλῳ,
τάς φυγόσας μέλαθρα
βαρβάρων χάριν γάμων
πρᾶξιν Ἑλλάς ὡς λάβοι.
ἐκ Πύλου δὲ Νέστορος
Γερμνίου κατειδόμαν
πρύμνας σῆμα ταυρότον ὅραν,
τὸν πάροικον Ἀλφεόν.

Ἀνιάνων δὲ δωδεκάστολοι
νὰ ἔσαν, ὅτι ἀναξ Γονεὺς
ἀρχεῖ τῶν δ' αὐ τῆς

Ηλιὸς δυνάστορες,
οὐδ' Ἡπείρων ὕψωμαζε πᾶς λεώς.
Εὐρυτός δ' ἄνασσε τῶνδε.
λευκήρετμον δ' Ἀρη
Τάφιον ἤγεν, ὅτι Μέγης ἄνασσε
Φυλέως λόχευμα,
τὰς Ἐχίνας λιπῶν * * *
νῆσους ναυβάταις ἀπροσφόρους.

Ἀξίας δ' ὁ Σαλαμῖνος ἔντροφος
δεξιῶν κέρας πρὸς τῷ λαῖν ἕναγε,
τῶν ἀσων ὥρμει πλάταισιν
ἐσχάταισι συμπλέκων
δῶδεκα ἐντροφωτάταις ναυσίν ὡς
ἀὶον καὶ ναυβάταν
εἰδόμαν λεών.
φ' τις εἰ προσαρμόσει

1 Markland: for *Ἀδραστος of MSS. There is nowhere else any mention of an Adrastus in this connection.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Thronged decks of five-score galleys:
   His brother went
As friend with friend, to take
Her, who the home-bonds brake
For alien gallant's sake,
   For chastisement.
There, ships of Pylos' king,
Gerenian Nestor, bring
The weird bull-blazoning
That Alpheus lent.

Gouneus, King of Aenian men,  \(\text{Epode}\)
Marshalled galleys two and ten:
Hard thereby the bulwarks tower
Of the lords of Elis' power,
Whom the host Epeians name:
Eurytus to lead them came;
Led the Taphians argent-oared
Therewithal, which owned for lord
Phyleus' scion Meges, who
From the Echinad Isles, whereto
No man sails, his war-host drew.

Aias, Salamis' fosterling,
Held in touch his rightward wing
With their left who nearest lay:
\(\text{290}\)
Helm-obeying keels were they
Twelve, which, marshalled uttermost,
Closed the line that fringed the coast,
As I heard, and now might mark.
Whoso with barbaric bark
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

θαρσάρους βάριδας
νόστοιν οὐκ ἀποίσεται,

ἐνθάδ᾽ οἷον εἰδόμαι
νάιον πόρεμα,
τὰ δὲ κατ᾽ οἴκους κλύουσα συγκλήτου
μνήμην σφόξωμαι στρατεύματος.

300

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
Μενέλαε, τολμᾶς δείν', ἃ σ' οὐ τολμᾶν χρεών.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀπελθεὶς λίαν δεσπόταισι πιστός εἰ.
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
καλὸν γέ μοι τοιχνέος ἐξωνείδισας.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
κλαίοις ἂν, εἰ πράσσοις ἃ μη πράσσειν σε δεῖ.
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
οὐ χρὴν σε λύσαι δέλτον, ἵνα ἐγὼ '.herokuapp κακά.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐδὲ γε φέρειν σε πᾶσιν "Ελλησιν κακά.
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ἄλλοις ἀμιλλὼ ταῦτ' ἀφείς δὲ τήνδ' ἐμοί.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐκ ἂν μεθείμην.
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
οὐδ' ἐγὼ ἀφήσομαι.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
σκῆπτρῳ τά' ἀρα σὸν καθαίμαξω κάρα.
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ἀλλ' εὐκλεῖς τοι δεσποτῶν θυήσκειν ὑπερ.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Meets him, from the grapple stern
Never home shall he return.

Lo, the goodly sea-array
That mine eyes have seen to day!
Erst the great war-muster's story
Through mine home rang; now its glory
In mine heart shall live for aye.

Enter OLD SERVANT, grasping at a letter which MENELAUS has snatched from him.

OLD SERVANT.
Menelaus, this is outrage!—shame on thee!

MENELAUS.
Stand back! Thou art all too loyal to thy lord.

OLD SERVANT
A proud reproach thou castest upon me.

MENELAUS
If thou o'erstep thy duty, thou shalt rue.

OLD SERVANT
'Tis not for thee to unseal the scroll I bare.

MENELAUS
Nor yet for thee to bring to all Greeks bane.

OLD SERVANT
With others argue that; but this restore.

MENELAUS
I will not yield it up!

OLD SERVANT
Nor I let go!

MENELAUS
Soon then my staff shall dash thine head with blood.

OLD SERVANT
Glorious it were in my lord's cause to die.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
μέθες· μακροὺς δὲ δούλος ὡν λέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ὡ δέσποτ', ἄδικούμεσθα. σᾶς δ' ἐπιστολὰς
ἐξαρτάσας ὅδ' ἐκ χερῶν ἐμῶν βία.
'Αγάμεμνον, ουδὲν τῇ δίκῃ χρήσθαι θέλει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐάν:
τὶς ποτ' ἐν πύλαισι θόρυβος καὶ λόγων ἀκοσμία;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐμὸς οὐχ ὁ τοῦθε μῦθος κυριώτερος λέγειν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
σὺ δὲ τί τῳδ' ἐς ἔριν ἀφίξαι, Μενέλεως, βία τ' ἀγείς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

320 βλέψων εἰς ἡμᾶς, ἵν' ἀρχὰς τῶν λόγων ταύτας

λάβω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
μῶν τρέσας οὐκ ἀνακαλύψω βλέφαρον, Ἀτρέως
γεγώς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τῇνδ' ὀρὰς δέλτων, κακίστων γραμμάτων ὑπηρέτων;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
eisore, καὶ πρῶτα ταύτην σῶν ἀπάλλαξον χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὖ, πρὶν ἀν δεῖξω γε Δαναοῖς πᾶσι τἀγγεγραμμένα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἡ γὰρ οἶσθ' ἃ μὴ σε καιρὸς εἰδέναι, σήμαντρ'
ἀνελθ'.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MENELAUS
Unhand!—a slave, thou art overfull of words.

OLD SERVANT
Ho, master! outrage!—lo, this man hath snatched
By violence thy letter from mine hand,
Agamemnon, nor will have regard to right!

Enter AGAMEMNON

AGAMEMNON
Ha!
What this tumult at my doors, and this unseemly
brawl upstirred?

MENELAUS
Mine the right to speak is—mine before this fellow
to be heard.

AGAMEMNON
Wherefore dost thou strive with him, Menelaus, and
by violence hale? [MEN. releases o.s., who exit.

MENELAUS
Look me in the face, that I may make beginning of
the tale.

AGAMEMNON
Shall I dread to lift mine eyelids, who of dreadless
Atreus came?

MENELAUS
Seest thou this tablet—this, the bearer of a tale of
shame?

AGAMEMNON
I behold it,—and from thine hand first do thou sur-
render it.

MENELAUS [writ!
Never, ere I show to all the Danaans that therein is

AGAMEMNON
How?—and didst thou break my seal, and know'st
thou what thou shouldest not?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ῶστε σ’ ἀλγύναι γ’, ἀνοίξας, ἀ σὺ κάκ’ εἰργάσω λάθρα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ποῦ δὲ κάλαβές νυν ; ὡ θεοί, σῆς ἀνασχύντου φρενός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
προσδοκῶν σὴν παιδ’ ἀπ’ Ἀργοὺς, εἰ στράτευμ’ ἀφίξεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
tί δέ σε τὰμὰ δεῖ φυλάσσειν ; οὔκ ἀνασχύντου τόδε;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
330 ὅτι τὸ βουλεσθαί μ’ ἐκνιξε’ σος δὲ δούλος οὐκ ἔφυν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὐχὶ δεινά ; τὸν ἐμὸν οἰκεῖν οίκον οὐκ ἔδε ἐμὲ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πλάγια γὰρ φρονεῖς, τὰ μὲν νῦν, τὰ δὲ πάλαι, τὰ
d’ αὐτίκα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
eὶ κεκόμψενσαι πονηρῶν γλῶσσ’ ἔπιφθονον σοφή.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

νοῦς δ’ ὁ μὴ βέβαιος ἀδικον κτῆμα κοῦ σαφὲς

φίλοις.
βούλομαι δὲ σ’ ἐξελέγξαι, καὶ σὺ μῆτ’ ὀργῆς υπὸ

ἀποτρέπου τάληθες, οὐτε κατατενῶ λίαν ἐγώ.

οἰσθ’ ὅτ’ ἐσπούδαζες ἅρχειν Δαναίδαις πρὸς

Ἰλιον,

τῷ δοκεῖν μὲν οὐχὶ χρήζων, τῷ δὲ βούλεσθαί

θέλων,

32
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MENELAUS

Yea, unto thy sorrow brake it, that I know thy secret plot.

AGAMEMNON

Ay?—and where didst find it?—Gods, what front of impudence is here!

MENELAUS

Watching if thy child from Argos to the host were drawing near.

AGAMEMNON

What dost thou to spy upon me? Is not this done shamelessly?

MENELAUS

Mine own pleasure was my warrant. I am not thy bondman—I.

AGAMEMNON

Is not this outrageous? Wouldst thou limit in mine house my power?

MENELAUS

Yea, thy thoughts are shifty, changing ever with the changing hour.

AGAMEMNON

Subtly hast thou glozed the evil! Hateful is the artful tongue!

MENELAUS

But the treacherous heart, to friends disloyal, is a hoard of wrong.

I would question thee, and do not thou with spirit anger-jarred [over-hard.

Fence aside from thee the truth, nor I will press thee

Hast forgotten how thou fain wouldst lead the Greeks to Ilium's shore,

Feignedst not to wish the thing, but in thine heart didst crave it sore,
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΜΕ ΑΥΛΙΔΗ

ός ταπεινός ἦσθα πᾶσι, δεξιάς προσθηκήγάνων
καὶ θύρας ἔχον ἀκλήστους τῷ θέλοντι δημοτῶν,
καὶ διδοὺς πρόσρησιν ἔξης πᾶσι, κεῖ μή τις θέλοι,
τοῖς τρόποις ζητῶν πρίασθαι τό φιλότιμον ἐκ μέ-
σου;
κατ’ ἐπεὶ κατέσχες ἀρχάς, μεταβαλὼν ἄλλοις
τοῖς φίλοισιν οὐκέτ’ ἦσθα τοῖς πρὶν ὡς πρόσθεν
φίλος,
δυσπρόσιτος ἦσσος τε κληθρῶν σπάνιος. ἀνδρὰ δ’
οὐ χρεών
τὸν ἀγαθὸν πράσσοντα· μεγάλὰ τοὺς τρόπους μεθ-
ιστάναι,
ἀλλὰ καὶ βέβαιον εἶναι τότε μάλιστα τοῖς
φίλοις
ἡμῖν’ ὄφελεῖν μάλιστα δυνατός ἐστιν εὐτυχῶν.
ταῦτα μὲν σε πρῶτ’ ἐπῆλθον, ἵνα σε πρῶθ’ ἦρον
κακὸν.

 orgas δ’ ἐς Αὐλίν ἦλθες αὐθίς χῶ Πανελλήνων
στρατός,
οὐδὲν ἦσθ’ ἀλλ’ ἐξεπλήσσον τῇ τύχῃ τῇ τῶν
θεῶν,
οὐρίας πομπῆς σπανίζων, Δαναϊδαὶ δ’ ἀφιέναι
ναῦς διήγγελλον, μάτην δὲ μὴ ποιεῖν ἐν Αὐλίδι,
ὡς ἀνολβοῦν εἴχες ὁμα σύγχυσίν τε μὴ νεῶν
χιλίων ἀρχῶν τὸ Πριάμου πεδίον ἐμπλήσας
δορός.
κάμε παρεκάλεις· τῇ δράσῳ; τίνα δὲ πόρον εὗρω
πόθεν,
ὅστε μὴ στερέντας ἀρχῆς ἀπολέσαι καλὸν κλέος;
κατ’ ἐπεὶ Κάλχας ἐν ἱεροῖς εἶπε ὁ Ἀργοῖς
κόρην.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

How to all men wast thou lowly, clasping hands of
amity,[to thee,
Keeping open doors for whoso of the folk would seek
Bidding all accost thee freely, challenging the modest
heart,[mart?
Seeking by thy shifts to buy advancement as in open
Ah, but when thy power was won, thou changedst all
thy mien: no more
Wast thou unto friends of days gone by a friend as
therefore,—
Inaccessible, and seldom found at home. The noble-
souled
Ought not, raised to high estate, to turn him from
the paths of old,
Nay, but more than ever loyal then unto his friends
should be,
When his power to help is more than ever, through
prosperity.
First therein, where first I found thee base, I visit
thee with blame.
Then, when thou and all the host of Hellas unto Aulis
350
came,[mayed,
Nought wast thou, at Heaven's visitation utterly dis-
When the wafting breezes failed thee, when the sons
of Danaus bade [in vain.
Send the ships disbanded thence, nor toil at Aulis all
O thy rueful face, thy 'wildered eye, lest thou on
Priam's plain,[pour thy spears!
Thou, the captain of a thousand galleys, ne'er shouldst
"What shall I do?" didst thou ask me. "What
device, and whence, appears, [nown?"
That of lordship I be not bereft, nor lose my fair re-
Then, when Calchas on the altar bade thee lay thy
child's life down
'Αρτέμιδι, καὶ πλοῦν ἐσεσθαί Δαναίδας, ἡσθεὶς
φρένας .

360 ἄσμενος θύσειν ὑπέστης παῖδα· καὶ πέμπεις
ἐκών,
oὐ βία, μὴ τοῦτο λέξης, σὴ δάμαρτι, παῖδα σὴν
dεύρ᾽ ἀποστέλλειν, 'Αχιλλεί προφασιν ὡς γαμοῦ-
μένην.
oυτὸς αὐτὸς ἔστιν αἰθήρ ὅς τάδ᾽ ἥκουσεν σέθεν.¹
καθ᾽ ὑποστρέψας λέληψαι μεταβαλὼν ἄλλας
γραφάς,
ὡς φοινεὺς ὕκετι θυγατρὸς σῆς ἔσει. μάλιστά γε.
μυρίοι δὲ τοῦ πεπόνθασ’ αὐτόν πρὸς τὰ πράγματα²
ἐκπονοῦσ’ ἐκόντες, εἶτα δ᾽ ἐξεχωρήσαν κακῶς,
τὰ μὲν ὑπὸ γνώμης πολιτῶν ἁσυνέτου, τὰ δ᾽ ἐν-
δίκως,
ἀδύνατοι γεγότες αὐτοὶ διαφυλάξασθαι πόλιν.
370 Ἐλλάδος μάλιστ' ἔγογγε τῆς ταλαιπώρου στένω,
ἢ θέλουσα δρᾶν τι κεδνόν, βαρβάρους τοὺς
οὐδένας
καταγελώντας ἐξανήσει διὰ σὲ καὶ τὴν σὴν
κόρην.
μηδέν' ἄρα χρέως ἐκατε προστάτην θείμην
χθονὸς,
μὴν ὅπλων ἄρχοντα· νοῦν χρὴ τὸν στρατηλάτην
ἐχειν·
πόλεος ὡς ἄρχων ἀνὴρ πᾶς, ἐξέσων ἦν ἐχών
τύχη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dεινὸν καστυνήτοισι γύγνεσθαι λόγους
μάχας θ’, ὅταν ποτ' ἐμπέσωσιν εἰς ἔριν.

¹ Adopting Paley's arrangement of lines.
² Wecklein's punctuation.

36
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Unto Artemis,—the Danaïds so should sail,—with gladness filled
Blithely promisedst thou to slay thy daughter; yea, didst send free-willed—
Not constrained, thou canst not say it—to thy queen, that hitherward
She should send thy child, as who should take Achilles for her lord:—
Lo, the selfsame sky o'erhead which heard thee then record thy vow!—
Now thou turn'st about, art found recasting that thy Saying thou wilt ne'er be slayer of thy child! So is it still—
Many and many a man is like thee, toileth with un- Up the heights of power; thereafter from its summit falls with shame, [themselves to blame, Some through blindness of the people, some be all They whose nerveless hands can ward the city not that they have won. [bemoan:
But, for me, 'tis hapless Hellas most of all that I 370 Fain she is of high achievement, yet shall caitiff'aliens make
Her a mock, who 'scape her hands for thine and for thy daughter's sake. [the land,
Ne'er may I for kinship's cause exalt a man to rule Nor to lead a host! He needeth wisdom who would men command;
For 'tis his to helm a nation who hath wit to under- stand.

CHORUS

Fearful 'twixt brethren words of high disdain
And conflict are, when into strife they fall.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

βούλομαι σ’ εἰπεῖν κακῶς αὐ, βραχέα, μὴ λίαν ἄνω
βλέφαρα πρὸς τάναιδες ἀγαγών, ἀλλὰ σωφρονε-στέρως,
380 ὡς ἄδελφον ὀντ’. ἀνήρ γὰρ χρηστὸς αἰδείσθαι φιλεῖ.
εἰπέ μοι, τί δεινὰ φυσάς αἰματηρὸν ὄμμ’ ἔχων;
τίς ἄδικεί σε; τοῦ κέχρησαι; λέκτρα χρήστ’ ἐρᾶς
λαβεῖν;
οὐκ ἔχομι’ ἄν σοι παρασχεῖν ὃν γὰρ ἐκτῆσω,
κακῶς
ἡρχεσ. εἰτ’ ἐγὼ δίκην δῶ σῶν κακῶν, ὁ μὴ
σφαλεῖς;
ἡ δάκνει σε τὸ φιλότιμον τοῦμόν; ἀλλ’ ἐν ἀγκά-
λαίς
εὐπρεπῆ γυναῖκα χρήζεις, τὸ λελογισμένον παρεῖς;
καὶ τὸ καλόν, ἔχειν; πονηροῦ φωτὸς ἦδοναι
κακαί.
εἰ δ’ ἐγὼ γνοὺς πρόσθεν οὐκ εὔ μετετέθην
eὐβουλία,
μαίνομαι; σὺ μᾶλλον, ὡστὶς ἀπολέσας κακῶν
λέχος
390 ἀναλαβεῖν θέλεις, θεοῦ σοι τὴν τύχην διδόντος εὐ.
ὡμοσαν τὸν Τυνδάρειον ὄρκον οἱ κακόφρονες
φιλόγαμοι μυνητήρες. ἤγε δ’ ἔλπις, οἶμαι μὲν,
θεὸς
καξιτράξεν αὐτὸ μᾶλλον ἢ σὺ καὶ τὸ σῶν σθένος.
οὐς λαβῶν στράτευ’ ἐτοιμοὶ δ’ εἰσὶ μορία φρενῶν
οὐ γὰρ ἀσύνετον τὸ θείον, ἀλλ’ ἔχει συνιέναι
tοὺς κακῶς παγέντας ὄρκους καὶ κατηναγκασμέ-
νους.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

Now would I in turn upbraid thee, briefly, not exalt-
ing high
Shameless brows of haughty scorning, nay, but ever
soberly,
As becomes a brother; for the noble hold by
chivalry.
Answer, why this breath tempestuous, why these
bloodshot eyes of strife?
Who doth wrong thee? What dost crave? Dost
yearn to win a virtuous wife?
This I cannot find thee: her thou gainedst, vilely
ruledst thou.
What?—must I, who have not erred, for thy trans-
gression suffer now?

Or doth mine advancement gall thee?—nay, but one
desire thou hast,
In thine arms to clasp a lovely woman!—reason dost
Yea, and honour to the winds!—the pleasures of the
vile are base.

I, who erst took evil counsel, if I now give wisdom
Am I mad? Nay rather thou, who, having lost an
evil spouse,
Wouldst re-win her, though thy loss be gain, God's
kindness to thy house.

Those infatuate marriage-craving suitors swore an
oath indeed
Unto Tyndareus; yet these did Hope, I trow, the
On, and brought it more to pass than thou and all
thy strong control.

Lead them thou—O these are ready in the folly of
God is not an undiscerning judge; his eyes are keen
to try
Oaths exacted by constraint, and troth-plight held
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

τὰμὰ δ' οὖν ἀποκτενῶ ἵω τέκνα· κοῦ τὸ σὸν
μὲν εὖ
παρὰ δίκην ἐσται κακίστης εὐνιδὸς τιμωρία,
ἐμὲ δὲ συντήξουσι νύκτες ἢμέραι τε δακρύοις,
ἀνομὰ δρῶντα κοῦ δίκαια παῖδας ὡς ἐγεινάμην.

400 ταῦτά σοι βραχέα λέλεκται καὶ σαφῆ καὶ ῥᾷδια:
εἰ δὲ μὴ βούλει φρονεῖν εὖ, τὰμ' ἐγὼ θήσω
καλῶς.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

οἴδ' αὖ διάφοροι τῶν πάρος λελεγμένων
μῦθων, καλῶς δ' ἔχουσι, φείδεσθαι τέκνων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αιαί, φίλους ἄρ' οὐχὶ κεκτήμην τάλας.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰ τοὺς φίλους γε μὴ θέλεις ἀπολλύναι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δείξεις δὲ ποὺ μοι πατρὸς ἐκ ταῦτοῦ γεγώς;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνσωφρονεῖν σοι βούλομ', ἀλλ' οὖ συννοσεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐς κοινὸν ἄλγειν τοὺς φίλους χρῆ φίλους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὖ δρῶν παρακάλει μ', ἀλλὰ μὴ λυπῶν ἐμέ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

410 οὖν ἀρα δοκεῖ σοι τάδε πονεῖν σὺν Ἑλλάδι;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

'Ἑλλᾶς δὲ σὺν σοι κατὰ θεὸν νοσεῖ τινα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σκήπτρω νυν αὖχει, σὸν κασίμητον προδοὺς.
ἐγὼ δ' ἔπ' ἄλλας εἰμι μηχανᾶς τινας,
φίλους τ' ἕπ' ἄλλους.

40
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

'Tis not I will slay my children! Not in justice's despite
So shall thine avenging on a wife most wanton speed
aright, [days of misery,
While I waste through nights of weeping, pine through
for my lawless, godless dealing with the children born
to me! [stood.
Lo, mine answer, brief and clear, and easy to be under-
If thou turn from wisdom, yet shall mine house follow
after good.

CHORUS
This controverteth that thou saidst before;
Yet good is thy resolve, to spare thy child.

MENELAUS
Alas for wretched me! Friends have I none!

AGAMEMNON
Yea—if thou seek not to destroy thy friends.

MENELAUS
How wilt thou prove thyself our father's son?

AGAMEMNON
By brotherhood in wisdom, not in folly.

MENELAUS
Friends ought to feel friends' sorrow as their own.

AGAMEMNON
By kindness, not unkindness, challenge me.

MENELAUS
Wilt thou not then with Greece this travail share? 410

AGAMEMNON
Hellas, like thee, hath God's stroke driven mad.

MENELAUS
Vaunt then thy sceptre, traitor to thy brother!
I will betake me unto other means
And other friends. (Enter messenger in haste.)
ἸΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

πανελλήνων ἀναξι.
'Αγάμεμνον, ἦκω παίδα σοι τήν σήν ἄγων,
ἡν Ἰφιγένειαν ὠνόμαζες ἐν δόμοις.
μήτηρ δ᾽ ὀμαρτεί, σῆς Κλυταιμνήστρας δέμας,
καὶ παῖς ὁ Ῥέστης, ὡστε τερφθείς ἰδῶν,
χρόνον παλαιόν δωμάτων ἐκδῆμος ἄν.

ἄλλῳ ὡς μακρὰν ἔτεινον, εὑρύτων παρὰ
κρήνην ἀναψύχουσι θηλύπουν βάσιν,
αὐταί τε πῶλοι τ᾽ εἰς δὲ λειμὼν χλόην
καθείμεν αὐτάς, ὡς βορᾶς γευσάτοι.
ἐγὼ δὲ πρόδρομος σῆς παρασκευῆς χάριν
ἐκ αὐτῶν. πέπυκνατα γὰρ στρατός, ταχεία γὰρ
διήξε φῆμη, παίδα σήν ἀφιγμένην.

πᾶς δὲ ἐς θέαν ὅμιλος ἔρχεται δρόμῳ,
σῆν παῖδ᾽ ὅπως ἰδοίσαι. οἱ δ᾽ εὐδαιμονεῖς
ἐν πᾶσιν κλεινοί καὶ περίβλεπτοι βροτοῖς.

λέγοναι δ᾽ ὑμέναιός τις ἡ τί πρᾶσσεται;
ἡ πόθον ἔχων θυγατρὸς Ἀγάμεμνον ἀναξ
ἐκόμισε παῖδα; τῶν δὲ ἄν ἡκουσας τάδε·
Ἀρτέμιδι προτελέσουσι τήν νεάνιδα,
Αὐλίδος ἀνάσσῃ. τίς νῦν ἄξεται ποτε;
ἀλλ᾽ εἰς, τατὶ τοισίδ᾽ ἐξάρχου κανά,
στεφανοῦσθε κράτα· καὶ σὺ, Μενέλαως ἀναξ,
ὑμέναιον εὐτρεπτιζέ καὶ κατὰ στέγας
λυτὸς βοάσθω καὶ ποδῶν ἐστω κτύπος·
φῶς γὰρ τὸ ἦκει μακάριον τῇ παρθένῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔπιμνεσ᾽, ἄλλα στείχε δωμάτων ἐσώ·
tὰ δ᾽ ἄλλ᾽ ιούσης τῆς τύχης ἐσται καλῶς.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MESSENGER

O King of Hellas' host,
Agamemnon, lo, thy child I bring to thee,
Named of thee Iphigeneia in thine halls.
Her mother Clytemnestra comes with her,
Orestes, too, the babe, to glad thine eyes
Who from thine home long time hast sojourned far.
But, after weary journeying, at a spring
Fair-flowing now the women bathe their feet,
They and their steeds—for midst the meadow-grass
We turned them loose, that they might browse therein.
I, to prepare thee, their forerunner come.
For the host knoweth it, so swiftly spread
The rumour of the coming of thy child.
And to the sight runs all the multitude
To see thy child; for folk in high estate
Famed and observed of all observers are.
"A bridal is it?"—they ask—"or what is toward?"
Or hath the King, of yearning for his child
Sent for his daughter?" Others might'st thou hear—
"To Artemis, to Aulis' Queen, they pay 1
The maiden's spousal-rites! The bridegroom who?"
Up then, prepare the maunds for sacrifice;
Garland your heads:—thou too, prince Menelaus,
Strike up the bridal hymn, and through the tents
Let the flute ring, with sound of dancing feet;
For gladsome dawns this day upon the maid.

AGAMEMNON

'Tis well—I thank thee: pass thou now within.
Well shall the rest speed as Fate marcheth on.

[Exit MESSENGER.

1 It was customary before a marriage to make offerings to
Artemis on behalf of the bride. The tragic irony is obvious.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

οἶμοι, τί φῶ δύστηνος; ἄρξομαι πόθεν; εἰς οὗ ἀνάγκης ξεύγματ' ἐμπεπτώκαμεν. ὑπῆλθε δαίμων, ὡστε τῶν σοφισμάτων πολλῶ γενέσθαι τῶν ἐμῶν σοφώτερος. ἡ δυσηθένεια  فإذا φήμοι τινί χρήσιμον.
καὶ γὰρ δακρύσαι ραδίως αὐτοὺς ἔχει, ἀπαντά τ' εἶπεῖν. τῷ δὲ γενναίῳ φύσιν ἀνοίβα ταῦτα: προστάτην δὲ τοῦ βίου
tὸν ὅγκον ἔχομεν τῷ τ' όχλῳ δουλεύομεν. ἔγω γὰρ ἐκβάλειν μὲν αἰδοῦμαι δάκρυς,
tὸ μὴ δακρύσαι  δ' ἀθεῖς αἰδοῦμαι τάλας, εἰς τὰς μεγίστας συμφορὰς ἀφυγμένους.
eἰεν, τὶ φῆσον πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν;
πῶς δεξομαί νῦν; ποιοῦν ὄμμα συμβαλώ; καὶ γὰρ μ' ἀπώλεσ' ἔπι κακοίς ἃ μοι πάρα ἐλθοῦσ', ἀκλητος. εἰκότως δ' ἀμ' ἔσπετο
θυγατρὶ νυμφεύσουσα καὶ τὰ φίλτατα
dώσον', ἵνα ἡμᾶς οὖνται εὐφήσει κακούς.
tὴν δ' αὐτὰς τάλαιναν παρθένου—τί παρθένου;
'Αἰδὴς νῦν ὅς ἔοικε νυμφεύσει τάχα—
ὡς ἄκτιστο'. οἶμαι γὰρ νῦν ἱκετεύσειν τάδε·
ὥ πάτερ, ἀποκτενεῖς με; τοιοῦτοις γάμους
γῆμειας αὐτοῖς χῶστις ἐστὶ σοι φίλοις.
παρὼν δ' Ὁ Ὀρέστης ἐγγὺς ἀναβοήσεται
οὐ συνετὰ συνετῶς; ἔτι γὰρ ἐστὶ νήπιος.
αἰαί, τὸν 'Ελένης ὃς μ' ἀπώλεσεν γάμον
γῆμας ὁ Πριμάμον Πάρις, ὃς εἰργασται τάδε.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
κἀγὼ κατῴκτειρ', ὡς γυναῖκα δεῖ ξένην
ὑπὲρ τυράννων συμφορὰς καταστένειν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
· ἄδελφε, δός μοι δεξιάς τῆς σῆς θυγείων.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Woe's me! What can I say, or where begin?
Into what bonds of doom have I been cast!
Me Fortune hath outwitted: she hath proved
Too cunning far for all my stratagems!
Lo now, what vantage cleaves to lowly birth!
For such may lightly ease their hearts with tears,
And tell out all their grief. The same pangs touch
The high-born; but our life is tyrannized
By dignity: we are the people's thralls.
So is it with me, for I shame to weep,
And yet shame not to weep, wretch that I am,
Who am fallen into deepest misery!
Lo now, what shall I say unto my wife,
Or how receive her?—with what countenance meet?

She hath undone me, coming midst mine ills
Unbidden! Yet 'twas reason she should come
With her own child, to render to the bride
Love's service—where I shall be villain found!
And the unhappy maid—why name her maid?
Hades meseeums shall take her soon for bride.
O me, the pity of it! I hear her pray—
"Ah, father, wilt thou slay me! Now such bridal
Mayst thou too find, and all whom thou dost love!"

Orestes at her side shall wail the grief
Unmeaning, deep with meaning, of the babe.
Alas, how Priam's son hath ruined me,
Paris, whose sin with Helen wrought all this

CHORUS
I also—far as alien woman may
Mourn for the griefs of princes—pity thee

MENELAUS
Brother, vouchsafe to me to grasp thine hand.

45
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΔΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
δίδωμι σοι γὰρ τὸ κράτος, ἀθλιος δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
Πέλοπτα κατόμωνυ, δς πατήρ τοῦμοῦ πατρὸς
tού σού τ' ἐκλήθη, τὸν τεκόντα τ' Ἀτρέα,
ἡ μὴν ἐρεὶν σοι τἄπειρα καρδίας σαφῶς
καὶ μὴ 'πίτηδες μηδέν ἄλλη δοσον φρύνῳ.
ἐγώ σ' ἀπ' ὅσων ἐκβαλόντι ἴδων δάκρυ
φόκτειρα καῦτος ἀνταφῆκα σοι πάλιν,
cαὶ τῶν παλαιῶν ἕξαφίσταμαι λόγων,
οὐκ εἰς σὲ δεινός· εἰμὶ δ' οὕτπερ εἰ σὺ νῦν
καὶ σοι παρατιν· μὴν' ἀποκτείνειν τέκνων
μήτ' ἀνθελέσθαι τοῦμόν. οὐ γὰρ ἐνδικον
σὲ μὲν στενάζειν, τάμα δ' ἡδέως ἔχειν,
θυήσκειν τε τοὺς σοὺς, τοὺς δ' ἐμοὺς ὀρὰν φάος.
τί βούλομαι γὰρ; οὐ γαμοὺς ἐξαιρέτους
ἄλλους λάβοιμί· αὖ, εἰ γάμων ἰμείρομαι;
ἄλλην ἀπολέσας ἀδελφον, δὲν μ' ἡκιστή ἔχρηΜ,'Ελένην ἔλωμαι, τὸ κακὸν ἀντὶ τάγαθον;
ἄφρων νέος τ' ἢ, πρὶν τὰ πράγματ' ἐγγύθεν
σκοτών ἑσείδον ὅποι ἢν κτελεῖν τέκνα.
ἄλλως τε μ' ἔλεος τῆς ταλαιπώρου κόρης
eἰσθήλει, συγγένειαν ἐννουμένω,
ἡ τῶν ἐμῶν ἐκατί θύεσθαι γάμων
μέλλει. τί δ' 'Ελένης παρθένω τῇ σῇ μέτα;
ἐτω στρατείᾳ διαλυθεῖσ' ἔξις Ἀὐλίδος.
σὺ δ' ὁμα παύσαι δακρύνος τέγγων τὸ σὸν,
ἀδελφὲ, κάμε παρακαλῶν εἰς δάκρυα.
eἰ δὲ τι κόρης σῆς θεσφάτων μέτεστι σοι,
μὴ 'μοι μετέστων· σοι νέμω τοῦμον μέρος.
ἄλλ' εἰς μεταβολὰς ἦλθον ἀπὸ δεινῶν λόγων.
eἰκὸς πέπουθα· τὸν ὀμόθεν πεφυκότα

46
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

I give it. Thine the triumph, mine the pang.

MENELAUS

I swear by Pelops, of my sire and thine
Named father, and by Atreus our own sire,
That from mine heart's core I will speak to thee,
To serve no end, but all mine inmost thought.
I, seeing how thine eyes are streaming tears,
Pity thee, and the answering tear I shed;
And from the words erst uttered I draw back,
Thy foe no more. Lo, in thy place I stand;
And I exhort thee, neither slay thy child,
Nor choose my good for thine. Unjust it were
That thou shouldst groan, and all my cup be
sweet,
That thy seed die, and mine behold the light.
For, what would I? Can I not find a bride
Peerless elsewhere, if I for marriage yearn?
How, should I lose—whom least I ought to lose—
A brother, win a Helen, bad for good?
Mad was I and raw-witted, till I viewed
Things near, and saw what slaying children means.
Yea also, pity for the hapless maid
Doomed to be slaughtered for my bridal's sake,
Stole o'er me, on our kinship when I thought.
For what with Helen hath thy child to do?
From Aulis let the host disbanded go!
But thou forbear to drown thine eyes with tears,
O brother mine, nor challenge me to weep.
If thou hast part in oracles touching her,
No part be mine!—my share I yield to thee.
"Swift change is here," thou'llt say, "from those grim words!"
Nay, but most meet: for love of him who sprang

47
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

στέργων μετέπεσον. ἄνδρος οὐ κακοῦ τρόποι
tοιοίδε, χρήσθαι τοῖς βελτίστοις άει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
γενναὶ ἔλεξας Ταυτάλῳ τέ τῷ Διός
πρέποντα· προγόνους οὐ καταισχύνεις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
αἰνῷ σε, Μενέλαως, ὃτι παρὰ γνώμην ἐμὴν
ὑπέθηκας ὁρθῶς τοὺς λόγους σοῦ τῷ ἄξιῶς.
tαραχῇ δ’ ἀδελφῶν διὰ τῷ ἔρωτα γίγνεται
πλεονεξίαν τε δωμάτων· ἀπέπτυσσα
τοιάνδε συγγένειαν ἀλλήλων πικράν.
ἀλλ’ ἦκομεν γὰρ εἰς ἀναγκαίας τύχας,
θυγατρῶς αἰματηρῶν ἑκτράξαι φόνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πῶς; τίς δ’ ἀναγκάσει σε τὴν γε σὴν κτανεῖν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἀπάς Ἀχαῖών σύλλογος στρατεύματος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐκ, ἢν νῦν εἰς Ἀργοὺς γ’ ἀποστείλῃς πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
λάθῳμι τούτ ἄν· ἀλλ’ ἐκεῖν’ οὐ λήσομεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τὸ ποιοῦ; οὗτοι χρῆ λίαν ταρβεῖν ὥσιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Κάλχας ἔρει μαντεύματ’ Ἀργείων στρατόφ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐκ, ἢν θάνη γε πρόσθε· τοῦτο δ’ εὐμαρέσ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τὸ μαντικὸν πᾶν σπέρμα φιλότιμον κακόν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
κοὐδέν γ’ ἄρεστον οὐδὲ χρήσιμον παρόν.

1 Nauk: for γε χρηστόν, “For nothing good.”
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

From the same womb, I change. No knave’s wont this,
Ever to cleave unto the better part.

CHORUS
Right noble speech, and worthy Tantalus,
Zeus’ son! Thou shamest not thine ancestors.

AGAMEMNON
Thanks, Menelaus, that beyond all hope
Thou hast spoken rightly, worthily of thee.
Strife betwixt brethren for a woman’s sake
May rise, or of ambition—Out on it,
This kinship that brings bitterness to both!
Nay, but we are tangled in the net of fate!
We needs must work the murder of my child.

MENELAUS
How?—who shall force thee to destroy thine own?

AGAMEMNON
The whole array of the Achaean host.

MENELAUS
Never, if thou to Argos send her back.

AGAMEMNON
This might I secretly. That cannot I—

MENELAUS
What? Fear not thou the rabble overmuch.

AGAMEMNON
Calchas will tell the host the oracles.

MENELAUS
Not if he first have died—this were not hard.

AGAMEMNON
The whole seer-tribe is one ambitious curse

MENELAUS
Abominable and useless,—while alive.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΕ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκεῖνο δ' ού δεδοικας οὐμ' ἐσέρχεται;

ΜΕΝΕЛАΟΣ

δ' μῆ σὺ φράζεις, πῶς ἂν ὑπολάβοιμ' ἔπος;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

tὸ Σισύφειον σπέρμα πάντ' ὀλίθεν τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἦστ' 'Οδυσσεῦς ὃ τι σὲ κάμε πημανεῖ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποικίλος οἴει πέφυκε τοῦ τ' ὀχλον μέτα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φιλοτιμία μὲν ἐνέχεται, δεινὸ κακὸ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκουν δοκεῖς μιν στάντ' ἐν Ἀργείως μέσοις

λέξειν δ' Κάλχας θέψατ' ἐξηγήσατο,

καὶ' ὡς ὑπέστην θύμα, κατὰ φθεύομαι,

'Αρτέμιδι θύσειν; οἴς ξυναρπάσας στρατὸν,

σὲ καὶ' ἀποκτείναντας Ἀργείως κόρην

σφάξαι κελεύσει; κἂν πρὸς Ἀργος ἐκφύγω,

ἐλθόντες αὐτοῖς τείχεσιν Κυκλωπίως

ξυναρπάσουσι καὶ κατασκάψουσι γῆν.

τοιαῦτα τὰμὰ πήματ' ὦ τάλας ἑγὼ,

ὡς ἤπορημαι πρὸς θεῶν τὰ νῦν τάδε.

ἐν μοι φύλαξεν, Μενέλεως, ἀνὰ στρατὸν

ἐλθὼν, ὅπως ἂν μὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα τάδε

μάθη, πρὶν 'Αἰδη παῖδ' ἐμὴν προσθῶ λαβὼν,

ὡς ἐπ' ἐλαχίστοις δακρύοις πράσσω κακῶς.

ὑμεῖς τε συγὴν, ὦ ξέναι, φυλάσσετε.

50
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON
The fear that steals o'er me—is this not thine?

MENELAUS
If thou tell not, how should I understand?

AGAMEMNON
All this the seed of Sisyphus doth know.

MENELAUS
Odysseus cannot injure thee and me.

AGAMEMNON
He is aye shifty—a mob-partisan.

MENELAUS
Thrall to ambition is he—perilous bane!

AGAMEMNON
Will he not rise, think'st thou, in the Argive midst,
And tell the oracles that Calchas spake,
And how I promised Artemis her victim,
And now play false? And, rousing so the host,
Shall bid them slay thee, me, and sacrifice
The maiden? Though to Argos I escape,
Yet will they come, destroy it, to the ground
Raze it with all its Cyclopean walls.
Even this is mine affliction, woe is me!
How by the Gods I amwhelmed amidst despair!
Take heed for one thing, brother, through the host
Passing, that Clytemnestra hear this not,
Till I to Hades shall have sealed my child,
That mine affliction be with fewest tears.
And, stranger damsels, hold your peace thereof.

[Exeunt.

E 2
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μάκαρες οἱ μετρίας θεοῦ
μετὰ τε σωφροσύνας μετέ-
σχον λέκτρων Ἀφροδίτας,
γαλανεία χρησάμενοι
μασνολῶν οὐστρών, ὅθι δὴ
dίδυμ' Ἐρως ὁ χρυσοκόμας
tὸς ἐντείνεται χαρίτων,
tὸ μὲν ἐπ' εὐαίων πότῳ,
tὸ δὲ ἐπὶ συγχύσει βιοτὰς.
ἀπενέπι λαίδηρων,
Κύπρων καλλιστα, θαλάμων.
eἰθ' δὲ μοι μετρία μὲν
χάρις, πόθοι δ' ὄσιοι,
καὶ μετέχοιμι τὰς Ἀφροδί-
tας, πολλὰν δ' ἀποθείμαν.

dιάφοροι δὲ φύσεις βροτῶν,
dιάφοροι δὲ τρόπου· τὸ δ' ὅρ-
θῶς ἐσθλὸν σαφῆς ἀεί·
tροφαῖ τ' αἰ παιδενόμεναι
μέγα φέρουσ' εἰς τὰν ἀρετάν·
tὸ τε γὰρ αἰδείσθαι σοφία,
tὰν τ' ἐξαλλάσσοσαν ἔχει
χάριν ὑπὸ γνώμας ἐσοφάν
tὸ δέον, ἔνθα δόξα φέρει
κλέος ἀγήρατον βιοτὰ.
μέγα τι θηρεύειν ἀρετάν,
γυναιξίν μὲν κατὰ Κύπρων
κρυπτάτων, ἐν ἀνδράσι δ' αὖ
κόσμος ἐνδού ὁ μυριστη-
θῆς μείζω πόλιν αὐξεῖ.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

O well for them for whom the Queen
Of Love shall temper passion's fire,
And bring fruition of desire
With gentle pace and sober mien,
Whose souls are seas at rest, are spared
The frenzy-thrill, the fever-pain,
The spells that charm the arrows twain,
The shafts of Love the golden-haired,
Whereof one flieoth tipt with bliss,
And one with ruin of unrest:—
O Queen of Beauty, from my breast,
My bridal bower, avert thou this!
Let love's sweet spells in measure meet
Rest on me; pure desires be mine:
May Aphrodite's dayspring shine
On me—avaunt her midnoon heat!

The hearts of men be diverse-wrought,
Diverse their lives: but, ever clear
Through all, true goodness shall appear;
And each high lesson throughly taught
Lends wings to soar to virtue's heaven:
For in self-reverence wisdom is;
And to discern the right—to this
An all-transforming charm is given.
Fadeless renown is shed thereby
On life by Fame. Ah, glorious
The quest of virtue is!—for us
The cloistered virtue, chastity:
But, for the man—his inborn grace
Of law and order maketh great,
By service of her sons, the state:
His virtue works by thousand ways.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἐμολες, ὥ Πάρις, ἦτε σὺ γε βουκόλος ἀργενναῖς ἐτράφης Ἰδαίαις παρὰ μόσχοις, βάρβαρα συρίζων, Φρυγίων αὐλῶν Ἡλύμπτου καλάμοις μιμήματα πνέων.

ἐθηλοί δὲ τρέφοντο βόες, ὅτε σε κρίσις ἔμηνυθεν θεάν, ἃ σ᾽ Ἑλλάδα πέμπει τῶν ἐλεφαντοδέτων πάροι-θεν δόμων, ὡς τὰς Ἑλένας ἐν ἀντωποῖς βλεφάροισιν ἔρωτα δέδωκας, ἔρωτι δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἐπτοάθης. ὥθεν ἔρις ἔριν Ἑλλάδα σὺν δορὶ ναυσί τ᾽ ἄγει ἐς Τροίας πέργαμα.

ἰὼ ἱώ· μεγάλαι μεγάλων εὐδαιμονίαν τὴν τοῦ βασιλέως ἴδετ᾽ Ἰφιγένειαν ἀνασσαν τὴν Τυνδαρέου τε Κλυταιμνήστραν, ὡς ἐκ μεγάλων ἐβλαστήκασ᾽ ἐπὶ τ᾽ εὐμήκεις ἡκουσί τύχας. θεοῖ τοι κρείσσουσι οἶ τ᾽ ὀλβοφόροι τοῖς οὐκ εὐδαιμοσὶ θνατῶν.

στῶμεν, Χαλκίδος ἐκγονα θρέμματα, τὴν βασιλειαν δεξώμεθ᾽ ὄχον ἀπὸ μὴ σφαλερῶς ἐπὶ γαίαν,
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Thou camest, Paris, back to where, \hspace{1cm} (Epode.)
Mid Ida's heifers snowy fair,
   A neatherd, thou didst pipe such strain
That old Olympus' spirit there
   Awoke again.\(^1\)

Full-udder'd kine in dreamy peace
Browsed, when the summons came to thee
To judge that Goddess-rivalry
Whose issue sped thee unto Greece,
Before the ivory palaces
To stand, to see in Helen's eyne
That burned on thine, the lovelight shine,
To thrill with Eros' ecstasies.
For which cause strife is leading all
Hellas, with ships, with spears, to fall
Upon Troy's tower-coronal.

Lo, lo, the great ones of the earth,
   How blest they be!
Iphigeneia, proud in birth
   From princes, see;
See Clytemnestra, her who came
Of Tyndareus—O stately name
Of mighty sires! O crowned with fame
   Their destiny!
They that be lifted high in wealth, in might,
Are even as Gods in meaner mortals' sight.

Enter, riding in a chariot, Clytemnestra and Iphigeneia,
with attendants.

Stand we, Chalcis' daughters, near,
Stretching hands of kindly aid:
   So unstumbling to the ground

\(^1\) The mythical inventor of the shepherd's pipe.
ΙΟΦΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἀγανῶς δὲ χεροῖν μαλακὴ γνώμην,
μη ταρβήσῃ νεωστί μοι μολὸν
κλεινὼν τέκνον Ἀγαμέμνονος,
μηδὲ θόρυβον μηδ' ἐκπλήξειν
taῖς Ἀργείαις
ξέιναι ξέιναις παρέχωμεν.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁρνθα μὲν τόνδ' αἰσιὸν ποιούμεθα,
tὸ σὸν τέ φηστόν καὶ λόγων εὐφημίαν
ἐλπίδα δ' ἔχω τιν' ὡς ἐπ' ἐσθλοῖσιν γάμοις
πάρειμι νυμφαγωγός. ἀλλ' ὀχημάτων
ἐξὼ πορεύεθ' ἃς φέρω φερνᾶς κόρη,
kαὶ πέμπτε' εἰς μέλαθρον εὐλάβομενοι.
σὺ δ', ὃ τέκνων μοι, λεῖπε πωλικοὺς ὁχους,
ἀβρὸν τιδείσαι κόλον ἀσθενές θ' ἀμα.
ὑμεῖς δέ, νεάνιδες; νῦν ἄγκαλαις ἐπὶ
dέξασθε καὶ πορεύσατ' ἐξ ὀχημάτων.
kαὶ μοι χερὸς τις ἐνδότω στηρίγματα,
θάκους ἀπήνησ' ὡς ἄν ἐκλίτω καλῶς.
αἱ δ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν στιῆτε πωλικῶν ξυγῶν,
φοβερῶν γὰρ ἀταράμυθον ὀμμα πωλικῶν·
kαὶ παίδα τόντε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνων
λάξυσθ', Ὅρεστὴν. ἔτι γὰρ ἔστι νήπιος.
tέκνων, καθεύδεις πωλικῷ δαμεῖς ὁχρ;
ἐγειρ' ἀδελφῆς ἐφ' ὑμέναιον εὐνυχὸς·
ἀνδρός γὰρ ἀγαθοῦ κήδος αὐτός ἐσθλοὺς ἄν
λήψει, τὸ τῆς Νηρῆδος ἱσόθεον γένος.
ἐξῆς κάθησο δευρὸ μοι ποδός, τέκνων,
πρὸς μητέρ', Ἰφιγένεια, μακαρίαι δὲ με
ξέναισι ταῖσδε πλησία σταθεῖσα δός,
kαὶ δεῦρο δὴ πατέρα πρόσειπε σὸν φίλον.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Down the Queen shall step, nor fear
    Shall the princess know, upstayed,
    Agamemnon's child renowned.
Strangers we, no tumult here
    Make we: entrance undismayed
    Be of Argos' strangers found.

CLYTEMNESTRA

An omen of good fortune count I this,
Thy kindness and fair greeting of thy speech.
Good hope have I that I am come to lead
The bride to happy bridal. From the car
Take ye the dower that for the maid I bring,
And bear to the pavilion with good heed.
And thou, my daughter, from the horse-wain step,
Daintily setting down thy tender feet;
And ye receive her, damsels, in your arms,
And from the chariot help her safely forth.
And let one lend to me a propping hand,
That I may leave the wain-seat gracefully.
Some, pray you, stand before the horses' yoke,
For timorous is the horse's restive eye.
And this child take ye, Agamemnon's boy,
Orestes, who is yet a wordless babe.
How?—lulled to sleep, child, by the swaying car?
Wake for thy sister's bridal smilingly;
For thine heroic strain shall get for kin
A hero, even the Nereid's godlike child.
Hither, my daughter, seat thee at my side:
Hard by thy mother, Iphigeneia, take
Thy place, and to these strangers show my bliss.
Lo, thy beloved father!—welcome him.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὁ μήτερ, ύποδραμοῦσά σ', ὅργισθῆς δὲ μή, πρὸς στέρνα πατρὸς στέρνα τὰμὰ περιβαλῶ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ σέβας ἐμοὶ μέγιστον, Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ, ἵκομεν, ἐφετμαῖς οὐκ ἀπιστοῦσαι σέθεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγὼ δὲ βούλομαι τὰ σὰ στέρν', ὦ πάτερ, ύποδραμοῦσά προσβαλεῖν διὰ χρόνου. ποθῶ γὰρ ὄμμα δὴ σόν, ὅργισθῆς δὲ μή.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνου, χρή· φιλοπάτωρ δ' ἀεὶ ποτ' εἰ μάλιστα παίδων τῷ δ' ὅσος ἐγὼ 'τεκν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

640 ὦ πάτερ, ἐσείδόν σ' ἀσμένη πολλῷ χρόνῳ.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ πατήρ σε· τὸδ' ἵσον ὑπὲρ ἀμφοῖν λέγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαίρ'· εὖ δὲ μ' ἀγαγῶν πρὸς σ' ἐποίησας, πάτερ.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως φῶ τοῦτο καὶ μὴ φῶ, τέκνου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐά·

ὡς οὐ βλέπεις ἔκηλον, ἄσμενος μ' ἰδών.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πόλλ' ἄνδρι βασιλεῖ καὶ στρατηλάτῃ μέλει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παρ' ἐμοὶ γενοῦ νῦν, μὴ 'πί φροντίδας τρέπου.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἀλλ' εἰμὶ παρὰ σοὶ νῦν ἄπας, κοῦκ ἀλλοθιά. 58
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Enter AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA (running to his arms) O mother, I outrun thee—be not wroth—And heart to heart I clasp my father close.

CLYTEMNESTRA O most of me revered, Agamemnon King, We come, obedient unto thy behest.

IPHIGENEIA Fain am I, father, on thy breast to fall, After so long! Though others I outrun,— For O, I yearn for thy face!—be not wroth.

CLYTEMNESTRA Child, this thou mayst: yea, ever, most of all The children I have borne, thou lov'st thy sire.

IPHIGENEIA Father, so long it was—so glad am I!

AGAMEMNON And glad am I: thy words suffice for twain.

IPHIGENEIA Hail! Well hast thou done, father, bringing me.

AGAMEMNON (starts) Well?—child, I know not how to answer this.

IPHIGENEIA Ha! So glad to see me—yet what troubled look!

AGAMEMNON On kings and captains weigheth many a care.

IPHIGENEIA This hour be mine—this one! Yield not to care!

AGAMEMNON Yea, I am all thine now: my thoughts stray not.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μέθες νυν ὄφρυν ὄμμα τ' ἐκτεινον φίλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἰδοὺ γέγηθα σ', ὡς γέγηθ' ὄρων, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
650 κἀπείτα λείβεις δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων σέθεν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
μακρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἡ 'πιοῦσ' ἀπουσία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὥσ' οἶδ' ὃ τι φῆς, οὖκ οἶδα, φίλτατ' ἐμοὶ πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
συνετὰ λέγουσα μᾶλλον εἰς οἰκτόν μ', ἀγείς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀσύνετα νῦν ἐροῦμεν, εἰ σὲ γ' εὐφρανῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
παπαί. τὸ συγὰν οὐ σθένως σὲ δ' ἴνεσα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μέν', ὡ πάτερ, κατ' οἰκον ἐπὶ τέκνοις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
θέλω γε' τὸ θέλειν δ' οὐκ ἔχων ἀλγυνομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀλοιντο λόγχαι καὶ τὰ Μενέλεω κακά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἀλλους ὅλεῖ πρόσθ' ἀμε διολέσαντ' ἔχει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
660 ὡς πολὺν ἀπῆσθα χρόνον ἐν Αὐλίδος μυχοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
καὶ νῦν γέ μ', ἵσχει δή τι μ' στέλλειν στρατόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ποῦ τοὺς Φρύγας λέγουσιν φικίσθαι, πάτερ;
60
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA
Unknit thy brow then: let love melt thine eye.

AGAMEMNON
Lo, child, I joy—as I joy, seeing thee.

IPHIGENEIA
And yet—and yet—thine eyes are welling tears!

AGAMEMNON
Yea, for the absence yet to come is long.

IPHIGENEIA
I know not, know not, dear my sire, thy meaning.

AGAMEMNON
Thy wise discernment stirs my grief the more.

IPHIGENEIA
So I may please thee, folly will I talk.

AGAMEMNON
Ah me! (aside) This silence breaks my heart! (aloud)
I thank thee.

IPHIGENEIA
Stay, father, with thy children stay at home!

AGAMEMNON
I would. My wish is barred: there lies my grief.

IPHIGENEIA
Perish their wars, and Menelaus' wrongs!

AGAMEMNON
My ruin shall be others' ruin first.

IPHIGENEIA
Long absence thine hath been in Aulis' gulf.

AGAMEMNON
Still hindered is the army's speeding forth.

IPHIGENEIA
Where dwell the Phrygians, father, as men say?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὐ μῆτορ οἰκεῖν ὄφελ᾽ ὁ Πριάμοιον Πάρις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μακράν γ᾽ ἀπαίρεις, ὡ πάτερ, λιπὼν ἐμὲ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τείς ταύτων, ὡ θύγατερ, ἥκεις σῷ πατρί.†

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
φεύ̱
εἰθ᾽ ἦν καλὸν μοι σοί τ᾽ ἀγεῖν σύμπλουν ἐμὲ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἐπεστὶ καὶ σοὶ πλοῦς, ἵνα μνῆσει πατρός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
σὺν μητρὶ πλεύσασ’ ἡ μόνη πορεύσομαι;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
μόνη, μονωθεῖσ’, ἀπὸ πατρός καὶ μητέρος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

670
οὐ ποῦ μ’ ἐς ἄλλα δῶματ’ οἰκίζεις, πάτερ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἔσασον. οὐ χρὴ τοιάδ’ εἰδέναι κόρας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
σπεῦδ’ ἐκ Φρυγῶν μοι, θέμενος εὗ τάκει, πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
θυσαὶ με θυσίαν πρώτα δεῖ τιν’ ἐνθάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀλλὰ ξὺν ἱερῶι χρή τὸ γ’ εὔσεβὲς σκοπεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
εἰσει σὺν χερνίβων γὰρ ἐστὶξει πέλας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
στήσομεν ἀρ’ ἄμφι βωμόν, ὡ πάτερ, χοροῦσ;
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON
Where—O that Priamid Paris ne’er had dwelt!

IPHIGENEIA
Far dost thou voyage, father, leaving me?

AGAMEMNON
Thou art in like case with thy father, child.

IPHIGENEIA
(Sighs) Would it were meet that I might voyage with thee!

AGAMEMNON
Thou too must voyage where thou shalt think on me.

IPHIGENEIA
Shall I sail with my mother, or alone?

AGAMEMNON
Alone, from mother severed and from sire.

IPHIGENEIA
How? hast thou found me, father, a new home?

AGAMEMNON
Enough! It fits not maidens know such things.

IPHIGENEIA
Speed back from Phrygia, father, victor there.

AGAMEMNON
A sacrifice must I first offer here.

IPHIGENEIA
Yea, thou must reverence heaven with holy rites.

AGAMEMNON
This thou shalt see—shalt by the laver stand.

IPHIGENEIA
Father, shall I lead dances round the altar?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ξηλῶ σε μᾶλλον ἡ ’μὲ τοῦ μηδὲν φρονεῖν·
χώρει δὲ μελάθρων ἐντὸς ὄφθηναι κόραις,
πικρῶν φίλημα δοῦσα δεξιάν τ’ ἔμοι,
μέλλουσα δαρὸν πατρὸς ἀποικήσειν χρόνον.
ὁ στέρνα καὶ παρῆδες, ὃ ξαυθαλ κόμαι,
ὡς ἅγιοι ὑμῖν ἐγενέθη ἡ Φρυγῶν πόλεις
‘Ελένη τε· παῦω τοὺς λόγους· ταχεία γὰρ
νοτίς διώκει μ’ ὁμματῶν ψαύσαντά σου.
ἐδ’ εἰς μελάθρα. σε δὲ παραίτομαι τάδε,
Δήδας γένεθλον, εἰ κατωκτίσθην ἀγαν,
μέλλων Ἀχίλλει θυγατέρ’ ἐκδώσειν ἐμῆν.
ἀποστολᾷ γὰρ μακάριαι μὲν, ἄλλ’ ὄμοις
dάκνουσι τοὺς τεκόντας, ὅταν ἄλλοις δόμοις
παίδας παραδίδοι πόλλὰ μοχθῆσας πατήρ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
οὐχ ὅδ’ ἀσύνετός εἰμι, πείσεσθαι δὲ με
καύτην δόκει τάδ’, ὡστε μὴ σε νουθετεῖν,
ὅταν σὺν ὑμεναίοισιν ἐξάγω κόρην·
ἄλλ’ ὁ νόμος αὐτὰ τῷ χρόνῳ συνισχωνεῖ.
τούνομα μὲν ὦν παῖδ’ οἴδ’ ὁταν κατήνεσας,
γένους δὲ ποίου χωπόθεν, μαθεῖν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Ἄγινα θυγάτηρ ἐγένετ’ Ἀσωτοῦ πατρὸς.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
ταυτὴν δὲ θυητῶν ἡ θεῶν ἔζευξε τις;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Zeus· Αἰακὸν δ’ ἐφυσεν, Οἰνώνης πρόμον.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
τοῦ δ’ Αἰακοῦ παῖς τίς κατέσχε δώματα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Πηλεύς· ὁ Πηλεύς δ’ ἔσχε Νηρέως κόρην.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

O happier thou in ignorance than I!
Pass thou within where none but maids shall see.
One sad kiss first, one clasp of thy right hand,
Ere thy long sojourn from thy father far.
O bosom, O ye cheeks, O golden hair!
On you what burden Phrygia's town hath laid
And Helen! But no more—the sudden flood
Bursts o'er me from mine eyes as I touch thee!
Pass into the pavilion. (Exit Iph.) Pardon me,
O Leda's child, it well-nigh breaks my heart
To yield to Achilles' hand my daughter, mine.
Such partings make for bliss, but none the less
They wring the heart, when fathers to strange homes
Yield children for whose sake they have laboured long.

CLYTEMNESTRA

I am not so dull; be sure that I no less
Shall feel this pang—wherefore I chide thee not—
When I with marriage-hymns lead forth the maid;
But custom joined with time shall deaden pain.
His name, to whom thou hast betrothed my child,
I know; his land, his lineage, would I learn.

AGAMEMNON

The Nymph Aegina was Asopus' child:—

CLYTEMNESTRA

And did a mortal wed her, or a God?

AGAMEMNON

Zeus: Aeacus he begat, Oenone's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Which son of Aeacus possessed his house?

AGAMEMNON

Peleus; and Peleus wedded Nereus' child.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η. ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
θεοῦ διδόντος, ἡ βία θεῶν λαβῶν;
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Ζεὺς ἕγγυσε καὶ δίδωσ' ὁ κύριος.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
γαμεῖ δὲ ποῦ νῦν; ἡ κατ' οἴδμα πόντιον;
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Χείρων ἵν' οἰκεὶ σεμνὰ Πηλίου βάθρα.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
οὐ φασί Κενταύρειον ἡκίσθαι γένος;
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἐνταῦθ' ἐδαισαν Πηλέως γάμους θεοὶ.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
Θέτις δ' ἔθρεψεν ἣ πατήρ Ἀχιλλεά;
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
Χείρων, ἵν' ἤθη μὴ μάθαι κακῶν βροτῶν.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
φεῦ-
σοφός γ' ὁ θρέψας χ' διδοὺς σοφότερος.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τοιόσοι παιδὸς σῆς ἀνήρ ἔσται πόσις.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
οὐ μεμπτός. οἰκεῖ δ' ἀστυ ποίον Ἑλλάδος;
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
'Απιδανὸν ἅμφι ποταμὸν ἐν Φθλας ὄροις.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
ἐκεῖς' ἀπάξεις σῇν ἐμὴν τε παρθένον;
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
κεῖνοι μελήσει ταύτα τῷ κεκτημένῳ.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίτην. τίνι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γαμεῖ;
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA
By the God granted, or in heaven's despite?

AGAMEMNON
'Twas Zeus betrothed her, and her father gave.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Where did he wed her?—'neath the heaving sea?

AGAMEMNON
Where Cheiron dwells at Pelion's sacred foot.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Where tribes of Centaurs have their haunt, men say?

AGAMEMNON
Yea, there the Gods held Peleus' marriage-feast.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Did Thetis, or his father, rear Achilles?

AGAMEMNON
Cheiron, that he might learn not vile men's ways.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Ay so!
Wise was the teacher, wiser yet the sire.

AGAMEMNON
Such hero is to be thy daughter's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA
None better. In what Greek town is his home?

AGAMEMNON
On Phthia's marches, by Apidanus.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Thither wilt thou lead hence thy child and mine?

AGAMEMNON
Nay, his part this who taketh her to wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Blessings on them! On what day shall they wed?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οταν σελήνης εύτυχής ἔλθη κύκλος.

ΚΑΣΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προτέλεια δ’ ἢδη παιδὸς ἔσφαξας θεᾶ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μέλλων ’πι ταύτη καὶ καθέσταμεν τύχη.

ΚΑΣΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καπείτα δαίσεις τοὺς γάμους ἐς ύστερον;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θύσας γε θύμαθ’ ἀμέχρη θύσαι θεοῖς.

ΚΑΣΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἡμεῖς δὲ θοίνην ποὺ γυναίξι θῆσομεν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐνθάδε παρ’ εὔπρομνοισιν Ἀργείων πλάταις.

ΚΑΣΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καλῶς ἀναγκαῖοι τε’ συνενέγκοι δ’ ὅμως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἶσθ’ οὖν ὁ δράσον, ὦ γύναι; πιθοῦ δέ μοι.

ΚΑΣΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί χρήμα; πείθεσθαι γὰρ εἴθισμαι σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐνθάδ’, ὀυπέρ ἐσθ’ ὁ νυμφίος,

ΚΑΣΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μητρὸς τί χαρίς δράσεθ’, ἀμέ δρᾶν χρεῶν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκδόσομεν σὴν παῖδα Δαναΐδῶν μέτα.

ΚΑΣΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἡμᾶς δὲ ποὺ χρή τηνικάυτα τυγχάνειν;

1 Palmer and England read ’καλῶς ἄν’ ἀγκώρας τε; “Mid hawsers and ships’ anchors?”
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON
When comes full-orbed the moon with blessing crowned.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Hast slain the Goddess' victim for our child?

AGAMEMNON
So purpose I: even this we have in hand.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Thereafter wilt thou hold the marriage-feast?

AGAMEMNON
When to the Gods I have offered offerings due.

CLYTEMNESTRA
And I, where shall I make the women's feast?

AGAMEMNON
Here, by the Argive galleys' stately sterns.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Here, quotha!—yet it must be. Fair befall!

AGAMEMNON
Know'st thy part, lady, then? My bidding do.

CLYTEMNESTRA
What thing? Obedience is my wont to thee.

AGAMEMNON
Here, where the bridegroom is, will I myself—

CLYTEMNESTRA
What mother's office in mine absence do?

AGAMEMNON
With help of Danaans give thy child away.

CLYTEMNESTRA
But I—where must I tarry all this while?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
χώρει πρὸς Ἀργος παρθένους τε τημέλει.
ΚΑΤΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
λιποῦσα παῖδα; τίς δ’ ἄνασχήσει φλόγα;
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ἐγὼ παρέξω φῶς δ’ υμφίοις πρέπει.
ΚΑΤΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
τούχ ὁ νόμος οὕτος, σὺ δὲ γε φαῖλ’ ἤγεῖ τάδε.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὐ καλὸν ἐν ὁχλῷ σ’ ἔξομιλείσθαι στρατοῦ.
ΚΑΤΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
καλὸν τεκοῦσαν τὰμά μ’ ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
καὶ τὰς γ’ ἐν οἴκῳ μὴ μόνας εἶναι κόρας.
ΚΑΤΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ὀχυροὶσι παρθενῶσι φρουροῦνται καλῶς.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
πιθοῦ.

ΚΑΤΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
μὰ τὴν ἁνασσαν Ἀργείαν θεάν.
740 ἐλθὼν σὺ τὰξω πρᾶσσε, τὰν δόμοις δ’ ἐγὼ,
ἀ χρή παρεῖναι νυμφίοισι παρθένοις.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οἴμοι: μάτην ἥξ’, ἔπλιδος δ’ ἀπεσφάλην,
ἐξ ὀμμάτων δάματ’ ἀποστείλαι θέλων.
σοφίζομαι δὲ κατὶ τοῖσι φιλτάτοις
tέχνας πορίξω, παντυχ’ νικώμενος.
ὁμος δὲ σὺν Κάλχαντι τῷ θυνητόλῳ
κοινῇ τῷ τῆς θεοῦ φίλον, ἐμοὶ δ’ οὐκ εὐτυχὲς,
ἐξιστορήσων εἰμι, μόχθον Ἑλλάδος.
χρῆ δ’ ἐν δόμοιςιν ἀνδρα τὸν σοφὸν τρέφειν
γυναῖκα χρηστῆν κάγαθην, ἢ μὴ γαμεῖν.1

1 Hermann: for τρέφειν of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON
To Argos go: for thy young daughters care.

CLYTEMNESTRA
And leave my child?—and who shall raise the torch?

AGAMEMNON
I will provide such bridal torch as fits.

CLYTEMNESTRA
All custom outraged!—nought is that to thee!

AGAMEMNON
To mingle with armed hosts beseems not thee,—

CLYTEMNESTRA
Beseems that mother give away her child!

AGAMEMNON
Nor that those maids at home be left alone.

CLYTEMNESTRA
They in safe maiden-bowers be warded well.

AGAMEMNON
Nay, hear me—

CLYTEMNESTRA
No! by the Argives' Goddess-queen!
Go, order things without: within doors I
Will order what is fitting for a bride.

[Exit.]

AGAMEMNON
Ah me, vain mine essay! My hope is foiled,
Who out of sight was fain to send my wife.
With subtle schemes against my best-beloved
I weave plots, yet am baffled everywhere.
But none the less with Calchas will I go,
The priest, the Goddess' pleasure to enquire—
For me ill doom, for Hellas travail sore.
The wise man in his house should keep a wife
Helpful and good—or never take a bride.

[Exit.]

71
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ῆξει δὴ Σιμόεντα καὶ δύνας ἀργυροειδεῖς ἀγυρὶς Ἑλλάνων στρατιᾶς ἀνὰ τε ναυσὶν καὶ σὺν ὀπλοῖς Ἴλιον εἰς τὸ Τροίας Φοῖβην δάμπεδον, τὰν Κασάνδραν ἵνα ἀκούω ῥίπτειν ξανθοὺς πλοκάμους χλωροκόμῳ στεφάνῳ δάφνας κοσμηθεῖσαν, ὅταν θεοὶ μαντόσυνοι πνεύσωσ᾽ ἀνάγκαι.

στάσουται δ᾽ ἐπὶ περγάμων ἀντ. Τροίας ἀμφὶ τε τεῖχῃ Τρώες, ὅταν χάλκασπις Ἀρης πόντιος εὐπρόφοροι πλάταις εἰρεσίᾳ πελάξῃ Σιμούντιοις ὑγετοῖς, τὰν τῶν ἐν αἰθέρι δισσῶν Διοσκοῦρων Ἔλεναν ἐκ Πρίαμον κομίσαι θέλων εἰς γὰν Ἑλλάδα δορισόνοις ἀστίσει καὶ λόγχαις Ἀχαιῶν.

Πέργαμον δὲ Φρυγῶν πόλιν ἐπῳδ. λαίνους περὶ πύργους κυκλῶσας Ἀρεί φονίφ, λαμμοτόμους κεφαλὰς στάσασι, πόλισμα Τροίας πέρσας κατ᾽ ἄκρας πόλιν, θῆσει κόρας πολυκλαύστοις δάμαρτα τε Πριάμου.

72
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

(Unto Simois, unto the silver-swirling
  Eddies, shall come the Hellene host,
With galleys, with battle-gear onward hurling
  To the plain of Phoebus, the Troyland coast,
Where tosseth Cassandra her tresses golden
With their garlands of green-leaved bay enfolden,
As they tell, when by mighty compulsion holden
  Her soul is on storm-winds of prophecy tost.)

(On the heights of their towers shall the Trojans,
  enringing
  The ramparts of Troy, in their harness stand,
When over the waters the War-god, bringing
  The stately galleys with oars, to the strand
Draweth near, where the runnels of Simois are sliding,
To hale her, in Priam's halls who is hiding—
  Sister of Zeus' Sons heaven-abiding—
With buckler and spear unto Hellas-land.)

(Epode.)

And the War-fiend shall girdle with slaughter
Pergamus' towers of stone,
  And the captive's head back bend
That the throat-shearing blade may descend,
When low in the dust he hath brought her,
  Troy, from her height overthrown.
He shall make for her maids a lamenting,
  And the queen of Priam shall moan,
'ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ά δὲ Διός Ἐλένα κόρα
πολύκλαυτος ἐσεῖται
τόσιν προλιποῦσα. μήτ’ ἐμοὶ
μήτ’ ἐμοῖσι τέκνων τέκνοις
ἐλπὶς ἀδε ποτ’ ἐλθοί,
οίαν αἱ πολύχρυσοι
Λυδαὶ καὶ Φρυγῶν ἄλοχοι
στήσουσι παρ’ ἱστοῖς
μυθεύσαι τάδ’ ἐσ’ ἀλλήλας.

790
tίς ἀρὰ μ’ εὐπλοκάμου κόμας
ῥύμα δακρυόεν ταυύσας
πατρίδος ὀλλυμένας ἀπολωτιεῖ;
διὰ σὲ, τὰν κύκνου δολιχαὐχένος γόνων,
eἰ δὴ φάτις ὑπομοσ,
ὡς ἔτεκεν Λήδα σ’ ὡς ὐμυθεὶ πταιμένῳ
Διὸς ὁτ’ ἀλλάχθη δέμας,
eἰτ’ ἐν δέλτωσ Πιερίσιν
μύθοι τάδ’ ἐς ἀνθρώπους
ὁνεγκαν παρὰ καιρὸν ἄλλως.

800
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ποῦ τῶν Ἀχαῖων ἐνθάδ’ ὁ στρατηλάτης;
tίς ἂν φράσειε προσπόλων τὸν Πηλέως
ζητούντα μιν παίδ’ ἐν πύλαις Ἀχιλλέα;
οὐκ ἔξ ἵσου γὰρ μένομεν Ἐὐρίπου πέλας.
oὶ μὲν γὰρ ἡμῶν ὑπελεῖ ἀξινες γάμων
οἰκους ἔρημους ἐκλειπόντες ἐνθάδε
θᾶσσου’ ἐπ’ ἀκταῖς, οἱ δ’ ἔχοντες εὔνιδας
καὶ παίδας: οὔτω δεινὸς ἐμπέπτωκ’ ἔρως
tῆς ἱερείας Ἐλλαί’ οὐκ ἄνευ θεῶν.
tοῦμαν μὲν οὖν δίκαιον ἔμε λέγειν χρεῶν,
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And the daughter of Zeus shall know
In that day, and the flood shall flow
Of Helen’s tears of repenting,
Who hath left her husband lone.
Over me, over mine, may there loom—
No, not in the third generation—
Never such shadow of doom
As shall haunt each gold-decked dame
Of the Lydian, the Phrygian, nation,
As beside the weaving-frame
They shall wail to each other in fear, in despair:

“Ah, who on the braids of my shining hair
Clenching his grip till my tears down shower,
Me from my perishing country shall tear
As one plucketh a flower?—
For thy sake, child of the swan arch-necked,
If credence-worthy the story be
That Leda bare to a winged bird thee,
When Zeus with its plumes had his changed form
decked,
Or whether in scrolls of minstrelsy
Such tales unto mortals hath Fable brought,
Told out of season, and all for nought.”

Enter ACHILLES

Where is Achaea’s battle-chief hereby?
What henchman will bear word that Peleus’ son,
Achilles, at his gates is seeking him?
This tarrying here falls not alike on all;
For some there are of us who, yet unwed,
Have left their dwellings wardenless, and here
Sit idle on the shore, some that have wives
And children: such strange longing for this war
Hath upon Hellas fallen by heaven’s will.
Mine own, my righteous grievance, must I speak,—
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

αλλος δ' ο χρηζων αυτὸς υπὲρ αυτοῦ φράσσει. γην γαρ λυπῶν Φάρσαλον ήδη Πηλέα
μένω π' λεπταίς ταισίδ' Εὐρίπου πνοαῖς;
Μυρμιδόνας ἵσχαυ· οἱ δ' ἀεὶ προσκείμενοι
λέγουσ· 'Αχιλλεύ, τί μένομεν; πόσον χρόνον
ἐτ' ἐκμετρήσαι χρή πρὸς Ἰλίων στόλον;
δρα δ'· εἰ τι δράσεις, ἢ ἀπαγ' οἴκαδε στρατόν,
tά τῶν Ἀτρείδῶν μὴ μένου μελλήματα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ παῖ θεᾶς Νηρήδος, ἐνδοθεὶς λόγων
τῶν σῶν ἀκουσάσα· ἐξέβην πρὸ δωμάτων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ὁ πότιν' αἰδῶς, τήνδε τίνα λεύσσω ποτὲ
γυναίκα, μορφὴν εὐπρεπὴ κεκτημένην;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐθαυμά σ' ἡμᾶς ἀγνοεῖν, οἷς μὴ πάρος
προσήκεις· αἰνῶ δ' ὅτι σέβεις τὸ σοφρονεῖν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

τίς δ' εἶ; τί δ' ἤλθες Δαναίδῶν εἰς σύλλογον,
γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρας ἀστίσιν πεφραγμένους;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δήδας μὲν εἰμι παῖς, Κλυταίμνηστρα δὲ μοι
ὁμοῦ, πόσις δὲ μοῦστιν Ἀγαμέμνον ἀναξ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας εἴνα βραχεῖ τὰ καῖρα.

αἰσχρόν δὲ μοι γυναιξὶ συμβάλλειν λόγους.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μεῖνον τί φεύγεις; δεξιάν τ' ἐμὴ χερὶ
σύναψον, ἀρχὴν μακαρίων νυμφευμάτων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

τί φης: ἐγὼ σοι δεξιάν; αἰδοίμεθ' ἀν
Ἀγαμέμνον', εἰ φανοιμεν ὅν μὴ μοι θέμις.

76
IPHIGENIA AT AULIS

Let whoso will beside, his own cause plead:
Pharsalia's land and Peleus have I left,
And through these light airs of Euripus wait,
Checking my Myrmidons: yet urgent aye
They cry, "Why dally, Achilles? How long time
Yet must the Troyward-bound array wait on?
Act, if thou canst; else lead thy war-host home,
Waiting no more on Atreus' sons' delays."

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child of the Nereid Goddess, from within
Thy voice I heard, and come without the tent.

ACHILLES

Great Queen of Shamefastness, what lady here
Behold I crowned with peerless loveliness?

CLYTEMNESTRA

No marvel thou shouldst know me not, unseen
Ere this:—thy shrinking modesty I praise.

ACHILLES

Who art thou? Why cam'st thou to Achaea's host—
A woman unto men with bucklers fenced?

CLYTEMNESTRA

I am Leda's daughter; Clytemnestra named
Am I: King Agamemnon is my lord.

ACHILLES

Well hast thou said in brief what most imports:—
Yet shame were this, that I with women talk!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Stay—wherefore flee? Nay, give me thy right hand
To clasp, the prelude to espousals blest.

ACHILLES

How say'st?—mine hand in thine? Ashamed were I
Before thy lord of such unsanctioned touch.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΑΙΜΗΝΗΤΡΑ
θέμισ μάλιστα, τὴν ἐμὴν ἐπεὶ γαμεῖς
παῖδ', ὃ θεᾶς παῖ ποντίας Νηρηίδος.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ποιοὺς γάμους φής; ἀφασία μ' ἔχει, γυναι.
eἶ μὴ τὶ παρανοούσα καὶνουργεῖσ λόγον.

ΚΑΤΑΙΜΗΝΗΣΤΡΑ
πᾶσιν τὸ ἐμπέφυκεν, αἰδεῖσθαι φίλους
καὶνοὺς ὀρᾷ καὶ γάμου μεμνημένοις.

840

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
οὐπώποτε ἐμνήστευσά παῖδα σήν, γυναι,
οὐδ' ἐξ Ἄτρειδῶν ἤλθε μοι λόγος γάμων.

ΚΑΤΑΙΜΗΝΗΣΤΡΑ
τί δῆτ' ἂν εἶη; σοῦ πάλιν αὐ λόγους ἐμοὺς
θαύμαξ· ἐμοὶ γὰρ θαύματ' ἐστὶ τάπο σοῦ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
εἰκάζε· κοινὸν ἐστιν εἰκάζειν τάδε·
ἀμφῶ γὰρ ὦ πευνόμεθα τοῖς λόγοις ἱσως.

ΚΑΤΑΙΜΗΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ἀλλ' ἢ πέπουθα δεινά; μυηστεύω γάμους
οὐκ ἄντας, ὡς εἰξασίων αἰδοῦμαι τάδε.

850

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ἴσως ἐκερτόμησε κάμε καὶ σὲ τις.
ἀλλ' ἀμελία δὸς αὐτὰ καὶ φαύλως φέρε.

ΚΑΤΑΙΜΗΝΗΣΤΡΑ
χαῖρ'. οὐ γὰρ ὅρθοῖς ὄμμασίν σ' ἔτ' εἰσορῶ,
ψευδῆς γενομένη καὶ παθοῦσ' ἀνάξια.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
καὶ σοὶ τὸ ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ· πόσων δὲ σοῦ
στείχω ματεύσων τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA
'Tis wholly sanctioned, since thou art to wed
My child, O son of the Lady of the Sea.

ACHILLES
What wedding this? I know not what to say—
Except of crazed wits this strange utterance come.

CLYTEMNESTRA
'Tis all men's nature so in shame to shrink
Before new kin and talk of spousal-rites.

ACHILLES
Lady, thy daughter have I never wooed,
Nor word of marriage Atreus' sons have said.

CLYTEMNESTRA
What shall this mean? Thou marvel at my words
In turn; for passing strange are thine to me.

ACHILLES
Think:—we have common cause to search out this.
Perchance nor thou nor I speak false herein.

CLYTEMNESTRA
How?—have I been abused? Seek I a bridal
Which is not, as doth seem? I am crushed with
shame!

ACHILLES
Some one perchance hath mocked both thee and
me.
Nay, lightly hold it, lay it not to heart.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Farewell. I cannot with unshrinking eyes
Meet thine, who am made a liar, outraged so.

ACHILLES
Farewell I bid thee too. I pass within
Yonder pavilion now to seek thy lord.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

 öde ξέν', Αιακοῦ γένεθλου, μείνον, ὡσ σὲ τοι λέγω, τὸν θεᾶς γεγότα παίδα, καὶ σὲ τὴν Δήδας κόρην.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

tis ὁ καλῶν πύλας παροίξας; ὡσ τεταρβηθηκὼς καλεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

dούλος, οὐχ ἀβρόνουμαι τῶς· ἡ τύχη γὰρ οὐκ ἔδι.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

tίνος; ἐμὸς μὲν οὐχὶ· χωρὶς τὰμα καγαμέμνονος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

860 τῇσδε τῆς πάροιθεν οἰκῶν, Τυνδάρεω δόντος πατρός.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ἐσταμεν· φράξ', εἰ τι χρήζεις, ὦν μ' ἐπέσχες εἶνεκα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἡ μόνω παρόντε δήτα ταῖσδ' ἐφέστατον πύλαις;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ὡς μόνοις λέγοις ἀν, ἐξω δ' ἐλθὲ βασιλικῶν δόμων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὡ τύχη πρόνοια θ' ἡμῆ, σώσαθ' ὦν ἐγὼ θέλω.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ὁ λόγος εἰς μέλλοντι ἀνοίσει χρόνον· ἐχει δ' οὐκον τινά.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ

dεξιάς ἐκατὶ μὴ μέλλ', εἰ τι μοι χρήζεις λέγειν.

80
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT (from within the tent)
Stranger, Aeacus' scion, tarry thou: what ho, to thee I call [unto thee withal.
Whom the Goddess bare!—and Leda's daughter,

ACHILLES
Who through doors half-opened calleth?—calleth with what fearful breath?

OLD SERVANT
Bond am I; the name I scorn not—neither fortune suffereth.

ACHILLES
Whose? Not mine art thou, no part in Agamemnon's goods I have.

OLD SERVANT
Hers, who stands before the tent: me Tyndareus her father gave.

ACHILLES
Lo, I stay: if aught thou wouldst, speak that for which thou bad'st me wait.

OLD SERVANT
Stand ye twain alone—none other near hereby—before the gate?

ACHILLES
Speak: alone we are. From out the king's pavilion come thou nigher.

OLD SERVANT (entering from tent)
Fortune, and my foresight, save ye them whose saving I desire!

ACHILLES
Stately invocation this!—it may for needs to come avail!

CLYTEMNESTRA (as o. s. is about to kneel to her)
Linger not to touch mine hand, if thou to me wouldst tell thy tale.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
οίσθα δὴτά μ' ὅστις ὄν σοι καὶ τέκνοις εὔνους ἔφυν;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
οἶδά σ' ὄντ' ἐγὼ παλαίνων δωμάτων ἐμῶν λάτριν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
χῶτι μ' ἐν ταῖς σαῖσι φερναῖς ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
870 ἡλθες εἰς Ἄργος μεθ' ἡμῶν κάμος ἥσθ' ἀεὶ ποτε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ὅδ' ἔχει. καὶ σοὶ μὲν εὔνους εἰμὶ, σφ' ὅ' ἠσον πόσει.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
ἐκκάλυπτε νῦν ποθ' ἡμῖν οὐστινας στέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
παῖδα σὴν πατὴρ ὁ φύσας αὐτόχειρ μέλλει κτανεῖν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
πῶς; ἀπέπτυσ', ὦ γεραίε, μῦθον' οὐ γὰρ εὖ φρονεῖς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
φασγάνῳ λευκῇς φωνεύων τῆς ταλαιπώρου δέρην.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
ὡ τάλαιν' ἐγώ. μεμηνὸς ἄρα τυγχάνει πόσις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ἀρτίφρων, πλὴν εἰς σὲ καὶ σὴν παῖδα· τοῦτο δ' οὐ φρονεῖ.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT
Loyal to thee and to thy children well thou knowest me, I ween,—

CLYTEMNESTRA
Yea, I know that from of old mine house's servant thou hast been.

OLD SERVANT
And that Agamemnon gat me in possession with thy dower?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Thou to Argos camest with me, hast been mine unto this hour.

OLD SERVANT
So it is: to thee devoted more than to thy lord am I.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Prithee now unveil thy secret, whatsoe'er the mystery.

OLD SERVANT
Lo, thy child her very father with his own hand soon shall slay.

CLYTEMNESTRA
How?—avaunt the story, ancient! Sure thy wit is all astray!

OLD SERVANT
Severing thine unhappy daughter's snowy neck with murder's sword.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Oh, alas for me! Now haply murder-frenzied is my lord.

OLD SERVANT
Sane—save touching thee and this thy daughter: only mad herein.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκ τίνος λόγου; τίς αὐτῶν οὐπάγων ἀλαστόρων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

θέσφαθ', ὡς γέ φησι Κάλχας, ἵνα πορεύηται στρατός.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ποί; τάλαν' ἐγὼ, τάλανα δ' ἦν πατήρ μέλλει κτανεῖν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Δαρδάνου πρὸς δώμαθ', Ἐλένην Μενέλεως ὡπως λάβῃ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἰς ἄρ' Ἰφιγένειαν Ἐλένης νόστος ἦν πεπρωμένος;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πάντ' ἔχεις. Ἀρτέμιδι θύσειν παῖδα σῆν μέλλει πατὴρ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ δὲ γάμος παρεῖχεν πρόφασιν, ἥ μὲν ἐκόμισεν ἐκ δόμων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἵν' ἀγάγοις χαίρουσο' Ἀχιλλεῖ παῖδα νυμφεύσουσα σήν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ θύγατερ, ἢκεις ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ καὶ σὺ καὶ μήτηρ σέθεν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὔκτρὰ πάσχετον δ' οὐσαί· δεινὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἔτη.

* Gomperz: for τίν' εἶχε of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA
What the reason? What avenging Demon drives him to the sin?

OLD SERVANT
Oracles, as Calchas sayeth, that the host may pass the sea.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Whither? Woe for me, for thee, whose father waits to murder thee!

OLD SERVANT
Unto Dardanus’ halls, that Menelaus may bring Helen home.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Ha! is Helen’s home-returning fraught with Iphigenia’s doom?

OLD SERVANT
Thou hast all: the sire will sacrifice thy child to Artemis.

CLYTEMNESTRA
And the marriage made the pretext!—drew me from my home to this!

OLD SERVANT
So that thou shouldst gladly bring thy child to be Achilles’ bride.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Daughter, to destruction com’st thou, and thy mother at thy side!

OLD SERVANT
Piteous lot is thine, is hers, and awful deed thy lord essayed.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
οίχομαι τάλανα, δακρύων νάματ' οὐκέτι στέγω.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
εἰπερ ἄλγεινόν τὸ τέκνων στερομένον, δακρυρρόει.\(^1\)

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
890 σὺ δὲ τάδ', ὃ γέρου, πόθεν φής εἰδέναι πεπυ-
σμένος;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
δέλτον φχόμην φέρων σοι πρὸς τὰ πρίν γεγραμμένα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
οὐκ ἔων ἢ ξυγκελεύων παῖδ' ἄγειν θανουμένην;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
μὴ μὲν οὖν ἄγειν· φρονών γὰρ ἐτυχε σὸς πόσις
τὸτ' εὖ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
κατὰ πῶς φέρων γε δέλτον οὐκ ἐμοὶ δίδως
λαβεῖν;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
Μενέλεως ἀφείλεθ' ἡμᾶς, ὥς κακῶν τὸνδ' αἰτιος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ἀ τέκνον Νηρήδος, ὃ παῖ Πηλέως, κλύεις τάδε;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΗ
ἐκλυνον οὖσαν ἀθλίαν σε, τὸ δ' ἐμὸν οὐ φαύλως
φέρω.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
παῖδά μου κατακτενοῦσι σοῖς δολώσαντες γάμοις.

Weil; for στερομένην δακρυρρόειν of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA
Woe is me! Undone! The fountains of my tears may not be stayed!

OLD SERVANT
If ’tis pain to be bereft of children, let the tear-flood flow.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Nay, but ancient, whence hast heard it, sayest thou? How dost thou know?

OLD SERVANT
With a letter touching that aforetime written, hasted I.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Countermanding, or re-urging me to bring my child to die?

OLD SERVANT
Nay, forbidding thee to bring; for then thy lord was sound of wit.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Why then, bearing such a scroll, to me didst not deliver it?

OLD SERVANT
Menelaus snatched it from me, cause of all these miseries.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Child of Thetis, Son of Peleus, hearest thou these infamies?

ACHILLES
Yea, I hear thy sorrow, nor my part therein I tamely bear.

CLYTEMNESTRA
They will slay my daughter, setting thine espousals for a snare!
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Ἡ ἐΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΞΙΛΔΕΤΣ

μέμφομαι κάγῳ πόσει σφ', κούχ άπλῶς σύτω φέρω.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

900 οὐκ ἐπανεθησόμεσθα προσπεσείν τὸ σὸν γόνυ, θυντὸς ἐκ θεᾶς γεγώτα: τὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ σεμνύνομαι; περὶ τίνος σπουδαστέου μοι μᾶλλον ἡ τέκνου πέρι;

ἀλλ’ ἀμυνον, ὃ θεᾶς παῖ, τῇ τ’ ἐμῇ δυσπραξίᾳ τῇ τε λεχθείσῃ δάμαρτι σῇ, μάτην μὲν, ἀλλ’ ὁμως. σοὶ καταστέψασ’ ἐγὼ νῦν ἥγον ὡς γαμομένην, νῦν δ’ ἐπὶ σφαγᾶς κομίζω· σοὶ δ’ ὁνείδος ξέται, ὡστὶς οὐκ ἠμνασά· εἰ γὰρ μὴ γάμοισιν εξύγης, ἀλλ’ ἐξελθῆς γοῦν ταλαίνης παρθένου φίλος πόσις.

πρὸς γενειάδος δέ, πρὸς σῆς δεξιᾶς, πρὸς μητέρος:

910 ονόμα γὰρ τὸ σὸν μ’ ἀπώλεσ’, φ’ σ’ ἀμναθεῖν χρεών.

οὐκ ἔχω βωμὸν καταφυγεῖν ἄλλων ἢ τὸ σὸν γόνυ, οὐδὲ φίλος οὐδεὶς πελά μοι· τὰ δ’ Ἀγαμέμνονος κλύεις ὡμὰ καὶ πάντολι· ἀφίγμα δ’, ὠσπερ εἰσορᾶς, γυνῆ ναυτικῶν στράτευμ’ ἀναρχὸν κατ’ τοῖς κακοῖς θρασύ, χρήσιμον δ’, ὅταν θέλωσιν. ἤν δὲ τολμήσῃς σὺ μου χείρ’ ύπερτειναι, σεσώμεθ’· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ σεσώ-σμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν τὸ τίκτειν καὶ φέρει φίλτρον μέγα, πᾶσιν τε κοινὸν ὡσθ’ ύπερκάμμειν τέκνων.

88
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES
Wroth am I against thy lord: I count it not a little thing.

CLYTEMNESTRA
I will not think shame to bow me down unto thy knees to cling,—[pride to me? Mortal unto child of Goddess:—what is matron-
Lo, for whom above my daughter should I labour instantly? [pair
Ah, be thou, O goddess-born, protector unto my des-
And unto the maiden named thy bride, all vainly though it were. [bride I came—
All for thee I wreathed her; leading her to be thy Came to slaughter leading her!—on thee shall fall reproach’s shame, [linked in marriage-ties,
Who didst shield her not; for though ye ne’er were Yet the hapless maiden’s husband wast thou called in any wise. [deity!—
By thy beard I pray, thy right hand, by thy mother’s Since thy name was mine undoing, see thy name un-
tarnished be. [tress.
Altar have I none to flee to, save thy knee, in my dis-
Not a friend is near. Of Agamemnon’s cruel reckless-
ness [dost behold,—
Thou hast heard; and I am come—a woman, as thou Unto this array of seafolk, lawless, and to evil bold, Yet, so they be willing, strong to help. If thou but dare extend
O’er mine head thine hand, our life is saved; if not, our life hath end.

CHORUS
Mighty is motherhood, of potent spell:
All mothers for a child’s life will fight hard.

89
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΣ

υψηλόφρων μοι θυμός αϊρεται πρόσω.
ἐπίσταται δὲ τοῖς κακοίσι τ’ ἀσχαλῶν
μετρίως τε χαίρειν τοῖς εξωγκωμένοις.
λελογισμένοι γὰρ οἱ τοιοῦτοι εἰσάν βροτῶν
ὁρθῶς διαξῆν τὸν βλοῦ γνώμης μέτα.
ἐστιν μὲν οὖν ἤν ἢδ’ ἡμὶ λίαιν φρονεῖν,
ἐστιν δὲ χοπτον χρήσιμον γνώμην ἔχειν.
ἐγὼ δ’ ἐν ἀνδρὸς ἐυσεβεστάτου τραφεῖς
Χείρωνος, ἐμαθον τοὺς τρόπους ἀπλοὺς ἔχειν.
καὶ τοῖς Ἀτρείδαις, ἢν μὲν ἠγώνται καλῶς,
πεισόμεθ’ ὅταν δὲ μὴ καλῶς, οὐ πεῖσομαι.

ἀλλ’ ἐνθάδ’ ἐν Τροία τ’ ἐλευθέραν φύσιν
παρέχων, Ἄρη τὸ κατ’ ἐμὲ κοσμήσω δορί.
σὲ δ’, ὁ παθοῦσα σχέτλια πρὸς τὼν φιλτάτων,
ἀ δὴ κατ’ ἄνδρα γίγνεται νεανίαν,
τοσοῦτον οὐκοτον περιβάλλων καταστελῶ,
κούπτοτε κόρη σῇ πρὸς πατρὸς σφαγήσεται,
ἐμὴ φατοθείσ’ ὡς γὰρ ἐμπλέκων πλοκὰς
ἐγὼ παρέξω σῷ πόσει τοῦ μόνο ἕμας.
τοῦνομα γάρ, εἰ καὶ μὴ σίδηρον ἱρατο,
τοῦμον φονεύσει παῖδα σὴν. τὸ δ’ αἴτιον,
πόσις σὸς ἀγνὸν δ’ οὐκὲτ’ ἔστι σῷμ’ ἔμον,
εἰ δ’ ἔμ’ ὀλείται διά τε τοὺς ἐμοὺς γάμους
ἢ δεινὰ τλάσα κοῦκ ἀνεκτὰ παρθένος
θαυμαστὰ δ’ ὡς ἀνάξι’ ἡτυμασμένη.
ἐγὼ κάκιστος ἥν ἄρ’ Ἀργείων ἄνήρ,
ἐγὼ τὸ μιδέν, Μενέλεως δ’ ἐν ἀνδράσιν,
ὡς οὐχὶ Πηλέως, ἀλλ’ ἀλάστορος γεγώς,
εἰτερ φονεύσει τοῦμον ὄνομα σῷ πόσει.
μᾶ τὸν δ’ ὑγρῶν κυμάτων τεθραμμένον
Νηρέα, φυτουργὸν Θέτιδος ὃ μ’ ἐγείνατο,
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

My whole soul's chivalry is to action stirred:—
Yet hath my soul learnt temperance in grief
For troubles, and in joy for triumphs won:
For such men are by reason schooled to pass
Through life well, in cool judgment self-reliant;—
True, pain sometimes rewards the over-wise,
Yet oft of self-reliance profit comes.
Fostered by Cheiron, one that feared God most,
Was I, and learned to tread no tortuous ways.
And Atreus' sons, if righteously they lead,
Will I obey; else will I not obey.
Here, as in Troy, I'll keep me free man still,
And, as I may, will grace a hero's part.
Thee, lady, outraged by thy nearest kin,
Will I, so far as such young champion can,
Right; so shall my compassion buckler thee.

Ne'er by her father slain shall be thy child,
Once called my bride. I will not lend myself
To be thy lord's tool in his subtle plots;
Else my mere name, though it have drawn no
sword,
Shall slay thy daughter:—and the cause thereof
Thy lord! My very blood were murder-tainted,
If this maid, suffering wrongs intolerable,
For my sake and my marriage be destroyed,
With outrage past belief unmerited.
So were I basest among Argive men,
A thing of nought,—and Menelaus a man!—
Sprung of no Peleus, but some vengeance-fiend,
If my name shall do butchery for thy lord!
No, by the foster-son of Ocean's waves,
Nereus, the sire of Thetis who bare me,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

950 οὐν ἄγεται σής θυγατρὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἁναξ,
οὐδ' εἰς ἀκραν χεῖρ', ὡστε προσβαλεῖν πέπλοις:
ἡ Σίντυλος ἑσται πόλις ὄρισμα βαρβάρων,
ὁθεν πεφύκασ' οἱ στρατηλάται γένος,
Φίλας δὲ τοινοὺ' οὐδαμοῦ κεκλήστηται.
πικροὺς δὲ προχύτας χέρνιβάς τ' ἐνάρξεται
Κάλχας ο μάντις. τίς δὲ μάντις ἐστι' ἄνηρ,
ὁς ὅλιγ' ἀληθῆ, πολλὰ δὲ ψευδῆ λέγει
tυχῶν, ὅταν δὲ μὴ τύχῃ, διοίκεται;
οὐ τῶν γάμων ἔκατι—μυρίαι κάραι

960 θηρῶσι λέκτρων τοῦμὸν—εἴρηται τόδε:
ἀλλ' ὅβριν ἐς ἡμᾶς ὅβριο' Ἀγαμέμνων ἁναξ:
χρὴν δ' αὐτὸν αἰτεῖν τοῦμὸν ὅνομ' ἐμοῦ πάρα,
θήραμα παιδός: ἡ Κλυταιμνήστρα δ' ἐμοὶ
μάλιστ' ἐπείσθη θυγατέρ' ἐκδοῦναι πόσει.
ἐδωκά ταύ Ἐλλησιν, εἰ πρὸς Ἰλιον
eὰ τῷ ἐκαμνὲ νόστος: οὐκ ἡρνούμεθ' ἀν
tὸ κοινὸν αὐξεῖν ὅν μέτ' ἐστρατευόμην.

970 νῦν δ' οὐδέν εἰμι παρὰ γε τοῖς στρατηλάταις,
eν εὐμαρεῖ τε δράν τε καὶ μὴ δράν καλῶς.

τάχ' εἴσεται σίδηρος, ὥν πρὶν εἰς Φρύγας
ἐλθεῖν, φόνου κηλίσιν αἷματος χρανῶ,
εἰ τίς με τὴν σὴν θυγατέρ' ἐξαιρήσεται.
ἀλλ' ἠσύχαζε' θεὸς ἐγὼ πέφημα σοὶ
μέγιστος, οὐκ ὄν· ἀλλ' ὅμως γενήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔλεξας, ὥ παῖ Πηλέως, σοῦ τ' ἄξια
καὶ τῆς ἐναλίες δαίμων, σεμνής θεοῦ.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

King Agamemnon shall not touch thy child—
Not on her robe to lay a finger-tip!
Else half-barbaric Sipylos¹ were a city,
Whence sprang the line of yonder war-chiefs’
    house,
And Phthia’s name were nowhere named of men.
His meal, his laver-drops of sacrifice,
Calchas the seer shall rue! What is a seer?
A man who speaks few truths, but many lies,
When his shafts hit, who is ruined if he miss.
It is not for the bride’s sake—brides untold
Are eager for mine hand—that this I say.
But King Agamemnon hath insulted me.
He ought to have asked my name’s use first
    of me
To trap his child. Chiefly through trust in me
Did Clytemnestra yield her lord her daughter.
I had granted this to Greece, if only so
The voyage to Troy might be,—had not refused
To aid their cause with whom I marched to war.
But now in yon chief’s eyes I am as nought:
To honour me or shame me is all one!
Soon shall my sword know—ere it go to Troy
I will distain it with death-dews of blood—
If any man shall wrest from me thy daughter.
Calm thee: as some God strong to save I come,
Though I be none; yet will I prove me such.

CHORUS

Thou speakest, son of Peleus, worthily
Of thee, and of the sea-born Goddess dread.

¹ In Lydia. The Greek, in view of all that the word πόλις implied to him, scorned to apply it to what he regarded as mere collections of dwellings of semi-savages.
ΦΙΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΑΣΜΗΘΡΑ

φεύ.
πῶς ἄν σ’ ἐπαινέσαιμι μὴ λίαν λόγους,
μηδ’ ἐνδεῶς τοῦτ’ ἀπολέσαιμι τὴν χάριν;
αινούμενοι γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ τρόπον τινά
μισοῦσι τοὺς αἰνοῦντας, ἢν αἰνῶσ’ ἀγαν.
αἰσχύνομαι δὲ παραφέρουσ’ οἰκτροὺς λόγους,
ἰδίᾳ νοσοῦσα: σὺ δ’ ἄνοσος κακῶν γ’ ἐμῶν.
ἀλλ’ οὖν ἔχει τοις σχῆμα, κἂν ἀπωθεῖν ἢ
ἀνήρ ὁ χρηστός, δυστυχοῦντας ωφελεῖν.
οἰκτειρε δ’ ἡμᾶς’ οἰκτρα γὰρ πεπόνθαμεν.
ἡ πρῶτα μὲν σε γαμβρὸν οἰδθεῖσ’ ἐχεῖν,
κενὴν κατέσχον ἐλπίδ’: εἰτὰ σοι τάχα
ὁρις γένοιτ’ ἀν τοῖς μέλλονσιν γάμους
θανοῦσ’ ἐμὴ παῖς, ὅ σε φυλάξασθαι χρεών.

ἀλλ’ εὖ μὲν ἀρχὰς εἴπας, εὖ δὲ καὶ τέλη
σοῦ γὰρ θέλοντος παῖς ἐμὴ σωθήσεται.
βούλει νυν ἴκετιν σοὺν περιποτύζαι γόνυ
ἀπαρθένευτα μὲν τὰδ’ εἰ δέ σοι δοκεῖ,
ἡξεῖ, δι’ αἴδος ὁμ’ ἱγουσ’ ἠλευθερον.
εἰ δ’ οὐ παρούσης ταῦτ’ τεῦξομαι σέθεν,
μενέτω κατ’ οἴκους: σεμνὰ γὰρ σεμνύνεται.
ὅμως δ’ ὅσον γε δυνατὸν αἰδεύσθαι χρεών.

ΑΧΙΔΕΤΣ

σὺ μῆτε σὴν παῖδ’ ἔξαγ’ ὅψεν εἰς ἐμὴν,
μῆτ’ εἰς ὅνειδος ἄμαθες ἔλθωμεν, γύναι.
στρατὸς γὰρ ἄθροος ἄργως ἄν τῶν οἰκοθεν
νέας αἰσχρὰς πονηρὰς καὶ κακοστόμους φίλει.
πάντως δὲ μ’ ικετεύοντες ἤξετ’ εἰς ἴσον,
εἰ τ’ ἀνικετεύτως’ εἰς ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔστ’ ἀγὼν

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

How can I praise thee, and not overpraise,
And yet not mar the grace by stint thereof?
For good men praised do in a manner hate
The praiser if he praiseth overmuch.¹
I blush to thrust on thee my piteous tale.
My pain is mine; mine anguish wrings not thee.
Yet is it nobly done, when from his height
The good man stoops to help the stricken ones.
Pity me, for in piteous case am I,
Who, first, had dreamed that thou shouldst wed my
child,—
Vain hope was mine!—next, haply unto thee
Ill omen for thy bridal yet to come
Should be my child’s death: take thou heed
thereof.
Well spakest thou, the first things as the last.
For, if thou will it, shall my child be saved.
Wouldst thou she clasped thy knees, a suppliant?
No maiden’s part this—yet, if thou think well,
She shall come, lifting innocent frank eyes.
But if without her I may win my suit,
In maiden pride let her abide within:
Yet modesty bows to hard necessity.

ACHILLES

Nay, bring not forth thy daughter in my sight,
Nor, lady, risk we the reproach of fools:
For this thronged host, of all home-trammels free,
Loves evil babble of malicious tongues.
In any wise the same end shall ye gain
Praying or prayerless; for one mighty strife

¹ Excessive praise was believed to provoke the Gods’ jealousy. Hence no true friend would indulge in it.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

μεγιστὸς ὑμᾶς ἔξαπαλλάξαι κακῶν.
ως ἐν γ' ἁκούσας ἵσθι, μὴ ψευδῶς μὲ ἐρεῖν
ψευδὴ λέγων δὲ καὶ μάτην ἐγκερτομόν
θάνοιμι· μὴ θάνοιμι δ', ἦν σώσω κόρην.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
δύναιο συνεχῶς δυστυχοῦντας ὦφελῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ἀκονυ δὴ νῦν, ἵνα τὸ πράγμ' ἔχῃ καλῶς.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
τὸ τοῦτ ἔλεξας; ὡς ἀκουστέον γέ σου.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
πείθωμεν αὖθις πατέρα βέλτιον φρονεῖν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
κακὸς τίς ἐστι καὶ λίαν ταρβεῖ στρατόν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ἀλλ' οἱ λόγοι γε καταπαλαίουσιν φόβους.¹

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ψυχρὰ μὲν ἐλπίς· δ' τὶ δὲ χρή με δρᾶν φράσον.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ἰκέτευ' ἐκεῖνον πρῶτα μὴ κτείνειν τέκνα·
ὅν δ' ἀντιβαίνῃ, πρὸς ἐμὲ σοι πορευτέον,
εἰ γὰρ τὸ χρῆζον ἐπίθετ', οὐ τοῦμον χρεῶν
χωρεῖν· ἔχει γὰρ τοῦτο τὴν σωτηρίαν.
κἀγὼ τ' ἀμείνων πρὸς φίλου γενήσομαι,
στρατὸς τ' ἀν οὖ μέμψαστο μ', εἰ τὰ πράγματα
λελογισμένως πράσσομεν, μᾶλλον η' σθένει.
καλῶς δὲ κρανθέντων πρὸς ἴδιον φίλοις
σοί τ' ἀν γένοιτο κἂν ἐμοῦ χωρίς τάδε.

¹ Musgrave: for λόγους of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Waits me,—from evil to deliver you.
One thing be sure thou hast heard—I will not lie.
If lie I do, or mock you, may I die,
And only die not, if I save the maid.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Heaven bless thee, who still succourest the distressed!

ACHILLES

Now hear me, that the matter well may speed.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What meanest thou? I needs must list to thee.

ACHILLES

Let us to a better mood persuade her sire.

CLYTEMNESTRA

He is something craven—fears o’ermuch the host.

ACHILLES

Yet mightier wrestler reason is than fear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Cold hope is this: yet say what I must do.

ACHILLES

Beseech him first to murder not his child.
If he withstand thee, come thou unto me.
For, if he heed thy prayer, I need not stir,
Since in this very yielding is her life;
And friendlier so to a friend shall I appear.
Nor shall the army blame me, if I bring
This thing to pass by reason, not by force.
If all go well, upon thy friends and thee
Shall gladness dawn, and that without mine aid.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ός σώφρονε εἰπας. δραστέον δ' ἀ σοι δοκεῖ.

χεῖν δ' αἰ τι μὴ πράσσομεν δὲν ἐγὼ θέλω,

ποὺ σ' αὖθις ὑψόμεσθα; ποὶ χρή μ' ἀθλίων

ἐλθοῦσαν εὐρεῖσεν σὴν χέρ' ἐπίκουρον κακῶν

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἡμεῖς σε φύλακες οὐ χρεῶν φυλάξομεν,

μὴ τίς σ' ἱδη στείχουσαν ἐπτομένην

Δαναών δι' ὄχλον μηδε πατρώιον ὅμοιν

αἰσχρῷ· ὁ γὰρ τοι Τυνδάρεως οὐκ ἄξιος

κακῶς ἀκουεῖν· ἐν γὰρ Ἐλλησιν μέγας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔσται τάδ'. ἀρχε· σοὶ με δουλεύειν χρεῶν.

εἰ δ' εἰσὶ θεοί, δίκαιοι ὅν ἀνήρ, θεῶν

ἔσθλῶν κυρήσεις· εἰ δὲ μὴ, τί δεὶ πονεῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς ἂρ' ὑμέναιος διὰ λατοῦ Δίβυος

μετά τε φιλοχόρου κιθάρας

συργγοῦν θ' ὑπὸ καλαμοεσ·

σαν ἔστασεν ἰαχάν,

οὖτ' ἀνὰ Πηλίον αἱ καλλιπλόκαμοι

Πιερίδες παρὰ δαιτὶ θεῶν

χρυσεσσάνδαλον ἴχνος

ἐν γὰρ κρούουσαι

Πηλέως εἰς γάμον ἥλθον,

μελωδοῖς Θέτιν ἄχθησει τὸν τ' Ἀιακίδαν

Κενταύρων ἀν' ὄρος κλέουσαι

Πηλιάδα καθ' ὑλαν.

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA
Ah wise words! I must act as seems thee best.
But, if we shall not gain mine heart's desire,
Where shall I see thee?—whither shall I go
In misery, to find thy champion hand?

ACHILLES
Where best befits will I keep watch for thee,
That none behold thee traversing wild-eyed
The Danaan host. Shame not thy father's house;
For Tyndareus deserves not to be made
A mock, for great is he midst Hellene men.

CLYTEMNESTRA
This shall be. Rule thou—I must be thy thrall.
If there be Gods, thy righteousness shall earn
Their favour; if not, wherefore should men toil?

[Exeunt severally Achill es and Clytemnestra.

CHORUS
O what bridal-chant rang with the crying (Str.)
Of the Libyan flute,
With the footfall of dancers replying
To the voice of the lute,
With the thrill of the reeds' glad greeting,
In the day when o'er Pelion fleeting
Unto Peleus' espousals, with beating
Of golden-shod foot,
The beautiful-tressed Song-maidens
To the Gods' feast came,
And their bridal-hymn's ravishing cadence
Bore Thetis's fame
O'er the hills of the Centaurs far-pealing,
Through the woodlands of Pelion soft-stealing,
The new-born splendour revealing
Of the Aeacid's name!
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1050 ὁ δὲ Δαρδανίδας, Διὸς
λέκτρων τρύφημα φίλον,
χρυσέοισιν ἄφυσε λοιβὰν
ἐν κρατήρων γυάλοις,
ὁ Φρύγιος Γαυμιῆδης.
παρὰ δὲ λευκοφαῖ ἤμαθον
εἰλισσόμεναι κύκλω
πεντήκοντα κόραι γάμους
Νηρέως ἐχόρευσαν.

ἄνα δ' ἐλάταισι στεφανώδει τε χλόας
θάσος ἐμολευ ἰπποβάτας

1060 Κενταύρων ἐπὶ δαίτα τὰν
θεῶν κρατήρα τε Βάκχου.

μέγα δ' ἀνέκλαγον· ὁ Νηρηὶ κόρα,
παῖδα σὲ Θεσσαλία μέγα φῶς
μάντις ὁ φοιβάδα μοῦσαν
εἴδως γεννάσειν
Χειρῶν ἐξονόμαζεν,
διὸ ἦξει χθόνα λογχήρεσι σὺν Μυρμιδόνων
ἀστισταῖς Πριάμοιο κλεινῶν

1070 γαῖαν ἐκπνωσόν,
περὶ σῶματι χρυσέων
ὅπλων Ἡφαιστοπόνων
κεκορυθμένοις ἐνυτ', ἐκ θεᾶς
ματρὸς δωρήματ' ἔχων
Θετίδος, ἀ νυν ἔτικτε.

μακάριον τότε δαίμονες
τὰς εὐπάτριδος γάμου
Νηρήδων ἔθεσαν πρώτας
Πηλέως θ' ὑμεναίους.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And Dardanus' child, whom the pinion
Of the eagle bore
From Phrygia, Ganymede, minion
Of Zeus, did pour
From the gold's depths nectar; while dancing
Feet of the Sea-maids were glancing
Through circles, through mazes entrancing
The white sands o'er.

Leaf-crowned came the Centaur riders
With their lances of pine
To the feast of the Heaven-abiders,
And the bowls of their wine.
"Hail, Sea-queen!"—so rang their acclamation—
"A light over Thessaly flaming"—
Sang Cheiron, the unborn naming—
"Achilles shall shine."
And, as Phoebus made clearer the vision,
"He shall pass," sang the seer,
"Unto Priam's proud land on a mission
Of fire, with the spear
And the shield of the Myrmidons, clashing
In gold; for the Fire-king's crashing
Forges shall clothe him with flashing
Warrior-gear:
Of his mother the gift shall be given,
Of Thetis brought down."
So did the Dwellers in Heaven
With happiness crown
The espousals of Nereus's Daughter,
When a bride unto Peleus they brought her
Of the seed of the Lords of the Water
Chief in renown.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1080 σε δ' ἐπὶ κάρα στέψουσι καλλικόμαν ἐπὶδ. πλόκαμον Ἀργείου, βαλιάν ὥστε πετραίων ἀπ' ἀντρῶν ἐλθοῦσαν ὅρεων μόσχον ἀκήρατον, βρότειον αἰμασσοντες λαιμόν· οὐ σύριγγι τραφεῖσαν, οὐδ' ἐν ῥοιβδήσει βουκόλων, παρὰ δὲ ματέρι νυμφοκόμων Ἰναχίδαις γάμων.

ποῦ τὸ τὰς αἴδοὺς

1090 ἢ τὸ τὰς ἀρετὰς ἔχει σθένειν τι πρόσωπον; ὡπότε τὸ μὲν ἀσεπτὸν ἔχει δύνασιν, ἀδ' ἀρετὰ κατάπισθεν θνατοῖς ἀμελεῖται, ἀνομία δὲ νόμων κρατεῖ. καὶ μὴ κοινὸς ἀγὼν βροτοῖς, μὴ τις θεῶν φθόνος ἐλήν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐξήλθον δ' ὅκων προσκοπουμένη πόσιν, χρόνων ἀπόντα κάκλελουτότα στέγασ.

1100 ἐν δακρύσι οὖ ἡ τάλαινα παῖς ἐμή, πολλάς ἰείσα μεταβόλας ὀδυρμάτων, θάνατον ἀκοῦσα', ὅν πατὴρ βουλεύεται. μνήμην δ' ἀρ' εἶχον πλησίον βεβηκότος Ἀγαμέμνονος τοῦδ', ὅς ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ τέκνοις ἄνοσία πράσσων αὐτίχ' εὑρεθήσεται.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Δήδας γενεθλοῦν, ἐν καλῷ σ' ἔξω δόμων ἦρης, ὅν εἴπω παρθένου χωρίς λόγους οὔς οὐκ ἀκούειν τὰς γαμομένας πρέπει.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

But men shall wreathe thine head
For death, thy golden hair,—
As heifer white and red
Down from the hill-caves led,
    A victim pure,—shall stain
With blood thy throat snow-fair;
Though never thou wert bred
    Where with the herdmen's strain
The reed-pipes thrill the air:
But at thy mother's side
Wast nursed, wast decked a bride
    For a king's heir.
What might hath now
Modesty's maiden face
Or Virtue's brow?—
    When godlessness bears sway,
And mortals thrust away
Virtue, and cry "Give place!"
When lawlessness hath law down-trod,
And none will to his brother say
"Let us beware the jealousy of God!"

Enter CLYT.     CLYTEMNESTRA
Forth of the tent to seek my lord I come,
Who is from his pavilion absent long;
And drowned in tears mine hapless daughter is,
With wails now ringing high, now moaning low,
Since she hath heard what death her father plots.
Lo, of one even now drawn nigh I spake,
Yon Agamemnon, who shall straightway stand
Convict of sin against his very child.

Enter AGAM.     AGAMEMNON
O Leda's child, well met without the tent.
I would speak with thee, ere our daughter come,
Of that which fits not brides to be should hear.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
τί δ’ ἐστιν, οὗ σοι καιρὸς ἀντιλάξυνται;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1110 ἐκπεμπε παῖδα δωμάτων πατρὸς μέτα· ὡς χέρνιβες πάρεισιν ἡπτρεπτισμέναι, προχύται τε βάλλειν πῦρ καθάρσιον χερῶν. μόσχοι τε, πρὸ γάμων ἃς θεᾶ πεσεῖν χρεῶν Ἀρτέμιδι, μέλανος αἵματος φυσῆματα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
toῖς ὀνόμασιν μὲν εὐ λέγεις, τὰ δ’ ἔργα σου οὐκ οἰδ’ ὅπως χρή μ’ ὄνομάσασαν εὐ λέγειν. χόρει δὲ θύγατερ ἑκτός, οἰσθά γὰρ πατρὸς πάντως ἄρες ἡ κήλευ, χυτὸ τοῖς πέπλοις ἀγε λαβοῦσ’ Ὄρεστην σοῦ κασίγνητον, τέκνον.

1120 ἰδοὺ πάρεστιν ἢδε πειθαρχοῦσά σοι. τὰ δ’ ἄλλ’ ἐγὼ πρὸ τῆςδε κάμαντῆς φράσω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ.
tέκνον, τί κλαίεις, οὐδ’ ἔθ’ ἤδεως ὅρας, εἰς γην δ’ ἐρείσασ’ ὡμα πρόσθ’ ἔχεις πέπλους;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φεῦ·
tίν’ ἄν λάβομι τῶν ἐμῶν ἀρχὴν κακῶν; ἀπασι γὰρ πρῶτοις χρήσασθαι πάρα [καὶ υστάτοις καὶ μέσοις πανταχοῦ].

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

tί δ’ ἐστιν; ὡς μοι πάντες εἰς ἐν ἠκετε, σύγχυσιν ἔχουτε καὶ ταραγμὸν ὀμμάτων.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

eἰφ’ ἄν ἐρωτήσω σε γενναίως, τόσι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1130 οὐδὲν κελευσμοῦ δεῖ μ’ ἐρωτάσθαι θέλω.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA
And what is this that fits the time so well?

AGAMEMNON
Send forth the tent the maid to join her sire:
For here the lustral waters stand prepared,
And meal for hands to cast on cleansing flame,
And victims that ere bridals must be slain
To Artemis with spirtings of dark blood.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Fair sound the things thou nam’st: but to thy deeds
I know not how to give fair-sounding names.
Daughter, come forth: to the uttermost thou know’st
Thy sire’s design. The babe Orestes take,
And bring thy brother folded in thy robes,
Enter IPHIGENEIA.
Lo, she is here, obedient unto thee.
The rest, for her, for me, myself will speak.

AGAMEMNON
Child, wherefore weep, and blithely look no more,
But earthward bend thy vesture-shrouded eyes?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Ah me!
How shall I make beginning of my woes?
For well may I account each one the first,
Midmost, or last, in misery’s tangled web.

AGAMEMNON
How now? How find I each and all conspired
To show me looks of trouble and amaze?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Answer my question, husband, like a man.

AGAMEMNON
No need to bid me: I would fain be asked.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
τὴν παιδα τὴν σὴν τὴν τ᾽ ἐμὴν μέλλεις κτανεῖν;
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ.

ἐξα.
τλήμονά γ᾽ ἔλεξας, ὑπονοεῖς θ’ ἀ μή σε χρή.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ἐξ’ ἰσωχος,
κάκεινο μοι τὸ πρῶτον ἀπόκριναι πάλιν.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
σὺ δ’ ἦν γ’ ἐρωτᾶς εἰκότ’, εἰκότ’ ἀν κλύοις.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
οὐκ ἀλλ’ ἐρωτῶ, καὶ σὺ μὴ λέγ’ ἄλλα μοι.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ὁ πότνια μοῖρα καὶ τὕχη δαίμων τ’ ἐμός.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
κάμος γε καὶ τήσδ’ εἰς τριῶν δυσδαιμόνων.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τίν’ ἡδίκησα;?

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
τοῦτ’ ἐμοῦ πεύθει πάρα;
ο νοῦς ὅδ’ αὐτὸς νοῦν ἔχων οὐ τυγχάνει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1140 ἀπωλόμεσθα. προδέδοται τὰ κρυπτά μοι.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
πάντ’ οἶδα καὶ πεπῦμεθ’ ἂ σὺ μέλλεις με δρᾶν.
αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ σιγάν ὁμολογούντος ἐστὶ σου
καὶ τὸ στενάζειν πολλά. μὴ κάμης λέγων.

1 Hermann and Paley; but reading much disputed. England retains τὶ μ’ ἡδίκησας of MSS. "Wherefore so wrong me?" Nauck reads τίς σ’ ἡδίκησε; "Now who hath wronged thee?"

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA
Thy child and mine—mean' st thou to murder her?

AGAMEMNON
Ha !—
A hideous question !—foul suspicion this '

CLYTEMNESTRA
Peace !
Render me answer first as touching this.

AGAMEMNON
To question fair fair answer shalt thou hear.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Nought else I ask, thou answer me nought else.

AGAMEMNON
O mighty Doom, O Fate, O fortune mine !

CLYTEMNESTRA
And mine, and hers ! One fate for wretched three.

AGAMEMNON
Whom have I wronged ?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Thou—and of me—ask this ?
This wit of thine is utter witlessness '

AGAMEMNON (aside)
Undone am I ! My secret is betrayed

CLYTEMNESTRA
I know all—yea, thy purposed crime have learnt.
Thy very silence and thy groan on groan
Are thy confession. Labour not with speech.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ιδού σιωπώ· τὸ γὰρ ἀναισχύντον τί δεῖ 
ψευδῆ λέγοντα προσλαβείν τῇ συμφορᾷ;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀκονε δὴ νυν, ἀνακαλύψον γὰρ λόγους,
κούκετι παρφοδίς χρησόμεσθοι αἰνίγμασιν.
πρώτον μὲν, ἵνα σοι πρῶτα τοῦτ᾽ ὀνειδίσω,
ἐγγίμασ ἀκονσάν με καλάβες βια,

τοῦ πρόσθεν ἄνδρα Τάνταλον κατακτανών,
βρέφος τε τοῦμόν ξών προσούδισας πέδω,1
μαστῶν βιαίως τῶν ἐμῶν ἄποσπάσας.
καὶ τῷ Δίος τε παῖδ᾽ ἐμό τε συγγόνον
ὑποηγοὶ μαρμαροῦτ᾽ ἐπεστρατευσάτην
πατήρ δὲ πρέσβυς Τυνδάρεως σ᾽ ἐρώτατο
ἰκέτην γενόμενον, τάμα δὲ ἔσχες αὖ λέχῃ.
οὐ σοι καταλαχθεῖσα περὶ σὲ καὶ δόμους
συμμαρτυρήσεις ὡς ἀμεμπτὸς ἦν γυνῆ,
εἰς τ᾽ Ἀφροδίτην σωφρονοῦσα καὶ τὸ σὸν
μέλαθρον αὐξοῦσ᾽, ὡστε σε εἰποῦσα τε
χαιρεῖν θύραξ᾽ τ᾽ ἐξίοντ᾽ εὐδαιμονεῖν.

στάνοιν δὲ θήρευμι ἄνδρι τοιαύτην λαβεῖν
dάμαρτα· φλαυραν δ᾽ οὐ σπάσως γνωαίκ᾽ ἔχειν.
τίκτω δ᾽ ἐπὶ τροῖ παρθένοισι παιδὰ σοι
tόνδ᾽ ὅν μιᾶς σὺ τηλιμόνως μ᾽ ἀποστερεῖς.
καὶ τις σ᾽ ἐρηταί τῖνος ἐκατὶ νυν κτενεῖς,

λέξον, τί φήσεις ἥμε χρῆ λέγειν τὰ σά;
Ἐλένην Μενέλεως ἱνα λάβη, καλὸν γέ τοι
κακῆς γυναικὸς μισθὸν ἀποτίσαι τέκνα.

τάχθιστα τοῖς φιλτάτοις ὤνομεθα.

ἀγ' ἥν στρατεύσῃ καταληπτῶν μ᾽ ἐν δώμασιν,

1 England; Nauk and Paley retain σφ προσούρισσα πάλφ
of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

Lo, I am silent. Wherefore utter lies, And add unto misfortune shamelessness?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Give ear now; for I will unfold my pleas, Nor use half-hinting riddles any more. First,—that with this I may reproach thee first— By force, not of my will, didst thou wed me:
Thou slewest Tantalus my sometime lord;
Didst dash my living babe against the stones,
Even from my breast with violence tearing him. Then did the Sons of Zeus, my brethren twain, Flashing on white steeds come to war with thee. But mine old father Tyndareus begged thy life, Who cam'st his suppliant, and thou keptest me. So reconciled to thee and to thine house, A blameless wife was I,—be witness thou,— Chaste in desires, increasing in thine halls Thy substance still, so that thine enterings-in Were joy, and thine outgoings happiness. Rare spoil is this for man to win such spouse:
Of getting worthless wives there is no lack. This son, with daughters three, to thee I bare; And of one wilt thou rob me ruthlessly! Now, if one ask thee wherewith thou wilt slay her, Speak, what wilt say?—or must I speak for thee?— That Helen's lord may win her! Glorious this, To pay a wanton's price in children's lives! So shall we buy things loathed with things most loved.

Come, if thou go to war, and leave me here
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

κακεὶ γενήσθη διὰ μακρὰς ἀπουσίας,
tīν ἐν δόμωι με καρδίαν ἔξειν δοκεῖς,
ὅταν θρόνοις τῆσδε εἰσίδω πάντας κενούς,
κενοὺς δὲ παρθενώνας, ἐπὶ δὲ δακρύσοις
μόνη καθώμαι, τήν δὲ θηρνδοῦσ' ἀεί;
ἀπώλεσέν σ', ὁ τέκνον, ὁ φυτεύσας πατήρ,
αὐτὸς κτανὼν, οὐκ ἄλλος οὔτ' ἄλλη χερί,
τούδε μισθὸν καταλύσων πρὸς τοὺς δόμους.

ἐπεὶ βραχείας προφάσεως ἔδει μόνον,
ἐφ' ἦς' ἐγὼ καὶ παίδες αἱ λελειμμέναι
δεξόμεθα δεξίν ἦν σε δέξασθαι χρεών.
μὴ δὴ τα' πρὸς θεῶν μὴτ' ἀναγκάσῃς ἐμὲ
κακὴν γενεσθαί περὶ σέ, μητ' αὐτὸς γένη.
ἐλευ.

θύσεις δὲ τὴν παίδ. εἰτα τίνας ἐυχας ἔρεις;
tί σοι κατεύχεις τάγαθον, σφάζων τέκνον;
νόστον πονηρόν, οἰκοθέν γ' αἰσχρώς ἰών;
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ δίκαιον ἀγαθὸν εὔχεσθαι τι σοί;
ἡ τὰρ' ἀσυνέτους τοὺς θεοὺς ἤρισεθ' ἀν,
eἰ τοῖσιν αὐθένταισιν εὖ φρονήσομεν.

ἡκὼν δ' ἐσ' Ἀργος προσπεσεῖ τέκνοισι σοῖς;
ἀλλ' οὐθεμίσι σοι. τίς δὲ καὶ προσβλέψεται
παίδων σ', ἕαν σφῶν προέμενος κτάνης τινά;
tαῦτ' ἠλέθες ἢδη διὰ λόγων, ἢ σκηπτρά σοι
μοῦν διαφέρει καὶ στρατηλατεῖν σε δεῖ;
ὅν χρὴν δίκαιον λόγον ἐν 'Αργείοις λέγειν
βούλεσθ', 'Αχαιοί, πλεῖν Φρυγῶν ἐπὶ χθόνα;
κλήρον τίθεσθε παῖδ' ὅτου θανεῖν χρεών.
ἐν ἵστο γὰρ ἦν τόδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ σ' ἐξάφτετον

σφάγων παρασχεὶν Δαναίδαισι παιδα σήν,
ἡ Μενέλεων πρὸ μητρὸς 'Ερμόγνην κτανεῖν,
οὕπερ τὸ πράγμ' ἦν. νῦν δ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἡ τὸ σὸν

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

At home, and through long absence tarry there,
With what heart, think'st thou, shall I keep thine halls,
When vacant of her I behold each chair,
Vacant each maiden-bower, and sit me down
In loneliness of tears, and mourn her ever?
"O child, he which begat thee murdered thee
Himself, none other, by none other hand,
Leaving unto this house such vengeance-debt!"
Seeing there needeth but faint pretext now
Whereon both I and thy seed left to thee
Shall greet thee with such greeting—as befits!
Nay, by the Gods, constrain not me to turn
Traitor to thee; nor such be thou to me.

Lo now—
Thy daughter slain, what prayer wilt thou pray then,
Implore what blessing—murderer of thy child?
An ill home-coming, since in shame thou goest!
Were't just that I pray any good for thee?
O surely must we deem the Gods be fools,
If we wish blessings upon murderers!
Wilt thou return to Argos, clasp thy babes?
Oh impious thought! What child shall meet thy look,
If thou have given up one of them to death?
Hast ta'en account of this? Or is it thine
Only to flaunt a sceptre, lead a host?
This righteous proffer shouldest thou have made—
"Will ye, Achaeans, sail to Phrygia-land?
E'en then cast lots whose daughter needs must die."
This had been fair—not that thou choose thine own
The Danaans' victim, rather than that he
Whose quarrel this is, Menelaus, slay
Hermione for her mother. Now must I,

1180

1190

1200

III
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

σφόζουσα λέκτρον παιδὸς ἐστερήσομαι,
η δ’ ἐξαμαρτοῦσ’, ὄπροφοιν νεάνιδα.
Σπάρτη κομίζουσ’, εὐνυχῆς γενήσεται.
τούτων ἀμενήπα μ’ εἰ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω.
εἰ δ’ εὖ λέλεκται, μετανοεῖ δὴ μὴ κτανεῖν
τὴν σήν τε κάμην παίδα, καὶ σώφρων ἔσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πιθοῦ, τὸ γάρ τοι τέκνα συνσφάγειν καλῶν,
'Αγάμεμνον οὐδέσποτος τοῖσὶ δ’ ἀντείποι βροτῶν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰ μὲν τὸν Ὀρφέως εἶχον, ὥ πάτερ, λόγον,
πείθειν ἐπάδουσ’, ὦςθ’ ὀμαρτεὶν μοι πέτρας,
κηλεῖν τε τοῖς λόγοισιν ὦς ἐβουλόμην,
ἐνταῦθ’ ἄν ζήθων. ὥν δὲ τάπ’ ἐμὸν σοφά,
δάκρυα παρέξω ταῦτα γὰρ δυνάμεθ’ ἀν.
ἰκετηρίαν δὲ γόνασιν ἔξαπτω σέθεν
τὸ σῶμα τοῦμον, ὅπερ ἐτικτεὶν ἦδε σοι,
μὴ μ’ ἀπολέσῃς ἀφρόν. ἢδ’ γὰρ τὸ φῶς
λεύσσεις τὰ δ’ ὑπὸ γῆς μὴ μ’ ἰδεῖν ἀναγκάσης.

πρώτη σ’ ἐκάλεσα πατέρα καὶ σὺ παιδ’ ἐμῇ
πρώτῃ δὲ γόνασι σοῦ σῶμα δοῦσ’ ἐμὸν
φίλας χάριτας ἐδώκα κάντεδεξάμην.
λόγος δ’ ὃ μὲν σος ἥν ὥδ’ ἄρα σ’, δ’ τέκνον,
εὐδαιμον ἀνδρὸς ἐν δόμοισιν ὄφομαι,
ξώσάν τε καὶ θάλλουσαν ἄξιως ἐμοῦ ἀνεῖρον
οὐμοῦ δ’ ὥδ’ ἥν αὖ περί σὸν ἐξαρτομένης
γένειον, οὐ καὶ ἀντιλάξυμαι χερί.
τί δ’ ἀρ’ ἐγὼ σε, πρέσβειν ἄρ’ εἰσδέξομαι
ἐμῶν φίλαισιν ὑποδοχαῖς δομῶν, πάτερ,

1 Weil, Headlam, and England, for the corrupt ναὶ μὴ δὴ γε κτάνης of MSS. Paley reads τάμα, μηκέτι κτάνης.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

The loyal wife, be of my child bereft,
While she, the harlot, brings her daughter home
To dwell in Sparta mid prosperity!
Herein if I plead ill, thou answer me:
But if my words ring true, repent, slay not
Thy child and mine, and so shalt thou be wise.

CHORUS

Heed her; for good it is thou join to save
Thy child, Agamemnon: none shall gainsay this.

IPHIGENEIA

Had I the tongue of Orpheus, O my sire,
To charm with song the rocks to follow me,
And witch with eloquence whomsoever I would,
I had essayed it. Now—mine only cunning—
Tears will I bring, for this is all I can.
And suppliant will I twine about thy knees
My body, which this mother bare to thee.
Ah, slay me not untimely! Sweet is light:
Constrain me not to see the nether gloom!
'Twas I first called thee father, thou me child.
'Twas I first throned my body on thy knees,
And gave thee sweet caresses and received.
And this thy word was: “Ah, my little maid,
Blest shall I see thee in a husband’s halls
Living and blooming worthily of me?”
And, as I twined my fingers in thy beard,
Whereunto I now cling, thus I answered thee:
“And what of thee? Shall I greet thy grey hairs,
Father, with loving welcome in mine halls,

VOL. I.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1230 πόνων τιθηνοὺς ἀποδιδοῦσά σοι τροφάς; 
τούτων ἐγὼ μὲν τῶν λόγων μνήμην ἔχω, 
σὺ δὲ ἐπιλέξησαι, καὶ μ᾽ ἀποκτείναι θέλεις. 
μὴ πρὸς σε Πέλοπος καὶ πρὸς Ἀτρέως πατρὸς 
καὶ τήσδε μητρός, ἣ πρὶν ὁδίνουν’ ἐμὲ 
νῦν δευτέραν ὁδίνα τήνδε λαμβάνει. 
tί μοι μέτεστι τῶν Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμων 
Ἐλένης τε; πόθεν ἥλθ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ὅλεθρον τῷ μοί, πάτερ; 
βλέψοι πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ὃμα δὸς φίλημά τε, 
BuilderInterface; ἀλλὰ τὸ τοῦτο καθανοῦσ᾽ ἔχω σέθεν 

1240 μοιμεῖον, εἰ μὴ τοὺς ἐμοὺς πεισθῆς λόγοις. 
ἀδελφέ, μικρὸς μὲν σὺ γ᾽ ἐπίκουρος φίλοις, 
ὅμως δὲ συνδάκρυσον, ικέτευσον πατρός 
τὴν σὴν ἀδελφὴν μὴ θανεῖν αἰσθημά τοι 
κἂν νηπίοις γε τῶν κακῶν ἐγγύνεται. 
ἰδοὺ σιωπῶν λίσσεται σ᾽ ὅδ᾽, ὦ πάτερ. 
ἀλλ᾽ αἴδεσαι με καὶ κατοίκτειρον βίον, 
ναλ, πρὸς γενεῖσιν αὐτὸμεθέλα δύο φίλων 
ὁ μὲν νεοσσός ἐστίν, ἡ δ᾽ ἡμελημένη. 
ἐν συντεμοῦσα πάντα νικήσω λόγον. 

1250 τὸ φῶς τοῦ ἀνθρώποισιν ἠδίστον βλέπειν, 
τὰ νέρθε δ’ οὐδὲν μαλλεται δ’ οὐ εὔχεται 
θανεῖν. κακῶς ζην κρείσσουσ’ ἡ καλὼς θανεῖν. 

ΧΟΡΟΣ 
ὡ τλῆμου Ἐλένη, διὰ σὲ καὶ τους σοὺς γάμους 
ἄγων Ἀτρείδαις καὶ τέκνοις ἥκει μέγας. 

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ 
ἐγὼ τὰ τού ὀικτρὰ συνετος εἰμι καὶ τὰ μή, 
φιλῶν ἐμαυτοῦ τέκνα. μαινοίμην γὰρ ἂν. 
δεινῶς δ᾽ ἔχει μοι ταῦτα τολμῆσαι, γύναι, 
δεινῶς δὲ καὶ μή τούτο γὰρ πράξαι με δει. 
όραθ᾽ ὅσον στράτευμα ναύφρακτον τόδε,
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Repaying all thy fostering toil for me?
I keep remembrance of that converse yet:
Thou hast forgotten, thou wouldst murder me.
Ah no!—by Pelops, by thy father Atreus,
And by this mother, whose first travail-pangs
Now in this second anguish are renewed!
What part have I in Paris' rape of Helen?
Why, father, should he for my ruin have come?
Look on me—give me one glance—oh, one kiss,
That I may keep in death from thee but this
Memorial, if thou heed my pleading not.
Brother, small help canst thou be to thy friends;
Yet weep with me, yet supplicate thy sire.
To slay thy sister not!—some sense of ill
Even in wordless infants is inborn.
Lo, by his silence he implores thee, father—
Have mercy, have compassion on my youth!
Yea, by thy beard we pray thee, loved ones twain,
A nestling one, and one a daughter grown.
In one cry summing all, I must prevail!
Sweet, passing sweet, is light for men to see,
Death is but nothingness! Who prays to die
Is mad. Ill life o'erpasseth glorious death.

CHORUS

O thou wretch Helen! Through thee and thy sin
Comes agony on the Atreids and their seed.

AGAMEMNON

I know what asketh pity, what doth not,
Who love mine own babes: I were madman else.
Awful it is, my wife, to dare this deed,
Yet awful to forbear. I must do this!
Mark ye yon countless host with galleys fenced,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1260 χαλκέων θ’ ὄπλων ἀνακτεῖς Ἐλλήνων δοσιν, 
          οῖς νόστος μοι ἐστ’ Ἰλίου πύργους ἔπι, 
          εἰ μὴ σε θύσω, μάντις ὡς Κάλχας λέγει, 
          οὐδ’ ἐστι Τροίας ἐξελεῖν κλεινὸν βάθρον. 
         μέμηνε δ’ ἀφροδίτη τις Ἐλλήνων στρατφ 
         πλείν ὡς τάχιστα βαρβάρων ἐπὶ χθόνα, 
         παῦσαι τε λέκτραν ἀρπαγὰς Ἐλληνικῶν οὐ 
          τὰς ἐν Ἄργει παρθένους κτενοῦσι μου ὑμᾶς 
          τε κάμε, θέσφατ’ εἰ λύσω θέας. 
           οὐ Μενελέως με καταδεδούλωται, τέκνον, 
           οὐδ’ ἔπι τὸ κείνον βουλόμενον ἐλήλυθα, 
          ἀλλ’ Ἐλλάς, ἢ δεῖ, κἂν θέλῳ κἂν μὴ θέλῳ, 
          θύσαι σε τοῦτον δ’ ἥσσονες καθέσταμεν. 
         ἐλευθέραν γὰρ δεῖ νῦν ὅσον ἐν σοί, τέκνον, 
         κάμοι γενέσθαι, μηδὲ βαρβάρων ὑπὸ 
          Ἐλλήνως οὖνας λέκτρα συλάσθαι βία.

ΚΑΤΩΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ

1270 ὡ τέκνον, ὡ ξέναι, 
          οἱ γὰρ θανάτου τοῦ σοῦ μελέα. 
          φεύγει σε πατήρ’ Ἀιδῆ παραδοὺς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1280 οἱ γὰρ, μάτερ· ταῦτὸν γὰρ δὴ 
          μέλος εἰς ἀμφῷ πέπτωκε τύχης, 
          κοῦκετι μοι φῶς 
          οὐδ’ ἀελίου τὸδε φέγγος. 
          ἵδι ἰδώ. 
          νιφόβολον Φρυγῶν νάτος Ἰδας τ’ 
          ὀρεα, Πρίαμος δθ’ ποτε βρέφος ἀπαλῶν ἐβάλε 
          ματρὸς ἀποπρὸ νοσφίσασ.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And all the brazen-harnessed Hellene kings,
Who cannot voyage unto Ilium's towers,
Who cannot raze Troy's citadel renowned,
But by thy blood, as Calchas saith, the seer.
A fiery passion maddeneth Hellas' host
To sail in all haste to the aliens' land,
And put an end to rapes of Hellene wives.
My daughters will they slay in Argos—you
And me,—if I annul the Goddess’ hest.
Not Menelaus hath enslaved me, child,
Nor yet to serve his pleasure have I come.
'Tis Hellas for whom—will I, will I not—
I must slay thee: this cannot we withstand.
Free must she be, so far as in thee lies,
And me, child; nor by aliens' violence
Must sons of Hellas of their wives be spoiled.

[Exit.

CLYTEMNESTRA
O child! O stranger damsels, see!
Woe for thy death! Alas for me!
Thy father flees, to Hades yielding thee!

IPHIGENEIA
Alas for me, mother!
One song for us twain
Fate finds us—none other
But this sad strain:

Upon me shall the light and the beams of the sun shine
never again.

O Phrygian glade
Overgloomed by the crest
Of Ida, where laid
In a snow-heapen nest

Was the suckling by Priam cast forth, which he
tore from the mother's breast,
ἸΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Ἡ ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἐπὶ μόρφ θανατόεντι
Πάριν, δς 'Ιδαῖος

1290 'Ιδαῖος ἐλέγετ' ἐλέγετ' ἐν Φρυγῶν πόλει.

μὴ ποτ' ὀφελεῖν τὸν ἀμφὶ
βουσὶ βουκόλοιν τραφέντα
† ['Ἀλέξανδρον]
οἰκίσαι ἀμφὶ τὸ λευκὸν ὕδωρ, ὃθι
κρῆναι Νυμφᾶν κεῖνται
λεμών τ' ἀνθεσὶ θάλλων
χλωροῖς, οὐ δοῦντα
ἀνθε' ὑπάκωθινά τε θεαῖσι δρέπειν.

1300 ἐνθα ποτὲ Παλλᾶς ἐμολε
καὶ δολιόφρων Κύπρις
"Ἡρα θ' Ἐρμᾶς θ',
ὁ Διὸς ἀγγελος,
ἀ μὲν ἐπὶ πόλιν τρυφώσα
Κύπρις, ἀ δὲ δουρὶ Παλλᾶς,
"Ἡρα τε Διὸς ἀνακτὸς
ἐυναῖσι βασιλίσσω,
κρίσιν ἐπὶ στυγνᾶν ἔριν τε
καλλονᾶς, ἐμοὶ δὲ θάνατον,
ὄνομα μὰν φέροντα Δαναίδαισιν, ὡ κόραι.

1310 προθύματ' ἐλαβέν Ἀρτεμὶς πρὸς 'Ἰλιον.
ὁ δὲ τεκὼν με τὰν τάλαιναν,
ὡ μάτερ, ἡ μάτερ,
οἰχεῖσι προδοὺς ἔρημον.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Yea, left him to lie
Till the death-doom should claim
Paris, whereby
Throughout Troy was his name
Paris of Ida, where fostered a herdman mid kine he became.

Would God amid fountains
Of foam-silvered sheen
Of the nymphs of the mountains
His home had not been,
Nor where roses and bluebells for Goddesses bloomed amid watermeads green!

Came the Queen of Beguiling
With love-litten eye
Passion-kindling, and smiling
As for victory nigh;
Came Pallas in pride of her prowess, and Hera the Queen of the Sky:

And Hermes was there,
The Herald of Heaven.
So the Strife of Most Fair,
Loathed contest, was striven,
Whereof to me death, but to Danaans glory, O damsels, was given.

Me the Huntress receiveth
For her firstfruits of prey,
And mine own sire leaveth
His child—doth betray
A daughter most wretched, O mother, my mother, and fleeth away.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
1340 διαχαλάτε μοι μέλαθρα, δμόες, ως κρύψω δέμας.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
tί δέ, τέκνον, φεύγεις;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
'Αχιλλέα τόνδ' ἰδεῖν αἰσχύνομαι.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ός τί δή;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
tὸ δυστυχές μοι τῶν γάμων αἰδῶ φέρει.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
οὐκ ἐν ἀβρότητι κεῖσαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα·
ἀλλὰ μέμιν' οὗ σεμνότητος ἐργον, ἦν δυνώμεθα—
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ᄃ ω γύναι τάλαινα, Δήδας θύγατερ,
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
οὐ φευδὴ θροεῖς.
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
δείν' ἐν 'Αργεῖοις βοᾶται,
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
tίνα βοήν; σήμαινε μοι.
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ἀμφὶ σῆς παιδός,
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
πονηρὸν εἰπας ὀλῶνον λόγων.
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ὡς χρεῶν σφάξαι νυ.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
κούδελις τοῖσ' ἐναντίον ἅγιοι ἑναντίον 1 λέγει;

1 Paley: for ἑναντία of MSS. England reads ὃμοι κοβτις

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA
Handmaids, ope to me the doors, that I within may
hide my face!

CLYTEMNESTRA
Wherefore flee, my child?

IPHIGENEIA
For shame I cannot meet Achilles’ gaze.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Wherefore so?

IPHIGENEIA
With shame the misery of my bridal crusheth me.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Not in plight for dainty shrinking art thou when ’tis
thus with thee. [but may—
Tarry then: no time is this for maiden pride, if we

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES
Hapless woman, child of Leda!—

CLYTEMNESTRA
Truly “hapless” named this day!

ACHILLES
Fearfully the Argives clamour—

CLYTEMNESTRA
What their clamour?—tell the thing.

ACHILLES
Touching this thy daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Ah, thy words with evil presage ring!

ACHILLES
“Slain she must be!” cry they.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Is there none whose words with theirs contend?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
εἰς θόρυβον ἔγωγε καύτος ἡλυθον,
ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
tίν', ὦ ξένε;
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
σῶμα λευσθήναι πέτροισι.
ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
μῶν κόρην σφόζων ἐμήν;
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
αὐτὸ τοῦτο.
ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
tίς δ' ἀν ἔτλη σώματος τοῦ σοῦ θυγεῖν;
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
πάντες Ἐλληνες.
ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
στρατὸς δὲ Μυρμιδὼν οὐ σοι παρῆλιν;
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
πρῶτος ἦν ἐκεῖνος ἐχθρός,
ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
di' ἀρ' ὀλόλαμεν, τέκνον.
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
οἱ με τὸν γάμον ἀπεκάλουν ἥσσον'.
ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ὕπεκρίνω δὲ τί;
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
tὴν ἐμὴν μέλλουσαν εὐνὴν μὴ κτανεῖν,
ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
δίκαια γάρ.
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ἡν ἐφήμισεν πατήρ μοι.
ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
καργόθεν γ' ἐπέμψατο.

1350

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES
Yea, myself in tumult's peril was,—

CLYTEMNESTRA
What peril, stranger friend?

ACHILLES
Even to be stoned with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Since thou hadst fain my daughter spared? 1350

ACHILLES
Even so.

CLYTEMNESTRA
But lay a hand on thee! And who such deed had dared?

ACHILLES
All the Hellenes.

CLYTEMNESTRA
But with thee was not thy people's battle-host?

ACHILLES
First were these to turn against me,—

CLYTEMNESTRA
Oh my daughter, we are lost!

ACHILLES
Taunted me as thrall to marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA
And what answer didst thou frame?

ACHILLES
"Slay my destined bride," I said, "ye shall not,"—

CLYTEMNESTRA
Yea, a righteous claim.

ACHILLES
"Whom her father promised!"

CLYTEMNESTRA
Yea, to Argos sent withal to bring.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ἀλλ' ἐνικώμην κεκραγμοῦ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

tὸ πολὺ γὰρ δεινὸν κακὸν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀρήξομέν σοι.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ μαχεῖ πολλοῖςιν εἰς;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

εἰσορᾶς τεύχη φέροντας τούσδ';

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

όνω οὖν τῶν φρενῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ἀλλ' ὅνησόμεσθα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

παῖς ἀρ' οὔκετι σφαγήσεται;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

οὐκ, ἐμοῦ γε ξώντος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ήξει δ' ὅστις ἄγηται κόρης;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

μυρίοι γ'. ἄξει δ' Ὑδυσσεύς.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀρ' ὁ Σισύφον γόνος;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

αὐτὸς οὖτος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ίδια πρᾶσσων, ἥ στρατοῦ ταχθεῖς ὑπὸ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

αἴρεθείς ἐκὼν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πονηράν γ' αἴρεσιν, μιαφονεῖν.

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES
Yet was I outclamoured.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Ah, the rabble is a baneful thing!

ACHILLES
Yet will I defend thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Singly fight against a multitude?

ACHILLES
Seest thou these who bear mine armour?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Blessings on thy dauntless mood

ACHILLES
Yea, I shall be blest.

CLYTEMNESTRA
She shall not now be on the altar laid? 1360

ACHILLES
Not while I am living!

CLYTEMNESTRA
How, will any come to seize the maid?

ACHILLES
Thousands—and Odysseus leading.

CLYTEMNESTRA
He, the seed of Sisyphus?

ACHILLES
Even he.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Self-bidden, or did all the host appoint it thus?

ACHILLES
Chosen, and consenting.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Evil choice, for murderous violence!

127
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Ἡ ἘΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ἄλλ᾽ ἐγὼ σχῆσω νυν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀξεῖ δ᾽ οὖχ ἐκούσαν ἄρπάσας;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

δηλαδὴ ξανθῆς έθείρας.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐμὲ δὲ τί χρή δρᾶν τότε;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ἀντέχου θυγατρός.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς τοῦδ᾽ εἴνεκ᾽ οὐ σφαγήσεται.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ

ἄλλα μὴν εἰς τούτό γ᾽ ἥξει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μὴτερ, εἰςακούσατε

τῶν ἐμῶν ἐπῶν· μάτην γάρ σ᾽ εἰσορῷ θυμομένην

σφὸ πόσει· τὰ δ᾽ ἄδυναθ' ἡμῖν καρτερεῖν οὖ

ῥάδιον.

τὸν μὲν οὖν ξένον δίκαιον αἰνέσαι προθυμίας·

ἄλλα καὶ σὲ τοῦθ᾽ ὄραν χρῆ, μὴ διαβληθῇ

στρατῷ,

καὶ πλέον πράξωμεν οὐδέν, ὡδὲ δὲ συμφορᾶς

τύχῃ.

οίᾳ δ᾽ εἰσῆλθέν μ᾽, ἄκουσον, μήτερ, ἐννοομένην·

καθανεῖν μὲν μοι δέδοκται· τοῦτο δ᾽ αὐτὸ

βούλομαι

εὐκλεῶς πράξαι παρείσα γ᾽ ἐκποδῶν τὸ δυσγενές.

δεῦρο δὴ σκέψῃ μεθ᾽ ἡμῶν, μήτερ, ὡς καλῶς

λέγω.

εἰς ἐμ᾽ Ἑλλάς ἡ μεγίστη πᾶσα νῦν ἀποβλέπει,

κἂν ἐμοὶ πορθμὸς τε ναῦν καὶ Φρυγῶν κατασκαφαῖ,

128
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES
Nay, but I will stay him.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Would he hale her unconsenting hence?

ACHILLES
Yea, and by her golden tresses.

CLYTEMNESTRA
What must then be done of me?

ACHILLES
Cling unto thy child.

CLYTEMNESTRA
If this may save her, slain she shall not be.

ACHILLES
Ay, and surely unto this it will come.

IPHIGENEIA
Mother,—to my word
Hearken ye!—against thine husband I behold thee
anger-stirred
[brave.
Causelessly: 'twere hard for us inevitable doom to
Meet it is we thank the stranger-hero for his will to
save.
[beware;
Yet, that be not reproached of Hellas' host must we
So should ruin seize him, and ourselves in no wise
better fare.
[thought hereon.
Hear the thing that flashed upon me, mother, as I
Lo, resolved I am to die; and fain am I that this be
done
[away.
Gloriously—that I thrust ignoble craven thoughts
Prithee, mother, this consider with me: mark how well
I say.
Unto me all mighty Hellas looks: I only can bestow
Boons upon her—sailing of her galleys, Phrygia's over-
throw,
1380 τάς τε μελλούσας γυναίκας ἦν τι δρῶσει βάρβαροι, μηκέθ' ἄρπάζειν εάν τάσεί ὀλβίας ἐξ Ἐλλάδος, τὸν Ἐλένης τίσαντας ὀλέθρον, ἦμεν' ἤρπασεν Πάρις.

tαῦτα πάντα κατθανοῦσα ρύσομαι, καὶ μου κλέος, Ἐλλάδ' ὡς ἠλευθέρωσα, μακάριον γενήσεται.
καὶ γὰρ ούδὲ τοῦ τι λίαν ἐμὲ φίλοψυχεὶν χρεῶν πάσι γὰρ μ' Ἐλλησι κοινῶν ἐτεκες, οὐχὶ σοὶ μονὴ.

ἀλλὰ μυρίοι μὲν ἀνδρεῖς ἀσπίδων πεφραγμένοι, μυρίοι δὲ ἔρετμ' ἐχοντες, πατρίδος ἡδικημένης,

1390 ὡς τοῦ δίκαιον τοῦτ'; ἔχοιμεν ἂρ' ἄν ἀντειπείν ἔτος; κατ' ἐκεῖν' ἔλθωμεν. οὐ δεὶ τόνδε διὰ μάχης μολεῖν

πάσων Ἀργείων γυναικῶν ἐϊνεκ' οὔτε κατθανεῖν.

ei δ' ἐβουλήθη τὸ σῶμα τούμον Ἀρτεμις λαβεῖν,

ἐμποδῶν γενήσομαι ἴων θυτός οὔσα τῇ θεῷ; ἀλλ' ἀμήχανον· δίδωμι σῶμα τούμον Ἐλλάδι.

θυεῖτ', ἐκπορθεῖτε Τροίαν. ταῦτα γὰρ μημειά μου
dιὰ μακροῦ, καὶ παῖδες οὕτω καὶ γάμου καὶ
dόξ' ἐμή.

1400 ἐρθαράων δ' Ἐλληνας ἀρχεῖν εἰκός, ἀλλ' οὐ

βαρβάρους, μὴτερ, Ἐλλήνων· τὸ μὲν γὰρ δοῦλον, οί δ' ἐλεύθεροι.

130
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Safety for her daughters from barbarians in the days to come, [happy home,
That the ravisher no more may snatch them from a When the penalty is paid for Paris' outrage, Helen's shame. [my name,
All this great deliverance I in death shall compass, and As of one who gave to Hellas freedom, shall be blessing-crowned. [should be found?
Must I live, that clutching life with desperate hand I For the good of Hellenes didst thou bear me, not for thine alone. [bosom thrown,—
Lo, how countless warriors with the shield before the Myriads, now the fatherland is wronged, with strenuous oar in hand,—[land.
All will fear not to encounter foes, to die for Hellas— And shall all be thwarted, baffled by the life of one—[for answering plea?
Where were justice here?—and what can I set forth Turn we now to this thing also:—never ought this man to make [sake!
War on all the Argives, no, nor perish—for a woman's Worthier than ten thousand women one man is to look on light.
Lo, if Artemis hath willed to claim my body as her right, What, shall I, a helpless mortal woman, thwart the will divine?
Nay, it cannot be. My body unto Hellas I resign. Sacrifice me, raze ye Troy; for this through all the ages is [in this!
My memorial: children, marriage, glory—all are mine Right it is that Hellenes rule barbarians, not that alien yoke [freeborn folk.
Rest on Hellenes, mother. They be bondmen, we be
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τὸ μὲν σῶν, ὃ νεάνι, γενναῖος ἔχειν·
tὸ τῆς τύχης δὲ καὶ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ νοσεῖ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
Ἄγαμέμνωνος παῖ, μακάριόν με τις θεῶν
ἔμελλε θῆσειν, εἰ τύχοιμι σῶν γάμων.
ζηλῶ δὲ σοῦ μὲν Ἐλλάδι, Ἐλλάδος δὲ σέ.
eῇ γὰρ τὸν ἐπάσας ἀξίως τε πατρίδος·
τὸ θεομαχεῖν γὰρ ἀπολουτοῦσά· ὁ σου κρατεί,
ἐξελογίσω τὰ χρηστὰ τάναγκαιά τε.

1410 μᾶλλον δὲ λέκτρων σῶν πόθος μ’ ἐσέρχεται
eἰς τὴν φύσιν βλέψαντα· γενναία γὰρ εἰ.
ὀρα δ’· ἐγὼ γὰρ βουλομαί σ’ ἐνεργεῖτειν
λαβεῖν τ’· ἐς οἶκους· ἀχθομαί τ’, ἵστο Ἐθεῖς,
eἰ μὴ σε σώσω Δαναίδαις διὰ μάχης
ἐλθὼν· ἀθρησοῦ, ὁ θάνατος δεινὸν κακόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
λέγω τάδ’ [οὐδὲν οὐδὲν ἐυλαβομένη,] †
ἡ Τυνδαρίδι παῖς διὰ τὸ σῶμ’ ἀρκεὶ μάχας
ἀνδρῶν τιθείσα καὶ φόνους· σὺ δ’, ὃ λέγει,
μὴ θυγάτικε δ’ ἐμὲ μηδ’ ἀποκτείνῃς τινά.

1420 ἔα δὲ σώσαι μ’ Ἐλλάδ’, ἢν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΤΣ
ὁ λήμ’ ἀριστον, οὐκ ἔχω πρὸς τούτ’ ἔτι
λέγειν, ἐπεῖς σοι τάδε δοκεῖ· γενναία γὰρ
φρονεῖς· τί γὰρ τὰλθῆς οὖν εἰποι τις ἂν·
ὁμοὶ δ’, ἔσως γὰρ κὰν μεταγνωής τάδε,
ὡς οὖν ἀν εἶδης τὰπ’ ἐμοῦ λελεγμένα,
ἐλθὼν τάδ’ ὅπλα θήσομαι βωμοῦ πέλας,
ὡς οὐκ ἐάσων σ’ ἄλλα κωλύσων θανεῖν.
χρῆσει δὲ καὶ σὺ τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις τάχα,
ὅταν πέλας σῆς φάσγανον δέρης ἱδης.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS
Noble the part thou playest, maiden, is:
But Fate and Artemis—ill part is theirs!

ACHILLES
Agamemnon's child, a God came near to bless
Me, could I but have won thee for my bride.
Happy in thee is Hellas, thou in Hellas!
Well saidst thou this, and worthily of our land:
Thou hast turned away from strife with Gods—a thing
Too hard for thee—hast weighed the good Fate
spares.
Yet love for thee now thrills me through the more
That I have seen thy nature, noble heart.
Wherefore look to it: thee I fain would serve,
And bear thee home. I chafe, be Thetis witness,
That I should save thee not in battle-shock
With Danaans. Think—a fearful thing is death.

IPHIGENEIA
I say this,—as one past all hope and fear:—
Suffice that through her beauty Tyndareus' child
Stirs strife and slaughter. Thou, O stranger-prince,
Die not for me, nor slay thou any man.
Let me be Hellas' saviour, if I may.

ACHILLES
O soul heroic!—nought can I say more
Hereto, since fixed thine heart is. Thy resolve
Is noble—why should one say not the truth?
But yet,—for haply yet thy mood may change,—
That thou mayst know the proffer that I make,
I go, to place my weapons nigh the altar,
Ready to suffer not, but bar, thy death.
Thou mayst, even thou, unto mine offer turn,
When thou beholdest at thy throat the knife.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1430 οὐκοιν ἔσω σ’ ἀφροσύνη τῇ σῇ θανεῖν. ἐκθῶν δὲ σὺν ὁπλοῖς τοῦοδε πρὸς ναῦν θεᾶς καραδοκήσω σὺν ἐκεὶ παρουσιάν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μήτερ, τῇ συγῇ δακρύως τέγγεις κόρας;
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
ἔχω τάλαινα πρόφασιν ὡστ’ ἀλγεῖν φρένα.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
παύσαι με μὴ κάκιζε· τάδε δ’ ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
λέγ’, ὡς παρ’ ἕμων οὐδὲν ἀδικήσει, τέκνον.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μήτ’ οὖν σὺ τὸν σὸν πλόκαμον ἐκτέμης τριχός, μήτ’ ἀμφὶ σῶμα μέλανας ἀμπίσχη πέπλους.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
τί δὴ τόδ’ εἶπας, τέκνον; ἀπολέσασά σε;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
1440 οὐ σὺ γε’ σέσωσμαι, κατ’ ἐμὲ δ’ εὐκλεής ἔσει.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
πῶς εἶπας; οὐ πενθεῖν με σὴν ψυχὴν χρεών;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἥκιστ’, ἔπει μοι τῶμβος οὐ χωσθήσεται.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
τί δὴ; τὸ θυόσκειν οὐ τάφος νομίζεται;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
βωμὸς θεᾶς μοι μνῆμα τῆς Διὸς κόρης.
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΣΤΡΑ
ἀλλ’, ὦ τέκνον, σοι πείσομαν· λέγεις γὰρ εὖ
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὁς εὐτυχοῦσα γ’ Ἐλλάδος τ’ ἐνεργείτις.

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Thou shalt not through a hasty impulse die. No, with these arms will I unto the shrine, And for thy coming thither will I wait. [Exit.

IPHIGENEIA
Mother, why art thou weeping silently?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Good cause have I, woe's me! to break mine heart.

IPHIGENEIA
Forbear, make me not craven; but this do—

CLYTEMNESTRA
Speak: thou shalt have no wrong of me, my child.

IPHIGENEIA
Shear not for me the tresses of thine hair, Neither in sable stole array thy form.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Why say'st thou this? When I have lost thee, child!—

IPHIGENEIA
Nay, I am saved. Thy glory shall I be.

CLYTEMNESTRA
How sayest thou? Must I not mourn thy death?

IPHIGENEIA
Nay, nay: no grave-mound shall be heaped for me.

CLYTEMNESTRA
How then?—in death is burial not implied?

IPHIGENEIA
Zeus' Daughter's altar is my sepulchre.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Child, I will do thy bidding. Thou say'st well.

IPHIGENEIA
As one blest, benefactor of our Greece.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
τί δή καςυγνήταισιν ἀγγελῶ σέθεν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μηδ᾽ ἄμφι κείναις μέλανας ἡξάψης πέπλους.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
eὔπω δὲ παρὰ σοῦ φίλοι ἔτος τι παρθένοις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαίρειν γ᾽. Ὀρέστην τ᾽ ἔκτρεφ᾽ ἄνδρα τόνδε μοι.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
προσέλκυσαί νιν ὑστατον θεωμένη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὁ φίλτατ᾽, ἐπεκούρησας ὅσον εἴχες φίλοις.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ἐσθ’ ὅ τι κατ᾽ Ἀργος δρῶσά σοι χάριν φέρω;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πατέρα τὸν ἀμῶν μὴ στύγει πόσιν τε σόν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
deινοὺς ἀγώνας διὰ σὲ δεὶ κείνον δραμεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

άκων μ’ ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἐλλάδος διώλεσεν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
dόλῳ δ᾽, ἀγεννῶς Ἀτρέως τ᾽ ὧκ ἄξιως.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

tὶς μ’ εἶσιν ἄξιων πρὶν σπαράσσεσθαι κόμην;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐγώγε μετὰ σοῦ—

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μὴ σὺ γ᾽ οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πέπλων ἐχομένη σών.

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA
What message to thy sisters shall I bear?

IPHIGENEIA
Them too array thou not in sable stole.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Shall I bear them some word of love from thee?

IPHIGENEIA
Only "Farewell!" To manhood rear this babe.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Embrace him! for the last time look on him.

IPHIGENEIA (to Orestes)
Dearest, thou gav'st us all the help thou couldst!

CLYTEMNESTRA
Can I do aught at home to pleasure thee?

IPHIGENEIA
My father and thine husband hate not thou.

CLYTEMNESTRA
A fearful course for thy sake must he run!

IPHIGENEIA
Sore loth, for Hellas' sake, hath he destroyed me.

CLYTEMNESTRA
By guile unkingly, unworthy Atreus' son!

IPHIGENEIA
Who will lead me, ere men drag me by mine hair?

CLYTEMNESTRA
I will go with thee—

IPHIGENEIA
Nay, thou say'st not well.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Grasping thy vesture.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

έμοι, μήτερ, πιθοῦ,
μὲν’ ὡς ἐμοὶ τε σοὶ τε κάλλιον τόδε.
πατρὺς δ’ ὅπαδὼν τῶν τῶν δέ τίς με πεμπέτω
’Αρτέμιδος εἰς λειμῶν’, ὅποιν σφαγῆσομαι.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡ τέκνον, οἶχει;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πάλιν γ’ οὐ μὴ μόλω.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λυποῦσα μητέρ’;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς ὀρᾶς γ’, οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

σχές, μὴ με προλίπης.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔω στάξειν δάκρυ.

ὑμεῖς δ’ ἐπευφημήσατ’, οἱ νεάνιδες,
παιᾶνα τήμη συμφορὰ Δίδυς κόρην
’Αρτεμίν’ ὑπὸ δὲ Δαναίδας εὐφημία.

κανά δ’ ἐναρχέσθω τις, αἰθέσθω δὲ πῦρ
προχύταις καθαρσίωι, καὶ πατὴρ ἐμὸς
ἐνδεξιόσθω βωμῶν ὡς σωτηρίαν
’Ελλησι δώσον’ ἔρχομαι νικηφόρον.

ἀγετέ με ταύ ’Ηλίον
καὶ Φρυγών ἐλέπτολιν.
στέφεα περίβολα δίδοτε, φέρετε
πλόκαμος ὦδε καταστέφειν
χερμίβων γε παγάς.

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Heed me, mother mine—

Tarry: for thee, for me, 'tis better so.
Let one of my sire's henchmen lead me on
To Artemis' meadow, where I shall be slain.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, art thou gone?—

IPHIGENEIA

I shall return no more.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Leaving thy mother!

IPHIGENEIA

As thou seest:—'tis hard.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hold!—O forsake me not!

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, shed no tear.

(CLYTE MNESTRA enters the tent.)

Ye damsels, raise all-hails of happy speed—
The paean for my lot—to Zeus's child
Artemis. Bid the host keep reverent hush.
Bring maunds of sacrifice, let blaze the flame
With purifying meal; and let my sire
Compass the altar rightward. Lo, I come
To give to Hellas safety victory-crowned.

Raises the processional chant.

Lead me for Ilium's, Phrygia's, overthrowing;
Give to me garlands, bring festooning flowers:
Lo, my locks wait the blossoms overstrowing,
The lustral laver-showers.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1480 ἔλλογον ἄμφι ναῦν ἄμφι βωμὸν τὰν ἀνασσαῖν Ἁρτεμιν, θεᾶν μάκαιραν ὡς ἐμοίσων, εἰ χρεῶν, αἵμασι θύμασι τε θέσφατ᾿ ἐξαλείψω. οὗ πότνια πότνια μάτερ, ὡς δάκρυνα γέ σοι δώσομεν ἀμέτερα:

1490 παρ᾿ ἱεροῖς γὰρ οὐ πρέπει. ἵω ἵω νεανίδες, συνεπαίδετ᾿ Ἁρτεμιν Χαλκίδος ἀντίπορον, ἵνα τε δόρατα μέμονε δῶι δι᾿ ἐμὸν ὄνομα τάσδ᾿ Αὐλίδος στενοτόροισιν ὀρμοὺς. ἵω γὰρ μάτερ ὁ Πελασγία, Μυκηναῖαι τ᾿ ἐμαθ᾿ θεράπται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1500 καλεῖς πόλισμα Περσέως, Κυκλωπίων πόνον χερῶν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐθρεψας Ἑλλάδι με φάος· θανοῦσα δ᾿ οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλέος γὰρ οὐ σε μὴ λίπη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἵω ἵω.

λαμπτανήχος ἀμέρα Διός τε φέγγος, ἐτέρων ἐτέρων αἰῶνα καὶ μοῖραν οἰκῆσομεν. χαίρε μοι, φίλον φάος. ἵω ἵω.

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

To Artemis the Queen, blest Goddess, treading
A measure, fane and altar compass ye.
I wash the curse out with the hallowed shedding
Of blood, if this must be.

Mother, for thee my fount of pity streameth
Now—for I may not at the altar weep.
Sing, maidens, Artemis, whose temple gleameth
Toward Chalcis, o'er the deep,

From where, in Aulis’ straitened havens, shaken
In fury, spears are at my name uptossed.
Hail, mother-land Pelasgia! Hail, forsaken
Mycenae—home—home lost!

CHORUS

Dost thou on the city of Perseus cry,
By the toil of the Cyclopes builted high?

IPHIGENEIA

For a light unto Hellas thou fosteredst me,
And I die—O freely I die for thee!

CHORUS

Yea, for thy glory shall never die.

IPHIGENEIA

Hail, Light divine!
Hail, Day in whose hands doth the World’s Torch shine!
In a strange new life must I dwell,
And a strange new lot must be mine.
Farewell, dear light, farewell! [Exit.

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ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1510 ἰδεσθε ταν Ἰλιον
cαι Φρυγῶν ἑλέπτολιν
στείχουσαν, ἐπὶ κάρα στέφεα
βαλομέναιν χερνίβων τε παγάς,
βωμὸν διαίμονος θεᾶς
ρανίσιων αἰματορρύτοις
ρανοῦσαν εὐφυῆ τε σώματος δέρην
σφαγεῖσαν.

εὐδροσοί πατρḍαι
παγαί μένουσι χερνιβές τε σε
στρατός π' Ἀχαίων θέλων

1520 Ἰλιόν πόλιν μολεῖν.

άλλα τάν Δίος κόραι
κλήσωμεν "Ἀρτεμιν, θεῶν ἀνασαν,
ὡς ἐπ' εὐνυχεῖ πότῳν.

ὁ πότνια, θύμασιν βροτησίοις
χαρεῖσα, πέμψον εἰς Φρυγῶν
γαῖαν Ἑλλάνων στρατον
καὶ δολούντα Τροίας ἔδη,
Ἀγαμέμνονά τε λόγχαις
Ἑλλάδι κλειστότατον στέφανον

1530 δός ἀμφι κάρα θ' έδω
κλέος άείμνηστον ἀμφιθείναι.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ Τυνδαρέα παῖ, Κλυταιμνήστρα, δόμων
ἐξω πέρασον, ὡς κλύης ἐμῶν λόγων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φθοργῆς κλύουσα δεύρο σῆς ἀφικόμενη,
tαρβοῦσα τλήμων κάκτηπεληγμένη φόβῳ,
μή μοι τιν' ἄλλην ξυμφοράν ἥκης φέρων
πρὸς τῇ παρούσῃ.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

See who, for Ilium's, Phrygia's, overthrowing,
With her fair hair for death bestarred with flowers,
Is to the sacrificial altar going
Besprent with laver-showers—

Yea, to the altar of the murder-lover,
   To sprinkle it with thine outrushing life,
Whose crimson all thy shapely neck shall cover
   Gashed by the fearful knife.

For thee the lustral dews of thy sire's pouring
   Wait: the Achaean thousands Troyward strain.
Chant we Zeus' Child, the Huntress-queen adoring;
   For O, thy loss is gain!

Joyer in human blood, to Phrygia's far land
   Speed thou the host, to Troy the treason-shore;
So crown the King, crown Hellas with a garland
   Of glory evermore.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER

Daughter of Tyndareus, Clytemnestra, come
Forth from the tent, that thou mayst hear my tale.

Enter Clytemnestra.

CLYTEMNESTRA

I heard thy voice, and hitherward I come,
Wretched with horror, all distraught with fear
Lest thou have brought to crown the present woe
Some fresh one.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
σής μὲν οὖν παιδὸς πέρι
θαυμαστά σοι καὶ δεινὰ σημῆναι θέλω.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
μὴ μέλλε τοίνυν, ἀλλὰ φράζ᾽ ὅσον τάχος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1540 ἀλλ᾽ ὁ φίλη δέσποινα, πᾶν πεύσει σαφῶς.
λέξω δ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἀρχῆς, ἦν τι μὴ σφαλείσα μοι
γνώμη ταράξῃ γλῶσσαν ἐν λόγοις ἐμὴν.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἐκώμεσθα τῆς Διὸς κόρης
'Αρτέμιδος ἅλσος λείμακας τ᾽ ἀνθεσφόρους,
᾽Ιν᾽ ἦν Ἀχαϊῶν σύλλογοι στρατεύματος,
σὴν παῖδ᾽ ἀγοῦτε, εὐθὺς Ἀργείων ὤχλος
ἡθροίζοντε. ὡς δ᾽ ἐσείδεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀνάξ
ἐπὶ σφαγὰς στείχονσαν εἰς ἅλσος κόρην,
ἀνεστέναξε, κάμπαλιν στρέψας κάρα
δάκρυα προῆκεν, ὃμμάτων πέπλου προθείς.
η δὲ σταθεῖσα τῷ τεκόντι πλησίον
ἐλέξε τοιῶδ᾽: ὦ πάτερ, πάρειμι σοι,
τούμων δὲ σῶμα τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπὲρ πάτρας
καὶ τῆς ἀπάσης 'Ελλάδος γαίας ὑπὲρ
θύσαι δίδωμι ἐκοῦσα πρὸς βωμὸν θεᾶς
ἀγοῦτας, εἴτε ἐστὶ θέσφατον τόδε.
καὶ τούτ᾽ ἐμ᾽ εὑτυχεῖτε, καὶ νικηφόρον
dορὸς τύχουτε πατρίδα τ᾽ ἐξίκουσθε γῆν.
πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ ψαύσῃ τις Ἀργείων ἐμοῦ.

1550 σιγῇ παρέξω γὰρ δέρνῃ εὐκαρδίως.
τοσαύτ᾽ ἔλεξε· πᾶς δ᾽ ἠθάμβησεν κλύων
eὑφυγάν τε κάρετὴν τῆς παρθένου.
στᾶς δ᾽ ἐν μέσῳ Ταλθύβιος, ὃ τόδε ἦν μέλον,
eὐφημίαν ἀνείπε καὶ σιγήν στρατῷ.
Κάλχας δ᾽ ὁ μάντις εἰς κανοῦν χρυσῆλατον

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MESSENGER
Nay, but fain am I to tell,
Touching thy child, a strange and awesome thing.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Linger not then, but tell it with all speed.

MESSENGER
Yea, all, dear mistress, clearly shalt thou learn,
From the beginning told, except my tongue
Through my mind’s turmoil falter in the tale.
When to the grove we came of Artemis,
Zeus’ child, and to her meadows flower-bestarred,
The place of muster for Achaea’s host,
Leading thy child, straightway the Argive throng
Gathered. But when King Agamemnon saw
The maid for slaughter entering the grove,
He heaved a groan, he turned his head away
Weeping, and drew his robe before his eyes.

But to her father’s side she came, and stood,
And said: “My father, at thine hest I come,
And for my country’s sake my body give,
And for all Hellas, to be led of you
Unto the Goddess’ altar, willingly,
And sacrificed, if this is Heaven’s decree.
Prosper, so far as rests with me, and win
Victory, and return to fatherland.
Then let no Argive lay a hand on me:
Silent, unflinching, will I yield my neck.”

So spake she; and all marvelled when they heard
The maiden’s courage and her heroism.
Forth stood Talthybius then, whose part it was,
Proclaiming silence and a reverent hush.
And the seer Calchas in a golden maund

VOL. I.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἐθηκεν ὧν χειρὶ φάσγανον σπάσας
κολεὼν ἔσωθεν, κρατά τ᾿ ἐστεψεν κόρης.
ὅ παῖς δ᾿ ὁ Πηλέως ἐν κύκλῳ βωμὸν θεᾶς
λαβὼν κανοῦν ἐθρέξει χέρνιβάς θ᾿ ὤμοῦ,

1570 ἔλεξε δ᾿ ὃ παὶ Ζηνός, ὃ θηροκτόνε,
τὸ λαμπρὸν εἰλίσσοντ᾿ ἐν εὐφρόνῃ φάος,
δεξὶ τὸ θύμα τὸδ᾿ ὃ γέ σου δωροῦμεθα
στρατός τ᾿ Ἀχαϊῶν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ θ᾿ ὤμοῦ,
ἀχαρνῶν αἴμα καλλιταρθένου δέρη,
καὶ δὸς γενέσθαι πλοῦν νεῶν ἀπήμονα
Τροίας τε πέργαμ᾿ ἐξελεῖν ἡμᾶς δορὶ.
eἰς γην δ᾿ Ἀτρείδαι πᾶς στρατός τ᾿ ἐστι βλέπων.
ἱρεὺς δὲ φάσγανον λαβὼν ἐπηὐξατο,
λαμὸν τ᾿ ἐπεσκοπεῖθ᾿, ὅνα πλῆξειεν ἀν.

1580 ἃμοι δὲ τ᾿ ἀλγος οὐ μικρὸν εἰσῆι φρενί,τ᾿
κάστην νευεκώς· θαῦμα δ᾿ ἦν αἴφνης δρᾶν.
πληγῆς σαφῶς γάρ πάς τις ἦσθετο κτύπον,
τήν παρθένον δ᾿ οὐκ οἶδεν οὐ γῆς εἰσέδυ.
βοὰ δ᾿ ἱρεύς, ἄπασ δ᾿ ἐπήχησε στρατός,
ἀελπτον εἰσιδόντες ἐκ θεῶν τινος
φάσμα, οὐ γε μηδ᾿ ὑμεμένου πίστις παρῆν.
ἐλαφὸς γὰρ ἀσπαλροῦν ἐκεῖτ᾿ ἐπὶ χοϊν
ἰδεῶν μεγάλης διαπρῆσθι τε τὴν θέαν,
ἡς αἴματι βωμὸς ῥάλινετ᾿ ἀρδην τῆς θεῶ.

1590 καὶ τῶδε Κάλλας πῶς δοκεῖσιν χαίρων ἐφή
ὅ τοῦδ᾿ Ἀχαῖων κοίλανοι κοίνῳ στρατοῦ,
ὑράτε τὴνδε θυσίαν, ἢν ἡ θεὸς
προύθηκε βωμίαν, ἐλαφον ὅρειδρόμον;
ταύτην μάλιστα τῆς κόρης ἀστάξεται,
ὡς μὴ μιαίη βωμὸν εὐγενεῖ φώνᾳ.
ὑδέως τε τὸτε ἐδέξατο, καὶ πλοῦν οὗριον
δίδωσιν ἡμῖν Ἰλίου τ᾿ ἐπίδρομάς.

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Laid down a keen knife which his hand had drawn
Out of its sheath, then crowned the maiden’s head.
Then Peleus’ son took maund and lustral bowl,
And round the altar of the Goddess ran,
And cried: “Zeus’ Daughter, slayer of wild beasts,
Whose wheels of light roll splendours through the gloom,
Accept this offering which we render thee,
Achaea’s host, with Agamemnon King,
The unsullied blood from a fair maiden’s neck;
And grant the galleys voyaging unvexed;
And grant our spears may spoil the towers of Troy.”
With bowed heads Atreus’ sons and all the host
Stood. The priest took the knife, he spake the prayer,
He scanned her throat for fittest place to strike—
Then through my soul exceeding anguish thrilled:
Mine head drooped:—lo, a sudden miracle!
For each man plainly heard the blow strike home;
But the maid—none knew whither she had vanished.
Loud cried the priest: all echoed back the cry,
Seeing a portent by some God sent down
Unlooked-for, past belief, albeit seen.
For gasping on the ground there lay a hind
Most huge to see, and passing fair to view,
With whose blood all the Goddess’ altar ran.
Then Calchas cried—how gladly ye may guess:—
“O chieftains of this leagued Achaean host,
See ye this victim by the Goddess laid
Before her altar, even a mountain hind?
This holds she more acceptable than the maid,
That she stain not with noble blood her altar.
Gladly she hath accepted this, and grants
To us fair voyage and onset upon Troy.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

πρὸς ταῦτα πᾶς τις θάρσος αἱρε ναυβάτης,
χώρει τε πρὸς ναῦν ἦμέρας ὡς τῆς δεῖ

1600 λιπόντας ἡμᾶς Αὐλίδος κοίλους μυχοὺς
Αὐγαίον οἴδιμα διαπεράν. ἔπει δ᾿ ἄπαν
κατηνθρακώθη θῦμ᾿ ἐν Ἡφαίστου φλογί,
τὰ πρόσφορ' ἡυξαθ', ὡς τόχοι νόστου στρατός.
πέμπει δ᾿ Ἀγαμέμνων μυρός σοι φράσαι τάδε,
λέγειν θ᾿ ὅποιας ἐκ θεῶν μούρας κυρεῖ
kai δόξαν ἐσχεν ἀφθητον καθ᾿ Ἑλλάδα.
ἐγὼ παρῶν δὲ καὶ τὸ πράγμα ὄραν λέγω:
ἡ παῖς σαφῶς σοι πρὸς θεοὺς ἀφίππατο.
λύπης δ᾿ ἀφαίρει καὶ πόσει πάρες χόλου·

1610 ἀπροσδόκητα δὲ βροτοῖς τὰ τῶν θεῶν,
σφόξουσι θ᾿ οὐς φιλοῦσιν. ἦμαρ γὰρ τόδε
θανοῦσαν εἰδε καὶ βλέπουσαν παῖδα σήν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἤδομαι τοι ταῦτ᾿ ἀκούσασ᾿ ἀγγέλουν
ζών δ᾿ ἐν θεοὺς σὸν μένειν φράζει τέκος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ παῖ, θεῶν τοῦ κλέμμα γέγονας;
πώς σε προσείπω; πώς δ᾿ οὐ φῶ
παραμυθεῖσθαι τούσθε μάτην μύθους,
ὡς σοι πένθους λυγροὶ παισίμαν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ στείχει,

1620 τούσθ᾿ αὐτοὺς ἔχων σοι φράζειν μύθους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

γύναι, θυγατρὸς ἐνεκ᾿ ὅλβιοι γενολμεθ᾿ ἂν
ἔχει γὰρ ὄντως ἐν θεοῖς ὀμιλίαν.
χρῆ δὲ σε λαβοῦσαν τόνδε μόσχον νεαγενή

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Be of good cheer then every mariner!
Hence to the galleys; for this day must we
Fleet out of Aulis’ hollow bays, and cross
The Aegean surge.” So when the victim all
Was burnt to ashes in the Fire-god’s flame,
Meet prayer he offered for the host’s return.
Me Agamemnon sped to tell thee this,
And say what heaven-sent fortune fair he hath,
What deathless fame through Hellas he hath won.
Lo, I was there, and speak as one who saw.
Doubtless thy child was wafted to the Gods.
Forbear grief, cease from wrath against thy lord.
Of mortals unforeseen the Gods’ ways are,
And whom they love they save: for this same day
Dying and living hath beheld thy child.

CHORUS
How glad I hear the messenger’s report!
He saith thy child bides living midst the Gods.

CLYTEMNESTRA
O daughter, of what God stolen art thou?
How shall I bid farewell to thee?—how
Know this for aught but a sweet lie, spoken
To heal the heart that for thee is broken?

CHORUS
Lo there King Agamemnon draweth nigh
Bearing the selfsame tale to tell to thee.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON
Wife, for our child’s fate happy may we be,
For she in truth hath fellowship with Gods.
Now must thou take this weanling little one,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

στείχειν πρὸς οἴκους· ώς στρατὸς πρὸς πλούν ὅρα.
καὶ χαῖρε· χρόνια γε τὰμά σοι προσφθέγματα
Τροίηθεν ἐσται· καὶ γένοιτό σοι καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαῖρων, Ἄτρείδη, γῆν ἰκοῦ Φρυγίαν,
χαῖρων δ' ἐπάνηκε,
κάλλιστά μοι σκῦλ' ἀπὸ Τροίας ἔλαν.
IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And journey home; for seaward looks the host.
Farewell:—it shall be long ere thee I greet,
From Troy returning. Be it well with thee.

CHORUS

Pass, Atreus' scion, to Phrygia's land with joy,
And with joy from the battle-toil come, bearing the
glorious spoil

Of Troy.                [Exeunt omnes.
Rhesus
ARGUMENT

When Hector and the Trojans, as Homer telleth in the Eighth Book of his Iliad, had driven the Greeks from before Troy back to their camp beside the sea, the host of Troy lay for that night in the plain overagainst them. And the Trojans sent forth Dolon a spy to know what the Greeks were minded to do. But there went forth also two spies from the camp of the Greeks, even Odysseus and Diomedes, and these met Dolon and slew him, after that he had told them in his fear all that they would know of the array of the Trojans, and of the coming of their great ally, Rhesus the Thracian, the son of a Goddess. And herein is told of the coming of the Thracian king, and of all that befell that night in the camp of the Trojans.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΦΤΑΛΚΩΝ
ΕΚΤΩΡ
ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ
ΔΟΛΩΝ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΡΗΣΟΣ
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
ΑΘΗΝΑ
ΠΑΡΙΣ
ΡΗΣΟΤΗ ΧΝΙΟΧΟΣ
ΜΟΤΣΑ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HECTOR, captain of the host of Troy.
AENEAS, a Trojan chief.
DOLON, a Trojan.
SHEPHERD.
RHEUS, king of Thrace, son of the Muse Terpsichore.
ODYSSEUS, a crafty Greek.
DIOMEDES, a valiant Greek.
ATHENA, a Goddess.
PARIS, named also Alexander, a Trojan, son of Priam.
CHARIOTEER of Rhesus.
THE MUSE Terpsichore, mother of Rhesus.
CHORUS, consisting of sentinels of the Trojan army.
Guards of Hector, Soldiers of the Thracian army.

SCENE: In the camp of Troy, before Hector's tent.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βάθι πρὸς εύνας
tὰς Ἐκτορέους τις ὑπασπιστῶν
ἀγρυπνὸς βασιλέως, εἰ τευχοφόρων
dέξατο νέων κληδόνα μύθων,
οἱ τετράμοιροι ουκτὸς φρουράν
πάσης στρατιᾶς προκάθηνται.
ῄρθου κεφαλῆς πήχαν ἐρέθας,
λύσοι βλεφάρων γοργωπὸν ἐδραν,
λείπε χαμεύνας φυλλοστρώτους,
"Ἐκτόρ, καιρὸς γάρ ἀκοῦσαι.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

τίς ὄδ.; ἡ φίλως φθόγγος; τίς ἀνήρ;
tί τὸ σήμα; θρόειν;
tίνες ἐκ νυκτῶν τὰς ἡμετέρας
κοίτας πλάθουσα; ἐνέπειν χρή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φύλακες στρατιᾶς.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

τί φέρει θορύβω;
RHESUS

Enter chorus marching to Hector's tent, before which stand guards.

CHORUS
Ho, pass to the couch of Hector your lord,
Ye watchful henchmen that guard his sleep,
If perchance he will hearken our tidings, the word
Of them through the night's fourth watch that keep
The wide war-host safe-fenced with the spear.
Ho! raise thine head on thine arm upstaying;
Unseal thine eyes, the battle-dismaying:
Leap from thine earth-strewn leaf-bed sere,
Hector: 'tis time to hear.

Enter Hector from the tent.

HECTOR
Who cometh?—the voice of a friend?—what wight?
The watchword give. Speak thou!
Who are ye that draw nigh in the hours of the night
To my couch? Ye must answer now.

CHORUS
Sentinels we.

HECTOR
Why then this affright?
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΩΣ

θάρσει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μον τις λόχος ἐκ νυκτῶν;

ΧΟΡΩΣ

οὐκ ἐστὶ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί γὰρ φυλακὰς προλειπόν
κινεῖς στρατιάν, εἰ μὴ τιν' ἔχων
νυκτηγορίαν; οὐκ οἰσθά δορὸς
πέλας Ἀργείου νυχίαν ἡμᾶς
κοίτην πανόπλους κατέχοντας;

ΧΟΡΩΣ

ὀπλίζου χέρα, συμμάχων,
"Εκτόρ, βαθί πρὸς εὐνάς,
ὄρμυλον ἔγχος ἀείρεω, ἀφύτνισον,
πέμπτε φίλους ἵναι ποτὶ σὸν λόχον,
ἀρμόσατε ψαλίδως ἱπποὺς.
τὸς εἰσι' ἐπὶ Πανθοῖδαν,
ἡ τὸν Εὐρώπας, Δυκῖν ἁγὸν ἀνδρῶν;
ποὺ σφαγίων ἔφοροι;
ποὺ δὲ γυμνήτων μόναρχοι;
τοξοφόροι δὲ Φρυγῶν
ζεῦγνυτε κερδότετα τόξα νευραῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τὰ μὲν ἀγγέλλεις δείματ' ἀκούειν,
τὰ δὲ θαρσύνεις, κοῦδὲν καθαρῶς:
ἀλλ' ἡ Κρονίου Παῦλος τρωμερὰ
μάστυγι φοβεῖ; φυλακὰς δὲ λιπτῶν
κινεῖς στρατιάν; τί θροεῖς; τί σὲ φῶ
νέου ἀγγέλλειν; πολλὰ γὰρ εἰπὼν
οὐδὲν τρανῶς ἀπέδειξας.
Rhesus

Chorus

Fear not.

Hector

Is an ambush of darkness on us?

Chorus

Nay, none.

Hector

Why then hast forsaken thus
Thy watch, and uprousest the host, if thou bring
No tidings? Knowest thou not how nigh
To the Argive spears lie slumbering
Our ranks in their battle-panoply?

Chorus

Nay, but with armed hand, Hector, speed (Str.)
Hence to thine allies' resting-place:
Rouse them from slumber, and bid upraise
Spears: let a friend to thy war-band run.
Bit ye and bridle the chariot-steed.
Who will go for us to Panthoüs' son,
Or Europa's, the chief of the Lycian array?
Where be the choosers of victims to bleed?
And the captains of dartmen, where be they?
Archers of Phrygia, let sinews be slipped
O'er the notches, to strain the bows horn-tipt!

Hector

In part dost thou bring to us tidings of dread,
In part of good cheer; nought plainly is said.
Hath Zeus' son Pan with the Scourge of Quaking
Struck thee, that thus thy watch forsaking
Thou startlest the host? What meaneth thy clamour?

What tidings are thine? In thy panic-stammer
Of thronging words is a riddle unread.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πῦρ' αἴθει στρατός Ἀργόλας, ἀντ.
"Ἑκτόρ, πᾶσαν ἄν' ὄρφαν,
διωπτὴ δὲ νεῶν πυρσοῖς σταθμά.
πᾶς δ' Ἀγαμέμνονίαν προσέβα στρατὸς
ἐνυόχιος θεούβω σκηνάν,
νέαν-τι' ἐφιέμευοι
βάξιν. οὐ γὰρ τῷ πάροι ὡδ' ἐφοβήθη
ναυσιπόροι στρατιά.
σοὶ δ', ὑποπτεύοι τῷ μέλλον,
ἡλυθον ἄγγελος, ὡς
μῆποτε τίν' ἐς ἐμὲ μέμψιν εἴπης.

ΕΚΤΟΡ
εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθες, καίτερ ἄγγέλλων φόβον' ἀνδρος γὰρ ἐκ γῆς τῆς νυκτέρις πλάτη
λαθόντας ὁμμα τοῦμον αἰρέσθαι φυγήν
μέλλονσιν: σαίνει μ' ἐνυχυχος φροκτωρία.
ὁ δαίμον, ὡστις μ' εὔνοιοιν εὐσφισιο
θοίης λέοντα, πρὶν τοῦ Ἀργείων στρατῶν
σὺρδην ἀπαυγὰ τῷ ἀναλώσαι δορί.
† εἰ γὰρ φανενοι μή ξυνέσχοι ἠλίου
λαμπτήρεσ, οὐκ ἄν ἐσχον εὔνοιοιν δόρυν,
πρὶν ναισ πυρώσι καὶ διὰ σκηνῶν μολεῖν
κτεῖνων Ἀχαιόων τῇ δε πολυφόρω χερι.
κάγω μὲν ἡ πρὸκυμος ἐναι δόρυν
ἐν νυκτὶ χρήσθαι τ' εὔνουη δύμηθεν·
ἀλλ' οἱ σοφοὶ καὶ τὸ θεῖον εἰδότες
μάντειας ἐπεικαν ἠμέρας μεῖναι φαός,
κάπετι Ἀχαιών μηδεν' ἐν χέρσῳ λυπεῖν.
οἱ δ' οὐ μένουσι τῶν ἐμῶν θυσικόνων
βουλας: ἐν ὄρφην δραπέτης μέγα σθένει.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα χρὴ παραγγέλλειν στρατῷ

162
Rhesus

Chorus

Argos' array is with bale-fires aglow,
Hector, enkindled the livelong night;
And the lines of their galleys with torches are bright.
And with tumult to King Agamemnon's tent
Streaming their warrior-thousands go:
"Thy behest?" they cry: they are vehement.
Never in such wise heretofore
Scared was the sea-borne host of the foe.
So—for I doubted what time hath in store—
Bearing my tidings to thee I came,
That with thee I be henceforth clear of blame.

Hector

Timely thou com'st, though thou dost herald fear.
Yon men are minded to flee forth the land
With darkling oar, escaping so my ken:
Their beacons of the night flash this to me.
Ah Fortune, that thou shouldst in triumph's hour
Rob of his prey the lion, ere my spear
With one swoop make an end of Argos' host!
For, had the sun's bright torches not been quenched,
I had not stayed the triumph of my spear
Ere I had burnt their ships, swept through their tents,
Slaying Achaeans with this death-fraught hand.
Afire was I to press on with the spear
By night, take heaven-sent fortune at the flood;
But your wise seers, which know the mind of God,
Persuaded me to wait the dawn of day,
And leave then no Achaean on dry land.
But the foe—they for my soothsayers' rede
Wait not: in darkness runaways wax in might!
Swift must we speed our summons through the host
ΠΗΣΟΣ

τεύχη πρόχειρα λαμβάνεις λήξαι θ’ ὑπνοῦ, ὡς ἀν τις αὐτῶν καὶ νεῶν θρόσκων ἔπι νῦτον χαράχθεις κλίμακας ράνη φόνοι, οἱ δὲ ἐν βρόχουσι δέσμοι λειτουργοῦν Φρυγῶν ἄρούρας ἐκμάθωσι γαπονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

"Εκτόρ, ταχύνεις πρὶν μαθεῖν τὸ δρόμωνον ἄνδρες γὰρ εἰ φεύγουσιν οὐκ ἱσμεν τορῶς.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

τὶς γὰρ πῦρ’ αἴθειν πρόφασις Ἀργείων στρατῶν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ὅδ’ ὑποπτον δ’ ἐστὶ κάρτ’ ἐμὴ φρενί.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

πάντ’ ἀν φοβηθεῖς ἵσθι, δειμαίνων τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐπω πρὶν ἤσαν πολέμοι τοσόνδε φῶς.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

οὐδ’ ὅδ’ γ’ αἰσχρῶς ἐπεσον ἐν τροπῇ δορός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ ταύτ’ ἐπραξας’ καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ νῦν σκόπει.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

ἀπλοὺς ἐπ’ ἐχθροῖς μῦθος ὀπλίζειν χέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὅδ’ Αἰνεάς καὶ μάλα στουδῆ ποδῶς στείχει, νέον τι πράγμ’ ἐχων φίλους φράσαι.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

"Εκτόρ, τί χρήμα νῦκτεροι κατὰ στρατῶν τὰς σὰς πρὸς εὐνας φύλακες ἔλθοντες φόβω νυκτηγοροῦσι καὶ κεκίνηται στρατός;

ΕΚΤΟΡ

90 Αἰνέα, πυκάζου τεύχεσιν δέμας σέθεν.

164
RHEUS

To grasp their ready arms, to shake off sleep,
That some—yea, as aboard their ships they spring,—
With backs spear-scored may stain their gangways red,
And others, bondmen snared in coiling cords,
May learn to till the glebe of Phrygian fields.

CHORUS
Hector, thy fiery haste outrunneth knowledge.
Whether they flee we know not certainly.

HECTOR
Why then should Argos' host set fires ablaze?

CHORUS
I know not: yet mine heart misgives me much.

HECTOR
If this thou dread, then know thyself all fears!

CHORUS
Such blaze our foes ne'er kindled heretofore.

HECTOR
Nor ever knew such shameful rout as this.

CHORUS
This thou achievedst: see thou to the rest.

HECTOR
'Gainst foes one watchword shall suffice—to arm.

CHORUS
Lo, where Aeneas comes in hot-foot haste,
As one that beareth tidings to his friends.

Enter AENEAS, DOLON, and others.

AENEAS
Hector, for what cause through the host have come
Darkling unto thy couch scared sentinels,
Startling the host, for nightly communing?

HECTOR
Aeneas, in war-harness case thy limbs.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

τί δ' ἦστι; μῶν τις πολεμίων ἀγγέλλεται λόχος κρυφαῖος ἐστάναι κατ' εὐφρόνην;

ΕΚΤΟΡ

φεύγονσιν ἄνδρες κάπιταλονσιν νεῶν.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

τί τῶνδ' ἄν εἴποις ἀσφαλές τεκμήριον;

ΕΚΤΟΡ

αἴθουσι πᾶσαν νύκτα λαμπάδας πυρός·

καὶ μοι δοκοῦσιν ὦ μενεῖν ἐς αὔριον,

ἀλλ' ἐκκέαντες πῦρα' ἐπ' εὐσέλμων νεῶν

φυγῇ πρὸς οἴκους τήσδ' ἀφορμήσειν χθονός.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

σὺ δ' ὡς τί δράσων πρὸς τάδ' ὀπλίζει χέρας;

ΕΚΤΟΡ

100

φεύγοντας αὐτὸς κατιδρόσκοντας νεῶν

λόγχῃ καθέξω κάπτικείσομαι βαρὺς·

αἰσχρὸν γὰρ ἡμῖν καὶ πρὸς αἰσχύνῃ κακὸν

θεοῦ διδόντος πολεμίους ἀνευ μάχης

φεύγειν ἔασαι πολλὰ δράσαντας κακά.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

εἴθ' ἵσθ' ἄνηρ εὐθυνός, ὡς δράσαι χερὶ.

ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὑτὸς πάντ' ἐπιστασθαι βροτῶν

πέφυκεν ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλο πρόσκειται γέρας,

σὲ μὲν μάχεσθαι, τοὺς δὲ βουλεύειν καλῶς·

ὅστις πυρὸς λαμπτόρρας ἐξήρθησθι κλύων

110

φεύγειν 'Αχαιόν, καὶ στρατόν μέλλεις ἄγειν

tάφρους ὑπερβάς νυκτὸς ἐν καταστάσει.

καὶ τοι περάς κοιλὼν αὐλῶν θάρσος,

εἰ μὴ κυρήσεις πολεμίους ἀπὸ χθονὸς

φεύγοντας, ἀλλὰ σὺν βλέποντας εἰς δόρυν,

νικῶμενος μὲν τήνδε μὴ οὐ μόλις πόλιν.
RHESUS

AENEAS

What meaneth this? Is stealthy ambuscade
Of foes 'neath darkness' screen announced afoot?

HECTOR

Our enemies flee: even now they board their ships.

AENEAS

What certain proof hereof hast thou to tell?

HECTOR

All through the night they kindle flaming brands:
Yea, and methinks they will not wait the morn,
But, burning torches on the fair-benched ships,
In homeward flight will get them from this land.

AENEAS

And thou, with what intent dost arm thine hand?

HECTOR

Even as they flee, and leap upon their decks,
My spear shall stay them and mine onset crush.
Shameful it were, and dastardly withal,
When God to us gives unresisting foes,
After such mischiefs wrought to let them flee.

AENEAS

Would that thy prudence matched thy might of hand!
So is it: one man cannot be all-wise,
But diverse gifts to diverse men belong—
Prowess to thee, to others prudent counsel.
Thou hear'st of these fire-beacons, leap'st to think
The Achaeans flee, dost pant to lead thine host
Over the trenches in the hush of night.
Yet if, the foss's yawning chasm crossed,
Thou find the foeman not in act to flee
The land, but set to face thy spear, beware
Lest, vanquished, thou return not unto Troy.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

πῶς γὰρ περάσει σκόλοπας ἐν τροπῇ στρατὸς; πῶς δ’ αὖ γεφύρας διαβαλοῦσ᾽ ἵππηλάται, ἴν ἀρα μὴ θραύσαντες ἀντύγων χύόας; νικῶν δ’ ἐφεδρον παῖδ’ ἔχεις τὸν Πηλέως,
120 ὅς σ’ οὐκ ἐάσει ναυσὶν ἐμβαλείν φλόγα
οὐδ’ ὅδ’ Ἀχαϊοὺς ὡς δοκεῖς ἀναρπάσαι. ἀιθῶν γὰρ ἀνήρ καὶ πεπύργωταί θράσει.
ἀλλὰ στρατὸν μὲν ἥσυχον παρ’ ἀσπίδας εὐθεῖαν ἐώμεν ἐκ κόπων ἀρειφάτων,
κατάσκοπον δὲ πολεμῶν, ὅς ἂν θέλῃ,
πέμπτειν δοκεῖ μοι· κἂν μὲν αἱρωνται φυγήν,
στείχοντες ἐμπέσαμεν Ἀργείων στρατῷ:
εἴ δ’ εἰς δόλον τίν’ ἥδ’ ἄγει φρυκτορία,
μαθόντες ἐχθρῶν μηχανὰς κατασκόπου
130 βουλευσόμεσθα. τὴν δ’ ἔχω γνώμην, ἀνάξ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάδε δοκεῖ, τάδε μεταθέμενος νόει.
σφαλερὰ δ’ οὐ φιλῶ στρατηγῶν κράτη.
τί γὰρ ἀμείων ἢ
ταχυβάταν νεῶν κατόπταν μολεῖν
πέλας δ’ τί ποτ’ ἄρα δαίως
πυρὰ κατ’ ἀντίπροφα ναυστάθμων δαίεται;

ΕΚΤΟΡ

νικᾷ’ ἐπειδῆ πᾶσιν ἀνδάνει τάδε.
στείχον δὲ κοίμα συμμάχους. τάχ’, ἂν στρατὸς
κινοῖτ’ ἀκούσας νυκτέρους ἐκκλησίας.
140 ἐγὼ δὲ πέμψω πολεμίων κατάσκοπον.
κἂν μὲν τιν’ ἐχθρῶν μηχανὴν πυθόμεθα,
σὺ πάντ’ ἀκούσει καὶ παρὼν εἶσει λόγους·
ἐὰν δ’ ἀπαίρωσ’ εἰς φυγὴν ὑμώμενοι,
168
RHEUS

How shall we pass in rout their palisades?
How shall thy charioteers the causeways cross
And shatter not the axles of the cars?
Though victor, thou must still meet Peleus’ son,
Who will not suffer thee to fire the ships,
Nor take the Achaeans captive, as thou hopest—
That man of fire, in valor a very tower.
Nay, leave we sleeping under shield in peace
Our host, at rest from travail of the strife.
I counsel, send to spy upon the foe
Whoso will go, and, if they purpose flight,
Forth let us charge, and fall on Argos’ host.
But if these beacons lure us to a snare,
We from the spy our foes’ devices learn,
And so confer: this is my mind, O King.

CHORUS

(St.)

Even such is my mind; be it thine, from thy mood
be thou sway’d;
For I love not behests of captains that bring but a
Now what thing better than this shall our emprise aid
Than to send forth a scout who anigh to the
galleys shall fare
[snare.
Swift-footed, and learn why comes it that, where be
The prows of the galleys, the fires of the foemen
glare?

HECTOR

So be it, since ye all be in one mind.
Go, still our allies: haply shall the host,
Hearing of our night-council, be aroused.
I will send one to spy upon the foe.
If aught we learn of any stratagem,
Thou shalt hear all, shalt know and share our counsel.
But if now flightward they be hastening,
ῬΗΣΟΣ

σάλπυγγος αὐθήν προσδοκῶν καραδόκει,
ὡς οὐ μενοῦντα μ’ ἀλλὰ προσμίξῳ νεὼν
όλκοισι νυκτὸς τῆς δ’ ἐπ’ Ἀργείων στρατῷ.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

πέμφ’ ὡς τάχιστα· νῦν γὰρ ἀσφαλῶς φρονεῖς.
σὺν τῷ ἐμ’ ὑψεῖ καρπεροῦνθ’ ὅσ’ ἄν δέῃ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τῆς δῆτα Τρώων οὐ πάρεισιν ἐν λόγῳ
θέλει κατόπτης ναῦς ἐπ’ Ἀργείων μολεῖν;
τίς ἀν γένοιτο τῆς δε γῆς εὐεργέτης;
τὶς χρησί; οὕτω πάντ’ ἔγω δυνήσομαι
πόλει πατρώα συμμάχους θ’ υπηρετεῖν.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἐγὼ πρὸ γαίας τόνδε κύνδυνον θέλω
δύνασι κατόπτης ναῦς ἐπ’ Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
καὶ πάντ’ Ἀχαιῶν ἐκμαθῶν βουλεύματα
ἡξω· π’ τούτοις τόνδ’ υφίσταμαι πόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἐπώνυμος μὲν κάρτα καὶ φιλόπτωλις
Δόλων· πατρός δὲ καὶ πρὶν εὐκλεά δόμον
νῦν δὲς τόσφ τέθεικας εὐκλεέστερον.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐκοῦν πονεῖν μὲν χρῆ, πονοῦντα δ’ ἄξιον
μισθὸν φέρεσθαι. παντὶ γὰρ προκείμενον
κέρδος πρὸς ἔργῳ τὴν χάριν τίκτει διπλὴν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ναὶ, καὶ δίκαια ταῦτα κοῦκ ἄλλως λέγω.
τάξαι δὲ μισθὸν πλὴν ἐμῆς τυραννίδος.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐ σῆς ἔρωμεν πολιόχου τυραννίδος.
Rhesus

Watch thou, expecting aye the trumpet's call.
I will not tarry, but with Argos' host
This night will clash beside their launching-ways.

Aeneas

Send with all speed: safe now is thine intent.
Me shalt thou find a strenuous help at need.

Hector

Who of you Trojans present at our speech
Consents to go, a spy on Argos' fleet?
Who will be benefactor of this land?
Who answers?—not in everything can I
My native city and her allies serve.

Dolon

I for my land consent to dare the risk,
And go a spy unto the Argive ships;
And, all their counsels learnt, will I return.
On one condition will I face the task.

Hector

Well-named art thou, O lover of thy land,
Dolon: thy sire's house, glorious heretofore,
Is now of thee made doubly glorious.

Dolon

Then must I toil—but for my toil receive
Fit guerdon; for all work that hath reward
In prospect, is with double pleasure wrought.

Hector

Yea, just thy claim is; I gainsay it not.
Fix any guerdon, save my royal power.

Dolon

Thy burden of royalty I covet not.
ΡΗΞΟΣ

ΕΚΤΩΡ
σὺ δ᾽ ἄλλα γήμας Πριαμιδῶν γαμβρὸς γενοῦ.
ΔΟΛΩΝ
οὐκ ἐξ ἐμαυτοῦ μειζόνων γαμεῖν θέλω.
ΕΚΤΩΡ
χρυσὸς πάρεστιν, εἰ τόδε αἰτήσει γέρας.
ΔΟΛΩΝ
ἀλλ᾽ ἔστε ἐν οἴκοις, οὐ βίου σπανίζομεν.
ΕΚΤΩΡ
τί δῆτα χρήζεις δών κέκευθεν ᾿Ἰλιὸν;
ΔΟΛΩΝ
ἐλῶν ᾿Αχαιοὺς δῶρα μοι ξυναίνεσον.
ΕΚΤΩΡ
dῶσον, σὺ δ᾽ αὔτει πλὴν στρατηλάτας νεών.
ΔΟΛΩΝ
κτεῖν', οὐ σ᾿ ἀπαίτω Μενέλεως σχέσθαι χέρα.
ΕΚΤΩΡ
οὐ μὴν τὸν Οἰλεως παῖδα μ᾽ ἐξαιτείς λαβεῖν;
ΔΟΛΩΝ
κακαὶ γεωργεῖν χεῖρες εὐ τεθραμμέναι.
ΕΚΤΩΡ
τίν᾽ οὖν ᾿Αχαιῶν ζῶντ᾽ ἀποινᾶσθαι θέλεις;
ΔΟΛΩΝ
καὶ πρόσθεν εἶπον· ἔστι χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις.
ΕΚΤΩΡ
καὶ μὴν λαφύρων γ᾽ αὐτὸς αἰρήσει παρῶν.
ΔΟΛΩΝ
θεοῖσιν αὐτὰ πασσάλευε πρός δόμους.
ΕΚΤΩΡ
τί δῆτα μεῖζον τῶνδὲ μ᾽ αἰτήσει γέρας;
Rhesus

Hector
A child of Priam wed, become my kinsman.

Dolon
No bride for me of folk too high for me!

Hector
Ready lies gold, if thou wilt ask this meed.

Dolon
That have I in mine halls: not wealth I lack.

Hector
What wouldst thou then of treasures Ilium hoards?

Dolon
Pledge me my gift, if thou destroy the foe.

Hector
I will deny naught—save their captive chiefs.

Dolon
Slay them: not Menelaus' life I ask.

Hector
Sure, thou wouldst ask not of me Oileus' son?

Dolon
Ill at field-toil be dainty-nurtured hands.

Hector
Whom of the Greeks wouldst hold to ransom then?

Dolon
Erewhile I said it—gold my halls lack not.

Hector
Then come, and of the spoils make choice thyself.

Dolon
These to the Gods hang thou on temple-walls.

Hector
What greater guerdon canst thou ask than these?
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἐπ' ἂν Ἀχιλλέως χρή δ' ἐπ' ἄξιοις πονεῖν ψυχήν προβάλλων ἐν κύβοις δαίμονος.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

καὶ μὴν ἔρωτι γ' ἀντερᾶς ἦπ' ἐμοὶ ἐμοὶ ἀφθιτων γὰρ ἀφθιτοι πεφυκότες τὸν Πηλέως φέρουσι θούριον γόνων δίδωσι δ' αὐτούς πωλοδαμνήσας ἀναξ Πηλεῖ Ποσειδῶν, ὡς λέγουσι, πόντιος.

ἀλλ' οὗ σ' ἐπάρας ψεύσομαι δόσῳ δέ σοι κάλλιστον οἶκοις κτήμ' Ἐχιλλέως ὅχου.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

αἰνὸς λαβὼν δὲ φημὶ κάλλιστον Φρυγῶν δῷρον δέχεσθαι τῆς ἐμῆς εὐσπλαγχνίας.

σὲ δ' οὖ φθονεῖν χρή: μυρὶ ἐστὶν ἄλλα σοί, ἐφ' οἴσι τέρπει τῇδ' ἀριστεύων χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέγας ἄγων, μεγάλα δ' ἐπνοεῖσ ελείν. 

μακαρίοις γε μὴν κυρήσας ἔσει.

πόνος οὗ εὐκλεής.

μέγα δὲ κοιράνοις γαμβρὸν πέλειν.

τὰ θεόθεν ἐπιδέτω Δίκα,

τὰ δὲ παρ' ἀνδράσιν τέλειά σοι φαίνεται.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

στείχοιμ' ἄν ἔλθὼν δ' ἐσ δόμουσ ἐφέστιος σκευή πρεπόντως σῶμ' ἐμὸν καθάψομαι, κάκειθεν ἤσω ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων πόδα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰπ' εἰ τιν' ἄλλην ἄντι τῆσδ' ἐξεῖσ στολήν.
RHEUS

DOLON
Achilles' horses. He for worthy meed
Must toil, who sets his life on fortune's hazard.

HECTOR
Ha! steeds I covet dost thou covet too,
For, foals immortal of immortal sires,
They bear the battle-eager Peleus' son.
These King Poseidon, even the Sea-god, tamed,
Men say, and unto Peleus gave them first.
Yet will I cheat not hopes I raised, but give
Achilles' team, a glory to thine house.

DOLON
I thank thee: so I win them, goodliest prize
Mid Phrygia's thousands is my valour's guerdon.
Be thou not envious: countless things beside
Shall make thee glad, the ruler of the land.

CHORUS

(Ant.)
Great thine emprise is, and great the reward thou dost claim;
So thou may'st but attain thereunto, high bliss
Verily this thine adventure is fraught with fame.
Yet, to wed with a princess!—glory had this been,
I trow.
For the God's part, even let Justice look to the same:
But for men—never guerdon more perfect may man bestow.

DOLON
Now will I go: to mine own halls I pass,
To clothe me in such garb as best befits.
Thence will I speed my feet to Argos' ships.

CHORUS
Say, wilt thou don aught save the attire thou hast?
ΡΗΞΟΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

πρέπουσαν ἔργῳ κλωπικοῖς τε βῆμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σοφοῦ παρ’ ἀνδρὸς χρῆ σοφὸν τι μανθάνειν·
λέξον, τίς ἐσταὶ τοῦτο σώματος σαγη; 

ΔΟΛΩΝ

λύκειον ἀμφὶ νῶτον ἄγομαι δορᾶν
καὶ χάσμα θηρῶς ἀμφὶ ἐμῷ θήσω κάρα,

βάσιν τε χερῶι προσθίαν καθαρμόσας
καὶ κώλα κώλους, τετράπουν μυμήσομαι
λύκου κέλευθον πολεμίοις δυσεύρετον,
τάφροις πελάξου καὶ νείων προβλήμασιν. 

ὅταν δ’ ἔρημον χώρον ἐμβαίνω ποτί,
δίβαμος ἐμ’ τῇδε σύγκειται δόλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’ εὖ σ’ ὁ Μαίας παῖς ἐκεῖσε καὶ πάλιν
πέμψεις Ἐρμῆς, ὃς γε φηλητῶν ἀναξ.
ἐχεῖς δὲ τοῦργον, εὐτυχεῖν μόνον σε χρῆ.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

σωθήσομαι τε καὶ κταῖπον Ὅδυσσέως

οἰσω κάρα σοι, σύμβολον δ’ ἔχων σαφὲς
φήσεις Δόλωνα ναῦς ἐπ’ Ἀργείων μολεῖν,

ἡ παῖδα Τυδέως; οὐδ’ ἀναμάκτῳ χερὶ

ηξῶ πρὸς οἰκους πρὶν φάος μολεῖν χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Θυμβραῖε καὶ Δάλιε καὶ Λυκίας

στρ. α’

ναὸν ἐμβατεύων,

Ἀπόλλων, ὃ διὰ κεφαλά, μόλε τοξήρης, ἱκου

ἐννύχιος

176
RHEUS

DOLON
Yea, such as fits my work, my stealthy steps.

CHORUS
Behoves that from the crafty craft we learn.
Say, what shall be the vesture of thy limbs?

DOLON
Over my back a wolfskin will I draw,
And the brute's gaping jaws shall frame mine head:
Its forefeet will I fasten to mine hands,
Its legs to mine: the wolf's four-footed gait
I'll mimic, baffling so our enemies,
While near the trench and pale of ships I am:
But whenso to a lone spot come my feet,
Two-footed will I walk: my ruse is this.

CHORUS
Now kindly speed thee Hermes, Maia's son,
Prince of the guileful, going and returning.
Thou know'st thy work: thou needest but good speed.

DOLON
Return I shall, with slain Odysseus' head
To show thee,—when thou hast this token sure,
"Dolon," shalt thou say, "reached the Argive
ships,"—
Or Tydeus' son's head. Not with bloodless hand
Will I win home ere dawn rise o'er the earth.

[Exit.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)
O King Thymbraean, O Delian Lord, O haunter of
Lycia's fane,
O sunlit brow, with thy bow do thou, Apollo, this
night draw near:
ΡΗΧΟΣ

καὶ γενοῦσα σωτήριος ἀνέρι πομπᾶς
230 ἀγεμῶν καὶ ξύλλαβε Δαρδανίδαις,
 ὡ παγκρατεῖς, ὡ Τροίας
 τείχη παλαιὰ δείμας.

μόλοι δὲ ναυκλήρια, καὶ στρατιᾶς ἀντ. α'
 Ἑλλάδος διόπτασιν
 ἵκουτο, καὶ κάμψει πάλιν θυμέλας οἴκων πατρὸς
 Ἰλιάδας.
 Φθιάδων δὲ ἀπον ὑπετ' ἐπ' ἀντυγι βαῖη,
 δεσπότον πέρσαντος Ἀχαιῶν Ἄρη,
240 τὰς πόντιοι Διακίδαν
 Πηλεὶ δίδωσι δαίμον.

ἐπεὶ πρὸ τ' οἰκῶν πρὸ τε γὰς ἔτλα μόνος
 στρ. β'
 ναύσταθμα βᾶς κατιδεῖν Ἀγαμαί
 λήματος· ἢ σπανία
 τῶν ἀγαθῶν, ὅταν ἢ
 δυσάλιον ἐν πελάγει καὶ σαλεύῃ
250 πόλις· ἐστὶ Φρυγῶν τις ἔστιν ἄλκιμος·
 ἕνι δὲ θράσος ἐν αἰχμῇ. ποτὶ Μυσῶν, δς ἐμὰν
 συμμαχίαν ἀτίξει.

τὶς ἄνδρ' Ἀχαιῶν ὁ πεδοστιβῆς σφαγεὺς 
 ἀντ. β'
 οὕτασει ἐν κλίσιαῖς, τετραπον
 μῖμον ἔχων ἐπὶ γὰν
 θηρῶς; ἔλοι Μενέλαν,
 κτανόν δ' Ἀγαμεμνόνιον κράτ' ἐνέγκοι
260 Ἐλένην κακόγαμβρον ἐς χέρας γόνων,
 δς ἐπὶ πόλιν, δς ἐς γὰν Τροίαν χιλίωναν ἣλυθ'
 ἔχων στρατείαν.

178
RHESUS

To our hero's perilous mission be guide and saviour, and O maintain, Almighty helper, our cause, who of old didst the ramparts of Troy uprear.

(May he win to the galleys and enter the host of Hellas, and spy out their deeds, And home return to the altars that burn in his father's halls unto thee: And, when Hector hath harried Achaea's array, may he drive the Phthian steeds, The steeds that on Peleus, Aeacus' son, were bestowed by the Lord of the Sea.

Forasmuch as for home and for fatherland alone he hath dared to go [of the Hellenic ships, Thither, and gaze on the fenced place, on the camp His hardihood I extol,—of such heroes but few shall be found, I trow, [state's prow heavily dips. When the sun in the sea sinks stormily, and the There is, there is mid the Phrygians found a hero!—our prowess shall glow Mid the clash of the spears:—at our help who sneers, save the envious Mysian lips?

What chieftain Achaeian shall he, as with death in his hand he prowls to and fro, [earth he steals, As in shape of a brute of fourfold foot o'er the darkling Stab mid the tents? May he slay Menelaus, and lay • Agamemnon low, [her shriek outpeals, Yea, bear the head of the war-king dead, and, loud as Lay it in Helen's hands—the head of her kinsman who worked us woe, [array of a thousand keels. Who sailed to the strand of Troy's fair land with
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀναξ, τοιούτων δεσπόταισιν ἄγγελος
eἰην τὸ λοιπὸν οἷά σοι φέρω μαθείν.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

ἡ πόλη ἄγρωσταις σκαλὲ πρόσκειται φρενί:
καὶ γὰρ σὺ ποίμνας δεσπόταις τευχεσφόρους
ηκεῖν ἐοίκας ἄγγελὼν ἐν οὐ πρέπει.
οὐκ οἶσθα δῶμα τοῦμον ἦθρόνους πατρός,
oὶ χρήν γεγωνεῖν σῷ εὔτυχοῦντα ποίμνια;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σκαλὶ θοτήρες ἐσμεν· οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.
ἀλλ’ οὐδὲν ἦσον σοι φέρω κεδνοὺς λόγους.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

παῦσας λέγων μοι τὰς προσαυλείους τύχας·
mάχας πρὸ χειρῶν καὶ δόρη βαστάζομεν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

tοιαῦτα κἀγὼ σημανὼν ἐλήλυθα·
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἀρχής μυρίας στρατηλατῶν
στείχει φίλος σοι σύμμαχός τε τῇ δε γῇ.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

ποῖας πατρίδας γῆς ἔρημωσας πέδων;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Θρήκης· πατρός δὲ Στρυμόνως κικλήσκεται.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

Ῥήσον τιθέντ’ ἔλεξας ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐγνώς· λόγου δὲ δῖς τόσον μ’ ἐκούφισας.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

καὶ πῶς πρὸς Ἰδης ὀργάδας πορεύεσται,
πλαγχθεῖς πλατεῖας πεδίας θ’ ἀμαξίτου;

180
RHESUS

Re-enter Hector. Enter Shepherd as messenger.

Shepherd
King, still through days to come be it mine to bear
Such tidings to my lords as now I bring!

Hector
Dull-witted oft the spirits are of clowns.
Thou com'st, messeems, to place that ill befits,
With tidings of thy flocks to warring lords.
Know'st not my mansion, nor my father's throne?
Thither shouldst thou bear word of flocks' increase.

Shepherd
Dull-witted are we clowns, I gainsay not:
Yet none the less I bring thee welcome news.

Hector
Forbear to tell me how the sheep-pens thrive.
Battles have we in hand, and brandish spears.

Shepherd
Even such the tidings are wherewith I come.
A warrior captaining a countless host
Draws nigh,—thy friend, and this land's war-ally.

Hector
Leaving what country's plains untenanted?

Shepherd
Thrace: and he bears the name of Strymon's son.

Hector
Rhesus! Doth he set foot in Troy, say'st thou?

Shepherd
Even so: thou lightenest half my speech's load.

Hector
Why journeyeth he to Ida's pasture-lands,
Swerving from yon broad highway o'er the plain?
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ’ ἀκριβῶς, εἰκάσαι γε μὴν πάρα. νυκτὸς γὰρ οὔτε φαύλου ἐμβαλεῖν στρατὸν, κλύοντα πλήρη πεδία πολεμῶς χερός. φόβον δ’ ἀγρώσταις, οἱ κατ’ Ἰδαιὸν λέπτας οἰκούμεναι αὐτόρριζον ἐστίαν χθονός, παρέσχε δρυμὸν νυκτὸς ἐνθηρον μολὼν.

290 πολλῇ γὰρ ἡχῇ Ὁρηκίος ρέων στρατὸς ἐστειχεῖ. θάμβει δ’ ἐκπλαγέντες ἱερὰς πούμνας πρὸς ἄκρας, μῆ τις Ἄργειων μόλη λεγκλητήσαν καὶ σὰ πορθῆσων σταθμά, πρὶν δὴ δὴ ὠτών γῆρουν οὐχ Ἐλληνικὴν ἐδεξάμεσθα καὶ μετέστημεν φόβον. στείχων δ’ ἀνακτος προξερευντὰς ὅδοι ἀνιστόρησα Ὁρηκίοις προσφείγμασιν, τῆς ὁ στρατηγὸς καὶ τίνος κεκλημένος στείχει πρὸς Ἀστῦ Πριαμίδαις σύμμαχοις.

300 καὶ πάντ’ ἀκούσας δὸν ἐφιέμην μαθεῖν, ἔστην· ὀρῷ δὲ Ῥήσου ὡστε δαίμων ἐστῶτ’ ἐν ἰππείοις Ὁρηκίων ὅχους. χρυσῇ δὲ πλάστιγξιν αὐχένα ζυγηφόρου πῶλοιν ἐκλίψα χῦνος ἑξαυγεστήρων. πέλτης δ’ ἐπ’ ὠμιν χρυσοκόλλητος τύπος ἐλαμπτε· Γοργὼν δ’ ὅς ἂν αἰγίδος θεᾶς χαλκῇ μετωποί ἰππικοῖς πρόσδετος πολυουρίας κώδωσιν ἐκτύπει φόβον.

310 στρατοῦ δὲ πλήθος οὐδ’ ἂν ἐν ψήφου λόγῳ θέσθαι δύνα’ ἂν, ὡς ἄπλατον ἂν ἰδεῖν, πολλοὶ μὲν ἰππῆς, πολλὰ πελταστῶν τέλη, πολλοὶ δ’ ἀτράκτων τοξόται, πολὺς δ’ ὅχλος γυμνῆς ὀμαρτῆ, Ὁρηκίαν ἔχων στολήν. τοιὸσδὲ Τροί’ σύμμαχος πάρεστ’ ἀνήρ.
RHESES

SHEPHERD

I know not certainly: one may divine.
Wise strategy was his to march by night,
Hearing how foeman-bands beset the plains.
Yet us, the hinds who dwell on Ida’s slopes,
The immemorial cradle of your race,
His night-faring through woods beast-haunted scared.

For with loud shouts the on-surging Thracian host Marched; and in panic-struck amaze we drove
Our flocks to ridges, lest of the Argives some
Were drawing nigh, to harry and to spoil
Thy folds, till accents fell upon our ears
Of no Greek tongue, and so we ceased from dread.
Then, drawing nigh, their chieftain’s vanward scouts

I questioned in the Thracian speech, and asked
Who and whose son their captain was, that marched Troyward, as war-ally to Priam’s sons.
And, having heard whate’er I craved to know,
I stood still, and saw Rhesus, like a God,
Towering upon his Thracian battle-wain.
Golden the yoke-beam was that linked the necks
Of car-steeds gleaming whiter than the snow.
Upon his shoulders his gold-blazoned targe
Flashed: a bronze Gorgon, as on Pallas’ shield,
Upon the frontlet of his horses bound,
Clanging with many a bell clashed forth dismay.
The number of his host thou couldst not sum
In strict account—eye could not measure it.

Many a knight, long lines of targeteers,
And archers multitudinous, and a swarm
Of dartmen passed, accoutred Thracian-wise.
Such warrior is at hand for Troy’s ally
ΡΗΣΟΣ

διν οὔτε φεύγων οὖθ' ὑποσταθείς δορὶ
ὁ Πηλέως παις ἐκφυγεὶν δυνησται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁταν πολίταις εὐσταθῶσι δάλμονες,
ἐρπεὶ κατάντησι συμφορὰ πρὸς τὰγαθά.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

πολλοὺς, ἐπειδὴ τοῦμον εὔτυχεῖ δόρυ
καὶ Ζεὺς πρὸς ἡμᾶν ἔστιν, εὐρήσω φίλους.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῶν δεόμεθ', οὐτίνες πάλαι
μὴ ξυμπονοούσιν, ἥν' ἐξώστης Ἀρης
ἐθραύσει λαῖψτη σῆδε γῆς μέγας πνέων.
'Ῥήσος δ' ἐδείξειν οἶκος ἢν Τροίᾳ φίλος,
ἡκε γὰρ εἰς δαῖτ', οὐ παρὼν κυνηγεταῖς
αἱροῦσι λείαν οὐδὲ συγκαμῶν δορὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁρθῶς ἀτίξεις κατίμομφος εἰ φίλοις
δέχου δὲ τοὺς θέλοντας ὥφελειν πόλων.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

ἀρκοῦμεν οἱ σφόντες Ἰλιον πάλαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέποιθας ἦδη πολεμίουσ ἦρηκέναι;

ΕΚΤΟΡ

πέποιθα· δείξει τοὐπιὸν σέλας θεοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁρα τὸ μέλλον· πόλλ' ἀναστρέψει θεός.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

μμοῦ φίλοισιν ὑστερον βοηθομεῖν.
ὁ δ' οὖν ἐπείπερ ἦλθε, σύμμαχος μὲν οὐ,
ξένος δὲ πρὸς τράπεζαν ἥκετω ξένων·
χάρις γὰρ αὐτῷ Πριμακδῶν διώλετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀναξ, ἀπωθεῖν συμμάχους ἐπίφθονον.

184
Rhesus

As Peleus' son shall not prevail to escape,
Fleeing or biding onset of the spear.

Chorus

When to our burghers heaven lends present aid,
Down-gliding to success fleets Fortune's stream.

Hector

Ha, many a friend shall I find, now my spear
Is triumphing, and Zeus is on our side!
But need we have none of such as in days past
Shared not our toil, when Ares buffeting
With mighty blast was rending this land's sails.
Then Rhesus showed what friend he was to Troy.
To the feast he comes, who came not to the hunters
With help of spear, what time they took the prey.

Chorus

Rightly dost thou contemn and blame such friends:
Yet welcome them that fain would help our Troy.

Hector

Enough are we, who warded Ilium long.

Chorus

Art sure thou hast even now destroyed the foe?

Hector

Sure: this the splendour of coming dawn shall prove.

Chorus

Beware the future: oft doth fortune veer.

Hector

I hate to come with help to friends o'erlate:—
Yet, since he hath come, not as our ally,
But guest, unto our table let him come.
The sons of Priam owe no thanks to him.

Chorus

King, hate were bred of allies thrust away.
ΨΕΟΣ

ἈΓΓΕΛΟΣ

φόβος γένοιτ' ἀν πολεμίως ὄφθεις μόνων.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ τ' εὐ παρανείσ καὶ σὺ καρίως σκοπεῖς.

340 ὁ χρυσοτευχής δ' οὖνεκ' ἀγγέλου λόγῳ
Ῥῆσος παρέσται τῇδε σύμμαχος χθονί.

ΧΟΡΩΣ

'Αδράστεια μὲν ᾧ Δίὸς παῖς
εἴργοι στομάτων φθόνουν:

φράσω γὰρ δὴ ὅσον μοι
ψυχᾶ προσφιλές ἐστιν εἰπεῖν.

ἡκεῖς, ὁ ποταμὸν παῖ,

ἡκεῖς, ἐπλάθης Φρυγίαν πρὸς αὐλὰν
ἀσπαστός, ἐπεὶ σε χρόνῳ

Πιεῖς μάτηρ ὁ τε καλλυγέφυ-

250 ῥοσ ποταμὸς πορεύετοι

Στρυμών, ὃς ποτὲ τὰς μελῳδοὺς
Μοῦσας δι' ἀκηράτων

δινηθεῖς ὑδροείδης

κόλπων σὰν ἐφύτευσεν ἤβαν.

σὺ μοι Ζεὺς ὁ φαναῖος

ἡκεῖς διφρεύων βαλλαῖσι πόλοις.

νῦν, ὁ πατρὶς ὁ Φρυγία,

ξῦν θεῷ νῦν σοι τὸν ἐλευθερίουν

Ζῆνα πάρεστιν ἄδειων.

380 ἄρα ποτ' αὖθις ἄ παλαιά
Τροία τοὺς προπότας παναμερεύσει

θιάσους ἐρώτων

ψαλμοίτι καὶ κυλίκων οἰνοπλανήτωις

ἐπιδεξίαις ἀμέλλαις,

186
Rhesus

Shepherd
His mere appearing should dismay our foes.

Hector
Well counsellest thou—thou too dost see aright. This golden-mailed Rhesus then shall come, According to thy word, our land's ally.

Chorus
Nemesis, child of the Highest, (Str. 1) My lips from presumption refrain; For the thoughts to mine heart that are nighest Shall ring through my paean-strain. Thou hast come, O River-god's son, to our land! Welcome to Phrygia's palace-gate, Whom thy mother Pierian hath sent so late From the river with goodly bridges spanned,

Even Strymon, whose waterbreaks eddied (Ant. 1) 'Twixt the breasts of the Queen of Song, That the maid with the River-god wedded Bare thee, young champion and strong. Thou art come to me, manifest Zeus, borne high O'er thy silver-flecked horses! O fatherland mine,

Lo, Phrygia, a saviour!—acclaim him for thine By the Gods' grace:—"Zeus my deliverer!" cry.

Shall she ever again, our ancient Troy, (Str. 2) See the sun go down on the revel's joy, While the songs that extol sweet love are pealing, While feaster to feaster the wine-challenge crieth, As circles the cup, and the brain is reeling,
κατὰ πόντον Ἀτρειδᾶν
Σπάρταν οἰχομένων Ἰλιάδος παρ’ ἀκτᾶσ; ὁ φίλος, εἰθεὶ μοι
σὰ χερὶ καὶ σῷ δορὶ πράξας τάδ’ ἐς οἶκον ἔλθοις.

370 ἐλθέ, φάνθη, τὰν ξάρυσον ἀντ. β’
Πηλείδα προβαλοῦ κατ’ ὅμμα πέλταν
dοχμίαν πεδαίρων
σκυσταν παρ’ ἀντυγα, πώλους ἐρεθίζων
dιβολόν τ’ ἀκοντα πάλλων.
σὲ γὰρ οὕτις ὑποστὰς
‘Ἀργείας ποτ’ ἐν" Ῥας δαπέδοις χορεύσειν
ἀλλὰ νῦν ἀδε γὰ
καταφθίμενον Ὁρηκὶ μόρῳ
φίλτατον ἄχθος αὐσει.

380 ἰδ’ ἰώ.
μέγας ὁ βασιλεῦ, καλὸν, ὁ Ὅρηκη,
σκύμνον ἐθρεψας πολίαρχον ἰδεῖν.
ἴδε χρυσόδετον σώματος ἀλκήν,
κλὺε καὶ κόμπους κωδωνοκρότους,
παρὰ πορπάκων κελαδοῦντας.
θεός, ὁ Τροία, θεὸς αὐτὸς Ἀρης,
ὁ Στρυμόνιος πῶλος ἀοιδοῦ
Μουσῆς Ἦκων καταπνεῖ σε.

ῬΗΣΟΣ
χαίρ’, ἔσθλος ἔσθλοῦ παῖ, τύραννε τῆς Ῥῆς,
’ Ἐκτόρ. παλαῖα σ’ ἡμέρᾳ προσεννέπω.

390 χαίρω δὲ σ’ εὑτυχοῦντα καὶ προσήμενον
πύργοις ἐχθρῶν συγκατασκάψεων δ’ ἐγὼ
tείχη πάρειμι καὶ νεῶν πρῆσων σκάφη.

188
RHEUS S

While the Atreids’ sail o’er the dark sea flieth
From Troy low down in the offing that lieth?
   O friend, mayest thou with thine arm and thy spear
To help me in this my need appear,
   And return safe home from thy glory here!

Come thou, appear, thy buckler upraise: (Ant. 2) 370
Be its gold-sheen flashed in Achilles’ face
   As it gleameth athwart the chariot-railing,
As thou speedest thy steeds on thunderous-prancing
   At the foe from thy spear’s forked lightning quailing.
None, who hath braved thee in fury advancing,
Upon Argive lawn unto Hera dancing
   Shall stand, but here shall the corpse of him slain
Lie, by the Thracians’ doom of bane,
   To cumber the soil of its load full fain.

Enter RHEUS in his chariot, with Thracian guard.

Hail, great King, hail!—O Thrace, of thy scions 380
The glory is this—true prince to behold!
Mark ye the strong limbs lapped in gold:
Heard ye the bells clash proud defiance,
As their tongues from his buckler-handles tolled?
   ’Tis a God, Troy! Ares’ self is there,
This Strymon’s son, whom the Song-queen bare!
   Bringing times of refreshing to thee doth he fare.

RHEUS

Brave son of brave sire, prince of this land, hail,
Hector! I greet thee after many days.
I joy in thy good speed, who see thee camped 390
Nigh the foes’ towers. I come to help thee raze
Their ramparts, and to fire their galleys’ hulls.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΕΚΤΟΡ

παί τῆς μελῳδοῦ μητέρος Μουσών μμᾶς
Θρηκός τε ποταμοῦ Στρυμόνος, φιλῶ λέγεων
τάληθες αἰὲ κοῦ διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.
πάλαι πάλαι χρήν τῆς συγκάμειν χθοῦν
ἐλθόντα, καὶ μὴ τούπλι σ' Ἀργείων ὑπὸ
Τροίαν ἔσσαι πολεμίων πεσεῖν δορί.
οὐ γὰρ τι λέξεις ὡς ἀκλητοὶ ὃν φίλοις
οὐκ ἤλθες οὐδ' ἡμιπαία οὐδ' ἐπεστράφης.
τίς γὰρ σε κήρυξ ἡ γερουσία Φρυγῶν
ἐλθοῦσ' ἀμύνειν οὐκ ἐπέσκηψεν πόλει;
πόλων δὲ δῶρων κόσμον οὐκ ἐπέμψαμεν;
οὐ δὲ ἐγγενῆς ὃν βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρους
'Ελλησιών ἦμᾶς προὔπτει τὸ σὸν μέρος.
καλτοὶ σε μικρὰς ἐκ τυραννίδος μέγαν
Θρηκών ἀνακτα τῆς ἐθνὴς ἐγὼ χερί,
ὅτ' ἀμφι Πάγγαλον τε Παιόνων τε γῆν
Θρηκών ἀρίστοις ἐμπεσῶν κατὰ στόμα
ἐρρηξα πέλτην, σοὶ δὲ δουλώσας λεών
παρέσχοι ὁν σὺ λακτίσας πολλὴν χάριν,
φίλων νοσούντων ὑστερος βοηθομεῖς.
οἱ δ' οὐδὲν ἡμῖν ἐν γένει 1 πεφυκότες,
πάλαι παρόντες, οἱ μὲν ἐν χωστοῖς τάφοις
κεῦνται πεσόντες, πίστις οὐ σμικρὰ πόλει,
οἱ δ' ἐν θ' ὑπέλοισι καὶ παρ' ἰππείοις ὁχοῖς
ψυχρὰν ἄησιν δίψων τε πῦρ θεοῦ
μένονσι καρτεροῦντες, οὐκ ἐν δεμνίοις
πυκνὴν ἀμυντίν ως σὺ δεξιοῦμενοι.
420 ταῦθ', ὡς ἄν εἴδης 'Εκτορ' ὶντ' ἐλεύθερον,
καὶ μέμφομαι σοι καὶ λέγω κατ' ὁμμα σῶν.

1 Valckenaer and Paley: for ἐγγενεῖς of MSS.
Rhesus

Hector

Son of the Songful Mother, of the Muse,
And Thracian Strymon's flood, I love to speak
The truth: no man am I of double tongue.
Long, long since shouldest thou have come to aid
This land, nor suffered, for all help of thine,
That Troy should stoop 'neath spears of Argive foes.
Thou canst not say thou cam'st not to thy friends,
Nor visitedst for their help, for lack of bidding.
What Phrygian herald, or what ambassage,
Came not with instant prayer for help to Troy?
What splendour of gifts did we not send to thee?
Alien from Greece as we, our countryman,
To Greeks didst thou betray us, all thou couldst.
Yet thee from petty lordship made I great,
Yea, king of all the Thracians, with this arm,
When round Pangaeus and Paeonia's land
In battle-brunt on Thracian chiefs I fell,
Shattered their shield, and gave their folk to thee
In thrall. This grace thou hast trodden under foot,
And laggard com'st to help afflicted friends,
While they that are in no wise kin to us
Have long been here; and some in grave-mounds lie
Slain,—no mean loyalty to our city this,—
Some yet in arms beside their battle-cars
Abide, enduring hardness—chilly blast
And the sun's glare throat-parching, not on beds,
Like thee, with pledge of many a long deep draught.
Thus, that thou may'st know Hector's plain blunt mood,
I blame thee and I speak it to thy face.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

τοιούτος είμι καυτός, ευθείαν λόγων
tέμνων κέλευθον, κού δυτπλώς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.
ἐγὼ δὲ μειζόν ἢ σὺ τῆς ἄπων χθονὸς
λύπη πρὸς ἦπαρ δυσφορών ἔτειρόμην·
ἀλλ' ἄγχιτέρμων γαϊά μοι, Σκύθης λεώς,
μέλλοντι νόστον τὸν πρὸς Ἰλιον περάν
ξυνήγα πόλεμον. Εὐξένου δ' ἀφικόμην
πόντου πρὸς ἀκτάς, Ὀρήκα πορθμεύσαι στρατον.

ἐνθ' αἰματηρὸς πέλανος ἐς γαϊάν Σκύθης
ἡπτείτο λόγχη, Ὀρήξ τε συμμυγής φόνος.

tοιάδε τοι μ' ἀπείρησε συμφορά πέδων
Τροίας ἱκέσθαι σύμμαχον τε σοι μολεῖν.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπερότα, τών όμηρεύσας τέκνα,
tάξας ἔτειον δασμὸν εἰς δόμους φέρειν,
ἳκω περάσας ναυσὶ πόντιον στόμα,
tὰ δ' ἄλλα πεζὸς γῆς περῶν ὀρίσματα,
οὕν ὃς σὺ κομπεῖς τὰς ἐμᾶς ἀμύστιδας,
οὐδὲ ἐν ξαχρύσοις δῶμασιν κοιμώμενος,

ἀλλ' οί πόντον Ὀρήκιον φυσήματα
κροσταλλότητα Παίονας τ' ἐπεζάρει,
ἐξ' τούτοι' ἀνυνός οίδα τῆς πορτάμασιν.

.ἀλλ' ὑστερός μὲν ἠλθον, ἐν καιρῷ δ' ὄμως·
σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἢδη δέκατον αἰχμάζεις ἔτος
cουδὲν περαίνεσι, ἤμεραν δ' ἢ ἡμέρας
ῥήπτεις κυβεύων τὸν πρὸς Ἄργειον Ἄρην,
ἔμοι δὲ φῶς ἐν ἠλίου καταρκέσει
πέρσαντι πύργοις ναυστάθμοις ἐπεισπεσεῖν
κτεῖναι τ' Ἀχαίοις· θατέρα δ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου

πρὸς οἶκον εἶμι, συντεμών τοὺς σοὺς πόνους.
ὕμων δὲ μὴ τις ἀσπίδ' ἀρηταί χερὶ·

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RHESUS

RHESUS

Even such am I: no devious track of words
I follow: no man I of double tongue.
I for my absence from this land was vexed,
Chafing with grief of heart, far more than thou.
But Scythia's folk, whose frontiers march with mine,
Even as I set forward, Troyward bound,
Fell on me, even as I reached the shores
Of Euxine, with my Thracian host to cross.
There upon Scythia's soil great blood-gouts dripped
From spears, of Thracian slaughter blent with Scythian.

Such was the chance that barred my journeying
To Troyland's plains to be thy battle-aid.
I smote them, took their sons for hostages,
Set them a yearly tribute to my house,
Straight sailed across the sea-gorge, and am here.
I passed afoot the borders of thy land,
Not, as thou proudly tauntest, with deep draughts
Of wine, nor lying soft in golden halls:
But what the icy storm-blasts are that sweep
Paeonian steppes and Thracian sea, I learnt
By sleepless suffering, wrapped but in this cloak.

Late is my coming, timely none the less;
For ten full years hast thou been warring now,
Yet hast achieved naught, dost from day to day
Against the Argives cast the dice of war.
But for me one sun's dawning shall suffice
To storm their towers, to fall upon their fleet,
And slay the Achaeans. So, thy toils cut short,
From Ilium on the morrow home I pass,
Of you let no man lift in hand a shield:

VOL. I.
ΡΗΞΟΣ

ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔξω τοὺς μέγ᾽ αὐχοῦντας δορὶ
πέρσας Ἀχαιόσ, καίπερ ύστερος μολὼν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὶῶ ὅῳ.

φίλα θροεῖς, φίλος Διόθεν εἰ· μόνον
φθόνον ἄμαχον ύπατος
Ζεὺς θέλοι ἄμφι
σοὶς λόγουσιν εἰργεῖν.

τὸ δὲ ναὸν Ἀργόθεν δόρυ

οὕτε πρὶν τιν’ οὕτε γὺν

ἀνδρῶν ἐπόρευσε σέθεν κρείσσων. πῶς μοι

Ἀχιλλεὺς τὸ σὸν ἔγχος ἀν δύνατο,

πῶς δ’ Ἀθα ὑπομεῖναι ;

εἰ γὰρ ἑγὼ τὸδ‘ ἴμαρ εἰσίδοιμ’, ἀνάξ .

ἀτο πολυφόνον

χειρὸς ἀποινάσασιο λόγχα.

ΡΗΞΟΣ

τοιαύτα μὲν σοι τῆς μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας

πρᾶξαι παρέξω· σὺν δ’ Ἀδραστεία λέγω·

ἐπειδὰν ἔχρων τὴν’ ἐλευθέρων πόλιν

θῶμεν θεοῖς τ’ ἀκροθίνι εξέλθησι,

ἐξὺν σοι στρατεύειν γῆν ἐπ’ Ἀργείων θέλω
καὶ πᾶσαν ἐλθὼν Ἑλλάδ’ ἑκπέρσαι δορί,

ὅς ἀν μάθωσιν ἐν μέρει πάσχειν κακῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

εἰ τοῦ παρόντος τοῦτ’ ἀπαλλαχθεῖσ κακοῦ

πόλιν νεμοίμην ὡς τὸ πρὶν ποτ’ ἀσφαλῆ,

ἡ κάρτα πολλὴν θεοῖς ἂν εἰδείην χάριν.

τὰ δ’ ἄμφι τ’ Ἀργος καὶ νομὸν τῶν ᾿Ελλάδος

οὐχ ὡδε πορθεῖν ῥάδι’, ὡς λέγεις, δορί.
Rhesus

I ruining with my spear will still the vaunts
Of yon Achaeans, howso late I come.

Chorus

(Str. to Ant. 820-832)

Hail to thee! welcome thy shout is, our champion
from Zeus and our friend!
Only may Zeus the most highest forgive thee thy
vaunt, and defend
Thee from the malice of Jealousy, her with whom
none may contend!

Never the galleys of Argos, aforetime nor late, to our
Brought mid the hosts of their heroes a champion so
mighty of hand.

How shall Achilles or Aias thy battle-spear's lightning
O that I also may live to behold it, the on-coming day!
O to behold it, thy vengeance triumphant, when lifted
to slay

Flasheth the lance in thine hand, spreading havoc

Rhesus

Such deeds will I, for my long absence' sake,
Perform for thee. So Nemesis say not nay,
When we have freed this city of foes, and thou
Hast chosen triumph's firstfruits for the Gods,
Then will I march with thee to Argive land,
Swoop down, and waste all Hellas with the spear,
That they in turn may learn what suffering means.

Hector

If I, delivered from this imminent curse,
Might sway a city as of old secure,
Then were my soul all thankfulness to heaven.
But, for thy talk of Argos and the meads
Of Hellas, these shall no spear lightly waste.
ΦΗΣΟΣ

οὐ τούσδ' ἀριστεῖας φασίν Ἑλλήνων μολεῖν;

ΕΚΤΩΡ
κοῦ μεμφόμεσθα γ', ἀλλ' ἄδην ἐλαίνομεν.

ΦΗΣΟΣ
οὐκον κτανόντες τούσδε πᾶν εἰργάσμεθα;

ΕΚΤΩΡ
μὴ νυν τὰ πόρρω τάγγυθεν μεθεὶς σκότει.

ΦΗΣΟΣ
ἀρκεῖν ἐοικὸ σοι παθεῖν, δρᾶσαι δὲ μή.

ΕΚΤΩΡ
πολλὴς γὰρ ἄρχω κάνθαδ' ἀν τυραννίδος.
ἀλλ' εἰτε λαίνων εἰτε δεξιῶν κέρας,
εἰτ' ἐν μέσοι συμμάχοις, πάρεστι σοι,
πέλτην ἔρεισαι καὶ καταστήσαι στρατόν.

ΦΗΣΟΣ
μόνος μάχεσθαι πολεμῶις, Ἐκτωρ, θέλω.
εἰ δ' αἰσχρὸν ἤγει μὴ συνεμπρήσαι νεῶν
πρύμνας, πονήσας τὸν πάρος πολύν χρόνον,
tάξουν μ' Ἀχιλλέως καὶ στρατοῦ κατὰ στόμα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ
οὐκ ἔστ' ἐκεῖνῳ θοῦρον ἀντάραι δόρυ.

ΦΗΣΟΣ
καὶ μὴν λόγος γ' ἦν ὡς ἐπλευσ' ἐπ' 'Ἰλιον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ
ἐπλευσε καὶ πάρεστιν· ἀλλὰ μηρῶν
στρατηλάταισιν οὐ συναίρεται δόρυ.

ΦΗΣΟΣ
τὸς δὲ μετ' αὐτῶν ἄλλος εὐδοξεῖ στρατοῦ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ
Αἴας ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδὲν ἥσσάσθαι δοκεῖ
χω Τιθέως παῖς· ἔστι δ' αἰμυλώτατον

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RHESUS

RHESUS
These that have come, are they not named her best?

HECTOR
Nor I misprize them, who can scarce repel.

RHESUS
Then is not all achieved when these are slain?

HECTOR
Gaze not afar, neglecting things at hand.

RHESUS
Thou seem'st content to suffer unavenged!

HECTOR
My realms be wide enow, though here I stay. But thou—upon the left wing or the right, Or centre of our allies, mayst thou plant Thy buckler, and array thy battle-line.

RHESUS
Hector, alone I fain would fight the foe. Yet, if thou think shame not to help to fire The ship-sterns, after all thy toils o'erpast, Post me to face Achilles and his host.

HECTOR
'Gainst him one cannot lift the eager spear.

RHESUS
Yet rumour ran that he too sailed to Troy.

HECTOR
He sailed, and he is here; but, being wroth With fellow-chieftains, lifteth not the spear.

RHESUS
Who next him in their host hath high renown?

HECTOR
Aias I count no whit outdone by him, And Tydeus' son; and that glib craftiest knave
ΡΗΣΟΣ

κρότημ' Ὄδυσσεύς, λήμα τ' ἀρκούντως θρασὺς καὶ πλείστα χώραν τήνδ’ ἀνήρ καθυβρίσας. ὦς εἰς Ἀθάνας σηκὸν ἐνυγχος μολὼν κλέφας ἁγαλμα ναις ἐπ' Ἀργείων φέρει. ἤδη δ' ἀγυρτης πτωχικὴν ἔχων στολὴν εἰσῆλθε πύργους, πολλὰ δ' Ἀργείως κακὰ ἦρατο, πεμφθεὶς Ἰλιον κατάκκοπος· κτανῶν δὲ φρουροὺς καὶ παραστάτας πυλῶν ἐξῆλθεν· ἀεὶ δ' ἐν λόχοις εὐρίσκεται Θυμβραίον ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἀστεὸς πέλας θάσσων· κακῶ δὲ μερμέρῳ παλαιόμεν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

νῦν μὲν καταυλίσθητε· καὶ γὰρ εὐφρόνη. δεῖξε δ' ἐγώ σοι χώρον, ἑυθα χρῆ στρατὸν τὸν σὸν γνηκέσαι τοῦ τεταγμένου δίχα. ξύνθημα δ' ἡμῖν Φοῖβος, ἣν τι καὶ δέη, μέμνησ' ἀκούσας Θρηκί τ' ἀγγειλον στρατῷ. ὑμᾶς δὲ βάντας χρῆ προταινῖ τάξεων φρουρεῖν ἐγερτί, καὶ νέων κατάσκοπον δέχθαι Δόλωνα· καὶ γὰρ εἰπερ ἐστὶ σῶς, ἥδη πελάξει στρατοπέδουσι Τρωικοῖς.
Rhesus

Odysseus—yet, for courage, brave enow,
And chief of mischief-workers to this land;
Who came by night unto Athena's fane,
Her image stole, and bare to Argos' ships.
In vile attire but now, in beggar's guise,
He passed our gate-towers: loudly did he curse
The Argives—he, their spy to Ilium sent!
He slew the guards, the warders of the gates,
And stole forth. Aye in ambush is he found
By the Thymbraean altars nigh the town
Lurking—a foul pest he to wrestle with!

Rhesus

No man of knightly soul would deign by stealth
To slay his foe; he meets him face to face.
This man who skulks, thou sayest, like a thief,
And weaves his plots, him will I take alive,
And at your gates' outgoings set him up
Impaled, a feast for vultures heavy-winged.
Robber and riffer of the shrines of Gods,
Meet is it that he die by such a doom!

Hector

Encamp ye now and rest, for it is night.
A spot myself will show thee, where thine host
Must pass the night, apart from our array.
"Phoebus" the watchword is, if need arise:
Remember it, and tell thy Thracian host.
(To the Chorus) Ye must go forth in front of all our lines:
Watch keenly, and our spy upon the ships,
Dolon, receive; for, if he be unharmed,
By this he draweth nigh the camp of Troy.

[Exeunt Hector and Rhesus.]

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ΡΗΞΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίνος ἀ φυλακά; τις ἀμείβει στρ.
tὰν ἐμὰν; πρῶτα
dῦται σημεῖα καὶ ἐπτάποροι
Πλευάδες αἰθέριαι;
μέσα δ᾽ αἰετὸς οὐρανὸς ποτάται.
ἐγρεσθε, τί μέλλετε; κοιτᾶν
ἐγρεσθε πρὸς φυλακάν.
οὐ λεύσσετε μηνάδος αὐγλαν;
ἀδὲς δὴ πέλας ἀδὲς
γίγνεται, καὶ τις προδρόμων
οδε γ᾽ ἐστὶν ἀστήρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΠΙΟΝ

τίς ἐκηρύχθη πρῶτην φυλακήν;
* * * * 1

ΗΜΙΧΟΠΙΟΝ

Μυγδόνος ὃν φασὶ Κόροιβον.

ΗΜΙΧΟΠΙΟΝ

τίς γὰρ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΠΙΟΝ

Κύλικας Παῖων
στρατὸς ἦγειρεν, Μυσὸι δ᾽ ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΠΙΟΝ

οὐκοῦν Δυκίους πέμπτην φυλακὴν
βάντας ἐγείρειν
καιρὸς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

1 A line is lost here, which should correspond to l. 558.
Rhesus

Chorus

(Str.)
Ho, warders, to whom is the next watch given?
whose warding followeth mine?
For the stars that were high in the evening sky are
setting: uprisen ye see [broad wings shine.
The Pleiads seven: in the midst of heaven the Eagle's
Ho, comrades, awake from your slumber! Why do ye
linger? Hither to me! [tramp appear!
Ho ye, ho ye, from your couches leap, for the sentinel-
Do ye see not afar where the silver car of the moon
o'er the sea hangs low?
The dayspring cometh—break off your sleep, for the
dawning is near, is near.
Lo there in the east where gleameth a star—'tis her
harbinger: rouse ye, ho!

Semichorus 1
For whom was the night's first watch proclaimed?

Semichorus 2
For the scion of Mygdon, Coroebus named.

Semichorus 1
Who then?

Semichorus 2
'The Paeonians roused the folk
Of Cilicia: us the Mysians woke.

Semichorus 1
High time is it then that we hasted to call
The Lycians; to them did the fifth watch fall,
When the lot to our stations assigned us all.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ἀιώ, Σιμόδεντος ἀντ.
ἡμένα κοίτας
φωνίας ύμνει πολυχορδοτάτα
γῆρνι παιδολέτωρ
μελοποιὸς ἀδόνις μέριμναν·
ἡδη δὲ νέμουσι κατ' Ἰδαν
ποίμνια· νυκτιβρόμον
σύριγγος ἰδαν κατακούων·
θέλγει ὁ ὀμματος ἐδραν
ὑπνος· ἄδιστος γὰρ ἔβα
βλεφάροις πρὸς ἀδοὺς.

HMIXORION

τι ποτ’ οὐ πλάθει σκοτός, ὑπ’ ναὶ
"Εκτωρ ὁτρυνε κατόπταν τα;

HMIXORION

ταρβδω· χρόνιος γὰρ ἀπεστών.

HMIXORION

ἀλλ’ ἂν κρυπτὸν λόχον εἰσπαίσας
διόλωλε; τάχ’ ἂν εἶν φανερόν.

HMIXORION

ἀυδὸς Δυκίους πέμπτην φυλακὴν
βάντας ἐγείρειν
ἡμᾶς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

ΟΔΥΣΕΙΣ

Διόμηδε, οὐκ ἦκουσας — ἡ κενὸς ψόφος
στάξει δι’ ὀτων; — τευχέων τινὰ κτύπον;
RHEUS

CHORUS

(Ant.)

I hear, I hear—'tis the nightingale! The mother that slew her child—[murder-stain—
As broodeth her wing o'er the fearful thing, the eternal
By Simois chanteth her heart-stricken wail; the voice
of her woe rings wild,[hopeless pain—
As passions a lute of many a string,—winged poet of
Hark! flocks to the pasture are going: they bleat as
they stray down Ida's brow;
And I hear it float through the dark, the note of the
pipe's ethereal cry;
And drowsihead with her witchery sweet is lulling
mine eyelids now;[the dawn is nigh.
For to weary eyes she cometh, I wot, most dear when

SEMICHRUS 1

Why draweth not near unto us that scout
Whom Hector to spy on the fleet sent out?

SEMICHRUS 2

Long stays he: there haunts me a fearful doubt.

SEMICHRUS 1

Is he slain, think ye, in an ambuscade?
Manifest soon shall his fate be made.

SEMICHRUS 2

I rede ye then that we haste to call
The Lycians; to them did the fifth watch fall,
When the lot to our stations assigned us all.

[Exeunt.

Enter ODYSSEUS and DIOMEDES.

ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, heard'st thou not—or through mine ears
Thrills but an empty sound? —a clash of arms?
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκ ἀλλὰ δεσμὰ πωλικῶν ἐξ ἀντύγων
κλάζει σιδήρου· κἀκεῖ τοι, πρῶν ἥσθόμην
δεσμῶν ἀραγμὸν ἰπτικῶν, ἔδω φόβοις.

ΟΔΣΞΕΤΣΕ

ὁρα κατ’ ὀρφήνην μὴ φύλαξιν ἐντύχησ.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

φυλάξομαι τοι κὰκ σκότῳ τιθεῖς πόδα.

ΟΔΣΞΕΤΣΕ

ἡν δ’ οὖν ἐγείρῃς, οἶσθα σύνθημα στρατοῦ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

Φοῖβον Δόλωνος οἶδα σύμβολον κλύων.

ΟΔΣΞΕΤΣΕ

ἐὼ·
eὐνὰς ἐρήμους τάσδε πολεμίων ὄρω.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

cαὶ μὴν Δόλων γε τάσδ’ ἐφφαράζειν Ἐκτόρος
κοίτας, ἐφ’ ὑπ’ ἐγχος εἰλκυσταί τόδε.

ΟΔΣΞΕΤΣΕ

tί δῆτ’ ἂν εἴη; μῶν λόχος βέβηκέ ποι;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἴσως ἐφ’ ἡμῖν μηχανή στήςων τινά.

ΟΔΣΞΕΤΣΕ

θρασύς γὰρ Ἐκτὸρ νῦν, ἔτει κρατεῖ, θρασύς.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

tί δῆτ’, Ὅδυσσεῦ, ὄρῳμεν; οὐ γὰρ ἡτομεν
τὸν ἄνδρ’ ἐν εὐναῖς, ἐλπίδων δ’ ἡμάρτομεν.

ΟΔΣΞΕΤΣΕ

στείχωμεν ὡς τάχιστα ναυστάθμων πέλασ.
σφέξει γὰρ αὐτόν ὅστις εὐτυχῆ θεῶν
τίθησιν· ἡμῖν δ’ οὖ βιαστέου τύχην.

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Rhesus

Diomedes
Nay, 'tis steel harness hung o'er chariotRails
That rings. Through me too passed a shiver of fear,
Till I discerned the clank of horses' chains.

Odysseus
Beware thou light not darkling on their guards.

Diomedes
Even in darkness will I step with heed.

Odysseus
But, shouldst thou rouse them, knowest thou the
watchword?

Diomedes
"Phoebus"—from Dolon's mouth I heard the word.

Odysseus
Ha! void of foes this bivouac I see!

Diomedes
Yet surely Dolon told us that here lay
Hector, against whom this my spear is trailed.

Odysseus
What means this? Is his troop elsewhither gone?

Diomedes
Perchance he frames 'gainst us a stratagem.

Odysseus
Ay, bold is Hector, now triumphant—bold!

Diomedes
What then, Odysseus, shall we do? The man
We find not on his couch: our hopes are foiled.

Odysseus
Return we to the ships' array in haste.
Some God, whoever giveth him good speed,
Shields him. 'Tis not for us to strive with fate.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
ούκοιν ἐπ' Ἀινέαν ἦ τὸν ἔχθιστον Φρυγών
Πάρων μολόντε χρὴ καρατομεῖν ξίφει.

ΟΔΤΕΣΕΤΕ
πῶς οὖν ἐν ὅρφυῃ πολεμίων ἀνὰ στρατὸν
ζητῶν δυνῆσει τοῦδ' ἀκινδύνως κτανεῖν;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ
αἰσχρὸν γε μέντοι ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολείν,
δρᾶσαντε μηδέν πολεμίων νεώτερον.

ΟΔΤΕΣΕΤΕ
πῶς δ' οὐ δέδρακας; οὐ κτανόντε ναυστάθμων
κατάσκοπον Δόλωνα σφιξομεν τάδε
σκυλεύματ' ἣ πᾶν στρατόπεδον πέρσεων δοκεῖσ;
πείθου, πάλιν στείχωμεν εὐ δ' εἴῃ τυχεῖν.

ἈΕΗΝΑ
ποὺ δὴ λιπόντες Τρωικῶν ἐκ τάξεων
χωρεῖτε, λύπῃ καρδίαιν δεδηγμένοιν,
εἰ μὴ κτανεῖν σφιξ᾽ Ἐκτόρ' ἢ Πάρων θεῶς
dίδωσιν; ἀνδρὰ δ' οὐ πέπνυσθε σύμμαχον
Τροία μολόντα 'Ρήσου οὐ φαύλῳ τρόπῳ;

600 ὅσ' εἰ διὸςει νῦκτα τήν' ἐς αὐρίον,
οὔτ' ἀν σφ' Ἀχιλλέως οὔτ' ἂν Αἴαντος δόρυ
μὴ πάντα πέρσαι ναυστάθμ' Ἀργείων σχέθοι
τείχη κατασκάψαντα καὶ πυλῶν ἔσω
λόγχῃ πλατείαν εἰςδρομήν ποιούμενον.
τούτων κατακτᾶς πάντ' ἔχεισ. τάς δ' Ἐκτορος εὐνάς ἔασον καὶ καρατόμους σφαγάς.
ἐσται γὰρ αὐτῷ θάνατος ἐξ ἄλλης χερός.

ΟΔΤΕΣΕΤΕ
δέστεοι' Ἀθάνα, φθέγματος γὰρ ἰσθόμην
τοῦ σοῦ συνήθη γῆρων· ἐν πόνοισι γὰρ

206
Rhesus

Diomedes
Nay, on Aeneas fall we, or on Paris—
Of foes most hated,—and smite off their heads.

Odysseus
How in the dark, amidst a host of foes,
Unperilled wilt thou search, and slay these twain?

Diomedes
Yet base it were to hie to Argos' ships
With nought of mischief to the foe achieved. 590

Odysseus
Nothing achieved? Have we not slain the spy
Upon the galleys, Dolon? Have we not
His spoils? Look'st thou to ravage all their camp?
Hear me—return we; so good speed be ours.

Athena appears above the stage.

Athena
Ho! whither go ye, from the lines of Troy
Fleeing, with sorrow rankling in your hearts
That Fortune grants you not the life of Hector,
Nor Paris? Know ye not of this ally,
Rhesus, to Troy magnificently come?
If he live through this night until the dawn,
Him neither Aias' nor Achilles' spear
Shall stay from wasting all the Argive fleet,
Razing your ramparts, and within your gates
Making broad havoc of onslaught with his lance.
Slay him, and all is thine. But Hector's couch
Let be: spare thou to smite his head from him.
To him shall death come from another hand.

Odysseus
O Queen Athena—for I know the sound
Of thy familiar voice, since evermore
ΡΗΣΟΣ

610 παροῦσ’ ἀμώνεις τοῖς ἐμοὶς ἄει ποτε·
τὸν ἄνδρα δ’ ἡμῖν ποὺ κατηνύασται φράσον,
πόθεν τέτακται βαρβάρου στρατεύματος;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

620 ἃ δ’ ἔγγυς ἦσται κοῦ συνήθροισται στρατῷ,
ἄλλ’ ἐκτὸς αὐτὸν τάξεων κατηνύασεν
"Εκτωρ, ἔως ἂν νῦξ ἀμείβηται φάοσ.
πέλας δὲ πῶλοι Ὀρήκιων ἐξ ἀρμάτων
λευκαὶ δέδενται, διαπρεπεῖς ἐν εὐφρόνῃ·
στίλβουσι δ’ ὦστε ποταμίου κύκνου πτερόν.
ταύτας κτανόντες δεσπότην κομίζετε,
κάλλιστον οὐκοὺς σκύλου· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ’ ὅπου
τοιόνδ’ ὥχιμα χθῶν κέκευθε πωλικόν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΕ

630 Διόμηδες, ἢ σὺ κτεῖνε Ὀρήκιον λεών,
ἡ μοὶ πάρες γε, σοὶ δὲ χρή πῶλους μέλειν.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἐγὼ φονεύσω, πωλοδαμνήσεις δὲ σύ·
τρίβων γὰρ εἰ τὰ κομψὰ καὶ νοεῖ σοφός.
χρῆ δ’ ἄνδρα τάσσειν οὐ μάλιστ’ ἂν ὀφελοῦ.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

καὶ μὴν καθ’ ἡμᾶς τὸν’ Ἀλέξανδρον βλέπω
στείχοντα, φυλάκων ἐκ τινὸς πεπυσμένων
δόξας ἀσήμους πολεμίων μεμβλακότων.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

630 πότερα σὺν ἄλλοις ἢ μόνος πορεύεται;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μόνος· πρὸς εὐνᾶς δ’, ὡς ἔοικεν,"Εκτορος
χωρεῖ, κατόπτας σημανῶν ἦκειν στρατοῦ.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκοὺν ὑπάρχειν τόνδε κατθανόντα γρή;
Rhesus

Beside me in my toils thou wardest me,—
Tell to us where this hero sleeping lies,
Where he is stationed in the alien host.

Athena

Here is he, nigh, not quartered with the host:
Hector to him assigned a resting-place
Without his lines, till night give place to day.
Hard by, his white steeds to his Thracian car
Are tethered: clear they gleam athwart the dark
As gleams the white wing of a river-swan.
These lead ye hence when ye have slain their lord,
Proud trophy for your halls: there is no land
That holdeth such a team of chariot-steeds.

Odysseus

Diomedes, either slay thou Thracia's folk,
Or leave to me, and thou the horses heed.

Diomedes

I will be slayer. Manage thou the steeds;
For versed art thou in craft, and keen of wit.
Best set each man where best his help avails.

Athena

Lo, yonder Alexander I discern
Draw nigh us. From some watchman hath he heard
A doubtful rumour of the approach of foes.

Diomedes

Or cometh he with others, or alone?

Athena

Alone. To Hector's couch, meseems, he fares,
To tell how spies upon the host be here.

Diomedes

Ought he not then to be the first to die?
ΡΗΞΟΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ
ούκ ἂν δύναιο τοῦ πεπρωμένου πλέον.
tούτον δὲ πρὸς σής οὐ θέμις χειρὸς θανεῖν.
ἀλλ’ φιλέρ ήκεις μορσίμους φέρων σφαγάς,
tάχυν’ ἐγὼ δὲ τόδε ξύμμαχος Κύπρις
δοκοῦσ· ἀρωγός ἐν πόνοις παραστατεῖν,
σαθρὸς λόγουσιν ἐχθρὸν ἄνδρ’ ἀμείψαμαι.
καὶ ταῦτ’ ἐγὼ μὲν εἰποῦ· δι’ ἰδ’ χρῆ παθεῖν,
oὐκ οἴδεν οὐδ’ ἡκουσεν ἐγγὺς ὃν λόγον.

640

ΠΑΡΙΣ
σὲ τὸν στρατηγὸν καὶ κασίγνητον λέγω,
"Εκτόρ, καθεύδεις; οὐκ ἐγείρεσθαι σ’ ἑρήν;
ἐχθρὸν τις ἡμῖν χρίμπτεται στρατεύματι,
ἡ κλώπες ἄνδρες ἡ κατάσκοποι τινες.

ΑΘΗΝΑ
θάρσει· φυλάσσει σ’ ἱδε πρεπεμνῆς Κύπρις.
μέλει δ’ ὅ σός μοι πόλεμος, οὐδ’ ἀμημωνὸ
τιμῆς, ἐπανὼ δ’ εὗ παθοῦσα πρὸς σέθεν.
καὶ νῦν ἐπ’ εὐτυγχοῦντες Τρωικὴ στρατά
ἥκω πορεύοντο’ ἄνδρα σοι μέγαν φίλον,
τῆς ὑποποιοῦ παῖδα Θρήκιον θεᾶς
Μούσης, πατρὸς δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκεται.

650

ΠΑΡΙΣ
ἀεί ποτ’ εὗ φρονοῦσα τυγχάνεις πόλει
κάμοι, μέγιστον δ’ ἐν βίῳ κειμῆλιν
κρίνας σὲ φημὶ τῇδε προσθέσαθαι πόλει.
ἥκω δ’ ἀκούσας οὐ τορῶς, φήμη δὲ τις
φύλαξιν ἐμπέπτωκεν ὡς κατάσκοποι
ἥκουσ· Αχαϊῶν. χῶ μὲν οὐκ ἰδὼν λέγει,
ο δ’ εἰσιδοῦ μολόντας οὐκ ἔχει φράσαι,

660

ὡν εἴνεκ’ εὐνάσ ἦλθον πρὸς ’Εκτόρος.
RHEUS

ATHENA
Thou canst not overpass the doom of fate.
It may not be that by thine hand he die.
Haste thou against the man for whom thou bring'st
The slaughter-doom. To Paris will I seem
Cypris his friend, present to aid his toils,
And with false words will answer him I hate.
This have I told you: nought the doomed man knows,
Nor aught hath heard, for all he is so near.

[Exeunt Od. and Diom.

Enter Paris.

PARIS
War-chief and brother, ho, to thee I call,
Hector! Dost sleep? Behoves thee not to watch?
Some foes to us is nigh unto the host—
Marauders they, or peradventure spies.

ATHENA
Fear not. I, Cypris, ward thee graciously.
I take thought for thy warfare, nor forget
Thine honour done me, and thy service thank.
And now, when triumpheth the host of Troy,
Leading to thee a mighty friend I come,
The Thracian scion of the Muse, the Queen
Of Song: he bears the name of Strymon's son.

PARIS
Gracious art thou unto my city still,
And unto me, I trow I won for Troy
Life's goodliest treasure, judging thee most fair.
Vague rumour brought me hither: some report
Amongst the guard had risen of Argive spies
Even now at hand. One saith it that saw nought:
One saw them come, yet nothing more can tell.
Wherefore to Hector's resting-place I came.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ
μηδὲν φοβήθης· οὔδὲν ἐν στρατῷ νέον·
"Εκτὸς δὲ φρούδος Θρήκα κοιμήσων στρατόν.

ΠΑΡΙΣ
σὺ τοί με πέμψεις, σοῖς δὲ πιστεύων λόγοις
τάξιν φυλάξων εἰμ’ ἐλεύθερος φόβου.

ΑΘΗΝΑ
χώρει· μέλειν γὰρ πάντ’ ἐμοὶ δόκει τὰ σά,
ὡστ’ εὐτυχοῦτας συμμάχους ἐμοὺς ὀρὰν.
γνώσει δὲ καὶ σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν προθυμίαν.

ὑμᾶς δ’ αὐτῶ τοὺς ἁγαν ἐρρωμένους,
Δαιτίου παῖ, θηκτὰ κοιμίσαται ξίφη.

κεῖται γὰρ ἡμῖν Θρήκιος στρατηλάτης,
ὑπ’ον τ’ ἐχοῦται, πολέμωι δ’ ἴσθημένοι
χωροῦσ’ ἐφ’ ὑμᾶς. ἀλλ’ ὅσον τάχιστα χρὴ
φεύγειν πρὸς ὅλκους ναυστάθμων. τί μέλλετε
σκηντοῦ πιόντος πολεμίων σφίξεω βίου;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐὰν ἐὰν·
βάλε βάλε βάλε βάλε,
θένε θένε. τίς ὅδ’ ἄνηρ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΩΝ
λεύσσετε, τοῦτον αὐδῷ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΩΝ
κλώπες οὕτως κατ’ ὄρφνην
tόιν δε κινοῦσι στρατόν.

680
dεύρο δεύρο πᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΩΝ
tοῦδ’ ἔχω, τοῦδ’ ἐμαρφά.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΩΝ
tίς ὁ λόχος; πόθεν ἐβας; ποδαπὸς εἶ;
Rhesus

Athena

Fear nothing: in the host no peril is.
Hector to quarter Thracia's host is gone.

Paris

Thou dost assure me: lo, I trust thy words.
And free of fear I go to guard my post.

Athena

Go: be thou sure that all thy care is mine,
That so triumphant I may see my friends.
Yea, and thou too shalt prove my zeal for thee.
[Exit Paris.

Ho ye! I bid you, over-eager twain—
Laertes' son!—let sleep the whetted swords;
For at our feet dead lies the Thracian chief;
Our prize his steeds are. But the foe have heard,
And close on you. Now must ye with all speed
To yon ship-channels flee. Why linger ye,
When bursts the storm of foes, to save your lives?

Enter Odysseus followed by chorus, tumultuously.

Chorus

Ha, smite!—ha, smite!—ha, smite!—ha, smite!
Stab thou!—stab thou!—who is this wight?

Semicorpus 1

Look ye on him—this fellow, I say!—

Semicorpus 2

Marauders who under night's dark pall
Are startling our array!—
Hitherward, hitherward, all!

Semicorpus 1

I have them caught in the grasp of mine hand!

Semicorpus 2

(To od.) What is thy troop?—whence art thou?—a
man of what land?
ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὗ σὲ χρῆ εἰδέναι

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ
θανεῖ γὰρ σήμερον δράσας κακῶς.
οὐκ ἔρεις ξύνθημα, λόγχην πρὶν διὰ στέρνων μολέιν;

ΟΔΣΕΣΕΙ

ἡ σὺ δὴ Ῥήσων κατέκτας;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ
ἀλλὰ τὸν κτενοῦντα σὲ ἱστορῶ.

ΟΔΣΕΣΕΙ

θάρσει, πέλας ἵθι.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ
παῖε, παῖε, παῖε πᾶς.

ΟΔΣΕΣΕΙ

ἴσχε πᾶς τις.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ
οὐ μὲν ὅσιν.

ΟΔΣΕΣΕΙ

ἀ, φίλιον ἄνδρα μὴ θένησ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καὶ τί δὴ τὸ σήμα;

ΟΔΣΕΣΕΙ

Φοῖβος.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἐμαθὼν ἰσχε πᾶς δόρυ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἴσθ' ὅποι βεβάζων ἄνδρες;

1 The dialogue that follows is differently distributed by various editors. Badham's arrangement, adopted by Paley, is here followed, also his reading of ἱστορῶ for ἱστω of MSS.

214
Rhesus

Odysséus

Nought to thee is this!

Sémichorus 1

For thou shalt die for evil wrought this day!
Tell the watchword, ere the spear unto thine heart
    have found the way!

Odysséus

Ha! and hast thou murdered Rhesus?

Sémichorus 2

Nay his would-be murderer, thee,

Question I.

Odysséus (beckoning them off the stage).

Fear not, come hither.

Sémichorus 1

Strike him! strike him! strike him, ye!

Odysséus

Hold, each man!

Sémichorus 2

Nay, hold we will not!

Odysséus

Ho! let not a friend be slain!

Sémichorus 1

What then is the watchword?

Odysséus

Phoebus.

Sémichorus 2

Right: his spear let each refrain.

Sémichorus 1

Know'st thou whither went the men?
ΠΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΤΕΞΕΤΕ

τηδε πη κατειδομεν.

HMIXORION

690 έρπε πᾶς κατ' ἵχνος αὐτῶν, ἡ βοὴν ἐγερτέοι;

ΟΔΤΕΞΕΤΕ

ἀλλὰ συμμάχους παράσσεων δεινὸν ἐν νυκτῶν

φόβῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς ἀνδρῶν ὁ βάς;

τίς δὲ μέγα θράσους ἐπεύξεται,

χέρα φυγὼν ἐμάν;

πόθεν ὑπν κυρήσω;

τίνι προσεικάσω,

ὅστις δὲ ὀρφυνής ἥλθ' ἀδειμάντω ποδὶ

diá τε τάξεων καὶ φυλάκων ἔδρας;

Θεσσαλὸς ἦ

700 παραλίαν Δοκρῶν νεμόμενον πόλιν;

ἡ νησιώτης σποράδα κέκτηται βίον;

τίς ἦν πόθεν; ποιάς πάτρας;

ποῖον ἐπεύχεται τὸν ὑπατὸν θεῶν;

HMIXORION

ἀρ' ἔστ' Ὅδυσσεώς τοῦργον ἡ τίνος τόδε;

HMIXORION

εἰ τοῖς πάροιθε χρὴ τεκμαίρεσθαι, δοκεῖ.

HMIXORION

dοκεῖς γὰρ;

HMIXORION

τί μὴν οὐ;

216
RHESEUS

ODYSSEUS
I marked them somewhere yonder nigh.

SEMICHORUS 2
Press, each man, upon their track!—or shall we raise the 'larum cry?

ODYSSEUS
Nay, 'twere perilous to scare with night-alarms a war-ally.

[ODYSSEUS slips away into the darkness.

CHORUS

(St.)
He is gone from us!—who was the man
   Who shall vaunt of his aweless might?
Out of mine hands, lo, he ran—
   Where on him now shall I light?
Unto whom shall I liken him—him, who with foot
   unafraid through the night
Passed ranks, passed many a sentinel-post?
   A Thessalian is he?
Doth he dwell in a town that from Locris' coast
   Looketh over the sea?
Or, an' islander, lives he by piracy?
   [boast?
Who?—whence?—what fatherland-home doth he
Of the Gods whom doth he confess most high?

SEMICHORUS 1
Whose deed is this?—Odysseus' dark design?

SEMICHORUS 2
Yea, if from his past deeds we may divine.

SEMICHORUS 1
Ha, thinkest thou so?

SEMICHORUS 2
   Yea, how should I not?
ΡΗΣΟΣ

HMIXORION

θρασύς γοῦν ἐς ἡμᾶς.

HMIXORION
tίν' ἀλκήν; τίν' αἰνεῖς;

HMIXORION

'Οδυσσή.

HMIXORION

μὴ κλωπὸς αἰνεῖ φωτὸς αἰμύλων δόρυ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

710 ἔβα καὶ πάρος
κατὰ πτόλην, ὑπαφρον ὅμμ' ἔχων,
ρακοδύτῳ στολᾷ
πυκασθεῖς, ξεφύρης
κρύφιοι ἐν πέπλοις.
βίον δ' ἐπαιτῶν εἰρη' ἀγύρτης τις λάτρις,
ψαφαρόχρουν κάρα πουλυπινές τ' ἔχων
πολλά δὲ τὰν
θασιλίδ' ἐστιαν 'Ατρειδᾶν κακῶς
ἔβαζε δὴθεν ἐχθρός ἃν στρατηλάταις.

720 ὀλοιτ' ὀλοίτο πανδίκως,
πρὶν ἐπὶ γὰν Φρυγών ποδὸς ἰχνὸς βαλεῖν.

HMIXORION
eῖτ' οὖν Ὀδυσσέως εἴτε μή, φόβος μ' ἔχει.
"Εκτωρ γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῖς φύλαξι μέμψεται.

HMIXORION
tί λάσκων;

HMIXORION
dυσοίζων—

HMIXORION
tί δρᾶσαι; τί ταρβεῖς;

HMIXORION

καθ' ἡμᾶς περάσαι—

218
Rhesus

Semichorus 1
A daring foe unto us, I wot!

Semichorus 2
Whose courage, what man, dost thou praise?

Semichorus 1
Odysseus the chief.

Semichorus 2
Praise not the prowess thou of a knavish thief!

Chorus
He came in the days overpast
Unto Troy:—from his eyes rheum poured:
Rags round his body were cast:
'Neath his cloak was a hidden sword:
Like a vagabond varlet he prowled, begging crumbs
from the feastful board,
With head overgrimed with foulness, and hair
All filth-defiled.
As though the war-chiefs' foe he were,
The house he reviled—
The house of the Atreid kings:—O meet,
O just should it be that he perish, ere
He trample Phrygia beneath his feet.

Semichorus 1
Whether Odysseus or another came,
I fear me: us the guards shall Hector blame,—

Semichorus 2
How blame us?

Semichorus 1
Shall speak his suspicion out,—

Semichorus 2
Of what deed? What is thy fearful doubt?

Semichorus 1
That even by us passed in—

219
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀνδρῶν;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐ τῆςδε νυκτὸς ἡλθον εἰς Φρυγῶν στρατὸν.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ιῷ, δαίμονος τύχη βαρεία. φεύ φεύ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐα.

730 σῖγα πᾶς, ὑψίζ. ἵσως γὰρ εἰς βόλον τις ἔρχεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ιῷ ιῷ,

συμφορᾶ βαρεία Θρηκῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συμμάχων τις ὁ στένων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ιῷ.

dύστηνος ἔγὼ σὺ τ', ἄναξ Θρηκῶν,

ὁ στυγνοτάτην Τροίαν ἐσύδων·

ολὸν σε βίον τέλος εἶλεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tίς εἰ ποτ' ἀνδρῶν συμμάχων; κατ' εὐφρόνην

ἀμβλώπες αὐγαί, κοῦ σε γυνώσκων τορώς.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ποῦ τιν' ἀνάκτων Τρωικῶν εὔρω;

ποῦ δῆθ' "Εκτωρ

740 τὸν ὑπασπίδιον κοίτον ἱαύει;

τίνι σημῆνω διόπτων στρατιάς;

ολα πεπόθαμεν, ολὰ τις ἡμᾶς

δράσας ἀφανῇ φρούδος, φανερὸν

Θρηξὶν πένθος τολυπεύσας.

220
RHEUS

SEMICHORUS 2
What men?—say who!

SEMICHORUS 1
They that this night to the Phrygian array won through.

CHARIOTEER (behind the scenes)
O heavy chance of fate! Woe’s me! Woe’s me!

CHORUS
Ha! Now hush ye all! Crouch low! Perchance one cometh to the snare.

CHARIOTEER (behind scenes)
O the sore mischance to Thrace!

CHORUS
’Tis some ally that waileth there.

Enter Charioteer, wounded.

CHARIOTEER
Woe’s me! O King of Thracians, woe for thee!
O bitter sight of Troy to thee this day!
What end of life hath snatched thee hence away!

CHORUS
Who art thou?—what ally?—mine eyes the night
Makes dim: thee cannot I discern aright.

CHARIOTEER
Where shall I light on a Trojan chief?
O where shall Hector be found of my quest
Slumbering yet in shield-fenced rest?
Unto whom of your chiefs shall I tell our grief?
Ah our calamities!—ah for the deeds in the night
Unto Thracia wrought of the felon who vanished from sight,
Who hath knit up a skein of misery manifest!
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
κακῶν κυρεῖν τι Θερήκιῳ στρατεύματι ἔοικεν, οία τούδε γιγνώσκω κλύων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
ἐρρει στρατιά, πέπτωκεν ἀναξ δολῷ πληγῇ.
ἀ ἀ ἀ ἀ,

750
οίᾳ μ’ ὀδύνη τείρει φονίων τραύματος εἴσω. πῶς ἄν ὅλοίμην;
χρῆν γὰρ μ’ ἄκλεώς Ῥῆσόν τε θανεῖν.
Τροία κέλσαν’ ἐπίκουρον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τάδ’ οὐκ ἐν αἰνιγμοῖσι σημαίνει κακά· σαφῶς γὰρ αὐδὰ συμμάχους ὀλολότας.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
κακῶς πέτρακται κάπι τοῖς κακοῖσι πρὸς αἰσχιστα· καίτοι δις τόσον κακῶν τόδε θανεῖν γὰρ εὐκλεώς μὲν, εἰ θανεῖν χρεών, λυπρὸν μὲν οἶμαι τῷ θανόντι· πῶς γὰρ οὐ; τοῖς ξῶσι δ’ ὀγκοὶ καὶ δόμων εὐδοξία.

760
ἡμεῖς δ’ ἀβούλως κάκλεως ὀλόλαμεν. ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἡνύασ’ Ἐκτόρεια χείρ,
ξύνθημα λέξας, θυδόμεν πεδοστιβεῖς,
κόπῳ δαμέντες, οὐδ’ εἴφουρείτο στράτος φυλακαίσι γυκτέρουσι, οὐδ’ ἐν τάξεωι ἐκείτο τεύχη, πλῆκτρα τ’ οὐκ ἐπὶ ζυγοῖς ὀππων καθήμορος’, ὡς ἀναξ ἐπεύθετο κρατοῦντας ὑμᾶς καφεδρεύοντας νεών πρύμναισι· φαύλως δ’ θυδόμεν πεπτωκότες.

770
καγώ μελούσῃ καρδίᾳ λήξας ὑπνον πώλουσι χόρτον, προσδοκῶν ἐωθινὴν ζεῦξεων ὡς ἀλκήν, ἀφθόνῳ μετρῶ χερί.

222
Rhesus

Chorus
Some ill, meseems, to Thracia's company
Befalls—if this man's words mean aught for me.

Charioteer
Undone is our host, laid low is our king
By a deadly stab, by a stroke of guile!
Alas and alas! woe worth the while!
Ah, how am I inly racked by the sting [die! 750
Of my gory wound! Would God I might straightway
Was it meet that so soon as he came, your Troy's ally,
Rhesus and I should perish by end so vile?

Chorus
Lo, not in riddles doth he publish this:
Nay, plainly of allies destroyed he tells.

Charioteer
Ill hath been wrought us—shame, to crown that
"ill,"
The foulest shame! Yea, double ill is this!
To die with fame, if one must die, I trow,
Is bitterness to him who dies—how not?
Yet fame and honour crown his living kin. 760
But, as a fool dies, fameless we have died.
For, soon as Hector pointed us our quarters,
And told the watchword, couched on earth we slept,
Outworn with toil: our host no watchmen set
For nightlong guard, nor rank by rank were laid
Our arms, nor from the horses' yokes were hung
The car-whips, since our king had word that ye
Were camped triumphant nigh the galley-sterns:
So, careless all, we flung us down and slept.
Now I with heedful heart from slumber rose, 770
And dealt the steeds their corn with stintless hand,
Looking to yoke them with the dawn for fight.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

λεύσαω δὲ φῶτε περιπολοῦνθ' ἡμῶν στρατὸν
tυχῆς δὲ ὧφηνε. ὡς δ' ἐκινήθην ἔγω,
ἐπτηχάτην τε κάνειχωρέτην πάλιν.
ηπυσα δ' αὐτοῖς μὴ πελάζεσθαι στρατῷ,
κλώπας δοκήσας συμμάχων πλάθειν τινάς.
oὶ δ' οὐδὲν οὐ μὴν οὐδ' ἔγω τὰ πλείονα,
ηὐδὸν δ' ἀπελθὼν ἀδήσις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.

καὶ μοι καθ' ὑπνὸν δόξα τις παρίσταται.
ἐπτούς γὰρ ὃς ἐθρεφά καὶ ἔφηρεν
tῇσῳ παραστώς, εἰδὼν, ὡς ὄναρ δοκῶν,
λύκους ἐπεμβαίνοντες ἐδράλας ἄρχων
θείνοντε δ' οὐρὰ πολυκῆς ρινοῦ τρίχα
ἡλαμμον, αἱ δ' ἐρρεγγον ἐξ ἄρτηριῶν
θυμὸν πνεύσας κανεχαίτιζον φόβην.

ἐγὼ δ' ἀμύνων θήρας ἐξεγείρομαι
πώλοισιν εὖνυχος γὰρ ἐξώρμα φόβος.

κλύω δ' ἑπάρας κράτα μυχθισμὸν νεκρῶν.

θερμὸς δὲ κρουνὸς δεσπότου παρὰ σφαγαῖς
βᾶλλει με δυσθηστοῦντος αἵματος νέον.

ὁμῆς δ' ἀναίσσω χείρι σὺν κενῇ δορός.

καὶ μ' ἔγχος αἰγάλεοντα καὶ θηρώμενον
παιεῖ παραστᾶς νείραν εἰς πλευρὰν ἕφει
ἀνὴρ ἀκμάξων φασκάνου γὰρ ἰσθόμην
πληγῆς, βαθείαν ἀλοκα τραύματος λαβῶν.

πέττω δὲ πρηνής; οἴ δ' ὤχημα πολικὸν

λαβὸντες ἐπτοὺς ἐσαν φυγῇ πόδα.

ά ἄ.

ὀδύνη με τεῖρει, κοῦκετ' ὀρθοῦμαι τάλας.

καὶ συμφορὰν μὲν ὀιδ' ὄρῶν, τροπῷ δ' ὀτω
τεθνάσων οἱ θανόντες οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι,
οὐδ' ἐξ ὁποίας χειρὸς. εἰκάσαι δὲ μοι
πάρεστι λυπρὰ πρὸς φίλων πεποιθέναι.
Rhesus

Then spied I twain that prowled around our host
Through the thick gloom; but, soon as I bestirred me,
They cowered low, and straight drew back again.
I cried to them to come not near our host,—
Deeming some thieves from our allies drew nigh:—
Nought said they; neither added I thereto,
But to my couch went back and slept again.
And in my sleep a vision nightmared me:—
The steeds I tended, and at Rhesus' side
Drave in the car, I saw as in a dream
Mounted of wolves that rode upon their backs;
And with their tails these lashed the horses' flanks,
Scourging them on. They snorted, and outbreathed rage
From their nostrils, tossing high their manes.
I, even in act to save from those fierce things
The steeds, woke: the night-horror smote me awake.

Then death-moans, as I raised my head, I heard;
And new-shed blood hot-welling plashed on me
As by my murdered lord's death-throes I lay.
Upright I leapt, with never a spear in hand.
But, as I peered and groped to find my lance,
From hard by came a sword-thrust 'neath my ribs
From some strong man—strong, for I felt the blade
Strike home, felt that deep furrow of the gash.
Face-down I fell: the chariot and the steeds
The robbers took, and fled into the night.
Ah me! Ah me!
Pain racketh me—O wretch! I cannot stand.
What ill befell I know—I saw it. How
The slain men perished, this I cannot tell,
Nor by what hand; but this do I divine—
Fouly have they been dealt with by allies.
ΡΗΞΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ηνίοχε Θρηκός τοῦ κακῶς πετραγότος,
μηδὲν δύσοις οὐ πολεμίους δράσαι τάδε.
"Εκτωρ δὲ καύτος συμφορᾶς πεπνυμένος
χωρεῖ· συναλγεῖ δ’, ὡς ἔοικε, σοῖς κακοῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πῶς οἱ μέγιστα πήματ’ ἔξειργασμένοι
μολόντες ὑμᾶς πολεμίων κατόσκοποι

810 λήθουσιν αἰσχρῶς, καὶ κατεσφάγη στρατός,
κοῦτ’ εἰσιόντας στρατόπεδ’ ἐξαπώσατε
οὔτ’ ἐξίοντας; τῶν δὲ τῆς δωσει δίκην
πλὴν σοῦ; σὲ γὰρ δὴ φύλακά φημ’ εἶναι στρατοῦ.
φρούδοι δ’ ἀπληκτοί, τῇ Φρυγῶν κακανδρίᾳ
πόλλ’ ἐγχελώντες τῷ στρατηλάτῃ τ’ ἐμοί.

εὖ νυν τὸ δ’ ἱστε, Ζεῦς ὁμομοσταί πατήρ,
ητοῖ μάραγγά γ’ ἢ καρανιστής μόρος
μένει σε δρῶντα τοιάδ’, ἢ τὸν"Εκτορα
τὸ μηδὲν εἶναι καὶ κακῶν νομίζετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

820 ἰὼ ἰὼ,
μέγ’ ἄρ’ ἐμὸι μέγ’, ὃ πολίσχον κράτος,
κακὸν ἠμολευ, ὅτε σοι
ἀγγελος ἦλθοιν,
ἀμφὶ ναῦς πῦρ ἀλθεῖν ‘Αργείων στρατῶν.

ἐπεὶ ἀγρυπνουν ὑμῖν ἐν εὐφρόνη
οὔτ’ ἐκοίμω οὔτ’ ἐβριξ’,
οὐ τᾶς Σιμοεντιάδας πηγᾶς· μὴ μοι
κότων, ὃ ἀνα, θῆς· ἀναιτίος γὰρ
ἐγὼγε πάντων.

226
Rhesus

Chorus
O charioteer of Thracia’s lord ill-starred,
Never suspect of this deed thine allies.
Lo, Hector’s self, who hath heard of your mischance,
Comes: in thine ills he sorroweth, as beseems.

Enter Hector.

Hector
How passed the men who wrought this direst scathe—
Spies from the foemen—passed unmarked of you,
For your shame, and for slaughter of the host,
Nor ye withstood them entering the camp,
Nor going forth? Shall any smart for this
Save thee?—for thou wast warden of the host.
They are gone, unsmitten!—gone, with many a scoff
At Phrygian cowardice and me, your chief!
Now know this well—by father Zeus ’tis sworn—
Surely the scourge, or doom of headsman’s axe
Awaits thee for this work: else reckon thou
Hector a thing of nought, a craven wretch.

Chorus

(Ant. to Str. 454–466)
Woe for me! terrible evil, ah terrible, lighted on me
When with my tidings I came, O thou warden of Troy,
unto thee,—
Tidings of beacon-fires lit through the Argive array
by the sea.

Yet have I suffered the night not to drop from her
slumberous wing
Sleep on mine eyelids—I swear it by holiest Simoës’
spring!
Let not thine anger against me be hot, who am
guiltless, O King!
ΡΗΣΟΣ

830 Ἰ ἄν δὲ χρόνῳ παράκαμψον ἔργον ἤ λόγον
πῦθη, κατὰ με γὰς,
ξοντα πόρευσον οὐ παραθυμαὶ.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

τί τοῖσδ' ἀπειλεῖς, βάρβαρος τε βαρβάρου
γνώμην ύφαιρεὶ τὴν ἐμὴν, πλέκων λόγους;
οὐ ταῦτ' ἐδρασάς; οὐδέν άν δεξαίμεθα
οὔθ' οἱ παθόντες οὕτ' άν οἱ τετρωμένοι
άλλοι μακροῦ γε δεὶ σε καὶ σοφοῦ λόγου,
ὅτῳ με πείσεις μὴ φίλους κατακτανείν,
ὑπ' των ἐρασθείς, οὔν ἕκατι συμμάχους
τούς σοὺς φοινεῦεις, τόλλ' ἑπισκῆττων μολεῖν.

840 Ἡλθον, τεθυάσων εὔπρεπέστερον Πάρισις
ξενίαν καθήχουν' ή συν συμμάχους κτανόν.
μὴ γὰρ τι λέξης ὡς τις 'Ἀργεῖων μολὼν
διώλεο' ἡμᾶς; τίς άν ὑπερβαλὼν λόγους
Τρόφων ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ἤλθεν, ὡστε καὶ λαβεῖν;
οὐ πρόσθεν ἡμῶν ἦσο καὶ Φρυγῶν στρατός.
τίς οὖν τέτρωται, τίς τέθυκε συμμάχων
τῶν σῶν, μολόντων όν σὺ πολεμίων λέγεις;
ἡμεῖς δὲ καὶ τετρώμεθ', οἱ δὲ μείζονα
παθόντες οὐχ ὀρῶσιν ἡλέον φάος.

850 ἀπλῶς δ' 'Ἀχαιῶν οὔδεν' αἰτιώμεθα.
τίς δ' άν χαμεῖνας πολεμίων κατ' εὐφρόνην
Ῥήσου μολὼν ἐξήρεν, εἰ μὴ τις θεῶν
ἐφραζε τοὺς κτανοῦσιν; οὐδ' ἀφιγμένον
τὸ πάμπαν ἔσαν· άλλὰ μηχανῇ τάδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρόνον μὲν ἢδη συμμάχοισι χρώμεθα
δόσοντερ ἐν γῇ τῇ 'Ἀχαικὸς λεώς,
κοῦδεν πρὸς αὐτῶν οἴδα πλῆμμελές κλύων.

228
Rhesus

Then, if hereafter, as time runneth on, or in word or in deed 830
Ever thou find me transgressing, O then to the grave do thou speed [I plead.
Me,—yea, alive to go down to the pit; nor for mercy

Charioteer

Why threaten these, and strive, barbarian thou,
To cozen barbarian wit with glozing speech?
Thine was this murder! None save thee the dead,
Or wounded living, shall account thereof
Guilty! Long speech and subtle shalt thou need
To make me think thou murderedst not thy friends,
As coveting the steeds, for which thou slayest
Allies whose coming was so straitly urged.
They came—they are dead! More seemly Paris shamed
Guest-faith, than thou, who murderedst thine allies!
Nay, never tell me 'twas some Argive came
And slew us! Who could through the Trojan lines
Have passed, and won to us, unmarked of them?
Before us camped were thou and Phrygia's host:—
Of thy friends who was wounded then, who slain,
When came the foes whereof thou tellest us?
We—some are wounded, some have suffered scathe
More deadly, and the sun's light see no more.

In plain words, no Achaeans we accuse.
Who of the foe had come, and in the night
Found Rhesus' couch—except a very God
Guided the slayers? They not even knew
That he had come! O nay, this plot is thine.

Hector

Long time have I had dealings with allies,
Long as Achaean folk have trod my land;
Nor ever bare I ill report of them.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ δ’ ἀρ’ ἀρχώμεσθα; μὴ μ’ ἔρως ἔλοι
toi五官 ἵππων ὦστ’ ἀποκτείνειν φίλους.
kai ταῦτ’ 'Οδυσσέως· τὶς γὰρ ἄλλος ἀν ποτε
ἐδρασεν ἢ 'Βούλευσεν 'Αργείων ἄνηρ;
δέδοικα δ’ αὐτὸν καὶ τί μοι θράσσει φρένας,
μὴ καὶ Δόλωνα συντυχὼν κατέκτανεν·
χρόνου γὰρ ἦδη φροῦδος ὄν οὐ φαίνεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδα τοὺς σοὺς οὕς λέγεις 'Οδυσσέας·
ἡμεῖς δ’ ὑπ’ ἑχθρῶν οὐδείς πεπλήγμεθα.

ΕΚΤΟΡ
σὺ δ’ οὖν νόμιζε ταῦτ’, ἐπείπερ σοι δοκεῖ.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
ὅ γαία πατρίς, πῶς ἄν ἐνθανοίμι σοι;

ΕΚΤΟΡ
μὴ θυμόχ’ ἀλις γὰρ τῶν τεθνηκότων ὄχλος.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
ποῖ δὴ τράπωμαι δεσποτῶν μονούμενος;

ΕΚΤΟΡ
οἶκος σε κεῦθων οὔμοις ἐξιάσθαι.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
καὶ πῶς με κηδεύσουσιν αὐθεντῶν χέρες;

ΕΚΤΟΡ
ὅδ’ αὖ τὸν αὐτὸν μύθον οὐ λήξει λέγων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
οἶλοθ’ ὁ δράσας· οὐ γὰρ εἰς σὲ τείνεται
γλώσσ’, ὥσ σὺ κομπεῖς· ἦ Δίκη δ’ ἐπὶσταται.

ΕΚΤΟΡ
λάξυσθ’ ἄγοντες δ’ αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους ἐμοὺς,
oύτως ὅπως ἀν μὴ γκαλή πορσύνετε·
ὕμας δ’ ἴόντας τοῖσιν ἐν τείχει χρεῶν

Πριάμωρ τε καὶ γέροντι σημῆναι νεκροὺς
θάπτειν κελεύειν λεωφόρου πρὸς ἐκτροπᾶς.

230
RHESUS

With thee should I begin?  May no such lust
For steeds take me, that I should slay my friends' 860
This is Odysseus' work—for who beside
Of Argives had devised or wrought such deed?
I fear him, and my mind misgives me sore
Lest he have met our Dolon too, and slain.
Long time hath he been gone, nor yet appears.

CHARIOTEER
I know not thine Odysseus, whom thou nam'st.
I have been smitten by no alien foe.

HECTOR
Then think thou so, if this to thee seem good.

CHARIOTEER
Land of my fathers, O to die in thee!

HECTOR
Die not: suffice this multitude of dead.

CHARIOTEER
Ah, whither turn me, of my lord bereft?

HECTOR
Shelter and healing shall mine own house give thee.

CHARIOTEER
How shall the hands of murderers tend mine hurts?

HECTOR
This man will cease not telling the same tale.

CHARIOTEER
Perish the doer!  Not at thee my tongue
Hurls this, as plains thy pride:—but Justice knows.

HECTOR (to attendants)
Ye, take him up and bear him to mine house.
So tend him that he shall not slander us.
And ye must go to those upon the wall,
To Priam and our elders, bidding them
Bury the slain beside the public way.

[Exeunt bearers with CHARIOTEER. 880

231
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τι ποτ’ εὐτυχίας ἐκ τῆς μεγάλης
Τροίαν ἀνάγει πάλιν εἰς πένθος
dαίμων ἄλλος, τί φυτεύων;

ἐὰν ἐὰ. ὥ ῥ.
tίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεός, ὥ βασιλεῖ,
tὸν νεώμητον νεκρὸν ἐν χειρῶν
φοράδην πέμπει;
tαρβῶ λεύσων τόδε φάσμα.

ΜΟΤΣΑ

890 ὅραν πάρεστι, Τρόας· ἡ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς
τιμᾶς ἤχουσα Μωίσα, συγγόνων μία,
πάρειμι, παιδὰ τὸν ὅρωσ’ ὦκτω ἡ πάλιν
θανόνθ' ὑπ' ἐξθρών’ ὃν ποθ’ ὁ κτείνως χρόνῳ
δόλιος Ὅδυσσεὺς ἀξίων τίσει δίκην.

ἰαλέμφι αὐθηγενεῖ,
τέκνον, σ’ ὀλοφύρομαι, ὦ
ματρὸς άλγος, ο’λ’
ἐκελέσας ὅδον ποτὶ Τροίαν,
ἡ δυσδαίμονα καὶ μελέαν,

900 ἀπομεμφομένας ἐμοὶ πορευθείς,
ἀπὸ δ’ ἀντιμένου πατρός, βιαίως.
ἄμωι ἑγὼ σέθεν, ὃ φιλία
φιλία κεφαλά, τέκνον, ἃμοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσον προσήκει μὴ γένοις κοινωνίαν
ἐχοντι, καὶ ὑγὸ τὸν σὸν οἰκτείρῳ γόνον.

232
RHEUS

CHORUS

Wherefore from heights of victory
Doth Fortune drag down Troy unto woe—
Fortune estranged? What purposeth she?

(The muse appears above the stage with rhesus in her arms.)

Ho ye!—lo there!—what ho!
What God overhead, O King, doth appear,
In whose hands is the corpse of the newly dead
Borne as it were on a bier?
I quail as I look on the vision of dread.

MUSE

Trojans, fear not to look: the Muse am I,
One of the Song-queens, honoured of the wise.
My dear son I behold in piteous sort
Slain by his foes. One day shall he who slew,
Guileful Odysseus, pay fit penalty.

(Raises the death-dirge.)

In moans that of no strange lips I borrow, (Str.)
O son, my sorrow,
I wail for thee.

What woefullest journey was thine, thy faring
Of ill-starred daring
To Troy oversea,

Despite my warning, thy father's pleading'
Dear head!—O bleeding
Heart of me!

CHORUS

So far as one may take on him who hath
No tie of kinship, I too wail thy son.
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΜΟΥΣΑ

όλοι το μὲν Οἰνείδας,
όλοι δὲ Δαρτιάδας,
δός μ’ ἀπαῖδα γέννας
ἔθηκεν ἀριστοτόκοιοι·

910 ἀ θ" Ἐλλανα λυποῦσα δόμον
Φρυγίων λεχέων ἐπελευσε πλαθεῖσο
ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ ὀλεσε μὲν σ’ ἐκατι¹ Τροίας,
φίλτατε, μυριάδας τε πόλεις
ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἐκένωσεν.

ἡ πολλὰ μὲν ζῶν, πολλὰ δ’ εἰς "Αἰδοῦ μολὼν,
Φιλάμμονος παί, τῆς ἐμῆς ἡπω φρενός·
ὕβρις γὰρ, ἢ σ’ ἐσφηλε, καὶ Μοῦσῶν ἔρις
tεκεῖν μ’ ἐθηκε τόνδε δύστηνο γόνου.

920 περώσα γὰρ δὴ ποταμίους διὰ ροὰς
λέκτροις ἐπλάθην Στρυμόνοις φυταλίμοις,
ἀτ’ ἤλθομεν γῆς χρυσόβωλουν ἐς λέπας
Πάγγαιοι όργανοις ἐξησκημέναι
Μοῦσαι μεγίστην εἰς ἔριν μελῳδίας
δεινῷ σοφιστῇ Θρηκί, κατυφλώσαμεν
Θάμυροι, ὅς ἠμῶν πόλι’ ἐδένυσεν τέχνην.
κατεὶ σὲ τῖκτω, συγγόνοις αἰδομένη
καὶ παρθενείας, ἢκ’ ἐς εὐόδρου πατρὸς
dίνας: τρέφειν δὲ σ’ οὕβρειον ἐς χέρα
Στρυμῶν δίδωσιν, ἀλλὰ πηγαίας κοραῖς.

930 ἔνθ’ ἐκτραφεῖς κάλλιστα παρθένων ὑπό,
Θρήκης ἀνάσσων πρότοσ ἢσθ’ ἄνδρων, τέκνων.
καὶ σ’ ἀμφὶ γῆν μὲν πατρίαν φιλαιμάτους
ἀλκας κορύσσουτ’ οὐκ ἐδείμαυσιν θανεῖν,
Τροίας δ’ ἀπηύδων ἀστυ μὴ κέλσαι ποτέ,
eἰδυία τὸν σὸν πότμον ἀλλὰ σ’ "Εκτορος

¹ Bruhn: for σὲ κατὰ of MSS.
RHESUS

MUSE
Curse ye, Odysseus and Oineus' scion, (Ant.)
   Through whom I cry on
   My noble dead!
Curse her, who voyaged from Hellas over
   To a Phrygian lover,
   A wanton's bed,
Who for Troy's sake hath widowed homes without
   number,
   And bowed thee in slumber
   Of death, dear head!

Sore hast thou wrung mine heart, Philammon's
   son,
In life, and since to Hades thou hast passed.
Thine overweening, ruinous rivalry
With Muses, made me bear this hapless child.
For, as I waded through the river's flow,
   Lo, I was clasped in Strymon's fruitful couch,
   What time we came unto Pangaenus' ridge,
   Whose dust is gold, with flute and lyre arrayed,
   We Muses, for great strife of minstrelsy
   With Thracia's cunning bard; and we made blind
   Thamyris, who full oft had mocked our skill.
And, when I bare thee, shamed before my sisters,
   And for my maidenhead, down thy sire's fair swirls
   I cast thee; and to nurse thee Strymon chose
   Arms of no mortal, but the Fountain-maidens.
There reared in glorious fashion by the Nymphs,
   Thou ruledst Thrace, a king of men, my child.
While through thy native land thou didst achieve
   Great deeds of war, I feared not for thy life;
   But still I warned thee never to fare to Troy,
   Knowing thy doom; but Hector's embassies,
ΡΗΣΟΣ

πρεσβεύμαθ' α' τε μυρίαι γερουσίαι
ἐπεισαν ἐλθεῖν κάτικουρήσαι φίλοις.
σὺ τοῦτ': 'Αθάνα, παντὸς αἰτία μόρον,
οὔδὲν δ' Ὁδυσσεύς οὐδ' ὁ Τυδέως τόκος
ἐδρασε δράσας: μὴ δόκει λεληθέναι.
καίτοι πόλιν σὺν σύγγονοι πρεσβεύομεν
Μοῦσαί μάλιστα κάπιστρόμβα χθονί,
μυστηρίων τε τῶν ἀπορρήτων φανὰς
ἐδείξεν 'Ὀρφεύς, αὐτανέψιος νεκροῦ
τοῦτ' ὑπ' κατακτεῖνες σὺν. Μουσαίον τε σὸν
σεμνών πολίτην κατ' ἀποτοτόν ἀνδρ' ἕνα
ἐλθόντα, Φοίβος σύγγονοι τ' ἰσκήσαμεν.
καὶ τῶνδε μισθὸν παῖδ' ἔχουσ' ἐν ἀγκαλαίς
θρηνώ σοφιστὴν δ' ἀλλον οὐκ ἐπάξομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μάτην ἁρ' ἡμάς Ὀρήκιος τροχηλάτης
ἐδέννασ', Ἡκτόρ, τῶδε βουλεύσαι φόνον.

ΕΚΤΟΡ

ὑδὴ τάδ': οὔδὲν μάντεσιν ἐδει φράσαι
'Ὀδυσσέως τέχναις τόνδ' ὀλωλότα.
ἐγὼ δὲ γῆς ἐφεδρον Ἐλλήνων στρατῶν
λεύσσων, τί μὴν ἐμελλον οὐ πέμψειν φίλοις
κήρυκας, ἐλθεῖν κάτικουρήσαι χθονί; ἐπεμψὲ:
ὀφείλων δ' ἦλθε συμποτείνω ἐμοί.
οὐ μὴν θανόντι γ' οὐδαμῶς συνήδομαι.
καὶ νῦν ἐτοιμος τῶδε καὶ τεῦξαι τάφον
καὶ ἄμμπυρωσάι μυρίων πέπλων χλιδὴν
φίλος γὰρ ἐλθὼν δυστυχώς ἀπέρχεται.

ΜΟΤΣΑ

οὐκ ἐστι γαῖας εἰς μελάγχημοι πέδων
τοσότερο νύμφην τὴν ἐνερ' αἰτήσομαι
τῆς καρποποιοῦ παῖδα Δήμητρος θεᾶς,
RHEUS

And messages untold that elders bare,
Wrought on thee to set forth to aid thy friends.
Athena, thou art cause of all this doom!
Naught did Odysseus, neither Tydeus' son,
With all their doings:—think not I am blind! 940
And yet thine Athens we with honour crown:
My sister Song-queens chiefly haunt thy land;
And the torch-march of those veiled Mysteries
Did Orpheus teach her, cousin of the dead—
This dead, whom thou hast slain! Musaeus too,
Thy citizen revered, the chiepest bard
Of men, him Phoebus and the Muses trained:—
And this my meed!—with arms clasped round
my son
I wail! No new sage will I bring to thee.

CHORUS

Falsely then Thracia’s charioteer reviled
Us, Hector, as the plotters of his death. 950

HECTOR

I knew it: need was none of seers to tell
That this man perished by Odysseus' craft.
And how could I, beholding Hellas' host
Camped on this soil, but send mine heralds forth
To friends, to bid them come and help our land?
I sent them; and he came, who owed me aid.
Ah, little joy have I to see him dead!
Ready am I to rear him now a tomb,
And to burn with him splendour of countless robes. 960
A friend he came, in sorrow goeth hence.

MUSE

He shall not into earth’s dark lap go down;
With such strong crying will I pray Hell’s Queen,
Child of Demeter Lady of earth's increase,
ΡΗΣΟΣ

ψυχήν ἀνείναι τοῦδ', ὁφείλετις δὲ μοι
tous Ὀρφέως τιμῶσα φαίνεσθαι φίλους.
κἀμοὶ μὲν ὡς θανῶν τε κοῦ λεύσων φάος
ἔσται τὸ λοιπὸν· οὐ γὰρ ἐς ταύτων ποτὲ
ἐτ' εἴσιν οὐδὲ μητρὸς ὢψεται δέμας,
kruptós δὲ ἐν ἄντρως τῆς ὑπαργύρου χθονὸς
ἀνθρωποδαίμονες κεῖσεται βλέπων φάος,
Βάκχου προφήτης ὡστε Παγγαίουν πέτραν
φικῆσε σεμνὸς τοῦτον εἰδόσιν θεός.
ῥάον δὲ πένθος τῆς θαλασσίας θεοῦ
οὐσῶ· θανεῖν γὰρ καὶ τὸν ἐκ κείνης χρεών.
θρήνοις δὲ ἀδελφαὶ πρώτα μὲν σ' ἤμνησομεν,
ἐπετεῖ 'Αχιλῆ Θέτιδος ἐν πένθει ποτέ.
οὐ ρύσεταί μιν Παλλάς, ἥ σ' ἀπέκτανε·
ton fαρέτρα Λοξίου σφεζε βέλος.
ὁ παιδοποιοί συμφοραῖ, πόνοι βροτῶν,
ὡς ὅστις ὑμᾶς μὴ κἀκως λογίζεται,
ἀπαίς διοίσει καὶ τεκῶν θάψει τέκνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗτος μὲν ἣδη μητρὶ κηδεύειν μέλει·
οὐ δ' εἴ τι πρᾶσσειν τῶν προκειμένων θέλεις,
"Ἐκτορ, πάρεστι· φῶς γὰρ ἠμέρας τόδε. .

ΕΚΤΟΡ

χωρεῖτε, συμμύχους θ' ὀπλίζεσθαι τάχος
ἀνωχθε, πληροῦν τ' αὐχένας ξυνωρίδων.
πάνως δ' ἔχοντας χρῆ μένειν Τυρσηνικῆς
σάλπυγγος αὐθίνη· ὡς ύπερβαλὼν τάφρον
τείχη τ' Ἀχαιῶν ναυσίν αἶθον ἐμβαλεῖν
πέποιθα Τρωσί θ' ἡμέραν ἐλευθέραν
ἀκτίνα τὴν στείχουσαν ἡλίου φέρειν.
RHEUS

To grant his soul release. My debtor is she
To show that yet she honours Orpheus’ friends.
Yet to me as one dead, that sees not light, —
Henceforth shall he be: never shall he come
To meet me more, nor see his mother’s form.
In caverns of the silver-veined land
A god-man shall he lie, beholding light,
As Bacchus’ prophet ’neath Pangaeus’ rock
Dwelt, god revered of them that knew the truth.
More lightly now the grief of that Sea-queen
Shall fall on me: for her son too must die.
Thee first we Sisters will with dirges hymn,
Achilles then, in Thetis’ hour of grief.
Not him shall Pallas save, who murdered thee,
Such shaft doth Loxias’ quiver keep for him.
Ah, woes of mothers! Miseries of men!
Yea, whoso taketh true account of you
Childless will live, nor bear sons for the grave.

[Exit.

CHORUS

Now are the King’s death-rites his mother’s care.
But if thou wilt do work that lies to hand,
Hector, ’tis time; for yonder dawns the day.

HECTOR

Depart ye: bid our comrades straightway arm,
And lay the yokes upon the car-steeds’ necks.
Then torch in hand must ye await the blast
Of Tuscan clarion; for I trust to press
Over their trench, their walls, and fire the ships
Achaean, and to bring in freedom’s day
For Troy with yonder sun’s uprising beams.
ΡΗΞΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πείθου βασιλεί· στείχωμεν ὁπλοῖς
κοσμησάμενοι καὶ ξυμμαχία
τάδε φράζωμεν· τάχα δ' ἀν νίκην
δοίη δαίμων ὡ μεθ' ἡμῶν.
RHESUS

CHORUS
Give heed to the King: now march we in war's array,
And tell unto them that with Troy be allied
These things. May the God give triumph to us straightway
Who fights on our side.

[Exeunt omnes.]
HECUBA
ARGUMENT

When Troy was taken by the Greeks, Hecuba, the wife of Priam, and her daughters, Cassandra the prophetess, and Polyxena, with the other women of Troy, were made slaves, being portioned among the victors, so that Cassandra became the concubine of Agamemnon. But Polydorus, the youngest of Priam's sons, had long ere this been sent, with much treasure of gold, for safe keeping to his father's friend, Polymestor king of Thrace, so that his mother had one consolation of hope amidst her afflictions. Now the host of Greece could not straightway sail home, because to the spirit of their dead hero Achilles was given power to hold the winds from blowing, till meet sacrifice were rendered to him, even a maiden of Troy, most beautiful of the seed royal; and for this they chose Polyxena. And now king Polymestor, lusting for the gold, and fearing no vengeance of man, slew his ward, the lad Polydorus, and flung his body into the sea, so that it was in process of time cast up by the waves on the shore whereby was the camp of the Greeks, and was brought to Hecuba. And herein are told the sorrow of Hecuba and her revenge.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΠΟΛΥΑΡΩΤΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΠΟΛΤΖΕΝΗ
ΟΔΣΣΣΕΤΣ
ΤΑΛΩΤΣΙΟΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Phantom of Polydorus, son of Priam King of Troy, and Hecuba.

Hecuba, wife of Priam, and mother of Polydorus and Polyxena.

Polyxena, youngest daughter of Priam and Hecuba.

Odysseus, chiefest in subtlety of the Greeks, King of Ithaca.

Talthybius, herald of King Agamemnon.

Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, and captain of the host of Greece.

Polymestor, King of Eastern Thrace, which is called the Chersonese.

Handmaid of Hecuba.

Chorus of captive Trojan women.

Attendants, Greek and Thracian guards, captive women.

Scene:—Before Agamemnon's tent in the camp of the Greeks on the coast of the Thracian Chersonese.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΩΡΟΣ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ

Ηκω νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ σκότου πύλας
λιπῶν, ὥν Ἀϊδῆς χωρίς φικισται θεῶν,
Πολύδωρος, Ἐκάβης παις γεγὼς τῆς Κισσέως
Πριάμου τε πατρός, ὃς μ’, ἐπεὶ Φρυγῶν πόλιν
κύνδυνος ἦσσε δορὶ πεσεῖν Ἐλληνικῷ,
δείσας ὑπεξέπεμψε Τρωικῆς χθονὸς
Πολυμήστορος πρὸς δῶμα Θρηκίου ξένου,
δι’ τὴν ἀρίστην Χερσουσίαν πλάκα
στείρει, φίλιππον λαὸν εὐθύνων δορὶ.
πολὺν δὲ σὺν ἐμοὶ χρυσῶν ἐκπέμπει λάθρᾳ
πατήρ, ἵν’, εἴ ποτ’ Ἡλίου τείχη πέσοι,
τοῖς ξώσιν εἰς παισὶ μὴ σπάνις βίους,
νεώτατος δ’ ἦν Πριαμιδῶν, δ’ καὶ με γῆς
ὑπεξέπεμψεν· οὔτε γὰρ φέρειν ὑπλα
οὔτ’ ἐγχος οἶος τ’ ἦν νέοι βραχίονι.
ἔως μεν ὁν γῆς ὄρθ’ ἑκεῖθ’ ὀρίσματα,
πῦργοι τ’ ἀθραυστοὶ Τρωικῆς ἦσαν χθονὸς,
"Εκτὼρ τ’ ἀδελφὸς οὔμος ἦτούχει δορὶ,
καλῶς παρ’ ἀνδρὶ Θρηκὶ πατρόφῳ ξένῳ
τροφαίσειν ὡς τις πτόρθος ἡξομήν τάλας.

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HECUBA

*The phantom of Polydorus appears hovering over the tent of Agamemnon.*

**Polydorus**

I come from vaults of death, from gates of darkness,
Where from the Gods aloof doth Hades dwell,
Polydorus, born of Hecuba, Cisceus' child,
And Priam, who, when peril girt the town
Of Phrygians, by the spear of Greece to fall,
In fear from Troyland privily sent me forth
To Polymestor's halls, his Thracian friend,
Lord of the fair tilth-lands of Chersonese,
Who with the spear rules that horse-loving folk.
And secretly with me my sire sent forth
Much gold, that, should the towers of Ilium fall,
His sons yet living might not beggared be.
Youngest of Priam's house was I: for this
He sent me forth the land, whose youthful arm
Availed not or to sway the shield or spear.
So, while unbowed the land's defences stood,
And yet unshattered were the towers of Troy,
While triumphed yet my brother Hector's spear,
Fair-nurtured by the Thracian, my sire's friend,
Like some young sapling grew I—hapless I
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροία θ" Ἑκτορὸς τ’ ἀπόλλυται ψυχή, πατρῷα θ’ ἔστια κατεσκάφη, αὐτὸς δὲ βωμῷ πρὸς θεοδήμῃ τῷ πίτυνε σφαγεὶς Ἀχιλλέως παιδὸς ἐκ μαίφονον, κτείνει με χρυσοῦ τὸν ταλαίπωρον χάριν ξένος πατρὸς καὶ κταιών ἐς οἶδ’ ἁλὸς μεθῆχ’, ἱν’ αὐτὸς χρυσοῦ ἐν δόμοις ἔχη. κείμαι δ’ ἐπ’ ἀκταῖς, ἄλλοτ’ ἐν πόντον σάλφ, πολλοῖς διαύλοις κυμάτων φορούμενος, ἀκλαυστος, ἀταφος: νῦν δ’ ὑπὲρ μητρὸς φίλης ‘Εκάβης αἴσσω, σῶμ’ ἐρημώσας ἐμόν, τριταῖον ἤδη φέγγος αἰωρούμενος, ὁσονπερ ἐν γῇ τῇδε Χερσονσία μῆτρ’ ἐμὴ δύστηνος ἐκ Τροίας πάρα. πάντες δ’ Ἀχαιῶν ναῦς ἔχοντες ᾥσυχοι θάσσουσ’ ἐπ’ ἀκταῖς τῇδε Θρηκίας χθονὸς’ ο Πηλέως γὰρ παῖς ὑπὲρ τύμβου φανθεὶς κατέσχ’ Ἀχιλλεὺς πάν στρατευμ’ Ἑλληνικόν, πρὸς οἰκον εὐθύνοντας ἐναλιαν πλάτην’ αἴτει δ’ ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἔμην Πολυξένῃν τύμβῳ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ γέρας λαβεῖν. καὶ τεῦξεται τοῦδ’, οὐδ’ ἀδώρητος φίλον ἔσται πρὸς ἁνδρῶν’ ἡ πεπρωμένη δ’ ἄγει θανεῖν ἀδελφὴν τῶδ’ ἔμην ἐν ἡματί. δυοίν δὲ παῖδον δύο νεκρῷ κατόψεται μῆτρ’, ἐμοῦ τε τῆς τε δυστήνου κόρης. φανήσομαι γὰρ, ἃς τάφον τλήμων τύχω, δούλης ποδῶν πάροιθεν ἐν κλυσοῦῳ. τοὺς γὰρ κάτω σθένοντας ἐξηπτησάμην τύμβον κυρίσαι κεῖς χέρας μητρὸς πεσεῖν. τοῦμὸν μὲν οὖν ὁσονπέρ ἡθελον τυχεῖν ἔσται’ γεραιᾷ δ’ ἐκποδῶν χωρήσομαι.
HECUBA

But when Troy perished, perished Hector's soul,
And my sire's hearths were made a desolation,
And himself at the god-built altar fell
Slain by Achilles' son, the murder-stained,
Then me for that gold's sake my father's friend
Slew, and the slaughtered wretch mid sea-surge cast,
That in his halls himself might keep the gold.
Now on the beach I welter, surf-borne now
Drift on the racing waves' recoil and rush,
Tombless, unwept. O'er my dear mother's head
Now flit I, leaving tenantless my body.

This is the third day that I hover so,
Even all the time that in this Chersonese
My hapless mother tarrieth, haled from Troy.
And all the Achaians idle with their ships
Sit on the beaches of this Thracian land.
For Peleus' son above his tomb appeared,
And all the Hellenic host Achilles stayed,
Even as they homeward aimed the brine-dipt oar,
And claimed for his Polyxena my sister,
For sacrifice and honour to his tomb.
Yea, and shall win, nor of his hero-friends
Giftless shall be. And Fate is leading on
Unto her death my sister on this day.

And of two children shall my mother see
Two corpses, mine, and that her hapless daughter's.
For I, to gain a tomb, will—wretch—appear
Before her handmaid's feet amidst the surge.
For with the Lords of Death have I prevailed
'Twixt mother-hands to fall, and win a tomb.
Accomplished shall be all for which I longed.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

'Εκάβη: περὰ γὰρ ἦδ' υπὸ σκηνῆς πόδα
'Αγαμέμνονος, φάντασμα δειμαίνοντο' ἐμόν.

φεῦ·
ὦ μήτερ, ἢτις ἐκ τυραννικῶν δόμων
doύλειον ἦμαρ εἴδες, ὡς πράσσεις κακῶς
ὀσονπερ εὗ ποτ' ἀντισηκώσας δέ σε
φθείρει θεῶν τις τῆς πάροιθ' εὐπραξίας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀγετ', ὦ παῖδες, τὴν γραῦν πρὸ δόμων,
ἀγετ' ὀρθοῦσαι τὴν ὀμόδουλον,
Τριφάδες, ὑμῖν, προσθε δ' ἀνασσαν.
λάβετε, φέρετε, πέμπτε', ἀειρετέ μου
γεραιάς χειρός προσλαζόμεναι·
κάγῳ σκολιῷ σκίτω εἰς χερός
diερειδομένα σπεύσω βραδύπουν
ἡλυσιν ἀρθρων προτιθείσα.
ὦ στεροπᾶ Δίος, ὦ σκοτία νῦξ,
τὶ ποτ' αἱρομαι εἴνυχος οὕτω
δείμασι, φάσμασιν; ὦ πότιμα Χθῶν,
μελανοππερύγων μᾶτερ ὀνείρων,
ἀποτέμπομαι εἴνυχον ὄψιν,
ἡν περὶ παιδὸς ἐμοῦ τοῦ σφιξμένου κατὰ
Ὀρήκην
ἀμφὶ Πολυζείνης τε φίλης θυγατρὸς δι'
ὄνείρων
φοβερὰν ὄψιν ἐμαθον, ἐδάφην.
ὦ χθόνιοι θεοί, σώστε παιδ' ἐμόν,
HECUBA

But aged Hecuba's sight will I avoid; 
For forth of Agamemnon's tent she sets 
Her feet, appalled by this my ghostly phantom.

HECUBA, dressed as a slave, and supported by fellow- 
captives, appears coming out of Agamemnon's tent.

Mother, who after royal halls hast seen 
The day of thraldom, how thy depth of woe 
Equals thine height of weal! A God bears down 
The scale with olden bliss heaped, ruining thee.

[Exit.

HECUBA

Lead forth, O my children, the stricken in years 
from the tent.
O lead her, upbearing the steps of your fellow-thrall 
Now, O ye daughters of Troy, but of old your queen. 
Clasp me, uphold, help onward the eld-forspent, 
Laying hold of my wrinkled hand, lest for weakness I fall;
And, sustained by a curving arm, thereon as I lean, 
I will hasten onward with tottering pace, 
Speeding my feet in a laggard's race.
O lightning-splendour of Zeus, O mirk of the night, 
Why quake I for visions in slumber that haunt me 
With terrors, with phantoms? O Earth's majestic might,
Mother of dreams that hover in dusk-winged flight, 
I cry to the vision of darkness "Avaunt thee!"—
The dream of my son who was sent into Thrace to 
be saved from the slaughter, [loved daughter, 
The dream that I saw of Polyxena's doom, my dear-
Which I saw, which I knew, which abideth to 
daunt me. 
Gods of the Underworld, save ye my son,
ΕΚΑΒΗ

80 δς μόνος οίκων ἀγκυρ’ ἐμῶν τὴν χιονώδη Θρήκην κατέχει ξείνου πατρίου φυλακαίσιν. ἔσται τι νέον, ἥξει τι μέλος γοερὸν γοεραῖς. οὐποτ’ ἐμὰ φρήν ὁδ’ ἀλίαστος φῆσσει, ταρβεῖ.

ποῦ ποτε θείαν Ἕλενον ψυχὰν ἥ Κασάνδραν ἐσίδω, Τριφάδες, ὡς μοι κρίνωσιν ὅνειροις;

90 εἶδον γὰρ βαλιάν ἐλαφον λύκου αἶμον χαλα ῥεαζομέναν, ἀπ’ ἐμῶν γονάτων σπασθείσαν ἀνάγκα ὁικτρῶς· καί τόδε δεῖμα μοι· ἥλθ’ ὑπὲρ ἄκρας τύμβου κορυφᾶς φάντασμ’ Ἀχιλέως· ἦτε δὲ γέρας τῶν πολυμόχθων τινά Τρωιάδων. ἀπ’ ἐμᾶς οὖν ἀπ’ ἐμᾶς τὸδε παιδὸς πέμψατε, δαίμονες, ἱκετεύω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

‘Εκάβη, σπουδή πρὸς σ’ ἐλιάσθην τὰς δεσποσύνους σκηνὰς προλιπτοῦσ’, ἐν ἐκληρώθην καὶ προσετάχθην δούλη, πόλεως ἀπελαυνομένη τῆς Ἰλιάδος, λόγχης αἰχμῆ δομιθήρατος πρὸς Ἀχαίών,
HECUBA

Mine house’s anchor, its only one,
By the friend of his father warded well
Where the snows of Thrace veil forest and fell!
    But a strange new stroke draweth near,
And a strain of wailing for them that wail.
Ah, never as now did the heart in me quail
    With the thrilling of ceaseless fear.
O that Cassandra I might but descry
To arrede me my dreams, O daughters of Troy,
    Or Helenus, god-taught seer!
For a dappled fawn I beheld which a wolf’s red
    fangs were tearing,
Which he dragged from my knees whereto she had
    clung in her piteous despairing.
This terror withal on my spirit is come,
That the ghost of the mighty Achilles hath risen,
    and stood
High on the crest of his earth-heaped tomb;
And he claimeth a guerdon of honour, the spilling of
    blood,
And a woe-stricken Trojan maiden’s doom.
O Gods, I am suppliant before you!—in any wise
    turn, I implore you,
This fate from the child of my womb!

Enter chorus of captive Trojan women.

I have hasted hitherward; the pavilions of my lord,
    O my queen, have I forsaken, in the which I
sojourn here,
Whom the lot hath doomed to fall unto a king, a thrall
    From Ilium chased, the quarry of Achaean hunters’
    spear,—
EKABH

οὐδὲν παθέων ἀποκουφίζον",
ἀλλ' ἀγγελίας βάρος ἀραμένη
μέγα, σοὶ τε, γύναι, κήρυξ ἀχέων.
ἐν γὰρ Ἀχαιῶν πλήρει ξυνόδορ
λέγεται δόξαι σὴν παῖδ' Ἀχιλέη
σφάγιον θέσθαι τύμβου δ' ἐπιβᾶς
οἶσθ' ὅτε χρυσέοις ἐφάνη σὺν ὀπλοῖς,
τὰς ποντοπόρους δ' ἔσχε σχεδίας
λαίφη προτόνου ἐπερειδομένας,
τάδε θωύσσων
ποι δή, Δαναοῖ, τόν ἐμὸν τύμβου
στέλλεσθ' ἀγέραστον ἀφέντες;

πολλὴς δ' ἔριδος συνέπαισε κλύδων,
δόξα δ' ἐχώρει δλ' ἀν' Ἑλλήνων
στρατὸν αἰχμητήν, τοῖς μὲν διδόναι
τύμβῳ σφάγιον, τοῖς δ' οὐχὶ δοκοῦν.

ἡν δὲ τὸ μὲν σὸν σπεῦδων ἀγαθὸν
tῆς μαντιπόλου Βάκχης ἀνέχων
λέκτρ' Ἀγαμέμνων
τῷ Θησείδα δ', ὡς Ἀθηνῶν,
δισσῶν μῦθων ῥήτορες ἦσαν
γνώμη δὲ μιᾷ συνεχωρεῖτην,

τὸν Ἀχιλλείου τύμβου στεφανοῦν
αἴματι χλωροῦ, τὰ δὲ Κασάνδρας
λέκτρ' οὐκ ἐφάτην τῆς Ἀχιλλείας
πρόσθεν θήσειν ποτὲ λόγχης.
HECUBA

Not for lightening of thy pain; nay, a burden have
I ta'en
Of heavy tidings, herald of sore anguish unto thee,
For that met is the array of Achaean, and they say
That thy child unto Achilles a sacrifice must be.

For thou knowest how in sheen of golden armour seen
He stood upon his tomb, and on the ocean-pacing ships
Laid a spell, that none hath sailed,—yea, though the halliards brailed [his lips:
The sails up to the yards;—and a cry rang from

"Ho, Danaans! whither now, leaving unredeemed your vow [away?"
Of honour to my tomb, and my glory spurned
Then a surge of high contention clashed: the spear-host in dissension
Was cleft, some crying, "Yield his tomb the victim!"—others, "Nay!"

Now the King was fervent there that thy daughter they should spare,
For that Agamemnon loveth thy prophet-bacchanal.
But the sons of Theseus twain, Athens' scions, for thy bane
Plead both, yet for the victim did their vote at variance fall.

"Ye cannot choose but crown with the life-blood streaming down
Achilles' grave!" they clamoured—"and, for this Cassandra's bed,
Shall any dare prefer to Achilles' prowess her—
A concubine, a bondslave?—It shall never be!" they said.
σπουδαί δὲ λόγων κατατευνόμενων ἦσαν ἵσαι πώς, πρίν ὁ ποικιλόφρων κόπτες, ἕδυλόγος, δημοχαριστὴς Δαερτιάδης πείθει στρατιάν 
μὴ τὸν ἀριστον Δαναῶν πάντων 
δούλων σφαγίων εἴκε' ἀπωθεῖν, 
μηδὲ τιν' εἰπεῖν παρὰ Περσεφόνη 
ὑπάντα φθιμένων 
ὡς ἀχάριστοι Δαναοὶ Δαναῖς 
τοῖς οἰχομένοις ὑπὲρ Ἰλλήνων 
Τροίας πεδίων ἀπέβησαν.

ἡξεὶ δ' Ἄδυσέας ὄσουν οὐκ ἦδη, 
πῶλον ἀφέλξων σῶν ἀπὸ μαστῶν 
ἐκ τε γεραιᾶς χερὸς ὀρμήσων.

ἲλλ' ἵθι ναοῦς, ἵθι πρὸς βωμοὺς, 
ἲδ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἱκέτῃς γονάτων, 
κήρυσσε θεοὺς τοὺς τ' οὐρανίδας 
τοὺς θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν.

ἡ γὰρ σε λιταὶ διακωλύσουσ' 
ὀρφανῶν εἶναι παιδὸς μέλεας,
HECUBA

But the vehemence of speech, each contending against each, was balanced, as it were, till the prater subtle. The man of honied tongue, the truckler to the throng, Laertes' spawn, 'gan fashion the host unto his

"We may not thrust aside like an outcast wretch," he cried, "The bravest Danaan heart and the stoutest All to spare our hands the stain of the blood of bondmaid slain, neither suffer that a voice from the ranks of them

In the presence of Hell's Queen should with scoffing bitter-keen

Cry, 'Thankless from the plains of Troy the Danaans have sped, Thankless unto Danaan kin whose graves are thick therein,

Who died to save their brethren—the soon-forgotten dead!'"

And Odysseus draweth near—even now shall he be here

From thy breast to rend thy darling, from thine age-enfeebled grasp.

Hie thee to the temples now: haste, before the altars bow:

Crouch low to Agamemnon, his knees in supplication

Lift up thy voice and cry to the Gods that sit on high:

Let the Nether-dwellers hear it through their darkness ringing wild.

For, except they turn and spare, and thy prevalence of prayer

Redeem thee from bereavement of thy ruin-stricken
ἘΚΑΒΗ

150 ἦ δεῖ σ’ ἐπιδεῖν τύμβου προπετὴ
φοινισσομένην αἵματι παρθένον
ἐκ χρυσοφόρου
deirής νασμὸ μελανανγεὶ.

ἘΚΑΒΗ

160 οὐ ’γὼ μελέα, τί ποτ’ ἀπύσω;
pολαν ἀχώ, ποιον ὄδυρμον;
dειλαία δειλαίου γήρως,
dουλείας τὰς οὐ τλατᾶς,
tὰς οὐ φερτᾶς’ ὦμοι μοι.

tις ἀμύνει μοι; ποία γέννα,
pοία δὲ πόλις;
φρούδος πρέσβυς, φρούδοι παίδες.
pοίαν, ἦ ταύταν ἦ κείναν
στείχω; ποί δ’ ἦσω; πού τις θεῶν
ἡ δαίμων νῦν ἐπαρωγός;

ω κάκ’ ἑνεγκούσαι Τρφάδες, ω
κάκ’ ἑνεγκούσαι
πήματ’, ἀπωλέσατ’ ὀλέσατ’ ὦκέτι μοι βίος
ἀγαστὸς ἐν φάει.

ω τλάμων ἄγησαι μοι
πούς, ἄγησαι τὰ γραία
πρὸς τάνδ’ αὐλάν’ ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ
δυστανότατας ματέρος, ἐξελθ’
exelθ’ οἰκών’ αἰε ματέρος
αὐτάν, ὦ τέκνον, ὥς εἰδῆς
οίαν οίαν ᾧω φύμαν
περὶ σᾶς ψυχάς.

260
HECUBA

Thou must surely live to gaze where a maiden on her face
On a grave-mound lieth slaughtered, while the
Welleth, welleth from the neck which the golden
mockeries deck,
And all her body crimsons in the bubbling horror

HECUBA

Woe for mine anguish! what outcry availeth
To thrill forth its agony-throes?
What wailing its fulness of torment outwaileth—
Wretched eld—bitter bondage where heart and flesh faileth?

Ah me for my woes!

What champion is left me?—what sons to defend me?

What city remains to me? Gone
Are my lord and my sons! Whither now shall I
wend me? [befriend me?
Whither flee? Is there God—is there fiend shall
Alone—alone!

Daughters of Troy—O ye heralds of ruin, ye heralds of ruin!—

What profits my life any more, whom your words have undone, have undone?

Now unto yonder pavilion, to tell to my child her undoing,

Lead, O ye wretchedest feet, lead ye the eld-stricken

O daughter, O child of a mother most wretched, forth faring, forth faring,

Come from the tent, O hearken the voice of thy
To the end thou mayst know what a rumour of awful despairing, despairing,

Concerning the life of thee, my belovèd, but now
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΣΕΝΗ

ιῶ, μάτερ μάτερ, τί βοᾶς; τί νέοιν
καρύξασ' οίκων μ' ὠστ' ὄρνιν
θάμβει τῶδ' ἔξεπταξας;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶμοι, τέκνον.

ΠΟΛΤΣΕΝΗ

τί με δυσφημεῖς; φροιμιά μοι κακά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαὶ, σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

ΠΟΛΤΣΕΝΗ

ἐξαύδα, μὴ κρύψῃς δαρόν.
δειμαίνω δειμαίνω, μάτερ,
tί ποτ' ἀναστένεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκνον τέκνον μελέας ματρός.

ΠΟΛΤΣΕΝΗ

τί τόδ' ἀγγέλλεις;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σφάξαι σ' Ἀργείων κοινά
συντείνει πρὸς τύμβου γυνώμα
Πηλείδα γέννα.

ΠΟΛΤΣΕΝΗ

οἶμοι, μάτερ, πῶς φθέγγει
ἀμέγαρτα κακῶν; μάνυσον μοι,
μάνυσον, μάτερ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐδῶ, παί, δυσφήμους φάμας:
ἀγγέλλουσ' Ἀργείων δόξαι
ψήφῳ τᾶς σᾶς περί μοι ψυχᾶς.
HECUBA

Enter POLYXENA
O mother, my mother, what meaneth thy crying?
What strange dread thing
Is this that thou heraldest
That hath scared me, like a bird forth-flying
On startled wing
Out of the peace of her nest?

HECUBA
Alas! woe's me, my daughter!

POLYXENA
What word of ill-boding is thine? From thy preluding ills I divine.

HECUBA
Ah me, life doomed unto slaughter!

POLYXENA
Tell it out, tell it out, neither hide o'erlong;
For mine heart, my mother, is heavy with dread
For the tidings that come in thy moan.

HECUBA
O child, O child of the grief-distraught!

POLYXENA
Ah, what is the message to me thou hast brought?

HECUBA
Death: for the Argive warrior-throng
Are in one mind set, that thy blood be shed
On the grave of Peleus' son.

POLYXENA
Ah me, my mother, how can thy tongue
Speak out the horror?—Let all be said:
O mother mine, say on.

HECUBA
O child, I have heard it, the shame and the wrong,
Of the Argive vote, of the doom forth sped,
Of the hope of thy life gone—gone!
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΕΕΝΗ

ό δεινά παθοῦσ', ὁ παντλάμων,
ό δυστάνου μάτερ βιοτᾶς,
οίαν οίαν αὖ σοι λῶβαν
ἐχθίσταν ἀρρήταν τ'
ὡρσέν τις δαίμων;
οὐκέτι σοι παῖς ἀδ' οὐκέτι δὴ
γῆρα δειλαίω δειλαία
συνδούλεύσω.

σκύμνου γάρ μ' ὀστ' οὐριθρέπταν,
μόσχον δειλαία δειλαίαν
eἰσόψει χειρὸς ἀναρπαστὰν
σᾶς ἀπὸ λαμβότομον τ' Ἄιδα
γᾶς ὑποπεμπομέναν σκότον, ἐνθα νεκρῶν μέτα
tάλανα κείσομαι.

καὶ σὲ μὲν, μάτερ δύστανε βίον,
κλαῖων πανδύρτως θρήνοις:
τὸν ἐμὸν δὲ βίον, λῶβαν λύμαν τ',
οὐ μετακλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ θανεῖν μοι
ξυντυχία κρείσσων ἐκύρησεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν Ὀδυσσεύς ἔρχεται σπουδὴ ποδός,
Ἐκάβη, νέον τι πρὸς σὲ σημανῶν ἔπος.

ΟΔΤΕΕΣΕΣ
γύναι, δοκῶ μὲν σ' εἰδέναι γνώμην στρατοῦ
ψῆφον τε τὴν κρανθείσαν· ἄλλ' ὅμως φράσω.
ἐδοξεὶ Ἀχαίοῖς παῖδα σὴν Πολυξένην
σφάξαι πρὸς ὀρθὸν χώμ' Ἀχιλλείου πάθουν.
ἡμᾶς δὲ πομποὺς καὶ κομιστήρας κόρης
tάσσουσιν εἶναι· θύματος δ' ἐπιστάτης
HECUBA

POLYXENA

O stricken of anguish beyond all other!
O filled with affliction of desolate days!
What tempest, what tempest of outrage and shame,
Too loathly to look on, too awful to name,
Hath a fiend uproused, that on thee it came,
That thy woeful child by her woeful mother
Nevermore down thraldom's paths shall pace!

For me, like a youngling mountain-pastured,
Like a child of the herd, shalt thou see torn far,
In woe from thy woeful embraces torn,
And, with throat by the steel of the altar shorn,
Down to the underworld darkness borne,
In the Land Unseen to lie, overmastered
Of misery, there where the death-stricken are.

For thee, for the dark days closing around thee,
Mother, with uttermost wailings I cry:
But for this, the life that I now must lack,
For all the ruin thereof and the wrack,
I wail not, I, as I gaze aback:—

O nay, but a happier lot hath found me,
Forasmuch as to me it is given to die.

CHORUS

But lo, Odysseus comes with hurrying foot,
To tell thee, Hecuba, the new decree.

Enter ODYSSEUS.

ODYSSEUS

Lady, thou know'st, I trow, the host's resolve,
And the vote cast, yet will I tell it thee:
The Achaians will to slay Polyxena
Thy child, upon Achilles' grave-mound's height.
Me they appoint to usher thitherward
And bring the maid: the president and priest
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ιερεύς τ’ ἐπέσται τούδε παῖς Ἀχιλλέως.
οἶσθ’ οὖν ὁ δράσον; μὴ τ’ ἀποστασθῆς βία
μὴ τ’ εἰς χερῶν ἀμιλλαν ἐξέλθης ἐμοί.
γύμνωσκε δ’ ἄλκην καὶ παρουσίαν κακῶν
τῶν σῶν. σοφόν τοι καὶ κακοῖς δ’ δεῖ φρονεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αιαί· παρέστηκη’, ὡς ἔοικ’, ἄγων μέγας,
πλήρης στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ δακρύων κενός.
cάγωγ’ ἄρ’ οὐκ ἐθνησκοῦν οὐ μ’ ἔχρην θανείν,
οὐδ’ οἷεσέν με Ζεὺς, τρέφει δ’, ὅπως ῥόδω
κακῶν κάκ’ ἄλλα μείζον’ ἢ τάλαν’ ἐγώ.
eι δ’ ἐστι τοῖς δούλοις τοὺς ἐλευθέρους
μὴ λυπηρὰ μηδὲ καρδίας δηκτήρια
ἐξιστορήσαι, σοί μὲν εἰρήσθαι χρεῶν,
ἡμᾶς δ’ ἀκούσας τοὺς ἐρωτώντας τάδε.

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΤΕ

ἐξεστ’, ἐρώτα· τοῦ χρόνου γὰρ οὐ φθονῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶσθ’ ἧλικ’ ἥλθες Ἰλιὸν κατάσκοτος,
δυσχέλαινα τ’ ἀμορφος, ὄμματον τ’ ἀπο
φόνου σταλαγμοὶ σὴν κατέσταζον γέννω;

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΤΕ

οἶδ’· οὗ γὰρ ἀκρας καρδίας ἐφανενέ μου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγνω δὲ σ’ Ἐλένη καὶ μόνη κατείπ’ ἐμοί;

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΤΕ

μεμνημέθ’ ἐσ’ κίνδυνον ἐλθόντες μέγαν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἡψω δὲ γονάτων τῶν ἐμῶν ταπεινῶς ὡν;

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΤΕ

ὡστ’ ἐνθανείν γε σοίς πέπλοισι χεὶρ’ ἐμὴν.

266
HECUBA

Of sacrifice Achilles' son shall be.
Know'st thou thy part then?—be not torn away
Perforce, nor brave me to the strife of hands;
But know thy might, thine imminence of ills.
Wise is it even mid ills to hearken reason.

HECUBA

Woe! A sore trial is at hand, meseems,
Burdened with groanings, and fulfilled of tears.
I died not there where well might I have died;
Nor Zeus destroyed, but holdeth me in life
To see—O wretch!—ills more than ills o'erpast.
Yet, if the bond may question of the free
Things that should vex them not, nor gall the heart,
Then fits it that thou be the questioned now,
And that I ask, and hearken thy reply.

ODYSSEUS

So be it: ask, I grudge not the delay.

HECUBA

Rememberest thou thy coming unto Troy
A spy, in rags vile-vestured; from thine eyes
Trickled adown thy cheeks the gouts of gore?

ODYSSEUS

I do, for deep it sunk into mine heart.

HECUBA

And Helen knew thee, and told none save me?

ODYSSEUS

I call to mind: mid peril grim I fell.

HECUBA

And to my knees didst cling, wast lowly then?

ODYSSEUS

With grasp of death closed on thy robes mine hand.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δήτ’ ἐλέξας δούλοις ὅν ἐμὸς τότε;
ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΕ
πολλῶν λόγων εὑρήμαθ’, ὡστε μὴ θανεῖν.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἐσώσα δὴτά σ’ ἐξέπεμψά τε χθονός;
ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΕ
ὡστ’ εἰσορᾶν γε φέγγος ἥλιου τόδε.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὔκοιν κακύνει τοῖς θεοῖς θεοφαίμασιν,
ὅς ἐξ ἐμοὶ μὲν ἔπαθες οἷα φίς παθεῖν,
δράς δ’ οὔδεν ἦμας εὗ, κακῶς δ’ ὅσον δύνα;
ἀχάριστον ἦμὼν σπέρμ’, ὅσοι δημιήγοροι
ξηλοῦτε τιμᾶς· μηδὲ γηγνόσκοισθέ μοι,
οἳ τοὺς φίλους βλάπτοντες οὐ φροντίζετε,
ἡν τοῖσι πολλοῖσι πρὸς χάριν λέγητε τι.
ἀταρ τί δὴ σόφισμα τοὐθ’ ἥγουμενοι
 eius τήνδε παιδα ψήφου ὦρισαν φόνου;
πότερα τὸ χρήν σφ’ ἐπῆγαγ’ ἀνθρωποσφαγεῖν
πρὸς τύμβον, ἐνθα βουθυτεῖν μᾶλλον πρέπει;
ἡ τοὺς κτανόντας ἀνταποκτέιναι θέλων
 eius τήνδ’ Ἀχιλλεὺς ἐνδίκως τείνει φόνον;
ἀλλ’ οὔδεν αὐτῶν ἄδε γ’ εἰργασται κακῶν.
Ελένην νυν αἰτεῖν χρήν τάφῳ προσφάγματα·
κείη γὰρ ὀλεσέν νυν εἰς Γροίαν τ’ ἀγεί.
eι δ’ αἰχμαλώτων χρή τιν’ ἐκκριτον θανεῖν
κάλλει θ’ ὑπερφέρουσαν, οὐχ ἦμῶν τοῦτο·
ἡ Τυνδαρίς γὰρ εἶδος ἐκπρεπεστάτη,
ἀδικοῦσά θ’ ἦμῶν οὔδεν ἤσον ηὐρέθη.
τῷ μὲν δικαίῳ τόνδ’ ἀμιλλώθαι λόγον·
δ’ ἀντιδοῦναι δεῖ σ’ ἀπαιτοῦσθης ἐμοῦ,
ἀκουσον. ἤψω τῆς ἐμῆς, ὡς φῆς, χερὸς

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HECUBA

HECUBA
Ay, and what saidst thou—thou my bondman then?

ODYSSEUS
Words—words full many I found, to escape from death.

HECUBA
I saved thee—saved thee,—sent thee forth the land?

ODYSSEUS
Ay, thanks to thee, I see the sun's light now.

HECUBA
Art thou not caitiff proved then by these plots,
Who wast by me so dealt with as thou sayest,
Yet dost us nought good, but thine utmost ill?
A thankless spawn, all ye that grasp at honour
By babbling to the mob!—let me not know you,
Who injure friends, and nothing reck thereof,
So ye may something say to please the rabble!
What crafty wiliness imagined ye
This, on my child to pass your murder-vote?
Was't duty drew them on to human slaughter
Upon a grave more meet for oxen slain?
Or doth Achilles, fain to requite with death
His slayers, justly aim death's shaft at her?
Now never aught of harm wrought she to him.
Helen should he demand, his tomb's fit victim:
’Twas she to Troy that drew him, and destroyed.
And if some chosen captive needs must die,
In beauty peerless, not to us points this;
For Tyndareus' daughter matchless is in form,
And was found wronging him no less than we.
This plea against his “justice” I array.
But what return thou ow'st me, on my claim,
Hear—thou didst touch mine hand, as thou dost own,
ΕΚΑΒΗ

καὶ τῇδε γραίασ προσπίτυνων παρηήδως,
ἀνθάπτομαι σου τῶν τῶν αὐτῶν ἔγω,
χάριν τ' ἀπαίτῳ τὴν τόθ' ἱκετεύω τε σε,
μὴ μου τὸ τέκνον ἐκ χερῶν ἀποσπάσης,
μηδὲ κτάνητε τῶν τεθνηκότων ἀλις.
ταύτη γέγηθα κάπιλήθομαι κακῶν·
ἣν ἀντὶ πολλῶν ἐστὶ μοι παραψυχῆ,
πόλις, τιθήνη, βάκτροι, ἡγεμῶν ὄδου,
οὗ τοὺς κρατοῦντας χρῆ κρατεῖν ἃ μὴ χρεῶν,
οὗδ' εὑρίσκοντας εὐ δοκεῖν πράξειν ἀεί
cἀγὼ γὰρ ἢν ποτ' ἀλλὰ νῦν οὐκ εἰμ' ἔτι,
τὸν πάντα δ' ὅλβον ἡμαρ ἐν μ' ἀφεῖλετο.
ἀλλ' ὃ φίλον γένειον, αἰδέοθητί με,
οὐκετερον ἔλθων δ' εἰς 'Αχαϊκὸν στρατὸν
pαρηγόρησον, ὡς ἀποκτεῖνειν φθόνος
gυναικῶς, ὥς τὸ πρῶτον οὐκ ἐκτέινατε
βωμῶν ἀποσπάσαντες, ἀλλ' φυτεύσατε.
νόμος δ' ἐν ὑμῖν τοῖς τ' ἑλευθέρως ἵππος
καὶ τοῖς δούλοις αἵματις κεῖται πέρι.
τὸ δ' ἀξίωμα, κἂν κακὸς λέγης, τὸ σὸν
πείσει: λόγος γὰρ ἔκ τ' ἀδοξοῦντων ἰδὼ
cακὸ τῶν δοκοῦντων αὐτὸς οὐ ταύτον σθένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗκ ἔστιν οὕτω στερρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσις,
ἵτις γόνων σῶν καὶ μακρῶν ὀδυρμάτων
κλύοντα θρήνους οὐκ ἂν ἐκβάλου δάκρυ.

ΟΔΤΕΣΕΤΣ

Ἐκάβη, διδάσκον πληθυνμένῳ
τὸν εὐ λέγοντα δυσμενὴ ποιοῦ φρενι.
ἔγω τὸ μὲν σοιν σῶμ', υφ' οὕτερ ἡμῦλονιν,
σιὼν ἐτοιμὸς εἰμ' κοῦν ἀλλως λέγων·
καὶ δ' εἴπον εἰς ἀπαντας οὐκ ἂρνήσομαι,
HECUBA

And wrinkled cheek, low cowering at my feet. Lo, in my turn thine hand, thy beard, I touch. That grace of old reclaiming, now thy suppliant. Not from mine arms tear thou my child away, Nor slay ye her: suffice the already dead. In her I joy, in her forget my woes: For many a lost bliss she my solace is: My city she, nurse, staff, guide for my feet. Not tyrannously the strong should use their strength, Nor they which prosper think to prosper aye. I too once was, but now am I no more, And all my weal one day hath reft from me. O, by thy beard, have thou respect to me! Pity me: go thou to Achaea's host; Persuade them how that shame it is to slay Women, whom first ye slew not, when ye tore These from the altars, but for pity spared. Lo, the same law is stablished among you For free and bond as touching blood-shedding. Thine high repute, how ill soe'er thou speak, Shall sway them: for the same speech carrieth not Like weight from men contemned and men revered.

CHORUS

There is no human nature so relentless That, hearkening to thy groanings and thy wails Long lengthened out, would not let fall the tear.

ODYSSEUS

Receive instruction, Hecuba, nor him For wrath count foe, who wisely counselleth. Thy life, through whom I found deliverance, Ready am I to save; I stand thereto. But what to all I said, I unsay not—
ΕΚΑΒΗ

Τροίας ἀλούσης ἀνδρὶ τῷ πρῶτῳ στρατοῦ σὴν παιδὰ δοῦναι σφάγιον ἔξαιτουμένῳ.
ἐν τῷ δὲ γὰρ κάμνουσιν αἱ πολλαὶ πόλεις,
ὅταν τὶς ἐσθλὸς καὶ πρόθυμος ἦν ἄνὴρ
μηδὲν φέρηται τῶν κακίων πολέον.

ημῖν δ’ Ἀχιλλεύς ἄξιος τιμῆς, γύναι,
θανῶν ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἐλλάδος κάλλιστ’ ἄνὴρ.
οὔκοιν τὸδ’ αἰσχρόν, εἰ βλέποτε μὲν φίλῳ
χρώμεσθ’, ἐπεὶ δ’ ὅλωλε, μὴ χρώμεσθ’ ἔτι;
εἰπέ· τί δή; ἔρει τίς, ἢν τὶς αὐ φανῇ
στρατόν τ’ ἀθροισίς πολεμίων τ’ ἀγωνίᾳ;
πότερα μαχόμεθ’ ὑ φιλοψυχήσομεν,
τὸν καθαυκόνθ’ ὀρῶτες οὐ τιμῶμενον;
καὶ μὴν ἐμοίγε ζῶντι μὲν, καθ’ ἡμέραν
κεὶ σμίκρ’ ἔχοιμι, πάντ’ ἂν ἄρκοιντως ἐχοι·
tύμβων δὲ βουλοίμην ἂν ἄξιομενον
τὸν ἐμὸν ὀρᾶσθαί· διὰ μακροῦ γὰρ ἡ χάρις.
eἰ δ’ οὐκτρὰ πάσχειν φῆς, τάδ’ ἀντάκουνε μου;
εἰσίν παρ’ ἡμῖν οὐδὲν ἤσον ἄθλαι
γραῖα ἡναίκες ἢ δε πρεσβύται σέθεν,
νῦμφαι τ’ ἄριστον νυμφίων τητόμεναι,
ὁν ἢ δε κεύθει σώματ’ Ἰδαία κόνις.
τόλμα τάδ’ ἡμεῖς δ’, εἰ κακῶς νομίζομεν
τιμᾶν τὸν ἐσθλὸν, ἀμαθίαν ὀφλήσομεν·
οί βάρβαροι δὲ μήτε τοὺς φίλους φίλους
ἐγείσθηνο μήτε τοὺς καλῶς τεθηκότας
θαυμᾷζεθ’, ὡς ἂν ἡ μὲν Ἐλλὰς εὕτυχῆ,
ἀπεὶ δ’ ἐχθῇ ὠμοια τοῖς βουλεύμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαί· τὸ δοῦλον ὡς κακὸν πέφυκ’ ἀεὶ
tολμᾶ θ’ ἡ μὴ χρῆ, τῇ βίᾳ νικῶμενον.
HECUBA

That now, Troy taken, we should yield thy child,
At our great champion's claim, for sacrifice.
For of this cometh weakness in most states,
That, though a man be brave and patriot-souled,
No guerdon gains he more than baser men.
But we, we deem Achilles honour-worthy,
Who died for Hellas nobly as man may.
Were this not shame then, as a friend to treat
Him living, but no more when he is gone?
Yea, what will one say then, if once again
The host must gather for the strife with foes?
"Fight shall we," will they cry, "or cling to life,
Beholding how unhonoured go the dead?"
Yea, for myself, how scant soe'er in life
My fare for daily need, this should suffice:
Yet fain would I my tomb were reverence-crowned
In men's sight; evermore this grace abides.
But, if thou plain of hardship, hear mine answer:
With us there be grey matrons, aged sires,
Not any whit less wretched than art thou,
And brides of noblest bridegrooms left forlorn,
Whose corpses yonder dust of Ida shrouds.
Endure this: we, if err we do to honour
The brave, content will stand convict of folly.
But ye barbarians, still count not as friends
Your friends, nor render your heroic dead
Homage, that prosperous so may Hellas rise,
And your reward may match your policy.

CHORUS

Woe! What a curse is thraldom's nature, aye
Enduring wrong by strong constraint o'erborne!

VOL. I.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ωθύγατερ, ούμωλ μὲν λόγοι πρὸς αἰθέρα
φρούδοι μάτην ριφέντες ἀμφὶ σοῦ φόνου-
σὺ δ' εἰ τι μείζω δύναμιν ἢ μήτηρ ἐχεισ,
σπουδαζέ, πάσας ὅστ' ἀγῶνος στόμα
θυγγάς ἵεισα, μὴ στερηθήμαι βίον.
πρόσπιπτε δ' οἰκτρῶς τοῦ 'Οδυσσέως γόνυ
καὶ πεῖθ'. ἐχεις δὲ πρόφασιν· ἔστι γὰρ τέκνα
καὶ τῆς τῆς σὴν ὅστ' ἐποικτείραι τύχην.

ΠΟΛΑΣΕΝΗ

ὁρῶ σ', 'Οδυςσεῦ, δεξίαν υψ' εἴματος
κρύπτοντα χεῖρα καὶ πρόσωπον ἐμπαλιν
στρέφοντα, μή σοι προσθύγω γενειάδος.
θάρσει. πέφευγας τοῦ εὕμον ικέσιον Δία·
ός ἐσομαι γε τοῦ τ' ἀναγκαίου χάριν
θανεῖν τε χρήζουσ'. εἰ δὲ μὴ βουλήσομαι,
κακῆς φανοῦμαι καὶ φιλόψυχος γυνή,
tί γὰρ με δεῖς εὐν.; ἡ πατήρ μὲν ἢν ἄναξ
Φρυγῶν ἀπὰντων· τοῦτο μοι πρῶτον βιοῦν·
ἐπειτ' ἐθρέφθην ἐπίδων καλὸν ὑπὸ
βασιλεύσι νῦμφη, ξῆλον οὐ σμικρὸν γάμων
ἐχουσ', ὅτον δῶμ' ἐστίαν τ' ἀφίξομαι.
δεσποίνα δ' ἡ δύστην Ἰδαίασιν ἦν
γυναιξί, παρθένοις ἀπόβλεπτος μέτα,
ἰσηθεὶς πλὴν τὸ καθαείν μόνον·
νῦν δ' εἰμὶ δούλη. πρῶτα μὲν με τοῦνομα
θανεῖν ἔραν τίθησιν οὐκ εἰώθος ὅν·
ἐπειτ' ἰσως ἀν δεσποτῶν ὦμῶν φρένας
τύχοιμ' ἄν, ὅστις ἀργυρὸν μ' ὄνεισται
τῆν 'Εκτόροις τε χατέρων πολλῶν κάσιν,
προσθελες δ' ἀνάγκην σιτοποιοῦν ἐν δόμοις,
σάρευε τε δῶμα κερκίσιν τ' ἐφεστάναι
HECUBA

HECUBA
My daughter, wasted are my words in air,
Flung vainly forth my pleadings for thy life.
If thou canst aught prevail beyond thy mother,
Be instant; as with nightingale's sad throat
Moan, moan, that thou be not bereft of life.
Fall piteously at this Odysseus' knee:
Melt him. A plea thou hast—he too hath babes;
Well may he so compassionate thy lot.

POLYXENA
I see, Odysseus, how thou hid'st thine hand
Beneath thy vesture, how thou turn'st away
Thy face, lest I should touch thy beard. Fear not:
From Zeus safe art thou, from the Suppliant's
Champion.
I will go with thee, both for that I must,
And that I long to die. And, were I loth,
A coward girl life-craving were I proved.
For, wherefore should I live, whose sire was king
Of all the Phrygians? Such was my life's dawn:
Thereafter was I nurtured mid bright hopes,
A bride for kings, for whose hand rivalry
Ran high, whose hall and hearth should hail me
queen.
And I—ah me!—was Lady of the Dames
Of Ida, cynosure amidst the maidens,
Peer of the Gods—except that man must die:—
And now a slave! The name alone constrains me
To long for death, so strange it is to me.
More—haply upon brutal-hearted lords
I might light, such as would for silver buy me,—
Sister of Hector and of many a chief!—
Force me to grind the quern his halls within,
And make me sweep his dwelling, stand before

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ΕΚΑΒΗ

λυπράν ἁγουσαν ἡμέραν μ' ἀναγκάσει
λέχη δὲ τάμα δούλος ὄνητός ποθὲν
χρανεῖ, τυράννων πρόσθεν ἡξιωμένα.
οὐ δὴτ' ἀφήμ' ὀμμάτων ἐλεύθερον
φέγγος τόδ' ὁ Ἀιδής προστιθείσ' ἐμὸν δέμας.
ἀγ' οὖν μ', Ὀδυσσεύ, καὶ διέργασαί μ' ἁγων.
οὔτ' ἔλπιδος γὰρ οὔτε τοῦ δόξης ὅρων
θάρσος παρ' ἵμων ὡς ποτ' εὖ πρᾶξαι με χρή.
μήτερ, οὐ δ' ἵμων μηδὲν ἐμποδοῦν γένη
λέγουσα μηδὲ δρῶσα: συμβοῦλον δὲ μοι
θανεῖν πρὶν αἰσχρῶν μὴ κατ' ἄξιαν τυχεῖν.
οὕτως γὰρ οὐκ εἰσθήτει γενέσθαι κακῶν,
φέρει μὲν, ἀλλεί ὁ αἰχεῖν ἐντιθεῖς ζυγῆ.
θανῶν δ' ἢ ἄν εἴη μάλλον εὐτυχέστερος
ἡ ξών' τὸ γὰρ ξὺν μὴ καλῶς μέγας πόνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸς χαρακτήρ κατίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς
ἐσθλῶν γενέσθαι, κατι μείζον ἔρχεται
τῆς εὐγενείας ὅνομα τοίσιν ἄξιοις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

καλῶς μὲν εἰπας, θύγατερ. ἀλλὰ τῷ καλῷ
λύπη πρόσεστων. εἰ δὲ δεὶ τῷ Πηλέως
χάριν γενέσθαι παιδὶ καὶ ψύχων φυγεῖν
ὕμας, Ὀδυσσεύ, τὴνδὲ μὲν μὴ κτείνετε,
ημᾶς δ' ἀγαύτες πρὸς πυρὰν Ἀχιλλέως
κεντεῖτε, μὴ φείδεσθ' ἑγὼ τεκοῦ Πάρων.
ὅς παῖδα Θέτιος ὠλεσεν τόξοις βαλῶν.

ΟΔΤΕΣΕΤΕ

οὐ σ', ὁ γεραιά, καθηανεῖν Ἀχιλλέως
φάντασμ' Ἀχαιοὺς, ἀλλὰ τῆν ἡτήσατο.
HECUBA

The loom, while days of bitterness drag on.
And, somewhere bought, some bondslave shall
defile
My couch—accounted once a prize for princes.
Never!—free light mine eyes shall last behold:
To Death my body will I dedicate.
Lead on, Odysseus, lead me to my doom;
For I see no assurance, nor in hope,
No, nor in day-dreams, of good days to be.
Mother, do thou in no wise hinder me
By word or deed; but thou consent with me
Unto my death, ere shame unmeet befall.
For whoso is not wont to taste of ills
Chafes, while he bears upon his neck the yoke,
And death for him were happier far than life;
For life ignoble is but crushing toil.

CHORUS

Strange is the impress, clear-stamped upon men,
Of gentle birth, and aye nobility
Higher aspires in them that worthily wear it.

HECUBA

My daughter, nobly said: yet anguish cleaves
Unto that "nobly." But if Peleus' son
Must gain this grace, and ye must flee reproach,
Odysseus, slay not her in any wise;
But me, lead me unto Achilles' pyre:
Stab me, spare not: 'twas I gave Paris birth
Who with his shafts smote Peleus' son and slew.

ODYSSEUS

Not thee, grey mother, did Achilles' ghost
Require the Achaean men to slay, but her.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

υμεῖς δέ μ’ ἄλλα θυγατρὶ συμφονεύσατε, καὶ δῆς τὸσον πῶμ’ ἀўματος γενήσεται γαῖα νεκρῷ τε τῷ τάδ’ ἐξαιτουμένῳ.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕ

ἄλως κόρης εἰς θάνατος, οὐ προσουστέως ἄλλος πρὸς ἄλλῃ· μηδὲ τὸνδ’ ὠφείλομεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πολλῇ γ’ ἀνάγκῃ θυγατρὶ συνθανεῖν ἐμὲ.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕ

πῶς; οὐ γὰρ οἴδα δεσπότας κεκτημένους.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀποῖα κυσσὸς δρυὸς ὅπως τῆσ’ ἔξωμαι.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕ

οὐκ, ἦν γε πεἰθῇ τοῦσι σοῦ σοφωτέροις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὡς τῆσ’ ἐκούσα παιδὸς οὐ μεθήσομαι.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕ

ἄλλ’ οὐδ’ ἐγὼ μὴν τῆν’ ἄπειμ’ αὐτοῦ λυπῶν.

ΠΟΛΥΕΝΗ

μῆτερ, πιθοῦ μοι· καὶ σὺ, παῖ Δαερτίου, χάλα τοκεύσων εἰκότως θυμομένους, σὺ τ’, ὧ τάλαινα, τοῖς κρατοῦσι μη μάχου. βούλει πεσεῖν πρὸς οὐδας ἐλκώσαι τε σὸν γέροντα χρῶτα πρὸς βλαν ὠδουμένη, ἀσχημονήσαι τ’ ἐκ νέου βραχίονος στπασθεῖσ’, ἀ πεῖσει; μὴ σὺ γ’· οὐ γὰρ ἀξιον. ἄλλ’, ὦ φίλη μοι μῆτερ, ἤδιστην χέρα δὸς καὶ παρεῖαν προσβαλεῖν παρηδ’ ὡς οὐποτ’ αὐθις, ἄλλα νῦν παυστατον ἀκτίνα κύκλον θ’ ἡλίου προσόψομαι.

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HECUBA

Yet ye—at least me with my daughter slay:
Then twice so deep a draught of blood shall sink
To earth and to the dead who claimeth this.

ODYSSEUS

Thy daughter's death sufficeth: death on death
Must not be heaped. Would God we owed not this!

HECUBA

I must—I must die where my daughter dies

ODYSSEUS

Must?—I knew not that I had found a master!

HECUBA

As ivy clings to oak will I clasp her.

ODYSSEUS

Not if thou heed a wiser than thyself.

HECUBA

Consent I will not to let go my child.

ODYSSEUS

Nor I will hence depart and leave her here.

POLYXENA

Mother, heed me: and thou, Laertes' son,
O bear with parents which have cause to rage.
Mother, poor mother, strive not with the strong.
Wouldst thou be earthward hurled, and wound thy flesh,
Thine aged flesh, with violence thrust away?
Be hustled shamefully, by young strong arms
Haled?—this shouldst thou. Nay, 'tis not worthy thee.
But mother, darling mother, give thine hand,
Thy dear, dear hand, and lay thy cheek to mine:
Since never more, but this last time of all
Shall I behold the sun's beam and his orb.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέλος δέχει δὴ τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων, ὃ μήτερ, ὃ τεκοῦσ'. ἄπειμι δὴ κάτω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁ θύγατερ, ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν φάει δουλεύσομεν.

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

ἄνυμφος ἀνυμέναιος δὲν μ' ἔχρην τυχεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ σύ, τέκνον, ἁθλία δ' ἐγὼ γυνή.

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

ἐκεῖ δ' ἐν "Αἰδον κείσομαι χωρὶς σέθεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶμοι· τί δράσω; τοὶ τελευτήσω βίον;

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

δούλη θανοῦμαι, πατρὸς οὖσ' ἔλευθέρου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἡμεῖς δὲ πεντήκοντά γ' ἄμμοροι τέκνων.

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

τί σοι πρὸς 'Εκτόρ' ἢ γέροντ' εἶπω πόσιν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄγγελλε πασῶν ἀθλιωτάτην ἐμέ.

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

ὁ στέρνα μαστοῖ τ', οἳ μ' ἔθρεψαθ' ἠδέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁ τῆς ἀώρου θύγατερ ἁθλία τύχης.

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

χαίρ', ὃ τεκοῦσα, χαϊρε Κασάνδρα τ' ἐμοί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χαίρομαιι ἄλλοι, μητρὶ δ' οὐκ ἐστιν τόδε.

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

ὁ τ' ἐν φιλίπποις Θρηξί Πολύδωρος κάσις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ ζη γ'· ἀπιστῶ δ'· ὁδε πάντα δυστυχῶ.
HECUBA

Receive of all my greetings this the last:—
O mother—breast that bear me—I pass deathward.

HECUBA

O daughter, I shall yet live on in bondage.

POLYXENA

Bridegroom nor bridal!—nought of all my due!

HECUBA

Piteous thy plight, my child, and wretched I.

POLYXENA

There shall I lie in Hades, far from thee.

HECUBA

Ah me, what shall I do?—where end my life?

POLYXENA

To die a slave, whose father was free-born!

HECUBA

In fifty sons nor part nor lot have I!

POLYXENA

What shall I tell to Hector and thy lord?

HECUBA

Report me of all women wretchedest.

POLYXENA

O bosom, breasts that sweetly nurtured me

HECUBA

Woe is thee, daughter, for thy fate untimely!

POLYXENA

Mother, farewell: Cassandra, fare thee well.

HECUBA

Others fare well—not for thy mother this!

POLYXENA

Mid Thracians lives my brother Polydorus.

HECUBA

If he doth live. I doubt: so dark is all.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

ζῆ καὶ θανοῦσης ὄμμα συγκλήσει τὸ σῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

tέθνηκεν ἐγώγε πρὶν θανεῖν κακῶν ὑπὸ.

ΠΟΛΤΕΣΕΝΗ

κόμεξ, Ὅδυσσεῦ, μὴ ἀμφιθεῖς κάρα πέπλους·
ὡς πρὶν σφαγὴναι γὰρ ἐκτέτηκα καρδίαν
θρήνους μητρὸς τήνυδε τ᾿ ἐκτήκω γύοις.
ὡς φῶς προσεύπειν γὰρ σὸν ὄνομ᾿ ἔξεστί μοι,
μέτεστι ὡς οὐδὲν πλῆν ὅσον χρόνον ξύφους
βαίνω μεταξῦ καὶ πυρᾶς Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰ γὰρ, προλείπον λύται δέ μοι μέλη.
ὡς τὸ γατερῷ, ἄψας μητρός, ἐκτεινὼν χέρα,
δός μὴ λήπης μὴ ἀπαίδ. ἀπωλόμην, φίλαι.
διὰ τὴν Δάκαιναν σύγγονον Διορκόρῳν
Ἑλένην ἴδοιμι· διὰ καλῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων
αἰσχίστα Τροίαν εἶλε τὴν εὐδαίμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὔρα, ποντιᾶς αὔρα,

στρ. α'

ἀτε ποντοπόρους κομίζεις
θοᾶς ἀκάτους ἐπὶ οἴδμα λίμνας,
ποί με τὰν μελέαν πορεύσεις;

τῷ δουλόσυνος πρὸς οἴκον
κτηθεῖς ἀφίξομαι;

ὁ Δωρίδος ὦρμον αἰας

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ὁ Φθιάδος, ἐνθα καλλί-

στῶν ὑδάτων πατέρα

φασὶν Ἀπιδανὸν πεδία λυπαίνειν;
HECUBA

POLYXENA
He lives, and he shall close thy dying eyes.

HECUBA
I—I have died ere dying, through my woes.

POLYXENA
Muffle mine head, Odysseus, and lead on.
For, ere ye slay me, hath my mother's moan
Melted mine heart, and mine is melting hers.
O light!—for yet on thy name may I call;
Yet all my share in thee is that scant space
Hence to the sword-edge and Achilles' pyre.

[Exeunt Odysseus and Polyxena.

HECUBA
Ah me! I swoon—beneath me fail my limbs!
O daughter, touch thy mother—reach thine hand—
Give it, nor childless leave me! Friends—undone!
Oh thus to see that sister of Zeus' Sons,
Helen the Spartan!—for by her bright eyes
In shameful fall she brought down prosperous Troy.

[Swoons.

CHORUS
O breeze, O breeze, over sea-ways racing, (Str. 1)
Who onward wastest the ocean-pacing
Fleet-flying keels o'er the mere dark-swelling,
Whitherward wilt thou bear me, the sorrow-laden?
From what slave-mart shall the captive maiden
Pass into what strange master's dwelling?
To a Dorian haven?—or where, overstreaming
Fat Phthia-land's meads, laugh loveliest-gleaming
Babe-waters from founts of Apidanus welling?
ΕΚΑΒΗ

η νάσων, ἀληθείᾳ
κάπα πεμπομέναν τάλαναν,
οἰκτράν βιοτάν ἐχοῦσαν οἶκοις,
ἐνθα πρωτόγονος τε φοίνιξ
δάφνα θ' ἱεροὺς ἀνέσχε

πτόρθους Δατόι φίλα
ἄδινοι ἀγαλμα Δίας;
σὺν Δηλώσων τε κούραις
Ἀρτέμιδος τε θεᾶς
χρυσέαν ἀμπυκα τόξα τ' εὐλογήσω;

ἡ Παλλάδος εῦ πόλει
τάς καλλιδύρφου τ' Ἀθα-
ναίας ἐν κροκέω πέπλῳ
ζεύξομαι ἀρματὶ πῶλους,
ἐν δαιδαλέαισι ποικίλλουσ'
ἀνθοκρόκοισι πήναις,
ἡ Τιτάνων γενεάν
τὰν Ζεὺς ἀμφιπύρρῳ ἀνιμέζει φλογῷ Κρονίδας;

ὦμοι τεκέων ἐμῶν,
ὦμοι πατέρων χθονὸς θ',
ἂ κατυφί κατερείτεται
τυφομένα δορίκτητος
'Αργεῖων ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ξεϊ-
να χθονὶ ὅτ' κέκλημαι
δούλα, λυπόου 'Ασίαν
Εὐρώπας θεράπτων,
ἀλλάξασ' 'Αιδα θαλάμους.
HECUBA

(\textit{Ant. 1})

Or, to misery borne by the oars brine-sweeping,
In the island-halls through days of weeping
Shall we dwell, where the first-born palm,
ascending
From the earth, with the bay twined, glorifying
With enshrinining frondage the couch where lying
Dear Leto attained to her travail's ending,

There chanting of Artemis' bow all-golden,
And the brows with the frontlet of gold enfolden,
With the Delian maidens our voices blending?

Or in Pallas's town to the car all-glorious \textit{(Str. 2)}
Shall I yoke the steeds on the saffron-glowing\textsuperscript{1}
Veil of Athene, where flush victorious
The garlands that cunningest fingers are throwing
In manifold hues on its folds wide-flowing,—
Or the brood of the Titans whom lightnings,
that fell
Flame-wrapt from Cronion, in long sleep quell?

\begin{flushright}
\textit{Woe for our babes, for our fathers hoary! \textit{(Ant. 2)}
Woe for our country, mid smoke and smoulder
Crashing to ruin, and all her glory
Spear-spoiled!—and an alien land shall behold her
Bond who was free; for that Asia's shoulder
Is bowed under Europe's yoke, and I dwell,
An exile from home, in a dungeon of hell.}
\end{flushright}

\textsuperscript{1} \textit{i.e.} Embroider thereon the chariot and horses of Athene bearing the Goddess to battle against the Giants.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ
πού τὴν ἀνασαν δὴ ποτ' οὖσαν Ἰλίου
Ἐκάβην ἄν ἐξεύροιμ, Τρφάδες κόραι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
αὐτή πέλας σου νῶτ' ἔχουσ' ἐπὶ χθονί,
Ταλθύβιε, κεῖται ξυγκεκλημένη πέπλους.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ
ὁ Ζεὺς, τί λέξω; ποτέρα σ' ἀνθρώπους ὀρᾶν;
ἡ δόξαν ἄλλως τήνδε κεκτήσθαι μᾶτ' ἡ
ψευδή, δοκοῦντας δαιμόνων εἶναι γένος,
τύχην δὲ πάντα τὰν βροτοὺς ἐπισκοπεῖν;
οὐχ ἢ δ' ἀνάσσα τῶν πολυχρύσων Φρυγῶν,
οὐχ ἢ δ' Πριάμου τοῦ μέγ' ὀλβίον δάμαρ;
καὶ νῦν πόλις μὲν πᾶς ἄνεστικεν δορὶ,
αὐτὴ δὲ δούλη, γραύς, ἀπαίς, ἐπὶ χθονί
κεῖται, κόνιε φύρουσα δύστηνον κάρα.

φεῦ φεῦ' γέρων μὲν εἰμ', ὃμως δὲ μοι θανεῖν
εἰ ἐπὶν αἰσχρὰ περιπεσεῖν τύχη τυκί.
ἀνίστασ', ὃ δυστήνε, καὶ μετάρσιον
πλευρὰν ἔπαιρε καὶ τὸ πάλλευκον κάρα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἐκ: τίς οὔτος σῶμα τοῦμίν οὐκ ἔας
κεῖσθαι; τί κινεῖς μ', ὡστὶς εἴ, λυπουμένην;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ
Ταλθύβιος ἦκω Δαναίδων ὑπηρέτης,
Ἄγαμέμνονος πέμψαντος, ὃ γύναι, μέτα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ὁ φίλτατ', ἀρα κἀ' ἐπισφάξαι τάφῳ
dοκοῦν Ἀχαίοις ἠλθεῖς; ὃς φίλ' ἀν λέγοις.
σπεύδωμεν, ἐγκονωμεν' ἤγοι μοι, γέρον.
HECUBA

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

Where shall I find her that of late was queen
Of Ilium, Hecuba, ye maids of Troy?

CHORUS

Lo there, anigh thee, on the ground outstretched,
Talthybius, lies she muffled in her robes.

TALTHYBIUS

What shall I say, Zeus?—that thou look’st on men?
Or that this fancy false we vainly hold
For nought, who deem there is a race of Gods,
While chance controlleth all things among men?
This—was she not the wealthy Phrygians’ queen?
This—was she not all-prosperous Priam’s wife?
And now her city is all spear-o’erthrown;
Herself a slave, old, childless, on the earth
Lieth, her hapless head with dust defiled.
Ah, old am I, yet be it mine to die
Ere into any shameful lot I fall!
Arise, ill-starred, and from the earth uplift
Thy body and thine head all snow-besprent.

HECUBA

Ha, who art thou that lettest not my frame
Rest?—why disturb my grief, whoe’er thou be?

TALTHYBIUS

Talthybius I, the Danaans’ minister,
Of Agamemnon sent, O queen, for thee.

HECUBA

Friend, friend, art come because the Achaeans will
To slay me too? How sweet thy tidings were!
Haste we—make speed—O ancient, lead me on.

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ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΤΑΛΘΒΙΟΣ

σήν παιδα καθαναύσαν ως θάψης, γύναι, ἤκω μετάστειχὼν σε' πέμπτουσιν δέ με δισσοὶ τ' Ἀτρείδαι καὶ λεῶς Ἀχαϊκός.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι, τί λέξεις; οὐκ ἄρ' ως θανομένους μετήλθες ἡμᾶς, ἄλλα σημανῶν κακὰ; ὅλωλας, ὦ παῖ, μητρὸς ἄρπασθείς ἀπό· ἡμεῖς δὲ ἀτεκνοὶ τούτι ὤ· ὦ τάλαι' ἐγὼ· πῶς καὶ νῦν ἐξεπράξατ; ἄρ' αἴδούμενοι; ἤ πρὸς τὸ δεινὸν ἠλθεθ' ως ἔχραν, γέρον, κτείνοντες; εἰπέ, καίπερ οὐ λέξων φίλα.

ΤΑΛΘΒΙΟΣ

dιπλα με χρήζεοι δάκρυα κερδάναι, γύναι, σήν παιδὸς οὐκτα' νῦν τε γὰρ λέγων κακὰ τέγξω τὸδ' ὄμμα, πρὸς τάφω θ' ὅτ' ὀλλυτο. παρὴν μὲν ὥχλος πᾶς Ἀχαϊκοῦ στρατοῦ πλήρης πρὸ τῦμβου σής κόρης ἐπὶ σφαγάς· λαβὼν δ' Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Πολυβένην χερὸς ἐστη’ ἐπ’ ἀκρον χώματος, πέλας δ' ἐγώ· λεκτοι τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐκκριτοί νεανίαι, σκίρτημα μόσχου σής καθέξοντες χεροῖν, ἐσπυντο. πλήρες δ’ ἐν χεροῖν λαβὼν δέπας πάγχρυσον αἰρέι χειρὶ παῖς· Ἀχιλλέως χοῖς θανόντι πατρί· σημαίνει δὲ μοι σιγήν Ἀχαιῶν παντὶ κηρύξαι στρατῷ. κὰγῳ καταστὰς εἶπον ἐν μέσοις τάδε· σιγάτ', Ἀχαιώ, σύγα πᾶς ἐστὼ λεώς, σύγα, σιώπα· νήμεμον δ' ἐστη' ὀχλον. ὁ δ' εἴπεν· ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, πατὴρ δ' ἐμός, δέξαι χοῖς μου τάσδε κηλητηρίους, νεκρῶν ἰγωγοὺς· ἐλθὲ δ' ὦς πῖθα μέλαν
HECUBA

TALTHYBIUS
Lady, that thou mayst bury thy dead child,
I come in quest of thee; and sent am I
Of Atreus' two sons and the Achaean folk.  510

HECUBA
Woe!—what wouldst say? Not as to one death-
doomed
Cam'st thou to me, but heralding new woes?
Child, thou hast perished, from thy mother torn!
Childless, as touching thee, am I—ah wretch!—
How did ye slay her?—how?—with reverence meet,
Or with brute outrage, as men slay a foe,
Ancient? Tell on, though all unsweet thy tale.

TALTHYBIUS
Twofold tear-tribute wouldst thou win from me
In pity for thy child. Mine eyes shall weep
The tale, as by the grave when she was dying.  520
There met was all Achaea's warrior-host
Thronged at the grave to see thy daughter slain.
Then took Achilles' son Polyxena's hand,
And on the mound's height set her: I stood by.
And followed of the Achaean chosen youths
Whose hands should curb the struggling youths of thy
lamb.
Then taking 'twixt his hands a chalice brimmed,
Pure gold, Achilles' son to his dead sire
Drink-offerings poured, and signed me to proclaim
Silence unto the whole Achaean host.  530
By him I stood, and in the midst thus cried:
"Silence, Achaean! Hushed be all the host!
Peace!—not a word!"—so breathless stilled the folk.
Then spake he: "Son of Peleus, father mine,
Accept from me these drops propitiatory,
Ghost-raising. Draw thou nigh to drink pure blood

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κόρης ἀκραίφνες αἱμ·, οὶ σοὶ δωρούμεθα στρατός τε κάγω· πρεμένης δ' ἡμῖν γενοῦ, λυσαί τε πρύμνας καὶ χαλινωτήρια νεῶν δὸς ἡμῖν πρεμενοὺς τ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου νόστου τυχόντας πάντας εἰς πάτραν μολείν. τοσαυτ' ἔλεξε, πᾶς δ' ἔπηξζατο στρατός. εἶτ' ἀμφίχρυσον φάσγανον κώπης λαβὼν ἔξειλκε κολεοῦ, λογάσι δ' Ἀργείων στρατοῦ νεανίας ἐνευσε παρθένον λάβειν.

η δ' ὡς ἐφράσθη, τόνδ' ἐσήμηνεν λόγον οὗ τὴν ἐμὴν πέρσαντες Ἀργείοι πόλιν, ἐκοῦσα θηνήκω· μή τις ἀψηταί χρόος τούμου· παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίώς.

ἐλευθέραν δὲ μ', ὡς ἐλευθέρα θάνω, πρὸς θέων μεθέντες κτείνατ'· ἐν νεκροῖσι γὰρ διούλη κεκλήσθαι βασιλὶς οὔσ' αἰσχύνοιμαι. λαοὶ δ' ἐπερρόθησαν, Ἀγαμέμνων τ' ἀναξ ἐπεν μεθέναι παρθένον νεανίας.

οἱ δ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἦκουσαν ὑστάτην ὅπα, μεθήκαν, ὅπερ καὶ μεγίστον ἦν κράτος. κἀπεὶ τόδ' εἰςήκουσε δεσποτῶν ἐπος, λαβοῦσα πέπλους ἔξι άκρας ἐπωμίδος ἔρρηξε λαγόνος εἰς μέσον παρ' ὀμφαλόν, μαστοὺς τ' ἔδειξε στέρνα θ', ὡς ἀγάλματος, κάλυπτα, καὶ καθεῖσα πρὸς γαῖαν γόνυ ἐλεξε πάντων τλημονεστατον λόγων ἰδον τόδ', εἰ μὲν στέρνων, ὡν νεανία, παιεῖν προθυμεῖ, παῖσον, εἰ δ' ὑπ' αὐχένα χρῆξεις, πάρεστι λαμμὸς εὔτρεπὴς ὃδε.

ο δ' οὐ θέλων τε καὶ θέλων οἴκτω κόρης, τέμνει σιδήρῳ πνεύματος διαρροάς· κρουνοὶ δ' ἐχώρουν. ἦ δὲ καὶ θηνήσκουσ' ὁμως

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HECUBA

Dark-welling from a maid. We give it thee,
The host and I. Gracious to us be thou:
Vouchsafe us to cast loose the sterns and curbs
Of these ships, kindly home-return to win
From Troy, and all to reach our fatherland.”
So spake he,—in that prayer joined all the host,—
Then grasped his golden-plated falchion’s hilt,
Drew from the sheath, and to those chosen youths
Of Argos’ war-host signed to seize the maid.
But she, being ware thereof, spake forth this speech:
“O Argives, ye which laid my city low,
Free-willed I die: on my flesh let no man
Lay hand: unshinking will I yield my neck.
But, by the Gods, let me stand free, the while
Ye slay, that I may die free; for I shame
Slave to be called in Hades, who am royal.”
“Yea!” like a great sea roared the host: the King
Spake to the youths to let the maiden go.
And they, soon as they heard that last behest
Of him of chiefest might, drew back their hands.
And she, when this she heard, her masters’ word,
Her vesture grasped, and from the shoulder’s
height
Rent it adown her side, down to the waist,
And bosom showed and breasts, as of a statue,
Most fair; and, bowing to the earth her knee,
A word, of all words most heroic, spake:
“Lo here, O youth, if thou art fain to strike
My breast, strike home: but if beneath my neck
Thou wouldest, here my throat is bared to thee.”
And he, loth and yet fain, for ruth of her,
Cleaves with the steel the channels of the breath:
Forth gushed the life-springs: but she, even in
death,
ΕΚΑΒΗ

πολλήν πρόποιαν εἰχεν εὐσχήμονας πεσεῖν, κρύπτουσι' ἀ κρύπτειν ὃμματ' ἀρσένων χρεῶν. ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφήκε πνεῦμα θανασίμφω σφαγή, οὔδεις τόν αὐτὸν εἰχεν Ἰργείων πόνον· ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν αὐτῶν τὴν θανοῦσαν ἐκ χερῶν φύλλοις ἔβαλλον, οἱ δὲ πληροῦσιν πυρὰν κορμοὺς φέροντες πευκίνους, οὗ δ' οὐ φέρων πρὸς τοῦ φέροντος τοιάδ' ἦκους κακά· ἐστικας, οὗ κάκιστε, τῇ νεάνιδι οὐ πέπλον οὐδὲ κόσμον ἐν χερῶν ἔχων; οὐκ εἰ τί δώσων τῇ περίσσῃ εὐκαρδίᾳ ψυχῇ τῇ ἄριστῃ; τοιάδ' ἄμφι σής λέγω παιδὸς θανοῦσης· εὔτεκνωτάτην δὲ σὲ πασῶν γυναικῶν δυστυχεστάτην θ' ὀρῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν τι πῆμα Πριαμίδας ἐπέεξεσε πόλει τε τῇμήθηθα θεῶν ἀναγκαῖον τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁ θύγατερ, οὐκ οἶδ' εἰς ὅ τι βλέψω κακῶν πολλῶν πάροντων· ἂν γὰρ ἄγωμαι τινος, τόδ' οὐκ ἔμ' με, παρακαλεῖ δ' ἐκείθεν αὖ λύπη τῆς ἄλλης διάδοχος κακῶν κακοῖς. καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν ἦστέ μὴ στένειν πάθος οὐκ ἄν δυναίμην ἐξαλείψασθαι φρενὸς· τὸ δ' αὖ λίαν παρεῖλες ἀγγείλθεισά μοι γενναίος. οὐκοὖν δεινὸν, εἰ γῆ μὲν κακῆ τυχοῦσα καιροῦ θεόθεν εὐ στάχνυν φέρει, χρηστῇ δ' ἀμαρτοῦσ', ὅν χρεῶν αὐτῆς τυχεῖν κακῶν δίδωσι καρπὸν; ἀνθρώποις δ' ἂει οἷς μὲν ποινῆς οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλῆν κακός, δ' ἔσθλος ἔσθλος, οὐδὲ συμφορᾶς ὑπὸ φύσιν διέφθειρ', ἄλλα χρηστός ἦστ' ἂει;
HECUBA

Took chiepest thought decorously to fall,
Hiding what hidden from men's eyes should be. 570
But when she had spent her breath 'neath that death-
stroke,
Each Argive 'gan his task—no man the same:
But some upon the dead were strawing leaves
Out of their hands, and some heap high the pyre,
Bringing pine-billets thither: whoso bare not
Heard such and such rebukes of him that bare:
"Dost stand still, basest heart, with nought in hand—
Robe for the maiden, neither ornament?
Nought wilt thou give to one in courage matchless,
Noblest of soul?"

Such is the tale I tell
Of thy dead child. Most blest in motherhood
I count thee of all women, and most hapless.

CHORUS

Dread bale on Priam's line and city hath poured
Its lava-flood:—'tis heaven's resistless doom.

HECUBA

Daughter, I know not on what ills to look,
So many throng me: if to this I turn,
That hindereth me: thence summoneth me again
Another grief, on-ushering ills on ills.
And now I cannot from my soul blot out
Thine agony, that I should wail it not. 590
Yet hast thou barred the worst, proclaimed to me
So noble. Lo, how strange, that evil soil
Heaven-blest with seasons fair, bears goodly crops,
While the good, if it faileth of its dues,
Gives evil fruit: but always among men
The caitiff nothing else than evil is,
The noble, noble, nor 'neath fortune's stress
Marreth his nature, but is good alway.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀρ’ οἱ τεκόντες διαφέρουσιν ἡ τροφαί;
ἐχει γε μέντοι καὶ τὸ θρεφθήναι καλῶς
διδάξων ἐσθλοῦν τοῦτο δ’ ἦν τις εὐ μάθη,
οἴδεν τὸ γ’ αἰσχρόν, κανόνι τοῦ καλοῦ μαθῶν.
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ νοῦς ἐτόξευσεν μάτην
σὺ δ’ ἐλθὲ καὶ σήμην οὖν Ἀργείοις τάδε,
μὴ θυγγάνειν μοι μηδεν’, ἀλλ’ ἐϊργεὶν ὅχλον
τῆς παιδός. ἐν τοῖς μυρίω στρατεύματι
ἀκόλαστος ὄχλος ναυτικῆ τ’ ἀναρχία
κρείσσων πυρός, κακός δ’ ὁ μὴ τ’ ὅρων κακόν.
σὺ δ’ αὐ λαβοῦσα τεῦχος, ἀρχαία λάτρει,
βάψας’ ἐνεγκε δεύρο ποντίας ἄλος,
ὡς παῖδα λουτροῖς τοῖς πανυστάτοις ἐμῆν,
νύμφην τ’ ἀνυμφον παρθένου τ’ ἀπάρθενον,
λούσω προθῶμαι θ’ ὡς μὲν ἄξια, πόθεν;
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμης ὡς δ’ ἔχω τ’ γὰρ πάθω;
κόσμον τ’ ἀγείρας’ αἰχμαλωτίδων πάρα,
αἰ μοι πάρεδροι τόνδ’ ἐσῳ σκηνωμάτων
θάσσουσιν, εἰ τις τοὺς νεώστε δεσπότας
λαθοῦσ’ ἔχει τι κλέμμα τῶν αὐτῆς δόμων.
ὡ σχήματ’ οἰκῶν, ὡ ποτ’ εὐτυχεῖς δόμων,
ὡ πλεῖστ’ ἔχων κάλλιστά τ’, εὐτεκνώτατε
Πρίαμε, γεραῖα θ’ ἦδ’ ἐγὼ μήτηρ τέκνων,
ὡς εἰς τὸ μηδέν ἥκομεν, φρονήματος
τοῦ πρὶν στερέντες. εἰτα δὴ τ’ ὅγκούμεθα
ὁ μὲν τὶς ἥμων πλουσίως ἐν δόμασιν,
ὁ δ’ ἐν πολίταις τίμιος κεκλημένος.
τὰ δ’ οὐδέν’ ἀλλ’ φροντίδων βουλεύματα
γλώσσης τε κόμποι. κεῖνος ὁλβιώτατος,
ὅτῳ κατ’ ἡμαρ τυγχάνει μηδεν’ κακόν.
HECUBA

By blood, or nurture, is the difference made?
Sooth, gentle nurture bringeth lessoning
In nobleness; and whoso learns this well
By honour’s touchstone knoweth baseness too:—
Ah, unavailing arrows of the mind!¹
But go thou, to the Argives this proclaim,
That none my daughter touch, but that they keep
The crowd thence: in a war-array untold
Lawless the mob is, and the shipmen’s licence
Outraveneth flame—they rail on who sins not!

[Exit TALTHYBIUS.

But, ancient handmaid, take a vessel thou,
And dip, and of the sea-brine hither bring,
That with the last bath I may wash my child,—
The bride unwedded, maid a maid no more,²—
And lay her out—as meet is, how can I?
Yet as I may; for lo, what plight is mine!
Jewels from fellow-captives will I gather
Which dwell, my neighbour-thralls, these tents within,
If haply any, to our lords unknown,
Hath any stolen treasure of her home.
O stately halls, O home so happy once!
O rich in fair abundance, goodliest offspring,
Priam!—and I, a grey head crowned with sons!
How are we brought to nought, of olden pride
Stripped bare! And lo, we men are puffed up,
One of us for the riches of his house,
And one for honour in the mouths of men!
These things be nought. All vain the heart’s devisings,
The vauntings of the tongue! Most blest is he
To whom no ill befalls as days wear on.

¹ No philosophic moralizing can avail to assuage my sorrow.
² As being united to Achilles in death.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

630 ἐμοὶ χρήν συμφοράν,

640 ἐμοὶ χρήν τημονὰν γενέσθαι,

'Ιδαίαν ὅτε πρῶτον ὤλαν

'Αλέξανδρος εἰλατίναν

ἐτάμεθ', ἀλον ἐπ' οἴδαμα ναυστολήσων

'Ελένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα, τάν

καλλίσταν ὁ χρυσοφαῖς

"Αλλος αὐγάξει.

πόνοι γὰρ καὶ πόνων

ἀνάγκαι κρείσσονες κυκλούνται,

κοινὸν δ' ἐξ ἰδίας ἀνοίας

κακὸν τὰ Σιμονντίδι γὰρ

ὀλέθριον ἐμολε συμφορά τ' ἀπ' ἄλλων.

ἐκρῖθη δ' ἐρις, ἀν ἐν 'Ι-

δα κρίνει τρισσάς μακάρων

παῖδας ἀνὴρ βούτας,

ἐπὶ δορὶ καὶ φόνῳ καὶ ἐμῶν μελάθρων λόβα:

650 στένει δὲ καὶ τις ἀμφὶ τὸν εὐροον Ἑὐρώταν

Δάκαινα πολυδάκρυτος ἐν δόμοις κόρα,

πολίων τ' ἐπὶ κράτα μάτηρ

τέκνων θανόντων

tίθεται χέρα δρύπτεται τε παρειάν,

δίαιμον ὄνυχα τιθεμένα σπαραγμοῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

γυναῖκες, 'Εκάβη ποῦ ποθ' ἡ παναθλία,

660 ἡ πάντα νικώσ' άνδρα καὶ θῆλυν σποράν

κακοῖσιν ; οὕδεις στέφανον ἀνθαυρήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ', ὦ τάλαινα σῆς κακογλωσσου βοῆς ;

ὡς οὐποθ' εὔδει λυπρά σου κηρύγματα.
HECUBA

CHORUS
My doom of disaster was written, (Str.)
The doom of mine anguish was sealed, 630
When of Paris the pine-shafts were smitten
Upon Ida, that earthward they reeled,
To ride over ridges surf-whitened,
Till the bride-bed of Helen was won,
Woman fairest of all that be lightened
By the gold of the sun.

For battle-toils, yea, desolations (Ant.)
Yet sorer around us close;
And the folly of one is the nation's 640
Destruction; of alien foes
Cometh ruin by Simoïs' waters.
So judged is the judgment given
When on Ida the strife of the Daughters
Of the Blessed was striven,

For battle, for murder, for ruin (Epode)
Of mine halls:—by Erotes is moan, 650
Where with tears for their homes' undoing
The maidens Laconian groan,
Where rendeth her tresses hoary
The mother for sons that are dead,
And her cheeks with woe-furrows are gory,
And her fingers are red.

Enter handmaid, with bearers carrying a covered corpse.

HANDMAID
Women, O where is Hecuba, sorrow's queen,
Who passeth every man, all womankind,
In woes? No man shall take away her crown. 660

CHORUS
What now, O hapless voice of evil-boding?
Shall they ne'er sleep, thy publishings of grief?
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
'Εκάβη φέρω τόδ' ἄλγος· ἐν κακοίσι δὲ
οὐ ῥάδιον βροτοῖσιν εὐφημεῖν στόμα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν περῶσα τυχχάνει δόμων ἀπὸ
η̣δ', εἰς δὲ καιρὸν σοὶ σαι φαίνεται λόγοις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
ὡς παντάλαινα κατὶ μᾶλλον ἡ λέγω,
δέσποιν', ὀλωλας, οὐκέτ' εἰ βλέπουσα φῶς,
ἀπαίς, ἀνανδρος, ἀπολις, ἐξεφθαρμένη.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐ καινὸν εἴπας, εἰδοσιν δ' ὁνείδισας.
ἀτὰρ τί νεκρὸν τόνδε μοι Πολυξένης
ηκεις κομίζους', ἃς ἀπηγγέλθη τάφος
πώντων Ἀχαιῶν διὰ χερός σπουδὴν ἔχειν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
ηδ' οὐδὲν οἶδεν, ἀλλὰ μοι Πολυξένην
βρηκεί, νεών δὲ πημάτων οὐχ ἀπτεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὶ 'γὼ τάλαναμ· μῶν τὸ βακχεῖον κάρα
τῆς θεσπιώδον δεύρο Κασάνδρας φέρεις;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
ξώσαι λέλακας, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐ στένεις
tόνδ'. ἀλλ' ἄθρησκον σῶμα γυμνωθέν νεκροῦ,
εἰ σοι φανείται θαύμα καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οἰμοι, βλέπω δὴ παιδ' ἐμὸν τεθνηκότα,
Πολύωρων ὁν μοι Ὀρῆξ ἔσωξ' οὐκοις ἀνήρ.
ἀπωλόμην δύστηνος, οὐκέΤ' εἰμὶ δὴ.
ὡ τέκνον τέκνον,
αἰαῖ, κατάρχομαι νόμον

298
HECUBA

HANDMAID
To Hecuba I bring this pang: mid woes
Not easily may mortal lips speak fair.

CHORUS
Lo where she cometh from beneath the roofs:
In season for thy tale appeareth she.

HANDMAID
O all-afflicted, more than lips can say!
Queen, thou art slain—thou seest the light no more
Unchilded, widowed, cityless—all-destroyed!

HECUBA
No news this: 'tis but taunting me who knew.
But wherefore com'st thou bringing me this corpse,
Polyxena's, whose burial-rites, 'twas told,
By all Achaea's host were being sped?

HANDMAID
She nothing knows: Polyxena—ah me!—
Still wails she, and the new woes graspth not.

HECUBA
O hapless I!—not—not the bacchant head
Of prophetess Cassandra bring'st thou hither?

HANDMAID
Thou nam'st the living: but the dead—this dead,
Bewailest not,—look, the dead form is bared!

[Uncovers the corpse.

Seems it not strange—worse than all boding fears?

HECUBA
Ah me, my son!—I see Polydorus dead,
Whom in his halls I deemed the Thracian warded.
O wretch! it is my death—I am no more!

O my child, O my child!
Mine anguish shall thrill
ΕΚΑΒΗ

βακχείον, εξ ἀλάστορος
ἀρτυμαθῆς κακῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ἐγνως γὰρ ἀτην παιδός, ὡ δύστηνε σὺ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀπιστ' ἀπιστα, καὶ καὶ καινὰ δέρκομαι.
ἐτερα δ' ἀφ' ἐτέρων κακὰ κακῶν κυρεί·
οὐδέποτ' ἀστένακτος ἀδάκρυτος ἀ·
μέρα ἐπισφήσαι.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

dείν', ὡ τάλανα, δεινὰ πάσχομεν κακα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁ τέκνον τέκνον ταλαίνασ ματρός,
τίνι μόρφω θυήσκεις;
τίνι πότμῳ κεῖσαι;
πρὸς τίνος ἀνθρώπων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς νῦν κυρῶ θαλασσίαις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐκβλητον, ἢ πέσημα φονίου δορός,
ἐν ψαμάθῳ λευρᾶ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

πόντον νῦν ἐξηνεγκε πελάγιος κλύδων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁμοί, αἰαί, ἔμαθον ἐνύπνιον ὁμμάτων
ἐμῶν ὠψιν, οὐ με παρέβα φά·
σμα μελανόπτερον,
ἀν ἑσείδον ἀμφὶ σ',
ὁ τέκνον, οὐκέτ' ὄντα Δίου ἐν φάει.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

tίς γὰρ νῦν ἐκτείν' ὡςθ' ὄνειρόφρων φράσαι;
HECUBA

Through a wail shrilling wild
In the ears of me still,
Which pealed there but now from the throat of a
demon, a herald of ill.

HANDMAID
Didst thou then know thy son's doom, hapless one?

HECUBA
Beyond, beyond belief, new woes I see.
Ills upon ills throng one after another:
Never day shall pass by without tear, without sigh,
nor mine anguish refrain.

CHORUS
Dread, O dread evils, hapless queen, we suffer.

HECUBA
O child, O child of a grief-stricken mother!
By what fate didst thou die?—in what doom dost thou lie?—of what man wast thou slain?

HANDMAID
I know not: on the sea-strand found I him.

HECUBA
Cast up by the tide, or struck down by the spear in a
blood-reddened hand
On the smooth-levelled sand?

HANDMAID
The outsea surge in-breaking flung him up

HECUBA
Woe's me, I discern it, the vision that blasted my sight.
Neither fitted unheeded that black-winged phantom
of night,
Which I saw, which revealed that my son was no more
of the light.

CHORUS
Who slew him? Canst thou, dream-arreder, tell?
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

710 ἐμὸς ἐμὸς ξένος, Ὀρήκιος ἱππότας,
 ἵνα οἱ γέρων πατὴρ ἐθετό νυν κρύψας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἱμοι, τί λέξεις; χρυσὸν ὡς ἔχου κτανῶν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

720 ἄρρητ' ἀνωνύμαστα, θαυμάτων πέρα,
 ὁνὴ ὡσ' οὐδ' ἀνεκτά. ποῦ δίκα ξένων;
 δικάρατ' ἀνδρῶν, ὡς διεμοιράσω
 τοῦ ἱσαρέφ τεμών φασιγάφι
 μέλεα τοῦτε παιδὸς οὐδ' φικτίσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

730 ὁ τλῆμον, ὡς σε πολυτονωτάτην βροτῶν
 δαίμων ἔθηκεν ὅστις ἔστι σοι βαρύς.
 ἀλλ' εἰσορῷ γὰρ τοῦτε δεσπότου δέμας
 Ἀγαμέμνονος, τούθενδε συγώμεν, φίλαι.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

'Εκάβη, τί μέλλεις παίδα σὴν κρύπτειν τάφῳ
 ἐλθοῦσ', ἐφ' ἀσπέρ Ταλθύβιος ἠγγειλέ μοι
 μὴ θυγανέω σὴς μηδέν Ἀργείων κόρης;
 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὐν ἐώμεν οὐδ' ψαύμεν'.

740 σὺ δὲ σχολάξεις, ὡστε θαυμάξειν ἐμὲ.
 ἦκο δ' ἀποστελῶν σε' τάκειθεν γὰρ εὖ
 πεπραγμέν' ἐστίν, εἰ τι τῶν' ἐστίν καλῶς.
 ἔσσαι τν' ἀνδρα τῶν' ἐπὶ σκηναίς ὅρω
 θανόντα Τρώων; οὐ γὰρ Ἀργείου πέπλοι
 δέμας περιπτύσσοντες ἀγγέλλουσί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δύστην', ἐμαυτήν γὰρ λέγω λέγουσα σὲ,
'Εκάβη, τί δράσω; πότερα προστέσω γὰρν
 Ἀγαμέμνονος τοῦτ' ἡ φέρω συγῇ κακά;
HECUBA

HECUBA
'Twas my friend, 'twas my guest, 'twas the Thracian chariot-lord hide and to ward.
To whose charge his grey father had given him to

CHORUS
Oh, what wouldst say?—slew him to keep the gold?

HECUBA
O horror unspeakable, nameless, beyond all wonder!—Impious, unbearable! Where are they, friendship and truth?
O accursed of men, lo, how hast thou carved asunder His flesh!—how thy knife, when my child's limbs quivered thereunder, unmelted of ruth!
Hath slashed him and mangled, and thou wast

CHORUS
O hapless, how a God, whose hand on thee
Is heavy, above all mortals heaps thee pain!
But lo, I see our master towering nigh,
Agamemnon: friends, henceforth hold we our peace.

Enter AGAMEMNON. AGAMEMNON
Why stay'st thou, Hecuba, to entomb thy child,
According to Talthybius' word to me
That of the Argives none should touch thy daughter?
Wherefore we let her be, and touch her not;
Yet loiterest thou, that wonder stirreth me.
I come to speed thee hence; for all things there
Are well wrought—if herein may aught be well.
Ha, who is this that by the tents I see?
What Trojan dead? No Argive this, the robes
That shroud the body make report to me.

HECUBA (aside)
Hapless!—myself I name in naming thee—
O Hecuba, what shall I do?—or fall
At the king's feet, or silent bear mine ills?
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΗΜΝΩΝ
τί μοι προσώποι νώτον ἔγκλίνασα σὸν
dύρει, τὸ πραχθὲν δ' οὐ λέγεις; τίς ἔσθ' ὅδε;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲ δούλην πολεμίαν θ' ἡγούμενος
gονάτων ἀπώσαιτ', ἀλγος ἂν προσθείμεθ' ἂν.

ΑΓΑΜΗΜΝΩΝ
οὕτω πέφυκα μάντις, ὡστε μὴ κλύων
ἐξιστορῆσαι σῶν ὄντων βουλευμάτων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀρ' ἑκλογίζομαι γε πρὸς τὸ δυσμενὲς
μᾶλλον φρένας τοῦδ', ὑντὸς οὖξι δυσμενούς;

ΑΓΑΜΗΜΝΩΝ
εἰ τοῖ μὲ βούλει τῶνδε μηδὲν εἰδέναι,
eἰς ταῦτὸν ἥκεις· καὶ γὰρ οὖδ' ἐγὼ κλύειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐκ ἄν δυναίμην τοῦδε τιμωρεῖν ἄτερ
tέκνοις τοῖς ἐμοίσι. τί στρέφω τάδε;
tολμᾶν ἀνάγκη, κἀν τῦχω κἀν μὴ τῦχω.
'Αγάμημνον, ἵκετεύω σε τῶνδε γονάτων
καὶ σοῦ γενείου δεξιῶς τ' εὐδαίμονος.

ΑΓΑΜΗΜΝΩΝ
τί χρῆμα μαστεύουσα; μῶν ἔλευθερον
αἰῶνα θέσθαι; ῥάδιον γὰρ ἐστὶ σοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐ δήτα: τοὺς κακοὺς δὲ τιμωρούμενη
αἰῶνα τὸν ξύμπαντα δουλεύειν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΗΜΝΩΝ
καὶ δὴ τὴν ἥμας εἰς ἑπάρκεσιν καλεῖς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὔδεν τι τούτων ὅν σὺ δοξάζεις, ἄναξ.
760
ὁρᾶς νεκρὸν τὸνδ', ὡθ' καταστάξω δάκρυν;
HECUBA

AGAMEMNON
Wherefore on me dost turn thy back, and mourn,
Nor tellest what is done, and who is this? 740

HECUBA (aside)
But if, accounting me a slave and foe,
He thrust me from his knees, 'twere pang on pang.

AGAMEMNON
No prophet born am I, to track the path
Of these thy musings, if I hear them not.

HECUBA (aside)
Lo, surely am I counting this man’s heart
O’ermuch my foe, who is no foe at all.

AGAMEMNON
Sooth, if thou wilt that nought hereof I know,
At one we are: I care not, I, to hear.

HECUBA (aside)
I cannot, save with help of him, avenge
My children—wherefore do I dally thus?
I must needs venture, or to win or lose:—
Agamemnon, I beseech thee by thy knees,
And by thy beard, and thy victorious hand—

AGAMEMNON
What matter seekest thou? Wouldst have thy days
Free henceforth? Sooth, thy boon is lightly won.

HECUBA
No—no! Avenge me of mine adversary,
And I will welcome lifelong bondage then.

AGAMEMNON
But to what championship dost summon me?

HECUBA
To nought of all whereof thou dreamest, king.
Seest thou this corpse, o’er which my tears rain down? 760
EKABH

AGAMEMNΩΝ
óρω· τὸ μέντοι μέλλον οὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν.

EKABH
touτον ποτ' ἔτεκον κάφερον ζώνης ὑπο.

AGAMEMNΩΝ
ἐστιν δὲ τὶς σῶν οὖτος, ὃ τλῆμον, τέκνων;

EKABH
οὗ τῶν θανόντων Πριαμιδῶν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ.

AGAMEMNΩΝ
ἡ γάρ τιν ἄλλον ἔτεκες ἡ κείνους, γυναι;

EKABH
ἀνώνητα γ', ὡς ἔσουσ', τόνδ' ἐν εἰσορᾶς.

AGAMEMNΩΝ
ποῦ δ' ὄντον ἐτύγχαν', ἦνικ' ὠλλυτο πτόλις;

EKABH
πατήρ νιν ἔξεπεμψεν ὑδρωδῶν θανεῖν.

AGAMEMNΩΝ
ποῖ τῶν τότ' ἄυτων χωρίσας τέκνων μόνον;

EKABH
eἰς τήνδε χώραν, οὐπερ ηὐρέθη θανών.

AGAMEMNΩΝ
πρὸς ἀνδρ' ὃς ἄρχει τήνδε Πολυμήστωρ
χθονός;

EKABH
ἐνταῦθ' ἐπέμφθη πικροτάτου χρυσοῦ φύλαξ.

AGAMEMNΩΝ
θυγάτει δὲ πρὸς τοῦ καὶ τίνος πότμου τυχών;

EKABH
tίνος δ' ὑπ' ἄλλου; Ἐρῆξ νων ἰλέσει ξένοσ.

AGAMEMNΩΝ
ἀ τλῆμον· ἡ ποῦ χρυσόν ἡράσθη λαβεῖν;

EKABH
tοιαύτ', ἐπειδὴ συμφορᾶν ἔγνω Φρυγῶν.
HECUBA

AGAMEMNON
I see,—yet what shall come I cannot tell.

HECUBA
Him once I bare, and carried 'neath my zone.

AGAMEMNON
Who of thy sons is this, O sorrow-crushed?

HECUBA
Not one of Priam’s sons by Ilium slain.

AGAMEMNON
How? didst thou bear another more than these?

HECUBA
Yea—to my grief, meseems: thou seest him here.

AGAMEMNON
Yet where was he what time the city fell?

HECUBA
Dreading his death his father sent him thence.

AGAMEMNON
And whither drew him from the rest apart?

HECUBA
Unto this land, where dead hath he been found.

AGAMEMNON
To Polymestor, ruler of the land?

HECUBA
Yea—sent in charge of thrice-accursed gold.

AGAMEMNON
And of whom slain, and lighting on what doom?

HECUBA
Of whom save one?—that Thracian friend slew him.

AGAMEMNON
O wretch!—for that he lusted for the gold?

HECUBA
Even so, when Phrygia’s fall was known of him.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ηδες δε που νυν, η τις ημεγκεν νεκρόν;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ηδ', έντυχωσα πουτίας άκτης έπι.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
τουτου ματεύουσ' ή πονοῦσ' άλλου πόνον;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
λυτρ' φακ' οίσουσ' εξ άλος Πολυξένη.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
κτανών νυν, ως εοικεν, έκβαλλει ξένος.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
θαλασσοπλαγκτόν γ', ώδε διατεμών χρόα.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ώ σχετλία συ των άμετρήτων πόνων.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
δλωλα, κουδεν λουτόν, 'Αγάμεμνον, κακών.
ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
φευ φευ· τις ούτω δυστυχής έφυ γυνή;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ουκ έστιν, ει μη την τυχην αυτήν λέγοις.
αλλ' άντερ εμει' άμφι σον πίπτω γόνυ,
άκουσον. ει μεν οιω σοι παθείν δοκώ,
στέργομ' αυ' ει δε τούμπαιν, συ μοι γενού
τιμωρος άνδρος άνοσιωτάτου ξένου,
δς ουτε τους γης νέρθεν ουτε τους άνω
δείσας δέδρακεν έργον άνοσιώτατον,
κοινης τραπέζης πολλάκις τυχών έμοι,
ξενίας τ' άριθμω πρώτα των έμων φίλων
τυχών δ' οσων δει' και λαβων προμηθίαν,
έκτεινε, τύμβου δ', ει κτανειν έβούλετο,
ουκ ήξισεν, αλλ' αφήκε πόντιον.

780

790

308
HECUBA

AGAMEMNON
Where found'st thou him?—or who hath brought thy dead?

HECUBA
She there: upon the strand she chanced on him.

AGAMEMNON
Seeking him, or on other task employed?

HECUBA
Sea-brine she sought to lave Polyxena.

AGAMEMNON
So then this guest-friend slew and cast him forth.

HECUBA
Yea, on the sea to drift, his flesh thus hacked.

AGAMEMNON
O woe is thee for thine unmeasured pains!

HECUBA
'Tis death—there is no deeper depth of woe.

AGAMEMNON
Alas, was woman e'er so fortune-crost?

HECUBA
None, except thou wouldst name Misfortune's self.
But for what cause I bow thy knees to clasp,
Hear:—if my righteous due my sufferings seem
To thee, I am content: if not, do thou
Avenge me on that impious, impious friend,
Who neither feared the powers beneath the earth,
Nor those on high, but wrought most impious deed,—
Who oftentimes at my table ate and drank,
For welcome foremost in my count of friends,
And had all guest-dues. Yet he watched his time,
Slew him, nor in his thoughts of murder found
Room for a grave, but cast him mid the sea.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ημεις μεν ουν δουλοι τε κασθενεις ισως·
αλλα οι θεοι σθενουσι χω κεινων κρατων
νομος νομω γαρ τους θεους ηγουμεθα
και ζωμεν αδικα και δικαι' ωρισμενοι·
δε εις σ' ανελθων ει διαφαρησται,
καλ μη δικην δωσονιμι ουτινες ξενους
κτεινουσι η θεων ιερα τολμωσιν φερειν,
ουκ εστιν ουδεν των εν άνθρωποις ισον.
ταυτ' ουν εν αισχρω θεμενοι αιδεσθητι με·
οικτειρον ημας, ως γραφεις τ' αποσταθεις
ιδου με καναθρησον οι' εχω κακα.

τυραννος ην ποτ', άλλα υν δουλη σεθεν,
ευπαις ποτ' ουσα, υν δε γραφης άπαις θ' άμα,
απολις, ερημος, αθλιωτατη βροτων.
οιμοι ταλαινα, ποι μ' υπεξαγεις ποδα;
εικα πραξειν ουδεν' ο ουλαιν' εγω.
τι δητα θυτοι ταλλα μεν μαθηματα
μοχθουμεν ως χρη παντα και μαστευομεν,
πειθω δε την τυραννον άνθρωποις μονη
ουδεν τι μαλλον ες τελος στουνδαξομεν
μυσθοις διδοινες μανθανειν, εν' ήν ποτε
πειθειν α τις βούλουτο τυγχανειν θ' άμα;
πως ουν ζη' αν τις επιπαις πραξειν καλως;
οι μεν γαρ οντες παιδες ουκετ' εισιν μι,
αντη δ' επ' αισχροις αιγμαλωτος οιχομαι·
καπνον δε πολεως τομι' υπερθροσκουθ' ὥρω.
καλ μην ισως μεν του λογου κενον τοδε,
Κυπριων προβαλλειν' αλλ' ομοι ειρησται·
προσ σοισι πλευροις παις εμη κοιμζεται
η φουβας, ην καλουσι Κασανδραν Φρυγες.
ποι τας φιλας δητ' ευφρονας δειξεις, αναξ,
η των εν ευη φιλτατων άσπασματων
And I—a slave I may be, haply weak;
Yet are the Gods strong, and their ruler strong,
Even Law; for by this Law we know Gods are,
We live, we make division of wrong and right;
And if this at thy bar be disannulled,
And they shall render not account which slay
Guests, or dare rifle the Gods' holy things,
Then among men is there no righteousness.
This count then shameful; have respect to me;
Pity me:—like a painter so draw back,
Scan me, pore on my portraiture of woes.
A queen was I, time was, but now thy slave;
Crowned with fair sons once, childless now and old,
Cityless, lone, of mortals wretchedest.
Woe for me!—whither wouldst withdraw thy foot?
Meseems I shall not speed—O hapless I!
Wherefore, O wherefore, at all other lore
Toil men, as needeth, and make eager quest,
Yet Suasion, the unrivalled queen of men,
Nor price we pay, nor make ado to learn her
Unto perfection, so a man might sway
His fellows as he would, and win his ends?
How then shall any hope good days henceforth?
So many sons—none left me any more!
Myself mid shame a spear-thrall ruin-sped;—
Yon smoke o'er Troy upsoaring in my sight!
Yet—yet—'twere unavailing plea perchance
To cast Love's shield before me—yet be it said:
Lo, at thy side my child Cassandra couched
Lies, the Inspired One—named of Phrygians so.
Those nights of love, hath their memorial perished?
Or for the lovingkindness of the couch
830 χάριν τίν' ἔξει παῖς ἐμή, κείμης ὦ' ἐγώ; ἔκ τοῦ σκότου γὰρ τῶν τε νυκτερησίων φίλτρῳ μεγίστῃ γύμνηται βροτόις χάρις. ἀκοιν ἰδὺν ὡν τὸν θανόντα τόυς ὀρᾶς; τούτων καλῶς δρῶν ὡντα κηδεστήν πέθεν δράσεις. ἐνός μοι µῦθος ἐνδέχεται ἔτι.

εἴ µοι γένοιτο φθόγγος ἐν βραχίονι καὶ χερὶ καὶ κόμαισι καὶ ποδῶν βάσει ἢ Δαιδάλου τέχναισιν ἢ θεῶν τινος, ὡς πάνθε ὀμαρτῇ σῶν ἔχοιντο γονύντων κλαίοντι, ἔπισκηπτοντα παντοῖος λόγους. ὡ δέσποτ', ὡ μέγιστον Ἐλλησίων φάος, πιθοῦ, παράσχεται χεῖρα τῇ προσβύτιδι τιμωρόν, εἰ καὶ μυθεν ἐστιν, ἀλλ' ὀμώς.

840 ἐσθλοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τῇ δίκῃ θ' υπηρετεῖν καὶ τοὺς κακοὺς δρᾶν πανταχοῦ κακῶς ἀεὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dεινῶν γε, θνητοῖς ὡς ἀπαντα συμπίνου, καὶ τὰς ἀνάγκας οἱ νόμοι διώρισαν, φίλους τιθέντες τοὺς γε πολεμιωτάτους ἐχθρούς τε τοὺς πρὶν εὑμενεῖς ποιούμενοι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

850 ἐγὼ σὲ καὶ σὸν παῖδα καὶ τύχας σέθεν, Ἕκάβη, δι' οἴκτων χείρα τῇ ἰκεσίαν ἐχω καὶ βούλομαι θεῶν θ' εἶνεκ' ἀνόσιον ἐξονού καὶ τοῦ δικαίου τήνδε σοι δοῦναι δίκην,

εἴ τως φανείῃ γ' ἠστε σοὶ τ' ἐχεῖν καλῶς, στρατῷ τε μὴ δόξαίμι Κασάνδρας χάριν
HECUBA

What thank shall my child have, or I for her? 830
For of the darkness and the night's love-spells
Cometh on men the chiefest claim for thank.
Hearken now, hearken: seest thou this dead boy?
Doing him right, to thine own marriage-kin
Shalt thou do right. One plea more lack I yet:
O that I had a voice in these mine arms
And hands and hair and pacings of my feet,
By art of Daedalus lent, or of a God,
That all together to thy knees might cling
Weeping, and pressing home pleas manifold!
O my lord, mightiest light to Hellas' sons,
Hearken, O lend thine hand to avenge the aged;
What though a thing of nought she be, yet hear!
For 'tis the good man's part to champion right,
And everywhere and aye to smite the wrong.

CHORUS

Strange, strange, how all cross-chances hap to men!
These laws shift landmarks even of friendship's ties,
Turning to friends the bitterest of foes,
Changing to enmity the love of old.

AGAMEMNON

I am stirred to pity, Hecuba, both of thee,
Thy son, thy fortune, and thy suppliant hand;
And for the Gods' and justice' sake were fain
Thine impious guest should taste for this thy vengeance,
So means were found thy cause to speed, while I
Seem not unto the host to plot this death

1 The laws of right and wrong and the obligation to
avenge the blood of kin compel Hecuba to ally herself with
Agamemnon, her late enemy, against Polymestor, her late
friend.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

Θρήκης ἀνακτὲ τόνδε βουλεύσαι φόνον.
ἔστιν γὰρ ἣ ταραγμὸς ἐμπέπτωκε μοι.
τὸν ἄνδρα τούτον φίλιον ἠγείται στρατός,
τὸν καταθανόντα δ’ ἐχθρόν· εἰ δὲ σοὶ φίλος
ὁδ’ ἔστι, χωρὶς τούτο κοῦ κοινὸν στρατῷ
πρὸς ταῦτα φρόντις· ὡς θέλοντα μὲν μὲν ἕχεις
σοὶ ἡμπονησάι καὶ ταχὺ προσαρκέσαι,
βραδὺν δ’, Ἀχαῖοις εἶ διαβληθῆσομαι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ·
οὐκ ἔστι θυντῶν ὡςις ἔστ’ ἐλεύθερος·
ἡ χρημάτων γὰρ δοῦλος ἔστιν ἡ τύχη,
ἡ πλῆθος αὐτὸν πόλεος ἡ νόμων γραφαί
eἰργον μιχρώθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις.
ἐπεὶ δὲ ταρβείς τῷ τ’ ὕλῳ πλέον νέμεσις,
ἐγὼ σε θὴσον τοῦδ’ ἐλεύθερον φῶβον.

σύμεσθι μὲν γὰρ, ἢν τι βουλεύσω κακὸν
τῷ τοῦδ’ ἀποκτείναντι, συνδράσης δὲ μὴ.
ἡν δ’ ἐξ Ἀχαιῶν θόρυβος ἡ πτικουρία
πάσχοντος ἄνδρος Ἡρακλῆς οἷα πείσεται
φανὴ τίς, εἰργε μὴ δοκῶν ἐμὴν χάριν.
τὰ δ’ ἀλλ’ ἄλλα θάρσει· πάντ’ ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πῶς οὖν; τί δράσεις; πότερα φάσγανον χερὶ
λαβοῦσα γραία ϕώτα βάρβαρον κτενεῖς,
ἡ φαρμάκωσιν ἢ πτικουρία τίνι;
τίς σοι ξύνεσται χεῖρ; πόθεν κτήσει φίλους;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

880 στέγαι κεκεύθασ’ αἶδε Τρεφάδων ὄχλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὰς αἰχμαλώτους εἴπας, Ἐλλήνων ἄγραν;
HECUBA

For Thracia's king for thy Cassandra's sake.
For herein is mine heart disquieted:
This very man the host account their friend,
The dead their foe: that dear he is to thee
Is nought to them, nor part have these in him.
Wherefore take thought: in me thou hast one fain
To share thy toil, and swift to lend thee aid,
But slow to face the Achaean's murmurrings.

HECUBA

Ah, among mortals is there no man free!
To lucre or to fortune is he slave:
The city's rabble or the law's impeachment
Constrains him into paths his soul abhors.
But since thou fear'st, dost overrate the crowd,
Even I will set thee free from this thy dread.
Be privy thou, what ill soe'er I plot
For my son's slayer, but share not the deed.
If tumult mid the Achaean's rise, or cry
Of rescue, when the Thracian feels my vengeance,
Thou check them, not in seeming for my sake,
For all else, fear not: I will shape all well.

AGAMEMNON

How? what wouldst do? Wouldst in thy wrinkled hand
A dagger clutch, and yon barbarian slay?—
With poisons do the deed, or with what help?
What arm shall aid thee? whence wilt win thee friends?

HECUBA

These tents a host of Trojan women hide.

AGAMEMNON

The captives meanest thou, Greek hunters' prey?
EKABH

EKABH
σὺν ταῖσε τὸν ἐμὸν φονέα τιμωρήσομαι.

AGAMEMNON
καὶ πῶς γυναῖκες ἀρσένων ἐσταὶ κράτος;

EKABH
dεινὸν τὸ πλήθος, σὺν δόλῳ τε δύσμαχον.

AGAMEMNON
dεινὸν· τὸ μέντοι θῆλυ μέμφομαι γένος.

EKABH
τί δ’; οὐ γυναῖκες εἶλον Αἰγύπτου τέκνα,
καὶ Δήμον ἀρδην ἀρσένων ἐξώκισαν;
ἀλλ’ ὡς γενέσθων· τὸνδε μὲν μὲθες λόγον,
πέμψον δὲ μοι τὴν ἀσφαλώς διὰ στρατοῦ
γυναίκα. καὶ σὺ Θρηκί πλαθείσα ξένη
λέξον· καλεῖ σ’ ἀνασσα δήποτ’ Ἰλίων
Ἐκάβη, σὺν οὐκ ἔλασσον ἡ κεῖνης χρέος,
καὶ παιδας· ὡς δεῖ καὶ τέκν’ εἰδέναι λόγονς
τοὺς ἐξ ἐκείνης. τὸν δὲ τῆς νεοσφαγὼς
Πολυμήνης ἐπίσχες, Ἀγάμεμνον, τάφον,
ὡς τῶδ’ ἀδελφόν πλησίον μιᾶς φλογὸ,
δισθῆ μέριμνα μητρὶ, κρυφθήτων χθονὶ.

AGAMEMNON
ἐσταί τάδ’ οὕτω· καὶ γὰρ εἰ μὲν ἂν στρατῷ
πλοῦς, οὐκ ἂν εἶχον τήνδε σοι δοῦναι χάριν.
νῦν δ’, οὐ γὰρ ἤσ’ οὕριας πνεοὶς θεός,
μένειν ἀνάγκῃ πλοῦν ὀρῶντας ἱσυχον.
γένοιτο δ’ εὖ πως· πᾶσι γὰρ κοινὸν τὸδε
ἰδία θ’ ἐκάστῳ καὶ πόλει, τὸν μὲν κακὸν
κακὸν τι πᾶσχειν, τὸν δὲ χρηστὸν εὐτυχεῖν.
HECUBA

HECUBA
By these will I avenge me on my slayer.

AGAMEMNON

How?—women gain the mastery over men?

HECUBA

Mighty are numbers—joined with craft, resistless.

AGAMEMNON

Ay, mighty, yet misprise I womankind.

HECUBA

What? did not women slay Aegyptus' sons,
And wholly of her males dispeople Lemnos?
Yet be it so: forbear to reason thus.
But to this woman give thou through the host
Safe passage.

(To a servant) Thou, draw nigh our Thracian guest,
Say, "Hecuba, late Queen of Ilium,
Calls thee on thy behoof no less than hers,
Thy sons withal; for these must also hear
Her words." The burial of Polyxena
Late-slaughtered, Agamemnon, thou delay:
So sister joined with brother in one flame,
A mother's double grief, shall be entombed.

AGAMEMNON

So shall it be: yet, might the host but sail,
No power had I to grant this grace to thee:
But, seeing God sends no fair-following winds,
Needs must we tarry watching idle sails.
Now fair befall: for all men's weal is this,—
Each several man's, and for the state,—that ill
Betide the bad, prosperity the good.

[Exit.}

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ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σὺ μὲν, ὦ πατρίς Ἰλιάς,
τῶν ἀπορθήτων πόλεως οὐκέτι λέειν.
τοῖον Ἐλλάνων νέφος ἀμφὶ σε κρύπτει
δορὶ δὴ δορὶ πέρσαν.

ἀπὸ δὲ στεφάναν κέκαρσαι
πύρρων, κατὰ δὲ αἰθάλου
κηλίδ᾽ οἰκτροτάταν κέχρωσαι,
tάλαν', οὐκέτι σ᾽ ἐμβατεύσω.

μεσονύκτιοι ὀλλύμαιν,

ἀντ. α'

ἡμος ἐκ δεῖπνων ὑπνοι ἣδυς ἐπ' ὄσοις
σκληναται, μολπᾶν δ᾽ ἄπο καὶ χοροποιῶν
θυσίαν καταπαύσαις
πόσις ἐν θαλάμωι έκειτο,

ξυστὸν δ᾽ ἐπὶ πασσάλῳ,

ναύταν οὐκέθ᾽ ὀρὼν ὀμιλον
Τροίαν Ἰλιάδ᾽ ἐμβεβάζετα.

ἔγῳ δὲ τλόκαμον ἀναδέτους

στρ. β'

μύτραισιν ἔρρυθμιζόμαν
χρυσέων ἐνόπτρων
λεύσσουσαν ἀτέρμονας εἰς αὐγάς,
ἐπιδέμνους όσ δέσσωμ᾽ ἐς εὐνάν.

ἀνά δὲ κέλαδος ἐμολε πόλιν·
κέλευσμα δ᾽ ἢν κατ᾽ ἀστυ Τροίας τόδ᾽ ὡ

παίδες Ἐλλάνων, πότε δὴ πότε τὰν
Ἰλιάδα σκοπιάν
πέρσαντες ἦξετ᾽ οἴκους ;
HECUBA

CHORUS
O my fatherland, Ilium, thou art named no more
Mid burgs unspoiled, (Str. 1)
Such a battle-cloud lightening spears enshrouds thee o'er,
All round thee coiled!
Thou art piteously shorn of thy brows' tower-diadem, 910
And smirched with stain
Of the reek; and thy streetways—my feet shall not tread them,
Ah me, again!

At the midnight my doom lighted on me, when sleep shed
O'er eyes sweet rain, (Ant. 1)
When from sacrifice-dance and from hushed songs on
My lord had lain,
And the spear on the wall was uphung, for watchman's ken
Saw near nor far
Overtrampling the Ilian plains those sea-borne men,
That host of war.

I was ranging the braids of mine hair 'neath soft snood-fold:
On mine eyes thrown
Was the gleam from the fathomless depths of mirror-gold,
Ere I sank down
To my rest on the couch;—but a tumult's tempest-swept up the street,
And a battle-cry thundered—"Ye sons of Greeks, on fast!
Be the castles of Troy overthrown, that home at last
May hail your feet!"

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ΕΚΑΒΗ

λέχη δὲ φίλα μονότεπλος ἀντ. β'
λυποῦσα, Δωρής ὡς κόρα,
σεμνὰν προσίζουσα'
oύκ ἦνυν Ἄρτεμιν ἀ τλάμων·
ἀγομαι δὲ θανόντι ἰδοῦσ', ἀκοῦταν
tὸν ἐμὸν ἄλιον ἔτι πέλαγος
πόλυν τ' ἀποσκοποῦσ', ἐπεὶ νόστιμον

ναῦς ἐκίνησεν πόδα καὶ μ' ἀπὸ γᾶς
ἀρισεν Ἰλιάδος·
tάλαιν', ἀπεῖπον ἄλγει,

τὰν τοῖν Διοσκόροιν Ἐλέναν κάσιν ἐπφώδ·
Ἰδαῖόν τε βούταν
ἀινόπαριν κατάρα
dιδοῦσ', ἐπεὶ μὲ γᾶς
ἐκ πατρόφας ἀπώλεσεν
ἐξώκυσέν τ' οἰκον γάμος, οὐ γάμος
ἀλλ' ἀλάστορός τις οἰκύς·

ἀν μῆτε πέλαγος ἄλιον ἀπαγάγοι πάλιν,
μῆτε πατρόφοιν ἵκοιτ' ἐς οἰκον.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὁ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν Πρίαμε, φιλτάτη δὲ σὺν,
'Εκάβη, δακρύω σ' εἰσορών πόλιν τε σῆν,
tὴν τ' ἀρτίως θανοῦσαν ἐκγονον σέθεν.

φεῦ·
oύκ ἔστων οὐδὲν πιστῶν, οὔτ' εὐδοξία
οὔτ' αὖ καλὸς πράσσοντα μὴ πράξειν κακῶς.
φύρουσι δ' αὐτὰ θεοὶ πάλιν τε καὶ πρόσω
ταραγμὸν ἐντιθέντες, ὡς ἀγνοσία

σέβωμεν αὐτοὺς. ἄλλα ταῦτα μὲν τι δεὶ

θρημεῖν, προκόπτοντ' οὐδὲν εἰς πρόσθεν κακῶν,
σοῦ δ', εἴ τι μέμφει τῆς ἐμῆς ἀποστίασις,
HECUBA

From my dear bed, my lost bed, I sprang, like Dorian maid
But mantle-veiled,
And to Artemis' altar I clung—woe's me! I prayed
In vain, and wailed.
And my lord I beheld lying dead; and I was borne
O'er deep salt sea,
Looking back upon Troy, by the ship from Ilium torn
As she sped on the Hellas-ward path: then woe-forlorn
I swooned,—ah me!—

(Enode)

Upon Helen, the sister of Zeus' Sons, hurling back,
And on Paris, fell shepherd of Ida, curses black,
Who from mine home
By their bridal had reft me—'twas bridal none, but
wrack

Devil-wrought:—to her fatherland home o'er yon sea-
track

Ne'er may she come!

Enter Polymestor with his two little sons attended by a guard of Thracian spearmen.

POLYMESTOR
Priam of men most dear!—and dearest thou,
O Hecuba, I weep beholding thee,
Thy city, and thine offspring slain so late.
Nought is there man may trust, nor high repute,
Nor present weal—for it may turn to woe;
All things the Gods confound, hurl this way and
that,
Turmoiling all, that we, foreknowing nought,
May worship them:—what skills it to make moan
For this, outrunning evils none the more?
But if mine absence thou dost chide, forbear;
ΕΚΑΒΗ

σχεσεις τυγχάνω γὰρ ἐν μέσοις Θρήκης ὀροὺς ἀπόλων, ὥστε ἡλθες δεῦρ᾽ ἐπεὶ δ᾽ ἀφικόμην, ἡδη πόδι ἔξω δωματίων αἱροῦτί μοι εἰς ταῦτον ἦδε συμπίνει δμωίς σέθεν, λέγουσα μόθους δὲν κλύων ἀφικόμην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰσχύνομαι σε προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον, Πολυμήστορ, ἐν τούτῳ δε κείμενα κακοῖς.

970 ὡς γὰρ ὀφθην εὐτυχοῦσ', αἰδῶς μ' ἔχει ἐν τῶν πότῳ τυγχάνουσ', ἵν' εἰμὶ νῦν, κοικὶ ἀν δυναίμην προσβλέπειν σ' ὀρθαῖς κόραις. ἀλλ' αὐτὸ μὴ δύσνοιαν ἡγήσῃ σέθεν, Πολυμήστορ' ἄλλως δ' αἰτίαν τι καὶ νόμος γυναίκας ἀνδρῶν μὴ βλέπειν ἐναντίον.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ

καὶ θαῦμα γ' οὐδὲν. ἀλλὰ τὶς χρεία σ' ἐμοῦ; τί χρήμ' ἐπέμψα τὸν ἔμοι ἐκ δόμων πόδα;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

980 ἰδιον ἐμαντής δὴ τι πρὸς σὲ βούλομαι καὶ παίδας εἰπεῖν σους· ὀπάωνας δὲ μοι χωρίς κέλευσον τῶν ἀποστήμαι δόμων.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ

χωρείτ' ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ γὰρ ἦδ' ἐρημία· φίλη μὲν ἡμῖν εἰ σὺ, προσφίλες δὲ μοι στράτευμ' Ἀχαιῶν. ἀλλὰ σημαίνειν σε χρῆ τί χρῆ τὸν εὐ πράσσοντα μὴ πράσσοντων εὑ φίλοις ἐπάρκειν' ὁς ἔτοιμος εἰμὶ ἐγώ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

990 πρῶτον μὲν εἰτὲ παιδὶ ὃν ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς Πολύδωρον ἐκ τε πατρὸς ἐν δόμωις ἔχεις, εἰ ἦδ' τὰ ἀλλὰ δεύτερον σ' ἐρήσομαι.
HECUBA

For in the mid-Thrace tracts afar was I
When thou cam'st hither: soon as I returned,
At point was I to hasten forth mine home;
When lo, for this same end thine handmaid came
Telling a tale whose tidings winged mine haste.

HECUBA

I shame to look thee in the face, who am sunk,
O Polymestor, in such depth of ills.
Thou sawest me in weal: shame's thrall I am,
Found in such plight wherein I am this day.
I cannot face thee with unshrinking eyes.
Yet count it not as evil-will to thee,
Polymestor; therebeside is custom's bar
That women look not in the eyes of men.

POLYMESTOR

No marvel:—but what need hast thou of me?
For what cause from mine home hast sped my feet?

HECUBA

A secret of mine own I fain would tell
To thee and thine. I pray thee, bid thy guards
Aloof from these pavilions to withdraw.

POLYMESTOR

Depart ye, for this solitude is safe. [Exeunt guards.
My friend art thou, well-willed to me this host
Achaean. Now behoves thee to declare
Wherein the prosperous must render help
To friends afflicted: lo, prepared am I.

HECUBA

First, of the son whom in thine halls thou hast,
Polydorus, of mine hands, and of his sire's—
Liveth he? I will ask thee then the rest.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΣΩΡ
μάλιστα τουκείων μὲν εὕτυχείς μέρος.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

990 ὁ φίλταθ', ὡς εὖ κἀξίως σέθεν λέγεις.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΣΩΡ
τί δήτα βούλει δεύτερον μαθεῖν ἐμοῦ;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
eἰ τῆς τεκούσης τῆςδὲ μέμνηται τί μου.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΣΩΡ
καὶ δεύρῳ γ' ὡς σὲ κρύφιος ἐξῆτει μολεῖν.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
χρυσὸς δὲ σῶς δὲν ἠλθεν ἐκ Τροίας ἔχων;
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΣΩΡ
σῶς, ἐν δόμοις γ' τοῖς ἐμοῖς φρουροῦμενος.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
σῶσόν νῦν αὐτὸν μηδ' ἔρα τῶν πλησίων.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΣΩΡ
ἡκιστ' ὕματιν τοῦ παρόντος, ὡ γύναι.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
οἴσθ' ὅνων ἀ λέξαι σοί τε καὶ παισίν θέλω;
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΣΩΡ
οὐκ οἶδα· τῷ σῷ τοῦτο σημανεῖσ λόγῳ.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
1000 ἔστ', ὁ φιληθεὶς ὡς σὺ νῦν ἐμοὶ φιλεῖ,
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΣΩΡ
τί χρημ' ὁ καμὴ καὶ τέκν' εἰδέναι χρεῶν;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
χρυσοῦ παλαιαί Πριαμιδῶν κατώρυχες.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΣΩΡ
ταῦτ' ἔσθ' ἀ βούλει παιδὶ σημήναι σέθεν;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
μάλιστα, διὰ σοῦ γ' εἰ γὰρ εὐσεβῆς ἀνήρ.
HECUBA

POLYMESTOR
Surely: as touching him thy lot is fair.

HECUBA
Dear friend, how well thou speak’st and worthy thee! 990

POLYMESTOR
Prithee, what next art fain to learn of me?

HECUBA
If me, his mother, he remembereth?

POLYMESTOR
Yea—fain had come to thee in secret hither.

HECUBA
Is the gold safe, wherewith from Troy he came?

POLYMESTOR
Safe—warded in mine halls in any wise.

HECUBA
Safe keep it: covet not thy neighbours’ goods.

POLYMESTOR
Nay, lady: joy be mine of that I have!

HECUBA
Know’st what I fain would tell thee and thy sons?

POLYMESTOR
I know not: this thy word shall signify.

HECUBA
There is, O friend dear as thou art to me— 1000

POLYMESTOR
Yea—what imports my sons and me to know?

HECUBA
Gold—ancient vaults of gold of Priam’s line.

POLYMESTOR
This is it thou art fain to tell thy son?

HECUBA
Yea, by thy mouth: thou art a righteous man.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
τί δήτα τέκνων τώνδε δει παρουσίας;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀμειονον, ἢν σὺ κατθάνης, τούσδ’ εἰδέναι.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
καλώς ἐλεξας· τήδε καὶ σοφώτερον.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
οἰς’ οὖν Ἀθάνας Ἰλίας ἰνα στέγαι;
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ἐνταῦθ’ ὁ χρυσός ἐστι; σημεῖον δὲ τί;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
μέλαινα πέτρα γῆς ὑπερτέλλουσ’ ἄνω.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ἐτ’ οὖν τι βουλεί τῶν ἐκεῖ φράζειν ἐμοῖ;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
σῶσαι σε χρήμαθ’ οῖς συνεξήλθουν θέλω.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ποῦ δήτα; πέπλων ἑντὸς ἢ κρύψασ’ ἔχεις;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
σκύλων ἐν χλωρ ταῖς δε σφάζεται στέγαις.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ποῦ δ’; αἰδ’ Ἀχαίων ναύλοχοι περιπτυχαί.
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἰδίαι γυναικῶν αἰχμαλωτίδων στέγαι.
ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
tάνδου δὲ πιστὰ κάρσενων ἐρημία;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐδεῖς Ἀχαίων ἔνδον, ἀλλ’ ᾗς μόναι.
ἀλλ’ ἔρπ’ ἐσ οἴκουσ’ καὶ γὰρ Ἀργεῖοι νεῶν
λύσαι ποθοῦσιν οἶκαδ’ ἐκ Τροίας πόδα·
ὅς πάντα πράξας ὤν σε δεῖ, στείχης πάλιν
ξὺν παισίν οὕτε τοῦ ἐμὸν ὅκισας γόνον.

1020
HECUBA

POLYMESTOR
What needeth then the presence of my sons?

HECUBA
Better they knew, if haply thou shouldst die.

POLYMESTOR
Well hast thou said: yea, 'twere the wiser way.

HECUBA
Dost know where stood Athene's Trojan fane?

POLYMESTOR
There?—is the gold there?—and the token, what?

HECUBA
A black rock from the earth's face jutting forth.

POLYMESTOR
Hast aught beside to tell me of that hoard?

HECUBA
Some jewels I brought thence—keep them for me.

POLYMESTOR
Where?—where?—beneath thy raiment, or in hiding?

HECUBA
In yon tents, safe beneath a heap of spoils.

POLYMESTOR
Safe?—there?—Achaean ships empale us round.

HECUBA
Inviolate are the captive women's tents.

POLYMESTOR
Within is all safe? Be they void of men?

HECUBA
Within is no Achaean, only we.
Enter the tents,—for fain the Argives are
To unmoor the ships for homeward flight from Troy,—
That, all well done, thou mayst with thy sons fare
To where thou gav'st a home unto my child.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὖτω δέδωκας, ἀλλ' ἵσως δώσεις δίκην·
ἀλίμενόν τις ὡς εἰς ἀντλον πεσὼν
λέχριος ἐκπεσεῖ φίλας καρδίας,
ἀμέρσας βίον. τὸ γὰρ ὑπέγγυν
Δίκα καὶ θεοῖσιν οὖ συμπίντυει,
ὀλέθριον ὀλέθριον κακον.
ψεύσει σ' ὁδὸν τῆς ἐλπίς ἢ σ' ἐπήγαγεν
θανάσιμον πρὸς 'Αίδαν, ὃ τάλας·
ἀπολέμῳ δὲ χειρὶ λείψεις βίον.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
όμοι, τυφλόουμαι φέγγος ὀμμάτων τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἡκούσατ' ἀνδρὸς Ὁρηκὸς οἰμωγήν, φίλαι ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
όμοι μάλ' αὖθις, τέκνα, δυστήμου σφαγής.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
φίλαι, πέπρακται καίν' ἕσω δόμων κακά.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ἀλλ' ὁὔτε μὴ φύγητε λαψηρῷ ποδὶ·
βάλλων γὰρ οὖκών τῶν'd ἀναρρήξω μυχοὺς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἰδοὺ, βαρείας χειρὸς ὀρμᾶται βέλος.
βούλεσθ' ἐπεισοδέσωμεν ; ὡς ἀκιμή καλεῖ
Ἐκάβη παρεῖναι Τριφάσιν τε συμμάχους.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀφασσε, φείδον μηδέν, ἐκβάλλων πῦλας·
oὐ γὰρ ποτ' ὁμα λαμπρὸν ἐνθήσεις κόραις,
oὐ παῖδας ὁψει ξώντας οὖς ἐκτευ' ἐγώ.
HECUBA

HECUBA and POLYMESTOR with Children enter the tent.

CHORUS
Not yet is the penalty paid, but thy time is at hand,
As who reeleth adown an abyss wherein foothold is none
    [thou hast ta'en.
Slant-slipping, from sweet life hurled, for the life
For wherever it cometh to pass that the rightful demand
Of justice's claim and the laws of the Gods be at one,
    1030 Then is ruinous bane for the sinner, O ruinous bane! [Unseen Land, It shall mock thee, thy wayfaring's hope; to the
To the place of the dead hath it drawn thee, O wretch undone! [thou be slain.
By the hand not of warriors, thou hero, shalt

POLYMESTOR (within)
Ah, I am blinded of mine eyes' light—wretch!

CHORUS
Heard ye the yell of yonder Thracian, friends?

POLYMESTOR (within)
Ah me, my children!—ah the awful murder!

CHORUS
Friends, strange grim work is wrought in yonder tent.

POLYMESTOR (within)
Surely by swift feet shall ye not escape!
My blows shall rive this dwelling's inmost parts!
    1040

CHORUS
Lo, crasheth there swift bolt of giant hand.
Shall we burst in?—the peril summoneth us
To help of Hecuba and the Trojan dames.

Enter HECUBA.

HECUBA
Smite on—spare not—ay, batter down the doors!
Ne'er shalt thou set bright vision in thine orbs,
Nor living see thy sons whom I have slain.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡ γὰρ καθεῖλες Θρήκα καὶ κρατεῖς ξένου,
δέσποινα, καὶ δέδρακας οἷάπερ λέγεις;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

όψει νῦν αὐτίκ’ ὄντα δωμάτων πάρος
τυφλὸν τυφλῷ στείχοντα παραφόρῳ ποδί,
πάγδων τε δυσσῶν σῶμαθ’, οὐς ἐκτειν’ ἐγὼ
σὺν ταῖς ἀρίσταις Ῥωμαίσιν. δίκην δὲ μοι
δέδωκεν χωρεῖ δ’, ὡς ὀρᾶς, ὡδ’ ἐκ δόμων.
ἀλλ’ ἐκποδῶν ἀπευμι κατοστήσομαι
θυμὸς ξέοντι Θρήκε δυσμαχωτάτῳ.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΩΡ

ἄμοι ἐγὼ, πὰ βῶ,
πὰ στῶ, πὰ κέλσῳ;
τετράποδος βάσιν θηρὸς ὀρεστέρου
tιθέμενος ἐπὶ χεῖρα κατ’ ἵχνος; ποιαν,
ἡ ταύταν ἡ τάνδ’
ἐξάλλαξοι, τὰς
ἀνδροφόνοις μάρψαι
χρῆζον Ἰλιάδας, ἀ’ με διώλεσαν;
tάλαιναι κόραι τάλαιναι Φρυγών,
ὁ κατάρατοι,
ποὶ καὶ με φυγὴ πτώσσουσι μνηχῶν;
eἴθε μοι ὄμματων αἰματόν βλέφαρον
ἀκέσσαιο τυφλὸν ἀκέσσαι’, Ἀλιε,
φέγγος ἀπαλλάξας.
ἀ ἂ,

σίγα: κρυπτὰν βάσιν αἰσθάνομαι
tάνδε γυναικῶν. πὰ πόδ’ ἐπάξας
σαρκῶν όστέων τ’ ὑμπλησθῶ,
θοίναν αἰγρίαν τιθέμενος θηρῶν,
ἀρνύμενος λῶβαν

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HECUBA

CHORUS
Hast smitten?—overcome thy Thracian guest,
Lady?—hast done the deed thou threatenedst?

HECUBA
Him shalt thou straightway see before the tents,
Blind, pacing with blind, aimless-stumbling feet,
And his two children's corpses, whom I slew
With Trojan heroines' help: now hath he paid me
The vengeance-dues. There comes he forth, thou
seest.
I from his path will step; the seething rage
Of yonder Thracian monster will I shun.

Enter POLYMESTOR.

POLYMESTOR
Ah me, whitherward shall I go?—where stand?
Where find me a mooring-place?
Must I prowl on their track with foot and with hand
As a mountain-beast should pace?
Or to this side or that shall I turn me, for vengeance
pursuing [mine undoing?
The slaughterous hags of Troy which have wrought
Foul daughters of Phrygia, murderesses
Accursèd, in what deep-hidden recesses
Are ye cowering in flight?
O couldst thou but heal these eye-pits gory—
O couldst thou but heal the blind, and restore
me,
O sun, thy light!
Hist—hist—their stealthy footfalls creep—
I hear them—whither shall this foot leap,
That their flesh and their bones I may gorge, and may
slake me
With their blood, and a banquet of wild beasts make me,
Requiting their outrage well
ΕΚΑΒΗ

λύμας ἀντίποι' ἐμᾶς; ὁ τάλας,
ποί πᾶς φέρωμαι τέκν' ἔρημα λυπῶν
Βάκχαις Ὁ Αἴδων διαμοράσαι,
σφακτάν κυσί τε φονίαν δαϊτ' ἀνήμερον
οὐρείαν τ' ἐκβολάν;

1080 πᾶ στῶ, πᾶ κάμψω, πᾶ βῶ,
ναῦς ὅπως ποντίως πεσάμασι, λινόκροκον
φάρος στέλλων, ἐπὶ τάνδε συθεῖς
τέκνων ἐμῶν φύλαξ
ὁλέθριον κοίταιν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀιαί, ἵω Θρήκης

1090 λογχοφόρον ἐνοπλον εὕπποιον Ἄρει
κάτωρον γένος.

ἱὸ Ἀχαιοί, ἵω Ἀτρείδαι.
βοᾶν βοᾶν ἀντῶ, βοᾶν·
ἐτε, μόλετε πρὸς θεῶν.

κλέει τις ἡ σύδεις ἀρκέσει; τί μέλλετε;
γυναῖκες ὠλεσάν με,
γυναῖκες αἴχμαλωτίδες·
δεινὰ δεινὰ πεπόνθαμεν.

1100 ὥμοι ἐμᾶς λώβας.

ποὶ τράπωμαι, ποὶ πορευθῶ;
ἀμπτάμενος οὐράνιον

ὑψιπέτες εἰς μέλαθρον, Ὀρίων
ἡ Σείρυς εὖθα πυρός φλογεάς ἀφίη-
σιν ὅσσων αὐγάς, ἢ τὸν Ἀἴδα
μελανόχρωτα πορθμὸν ἄξω τάλας;
HECUBA

With grimmer revenge?—Woe! where am I borne
Forsaking my fenceless babes to be torn
Of the bacchanals of hell, [prey
Butchered and cast away for the dogs’ blood-boultered
On a desolate mountain-fell? [rest?
Ah, where shall I stand?—whither go?—where
As a ship furls sail that hath havenward pressed, 1080
I would dart into that death-haunted lair,
I would shroud my babes in my linen vest,
I would guard them there!

CHORUS
Wretch! wreaked on thee are ills intolerable:
Foul deeds thou didst, and awful penalty
A God hath laid on thee with heavy hand.

POLYMESTOR
What ho! spear-brandishers, nation arrayed in warrior’s weed!
[hearty steed!
Thracians possessed of the War-god, lords of the 1090
What ho, ye Achaeans!—Atreus’ seed!
Rescue! Rescue! I raise the cry.
O come, in the name of the Gods draw nigh! [help me nor heed?
Hears any man?—wherefore delay?—will no man
Of women undone, destroyed, am I—
The women of Troy’s captivity. [deed!
Horrors are wrought on me—horrors! Woe for the felon
Whitherward shall I turn me? Whitherward fare? [to the mansions of air,
Shall I leap as on wings to the height of the heaven, 1100
To Orion or Sirius, fearful-gleaming
With the burning flames from his eyes outstreaming, [gorge in despair?
Or plunge to the blackness of darkness, to Hades’
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συγγυνώσθ', όταν τις κρείσσον' ή φέρειν κακά

πάθη, ταλαίπνης έξαπαλλάξαι ζώης.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κραυγής ἀκούσας ἤλθον' οὐ γὰρ ἦσυχος

πετρασ ὀρείας παῖς λέλακ' ἀνά στρατὸν

'Ἡχῳ διδούσα θόρυβον' εἰ δὲ μὴ Φρυγῶν

πύργους πεσόντας ἦσμεν 'Ἐλλήνων δορί,

φόβον παρέσχεν οὐ μέσως ὃδε κτύπος.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὡς δίλατη', ἰσθόμην γὰρ, Ἀγάμεμνων, σέθεν

φωνῆς ἀκούσας, εἰσορᾶς ὃ πᾶσχομεν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐα.

Πολυμήστωρ ὡς δύστημε, τίς σ' ἀπώλεσε;

τίς ὅμη ἐθηκε τυφλὸν αἰμάξας κόρας,

παιδάς τε τούσδ' ἐκείνων; ἦ ἡ μέγαν χόλον

σοὶ καὶ τέκνωσίν εἰχέν ὡστὶς ἵν αρα.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

Ἐκάβη με σὺν γυναιξίν αἰχμαλωτίσων

ἀπώλεσ', οὐκ ἀπώλεσ', ἀλλὰ μειξόνως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί φής; σὺ τοῦργον εἰργασαί τόδ', ὡς λέγει;

· σὺ τόλμαν, 'Εκάβη, τήνδ' ἔτης ἀμήχανον;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὁμοί, τὶ λέξεις; ἦ γὰρ ἔγγυς ἐστὶ ποι;

σήμηνον, εἰπέ ποῦ 'σθ', ἵν' ἀρπάσας χερῶν

διασπάσωμαι καὶ καθαιμάξω χρόα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὗτος, τὶ πᾶσχεις;

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HECUBA

CHORUS
Small blame, if he which suffereth heavier woes
Than man may bear, should flee his wretched life.

Enter Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON
Hearing a shout I came; for in no whispers
The mountain-rock’s child Echo through the host
Cried, waking tumult. Knew we not the towers
Of Phrygia by the spear of Greeks had fallen,
No little panic had this clangour roused.

POLYMESTOR
Dear friend—for, Agamemnon, ’tis thy voice
I hear and know—seest thou what I endure?

AGAMEMNON
Ha, wretched Polymestor, who hath marred thee?
Who dashed with blood thine eyes, and blinded thine
Slew these thy sons? Sooth, against thee and thine
Grim was his fury, whosoe’er it was.

POLYMESTOR
Hecuba, with the captive woman-throng,
Destroyed me—nay, destroyed not—O, far worse!

AGAMEMNON
What say’st thou? Thine the deed, as he hath said?
Thou, Hecuba, dare this thing impossible!

POLYMESTOR
Ha! what say’st thou?—and is she nigh me now?
Tell where is she, that I may in mine hands
Clutch her and rend, and bathe her flesh in blood.

AGAMEMNON (holding him back)
Ho thou, what ails thee?
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

πρός θεών σε λίσσομαι,
μέθες μ' ἐφείναι τῇδε μαργώσαν χέρα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

insula: ἐκβαλών δὲ καρδίας τὸ βάρβαρον
λέγ', ὡς ἀκούσας σοῦ τε τῆς ἓν ἐν μέρει
κρίνω δικαίως ἄνθ' ὄτου πάσχεις τάδε.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

λέγομι' ἂν. ἦν τίς Πριαμιδῶν νεώτατος,
Πολυδωρος, Ἔκάβης παῖς, ὅν ἐκ Τροίας ἐμὸι
πατήρ δίδωσι Πρίαμος ἐν δόμοις τρέφειν,
ὑπόπτος ἄν δὴ Τροικής ἀλώσεως.
τούτων κατέκτειν' ἄνθ' ὄτου δ' ἐκτενά ὑπὲρ ἄκουσον, ὡς εὐ καὶ σοφῇ προμηθίᾳ.
ἐδείσα μὴ σοι πολέμοις λειψθεῖς ὁ παῖς
Τροίαν ἀθροίσῃ καὶ ἐνυκτίσῃ πάλιν,
γνώντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ζῶντα Πριαμιδῶν τίνα
Φρυγῶν ἐς αῖαν αὐθις ἀρείαν στόλον,
κάπειτα Θρήκης πεδία τρήβοιεν τάδε
λενατούντες, γείτοσιν δ' εἶ ὑ κακὸν
Τρώων, ἐν ὕπερ νῦν, ἄναξ, ἐκάμνομεν.
'Εκάβη δὲ παιδὸς γυνοῦσα θανάσιμον μόρον
λόγῳ μὲ τοὐδ' ἡγαγ', ὡς κεκρυμένας
chestra φράσουσα Πριαμιδῶν ἐν Τίφω
χρυσοῦ μόνον δὲ σὺν τέκνουσι μ' εἰςάγει
δόμους, ἵν' ἀλλος μή τις εἰδεῖν τάδε.

Ἰὼ δὲ κλίνης ἐν μέσῳ κάμψας ὑπὸ
πολλαὶ δὲ χειρῶσι ἀι μὲν εἰ ἀριστερὰς,
αἱ δ' ἑνθεῖν, ὡς δὴ παρὰ φίλῳ, Τρῶων κόραι
θάκοις ἔχουσαι, κερκίδ' Ἡδωνῆς χερὸς
ἡμοῦ, ὡς αὐγὰς τοῦσδε λεύσοουσαι πέπλους·
ἀλλαὶ δὲ κάμακα Θρήκίαν θεώμεναι

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HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

By the Gods I pray thee,
Unhand me—loose my frenzied hand on her!

AGAMEMNON

Forbear: cast out the savage from thine heart.
Speak, let me hear first thee, then her, and judge
Justly for what cause thus thou sufferest.

POLYMESTOR

I speak: of Priam's house was one, the youngest,
Polydorus, Hecuba's child, whom his sire sent
From Troy to me, to nurture in mine halls,
Misdoubting, ye may guess, the fall of Troy.
Him slew I. For what cause I slew him, hear:—
Mark how I dealt well, wisely, prudently:—
I feared their son might, left alive thy foe,
Gather Troy's remnant and repeople her,
And, hearing how a Priamid lived, Achaean
To Phrygia-land again should bring her host;
Then should they trample down these plains of
 Thrace
In foray, and the ills that wasted us
But now, O king, should on Troy's neighbours fall.
And Hecuba, being ware of her son's death,
With this tale lured me, that she would reveal
Hid treasures of gold of Priam's line
In Troy. Me only with my sons she leads
Within the tents, that none beside might know.
Bowling the knee there sat I in their midst;
While, on my left hand some, some on the right,
As by a friend, forsooth, Troy's daughters sat
Many: the web of our Edonian loom
Praised they, uplifting to the light my cloak;
And some my Thracian lance admiring took,
γυμνόν μ’ ἔθηκαν διπτύχου στολίσματος.
όσαι δὲ τοκάδες ἦσαν, ἐκπαγόλυμεναι
tέκν’ ἐν χεροῖν ἐπαλλοῦν, ὡς πρόσω πατρὸς
gένοντο, διαδοχαὶς ἀμείβουσα χερῶν.
κατ’ ἑκ γαληνῶν—πῶς δοκεῖς ;—προσφθεγμάτων
eὐθὺς λαβόουσαν φάσγαν ἕκ πέπλων ποθὲν
kεντοῦσι παῖδας, ἀδῷ πολεμόν ἀδῇ
ξυμαρτάσασαι τὰς ἐμὰς εἰχον χέρας
καὶ κόλα; παισὶ δ’ ἀρκέσαι χρήζων ἐμοῖς,
eἰ μὲν πρόσωπων ἐξανιστάθην ἐμὸν,
κόμης κατείχον, εἰ δὲ κυνοῦν χέρας,
πλήθει γυναικῶν οὐδὲν ἦνουν τάλας.
τὸ λούσθιον δὲ, πῆμα πῆματος πλέον,
ἐξειργάσαντο δεῖν· ἐμὸν γὰρ ὀμίματον,
πόρτας λαβοῦσαν, τὰς ταλαιπώρους κόρας
kεντοῦσιν, αἰμάσσουσιν εἰτ’ ἀνὰ στέγας
φυγάδες ἔβησαν· ἔκ δὲ πηδήσας ἐγὼ
θὴρ ὡς διώκω τὰς μαμφόνους κύνας, 2
ἀπαντ’ ἔρευνὸν τοῖχον ὡς κυνηγέτης,
βάλλων, ἀράσσων. τοιάδε σπεύδων χάριν
πέπονθα τὴν σὴν πολέμων τε σὸν κτανῶν,
Ἀγάμεμνον. ὡς δὲ μὴ μακροὺς τέων λόγους,
eἰ τις γυναῖκας τῶν πρὶν εἰρηκέν κακῶς
ἡ νῦν λέγων ἔστιν τις ἡ μέλλει λέγειν,
ἀπαντα ταῦτα συντεμῶν ἐγὼ φράσω:
γένος γὰρ οὔτε πόντος οὔτε γῆ τρέφει
tοιῶν’, ὁ δ’ ἂει ξυντυχὼν ἐπίσταται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μηδὲν θρασύνον, μηδὲ τοῖς σαντοῦ κακοῖς
tὸ θῆλυ συνθεῖς ὅδε πὰν μέμψῃ γένος
πολλαὶ γὰρ ἡμῶν, αἱ μὲν οὐκ’ ἐπηφοθοῦν,
αἱ δ’ εἰς ἀριθμοῦ τῶν κακῶν πεφύκαμεν.

338 1 Beck: for εἰσ’ of MSS.
HECUBA

And stripped me so alike of spear and shield.
As many as were mothers, loud in praise
Dandled my babes, that from their sire afar
They might be borne, from hand to hand passed on.
Then, after such smooth speech,—couldst thou believe?—

Suddenly snatching daggers from their robes,
They stab my sons; and others all as one
In foemen’s fashion gripped mine hands and feet,
And held: and, when I fain would aid my sons,
If I essayed to raise my face, by the hair
They held me down: if I would move mine hands,
For the host of women—wretch!—I nought prevailed.
And last—O outrage than all outrage worse!—
A hideous deed they wrought; their brooch-pins
They grasp, these wretched eyeballs of mine eyes
They stab, they flood with gore. Then through the tents
Fleeing they went. Up from the earth I leapt,
And like a wild-beast chased the blood-stained hounds,
Groping o’er all the wall, like tracking huntsman,
Smiting and battering. All for my zeal’s sake
For thee, I suffered this, who slew thy foe,
Agamemnon. Wherefore needeth many words?
Whoso ere now hath spoken ill of women,
Or speaketh now, or shall hereafter speak,
All this in one word will I close and say:—
Nor sea nor land doth nurture such a breed:
He knoweth, who hath converse with them most.

CHORUS

Be nowise reckless, nor, for thine own ills,
Include in this thy curse all womankind.
For some, yea many of us, deserve no blame,
Though some by vice of blood count midst the bad.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

'Αγάμεμνον, ἀνθρώποισιν οὐκ ἔχρην ποτε τῶν πραγμάτων τὴν γλώσσαν ἵσχυεν πλέον· ἀλλ' εἶτε χρήστ' ἔδρασε, χρήστ' ἔδει λέγειν, εἶτ' αὖ ποιηρά, τοὺς λόγους εἶναι σαθρούς, καὶ μὴ δύνασθαι τάδικ' εὖ λέγειν ποτέ. σοφοὶ μὲν οὖν εἰσ' οἱ τάδ' ἥκριβωκότες, ἀλλ' οὐ δύναντ' ἀν διὰ τέλους εἶναι σοφοὶ, κακῶς δ' ἀπώλοιτ'· οὕτως ἔξηλυξε πω. καὶ μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ὅδε φροιμόλοις ἔχειν πρὸς τόνδε δ' εἰμι, καὶ λόγους ἀμείγομαι, δς φης Ἀχαϊῶν πόνου ἀπαλλάσσων διπλῶν Ἀγαμέμνονός θ' ἐκατ' παϊδ' ἐμὸν κτανεῖν. ἀλλ', ὁ κάκιστε, πρότα ποῦ ποτ' ἀν ἠλευν τὸ βάρβαρον γένοςτ' ἀν Ἑλλησσίω γένος; οὐδ' ἀν δύνατο: τίνα δὲ καὶ σπεύδουν χάριν πρόθυμος ἦσθα; πότερα κηδεύσων τινά, ἦ ξυγγενὴς ὦν, ἢ τίν' αἰτίαν ἔχων; ἢ σῆς ἔμελλον γῆς τεμείν βλαστήματα πλεύσαντες αὐτίς; τίνα δοκεῖς πείσειν τάδε; ὁ χρυσός, εἰ βούλοι τάληθη λέγειν, ἔκτεινε τὸν ἐμὸν παῖδα καὶ κέρδῃ τὰ σά. ἐπεὶ δίδαξον τοῦτο πῶς, ὅτ' ἦντ'χει Τριόλη, πέριξ δὲ πύργος εἰς ἦ το πτόλην, ἔζη τε Πράμος Ἐκτερός τ' ἦνθε δόρυ, τί δ' οὐ τότ', εἴπερ τῶδ' ἐβουλήθης χάριν θέσθαι, τρέφων τὸν παῖδα κἀν δόμοις ἔχων ἐκτεινα, ἦ ξών' ἥλθες Ἀργείοις ἄγων; ἀλλ' ἦν ἧμεις ὑπὲρ ἐσμέν ἐν φαῖε, κατιν' ὅ ἐσήμην ἀστυ πολεμίων ὕπο, ἐξένω κατέκτας σήν μολόντ' ἐφ' ἐστίναν. πρὸς τοῖσδε νῦν ἀκούσον ὡς φανής κακὸς.
HECUBA

HECUBA

Agamemnon, never should this thing have been,
That words with men should more avail than deeds;
But good deeds should with reasonings good be paired,
And baseless plea be ranged by caitiff deed,
And ne'er avail to gloze injustice o'er.
There be whose craft such art hath perfected;
Yet cannot they be cunning to the end:
Fouly they perish: never one hath 'scaped.
Such prelude hath my speech as touching thee.
Now with plea answering plea to him I turn:
To spare the Greeks, say'st thou, a twice-toiled task,
For Agamemnon's sake thou slew'st my son.
Villain of villains, when, when could thy race,
Thy brute race, be a friend unto the Greeks?

Never. And, prithee, whence this fervent zeal
To serve his cause?—didst look to wed his daughter?
Art of his kin?—or what thy private end?
Or were they like to sail again and waste
Thy crops? Whom think'st thou to convince hereby?
That gold—hadst thou the will to tell the truth—
Murdered my son: that, and thy greed of gain.
For, answer: why, when all went well with Troy,
When yet her ramparts girt the city round,
And Priam lived, and triumphed Hector's spear,
Why not then, if thou fain wouldst earn kings' thanks,
When in mine halls ye had my son and fostered,
Slay him, or living bring him to the Greeks?
But, soon as in the light we walked no more,
And the smoke's token proved our town the foe's,
Thou slew'st the guest that came unto thine hearth.
Nay more, hear now how thou art villain proved:
ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρήν σ’, εἰπερ ἥσθα τοῖς 'Αχαιοῖσιν φίλοις, τὸν χρυσὸν δὲ φῆσι ὦ συν ἀλλὰ τοιδ’ ἔχειν, δοῦναι φέροντα πενομένους τε καὶ χρόνον πολὺν πατρὼς γῆς ἀπεξενωμένους:

σὸ δ’ οὐδὲ νῦν πω σῆς ἀπαλλάξαι χερὸς
tολμῆς, ἔχων δὲ καρπερεῖς ἐτ’ ἐν δόμοις.
καὶ μὴν τρέφων μὲν ὡς σε παῖδ’ ἐχρήν τρέφειν
σῶσας τε τὸν ἐμόν, εἶχες ἀν καλὸν κλέος;
ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ σαφέστατοι
φίλοι: τὰ χρηστὰ δ’ αὖθ’ ἔκαστ’ ἔχει φίλους.
εἰ δ’ ἐσπαίνεις χρησάτων, δ’ ἡπτύχει,
θησαυρὸς ἀν σοι παῖς ὑπηρχ’ οὐμός μέγας·

νῦν δ’ οὕτ’ ἐκεῖνον ἄνδρ’ ἔχεις σαυτῷ φίλον,
χρυσῷ τ’ ἄνησις οἴχεται παῖδες τε σοὶ,
αὐτὸς τε πρᾶσσεις ὡδε. σοι δ’ ἐγὼ λέγω,
‘Ἀγάμεμνον, εἰ τῷ οὐκέτεις, κακὸς φανεῖ,
οὕτ’ εὔσεβῆ γὰρ οὐτε πιστὸν οἷς ἐχρήν,
οὐχ ὅσιον, οὐ δίκαιον εὐ δράσεις ξένον·
αὐτὸν δὲ χαίρειν τοῖς κακοῖς σε φήσομεν
τοιοῦτον ὡτα· δεσπότας δ’ οὐ λοιδορῶ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ: θροτοῖσιν ὡς τὰ χρηστὰ πράγματα
χρηστῶν ἀφορμὰς ἐνδίδωσι’ ἀεὶ λόγων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΟΝ

ἀχθεινὰ μὲν μοι τᾶλλότρια κρίνειν κακά,
ὅμως δ’ ἀνάγκη καὶ γὰρ αἰσχύνην φέρει,
πράγμ’ ἐς χέρας λαβὸντ’ ἀπώσασθαι τόδε.
ἐμοὶ δ’, ἤν εἰδῆς, οὕτ’ ἐμὴν δοκεῖς χάριν
οὕτ’ οὖν ‘Αχαϊῶν ἄνδρ’ ἀποκτεῖναι ξένον,
ἀλλ’ ὡς ἔχεις τὸν χρυσὸν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς.
λέγεις δὲ σαυτῷ πρόσφορ’ ἐν κακοίσιν ὡν.
HECUBA

Thou oughtest, if thou wert the Achaians’ friend,
Have brought the gold thou dar’st not call thine own,
But for him held in trust, to these impoverished
And long time exiled from their fatherland.
But thou not yet canst ope thine heart to uncloseth
Thy grip; thy miser-clutch keeps it at home.
Yet hadst thou, as behoved thee, reared my son
And saved alive, thine had been fair renown.
For in adversity the good are friends
Most true: prosperity hath friends unsought.
Hadst thou lacked money, and his lot been fair,
A treasury deep my son had been to thee:
But now thou hast not him unto thy friend;
Gone is the gold’s avail, thy sons are gone,—
And this thy plight! Now unto thee I say,
Agamemnon, if thou help him, base thou showest.
The godless, false to whom he owed fair faith,
The impious host unrighteous shalt thou comfort.
Thou joyest in the wicked, shall we say,
So doing—but I rail not on my lords.

CHORUS

Lo, how the good cause giveth evermore
To men occasion for good argument.

AGAMEMNON

It likes me not to judge on others’ wrongs;
Yet needs I must, for shame it were to take
This cause into mine hands, and then thrust by.
But,—wouldst thou know my thought,—not for my sake,
Nor the Achaians’, didst thou slay thy guest,
But even to keep that gold within thine halls.
In this ill plight thou speak’st to serve thine ends.
ΕΚΑΒΗ

τάχ’ οὖν παρ’ ὑμῖν ράδιον ξενοκτονεῖν
ἡμῖν δὲ γ’ αἰσχρὸν τὸσιν Ἔλλησιν τόδε.
pῶς οὖν σε κρίνας μὴ ἀδικεῖν φύγω ψόγον;
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην. ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ τά μη καλὰ
πράσσειν ἐτολμᾶσ, τλήθι καὶ τά μη φίλα.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
οἶμοι, γυναικός, ὥς έοιχ’, ἥσσωμενος
dούλης ύφεξω τοῖς κακίσιν δίκην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὖκον δικαίως, εἴπτερ εἰργάσω κακά;
ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
οἶμοι τέκνων τῶν ’ ὁμμάτων τ’ ἐμῶν, τάλας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀλγεῖς; τί δ’ ἡμᾶς; παιδὸς οὖκ ἀλγεῖν δοκεῖς;
ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
χαίρεις υβρίζουσ’ εἰς ἐμ’, ὁ πανούργη σύ;
ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐ γάρ με χαίρειν χρή σε τιμωρομένην;
ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
ἀλλ’ οὖ τάχ’, ἡνικ’ ἂν σε ποντίᾳ νοτὶς—

ΕΚΑΒΗ
μῶν ναυστολήσῃ γῆς ἄρους Ἑλληνίδος;
ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
κρύψῃ μὲν οὖν πεσοῦσαν ἐκ καρχησίων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
πρὸς τοῦ βιαῖων τυγχάνουσαν ἀλμάτων;
ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
αὕτη πρὸς ἰστὸν ναὸς ἀμβηθεὶς ποδί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ὑποπτέρως νώτοισιν ἡ ποῖῳ τρόπῳ;
ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ
κύων γενήσει πῦρ’ ἔχουσα δέρματα.
HECUBA

Haply with you guest-murder is as nought,
But to us which be Greeks foul shame is this.
How can I uncondemned adjudge thee guiltless?
I cannot. Forasmuch as thou hast dared
To do foul deeds, even drain thy bitter cup.

POLYMESTOR

Woe's me!—by a woman-slave o'ercome, meseems,
'Neath vengeance of the viler must I bow!

HECUBA

Is it not just, if thou hast vileness wrought?

POLYMESTOR

Woe for my babes and for mine eyes!—ah wretch!

HECUBA

Griev'st thou?—and I?—dost deem my son's loss sweet?

POLYMESTOR

Thou joyest triumphing over me, thou fiend!

HECUBA

Should I not joy for vengeance upon thee?

POLYMESTOR

Ah, soon thou shalt not, when the outsea surge—

HECUBA

Shall bear me to the coasts of Hellas-land?

POLYMESTOR

Nay, but shall whelm thee fallen from the mast.

HECUBA

Yea?—forced of whom to take the leap of death?

POLYMESTOR

Thyself shalt climb the ship's mast with thy feet.

HECUBA

So?—and with shoulders winged, or in what guise?

POLYMESTOR

A dog with fire-red eyes shalt thou become.

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ΕΚΑΒΗ

πώς δ' οἶσθα μορφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς μετάστασιν;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ
ὁ Θρηξὶ μάντις εἶπε Διόνυσος τάδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔχρησεν οὕδεν ὃν ἔχεις κακῶν;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν σὺ μ' εἴλες ὅδε σὺν δόλῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
θαυμοῦσα δ' ἡ ξώσ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκπλήσσω βίον;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ
θαυμοῦσα· τύμβῳ δ' ὄνομα σὺ κεκλήσεται—

ΕΚΑΒΗ
μορφῆς ἐπωδόν, ἢ τί, τῆς ἐμῆς ἐρεῖς;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ
κυνὸς ταλαίνης σῆμα, ναυτίλοις τέκμαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὐδὲν μέλει μοι σοῦ γέ μοι δόντος δίκην.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ
καὶ σήν γ' ἀνάγκη παίδα Κασάνδραν θανεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀπέπτυσ'· αὐτῷ ταῦτα σοι δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ
κτενεὶ νυν ἢ τοῦδ' ἄλοχος, οἰκουρὸς πικρά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
μήπω μανεῖ Τυνδαρίς τοσόνδε παῖς.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΟΡ
καῦτον σὲ τούτον, πέλεκυν ἔξαρασ' ἄνω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
οὗτος σὺ, μαίνει, καὶ κακῶν ἔρας τυχεῖν;

1270

1280

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HECUBA

HECUBA
How know'st thou of the changing of my shape?

POLYMESTOR
This Dionysus told, the Thracian seer.

HECUBA
But nought foretold to thee of these thine ills?

POLYMESTOR
Nay: else with guile thou ne'er hadst trapped me thus.

HECUBA
There shall I die, or live my full life out?

POLYMESTOR
Die shalt thou: and thy grave shall bear a name—

HECUBA
Accordant to my shape?—or what wilt say?

POLYMESTOR
The wretched Dog's Grave, sign to seafarers.

HECUBA
Nought reck I, seeing thou hast felt my vengeance.

POLYMESTOR
Yea, and thy child Cassandra too must die.

HECUBA
A scorn and spitting!—back on thee I hurl it.

POLYMESTOR
Slay her shall this king's wife, a houseward grim.

HECUBA
Never so mad may Tyndareus' daughter be!

POLYMESTOR
Yea—slay him too, upswinging high the axe.

AGAMEMNON
Ho, fellow, ravest thou? Dost court thy bane?
ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΗΣΤΩΡ
κτεῖν', ὡς ἐν Ὁργείον φόνια λωτρά σ' ἀμένει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὐχ ἔλεξεν αὐτόν, δμῶες, ἐκποδών βία;

ΠΟΛΤΗΣΤΩΡ
ἀλγεῖς ἀκούων;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὐκ ἐφέξετε στόμα;

ΠΟΛΤΗΣΤΩΡ
ἐγκλήσετ' εἰρηται γάρ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
οὐχ ὅσον τάχος
νῆσων ἐρήμων αὐτόν ἐκβάλειτε ποι,
ἔπειτ' ὀργῇ καὶ λίαν θρασύστομεί;
‘Ἐκάβη, σὺ δ', ὦ τάλανα, διπτύχους νεκροὺς
στείχονσα θάπτευ δεσποτῶν δ' ὑμᾶς χρεών
σκηναίς πελάξεω, Τροφάδες καὶ γὰρ πυνῶς
πρὸς οἶκον ἥδη τάσδε πομπίμους ὀρῶ.
εὐ δ' ἔσ πάτραν πλεύσασμεν, εὐ δὲ τὰν δόμων
ἐχοντ' ἰδοίμεν τῶν ἀφειμένην πόνων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
· ἦτε πρὸς λιμένας σκηνάς τε, φίλαι,
τῶν δεσποσύνων πειρασόμεναι
μόχθων· στερρὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.
HECUBA

POLYMESTOR
Slay on: a bath of blood in Argos waits thee.

AGAMEMNON
Haste, henchmen, hale him from my sight perforce.

POLYMESTOR
Art galled to hear?

AGAMEMNON
Set curb upon his mouth!

POLYMESTOR
Ay, gag: my say is said.

AGAMEMNON
Make speed, make speed,
And on some desert island cast him forth,
Seeing his bold mouth's insolence passeth thus.
Hecuba, hapless, fare thou on, entomb
Thy corpses twain. Draw near, ye dames of Troy,
To your lords' tents, for I discern a breeze
Upspringing, home to waft us, even now.
Fair voyage be ours to Hellas, fair the plight
Wherein, from these toils freed, we find our homes.

CHORUS
To the tents, O friends, to the haven fare;
The yoke of thraldom our necks must bear.
Fate knows not pity, fate will not spare.

[Exeunt omnes.]
THE

DAUGHTERS OF TROY
ARGUMENT

When Troy was taken by the Greeks, the princesses of the House of Priam were apportioned by lot to the several chiefs of the host. But Polyxena they doomed to be sacrificed on Achilles' tomb, and Astyanax, the son of Hector and Andromache, they hurled from a high tower. And herein is told how all this befell; and beside there is naught else save the lamentations of these Daughters of Troy, till the city is set aflame, and the captives are driven down to the sea.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
ΑΘΗΝΑ
ΕΚΑΒΗ
ΧΩΡΟΣ ΑΙΧΜΑΛΩΤΙΑΩΝ ΤΡΩΙΔΩΝ
ΤΑΛΟΤΒΙΟΣ
ΚΑΖΑΝΔΡΑ
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΕΛΕΝΗ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

POSEIDON, the God of the Sea.
ATHENA, a Goddess.
HECUBA, wife of PRIAM, King of Troy.
TALTHYBIUS, herald of the host of Hellas.
CASSANDRA, daughter of Hecuba, the prophetess whose doom was to be believed by none.
ANDROMACHE, wife of Hector, mother of Astyanax.
MENELAUS, king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon.
HELEN, wife of Menelaus.
CHORUS, consisting of captive Trojan women.
Astyanax, infant son of Hector; guards, soldiers, attendants.

Scene: The Greek camp before Troy.
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

"Ἡκὼ λιπτὼν Ἀἰγαίων ἄλμυρὸν βάθος πόντου, Ποσειδών, ἐνθὰ Νηρήδων χοροὶ κάλλιστον Ἰχνος ἐξελίσσονσιν ποδὸς. ἔξις οὖ γὰρ ἁμφὶ τὴν Ἐπίτηδος Τρῳκὴν χθόνα Φοίβῳς τε καὶ ἠμώνας στύργους πέριξ ὀρθοίσιν ἔθεμεν κανόσιν, οὔποτη ἐκ φρενῶν εὔνοι τὴν ἐμὸν Φρονῆν πόλει, ἢ νῦν κατανεῖται καὶ πρὸς 'Αργείου δορὸς ὀλωλε πορθηθεῖσ᾽. ο γὰρ Παρνάσιος Φακεὺς Ἐπείδ᾽ ἐνανθαῖς Παλλάδος ἐγκύμον᾽ ἱππον τευχέων συναμόσας στύργων ἐπεμψέν ἐντός, ὀλέθριον βάρος ὦθεν πρὸς ἀνδρῶν ὑστέρων κεκλήσεται δυσρεος ἱππος, κρεπτον ἀμπυσχόν ὄρυγνα. ἔρημα δ᾽ ἄλατη καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα φόνῳ καταρρέη πρὸς δὲ κρητιδῶν βάθρους πέπτωκε Πρίαμος Ζηνὸς ἐρκείου θανῶν. πολὺς δὲ χρυσὸς Φρύγια τοῖς σκυλεύματα πρὸς ναύς Ἀχαιῶν πεμπτεῖ· μένουσι δὲ πρύμνηθεν οὔρον, ὡς δεκαστόρῳ χρόνῳ ἀλόχους τε καὶ τέκνη εἰσίδωσιν ἀσμενοί, οί την οὔτε ἐπεστράτευσαν Ἑλληνες πόλειν.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA discovered sleeping on the earth in front of a tent. Enter Poseidon.

POSEIDON
I come, Poseidon I, from briny depths
Of the Aegean Sea, where Nereids dance
In lovely-woven pacings of their feet.
For, since the day when round this Trojan land
Phoebus and I by line and plummet reared
Her towers of stone, from mine heart ne'er hath fled
Old lovingkindness for the Phrygians' city,
Smoke-shrouded now and wasted and brought low
By Argos' spear. For that Parnassian wright,
Phocian Epeius, by device of Pallas
Fashioned the horse whose womb was fraught with arms,
And sent within yon towers its ruin-load,
Whence of men yet unborn shall it be named
The Wooden Horse, enfolder of ambushed spears.
Forsaken are the groves: the shrines of Gods
With blood are dripping: on the altar-steps
Of City-warder Zeus lies Priam dead.
Measureless gold and Phrygian spoils pass down
Unto the ships Achaean. They but wait
'A breeze fair-following, that in this tenth year
Children and wives with joy they may behold,
These Hellene men which marched against yon town.
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἐγὼ δέ, νικώμαι γὰρ Ἀργείας θεᾶς
Ήρας Ἀθάνας θ', αἰ συνεξείλον Φρύγας,
λείπω τὸ κλείνον Ἡλιον βωμοὺς τ' ἐμοῦς·
ἐρημία γὰρ πόλιν ὅταν λάβῃ κακῆ,
νοσεῖ τὰ τῶν θεῶν οὐδὲ τιμᾶσθαι θέλει.
τολλοῖς δὲ κωκυτοῖσιν αἰχμαλωτίδων
βοῶ Σκάμανδρος δεσπότας κληρομένων.
καὶ τὰς μὲν Ἀρκάς, τὰς δὲ Θεσσαλὸς λεῶς
εἶληχ' Ἀθηναίοι τε Θησείδαι πρόμοι.
ὅσαι δ' ἀκληροὶ Τρῳάδων, ὑπὸ στέγαις
tαῖς εἰσὶ τοῖς πρῶτοις ἔχρημαν
στρατοῦ, σὺν αὐταῖς δ' ἡ Δάκαινα Τυνδαρίς
'Ελένη, νομισθεῖσ' αἰχμάλωτος ἐνδίκως.
τὴν δ' ἄθλιαν τὴν εἰ τις εἰσόραν θέλει,
pάρεστιν Ἐκάβη κειμένη πυλῶν πάρος
dάκρυα χέουσα πολλὰ καὶ πολλῶν ὑπερ.
ἡ παῖς μὲν ἀμφὶ μνῆμ' Ἀχιλλείου τάφον
λάθρα τέθηκε τλημόνως Πολυξένῃ·
φροῦδος δὲ Πρίμος καὶ τέκν'. ἦν δὲ παρθένον
μεθῆκ' Ἀπόλλων δρομάδα Κασάνδραν ἄναξ,
to τοῦ θεοῦ τε παραλιπῶν τὸ τ' εὐσεβῆς
γαμεῖ βιαίως σκότιον Ἀγαμέμνων λέχος.
ἀλλ', ὅ' ποτ' εὐτυχοῦσα, χαίρε μοι, πόλως
ξεστὸν τε πύργῳ· εἰ σε μὴ διώλεσε
Παλλᾶς Διὸς παῖς, ἦσθ' ἀν ἐν βάθροις ἔτι.

ἈΘΗΝΑ

ἐξεστὶ τὸν γένει μὲν ἄγχιστον πατρὸς
μέγαν δὲ δαίμον' ἐν θεοῖς τε τίμων
λυσασαν ἔχθραν τὴν πάρος προσενεπείων;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἐξεστῖν· αἱ γὰρ συγγενεῖς ὡμιλίαι,
ἀνασ' Ἀθάνα, φίλτρον οὐ σμικρὸν φρενῶν.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

I, overborne by Hera, Argos' Queen,
And by Athena, leagued for Phrygia's fall,
Ilium the glorious and mine altars leave.
For when grim desolation hath seized a town,
Blighted are worship and honour of the Gods.
With wails of captives multitudinous,
Marked for their lords by lot, Scamander moans:
Some have Arcadians won, Thessalians some,
Some fall to Athens' chieftains, Theseus' sons.
And all Troy's daughters not by lot assigned
Are 'neath these tents, for captains of the host
Set by: with these the Spartan, Tyndareus' child,
Helen, accounted captive righteously.
But, the utter-wretched if one craves to see,
There lieth Hecuba before the gates,
Down-raining many a tear for many woes,—
Yet knows not that her child Polyxena
Hath on Achilles' grave died piteously.
Priam, her sons, are gone: Cassandra—whom
Apollo left free virgin frenzy-driven,—
Shall Agamemnon force, his leman-slave,
Flouting the God's decree and righteousness.
O city prosperous once, O stone-hewn towers,
Farewell to you! Had Pallas, Zeus's child,
Not ruined thee, firm stablished wert thou yet

Enter Athena.

ATHENA

Is it vouchsafed to bid the old feud truce,
And speak unto my father's nearest kin,
The mighty lord, honoured amongst the Gods?

POSEIDON

It is: for ties of kindred, Queen Athena,
Draw hearts with strong-constraining cords of love.
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ
ἐπήνευσ’ ὄργας ἦπιος· φέρω δὲ σοι
κοινὸς ἐμαυτῇ τ’ εἰς μέσον λόγον, ἀναξ.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
μῶν ἐκ θεῶν τοῦ καὶ τὸν ἄγγελεῖς ἔπος,
ἡ Ζηνὸς ἢ καὶ δαιμόνων τινὸς πάρα;

ΑΘΗΝΑ
οὐκ, ἀλλὰ Τροίας εἶνεκ’, ἐνθα βαίνομεν,
πρὸς σὴν ἄφιγμα δύναμιν, ὡς κοινὴν λάβω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
ἡ ποῦ νῦν, ἔχθραν τὴν πρὶν ἐκβαλοῦσα, νῦν
εἰς οἰκτὸν ἠλθεῖ πυρὶ κατηθαλωμένης;

ΑΘΗΝΑ
ἐκεῖσθε πρῶτ’ ἀνελθείς κοινός λόγος
καὶ συνθελῆσεις ἂν ἐγὼ πρᾶξαι θέλω;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
μᾶλιστ’· ἀτὰρ ἰδὶ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν,
πότερον Ἀχαίων ἠλθεῖς εἶνεκ’ ἢ Φρυγῶν;

ΑΘΗΝΑ
τοὺς μὲν πρὶν ἔχθροις Τρώας εὐφράναι θέλω,
στρατῷ δ’ Ἀχαίων νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν πικρῶν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
τί δ’ ὁδε πηδᾶς ἄλλοτ’ εἰς ἄλλους τρόπους
μυστείς τε λιαν καὶ φίλεις ὑμᾶς ἂν τύχης;

ΑΘΗΝΑ
οὐκ οἴσθ’ ὑβρισθεῖσάν με καὶ ναοὺς ἐμοὺς;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
οἶδ’, ἡμίκ’ Αἴας εἶλκε Κασάνδραν βία.

ΑΘΗΝΑ
κοῦδεν γ’ Ἀχαίων ἔπαθεν οὐδ’ ἢκουσ’ ὑπό.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
καὶ μὴν ἐπερσὰν γ’ Ἰλιον τῷ σῷ σθένει.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ATHENA
'Tis well, King—thy relenting. Lo, the words
I cast between us touch both thee and me.

POSEIDON
Ha! bringest thou some message from the Gods,
A word from Zeus, or from some Heavenly One?

ATHENA
Nay, for Troy's sake, upon whose soil we tread,
I seek thy might, to win thee mine ally.

POSEIDON
So?—hast thou cast out thine old enmity,
To pity her, now that she is burnt with fire?

ATHENA
Nay—my petition first—wilt join with me?
Wilt thou consent in that I fain would do?

POSEIDON
Yea verily: yet I fain would know thy will.
Com'st thou to help Achaean men or Phrygian?

ATHENA
Mine erstwhile foes the Trojans would I cheer,
And deal Achaea's host grim home-return.

POSEIDON
Yet why from mood to mood thus leapest thou,
In random sort bestowing hate and love?

ATHENA
Know'st not how I was outraged, and my shrine?

POSEIDON
I know—when Aias dragged Cassandra thence.

ATHENA
Unpunished of the Achaeans—unrebuked!

POSEIDON
Yea, though by thy might these laid Ilium low.
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ
τουγάρ σφε σύν σοι βούλομαι δράσαι κακῶς.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
έτουμ ἄ βούλει ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ. δράσεις δὲ τί;

ΑΘΗΝΑ
δύστηνον αὐτοῖς νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν θέλω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
ἐν γῆ μενόντων ἥ καθ’ ἀλμυρὰν ἀλα;

ΑΘΗΝΑ
ἀταν πρὸς οἶκους ναυστολῶς ἁπ’ Ἡλίου.
καὶ Ζεὺς μὲν ὅμορ οὐ καὶ χάλαζον ἄσπετον
πέμψει γνωφώδη τ’ αἰθέρος φυσήματα,
ἐμοὶ δὲ δῶσειν φησὶ πῦρ κεραύνων,

Βάλλειν Ἀχαίοις ναὶς τε πιμπράναι πυρί.

οὐ δ’ αὖ τὸ σὸν παράσχξες Αἰγαίον πόρον
τρικυμίαις βρέμοντα καὶ δίναις ἀλὸς,
πλῆσων δὲ νεκρῶν κοῖλοι Εὔβοιας μυχῶν,

ὅσ’ ἄν τὸ λοιπὸν τὰμ’ ἀνάκτορ’ εὐσεβεῖν
eἰδώσ’ Ἀχαίοι θεοῦς τε τοὺς ἄλλους σέβειν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ
ἐσται τὰδ’ ἡ χάρις γὰρ οὐ μακρῶν λόγων
δεῖται· παράξεω πέλαγος Αἰγαίας ἀλὸς.

ἀκταὶ δὲ Μυκόνου Δήμωι τε χοιράδες
Σκύρος τε Δῆμον θ’ αἱ Καψήρειοι τ’ ἀκραι
πολλῶν βανόντων σῶμαθ’ ἐξουσιον νεκρῶν.

αλλ’ ἔρπ’ ὶλυμπον καὶ κεραυνίους βολᾶς

λαβοῦσα πατρός ἐκ χερῶν καραδόκει,

ὅταν στράτευμ’ Ἀργείων ἐξήν κάλως.

μῶρος δὲ θυτῶν ὁστεῖς ἐκπορθῶν ¹ πόλεις,

ναοὺς τε τύμβους θ’, ἱερὰ τῶν κεκμηκότων,

ἐρημῖα δοὺς αὐτὸς ὀλεθ’ ὑστερον.

1 Hartung and Tyrrell: for ἐκπορθῶν of MSS.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ATHENA
Therefore with thine help would I work their scathe.

POSEIDON
Mine help awaits thy will. What wouldst thou do?

ATHENA
Deal them a home-return of evil speed.

POSEIDON
Ere they leave Troy, or on the briny sea?

ATHENA
When homeward-bound they sail from Ilium.
Then Zeus shall send forth rain unutterable,
And hail, and blackness of heaven’s tempest-breath;
And to me promiseth his levin-flame

To smite the Achaeans and burn their ships with fire.
But thou—the Aegean sea-pass make thou roar
With mountain-surge and whirlpits of wild brine,
And thou with corpses choke Euboea’s gulf;
That Greeks may learn henceforth to reverence
My temples, and to fear all Gods beside.

POSEIDON
This shall be: thy boon needs not many words.
The wide Aegean sea will I turmoil;
The shores of Myconos, the Delian reefs,
Scyros, and Lemnos, the Capherean cliffs
With many dead men’s corpses shall be strewn.
Pass thou to Olympus; from thy father’s hands
Receive the levin-bolts, and watch the hour
When Argos’ host shall cast the hawsers loose.
Fool, that in sack of towns lays temples waste,
And tombs, the sanctuaries of the dead!
He, sowing desolation, reaps destruction.  [Exeunt.

HECUBA awaking, raises herself on her arm.
ΤΡΩΙΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

άνα δύσδαιμον πεδόθεν κεφαλήν, στρ. α' ἐπάειρε δέρνη· οὐκέτι Τροία
tάδε καὶ βασιλῆς ἐσμεν Τροίας.
μεταβαλλόμενον δαίμονος ἀνέχουν·
πλεί κατὰ πορθμόν, πλεί κατὰ δαίμονα,
μηδὲ προσίστω πρὸραν βιότον
πρὸς κύμα πλέουσα τύχασιν.
αῖαί αῖαί.
tί γὰρ οὗ πάρα μοι μελέα στενάχειν,
ἡ πατρίς ἔρρει καὶ τέκνα καὶ πόσις;
ὡ πολὺς ὤγκος συστελλόμενος
προγόνων, ὡς οὐδὲν ἄρ' ἡσθα.

τί με χρῆ συγὰν; τί δὲ μὴ συγὰν; ἀντ. α'
tί δὲ θρηνῆσαι;
δύστηνος ἐγὼ τῆς βαρυδαιμονος
ἀρθρῶν κλίσεως, ὡς διάκειμαι,
νῶτ' ἐν στερροῖς λέκτροισι ταθεῖσ'.
οἴμοι κεφαλῆς, οἴμοι κροτάφων
πλευρῶν θ', ὡς μοι πόθος εἰλίξαι
cαι διδοῦναι νώτον ἀκαυθάν τ'
eἰς ἀμφοτέρους τοίχους, μελέων
ἐπὶ τοὺς αἰεὶ δακρύων ἐλέγους.

μοῦσα δὲ χαύτη τοῖς δυστήνοις
ἄτας κελαδεῖν ἀχορεύτους.

πρὸραι ναὸν ὁκείας
'Iλίον ἱερὸν αἰ̂ κωπαίς
dι' ἀλὰ πορφυροείδεα καὶ λιμένας
Ελλάδος εὐόρμους
αὐλῶν παιὰν στυγνῷ
συρίγγων τ' εὐφθόγγοιν φωναῖς

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

(Str. 1)

Uplift thou thine head, O fortune-accurs't; from the earth upraise thy neck bowed low.
This ruin is not thy Troy, nor the lords are we now of Troy, and the fate-winds blow
Not as of old; thou must bear it, must drift with the stream, as the tides of Fortune flow:
Breast not with thy prow the surges of life, who on waves of disaster, alas! art tost.
What remaineth to me but the misery-moan, whose country, whose children, whose husband, are lost?
O proud-swelling sail of a kingly line reefed now!—how a thing but of nought thou wast!

(Ant. 1)

What shall I speak?—what leave unsaid?—woe's me for the couch of the evil-starred!
Lo, how I lie unrestfully stretched on the bed of calamity pitiless-hard!
Alas for mine head, for my throbbing brows, for mine heart in its aching prison barred!
I yearn to rock me and sway—as a bark whose bulwarks roll in the trough of the sea—
To my keening, the while I wail my chant of sorrow and weeping unceasingly,
The ruin-song never linked with the dance, the jangled music of misery.

Rises to her feet, and advances to front of stage.

O ship-prows rushing
To Ilium, brushing
The purple-flushing sea with swift oars,
Till flutes loud-ringing,
Till pipes dread-singing
Proclaimed you swinging off Phrygian shores
On hawsers plaited

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ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

βαίνουσαι πλεκτάν, Αἰγύπτου παίδευμι’, ἔξηρτήσασθ’,
αἰαί, Τροίας ἐν κόλποις
τὰν Μενελάου μετανισσόμεναι
στυγνὰν ἄλοχον, Κάστορι λάβαν
τῷ τ’ Εὐρώτῳ δύσκλειαν,
ἄν σφάξει μὲν
tὸν πεντήκοντα ἀροτῆρα τέκνων
Πρίαμον, ἔμε τε μελέαν Ἐκάβαν
εἰς τάνδ’ ἐξώκειλ’ ἄταν.

ὁμοί θάκους οἶνος θάσσω
σκηναῖς ἐφεδρος Ἀγαμεμνονίαις.
δοῦλα δ’ ἀγομαὶ γραίς ἐξ οἴκων,
κουφά ξυρήκει πενθήρη
κράτ’ ἐκπορθηθείσ’ οἰκτρῶσ.
όλλ’ δ’ τῶν χαλκεγχέων Τρώων
ἀλοχοὶ μέλαι,2 μέλαι κοῦραι
καὶ δύσνυμφοι,
τύφεται Ἰλιον, αἰαζώμεν’
μάτηρ δ’ ὅσεῖ πτανοῖς κλαγγάν
δρυσίων ὅπως ἐξάρξῃ ’γώ
μολπὰν οὐ τὰν αὐτὰν
οίαν ποτὲ δὴ

σκήπτρῳ Πρίαμον διερειδομένα
ποδὸς ἀρχεχόρου πλαγαῖς Φρυγίαις
eὐκόμποις ἐξήρχου θεοῦς.

HMIXOPHION

Ἐκάβη, τί θροεῖς; τί δὲ θωὔσσεις; στρ. γ
πόι λόγος ἥκει; διὰ γὰρ μελάθρων

1 Tyrrell: for παιδελαν of MSS.
2 Hermann: for καὶ κόραι of MSS.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

By Nile—ships fated
To hunt the hated, the Spartan wife,
Castor’s defaming,
Eurotas’ shaming,
A Fury claiming King Priam’s life!
Though sons he cherished
Fifty, he perished,
His murderess she: and the misery-rife,
Even me, hath she wrecked on the rocks of strife.
Woe for my session
(ant. 2)
Mid foes’ oppression!
Woe, slave-procession! Woe, grey shorn head!
Come, wife grief-laden,
Come bride, come maiden,
O hearts once stayed on the brave hearts dead!
Wail we our yearning
O’er Ilium burning!—
As o’er nestlings turning to her sheltering wing
The mother screameth,
My song-flood streameth—
Not such, meseemeth, as wont to ring
When I beat time, raising
The Gods’ sweet praising,
And watched Troy’s dances around me swing
As I leaned on the sceptre of Priam my king.

Enter from the tents half-chorus of captive Trojan women.

half-chorus 1
(ant. 3)
Why call’st thou, Hecuba?—why dost thou cry?
What mean thy words? The tents were filled
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἀιον οἴκτους οδς οἰκτίζει.
διὰ δὲ στέρνων φόβος Ἀίοσεν
Τρωάσιν, αἱ τῶνδ᾽ οἶκων εἴσω
δουλείαιν αἰάζουσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁ τέκνου, Ἄργειῶν πρὸς ναῦς ἦδη
κινεῖται κατηρῆς χεῖρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἳ ὡς τλάμων, τὶ θέλουσ'; ἡ ποῦ μ᾽ ἦδη
ναυσθλώσουσιν πατρίας ἐκ γᾶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ οἶδ', εἰκάζω δ' ἀταν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰδ᾽ ἰώ.
μὲθεὶς μόρθων ἐπακουσόμεναι
Τρωάδες, ἔξω κομίσασθ᾽ οἶκων
στέλλουσ', Ἀργεῖων νόστον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐξ ὧν

μὴ νῦν μοι τὰν

ἐκβακχεύουσαν Κασάνδραν

πέμψῃ ἔξω,
αισχύνας Ἀργείων,

μανάδ', ἐπ' ἀλγεὶ δ' ἀλγυνθῶ.

ἰδ᾽

Τροία Τροία δύσταν, ἐρρεῖς,

δύστανοι δ' οἳ σ᾽ ἐκλείπουσι

καὶ ξώτες καὶ δμαθέντες.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἷμοι. τρομερὰ σκηνὰς ἐλπιτον

τάστ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἐπακουσομένα,


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With this lament thou wailest woefully,
    And fear through all hearts thrilled
Of Troy's sad daughters, who for thraldom wail,
    In yon pavilions while we bide.

HECUBA
Child, child, the Argive hands with oar and sail
    Are busy by the tide.

HALF-CHORUS 1
Ah me! what mean they? Will they straightway
    bear us
From fatherland far over sea?

HECUBA
I know not: I but bode the curse drawn near us,
    The doom of misery.

HALF-CHORUS 1
Woe!—we shall hear the summons, "O ye daughters
    Of Troy, from these pavilions come:
The Argives launch their keels upon the waters,
    The sails are spread for home."

HECUBA
Alas! let none call forth the frenzy-driven
    Cassandra, bacchant-prophetess,
For Argive lust to shame, lest there be given
    Distress to my distress!
Troy, Troy, unhappy! down through depths of
    ruin
Thou sinkest!—ah, unhappy they,
Thy lost!—thy living pass to their undoing,
    Thy dead have passed away.

Enter second half-chorus.

HALF-CHORUS 2
Ah me! from Agamemnon's tents in dread (Ant. 3)
    I come, to hearken, queen, to thee,
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

βασίλεια, σέθεν, μή με κτείνειν
dόξι Ἄργείων κεῖται μελέαν,
ἥ κατὰ πρόμνασ ἴδη ναυταί
στέλλονται κινεῖν κῶτας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁ τέκνον, ὀρθεύουσαν ψυχαν
ἐκπληχθεῖσ' ἢθον φρίκα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἥδη τις ἔβα Δαναῶν κήρυξ;
τῷ πρόσκειμαι δούλα τλάμων;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔγγυς ποιν κείσαι κλήρου.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ὦ ὦ ὦ.

τίς μ' Ἄργείων ἢ Φθιωτάν.

η νησαίαν μ' ἀξεῖ χόραν
dύστανον πόρσω Τροίας;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ φεῦ.

τῷ δ' ἄ τλάμοιν
ποῦ πά γαίας δουλεύσω γραῦς,
ὡς κηφήν, ἄ
δειλαία νεκροῦ μορφά,
νεκύων ἀμενηνοῦ ἀγαλμ', ἢ
τὰν παρὰ προθύρους φυλακὰν κατέχουσ',
ἐκ παιδῶν θρέπτειρ', ἄ Τροίας
ἀρχαγοὺς εἶχον τιμᾶς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαὶ αἰαὶ. ποίοις δ' οἴκτοις
τὰν σὰν λύμαν ἐξαιάξεις·

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Lest haply now the Argive doom be said,—
    A doom of death for me;
Or haply at the galley-sterns the sweeps,
    Run out, are swinging through the brine.

HECUBA
Child, I have come, since ne'er for terror sleeps
    This haunted heart of mine.

HALF-CHORUS 2

How?—hath a Danaan herald hither wending
    Spoken our doom? Whose thrall am wretched I
Ordained?

HECUBA
Thine anguish of suspense is ending:
    The lot, thy fate, is nigh.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me! what lord of Argos' folk shall lead me
    Hence, or what chief of Phthia-land?
What island-prince to misery shall speed me
    Far from the Trojan strand?

HECUBA
Woe! On what spot of earth shall I, eld-stricken,
    Be thrall, a drone within the hive,
Weak as the corpse that breath no more shall quicken,
    Ghost of the once-alive,

To keep with palsied hand a master's portal,
    To nurse the babes of some proud foe?—
I, who was crowned with honours half-immortal
    In Troy—ah, long ago!

CHORUS

Woe is thee!—with what wailings wilt thou lament
    thy doom
Of outrage-shame?
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

οὐκ Ἰδαίοις ἵστοις κερκίδα
dινεύονος ἔξαλλάξω.
νέατον τεκέων σώματα λεύσσω,
νέατον μόχθους ἔξω κρείσσουσι,
ἡ λέκτροις πλαθεῖσ' Ἑλλάνων
ἔρροι νῦξ αὐτα καὶ δαίμων.
ἡ Πειρήμας ὑδρευσμένα
πρόπολος σεμνῶν ὑδάτων ἐσομαι.
τὰν κλείναν εἴθ' ἐλθομεν
Θησέως ἐυδαίμονα χώραν.

μὴ γὰρ δὴ δίναν γ' Ἑυρώτα,
tὰν ἔχθισταν θεράπτων Ἑλένας,
ἐνθ' ἀντάσω Μενέλα δούλα,
tὸ τὰς Τροίας πορθητά.

τὰν Πηνειοῦ σεμνῶν χώραν,
kρηπτιδ' Ὑλύμπου καλλισταν,
ὁλβω βριθεῖν φάμαν ἡκουσ'
eυθαλεὶ τ' εὐκαρπεία.
τάτε δεύτερα μοι μετὰ τὰν ἱερὰν
Θησέως ξαθέαν ἐλθεῖν χώραν.

καὶ τὰν Αἴτναλαν Ἡφαιστον
Φοινίκας ἀντήρη χώραν,
Σικελῶν ὄρεων ματέρ', ἀκοῦω
καρύσσεσθαι στεφάνως ἀρετᾶς.
tὰν τ' ἀγχιστεύουσαν γὰν
Ἰονίῳ ναϊοιν ¹ πόντῳ,
ἀν ὑγραῖει καλλιστεύων
ὁ ξανθὰν χαίταν πυρσαίιν
Κράθις ξαθέας παγαίσι τρέφων
ἐνανδρὸν τ' ὀλβίξων γὰν.

¹ naioi (i.e. naioi) Dindorf: for ναίται of MSS.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

As I pace to and fro shall my shuttle thread no loom
   In Troy again!  

On the corpses of sons must I look my last—my last,
   Whom worse ills wait,
To be thrall to the couch of a Greek—ah, ruin blast
   That night, that fate!—

Or the water to draw from Peirene's hallowed spring
   With bondmaid's hand:—
Yet oh might I come unto where was Theseus king,
   That heaven-blest land!—

But not to the swirls of Eurotas, not the bower
   Of my worst foe,
Even Helen—oh not into Menelaus' power
   Who brought Troy low!

   (Ant. 4)

But the land of Peneius, Olympus' footstool fair,
   The hallowed vale—
I have heard of the store of its wealth; earth's increase
   Doth never fail.

It is there I would be, if on Theseus' sacred shore
   No home waits me.
And the land of the Fire-god, that looks from Etna o'er
   Phoenicia's sea,
Even Sicily, mother of hills,—her fame I hear,
   Her prowess-pride:—
Or content could I dwell in the land that coucheth near
   Ionia's tide,
Which is watered of Crathis, the lovely stream that
   Dark hair bright gold,
Of whose fountains most holy her hero-nursing plains
   Win wealth untold.
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

καὶ μήν Δαναῶν ὅδ᾽ ἀπὸ στρατιῶν
κηρυκτὸς νεοχωμὼν μύθων ταμίας
στείχει ταχύπου ξυροῦ ἔξανων.
τί φέρει; τί λέγει; δούλαι γὰρ ὅ
Δωρίδος ἐσμὲν χθονὸς ἦδη.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

'Εκάσθη, πυκνὰς γὰρ οἰσθάμ' εἰς Τροίαν ὃδας
ἐλθόντα κηρυκτὸς ἐς Ἀχαῖκον στρατοῦ,
ἐγνωσμένος δὲ καὶ πάροικός σου, γύναι,
Ταλθύβιος ἦκῳ καίνυν ἀγγελῶν λόγουν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τόδε, φίλαι Τριφάδες, ὡς φόβος ἦν πάλαι.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

ἡδὴ κεκλήρωσθ' εἰ τόδ' ἦν ὑμῖν φόβος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαί, τίν' ἡ Θεσσαλίας πόλιν
Φθιάδος εἰπας ἡ Καμέλας χθονὸς;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

κατ᾽ ἀνδρ᾽ ἐκάστη κοῦχ ὁμοῦ λελόγχατε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τίν' ἄρα τις ἔλαχε; τίνα πότῳς εὔτυχῆς
'Ολιάδων μένει;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

οἶδ᾽ ἀλλ᾽ ἐκαστὰ πυνθάνοι, μὴ πάνθ᾽ ὁμοῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τουμὸν τις τις ἔλαχε τέκος, ἔννεπε,
τλάμονα Κασάνδραν;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

ἐξαίρετον νιν ἔλαβεν 'Αγαμέμνον ἀναξ.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Lo, from the Danaan war-host, laden
With tidings, unto us draws nigh
A herald speeding hastily.
What hest brings he?—henceforth bondmaiden
Of Dorian land am I!

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

On many journeyings, Hecuba, to and fro
I have passed, thou knowest, 'twixt the host and Troy;
Wherefore I come aforetime known to thee,
Talthybius, with new tidings for thine ear.

HECUBA

It is come, friends—that which hath laid upon me
Long fear as a haunting spell!

TALTHYBIUS

Your lots are cast—if this thing was your fear.

HECUBA

Woe!—of what city in Thessaly,
Or in Cadmus' land, dost thou tell?

TALTHYBIUS.

Ye have fallen each to her lord, not all together.

HECUBA

Unto whom hath each been allotted?—for whom
Of Troy's dames waiteth a happy doom?

TALTHYBIUS

I know:—but ask of each, not all as one.

HECUBA

My daughter—who winneth her for a prey,
Cassandra the misery-bowed?  O say!

TALTHYBIUS

King Agamemnon's chosen prize is she.
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

η τα Δακεδαιμονία νύμφα δούλαν; ιώ μοί μοι.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ, ἄλλα λέκτρων σκότια νυμφευτήρια.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

η ταν τοῦ Φοίβου παρθένον, ἡ γέρας ὁ
χρυσοκόμας ἐδωκ’ ἀλεκτρον ἥθαν;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

ἐρως ἔτόξευσ’ αὐτὸν ἐνθέου κόρης.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ῥυττε, τέκνου, ζαθεόνος
κλήδας, ἀπὸ χρόνος ἐν-
δυτῶν στεφέων ἱεροῦ στολμοῦς.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ μέγ’ αὐτῇ βασιλικῶν λέκτρων τυχεῖν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ’ ὁ νεοχμὸν ἀπτ’ ἐμέθεν ἐλάβετε τέκος;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

Πολυζένην ἔλεξας, ἡ τίν’ ἱστορεῖς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ταύταν τῷ πάλοσ ἐξευξεῖν;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

τύμβῳ τέτακται προσπολεῖν Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὔμοι ἐγὼ· τάφω πρόσπολον ἐτεκόμαν.
ἀταρ τίς ὅδ’ ἡ νόμος ἡ
τί θέσμιον, ὁ φίλος, Ἑλλάνων;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

εὐδαιμόνιζε παιδα σήν· ἔχει καλὸς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί τόδ’ ἔλακες; ἀρά μοι ἁέλιον λεύσσει;
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA
Ha! to his Spartan wife shall she be
A handmaid, a bondwoman?—woe is me!

TALTHYBIUS
Nay, but his concubine in secret love.

HECUBA
How?—Phoebus’ maiden, whose guerdon-grace
Of the Golden-haired was virgin days!

TALTHYBIUS
That maiden inspiration winged love’s shaft.

HECUBA
Fling, daughter, the temple-keys from thee, fling,
And the garlands around thy neck that cling,
Whose sacred arrayings thy form enring!

TALTHYBIUS
How? is a king’s couch not high honour for her?

HECUBA
And the child that ye tore from mine arms so late—

TALTHYBIUS
Polyxena?—or whose lot wouldst thou ask?

HECUBA
 Unto whom hath the lot’s doom yoked her fate?

TALTHYBIUS
She is made ministrant to Achilles’ tomb.

HECUBA
Woe’s me!—then a sepulchre’s servant I bare!
But what custom shall this be that Hellenes share,
Or what this statute?—O friend, declare.

TALTHYBIUS
Count thy child happy. It is well with her.

HECUBA
Doth she yet see light?—did thy word so sound?
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

270 ἔχει πότμος νῦν, ἄστρ' ἀπηλλάχθαι πόνων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

tί δ' ἀ τοὺ χαλκεομήστορος Ἐκτορᾶς δάμαρ,
'Ανδρομάχα τάλαινα, τίν' ἔχει τύχαν ;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

καὶ τήνδ' Ἀχιλλέως ἔλαβε παῖς ἐξαίρετον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ πρόσπολος, ἀ τριτοβάμονος χερὶ
δευομένα βάκτρων γεραιφό κάρα ;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

'Ἰθάκης Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔλαχ' ἀναξ δούλην σ' ἔχειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐ ἐ.

280 ἄρασσε κράτα κούριμον,

ἐλκ' ὀνύχεσσι διπτυχον παρειάν.

ἰὼ μοι μοι.

μυσαρφ' δολίω λέλογχα φωτὶ δουλεύειν,

πολεμίῳ δίκας, παρανόμῳ δάκει,

δὲ πάντα τάκειθεν ἐνθάδ<ε στρέφει, τὰ δ'>

ἀντίπαλ' αὕθις ἐκείσε διπτύχῳ γλώσσα

φίλα τὰ πρότερ' ἀφίλα τιθέμενος πάντων.

γοασθ', ὁ Τρφάδες, με.

βέβακα δύσποτμος, οἴχομαι

ἀ τάλαιν', ἀ δυστυχεστάτῳ

προσέπεσον κλήρῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μὲν σὸν οἴσθα, πότνια, τὰς δ' ἐμὰς τύχας

τίς ἀρ' Ἀχαίων ἢ τίς Ἐλλήνων ἔχει ;

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS
She hath found her fate—deliverance from troubles. 270

HECUBA
But the wife of mine Hector the champion renowned—
What doom hath the hapless Andromache found?

TALTHYBIUS
Achilles' son hath won her, chosen for him.

HECUBA
And to whom am I handmaid, whose snow-wreathed brow
Over the prop of a staff must bow?

TALTHYBIUS
Thee Ithaca's king Odysseus won, his thrall.

HECUBA
Alas and alas! now smite on thy close-shorn head;
Now with thy rending nails be thy cheeks furrowed red!
Woe's me, whom the doom of the lots hath led
To be thrall to a foul wretch treacherous-hearted,
To the lawless monster, the foe of the right,
Whose double-tongued juggling, whose cursed sleight
Putteth light for darkness, and darkness for light,
By whose whisperings veriest friends are parted!—
Wail for me, daughters of Troy! I am ended
In utter calamity.
O wretch, who by doom of the lot have descended
To abysses of misery!

CHORUS
Thy fate thou knowest, queen: but of my lot
What Hellene, what Achaean, hath control?
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

ιτ', ἐκκομίζειν δεύρο Κασάνδραν χρεὼν ὅσον τάχιστα, δρώες, ώς στρατηλάτη
eis χείρα δώμεν· εἴτα τὰς εἰλημμένας
καὶ τοῖς ἀλλοις αἰχμαλωτίδων ἁγώ.
ἐα, τί πεύκησ ἐνδόν ἦσταται σέλας;
πιμπράσιν ἢ τί δρόσι Γράφας μικρούς,
ὡς ἐξάγεσθαι τῆςδε μέλλουσαι χθόνος
πρὸς Ἀργος, αὐτῶν τ' ἐκτυροῦσι σώματα
θανεῖν θέλουσαι; κάρτα τοι τούλευθερον
ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δυσλόφως φέρει κακά.
ἀνουγ' ἀνουγε, µή το ταῖς ἐξεσφορον,
ἐχθρόν δ' Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰς ἐμ' αἰτίαιν βάλη.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστων, οὐ πιμπράσιν, ἀλλὰ παῖς ἐμὴ
μαίνας θοάζει δεύρο Κασάνδρα δρόμῳ.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ἀνεχε, πάρεχε, φῶς φέρε· σέβω, φλέγω, στρ.
ἰδοὺ ἰδοὺ,

λαμπάσι τόδ' ἱερόν.

Τ'μήν, ὅ 'Τμέναι' ἀναξ,
μακάριος ὁ γαμέτας,
μακαρία δ' ἐγὼ βασιλικοὶς λέκτροις
κατ' Ἀργος ἀ γαμομένα.

Τ'μήν, ὅ 'Τμέναι' ἀναξ.

ἐπεὶ σὺ, μάτερ, ἐπὶ δάκρυσι καὶ
γόουσι τὸν θανὸντα πατέρα πατρίδα τε
φίλαν καταστένουσ' ἐχεῖς,
ἐγὼ τόδ' ἐπὶ γάμοις ἐμοῖς

ἀναφλέγω πυρὸς φῶς
ἐς αὐγάν, ἐς αἰγλαν,
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS
Away!—Cassandra hither must ye bring
With all speed, thralls, that to the war-king’s hand
Delivering her, I may thereafter lead
Unto the rest the captive dames assigned.
Ha!—therewithin what torch-glare leapeth high?
Fire they their lair?—or what, yon dames of Troy?
As looking to be haled from this land forth
To Argos, do they burn themselves with fire;
Being fain to die? In sooth the free-born soul
In such strait chafeth fiercely against ills.
Ho! open, lest a deed beseeaming these,
But to Achaean hateful, bring me blame.

HECUBA
Now nay, they fire no tent. My Maenad child
Cassandra cometh rushing hitherward.

Enter CASSANDRA carrying burning torches.

CASSANDRA

(Str.)
Up with the torch!—give it me—let me render
Worship to Phoebus!—lo, lo how I fling
Wide through his temple the flash of its splendour:—
Hymen! O Marriage-god, Hymen my king!
Happy the bridegroom who waiteth to meet me;
Happy am I for the couch that shall greet me;
Royal espousals to Argos I bring:—
Bridal-king, Hymen, thy glory I sing.

Mother, thou lingerest long at thy weeping,
Aye makest moan for my sire who hath died,
Mourn’st our dear country with sorrow unsleeping:
Therefore myself for mine own marriage-tide
Kindle the firebrands, a glory outstreaming,
Toss up the torches, a radiance far-gleaming:—
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

didou's, w 'Tmenvai, soi,
didou d', w 'Ekata, fados,
pardvenow epile lektrois & vymos eixe.

pallle pod' aiethriov, anage chorov, ant.
evan evoi,
ws epile patroso emou
makarwtais tychais.
o choros osoi,
anve sv Foibe wv' kata sdn en dafnais
anaktoron theptolw,
'Tmhn, w 'Tmenvai', 'Tmhn.

chorue, mater, anage, poda sdn
episste tado' ekeise met' emethev podov
ferousa filtatain basin.
boate tov 'Tmenvain, w,
makraiwh aoidais
iaxais te vymfan.
i't, w kalhpeteploj Frwgoj
kora, melpet' emwv gamwv
tov nepromewn evan pousin emethev.

XOROS
bassoileia, baikheousan ou lypsei korhn,
mh koifon ai'rei bim' eis 'Argevoi strotov;

EKAVH
'Hphaithe, dadeucheis men en gamos brotov,
ptar lnhrwv ge thn' anaihyvseis floga
exw te megaloj elpidov. oimo, teknoj,
ws oux up' aihymis' s' oud' up' 'Argeioj doroj
gamwv gamewthai tousoj edoxazov potet.
parados emoi fow' ou gar ortha purfrofis
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Hymen, to thee is their brightness upleaping:
   Hekate, flash thou thy star-glitter wide,
   After thy wont when a maid is a bride.

   (Ant.)

Float, flying feet of the dancers, forth-leading
   Revel of bridals: ring, bacchanal strain,
   Ring in thanksgiving for fortune exceeding
   Happy, that fell to my father to gain.
Holy the dance is, my duty, my glory:
Lead thou it, Phoebus; mid bay-trees before thee
   Aye have I ministered, there in thy fane:
   330
Marriage-king, Hymen!—sing loud the refrain.

Up, mother, join thou the revel:—with paces
   Woven with mine through the sweet measure flee;
Hitherward, thitherward, thrid the dance-mazes :
   Sing ever "Marriage-king!—Hymen!" sing ye.
Bliss ever chime through the notes of your singing;
Hail ye the bride with glad voices outtringing.
Daughters of Phrygia, arrayed like the Graces,
   Hymn ye my bridal, the bridegroom for me
   340
Destined by fate's everlasting decree.
CHORUS
Queen, wilt thou not restrain this Maenad maid,
Ere speed her flying feet to Argos' host?

HECUBA
Fire-god, in spousal-rites thou light'st the torch;
But O, a piteous flame thou kindlest now,
Far from mine high hopes, far!—ah me, my child,
How little of such marriage dreamed I ever
For thee,—a captive, thrall of Argos' spear!
Give me the torch, it fits not that thou bear it

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ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

μαίνας θοάζουν', οὐδὲ σ' αἱ τύχαι, τέκνων,
σεσωφρονήκας', ἀλλ' ἢ' ἐν ταύτῳ μένεις.
εἰσφέρετε πεύκας, δάκρυα τ' ἀνταλλάσσετε
toῖς τῆςδε μέλεσι, Τρώάδες, γαμηλίοις.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

μὴτερ, πῦκαζε κράτ' ἐμὸν νικηφόρον
καὶ χαίρε τοῖς ἐμοῦσι βασιλικοῖς γάμοις,
καὶ πέμπτε, καὶ μὴ τὰμά σοι πρόθυμα γ' ἢ',
ὦθει βιαίως· εἰ γὰρ ἔστι Δοξίας,
Ἐλένης γαμεῖ με δυσχερέστερον γάμον
ὁ τῶν 'Ἀχαιῶν κλεινὸς Ἀγαμέμνον ἄναξ.
κτενῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν καυτιπορθήσω δόμους
ποινᾶς ἀδελφῶν καὶ πατρὸς λαβόντο' ἐμοῦ.
ἀλλ' αὐτ' ἐάσω· πέλεκυν ὀυχ ὑμνῆσομεν,
ὅς εἰς τράχηλον τὸν ἐμὸν εἶσι χάτερον,
μητροκτόνους τ' ἀγώνας, οὐς οὐμοὶ γάμοι
θήσουσιν, οἴκων τ' Ἀτρέως ἀνάστασιν.
τόλιν δὲ δεῖξω τήνδε μακαριωτέραν
ἡ τοὺς 'Ἀχαιοὺς,—ἐνθεος μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
τοσόνδε γ' ἔξω στήσομαι βακχευμάτων,—
ob διὰ μίαν γυναῖκα καὶ μίαν Κύπριν
θηρώντες Ἐλένην μυρίους ἀπώλεσαν.
ὁ δὲ στρατηγὸς ὁ σοφὸς ἑχθιστῶν ὑπὲρ
tὰ φίλτατ' ὠλεσ', ἡδονᾶς τὰς οἰκοθέν
tέκνων ἀδελφῶ δους γυναικὸς εἶνεκα,
καὶ ταῦθ' ἐκούσης κοῦ βία λελησμένης.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς ἦλθον Σκαμανδρίους,
ἐβησκοῦν, οὐ γῆς ὄρι ἀποστεροῦμενοι,
οὐδ' υψιπύργου πατρίδος· οἷς δ' Ἅρης ἔλοι,
oὐ παῖδας εἶδον, οὐ δάμαρτος ἐν χερῶν
πέπλοις συνεστάλησαν, ἐν γένη δὲ γῆ
κείνται· τὰ δ' οἴκοι τοῖσ' ὅμοι ἐγύγνετο.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

In Maenad frenzy. Thy misfortunes, child,
Healed not thy mind, but still art thou distraught
350
Daughters of Troy, bear in the torches: give
Tears in exchange for these her marriage-hymns.

CASSANDRA

Mother, with wreaths of triumph crown mine
head.
Rejoice thou o'er my marriage with a king.
Escort me to him: if thou find me loth,
With violence thrust me: for, if Loxias lives,
Deadlier than Helen's shall my spousals be
To Agamemnon, Achaea's glorious king.
Death shall I deal him, havoc of his home,
Avenging so my brethren and my sire:—
360
No more of that; I will not sing the axe
That on my neck, and others' necks, shall fall,
The mother-murdering strife, my spousals' fruit,
Nor of the overthrow of Atreus' house.
But I will prove this city happier
Than yon Achaeans,—yea, possessed am I,
Yet stand herein of bacchant ravings clear,—
Who for one woman, for one wanton's sake,
In quest of Helen wasted lives untold.
And this wise chief—for what he hated most
370
He hath lost what most he loved, home-joys of
children
To his brother for a woman's sake resigned,—
And she a willing prey, no kidnapped victim!
And, when these came unto Scamander's banks,
Fast died they, not for marches foeman-harried,
Nor home-land stately-towered. Who fell in fight
Saw not their children, nor by hands of wives
In robes were shrouded: but in a strange land
They lie. And in their homes the like befell:

385
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

χήραι τ’ ἐθηνηκον, οἱ δ’ ἀπαίδες ἐν δόμοις ἀλλῶς τέκν’ ἐκθρεψαντες. οὐδὲ πρὸς τάφους ἔσθ’ ὅστις αὐτοῖς αἴμα γῆ δωρῆται.
ἡ τούτ’ ἐπαίνω τὸ στράτευμ’ ἐπάξιον.
συγάν ἁμενον τάσχρα, μηδὲ μοῦσα μοι γένοιτ’ ἀοίδος ἦτις ὑμνήσει κακά.
Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτον μὲν, τὸ κάλλιστον κλέος,
ὑπὲρ πάτρας ἐθηνηκον’ οὐς δ’ ἔλοι δόρυ,
νεκροὶ γ’ ἐς οἰκοὺς φερόμενοι φίλων ὑπὸ ἐν γῆ πατρῷα περιβόλας εἴχον χθονὸς,
χερσὶν περισταλέντες δὲν ἔχρην ὑπὸ
ὅσοι δὲ μηθ’ ἀνόιον ἐν μάχῃ Φρονγών,
αἰει κατ’ ἡμαρ σὺν δάμαρτι καὶ τέκνοις
φίκουν, Ἀχαιοῖς δὲν ἀπῆσαν ἱδοναὶ.
τὰ δ’ Ἐκτόρος σοι λύπρ’ ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχειν
δόξας ἀνήρ ἄριστος οἰχεται θανῶν,
καὶ ταῦτ’ Ἀχαιῶν ἵς ἡ τρεγάζεται:
εἰ δ’ ἡμας οἰκοῦ, χρηστὸς ἔλαθεν δὲν γεγὼν.
Πάρις τ’ ἐγημε τὴν Διός’ γῆμας δὲ μῆ,
συγώμενον τὸ κῆδος1 εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις.

Φεύγειν μὲν οὖν χρή πόλεμον δοσίς εὐ φρονεῖν
εἰ δ’ εῖσ τόδ’ ἐλθοι, στέφανος οὐκ αἰσχρὸς πόλει
cαλῶς ὀλέσθαι, μὴ καλῶς δὲ δυσκλέες.
δὲν εἶνεκ’ οὐ χρή, μῆτερ, οἰκτείρειν σε γῆν,
οὐ τάμα λέκτρας τοὺς γαρ ἐχθρίστους ἐμοὶ
cαὶ σοὶ γάμωσι τοῖς ἐμοὶς διαφθερῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἠδέως κακοίσσιν οἰκείοις γελᾶς,
μέλπεις θ’ ἀ μέλπτους’ οὐ σαφῆ δεῖξεις ἵσως.

1 Paley and Tyrrell: for κῦδος Nauck.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Wives widowed died, sires linger in lone halls
Without sons, whom for nought they nurtured; none
Remain to spill earth's blood-gift at their tombs.
Sooth, well the host hath earned such praise as this!
Best left untold the deeds of shame—not mine
Be voice of song to chant that evil tale!
But, for the Trojans, first for fatherland
They died—a glorious death! Whom foemen slew,
By friends their corpses to their homes were borne,
And in the home-land earth's arms cradled them
Compassed with duteous hands' observances.
And whatso Phrygians not in battle died
Ever with wife and children day by day
Dwell, joys whereof the Achaeans tasted none.
For Hector's woeful fate—hear thou the truth:
He proved himself a hero ere he died;
And this the Achaeans' coming brought to pass:
Had they in Greece stayed, none had seen his prowess.
And Paris wedded Zeus' child: had he not,
His halls had hailed affiance unrenowned.
Sooth, he were best shun war, whoso is wise:
If war must be, his country's crown of pride
Is death heroic, craven death her shame.
Then make not moan, O mother, for thy land,
Nor for my couch; for my most bitter foes
And thine shall I destroy by mine espousals.

CHORUS

How blithely laughest thou at thine own ills,
And bodest things thou scarce shalt show fulfilled!
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΑΘΥΙΟΣ

ei μή σ’ Ἀπόλλων ἔξεβάκχευσεν φρένας,
οὐ τὰν ἀμοσθὶ τοὺς ἐμοὺς στρατηλάτας
τοιαίσδε φήμαις ἐξέπεμπτες ἀν χθονός.
ἀτὰρ τὰ σεμνὰ καὶ δοκήμασιν σοφά
οὐδὲν τι κρείσσω τῶν τὸ μηδὲν ἦν ἄρα.
ὁ γὰρ μέγιστος τῶν Πανελλήνων ἀναξ,
‘Ατρέως φίλος παῖς, τήσ’ ἔρωτ’ ἐξαίρετον
μανιάδος ὑπέστη καὶ πένης μὲν εἰμ’ ἐγὼ,
ἀτὰρ λέχος γε τήσ’ ἀν οὐκ ἐκτησάμην.
καὶ σοι μὲν, ὃ γὰρ ἀρτίας ἔχεις φρένας,
‘Αργεί’ ὄνειδη καὶ Φρυγών ἐπαινεσεῖς
ἀνέμοις φέρεσθαι παραδίδωμι’. ἔστων δέ μοι
πρὸς ναῦς, καλὸν νύμφευμα τῷ στρατηλάτῃ.
σὺ δ’, ἡμίκ’ ἀν σε Δαρτίου χρήζῃ τόκος
ἀγεν’, ἐπεσθαί: σώφρονοι δ’ ἐσεὶ λάτρις
γυναικός, ὃς φασὶ’ οἱ μολόντες Ἰλιον.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ἤ δεινὸς ὁ λάτρης. τί ποτ’ ἔχουσι τούνομα
κήρυκες, ἐν ἀπέχθημα πάγκουν βρωτοῖς,
οἱ περὶ τυράννους καὶ πόλεις ὑπηρέται;
σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν φῆς μητέρ’ εἰς Ὄδυσσέως
ἡξεν μέλαθρα; ποῦ δ’ Ἀπόλλωνος λόγοι,
οἱ φασίν αὐτήν εἰς ἐμ’ ἡρμηνευμένου
αὐτοῦ θανείσθαι; τάλλα δ’ οὐκ ὑνειδώ.
δύστηνος, οὐκ οἶδ’ οἶά νῦν μένει πάθη
ὡς χρυσὸς αὐτῷ τἀμα καὶ Φρυγών κακὰ
dόξει ποτ’ εἰναι. δέκα γὰρ ἐκπλήσσας ἔτη
πρὸς τοῦσιν ἐνθάδ’ ἤσται μόνος πάτραν1...
οὗ δὴ στενὸν δίαυλον φάκισται πέτρας

1 Heath and others mark a lacuna here.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Had Phoebus not with frenzy thrilled thy soul,
Thou with such bodings shouldst not unchastised
Speed from thy land my lords, the battle-chiefs.
410
Lo, how these lofty ones, wise in repute,
Are no whit better than the nothing-worth!
For this most mighty king of allied Hellas,
This Atreus' son, hath stooped him 'neath love's yoke

For yon mad girl, of all maids! Poor am I,
Yet would I ne'er have gotten me her couch.
Now, seeing thou hast not unshattered wit,
Thy mocks at Argos and thy praise of Phrygia
I fling to the winds to scatter. Follow me
Unto the ships, our captain's goodly bride!
But thou (to Hecuba) whenso Laertes' seed desires
To take thee, follow. A virtuous woman's thrall

CASSANDRA

Keen-witted varlet this! Why such fair name
Have heralds, common loathing of mankind,
Who are but menials of kings and cities?
Say'st thou my mother to Odysseus' halls
Shall come? Where be Apollo's bodings then,
Which say—to me no mystery—that she
Shall here die?—other shame I will not speak.
Wretch!—he knows not what sufferings wait for him,

Such, that my woes and Phrygia's yet shall seem
As gold to him. Ten years to these past ten
Accomplished, shall he reach his land—alone;
Shall see where in the rock-gorge fell Charybdis

1 i.e. slave to Penelope.
2 i.e. the manner of her death. See Hecuba, II. 1259-73.
οική Χάρυβδος, ὁμοβρῶς τ' ὀρειβάτης
Κύκλωψ, Διογενίκης θ' ἦ συνὸν μορφώτρια
Κύρη, θαλάσσης θ' ἀλμυρᾶς ναυάγια,
λωτοὺ τ' ἔρωτες, Ἱλίου θ' ἄγναλ βόες,
αἰ Σάρκα φωνήσαν ήσουσίν πότε,
πυκνὰν Ὁδυσσεῖ οἵμνυν. ὡς δὲ γυντέμω,
ζῶν εἰς ἔστε Ὁδιον κακήφυγών λίμνης ὕδωρ
κάκ' ἐν δόμοις μυρί' εὐρήςει μολών.
ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί τοὺς Ὁδυσσέως ἐξακούντιζων πόνους;
στείχ', ὅπως τάχιστ' ἐσ Ὁδιον νυμφίῳ γαμῶ-
μεθα.
ἡ κακὸς κακῶς ταφῆσει νυκτὸς, οὐκ ἐν ἡμέρα,
ὡς δοκῶν σεμνὸν τι πράσσειν, Δαναίδων ἀρχη-
γέτα.
κάμε τοι νεκρὸν φάραγγες γυμνᾶδ' ἐκβεβλη-
μένην
ὑδατι χειμάρρῳ ἰέουσαι, νυμφίου πέλας τάφου,
θηροὶ δώσουσιν δάσασθαι, τὴν Ἀπόλλωνος λάτριν,
ὣ στέφη τοῦ φιλτάτου μοι θεῶν, ἀγάλματ'
εὐδαίρετ', ἐκλέλοιφ' ἐορτάς, αἰς πάροιθ' ἡγαλ-
λόμην.
ἰτ' ἄπτ' ἐμοῦ χρωτός σπαραγμοῖς, ὡς ἔτ' οὖν'
ἀγνῇ χρώα
δῶθαίς αὐραίς φέρεσθαι σοι τάδ', ὦ μαντεί
ἀναξ.
ποὺ σκάφος τὸ τοῦ στρατηγοῦ; ποὶ ποτ' ἐμβαίνειν με χρή;
οὐκὲτ' ἀν φθάνουσ ἂν αὖραν ἱστίους κασαδόκων,
ὡς μίαν τριῶν Ἔρινυν τήσδε μ' ἐξάξων χθονός.
χαρέ μου, μήτερ, δακρύσης μηδέν' ὦ φίλη
πατρίσι.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Hath made her lair,—where mountain-haunting
Cyclops
Ravins,—see her that turneth men to swine,
Ligurian Circe,—shipwreck in salt seas,—
The lotus-cravings, the Sun’s sacred kine,
Whose dead flesh with a human voice shall moan,
A dire voice for Odysseus! To make end,
He shall see Hades living, ’scape the sea,
Yet, when he winneth home, find ills untold.
Yet—Odysseus’ troubles, wherefore should I loose
their javelin-flight?
On, that I may haste to wed my bridegroom, Hades’
spousal-plight.
[of day,
Vile one, vile shall be thy burial, darkling, not in light
Thou that dream’st of high achievement, chief of
Danaus’ sons’ array!
Yea, and me, flung out a naked corse, the mountain’s
chasm-rift,
[a ravin-gift,
Foaming with the wintry floods, shall give to beasts,
Hard beside my bridegroom’s grave—Apollo’s
priestess-handmaid me!
Garlands of the God most dear unto me, mystic bravery,
Farewell: I have left the temple-feasts, my joy in days
o’erpast:
Hence, in rendings from my body, that, while yet my
blood is chaste,
[lord!
I may give them to the blasts to waft to thee, O Prophet-
Where is Agamemnon’s galley?—whither go to pass
aboard?
[the sail!
Loiter not from eager watching for the breeze to fill
One of the Avengers Three am I whom thou from
Troy shalt hale.
Fare-thee-well, my mother, weep not;—fatherland,
beloved name;—

391
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ο’ τε γῆς ἐνερθ’ ἀδελφόι χω τεκῶν ἡμᾶς πατήρ,
οὐ μακραν δέξεσθέ μ’· ἥκω δ’ εἰς νεκροὺς νική-
φόρος
καὶ δόμους πέρσας’ Ἀτρειδῶν, ὅν ἀπωλόμεσθ’ ὑπό.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

‘Εκάβης γεραιᾶς φύλακες, οὐ δεδόρκατε
dέσποιναν ὅς ἀνάυδος εἰς πέδον πίτνει;
oὐκ ἀντιλήψεσθ’; ἣ μεθησετ’, ὦ κακάλ,
γραίαν πεσοῦσαν; αἴρετ’ εἰς ὀρθὸν δέμασ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐκτε μ’, οὐτοί φίλα τὰ μὴ φίλ’, ὦ κόραι,
κεῖσθαί πεσοῦσαν: πτωμάτων γὰρ ἄξια
πάσχω τε καὶ πέπουθα κάτι πείσομαι.
ὅ θεοί· κακοὺς μὲν ἄνακαλὼ τοὺς συμμάχους,
ὁμως δ’ ἔχει τι σχῆμα κυκλήσκειν θεοὺς,
ὅταν τις ἡμῶν δυστυχῇ λάβῃ τύχην.

πρῶτον μὲν ὑμὶν μοι τάγάθ’ ἐξάσαι φίλον
τοῖς γὰρ κακοίσι πλείον’ οίκτων ἐμβαλὼ.
ἡμνι τύραννος κεῖς τύρανν’ ἐγημάμην,
κάνταθ’ αριστεύοντ’ ἐγεινάμῆν τέκνα,
οὐκ ἀριθμοῦν ἄλλως, ἄλλ’ ὑπερτάτοις Φρυγῶν
οὗ Τρφᾶς οὐδ’ Ἑλλήνης οὐδὲ βάρβαρος
γυνὴ τεκοῦσα κομπάσειν ἂν ποτέ.
κάκεινά τ’ εἶδον δορὶ πεσοῦθ’ Ἑλληνικῷ,
τρίχας δ’ ἐτμήθην τάσσε πρὸς τύμβοις νεκρῶν,
καὶ τὸν φυτουργὸν Πρίαμον οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα
κλύνου ἐκλαυσά, τοῦσδε δ’ εἶδον ὀμμασίν
αὐτὴ κατασφαγέντ’ ἐφ’ ἐρκεῖω πυρᾶ,
πόλων θ’ ἀλοῦσαν. ἄς δ’ ἐθρεψα παρθένοις
εἰς ἀξίωμα νυμφίων ἐξαίρετον,
ἄλλουσι θρέψασ’ ἐκ χερῶν ἀφηρέθην.

392
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Ye beneath the sod, my brethren;—father, of whose loins I came;— [shall come
'Tis not long ere ye shall greet me: I unto my dead Triumph-crowned from havoc of the Atreid house that wrought our doom.

[Exit Talthybius with Cassandra.

CHORUS

Grey Hecuba’s attendants, mark ye not
Your mistress sinking speechless to the earth?
Will ye not help her, heartless ones, but leave
Her grey hairs prostrate? Bear ye up her frame.

HECUBA

Leave me—false kindness were unkindness, girls,—
So fallen to lie. Well may I sink 'neath all
I suffer, and have suffered, and shall suffer.
O Gods!—to sorry helpers I appeal;
Yet to invoke the Gods hath some fair show
When child of man on evil fortune lights.
Fain am I first to chant mine olden bliss;
So shall I wake more ruth for these my woes.
I was a princess wedded to a king,
And mother I became of princely sons,
Nor ciphers these, but Phrygia's mightiest chiefs:
Trojan nor Greek dame, nor barbarian,
Might ever boast her mother of such as these.
Yet these I saw by Hellene spears laid low,
And shone these tresses at my dead sons' graves.
Their father Priam—not from other lips
I heard and wept his doom, but these mine eyes
Beheld him butchered on the altar-stone,
Troy sacked, the maiden daughters I had nursed
For pride of princely spousals without peer,
Torn from mine arms—for aliens reared I them!
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

κοῦτʼ ἐξ ἐκείνων ἐλπὶς ὡς ὀφθήσομαι, αὐτή τ’ ἐκείνας οὐκέτ’ ὅψομαι ποτε.
τὸ λοίσθιον δὲ, θριγκὸς ἀθλέων κακῶν,
δούλη γυνὴ γραῖς Ἐλλάδ’ εἰσωφίξομαι.
ἀ δ’ ἐστὶ γῆρα τῶν ἀσυμφορώτατα,
τούτοις μὲ προσθήσουσιν, ἢ θυρῶν λάτριν
κλῆδας φυλάσσειν, τὴν τεκούσαν Ἑκτορα,
ἡ σιτοποιεῖν, κἂν πέδφι κοίτας ἔχειν
ῥυσοῦσι νότοις βασιλικῶν ἐκ δεμνῶν,
τρυχηρὰ περὶ τρυχηρὸν εἰμένην χρόα
πέπλων λακίσματ' ἀδόκιμ' ὀλβίοις ἔχειν.
οί γ’ γώ τάλαινα, διὰ γάμον μᾶς ἐνα
γυναικὸς οἶνον ἐτυχον, ὅτι τε τεῦξομαι.

ὁ τέκνον, ὁ σύμβακχε Κασάνδρα θεοῖς,
οἴαις ἐλυσας συμφοραίς ἀγρευμα σοιν.
σὺ τ’, ὁ τάλαινα, ποῦ ποτ’ εἶ, Πολυξένη;
ὡς οὐτε μ’ ἄρσην οὔτε θήλεια σπορά
πολλῶν γενομένων τὴν τάλαιναν ὑφελεῖ.
τὶ δὴτά μ’ ὀρθοῦτ’; ἐλπίδων ποῖων ὑπο;
ἀγετε τὸν ἁβρὸν δήποτ’ ἐν Τροία πόδα,
νῦν δ’ οὕτα δοῦλον, στυβάδα πρὸς χαμαιπετὴ
πέτρων τε κρῆδωμ’, ὡς πεσοῦσ’ ἀποφθαρῶ
δακρύωις καταξανθείσα. τῶν δ’ εὐδαιμόνων
μηδένα νομίζετ’ εὑτυχεῖν πρὶν ἂν θάνη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμφὶ μοι Ἰλιον, ὃ
Μοῦσα, καινῶν ὑμνῶν
ἀεισον ἐν δακρύοις
φόδαν ἐπικήδειον’
νῦν γὰρ μέλος εἰς Τροίαν
ιαχῆσω,"
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

No hope have I of being seen of them,
No, nor of seeing them for evermore.
And last, the topstone of my misery,
Old, and a slave, to Hellas shall I come;
And what tasks for mine eld are most unmeet,
To these will they appoint me, to keep keys,
A fortress,—me, who gave to Hector birth!—
Or knead their bread, and couch upon the ground
The wasted form that knew a royal bed,
With tattered rags to clothe my shrunken frame,
Vesture unmeet for those once throned in bliss.
Woe!—for one lover of one adulteress
What have I borne?—what am I yet to bear?
O child Cassandra, bacchant-fellow of Gods,
Mid what disaster ends thy virgin state!
And thou, ill-starred Polyxena, where art thou?
Nor son nor daughter, none remains to help
The wretched mother, of all born to her.
Wherefore then raise up me?—what hope is left?
Guide me,—who once in Troy trod delicately,
Who am a slave now,—to some earth-strown bed,
To fling me down where stones shall veil my face
And waste in tears to death. Of all that prosper
Account ye no one happy ere he die.

CHORUS

O Song-goddess, chant in mine ear (Str. 1)
The doom of mine Ilium: sing
Thy strange notes broken with sob and tear
That o'er sepulchres sigh where our dear dead lie:
For now through my lips outwailing clear
Troy's ruin-dirge shall ring,—
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

tετραβάμονος ὡς ὑπ’ ἀπήνας
'Αργείων ὅλομαν τάλαινα δοριάλωτος,
ὅτ’ ἔλιπον ἵππον οὐράνια
520
βρέμοντα χρυσεοφάλαρον ἐνοπλον
ἐν πύλαις Ἀχαιών·
ἀνὰ δ’ ἐβόασεν λεώς
Τρφάδος ἀπὸ πέτρας σταθείς·
ἵτ’, ὃ πεπαυμένοι πόνων,
τὸδ’ ἱερὸν ἀνάγετε νύκτον
'Ἰλιάδι Διογενεῖ κόρα·
τίς οὐκ ἔβα νεανίδων,
τίς οὖ γεραιός ἐκ δόμων;
κεχαριμένοι δ’ ἄοιδαῖς
δόλων ἔσχον ἅταν.
530
πᾶσα δὲ γέννα Φρυγῶν
πρὸς πύλας ὄρμαθη,
πεύκα ἐν οὐρέια
ξεστὸν λόχον 'Αργείων
καὶ Δαρδανίας ἅταν
θεῖ δῶσων,
χάριν ἄξυγος ἀμβροτοπάλου·
κλωστοῦ δ’ ἀμφιβόλους λίνοιο, ναὸς ὡσεὶ
σκάφος κελαινὸν εἰς ἔδρανα
540
λαίνα δάπεδα τε φόνα πατρίδι
Παλλάδος θέσαν θεᾶς.
ἐν δὲ πόνῳ καὶ χαρᾷ
νύχιον ἐπὶ κνέφας παρήν,
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

How the Argives' four-foot wain
Brought me ruin with spear and with chain,
When clashed to the sky death's armory
That they left at our gates for our bane—
That gold-decked thing!
And afar from the rock's sheer crest
A shout did the Troy-folk fling—
"Come, ye that from troubles have now found rest,
And the sacred image bring
To the Ilian Maid Zeus bare!"
Who then of the youths but was there?
What hoary head but from home forth sped,
With songs that ruin-snare
Encompassing?

Swift streamed they all to the gate, (Ant. 1)
The children of Dardanus' line,
With the Argives' gift to propitiate
The Maid supreme of the deathless team:
And to Phrygia's curse, to the ambushed fate
That was pent in the mountain-pine,
The coils of the flax have they tied.
Like a dark ship on did it glide
To the marble-gleam of the fane, with the stream
Of our fatherland's blood to be dyed,
Even Pallas' shrine.

Now over their toil and their glee
Spread black night's wings divine;

1 Alluding to the clang of arms from within, of which the Trojans in their infatuation took no heed, as they dragged the Wooden Horse into the city. Cf. Virgil, Æn. ii. 243.
2 Pallas Athena, who sprang from the head of Zeus.
3 Athena, named "Pallas of the chariot-steeds."
ΤΡΟΙΔΕΣ

Δίβυς τε λατός ἐκτύπει
Φρύγα πε μέλεα, παρθένοι δ' ἀέριοιν ἀνὰ κρότον ποδῶν
βοᾶν τ' ἐμελπτὸν εὐφροῦν· ἐν
dόμοις δὲ παμφαῖς σέλας
πυρὸς μέλαιναν αἰγάλαν
[ἀκός]¹ ἔδωκεν ὑπνῷ.

ἔγω δὲ τὰν ὅρεστέραν
tότ' ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα παρθένον,
Δίὸς κόραν ἐμελπτόμαν
χοροῦν· φοινία δ' ἀνὰ
πτόλιν βοᾶ κατεἴχε Περ-
γάμων ἐδρας· βρέφη δὲ φίλι-
a περὶ πέπλους ἐβάλλε μα-
τρὶ χεῖρας ἐπτομεένας·

λόχου δ' ἐξέβαιν· "Ἀρης,
cόρας ἑργα Πάλλαδος.
σφαγαί δ' ἀμφιβόμοι
Φρυγών, ἐν τε δεμνῖοις
καράτομος ἐρημία
νεανίδων² στέφανον ἔφερεν
᾿Ελλάδι κουροτρόφῳ,
Φρυγών δὲ πατρίδι πένθος.

"Εκάβη, λεύσσεις τίνῳ Ἅνδρομάχην
ξενικοῖς ἐπ' ὠχοῖς πορθμευομένην
παρὰ δ' εἰρεσίᾳ μαστῶν ἐπεται
φίλοις Ἀστυναξ, ᾿Εκτορὸς ἵνις.

¹ Supplied by Murray.
² Bothe: for νεανίδων of MSS.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

But the flute still pealeth merrily,
    Still wreath the dancers and twine
The fairy-footed maze;
    And the jubilant chant they raise;
And the homes glow red with the splendours shed
    From the torches, with lurid blaze
O'er the revel that shine.

In that hour to the mountain Maiden, (Epode)
    Unto Artemis, Zeus's Daughter,
Around mine halls was I singing
In the dance; but a fierce shout murder-laden
    Thrilled with foreboding of slaughter
Pergamus' homes, and scared babes flying
Round the skirts of their mothers their hands were
    flinging
At that awful outcrying.

Then burst forth War from the place of his hiding, 560
    From the lair that Pallas had framed forth-springing;
Troy's altar-pavements with slaughter were
To her couches a ghastly guest came gliding—
A spectre of headless men, Desolation—
    To the foster-mother of warriors bringing,
Unto Hellas, a coronal triumph-gleaming,
And a crown of grief to the Phrygian nation.

Lo! Andromache, Queen, draweth nigh on
    A wain of the foe borne high;
On her breast rocked, Hector's scion,
    Dear Astyanax, doth lie.

Enter ANDROMACHE on a mule-car heaped with armour:
    her child in her arms.
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ποί ποτ’ ἀπήνης νώτους φέρει, δύστημε γύναι, πάρεδρος χαλκέοις "Εκτορὸς ὅπλοις σκύλοις τε Φρυγῶν δόριθηράτοις, οἶσιν Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Φθιώτης στέψει νάους ἀπὸ Τροίας;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἀχαιοὶ δεσπόται μ’ ἄγονουιν.  στρ. Β’

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔμοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

tί παῖαν ἐμὸν στενάξεις

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

tῶνδ’ ἀλγέων

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὡ Ζεὺ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καὶ συμφόρας;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

tέκεα, οὐκ ἕμεν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρὶν ποτ’ ἔμεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βέβακ’ ὀλβος, βέβακε Τροία

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τλάμων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμῶν τ’ εὐγένεια παῖδων.

580

400
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Whither on yon car's height dost thou ride,
O hapless wife, with the arms at thy side
Of Hector, and Phrygian battle-gear,
The spoil of the spear,
Wherewith that son of Achilles shall deck
The shrines of Pththia from Phrygia's wreck?

ANDROMACHE

(Str. 2)

Achaeans our masters to bondage are haling me.

HECUBA

Woe !

ANDROMACHE

Why dost thou chant my paean of misery—

HECUBA

Alas !—

ANDROMACHE

For my burden of woe,—

HECUBA

O Zeus !—

ANDROMACHE

For the anguish I know?

HECUBA

Ah children !

ANDROMACHE

No more are we !

HECUBA

(Ant. 2)

Gone is the olden prosperity, Troy is no more !

ANDROMACHE

Ah hapless !

HECUBA

Gone are the hero-sons that I bore !

VOL. I.
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ δὴτ' ἐμῶν

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ τύχα

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόλεως,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀ καπνοῦται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μόλοις, ὡ πόσις, μοι,

στρ. γ'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βοᾶς τὸν παρ’"Αιδᾶ

παίδ’ ἐμόν, ὡ μελέα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

590 σᾶς δάμαρτος ἀλκαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σὺ τ’, ὡ λῦμ’ Ἀχαιῶν,

ἀντ. γ'

tέκνων δήποτ’ ἀμῶν

πρεσβυγενές Πρλαμφ, κοίμμασί μ’ ἐς "Αιδοῦν.1

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴδε πόθοι μεγάλοι· σχέσεια, τάδε πάσχομεν ἀλγη, οἰχομένασ πόλεως, ἔπι δ’ ἀλγεσί ἀλγεα κεῖται δυσφροσύναιοι θεῶν, ὅτε σὸς γονὸς ἔκφυγεν Ἀιδαν,

1 Paley and Tyrrell’s reading adopted: for δίσποθ’ . . .

Πρλαμφ of MSS.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ANDROMACHE

Woe!—

HECUBA

For griefs—

ANDROMACHE

On mine head that fall!

HECUBA

Ah the pity—

ANDROMACHE

Of Ilium's wall—

HECUBA

With the smoke-pall shrouded o'er!

ANDROMACHE

Come to me, husband, now— (Str. 3)

HECUBA

Thou criest on him that is gone,
O hapless, to Hades, my son—

ANDROMACHE

Thy wife's defender thou'

HECUBA

Thou on whom did Achaeans heap (Ant. 3)
Outrage, whom eldest I bare
Unto Priam in days that were,
To thine Hades receive me to sleep.

ANDROMACHE

Sore are our yearnings, sharp anguish is come on us,
O sorrow-stricken!
Ruined our city is; cloud upon cloud do our miseries thicken,
Sent by the hate of the Gods, since thy son was from Hades delivered,¹

¹ Paris, spared at his birth, in spite of the prophecy that he should ruin Troy.
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

δς λεχέων στυγερόν χάριν ὀλεσε πέργαμα
Τροίας.
αἰματόεντα δὲ θεα παρά Παλλάδι σώματα νεκρῶν
γνησίοι φέρειν τέταταν· ξυνά δ' ἦνσε δούλια
Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁ πατρὸς ὁ μελέα, καταλειπομέναν σε δακρύων,
νῦν τέλος οἰκτρῶν ὀρᾶς, καὶ ἐμὸν δόμον ἔνθ' ἐλοξεύθην.
† ὁ τέκν', ἐρημόπολις μάτηρ ἀπολείπτεται ὑμῶν,
ὅλος ἱδίαμοι οἶα τε πένθη
δάκρυνα τ' ἐκ δακρύων καταλείβεται
ἀμετέροις δόμοις· ὁ θανῶν δ' ἐπι-
λάθεται ἀλγεῶν ἀδάκρυτος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦς ἣδυ δάκρυα τοῖς κακῶς πεπραγόσι
θρήνων τ' ὄδυμοι μοῦσα θ' ἡ λύπας ἔχει.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

610 ὁ μήτερ ἀνδρός, ὃς ποτ' Ἀργείων δορὶ
πλείστους διώλεσ', Ἡκτορος, τάδ' εἴσορᾶς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁρῶ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, ὡς τὰ μὲν πυργοῦσ' ἀνω
tὰ μηδὲν ὄντα, τὰ δὲ δοκοῦντ' ἀπώλεσαν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀγόμεθα λεία σὺν τέκνῳ, τὸ δ' εὐγενῆς
eἰς δούλουν ἥκει, μεταβολᾶς τοιάσ' ἤχον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὸ τῆς ἀνάγκης δεινῶν· ἀρτὶ κατ' ἐμὸν
βέβηκ' ἀποσπασθείσα Κασάνδρα βία.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

He for whose bridal accurst were the bulwarks of Ilium shivered. [that crowd her, Pallas the Goddess is left amid corpses blood-boultered Spoil for the vultures, and Troy 'neath the yoke-band of thraldom hath bowed her. 600

HECUBA

Fatherland, hapless, I weep thee, who now, of our faces forlorn, Seest the pitiful end, and mine home where my children were born. [going—Children, bereft of my city am I, and from me are ye How wild is our wailing, our woe how deep! Tears upon tears are flowing, flowing, [knowing Mid our desolate homes:—the dead only, un- Of sorrow, forget to weep.

CHORUS

How sweet unto afflicted souls are tears, Lamentings, and the chant with sorrow fraught!

ANDROMACHE

Mother of hero Hector, whose spear slew In days past many an Argive, seest thou this? 610

HECUBA

I see the Gods' work, who exalt on high That which was naught, and bring the proud names low.

ANDROMACHE

I with my child a spoil am haled; high birth Hath come to bondage—ah the change, the change!

HECUBA

Mighty is fate:—from mine arms too but now By violence torn Cassandra passed away. 495
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦν·
ἀλλος τις Αἰας, ὡς ἔσκε, δεύτερος
παιδὸς πέφυνε σής νοσεῖς δὲ χάτερα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀυν γ’ οὐτε μέτρον οὐτ’ ἀριθμὸς ἔστι μου·
κακῷ κακὸν γὰρ εἰς ἀμφιλλαν ἔρχεται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τέθνηκε σοι πάις πρὸς τάφῳ Πολυξένη
σφαγείος Ἄχιλλέως, δῶρον ἀψύχο νεκρῷ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οι ’γ’ νά τάλαινα· τοῦτ’ έκείνῳ μοι πάλαι
Ταλθύβιος αἴνημι οὐ σαφῶς εἶπεν σαφές.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἶδόν μιν αὐτῇ κάποβάσα τῶν ὅξων
ἐκρυφά πέπλοις κάπτεκοφάμην νεκρόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαί, τέκνον, σῶν ἀνοσίων προσφαγμάτων·
αἰαί μάλ’ αὖθις, ὡς κακῶς διδόλυσαι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὁλωλεν ὡς ὅλωλεν, ἄλλ’ ὄμος ἐμοῦ
ξώσης γ’ ὅλωλεν εὑτυχεστέρον πότῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ ταῦτον, ὡ παῖ, τῷ βλέπειν τὸ καθβανεῖν·
τὸ μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν, τῷ δ’ ἔνεισιν ἔλπίδες.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὡ μήτερ, ὡ τεκοῦσα, κάλλιστον λόγον
ἀκούσον, ὡς σοι τέρψιν ἐμβάλω φρενί·
τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι τῷ θανείν ἵσον λέγω,
τοῦ δὴ λυπρῶς κρείσθων ἔστι καθβανεῖν.
ἀλγεῖ γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν κακῶν ᾧσθημένος·
ὁ δ’ εὑτυχήσας εἰς τὸ δυστυχές πεσὼν

406
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ANDROMACHE
Alas and alas!
Meseems a second Aias for thy child
Hath risen. Yet hast thou more afflictions still,—

HECUBA
Measure nor numbering whereof I know;
For ill to rival ill comes evermore.

ANDROMACHE
Slain 'at Achilles' tomb, Polyxena
Thy child is dead, a gift to a lifeless corpse.

HECUBA
O wretched I!—The riddle this that erst
Talthybius spake, not clearly—oh, too clear!

ANDROMACHE
Myself beheld: I lighted from this car,
Veiled with my robes the corse, and smote my breast.

HECUBA
Woe's me, my child, for thine unhallowed slaughter!
Woe yet again! How fouly hast thou died!

ANDROMACHE
She hath died—as she hath died: yet by a fate
More blest than mine, who yet live, hath she died.

HECUBA
Not one, my child, with sight of day is death;
For that is naught, in this is space for hope.

ANDROMACHE
Mother, O mother, a fairer, truer word
Hear, that I may with solace touch thine heart:—
To have been unborn I count as one with death;
But better death than life in bitterness.
No pain feels death, which hath no sense of ills:
But who hath prospered, and hath fallen on woe,
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

640 ψυχήν ἀλάται τῆς πάρουθ' εὐπραξίας. κείνη δ' ὀμοίως ὅσπερ οὐκ ἰδούσα φῶς
tέθηκε, κούδὲν οἶδε τῶν αὐτῆς κακῶν. ἐγὼ δὲ τοξεύσασα τῆς εὐδοξίας
λαχοῦσα πλείστον τῆς τύχης ἡμάρτανον.

650 ἄφρ' ἤναιξε σῶφρον' ἔσθ' ηὐρήμενα,
tαὐτ' ἐξεμόχθουν Ἑκτορός κατὰ στέγας.
πρῶτον μὲν, ἔνθα—καὶ προσὴ κἂν μὴ προσὴ
ψόγος γυναιξίν—αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐφέλκεται
κακῶς ἄκουεν, ἡτίς οὐκ ἔμυον μένει,
tούτου παρείσα πόθον ἐμμυνον ἐν δόμοις:
eἰσαί τε μελάθρων κομψὰ θηλειών ἔπη
οὐκ ἐσεφροῦμην, τὸν δὲ νοῦν διδάσκαλον
οὐκαθεν ἔχουσα χρηστὸν ἐξήρκοιν ἐμοῖ.

660 γλώσσῃς τε συγήν ὅμα τ' ἔσυχον πόσει
παρείχουν ἅδη δ' ἀμὲ χρὴν νικαῖν πόσιν,
κεῖνῳ τε νίκην ὅπων ἔχρην παριέναι.
καὶ τῶν ἑλθῶν εἰς στράτευμ' Ἀχαικῶν
ἐλθοῦσ' ἀπώλεσέν μ', ἔπειδι γὰρ ἤρεθήν,
Ἀχιλλέως με ταῖς ἐβουλήθη λαβέιν
dάμαρτα. δουλεύσω δ' ἐν αὐθεντῶν δόμοις.
κεὶ μὲν παρώσασ' Ἐκτορὸς φίλον κάρα
πρὸς τὸν παρόντα πόσιν ἀναπτύξω φρένα,
κακῇ φαινομαι τῷ θανόντι τόνδε δ' αὖ
στυγνῷς, ἐμαυτῆς δεσπόταις μυσῷσμαι.

670 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὅσ' μ' εὐφρόνη χαλά
τὸ δυσμενεῖς γυναικὸς εἰς ἄνδρος λέχος,
ἀπέστυπ' αὐτήν, ἡτίς ἄνδρα τὸν πάρος
καίνοις λέκτορος ἀπεβαλοῦσ' ἄλλον φιλεῖ.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲ πόλος ἦτις ἄν διαξυγή
tῆς συντραφείσης, ῥαδίως ἐλξεὶ ξυγῶν.
καίτοι τὸ θηριῶδες ἀφθογγόν τ' ἐφυ
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Forlorn of soul strays far from olden bliss.
Thy child, as though she ne'er had looked on
light,
Is dead, and nothing knoweth of her ills.
But I, who drew my bow at fair repute,
Won overmeasure, yet fair fortune missed.
All virtuous fame that women e'er have found,
This was my quest, my gain, 'neath Hector's roof.
First—be the woman smirched with other stain,
Or be she not—this very thing shall bring
Ill fame, if one abide not in the home:
So banished I such craving, kept the house:
Within my bowers I suffered not to come.
The tinsel-talk of women, lived content
To be in virtue schooled by mine own heart;
With silent tongue, with quiet eye, still met
My lord: knew in what matters I should rule,
And where 'twas meet to yield him victory:
Whereof the fame to the Achaean host
Reached, for my ruin; for, when I was ta'en,
Achilles' son would have me for his wife—
His slave in mine own husband's murderers' halls!

If from mine heart I thrust my love, mine Hector,
And to this new lord ope the doors thereof,
I shall be traitress to the dead: but if
I loathe this prince, shall win my masters' hate.
And yet one night, say they, unknits the knot
Of woman's hate of any husband's couch!
I scorn the wife who flings her sometime lord
Away, and on a new couch loves another!
Not even the steed, from her stall-mate disyoked,
Will with a willing spirit draw the yoke;
Yet speech nor understanding in the brute
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ευνέσει τ’ ἂχρηστον τῇ φύσει τε λειπεται.
σὲ δ’, ὁ φίλ’ Ἑκτορ, εἶχον ἄνδρ’ ἀρκοῦντά μοι
eυνέσει, γένει, πλούτῳ τε καυδρεία μέγαν·
ἀκήρατον δὲ μ’ ἐκ πατρὸς λαβῶν δομῶν
πρῶτος τὸ παρθενείου ἐξεύξω λεχος.
καὶ νῦν ὄλωλας μὲν σύ, ναυσθλοῦμαι δ’ ἐγὼ
προς Ἑλλάδ’ αἰχμάλωτος εἰς δούλον ξυγον.
ἀρ’ οὐκ ἐλάσσω τῶν ἐμῶν ἤγει κακῶν
Πολυξένης ὀλθρον, ἦν καταστένεις;
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐδ’ ὁ πᾶσι λειπεται βροτοῖς
ἐυνεστὶν ἔλπις, οὐδὲ κλέπτομαι φρένας
πράξειν τι κεδνῶν ἢδ’ δ’ ἐστὶ καὶ δοκεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ταύτ’ ἡκεις συμφορᾶς θρηνοῦσα δὲ
τὸ σὸν διδάσκεις μ’ ἐνθα πτημάτων κυρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐτὴ μὲν οὕτω ναὸς εἰσέβην σκάφος,
γραφή δ’ ἱδοῦσα καὶ κλύουσ’ ἐπίσταμαι.
ναύταις γὰρ ἂν μὲν μέτριος ἢ χειμῶν φέρειν,
προθυμάν ἔχουσί σωθήναι πονῶν,
ὁ μὲν παρ’ οἰαχ’, ὁ δ’ ἐπὶ λαίφεσιν βεβώς,
ὁ δ’ ἀντλον εἰργόν ναὸς· ἂν δ’ ὑπερβάλλει
πολὺς ταραχθεὶς πόντος, ἐνδόντες τύχῃ
παρείσαιν αὐτοὺς κυμάτων δρομήσανιν.
οὕτω δὲ κἀγὼ πόλλ’ ἔχουσα πτήματα
ἀφθογγός εἴμι καὶ παρείσθ’ ἐὼ στόμα·
νικὰ γὰρ οὐκ θεῶν μὲ δύστηνς κλύων.
ἀλλ’, ὁ φίλη παῖ, τὰς μὲν Ἠκτορος τύχας
ἐασον’ οὐ γὰρ δάκρυα νῦν σώσει τὰ σά·
tίμα δὲ τῶν παρόντα δεσποτὴν σέθεν,

700

φίλου διδοῦσα δέλεαρ ἄνδρ’ σῶν τρόπων.
καν δρᾶς τάδ’, εἰς τὸ κοινὸν εὐφρανεῖς φίλους

410
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Is found, whose nature lags behind the man.  
Thou, O mine Hector, wast my fitting mate  
In birth and wisdom, mighty in wealth and valour.  
Stainless from my sire's halls thou tookest me,  
And first didst yoke with thine my maiden couch.  
Now hast thou perished: sea-borne I shall be,  
Spear-won, to Hellas, unto thraddom's yoke.  
Hath not the doom then of Polyxena,  
Whom thou lamentest, lesser ills than mine?  
With me not even is hope, which lingers last  
With all; nor with far vision of good I cheat  
Mine heart, though sweet thereof the day-dream were.

CHORUS

Even as mine is thy calamity:  
Thy wail doth teach me all my depth of woes.

HECUBA

Though never yet I stepped aboard a ship,  
From pictures seen and hearsay know I this,  
That, if there lie a storm not passing great  
On mariners, for deliverance all bestir them:  
This standeth by the helm, that by the sail;  
That baleth ship: but if the sea's full flood  
In turmoil overwhelm them, cowed by fate  
To the waves' driving they commit themselves.  
So I withal, though many a woe is mine,  
Am dumb, and I refrain my lips from speech,  
For the Gods' misery-surge o'ermastereth me.  
But, dear my daughter, let be Hector's fate,  
Seeing no tears of thine shall ransom him;  
But honour him that is to-day thy lord,  
Tendering the sweet lure of thy winsomeness.  
If this thou do, thy friends shall share thy joy,
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

καὶ παιδὰ τόνδε παιδὸς ἐκθρέψειας ἀν Τροίᾳ μέγιστον ὠφέλημ', ἤν 'οὶ 1 ποτε ἐκ σοῦ γενόμενοι παῖδες ὑστερον πάλιν κατοικίσειαν, καὶ πόλις γένοιτ' ἔτι.

ἀλλ' ἐκ λόγου γὰρ ἄλλος ἐκβαινει λόγος, τίν' αὖ δέδορκα τόνδ' Ἀχαϊκὸν λάτριν στείχοντα καινῶν ἀγγελον βουλευμάτων;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

Φρυγῶν άριστον πρίν ποθ' Ἐκτορος δάμαρ, μὴ 'μὲ στυγήσης' οὐχ ἐκῶν γὰρ ἀγγελῶ Δαναῶν τε κοινὰ Πελοπιδῶν τ' ἀγγέλματα.

ΑΝΤΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί δ' ἔστιν; ὡς μοι φροιμίων ἄρχει κακῶν.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

ἐδοξε τόνδε παιδα—πῶς εἴπω λόγον;

ΑΝΤΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μῶν οὐ τὸν αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἥμων ἔχειν;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐδες Ἀχαϊῶν τοῦδε δεσπόσει ποτέ.

ΑΝΤΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀλλ' ἐνθαδ' αὐτὸν λείψανον Φρυγῶν λαπεὶν;

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ οὐδ' ὅπως σοι ῥάδιως εἴπω κακά.

ΑΝΤΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἐπήνες' αἰδῶ, πλὴν ἐὰν λέγης καλά.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

κτενοῦσι σὸν παῖδ', ὡς πῦθῃ κακὸν μέγα.

ΑΝΤΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι, γάμαμον τὸδ' ὡς κλῦω μείζον κακῶν.

1  οἱ Paley;  MSS. οἱ ;  Murray ίν'—οἱ ποτε—.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

And this my son's son shalt thou rear to man,
To Troy a mighty aid, that children born
Of thee hereafter may in days to come
Build her, and yet again our city rise.
But—for a new tale followeth on the old—
What servant of the Achaeans see I stride
Hitherward, herald of their new resolve?

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS
O wife of Hector, Phrygia's mightiest once,
Abhor not me: sore loth shall I announce
The Danaans' hest, the word of Pelops' sons.

ANDROMACHE
What now?—with what ill preface dost begin!

TALTHYBIUS
This child, have they decreed—how can I say it?

ANDROMACHE
Not—that he shall not have one lord with me?

TALTHYBIUS
None of Achaeans e'er shall be his lord.

ANDROMACHE
How?—here, a Phrygian remnant, shall he bide?

TALTHYBIUS
I know not gently how to break sad tidings!

ANDROMACHE
Thanks for thy shrinking, save thou bring glad tidings.

TALTHYBIUS
Thy son must die—since thou must hear the horror.

ANDROMACHE
Ah me!—a worse ill this than thraldom's couch!
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

νικά δ' Ὄδυσσεύς ἐν Πανέλλησιν λέγων—
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

αἰαὶ μάλ', οὐ γὰρ μέτρια πάσχομεν κακά.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

λέξας ἀρίστου παῖδα μὴ τρέφειν πατρός,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τοιαύτα νικήσει τῶν αὐτοῦ πέρι.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

ῥίψαι δὲ πῦργων δεῖν σφε Τροικῶν ἄπο.
ἀλλ' ὃς γενέσθω, καὶ σοφωτέρα φανεῖ.
μήτ' ἀντέχον τοῦδ', εὐγενῶς δ' ἀλγεῖ κακοῖς,
μήτε σθένουσα μηδὲν ἵσχυεν δόκει.

ἐχεῖς γὰρ ἀλκήν οὐδαμῆν σκοπεῖν δὲ χρὴ·
πόλις τ' ὀλωτε καὶ πόσις, κρατεῖ δὲ σὺ,
ἡμῖν δὲ πῶς γυναίκα μάρνασθαι μίαν
οἶνον τε; τοῦτων εἶνεκ' οὐ μάχης ἔραν
οὐδ' αἰσχρόν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἐπίθθονόν σε δρᾶν,
οὐδ' αὖ σ' Ἀχαιῶν βούλομαι ρίπτειν ἁράς.

εἰ γὰρ τι λέξεις φ' χολώσεται στρατός,
οὔτ' ἀν ταφείν παῖς ὅδ' οὔτ' οἴκτον τύχοι.

730

Συγγόργα δ' εὖ τε ταῖς τύχαις κεχρημένη
tὸν τοῦτο νεκρὸν οὐκ ἄδαπτον ἂν λίποις,
αὐτὴ τ' Ἀχαιῶν πρεμενεστέρων τύχοις.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

740

ἄ φίλτατ', ὁ περισσὰ τιμηθεῖσα τέκνων,
θανεὶ πρὸς ἔχθρων μητέρ' ἀθλίαν λυπῶν.
ἡ τοῦ πατρὸς δὲ σ' εὐγενεῖ ἀπώλεσεν,
ἡ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις γίγνεται σωτηρία,
tὸ δ' ἐσθηλοῦν οὐκ εἰς καιρὸν ἥλθε σοι πατρός.

1 Nauck's emendation for ἡμεῖς τε πρὸς . . . oioi τε.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS
Odysseus’ speech to assembled Greeks prevailed—

ANDROMACHE
O God! O God! what measureless ill is mine!

TALTHYBIUS
Warning them not to rear a hero’s son.

ANDROMACHE
May like rede dooming sons of his prevail!

TALTHYBIUS
He must be hurled from battlements of Troy.
Nay, let this be, so wiser shalt thou show,
Nor cling to him, but queenlike bear thy pain,
Nor, being strengthless, dream that thou art strong.
For nowhere hast thou help: needs must thou mark—
City and lord are gone; thou art held in thrall;
How can one woman fight against our host?
Wherefore I would not see thee set on strife,
Nor doing aught should breed thee shame or spite,
Nor on the Achaean hurling malisons.
For, if to wrath thy words shall rouse the host,
This child shall find no burial, no, nor ruth.
Nay, hold thy peace, and meekly bow to fate;
So not unburied shalt thou leave his corse,
And kindlier the Achaean shalt thou find.

ANDROMACHE
O darling child, O prized above all price,
Thou must leave thy poor mother, die by foes!
Thy father’s heroism ruineth thee,
Which unto others was deliverance.
Ill-timed thy father’s prowess was for thee'

415
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

750 δὲ λέκτρα τὰ μὰ δυστυχῆ τε καὶ γάμοι, οἷς ἐλθὼν εἰς μέλαθρον Ἐκτορὸς ποτε, οὐ σφάγιον νῦν Δαναΐδας τέξοντ᾽ ἐμὸν, ἀλλ᾽ ὡς τὐραννον Ἀσιάδος πολυστόρου. δὲ παῖ, δακρύεις; αἰσθάνει κακῶν σέθεν; τί μοι δέδραξαι χερσὶ κἂντέχει πέπλων, νεσσαῦς ὁσεὶ πτέρυγας εἰσπίτυνων ἐμὰς; οὔκ εἰσιν Ἐκτωρ κλεινὸν ἀρπάσας δόρυ, γῆς ἐξανελθὼν, σοι φέρον σωτηρίαν, οὐ συγγένεια πατρός, οὐκ ἵσχὺς Φρυγών· λυγρὸν δὲ τῇδημ᾽ εἰς τράχηλον ὑψόθεν πεσὼν ἀναίκτως, πυνεῦμ᾽ ἀπορρήξεις σέθεν ὃ νέον ὑπαγκάλισμα μητρὶ φίλτατον, ὃ χρωτὸς ἤδυ πυνεῦμα· διὰ κενής ἀρα ἐν σπαργάνοις σε μαστὸς ἐξέθρεψ᾽ ὅδε, μάτην δ᾽ ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνους. νῦν, οὕποτ᾽ ἀυθίς, μητέρ᾽ ἀσπάζου σέθεν, πρόσπιτε τὴν τεκούσαν, ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ὠλένας ἔλισσ᾽ ἐμοῖς νώτοις καὶ στῶμ ἄρμοσον. ὁ βάρβαρ' ἐξευρύντες Ἑλλήνες κακά, τί τόνδε παίδα κτείνετ᾽ οὐδὲν αἵτιν; ὁ Τυνδάρειον ἔρνος, οὕποτ᾽ εἰ Δίος, πολλῶν δὲ πατέρων φημὶ σ᾽ ἐκπεφυκέναι, Ἀλάστορος μὲν πρῶτον, εἶτα δὲ Φθόνου, Φόνου τε Θανάτου θ', ὡσα τε γῆ τρέφει κακά. οὐ γὰρ ποτ᾽ αὐχῶ Ζηνᾶ γ᾽ ἐκφύσαι σ᾽ ἐγώ, πολλοίς κῆρα βαρβάροις Ἑλλησὶ τε. ὅλοιο· καλλίστων γὰρ ὄμματων ἀπὸ αἰσχρῶς τὰ κλεινὰ πεδί ἀπόλλεσας Φρυγών. ἀλλ᾽ ἄγετε, φέρετε, ῥίππητ᾽, εἰ ῥίππειν δοκεῖ· δαίμονε σεῦτε τοῦδε σάρκας. ἔκ τε γὰρ θεῶν διολλύμεσθα, παιδὸ τ᾽ οὐ δυναίμεθ᾽ ἀν

416
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

O bridal mine and union evil-starred,
Whereby I came, time was, to Hector’s hall,
Not as to bear a babe for Greeks to slay,
Nay, but a king for Asia’s fruitful land!
Child, dost thou weep?—dost comprehend thy doom?
Why with thine hands clutch, clinging to my robe,
Like fledgling fleeing to nestle ’neath my wings?
No Hector, glorious spear in grip, shall rise
From earth, and bringing thee deliverance come,
No kinsman of thy sire, no might of Phrygians;
But, falling from on high with horrible plunge,
Unpitied shalt thou dash away thy breath.
O tender nursling, sweet to mother, sweet!
O balmy breath!—in vain and all in vain
This breast in swaddling-bands hath nurtured thee.
Vainly I travailed and was spent with toils!
Now, and no more for ever, kiss thy mother,
Fling thee on her that bare thee, twine thine arms
About my waist, and lay thy lips to mine.
O Greeks who have found out cruelties un-Greek,
Why slay this child who is guiltless wholly of wrong?
O Tyndareus’ child, no child of Zeus art thou!
Nay, but of many sires I name thee born:
Child of the Haunting Curse, of Envy child,
Of Murder, Death, of all earth-nurtured plagues!
Thee never Zeus begat, I dare avouch,
A curse to many a Greek, barbarians many!
Now ruin seize thee, who by thy bright eyes
Foully hast wasted Phrygia’s glorious plains!
Take him—bear hence, and hurl, if hurl ye will;—
Then on his flesh feast! For we perish now
By the Gods’ doom, and cannot shield one child.
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

θάνατον ἀρήξαι. κρύπτετ' ἄθλιον δέμας καὶ ῥίπτετ' εἰς ναῦν ἐπὶ καλὸν γὰρ ἔρχομαι ὑμέναιον, ἀπολέσασα τοῦμαυτῆς τέκνων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

780 τάλανα Τροία, μυρίους ἀπώλεσας μᾶς γυναικὸς καὶ λέχους στυγνοῦ χάριν.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἀγε παῖ, φίλιον πρόσπτυγμα μεθεὶς μητρὸς μογερᾶς, βαίνε πατρώων πύργων ἐπ' ἄκρας στεφάνας, θι σοι πνεύμα μεθεῖναι ψῆφος εκράθη.

λαμβάνετ' αὐτόν. τὰ δὲ τοιάδε χρὴ κηρυκεύειν, ὅστις ἁνοικτὸς καὶ ἀναιδεία τῆς ἡμετέρας γυνώμης μᾶλλον φίλος ἐστίν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

790 ὁ τέκνων, ὁ παῖ παιδὸς μογεροῦ, συλώμεθα σὴν ψυχὴν ἅδικος μήτηρ καγώ. τὶ πάθω; τὶ σὴ ἐγώ, δύσμορε, δράσω; τάδε σοι διδόμεν πλήγματα κρατός στέρνων τε κόπτον· τώνδε γὰρ ἄρχομεν· οἱ γ' ψόλεως, οἶμοι δὲ σέθεν· τὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἔχομεν; τίνος ἐνδέομεν μὴ ὦ παινυδία χωρέων ὀλέθρου διὰ παντὸς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

μελισσοστρόφου Σαλαμίνως, ὁ Βασιλεὺς Τελαμών, 800 νάσου περικύμωνος οἰκήσας ἔδραν

418
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

From death. O hide this wretched body of mine,
Yea, cast into a ship. To a bridal fair
Have I attained—I, who have lost my son!

CHORUS

O hapless Troy, who hast lost unnumbered sons
All for one woman’s sake, one couch abhorred!

TALTHYBIUS

Come, child, from thy woeful mother’s clasp
Break away: to the height of the coronal fare
Of thy towers ancestral; for thy last gasp,
As the doom hath decreed, must be rendered there.

Lay hold on him:—his should such heralding be
Who is made without pity, whose breast doth bear
A spirit more ruthless, that hateth to spare,
More than the spirit that dwelleth in me!

[Exeunt ANDROMACHE, and TALTHYBIUS
with ASTYANAX.

HECUBA

O child, O son of mine ill-starred son,
Unrighteously reft thy life is gone
From thy mother and me! What life shall I live?
What do for thee, hapless one? All we can give
Are smittings of heads, and on breasts blows rained:
These only be ours! Woe’s me for our town
And for thee! What scathe is of us unattained?
What lack we to hold us from fell destruction’s nethermost hell—
From the swift plunge down?

CHORUS

O Telamon, king of the land where the wing of the bee flits aye round Salamis’ shore,— (Str. 1)
Who didst make thee a home in the isle with the foam of the sea ringed round and the surges’ roar,
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

tὰς ἐπικεκλμένας ὀχθοῖς ἱεροῖς, ἵν’ ἐλαιὰς
πρῶτον ἔδειξε κλάδου γλαυκᾶς Ἀθάνα,
συράνιον στεφανὸν λυπαραίσι τε κοσμοῦ Ἀθήναις,
ἔβας τῷ τοξοφόρῳ συναριστεύων ἀμ’ Ἀλκμήνας γόνῃ
Ἰλιον Ἰλιον ἐκπέρσων πόλιν ἅμετέραν
tὸ πάροιθεν ἄττ’ ἔβας ἢ Ἑλλάδος,

ἀντ. α’

ὁθ’ Ἑλλάδος ἄγαγε πρῶτον ἄνθος ἀτυχόμενος

810 πώλοιν, Σιμόεντι δ’ ἐπ’ εὐρείτα πλάται
ἔσχασε ποντοπόρον καὶ ναύδετ’ ἀνήψατο πρυμνᾶν
καὶ χερὸς εὐστοχίαν ἐξεῖλε ναῦν,
Λαομέδουντι φόνον· κανόνων δὲ τυκίσματα Φοίβου
πυρὸς φοίνικι πυνθα καθελῶν
Τροίας ἐπόρθησε χθόνα,
δις δὲ δυνῶν πιτύλου τείχη περὶ Δαρδανίας
φωνία κατέλυσεν αἰχμά.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Which over the tide looketh up to the pride of the hallowed heights whose ridge first bore,
   At Athena's hest, in the lordship-test, the olive grey,
A crown heaven-high, whose radiancy bright Athens to bind her brows hath ta'en,—
Brother-chief didst thou go with the lord of the bow, with the son of Alcmena, over the main¹
Unto Ilium bound, to raze to the ground our city, devising our Ilium's bane,
   When from Hellas afar thou didst wend to the war in the olden day,

(Ânt. 1)

When the flower of the land from Hellas' strand he led, whose wrath was enkindled sore
For the steeds denied; and he stayed beside fair-ripping Simoïs' flood the oar
Through the paths that had plashed of the sea, and lashed the great stern-hawser's to earth's firm floor,
   [unerring aye,
   And bare from the ship the bow in his grip
A deadly thing to the traitor king; and the walls plummet-levelled of Phoebus in vain
With the fierce red blast of the fire he cast to earth, and he harried the Trojan plain:
Yea, twice did it fall that the coronal of Dardanus' towers, by spear-strokes twain [lay.
   Shattered and rent, all blood-besprent in ruin

¹ Zeus gave to Laomedon, father of Ganymede, a team of immortal chariot-steeds. When the land was wasted by a dragon, the king promised these horses to Hercules, if he would slay it, but afterwards withheld the reward. So Hercules sailed against Troy with a Hellene host and destroyed it.
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

820 μάταν ἄρ', ὁ χρυσείως
ev οἰνοχόαις ἀβρὰ βαλὼν,
Δαμεδόντιε παῖ,
Ζανὸς ἑχεις κυλίκων
πλήρωμα, καλλισταν λατρείαν·
ά δέ σε γεναμένα πυρὶ δαίεται·
ἡώνες δ' ἀλαί
ιαχοῦσ'. οἶον δ' ὑπὲρ

830 οἰωνῖος τεκέων βοᾶ,
αἱ τε βουνάς, αἱ δὲ παιδας,
αἱ δὲ ματέρας γεραιάς.
τὰ δὲ σὰ δροσόεντα λοντρὰ
gυμνασίων τε δρόμοι
βεβᾶσιν· σὺ δὲ πρόσωπα νεα-
ρὰ χάρισι παρὰ Διὸς θρόνοις
cαλλιγάλανα τρέφεις·
Πριάμοιο δὲ γαῖαν
'Ελλᾶς ὀλεσ' αἰχμά.

840 Ἐρως Ἐρως, ὃς τὰ Δαρ-
dάνεια μελαθρά ποτ' ἥλθες
οὐρανίδαισι μέλων·
ὡς τὸτε μὲν μεγάλως
Τροίαν ἐπύργωσας, θεοῖσιν
κῆδος ἀναψάμενος. τὸ μὲν οὖν Διὸς
οὐκέτ' ὁνεῖδος ἐρώ·
tὸ τὰς δὲ λευκοπτέρου
Ἀμέρας φίλιον βροτοῖς
850 φέγγος ὀλοῦν εἰδε γαῖαν,
eἰδε περγάμων ὀλεθρον,

1 Dindorf: for ταχοῦ οἶον οἰωνὸς ὑπὲρ of MSS.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

In vain, O thou who art pacing now with delicate
feet where the chalices shine (Str. 2) 820
All-golden, O Laomedon's heir,
Is the office thine to brim with the wine
The goblets of Zeus, a service fair,—
And the land of thy birth in devouring flame is
rolled'

From her brine-dashed beaches a crying is heard,
Where wail her daughters,—as shrieketh the bird
O'er the nest of her brood left cold,— 830
For their lost lords some, for their children's
doom
These, those for their mothers old.
Gone are the cool baths dewy-plashing,
And the courses where raced thy feet white-plashing:—
But thou, with thy young face glory-litten
With the beauty of peace, by the throne dost stand
Of Zeus,—and the Hellene spear hath smitten
Priam's land! (Ant. 2)

O Love, O Love, who didst brood above Dardanian
halls in the olden days, 840
Thrilling the hearts of abiders in heaven,
Unto what high place didst thou then upraise
Troy, when to her was affinity given
With the Gods by thee!—But the dealings of Zeus
shall my tongue
Attain no more with the breath of blame:
But the light of Aurora, the white-winged flame
Held dear all mortals among,
With baleful beam did on Troyland gleam, 850
And her towers saw ruinward flung,
ΤΡΟΙΔΕΣ

teknoptoiów ékousa tásede
γᾶς πόσιν ἐν θαλάμοις,
ὅν ἀστέρων τέθριππος ἔλα-
βε χρύσεος ὅχος ἀναρπάσας,
ἐλπίδα γὰ πατρία
μεγάλαν τὰ θεῶν δὲ
φίλτρα φρούδα Τροία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

860 ὁ καλλιφεγγεῖς ἥλιον σέλας τόδε,
ἐν ὅ δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν χειρώσομαι
Ἐλένην· ὁ γὰρ δὴ πολλὰ μοχθήσας ἐγὼ
Μενέλαος εἰμὶ καὶ στράτευμ' Ἀχαιόν.
ὁλθον δὲ Τροίαν οὐχ ὅσον δοκοῦσί με
γυναικὸς εἶνεκ', ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἀνδρ' δὲ εὖ ἐμῶν
dómon dámartα xηναπάτης ἐλήσατο.
κεῖνος μὲν οὖν ἔδωκε σὺν θεοῖς δίκην
ἀυτὸς τε καὶ γῆ δορὶ πεσοῦσ' Ἐλληνικῷ.
ηκω δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν, οὐ γάρ ἕδεως
δόμων δάμαρτος ἕ ποτ' ἦν ἐμὴ λέγω,
ἀξών· δόμων γὰρ τοῖσ' ἐν αἰχμαλωτικοῖς
κατηρίθμηται Τροάδων ἄλλων μέτα.
οὔπερ γὰρ αὐτὴν ἔξεμοχθησαν δορί,
κτανεῖν ἐμοὶ νῖν ἔδοσαν, εἰτε μὴ κτανῶν
θέλοιμ' ἀγεσθαί πάλιν ἐς' Ἀργεῖων χθόνα.
ἐμοὶ δ' ἐδοξεί τὸν μὲν ἐν Τροία μόρον
Ἐλένης ἐᾶσαι, ναυτόρῳ δ' ἀγείν πλάτη
Ἐλληνίδ' εἰς γῆν κατ' ἐκεί δοῦναν κτανεῖν,
ποινὰς ὅσων τεθύνατ' ἐν Ἰλώ φίλοι.
870 ἀλλ' εἰα χωρεῖτ' εἰς δόμους, ὁπάονες,
κομίζετ' αὐτὴν, τῆς μαίνωντάτης
κόμης ἐπιστάσαντες· οὕριοι δ' ὅταν
πνοιά μόλωσι, πέμψομεν νῦν Ἐλλάδα.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Albeit in bridal bower she cherished
A son of the land in her sight that hath perished,
A spouse whom a chariot of gold star-splendid
Ravished from earth, that this land might joy
In hope—nay, all lovingkindness is ended
Of Gods for Troy'

Enter Menelaus with attendants.

MENELAUS

Hail, thou fair-shining splendour of yon sun,
Whereby I shall make capture of my wife
Helen,—for I am he that travailed sore,
I Menelaus, with the Achaean host.
Nor so much came I, as men deem, to Troy
For her, but to avenge me on the man,
The traitor guest who stole my wife from me.
He by Heaven's help hath paid the penalty,
He and his land, by Hellene spears laid low.
I come to hale the accursed,—loth am I
To name her wife, who in days past was mine;—
For in these mansions of captivity
Numbered she is with others, Trojan dames.
For they, by travail of the spear who won,
Gave her to me, to slay, or, an I would,
To slay not, but to take to Argos back.
And I was minded to reprieve from doom
Helen in Troy, but with keel-speeding oar
To bear to Greece, to yield her there to death,
Avenging all my friends in Ilium slain.
On, march to the pavilions, henchmen mine;
Bring her, and by her murder-reeking hair
Hale forth to me: then, soon as favouring winds
Shall blow, to Hellas will we speed her on.

[Exeunt attendants.]
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ο γῆς ὄχημα κατὶ γῆς ἔχων ἔδραν,
οὐσὶς ποτ' εἰ σὺ, δυστόπαστος εἰδέναι,
Ζεὺς, εἰτ' ἀνάγκη φύσεος εἴτε νοῦς βροτῶν,
προσημαχήν σε' πάντα γὰρ δι' ἄψοφον
βαϊνὼν κελεύθοι κατὰ δίκην τὰ θυτὶ άγεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τί δ' ἔστων; εὖχας ὡς ἐκαίνισας θεῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αινῷ σε, Μενέλα', εἰ κτενεῖς δάμαρτα σὴν
ὁρῶν δὲ τὴνδε, φεῦγε, μὴ σ' ἐλη πόθω.
αἱρεῖ γὰρ ἀνδρὸν ὄμματ', ἐξαιρεῖ πόλεις,
πίμπρησι δ' οἴκους; ὥδ' ἔχει κηλήματα.
ἐγὼ νῦν οἶδα καὶ σὺ χόι πεπονθότες.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
Μενέλαις, φροὶ μοι μὲν ἄξιον φόβου
τὸν' ἐστὶν; ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ προσπόλων σέθεν
βία πρὸ τῶνδε δωμάτων ἐκπέμπομαι.
ἀτὰρ σχεδὸν μὲν οἶδα σοι στυγομενή,
ὅμως δ' ἐφόρολι βούλομαι γνώμαι τῖνες
"Ελλησί καὶ σοι τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐκ εἰς ἀκριβὲς ἡλθες, ἀλλ' ἀπας στρατὸς
κτανεῖν ἐμοὶ στ' ἐδωκεν, ὑπερ ἡδίκεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἐξεστὶν οὖν πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀμείψασθαι λόγφ,
ὡς οὐ δικαίως, ἢν θάνω, θανοῦμεθα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐκ εἰς λόγους ἐληλυθ', ἀλλά σε κτενών.

ΕΚΑΒΗ
ἀκουσον αὐτῆς, μή θάνη τοῦδ' ἐνδεής,
Μενέλαις, καὶ δὸς τοὺς ἐναντίους λόγους
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA
O Earth's Upbearer, thou whose throne is Earth, 
Whoe'er thou be, O past our finding out, 
Zeus, be thou Nature's Law, or Mind of Man, 
Thee I invoke; for, treading soundless paths, 
To Justice' goal thou bring'st all mortal things'

MENELAUS
How now?—what strange prayer this unto the Gods?

HECUBA
Thanks, Menelaus, if thou slay thy wife! 
Yet, seeing, beware her soul-enthraling spells. 
She snareth men's eyes, she destroyeth towns, 
She burneth homes, such her enchantments are. 
I and thou know her—all who have suffered know. 

Enter HELEN, haled forth by attendants.

HELEN
O Menelaus, terror-fraught to me 
This prelude is; for by thy servants' hands 
F orth of these tents with violence am I haled. 
But, though well-nigh I know me abhorred of thee, 
Fain would I ask what the decision is, 
Touching my life, of thee and of the Greeks

MENELAUS
No nicely-balanced vote—with one accord 
Thee the host gave to me, the wronged, to slay.

HELEN
May I then plead in answer hereunto, 
That, if I die, unjustly I shall die?

MENELAUS
Not for debate, for slaying am I come.

HECUBA
Hear her, that lacking not this boon she die, 
Menelaus; and to me vouchsafe to plead

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ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ημίν κατ’ αυτής· τών γὰρ ἐν Τροίᾳ κακῶν
οὐδὲν κάτοιςθα. συντεθεὶς δ’ ὁ πᾶς λόγος
κτενεὶ νῦν σὺτως ὡστε μηδαμῶς φυγεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
σχολής τὸ δῶρον· εἰ δὲ βούλεται λέγειν,
ἐξεστὶ, τῶν σῶν δ’ εἶνεξ’ ὡς μάθη, λόγων
δώσω τὸδ’ αὐτῇ, τῆσδε δ’ οὐ δώσω χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰσως με, κἂν εὐ κἂν κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,
oυκ ἀνταμείψει πολεμών ἡγούμενος.
ἐγὼ δ’, ἂ σ’ οἷοι διὰ λόγων ἴνα· ἐμοὶ
κατηγορηθὲν, ἀντιθεῖσ’ ἀμείψουμαι
τοῖς σοίσι τάμα καὶ τὰ σ’ αἰτιάματα.
πρῶτον μὲν ἀρχὰς ἑτεκεν ἢδε τῶν κακῶν

Πάριν τεκοῦσα· δεύτερον δ’ ἀπόλεσε
Τροίαν τε καμ’ ὁ πρέσβυς οὐ κτανὸν βρέφος,
δαλοῦ πικρὸν μύμη’, Ἀλέξαιδρον ποτε.
ἐνθέντε τάπιλοιπ’ ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει.

ἐκρίνε τρισσὸν ξεύγος ὅτε τριῶν θεῶν·
καὶ Παλλάδος μὲν ἦν Ἀλέξαιδρῳ δύσις
Φρυξὶ στρατηγοῦνθ’ Ἐλλάδ’ ἐξανιστάναι,
"Ηρά δ’ ὑπέσχετ’ Ἀσιάδ’ Ἕστρωτης δ’ ὅρους

τυραννίδι ἔχειν, εἰ σφε κρίνειν Πάρισι;
Κύπρις δὲ τούμον εἶδος ἐκπαγγλουμενή
δώσειν ὑπέσχετ’, εἰ θεᾶς ὑπερδράμοι
κάλλει. τὸν ἐνθένι’ ὡς ἔχει σκέψαι λόγων·

μικὰ Κύπρις θεὰ, καὶ τοσῶν’ οὐμοι γάμοι
ἀνησαν Ἐλλάδ’, οὐ κρατεῖσθ’ ἐκ βαρβάρων,

οὔτ’ εἰς δόρυ σταθέντες, οὐ τυραννίδι.

δ’ ἡτύχησεν Ἐλλάδ’, οὐλόμην ἐγὼ
ἐὔμορφα πραθείσα, κάνειδίζομαι
ἐξ ὅν ἔχρην με στέφανον ἐπὶ κάρα λαβεῖν.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Against her. Of her evil work in Troy
Nought know'st thou: the whole tale, set forth by me,
Shall to death doom her, past all hope to escape.

MENELAUS

This asks delay: yet, if she fain would speak,
Let her. For thy words' sake I grant her this,
But not for her sake, let her be assured.

HELEN

Perchance, or speak I well, or speak I ill,
Thou wilt not answer, counting me a foe.
Yet will I meet such charges as I deem,
If thou wouldst reason with me, thou wouldst bring,
And will confront with thine indictment mine.
First, she brought forth the source of all these ills,
Who brought forth Paris: then, both Troy and me
The old king ruined, slaying not the babe
Alexander, baleful semblance of a torch.
Thereafter, how befell the sequel, hear:—
Judge he became of those three Goddesses.
This guerdon Pallas offered unto him—
"Troy's hosts to vanquish Hellas shalt thou lead.".
Lordship o'er Asia, and o'er Europe's bounds,
If Paris judged her fairest, Hera proffered.
Cypris, with rapturous praising of my beauty,
Cried, "Thine she shall be if I stand preferred
As fairest." Mark what followeth therefrom:—
Cypris prevails: this boon my bridal brought
To Greece—ye are not to foreign foes enthralled,
Nor battle-crushed, nor 'neath a despot bowed.
But I by Hellas' good-luck was undone,
Sold for my beauty; and I am reproached
For that for which I should have earned a crown!
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

οὔπω με φήσεις αὐτὰ τῶν ποσῶν λέγειν, ὅπως ἄφωρμαι· ἐκ δόμων τῶν σῶν λάβρα.

ἡλθ᾽ οὐχὶ μικρὰν θεόν ἔχων αὐτοῦ μέτα ἢ τήσδ᾽ ἀλάστωρ, εἰτ᾽ Ἀλέξανδρον θέλεις ὀνόματι προσφωνεῖν νιν εἴτε καὶ Πάρων ὄν, ὁ κάκιστε, σοῦσιν ἐν δόμοις λιπῶν Σπάρτης ἀπήρας νη Ἡραίκιαν χθόνα. εἴεν.

οὐ σ', ἅλλ' ἐμαυτὴν τοιπλὶ τῶν ἐρήσθωμαι· τί δὴ φρονήσασ' ἐκ δόμων ἀμί ἐσπόμην ξένω, προδοῦσα πατρίδα καὶ δόμους ἐμοὺς· τὴν θεόν κόλαξε καὶ Διὸς κρέσσων γενοῦ, ὅς τῶν μὲν ἄλλων δαιμόνων ἔχει κράτος, κείνης δὲ δοῦλος ἐστι· συγγνώμη δ' ἐμοί· ἐνθεν δ' ἔχου τά ἐν εἰς ἐμ' εὐπρηπῆ λόγον ἐπεὶ θανῶν γῆς ἥλθ᾽ Ἀλέξανδρος μνημούς, χρήμα μ', ἡνίκ' οὐκ ἢν θεοπούνητα μου λέχη, λυποῦσαν οίκους ναύς ἐπὶ Ἀργείων μολεῖν. ἐσπευδον αὐτὸ τοῦτο· μάρτυρες δὲ μου πύργων πυλωρικά κατὸ τειχέων σκοποί, οἱ πολλάκις μ' ἐφηύρον εὖ ἐπάλξεων πλεκταίων εἰς γῆν σῶμα κλέπτουσαν τόδε. βία δ' ὃ καλός μ' οὔτοσ ἀρτάσας πόσις

Δήφροβος ἄλοχον εἰχεν ἀκόντων Φρυγῶν. πῶς οὖν ἐτ' ἄν θυμόσκοιμ' ἄν ἐνδίκως, τόσι, πρὸς σοῦ δικαίως, ἤν ὁ μὲν βία γαμεῖ, τὰ δ' οἶκοθεν κεῖν' ἀντὶ νυκτηρίων πικρῶς έδούλευος; εἰ δὲ τῶν θεῶν κρατεῖν βουλεί, τὸ χρήζειν ἀμμαθές ἐστὶ σοι τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βασίλει', ἀμφον σοὶς τέκνουσι καὶ πάτρα, πειθῶ διαφθείρουσα τήσδ', ἐπεὶ λέγει
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

But, thou wilt say, I shun the issue still—
For what cause I by stealth forsook thine home.
He came, with no mean Goddess at his side,
This Hecuba's Evil Genius,—be his name
Paris or Alexander, which thou wilt,—
Whom, wittol thou, thou leftest in thine halls,
Sailing from Sparta to the Cretan land!
Not thee, but mine own heart, I question next—
What impulse stirred me from thine halls to follow
That guest, forsaking fatherland and home?
That Goddess. Punish her!—be mightier
Than Zeus, who ruleth all the Gods beside,
Yet is her slave!—so, pardon is my due.
But,—since thou mightest here find specious plea,—
When Alexander dead to Hades passed,
I, of whose couch the Gods were careless now,
Ought from his halls to have fled to the Argive ships.
Even this did I essay: my witnesses
Gate-warders are, and watchmen of the walls,
Who found me oftentimes from the battlements
By cords to earth down-climbing privily.
Yea, my new lord—yon corpse Deiphobus,—
Kept in the Phrygians' despite his bride.
How then, O husband, should I justly die
By thine hand, since by force he wedded me,
And my life there no victor's triumph was,
But bitter thrall? If thou wouldst overbear
Gods, this thy wish is folly unto thee.

CHORUS

Stand up for children and for country, Queen
Shatter her specious pleading; for her words
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

καλῶς κακούργος οὖσα· δεινὸν οὖν τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ταῖς θεαῖσι πρῶτα σύμμαχος γενήσομαι
καὶ τήνδε δείξω μὴ λέγουσαι εὖνίκα.

ἔγώ γὰρ Ἡραν παρθένον τε Παλλάδα
οὐκ είς τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἐλθεῖν δοκῶ, ὥστε ἢ μὲν Ἀργος βαρβάρος ἀπημπόλα,
Παλλάς δ' Ἀθήνας Φρυξί δουλεύειν ποτέ,
αἰ παιδαίσαι καὶ χλιδὴ μορφῆς πέρι
ἥλυθον ἔπ' Ἰδην. τοῦ γὰρ εἶνεκ' ἀν θεὰ
Ἡρα τοσοῦτον ἔσχι ἔρωτα καλλονῆς;
πότερον ἀμείνου ὡς λάβοι Δίως πόσιν,
ἡ γάμον Ἀθάνα θεῶν τινος θηρωμένη,
ἡ παρθενείαν πατρὸς ἐξητήσατο
φεύγουσα λέκτα; μὴ ἀμαθεῖσ πολει θεᾶς
τὸ σὸν κακὸν κοσμοῦσα· μὴ οὐ πείσης σοφοῦς.
Κύπριων δ' ἐλεξας, ταῦτα γὰρ γέλως πολύς,
ἐλθεῖν ἐμῶ ξύν παιδὶ Μενέλεω δόμου.
οὐκ ἅν μένουσι' ἃν ἤσυχος σ' ἐν ὠρανῷ
αὐταῖσ' Ἀμύκλαις ἤγαγεν πρὸς Ἰλιων;
ἡν οἴμος νιὸς κάλλος ἐκπρεπέστατος,
ο σος δ' ἵδων νων νοῦς ἐποιήθη Κύπρις
τὰ μῶρα γὰρ πάντ' ἐστὶν Ἀφροδίτῃ βροτοῖς,
καὶ τοῦνομ' ὀρθῶς ἀφροσύνης ἀρχεί θεᾶς.

ὅν εἰσιδούσα βαρβάροις ἐσθήμασι
χρυσῷ τε λαμπρῶν ἐξεμαργώθης φρενας.

ἐν μὲν γὰρ Ἀργεὶ μίκρ' ἔχουσα ἀνεστρέφου,
Σπάρτης δ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τὴν Φρυγῶν πόλιν
χρυσῷ βέοσαν ἣλπίσας κατακλύσειν
δαπάναισιν οὖν ἢν ἰκανὰ σοι τὰ Μενέλεω
μέλαθρα ταῖς σαις ἐγκαθυβρίζειν τρυφαῖς.

eiêν, βία γὰρ παίδα φής σ' ἀγεῖν ἐμῶν.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Ring fair—a wanton's words; foul shame is this.

HECUBA

First, champion will I be of Goddesses,
And will convict her of a slanderous tongue.
Never, I ween, would Hera, or the Maid,
Pallas, have stooped unto such folly's depth,
That Hera would to aliens Argos sell,
Or Pallas bow 'neath Phrygians Athens' neck.
For sport they came and mirth in beauty's strife
To Ida. Why should Goddess Hera yearn
So hotly for the prize of loveliness?
That she might win a mightier lord than Zeus?
Or sought Athena mid the Gods a spouse,
Who of her sire, for hate of marriage, craved
Maidenhood? Charge not Goddesses with folly,
To gloze thy sin: thou cozenest not the wise.
And Cypris, say'st thou—who but laughs to hear?
Came with my son to Menelaus' halls!
How? could she not in peace have stayed in
heaven,
And thee—Amycla too—to Ilium brought?
Nay, my son's peerless beauty didst thou see,
And thine own lust was made thy Cyprian Queen!
Ever men's folly is their Aphrodite:
Sensual—senseless—consonant they ring!
Him in barbaric bravery sawest thou
Gold-glittering, and thy senses were distraught.
For with scant state in Argos didst thou dwell;
But, Sparta left afar, the Phrygians' town,
That seemed a river of gold, thou thought'st to
flood
With torrent waste: Menelaus' halls sufficed
Not thee for all thine insolence of pomp.
And my son, say'st thou, hailed thee thence by force!

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ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

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τις Σπαρτιατών ἦσθετ', ἡ ποίαν βοήν ἀνωλόλυξας, Κάστορος νεανίου
tοῦ συζύγου τ' ἔτ' ὄντος οὐ κατ' ἀστρα πω; ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίαν ἡλθες Ἅργειαν τε σου
κατ' ἱχνος, ἦν δὲ δοριπτηθ' ἄγονια,
eἰ μὲν τὰ τοῦδε κρείσσου' ἀγγέλλοιό τοί σου.
Μενέλαον ἦνεις, παῖς ὅπως λυποῖτ' ἐμὸς
ἐχων ἐρωτὸς ἀνταγωνιστὴν μέγαν.
eἰ δ' εὐνυχοίεν Τρώις, οὐδὲν ἦν ὄδε.
eἰς τὴν τὺχην δ' ὄρῳσα τοῦτ' ἱσκεῖς ὅπως
ἐποί' ἀμ' αὐτή, τάρετη δ' οὐκ ἠθελες.

1010

κάπετα τε πλεκτάς σόμα σὸν κλέπτεν μέγεις
πύργων καθεῖσ' ὡς μένουσ' ἀκουσίως;
ποὺ δὴ' ἑλήφθης ἡ βρώχους ἀρτομένη
ἡ φάσγανον θήγουσ', ἃ γενναία γυνὴ
δράσειεν ἄν ποθοῦσα τὸν πάρος πόσων;
καὶ τοῦ γ' ἐνουθέτουν σε πολλὰ πολλάκις:
ὠθ' θύγατερ, ἐξελθ', σι δ' ἐμοὶ παῖδες γάμους
ἀλλους γαμοῦσι, σὲ δ' ἐπὶ ναῦς Ἀχαϊκὰς
πέμψω συνεκκλέψασα, καὶ παύσων μάχης
"Ελλήνας ἡμᾶς τ'. ἀλλὰ σοι τὸδ' ἦν πυκρόν.

1020

ἐν τοῖς Ἀλέξανδρων γαρ ὑβρίζεις δόμοις
καὶ προσκυνεῖσθαι βαρβάρους ὑπ' ἱθελες.
μεγάλα γαρ ἦν σοι. καὶ τοῖς σοὶ δὲν δεμας
ἐξήλθες ἀσκήσασα κάθλεψας πόσει
τὸν αὐτὸν αἰθέρ', ὃ κατάπτυστον κάρα:
ἡ χρῆν ταπεινὴν ἐν πέπλων ἐρευνίους
φρίκη τρέμουσαν κράτ' ἀπεκυθισμένην
ἐλθεῖν, τὸ σῶφρον τῆς ἀναιδείας πλέον
ἐχοῦσαν ἐπὶ τοῖς πρόσθεν ἱμαρτημένοις.
Μενέλα', ἦν' εἰδῆς οἱ τελευτήσαντι πόγον,
στεφάνωσον Ἐλλάδ', ὑξίως τήνδε κτανών.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

What son of Sparta heard? What rescue-cry
Didst thou upraise, though Castor, yet a youth,
Lived, and his brother, starward rapt not yet?
And when to Troy thou cam'st, and on thy track
The Argives, and the strife of raining spears,
If tidings of his prowess came to thee,
Menelaus wouldst thou praise, to vex my son.
Who in his love such mighty rival had:
But, if the Trojans prospered, naught was he.

Still watching fortune's flight, 'twas aye thy wont
To follow her—not virtue's path for thee!
And thou forsooth wouldst steal thy liberty,
By cords let down from towers, as loth to stay!
Where wast thou found with noose about thy neck,
Or whetting steel, as a true-hearted wife
Had done for yearning for her spouse of old?
Yet many a time and oft I counselled thee:
"Daughter, go forth from Troy: my sons shall wed
New brides; and thee to the Achaean ships
Will I send secretly: so stay the war
'Twixt Greece and us." But this was gall to thee.

For thou didst flaunt in Alexander's halls,
Didst covet Asia's reverent courtesies—
Proud state for thee! And yet hast thou come forth
Costly arrayed, looked on the selfsame sky
As thy wronged spouse. O wanton all-abhorred,
Who oughtest, abject, and with garments rent,
Quaking with fear, with shaven head to have come,
Having regard to modesty, above
Bold shamelessness, for thy transgressions past!
Menelaus,—so to sum my mine argument,—
Crown Greece, by slaying, as beseemeth thee,
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

σαυτοῦ, νόμον δὲ τόνδε ταῖς ἄλλαισι θές γυναιξί, θυμίσκειν ἢτις ἀν προδῷ πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Μενέλαε, προγόνων ἀξίως δόμων τε σῶν τίσαι δάμαρτα, καφελοῦ πρὸς Ἐλλάδος
ψόγον τὸ θῆλὺ τ’, εὐγενῆς ἐχορίως φάνεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐμοὶ σὺ συμπέπττωκας εἰς ταῦτον λόγον,
ἐκουσίως τήνδ’ ἐκ δόμων ἐλθεῖν ἐμῶν
ξένας ἐς εὐνάς, χὴ Κύπρις κόμπου χάριν
λόγους ἐνείται. βαίνε λευστῆρων πέλας
πόνους τ’ Ἀχαιῶν ἀπόδος ἐν μικρῷ μακροὺς
θανοῦσ’, ἵν’ εἰδῆς μὴ κατασκούνειν ἐμὲ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μή, πρὸς σε γονάτων, τὴν νόσου τὴν τῶν θεῶν
προσθείς ἐμοὶ κτάνης με, σιγγύγνωσκε δέ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μηδ’ οὖς ἀπέκτειν’ ἦδε συμμάχους προδῷς
έγω πρὸ κείνων καὶ τέκνων σε λίσσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παῦσαι, γεραιά; τῆς δ’ οὐκ ἐφρόντισα.
λέγω δὲ προσπόλοισι πρὸς πρύμνας νεῶν
τήνδ’ ἐκκομίζειν, ἐνθα ναυστόλησεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μή νυν νεῶς σοὶ ταῦτον εἰσβήτω σκάφος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δ’ ἔστι; μεῖξον βριθὸς ἢ πάροιθ’ ἔχει;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστ’ ἐραστῆς ὅστις οὐκ ἂεi φιλεῖ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁς εἰς ἐκβῆ τῶν ἐρωμένων ὁ νοῦς.

ἔσται δ’ ἄ βούλευν ναῦν γὰρ οὖκ εἰσβήσεται
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Yon woman: so ordain to all her sisters
This law—the traitress to her lord shall die.

CHORUS
Prince, worthily of thy fathers and thine house
Punish her: show thee unto foes unflinching.
So spurn the gibe of Greece that calls thee woman.

MENELAUS
Herein is thy conclusion one with mine,
That willingly she went forth from mine halls
For a strange couch; and Cypris for vain show
Fills out her plea. Thou, to the stoners hence!
The Achaeans’ long toils in an hour requite
Dying: so learn to put me not to shame.

HELEN
Oh, by thy knees, impute not unto me
Heaven’s visitation! Slay me not, but pardon!

HECUBA
Thine allies whom she slew betray not thou:
For them I pray thee, and their children’s sake.

MENELAUS
Enough, grey queen: I give no heed to her;
But bid mine henchmen to the galley sterns
Lead her, wherein her voyaging shall be.

HECUBA
Oh not the same deck let her tread with thee!

MENELAUS
How, should she sink it—heavier than of old?

HECUBA
Lover is none but loveth evermore.

MENELAUS
Nay, love but lives while those we love are true.
Yet as thou wilt it shall be: on one ship
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

eἰς ἥμπερ ἡμεῖς· καὶ γὰρ οὐ κακῶς λέγεις·
ἐλθοῦσα δ' Ἄργος ὡσπερ ἀξία κακῶς
κακή θανεῖται καὶ γυναιξὶ σωφρονεῖν
πώσαις θῆσει. ράδιον μὲν οὐ τόδε·
ὁμως δ' ὁ τήσδ' ὀλεθρος εἰς φόβον βαλεὶ
tὸ μῶρον αὐτῶν, κἂν ἔτ' ὄσ' αἰσχίνους.
χορος

1060
οὔτω δὴ τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ
ναὸν καὶ θυόντα βω-
μὸν προύδωκας Ἀχαιῶις,
ὡς Ζεὺς, καὶ τελάνων φλόγα
σμύρνης αἰθερίας τε κα-
πνόν καὶ Πέρυγαμον ἱρὰν
Ἰδαία τ' Ἰδαία κισσοφόρα νάπη
χίων κατάρυτα ποταμώς
tέρμονά τε πρωτόθολον ἄλῳ
τὰν καταλαμπτομέναν ζαθέαν θεράπτων.

1070
φρούδαι σοι θυσίαι χορῶν τ'
εὐφημοι κέλαδοι κατ' ὁρ-
φναν τε παννυχίδες θεῶν,
χρυσάων τε ξανάμα τύπτοι
Φρυγών τε ξάθεων σελα-
ναι συνδώδεκα πλήθει.
μέλει μέλει μοι τάδ' εἰ φρονεῖς, ἀναξ,
οὐράνων ἔδρανον ἐπιβεβῆς
αἰθέρα τ' ἐμάς πόλεος ὀλομένας,
ἄν πυρὸς αἰθομένα κατέλυσεν ὄρμα.

1080
ἄ φίλος ὡ πόσι μοι,
σὺ μὲν φθίμενος ἀλαίνεις

στρ. α'

στρ. α'

στρ. β'
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

With me she shall not step: thou counsellest well,
And, when she wins to Argos, in foul sort
The foul shall die, as meet is, and shall teach
All women chastity:—not easy this;
Yet her destruction shall with terror smite
Their folly, viler though they be than she.

[Exit Menelaus with Helen.

CHORUS

So then thy temple in Troy fair-gleaming, (Str. 1) 1060
And thine altar of incense heavenward steaming
Hast thou rendered up to our foes Achaean,
O Zeus, and the flame of our sacrificing,
And the holy burg with its myrrh-smoke rising,
And the ivy-mantled glens Idaean
Overstreamed with the wan snow riverward-rushing,
And the haunted bowers of the World's Wall,¹ flushing
With the first shafts flashed through the empyrean! 1070

(Ant. 1)

Thine altars are cold; and the blithesome calling
Of the dancers is hushed; nor at twilight's falling
To the nightlong vigils of Gods cometh wakings.
They are vanished, thy carven images golden,
And the twelve moon-feasts of the Phrygians holden.
Dost thou care, O King, I muse, heart-aching,—
Thou who sittest on high in the far blue heaven
Enthroned,—that my city to ruin is given,
That the bands of her strength is the fire-blast breaking?

(Str. 2) 1080

O my belovèd, O husband mine,
Thou art dead, and unburied thou wanderest yonder,

¹ The range of Mount Ida, the supposed boundary of the world on the east (Paley).

439
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

ἀθαπτος ἀνυδρος, ἐμὲ δὲ πόντιον σκάφος
ἀίσσουν πτεροῖσι πορεύσει
ιππόβοτον Ἀργος, ἵνα τείχεα
λαίνα Κυκλώπη οὐράνια νέμονται.
τέκνων δὲ πλῆθος ἐν πύλαις
δάκρυσι κατάφορα στένει, βοᾷ βοᾷ,
μάτερ, ὡμοί, μόναι δὴ μ’ Ἀχαιοὶ κομί-
ξουσι σέθεν ἀπ’ ὀμμάτων
κυνέαν ἕπλ νάυν
εἰναλίωσι πλάταις
ἡ Σαλαμίν’ ἱερὰν
ἡ δίπωρον κορυφᾶν
Ἤσθμον, ἐνθὰ πύλας
Πέλοπος ἔχουσιν ἔδραι.

1090

1100
eἰδ’ ἀκάτου Μενέλα
μέσον πέλαγος ιοῦσας,
δίπαλτον ἱερὸν ἀνὰ μέσον πλατᾶν πέσοι
Αἴγαιον κεραυνοφαίες πῦρ,
’Ηλώθεν ὅς με πολύδακρων
’Ελλάδι λάτρευμα γάθειν ἔροίξεις
χρυσεά δ’ ἕνοπτρα, παρθένων
χάριτας, ἔχουσα τυγχάνει Δίὸς κόρα: μηδὲ γατάν ποτ’ ἔλθοι Δάκαιναν πατρῴ-
ὸν τε θάλαμον ἔστιας,
μηδὲ πόλιν Πιτάνας
χαλκόπυλόν τε θεῶν,
δύσημου ἀλόχος ἐλών
’Ελλάδι τὰ μεγάλα
καὶ Σιμοευτιᾶσιν
μέλεα πάθη ῥοαῖσιν.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Unwashen '—but me shall the keel thro' the brine
Waft, onward sped by its pinions of pine,
   To the horse-land Argos, where that stone wonder
   Of Cyclop walls cleaves clouds asunder.
And our babes at the gates, in a long, long line,
Cling to their mothers with wail and with weeping 1090
   that cannot avail— [the Achaean hale
"O mother," they moan, "alone, alone, woe's me!"
   Me from thy sight—from thine—
To the dark ship, soon o'er the surge to be riding,
   To Salamis gliding,
   To the hallowed strand,
Or the Isthmian hill 'twixt the two seas swelling,
   Where the gates of the dwelling
   Of Pelops stand!"

(1nt. 2)

Oh that, when, far o'er the mid-sea sped, 1100
   Menelaus' galley is onward sailing, [dread
On the midst of her oars might the thunderbolt
Crash down, the Aegean's wildfire red,
   Since from Ilium me with weeping and wailing
   Unto thralldom in Hellas hence is he haling;
While Helen, like some pure maid unwed,
Hath joy of her mirrors of gold, and her state as of
   right doth she hold!
Nevermore may he come to Laconia, home of his sires: 1110
   be his hearth aye cold!
   Never Pitane's streets may he tread,
Nor the Goddess's temple brazen-gated,
   With the evil-fated
   For his prize, who for shame
Unto all wide Hellas' sons and daughters,
   And for woe to the waters
   Of Simois, came'
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ιώ ιώ,
κανωι καλόν μεταβάλλουσαι
χθονε συντυχίαι. λεύσατε Τρόων
τόνδ’ Ἀστυνακτ’ ἀλοχοῖ μέλεαι
νεκρών, δ’ νύργων δίσκημα πτερόν
Δαναοὶ κτείναντες ἔχουσιν.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

’Εκάβη, νεώς μὲν πίτυλος εἰς λελειμμένος
λάφυρα τάπιλοιν’ Ἀχιλλείου τόκου
μέλλει πρὸς ἀκτὰς ναυστολείν Φθιώτιδας.
αὐτὸς δ’ ἀνήκται Νεαπτόλεμος, καὶ τίνες
Πηλέως ἀκοῦσας συμφοράς, ὡς ἦν χθοῦν
’Ακαστος ἐκβέβληκεν ο Πελών γόνος.
οὐ δ’ ἥκεν ἀπὸ καὶ χάρων μονῆς ἔχων,
φρούδος, μετ’ αὐτοῦ δ’ Ἀνδρομάχη, πολλῶν
ἐμοὶ

dakríōn ἄγων, Ἰνικ’ ἐξώρμα χθοῦν
πάτρας τ’ ἀναστένουσα καὶ τὸν Ἐκτόρος
τύμβου προσενεπτούσα. καὶ σφ’ ἦττατο
θάψαε νεκρόν τόνδ’, ὡς πεσὼν ἐκ τειχῶν
ψυχήν ἀφῆκεν Ἐκτόρος τοῦ σοῦ γόνος,
φόβου τ’ Ἀχαϊῶν, χαλκόνων ἀσπίδα
τήρη’, ἤν πατὴρ τοῦ ἄμφι πλεύρ’ ἕβάλλετο,
μή νῦν πορεύεσαι Πηλέως ἐφ’ ἐστίαν,
μὴ ἐκ τῶν αὐτῶν βάλλαμεν, οὐ νυμφεύεσται
μήτηρ νεκροῦ τοῦ Ἀνδρομάχη, λύπας ὅραν,
ἀλλ’ ἀντὶ κέδρου περιβόλου τε λαῖνων
ἐν τήδε τάξαν παῖδα· σὰς ὡς ἐς ὠλένας
doūnai, πέπλωσιν ὡς περιστέλλες νεκρὸν
στεφάνοις θ’, ὥσῃ σοι δύναμις, ὡς ἔχει τὰ σά,
ἐτεί βέβηκε καὶ τὸ δεσπότου τάχος
ἀφείλετ’ αὐτὴν παῖδα μὴ δοῦναι τάφῳ.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Woe's me, woe's me!
Afflictions new, ere the old be past,
On our land are falling! Behold and see,
Ye wives of the Trojans, horror-aghast,
Dead Astyanax, by the Danaans cast
From the towers, slain pitilessly.

Enter TALTHYBIUS with attendants bearing corpse of
ASTYANAX on HEKTOR'S SHIELD.

TALTHYBIUS

One galley's oars yet linger, Hecuba,
Ready to waft unto the Phthian shores
The remnant of the spoil of Achilles' son.
But Neoptolemus' self hath sailed, who heard
Tidings of wrong to Peleus, how the seed
Of Pelias, even Acastus, exiles him.
Wherefore, too hasty to vouchsafe delay,
He went, Andromache with him, who hath drawn
At her departing many a tear from me,
Wailing her country, crying her farewell
To Hector's tomb. And she besought the prince
To grant his corpse a grave who from the walls
Hurled down, thine Hector's child, gave up the
ghost.
And the Achaeans' dread, this brass-lapped shield,
Wherewith his father fenced his body round,
She prayed him not to Peleus' hearth to bear,
Nor to Andromache's new bridal bower,
A grief to see for her that bare the dead;
But that, instead of cedar chest or stone,
This might entomb her child, unto thine arms
Given, that thou mightst shroud the corpse, and crown
With wreaths, as best thou canst of these thy means,
Since she hath gone, and since her master's haste
Withheld herself from burying her child.
TextWriter-Generated-Content
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

I therefore, when thou hast arrayed the corpse,
Will heap his mound, and set thereon a spear.
Thou then with speed perform the task assigned.
Sooth, I have lightened of one toil thine hands; 1150
For, as I passed o'er yon Scamander's streams,
I bathed the corpse, and cleansed the wounds thereof.
Now will I go, and dig for him a grave,
That, shortened so, thy work and mine withal,
To one end wrought, may homeward speed the oar.

HECUBA

Set Hector's shield fair-rounded on the earth,
A woeful sight unsweet for me to see.
O ye who more in spears than wisdom boast,
Fearing this child, Achaeans, why have ye wrought
Murder unheard-of?—lest he raise again [naught 1160
Our fallen Troy? How? was your strength but
When we died daily, even while Hector's spear
Triumphed, and while beside him thousands fought;
But now, Troy taken, all the Phrygians slain,
Ye dread this little child? Out on the fear
Which feareth, having never reasoned why!
Ah darling, what ill death is come on thee! [known
Hadst thou for Troy been slain, when thou hadst
Youth, wedlock's bliss, and godlike sovereignty,
Blest wert thou—if herein may aught be blest. 1170
But now, once seen and sipped by thy child-soul,
Thine home-bliss fleets forgotten, unenjoyed!
Poor child, how sadly thine ancestral walls,
Upreared by Loxias, from thine head have shorn
The curls that oft thy mother softly smoothed
And kissed, wherefrom through shattered bones forth
grins
Murder—a ghastliness I cannot speak!
ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

1180 ὁ χείρες, ὡς εἰκονὶς μὲν ἥδειας πατρὸς κέκτησθ' ἐν ἅρθροις δ' ἐκλυτοὶ πρόκεισθε νῦν.

1190 ὁ πολλὰ κόμπτονς ἐκβαλλόν φίλων στόμα,

διωλας, ἐφεύσω μ', ὅτ' εἰσπίπτων λέχος,

ὁ μήτερ, ἥδαις, ἥ πολύν σοι βοστρύχων

πλόκαμον κεροῦμαι πρὸς τάφον θ' ὀμηλίκων

κόμμους ἐπάξω, φίλα διδοὺς προσφθέγματα.

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ἐγώ σε τὸν νεότερον
gραῦς, ἀπόλις, ἀτεκνός, ἄθλιον θάπτω νεκρών.

οἶμοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἀστάσμαθ' αἰ τ' ἐμαί τροφαὶ

ὑπνοὶ τ' ἐκεῖνοι 1 φροῦδά μοι. τί καὶ ποτε

γράψεις ἂν σφ' μουσοποιὸς ἐν τάφῳ;

τὸν παίδα τόνδ' ἐκτειναν Ἄργειοι ποτε
deίσαντες; αἰσχρὸν τοῦτογραμμά γ' Ἑλλάδι.

ἀλλ' οὖν πατρόφων οὐ λαχών, ἔξεις ὅμως

ἐν ἣ ταφήσει χαλκώνωτον ἰτέαν.

ὁ καλλήπηχον" Ἐκτορος βράχιονα

σφίζονα', ἀριστὸν φύλακ' ἀπώλεσας σέθεν.

ὡς ἤδος ἐν πόρτας σφ' κεῖται τύπος

ἔτυχος τ' ἐν εὐτύρνοισι τερεδόμοιοι ἱδρὼς,

ὅν ἐκ μετώπου πολλάκις πόνους ἔχον

ἔσταζεν" Ἐκτόρ προστιθέεις γενεάδι.

1200 φέρετε, κομίζετ' ἄθλιῳ κόσμον νεκρῷ

ἐκ τῶν παρόντων οὐ γὰρ εἰς κάλλος τύχας
dαιμον δίδωσιν δὲν δ' ἔχω, λήψει τάδε.

θυσίων δὲ μῶρος ὡστις εῦ πρόασειν δοκῶν

βέβαια χαῖρει τοῖς τρόποις γὰρ αἰ τύχαι,

ἄμπληκτος ὡς ἀνθρωπός, ἄλλοτ' ἀλλοσε

πηδώσι, κούδεις αὐτὸς εὐτυχεῖ ποτε.

1 So the MSS. Nauck reads πόνοι: Tyrrell ἁπνοι τὲ κλίναι. Paley suggests ἁπνοι τ' ἁπνοι.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

O hands, how sweet the likeness to your sire
Ye keep!—limp in your sockets now ye lie.
Dear lips, that babbled many a child-boast once,
Ye are dead! 'Twas false, when, bounding to my bed,
"Mother," thou saidst, "full many a curl I'll shear
For thee, and troops of friends unto thy tomb
Will lead, to cry the loving last farewell."
Not I of thee, but thou, the young, of me,—
Old, homeless, childless,—wretched corpse, art buried.
Ah me, the kisses, and my nursing-cares,
Thy love-watched slumbers,—gone! What word, ah what,
Shall bard inscribe of thee upon thy tomb?
"This child the Argives murdered in time past,
Dreading him"—an inscription shaming Greece!
Yet thou, of thy sire's wealth though nought thou hast,
Shalt in thy burial have his brazen targe.
Ah shield that kepest Hector's goodly arm
Safe, thine heroic warder hast thou lost!
How dear his imprint on thine handle lies!
Dear stains of sweat upon thy shapely rim,
Which oft mid battle's toil would Hector drip
Down from his brow, as to his beard he pressed thee!
Come, bring ye adorning for the hapless corse
Of that ye have: our fortune gives no place
For rich array: mine all shalt thou receive.
A fool is he, who, in prosperity
Secure, rejoices: fortune, in her moods,
Like some wild maniac, hither now, now thither,
Leaps, and none prospers ever without change.
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν πρὸ χειρὸν αἴδε σοι σκυλευμάτων
Φρυγίων φέρουσι κόσμον ἔξαπτειν νεκρῷ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δὲ τέκνου, οὐχ ἵππουσι νικήσαντά σε
οὐδ' ἠλικας τὸξοισιν, οὐδ' Φρύγες νόμους
τιμῶσιν, οὐκ εἰς πλησμονάς θηρώμενοι,
μήτηρ πατρὸς σοι προστίθεισ' ἀγάλματα
τῶν σῶν ποτ' ὄντων, νῦν δὲ σ' ἡ θεοστυγήσης
ἀφεῖλεθ' Ἔλενη, πρὸς δὲ καὶ ψυχὴν σέθεν
ἐκτεινε καὶ πάντ' οἶκον ἔξαπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐ ἐ, φρενῶν
ἐθυγες ἠθυγες· ὃ μέγας ἐμοὶ ποτ' ὃν
ἀνάκτωρ πόλεως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀ δὲ ἐν γάμοις ἔχρην σε προσθέσθαι χροὶ
'Ασιατίδων γήμαντα τῆν ὑπερτάτην,
Φρύγα πέπλων ἀγάλματ' ἐξάπτω χροός.
σὺ τ' ὃ ποτ' οὕσα καλλινικε μυρίων
μήτερ τροπαίων, "Εκτορός φίλων σάκος,
στεφανοῦ· θανεῖ γὰρ οὐ θανοῦσα σὺν νεκρῷ·
ἔπει σὲ πολλῷ μάλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦ σοφοῦ
κακοῦ τ' Ὄδυσσεώς ἄξιον τιμᾶν ὅπλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαὶ αἰαί,
πικρὸν ὀδυρμα γαία σ', ὃ
tέκνου, δέξεται.
στέναξον, μάτερ,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαὶ.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS
Lo, ready to thine hand, from spoils of Troy,
They bring adornings on the dead to lay.

HECUBA
Child, not for victory with steeds or bow
Over thy fellows,—customs which thy folk
Honour, yet not unto excess pursue,—
The mother of thy sire adorneth thee
With gauds from wealth once thine, now reft from thee
By Helen god-accurst: she hath slain withal
Thy life, and brought to ruin all thine house.

CHORUS
Alas and alas! Mine heart dost thou wring, dost thou wring,
Hector, in days overpast Troy’s mighty king!

HECUBA
In that wherein thou shouldst have clad thy form
For marriage, wedding Asia’s loveliest,
Splendour of Phrygian robes, I swath the thee now.
And thou, who wast the glorious mother once
Of countless triumphs, Hector’s shield beloved,
Receive thy wreathe: thou with the dead shalt die
Undying, worthy of honour, far beyond
The arms Odysseus, crafty villain, won.

CHORUS
Alas for thee!
O child, our sorrow, the earth shall now
Receive thee to rest!—wail, mother, thou!

HECUBA
O misery!
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νεκρῶν ήαχων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἵμοι μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἵμοι δῆτα σὼν ἀλάστων κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

tελαμῶσιν ἑλκη τὰ μὲν ἐγώ σ’ ἱάσομαι,

tλήμων ιατρός, δυνμ’ ἔχουσα, τάργα δ’ οὐ,

tὰ δ’ ἐν νεκροῖς φροντεῖν πατήρ σέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀρασσ’ ἀρασσε κράτα

πιτήλους διδοῦσα χειρός, ιῷ μοί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁ φίλταται γυναίκες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

† ἐνεπε, τίνα θρεῖς αὐδάν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἦν ἀρ’ ἐν θεοίς πλήν ἐμοὶ πόνοι

Τροία τε πόλεων ἐκκριτον μυσομένην,

μάτην δ’ ἐβουθυτοῦμεν. † εἰ δὲ μὴ θεὸς

ἐστρεψε τάνω περιβαλῶν κάτω χθονός,

ἀφανείς ἄν οὔτε όὐκ ἂν ὑμνῆθημεν ἂν

μοῦσαις ἁοίδας δόντες ύστερος βροτῶν.

χορείτε, θάπτετ’ ὀθλίῳ τύμβῳ νεκρῶν

ἐχει γὰρ οἵα δεὶ νεφέρων στέφη.

δοκῶ δὲ τοῖς θανόοις διαφέρειν βραχύ,

εἰ πλουσίων τις τεῦξεται κτερισμάτων,

κενόν δὲ γαύρωμ’ ἐστὶ τῶν ζώντων τόδε.

1 Stephanus’ (unsatisfactory) conjectural reading for ei δ’ ἡμᾶς of MSS. Original hopelessly lost.
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS
Wail the keen for the dead!

HECUBA
Ah me, ah me!

CHORUS
Ah griefs whose remembrance shall ne'er be fled!

HECUBA
Some of thy wounds with linen bands I bind,—
Leech but in name, I bind, but cannot heal,—
Some shall thy father tend amongst the dead.

CHORUS
Smite thou, O smite! Let thine hand
Rain, rain the blows on thine head—alas!

HECUBA
O daughters beloved of my land—

CHORUS
Speak the word through thy lips that is panting to pass.

HECUBA
Nought was in Heaven's designs, save woes to me
And Troy, above all cities loathed of them.
In vain we sacrificed! Yet, had not God
O'erthrown us so, and whelmed beneath the earth,
We had faded fameless, never had been hymned
In lays, nor given song-themes to the after-time.
Pass on, lay ye in a wretched tomb the corpse;
For now it hath the garlands, dues of death.
Yet little profit have the dead, I trow,
That gain magnificence of obsequies.
'Tis but the living friends' vaingloriousness.

[The corpse is carried to burial.]
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιόν ιώ
μελέα μήτηρ, ἣ τὰς μεγάλας
ἐλπίδας ἐν σοὶ κατέκαμψε 1 βλου.
μέγα δὲ ὀλβισθεὶς ὡς ἐκ πατέρων
ἀγαθῶν ἐγένου,
δευτὶς θανάτῳ διόλωλας.
ἐὰν ἐὰν
τίνας Ἰλιάσων ταῖς ἐν κορυφαις
λεύσων φλογέας δαλοίαι χέρας
dierésewontas ; mélllei Τροία
cαινόν τι κακὸν προσέσεσθαι.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

1260 αὐθῶ λοχαγοῖς, οὐ τέταχθ᾽ ἐμπιμπράναι
Πριάμου τὸδ᾽ ἅστυ, μηκέτι ὁργοῦσαν φλόγα
ἐν χερσὶ σφίζειν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ ἐνέναι,
ὡς ἂν κατασκαφάντες Ἰλίων πόλιν
στελλάμεθ᾽ οἴκαδ᾽ ἀσμενοι Τροίας ἀπό.
ὑμεῖς δ᾽, ἵν᾽ αὐτὸς λόγος ἐχὶ μορφὰς δύο,
χωρεῖτε, Τρώων παῖδες, ὄρθιαν ὅταν
σάλπυγγος ἡχὼ δῶσιν ἀρχηγοὶ στρατοῦ,
πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν, ὥς ἀποστέλλασθε γῆς.
σὺ τ᾽, ὁ γεραιὰ δυστυχεστάτη γυναί,
ἐποι. μεθήκουσίν σ᾽ Ὀδυσσέως πάρα
οἶδ᾽, ὃ σε δούλην κλήρος ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

1270 ΕΚΑΒΗ
οἱ ἴῳ τάλαναί. τοῦτο δὴ τὸ λοίσθιον
καὶ τέρμα πάντων τῶν ἐμῶν ἥδη κακῶν
ἐξειμὶ πατρίδος, πόλις υφάπτεται πυρί.
ἀλλ᾽, ὁ γεραιὰ ποὺς, ἐπὶσπευσοῦν μόλις,

1 Burges: for κατέκαμψε of MSS.—“in wrack undone Are shattered her proud” etc.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS
Ah me! ah me!
Ah hapless mother, what goal she hath won
Of all the proud hopes built on thee!
O thou who wert born to exceeding bliss,
   Thou hero's son,
What awful death for thy dying was this!
What ho! what ho!
Whom see I on Ilium's tower-crowned wall,
And the tossing torches fierily glow
In the hands of them?—some new evil, I trow,
   Shall on Troy-town fall.

Enter Talthybius above, with soldiers bearing torches.

TALTHYBIUS
Captains, to whom the charge is given to fire
This city of Priam, idle in your hands
Keep ye the flame no more: thrust in the torch,
That, having low in dust laid Ilium's towers,
We may with gladness homeward speed from Troy.
Ye—twofold aspect this one hest shall bear—
Children of Troy, forth, soon as loud and clear
The chieftains of the host the trumpet sound,
To yon Greek ships, for voyage from the land.
And thou, O grey-haired dame most evil-starred,
Follow. These from Odysseus come for thee;
For the lot sends thee forth the land, his slave.

HECUBA
Ah wretched I!—the uttermost is this,
The deepest depth of all my miseries;
I leave my land; my city is aflame!
O aged foot, sore-striving press thou on,
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ως ἀσπάσωμαι τὴν ταλαίπωρον πόλιν.
ὡς μεγάλα δῆτοτ᾽ ἐμπνεοῦσ᾽ ἐν βαρβάροις
Τροίᾳ, τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομ᾽ ἀφαιρήσει τάχα.
τιμπράσι σ᾽, ἡμᾶς δ᾽ ἔξαγονος ἡδὴ χθονὸς
doύλας, ἱδὼ ἥθεω, καὶ τὸ τοὺς θεοὺς καλὸ ὁ
καὶ πρὶν γὰρ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἀνακαλούμενοι.
φέρ᾽ εἰς πυρὰν δραμώμεν, ὡς κάλλιστά μοι
σὺν τῇδε πατρίδι κατανεῖν πυρομένη.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

ἐνθοσιᾶς, δύστην, τός σαυτῆς κακοῖς,
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγετε, μὴ φείδεσθ᾽ Ὀδυσσέως δὲ χρὴ
εἰς χειρὰ δοῦναι τῆδε καὶ πέμπειν γέρας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁτοτοτοτοτοῖ.
Κρόνε, πρῦται Φρύγιε, γενέτα
πάτερ, ἀνάξια τὰς Δαρδάνου
γονᾶς τάδ᾽ οία πάσχομεν δέδορκας;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dέδορκεν, ἄ δὲ μεγαλότολις
ἀπολις ὀλωλεν οὐδ᾽ ἐτ' ἐστὶ Τροιᾳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὁτοτοτοτοτοῖ.
λέλαμπεν Ἰλιος, Περ-
γάμων τε πυρὶ καταίθεται τέραμα
καὶ πόλις ἄκρα τε τειχέων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πτέρυγι δὲ κατυνδ᾽ ὡς τις οὐ-
ρανία πεσοῦσα δορὶ καταβίνει γὰ.

1300
μαλερὰ μέλαθρα πυρὶ κατάδρομα

dαῖρ τε λόγχα.

454
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

That I may bid mine hapless town farewell.
O Troy, midst burgs barbaric erst so proud,
Soon of thy glorious name shalt thou be spoiled.
They fire thee, and they hale us forth the land,
Thralls! O ye Gods!—why call I on the Gods?

For called on heretofore they hearkened not.
Come, rush we on her pyre, for gloriously
So with my blazing country should I die.

TALTHYBIUS

Hapless, distraught art thou of thine afflictions!
Hence hale her—spare not. To Odysseus’ hand
Her must ye give, and lead to him his prize.

HECUBA

Woe is me! ah for the woes that be mine! (Str. 1)
Cronion, O Phrygian Lord, our begetter, our father,
Dost thou see how calamity’s tempests around us gather,

Unmerited doom of Dardanus’ line? 1290

CHORUS

He hath seen: yet is Troy, the stately city,
A city no more, destroyed without pity.

HECUBA

Woe is me, woe, and a threefold woe! (Ant. 1)
Ilios is blazing, the ramparts of Pergamus crashing
Down, with the homes of our city, mid flames far-flashing

Over their ruins, a furnace-glow!

CHORUS

With its wide-winged blackness the heaven’s face covering,
[hovering.
O’er our spear-stricken land is the smoke-cloud (Mesode.)

In madness of ruin-rush earthward they reel,
Our halls, ’neath the fire and the foemen’s steel.

455
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνα, κλύετε, μάθετε ματρὸς αὐτῶν. στρ. β'

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιαλέμφ τοὺς θανόντας ἀπόνεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

γεραιά τ' εἰς πέδον τιθεῖσα μέλεα,
καὶ χερσὶ γαῖαν κτυποῦσα δισσαίς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dιάδοχα σοι γόνυ τίθημι γαῖα
tοὺς ἐμοὺς καλοῦσα νέρθεν
ἀθλίους ἀκοίτας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀγόμεθα φερόμεθα—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλγος ἀλγος βοᾶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δουλεῖον ὑπὸ μέλαθρον ἐκ πάτρας γ' ἐμᾶς.

ιὸν ιὸν.

Πρίαμε Πρίαμε, σὺ μὲν ὀλόμενος
ἀταφος, ἄφιλος,
ἀτας ἐμᾶς ἀιστος εἰ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλας γὰρ ὄσσε κατεκάλυψε
θάνατος ὦσιον ἀνοσίαις σφαγαίσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὸν θεῶν μέλαθρα καὶ πόλις φίλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐ ἔ.

456
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

(Str. 2)
Hear, children, O hearken your mother's crying!

CHORUS
To the dead dost thou wail—can they hear thine entreating?

HECUBA
Low on the ground are mine old limbs lying, And mine hands, and mine hands on the earth are beating!

CHORUS
Earthward my knee, as I follow thee, bows, As I cry to the dweller in Hades' House, To mine hapless spouse.

HECUBA
I am haled—I am borne—

CHORUS
Sorrow rings in thy cry! 1310

HECUBA
From my land unto mansions of slavery. O hapless I!
O Priam, O Priam, slain without tomb, Without friend, nought, nought dost thou know of my doom!

CHORUS
For the blackness of death hath shrouded the eyne Of the righteous, by hand of the impious slain.

HECUBA
O fanes of the Gods, dear city mine!

CHORUS
Woe!—wail the refrain!
ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὰν φόνιον ἔχετε φλόγα δορὸς τε λόγχαν. ἀντ. β'

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰχ' εἰς φίλαν γὰν πεσεῖσθ' ἀνώνυμοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1320 κόνις δ' ίσα καπνῷ πτέρυγι πρὸς αἴθέρ'

ἀπιστον οἴκων ἐμῶν με θήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δόνομα δὲ γὰς ἀφανὲς εἰσιν. ἄλλα δ' ἄλλο φρούδον, οὐδ' ἐτ' ἔστιν ἀ τάλαινα Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμάθετ', ἐκλύσετε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Περγάμων κτύπον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐνοσίς ἀπασαν ἐνοσίς ἐπικλύσει πόλιν.

ἰδ' ἰδ',

τρομερὰ τρομερὰ μέλεα, φέρετ' ἐ-

μὸν ἵχνος. ἵτ' ἐπὶ

1330 δούλειον ἀμέραν βίον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδ' τάλαινα πόλις. ὁμως δὲ

πρόφερε πόδα σὸν ἐπὶ πλάτας Ἀχαιῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰδ' γὰ τρόφιμε τῶν ἐμῶν τέκνων.¹

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐ ἐ.

¹ Paley's arrangement adopted.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA
The death-flame, the spear, in your midst have dominion,—

(ANT. 2)

CHORUS
Swift-falling to earth your memorial shall vanish,—

HECUBA
And the dust, o'er the welkin wide-stretching its pinion, [banish.
Mine eyes from the home of my yearning shall

CHORUS
And the name of my land shall be heard not, and wide [abide
Shall her children be scattered; no more doth Troy's woeful pride.

HECUBA
Did ye mark—did ye hear?

CHORUS
Crashed Pergamus down!

HECUBA
The earthquake thereof shall engulf the town!—O sorrow's crown!
O tottering, tottering limbs, upbear
My steps; to the life of bondage fare.

CHORUS
O hapless Troy!—Yet down to the strand
And the galleys Achaean thy feet must strain.

HECUBA
O land—of my children the nursing-land!

CHORUS
Woe!—wail the refrain!

[Exeunt omnes.]
HELEN
ARGUMENT

It is told that one of the old bards, named Stesichorus, who lived six generations before Euripides, did in a certain poem revile Helen, for that her sin was the cause of misery to Hellas and to Troy. Thereupon was he struck blind for railing on her who had after death become a goddess. But the man repented of his presumption, and made a new song wherein he unsaid all the evil he had sung of Queen Helen, and wove into his lay an ancient legend, telling how that not she, but her wraith only, had passed to Troy, while she was borne by the Gods to the land of Egypt, and there remained until the day when her lord, turning aside on the homeward voyage, should find her there.

When he had done this, his sight was straightway restored to him.

In this play is Helen's story told according to the "Recantation of Stesichorus."
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΙΑ

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ΤΕΤΚΡΩΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΓΡΑΤΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΘΕΟΝΟΗ
ΘΕΟΚΛΑΜΕΝΟΣ
ΔΙΟΣΚΟΤΡΟΙ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HELEN, wife of Menelaus.

TEUCER, a Greek hero, who fought at Troy.

MENELAUS, king of Sparta.

PORTRESS, of the palace of Theoclymenus.

MESSANGER (first), a sailor of Menelaus’ crew.

THEONOE, a priestess, sister of Theoclymenus.

THEOCLYMENUS, king of Egypt.

MESSANGER (second), a servant of Theoclymenus.

THE TWIN BRETHREN, Castor and Pollux.

CHORUS, consisting of captive Greek maidens attendant on Helen.

Guards, attendants, huntsmen, and temple-maidens.

SCENE: Before the palace of the King of Egypt by the mouth of the Nile. In the foreground stands the tomb of Proteus, father of Theoclymenus.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

Νείλου μὲν αἰώνε δικαστέρθενοι ῥοαῖ,
δὲ ἀντὶ δίας ψακάδος Αἰγύππου πέδουν
λευκὴς τακείσης χιόνος ἔγραψε γύνας.
Πρωτεύς δ᾿ ὡτ᾿ ἔζη τῇς διὸ τύραννος ἦν,
Φάρον μὲν οἰκῶν νήσου, Αἰγύπτου δ᾿ ἀναξ,
δ᾿ τῶν κατ᾿ οἴδιμα παρθένων μίαν γαμεῖν,
Ψαμάθην, ἑπεδίκη λέκτρυ ἀφῆκεν Αἰλακοῦ.
τίκτει δὲ τέκνα δισσὰ τοῖς δῶμασι,
Θεοκλύμενον ἄρσεν, ὧτὶ δὴ θεοῦς σέβων
βίον διήνεγκεν, εὐγενῆ τε παρθένον
Εἰδώ, τὸ μητρὸς ἀγίασμα, ὡτ᾿ ἦν βρέθος·
ἐπεῖ δ᾿ ἐσ ἡμικελθεν ὀραίων γάμων,
καλουσών αὐτὴν Θεονόην· τὰ θεία γὰρ
τὰ τ᾿ ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα πάντ᾿ ἡπίστατο,
προγόνον λαβοὺσα Νηρέως τιμᾶς πάρα.
ἡμῖν δὲ γῆ μὲν πατρίς οὐκ ἀνώνυμος
Σπάρτη, πατήρ δὲ Τυνδάρεως· ἐστίν δὲ ὁδὴ
λόγος τοῖς ὡς Ζεὺς μητέρι ἐπτατε ἐις ἐμὴν
Λήδαν κύκνον μορφώματ’ ὀρνιθός λαβόν,
δὲ δόλιον εὐνὴν ἔξεπραξεν ὕπτ’ αἰετοῦ.

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HELEN

HELEN discovered bowed in prayer at the tomb of Proteus
She rises and advances to the front of the stage.

HELEN

These be the Nile's fair-flowing virgin-streams,
Who, fed with white snow melting, not with rain
From heaven, waters Egypt's lowland fields.
Lord of this land was Proteus, while he lived,
Dweller in Pharos' isle, and Egypt's king,
Who of the Maids sea-haunting wedded one,
Psamathe, widowed wife of Aeacus:
And to this house she brought forth children
twain,
A son, Theoclymenus,—for that honouring
The Gods his father lived,—a noble daughter,
Named Eido, "mother's pride," while yet a babe;
But, since she grew to bloom of spousal-tide,
Theonoe 1 they called her, for she knew
Heaven's will for things that are and things to be,
Inheriting from her grandsire Nereus this.
For me, not fameless is my fatherland
Sparta: my sire was Tyndarus. The tale
Telleth that to my mother Leda flew
Zeus, who had stoln the likeness of a swan,
And, fleeing from a chasing eagle, wrought

1 i.e. The purpose of God.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

dίωγμα φεύγων, εἰ σαφῆς οὗτος λόγος.
"Ελένη δ' ἐκλήθην· ἃ δὲ πεπόνθαμεν κακὰ
λέγομι' ἀν. ἦλθον τρεῖς θεαὶ κάλλους πέρι
Ἰδαῖον εἰς κενθεῖν Ἀλέξανδρον πάρα.

"Ἡρα Κύμης τε διογνήθης τε παρθένος,
μορφῆς θέλουσαι διαπεράσασθαι κρήσιν.
τούμον δὲ κάλλος, εἰ καλὸν τὸ δυστυχές,
Κύμης προτείνασ' ὡς Ἀλέξανδρος γαμεῖ,
νυκά· λυπῶν δὲ βούσταθμ' Ἰδαῖος Πάνιος
Σπάρτην ἀφίκειθ' ὡς ἐμὸν σχῆσαν λέχος.
"Ἡρα δὲ μεμφθεῖσ' οὖνεκ' οὐ νυκᾶ θεᾶς,
ἐξηνέμωσε τάμι Ἀλέξανδρος λέχη,
δίδωσι δ' οὐκ ἐμ', ἀλλ' ὀμοίσασ' ἐμοὶ
eἰδὼλον ἐμπίνουν οὐρανῶν ἐνυστείον ἀπὸ,
Πριάμου τυράννου παιδὶ· καὶ δοκεὶ μ' ἐχεῖν
κενὴν δόκῃσιν, οὐκ ἐχον. τὰ δ' αὖ Δίὸς
βουλεύμαι' ἀλλα τοῖσδε συμβαίνει κακοὶς,
πόλεμον γὰρ εἰσήγεγκεν Ἑλλήνων χείων,
καὶ Φρυξί δυστήμοισιν, ὡς ὕσχαν βροτῶν
πλήθους τε κοινῆσεμε μητέρα χθόνα,
γνωτὸν τε θεία τὸν κράτιστον Ἐλλάδος.
Φρυγῶν δ' ἐσ ἀλκῆν προντήθην ἐγὼ μὲν οὖ,
τὸ δ' οὕμοι τούμον, ἅθλον' Ἑλλησὶν δορός,
λαβὼν δὲ μ' Ἐρμῆς ἐν πτυχαίσιν αἰθέρος
νεφέλη καλύψας, οὐ γὰρ ἡμέλησι μον
Ζεὺς, τόνδ' ἐσ ὁκών Πρωτέως ἱδρύσατο,
πάντων προκρίνας σωφρονέστατον βροτῶν,
ἀκέραιον ὡς σώσαμι Μενέλεως λέχος.
καγώ μὲν ἐνθάδ' εἰμ', ὅ δ' ἂθλως πόσις
στράτευμ' ἀθροίσας τὰς ἐμὰς ἀναρπαγάς
θηρᾶ πορευθεὶς Ἡλίου πυργώματα.
ψυχή δὲ πολλαὶ δὶ ἐμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδρίου
HELEN

By guile his pleasure,—if the tale be true.
Helen my name, and these my sufferings:
In strife for beauty came three Goddesses
To Paris in a deep Idaean dell—
Hera, and Cypris, and Zeus' child, the Maid,
Fain to bring beauty's judgment unto issue.
And Cypris tempting Paris—he should wed
My fairness, if misfortune can be fair,—
Prevailed: Idaean Paris left the herds,
And for his bride, for me, to Sparta came.

But Hera, wroth that she should not prevail,
Turned into air Alexander's joy of me;
Gave him not me, but fashioned like to me
A breathing phantom, out of cloudland wrought,
For Priam's princely son: he deemed me his,
Who was not, a vain phantasy. Withal
Zeus' counsels to these evils added more;
For war he brought upon the Hellenes' land
And hapless Phrygians, to disburden so
Earth-mother of her straitened throngs of men,
And to make Hellas' mightiest son renowned.
I lay 'twixt Phrygians' prowess—yet not I,
My name alone—and Hellene spears, the prize.

Me Hermes caught away in folds of air,
And veiled in cloud,—for Zeus forgot me not,—
And in these halls of Proteus set me down,
Of all men holding him most continent,
That I might keep me pure for Menelaus.
So am I here: mine hapless lord the while
Gathered a host, set forth for Ilium's towers,
Questing the track of me his ravished bride.
And many a life beside Scamander's streams
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ροαίσιν ἔθανον· ἢ δὲ πάντα τλᾶσ' ἐγὼ
catatáraτός εἰμι καὶ δοκῶ προδοῦσ' ἐμὸν
πόσιν συνάψαι πόλεμον Ἐλλησιν μέγαν.
tί δητ' ἐτι ζω; θεοῦ τὸδ' εἰσηκουν' ἔτος
Ἐρμοῦ, τὸ κλεινὸν μ' ἔτι κατοικήσειν πέδουν
Σπάρτης σὺν ἀνδρί, γρόντος ὡς ἐς Ἰλιον
οὐκ ἠλθον, ἤνα μή λέκτον ὑποστράωσω τινὶ.
ἔως μὲν οὖν φῶς ἡλίου τὸδ' ἔβλεπεν
Πρωτεύς, ἀσυλος ἢν γάμων ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆς
σκότῳ κέκρυπται, παῖς ὁ τοῦ τεθυκότος
θηρᾶ γαμεῖν με. τὸν πάλαι δ' ἔμον πόσιν
tιμῶσα. Πρωτέως μνὴμα προσπίτινω τὸδε
ἰκέτις, ἵν' ἀνδρὶ τὰμὰ διασώσῃ λέχη,
ὡς, εἰ καθ' Ἐλλάδ' οὔνομα δυσκλεές φέρω,
μὴ μοι τὸ σῶμα γ' ἐνθάδ' αἰσχύνῃν ὀφλη.
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τὸς τῶνδ' ἐρυμνῶν δωμάτων ἔχει κράτος;
Πλούτου γὰρ οἶκος ἀξίων προσεικάσαι
βασιλειά τ' ἄμφιβλήματ' εὐθηνικοὶ θ' ἔδραι.
ἐάν
ὁ θεοῖ, τιν' εἰδὼν ὄψιν; ἔχθιστην ὑρῶ
γυναικὸς εἰκῶ φῶνον, ἡ μ' ἀπώλεσε
πάντας τ' Ἀχαιοὺς. θεοὶ σ', ὡσον μίμημ' ἔχεις
Ἐλένης, ἀποττύσειαν. εἰ δὲ μὴ ν' ξένη
γαία τὸδ' εἴχον, τῶδ' ἀν εὐστοχίᾳ πτερῷ
ἀπόλαυσιν εἰκοῦς ἔθανες ἀν Διὸς κόρης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὶ δ' ; ὁ ταλαίπωρ', ὡστὶς ὡν μ' ἀπεστράφης,
καὶ ταῖς ἐκεῖνης συμφοραῖς ἐμὲ στυγείς;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἡμαρτον· ὄργη δ' εἴξα μᾶλλον ἢ μ' ἔχρην

470
HELEN

Perished for me. I, that endured all this, Yet am cursed too, held traitress to my lord, Enkindler of a mighty war for Greeks. Why then live on? This prophecy of Hermes— Who knew that ne'er to Troy I passed—I heard, That with my lord in Sparta's plain renowned I yet should dwell, nor serve an alien couch.

While Proteus yet beheld yon light of day, Inviolate I abode: but he is veiled
Now in earth's darkness; and the dead king's son Pursues me. Honouring more mine ancient spouse, At Proteus' tomb I cast me, suppliant That he may keep me unsullied for my lord, That, though through Hellas evil fame I bear, Mine honour here may take no stain of shame.

Enter TEUCER.

TEUCER

Who hath the lordship of these castle-halls? To Plutus' palace might one liken them— Fair battlements and royal flanking-towers! Ha! Ye Gods, what sight!—the loathed similitude Of her, the murderess, who ruined me And all the Greeks! Now the Gods spue thee out— So like thou art to Helen! Stood I not On alien soil, by this unerring shaft Thou hadst died—thy meed for likeness to Zeus' daughter.

HELEN

Unhappy, whoe'er thou be, why turn from me, And loathe me for afflictions born of her?

TEUCER

I erred, to wrath more yielded than was meet.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

μουέι γὰρ 'Ελλάς πᾶσα τὴν Διὸς κόρην.
σύγγνωθι δ' ἡμῖν τοῖς λελεγμένοις, γυναί.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
τίς δ' εἰ; πόθεν γῆς τῆς δ' ἐπεστράφης πέδου;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
εἰς τῶν 'Αχαιῶν, ὡ γυναι, τῶν ἄθλων.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὕ τάρα σ' Ἐλένην εἰ στυγείς θαυμαστέον.
ἀτὰρ τίς εἰ πόθεν; τίνος δ' αὐδάν σε χρῆ;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
ὁνόμα μὲν ἡμῖν Θεύκροσ, ὃ δὲ φύσας πατὴρ
Τελαμών, Σαλαμῖς δὲ πατρὸς η ὀρέψασά με.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
τί δῆτα Νείλων τούσδ' ἐπιστρέφει γυναί;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
φυγᾶς πατρόφας ἐξελήλαμαι χθονός.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
τλήμων ἄν εἰς σ. τίς δὲ σ' ἐκβάλλει πάτρας;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
Τελαμών ὁ φύσας. τίν' ἄν ἔχοις μᾶλλον φίλον;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἐκ τού; τὸ γάρ τοι πράγμα συμφορᾶν ἔχει.
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
Ἀτας μ' ἅδελφος ὀλεσ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θανῶν.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
πῶς; οὐ τί που σφ' φασγάνω φίλον στερείς;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
οἰκεῖον αὐτὸν ὀλεσ' ἅλυμ' ἐπὶ ξίφος.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
μανέντ' ἐπεὶ τίς σωφρονῶν τλαίῃ τάδ' ἄν;

472
HELEN

All Hellas hateth her, the child of Zeus.
But for words spoken, lady, pardon me.

HELEN

Who art thou, and whence com'st thou to this land?

TEUCER

One, lady, of the Achaecans evil-starred.

HELEN

No marvel then if Helen thou abhor.
But thou, who art thou?—whence, and who thy sire?

TEUCER

Teucer my name is, Telamon my sire,
And Salamis the land that fostered me.

HELEN

Why dost thou visit then these fields of Nile?

TEUCER

An exile am I driven from fatherland.

HELEN

Unhappy thou! Who banished thee thine home?

TEUCER

My father Telamon. Who should love me more?

HELEN

Wherefore? Such deed imports disastrous cause.

TEUCER

My brother's death at Troy my ruin was.

HELEN

How? Not—O not by thy blade rest of life?

TEUCER

Hurling him on his own sword Aias died.

HELEN

Distraught?—for who uncrazed would dare the deed?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
τὸν Πηλέως τιν’ οἶσθ’ ‘Αχιλλέα γόνον;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
μυκητὴρ ποθ’ ‘Ελένης ἠλθεν, ὡς ἀκοῦομεν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
θανῶν ὃδ’ ὀπλῶν ἔριν ἠθηκε συμμάχους.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
καὶ δὴ τὶ τοῦτ’ Ἀιάντι γίγνεται κακὸν;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
ἀλλον λαβόντος ὅπλ’ ἀπηλλάχθη βίον.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
σὺ τοῖς ἑκείνου δῆτα πήμασιν νοσεῖς;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
ὁθοῦνεκ’ αὐτῷ γ’ σὺν ἔμνωλόμην ὁμοῦ.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ήλθες γὰρ, ὃ ξέν’, Ἰλίου κλεινὴν πόλιν;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
καὶ ξῦν γε πέρσας αὐτὸς ἀνταπωλόμην.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἡδη γὰρ ἤπται καὶ κατείργασται πυρί;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
ὡστ’ οὐδ’ ἴχνος γε τειχέων εἶναι σαφές.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὁ τλήμον ‘Ελένη, διὰ σ’ ἀπόλλυνται Φρύγες.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
καὶ πρὸς γ’ Ἀχαιοῖ μεγάλα δ’ εἰργασται κακά.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
πόσον χρόνον γὰρ διαπεπόρθηται πόλις;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
ἐπτὰ σχεδὸν τι καρπίμους ἐτῶν κύκλους.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
χρόνον δ᾿ ἐμείνατ’ ἄλλον ἐν Τροίᾳ πόσον.
HELEN

TEUCER
Of Peleus' son Achilles know'st thou aught?
HELEN
He came a wooer of Helen, as I heard.
TEUCER
He died: his comrades for his armour strove.
HELEN
And how did this thing turn to Aias' bane?
TEUCER
Another won the arms: he passed from life.
HELEN
Art thou in his affliction then afflicted?
TEUCER
Even so, because I perished not with him.
HELEN
Thou wentest then to Troy-town far-renowned?
TEUCER
Yea, helped to smite her—and myself was stricken.
HELEN
Is she ere this aflame?—consumed with fire?
TEUCER
Yea, of her walls no trace may be discerned.
HELEN
Helen ill-starred, for thee the Phrygians died!
TEUCER
Yea, and Achaians: bitter bale she hath wrought.
HELEN
How long time since was Ilium destroyed?
TEUCER
Well-nigh seven summers' circles harvest-crowned.
HELEN
How long ere then did ye beleaguer Troy?
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
πολλὰς σελήνας, δέκα διελθούσας ἔτη.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἡ καὶ γυναῖκα Σπαρτιάτιν εἶλετε;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἦγε' ἐπισπάσας κόμης.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
eἴδες σὺ τὴν δύστην; ἡ κλύων λέγεις;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
δόσπερ σὲ γ', οὐδὲν ἦσσον, ὀφθαλμοῖσι όρῶ.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
σκοπεῖτε μὴ δόκησιν εἰχετ' ἐκ θεῶν.
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
ἀλλού λόγον μέμνησο, μὴ κείνης ἐτι.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὕτω δοκεῖτε τὴν δόκησιν ἀσφαλὴ;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
αὐτὸς γὰρ ὅσσοις εἶδον, εἰ καὶ νῦν σ' ὀρῶ.¹
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὥδη δ' ἐν οἴκοις σὺν δάμαρτι Μενέλεως;
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
οὐκουν ἐν Ἀργεὶ γ' οὐδ' ἐπ' Εὐρώτα ροαῖς.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
αιαί· κακὸν τὸδ' εἶπας οἷς κακὸν λέγεις.
ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
ὡς κείνος ἄφανῆς σὺν δάμαρτι κλήξεται.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐ πάσι πορθμῶς αὐτὸς Ἀργείουσιν ἦν;

¹ Dobree and Clark: for the MSS. reading εἰδόμην καὶ νοῦς ὀρῆ.
HELEN

TEUCER
While many moons through ten years ran their course.

HELEN
And captive did ye take the Spartan dame?

TEUCER
Yea; Menelaus haled her by the hair.

HELEN
Saw'st thou that wretch?—or speakest from report?

TEUCER
Even as I see thee with mine eyes; no less.

HELEN
What if ye nursed a heaven-sent phantasy?

TEUCER
Of other theme bethink thee; of her no more.

HELEN
So sure are ye of this your fancy's truth?

TEUCER
I saw her with mine eyes—if I see thee.

HELEN
Hath Menelaus with his wife won home?

TEUCER
Nay, nor to Argos, nor Eurotas' streams.

HELEN
Woe! Ill news this to whom thy tale is ill.

TEUCER
Lost, with his wife, from sight: so rumour runs.

HELEN
Sailed not together all the Argives home?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ʰν, ἄλλα χειμῶν ἄλλοιν ὀρισεν.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοισιν ἐν νότοισι ποντίαις ἄλος;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

μέσον περώσι πέλαγος Ἀἰγαίον πόρου.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

κακ' τούτῳ Μενέλαον οὕτως εἰδ' ἀφυμένου;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

οὐδεὶς· θανῶν δὲ κλήζεται καθ' Ἐλλάδα.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπωλόμεσθα· Θεστιάς δ' ἔστιν κόρη;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Ἀθήναν ἔλεξας; οἴχεται θανοῦσα δὴ.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ ποὺ νιν Ἐλένης αἰσχρὸν ὅλεσεν κλέος;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

φασίν, βρόχῳ γ' ἀψασαν εὐγενὴ δέρην.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἱ Τυνδάρειοι δ' εἰσὶν ἡ οὐκ εἰσὶν κόροι;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τεθνάσι κοῦ τεθνάσιν δύο δ' ἐστὸν λόγω.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

πότερος ὁ κρεῖσσων; ὡ τάλαν' ἐγὼ κακῶν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἀστροις σφ' ὁμοιωθέντε φάσ' εἶναι θεῶ.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τούτω· θάτερον δὲ τί;
HELEN

TEUCER
Yea; but a storm dispersed them far and wide.

HELEN
On what surf-ridges of the outsea brine?

TEUCER
In the mid-passage of the Aegean sea.

HELEN
Hath none since then seen Menelaus come?

TEUCER
None: but through Hellas rumour speaks him dead.

HELEN
(Aside) Undone—undone! Lives Théstias’ daughter yet?

TEUCER
Leda mean’st thou? Dead is she, passed from earth.

HELEN
O say not Helen’s shame was death to her!

TEUCER
They say it. She coiled the noose about her neck.

HELEN
And Tyndarus’ sons, live they, or live they not?

TEUCER
They are dead—and are not dead: twofold the tale.

HELEN
Which tale prevaleth? (aside) Woe for mine afflictions!

TEUCER
In fashion made as stars men name them Gods.

HELEN
Fair tidings these! But what the other tale?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

σφαγαίς ἀδελφῆς εἶνεκ’ ἐκπνεύσατε βίον. ἂλις δὲ μύθων· οὐ διπλὰ χρήζω στένειν. ὃν δ’ εἶνεκ’ ἧλθον τούσδε βασιλείους δόμους, τὴν θεσπισμὸν Θεονόμην χρῆζων ἰδεῖν, σὺ προξένησον, ὃς τύχω μαντευμάτων ὅτη νεώς στείλαιμι ἀν οὐριον πτερον εἰς γῆν ἐναλίαν Κύπρον, οὗ μ’ ἔθεσπισεν οἰκεῖν Ἀπόλλων, ὅνομα νησιωτικὸν

150 Σαλαμίνα θέμενον τῆς ἐκεὶ χάριν πύτρας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πλοῦς, ὦ ξέν’, αὐτὸς σημανεῖ· σὺ δ’ ἐκλυπῶν γῆν τήνδε φεύγει πρῶν σε παῖδα Προτέως ἰδεῖν, δοὺς ἀρχει τῆσδε γῆς· ἀπεστί δὲ κυσίν πεποιθῶς ἐν φοινίς θηροκτόνως· κτείνει γὰρ Ἔλλην’ ὄντων ἀν λάβῃ ξένον· ὅτου δ’ ἔκατι, μήτε σὺ ζήτει μαθεῖν ἐγό τε σιγώ· τί γὰρ ἂν ὑπελοίμι σε;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, ὦ γύναι· θεοὶ δέ σου ἐσθλῶν ἀμοιβᾶς ἀντιδωρησιάτο.

160 Ἐλένη δ’ ὁμοίων σὺ μ’ ἔχουσ’ οὐ τὰς φρένας ἔχεις ὄμοιας, ἀλλὰ διαφόρους πολύ. κακῶς δ’ ὁλοίτο ἰη’ ἐπ’ Εὐρώτα ῥοὰς ἔλθοι· σὺ δ’ εἰῆς εὐτυχίης ἀεί, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς μεγάλων ἀχέων καταβαλλομένα μέγαν οἰκτον, ποίον ἀμμαλαθῶ γόον; ἢ τίνα μουσαν ἐπέλθο, δάκρυσιν ἢ θρήνους ἢ πένθεσιν; ἢ ἔ.

480
HELEN

TEUCER
Self-slain they perished for a sister's shame.
Suffice these stories: twice I would not groan.
But for this cause I sought these royal halls,
Being fain to see Theonoe the seer.
Thou help me to her, that I may be told
Whereby to steer my galley's prosperous wing
To sea-girt Cyprus, where Apollo bade
That I should dwell, and, for the homeland's sake,
Give it the island-name of Salamis.

HELEN
Thou canst not miss the course, friend: but this land
Leave thou, and flee, ere Proteus' son, who rules
This land, behold thee;—now is he afar,
Following the hounds to slay the wildwood beasts;—
For whatso Greek he findeth doth he kill:
But for what cause—nor seek thou this to learn,
Nor may I tell: how should I profit thee?

TEUCER
Gracious thy speech is, lady: Heaven vouchsafe
To thee for thy fair deeds requital fair.
A form hast thou like Helen's, but thou hast
No heart like hers, nay, diverse utterly.
Ruin be hers! Ne'er to Eurotas' streams
Come she! But be thou, lady, ever blest.

HELEN
For mine anguish I raise an exceeding great and
bitter cry!
How shall I agonize forth my lament?—to what Muse
draw nigh
With tears, with death-dirges, or moanings of
misery?
Woe's me, woe's me!

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ΕΛΕΝΗ

πτεροφόροι νεάνιδες,
παρθένοι Χθόνος κόραι
Σειρήνες, είδ' ἐμοίς γόοις
μόλοιτ' ἐχοῦσαι τὸν Λέβυν
λωτὸν ἢ σύριγγας, αἰλάνοις κακοῖς
toῖς ἐμοίσι σύνοχα δάκρυα,
pάθεσι πάθεα, μέλεσι μέλεα:
µουσεία θρηνήμασι ξυνοδὰ
πέμψειε Φερσέφασσα
φόνια, χάρτας ἵν' ἐπὶ δάκρυσι
παρ' ἐμέθεν ὑπὸ μέλαθρα νύχια παιάνας
νέκυον ὀλομένοις λάβῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κνανοείδες ἀμφ' ὑδωρ
ἐτυχον ἐλικά τ' ἀνὰ χλόαν
φοίνικας ἀλίου πέπλους
αὐγαίσειν ἐν ταῖς χρυσάεις
ἀμφιθάλπουσ' ἐν τε δόνακος ἔρνεσθι
ἐνθὲν οἰκτρὸν ὦμαδον ἐκλυνον,
ἀλυρον ἐλεγον, ὦ τι ποτ' ἐλακεν
_ _ _ _ αἰάγμασι στένουσα,
Νύμφα τις οἱ τα Ναις
ὅρειτ φυγάδ' νόμον ἰείσα
γοερὸν, ὑπὸ δὲ πέτρινα γύαλα κλαγγαίσιν
Πανὸς ἀναβοῦ γάμους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰῶ ἰῶ.
θήραμα βαρβάρου πλάτας,
'Ελλανίδες κόραι,
ναύτας Ἀχαίων
τις ἐμολεν ἐμολε δάκρυα δάκρυσι μοι φέρων,
'Ιλίου κατασκαφὰν

482
HELEN

Come, Sea-maids, hitherward winging, \hspace{1cm} (Str. 1)
Daughters of Earth’s travail-throes,
Sirens, to me draw nigh,
That your flutes and your pipes may sigh
In accord with my wailings, and cry
To my sorrows consonant-ringling
With tears, lamentations, and woes.
Oh would but Persephone lend
Fellow-mourners from Hades, to blend
Death-dirges with mine! I would send
Thank-offering of weeping and singing
Of chants to her dead, unto those
On whom Night’s gates close.

Enter chorus.

CHORUS \hspace{1cm} (Ant. 1)
I was spreading, where grass droops trailing
In the river-flood’s darkling gleam,
Purple-dyed robes ’neath the blaze
Of the sun, and his golden rays,
Overdraping the bulrush-sprays;—
Then heard I a pitiful wailing;
Mournful and wild did it seem
As the shriek of a Naiad’s despair
Far-borne on the mountain air,
When she moans faint-fleeing the snare,
When the might of Pan is prevailing,
And the gorges where cataracts stream
Ring to her scream.

HELEN

O Hellas’ daughters, ye \hspace{1cm} (Str. 2)
By strange oars borne o’ersea,
One from Achaea faring,
Tears unto my tears bearing,
Tells Ilium’s overthrow
ΕΛΕΝΗ

πυρὶ μέλουσαν δαίφ
δι’ ἐμὲ τὰν πολυκτόνων,
δι’ ἐμὸν ὄνομα πολύπονον.

200

Δήδα δ’ ἐν ἄγχοναις
θάνατον ἔλαβεν
αἰσχύνας ἔμας ὑπ’ ἄλγεων.
ο δ’ ἐμὸς ἐν ἀλλὶ πολυπλανής
πόσις ὀλόμενος οὐχεταὶ,
Κάστορος τε συγγόνου τε
διδυμογενῆς ἁγαλμα πατρίδος
ἀφανεὶς ἀφανεὶς ἵπποκρότα λέλουπε δάπεδα
γυμνᾶσία τε δονακόεντος
Ἐὐρώτα, νεανίαν πόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

210

αἰαὶ αἰαὶ:

ἀ δαίμονος πολυστόνοι
μοίρας τε σάς, γύναι.
αἰῶν δυσαῖων
τις ἔλαχεν ἔλαχεν, ὅτε σ’ ἐτέκετο ματρόθεν
Ζεὺς πρέπων δι’ αἰθέρος
χιονόχρως κύκνου πτερὸ
tί γὰρ ἀπεστί σοι κακῶν;
τῶν δὲ βίοτον οὐκ ἔτλας;

μάτηρ μὲν οὐχεταὶ,

220

dιδυμά τε Δίος

οὐκ εὐδαίμονει τέκεα φίλα,
χθόνα δὲ πάτριον οὐχ ὄρας,
διὰ δὲ πόλεας ἐρχετοὶ
βάξις, ἃ σε βαρβαροσι

λέχεισιν, πόνια, παραδίδωσιν,
ο δὲ σὸς ἐν ἀλλ’ κύμασι τε λέλουπε βίοτον,
oῦδε ποτ’ ἔτι πάτρια μέλαθρα
καὶ τὰν Χαλκίοικον ὀλβιεῖς.

484
HELEN

Wrapt in the red flame’s glow,
Through murderess me laid low—
This baleful name of me!
Of Leda hath he told, self-slain
By the death-noose’s strangling strain,
   Her heart for my shame anguish-riven:—
   Tells of my lord,—o’er far seas driven
Now hath he vanished tempest-tost;—
Of Castor and his brother lost
From earth, their country’s twin-born boast:
   Where hoofs have thundered, athletes striven,
Eurotas’ reeds and racecourse-plain
   Wait these in vain.

CHORUS

   (Ant. 2)

Woe for thy misery,
The weird ordained for thee,
   Foredoomed to days of weeping
   Since Zeus through clouds down-sweeping,
A swan with wings of snow,
Beguiled thy mother so!
What know’st thou not of woe?
From what ills art thou free?
In death thy mother hides her pain:
Zeus’ sons, his well-belovèd twain,
   To days of bliss no more may waken:
   Thine homeland have thine eyes forsaken;
And slander, through her cities rise,
Assigns thee an accursèd life,
Proclaims thee yon barbarian’s wife:
   Death amid storm thy lord hath taken:
Thou gladdenest no sire’s halls again,
   Nor Brazen Fane.

485
ΕΛΕΝΗ

230

τάν δακρυόσαν Ἰλίῳ τε πεύκαν
† ὃς ἔτεμε τοῖς θ' Ἑλλανίας ἀπὸ χθονὸς;
ἐθεν οἴλομεν τοκάφος
ὁ Πριαμίδας συναρμόσας
ἐπλευσε βαρβάρω πλάτα
τάν ἐμᾶν ἐφ' ἐστίναν,
ἐπὶ τὸ δυστυχὲς
κάλλος, ὡς ἔλοι γάμον ἐμόν,
ά τε δόλοις ἀ τολυκτόνος Κύπρις
Δαναΐδαις ἄγουσα θάνατον Πριαμίδαις τε.

240

ἀ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς.

† Διὸς ὑπαγκάλισμα σεμνὸν Ἡρα
τὸν ὁκύτον ἔτεμψε Μαιάδος γόνον,
ὡς με χλοερὰ δρεπομέναν ἐσω πέπλων
ῥέδεα πέταλα, χαλκίουκον ὡς 'Αθάναν
μόλοιμ', ἀναπτάσας δὲ αἰθέρος
τάνδε γαῖαν εἰς ἀνολβὸν
ἐριν ἐριν τάλαιναν ἔθετο
Πριαμίδαισιν Ἐλλάδος.

250

τὸ δ' ἐμὸν οἴνομα παρὰ Σιμουντίους ῥοαῖοι
μαψίδιον ἔχει φάτνω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐχεῖς μὲν ἀλγεῖν', οίδα: συμφορὸν δὲ τοι
ὡς ῥάστα τάναγκαία τοῦ βίου φέρειν.

1 Paley, the old MS. reading being "destitute alike of sense and metre."

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HELEN

HELEN
Ah, who of the Phrygians dared that felling (Str. 3)
Of the pines, for the mourning of Ilium fated,
And for tears unto them that in Hellas were dwelling,
Of whose beams was the galley, with evil freighted,
Built of Priam's offspring, the hated,
Whom oars barbaric sped over the tide,
Till he came to the hearth of my Spartan palace
In quest of my beauty, foredoomed the occasion
Of mischief: beside him in treacherous malice
Came Cypris, the bringer of death's desolation
Unto Danaus' sons, unto Priam's nation.
Woe's me for my lot, who am misery's bride.  240

(Anth. 3)

From the gold of the throne of her glory bending,
Dread Hera, Zeus' bride jealousy-glowing,
Sped the fleetfoot scion of Maia descending,
Who came on me plucking the roses, and throwing
Into my gown-lap their buds fresh-blowing,
To bear to the Brazen Fane their pride.
And he soared with his prey through the clouds of heaven,
And to this land all unblest he brought her,
And he made her a strife, for calamity striven,
For Hellas, of Priam's people who sought her.
But Helen, by Simois' crimsoned water,
Was a breath, was a battle-cry—nought beside.  250

CHORUS
Sorrows are thine, I know: yet is it best
Lightly as may be to endure life's ills.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλαι γυναικείς, τίνι πότῳ συνεξύγην; ἀρ’ ἡ τεκοῦσά μ’ ἔτεκεν ἀνδρώποις τέρας; γυνῆ γὰρ οὔθʼ Ἐλληνις οὔτε βαρβαρός τεύχος νεοσσόν λευκὸν ἐκλοχευταί, ἐν φ’ με Δήδαν φασίν ἐκ Δίος τεκεῖν.

τέρας γὰρ ὁ βίος καὶ τὰ πράγματ’ ἐστὶ μοι, τὰ μὲν δ’ Ἡραν, τὰ δὲ τὸ κάλλος αἰτίον. εἰθ’ ἐξαλειφθεῖον ὡς ἄγαλμα ἀνθίς πάλιν αἰσχὺν εἶδος ἔλαβον ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ, καὶ τὰς τύχας μὲν τὰς κακὰς ἃς νῦν ἔχω Ἐλληνες ἐπελάθοντα, τὰς δὲ μὴ κακὰς ἐσφύξον ὅσπερ τὰς κακὰς σωτοῦσι μου.

ἡμικόνως μὲν οὖν εἰς μίαν ἀποθέλητον τύχην πρὸς θεῶν κακοῦται, βαρὺ μὲν, οἰστεόν δ’ ὁμώς’ ἡμεῖς δὲ πολλὰς συμφορὰς ἐγκείμεθα.

πρὸτον μὲν οὐκ οὐσ’ ἄδικος, εἰμὶ δυσκλην’ καὶ τοῦτο μεῖζον τῆς ἀλθείας κακῶν, ὅστις τὰ μὴ προσόντα κέκτηται κακά.

ἐπείτα πατρίδος θεοὶ μ’ ἀφιδρύσαντο γῆς εἰς βαρβαρ’ ἡθι, καὶ φίλων τητομένη δούλη καθέστηκ’ οὐσ’ ἐλευθέρων ἀπὸ’ τὰ βαρβάρων γὰρ δούλα πάντα πλὴν ἔνος.

ἀγκυρα δ’ ἡ μου τὰς τύχας ὅχει μόνῃ, πόσιν ποθ’ ἦξειν καὶ μ’ ἀπαλλάξειν κακῶν, οὕτως τέθυκεν, οὕτως οὐκέτ’ ἐστι δή.

μὴτηρ δ’ ὀλωλε, καὶ φωνεῖς αὐτῆς ἔγω, ἄδικος μὲν, ἀλλὰ τάδικον τοῦτ’ ἐστ’ ἐμόν. δ’ ἀγλαίσσαμα δωράτων ἐμοὶ τ’ ἐψι, θυγάτηρ ἀνανδρός πολία παρθενευταῖ.
HELEN

HELEN

Friends, 'neath the yoke of what doom am I bowed?
Bore not my mother a portent unto men?
For never Hellene nor barbarian dame
Brought forth white vial of a fledgling brood,¹
Wherein to Zeus men say that Leda bare me.
A portent are my life and all my fortunes,
In part through Hera, through my beauty in part.
Oh could I, like a picture blotted out,
Have changed that beauty for uncomeliness!
Oh might the Greeks forget the lot accurst
That now is mine, and treasure memories
Of honour touching me, as now of shame!
Whoso, on one chance centring all his hopes,
Is stricken of God, hard though it be, may bear it;
But I—I am welshed in many miseries:
First, an ill name, though I am clean of sin;
And worse is this than suffering for just cause,
To bear the burden of sins that are not ours.
Then, from my homeland the Gods banished me
To alien customs, and, bereft of friends,
A slave am I, the daughter of free sires;
For midst barbarians slaves are all save one.
And—the one anchor that stayed up my fortunes,
That yet my lord would come, and end my woes—
He hath died: who was mine anchor is no more.
Dead is my mother, and her murderer I,—
Innocently; yet cleaves the wrong to me.
And she, erewhile mine house's pride and mine,
My child, is growing grey, a spouseless maid;

¹ Alluding to the two eggs of Leda, from one of which issued Castor and Pollux, from the other Helen.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ τοῦ Διὸς δὲ λεγομένω Διοσκόρῳ
οὖκ ἦστόν. ἀλλὰ πάντ’ ἔχουσα δυστυχῆ
τοῖς πράγμασιν πέθνηκα, τοῖς δὲ ἐργοῖσιν οὐ.
tὸ δ’ ἔσχατον τοῦτ’, εἰ μόλοιμεν εἰς πάτραν,
κλήθροις ἂν εἰργοῖεν με, τὴν ὑπ’ Ἰλώ
δοκοῦντες 'Ελένην Μενέλεω μ’ ἐλθεῖν μέτα.
eἰ δὲν γὰρ ἔξη πόσις, ἀνεγρώσθημεν ἄν
εἰς ξύμβολ’ ἔλθονθ’ ἃ φανέρ’ ἂν μόνοις ἂν ἦν.
νῦν δ’ οὔτε τοῦτ’ ἔστ’ οὔτε μὴ σωθῆ ποτε.
tί δὴτ’ ἔτι ζῷ; τίν’ ὑπολείπομαι τύχην;
γάμους ἐλομένη τῶν κακῶν ὑπαλλαγάς,
μετ’ ἀνδρὸς οἰκεῖν βαρβάρου πρὸς πλουσίαν
τράπεζαν ἰξοῦο’; ἀλλ’ ὅταν πόσις πικρὸς
ξυνὴ γυναικῆ, καὶ τὸ σῶμ’ ἔστιν πικρόν.
θανεῖν κράτιστον πῶς θάνοιμ’ ἂν οὖν καλῶς;
ἄσχήμονες μὲν ἀγχόναι μετάρισιοι,
καὶ τοῖς δοῦλοις δυσπρεπέσι νομίζεται:
σφαγαὶ δ’ ἔχουσιν εὐγενέσι τι καὶ καλὸν,
ἐπί μικρὸς δ’ ὁ καιρὸς σάρκ’ ἀπαλλάξαι βίον.
eἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἠλθομεν βάθος κακῶν
αἱ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλαι διὰ τὸ κάλλος εὐτυχεῖς
γυναῖκες, ἡμᾶς δ’ αὐτὸ τοῦτ’ ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΧ

'Ελένη, τὸν ἔλθονθ’, δοσις ἦστιν ὁ ξένος,
μὴ πάντ’ ἀληθῆ δοξάσης εἰρηκέναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν σαφῶς ἔλεξ’ ὀλωλέναι πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΧ

πόλλ’ ἂν γένοιτο καὶ διὰ ψευδῶν ἔπη.
HELEN

And the Twin Brethren, named the Sons of Zeus,
Are not. But, though I have nought but misery,
Me hath ill-faring, not ill-doing, slain.
And, worst of all, if I should reach mine home,
Men would in dungeon chain me, as the Helen
For whom to Ilium Menelaus went.
For, if mine husband lived, by tokens known
To none beside, might recognition be.
This cannot now be: no, he cannot 'scape.
Why then do I live on?—what fortune waits me?
Shall I choose marriage for escape from ills,
Dwell with a lord barbarian, at his board
Seated mid pomp? Nay, if a husband loathed
Dwell with a woman, her own self she loathes.
To die were best. How then with honour die?
Unseemly is the noose 'twixt earth and heaven:
Even of thralls 'tis held a death of shame.
Noble the dagger is and honourable,
And one short instant rids the flesh of life.
Yea, to such depth of evil am I come!
For other women are by beauty made
Blest—me the selfsame gift to ruin brought.

CHORUS

Helen, believe not yonder stranger spake
Truth only, be he who he may that came.

HELEN

Nay, but he plainly said my lord had died.

CHORUS

In multitude of words there want not lies.
καὶ τὰμπαλὶν γε τῶνδ᾽ ἄληθεία σαφῆ.  

ἔλθοις' ἐς οἶκους, ἥ τὰ πάντ᾽ ἐπίσταται,

πόλεος Πάταγων ἔρημος ἀπὶ τῶν ἐκεῖ ἔρημων δύσοις ἐξεῖ

πάντες φίλοι μοι πλὴν ὁ θηρεύων γάμοις.

οἴσθ᾽ οὖν ὁ δράσον; μνήματος λιποῦσ' ἔδραν—

ἐλθοῦσ' ἐς οἰκίας, ἢ τὰ πάντ᾽ ἐπίσταται,

πολύν ἡ πόλει Νηρῆδος ἐκγόνου κόρης,

πυθοῦ πόσιν σοῦ θεοῦσα, εἴτ᾽ ἐστ᾽ ἐτί

εἰτ᾽ ἐκλείπουσε φέγγος· ἔκμαθοῦσα δ᾽ ἐν

πρὸς τὰς τύχας τὸ χάρμα τοὺς γάιους τ᾽ ἔχε.

πρὶν δ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ὦρθῳς εἰδέναι, τί σοι πλέον

λυπουμένη γένοιτ᾽ ἀν; ἀλλ᾽ ἐμοὶ πιθοῦν,

τάφον λυποῦσα τόνδε σύμμιξον κόρης,

ἀθεντερ εἴσει πάντα· τὰληθῆ φράσαι

ἔχουσ᾽ ὑπὸ οἰκίας τὴνδε, τί βλέπεις πρόσω;

βῆλω δὲ κάγω σοι συνεισέλθειν δόμοις

καὶ συμπυθέσθαι παρθένου θεσπίσματα·

γυναίκα γάρ δὴ συμπονεῖν γυναικὶ χρῆ.

1 Paley reads ἄληθείας, transposes ἐπὶ and σαφῆ, and takes

τὰμπαλὶν τῶνδ᾽ to mean "contrary to these (lies)" :—

Ch. By lies may many a tale seem all too clear.

Hel. Nay, falsehood rings not with the note of truth.
HELEN

Nay rather, plain truth may a plain tale be.

CHORUS

Nay, 'tis thou leanest more to grief than joy.

HELEN

Fear folds me round, and drags me to my dread.

CHORUS

How stands to thee affected yonder household?

HELEN

Friends all, save him who hunts me for his bride.

CHORUS

Know'st then thy part? From session at the tomb—

HELEN

To what speech or what counsel drawest thou?

CHORUS

Pass to the house: of her who knoweth all,
The daughter of the sea-born Nereid maid,
Theonoë, ask if yet thine husband live,
Or hath left light; and, being certified,
According to thy fortunes joy or mourn.
But, ere thou know aught truly, what availeth
That thou shouldst grieve? Nay, hearken unto me:
Leave thou this tomb, and with the maid commune,
Of whom shalt thou learn all. When thou hast here
One to resolve the doubt, what wouldst thou more?
I too with thee will pass into the house,
With thee inquire the maiden's oracles.
That woman woman's burden share, is meet.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλαι, λόγους ἐδεξάμαιν·
βατε βατε δ` εἰς δόμοις,
ἀγώνας ἐντὸς ἀυξῶν ὡς
πύθησθε τοὺς ἐμούς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
θέλουσαν οὖ μόλις καλεῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰδ` μέλεος ᾠμέρα.
τίν' ἄρα τάλαινα τίνα δακρυό-
εντα λόγον ἄκοὐσόμαι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μὴ πρόμαντις ἀλγέων
προλάμβαν`, ὦ φίλα, γόους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί μοι πόσις μέλεος ἔτλα;
πότερα δέρκεται φάος
τέθριππά θ` ἀλίου
κέλευθα τ` ἀστέρων,

ΧΟΡΟΣ
* * * * * * * * 1

ΕΛΕΝΗ

* * * * * * * *

ἡ` ν νέκυσι κατὰ χθονός
τὰν χθόνιον ἐχει τύχαν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
eις τὸ φέρτερον τίθει
tὸ μέλλουν, ὃ τι γενηστέται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὲ γὰρ ἐκάλεσα, σὲ δὲ κατόμοσα,
tὸν ὕδρευτα δόνακι χλωρὸν

1 Two lines missing, corresponding to those in the Strophe.

494
HELEN

HELEN
I hail, friends, the word ye have spoken. (Str.) 330
Pass in, pass ye into the hall,
To give ear unto prophecy's token
How the end of my toils shall befall.

CHORUS
Thou callest on her that hears full fain.

HELEN
Woe for this day with its burden of pain!
What word waiteth, what desolation
Of tears past relief?

CHORUS
Nay, forestall not, O friend, lamentation
Prophetic of grief.

HELEN
To what doom hath mine husband been given? (Ant.) 340
Doth he yet see the light of the day,
See the Sun's wheels flash through the heaven,
See the gleams of the star-trodden way?

Or to him have the dead done obeisance?
Doth the nether gloom hide?

CHORUS
Nay, look for a fate of fair presence,
Whatsoe'er shall betide.

HELEN
Thee I invoke, I swear by thy name,
O river with ripple-washed reed-beds green,
ΕΛΕΝΗ

350 Ἐυρώταν, θανόντος εἰ βάξις
ἔτυμος ἄνδρος ἀδε μοι—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τάδ’ ἀσύνετα;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόνιον αἰώρημαι
διὰ δέρης ὀρέξομαι,
ἡ ξιφοκτόνον δίωγμα
λαιμορύτου σφαγᾶς
αὐτοσιδαρον ἔσω πελάσω διὰ σαρκὸς ἀμίλλαν,
θύμα τριξύγων θεαίσι
† τῷ τε συφρήγων ἀοίδαν σεβί-
ζοντι Πριαμίδα ποτ’ ἀμφὶ βουστάθμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 ἄλλοσ’ ἀποτροπᾶ κακῶν
γένοιτο, τὸ δὲ σὸν εὐτυχέσ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ιὼ Τροία τάλαινα,
δι’ ἐργ’ ἄνεργ’ ὀλυσαι μέλεά τ’ ἔτλας’
τὰ δ’ ἐμὰ δῶρα Κύπριδος ἔτεκε
πολὺ μὲν αἶμα, πολὺ δὲ δάκρυν, ἄχεα τ’ ἄχεσι,
† δάκρυνα δάκρυσιν ἔλαβε πάθεα,
ματέρες τε παίδας ὠλραν,
ἀπὶ δὲ παρθένοι κόμας
ἐθευτο σύγγοι νεκρῶν Σκαμάνδριον
ἀμφὶ Φρύγιον οἴδιμα.

370 βοάν βοὰν δ’ Ελλᾶς
κελάδησε κάνωτότυξεν,
ἐπὶ δὲ κοιτὶ χέρας ἔθηκεν,
ὄνυχι δ’ ἄπαλόχροα γέων
ἐδευσε φοινίασι πλαγαῖς.
HELEN

Eurotas!—if true was the word that came
That my lord on the earth is no more seen,—

CHORUS
Wild words and whirling—ah, what should they mean?

HELEN
The death-dealing cord
Round my neck will I twine,
Or the thirst of the sword
In this heart's blood of mine
Shall be quenched, through the flesh of my neck as I
Plunge it to life's deep shrine,
For a sacrifice to the Goddesses three,
And to Paris, whose pipe's wild melody
Floated afar over Ida, and round still steadings of kine.

CHORUS
Far hence averted may mischief flee,
And fortune fair abide upon thee!

HELEN
Woe, hapless Troy, for thee, woe!
Thou hast perished for sins not thine own, under misery's load brought low!
And the gifts of Cypris to me for their fruit have borne Rivers of blood and of tears, and to them that mourn Anguish is added, and grief to the grief-forlorn.
There are mothers for dead sons weeping;
There are maids that have cast shorn hair
Where seaward Scæmander on-sweeping
The limbs of their brothers bare.
And from Hellas a cry, a cry,
Ringeth heavenward wild and high,
And with frenzied hands on her head
She smiteth: her fingers are red
From the cheeks that the blood-furrows dye.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ μάκαρ Ἀρκαδίᾳ ποτὲ παρθένε Καλλιστοῖ, Δίος,
ἀ λεχέων ἑπέβας τετραβάμοσι γυνίοις,
ὡς πολὺ ματρὸς ἐμᾶς ἔλαχες πλέον,
ἀ μορφᾶ θηρών λαχνογνίων
ὁμματὶ λάβρω σχήμα διάινεις ¹

380 ἐξάλλαξας' ἄχθεα λύπης·
ἀν τε ποτ' Ἀρτεμίς ἐξεχορεύσατο
χρυσοκέρατ' ἐλαφον Μέροπος Τιτανίδα κούραν
καλλοσύνας ένεκεν τὸ δ' ἐμὸν δέμας
ὡλεσεν ὡλεσε πέργαμα Δαρδανίας
ὅλομένους τ' Ἀχαίους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τὰς τεθρησπουσ Οἰνομάω Πίσαν κάτα
Πέλοψι ἀμίλλας ἐξαμιλληθεῖς ποτε,
εἰθ' ὠφέλες τόθ', ἡνίκ' ἔρανον εἰς θεοὺς
† πεισθεὶς ἐποίεις, ἐν θεοῖς λυπεῖν βίον,

390 πρὶν τὸν ἐμὸν Ἀτρέα πατέρα γεννήσαι ποτε,
ὅς ἐξέφυσεν Ἀερόπης λέκτρων ἀπὸ
Ἀγαμέμνον' ἔμε τε Μενέλεωι, κλεινὸν ζηγόν
πλείστων γὰρ οἷμαι, καὶ τόδ' οὐ κόμπῳ λέγω,
στράτευμα κόσμη διορύσαι Τροίαν ἔπι,
τύραννος οὐδὲν πρὸς βίαιν στρατηλατῶν,
ἐκοδὺ δ' ἄρξας Ἐλλάδος νεανίας.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν οὐκετὶ οὕτως ἀριθμῆσαι πάρα,
τοὺς δ' ὡς θαλάσσης ἀσμένως πεφυγότας,
νεκρῶν φέροντας ὅνοματ' εἰς οἴκους πάλιν.

400 ἔγω δ' ἐπ' οἴδαμα πόντιον γλαυκῆς ἅλος

¹ Hermann and Dindorf: for MSS. λείψῃ.
² The reference to the legend of Pelops being served up to the Gods at a feast by Tantalus requires some such word as σφαγεῖς.

498
HELEN

Ah, maiden of Arcady, happy, Callisto,¹ art thou,
O fourfoot-pacing thing who wast Zeus' bride,
Better by far than my mother's is thy lot now,
Who hast cast the burden of human sorrow aside,
And only now for the shaggy limb
Of the brute with tears are thy fierce eyes dim.  380
Yea, happier she whom Artemis drave from her choir,
A stag gold-antlered, Merops' Titanian daughter,
Because of her beauty; but mine with the brands of
desire
Hath enkindled Dardanian Pergamus' ruin-pyre,
And hath given the Achaeans to slaughter.

[They pass into the palace.

Enter MENELAUS.

MENELAUS

Ah, Pelops, thou at Pisa victor once
Over Oenomaus in chariot-strife,
Oh that, what time thou mad'st the Gods a feast,
Thou hadst left in presence of the Gods thy life,
Ere thou begattest Atreus, sire to me,
Him to whom Aerope bare Agamemnon,
And me, Menelaus, chariot-team renowned.
The mightiest host on earth—no mere vaunt this—
Did I speed overseas to Troy, their chief;
Nor by compulsion captained them to war,
But led with Hellas' heroes' glad consent.
Some must we count mid them that are no more;
Gladly have other some escaped the sea,
And bring back home the names of men deemed dead.
But I far o'er the grey sea's shoreless surge  400

¹ One of Zeus's victims, changed into a bear.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλήμων ἀλῶμαι χρόνων ὅσοντερ Ἰλίου
πύργος ἔπερσα, κεῖς πάτραν χρήζων μολεῖν,
οὐκ ἀξιούμαι τούδε πρὸς θεῶν τυχεῖν.
Διβύς τ’ ἐρήμους ἀξένους τ’ ἐπιδρομᾶς
πέπλευκα πάσας· χωταν ἐγγὺς ὦ πάτρας,
πάλαιν μ’ ἀπωθεὶ πνεῦμα, κοῦποτ’ οὐρον
εἰς ἠλθε λαῖφος ὥστε μ’ εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.
καὶ νῦν τάλας ναυαγὸς ἀπολέσας φίλους
ἐξέπεσον εἰς γῆν τήνδε· ναῦς δὲ πρὸς πέτρας
πολλοὺς ἀριθμοὺς ἀγνυται ναυαγῶν.
τρόπις δ’ ἔλειφθη ποικίλων ἀρμοσμάτων,
ἔφ’ ἡς ἐσώθην μόλις ἀνελπίστω τύχῃ
Ἐλένη τε, Τροίας ἦν ἀποσπάσας ἐχώ.
ὅνομα δὲ χώρας ἦτις ἦδε καὶ λεώς
οὐκ οἶδ’ ὄχλον γὰρ εἰσπέσειν ἡ σχινώμην
ὦσθ’ ἰστορήσαι, τῆς ἐμῆς δυσχαλίας
κρύπτων ὑπ’ αἰδοῦς τὰς τύχας. ὃταν δ’ ἀνή
πράξῃ κακῶς ὕψηλος, εἰς ἀπθίαιν
πίπτει κακίω τοῦ πάλαι δυσδαίμονος.

χρέα δὲ τείρει μ’· οὔτε γὰρ σίτος πάρα
οὔτ’ ἀμφὶ χρώτ’ ἐσθῆτες· οὕτα δ’ εἰκάσαι
πάρεστι ναῦν ἔκβολον οἷς ἀμπλῶσχοι.
πέσπλοις δὲ τοὺς πρὶν λαμπρὰ τ’ ἀμφιβλήματα
χλιδᾶς τε πῦρτος ἠρπασ’· ἐν δ’ ἀντρον μυχοῖς
κρύψας γναιάκα τήν κακῶν πάντων ἐμοὶ
ἀρξασαν ἦκω, τούσ τε περιλεκέμενους
φίλοιν φυλάσσετι τάμι ἀναγκάσας λέχη.
μόνου δὲ νοστῷ, τοῦς ἑκεῖ ξητῶν φίλοις
τὰ πρόσφορ’ ἡν πῶς ἐξερεύνησας λάβω.

ίδιον δ’ ὅμα περιφερες θρυγκοῖς τόδε
πῦλας τε σεμνὰς ἄνδρος ὀλβίου τινός,
προσῆλθον ἐλπὶς δ’ ἔκ γε πλουσίων δόμων

500
HELEN

Wander in pain, long as the leaguer-years
Of Troy; and though I yearn to reach my land,
Of this I am not held worthy by the Gods,
But to all Libya's beaches lone and wild
Have sailed: yea, whenso I am nigh my land,
Back the blast drives me; never following breeze
Hath swelled my sail to waft me to mine home.
And now, a shipwrecked wretch, my comrades lost,
On this land am I cast: against the rocks
My ship is shattered all in countless shards.
Wrenched from its cunning fastenings was the keel,
Whereon past hope and hardly was I saved
With Helen, whom I had snatched from Ilion's
wreck.

But this land's name, and who her people be,
I know not, being abashed to yonder throngs
To join me, there to ask: in mine ill plight
I hide for shame my misery; for a man
Low-fallen from high estate more sharply feels
The strangeness of it than the long unblest.
Want wasteth me; for neither food have I
Nor raiment for my body,—judge by these
That gird me, rags washed shoreward from the
ship.

The robes once mine, bright vest and bravery,
The sea hath swallowed. In a cave's deep cleft
My wife I hid, first cause of all my woes,
And hither come, for I have straitly charged
My friends yet living to watch over her.
Alone I come, seeking for loved ones there
What shall avail their need, if search may find.
And, marking yonder mansion battlement-girt,
And stately portals of a prosperous man,
I drew nigh: from a wealthy house is hope
ΕΔΕΝΗ

λαβεῖν τι ναύταις· ἐκ δὲ μὴ ἥ' χόντων βίου,
οὔδ' εἰ θέλοιεν, ὥφελεῖν ἤχοιεν άν.
ὡ' τίς ἂν πυλαρός ἐκ δόμων μόλοι,
ὀστὶς διαγγελεῖεν τάμ' εἴσω κακά;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

τίς πρὸς πύλαισιν; οὔκ ἀπαλλάξει δόμων
καὶ μὴ πρὸς αὐλέοισιν ἐστηκὼς πύλαις
ὀχλον παρέξεις δεσπόταις; ἦ καθθανεὶ
"Ἐλλην πεφυκώς, οἵσιν οὖν ἐπιστροφαί·

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ὁ γραία, ταύτα πάντ' ἐπὴ καλῶς λέγεις.
ἐξεστί· πείσομαι γὰρ· ἀλλ' ἄνες χόλον.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

ἀπελθ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ τοῦτο πρόσκειται, ξένε,
μηδένα πελάξειν τουσ' Ἐλλήνων δόμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ἀ' μὴ προσέλειχεν χείρα μηδ' ὀθεῖ βία.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

πείθει γὰρ οὔδεν ἃν λέγω· σὺ δ' αἴτιος.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ἀγγειλον εἴσω δεσπόταισι τοίσι σοῖς.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

πικρῶς ἂν οἴμαι γ' ἀγγελείν τοὺς σοὺς λόγους.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ναυαγὸς ἦκω ξένος, ἀσύλητον γένοσ.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

οίκον πρὸς ἄλλον νῦν τω' ἀντὶ τούδ' ἰθι.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

οὔκ, ἄλλ' ἐσω πάρειμι· καὶ σὺ μοι πιθοῦ.

ΓΡΑΤΣ·

ὀχληρὸς ἵσθ' ὤν· καὶ τάχ' ὁσθήσει βία.
HELEN

Of somewhat for my crew; but from bare walls
Nought could men aid us, howsoever they would.  
[Knocks at gate.

Ho! what gate-warder forth the halls will come
To tell within of my calamities?

Door of palace opens. PORTRESS appears on threshold.

PORTRESS

Who loitereth at the doors?—wilt thou not hence?
Away, stand not before the courtyard gate
Troubling my lords; else shalt thou die, who art
A Greek: we have no dealings with the Greeks.  

MENELAUS

Grey mother, all these words thou sayest well:—
Even so—I will obey—refrain thy wrath—

PORTRESS

Begone! This charge is laid upon me, stranger,
That none of Hellenes to these halls draw nigh.

MENELAUS

Ah, thrust not forth, nor drive me hence by force!

PORTRESS

Thou wilt not heed my words?—on thine head be it.

MENELAUS

Bear mine appeal unto thy lords within.

PORTRESS

Thine!—bitter should my bearing be, I wot!

MENELAUS

A shipwrecked stranger I: none violate such.

PORTRESS

To another house pass on instead of this.

MENELAUS

Nay, but I will within!—yield thou to me!

PORTRESS

Thou mak’st a coil; but force shall thrust thee hence.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαὶ· τὰ κλεῖνα ποῦ 'στι μοι στρατεύματα;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐκεῖ που σεμνὸς ἦσθ', οὐκ ἐνθάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς δαίμον, ὡς ἀνάξι ἡτιμώμεθα.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

tί βλέφαρα τέγγεις δάκρυσι; πρὸς τί δ' οἴκτρός εἰ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς τὰς πάροικες συμφορὰς εὐδαίμονας.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

οὔκουν ἀπελθῶν δάκρυα σοῖς δώσεις φίλοις;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὰς δ' ἤδε χώρα; τοῦ δὲ βασίλειοι δόμοι;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

Πρωτεύς τάδ' οἰκεῖ δῶματ', Ἀἰγυπτός δὲ γῆ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἀἰγυπτός; ὡς δύστημος, οἵ πέπλευκ' ἀρά.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

τί δὴ τὸ Νεῖλον μεμπτόν ἐστὶ σοι γάνος;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ τοῦτ' ἐμέμφθην' τὰς ἐμὰς στένω τύχας.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

πολλοὶ κακῶς πράσσοσουσιν, οὐ σὺ δὴ μόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐστ' οὖν ἐν οἴκοις ὄντιν' ὄνομάξεις ἀνάξ;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

tὸδ' ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ μνήμα, παῖς δ' ἄρχει χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποῦ δὴτ' ἂν εἴη; πότερον ἐκτὸς ἢ' ν δόμοις;

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HELEN

MENELAUS
Ah me!—where now my glorious war-array?

PORTRESS
Some great one haply there wast thou, not here.

MENELAUS
Ah fortune, how unmerited this slight!

PORTRESS
Why stream thine eyes with tears? Why make such moan?

MENELAUS
For those my happy fortunes overpast.

PORTRESS
Away then: on thy friends bestow thy tears.

MENELAUS
What land is this, and whose these royal halls?

PORTRESS
'Tis Proteus' palace. Egypt is the land.

MENELAUS
Egypt!—Woe's me, to have sailed to such a land!

PORTRESS
Wherefore misprize the glory of the Nile?

MENELAUS
I blame it not: mine own hard lot I moan.

PORTRESS
Many be fortune-crost, not thou alone.

MENELAUS
Is he within then, whom thou namest king?

PORTRESS
This is his tomb: his son rules o'er the land.

MENELAUS
Where then is he? Within, without the halls?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΓΡΑΤΞ
οὐκ ἐνδον· Ἐλλησιν δὲ πολεμώτατος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τίν' αἰτίαν σχῶν ἡ ἐπηνυμήν ἐγὼ;

ΓΡΑΤΞ
'Ελένη κατ' οἴκους ἐστὶ τοῦσδ' ἡ τοῦ Διώς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πῶς φῆς; τίν' εἶπας μῦθον; αὖθις μοι φράσον.

ΓΡΑΤΞ
ἡ Τυνδαρίς παῖς, ἥ κατὰ Σπάρτην ποτ' ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πόθεν μολοῦσα; τίνα τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἔχει λόγον;

ΓΡΑΤΞ
Δακεδαίμονος γῆς δεύρο νοστήσασ' ἀπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πότ'; οὐ τί ποιν λελησμεθ' ἐξ ἀντρῶν λέχος;

ΓΡΑΤΞ
πρὶν τοὺς Ἀχαιοὺς, ὃ ξέν', εἰς Τροίαν μολεῖν.
ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἀπ' οἰκῶν· ἐστὶ γὰρ τὶς ἐν δόμοις
τύχῃ, τύραννος ἡ ταράσσεται δόμος.
καὶ ρόιν γὰρ οὐδέν' ἠλθεῖς· ἦν δὲ δεσπότης
λάβῃ σε, θάνατος ἥγενια σοι γενήσεται.
εὖνοις γὰρ εἰμ' Ἐλλησιν, οὐχ οἴσον πικρούς
λόγους ἐδώκας δεσπότην φοβουμένη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τί φῶ; τί λέξω; συμφοράς γὰρ ἀθλίας
ἐκ τῶν πάροιθεν τὰς παρεστώσας κλύω,
εἰ τὴν μὲν αἱρεθείσαν ἐκ Τροίας ἄγων
ἥκω δάμαρτα καὶ κατ' ἀντρα σώζεται,
ὅνομα δὲ ταῦτὰ τὴς ἐμῆς ἔχουσα τις
dάμαρτος ἀλλη τοῦσίδ' ἐνναίει δόμοις.
Διὸς δ' ἔλεξε παῖδά νιν πεφυκέναι.
HELEN

PORTRESS
Nay, not within. Grim foe to Greeks is he.

MENELAUS
And what the cause, whereof I feel the effects?

PORTRESS
Zeus' daughter Helen is within these halls.

MENELAUS
How say'st thou?—what thy tale?—speak yet again.

PORTRESS
Tyndarus' child, who erst in Sparta dwelt.

MENELAUS
Whence did she come? What may this matter mean?

PORTRESS
From Lacedaemon hither journeyed she.

MENELAUS
'When? (aside) Never stolen from the cave—my wife!

PORTRESS
Ere the Achaeans, stranger, fared to Troy.
But thou, begone: somewhat hath chanced within
Whereby the palace is disquieted.
Thou art come in evil hour, and if my lord
Find thee, thy stranger's welcome shall be death.

Well-wisher unto Greeks am I, although
Harsh words I gave for terror of my lord. [Exit.

MENELAUS
What shall I think?—what say?—for lo, I hear
Of imminent ills hard-following on the old,
If I have brought the wife I won from Troy
Hither, and safe within the cave she lies,
Yet in these halls another woman dwells
Who bears the selfsame name as mine own wife.
Yon woman named her born of Zeus, his daughter.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

490 ἄλλῃ ἦ τις ἔστι Ζηνώς ὄνομ' ἔχων ἄνηρ
Νείλου παρ' ὁχθας; εἰς γὰρ ὥς κατ' οὐρανὸν.
Σπάρτη δὲ ποῦ γῆς ἔστι πληθ ἵνα βοαι
τοῦ καλλιδόνακος εἶσιν Εὐρώτα μόνον;
διπλοῦν ἔνδαρειον ὄνομα κλήζεται;
Δακδαίμονος δὲ γαία τις ἐξονομομος
Τροίας τ'; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχω τι χρη λέγειν,
πολλοὶ γὰρ, ὡς εἰξάσιν, εὖ πολλὴ χθονὶ
ἀνόματα ταῦτ' ἔχουσι καὶ πόλεις πόλει
γυνὴ γυναικὶ τ' οὖδέν οὖν θαμμαστέον.

500 οὐδ' αὐτὸ τὸ δεινὸν προστόλου φευξύμεθα;
ἀνήρ γὰρ οὖδεῖς ὡδε βάρβαρος φρένας,
ὅς ὄνομ' ἀκούσας τούμον οὐ δισεί βοράν.
κλεινὸν τὸ Τροίας τύρ' ἐγὼ θ' δ' ἡψά νιν,
Μενέλαος, οὖκ ἀγνωστος ἐν πάση χθονὶ.
δόμων ἀνακτα προσμενῶ. δισσάς δὲ μοι
ἐχει φυλάξεις. ἦν μὲν ὀμόφρους τις ἡ,
κρύφας ἐμαυτὸν εἴμι πρὸς νανάγαμα;
ἡ δ' ἐνδιδό τι μαλθακὸν, τὰ πρόσφορα
τῆς νῦν παρούσης συμφορᾶς αἴτησομαι.
κακῶν μὲν ἡμῖν ἐσχατον τοῖς ἀθλίως,
ἄλλους τυράννους αὐτῶν ὄντα βασιλέα
βίον προσαίτεῖν. ἄλλῃ ἀναγκαῖοι ἔχει.
λόγος γὰρ ἐστιν οὐκ ἐμός, σοφῶν δ' ἔπος,
δεινῆς ἀνάγκης οὖδέν ἰσχύει πλέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ηκουσα τὰς θεσπιωδού κόρας,
ἂ χρηζουν' ἐφάνῃ ὑ τυράννοις
δόμοις, ὡς Μενέλαος οὔπω
μελαμφαῖς οίχεται

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1 Nauck: for ἀπλοῦν of MSS.
HELEN

Can any man that bears this name of Zeus
By Nile's banks dwell? One is there, he in heaven.
And where hath earth a Sparta, save alone
There where Eurotas' streams are fair with reeds?
Do two men bear the name of Tyndarus?
Is there a land twin-named with Lacedaemon
Or Troy? I know not what to say hereof:
For on the wide earth many, as men grant,
Bear like names, city bearing city's name,
And woman woman's: marvel none is here.
Nor from a handmaid's terrors will I flee;
For there is none so barbarous of soul
As to deny me food, my name once heard.
Famed is Troy's burning: I who kindled it,
Menelaus, am renowned in every land.
I will await the king; and for two things
Must I take heed:—if he be ruthless-souled,
Then will I flee, and hide me by the wreck;
But if he show relenting, I will ask
Help for my need in this mine evil plight.
This in my misery is the deepest depth,
That I, who am a king, should beg my bread
Of other princes: yet it needs must be.
Not mine the saying is, but wisdom's saw—
"Stronger is nought than dread Necessity."

[Retires to back of stage.]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

The word which the prophetess said,
   In the king's halls heard I its sound—
"Not yet Menelaus is dead,
Nor to darkness visible fled
ΕΛΕΝΗ

δι’ ἔρεθος χθονί κρυφθείς,
ἄλλα ἔτι κατ’ οἶδ’ ἄλιον
τρυχόμενος οὕτω λυμένων
ψαυσειν πατρίας γάς,
ἀλατεία βιότου
ταλάφρων, ἀφίλος φίλων,
παντοδαπὰς ἐπὶ γάς
πόδα χρυσπτόμενος εἰναλίφ
κώτα Γρούάδος ἐκ γάς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ηδ’ αὐ τάφου τοῦτ’ εἰς ἑδρας ἐγὼ πάλιν
στείχω, μαθοῦσα Θεονόης φίλους λόγους,
ἡ πάντ’ ἀληθῶς οἴδ’ φησί δ’ ἐν φάει
πόσιν τὸν ἁμόν ζώντα φέγγος εἰσορῶν,
πορθμοὺ θ’ ἀλάσθαι μυρίους πεπλευκότα
ἐκεῖσ’ κάκεισ’ οὖν ἀγύμναστον πλάνους
ἡξειν, ὅταν ἶη πημάτων λάβη τέλος.
ἐν δ’ οὐκ ἠλεξεν, εἰ μολὼν σωθήσεται.
ἐγὼ δ’ ἀπέστη τοῦτ’ ἐρωτήσαι σαφῶς,
ἡσθεῖσ’ ἐπεὶ νῦν εἰπέ μοι σεσυμμένον.
ἐγγὺς δε νῦν που τῆς ὥφασε’ εἶναι χθονος,
ναυαγόν ἐκπεσόντα σὺν παῦροις φίλοις.

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ὥμοι, πόθ’ ἡξεις; ὡς ποθείνοις ἄν μόλοις.
ἐὰ, τις οὕτω; οὐ τί που κρυπτεύομαι
Πρωτέως ἀσέπτου παιδὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων;
οὐχ ὡς δρομαία πῶλος ἤ Βάκχη θεοῦ
tάφω ξυνάψω κόλον; ἄγρυς δε τις
μορφὴν δδ’ ἐστιν, ὅς με θηρᾶται λαβεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὲ τὴν ὄρεγμα δεινὸν ἠμιλλημένην
τύμβου π’ ἐκ κρητἰ πεπύρους τ’ ὀρθοστάτας,
HELEN

Of Erebus, hid in the ground;
   But is still over wide seas driven
Toil-worn, neither yet is it given
   To attain to the fatherland’s haven,
But in homelessness roams evermore
Wretched, of friends bereft,
Lighting down upon every shore
Of earth, since the brine-dipt oar
Troyland long ago left.”

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Lo, to my session at the tomb again
I come, who have heard Theonoë’s glad words,
Who knoweth all things truly. Yet alive,
Saith she, my lord beholds the light of day,
But roameth sailing sea-tracks numberless
Hither and thither, and with wanderings spent
Shall come, when he hath reached his sufferings’
goal;—
Yet said not if at last he shall escape;
For I refrained from closely questioning this
For gladness, when she spake him yet alive.
And somewhere nigh this land is he, she said,
From shipwreck cast ashore with friends but few.
When wilt thou come to me?—how long-desired

MENELAUS advances from back of stage.

Ha! who is this?—and am I haply snared
By plots of Proteus’ god-contemning son?
Swift as a racing steed or bacchanal
Shall I not seek yon tomb? Of ruffian mien
Is yonder man who holdeth me in chase.

MENELAUS

Thou that with fearful effort strainest on
To the tomb’s basement and the altar-pillars,
ΕΛΕΝΗ

μεῖνον· τί φεύγεις; ώς δέμας δείξασα σὸν ἐκπληξίν ἡμῖν ἀφασίαν τε προστίθης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀδικούμεθ', ὦ γυναῖκες. εἰργόμεσθα γὰρ τάφου πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦτο, καὶ μ' ἐλῶν θέλει δοῦναι τυράννοις ὅν ἐφεύγομεν γάμους.

ΜΕΝΕΔΛΑΟΣ

οὐ κλωτές ἐσμεν, οὐχ ὑπηρέται κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν στολὴν γ' ἀμορφον ἀμφὶ σῷμ' ἔχεις.

ΜΕΝΕΔΛΑΟΣ

στήσον, φόβου μεθείσα, λαϊψηρὸν πόδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ϊστημ', ἐπεὶ γε τοῦτ' ἐφάπτομαι τάφου.

ΜΕΝΕΔΛΑΟΣ

τίς εἴ; τίν' ὁψιν σήν, γυναῖκ, προσδέρκομαι;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὺ δ' εἴ τίς; αὐτὸς γὰρ σὲ κἀμ' ἔχει λόγος.

ΜΕΝΕΔΛΑΟΣ

οὐπώποτ' εἶδον προσφερέστερον δέμας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡ θεοῦ· θεὸς γὰρ καὶ τὸ γιγνώσκειν φίλους.

ΜΕΝΕΔΛΑΟΣ

'Ελληνίς εἴ τις ὁ 'πιχωρία γυνή;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

'Ελληνίς· ἄλλα καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΔΛΑΟΣ

'Ελένη σ' ὁμοίαν δὴ μάλιστ' εἶδον, γυναῖ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ Μενελάῳ γέ σ' οὐδ' ἔχω τι φῶ.
HELEN

Stay!—wherefore flee?—with one glimpse of thy form
Thou with tongue-tied amazement fillest me.

[Seizes her hand.]

HELEN

I am outraged, women! for I am held back
Of this man from the tomb! He hath caught me, fain
To give to his lord, whose marriage-yoke I fled.

MENELAUS

No robber I, nor minister of wrong!

HELEN

Yet wild attire about thy form thou hast.

MENELAUS

Put fears away, and stay thy hurrying foot!

HELEN (grasping the altar)

I stay it, now that to this tomb I cling.

MENELAUS

Who art thou, lady? Whose the face I see?

HELEN

Who thou? The selfsame cause have I to ask.

MENELAUS

Never yet saw I form more like to hers!

HELEN

Gods!—for God moves in recognition of friends.

MENELAUS

A Greek art thou, or daughter of the land?

HELEN

A Greek; thy nation too I fain would learn.

MENELAUS

Thou art very Helen, lady, to mine eyes.

HELEN

And thou Menelaus!—I know not what to say.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἐγνὼς ἂρ᾽ ὀρθῶς ἄνδρα ὑστυχέστατον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὁ χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σής δάμαρτος ἐς χέρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ποῖας δάμαρτος; μὴ θύγης ἐμῶν πέπλων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἤν σοι δίδωσι Τυνδάρεως ἐμὸς πατήρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὁ φωσφόρ' Ἐκάτη, πέμπε φάσματ' εὑμενή.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐ νυκτίφαντον πρόπολον Ἐνοδίας μ᾽ ὀρᾶς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐ μὴν γυναικῶν γ᾽ εἰς δυοῖν ἐφυν πόσις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ποίων δὲ λέκτρων δεσπότης ἄλλων ἐφυς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἠν ἄντρα κεύθει κακὸς Φρυγῶν κομίζομαι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη σὴ τῆς ἀντ᾽ ἐμοῦ γυνή.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐ που φρονῶ μὲν εὖ, τὸ δ᾽ ὀμμα μου νοσεῖ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐ γάρ με λεύσσων σὴν δάμαρθ' ὀρᾶν δοκεῖς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τὸ σῶμι ὀμοιον, τὸ δὲ σαφές μ᾽ ἀποστερεῖ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
σκέψαι: τὶ σοι δεῖ πίστεως σαφεστέρας;¹

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἐοικας: οὐτοὶ τούτῳ γ᾽ ἔξαρνήσομαι.

¹ Badham: for MSS. τί σου δεῖ; τίς ἄστι σου σοφάτερος;

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HELEN

MENELAUS
Thou nam’st me truly, a man most evil-starred.

HELEN (clasping him)
O thou to thy wife’s arms returned at last!

MENELAUS
Wife?—thou my wife! Touch not my vesture thou!

HELEN
Wife—whom my father Tyndarus gave to thee.

MENELAUS
Light-bearer Hecate, send gracious visions! ¹

HELEN
No phantom handmaid I of the Highway Queen.

MENELAUS
I am but one—no lord of two wives, I!

HELEN
And of what wife beside me art thou lord?

MENELAUS
Whom the cave hides, whom I from Phrygia brought.

HELEN
None other wife is thine save only me.

MENELAUS
What, is my wit sound, but mine eye diseased?

HELEN
Behold me—feel’st thou not thou seest thy wife?

MENELAUS
The form is hers, but plain truth bars the claim.

HELEN
Look!—what more clear assurance needest thou?

MENELAUS
Like her thou art: this will I not deny.

¹ Spectres and phantoms were the attendants of Hecate.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

580 τίς οὖν διδάξει σο’ ἄλλος ἢ τὰ σ’ ὅμματα;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ ἐκεῖ νοσοῦμεν, ὅτι δάμαρτ᾽ ἄλλην ἔχω.
ΕΛΕΝΗ οὐκ ἠλθον εἰς γῆν Τροφάδ’, ἄλλον εἴδωλον ἦν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ καὶ τίς βλέποντα σώματ' ἐξεργάζεται;
ΕΛΕΝΗ αἰθήρ, ὃθεν σὺ θεοτόνητ' ἔχεις λέχη.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ τίνος πλάσαντος θεῶν; ἀειπτα γὰρ λέγεις.
ΕΛΕΝΗ "Ἡρας, διάλλαγμι', ὡς Πάρις με μὴ λάβοι.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ πῶς οὖν ἂμ' ἐνθάδ' ἥσθα τ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θ' ἄμα;
ΕΛΕΝΗ τούνομα γένουτ' ἄν πολλαχοῦ, τὸ σῶμα δ' οὐ.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ μέθες με, λύπης ἄλις ἔχων ἑλήλυθα.
ΕΛΕΝΗ λείψεις γὰρ ἡμᾶς, τὰ δὲ κεν' ἐξάξεις λέχη;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ καὶ χαίρε γ', Ἐλένη προσφερὴς ὅθούνεκ' εἰ.
ΕΛΕΝΗ ἀπωλόμην λαβοῦσα σ' οὐχ ἔξω πόσιν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ τούκει με μέγεθος τῶν πόλων πείθει, σὺ δ' οὐ.
ΕΛΕΝΗ οἱ 'γα' τίς ἡμῶν ἔγενετ' ἀθλιωτέρα;
οἱ φίλτατοι λείπονσιν μ', οὗδ' ἀφίξομαι
"Ἑλλήνας οὐδὲ πατρίδας τὰν ἐμὴν ποτε.
HELEN

Who then shall better teach thee than thine eyes?

MENELAUS

At this I stumble, another wife I have.

HELEN

To Troy I went not: that a phantom was.

MENELAUS

But who can fashion living phantom-forms?

HELEN

Aether, whereof thou hast a wife god-shapen.

MENELAUS

Shapen of what God? Passing strange thy tale!

HELEN

Hera, to baffle Paris with my wraith.

MENELAUS

How wast thou here then, and in Troy withal?

HELEN

My name might be in many lands, not I.

MENELAUS

Unhand me!—hither I came with griefs enough!

HELEN

How?—leave me, and lead hence thy phantom-bride

MENELAUS

Yea—since thou art like to Helen, fare thee well.

HELEN

Undone!—I have found my spouse, and may not keep!

MENELAUS

My toils at Troy convince me more than thou.

HELEN

Woe's me! Who is more sorrow-crushed than I?
My best-beloved forsakes me! I shall see
Never my countrymen nor fatherland.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
Μενέλαε, μαστεύων σε κυρχάνω μόλις
πάσαν πλανηθείς τήνδε βάρβαρον χθόνα,
πεμφθεὶς ἑταίρων τῶν λειεμμένων ὑπο—

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ
τί δ’ ἐστιν; οὐ ποιν βαρβάρων συλάσσοι ὑπο;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
θαυμάστ’, ἔλασσον τούνομ’ ἢ τὸ πράγμ’, ἔχον.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ
λέγ’, ὡς φέρεις τι τῇ δε τῇ σπούδῃ νέον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
λέγω πόνους σε μυρίους τλήναι μάτην.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ
παλαιὰ θρηνεῖς πήματ’ ἀγγέλλεις δὲ τί;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
βέβηκεν ἀλοχὸς σῇ πρὸς αἰθέρος πτυχᾶς
ἀρθεία’ ἀφαντὸς’ οὐρανῷ δὲ κρύπτεται
λιποῦσα σεμωνὸν ἀντρον οὐ σφ’ ἐστόχομεν,
τοσόνδε λέξαο’ ὁ ταλαϊτωρος Φρύγες
πάντες τ’ Ἀχαϊοί, δι’ ἐμ’ ἐπὶ Σκαμάνθροις
ἀκταίοισιν Ὑπάρα μηχαναίς έθνήσκετε,
δοκούντες Ἑλένην οὐκ ἔχουτ’ ἔχειν Πάρν.
εγὼ δ’ ἐπειδὴ χρόνου ἐμεῖν’ ὅσον μ’ ἔκρην,
τὸ μόρσιμον σώσασα, πατέρ’ ἐσ’ οὐρανὸν
ἀπειμ’ φήμας δ’ ἡ τάλαινα Τυνδαρίς
ἀλλως κακὰς ἤκουσεν οὐδὲν αἰτλα.

ὁ χαῖρε, Δήδας θύγατερ, ἐνθάδ’ ἡσθ’ ἅρα;
ἐγὼ δὲ σ’ ἀστραπ’ ὡς βεβηκέναι μυχοὺς
ηὐγελλόν εἰκὼς οὐδὲν ὡς ὑπόπτερον
δέμας φοροίς’ οὐκ ἔώ σε κερτομεῖν

Ημᾶς τὸδ’ αὐθίς, ὡς μάτην ἐν Ἰλίῳ
πόνους παρείχες σφ’ πόσει καὶ συμμάχους.

518
HELEN

Enter MESSENER. MESSENER
Menelaus, at last I find thee, searching long,
Through all this land barbaric wandering,
Being sent of those thy comrades left behind—

MENELAUS

How?—by barbarian robbers are ye spoiled?

MESSENER

Bearing a tale less marvellous than the truth!

MENELAUS

Speak!—by this eagerness, thou bring’st strange news.

MESSENER

I say thou barest toils untold for nought.

MENELAUS

Herein thou mourn’st old woes: what news dost bring?

MESSENER

Gone is thy wife—into the folds of air
Wafted and vanished! Hid in heaven’s depths,
The hallowed cave wherein we warded her
She hath left, with this cry, “Hapless Phrygian folk,
And all Achaeans, who by Hera’s wiles
Upon Scamander’s banks still died for me,
Deeming that Paris had, who had not, Helen!
I, having tarried all the time foredoomed,
My destiny fulfilled, to heaven return,
My parent. Tyndarus’ sad daughter bears
An ill name all for nought, who is innocent.”

He suddenly perceives HELEN.

Hail, child of Leda! So then thou wast here!
Even now I announced thee passed to viewless heights
Of star-land, knowing not thou bar’st a form
Wing-clad. Thou shalt not mock us with a tale
Again of troubles heaped upon thy lord
And his allies, for nought, in Ilium.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τούτ’ ἐστ’ ἐκείνον ἐξυμβεβάσιν οἱ λόγοι
οἱ τήσδ’ ἀληθείς. ὁ ποθεῖνος ἡμέρα,
ἡ σ’ εἰς ἐμᾶς ἔδωκεν ὀλένας λαβεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὁ φίλτατ’ ἀνδρῶν Μενέλεως, ὁ μὲν χρόνος

παλαιός, ἥ δὲ τέρψις ἀρτίως πάρα.
ἐλαβον ἀσμένα πόσιν ἐμόν, φίλαι,

περὶ τ’ ἐπέτασα χέρα

φίλιον ἐν μακρᾷ φλογὶ φαεσφόρῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

630 κἀγὼ σέ: πολλοὺς δ’ ἐν μέσῳ λόγοις ἔχων

οὐκ οἶδ’ ὅποιον πρῶτον ἄρξωμαι τὰ νῦν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

γέγηθα, κρατὶ δ’ ὀρθίως ἑθέρας

ἀνεπτέρωκα καὶ δάκρυ σταλάσσω,

περὶ δὲ γυνὰ χέρας ἔβαλον, ἡδονὰν

ὡς λάβω, ὃ πόσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁ φιλτάτη πρόσοψις, οὐκ ἐμέμφθην

ἔχω τὰ τῆς Διός τε λέκτρα Δήδας θ’,

ἀν ὑπὸ λαμπάδων κόροι λεύκισται

640 ἐφυμομάιμονοι ὀλβίσαν ὀλβίσαν

τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐκ δόμων δὲ νοσφίσας σ’ ἐμοὶ

πρὸς ἀλλαν ἐλαύνει θεός συμφορὰν τᾶσθε

κρείσσω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ κακὸν δ’ ἀγαθῶν σὲ τε κὰμὲ συνάγαγε, πόσι,

χρόνιον, ἀλλ’ ὁμως ὑναίμαι τύχας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁναίο δήτα. ταῦτα δὴ ἐξυφήξωμαι

δυοῖν γάρ ὑντοιν οὐχ ὁ μὲν τλήμων, ὁ δ’ οὐ.

520
HELEN

MENELAUS
This is it that she said:—this woman's words
Agree—they are true! O day, long, long desired,
Which giveth thee into mine arms to clasp!

HELEN
O Menelaus, best beloved, the time
Was long, but even now the joy is here!
Friends, friends, with rapture my lord have I found,
And with arms of love have I clasped him round;
And the goal of the sun's long race is with brightness
crowned!

MENELAUS
And I thee: the long tale of all these years,
Where to begin it first I know not now.

HELEN
I exult—yea, my tingling tresses uprise
On mine head, and the tears well forth from mine eyes;
And about thy body mine arms I fling,
O husband mine, to my joy to cling!

MENELAUS
O sweetest presence thou!—no more I chide.
I clasp Zeus' child and Leda's, clasp my bride,
Her to whose happy bridal, tossing flame
Of torch, thy brethren of the white steeds came
Erstwhile; and Gods removed her from mine home:
But now God speeds us on to newer, happier doom.

HELEN
And the evil made good hath united us, though it be
late; [new fate!
Yet may blessing be on me, mine husband, in this

MENELAUS
Blessing on thee! I pray the selfsame prayer;
For grief and joy the twain made one must share.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλαι φίλαι, τὰ πάροις οὐκέτι
στένομεν οὐδ’ ἄλγῳ.

πόσιν ἐμὸν ἐμὸν ἐχομεν ἐχομεν,
οὺ πέμενον ἐμενον ἐκ Τροίας πολυετῆ μολεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐχεις μ’ ἐγώ τε σ’. ἥλιοις δὲ μυρίους
μόις διελθῶν ἡσθόμην τὰ τῆς θεοῦ.
ἐμὰ δὲ δάκρυνα χαρμονὰ πλέον ἐχει
χάριτος ἢ λύπας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί φῶ; τίς ἂν τάδ’ ἥλπισεν βροτῶν ποτε;
ἀδόκητον ἐχω σε πρὸς στέρνους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κάγω σὲ τὴν δοκοῦσαν Ἰδαίαν πόλιν
μολεῖν Ἰλίου τε μελέους πύργους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐ ε’ πικρὰν ἐς ἄρχαν βαίνεις,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, δόμων πῶς τῶν ἐμῶν ἀπεστάλης;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐ ε’ πικρὰν δ’ ἔρενναις φάτιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ’, ὡς ἀκουστά πάντα δῶρα δαιμόνων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπέπτυσα μὲν λόγον, ὅλον ὅλον ἔσοισομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁμος δὲ λέξουν· ἡδὺ τοι μόχθων κλίειν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἐπὶ λέκτρα βαρβάρου νεανία,
πετομένας κώπας,
πετομένου δ’ ἕρωτος ἀδίκων γάμων.

522
HELEN

HELEN
Friends, friends, for the ills gone by
I sorrow no more nor sigh.
My belovéd is mine, is mine! Through year on year 650
I have waited, have waited my lord, till from Troy he appear.

MENELAUS
Thine am I and thou mine. 'O weary while
Of sore strife, ere I knew the Goddess' guile!
Yet have my tears, through rapture of relief,
More thankfulness than grief.

HELEN
What can I say?—what mortal had looked for this?
I am clasping thee unto my breast, an undreamed-of bliss!

MENELAUS
And I thee, who to Ida's town, men thought,
Wentest, and Ilium's towers misery-fraught.

HELEN
Woe's me! to the bitter beginning of all dost thou go! 660

MENELAUS
'Fore heaven, how wast thou ravished from mine home?

HELEN
Woe's me for the bitter tale that thou seekest to know!

MENELAUS
Tell; I must hear. From God's hand all things come.

HELEN
Yet oh, I abhor to unfold it, the story of woe.

MENELAUS
Yet tell: woes overpast are sweet to hear.

HELEN
Never to alien prince's bed
Wafted by wings of the oars I fled,
Nor by wings of a lawless love on-sped.
ΕΔΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς γὰρ σε δαίμων ἢ πότμος συλφὶ πάτρας;

ΕΔΕΝΗ

ὁ Δίος ὁ Δίος, ὁ πόσι, με παῖς Ἐρμᾶς ἐπέλασεν Νείλῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

θαυμαστά· τοῦ πέμψαντος; ὡ δεινοὶ λόγοι.

ΕΔΕΝΗ

κατεδάκρυσα καὶ βλέφαρον ύγραίνω δάκρυσιν ἀ Δίος μ' ἀλοχος ὄλεσεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

"Ἡρα; τί νῦν χρήζουσα προσθείναι κακῶν;

ΕΔΕΝΗ

ὦμοι ἐμῶν δεινῶν, οὐτρῶν καὶ κρηνῶν, ἵνα θεαὶ μορφῶν ἑφαίδρυναν ἐνθὲν ἐμολευν κρίσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τάδ' εἰς κρίσιν σοι τῶν τρ' ἔθηχ' "Ἡρα κακῶν;

ΕΔΕΝΗ

Κύπριν ὡς ἀφέλοιτο—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς; αὖδα.

ΕΔΕΝΗ

Πάριν φ' μ' ἐπένευσεν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τλάμου

ΕΔΕΝΗ

τλάμονα τλάμου' ὃδ' ἐπέλασ' Ἀἰγύπτῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εἶτ' ἀντέδωκ' εἴδωλον, ὡς σέθεν κλῶ.
HELEN

MENELAUS
What God, what fate, thee from thy country tore?

HELEN
Zeus' Son, O mine husband, 'twas Zeus' Son caught Me away, it was Hermes to Nile that brought.

MENELAUS
Ah strange! Who sent him? Ah, the awesome tale!

HELEN
I wept, and the tears from mine eyes yet run:
By the bride of Zeus was I then undone.

MENELAUS
Hera?—What would she, heaping on us bale?

HELEN
Woe for my curse—for the baths from the hill-springs flowing
Where flushed the Goddesses' loveliness lovelier-glowing
Whereof that Judgment came for a land's overturning!

MENELAUS
Did Hera turn this judgment to thy bane?

HELEN
From Cypris to take the prey,—

MENELAUS
Say on, tell how

HELEN
From Paris, to whom she had promised me,—

MENELAUS
Hapless thou!

HELEN
The hapless to Egypt she brought, as my plight is now.

MENELAUS
And gave to him thy wraight, as thou hast said?

525
ΕΛΕΝΗ

tά τε σὰ κατὰ μέλαθρα πάθεα πάθεα, μᾶτερ, οἶ 'γώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

tί φής;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν μάτηρ· ἀγχόνιον βρόχον
dι' ἐμὲ κατεδήσατο δύσγαμον αἰσχύνα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄμοι· θυγατρὸς δ' Ἕρμιώνης ἔστιν βίος;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀγαμός ἀτεκνὸς, ὡ πόσι, καταστένει
gάμον ἄγαμον ἐμὸν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁ πᾶν κατ’ ἄκρας δῶμ’ ἐμὸν πέρσας Πάρις,
tάδε καὶ σὲ διώλεσε μυριάδας τε
χαλκεόπλων Δαναῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐμὲ δὲ πατρίδος ἀπὸ κακόποτομον ἀραίαν
ἐβαλε θεὸς ἀπὸ τε πόλεος ἀπὸ τε σέθεν,
ὅτι μέλαθρα λέχεα τ’ ἐλιπτον οὐ λυποῦσ’
ἐπ’ αἰσχρόις γάμοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

eὶ καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ τῆς τύχης εὐδαιμονος
tύχοιτε, πρὸς τὰ πρόσθεν ἀρκέσειεν ἄν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

700 Μενέλαε, κἄμοι πρόσδοτέ τι τῆς ἥδουν, ἢν μανθάνω μὲν καυτός, οὖ σαφῶς δ’ ἔχω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀλλ’, ὡ γεραιέ, καὶ σὺ κοινώνει λόγων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐχ ἦδε μόχθων τῶν ἐν Ἰλίῳ βραβεύσ;
But the woes in thine halls, O my mother, the woes
that befell thee—
Alas and alas!

What is this thou wouldst tell me?

No mother have I! She knit up her neck for shame
In the strangling noose, for my bridal of evil fame!

Woe's me! Our child Hermione, liveth she?

Spouseless and childless, she maketh moan,
My lord, for my marriage that marriage was none.

O thou who ruinedst mine house utterly,
Ruin for thee too, Paris, this was made,
Ruin for hosts of Danaans brass-arrayed.

And me from my country, my city, from thee, God took,
Casting me forth accurst to an evil lot, [I forsook—
For that husband and home for a marriage of shame
Who forsook them not!

If ye shall light in days to be on bliss
Unbroken, for the past shall this atone.

Menelaus, grant me too to share your joy.
I hear it, yet but dimly comprehend.

Yea, ancient, in our story share thou too.

Sat she not arbitress of strife at Troy?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐχ ἦδε, πρὸς θεῶν δ' ἦμεν ἡπατημένοι,
νεφέλης ἀγαλμ' ἔχοντες ἐν χεροῖν λυγρόν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τῇ φής;
νεφέλης ἄρ' ἄλλως εἶχομεν πόνους πέρι;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
"Ἡρας τάδ' ἔργα καὶ θεῶν τρισσῶν ἔρις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἡ δ' οὐσ'. ἀληθῶς ἐστιν ήδε σῇ δάμαρ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
αὐτῇ λόγοις δ' ἐμοίσι πίστευσον τάδε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὡς θύγατερ, ο' θεὸς ὡς ἔφυ τι ποικίλον
καὶ δυστέκμαρτον. εὖ δὲ πως ἀναστρέφει
ἐκεῖσε κάκεισ' ἀναφέρων' ὃ μὲν πονεῖ,
ὁ δ' οὔ πονήσας αὖθις ὀλλυται κακὸς,
βέβαιον οὖδὲν τῆς ἀεὶ τύχης ἔχων.
σὺ γὰρ πόσις τε σὸς πόνων μετέσχετε,
σὺ μὲν λόγοισιν, ὃ δὲ δορὰς προθυμία.
σπεύδων δ' ὑπερ' ὑπέδεν εἶχε· νῦν δ' ἔχει
αὐτόματα πράξας τῶγάθ' εὐπτέχεστᾶτα.
οὐκ ἂρα γέροντα πατέρα καὶ Διοσκόρῳ
ṻσχυνας οὖδ' ἐδρασάς οἶα κλῆτες.

710

νῦν ἀνανεοῦμαι τὸν σὸν ὑμέναιον πάλιν,
καὶ λαμπάδων μεμνήμηθ' ὃς τετράοροις
ἵππως τροχάζων παρέφερον. σὺ δ' ἐν δίφροις
σὺν τῷ δε νῦμφῃ δῷ' ἐλείπες ὀλβίον.
κακὸς γὰρ ὡς τις μὴ σέβει τὰ δεσποτῶν
καὶ ξυγγέγηκε καὶ συνωδίνει κακοῖς.
ἐγὼ μὲν εἰην, κεὶ πέφυχ' ὃμως λάτρις,
ἐν τοίᾳ γενναίοσιν ἠριθμημένοις

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

720

528
HELEN

MENELAUS
Not she; but by the Gods was I beguiled, Who grasped a sorry cloud-wraith in mine arms.

MESSENGER
How say'st thou? For a cloud then all vainly did we strive?

MENELAUS
This Hera wrought, and those three Goddesses' strife.

MESSENGER
Is this, who is very woman, this thy wife?

MENELAUS
Even she: trust thou my word as touching this.

MESSENGER
Daughter, how manifold God's counsels are, His ways past finding out! Lightly he turns And sways us to and fro: sore travaileth one; One long unvexed is wretchedly destroyed, Having no surety still of each day's lot. Thou and thy lord in sorrow have had your part, In ill-fame thou, in fury of battle he. Then, all his striving nought availed; but now Effortless he hath won the crown of bliss. Thy grey sire, then, and those Twin-brethren ne'er

Thou shamedst, nor the deeds far-told hast done! Now I recall afresh thy spousal-tide, And how I waved the torch, in four-horsed car Racing beside thee; and thou, chariot-borne With him, a bride, didst leave thine happy home. He is base, who recks not of his master's weal, Rejoicing with him, sorrowing in his pain. Still may I be, though I be bondman born, Numbered among bondservants noble-souled;
ΕΛΕΝΗ

730 δούλωσι, τούνομ' οὐκ ἔχων ἔλευθερον,
tὸν νοῦν δὲ· κρείσσον γὰρ τὸδ' ἢ δυσίν κακοῖν
eν' ὄντα χρῆσθαι, τὰς φρένας τ' ἔχειν κακὰς
ἀλλὰν τ' ἀκοῦειν δούλου ὄντα τῶν πέλασ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀγ', ὃ γεραιέ, πολλὰ μὲν παρ' ἀσπίδα
μοχθήματ' ἐξέπλησας ἐκπονών ἐμοί,
kαὶ νῦν μετασχῶν τὴς ἐμῆς εὐπραξίας
ἀγγείλων ἐλθὼν τοῖς λελειμμένοις φίλοις
tάδ' ὡς ἔχονθ' ἡμίρκας οὐ τ' ἐσμέν τύχης,
μένειν τ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τοὺς τ' ἐμοὺς καραδοκείν
ἀγόνας οὐ μένουσι μ', ὡς ἐλπίζομεν,
κεῖ τήμεν πως δυναίμεθ' ἐκκλέψαι χθονός,
φρούρειν ὅπως ἂν εἰς ἐν ἐλθόντες τύχης
ἐκ βαρβάρων σωθῆμεν, ἢν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΤΤΕΛΟΣ

ἐσται τάδ', ὄναξ· ἀλλὰ τοι τὰ μάντεων
ἐσεῖδον ὡς φαύλ' ἐστὶ καὶ ψευδῶν πλέα.
οὐκ ἢν ἄρ' υγιεῖς οὐδὲν ἐμπυροῦν φλογὸς
οὐδὲ πτερωτῶν φθέγματ' εὐθὲς δέ τοι
καὶ δοκεῖν ὀρνίθας ὄφελεὶν βροτοὺς.
Κάλχας γὰρ οὐκ εἰπ' οὐδ' ἐσήμηνε στρατῷ
νεφέλης ὑπὲρ θυμόοκοντας εἰσορῶν φίλοις
οὕτ' Ἑλευσος, ἀλλὰ πόλις ἀνηρπάσθε μάτην.
ἐποίης ἄν, οὐνεχ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἡβούλετο·
tί δῆτα μαντευόμεθα; τοῖς θεοῖς χρῆ
θύονται αἰτεῖν ἀγαθά, μαντελας δ' ἐαν·
βίου γὰρ ἅλλους δέλεαρ ἡμέρθη τόδε,
κούδεις ἐπιλούσθησε' ἐμπύροις ἄργος ὄν
γνώμη δ' ἀρίστῃ μάντις ἢ τ' εὐβουλία.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

eἰς ταῦτα κάμοι δόξα μάντεων πέρι
HELEN

So may I have, if not the name of free,
The heart: for better this is than to bear
On my one head two ills—to nurse base thoughts
Within, and do in bondage others' hests.

MENELAUS

Come, ancient, ofttimes toiling at my side
Hast thou achieved the travail of the shield;
And now, partaker in my happy lot,
Go, tidings to our friends left yonder bear
In what plight thou hast found us, and our bliss.
Bid them await, abiding by the strand,
The issue of strife that waits me, as I deem;
Bid them, if we by stealth may take her hence,
To watch, that we, in one good fortune joined,
May 'scape from these barbarians, if we may.

MESSENGER

This will I do, king. But the lore of seers,
How vain it is I see, how full of lies.
Utterly naught then were the altar-flames,
The voices of winged things! Sheer folly this
Even to dream that birds may help mankind.
Calchas told not, nor gave sign to the host,
Yet saw, when for a cloud's sake died his friends:
Nor Helenus told; but Troy for nought was stormed!
"Yea, for the God forbade," thou mightest say.
Why seek we then to seers? With sacrifice
To Gods, ask blessings: let soothsayings be.
They were but as a bait for greed devised:
No sluggard getteth wealth through divination.
Sound wit, with prudence, is the seer of seers.

[Exit MESSENGER.

CHORUS

My mind as touching seers is even at one

M M 2
ΕΛΕΝΗ

χωρεῖ γέροντι· τοὺς θεοὺς ἔχων τις ἃν φίλους ἀρίστην μαντικὴν ἔχοι δόμοις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

eἰεν· τὰ μὲν δὴ δεύρ' ἀεὶ καλῶς ἔχει.

ὀπτως δ' ἐσώθης, ὡ τάλας, Τροίας ἀπο, κέρδος μὲν οὐδὲν εἰδέναι, πῶθος δὲ τις τὰ τῶν φίλων φίλοισιν αἰσθέσθαι κακά.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἡ πόλλ' ἀνήροιν μ', ἐνι λόγῳ μιᾷ θ' ὀδῷ.

τί σοι λέγοιμ' ἂν τὰς ἐν Αἰγαίῳ φθοράς τὰ Ναυπλίων τ' Ἑυβοικὰ πυρπολήματα.

Κρήτην τε Διβύης θ' ἄς ἐπεστράφην πόλεις,

σκοπιάς τε Περσέως; οὔτ' ἂν ἐμπλησαμί σε μῦθῳ, λέγων τ' ἂν σοι κάκ' ἀλγοῖν ἐτί,

πάσχων τ' ἐκαμνόν· δίς δὲ λυπηθείμεν ᾃν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κάλλιον εἴπας ἢ σ' ἀνηρόμην ἑγώ.

ἐν δ' εἰπτε πάντα παραλιπών, πόσον χρόνον

πόντου πι' νάτοις ἄλιον ἐφθείρον πλάνου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐγναισίων πρὸς τοῖς ἐν Τροία δέκα

ἐτεσὶ διηλθον ἐπτα περιδρόμας ἐτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ϕεὺ ϕεὺ· μακρὸν γ' ἐλεξας, ὡ τάλας, χρόνου.

σωθεῖς δ' ἐκείθεν ἐνθάδ' ἠλθες εἰς σφαγάς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φής; τί λέξεις; ὅς μ' ἀπώλεσας, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

780¹

θανεὶ πρὸς ἀνδρός οὗ τάδ' ἐστὶ δῶματα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσας ἂξιον τῆς συμφορᾶς;

¹ The ordinary l. 780 (ϕεὺγ' ὃς τάχιστα τῆσθ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς χθονός) is omitted.
HELEN

With yonder ancient.  Who hath Gods for friends
Hath the best divination in his home.

HELEN

Enough: unto this present all is well.
But, toil-tried, how thou camest safe from Troy,
To know were profitless; yet friends must needs
Yearn to be told the afflictions of their friends.

MENELAUS

One question—of one voyage—thou askest much!
Why tell of those in the Aegean lost,
Of Nauplius’ false lights on Euboea’s cliffs,
Of Crete, of Libyan cities visited,
Of Perseus’ heights?  I should not with the tale
Sate thee, and telling should renew my pain,—
Toil-worn with suffering, should but grieve twice o’er.

HELEN

Wiser thine answer than my questioning is.
Yet—let the rest pass—tell but this, how long
O’er the sea-ridges vainly wanderedst thou.

MENELAUS

Through courses seven of circling years I passed,
Besides those ten years in the land of Troy.

HELEN

Alas, toil-tried, thou nam’st a weary space!
Yet, thence escaped, thou meetest murder here.

MENELAUS

How mean’st thou?—what say’st thou?—thy words
are death!

HELEN

Thou shalt be slain by him whose are these halls.

MENELAUS

What have I done that meriteth such doom?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ηκείς αέλπιτος ἐμποδῶν τ' ἐμοῖς γάμοις. 
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἡ γὰρ γαμεῖν τις τὰ μ' ἐβουλήθη λέχη;
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὑβρίν θ' ὑβρίζειν εἰς ὃ ἦν ἐμ' ἤτλην ἐγώ. 
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἰδίᾳ σθένων τις ἡ τυράννειν χθονός;
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὅς γῆς ἀνάσσει τῆςδε Πρωτέως γόνος.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

tόδ' ἐστ' ἐκείν' αἰνιγμ' ὃ προσπόλου κλύω. 
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοις ἐπιστᾶς βαρβάροις πυλώμασιν;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοίσδ', ἐνθὲν ὡσπερ πτωχὸς ἐξηλαυνόμην. 
ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ ποὺ προσήτεεις βίοτον; ὡ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦργον μὲν ἦν τούτ', ὄνομα δ' οὐκ εἶχον τόδε. 
ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντ' οἰσθ' ἄρ', ὡς ἔοικας, ἂμφ' ἐμῶν γάμων. 
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἶδ' εἰ δὲ λέκτα διέφυγες τάδ' οὐκ ἔχω.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀδικτον εὐνὴν ἱσθι' σοι σεσωσμένην.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς τοῦδε πειθὼ; φίλα γάρ, εἰ σαφῆ, λέγεις. 
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὁρᾶς τάφου τούδ' ἀθλίως ἔδρας ἐμάς;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁρῶ, τάλαινα, στιβάδας, ὡν τί σοι μέτα;

534
HELEN

HELEN
Coming unlooked-for thou dost thwart my marriage.

MENELAUS
How?—purposeth some man to wed my wife?

HELEN
Yea, to repeat all tyrannous wrong I have borne.

MENELAUS
In his own might, or as this country's king?

HELEN
He is ruler of the land, king Proteus' son.

MENELAUS
This was the riddle that the portress spake!

HELEN
At which of the alien portals didst thou stand?

MENELAUS
At these, whence like a beggar I was driven.

HELEN
Not surely begging bread?—ah, woe is me!

MENELAUS
Such was my plight: beggar I named me not.

HELEN
Touching my bridal, then, shouldst thou know all.

MENELAUS
Yea, but know not if thou hast 'scaped his arms.

HELEN
Rest sure, unsullied hath my couch been kept.

MENELAUS
Of this what proof?—Glad tidings this, if true.

HELEN
Seest thou my wretched session at this tomb?

MENELAUS
A straw couch—hapless, what is this to thee?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἐνταύθα λέκτρων ἰκετεύομεν φυγάς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
βωμοῦ σπανίζουσ’ ἢ νόμοισι βαρβάροις;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἔρρυθ’ ἤμᾶς τούτ’ ἵσον ναῦσ θεῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐδ’ ἀρα πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολεῖν σ’ ἐξεστί μοι;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ξίφος μένει σε μᾶλλον ἦ τοῦμον λέχος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὕτως ἄν εἴην ἀθλιώτατος βροτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
μὴ νυν καταίδοι’ φεῦγε δ’ ἐκ τῆςδε χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
λυπῶν σε; Τροίαν ἐξέπερσα σὴν χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
κρεῖσσον γὰρ ἢ σε τάμ’ ἀποκτείναι λέχη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἄναυδρά γ’ εἶπας Ἰλίου τ’ οὐκ ἄξια.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐκ ἄν κτάνοις τῦραννον, δ’ σπεύδεις ἰσώς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὕτω σιδήρῳ τρωτῶν οὐκ ἔχει δέμας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
εἴσει. τὸ τολμᾶν δ’ ἀδύνατ’ ἀνδρὸς οὐ σοφοῦ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
συγῆ παράσχω δὴτ’ ἐμὰς δῆσαι χέρας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
eis ἀπορούν ἥκεις· δεῖ δὲ μηχανὴς τινος.

536
HELEN

Fleeing this marriage I am suppliant here.

MENELAUS

No altar nigh?—or this the alien's wont?

HELEN

As well this warded me as fanes of Gods.

MENELAUS

May I not bear thee home, then, overseas?

HELEN

The sword awaits thee rather than mine arms.

MENELAUS

Then were I of all men unhappiest.

HELEN

Now think not shame to flee from this land forth.

MENELAUS

And leave thee?—I, who sacked Troy for thy sake!

HELEN

Better than that my couch should be thy death.

MENELAUS

Tush—craven promptings these, unworthy Troy!

HELEN

Thou canst not slay the king—perchance thy purpose.

MENELAUS

How?—hath he flesh invulnerable of steel?

HELEN

That shalt thou prove. None wise dares hopeless venture.

MENELAUS

How? shall I tamely let them bind mine hands?

HELEN

Thou art in a strait: there needs some shrewd device.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
dRŴntas γαρ ἡ μη δρ̂ŵntas ἕδιον θανεῖν.
ELENH
με' ἔστιν ἐλπίς, ἡ μόνη σωθείμεν ἂν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀνετὸς ἡ τολμητὸς ἡ λόγων ύπο;
ELENH
ei μὴ τύραννος σὲ ἑκπύθοντ' ἀφγιμένον.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἔρει δὲ τίς μ'; οὐ γνώστεται γ' ὡς εἰμ' ἐγώ.
ELENH
ἔστ' ἐνδον αὐτῷ ξύμμαχος θεοὶς ἴση.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
φήμη τις οἰκών ἐν μυχοῖς ἰδρυμένη;
ELENH
οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἀδελφή· Θεονόην καλοῦσί νυ.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
χρηστήριον μὲν τούνομ'; ὃ τι δὲ δρᾶ φράσον.
ELENH
πάντ' οἶδ', ἔρει τε συγγόνῳ παρόντα σε.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
θυήσκοιμεν ἂν· λαθείν γὰρ οὐχ οἶον τὲ μοι.
ELENH
ei πως ἃν ἀναπείσαμεν ἱκετεύοντε νυ—
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ti χρήμα δρᾶσαι; τίν' ὑπάγεις μ'; ἐς ἐλπίδα;
ELENH
παρόντα γαλα μὴ φράσαι σε συγγόνῳ.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πείσαντε δ' ἔκ γῆς διωρίσαμεν ἂν πόδα;
ELENH
κοινὴ γ' ἐκείνη ραδίως, λάθρα δ' ἂν οὖ.
HELEN

MENELAUS
Best die in action, not with folded hands.

HELEN
One hope there is whereby we might be saved—

MENELAUS
By bribes, by daring, or by cunning speech?

HELEN
If but the king may know not of thy coming.

MENELAUS
Who will betray me? He shall know me not.

HELEN
An ally wise as Gods he hath within.

MENELAUS
A Voice that haunts dark crypts within his halls?

HELEN
Nay, but his sister: Theonoë her name.

MENELAUS
Oracular the name:—what doth she?—say.

HELEN
All things she knows;—shall tell him thou art here.

MENELAUS
Then must I die, for hid I cannot be.

HELEN
What if by prayers we might prevail with her—

MENELAUS
To do what?—to what hope wouldst lead me on?

HELEN
To tell her brother of thy presence nought?

MENELAUS
Prevailing so, our feet might flee the land?

HELEN
Lightly, if she connive: in secret, no.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

σὸν ἑργὸν, δὸς γυναικὶ πρόσφορον γυνὴ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ός οὐκ ἀχρωστα γόνατ’ ἐμῶν ἔξει χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

φέρ’, ἢν δὲ δὴ νῦν μὴ ἀποδέξηται λόγους;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

θανεί: γαμοῦμαι δ’ ἡ τάλαιν ἐγὼ βία.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

προδότις ἄν εἴης: τὴν βίαν σκήψας ἔχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀλλ’ ἀγνὸν ὅρκον σὸν κάρα κατώμοσα—

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

τί φής; θανείσθαι κούπτωτ’ ἀλλάξειν λέχη;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ταύτῳ ξίφει γε’ κέίσομαι δὲ σοῦ πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ἐπὶ τοίσδε τοίνυν δεξιὰς ἐμῆς θύε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ψαῦω, θανόντος σοῦ τὸδ’ ἐκλείψειν φάος.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

καγὼ στερηθεῖς σοῦ τελευτήσω βίον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς οὖν θανοῦμεθ’ ὡστε καὶ δόξαν λαβεῖν;

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

τύμβου ’πλ νῶτῳ σὲ κτανὸν ἐμὲ κτεῖν. πρῶτον δ’ ἀγῶνα μέγαν ἀγωνιούμεθα λέξτρων ύπὲρ σῶν’ ὁ δὲ θέλων ἵτω πέλας: τὸ Τρωικὸν γὰρ οὐ κατασχυνὼ κλέος οὐδ’ Ἕλλαδ’ ἐλθὼν λήψομαι πολὺν ψόγον, ὡστὶς Θέτιν μὲν ἐστέρησ’ Ἀχιλλέως, Τελεμαοῦν δ’ Λαντος εἰςείδουν σφαγάς.
HELEN

MENELAUS
Essay thou: woman toucheth woman's heart.

HELEN
Surely mine hands about her knees shall cling.

MENELAUS
Hold—what if she will none of our appeal?

HELEN
Thou diest: and I, woe's me, shall wed perforce.

MENELAUS
Then wert thou traitress—false the plea of force!

HELEN
Nay, by thine head I swear a solemn oath—

MENELAUS
How?—wilt thou die ere thou desert thy lord?

HELEN
Yea, by thy sword: beside thee will I lie.

MENELAUS
Then, for this pledge, lay thou thine hand in mine.

HELEN
I clasp—I swear to perish if thou fall.

MENELAUS
And I, of thee bereft, to end my life.

HELEN
How, dying, shall we then with honour die?

MENELAUS
On the tomb's crest thy life I'll spill, then mine.
But first in strife heroic will I strive
For thee, beloved: let who dare draw nigh.
I will not shame the glory achieved at Troy,
Nor flee to Greece, to meet a nation's scoff.
I!—who robbed Thetis of her hero-son,
Who saw Telamonian Aias slaughtered lie,
ΕΛΕΝΗ

tον Νηλέως τ' ἀπαίδα· διὰ δὲ τὴν ἐμὴν
οὐκ ἄξιόσω καθθανεῖν δάμαρτ' ἐγὼ;
μάλιστα γ'· εἰ γὰρ εἰσίν οἱ θεοὶ σοφοί,
εὐσυχον ἀνδρα πολεμιῶν θανόνθ' ὑπὸ
κούφη καταμπτίσχουσιν ἐν τύμβῳ χθονί,
κακοὺς δ' ἐφ' ἔρμα στερεῦν ἐκβάλλουσι γῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς θεοί, γενέσθω δῆποτ' εὐνυχές γένος
τὸ Ταντάλειον καὶ μεταστήτω κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἱ γ' ὡς τάλαινα· τῆς τύχης γὰρ ὡδ' ἔχω.
Μενέλας, διαπετράγμεθ' ἓκβαίνει δόμων
ἡ θεσπιρόδος Θεούνη· κτυπεῖ δόμος
κλήθρων λυθέντων. φεῦγ'· ἀτὰρ τὶ φειεκτέον;
ἀπούσα γὰρ σε καὶ παροῦσ' ἀφυγμένου
δεῦρ' οἷδεν· ὃ δύστηνος, ὃς ἀπωλόμην.
Τροίας δὲ σωθεὶς κἀπὸ βαρβάρου χθονὸς
εἰς βάρβαρ' ἐλθον' φάσγαν' αὕτοις ἔμπεσει.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ηγοῦ σύ μοι φέρουσα λαμπτὴρων σέλας,
θείον δὲ σεμνὸν θεσμὸν αἰθέρος μυχῶν,
ὡς πνεῦμα καθαρὸν οὐρανοῦ δεξώμεθα·
σὺ δ' αὐ κέλευθον εἰ τις ἐβλαγὴν τοδὶ
στέβων ἀνοσίᾳ, δὸς καθαρσίῳ φλογί,
κρούσον δὲ πεῦκῃ, ἵνα διεξέλθω, πάρος.
νόμον δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν θεοίσιν ἀποδοῦσαι πάλιν
ἐφέστιν φλόγ' εἰς δόμους κομίζετε.
Ἐλένη, τι τάμα πὼς ἔχει θεσπίσματα;
ἥκει πόσις σοι Μενέλαος ὃδ' ἐμφανῆς,
νεὼν στερηθεῖς τοῦ τε σοῦ μμῆματος.
HELEN

Saw Neleus' son made childless—for my wife
Shall I not count me man enough to die? 850
Yea, verily:—for, if the Gods are wise,
The valiant man who dies by foemen's hands
With dust light-sprinkled on his tomb they shroud,
But dastards forth on barren rock they cast.

CHORUS

Gods, grant at last fair fortune to the line
Of Tantalus, and rescuing from ills!

HELEN

Woe, hapless I!—my lot is cast in woe!
Undone, Menelaus!—from the hall comes forth
Theoœ the seer: the palace clangs
With bolts shot back:—flee!—yet to what end flee? 860
Present or absent still she knows of thee,
How thou art come. O wretched I, undone!
Thou, saved from Troy and from the alien land,
Hast come to fall again by alien swords!

Enter Theoœ attired as a priestess, with train of handmaids in solemn procession.

THEOŒ (to a torch-bearer)

Thou, bearing splendour of torches, pass before;
In solemn ritual incense all the air,
That pure heaven's breath may be, ere we receive it.
And thou, if any have marred our path with tread
Of foot unclean, sweep o'er it cleansing flame,
And shake the torch before, that I may pass. 870
And, when ye have paid the Gods my wonted service,
Bear back again the hearth-flame to the halls.

[Attendants pass on.

Helen, how fall my words prophetic now?
Thy lord is come, Menelaus, here in sight,
Spoiled of his ships, and of thy counterfeit.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ω τλήμων, οίνους διαφυγόν ἦλθες πόνους,
οὐδ' οἶσθα νόστον οἰκαδ' εἰτ' αὐτοῦ μενείς:
ἐρις γὰρ ἐν θεοῖς σύλλογός τε σοῦ πέρι
ἔσται πάρεδρος Ζηνὶ τῷ ' ἐν ἦματι.

"Ἡρα μὲν, ἢ σοι δυσμενῆς πάροιδεν ἦν,
νῦν ἐστιν εἰνοῦς κείς πάτραν σῶσαι θέλει
ξυν τῇ', ἵν 'Ελλὰς τοὺς 'Αλεξάνδρου γάμους
δώρημα Κύπριδος ψευδονύμφευτον μάθῃ.
Κύπρις δὲ νόστον σὸν διαφθείρα τὸ θέλει,
ὡς μὴ 'ξελεγχθῇ μηδὲ πριαμένη φανῇ
τὸ κάλλος 'Ελένης εἶνεκ' ἀνονήτοις 1 γάμοις.
τέλος δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν, εἰθ', ἀ βουλεῖ ταῦτα Κύπρις,
λέξας ἀδελφῷ σ' εὐθάδ' ὄντα διολέσω,
εἰτ' αὖ μεθ' Ἡρας στάσα σὸν σώσω βίον,
κρύψας' ὁμαίμον', ὡς με προστάσσει τάδε
εἰσεῖτι, ὅταν γῆν τῇ λείῳ νοστήσας τὺχῃς.
τίς εἰσ' ἀδελφῷ τόνδε σμαμῶν ἐμῷ
παρόνθ', ὅπως ἀν τούμων ἀσφαλῶς ἔχῃ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὁ παρθέν', ἱκέτους ἀμφὶ σὸν πίπτων γόνυ,
καὶ προσκαθίζω τὰκον οὐκ εὐδαίμονα
ὑπὲρ τ' ἐμαυτῆς τοῦδε θ', ὅν μόλις ποτὲ
λαβοῦσα' ἐπ' ἀκμῆς εἰμὶ καταθανόντ' ἰδεῖν-
μὴ μοι κατείπης σῷ κασυγνήτῳ πόσιν
τόνδ' εἰς ἐμὰς ἴκουτα φίλτατον χέρας:
σῶσον δὲ, λίσσομαι σε' συγγόνῳ δὲ σῷ
τὴν εὐσέβειαν μὴ προδὴς τὴν σὴν ποτε,
χάριτας ποινῆς καθικοὺς ὄνουμένη.
[μισεῖ γάρ ὁ θεὸς τὴν βίαν, τὰ κτητὰ δὲ
κτάσθαι κελεύει πάντας οὐκ ἐς ἀρπαγάς.

1 Pierson ἀνονήτοις (non fruendis): for MSS. ἀνήρτοις.
HELEN

Hapless, escaped what perils art thou come,
Unsure of home-return or tarrying here!
For strife in heaven and high debate shall be
On this day in Zeus’ presence touching thee.
Hera, who was thy foe in days gone by,
Is gracious now, would bring thee with thy wife
Safe home, that Hellas so may learn the cheat
Of Alexander’s bridal, Cypris’ gift.
But Cypris fain would wreck thine home-return,
That her shame be not blazoned, hers who bought
The prize of Fair with Helen’s phantom hand.
The issue rests with me—to tell my brother,
As Cypris wills, thy presence, ruining thee,
Or, standing Hera’s ally, save thy life,
Hiding it from my brother, who bids that I
Declare it, when thou comest to our shore.

[A pause.

Go, some one, tell my brother that this man
Is here, that I of peril clear may stand.

HELEN

O maiden, suppliant at thy knee I fall,
And, in the posture of the unhappy, bow
Both for myself and this man, whom at last,
Scarce found, I am in peril to see slain!
Ah, tell not to thy brother that my lord,
My best beloved, hath come unto mine arms;
But save us, I implore thee! To thy brother
Never betray thy reverence for the right,
Buying his gratitude by sin and wrong.
[For God abhorreth violence, bidding all
Not by the spoiler’s rapine get them gain.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐατέος δ' ὁ πλοῦτος ἀδικός τις ὁν. 1
κοινὸς γὰρ ἐστιν οὐρανὸς πᾶσιν βροτοῖς
καὶ γαῖ, ἕν ἡ χρή δώματ' ἀναπληρουμένους
tάλλωσια μὴ 'χειν μηδ' ἀφαιρεῖσθαι βίας.
ἡμᾶς δὲ μακάριος μὲν, ἀθλίως δ' ἐμοί,

910 Ἐρμής ἔδωκε πατρὶ σῷ, σφίζειν πόσει
tῷ, ὅς πάρεστι καπολαξύσθαι θέλει.
pῶς οὖν βανῶν ἄν ἀπολάβοι; κεῖνος δὲ πῶς
tὰ ξύντα τοῖς θανόντων ἀποδοθ' ἄν;
οὐ δὲ τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τὰ τοῦ πατρὸς σκόπει,
pότερον ὁ δαίμων χῶ θανῶν τὰ τῶν πέλας
βούλοιτ' ἄν ὡς βούλοιντ' ἄν ἀποδοθ'ναι πάλιν.
δοκῶ μὲν, οὐκο νυχρῆ σε συγγόνων πλέον
νέμειν ματαῖο μᾶλλον ἡ χρήστῳ πατρί.
eἰ δ' οὕσα μάντις καὶ τὰ θεί' ἡγομένη

920 τὸ μὲν δίκαιον τοῦ πατρὸς διαφθείρεις,
tῷ δ' οὐ δικαῖο λυγόνω δῶσεις χάριν,
αἰσχρὸν τὰ μὲν σε θεία πάντ' ἐξείδεναι,
tὰ ὄντα καὶ μῆ, τὰ δὲ δίκαια μῆ εἴδεναι.
* * * * * * * * * * 2

τὴν τ' ἀθλίαν ἔμ', οἴσιν ἐγκείμαι κακοῖς,
ρῦσαι, πάρεργον δοῦσα τοῦτο τῆς τύχης:
'Ελένην γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐ στυγεῖ βροτῶν
ἡ κλῆσομαι καθ' Ἐλλάδ' ὥς προδοῦσέ ἐμὸν
πόσιν Φρυγῶν ἄκησα πολυχρόσοις δόμους.
ἡν δ' Ἐλλάδ' ἐλῶ καπιβῶ Σπάρτης πάλιν,

930 κλύοντες εἰσιδόντες ὅς τέχναις θεῶν
ὡλοντ', ἐγώ δὲ προδότις οὐκ ἡμῆν φίλων,
pάλιν μ' ἀνάξονοι' εἰς τὸ σώφρον αὖθις αὖ,

1 An unmetrical line generally regarded as an interpolation.
2 A line, containing a special appeal for Menelaus, is believed to have been lost here.

546
HELEN

Away with wealth—the wealth amassed by wrong! For common to all mortals is heaven's air, And earth, whereby men ought to enrich their homes, Nor keep nor wrest by violence others' goods.]¹
Me for mine happiness—yet for my sorrow— To thy sire Hermes gave, to ward for him, My lord, who now is here, who claims his own. Slain, how should he regain me, or thy sire How render back the living to the dead? O have regard to God's will and thy sire's! Would Heaven, would the dead king, render back Their neighbour's goods, or would they not consent? Yea, would they, I trow! Thou shouldst not have respect To wanton brother more than righteous sire. If thou, a seer, who dost believe in God, Thy father's righteous purpose shalt pervert, And to thine unjust brother do a grace, 'Twere shame that thou shouldst know all things divine, Present and future,—yet not know the right. Now me, the wretched, whelmed in misery, Save, and vouchsafe us this our fortune's crown. For there is none but hateth Helen now, Through Hellas called forsaker of my lord To dwell in gold-abounding Phrygian halls. But if to Greece I come, in Sparta stand, Then, hearing, seeing, that by heaven's device They died, nor was I traitress to my friends, They shall restore me unto virtue's ranks;

¹ Ll. 903–908 are marked as interpolations by Dindorf, Badham, and Nauck.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐδωσομαι τε θυγατέρ' ἦν οὐδεὶς γαμεῖ,
τὴν δὲ ἐνθάδ' ἐκλιπτοῦσ' ἀλητείαι πικρὰν
ὄντων ἐν οἴκοις χρημάτων ὄνησομαι.
κεὶ μὲν θανῶν ὅτι ἐν πυρᾷ κατεσφάγη,
πρὸςω σφ' ἀπόντα δακρύουσι ἄν ἡγάπων,
νῦν δ' ὄντα καὶ σωθέντ' ἀφαιρεθήσομαι;
μὴ δὴτα, παρθέν', ἀλλὰ σ' ἰκετεύω τὸδ' ὅτι τὴν χάριν μοι τήνδε καὶ μμοῦ τρόπους
πατρὸς δικαίου παισί γὰρ κλέος τὸδ' κάλλιστον, ὅστις ἐκ πατρὸς χρηστοῦ γεγονὼ
εἰς ταῦτ' ἠλθε τοὺς τεκούσι τοὺς τρόπους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴκτρον μὲν οἱ παρόντες ἐν μέσῃ λόγῳ,
οἴκτρα δὲ καὶ σύ. τοὺς δὲ Μενέλαω ποθὼ
λόγους ἀκούσαι τίνας ἐρεῖ ψυχήσ πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐγὼ σὺν οὔτ' ἀν προσπεσείν τλαίνη γόνω
οὔτ' ἀν δακρύσαι βλέφαρα. τὴν Τροίαν γὰρ ἄν
δειλοὶ γενόμενοι πλείστον αἰσχύνομεν ἂν.
καίτω λέγουσιν ὅσ πρὸς ἄνδρος εὐγενοῦς
ἐν εὐμφοραίοι δάκρυ ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν βαλεῖν.
ἀλλ' οὐχὶ τούτῳ τὸ καλὸν, εἰ καλὸν τὸδε,
ἀἱρήσομαι γὰρ πρόσθε τῆς εὐφυχίας.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἄνδρα σοι δοκεῖ σῶσαι κένων
ζητοῦντα μ' ὀρθῶς ἀπολαβεῖν δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν,
ἀπόδος τε καὶ πρὸς σῶσων εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκεῖ,
ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον, ἄλλα πολλάκις
ἀθλῶς ἄν ἔην, σὺ δὲ γυνὴ κακὴ φανεῖ.
ἀ δ' ἀξίζει ἡμῶν καὶ δίκαι' ἵγοομεθα,
καὶ σὺς μάλιστα καρδίας ἀνθάψται,
λέξω τάδ' ἀμφὶ μνῆμα σοῦ πατρὸς πεσόν 1

1 Badham: for MSS. τὸθ: "regretting the absence of."

548
HELEN

I shall betroth the child none now will wed;
And, leaving this my bitter homelessness,
Shall I enjoy the treasures in mine home.
Lo, if my lord had died, slain on some pyre,
My love should weep his memory though afar:
Now, living, saved, shall he be torn from me?
Ah, maiden, not—I implore thee, O not that!
Grant me this grace; so follow in the steps
Of thy just sire. 'Tis children's fairest praise,
When one begotten of a noble sire
Is noble, treading in the father's steps.

CHORUS

Piteous thy pleading comes to stay her hand:
Piteous thy plight is. But I fain would hear
What words Menelaus for his life will speak.

MENELAUS

I cannot brook to cast me at thy knee,
Nor drown mine eyes with tears; else should I shame
Troy utterly, in turning craven thus.
And yet, men say, it is a hero's part
In trouble, from his eyes to shed the tear.
Yet not this seemly part—if seemly it be—
Will I choose rather than stoutheartedness.
But, if thou wilt befriend a stranger, me
Who seek, yea justly, to regain my wife,
Restore her, save withal: if thou wilt not,
Not now first shall I taste of misery,
But thou shalt stand convict of wickedness.
Yet, that which worthy of myself I count,
And just,—yea, that which most shall touch thine
heart,—

That will I speak, bowed at thy father's grave:
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ γέρον, ὃς οἰκεῖς τόνδε λάμνων τάφον, ἀπόδοσ, ἀπαιτῶ τὴν ἐμὴν δάμαρτά σε, ἢν Ζεὺς ἐπεμψε δεύρο σοι σφέειν ἐμοί. οἶδ' οὔνεχ' ἦμιν οὕτωτ' ἀποδώσεις ἡν θανῶν' ἀλλ' ἦδε πατέρα νέρθεν ἀνακαλούμενον οὐκ ἀξίωσε τὸν πρὶν εὐκλείστατον κακῶς ἀκούσας: κυρία γὰρ ἐστι νῦν.

ὦ νέρτερ Ἄιδη, καὶ σε σύμμαχον καλῶ, δε πόλλ' ἐδέξω τῆσδ' ἐκατὶ σώματα πεσόντα τῶν φασινάνω, μισθὸν δ' ἔχεις· ἢ νῦν ἐκεῖνος ἀπόδοσς ἐμψύχος σῶλω, ἢ τῆνδ’ ἀνάγκασον γε μὴ εὐσεβοῦσ πατρός ἢσσω φανείσαν τὰμα γ’ ἀποδοῦναι λέχη. εἰ δ' ἐμὲ γυναῖκα τὴν ἐμὴν συλήσετε, ἀ σοι παρέλιπεν ἦδε τῶν λόγων, φράσω.

ὄρκοις κεκλήμεθ', ὡς μάθης, ὁ παρθένε, πρῶτον μὲν ἐλθεῖν διὰ μάχης σφ' συγγόνω· κακεῖνον ἢ μὲ δεὶ θανεῖν ἀπλοὺς λόγος. ἢν δ’ ἐς μὲν ἅλκην μὴ πόδ' ἀντιθη ποδί, λυμῷ δὲ θηραὶ τύμβου ἰκετεύοντε νώ, κτανεῖν δεδοκται τήνδ’ ἐμοί, καπετι’ ἐμὸν πρὸς ἤπαρ ὅσαι δίστομον ξίφος τόδε τύμβου π’ νῦτοις τοῦδ’, ἢν αἱματος ῥοαί τάφου καταστάξαοι: κεισόμεσθα δὲ νεκρῶ δυ’ ἐξῆς τῳ ἐπὶ ξεστῶ τάφῳ, ἀθάνατον ἄλγος σο‘, ψόγος δὲ σφ’ πατρί. οὔ γὰρ γαμεί τήνδ’ οὔτε σύγγονος σέθεν οὔτ’ ἄλλος οὔδείς· ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ σφ’ ἀπάξομαι, εἰ μὴ πρὸς οὐκοὺς δυνάμεθ’, ἀλλὰ πρὸς νεκροὺς. τί ταῦτα; δακρύοις εἰς τὸ θῆλυ τρεπόμενος

1 Brodaeus: for ἀπολέσεις of MSS., and ὀψλῆσεις of Nauck.

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HELEN

O ancient, dweller in this tomb of stone,
Restore thy trust: I claim of thee my wife,
Sent hither of Zeus to thee, to ward for me.
Thou, who art dead, canst ne'er restore, I know:
But this thy child will think scorn that her sire,
Glorious of old, from the underworld invoked,
Have infamy,—for now it rests with her.
Oh Hades, on thy championship I call,
Who hast welcomed many dead, for Helen's sake.
Slain by my sword: thou hast them for thine hire.

Or give them back with life's breath filled again,
Or thou constrain this maid to show her worthy
Of a good sire, and render back my wife.
But if ye will despoil me of my bride,
That which to thee she said not will I say:—
Know, maiden, I have bound me by an oath
To dare thy brother, first, unto the fight:
Then he or I must die, my word is passed.
But if he flinch from grappling foot to foot,
And seek to starve the suppliants at the tomb,
I am resolved to slay her, then to thrust
Into mine own heart this two-edged sword
On this tomb's crest, that streams of our life-blood
May drench the grave: so shall we side by side,
Two corpses, lie upon this carven tomb,
To be thy deathless grief, thy sire's reproach.
Her shall thy brother never wed—nor he,
Nor any other:—I will bear her hence,
If home I may not, then unto the dead.
Why speak thus? If with tears I played the woman,
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐλεινὸς ἦν ἂν μᾶλλον ἡ δραστήριος.
κτεῖν, εἰ δοκεῖ σοι δυσκλεώς γὰρ οὗ κτενεῖς
μᾶλλον γε μέντοι τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείθου λόγοις,
ἳν ής δικαία καὶ δάμαρτ' ἐγὼ λάβω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐν σοι βραβεύειν, ὦ νεάνι, τοὺς λόγους
οὔτω δὲ κρίνων ὡς ἀπασίν ἀνδάνης.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ἐγὼ πέφυκα τ' ευσεβείν καὶ βούλομαι,
φιλῶ τ' ἐμαυτήν, καὶ κλέος τοῦμοι πατρὸς
οὐκ ἂν μιᾶναμ, ούδὲ συγγόνο χάριν
δοῖν ἂν εἴ ής δυσκλεῆς φαινήσεται.
ἐνεστὶ δ' ἵερον τῆς Δήκης ἐμοὶ μέγα
ἐν τῇ φύσει καὶ τοῦτο Νηρέως πάρα
ἐχουσα σφίζειν Μενέλεων πειράσομαι.

"Ἡρα δ', ἔπειτεβ ποιλεταί σ' ευεργετείν,
εἰς ταῦτον οὖσα ψήφων ή Κύπρις δ' ἐμοὶ
ἐλεως μὲν εἴη, συμβέβηκε δ' οὔδαμοι
πειράσομαι δὲ παρθένοις μένειν ἂεί.

ἂ δ' ἀμφὶ τύμβῳ τὸδ' ὀνειδίζεις πατρί,
ἡμῖν δ' αὐτὸς μῦθος. ἀδικοίημεν ἂν,
εἰ μὴ ἀποδώσω καὶ γὰρ ἂν κείνος βλέπων
ἀπέδωκεν ἂν σοι τήνθ' ἔχειν, ταύτη δὲ σέ.
καὶ γὰρ τίσι τῶν ἐστὶ τοῖς τε νετέροις
cαὶ τοῖς ἁνωθέν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώπους. ὁ νοῦς
τῶν καθανόντων ζη μὲν οὗ, γνώμην δ' ἔχει
ἀθάνατον εἰς ἀθάνατον αἰθέρ' ἐμπεσών.

ὡς οὖν περαίνω μὴ μακράν, σχισσομαί
ἂ μοι καθικετεύσατ', οὐδὲ μωρία
ζὺμβουλος ἐσομαι τῇ κασινητοῦ ποτέ.

ἐυεργετῶ γὰρ κείνον οὗ δοκοῦσ' ὀμος,
ἐκ δυσεσβείας ὁσιον εἰ τίθημι νυν.
HELEN

A pitiful thing were I, no man of deeds.
Slay, if thou wilt: thou shalt not slay and shame!
Yet do thou rather hearken to my words,
That thou be just, that I may win my wife.

CHORUS

Maiden, of these pleas art thou arbitress.
So judge, that thou mayest pleasure all at last.

THEONOE

By nature and by choice I fear the Gods.
I love mine own soul, and my sire's renown
I will not stain, nor show my brother grace
Wherefrom shall open infamy be his:
And the great temple of Justice in mine heart
Stands. Since from Nereus I inherit this,
I will essay to save Menelaus' life.
With Hera, seeing she fain would favour thee,
I cast my vote. Gracious to me withal
Be Cypris, though she hath had no part in me,
And I will strive to abide a maiden aye.
For thy reproaches o'er my father's grave,
I make them mine; for I should work foul wrong,
If I restored not. He, if yet he lived,
Had given back her to thee, and thee to her.
Yea, for such acts have men due recompense
In Hades as on earth. No separate life
Have dead men's souls, yet deathless consciousness
Still have they when in deathless aether merged.
But, to make brief end, I will hold my peace
Of all ye have prayed of me, nor ever be
Co-plottter with my brother's wantonness.
I do him service, though it seem not so,
Who turn him unto righteousness from sin.

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ΕΛΕΝΗ

αυτοὶ μὲν οὖν τιν' ἐξοδόν γ' εὑρίσκετε, ἐγὼ δ' ἀποστάσ' ἐκποδῶν συγήσομαι. ἐκ τῶν θεῶν δ' ἀρχεσθε χικετεύετε τὴν μὲν σ' ἐάσαι πατρίδα νοστῆσαι Κύπριν, "Ἡρας δὲ τὴν ἔνυκαὶ ἐν ταυτῷ μένειν ἢν εἰς σὲ καὶ σὸν πόσιν ἔχει σωτηρίας. σὺ δ', ὥθανὼν μοι πάτερ, ὅσον γ' ἐγὼ σθένω, οὔποτε κεκλήσει δυσσεβής ἀντ' εὐσεβοὺς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1030 οὐδεὶς τοτ' ἡπτύχησεν ἑκδικός γεγώς, ἐν τῷ δικαίῳ δ' ἐλπίδες σωτηρίας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, πρὸς μὲν παρθένου σεσώσμεθα· τοῦθένδε δὴ σὲ τοὺς λόγους φέροντα χρή κοινὴν συνάπτειν μηχανὴν σωτηρίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

άκουε δὴ νυν' χρόνοις εἰ κατὰ στέγας καὶ ξυντέθραψαι προσπόλοουσι βασιλέως.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί τούτ' ἐλεξάς; εἰσφέρεις γὰρ ἐλπίδας ὡς δὴ τῷ δράσων χρηστὸν εἰς κοινὸν γε νῦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πείσεις ἂν τίνων οὐτίνες τετραζύγων ὁχων ἀνάσσουσ', ὡστε νῦν δοῦναι δίφρους;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πείσαιμ' ἂν ἄλλα τίνα φυγὴν φευξούμεθα πεδίων ἀπειροι βαρβάρου τ' ὄντες χθονός;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀδύνατον εἰπας. φέρε, τί δ' εἰ κρυφθείς δόμους κτάνοιμ' ἀνακτα τάδε δυστόμῳ ξίφει;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἂν σ' ἀνάσχοιτ' οὐδὲ συγήσειεν ἂν μέλλοντ' ἀδελφὴ σύγγονον κατακτανείν.

554
HELEN

Yet how to escape must ye yourselves devise:
I from your path will stand, will hold my peace.
With prayer to Gods begin ye: supplicate
Cypris to grant return to fatherland.
Thou, pray that Hera's mind abide unchanged,
Her will for thy deliverance and thy lord's.
And thou, dead sire, so far as in me lies,
Impious for righteous ne'er shalt be misnamed.

[Exit.

CHORUS
None prospered ever by unrighteousness:
In righteousness all hope of safety dwells.

HELEN
From peril from yon maid are we secured.
Thou, for the rest, give counsel to devise
A path of safety alike for thee and me.

MENELAUS
Hearken. Long hast thou dwelt beneath yon roof
Co-inmate with the servants of the king:—

HELEN
Why say'st thou this? Thou givest hint of hopes,
As thou wouldst work deliverance for us twain.

MENELAUS
Couldst thou persuade some warden of four-horse cars
To give to us a chariot and steeds?

HELEN
I might persuade—yet what avails our flight
Who know these plains not, nor the alien's land?

MENELAUS
A hopeless bar! What if I hide within
And slay the king with this two-edged sword?

HELEN
His sister would not suffer thee, nor spare
To tell thy purposed murder of her kin.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀλλ' οὐδὲ μὴν ναῦς ἐστιν ἢ σωθεῖμεν ἄν
φεύγοντες· ἢν γὰρ εἰχόμεν θᾶλάσσα' ἔχει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἀκούσον, ἢν τι καὶ γυνὴ λέξῃ σοφὸν.
βούλει λέγεσθαι μὴ θανῶν λόγῳ θανείων;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
κακὸς μὲν ὅρνις· εἰ δὲ κερδανῷ λέγων,
ἐτοιμὸς εἰμὶ μὴ θανῶν λόγῳ θανείων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
καὶ μὴν γυναικείους σὲ ἀν οἰκτισάμεθα
κουραίσι καὶ θρήνοισι πρὸς τὸν ἀνόσιον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
σωτηρίας δὲ τούτ' ἔχει τί νῦν ἄκος·
παλαιότης γὰρ τῷ λόγῳ γ' ἔνεστι τις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὡς δὴ θανόντα σ' ἐνάλιον κενῷ τάφῳ
θάψαι τύραννον τήροντε γῆς αἰτήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καὶ δὴ παρεῖκεν· εἰτὰ πῶς ἄνευ νεῶς
σωθησόμεσθα. κενοταφοῦντ' ἐμὸν δέμας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
δοῦναι κελεύσω πορθμίδ', ἢ καθήσομεν
κόσμον τάφῳ σὺ πελαγίας ἐς ἀγκάλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὡς εὖ τὸδ' εἴπας, πλὴν ἐν· εἰ χέρσῳ ταφᾶς
θείναι κελεύσει σ', οὐδὲν ἡ σκῆψις φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἀλλ' οὐ νομίζειν φήσομεν καθ' Ἑλλάδα
χέρσῳ καλύπτειν τοὺς θανόντας ἐναλίους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τούτ' αὖ κατορθοῖς· εἰτ' ἑγὼ συμπλεύσομαι
καὶ συγκαθήσω κόσμον ἐν ταύτῃ σκάφει.
HELEN

MENELAUS
No ship have we wherein we might escape
Fleeing; for that I had the sea hath whelmed.

HELEN
Hearken—if woman’s lips may wisdom speak:—
Wouldst thou consent, ere death, in name to die?

MENELAUS
Evil the omen: yet, if words may help,
Ready I am, ere death, in name to die.

HELEN
Yea, with shorn hair and dirges will I mourn thee
Before the tyrant, after woman’s wont.

MENELAUS
What salve of safety for us twain hath this?
Sooth, the device is something overworn!

HELEN
As thou hadst died at sea, I’ll pray the king
For leave to entomb thee in a cenotaph.

MENELAUS
This granted, how shall we without a ship
Escape by raising this void tomb for me?

HELEN
A vessel will I beg, to cast therefrom
Into the sea’s arms burial-gifts for thee.

MENELAUS
Well said, save but for this—if he bid rear
On land my tomb, fruitless is thy pretence.

HELEN
Nay, will we say, this is not Hellas’ wont,
On land to bury such as die at sea.

MENELAUS
This too thou rightest. I with thee embark,
And in the same ship help to stow the gifts.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὲ καὶ παρεῖναι δεῖ μάλιστα τοὺς τε σοῦς
πλωτήρας οὕτε ἐφυγον ἐκ ναυαγίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καὶ μὴν εάνπερ ναῦν ἔπε ἀγκύρας λάβων,
ἀνὴρ παρ’ ἄνδρα στήσεται ξιφηφόρος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
σὲ χρή βραβεύειν πάντα: πόμπιμοι μόνον
λαίφει πνοαὶ γένοιτο καὶ νεῶς δρόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἐσται πόνους γὰρ δαίμονες παύσουσι μου,
ἀτὰρ θανόντα τοῦ μ’ ἔρεις ἀπευθυμένην;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
σοῦ καὶ μόνος γε φάσκε διαφυγεῖν μόρον
Ἀτρέως πλέων σὺν παιδὶ καὶ θανόνθ’ ὀρᾶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καὶ μὴν τάδ’ ἀμφίβληστρα σώματος ράκη
ξυμμαρτυρήσει ναυτικῶν ἐρειπίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
eis καἰρὸν ἦλθε, τότε δ’ ἀκαίρ’ ἀπώλλυτο·
tὸ δ’ ἄθλιον κεῖν’ εὐτυχῶς τάχ’ ἄν πέσοι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πότερα δ’ ἐσ’ οἰκουσ σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν με χρή
ἡ πρὸς τάφο τῷ ἡσυχοὶ καθώμεθα;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἀυτοῦ μέν’ ἦν γὰρ καὶ τι πλημμελέσει σε δρᾷ,
tάφος σ’ οἶδ’ ἂν βύσκαιτο φάσγανον τε σοῦν.
ἐγὼ δ’ ἐσ’ οἰκουσ βάσα βοστρύχους τεμῶ
πέπλων τε λευκῶν μέλανας ἀνταλλάξομαι
παρὶ δ’ ὄνυχα φόνιον ἐμβαλὼ χροὸς.

μέγας γὰρ ἄγων, καὶ βλέπω δύο ῥοπάς·
ἡ γὰρ θανεῖν δεῖ μ’, ἢν ἄλω τεχνωμένη,
HELEN

Of all things chiefly, needs must thou be there,
And all thy crew which from the wreck escaped. 1070

MENELAUS

Let me but at her moorings find a ship,
And man by man shall they stand girt with swords.

HELEN

'Tis thou must order all: let wafting winds
But fill the sail, and good speed to the keel!

MENELAUS

This shall be, for the Gods will end my toils.
But of whom wilt thou say thou heard'st my death?

HELEN

Of thee. Say, thou alone escapedst doom:
Sailing with Atreus' son, thou saw'st him die.

MENELAUS

Yea, and these rags about my body cast
Shall witness as to salvage from the wreck. 1080

HELEN

In good time saved, in an ill time nigh lost!
That sore mischance may turn to fortune fair.

MENELAUS

Into the palace with these shall I pass,
Or by the tomb here tarry sitting still?

HELEN

Here stay: if he would do thee any hurt,
This tomb and thine own sword shall keep thee safe.
But I will pass within, will shear mine hair,
And sable vesture for white robes will don,
And with the blood-stained nail will scar my cheek.
'Tis a grim strife, and issues twain I see: 1090
Or I must die, if plotting I am found,
Η πατρίδα τ' ἐλθεῖν καὶ σὸν ἐκσώσαι δεμας. ὡ πότιν’, Ἡ Δέοσιν ἐν λέκτροις πίνεις, Ἡμερινοτροφή, ὅρθια, ἐκεῖνος ἀνάψυξιν πόνων, αἰτιώμεθ' ὅρθια ὅλενας πρὸς ὑπάρχουν ῥήπτονθ', ἵνα ὦκεῖς ἀστέρων ποικίλματα. σὺ θ', ἢ ἣν πῶς κύδος ἐκτῆσο γάμῳ, κόρη Διώνυσις Κύπρι, μὴ μ' ἐξεργάσῃ. ἀλλις δὲ λύμης ἦν μ' ἠλυμηὴν πάρος

1100 τούνομα παρασχοῦσ', οὐ τὸ σῶμ', ἐν βαρβάρωις. θανεῖν δ' ἐσοόν μ', εἰ κατακτεῖναι θελεῖς, εἴν γῆ πατρίδα. τί ποτ' ἀπληστος εἰ κακῶν, ἐρωτας ἀπάτας δόλια τ' ἐξευρήματα ἀσκοῦσα φίλτρα θ' αἰματηρὰ δωμάτων; εἰ δ' ἡσθα μετρία, τάλλα γ' ἡδίστη θεόν πέφικας ἀνθρώποισιν: οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ τὰν ἐναυλείοις ὑπὸ δευδροκόμοις στρ. α' 
μουσεῖα καὶ θάκους ἐνζωούσαν ἀναβοάσω, 
σὲ τὰν ἁοιδοτάταν

1110 ὄρυθα μελωδὸν ἁγδόνα δακρυνόεσσαν, 
ἐλθεὶ διὰ ξούθαν γενύων ἐλελιξομένα 
θῆνους ἐμοίς ἕνωσος, 
'Ελένας μελέας πόνους 
τὸν Ἰλλάδων τ' ἁει-
δούσα δακρυνόεσσα πότιμον 
'Αχαιῶν ὑπὸ λόγχαις, 
ὅτε ἐμολυν ἐμολυν πεδία βαρβάρῳ πλάτα, 
ὅς ἔδραμε ῥόθα, μέλεα Πριαμίδαις ἄγων 
Δακεδαίμονος ἀπὸ λέχεα

1120 σέθευ, ο Ἐλένα, Πάρις αϊνόγαμος 
πομπαίσιν Ἀφροδίτας.

560
HELEN

Or see the homeland and redeem thy life.
O Queen, who restest on the couch of Zeus,
Hera, to hapless twain grant pause from ills,
We pray, with arms flung upward to the sky,
Thy mansion wrought with arabesques of stars.
And thou, by mine hand winner of beauty’s prize,
Cypris, Dione’s child, destroy me not!
Enough the scathe thou hast done me heretofore,
Lending my name, not me, to alien men:
But let me die, if ’tis thy will to slay,
In homeland. Why, insatiati of wrong,
Dost thou use loves, deceits, and guile’s inventions,
And love-spells dark with blood of families?
Wouldst thou in measure come, thou wert to men
Else kindest of the Gods: I hold this truth.

[Exit.

CHORUS

O thou in thine halls of song abiding, (Str. 1)
Under the greenwood leaves deep-hiding,
I hail thee, I hail,
Nightingale, queen by thy notes woe-thrilling
Of song-birds, come, through thy brown throat trilling
Notes tuned to my wail,
As of Helen’s grief and pain
And of Ilium’s daughters’ tears
I sing, how they stooped them to thraldom’s chain
Beneath the Achaean spears.
They were doomed, when from Sparta fleeing hied
Paris, the bridegroom accursèd, to ride
O’er the foam-blossomed plain, for the Priamids’ bane—
O Helen, it seemeth as thou wert the bride,
And the Love-queen steers!

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0 0
ΕΛΕΝΗ

πολλοὶ δ’ Ἀχαίων ἐν δορὶ καὶ πετρίναις ἀντ. α’
ῥυταῖσιν ἐκπνεύσαντες “Αἰδαν μέλεον ἔχουσιν,
tάλαιναν ὅν ἀλόχων
κειράντες ἥθειαν ἄνυμφα μέλαθρα δὲ κεῖται:
πολλοὺς δὲ πυρσεύσας φλογερὸν σέλας ἀμφι-
ρύταν
Εὐβοιαν εἶλ’ Ἀχαίῳν
μονόκωτος ἀνήρ, πέτρας
Καφηρίσων ἐμβαλὼν

1130 Αἰγαίαις τ’ ἐνάλοισιν ἀκταῖς,
δόλων ἀστέρα λάμψας.
ἀλίμενα δ’ ὅρεα. 1 ἡμελεὰ βαρβάρον στολῶς,
ὅτ’ ἔσυντο πατρίδος ἀποπρὸ χειμάτων πνοὰ
γέρας οὐ γέρας, ἀλλ’ ἔριν
Δαναῶν νεφέλαν ἐπὶ ναοῦν ἄγων,
eἴδωλον ἵρον Ἡρας.

ὁ τι θεὸς ἡ μήθεος ἡ τὸ μέσον,
τίς φησ’ ἐρευνήσας βροτῶν
μακρότατον πέρας εὐρεῖν,

1140 δς τὰ θεῶν ἐσοφα
δεύρο καὶ αὐθις ἐκεῖσε
καὶ πάλιν ἀντιλόγοις
πηδόντ’ ἀνελπίστοις τύχαις;
οὐ Δίος ἐφις, ὡς Ἐλένα, θυγάτηρ.
πταιὸς γὰρ ἐν κόλποις σε Δή-
δας ἐτέκνωσε πατὴρ.
καὶ ἱαχήθης καθ’ Ἑλλανίαιαν
ἀδίκος, προδότις, ἀπιστος, ἀθεος’ οὐδ’ ἔχω

1 MS. reading, but text uncertain: the strained interpretation “wretchedly strewn with the spoils of Troy” (from the wrecked fleet) gives perhaps the only relevant sense.

562
HELEN

And Achaean many, by stones down-leaping (Ant. 1)
And by spear-thrusts sped, are in Hades sleeping;
And in sorrow for these
Was their wives’ hair shorn in their widowed bowers;
And the beacon-lights glared on the headland that lowers

O’er Euboean seas;
So that lone voyager¹ hurled
Many Greeks on Caphereus’ scaur
And Aegean skerries where wild surf swirled,
When he lit that treachery-star.
And by havenless cliffs Menelaus hath passed
Driven afar from his land by the blast
With his prize—no prize, but by Hera’s device
A cloud-wraith into the mid-lists cast
Of the Danaans’ war.

(Str. 2)

Who among men dare say that he, exploring
Even to Creation’s farthest limit-line,
Ever hath found the God of our adoring,
That which is not God, or the half-divine—
Who, that beholdeth the decrees of Heaven
This way and that in hopeless turmoil swayed?
Daughter of Zeus art thou, to Leda given,
Helen, by him whom those swan-plumes arrayed:
Yet wert thou cursed—“Unrighteous, god-despising,
Traitress, and faithless,” Hellas deemed thy due!

¹ Nauplius hastily left Troy in a fishing-boat, before the Greek fleet sailed, to make his preparations for wrecking it.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ti to safes, o ti pot' en brotois.
to theon epoas alathes euron.

afroves osoi tas aretas polemov ant. B'
ktauze doros alkaion loghaxi-
sin katapavanomeuri po-
nous thnaton amathos.
ei gar amilla krivnei un
aimatos, oupot' eris
leiphe kai anbropon polies.
† a Priamidos gara elachev 1 thalamous,
exon diorathswai logos
sai erw, o 'Eleina.
vun d' oi m'en 'Aida melontai kato,
teixe de, phlogmos osteo Dios, epesu to phloz,
eti de pathexi pathesi fereis
† adelous en sumphorai's adelinous.

THEOKATMENOS

o xaire, patio panh'me. et' exodoi gar
ethaia, Prostei, o' enek' emis proserhesos
aei de' exioan te keisiwn domous
Theoklumenos paiz ode prossenepei, pater.
ymeis men ouv kinas te ka theiwn bropous,
dewes, koomzet' eis domous turanikous'
egi d' emauton poll' eloiodrhesa dh'
oi gar tis theanato touz kakous kolazomen.
kal vun petuomai faneiron 'Ellhnes
et' eli khai kal lekdeina skopous,
htoi katorptan h kloza thrwmene
'Eleven' thaneita d', h' ne de' lepethi monon.

1 Kirchhoff: for MSS. at . .  elipon.
HELEN

Nought I find certain, for all man's surmising:
Only Gods' words have I found utter-true.

(ANT. 2)

Madmen, all ye who strive for manhood's guerdons
Battling with shock of lances, seeking ease
Senselessly so from galling of life's burdens!
Never, if blood be arbitress of peace,
Strife between towns of men shall find an ending:
Lo, how its storm o'er homes of Ilium brake,¹
Yea, though fair words might once have wrought
amending,
Helen, of wrong, of quarrel for thy sake!
Now are her sons in depths of Hades lying;
Flame o'er her walls leapt, like Zeus' levin-glare:
Woes upon woes, and unto captives sighing
Sorer afflictions still—thy gifts they were.

Enter THEOCLYMENUS, with hounds, and attendants carrying weapons, nets, spoils of the chase, etc.

THEOCLYMENUS

Hail, my sire's tomb!—for at my palace-gate,
Proteus, I buried thee, to greet thee so:
Still as I enter and pass forth mine halls,
Thee, father, I thy son Theoclymenus hail.
Ho ye, my men, the hounds and hunting-nets
Unto the palace-kennels take away.

[Exeunt attendants.]

Many a time have I reproached myself
That I have punished not yon knaves with death!
Lo, now I hear of some Greek openly
Come to my land, eluding all my guards,—
Some spy, or one that prowls to kidnap hence
Helen. Die shall he, so he but be caught.

¹ The text seems hopelessly corrupt. I have followed Jerram's conjecture as to general sense.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐὰν

υλλ', ὡς ἐοικε, πάντα διαπεπραγμένα
eύρηκα: τύμβου γὰρ κενὰς λυποῦσ', ἐδρας
ἡ Τυνδαρίς παῖς ἐκπεπόθημεντα κχονός.

ωή, χαλάτε κλῆθρα: λυθ' ἵππικᾶς
φάτνας, ὁπαδοί, κάκκομίζεθ' ἀρματα,
ὡς ἅν πόνου γ' ἔκατε μὴ λάθη με γής
τῆς ἔκκομισθείσα ἀλοχος, ἂς ἔφειμαι.

ἐπίσχετ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ οὐς διώκομεν
παρούτας ἐν δόμοις κοῦ πεφευγότας.

αὕτη, τί πέπλους μέλανας ἐξήνυ χρῶς
λευκῶν ἀμείβασ' ἐκ τε κρατός εὐγενοῦς
κόμας σίδηρον ἐμβαλοῦσ', ἀπέθρισας
χλωροῖς τε τέγγεις δάκρυσι σὴν παρηίδα
κλαίουσα; πότερον ἐννύχοις σεσειμένη
στένεις ὀνείροις, ἢ φάτων τιν' οὐκοθεν
κλύουσα λύπη σὰς διέθρασαι φρένοις;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὁ δέσποτ', ἡδὴ γὰρ τόδ' ὀνομάζω σ' ἐπος,
δ' ῥωλα' φρούδα τὰμά κοῦδεν εἰμ' ἐτι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν τῷ δὲ κεῖσαι συμφορᾶς; τίς ἢ τύχη;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαος—οἶμοι, πῶς φράσω;—τέθυκε μοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδὲν τι χαίρω σοὶς λόγοις, τὰ δ' εὐτυχῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

* * * * * * * * *

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς οἶσθα; μῶν σοι Θεονόη λέγει τάδε;

1 Nauck: for πεπεισμένη of MSS.
2 A line has been lost here (Hermann).
HELEN

Ha!
Lo, all my plans, meseemeth, have I found
Frustrate!—for Tyndarus' child hath left her seat
By the tomb void, and from the land hath sailed!
What ho! unbar the gates!—loose from the stalls
The steeds, mine henchmen!—bring the chariots forth,
That not for pains untried by me the wife
I long for may escape the land unmarked.
Nay, hold your hands! I see whom we would chase
There in the palace standing, nowise fled.
Re-enter HELEN.
Thou, why hast thou attired thee in dark robes,
Thy white cast off, and from thy queenly head
Hast thou with sweep of steel thy tresses shorn,
And wettest with fast-streaming tears thy cheeks
Weeping? Mourn'st thou by visions of the night
Soul-shaken, or for some dread inward voice
Heard, is thy spirit thus distraught with grief?

HELEN
My lord,—for now I name thee by this name,—
Undone!—mine hopes are fled; I am but nought!

THEOCYLMENUS
In what affliction liest thou? What hath chanced?

HELEN
Menelaus—woe's me!—how to speak it?—dead!

THEOCYLMENUS
I triumph not at thy words, yet am blest.

HELEN
[Let my lord pardon that I joy not—yet.]¹

THEOCYLMENUS
How know'st thou? Hath Theonoë told thee this?

¹ Inserted conjecturally to supply the lacuna.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
κείνη τέ φησιν ὅ τε παρὼν ὅτ' ὥλλυτο.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜЕНΟΣ
ἡκεὶ γὰρ ὅστις καὶ τάδ' ἀγγέλλει σαφῆ;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἡκεὶ μόλοι γὰρ ὡς ἐγὼ χρῆξω μολεῖν.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
tίς ἐστὶ; ποῦ ἄστιν; ἵνα σαφέστερον μάθω.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ὁδ' ὃς κάθηται τῷ ὑποπτίξας τάφῳ.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
"Ἀπόλλων, ὡς ἐσθῆτι δυσμόρφῳ πρέπει.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐμοι, δοκῶ μὲν καὶ μὸν ὥδ' ἔχειν πόσιν.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ποδαπὸς ὁδ' ἀνήρ καὶ πόθεν κατέσχε γῆν;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
"Ελλην, Ἀχαῖων εἰς, ἐμῷ σύμπλους πόσει.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
θανάτῳ δὲ ποίῳ φησὶ Μενέλεων θανεῖν;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οἰκτρόταθ' υγροὶσιν ἐν κλυδωνίοις ἀλὸς.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ποῦ βαρβάρωσι πελάγεσιν ναυσθλούμενον;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
Διβύς ἄλμενοις ἐκπεσόντα πρὸς πέτρας.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
καὶ πῶς ὅδ' οὐκ ὀλωλε κοινωνῶν πλάτης;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἐσθῷων κακίους ἐνίοτ' εὐτυχέστεροι.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
λιπὼν δὲ νάδι ποῦ πάρεστιν ἔκβολα;
HELEN

HELEN
Even she, and he who when he died was there.

THEOCLYMENUS
How, is one here to tell this certainly?

HELEN
Is here:—would he might come as I desire!

THEOCLYMENUS
Who is he?—where?—that I be certified.

HELEN
Yon man who sitteth cowering at the tomb.

THEOCLYMENUS
Apollo!—lo, how marred his vesture shows!

HELEN
Ah me, so showeth now my lord, I ween!

THEOCLYMENUS
Of what land?—and whence sailed he to our shore?

HELEN
Greek, an Achæan, shipmate of my lord.

THEOCLYMENUS
By what death says he Menelaus died?

HELEN
Most piteously, in whelming surge of brine.

THEOCLYMENUS
And where on alien waters voyaging?

HELEN
On havenless rocks of Libya cast away.

THEOCLYMENUS
How perished this man not, who shared his voyage?

HELEN
While are the base-born more than heroes blest.

THEOCLYMENUS
And, hither faring, where left he the wreck?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ηπέν κακὸς ὀλοίτο, Μενέλαως δὲ μὴ.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὁλωλ' ἕκεινος. ἦλθε δ' ἐν ποίῳ σκάφει;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ναύται σφ' ἀνέβουν' ἐνυχόντες, ὡς λέγει.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ποὺ δὴ τὸ πεμφθὲν ἀντὶ σοῦ Τροίᾳ κακὸν;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

νεφέλης λέγεις ἀγαλμ' ἔσοδον' ἐδεικτεί.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὁ Πρίαμος καὶ γῆ Τροίας, ὡς ἔρρεις μάτην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καγὼ μετέσχου Πριαμίδαις δυστραξίας.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πόσιν δ' ἄθαπτον ἐλπὶς ἡ κρύπτης χθονὶ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄθαπτον' οἴ 'γω τῶν ἐμῶν τλήμων κακῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τῶν εἴνεκ' ἐτάμες βοστρύχους ἐνυχής κόμης;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλος γὰρ ἐστίν, ὡς ποτ' ἐστίν, ἐνθάδ' ὡς.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὅρθως μὲν ἴδε συμφορὰ δακρύεται;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐν εὐμαρείᾳ γοῦν σὴν κασιγνήτην λαθεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ δήτα. πῶς οὖν; τῶν ἐτ' οἰκήσεις τάφον;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὰ κερτομεῖς με, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐκ ἔμε;
HELEN

HELEN
Where ruin seize it!—but not Menelaus

THEOCYLMENUS
Ruin hath seized him. What ship brought this man?

HELEN
Some, voyaging, found and took him up, he saith.

THEOCYLMENUS
Where is that bane, in thy stead sent to Troy?

HELEN
The cloud-wraith mean'st thou? Into air it passed.

THEOCYLMENUS
O Priam, Troyland, ruined all for nought

HELEN
I too have shared the Priamids' dark doom.

THEOCYLMENUS
Left he thy lord unburied, or entombed him?

HELEN
Unburied—woe is me! Alas mine ills!

THEOCYLMENUS
For this cause hast thou shorn thy golden hair?

HELEN
Yea, dear he is, whate'er he be—he is here.1

THEOCYLMENUS
Is this misfortune real, thy tears unfeigned?

HELEN
O yea, thy sister's ken were lightly 'scaped!

THEOCYLMENUS
Nay, sooth. How then? Wilt dwell by this tomb still?

HELEN
Why mock me? Leave the dead awhile in peace.

1 Laying her hand upon her heart (Heath).
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
πιστὴ γὰρ εἶ σὺ σῶ πόσει φεύγουσά με.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἀλλ’ οὐκέτ’ ἦδη δ’ ἄρχε τῶν ἐμῶν γάμων.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
χρόνια μὲν ἥλθεν, ἀλλ’ ὁμοὶ αἰνῶ τάδε.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οἶσθ’ οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον; τῶν πάρος λαθώμεθα.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ἐπὶ τῷ; χάρις γὰρ ἀντὶ χάριτος ἐλθέτω.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
σπονδάς τέμωμεν καὶ διαλλάχθητί μοι.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
μεθίημι νεῖκος τὸ σῶν, ἵτω δ’ ὑπόπτερον.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
πρὸς νῦν σε γονάτων τῶν, ἐπείπερ εἰ φίλος—
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
τί χρῆμα θηρῶς’ ἰκέτις ὑρέχθης ἐμοῦ;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
τὸν κατθανόντα πόσιν ἐμὸν θάψαι θέλω.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
τί δ΄; ἕστ’ ἀπόντων τῦμβος; ἡ θάψεις σκιάν;
ΕΛΕΝΗ
"Ελλησίων ἐστὶ νόμος, δς ἂν πόντῳ θάνη—
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
τί δρᾶν; σοφοὶ τοι Πελοπίδαι τὰ τοιάδε.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
κενοὶς θάπτειν ἐν πέπλων ὑφάσμασιν.
ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
κτέρις’ ἀνίστη τῦμβου οὐ χρῆζεις χθονός.
ΕΛΕΝΗ
οὐχ ὅδε ναυτας ὀλομένους τυμβεύομεν.
HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS
So loyal to thy lord, thou shunkest me. 1230

HELEN
No more will I: prepare my bridal now.

THEOCLYMENUS
Late comes it, yet with praise and thanks of me!

HELEN
Know'st then thy part? Let us forget the past.

THEOCLYMENUS
Thy terms?—since favour is for favour due.

HELEN
Let us make truce: be reconciled to me.

THEOCLYMENUS
I put away our feud: let it take wings.

HELEN
Now then by these thy knees, since friend thou art—

THEOCLYMENUS
What seekest thou with suppliant arms outstretched?

HELEN
The dead, mine husband, fain would I entomb.

THEOCLYMENUS
How?—for the lost a grave?—wouldst bury a shade? 1240

HELEN
'Tis Hellene wont, whoso is lost at sea—

THEOCLYMENUS
To do what? Wise are Pelops' sons herein.

HELEN
With garments shrouding nought to bury them.

THEOCLYMENUS
Rear him a tomb where in my land thou wilt.

HELEN
Not thus we bury mariners cast away.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
πῶς δαί; λέειμμαί τῶν ἐν "Ελλησιν νόμων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
eἰς πόντον ὁσα χρή νέκυσιν ἔξορμίζομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
tί σοι παράσχω δήτα τῷ τεθνηκότι;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
δὴ οἶδ᾽ 1 ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἄπειρος, εὐτυχοῦσα πρίν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ὁ ξένε, λόγον μὲν κληδόν ἦνεγκας φίλην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐκον ἐμαυτῷ γ᾽ οὐδὲ τῷ τεθνηκότι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
πῶς τοὺς θανόντας θάπτετ' ἐν πόντῳ νεκρούς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὡς ἀν παρούσης οὐσίας ἐκαστὸς ἦ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
πλούτου λέγ᾽ εἶνεξ', ὁ τι θέλεις ταύτης χάριν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
προσφάζεται μὲν αἷμα πρῶτα νερτέροις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
τίνος; σὺ μοι σήμανε, πεῖσομαι δ᾽ ἑγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
αὐτὸς σὺ γῆγνωσκ᾽ ἀρκέσει γὰρ ἂν διδῆς.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ἐν βαρβάροις μὲν ἔππον ἢ ταύρον νόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
dιδούς γε μὲν δὴ δυσγενὲς μηδὲν δίδου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
οὐ τῶν ἐν ἄγελαις ὀλβίαις σπανίζομεν.

1 Hartung: for οὐκ' οἶδ᾽ of MSS.
HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS
How then? Of Hellene wont I nothing know.

HELEN
We put out seaward with the corpse’s dues.

THEOCLYMENUS
What shall I give thee for the dead man then?

HELEN (pointing to MENELAUS)
He knows. Unskilled am I—happy ere this!

THEOCLYMENUS
 Stranger, glad tidings dost thou bring to me.

MENELAUS
For me not glad, nor yet for that dead man.

THEOCLYMENUS
How do ye bury dead men lost at sea?

MENELAUS
According to the substance of each friend.

THEOCLYMENUS
If wealth be all, for her sake speak thy wish.

MENELAUS
First is blood shed, an offering to the shades.

THEOCLYMENUS
The victim?—tell thou, and I will perform.

MENELAUS
Decide thou: that thou givest shall suffice.

THEOCLYMENUS
My people use to slay a horse or bull.

MENELAUS
If thou wilt give, give worthily of a king.¹

THEOCLYMENUS
Of such in my fair herds I have no lack.

¹ Hinting that he should give both, as he actually does.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καὶ στρωτὰ φέρεται λέκτρα σώματος κενὰ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ἐσται· τί δ' ἄλλο προσφέρειν νομίζεται;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
χαλκήλαθ' ὀπλα· καὶ γὰρ ἦν φίλος δορί.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ἀξια τάδ' ἐσται Πελοπιδῶν ἃ δόσομεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καὶ τάλλ' ὅσα χθὼν καλὰ φέρει βλαστήματα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
πῶς οὖν; ἐς οἴδμα τίνι τρόπῳ καθίετε;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ναῦν δεῖ παρεῖναι κάρετμῳ ἐπιστάταις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
πόσον δ' ἀπείροιει μῆκος ἡ γαῖας δόρυ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὡς' ἐξορᾶσθαι ῥόθια χερσόθεν μόλις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
τί δή; τὸδ' Ἑλλᾶς νόμιμον ἐκ τίνος σέβειν,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἂν μὴ πάλιν γῇ λύματ' ἐκβάλη κλύδων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
Φοίνικα κάπη ταχύπορος γενήσεται.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καλῶς ἂν εἴη Μενέλειος τε πρὸς χάριν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
οὐκοῦν σὺ χωρίς τήσδε δρῶν ἀρκεῖσ τάδε;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
μητρὸς τὸδ' ἔργον ἢ γυναικὸς ἢ τέκνων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ταύτης ὁ μόχθος, ὡς λέγεις, θύπτειν πόσιν;

576
HELEN

MENELAUS
Next, a decked bier is borne, no corpse thereon.

THEOCLYMENUS
This shall be. What beside doth custom add?

MENELAUS
Arms forged of bronze, for well he loved the spear.

THEOCLYMENUS
These, our gifts, shall be worthy Pelops' line.

MENELAUS
Therewith, all increase fair that earth brings forth.

THEOCLYMENUS
How then?—how cast ye these into the surge?

MENELAUS
There needeth here a ship with rowers manned.

THEOCLYMENUS
And how far speedeth from the strand the keel?

MENELAUS
So that from land the foam-wake scarce is seen.

THEOCLYMENUS
Now wherefore? Why doth Greece observe this use? 1270

MENELAUS
Lest the surge sweep pollution back to shore.

THEOCLYMENUS
Phoenician oars shall traverse soon the space.

MENELAUS
'Twere well done, and a grace to Menelaus.

THEOCLYMENUS
Dost thou not, without her, suffice for this?

MENELAUS
This must be done by mother, wife, or child.

THEOCLYMENUS
Hers then the task, thou say'st, to entomb her lord?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ἐν εὐσεβεί γοῦν νόμιμα μὴ κλέπτειν νεκρῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἰτω· πρὸς ἡμῶν ἀλοχον εὐσεβῆ τρέφειν.

ἐλθὼν δ’ ἐς οἴκους ἐξελοῦ κόσμου νεκρῷ.

καὶ σ’ οὐ κεναίσι χερσὶ γῆς ἀποστελῶ,

δράσαντα τῇδε πρὸς χάριν· φήμας δὲ μοι

ἐσθλᾶς ἐνεγκών γ’ ἀντὶ τῆς ἀχλαινίας

ἐσθῆτα λήψει σῖτά θ’, ὡστε σ’ εἰς πάτραν

ἐλθείν, ἐπεὶ νῦν γ’ ἀθλώς ἔχουσι όρῳ.

σῦ δ’, ὁ τάλαν, μὴ πι τοῖς ἀνηνυτοῖς

τρύχου σὺ σαυτήν· Μενέλεως δ’ ἔχει πότιμον,

κοῦκ ἂν δύνατο ξῆν ὁ κατθανόν τοσί.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

σοῦ ἔργον, ὃ νεάιν· τὸν παρόντα μὲν

στέργειν πᾶσιν χρῆ, τὸν δὲ μηκὲν οὕντ’ ἔαν·

ἀριστα γὰρ σοι ταῦτα πρὸς τὸ τυχάνον.

ἥν δ’ Ἐλλᾶδ’ ἐλθο καὶ τύχω σωτηρίας,

παύσω ψόγου σε τοῦ πρὶν, ἢν γυνὴ γενὴ

οἰαν γενέσθαι χρῆ σε σὺν ξυνευνέτη.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐσται τάδ’· οὐδὲ μέμψεται πόσις ποτὲ

ήμων· σὺ δ’ αὐτὸς ἐγγὺς ἄν εἰσεὶ τάδε.

ἀλλ’, ὁ τάλας, εἴσελθε καὶ λουτρῶν τύχε

ἐσθητα τ’ ἐξαλλαξον. οὐκ ἐς ἄμβολας

εὐρεγετήσω σ’· εὕμενέστερον γὰρ ἂν

τῷ φιλτάτῳ μοι Μενέλεῳ τὰ πρόσφορα

δρόμος ἂν, ἥμων τυχᾶνον οἴων σε χρῆ.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

ὀρέια ποτὲ δρομάδι κώλφ

μάτηρ θεῶν ἐσ🐼θη

στρ. α’

578
HELEN

MENELAUS
Yea, piety bids rob not the dead of dues.

THEOCLYMENUS
Let her go:—best to foster in my wife
Piety. From mine halls the death-dues take.
Nor thee will I send empty-handed hence,
For this thy kindness shown her. For good news
Thou hast brought me, raiment in thy bare rags’ stead
And food shalt thou have, so that thou mayst come
To Greece, whom now I see in sorriest plight.
Thou, hapless queen, fret not thine heart away
Without avail. Menelaus hath his doom,
And thy dead husband cannot live again.

MENELAUS
Princess, thy part is this: with him who is now
Thy lord, content thee; him who is not, let be,
As best it is for thee in this thy plight.
And if to Greece I come, and safety win,
Then will I take thine old reproach away,
If now thou prove true wife to thine own spouse.

HELEN
This shall be: never shall my lord blame me.
Thou shalt thyself be near, and witness this.
Now, toil-tried one, pass in, enjoy the bath,
And change thy raiment. I will tarry not
In kindness to thee: thou with more good will
Shalt pay all dues to my beloved lord,
Menelaus, if thou have thy due of us.

[Exeunt MENELAUS, HELEN, AND THEOCLYMENUS.

CHORUS
The Mountain-goddess, with feet swift-racing, (Str. 1)
Mother of Gods, rushed onward of yore

1 Demeter, who is here invested with some of the attributes
of Cybele.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀν' ὑλάντα νάπῃ
ποτάμιον τε χεῦμ' ὑδάτων
βαρύβρομον τε κυμ' ἄλιον
πόθῳ τάς ἀποιχομένας
ἀρρήτου κούρας:
κρόταλα δὲ Βρόμω διαπρύσιον
ιέντα κέλαδον ἀνεβόα,
θηρῶν οτὲ ξυγίους
ζευξάσα θεᾶ σατίνας,
τὰν ἀρπασθείσαν κυκλίων
χορῶν ἔξω παρθενίων
μέτα κούραι ἀελλόποδες,
ἀ μὲν τόξους 'Ἀρτέμις, ἀ δ'
ἔγχει Γόργώπις πάνωπλος,
<συνείποντο. Ζεῦς δ' ἐδράνων 1>
αὐγάξων δ' ἔξι οὐρανών
ἀλλαν μοῖραν ἐκραίνει.

δρομαῶν δ' ὅτε πολυπλάνητον
μάτηρ ἑπαυσὲ πόνον,
μαστεύουσ' ἀπόρους
θυγατρῶς ἀρπαγάς δολίους,
χιονοθρέμμονας δ' ἐπέρασα·
'Ἰδαιᾶν Νυμφᾶν σκοπίας'
ῥίπτει δ' ἐν πένθει
πέτρινα κατὰ δρία πολυνιφέα·
βροτοῖσι δ' ἄχλοα πεδία γὰς
οὐ καρπίζουσ' ἀρότοις
λαδῶν φθείρει γενεάν·
ποίμναις δ' οὐχ ἤει θαλερᾶς

1 Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.
HELEN

By glens of the forest in frenzied chasing,
    By the new-born rivers' cataract-roar,
        By the thunderous surge of the sea wind-tost,
            In anguished quest for a daughter lost
Whose name is unuttered in prayer or praising;¹
    And a peal far-piercing the echoes bore
        As clashed the Bacchanal's castanet;
And beasts of the wold by her spells controlled
    'Neath the yoke of the Goddess's chariot met:
      1310
And with her for her child, by the ravisher parted
    From the virgins' dances, on that wild quest
The storm-footed Maiden-goddesses darted,
    Even Artemis Queen of the Bow, and pressed
        At her side with her spear and her panoply
    Stern-eyed Pallas:—but Zeus, throned high
In the heavens, looked down, and their purpose thwarted,
    And ordered the issue as seemed him best.

When ceased the Mother from weary faring (Ant. 1)
    Of feet wide-wandering to and fro,
      1320
Seeking the daughter whom hands ensnaring
    Had ravished whitherward none might know,
        Then over the watch-tower peaks did she tread
    Of the Nymphs of Ida, the snow's birth-bed,
And earthward flung her in grief's despairing
    Mid the rocky thickets deep in snow:
        And she caused that from herbless plains of earth
    No blade should shoot for the tilth-land's fruit,
        And she wasted the tribes of men with dearth:
    And the cattle for tendril-sprays lush-trailing
      1330

¹ Persephone's name was not uttered in ritual, for fear of re-awakening Demeter's grief.
ΕΔΕΝΗ

βοσκᾶς εὐφύλλων ἐλίκων
πολέων δ' ἀπέλευπε βίος,
oüδ' ἢσαν θεῶν θυσίαι,
βωμοῖς τ' ἀφλεκτοί πέλανοι
πηγάς τ' ἀμπαύει δροσερᾶς
λευκῶν ἐκβάλλειν ὕδατων
πένθει παιδὸς ἀλάστρῳ.

ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπανος' εἰλαπίνας
θεῶς βροτεῖος τε γένει,
Ζεὺς μειλόσσων στυγίους
ματρὸς ὁργᾶς ἐνεπειν.
βάτε, σεμναί Χάριτες,
τε, τὰν περὶ παρθένῳ
Δηνί θυμωσαμένῳ
λύπαν ἐξαλλάζατ' ἀλάν,¹
Μοῦσαι θ' ὑμνοῦσι χορῶν.
χαλκοῦ δ' αὐδὰν χθονίαν
τύπανα τ' ἐλαβε βυρσοτενή
καλλίστα τότε πρότα μακάρων
Κύπρος' γέλασεν τε θεᾶ.
δέξατό τ' εἰς χέρας
βαρύβρομον αὐλὸν
τερφθεῖσο' ἀλαλαγμῷ.

† ὁν οὐ θέμις σ' οὖδ' ὀσία ²
ἐπύρωσας ἐν θαλάμοις,
μὴν δ' εἰχες μεγάλας
ματρός, ὦ παῖ, θυσίας
οὐ σεβίζουσα θεᾶς.

¹ Bothe: for MSS. ἀλαλά.
² This antistrophe is corrupt, and its interpretation is largely conjectural (Paley).

582
HELEN

Looked yearning with famishing eyes in vain;
And from many and many the life was failing,
Nor the sacrifice-smoke made misty the fane;
Nor on altars were found meal-cakes to burn:
And she sealed the spray-dashed mountain-urn
From pouring the wan stream forth, aye wailing
For her child with inconsolable pain.

(Str. 2)

And the Gods' feasts failed from the altars fuming,
And for men the staff of bread she brake.
Then Zeus, to assuage the wrath overglooming
The soul of the Mighty Mother, spake:
"Pass down, O Worshipful Ones, ye Graces,
And from Deo banish her wrath's dark traces,
And the grief that hath driven through desolate places
A mother distraught for a daughter's sake.
Go ye, too, Muses, with dance and with singing."
Then first of the Blesséd Ones Cypris the fair
Caught up the brass of the voice deep-ringling,
And the skin-strained tambourine she bare.
Then Demeter smiled, and forgat her grieving,
In her hands for a token of peace receiving
The flute of the deep wild notes far-cleaving
The gorges; and gladness lulled her care.

Princess, did flame unconsecrated
Of rites unhallowed in thy bowers shine,
And so of the Mighty Mother hated
Wast thou?—O child, and was this sin thine,
To have lived of the Goddess's altar unrecking?
ELHENH

μέγα τοι δύναται νεβρῶν
παμποίκιλοι στολίδες
κισσοῦ τε στεφθείσα χλόα
νάρθηκας εἰς ἱεροῦς,
ρόμβων θ' εἰλισσόμενα
κύκλος ἐνοσίς αἰθέρια,
βακχεύουσα τ' θεοῦρα Βρομίω
καὶ παννυχίδες θεᾶς
εὔτε νῦν ὅμμασιν
ἐβαλε σελάνα.
μορφὰ μόνον ἦχεις.

ELHENH

tά μὲν κατ' οἴκους εὔνυχούμεν, ὥ φίλαι·
ἡ γὰρ συνεκκλέπτουσα Πρωτέως κόρη
πόσιν παρόντα τὸν ἔμοι ἱστορούμενη
οὐκ έιπ' ἀδελφῷ· καταθαύνοντα δ' ἐν χθονὶ
οὐ φησίν αὐγὰς εἰσορὰν ἐμὴν χάρων.
καλλιστά δὴ τάδ' ἔρπασεν τεύχη πόσις·
ἀ γὰρ καθήσειν ὑπ᾽ ἐμὲλλεν εἰς ἅλα,
ταῦτ' ἐμβαλὼν πόρπακι γενναίαν χέρα
αὐτὸς κομίζει, δόρυ τε δεξιὰ λαβὼν,
ὡς τῷ θαύνοι τὸ χάριτα δὴ συνεκπονών.
προούργου δ' ἐσ ἄληκαι σῶμ' ὀπλοὺς ἤσκησατο,
ὡς βαρβάρων τρόπαια μυρίων χερὶ
στήσων, ὅταν κωπῆρες εἰσβώμεν σκάφος,
πέτλους ἀμείψας ἀντὶ ναυφθόρου στολῆς,
ἀγῷ νῦν ἐξήσκησα, καὶ λυντροῖς χρόα
ἔδωκα, χρόνια νύπτρα ποταμίας δρόσου.
ἀλλ' ἐκπερὰ γάρ δωμάτων ὁ τοὺς ἔμους
γάμους ἐτοίμους ἐν χεροῖν ἔχειν δοκῶν,
συμητέον μοῦ· καὶ σε προσποιούμεθα
εὐνουχεῖν κρατέιν τε στόματος, ὡν δυνώμεθα
σωθέντες αὐτοὶ καὶ σε συσσώσαι ποτε.
HELEN

Yet atonement may come of the fawn-skin decking
Thy limbs, bedappled with dark spots flecking
Its brown, and if greenness of ivy twine
Round the sacred fennel-wand lightly shivering,
And if whirled through the air the tambour moan
As it swings, as it rings, to the light touch quivering,
And if Bacchanal hair to the winds shall be thrown,
When the Goddess's vigils are revelling nightly,
And the shafts of the moon's bow touch them lightly,
Shot from the heights where her eyes gleam
Repent—thou didst trust in thy fairness alone.

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Within the palace all is well, my friends;
For Proteus' child, confederate with us,
Being questioned, hath not told her brother aught
Of my lord's presence, but for my sake saith
That dead he seeth not on earth the light.
Right happily my lord hath won these arms.
Himself hath donned the mail that he should cast
Into the sea, hath thrust his stalwart arm
Into the shield-strap, grasped in hand the spear,
As who should join in homage to the dead,—
In season for the fray hath harnessed him,
As who shall vanquish aliens untold
Singly, when once we tread the galley's deck.
He hath doffed his wreckage rags for the attire
Wherein I have arrayed him, and have given
His limbs the bath, long lacked, of river-dew.
—No more, for forth comes one who deems he holds
My marriage in the hollow of his hand:
I must be silent, and thy loyalty
I claim, and sealed lips, that we haply may,
Ourselves delivered, one day save thee too.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1390 χωρεῖτ’ ἐφεξῆς, ὡς ἔταξεν ὁ ἕνος, ἰμῶν, φέρουτες ἐνάλια κτερίσματα. Ἕλενη, σὺ δ’, ἢν σοι μὴ κακῶς δόξω λέγειν, πείθου, μὲν‘ αὐτοῦ· ταῦτα γὰρ παροῦσά τε πράξεις τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν σὸν ἢν τε μὴ παρῆσ. δέδουκα γὰρ σε μὴ τις ἐμπεσὼν πόθος πείσῃ μεθείναι σῶμ’ ἐς οἶδμα πόντιον τοῦ πρόσθεν ἀνδρὸς χάρισιν ἐκπεπληγμένην· ἅγαν γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐ παρόνθ’ ὅμως στένεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς καὶνὸς ἢμῖν πόσις, ἀναγκαίως ἔχει τὰ πρῶτα λεκτρα νυμφικάς θ’ ὀμιλίας τιμῶν· ἐγὼ δὲ διὰ τὸ μὲν στέργειν πόσιν καὶ ξυνθάνοιμ’ ἄν· ἀλλὰ τός κεῖνος χάρις ἔνω καθανόντι καθανεῖν· ἔα δ’ ἔμε αὐτὴν μολοῦσαν ἐντάφια δοῦναι νεκρῷ. θεοὶ δὲ σοὶ τε δοῦν ὑ’ ἐγὼ θέλω, καὶ τῷ ἐξογ τῶ’, ὅτι συνεκπονεῖ τάδε· ἔξεις δὲ μ’ οίναν χρή σ’ ἔχειν ἐν δώμασι γνυαίκ’, ἐπειδὴ Μενέλαων εὐεργετεῖς καμ’ ἔρχεται γὰρ δὴ τιν’ εἰς τύχην τάδε· ὀστίς δὲ δώσει ναῦν ἐν ἦ τάδ’ ἀξομεν, πρόσταξον, ός ἂν τὴν χάριν πλήρη λάβω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

χώρει σὺ καὶ ναῦν τὸσδε πεντηκόντορον Σιδωνίαν δὸς κάρτμων ἐπιστάτας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκοῦν ὡ’ ἀρξει νὰδς δς κοσμεῖ τάφον; ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μάλιστ’· ἀκούειν τούδε χρή ναύταις ἐμοῦς.

586
HELEN

Enter THEOCLYMENUS and MENELAUS, with train of attendants bearing funeral offerings.

THEOCLYMENUS

Pass on in order, as the stranger bade,
Thralls, bearing offerings destined to the sea.
Helen, thou—if thou take not ill my words—Be ruled by me, here stay: for thou shalt serve
Thy lord alike, or be thou there or not.
I fear thee, lest some thrill of yearning painMove thee to fling thy body mid the surge,
Distraught with love for him who was thy lord;For overmuch thou mournest him, who is not.

HELEN

O my new spouse, needs must I honour him,
My first love, who embraced me as a bride:
Yea, I for very love of my dead lord
Could die,—yet wherein should I pleasure him
If with the dead I died? Nay, suffer me
Myself to go and pay him burial-dues:
So the Gods grant thee all the boon I wish,
And to this stranger, for his help herein.
And such wife shalt thou find me in thine halls
As meet is, for thy kindness to my lord
And me; for these things to fair issue tend.
Now bid one give a ship wherein to bear
The gifts, that so thy kindness may be full.

THEOCLYMENUS (to attendant)

Go thou, and give these a Sidonian ship
Of fifty oars, and rowers therewithal.

HELEN

The rites who ordereth, shall not he command?

THEOCLYMENUS

Yea surely; him my sailors must obey.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

αὕτης κέλευσον, ἵνα σαφῶς μάθωσι σου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
αὕτης κέλευσκαὶ τρίτων γ’, εἰ σοι φίλον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

όναο, κἀγὼ τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μὴ νυν ἁγαν σὸν δάκρυσιν ἑκτῆξης χρόα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

η’ ημέρα σοι τὴν ἐμὴν δείξει χάριν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τὰ τῶν θανόντων οὐδέν, ἀλλ’ ἄλλως πόνος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔστιν τι κάκει κἀνθάδ’ ὧν ἐγὼ λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδέν κακίω Μενέλεω μ’ ἐξεις πόσιν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐδέν σὺ μεμπτός· τῆς τύχης με δεῖ μόνον.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ τόδ’, ἣν σὴν εἰς ἐμ’ εὐνοιαν διδόσ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ νῦν διδαξόμεσθα τοὺς φίλους φιλεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

βούλει εὐνεργῶν αὐτὸς ἐκπέμψω στόλου;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤκιστα· μὴ δουλευε σοῖς δούλοις, ἀναξ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλ’ εἰα· τοὺς μὲν Πελοπιδῶν ἐὼ νόμους·

καθαρὰ γὰρ ἢμιν δώματ’· οὐ γὰρ ἐνθάδε

ψυχὴν ἀφῆκε Μενέλεως· ἵπτω δὲ τις

φράσων ὑπάρχοις τοῖς ἐμοῖς φέρειν γάμων

ἀγάλματ’ οἶκους εἰς ἐμοὺς· πᾶσαν δὲ χρὴ
HELEN

Speak it again, that all may understand.

THEOCLYMENUS

Twice I command, yea, thrice, if this thou wilt.

HELEN

Blessings on thee—and me, in mine intent!

THEOCLYMENUS

Waste not with tears thy beauty overmuch.

HELEN

This day shall prove to thee my gratitude.

THEOCLYMENUS

The dead are naught: to toil for them is vain.

HELEN

Both dead and living as yet have claim on me.

THEOCLYMENUS

Me shalt thou prove no worse than Menelaus.

HELEN

No fault in thee: I need but fortune fair.

THEOCLYMENUS

This rests with thee, so thou yield me true love.

HELEN

I shall not need to learn to love my love.

THEOCLYMENUS

Wouldst have myself for escort and for aid?

HELEN

Nay, be not servant to thy servants, king.

THEOCLYMENUS

Away then: Pelopid wont is nought to me.
Mine house is unpolluted, since not here
Did Menelaus die. Let some one go
And bid my vassal-kings bring marriage-gifts
Unto mine halls. Let all the land break forth
ΕΛΕΝΗ

γαῖαν βοῶσθαι μακαρίας ὕμνῳ διὰς
ὑμέναιον Ἐλένης κἀκεῖνος, ὡς ξηλωτὸς ἂ.
σὺ δ’, ὡς ἥμαιν, ἐλθὼν, πελαγίους ἐσ ἀγκάλας
τῷ τήσδε πρὶν ποτ’ ὅψι τοῖς πόσι τάδ’,
πάλιν πρὸς οἴκους σπεῦδ’ ἐμὴν δάμαρτ’ ἔχων,
ὡς τοὺς γάμους τοὺς τήσδε συνδαιώς ἐμοὶ
στέλλῃ πρὸς οἴκους ἢ μένων εὐδαίμονῆς.

ΜΕΝΕЛАΟΣ

ὁ Ζεὺς, πατήρ τε καὶ σοφὸς κληζεί θεός,
βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς καὶ μετάστησον κακῶν.
ἐλκοῦσι δ’ ἡμῖν πρὸς λέπας τὰς συμφορὰς
σπουδὴ σύναψαι· καὶ ἄκρα θίγῃς χερί,
ἐξομεν ἢ’ ἐλθεῖν βουλόμεσθα τῆς τύχης.
ἀλάς δὲ μόχθων οὐς ἐμοχθοῦμεν πάρος.
κέκλησθέ μοι, θεοί, πολλὰ χρῆστ’ ἐμοὶ κλύειν
καὶ λύπρ’, ὁφείλω δ’ οὐκ αἰεὶ πράσσειν κακῶς,
ὄρθω δὲ βήμα ποδὶ· μᾶν δ’ ἐμοὶ χάριν
dῶντες τὸ λοιπὸν εὐτυχῆ με θῆσετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Φοίνικα Σιδώνιας ὡ
ταχεία κόρα, ροθίουσι μάτηρ
εἰρεσία φίλα,
χοραγῇ τῶν καλλιχώρων
δελφίνων, ὡταν αὐραῖς
πέλαγος νήμευον ἂ,
γλαυκὰ δὲ Πόντου θυγάτηρ
Γαλάνεια τάδ’ εἴπη·
κατὰ μὲν ἱστὶα πετάσατ’ αὐ-
ραῖς λειποντες ἐναλίαις,
λάβετε δ’ εἰλατίνας πλάτας.

1440

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HELEN

In shouts of happy spousal hymns for Helen
And me, that all may triumph in my joy.
Thou, stranger, go, and into the sea's arms
These offerings cast to Helen's sometime lord,
Then homeward speed again with this my wife,
That, having shared with me her spousal-feast,
Thou mayst fare home, or here abide in bliss. [Exit. 1440

*Attendants pass on with the offerings.*

MENELAUS

Zeus, Father art thou called, and the Wise God:
Look upon us, and from our woes redeem;
And, as we drag our fortunes up the steep,
Lay to thine hand: a finger-touch from thee,
And good-speed's haven long-desired we win.
Suffice our travail heretofore endured.
Oft have ye been invoked, ye Gods, to hear
My joys and griefs: not endless ills I merit,
But in plain paths to tread. Grant this one boon,
And happy shall ye make me all my days. 1450

*[Exeunt MENELAUS and HELEN.*

CHORUS

Swift galley Phoenician of Sidon, (Str. 1)
Foam sprang from the travail of thee,
O dear to the sons of the oar:
The dolphin-dance sweepeth before
And behind thee, when breezes no more
Ruffle the sea thou dost ride on,
And thus through the hush crieth she,
Calm, child azure-eyed of the sea:—
"Shake out the canvas, committing
Your sails to what breezes may blow,
And arow at the pine-blades sitting

1 Galene, named by Hesiod a sea-nymph.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ναῦται, ἵω ναῦται,
pέμποντες εὔλαμένους
Περσείων οἶκων Ἔλεαν ἐπὶ ἀκτᾶς.

η ποὺ κόρας ἦν ποταμοῦ  ἀντ. α'
pαρ' οἶδμα Δευκώτιδας ἦ πρὸ ναοῦ
Παλλάδος ἦν λάβοις
χρόνῳ ξυνελθοῦσα χοροῖς
ἡ κώμος Τακίνθου,

1470

υυχίαν εὐφροσύναν,
ἀν ἐξαμιλησάμενος
προχωρόν ἀτέρμοις δίσκοιν
ἐκάνε Φοῖβος, ὡθεν Δακά-


να γὰρ βούθυνον ἄμεραν
ὁ Δίὸς εἰπε σέβειν γόνον,
μόσχον θ', ἀν οἶκοι
<ἐλειπες, Ἐρμύναν,1>
ἀς οὕτω πεῦκαι πρὸ γάμων ἐλαμψάν.

1480
dι' ἀέρος εἴθε ποτανοὶ
gενοίμεσθ' ἢ Δίβνας
οἰκον οὐκολάδες
ὁμβρον λυποῦσαι χειμέριον
νἰσσονται πρεσβυτάτα
σύριγγι πειθόμεναι
ποιμένος, δι' ἄβροχα
πεδία καρποφόρα τε γάς
ἐπιπετόμενος ἵαχεῖ.
ὁ πταναῖ δολιχάυχενες,
σύννομοι νεφέων δρόμου,

1 Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.
HELEN

Give way, O sailors, yoho 'Till the keel bearing Helen shall slide on The strand where the old homes be.”

Perchance by the full-brimming river (Ant. 1).
On the priestess-maids shalt thou light,
Or haply by Pallas’s fane,
And shalt join in the dances again,
Or the revels for Hyacinth slain,
When with rapture night's pulses shall quiver 1470
For him whom the overcast quoit
Of Phoebus in contest did smite,¹
Whence the God to Laconia's nation
Gave charge that they hallow the day
With slaughter of kine for oblation:—
And thy daughter whom, speeding away,
Ye left, shall ye find, for whom never
Hath the spousal-torch yet flashed bright.

Oh through the welkin on pinions to fleet (Str. 2)
Where from Libya far-soaring 1480
The cranes by their armies flee fast from the sleet
And the storm-waters pouring,
By their shepherd, their chief many-wintered, on-led,
At his whistle swift-wheeling,
As o'er plains whereon never the rain-drops were shed,
Yet where vineyards are purple, where harvests are red,
His clarion is pealing:—
O winged ones, who, blent with the cloud-spirits' race,
With necks far-stretching fly on,

¹ The festival of the Hyacinthia was held yearly at Amyclae, in memory of Hyacinthus, who was accidentally killed by the quoit of Apollo, who loved him.

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ΕΛΕΝΗ

βάτε Πλειάδας ύπο μέσας
'Ωριωνά τ' ἐνυχίο
καρύξατ' ἀγγελίαν,
Ἑυρώταν ἐφεξόμεναι,
Μενέλαος δτὶ Δαρδάνου
πόλιν ἐλὼν δόμον ἦξει.

μόλοιτε ποθ' ἵππιον ἄρμα
δ' αἰθέρος ἴμενοι
παῖδες Τυνδαρίδαι,
λαμπρῶν ἀστρῶν ὑπ' ἀέλλαισιν
οἱ ναίετ' οὐράνιοι,

σωτῆρε τᾶσθ' Ἔλενας
γάλακτον ἐπ' οἴδιμι ἀλιον
κυνάρχορα τε κυμάτων
ῥόδια πολιά θαλάσσας,
ναύταις εὐαεῖς ἀνέμων
πέμποντες Διὸθεν πυνάς'
δύσκλειαν δ' ἀπὸ συγγόνον
βάλετε βαρβάρων λεχέων,
ἀν Ἰδαιῶν ἐρίδων
ποιναθείο' ἐκτήσατο, γὰν
οὔκ ἔλθουσά πρὸτ' Ἰλίου
Φοιβείους ἐπὶ πύργους.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
† ἀναξε, κάκιστὰ σ' ἐν δόμοις εὐρήκαμεν·
ὡς καῖν' ἀκούσει πήματ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ τάχα.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστων;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀλλὰς ἐκπόνει μνηστεύματα
γυναικὸς· Ἐλένη γὰρ βέβηκ' ἐξω χθονὸς.
HELEN

'Neath the Pleiades plunge through abysses of space,
'Neath the night-king Orion: 1490
Crying the tidings, down heaven's steep glide,
To Eurotas descending,—
Cry "Atreides hath brought low Ilium's pride,
And homeward is wending!"

(Act. 2)

And ye, in your chariot o'er highways of sky
O haste from the far land
Where, Tyndarus' scions, your homes are on high
Mid the flashings of starland:
Ye who dwell in the halls of the Heavenly Home,
Be nigh her, safe guiding 1500
Helen where seas heave, surges comb,
As o'er waves green-glimmering, crested with foam,
Her galley is riding.

To her crew send breezes from Zeus' hand sped
In the sails low-singing,
Your sister's reproach of an alien bed
Afar from her flinging,—
The reproach of the strife upon Ida, whose guilt
Unto her was requited,
Though on Ilium's towers, of Apollo upbuilt,
Her feet never lighted.

Enter, meeting, King from palace and MESSENGER from harbour.

MESSENGER

King, all unwelcome in thine halls I meet thee,
Since thou must straightway hear of me ill-news.

THEOCYLMENUS

What now?

MESSENGER

The wooing of another bride
Speed thou, for Helen from the land is gone.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
πτεροῦσιν ἀρθεῖσ' ἡ πεδοστίβει ποδί;

ΑΙΤΕΛΟΣ
Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἐκπεπόρθμευται χθονὸς,
ὅς αὐτὸς αὐτὸν ἠλθεν ἀγγέλλων θανεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
ὦ δεινὰ λέξας· τίς δὲ νῦν ναυκλήρια
ἐκ τῆς ἀπῆρε χθονὸς· ἀπιστα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΑΙΤΕΛΟΣ
ἡν γε ξένῳ δίδωσι σὺ τοὺς τε σοὺς ἔχων
ναύτας βέβηκεν, ὥς ἂν ἐν βραχεὶ μάθης.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ
πῶς; εἰδέναι πρόβυμος· οὐ γὰρ ἐπιτίδων
εἰσὼ βέβηκα μίαν ὑπερδραμεῖν χέρα
τοσοῦτοι ναύτας, ὃν ἀπεστάλης μέτα.

ΑΙΤΕΛΟΣ
ἐπεὶ λιποῦσα τούσδε βασιλικοὺς δόμους
ἡ τοῦ Δίος παῖς πρὸς θάλασσαν ἐστάλη,
σοφώταθ' ἄβρον πόδα τιβεῖσ' ἀνέστευε
πόσιν πέλας παρόντα κοι τεθνηκότα.

.WriteString(1530)
ὡς δὲ ἠλθομεν σῶν περίβολον νεφρῶν,
Σιδωνίαν ναῦν πρωτόπλουν καθελκομεν,
ζυγὼν τε πεντήκοντα κάρετμῷν μέτρα
ἐχόουσαν. ἔργου δ' ἔργον ἐξημεῖσθεν·
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἰστόν, ὁ δὲ πλάτην καθίστατο
ταρσόν τε χειρί, λευκὰ ς' ἵστε εἰς ἐν ἢν,
πηδαλία τε ζεύγλαισι παρακαθίστε.
κἂν τῶδε μόχθορ, τούτ' ἀρα σκοπούμενοι,
"Ελληνες ἀνδρεῖς Μενέλεω ξυνέμποροι
προσήλθον ἀκταῖς, ναυφθόροις ἱσθημένοι
τέπλουσιν, εὐειδεῖς μὲν, αὐχμηροὶ δ' ὀρᾶν.
ιδὼν δὲ νῦν παρόντας Ἀτρέως γόνος
HELEN

THEOCYLMENUS
On wings upborne, or feet that trod the ground?

MESSENGER
Menelaus from the land hath sailed with her,—He who with tidings of his own death came.

THEOCYLMENUS
O monstrous tale!—what galley from this landBare her?—for these thy words are past belief.

MESSENGER
Even that thou gavest: yea, with thine own menThe stranger went—that briefly thou mayst learn.

THEOCYLMENUS
How?—I am fain to know. Never it cameInto my thought that one arm could o'ermatchSo great a crew, with whom thyself wast sent.

MESSENGER
Soon as, departing from these royal halls,The child of Zeus passed down unto the sea,Pacing with delicate feet, she subtly raisedWails for the spouse beside her, and not dead.When to thy docks' wide compass we were come,The swiftest ship Sidonian launched we thenWith full array of fifty thwarts and rowers.And swiftly task succeeding task was done:One set the mast up, one ran out the oarsReady to hand; the white sails folded lay;Dropped was the rudder, lashed unto its bands.Amidst our toil, men watching all, I trow,Shipmates of Menelaus, Hellenes they,Came down the strand, in garb of shipwreck clad,Stalwart, yet weather-beaten to behold.And seeing these at hand, spake Atreus' seed
ΕΛΕΝΗ

προσείπτε, δόλιον οίκτον εἰς μέσον φέρων·
ἀ γ τλήμονες, πώς ἐκ τίνος νεώς ποτε
'Αχαίοις θραύσαντες ἤκετε σκάφος;
ἄρ' Ἀτρέως παῖς ὁ λόμενον συνθάπτετε,
ὅτι Τυνδαρίς παίς ἦδ' ἀπόντα κενοταφεῖ;
οἱ δ' ἐκβαλόντες δάκρυα ποιητὸ τρόπῳ
εἰς ναῦν ἐχώρουν Μενέλεως τοιῷματα
φέροντες. ἦμιν δ' ἦν μὲν ἦδ' ὑποψία

λόγος τ' ἐν ἀλλήλοις, τῶν ἐπεισβατῶν
ὡς πλήθος εἰς· διεσιωπῶμεν δ' ὁμοιο
τοὺς σοὺς λόγους σφιξομεν· ἁρχεῖν γὰρ νεώς
ξένον κελεύσας πάντα συνέχειας τάδε.
καὶ τάλα καί μὲν ἂ δῆ ραδίως εἰς ἅ νεώς
ἐθέμεθα κοιψίζοντα· τάυρειος δὲ ποῖς
οὐκ ἦθελ' ὁρθὸς σανίδα προσβῆναι κάτα,
ἀλλ' ἐξεβρυχᾶτ' ὁμι' ἀναστρέφων κύκλῳ,
κυρτῶν τε νῶτα κεῖς κέρας παρεμβέλζων
μὴ θυγγάνειν ἀπείρεν. ὁ δ' Ἐλένης τόσιν

ἐκάλεσεν· ὃ πέρσαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν,
οὐκ εἰ' ἀναρπάσαντες Ἐλλήνων νόμῳ
νεανίας ὁμοιοί ταύρειον δέμας
εἰς πρόφαν ἐμβαλεῖτε (φάσγαμον θ' ἀμα
πρόχειρον ὁθει) σφάγια τῷ τεθυμητί;
οἱ δ' εἰς κέλευσμ' ἐλθόντες ἐξανερτασαν
ταῦρον, φέροντες δ' εἰσέθεντο σέλματα
μονάμπυκος δὲ Μενέλεως ψήχων δέρην
μετωπά τ' ἐξεπείσες εἰσβῆναι δόρυ.
τέλος δ' ἐπειδὴ ναῦς τὰ πάντα' ἐδέξατο,
πλήρασα κλιμακτήρας ευσφύρον ποδὸς
Ἐλένη καθέξετ' ἐν μέσοις ἔδωλάς
ὁ τ' οὐκέτ' ἄν νόμοι Μενέλεως πέλας·
ἄλλοι δὲ τοίχους δεξίους λαιοὺς τ' ἱσοῦ

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HELEN

Making a wily show of pity feigned:
"Hapless, from what Achaean bark, and how,
Come ye from making shipwreck of her hull?
Would ye help bury Atreus' perished son,
To whom yon Tyndarid queen gives empty tomb?"
They, shedding tears of counterfeited grief,
Drew nigh the ship, and bare the offerings
For Menelaus. Now mistrust awoke
In us, and murmurings for the added throng
Of passengers: yet still we held our peace,
Heeding thy words,—for thou didst ruin all
In bidding that the stranger captain us.

Now all the victims lightly in the ship
We set, unrestive; only the bull strained
Backward, nor on the gangway would set foot,
But bellowed still, and, rolling fierce eyes round,
Arching his back, and levelling his horns,
Would let none touch him. Thereat Helen's lord
Cried, "Ye who laid the city of Ilium waste,
Come, hoist aloft in fashion of our Greeks
Yon bull's frame on your shoulders strong with youth,
And cast down in the prow"—and with the word
Drew ready his sword—"a victim to the dead."
They came, and at a signal hoisted high
The bull, and bare, and 'neath the half-deck thrust.

But Menelaus stroked the war-steed's neck
And forehead, and so gently drew it aboard.
When now the ship had gotten all her freight,
Helen with slim foot trod the ladder's rounds,
And midmost of the quarter-deck sat down,
And nigh her Menelaus, dead in name.
The rest along the ship's side left and right
ΕΛΕΝΗ

άνηρ παρ' ἀνδρ' ἔξουθ' ύφ' εἴμασι ξίφη
λαθραί' ἔχοντες, ῥόθια τ' ἔξεπτιμπλατο
βοής, κελευστοῦ φθέγμαθ' ώς ἥκούσαμεν.
ἐπεὶ δὲ γαίας ἤμεν οὔτ' ἄγαν πρόσω
οὔτ' ἐγγύς, οὔτως ἤρετ' οῖάκων φύλαξ.
ἐτ', ὡς ξέν', εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἡ καλῶς ἔξει,
πλεύσωμεν; ἀρχαί γὰρ νεὼς μέλουσί σοι.
ὁ δ' εἶφ' ἄλως μου. δεξία δ' ἐλὼν ξίφος
εἰς πρόφαν εἴρπε κατὶ ταυρείων σφαγὴ
stathelis νεκρῶν μὲν οὐδενὸς μυὴν ἔχων,
témuon δὲ λαίμον ηὗχετ'. ὡ ναῖων ἀλα
πόντια Πόσειδον Νηρέως θ' ὕγναι κόραι,
σώσατε μ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς Ναυπλίας δάμαρτα τε
ἀσυλον ἐκ γής. αἱματος δ' ἀπορροσάι
ἐς οἶδα' ἐσπερκντίξον οὐριαί ξένῳ.
καὶ τις τὸδ' εἶπε' δόλιος ἡ ναυκληρία.
τί νῦν πλέσωμεν Ναυπλίαν; 1 κέλευε σὺ,
ςυ δὲ στρέφ' οἰκ'. ἐκ δὲ ταυρείον φόνου
Ἀτρέως σταθεῖσ παῖς ἀνεβῇσε συμμάχους.
τί μέλλετ', ὡ γῆς Ἑλλάδος λατισματα,
σφάξειν, φωνεύεων βαρβάρους, νεῶς τ' ἀπο
ῥητεις ἐς οἶδα; ναυβάταις δὲ τοις σοῖς
βοᾷ κελευστής τὴν ἐναντίαν ὅπα.
οὐκ εἰ' ὁ μὲν τις λοίσθον ἀρεῖται δόρυ,
ὁ δὲ ξύγ' ἄξας, ὁ δ' ὑφελῶν σκαλμοῦ πλάτην,
καθαρματώσει κράτα πολεμίων ξένων;
ὁρθοὶ δ' ἀνήξαν πάντες, οἱ μὲν ἐν χεροῖν
κορμὼς ἔχοντες ναυτικοὺς, οἰ δὲ ξίφη.
φωνὸς δὲ ναῦς ἐρρεῖτο. παρακέλευσα δ' ἂν
πρύμνηθην Ἐλένης' ποὺ τὸ Τρωικὸν κλέος;

1 Paley: for MSS. πάλιν πλέωμεν ἄξιαν; Badham πάλ.
πλ. δεξιάν.
HELEN

Sat man by man, with swords beneath their cloaks
Hidden; and o'er the surges rolled the chant
Of oarsmen, when we heard the boatswain's note.
But when from land we were not passing-far,
Nor nigh, thus spake the warden of the helm:
"Still onward sail we, or doth this suffice,
Stranger?—for to command the ship is thine."
Then he, "Enough for me." Now, sword in hand,
Prow-ward he went, and stood to slay the bull.
But of no dead man spake he any word;
But gashed the throat, and prayed—"O Sea-abider,
Poseidon, and ye, Nereus' daughters pure,
Me bring ye and my wife to Nauplia's shores,
Safe from this land." The blood-gush spurted forth—

Fair omen for the stranger—to the surge.
Then cried one, "'Tis a voyage of treachery this!
Wherefore to Nauplia sail? Take thou command,
Helmsman!—'bout ship!" But, over the dead bull
Towering, to his allies cried Atreus' son:
"Wherefore delay, O flower of Hellas-land,
To smite, to slay the aliens, and to hurl
Into the sea?" Then to thy sailors cried
The boatswain overagainst him his command—
"Ho, catch up, some, what spar shall be to hand,
Some break up thwarts, some snatch from thole
the oar,
And dash with blood the alien toemen's heads!"
Up started all, these grasping in their hands
The punt-poles of the ship, and those their swords;
And all the ship ran blood. Then Helen's cry,
Rang from the stern—"Where is your Trojan fame?
ΕΛΕΝΗ

dείξατε πρὸς ἄνδρας βαρβάρους. σπουδῆς δ’ ὑπὸ ἐπιττον, οἱ δ’ ὄρθοντο, τοὺς δὲ κειμένους νεκροὺς ἀν εἴδες. Μενέλαεσ δ’ ἔχων ὑπλα, ὅταν νοσοῦεν ξύμμαχοι κατασκοπῶν, ταύτη προσήγε χειρὶ δεξία ξίφος, ἠστ’ ἐκκολυμβᾶν ναός· ἡρήμωσε δὲ σῶν ναυβατῶν ἔρετμ’ ἐπ’ οἰάκων δὲ βᾶς ἀνακτ’ ἐς Ἐλλάδ’ εἰτεν εὐθύνειν δόρυ.

1610

οἱ δ’ ἵστ’ ἱρον, σύρια δ’ ἱκον πνοιᾷ, βεβάσι δ’ ἐκ γῆς· διαφυγὼν δ’ ἐγὼ φόνον καθήκ’ ἐμαυτόν εἰς ἀλ’ ἀγκυραν πάρα. ἦδη δὲ κάμνονθ’ ὀρμᾶν τείων μὲ τις ἀνειλετ’, εἰς δὲ γαῖαν ἔξεβησὲ σοι τάδ’ ἀγγελοῦντα. σώφρονος δ’ ἀπιστίας οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν χρησιμώτερον βροτοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν ποι’ ἱύχουν οὐτε σ’ οὐθ’ ἡμᾶς λαθεῖν 1620 Μενέλαουν, ὀναξ, ὡς ἐλάνθανεν παρῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὁ γυναικείας’ τέχναις αἰρεθεὶς ἐγὼ τάλας· ἐκπεφεύγασιν γάμοι με. κεὶ μὲν ἢν ἀλώσιμος ναύς διώγμασιν, πονῆσας ἔλον ἄν τὰχα ξένους· νῦν δὲ τὴν προδούσαν ἡμᾶς τισόμεσθα σύγχονον, ἦτις ἐν δόμοις ὅρωσα Μενέλαων, οὐκ εἰπέ μοι. τοῦγάρ οὐποτ’ ἄλλον ἄνδρα ψεύσεται μαντεύμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗτος ὁ, ποὺ σὸν πόδ’ αἴρεις, δέσποτ’, εἰς ποῖον φόνον;

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὁπερ ἡ δίκη κελεύει μ’ ἀλλ’ ἀφίστασ’ ἐκποδῶν. 602
HELEN

Show it against the aliens!" Furious-grappling,
Men fell,—men struggled up,—some hadst thou seen
Laid dead. But Menelaus all in mail,
Marking where'er his helpers were hard pressed,
Thither in right hand ever bore his sword,
That from the ship we dived, and of thy men
He swept the thwarts: and, striding to the helm,
He bade the helmsman steer the ship for Greece.
They hoisted sail, the breezes favouring blew;
And they are gone. I, fleeing from the death,
Slid by the anchor down into the sea.
Even as my strength failed, one cast forth a rope,
And drew me aboard, so set me on the land,
To tell thee this. Nought is of more avail
For mortals' need than wise mistrustfulness.

CHORUS

King, I had dreamed not Menelaus had 'scaped
Thy ken or mine, here tarrying unknown.

THEOCYLMENUS

Woe is me, by wiles of woman cozened, caught as in
the net! [taken yet
Lo, my bride hath fled me! If their galley might be
By pursuers, I had done mine utmost, had the aliens
caught:— [geance wrought,—
Nay, but now upon my traitress sister be my ven-
She who in the palace saw Menelaus, spake no word
to me: [prophecy!
Therefore never man hereafter shall she trick with

CHORUS

Master, whither art thou rushing?—to what deed of
murderous wrath!

THEOCYLMENUS

Even whither justice biddeth follow:—cross not thou
my path!
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ ἄφησομαι πέπλων σῶν· μεγάλα γὰρ σπεύδεις κακὰ.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ἀλλὰ δεσποτῶν κρατῆσεις δούλος ὃν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἐμοῦ γάρ, εἰ μὴ μ' ἐάσεις—

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐ μὲν ὦν σ' ἐάσομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
σύγγονον κτανεῖν κακίστην—

ΧΟΡΟΣ
εὑσεβεστάτην μὲν ὦν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ἡ μὲ προὔδωκεν—

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καλὴν γε προδοσίαν, δίκαια δρᾶν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
τὰμὰ λέκτρ' ἄλλῳ διδούσα—

ΧΟΡΟΣ
tοῖς γε κυριωτέροις,

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
κύριος δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν τις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
dὸς ἔλαβεν πατρὸς πάρα.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ἀλλ' ἔδωκεν ἢ τύχη μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
tὸ δὲ χρεῶν ἀφεῖλετο.

604
HELEN

CHORUS
Nay, I will not loose thy vesture: thou art set on grievous sin!

THEOCLYMENUS
Thou, a slave, control thy master!

CHORUS
Yea, my heart is right herein.

THEOCLYMENUS
Not to me-ward, if thou let me—

CHORUS
Nay, I needs must hinder thee!

THEOCLYMENUS
That I should not slay my wicked sister—

CHORUS
Nay, most righteous she!

THEOCLYMENUS
Who betrayed me,—

CHORUS
With betrayal honourable, in justice’ cause.

THEOCLYMENUS
Gave my bride unto another!

CHORUS
Yea, to him whose right it was,—

THEOCLYMENUS
Who hath right o’er my possessions?

CHORUS
Who received her from her sire.

THEOCLYMENUS
Fortune gave her me.

CHORUS
But fate did from thine hand the gift require.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ού σὲ τάμα χρή δικάζειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἡν γε βελτίω λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ
ἀρχόμεσθι άρ', ού κρατοῦμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
όσια δρὰν, τὰ δ' ἐκδικ' οὐ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ
κατθανεῖν ἐράν ἐοικας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
κτείνετο σὺγγυνον δὲ σὴν
1640 οὺ κτενεῖς ἡμῶν ἐκόντων, ἀλλ' ἔμ' οὐς πρὸ
δεσποτῶν
τοῖς γενναίοις δούλοις εὐκλεέστατον θανεῖν.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙ
ἐπίσχες ὀργὰς αἰσιων οὐκ ὀρθῶς φέρει,
Θεοκλύμενε, γαῖας τῆσ' ἀναξ' δισσοί δὲ σὲ
Διόσκοροι καλοῦμεν, οἵς Λήδα ποτὲ
ἐτικτεν 'Ἑλένην θ', ἢ πέφευγε σοὺς δόμους
οὺ γὰρ πεπρωμένοις ὀργίζει γάμοις,
ουδ' ἢ θεᾶς Νηρῆδος ἔκγονος κορή
ἀδικεῖ σ' ἀδελφή Θεονόη τὰ τῶν θεῶν
τιμῶσα πατρός τ' ἐνδίκους ἐπιστολάς.

1650 εἰς μὲν γὰρ ὦεὶ τὸν παρόντα νῦν χρόνον
κεῖνην κατοικεῖν σοιῶν ἐν δόμοις ἐχρῆν,
ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίας ἔξανεστώθη βάθρα,
καὶ τοῖς θεοῖς παρέσχε τοῖνομ' οὐκέτι
ἐν τοῖς ναῦ οὕτης δεὶ νυν ἔζεύχθαι γάμοις,

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HELEN

THEOCYLMENUS
'Tis not thine to judge my cause!

CHORUS
O yea, if prudence prompt my tongue.

THEOCYLMENUS
Subject then am I, not king!

CHORUS.
For righteousness, and not for wrong.

THEOCYLMENUS
Fain thou art to die, methinks!

CHORUS
Ah slay me: but thy sister ne'er
Shalt thou kill, with my consent! Slay me! For noble slaves that dare [glorious past compare.
Death, to shield their lords, the doom of death is
The twin-brethren appear in air above the stage.

THE TWIN-BRETHREN
Refrain thy wrath whereby thou art folly-driven,
King of this land, Theoclymenus. Thee we name,
We the Twin-brethren, with whom Leda bare
Helen of yore, who now hath fled thine halls.
Thou art wroth for spousals destined not for thee:
Nor doth the Nereid's daughter do thee wrong,
Theonoë thy sister, reverencing
The Gods' will and her father's just behests.
For this was fate, that to this present still
Within thy mansions Helen should abide:
But, now that Troy's foundations are destroyed,
And to the Gods she hath lent her name, no more.
She tarries here. The old bond claimeth her;
ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐλθείν τ’ ἐσοικους καὶ συνοικήσαι πόσει.
ἀλλ’ ἵσχε μὲν σῆς συγγόνου μέλαν ἐίχος,
νόμιζε δ’ αὐτὴν σωφρόνως πράσσειν τάδε.
πάλαι δ’ ἀδελφὴν καὶ πρὶν ἐξεσώσαμεν,
ἐπείπερ ἡμᾶς Ζεὺς ἐπόησεν θεοὶ.

ἀλλ’ ἦσσον ἴμεν τοῦ πεπρωμένου θ’ ἀμα
καὶ τῶν θεῶν, οἷς ταῦτ’ ἐδοξείν δὲ ἔχειν.
σοὶ μὲν τάδ’ αὐδᾶ, συγγόνῳ δ’ ἐμὴ λέγων
πλεῖ ἔριν πόσει σφ’ πνεῦμα δ’ ἔξετ’ οὔριον
σωτήρε δ’ ἴμεις σφ’ κασιγνήτω διπλῶ
πόντον παριπτεύοντε πέμψομεν πάτραν.
ὅταν δὲ κάμψης καὶ τελευτήσῃς βίοι,
θεοὶ κεκλησίε καὶ Διοσκόρων μέτα
σπουδῶν μεθέξεις ξενία τ’ ἀνθρώπων πάρα
ἔξεις μεθ’ ἴμων’ Ζεὺς γὰρ ἀδε βουλεῖται.

οὐ δ’ ἄρσειν σφ’ πρῶτα Μαιάδος τόκος
Σφάρτης, ἀπάρασ τῶν κατ’ οὐρανῶν δόμων
κλέψας δέμας σόν, μὴ Πάρως γῆμεν ἐσε,
φρουρὸν παρ’ Ἀκτῇ τεταμένην νῆσον λέγω,
Ελένη τὸ λοιπὸν ἐν βροτοῖς κεκλησταί,
ἐπεὶ κλοπᾶς σός ἐκ δόμων ἐδέξατο.
καὶ τῷ πλανήτῃ Μενέλαῳ θεών πάρα
μακάρων κατοικεῖσ νῆσον ἐστί μόροιμον
τούς εὐγενεῖς γὰρ οὐ στυγνοῦσι δαίμονες,
tῶν δ’ ἀναριθμήτων μάλλον εἰσιν οἱ πόνοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὁ παῖδε Δήδας καὶ Διός, τὰ μὲν πάρος
νείκη μεθήσω σφῶν κασιγνήτης πέρῳ.
ἐγὼ δ’ ἀδελφήν οὐκέτ’ ἀν κτάνωμ’ ἐμὴν.
κεῖνη δ’ ἐτῳ πρὸς οίκον, εἰ θεοῖς δοκεῖ.
ἰστον δ’ ἄριστης σωφρονεστάτης θ’ ἀμα
γεγὼν’ ἀδελφής ὁμογενοῦς ἀφ’ αἵματος.

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HELEN

She must win home, and with her true lord dwell.
Hold from thy sister back thy murderous sword:
Be sure, herein she dealeth prudently.
Our sister had we rescued long ere this,
Seeing that Zeus hath made us to be Gods,
But all too weak were we to cope with fate,
And with the Gods, who willed it so to be.
This to thee:—to my sister now I speak:
Sail with thy lord on: ye shall have fair winds;
And, for thy guardians, we thy brethren twain
Riding the sea will bring thee to thy land.
And when thou hast reached the goal, the end
of life,
Thou shalt be hailed a Goddess, with Zeus’ sons
Shalt share oblations, and from men receive
Guest-gifts with us: this is the will of Zeus.
Where first, from Sparta wafted, thou wast lodged
Of Maia’s son,—what time from heaven he stooped,
And stole thy form, that Paris might not wed thee,—
The sentinel isle that flanks the Attic coast
Shall be henceforth of men named Helena,
Since it received thee stolen from thine home.
To wanderer Menelaus Heaven’s doom
Appoints for home the Island of the Blest:
For the Gods hate not princely-hearted men,
Though more they afflict them than the common
throng.

THEOCYLMENUS

O Sons of Zeus and Leda, I forgo
My erstwhile quarrel for your sister’s sake,
Nor think to slay my sister any more.
Let Helen, if it please the Gods, speed home.
Know ye yourselves the brethren by one blood
Of noblest sister and most virtuous.

VOL. 1.
ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ χαίρεθ' Ἐλένης εἶνεκ' εὐγενεσθάτης γνώμης, δ' πολλαῖς ἐν γυναιξίν οὐκ ἔνι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαμονίων,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοὶ·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκητῶν πόρον εὑρε θεὸς.
τοιόνδ' ἥπεβη τὸδε πρᾶγμα.
HELEN

All hail! for Helen's noble spirit's sake--
Which thing is not in many women found!

CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold wise they
reveal them: [plishment bring.
Manifold things unhoped—for the Gods to accom-
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign 1690
not to fulfil them; [unseal them.
And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods
So fell this marvellous thing.

[Exeunt omnes.

END OF VOL. I

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