Euripides: Electra. Orestes. Iphigeneia in Taurica. ... Euripides
THE
LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

A WORD ABOUT ITS PURPOSE
AND ITS SCOPE

THE idea of arranging for the issue of this Library was suggested to me by my friend Mr. Salomon Reinach, the French savant. It appealed to me at once, and my imagination was deeply stirred by the thought that here might be found a practical and attractive way to revive the lagging interest in ancient literature which has for more than a generation been a matter of so much concern to educators. In an age when the Humanities are being neglected more perhaps than at any time since the Middle Ages, and when men's minds are turning more than ever before to the practical and the material, it does not suffice to make pleas, however eloquent and convincing, for the safeguarding and further enjoyment of our greatest heritage from the past.
Means must be found to place these treasures within the reach of all who care for the finer things of life. The mechanical and social achievements of our day must not blind our eyes to the fact that, in all that relates to man, his nature and aspirations, we have added little or nothing to what has been so finely said by the great men of old.

It has always seemed to me a pity that the young people of our generation should grow up with such scant knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, its wealth and variety, its freshness and its imperishable quality. The day is past when schools could afford to give sufficient time and attention to the teaching of the ancient languages to enable the student to get that enjoyment out of classical literature that made the lives of our grandfathers so rich. The demand for something "more practical," the large variety of subjects that must be taught, are crowding hard upon the Humanities. To make the beauty and learning, the philosophy and wit of the great writers of ancient Greece and Rome once more accessible by means of translations that are in themselves real pieces of literature, a thing to be read for the pure joy of it, and not dull transcripts of ideas that suggest in every line the existence of a finer
original from which the average reader is shut out, and to place side by side with these transla-
tions the best critical texts of the original works, is the task I have set myself.

In France more than in any country the need has been felt of supplying readers who are not in a technical sense “scholars” with editions of the classics, giving text and translation, either in Latin or French, on opposite pages. Almost all the Latin authors and many Greek authors have been published in this way by the well-known firms, Panckoucke, Firmin-Didot, Hachette, and Garnier. In Germany only a handful of Greek authors were issued in this form during the first half of the nineteenth century. No collection of this kind exists in English-speaking countries.

Before venturing on so large an undertaking as is involved in the task I had set myself I consulted a number of distinguished scholars as to the desirability of such a series. My correspondence ranged from St. Petersburg to San Francisco, and the replies to my inquiry conveyed an almost unanimous and unqualified approval. I was also encouraged by the opinion of several experienced publishers, who agreed that the time is ripe for the execution of such a project. I therefore set
to work, and after two and a half years of not inconsiderable labour I now have the privilege and the satisfaction of accompanying the early volumes of the series with this preface.

The following eminent scholars, representing Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France, kindly consented to serve on the Advisory Board:

Edward Capps, Ph.D., of Princeton University.

Maurice Croisett, Member of the Institut de France.

Otto Crusius, Ph.D., Litt.D., of the University of Munich, Member of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Science.

Hermann Diels, Ph.D., of the University of Berlin, Secretary of the Royal Academy of Science, Berlin.


William G. Hale, Ph.D., of Chicago University.

Salomon Reinach, Member of the Institut de France.

John Williams White, Ph.D., Professor Emeritus of Harvard University.

I was also fortunate in securing as Editors Mr. T. E. Page, M.A., until recently a Master at the Charterhouse School, and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D., Head Master of the Perse Grammar School, in Cambridge, England. Their critical judgment, their thorough scholarship and wide acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, are the best guarantee that the translations will combine accuracy with sound English idiom.

Wherever modern translations of marked excellence were already in existence efforts were made to secure them for the Library, but in a number of instances copyright could not be obtained. I mention this because I anticipate that we may be criticised for issuing new translations in certain cases where they might perhaps not seem to be required. But as the Series is to include all that is of value and of interest in Greek and Latin literature, from the time of Homer to the Fall of Constantinople, no other course was possible. On the other hand, many readers will be glad to see that we have included
several of those stately and inimitable translations made in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which are counted among the classics of the English language. Most of the translations will, however, be wholly new, and many of the best scholars in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada have already promised their assistance and are now engaged upon the work. As a general rule, the best available critical texts will be used, but in quite a number of cases the texts will be especially prepared for this Library.

The announcement of this new Series has been greeted with so many cordial expressions of goodwill from so many quarters that I am led to believe that it will fill a long-felt want, and that it will prove acceptable to a wide circle of readers, not only to-day, but also in the future.

These books will appeal not only to scholars who care for a uniform series of the best texts, and to college graduates who wish to renew and enlarge their knowledge with the help of text and translation, but also to those who know neither Greek nor Latin, and yet desire to reap the fruits of ancient genius and wisdom. Some readers, too, may be enticed by the text printed opposite the translation to gather an elementary knowledge of Greek and Latin, thus greatly enhancing the
interest of their reading; while the teacher of modern literature will, I trust, find these books useful in the effort to make his students acquainted with the prototypes of practically every style of modern literary composition.

It is my pleasant duty to express my sincere thanks to all those on both sides of the Atlantic whose hearty co-operation and help have made my task at once easy and agreeable. Nor can I find a happier way of commending this new Classical Series to the public than by quoting Goethe's words:

"Man studiere nicht die Mitgeborenen und Mitstrebenden, sondern grosse Menschen der Vorzeit, deren Werke seit Jahrhunderten gleichen Wert und gleiches Ansehen behalten haben. . . . Man studiere Molière, man studiere Shakespeare, aber vor allen Dingen, die alten Griechen, und immer die alten Griechen."

JAMES LOEB

Munich

September 1, 1912
EURIPIDES

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

IN FOUR VOLUMES
II

ELECTRA ORESTES
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA
ANDROMACHE CYCLOPS

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN CO.

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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) Suppliants, (421); (10) Madness of Hercules, (423–420); (11) Ion, (419–416); (12) Daughters of Troy, 415; (13) Electra, (413);
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(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,
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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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V. Editions of Single Plays:—


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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.
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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

\(\text{\footnotesize{\(^1\) "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—
ARGUMENT

When Agamemnon returned home from the taking of Troy, his adulterous wife Clytemnestra, with help of her paramour Aegisthus, murdered him as he entered the silver bath in his palace. They sought also to slay his young son Orestes, that no avenger might be left alive; but an old servant stole him away, and took him out of the land, unto Phocis. There was he nurtured by king Strophius, and Pylades the king’s son loved him as a brother. So Aegisthus dwelt with Clytemnestra, reigning in Argos, where remained now of Agamemnon’s seed Electra his daughter only. And these twain marked how Electra grew up in hate and scorn of them, indignant for her father’s murder, and fain to avenge him. Wherefore, lest she should wed a prince, and persuade husband or son to accomplish her heart’s desire, they bethought them how they should forestall this peril. Aegisthus indeed would have slain her, yet by the queen’s counsel forbore, and gave her in marriage to a poor yeoman, who dwelt far from the city, as thinking that from peasant husband and peasant children there should be nought to fear. Howbeit this man, being full of loyalty to the mighty dead and reverence for blood royal, behaved himself to her as to a queen, so that she continued virgin in his house all the days of her adversity. Now when Orestes was grown to man, he journeyed with Pylades his friend to Argos, to seek out his sister, and to devise how he might avenge his father, since by the oracle of Apollo he was commanded so to do.

And herein is told the story of his coming, and how brother and sister were made known to each other, and how they fulfilled the oracle in taking vengeance on tyrant and adulteress.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΤΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ ΜΤΚΗΝΑΙΟΣ
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΚΛΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ΔΙΟΣΚΟΥΡΟΙ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Peasant, wedded in name to Electra.
Electra, daughter of Agamemnon.
Orestes, son of Agamemnon.
Pylades, son of Strophius; king of Phocis.
Clytemnestra, murderess of her husband Agamemnon.
Old Man, once servant of Agamemnon.
Messenger, servant of Orestes.
The Twin Brethren, Castor and Pollux, Sons of Zeus.
Chorus, consisting of Argive women.
Attendants of Orestes and Pylades; handmaids of Clytemnestra.

Scene:—Before the Peasant's cottage on the borders of Argolis.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΑΙΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

'Ω γῆς παλαιῶν Ἄργος, Ἰνάχου ῥοαί,
ὀθεν ποτ' ἄρας ναυσὶ χιλίαις Ἄρη
eἰς γην ἐπλευσε Τρφάδ', Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.
κτείνας δὲ τὸν κρατοῦντ' ἐν Ἰλίᾳ χθονὶ
Πρίαμον, ἔλαυ τε Δαρδάνου κλεινὴν πόλιν,
ἀφίκετ' εἰς τὸδ' Ἄργος, ἴψηλὼν δ' ἐπὶ
νάυν τέθεικε σκῦλα πλεῖστα βαρβάρων.
kάκει μὲν ὑπύχησεν· ἐν δὲ δώμασι
θυσίκες γυναικὸς πρὸς Κληταιμήστρας δόλω
καὶ τοῦ Θυέστου παιδὸς Αἰγίσθου χερί.
χῶ μὲν παλαιὰ σκῆπτρα Ταυτάλου λίπδων
δλωλεν, Αἰγίσθος δὲ βασιλεύει χθονὸς,
ἀλοχοθ' ἐκείνου Τυνδαρίδα κόρην ἔχων.
οἷς δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἐλιφ', ὅτ' εἰς Τροίαν ἐπλει, ἀρσενὰ τ' Ὁρέστῃν θήλυ τ' Ἡλέκτρας θάλος,
τοὺ μὲν πατρὸς γεραῖος ἐκκλέπτει τροφεὺς
μέλλοντ' Ὅρέστῃν χερὸς ὑπ' Αἰγίσθου βανεῖν,
Στροφίῳ τ' ἐδῶκε Φοκέων εἰς γῆν τρέφειν·
ἡ δ' ἐν δόμοις ἔμεινεν Ἡλέκτρα πατρός,
tάυτην ἐπειδὴ θάλερός εἰς ἥβης χρόνοις,
μνηστήρες ἦτον Ἑλλάδος πρῶτοι χθονὸς.
ELECTRA

Enter PEASANT from the cottage.

PEASANT
Hail, ancient Argos, streams of Inachus,
Whence, with a thousand galleys battle-bound,
To Troyland's shore King Agamemnon sailed,
And, having slain the lord of Ilian land,
Priam, and taken Dardanus' burg renowned,
Came to this Argos, and on her high fanes
Hung up unnumbered spoils barbarian.
In far lands prospered he; but in his home
Died by his own wife Clytemnestra's guile,
And by Aegisthus' hand, Thyestes' son.
So, leaving Tantalus' ancient sceptre, he
Is gone, and o'er the realm Aegisthus reigns,
Having to wife that king's wife, Tyndareus' 10 child.
Of those whom Troyward-bound he left at home,
The boy Orestes, and the maid Electra,
His father's fosterer stole the son away,
Orestes, doomed to die by Aegisthus' hand,
And Phocis-ward to Strophius sent, to rear:
But in her father's halls Electra stayed,
Till o'er her mantled womanhood's first flush, 20
And Hellas' princes wooing asked her hand.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

deίσας δὲ μὴ τῷ παῖδ' ἀριστέων τέκοι Ἐγαμέμνονος ποινάτορι, εἴχεν ἐν δόμοις Ἀιγίσθος, οὐδ' ἤρμοζε νυμφίῳ τινὶ.
ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ τούτ' ὥς φόβου πολλοῦ πλέων, μὴ τῷ λαθραίῳ τέκνα γενναῖῳ τέκοι,
κτανεῖν σφε βουλεύσαντος ὁμόφρων ὄμως μήτηρ νυν ἔξεσωσεν Ἀιγίσθου χερός.
εἰς μὲν γὰρ ἁνδρα σκηνὴν εἰς' ὀλολότα, παῖδων δ' ἔδεισε μὴ φθονηθεὶν φόνῳ.
ἐκ τῶν δὲ τοιούτω ἐμπαθῆσατο Ἀιγίσθος· δὲς μὲν γῆς ἀπηλλάχθη φυγάς Ἐγαμέμνονος παῖς, χρυσὸν εἰρ' ὅς ἄν κτάνη,
ἡμῖν δὲ δὴ δίδωσιν Ἡλέκτραν ἔχειν δάμαρτα, πατέρων μὲν Μυκηναίων ἀπὸ
γεγώσιν· οὐ δ' τούτο γ' ἐξελέγχομαι· λαμπροὶ γὰρ εἰς γένος γε, χρημάτων γε μὴν
pένητες, εὔθεν ηὔγενει ἀπόλλυται·
ὡς ἀσθενεῖ δοῦς ἀσθενὴ λάβοι φόβουν.
εἰ γὰρ νῦν ἔσχεν ἄξιῳ· ἔχων ἀνήρ,
εὔδοτ' ἄν ἐξήγερε τὸν Ἐγαμέμνονος
φόνου, δίκη τ' ἄν ἦλθεν Ἀιγίσθῳ τότε. ἡν' ὁποθ' ἀνήρ ὅδε, σύνιοδε μοι Κύπρος,
ἐχθυνεν εὐνή· παρθένος δ' ἐτ' ἐστὶ δῆ.
αἰσχύνομαι γὰρ ὀλβίων ἁνδρῶν τέκνα
λαβὼν ύβρίζειν, οὐ κατὰξιος γεγώς.
στένω δὲ τοῦ λόγοιοι κηδεύων έμοι
ἀθλον Ὀρέστην, εἰ ποι' εἰς Ἀργος μολὼν
gάμους ἀδελφῆς δυστυχεῖς ἐςόψεται.
ὅστις δὲ μ' εἶναι φησὶ μωρον, εἰ λαβὼν
νέαν εἰς οἴκους παρθένον μὴ θυγγάνω,
γνώμης πονηροῖς κανόσιν ἀναμετρούμενος
tὸ σώφρον ἵστω, καῦτος αὐ τοιοῦτος ὄν.
ELECTRA

Aegisthus then, in fear lest she should bear
To a prince a son, avenger of Agamemnon,
Kept her at home, betrothed her unto none.
But, since this too with haunting dread was
fraught,
Lest she should bear some noble a child of
stealth,
He would have slain her; yet, how cruel soe'er,
Her mother saved her from Aegisthus' hand;—
A plea she had for murder of her lord,
But feared to be abhorred for children's blood:—
Wherefore Aegisthus found out this device:
On Agamemnon's son, who had fled the land,
He set a price, even gold to whoso slew;
But to me gives Electra, her to have
To wife,—from Mycenaean fathers sprung
Am I, herein I may not be contemned;
Noble my blood is, but in this world's goods
I am poor, whereby men's high descent is marred,—
To make his fear naught by this spouse of naught.
For, had she wed a man of high repute,
Agamemnon's slumbering blood-feud had he waked;
Then on Aegisthus vengeance might have fallen.
But never I—Cypris my witness is—
Have shamed her couch: a virgin is she yet.
Myself think shame to take a prince's child
And outrage—I, in birth unmeet for her!
Yea, and for him I sigh, in name my kin,
Hapless Orestes, if to Argos e'er
He come, and see his sister's wretched marriage.
If any name me fool, that I should take
A young maid to mine home, and touch her not,
Let him know that he meteth chastity
By his own soul's base measure—base as he.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

60 ὲ νῦξ μέλαινα, χρυσέων ἄστρων τροφή, ἐν ᾧ τόδε ἄγγος τῶν ἐφεδρεύον κάρα φέρουσα πηγὰς ποταμίας μετέρχομαι, οὐ δὴ τι χρείας εἰς τοσοῦτο ἀφιγμένη, ἀλλὰ ὡς ὑβριν δεῖξωμεν Αἰγίσθου θεοῖς, γόνου τ' ἀφίημι αἰθέρ' εἰς μέγαν πατρί.

Η γὰρ πανώλης Τυνδαρίς μήτηρ ἐμὴ ἐξέβαλε μ' οἴκων, χάριτα τιθεμένη πόσευ· τεκοῦσα δ' ἄλλους παῖδας Αἰγίσθῳ πάρα πάρεργ' Ὄρεστην κἀμὲ ποιεῖται δόμων.

ΑΤΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

tι γὰρ τάδ', ὡ δύστην', ἐμὴν μοχθεῖσι χάριν πόνους ἔχουσα, πρόσθεν εὖ τεθραμμένη, καὶ ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ λέγοντος οὐκ ἀφίστασαι;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ σ' ἱσον θεοῖσιν ἠγούμαι φίλοιν' ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς γὰρ οὖν ἐνύβρισας κακοῖς.

μεγάλη δὲ θυθεῖσι μοῖρα συμφορᾶς κακῆς ἁτρῶν εὐρείν, ὡς ἐγὼ σὲ λαμβάνω.

dεῖ δὴ με κάκελευστὸν εἰς ὅσον σθένω μόχθουν πικουφίζουσαν, ὡς ὅριν φέρης, συνεκκομίζειν σοι πόνους· ἀλλις δ' ἔχεις τάξιωθεν ἐργά· τὰν δόμοις δ' ἡμᾶς χρεῶν ἐξευτερπίζειν. εἰσιόντι δ' ἐργάτη ἑθύραθεν ἤδυ τάνδου εὐρίσκειν καλῶς.

ΑΤΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

eἰ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, στείχε· καὶ γὰρ οὐ πρόσω πηγαὶ μελάθρων τῶν δ'. ἐγὼ δ' ἀμ', ἡμέρα βοῦς εἰς ἀροῦρας εἰςβαλὼν σπερῶ γύας.

ἀργὸς γὰρ οὔδεις θεοῖς ἔχων ἀνὰ στόμα βίον δύνατ' ἄν ξυλλέγειν ἄνευ πόνου,
ELECTRA

Enter ELECTRA, with a water-jar upon her head.

ELECTRA
Hail, black-winged Night, nurse of the golden stars,
Wherein I bear this pitcher on mine head
Poised, as I fare to river-cradling springs,—
Not that I do this of pure need constrained,
But to show Heaven Aegisthus' tyranny,—
And wail to the broad welkin for my sire.
For mine own mother, Tyndareus' baleful child,
Thrust me from home, to pleasure this her spouse,
And, having borne Aegisthus other sons,
Thrusteth aside Orestes' rights and mine.

PEASANT
Why wilt thou toil, O hapless, for my sake,
Thus, nor refrain from labour,—thou of old
Royally nurtured,—though I bid thee so?

ELECTRA
Kind I account thee even as the Gods,
Who in mine ills hast not insulted me.
High fortune this, when men for sore mischance
Find such physician as I find in thee.
I ought, as strength shall serve, yea, though forbid,
To ease thy toil, that lighter be thy load,
And share thy burdens. Work enow afield
Hast thou: beseems that I should keep the house
In order. When the toiler cometh home,
'Tis sweet to find the household fair-arrayed.

PEASANT
If such thy mind, pass on: in sooth not far
The springs are from yon cot. I at the dawn
Will drive my team afield and sow the glebe.
None idle—though his lips aye prate of Gods—
Can gather without toil a livelihood.

[Exeunt PEASANT and ELECTRA.]
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΧΘΈ

Πυλάδη, σε γὰρ δὴ πρώτον ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ πιστὸν νομίζω καὶ φίλον ξένου τ' ἐμοὶ· μόνος δ' Ὀρέστην τόνδ' ἑθαύμαζες φίλων πρᾶσσονθ' ἀ πράσσω δεῖν' ὑπ' Αἴγισθον παθῶν, ὅς μου κατέκτα πατέρα χή πανώλεθρος μήτηρ. ἀφίγημαι δ' ἐκ θεοῦ χρηστηρίων. Ἀργεῖον οὖν ὅ οὐδὲν ξυνειδότος, φόνον φονεύσι πατρὸς ἄλλαξον ἐμοῦ.

νυκτὸς δὲ τῆς δε πρὸς τάφον μολὼν πατρὸς δακρυά τ' ἔδωκα καὶ κόμης ἀπηρξάμην πυρά τ' ἑπέσφαξαι αἷμα μηλείου φόνον, λαθὼν τυράννους οἱ κρατοῦσι τῆς δε γῆς. καὶ τειχέων μὲν ἐντὸς οὶ βαίνω πόδα, δυοῖν δ' ἀμιλλαν κυντβείς ἀφικόμην πρὸς τέρμονοις γῆς τῆς, ἵν' ἐκβάλω ποδί ἀλλήν ἐπ' αἰαν, εἰ μὲ τις γυνὴ σκοτῶν, ξητῶν τ' ἀδελφήν, φασὶ γάρ νυν ἐν γάμοις ξευχθέσαν οἰκεῖν, οὐδὲ παρθένον μένειν, ὡς συγγένωμαι καὶ φόνοι συνεργάτων λαβῶν τά γ' εἰς τειχέων σαφώς μάθων. νῦν οὖν, Ἐως γὰρ λευκὸν δμι' ἀναίρεται, ἔξω τρὶσθεν τοῦδ' ἵχνος ἀλλαξάμεθα. ἦ γάρ τις ἁρωτήρ' ἢ τις οἰκίτης γυνὴ φανήσεται νῦν, ἥσουν' ἱστορήμουν εἰ τούςδε ναιεί σύγγυνος τοποὺς ἐμῇ. ἀλλ' εἴσορῷ γὰρ τήνδ' προσπόλων τινά, πηγαίον ἄχθος ἐν κεκαρμένῳ κάρα φέρουσαι εὐφόρεσθα κάκτυθ' ὀμεθά δούλης γυναικός τι τε δεξώμεσθ' ἐπος ἐφ' οἷοι, Πυλάδη, τήνδ' ἀφίγημεθα χήδαν.

1 Barnes: for MSS. μυστηρίων: "from Phoebus' mystic shrine."
Enter ORESTES and PYLADES.

ORESTES

Pylades, foremost thee of men I count
In loyalty, love, and friendship unto me.
Sole of Orestes' friends, thou hast honoured me
In this my plight, wronged foully by Aegisthus,
Who, with my utter-baneful mother, slew
My sire. At Phoebus' oracle-hest I come
To Argos' soil, none privy thereunto,
To pay my father's murderers murder-wage.
This night o'erpast to my sire's tomb I went;
There tears I gave and offerings of shorn hair,
And a slain sheep's blood poured upon the grave,
Unmarked of despot-rulers of this land.
And now I set not foot within their walls,
But blending two assays in one I come
To this land's border,—that to another soil
Forth I may flee, if any watch and know me;
To seek withal my sister,—for she dwells
In wedlock yoked, men say, nor bides a maid,—
To meet her, for the vengeance win her help,
And that which passeth in the city learn.
Now—for the Dawn uplifteth eyelids white—
Step we a little from this path aside.
Haply shall some hind or some bondwoman
Appear to us, of whom we shall inquire
If in some spot hereby my sister dwell.
Lo, yonder I discern a serving-maid
Who on shorn head her burden from the spring
Bears: crouch we low, then of this bondmaid ask,
If tidings haply we may win of that
For which we came to this land, Pylades.

[ORESTES and PYLADES retire to rear.]
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σύντειν', ὄρα, ποδὸς ὅρμαν'
ῶ ἐμβα ἐμβα κατακλαίουσα.
ιῶ μοί μοι.
ἐγενόμαν Ἀγαμέμνονος
κοῦρα, καὶ μ' ἔτεκε Κλυταιμνήστρα,
στυγνὰ Τυνδάρεω κόρα·
kυκλήσκουσι δὲ μ' ἀθλίαν
'*Ηλέκτραν πολιήται.

120

φεῦ φεῦ τῶν σχετλίων πόνων
καὶ στυγναὶς ζόας.
ὦ πάτερ, σὺ δὲ ἐν Ἀιδά
κεῖσαι, σὰς ἀλόχου σφαγαίς
Αἰγίσθου τ', Ἀγάμεμνον.

ἰθι τὸν αὐτὸν ἔγειρε γόον,
ἀναγε πολύδακρυν ἀδονάν.

130

σύντειν', ὄρα, ποδὸς ὅρμαν'
ῶ ἐμβα ἐμβα κατακλαίουσα.
ιῶ μοί μοι.

τίνα πόλιν, τίνα δ' οἰκον, ὦ
τλάμον σύγγονε, λατρεύεις
οἰκτράν ἐν θαλάμωι λυπῶν
πατρῴως ἐπὶ συμφοραῖς
ἀλγίσταιοι ἄδελφαν;
ἐλθοις τῶνδε πόνων ἐμοὶ
τὰ μελέα λυτήρ,
ὦ Ζεῦ Ζεῦ, πατρὶ θ' αἰμάτων
ἐχθήστων ἐπίκουρος, Ἀρ-
γει κέλσας πόδ' ἀλάται.

140

θῆς τόδε τεῦχος ἐμᾶς ἀπὸ κρατὸς ἐ-

στρ. β'
ELECTRA

Re-enter ELECTRA.

ELECTRA

Bestir thou, for time presses, thy foot’s speed;  (Str. 1)
    Haste onward weeping bitterly.
I am his child, am Agamemnon’s seed,—
    Alas for me, for me!—
And I the daughter Clytemnestra bore,
    Tyndareus’ child, abhorred of all;
And me the city-dwellers evermore
    Hapless Electra call.
Woe and alas for this my lot of sighing,  120
    My life from consolation banned!
Ó father Agamemnon, thou art lying
In Hades, thou whose wife devised thy dying—
    Her heart, Aegisthus’ hand.

(Mesode)

On, wake once more the selfsame note of grieving:
Upraise the dirge of tears that bring relieving.

Bestir thou, for time presses, thy foot’s speed;  (Ant. 1)
    Haste onward weeping bitterly.
Ah me, what city sees thee in thy need,
    Brother?—alas for thee!
In what proud house hast thou a bondman’s place,
    Leaving thy woeful sister lone
Here in the halls ancestral of our race
    In sore distress to moan?
Come, a Redeemer from this anguish, heeding
    My desolation and my pain:
Come Zeus, come Zeus, the champion of a bleeding
Father most fouly killed—to Argos leading
    The wanderer’s feet again.

(Str. 2)

Set down this pitcher from thine head:  140

15
ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

λόγο', ἵπατρὶ γόους νυξίουσ
ἐπορθρεύσω,
ιαχάν μέλος 'Αἴδα,
'Αἴδα, πάτερ,
σοὶ κατὰ γάς ἐννέπτω γόους,
οἷς ἀεὶ τὸ κατ' ἄμαρ
διέστομαι, κατὰ μὲν φίλων
ἐνυχὶ τεμνομένα δέραν,
χέρα δὲ κράτ' ἐπὶ κούριμον
τιθεμένα θανάτῳ σφ.

ἐ ε', δρύπτε κάρα·
οῖα δὲ τις κύκνοις ἀχέτας
ποταμίους παρὰ χεύμασιν
πατέρα φίλτατον ἀγκαλεῖ,
ὁλόμενον δολίως βρόχων
ἐρκεῖσιν, δος σὲ τὸν ἄθλων
πατέρ' ἐγὼ κατακλάομαι,

λυτρᾷ πανύσταθ' ὑδρανάμενον χροῖ.
ἀντ. β'/
κοίτα ἐν οἰκτροτάτα θανάτου.
ἐ ῥ μοί μοι
πικρᾶς μὲν πελέκεεως τομᾶς
σᾶς, πάτερ, πικρᾶς δ'/
ἐκ Τροῖας ὄδιον βουλᾶς.
οὐ μῦτραισι γυνῇ σε
δέξατ' οὐδ' ἐπὶ στεφάνοις.
ἐφέσι δ' ἀμφιτόμοις λυγρᾶν
Ἀγίσθοις νῶβαν θεμένα
δόλων ἐσχέν ἀκοίταν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

'Αγαμέμνονος ὡ κόρα,
στρ. γ'/
ἵλιθοι, Ἡλέκτρα, ποτὲ σᾶν ἀγρότεραν αὐλάν.
ELECTRA

Let me prevent the morn
With wailings for a father dead,
Shrieks down to Hades borne,
Through the grave's gloom, O father, ringing:
Through Hades' hall to thee I call,
Day after day my cries outslinging;
And aye my cheeks are furrowed red
With blood by rending fingers shed.
Mine hands on mine head smiting fall—
Mine head for thy death shorn.

(Mesode)

Rend the hair grief-defiled!
As swan’s note, ringing wild
Where some broad stream still-stealeth,
O'er its dear sire outpealeth,
Mid guileful nets who lies
Dead—so o'er thee the cries
Wail, father, of thy child,

Thee, on that piteous death-bed laid (Ant. 2)
When that last bath was o'er!
Woe for the bitter axe-edge swayed,
Father, adrip with gore!
Woe for the dread resolve, prevailing
From Ilion to draw thee on
To her that waited thee—not hailing
With chaplets!—nor with wreaths arrayed
Wast thou; but with the falchion's blade
She made thee Aegisthus' sport, and won
That treacherous paramour.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

Atreides' child, Electra, I have come (Str. 3)
Unto thy rustic home.

VOL. II.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

铒μολέ τις ἐμολε γαλακτοπότας ἀνήρ
Μυκηναῖος ὀρειβάτας·
ἀγγέλλει δ’ ὃτι νῦν τριταῖ-
αν καρύσσουσιν θυσίαν
’Αργεῖοι, πᾶσαι δὲ παρ’ Ἡ-
ραν μέλλουσιν παρθενικαὶ στείχειν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐπ’ ἀγλαίας, φίλαι,
θυμὸν οὐδ’ ἐπὶ χρυσέως
ὄρμωσιν πεπόταμαι
τάλαιν’, οὐδ’ ἱστάσα χοροὺς
’Αργείαις ἁμα νύμφαις
εἰλικτῶν κρούσω πόδ’ ἐμὸν.
δάκρυσι νυχεύω, δακρύων δὲ μοι μέλει
δειλαίᾳ τὸ κατ’ ἅμαρ.
σκέψαι μου πιναρὰν κόμαν
καὶ τρύχῃ τάδ’ ἐμὸν πεπλων,
εἰ πρέποντ’ Ἅγαμέμνονος
κούρα τὰ βασιλεία
Τροίᾳ θ’, ἃ τοῦμον πατέρος
μέμναται ποθ’ ἀλούσα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μεγάλα θεός· ἀλλ’ ἵθι,
ἀντ. γ’
καὶ παρ’ ἐμὸν χρήσαι πολύπηνα φάρεα δύναι,
χρύσεα τε χάρισι προσθήματ’ ἀγλαίας.
δοκεῖς τούσι σοῖς δακρύων,
μὴ τιμώσα θεοὺς, κρατή-
σεῖς ἑχθρῶν; οὕτωι στοναχαῖς,
ἀλλ’ εὐχαίσι θεοὺς σεβί-
ζουσ’ ἐξεῖς εὐαμερίαν, ὦ παῖ.
ELECTRA

One from Mycenae sped this day is here,
A milk-fed mountaineer.
Argos proclaims, saith he, a festival
The third day hence to fall;
And unto Hera's fane must every maid
Pass, in long pomp arrayed.

ELECTRA

Friends, not for thought of festal tide,
Nor carcanet's gold-gleaming pride
The pulses of my breast are leaping;
Nor with the brides of Argos keeping
The measure of the dance, my feet
The wreathed maze's time shall beat:
Nay, but with tears the night I greet,
And wear the woeful day with weeping.
Look on mine hair, its glory shorn,
The disarray of mine attire:
Say, if a princess this beseemeth,
Daughter to Agamemnon born,
Or Troy, that, smitten by my sire,
Of him in nightmare memories dreameth?

CHORUS

Great is the Goddess: 1 borrow then of me (Ant. 3)
Robes woven cunningly,
And jewels whereby shall beauty fairer shine.
Dost think these tears of thine,
If thou give honour not to Gods, shall bring
Thy foes low? — reverencing
The Gods with prayers, not groans, shalt thou obtain
Clear shining after rain.

1 Therefore her festival is not lightly to be neglected.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδεὶς θεόν ἐνοπάς κλείει
tὰς δυσδαίμονοι, οὐ παλαι-
ῶν πατρὸς σφαγιασμῶν.
οἴμοι τοῦ καταφθιμένου
tοῦ τε ξωντος ἀλάτα,
δὲ που γὰν ἀλλὰν κατέχει
μέλεος ἀλαίνων ποτὶ θήσαν ἔστιαν,
tοῦ κλεινοῦ πατρὸς ἐκφύς.
αὐτὰ ὡς ἐν χερνήσι δόμοι
ναίω ψυχὰν τακομένα
δωμάτων πατρίων φυγάς,
οὐρείας ἂν ἐρίπνας.
μάτηρ δὲ ἐν λέκτροις φονίοις
ἀλλὰ σύγγαμος οἶκεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῶν κακῶν Ἑλλησσιν αἰτίαν ἔχει
σῆς μητρὸς Ἑλένη σύγγαμον δόμως τε σοῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἴμοι, γυναίκες, ἐξέβην θρηνημάτων.
ξένοι τινὲς παρ’ οἶκον οὐδ’ ἐφεστίους
εὐνὰς ἔχοντες ἐξανίστανται λόχου.
ψυχή, σὺ μὲν κατ’ οἴμον, εἰς δόμους ὃ ἐγὼ,
φῶτας κακούργους ἐξαλύξωμεν ποδί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μέν’, ὃ τάλανα: μὴ τρέσῃς ἐμὴν χέρα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὥ Φοῖβ’ Ἀπολλὸν, προσπίτνω σε μὴ θανεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλους κτάνοιμι μᾶλλον ἔχθιος σέθεν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀπελθε, μὴ ψαῦ ὃν σε μὴ ψαύειν χρεών.
ELECTRA

ELECTRA
No God regards a wretch's cries,
Nor heeds old flames of sacrifice
Once on my father's altars burning.
Woe for the dead, the unreturning!
Woe for the living, homeless now,
In alien land constrained, I trow
To serfdom's board in grief to bow—
That hero's son afar sojourning!
In a poor hovel I abide,
An exile from my father's door,
Wasting my soul with tears outwelling,
Mid scours of yon wild mountain-side:
My mother with her paramour
In murder-bond the while is dwelling!

CHORUS
Of many an ill to Hellas and thine house
Was Helen, sister of thy mother, cause.

ORESTES and PYLADES approach.

ELECTRA
Woe's me, friends!—needs must I break off my moan!
Lo, yonder, strangers ambushed nigh the house
Out of their hiding-place are rising up!
With flying feet—thou down the path, and I
Into the house,—flee we from evil men!

ORESTES (intercepting her)
Tarry, thou hapless one: fear not mine hand.

ELECTRA
Phoebus, I pray thee that I be not slain!

ORESTES (extending his hand to hers)
God grant I slay some more my foes than thee!

ELECTRA
Hence!—touch not whom beseems thee not to touch.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἔσθ᾽ ὅτου θύγοιμ' ἀν ἐνδικώτερον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
καὶ πῶς ξιφήρης πρὸς δόμοις λοχᾶς ἐμοῖς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
μεῖνας' ἀκούσουν, καὶ τὰχ᾽ οὐκ ἄλλως ἔρεις·

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἔστηκα· πάντως δ᾽ εἰμὶ σῇ κρείσσων γὰρ εἰ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡκω φέρων σοι σοῦ κασιγνήτου λόγους.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
δ᾽ φίλτατ', ἀρα ζῶντος ἡ τεθυκότος;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ζῆ· πρώτα γάρ σοι τὰγάθ᾽ ἀγγέλλειν θέλω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
eὐδαιμονίης, μυσθοῦν ἡδίστων λόγων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
κοινὴ διδώμι τοῦτο νῦν ἀμφοῖν ἔχειν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ποῦ γῆς ὁ τλῆμων τλῆμονας φυγᾶς ἔχων;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐχ ἕνα νομίζων φθείρεται πόλεως νόμον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὗ ποὺ σπανίζων τοῦ καθ᾽ ἡμέραν βίου;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔχει μὲν, ἄσθενής δὲ δὴ φεύγων ἀνήρ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
λόγου δὲ δὴ τίν' ἥλθες ἐκ κείμου φέρων;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
εἰ ζῆς, ὅπως τε ζῶσα συμφορᾶς ἔχεις.
ELECTRA

ORESTES
None is there whom with better right I touch.

ELECTRA
Why sword in hand waylay me by mine house?

ORESTES
Tarry and hear: my words shall soon be thine.

ELECTRA
I stand, as in thy power;—the stronger thou.

ORESTES
I come to bring thee tidings of thy brother.

ELECTRA
Friend—friend!—and livest he, or is he dead?

ORESTES
He livest: first the good news would I tell.

ELECTRA
Blessings on thee, thy need for words most sweet!

ORESTES
This blessing to us twain I give to share.

ELECTRA
What land hath he for weary exile’s home?

ORESTES
Outcast, he claims no city’s citizenship.

ELECTRA
Not—surely not in straits for daily bread?

ORESTES
That hath he: yet the exile helpless is.

ELECTRA
And what the message thou hast brought from him?

ORESTES
Liv’st thou?—he asks; and, living, what thy state?
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκούν ὀρᾶς μοι πρῶτον ὡς ξηρὸν δέμας;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λύπαις γε συντετηκός, ὡστε με στένειν.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
καὶ κράτα πλόκαμον τ᾿ ἐσκυθισμένον ξυρῆ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
dάκνει σ᾿ ἀδελφὸς ὦ τε θανῶν ἵσως πατήρ.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οἴμοι, τί γάρ μοι τώιδε γ᾿ ἐστὶ φίλτερον;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φεῦ φεῦ· τί δ᾿ αὐ̂ς ὑ σὺ κασιγνήτω δοκεῖς;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἀπὸν ἐκεῖνος, οὗ παρὸν ἥμιν φίλος.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐκ τοῦ δὲ ναίεις εὐθῶς ἀστεως ἐκάς;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐγημάμεσθ᾿, ὦ ξεῖνε, θανάσιμον γάμον.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φίμωξι ἀδελφὸν σὸν. Μυκηναῖων τινὶ;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὔχ ό πατήρ μ᾿ ἡλπίζειν ἐκδώσειν ποτέ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
eἰφ᾿, ὡς ἀκούσας σφι κασιγνήτω λέγω.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐν τοῖσδ᾿ ἐκείνου τηλορὸς ναῖω δόμοις.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
σκαφεύς τις ἡ Βουφορβὸς ἄξιος δόμων.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
πένης ἁνὴρ γενναῖος εἰς τ᾿ ἐμ᾿ εὐσεβής.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡ δ᾿ εὐσέβεια τίς πρόσεστι σφι πόσει;
ELECTRA

ELECTRA
Seest thou not how wasted is my form?—
ORESTES
So sorrow-broken that myself could sigh.
ELECTRA
Mine head withal—my tresses closely shorn.
ORESTES
Heart-wrung by a brother’s fate, a father’s death?
ELECTRA
Ah me, what is to me than these more dear?
ORESTES
Alas! art thou not to thy brother dear?
ELECTRA
Far off he stays, nor comes to prove his love.
ORESTES
Why dost thou dwell here, from the city far?
ELECTRA
I am wedded, stranger—as in bonds of death.
ORESTES
A Mycenaean lord? Alas thy brother!
ELECTRA
Not one to whom my sire once hoped to wed me.
ORESTES
Tell me, that hearing I may tell thy brother.
ELECTRA
In this his house from Argos far I live.
ORESTES
Delver or neatherd should but match such house!
ELECTRA
Poor, yet well-born, and reverencing me.
ORESTES
Now what this reverence rendered of thy spouse?
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐπώποτ' εὐνήσ τῆς ἐμῆς ἔτλη θυγεῖν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀγνευμ' ἔχων τι θείον ἢ σ' ἀπαξιῶν;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
gονέας ύβρίζειν τοὺς ἐμοὺς οὐκ ἤξιον.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ πῶς γάμον τοιοῦτον οὐχ ἦσθη λαβών;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὐ κύριον τὸν δόντα μ' ἠγεῖται, ξένε.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ξυνήκ'. 'Ορέστη μὴ ποτ' ἐκτίσῃ δίκην.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
tοῦτ' αὐτὸ ταρβῶν, πρὸς δὲ καὶ σώφρων ἐφυ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φεῖ.
γενναίον ἀνδρ' ἐλεξας, εὐ τε δραστέουν.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
eὶ δὴ ποθ' ἤξει γ' εἰς δόμους ὁ νῦν ἄπων.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
μήτηρ' δὲ σ' ἡ τεκούσα ταῦτ' ἡνέχετο;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
gυναίκες ἀνδρῶν, ὃ ξέν', οὐ παῖδων φίλαι.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
tίνος δὲ σ' εἶνεχ' ύβρισ' Ἀγνυσθος τάδε;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
tεκεῖν μ' ἐβούλετ' ἁσθενή, τούθ' δουσ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡς δὴθε παῖδας μὴ τέκοις ποινάτορας;
ELECTRA

ELECTRA
Never hath he presumed to touch my couch.

ORESTES
A vow of chastity, or scorn of thee?

ELECTRA
He took not on him to insult my sires.

ORESTES
How? did he not exult to win such bride?

ELECTRA
He deems that who betrothed me had not right.

ORESTES
I understand:—and feared Orestes' vengeance?

ELECTRA
Yea, this: yet virtuous is he therewithal.

ORESTES
A noble soul this, worthy of reward!

ELECTRA
Yea, if the absent to his home return.

ORESTES
But did the mother who bare thee suffer this?

ELECTRA
Wives be their husbands', not their children's friends.

ORESTES
Why did Aegisthus this despite to thee?

ELECTRA
That weaklings of weak sire my sons might prove.

ORESTES
Ay, lest thou bear sons to avenge the wrong?

1 i.e. Politically and socially.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τοιαῦτ᾽ ἐβούλευσ᾽. ὅν ἐμοὶ δοῖη δίκην.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οἶδεν δὲ σ᾽ οὖσαν παρθένον μητρὸς πόσις;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὐκ οἶδεν συγῆ τοῦθ᾽ ὑφαιρούμεσθά νῦν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀδ᾽ οὖν φίλαι σοι τούσδ᾽ ἀκούουσιν λόγους;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ὡστε στέγειν γε τὰμὰ καὶ σ᾽ ἐπὶ καλῶς.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δὴ τ᾽ Ὀρέστης πρὸς τάδ᾽, ἂργος ἦν μόλη;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ήρου τόδ᾽; ἁἰσχρὸν γ᾽ εἶπας; οὐ γὰρ νῦν ἀκμῆ;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐλθὼν δὲ δὴ πῶς φονέας ἀν κτάνοι πατρός;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
tολμῶν ὧπ᾽ ἔχθρων οἷ᾽ ἐτολμήθη πατήρ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡ καὶ μετ᾽ αὐτοῦ μητέρ᾽ ἀν τλαίνης κτανεῖν;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
tαυτῷ γε πελέκει τῷ πατήρ ἀπώλετο.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λέγω τάδ᾽ αὐτῷ, καὶ βεβαια τάποδο σοῦ;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
θάνωμι μητρὸς αἱμ᾽ ἐπιφάξασ᾽ ἐμῆς.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φεῦ.
eἰθ᾽ ἦν Ὀρέστης πλησίον κλύων τάδε.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἀλλ᾽, ὃς ἐνεῖ, οὐ γνοῦν ἀν εἰςιδοὐσά νῦν.
ELECTRA

ELECTRA
So schemed he—God grant I requite him yet!
ORESTES
Knows he, thy mother's spouse, thou art maiden still? 270
ELECTRA.
Nay, for by silence this we hide from him.
ORESTES
Friends, then, are these which hearken these thy words?

ELECTRA
Yea, true to keep thy counsel close and mine.
ORESTES
What help, if Argos-ward Orestes came?
ELECTRA
Thou ask!—out on thee!—is it not full time?
ORESTES
How slay his father's murderers, if he came?
ELECTRA
Daring what foes against his father dared.
ORESTES
And with him wouldst thou, couldst thou, slay thy mother?

ELECTRA
Ay!—with that axe whereby my father died!
ORESTES
This shall I tell him for thy firm resolve? 280
ELECTRA
My mother's blood for his—then welcome death!
ORESTES
Ah, were Orestes nigh to hear that word!

ELECTRA
But, stranger, though I saw, I should not know him.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
νέα γάρ, οὐδέν θαύμ', ἀπεξεύχθης νέον.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
eis ἀν μόνος νῦν τῶν ἐμῶν γνώθη φίλων.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀρ' ἐν λέγουσιν αὐτὸν ἐκκλέψαι φόνου;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
πατρὸς γε παιδαγωγὸς ἀρχαῖος γέρων.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὁ κατθανὼν δὲ σὸς πατήρ τύμβου κυρεί;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐκυρσεν ὡς ἐκυρσεν, ἔκβληθεὶς δόμων.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οίμοι, τόδ' οἶνον εἶπας: αἰσθησίς γὰρ οὖν
cάκ τῶν θυραίων πημάτων δάκνει βροτοῦς.
λέξον δ', ἵνα εἰδῶς σφ' κατεγνήτω φέρω
λόγους ἀτερπεῖς, ἀλλ' ἀναγκαλοὺς κλύειν.
ἐνεστὶ δ' ὅλκτος, ἀμαθία μὲν οὐδαμοῦ,
σοφοίς δ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ γὰρ οὖν ἄξιμον
gνώμην ἐνείναι τοῖς σοφοῖς λιαν σοφήν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
κὰν ὁ τὸν αὐτὸν τὸδ' ἐρων ψυχῆς ἔχω.
πρόσω ψαρ ἀστεως οὐσα τάν πόλει κακὰ
οὐκ οἴδα, νῦν δὲ βοῦλομαι καγὼ μαθείν.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λέγωμ' ἂν, εἰ χρή' χρὴ δὲ πρὸς φίλον λέγειν
tύχαις βαρείας τὰς ἐμὰς κάμοι πατρός.
ἐπεὶ δὲ κινεῖς μόθον, ἰκέτειν, ἔνε, ἀγγελλ' Ὁρέστῃ τάμα καὶ κείνου κακά,
πρῶτον μὲν οὖς ἐν πέπλοις αὐλίζομαι.¹

¹ So MSS. Weil reads ἀναφομαί, “wastes my life away.” Tucker suggests ἀγχίζομαι (ironical): “I am fair-arrayed.”
ELECTRA

ORESTES
No marvel—a child parted from a child.

ELECTRA
One only of my friends would know him now,—

ORESTES
Who stole him out of murder's clutch, men say?

ELECTRA
That old man, once the child-ward of my sire.

ORESTES
And thy dead father—hath he found a tomb?

ELECTRA
Such tomb as he hath found, flung forth his halls!

ORESTES
Ah me, what tale is this!—Yea, sympathy
Even for strangers' pain wrings human hearts.
Tell on, that, knowing, to thy brother I
May bear the joyless tale that must be heard.
Yea, pity dwells, albeit ne'er in churls,
Yet in the wise:—this is the penalty
Laid on the wise for souls too finely wrought.

CHORUS
His heart's desire, the same is also mine:
For, from the town far dwelling, nought know I
The city's sins: now fain would I too hear.

ELECTRA
Tell will I—if I may. Sure I may tell
A friend my grievous fortune and my sire's.
Since thou dost wake the tale, I pray thee, stranger,
Report to Orestes all mine ills and his.
Tell in what raiment I am hovel-housed,
ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

πίνω θ' ὅσφ βέβριθ', ὑπὸ στέγαισι τε οἴαισι ναίω βασιλικῶν ἐκ δωμάτων, ἄυτὴ μὲν ἐκμοχθοῦσα κερκίσων πέπλους, ἢ γυμνὸν ἔξω σῶμα καὶ στερῆσομαι, ἄυτὴ δὲ πηγὰς ποταμίως φορούμενη.

άνεορτος ἵερων καὶ χορῶν τητωμένη, ἀναίνομαι γυμναῖκας, ὡσα παρθένοις, ἀναίνομαι δὲ Κάστορ', ὥς πρὶν εἰς θεοὺς ἐλθεῖν ἐμ' ἐμνήστευν, ὡσαν ἐγγενῆ.

μήτηρ δ' ἐμὴ Φρύγιοισιν ἐν σκυλεύμασι θρόνοις κάθεται, πρὸς δ' ἐδρασάς 'Ασίδες δμωαὶ στατιζοῦσ', ᾧ ἐπερό' ἐμὸς πατὴρ, Ἰδαία φάρη χυρσέας ἐξευγμέναι πόρπαισιν. αἶμα δ' ἐτι πατρὸς κατὰ στέγαις μέλαιν σέσητεν· δς δ' ἐκεῖνον ἐκτανεν,

εἰς ταῦτα βαίνων ἀρµατ' ἐκφοιτᾶ πατρί, καὶ σκῆπτρ' ἐν οἷς Ἑλλησιν ἐστερατηλάτει μαῖσυνοις χερσὶ γαυροῦται λαβὼν.

Ἀγαµέµνονος δὲ τύµβος ἴτµασµένος οὔτω χοάς ποτ' οúde κλώνα μυρσίνης ἔλαβε, πυρὰ δὲ χέρσους ἀγλαϊσµάτων.

μέθη δὲ βρεχθεὶς τῆς ἐμῆς μητρὸς πόσις ὁ κλεινὸς, ὡς λέγοντιν, ἐνθρώσκει τάφῳ πέπτους τε λευέι μνήµα λάινου πατρός, καὶ τοῦτο τολµᾶ τούτος εἰς ἡµᾶς λέγειν·

ποῦ παῖς Ὄρεάτης; ἀρά σοι τύµβῳ καλῶς παρών ἀµόνει; ταῦτ' ἀπὸν ὑβρίζεται.

ἀλλ' ὦ ἥγιον, ἤκετέυω σ', ἀπάγγειλον τάδε· πολλοὶ δὲ ἐπιστέλλουσιν, ἐρμηνεύουσι δ' ἑγὼ, αἱ χεῖρες, ἡ γλῶσσ' ἡ ταλαίπωρος τε φηὴν κάρα ἥ' ἐμὸν ἐξείρηκες δ' τ' ἐκεῖνον τεκὼν.

αἰσχρὸν γάρ, εἰ πατὴρ μὲν ἐξεῖλεν Φρύγιας,
ELECTRA

Under what squalor I am crushed, and dwell
Under what roof, after a palace home;
How mine own shuttle weaves with pain my robes,—
Else must I want, all vestureless my frame;—
How from the stream myself the water bear;
Banned from the festal rite, denied the dance,
No part have I with wives, who am a maid,
No part in Castor, though they plighted me
To him, my kinsman, ere to heaven he passed.
Mid Phrygian spoils upon a throne the while
Sitteth my mother: at her footstool stand
Bondmaids of Asia, captives of my sire,
Their robes Idaean with the brooches clasped
Of gold:—and yet my sire’s blood ’neath the roofs,
A dark clot, festers! He that murdered him
Mounteth his very car, rides forth in state;
The sceptre that he marshalled Greeks withal
Flaunting he grasped in his blood-stained hand.
And Agamemnon’s tomb is set at nought:
Drink-offerings never yet nor myrtle-spray
Had it, a grave all bare of ornament.
Yea, with wine drunken, he, my mother’s spouse—
Named of men “glorious”!—leaps upon the grave,
And pelts with stones my father’s monument;
And against us he dares to speak this taunt:
“Where is thy son Orestes?—bravely nigh
To shield thy tomb!” So is the absent mocked.
But, stranger, I beseech thee, tell him this:
Many are summoning him,—their mouthpiece I,—
These hands, this tongue, this stricken heart of mine,
My shorn head, his own father therewithal.
Shame, that the sire destroyed all Phrygia’s race,
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ο δ' ἀνδρ' ἐν εἰς ὅπνου δὴ δυνήσεται κτανεῖν νέος πεφυκὼς καὶ ἀμείνονος πατρός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν δέδορκα τόνδε, σὸν λέγω πόσιν, λήξαντα μόχθου πρὸς δόμους ὑφρομένων.

340

ΑΤΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

ἐα. τίνας τούσδ' ἐν πύλαις ὅρω χένους; τίνος δ' ἐκατι τάσδ' ἐπ' ἀγραύλους πύλας προσήλθον; ἡ μοῦ δεόμενοι; γυναικὶ τοι αἰσχρὸν μετ' ἀνδρῶν ἑστάναι νεανίων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ φίλτατ', εἰς ὑποπτα μὴ μόλης ἐμοὶ· τὸν ὅντα δ' εἰσει μῦθον· οὐδὲ γὰρ χένοι ἱκουσ'. Ὡρέστον πρὸς με κήρυκες λόγων. ἀλλ' ὃ χένοι, σύγγνωτε τοὺς εἰρημένοις.

350

ΑΤΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

τί φασίν; ἀνὴρ ἔστι καὶ λέυσσει φάος;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔστιν λόγῳ γοῦν· φασὶ δ' οὐκ ἄπιστ' ἐμοὶ.

ΑΤΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

ἡ καὶ τὶ πατρὸς σῶν τε μέμνηται κακῶν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐν ἐλπίσει ταῦτ'. ἀσθενῆς φεύγων ἀνήρ.

ΑΤΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

ἥλθον δ' Ὡρέστον τίν' ἀγορεύοντες λόγων;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σκοποῦς ἐπεμψε τούσδε τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν.

ΑΤΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

οὐκουν τὰ μὲν λεύσσουσι, τὰ δὲ σὺ που λέγεις;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὐσασίν, οὐδὲν τῶν ἔχουσιν ἐνδεές.
ELECTRA

And the son singly cannot slay one man,
Young though he be, and of a nobler sire!

CHORUS
But lo, yon man—thy spouse it is I name—
Hath ceased from toil, and homeward hasteneth. 340

Enter PEASANT.

PEASANT
How now? What strangers these about my doors?
For what cause unto these my rustic gates
Come they?—or seek they me? Beseemeth not
That with young men a wife should stand in talk.

ELECTRA
O kindest heart, do not suspect me thou,
And thou shalt hear the truth. These strangers come
Heralds to me of tidings of Orestes.
And, O ye strangers, pardon these his words.

PEASANT
What say they? Liveth he, and seeth light?

ELECTRA
Yea, by their tale—and I mistrust it not. 350

PEASANT
Ha!—and remembereth thy sire's wrongs and thine?

ELECTRA
Hope is as yet all: weak the exile is.

PEASANT
And what word from Orestes have they brought?

ELECTRA
These hath he sent, his spies, to mark my wrongs.

PEASANT
They see but part: thou haply tell'st the rest?

ELECTRA
They know: hereof nought lacketh unto them.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΑΤΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

ούκοιν πάλαι χρήν τοίς' ἀνεπτύχθαι πύλας.
χωρεῖτ', ἐσι ο📊κους' ἀντὶ γὰρ χρηστῶν λόγων
ζενών κυρήσεθ', οἶ' ἐμὸς κεύθει δόμος.

360

αἴρεσθ', ὅπαδοι, τῶν δ' ἐσω τεύχη δόμων'
καὶ μηδὲν ἀντείπητε, παρὰ φίλου φίλοι
μολόντες ἀνδρός' καὶ γὰρ εἰ πένης ἐξαν,
οὔτοι τὸ γ' ὡθος δυσγενεῖς παρέξομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, ὅτι ἁμηρ ὅς συνεκκλέπτει γάμους
τοὺς σοὺς, 'Ορέστην οὖ κατασχύνειν θέλων;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔτοι κέκληται πόσις ἐμὸς τῆς ἀθλίας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ:

οὐκ ἑστ' ἀκριβὲς οὔδὲν εἰς ἐνανδρίαν
ἔχουσι γὰρ παραγμῶν αἱ φύσεις βρότων.

370

ἡπ' ἐγὼ εἶδον παῖδα γενναῖον πατρὸς
τὸ μηδὲν δυτα, χρηστὰ δ' ἐκ κακῶν τέκνα,
λιμὸν τ' ἐν ἄνδρος πλουσίον φρονήματι,
γνώμην δὲ μεγάλην ἐν πένητι σῶματι.
πῶς οὖν τις αὐτὰ διαλαβὼν ὀρθῶς κρινεὶ;
πλοῦτῳ; ποιηρῷ τὰρα χρῆσται κριτῇ;
ἡ τοῖς ἔχουσι μηδέν; ἀλλ' ἔχει νόσον
πενία, διδάσκει δ' ἀνδρὰ τῇ χρείᾳ κακῶν.
ἀλλ' εἰς δοῦλ' ἔλθω; τίς δὲ πρὸς λόγχην βλέπων
μάρτυς γένοιτ' ἄν ὅστες ἐστίν ἀγαθὸς;
κράτιστον εἰκῆ ταῦτ' ἐὰν ἀφειμένα.

380

οὔτος γὰρ ἁμηρ οὔτ' ἐν Ἀργείους μέγας
οὔτ' αὖ δοκήσει δωμάτων ὠγκωμένοις,
ἐν τοῖς δὲ πολλοῖς οὖν, ἀριστος ηὔρεθη.
οὖ μὴ ἀφρονήσεθ', οὐ' κενών δοξασμάτων

36
ELECTRA

PEASANT
Then should our doors ere this have been flung wide.
Pass ye within: for your fair tidings' sake
Receive such guest-cheer as mine house contains.
Ye henchmen, take their gear these doors within. 360
Say me not nay—friends are ye from a friend
Which come to me: for, what though I be poor,
Yet will I nowise show a low-born soul. [Goes to rear.

ORESTES
'Fore heaven, is this the man who keepeth close
Thy wedlock-secret, not to shame Orestes?

ELECTRA
Even he, named spouse of me the hapless one.

ORESTES
Lo, there is no sure test for manhood's worth:
For mortal natures are confusion-fraught.
I have seen ere now a noble father's son
Proved nothing-worth, seen good sons of ill sires, 370
Starved leanness in a rich man's very soul,
And in a poor man's body a great heart.
How then shall one discern 'twixt these and judge?
By wealth?—a sorry test were this to use.
Or by the lack of all?—nay, poverty
Is plague-struck, schooling men to sin through need.
To prowess shall I turn me?—who, that looks
On spears, can swear which spearman's heart is brave?
Leave Fortune's gifts to fall out as they will!
Lo, this man is not among Argives great, 380
Nor by a noble house's name exalted,
But one of the many—proved a king of men!
Learn wisdom, ye which wander aimless, swoln
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πλήρεις πλανάσθε, τῇ δ' ὀμιλία βροτοὺς κρινεῖτε καὶ τοὺς ἥθεσιν τοὺς εὐγενεῖς; οἱ γὰρ τοιοῦτο τὰς πόλεις οἰκούσιν εὐκαὶ δῶμαθ', αἱ δὲ σάρκες αἱ κεναὶ φρενῶν ἀγάλματ' ἀγορᾶς εἰσίν. οὐδὲ γὰρ δόρυ μᾶλλον βραχίων σθεναρὸς ἀσθενοῦς μένει· ἐν τῇ φύσει δὲ τοῦτο κἂν εὐφυχία.

ἀλλ' ἄξιος γὰρ ὃ τε παρόν ὃ τ' ὄν παρὼν Ἦγαμέμονον παῖς, οὔτε περ ἔνεχ' ἦκομεν, δεξώμεθ' οἰκῶν καταλύσεις χορεῖν χρεών, ὅμως, ὅμων τόνδ' ἐντός. ὡς ἐμοὶ πένθης εἰη πρόθυμος πλούσιον μᾶλλον ξένος.

αἰνὼ μὲν οὖν τούδ' ἄνδρος εἰσδοχὰς ὁμοίων ἐβουλόμην δ' ἀν, εἰ κασίμητος με σὸς εἰς εὐτυχῶντας ἦγεν εὐτυχῶν ὅμων. ἦσως δ' ἀν ἔλθοι. Δοξίου γὰρ ἐμπεδοὶ χρησμοῖ, βροτῶν δὲ μαντικὴν χαίρειν ἐὼ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν ἡ πάροιθεν μᾶλλον, Ἡλέκτρα, χαρᾷ θερμαίνομεσθα καρδίαν· ἦσως γὰρ ἀν μόλις προβαίνουσ' ἡ τύχη σταῖρ καλῶς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ τλῆμον, εἰδὼς δωμάτων χρείαν σέθεν τῷ τούσδ' ἐδέξω μείζονας σαυτοῦ ξένους;

ΑΤΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

τῇ δ' ; εἴπερ εἰςίν ὡς δοκοῦσιν εὐγενεῖς, οὐκ ἐν τε μικροῖς ἐν τε μὴ στέρξουσ' ὁμώς;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐπεί νυν ἐξήμαρτες ἐν σμικρόσιν ὃν, ἔλθ' ὡς παλαιών τροφὸν ἐμοὶ φίλον πατρός· ὃς ἀμφὶ ποταμὸν Ταναῦον Ἀργείας ὄρους τέμνοντα γαῖας Σπαρτιάτιδος τε γῆς.
ELECTRA

With vain imaginings: by converse judge
Men, even the noble by their daily walk.
For such be they which govern states aright
And homes: but fleshly bulks devoid of wit
Are statues in the market-place. Nor bides
The strong arm staunchlier than the weak in fight;
But this of nature's inborn courage springs.
But—seeing worthy is Agamemnon's son,
Present or absent, for whose sake we come,—
Accept we shelter of this roof. Ho, thralls,
Enter this house. For me the host whose heart
Leaps out in welcome, rather than the rich!
Thanks for the welcome into this man's house;
Yet fain would I it were thy brother now
That prospering led me into prosperous halls.
Yet may he come; for Loxias' oracles
Fail not. Of men's soothsaying will I none.

[ORESTES and PYLADES enter cottage.

CHORUS

Now, more than heretofore, Electra, glows
Mine heart with joy. Thy fortune now, though late
Advancing, haply shall beablished fair.

ELECTRA

Poor man, thou know'st thine house's poverty.
Wherefore receive these guests too great for thee?

PEASANT

How?—an they be of high birth, as they seem,
Will they content them not with little or much?

ELECTRA

Since then thou so hast erred, and thou so poor,
Go to the ancient fosterer of my sire,
Who on the banks of Tanaüs, which parts
The Argive marches from the Spartan land,
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ποίμναις ὄμαρτεὶ πόλεος ἐκβεβλημένος·
κέλευε δ’ αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους ἀφιγμένον
ἐλθεῖν, ξένων τ’ εἰς δαίτα ποροῦναι τινά.
ὁσθήσεται τοι καὶ προσεύξεται θεοῖς,
ζῶντ’ εἰσακούσας παῖδ’ ἐν ἐκσφίζει ποτέ.
οὐ γὰρ πατρὸς ἐκ δόμον μητρὸς πάρα
λάβομεν ἀν τι· πικρὰ δ’ ἀγγείλαιμεν ἁν,
eἰ ζῶντ’ Ὂ Ὅρεστην ἢ τάλαιν ἀἰσθοῦν” ἔτι.

ΑΤΤΟΤΡΟΣ

420 ἀλ’ εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, τοῦσδ’ ἀπαγγελῶ λόγους
γέροντι· χώρει δ’ εἰς δόμους ὅσον τάχος
καὶ τάνδου ἐξάρτυε. πολλά τοι γυνὴ
χρῆσου’ ἀν εὐροὶ δαίτι προσφορῆματα.
ἐστιν δὲ δὴ τοσαυτά γ’ ἐν δόμοις ἔτι,
ὦσθ’ ἐν γ’ ἐπ’ ἡμαρ τούσδε πληρῶσαι βορᾶς.
ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δ’ ἡνίκ’ ἀν γνώμη πέση,
σκοπώ τα χρήμαθ’ ὡς ἐχει μέγα σθένος,
ξένους τε δοῦναι σώμα τ’ εἰς νόσον πεσὸν
διαπάναισι σῶσαι τῆς δ’ ἐφ’ ἡμέραν βορᾶς
εἰς μικρὸν ἤκει· πᾶς γὰρ ἐμπληκθεὶς ἀνὴρ
ὁ πλουσίος τε χῶ πέννης ἵσον φέρει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλειναὶ νάες, α’ ποτ’ ἐμβατε Τροιαν’ στρ. α’
τοῖς ἀμέτρήτοις ἔρετμοῖς
πέμπτουσαι χοροὺς μετὰ Νηρῆδων,
ἐν’ ὁ φίλαυλος ἔπαλλε δελ-
φις πρώφαις κυανεμβόλους
εἰλισσόμενος,
πορεύων τὸν τᾶς Θέτιδος
κοῦφον ἀλμα ποδών Ἀχιλῆ
430 σὺν Ἀγαμέμνονι Τρωίας
ἐπὶ Σιμοντίδας ἀκτάς.

40
ELECTRA

An outcast from our city, tends his flocks.
Bid him to wend home straightway, and to come
And furnish somewhat for the strangers' meat.
He shall rejoice, yea, render thanks to heaven,
To hear how lives the child whom once he saved.
For of my mother from my father's halls
Nought should we gain: our tidings should we rue
If that wretch heard that yet Orestes lives.

PEASANT

If thus thou wilt, thy message will I bear
To yon grey sire: but pass thou in with speed,
And there make ready. Woman's will can find
Many a thing shall eke the feasting out.
Yea, and within the house is store enough
To satisfy for one day these with meat.
In such things, when my thoughts turn thitherward,
I mark what mighty vantage is in wealth,
To give to guests, to medicine the body
In sickness; but for needs of daily food
Not far it reacheth. Each man, rich and poor,
Can be but filled, when hunger is appeased.

[Exit Peasant. Electra enters the cottage.

CHORUS

O galleys renowned, by your myriad-sweeping (Str. 1)
Oars hurled high on the Trojan strand,
Whom the Sea-maids followed, with dances

[ing

Your dusky prows, when the dolphin was bound-
Around them, bewitched by your music, and leaping
In sinuous rapture on every hand,

Escorting Achilles, the fleetfoot son
Of Thetis, with King Agamemnon on
Unto where broad Simois, seaward-creeping
Rippled and glittered o'er Trojan sand.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Νηρήδες δ' Εὐβοίδας ἀκτὰς λυποῦσαι ἀντ. α' Ἡφαίστου χρυσέων ἀκμόνων μόχθους ἀσπιστὰς ἑφερον τευχέων, ἀνὰ τε Πήλιον ἀνὰ τε πρὺ- μνας Ὀσσας ἱερὰς νάπας, Νυμφαίας σκοπιάς, ἐμάστευν, ἔθα πατὴρ ἵπποτας τρέφειν Ἑλλάδι φῶς, Θέτιδος εἰνάλων γόνων, ταχύπορον πόδ' Ἀτρείδαις.

'Ιλώθεν δ' ἐκλυόν τινος ἐν λιμέσιν στρ. β' Ἡναπλίοισι βεβώτος τὰς σάς, ὃ Θέτιδος παι, κλεινὰς ἀσπίδος ἐν κύκλῳ τοιάδε σήματα, δείματα Φρύγια, τετύχαν· περιδρόμῳ μὲν ἵτυος ἔδρα Περσέα λαμπτομον ὑπὲρ ἀλὸς ποτανοὶς πεδίλοι- σι φυλὴν Γοργόνοις ἵσχειν, Διὸς ἀγγέλῳ σὺν Ἕρμα, τῷ Μαίας ἀγροτήρι κούρῳ.

ἐν δὲ μέσῳ κατέλαμπτε σάκει φαέθων ἀντ. β' κύκλος ἀελίου ὑπτυοις ἄμ πτεροέσσαις ἄστρων τ' αἰθέριοι χοροὶ, Πλειάδες, 'Τάδες, Ἔκτορος οἴμασι τροπαίοι· ἐπὶ δὲ χρυσότυπω κράνει Σφίγγες ὀνυξίων ἀοίδιμοι.
ELECTRA

And the Sea-maids fleeted by shores Euboean (Ant. 1)
From the depths where the golden anvils are
Of the Fire-god, a hero’s harness bearing—
Over Pelion, over the wild spurs faring
Of Ossa, over the glens Nymphaean;
From the watchtower-crags outgazing afar
They sought where his father, the chariot-lord,
Fostered for Thetis a sea-born ward,
A light for Hellas, a victory-pæan,
The fleetfoot help to the Atreids’ war.

Of a farer from Ilium heard I the story, (Str. 2)
Who had stepped to the strand in the Naupliam
haven,
Heard, O Thetis’ son, of thy buckler of glory,
Of the blazonry midst of the round of it graven
Whose god-fashioned tokens of terror made craven
The hearts of the Trojans in battle adread,—
How gleamed on the border that compassed its
splendour
Perseus, on sandals swift-winged as he fled 460
Bearing throat severed the Gorgon-fiend’s head,
While Maia’s son, Prince of the Fields, for defender,
Herald of Zeus, at his side ever sped.

(Anth. 2)

And flamed in the midst of the buckler outblazing
The orb of the Sun-god, his heaven-track riding
On the car after coursers wing wafted on-racing.
And therein were the stars in their sky-dance
gliding,
The Pleiads and Hyades, evil-betiding
To Hector, for death in his eyes did they fling. [ing
On the golden-forged helmet were Sphinxes, bear-
470
In their talons the victim that minstrels sing.
ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀγραν φέρουσαι· περιπλεύρῳ
dὲ κύτει πῦρπυρος ἐσπεὑ
de δρόμῳ λέαινα χαλαῖς
Πειρηναίον ὅρωσα πῶλον. ἐπὶδ.

ἀορί δ’ ἐν φωνίῳ τετραβάμονες ἰπποί ἐπαλλοῦν,
κελανὰ δ’ ἀμφὶ νῶθ’ ἵετο κόνις.
tοιῶνδ’ ἀνακτά δοριστῶν
ἐκανες ἀνδρῶν, Τυνδαρί,
σὰ λέχεα, κακόφρων κόρα.
tογγαρ σὲ ποτ’ οὐρανίδαι
πέμψωναι θανάτοις· ἥ σὰν
ἐτ’ ἐτ’ φόνιον ὑπὸ δέραν
ὄψομαι αἷμα χυθὲν σιδάρῳ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΕΤΣ

ποῦ ποῦ νεάνις πότιν’ ἐμὴ δέσποινά τε,
‘Αγαμέμνονος παῖς, ὡν ποτ’ ἐξέθρεψ’ ἐγὼ;
ὡς πρόσβασιν τῶνδ’ ὀρθίαιν οἴκων ἔχει
ῥυσῷ γέροντι τόδε προσβῆναι ποδὶ.

ἀνωδε δὲ πρὸς γε τοὺς φίλους ἐξελκτέον
dιπλῆν ἀκανθαν καὶ παλίρροπον γόνυ.
ὡ θύγατερ, ἄρτι γάρ σε πρὸς δόμους ὄρῳ,
ἡκω φέρων σοι τῶν ἐμῶν βοσκημάτων
πούμης νεογύνων θρέμμι’ υποσπάσας τόδε,
στεφάνους τε τευχέων τ’ ἐξελῶν τυρεύματα,
pαλαιόν τε θησαυρίσμα Διονύσου τόδε
ὀσμῆ κατῆρε, μικρῶν, ἀλλ’ ἔπεισβαλεῖν
ἡδο σκῦφον τοῦδ’ ύσθενεστέρῳ ποτῷ.

ἔτω φέρων τις τοῖς ξένοις τάδ’ εἰς δόμους·
ἐγὼ δὲ τρύχει τόδ’ ἐμῶν πέπλων κόρας
δακρύσωσι τέγξας ἐξομόρξασαι θέλω.

1 Hartung: for ἐν δὲ δόρει of MSS.
ELECTRA

On the corslet his bosom encompassing
The fire-breathing lioness rushed, up-glaring
At the winged steed trapped by Peirene's spring.¹

(Epode.)

And battle-steeds pranced on his falchion of slaughter;
O'er their shoulders was floating 'the dark dust-cloud:

And thou slewest the chieftain, O Tyndareus' daughter,
That captured such heroes, so godlike and proud!
Thine adultery slew him, O thou false-hearted!
Therefore the Dwellers in Heaven shall repay
Death unto thee in the on-coming day.
I shall see it—shall see when the life-blood hath started
From thy neck at the kiss of the steel that shall slay!

Enter old man.

OLD MAN

Where shall the princess, my young mistress, be,
Child of the great king fostered once of me?
How steep ascent hath she to this her home
For mine eld-wrinkled feet to attain thereto!
Howbeit to those I love must I drag on
Mine age-cramped spine, must drag my bowing knees.

Enter Electra.

Daughter,—for now I see thee at thy door,—
Lo, I am come: I bring thee from my flocks
A suckling lamb, yea, taken from the ewe,
Garlands, and cheeses from the presses drawn,
And this old treasure-drop of the Wine-god's boon,
Rich-odoured—little enow; yet weaker draughts
Are turned to nectar, blent with a cup of this.
Let one bear these unto thy guests within.

Lo, with this tattered vesture am I fain
To wipe away the tears that dim mine eyes.

¹ Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, attacking the Chimaera.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ’, ὦ γεραιέ, διάβροχον τῶν ὁμοί έχεις; 
μὸν τὰμὰ διὰ χρόνου σ’ ἀνέμησεν κακὰ; 
ἡ τὰς Ὀρέστου τλήμονας φυγὰς στένεις 
καὶ πατέρα τῶν ἐμῶν, ὃν ποτ’ ἐν χεροῖν ἐχὼν 
ἀνόητή έθρεψας σοι τε καὶ τοῖς σοῖς φίλοις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἀνόητη’. ὃμως δ’ οὖν τοῦτο γ’ οὐκ ἴνεσχόμην.
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ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Whence to thine eyes, grey sire, this sorrow-rain?
Have mine ills wakened memories long asleep?
Or for Orestes' exile groanest thou,
And for my sire, whom in thine arms of old
Thou fosteredst?—all in vain for thee and thine!

OLD MAN

In vain! Yet this despair could I not brook.
I turned, in coming, to his tomb aside,
There kneeling, for its desolation wept,
Poured a drink-offering from the skin I bare
Thy guests, and crowned the tomb with myrtle-
sprays.
But—on the grave a black-fleeced ewe I saw
New-slain, and blood but short time since out-
poured,
And severed locks thereby of golden hair!
I marvelled, daughter, who of men had dared
Draw nigh the tomb: no Argive he, I wot.
Haply thy brother hath in secret come,
And honoured so his father's grave forlorn.
Look on the tress; yea, lay it to thine hair;
Mark if the shorn lock's colour be the same:
For they which share one father's blood shall oft
By many a bodily likeness kinship show.

ELECTRA

Not worthy a wise man, ancient, be thy words—
To think mine aweless brother would have come,
Fearing Aegisthus, hither secretly.
Then, how should tress be matched with tress of
hair—
That, a young noble's trained in athlete-strife,
This, womanlike comb-sleeked? It cannot be.
Sooth, many shouldst thou find of hair like-hued,
ΧΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴ γεγώσων αἵματος ταύτου, γέρον.
ἀλλ’ ἣ τις αὐτοῦ τάφον ἐπουκτείρας ξένος
ἐκείρατ’, ἢ τῆςδε σκοπὸς λαθῶν χθονός.

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΩ
σὺ δ’ εἰς ἤχον βᾶσ’ ἀρβύλης σκέψαι βάσιν,
εἰ σύμμετρος σῷ ποδὶ γενήσεται, τέκνον.

ΧΛΕΚΤΡΑ
πῶς δ’ ἀν γένοιτ’ ἀν ἐν κραταιλέω πέδω
γαῖας ποδῶν ἐκμακτρον; εἰ δ’ ἔστιν τόδε,
δυνών αἰδέλφων ποὺς ἂν οὐ γένοιτ’ ἵσω
ἀνδρός τε καὶ γυναικός, ἀλλ’ ἄρσην κρατεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΩ
οὐκ ἔστιν, εἰ καὶ γῆν κασίγνητος μόλοι,
κερκίδος ὅτῳ γηνοῖς ἀν ἐξύφασμα σῆς,
ἐν φ’ ποτ’ αὐτὸν ἐξέκλεψα μὴ θανεῖν;

ΧΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὐκ οἶσθ’, ὁ Ὀρέστης ἠνίκ’ ἐκπύπτει χθονός,
νέαν μ’ ἐτ’ οὕσαν; εἰ δὲ κάκρεκον πέπλους,
πῶς ἂν τότ’ ἂν παῖς ταῦτα νῦν ἔχοι φάρη,
εἰ μὴ ξυναύξασθ’ οἱ πέπλοι τῷ σώματι;

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΩ
οἱ δὲ ξένοι ποῦ; βούλομαι γὰρ εἰσιδὼν
αὐτοὺς ἐρέσθαι σοῦ κασυγνήτου πέρι.

ΧΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οἶδ’ ἐκ δόμων βαίνονοι λαίψηρῳ ποδί.

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΩ

550 ἀλλ’ εὐγενεῖς μέν, ἐν δὲ κειβῆλιν τόδε:
πολλοὶ γὰρ ὁντες εὐγενεῖς εἰσίν κακοῖ.
ὅμως δὲ χαίρειν τοὺς ξένους προσενέπω.

1 This line and the next are transferred by Paley from their old place after 544.
ELECTRA

Though of the same blood, ancient, never born.
Nay, pitying his tomb, some stranger shore it;
Or Argive friend, my brother's secret spy.

OLD MAN

A sandal's print is there: go, look thereon,
Child; mark if that foot's contour match with thine.

ELECTRA

How on a stony plain should there be made
Impress of feet? Yea, if such print be there,
Brother's and sister's foot should never match—
A man's and woman's: greater is the male.

OLD MAN

Is there no weft of thine own loom—whereby
To know thy brother, if he should return—
Wherein I stole him, years agone, from death?

ELECTRA

Know'st thou not, when Orestes fled the land,
I was a child? Yea, had I woven vests,
How should that lad the same cloak wear to-day,
Except, as waxed the body, vestures grew?

OLD MAN

Where be the strangers? I would fain behold
And of thine absent brother question them.

ELECTRA

Lo, here with light foot step they forth the house.
Re-enter ORESTES and PYLADES.

OLD MAN (aside)

High-born of mien:—yet false the coin may be;
For many nobly born be knaves in grain.
Yet—(aloud) to the strangers greeting fair I give.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
χαίρ', ὃ γεραιέ. τοῦ ποτ', Ἡλέκτρα, τόδε
παλαιῶν ἀνδρὸς λείψανον φίλων κυρεῖ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὗτος τὸν ἁμοῦν πατέρ' ἔθρεψεν, ὃ ξένε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
tί φής; ὃδ' ἄδ σὸν ἔξεκλεψε σύγγονον;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ὣς ἔσθ' ὁ σώσας κεῖνον, εἴπερ ἔστ' ἔτι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐα:
tί μ' εἰσδεδορκεν ωσπερ ἀργὺρον σκοπῶν
λαμπρὸν χαρακτήρ'; ᾧ προσεικάζει μὲ τῷ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἴσως Ὀρέστου σ' ἡλιχ' ἦδεται βλέπων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φίλου γε φωτὸς. τί δὲ κυκλεῖ πέριξ πόδα;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
καύτῃ τῶδ' εἰσορῶσα θαυμάζω, ξένε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ
ὡ πότνι', εὖχον, θύγατερ Ἡλέκτρα, θεοῖς—

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
tί τῶν ἄποντων ἢ τί τῶν ὄντων πέρι;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ
λαβεῖν φίλου θησαυρόν, ὅν φαίνει θεὸς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἰδού, καλῶ θεοὺς. ᾧ τί δὴ λέγεις, γέρον;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ
βλέψον νυν εἰς τόδ', ὃ τέκνον, τὸν φίλτατον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
πάλαι δέδοικα, μὴ σὺ γ' οὐκέτ' εὖ φρονής.
ELECTRA

ORESTES
Greeting, grey sire! Electra, of thy friends
Who hath this time-worn wreck of man to thrall?

ELECTRA
This, stranger, was my father's fosterer.

ORESTES
How say'st thou?—this, who stole thy brother
hence?

ELECTRA
Even he who saved him, if he liveth yet.

ORESTES
Why looks he on me, as who eyes the stamp
On silver?—likening me to any man?

ELECTRA
Joying perchance to see Orestes' friend.

ORESTES
Yea, dear he is:—yet wherefore pace me round?

ELECTRA
I also marvel, stranger, seeing this.

OLD MAN
Daughter Electra—princess!—pray the Gods—

ELECTRA
For what—of things that are or are not ours?

OLD MAN
To win the precious treasure God reveals!

ELECTRA
Lo, I invoke them. What dost mean, old sire?

OLD MAN
Look on him now, child,—on thy best-beloved!

ELECTRA
Long have I dreaded lest thy wits be crazed.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ
οὐκ εὑν φρονῶ ὡγὼ σὸν κασάγνητον βλέπων;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
πῶς εἶπας, ὦ γεραί, ἀνέλπιστον λόγον;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ
όραν Ὁρέστην τὸνδε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ποιον χαρακτῆρ' εἰσιδών, ὦ πείσομαι;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ
οὐλὴν παρ' ὄφρων, ἣν ποτ' ἐν πατρὸς δόμοις

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
πῶς φῆς; ὦρῳ μὲν πτῷματος τεκμήριον.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ
ἐπείτα μέλλεις προσπίτνειν τοῖς φιλτάτοις;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ὦ γεραιέ· συμβόλωσι γὰρ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ ἐμοῦ γ' ἔχει χρόνον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὐδέποτε δόξασ'.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐδ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἡλπισά.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐκεῖνος εἶ σὺ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
σύμμαχός γε σοι μόνος,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἡν ἐκσπάσωμαι γ', ἂν μετέρχομαι βόλον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ δ'. ἡ χρή μηκέθ' ἤγεισθαι θεοῦς,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
εἰ τάδικ' ἔσται τῆς δίκης υπέρτερα.
ELECTRA

OLD MAN
I, crazed!—who look upon thy brother,—there!

ELECTRA
What mean'st thou, ancient, by a word past hope?

OLD MAN
I see Orestes, Agamemnon's son.

ELECTRA
What token hast thou marked, that I may trust?

OLD MAN
A scar along his brow: in his father's halls
Chasing with thee a fawn, he fell and gashed it.

ELECTRA
How say'st thou? Yea, I see the mark thereof!

OLD MAN
Now, art thou slow to embrace thy best-beloved?

ELECTRA
No, ancient, no! By all thy signs convinced
Mine heart is. Thou who hast at last appeared,
Unhoped I clasp thee!

ORESTES
Clasped at last of me!

ELECTRA
Never I looked for this!

ORESTES
Nor dared I hope.

ELECTRA
And art thou he?

ORESTES
Yea, thy one champion I,—
If I draw in the net-cast that I seek:
And sure I shall! We must believe no more
In Gods, if wrong shall triumph over right.

53
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

эмолес, эмолес, о χρόνος ἀµέρα,
katέλαµψας, ἐδειξας ἐµφανῆ
πόλει πυρσόν, δς παλαιὰ φυγά
πατρίων ἀπὸ δωμάτων τάλας
ἀλαίνων ἤβα. θεὸς αὐθεὸς
ἀµετέραν τις ἄγει
νίκαι, ὦ φίλα.
ἀνεχε χέρας, ἄνεχε
λόγον, ἵνα λητᾶς εἰς τοὺς θεοὺς,
tύχα σοι τύχα
κασίγνητον ἐµβατεύσαι πόλιν.

600

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἶεν· φίλας μὲν ἢδονὰς ἀσπασµάτων
ἐχο; χρόνῳ δὲ καθις αὐτὰ δῶσυμεν.
σὺ δ', ὦ γεραίε, καίριος γὰρ ἦλυθες,
λέξον, τί δρῶν ἀν φονέα τυσαίμην πατρός
μητέρα τε τὴν κοινωνὸν ἄνοσίων γάμων;
ἐστιν τί μοι κατ' Ἀργος εὔµενες φίλων;
ἡ πώπος ἄνεσκευάσασθε', ὅππερ αἰ τύχαι;
τῷ συγγεννῷµαι; νύξιος ἡ καθ' ἡµέραν;
ποίεν ὁδὸν τραπάωµεθ' εἰς ἐχθροὺς ἐµοὺς;

610

ΓΡΕΒΥΣ

ὡ τέκνον, οὐδείς δυστυχῶντι σοι φίλος.
eὔρηµα γὰρ τὸ χρῆµα γίγνεται τόδε,
κοινῇ µετασχεῖν τάγαθοι καὶ τοῦ κακοῦ.
σὺ δ', ἐκ βάθρων γὰρ πᾶς ἀνήρῃσαι φίλοις
οὐδ' ἐλλέλοιτας ἑλπίζ', ἵσθι μοι κλύων,
eν χειρί τῇ σῇ πάυτ' ἔχεις καὶ τῇ τύχῃ
πατρῷον οἶκον καὶ πόλιν λαβείν σέθεν·

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δήτα δρῶντες τοῦτ' ἄν ἐξικοµέθα;
ELECTRA

CHORUS
Thou hast come, thou hast come, dawn long delayed!
Thou hast flashed from the sky, thou hast lifted on high
O'er the land as a beacon the exile that strayed
From his father's halls, while the years dragged by
In misery.
Victory! God unto us is bringing
Victory, O my friend!
Lift up thine hands and thy voice upringing
In prayers to the Gods, that, with Fortune flinging
Her shield round about him, thy brother through
Argos' gates may wend!

ORESTES
Hold—the sweet bliss of greeting I receive
Of thee, hereafter must I render back.
But, ancient—for in season hast thou come,—
Say, how shall I requite my father's slayer,
And her that shares his guilty couch, my mother?
Have I in Argos any loyal friend,
Or, like my fortunes, am I bankrupt all?
With whom to league me?—best were night, or day?
What path shall I essay to assault my foes?

OLD MAN
Ah son, no friend hast thou in thy misfortune.
Nay, but this thing as treasure-trove is rare,
That one should share thine evil as thy good.
Since thou art wholly, as touching friends, bereft,—
Art even hope-forlorn,—be assured of me,
In thine own hand and fortune is thine all
For winning father's house and city again.

ORESTES
What shall I do then, to attain thereto?
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΕΣ
κτανών Θυέστου παίδα σήν τε μητέρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ηκω ’πι τόνδε στέφανον· ἀλλά πῶς λάβω;

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΕΣ
τειχέων μὲν ἔλθων ἐντὸς οὐδ’ ἀν εἰ θέλοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φρουραὶς κέκασται δεξιαῖς τε δορυφόρων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΕΣ
έγνως· φοβεῖται γὰρ σε κοῦχ εὐδει σαφῶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
εἶεν· σὺ δὴ τούνθενδε βούλευσον, γέρον.

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΕΣ
κάμοι γ’ ἄκουσον· ἀρτὶ γὰρ μ’ ἐσήλθε τι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐσθλὸν τι μηνύσειας, αἰσθοίμην δ’ ἐγώ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΕΣ
Αὐγισθον εἶδον, ἡνίχ’ εἰρπον ἐνθάδε,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
προσηκάμην τὸ ρηθέν· ἐν ποῖοις τόποις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΕΣ
ἀγρῶν πέλας τῶνδ’ ἱπποφορβίων ἔπι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δρῶνθ; ἵρω γὰρ ἐλπίδ’ ἐξ ἀμηχάνων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΕΣ
Νύμφαις ἐπόρσουν’ ἔροτων, ὡς ἔδοξέ μοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τροφεία παίδων, ἢ πρὸ μέλλοντος τόκου;

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΕΣ
οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἐν’ βουσφαγεῖν ὑπλίζετο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πόσων μετ’ ἀνδρῶν; ἢ μόνος δμῶν μέτα;

620
ELECTRA

OLD MAN
Thyestes' son and thine own mother slay.
ORESTES
To win this prize I come. How shall I grasp it?
OLD MAN
Through yon gates, never, how good soe'er thy will.
ORESTES
With guards beset is he, and spearmen's hands?
OLD MAN
Thou sayest: he fears thee, that he cannot sleep.
ORESTES
Ay so:—what followeth, ancient, counsel thou.
OLD MAN
Hear me—even now a thought hath come to me.
ORESTES
Be thy device good, keen to follow I!

Aegisthus saw I, hither as I toiled,—
ORESTES
Now welcome be the word! Thou saw'st him—where?
OLD MAN
Nigh to these fields, by pastures of his steeds.
ORESTES
What doth he? From despair I look on hope!
OLD MAN
A feast would he prepare the Nymphs, meseemed.
ORESTES
For nursing-dues of babes, or birth at hand?
OLD MAN
Nought know I, save his purposed sacrifice.
ORESTES
With guards how many?—or alone with thralls?

57
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΒΥΤᾶ
οὐδεὶς παρῆν Ἀργεῖος, οἰκεῖα δὲ χεῖρ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὔ πού τις ὁστὶς γνωρεῖ μ' ἰδὼν, γέρον;
ΠΡΕΒΥΤᾶ
δμῶς μὲν εἶσιν, οὐ σὲ γ' οὖκ εἶδόν ποτὲ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡμῖν ἄν εἰεν, εἰ κρατοῦμεν, εὑρενεῖς;
ΠΡΕΒΥΤᾶ
δούλων γὰρ ἰδιον τούτο, σοὶ δὲ σύμφορον.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πῶς οὖν ἄν αὐτῷ πλησιασθείην ποτὲ;
ΠΡΕΒΥΤᾶ
στείχων θεῖν σε βουθυτῶν ἐσόψεται.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὀδὸν παρ' αὐτήν, ὡς έοικ', ἀγροὺς ἔχει.
ΠΡΕΒΥΤᾶ
θεῖν γ' ἵδὼν σε δαιτί κοινωνὸν καλεῖ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πικρῶν γε συνθοινάτορ', ἢν θεὸς θέλῃ.
ΠΡΕΒΥΤᾶ
τοῦνθένδε πρὸς τὸ πῶττον αὐτὸς ἐννοεῖ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καλῶς ἔλεξας. ἡ τεκουσα δ' ἐστὶ ποῦ;
ΠΡΕΒΥΤᾶ
"Ἀργεῖ. παρέσται δ' ἐν τάχει θοίνην ἔπι.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δ' οὖχ ἂμ' ἐξιστρεματ' ἐμή μήτηρ πόσει;
ΠΡΕΒΥΤᾶ
ψόγουν τρέμουσα δήμοτῶν ἐλείπετο.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ξυνήχ'· ὑποπτος οὖσα γηγώσκει πόλει.
ELECTRA

OLD MAN
They only of his household; Argives none.
ORESTES
None, ancient, who might look on me, and know? 630
OLD MAN
Thralls are they who looked never on thy face.
ORESTES
Haply my partisans, if I prevail?
OLD MAN
The bondman's wont, by happy chance for thee.
ORESTES
How then shall I make shift to approach to him?
OLD MAN
Pass full in view at hour of sacrifice.
ORESTES
Hard by the highway be his lands, I trow.
OLD MAN
Thence shall he see, and bid thee to the feast.
ORESTES
A bitter fellow-feaster, heaven to help!
OLD MAN
Thereafter thou take thought, as fortune falls.
ORESTES
Well hast thou said. My mother—where is she? 640
OLD MAN
In Argos, yet shall soon attend the feast.
ORESTES
Why went not forth my mother with her lord?
OLD MAN
Fearing the people's taunts there tarried she.
ORESTES
Yea—knowing how men look askance on her.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
τοιαύτα: μισεῖται γὰρ ἀνόσιος ὑπνή.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πώς οὖν ἐκείνην τὸν δὲ τ' ἐν ταύτῳ κτενῶ;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἔγω φόνον γε μητρὸς ἐξαρτύσωμαι.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ μὴν ἐκεῖνά γ' ἢ τύχη θήσει καλῶς.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ὑπηρετεῖτω μὲν δυνών ὄντοιν ὄδε.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
ἔσται τάδ'· εὐρίσκεις δὲ μητρὶ πῶς φονον;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
λέγ', ὡ γεραίε, τάδε Κλυταιμνήστρα μολὼν·
λεχῶ μ' ἀπάγγειλ' οὐσαν ἀρσενός τόκου.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
πότερα πάλαι τεκοῦσαν ἢ νεωστὶ δή;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
δέχ' ἡλίους, ἐν οἷσιν ἄγειει λεχώ.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
καὶ δὴ τὶ τοῦτο μητρὶ προσβάλλει φόνον;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ῄζει κλύουσα λόχι' ἐμοὶ νοσήματα.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
πόθεν; τί δ' αὐτῇ σοῦ μέλειν δοκεῖς, τέκνων;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ναι· καὶ διακρύσει γ' ἀξίωμ' ἐμῶν τόκων.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
ἰσως· πάλιν τοι μῦθον εἰς καμπήν ἄγε.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐλθοῦσα μέντοι δήλον ὡς ἀπόλλυται.
ELECTRA

OLD MAN
Even so; a woman for her crimes abhorred.

ORESTES
How shall I slay together him and her?

ELECTRA
Even I my mother's slaying will prepare.

ORESTES
Good sooth, for his shall Fortune smooth the path.

ELECTRA
Herein shall twain be served of this one man.

OLD MAN
Yea. How wilt thou contrive thy mother's death? 650

ELECTRA
Go, ancient, say to Clytemnestra this—
Report me mother of a child, a male.

OLD MAN
Long since delivered, or but as of late?

ELECTRA
Within these ten days—purifying's space.

OLD MAN
Yet—to thy mother how doth this bring death?

ELECTRA
At tidings of my travail will she come.

OLD MAN
How?—deem'st thou, child, she careth aught for thee?

ELECTRA
Yea—even to weeping for my babes' high birth!

OLD MAN
Haply: yet toward thy goal turn thou thy speech.

ELECTRA
Let her but come, and surely is she dead. 660
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
καὶ μὴν ἐπ’ αὐτᾶς γ’ εἰσίτω δόμων πύλας.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὐκοῦν τραπέσθαι σμικρὸν εἰς Ἀιδοῦ τόδε;
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
εἰ γὰρ θάνοιμι τοῦτ’ ὑδὼν ἐγὼ ποτε.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
πρώτιστα μέν νυν τὸ δ’ υφήγησαι, γέρον.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
Δἐγισθος ἑνθα νῦν θυηπολεὶ θεοὶς;
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐπειτ’ ἀπαντῶν μητρὶ τάπ’ ἐμοῦ φράσον.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
οὐστ’ αὐτά γ’ ἐκ σοῦ στόματος εἴρησθαι δοκεῖν.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
σὸν ἔργον ἡδὴν πρόσθεν εἰληχας φόνου.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
στείχομ’ ἄν, ε’ τις ἡγεμῶν γνωιθ’ ὁδοῦ.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ πέμπωι’ ἄν οὐκ ἄκουσίως.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὁ Ζεὺς πατρὶς καὶ τροπαῖ’ ἐχθρῶν ἐμῶν,¹
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οἰκτειρὲ θ’ ἡμᾶς, οἰκτρὰ γὰρ πεπόνθαμεν,
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ
οἰκτειρὲ δὴτα σοὺς γε φύντας ἐκγόνους.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
"Ἡρα τε, βωμῶν ἢ Μυκηναίων κρατεῖς,
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
νίκην δὸς ἡμῖν, εἰ δίκαι’ αἰτούμεθα.

¹ Lines 671–682 have been variously arranged and assigned. Murray’s arrangement is here adopted, as most dramatic.
ELECTRA

OLD MAN
Nay then, to the very house-door let her come.

ELECTRA
Is not the bypath thence to Hades' short?

OLD MAN
Oh but to see this hour, then welcome death!

ELECTRA
First, ancient, then, be guide unto this man.

OLD MAN
To where Aegisthus doeth sacrifice?

ELECTRA
Then seek my mother, and my message tell.

OLD MAN
Yea, it shall seem the utterance of thy lips.

ELECTRA (to Orestes)
Now to thy work. Thou drewest first blood-lot.

ORESTES
I will set forth if any guide appear.

OLD MAN
Even I will speed thee thither nothing loth.

ORESTES
My fathers' God, Zeus, smiter of my foes,

ELECTRA
Pity us: pitiful our wrongs have been.

OLD MAN
Yea, pity those whose lineage is of thee!

ELECTRA
Queen of Mycenae's altars, Hera, help!

ORESTES
Grant to us victory, if we claim the right.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ
δός δήτα πατρὸς τοίσδε τιμωρδόν δίκην.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ω Γαί' ἀνασσα, χείρας ἢ δίδωμ' ἐμάς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
σὺ τ', ὦ κατω γῆς ἀνοσίως οικῶν πάτερ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ
ἀμνυ' ἀμνυνε τοίσδε φιλτάτοις τέκνοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

680

νῦν πάντα νεκρὸν ἐλθὲ σύμμαχον λαβῶν,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὔπερ γε σὺν σοι Φρύγας ἀνήλωσαν δορί,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ
χάσοι στυγοῦσιν ἀνοσίους μιάστορας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

690

ἥκουσας, ὦ δεῖν' ἐξ ἐμῆς μητρὸς παθῶν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
πάντ' οἶδ', ἀκούει τάδε πατήρ καί σειχεὶν ὅ ἀκμή.

καὶ σοι προφανῶ πρὸς τάδ' Ἀγισσόν θανεὶν ὡς,

ὡς, εἰ παλασθεὶς πτώμα θανάσιμον πεσεί,

τέθυηκα κάγω, μηδὲ με ἵσταν λέγε.

παίσω γὰρ ἠπαρ ὁ τοῦμον ἀμφήκει λέφει.

δόμων ὅ ἐσω βὰς' εὐτρεπῆς ποιησομαι,

ὡς, ἢν μὲν ἐλθῃ πῦστις εὐτυχῆς σέθεν,

ὁλολύζεται τᾶν δόμα· θυόμενος δὲ σοῦ

τᾶναντί ἔσται τῶνδε· ταῦτά σοι λέγω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΑΝΤ' οἶδα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

680

πρὸς τάδ' ἀνδρα γύνεσθαι σε χρῆ.

ὑμεῖς δέ μοι, γυναῖκες, εὖ πυρσεύσετε

1 Geel: for καρα γαρ of MS.
ELECTRA

OLD MAN
Grant for their father vengeance unto these!

ELECTRA
O Earth, O Queen, on whom I lay mine hands,
ORESTES
Father, by foul wrong dweller 'neath the earth,
OLD MAN
Help, help them, these thy children best-beloved.
ORESTES
Come! bring all those thy battle-helpers slain,
ELECTRA
All them whose spears with thee laid Phrygians low,
OLD MAN
Yea, all which hate defilers impious!
ORESTES
Hear'st thou, O foully-entreated of my mother?
ELECTRA
Our sire hears all, I know:—but time bids forth.
Therefore I warn thee, Aegisthus needs must die.
If thou, o'ermastered, fall a deadly fall,
I die too; count me then no more alive:
For I with sword twin-edged will pierce mine heart.
Now pass I in, to set in order all,
For, if there come fair tidings touching thee,
The house shall shout its joy; but, if thou die,
Far other shall betide. Thus charge I thee.
ORESTES
All know I.

ELECTRA
Wherefore must thou play the man.
And ye, girls, beacon-like raise signal cry
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κραυγὴν ἄγωνος τούδε. φρουρῆσω δ' ἐγὼ πρόχειρον ἐγχως χειρὶ βαστάζουσ' ἐμῇ. οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἐχθροῖς τοῖς ἐμοῖς νικωμένῃ δίκην ύφεξοι σῶμ' ἐμὸν καθυβρίσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀταλᾶς ὑπὸ ματρὸς στρ. α'

700 Ἀργείων ὅρεων ποτὲ κληδῶν ἐν πολλαῖσι μένει φάμαις εὐαρμόστοις ἐν καλάμοις Πάνα μοῦσαν ἀδύθροον πνέουτ', ἁγρῶν ταμίαν, χρυσέαν ἀρνα καλλίτοκον πορεύσαι· πετρίνοις δ’ ἐπιστὰς κάρυξ ἰαχεύ βάθρους· ἀγοράν ἀγοράν, Μυκηναῖοι,

710 στείχετε μακαρίων ὄψωμενοι τυράννων φάσματα, ἃ δείμματα. χοροὶ δ’ Ἀτρείδαν ἐγέραιρον ἃ οἴκους. ¹

θυμέλαι δ’ ἐπίτυναντο ἀντ. α’ χρυσήλατοι, σελαγεῖτο δ’ ἀν’ ἀστυ πῦρ ἐπιβῶμοιν Ἀργείων· λωτὸς δὲ φθόγγον κελάδει

¹ The text of ll. 711, 712 is corrupt, and scholars are not agreed as to the sense.
ELECTRA

Of this strife's issue. I will keep good watch,
Holding the sword aye ready in my grasp:
For never, overmastered, to my foes
Will I for vengeance-outrage yield me up.

[Retires within cottage. Exeunt or. pyl. and o. m.

CHORUS

In ancient song is the tale yet told
How Pan, the Master of forest and mead,
Unearthly sweet while the melody rolled
From his pipes of cunningly-linked reed,
Did of yore from the mountains of Argos lead,
From the midst of the tender ewes of the fold,
A lamb bright-fleeced with the splendour of gold.
From the steps of marble the herald then
Cried all the folk to the market-place—
"To the gathering away, O Argive men!
On the awesome portent press to gaze
Of the lords of the heaven-favoured race!"
And with blithe acclaim the dancers came, and with
songs of praise.

(ANT. 1.)

And the gold-laid pavements in glorious wise
Were tapestry-spread: through street on street
Flashed flames of the Argives' sacrifice;
And the voices were ringing of flutes most sweet,
Which render the Muses service meet:

1 When Atreus and Thyestes both claimed the throne, it
was decided that whichever of them should display a divine
portent should be king. A lamb with golden fleece
appeared amongst the flocks of Atreus; but Aeropis, his
wife, conveyed it to her paramour Thyestes. Atreus, in
revenge, threw Aeropis into the sea, murdered Thyestes' sons,
and served their flesh up at a feast to their father.
Euripides omits the details of this vengeance, and passes on
directly to its consequences in the judgment of Heaven.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κάλλιστον, Μουσάν θεράπων
μολυταὶ δ᾽ ἡμύξοντ᾽ ἑραται
χρυσέας ἀρνὸς ὡς ἐστὶ λάχος ¹ Θυέστου.
κρυφίαις γὰρ εὐναῖς
πεῖσας ἄλοχον φίλαν
'Ατρέως, τέρας ἐκκομίζει πρὸς
δῶματα: νεόμενος δ᾽ εἰς ἀγόρους ἀὔτει
tὰν κερόσεσαν ἐ—
χειν χρυσόμαλλον κατὰ δῶμα ποίμναν.

τότε δὴ τότε φαεννᾶς
ἀστρων μετέβασ᾽ ὁδοὺς
Zeus καὶ φέγγος ἀείλου

λευκών τε πρόσωπων ἄοιδας,
tὰ δ᾽ ἐσπέρα νῶτ᾽ ἐλαύνει
θερμὰ φλογὶ θεοπύρῳ,
νεφέλαι δ᾽ ἐνυδροὶ πρὸς ἄρκτον,
ξηραὶ τ᾽ 'Αμμωνίδες ἐδραί
φθίνουσ᾽ ἀπειρόδροσοι,
καλλιστῶν ὀμβρῶν Διόθεν στερεῖσαι.

λέγεται, τάδε δὲ πίστων
σμικρὰν παρ᾽ ἔμοιγ᾽ ἔχει,
στρέψαι θερμὰν ἄελιον

χρυσώπων ἐδραν ἀλλάξαν—
tὰ δυστυχία βροτεῖω
θνατὰς ἐνεκεν δίκας.
φοβερὸν δὲ βροτοίσι μῦθοι
κέρδος πρὸς θεῶν θεραπείας.
ἄν οὐ μνασθεῖσά τοσίν
κτεῖνεσ, κλεινῶν συγγενεῖτειρ' ἀθελφῶν.

¹ Paley: for (corrupt) ἐπίλογοι of MSS.
ELECTRA

But with triumph-swell did a strange chant rise—
"Lo, the Golden Lamb is Thyestes' prize!"
For the nets of a love with dark guile fraught
O'er the soul of Atreus' bride did he fling;
And the marvel so to his halls hath he brought,
And hath sped to the thronged folk, publishing
How his palace had gotten that strange horned thing,
[they hailed him king.
The golden-fleeced:—and the strife so ceased, and
Then, then, in his anger arose Zeus, turning (Str. 2)

The stars' feet back on the fire-fretted way;
Yea, and the Sun's car splendour-burning,
And the misty eyes of the morning grey.
And with flash of his chariot-wheels back-flying
Flushed crimson the face of the fading day:
To the north fled the clouds with their burden sighing;
And for rains withheld, and for dews fast-drying
The dwellings of Ammon in faintness were yearning,
For sweet showers crying to heavens denying.

(Ant. 2)

It is told of the singers—scant credence such story,
Touching secrets of Gods, of my spirit hath won—
That the Sun from that vision turned backward the glory
Of the gold of the face of his flaming throne,

With the scourge of his wrath in affliction repay-
Mortals for deeds in their mad feuds done.
Yet it may be the tale liveth, soul-affraying,
To bow us to Godward in lowly obeying.

O mother of princes, it rose not before thee
Mid thy lord's moan, staying thine hand from the
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐὰν ἐὰν,
φίλαι, θῷς ἠκούσατ', ἢ δοκῶ κενή
ὑπηλθέ μ', ὡστε νερτέρα βροντή Διός;
ἰδού, τάδ' οὐκ ἁσημα πνεύματ' αἴρεται·
δέσποιν', ἀμείβον δόματ', ἸΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ, τάδε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φίλαι, τί χρήμα; πῶς ἀγῶνος ἤκομεν;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἐν' φόνων οἴμωγην κλύω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἡκουσα κάγω, τηλόθεν μέν, ἀλλ' ὄμως.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
μακρὰν γὰρ ἔρπει γῆρις, ἐμφανῆς γε μήν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἀργείος ὁ στεναχμὸς ἢ φίλων ἐμῶν;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδα· πᾶν γὰρ μάγνυται μέλος βοῆς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σφαγὴν ἀντεῖς τήνδε μοι· τί μέλλομεν;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐπισχε, τρανῶς ως μάθης τύχας σέθεν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐστί· νικώμεσθα· ποῦ γὰρ ἄγγελοι;
ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἢξουσι' οὐτοὶ βασιλεά παύλον κτανεῖν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ καλλίνικοι παρθένοι Μυκηνίδες,
νικᾶτ' Ὀρέστην πᾶσιν ἄγγελλω φίλοις,
Ἀγαμέμνονος δὲ φονεὰ κείμενον πέδῳ
Ἀγισθοῦν· ἀλλὰ θεοίσιν εὐχεσθαι χρεών.
ELECTRA

Ha, friends!
Heard ye a great voice—or am I beguiled
Of fancy?—like earth-muffled thunder of Zeus?
Lo there, the gale is swelling all too plain!
Princess, come forth thine house!—Electra, come! 750

Enter Electra.

ELECTRA
Friends, what befalls? How doth our conflict speed?

CHORUS
I know but this, I hear a cry of death.

ELECTRA
I also hear—far off—yet oh, I hear!

CHORUS
Faint from the distance stole the cry, yet clear.

ELECTRA
A shriek of Argives?—or of them I love?

CHORUS
I know not: all confused rang out the strain.

ELECTRA
Thine answer is my death!—why linger I?

CHORUS
Stay, till in certainty thou learn thy fate.

ELECTRA
No—vanquished!—where be they, his messengers?

CHORUS
They yet shall come; not lightly slain are kings. 760

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER
Victory! victory, Mycenaean maids!
To all friends, tidings of Orestes' triumph!
Low lieth Agamemnon's murderer
Aegisthus: render thanks unto the Gods.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

770

780

790
ELECTRA

ELECTRA
Who art thou?—what attests thy tidings' truth?

MESSENGER
Look,—dost thou know me not,—thy brother's henchman?

ELECTRA
O friend, I knew not, out of very fear,
Thy face; but now in very sooth I know.
How say'st thou?—is my sire's foul murderer dead?

MESSENGER
Dead. Twice I say it, since thou will'st it so.

ELECTRA
Gods! All-seeing Justice, thou hast come at last!
In what wise, and by what device of death,
Slew he Thyestes' son? I fain would know.

MESSENGER
Soon as our feet from thine abode had passed,
The highway chariot-rutted entered we:
There was this Mycenaean king renowned.
Into his watered garden had he turned,
Plucking soft myrtle-sprays to bind his brows.
He saw, and cried, "Hail strangers, who be ye?
Whence journeying, and children of what land?"
"Thessalians we," Orestes spake, "who seek
Alpheus, to sacrifice to Olympian Zeus."
Now when Aegisthus heard this, answered he:
"Nay, at this altar-feast ye needs must be
My guests: I sacrifice unto the Nymphs.
With morning shall ye rise from sleep, and speed
No less. Come, let us go into the house,"—
So speaking, did he take us by the hand,
And led us in,—"ye may not say me nay."
And, when we stood within his doors, he spake:
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λούτρ’ ὡς τάχιστα τοῖς ξένους τις αἰρέτω, ὡς ἀμφὶ βωμὸν στῶσι χερνίβων πέλας. ἀλλ’ εἶπ’ Ὁρέστης, ἀρτίως ἡγνίσμεθα λουτροίς καθαροῖς ποταμών ἰδέθρων ἀπο. εἰ δὲ ξένους ἀστοίς συνθύεις χρεών, Ἀὐγισθ’, ἐτοιμοὶ κοῦκ ἀπαρνούμεθα, ἀναξ. τούτων μὲν οὖν μεθείσαι ὑμῖν μέσου λόγον
λόγχας δὲ θέντες δεσπότου φρουρήματα ὑμῶν πρὸς ἔργον πάντες ἱερανοῖς χέρας.
οἱ μὲν σφαγεῖον ἔφερον, οἱ δ’ ἠρων κανὰ, ἀλλοι δὲ πῦρ ἀνήπτον ἀμφὶ τ’ ἐσχάρας λέβηται ὡρθοῦν· πᾶσα δ’ ἐκτύπει στέγη.
λαβὼν δὲ προχύστας μητρὸς εὐνέτης σέθεν ἐβαλλε βωμοῦς, τοιαί’ ἐννέτων ἐπῃ.
Νύμφαι πετραῖαι, πολλάκις με βουθυτεῖν καὶ τὴν κατ’ οἴκους Τυνδαρίδα δάμαρτ’ ἐμὴν πράσσοντας ὡς νῦν, τοὺς δ’ ἐμοὺς ἕχθροὺς κακῶς.

λέγων Ὁρέστην καὶ σε. δεσπότης δ’ ἐμὸς τάναντι ἡγέτε’, οὐ γεγονότων λόγους,
λαβεῖν πατρὸς δόματ’. ἐκ κανοῦ δ’ ἑλῶν
Ἀὐγισθὸς ὄρθην σφαγίδα, μοσχεῖαν τρίχα τεμῶν, ἐφ’ ἄγνων πῦρ ἐθηκε δεξιὰ,
κάσφαξ’ ἐπ’ ὀμοῖς μόσχου ὡς ἤραν χερῶν δμῶες, λέγει δὲ σφ’ κασιγνήτω τάδε· ἐκ τῶν καλῶν κομποῦσι τοῖς Θεσσαλοῖς εἶναι τὸδ’, ὡς ταῦρον ἀρταμεῖ καλῶς ἰπποὺς τ’ ὅχμαξει. λαβὲ σίδηρον, ὁ ξένε,
δεῖξον τε φήμην ἐτυμοῦ ἀμφὶ Θεσσαλῶν.
ὁ δ’ εὐκρότητον Δωρίδ’ ἀρτάσας χερῶν,
ῥύψασ αὐτ’ ὀμοῖς εὐπρεπὴ πορτάματα
Πυλάδην μὲν εἶλετ’ ἐν πόνοις ὑπηρέτην,
ELECTRA

"Let one with speed bring water for the guests,
That they may compass with cleansed hands the altar."
But spake Orestes, "In pure river-streams
It was but now we purified ourselves.
If strangers may with citizens sacrifice,
Ready we are, nor say thee nay, O King."
Such words they spake in hearing of us all.
Then, laying down their spears, the tyrant's guards,
His thralls, all set their hands unto the work.
Some brought the bowl of slaughter, some the maunds:
The fire some kindled, and the caldrons set
Over the hearths: with tumult rang the roofs.
Then took thy mother's paramour the meal,
And thus spake, on the altars casting it:
"Nymphs of the Rocks, vouchsafe me oft, with her,
Mine home-mate Tyndareus' child, to sacrifice,
As now, blest, and my foes in like ill case."
Thee and Orestes meant he; but my lord
Reversed the prayer, low-murmuring, even to win
Ancestral halls. Aegisthus from the maund Took the straight blade, the calf's hair shore there-with,
And on the pure flame with his right hand cast;
Then, when his thralls heaved shoulder-high the calf,
Severed the throat, and to thy brother spake:
"Herein, men boast, Thessalians take their pride,
In deftly quartering the slaughtered bull,
And taming steeds. Take thou the steel, O guest,
And prove the fame of the Thessalians true."
He grasped a fair-wrought Dorian blade in hand,
And from his shoulder cast his graceful cloak,
Took Pylades for helper in his task,
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

dmώδας δ' ἀπωθεῖ· καὶ λαβῶν μόσχον πόδα,
λευκὰς ἐγύμνον σάρκας ἐκτείνων χέρα·
θάσσουν δὲ βύρσαν ἐξέδειρεν ἢ δρομεύς,
δισσοῦς διαύλους ἵππους διήνυσε,
κάνειτο λαγόνας· ίερὰ δ' εἰς χείρας λαβῶν
Αὐγισθος ἥθρει· καὶ λοβὸς μὲν οὐ προσῆν
στπλάγχνους, πῦλαι δὲ καὶ δοχαὶ χολῆς πέλας
κακὰς ἑφαίνου τῷ σκοποῦντι προσβολάς. —

χῶ μὲν σκυθράζει, δεσπότης δ' ἀνιστορεῖ·
τί χρήμ' ἀθυμεῖς, ὃ ξέν', ὄρρωδῶ τινα
dόλων θυραίων. ἔστι δ' ἐγχιστὸς βρωτῶν
Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς πολέμος τ' ἐμοίς δόμοις.
ὁ δ' εἰπε· φυγάδος δήτα δειμαίνεις δόλων,
pόλεως ἀνάσσων; οὐχ, ὅπως παστῆρια
θωνασόμεσθα, Φθιάδ' ἀντὶ Δωρικῆς
οὗτος τοις ἥμιν κοπίδ; ἀπορρῆξεν χέλυν.

λαβῶν δὲ κόπτει. σπλάγχνα δ' Αὐγισθος λαβῶν
ήθρει διαμρῶν τού δὲ νεόντος κάτω

ὄνυχας ἐπ' ἀκρως στὰς κασίγητος σέθεν
eis σφονύλους ἐπαισε, νωταία δὲ
ἐρρηξεν ἄρθρα· πάν δὲ σῶμι ἀνώ κάτω
ησπαίρειν, ἐσφάδαζε δυσθυσίκου φόνῳ.
dμῶδες δ' ἱδόντες εὐθύς ἔξαν εἰς δόρυ,
πολλοὶ μάχεσθαι πρὸς δὺ· ἀνδρείας δ' ὑπὸ
ἐστησαν ἀντιπρόφα σείστες βέλη

Πυλάδος Ὀρέστης τ'. εἶπε δ', οὐχὶ δυσμενῆς
ἡκὼ πόλει τῇδ' οὐδ' ἐμοὶς ὑπάσσι,

θλήμου Ὀρέστης· ἀλλὰ μὴ με καίνετε,
patrὸς παλαιοὶ δμῶδες· οὶ δ', ἐπεὶ λόγον

76
ELECTRA

And put the thralls back; seized the calf's foot
then,
Bared the white flesh, with free sweep of his arm,
And quicker flayed the hide than runner's feet
Twice round the turnings of the horse-course speed:
So opened it. Aegisthus grasped the inwards,
And gazed thereon. No lobe the liver had:
The gate-vein, the gall-bladder nigh thereto,
Portended perilous scathe to him that looked.

Scowling he stared; but straight my master asks:
"Why cast down, O mine host?" "A stranger's
I dread. Of all men hatefullest to me,
And foe to mine, is Agamemnon's son."
But he, "Go to: thou fear an exile's guile—
The King! That we on flesh of sacrifice
May feast, let one for this of Doris bring
A Phthian knife: 1 the breast-bone let me cleave."

So took, and cleft. Aegisthus grasped the inwards,
Parted, and gazed. Even as he bowed his head,
Thy brother strained himself full height, and smote
Down on his spine, and through his backbone's joints
Crashed. Shuddered all his frame from head to foot,
Convulsed in throes of agony dying hard.
Straightway the thralls beholding sprang to arms,—
A host to fight with two,—but unafraid
Pylades and Orestes, brandishing
Their weapons, faced them: "Not a foe," he cried,
"To Argos, nor my servants, am I come!
I have avenged me on my father's slayer,—
Orestes I, the hapless! Slay me not,
My father's ancient thralls!" They, when they heard

1 A heavy cleaver, better adapted both for his ostensible
and for his real purpose.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ηκουσαν, εσχον κάμακας· ἐγνώσθη δ᾽ ὑπὸ γέροντος ἐν δόμους ἀρχαίου τινός.
στέφουσι δ᾽ εὐθὺς σοῦ κασιγνήτου κάρα χαίροντες ἀλαλάζοντες. ἔρχεται δὲ σοι κάρα πιδείξων, οὐχὶ Γοργόνος φέρων,
ἀλλ᾽ ὃν στυγεῖς Αἰγισθοῦν· ἀίμα δ᾽ αἵματος πικρὸς δανεισμὸς ἦλθε τῷ θανόντι νῦν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
θὲς εἰς χορόν, ὦ φίλα, ἱχνος,
δὲς νεβρος οὐράνιον
πῆδημα κονφίζουσα σὺν ἀγαλαία·
nυκά στεφαναφορίαν
οίαν παρ᾽ Ἀλφειοῦ ἰεθροὺς τελέσας
κασίγνητος σέθεν· ἀλλ᾽ ἐπάειδε
καλλίκον ὁδὰν ἐμὸ χορῦ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φέγγος, ὦ τέθριππον ἤλιου σέλας,
ὦ γαία καὶ νῦς ἢν ἐδερκόμην πάρος,
ὑν ὅμμα τοῦμὸν ἀμπτυχαί τ' ἐλεύθεροι,
ἐπεὶ πατρός πέπτωκεν Αἰγισθος φονεύς.

χέρι, οἶα δὴ ἔχω καὶ δόμοι κεύθουσι μοι
κόμης ἀγάλματ' ἐξενεγκωμαι, φίλαι,
στέψω τ' ἄδελφῳ κράτα τοῦ νικηφόρου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ μὲν νῦν ἀγάλματ' ἀειρε
κρατὶ· τὸ δ᾽ ἀμέτερον
χωρήσεται Μούσαισι χόρευμα φίλον.

ἂντ. 78
ELECTRA

His words, stayed spear; and recognised was he
Of an old servant, long time of the house.
Straightway a wreath upon thy brother's brow
They set, with shouts rejoicing. And he comes
To show the head to thee—no Gorgon's this,
But whom thou hat'st, Aegisthus. Blood for blood,
Bitter repayment, to the slain hath come.

CHORUS

Forth to the dance, O belovèd, with feet
That rapture is winging! 860
Bounding from earth, as a fawn's, let them fleet!
Lo, thy brother comes bringing
Victory-garlands more fair than they gain
By Alpheus' flow! As I dance, be thy strain
Of triumph outringing!

ELECTRA

O light, O splendour of the Sun-god's steeds,
O Earth, and Night that filled my gaze till now,
Free are mine eyes now: dawn's wings open free!
My father's slayer Aegisthus is laid low!
Come, such things as I have, my dwelling's store,
Let me bring forth to grace his hair, O friends,
To crown my conquering brother's head withal.

CHORUS

Crown him, the conqueror!—garlands upraise, (Ant.)
Thy thanksgiving-oblation!
To the dance that the Muses love forth will we pace.
Now shall rule o'er our nation
Her kings well-beloved whom of old she hath known;
For the right is triumphant, the tyrant o'erthrown.
Ring, joy's exultation!
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

880

ω καλλίνικε, πατρός ἐκ νικηφόρου
γεγός, �在京, τῆς ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ μάχης,
ἄλια κόμης σῆς βοστρύχων ἀνδήματα.
ηκεῖς γὰρ οὐκ ἀρχεῖον ἐκπλεθρον ἑκμαθὼν
ἀγῶν’ ἐς οἴκους, ἀλλὰ πολέμου κτανῶν
Ἀχίλλου, δς σον πατέρα κἄμυν ὅλεσε.
ὑ’ τ’, ὁ παρασπιστ’, ἀνδρὸς εὐσεβεστάτου
παίδευμα, Πυλάδη, στέφανον εξ ἐμῆς χερὸς
δέχον· φέρει γὰρ καὶ σὺ τῶν ἵσον μέρος
ἀγῶνος· ἀεὶ δ’ εὐτυχεῖς φαίνοισθέ μοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

890

θεοὺς μὲν ἠγοῦ πρῶτον, Ἡλέκτρα, τύχης
ἀρχηγήτας τῆς, εἰτα κάμ’ ἐπαίνεσον
τῶν τῶν θεῶν τε τῆς τύχης θ’ ὑπηρέτην.
ηκώ γὰρ οὐ λόγουσιν ἀλλ’ ἐργοῖς κτανῶν
Ἀχιλλοῦ· ὃς δὲ τῷ σάφ’ εἰδέναι τάδε
προσδέμεν, αὐτὸν τὰν θανόντα σοι φέρω,
ὅν, εἵτε χρῆσεις, θηροῖν ἄρπαγὴν προθές,
Ἡ σκύλον οἰωνοῖς αἰθέρος τέκνοις
πήξασ’ ἔρεισον σκόλοπι· σος γὰρ ἐστὶ νῦν
δοῦλος, πάροιδε δεσπότης κεκλημένος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

900

αἰσχύνομαι μὲν, βούλομαι δ’ εἴπειν ὄμως,
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί χρήμα; λέειν, ὥσ φόβου γ’ ἐξώθεν εἰ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

νεκροῦς υβρίζειν, μὴ μὲ τὸν φόνῳ βάλῃ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς ὅστις ἂν μέμψαστό σε.
ELECTRA

Enter Orestes and Pylades, with attendants bearing Aegisthus' body.

ELECTRA

Hail, glorious conqueror, Orestes sprung
Of father triumph-crowned in Ilium's war!
Receive this wreath to bind thy clustering hair.
Thou hast come home, who hast run no profitless course
In athlete-race, but who hast slain thy foe
Aegisthus, murderer of thy sire and mine.
And thou, his battle-helper, Pylades,
A good man's nursling, from mine hand accept
A wreath; for in this conflict was thy part
As his: in my sight ever prosper ye!

ORESTES

The Gods account thou first, Electra, authors
Of this day's fortune: praise thereafter me,
Whom am but minister of heaven and fate.
I come, who not in word, but deed, have slain Aegisthus, and for proof for whose will
To know, the dead man's self I bring to thee;
Whom, if thou wilt, for ravin of beasts cast forth,
Or for the children of the air to rend
Impale him on a stake: thy bondman now
Is he, who heretofore was called thy lord.

ELECTRA

I take shame—none the less I fain would speak—

ORESTES

What is it? Speak: thou hast left fear's prison-house.

ELECTRA

To mock the dead, lest ill-will light on me.

ORESTES

There is no man can blame thee for such cause.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δυσάρεστος ἡμῶν καὶ φιλόψοφος πόλεις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέγ' ἐὰν τι πράγμα τοῦ ἐξείπω κακῶν;
πόλεις τελευτάς; τίνα μέσον τάξιον λόγου;
καὶ μήν δι' ὁρθρῶν γ' οὕτωτ' ἐξελίμπανον
θρυλόν· ᾗ 'εἰπεῖν ἡιλον κατ' ὁμομα σόν,
ἐὰν δὴ γενοῖμην δεμάτων ἐλευθέρα
τῶν πρόσθε' νῦν οὗν έσμεν' ἀποδώσω δέ σοι
ἐκεῖν' ἀ σε ξωτ' ἡθελον λέξαι κακά.
ἀπώλεσας με κόρφαινήν φίλου πατρός
καὶ τόνδ' ἔθηκας, οὐδέν ἔδικημένος,
κάγημας αἰσχρῶς μητέρ' ἀνδρὰ τ' ἐκτανες
στρατηλατοῦνθ' Ἐλληνσιν, οὐκ ἔλθων Φρύγας.
εἰς τούτῳ δ' ἡθελε ἀμαθίας ὡστ' ἠπίστασα
ὡς ἐσ' σε μὲν δὴ μητέρ' οὐχ ἐξεῖς κακὴν
γῆμας, ἐμοῦ δὲ πατρὸς ἡδίκεις λέχη.

ὡς τώδ', ὅταν τις διολέσας δάμαρτα του
κρυπταίσιν εὐναίς εἴτ' ἀναγκασθῇ λαβεῖν,
δύστημις ἐστιν, εἴ δοκεῖ τὸ σωφρονεῖν
ἐκεῖ μὲν αὐτὴν οὐκ ἔχειν, παρ' οἶ δ' ἔχειν.
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ἐκεῖ μὲν αὐτὴν οὐκ ἔχειν, παρ' ο游戏操作者 ὁπτ' ἀφαιρεῖσθον τίχην,
ELECTRA

Our folk be ill to please, and censure-prone.

ORESTES
Speak, sister, what thou wilt. No terms of truce
Be in the feud betwixt us and this man.

ELECTRA (to the corpse)
So be it. Where shall my reproach begin?
Where end? Where shall the arraignment find its
midst?
Yet, morn by morn, I never wont to cease
Conning what I would tell thee to thy face,
If ever from past terrors disenthralled
I stood. Now am I; and I pay the debt
Of taunts I fain had hurled at thee alive.
Thou wast my ruin, of a sire beloved
Didst orphan me and him, who wronged thee never,
Didst foully wed my mother, slew’st her lord,
Hellas’ war-chief,—thou who ne’er sawest Troy!
Such was thy folly’s depth that thou didst dream
Thou hadst wedded in my mother a true wife,
With whom thou didst defile my father’s couch!
Let whoso draggeth down his neighbour’s wife
To folly, and then must take her for his own,
Know himself dupe, who deemeth that to him
She shall be true, who to her lord was false.
Wretched thy life was, which thou thoughtest
blest:
Thou knewest thine a marriage impious,
And she, that she had ta’en for lord a villain.
Transgressors both, each other’s lot ye took;
She took thy baseness, thou didst take her curse.
And through all Argos this was still thy name—
“That woman’s husband”: none said “That man’s wife.”
Yet shame is this, when foremost in the home
γυναίκα, μὴ τὸν ἄνδρα κἀκεῖνος στυγὼ τοὺς παιδας, ὅστις τοῦ μὲν ἁρσενος πατρὸς οὐκ ἡμομασται, τῆς δὲ μητρὸς ἐν πόλει. ἐπίσημα γὰρ γῆμαντι καὶ μὲλξω λέχη τάνδρος μὲν οὐδείς, τῶν δὲ θηλειῶν λόγος. ὃ δ' ἡπάτα σε πλείοντον οὐκ ἐγνωκότα, ἦνχεις τις εἶναι τοίσι χρήμασι σθένως τὰ δ' οὐδὲν εἰ μὴ βραχὺν ὁμλησαι χρόνον. ἦ γὰρ φύσις βέβαιος, οὔ τὰ χρήματα. ἦ μὲν γὰρ ἄει παραμένουσ' αἱρεὶ κάρα. 1 ὃ δ' ὅλθος ἄδικος καὶ μετὰ σκαίοις ξυνῶν ἐξέπτατ' οἴκων, σμικρὸν ἄνθησας χρόνον. ὃ δ' εἰς γυναίκας, παρθένῳ γὰρ ὁ παλῶν λέγειν, σιωπᾶ, γνωριμος δ' αἰνίξομαι. ὑβριζες, ὅς δὴ βασιλικοὺς ἔχουν δόμους κάλλει τ' ἀραγός. ἀλλ' ἐμον' εἶη πόσις μὴ παρθενωτός, ἀλλὰ τάνδρείου τρόπου. τὰ γὰρ τέκν' αὐτῶν Ἁρεός ἐκκεραμάντηται, τὰ δ' εὐπρεπὴ δὴ κόσμοι εἰ χροῖς μόνον, ἔρρ', οὐδὲν εἰδώς δὲν ἐφευρεθεὶς χρόνῳ δίκην δεδωκας, ὅδε τὶς κακουργος ὁμ. μὴ μοι, τὸ πρῶτον βῆμ' ἔαν δράμη καλῶς, νικᾶν δοκείτω τῇ δίκην, πρὶν ἀν πέρας γραμμῆς ἵκηται καὶ τέλος κάμψη βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπραξε δεινά, δεινὰ δ' ἀντέδωκε σοι καὶ τὸδ' ἔχει γὰρ ἡ Δίκη μέγα σθένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰς εκομύζειν τοῦτο σῶμ' εἰς χρεδὼν σκότῳ τε δοῦναι, δμόως, ός ὅταν μόλη μήτηρ, σφαγῆς πάροιθε μὴ εἰσίδηνεκρῶν.

1 Tyrwhitt: for κακὰ, "'maketh end of ills."
ELECTRA

Is wife, not husband. Out upon the sons
That not the man's, their father's, sons are called,
Nay, but the mother's, all the city through!
For, when the ignoble weddeth high-born bride,
None take account of him, but all of her.
This was thy strong delusion, blind of heart,
Through pride of wealth to boast thee some great one!
Nought wealth is, save for fleeting fellowship.
'Tis character abideth, not possessions:
This, ever-staying, lifteth up the head;
But wealth by vanity gotten, held of fools,
Takes to it wings; as a flower it fadeth soon.
For those thy sins of the flesh—for maid unmeet
To name—I speak them not: suffice the hint!
Thou waxedst wanton, with thy royal halls,
Thy pride of goodlihead! Be mine a spouse
Not girl-faced, but a man in mien and port.
The sons of these to warrior-prowess cleave;
Those, the fair-seeming, but in dances shine.
Perish, O blind to all for which at last,
Felon convict, thou'rt punished, caitiff thou!
Let none dream, though at starting he run well,
That he outrunneth Justice, ere he touch
The very goal and reach the bourn of life.

CHORUS

Dread were his deeds; dread payment hath he made
To thee and this man. Great is Justice' might.

ORESTES

Enough: now must ye bear his corpse within,
And hide in shadow, thralls, that, when she comes,
My mother ere she die see not the dead.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐπίσχες· ἐμβάλαμεν εἰς ἄλλον λόγον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
tί δ’; ἐκ Μυκηνῶν μῶν βουδρόμους ὄρας;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὔκ, ἀλλὰ τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἦ μ’ ἐγείνατο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καλῶς ἄρ’ ἄρκυν εἰς μέσην πορεύεται.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
καὶ μὴν ὁχοὺς γε καὶ στολῆ λαμπρύνεται.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
tί δὴτα δρῶμεν; μητέρ’ ἢ φονεύσομεν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
μῶν σ’ οίκτος εἴλε, μητρὸς ὡς εἴδες δέμας;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φεῦ.

πῶς γὰρ κτάνω νῦν, ἦ μ’ ἔθρεψε κάτεκεν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

970 ὁσπέρ πατέρα σὸν ἦδε κάμον ὄλεσεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὦ Ψαλίβε, πολλὴν γ’ ἀμαθίαν ἐθέσπισας,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁποῦ δ’ Ἀπόλλων σκαίδος ἦ, τίνες σοφοὶ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁστις μ’ ἔχρησας μητέρ’, ἦν οὐ χρὴν, κτανεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

βλάπτει δὲ δὴ τί πατρί τιμωρῶν σέθεν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
μητροκτόνος νῦν φεύξομαι, τόθ’ ἄγνοις ὡν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴ γ’ ἀμύνων ποτρὶ δυσσεβῆς ἐσεὶ.
ELECTRA

ELECTRA
Hold! Turn we now to our story's second part.
ORESTES
How, from Mycenae seest thou rescue come?
ELECTRA
Nay, but my mother, her that gave me birth.
ORESTES
Ha! fair and full into the toils she runs.
ELECTRA
O flaunting pomp or chariots and attire!
ORESTES
What shall we do? Our mother—murder her?
ELECTRA
How? Hath ruth seized thee, seeing thy mother's form?
ORESTES
Woe!
How can I slay her?—her that nursed, that bare me?
ELECTRA
Even as she thy father slew and mine.
ORESTES
O Phoebus, folly exceeding was thine hest—
ELECTRA
Nay, where Apollo erreth, who is wise?
ORESTES
Who against nature bad'st me slay my mother!
ELECTRA
How art thou harmed, avenging thine own sire?
ORESTES
Arraigned for a mother's murder—pure ere this!
ELECTRA
Yet impious, if thou succour not thy sire.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐγὼ δὲ μητρὶ τοῦ φόνου δώσω δίκας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
τῷ δ', ἡν πατρόφαν διαμεθῆς τιμωρίαν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀρ' αὐτ' ἀλάστωρ εἴπ' ἀπεικασθεὶς θεῷ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ιερὸν καθίζων τρίποδ'; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ δοκῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἀν πιθοίμην εὐ μεμαντεῦσθαι τάδε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὐ μὴ κακισθεὶς εἰς ἀνανδρίαν πεσεῖ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀλλ' ἦ τῶν αὐτῶν τῇ ὑποστήσεω δολον;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
... ὡ καὶ πόσιν καθεῖλες Αἴγισθον κτανὼν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
εἰσεῖμι· δεινοῦ δ' ἄρχομαι προβλήματος,
καὶ δεινὰ δράσω γ' εἰ θεοὶς δοκεῖ τάδε,
ἔστω· πικρῶν δὲ χηδονίαςμά μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιῶ,
βασίλεια γύναι χθονὸς Ἀργείας,
παῖ Τυνδάρεως,
καὶ τοῖν ἀγαθοῖν ξύγγονε κούροιν
Δίως, οἳ φλογερὰν αἰθέρ' ἐν ἄστροις
ναίουσι, βροτῶν ἐν ἀλὸς ῥοθίους
τιμᾶς σωτήρας ἐχοντες·
χαῖρε, σεβίζω σ' ἵσα καὶ μάκαρας

88
ELECTRA

ORESTES
Her blood-price to my mother must I pay.¹

ELECTRA
And Him! — if thou forbear to avenge a father.

ORESTES
Ha! — spake a fiend in likeness of the God?

ELECTRA
Throned on the holy tripod! — I trow not.

ORESTES
I dare not trust this oracle’s utter faith!

ELECTRA
Wilt thou turn craven — be no more a man?

ORESTES
How? must I lay the selfsame snare for her?

ELECTRA
Ay! that which trapped and slew the adulterer!

ORESTES
I will go in. A horror I essay! —
Yea, will achieve! If ’tis Heaven’s will, so be it. Oh bitter strife, which I must needs hold sweet!

[Enters hut.

Enter Clytemnestra in chariot, with attendants, captive maids of Troy.

CHORUS
Hail, Queen of the Argive land!
All hail, O Tyndareus’ daughter!
Hail, sister of Zeus’ sons, heroes twain
In the glittering heavens mid stars who stand,
And their proud right this, to deliver from bane
Men tossed on the storm-vext water.
Hail! As to the Blest, do I yield thee thine own,

¹ i.e. Her avenging Furies will exact satisfaction from me.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πλούτου μεγάλης τ’ ευδαμονίας.
τὰς σάς δὲ τύχας θεραπεύεσθαι
καιρὸς. χαίρ’, ὁ βασίλεια.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκβητ’ ἀπήνης, Τρωάδες, χειρὸς δ’ ἐμῆς
λάβεσθ’, ἵν’ ἐξω τοῦ δ’ οὖν στήσω πόδα.
σκύλοις μὲν γὰρ θεῶν κεκόσμηται δόμοι
Φρυγίοις, ἐγὼ δὲ τάσσε, Τρωάδος χθονὸς
ἐξαίρετ’, ἀντὶ παιδὸς ἥν ἀπόλεσα,
σμικρὸν γέρας, καλὸν δὲ κέκτημαι δόμοις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκοιν ἐγώ, δούλη γὰρ ἐκβεβλημένη
δόμων πατρόφων δυστυχεῖς οἰκῶ δόμους
μὴτερ, λάβωμαι μακαρίας τῆς σῆς χερός;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

doῦλαι πάρεισιν αἴδε, μὴ σύ μοι πόνει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ’; αἰχμάλωτόν τοι μ’ ἀπόκισας δόμων,
ηρημένων δὲ δωμάτων ἤρημθα,
ὡς αἴδε, πατρός ὀρφαναὶ λελειμμέναι.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοιαντά μέντοι σῶς πατήρ βουλεύματα
εἰς οὓς ἔχρην ἤκιστ’ ἐβουλεύεσεν φίλων.
λέξω δὲ· καίτοι δόξ’ ὅταν λάβῃ κακή
γυναῖκα, γλώσσῃ πικρότης ἐνεστὶ τις·
ὡς μὲν παρ’ ἥμιν, οὐ καλῶς· τὸ πράγμα δὲ
μαθόντας, ἣν μὲν ἄξιως μισεῖν ἔχῃ,
στυγεῖν δίκαιον· εἰ δὲ μή, τί δεῖ στυγεῖν;
ἥμᾶς δ’ ἐδωκε Τυνδάρεως τῷ σῷ πατρί,
οὐχ ὡστε θήνησκειν, οὔδ’ ἃ γεναλίμην ἐγώ.
ELECTRA

Mine homage, for awe of thy wealth and thy bliss.
With watchful service to compass thy throne
This, Queen, is the hour, even this!

CLYTEMNESTRA
Step from the wain, Troy's daughters; take mine hand,
That from this chariot-floor I may light down.
As the Gods' temples are with spoils adorned
Of Troy, so these, the chosen of Phrygian land,
Have I, to countervail my daughter lost: 1
Scant guerdon, yet fair honour for mine house.

ELECTRA
May I not then,—the slave, the outcast I
From my sire's halls, whose wretched home is here,—
Mother, may I not take that heaven-blest hand?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Here be these bondmaids: trouble not thyself.

ELECTRA
How?—me thou mad'st thy spear-thrall, haled from
home:
Captive mine house was led, and captive I,
Even as these, unfathered and forlorn.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Such fruit thy father's plottings had, contrived
Against his dearest, all unmerited.
Yea, I will speak; albeit, when ill fame
Compasseth woman, every tongue drops gall—
As touching me, unjustly: let men learn
The truth, and if the hate be proved my due,
'Tis just they loathe me; if not, wherefore loathe?
Of Tyndareus was I given to thy sire—
Not to be slain, nor I, nor those I bare.

1 Iphigeneia, sacrificed for the Greeks' sake, who have therefore given these as some compensation.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1020 κείνος δὲ παίδα τὴν ἐμήν, Ἀχιλλέως
λέκτροις πεῖσας, ὄχετ' ἐκ δόμων ἄγων
προμνούχον Ἀδλων· ἐνθ' ὑπερτείνας πυρᾶς
λευκῆν δύκημος Ἡφιγόνης παρηίδα.
κεῖ μὲν πόλεως ἀλωσίν ἐξομηνος
ἡ δῷ' ὄνησων τάλλα τ' ἐκσώσων τέκνα
ἐκτεινὲ πολλῶν μίαν ύπερ, συγγνώστ' ἀν ἦν
νῦν δ', οὖνε' Ἔλενη μάργος ἦν, ὃ τ' ἀν λαβὼν
ἀλοχὸν κολάξειν προδότιν ὁυκ ἡπίστατο,
τούτων ἔκατι παίδ' ἐμήν διώλεσεν.

1030 ἔπὶ τούσδε τούνιν, καλτέρ ἥδικημένη
οὐκ ἡγρώμην οὐδ' ἂν ἐκταγὼν πόσιν·
ἀλλ' Ἡλθ' ἔχων μοι μαίναδ' ἐνθεον κόρην
λέκτροις τ' ἐπεισέφρηκε, καὶ νύμβα δύο
ἐν τοῖς αὐτοῖς δώμασιν κατεῖχ' ὀμοί.
μόρον μὲν οὖν γυναίκες, οὐκ ἄλλως λέγων·
όταν δ', ὑπότοις τοίδ', ἀμαρτάνῃ πόσις
ταῦδον παρώσας λέκτρα, μιμεῖσθαι θέλει
γυνὴ τὸν ἄνδρα χατερον κτᾶσθαι φίλουν·
κάπετ' ἐν ἡμῖν ο' ψόγος λαμπρύνεται,

1040 οἱ δ' αἵτιοι τὼν' ο' κλύουσ' ἄνδρες κακῶς.
εἴ δ' ἐκ δόμων ἢρπαστο Μενέλεως λάθρα,
κτανεῖν μ' Ὄρεστην χρην, κασιγιήτης πόσιν
Μενέλαον ὡς σώσαμι; σὸς δὲ πῶς πατὴρ
ἐνεσχετ' ἂν ταύτ'; εἶτα τὸν μὲν οὖθανεὶν
κτεῖνοντα χρην τὰμ', ἐμε' δὲ πρὸς κείνον
παθεῖν;
ἐκτειν', ἐτρέφθην ἦπνερ ἦν πορεύσιμον
πρὸς τοὺς ἐκείνως πολεμίως. φίλων γὰρ ἄν
τίς ἂν πατρὸς σοῦ φόνον ἐκοινώνησέ μοι;
λέγ', εἴ τι χρήσεις, κάντιθες παρρησία,
ὅπως τέθηκε σὸς πατὴρ οὐκ ἐνδίκως.
ELECTRA

He took my child—drawn by this lie from me,
That she should wed Achilles,—far from home
To that fleet's prison, laid her on the pyre,
And shore through Iphigeneia's snowy throat!
Had he, to avert Mycenae's overthrow,—
To exalt his house,—to save the children left,—
Slain one for many, 'twere not past forgiving.
But, for that Helen was a wanton, he
That wed the traitress impotent for vengeance,
Even for such cause murdered he my child.

Howbeit for this wrong, how wronged soe'er,
I had not raged, nor had I slain my lord;
But to me with that prophet-maid he came,
Made her usurp my couch, and fain would keep
Two brides together in the selfsame halls.

Women be frail: sooth, I deny it not.
But when, this granted, 'tis the husband errs,
Slighting his own true bride, and fain the wife
Would copy him, and find another love,
Ah then, fierce light of scandal beats on us;
But them which show the way, the men, none
blame!

Now had Menelaus from his home been stoln,
Ought I have slain Orestes, so to save
My sister's lord? How had thy sire endured
Such deed? Should he 'scape killing then, who
slew
My child, who had slain me, had I touched his
son?
I slew him; turned me—'twas the only way—
Unto his foes; for who of thy sire's friends
Had been partaker with me in his blood?
Speak all thou wilt: boldly set forth thy plea
To prove thy father did not justly die.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δίκην ἔλεξας· σὴ δίκη δ᾽ αἰσχρῶς ἔχει·
γυναῖκα γάρ χρῆ πᾶντα συγχωρεῖν πόσει,
ήτις φρενήρης· ἦ δὲ μὴ δοκεῖ τάδε,
οὐδ᾽ εἰς ἄριστον τῶν ἔμαν ἤκει λόγων.
μέμνησο, μήτερ, οὐς ἔλεξας ὑστάτους
λόγους, διδοῦσα πρὸς σὲ μοι παρρησίαν.

ΚΛΑΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ νῦν δὲ φημὶ κοὐκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀρα κλύουσα, μήτερ, εἰτ᾽ ἔρξεσιν κακῶς ;

ΚΛΑΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔστι, τῇ σῇ δ᾽ ἦδυ προσθῆσον φρενί.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1060 λέγομι· ἄν ἄρχῃ δ᾽ ἦδε μοι προομέουν.
εἰθ᾽ εἰχὲς, ὦ τεκοῦσα, βελτίως φρένας.
τὸ μὲν γὰρ εἶδος αἶνον ἄξιον φέρει
Ἐλενῆς τε καὶ σοῦ, δύο δ᾽ ἔφυτε συγγόνω,
ἀμφῶ ματαίῳ Κάστορός τ᾽ οὐκ ἄξιω.
ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἄρπασθεὶς ἐκοῦσ᾽ ἀπώλετο,
σὺ δ᾽ ἀνδρὶ ἄριστον Ἐλλάδος διώλεσας,
ἐκήψιν προτείνοντα· ὡς ὑπὲρ τέκνου πόσιν
ἐκτεινάς· οὔ γὰρ, ὡς ἔγγος· ἦσασί σ᾽ εὕτρετος πρὶν κεκυρώθαι σφαγῶς
νέον τ᾽ ἀπ᾽ οἷκων ἀνδρὸς εξωρμημένον
ξανθὸν κατόπτρῳ πλόκαμον ἐξήσκεις κόμης.
ήτις δ᾽ ἄποντος ἀνδρὸς ἐκ δόμων γυνὴ
eἰς κάλλος ἁρκεῖ, διάγραφ᾽ ὡς οὐσαν κακὴν.
οὐδὲν γὰρ αὐτὴν δεῖ θυρασιν εὐπρεπὲς
φαίνειν πρόσωπον, ἢν τι μὴ ἐξῆτα ταῦτα
μόνην δὲ πασῶν οἶδ᾽ ἐγὼ σ᾽ Ἐλληνίδων,
eἰ μὲν τὰ Τρώων εὐτυχοῖ, κεχαρμένην,
ELECTRA

ELECTRA
Justice thy plea!—thy "justice" were our shame!
The wife should yield in all things to her lord,
So she be wise. If any think not so,
With her mine argument hath nought to do.
Bethink thee, mother, of thy latest words,
Vouchsafing me free speech to answer thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Again I say it; and I draw not back.

ELECTRA
Yea, mother, but wilt hear—and punish then?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Nay: I grant grace of license to thy mood.

ELECTRA
Then will I speak. My prelude this shall be:—
O mother, that thou hadst a better heart!
This beauty wins you worthy meed of praise,
Helen's and thine: true sisters twain were ye!—
Ay, wantons both, unworthy Castor's name!—
She, torn from home, yet fain to be undone;
Thou, murderess of Hellas' noblest son,
Pleading that for a daughter's sake thou slew'st
A husband!—ah, men know thee not as I,
Thee, who, before thy daughter's death was doomed,
When from thine home thy lord had newly passed,
Wert sleeking at the mirror thy bright hair!
The woman who, her husband far from home,
Bedecks herself, blot out her name as vile!
She needeth not to flaunt abroad a face
Made fair, except she be on mischief bent.
Of Hellas' daughters none save thee I know,
Who, when the might of Troy prevailed, was glad,
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

εἰ δ᾽ ἦσσον εἴη, συννεφοῦσαν ὁμματα
'Αγαμέμνονι οὐ χρήζουσαν ἐκ Τροίας μολέων.
καὶ τοι καλῶς γε σωφρονεῖν παρεἰχε σοι
ἀνδρ' εἴχες οὐ κακίου' Ἀιγίσθοι πόσιν,
ἀν Ἑλλάς αὐτής εἰλετο στρατηλάτην.
Ἑλένης δὲ ἀδελφῆς τουάδ' ἐξειργασμένης
ἐξῆ κλέος σοι μέγα λαβεῖν τὰ γὰρ κακὰ
παραδειγμα τοῖς ἐσθλὐσίων εἰσοψιν τ᾽ ἔχει.
εἰ δ᾽, ὡς λέγεις, σήν θυγατέρ' ἐκείνην πατὴρ,
ἐγὼ τί σ᾽ ἡδίκησο' ἐμὸς τε σύγγονος;
πῶς οὗ πόσιν κτείνασα πατρόφους δόμους
ἡμῖν προσήφασ, ἀλλ᾽ ἐπηνέγκω λέξῃ
τάλλοτρια, μισθοῦ τοὺς γάμους ὅνομενεν;
κοῦτ᾽ ἀντιφεύγει παιδὸς ἀντὶ σοῦ πόσις,
οὔτ᾽ ἀντ᾽ ἐμοῦ τέθηκε, διὸς τόσις ἐμὲ
κτείνας ἀδελφῆς ἐξόσιαν. εἰ δ᾽ ἀμείψεται
φῶνον δικάζων φόνος, ἀποκτενώ σ᾽ ἐγὼ
καὶ παῖς Ὁρέστης πατρὶ τιμωρούμενοι
εἰ γὰρ δίκαι᾽ ἐσκεῖνα, καὶ τάδ᾽ ἐνδικα.
[ὀστὶς δὲ πλοῦτον ἡ εὐγενείαν εἰσιδών
γαμεῖ ποηράν, μόρφος ἐστὶ μικρὰ γὰρ
μεγάλων ἀμείνου σώφρουν ἐν δόμοις λέχῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τύχῃ γυναικῶν εἰς γάμους. τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐν,
τὰ δ᾽ οὗ καλῶς πίπτοντα δέρκομαι βροτῶν.]¹

ΚΑΤΑΙΜΝΕΣΤΡΑ

ὡ παῖ, πέφυκας πατέρα σὸν στεργεῖν ἀεὶ.
ἐστίν δὲ καὶ τὸδ᾽ οἱ μὲν εἰσιν ἄρσένων,
οἱ δ᾽ αὐ φίλοισι μητέρας μᾶλλον πατρόσι.
συγγνώσομαι σοι καὶ γὰρ οὐχ οὕτως ἀγαν

¹ Nauck brackets these lines, as of doubtful genuineness. They certainly weaken the dramatic effect.
ELECTRA

Whose eyes were clouded when her fortunes sank,
Who wished not Agamemnon home from Troy.
Yet reason fair thou hadst to be true wife:
Not meaner than Aegisthus was thy lord,
Whom Hellas chose to lead her war-array.
And, when thy sister Helen so had sinned,
High praise was thine to win; for sinners' deeds
Lift up the good for ensamples in men's sight.
If, as thou say'st, my father slew thy daughter,
How did I wrong thee, and my brother how?
Why, having slain thy lord, didst thou on us
Bestow not our sire's halls, but buy therewith
An alien couch, and pay a price for shame?
Nor is thy paramour exiled for thy son,
Nor for me slain, who hath dealt me living death
Twice crueller than my sister's: yea, if blood
'Gainst blood in judgment rise, I and thy son,
Orestes, must slay thee to avenge our sire:
For, if thy claim was just, this too is just.
[Whoso, regarding wealth, or birth, shall wed
A wanton, is a fool: the lowly chaste
Are better in men's homes than high-born wives.

CHORUS
Chance ordereth women's bridals. Some I mark
Fair, and some foul of issue among men.]

CLYTEMNESTRA
Child, still thy nature bids thee love thy sire.
'Tis ever thus: some cleave unto their father,
Some more the mothers than the father love.
I pardon thee. In sooth, not all so glad
Χαίρω τι, τέκνον, τοῖς δεδραμένοις ἐμοὶ.
σὺ δ’ ὅδ’ ἄλουτος καὶ δυσείματος χρώα
λεχὼ νεογνῶν ἐκ τόκων πεπαυμένης;
οἴμαι τάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων

1110 ὡς μᾶλλον ἡ χρήν ἦλατ’ εἰς ὅργῃν πόσιν.

Ἡλέκτρα

ὁψε στενάζεις, ἴνικ’ οὐκ ἔχεις ἄκη.
πατὴρ μὲν οὐν τέθηκε. τὸν δ’ ἔξω χθονὸς
πῶς οὐ κομῖζει παῖδ’ ἀλητεύοντα σόν;

Καταίμνηστρα

dέδοικα· τοῦμὸν δ’, οὐχὶ τούκεινν, σκοπῶ.
πατρὸς γάρ, ὡς λέγουσι, θυμοῦται φόνῳ.

Ἡλέκτρα

tί δαλ πόσιν σοῦ ἄγριον εἰς ἡμᾶς ἔχεις;

Καταίμνηστρα

τρόποι τοιούτοι· καὶ σὺ δ’ αὐθάδης ἐφυς.

Ἡλέκτρα

ἀλγώ γάρ· ἀλλὰ παύσομαι θυμουμένη.

Καταίμνηστρα

καὶ μὴν ἐκείνος οὐκέτ’ ἔσται σοι βαρύς.

Ἡλέκτρα

1120 φρονεῖ μέγ’· ἐν γάρ τοῖς ἐμοῖς ναίει δόμοις.

Καταίμνηστρα

ὄρας, ἀν’ αὐ σὺ ζωπυρεῖς νείκη νέα.

Ἡλέκτρα

σιγῶ· δέδοικα γάρ νυν ὡς δέδοικ’ ἐγώ.

Καταίμνηστρα

παῦσαι λόγων τῶνδ’· ἀλλὰ τί μ’ ἐκάλεις, τεκνῶν;

Ἡλέκτρα

ἦκουσας, οἴμαι, τῶν ἐμῶν λοχευμάτων
τούτων ὑπὲρ μοι θύσον, οὐ γάρ οἶδ’ ἐγώ,
δεκάτη σελήνη παιδός ὡς νομίζεται.

τρίβων γὰρ οὐκ εἶµ’, ἀτοκος οὐσ’ ἐν τῷ πάρος.

98
ELECTRA

Am I, my child, for deeds that I have done.
But thou, why thus unwashed and meanly clad,
Seeing thy travail-sickness now is past?
Woe and alas for my devisings!—more
I spurred my spouse to anger than was need.

ELECTRA
Too late thou sighest, since thou canst not heal
My sire is dead: but him, the banished one,
Why dost thou not bring back, thine homeless son?

CLYTEMNESTRA
I fear: mine own good I regard, not his.
Wroth for his father's blood he is, men say.

ELECTRA
Why tarre thy spouse on ever against me?

CLYTEMNESTRA
Nay, tis his mood: stiff-necked thou also art,

ELECTRA
For grief am I; yet will I cease from wrath.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Yea?—then he too shall cease from troubling thee.

ELECTRA
He is haughty, seeing he dwelleth in mine home.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Lo there,—thou kindlest fires of strife anew.

ELECTRA
I am dumb: I fear him—even as I fear.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Cease from this talk. Why didst thou summon me?

ELECTRA
Touching my travelling thou hast heard, I wot.
Thou sacrifice for me—I know not how—
The wonted tenth-moon offerings for the babe.
Skilless am I, who have borne no child ere this.
ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
άλλης τόδε ἔργον, ἢ σ’ ἐλυσεν ἐκ τόκων.

ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ
αὐτῇ ἱόχευον κάτεκον μονή βρέφος.

ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
οὖτως ἀγείτων ὁικον ἵδρυσαι φίλων;

ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ
πένητας οὐδεὶς βούλεται κτᾶσθαι φίλους.

ΚΑΣΣΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
ἀλλ’ εἴμι, παιδὸς ἀριθμὸν ὡς τελεσφόρον θύσω θεοῖς· σοι δ’ ὅταν πράξω κάριν τήνδ’, εἴμ’ ἐπ’ ἀγρόν, οὐ πόσις θυγατεῖ 
Νύμφαισιν. ἀλλὰ τούσδ’ ὥρας, ὁπάντες, 
φάντασις ἀγοντες πρόσθεθ’ ἤνικ’ ἄν δε με 
δοκήτε θυσίας τήνδ’ ἀπηλλάχθαι θεοῖς, 
πάρεστε· δεῖ γὰρ καὶ πόσει δοῦναι χάριν.

ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ
χώρει πένητας εἰς δόμους· φρούρει δέ μου 
μὴ σ’ αἰθαλώσῃ πολύκατπον στέγος πέπλους. 
θύσεις γὰρ οία χρή σε δαίμοσον θύειν. 
κανόνων δ’ ἐνηρκται καλ τεθημένη σφαγίς, 
ἄπερ καθείλε ταύρον, οὐ πέλας πεσεί 
πληγείσα· γυμμεύσει δε κάν “Αἰδον δόμοις 
ἅπτερ νυνηδές εἰν φαέι. τοσήνδ’ ἐγὼ 
δώσω χάριν σοι, σύ δε δίκην ἐμοὶ πατρός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀμοιβαὶ κακῶν· μετάτροποι πνέουσιν· 
στρ. σιν αὖραι δόμων. τότε μὲν ἐν λουτροῖς 
ἐπεσεὶ ἐμὸς ἐμὸς ἀρχέτας, 

ιάχησε δὲ στέγα λαίνοι

1130

1140

1150
ELECTRA

CLYTEMNESTRA
This were her task, who in thy travail helped.

ELECTRA
Unhelped I travailed, bore alone my babe.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Dwell'st thou from friends and neighbours so remote? 1130

ELECTRA
The poor—none careth to win these for friends!

CLYTEMNESTRA
I enter, to the Gods to pay the dues
For a son's time accomplished. Having shown thee
That grace, I pass afielde, to where my lord
Worships the Nymphs. This chariot ye my maids
Lead hence, and stall my steeds. Soon as ye deem
That this my service to the Gods is done,
Attend. My spouse too must my presence grace.

ELECTRA
Pass in to my poor house; and have a care
The smoke-grimed beams besmirch not thine attire.
The Gods' due sacrifice there shalt thou offer. 1140

[CLYTEMNESTRA enters hut.
The maund is dight, and whetted is the knife
Which slew the bull by whose side thou shalt lie
Stricken. Thou shalt in Hades be his bride
Whose love thou wast in life. So great the grace
I grant thee: thine to me—to avenge my sire!

[Enters hut.

CHORUS
Vengeance for wrong! The stormy winds, long
lashing (Str.)
The house, have veered! There was an hour saw fall
My chief, with blood the laver's silver dashing,
When shrieked the roof,—yea, topstones of the wall 1150

101
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τε θρυγκοί δόμων, τάδ’ ἐνέποντος· ὁ
σχετλία, τί με, γύναι, φονεύεις φίλαν
πατρίδα δεκέτεσι
σποραίσων ἐλθὼντ’ ἐμάν;

παλάρρους δὲ τάνδ’ ὑπάγεται δίκα
διαδρόμου λέχους, μέλεον ἄ πόσιν
χρόνοιν ἰκόμενον εἰς οἴκους
Κυκλώπειά τ’ οὐράνια τείχε’ ὁ-
ξυθήκτῳ βέλει κατέκαυ’ αὐτόχειρ,
πέλεκυν ἐν χερῶν λαβούσα. τλάμων
πόσις, ὃ τί ποτε τὰν
τάλαιναν ἐσχεν κακόν.

ὀρεία τις ὡς λέαιν’ ὀργάδων

ἐπρόδ.
θρύσχα νεμομένα, τάδε κατήνυσεν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ τέκνα, πρὸς θεῶν μὴ κτάνητε μητέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλῦεις ὑπώροφον βοῶν;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΗΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἰὼ μοὶ μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φωμαξα κάγω πρὸς τέκνων χειρομένης.

υέμει τοι δίκαιν θεός, ὃταν τύχῃ

σχέτλια μὲν ἔπαθες, ἀνόσια δ’ εἰργάσω,

τάλαιν’, εὐνέταν.

ἀλλ’ ὁδεὶς μητρὸς νεοφάνουσιν αἴμασι

πεφυρμένου βαίνουσιν ἐξ οἴκων πόδα,

τροπαία δεῖγματ’ ἀθλίων προσφθεγμάτων.

οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεῖς οἴκος ἀθλιώτερος

τῶν Ταντάλείων οὖδ’ ἐφυ ποτ’ ἐκγόνων.
ELECTRA

Shrieked back his cry, "Fiend-wife, and art thou
tearing
My life from me, who in the tenth year's earing
Come to my dear land, mine ancestral hall?"

(ant.)

The tide of justice whelmeth, refluent-roaring,
The wanton wife who met her hapless lord,
When to the towers Titanic heavenward-soaring
He came,—with welcome met him of the sword,
Who grasped in hand the axe keen-edged to sever
Life's thread:—O hapless spouse, what wrong soever 1160
Stung to the deed the murderess abhorred!

(epode)

Ruthless as mountain lioness roaming through
Green glades, she wrought the deed she had set her
hands to do.

CLYTEMNESTRA (within)
O children, in God's name slay not your mother!

chorus
Dost thou hear how thrills 'neath the roof a cry?

CLYTEMNESTRA (within)
Woe! wretched I!

chorus
I too could wail one by her children slain.
God meteth justice out in justice' day.
Ghastly thy sufferings; fouly didst thou slay
Thy lord for thine own bane!
They come, they come! Lo, forth the house they set
Their feet, besprent with gouts of mother's blood,
Trophies that witness to her piteous cries.
There is no house more whelmed in misery,
Nor hath been, than the line of Tantalus.

103
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ιὼ Γὰ καὶ Ζεύ πακτερετα

στρ. α'

βροτῶν, ἰδεί ταῦτ 'έργα φόνι-

α μυσαρά, δύγονα σώματ ἐν

χθονι κείμενα, πλαγά

gerōς ὑπ' ἐμᾶς, ἀποιν' ἐμῶν πημάτων,

1

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

dακρύτ' ἀγαν, ὁ σύγγον', αἰτία δ' ἐγώ.

diὰ πυρὸς ἐμολον ἀ τάλαων ματρὶ ταῦτ',

ἀ μ' ἐτικτε κοῦραν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιὼ τύχας, τᾶς σᾶς τύχας, μᾶτερ τεκοῦσ',

ἀλαστα μέλεα καὶ πέρα

παθοῦσα σῶν τέκνων ὑπαί.

πατρὸς δ' ἐτισάς φόνον δικαίως.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ιὼ Φοίβ', ἀνύμνησας δίκαν, ἀντ. α'

ἀφαντα φανερὰ δ' ἐξεπρα-

ζας ἄχεα, φόνια δ' ὑπασας

λέχε' ἀπό γάς Ἐλλανίδος.

τίνα δ' ἐτέραν μόλω πόλιν; τίς ξένος,

τίς εὐσεβὴς ἐμὸν κάρα

προσῶπεται ματέρα κτανόντος;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ιὼ ιὼ μοι. ποί δ' ἐγώ; τίν' εῖς χορόν,

τίνα γάμον εἶμι; τίς πόσις μὲ δέξεται

νυμφικάς ἐς εὐνάς;

1 The gap in the metre indicates that two lines have been lost here.

104
ELECTRA

Enter Orestes with Electra.

Orestes
Earth, Zeus, whose all-beholding eye (Str. 1)
Is over men, behold this deed
Of blood, of horror—these that lie
Twinned corpses on the earth, that bleed
For my wrongs, and by mine hand die. 1180

[Woe and alas! I weep to know
My mother by mine hand laid low!]

Electra
Well may we weep!—it was my sin, brother!
My fury was kindled as flame against her from whose
womb I came.
Woe’s me, a daughter!—and this, my mother!

Chorus
Alas for thy lot! Their mother wast thou,
And horrors and anguish no words may tell
At thy children’s hands thou hast suffered now!
Yet justly the blow for their sire’s blood fell.

Orestes
Phoebus, the deed didst thou commend, (Ant. 1) 1190
Aye whispering “Justice.” Thou hast bared
The deeds of darkness, and made end,
Through Greece, of lust that murder dared.
But me what land shall shield? What friend,
What righteous man shall bear to see
The slayer of his mother—me?

Electra
Woe’s me! What refuge shall what land give me?
O feet from the dance aye banned! O spousal-
hopeless hand!
What lord to a bridal-bower shall receive me? 1200

1 Conjecturally supplied to fill lacuna.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πάλιν, πάλιν φρόνημα σον μετεστάθη πρὸς αὐραν'
φρονεῖς γὰρ ὅσια νῦν, τὸτ' οὐ
φρονοῦσα, δεῖνα δ' εἰργάσω,
φίλα, κασίγνητον οὐ θέλοντα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
κατεῖδες, ὅλου ἁ τάλαν' ἐμὸν πέτλον
ἐλάβετ', ἔδειξε μαστὸν ἐν φοναῖσιν,
ἐἷ μοι, πρὸς πέδω
τιθείσα γόνιμα μέλεα; τὰν κόμαν δ' ἐγὼ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
1210 σάφ' οίδα δὶ' ὀδύνας ἔβας, ἱμιον
κλύων γόνον ματρός, ἃ σ' ἔτικτεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
βολὰν δ' ἐλασκε τάνδε, πρὸς γέννυν ἐμὰν
τιθείσαι χεῖρα· τέκος ἐμὸν, λυτάινω
παρῆδων τ' ἐ' ἐμὰν
ἐκρήμναθ', ὡςτε χέρας ἐμὰς λυπεῖν βέλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τάλανα, πῶς ἔτλας φόνον δὶ' ὀμμάτων
1220 ἰδείν σέθεν ματρός ἐκπνεούσας;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐγὼ μὲν ἐπιβαλὼν φάρη κόρας ἐμὰς
φασγάνῳ κατηρξάμαν
ματέρος ἐσοὶ δέρας μεθεῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεγκέλευσά σοι
ἐφους τ' ἐφηγάμαν ἄμα.
δεινότατον παθέων ἔρεξα.

106
ELECTRA

CHORUS
Again have thy thoughts veered round, yet again!
Now right is thine heart, which was then not right
When to deeds of horror didst thou restrain
Thy brother, O friend, in his heart's despite.

ORESTES
Didst thou mark, how the hapless, clinging, clasp
My mantle, bared her bosom in dying—
Woe's me!—and even to the earth bowed low
A mother's limbs?—and her hair was I grasping—

CHORUS
I know thine agony, hearing the crying
Of the mother that bare thee, her wail of woe.

ORESTES
Her hand on my cheek did she lay, and her calling
Rang in mine ears—"My child! I implore thee!"
And she hung, she hung on my neck, to stay
The sword, from my palsied hand-grasp falling.

CHORUS (to Electra)
Wretch, how couldst thou bear to behold before thee
Thy mother, gasping her life away?

ORESTES
I cast my mantle before mine eyes,
And my sword began that sacrifice,
Through the throat of my mother cleaving, cleaving!

ELECTRA
Yea, and I urged thee with instant word,
And I set with thee mine hand to the sword.
I have done things horrible past believing!
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λαβοῦ, κάλυπτε μέλεα ματέρος πέπλοις, ἀντ. γ’
καὶ καθάρμοσον σφαγᾶς.
φονέας ἔτικτης ἄρα σοι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1230 ἵδου, φίλα τε κοῦ φίλα,
φάρεα σέ γ’ ἀμφιβάλλομεν.
τέρμα κακῶν μεγάλων δόμουσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’ οίδε δόμων ὑπὲρ ἀκροτάτων
φαίνουσι τινες δαίμονες ἡ θεῶν
τῶν οὐρανίων; οὐ γὰρ θυητῶν γ’
ἡδε κέλευθος· τί ποτ’ εἰς φανεράν
ὁψιν βαίνουσι βροτοῖσιν;

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

’Αγαμέμνονος παί, κλύθι· διπτυχοι δέ σε
καλοῦσι μητρὸς σύγγονοι Διόσκοροι,
1240 Κάστωρ κασίγκητός τε Πολυδεύκης οδε.
δεινὸν δὲ ναός ἀρτίως πόντου σάλον
παύσαντ’ ἀφίγμεθ’ Ἀργος, ὡς ἑσείδομεν
σφαγᾶς ἀδελφῆς τῆς δε, μητέρος δὲ σῆς.
δίκαια μὲν νῦν ἥδ’ ἔχει, σὺ δ’ οὐχὶ δρᾶσ’
Φοίβος τε Φοίβος—ἀλλ’ ἀναξ γάρ ἐστ’ ἐμός,
σιγῶ· σοφὸς δ’ ὅν οὐκ ἔχρησεν σοι σοφά.
αἰνεῖν δ’ ἀνάγκη ταῦτα· τάντεύθεν δὲ χρὴ
πράσσειν ὅ μοῦρα Ζεὺς τ’ ἔκρανε σοῦ πέρι.
Πυλάδη μὲν ’Ηλέκτραν δὸς ἄλοχον εἰς δόμους,
1250 σὺ δ’ Ἀργος ἐκλύτ’· οὐ γὰρ ἐστὶ σοι πόλιν
τήν’ ἐμβατεύειν, μητέρα κτέανατα σήν.
δειναὶ δὲ Κηρές σ’ αἰ κυνώπιδες θεάι

108
ELECTRA

ORESTES
Take, take, with her vesture the limbs shroud round
(Atl. 3)
Of my mother: O close her wide death-wound.
Thou barest them, thou, these hands death-dealing!

ELECTRA
Lo, thou that wast dear and yet not dear,
With the mantle I veil thee over: here
May the curse of the house have end and healing!

CASTOR and POLLUX appear in mid air above the stage.

CHORUS
Lo, lo, where over the roof-ridge high
Demigods gleam;—or from thrones in the sky
Stoop Gods?—it is not vouchsafed unto men
To tread yon path: why draw these nigh
Unto mortal ken?

CASTOR
Hear, child of Agamemnon: Sons of Zeus,
Twin brothers of thy mother, call to thee;
I Castor, this my brother Polydeuces.
Even now the sea's shipwrecking surge have we
Assuaged, and come to Argos, having seen
The slaying of our sister, of thy mother.
She hath but justice; yet thou, thou hast sinned;
And Phoebus—Phoebus—since he is my king,
I am dumb. He is wise:—not wise his hest for thee!
We must needs say "'Tis well." Henceforth must thou
Perform what Fate and Zeus ordain for thee.
To Pylades Electra give to wife:
But thou, leave Argos; for thou mayst not tread
Her streets, since thou hast wrought thy mother's death.
The dread Weird Sisters, hound-eyed Goddesses,
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

tροχηλατήσουσ' ἐμμανὴ πλανῶμενον.
ἐλθὼν δ' Ἀθήνας, Παλλάδος σεμνὸν βρέτας
πρόσπτυξον· εἰρίζει γὰρ ὑπὲρρημένας
dεινῶς δράκουσιν ὡστε μὴ ψαύειν σέθεν,
γοργάφ' ὑπερτείνουσά σοι κάρα κύκλον.
ἐστιν δ' Ἄρεως τις ὄχθος, οὐ πρῶτον θεὸν
ἐξοντ' ἐπὶ ὑψηλοὶς αἵματος πέρι,
'Αλυρόθιν δ' ἐκταν' ὁμόφρων Ἄρης,
μῆνιν θυγατρὸς ἀνοσίων νυμφευμάτων,
pόντον κρέοντος παῖδ', ἵν' εὑσεβεστάτη
ψήφος βεβαία τ' ἐστιν ἥκε γε τοῦ θεοῦς.
ἐνταῦθα καὶ σὲ δεῖ δραμεῖν φόνον πέρι.
Ἰσαι δὲ σ' ἐκσφόξουσι μὴ θανεῖν δίκη
ψήφοι τεθεῖσαι: Δοξίας γάρ αἰτιὰν
ἐἰς αὐτὸν οἰσεί, μητέρος χρῆσας φόνον.
καὶ τοῦτο λουποῖς οδὸν νῦμος τεθήσεται
υκάν Ἰσαις ψήφουι τὸν φεύγοντ' ἄει.

dεναι μὲν ὅπωθ' θεά τῷ δ' ἀχεῖ πεπληγμέναι
πάγον παρ' αὐτὸν χάσμα δύσονται χθονός,
σεμνὸν βροτοῖς εὐσεβές χρηστήριοι,
σὲ δ' Ἀρκάδων χρή τόλμη ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῦ ῥοαῖς
αἰχεῖν Λυκαίου πλησίον σηκόματος,
ἐπωνύμοις δὲ σοῦ πόλις κεκλησεται.
σοὶ μὲν τάδ' εἶπον: τόνδε δ' Ἀιγίσθου νέκυν
'Αργους πολιτάς γῆς καλύψουσιν τάφῳ,
μητέρα δὲ τὴν σὴν ἁρτὶ Ναυπλίαν παρὰ τὸν
Μενέλαος, ἐξ οὗ Τρωικῆν ἑλε χθόνα,
'Ελένῃ τε θάψει: Πρωτέως γὰρ ἐκ δόμων
ήκει λυτοῦσ' Ἀἰγιντοῦ οὐδ' ἦλθεν Φρύγας.
Ζεὺς δ', ὥσ' οἰρὸς γένοιτο καὶ φόνος βροτῶν,
εἶδουν 'Ελενῆς ἐξέπεμψ' ἐς 'Ἰλιον.
Πυλάδης μὲν οὖν κόρην τε καὶ δάμαρτ' ἔχων

110
ELECTRA

Shall drive thee mad, and dog thy wanderings. 
To Athens go: the awful image clasp
Of Pallas; for their serpent-frenzied rage
Shall she refrain, that they may touch thee not,
Outstretching o'er thine head her Gorgon shield.
There is a Hill of Ares, where first sat
Gods to give judgment touching blood-shedding,
When fierce-souled Ares Halirrothius slew,
The Sea-king's son, in wrath for outrage done
His daughter. That tribunal since that hour
Sacred and stablished stands in sight of Gods.
There must thou for this murder be arraigned.
And, in the judgment, equal votes cast down
From death shall save thee: for the blame thereof
Shall Loxias take, who bade thee slay thy mother.
And this for after times shall rest the law,
That equal votes shall still acquit the accused.
Yet shall the Dread Ones, anguish-stricken for this,
Hard by that hill sink into earth's deep cleft
Revered by men, a sacred oracle.
Thou by Alpheius' streams must found a city
Arcadian, near Lycaean Zeus' shrine;
And by thy name the city shall be called.
This to thee: touching yon Aegisthus' corse,
The Argive folk shall hide it in the tomb.
Thy mother—Menelaus, now first come
To Nauplia, since he won the land of Troy,
Shall bury her, he and Helen: for she comes,
Who ne'er saw Troy, from Proteus' halls in Egypt.
But Zeus, to stir up strife and slaughter of men,
A phantom Helen unto Ilium sent.
And Pylades shall take his virgin wife,
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἀχαϊδὸς γῆς οἶκαδ’ εἰσπορευέτω,
καὶ τὸν λόγω σὸν πενθερὸν κομιζέτω
Φωκέων ἐς αἶαν, καὶ δότω πλοῦτον βάρος·
σὺ δ’ Ἰσθμίας γῆς αὐχέν’ ἐμβαινὼν ποδὶ
χώρει πρὸς οἶκον Κεκροπίας εὐδαιμόνα.
πεπρωμένη γὰρ μοῖραν ἐκπλήσσας φόνου
eὐδαιμονίσεις τῶν ἀπαλλαχθέις πόνων.
ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ παῖδε Δίως, θέμις εἰς φθοργὰς
τὰς ὑμετέρας ἕμιν πελάθειν;
ΚΑΣΤΟΡ

θέμις, οὐ μυσαροῖς τοῦσ’ σφαγίοις.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κάμοι μύθου μέτα, Τυνδαρίδαι;
ΚΑΣΤΟΡ

καὶ σοὶ: Φοίβῳ τὴν ἀναθήσω
πράξειν φονίαν.
ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς ὄντε θεῶ τῆ σδὲ τ’ ἄδελφῳ
τῆς καταφθιμένης

οὐκ ἤρκέσατον κῆρας μελάθροις;
ΚΑΣΤΟΡ

μοίραν ἀνάγκης ἠγεν τὸ χρεὼν,
Φοίβου τ’ ἀσοφοὶ γλώσσης ἑνοπαί.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τὶς δ’ ἐμ’ Ἀπόλλων, ποίοι χρησμοὶ
φονίαν ἐδοσαν μητρὶ γενέσθαι;
ΚΑΣΤΟΡ

κοιναὶ πράξεις, κοινοὶ δ’ πῶτμοι,
μία δ’ ἄμφοτέρους
ἀτη πατέρων διέκνασεν.
ELECTRA

And from the land Achaean lead her home;  
And him, thy kinsman by repute,\(^1\) shall bring  
To Phocis, and shall give him store of wealth.  
Thou, journey round the neck of Isthmian land,  
Till thou reach Athens, Cecrops' blissful home.  
For, when thou hast fulfilled this murder's doom,  
Thou shalt be happy, freed from all these toils.  

CHORUS

O children of Zeus, may we draw nigh  
Unto speech of your Godhead lawfully?  

CASTOR

Yea: stainless are ye of the murderous deed.  

ELECTRA

I too, may I speak to you, Tyndareus' seed?  

CASTOR

Thou too: for on Phoebus I lay the guilt  
Of the blood thou hast spilt.  

CHORUS

How fell it, that ye Gods, brethren twain  
Of her that is slain,  
Kept not from her halls those Powers of Bane?  

CASTOR

By resistless fate was her doom on-driven,  
And by Phoebus' response, in unwisdom given.  

ELECTRA

Yet why hath Apollo by bodings ordained  
That I with a mother's blood be stained?  

CASTOR

In the deed ye shared, as the doom ye shared:  
The curse of your sires was for twain prepared,  
And it hath not spared.  

\(^1\) Thy nominal brother-in-law, the peasant.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀδ σύγγονε μοι, χρονίαν σ’ ἐσιδών τῶν σῶν εὔθες φίλτρων στέρομαι,
καὶ σ’ ἀπολείψω σοῦ λευτόμενος.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

πόσις ἐστ’ αὐτῇ καὶ δόμος· οὐχ ἢ ὁ
οἶκτρὰ πέποιθεν, πλὴν ὅτι λατείι
πόλιν Ἀργείων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ τίνες ἄλλαι στοναχαί μείζους
ἡ γῆς πατρίας ὅρων ἐκλείπειν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ οἶκων ἔξειμι πατρός,
καὶ ἐπ’ ἀλλοτρίαις ψήφοις φόνον
μητρὸς ὑφέξω.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

θάρσει· Παλλάδος

όσιάν ἤξεις πόλιν· ἀλλ’ ἀνέχου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

περί μοι στέρνοις στέρνα πρόσαψον,
σύγγονε φίλτατε·

diὰ γὰρ ξενυνύς ἡμᾶς πατρίων
μελάθρων μητρὸς φόνοι κατάραι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

βάλε, πρόσπτυξον σῶμα· θανόντος δ’

ως ἐπὶ τύμβῳ καταθρήσκου.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

φεῦ φεῦ· δεινὸν τὸδ’ ἔγηρύσω
καὶ θεοὺς κλέειν.

ἔνι γὰρ κάμοι τοῖς τ’ οὐρανίδαις
οίκτοι θυτῶν πολυμόχθων.
ELECTRA

ORESTES
Ah, sister mine, after long, long space of weary
waiting, to see thy face,
And lo, from thy love to be straightway torn,
To forsake thee, be left of thee forlorn!

CASTOR
A husband is hers and a home: this pain
Alone must she know, no more to remain
Here, ne'er know Argos again.

ELECTRA
What drearier lot than this, to be banned
For aye from the borders of fatherland?

ORESTES
But I flee from the halls of my father afar;
For a mother's blood at the alien's bar
Arraigned must I stand!

CASTOR
Fear not: to the sacred town shalt thou fare
Of Pallas all safely: be strong to bear.

ELECTRA
Fold me around, breast close to breast,
O brother, O loved!—of all loved best!
For the curse of a mother's blood must sever
From our sire's halls us, for ever—for ever!

ORESTES
Fling thee on me! Cling close, mine own!
As over the grave of the dead make moan.

CASTOR
Alas and alas!—for thy pitiful wail
Even Gods' hearts fail;
For with me and with all the Abiders on High
Is compassion for mortals' misery.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκέτα σ’ ὅψομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδ‘ ἐγὼ εἰς σόν βλέφαρον πελάσω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τάδε λοισθιά μοι προσφέρεγματά σου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ χαῖρε, πόλεις:
χαίρετε δ’ ὑμεῖς πολλά, πολύτιδες.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ πιστοτάτη, στείχεσις ἡδή;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

στείχω βλέφαρον τέγγουσ’ ἀπαλόν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδη, χαίρων ίθι, νυμφεύον
dέμας Ἡλέκτρας.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

tούδε μελήσει γάμος: ἀλλὰ κύνας
tάσδ‘ ὑποεύγων στείχ’ ἐπ‘ Ἀθηνῶν:
δεινῶν γὰρ ἵχνος βάλλουσ’ ἐπὶ σοὶ
χειροδράκοντες χρῶτα κελαίναι,
δεινῶν ὁδυνών καρπὸν ἔχουσαι:
νῦν δ‘ ἐπὶ πόντον Σικελίον σπουδή
σώσοντε νεών πρόφασ ἐνάλους.

διὰ δ‘ αἰθήρας στείχοντε πλακός
tοῖς μὲν μυσαροῖς ὁυκ ἑπαρήγομεν,
οἷσιν δ‘ ὤσιον καὶ το δίκαιον
φίλον ἐν βιότῳ, τούτους χαλεπῶν
ἐκλύοντες μόχθων σφόδρας.

οὕτως ἀδικεῖν μηδεὶς θελέτω,
ELECTRA

ORESTES
I shall look upon thee not again—not again!

ELECTRA
Nor my yearning eyes upon thee shall I strain!

ORESTES
The last words these we may speak, we twain!

ELECTRA
O city, farewell;
Farewell, ye maidens therein that dwell!

ORESTES
O faithful and true, must we part, part so?

ELECTRA
We part;—my welling eyes overflow.

ORESTES
Pylades, go; fair fortune betide:
Take thou Electra for bride.

CASTOR
These shall find spousal-solace:—up, be doing;
Yon hell-hounds flee, till thou to Athens win.
Their fearful feet pad on thy track pursuing,
Demons of dragon talon, swart of skin,
Who batten on mortal agonies their malice.
We speed to seas Sicilian, from their wrath
To save the prows of surge-imperilled galleys:
Yet, as we pace along the cloudland path,
We help not them that work abomination;
But, whoso loveth faith and righteousness
All his life long, to such we bring salvation,
Bring them deliverance out of all distress.
Let none dare then in wrong to be partaker,
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μηδ’ ἐπιόρκων μέτα συμπλείτω·
θεώς δὲν θνητοὶς ἀγορεύω.

χορος

χαίρετε· χαίρειν δ’ ὅστις δύναται
καὶ ξυντυχίᾳ μὴ τινι κάμνει
θνητῶν, εὐδαίμονα πράσσει.

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ELECTRA

Neither to voyage with the doomed oath-breaker.
   I am a God: to men I publish this.

CHORUS

Farewell! Ah, whoso'er may know this blessing,
To fare well, never crushed 'neath ills oppressing,
   Alone of mortals tastes abiding bliss.

[Exeunt omnes.]
ORESTES
ARGUMENT

When Orestes had avenged his father by slaying his mother Clytemnestra and Aegisthus her paramour, as is told in the Tragedy called "Electra," he was straightway haunted by the Erinyes, the avengers of parricide, and by them made mad; and in the torment thereof he continued six days, till he was brought to death's door.

And herein is told how his sister Electra ministered to him, and how by the Argive people they were condemned to death, while their own kin stood far from their help, and how they strove against their doom.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ
ΦΡΤΩ
ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Electra, daughter of Agamemnon.
Helen, wife of Menelaus.
Orestes, son of Agamemnon.
Menelaus, brother of Agamemnon.
Pylades, friend of Orestes.
Tyndareus, father of Clytemnestra.
Hermione, daughter of Helen.
Messenger, an old servant of Agamemnon.
A Phrygian, attendant-slave of Helen.
Apollo.
Chorus, consisting of Argive women.
Attendants of Helen, Menelaus, and Tyndareus.

Scene:—At the Palace in Argos.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Οὐκ ἦστιν οὐδεὶς δεινὸν ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος, οὐδὲ πάθος, οὐδὲ συμφορὰ θεῆλατος, ἡς οὐκ ἂν ἀραίτ᾽ ἄχθος ἀνθρώπου φύσις.

ὁ γὰρ μακάριος, κοῦκ ὁνεὶδίζω τύχας,

Διὸς πεφυκὼς, ὡς λέγουσι, Τάνταλος
κορυφῆς ὑπερτέλλοντα δεμαίνων πέτρον
ἀερὶ ποτάται καὶ τίνει ταύτην δίκην,

ὡς μὲν λέγουσιν, ὅτι θεοὶς ἀνθρώπους Ὀν
κοινῆς τραπέζης ἀξίωμ᾽ ἔχον ἵσον,

ἀκόλαστον ἔσχε γλῶσσαν, αἰσχύστην νόσον.

οὕτως φυτεύει Πέλοπτα, τοῦ δ᾽ Ἀτρέως ἔφυ,

ὡς στέμματα ξήνας ὑπεκλώσεν θεὰ

ἔρω, Θυεστὴ πόλεμον οὐτὶ συγγόνῳ
θέσθαι τὸ τάρρητ᾽ ἀναμετρήσασθαι μὲ δεῖ;

ἐδαισε δ᾽ οὖν νιν τέκν᾽ ἀποκτείνας Ἀτρέως.

Ἀτρέως δὲ, τὰς γὰρ ἐν μέσῳ συγὸ τύχας,

ὁ κλεινός, εἰ δὴ κλεινός, Ἀγαμέμνων ἔφυ
Μενέλαος τε Κρήσσης μητρὸς Ἀρεόπος ἀπο.

γαμεὶ δ᾽ ὁ μὲν δὴ τὴν θεοὶς στυγομεμένην

Μενέλαος Ἐλεύθην, ὁ δὲ Κλυταιμνήστρας λέχος
ἐπίσημον εἰς Ἐλληνας Ἀγαμέμνον ἀναξε·

ὁ παρθένοι μὲν τρεῖς ἔφυμεν ἐκ μᾶς,
ORESTES

ORESTES asleep on his bed, ELECTRA watching beside it

ELECTRA

Nothing there is so terrible to tell,
Nor fleshly pang, nor visitation of God,
But poor humanity may have to bear it.
He, the once blest,—I mock not at his doom—
Begotten of Zeus, as men say, Tantalus,
Dreading the crag which topples o'er his head,
Now hangs mid air; and pays this penalty,
As the tale telleth, for that he, a man,
Honoured to sit god-like at meat with Gods,
Yet bridled not his tongue—O shameful madness!
He begat Pelops; born to him was Atreus,
For whom Fate twined with her doom-threads a strand
Of strife against Thyestes, yea, his brother;—
Why must I tell o'er things unspeakable?
Atreus for their sire's feasting slew his sons.
Of Atreus—what befell between I tell not—
Famed Agamemnon sprang,—if this be fame,—
And Menelaus, of Cretan Aerope.
And Menelaus wedded Helen, loathed
Of heaven, the while King Agamemnon won
Clytemnestra's couch, to Hellenes memorable.
To him were daughters three, Chrysothemis,
ΟΡΕΣΘΗΣ

Χρυσόθεμος Ἰφιγένειας τ' Ἡλέκτρα τ' ἐγὼ, ἀρεσθῇ Ὁρέστης, μητρὸς ἀνασωτάτης, ἢ πόσιν ἀπείρῳ περιβάλοντα τυφάσματι ἐκτείνειν· δὲν δ’ ἔκατον, παρθένῳ λέγειν ὁ λόγον· ἐκ τούτων ἀσαφές ἐν κοινῷ σκοπεῖν. Φοίβου δὲ ἀδικιάν μεν τί δει κατηγορεῖν; πεθεὶ δ’ Ὁρέστην μητέρ’ ἡ σφ’ ἔγεινατο κτείναι, πρὸς οὐχ ἀπαντας εὐκλειαν φέρον. δῆμος δ’ ἀπέκτειν οὐκ ἀπειθήσας θεῖον κάτω μετέσχου, οἷα δὴ γυνὴ, φόνον, Πυλάδης δ’, δὴ ἦμιν συγκατείργασταί τάδε. ἐντεύθεν ἄγρια συντακεῖς νόσῳ δήμας πλήμων Ὁρέστης ὅδε πεσόν ἐν δεμνίοις κεῖται, τὸ μητρὸς δ’ αἷμα νυν τροχηλατεῖ μαφίαισιν· ὁνομάξειν γὰρ αἰδοῦμαι θεᾶς Ἐὐμενίδας, αἰ τόνδ’ ἐξαμιλλῶνται φῶβῳ. ἐκτὸς δὲ δὴ τόδ’ ἡμαρ ἐξ οὕτων σφαγαίς θανοῦσα μήτηρ πυρὶ καθήγνυται δέμας, ὅπε τοιτα ἐν δέρης ἐξέθητο, οὐ λοῦτο τίνω χρώτι· χλανδίων δ’ ἔσω κρυφθεῖς, ὅταν μὲν σῶμα κουφίασι νόσου, ἐμφρὼν δακρύει, ποτὲ δὴ δεμνίοις ἄπο τηδὰ δρομαῖος, πῶλος δ’ ἀπὸ χυμοῦ. ἐδοξεὶ δ’ Ἄργη τοῦτο μὴθ’ ἡμᾶς στέγαις, μὴ πυρὶ δέχεσθαι, μὴ περὶ προσφωνεῖν τινα μητροκτόνοντας· κυρία δ’ ἢ δ’ ἡμέρα, ἐν’ ἥ διοισι θῆψον Ἀργείων πόλις, εἰ χρή θανεῖν νῦν λευσίμω πετρώματι, ἡ φάσαγαν ὦ θέραμεν ἐπ’ αὐχένους βαλεῖν. ἑπτάδα δὲ δὴ τιν’ ἐξομένω δὴτε μὴ θανείν’ ἦκει γὰρ εἰς γῆν Μενέλεως Τροίας ἄπο, λιμένα δὲ Ναυπλείου ἐκπληρῶν πλάτη

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ORESTES

Iphigeneia, Electra, and a son
Orestes, of one impious mother born,
Who trapped in tangling toils her lord, and slew:
Wherefore she slew,—a shame for maid to speak!—
I leave untold, for whoso will to guess.
What boots it to lay wrong to Phoebus' charge,
Who thrust Orestes on to slay the mother
That bare him?—few but cry shame on the deed,
Though in obedience to the God he slew.
I in the deed shared,—far as woman might,—
And Pylades, who helped to compass it.
Thereafter, wasted with fierce malady,
Hapless Orestes, fallen on his couch,
Lieth: his mother's blood aye scourgeth him
With madness. Scarce for awe I name their names
Whose terrors rack him, the Eumenides.
And to this day, the sixth since cleansing fire
Enwrapped the murdered form, his mother's corse,
Morsel of food his lips have not received,
Nor hath he bathed his flesh; but in his cloak
Now palled, when he from torment respite hath,
With brain unclouded weeps, now from his couch
Frenzied with wild feet bounds like steed unyoked.
And Argos hath decreed that none with roof
Or fire receive us, none speak word to us,
The matricides. The appointed day is this,
Whereon the Argive state shall cast the vote,
Whether we twain must die, by stoning die,
Or through our own necks plunge the whetted steel.
Yet one hope have we of escape from death;
For Menelaus from Troy hath reached the land.
Thronging the Naupliam haven with his fleet

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ОРЭΣΤΗΣ

άκταϊσιν ὅρμει, δαρόν ἐκ Τροίας χρόνων
ἀλαισι πλαγχθεὶς· τὴν δὲ δὴ πολύστονον
Ἐλένην, φυλάξας νύκτα, μὴ τὶς εἰς ἔδων
μεθ' ἦμεραν στείχουσαν, ὅν ὑπ' Ἰλώ
παίδες τεθνάσιν, εἰς πέτρων ἠθή βολάς,
προὔπεμεθεν εἰς δῶμ' ἠμέτερον· ἔστων δὲ ἔσω
κλαίουσ' ἀδελφὴν συμφόρας τε δωμάτων.
ἐχει δὲ δὴ τῶν ἀλγέων παραψυχήν·
ὡν γὰρ κατ' οἶκους ἔλυφ', ὦτ' ἐς Τροίαν ἐπλειτ,
παρθένου ἐμὴ τε μητρὶ παρέδωκεν τρέφειν
Μενέλαος ἄγαγων Ἐρμόνην Σπάρτης ἅπο,
ταύτῃ γέγηθε καταλήθεται κακῶν.
βλέπω δὲ πᾶσαν εἰς ὄδον, πότ' ὄψομαι
Μενέλαον ἥκουθ'. ὡς τὰ γ' ἄλλ' ἐπ' ἀσθενοῦσ
ρώμης ὀχούμεθ', ὥν τι μὴ κείνου πάρα
σωθῶμεν. ἀπορον χρήμα δυστυχῶν δόμοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ παῖ Κλυταμνήστρας τε καγαμέμνονος,
παρθένει μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος, Ἡλέκτρα, χρῷον,
πῶς, ὥ τάλαινα, σύ τε κασίγκητας τε σὸς
τῆσιν Ὀρέστης μητρὸς ὑδε φονεὺς ἔφυ;
προσφέγγασιν γὰρ ὦ μαίνομαι σέθεν,
εἰς Φοῖβον ἀναφέρουσα τὴν ἁμαρτίαν.
καίτοι στένω γε τὸν Κλυταμνήστρας μόρον
ἐμῆς ἀδελφῆς, ἦν, ἐπεὶ πρὸς Ἰλίου
ἐπλευσ' ὄπως ἐπλευσα θεομανεὶ πότῳ,
οὐκ εἶδον, ἀπολειφθεῖσα δ' αἰαζω τύχας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἐλένη, τι σοι λέγουμι· ἀν ἐγε παροὺς' ὅρφας,
ἐν συμφοραῖς τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνου;
ἐγὼ μὲν ἀντίνοις, πάρεδρος ἀθλίῳ νεκρῷ,
νεκρὸς γὰρ ὅτους εἶνεκα σμικρᾶς πυνῆς,
ORESTES

Off-shore he anchors, who hath wandered long
Homeless from Troy. But Helen—yea, that cause
Of countless woes,—'neath screen of night he sent
Before, unto our house, lest some, whose sons
At Ilium fell, if she by daylight came,
Should see, and stone her. Now within she weeps
Her sister and her house's misery.
And yet hath she some solace in her griefs:
The child whom, sailing unto Troy, she left,
Hermione, whom Menelaus brought
From Sparta to my mother's fostering,
In her she joys, and can forget her woes.
I gaze far down the highway, strain to see
Menelaus come. Frail anchor of hope is ours
To ride on, if we be not saved of him.
In desperate plight is an ill-fated house.

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Clytemnestra's daughter, Agamemnon's child,
Electra, maid a weary while unwed,
Hapless, how could ye, thou and the stricken one,
Thy brother Orestes, slay a mother thus?
I come, as unpolluted by thy speech,
Since upon Phoebus all thy sin I lay.
Yet do I moan for Clytemnestra's fate,
My sister, whom, since unto Ilium
I sailed,—as heaven-frenzied I did sail,—
I have seen not: now left lorn I wail our lot.

ELECTRA

Helen, why tell thee what thyself mayst see—
The piteous plight of Agamemnon's son?
Sleepless I sit beside a wretched corpse;
For, but for faintest breath, a corpse he is.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θάσσω· τὰ τοῦτον δ׳ οὐκ ὄνειδίζω κακά·
σὺ δὲ ἡ μακαρία μακάριος θεός σὺ σῶς πόσις
ERVEDON ἐφ’ ἡμᾶς ἀθλίως πεπραγότας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
πόσον χρόνον δὲ δεμνόις πέπτως ὅδε;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐξ ὑπερ αἵμα γενέθλιον κατήνυσεν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
90 ὁ μέλεος, ἡ τεκούσα θεός, ὡς διώλετο.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὕτως ἔχει τάδ’, ὡστ’ ἀπείρηκεν κακοίς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
πρὸς θεῶν, πίθοι ἄν δητὰ μοί τι, παρθένε;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ὡς ἄσχολος γε συγγόνον προσεδρία.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
βούλει τάφον μοι πρὸς κασιγνήτης μολεῖν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
μητρὸς κελεύεις τῆς ἐμῆς; τίνος χάριν;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
κόμης ἀπαρχᾶς καὶ χοάς φέρουσ’ ἐμᾶς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
σοι δὲ ὡς θεμιστόν πρὸς φίλων στείχειν τάφον;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
deiξαι γὰρ Ἀργείοισι σῶμ’ αἰσχύνομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ὄψει γε φρονεῖσ εὖ, τότε λιποῦσ’ αἰσχρῶς δόμους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
100 ὑρθὼς ἔλεξας, οὐ φίλως δὲ μοι λέγεις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
αἰδώς δὲ δὴ τίς σ’ εἰς Μυκηναίοις ἔχει;

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ORESTES

His evils—none do I reproach with them;
But prosperous thou art come, and prosperous comes
Thy lord, to us the misery-stricken ones.

HELEN

How long hath he so lain upon his couch?

ELECTRA

Even since he spilt the blood of her that bare him.

HELEN

Alas for him, for her!—what death she died!

ELECTRA

Such is his plight that he is crushed of ills.

HELEN

In heaven's name, maiden, do to me a grace.

ELECTRA

So far as this my tendance suffereth me.

HELEN

Wilt go for me unto my sister's tomb?

ELECTRA

My mother's?—canst thou ask me?—for what cause?

HELEN

Shorn locks bear from me and drink-offerings.

ELECTRA

What sin, if thou draw nigh a dear one's tomb?

HELEN

I shame to show me to the Argive folk.

ELECTRA

Late virtue in who basely fled her home!

HELEN

Thou speakest truly—speakest cruelly.

ELECTRA

What shame is thine of Mycenaean eyes?
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΕΛΕΝΗ
δέδοικα πατέρας τῶν ὑπ᾽ Ἰλίῳ νεκρῶν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
dεινὸν γὰρ. Ἄργει γ᾽ ἀναβο俜 διὰ στόμα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
σὺ νυν χάριν μοι τὸν φόβουν λύσασα δός.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὐκ ἀν δυναίμην μητρὸς εἰσβλέψαι τάφον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
ἀἰσχρὸν γε μέντοι προσπόλους φέρειν τάδε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
tί δ᾽ οὐχὶ θυγατρός Ἐρμιόνης πέμπεις δέμας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
eἰς ὥχλον ἐρπεῖν παρθένοις οὐ καλὸν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
καὶ μὴν τίνοι γ᾽ ἀν τῇ τεθνηκυίᾳ τροφᾶς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
110 καλὸς ἔλεξας, πείθομαι τέ σοι, κόρη, 
καὶ πέμψουμεν γε θυγατέρ᾽ εὐ γὰρ τοι λέγεις.
ὁ τέκνον, ἔξελθ᾽ Ἐρμιόνη, δόμων πάρος,
καὶ λαβὲ χοάς τάσο ἐν χεροῖν κόμας τ᾽ ἐμάς.
ἔλθοισα δ᾽ ἄμφι τὸν Κλεμαμήστρας τάφον 
μελάκρατ᾽ ἀφες γάλακτος οἶνωπόν τ᾽ ἄχρην,
καὶ στὰς ἐπ᾽ ἀκρον χώματος λέξων τάδε.
ἔλεγεν σ᾽ ἀδελφὴ ταῖς δωρεῖται χοαῖς,
φόβῳ προσελθεῖν μνήμα σοῦ, ταρβοῦσα τε 
Ἀργείου ὥχλον. εὐμενῇ δ᾽ ἀνωγtiği νυν
ἐμοὶ τε καὶ σοι καὶ πόσει γνώμην ἔχειν 
tοῖν τ᾽ ἀθλίων τοῖνδ᾽, οὐς ἀπόλεσεν θεὸς.
ὁ δ᾽ εἰς ἀδελφὴν καιρὸς ἔκπονειν ἐμὲ,
ORESTES

HELEN
I fear the sires of those at Ilium dead.

ELECTRA
Well mayst thou fear: all Argos cries on thee.

HELEN
Grant me this grace and break my chain of fear.

ELECTRA
I cannot look upon my mother’s tomb.

HELEN
Yet shame it were should handmaids bear these gifts.

ELECTRA
Wherefore send not thy child Hermione?

HELEN
To pass mid throngs beseemeth maidens not.

ELECTRA
She should pay nurture’s debt unto the dead.

HELEN
Sooth hast thou said: I hearken to thee, maid.
Yea, I will send my daughter: thou say’st well.
Child, come, Hermione, without the doors:

Enter HERMIONE.

Take these drink-offerings, this mine hair, in hand,
And go thou, and round Clytemnestra’s tomb
Shed mingled honey, milk, and foam of wine;
And, standing on the grave-mound’s height, say this:
“Thy sister Helen these drink-offerings gives,
Fearing to approach thy tomb, and dreading sore
The Argive rabble.” Bid her bear a mood
Kindly to me, to thee, and to my lord,
And to these hapless twain, whom God hath stricken.
All gifts unto the dead which duty bids
ΟΡΕΞΤΗΣ

ἀπανθ’ ὑπισχυν τυρτέρων δωρήματα.
ιθ’, ὃ τέκνου μοι, σπεύδε καὶ χοάς τάφῳ
dούσι ὡς τάχιστα τῆς πάλιν μεμηῆσ’ ὦδοι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὡς φύσις, ἐν ἀνθρώπουσιν ὡς μέγ’ εἰ κακόν,
σωτηρίων τε τοῖς καλῶς κεκτημένοις.
εἴδετε παρ’ ἄκρας ὡς ἀπεθρισεν τρίχας,
σφιξουσα κάλλος; ἦστι δ’ ἡ πάλαι γυνή.

θεοὶ σε μισήσειαν, ὡς μ’ ἀπώλεσας
καὶ τόνδε πᾶσάν θ’ Ἐλλάδ’. ὡ τάλαιν’ ἐγώ,
αἴδ’ αὐτ’ πάρεσι τοῖς ἐμοίς θρηνήμασι
φίλαι ξυνφοδοί: τάξα μεταστήσου’ ὑπνοι
τόνδ’ ἱσυχάζοντ’, ὃμα δ’ ἐκτῆξουσ’ ἐμοί
dακρύνοις, ἀδελφοῖν ὃταν ὅρω μεμηνότα.

ὡ φίλταται γυναίκες, ἡσύχῳ ποδὶ
χωρεῖτε, μὴ ψοφεῖτε, μηδ’ ἐστώ κτύπος.

χοροὶ θαγρῇ ἑ σὴ πρεμενής μὲν, ἀλλ’ ἐμοὶ
tόνδ’ ἔξεγειραι συμφορὰ γενήσεται.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

apsepr’ βατ’ ἐκεῖσ’, ἀποπρό μοι κοίτας.

χοροὶ

ιδοῦ, πείθομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀ δ’, σύρυγγος ὄπως πνοᾶ λεπτοῦ
δόνακος, ὥς φίλα, φώνει μοι.

χοροὶ

ἰδ’, ἀτρεμαίοιν ὡς ὑπόροφον φέρω
βοὰν.

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ORESTES

I render to my sister, promise thou.
Go, daughter, haste: and, soon as thou hast paid
The tomb its offerings, with all speed return.

[Exit HELEN and HERMIONE.

ELECTRA

Ah inbred Nature, cankering curse to men,
Yet blessing to thy virtuous heritors!
Mark, she but trimmed off at the tips her hair,
Sparing its beauty—still the Helen of old!
God's hate be on thee, who hast ruined me,
My brother, and all Hellas! Woe is me!
Lo, hither come my friends who wail with me
My dirges! Soon shall they uprouse from sleep
Him who hath peace now, and shall drown mine eyes
In tears, when I behold my brother rave.

Enter CHORUS.

Ah friends, dear friends, with soundless footfall tread;
Make ye no murmur, neither be there jar.
Kindly is this your friendship, yet to me,
If ye but rouse him, misery shall befall.

CHORUS

Hush ye, O hush ye! light be the tread (Str. 1)
Of the sandal; nor murmur nor jar let there be.

ELECTRA

Afar step ye thitherward, far from his bed!

CHORUS

Lo, I hearken to thee.

ELECTRA

Ha, be thy voice as the light breath blown
Through the pipe of the reed, O friend, I pray!

CHORUS

Lo, softly in murmured undertone
I am sighing.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ναὶ οὕτως,
kάταγε, κάταγε, πρόσωπ' ἀτρέμας, ἀτρέμας ἵπτο
λόγου ἀπόδος ἐφ' ὦ τι χρέος ἐμόλετέ ποτε.
χρόνια γὰρ πεσὼν δὸε εὐνάζεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς ἔχει; λόγου μετάδος, ὦ φίλα. ἀντ. α'
tίνα τύχαν εἴπω; τίνα δὲ συμφοράν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐτί μὲν ἐμπνέει, βραχὺ δ' ἀναστένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί φῆς; ὦ τάλας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὅλεῖς, εἰ βλέφαρα κινήσεις ὑπνοῦ
γλυκυτάταιν φερομένῳ χάριν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλεος ἐχθρίστων θεόθεν ἔργατων,
tάλας. φεῦ μόχθων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀδικος ἄδικα τότ' ἄρ' ἔλακεν ἔλακεν, ἀπό-
φονον ὅτ' ἐπὶ τρίπτοδι Θέμιδος ἄρ' ἐδίκασε
φόνον ὦ Δοξίας ἐμᾶς ματέρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

όρας; ἐν πέπλοισι κινεῖ δέμας.

στρ. β'

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σὺ γὰρ νῦν, ὦ τάλανα,
θωύξασ' ἐβάλες ἔξ ὑπνοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

eὑδεῖν μὲν οὖν ἐδοξά.
ORESTES

ELECTRA

Yea—
Lower—yet lower!—ah softly, ah softly draw nigh!
Make answer, ah why have ye hitherward wended,
    ah why?—
So long is it since he hath stilled him in sleep to lie.

CHORUS

How is it with him? Dear friend, speak. (Ant. 1)
What tidings for me? What hath come to pass?

ELECTRA

Yet doth he breathe, but his moans wax weak.

CHORUS

How say'st thou?—alas!

ELECTRA

Thou wilt slay him, if once from his eyes thou
have driven
The sweetness of slumber that o'er them flows.

CHORUS

Alas for the deeds of the malice of heaven!
    Alas for his throes!

ELECTRA

Wrongful was he who uttered that wrongful rede
When Loxias, throned on the tripod of Themis, decreed
The death of my mother, a foul unnatural deed!

CHORUS

See'st thou?—he stirreth beneath his cloak! (Str. 2)

ELECTRA

Woe unto thee! it was thy voice broke
    The bands of his sleep by thy wild outery.

CHORUS

Nay, but I deemed that he yet slept on.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

170 οὐκ ἄφετε ἡμῶν, οὐκ ἀπ’ οἴκων πάλιν ἀνά πόδα σὸν εἴλησεις μεθεμένα κτύπου;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ὑπνώσσει.

ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

λέγεις εὐ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ πότινα, πότινα νῦξ,

ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,

ἐρεβόθεν ὦ, μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
tὸν Ἀγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον.

180 ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
dιοιχόμεθα, οὐχόμεθα.

ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

κτύπου ἡγάγετ' οὐχὶ σύγα
sύγα φυλασσομένα

στόματος ἀνακέλαδον ἀπὸ λέχεος ἦ-

συχοῦ ὑπνοῦ χάριν παρέξεις, φίλα;

ΧΟΡΟΣ θρόει, τίς κακῶν τελευτᾷ μένει; ἀντ. β

ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

θανεῖν τί δ’ ἄλλο;

οὐδὲ γὰρ πόθον ἔχει βορᾶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ πρόδηλος ἄρ’ ὁ πότμος.

ΗΔΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐξέθυεν Φοῖβος ἡμᾶς
mέλεον ἀπόφοινον αἷμα δοὺς

πατροφόνου ματρός.

140
ORESTES

ELECTRA
Wilt thou not hence, from the house to be gone? 170
Ah, turn thee again, and backward hie
With the sound of thy voice, with the jar of thy tread!

CHORUS
Yet doth he slumber on.

ELECTRA
Sooth said.

CHORUS (singing low)
Queen, Majesty of Night,
To travail-burdened mortals giver of sleep,
Float up from Erebus! With wide wings' sweep
Come, come, on Agamemnon's mansion light!
Fordone with anguish, welmed in woeful plight,
We are sinking, sinking deep.

ELECTRA
With jarring strain have ye broken in!
Ah hush! ah hush! refrain ye the din
Of chanting lips, and vouchsafe the grace
Of the peace of sleep to his resting-place.

CHORUS
Tell, what end waiteth his misery? (Ant. 2)

ELECTRA
Even to die,—what else should be?
For he knoweth not even craving for food.

CHORUS
Ah, then is his doom plain—all too plain! 190

ELECTRA
Phoebus for victims hath sealed us twain,
Who decreed that we spill a mother's blood
For a father's—a deed without a name!
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δίκαι Μέν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καλῶς δ' οὖ.

ἐκάνεις ἔθανες, ὦ

tekoména me µáter, ἀπὸ δ' ἀλέσας
pateéra tékna te táde séθen ἀφ' áµatos'

200 ὀλόµεθ' ἱσονέκνες, ὀλόµεθα.

sú te γὰρ ἐν νεκροῖς, τὸ τί ἐµὸν οἴχεται
bíou τὸ πλέον µέρος ἐν στοναχαίσι τε καὶ
γύουσι

δάκρυσι τι ἐννυχίους

ἀγαµος, ἔπιδ', ἀτεκνος ἀτε βιοτον ἁ
méleos eis tôn aìen ἐλκω χρόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅρα παροῦσα, παρθέν' Ἡλέκτρα, πέλας,
µή κατθανών σε σύγγονος λέληθ' ὄδε·

210 οὐ γὰρ µ' ἀρέσκει τῷ λαῖν παρειµένῳ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὅ φιλων ὑπνον θέλητρον, ἐπίκουρον νόσου,

ως ἦδυ µοι προσήλθες ἐν δεωτὶ γε.

ὅ πότνα λῆθη τῶν κακῶν, ὡς εἴ σοφὴ
cal tois duστυχούσιν εὐκταία θεός.

πόθεν ποτ' ἤλθον δεύρο; πῶς δ' ἀφικόµην;

ἀµµηµονῶ γάρ, τῶν πρὶν ἀπολειφθεῖς φρενῶν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὅ φιλταθ', ὡς µ' ἑφρανας εἰς ὑπνον πεσόν.

βουλεῖ θύγω σου κάνακουφίσω δέµας;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λαβοῦ λαβοῦ δήτ', ἐκ δ' ὡµορξὸν ἄθλουν

220 στόµατος ἀφρόδη πέλανον ὄµµάτων τ' ἐµῶν.

142
ORESTES

CHORUS

'Twas a deed of justice—

ELECTRA

A deed of shame!
Thou slewest, and art dead,
Mother that bare me—thrustestd to the tomb
Our father and these children of thy womb.
For corpse-like are we gone, our life is fled.
Thou art in Hades: of my days hath sped
The half amidst a doom
Of lamentation and weary sighs,
And of tears through the long nights poured
from mine eyes.
Spouseless,—behold me!—and childless aye,
Am I wasting a desolate life away.

CHORUS

Look, maid Electra, who art at his side,
Lest this thy brother unawares have died.
So utter-nerveless, stirless, likes me not.

ORESTES (waking)

Dear spell of sleep, assuager of disease,
How sweet thou cam'st to me in sorest need!
O sovereign pain-oblivion, ah, how wise
A Goddess!—by the woe-worn how invoked!
Whence came I hitherward?—how found this place?
For I forget: past thoughts are blotted out.

ELECTRA

Belov'd, how thy sleeping made me glad!
Wouldst have me clasp thee, and uplift thy frame?

ORESTES

Take, O yea, take me: from mine anguished lips
Wipe thou the clotted foam, and from mine eyes.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ίδοι· τὸ δούλευμι ἤδυ, κούκ ἀνάϊνομαι ἄδελφι ἄδελφῇ χειρὶ θεραπεύειν μέλη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὑπὸβαλε πλευρῶς πλευρά, καῦχωδη κόμην ἁφελε προσώπον· λεπτὰ γὰρ λεύσω κόραις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ βοστρύχων πιωδές ἀθλιον κάρα, ως ἡγριωσαι διὰ μακρὰς ἀλουσίας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κλίνον μ᾽· ἐς εὐνὴν αὐθίς· ὅταν ἀνὴ νόσος μανιᾶς, ἀναρθρός εἰμι κάσθενῶ μέλη.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ίδοι. φίλον τοι τῷ νοσοῦντι δέμνοιν, ἀνιαρὸν δι τὸ κτῆμι, ἀναγκαῖον δ᾽ ὄμως.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αὖθις μ᾽ ἐς ὁρθὸν στήσον, ἀνακύκλει δέμας· δυσάρεστον οἱ νοσοῦντες ἀπορίας ὑπο.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἡ κατί γαῖας ἀρμόσαι πόδας θέλεις, χρόνιον ἵχνος θείς; μεταβολὴ πάντων γλυκὺ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μάλιστα· δόξαν γὰρ τὸν ὑγείας ἔχει. κρείσσον δὲ τὸ δοκείν, κἀν ἀληθείας ἄπῃ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀκουε δὴ νῦν, ὃ κασίγμην τοι κάρα, ἕως ἐδώσι σ᾽ εὖ φρονεῖν Ἑρμύνες.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέξεις τι καινὸν ἐκεῖ, κεῖ μὲν εὑ, χάριν φέρεις· εἰ δ᾽ εἰς βλάβην τυπί, ἄλς ἔχω τοῦ δυστυχεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Μειέλαος ἦκει, σοῦ κασίγμητος πατρός, ἐν Ναυπλία δὲ σέλμαθ᾽ ὁρμισται νεῶν.
ORESTES

ELECTRA
Lo!—sweet the service is: nor I think scorn
With sister's hand to tend a brother's limbs.

ORESTES
Put 'neath my side thy side: the matted hair
Brush from my brow, for dimly see mine eyes.

ELECTRA
Ah hapless head of tresses all befouled,
How wildly tossed art thou, unwashed long!

ORESTES
Lay me again down. When the frenzy-throes
Leave me, unstung am I, strengthless of limb.

ELECTRA (lays him down)
Lo there. To sick ones welcome is the couch,
A place pain-haunted, and yet necessary.

ORESTES
Raise me once more upright: turn me about.
Hard are the sick to please, for helplessness.

ELECTRA
Wilt set thy feet upon the earth, and take
One step at last? Change is in all things sweet.

ORESTES
Yea, surely: this the semblance hath of health.
Better than nought is seeming, though unreal.

ELECTRA
Give ear unto me now, O brother mine,
While yet the Fiends unclouded leave thy brain.

ORESTES
News hast thou? Welcome this, so it be fair:
If to mine hurt, sorrow have I enow.

ELECTRA
Menelaus, thy sire's brother, home hath come:
In Nauplia his galleys anchored lie.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πώς είπας; ἢκει ϕῶς ἐμοῖς καὶ σοίς κακοῖς
ἀνὴρ ὀμογενῆς καὶ χάριτας ἔχων πατρός;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἲκε, τὸ πιστὸν τόδε λόγον ἐμῶν δέχου,
'Ελένην ἀγόμενος Τρωικῶν ἐκ τειχέων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ μόνος ἐσώθῃ, μᾶλλον ἂν ζηλωτὸς ἦν,
εἰ δ’ ἀλοχὸν ἀγεταί, κακὸν ἔχων ἢκεὶ μέγα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐπίσημον ἔτεκε Τυνδάρεως εἰς τὸν ψόγον
γένος θυγατέρων δυσκλεές τ’ ἂν ‘Ελλάδα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σὺ νυν διάφερε τῶν κακῶν· ἐξεστὶ γάρ·
καὶ μὴ μόνον λέγ’, ἀλλὰ καὶ φρόνει τάδε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἶμοι, κασίγνητ’, ὅμμα σοῦ ταράσσεται,
ταχὺς δὲ μετέθου λύσσαν, ἄρτι σωφρονῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ μῆτερ, ἰκετεύω σε, μὴ πίσειε μοι
tὰς αἰματωποὺς καὶ δρακουτώδεις κόρας.
αὐταί γὰρ αὐταὶ πλησίον θρόσκουσί μοι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μέν’, ὁ ταλαίπωρ’, ἀπρέμα σοῖς ἐν δεμνίοις·
ὅρας γὰρ οὕδεν ὁν δοκεῖς σάφ’ εἰδέναι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ Φοῖβ’, ἀποκτενοῦσί μ’ αἰ κυνωπίδες
γοργόπτες ἐνέρων ἱερίαι, δειναὶ θεαί.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐτοὶ μεθήσοι· χειρὰ δ’ ἐμπλέξασ’ ἐμὴν
σχῆσω σε πηδάν δυστυχή πηδήματα.
ORESTES

ORESTES
How say'st? Comes he a light on thy woes risen
And mine, our kinsman, and our father's debtor?

ELECTRA
He comes. Receive for surety of my words
This—he brings Helen from the walls of Troy.

ORESTES
More blest he were had he escaped alone:
Sore bane he bringeth, if he bring his wife.

ELECTRA
As beacons of reproach and infamy
Through Hellas, were the daughters Tyndareus's gat. 250

ORESTES (with sudden fury)
Be thou not like the vile ones!—this thou mayst—
Not in word only, but in inmost thought!

ELECTRA
Woe's me, my brother! Wildly rolls thine eye:
Swift changest thou to madness, sane but now!

ORESTES
Mother!—'beseech thee, hark not thou on me
Yon maidens gory-eyed and snaky-haired!
Lo there!—lo there! They are nigh; they leap on me!

ELECTRA
Stay, hapless one, unshuddering on thy couch:
Nought of thy vivid vision seest thou.

ORESTES
Ah, Phoebus!—they shall slay me—hound-faced
fiends,
Goddesses dread, hell's gorgon-priestesses!

ELECTRA
I will not let thee go! My clasping arms
Shall hold thee from thy leap of misery.
ΟΡΕΧΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΧΤΗΣ
μέθες· μι' ούσα τῶν ἐμῶν Ἐρινών
μέσον μ' ὀχμάζεις, ὡς βάλης εἰς Τάρταρον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οἶ γώ τάλανα, τίν' ἐπικουρίαν λάβω,
ἐπεὶ τὸ θεῖον δυσμενές κεκτήμεθα;

ΟΡΕΧΤΗΣ
δῶς τόξα μοι κερουλκά, δόρα Δοξίου,
οἶς μ' εἰπ' Ἀπόλλων έξαμύνασθαι θεάς,
εἰ μ' ἐκφοβοίην μανιάσσων λυσσήμαιν.
βεβλήσεται τις θεών βροτησία χερί,
εἰ μὴ ξαμείψει χωρίς ὀμμάτων ἐμῶν.
οὐκ εἰσακουεῖ· οὐχ ὀράθ' ἐκηθολῶν
τόξων πτερωτὰς γλυφίδας ἐξορμωμένας;
ἀ ᾧ
τί δήτα μέλλετ'; ἐξακρίζετ' αἰθέρα
πτεροῖς· τὰ Φοίβου δ' αἰτιᾶσθε θέσφατα.

新三板
τί χρημ' ἀλών, πνεῦμ' ἀνείς ἐκ πνευμόνων;
ποι ποῖ ποθ' ἠλάμεσθα δεμνίων ἀπό;
ἐκ κυμάτων γὰρ αὕθις αὐ γαλαγ' ὀρώ.

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σύγγνωσε, τί κλαίεις κράτα θεί' εἴσω πέτπλων;
ἀλαχύνομαι σοι μεταδίδους πόνων ἐμῶν,
ὄχλον τε παρέχων παρθένῳ νόσους ἐμαῖς.
μὴ τῶν ἐμῶν ἑκατι συντήκου κακῶν
σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἔπενενσας τάδ', εὑργασταί δ' ἐμοὶ
μητρῶν αἶμα· Δοξία δὲ μέμφομαι,
ὅστις μ' ἔπαρας ἔργον ἄνωσιότατον,
τοῖς μὲν λόγοις ἡφάρανε, τοῖς δ' ἔργοιςιν οὐ.
οἶμαι δὲ πατέρα τὸν ἐμόν, εἰ κατ' ὁμματα
ἐξιστόρουν νῦν, μητέρ' εἰ κτείναι με χρή,

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πολλάς γενείου τοῦδ' ἂν ἐκτείναι λιτᾶς
ORESTES

ORESTES
Unhand me!—of mine Haunting Fiends thou art—
Dost grip my waist to hurl me into hell!

ELECTRA
Ah hapless I! What succour can I win
Now we have gotten godhead to our foe?

ORESTES
Give me mine horn-tipped bow, even Loxias’ gift,
Wherewith Apollo bade drive back the fiends,
If with their frenzy of madness they should fright me.
A Goddess shall be smitten of mortal hand,
Except she vanish from before mine eyes.
Do ye not hear?—not see the feathered shafts
At point to leap from my far-smiting bow?
Ha! ha!—
Why tarry ye? Soar to the welkin’s height
On wings! There rail on Phoebus’ oracles!
Ah!
Why do I rave, hard-panting from my lungs?
Whither have I leapt, whither, from my couch?
For after storm once more a calm I see.
Sister, why weep’st thou, muffling o’er thine head?
Ashamed am I to make thee share my woes,
To afflict a maiden with my malady.
For mine affliction’s sake break not, dear heart.
Thou didst consent thereto, yet spilt of me
My mother’s blood was. Loxias I blame,
Who to a deed accursèd thrust me on,
And cheered me still with words, but not with deeds.
I trow, my father, had I face to face
Questioned him if I must my mother slay,
Had earnestly besought me by this beard
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μήποτε τεκούσης εἰς σφαγὰς ὅσαι ξίφος,
eἰ μὴ τ’ ἐκεῖνος ἀναλαβεῖν ἐμελλέ φῶς,
ἐγὼ θ’ ὁ τλήμων τοιάδ’ ἐκπλήσσειν καὶ
καὶ νῦν ἀνακάλυπτ’, ὦ καστίγνητον κάρα,
ἐκ δακρύων τ’ ἀπελθε, κεὶ μάλ’ ἄθλιως
ἐχομεν’ ὅταν δὲ τὰμ’ ἀθυμήσαντ’ ἰδης,
σὺ μου τὸ δεινὸν καὶ διαφθαρὲν φρενὸν
Ισχυαίω παραμυθοῦ θ’. ὅταν δὲ σὺ στένης,
هةμας παρόντας χρῆ σε νουθετεῖν φίλα
ἐπικουρίαι γὰρ αἰδὲ τοῖς φίλοις καλαί.
ἀλλ’, ὦ τάλαινα, βὰσα δωµατῶν ἐσον
ὕπνω τ’ ἀνπυον βλέφαρον ἐκταθείσα δός,
σιτόν τ’ ὀρεξα λυοτρά τ’ ἐπηβαλὼν χροτ.
eἰ γὰρ προλεῖψεις μ’, ἡ προσεδρίᾳ νοσουν
κτήσει τιν’ οἰχόµεσθα: σε γὰρ ἔχω μόνην
ἐπίκουρον, ἀλλων ως ὅρας ἔρηµοι ὁν.

ΗΔΕΚΤΑ

οὔκ ἔστι· σὺν σοι καὶ θανεῖν αἰρῆσομαι
καὶ ζην’ ἔχει γὰρ ταύτων ὅν συ κατθάνης,
γυνὴ τί δράσω; πῶς μόνη σωθήσομαι,
ἀνάδελφος ἀπάτωρ ἀφίλος; εἰ δὲ σοι δοκεῖ,
δραν χρῆ τάδ’. ἀλλὰ κλίνων εἰς εὐνήν δέμας,
καὶ μὴ τὸ ταρβοῦν κάκφοβον σ’ ἐκ δειμνίων
ἀγαν ἀποδέχον, μὲνε δ’ ἔπ’ στρωτον λέχονς.
καὶ μὴ νοσῆς γὰρ, ἀλλὰ δοξάζῃς νοσείν
κάματος βροτοίσιν ἀπορία τε γύγνεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαὶ,
δρομάδες ὁ πτεροφόροι
ποτινάδες θεαί,
ἀβάκχευτον αἰ θίασον ἐλάχετ’ ἐν
δάκρυσι καὶ γόοις,

ΣΤΡ.

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ORESTES

Never to thrust sword through my mother's heart,  
Since he should not win so to light again,  
And I, woe's me! should drain this cup of ills!  
Even now unveil thee, sister well-beloved;  
From tears refrain, how miserable soe'er  
We be; and, when thou seest me despair,  
Mine horror and the fainting of mine heart  
Assuage and comfort; and, when thou shalt moan,  
Must I be nigh thee, chiding lovingly;  
For friendship's glory is such helpfulness.  
Now, sorrow-stricken, pass within the house:  
Lay thee down, give thy sleepless eyelids sleep:  
Put to thy lips food, and thy body bathe.  
For if thou fail me, or of tireless watch  
Fall sick, I am lost, in thee alone have I  
Mine help, of others, as thou seest, forlorn.

ELECTRA

Never! With thee will I make choice of death  
Or life: it is all one; for, if thou die,  
What shall a woman do? how 'scape alone,  
Without friend, father, brother? Yet, if thou  
Wilt have it so, I must. But lay thee down,  
And heed not terrors overmuch, that scare  
Thee from thy couch, but on thy bed abide.  
For, though thy sickness be but of the brain,  
This is affliction, this despair, to men. [Exit.

CHORUS

Terrible Ones of the on-rushing feet,  
Of the pinions far-sailing,  
Through whose dance-revel, held where no Bacchanals meet,  
Ringeth weeping and wailing,
μελάγχρωτες Ἕλμενίδες, αἴτε τὸν
tαναῦν αἰθέρ᾽ ἀμπάλλεσθ᾽, αἴματος
tινύμεναι δίκαιοι, τινύμεναι φόνοιν,
καθικετεύομαι καθικετεύομαι,
tὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
γόνον ἕσσατ᾽ ἐκλαθέσθαι λύσσας
μανιάδος φοίταλέουν. φεῦ μόχθων,
οἴων, ὁ τάλας, ὄρεχθείς ἔρρεις,
τρίποδος ἀπὸ φάτων, ἄν ὁ Φοῖβος
ἐλακεν ἐλακε, δεξάμενος ἀνὰ δάπεδουν
ἳνα μεσόμφαλοι λέγονται μυχοί.

ὦ Ζεῦ,
tὶς ἔλεος, τὶς ὁδὴ ἁγῶν
φόνος ἔρχεται,
θοδέων σὲ τὸν μέλεον, φι δάκρυα
ἀνεῖν συμβάλλει
πορεύων τὶς εἰς δόμον ἀλαστόρων
ματέρος αἷμα σᾶς, ὁ σ᾽ ἀναβακχεύει;
κατολοφύρομαι κατολοφύρομαι.

ὁ μέγας ὄλβος ὦ μόνιμος ἐν βροτοῖς
ἀνὰ δὲ λαῖφος ὡς
tὶς ἀκάτον θοᾶς τινάξας δαίμων
κατέκλυσεν δευτὸν πόνων, ὡς ποντὸν
λάβροις ὀλθρίοισιν ἐν κύμαισιν.
τίνα γὰρ ἐτί πάρος οἶκον ἄλλον
ἐτερον ἢ τὸν ἀπὸ ἁθεγόνων γάμον
τὸν ἀπὸ Ταυτάλον σέβεσθαι μὲ χρῆ;
καὶ μὴν βασιλεὺς ὡδὲ δὴ στείχει,
Μενέλαος ἀναξ, πολὺ δ᾽ ἀβροσύνη
ὕλος ὅρασθαι
τῶν Ταυταλιδῶν ἐξ αἵματος ὃν.
ORESTES

Swart-hued Eumenides, wide 'neath the dome
Of the firmament soaring,
Avenging, avenging blood-guilt,—lo, I come,
Imploring, imploring!
To the son of Atreides vouchsafe to forget
His frenzy of raving.
Ah for the task to the woe-stricken set!
Ah ruinous craving
To accomplish the best of the Tripod, the word
That of Phoebus was uttered
At the navel of earth as thou stoodest, when stirred
The dim crypt as it muttered!

O Zeus, is there mercy? What struggle of doom (Ant.)
Cometh fraught with death-danger,
Thrusting thee onward, the wretched, on whom
The Erinny-s-avenger
Heapeth tears upon tears, and the blood hath she brought
Of thy mother upon thee [traught!
And thine house, that it driveth thee frenzy-dis-
I bemoan thee, bemoan thee!
Not among men doth fair fortune abide,
But, as sail tempest-riven,
Is it welmed in affliction's death-ravening tide
By the malice of heaven,—
Nay, abides not, for where shall I find me a line
Of more honour in story
Than Tantalus' house, from espousals divine
That traceth its glory?

But lo, hither cometh a prince, meseems—
Menelaus the king! for his vesture, that gleams
In splendour exceeding,
The blood of the Tantalid House reveals.
Ω χιλιόναυν στρατὸν ὀρμήσας
eἰς γῆν Ἀσίαν,
χαῖρ', εὐνυχία δ' αὐτὸς ὀμελεῖς,
θεόθεν πράξας ἀπερ ἡγχοῦ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁ δῶμα, τῇ μὲν σ' ἡδέως προσδέρκομαι
Τροίᾳθεν ἐλθὼν, τῇ δ' ἰδὼν καταστέων,
kύκλῳ γὰρ εἰλιξθείσαν ἄθλοις κακοῖς
οὐπώπτοτ' ἀλλήν μᾶλλον εἶδον ἔστιαν.

Ἀγαμέμνονος μὲν γὰρ τύχας ἡπιστάμην
καὶ θάνατον, οὐ̱ ρός δάμαρτος ὁλετο,
Μαλέα προσίσχων πρόβαταν' ἐκ δὲ κυμάτων
ὁ ναυτίλους μάντις ἑξῆγγιελε μοι.

Αἰθήρος προφήτης Γλαῦκος ἁγευκήθης θεός,
ὁ δ' οὐκ ὅτι εἶπεν ἐμφανῶς κατασταθεῖς:
Μενέλαις, κεῖται σὸς κασίγνητος θανόν,
λοντροῖσιν ἀλόχοι περιπεσόν ἀρκυστάτοις.¹

δακρύων δ' ἐπλησεν ἐμέ τε καὶ ναῦτας ἑμοὺς
πολλών. ἐπεὶ δὲ Ναυπλίας ἕνα χθονὸς

ἡδη δάμαρτος ἐνθάδ' ἐξορμομένης.

δοκών Ὀρέστην παίδα τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
φίλαισι χερσὶ περιβαλεἶν καὶ μητέρα,
ὡς εὐνυχοῦτας, ἔκλεψεν ἄλτυτον τινὸς
τῆς Τυνδαρείας θυγατρὸς ἀνόσιον φόνον.
καὶ νῦν ὅπου 'στιν εἶπατ', ὃ νεώνιδες,

Ἀγαμέμνονος παίς, ὅς τὰ δειν' ἐτήλη κακά.

βρέφος γὰρ ἴν τότ' ἐν Κλυταμνήστρας χερῶν,
ὅτ' ἐξελειπτον μέλαθρον εἰς Τροίαν ἰὼν,
ὡστ' οὐκ ἂν αὐτὸν γνωρίσαμ' ἂν εἰσιδών.

¹ Nauck: for παντατάτοις of MSs.
ORESTES

Hail, thou who didst sail with a thousand keels
Unto Asia speeding!
Hail to thee, dweller with fortune fair,
Who hast gained of the Gods' grace all thy prayer!

Enter Menelaus, with attendants.

MENELAUS

All hail, mine home! I see thee half with joy,
From Troy returned, and half with grief behold:
For never saw I other house ere this
So compassed round with toils of woeful ills.
For touching Agamemnon's fate I knew,
And by what death at his wife's hands he died,
When my prow touched at Malea: from the waves
The shipman's seer, the unerring God, the son
Of Nereus, Glaucus, made it known to me.
For full in view he rose, and cried to me:
"Thy brother, Menelaus, lieth dead,
Fall'n in the bath, the death-snare of his wife!" —
So filled me and my mariners with tears
Full many. As I touched the Nauplian land,
Even as my wife was hasting hitherward,
And looked to clasp dead Agamemnon's son
Orestes, and his mother, in loving arms,
As prospering yet, I heard a fisher tell
Of Tyndareus' daughter's murder heaven-accurst.
Now tell to me, ye damsels, where is he,
Agamemnon's son, who dared that awful deed?
A babe was he in Clytemnestra's arms,
When Troyward bound I went from mine halls forth:
Wherefore I should not know him, if I saw.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
380 ὁδ' εἰμ' Ὁρέστης, Μενέλαως, δυὶ στορεῖς.
ἐκὼν ἐγὼ σοι τὰμὰ σημανώ κακά.
τῶν σών δὲ γονάτων πρωτόλεια θυγγάνω
ικέτης, ἀφύλλους στόματος ἐξ' ἀπ'των λυτάς.
σῶσόν μ' ἀφίξαι δ' αὐτὸν εἰς καιρὸν κακῶν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὁ θεός, τί λεῦσσω; τίνα δέδορκα νερτέρων;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
εὖ γ' εἴπας; ὦ γὰρ ζῶ κακοῖς, φάος δ' ὅρῳ.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὡς ἡγρίωσαι πλόκαμον αὐχμηρόν, τάλας.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐχ ἡ πρόσοψις μ', ἀλλὰ τάργ' αἰκίζεται.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
δεινῶν δὲ λεύσσεις ὀμμάτων ξηραίς κόραις.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τὸ σῶμα φρούδουν. τὸ δ' ὄνομ' ὦ λέλουπτέ με.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὁ παρὰ λόγον μοι σῇ φανείσ', ἀμορφία.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὁδ' εἰμὶ μητρὸς τῆς ταλαιπώρου φονεύς.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἡκούσα· φείδου δ' ὀλυγάκως λέγειν κακά.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φειδόμεθ' ὦ δαίμων δ' εἰς με πλουσίος κακῶν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τί χρῆμα πάσχεις; τίς σ' ἀπόλλυσων νόσος;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡ σύνεσις, ὅτι σύνοιδα δείν' εἴργασμένος.
ORESTES

I am Orestes! This is he thou sekest.
Free-willed shall I declare to thee my woes:
Yet supplicant first for prelude clasp thy knees,
Linking to thee the leafless prayers of lips.¹
Save me: thou comest in my sorest need.

MENELAUS
Gods!—what see I? What ghost do I behold?

ORESTES
A ghost indeed—through woes a death-in-life!

MENELAUS
How wild thy matted locks are, hapless one!

ORESTES
Stern fact, not outward seeming, tortures me.

MENELAUS
Fearfully glarest thou with stony eyes!

ORESTES
My life is gone: my name alone is left.

MENELAUS
Ah visage marred past all imagining!

ORESTES
A hapless mother's murderer am I.

MENELAUS
I heard:—its horrors spare: thy words be few.

ORESTES
I spare. No horrors heaven spares to me!

MENELAUS
What aileth thee? What sickness ruineth thee?

ORESTES
Conscience!—to know I have wrought a fearful deed.

¹ Suppliants to a God brought leafy boughs, which they laid on his altar, linking themselves thereto by woollen fillets.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πῶς φῆς; σοφὸν τοι τὸ σαφές, οὐ τὸ μὴ σαφές.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λύπη μάλιστά γ’ ἡ διαφθείρουσά με,
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
dεινὴ γὰρ ἡ θεός, ἀλλ’ ὡμοὶ ἱάσιμος.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
400 μανία τε, µητρὸς αἴµατος τιµωρίαι.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ηρξὼ δὲ λύσσης πότε; τίς ἡ μέρα τὸτ’ ἂν;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
eν ἡ τάλαιναν μητέρ’ ἐξώγκουν τάφῳ.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πότερα κατ’ οἶκους ἡ προσεδρεύων πυρὰ;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
νυκτὸς φυλάσσων ὁστέων ἀναίρεσιν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
παρὴν τις ἄλλος, ὃς σὸν ἀφθενεν δέμας;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
Πυλάδης, ὁ συνδρῶν αἶµα καὶ µητρὸς φόνου.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
fantasmatων δὲ τάδε νοσεῖς ποίων ὑπὸ;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐδοξί ἰδεῖν τρεῖς νυκτὶ προσφερεῖς κόρας.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οἶδ’ ἂς ἔλεξας, ὄνομάσαι δ’ οὐ βούλομαι.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
410 σεµναὶ γὰρ, εὑπαίδευτα δ’ ἀποτρέπει λέγειν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
αὕται σε βακχεύουσι συγγενεῖ φόνῳ;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐµοι διωγµῶν, οἶς ἐλαύνοµαι τάλας.
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ORESTES

MENELAUS

How mean'st thou? Clear is wisdom, not obscure.

ORESTES

Grief most of all is that which wasteth me,—

MENELAUS

Dread Goddess she: yet is there cure for her.

ORESTES

And Madness, vengeance for a mother's blood.

MENELAUS

And when began thy madness? What the day?

ORESTES

Whereon I heaped my wretched mother's grave.

MENELAUS

At home, or as thou watchest by the pyre?

ORESTES

In that night-watch for gathering of the bones.

MENELAUS

Was any by, to raise thy body up?

ORESTES

Pyladés, sharer in my mother's blood.

MENELAUS

And by what phantom-shapes thus art thou plagued?

ORESTES

Methought I saw three maidens like to night.

MENELAUS

I know of whom thou speak'st, but will not name.

ORESTES

They are Dread Ones: wise art thou to name them not.

MENELAUS

Do these by blood of kindred madden thee?

ORESTES

Woe for their haunting feet that dog me aye!
ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οῦ δεινὰ πᾶσχειν δεινὰ τοὺς εἰργασμένους.

ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ
ἀλλ’ ἔστιν ἡμῖν ἀναφορὰ τῆς ξυμφορᾶς—
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
μὴ θάνατον εἴπης· τούτο μὲν γὰρ οὐ σοφὸν.

ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ
Φοῖβος, κελεύσας μητρὸς ἐκπράξαι φόνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀμαθέστερός γ’ διν τοῦ καλοῦ καὶ τῆς δίκης.

ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ
dουλεύομεν θεοῖς, ὅ τι ποτ’ εἰσὶν οἱ θεοὶ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
κατ’ οὖκ ἀμένει Δοξίας τοῖς σοῖς κακοῖς;

ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ
μέλλει· τὸ θεῖον δ’ ἐστὶ τοιοῦτον φύσει.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πόσον χρόνον δὲ μητρὸς οὔχονται πνεαί;

ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ
ἐκτὸν τὸδ’ ἡμαρ. ἔτι πυρὰ θερμῇ τάφου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὡς ταχὺ μετήλθον σ’ αἶμα μητέρος θεαῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ
οὐ σοφὸς, ἀληθῆς δ’ εἰς φίλους ἐφυν φίλος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
πατρὸς δὲ δὴ τὶ σ’ ωφελεῖ τιμωρία;

ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ
οὔπω· τὸ μέλλον δ’ ἵσον ἀπραξία λέγω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τὰ πρὸς πόλιν δὲ πῶς ἔχεις δράσας τάδε;

ΟΡΕΣΣΘΗΣ
μισούμεθ’ οὕτως ὡστε μὴ προσενεπεῖν.
ORESTES

MENELAUS
For dread deeds sufferings dread—not strange is this.
ORESTES
Yet can I cast my burden of affliction—
MENELAUS
Nay, speak not thou of death!—not wise were this.
ORESTES
On Phoebus, who bade spill my mother’s blood.
MENELAUS
Sore lack was his of justice and of right!
ORESTES
The God’s thralls are we—whatsoe’er gods be.
MENELAUS
And doth not Loxias shield thee in thine ills?
ORESTES
He tarrieth long—such is the Gods’ wont still.
MENELAUS
How long since passed thy mother’s breath away.
ORESTES
The sixth day this: the death-pyre yet is warm.
MENELAUS
“Gods tarry long!”—not long they tarried, these.
ORESTES
Not subtle am I, but loyal friend to friend.
MENELAUS
Thy sire’s avenging—doth it aught avail thee?
ORESTES
Naught yet:—delay I count as deedlessness.
MENELAUS
And Argos—how on thy deed looketh she?
ORESTES
I am hated so, that none will speak to me.

VOL. II.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐδ' ἤγνισαι σὸν αἴμα κατὰ νόμον χεροῖν;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐκκλήσομαι γὰρ δωμάτων ὄπη μόλω.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
tίνες πολιτῶν ἐξαμιλλώνται σὲ γῆς;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
Οἰαξ, τὸ Τροίας μῖσος ἀναφέρων πατρί.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ξυνήκα. Παλαμήδους σὲ τιμωρεῖ φόνου.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐ γ' οὐ μετήν μοι. διὰ τριῶν Ὀ ἀπόλλυμαι.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
tίς δ' ἄλλος; ἣ που τῶν ἀπ' Ἀιγίσθου φίλων;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὕτω μ' ἱβρίζουσ', ὡν πόλεις ταῦτα κλύει.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
Ἀγαμέμνονος δὲ σκῆπτρ' ἔα σ' ἔχειν πόλις;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πῶς, οὕτως ξηρ' οὐκ ἔως' ἡμᾶς ἐτὶ;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
tὶ δρῶντες δ' τι καὶ σαφὲς ἔχεις εἰπεῖν ἐμόι;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ψῆφος καθ' ἡμῶν οἴςεται τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
φεύγειν πόλιν τήνδ', ἢ θανεῖν, ἢ μὴ θανεῖν;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
θανεῖν ὑπ' ἀστῶν λευσίμωρ πετρώματι.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
κατ' οὐχὶ φεύγεις γῆς ὑπερβαλῶν ὄρους;

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ORESTES

MENELAUS
Cleansed are thine hands, as bids the law, from blood?

ORESTES
Nay: barred are all doors whereto I draw nigh.¹

MENELAUS
Who of the citizens would banish thee?

ORESTES
Oiax, for Troy-born hate against my sire.

MENELAUS
Ay so—to avenge Palamedes' blood on thee.

ORESTES
Not shed by me. I am trebly overmatched.

MENELAUS
What other foe? Some of Aegisthus' friends?

ORESTES
Yea, these insult me: Argos hears them now.

MENELAUS
Doth Argos let thee keep thy father's sceptre?

ORESTES
How should they, who no more would let me live?

MENELAUS
What do they which thou canst for certain tell?

ORESTES
This day shall they pass sentence on my fate.

MENELAUS
For exile, death, or other doom than death?

ORESTES
To die by stoning at the people's hands.

MENELAUS
Why flee not o'er the confines of the land?

¹ Purification must be performed in some unpolluted house.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κύκλω ἡδρ εἰλισσόμεθα παγχάλκεοις ὀπλοῖς.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ιδία πρὸς ἔχθρῶν ἢ πρὸς Ἀργείας χερός;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πάντων πρὸς ἀστῶν, ὡς θάνω βραχὺς λόγος.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ὅ μέλεος, ἥκεις ξυμφορᾶς εἰς τοῦσχατον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰς σ᾿ ἐλπὶς ἡ μὴ καταφυγᾶς ἔχει κακῶν.

ἀλλ᾿ ἄθλως πράσσουσιν εὐτυχῆς μολὼν

μετάδος φίλους σοίσι σῆς εὐπραξίαν,

καὶ μὴ μόνος τὸ χρηστὸν ἀπολαβῶν ἔχε,

ἀλλ᾿ ἀντιλάζου καὶ πόνων ἐν τῷ μέρει,

χάριτας πατρῴας ἐκτίνων ἐς οὐς σε δεῖ.

όνομα γάρ, ἔργον δ᾿ οὐκ ἔχουσιν οἱ φίλοι

οἱ μὴ πι ταῖσι συμφορᾶς ὄντες φίλοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν γέροντι δεύρ᾿ ἀμβλαται ποδὶ

ὁ Σπαρτῶτις Τυνδάρεως, μελάμπτης

κουρᾶ τε θυγατρὸς πενθίμῳ κεκαρμένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀπαλῶμην, Μενέλαιε. Τυνδάρεως ὅδε

στείχει πρὸς ἡμᾶς, οὐ μάλιστ᾿ αἰδῶς μ᾿ ἔχει

εἰς ὁματ ἐδείχεν τοῦσιν ἐξειργασμένους.

καὶ γὰρ μ᾿ ἔθερψε μικρὸν ὄντα, πολλὰ δὲ

φιλήματ᾿ ἐξεπλήσσε, τον Ἀγαμέμνονος

παῖδ᾿ ἀγκάλαισι περιφέρων, Λήδα θ᾿ ἄμα,

τιμῶντε μ᾿ οὐδὲν ἤσσουν ἢ Διοσκόρῳ

οἷς, ὡ τάλαινα καρδία ψυχῆς τ᾿ ἐμῆ,
ORESTES

ORESTES
I am in the toils, ringed round by brazen arms.

MENELAUS
Of private foes, or of all Argos' power?

ORESTES
Of all the folk, that I may die;—soon said.

MENELAUS
Hapless! Misfortune's deepest depth thou hast reached!

ORESTES
In thee mine hope hath refuge yet from ills.
Thou com'st to folk in misery, prosperous thou:
Give thy friends share of thy prosperity,
And not for self keep back thine happiness,
But bear a part in suffering in thy turn:
Requite, to whom thou ow'st, my father's boon.
The name of friendship have they, not the truth,
The friends that in misfortune are not friends.

CHORUS
Lo, hither straineth on with aged feet
The Spartan Tyndareus, in vesture black,
His hair, in mourning for his daughter, shorn.

ORESTES
Undone, Menelaus!—hither Tyndareus
Draws nigh me, whose eye most of all I shun
To meet, by reason of the deed I wrought.
He fostered me a babe, and many a kiss
Lavished upon me, dandling in his arms
Agamemnon's son, with Leda at his side,
No less than those Twin Brethren honouring me.
To them—O wretched heart and soul of mine!—
ОРΕΧΤΗΣ

ἀπέδωκ’ ἀμοιβὰς οὐ καλάς. τίνα σκότον λάβω προσώπωρ; πούν ἐπίπροσθεν νέφος θώμαι, γέροντος ὀμμάτων φεύγων κόρας;

ΤΙΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

ποῦ ποῦ θυγατρός τῆς ἐμῆς ὕδω πόσιν, Μενέλαοι; ἐπὶ γὰρ τῷ Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφῳ χοᾶς χεόμενος ἐκλυνὼν ὡς εἰς Ναυπλίαν ἦκοι σὺν ἀλόχῳ πολυετῆς σεσωσμένος. ἀγετέ με· πρὸς γὰρ δεξίαν αὐτοῦ θέλω στὰς ἀσπάσασθαι, χρόνοις εἰσίδων φίλον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁ πρέσβυ, χαῖρε, Ζηνὸς ὁμόλεκτρον κάρα.

ΤΙΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

ὁ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, Μενέλεως, κήδευμ’ ἐμόν. ἔα· τὸ μέλλον ὡς κακὸν τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι. ὁ μητροφόντης ὡδὲ πρὸ δωμάτων δράκων στίλβει νοσώδεις ἀστραπάς, στύγημ’ ἐμόν. Μενέλαε, προσφθέγγει νῦν ἀνόσιον κάρα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί γὰρ; φίλον μοι πατρός ἐστιν ἐκγενός.

ΤΙΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

κείνον γὰρ ὡδὲ πέφυκε, τοιοῦτος γεγώς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέφυκεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχεῖ, τιμητέος.

ΤΙΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

βεβαρβάρωσαι, χρόνιος ὃν ἐν βαρβάροις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἐλληνικόν τοι τὸν ὅμοθεν τιμᾶν ἄει.

ΤΙΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

καὶ τῶν νόμων γε μὴ πρῶτερον εἶναι θέλειν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πᾶν τοὺς ἀνάγκης δοῦλον ἐστ’ ἐν τοῖς σοφοῖς.

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ORESTES

I have rendered foul return! What veil of gloom
Can I take for my face?—before me spread
What cloud, to shun the old man's searching eye?

Enter Tyndareus.

Tyndareus

Where, where shall I behold my daughter's lord
Menelaus? Upon Clytemnestra's tomb
Pouring libations, heard I he had won
After long years to Nauplia with his wife.
Lead me: at his right hand I fain would stand,
And greet a loved one after long space seen.

Menelaus

Hail, ancient, sharer in the couch of Zeus!

Tyndareus

Hail thou too, Menelaus, kinsman mine!—
Ha, what a curse is blindness to the future!
Yon serpent matricide before the halls
Gleams venom-lightnings, he whom I abhor!
Menelaus, speakest thou to the accurst?

Menelaus

Why not? He is son to one beloved of me.

Tyndareus

That hero's son he!—such a wretch as he!

Menelaus

His son. If hapless, worthy honour still.

Tyndareus

Thou hast grown barbarian, midst barbarians long.

Menelaus

Greek is it still to honour kindred blood.

Tyndareus

Yea, and to wish not to o'erride the laws.

Menelaus

Fate's victims are Fate's thralls in wise men's eyes.

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ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΤΤΙΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ
κέκτησό νυν σὺ τοῦτ’, ἐγὼ δ’ οὐ κτήσομαι.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὁργῇ γὰρ ἀμα σου καὶ τὸ γῆρας οὐ σοφὸν.

ΤΤΙΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ
πρὸς τὸν άγών ἀν τὶ σοφίας εἴη πέρι;
εἰ τὰ καλὰ πάσι φανερὰ καὶ τὰ μὴ καλὰ,
τούτου τὶς ἀνδρῶν ἐγένετ’ ἀσυνετώτερος,
ὅστις τὸ μὲν δίκαιον οὐκ ἐσκέψατο,
οὐδ’ ἤλθεν ἐπὶ τὸν κοινὸν Ἑλλήνων νόμον;
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἐξέπνευσεν Ἀγαμέμνον βίον
πληγεὶς θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπὲρ κάρα,
αἰσχυστὸν ἔργον, οὐ γὰρ αἰνέσω ποτὲ,
χρῆν αὐτὸν ἐπιθείναι μὲν αἵματος δίκην
οὐσίαν διώκοντ’, ἐκβαλείν τε δωμάτων
μητέρα· τὸ σῶφρον τ’ ἔλαβεν ἀντὶ συμφορᾶς,
καὶ τοῦ νόμου τ’ ἀν εἰχεῖ εὐσεβῆς τ’ ἀν ἦν.
νῦν δ’ εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον ἤλθε μητέρι
κακὴν γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐνδίκως ἠγούμενος,
αὐτὸς κακῶν γέγονε μητέρα κτανών.
ἐρήσομαι δὲ, Μενέλαος, τοσόνδε σε·
εἰ τὸν ἀποκτείνειν ὠμόλεκτρος γυνή,
χῶ τούδε παῖς αὗ μητέρ’ ἀνταποκτενεῖ,
κάπειθ’ ο’ κεῖνον γενόμενος φῶνοι φόνον
λύσει, πέρας δὴ ποῖ κακῶν προβήσεται;
καλῶς ἔθεντο ταῦτα πατέρες οἳ πάλαι,
εἰς ὀμμάτων μὲν ὁψιν οὐκ εἰσὶν περᾶν,
οὔδ’ εἰς ἀπάντημ’ ὡστὶς αἶμ’ ἔχων κυρεῖ,
φυγαῖσι δ’ ὀσιοῦν, ἀνταποκτείνειν δὲ μῆ.
ἀεὶ γὰρ εἰς ἐμελλ’ ἐνέξεσθαι φῶνοι,
τὸ λοισθιόν μίας ἡμαμβάνου χερῶν.
ἐγὼ δὲ μισῶ μὲν γυναικὰς ἄνοσίονς,
ORESTES

TYNDAREUS
Hold thou by that: not I will hold thereby.

MENELAUS
Thy rage with grey hairs joined makes not for wisdom. 490

TYNDAREUS
Debate of wisdom—what is that to him?
If right and wrong be manifest to all,
What man was ever more unwise than this,
He who on justice never turned an eye,
Nor to the common law of Greeks appealed?
When Agamemnon yielded up the ghost,
His head in sunder by my daughter cleft,—
A deed most foul, which ne’er will I commend,—
He ought to have impleaded her for blood
In lawful vengeance, and cast forth the home,
So from disaster had won wisdom’s fame,
Had held by law, and by the fear of God.
But now, he but partakes his mother’s curse;
For, rightfully accounting her as vile,
Viler himself is made by matricide.

But this, Menelaus, will I ask of thee:—
If of his wedded wife this man were slain,
And his son in revenge his mother slay,
And his son blood with blood requite thereafter,
Where shall the limit of the horror lie?
Well did our ancient fathers thus ordain:
Whoso was stained with blood, they suffered not
To come before their eyes, to cross their path—
"By exile justify, not blood for blood."
Else one had aye been liable to death
Still taking the last blood-guilt on his hands.

For me, sooth, wicked women I abhor,
ΟΡΕΣΘΗΣ

πρώτην δὲ θυγατέρ', ἢ πόσιν κατέκτανεν. Ἐλέγην τε τὴν σὴν ἀλογον οὔποτ' αἰνέσων οὐδ' ἄν προσεῖπομ' οὖδὲ σὲ ξηλῶ, κακὴς γυναικὸς ἐλθονθ' εἶνεκ' εἰς Τροίας πέδουν. ἀμυνὼ δ' ὄσονπερ δυνατὸς εἰμ' τῷ νόμῳ, τὸ θηρώδες τούτο καὶ μαυρόν παῦων, ὃ καὶ γῆν καὶ πόλεις ὀλλυν' ἀεί. ἐπεὶ τίν' εἶχες, ὃ τάλας, ψυχὴν τότε ὅτ' ἐξέβαλε μαστὸν ἵκετεύοντα σε μήτηρ; ἔγω μὲν οὐκ ἰδὼν τάκεἰ κακά, δακρύοις γέροντ' ὄφθαλμον ἐκτήκω τάλας. ἐν δ' οὖν λόγους τοῖς ἐμοῖς ὀμορροθεί. 

530 μυσεῖ γε πρὸς θεῶν καὶ τίνες μπτρὸς δίκας, μανίας ἀλάνων καὶ φόβους. τὶ μαρτύρων ἄλλων ἀκούειν δεῖ μ', ἢ γ' εἰσοραν πάρα; ὥς οὖν ἄν εἰδῆς, Μενέλεως, τούσιν θεοῖς μὴ πρᾶσσε' ἐναντί', ὡφελεῖν τούτον θέλων, ἔσαι δ' ὑπ' ἀστῶν καταφυεύθηναι πέτρους, ἡ μὴ πίβαινε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονὸς. 

θυγάτηρ δ' ἐμὴ θαυμάσιον ἐπραξεν ἐνδικα· ἀλλ' οὐχὶ πρὸς τοῦτο εἰκὸς ἢ αὐτὴν θανεῖν. 

540 ἐγὼ δὲ τάλλα μακάριος πέφυκ' ἀνήρ, πλὴν εἰς θυγατέρας· τούτο δ' οὖν εὐδαιμονῶ. 

ΧΩΡΟΣ

ξηλωτὸς ὅστις οὐτύχησεν εἰς τέκνα καὶ μὴ πιστήμους συμφορὰς ἐκτήσατο.

ΟΡΕΣΘΗΣ

ὁ γέρον, ἐγὼ τοι πρὸς σὲ δειμαίνω λέγειν, ὧποι γε μέλλω σὴν τι λυπήσειν φρένα. 

548 ἀπελθέτω δή τοῖς λόγοισιν ἐκποδῶν 

549 τὸ γῆρας ἦμιν τὸ σὸν, ὃ μ' ἐκπλήσσει λόγου, 

550 καὶ καθ' ὁδὸν εἰμι· νῦν δὲ σὴν ταρβῶ τρίχα.
ORESTES

My daughter most of all, who slew her lord.
Helen thy wife shall have no praise of mine:
I will not speak to her; nor envy thee
Thy journeying unto Troy for such vile wife.
But, all I can, will I stand up for Law,
To quell this brute in man, this murder-thirst,
Which evermore destroyeth lands and towns.

What heart hadst thou, O miscreant, in that hour
When suppliant unto thee thy mother bared
Her breast? I, who saw not the horrors there,
Yet drown, ah me! mine aged eyes with tears.
One thing, in any wise, attests my words—
Thou art loathed of Gods, punished for matricide
By terrors and mad ravings. Where is need
For other witness of things plain to see?
Be warned then, Menelaus: strive not thou
Against the Gods, being fain to help this man.
Leave him to die by stoning of the folk,
Or never set thou foot on Spartan ground.
Dying, my daughter paid but justice' debt;
Yet it beseemed not him to deal her death.
I in all else have been a happy man
Save in my daughters: herein most ill-starred.

CHORUS

Well fares he who is in his children blest,
And hath not won misfortune world-renowned.

ORESTES

Ancient, I fear to make defence to thee,
Wherein I cannot but offend thy soul.
Let thine old age, which overawes my tongue,
Untrammelled leave the path of my defence,
And I will on, who fear thy grey hairs now.
ΟΡΕΞΤΗΣ

546 ἐγὼδ', ἀνόσιός εἰμι μητέρα κτανών,
547 δοσιος δὲ γ' ἔτερου ὄνομα, τιμωρῶν πατρί.
551 τι χρήν με δράσαι; δύο γὰρ ἀντίθεσις λόγω
πατήρ μὲν ἐφύτευσέν με, σῇ δ' ἐτικτε παῖς,
τὸ σπέρμα ἄρουρα παραλαβόοι ἄλλου πάρα
ἀνευ δὲ πατρὸς τέκνον οὐκ εἶν ποτ' ἂν.
ἐλογισάμην οὖν τῷ γένους ἀρχηγήτη
μᾶλλον μ' ἀμύναι τῆς ὑποστάσεσ τροφάς
ἡ σῇ δὲ θυγάτηρ, μητέρ' αἰδούμαι λέγειν,
ιδίωσιν ὑμεναίοις κοὐχὶ σώφροσι
εἰς ἀνδρὸς χείλεσ' ἐμαυτόν, ἦν λέγω
κακῶς εἰκεῖν, ἐξερο' λέξῳ δ' ὅμοις.
560 Ἀιχίσιθος ἦν ὁ κρυπτὸς ἐν δόμοις πόσις.
τοῦτον κατέκτεω', ἐπὶ δ' ἐθυσα μητέρα,
ἀνόσια μὲν δρόων, ἀλλὰ τιμωρῶν πατρί.
ἔφ' οἷς δ' ἀπειλεῖς ὃς πετροθήνατι μὲ χρή,
ἀκουσόν ὃς ἄπασαν 'Ελλάδ' ωφελώ.
εἰ γὰρ γυναῖκες εἰς τόδ' ἦξουσιν βράσους,
ἀνδρας φονεύειν, καταφυγάς ποιοῦμεναι
εἰς τέκνα, μαστοῖς τὸν ἔλεον θηρώμεναι,
παρ' οὐδὲν αὐταῖς ἦν ἄν ὀλλύναι πόσεις
ἔπικλημ' ἐχοῦσαις δ' τι τύχοι. δράσας δ' ἐγὼ
δείν', ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς, τόνδ' ἐπαυσά τὸν νόμον.
μυσών δὲ μητέρ' ἐνδικώς ἀπώλεσα,
570 ἦτοι μεθ' ὅπλων ἀνδρ' ἀπόντι ἐκ δωμάτων
πάσης ὑπὲρ ὃς 'Ελλάδος στρατηλάτην
προδώσκει κοῦς ἐσωτ' ἀκήρατον λέχος·
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀμαρτοῦσ' ᾤσθητ', ὡς αὐτή δῖκην
ἐπεθηκεν, ἀλλ' ὡς μὴ δίκην δοίη πόσει,
ἐξημώσε πατέρα κατέκτειν' ἐμοί.
πρὸς θεῶν, ἐν οὐ καλῶ μὲν ἐμνήσθην θεῶν,
φόνον δικάζων, εἰ δὲ δὴ τὰ μητέρος

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ORESTES

I know me guilt-stained with a mother's death,
Yet pure herein, that I avenged my sire. 550
What ought I to have done? Let plea face plea:
My sire begat, thy child but gave me birth—
The field that from the sower received the seed;
Without the father, might no offspring be.
I reasoned then—better defend my source
Of life, than her that did but foster me.
Thy daughter—I take shame to call her mother—
In lawless and in wanton dalliance
Sought to a lover;—mine own shame I speak
In telling hers, yet will I utter it:—
Aegisthus was that secret paramour.
I slew him and my mother on one altar—
Sinning, yet taking vengeance for my sire.

Hear how, in that for which thou threatenest doom
Of stoning, I to all Greece rendered service:
If wives to this bold recklessness shall come,
To slay their husbands, and find refuge then
With sons, entrapping pity with bared breasts,
Then shall they count it nought to slay their lords,
On whatsoever plea may chance. By deeds of horror— 570
As thy large utterance is—I abolished Law:
No, but in lawful hate I slew my mother,
Who, when her lord was warring far from home,
Chief of our armies, for all Hellas' sake,
Betrayed him, kept his couch not undefiled.
When her sin found her out, she punished not Herself, but, lest her lord should punish her,
Wreaked on my father chastisement, and slew.
By Heaven!—ill time, I grant, to call on Heaven,
Defending murder,—had I justified 580
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

συγῶν ἐπήμουν, τί μ᾽ ἄν ἔδρασ᾽ ὁ καθανόν;  
οὐκ ἂν με μισῶν ἀνεχόρευεν Ἐρινύσων;  
ἡ μητρὶ μὲν πάρεισι σύμμαχοι θεαί,  
tὸ δ᾽ οὐ πάρεισι μᾶλλον ἡδικημένῳ;  
σύ τοι φυτεύσας θυγατέρ', ὦ γέρον, κακὴν  
ἀπώλεσάς με· διὰ τὸ γὰρ κείμης θράσος  
pατρὸς στερηθεῖς, ἐγενόμην μητροκτόνος.  
ὅρας; Ὁ δυσσέως ἄλοχον οὐ κατέκτανε  
Τηλέμαχος· οὐ γὰρ ἐπεγάμει πόσει πόσιν,  
μένει ὤ ἐν οὐκοις ὑγιεῖς εὐνατήριον.  
ὁρας; Ἀπόλλων δὲ μεσομφάλους ἔδρασ  
νάϊων βροτοῖσι στόμα νέμει σαφέστατον,  
ὁ πειθόμεσθα πάνθ᾽ ὦς ἂν κείνος λέγη,  
tούτῳ πιθόμενος τὴν τεκούσαν ἔκτανον.  
ἐκεῖνον ἥγεισθ᾽ ἀνόσιον καὶ κτείνετε·  
ἐκείνος ἦμαρτ', οὐκ ἐγώ· τί χρῆν με δρᾶν;  
ἡ οὐκ ἀξίοχρεως ὁ θέας ἀναφέρωντί μοι.  
μίασμα λύσαι; ποί τις οὐν ἔτ᾽ ἂν φύγοι,  
eἰ μὴ ὁ κελεύσας βύστεια με μὴ θανεῖν;  
ἤλλ᾽ ὡς μὲν οὐκ εὐ μὴ λέγῃ εἰργασται τάδε,  
ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς δράσασιν οὐκ εὐδαιμόνως.  
γάμοι δ᾽ ὅσις μὲν εὖ καθεστάσιν βροτῶν,  
μακάριος αἰών ὁς δὲ μὴ πίπτουσιν εὖ,  
tά τ᾽ ἐνδον εἰς τὰ τε θύραξ δύστυχεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἲ δὲ γυναῖκες ἐμποδῶν ταῖς συμφοραῖς  
ἔφυσαν ἀνδρῶν πρὸς τὸ δυστυχέστερον.

ΤΥΣΙΑΡΕΩΣ

ἔτει θρασύνει κοὐχ ὑποστέλλει λόγῳ,  
οὔτω δ᾽ ἀμείβει μὲ ὅστε μ᾽ ἀλγήσαι φρένα,  
mᾶλλον μ᾽ ἀνάψεις ἐπὶ σὸν ἐξελθεῖν φόνοιν  
καλὸν πάρεργου δ᾽ αὐτὸ θήσομαι πόνων.
ORESTES

Her deeds by silence, what had the dead done?
Had not his hate’s Erinyes haunted me?
Or on the mother’s side fight Goddesses,
And none on his who suffered deeper wrong?
Thou, ancient, in begetting a vile daughter,
Didst ruin me; for, through her recklessness
Unfathered, I became a matricide.
Mark this—Odysseus’ wife Telemachus
Slew not; she took no spouse while lived her
lord,
But pure her couch abideth in her halls.
Mark this—Apollo at earth’s navel-throne
Gives most true revelation unto men,
Whom we obey in whatsoever he saith.
Obeying him, my mother did I slay.
Account ye him unholy: yea, slay him!
He sinned, not I. What ought I to have done?
Or hath the God no power to absolve the guilt
I lay on him? Whither should one flee then,
If he which bade me shall not save from death?
Nay, say not thou that this was not well done,
Albeit untowardly for me, the doer.
Happy the life of men whose marriages
Are blest; but they for whom they ill betide,
At home, abroad, are they unfortunate.

CHORUS

Women were born to mar the lives of men
Ever, unto their surer overthrow.

TYNDAREUS

Since thou art unabashed, and round of speech,
Making such answer as to vex my soul,
Thou shalt inflame me more to urge thy death—
A fair addition to the purposed work
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

διν εἶνει ἡλθον θυγατρὶ κοσμήσων τάφον. 
μολῶν γὰρ εἰς ἐκκλητον 'Αργεῖων ὅχλουν 
ἔκοισαν οὐκ ἄκουσαν ἐπισεῖσω πόλιν 
σοὶ σῆ τ' ἄδελφῃ, λεύσιμον δοῦναι δίκην. 
μᾶλλον δ' ἐκεῖνη σοὶ θανεῖν ἑπαξία, 
ἡ τῇ τεκούσῃ σ' ἡγρίως', ἐς οὖς ἄει 
πέμπουσα μόθους ἐπὶ τὸ δυσμενέστερον, 
ὄνειρατ' ἀγγέλλουσα τάγαμεμνονος, 
καὶ τοῦθ' δ' μισήσειαν Διός θου λέχος 
οἱ νέρτεραι θεοῖ, καὶ γὰρ ἐνθάδ' ἦν πικρὼν, 
ἐως ψήλφε δἀμ' ἀνηφαίστῳ πυρί. 
Μενέλαιε, σοὶ δὲ τάδε λέγω δράσω τε πρός: 
eὶ τούμον ἔχθος ἐναριθμεῖ κῆδος τ' ἐμόν, 
μὴ τῶδ' ἀμύνειν φόνον ἐναντίον θεοῦς: 
ἐὰ δ' ὑπ' ἀστῶν καταφονεύθηναι πέτρως, 
ἡ μὴ πίβαυε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονός. 
τοσαυτ' ἄκουσας ἱσθι, μηδὲ δυσσεβεῖς 
ἐλη παρώσας εὐσεβεστέρους φίλους: 
ημᾶς δ' ἀπ' οἶκων ἄγετε τὸ πῦρ, πρόσπολοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

630 στεἰχ', ὡς ἀθορύβως οὐπίσων ἡμῖν λόγος 
πρὸς τόνδ' ἱκνηταί, γῆρας ἀποφυγὼν τὸ σῶν. 
Μενέλαιε, ποι σὸν πόδ' ἐπὶ συννοία κυκλεῖς, 
διπλῆς μερίμνης διπτύχοις ἰὼν ὀδοὺς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔασον· ἐν ἑμαυτῷ τι συννοούμενος, 
ὅποι τράπωμαι τῆς τύχης ἀμηχανώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

640 μὴ νυν πέραινε τῇν δόκησιν, ἀλλ' ἐμοὺς 
λόγους ἄκουσας πρόσθε, βουλεύου τότε.
ORESTES

For which I came, to deck my daughter's tomb!
To Argos' council-gathering will I go
And thrust the folk on—little thrusting need they!—
That with thy sister thou be stoned to death:—
Yea, worthier of death than thou is she,
Who egged thee on against thy mother, aye
Sending to thine ear venomous messages,
Telling of dreams from Agamemnon sent,
Telling how Gods of the Underworld abhorred
Aegisthus' couch,—hateful enough on earth,—
Till the house blazed with fire unnatural.
Menelaus, this I warn thee—yea, will do:
If thou regard mine hate, our tie of kin,
Shield not this man from death in heaven's despite.
Leave him to die by stoning of the folk,
Or never set thou foot in Spartan land!
Thou hast heard—remember! Choose the impious
not,
To thrust aside the friends that reverence God.
My servants, lead me from this dwelling hence.

[Exit.

ORESTES

Go, that unharassed what I yet would say
May reach his ears, escaped thine hindering age.
Menelaus, why pace to and fro in thought,
Treading the mazes of perplexity?

MENELAUS

Let be: somewhat I muse within myself:
I know not whither in this strait to turn.

ORESTES

End not in haste thy pondering: hearken first
Unto my pleading, and resolve thee then.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

λέγη· ευ γάρ εἴπας· ἔστι δ’ οὐ σιγῇ λόγου κρέασιν γένοιτ’ ἄν, ἔστι δ’ οὐ σιγῆς λόγος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

640 λέγοιμ’ ἀν ἦδη, τὰ μακρὰ τῶν σμικρῶν λόγων ἐπίπροσθέν ἔστι καὶ σαφῆ μᾶλλον κλύειν.
ἐμοὶ σὺ τῶν σῶν, Μενέδεως, μηδὲν δίδου,
δ’ ἡξαβεῖς ἀπόδος, πατρὸς ἔμοι λαβῶν πάρα.
οὐ χρήματ’ εἴπον· χρήματ’, ἥν ψυχὴν ἐμὴν σώσῃς, ἀπερ μοι φίλτατ’ ἔστι τῶν ἐμῶν.
ἀδικῶ· λαβείν χρή μ’ ἀντὶ τοῦτο τοῦ κακοῦ ἄδικον τι παρὰ σοῦ καὶ γάρ Ἀγαμέμνων πατὴρ ἄδικως ἄθροίσας ‘Ελλάδ’ ἢλθ’ ὑπ’ Ἰλιον,
οὐκ ἐξαμαρτών αὐτός, ἀλλ’ ἀμαρτίαν.

650 τῆς σῆς γυναικὸς ἄδικιαν τ’ ἱώμενος.
ἐν μὲν τῶι ἡμῖν ἀνθ’ ἐνὸς δούναι σε χρή.
ἀπέδοτο δ’, ὡς χρή τοῖς φίλοισι τοὺς φίλους,
τὸ σώμα ἀληθῶς, σοὶ παρ’ ἀστιδ’ ἐκπονῶν,
ὅπως σὺ τὴν σὴν ἀπολάβους ἤλειορον.
ἀπότισον οὖν μοι ταῦτο τοῦτ’ ἐκεὶ λαβῶν,
μίαν πονῆσας ἡμέραν ἡμῶν ὑπὲρ σωτηρίους στάσεις, μὴ δέκ’ ἐκπλήσσας ἑτη.
δ’ Ἀχλίς ἡξαβεῖ σφάγι’ ἐμῆς ὀμοστόρου,
ἔω σ’ ἔχειν ταῦθ’. Ἐρμοῦνη μὴ κτείνε σύ.

660 δεῖ γάρ σ’ ἐμοῦ πράσσοντος ὡς πράσσω ταῦτιν πλέον φέρεσθαι, κάμε συγγνώμην ἔχειν.
ψυχὴν δ’ ἐμὴν δὸς τῷ ταλαιπώρῳ πατρὶ κάμης ἀδελφῆς, παρθένου μακρὸν χρόνου ταῦταν γὰρ οἶκον ὁρφανὸν λείψως πατρὸς.
ἐρείς, ἄδινατον· αὐτὸ τοῦτο· τοὺς φίλους ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς χρῆ τοῖς φίλοισιν ὀφελεῖν· ὅταν δ’ οὐ δαίμων εῦ διδῷ, τί δεῖ φίλων;

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ORESTES

MENELAUS

Speak; thou hast well said. Silence is sometimes
Better than speech, and speech sometimes than
silence.

ORESTES

Now will I speak. Better are many words
Than few, and clearer to be understood.
Menelaus, give me nothing of thine own:
That thou receivedst from my sire repay.
I mean not treasure: if thou save my life,
Treasure, of all I have most dear, is this.
Grant I do wrong: I ought, for a wrong's sake,
To win of thee a wrong; for Agamemnon
Wrongly to Ilium led the hosts of Greece:—
Not that himself had sinned, but sought to heal
The sin and the wrong-doing of thy wife.
This boon for boon thou oughtest render me.
He verily sold his life for thee, as friends
Should do for friends, hard-toiling under shield,
That so thou mightest win thy wife again.
This hadst thou there: to me requite the same.
Toil one day's space for my sake: for my life
Stand up. I ask thee not, wear out ten years.
Aulis received my sister's blood: I spare
Thee this; I bid not slay Hermione.
Thou needs must, when I fare as now I fare,
Have vantage, and the debt must I forgive.
But to my hapless father give our lives,
Mine, and my long unwedded sister's life:
For heirless, if I die, I leave his house.
'Tis hopeless, wilt thou say?—thine hour is this.
In desperate need ought friends to help their
friends.
When Fortune gives her boons, what need of friends?
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀρκεί γὰρ αὐτὸς ὁ θεὸς ὑφελείν θέλων.  
φιλεῖν δάμαρτα πᾶσιν Ἑλλησὶν δοκεῖς.  
κοίχ ὑποτρέχων σε τούτο θωπεία λέγω ταύτης ἰκνοῦμαι σ’—ὡ μέλεος ἐμὼν κακῶν,  
eἰς οἶνον ἦκω. τί δὲ ταλαπωρεῖν με δεῖ;  
ὑπὲρ γὰρ οἶκον παντὸς ἱκτεύω τάδε.  
ὁ πατρὸς ὁμαιμε θείε, τὸν κατὰ χθονὸς  
θανόντι ἀκούειν τάδε δόκει, ποτομένην  
ψυχὴν ὑπὲρ σοῦ, καὶ λέγειν ἀγῶ λέγω.  
tαῦτ’ εἰς τε δάκρυνα καὶ γόους καὶ συμφόρας  
eἰρηκα, κατγηηκα τὴν σωτηρίαν,  
θηρῶν δ’ πάντες κοίκ ἐγὼ ζητῶ μόνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κάγω σ’ ἰκνοῦμαι καὶ γυνὴ περ ὁυ’ ὄμως  
τοῖς δεομένοισιν ὑφελείν· οἴδος τε τ’ εἰ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

’Ορέστ’, ἐγὼ τοί σὸν καταιδοῦμαι κάρα  
καὶ χυμπονῆσαι σοὶς κακοίσι βοῦλομαι·  
καὶ χρῆ γὰρ οὕτως τῶν ὑπαιμιῶν κακὰ  
συνεκκομίζειν, δύναμιν ἢν διδὴθεός,  
θυσίανα καὶ κτείνωντα τοὺς ἐνάντιοις·  
tὸ δ’ αὐ τυνασθαι πρὸς θεῶν χρῆζω τυχεῖν.  
 ?>& αὐ τάρεών συμμάχων κενὸν δόρυ  
ἐχων, πόνοισι μυρίοις ἀλώμενος,  
σμικρὰ σὺν ἀλκή τῶν λελεμμένων φίλων.  
μάχῃ μὲν οὖν ἃν οὐχ ὑπερβαλοίμεθα  
Πελασγῶν Ἀργος· εἰ δὲ μαλθακοῖς λόγοις  
dυναῖμεθ’, ἐνταῦθ’ ἔλπιδος προσήκομεν.  
σμικροῖσι γὰρ τὰ μεγάλα πῶς ἐξοί τις ἃν  
πόνοισιν; ἀμαθὲς καὶ τὸ βοῦλεσθαι τάδε.  
ὅταν γὰρ ἥβα δῆμος εἰς ὀργὴν πεσὼν,  
δομοῖον ὡστε πὺρ κατασβέσαι λάβρον.

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ORESTES

Her help sufficeth, when she wills to help.  
All Greece believeth that thou lov'st thy wife,—  
Not cozening thee with soft words say I this;—  
By her I pray thee! . . . (aside) woe for mine  
affliction!  
To what pass am I come! Why grovel thus?  
Yet,—'tis for our whole house I make appeal! . . .  
O brother of my father, deem that he  
Hears this, who lies 'neath earth, that over thee  
His spirit hovers: what I say he saith.  
This, urged with tears, moans, pleas of misery,  
Have I said, and have claimed my life of thee,  
Seeking what all men seek, not I alone.  

CHORUS  
I too beseech thee, woman though I am,  
To succour those in need: thou hast the power.  

MENELAUS  
Orestes, verily I reverence thee,  
And fain would help thee bear thy load of ills.  
Yea, duty bids that, where God gives the power,  
Kinsmen should one another's burdens bear,  
Even unto death, or slaying of their foes:  
But the power—would the Gods might give it me!  
I come, a single spear, with none ally,  
Long wandering with travail manifold,  
With feeble help of friends yet left to me.  
In battle could we never overcome  
Pelasgian Argos. If we might prevail  
By soft words, this is our hope's utmost bound.  
For with faint means how should a man achieve  
Great things? 'Twere witless even to wish for  
this.  
For, in the first rush of a people's rage,  
'Twere even as one would quench a ravening fire.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ei δ' ἡσύχως τις αὐτὸν ἐντείνοντι μὲν χαλῶν ὑπείκοι καιρὸν εὐλαβομένοις,

700 ἵσως ἄν ἐκπνεύσει· ὅταν δ' ἀνὴρ πνοᾶς,
tύχοις ἄν αὐτοῦ ῥάδιως ὅσον θέλεις.
ἐνεστὶ δ' οίκτος, ἐνὶ δὲ καὶ θυμὸς μέγας,
καραδοκούντι κτίμα τιμωτάτου.

ἐλθὼν δὲ Τυνδάρεων τε σοι πειράσομαι
pόλιν τε πείσαι τῷ λιῶν χρήσθαι κάλως.
kαὶ ναῦς γὰρ ἐνταῦθα πρὸς βίαν ποδὶ
ἐβαφεν, ἔστη δ' αὐθίς, Ἰὼν χαλά πόδα.

μισεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεῖς τὰς ἂγας προβοῦλας,
μισουσί δ' ἀστοί· δεῖ δὲ μ', οὐκ ἄλλας λέγω,

710 σοφεῖν σε σοφία, μὴ βλα τῶν κρείσσονων.
ἀλκή δ' α's, οὐκ ἂν, ἣ σὺ δοξάζεις ἵσως,
σώσαιμ' ἄν· οὐ γὰρ πάντων λόγχη μη
στήσαι τροπάια τῶν κακῶν ἂ σοι πάρα,
οὐ γὰρ ποτ' Ἄργους γαῖαν εἰς τὸ μαλθακὸν
προσηγόμεσθ' ἂν' νῦν δ' ἄναγκαιος ἔχει
dούλωσιν εἶναι τοῖς σοφοῖσι τῆς τύχης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ πλὴν γυναικὸς εἶνεκα στρατηλατεῖν
tᾶλλ' οὐδέν, ὃ κάκιστε τιμωρεῖν φίλοις:

720 φεύγεις ἀποστραφεῖς με, τὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονος
φροῦτ'; ἀφίλος ἰσθ' ἀρ', ὃ πάτερ, πράσσων
κακῶς.

οίμοι, προδέδομαι, κοὐκέτ' ἐστὶν ἐλπίδες,
ὅποι τραπέμενος θάνατον Ἀργείων φύγων,
οὕτως γὰρ ἦν μοι καταφυγῇ σωτηρίας.

ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε φίλτατον βροτῶν
Πυλάδην δρόμῳ στείχοντα Φωκέων ἄπο,

1 Schaefer: for προσηγόμεσθα of MSS.

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ORESTES

But if one gently yield him to their stress,
Slacken the sheet, and watch the season due,
Their storm might spend its force. When lulls the
blast,
Lightly thou mightest win thy will of them.
In them is ruth, high spirit is in them—
A precious thing to whoso bides his time.
Now Tyndareus and the city will I seek
To sway to temperance in their stormy mood.
A ship, if one have strained the mainsheet taut,
Dips deep; but rights again, the mainsheet eased.
For Heaven hateth over-vehemence,
And citizens hate. I ought, I grant, to save thee—
By wisdom, not defiance of the strong.
I cannot—as thou haply dream'st—by force
Save thee. Hard were it with my single spear
To triumph o'er the ills that compass thee;
Else not by suasion would I try to move
Argos to mercy: but of sore need now
Must prudent men be bondmen unto fate.

[Exit.]

ORESTES

O nothing-worth—save in a woman's cause
To lead a host!—craven in friends' defence!
Turn'st from me?—fleest?—are Agamemnon's
deeds
Forgot? Ah father, friendless in affliction!
Woe's me, I am betrayed: hope lives no more
Of refuge from the Argives' doom of death!
For my one haven of safety was this man.
But lo, I see my best-beloved of men,
Yon Pylades, from Phocis hastening.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ηδείαν οὐν. πιστὸς ἐν κακοῖς ἀνήρ
κρείσσων γαλήνης ναυτίλοισιν εἰσορᾶν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

θάσσον ἡ με χρήν προβαίνων ἱκόμην δι’ ἀστεώς,
730 σύλλογον πόλεως ἀκούσας, τῶν δ’ ἱδὼν αὐτὸς
σαφῶς,
ἐπὶ σὲ σύγγονόν τε τὴν σῆν, ὡς κτενοῦντας
αὐτίκα.
τί τάδε; πῶς ἔχεις, τί πράσσεις; φίλταθ’ ἥλικων
ἐμοὶ
καὶ φίλων καὶ συγγενείαις: πάντα γὰρ τάδ’ εἰ
σὺ μοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἰχόμεσθ’, ὡς ἐν βραχεῖ σοι τὰμὰ δηλώσω κακά.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

συγκατασκάπτοις δὲν ἠμᾶς’ κοινὰ γὰρ τὰ τῶν
φίλων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Μενέλεως κάκιστος εἶς με καὶ κασιγνήτην ἐμῆν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

eἰκότως, κακῆς γυναικὸς ἄνδρα γύγνεσθαι κακὸν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὡσπερ οὐκ ἐλθὼν ἐμοιγε ταύτων ἀπέδωκεν μολὼν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἡ γὰρ ἐστὶν ὡς ἄληθῶς τήνδ’ ἀφνυμένος χθόνα;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

740 χρόνωνι: ἀλλ’ ὅμως τάχιστα κακὸς ἐφωράθη
φίλοις.

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ORESTES

Glad sight! A loyal friend in trouble's hour
Shows welcomer than calm to mariners.

Enter PYLADES.

PYLADES

Down the city's streets with haste unwonted unto thee
I came;
For I heard of Argos' council—yea, mine eyes beheld
the same—
For thy doom and for thy sister's, as to slay you even
now.
What means this?—how fares thine health, thy state?
—of age-mates dearest thou,
Yea, of friends and kinsfolk; each and all of these thou
art to me.

ORESTES

Ruined are we!—in a word to tell thee all my misery.

PYLADES

Mine o'erthrowing shall thy fall be: one are friends in
woe and bliss.

ORESTES

Traitor foul to me and to my sister Menelaus is.

PYLADES

Small the marvel—by the traitor wife the husband
traitor made!

ORESTES

Even as he had come not, so his debt to me hath he
repaid.

PYLADES

How then?—hath he set his foot in very deed this
land within?

ORESTES

Late he came; but early stood convicted traitor to
his kin.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
καὶ δὰμαρτα τὴν κακίστην ναυστολῶν ἐλήλυθεν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἐκεῖνος, ἀλλ’ ἐκεῖνη κεῖνον ἐνθάδ’ ἤγαγεν.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ποῦ στίν ἡ πλεῖστος Ἀχαιῶν ἤλεσεν γυνὴ μία;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐν δόμοις ἐμοίσων, εἰ δὴ τούσδ’ ἐμοὶς καλεῖν χρεῶν.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
σὺ δὲ τίνας λόγους ἔλεξας σοῦ κασινητῷ πατρῷς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
μὴ μ’ ἰδεῖν θανόνθ’ ὑπ’ ἀστῶν καὶ κασινητὴν ἐμήν.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
πρὸς θεῶν, τί πρὸς τάδ’ εἴπε; τόδε γὰρ εἰδέναι θέλω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡλαβεῖθ’, ὃ τοῖς φίλοισι δρᾶσιν οἱ κακοὶ φίλοι.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
σκῆψιν εἰς πολίαν προβαίνων; τούτο πάντ’ ἔχω μαθῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
750 οὗτος ἦλθ’ ὁ τὰς ἀρίστας θυγατέρας σπείρας πατήρ.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
Τυνδάρεων λέγεις ἴσως σοι θυγατέρος θυμοῦμενος.

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ORESTES

PYLADES
And his wife, arch-traitress, hath he brought her,
sailing hitherward?

ORESTES
'Tis not he hath brought her, nay, 'twas she that
hither brought her lord.

PYLADES
Where is she, who hath slain Achaians more than any
woman else?

ORESTES
In mine house—if yonder palace mine may now be
called—she dwells.

PYLADES
Thou, what wouldst thou of thy father’s brother by
thy pleadings gain?

ORESTES
That he would not see me and my sister by the
people slain.

PYLADES
By the Gods, to this what said he?—fain would I
know this of thee.

ORESTES
Cautious was he—as the false friend still to friends is
wont to be.

PYLADES
Fleeing to what plea for refuge?—all I know when
this I hear.

ORESTES
He had come, the father who begat the daughters
without peer.

PYLADES
Tyndareus thou meanest,—for his daughter haply
filled with ire.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αἰσθάνει· τὸ τούδε κήδος ἰμάλλον εἶλετ' ἡ πατρός.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
κοῦκ ἐτὸλμησεν πόνων σῶν ἀντιλάξυσθαι παρῶν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐ γὰρ αἰχμητῆς πέφυκεν, ἐν γυναιξί δ' ἀλκιμός.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ἐν κακοῖς ἄρ' ἐί μεγίστοις, καὶ σ' ἀναγκαίοιν θανείν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ψῆφον ἀμφ' ἡμῶν πολίτας ἐπὶ φόνῳ θέσθαι χρεών.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ἡ κρίνει τῷ χρήμα; λέξουν· διὰ φόβου γὰρ ἐρ- χομαί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡ θανείν ἡ ζῆν· ὁ μῦθος οὐ μακρὸς μακρῶν πέρι.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
φεύγε νυν λιπὼν μέλαθρα σὺν κασιγνήτῃ σέθεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
760 οὐχ ὄρφη; φυλασσόμεσθα φρουρίουσι πανταχῇ.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
εἶδον ἄστεως ἀγνιάς τεῖχεσιν πεφραγμένας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡσπερεὶ πόλις πρὸς ἕχθρῶν σῶμα πυργηρούμεθα.
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ORESTES

ORESTES
Rightly guessed: such kinsman Menelaus chose before my sire.

PYLADES
Dared he not lay hand unto thy burden, not when here he stood?

ORESTES
Hero is there none in him!—mid women valiant he of mood.

PYLADES
Then art thou in depth of evil: death for thee must needs abide.

ORESTES
Touching this our murder must the vote of Argos' folk decide.

PYLADES
What shall this determine? Tell me, for mine heart is full of dread.

ORESTES
Death or life. The word that names the dateless doom is quickly said.

PYLADES
Flee then: yonder palace-halls forsake thou: with thy sister flee.

ORESTES
Dost thou see not?—warded round on every hand by guards are we.

PYLADES
Lines of spears and shields I marked: the pass of every street they close.

ORESTES
Yea, beleaguered are we, even as a city by her foes.
ОРΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
κάμε νυν ἔροι τι πάσχω· καὶ γὰρ αὐτὸς οἶχομαι.

ОРΕΣΤΗΣ
πρὸς τίνος; τοῦτ ἀν προσεῖη τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς κακόν.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
Στρόφιος ἠλασέν μὲ ἀπ’ οἴκων φυγάδα θυμωθεῖς πατήρ.

ОРΕΣΤΗΣ
ιδιον, ὡς κοινὸν πολίταις ἐπιφέρων ἐγκλημά τι;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ὅτι συνηράμην φόνον σου μητρός, ἀνόσιον λέγων.

ОРΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡ τάλας, ἔοικε καὶ σὲ τὰμὰ λυπήσειν κακά.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
οὐχὶ Μενέλεω τρόποισι χρώμεθ᾽ οἰστέον τάδε.

ОРΕΣΤΗΣ

770 οὐ φοβεῖ μή σ’ Ἄργος ὀσπερ κάμ’ ἀποκτεῖναι θέλη;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
οὐ προσήκομεν κολάξειν τοῦσδε, Φωκέων δὲ γῆ.

ОРΕΣΤΗΣ
δεινὸν οἳ πολλοὶ, πανούργους ὅταν ἔχωσι προ-

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
στάτας.

ΒΑΔΗΣ
ἀλλ’ ὅταν χρηστοὺς λάβωσι, χρηστὰ βουλεύουσ’ ἀεί.

ОРΕΣΤΗΣ
εἰς εἰς κοινὸν λέγειν χρή.

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ORESTES

PYLADES
Ask me also of my plight; for, like to thee, undone am I.

ORESTES
Yea?—of whom? This shall be evil heaped on my calamity.

PYLADES
Strophius banished me mine home: my father's wrath hath thrust me thence.

ORESTES
What the charge? 'Twixt thee and him?—or hath the nation found offence?

PYLADES
That I helped thee slay thy mother, this he names an impious thing.

ORESTES
Woe is me! the anguish of mine anguish unto thee must cling!

PYLADES
I am not a Menelaus: these afflictions must I bear.

ORESTES
Fear'st thou not lest Argos doom thee with my deed my death to share?

PYLADES
I belong not unto them to punish, but to Phocis-land.

ORESTES
Fearful is the people's rage, when evil men its course command.

PYLADES
Nay, but when they take them honest chiefs, they counsel honest rede.

ORESTES
Come, let thou and I commune—
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ
τίνος ἀναγκαίον πέρι;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
eἰ λέγοιμ' ἀστοίσων ἐλθὼν

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ
ὡς ἔδρασας ἔνδικα;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πατρὶ τιμωρῶν ἐμαυτοῦ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ
μὴ λάβωσι σ' ἄσμενοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἅλλ' ὑποπτήξας σιωπῇ κατθάνω;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ
dειλὸν τόδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πῶς ἄν οὐν δρόην;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ
ἐχεις τιν', ἢν μένης, σωτηρίαν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἔχω.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ
μολόντι δ' ἐλπίς ἔστι σωθήναι κακῶν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
eἰ τύχοι, γένοιτ' ἄν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ
οὐκον τούτο κρεῖσσον ἢ μένειν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀλλὰ δῆτ' ἔλθω;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ
θανῶν γοῦν ὢδε κάλλιον θανεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
eὖ λέγεις· φεύγω τὸ δειλὸν τῇδε.

780

192
ORESTES

PYLADES
As touching what imperious need?
ORESTES
Should I go and tell the people—
PYLADES
That thou wroughtest righteously?
ORESTES
Taking vengeance for my father?
PYLADES
Glad might they lay hold on thee.
ORESTES
How then, cower and die in silence?
PYLADES
This in craven sort were done.
ORESTES
What then do?
PYLADES
Hast any hope of life, if here thou linger on?
ORESTES
None.
PYLADES
But is there hope, in going, of deliverance from the ill?
ORESTES
Haply might there be.
PYLADES
Were this not better, then, than sitting still?  780
ORESTES
Shall I go then?
PYLADES
Yea; for, dying, hero-like thou shalt have died.
ORESTES
Good: I 'scape the brand of "craven."  193

VOL. II.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
μᾶλλον ἢ μένων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα γ’ ἐνδικόν μοι.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
τῷ δοκεῖν εὐχον μόνον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ τις ἀν γέ μ’ οἰκτίσειε

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
μέγα γὰρ ἡγέμεναί σου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
θάνατον ἀσχάλλων πατρῆσον.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
πάντα ταῦτ’ ἐν ὅμμασίν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἰτέον, ὡς ἀνανδρον ἀκλεώς κατθανεῖν.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

αἰνῷ τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡ λέγωμεν οὖν ἀδελφῆ ταῦτ’ ἐμῇ;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
dάκρυα γοῦν γένοιτ’ ἂν.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
οὐκοῦν οὗτος οἷόνος μέγας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
dηλαδὴ σιγὰν ἀμείνον.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
τῷ χρόνῳ δὲ κερδανεῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
κεῖνο μοι μόνον πρόσαντες.

194
ORESTES

PYLADES
More than if thou here abide.
ORESTES
And the right is mine.
PYLADES
Pray only all men so may view the deed.
ORESTES
Haply some might pity—
PYLADES
Yea, thy princely birth shall strongly plead.
ORESTES
At my father's death indignant.
PYLADES
Full in view are all these things.
ORESTES
On! unmanly is inglorious death!
PYLADES
Thy saying bravely rings.
ORESTES
Shall we then unto my sister tell our purpose?
PYLADES
Nay, by heaven!
ORESTES
Sooth, she might break into weeping.
PYLADES
So were evil omen given.
ORESTES
Surely then were silence better.
PYLADES
Lesser hindrance shouldst thou find.
ORESTES
Yet, one stumblingblock confronts me—
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τί τόδε καυνόν αὐ δέγεις;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μὴ θεά τι μ’ οὔστρῳ κατασχω.’

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἀλλὰ κηδεύσω σ’ ἐγώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δυσχερέσ ψαύειν νοσούντος ἀνδρός.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκ ἐμοιγε σοῦ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὐλαβοῦ λύσσης μετασχέιν τῆς ἔμης.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τὸδ’ οὖν ἵτω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἂρ’ ὀκνήσεις;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ὀκνὸς γὰρ τοῖς φίλοις κακὸν μέγα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐρπε νυν οὐαξ ποδὸς μοι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

φίλα γ’ ἔχων κηδεύματα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ με πρὸς τύμβον πορευσόν πατρός.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ὡς τί δὴ τόδε;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὡς νιν ἰκετεύσω με σῶσαι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τὸ γε δίκαιον ὡδ’ ἔχει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μητέρος δὲ μηδ’ ἴδοιμ μνήμα.

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ORESTES

PYLADES
What new thing is in thy mind? 790
ORESTES
Lest the Fiends by madness stay me.
PYLADES
Nay, thy weakness I will tend.
ORESTES
Loathly task to touch the sick!
PYLADES
Ah, not to me for thee, O friend.
ORESTES
Yet beware the taint of this my madness.
PYLADES
Base misgivings, hence!
ORESTES
Can it be thou wilt not shrink?
PYLADES
For friends to shrink were foul offence.
ORESTES
On then, pilot of my footsteps.
PYLADES
Sweet is this my loving care.
ORESTES
Even to my father's grave-mound guide me on.
PYLADES
What wouldst thou there?
ORESTES
I would pray him to deliver.
PYLADES
Yea, 'twere just it should be so.
ORESTES
But my mother's tomb, I would not see it—

197
ОРΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

πολεμία γὰρ ἤν.
ἀλλ’ ἔπευγ’, ὡς μὴ σε πρόσθε ψήφος Ἀργείων ἔλη.
800 περιβαλὼν πλευροῖς ἐμοῖσι πλευρὰ νωκελή νόσῳ,
ὡς ἐγὼ δι’ ἀστεώς σε σμικρὰ φροντίδων ὠχλοῦ
οὐδὲν αἰσχυνθεὶς ὀχήσω. ποὺ γὰρ ὅν δείξω
φίλος,
eἲ σε μὴ ’ν δειναῖσιν ὄντα συμφοράς ἐπαρκέσω;

ОРΕΣΤΗΣ

tοῦτ’ ἐκεῖνο, κτάσθ’ ἐταίρους, μὴ τὸ συγγενές
μόνον.
ὡς ἀνήρ ὅστις τροποίησε συντακῇ, θυραῖος ὅν,
μυρίων κρείσσων ὁμαίμων ἀνδρὶ κεκτήσκαι φίλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ μέγας ὀλβὸς α’ τ’ ἀρετὰ
μέγα φρονοῦσ’ ἄν’ Ἑλλάδα καὶ
παρὰ Σιμοντίοις ὄχεται
810 πάλιν ἀνήλθ’ εξ εὐτυχίας Ἀτρείδαις
πάλαι παλαιᾶς ἀπὸ συμφορᾶς δόμων,
ὅπως χρυσεάς ἥλθ’ ἔρις ἀρνός
ἐπάγουσα Ταυτάλιδαις

οἰκτρότατα θοινάματα καὶ
σφαγία γενναῖσιν τεκέων
ὁθεν φόνῳ φόνος ἔξαμεν
βῶν δι’ αἴματος ὃ προλείπει
πει δισσοῖσιν Ἀτρείδαις.

τὸ καλὸν οὐ καλὸν, τοκέων

820 πυριγενεῖ τεμεῖν παλάμα
χρόα, μελάνδετον δὲ φόνῳ

1 Dindorf’s reading, which secures strophic correspondence.
ORESTES

PYLADES  For she was a foe.
Haste then, lest the Argive vote have doomed thee
ere thou reach the place, [mine embrace.
Yielding up thy frame with sickness wasted unto
Through the streets unshamed, and taking of the
rabble little heed,[friend indeed,
I will bear thee onward. Wherein shall I show me
If mine helpfulness in terrible affliction be not shown?
ORESTES

Herein true is that old saying—"Get thee friends, not
kin alone."[of thy kin,
He whose soul to thy soul cleaveth, though he be not
Better than a thousand kinsfolk this is for thy friend
to win.  [Exeunt Orestes and Pylares.

CHORUS

The stately fortune, the prowess exceeding, (Str.)
Whose glorying rang through the land of Greece,
Yea, rang where Simois' waters flow,
For Atreus' sons was its weal made woe
For the fruit of the curse sown long ago,
When on Tantalus' sons came, misery-breeding,
The strife for the lamb of the golden fleece,—
Breeding a banquet, with horrors spread,
For the which was the blood of a king's babes
shed,
Whence murder, tracking the footsteps red
Of murder, haunts with the wound aye bleeding
The Atreides twain without surcease.

O deed fair-seeming, O deed unholy!— (Ant.)
With hand steel-armed through the throat to shear
Of a mother, to lift in the Sun-god's sight
ОРΕΣΤΗΣ

ξίφος ἐς αὐγὰς ἀελίου δεῖξαι·
τὸ δ’ εὐ¹ κακουργεῖν ἁσέβεια ποικίλα
κακοφρόνων τ’ ἀνδρῶν παράνοια.
θανάτου γὰρ ἀμφί φόβοι·
Τυνδαῖς ἱάχησε τάλαι-
να· τέκνον, οὐ τολμᾶς ὅσια
κτείνων σὰν ματέρα· μὴ πατρό-
αν τμὸν χάριν ἐξανά-
ψη δύσκλειαν ἐς ἀεὶ.

τίς νόσος ἡ τίνα δάκρυα καὶ ἐπὶ ὑδ.
tίς ἔλεος μείζων κατὰ γάν
ἡ ματροκτόνον αἷμα χειρὶ θέσθαι;
οἷν οἷον ἔργον τελέσας
βεβάκχευται μανίας,
Εὔμενισιν θήραμα φῶς
δρομάσι δυνεῦν βλεφάροις
'Αγαμεμνόνιος παῖς.
ἄν μέλεος, ματρός ὅτε
χρυσοτηνητῶν φαρέων
μαστὸν ὑπερτέλλοντ᾽ ἐσίδων
σφάγιον ἔθετο ματέρα, πατρὸ-
ῶν παθέων ἀμοιβάν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
γυναῖκες, ἡ ποὺ τῶν ἀφώριστων δόμων
τλῆμων Ὁρέστης θεομανεῖ λύσῃ δαμεῖς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἡκιστα· πρὸς δ’ Ἀργείδιων οἴχεται λεών,
ψυχής ἡγώνα τὸν προκείμενον πέρι
dόσων, ἐν ὃ ξῆν ἡ θανεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεῶν.

¹ Bothe: for ad of MSS.
ORESTES

Death-crimsoned the dark steel—O, 'tis the sleight
Of impious sophistry putteth for right
The wrong, 'tis the sinners' infatuate folly!
Ah, Tyndareus' daughter, in frenzied fear
Of death, shrieked, shrieked in her anguish dread,
"Son, slaying thy mother, the right does thou tread"
Under foot! O beware lest thy grace to the dead,
Thy sire, in dishonour enwrap thee wholly,
As a fire that for ever thy name shall sear!"

(Epode)

What affliction were greater, what cause of weeping,
What pitiful sorrow in any land,
Than a son in the blood of a mother steeping
His hand? How in madness's bacchanal leaping
He is whirl'd, for the deed that was wrought of his hand,
With the hell-hounds' wings on his track swift-
With eyes wild-rolling in terror unsleeping—
Agamemnon's scion, a matricide banned!
Ah wretch, that his heart should fail not nor falter,
When, over her vesture's broderies golden,
The mother's breast of his eyes was behelden!
But he slaughtered her like to a beast at the altar,
For the wrongs of a father had whetted the brand.

Enter Electra

Dames, sure woe-worn Orestes hath not fled
These halls o'erborne by madness heaven-sent?

CHORUS

Nay, nay, to Argos' people hath he gone
To stand the appointed trial for his life,
Whereon your doom rests, or to live or die.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οίμου· τί χρήμ’ ἐδρασε; τίς δ’ ἔπεισέ νυν;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
Πυλάδης· ἐοίκε δ’ οὐ μακρὰν ὃδ’ ἄγγελος
λέξειν τὰ κεῖθεν σοῦ κασιγνήτου πέρι.
ΑΙΤΕΛΟΣ
ὁ τλῆμον, ὁ δύστημε τοῦ στρατηλάτου
Ἄγαμέμνωνος παῖ, πότιν’ Ἡλέκτρα, λόγος
ἀκουσον οὗς σοι δυστυχεῖς ἥκω φέρων.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
αἰαί, διοιχόμεσθα· δῆλος εἰ λόγῳ.
κακῶν γὰρ ἥκεις, ὡς ἐοίκεν, ἄγγελος.
ΑΙΤΕΛΟΣ
ψήφῳ Πελασγῶν σοῦ κασιγνήτου θανεῖν
καὶ σ’, ὃ τάλαιν’, ἔδοξε τῆδ’ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ.
ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οίμου· προσήλθεν ἐλπίς, ἡν φοβουμένη
πᾶλαι το μέλλον ἐξετηκόμην γόους.
ἀτὰρ τις ἄγων, τίνες ἐν Ἰργελώς λόγοι
καθείλον ἡμᾶς καπτεκύρωσαν θανεῖν;
λέγ’, ὁ γεραιε’ πότερα λευσμω χερὶ
ὅ διὰ σιδήρου πνεῦμ’ ἀπορρῆξαι με δεῖ,
κοινὰς ἀδελφῆς συμφορὰς κεκτημένην;
ΑΙΤΕΛΟΣ
ἐτύγχανον μὲν ἄγροθεν πυλῶν ἐσὼ
βαίνον, πυθέσθαι δεόμενος τά τ’ ἀμφὶ σοῦ
τά τ’ ἀμφ’ Ὀρέστου· σῷ γὰρ εὗνοιαν πατρὶ
ἀεί ποτε, εἶχον, καὶ μ’ ἔφερβε σος δόμος
πένητα μὲν, χρῆσθαι δὲ γενναίον φίλοις,
ὁρῷ δ’ ὢχλον στείχοντα καὶ θάσσουντ’ ἄκραν,
ORESTES

ELECTRA

Ah me! what hath he done? Who so misled him?

CHORUS

Pylades. Lo, yon messenger full soon
Shall tell, meseems, how fared thy brother there.

Enter messenger.

MESSENER

Child of our war-chief, hapless, woe-worn one,
Agamemnon's daughter, lady Electra, hear
The woeful tale, wherewith I come to thee.

ELECTRA

Alas! we are undone: thy speech is plain.
Thou com'st, meseems, a messenger of ill.

MESSENER

Pelasgia's vote this day hath doomed that thou,
O hapless, and thy brother, are to die.

ELECTRA

Woe! that I looked for cometh, which long since
I feared, and pined with wailings for our fate!
How went the trial? Before Argos' folk
What pleadings ruined us, and doomed to die?
Tell, ancient, must I under stoning hands,
Or by the steel, gasp out my dying breath,
I, who am sharer in my brother's woes?

MESSENER

It chanced that I was entering the gates
Out of the country, fain to learn thy state,
And of Orestes; for unto thy sire
Aye was I loyal: thine house fostered me,
A poor man, yet true-hearted to his friends.
Then throngs I saw to seats on yon height climb
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ φασὶ πρῶτον Δαινών Αἰγύπτων δίκας
διδόντ᾽ ἄθροισαι λαὸν εἰς κοινὰς ἔδρας.
ἀστῶν δὲ δὴ τιν' ἡγόμην ἄθροισμ' ᾱδὼν·
tί καὶ βόταν Ἀργεῖ; μῶν τι πολεμῶν πάρα
ἀγγελμ' ἀνεπτέρωκε Δαναίδῶν τόλμιν,
ὁ δὲ εἴπ' Ὁρέστην κεῖνον οὐχ ὅρας πέλας
στείχοντ᾽, ἀγώνα θανάσιμον δραμούμενον;
ὁρὸς δὲ ἁελπτον φάσμ', ὃ μῆποτ' ὄφελον,
Πυλάδην τε καὶ σὸν σύγγονον στείχονθ' ὅμοιν,
tὸν μὲν κατηφῆ καὶ παρεῖμένον νόσῳ,
tὸν δὲ ὁστ' ἀδελφὸν ἵσα φίλων λυτούμενον,
νόσημα κηδεύοντα παιδαγωγία.
ἐπεὶ δὲ πλήρης ἔγενετ' Ἀργείων ὅχλος,
κήρυξ ἀναστάς εἰπε· τίς χρήζει λέγεων,
pότερον Ὁρέστην καθανείν ἢ μὴ χρεών
μητροκτονοῦντα; καὶ τῷ ἀνίσταται
Ταλθύβιος, ὃς σὺ πατρὶ συνεπόρθει Φρύγας.
ἐλέξει δὲ ὑπὸ τοὺς δυναμένους ὅν ἄει
διχόμυθα, πατέρα μὲν σὸν ἐκπαγκλύμενος,
-strokes
σὸν δ᾽ ὀυκ ἐπαίνων σύγγονον, καλῶς κακοὺς
λόγους ἐλίσσων, ὅτι καθισταῖσι νόμους
eἰς τοὺς τεκῶντας οὐ καλοῦς· τὸ δ᾽ ὠμμ' ἄει
φαεδρῶπον ἐδίδου τοῖς Διήγησθοι φίλους.
τὸ γὰρ γένος τοιοῦτον· ἐπὶ τὸν ἐυτυχῆ
πηδῶσ᾽ ἄει κήρυκες· ὅδε δ᾽ αὐτοῖς φίλος,
ὡς ἄν δύνηται πόλεος ἐν τ' ἀρχαῖον ἦ.
ἐπὶ ταῦτα δ᾽ ἑγόρευε Διομήδης ἀναξ.
οὔτος κτανεῖν μὲν οὔτε σ᾽ οὔτε σύγγονον
ἐία, φνηγὴ δὲ ξημούντας εὐσεβεῖν.
ἐπερρόθησαν δ᾽ οἱ μὲν ὡς καλῶς λέγοι,
οἱ δ᾽ οὐκ ἐπῆμον. καὶ τῷ τῶν ἀνίσταται
ἀνὴρ τις ἀθυρόγλωσσος, ἵσχυων θράσει,
ORESTES

Where first, as men say, Danaus, by Aegyptus
Impeached, in general session gathered us.
Marking the crowd, I asked a citizen:
"What news in Argos? Hath a bruit of foes
Startled the city of the Danaids?"
But he, "Dost thou not mark Orestes there
Draw near to run the race whose goal is death?"
Would I had ne'er seen that unlooked-for sight—
Pylades with thy brother moving on;
This, sickness-palsied, with down-drooping head;
That, as a brother, in his friend's affliction
Afflicted, tending like a nurse the sick.

When now the Argive gathering was full,
A herald rose and cried: "Who fain would speak
Whether Orestes ought to live or die
For matricide?" Talthybius thereupon
Rose, helper of thy sire when Troy was sacked.
He spake—subservient ever to the strong—
Half-heartedly, extolling high thy sire,
But praising not thy brother; intertwined
Fair words and foul—that he laid down a law
Right ill for parents: so was glancing still
With flattering eye upon Aegisthus' friends.
Such is the herald tribe: lightly they skip
To fortune's minions' side: their friend is he
Who in a state hath power and beareth rule.

Next after him prince Diomedes spake.
Thee nor thy brother would he have them slay,
But exile you, of reverence to the Gods.
Then murmured some that good his counsel was;
Some praised it not. Thereafter rose up one
Of tongue unbridled, stout in impudence,
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

"Αργείος οὐκ Ἀργείος, ἡμαχασμένος,
θορύβῳ τε πίσυνος κάμαθει παρρησίᾳ,
πιθανός ἐστι άστους περιβαλεῖν κακῷ τινι.
[ὅταν γὰρ ἦδως τοῖς λόγοις φρονῶν κακῶς
πείθη τὸ πλῆθος, τῇ πόλει κακὸν μέγα
ὁσοι δὲ σὺν νῷ χρηστὰ βουλεύουσ’ ἀεὶ,
κὰν μὴ παραυτίκ’, αὖθις εἰσὶ χρήσιμοι
πόλει. θεάσθαι δ’ ὃδε χρῆ τὸν προστάτην
ἰδόνθ’ ὁμοίων γὰρ τὸ χρήμα γίγνεται
τῷ τοὺς λόγους λέγοντι καὶ τιμωμένῳ.]
δς εἰπ’ Ὁρέστην καὶ σ’ ἀποκτείναι πέτρους
βάλλοντας. ὑπὸ δ’ ἔτεινε Τυνδάρεως λόγους
τῷ σφῶν κατακτεῖνοντι τοιούτους λέγειν.
ἀλλος δ’ ἀναστὰς ἔλεγε τῷ ἐναντία,
μορφῆ μὲν οὐκ εὐωπός, ἄνδρειος δ’ ἀνήρ,
ὀλιγάκις ἂστυ κάγορας χραιόν κύκλον,
αὐτουργός, οἴπερ καὶ μονοὶ σφόνσοι γῆν,
ξυνετὸς δὲ χωρεῖν ὁμοσὶ τοῖς λόγοις θέλων,
ἀκέραιος, ἀνεπίληπτον ἡσικηκῶς βίων
δς εἰπ’ Ὁρέστην παῖδα τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
στεφανὸν, δς ἡθελήσει τιμωρεῖν πατρί,
κακὴν γυναῖκα κάθεσαν κατακτανών,
ἡ κεῖν ἀφήγει, μῆθ’ ὁπλίζεσθαι χέρα
μῆτε στρατεύειν ἐκλιπόντα δώματα,
εἰ τάνδον οἰκουρήμαθ’ οἱ λελεμμένοι
φθείρουσιν, ἄνδρῶν εὐνίδας λωβώμενοι.
καὶ τοῖς γε χρηστοῖς εν λέγεων ἐφαίνετο,
κοῦδεῖς ἔτ’ εἰπε. σὸς δ’ ἐπῆλθε σύγγονος,
ἔλεξε δ’ ὁ γῆν Ἰνάχου κεκτημένοι,
[πάλαι Πελασγοί, Δαναιδαὶ δὲ δεύτερον,]
ORESTES

An Argive, yet no Argive, thrust on us,¹
In bluster and coarse-grained fluency confident,
Still plausible to trap the folk in mischief:
For when an evil heart with winning tongue
Persuades the crowd, ill is it for the state:
Whoso with understanding counsel well
Profit the state—ere long, if not straightway.
Thus ought we on each leader of men to look,
And so esteem: for both be in like case,
The orator, and the man in office set.
Thee and Orestes he bade stone to death.
But Tyndareus still prompted him the words
That best told, as he laboured for your doom.
To plead against him then another rose,
No dainty presence, but a manful man,
In town and market-circle seldom found,
A yeoman—such as are the land’s one stay,—
Yet shrewd in grapple of words, when this he would;
A stainless man, who lived a blameless life.
He moved that they should crown Agamemnon’s son
Orestes, since he dared avenge his sire,
Slaying the wicked and the godless wife
Who sapped our strength:—none would take shield on arm,
Or would forsake his home to march to war,
If men’s house-warders be seduced the while
By stayers at home, and couches be defiled.
To honest men he seemed to speak right well;
And none spake after. Then thy brother rose,
And said, “Lords of the land of Inachus,—
Of old Pelasgians, later Danaus’ sons,—

¹ One who had obtained the citizenship by means repugnant to decent citizens.
ὈΡΕΣΘΗΣ

υμίν ἀμύνων οὖδὲν ἦσσον ἡ πατρὶ ἐκτεινα μητέρ’. εἰ γὰρ ἀρσένων φόνος ἔσται γυναιξίν ὅσιος, οὐ φθάνοιτ’ ετ’ ἀν θυῃσκοντες, ἡ γυναιξὶ δουλεύειν χρεὼν τούναντίον δὲ δράσετ’ ἡ δράσαι χρεῶν.

νῦν μὲν γὰρ ἡ προδοσία λέκτρ’ ἐμοῦ πατρὸς τέθηκεν: εἰ δὲ δὴ κατακτενεῖτε με, ὁ νόμος ἀνεῖται, κού φθάνοι θυῃσκων τις ἂν, ὡς τῆς γε τόλμης οὖ σπάνις γενήσεται.

ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἐπείδ’ ὤμιλον, εὐ δοκῶν λέγειν. μικὰ δ’ ἐκείνως ὁ κακὸς ἐν πλῆθει λέγων, δι’ ἡγόρευε σύγγονον σὲ τε κτανεῖν.

μόλις δ’ ἐπείσε μὴ πετρούμενος θανεῖν τλῆμων Ὀρέστης: αὐτόχειρι δὲ σφαγὴ ὑπέσχετ’ ἐν τῇ δ’ ἡμέρᾳ λείψειν βίων σὺν σοί. πορεύει δ’ αὐτὸν ἐκκλητῶν ἀπό

Πυλάδης δακρύων: σὺν δ’ ὀμαρτούσιν φίλοι κλαίοντες, οἰκτείροντες: ἔρχεται δὲ σοὶ πικρὸν θέαμα καὶ πρόσοψις ἄθλια.

ἀλλ’ εὐπρέπετε φάσγαν’ ἡ βρόχον δέρη, ὡς δεὶ λυτείν σε φέγγοις. ηγυγείνα δὲ οὖδὲν σ’ ἐπωφελήσεν, οὐδ’ ὁ Πύθιος τρίποδα καθὶζων Φοῖβος, ἀλλ’ ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ δυστάλαινα παρθεν’, ὡς ξυνηρεφὲς πρόσωπον εἰς γῆν σὸν βαλοὺς’ ἀφθονγος εἰ, ὡς εἰς στεναγμοὺς καὶ γόους δραμουμένη.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κατάρχομαι στεναγμοῦ, ὁ Πελασγία, στρ. τιθείσα λευκὰν ὄνυχα διὰ παρηκάδων, αἰματηρὸν ἄταν, κτύπου τε κρατός, δὴ ἔλαχ’ ἀ κατὰ χθονὸς
'Twas in your cause, no less than in my sire's,
I slew my mother; for, if their lords' blood
Shall bring no guilt on wives, make haste to die;
Else must ye live in thraldom to your wives,
And so transgress against all righteousness.
For now the traitress to my father's couch
Is dead: but if ye shall indeed slay me,
Law is annulled: better men died straightway;
Since for no crime shall wives lack daring now.'
They would not hear, though well he spake, me-
seemed.
That knave prevailed, who to the mob appealed,
Who called on them to slay thy brother and thee.
Hapless Orestes scarce could gain the boon
By stoning not to die. By his own hand
He pledged him to leave life on this same day
With thee. Now from the gathering Pylades
Bringeth him weeping; and his friends attend
Lamenting with strong crying. So he comes
To thee, sight bitter and woeful to behold.
Prepare the sword, or halter for thy neck;
For thou must leave the light. Thy princely birth
Nought hath availed thee, nor the Pythian King
Apollo tripod-throned; nay, ruined thee. [Exit.

CHORUS

O misery-burdened maiden, how art thou
Speechless, with veiled head bowed unto the earth,
As who shall run her course of moans and wails!

ELECTRA

Land of Pelasgia, I waken the wailing,
Scoring red furrows with fingers white
In my cheeks, as with blood-streaks I mar them, and
hailing [right,
On the head of me blows, which she claims as her

VOL. II.
ОРΕΞΤΗΣ

νερτέρων καλλίπαις ἀνασσα.
ιάχειτω δὲ γὰς Κυκλωπία,
σίδαρον ἐπὶ κάρα τιθείσα κοῦριμον,
πήματ’ οὐκὼν.
ἔλεος ἔλεος ὦ ἔρχεται
τῶν θανομένων ὑπὲρ,
στρατηλατῶν Ἐλλάδος ποτ’ ὄντων.

βέβακε γὰρ βέβακεν, οὐχεῖται τέκνων ἀντ.
πρόπασα γέννα Πέλοπος ὦ τ’ ἐπὶ μακαρίως
ζήλος ὦν ποτ’ οἰκοις.
θόνον νυν εἴλε θεόθεν, ἄ τε δυσμενῆς
φοινία ψῆφος ἐν πολίταις.
ἰὼ ἱὼ, παιδάκρυτ’ ἐφαμέρων
ἐθνη πολύτονα, λεύσεθ’, ὡς παρ’ ἐλπίδας
μοῖρα βαίνει.
ἐτερα δ’ ἐτερος ἀμείβεται
πήματ’ ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ
βροτῶν ὦ πᾶς ἀστάθμητος αἰῶν.

μόλοιμι τὰν οὐρανοῦ
μέσου χθονὸς τε τεταμέναν αἰωρήμασι
πέτραν ἀλύσεσι χρυσέασι φερομέναν
δυναισι βάλλον ἐξ Ολύμπου,
ἵν’ ἐν θρήνουσιν ἀναβοάσω
γέροντι πατρὶ Ταυτάλῳ
δς ἔτεκεν ἔτεκε γενέτορας ἐμέθεν δόμων,
οὶ κατεῖδον ἄτας,
ORESTES

The fair Queen of the dead 'neath the earth that are lying.
On thy locks let the steel of the shearing light,
Land Cyclopean; break forth into crying,
For the woes of the house of thy princes sighing.
Ah pity upwellling, ah tears unavailing
For those in this hour that go forth to their dying,
Erst chieftains of Hellas's battle-might.

(Ant.)

Gone—gone! Lo, the lineage of Pelops hath fleeted
Into nothingness wholly; and passed away
Is the pride of a house in bliss high-seated,
By Heaven's jealousy blasted; and hungry to slay
Is the doom that the citizens spake death-dealing.
Ah, travail-worn tribes that endure but a day
Amid weeping, behold how the morrow, revealing
The death of your hopes, cometh destiny-sealing;
And to each man his several sorrows are meted,
Unto each in his turn, through the years on-stealing,
Nor ever abide we at one stay.

O might I win to the rock 'twixt heaven
And earth suspended in circles swinging,
Upborne by the golden chains scarce-clinging,
The shard from Olympus riven;
That to Tantalus, father of ancient time,
I might shriek with laments wild-ringing:
For of his loins came those sires of our name
Who looked upon that infatuate crime

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1 Tantalus lay in Tartarus beneath a rock, which at every moment seemed about to fall and crush him. Here Euripides seems to identify this rock with the sun, which Anaxagoras described as a red-hot mass of stone hung in heaven.
ОРΕΣΤΗΣ

ποτανὸν μὲν δίωγμα πώλων
τεθρυπποβάμον στόλῳ Πέλοψ ὦ τε
πελάγεσι διεδίφρευσε, Μυρτίλου φόνον
δικάν ὡς οἴδμα πόντου,
λευκοκύμοσιν
πρὸς Γεραιστίας
ποντίων σάλων
ἳσιν ἀρματεύσας.

ὁθεν δόμοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς
ἲλθ᾽ ἄρα πολύστονοι,
λόχευμα πομνίοισι Μαίαδος τόκοι,
τὸ χρυσόμαλλον ἀρνὸς ὅποτ᾽
ἐγένετο τέρας ὦλον ὦλον

Ἀτρέως ἵπποβώτα;
ὁθεν Ἱερὸ τὸ τε πτερωτὸν
ἀλὼν μετέβαλεν ἀρμά,
τὰν πρὸς ἐσπέραν κέλευθον
οὐρανοῦ προσαρμόσασα
μονόπωλον ὡς Ἀδω,
ἐπταπόρου τε δρόμημα Πελειάδος
εἰς ὅδον ἄλλον Ζεὺς μεταβάλλει,
τῶνδε τ᾽ ἀμείβει ἀεὶ θανάτους θανά-
tων τὰ τ᾽ ἐπώνυμα δεῖπνα Θύεστου
λέκτρα τε Κρήσσας Ἀερότας δόλλ-
as δολίοις γάμοις. τὰ πανύστατα δ᾽
eἰς ἐμὲ καὶ γενέταν ἐμὸν ἦλθε
δόμων πολυπόνοις ἀνάγκαις.

ΧΟΡΟΧ

καὶ μὴν ὁδὲ σὸς σύγγονος ἔρπει
ψῆφῳ θανάτου κατακυρωθείς,
ὁ τε πιστότατος πάντων Πυλάδης.
ORESTES

Wrought when the car-steeds' winged feet chased,
When the four-horsed chariot of Pelops raced
By the strand, and his hand dashed Myrtilus
down
Unto hell, in the swell of the sea to drown,
When the race was o'er
Of the wheels that sped
By the white foam-fringe of the surf-lashed shore
Of Geraestus' head.

For a curse heavy-burdened with mourning
Fell on mine house for the deed,
When Maia's son from his fold
Brought the lamb of the fleece of gold,
A portent whence ruin was rolled
Upon Atreus, a king's overturning:
And the sun-car's winged speed
From the ghastly strife turned back,
Changing his westering track
Through the heavens unto where, blush-burning,
Dawn rose with her single steed.
Lo, Zeus to another star-highway bending
The course of the sailing Pleiads seven!
Lo, death after death in succession unending
By the banquet, named of Thyestes, given,
And by Cretan Aeroppe's couch of shame
And treason!—the consummation came
Of all, upon me and my father descending
In our house's affliction foredoomed in heaven.

CHORUS

Lo, where thy brother hitherward comes faring,
Doomed by the vote of Argos' folk to die;
Yea, also Pylades, above all other
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ισάδελφος ἀνήρ,
ἐξιθύνων νοσέρων κάλουν,
pοδὶ κηδοσύνῳ παράσειρος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οἱ γὰρ πρὸ τύμβου γὰρ σ’ ὀρῶσ’ ἀναστένω,
ἀδελφὲ, καὶ πάροιθε νερτέρων πυρᾶς.
οἱ γὰρ μᾶλ’ αὖθις· ὡς σ’ ἰδοῦσ’ ἐν ὃμαισι
πανυστάτην πρόσοψιν ἐξέστην φρενών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐ σὺν’ ἀφείσα τοὺς γυναίκειοις γόους
στέρξεις τὰ κρανθέντ’; οἰκτρὰ μὲν τάδ’, ἄλλ’ ὃμως
[φέρειν ἀνάγκη τὰς παρεστώσας τύχας.]

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
καὶ πῶς σιωπῶ, φέγγος εἰσορᾶν θεοῦ
tῶδ’ οὐκέθ’ ἡμῖν τοῖς ταλαιπώροις μέτα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
σὺ μὴ μ’ ἀπόκτειν· ἄλις ἀπ’ Ἀργείαν χερὸς
tέθνηχ’ ὁ τλήμων’ τὰ δὲ παρόντ’ ἔα κακά.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ὁ μέλεος ἦβης σῆς, Ὀρέστα, καὶ πότμου
θανάτου τ’ ἀώρου. ζῆν ἔχρην σ’, ἤτ’ οὐκέτ’ εἰ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
μὴ πρὸς θεῶν μοι περιβάλλεις ἀνανδρίαν,
eἰς δάκρυα πορθμεύουσ’ ὑπομνήσει κακών.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
θανούμεθ’· οὐχ οἶδ’ τε μὴ στένειν κακά.
pᾶσι γὰρ οἰκτρῶν ἡ φίλη ψυχῆ βρότοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τῶδ’ ἡμῖν κύριοι· δεῖ δ’ ἡ βρόχους
ἀπειν κρεμαστοῦς ἢ ξίφος θήγειν χερί.
ORESTES

Truest of friends, close-cleaving as a brother,
Cometh, Orestes' fainting steps upbearing,
   Ever with heedful feet a yokemate nigh.

Enter Orestes and Pylades.

ELECTRA

Woe's me! I mourn to see thee, brother, stand
Before the tomb, before the pyre of death.
Woe's me again! As gaze mine eyes on thee
With this last look, my spirit faileth me.

ORESTES

Nay, hush; from wailings womanlike forbear.
Bow to thy fate: 'tis piteous; none the less
Needs must we bear the doom that stands hard by.

ELECTRA

Nay, how be hushed? To see yon Sun-god's light
No more is given to us unhappy ones.

ORESTES

Ah, slay me not! Enough that Argive hands
Have slain a wretch: let be the imminent ills.

ELECTRA

Woe for thy youth, for thine untimely death,
Orestes! Life, not death, had been thy due.

ORESTES

Ah, by the Gods, I pray, unman me not,
Nor move to tears by mention of our woes.

ELECTRA

We die! I cannot but bemoan our fate.
All mortals grieve for precious life forgone.

ORESTES

This is our day of doom: the noose must coil
About our necks, or our hands grasp the sword.
ΠΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
σὺ νῦν μ', ἄδελφε, μὴ τις Ἀργείων κτάνῃ ὑβρισμα θέμενος τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνον.

1040 ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
явление τὸ μετρὸς αἶμ' ἔχω· σὲ δ' οὐ κτενῶ, ἄλλ' αὐτόχειρι θυήσχ' ὅτω βούλει τρόπῳ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἔσται τάδ' οὐδὲν σοῦ ξίφος λελείψομαι· ἄλλ' ἀμφιθείναι σῇ δέρῃ θέλω χέρας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τέρπου κενὴν ὠνήσει, εἰ τερπνῶν τὸδε θανάτου πέλας βεβώσι, περιβαλεῖν χέρας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ὡ φίλτατ', ὡ ποθεινὸν ἕδιστόν τ' ἔχων τῆς σῆς ἀδελφῆς ὄνομα καὶ ψυχήν μίαν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐκ τοῖς με τῆξεις· καὶ σ' ἀμείψασθαι θέλω φιλότητι χειρῶν. τί γὰρ ἐτ' αἰδοῦμαι τάλας; ὡ στέρν' ἀδελφῆς, ὡ φίλον πρόσπτυνμ' ἐμοί, τάδ' ἀντὶ παίδων καὶ γαμηλίου λέχους προσφέδεγματ' ἄμφι τοῖς ταλαιπώροις πάρα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΦΕΥ·
πῶς ἂν ξίφος νῦ ταύτῶν, εἰ θέμις, κτάνοι καὶ μνήμα δέξαιθ' ἐν, κέδρου τεχνάσματα;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἕδιστ' ἂν εἴη ταύθ'· ὄρας δὲ δὴ φίλων ὡς ἐσπανίσμεθ', ὡστε κοινονεῖν τάφου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὖδ' εἴφ' ὑπὲρ σοῦ, μηθ' θάναυς στουδὴν ἔχων, Μενέλαος ὁ κακός, ὁ προδότης τοῦμοι πατρός;

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ORESTES

ELECTRA
Brother, thou slay me, that no Argive slay,
With outrage foul to Agamemnon’s child.

ORESTES
Suffice the mother’s blood: I will not slay thee.
Die in what wise thou wilt by thine own hand.

ELECTRA
O yea: I will not lag behind thy sword.
But oh to lay mine arms about thy neck!

ORESTES
Enjoy that vain delight, if joy it be
For those that stand at death’s door to embrace.

ELECTRA
Dearest, who bear’st a name desirable
And sweet on sister’s lips!—one soul with mine!

ORESTES
Ah, thou wilt melt me! Fain would I reply
With arms of love! Ah, why still shrink in shame?
O sister-bosom, dear embrace to me!
In children’s stead, instead of wedded arms,
This farewell to the hapless is vouchsafed.

ELECTRA (sighs)
Oh might the selfsame sword, if this may be,
Slay us, one coffin cedar-wrought receive!

ORESTES
Most sweet were this: yet, how forlorn of friends
Thou seest are we, who cannot claim one tomb!

ELECTRA
Spake Menelaus not for thee, to plead
Against thy death—base traitor to my sire?
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οῦδ’ ὕμν’ ἐδείξεν, ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ σκήπτρος ἕχων
tὴν ἐπίτιθ’, ἤπαθείτο μὴ σφέζων φύλους.
ἀλλ’ εἰ’, ὅπως γενναία κἀκαμέμφους
dράσαντε καθανοῦμεθ’ ἀξιώτατα.
κάγω μὲν εὐγένειαν ἀποδείξω πόλει,
pαίσας πρὸς ἕπαρ φασγάνω· σε δ’ αὐχρεῖν
ὁμοῦ πράσσειν τοῖς ἐμοῖς τολμήμασιν.
Πυλάδη, σοῦ δ’ ἡμῖν τοῦ φόνου γενοῦ βραβεύσας,
καὶ καθανόντον εὐ περίστειλον δέμας,
θάψας τε κοινή πρὸς πατρὸς τύμβον φέρων.
καὶ χαῖρ’· ἐπ’ ἔργον δ’, ὡς ὀρᾶς, πορεύομαι.
ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
ἐπίσχεσ. ἐν μὲν πρώτα σοι μομφῆν ἔχω,
eἰ ζῆν με χρήζειν σοῦ θανόντος ἡλπίσας.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί γὰρ προσῆκει καθανοῦν σ’ ἐμοῦ μέτα;
ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
ἡροῦ; τί δὲ ζῆν σῆς ἑταίριας ἀτερ;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἔκτανε σῇς μητέρ’, ὡς ἐγὼ τάλας.
ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
σὺν σοὶ γε κοινή’ ταῦτα καὶ πάσχειν με δεῖ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀπόδος τὸ σῶμα πατρί, μὴ σύνθυσικέ μοι.
σοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἔστι πόλυς, ἐμοὶ δ’ οὐκ ἔστι δή,
καὶ δῶμα πατρὸς καὶ μέγας πλοῦτον λιμήν.
γάμῳ δὲ τῆς μὲν δυσπότιμον τῆσ’ ἐσφάλης,
ἢ σοι κατηγιγήσῃ’, ἔταιρίαν σέβων·
σοῦ δ’ ἄλλο λέκτρον παιδοποιήσαι λαβῶν,
κήθος δὲ τοῦμον καὶ σοῦ οὐκέτ’ ἐστὶ δή.
ἀλλ’ ὁ ποθεῖνον ὅνομ’ ὀμελίας ἐμῆς,
ORESTES

ORESTES
His face he showed not—fixed upon the throne
His hope, with good heed not to save his friends!
Come, prove we by our deeds our high-born strain,
And worthily of Agamemnon die.
Yea, I will show all men my royal blood,
Plunging the sword into mine heart: but thou
Must match with thine the unflinching deed I do.
Sit thou as umpire, Pylades, to our death.
Meetly lay out the bodies of the dead:
Bear to our sire's grave, and with him entomb.
Farewell: I go, thou seest, to do the deed. [Going.

PYLADES
Tarry:—first, one reproach have I for thee:
Thou didst expect that I would live, thou dead!

ORESTES
How, what hast thou to do to die with me?

PYLADES
Dost ask? Without thy friendship what were life?

ORESTES
Thy mother thou slew'st not, as I—woe's me?

PYLADES
I shared thy deed, thy sufferings must I share.

ORESTES
Restore thee to thy sire; die not with me.
Thou hast a city,—none to me is left,—
A father's home, a haven wide of wealth.
Thou canst not wed this maiden evil-starred
Whom I for friendship's sake betrothed to thee.
Yet take thee another bride and rear thee sons:
The looked-for tie 'twixt thee and me is not.
Now, O dear name of my companionship,
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

χαίρε· οὐ γὰρ ἤμων ἔστι τούτῳ, σοί γε μήν·
oi γὰρ θανόντες χαρμάτων τητώμεθα.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἡ πολὺ λέειναι τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.
mηθ' αἴμα μου δέξατο κάρτιμον πέδου,
μὴ λαμπρὸς αἰθήρ, εἰ σ' ἐγώ προδοῦς ποτε
ἐλευθερώσας τούμον ἀπολάπτωμι σε.
καὶ συγκατέκτανον γὰρ, οὐκ ἄρνησομαι,
καὶ πάντ' ἐβούλευο, ἢν σὺ νῦν τίνες δίκας·
καὶ ξυνθανέζων οὐν δεί με σοὶ καὶ τῇδ' ὀμοῦ.
ἐμὴ γὰρ αὐτήν, ἢς λέχος κατήνεσας,
κρίνω δάμαρτα· τί γὰρ ἐρώ καλῶν ποτὲ
γῆν Δελφίδ' ἐλθὼν Φωκεών ἀκρόπτολων,
ὡς πρὶν μὲν ὑμᾶς δυστυχεῖν φίλος παρῆ,
νῦν δ' οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ δυστυχοῦντι σοι φίλος;
οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν κάμοι μέλει.
ἐπεὶ δὲ κατθανούμεθ', εἰς κοινοὺς λόγους
ἔλθομεν, ὥς ἂν Μενέλεως ξυνδυστυχῆ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὡς φίλστατ', εἰ γὰρ τούτῳ κατθάνωμ' ἰδὼν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

πιθοῦ νυν, ἀνάμευνον δ' φασγάνου τομάς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μενδ', τὸν ἔχθρον εἴ τι τιμωρήσομαι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

σῖγα νυν· ὡς γυναιξὶ πιστεύω βραχύ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μηδὲν τρέςας τάσδ'· ὡς πάρεισ' ἤμων φίλαι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

Ἐλένην κτάνωμεν, Μενέλεως λύπην πικράν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς; τὸ γὰρ ἔτοιμον ἔστιν, εἰ γ' ἔσται καλῶς.
ORESTES

Farewell!—not this for us, perchance for thee:
For us, the dead, is no glad faring-well!

PYLADES

Far dost thou fail of hitting mine intent.
May neither fruitful earth receive my blood,
Nor sunlit sky, if I forsake thee ever,
Deliver mine own soul, and fall from thee!
I shared the murder, I disown it not;
All did I plan for which thou sufferest now;
Therefore I needs must die with thee, with her.
For I account her pledged of thee to me,
My wife. What tale fair-seeming shall I tell,
Coming to Delphi, to the Phocians' burg,
Who was your close friend ere your fortunes fell,
Now, in calamity, no more thy friend?
Nay, nay, this task is mine no less than thine.
But, since we needs must die, debate we now
How Menelaus too may share our woe.

ORESTES

Dear friend, would I could look on this, and die!

PYLADES

Hearken to me, and that sword-stroke defer.

ORESTES

I wait, if so I avenge me on my foe.

PYLADES (pointing to Chorus)

Speak low!—I put in women little trust.

ORESTES

Fear not for these: all here be friends to us.

PYLADES

Slay Helen—Menelaus' bitter grief!

ORESTES

How? Ready am I, if this may well befall.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
σφάξαντες. ἐν δόμους δὲ κρύπτεται σέθεν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
μάλιστα: καὶ δὴ πάντ' ἀποσφραγίζεται.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ἀλλ' οὐκέθ', "Αἰδην νυμφίον κεκτημένη.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ πῶς; ἔχει γὰρ βαρβάρους ὀπάνας.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
tίνας; Φρυγῶν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἀν τρέσαιμ' ἐγώ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οίους ἑνόπτρων καὶ μύρων ἐπιστάτας.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
τρυφάς γὰρ ἦκει δεύρ' ἔχουσα Τρωικάς;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡς Ἐλλὰς αὐτὴ σμικρὸν οἰκητήριον.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
οὐδὲν τὸ δοῦλον πρὸς τὸ μὴ δοῦλον γένος.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ μὴν τὸδ' ἔρξας δίς θανείν οὐχ ἄξομαι.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐγώ μήν, σοὶ γε τιμωρούμενος.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
tὸ πράγμα δῆλον καὶ πέραιν', ὅπως λέγεις.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
εἶσιμεν ἐς οἰκους δῆθεν, ὡς θανούμενοι.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔχω τοσοῦτον, τἀπίλοιπα δ' οὐκ ἔχω.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
γόους πρὸς αὐτὴν θησόμεσθ' ἀ πᾶσχομεν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡςτ' ἐκδακρύσαι γ' ἐνδοθεν κεχαρμένην.

1110
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ORESTES

PYLADES
With sword-thrust: in thine halls she hideth now.
ORESTES
Even so—and setteth now her seal on all.
PYLADES
She seals no more, when Hades hails her bride.
ORESTES
Nay, how? She hath barbarian serving-men.
1110
PYLADES
Whom? Phrygians!—'tis not I would quail for such.
ORESTES
Ay,—chiefs of mirrors and of odours they.
PYLADES
So? Hath she come with Trojan luxury hither?
ORESTES
Ay; for her mansion Hellas is too strait.
PYLADES
Nought is the slave against the freeborn man.
ORESTES
This deed but done, I dread not twice to die.
PYLADES
Nay, neither I, so I avenge but thee.
ORESTES
Declare the thing; unfold what thou wouldst say.
PYLADES
We will into the house, as deathward-bound.
ORESTES
Thus much I grasp, but grasp not yet the rest.
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PYLADES
We will make moan unto her of our plight.
ORESTES
That she may weep—rejoicing in her heart!

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ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
καὶ νῦν παρέσται ταῦθ’ ἀπερ κεῖνη τότε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔπειτ’ ἀγώνα πῶς ἀγωνιοῦμεθα;

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
κρύπτ’ ἐν πέπλοις τοις ἐξομεν ξίφη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πρόσθεν δ’ ὁπαδῶν τῆς ὀλεθρος γενῆσεται;

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
ἐκκλήσομεν σφάς ἀλλου ἀλλοσε στέγης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ τὸν γε μὴ συγ�οντ’ ἀποκτείνειν χρεών.

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
εἰτ’ αὐτὸ δηλοὶ τοῦργον οἱ τείνειν χρεών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

'Ελένην φονεύειν μανθάνω τὸ σύμβολον.

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
ἐγὼς άκουσον δ’ ὡς καλῶς βουλεύομαι.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ εἰς γυναίκα σωφρονεστέραν
ξίφος μεθείμεν, δυσκλείς δὴν ἴδω φῶνος.

νῦν δ’ ὑπὲρ ἀπάσης 'Ελλάδος δῶσει δίκην,
δεὶν πατέρας ἐκτείω, δοὺς τ’ ἀπόλλεσέν τέκνα,
νῦμφας τ’ ἐδχκεν ὀρφανᾶς ξυνάρων.

οὐλογιμὸς ἔσται, πῦρ τ’ ἀνάφουσιν θεοὶ,
σοὶ πολλὰ κάμοι κέδυ ἀρώμενοι τυχεῖν,
κακῆς γυναικὸς οὐνεχ’ αλμ’ ἐπράξαμεν.

ο’ μητροφόντης δ’ οὐ καλεὶ ταυτὴν κτανών,
ἀλλ’ ἀπολυπῶν τοῦτ’ ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον πεσεῖ,
'Ελένης λεγόμενοσ τῆς πολυκτόνου φονεύς.
οὐ δεῖ ποτ’ οὐ δεῖ Μενέλεων μὲν εὔτυχεῖν,
ORESTES

PYLADES
Ah! we shall be in like case then with her!  

ORESTES
Thereafter, how shall we strive out the strife?

PYLADES
Hidden beneath these cloaks will we have swords.

ORESTES
But in her thralls' sight how shall she be slain?

PYLADES
In several chambers will we bar them out.

ORESTES
And whoso keeps not silence must we slay.

PYLADES
Thenceforth the deed's self points the path to us,—

ORESTES
To Helen's death: the watchword know I well.

PYLADES
Thou say'st: and honourable my counsel is;
For, if we loosed the sword against a dame
More virtuous, were that slaying infamous.
But she shall for all Hellas' sake be punished,
Whose sires she slew, whose children she destroyed,
Whose brides she widowed of their yokefellows.
There shall be shouting, fires to heaven shall blaze,
With blessings many invoked on thee and me,
For that we shed a wicked woman's blood.
Slay her, thou shalt not matricide be called:
This cast aside, thou shalt find fairer lot,
Styled Slayer of Helen, a nation's murderess.
It must not be that Menelaus thrive,

1 i.e. Pretending to sorrow, but inwardly exulting, as having her in our power.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸν σὸν δὲ πατέρα καὶ σὲ κάδελφην θανεῖν,
μητέρα τ’, ἐὼ τούτ’, οὐ γὰρ εὑπτερεῖς λέγειν,
δόμους τ’ ἔχειν σοὺς, δι’ Ἄγαμέμνονος δορύ
λαβόντα νῦμφην μὴ γὰρ οὖν ξοήν ἔτι,
ἔν μη ’π’ ἐκείνη φάσγανον σπασώμεθα.
 quam δ’ οὖν τὸν Ἐλένης μὴ κατάσχωμεν φόνον,
πρῆσαντες οίκους τούδε καθανοῦμεθα.
ἐνὼς γὰρ οὐ σφαλέντες ἔξομεν κλέος,
καλῶς θανόντες ἢ καλῶς σεσωσμένοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάσαν γυναῖκιν ἄξια στυγεῖν ἐφι
ἡ Τυνδαρίδας παῖς, ἢ κατήσχυνεν γένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ:
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδέν κρείσσουν ἢ φίλος σαφῆς,
οὐ πλοῦτος, οὐ τυραννίς ἀλόγιστον δε τι
τὸ πλῆθος ἀντάλαγμα γενναῖον φίλου.
οὐ γὰρ τὰ τ’ εἰς Αἰγισθον ἐξηπῆς κακά,
καὶ πληθιον παρῆσθα κινδύνων ἐμοῖ,
νῦν τ’ αὖ δίδοις μοι πολεμίων τιμωρίαν
κοῦκ ἐκποδών εἰ. παύσομαι σ’ αἰνῶν, ἐπεὶ
βάρος τι κἀν τὸδ’ ἔστιν, αἰνεῖσθαι λίαν.
ἔγω δὲ πάντως ἐκπνέουν ψυχὴν ἐμῆν
δράσας τι χρήζω τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς θανεῖν,
ἐν ἀνταναλόσω μὲν οὐ με προύδοσαν,
στένωσι δ’ οὐπερ κάμ’ ἐθηκαν ἄθλουν.
’Αγαμέμνονός τοι παῖς πέφυχ’, δε Ἐλλάδος
ἡρὲ ἄξιωθείς, οὐ τύραννος ἀλλ’ ὅμως
ῥώμην θεοῦ τιν’ ἐσχ’; δι’ οὐ κατασχυνώ
δοῦλου παρασχῶν θάνατον, ἀλλ’ ἔλευθερος
ψυχὴν ἀφῆσο, Μενέλαω χεῖ λάβοίμεθ’, εὐτυχοίμεν ἃν,
ORESTES

The while thy sire, thou, and thy sister die,
Thy mother—that I pass, unmeet to say,—
And that he hold thine halls who won his bride
By Agamemnon's spear! May I not live
If we shall not against her draw the sword!
If haply we achieve not Helen's death,
Yon palace will we fire, and so will die.
For, of two glories, one we will not miss,
To die with honour, or with honour 'scape.

CHORUS

This child of Tyndareus, who hath brought shame
On womankind, deserves all women's hate.

ORESTES

Ha! nought is better than a loyal friend—
Nor wealth, nor lordship! Sure, of none account
The crowd is, weighed against one noble friend.
Aegisthus' punishment didst thou devise;
On peril's brink thou stoodest at my side;
And profferest now avenging on my foes,
Nor stand'st aloof;—but I will cease from praise,
For weariness cometh even of overpraise.
I must in any wise give up the ghost,
Yet fain would sting mine enemies ere I die,
That my betrovers I may so requite,
And they which made me miserable may groan.
Agamemnon's son am I, the son of one
Held worthy to rule Greece—no despot, yet
A god's might had he. Him I will not shame,
Brooking a slave's death; but as a free man
Mid vengeance on Menelaus breathe out life.
Might we gain one thing, fortunate were we
ОРΕΣΤΗΣ

εἴ ποθεν ἄελπτος παραπέσωι σωτηρία
κτανούσι μὴ θανούσιν ἐνχώμαι τάδε.
ὁ βούλομαι γάρ, ἢδυ καὶ διὰ στόμα,
πτηνοῖσι μύθοις ἀδαπάνως τέρψαι φρένα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ.
ἐγώ, κασίγνητ', αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἔχειν δοξῶ,
σωτηρίαν σοι τῷ δὲ τ' ἐκ τρίτων τ' ἐμοὶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
θεοῦ λέγεις πρόνοιαν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ τόδε;
ἐπεὶ τὸ συνετὸν γ' οἴδα σῇ ψυχῇ παρόν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
άκονε δὴ νυν' καὶ σὺ δεῦρο νοῦν ἔχε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λέγ'· ὡς τὸ μέλλειν ἀγάθ' ἔχει τιν' ἡδονήν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
'Ελένης κάτωθι θυγατέρ'· εἰδότ' ἡρώμην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οἶδ', ἥν ἐθρεψεν 'Ερμώνην μήτηρ ἔμη.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
αὕτη βέβηκε πρὸς Κλυταμνήστρας τάφον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί χρήμα δράσουσ'; ὑποτίθης τίν' ἐλπίδα;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
χοᾶς κατασπείσουσ' ὑπὲρ μητρὸς τάφον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ δὴ τί μοι τοῦτ' εἴπας εἰς σωτηρίαν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
συλλάβεθ' ὁμηρον τὴνδ', ὡταν στείχῃ πάλιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τίνος τὸδ' εἴπας· φάρμακον τρισθοῖς φίλοις;

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ORESTES

If, past hope, unto us deliverance chanced,
To slay and not be slain. For this I pray:
For sweet the wish is—sweet through sighing lips
To cheer the heart with winged words costing naught.

ELECTRA

I, brother, have this same thing found, meseems,—
Deliverance for thee, for him, for me.

ORESTES

God's foresight claim'st thou!—yet why say I this,
Since I know wisdom dwelleth in thine heart?

ELECTRA

Hearken then: give thou also (to pyl.) heed hereto.

ORESTES

Speak: there is pleasure even in hope of good.

ELECTRA

Thou knowest Helen's daughter?—wherefore ask?

ORESTES

I know—my mother nursed Hermione.

ELECTRA

Even she hath gone to Clytemnestra's tomb.

ORESTES

With what intent?—now what hope whisperest thou?

ELECTRA

To pour drink-offerings o'er our mother's tomb.

ORESTES

Wherein to safety tendeth this thou nam'st?

ELECTRA

Seize her, our hostage, when she cometh back.

ORESTES

What peril-salve for us three friends were this?
ΟΡΕΥΣΘΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

'Ελενης θανούσης, ἵν τι Μενέλαος σὲ δρᾷ ἢ τόνδε κάμε, πάν γὰρ ἐν φίλον τόδε, λέγ ώς φονεύσεις 'Ερμώνην ξίφος δὲ χρὴ δέρῃ πρὸς αὐτῇ παρθένου στάσαντ' ἔχειν. καὶ μὲν σε σφάζῃ μὴ θανεῖν χρῆςων κόρην Μενέλαος, 'Ελενης πτώμι ἰδὼν ἐν αἵματι, μέθες πεπάθθαι πατρὶ παρθένου δέμας· ἢν δ' οξυθύμου μὴ κρατῶν φρονήματος κτείνῃ σε, καὶ σὺ σφάζῃ παρθένου δέρῃν. καὶ νῦν δοκῶ, τὸ πρῶτον ἦν πολὺς παρῆ, χρόνῳ μαλάξειν σπλάγχνον. οὔτε γὰρ θρασὺς οὔτ' ἀλκίμος πέφυκε. τῷδ' ἡμῖν ἐχω σωτηρίας ἐπαλξίν. εἰρθηται λόγος.

ΟΡΕΥΣΘΗΣ

ὁ τὰς φρένας μὲν ἄρσενας κεκτημένην, τὸ σῶμα δ' ἐν γυναικὶ θηλείαις πρέπουν, ὡς ἀξία ξῆν μᾶλλον ἢ θανεῖν ἐφυς. Πυλάδη, τοιαύτης ἀρ' ἀμαρτήσει τάλας γυναικὸς ἢ ξῶν μακάριον κτήσει λέχος.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ γένοιτο, Φωκέων δ' ἔλθοι πόλιν καλοίσθαι ὑμεναίοισιν ἄξιομένην.

ΟΡΕΥΣΘΗΣ

ὁξεῖ δ' ἐς οἶκους 'Ερμώνη τίνος χρόνου; ὡς τάλλα γ' ἐπάσα, εἴπερ εὐτυχήσομεν, κάλλισθ', ἐλόντες σκύμνον ἄνοσίου πατρός.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ δὴ πέλας νῦν δωμάτων εἰναι δοκῶ· τοῦ γὰρ χρόνου τὸ μῆκος αὐτὸ συντρέχει.
ORESTES

ELECTRA

If, Helen slain, Menelaus seek to harm
Thee, him, or me,—this bond of friends is one,—
Cry, thou wilt slay Hermione: the sword
Drawn must thou hold hard at the maiden's neck.
Then, if Menelaus, lest his daughter die,
Will save thee, seeing Helen fallen in blood,
Yield to her sire's embrace the maiden's form.
But if, controlling not his furious mood,
He seek to slay thee, pierce the maid's neck through.
I ween, though swelling be his port at first,
His wrath at last shall cool. Nor brave nor stout
By nature is he. This I find for us
The bulwark of deliverance. I have said.

ORESTES

O thou who hast the spirit of a man,
Albeit in body woman manifest,
How worthier far art thou to live than die!
Such woman, Pylades, shalt thou, alas!
Forfeit, or living win in wedlock blest.

PYLADES

God grant it so, that to the Phocians' burg
She come, for honour meet of spousals proud!

ORESTES

But to the house when comes Hermione?
For all that thou hast said is passing well,
So we may trap this impious father's whelp.

ELECTRA

In sooth, I ween, she is nigh the palace now,
For the time's lapse runs consonant thereto.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καλῶς· σὺ μὲν νῦν, σύγγονον Ἐλέκτρα, δόμων πάροι σένοισα παρθένων δέχομενο τόσα·
φύλασσε δ' ἂν τις, πρῶς τελευτηθή φόνος,
η εὐμμαχός τις ἡ κασιγνήτος πατρὸς
ἐλθὼν ἐς οἴκους φθῆ, ἥγοντες τ' εἰς δόμους,
ἡ σανίδα παῖσας· ἡ λόγους πέμψασ' ἔσο. ἡ
ἵμεις δ' ἐσώ στείχοντες ἐπὶ τὸν ἔσχατον
ἀγών' ὑπλιξώμεσθα φασκάνω χέρας,
Πυλάδη· σὺ γὰρ δὴ συμπονεῖς ἐμοὶ πόνους.
ὁ δῶμα ναίοι νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας πάτερ,
καλεῖ σ' Ὁρέστῆς παῖς σὸς ἐπίκουρον μολεῖν
toίς δεομένοις. διὰ γὰρ πάσης τάλας
ἀδίκως προδέομαι δ' ὑπὸ κασιγνήτου σέθεν,
δίκαια πράξας· οὐθ' ἥλων δάμαρθ' ἐλὼν
κτείναι· σὺ δ' Ἦμην τούδε συλλήπτουρ γενοῦν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ πάτερ, ἴκοι δήτ', εἰ κλύεις εἰς τον χθόνος
tέκνων καλοῦντων, οἳ σέθεν θυμάκουσ' ὑπερ.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ὁ συγγένεια πατρὸς ἐμοῦ, κάμας λυτᾶς,
Ἀγάμεμνων, εἰςάκουσον, ἔκσωσον τέκνα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐκτείνα μητέρ',

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἡψάμην δ' ἐγὼ ἕφυοι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ δ' ἐπενεκέλευσα κάτελυσ' ὄκνου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοι, πάτερ, ἀρήγων.
ORESTES

'Tis well. Sister Electra, tarry thou
Before the halls to meet the maiden's steps.
Keep watch lest any,—brother of our sire,
Or ally—ere this deed be wrought, draw near
The house, forestalling us. Give token thou—
Smite on the door, or send a cry within.
Now pass we in, and for this latest strife
Arm we our hands with falchions, Pylades:
For thou art fellow-toiler in my toil.
Father, who dwellest in dark halls of night,
Thy son Orestes bids thee come to help
Those in sore need. For thy sake suffer I
Wrongfully—by thy brother am betrayed,
Though I wrought righteousness. I fain would seize
His wife, and slay: be thou our help herein!

ELECTRA
Come, father, come, if thou in earth's embrace
Hearest thy children cry, who die for thee!

PYLADES
My father's kinsman,¹ to my prayers withal,
Agamemnon, hearken; save thy children thou.

ORESTES
I slew my mother—

PYLADES
I too grasped the sword!

ELECTRA
I cheered thee on, snapped trammels of delay!

ORESTES
Sire, for thine help!

¹ Pylades' mother was Agamemnon's sister.
ΟΡΕΞΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
οὐδ' ἐγὼ προύδωκα σε.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
οὐκομεν ὀνείδη τάδε κλώων ῥύσει τέκνα;

ΟΡΕΞΤΗΣ
δακρύοις καταστόνδω σ'.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐγὼ δ' οἴκτουσί γε.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
παύσασθε, καὶ πρὸς ἄργον ἔξορμῷμεθα.
εἴπερ γὰρ εἴσω γῆς ἀκοντίσουσ' ἀραὶ,
κλύει. σὺ δ', ὡς Ζεῦ πρόγονε καὶ Δίκης σέβας,
δότ' εὐτυχῆσαι τῷ ἐμοὶ τε τῇ δε τε'
τρισσοῖς φίλοις γὰρ εἰς ἀγῶν, δίκη μία,
ἡ δὲ ἀπάσιν ἥ θανεῖν ὑφείλεται.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
Μυκηνίδες ὃ φίλαι,
στρ. τὰ πρῶτα κατὰ Πελασγῶν ἔδος Ἀργεῖων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τίνα θροεῖς αὐθάν, πότινα: παραμένει
gὰρ ἐτι σοι τὸδ' ἐν Δαναϊδῶν πόλει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
στῆθ' αἱ μὲν ὑμῶν τόνδ' ἀμαξήρη τρίβουν,
αἱ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἄλλον ὁμον εἰς φρουράν δόμων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δὲ με τόδε χρέος ἀπίτει,
ἐννεπέ μοι, φίλα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
φῶςος ἔχει με μή τις ἐπὶ δόμασι
σταθεῖς ἐπὶ φόνιον αἰμα
πήματα πήμασιν ἕξευρῃ.
ORESTES

ELECTRA
Nor I abandoned thee!

PYLADES
Wilt thou not hear this challenge—save thine own?

ORESTES
I pour thee tears for offerings!

ELECTRA
Wailings I!

PYLADES
Cease ye, and let us haste unto the deed;
For if prayers, javelin-like, pierce earth, he hears.
Forefather Zeus, and Justice' majesty,
To him, to me, to her, grant happy speed!
Three friends—their venture one, the forfeit one,—
Owe all the selfsame debt, to live or die.

[ORESTES and PYLADES enter the palace.

ELECTRA
Dames of Mycenae, beloved of me, (Str.)
In the Argives' Pelasgian dwelling the noblest ye—

CHORUS
What wouldst thou say unto us, O Princess?—for thine
This name is yet in the city of Danaus' line.

ELECTRA
Set ye yourselves—along the highway some,
And on yon bypath some—to watch the house.

CHORUS
But tell to me, friend, why wouldst thou win
This service of me for thy need?

ELECTRA
I fear lest one yon palace within,
Who hath set him to work a bloody deed,
May earn him but murder for murder's meed.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α
χωρεῖτ’, ἐπειγόμεσθ’ ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν τρίβον τόνδ’ ἐκφυλάξω, τὸν πρὸς ἥλιον βολάς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β
καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ τόνδ’, ὅσ πρὸς ἐσπέραν φέρει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
δόχμια νυν κόρας διάφερ’ ὀμμάτων ἐκείθεν ἐνθάδ’, ἐλτα παλινσκοπίαν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α
ἐχομεν ὡς θροείς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἐλάσσετε νυν βλέφαρον, ἀντ.
κόρας διάδοτε διὰ βοστρύχων πάντη.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β
οδε τίς ἐν τρίβω; πρόσεχε, τίς ὁδ’ ἂρ’ ἀμφι μέλαθρον πολεῖ σὸν ἀγρότας ἀνήρ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ἀπωλόμεσθ’ ἂρ’, ὃς φίλαιν· κεκρυμμένοις θῆρας εἰσφήρεις αὐτίκ’ ἐχθροίσιν θανεῖ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β
ἀφοβος ἔχε· κενός, ὃς φίλα, στίβος ὅν οὐ δοκεῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
τί δέ; τὸ σὸν βέβαιον ἔτι μοι μένει; ὅσ ἀγγελίαιν ἀγαθάν τιν’, εἰ τάδ’ ἔρημα τὰ πρόσθ’ αὐλᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α
καλῶς τά γ’ ἐνθένδ’· ἄλλα τάπτ’ σοῦ σκόπει· ὃς οὕτως ἥμιν Δαναΐδῶν πελάξεται.
ORESTES

CHORUS breaks into two parties.

SEMICHORUS 1
On, hasten we: for me, upon this path
Will I keep watch that toward the sunrise looks.

SEMICHORUS 2
And I on this, that trendeth to the west.

ELECTRA
Sideward glance ye—O rightward and leftward aye
Turn ye your eyes: then gaze on the rearward way.

SEMICHORUS 1
Even as thou bid'st, we obey.

ELECTRA
Now cast ye around you your eyes: yea, wide (Ant.)
Through the veil of your tresses flash them on every side.

SEMICHORUS 2
Who is this on the path?—take heed!—what peasant is here
That strayeth with haunting feet to thine halls anear? 1270

ELECTRA
Undone, friends!—to our foes shall he reveal
Straightway the armed lions lurking there!

SEMICHORUS 2
Nay, untrodden the path is—have no fear,
O friend—for the which was thy doubt.

ELECTRA
And thou—doth thine highway abide yet clear?
If thou hast good tidings, ah, tell it out
If void be the space yon forecourt about.

SEMICHORUS 1
All here is well. Look thou unto thy side:
To us draws nigh no man of Danaus' sons.

237
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

1280 eis taυτόν ἥκεις· καὶ γὰρ οὐδὲ τῇδ' ὀχλος.

ΗΑΕΚΤΡΑ

φέρε νυν ἐν πύλαισιν ἀκοῦν βαλω·
τι μέλλεθ' οἱ κατ' οἶκον ἐν ἰσυχίᾳ
σφάγμα φοινίσσεων;
οὐκ εἰσακούοντο· ὦ τάλαιν· ἐγὼ κακῶν.
ἀρ' εἰς τὸ κάλλος ἐκκεκώφηται ξίφη;
τάχα τις Ἀργείων ἐνοπλὸς ὀρμήσας
ποδὶ βοηδρόμου μέλαθρα προσμίζει.
σκέψασθε νυν ἁμεινον· οὐχ ἔδρας ἀκμῆ·
ἀλλ' αἱ μὲν ἐνθάδ' αἱ δ' ἐκεῖσ' ἐλίσσετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμείβω κέλευθον σκοποῦσα πάντα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1290 ὥ Πελασγὸν Ἀργος, ὄλλυμαι κακῶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

ηκούσαθ'; ἄνδρες χεῖρ' ἔχουσιν ἐν φόνῳ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

'Ελένης τὸ κόκυμ' ἐστίν, ὡς ἀπεικάσαι.

ΗΑΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ Δίος, ὁ Δίος ἀέναιον κράτος,
ἐλθ' ἐπίκουρον ἐμοῦσι φίλοισι πάντως.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαιε, θυίσκω· σὺ δὲ παρὼν μ' οὐκ ὥφελεῖς.

ΗΑΕΚΤΡΑ

φουνεύετε καίνετε ὀλλυτε,
δίπτυχα δίστομα φάσγανα πέμπετε
ἐκ χερος ἱέμενοι
ταῦ λυποπάτωρα λυπόγαμον θ', ὃ πλείστους
ἐκανεν Ἑλλάνων
δορὶ παρὰ ποταμὸν ὀλομένους, ὥθι
ORESTES

SEMICHORUS 2
Thy tale is one with mine: no stir is here.

ELECTRA
Go to, through the gates as a shaft let me speed my cry:—
Within, ho!—why do ye tarry, and no foe nigh,
Your hands with the slaughter to dyé? . . . .
They hear me not!—woe for my miseries!
Ha, at her beauty are the swords struck dumb?
Soon will some Argive mailed, with racing feet
That rush to rescue, burst into the halls!
Watch with more heed,—no time to sit still this!
Bestir ye, hither these, those thitherward.

CHORUS
I scan the diverse ways—on every hand I gaze—

HELEN (within)
Pelasgian Argos, ho!—I am fouly slain!

SEMICHORUS 1
Heard ye?—the men imbrue their hands in blood!

SEMICHORUS 2
Helen's the wild shriek is, to guess thereat.

ELECTRA
O power of Zeus, of Zeus—eternal power,
Come, aid my friends in this supremest hour!

HELEN (within)
Husband, I die! So near, yet help'st thou not!

ELECTRA
Stab ye her—slay her—destroy!
Let them leap, the double-edged falchions twain,
From your grasp with a furious joy
Upon her who left husband and sire, who hath slain
Beside that river of Troy
Many a Greek by the spear who died,

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ОРЕСТΗΣ

δάκρυα δάκρυσι συνέπεσε σιδαρέως
βέλεσιν ἀμφὶ τᾶς Σκαμάνδρου δίνας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
συγάτε συγάτ’, ἥσθόμην κτύπου τινὸς
κέλευθον εἰσπεσόντος ἀμφὶ δώματα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ φίλταται γυναίκες, εἰς μέσον φόνον
ηῷ Ἐρμόνῃ πάρεστι· παύσωμεν βοήν.
στείχει γὰρ εἰσπεσοῦσα δικτύων βρόχους.
καλῶν τὸ θήραμ’, ἢν ἄλφ’, γενήσεται.
πάλιν κατάστηθ’ ἡ σύχῳ μὲν δῷματι,
χρῶν δ’ ἀδήλῳ τῶν δεδραμένων πέρις.
κάγω σκυθρωποὺς ὀμμάτων ἐξ’ ἑω κόρας,
ὅς δήθεν οὐκ έἴδυι τάξειργασμένα.
ὁ παρθέν’, ἤκεις τὸν Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφον
στέψασα καὶ σπείρασα νερτέροις χοᾶς;

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

ἡκω, λαβοῦσα πρευμένειαν. ἀλλά μοι
φῶς τῆς εἰσελήλυθ’, ἤμετρ’ ἐν δόμωι
τῆλουρὸς οὖσα δωμάτων κλών βοήν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ’; ἀξίδ’ ἢμιν τυχχάναι στεναγμάτωι.

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

eὐφήμοι ἰσθι’. τί δὲ νεώτερον λέγεις;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θανεῖν Ἐρέστθην καμ’ ἓδοξε τῆδε γῆ.

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

μὴ δῇτ’, ἐμοὺς γε συγγενεῖσ πεφυκότας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀρα’ ἀνάγκης εἰς ζυγὸν καθέσταμεν.

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

ἡ τοῦδ’ ἔκατι καὶ βοὴ κατὰ στέγασιν;
ORESTES

When the tears fell fast for the iron rain
That flashed Scamander's eddies beside!

CHORUS
Hush ye, O hush: I hear a footfall pass
But now into the path that skirts the house.

ELECTRA
Beloved dames, into the jaws of death
Hermione cometh! Let our outcry cease:
For into the net's meshes, lo, she falls.
Fair quarry this shall be, so she be trapped.
Back to your stations step with quiet look,
With hue that gives no token of deeds done:
And I will wear a trouble-clouded eye,
As who of deeds accomplished knoweth nought.

Enter HERMIONE.
Maiden, from wreathing Clytemnestra's grave,
From pouring offerings to the dead, art come?

HERMIONE
I come, her favour won. But on mine ears
Hath smitten strange dismay touching a cry
Heard from the house when I was yet afar.

ELECTRA
Why not?—to us things worthy groans befall.

HERMIONE
Ah, say not so! What ill news tellest thou?

ELECTRA
Argos decrees Orestes' death and mine.

HERMIONE
Ah, never!—you who are by blood my kin!

ELECTRA
'Tis fixed: beneath the yoke of doom we stand.

HERMIONE
For this cause was the cry beneath the roof?
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ικέτης γὰρ Ἐλένης γόνασι προσπεσῶν βοῶ—
ERMIONH
τίς; οὐδὲν οίδα μᾶλλον, ἦν σὺ μὴ λέγης.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τλήμων Ὀρέστης μὴ θανεῖν, ἐμοῦ θ’ ὑπέρ.
ERMIONH
ἐπ’ ἀξίοισι τάρ’ ἀνευφημεί δόμος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

περὶ τοῦ γὰρ ἄλλου μᾶλλον ἂν φθέγξαιτό τις;
ἀλλ’ ἐλθὲ καὶ μετάσχεις ἰκέσιας φίλους,
σῇ μητρὶ προσπεσοῦσα τῇ μέγ’ ὀλβίᾳ,
Μενέλαον ἡμᾶς μὴ θανόντας εἰσιδεῖν.
ἀλλ’ ὁ τραφείσα μητρὸς ἐν χεροῖν ἐμῆς,
οἰκτειρον ἡμᾶς κατικούφισον κακῶν.
ιθ’ εἰς ἀγώνα δεῦρ’, ἐγὼ δ’ ἠγήσομαι:
σωτηρίας γὰρ τέρμ’ ἐχεῖς ἡμῖν μόνη.
ERMIONH

ἴδοι, διώκω τὸν ἐμὸν εἰς δόμος πόδα.
σώθηθ’ ὅσον γε τούτ’ ἐμ’.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ κατὰ στέγας
φίλοι ξυφήρεις, οὐχὶ συλλήψεσθ’ ἀγραν;
ERMIONH
οὶ γὰρ τίνας τούσδ’ εἰσορῶ;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

συγὰν χρεών.
ἡμῖν γὰρ ἢκεῖς, οὐχὶ σοί, σωτηρία.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐχεῖςθ’ ἐχεῖςθε’ φάσγανον δὲ πρὸς δέρη
βαλόντες ἰησυχαζεθ’, ὡς εἰδῆ τὸδε
Μενέλαος, οὐνέκ’ ἄνδρας, οὔ Φρύγας κακούς,
εὐρῶν ἐπραξεν οἷα χρὴ πράσσειν κακούς.
ORESTES

ELECTRA
The suppliant crying fell at Helen's knees,—

HERMIONE
Who?—nought the more I know, except thou tell.

ELECTRA
Orestes, pleading for his life, and mine.

HERMIONE
With reason then the dwelling rings with cries.

ELECTRA
For what cause rather should one lift his voice?
But come thou, and in supplication join thy friends,
Falling before thy mother, the all-blest,
That Menelaus may not see us die.
O thou that in my mother's arms wast nursed,
Have pity on us, of our woes relieve!
Come hither, meet the peril: I will lead.
With thee alone our safety's issue lies.

HERMIONE
Behold, into the house I speed my feet.
So far as in me lies, ye are saved. [Enters the palace.

ELECTRA
Ho ye,
Armed friends within, will ye not seize the prey?

HERMIONE (within)
Alas for me! Whom see I?

ORESTES (within)
Hold thy peace.
Thou com'st for our deliverance, not for thine.

ELECTRA
Hold ye her—hold! Set to her throat the sword,
And silent wait, till Menelaus learn
That men, not Phrygian cowards, hath he found,
And fare as 'tis meet that cowards fare. [Exit.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιώ ιώ φίλαι,
κτύπον ἐγείρετε, κτύπον καὶ βοῶν
πρὸ μελάθρων, ὅπως ὁ πραχθεὶς φόνος
μὴ δεινὸν Ἀργείουσιν ἐμβάλῃ φόβον,
βοηθοῦσαι πρὸς δόμους τυραννικοὺς,
πρὶν ἐτύμως ίδω τὸν Ἐλένας φόνον
καθαμακτὸν ἐν δόμοις κελμενοῖς,
ἡ καὶ λόγοι τοῦ προσπόλων πυθώμεθα:
τὰς μὲν γὰρ οἶδα συμφορᾶς, τὰς δ' οὐ σαφῶς.
διὰ δίκαιας ἔβα θεῶν
νέμεσις ἐσ Ἐλέναι.
δικρύοις γὰρ Ἐλλάδ'] ἀπασαν ἔπλησε,
διὰ τὸν ὅλομενον ὅλομενον Ἰδαίον
Πάριν, διὰ ἀγαγ'] Ἐλλάδ'] εἰς Ἰλιον.
ἀλλὰ κτυπεῖ γὰρ κλῆθρα βασιλικῶν δόμων,
συγγίσαι ἐξὸς γὰρ τὸν ἐκβαίνει Φρυγῶν,
οὐ πευσόμεσθα τὰν δόμοις ὅπως ἔχει.

ΦΡΗΣ

Ἀργείουν ξῖφος ἐκ θανάτου πέφευγα
βαρβάροις εὐμάρισιν,
κεδρωτὰ παστάδων ὑπὲρ τέραμα
Δωρίκας τε τρυγλύφους,
φρούδα φρούδα, γὰρ γὰ,
βαρβάρουσι δρασμοῖς.
ἀιαὶ: τὰ φύγω, ἕναι,
πολύν αἰθέρ' ἀμ-
πτάμενος ἐπὶ πάντων, Ὀμαινὸς ὑν
ταυρόκρανος ἀγκάλαις ἐλίσ-
σων κυκλοὶ χόνα;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὶ δ' ἔστιν, Ἐλένης πρόσπολ', Ἰδαίον κάρα;
ORESTES

CHORUS

What ho! friends, ho! awake (Str.)
A din by the halls; let your clamour outbreak,
That the blood that therein hath been shed
Thrill not the souls of the people of Argos with dread,
And unto the mansion of kings to the rescue they haste,
Ere I look on the carcase of Helen beyond doubt east
Blood-besprent mid the palace-hall,
Or hear the tale by the mouth of a thrall;
For I know of the havoc in part, but I know not all. 1360
By the hand of Justice the vengeance-doom
Of the Gods upon Helen’s head hath come;
For she filled with tears all Hellas-land
For the sake of Paris, the traitor banned,
Who drew the array of Hellas away unto Ilium’s strand.
But lo, the bars clash of the royal halls!
Hush ye;—there comes forth of her Phrygians one
Of whom we shall learn what befell within.

Enter Phrygian.

PHRYGIAN

From the death by the Argive swords have I fled!
   In my shoon barbaric I sped; 1370
O’er the colonnade’s rafters of cedar I clomb;
’Twixt the Dorian triglyphs I slid; and I come,
Fleeing like panic-struck Asian array—
   O earth, O earth!—away and away.
Ah, me, strange dames, whitherward can I flee,
Through the cloud-dappled welkin my flight up-winging,
   Or over the sea
Which the hornèd Ocean with arms enringing
Coileth around earth endlessly?

CHORUS

What is it, Helen’s servant, Ida’s son? 1380
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΦΡΤΕ

'Ἰλιον Ἰλιον, ὥμοι μου, Φρύγιον ἀστυ καὶ καλλίβωλον Ἰ-
δας ὄρος ἔρον, ὡς σ’ ὀλόμενον στένω, ἀρμάτειον ἀρμάτειον
μέλος βαρβάρω βοᾶ, διὰ τὸ τὰς ὄνυθόγονον ὄμμα κυκνόπτερον
καλλισύνας, Δήδας σκύμνου, δυσελένας, ἥστων περγάμων Ἀπολλωνίων
ἔρων’ ὁτοῦ.

ιαλέμων ἰαλέμων
Δαρδανία πλάμων Γαυμήδεος
ἰπποσύνα, Δίως εὐνέτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σαφῶς λέγη ἥμιν αὖθ’ ἐκαστὰ τὰν δόμους.
tὰ γὰρ πρὶν οὐκ εὐγνωστα συμβαλοῦσ’ ἔχω.

ΦΡΤΕ

αἶλινον αἶλινον ἀρχὰν θανάτου
βάρβαροι λέγουσιν, αἰαῖ,
Ἄσιάδι φωνᾶ, βασιλέων ὅταν ἄιμα χυθῇ κατὰ γὰν ξίφεσιν
σιδαρέοισιν Ἀιδα.

Ηλθον δόμους, ἵν’ αὖθ’ ἐκαστά σοι λέγω,
λέντες Ἕλλανες δόο διδύμω.

τῷ μὲν ὁ στρατηγάτας πατὴρ ἐκλήξετο,
ο δὲ παῖς Στροφίον, κακομητὶς ἄνηρ,
ὄος Ὀδυσσεύς, σιγὰ δόλιος,
πιστὸς δὲ φίλοις, θρασὺς εἰς ἥλκαν,
ξυνετὸς πολέμου, φόνις τε δράκων.

ἔρροι τὰς ἕσυχου προνοι-
ας κακομητὸς ἄν.
oi δὲ πρὸς θρόνους ἔσω

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ORESTES

PHRYGIAN

Ilion, Ilion, woe is me!
Phrygian city, and mount Idæan
Holy and fertile, I wail for thee
In the chariot-pæan, the chariot-pæan,
With cry barbaric!—thy ruin came
Of the bird-born beauty, the swan-plumed dame,
Curst Helen the lovely, Leda’s child,
A vengeance-fiend to the towers uppiled
    By Apollo of carven stone.
    Alas for thy moan, thy moan,
Dardania!—the steeds that Zeus gave erst
For his minion Ganymede, made thee accurst!

CHORUS

Tell clearly all that in the house befell:
For thy first words be vague: I can but guess.

PHRYGIAN

The Linus-lay—O the Linus-lay!—
Death’s prelude chanted, well-a-day,
Of barbarian folk in their Asian tongue
When the blood of their kings is poured on the earth,
when the iron sword
    Clangs Hades’ song!
There came—that I tell thee the whole tale
    through—
Into the halls Greek lions two:
This was the son of the chieftain of Hellas’ might;
That, Strophius’ scion, an evil-devising wight,
    An Odysseus, silent and subtle of mood,
Stauneh to his friends, and valiant in fight,
Cunning in war, a dragon of blood.
Ruin seize him, the felon knave,
For his crafty plotting still as the grave!
So came they in, and beside the throne
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μολόντες ἀς ἔγημ’ ὁ τοξότας Πάρις
γυναικός, ὅμως δακρύοις
πεφυμένου, ταπεινωθ’
ἐξουθ’, ὁ μὲν τὸ κείθεν, ὁ δὲ
tὸ κείθεν, ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν πεφραγμένου.
περὶ δὲ γόνων χέρας ικεσίους
ἐβαλον ἐβαλον Ἐλένας ἀμφω.
ἀνά δὲ δρομάδες ἔθορον ἔθορον
ἀμφίπολοι Φρύγες:
προσείπε δ’ ἄλλος ἄλλον πεσὼν ἐν φόβῳ, μή τις ἐλθές δόλος.

κάδοκει τοῖς μὲν οὐ,
tοῖς δὲ ἐς ἀρκυστάταν
μηχανᾶν ἐμπλέκειν
παῖδα τὰν Τυνδαρίδ’ ὁ
μητροφόντας δράκων.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

σὺ δ’ ἤσθα ποῦ τὸτ’; ἦ πάλαι φεύγεις φόβῳ;

ΦΡΤΕ

Φρυγίως ἔτυχον Φρυγίωισι νόμοις
παρὰ βόστρυχον αὖραν αὖραν
Ἐλένας Ἐλένας εὐπάγι κύκλῳ
πτερίνῳ πρὸ παρηῦδος ἀσσων

1430

βαρβάροις νόμοισιν.
δ’ δὲ λίνον ἠλακάτα
δακτύλως ἔλισσε,
νῆμα θ’ ἔτο πέδω,
σκύλων Φρυγίων ἐπὶ τύμβον ἀγάλματα
συντολίσαι χρῶουσα λίνῳ,
φάρεα πορφύρα, δῶρα Κλυταιμνήστρα.
προσείπεν δ’ Ὀρέστας
Δάκαιναν κόραν’ ὁ

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ORESTES

Of the lady whom Archer Paris won,
With eyes tear-streaming all humbly sat,
On this side one, and the one on that,
Yet beset by her servants to left and to right.
Then, bending low to Helen, these
Cast suppliant hands about her knees.
But her Phrygian bondmen in panic affright
Upstarted, upstarted;
And this unto that cried fearful-hearted,
"Ha, treachery—beware!"
Yet no peril did some trace there:
But to some did it seem that a snare
Of guile was coiled round Tyndareus' child
By the serpent with blood of a mother defiled.

CHORUS

Where then wast thou?—long since in terror fled?

PHRYGIAN

In the Phrygian fashion, it chanced, was I swaying
Beside Queen Helen the rounded fan:
On the cheeks of Helen its plumes were playing,
Through the tresses of Helen the breeze was straying,
As I chanted a strain barbarian.
And the flax from her distaff twining
Her fingers wrought evermore,
And ever her threads trailed down to the floor:
For her mind was to broder the purple-shining
Vesture of Phrygian spoils with her thread,
For a gift unto Clytemnestra the dead.
Then Orestes unto the daughter
Of Sparta spake, and besought her:
Διὸς παῖ, θείς ἵχνος

1440 πέδιν ἄθροῖ ἀποστάσα κλισμοῦ,
Πέλοπος ἐπὶ προπάτορος
ἐδραν παλαιᾶς ἐστίας,
ἐν εἰδής λόγους ἐμοῦ.
ἀγεὶ δ’ ἀγεὶ νῦν ἄ δ’ ἐφείπετ’,
οὐ πρόμαντις ὃν ἐμελλέν
ὁ δὲ συνεργὸς ἄλλ’ ἐπρασ’
ιὼν κακὸς Φωκεύς.
οὐκ ἐκποδὸν Ῥ’, ἄλλ’ ἄει κακὸν Φρύγες;
ἐκλησε δ’ ἄλλον ἄλλος’ ἐν στέγαις:
τοὺς μὲν ἐν σταθμοῖς ἵππικοίσι,
1450 τοὺς δ’ ἐν ἐξέδρασι, τοὺς δ’ ἐκείσ’ ἐκείθεν ἄλλον ἄλλοσ’ διαρμόσας ἀποπρὸ δεσποίνας.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί τοιπ’ τῶδε συμφορὰς ἐγίγνετο;

ΦΡΙΣ

’Ἰδαία ματερ μάτερ
ὀβρίμα ὀβρίμα, αἰαῖ,
φοινών παθέων ἀνόμων τε κακῶν
ἀπερ ἐδρακον ἐδρακον ἐν δόμωι τυράννων.
ἀμφὶ πορφυρῶν πέπλων ὑπὸ σκότου
 eius στάσαντες ἐν χερόιν,
ἄλλος ἄλλοσ
dίνασεν ὁμα, μὴ τις παρὸν τύχοι.

1460 ὡς κάπτοι δ’ ὀρέστεροι γνωαικὸς ἀντίοι στα-
θέντες
ἐννέπουσιν καθθανεὶ
katθανεὶ, κακὸς σ’ ἀποκτείνει πόσις,
κασιγνήτου προδοὺς
ἐν ὁ ἄρχει θανεῖν γόνον.
ἀ δ’ ἀνίαχεν ταχεν, ὁμοί μοι.

250
ORESTES

"O child of Zeus, arise from thy seat,
And hitherward set on the floor thy feet,
To the ancient hearthstone-altar pace
Of Pelops, our father of olden days,
To hearken my words in the holy place."
On, on he led her, and followed she
With no foreboding of things to be.
But his brother-plotter betook him the while
Unto other deeds, that Phocian vile,—
"Hence!—dastards ever the Phrygians were."
Here, there, he bolted them, penned in the halls:
Some prisoned he in the chariot-stalls,
In the closets some, some here, some there,
Sundered and severed afar from the queen in the snare.

CHORUS

Now what disaster after this befell?

PHRYGIAN

O Mother Idæan, Mother sublime!
What desperate, desperate deeds, alas,
Of murderous outrage, of lawless crime,
Were they which I saw in the king's halls brought to pass!
From under the gloom of their mantles of purple they drew
Swords in their hands, and to this side and that side
A swift glance, heeding that none stood nigh:
Then as boars of the mountains before my lady up-
towering high,

They shout, "Thou shalt die, thou shalt die!
Thee doth thy craven husband slay,
The traitor that would unto death betray
In Argos his brother's son this day!"
Then wild she shrieked, she shrieked, ah me!
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λευκὸν δ’ ἐμβαλοῦσα πῆχυν στέρνοις,
κτύπησε κράτα μέλεον πλαγῆς.
φυγὼ δὲ ποδὶ τὸ χρυσεσσάνδαλον
ἐχνὸς ἐφερεν ἐφερεν’
ἐς κόμας δὲ δακτύλους δικῶν Ἀρέστας,
Μυκηνίδ’ ἀρβύλαν προβάς,
ὁμοί ἀριστεροίσιν ἀνακλάσας δέρην,
παλεῖν λαιμῶν ἐμελλεν
ἐσῳ μέλαιν ἐξίφος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῦ δὴν ἀμύνειν οἱ κατὰ στέγας Φρύγες;

ΦΡΥΓΕ

ἰαχὼ δόμων θύρετρα καὶ σταθμοὺς
μοχλοῖσιν ἐκβαλούντες, ἐνθ’ ἐμίμωμεν,
βοηθομόμουμεν ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν στέγης,
ὁ μὲν πέτρους, ὁ δ’ ἀγκύλας,
ὁ δὲ ἔξος τρίκατον ἐφ’ χερῶν ἐκεῖν.
ἐναντα δ’ ἠλθεν
Πυλάδης ἀλιαστός, οἷος οἷος

"Εκτορὶ ὁ Φρύγεως ἡ τρικόρυθος Ἀλας,
ὅν εἰδον εἰδὸν ἐν πύλαισι Πριαμίων
φασγάνων δ’ ἀκμὰς συνήφαμεν.
τότε δὴ τότε διαπρετεῖς ἐγένοντο Φρύγε, οἷον "Αρεος ἀλκάν ἦσσον Ἐλλάδος
ἐγενόμεσθ’ αἰχμᾶς.
ὁ μὲν οἰχόμενος φυγὼς, ὁ δὲ νέκυς ὄν,
ὁ δὲ τράυμα φέρων, ὁ δὲ λισσόμενος,
θανάτου προβολάν.
ὑπὸ σκότου δ’ ἐφεύγομεν
νεκρῷ δ’ ἐπιττόν, οἱ δ’ ἐμελλον, οἱ δ’ ἐκεῖντ’.

ἐμολε δ’ ἀ τάλαιν Ἐρμώνα δόμους

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ORESTES

Her white arm on her bosom beat,
Her head she smote in misery.
With golden-sandalled hurrying feet
She turned to flee, to flee!
But his clutch on her tresses Orestes laid,
For her shoon Mycenean his stride outwent;
On her leftward shoulder he bent
Backward her neck, with intent
To plunge in her throat the sword’s dark blade.

CHORUS
What did those Phrygians in the house to help?

PHRYGIAN
Shouting, with battering bars asunder we rent
Doorpost and door of the chambers wherein we were
pent; [we run,
And from this side and that of the halls to the rescue
One bearing stones, and a javelin one;
In the hand of another a drawn sword shone:—
But onward to meet us pressed
Pylades’ dauntless breast,
Like Hector the Phrygian, or Aias of triple crest,
Whom I saw, I saw, when through portals of Priam he
flashed;
And point to point in the grapple we clashed.
Then was it plain to discern how far
Worser than Hellenes in prowess of war
We Phrygians are.
In flight one vanished, and dead one lay,
This reeled sore wounded, that fell to pray
For life—his one shield prayer!
We fled, we fled through the darkness away,
While some were falling, and staggering some, some
lay still there.

Then hapless Hermione came to the halls, to the earth

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ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐπὶ φόνῳ χαμαίπετεί ματρός, ἐν ἔτεκεν τλάμων.

άθυρσοι δ’ οἶδα νῦν δραμόντε Βάκχαι
σκύμνον ἐν χεροῖν ὅρείαν
ξυνήρτπασαν· πάλιν δὲ τὰν Διὸς κόραν
ἐπὶ σφαγὰν ἔτεινον· ἄ δ’ ἐκ θαλάμων
ἐγένετο διαπρὸ δωμάτων ἀφαντος,
ὁ Ζεὺ καὶ γὰ καὶ φῶς καὶ νὺς,
ἡτοι φαρμάκοισιν ἡ μάγων
τέχναισιν ἡ θεῶν κλοπαῖς.

τὰ δ’ ὑστερ’ οὐκέτ’ οἷδα· δρα-
πέτην γὰρ ἔξεκλειτον ἐκ δόμων πόδα.

πολύτωνα δὲ πολύτωνα πάθεα
Μενέλαος ἀνασχόμενος ἀνόνητον ἀπὸ
Τρωίας ἔλαβε τὸν Ἑλένας γάμον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ἀμείβει καινὸν ἐκ καινῶν τόδε·
ξιφηφόρον γὰρ εἰσορῷ πρὸ δωμάτων
βαῖνοντ’ Ὀρέστην ἐπτομένῳ ποδί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῦ ἵστων οὕτως δς πέφευξεν ἐκ δόμων τοῦμον
ξίφος;

福德

προσκυνὼ σ’, ἀναξ, νόμοισι βαρβάρουσι προσ-
πίτνων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἐν Ἰλίῳ τάθ’ ἐστίν, ἄλλ’ ἐν Ἀργείᾳ χθονί.

福德

πανταχοῦ ζῆν ἥδυ μᾶλλον ἢ θανεῖν τοῖς σῶ-
φροσιν.
ORESTES

As fell for her death the wretched mother who gave her birth.
   But as Bacchanals dropping the thyrsus to seize
   A wolf's whelp over the hills that flees,
   They rushed on her—grasped—turned back to the slaughter
   Of Helen—but vanished was Zeus's daughter!
   From the bowers, through the house, gone wholly from sight!
O Zeus, O Earth, O Sun, O Night!
Whether by charms or by wizardry,
Or stolen by Gods—not there was she!
What chanced thereafter I know not, I;
For with stealthy feet from the halls did I fly.
Ah, with manifold travail and weary pain
Menelaus hath won from Troy again
   Helen his bride—in vain!

CHORUS
But unto strange things, lo, strange things succeed;
For sword in hand before the halls I see
Orestes come with passion-fevered feet.
Enter Orestes.

ORESTES
Where is he that fleeing from the palace hath escaped my sword?

PHRYGIAN
Crouching to thee in barbaric wise I grovel, O my lord!

ORESTES
Out! No Ilium this is, but the land of Argos spreads hereby.

PHRYGIAN
Everywhere shall wise men better love to cling to life than die.

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ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1510 ούτι που κραυγήν ἔθηκας Μενέλεῳ βοηθρομεῖν;

ΦΡΤΗ

σοί μὲν οὖν ἔγωγ' ἀμύνειν. ἀξιώτερος γὰρ εἰ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐνδίκως ἡ Τυνδάρειος ἄρα παῖς διώλετο;

ΦΡΤΗ

ἐνδικώτατ', εἴ γε λαίμοις εἰχὲ τριπτύχους θανεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

dειλία γλώσσῃ χαρίζει, τάνδοιν οὐχ οὕτω φρονῶν.

ΦΡΤΗ

οὐ γὰρ, ήτις Ἑλλάδ' αὐτοῖς Φρυξὶ διελυμήνατο;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δόμοσον, εἴ δὲ μῆ, κτενῷ σε, μή λέγειν ἐμήν χάριν.

ΦΡΤΗ

tὴν ἐμήν ψυχὴν κατώμοσ', ἢν ἂν εὐφροκιόμ' ἐγώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οδε κάν Τρολά σίδνησος πᾶσι Φρυξὶν ἦν φόβος;

ΦΡΤΗ

ἀπεχε φάσγανον' πέλας γὰρ δεινῶν ἀντανγεῖ φόνον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1520 μὴ πέτρος γένῃ δέδοικας, ὅστε Γοργόν' εἰσιδών;

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ORESTES

ORESTES
Didst thou not to Menelaus shout the rescue-cry but now?

PHRYGIAN
Nay, O nay!—but for thine helping cried I:—worthier art thou.

ORESTES
Answer—did the child of Tyndareus by righteous sentence fall?

PHRYGIAN
Righteous—wholly righteous—though she had three throats to die withal.

ORESTES
Dastard, 'tis thy tongue but truckles: in thine heart thou think'st not so.

PHRYGIAN
Should she not, who Hellas laid, and Phrygia's folk, in ruin low?

ORESTES
Swear—or I will slay thee,—that thou speakest not to pleasure me.

PHRYGIAN
By my life I swear—an oath I sure should honour sacredly.

ORESTES
Like to thee at Troy did steel fill all the Trojan folk with fear?

PHRYGIAN
Take, take hence thy sword! It glareth ghastly murder, held so near!

ORESTES
Fear'st thou lest thou turn to stone, as who hath seen the Gorgon nigh?
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΦΡΤΕ
μὴ μὲν οὖν νεκρός· τὸ Γοργοὺς δ᾽ οὐ κάτοικ’ ἐγὼ κάρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
δούλος ὁν φοβεῖ τὸν "Ἀδην, ὃς σ’ ἀπαλλάξει κακῶν;

ΦΡΤΕ
πᾶς ἀνὴρ, κἂν δούλος ἡ τις, ἥδεται τὸ φῶς ὅρων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
εὖ λέγεις, σφίξει σε σύνεσις· ἀλλὰ βαίν᾽ εἰσῳ δόμων.

ΦΡΤΕ
οὐκ ἀρα κτενεῖς μ’;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀφείσαι.

ΦΡΤΕ
καλὸν ἐπος λέγεις τόδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀλλὰ μεταβουλευσόμεσθα.

ΦΡΤΕ
τούτο δ’ οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
μῶρος, εἰ δοκεῖς με τλῆναι σὴν καθαιμάξαι δέρην·
οὔτε γὰρ γυνὴ πέφυκας οὔτ’ ἐν ἀνδράσιν σὺ γ’ εἰ.
τοῦ δὲ μὴ στήσαι σε κραυγὴν εἰνεκ’ ἔζηλθον δόμων.

1530 ὃξὺ γὰρ βοῆς ἀκούσαν 'Ἀργος ἐξεγείρεται.
Μενέλεως δ’ οὐ τάρβος ἦμιν ἀναλαβεῖν εἰσῷ
ξίφους:
ἀλλ’ ἵτις ξανθός ἐπ’ ὁμοί βοστρύχοις γαυ-
ρούμενος;

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ORESTES

PHRYGIAN
Nay, but rather to a corpse; of head of Gorgon
nought know I.

ORESTES
Thou a slave, and fearest Death, who shall from
misery set thee free!

PHRYGIAN
Every man, though ne'er so much a thrall, yet joys
the light to see.

ORESTES
Well thou say'st: thy wit hath saved thee. Hence
within the house—away!

PHRYGIAN
Then thou wilt not slay me?

ORESTES
Pardoned art thou.

PHRYGIAN
Kindly dost thou say.

ORESTES
Varlet, mine intent may change!—

PHRYGIAN
Thou utterest now an evil note!  

[Exit.

ORESTES
Fool! to think that I would brook with blood to
stain me from thy throat,  
[men among!
Who art neither woman, neither found the ranks of
Forth the palace I but came to curb the clamour of
thy tongue,  
[hear.
For that swiftly roused is Argos if the rescue-cry she 1530
Menelaus—set him once at sword-length—nothing
do I fear.  
[his shoulders falls!
Let him come, with golden locks whose pride about

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ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ Ἀργείους ἐπάξει τοῖς δόμαις λαβῶν,
τὸν Ἑλένης φόνον διώκων, κάμε μὴ σφέξειν θέλῃ
σύγγονόν τ’ ἐμὴν Πυλάδην τε τὸν τάδε ξυν-
дрῶντά μοι,
pαρθένον τε καὶ δάμαρτα δύο νεκρῶ κατόψεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιῶτ’ ἵω τύχα,
ἐτερον εἰς ἀγών’, ἐτερον αὐ δόμος
φοβερὸν ἀμφὶ τοὺς Ἀτρείδας πίνειν.
τὶ δρόμου; ἀγγέλλωμεν εἰς πόλιν τάδε;

1540 ἢ σύγ’ ἔχωμεν; ἀσφαλέστερον, φίλαι.

ιδε πρὸ δωμάτων ίδε προκηρύσσει
θοάξων δδ’ αἰθέρος ἀνω καπνός.

ἀπτοῦσι πεύκας ὡς πυρόσσουτες δόμους
τοὺς Γανταλείους, οὐδ’ αφίστανται φόνου.

τέλος ἔχει δαίμων βροτοῖς,
τέλος ὅπα θέλει.

μεγάλα δὲ τις ἀ δύναμις· δι’ ἀλάστορ’
ἐπεσ’ ἐπεσε μέλαθρα τάδε δι’ αἰμάτων
διὰ τὸ Μυρτίλου πέσημ’ ἐκ δίφρου.

ἀλλὰ μὴν καὶ τόνδε λεύσω Μενέλεων δόμων

1550 πέλας

ὀξύτουν, ἴσθημένου ποι τὴν τύχην ἢ νῦν πάρα.

οὐκέτ’ ἂν φθάνοιτε κλῆθρα συμπεραινοῦτες
μοχλοῖς,

ὅ κατὰ στέγας Ἀτρείδαι. δεινὸν εὐτυχῶν ἀνήρ
πρὸς κακῶς πράσσοντας, ὡς σὺ νῦν, ’Ορέστα,

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ORESTES

For, if he shall gather Argives, lead them on against these halls, [will set me free—
Claiming blood-revenge for Helen, nor from death Me, my sister too, and Pylades who wrought herein with me,—
Corpses twain, his maiden daughter and his wife, his eyes shall see. [Exit.

CHORUS

(Ant. to 1353–1365)
Ho, fortune, ho!—again, again,
The house into terrible conflict-strain
Breaks forth for the Ateids' sake!
What shall we do?—to the city the tidings take?
Or keep we silence? Safer were this, O friends.

Lo there, lo there, where the smoke upleaping sends
Its token afront of the halls through air!
They will fire the palace of Tantalus!—glare
Already the brands, nor the deeds of murder they spare.
Yet God overruleth the issue still,
To mete unto men what issue he will:
Great is his power! By a curse-fiend led
This house on a track of blood hath been sped
Since Myrtilus, dashed from the chariot, plashed in the sea-surge, dead.

Ha, I see unto the palace Menelaus draweth near
Hasty-footed, having heard the deeds but now accomplished here.

Ye within the mansion—Atreus' children!—bar the bolted gate! [fortunate
Haste! oh haste! A formidable foeman is the Unto such as be, Orestes, even as thou, in evil strait.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ηκώ κλών τὰ δεινὰ καὶ δραστήρια
dισσοίν λεόντων· ὦ γὰρ ἀνδρ’ αὐτῶ καλῶ.
ηκουσα γὰρ δὴ τὴν ἐμὴν ἔπαναρξον
ὡς ὦ τέθυκηκεν, ἀλλ’ ἀφαντὸς οἶχεται,
κενὴν ἄκουσας βάξει, ἢν φόβῳ σφαλεῖς
ηγγειλὲ μοῦ τίς. ἀλλὰ τοῦ μητροκτόνου
tεχνάσματ’ ἐστὶ τάστα καὶ πολὺς γέλως.
ἀνοιχτὸς τίς δώμα· προσπόλοις λέγω
ὁθεῖν πύλας τάσσει, ὡς ἀν ἄλα παῖδ’ ἐμὴν
μυσώμεθ’ ἀνδρῶν ἐκ χερῶν μιαφόνων,
καὶ τὴν τάλαναν ἀθλίαν δάμαρτ’ ἐμὴν
λάβωμεν, ἢ δεὶ ξυνθανεῖν ἐμὴ χερὶ
tοὺς διολέσαντας τὴν ἐμὴν ἔπαναρξον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὗτος σὺ, κλήθρων τῶνδε μὴ ψαύσης χερὶ,
Μενέλαον εἶπον, ὅσ πεπύργωσαι θράσει·
ἡ τῶδε θρυγκὸς κράτα συνθραύσω σέθεν,
ῥήξας παλαιὰ γείσα, τεκτόνων πόνον.
μοχλοῖς δ’ ἀραρε κλῆθρα, σῆς βοηθόμου
σπουδῆς ἀ’ ἐρξέτε, μὴ δόμων εἰσῳ περὰν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐν, τὸ χρῆμα· λαμπάδων ὁρῶ σέλας,
δόμων δ’ ἐπ’ ἄκρων τούσδε πυρρηρομένους,
ξίφος δ’ ἐμῆςθυγατρὸς ἐπίφρουρον δέρη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πότερον ἐρωτᾶν ἢ κλύειν ἐμοὶ θέλεις;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔδέτερ’· ἀνάγκη δ’, ὡς ἐοικε, σοῦ κλύειν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μέλλω κτανεῖν σοι θυγατέρ’, εἰ βούλεις μαθεῖν.
ORESTES

Enter Menelaus, below; Orestes and Pylades above,
with Hermione.

Menelaus
I come at news of strange and violent deeds
Wrought by two tigers; men I call them not.
In sooth I heard a rumour that my wife
Is slain not, but hath vanished from the earth:
An idle tale I count it, brought by one
Distraught with fear. Nay, some device is this
Of yonder matricide—a thing to mock!
Open the door!—within there!—serving-men!
Thrust wide the gates, that I may save at least
My child from hands of blood-stained murderers,
And take mine hapless miserable wife,
Even mine helpmeet, whose destroyers now
Shall surely perish with her by mine hand.

Orestes (above)
Ho there!—lay not thine hand unto these bolts,
Thou Menelaus, tower of impudence;
Else with this coping will I crush thine head,
Rending the ancient parapet's masonry.

Fast be the doors with bars, to shut out thence
Thy rescuing haste, that thou force not the house.

Menelaus
Ha, what is this?—torches agleam I see,
And on the house-roof yonder men at bay—
My daughter guarded—at her throat a sword!

Orestes
Wouldest thou question, or give ear to me?

Menelaus
Neither: yet needs must I, meseems, hear thee.

Orestes
I am bent to slay thy child—if thou wouldst know.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
'Ελένην φονεύσας ἐπὶ φόνῳ πράσσεις φόνον; ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
εἰ γὰρ κατέσχον μὴ θεών κλεφθεὶς ὑπό.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἄρνεὶ κατακτᾶς κάφ᾽ ὑβρεὶ λέγεις τάδε;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λυπράν γε τὴν ἄρνησιν· εἰ γὰρ ὥφελον—
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
τί χρήμα δράσαι; παρακαλεῖς γὰρ εἰς φόβον.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τὴν Ἐλλάδος μιᾶστορ' εἰς Ἄιδου βαλεῖν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀπόδος δάμαρτος νέκυν, ὡπως χώσω τάφῳ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
θεοὺς ἀπαίτει· παῖδα δὲ κτενῶ σέθεν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὁ μητροφόντης ἐπὶ φόνῳ πράσσει φόνον.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὁ πατρὸς ἀμύντωρ, ὅν σὺ προῳδώκας θανεῖν.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐκ ἢρκεσέν σοι τὸ παρόν αἶμα μητέρος;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἀν κάμοιμι τὰς κακὰς κτείνων ἄει.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἡ καὶ σὺ, Πυλάδη, τοῦτε κοινωνεῖς φόνου;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φησίν σωπῶν· ἀρκέσω δ᾽ ἐγὼ λέγων.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀλλ᾽ οὕτι χαίρων, ἢν γε μὴ φύγῃς πτεροῖς.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐ φευξόμεσθα· τυρὶ δ᾽ ἀνάψομεν δόμους.
ORESTES

MENELAUS
How? Helen slain, wouldst thou add blood to blood?
ORESTES
Would I had done that, ere Gods baffled me!

MENELAUS
Thou slew'st her! —and for insult dost deny!
ORESTES
Bitter denial 'tis to me: would God—

MENELAUS
Thou hadst done —what? Thou thrillest me with fear!
ORESTES
I had hurled the curse of Hellas down to hell!

MENELAUS
Yield up my wife's corpse: let me bury her!
ORESTES
Ask of the Gods. But I will slay thy child.

MENELAUS
He would add blood to blood —this matricide!
ORESTES
His father's champion, death-betrayed by thee!

MENELAUS
Sufficed thee not thy stain of mother's blood?
ORESTES
Ne'er should I weary of slaying wicked wives!

MENELAUS
Shar'st thou too in this murder, Pylades?
ORESTES
His silence saith it: let my word suffice.

MENELAUS
Nay, thou shalt rue, except thou flee on wings.
ORESTES
Flee will we not, but we will fire the halls.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
η γὰρ πατρῴου δῶμα πορθήσεις τόδε;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡς μὴ γ' ἔχησ σὺ, τὴνδ' ἐπισφάξας πυρί.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
κτεῖν' ὡς κτανῶν γε τῶνδε μοι δώσεις δίκην.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔσται τάδ'.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀ ἄ, μηδαμῶς δράσῃς τάδε.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
σίγα νῦν, ἀνέχου δ' ἐνδίκως πράσσων κακῶς.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
η γὰρ δίκαιον ζῆν σε;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ κρατεῖν γε γῆς.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ποίας;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐν ᾿Αργεί τῶδε τῷ Πελασγικῷ.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
εὖ γοῦν βλέψαι ἄν χερῶν—
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δὴ γὰρ οὔ;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
καὶ σφάγια πρὸ δορὸς καταβάλοις.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
σὺ δ' ἂν καλῶς;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀγνὸς γὰρ εἶμι χεῖρας.

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ORESTES

MENELAUS
How? this thy fathers’ home wilt thou destroy?
ORESTES
Lest thou possess it—and slay her o’er its flames.
MENELAUS
Slay on,—and taste my vengeance for her death!
ORESTES
So be it (raises sword).
MENELAUS
Ah! in no wise do the deed!
ORESTES
Peace!—and endure ill-fortune, thy just due.
MENELAUS
How?—just that thou shouldst live?
ORESTES
Yea—rule withal.
MENELAUS
What land?
ORESTES
Pelasgian Argos, even this.
MENELAUS
Thou touch the sacred lauers!—1
ORESTES
Wherefore not?
MENELAUS
And slay ere battle victims!—
ORESTES
Well mayst thou!
MENELAUS
Yea, for mine hands are clean.

1 The king, as commander-in-chief, sacrificed for the army before battle.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐ τὰς φρένας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

tίς δ' ἄν προσεῖποι σ';

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

όστις ἐστὶ φιλοπάτωρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

όστις δὲ τιμᾷ μητέρ';

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὐδαίμων ἔφυ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκούν σὺ γ'.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ γὰρ ἄνδανουσιν αἱ κακαί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀπαύρε θυγατρὸς φάσγανον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ψευδής ἔφυς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀλλὰ κτενεῖς μου θυγατέρ';

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὗ ψευδής ὦτ' εὶ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἶμοι, τί δράσω;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πείθ' ἐσ 'Αργείους μολὼν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πείθω τίν';

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡμᾶς μὴ θανεῖν αἰτοῦ πόλιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἡ παιδᾶ μου φονεύσεθ' ;

1610

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ORESTES

ORESTES
But not thine heart!

MENELAUS
Who would speak to thee?

ORESTES
Whoso loveth father.

MENELAUS
And honoureth mother?

ORESTES
Happy he who may!

MENELAUS
Not such art thou!

ORESTES
Vile women please me not.

MENELAUS
Take from my child thy sword!

ORESTES
Born liar—no!

MENELAUS
Wilt slay my child?

ORESTES
Ay—now thou liest not.

MENELAUS
What shall I do?

ORESTES
To the Argives go; persuade— 1610

MENELAUS
What suasion?

ORESTES
Of the city beg our lives.

MENELAUS
Else will ye slay my daughter?
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δο' ἔχει τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τλῆμον Ἔλενη,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὰμὰ δ' οὐχὶ τλῆμονα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὲ σφάγιον ἐκόμισ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἴ γὰρ τὸδ' ἢν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόνους πονῆσας μυρίους.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πλῆν γ' εἰς ἐμέ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέπονθα δεινά.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τότε γὰρ ἤσθ' ἀνωφελῆς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔχεις με.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σαυτὸν σὺ γ' ἔλαβες κακὸς γεγώς.

ἀλλ' εἰ', ὑφαπτε δώματ', Ἡλέκτρα, τάδε.

σὺ τ', ὃ φίλων μοι τῶν ἐμῶν σαφέστατε,

Πυλάδη, κάταιθε γείσα τειχέων τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα Δαναῶν ἵππιον τ' "Ἀργοὺς κτίτατι,

οὐκ εἰ' ἐνόπλῳ ποδὶ βοηθομῆσετε;

πᾶσαν γὰρ ὑμῶν ὀδε βιαζεται πόλιν

ξῆ δ', αἵμα μητρὸς μυσαρόν ἕξειργασμένος.

Nauck: for ζήν of MSS., "defieth your state so as to live."

270
ORESTES

ORESTES

ORESTES

Even so.

MENELAUS

O hapless Helen!—

ORESTES

And not hapless I?

MENELAUS

From Troy to death I brought thee—

ORESTES

Would 'twere so!

MENELAUS

From toils untold endured!

ORESTES

Yet none for me.

MENELAUS

I am fouly wronged!

ORESTES

No help hadst thou for me.

MENELAUS

Thou hast trapped me!

ORESTES

Villain, thou hast trapped thyself!

What ho! Electra, fire the halls below!
And thou, O truest of my friends to me,
Pylades, kindle yonder parapets.

MENELAUS

O land of Danaans, folk of knightly Argos,
Up, gird on harness!—unto rescue run!
For lo, this man defieth all your state,
Yet lives, polluted with a mother's blood.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

. ΑΠΟΔΩΝ

Μενέλαε, παύσαι λήμ' ἐχὼν τεθημένου,
Φοίβος σ' ὁ Λητούς παῖς ὁδ' ἐγγύς ὄν καλώ,
σὺ θ' ὅς ξιφήρης τῇ' ἐφεδρεύεις κόρῃ,
"Ορέσθ', ἵν' εἰδής οὔς φέρων ἦκω λόγους.
'Ἐλένην μὲν ἦν σὺ διολέσαι πρόθυμος ὅλῳ
ἥμαρτες, ἄργην Μενέλεω ποιούμενος,
ἡδ' ἔστιν, ἢν ὅρατ' ἐν αἰθέρος πτυχαίς,
σεσωμένη τε κοῦθανύσα πρὸς σέθεν.
ἐγὼ νιν ἐξέσωσα κἀπὸ φασγάνου
τοῦ σου κελευσθεὶς ἴρπασ' ἐκ Διὸς πατρος.
Ζηνὸς γὰρ οὕσαν ἐξ' ἐν αἴθου χρεῶν,
Κάστορι τε Πολυδεύκει τ' ἐν αἰθέρος πτυχαίς
σύνθακος ἔσται, ναυτίλους σωτήριος.
ἐλλην ὃ δ' νύμφην εἰς δόμους κτήσαι λαβών,
ἐπεὶ θεό τ' ὑπὸ καλλιστέματι

"Ελλήνας εἰς ἐν καὶ Φρύγας ξυνήγαγον,
θεανύχις τ' ἔθηκαν, ως ἀπαντλοῖεν χθονὸς
ὕβρισμα θυτῶν ἀφθόνου πληρώματος.
τὰ μὲν καθ' Ἐλένην ὥδ' ἔχει τε ὅδ' αὐχρεῶν,
'Ορέστα, γαλας τῆς' ὑπερβαλόνθ' οροὺς
Παρράσιον οὐκεῖν δάπεδον ἐναυτοῦ κύκλον.
κεκλήστει δὲ σὺς φυγῆς ἐπώνυμον
'Αξιόων 'Αρκάσιαν τ' Ὀρέστειον [καλεῖν].
ἐνθένδε δ' ἐλθὼν τὴν 'Αθηναίων πόλιν
δίκην ὑπόσχες αἴματος μυτρικόνον

Εὐμενίσως τρισσαίς· θεοὶ δὲ σοὶ δίκης βραβής
πάγοισιν ἐν 'Αρείουσιν εὔσεβεστάτην
ψῆφον διόλους', ἐνθα νικήσαι σε χρή.
ἐφ' ὅς δ' ἔχεις, 'Ορέστα, φάσγανον δέρη,
γῆμαι πέπρωται σ' 'Ερμώτην ὃς δ' οἰκεῖ
Νεοπτόλημος γαμεῖν νυν, οὐ γαμεῖ ποτε.
ORESTES

Apollo appears above in the clouds with Helen.

Apollo

Menelaus, peace to thine infuriate mood:
I Phoebus, Leto's son, here call on thee.

Peace thou, Orestes, too, whose sword doth guard
Yon maid, that thou mayst hear the words I bear.

Helen, whose death thou hast essayed, to sting
The heart of Menelaus, yet hast missed,

Is here,—whom wrapped in folds of air ye see,—

From death delivered, and not slain of thee.

'Twas I that rescued her, and from thy sword
Snatched her away by Father Zeus' behest;

For, as Zeus' daughter, deathless must she live,

And shall by Castor and Polydeuces sit

In folds of air, the mariners' saviour she.

Take thee a new bride to thine halls, and wed;

Seeing the high Gods by her beauty's lure

Hellenes and Phrygians into conflict drew,

And brought to pass deaths, so to lighten earth

Oppressed with over-increase of her sons.

Thus far for Helen: 'tis thy doom to pass,

Orestes, o'er the borders of this land,

And dwell a year's round on Parrhasian soil,

Which lips Azanian and Arcadian

Shall from thine exile call "Orestes' Land."

Thence shalt thou fare to the Athenians' burg,

And stand thy trial for thy mother's blood

Against the Avengers Three: The Gods shall there

Sit judges, and on Ares' Holy Hill

Pass righteous sentence: thou shalt win thy cause.

Hermione, at whose throat is thy sword,

Orestes, is thy destined bride: who thinks

To wed her, shall not—Neoptolemus;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θανεῖν γὰρ αὐτῷ μοῖρα Δελφικῷ ξίφει,
δίκας Ἀχιλλέως πατρὸς ἐξαίτιοντα τέ με.
Πυλάδη δὲ ἀδελφῆς λέκτρον, ὡς κατήνεισας,
δόσ· ὅ δ' ἐπιών νυν βίωτος εὐδαίμων μένει.
"Ἀργοὺς δ' Ὀρέστην, Μενέλαιος, ἔα κρατεῖν,
ἐλθὼν δ' ἀνάσσε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονός,
φερνὰς ἔχων δάμαρτος, ἢ σε μυρίων
πόνοις διδοῦσα δεῦρ' ἄει διήνυσε.
τά πρὸς πόλυν δὲ τῷ ἕγῳ θήσω καλῶς,
ὅς νυν φονεύσαι μητέρ' ἔξηνάγκασα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ Δοξία μαντεῖε σῶν θεσπισμάτων·
οὐ φευδὸμαντὶς ἡσθ' ἄρ', ἀλλ' ἐτήτυμος.
καίτοι μ' ἐσῆι δεῦμα μή τινος κλύων
ἀλαστόρων δόξαμι σήν κλύειν ὦτα.

1670

ἀλλ' εὗ τελείται, πεῖσομαι δὲ σοὶ λόγοις.
ιὸν μεθήμη 'Ερμιώνην ἀπὸ σφαγῆς,
καὶ λέκτρ' ἐπήνεα' ἤνικ' ἀν διδῷ πατήρ.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ὁ Ζηνὸς Ἐλένη χαίρε παί· ξηλῶ δὲ σε
θεῶν κατοικήσασαν ὅλβιον δόμον.
"Ορέστα, σοὶ δὲ παιῶ· ἐγὼ κατεγνωσό
Φοίβου λέγοντος· εὐγενῆς δ' ἀπ' εὐγενοῦς
γήμας οὖν καὶ σὺ χῶ διδοῦς ἐγώ.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

χωρεῖτέ νυν ἐκαστός οἱ προστάσσομεν,
νεῖκας τε διαλύσθε.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

πείθεσθαι χρεών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1680

καὶ γὰρ τοιοῦτος· σπένδομαι δὲ συμφοραῖς,
Μενέλαιος καὶ σοῖς, Δοξία, θεσπίσμασιν.

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ORESTES

For doomed is he to die by Delphian swords,
When for his sire he claims redress of me.
On Pylades thy sister's plighted hand
Bestow: a life of bliss awaiteth him.
Menelaus, leave Orestes Argos' throne. 1660
Go, hold the sceptre of the Spartan land,
As thy wife's dower, since she laid on thee
Travail untold to this day evermore.
I will to Argos reconcile this man
Whom I constrained to shed his mother's blood.

ORESTES

Hail, Prophet Loxias, to thine oracles!
No lying prophet wert thou then, but true.
And yet a fear crept o'er me, lest I heard,
Seeming to hear thy voice, a Fury-fiend.
Yet well ends all: thy words will I obey. 1670
Lo, from the sword Hermione I release,
And pledge me, when her sire bestows, to wed.

MENELAUS

Hail, Helen, Child of Zeus! I count thee blest,
Thou dweller in the happy home of Gods.
Orestes, I betroth to thee my child
At Phoebus' hest. Fair fall thy bridal, prince
To princess wed: well may it fall for me!

APOLLO

Depart now, each as I appoint to you,
And your feuds reconcile.

MENELAUS

Obey we must.

ORESTES

I am as he, to my fate reconciled,
To Menelaus, and thine oracles. 1680

T 2
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ίτε νυν καθ' ὄδόν, τὴν καλλίστην
θεῶν Εἰρήνην τιμῶντες. ἑγὼ δ' Ἐλένην Δίως μελάθροις πελάσω,
λαμπρῶν ἄστρων πόλου ἔξανύσας,
ἐνθα παρ' Ἡρα τῇ θ' Ἡρακλέους
"Ηβη πάρεδρος θεὸς ἀνθρώποις
ἔσται σπονδαῖς ἑντιμοὶ οἴει,
σὺν Τυνδαρίδαις τοῖς Διὸς νόοις,
ναύταις μεδέουσα θαλάσσης.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ μέγα σεμνὴ Νίκη, τὸν ἐμὸν
βίοτον κατέχοις
καὶ μὴ λήγοις στεφανοῦσα.
ORESTES

APOLLO

Pass on your way: and to Peace, of the Gods most fair,
   Render ye praise.
Helen will I unto Zeus's mansion bear,
Soon as I win to the height of the firmament, where
   Flash the star-rays.
Throned beside Hera, and Hebe, and Hercules, there
   Aye shall she be [darid pair,
With drink-offerings honoured by men, with the Tyn-
Scions of Zeus, by mariners worshipped with prayer,
   Queen of the Sea.

CHORUS

Hail, reverèd Victory:
Rest upon my life, and me
Crown, and crown eternally!

[Exeunt omnes.]
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA
ARGUMENT

When Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, lay on the altar of sacrifice at Aulis, Artemis snatched her away, and bare her to the Tauric land, which lieth in Thrace to north of the Black Sea: Here she was made priestess of the Goddess’s temple, and in this office was constrained to consecrate men for death upon the altar; for what Greeks soever came to that coast were seized and sacrificed to Artemis.

And herein is told how her own brother Orestes came thither, and by what means they were made known to each other, and of the plot that they framed for their escape.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ
ΘΟΑΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΑΘΗΝΑ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

IPHIGENEIA, daughter of Agamemnon, and Priestess of Artemis.
ORESTES, brother of Iphigeneia.
PYLADES, friend of Orestes.
HERDMAN, a Thracian.
THOAS, king of Thrace.
MESSENGER, servant of Thoas.
ATHENA, a Goddess.
CHORUS, consisting of captive Greek maidens, attendants of Iphigeneia.

Scene:—In front of the temple of Artemis in Taurica.*

* The modern Crimea.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Πέλοψ ὁ Ταυτάλειος εἰς Πίσαν μολὼν θοαῖσιν ἱπποῖς Οἰνομάκον γαμεῖ κόρην, ἐξ ἡς Ατρεὺς ἐβλαστεῖ. Ἄτρεως δ' ἀπο Μενέλαος Ἀγαμέμνων τε· τοῦ δ' ἔφυν ἐγώ, τῆς Τυνδαρείας θυγατρίδος Ἰφιγένεια παις, ἢν ἀμφὶ δίναις ἃς θάμ' Εὔριτος πυκναῖς αὐραῖς ἔλισσων κυνέαν ἅλα στρέφει, ἔσφαξεν Ἐλένης εἴνεχ', ὡς δοκεῖ, πατὴρ Ἀρτέμιδι κλειναῖς ἐν πτυχαῖσιν Αὐλίδως. ἐνταῦθα γὰρ ἡ χιλίων ναὸν στόλον Ἐλληνικοῦ συνήγαγ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ, τὸν καλλίνικον στέφανον Ἰλίου θέλων λαβεῖν Ἀχαιός, τοὺς θ' ὑβρισθέντας γάμους Ἐλένης μετελθεῖν, Μενέλεως χαῖρων φέρων. δεινῆς δ' ἀπλοῖας πνευμάτων τε τυγχάνων, ἐις ἔμπυρ' ἡλθε, καὶ λέγει Κάλχας τάδε· ὁ τῆς ἀνάσσων Ἐλλάδος στρατηγίας, Ἀγάμεμνον, οὐ μὴ ναὸς ἀφορμήσῃ χθονός, πρὶν ἀν κόρην σήμεν Ἰφιγένειαν "Ἀρτεμίς λάβῃ σφαγεῖσαν· δ' τι γὰρ ἐνιαυτὸς τέκοι καλλιστον, ἥξιον φωσφόρῳ θύσειν θεῖ.  

1 Barnes and Witzschel : for τ'ἀπλοῖας and τ'οὐ of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Enter from temple IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIGENEIA

PELOPS, the son of Tantalus, with fleet steeds
To Pisa came, and won Oenomaus’ child:
Atreus she bare; of him Menelaus sprang
And Agamemnon, born of whom was I,
Iphigeneia, Tyndareus’ daughter’s babe.
Me, by the eddies that with ceaseless gusts
Euripus shifteth, rolling his dark surge,
My sire slew—as he thinks—for Helen’s sake
To Artemis, in Aulis’ clefts renowned.
For king Agamemnon drew together there
The Hellenic armament, a thousand ships,
Fain that Achaea should from Ilium win
Fair victory’s crown, and Helen’s outraged bed
Avenge—all this for Menelaus’ sake.
But, faced with winds that grimly barred the
seas,
To divination he sought, and Calchas spake:
“Thou captain of this battle-host of Greece,
Agamemnon, thou shalt sail not from the land
Ere Artemis receive thy daughter slain,
Iphigeneia: for, of one year’s fruit,
Thou vowedst the fairest to the Queen of Light.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

παίδε οὖν ἐν οἴκοις σῇ Κλυταιμνήστρᾳ δάμαρ τίκτει, τὸ καλλιστεῖον εἰς ἐμὸ ἀναφέρων, ἣν χρῆ σε θύσαι. καὶ μ᾽ Ὀδυσσέως τέχναις μητρὸς παρέίλουν ἐπὶ γάμοις Ἀχιλλέως. ἐλθοῦσα δ᾽ Αὐλίδε ἡ τάλαιν ὑπὲρ πυρᾶς μεταρσίᾳ ληφθείσῃ ἐκαυνόμην ξίφει· ἀλλ᾽ ἐξέκλεψεν ἐλαφὸν ἀντιδοῦσά μοι Ἀρτέμις Ἀχαῖοῖς, διὰ δὲ λαμπρὸν αἰθέρα πέμψασά με εἰς τὴνδ᾽ ἀκίσεν Ταύρῳν χθόνα, οὗ γῆς ἀνάσσεις βαρβάρους βάρβαρος Θάνα, δι᾽ ὧκλευν πόδα τιθεὶς ἱσον πτεροίς εἰς τούνομοι ήλθε τόδε ποδώκειας χάριν. ναοῖσι οὖ δ᾽ εἰς τοῖσδ᾽ ἰερίαν τίθησι με· ὃθεν νόμοις τοῖσιν ἤδεται θεὰ Ἀρτέμις ἔορτῆς — τοῦνομ' ἦς καλὸν μόνον, τὰ δ᾽ ἄλλα συγῳ, τὴν θεοὺς φοβουμένης— θύω γάρ, οὗτος τοῦ νόμον καὶ πρὶν πόλει, δι᾽ ἂν κατέληθη τῇνδε γῆν. "Ελλην ἀνήρ.

κατάρχομαι μένει, σφάγια δ᾽ ἀλλοισίν μέλει ἀρρητε ἐσώθεν τῶν ἀνακτόρων θεσ. ἃ καινὰ δ᾽ ἤκει νῦς φέρουσα φάσματα, λέξω πρὸς αἰθέρ', ἐὰν δὴ τὸδ᾽ ἐστ᾽ ἄκος. ἐδοξεὶ ἐν ὑπνω τῇσδ᾽ ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα γῆς οἰκεῖν ἐν Ἀργεία, παρθενῶσί δ᾽ ἐν μέσους εὐδείων, χθονοὺς δὲ νώτα σεισθῆναι σάλω, φεύγειν δὲ κἀξιστάσα θρυγκοὺς εἰσιδεῖν δόμων πῖτνοτα, πᾶν δ᾽ ἐρέξιμον στέγος βεβλημένον πρὸς οὐδεὶς ἐξ ἄκρων στάθμων. μόνος δ᾽ ἐλείφθη στύλος, ὡς ἐδοξὲ μοι, δόμων πατρώον, ἐκ δ᾽ ἐπικράτειν κόμας ξανθᾶς καθεῖναι, φθέγμα δ᾽ ἀνθρώπου λαβεῖν, κἀγώ τέχνην τήνδ᾽ ἦν ἕχοι ξενοκτόνου

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Lo, thy wife Clytemnestra in thine halls
Bare thee a child”—so naming me most fair,—
“Whom thou must offer.” By Odysseus’ wiles
From her they drew me, as to wed Achilles.
I came to Aulis: o’er the pyre,—ah me!—
High raised was I, the sword in act to slay,—
When Artemis stole me, for the Achaeans set
There in my place a hind, and through clear air
Wafted me, in this Taurian land to dwell,
Where a barbarian rules barbarians,
Thoas, who, since his feet be swift as wings
Of birds, hath of his fleetness won his name.
And in this fane her priestess made she me:
Therefore in rites of that dark cult wherein
Artemis joys,—fair is its name alone;
But, for its deeds, her fear strikes dumb my lips,—
I sacrifice—’twas this land’s ancient wont—
What Greek soever cometh to this shore.
I consecrate the victim; in the shrine
The unspeakable slaughter is for others’ hands.

Now the strange visions that the night hath
brought
To heaven I tell—if aught of help be there.
In sleep methought I had escaped this land,
And dwelt in Argos. In my maiden-bower
I slept: then with an earthquake shook the ground.
I fled, I stood without, the cornice saw
Of the roof falling,—then, all crashing down,
Turret and basement, hurled was the house to
earth.

The central pillar alone, meseemed, was left
Of my sires’ halls; this from its capital
Streamed golden hair, and spake with human voice.
Then I, my wonted stranger-slaughtering rite

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

τιμώσ’ υδραίνειν αὐτὸν ὡς θανούμενον, κλαίουσα. τούναρ δ’ ὤδε συμβάλλω τόδε· τέθυη. Ὀρέστης, οὐ κατηρξάμην ἐγώ. στύλοι γὰρ οἰκῶν εἰσὶ παίδες ἀρέσενες· θυήσκουσι δ’ οὖς ἀν χέρνιβες βάλωσ’ ἐμαί. οὐδ’ αὖ συνάψαι τούναρ εἰς φίλους ἔχω· Στροφίῳ γὰρ οὖκ ἦν παῖς, ὅτ’ ἀλλήλην ἐγὼ. νῦν οὖν ἄδελφῷ βούλομαι δοῦναι χοάς ἀπούσ’ ὑπόντι, ταῦτα γὰρ δυνάμεθ’ ἂν, σὺν προσπόλοισι, ὡς ἐδώξ’ ἢμίν ἀναξ Ἐλληνίδας γυναῖκας. ἀλλ’ ἐξ αὐτίας οὔπω τινὸς πάρεισιν· εἰμ’ εἰσὼ δόμων ἐν οἰσὶ ναίω τῶν ἀνακτόρων θεᾶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁρα, φυλάσσον μή τις ἐν στίβῳ βροτῶν.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ὁρᾶ, σκοποῦμαι δ’ ὁμα πανταχοῦ στρέφων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδη, δοκεῖ σοι μέλαθρα ταῦτ’ εἶναι θεᾶς; ἐνθ’ Ἀργόθεν ναῦν ποντίαν ἐστείλαμεν;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐμοιγ’, Ὀρέστα· σοὶ δὲ συνδοκεῖν χρεών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ βωμὸς, Ἐλλῆν οὐ καταστάξει φόνος;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

εξ αἰμάτων γοῦν ξάνθ’ ἔχει θρυγκωμάτα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θρυγκοῖς δ’ ὑπ’ αὐτοῖς σκύλ’ ὀρᾶς ἠρτημένα;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τῶν καθανόντων γ’ ἀκροθίνια ξένων.

ἀλλ’ ἐγκυκλοῦντ’ ὀφθαλμῶν εὖ σκοπεῖν χρεών.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Observing, sprinkled it, as doomed to death,
Weeping. Now thus I read this dream of mine:
Dead is Orestes—him I sacrificed;—
Seeing the pillars of a house be sons,
And they die upon whom my sprinklings fall.
None other friend can I match with my dream;
For on my death-day Strophius had no son.
Now will I pour drink-offerings, far from him,
To a brother far from me,—'tis all I can,—
I with mine handmaids, given me of the king,
Greek damsels. But for some cause are they here
Not yet: within the portals will I pass
Of this, the Goddess' shrine, wherein I dwell.

[Re-enters temple.

Enter Orestes and Pylades.

ORESTES

Look thou—take heed that none be in the path.

PYLADES

I look, I watch, all ways I turn mine eyes.

ORESTES

Pylades, deem'st thou this the Goddess' fane
Whither from Argos we steered oversea?

PYLADES

I deem it is, Orestes, as must thou.

ORESTES

And the altar, overdripped with Hellene blood?

PYLADES

Blood-russet are its rims in any wise.

ORESTES

And 'neath them seest thou hung the spoils arow?

PYLADES

Yea, trophies of the strangers who have died.
But needs must we glance round with heedful eyes.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΞΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

 долг. Пои μ' ау τήνι' ες άρκνιν ήγαγες
χρήσας, ἐπειδὴ πατρὸς αἰμ' ἐτισάμην,
μυτέρα κατακτάς; διαδοχαῖς δ' Ἐρμύων
ηλαυνόμεσθα φυγάδες, ἔξεδροι χθονός,
δρόμους τε πολλοὺς ἐξέπλησσα καμπύλους.
ἐλθὼν δὲ σ' ἡρώτησαι τῶς τροχηλάτου
μανίας ἄν ἐλθοιμ' εἰς τέλος πόνων τ' ἐμών,
οὐς ἐξεμόχθουν περιπολῶν καθ' Ἐλλάδα.
συ δ' εἴπας ἐλθείν Ταυρικῆς μ' ὄρους χθονός,
ἐνθ' Ἀρτεμίς σοι σύγγονοι βωμοὺς ἔχοι,
λαβεῖν τ' ἀγαλμα θεᾶς, δ' φασὶν ἐνθάδε
εἰς τούσδε ναοὺς όρουν πασεῖν ἀπὸ
λαβέοντα δ' ἡ τέχναις ἡ τύχη τινι,
κάνονων ἐκπλήσσαν', Ἀθηναίων χθονί
doύναι· τὸ δ' ἐνθέον' οὐδὲν ἐρρῆθη πέρα.
καὶ ταύτα δράσαντ' ἀμπνοάς ἐξειν πόνων.
ἡκὼ δὲ πεισθείς σοῖς λόγους ἐνθάδε
ἀγνωστὸν εἰς γῆν, ἔξειν. σὲ δ' ἱστορῶ,
Πυλάδη, συ γάρ μοι τούδε συλλήπτωρ πόνου,
τί δρῶμεν; ἀμφίμεθα γὰρ τοῖχων ὄρας
ὑφηλά: πότερα δωμάτων προσαμβάσεις
ἐκβησόμεσθα; πῶς ἄν οὖν μάθοιμεν 1 ἂν,
μὴ χαλκότευκτα κλίθρα λύσαντες μυχλοῖς,
ἀν οὐδὲν ἵσαμεν; ἢν δ' ἀνοιγότες τύλας
ληφθῶμεν εἰσβάσεις τε μηχανώμενοι,
θανούμεθα. ἀλλὰ πρὶν θανεῖν, νεῶς ἐπὶ
φεύγωμεν, ἥπερ δεύρ' ἔναντιλήλισμεν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

φεύγειν μὲν οὖν ἀνεκτοῦν οὔδ' εἰόθαμεν
τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ δὲ χρησμὸν οὐ κακιστέον.

1 μάθοιμεν MSS.; λάθοιμεν, Sallier and many others.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Phoebus, why is thy word again my snare,
When I have slain my mother, and avenged
My sire? From tired Fiends Fiends take up the chase,
And exiled drive me, outcast from my land,
In many a wild race doubling to and fro.
To thee I came and asked how might I win
My whirling madness' goal, my troubles' end,
Wherein I travailed, roving Hellas through.
Thou bad'st me go unto the Taurian coasts
Where Artemis thy sister hath her altars,
And take the Goddess' image, which, men say,
Here fell into this temple out of heaven,
And, winning it by craft or happy chance,
All danger braved, to the Athenians' land
To give it—nought beyond was bidden me;—
This done, should I have respite from my toils.
Hither I come, obedient to thy words,
To a strange land and cheerless. Thee I ask,
Pylades, thee mine helper in this toil,—
What shall we do? Thou seest the engirdling walls,
How high they be. Up yonder temple-steps
Shall we ascend? How then could we learn more,
Except our levers force the brazen bolts
Whereof we know nought? If we be surprised
Opening gates, and plotting entrance here,
Die shall we. Nay, ere dying, let us flee
Back to the ship wherein we hither sailed.

PYLADES

Flee?—'twere intolerable!—'twas ne'er our wont:
Nor craven may we be to the oracle.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ναοῦ δ' ὑπαλλαχθέντε κρύψωμεν δέμας
cat' ἀντρ' ἀ πόντος νοτίδι διακλύζει μέλας,
νεῶς ἀπώθεν, μή τις εἰσιδών σκάφος
βασιλεύσιν εἴπη, κάτα ληφθώμεν βία.

110 ὅταν δὲ νυκτὸς ὁμμα λυγαίας μόλη,
tολμητέον τοι ξεστὸν ἐκ ναοῦ λαβεῖν
ἄγαλμα πάσας προσφέροντε μηχανάς.
ὁρα δὲ γ' εἴσω τριγλύφων ὁποὶ κενὸν
δέμας καθεῖναι: τοὺς πόνους γὰρ ἁγαθὸν
tολμώσι, δειλοὶ δ' εἴσων οὐδὲν οὐδαμοῦ.
οὕτωι μακρὸν μὲν ἠλθομεν κἀπη τόροι,
ἐκ τερμάτων δὲ νόστον ἀροῦμεν πάλιν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' εὖ γὰρ εἴπας, πειστέον· χωρεῖν χρεῶν
ὁποί ξῆος κρύψαντε λήσομεν δέμας.

120 οὐ γὰρ τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' αἰτίων γενήσεται
πεσείν ἄραντον θέσφατον· τολμητέον
μόχθος γὰρ οὐδεὶς τοῖς νέοις σκίρψιν φέρει.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

eὐφαμεῖτ', ὃ
πόντον δισσὰς συγχωροῦσας
πέτρας Εὔξεινου ναϊόντες.

130 ὃ παῖ τὰς Δατοῖς,
Δίκτυν' οὐρεία,
πρὸς σᾶν αὐλάν, εὐστύλων
ναῶν χρυσήρεις δρυγκοῦσ,
πόδα παρθένων ὡσιον ὑσίας
κληδούχου δούλα πέμπω,
Ἑλλάδος εὐίτπτον πύργους
καὶ τείχη χώρτων τ' εὐδένδρων
ἐξαλλάξασ' Εὐρώταν,
πατρῴων οἰκων ἔδρας.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Withdraw we from the temple; let us hide
In caves by the dark sea-wash oversprayed,
Far from our ship, lest some one spy her hull,
And tell the chiefs, and we be seized by force.
But when the eye of murky night is come,
That carven image must we dare to take
Out of the shrine with all the craft we may.
Mark thou betwixt yon triglyphs a void space.
Whereby to climb down. Brave men on all toils
Adventure; nought are cowards anywhere.
Have we come with the oar a weary way,
And from the goal shall we turn back again?

ORESTES

Good: I must heed thee. Best withdraw ourselves
Unto a place where we shall lurk unseen.
For, if his oracle fall unto the ground,
The God's fault shall it not be. We must dare,
Since for young men toil knoweth no excuse.

[Exeunt.

Enter CHORUS and IPHIGENEIA.

CHORUS

Keep reverent silence, ye
Beside the Euxine Sea
Who dwell, anigh the clashing rock-towers twain.
Maid of the mountain-wild,
Dictynna, Leto's child,
Unto thy court, thy lovely-pillared fane,
Whose roofs with red gold burn,
Pure maiden feet I turn,
Who serve the hallowed Bearer of the Key,
Banished from Hellas' towers,
Trees, gardens, meadow-flowers
That fringe Eurotas by mine home o'ersea.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

έμολον· τί νέον; τίνα φροντίδ' ἐχεις; τί με πρός ναύσι ἄγαγες ἄγαγες, ὡ παῖ τοῦ τάς Τροίας πύργους ἐλθόντος κλεινᾶ σὺν κόπα χιλιοναύτα μυροστευχεῖ τῶν Ἀτρείδαν τῶν κλεινῶν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἰώ δῶσαι,
δισθρηνίτοις ὡς θρήνοις ἐγκείμαι, τάς οὐκ εὔμοισον μολπαίαν θοᾶς ἀλύρων ἐλέγοι, αἰαί, κηδείοις οἴκτοις, αἱ μοι συμβαίνουσ' ἄται, σύγγονον ἀμὸν κατακλαιμένα ξώας, οἷαν ίδόμαν ὅψιν ὅνειρων νυκτός, τὰς ἔξηλθ' ὅρφανα. ὀλομαν ὀλόμαν
οὐκ εἶσ' οἶκοι πατρῴοι
οἴμοι φρούδος γέννα.

150

ἰώ ἰδίμων, ὅς τὸν Ἀργει Μόχθων.
μοῦνον ἐναγητον συλᾶς Ἄιδα, πέμψας, ὃ τάσις χοᾶς μέλλων κρατήρα τε τὸν φθιμένων ὑδραίνειν γαίας ἐν νότοις, πηγὰς τ' οὐρέων ἐκ μόσχων Βάκχοι τ' οἴνηρας λοιβᾶς ξοθᾶν τ' πότημα μελισσᾶν, ἄ νεκροὶς θελκτήρια κεῖται.

160

ἀλλ' ἔνδος μοι πάγχρυσον τεῦχος καὶ λοιβᾶν Ἄιδα.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

I come. Thy tidings?—what
Thy care? Why hast thou brought
Me to the shrines, O child of him who led
That fleet; the thousand-keeled,
That host of myriad shield
That Troyward with the glorious Atreids sped?

IPHIGENEIA

Ah maidens, sunken deep
In mourning’s dole I weep:
My wails no measure keep
With aught glad-ringing
From harps: no Song-queen’s strain
Breathes o’er the sad refrain
Of my bereavement’s pain,
Nepenthe-bringing.
The curse upon mine head
Is come—a brother dead!
Ah vision-dream that fled
To Night’s hand clinging!
Undone am!— undone!
My race—its course is run:
My sire’s house—there is none:
Woe, Argos’ nation!
Ah, cruel Fate, that tore
From me my love, and bore
To Hades! Dear, I pour
Thy death-libation—
Fountains of mountain-kine,
The brown bees’ toil, the wine,
Shed on earth’s breast, are thine,
Thy peace-oblation!
Give me the urn, whose gold
The Death-god’s draught shall hold:—
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

170 ὃ κατὰ γαῖας Ἄγαμεμνόνιον θάλος, ὡς θυμένφ τάδε σοι πέμπω. δέξαι δ᾽ οὐ γὰρ πρὸς τύμβων σοι ξανθὰν χαίταν, οὐ δάκρυ ὦσω. τηλόσε γὰρ δὴ σᾶς ἀπενάσθην πατρίδος καὶ ἐμᾶς, ἐνθὰ δοκήσαι κεῖμαι σφαχθεῖν ὧ τλάμων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀντιψάλμους ἡδῶς ὕμνον τῷ Ἀσιήταν σοι βάρβαρον ἀχὰν δεσποίνα γρ' ἔξαυδάσω, τὰν ἐν θρήνοισιν μοῦσαν, νέκυσι μελομέναι τὰν ἐν μολπαῖς "Αἰδᾶς ὑμνεῖ δίχα παιάνων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οἴμοι, τῶν Ἀτρείδαν οἰκῶν ἔρρει φῶς σκῆπτρων, ἔρρει. 1 οἴμοι πατρῴων οἰκῶν. τίνος ἐκ τῶν εὐόλβων Ἀργεῖ βασιλέων ἀρχά; μόχθος δ᾽ ἐκ μόχθων ᾧσσεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
dινεούσαις ὑπονοις πταναῖς 2 ἀλλάζας εξ ἔδρας ἵερὸν μετέβασ' ὃμμ' αὐγᾶς

1 Text of 187–190 much disputed.

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Thee, whom earth's arms enfold,
   Atreides' scion,
These things I give thee now;
Dear dead, accept them thou,
Bright tresses from my brow
   Shall never lie on
Thy grave, nor tears. Our land—
Thine—mine—to me is banned.
Far off the altars stand
   Men saw me die on.

CHORUS

Lo, I will peal on high
To echo thine, O queen,
My dirge, the Asian hymn, and that weird cry,
The wild barbaric keen,
The litany of death,
Song-tribute that we bring
To perished ones, where moaneth Hades' breath,
Where no glad pæans ring.

IPHIGENEIA

Woe for the kingly sway
From Atreus' house that falls!
Passed is their sceptre's glory, passed away—
   Woe for my fathers' halls!
Where are the heaven-blest kings
Throned erstwhile in their might
O'er Argos? Trouble out of trouble springs
   In ceaseless arrowy flight.

CHORUS

O day when from his place
The Sun his winged steeds wheeled,
Turning the splendour of his holy face
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙϹ

άλιος, άλλας δ᾿ άλλα προσέβα
χρυσέας ἄρνος μελάθροις οδύνα,
φόνος ἐπὶ φόνῳ, ἄχεα τ᾿ ἄχεσιν.
ἐνθεν τῶν πρόσθεν δμαθέντων
Τανταλιδᾶν ἐκβαίνει ποινὰ γ᾿
eἰς οἶκους. σπεύδει δ᾿ ἀσπούδαστ᾿
ἐπὶ σοὶ δαίμων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐξ ἄρχας μοι δυσδαίμων
δαίμων τὰς ματρὸς ζώνας
καὶ νυκτὸς κείνας. εξ’ ἄρχας
λόχιαι στερρὰν παιδείαν
Μούραι συντείνουσιν θεαί,

δὲν πρωτόγονον θάλος ἐν θαλάμοις

ά μναστευθεῖσ᾿ ἐξ Ἑλλάνων,

Αἶδας ἀ τλάμων κούρα,
σφάγιον πατρίφα λοβὰ
καὶ θύμοι’ οὐκ εὐγάθητον
ἐτεκεν, ἑτρεφεν, εὐκταῖαν
ιπτείοις ἐν δίφροισιν

ψαμάθων Αὐλίδος ἐπιβᾶσαν

νύμφαν, οἶμοι, δύσυμμφον
τῷ τὰς Νηρέως κούρας, αἰαῖ.


νῦν δ’ ἀξείων πόντου ξεῖνα

dυςχόρτοις οἶκους ναίω

ἀγαμος, ἀτεκνος, ἀπολις, ἀφίλος,
οὐ τὰν ᾿Αργει μέλπουσ᾿ ᾿Ηραν

οὐδ᾿ ἵστοῖς ἐν καλλιφθόγγοις
κερκίδι Παλλάδος ᾿Αθηδος εἰκὼ
καὶ Τιτάνων πουκίλλουσ᾿, ἀλλ᾿
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

From horrors there revealed!
That golden lamb \(^1\) hath brought
Woe added unto woe,
Pang upon pang, murder on murder wrought:
All these thy line must know.
Vengeance thine house must feel
For sons thereof long dead:
Their sins Fate, zealous with an evil zeal,
Visiteth on thine head.

IPHIGENEIA

From the beginning was to me accurst
My mother’s spousal-fate:
The Queens of Birth with hardship from the first
Crushed down my childhood-state.
I, the first blossom of the bridal-bower
Of Leda’s hapless daughter
By princes wooed, was nursed for that dark hour
Of sacrificial slaughter,
For vows that stained with sin my father’s hands
When I was chariot-born
Unto the Nereid’s son on Aulis’ sands—
Ah me, a bride forlorn!

Lone by a stern sea’s desert shores I live
Loveless, no children clinging
To me; the homeless, friendless, cannot give
To Hera praise of singing
In Argos; nor to music of my loom
Shall Pallas’ image grow
Splendid in strife Titanic:—in my doom

\(^1\) See note to Electra, l. 699.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

αἰμόρραντον δυσφόρμηγα
ζείνον αἰμάσσουσ’ ἀταν βωμούς,
οἰκτράν τ’ αἰαξόντων αὐθάν,
οἰκτρόν τ’ ἐκβαλλόντων δάκρυν.

καὶ νῦν κείνων μὲν μοι λάθα,
τὸν δ’ Ἀργεὶ διαθέντα κλαίω
σύγγονον, ἵν ἐλπιῶν ἐπιμαστίδιον
ἔτι βρέφος, ἕτε νέον, ἕτε θάλος
ἐν χερσὶν ματρὸς πρὸς στέρνοις τ’
’Αργεὶ σκεπτοῦχον Ὄρεσταν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ὅ’ ἀκτὰς ἐκλύσων θαλασσίους
βουφόρβος ἤκει, σημανῶν τί σοι νέον.

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ
’Αγαμέμνονός τε καὶ Κλυταμνήστρας τέκνον,
ἀκουε καὶνῶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ κηρυγμάτων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί δ’ ἔστι τοῦ παρόντος ἐκπλήσσον λόγον;

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

ἔκουσιν εἰς γῆν, κυνέαν Συμπληγάδα
πλάτη φυγόντες, δίπτυχοι νεανίας,
θεα φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ θυτήριον
’Αρτέμιδι. χέρνες δὲ καὶ κατάργματα
οὐκ ἄν φθάνους ἄν εὐτρεπὴ ποιομένη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποδαπόι; τίνος γῆς οὖνοι 1 ἔχουσιν οἱ ξένοι;

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

”Ελληνες· ἐν τούτ’ οἶδα κοῦ περατέρω.

1 So the MSS. Monk reads σχῆμα, “what land’s garb do the strangers wear?”

300
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Blood-streams mid groanings flow,
The ghastly music made of strangers laid
On altars, piteous-weeping! . . . . .

Yet from these horrors now my thoughts have strayed,
Afar to Argos leaping
To wail Orestes dead—a kingdom's heir!
Ah, hands of my lost mother
Clasped thee; her breast, at my departing, bare
Thy babe-face, O my brother!

CHORUS
Lo, yonder from the sea-shore one hath come,
A herdman bearing tidings unto thee.

Enter HERDMAN.

HERDMAN
Agamemnon's daughter, Clytemnestra's child,
Hear the strange story that I bring to thee!

IPHIGENEIA
What cause is in thy tale for this amaze?

HERDMAN
Unto the land, through those blue Clashing Rocks
Sped by the oar-blades, two young men be come,
A welcome offering and sacrifice
To Artemis. Prepare thee with all speed
The lustral streams, the consecrating rites.

IPHIGENEIA
Whence come?—what land's name do the strangers bear?

HERDMAN
Hellenes: this one thing know I; nought beside.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὐδ’ ὄνομ’ ἀκούσας οἶσθα τῶν ἡγέον γεράσαι;

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ
Πυλάδης εἰκλήξεθ’ ἄτερος πρὸς θατέρου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τοῦ ἐν γύνου δὲ τοῦ ἡγέον τί τούνομ’ ἦν;

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ
οὔδεις τὸδ’ οἶδεν· οὐ γὰρ εἰςηκούσαμεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ποῦ δ’ εἶδες αὐτοῦς κάντυχόντες εἶλετε;

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ
ἄκραις ἐπὶ ῥηγμίσειν ἡγέον πόρου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
καὶ τις θαλάσσης βούκολοις κοινωνία;

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ
βοῦς ἤλθομεν νήσοντες ἑναλία δρόσῳ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἐκεῖσε δὴ ’πάνελθε, ποῦ νῦν εἶλετε
τρόπῳ θ’ ὁποίῳ· τοῦτο γὰρ μαθεῖν θέλω.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἐπει τὸν εἰσρέοντα διὰ Συμπληγάδων
βοῦς ὠλοφορβοῦς πόντον εἰσεβάλλομεν,

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ
ἡν τις διαρρόξεις κυμάτων πολλῷ σάλῳ
κοιλωτῶς ἄγμος, πορφυρευτικαὶ στέγαι.

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ
ἐνταῦθα δισσούσι εἰδὲ τις νεάνιας
βουφορβὸς ἡμῶν, κανεκύρισεν πάλιν
ἀκροίσι δακτύλουσι πορθμεύων ἤχοις.

302
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
Nor hearest thou their name, to tell it me?

HERDMAN
Pylades one was of his fellow named.

IPHIGENEIA
And of the stranger's comrade what the name?

HERDMAN
This no man knoweth, for we heard it not.

IPHIGENEIA
Where saw ye—came upon them—captured them?

HERDMAN
Upon the breakers' verge of yon drear sea.

IPHIGENEIA
Now what have herdmen with the sea to do?

HERDMAN
We went to wash our cattle in sea-brine.

IPHIGENEIA
To this return—where laid ye hold on them,
And in what manner? This I fain would learn.
For late they come: the Goddess' altar long
Hath been with streams of Hellene blood undyed.

HERDMAN
Even as we drave our woodland-pasturing kine
Down to the sea that parts the Clashing Rocks,—
There was a cliff-chine, by the ceaseless dash
Of waves grooved out, a purple-fishers' haunt;—
Even there a herdmance of our company
Beheld two youths, and backward turned again,
With tiptoe stealth his footsteps piloting,
And spake, "Do ye not see them?—yonder sit
Gods!" One of us, a god-revering man,
Lifted his hands, and looked on them, and prayed:
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

270 ὁ πουτίας παί Δευκοθέας, νεῶν φύλαξ,
δέσποτα Παλαίμον, ἱλεως ἡμῖν γενοῦ,
εἴτ' οὖν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς θάσσετον Διοσκόρω,
ἡ Νηρέως ἀγάλμαθ', ὑπὶ τὸν εὐγενῆ
ἐτυκτε πεντήκοντα Νηρήδων χορὸν.

280 ἄλλος δὲ τις μάταιος, ἀνομία θρασύς,
ἐγέλασεν εὐχαίς, ναυτίλους δὲ ἐφθαρμένους
θάσσευν φάραγγ' ἐφασκε τοῦ νόμον φόβω,
κλύντας ὡς θύομεν ἐνθάδε ξένους.

290 ἔδοξε δ' ἡμῶν εὐ λέγειν τοῖς πλείσιν,
θηρᾶν τε τῇ θεῷ σφώνια τάπιχοιρα.
κὰν τῶδε πέτραν ἀτεροσ ληπτούξένων
ἐστὶν κάρα τε διετίναξ' ἀνω κατω
κάπεστέναξεν ὀλένας τρήμων ἀκρας,
μανίας ἀλαίνων, καὶ βοᾶ κυνάγος ὃς!
Πυλάδη, δέδορκας τήνδε; τήνδε δ' οὖχ ὅρᾶς
"Ἀδοὺ δράκαιναν, ὡς με βούλεται κτανεῖν
dευναίς ἔχιδναις εἰς ἐμ' ἐστομομένη;
"]

η δ' ἐκ χιτώνων πῦρ πνέουσα καὶ φόνον
πτεροὺς ἐρέσσει, μητέρ' ἀγκάλαις ἐμὴν
ἐξούσα, πέτρινων ὄχθου, ὡς ἐπεμβάλῃ.

300 οἴμοι κτενεῖ μετ' ποι φύγω; παρηὴ δ' ὄραν
οὐ ταύτα μορφῆς σχήματ', ἀλλ' ἡλλάσσετο
φθογγάς τε μόσχων καὶ κυνῶν ὕλάγματα,
ἀ' φασκ' Ἑρινύς ἴεναι μυκήματα. 2

ημεῖς δὲ συσταλέντες, ὡς θανούμενοι,
συγῇ καθήμεθ' ὧ δὲ χεῖρ σπάσας ξίφος,
μόσχους ὀρούσας εἰς μέσας λέων ὄπως,
παίει σιδήρῳ λαγόνας εἰς πλεύρας ιεῖς,
δοκῶν Ἑρινύς θέας ἀμύνεσθαι τάδε,

300 ὡς αἰματηρῶν πέλαγος ἐξανθεῖν ἀλός.

1 Badham: for MSS. ὡς φᾶν'. 2 Nauck: for MSS. μυκήματα.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

"Guardian of ships, Sea-queen Leucothea's son
O Lord Palaemon, gracious be to us;
Or ye, Twin Brethren, if ye yonder sit;
Or Nereus' darlings, born to him of whom
That company of fifty Nereids sprang."

But one, a scorners, bold in lawlessness,
Mocked at his prayers: for shipwrecked mariners
Dreading our law, said he, sat in the cleft,
Who had heard how strangers here be sacrificed.
And now the more part said, "He speaketh well:
Let us then hunt the Goddess' victims due."

One of the strangers left meantime the cave,
Stood forth, and up and down he swayed his head,
And groaned and groaned again with quivering
hands,
Frenzy-distraught, and shouted hunter-like:
"Pylades, seest thou her?—dost mark not her,
Yon Hades-dragon, lusting for my death,
Her hideous vipers gaping upon me?
And this, whose robes waft fire and slaughter forth,
Flaps wings—my mother in her arms she holds—
Ha, now to a rock-mass changed!—to hurl on me!
Ah! she will slay me! Whither can I fly?"

We could not see these shapes: his fancy changed
Lowing of kine and barking of the dogs
To howlings which the Fiends sent forth, he said.
We cowering low, as men that looked to die,
Sat hushed. With sudden hand he drew his sword,
And like a lion rushed amidst the kine,
Smote with the steel their flanks, pierced through
their ribs,—
Deeming that thus he beat the Erinyes back,—
So that the sea-brine blossomed with blood-foam.

300

VOL. II.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

καν τώδε πάς τις, ώς ὦρα βουφόρβια
πίπτοντα καὶ πορθοῦμεν, ἐξωπλίζετο,
κόχλους τε φυσῶν συλλέγων τ᾿ ἐγχωρίοις
πρὸς εὐτραψεῖς γὰρ καὶ νεανίας ξένους
φαύλους μάχεσθαι βουκόλους ἤγούμεθα.
πολλοὶ δὲ ἐπληρώθησαν οὐ μακρῷ χρόνῳ.
πίπτει δὲ μανίας πίτυλον ὁ ξένος μεθεῖσ᾿,
στάξων ἀφρὸς γένειον. ώς δ᾿ ἐσεῖδομεν
προύργον πεσοῦντα, πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἐσχεν πόνον
βάλλων ἀράσσων. ἀτεροὶ δὲ τοῖς ξένοις
ἀφρόν τ᾿ ἀπέψη σῶματός τ᾿ ἐτημέλει
πετλων τε προικάλυπτεν ἐυπήνοις υφάς,
καραδοκῶν μὲν τάπιόντα τραύματα,
φιλοὶ δὲ θεραπείαιοι ἀνδρὶ ἐνεργητῶν.
ἐμφρων δ᾿ ἀνάξας ὁ ξένος πεσήματος
ἐγνῷ κλύδωνα πολεμῶν προσκείμενον
καὶ τὴν παροῦσαν συμφορὰν αὐτῶιν πέλας,
ἡμοῖο θ᾿ ἕμεις δ᾿ οὐκ ἂνεμεν πέτρους
βάλλοντες, ἄλλος ἀλλοθεν προσκείμενοι.
οὐ δὴ τὸ δεῖνον παρακέλευσμ᾿ ἱκώσαμεν.
Πυλάδη, θανοῦμεθ᾿, ἀλλ᾿ ὅπως θανοῦμεθα
κάλλισθ᾿ ἔπου μοι, φάσαγαν σπάσας χερὶ.
ὡς δ᾿ εἰδομεν δίπαλτα πολεμῶν ξίφη,
φυγῇ λεπαίας ἐξεπιμπλαμεν νάτας.
ἀλλ᾿, εἰ φύγοι τις, ἀτεροὶ προσκείμενοι
ἐβαλλον αὐτοὺς· εἰ δὲ τούσδ᾿ ὁσάιατο,
ἀδης τὸ νῦν ὑπείκον ἠρασσον πέτρους.
ἀλλ᾿ ἦν ἀπιστον· μυρίων γὰρ ἐκ χερῶν
οὐδεὶς τὰ τῆς θεοῦ θύματι ἴτηχει βαλών.
μόλις δὲ νῦν τόλμη μέν οὐ χειροῦμεθα,
κύκλῳ δὲ περιβαλόντες ἐξεκλέψαμεν
πέτροις χειρῶν φάσγαν, εἰς δὲ γῆν ἠώνυ
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Thereat each man, soon as he marked the herds
Harrid and falling slain, ’gan arm himself,
Blowing on conchs and gathering dwellers-round;
For we accounted herdmen all too weak
To fight with strangers young and lusty-grown.
So in short time were many mustered there.
Now ceased the stranger’s madness-fit: he falls,
Foam spraying o’er his beard. We, marking him
So timely fallen, wrought each man his part,
Hurling with battering stones. His fellow still
Wiped off the foam, and tended still his frame,
And screened it with his cloak’s fair-woven folds,
Watching against the ever-hailing blows,
With loving service ministering to his friend.
He came to himself—he leapt from where he lay—
He marked the surge of foes that rolled on him,
He marked the deadly mischief imminent,
And groaned: but we ceased not from hurling
stones,
Hard pressing them from this side and from that.
Thereat we heard this terrible onset-shout:
“Pylades, we shall die: see to it we die
With honour! Draw thy sword, and follow me.”
But when we saw our two foes’ brandished blades,
In flight we filled the copses of the cliffs.
Yet, if these fled, would those press on again,
And cast at them; and if they drave those back,
They that first yielded hurled again the stones.
Yet past belief it was—of all those hands,
To smite the Goddess’ victims none prevailed.
At last we overbore them,—not by courage,
But, compassing them, smote the swords unwares
Out of their hands with stones. To earth they bowed

x 2
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

καμάτω καθείσαν. πρὸς δ’ ἀνακτὰ τῆς δε γῆς-
κομίζομεν υἱ. ο’ δ’ ἐσιδῶν ὅσον τάχους
εἰς χέρινβάς τε καὶ σφαγεῖ ἐπεμπτέ σοι.
εὐχον δὲ τοιάδ’, ὦ νεάι, σοι ἔσνων
σφάγια παρεῖναι. κἀν ἀναλίσκης ξένους
τοιούσδε, τὸν σὸν Ἑλλάς ἀποτίσει φόνον
δίκας τίνοσα τῆς ἐν Ἀὐλίδι σφαγῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

340 θαυμάστ’ ἔλεξας τὸν φανένθ’, ὡστὶς ποτὲ
"Ἑλλήνος ἐκ γῆς πόντον ἠλθεν ἄξενον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰν. σὺ μὲν κόμιξε τοὺς ξένους μολῶν·
tὰ δ’ ἐνθάδ’ ἠμεῖς φροντιοῦμεν οἷα χρή.¹

ὁ καρδία τάλαινα, πρὶν μὲν εἰς ξένους
γαληνὸς ἔσθα καὶ φιλοκτήρμων ἄει,
eἰς θοῦμόφυλον ἀναμετρουμένη δάκρυν,
"Ἑλλήνας ἀνδρας ἡμῖν’ εἰς χέρας λάβωι.

νῦν δ’ ἔξ ὀνείρων οἶσιν ἥγιομεθα,
δοκοῦν’ ὁ Ὀρέστης μηκέθ’ ἠλιον βλέπειν,

350 δύσυνου με λήψεσθ’, οἰτώνες ποθ’ ἤκετε.
καὶ τούτ’ ἀρ’ ἤν ἀλήθεις, ἡσθόμην, φίλαι,
οἱ δυστυχεῖς γαρ τοῖς εὔτυχεστέροις
ἀυτοῖς καλῶς πράξαντες οὐ φρονοῦσιν εὐ.

ἀλλ’ οὔτε πνεῦμα Διόθεν ἠλθεν πότοτε,
οὐ πορθμίς, ὡτὶς διὰ πέτρασ Συμπληγάδας
Ἐλένην ἀπήγαγ’ ἐνθάδ’, ἦ μ’ ἀπόλεσε,
Μενέλεων θ’, ἵν’ αὐτοὺς ἀντετιμωρήσαμην,

τὴν ἐνθάδ’ Ἀξιλιν ἀντιδεῖσα τῆς ἐκεῖ,
οὐ μ’ ἄστε μόσχον Δαναίδαι χειρούμενοι

¹ Badham : for οἷα φροντιοῦμεν of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Their toil-spent knees. We brought them to the king. He looked on them, and sent them with all speed To thee, for sprinkling waters and blood-bowls. Pray, maiden, that such strangers aye be given For victims. If thou still destroy such men, Hellas shall make atonement for thy death, Yea, shall requite thy blood in Aulis spilt.

CHORUS
Strange tale thou tellest of one newly come, 340
Whoe'er from Hellas yon drear sea hath reached.

IPHIGENEIA
Enough: go thou, the strangers hither bring:
I will take thought for all that needeth here.

[Exit herdman.

O stricken heart, to strangers in time past
Gentle wast thou and ever pitiful,
To kinship meting out its due of tears,
When Greeks soever fell into thine hands.
But now, from dreams whereby mine heart is steeled,—
Who deem Orestes seeth light no more,—
Stern shall ye find me, who ye be soe'er. 350
Ah, friends, true saw was this, I prove it now:—
The hapless, which have known fair fortune once,
Are bitter-thoughted unto happier folk.
Ah, never yet a breeze from Zeus hath come,
Nor ship, that through the Clashing Rocks hath brought
Hitherward Helen, her which ruined me,
And Menelaus, that I might requite
An Aulis here on them for that afar,
Where, like a calf, the sons of Danaus seized
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

360 ἔσφαξον, ἴερεύς δ’ ἦν ὁ γεννήσας πατήρ. ὁμοί· κακῶν γὰρ τῶν τότ’ οὐκ ἄμην ημοῦ, ἡσας γενείου χείρας ἐξηκόντυσα γονάτων τε τοῦ τεκόντος ἐξαρτωμένη, λέγονσα τοιάδ’ ὁ πάτερ, νυμφεύομαι νυμφεύματ’ αἰσχρα πρὸς σέθεν· μήτηρ δ’ ἐμὲ σέθεν κατακτείνοντος Ἀργείας τε νῦν ὑμνοῦσιν ὑμεναίοισιν, αὑλεῖται δὲ πάν μέλαθρον· ἡμεῖς δ’ ὀλλύμπεσθα πρὸς σέθεν.

370 Ἀιδης Ἀχιλλεύς ἦν ἄρ’, οὐχ ὁ Πηλέως, ὦν μοι προτείναςφ primo, ἐν ἁρματῶν μ’ ὄχοις εἰς αἰματηρὸν γάμον ἐπορθμευσας δόλῳ· ἑγὼ δὲ λεπτῶν ὃμμα διὰ καλυμμάτων ἔχουσ’, ἀδελφόν τ’ οὐκ ἀνειλόμην χερῶν, ὃς νῦν ὄλωλεν, οὐ κασιγνήτη στόμα συνῆπ’ ὑπ’ αἴδους, ως ἴσον εἰς Πηλέως μέλαθρα· πολλὰ δ’ ἀπεθέμην ἀσπάσματα εἰςαύθες, ως ἧξους’ ἐσ’ Ἀργος αὐ τάλιν.

380 ὃ τλῆμον, εἰ τέθυμηκας, ἐξ οἷων καλῶν ἔρρεις, Ὅρεστα, καὶ πατρὸς ξηλωμάτων. τὰ τῆς θεοῦ δὲ μέμφομαι σοφίσματα, ἦτες βροτῶν μὲν ἦν τις ἀνήτητα φόνου, ἢ καὶ λοχείας ἢ νεκροῦ θύγη χερῶν, βωμῶν ἀπείργει, μυσαρὸν ως ἡγουμένη, αὐτὴ δὲ θυσίαις ἦδεται βροτοκτόνοις. οὐκ ἔσθ’ ὅπως ἔτικτεν ἡ Διὸς δάμαρ Δητὸ τοσαύτην ἀμαθίαν. ἑγὼ μὲν οὖν τὰ Ταυτάλων θεοῖσιν ἐστιάματα ἀπιστα κρίνω, παιδὸς ἡςθήναι βορᾷ, τοὺς δ’ ἐνθάδ’, αὐτοὺς δυνα ταν ἀνθρωποκτόνους,

1 Badham: for MSS. προσεῖπας.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And would have slain me—mine own sire the priest!
Ah me! that hour’s woe cannot I forget—
How oft unto my father’s beard I strained
Mine hands, and clung unto my father’s knees,
Crying, “O father, in a shameful bridal
I am joined of thee! My mother, in this hour
When thou art slaying me, with Argive dames
Chanteth my marriage-hymn: through all the house
Flutes ring!—and I am dying by thine hand!
Hades the Achilles was, no Peleus’ son,
Thou profferedst me for spouse; thou broughtest me
By guile with chariot-pomp to bloody spousals.”
But I—the fine-spun veil fell o’er mine eyes,
That I took not my brother in mine arms,
Who now is dead, nor kissed my sister’s lips
For shame, as unto halls of Peleus bound.
Yea, many a loving greeting I deferred,
As who should come to Argos yet again.

Hapless Orestes!—from what goodly lot
By death thou art banished, what high heritage!
Out on this Goddess’s false subtleties,
Who, if one stain his hands with blood of men,
Or touch a wife new-traveled, or a corpse,
Bars him her altars, holding him defiled,
Yet joys herself in human sacrifice!
It cannot be that Zeus’ bride Leto bare
Such folly. Nay, I hold unworthy credence
The banquet given of Tantalus to the Gods,—
As though the Gods could savour a child’s flesh!
Even so, this folk, themselves man-murderers,
390 εἰς τὴν θεοῦ τὸ φαιλὸν ἀναφέρειν δοκῶ·
oü̂dēnα γὰρ οἶμαι δαιμόνων εἶναι κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κυάνεαι κυάνεαι σύνοδοι θαλάσσας, στρ. α'

ἵν' οἷς τρόποις ὅ ποτ' οἴδομαι διεπέρασεν Ἰούς

'Ασιήτιδα γαίαιν

Εὐρώπας διαμείψας,

tίνες ποτ' ἁρμα τον εὐνδρον δονακόχλουν

λιτόντες Εὐρώταν

ἡ ἤρματα σεμῶν Δίρκας

ἐβασαν ἐβασαν ἀμίκτων αἰαν, ἐνθα κοῦρα

dia têγγει

βῶμον καὶ περικίωνας

ναοὺς αἴμα βρότειον;

ἡ ῥοδίοις εἰλατίναις δικρότοις κώπαις ἀντ. α'

ἐπεμψαν ἐπὶ πόντια κύματα

410 ναίον ὁχήμα λυσπόροις τ' αὕραις,

φιλόπλουτον ἀμίλλαν

αὐξουτες μελάρθοσιν;

φίλα γὰρ ἔπις ἐγένετ' ἐπὶ πῆμασι βροτῶν

ἀπληστος ἀνθρώποις,

ὀλβον βάρος οἱ φέρονται

πλάνητες ἐπ' οἴδα μόλεσ τε βαρβάρους περώντες

κοινὰ δῶκα.

γυνώμα δ' όις μὲν ἄκαιρος ὀλ-

βον, τοῖς δ' εἰς μέσον ἤκει.

420 πῶς πέτρας τὰς συνδρομάδας, στρ. β'

πῶς Φυνείδας ἀνύπνους

1 Köchly: for ἱπλέυσαν.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Charge on their Goddess their own sin, I ween; 390
For I believe that none of Gods is vile.

[Exit.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Dark cliffs, dark cliffs of the Twin Seas’ meeting,
Where the gadfly of Io, from Argos fleeting,
Passed o’er the heave of the havenless surge
From the Asian land unto Europe’s verge,
Who are these, that from waters lovely-gleaming
By Eurotas’ reeds, or from fountains streaming 400
Of Dirce the hallowed have come, have come,
To the shore where the stranger may find no home,
Where crimson from human veins that raineth
The altars of Zeus’s Daughter staineth,
And her pillared dome?

(Alt. 1)

With pine-oars rightward and leftward flinging
The surf, and the breeze in the tackle singing,
That sea-wain over the surge did they sweep, 410
Sore-coveted wealth in their halls to heap?—
For winsome is hope unto men’s undoing,
And unsatisfied ever they be with pursuing
The treasure up-piled for the which they roam
Unto alien cities o’er ridges of foam,
By the same hope lured:—but one ne’er taketh
Fortune at flood, while her full tide breaketh
Unsought over some.

(Str. 2)

How twixt the Death-crags’ swing,
And by Phineus’ beaches that ring

313
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ἀκτὰς ἐπέρασαν
παρ’ ἄλιον αἰγιαλὸν ἐπ’ Ἀμφιτρίτας
ροθίῳ δραμόντες,
ὅπου πεντῆκοντα κορᾶν
Νηρηίδων χορὸι
μέλπουσιν ἐγκύκλιοι,
πλησιστοῖσι πνοαῖς,
συριζώντων κατὰ πρύμναν
εὐναίων πηδαλίων
αὔραισιν νοτίαις
ἡ πνεύμασι Ζεφύρου,
τὰν πολυόριθου ἐπ’ αἰαν,
λευκὰν ἀκτὰν, Ἀχιλῆς
δρόμους καλλισταδίους,
ἀξειών κατὰ πόντον;

ἐὰν εὐχαῖσιν δεσποσύνοις

Δήδας Ἐλένα φίλα παῖς
ἐλθοῦσα τύχοι τὰν
Τρφάδα λποῦσα πόλιν, ἵν’ ἀμφὶ χάιτα
δρόσου αἰματηρῶν
εἰλεχθείσα λαμμοτόμῳ
δεσποίνας κερὶ θάνῃ
ποιῶς δοῦσ’ ἀντιπάλους.
ἀδιστ’ ἄν τὴν’ ἀγγελίαν
dεξαίμεσθ’ Ἐλλάδος ἐκ γᾶς
πλωτήρων ἐξ τῖς ἐβα,

dουλείας ἐμέθεν
dειλαίας πανοίπονος.
καὶ γὰρ οὐείρασι συνείην
dόμοις πόλει τε πατρῴα,
tερπνῶν ὑμνῶν ἀπόλαυ-
sιν, κοινῶν χάρων ὀλβῇ.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

With voices of seas unsleeping,
Won they, by breakers leaping
O'er the Sea-queen's strand, as they passed
Through the crash of the surge flying fast,
And saw where in dance-rings sweeping
The fifty Nereids sing,—
When strained in the breeze the sail,
When hissed, as the keel ran free,
The rudder astern, and before the gale
Of the south did the good ship flee,
Or by breath of the west was fanned
Past that bird-haunted strand,
The long white reach of Achilles' Beach,
Where his ghost-feet skim the sand
By the cheerless sea?

But O had Helen but strayed
Hither from Troy, as prayed
My lady,—that Leda's daughter,
Her darling, with spray of the water
Of death on her head as a wreath,
Were but laid with her throat beneath
The hand of my mistress for slaughter!
Fit penalty so should be paid.
How gladly the word would I hail,
If there came from the Hellene shore,
One hitherward wafted by wing of the sail,
Who should bid that my bondage be o'er,
My bondage of travail and pain!
O but in dreams yet again
Mid the homes to stand of my fatherland,
In the bliss of a rapturous strain
My soul to outpour!
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

άλλ' οίδε χέρας δεσμοίς δίδυμοι
συνερεισθέντες χωρούσι, νέον
πρόσφαγμα θεάς: συγάτε, φίλαι.
tά γάρ 'Ελλήνων ἀκροβύνα δὴ
ναοῖς πέλας τάδε βάλειν:
oὐδ' ἀγγελίας ψευδεῖς ἔλακεν
βουφορβός ἀνήρ.
ὁ πότε, εἰ σοι τάδ' ἀρεσκόντως
τόλμη ἦδε τελεί, δέξαι θυσίας,
δι' ὁ παρ' ἡμῖν νόμος οὐχ ὀσίας
"Ελλησι δίδυμος ἀναφαίνει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰεν.
tά τῆς θεοῦ μὲν πρῶτον ως καλῶς ἔχῃ
φροντιστέον μοι. μέθετε τῶν ξένων χέρας,
ὡς ὄντες ἵπποι μηκέτ' ὧσι δέσμοι.

ναοῦ δ' ἔσω στείχοντες εὑρετεῖτε
α ὑπή πί τοις παροῦσι καὶ νομίζεται.
φεῦ.
tίς ἁρα μῆτηρ ἡ τεκοῦσ' ύμᾶς ποτε
πατήρ τ'; ἀδελφή τ', εἰ γεγώσα τυγχάνει,
os' στερείται διπτύχων νεανίων
ἀνάδελφος ἔσται. τάς τύχας τίς οἷδ' ὅτω
τοιάδ' ἔσονται; πάντα γάρ τά τῶν θεῶν
eis ἀφανεῖς ἔρπει, κούδεν οἷδ' οὐδεὶς κακῶν.
ὁ γάρ τύχη παρήγαγ' εἰς τὸ δυσμαθές.

πόθεν ποθ' ἤκετ', ὁ ταλαιπωροὶ ξένοι;
ὁς διὰ μακροῦ μὲν τήν ἐπελύσατε χθόνα,
μακράν δ' ἀπ' οἰκῶν χθονὸς ἔσεσθ' ἀεὶ κάτω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί ταῦτ' ὁδύρει, κατ' τοῖς μέλλονσι νῦ
κακοίσι λυπείς, ἡτις εἰ ποτ', ὁ γύναι;
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Enter attendants with Orestes and Pylades.

Lo, hither with pinioned arms come twain,
Victims fresh for the Goddess's fane:—
Friends, hold ye your peace.
No lying message the herdman spoke:
To the temple be coming the pride of the folk
Of the land of Greece!

Dread Goddess, if well-pleasing unto thee
Are this land's deeds, accept the sacrifice
Her laws give openly, although it be
Accurst in Hellene eyes.

Enter Iphigeneia.

IPHIGENEIA

First, that the Goddess' rites be duly done
Must I take heed. Unbind the strangers' hands,
That, being hallowed, they be chained no more;
Then, pass within the temple, and prepare
What needs for present use, what custom bids.

Sighs. [Exeunt attendants.

Who was your mother, she which gave you birth?—
Your sire?—your sister who?—if such there be,
Of what fair brethren shall she be bereaved,
Brotherless now! . . . . Who knoweth upon whom
Such fates shall fall? Heaven's dealings follow
ways
Past finding out, and none foreseeeth ill.
Fate draws us ever on to the unknown! . . . .
Whence, O whence come ye, strangers evil-starred?
Far have ye sailed—only to reach this land,
To lie in Hades far from home for aye!

ORESTES

Why make this moan, and with the ills to come
Afflict us, woman, whoso'er thou art?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

οὔτοι νομίζω σοφόν, δς ἂν μέλλων θανεῖν
οίκτω τὸ δείμα τούλέθρου νικὰν θέλη,
ούδ' ἄστις Ἀιδην ἐγγύς ὁντ' οἰκτίζεται,
σωτηρίας ἄνελπις· ὡς δὺ 'ἐξ ἐνὸς
κακῶ συνάπτει, μωρίαν ὁ φιλισκάνει
θυμίσει θ' ὦμοις· τὴν τύχην δ' ἐὰν χρεών.
ἡμᾶς δὲ μὴ θρήνιει σύ· τὰς γὰρ ἐνθάδε
θυσίας ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γνωστοκομεν.

ΦΕΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πότερος ἄρ' ὠμῶν ἐνθάδ' ἀνομασμένος
Πυλάδης κέκληται; τόδε μαθεῖν πρῶτον θέλω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οδ', εἴ τι δὴ σοι τούτ' ἐν ἡδονῇ μαθείν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πολιτῆς πατρίδος Ἑλληνος γεγός;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δ' ἂν μαθοῦσά τοδὲ πλέον λάβοις, γύναι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πότερον ἀδελφῶ μητρός ἐστον ἐκ μᾶς;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φιλότητι γ' ἐσμέν δ' οὐ κασινητῷ γένει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
σοι δ' ὄνομα ποιον ἔθεθ' ὁ γεννήσας πατήρ;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τὸ μὲν δίκαιον δυστυχεῖσ καλοὶμεθ' ἂν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὐ τούτ' ἐρωτάω· τοῦτο μὲν δὸς τῇ τύχῃ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀνώνυμοι θανόντες οὐ γελάμεθ' ἂν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τί δὲ φθονεῖς τούτ'; ἢ φθονεῖς οὔτω μέγα;

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Not wise I count him, who, when doomed to death,
By lamentation would its terrors quell,
Nor him who wails for Hades looming nigh,
Hopeless of help. He maketh evils twain
Of one: he stands of foolishness convict,
And dies no less. E'en let fate take her course.
For us make thou no moan: the altar-rites
Which this land useth have we learnt, and know.

IPHIGENEIA

Whether of you twain here was called by name
Pylades?—this thing first I fain would learn.

ORESTES

He—if to learn this pleasure thee at all.

IPHIGENEIA

And of what Hellene state born citizen?

ORESTES

How should the knowledge, lady, advantage thee?

IPHIGENEIA

Say, of one mother be ye brethren twain?

ORESTES

In love we are brethren, lady, not in birth.

IPHIGENEIA

And what name gave thy father unto thee?

ORESTES

Rightly might I be called "Unfortunate."

IPHIGENEIA

Not this I ask: lay this to fortune's door.

ORESTES

If I die nameless, I shall not be mocked.

IPHIGENEIA

Now wherefore grudge me this? So proud art thou?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τὸ σῶμα θύσεως τούμον, οὐχὶ τούνομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὐδ’ ἂν πόλιν φράσειας ἦτις ἐστὶ σοι;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ζητεῖς γὰρ οὐδὲν κέρδος, ὡς θανομένω.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
χάριν δὲ δοῦναι τὴνδε κωλύει τί σε;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τὸ κλεινὸν Ἄργος πατρίδ’, ἐμὴν ἐπεύχομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πρὸς θεῶν ἀληθῶς, ὦ ξέν’, εἰ κεῖθεν γεγώς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐκ τῶν Μυκηνῶν γ’, αἱ ποτ’ ἦσαν ὀλβιαί.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
φυγας δ’ ἀπήρας πατρίδος, ἥ ποιά τύχη;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φεύγω τρόπον γε δὴ τιν’ οὐχ ἔκων ἔκων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
καὶ μὴν ποθεινός γ’ ἠλθες ἐξ Ἄργους μολὼν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκοῦν ἐμαυτῷ γ’. εἰ δὲ σοί, σὺ τοῦθ’ ὅρα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀρ’ ἂν τί μοι φράσειας ὥν ἐγὼ θέλω;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡς γ’ ἐν παρέργῳ τῆς ἐμῆς δυσπραξίας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
Τροίαν ἵσως οἰσθ’, ἡς ἀπανταχοῦ λόγος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡς μῆποτ’ ὦφελόν γε μηδ’ ἵδων ὄναρ.

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES
My body shalt thou slaughter, not my name.

IPHIGENEIA
Not even thy city wilt thou name to me?

ORESTES
Thou seekest to no profit: I must die.

IPHIGENEIA
Yet, as a grace to me, why grant not this?

ORESTES
Argos the glorious boast I for my land.

IPHIGENEIA
'Fore Heaven, stranger, art indeed her son?

ORESTES
Yea—of Mycenae, prosperous in time past.

IPHIGENEIA
Exiled didst quit thy land, or by what hap?

ORESTES
In a sort exiled—willing, and yet loth.

IPHIGENEIA
Yet long-desired from Argos hast thou come.

ORESTES
Of me, not: if of thee, see thou to that.

IPHIGENEIA
Now wouldst thou tell a thing I fain would know?

ORESTES
Ay—a straw added to my trouble’s weight.

IPHIGENEIA
Troy haply know’st thou, famed the wide world through?

ORESTES
Would I did not,—not even seen in dreams!
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
φασίν νυν οὐκέτ' οὖσαν οἶχεσθαί δορί.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔστιν γὰρ οὕτως οὖν ἀκραντ' ἥκουσατε.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
Ἐλένη δ' ἀφίκται δῶμα Μενέλεως πάλιν;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡκεί, κακῶς γ' ἐλθοῦσα τῶν ἐμῶν τιν.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
καὶ ποῦ ἑστῖ; κἀμοὶ γὰρ τι προὐφείλει κακόν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
Σπάρτη ξυνοικεῖ τῷ πάρος ξυνευνετή.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὁ μύσος εἰς "Ελληνας, οὐκ ἐμοὶ μόνη.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀπέλαυσα κάγῳ δὴ τι τῶν κείσθαι γάμων.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
νόστος δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐγένεθ', ὡς θηρύσεται;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡς πάνθ' ἀπαξ μὲ συλλαβοῦσ' ἀνιστορεῖς.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πρὶν γὰρ θανεῖν σε, τοῦτ' ἐπαυρέσθαι θέλω.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐλεγχ', ἐπειδὴ τοὐτ' ἐρᾶς· λέξω δ' ἐγώ.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
Κάλχας τις ἦλθε μάντις ἐκ Τροίας πάλιν;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
δλωλεν, ὡς ἦν ἐν Μυκηναίοις λόγος.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὁ πότνι', ὡς εὖ. τί γὰρ ὁ Δαέρτου γόνος;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐπω νενόστηκ' οἴκον, ἔστι δ', ὡς λόγος.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
They say she is no more, by spears o’erthrown.

ORESTES
So is it: things not unfulfilled ye heard.

IPHIGENEIA
Came Helen back to Menelaus’ home?

ORESTES
She came—for evil unto kin of mine.

IPHIGENEIA
Where is she? Evil debt she oweth me.

ORESTES
In Sparta dwelling with her sometime lord.

IPHIGENEIA
Thing loathed of Hellenes, not of me alone!

ORESTES
I too have tasted of her bridal’s fruit.

IPHIGENEIA
And came the Achaeans home, as rumour saith?

ORESTES
Thou in one question comprehendest all.

IPHIGENEIA
Ah, ere thou die, this boon I fain would win.

ORESTES
Ask on, since this thou cravest. I will speak.

IPHIGENEIA
Calchas, a prophet—came he back from Troy?

ORESTES
Dead—as the rumour in Mycenae ran.

IPHIGENEIA (turning to Artemis’ temple)
O Queen, how justly! And Laertes’ son?

ORESTES
He hath won not home, but liveth, rumour tells.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΪΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
δλοιτο, νόστου μήποτ’ εἰς πάτραν τυχών.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
μηδέν κατεύχου’ πάντα τάκεινου νοσεί.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
Θέτιδος δὲ τῆς Νηρήδος ἐστὶ παῖς ἔτι;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡς ἐκεῖν’ ἄλλως λέκτρ’ ἔγημ’ ἐν Αὐλίδι.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
dόλια γάρ, ὡς ᾗσασιν οἱ πεπουθότες.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τίς εἴ ποθ’; ὡς εὐ πυνθάνει τὰφ’ Ἑλλάδος.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἐκείθεν εἰμι’ παῖς ἔτ’ οὔσ’ ἀπωλόμην.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὁρθῶς ποθεῖς ἄρ’ εἰδέναι τάκει, γύναι.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τί δ’ ὁ στρατηγός, ὃν λέγουσ’ εὐδαιμονεῖν;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τίς; οὖν γὰρ ὁν γ’ ἔγιδα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
’Ατρέως ἐλέγετο δή τις ’Αγαμέμνων ἀναξ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ οἷδ’ ἀπελθε τοῦ λόγου τοῦτου, γύναι.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, ἀλλ’ εἴρ’, ἵν’ εὐφρανθῶ, ξένε.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τέθνηκ’ ὁ τλῆμων, πρὸς δ’ ἀπώλεσέν τινα.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τέθνηκε; ποια συμφορᾶ; τάλαιν’ ἔγω.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δ’ ἑστέναξας τοῦτο; μῶν προσήκε σοι;

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
Now ruin seize him! Never win he home!
ORESTES
No need to curse. His lot is misery all.
IPHIGENEIA
Liveth the son of Nereid Thetis yet?
ORESTES
Lives not. In Aulis vain his bridal was.
IPHIGENEIA
A treacherous bridal!—they which suffered know.
ORESTES
Who art thou—thou apt questioner touching Greece?
IPHIGENEIA
Thence am I, in my childhood lost to her.
ORESTES
Well mayst thou, lady, long for word of her.
IPHIGENEIA
What of her war-chief, named the prosperous?
ORESTES
Who? Of the prosperous is not he I know.
IPHIGENEIA
One King Agamemnon, Atreus' scion named.
ORESTES
I know not. Lady, let his story be.
IPHIGENEIA
Nay, tell, by Heaven, that I be gladdened, friend.
ORESTES
Dead, hapless king!—and perished not alone.
IPHIGENEIA
Dead is he? By what fate?—ah, woe is me!
ORESTES
Why dost thou sigh thus? Is he kin to thee?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τὸν ὁλβὸν αὐτοῦ τὸν πάροιθ' ἀναστένω.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
dεινῶς γὰρ ἐκ γυναικὸς οἴχεται σφαγεῖς.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὡς παυδάκρυτος ἡ κτανοῦσα χῶθανών.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
παῦσαι νυν ἥδη μηδ' ἐρωτήσῃς πέρα.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
tοσόνδε γ', εἰ ζῇ τοῦ ταλαιπώρου δάμαρ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἔστιν παῖς νυν ἄν ἔτεχ', οὗτος οὔλεσεν.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὡς συνταραχθεῖσος οἶκος. ὡς τί δὴ θέλων;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
πατρὸς θανόντος αἵμα τιμωρούμενος.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φεῦ.
ὡς εὖ κακὸν δίκαιον εἰσεπράξατο.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀλλ' οὐ τὰ πρὸς θεῶν εὕτυχεὶ δίκαιος ὡν.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
λέιπει δ' ἐν οἴκοις ἄλλοις Ἀγαμέμνων γόνοις;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λέοιπεν Ἡλέκτραν γε παρθένον μίαν.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τί δὲ; σφαγείσῃς θυγατρὸς ἔστι τις λόγος;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὔδείς γε, πλὴν θανοῦσαν οὐχ ὀρᾶν φῶς.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τάλαιν' ἐκείνη χῶ κτανὼν αὐτὴν πατήρ.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
His happiness of old days I bemoan.

ORESTES
Yea, and his awful death—slain by his wife!

IPHIGENEIA
O all-bewailed, the murderess and the dead!

ORESTES
Refrain thee even now, and ask no more.

IPHIGENEIA
This only—lives the hapless hero's wife?

ORESTES
Lives not. Her son—ay, whom herself bare—slew her.

IPHIGENEIA
O house distraught! Slew her!—with what intent?

ORESTES
To avenge on her his murdered father's blood.

IPHIGENEIA
Alas!—ill justice, wrought how righteously!

ORESTES
Not blest of heaven is he, how just soe'er.

IPHIGENEIA
Left the king other issue in his halls?

ORESTES
One maiden child, Electra, hath he left.

IPHIGENEIA
How, is nought said of her they sacrificed?

ORESTES
Nought—save, being dead, she seeth not the light.

IPHIGENEIA
Ah, hapless she, and hapless sire that slew!
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
κακής γυναικὸς χάριν ἀχαρίν ἀπώλετο.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὁ τοῦ θανόντος δ' ἔστι παῖς "Ἀργεὶ πατρός;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔστ', ἀθλιός γε, κοῦδαμοῦ καὶ πανταχοῦ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ψευδεῖς ὑνεροὶ, χαίρετ' οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἀρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐδ' οἱ σοφοὶ γε δαίμονες κεκλημένοι
πτηνῶν ὑνερῶν εἰσὶν ἀψευδέστεροι.
πολὺς ταραχμὸς ἐν τε τοῖς θείοις ἐνι
κἀν τοῖς βροτείοις· ἐν δὲ λυπεῖται μόνον,
ὅτ' οὐκ ἄφρων ἃν μάντεων πεισθεὶς λόγοις
ἄλωλεν ὡς ἄλωλε τοῖσιν εἰδόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
φεῦ φεῦ· τί δ' ἡμεῖς οἱ τ' ἐμοὶ γεννήτορες;
ἀρ' εἰσίν; ἀρ' οὐκ εἰσί; τις φράσειεν ἂν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀκούσατ'· εἰς γὰρ δὴ των ἥκομεν λόγον,
ὑμῖν τ' θυσεῖν, ὃ ξένοι, σπεύδουσ' ἁμα
κάμοι. τὸ δ' εὖ μάλιστα τηδε γίγνεται,
eἰ πᾶσι ταύτων πράγμ' ἀρεσκόντως ἔχειν.
θέλοις ἂν, εἰ σώσαιμι σ', ἀγγειλαί τι μοι
πρὸς Ἀργος ἐλθὼν τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐκεί φίλοις,
δέλτων τ' ἐνεγκείν, ῳ τις οἰκτέρας ἐμὲ
ἐγραφεῖν αὐχμάλωτος, οὐχὶ τὴν ἐμὴν
φονέα νομίζων χεῖρα, τοῦ νόμου δ' ὕπο
θυσκευών σφε, τῆς θεοῦ τάδε δίκαι' ἡγουμένης;
οὐδένα γὰρ ἔχον ὡστὶς ἀγγειλαὶ μολὼν
εἰς Ἀργος αὐθίς, τὰς τ' ἐμὰς ἐπιστολὰς
πέμψειε σωθεῖς τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων τινὶ.

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES
Slain for an evil woman—graceless grace!

IPHIGENEIA
And lives the dead king's son in Argos yet?

ORESTES
He lives, unhappy, nowhere, everywhere.

IPHIGENEIA
False dreams, avaunt! So then ye were but nought.

ORESTES
Ay, and not even Gods, whom men call wise,
Are less deceitful than be fleeting dreams.
Utter confusion is in things divine
And human. Wise men grieve at this alone
When—rashness?—no, but faith in oracles
Brings ruin—how deep, they that prove it know.

CHORUS
Alas, alas! Of me—my parents—what?
Live they, or live they not? Ah, who can tell?

IPHIGENEIA
Hearken, for I have found us a device,
Strangers, shall do you service, and withal
To me; and thus is fair speed best attained,
If the same end be pleasing unto all.
Wouldst thou, if I would save thee, take for me
To Argos tidings to my kindred there,
And bear a letter, which a captive wrote
Of pity for me, counting not mine hand
His murderer, but that he died by law
Of this land, since the Goddess holds it just?
For I had none to be my messenger
Hence, saved alive, to Argos, and to bear
My letter to a certain friend of mine.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

σὺ δ', εἶ γάρ, ὡς ἐοικας, οὕτε δυσγενής καὶ τὰς Μυκήνας ὀφθαλμὸς καὶ γάρ θέλω, σῶθητι, καὶ σὺ μισθὸν οὐκ αἰσχρῶν λαβὼν κούφων ἔκατι γραμμάτων σωτηρίαν. οὕτως δ', ἐπείπερ πόλις ἀναγκάζει τάδε, θεᾶ γενέσθως θύμα χωρίσθείς σέθειν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καλῶς ἔλεξας τάλλα πλήν ἔν, ὦ ξένη τὸ γάρ σφαγήναι τόνδ' ἐμοὶ βάρος μέγα. ὁ ναυστόλων γάρ εἰμ' ἐγώ τὰς ξυμφορὰς· οὕτως δὲ συμπλεῖ τῶν ἐμῶν μόχθων χάριν. οὐκοῦν δίκαιον ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ τῷ τούδ' ἔμε χάριν τίθεσθαι καὐτὸν εκδύναι κακῶν. ἀλλ' ὦς γενέσθως τῷ δὲ μὲν δέλτον δίδουν, πέμψει γάρ Ἀργος, ὡστε σοι καλῶς ἔχειν ἡμᾶς δ' ὁ χρήζων κτεινέτω. τὰ τῶν φίλων αὐξηστὸν ὡστὶς καταβαλῶν εἰς ξυμφορὰς αὐτὸς σέσωσται. τυγχάνει δ' ὅδ' ἄν φίλος, διὸν ὀυδὲν ἤσων ἡ μὲ φῶς ὅρᾶν θέλω.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὁ λήμ' ἄριστον, ὡς ἀπ' εὐγενοῦς τινος ρίζης πέφυκας τοῖς φίλοις τ' ὀρθῶς φίλος. τοιαύτως εἰ ὑ' τῶν ἐμῶν ὀμοσπόρων ὀσπέρ λέεσται. καὶ γάρ οὐδ' ἐγὼ, ἔσον, ἀνάδελφος εἰμι, πλὴν ὅσ' οὐχ ὀρῶσα νυν. ἐπεῖ δὲ βούλει ταῦτα, τόνδε πέμψομεν δέλτον φέροντα, σὺ δὲ θανεὶ· πολλή δὲ τις προθυμία σε τούδ' ἔχουσα τυγχάνει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
θύσει δὲ τῖς με καὶ τὰ δεινὰ τλήσεται;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἐγὼ· θεᾶς γάρ τὴν ἐκ τροπῆι προστρεπήν ἔχω.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

But thou, if thou art nobly-born, as seems,
And know'st Mycenae, and the folk I mean,
Receive thy life: accept no base reward,
Deliverance, for a little letter's sake.
But this man, since the state constraineth so,
Torn from thee, be the Goddess' sacrifice.

ORESTES

Well say'st thou, save for one thing, stranger maid:—
That he be slain were heavy on my soul.
I was his pilot to calamity,
He sails with me for mine affliction's sake.
Unjust it were that I, in pleasing thee,
Should seal his doom, and 'scape myself from ills.
Nay, be it thus,—the letter give to him
To bear to Argos: so art thou content:
But me let who will slay. Most base it is
That one should in misfortune whelm his friends,
Himself escaping. This man is my friend,
Whose life I tender even as my own.

IPHIGENEIA

O noble spirit! from what princely stock
Hast thou sprung, thou so loyal to thy friends!
Even such be he that of my father's house
Is left alive! For, stranger, brotherless
I too am not, save that I see him not:
Since thou wilt have it so, him will I send
Bearing the letter: thou wilt die. Ah, deep
This thy strange yearning unto death must be!

ORESTES

Whose shall be that dread deed, my sacrifice?

IPHIGENEIA

Mine; for this office hold I of the Goddess.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀξιλά γ’, ὦ νεάνι, κοῦκ ευδαίμονα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀλλ’ εἰς ἀνάγκην κείμεθ’, ἢν φυλακτέων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
αὐτὴ ξύφει θύουσα θήλυς ἄρσενας;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὐκ’ ἄλλα χαίτην ἀμφὶ σὴν χερνύψωμαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὁ δὲ σφαγεὺς τίς; εἰ τάδ’ ἵστορεῖν με χρή.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
εἰσώ δόμων τῶν ἐίσιν οἷς μέλει τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τάφος δὲ ποίος δέξεται μ’, ὅταν θάνω;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πῦρ ἱερὸν ἐνδον χάσμα τ’ εὐρωπὸν πέτρας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
φεῦ:
πῶς ἂν μ’ ἀδελφῆς χείρ περιστείλειεν ἂν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μάταιον εὐχήν, ὦ τάλας, ὡστὶς ποτ’ ἐι,
ηὐξὼ μακρὰν γὰρ βαρβάρου ναίει χθονός.
οὐ μὴν, ἐπειδὴ τυχανὼς Ἀργείδος ὄν,
ἀλλ’ ὅλ’ γε δυσάτον οὐδ’ ἐγὼ ἀλλείψω χάριν.
πολὺν τε γὰρ σοι κόσμον ἐνθήσω τάφῳ,
ζανθῶ τ’ ἐλαιῷ σῶμα σὸν κατασβέσω,
καὶ τῆς ὤρείας ἀνθεμόρρυτον γάνος.
ζουθής μελίσσης εἰς πυρὰν βαλὼ σέθεν.
ἀλλ’ ἐίμι, δέλτον τ’ ἐκ θεᾶς ἀνακτόρων
οἶσω, τὸ μέντοι δυσμενῆς μὴ ’μοι λάβης.
φυλάσσετ’ αὐτοῖς, πρὸσπολοί, δεσμῶν ἄτερ.
ἰσως ἄλλοτα τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων τινὶ
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES
A task, O maid, of horror, all unblest!

IPHIGENEIA
Bowed 'neath necessity, I must submit.

ORESTES
A woman, with the priest's knife slay'st thou men?

IPHIGENEIA
Nay, on thine hair I shed but lustral spray.

ORESTES
The slayer, who?—if I may ask thee this.

IPHIGENEIA
Within the fane be men whose part is this.

ORESTES
And what tomb shall receive me, being dead?

IPHIGENEIA
A wide rock-rift within, and holy fire.

ORESTES
Would that a sister's hand might lay me out!

IPHIGENEIA
Vain prayer, unhappy, whoso'er thou be,
Thou prayest. Far she dwells from this wild land.
Yet, forasmuch as thou an Argive art,
Of all I can, no service will I spare.
Much ornament will I lay on thy grave:
With golden oil thine ashes will I quench;
The tawny hill-bee's amber-lucent dews,
That well from flowers, I'll shed upon thy pyre.
I go, the letter from the Goddess' shrine
To bring. Ah, think not bitterly of me!
Ward them, ye guards, but with no manacles.
Perchance to a friend in Argos shall I send
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

640 πέμψω πρὸς Ἀργος, ὅν μάλιστ' ἐγὼ φιλῶ, καὶ δέλτος αὐτῷ ζῶντας οὐς δοκεῖ θανεῖν λέγουσα πιστᾶς ἥδονας ἀπαγγελεῖ.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
κατολοφυρόμεθα σὲ τὸν χερνίβων στρ.
ῥανίσι βαρβάρων
μελόμενον αἰμακταῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οίκτος γὰρ οὐ ταῦτ', ἀλλὰ χαῖρετ', ὡς ξέναι.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
σὲ δὲ τοῦχας μάκαρος, ἵω νεανία,
σεβόμεθ', εἰς πάτραν
ὅτι πόδ' ἐπεμβάσει.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

650 ἀξηλά τοι φίλοισι, θυγακόντων φίλων.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
ὡ σχέτλιοι πομπαί.
φεῦ φεῦ, διόλλυσαι.
αἰαὶ αἰαὶ.
πότερος ὁ μέλεος μᾶλλον ἢν;
ἐτι γὰρ ἀμφίλογα δίδυμα μέμονε φρήν,
σὲ πάρος ἢ σ' ἀναστενάξω γόοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
Πυλάδη, πέπουθας ταῦτα πρὸς θεῶν ἐμοῖ;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
οὖκ οἴδ' ἐρωτᾶς οὐ λέγεων ἔχουτά με.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

660 τίς ἐστίν ἢ νεάνις; ὡς Ἐλληνικῶς ἀνήρεθ' ἡμᾶς τοὺς τ' ἐν Ἰλίῳ πόνους

1 Elmsley's conjecture, to complete strophic correspondence.

2 Wecklein: for ὁ μέλλων of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Tidings unhoped—the friend whom most I love:—
The letter, telling that she lives whom dead
He deems, shall seal the happy tidings’ faith. [Exit.

CHORUS

To Orestes.

(St.)

I wail for thee, for whom there wait
The drops barbaric, on thy brow
To fall, to doom thee to be slain.

Orestes

This asks not pity. Stranger maids, farewell.

CHORUS

To Pylades.

(An.)

Thee count I blessed for thy fate,
Thine happy fate, fair youth, that thou
Shalt tread thy native shore again.

Pylades

Small cause to envy friends, when die their friends.

CHORUS

Ah, cruel journeying for thee!
Woe! thou art ruined utterly!
Alas! woe worth the day!

Whether of you is deeper welmed in woe?
For yet my soul in doubt sways to and fro—
Thee shall I chiefly wail, or thee? How shall I say?

Orestes

'Fore Heaven, Pylades, is thy thought mine?—

Pylades

I know not: this thy question baffles me.

Orestes

Who is the maiden? With how Greek a heart
She asked us of the toils in Ilium,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

νόστον τ' Ἀχαίων τόν τ' ἐν οἰωνοῖς σοφὸν
Κάλχαντ' Ἀχιλλέως τ' ὅνομα, καὶ τὸν ἄθλιον
'Αγαμέμνων' ὡς φικτείρ' ἀνηρώτα τὲ μὲ
γναίκα παίδας τ'. ἔστιν ἡ ἕξενη γένος
ἐκείθεν 'Ἀργεία τις' οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε
dέλτον τ' ἐπεμπὲ καὶ τάδ' ἐξεμάνθανεν,
ὡς κοινὰ πράσσουσ', 'Ἀργος εἶ πράσσοι καλῶς.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐφθης με μικρὸν' ταύτα δὲ φθάσας λέγεις,
πλὴν ἐν τὰ γάρ τοι βασιλέων παθήματα
ίσασι πάντες, ἀν ἐπιστροφή τις ἦν.
ἀτὰρ διήλθον χάτερον λόγον τινά.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίν'; εἰς τὸ κοινὸν δοὺς ἄμεινον ἄν μάθοις.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

αἰσχρὸν θανόντος σοῦ βλέπειν ἡμᾶς φῶς,
κοινὴ τ' ἐπλευσά, δεῖ με καὶ κοινὴ θανεῖν.
καὶ δειλίαν γὰρ καὶ κάκην κεκτήσομαι
'Ἀργεία τ' Φωκέων τ' ἐν πολυπτύχῳ χθονί,
δόξω δὲ τοὺς πολλοὺς, πολλοὶ γὰρ κακοὶ,
προδούσι σε, σωθεῖς δ' αὐτὸς εἰς οἴκους μόνος,
เฉพτὶ φυλαύσας ἐπὶ νοσοῦσι δόμασι,
ῥάψαι μόρον σοι σής τυραννίδος χάρω,
ἐγκληρον ὡς δὴ σὴν κασιγνήτην γαμῶν.
τὰτ' οὖν φοβοῦμαι καὶ δι' αἰσχύνης ἔχω,
κοίκε' ἐσθ' ὅπως οὐ χρὴ συνέκπευεσαι μὲ σοι
καὶ συναφαγῆναι καὶ πυρωθῆναι ἐνας,
φίλοι γεγώτα καὶ φοβοῦμενον ψόγον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὐφήμα φῶνει· τὰμα δεῖ φέρειν ἐμε·
ἀπλάς δὲ λύτας ἐξον, οὐκ οἴσω διπλάς.

1 Porson, Nauck, and Wecklein: for MSS. κακ.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

The host's home-coming, Calchas the wise seer
Of birds, Achilles' name!  How pitied she
Agamemnon's wretched fate, and questioned me
Touching his wife, his children!  Sure her birth
Is thence, of Argos; else she ne'er would send
A letter thither, nor would question thus,
As one whose welfare hung on Argos' weal.

PYLADES
Mine own thought but a little thou forestallest,
Save this—that the calamities of kings
All know, who have had converse with the world.
But my mind runneth on another theme.

ORESTES
What?  Share it, and thou better shalt conclude.

PYLADES
'Twere base that I live on, when thou art dead:
With thee I voyaged, and with thee should die.
A coward's and a knave's name shall I earn
In Argos and in Phocis' thousand glens.
Most men will think—seeing most men be knaves—
That I forsook thee, escaping home alone,—
Yea, slew thee, mid the afflictions of thine house
Devising, for thy throne's sake, doom for thee,
As being to thine heiress sister wed.
For these things, then I take both shame and
fear:
It cannot be but I must die with thee,
With thee be slaughtered and with thee be burned,
Seeing I am thy friend, and dread reproach.

ORESTES
Ah, speak not so!  My burden must I bear;
Nor, when but one grief needs, will I bear twain.

VOL. II.
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ο γὰρ σὺ λυπήσαν κατονείδιστον λέγεις,
tαυτ’ ἐστιν ἡμῶν, εἰ σε συμμοσχοῦντ’ ἐμοὶ
κτενῶν τὸ μὲν γὰρ εἰς ἐμ’ οὐ κακῶς ἔχει,
πρᾶσσονθ’ ἀ πρᾶσσω πρὸς θεῶν, λυπεῖν βίον.
οὐ δ’ ὄλβιος τ’ εἰ, καθαρά τ’ οὐ νοσοῦντ’ ἔχεις
μέλαθρ’ ἐγώ δ’ ἐνυσεβῇ καὶ δυστυχῇ.
σωθεὶς δὲ παιδὰς ἐξ ἐμῆς ὅμοσπόρου
κτησάμενοι, ἵνα ἠδικά σοι δάμαρτ’ ἔχειν,
δυνᾶ τ’ ἐμοὶ γένοιτ’ ἂν, οὐδ’ ἀποικός δόμος
πατρὸς οὐμός ἐξαλειφθεῖ η ποτ’ ἂν.
ἀλλ᾿ ἔρπε καὶ ἕνα καὶ δόμους οἶκε πατρός.

ὅταν δ’ ἐς Ἐλλάδ᾽ ἵππιον τ’ Ἀργος μόλης,
πρὸς δεξιὰς σε τῆσ’ ἐπισκήπτες τάδε,
τύμβοι τε χώσον κατίθες μυθεῶδ’ ἔμοι,
καὶ δάκρυ’ ἀδελφῆ καὶ κόμας δότω τάφῳ.
ἀγγελέε δ’ ὡς ὀλωλ’ Ἵπ’ Ἀργείας τυφὸς
γυναικὸς, ἀμφι βουμὸν ἄχυσθεὶς φόνῳ,
καὶ μὴ προδός μου τὴν κασυγνήτην ποτέ,
ἐρήμα κηδὴ καὶ δόμοις ὄρον πατρός.
καὶ χαίρ’ ἐμῶν γὰρ φιλτατον σ’ ἡμυον φίλων,
ὡ συγκυναγε καὶ συνεκτραφείς ἐμοὶ,

ὁ πόλλ’ ἐνεγκὼν τῶν ἐμῶν ἄχθε κακῶν.

ἡμᾶς δ’ ὁ Φοῖβος μάντις ἄν ἔφευσατο
τέχνην δὲ θέμενοι ὡς προσώπαθ’ Ἐλλάδος
ἀπήλασ’ αἰδοὶ τῶν πάρος μαντευμάτων,
ὁ πάντ’ ἐγὼ δοὺς τἀμὰ καὶ πεισθεῖς λόγοις,
μητέρα κατακτάς αὐτὸς ἀνταπόλλυμαι.

ΠΙΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐσται τάφος σοι, καὶ κασυγνήτης λέχος
οὐκ ἂν προδοὴν, ὅ τάλας, ἐπεῖ σ’ ἐγὼ
θανόντα μᾶλλον ἡ βλέπουθ’ ἐξο φίλον.
ἀτὰρ τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ σ’ οὐ διέφθορεν γέ πω
IPHIGENIA IN TAURICA

For that reproach and grief which thou dost name
Is mine, if thee, the sharer of my toil,
I slay. For my lot is not evil all,—
Being thus tormented by the Gods,—to die.
But thou are prosperous: taintless are thine halls,
Unstricken; mine accurst and fortune-crost.
If thou be saved, and get thee sons of her,
My sister, whom I gave thee to thy wife,
Then should my name live, nor my father's house
Ever, for lack of heirs, be blotted out.
Pass hence, and live: dwell in my father's halls.
And when to Greece and Argos' war-steed land
Thou com'st,—by this right hand do I charge thee—
Heap me a tomb: memorials lay of me
There; tears and shorn hair let my sister give.
And tell how by an Argive woman's hand
Hallowed for death by altar-dews, I died.
Never forsake my sister, though thou see
Thy marriage-kin, my sire's house, desolate.
Farewell. Of friends I have found thee kindliest,
O fellow-hunter, foster-brother mine,
Bearer of many a burden of mine ills!
Me Phoebus, prophet though he be, deceived,
And by a cunning shift from Argos drave
Afar, for shame of those his prophecies.
I gave up all to him, obeyed his words,
My mother slew—and perish now myself!

PYLADES

Thine shall a tomb be: ne'er will I betray
Thy sister's bed, O hapless: I shall still
Hold thee a dearer friend in death than life.
Yet thee hath the God's oracle not yet
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

720 μάντευμα, καίτοι γ' ἐγγὺς ἑστηκας φόνου.
ἀλλ' ἐστιν ἑστιν ἡ λιμνὶ δυσπραξία
λινὸς διδοῦσα μεταβολᾶς, ὅταν τύχῃ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
σίγα τὰ Φοίβου δ' οὐδὲν ὥφελει μ' ἔπη.
γυνὴ γὰρ ἦδε δωμάτων ἐξω περᾷ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀπέλθεθ' ὑμεῖς καὶ παρευπροτίζετε
τάνδου μολόντες τοῖς ἐφεστῶσι σφαγῆ.
δέλτον μὲν αἴδε πολύθυροι διαπετεύκαι,
ξένοι, πάρεισιν ἄ δ' ἐπὶ τοῖς βουλομαι,
ἀκούσατ' οὖν εἰς αὐτὸς ἐν πόνοις τ' ἀνήρ
ὅταν τε πρὸς τὸ θάρσος ἐκ φόβου πέσῃ.
ἐγὼ δὲ ταρβῶ μὴ ἀπονοστήσας χθόνος
θῆται παρ' οὖδὲν ταῖς ἐμᾶς ἐπιστολὰς
ὁ τήνδε μέλλων δέλτον εἰς Ἀργος φέρειν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δῆτα βούλει; τίνος ἀμηχανεῖς πέρι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὅρκον δότω μοι τάσις πορθμεύσεως γραφᾶς
πρὸς Ἀργος, οἴσι βουλομαι πέμψαι φίλων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡ κάντικώσεις τώδε τοὺς αὐτοὺς λόγους;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τί χρῆμα δράσειν ἢ τί μὴ δράσειν; λέγε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐκ γῆς ἀφήσεως μὴ θανόντα βαρβάρου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
740 δίκαιον εἴπασι πῶς γὰρ ἀγγείλειεν ἂν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἡ καὶ τύραννος ταύτα συγχωρήσεται;
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Destroyed, albeit thou standest hard by death. Nay, misery's blackest night may chance, may chance, By fortune's turn, to unfold a sudden dawn.

ORESTES
Peace! Phoebus' words avail me nothing now; For yonder forth the temple comes the maid.

Enter IPhIGENEIA.

IPHIGENEIA (to guards)
Depart ye, and within make ready all
For them whose office is the sacrifice. [Exeunt guards.
Strangers, my letter's many-leaved folds
Are here: but that which therebeside I wish
Hear:—in affliction is no man the same
As when he hath passed from fear to confidence.
I dread lest, having gotten from this land,
He who to Argos should my tablet bear
Shall set my letter utterly at nought.

ORESTES
What wouldst thou then? Why thus disquieted?

IPHIGENEIA
Let him make oath to bear to Argos this
To friends to whom I fain would send the same.

ORESTES
Wilt thou in turn give him the selfsame pledge?

IPHIGENEIA
To do what thing, or leave undone? Say on.

ORESTES
To send him forth this barbarous land unslain?

IPHIGENEIA
A fair claim thine! How should he bear it else?

ORESTES
But will the king withal consent hereto?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Ἡ ἙΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΪΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πείσω σφε, καυτὴ ναδς εἰσβήσω σκάφος.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
όμνυν σὺ δ' ἔξαρχ' ὅρκον ὡστις εὐσεβής.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
δώσεις, λέγειν χρῆ, τήνδε τοῖς ἐμοῖς φίλοις.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
τοῖς σοῖς φίλοις ἐγράμματ' ἀποδώσω τάδε.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
κἀγὼ σὲ σώσω κυανέας ἕξω πέτρας.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
τὸν οὖν ἐπόμνυς τοισίδ' ὅρκιον θεῶν;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
'Ἀρτεμίν, ἐν ἡσπερ δώμασιν τιμᾶς ἔχω.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ἐγὼ δ' ἀνακτά γ' οὐρανοῦ, σεμνὸν Δία.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

750
ei δ' ἐκλιπὼν τὸν ὅρκον ἀδικοῖς ἐμέ;
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ἀνοστος εἶην τί δὲ σὺ, μὴ σώσασά με;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μὴποτε κατ' 'Ἀργος θῶσ' ἵχνος θείην ποδός.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ἀκουε δὴ νυν δυν παρῆλθομεν λόγον.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀλλ' οὕτις ἔστ' ἄκαιρος, ἤν καλῶς ἔχη.
ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ἐξαίρετον μοι δὸς τόδ', ἢν τι ναῦς πάθῃ,
χ' δέλτος ἐν κλύδωνι χρημάτων μέτα
ἀφανῆς γένηται, σῶμα δ' ἐκόσωσ μόνον,
tὸν ὅρκον εἶναι τόνδε μηκέτ' ἐμπεδον.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
I will persuade him, yea, embark thy friend.
ORESTES (to PYLADES)
Swear thou:—and thou a sacred oath dictate.
IPHIGENEIA
Say thou wilt give this tablet to my friends.
PYLADES
I to thy friends will render up this script.
IPHIGENEIA
And through the Dark Rocks will I send thee safe.
PYLADES
What God dost take to witness this thine oath?
IPHIGENEIA
Artemis, in whose fane I hold mine office.
PYLADES
And I by Heaven’s King, reverèd Zeus.
IPHIGENEIA
What if thou fail thine oath, and do me wrong?
PYLADES
May I return not. If thou save me not?—
IPHIGENEIA
Alive in Argos may I ne’er set foot.
PYLADES
Hear now a matter overlooked of us.
IPHIGENEIA
Not yet is this too late, so it be fair.
PYLADES
This clearance grant me—if the ship be wrecked,
And in the sea-surge with the lading sink
The letter, and my life alone I save,
That then of this mine oath shall I be clear.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

άλλ’ οίσθ’ δ’ δράσω; πολλὰ γὰρ πολλῶν κυρεί
tάνόντα κάγγυγραμμέν’ ἐν δελτοῦ πτυχαῖς
λόγῳ φράσω σοί πάντ’ ἀναγγέλλαι φίλοις.
ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ γὰρ, ἢν μὲν ἐκσώσης γραφήν,
αὐτῆ φράσει συγώσα τάγγυγραμμένα:
ἡν δ’ ἐν θαλάσσῃ γράμματ’ ἀφανισθη τάδε,
tὸ σῶμα σώσας τούς λόγους σώσεις ἐμοὶ.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

cαλῶς ἐλέξας τῶν τε σῶν ἐμοῦ θ’ ὑπερ.
σήμανε δ’ ὃ χρή τάσο’ ἐπιστολὰς φέρειν
πρὸς Ἀργος, ὅ τι τε χρῆ κλύοντά σου λέγειν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀγγελλ’ Ὀρέστη, παιδὶ τάγαμέμνονος:
ἡ γὰρ Ἀὐλίδη σφαγεῖν’ ἐπιστέλλει τάδε
ζῶσ’ Ἰφιγένεια, τοῖς ἐκεῖ δ’ οὐ ζῶσ’ ἐτί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῦ δ’ ἔστ’ ἐκεῖνη; κατθανοῦσ’ ἤκει πάλιν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἡδ’ ἢν ὀρᾶς σὺ μὴ λόγοις ἐκπλησσέ με.
kόμμασαί μ’ ἐς Ἀργος, ὃ σύναμε, πρὶν θανεῖν.
ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς καὶ μετάστησον θεᾶς
σφαγίων, ἐφ’ οἶς ξένοφόνους τιμᾶς ἔχω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδη, τί λέξω; ποῦ τοτ’ ὃνθ’ ἡρήμεθα;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἡ σοὶς ἀραία δώμασιν γενήσομαι,
‘Ορέσθ’, ἵν’ αὐθίς ὄνομα δίς κλύων μάθης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ θεόι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

780 τί τοὺς θεοὺς ἀνακαλεῖς ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς;
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
"For every chance have some device"—hear mine:—
All that is written in the letter's folds
My tongue shall say, that thou mayst tell my friends.
So is all safe: if thou lose not the script,
Itself shall voiceless tell its written tale:
But if this writing in the sea be lost,
Then thy life saved shall save my words for me.

PYLADES
Well hast thou said, both for thy need, and me.
Now say to whom this letter I must bear
To Argos, and from thee what message speak.

IPHIGENEIA
Say to Orestes, Agamemnon's son—
"This Iphigeneia, slain in Aulis, sends,
Who liveth, yet for those at home lives not—"

ORESTES
Where is she? Hath she risen from the dead?

IPHIGENEIA
She whom thou seest—confuse me not with speech:—
"Bear me to Argos, brother, ere I die:
From this wild land, these sacrifices, save,
Wherein mine office is to slay the stranger;"—

ORESTES
What shall I say?—Now dream we, Pylades?

IPHIGENEIA
"Else to thine house will I become a curse,
Orestes"—so, twice heard, hold fast the name.

ORESTES
Gods!

IPHIGENEIA
Why in mine affairs invoke the Gods?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οῦδέν' πέρανε δ' ἐξέβην γὰρ ἄλλοσε. τάχ’ οὖν ἐρωτῶν σ’ εἰς ἀπιστ’ ἀφίξομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
λέγ’ οὖνεκ’ ἔλαφον ἀντιδοῦσά μου θεὰ Ἄρτεμις ἐσωσέ μ’, ἣν ἔθυσ’ ἐμὸς πατήρ, δοκῶν ἐς ἡμᾶς ὥς φάσγανον βαλείν, εἰς τήνδε δ' φίκωσ' αἰαν. αἶδ’ ἐπιστολαί, τάδ’ εστὶ τὰν δέλτοισιν ἐγγεγραμμένα.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ
ὡς ῥαδίως ὄρκοισε περιβαλοῦσά με, κάλλιστα δ' ὁμόσας’, οὐ πολὺν σχῆσω χρόνον, τὸν δ’ ὄρκον δυν κατώμοσ’ ἐμπεδώσομεν. ἰδοὺ, φέρω σοι δέλτον ἀποδίδωμι τε, Ὀρέστα, τήςδε σῆς κασιγνήτης πάρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
δέχομαι παρεῖς δὲ γραμμάτων διαπτυχάς, τὴν ἱδονὴν πρῶτ’ οὐ λόγοις αἱρήσομαι. ὡς φιλτάτη μοι σύγγον’, ἐκπεπληγμένους ὁμοὺς σ’ ἀπίστῳ περιβαλὼν βραχίονι εἰς τέρψιν εἶμι, πυθόμενος θαυμάστ’ ἐμοί.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
ξείν’, οὐ δικαίως τῆς θεοῦ τὴν πρόσπολον χραίνεις ἅθικτος περιβαλὼν πέπλους χέρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὡς συγκασιγνήτη τε κὰκ ταῦτοι πατρὸς Ἀγαμέμνονος γεγώσα, μή μ’ ἀποστρέφου, ἧχουσ’ ἄδελφον, οὐ δοκοῦσ’ ἔξειν ποτε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἐγὼ σ’ ἄδελφον τὸν ἐμὸν; οὐ παύσει λέγων; τὸ δ’ Ἀργος αὐτοῦ μεστὸν ἢ τε Ναυπλία.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES
'Tis nought: say on: my thoughts had wandered far.
(Aside) One question may resolve this miracle.

IPHIGENEIA
Say—"Artemis in my place laid a hind,
And saved me,—this my father sacrificed,
Deeming he plunged the keen blade into me,—
And made me dwell here." This the letter is,
And in the tablets this is what is writ.

PYLADES
O thou who hast bound me by an easy oath—
Hast fairly sworn!—I will not tarry long
To ratify the oath that I have sworn.
This tablet, lo, to thee I bear, and give,
Orestes, from thy sister, yonder maid.

ORESTES
This I receive:—I let its folds abide—
First will I seize a rapture not in words:—
Dear sister mine, albeit wonder-struck,
With scarce-believing arm I fold thee round,
And taste delight, who hear things marvellous!
[Embraces IPHIGENEIA.

CHORUS
Stranger, thou sinn’st, polluting Artemis’ priestess,
Casting about her sacred robes thine arm!

ORESTES
O sister mine, of Agamemnon sprung,
One sire with me, turn not away from me,
Who hast thy brother, past expectancy!

IPHIGENEIA
I?—thee?—my brother?—wilt not hold thy peace?
In Argos and in Nauplia great is he.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἐστ' ἐκεῖ σῶς, ὦ τάλαουν, σύγγονος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ἡ Δάκαινα Τυνδαρίς σ' ἐγείνατο;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
Πέλοπός γε παιδί παιδός, οὐ 'κπέφυκ' ἐγὼ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί φής; ἔχεις τι τῶνδέ μοι τεκμήριον;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔχω· πατρόφων ἐκ δόμων τι πυθὰνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκοῦν λέγειν μὲν χρή σέ, μανθάνειν δ' ἐμέ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λέγομι· ἀν ἄκοψ πρῶτον Ἡλέκτρας τάδε. Ἄτρεώς Θεόστου τ' οἶσθα γενομένην ἔριν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἡκουσα, χρυσῆς ἄρνος οὔνεκ' ἣν πέρι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ταύτ' οὖν ύφηνασ' οἶαθ' ἐν εὐπήνους ύφαις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὁ φίλτατ', ἐγγὺς τῶν ἐμῶν κάμπτεις φρενῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
εἰκώ τ' ἐν ἰστοίς ἥλιον μετάστασιν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὑφηνα καὶ τόδ' εἴδος εὐμέτοις πλοκαῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ λούτρ' ἐς Αἴλων μητρὸς ἀνεδέξω πάρα;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἶδ'· οὐ γὰρ ὁ γάμος ἐσθλὸς ὦν μ' ἀφεῖλετο.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES
Not there, unhappy one, thy brother is.

IPHIGENEIA
Did Tyndareus’ Spartan daughter bear thee then?

ORESTES
To Pelops’ son’s son, of whose loins I sprang.

IPHIGENEIA
What say’st thou?—hast thou proof hereof for me?

ORESTES
I have. Ask somewhat of our father’s home.

IPHIGENEIA
Now nay; ’tis thou must speak, ’tis I must learn.

ORESTES
First will I name this—from Electra heard:—
Know’st thou of Atreus’ and Thyestes’ feud?

IPHIGENEIA
I heard, how of a golden lamb it came.

ORESTES
This broidered in thy web rememberest thou?

IPHIGENEIA
Dearest, thy chariot-wheels roll nigh my heart!

ORESTES
And pictured in thy loom, the sun turned back?

IPHIGENEIA
This too I wrought with fine-spun broidery-threads.

ORESTES
Bath-water at Aulis hadst thou from thy mother? 1—

IPHIGENEIA
I know—that bridal’s bliss stole not remembrance.

1 Ritual required the bride to bathe on her wedding morning in water from the sacred spring of her native town.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΘΗΣ

820 τί γάρ; κόμας σὰς μητρὶ δούσα σῇ φέρειν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μημειά γ’ ἀντὶ σώματος τούμοι τάφῳ.

ΟΡΕΣΘΗΣ

α’ δ’ εἴδον αὐτός, τάδε φράσω τεκμήρια:
Πέλοπος παλαιὰν ἐν δόμωι λόγχῃν πατρός,
ἡν χερὶ πάλλων παρθένου Πισάτιδα
ἐκτήσαθ᾽ Ἰπποδάμειαν, Οινόμαιον κτανών,
ἐν παρθενώσι τοῦ ἱ σοῖς κεκρυμμένην.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ω φίλτατ’, οὐδὲν ἄλλο, φίλτατος γὰρ εἰ,
ἐχω σ’, Ὥρεστα, τηλύγετον
χθονὸς ἀπὸ πατρίδος
830 Ἀργόθεν, ὃς φίλος.

ΟΡΕΣΘΗΣ

κὰγὼ σε τὴν θανοῦσαν, ὡς δοξάζεται.
κατὰ δὲ δάκρυν’ ἀδάκρυνα, κατὰ δὲ γόος ἁμα χαρὰ
τὸ σὸν νοτίζει βλέφαρον, ὡσαίτως δ’ ἐμὸν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τότ’ ἐτὶ βρέφος ἐλιπον ἐλιπον ἀγκάλαις
σὲ νεαρὸν τροφοῦ νεαρὸν ἐν δόμωις.
ὁ κρείσσων ἡ λόγοισιν εὐνυχοῦσά μου.
840 ψυχά’ τί φῶ; θαυμάτων πέρα καὶ λόγου
πρόσω τάδ’ ἐπέβα.

ΟΡΕΣΘΗΣ

τὸ λοιπὸν εὐνυχοιμεν ἀλλήλωι μέτα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀτοπον ἥδοναν ἔλαβον, ὃς φίλαιν·
δέδοικα δ’ εκ χερῶν με μὴ πρὸς αἴθερα
ἀμπτάμενος φύγῃ.

830
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES
Again—thine hair unto thy mother sent?

IPHIGENEIA
Yea, a grave-token in my body's stead.

ORESTES
What myself saw, these will I name for proofs:
In our sire's halls was Pelops' ancient spear,
Swayed in his hands when Pisa's maid he won,
Hippodameia, and slew Oenomaus:
Hidden it was within thy maiden bower.

IPHIGENEIA
Dearest!—nought else, for thou art passing dear!—
Orestes, best-beloved, I clasp thee now,
Far from thy fatherland, from Argos, here,
O love, art thou!

ORESTES
And thee I clasp—the dead, as all men thought!
Tears—that are no tears,—ecstasy blent with moan,
Make happy mist in thine eyes as in mine.

IPHIGENEIA
That day in the arms of thy nurse did I leave thee a
babe, did I leave thee, [wast thou!
A little one—ah, such a little one then in our palace
O, a fortune too blissful for words doth receive thee,
my soul, doth receive thee!
What can I say?—for, transcending all marvels, of
speech they bereave me,
The things that have come on us now!

ORESTES
Hereafter side by side may we be blest!

IPHIGENEIA
O friends, I am thrilled with a strange delight:
Yet I fear lest out of mine arms to the height
Of the heaven he may wing his flight.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

comings ὦ Κυκλωπίδες ἐστίναι, ὦ πατρίδι,
Μυκήνα φίλα,
χάριν ἔχω ξύσας, χάριν ἔχω τροφᾶς,
ὅτι μοι συνομαίμονα
tόνδε δόμοισιν ἐξεθρέψω φάοσ.

ΟΡΕΙΣΘΗΣ

850 γένει μὲν εὐπυχοῦμεν, εἰς δὲ συμφοράς,
ὡ σύγγον', ἡμῶν δυστυχῆς ἐφυ βίος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ēγὼ μέλεος οἶδ', ὅτε φάσγανον
δέρᾳ θήκε μοι μελεόφρων πατήρ,

ΟΡΕΙΣΘΗΣ

855 οἶμοι. δοκῶ γὰρ οὐ παρῶν σ᾽ ὁρᾶν ἐκεῖ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀνυμέναιος, ὡ σύγγον', Ἀχιλλέως
eἰς κλισίαν λέκτρων
δόλῳ ὅτ᾽ ἀγόμαν;

ΟΡΕΙΣΘΗΣ

860 παρὰ δὲ βωμὸν ἦν δάκρυν καὶ γόοι.
φεῦ φεῦ χερνῖβων τῶν ἐκεῖ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φῶμωξα κάγῳ τόλμαν ἦν ἐτήλη πατήρ.

ΟΡΕΙΣΘΗΣ

865 ἅπατορ', ἅπατορα πότμου ἔλαχον.
ἀλλὰ δ᾽ ἐξ ἄλλων κυρεῖ

daiμονος τύχα τινός.¹

ΟΡΕΙΣΘΗΣ

866 εἰ σὸν γ᾽ ἄδελφόν, ὡ τάλαιν', ἀπώλεσας.

¹ Monk’s arrangement adopted.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

O hearths Cyclopean, O fatherland
Mycenae the dear,
For the gift of his life thanks, thanks for thy fostering hand,
For that erst thou didst rear
My brother, a light of defence in our halls to stand.

ORESTES

Touching our birth blest are we, but our life,
My sister, in its fortunes was unblest.

IPHIGENEIA

I know it, alas! who remember the blade
To my throat by my wretched father laid—

ORESTES

Woe's me! though far, I seem to see thee there'

IPHIGENEIA

When by guile I was thitherward drawn, the bride,
As they feigned, whom Hero Achilles should wed!
But the marriage-chant rang not the altar beside,
But tears streamed, voices of wailing cried;
Woe, woe for the lustral-drops there shed!

ORESTES

I wail, I too, the deed my father dared.

IPHIGENEIA

An unfatherly father by doom was allotted to me;
And ills out of ills rise ceaselessly
By a God's decree!

ORESTES

Ah, hadst thou slain thy brother, hapless one!
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

870 ὡ μελέα δεινᾶς τόλμας. δείν᾽ ἔτλαν
δείν᾽ ἔτλαν, ὦμοι σύγγονε. παρὰ δ᾽ ὀλύγον
ἀπέφυγες ὀλέθρον ἀνόσιον ἐξ ἐμῶν
daιξθείς χερῶν.
ἀ δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ αὐτοῖς τίς τελευτά;
tίς τύχα μοι συγκυρήσει;
tίνα σοι πόρον εὐρομένα
πάλιν ἀπὸ πόλεως, ἀπὸ φόνου πέμψῳ
πατρίδ᾽ ἐς Ἕραγείαν,
880 πρὶν ἐπὶ ξίφος αἴματι σφί
πελάσασι; τόδε σόν, ὦ μελέα ψυχά,
χρέος ἀνευρίσκειν.
πότερον κατὰ χέρσου, οὐχὶ ναῦ,
ἀλλὰ ποδῶν ῥοπᾶ
θανάτῳ πελάσεις ἀνὰ βάρβαρα φύλα
καὶ δι᾽ ὀδοὺν ἀνόδους στείχων; διὰ κυναέας μὴν
890 στενοπόρου πέτρας μακρὰ κέλευθα να-
τοισιν δρασμοῖς.
τάλαινα, τάλαινα.
tίς ἄρ᾽ οὖν, τάλαν, ἢ θεὸς ἢ βροτὸς ἢ
τί τῶν ἀδοκήτων
πόρον εὕτορον ἐξανύσει,
δυνών τοῖν μόνων Ἀτρείδαυν
κακῶν ἐκλυσιν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

900 ἐν τοῖς θαυμαστοῖσι καὶ μῦθων πέρα
tάδ᾽ εἶδον αὐτῇ κοῦ κλύσουσ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἀγγέλοντο.

1 Hermann: for MSS. ἀπορον.  2 Hermann: for MSS. ἀπαγγελω.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Woe for my crime! I took in hand a deed
Of horror, brother! Scant escape was thine
From god-accursed destruction, even to bleed
By mine hand, mine!

Yea, now what end to all this doth remain?
What shrouded fate shall yet encounter me?
By what device from this land home again
Shall I speed thee

From slaughter, and to Argos bid depart,
Or ever with thy blood incarnadined
The sword be? 'Tis thy task, O wretched heart,
The means to find.

What, without ship, far over land wouldst fly
With feet swift-winged with terror and despair,
Through wild tribes, pathless ways, aye drawing nigh
Death ambushed there?

Yet, through the Dark-blue Rocks, the straight sea-portal;
A long course must the bark that bears thee run.
O hapless, hapless I! What God or mortal,
O hapless one,

Or what strange help transcending expectation
Shall to us twain, of Atreus' seed the last,
Bring fair deliverance, bring from ills salvation,—
From ills o'erpast!

CHORUS

Marvel of marvels, passing fabled lore,
Myself have seen, none telleth me the tale.
ἸΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Ἡ ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΠΤΑΔΗΣ

τὸ μὲν φίλους ἐλθόντας εἰς ὅψιν φίλων,
Ὡρέστα, χειρῶν περιβολὰς εἰκὸς λαβεῖν
λέγαντα δ’ οἴκτων κατ’ ἐκείν’ ἐλθεῖν χρεών,
ὅπως τὸ κλεινὸν οὐνομα τῆς σωτηρίας
λαβόντες ἐκ γῆς βησόμεσθα βαρβάρον.
σοφῶν γὰρ ἄνδρῶν ταῦτα, μὴ ἱκτίνας τύχης,
καιρὸν λαβόντας, ἡδονᾶς ἄλλας λαβεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας· τῆ τύχη δ’ οἴμαι μέλειν
tοῦδε ξύν ἡμῶν· ἤν δὲ τες πρόθυμος ἦ,
σθένει τὸ θείον μᾶλλον εἰκότως ἔχει.

ἸΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ μή μ’ ἐπίσχης ὁμοίως οὐδὲ ἀποστήσεις λόγον
πρῶτον πυθόσθαι τινα ποτ’ Ἡλέκτρα πότμον
εἴληθε βιότον· φίλα γὰρ ἐστὶν πάντ’ ἐμοί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τῷδε ξυνοικεῖ βιόν. ἔχουσ’ εὐδαίμονα.

ἸΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὗτος δὲ πόδαπὸς καὶ τῖνος πέφυκε παῖς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Στρόφιος ὁ Φωκεύς τοῦδε κλήζεται πατήρ.

ἸΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δ’ ἐστὶ γ’ Ἀτρέως θυγατρός, ὁμογενῆς ἐμός;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀνεψιὸς γε, μόνοις ἐμοί σαφῆς φίλος.

ἸΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἦν τὸθ’ οὗτος ὅτε πατήρ ἐκτεινέ με.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἦν· χρόνον γὰρ Στρόφιος ἦν ἀπαίης τινά.

1 Monk: for oūdēn μ’ ἐπίσχει γ’ οὐδ’ ἀποστήσῃ of MSS.
2 Seidler: for ἐσται of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

PYLADES
Orestes, well may friends which meet the gaze
Of friends, enfold them in the clasp of love.
Yet must we cease from moan, and look to this,
In what wise winning glorious safety’s name
Forth from the land barbaric we may fare.
For wise men take occasion by the hand,
And let not fortune slip for pleasure’s lure.

ORESTES
Well say’st thou: yet will fortune work, I trow,
Herein with us. But toil of strenuous hands
Still doubles the God’s power to render aid.

IPHIGENEIA
Thou shalt not stay me, neither turn aside
From asking of Electra first—her lot
In life: all touching her is dear to me.

ORESTES
Wedded to this man (pointing to pylades) happy life
she hath.

IPHIGENEIA
And he—what land is his?—his father, who?

ORESTES
Strophius the Phocian is his father’s name.

IPHIGENEIA
Ha! Atreus’ daughter’s son, of kin to me?

ORESTES
Thy cousin is he, and my one true friend.

IPHIGENEIA
He was unborn when my sire sought my death.

ORESTES
Unborn; for long time childless Strophius was.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
χαίρ' ὃ πόσις μου τής ἐμῆς ὁμοσπόρου.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
κάμος γε σωτήρ, οὐχὶ συγγενὴς μόνον.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τὰ δεινὰ δ' ἔργα πῶς ἔτλησ μητρὸς πέρι; ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
συγώμεν αὐτά· πατρὶ τιμωρῶν ἐμῆ.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἡ δ' αἰτία τίς ἀνθ' ὅτου κτείνει πόσιν;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἐὰν τὰ μητρὸς· οὐδὲ σοι κλύειν καλόν.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
συγώ· τὸ δ' Ἅργος πρὸς σὲ νῦν ἀποβλέπει;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
Μενέλαος ἄρχει· φυγάδες ἐσμὲν ἐκ πάτρας.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οῦ που νοσοῦντας θείος ὑβρισθεὶν δόμους;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐκ, ἀλλ' Ἐρινύων δείμα μ' ἐκβάλλει χθονός.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ταῦτ' ἀρ' ἐπὶ ἄκταις κἀκεῖθ' ἡγγέλθης μανεῖς;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἀφθημεν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον ὄντες ἄθλιοι.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἐγνωκα, μητρὸς σ' εἶνε' ἡλάστρουν θεαί.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ὦθ' αἵματρα στόμι· ἐπεμβάλειν ἐμοί.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τί γάρ ποτ' εἰς γῆν τήνδ' ἐπόρθμευσας πόδα;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
Φοίβου κελευσθείς θεσφάτοις ἀφικόμην.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
O husband of my sister, hail to thee!
ORESTES
Yea, and my saviour, not my kin alone.
IPHIGENEIA
How could'st thou dare that dread deed on our mother?
ORESTES
Speak we not of it!—to avenge my sire.
IPHIGENEIA
And what the cause for which she slew her lord?
ORESTES
Let be my mother: 'twould pollute thine ears.
IPHIGENEIA
I am silent. Looketh Argos now to thee?
ORESTES
Menelaus rules: I am exiled from the land.
IPHIGENEIA
Our uncle—he insult our stricken house!
ORESTES
Nay, but the Erinyes' terror drives me forth.
IPHIGENEIA
Thence told they of thy frenzy on yon shore.
ORESTES
Not now first was my misery made a show.
IPHIGENEIA
Yea, for my mother's sake fiends haunted thee—
ORESTES
To thrust a bloody bridle in my mouth.
IPHIGENEIA
Wherefore to this land didst thou steer thy foot?
ORESTES
Bidden of Phoebus' oracle I came.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τί χρήμα δράσων; ῥητὸν ἢ σιγόμενον;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λέγομι ἂν ἀρχαί δ’ αἴδε μοι πολλῶν πόνων.
ἐπεὶ τὰ μήτρος ταύθ’ ἂ σιγώμεν κακά
εἰς χεῖρας ἔλθη, μεταδρομαῖς Ἐρινύων
HELLAΣ οὐκ ἴστοσ παρασκεύων
εἰς τὰς Ἀθηναίας δὴ ἔστησας Δοξίας,
δίκην παρασχεῖν ταῖς ἄνωνύμοις θεαῖς.
ἐστι γὰρ ἄσω σῷς ψῆφος, ἢν Ἀρεί ποτὲ
ζεύς εἰστ’ ἐκ τοῦ δὴ χερῶν μμάσματος.
ἐλθὼν δ’ ἐκείστε, πρὸτα μὲν μ’ οὐδεὶς ἐξένων
ἐκὼν ἐδέξατ’ ὡς θεοῖς στυγόμενον.
οὐ δ’ ἔσχων αἴδω, ἔνεια μονοτράπεζα μοι
παρέσχων, οὐκών οὔτες ἐν ταυτῷ στήγει,
συγγ’ δ’ ἐτεκτήνατ’ ἀπόφθεγκτον μ’, ὅπως
δαίτος γενοίμην πώματος τ’ αὐτῶν δίχα,
εἰς δ’ ἀγγος ἓδουν ἵσον ἄπασι βασίλειον
μέτρημα πληρώσαντες εἰχ’ ήδονην.
καὶ γω χελέγχαι μὲν ἐξένων οὐκ ἕξισι,
ηλιγνοῦ δὲ συγγ καδόκουν οὐκ εἰδεναι,
μέγα στενάζων, οὔνεκ’ ἡ μήτρος φωνεύς.
κλὺς δ’ Ἀθηναίοις τὰμᾶ δυστυχὴ
tελετήν γενέσθαι, κατ’ τὸν νόμον μένειν,
χορές ἀγγος Παλλάδος τιμᾶν λέων.
ὡς δ’ εἰς Ἀρείον ὀχθὸν ἴκον, ἐς δίκην
ἐστην, ἐγὼ μὲν θάτερον λαβὼν βάθρουν,
τὸ δ’ ἄλλο πρέσβειρ’ ἦπερ ἴν Ἐρινύων
εἰπὼν δ’ ἀκούσας θ’ αἴματος μήτρος πέρι,
Φοῖβος μ’ ἔσωσε μαρτυρῶν ἴσας δὲ μοι
ψῆφους διερρύθμισε Παλλὰς ὀλένην
νικῶν δ’ ἀργήρα φόνια πειρατήρια.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

With what intent? May this be told or no?

ORESTES

Nay, I will tell all. Thus began my woes:
Soon as my mother's sin, that nameless sin,
Had been by mine hands punished, chasing fiends
Drave me to exile, until Loxias
Guided my feet to Athens at the last,
To make atonement to the Nameless Ones;
For there is a tribunal, erst ordained
Of Zeus, to cleanse the War-god's blood-stained hands.

Thither I came; but no bond-friend at first
Would welcome me, as one abhorred of heaven.
Some pitied; yet my guest-fare set they out
On a several table, 'neath the selfsame roof;
Yet from all converse by their silence banned me,
So from their meat and drink to hold me apart;
And, filling for each man his private cup,
All equal, had their pleasure of the wine.
I took not on me to arraign mine hosts;
But, as who marked it not, in silence grieved;
With bitter sighs the mother-slayer grieved.
Now are my woes to Athens made, I hear,
A festival, and yet the custom lives
That Pallas' people keep the Feast of Cups.

And when to Ares' mount I came to face
My trial, I upon this platform stood,
And the Erinyes' eldest upon that.
Then, of my mother's blood arraigned, I spake;
And Phoebus' witness saved me. Pallas told
The votes: her arm swept half apart for me.
So was I victor in the murder-trial.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

970 ὅσαι μὲν οὖν ἔξοντο πεισθέεισαι δίκη,
ψῆφον πάρ’ αὐτῆς ιερὸν ὄρισαντ’ ἐχεινι
ὅσαι δ’ Ἔρινων οὖκ ἐπείσθησαν νόμῳ,
δρόμους ἀνιδρύτουσιν ἡλάστρουν μ’ ἀεί,
ἐὼς ἐς ἁγνὸν ἠλθον αὐ Φοίβοι πέδου,
καὶ πρόσθεν ἄδυτον ἐκταθεῖσι, ἱῆστις βορᾶς,
ἐπάμοσ’ αὐτοῦ βίον ἀπορρήξειν θανῶν,
εἰ μὴ με σώσει Φοίβοι, ὃς μ’ ἀπώλεσεν.
ἐντεύθεν αὐθὴν τρόποδος ἐκ χρυσοῦ λακῶν
Φοίβος μ’ ἐπέμψε δεύρο, διοπτετες ἀβείων,
ἄγαλμ’ Ἀθηνῶν τ’ ἐγκαθιδρύσαι χοθώνι.
ἀλλ’ ἦπερ ἡμὶν ὁρίσεν σωτηρίαν,
σύμπραξον. ἤν γὰρ θεᾶς κατάσχωμεν βρέτας,
μανῶν τε λῆξο καὶ σε πολυκώπῳ σκάφει
στείλας Μυκήναιας ἐγκαταστήσω πάλιν.
ἀλλ’, ὃ φιληθεῖσ’, ὃ κασίγνητον κάρα,
σῶσον πατρὼν οἴκον, ἐκσωμοῦν δ’ ἐμὲ.
ὡς τὰμ’ ὀλώλε πάντα καὶ τὰ Πελοπιδῶν,
οὐράνιον εἰ μὴ ληψύμεσθα θεᾶς βρέτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dεινή τις ὀργή δαιμόνων ἐπέξεσε τὸ Ταυτάλειον σπέρμα διὰ πόνων τ’ ἀγεί.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

tὸ μὲν πρόθυμον, πρίν σε δεύρ’ ἐλθεῖν, ἐχω
:"Ἀργει γενέσθαι καὶ σὲ, σύγγον’, εἰσιδεῖ." βέλω δ’ ἀπερ σύ, σὲ τε μεταστήσαι πόνων
νοσοῦντά τ’ οίκον, οὐχὶ τῷ κτανότι με
θυμομένη, πατρῷον ὅρθοσαι πάλιν.

σφαγής τε γὰρ σῆς χεῖρ’ ἀπαλλάξαμεν ἃν
σώσαιμι τ’ οίκους: τὴν θεῶν ὃς πῶς λάθω;
δέδοικα καὶ τύραννον, ἤμικ’ ἃν κενᾶς
κρηπίδας εὐρη λαίνας ἀγάλματος.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

They which consented to the judgment, chose
Nigh the tribunal for themselves a shrine:
But of the Erinyes some consented not,*
And hounded me with homeless chasings aye,
Until, to Phoebus' hallowed soil returned,
Fasting before his shrine I cast me down,
And swore to snap my life-thread, dying there,
Except Apollo saved me, who destroyed.
Then from the golden tripod Phoebus' voice
Pealed, hither sending me to take the image
Heaven-fall'n, and set it up in Attica.
Now to this safety thus ordained of him
Help thou: for, so the image be but won,
My madness shall have end: thee will I speed
Back to Mycenae in a swift-oared ship.
O well-beloved one, O sister mine,
Save thou our father's house, deliver me.
For Pelops' line and I are all undone
Except I win that image fall'n from heaven.

CHORUS
Dread wrath of Gods hath burst upon the seed
Of Tantalus, and on through travail drives.

IPHIGENEIA
Earnest my longing, ere thou camest, was
To stand in Argos, brother, and see thee.
Thy will is mine, to set thee free from woes,
And to restore my father's stricken house,
Nursing no wrath against my murderer.
So of thy slaughter shall mine hands be clean,
And I shall save our house. Yet how elude
The Goddess? And I fear the king, when he
Void of its statue finds that pedestal.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

πῶς οὖ θανοῦμαι; τίς δ’ ἐνεστὶ μοι λόγος; ἀλλ’ εἰ μέν ἐν τι τούθ’ ὁμοῦ γενήσεται, ἀγαλμά τ’ οἵεις καὶ’ ἐπ’ εὐπρύμνου νεὼς ἄξεις, τὸ ἱνδυνεμα γίγνεται καλὸν· τοῦτον δὲ χωρισθεὶσ’ ἐγὼ μὲν ὅλλυμαι, σὺ δ’ ἂν τὸ σαντοῦ θέμενος εὐ νόστου τύχοις. οὐ μὴν τι φεύγω γ’, οὔδε μ’ εἰ θανεῖν χρεών, σῶσασά σ’ οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ’ ἀνήρ μὲν ἐκ δόμων θανῶν ποθενὸς, τὰ δὲ γυναικὸς ἀσθενῇ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἂν γενοῦμη σοῦ τε καὶ μητρὸς φονεύ&upsilon;· ἄλις τὸ κείνης αἵμα· κοινόφρων δὲ σοὶ καὶ ζηὴν θέλοιμ’ ἂν καὶ θανῶν λαχεῖν ἵσον. ἄξω δὲ σ’, ἦπερ καυτὸς ἐνταυθοὶ περῶ,1 πρὸς οἶκον, ἡ σοῦ καθανῶν μενὸ μέτα. γνώμης δ’ ἄκουσον εἰ πρόσαντες ἢν τόδε Ἀρτέμιδ, πῶς ἂν Λοξίας ἐθέσπισε κομίσαι μ’ ἀγαλμα θέας πόλισμα Παλλάδος καὶ σοῦ πρόσωπον εἰσίδειν; ἀπαντα γὰρ συνθεῖς τάδ’ εἰς ἐν νόστων ἐλπίδω λαβεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πῶς οὖν γένοιτ’ ἂν ὅστε μῆθ’ ἡμᾶς θανεῖν λαβεῖν θ’ ἄ βοulenmēsba; τῆδε γὰρ νοσεὶ νόστος πρὸς οἴκους· ἡ δὲ βούλευσις2 πάρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀρ’ ἂν τύραννον διωλέσαι δυναίμεθ’ ἂν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

dεινὸν τόδ’ εἴπας, ἀνεφονεῖν ἐπήλυδας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ’ εἰ σὲ σώσει κἀμέ, κινδυνευτέων.

1 Hermann: for MSS. πέσω.
2 Markland: for MSS. η δὲ βούλησις.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

How shall I not die? What should be my plea?
But if both ends in one may be achieved—
If, with the statue, on thy fair-prowed ship
Thou bear me hence, the peril well is braved.
If I attain not liberty, I die;
Yet still mayst thou speed well, and win safe home.
O then I flinch not, though my doom be death,
So I save thee! A man that from a house
Dies, leaves a void: a woman matters not.

ORESTES
My mother's slayer and thine I will not be!
Suffice her blood. With heart at one with thine
Fain would I live, and dying share thy death.
Thee will I lead, if thither I may win,
Homeward, or dying here abide with thee.
Hear mine opinion—if this thing displease
Artemis, how had Loxias bidden me
To bear her statue unto Pallas' burg—
Yea, see thy face? So, setting side by side
All these, I hope to win safe home-return.

IPHIGENEIA
How may we both escape death, and withal
Bear off that prize? Imperilled most herein
Our home-return is:—this must we debate.

ORESTES
Haply might we prevail to slay the king?

IPHIGENEIA
Foul deed were this, that strangers slay their host.

ORESTES
Yet must we venture—for thy life and mine.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ούκ δὲν δυναίμην, τὸ δὲ πρόθυμον ἤμεσα.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δ’, εἴ με ναῦς τῶδε κρύψειας λάθρα;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὡς δὴ σκότον λαβόντες ἐκσωθεῖμεν ἂν;
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
κλεπτῶν γὰρ ἡ νύξ, τῆς δ’ ἀληθείας τὸ φῶς.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
εἰσ’ ἐνδοῦν ἰεροῦ φύλακες, οὗς οὐ λήγοιμεν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οἶμοι, διεφθάρμεσθα: πῶς σωθεῖμεν ἂν;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἔχειν δοκῶ μοι καλὸν ἐξεύρημά τι.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ποῦλον τι; δάξῃς μετάδος, ὡς κἀγὼ μάθω.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ταῖς σαῖς ἀνίαν χρήσομαι σοφίσμασιν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
δειναί γὰρ αἱ γυναίκες εὐρίσκειν τέχνας.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
φονέα σε φήσω μητρός ἐξ Ἀργοὺς μολεῖν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
χρῆας κακοῦσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς, εἴ κερδανεῖς.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ὡς οὐ θέμις σε λέξομεν θύειν θεᾶ,
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τίν’ αὐτίαν ἔχουσά; ὑποπτεύω τι γάρ.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὐ καθαρὸν ἄντα, τὸ δ’ ὀσιον δὼσοι φόνῳ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
τί δῆτα μᾶλλον θεᾶς ἀγαλμ’ ἀλέσκεται;
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
I could not. Yet thine eager heart I praise.

ORESTES
How if thou privily hide me in yon fane?

IPHIGENEIA
By favour of the darkness to escape?

ORESTES
Yea, night is leagued with theft: the light for truth.

IPHIGENEIA
Within the fane be guards: no baffling them.

ORESTES
Alas! we are undone. How can we 'scape?

IPHIGENEIA
Methinks I have a yet untried device.

ORESTES
Ha, what? Impart thy thought, that I may know.

IPHIGENEIA
Thy misery will I turn to cunning use.

ORESTES
Women be shrewd to seek inventions out!

IPHIGENEIA
A matricide from Argos will I name thee,—

ORESTES
Use my misfortunes, if it serve thine end.

IPHIGENEIA
Unmeet for sacrifice to Artemis,—

ORESTES
Pleading what cause?—for somewhat I surmise.

IPHIGENEIA
As one unclean. The pure alone I slay.

ORESTES
Yet how the more hereby is the image won?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πόντου σε πηγαίς ἀγρίσαι βουλήσομαι,
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔτ' ἐν δόμουι βρέτας, ἐφ' ὃ πεπλεύκαμεν.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
κάκεινο νύψαι, σοῦ θυγόντος ὦς, ἔρω.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ποί δήτα; πόντου νοτερὸν εἶπας ἔκβολον;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὐ ναῦς χαλίνοις λινοδέτοις ὅρμεὶ σέθεν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
οὐ δ' ἡ τις ἄλλος ἐν χερῴν οὐσει βρέτας;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἐγώ· θυγεῖν γὰρ ὄσιόν ἐστ' ἐμοὶ μόνη.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
Πυλάδης δ' ὅδ' ἥμων ποῦ τετάξεται φόνου;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ταυτὸν χεροῖν σοὶ λέξειται μίασμ' ἔχοιν.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
λάθρα δ' ἀνακτος ἡ εἰδότος δράσεις τάδε;
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πείσασα μύθοις· οὐ γὰρ ἀν λάθοιμί γε.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
καὶ μὴν νεώς γε πίτυλος εὐήρης πάρα.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
σοί δὴ μέλειν χρῆ τὰλ' ὄπως ἔξει καλῶς.
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ἔνδος μόνου δεῖ, τάσει συγκρύψαι τάδε.
ἀλλ' ἀντίαξε καὶ λόγους πειστηρίους
eὑρίσκει· ἔχει τοι δύναμιν εἰς οἴκτον γυνὴ.
tὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἵσως ἀν πάντα συμβαίνατ' καλῶς.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
I'll say that I would cleanse thee in sea-springs;—

ORESTES
Still bides the statue there, for which we sailed.

IPHIGENEIA
That this too must I wash, as touched of thee.

ORESTES
Where?—in yon creek where rains the blown sea-spray?

IPHIGENEIA
Nay, where thy ship rides moored with hempen curb.

ORESTES
Will thine hands, or another's, bear the image?

IPHIGENEIA
Mine. Sinlessly none toucheth it save me.

ORESTES
And in this blood-guilt what is Pylades' part?

IPHIGENEIA
Stained even as thine his hands are, will I say.

ORESTES
Hid from the king shall be thy deed, or known?

IPHIGENEIA
I must persuade whom I could not elude.

ORESTES
Ready in any wise the oared ship is.

IPHIGENEIA
'Tis thine to see that all beside go well.

ORESTES
One thing we lack, that yon maids hide all this.
Beseech them thou, and find persuasive words;
A woman's tongue hath pity-stirring might:—
Then may all else perchance have happy end.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οι δ' οίκταται γυναῖκες, εἰς ύμᾶς θέπω, καὶ τάμ' εἰν ύμῖν ἐστιν ἡ καλῶς ἔχειν ἡ μηδὲν εἶναι καὶ στερηθῆναι πάτρας φίλου τ' ἀδελφοῦ φιλτάτης τε συγγόνου. καὶ πρῶτα μὲν μοι τοῦ λόγου τάδ' ἄρχότων γυναῖκες ἐσμεν, φιλόφρον ἀλλήλαις γένος, σφέζειν τε κοινὰ πράγματ' ἀσφαλέσταται. συγήσαθ' ἡμῖν καὶ συνεκπαύσατε φυγάς. καλὸν τοι τὸ γλῶσσ' ὅτῳ πιστὴ παρῇ. ὅρατε δ' ὅσ τρεῖς μία τύχη τοὺς φιλτάτους ἡ γῆς πατρόφας νόστοις ἡ θανεῖν ἔχει. σωθείσα δ', ὡς ἂν καὶ σύ κοινωνίας τύχης, σώσω σ' ἐξ Ἔλλαδ'. ἅλλα πρὸς σε δεξιάς, σε καὶ σ' ἱκνοῦμαι, σε δὲ φίλης παρηδόσοις γονάτων τε καὶ τῶν ἐν δόμοις φιλτάτων.1 τὶ φατέ; τίς ύμῶν φησιν, ἡ τίς οὐ θέλει, φθεγξασθε, ταῦτα; μὴ γὰρ αἰνοῦσών λόγους ὀλωλα κάγω καὶ κασίγνητος τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει, φίλη δεσποινα, καὶ σφίξων μόνων ὡς ἐκ γ' ἐμοῦ σοι πάντα συγνήσεται, ἵστω μέγας Ζεὺς, ὡν ἐπισκήπτεις πέρι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δήμασθα μύθων καὶ γένοισθ' εὐδαίμονες. σὺν ἐργὸν ἤδη καὶ σὺν εἰσβαίνειν δόμους· ὁς αὐτίκ' ἢξει τῆς δε κοίρανος χθονός, θυσίαν ἐλέγξων, εἰ κατεργασται, ξένων. οἱ πότιν, ἢπερ μ' Ἀυλίδος κατὰ πτυχὰς δεινῆς ἐσώσας εἰκ πατροκτόνου χερὸς,

1 1071, μητρὸς πατρός τε καὶ τέκνων ὅτῳ κυρεῖ, is rejected by Dindorf and others, as inconsistent with l. 130.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
Damsels beloved, I raise mine eyes to you.  
Mine all is in your hands—for happiness, 1060
Or ruin, and for loss of fatherland,
Of a dear brother, and a sister loved.
Of mine appeal be this the starting-point—
Women are we, each other's staunchest friends,
In keeping common counsel wholly loyal.
Keep silence; help us to achieve our flight.
A loyal tongue is its possessor's crown.
Ye see three friends upon one hazard cast,
Or to win back to fatherland or die.
If I escape,—that thou mayst share my fortune,—
Thee will I bring home.  Oh, by thy right hand
Thee I implore—and thee!—by thy sweet face
Thee,—by thy knees—by all thou lov'st at home! 1070
What say ye?  Who consents?  Who sayeth nay—
Oh speak!—to this?  for if ye hearken not,
I and mine hapless brother are undone.

CHORUS
Fear not, dear lady: do but save thyself.
I will keep silence touching all the things
Whereof thou chargest me: great Zeus be witness.

IPHIGENEIA
Heaven bless you for the word!  Happy be ye!
(To or. and pyl.) 'Tis thy part now, and thine, to pass
within;
For this land's king shall in short space be here 1080
To ask if yet this sacrifice be done.
O Goddess-queen, who erst by Aulis' clefts
Didst save me from my sire's dread murderous hand,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

σώσον με καὶ νῦν τούσδε τῇ ἡ τὸ Δοξίου
οὐκέτι βροτοῖσι διὰ στάτιμου στόμα.
ἀλλ’ εὐμενῆς ἐκβηθὶ βαρβάρου χθονὸς
eἰς τὰς Ἀθηναὶς καὶ γὰρ ἄνθαδ’ οὐ πρέπει
ναίειν, παρόν σοι πόλιν ἔχειν εὐδαιμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀρνις, ἃ παρὰ πετρίνας
πόντου δειράδας, ἀλκυών,
ἔλεγον οἰκτρῶν ἀείδεις,
εὐξύνετον ἐκυντοίσι Βοᾶν,
ὅτι πόσιν κελαδεῖς ἅει μολπαῖς,
ἐγὼ σοι παραβάλλομαι
θρήνους, ἀπτέρος ὅρνις,
pοθοῦσ’ Ἔλλανων ἀγόρους,
pοθοῦσ’ Ἀρτέμιν ὀλβίαν,¹
ἀ παρὰ Κύνθιον ὄχθον οἰκεὶ
φολνικά θ’ ἀβρωκόμαν

δάφνιν τ’ εὐερνέα καὶ
γλανκάς θαλλόν ἱρόν ἐλαίας,
Λατοὺς ὡδίνι φίλας,²
λίμναν θ’ εἰλίσσουσαν ὕδωρ
cύκλιον, ἐνθα κύκνος μελω-
δός Μούσας θεραπεύει.

ὡ πολλαὶ δακρύων λυβάδες,
αἱ παρηκίδας εἰς ἐμὰς
ἐπέσον, ἀνίκα πύργων
ὁλλυμένων ἐπὶ ναυσὶν ἐβαν
πολεμίων ἐρετμοῖσι καὶ λόγχαις.

¹ Nauck : for λαχελαν of MSS. "Travail-queen Artemis."
² Portus and Markland : for ὡδίνα φίλαν of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Save me now too with these; else Loxias' words
Through thee shall be no more believed of men.
But graciously come forth this barbarous land
To Athens. It beseems thee not to dwell
Here, when so blest a city may be thine.

[IPHIGENEIA, ORESTES, AND PYLADES ENTER THE TEMPLE.
CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Thou bird, who by scaurs o'er the sea-breakers leaning
        Ever chantedest thy song,
O Halcyon, thy burden of sorrow, whose meaning
        To the wise doth belong,
Who discern that for aye on thy mate thou art crying,
I lift up a dirge to thy dirges replying—
Ah, thy pinions I have not!—for Hellas sighing,
        For the blithe city-throng;
For that happier Artemis sighing, who dwelleth
        By the Cynthian Hill,
By the feathery palm, by the shoot that swelleth
        When the bay-buds fill,
By the pale-green sacred olive that aided
Leto, whose travail the dear boughs shaded,
By the lake with the circling ripples braided,
Where from throats of the swans to the Muses
        Upwelleth
    Song-service still.

(Ant. 1)

O tears on my cheeks that as fountains plashing
        Were rained that day,
When I sailed, from our towers that in ruin were
        In the galleys, the prey
Of the oars of the foe, of the spears that had caught

373
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ξαχρύσου δὲ δι’ ἀμπολᾶς
νόστον βάρβαρον ἥλθον,
ἐνθα τᾶς ἐλαφοκτόνου
θεᾶς ἀμφίπολον κόραν
παῖδ’ Ἀγαμεμνονίαν λατρεύω
βωμοῖς θ’ Ἐλληνοθύτους,1
ξηλοῦς’ ἄταν διὰ παν-
τὸς δυσδαίμον’: ἔν γὰρ ἀνάγκαις
οὐ κάμνει σύντροφος ὁν·
μεταβάλλει δυσδαιμονία·
τὸ δὲ μετ’ εὐτυχίας κακοῦ-
σθαι θνατοῖς βαρὺς αἰών.

καὶ σὲ μὲν, πότνι, Ἀργεία
πεντηκόντορος οἶκον ἄξεις
συρίζων δ’ ὁ κηροδέτας
κάλαμος οὐρεῖον Πανὸς
κόπταις ἐπιθωπῦξει,
ὁ Φοῖβος θ’ ὁ μάντις ἔχων
κέλαδον ἐπτατόνου λύρας
ἀείδων ἄξεϊς λυπαρὰν
εὖ σ’ Ἀθηναίων ἐπὶ γὰρ.
ἐμὲ δ’ αὐτοῦ προλυποῦ-
σα βῆσει ῥοθίος πλάταις·
ἀέρι δ’ ἱστὶ ἐπὶ προτόνους κατὰ
πρώραν ὑπὲρ στόλον ἐκπετάσουσί πόδες
ναὸς ὥκυπόμπου.

1 Enger, Köchly, and Wecklein: for τοὺς μηλοθύτους of MSS.

374
IPHIGENEIA IN TAUrica

And for gold in the balances weighed men bought me,
And unto a barbarous home they brought me,
   To the handmaid-array
Of Atreides’ daughter, who sacrificeth
   To the Huntress-queen
On the altars whence reek of the slain Greeks riseth!
   Ah, the man that hath seen
Bliss never, full gladly his lot would I borrow!
For he fainst not’neath ills, who was cradled in sorrow;
On his night of affliction may dawn bright morrow:
But whom ruin, in happiness ambushed, surpriseth,
   Ah, their stroke smiteth keen!

(Str. 2)

And the fifty oars shall dip of the Argive gallant ship
   That shall waft thee to the homeland shore;
And the waxèd pipe shall ring of the mountain
   Shepherd-king
To enkindle them that tug the strenuous oar;
And the Seer shall wing their fleetness, even Phoebus,
   by the sweetness-
Of the seven-stringed lyre in his hand;
And his chanting voice shall lead you as in triumph-
   march, and speed you
Unto Athens, to the sunny-gleaming land.
   And I shall be left here lone, but thou
Shalt be racing with splash of the pine,
While the broad sail swells o’er the plunging prow
   Outcurving the forestay-line,
While the halliards shiver, the mainsheets quiver,
   As the cutwater leaps thro’ the brine.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

1140

λαμπρὸν ἵπποδρομοῦν βαίην, ἀντὶ βʹ
ἐνθ’ εὐάλιον ἔρχεται πῦρ.
οἰκείων δ’ ὑπὲρ θαλάμων
πτέρυγας ἐν νῷτοις ἀμοῖς
λήξαμι θοάξουσαν.
χοροὶς δὲ σταίνην, ὅθι καὶ
πάρεδρος εὐδοκίμων γάμων,
παρὰ πόδ’ εἰλίσσουσα φίλας
πρὸς ἥλικων θιάσους,
ἐς ἀμίλλας χαρίτων,
χλιδᾶσ ἀβροπλούτωι
ἐἰς ἔριν ὄρνυμένα, πολυποίκιλα
φάρεα καὶ πλοκάμους περιβάλλομένα γέ-

υνν συνεσκίαζον.

ΘΟΑΣ

1150

ποῦ ’σθ’ ἡ πυλωροῦ τῶν δωμάτων γυνὴ
’Ελληνίς; ἡδη τῶν ξένων κατήρξατο,
ἀδύτοις τ’ ἐν ἄγροις σῶμα δάπτονται πυρὶ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡδ’ ἐστίν, ἡ σοι πάντ’, ἄναξ, ἐρεὶ σαφῶς.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἐκ.

τί τόδε μεταίρεις ἔξ ἀκινήτων βάθρων,
’Αγαμέμνονος παῖ, θεᾶς ἄγαλμ’ ἐν ὀλέναις;

1 Badham: for παρθένοις of MSS.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

(ANT. 2)

And it's O that I could soar up the splendour-litten floor.
Where the sun drives the chariot-steeds of light,
And it's O that I were come o'er the chambers of my home,
And were folding the swift pinions of my flight;
And that, where at royal wedding the bridemaidens' feet are treading
Through the measure, I were gliding in the dance,
Through its maze of circles sweeping with mine
olden playmates, keeping
Truest time with waving arms and feet that glance!
And it's O for the loving rivalry,
For the sweet forms costly-arrayed,
For the raiment of cunningest broderery,
For the challenge of maid to maid,
For the veil light-tossing, the loose curl crossing
My cheek with its flicker of shade!

Enter Thoas with attendants.

THOAS
Where is this temple's warder, Hellas' daughter?
Hath she begun yon strangers' sacrifice?
Are they ablaze with fire in the holy shrine?

CHORUS
Here is she, king, to tell thee clearly all.

Enter Iphigeneia bearing the image of Artemis in her arms.

THOAS
Why bear'st thou in thine arms, Agamemnon's child,
From its inviolate base the Goddess' statue?
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Ἡ ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΪΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀναξ, ἔχ' αὐτοῦ πόδα σὸν ἐν παραστάσιν.

ΘΟΑΣ
τί δ' ἐστιν, Ἰφιγένεια, καὶνὸν ἐν δόμοις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀπέπτυσ'. Ὀσια γὰρ δίδωμ' ἐπος τόδε.

ΘΟΑΣ
τί φροιμάξει νεοχύμον; ἐξαύδα σαφῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὐ καθαρά μοι τὰ θύματ' ἡγρεύσασθ', ἄναξ.

ΘΟΑΣ
τί τούκδιδάξαν τούτο σ', ἢ δόξαν λέγεις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
βρέτας τὸ τῆς θεοῦ πάλιν ἔδρας ἀπεστράφη.

ΘΟΑΣ
αὐτόματον, ἢ νυν σεισμὸς ἐστρεψε χθονός;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
αὐτόματον ὅψιν δ' ὁμμάτων ξυνήρμοσεν.

ΘΟΑΣ
ἢ δ' αἰτία τῆς; ἢ τὸ τῶν ξένων μύσος;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἢ', οὐδέν ἄλλο. δεινὰ γὰρ δεδράκατον.

ΘΟΑΣ

1170 ᾳλλ' ἢ των ἕκανον βαρβάρων ἀκτής ἐπὶ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οἰκεῖον ἠλθον τὸν φόνον κεκτημένοι.

ΘΟΑΣ
τίν; εἰς ἔρον γὰρ τοῦ μαθεῖν πεπτώκαμεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μητέρα κατειργάσαντο κοινωνῳ ἕιφει.

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA
King, stay thy foot there in the portico!

THOAS
What profanation in the fane hath chanced?

IPHIGENEIA
Avaunt that evil word, in Sanctity's name!

THOAS
What strange tale dost thou preface? Plainly tell.

IPHIGENEIA
Unclean I found thy captured victims, king.

THOAS
What proof hast thou?—or speak'st thou but thy thought?

IPHIGENEIA
Back from its place the Goddess' statue turned.

THOAS
Self-moved?—or did an earthquake wrench it round?

IPHIGENEIA
Self-moved. Yea, also did it close its eyes.

THOAS
The cause?—pollution by the strangers brought?

IPHIGENEIA
This, and nought else; for foul deeds have they done.

THOAS
Ha! slaughter of my people on the shore?

IPHIGENEIA
Nay, stained with guilt of murdered kin they came.

THOAS
What kin? I am filled with longing this to learn.

IPHIGENEIA
Their mother with confederate swords they slew.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ
'Απολλον, οὖν ἐν βαρβάροις ἐτλη τις ἂν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πάσης διωγμοῦς ἤλάθησαν Ἐλλάδος.

ΘΟΑΣ
ἡ τῶν ἐκατι δὴ τ’ ἄγαλμ’ ἔξω φέρεις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
σεμνόν γ’ ὑπ’ αἴθέρ’, ὡς μεταστήσω φόνου.

ΘΟΑΣ
μίασμα δ’ ἔγνως τοῖν ξένοιν πολφ τρόπῳ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἥλεγχον, ὡς θεᾶς βρέτας ἀπεστράφη πάλιν.

ΘΟΑΣ
σοφὴν σ’ ἔθρεψεν Ἐλλάς, ὡς ἱσθοῦ καλῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
καὶ νῦν καθείσαν δέλεαρ ἥδυ μοι φρενῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ
τῶν Ἀργόθεν τι φίλτρον ἀγγέλλουτέ σοι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τὸν μόνον Ὀρέστην ἐμὸν ἄδελφον εὐτυχεῖν.

ΘΟΑΣ
ὡς δή σφε σῶσαις ἠδοναῖς ἀγγελμάτων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
καὶ πατέρα γε ζήν καὶ καλῶς πράσσειν ἐμὸν.

ΘΟΑΣ
σὺ δ’ εἰς τὸ τῆς θεοῦ γ’ ἔξενευσας εἰκότως.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πᾶσαν γε μισοῦσ’ Ἐλλάδ’, ἡ μ’ ἀπώλεσεν.

ΘΟΑΣ
τί δὴ τα ὅρμεν, φράξε, τοῖν ξένοιν πέρι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
τὸν νόμον ἀνάγκη τὸν προκείμενον σέβειν.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS
Apollo! Of barbarians none had dared it!

IPHIGENEIA
Out of all Hellas hunted were they driven.

THOAS
And for their cause bear’st thou the image forth?

IPHIGENEIA
'Neath holy sky, to banish that blood-taint.

THOAS
The strangers’ guilt—how knewest thou thereof?

IPHIGENEIA
I questioned them, when back the Goddess turned.

THOAS
Wise child of Hellas, well didst thou discern. 1180

IPHIGENEIA
Even now they cast a bait to entice mine heart.

THOAS
Tidings from Argos—made they this their lure?

IPHIGENEIA
Yea, of mine only brother Orestes’ weal.‘

THOAS
That thou might’st spare them for their welcome news?

IPHIGENEIA
My father liveth and is well, say they.

THOAS
Thou to the Goddess’ part in thee didst cleave?

IPHIGENEIA
Yea, for I hate all Greece, which gave me death.

THOAS
What shall we do then with the strangers, say?

IPHIGENEIA
We must needs reverence the ordinance.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ
οὐκοῦν ἐν ἔργῳ χέριβες ξίφος τε σῶν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀγνοίς καθαρμοῖς πρῶτα νῦν νῦψαι θέλω.
ΘΟΑΣ
πηγαίσιν ὕδατων ἡ θαλασσία δρόσφ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
θάλασσα κλύζει πάντα τάνθρώπων κακά.
ΘΟΑΣ
ὃσιώτερον γοῦν τῇ θεῷ πέσοιεν ἄν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
καὶ τὰμά γ' οὕτω μᾶλλον ἄν καλῶς ἔχοι.

ΘΟΑΣ
οὐκοῦν πρὸς αὐτὸν ναὸν ἐκπέπτει κλύδων;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἐρημίας δεῖ· καὶ γὰρ ἄλλα δράσομεν.

ΘΟΑΣ
ἄγ' ἔνθα χρήζεις· οὐ φιλῶ τάρρηθ' ὀράν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ἀγνιστέον μοι καὶ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ βρέτας.

ΘΟΑΣ
 eius per γε κηλᾶς ἔβαλε νῦν μητροκτόνος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οὐ γὰρ ποτ' ἄν νῦν ἠράμην βάθρων ἀπο.

ΘΟΑΣ
δίκαιος ηὐσέβεια καὶ προμηθία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
οἰσθά νῦν ἃ μοι γενέσθω·

ΘΟΑΣ
σοῦ τὸ σημαίνειν τὸδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
δεσμὰ τοῖς ξένοισι πρόσθες.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS
Why do not lustral drops and knife their part?

IPHIGENEIA
With holy cleansings would I wash them first.

THOAS
In fountain-waters, or in sea-spray showers?

IPHIGENEIA
The sea doth wash away all ills of men.

THOAS
Thus holier should the Goddess' victims be.

IPHIGENEIA
And better so should all my purpose speed.

THOAS
Full on the fane doth not the sea-surge break?

IPHIGENEIA
There needeth solitude: more is to do.

THOAS
Where thou wilt. Into mystic rites I pray not.

IPHIGENEIA
The image must I purify withal.

THOAS
Yea, if the matricides have tainted it.

IPHIGENEIA
Else from its pedestal had I moved it not.

THOAS
Righteous thy piety and forethought are.

IPHIGENEIA
Know'st thou now what still I lack?

THOAS
'Tis thine to tell what yet must be.

IPHIGENEIA
Bind with chains the strangers.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ
ποί δέ σ' ἐκφύγοιεν ἀν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
πιστῶν Ἑλλάς οἶδεν οὐδέν.

ΘΟΑΣ
ἵτ' ἐπὶ δεσμά, πρόσπολοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
κάκκομβόντων δὲ δεῦρο τοὺς ξένους,

ΘΟΑΣ
ἐσται τάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
κράτα κρύψαντες πέπλοισιν.

ΘΟΑΣ
ήλιου πρόσθεν φλογὸς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
σών τέ μοι σύμπεμπ' ὀπαδῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ
οἶδ' ὀμαρτήσουσι σοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
καὶ πόλει πέμψον τίν' ὡστις σημανεῖ

ΘΟΑΣ
ποίας τύχας;

1210
ἐν δόμοις μέμνειν ἀπαντας.

ΘΟΑΣ
μὴ συναντῶσιν φόνῳ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
μυσαρὰ γὰρ τὰ τοιὸ ἔστι.

ΘΟΑΣ
στείχε καὶ σήμανε σὺ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
καὶ φίλων γε δεί μάλιστα.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS
Whither from thy warding could they flee?

IPHIGENEIA
Faithless utterly is Hellas.

THOAS
Henchmen mine, to bind them go

IPHIGENEIA
Let them now bring forth the strangers hitherward,—

THOAS
It shall be so.

IPHIGENEIA
Veiling first their heads with mantles.

THOAS
Lest the sun pollution see.

IPHIGENEIA
Send thou also of thy servants with me.

THOAS
These shall go with thee.

IPHIGENEIA
And throughout the city send thou one to warn—

THOAS
'Gainst what mischance?

IPHIGENEIA
That within all folk abide;—

THOAS
Lest any eye meet murder's glance.

IPHIGENEIA
For the look shall bring pollution.

THOAS (to attendant)
Go thou, warn the folk of this.

IPHIGENEIA
Yea, and chiefly of my friends—

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

tοῦτ’ ἐλέξας εἰς ἐμέ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μηδέν’ εὶς ὅψιν πελάξειν.

ΘΟΑΣ

eῦ γε κηδεύεις πόλιν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

eἰκότως.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὁς εἰκότως σε πᾶσα θαυμάζει πόλις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σὺ δὲ μένων αὐτοῦ πρὸ ναὸν τῇ θεῷ

ΘΟΑΣ

tί χρήμα δρῶ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀγνισον πυρσὺ μέλαθρον.

ΘΟΑΣ

καθαρὸν ὡς μόλης πάλιν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἡνίκ’ ἄν δ’ ἔξω περῶσιν οἱ ξένοι,

ΘΟΑΣ

tί χρή με δρᾶν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πεπλον ὀμμάτων προθέσθαι.

ΘΟΑΣ

μὴ παλαμναίον λάβω;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἡν δ’ ἄγαν δοκῶ χρονίζειν,

ΘΟΑΣ

tούδ’ ὄρος τῆς ἑστὶ μοι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1220

θαυμάσης μηδέν.

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS
Hereby thou meanest me, I wis.

IPHIGENEIA
None must to the sight draw near.

THOAS
Our city hath thine heedful care.

IPHIGENEIA
Rightly.

THOAS
Rightly through the city art thou reverenced everywhere.

IPHIGENEIA
Thou abide before Her shrine:

THOAS
What service shall I do her there?

IPHIGENEIA
Cleanse her house with flame.

THOAS
That it be pure for thy return thereto.

IPHIGENEIA
And when forth the temple come the strangers—

THOAS
What behoves to do?

IPHIGENEIA
Draw thy mantle o’er thine eyes.

THOAS
Lest I be tainted of their sin?

IPHIGENEIA
If o’erlong I seem to tarry,—

THOAS
What the limit set herein?

IPHIGENEIA
Marvel not.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τὰ τῆς θεοῦ πρᾶσσε ἐπὶ σχολῆς καλῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰ γὰρ ὡς θέλω καθαρμός ὁδε πέσοι.

ΘΟΑΣ

συνεῦχομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τούσδ’ ἄρ’ ἐκβαίνοντας ἢδη δωμάτων ὅρῳ ξένους
καὶ θεάς κόσμου νεογνοῦς τ’ ἄρνας, ὡς φόνῳ
μυσαρόν ἐκνύψω, σέλας τε λαμπάδων τά τ’ ἄλλ’
όσα

προνεθήκην ἐγὼ ξένους καὶ θεᾶ καθάρσωα.

ἐκποδῶν δ’ αὐτῶ πολίταις τοῦτ’ ἔχειν μίσματας,
εἰ τις ἴδιων πυλώρος χείρας ἀγνεύει θεοῖς,
ἡ γάμου στείχει συνάψων ἡ τόκοι βαρύνεται,

φεύγετ’, ἐξίστασθε, μή τῷ προσπέσῃ μύσος
tόδε.

1230 ὁ Δίως Δητοὺς τ’ ἀνασσα παρθέν’, ἣν νήψο
φόνῳ

τώνδε καὶ θύσωμεν οὐ χρῆ, καθαρῶν οἰκήσεως
δόμων,

εὐτυχεῖς δ’ ἤμεῖς ἐσώμεθα. τάλλα δ’ οὐ λέγουσ’,

ὅμως
tοῖς τὰ πλεῖον’ εἰδόσιν θεοῖς σοὶ τε σημαίνω, θεᾶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὕπαις ὁ Δατοὺς γόνος,

ὁν ποτε Δημιάσιν

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS
In thine own season render thou the dues divine.

IPHIGENEIA
Fair befall this purifying as I would!

THOAS
Thy prayer is mine.

IPHIGENEIA
Lo, and even now I see the strangers pacing forth
the fane  —that by blood-stain
With the adorning of the Goddess, with the lambs,
Blood-stain I may cleanse,—with flash of torches, and
with what beside,  [purified.
As I bade, the strangers and the Goddess shall be
Now I warn the city-folk to shrink from this pollution
far :—  [warders are,
Ye that, with pure hands for heaven’s service, temple-
Whoso purposeth espousals, whoso laboureth with
child,  [be defiled.
Flee ye; hence away, that none with this pollution
Queen, O child of Zeus and Leto, so the guilt from
these I lave,  [thou have;
So I sacrifice where meet is, stainless temple shalt
Blest withal shall we be—more I say not, yet to
Gods who know  [plainly show.
All, and, Goddess, unto thee, mine heart’s desire I

[THOAS enters temple. Exeunt IPHIGENEIA,
ORESTES, PYLADES, and attendants.

CHORUS
A glorious babe in the days of old  (Str.)
Leto in Delos bare,

1 Apollo’s oracle was now proved right, and Iphigeneia’s
dream wrong; so this ode celebrates the institution of that
oracle, and the abolition of the ancient dream-oracles.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

καρποφόρους γυάλους
[ἐτυκτε] χρυσοκόμαν
ἐν κιθάρα σοφών, δ' ἐπὶ τόξων
εὐστοχία γάνυται, φέρε δ' ἰνων
ἀπὸ δειράδος εἶναλλας,
λοχεία κλεινά λυποῦν'
ἀστάκτων ματέρ' εἰς υδάτων,
tὰν βακχεύουσαν Διονύσῳ
Παρνάσιον κορυφάν,
ὅθι πουκιλόνωτος οἶνωπὸς δράκων
σκιερὰ κατάχαλκος εὐφύλλῳ δάφνῃ,
γάς πελώριον τέρας, ἀμφετε
μαντείον χθόνιον.

ἐτι μιν ἔτι βρέφος, ἔτι φίλας
ἐπὶ ματέρος ἄγκαλαισι θρόσκων,
ἐκανες, ὦ Φοῖβε, μαν-
tείων δ' ἐπέβας ξαθέων,
tρόποδι τ' ἐν χρυσέῳ
θάσσεις, ἐν ἄψυεδεὶ θρόνῳ
μαντείας βροτοῖς
θεσφάτων νέμων
ἀδύτων ὑπὸ, Κασταλίας ῥέθρων
γείτων, μέσου γας ἔχων μέλαθρουν.

Θέμιν δ' ἐπεῖ γᾶς ἰὼν
παῖδ' ἀπενάσσατο Λα-
tῷς ἀπὸ ξαθέων
χρηστηρίων, νύχια

1 Weil: for MSS. ἄ, a passing and irrelevant mention of Artemis.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Mid its valleys of fruitage manifold,
    The babe of the golden hair,—
Lord of the harp sweet-ringl, king of the bow
sure-winging [rock by the swell
The shaft that he loveth well,—and she fled from the
Of the sea encompassed, bringing
From the place where her travail befell
Her babe to the height whence rolled the gushing
rills untold,
Where the Wine-god’s revels stormy-souled
    O’er the crests of Parnassus fare;
Where, gleaming with coils iridescent, half-hiding
The glint of his mail ’neath the dense-shadowed bay,
Was the earth-spawned monster, the dragon, gliding
    Round the chasm wherein earth’s oracle lay.
But thou, who wast yet but a babe, yet leaping
    Babe-like in thy mother’s loving embrace,
Thou, Phoebus, didst slay him, didst take for thine
The oracle’s lordship, the right divine,
And still on the tripod of gold art keeping
    Thy session, dispensing to us, to the race
Of men, revelation of heaven’s design,
From thy throne of truth, from the secret shrine,
By the streams through Castaly’s cleft up-sweeping,
    Where the Heart of the World is thy dwelling-place.

But the Child of Earth did his coming make (Ant.)
    Of her birthright dispossessed,
For the oracle-sceptre of Themis he brake :
    Wherefore the Earth from her breast,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

Χθὼν ἐτεκνώσατο φάσματ' ὀνείρων, οἴ πολέσιν μερόπων τά τε πρώτα τά τ' ἐπειθ' ὅσ' ἔμελλε τυχεῖν ὕπνου κατὰ δυνοφερὰς εὐνὰς ἐφραζόν. Γαία δὲ τὰν μαντείων ἀφεῖλετο τιμᾶν. 

Φοῖβον φθόνῳ θυγατρός ταχύτους δ' ἐσ' Ὀλυμπον ὀρμαθεῖς ἀναξ χέρα παιδινὸν ἐλαξεν ἐκ Ζήνος θρόνων. 

Πυθίων δόμων χθονίαν ἀφελείν θεᾶς μῆνιν νυχίους τ' ὀνείρους.

γέλασε δ', ὅτι τέκος ἄφαρ ἐβα πολύχρυσα θέλων λατρείματα σχεῖν. ἑπὶ δ' ἐσεισεν κόμαν, παῦσεν νυχίους ἐνοπάς ἀπὸ δ' ἀλαθοσύναν νυκτωπὸν ἔξείλεν βροτῶν, καὶ τιμᾶς πάλιν θήκε Λοξία, 

πολυάνορι δ' ἐν ξενόεντι θρόνῳ θάρσῃ βροτοῖς θεσφάτων ἄοιδαις.

ἈΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ ναοφύλακες βωμοί τ' ἐπιστάται, Ὑδας ἀναξ γῆς τῆς διοῦ κυρεῖ βεβώς; καλεῖτ' ἀναπτύξαντες εὐγόμφους πύλας ἔξω μελάθρων τῶνδε κόρανον χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tί δ' ἔστιν, εἰ χρῆ μὴ κελευσθείσαν λέγειν;
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

To make of his pride a derision, sent forth dream-
vision on vision,
Whereby to the sons of men the things that had been
ere then,
   And the things for the Gods' decision
   Yet waiting beyond our ken,
Through the darkness of slumber she spake, and from
   Phoebus—in fierce heart-ache
Of jealous wrath for her daughter's sake—
   His honour so did she wrest.
Swift hasted our King to Olympus' palace,
   And with child-arms clinging to Zeus' throne prayed
That the night-visions born of the Earth-mother's
malice
Might be banished the fane in the Pythian glade.
Smiled Zeus, that his son, for the costly oblations
   Of his worshippers jealous, so swiftly had come:
   And he shook his locks for the great oath-plight,
And he made an end of the voices of night;
   For he took from mortals the dream-visitations,
   Truth's shadows upfloating from Earth's dark
womb;
And he sealed by an everlasting right
   Loxias' honours, that all men might
Trust wholly his word, when the thronging nations
   Bow'd at the throne where he sang fate's doom.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER
O temple-warders, altar-ministers,
Whither hath Thoas gone, this country's king?
Fling wide the closely-bolted doors, and call
Forth of these halls the ruler of the land.

CHORUS
What is it?—if unbidden I may speak.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
βεβάσι φρούδοι διπτυχοι νεανίαι
Αγαμεμνονείας παιδός εκ βουλευμάτων
φεύγοντες εκ γῆς τήδε και σεμινόν βρέτας
λαβόντες εν κόλπουσιν Ἐλλάδος νεώς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀπιστον εἴπας μύθον ὅν δ' ἰδεῖν θέλεις
ἀνακτα χώρας, φρούδος εκ ναοῦ συθείς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ποί; δεὶ γὰρ αὐτὸν εἴδεναι τὰ δρώμενα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ ἵσμεν ἀλλὰ στείχε καὶ διώκει νυν
ὅπου κυρῆσας τούσ δ' ἀπαγγελεῖς λόγους.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὁρᾷ, ἀπιστον ὃς γυναικεῖον γένος,
μέτετα χῦμων τῶν πεπραγμένων μέρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μαίνει; τί δ' ἡμῖν τῶν ξένων δρασμοῦ μέτα;
οὐκ εἰ κρατοῦντων πρὸς πύλας ὅσον τάχος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οὔ, πρίν γ' ἄν εἴπη τούτος ἐρμηνεὺς τόδε,
eἰτ' ἐνδον εἰτ' οὐκ ἐνδον ἀρχηγὸς χθονός.
ὁ̂, χαλάτε κλήθρα, τοῖς ἐνδον λέγω,
καὶ δεσποτὴ σημήναθ' οὔνεκ' ἐν πύλαις
πάρειμι, καίνων φόρτον ἀγγέλλων κακῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ
τίς ἀμφὶ δῶμα θέας τόδ' ἵστησιν βοήν,
πύλας ἀράξας καὶ ψόφον πέμψας ἔσω;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ψευδῶς λέγουσαι μ' αἴδ' ἀπηλλαμον δόμων,
ὡς ἐκτὸς εἰς' σὺ δὲ κατ' οίκον ἴσθ' ἀρα.

1 Pierson: for MSS. ψευδῶς ἔλεγον αἴδε, καὶ μ',

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

MESSENGER
Gone are the two youths, vanished clean from sight,
Gone, by the plots of Agamemnon's child
Fleeing from this land, taking with them hence
The holy statue in a Greek ship's hold.

CHORUS
Thy tale is past belief!—but the land's king,
Whom thou wouldst see, hath hurried forth the fane.

MESSENGER
Whither?—for what is done he needs must know.

CHORUS
We know not: go thou, hasten after him,
And, where thou findest him, make thy report.

MESSENGER
Lo now, how treacherous is womankind!
Ye also are partakers in this deed.

CHORUS
Art mad? What is to us the strangers' flight?
Away with all speed to thy master's gates.

MESSENGER
Nay, not till I be certified of this,
Whether the land's lord be within or no.
What ho!—within there!—shoot the door-bolts back,
And to your master tell that at the gates
Am I, who bear a burden of ill-news.
Enter Thoas from the temple.

THOAS
Who makes this outcry at the Goddess' fane,
Smiting the doors, and hurling noise within?

MESSENGER
Falsely these said—would so have driven me hence—
That thou wast forth, while yet wast thou within.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ
tί προσδοκώσαι κέρδος ἡ θηρώμεναι;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
αὕτης τὰ τώνδε σημανώ· τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶ
παρόντι ἄκουσον. ἡ νεώς, ἢ ὑθάδε
βωμοῖς παρίστατ', Ἰφιγένει', ἔξω χθονὸς
σὺν τοῖς ξένοισιν οἴχεται, σεμνῶν θεὰς
ἀγαλμ' ἔχουσα· δόλια δ' ἡ καθάρματα.

ΘΟΑΣ
πώς φῆς; τί πνεύμα συμφορᾶς κεκτημένη;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
σφίζουσ' Ὅρεστην τούτο γὰρ σὺ θαυμάσει.

ΘΟΑΣ
tὸν ποιόν; ἀρ' ὅτι Τυνδαρίς τίκτει κόρῃ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὅτι τοῖς βωμοῖς θεὰ καθωσιώσατο.

ΘΟΑΣ
ὡς θαύμα, πῶς σε μείζον ὀνομάσας τύχω;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
μὴ ὑπαύθα τρέψῃς σὴν φρεν', ἀλλ' ἄκουε μονὴ
σαφῶς δ' ἄθρησας καὶ κλύων ἐκφρόντισον
διωγμόν ὅστις τοὺς ξένους θηράσεταί.

ΘΟΑΣ
λέγει· εὖ γὰρ εἴπασ· ὦ γὰρ ἀγχίπλων πόρον
φεύγουσιν, ὡστε διαφυγεῖν τοῦμὸν δόρυ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἔπει πρὸς ἀκτὰς ἠλθομεν θαλασσίας,
οὐ ναῦς Ὅρεστοι κρύφιος ἡ ὀρμισμένη,
ἡμᾶς μὲν, οὔς σὺ δεσμὰ συμπέπτεις ξένων
ἐχοιτας, ἔξενευο' ἀποστήναι πρὸσω
Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς, ὦς ὑπόρρητων φλόγα

1320

1330

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IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS
What profit sought they?—hunted for what gain?

MESSENGER
Their deeds hereafter will I tell. Hear thou
The trouble at the doors. The maid that here
Served at the altars, Iphigeneia, is fled
With yonder strangers, and the holy image
Hath taken. Nought but guile that cleansing was.

THOAS
How say' st? What wind of fortune hath she found?

MESSENGER
To save Orestes. Marvel thou at this!

THOAS
Orestes?—him whom Tyndarus' daughter bare?

MESSENGER
Him whom the Goddess hallowed for her altars.

THOAS
O marvel! What name stronger fitteth thee?

MESSENGER
Take thou not thought for that, but list to me: Mark clearly all, and as thou hear'st devise By what pursuit to hunt the strangers down.

THOAS
Say on: thou speakest well. By no near course 'They needs must flee, that they should 'scape my spear.

MESSENGER
Soon as unto the sea-beach we had come, Where hidden was Orestes' galley moored, Us, whom with those bound strangers thou didst send, Agamemmon's child waved back, to stand aloof, As one at point to light the inviolate fire,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

θύουσα καὶ καθαρμὸν ὅν μετώχητον. ἀυτὴ δ' ὁπισθε δέσμ' ἑχουσα τοῖν ἔνων ἔστειχε χερσὶ. καὶ τάδ' ἦν ὑποπτα μὲν, ἦρεσκε μέντοι σοῖοι προσπόλωις, ἄναξ. χρόνῳ δ', ἐν ἡμῖν δραῖν τι δὴ δοκοὶ πλέον, ἀνωλοφυῖε καὶ κατῆδε βάρβαρα μέλη μαγεύουσ', ὡς φόνον ἄτζουσα δὴ. ἐπεὶ δὲ δαρῶν ἦμεν ἦμενοι χρόνων, ἐσῆλθεν ἡμᾶς μὴ λυθέντες οί ἔνων κτάνομεν αὐτὴν δραστέταὶ τ' οἰχολατο. φόβῳ δ' ἐν χρήν εἰσορᾶν καθήμεθα σιγή· τέλος δὲ πάσιν ἦν αὐτὸς λόγος, στείχειν ἐν ἡσαν, καίτερ οὐκ ἐσμένουσ. κάνταυθ' ὅρωμεν Ἑλλάδος νεόδος σκάφους ταρσῷ κατηρεῖ, πίτυλεν ἐπτερωμένου, ναῦτας τε πεντήκοντ' ἐπὶ σκαλμὸν πλάτας ἑγοῦτας, ἐκ δεσμῶν δὲ τοὺς νεανίας ἑλευθέρους πρύμνηθεν ἐστῶτας νεώς.

κοντοῖς δὲ πρῶραι εἶχον, οἱ δ' ἐπωτίδων ἀγκυραὶ ἐξανήπτον, οἱ δὲ, κλιμακας σπεύδοντες, ἤγον διὰ χερῶν πρυμνήσατα, πόνῳ δὲ δόντες τοῖν ἔνων καθέσαν. ἡμεῖς δ' ἁφεδήσαντες, ὡς ἐσείδομεν δόλῳ τεχνῆματ', εἰχόμεσα τῆς ἐκείνης πρυμνησίων τε, καὶ δὲ εὐθυνητίας οἰακας ἐξηροῦμεν εὐπρύμνου νεώς· λόγοι δ' ἐχώρουν τίνι νόμῳ πορθμεύετε κλέπτουτες ἐκ γῆς ἔδανα καὶ θυητόλους; τίνος τις ὅν σὺ τῆν ἀτεμπολᾶς χθονὸς; οδ' ἐφ'. Ὁρέστης τῆς' ὅμαιμος, ὡς μάθης, Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς, τήν' ἐμὴν κομίζομαι λαβὼν ἀδελφὴν, ἦν ἀπώλεσ' ἐκ δόμων.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And do the cleansing for the which she came.
Herself took in her hands the strangers' bonds,
And paced behind. Somewhat mine heart misgave,
Yet were thy servants satisfied, O King.
Time passed: she chanted loud some alien hymn
Of wizardry,—with semblance of weird rites
To cozen us,—as one that cleansed blood-guilt.

But when we had been long time sitting thus,
It came into our minds that, breaking loose,
The strangers might have slain her, and have fled.
Yet, dreading to behold forfended things,
Silent we sat, till all agreed at last
To go to where they were, albeit forbid.
And there we see a Hellene galley's hull
With ranks of oar-blades fringed, sea-plashing wings,
And fifty seamen at the tholes thereof
Grasping their oars; and, from their bonds set free,
Beside the galley's stern the young men stood.
The prow with poles some steadied, some hung up
The anchor at the catheads, some in haste
Ran through their hands the hawsers, and there-
with
Dropped ladders for the strangers to the sea.

But we spared not, as soon as we beheld
Their cunning wiles: we grasped the stranger-maid,
The hawser-bands, and strove to wrench the helms
Out through the stern-ports of the stately ship;
And rang our shouts:—"By what right do ye steal
Images from our land and priestesses?
Who and whose son art thou, to kidnap her?"
But he, "Orestes I, her brother, son
Of Agamemnon, know thou. She I bear
Hence is my sister whom I lost from home."

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ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

άλλα ὦδεν ἦσον εἰχώμεσθα τῆς ξένης καὶ πρὸς σ’ ἔπεσθαι διεβιαζόμεσθά νυν, ὅθεν τὰ δεινὰ πλήγματ’ ἦν γενειάδων. κεῖνοί τε γὰρ σιδηροῦ ὡς εἰχον χεροῖν ἡμεῖς τε πυγμαῖ δ’ ἦσαν ἐγκροτοῦμενα, καὶ κωλ’ ἀπ’ ἀμφοῖν τοῖν νεανίαιν ἄμα εἰς πλευρὰ καὶ πρὸς ἢπαρ ἥκοντίζετο, ὃς τῷ ξυμάπτειν καὶ συναποκαμεῖν μέλη. δεινοί δὲ σημάντροισιν ἐσφραγισμένοι ἐφεύρομεν πρὸς κρημνόν, οἱ μὲν ἐν κάρα κάθαιμ’ ἔχοντες τραύμαθ’, οἱ δ’ ἐν ὁμμασίων ὅθος δ’ ἐπισταθέντες εὐλαβεστέρος ἐμαρνάμεσθα καὶ πέτρους ἐβάλλομεν. ἀλλ’ εἰργοῦν ἡμᾶς τοξοῦτα πρύμνης ἐπὶ σταθεῖται ἱοῖς, ὡστ’ ἀναστεῖλαι πρόσω. καὶ τῷ δὲ δεινὸς γὰρ κλύδων ὁκειλε ναῦν πρὸς γῆν, φόβοις δ’ ἦν παρθένῳ τέγξαι πόδα, λαβὼν Ὀρέστης ὁμοὶ εἰς ἀριστερὸν, βὰς εἰς θάλασσαν κατ’ κλίμακος θορῶν, ἔθηκ’ ἀδελφὴν ἐντὸς εὐσέλμου νεῶς, τὸ τ’ οὐρανοῦ πέσημα, τῆς Διὸς κόρης ἀγαλμα. ναῦς δ’ ἐκ μέσης ἐφθέγξατο βοὴ τῆς’ ὃ γῆς Ἐλλάδος ναῦται νεῶς, λάβεσθε κάυτης βόθια τ’ ἐκλευκαίνετε’ ἔχομεν γὰρ ἤπειρε εἰνεκ’ ἄξενον πόρον Συμπληγάδων ἐσώθεθε εἰσεπλεύσαμεν. οἱ δὲ στεναγμὸν ἥδιν ἐκβρυχώμενοι ἐπαισαν ἄλμην. ναῦς δ’, ἐως μὲν ἐντὸς ἦν λιμένος, ἔχορει’ στόμα διαπέρωσα δὲ λάβρω κλύδων συμπεσοῦσ’ ἦπειγετο’. δεινὸς γὰρ ἑλθὼν ἀνέμοις ἐξαίφνης σκάφος, 

1 Weeklein: for MSS. νεῶς.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Yet no less clung we to the stranger-maid,
And would have forced to follow us to thee,
Whence came these fearful buffets on my cheeks.
For in their hands steel weapons had they none,
Nor we; but there were clenched fists hailing blows,
And those young champions twain dashed spurning feet,
As javelins swift, on waist and rib of us,
That scarce we grappled, ere our limbs waxed faint;
And marked with ghastly scars of strife we fled
Unto the cliffs, some bearing gory weals
Upon their heads, and others on their eyes.
Yet, rallying on the heights, more warily
We fought, and fell to hurling stones on them.
But archers, planted on her stern, with shafts
Back beat us, that we needs must draw aloof.

Meanwhile a great surge shoreward swung the ship;
And, for the maiden feared to wade the surf,
On his left shoulder Orestes lifted her,
Strode through the sea, upon the ladder leapt,
And in the good ship set his sister down,
With that heaven-fallen image of Zeus' child.
Then from the galley's midst rang loud and clear
A shout—"Ye seamen of this Hellene ship,
Grip oars, and churn the swirling breakers white;
For we have won the prize for which we sailed
The cheerless sea within the Clashing Rocks."
Then, with glad gasp loud-bursting from each breast,
Smote they the brine. The ship made way, while yet
Within the bay; but, as she cleared its mouth,
By fierce surge met, she laboured heavily;
For suddenly swooped a wild gust on the ship,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ὅθεν παλμυρμηνηδών ᾧ ἐκαρτέρουν πρὸς κύμα λακτίζουτες· εἰς δὲ γῆν πάλιν κλύδων παλέρρους ἦγε ναῦν. σταθείσα δὲ Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖς ἐκζατ· ὁ Δητοῦς κόρη, σώσον μὲ τὴν σὴν ίερίαν πρὸς Ἑλλάδα ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς καὶ κλοπαῖς σύγκρουθ᾽ ἐμαῖς. φίλεις δὲ καὶ σὺ σὸν κασίγνητον, θεά· φιλείν δὲ καὶ τῶς ὀμαίμονας δόκει. ναύται δ᾽ ἐπηνυφήμηταν εὐχαίρισιν κόρης παῖνα, γυμνὰς εὐχέρως ἐπωμᾶς κάτω προσαρμόσαστες ἐκ κελεύσματος.

1400 μᾶλλον δὲ μᾶλλον πρὸς πέτρας ἤει σκάφος· χῶ μὲν τις εἰς θάλασσαν ὑμρῇθη ποσίν, ἄλλος δὲ πλεκτάς ἐξανὴπτεν ἑγκύλας. κάγω μὲν εὐθὺς πρὸς σὲ δεῦρ ἀπεστάλην, σοὶ τᾶς ἐκείθεν σημανῶν, ἀναξ, τύχας. ἀλλ᾽ ἔρτε, δεσμὰ καὶ βρόχους λαβῶν χερῶν· εἰ μὴ γὰρ οἶδα νήμερον γενήσεταιι, οὐκ ἔστιν ἐλπίς τοῖς ξένοις σωτηρίας. πόντου δ᾽ ἀνάκτωρ Ἰλιὸν τ᾽ ἐπισκοπεῖ, σεμνὸς Ποσειδών, Πελοπίδαις δ᾽ ἐναντίοις. καὶ νῦν παρέξει τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνον σοὶ καὶ πολλάς, ὡς ἕοικεν, ἐν χερῶι λαβεῖν, ἀδελφὴν θ᾽, ἣ φόνον τὸν Ἀὐλίδι ἀμυημόνευν θεὰ προδοῦσ᾽ ἀλῆσκεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1420 οὐ τλῆμον Ἰφιγένεια, συγγόνον μέτα θανεῖ πάλιν μολοῦσα δεσποτῶν χέρας.

ΘΟΑΣ

ω δὲ πάντες ἀστοῖ τῆς ἔβαρπαρού χθονός, οὐ̑κ εἰα πῶλοις ἐμβαλόντες ἡμίας

1 Hermann: for MSS. πάλιν πρυμήσοι'.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Stern-foremost thrusting her. With might and main
Fought they the waves, but towards the land again
The back-sweep drave the ship: then stood and prayed
Agamemnon's daughter, "Leto's Child, O Maid,
Save me, thy priestess! Bring me unto Greece
From alien land; forgive my theft of thee!"
Thy brother, Goddess, dost thou also love:
O then believe that I too love my kin!"
The mariners' pæan to the maiden's prayer
Answered, the while with shoulders bare they strained
The oar-blade deftly to the timing-cry.
Nearer the rocks—yet nearer—came the bark.
Then of us some rushed wading through the sea,
And some held nooses ready for the cast.
And straightway hitherward I sped to thee,
To tell to thee, O King, what there befell.
On then! Take with thee chain and cord in hand.
For, if the sea-swell sink not into calm,
Hope of deliverance have the strangers none.
The sea's Lord, dread Poseidon, graciously
Looketh on Ilium, wroth with Pelops' line,
And now shall give up Agamemnon's son
To thine hands and thy people's, as is meet,
With her who, traitress to the Goddess proved,
That sacrifice in Aulis hath forgot.

CHORUS
Woe is thee, Iphigeneia! With thy brother
Caught in the tyrant's grasp shalt thou be slain!

THOAS
What ho! ye citizens of this my land,
Up, bridle ye your steeds!—along the shore
ΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

παράκτιοι δραμείσθε, κάρφολας νεώς Ἐλληνίδος δέξεσθε, σὺν δὲ τῇ θεῷ σπεύδοντες ἀνδρὰς δυσσεβεῖς θηράστετε· οἱ δ' ὄκυπτόμπους ἐξετεί εἰς πόντον πλάτας, ὡς εἰκ θαλάσσης ἕκ τε γῆς ἵππεύμασι λαβόντες αὐτούς ἢ κατὰ στύφλου πέτρας ἰέσωμεν, ἢ σκόλοψι πτήσωμεν δέμας. ὕμας δὲ τὰς τόνῳ ἰστορὰς βουλευμάτων γυναικᾶς αὐθίς, ἳναί' ἀν σχολὴν λάβω, ποινασώμεσθα· νῦν δὲ τὴν προκειμένην σπουδὴν ἔχοντες οὐ μενοῦμεν ἤσυχοι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ποι ποι διώγμων τόνδε πορθμεύεις, ἀναξ Θόας; ἀκουσον τῆς δ' Ἀθηναίας λόγους. παύσαί διώκων ρεύμα τ' ἔξορμων στρατού· πεπρωμένοι γὰρ θεσφάτοις Δοξίου δεύρ' ἠλθ' Ὀρέστης, τὸν τ' Ἐρυμών χόλον φεύγον ἀδελφῆς τ' Ἀρχος εἰστεμψών δέμας ἄγαλμα θ' ἱερὸν εἰς ἐμὴν ἄξων χθόνα, τῶν νῦν παρόντων πτημάτων ἀναψυχᾶς. πρὸς μὲν σ' ὅδ' ἠμῖν μῦθος· δὲν δ' ἀποκτενεῖν δοκεῖς Ὀρέστην ποινὰ χαβῶν σάλῳ, ἡδη Ποσειδῶν χάριν ἐμὴν ἀκύμωνα πόντου τίθησι νῦτα πορθμεύων πλάτη.

μαθῶν δ', Ὀρέστα, τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπιστολὰς, κλύεις γὰρ αὐθὴν καίπερ οὐ παρῶν θεᾶς, χώρει λαβῶν ἄγαλμα σύγγινον τε σήν. ὅταν δ' Ἀθηναὶ τὰς θεοδήμους μόλης, χώρος τις ἐστὶν Ἀθηνῶν πρὸς ἐσχάτοις ὁροὺς, γείτων δειράδους Καρυστίας, ἱερὸς, Ἀλάς νυν οὐμός ὀνομαζεῖ λεώς· ἐνταῦθα τεῦξας ναὸν ἱδρυσαι βρέτας,
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Gallop! The stranding of the Hellene ship
Await ye there, and, with the Goddess' help,
Make speed to hunt yon impious caitiffs down.
And ye, go hale my swift keels to the wave,
That, both by sea and coursing steeds on land,
These we may take, and down the rugged crag
May hurl them, or on stakes impale alive.
You women, who were privy to this plot,
Hereafter, when my leisure serveth me,
Will I yet punish. Having now in hand
The instant need, I will not idly wait.

ATHENA appears in mid-air above the stage.

ATHENA

Whither, now whither, speedest thou this chase,
King Thoas? Hear my words—Athena's words,
Cease from pursuit, from pouring forth thine host;
For, foreordained by Loxias' oracles,
Orestes came, to escape the Erinyes' wrath,
And lead his sister unto Argos home,
And bear the sacred image to my land,
So to win respite from his present woes.
This is my word to thee: Orestes, whom
Thou think'st to take in mid-sea surge, and slay—
Even now for my sake doth Poseidon lull
To calm the breakers, speeding on his bark.
And thou, Orestes, to mine hests give heed—
For, though afar, thou hear'st the voice divine:—
Taking the image and thy sister, go;
And when thou com'st to Athens' god-built towers,
A place there is upon the utmost bounds
Of Attica, hard by Karystus' ridge,
A holy place, named Halae of my folk.
Build there a shrine, and set that image up,
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ἐπώνυμον γῆς Ταυρικῆς πόλεως τε σῶν, οὐς ἐξεμόχθεις περιπολοῦν καθ’ Ἑλλάδα οἰστρούς Ἐρυνύων. Ἀρτεμιν δὲ νῦν βροτοῖ τὸ λοιπὸν ὑμνήσουσα Ταυροπόλον θεάν. νόμων τε θέσαν τόνδ’ ὅταν ἐορτάζῃ λεώς. τῆς σὴς σφαγῆς ἀπὸν ἐπισχέτω σέφος δέρη πρὸς ἄνδρος αἴμα τ’ ἐξαινέτω, ὅσιας ἔκατι, θεὰ θ’ ὅπως τιμᾶς ἔχῃ. σὲ δ’ ἀμφὶ σεμνᾶς, Ἰφιγένεια, κλῆμακας Βραυρωνίας δεῖ τηδέ κληδονχεῖν θεᾶ. οὐ καὶ τεθάνει καθανοῦσα, καὶ πέπλων ἀγαλμά σοι θήσουσιν εὐπήνους υφᾶς, ἃς ἂν γυναίκες ἐν τόκως ψυχορραγεῖς λεύτωσεν ἐν οἴκοις. τάσδε δ’ ἐκπέμπειν χθονὸς Ἐλληνίδας γυναίκας ἐξεφείμαι γυνώμης ὕκαλας εἶνεκ’. ἐξέσωσα δὲ καὶ πρίν σ’ Ἀρείους ἐν πάγοις ψήφους ἱσας κρίνασ’, Ὀρέστα: καὶ νόμισμ’ ἔσται τόδε, νικάν ἰσήμερας ὄστις ἂν ψήφους λάβη. ἀλλ’ ἐκκομίζου σὴν κασημνήτην χθονός, Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ: καὶ σὴ μὴ θυμοῦ, Θόας.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἀνασά’ Ἄθάνα, τοῖς τῶν θεῶν λόγοις ὀστίς κλύνων ἀπιστος, οὐκ ὅρθως φρονεί. ἐγὼ δ’ Ὀρέστη τ’, εἰ φέρων βρέτας θεᾶς βέβηκ’, ἀδελφὴ τ’ οὐχὶ θυμοῦμαι: τί γὰρ πρὸς τοὺς σθενοῦς θεοὺς ἀμιλλᾶσθαι καλῶν; ἅτωσαν εἰς σὴν σὺν θεᾶς ἀγάλματι γαῖαν, καθιδρύσασιν τ’ εὐτυχῶς βρέτας. πέμψω δὲ καὶ τάσδ’ Ἑλλάδ’ εἰς εὐδαιμονα γυναίκας, ὦσπερ σὸν κέλευσμ’ ἐφείται. παῦσῳ δὲ λόγχην ἢν ἐπαίρομαι ξένους νεών τ’ ἔμετρα, σοὶ τάδ’ ὡς δοκεί, θεά.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Named from the Taurian land and from thy toils,
The travail of thy wandering through Greece
Erinyes-goaded. Men through days to come
Shall chant her—Artemis the Taurian Queen.
This law ordain: when folk keep festival,
In quittance for thy slaughter one must hold
To a man's throat the sword, and spill the blood
For hallowing and the Goddess' honour's sake.

Thou, Iphigeneia, by the holy stairs
Of Brauron must this Goddess' warden be.
There shalt thou die, and be entombed, and webs,
Of all fair vesture shall they offer thee
Which wives who perish in their travail-tide
Leave in their homes.

I charge thee, King, to send
Homeward these maids of Hellas from thy land
For their true hearts' sake. I delivered thee
Erstwhile, Orestes, balancing the votes
On Ares' mount; and this shall be a law—
The equal tale of votes acquits the accused.
Now from this land thy sister bear o'ersea,
Agamemnon's son: Thoas, be wroth no more.

THOAS

Athena, Queen, who hears the words of Gods,
And disobeyeth them, is sense-bereft.
Lo, I against Orestes and his sister
Chafe not, that he hath borne the image hence.
What boots it to defy the mighty Gods?
Let them with Artemis' statue to thy land
Depart, and with fair fortune set it up.
I unto happy Greece will send withal
These maids, according as thine hest enjoins;
Will stay the spear against the strangers raised,
And the ships, Goddess, since it is thy will.
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

αἶνω· τὸ γὰρ χρεῶν σοῦ τε καὶ θεῶν κρατεῖ.

ἐτ’, ὦ πνοαί, ναυσθλούσθε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος

παῖδ’ εἰς Ἀθήνας· συμπορεύσομαι δ’ ἐγώ,

σῴζουσ’ ἀδελφής τῆς ἐμῆς σεμνὸν βρέτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐτ’ ἐπ’ εὐτυχία τῆς σφιξομένης

μοίρας εὐδαίμονες ὁντες.

ἀλλ’, ὦ σεμνή παρά τ’ ἀθανάτους

καὶ παρὰ θυητοῖς, Πάλλας Ἀθάνα,

δράσομεν σὺτος ὃς σὺ κελεύεις.

μάλα γὰρ τερπνὴν κἀνελπιστὸν

φήμην ἀκοαῖσι δέδεγμαι.

ὦ μέγα σεμνῇ Νίκη, τὸν ἐμὸν

βίοτον κατέχοις

καὶ μὴ λήγοις στεφανοῦσα.
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ATHENA
'Tis well: for thee, for Gods, is Fate too strong.
Forth, breezes! Waft ye Agamemnon's son
To Athens: even I will voyage with him,
Keeping my sister's holy image safe.

CHORUS
Speed with fair fortune, in bliss speed on
For the doom reversed, for the life re-won.
Pallas Athena, Queen adored
Of mortals on earth, of Immortals in heaven,
We will do according to this thy word:
For above all height to which hope hath soared
Is the glad, glad sound to our ears that is given.

Hail, reverèd Victory:
Rest upon my life; and me
Crown, and crown eternally.

[Exeunt omnes.]
ANDROMACHE
ARGUMENT

When Troy was taken by the Greeks, Andromache, wife of that Hector whom Achilles slew ere himself was slain by the arrow which Apollo guided, was given in the dividing of the spoils to Neoptolemus, Achilles' son. So he took her oversea to the land of Thessaly, and loved her, and entreated her kindly, and she bare him a son in her captivity. But after ten years Neoptolemus took to wife a princess of Sparta, Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen. But to these was no child born, and the soul of Hermione grew bitter with jealousy against Andromache. Now Neoptolemus, in his indignation for his father's death, had upbraided Apollo therewith: wherefore he now journeyed to Delphi, vainly hoping by prayer and sacrifice to assuage the wrath of the God. But so soon as he was gone, Hermione sought to avenge herself on Andromache; and Menelaus came thither also, and these twain went about to slay the captive and her child. Wherefore Andromache hid her son, and took sanctuary at the altar of the Goddess Thetis, expecting till Peleus, her lord's grandsire, should come to save her. And herein are set forth her sore peril and deliverance: also it is told how Neoptolemus found death at Delphi, and how he that contrived his death took his wife.

1 See Odyssey iv. 3-9.
TA TOY DRAMATOS PROΣΩPA

ANDROMACH
ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΘΕΤΙΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANDROMACHE.

Handmaid, a Trojan captive.

HERMIONE, daughter of Menelaus, wife of Neoptolemus.

MENELAUS, king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon.

MOLOSSUS, son of Neoptolemus and Andromache.

PELEUS, father of Achilles.

Nurse of Hermione.

ORESTES, son of Agamemnon.

MESSENGER.

THETIS, a Sea-goddess, wife of Peleus.

CHORUS of maidens of Pthia in Thessaly.

Attendants of Menelaus, Peleus, and Orestes.

Scene: At the temple of Thetis, beside the palace of Neoptolemus, in Pthia of Thessaly.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
'Ασιάτιδος γῆς σχῆμα, Θηβαία πόλις,
όθεν ποθ' έδων συν πολυχρώσις χλιδή
Πριάμου τύραννον έστίαν άφικόμην
δάμαρ δοθείσα παιδοποίος "Εκτορι,
ζηλωτός έν γε τῷ πρίν 'Ανδρομάχη χρόνῳ,
νῦν δ' εξ τις άλλη δυστυχεστάτη γυνή
[έμοι πέφυκεν ἣ γενήσεται ποτὲ·]
ήτις πόσιν μὲν "Εκτορ' ἐξ 'Αχιλλέως
θανόντι' ἐσείδον, παῖδα θ' ὑμνίον
ριφθέντα πύργων 'Αστυνάκτ' ἀπ' ὄρθιον,
ἐπει τὸ Τροίας εἶλον "Ελλήνες πέδουν
αὐτὴ δὲ δούλη τῶν ἐλευθερωτάτων
οἶκον νομιμοθείω "Ελλάδ' εἰσαφικόμην
τῷ νησιώτῃ Νεοπτολέμῳ δορᾶς γέρας
doθείσα λείας Τρωικής ἐξαίρετον.
Φθίας δὲ τῆς καὶ πόλεως Φαρσαλίας
σύγχορτα ναίω πεδί', ἵν' ἣ θαλασσία
Πηλεί ξυνάχθης χωρὶς ἀνθρώπων Θέτις
φεύγουσ' ὀμίλον Θεσσαλὸν δὲ νῦν λεώς
Θετίδεων αὐτὰ θεάς χάριν νυμφευμάτων.
ἐνθ' οἶκον ἐσχε τόνδε παῖς 'Αχιλλέως,
Πηλεὰ δ' ἀνάσσειν γῆς ἔὰς Φαρσαλίας,
ζώντος γέροντος σκήπτρου οὐ θέλων λαβεῖν.
ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE sitting on the steps of the altar of Thetis.

ANDROMACHE

Beauty of Asian land, O town of Thebes,
Whence, decked with gold of costly bride-array,
To Priam's royal hearth long since I came
Espoused to Hector for his true-wed wife,—
I, envied in time past, Andromache,
But now above all others most unblest
Of women that have been or shall be ever;
Who saw mine husband Hector by Achilles
Slain, saw my Astyanax, the child I bare
Unto my lord, down from a high tower hurled,
That day the Hellenes won the plain of Troy.
Myself a slave, accounted erst the child
Of a free house, none freer, came to Hellas,
Spear-guerdon chosen out for the island-prince,
Neoptolemus, from Troy's spoil given to him.
Here on the marches 'twixt Pharsalia's town
And Phthia's plains I dwell, where that Sea-
queen,
Thetis, with Peleus lived aloof from men,
Shunning the throng: wherefore Thessalians call it,
By reason of her bridal, "Thetis' Close."

Here made Achilles' son his dwelling-place,
And leaveth Peleus still Pharsalia's king,
Loth, while the ancient lives, to take his sceptre.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καγώ δόμους τοισδ' ἀρσεν' ἐντίκτω κόρον,
πλαθεῖσ' Ἀχιλλέως παιδί, δεσπότη γ' ἐμφ.
καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἐν κακοίσι κειμένην ὁμος
ἐλπίς μ' ἀεὶ προσήγη ωθέντος τέκνου
ἀλκήν τιν' εὐρεῖν κάπτικούρησιν κακῶν
ἐπεὶ δὲ τὴν Δάκαιναν Ἐρμίδον γαμεὶ
tούμον παρώσας δεσπότης δοῦλον λέχος,
κακοὶς πρὸς αὐτής σχετλίους ἐλαύνομαι.
λέγει γὰρ ὡς νῦν φαρμάκοις κεκρυμμένοις
τίθημ' ἀπαίδα καὶ πόσει μισομένην,
αὐτή δὲ ναίειν ὀίκον ἀντ' αὐτὴς θέλω
τόνδ', εκβαλοῦσα λέκτρα τάκεινης βίας.
ἀγώ τὸ πρῶτον ὁν' ἐκοῦσα' ἐδεξάμην,
νῦν δὲ ἐκλέλοπτα. Ἑκεῖς τάδ' εἰδεῖν μέγας
ὡς ὁν' ἐκοῦσα τῷ δ' ἐκοινώθην λέχει.
ἀλλ' οὔ σφε πείθω, βούλεται δὲ με κτανεῖν,
pатήρ τε θυγατρὶ Μενέλεως συνδρᾶ τάδε.
καὶ νῦν κατ' οίκους ἔστ', ἀπὸ Σπάρτης μολῶν
ἐπ' αὐτὸ τούτο: δειματουμένη δ' ἐγὼ
dόμων πάροικον Θέτιδος εἰς ἀνάκτορον
θάσσω τόδ' ἐλθοῦσ', ἤν με κωλύῃ θανεῖν.
Πηλεὺς τε γὰρ νυν ἐκγονοῖ τε Πηλέως
σέβομαι, ἐρμήνευμα Νηρήδος γάμων.
δι' δ' ἐστὶ παῖς μοι μόνος, ὑπεκέπτεπτω λάθρᾳ
ἀλλος ἐς οίκους, μηθ' ἄθυμη φοβομήνη.
ὁ γὰρ φυτεύοσας αὐτὴν οὔτ' ἐμοί πάρα
προσωφελῆσαι, παιδί τ' οὐδέν ἐστ', ἀπὸν
Δελφῶν κατ' αἶαν, ἐνθα Δοξία δίκην
dίδωσι μανίας, ἥ ποτ' ἐς Πυθὼ μολὼν
ἐγείρει Φοῖβον πατρός οὐ κτεῖνε δίκην,
eἰ πῶς τὰ πρόσθε σφάλματ' ἐξαιτούμενος
θεόν παράσχοιτ' εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν εὐμενή.
ANDROMACHE

And I have borne a manchild in these halls
Unto Achilles' son, my body's lord;
And, sunk albeit in misery heretofore,
Was aye lured on by hope, in my son's life
To find some help, some shield from all mine ills.
But since my lord hath wed Hermione
The Spartan, thrusting my thrall's couch aside,
With cruel wrongs she persecuteth me,
Saying that I by secret charms make her
A barren stock, and hated of her lord,
Would in her stead be lady of this house,
Casting her out, the lawful wife, by force.

Ah me! with little joy I won that place,
And now have yielded up: great Zeus be witness
That not of mine own will I shared this couch.
Yet will she not believe, but seeks to slay me;
And her sire Menelaus helpeth her
He hath come from Sparta, now is he within
For this same end, and I in fear have fled
To Thetis' shrine anigh unto this house,
And crouch here, so to be redeemed from death.
For Peleus and his seed revere this place,
This witness to the bridal of Nereus' child.
But him, mine only son, by stealth I send
To another's home, in dread lest he be slain.

For now his father is not nigh to aid,
Nor helps his son, being gone unto the land
Of Delphi, to atone to Loxias
For that mad hour when he to Pytho went
And for his slain sire claimed redress of Phoebus,
If haply prayer for those transgressions past
Might win the God's grace for the days to be.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

dέσποιν', ἐγὼ τοι τούνομ' οὐ φεύγω τόδε καλεῖν σ', ἐπείπερ καὶ κατ' οἶκον ἥξιον τὸν σόν, τὸ Τροίας ἦμικ' φόκουμεν πέδουν, εὔνους δὲ καὶ σοι ἧτοι τ' ἥ τῷ σῷ πόσει καὶ νῦν φέρουσα σοι νέους ἦκω λόγους, φόβῳ μὲν, εἴ τις δεσποτῶν αἰσθήσεται, οἴκτω δὲ τῷ σῷ· δεινὰ γὰρ βουλεύεται Μενέλαος εἰς σὲ πάις θ', ἀ σοι φυλακτέα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὁ φιλτάτη σύνδουλε, σύνδουλος γὰρ εἰ τῷ πρόσθ' ἀνάσσῃ τῇδε, νῦν δὲ δυστυχεῖ, τί δρῶσι; ποίας μηχανὰς πλέκουσιν αὖ, κτεῖναι θέλοντες τὴν παναθλίαν ἐμὲ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

tὸν παιδὰ σοι μέλλουσιν, ὦ δύστηνε σὺ, κτείνειν δὲν ἔξω δωμάτων ὑπεξέθου.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι· πέπυσται τὸν ἐμὸν ἐκθετον γόνον; πόθεν ποτ'; ὦ δύστηνος, ὡς ἀπωλόμην.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

οὐκ οἶδ', ἐκεῖνων ὦ ἰσθόμην ἔγω τάδε· φροῦδος δ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν Μενέλαους δόμων ἀπο.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἄπωλόμην ἄρ'· ὦ τέκνου, κτενοῦσί σε δισσοὶ λαβόντες γύπτες. ὦ δὲ κεκλημένος πατήρ ἐτ' ἐν Δελφοῖσι τυγχάνει μένων.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

dοκὼ γὰρ οὖκ ἂν ὄδε σ' ἂν πράσσειν κακῶς κεῖνον παρόντος· νῦν δ' ἔρημος εἰ φίλων.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὔδ' ἀμφὶ Πηλέως ἤλθεν, ὥς ἥξοι, φάτις;
ANDROMACHE

Enter HANDMAID.  

HANDMAID
Queen,—for I shun not by this name to call
Thee, which I knew thy right in that old home,
Thine home what time in Troyland we abode,—
I love thee, as I loved thy living lord,
And now with evil tidings come to thee,
In dread lest any of our masters hear,
And ruth for thee; for fearful plots are laid
Of Menelaus and his child: beware!

ANDROMACHE
Dear fellow-thrall,—for fellow-thrall thou art
To her that once was queen, is now unblest,—
What do they?—what new web of guile weave they
Who fain would slay the utter-wretched, me?

HANDMAID
Thy son, O hapless, are they set to slay
Whom forth the halls thou tookest privily.

ANDROMACHE
Woe!—hath she learnt the hiding of my child?
How?—O unhappy, how am I undone!

HANDMAID
I know not: but themselves I heard say this.
Yea, seeking him Menelaus hath gone forth.

ANDROMACHE
Undone!—undone!—O child, these vultures twain
Will clutch thee and will slay! He that is named
Thy father, yet in Delphi lingereth.

HANDMAID
I ween thou shouldst not fare so evilly
If he were here: but friendless art thou now.

ANDROMACHE
Of Peleus' coming is there not a word?
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

80

γέρων εκεῖνος ὡστε σ’ ὀφελεῖν παρών.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καὶ μὴν ἔπεμψ’ ἐπ’ αὐτὸν οὐχ ἅπαξ μόνον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

μῶν οὖν δοκεῖς σου φροντίσαι τιν’ ἄγγέλων;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόθεν; θέλεις οὖν ἄγγελος σύ μοι μολεῖν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

τί δήτα φήσω χρόνιος οوذ’ ἐκ δωμάτων;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πολλὰς ἀν εὑροισ μηχανάς γυνὴ γὰρ εἰ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

κίνδυνος: Ἐρμόνη γὰρ οὐ σμικρὸν φύλαξ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὁρᾶς; ἀπαυδᾶς ἐν κακοῖς φίλοισι σοῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

οὐ δήτα: μηδὲν τοῦτ’ ἀνείδίσεις ἐμοί.

90

ἀλλ’ εἰμ’, ἔπει τοι κοῦ περὶβλεπτος βίος
dούλης γυναικὸς, ἥν τι καὶ πάθω κακόν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

χώρει νῦν ἡμεῖς δ’, ὁσπέρ ἐγκείμεσθ’ ἂεὶ

θρήνοισι καὶ γόοισι καὶ δακρύμασι,

πρὸς αἰθέρ’ ἐκτενοῦμεν ἐμπέφυκε γὰρ
gυναῖκι τέρψις τῶν παρεστῶτων κακῶν

ἀνά στομὶ ἂεὶ καὶ διὰ γλώσσης ἔχειν.

πάρεστι δ’ οὖν ἐν ἀλλὰ πολλὰ μοι στένειν,

πόλιν πατρών τῶν θανόντα θ’ Ἕκτορα

στερρόν τε τῶν ἐμὸν δαίμον’ ὑπ’ συνεξύγην

dούλειον ἡμαρ εἰσπεσοῦσ’ ἀναξίως.

χρὴ δ’ οὐποτ’ εἰπεῖν οὐδέν ὀλβίον βρωτῶν,

422
ANDROMACHE

HANDMAID
Too old is he to help thee, were he here. 80

ANDROMACHE
Yet did I send for him not once nor twice.

HANDMAID
Dost think the palace-messengers heed thee?

ANDROMACHE
How should they?—Wilt thou be my messenger?

HANDMAID
But how excuse long absence from the halls?

ANDROMACHE
Thou shalt find many pleas—a woman thou.

HANDMAID
'Twere peril: keen watch keeps Hermione.

ANDROMACHE
Lo there!—thy friends in woe dost thou renounce.

HANDMAID
No—no! Cast thou no such reproach on me!
Lo, I will go. What matter is the life
Of a bondwoman, though I light on death? 90

ANDROMACHE
Go then: and I to heaven will lengthen out
My lamentations and my moans and tears,
Wherein I am everwhelmed. [Exit HANDMAID.

'Tis in the heart
Of woman with a mournful pleasure aye
To bear on lip and tongue her present ills.
Not one have I, but many an one to moan—
The city of my fathers, Hector slain,
The ruthless lot whereunto I am yoked,
Who fell on thralldom's day unmerited.
Never mayst thou call any mortal blest,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρὶν ἄν θανόντος τὴν τελευταίαν ἴδης
ὅπως περάσας ἥμέραν ἥξει κάτω.

'Ιλίῳ αἰπτεινά Πάρις οὗ γάμον ἀλλὰ τιν’ ἄταν
ηγάγετ' εὐναίαν εἰς θαλάμους 'Ελέναν.
ἀς ἐκε', ὦ Τροία, δορὶ καὶ πυρὶ δημιᾶλωτον
εἶλε σ’ ὁ χιλιόναες 'Ελλάδος ἀκός 'Αρης
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μελέας πόσιν "Εκτορά, τὸν περὶ
teίχη
εἶλκυσε διφρεύων παῖς ἀλλὰς Θέτιδος·
αὐτὰ δ’ ἐκ θαλάμων ἁγόμαν ἐπὶ θίνα θαλ-
άσσας,

110 δουλοσύναν στυγερὰν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα κάρα.
pολλὰ δὲ δάκρυνα μοι κατέβα χροός, ἀνίκ’ ἐλειπον
ἀστυ τε καὶ θαλάμους καὶ πόσιν ἐν κοινίας.
ὁμοί ἐγὼ μελέα, τί μ’ ἐχρῆν ἐτί φέγγος ὀράσθαι .
'Ερμίονας δουλαν; ἃς ὑπὸ τειρομένα
πρὸς τὸδ’ ἀγαλμα θεᾶς ἰκέτις περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα
τάκομαι ὡς πετρίνα πιδακόσσα λυβάς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ στρ. α'
ὡ γύναι, ἃ Θέτιδος δάπεδον καὶ ἀνάκτορα θάσσεις
διαρὸν οὐδὲ λείπεις,
Φθιᾶς ὅμως ἔμολον ποτὶ σὰν Ἀσιήτιδα γένναν,

120 εἰ τί σοι δυναίμαν
ἀκός τῶν δυσλύτων πόνων τεμεῖν,
oὶ σὲ καὶ 'Ερμίοναν ἔριδι στυγερὰ συνέκλησαν,
tlάμουν’ ἀμφί λέκτρων.

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ANDROMACHE

Or ever thou hast seen his dying day,
Seen how he passed therethrough and came on death.

No bride was the Helen with whom unto steep-built
Ilium hasted [espousal he passed.
Paris;—nay, bringing a Curse to his bowers of
O Troy, for her sake, by the thousand galleys of
Hellas wasted, [battle-spirit thou wast,
With fire and with sword destroyed by her fierce
Thou and Hector my lord, whom the scion of Thetis
the Sea-king's daughter— [of Ilium dead;
O for mine anguish!—dragged round the ramparts
And myself from my bowers was hailed to the strand
of the exile-water, [head.

Casting the sore-loathed veil of captivity over mine
Ah but my tears were down-streaming in flood when
the galley swift-racing [my lord in the tomb.
Bore me afar from my town, from my bowers, from
Woe for mine anguish!—what boots it on light any
more to be gazing, [and hunted of whom
Who am yonder Hermione's thrall?—ever harried
Suppliant I cling to the Goddess's feet that mine
hands are embracing, [rock-riven gloom.

Wasting in tears as a spring welling forth from the
Enter chorus of Phthian Maidens.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Lady, who, suppliant crouched on the pavement of
Thetis' shrine,
Clingest long to thy sanctuary, [line,
I daughter of Phthia, yet come unto thee of an Asian
If I haply may find for thee
Some healing or help for the tangle of desperate
trouble [Hermione twine,
Whose meshes of bitterest feud around thee and
For that, O thou afflicted one,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

didύμων ἐπίκοινον ἔσοῦσαν
†άμφι παῖδ᾿ Αχιλλέως.

ἀντ. α`

γυώθι τύχαν, λόγισαι τὸ παρὸν κακὸν εἰς ὅπερ
ηκεις.

dεσποταῖς ἀμιλλᾶ
Ἰλιάς οὖσα κόρα Δακεδαίμονος ἐγγενέταισιν;
λείπε δεξίμηλον

130
dὸμον τὰς ποντίας θεοῦ. τί σοι
καιρὸς ἀτυχομένα δέμας αἰκέλιον καταλείβειν
dεσποτῶν ἀνάγκαις;
τὸ κρατοῦν δὲ σ᾿ ἐπείσι. τί μόχθον
οὐδὲν οὖσα μοχθεῖς;

στρ. β`

ἀλλ᾿ ἢθι λείπε θεᾶς Νηρηίδος ἀγλαὸν ἔδραν,
γυώθι δ᾿ οὖσ᾿ ἐπὶ ξένας
dμωὶς ἐπ᾿ ἀλλοτρίας
πόλεος, ἐνθ᾿ οὐ φίλων τιν᾿ εἰσορᾶς
σῶν, ὁ δυστυχεστάτα,.

140
pαντάλαίνα νύμφα.

ἀντ. β`
oἰκτροτάτα γὰρ ἐμοιγ᾿ ἐμολεῖς, γύναι Ἰλιάς, οἰκους
dεσποτῶν ἐμῶν φόβῳ δ᾿
ἥσυχίαν ἄγομεν,
τὸ δὲ σὸν οἰκτῷ φέρουσα τυγχάνω,
μὴ παῖς τᾶς Διὸς κόρας
σοὶ μ᾿ εὐ φρονοῦσαν ὕδη.

426
ANDROMACHE

Ye twain are unequally yoked in the bride-bands double
That compass Achilles' son.

(ant. 1)

Look on thy lot, take account of the ills whereinto thou art come.
Thy lady's rival art thou,—
An Ilian to rival a child of a lordly Laconian home!
Forsake thou the temple now
Wherein sheep to the Sea-queen are burned. What boots it with wailing
[sion's doom
And tears to consume thy beauty, aghast at oppress-
Upon thee by thy lords' hands brought?
The might of the strong overbeareth thee: all unavailing
Is thy struggling—lo, thou art naught.

(str. 2)

Nay, leave thou the holy place of the Lady of Nereus' race:

Discern how thou needs must abide
In a land of strangers, an alien city
Where thou seest no friend, neither any to pity,
O thou who art whelmed in calamity's tide,
Unhappiest bride!

(ant. 2)

I pitied thee, Ilian dame, when thy feet unto these halls came;
But I feared, for my lords be stern,
That I held my peace: but thy lot ill-fated
In silence aye I compassionated,
Lest the child of the daughter of Zeus should
O'er thy woes how I yearn.

1 Hermione, daughter of Helen.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

cόσμουν μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ χρυσέας χλιδῆς
στολμὸν τε χρωτὸς τὸνδε ποικίλων πέπλων,
οὐ τῶν Ἀχιλλέως οὐδὲ Πηλέως ἀπο

dόμων ἀπαρχᾶς δεύρ’ ἔχουσι’ ἀφικόμην,
ἀλλ’ ἐκ Δακάνης Σαπαρτιάτιδος χθονὸς
Μενέλαος ἦμίν ταῦτα δωρεῖται πατήρ
πολλοῖς σὺν ἔδονος, ὥστ’ ἐλευθεροστομεῖν.

υμᾶς μὲν οὖν τοῖσ'[ἄνταμεῖβομαι λόγοις
σὺ δ’ οὐδ’ δούλη καὶ δορίκτητος γυνὴ
δόμους κατασχεῖν ἐκβαλούσι’ ἦμᾶς θέλεις
τούσδε, στυγοῦμαι δ’ ἀνδρὶ φαρμάκοιοι σοίς,
νηδὺς δ’ ἀκύμων διὰ σὲ μοι διόλλυνται
δεινὴ γὰρ ἔπειρῆτις εἰς τὰ τοιάδε

ψυχὴ γυναικῶν’ ὅν ἔπισυχήσω σ’ ἐγὼ,
κούδεν σ’ ὄνησει δῶμα Νηρῆδος τόδε,
οὐ βωμὸς οὗδὲ ναὸς, ἀλλὰ καθανεῖ.

ἡν δ’ οὖν βρωτῶν τίς σ’ ἥθεν σῶσαι θέλη,
δεῖ σ’ ἀντὶ τῶν πρὶν ὀλβίων φρονημάτων
πτηξῆς ταπεινῆς προσπεσείν τ’ ἔμοι γόνυ,
σαίρειν τε δῶμα τοῦμον ἐκ χρυσηλάτων
τενγέων χερὶ σπείρονυσαν Ἀχελώον δρόσον,
γνώσαι θ’ ἢν εἰ γῆς. οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ’ Ἕκτωρ τάδε,
οὐ Πρίμαμος οὐδὲ χρυσός, ἀλλ’ Ἐλλ’ σῶλος.

εἰς τοῦτο δ’ ἤκεισ ἁμαθίας, δύστηνε σύ,
ἡ παιδὶ πατρὸς, δς σὸν ἄλεσεν πόσιν,
τοιμᾶς ξυνεύςει καὶ τέκν’ αὐθέντου πάρα
τίκτειν. τοιοῦτον πᾶν τὸ βάρβαρον γένος
πατήρ τε θυγατρὶ παῖς τε μητρὶ μὴνυται
κόρῃ τ’ ἀδελφῷ, διὰ φόνου δ’ οῖ φίλτατοι
χωροῦσι, καὶ τῶν’ οὐδὲν ἔξειργει νόμος.
ἀ μὴ παρ’ ἦμᾶς εἰσφέρ’ οὐδὲ γὰρ καλὸν
ANDROMACHE

Enter HERMIONE.

HERMIONE

With bravery of gold about mine head,
And on my form this pomp of broidered robes,
Hither I come:—no gifts be these I wear.
Or from Achilles' or from Peleus' house;
But from the Land Laconian Sparta-crowned
My father Menelaus with rich dower
Gave these, that so my tongue should not be curbed.
This is mine answer, maidens, unto you:
But thou, a woman-thrall, won by the spear,
Wouldst cast me out, and have this home thine own;
And through thy spells I am hated by my lord;
My womb is barren, ruined all of thee;
For cunning is the soul of Asia's daughters
For such deeds. Yet there from will I stay thee;
And this the Nereid's fane shall help thee nought,
Altar nor temple;—thou shalt die, shalt die!
Yea, though one stoop to save thee, man or God,
Yet must thou for thy haughty spirit of old
Crouch low abased, and grovel at my knee,
And sweep mine house, and sprinkle water dews
There from the golden ewers with thine hand,
And where thou art, know. Hector is not here,
Nor Priam, nor his gold: a Greek town this.
Yet to such folly hast thou come, thou wretch,
That with this son of him who slew thy lord
Thou dar'st to lie, and to the slayer bear
Sons! Suchlike is the whole barbaric race:—
Father with daughter, son with mother weds,
Sister with brother: kin the nearest wade
Through blood: their laws forbid no whit thereof.
Bring not such things midst us! We count it shame
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

δυοῖν γυναικοίν ἄνδρεῖν ἡγίας ἔχον, ἀλλ' εἰς μᾶν βλέποντες εὐναϊαν Κύπριον στέργοντειν, ὡστὶς μὴ κακῶς οἴκεοι θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπιφθονόν τι χρήμα θηλείας φρενὸς καὶ ξυγγάμοις δυσμενέσι μάλιστ' ἀεὶ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ φακόν γε θνητοῖς τὸ νέον ἐν τε τῷ νέῳ τὸ μη δίκαιον ὡστὶς ἀνθρώπων ἐχει. ἐγὼ δὲ ταρβῶ μὴ τὸ δουλεύειν μὲ σοι λόγων ἀπωσῇ πόλλ' ἔχουσαν ἔνδικα, ἢν δ' αὖ κρατήσω, μὴ π' τῷ δ' ὀφλῳ βλάβην οἴ γὰρ πυεόντες μεγάλα τοὺς κρείσσους λόγους πικρῶς φέροντι τῶν ἐλασσόνων ὑποτάσσω δ' ἐμαυτὴν οὖ προδοῦσ' ἀλώσομαι. εἰπ', ὦ νεάνι, τῷ σ' ἔχεγγυῳ λόγῳ πεισθείς' ἀπωθῶ γνησίων νυμφευμάτων; ὡς ἡ Δάκαια τῶν Φρυγῶν μείων πόλις, τύχη θ' ἱππεῖς, καμ' ἐλευθέραν ὅρας; ἢ τῷ νέῳ τε καὶ σφριγώντι σώματι πόλεως τε μεγέθει καὶ φίλους ἐπηρμένη οἰκον κατασχεῖν τὸν σὸν αὐτὶ σοῦ θέλω; πότερον ἵν' αὕτη παῖδας ἀντὶ σοῦ τέκω δουλους ἐμαυτὴ τ' ἀθλίαιν ἑφολκίδα; ἢ τοὺς ἐμοὺς τις παῖδας ἐξανέξεται Φθίας τυράννους ὄντας, ἢν σὺ μὴ τέκης; φιλοῦσι γάρ μ. Ἔλληνες Ἐκτορός τ' ἄπο; αὕτη τ' ἀμαυρὰ κοῦ τύραννος ἢ Φρυγῶν; οὐκ ἔχ' ἐμῶν σε φαρμάκων στυγεῖ πόσις, ἀλλ' εἰ ἐμείναι μὴ πιτηδεία κυρείς. φίλτρον δὲ καὶ τόδ' οὐ τὸ κάλλος, ὦ γύναι.
ANDROMACHE

That o'er two wives one man hold wedlock's reins;
But to one lawful love men turn their eyes,
Content—all such as look for peace in the home.

CHORUS

In woman's heart is jealousy inborn,
'Tis bitterest unto wedlock-rivals aye.

ANDROMACHE

Out upon thee!
A curse is youth to mortals, when with youth
A man hath not implanted righteousness!
I fear me lest with thee my thraldom bar
Defence, though many a righteous plea I have,
And even my victory turn unto mine hurt.
They that are arrogant brook not to be
In argument o'ermastered by the lowly:
Yet will I not abandon mine own cause.

Say, thou rash girl, in what assurance strong
Should I thrust thee from lawful wedlock-rights?
Is Sparta meaner than the Phrygians' burg?
Soareth my fortune?—dost thou see me free?
Or by my young and rounded loveliness,
My city's greatness, and my noble friends
Exalted, would I wrest from thee thine home?
Sooth, to bear sons myself instead of thee—
Slave-sons, a wretched drag upon my life!
Nay, though thou bear no children, who will brook

That sons of mine be lords of Phthia-land?
O yea, the Greeks love me—for Hector's sake!—
Myself obscure, nor ever a Phrygian queen!
Not of my philtres thy lord hateth thee,
But that thy nature is no mate for his.
This is the love charm—woman, 'tis not beauty
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

210 ἀλλ' ἀρεταὶ τέρποντι τοὺς ξυνεννέτας. σὺ δ' ἦν τι κυνοθῆς, ἡ Λάκαινα μὲν πόλις μέγ' ἔστι, τὴν δὲ Σκύρουν οὐδαμοῦ τίθης, πλουτεῖς δ' ἐν οὐ πλουτοῦσι, Μενέλαος δὲ σοί μείζων Ἀχιλλέως. ταῦτα τοῖς σ' ἔχθει πόσις. χρὴ γὰρ γυναῖκα, κἂν κακῷ πόσει δοθῇ, στέργειν, ἀμιλλάν τ' οὐκ ἔχειν φρονήματος. εἰ δ' ἀμφὶ Θρήκην χίοιν τὴν κατάρρυτον τύραννον ἔσχες ἄνδρ', ἵν' ἐν μέρει λέχος δίδωσι πολλαῖς εἰς ἄνηρ κοινούμενος, ἐκτεινας ἄν τάσο; εἰτ' ἀπληστιναν λέχους πάσας γυναῖξι προστιθεῖσ' ἄν ἡρέθης. 

220 αἰσχρὸν γε' καίτοι χείρον' ἀρσένων νόσου ταύτην νοσοῦμεν, ἀλλ` προοστημεν καλῶς. ὁ φίλταθ' Ἑκτόρ, ἀλλ` ἐγὼ τὴν σὴν χάριν σοι καὶ ξυνήρων, εἰ τί σε σφάλλοι Κύπρις, καὶ μαστὸν ἢδη πολλάκις νόθοις σοῖς ἐπέσχουν, ἵνα σοι μὴ δέν ἐνδοὶν πικρῶν. καὶ ταῦτα δρῶσα τὰρετῇ προσηγόμενα πόσων' σὺ δ' οὐδὲ βανίδ' υπαιθρίας δρόσου τῷ σῷ προσίζειν ἄνδρι δειμαίνουσο' ἔξι. μὴ τὴν τεκοῦσαν τῇ φιλανδρίᾳ, γύναι, ξήτει παρελθεὶν τῶν κακῶν γὰρ μητέρων φεύγειν τρόπους χρὴ τέκν', ὅσοις ἐνεστι νοῦς. 

230 ἥρως δέσποιν', ὅσον σοι ραδίως προσίσταται, τοσόνδε πείθοιν τῇδε συμβῆναι λόγοις. 

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

τί σεμνομυθεῖς κεῖς ἀγών' ἔρχητι λόγων, ὡς δὴ σὺ σώφρων, τάμα δ' οὐχὶ σώφρονα; 

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐκ οὖν ἐφ' οἷς γε νῦν καθέστηκας λόγοις.
ANDROMACHE

That witcheth bridegrooms, nay, but nobleness.
Let aught vex thee—O then a mighty thing
Is thy Laconian city, Scyros naught! 210
Thy wealth thou flauntest, settest above Achilles
Menelaus: therefore thy lord hateth thee.
A wife, though low-born be her lord, must yet
Content her, without wrangling arrogance.
But if in Thrace with snow-floods overstreamed
Thou hadst for lord a prince, where one man shares
The wedlock-right in turn with many wives,
Wouldst thou have slain these? Ay, and so be found
Branding all women with the slur of lust,
Which were our shame! True, more than men's,
our hearts 220
Sicken for love; yet honour curbs desire.
Ah, dear, dear Hector, I would take to my heart
Even thy leman, if Love tripped thy feet.
Yea, often to thy bastards would I hold
My breast, that I might give thee none offence.
So doing, I drew with cords of wifely love
My lord:—but thou for jealous fear forbiddest
Even gloaming's dews to drop upon thy lord!
Seek not to o'erpass in cravings of desire
Thy mother, lady. Daughters in whom dwells
Discretion, ought to flee vile mothers' paths.

CHORUS

Mistress, so far as lightly thou mayst do,
Deign to make truce with her from wordy strife.

HERMIONE

And speak'st thou loftily, and wranglest thou,
As thou wert continent, I of continence void?

ANDROMACHE

Void? Yea, if thou be judged by this thy claim.

VOL II.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ
ὁ νοῦς ὁ σὸς μοι μὴ ἕννοικοιη, γυναι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
νέα πέφυκας καὶ λέγεις αἰσχρῶν πέρι.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ
σὺ δ’ οὐ λέγεις γε, δρᾶς δὲ μ’ εἰς ὅσον δύνη.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
οὐκ αὖ σιωπῇ Κύπριδος ἀλγήσεις πέρι;
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ
τί δ’; οὔ γυναιξί ταῦτα πρῶτα πανταχοῦ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
καλὸς γε χρωμέναισιν εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ καλά.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ
οὐ βαρβάρων νόμοισιν οἰκοῦμεν πόλιν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
κάκει τὰ γ’ αἰσχρὰ κανθάδ’ αἰσχύνῃν ἔχει.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ
σοφὴ σοφὴ σὺ κατθανεῖν δ’ ὠμος σε δεί.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
ὄρας ἄγαλμα Θέτιδος εἰς σ’ ἀποβλέπουν;
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ
μισοῦν γε πατρίδα σὴν Ἀχιλλέως φόνῳ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
Ἠλένη νυν ὥλεσ’, οὐκ ἐγώ, μήτηρ δὲ σή.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ
ἡ καὶ πρόσω γὰρ τῶν ἐμῶν ψαύσεις κακῶν;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
ἰδοὺ σιωπῶ καπιλάξυμαι στόμα.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ
ἐκεῖνο λέξω, οὐπερ εἶνεκ’ ἐστάλην.
ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE
Never in my breast thy discretion dwell!

ANDROMACHE
A young wife thou for such immodest words.

HERMIONE
Words? Thine are deeds, to the uttermost of thy power.

ANDROMACHE
Cannot thy hungry jealousy hold its peace? 240

HERMIONE
Why? Stands not this right first with women ever?

ANDROMACHE
In honour's limits. 'Tis dishonour else.

HERMIONE
We live not under laws barbaric here.

ANDROMACHE
There, even as here, shame waits on shameful things.

HERMIONE
Keen-witted! keen!—yet shalt thou surely die.

ANDROMACHE
Seest thou the eye of Thetis turned on thee?

HERMIONE
In hate of thy land for Achilles' blood.

ANDROMACHE
Helen slew him, not I; thy mother—thine!

HERMIONE
And wilt thou dare yet deeper prick mine hurt?

ANDROMACHE
Lo, I am silent and I curb my mouth. 250

HERMIONE
Confess thy sorceries! This I came to hear.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Λέγω σ’ ἐγὼ νοῦν οὐκ ἔχειν ὅσον σε δεῖ.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

λείψεις τὸδ’ ἀγνὸν τέμενος ἐναλίας θεοῦ;
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἰ μὴ θανοῦμαι γ’· εἰ δὲ μὴ, οὐ λείψω ποτέ.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

ὡς τοῦτ’ ἀραρε, κοῦ μενῶ πόσιν μολεῖν.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ ἐγὼ μὴν πρόσθεν ἐκδώσω μέ σοι.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

πῦρ σοι προσοίσω κοῦ τὸ σὸν προσκέψομαι,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σὺ δ’ οὐν κάταθε· θεοὶ γὰρ εἶσονται τάδε.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

καὶ χρωτὶ δεινῶν τραυμάτων ἀλγηδόνας.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σφάζ’, αἰματοῦ θεᾶς βωμόν, ἥ μέτεισι σε.
ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

ὁ βάρβαρον σὺ θρέμμα καὶ σκληρὸν θράσος,
ἐγκαρτερεῖς δὴ θάνατον; ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ σ’ ἔδρας
ἐξ τῆς δ’ ἐκούσαν ἐξαναστήσω τάχα·
τοιόνδ’ ἔχω σου δέλεαιρ. ἀλλὰ γὰρ λόγους
κρύψω, τὸ δ’ ἤργον οὐτὸ σημανεὶ τάχα.
κάθησ’ ἔδραία· καὶ γὰρ εἰ πέριξ σ’ ἔχει
τηκτὸς μολυβδός, ἐξαναστήσω σ’ ἐγὼ
πρὶν φ’ πέποιθας παῖδ’ Ἀχιλλέως μολεῖν.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πέποιθα. δεινὸν δ’ ἐρπετῶν μὲν ἀγρίων
ἀκη βροτοίσι θεῶν καταστήσαι τινα·
ἀ δ’ ἐστ’ ἐχίδνης καὶ πυρὸς περαιτέρω,
οὐδεὶς γυναικὸς φάρμακ’ ἔξηγήκε πτω
kakῆς· τοσοῦτον ἐσμεν ἀνθρώποις κακὸν.

280

270

436
ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE
I say thou hast less wit than thou dost need.

HERMIONE
Wilt leave this hallowed close of the Sea-goddess?

ANDROMACHE
If I shall not die: else I leave it never.

HERMIONE
'Tis fixed: I wait not till my lord return.

ANDROMACHE
Yet will I yield me not ere then to thee.

HERMIONE
Fire will I bring: thy plea will I not heed,—

ANDROMACHE
Kindle upon me!—this the Gods shall mark.

HERMIONE
And to thy flesh bring anguish of dread wounds.

ANDROMACHE
Hack, crimson her altar: she shall visit for it.

HERMIONE
Barbarian chattel! Stubborn impudence!
Dost thou brave death! Soon will I make thee rise
From this thy session, yea, of thine own will!
Such lure have I for thee:—yet will I hide
The word: the deed itself shall soon declare.
Ay, sit thou fast!—though clamps of molten lead
Encompassed thee, yet will I make thee rise,
Ere come Achilles' son, in whom thou trustest. [Exit.

ANDROMACHE
I do trust . . . . Strange that God hath given to men
Salves for the venom of all creeping pests,
But none hath ever yet devised a balm
For venomous woman, worse than fire or viper:
So dire a mischief unto men are we.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

η μεγάλων ἄχεων ἀρ' ὑπήρξεν, οτ' στρ. α
Ἰδαίαν ἐς νάταν
ἡλθ' ὁ Μαίας τε καὶ Δίως τόκος,
τρίτωλον ἀρμα δαιμόνων
ἀγὼν τὸ καλλιξυνές,
ἐριδι στυγερα κεκορυθμένον εὔμορφιας
σταθμοὺς ἐπὶ βοῦτα
βοτηρά τ' ἀμφὶ μονότροπον νεανίαν
ἐρημὸν θ' ἐστιούχον αὐλάν.

tαι δ' ἐπεὶ ὕλοκομον νάπος ἤλυθον, ἀντ. α
οὐρείαν πιδάκων
νῆσαν αἰγλαντα σώματα ῥοαῖς·
ἐβαν δὲ Πριαμίδαν ὑπερ-
βολαίς λόγους δυσφρόνον
παραβαλλόμεναι. δολίοις δ' ἐλε Κύπρις λόγοις,1
τερτυνὸς μὲν ἄκουσαί,
πικρὰν δὲ σύγχυσιν βίον Φρυγῶν πόλει
ταλαίνα περγάμοις τε Τροίας.

eἰθε δ' ὑπὲρ κεφάλαν ἐβαλεν κακὸν στρ. β'
ἀ τεκούσα νυν Πάριν,
πρὶν Ἰδαίον κατοικίαν λέπας,
ὅτε νυν παρὰ θεσπεσίῳ δάφνα
βόασε Κασάνδρα κτανεῖν,
μεγάλαι Πριάμου πόλεως λῶβαν.
τίν' οὐκ ἐπῆλθε, ποῦν οὐκ ἔλισσετο
δαμογερόντων βρέφοις φονεύειν;

οὗτ' ἀν ἐπ' Ἰλιάσι ζυγὸν ἠλυθε
δούλιον, σὺ τ' ἀν, γύναι,

1 Murray : for MSS. Κύπρις ἐλε λόγοις δολίοις.
ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

Herald of woes, to the glen deep-hiding (Str. 1)
In Ida came Zeus's and Maia's son;
As who reineth a triumph of white steeds, guiding
The Goddesses three, did the God pace on.
With frontlet of beauty, with trappings of doom,
For the strife to the steadings of herds did they come, 280
To the stripling shepherd in solitude biding,
And the hearth of the lodge in the forest lone.

(ANT. 1)
They have passed 'neath the leaves of the glen: from
the plashing
Of the mountain-spring radiant in rose-flush they
To the King's Son they wended, while to and fro
flushing
The gibes of their lips matched the scorn of their 290
But 'twas Kypris by promise of guile overcame—
Ah sweet to the ear, but for deathless shame
And confusion to Phrygia, when Troy's towers
crashing
Ruinward toppled, her bitter prize!

(Str. 2)
Oh had she dealt him, that mother which bore him,
A death-blow cleaving his head in twain,
When shrieked Kassandra her prophecy o'er him,—
Ere his eyry on Ida o'erlooked Troy's plain,—
By the sacred bay shrieked "Slay without pity
The curse and the ruin of Priam's city!"
Unto prince, unto elder, she came, to implore him
To slay it, the infant foredoomed their bane.

Then had he never been made an occasion (ANT. 2) 300
Of thraldom to Ilium's daughters: O queen,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τυράννων ἔσχες δὲν δόμων ἔδρας·
παρέλυσε δ' ἂν Ἑλλάδος ἀλγεινοῦς
μόχθους, οὐς ἀμφὶ Τροίαν
dεκέτεις ἀλάλητο νέοι λόγχαις·
λέχη τ' ἔρημ' ἄν οὐποτ' ἐξελεῖπτευ,
καὶ τεκέων ὅρφαιοι γέρουτες.

ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ

ἡκὼ λαβὼν σὸν παῖδ', ὅν εἰς ἄλλους δόμους
λάθρα θυγατρὸς τῆς ἔμης ὑπεξέθου.
σὲ μὲν γὰρ ἡμεῖς θεὰς βρέτας σώσειν τόδε,
tούτον δὲ τοὺς κρύψαντας· ἀλλ' ἐφημαίοις
ἡσον φρονούσα τοὔδε Μενέλεω, γύναι.
κεῖ μὴ τόδ' ἐκλιποῦσ' ἐρημώσεις πέδων,
ὅδ' ἀντὶ τοῦ σοῦ σώματος φαγήσεται.
ταῦτ' οὖν λογίζου, πότερα καθαμοίν θέλεις
ἡ τόνδ' ὀλέσθαι σής ἀμαρτίας ὑπερθ' ἂν εἰς ἐμ' εἰς τε παῖδ' ἐμὴν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὁ δόξα δόξα, μυρίοις δὴ βροτῶν
οὐδὲν γεγώσι βίοτον ἰγκωσας μέγαν.
εὐκλεία δ' οἷς μὲν ἐστ' ἀληθείας ὑπο,
eυδαιμονίων τοὺς δ' ὑπὸ ψευδῶν, ἐχεῖν
οὐκ ἀξιῶσω, πλὴν τύχη φρονεῖν δοκεῖν.
.σὺ δὴ στρατηγῶν λογάσων Ἑλλήνων ποτὲ
Τροίαν ἀφείλου Πρίαμου, ὡδ' φαύλος ὄν ;
ὅστις θυγατρὸς ἀντίπαιδος ἐκ λόγων
tοσούδ' ἔπνευσας καὶ γυναικὶ δυστυχη
dούλη κατέστης εἰς ἀγών'· οὐκ ἀξιώ
οὐτ' οὖν σὲ Τροίας οὕτε σοῦ Τροίαν ἑτί.

330 ἐξωθέν εἰσεν οἱ δοκοῦντες εὐ φρονεῖν
λαμπροί, τὰ δ' ἐνδον πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις ἵσοι,
πλὴν εἰ τι πλούτῳ τοῦτο δ' ἰσχύει μέγα.

440
ANDROMACHE

Now wert thou throned in a palace: thy nation
No ten years' agony then had seen,
With the war-cries of Hellas aye rolling their thunder
Round Troy, with spear-lightnings aye flashing there-
under;
Nor the couch of the bride were a desolation,
Nor bereft of their sons had the grey sires been.

Enter MENELAUS, with attendants, bringing MOLOSSUS.

MENELAUS

I have caught thy son, whom thou didst hide, unmarked
Of her, my daughter, in a neighbour house.

So thee this Goddess' image was to save,
Him, they that hid him!—but thou hast been found,
Woman, less keen of wit than Menelaus.
Now if thou leave not and avoid this floor,
He shall be slaughtered, he, in thy life's stead.

Weigh this then, whether thou consent to die,
Or that for thy transgression he be slain,
Even thy sin against me and my child.

ANDROMACHE

Ah reputation!—many a man ere this
Of none account hast thou set up on high.

Such as have fair fame based upon true worth
Happy I count: but to these living lies
I grant no claim to wisdom save chance show.
Thou, captaining the chosen men of Greece,
Didst thou, weak dastard, wrest from Priam Troy,
Who at thy daughter's bidding, she a child,
Dost breathe such fury, enterest the lists
With a woman, a poor captive? I count Troy
Shamed by thy touch, thee by her fall unraised!
Goodly in outward show be they which seem
Wise, but within they are as other men,
Save in wealth haply; this is their great strength.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Μενέλαε, φέρε δή διαπεράνωμεν λόγους·
τέθυκα τῇ σῇ θυγατρὶ καὶ μ’ ἀπώλεσε·
μαίαφόνον μὲν ὦκετ’ ἄν φύγοι μῦσος,
ἐν τοῖς δὲ πολλοῖς καὶ σὺ τῶν ἄγωνιεῖ
φόνον· τὸ συνδρῶν γὰρ σ’ ἀναγκάσει χρέος.
ἡ δ’ οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν μὴ θανεῖν ὑπεκδράμῳ,
τὸν παϊδὰ μου κτενεῖτε; κἀτα πῶς πατὴρ
τέκνου θανόντος ῥαδίως ἁνέξεται;
οὖχ δὲ ἀνανδρον αὐτὸν ἡ Τροία καλεῖ·
ἀλλ’ εἰσιν οἱ χρῆ. Πηλέως γὰρ ἄξια
πατρός τ’ Ἀχιλλέως ἔργα δρῶν φανήσεται,
ὡσεὶ δὲ σὴν παῖδ’ ἐκ δόμων· σὺ δ’ ἐκδιδοὺς
ἀλλ’ τὸ λέξεις; πότερον ὅσιον
φεύγει τὸ ταύτης σώφρον; ἀλλὰ ψεύσεται.

γαμεὶ δὲ τις νῦν; ἡ σφ’ ἀνανδρον ἐν δόμῳ
χῆραν καθέξεις πολίν; ὁ τλῆμων ἄνερ,
κακῶν τοσοῦτων οὐχ ὀρᾶσ ἐπιρροάς;
πόσας δὲ εὐνώς θυγατρὶ ἡδυκημένην
βοῦλοι’ ἄν εὐρεῖν ἡ παθεῖν ἀγω λέγο;
οὐ χρῆ’ π’tι μικροῖς μεγάλα πορούνειν κακά
οὐδ’, εἰ γυναικές ἐσμεν ἀτηρόν κακόν,
ἀνδρας γυναιξιν ἐξομοιοῦσθαι φύσιν.
ἡμεῖς γὰρ εἰ σὴν παῖδα φαρμακεύομεν
καὶ νηδὼν ἔξαμβλούμεν, ὡς αὐτὴ λέγει,
ἐκόντες οὐκ ἀκούτες, οὐδὲ βομμοὶ
πῖτυντες, αὐτοὶ τὴν δίκην ύφέξομεν
ἐν σοὶ γαμβροῖς, οἴσιν οὐκ ἐλάσσονα
βλάβην ὀφείλω προστιθείσ’ ἀπαίδιαν.
ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν τοιοῦτ’ τῆς δὲ σῆς φρενὸς
ἐν σοῦ δέδοικα· διὰ γυναικείαν ἔρων
καὶ τὴν τάλαιναν ὀλέσας Φρυγών πόλιν.
ANDROMACHE

Menelaus, come now, reason we together:—
Grant that thy child have slain me, grant me dead:
Ne’er shall she flee my blood’s pollution-curse;
And in men’s eyes shalt thou too share this guilt:
Thy part in this her deed shall weigh thee down.
But if I ’scape your hands, that I die not,
Then will ye slay my son? And the child’s death—
Think ye his sire shall hold it a little thing?
So void of manhood Troy proclaims him not.
Nay, he shall follow duty’s call, be proved,
By deeds, of Peleus worthy and Achilles,
Shall thrust thy child forth. Thou, what plea wilt
find
For a new spouse? This lie—“the saintly soul
Of this pure thing shrank from her wicked lord”?

Who shall wed such? Wilt keep her in thine halls
Spouseless, a grey-haired widow? O thou wretch,
Seest not the floods of evil bursting o’er thee?
How many a wedlock-wrong wouldst thou be fain
Thy child knew rather than the ills I name!
We ought not for slight cause court grievous harm;
Nor, if we women be a baleful curse,
Ought men to make their nature woman-like.
For, if I practise on thy child by philtres,
And seal her womb, according to her tale,
Willingly, nothing loth, nor low at altars
Crouching, myself will face the penalty
At her lord’s hands, to whom I am guilty of wrong
No less, in blasting him with childlessness.
Hereon I stand:—but one thing in thy nature
I fear—’twas in a woman’s quarrel too
Thou didst destroy the Phrygians’ hapless town.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀγαν ἐλεξας ὡς γυνὴ πρὸς ἀρσενας, καὶ σοῦ τὸ σωφρον ἐξετόξευσεν φρενὸς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

γύναι, τάδ' ἐστι σμικρα καὶ μοναρχίας οὐκ ἄξι', ὡς φής, τῆς ἐμῆς οὐδ' Ἐλλάδος. εὗ δ' ἵσθ', ὅτου τις τυγχάνει χρείαν ἔχουν, τοῦτ' ἐσθ' ἐκάστῳ μεῖζον ἢ Τροίαν ἑλεῖν.

κἀγὼ θυγατρὶ, μεγάλα γὰρ κρίνω τάδε, λέχους στέρεσθαι, σύμμαχος καθίσταμαι. τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλα δεύτερ' ἀν πάσχῃ γυνή' ἀνδρὸς δ' ἀμαρτάνουσ' ἀμαρτάνει βίον. δούλων δ' ἔκεινον τῶν ἐμῶν ἁρχεῖν χρείων καὶ τῶν ἐκείνου τοῦς ἑμοὺς ἡμᾶς τε πρὸς φίλων γὰρ οὔθεν ἰδιον οὕτως φίλοι ὀρθῶς πεφύκασ', ἀλλὰ κοινὰ χρήματα. μένων δὲ τοὺς ἀπόντας, εἰ μὴ θήσομαι τάμ' ὡς ἀριστα, φαῦλος εἰμι κοῦ σοφός.

ἈΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι, πικρὰν κλήρωσιν αἴρεσιν τὲ μοι βίου καθίσθης, καὶ λαχοῦσα γ' ἀθλία καὶ μὴ λαχοῦσα δυστυχῆς καθίσταμαι. ὡ μεγάλα πράσσων αἰτίας μικρὰς πέρι, πιθοῦ τι καίνεις μ'; ἀντὶ τοῦ; ποιῶν πόλων προῦδοκα; τίνα σών ἐκτανὸν παύδων ἐγὼ; ποιῶν δ' ἐπηρήσα δώμ', ἐκομήθην βία σὺν δεσπότασι; κατ' ἐμ', οὐ κεῖνον κτενεῖς τὸν αἰτίου τῶνδ' ἀλλὰ τὴν ἀρχὴν ἀφεῖς
ANDROMACHE

CHORUS
Thou hast said too much, as woman against man:
Yea, and thy soul’s discretion hath shot wide.

MENELAUS
Woman, these are but trifles, all unworthy
Of my state royal,—thou say’st it,—and of Greece.
Yet know, when one hath set his heart on aught,
More than to take a Troy is this to him.
I stand my daughter’s champion, for I count
No trifle robbery of marriage-right.
Nought else a wife may suffer matcheth this.
Losing her husband, she doth lose her life.
Over my thralls her lord hath claim to rule,
And over his like right have I and mine:
For nought that friends have, if true friends
they be,
Is private; held in common is all wealth.
Waiting the absent, if I order not
Mine own things well, weak am I, and not wise.
But I will make thee leave the Goddess’ shrine.

ANDROMACHE
For, if thou die, this boy escapeth doom;
But, if thou wilt not die, him will I slay.
One of you twain must needs bid life farewell.

Woe! Dire lot-drawing, bitter choice of life,
Thou giv’st me! If I draw, I am wretched made;
And if I draw not, all unblest I am.
O thou for paltry cause that dost great wrong,
Hearken: why slay me?—for what crime?—what
town
Have I betrayed?—have slain what child of thine?—
Have fired what home? Beside my lord I couched
Perforce—and lo, thou wilt slay me, not him,
The culprit; but thou passest by the cause,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρὸς τὴν τελευτητὴν ὑστέραν οὖσαν φέρει; οἴμοι κακῶν τῶνδ’, ὦ τάλαιν ἐμὴ πατρίς, ὡς δεινά πᾶσι χω. τι δέ με καὶ τεκεῖν ἐχρῆν ἀχθος τ’ ἐπ’ ἄχθει τόδε προσθέσθαι διπλοῦν; [ἀτὰρ τί ταῦτα δύρομαι, τὰ δ’ ἐν ποσίν οὖν ἐξικμάζω καὶ λογίζομαι κακά;] 1

ἐτίς σφαγὰς μὲν "Εκτόρος προχηλάτους κατείδου οἰκτρῶς τ’ Ἰλιον πυρούμενον, αὐτή δὲ δούλη ναῦς ἐπ’ Ἀργεῖων ἔβην κόμης ἐπιστασθεῖσ’ ἐπει δ’ ἀφικόμην Φθίαν, φονεύσιν "Εκτόρος γυμφεῦμαι. 

τί δὴ τ’ ἐμοι ξῆν ἥδυ; πρὸς τί χρή βλέπειν; πρὸς τὰς παροῦσας ἡ παρελθοῦσας τύχας; εἰς παῖς ὦδ’ ἢ μοι λυπός ὀφθαλμός βίου τούτων κτανεῖν μέλλουσιν οἷς δοκεῖ τάδε. 

οὗ δὴ ταῦτα τούμοι γ’ εἶνεκ’ ἀθλίου βίου· εὖ τώδε μὲν γὰρ ἐλπίς, εἰ σωθῆσεται. 

ἐμοι δ’ ὁνείδος μὴ θανεῖν ύπὲρ τέκνον. ῥὴτορ προλείπω βωμὸν ἤδε χειρία σφάξειν, φονεύειν, δεῖν, ἀπαρτήσαι δέρην. ὦ τέκνον, ἡ τεκοῦσα σ’, ὡς σὺ μὴ θάνης, στείχῳ πρὸς "Αἰδην’ ἢν δ’ ὑπεκδράμης μόρον, μέμνησο μητρός, οἱ τλάσ’ ἀπωλήσην, καὶ πατρὶ τῷ σῷ διὰ φιλημάτων ἤδιν δάκρυα τὲ λείβον καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρας λέγ’ ο城市发展 έπραξα. πᾶσι δ’ ἀνθρώποις ἄρ’ ἢν ψυχὴ τέκν’, δοσὶ δ’ αὐτ’ ἀπειρὸς ὃν ψέγει, ἢσσου μὲν ἀλγεῖ, δυστυχῶν δ’ εὐδαιμονεῖ. 

ΧΩΡΟΣ

ἀκούσας’, οἰκτρὰ γὰρ τὰ δυστυχῆ

1 These two lines seem out of place. Various transpositions in the whole passage 397–410 have been proposed.

446
ANDROMACHE

And to the after-issue hurriest.
Woe for these ills! O hapless fatherland,
What wrongs I bear! Why must I be a mother,
And add a double burden to my load?
[Why wail the past, and o'er the present woes
Shed not a tear, nor take account thereof?]
Hector by those wheels trailed to death I saw,
Saw Ilium piteously enwrapped in flame. 400

I passed aboard the Argive ships, a slave
Haled by mine hair, and when to Phthia-land
I came, to Hector's murderers was I wed.
What joy hath life for me?—what thing to look to?
Unto my present fortune, or the past?
This one child had I left, light of my life:
Him will these slay who count this righteousness.
No, never!—if my wretched life can save!
For him, for him, hope lives, if he be saved;
And mine were shame to die not for my child. 410

Lo, I forsake the altar—yours I am
To hack, bind, murder, strangle with the cord! [Rises.
O child, thy mother, that thou mayst not die,
Passeth to Hades. If thou 'scape the doom,
Think on thy mother—how I suffered—died!
And to thy sire with kisses and with tears
Streaming, and little arms about his neck,
Tell how I fared! To all mankind, I wot,
Children are life. Who scoffs at joys unproved,
Though less his grief, a void is in his bliss. 420

CHORUS
Pitying I hear: for pitiful is woe
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

βροτοίς ἀπασί, καὶ θυραῖος ὃν κυρῆ.
eἰς ξύμβασιν δὲ χρῆν σε παίδα σὴν ἄγειν,
Μενέλαε, καὶ τὴν, ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῇ πόνων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λάβεσθέ μοι τῆσδ', ἀμφελέξαντες χέρας,
δὲς λόγους γὰρ οὐ φίλους ἀκοῦσεται.
ἐγὼν', ὦν ἀγνὸν βωμὸν ἐκλίποις θεᾶς,
προὔτεινα παιδὸς θάνατον, ὦ σ' ὑπῆγαγον
εἰς χεῖρας ἔλθειν τᾶς ἐμᾶς ἐπὶ σφαγῆν.
καὶ τὰμφὶ σοῦ μὲν ὃδ' ἔχοντ' ἐπὶστασο-
tὰ δ' ἀμφὶ παιδὸς τοῦτε παῖς ἐμὴ κρινεὶ,
곧 τε κτανεῖν νῦν ἢν τε μὴ κτανεῖν θέλη.
ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἐς οἶκους τούσδ', ὦν εἰς ἑλευθέρους
δοῦλη γεγώσα μὴποθ' ύβρίζειν μάθης.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι· δόλῳ μ' ὑπῆλθες, ἡπατήμεθα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κήρυσσ' ἀπασίν· οὐ γὰρ ἐξαρνοῦμεθα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἡ ταῦτ' εὖ ύμίν τοῖς παρ' Εὐρώτα σοφά;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ τοῖς γε Τροίᾳ, τοὺς παθόντας ἀντιξθάν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

tὰ θεία δ' οὐ θεί' οὐδ' ἑχειν ἤγει δίκην;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅταν τάδ δὴ τοτ' οἴσομεν' σῇ δὲ κτενῶ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἡ καὶ νεοσσοῦν τόνδ', ὑπ' πτερῶν σπάσας;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ δήτα· θυγατρὶ δ', ἦν θέλη, δῶσω κτανεῖν.

448
ANDROMACHE

To all men, alien though the afflicted be.
Thou shouldest, Menelaus, reconcile
Her and thy child, that she may rest from pain.

[ANDROMACHE leaves the altar.

MENELAUS

Seize me this woman!—round her coil your arms,
My thralls! No words of friendship shall she hear.
I, that thou mightest leave the holy altar, [thee
Held forth the lure of thy child's death, and drew
To slip into mine hands for slaughtering.
And, for thy fate, know thou that this is so:
But, for thy son, my child shall be his judge,
Whether her pleasure be to slay or spare.
Hence to the house, that thou, slave as thou art,
Mayst learn no more to rail against the free.

ANDROMACHE

Woe's me! By guile thou hast stol'n on me!—
betrayed!

MENELAUS

Publish it to the world! Not I deny it.

ANDROMACHE

Count ye this wisdom, dwellers by Eurotas?

MENELAUS

Ay, Trojans too—that wronged ones should revenge.

ANDROMACHE

Is there no God, think'st thou, nor reckoning-day?

MENELAUS

I'll meet it when it comes. Thee will I kill.

ANDROMACHE

And this my birdie, torn from 'neath my wings?

MENELAUS

O nay—I yield him to my daughter's mercy.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἶμοι τί δήτα σ' οὗ καταστένω, τέκνον;
ΜΕΝΕΔΑΟΣ
οὔκον θρασεία γ' αυτὸν ἐλπίς ἦμενει.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὁ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώπωσιν ἔχθιστοι βροτῶν
Σπάρτης Ἄνοικοι, δόλως, βουλευτῆρια,
ψευδῶν ἁνακτεῖς, μηχανορράφοι κακῶν,
ἐλικτα κούδεν ὑμές, ἀλλὰ πᾶν πέριξ
φρονοῦντες, ἀδίκως εὔνυχειτ' ἀν' Ἑλλάδα.

τί δ' οὔκ ἐν ὑμῖν ἔστιν; οὗ πλείστοι φόνοι;
οὔκ αἰσχροκερδεῖς; οὐ λέγοντες ἄλλα μὲν
γλώσση, φρονοῦντες δ' ἄλλ' ἐφευρήσκες θ' ἀεὶ;
ὁλοιοθ'. ἐμοὶ δὲ θάνατος οὔχ οὕτω βαρὺς
ὡς σοὶ δεδοκταί· κεῖνα γὰρ μ' ἀπώλεσεν,
ὅθ' ἡ τάλαινα πόλις ἀναλώθη Φρυγῶν
πόσις θ' ὁ κλεινός, ὃς σε πολλάκις δορὶ
ναύτην ἔθηκεν ἀντὶ χερσαίου κακῶν.

νῦν δ' εἰς γυναῖκα γοργός ὅπλάτης φανεῖς
κτεῖνες μ'; ἀπόκτειν' ὡς ἠθώπευτόν γε σε
γλώσσῃς ἀφήσω τής ἐμῆς καὶ παίδα σήν.

ἐπει σοὶ μὲν πέφυκας ἐν Σπάρτῃ μέγας,
ἡμεῖς δὲ Τροία γ'. εἰ δ' ἐγὼ πράσῳ κακῶς,
μηδὲν τὸδ' αὖχε: καὶ σοὶ γὰρ πράξειας ἂν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδέποτε δίδυμα στρ. α'
λέκτρ' ἐπαινέσω βροτῶν
οὐδ' ἁμφιμάτορας κόρους,
ἐρίδας οὐκών δυσμενεῖς τε λύτας.
μᾶν μοι στεργέτω πόσις γάμοις

ἀκοινώνητον ἀνδρὸς εὐνάν.

450
ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE
Well may I wail at once thy death, my child!

MENELAUS
Good sooth, but sorry hope remains for him.

ANDROMACHE
O ye in all folk's eyes most loathed of men,
Dwellers in Sparta, senates of treachery,
Princes of lies, weavers of webs of guile,
Thoughts crooked, wholesome never, devious all,—
A crime is your supremacy in Greece!  [murders?
What vileness lives not with you?—swarming 450
Covetousness? Convicted liars, saying [that,
This with the tongue, while still your hearts mean
Now ruin seize ye! . . . Yet to me is death
Not grievous as thou think'st. That was my death
When Phrygia's hapless city was destroyed,
And my renown'd lord, whose spear full oft
Made thee a seaman, dastard, from a landsman.¹
Thou meet'st a woman, soul-appalling hero, [fawn
Now,—and wouldst slay! Slay on! My tongue shall
In flattery never on thy child or thee. 460
What if thou be in Sparta some great one?
Even so in Troy was I. Am I brought low?
Boast not herein:—thine hour shall haply come.

[Exit, led by MENELAUS.

CHORUS
Never rival brides blessed marriage-estate,  (Str. 1)
 Neither sons not born of one mother:
They were strife to the home, they were anguish of
hate.
For the couch of the husband suffice one mate:
   Be it shared of none other.  470

¹ Drove thee to seek refuge in the ships. See Iliad, bk. xv.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν πόλεσιν ἀντ. α' δίπτυχοι τυραννίδες
μᾶς ἁμείνονες φέρειν,
ἀχθος ἐπ' ἀχθεὶ καὶ στάσις πολίτασις
τεκόντων θ' ῥυμον ἐργάταιν δυοῦν
ἐριν Μοῦσαι φιλούσι κραίνειν.

πνοαὶ δ' ὅταν φέρωσι ναυτίλους θοαί, στρ. β κατὰ πηδαλίων δίδυμαι πραπίδων γνώμαι
σοφῶν τε πλήθος ἀθρόων ἀσθενέστερον
φαυλοτέρας φρενῶς αὐτοκρατοὺς
ἐνός, ἃ δύνασις ἀνώτερα κατὰ τε πόλιας,
ὁπόταν εὐρεῖν θέλωσι καίρον.

ἐδείξεν ἡ Δάκαινα τοῦ στρατηλάτα ἀντ. β Μενέλας ὁ γὰρ πυρὸς ἦλθ' ἐτέρῳ λέχει,
κτένει δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν Ἰλιάδα κόραν
παίδα τε δύσφρονας ἐριδὸς ὑπερ.
ἀθεὸς ἄνωμος ἀχαρίς ὁ φόνος· ἔτι σὲ, πότνια,
μετατροπὰ τῶν ἔπεισιν ἔργων.

καὶ μὴν ἐσορῷ
τόδε σύγκρατον ζεῦγος πρὸ δόμων,
ψήφῳ θανάτου κατακεκριμένον.
δύστης γύναι, τλήμον δὲ σὺ παῖ,
μητρὸς λεχέων ὃς ὑπερθυσκεῖς
οὐδὲν μετέχον

500

οὐδ' αἴτιος ὃν βασιλεύσιν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀδ' ἐγὼ χέρας αἰματη-
ρᾶς βρόχουσι κεκλημένα
πέμπομαι κατὰ γαίας.

452
ANDROMACHE

Never land but hath borne a twofold yoke (Ant. 1)
Of kings with wearier straining:
There is burden on burden, and feud mid her folk:
And 'twixt rival lyres ever discord broke
By the Muses' ordaining.

(Str. 2)

When the blasts hurl onward the staggering sail,
Shall the galley by helmsmen twain be guided? 480
Wise counsellors many far less shall avail
Than the simple one's purpose and power undivided.
Even this in the home, in the city, is power
Unto such as have wit to discern the hour.

The child of the chieftain of Sparta's array (Ant. 2)
Hath proved it. As fire is her jealousy burning:
Troy's hapless daughter she lusteth to slay,
And her son, in her hatred's vengeance-yearning. 490
Godless and lawless and heartless it is!—
Queen, thou shalt yet be requited for this.

Enter Menelaus and servants leading Andromache and child.

Lo, these I behold, twain yoked as one
In love, in sorrow, afront of the hall:
For the vote is cast and the doom forth gone.
O woeful mother, O hapless son,
Who must die, since her master hath humbled his thrall,
Though naught death-worthy hast thou, child, done, 500
That in condemnation of kings thou should'st fall!

ANDROMACHE

Lo, blood my wrists red-staining (Str.)
From cruel bonds hard-straining,
Lo, feet the grave's brink gaining!

453
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ
μάτερ μάτερ, ἐγὼ δὲ σά 
πτέρυγι συγκαταβαίνω.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
θύμα δάιον, ὦ χθονὸς 
Φθίας κράντορες.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ
ὦ πάτερ,
μόλε φίλοις ἐπίκουρος.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
κείσει δή, τέκνων, ὦ φίλοι,
μαστοῖς ματέρος ἀμφὶ σᾶς
νεκρὸς ὑπὸ χθονὶ σὺν νεκρῷ.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ
αἴμοι μου, τὶ πάθω τάλας
δῆτ' ἐγὼ σὺ τε, μάτερ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὦ ὕποχθόνου· καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐχθρῶν
ἡκετε πῦργων· δύο ὥ ἐκ δισσαῖν
θησκέτ', ἀνάγκαι· σὲ μὲν ἡμετέρα
ψήφος ἀναρεῖ, παῖδα δ' ἐμὴ παῖς
τόνδ' Ἐρμώνη· καὶ γὰρ ἀνοίᾳ
μεγάλη λείπειν ἐχθροὺς ἐχθρῶν,
ἐξ' ὅν κτεῖνειν
καὶ φόβον οἰκον ἀφελέσθαι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ
ὦ πόσις πόσις, εἴθε σὰν
χεῖρα καὶ δόρυ σύμμαχον
κτησάιμαν, Πριάμου παῖ.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ
δύστανος, τὶ δ' ἐγὼ μόρον
παράτροπον μέλος εὐρω ᾗ.
ANDROMACHE

MOLOSSUS
    O mother, 'neath thy wing
I crouch where death-shades gather.

ANDROMACHE
    Death!—Phthians, name it rather
Butchery!

MOLOSSUS
    O my father,
    Help to thy loved ones bring!

ANDROMACHE
    There, darling, shalt thou rest
    Pillowed upon my breast,
    Where corpse to corpse shall cling.

MOLOSSUS
    Ah me, the torture looming
O'er me, o'er thee!—the coming,
Mother, of what dread thing?

MENELAUS
    Down, down to the grave!—from our foemen's towers
    Ye came: and for several cause unto slaughter
    Ye twain be constrained. The sentence is ours
    That condemneth thee, woman: this boy my daughter

Hermione dooms. Utter folly it were
For our foemen's avenging their offspring to spare,
When into our hands they be given to slay,
That fear from our house may be banished for aye.

ANDROMACHE
    Oh for that hand I cry on! (Ant.)
    Ah husband, to rely on
    Thy spear, O Priam's scion!

MOLOSSUS
    Ah woe is me! What spell
    Find I for doom's undoing?
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Λύσσου, γούνασι δεσπότου χριμπτῶν, ὦ τέκνων.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦ φίλος,
φίλος, ἂνες θάνατόν μοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λείβομαι δάκρυσιν κόρας,
στάξω λυσάδος ὡς πέτρας
λιβάς ἀνήλιος, ἄ τάλαιν'.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ἀμοί μοι, τί δ' ἔγω κακῶν
μήχος ἐξανύσωμαι;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί με προσπίνεις, ἀλάν πέτραν
ἡ κύμα λιταῖς ὡς ἱκετεύων;
τοῖς γὰρ ἐμοίσων γέγον' ὠφελία,
σοι δ' οὐδὲν ἔχω φίλτρον, ἔπει τοι
μέγ' ἀναλώσας φυχής μόριον
Τροίαν εἴλον καὶ μητέρα σὴν'
ἡς ἀπολαύων
"Αἰδήν χθόνιον καταβήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν δέδορκα τῶν Πηλέα πέλας,
σπουδῇ τιθέντα δεύρο γηραιῶν πόδα.

ΠΗΛΕΩΣ

ὑμᾶς ἔρωτῶ τῶν τ' ἐφεστῶτα σφαγῆ,
τί ταῦτα καὶ πῶς; ἐκ τίνος λόγου νοσεῖ
δόμος; τί πράσσετ' ἀκριτα μηχανώμενοι;
Μενέλα', ἐπίσχεσι μὴ τάχυν ἄνευ δίκης.
ἡγοῦ σὺ θᾶσσον ὦ γὰρ ὡς ἕοικέ μοι,
ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE
Pray, at thy lord's knees suing,
Child!

MOLOSSUS (kneeling to MENELAUS).
Friend, in mercy ruing
My death, of pardon tell!

ANDROMACHE
My streaming eyelids weep,
As from a sheer crag's steep
The sunless waters well.

MOLOSSUS
Woe's me! O might revealing
But come of help, of healing,
Our darkness to dispel!

MENELAUS
What dost thou to fall at my feet, making moan
To a rock of the sea, to a wave doom-crested?
True helper am I, good sooth, to mine own:
No love-spell from thee on my spirit hath rested.
Too deeply it drained my life-blood away
To win yon Troy and thy dam for a prey.
Herein be thy joy and be this thy crown
When thou passest to Hades' earth-dens down!

CHORUS
Lo, lo, I see yon Peleus drawing nigh!
In haste his aged foot strides hitherward.
Enter PELEUS, attended.

PELEUS
Ho ye! ho thou, the overseer of slaughter!
What meaneth this?—how is the house, and why,
In evil case? What lawless plots weave ye?
Menelaus, hold! Press not where justice bars.
[To attendant] Lead the way faster! 'Tis a strait,
methinks,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σχολής τόδ’ ἔργον, ἀλλ’ ἀνηβητηρίαν ῥώμην μ’ ἐπαυνῷ λαμβάνειν, εἴπερ ποτέ. πρῶτον μὲν οὖν κατ’ οὐρον ὡσπερ ἵστιοις ἐμπυνύσομαι τῇδ’· εἰπέ, τίνι δίκη χέρας βρόχουσιν ἐκδησαντες οὐδ’ ἄγουσι σε καὶ παῖδ’; ὑπαρνος γὰρ τις ὃς ἀπόλλυσαι, ἦμων ἀπόντων τοῦ τε κυρίου σέθεν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὗτος, ὦ γεραιέ, σὺν τέκνῳ θανουμένην ἄγουσι μ’ οὔτως ὡς ὅρᾶς. τί σοι λέγω; οὐ γὰρ μᾶς σε κληδόνος προθυμία μετήλθον, ἀλλὰ μνήμων ὑπ’ ἀγγέλων. ἐριν δὲ τὴν κατ’ οἶκον οἰσθά ποι κλύων τῆς τούδε θυγατρός, ὃν τ’ ἀπόλλυμι χάριν. καὶ νῦν με βωμοῦ Θέτιδος, ἢ τὸν εὐγενῆ ἔτιστε σοι παῖδ’, ἂν σὺ θαυμαστὴν σέβεις, ἄγουσ’ ἀποστᾶσαντες, οὔτε τῷ δίκῃ κρίναντες οὔτε τοὺς ἀπόντας ἐκ δόμων μείναντες, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἔμην ἔρημιαν γνώντες τέκνου τε τοῦδ’, ὅτι οὐδὲν αἰτίου μέλλουσι σὺν ἐμοὶ τῇ ταλαιπώρῳ κτανεῖν. ἀλλ’ ἀντίἀξῳ σ’, ὦ γέρον, τῶν σῶν πάροι πίτυνυσα γονάτων, χειρὶ δ’ οὖν ἔξεστ’ μοι τῆς σῆς λαβέσθαι φιλτάτης γενεάδος, μῦσαί με πρὸς θεῶν εἰ δὲ μή, θανοῦμεθα αἰσχρῶς μὲν ὕμιν, δυστυχῶς δ’ ἐμοί, γέρον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

χαλάν κελεύω δεσμά πριν κλαίειν τινά, καὶ τῆς χεῖρας διπτύχους ἄνιναι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔγω δ’ ἀπανδῶ γ’ ἄλλος οὖχ ἦςσων σέθεν καὶ τῆς πολλῆς κυριώτερος γεγώς.

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ANDROMACHE

Brooks no delay; but now, if ever, fain
Would I renew the vigour of my youth.
But first, like breeze that fills the sails, will I
Breathe life through her:—say, by what right have
these
Pinioned thine hands in bonds, and with thy son
Hale—for like ewe with lamb thou goest to death—
Whilst I and thy true lord be far away?

ANDROMACHE

These, ancient, deathward hale me with my child,
As thou dost see. Why should I tell it thee? Seeing not once I sent thee instant summons,
But by the mouth of messengers untold.
Thou know'st, hast heard, I trow, the household strife
Of yon man's daughter, that means death to me.
And now from Thetis' altars,—hers who bare
Thy noble son, hers whom thou reverencest,—
They tear, they hale me, with no form of trial
Condemning, for the absent waiting not,
My lord, but knowing my defencelessness,
And this poor child's, the utter-innocent,
Whom they would slay along with hapless me.
But I beseech thee, ancient, falling low
Before thy knees—I cannot stretch my hand
Unto thy beard, O dear, O kindly face!—
In God's name save, else I shall surely die,
To your shame, ancient, and my misery.

PELEUS

Loose, I command, her bonds, ere some one rue,
And set ye free this captive's pinioned hands.

MENELAUS

This I forbid, who am no less than thou,
And have more right of lordship over her.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
πῶς; ἡ σὺ τὸν ἐμὸν οἶκον οἰκήσεις μολὼν
dεῦρ'; οὐχ ἄλις σοι τῶν κατὰ Σπάρτην κρατεῖν;
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἐίλόν νῦν αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ Τροίας ἐγώ.
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
οὕμος δὲ γ' αὐτὴν ἔλαβε παῖς παιδὸς γέρας.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
οὐκον ἐκείνου τὰμὰ τάκείνου τ' ἐμά;
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
δράν εὖ, κακώς δ' οὖ, μηδ' ἀποκτεῖνειν βία.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ὡς τηνδ' ἀπάξεις οὔποτ' ἐξ ἐμῆς χερός.
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
σκῆπτρῳ δὲ τῷ δὲ σον καθαιμάξω κάρα.
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ψαυσόν γ', ἵν' εἰδῆς, καὶ πέλας πρόσελθέ μου.
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

590 σὺ γὰρ μετ' ἀνδρῶν, ὦ κάκιστε κάκη κακᾶσ;
σοὶ ποῦ μέτεστιν ὡς ἐν ἀνδράσιν λόγου;
ὅστις πρὸς ἀνδρὸς Φρυγὸς ἀπηλλάγης λέχος,
ἀκληστ' ἀφρουρα' δώμαθ' ἐστίαι λύπων,
ὡς δὴ γυναίκα σώφρον' ἐν δόμοις ἑχων
πασῶν κακίσθην. οὐδ' ἄν εἰ βούλοιτο τις
σώφρων γένοιτο Σπαρτιατίδων κόρη,
ἀε' ἐξ ἐν νέοισιν ἔξερημοῦσαι δόμων
γυμνοίσι μηροῖς καὶ πέπλοις ἀνειμένοις
δρόμους παλαιόστρας τ' οὐκ ἀνασχετούς ἐμοὶ
κοινὰς ἔχουσιν. κατὰ θαυμάζειν χρεῶν
εἰ μὴ γυναῖκας σώφρονας παίδευσετε;

1 Lenting: for MSS. ἄδουλα.

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ANDROMACHE

PELEUS
How?—hither wilt thou come to rule mine house? Sufficeth not thy sway of Sparta's folk?

MENELAUS
'Twas I that took her captive out of Troy.

PELEUS
Ay, but my son's son gained her, prize of war.

MENELAUS
All mine are his, his mine—is this not so?

PELEUS
For good, not evil dealing, nor for murder.

MENELAUS
Her shalt thou rescue never from mine hand.

PELEUS
This staff shall make thine head to stream with blood.

MENELAUS
Touch me, and thou shalt see!—ay, draw but near!

PELEUS
Thou, thou a man?—Coward, of cowards bred! 590
What part or lot hast thou amongst true men?
Thou, by a Phrygian from thy wife divorced,
Who leftest hearth and home unbarred, unwarded,
As who kept in his halls a virtuous wife,—
And she the vilest! Though one should essay,
Virtuous eould daughter of Sparta never be.
They gad abroad with young men from their homes,
And with bare thighs and loose disgirdled vesture
Race, wrestle with them,—things intolerable
To me! And is it wonder-worthy then 600
That ye train not your women to be chaste?
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἐλένην ἐρέσθαι χρὴν τάδ’, ἦτις ἐκ δόμων τὸν σὸν λιποῦσα Φίλιον ἐξεκώμασε νεανίου μετ’ ἀνδρὸς εἰς ἄλλην χθόνα. καὶ ἐκείνης εἰνεχ’ Ἐλλήνων ὄχλον τοσοῦτ’ ἀθροίσας ἦγαγες πρὸς Ἰλιον ἢν χρὴν σ’ ἀποπτύσαντα μὴ κινεῖν δόρυ κακὴν ἐφευρόντ’, ἀλλ’ εὰν αὐτοῦ μένειν μισθὸν τε δόντα μητὸτ’ εἰς οἶκους λαβεῖν.

ἀλλ’ οὗτ’ ταύτ’ σὸν φρόνημ’ ἐπούρισας· ψυχὰς δὲ πολλὰς καγαθὰς ἀπώλεσας παῖδων τ’ ἀπαιδάς γραῦς ἔθηκας ἐν δόμωις πολιοῦς τ’ ἀφείλου πατέρας εὐγενῆ τέκνα. ὅν εἰς ἔγω δύστηνος· αὐθέντην δὲ σ’ μάστορ’ ὦς τιν’ εἰσδέδοσκ’ Ἀχιλλέως.

δ’ οὖν δὲ τρωθεῖς ἠλθες ἐκ Τροίας μόνος, κάλλιστα τεύχη δ’ ἐν καλοῖσα σάγμασιν ὁμοί’ ἐκεῖσε δεύρῳ τ’ ἠγαγες πάλιν.

κἀγὼ μὲν ηὗδων τῷ γαμοῦντε μήτε σοι κῆδος συνάψαι μήτε δῶμασιν λαβεῖν κακῆς γυναικὸς πόλον ἐκφέρουσι γάρ μητρὸ’ ὑμείς. τοῦτο καὶ σκοπεῖτε μοι,

μυστήρες, ἐσθηθὴς θυγατέρ’ ἐκ μητρὸς λαβεῖν. πρὸς τούσδε δ’ εἰς ἄδελφον οὐ’ ἐφύβρισας,

σφάξαι κελεύσας θυγατέρ’ εὐθέστατον. οὕτως ἐδεικασ’ μὴ οὐ κακὴν δάμαρτ’ ἔχῃς. ἔλλων δὲ Τροίαν, εἶμι γὰρ κάνταυθά σοι,

οὐκ ἔκτανες γυναῖκα χειρίαν λαβὼν· ἀλλ’ ὡς ἐσείδες μάστον, ἐκβαλὼν ξίφος φίλημ’ ἔδεξω, προδότιν αἰκάλλων κύνα,

ἡσσων πεφυκὼς Κύπριδος, ὦ κάκιστε σὺ.

1 Sc. Δια, under his attribute as Zeus Ἐρεκτεία.
ANDROMACHE

This well might Helen have asked thee, who forsook
Thine hearth, and from thine halls went revelling forth
With a young gallant to an alien land.
Yet for her sake thou gatheredst that huge host
Of Greeks, and leddest them to Ilium.
Thou shouldst have spued her forth, have stirred no spear,
Who hadst found her vile, but let her there abide.
Yea, paid a price to take her never back.
But nowise thus the wind of thine heart blew. 610
Nay, many a gallant life hast thou destroyed,
And childless made grey mothers in their halls,
And white-haired sires hast robbed of noble sons;—
My wretched self am one, who see in thee,
Like some foul fiend, Achilles' murderer;—
Thou who alone unwounded cam'st from Troy,
And daintiest arms in dainty sheaths unstained,
Borne thither, hither back didst bring again!
I warned my bridegroom-grandson not to make
Affinity with thee, nor to receive
In his halls a wanton's child: such bear abroad
Their mothers' shame. Give heed to this my rede,
Wooers,—a virtuous mother's daughter choose.
Nay more—how didst thou outrage thine own brother,
Bidding him sacrifice his child—poor fool!
Such was thy dread to lose thy worthless wife.
And, when Troy fell,—ay, thither too I trace thee,—
Thy wife thou slew'st not when thou hadst her trapped.
Thou saw'st her bosom, didst let fall the sword,
Didst kiss her, that bold traitress, fondling her,
By Cypris overborne, O recreant wretch! 630

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ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κάπετι ἐς οἶκοις τῶν ἐμῶν ἐλθὼν τέκνων πορθεῖς ἀπούντων καὶ γυναῖκα δυστυχὴ
κτείνεις ἄτιμως παίδα θ', δς κλαίοντά σε
cαι τὴν ἐν οἶκοις σὴν καταστήσει κόρην,
κεὶ τρὶς νόθος πέφυκε. πολλάκις δὲ τοι
ξηρὰ βαθεῖαν γῆν ἐνίκησε σπορά,
νόθοι τε πολλοί γνησίων ἀμείνωνες.

ἄλλ' ἐκκομίζου παίδα. κύδιον βροτῶν
πένητα χρηστὸν ἢ κακὸν καὶ πλοῦσιον
γαμβρῶν πεπᾶσθαι καὶ φίλουν' σὺ δ' οὐδὲν εἰ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

σμικρὰς ἀπ' ἀρχὴς νεῖκος ἀνθρώποις μέγα
gλῶσσο' ἐκπορίζει· τοῦτο δ' οἱ σοφοὶ βροτῶν
ἐξευλαβοῦνται, μὴ φίλοις τεῦχειν ἑρίν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δὴν ἄν εἴποις τοὺς γέροντας ὡς σοφοὶ
cαι τοὺς φρονείν δοκοῦντας 'Ελλησίν ποτε;
ὅτ' ὁν σὺ Πηλεὺς καὶ πατρὸς κλεινοῦ γεγώς,
κῆδος ξυνάψας, αἰσχρὰ μὲν σαυτῷ λέγεις
ὡς δ' ὀνείδη διὰ γυναῖκα βάρβαρον,

ἂν χρὴν σ' ἐλαύνειν τὴν ὑπὲρ Νείλου ῥόδας
ὑπὲρ τε Φᾶσιν κἂν παρακαλεῖν ἀεὶ
οὐσαν μὲν Ὄπειρωτω, οὐ πεσῆματα
πλείσθ' 'Ελλάδος πέπτωκε δορυπετῇ νεκρῶν,
tοῦ σοῦ δὲ παῖδος αἴματος κοινομεμένην.

Πάρις γάρ, ὅς σὸν παῖδ' ἐπεφυ' Ἀχιλλέα,
"Εκτόρος ἀθάνατος ἦν, δάμαρ δ' ἦδ' Ἐκτόρος.
cαι τῆδε γ' εἰσέρχει σὺ παῖτόν εἰς στέγος
και ἐνυπάπεζον ἄξιοις ἑχειν βίον,

τίκετεν δ' ἐν οἴκοις παίδας ἐχθέστους ἑας
ἀγὼ προνοίᾳ τῇ τε σῇ καμή, γέρουν,
κτανεῖν θέλων τήνδ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀρπάζομαι.
ANDROMACHE

And to my son's house com'st thou, he afar, 
And ravagest, wouldst slay a hapless woman 
Shamefully, and her boy?—this boy shall make 
Thee, and that daughter in thine halls, yet rue, 
Though he were thrice a bastard. Oft the yield 
Of barren ground o'erpasseth deep rich soil; 
And better are bastards oft than sons true-born. 
Take hence thy daughter! Better 'tis to have 
The poor and upright, or for marriage-kin, 
Or friend, than the vile rich:—thou, thou art 
naught!

CHORUS

From small beginnings bitter feuds the tongue 
Brings forth: for this cause wise men take good heed 
That with their friends they bring not strife to pass.

MENELAUS

Now wherefore should ye call the greybeards wise, 
And them which Greece accounted prudent once? 
When thou, thou Peleus, son of sire renowned, 
Speakest, my marriage-kinsman, thine own shame, 
Rail'st on me for a foreign woman's sake, 
Whom thou shouldst chase beyond the streams of 
Nile, 
And beyond Phasis, yea, and cheer me on,— 
This dame of Asia's mainland, wherein fell 
Unnumbered sons of Hellas slain with spears,— 
This woman who had part in thy son's blood; 
For Paris, he that slew thy son Achilles, 
Was Hector's brother, and she Hector's wife. 
And thou wouldst pass beneath one roof with her, 
Wouldst stoop to break bread with her at thy board, 
In thine house let her bear our bitterest foes, 
Whom I, of forethought for thyself and me, 
Would slay!—and lo, from mine hands is she torn.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καίτοι φέρ', ἀψασθαι γὰρ οὐκ αἰσχρὸν λόγον,
ην παῖς μὲν ἡμῇ μη τέκη, ταύτης δ' ἀπο
βλάστωσι παιδεῖς, τήσδε γῆς Φθιώτιδος
στήσεις τυράννους, βάρβαροι δ' ὄντες γένος
"Ελλησίου ἄρξουσ'; εἰτ' ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ φρονῶ
μισῶν τὰ μη δίκαια, σοὶ δ' ἐνεστὶ νοὺς;
κάκεινον νῦν ἄθρησον' εἰ σὺ παϊδα σὴν
doús τῷ πολιτῶν, εἰτ' ἐπασχε τοιάδε,
συγή καθήκ' ἂν; οὐ δοκῶν ξένης δ' ὑπερ
τοιαῦτα λάσκεις τοὺς ἀναγκαῖους φίλους;
καὶ μὴν ἵσον γ' ἀνήρ τε καὶ γυνὴ σθένει
ἀδικουμένη πρὸς ἀνδρός' ὡς δ' αὐτῶς ἀνήρ
γυναίκα μωραίουσαν ἐν δόμοις ἔχον.
καὶ τῷ μὲν ἐστιν ἐν χερεῖν μέγα σθένος,
τῇ δ' ἐν γονεύσι καὶ φίλοις τὰ πράγματα.
οὐκον δίκαιοι τοῖς γ' ἐμοῖς ἐπωφελεῖν;

γέρων γέρων εἰ· την δ' ἐμὴν στρατηγίαν
λέγων ἐμ' ὀφελοῖς ἄν ἐγὼ ἕπει. 670

'Ελενη δ' ἐμόχθησο' οὐχ ἐκυώ', ἀλλ' ἐκ θεῶν,
καὶ τούτο πλείστον ὡφέλησεν 'Ελλάδα;
ὅπλων γὰρ ὄντες καὶ μάχης αἵστορες
ἔβησαν εἰς τάνδρειον· ἡ δ' ὁμιλία
πάντων βροτοῖσι γύνεται διδάσκαλος.
εἰ δ' εἰς πρόσωπιν τῆς ἐμῆς ἐλθὼν ἐγὼ
γυναικὸς ἐσχον μὴ κτανεῖν, ἐσωφρόνουν.
οὐδ' ἂν σε Φώκου ἄνελεν κατακτανεῖν.
ταύτ' εὐ φρονῶν σ' ἐπῆλθον, οὐκ ὀργής χάριν·
ἡν δ' ὀξυνυμῆς, σοὶ μὲν ἡ γλωσσαλγία
μείζων, ἐμοὶ δὲ κέρδος ἡ προμηθία.

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ANDROMACHE

Come, reason we together—no shame this:—
If my child bear no sons, this woman's brood
Grow up, wilt thou establish these as lords
Of Phthia-land?—shall they, barbarians born,
Rule Greeks? And I, forsooth, am all unwise,
Who hate the wrong, but wisdom dwells with thee!

Consider this, too—hadst thou given thy daughter
To a citizen, and she were thus misused,
Hadst thou sat still? I trow not. Yet thou railest
Thus for an alien's sake on friends, on kin!
"Yet husband's cause"—say'st thou—"and wife's alike
Are strong, if she be wronged of him, or he
Find her committing folly in his halls."
Yea, but in his hands is o'ermastering strength,
But upon friends and parents leans her cause.
Do I not justly then to aid mine own?

Dotard—thou dotard!—thou wouldst help me more
By praise than slurring of my leadership!
Not of her will, but Heaven's, came Helen's
trouble,
And a great boon bestowed she thus on Greece;
For they which were unschooled to arms and war
Turned them to brave deeds: fellowship in fight
Is the great teacher of all things to men.
And if I, soon as I beheld my wife,
Forbore to slay her, wise was I herein.
'Twere well had Phocus ne'er been slain by thee.¹
Thus have I met thee in goodwill, not wrath.
If thou wax passionate, thou shalt but win
An aching tongue: my gain in forethought lies.

¹ Half-brother of Peleus and Telamon, murdered because he surpassed them in heroic exercises.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθοι ἥδη, λῶστα γὰρ μακρῷ τάδε,
λόγων ματαίων, μὴ δύο σφαλῆθ' ἀμα.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

οἶμοι, καθ’ 'Ελλάδ’ ὡς κακῶς νομίζεται·
ὁταν τροπαία πολεμῶν στήσῃ στρατός,
οὐ τῶν ποιοῦντων τοὺργον ἥγοινται τόδε,
ἄλλο στρατηγὸς τὴν δόκησιν ἄρνυται,
ὅτι εἰς μετ’ ἄλλων μυρίων πάλλων δόρυ,
οὐδὲν πλέον δρῶν ἐνός ἔχει πλείω λόγου.
σεμνοὶ δ’ ἐν ἀρχαῖς ἦμενοι κατὰ πτόλιν
φρονοῦσι δήμου μεῖζον, ὄντες οὐδένες·
οἱ δ’ εἰςίν αὐτῶν μυρίῳ σοφώτεροι,
εἰ τόλμα προσγένοιτο βούλησις θ’ ἀμα.
ὡς καὶ σὺ σος τ’ ἀδελφὸς ἐξωγκωμένοι
Τροία κάθησθε τῇ τ’ ἔκει στρατηγία,
μόρφωσιν ἄλλων καὶ πόνοις ἐπηρμένοι.

700
dεῖξο δ’ ἐγώ σοι μὴ τὸν Ἰδαῖον Πάρων
ήσσω νομίζεων Πηλέως ἐχθρόν ποτε,
εἰ μὴ φθερεῖ τῆς ὡς τάχιστ’ ἀπὸ στέγης
καὶ παῖς ἄτεκνος, ἥν ὁδ’ ἐξ ἡμῶν γεγώς
ἐλα δι’ οἰκών τῶν ἐπισπάσας κόμης·
ἡ στερρός οὐσα μόσχος οὐκ ἀνέξεται
tάκτουτας ἄλλους, οὐκ ἐχουσ’ αὐτή τέκνα.
ἄλλ’ εἰ τὸ κείνης δυστυχεῖ παίδων πέρι,
ἁπαίδας ἡμᾶς δεῖ καταστήναι τέκνων;
φθείρεσθε τῆς δε, ἄρωσ, ὡς ἀν ἐκμάθω
εὶ τίς με λύειν τῆς δε κωλύσει χέρας.
ἐπαίρε σαυτήν’ ὡς ἐγώ καίτερ τρέμων
πλεκτὰς ἰμάντων στροφίδας ἐξανήσομαι.
ἀδ’, ὁ κάκιστε, τῆς ἐλυμὴν χέρας;

710
βοῦν ἡ λέοντ’ ἡλπίζει ἐντείνειν βρόχους;

468
ANDROMACHE

CHORUS
Refrain, refrain you—better far were this—
From such wild words, lest both together err.

PELEUS
Ah me, what evil customs hold in Greece!
When hosts rear trophies over vanquished foes,
Men count not this the battle-toiler’s work;
Nay, but their captain filcheth the renown:
Amidst ten thousand one, he raised a spear,
Wrought one man’s work—no more; yet hath more praise.
In proud authority’s pomp men sit, and scorn
The city’s common folk, though they be naught.
Yet are those others wiser a thousandfold,
Had wisdom but audacity for ally.
Even so thou and thy brother sit enthroned,
Puffed up by Troy’s fall, and your generalship,
By others’ toils and pains exalted high.
But I will teach thee nevermore to count
Paris of Ida foe more stern than Peleus,
Except thou vanish from this roof with speed,
Thou and thy childless daughter, whom my son
By the hair shall grasp and hale her through these halls,—
The barren heifer, who will not endure
The fruitful, seeing herself hath children none!
What, if her womb from bearing is shut up,
Childless of issue must mine house abide?
Hence from her, thralls! E’en let me see the man
Will let me from unmanacling her wrists!
Uplift thee, that the trembling hands of eld
May now unravel these thongs’ twisted knots.
Thus, O thou dastard, hast thou galled her wrists?
Didst think to enmesh a bull or lion here?
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἡ μῆς ξίφος λαβοῦσ᾽ ἀμυνάθοιτό σε ἐδεισας; ἐρπε δεῦρ᾽ ὕπτ᾽ ἀγκάλας, βρέφος,
ξύλλυνε δεσμὰ μητρὸς. ἐν Φθίᾳ σ᾽ ἐγὼ
θρέψω μέγαν τοῖσδ᾽ ἐχθρόν. ἐι δ᾽ ἀπὴν δορὸς
toῖσ Ἀμπαρτάταις δόξα καὶ μάχης ἀγών,
tάλλ᾽ ὄντες ἵστε μηδενὸς βελτίωνε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀνειμένου τι χρήμα πρεσβυτῶν γένος
καὶ δυσφύλακτον ὄξυθυμίας ὑπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ἀγαν προνωπῆς εἰς το λουδορεῖν φέρειν
ἐγὼ δὲ πρὸς βιαν μὲν, εἰς Φθίαν μολὼν,
οὔτ' οὖν τι δράσις φλαύρων οὔτε πείσομαι.
καὶ νῦν μὲν, οὐ γὰρ ἀφθονον σχολὴν ἔχω,
ἄπειμ' ἐς οἴκους· ἔστι γὰρ τις οὐ πρόσω
Σπάρτης πόλις τις, ἴ πρὸ τοῦ μὲν ἢν φίλη,
νῦν δ᾽ ἐχθρὰ ποιεῖ· τήνω' ἐπεξελθεῖν θέλω
στρατηλατῆς χύποχείρων λαβεῖν.
ὅταν δὲ τάκει θώ κατὰ γνώμην ἐμήν,
둬· παρὼν δὲ πρὸς παρόντας ἐμφανῶς
γαμβρούς διδάξω καὶ διδάξομαι λόγους.
κὰν μὲν κολάζῃ τήνδε καὶ το λουπὸν ἤσ
σώφρων καθ᾽ ἡμᾶς, σώφρουν ἀντιληψεται.
θυμούμενος δὲ τεῦξεται θυμομένου,
ἐργουσι δ᾽ ἐργὰ διάδοχον ἀντιλήψεται.
τοὺς σοὺς δὲ μῦθους ῥαδίως ἐγὼ φέρων
σκιὰ γὰρ ἀντίστοιχος ὀνι 1 φονὴν ἐχεις,
ἀδύνατος οὐδὲν ἀλλ' πλὴν λέγειν μονον.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
ἡγοῦ τέκνων μοι δεῦρ᾽ ὕπτ᾽ ἀγκάλαις σταθεῖς,

1 Reiske, Hermann, and Dindorf: for MSS. σκιὰ . . . ὡς.

470
ANDROMACHE

Didst fear lest she should snatch a sword, and chase
Thee hence? Steal hither 'neath mine arms, my
bairn:
Help loose thy mother's bonds. I'll rear thee yet
In Phthia, their grim foe. If spear-renown
And battle-fame be ta'en from Sparta's sons,
In all else are ye meanest of mankind.

CHORUS

This race of old men may no man restrain,
Nor guard him 'gainst their sudden fiery mood.

MENELAUS

O'erhastily thou rushest into railing.
I came to Phthia not for violent deeds,
And will do naught unkingly, nor endure.
Now, seeing that my leisure serveth not,
Home will I go; for not from Sparta far
Some certain town there is, our friend, time was,
But now our foe: against her will I march,
Leading mine host, and bow her 'neath my sway.
Soon as things there be ordered to my mind,
I will return, will meet my marriage-kin
Openly, speak my mind, and hear reply.
And, if he punish her, and be henceforth
Temperate, he shall find me temperate too,
But, if he rage, shall meet his match in rage,
Yea, shall find deeds of mine to match his own.
But, for thy words, nothing I reck of them;
Thou art like a creeping shadow, voice thine all,
Impotent to do anything save talk.

[Exit.

PELEUS

Pass on, my child, sheltered beneath mine arms,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σύ τ’, ὁ τάλανα: χείματος γὰρ ἀγρίου
tυχοῦσα λιμένας ἦλθες εἰς εὐηνέμους.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

750 ὦ πρέσβυ, θεοὶ σοι δοϊν εὗ καὶ τοίς σοῖς,
σώσαντι παίδα κάρμε τὴν δυσδαίμονα.
όρα δὲ μὴ νῦν εἰς ἐρημίαν ὄδοι
πτήξαντες οἴδε πρὸς βιαν ἀγωσί με,
γέροντα μὲν σ’ ὀρώντες, ἀσθενὴ δ’ ἐμὲ
καὶ παίδα τόνδε νῆπιον. σκόπει τάδε,
μὴ νῦν φυγόντες εἰθ’ ἀλῶμεν ὕστερον.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

οὐ μὴ γυναικῶν δειλὸν εἰσοίσεις λόγον;
χάρει τὸς ὑμῶν ἀψεται; κλαίων ἄρα
ψαύσει. θεῶν γὰρ εἶνεν ἵππικοῦ τ’ ὀχλον
πολλῶν θ’ ὀπλιτῶν ἀρχομεν Φθίαν κατα.
ἡμεῖς δ’ ἐτ’ ὀρθοὶ κοῦ γέροντες, ὡς δοκεῖς,
ἀλλ’ εἰς γε τοιώδ’ ἄνδρ’ ἀποβλέψας μόνον
τροπαίον αὐτοῦ στήσομαι, πρέσβυς περ ὡν.
pολλῶν νέων γὰρ κὰν γέρων εὐψυχος ἦ
κρείσσων’ τ’ γὰρ δεῖ δείλον δὲτ’ εὐσωματεῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡ μὴ γενοίμαν ἡ πατέρων ἀγαθῶν
στρ.
εἰνή πολυκτήτων τε δόμων μέτοχος.
770 ε’ τι γὰρ πάσχοι τίς ἀμήχανον, ἀλκᾶς
οὐ σπάνις εὐγενείας,
κηρυσσομένους δ’ ἀπ’ ἐσθλῶν δωμάτων
τιμὰ καὶ κλέος’ οὕτοι
λείψανα τῶν ἀγαθῶν
ἀνδρῶν ἀφαιρεῖται χρόνος. ά δ’ ἀρετὰ
καὶ θανοῦσι λάμπει.
ANDROMACHE

And, hapless, thou. Caught in a raging storm,
Thou hast come into a windless haven's calm.

ANDROMACHE

The gods reward thee, ancient, thee and thine,
Who hast saved my son and me the evil-starred!
Yet see to it, lest, where loneliest is the way,
These fall on us, and hale me thence by force,
Marking how thou art old, how I am weak,
This boy a babe: give thou heed unto this,
Lest, though we 'scape now, we be taken yet.

PELEUS

Out on thy words—a woman's faint-heart speech!
Pass on: whose hand shall stay you? At his peril
He toucheth. By heaven's grace o'er hosts of horse-
men
And countless men-at-arms I rule in Phthia.
I am yet unbowed, not old as thou dost think.
Yea, if I flash but a glance on such an one,
Shall I put him to rout, old though I be.
Stronger a stout-heart greybeard is than youths
Many: what boots a coward's burly bulk?

[Exeunt PELEUS, ANDROMACHE, MOLOSSUS,
and Attendants.

CHORUS

Thou wert better unborn, save of noble fathers (Str.)
Descended, in halls of the rich thou abide.
If the high-born have wrong, for his championing

gathers

A host that shall strike on his side.
There is honour for them that be published the scions
Of princely houses: the tide
Of time never drowneth the story
Of fathers heroic: it flasheth defiance
To death from its deathless glory.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

cρείσσον δὲ νίκαν μὴ κακόδοξον ἔχειν ἀντ.
ἡ δὲ νῖν φθόνῳ σφάλλειν δυνάμει τε δίκαν.
ηδὲ μὲν γὰρ αὐτικά τούτο βροτοῦσιν,
ἐν δὲ χρόνῳ τελέθει
ξηρὸν καὶ οὐνείδεσιν ἐγκεῖται δόμῳν.
tαῦταν Ἰνεσα ταῦταν
καὶ φέρομαι βιοτάν,
μηδὲν δίκας ἔξω κράτος ἐν θαλάμοις
καὶ πόλει δύνασθαι.

790 ὡ γέρων Αἰακίδα,
πείθομαι καὶ σὺν Δαπίθαισί σε Κενταύρωι
ὁμιλήσαι δορᾷ κλεινοτάτῳ
καὶ ἐπ' Ἀργών δορὸς ἄξενον ὑγρὰν
ἐκπερᾶσαι ποντιαν Ξυμπληγάδων
κλεινὰν ἐπὶ ναυστολίαν,
Ἰλιάδα τε πόλιν ὅτε πάρος
εὐπορίμοις Διὸς ἰνις
ἀμφέβαλεν φόνῳ,
κοινὰν τὰν εὐκλειαν ἔχοντ
Εὐρώπαν ἀφικέσθαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὁ φίλταται γυναῖκες, ὡς κακὸν κακῶν
διάδοχον ἐν τῇ ἤμέρᾳ πορσύνεται.
δέσποινα γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, Ἐρμόνην λέγω,
πατρὸς τ' ἐρημωθεῖσα συννοίᾳ σ' ἀμα
ὁν δέδρακεν ἔργον Ἀνδρομάχην κτανεῖν
καὶ παῖδα βουλεύσασα, κατθανεῖν θέλει,
πόσιν τρέμουσα, μὴ ἀντὶ τῶν δεδραμένων
ἐκ τῶν ἵ ἀτίμως δωμάτων ἀποσταλή,

810 ἡ κατθάνῃ κτείνουσα τοὺς οὖ χρή κτανεῖν.
μόλις δὲ νῦν θέλουσαν ἀρτήσαι δέρην
ANDROMACHE

But a victory stained—ah, best forgo it, (Ant.) 780
If thy triumph must wrest to thy shame the right:
Yea, 'tis sweet at the first unto mortals, I know it;
But barren in time's long flight
Doth it wax: 'tis as infamy's cloud o'er thy towers.
Nay, this be my song, the delight
Of my days, and the prize worth winning,—
That I wield no dominion, in home's bride-bowers,
Nor o'er men, that I may not unsinning.

O ancient of Aeacus' line, (Epode) 790
Now know I, when Lapithans dashing on Centaurs
charged victorious,
There did thy world-famed war-spear shine,—
That, on Argo riding the havenless brine,
Thou didst burst through the gates of the Clashing
Rocks on the sea-quest glorious; [past
And when great Zeus' son in the days over-
Round Ilium the meshes of slaughter had cast,
As ye sped unto Europe returning, there too was thy
fame's star burning,
For the half of the glory was thine.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE
O dear my friends, how evil in the steps
Of evil on this day still followeth!
For now my lady Hermione within,
Deserted by her father, conscience-stricken
For that her plotted crime of slaughtering
Andromache and her son, is fain to die,
Dreading her husband, lest for these her deeds
He drive her from yon halls with infamy,
Or slay her, who would fain have slain the guiltless. 810
And scarce, when she essayed to hang herself,
АНДРОМАΧΗ

eἱργοῦσι φύλακες δμῶς ἐκ τε δεξιὰς
ξίφη καθαρπάξουσιν ἔξαιροῦμενοι.
οὕτω μεταλαγεὶ καὶ τὰ πρὶν δεδραμένα
ἐγνωκε πράξασ’ οὐ καλῶς. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν
δεσποιναν εἰργουσ’ ἀγχώνης κάμνω, φίλαιμι,
ὑμεῖς δὲ βάσαι τῶν δωμάτων ἔσω
θανάτου νων ἐκλύσασθε: τῶν γὰρ ἥθαδων
φίλων νέοι μολόντες εὔπιθέστεροι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

820 καὶ μὴν ἐν ὀικοις προσπόλων ἀκούομεν
βοὴν ἐφ’ οἴσιν ἡλθες ἀγγέλλουσα σύ.
δείξειν δ’ ἐσκεν ἡ τάλαιν ὅσον στένει
πράξασα δεινᾶ δωμάτων γὰρ ἐκπερὰ
φεύγουσα χείρας προσπόλων πόθῳ θανεῖν.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἰῶ μοὶ μον’ στρ. α’
σπάραγμα κόμας ὀνύχων τε δαί’ ἀ-
μύγματα θῆσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὁ παῖ, τί δράσεις; σῶμα σὸν καταίκιει;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

αἰαὶ αἰαὶ; ἀντ. α’
830 ἔρρ’ αἰθέριον πλοκάμων ἐμῶν ἀπο,
λεπτόμυτον φάρος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

tέκνον, κάλυπτε στέρνα, σύνδησαι πέπλους.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

tί δὲ με δεὶ στέρνα καλύπτειν πέπλους; στρ. β’
dῆλα καὶ ἀμφιφανῆ καὶ ἀκρυπτα
dedrάκαμεν πόσιν.

476
ANDROMACHE

Her watching servants stayed her, from her hand
Catching the sword and wrestling it away;
With such fierce anguish seeth she her sins
Already wrought. O friends, my strength is spent
Dragging my mistress from the noose of death!
Oh, enter ye yon halls, deliver her
From death: for oft new-comers more prevail
In such an hour than one's familiar friends.

CHORUS
Lo, in the palace hear we servants' cries
Touching that thing whereof thou hast made report.
Hapless!—she is like to prove how bitterly
She mourns her crimes: for, fleeing forth the house
Eager to die, she hath 'scaped her servants' hands.

HERMIONE rushes on to the stage.

HERMIONE
Woe's me! with shriek on shriek (Str. 1)
I will make of mine hair a rending, will tear with
ruining fingers my red-furrowed cheek!

NURSE
Daughter, what wilt thou do?—wilt mar thy form?

HERMIONE
Alas, and well-a-day! (Ant. 1)
Hence from mine head, thou gossamer-thread of my
wimple!—float on the wind away!

NURSE
Child, veil thy bosom, gird thy vesture-folds!

HERMIONE
(Str. 2)
What have I to do, with my vesture to veil
My bosom, when bared are the crimes I have dared
against my lord, bared naked to light?

477
ἈΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ἀλγεῖς, φόνον ράψασα συγγάμω σέθεν;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ
κατὰ μὲν οὖν στένω δαίας τόλμας, ἄν ἔρεξ᾽ ἀντ. β'
ά κατάρατος ἐγὼ κατάρατος
ἀνθρώπους.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
συγγνώσται σοι τὴνδ᾽ ἀμαρτίαν πόσις.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ
τί μοι ξίφος ἐκ χερὸς ἡγρεύσω;
ἀπόδοσ, ὦ φίλ᾽, ἀπόδοσ, ἵνα ἀνταίαν
ἐρείσω πλαγάν· τί με βρόχων εἰργεῖς;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ἀλλ᾽ εἰ σ᾽ ἀφείην μὴ φρονοῦσαν, ὡς θάνοις;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ
οἴμοι πότμου.
ποῦ μοι πυρὸς φίλα φλόξ;
ποῦ δ᾽ εἰς πέτρας ἀερθῶ,

850 ἡ κατὰ πόντον ἡ καθ᾽ ὕλαιν ὄρεων,
ἵνα θανοῦσα νερτέρουσιν μέλω;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
τί ταύτα μοιχεῖς; συμφοραὶ θεήλατοι
πᾶσιν βροτοῖσιν ἡ τότ᾽ ἡλθον ἡ τότε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ
ἐλιπεῖς ἐλιπεῖς, ὦ πάτερ, ἐπακτίαν
ὡς, μονάδ' ἔρημον οὐσαν ἐνώλου κόπτας;
ὅλεί ὅλει μὲ τὰς άυκέτ᾽ ἐνοικῆσο
υμφιδίῳ στέγᾳ.

478
ANDROMACHE

NURSE
Griev'st thou to have contrived thy rival's death?

HERMIONE

(Ant. 2)

O yea, for my murderous daring I wail,
For my fury-burst, O woman accurst!—O woman accurst in all men's sight!

NURSE
Thy lord shall yet forgive thee this thy sin.

HERMIONE

O why didst thou wrest that sword from mine hand?
Give it back, give it back, dear friend; be the brand
Thrust home!—mine hanging why didst thou withstand?

NURSE
What, should I leave thee thus distraught to die?

HERMIONE

Woe's me for my destiny!
O for the fire!—I would hail it my friend!
O to the height of a scaur to ascend—
To crash through the trees of the mountain, to plunge
mid the sea,

To die, that the nethergloom shadows may welcome

NURSE
Why fret thyself for this? Heaven's visitation
Sooner or later cometh on all men.

HERMIONE

Thou hast left me, my father, hast left, as a bark by
the tide
Left stranded and stripped of the last sea-plashing oar!
He shall slay me, shall slay! 'Neath the roof that
knew me a bride
Shall I dwell never more!

479
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

860 τίνος ἀγαλμάτων ἱκέτις ὀρμαθώ,
ἡ δούλα δούλας γόνασι προσπέσω;
Φθιάδος ἐκ γᾶς
κυνόπτερος ὅρμης εἴθ' εἴην,
ἡ πευκάεν σκάφος, ὡ
διὰ Κυανέας ἐπέρασεν ἀκτὰς
πρωτόπλοος πλάτα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

870 ὃ παῖ, τὸ λίαν οὔτ' ἐκείν' ἐπήνεσα,
ὁτ' εἰς γυναῖκα Τρωάδ' ἐξημάρτανες,
οὔτ' αὐ τὸ νῦν σοι δειμ' ὥ δειμαίνεις ἁγαν.
οὐχ ὅδε κήδος σοι διώσεται πόσις
φαύλους γυναικὸς βαρβάρου πεισθεὶς λόγοις.
οὐ γὰρ τί σ' αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ Τροίας ἔχει,
ἀλλ' ἀνδρός ἐσθλοῦ παῖδα σὺν πολλοῖς λαβῶν
ἐδνοισί, πόλεως τ' οὐ μέσως εὐδαιμόνος.
παθήρ δὲ σ' οὖχ ὥδ' ὡς σὺ δειμαίνεις, τέκνον,
προδοὺς ἐάσει δωμάτων τῶν' ἐκπεσεῖν.
ἀλλ' εἰσίθ' εἰσω μηδὲ φαυτάζου δόμων
πάροιθε τῶνδε, μή τιν' αἰσχύνην λάβης
πρόσθεν μελάθρων τῶν' ὀρωμένη, τέκνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

880 καὶ μήν ὃδ' ἀλλόχρως τις ἐκδῆμος ξένος
στουδῆ πρὸς ἡμᾶς βημάτων πορεύεται.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ξέναι γυναῖκες, ἢ τάδ' ἔστ' Ἀχιλλέως
παιδὸς μέλαθρα καὶ τυραννικαὶ στέγαι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγνως' ἀτὰρ τίς δὲν σὺ πυνθάνει τάδε;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

'Ἀγαμέμνονος τε καὶ Κλυταιμνήστρας τόκος,
ὄνομα δ' Ὄρεστης. ἔρχομαι δὲ πρὸς Διὸς
ANDROMACHE

To the feet of what statue of Gods shall the suppliant 
fly? [shall I lie?
Or crouched at the bondwoman's knees like a slave
O that from Phthia, a bird dark-winged, I were soaring,
Or were such as the pine-wrought galley, that flew
The first of the ships of earth her swift course oaring
Through the Crags Dark-blue!

NURSE

My child, thy frenzy of rage I praised not then
When thou against the Trojan dame didst sin,
Nor praise the frenzy of dread that shakes thee now.
Not thus thy lord will thrust his wife away
By weak words of barbarian woman swayed.
In thee he wed no captive torn from Troy,
Nay, but a prince's child, and gat with thee
Rich dowry from a city of golden weal.
Nor will thy father, as thou fearest, child,
Forsake and let thee from these halls be driven.
Nay, pass within; make not thyself a show
Before this house, lest thou shouldst get thee shame,
Before this palace seen of men, my child.

CHORUS

But lo, an outland stranger, alien-seeming,
With hasty steps to usward journeyeth.

Enter Orestes.

ORESTES

Dames of a foreign land, be these the halls
And royal palace of Achilles' son?

CHORUS

Thou sayest: but who art thou that askest this?

ORESTES

Agamemnon's son and Clytemnestra's I,
My name Orestes: to Zeus' oracle
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μαντεία Δωδώναι’· ἐπεὶ δ’ ἄφικόμην
Φθίαν, δοκεῖ μοι ξυγγενοὺς μαθεῖν περὶ
γυναίκος, εἰ ζῇ κεντυχοῦσα τυχάνει
ἡ Σπαρτιάτις’ Ἑρμίον’· τηλουρά γὰρ
ναιόνσι’ ἀφ’ ἥμων πεδ’ ὅμως ἔστιν φίλη.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὁ ναυτίλοις χείματος λιμὴν φανεῖς
Ἤγαμέμνονος παί, πρὸς σε τῶνδε γουνάτων,
οἰκτειρον ἡμᾶς ὁν ἐπισκοπεῖς τύχας,
πράσσοντες οὐκ εὖ· στεμμάτων δ’ οὐχ ἦσσονας
σοῖς προστίθημι γόνασιν ὀλένας ἐμάς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα·
τὴ χρῆμα; μῶν ἐσφάλμεθ’ ἡ σαφῶς ὅρῳ
dόμων ἄνασσαν τῇ πάντες Μενέλαος κόρην;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὦ πτεροείδεις τάκτει γυνὴ
‘Ελεύθερ’ κατ’ οίκους πατρί· μηδὲν ἀγνοεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

900 ὁ Φοῖβ’ ἀκέστορ, πημάτων δοὺς λύσιν.
τὴ χρῆμα; πρὸς θεῶν ἡ βροτῶν πάσχεις κακὰ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

tα μὲν πρὸς ἡμῶν, τὰ δὲ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ὃς μ’ ἔχει,
tα δ’ ἐκ θεῶν τοὺ’ πανταχῶ δ’ ὀλόλαμεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

tίς οὖν ἂν εἰη μὴ πεφυκότων γέ πω
παῖδων γυναικεία συμφορὰ πλῆν εἰς λέχος;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

tοῦτ’ αὐτὸ καὶ νοσοῦμεν· εὖ μ’ ὑπηγαγοῦ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλήν τίν’ εὐνὴν ἀντὶ σοῦ στέργει πόσις;

482
ANDROMACHE

Bound, at Dodona. Seeing I am come
To Phthia, good it seems that I inquire
Of my kinswoman, if she lives and thrives,
Hermione of Sparta. Though she dwell
In a far land from us, she is all as dear. 890

HERMIONE

O haven in a storm by shipmen seen,
Agamemnon's son, by these thy knees I pray,
Pity me of whose lot thou questionest,
Afflicted me! With arms, as suppliant wreaths
Strong to constrain, I clasp thy very knees.

ORESTES

What ails thee? Have I erred, or see I clear
Menelaus' daughter here, this household's queen?

HERMIONE

Yea, the one daughter Helen Tyndarus' child
Bare in his halls unto my sire: doubt not.

ORESTES

O Healer Phoebus, grant from woes release!
What ails thee? Art thou wronged of Gods or men?

HERMIONE

Of myself partly, partly of my lord,
In part of some God: ruin is everywhere!

ORESTES

Now what affliction to a childless wife
Could hap, except as touching wedlock-right?

HERMIONE

That mine affliction is: thou promptest well.

ORESTES

What leman in thy stead doth thy lord love?
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

τὴν αἰχμάλωτον Ἐκτόρος ξυνεννέτων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κακόν γ' ἐλεξας, ἀνδρα δίσσο' ἔχειν λέχη.

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

τοιαύτα ταῦτα· κατ' ἐγωγ' ἰμυνάμην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μῶν εἰς γυναίκ' ἔρραψας οἶα δή γυνή;

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

φὸνον γ' ἐκείνη καὶ τέκνῳ νοθαγενεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κάκτεινας, ἢ τις συμφορά σ' ἀφείλετο;

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

γέρων γε Πηλεύς, τοὺς κακίονας σέβων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοὶ δ' ἢν τις ὅστις τοῦδ' ἐκοινώνει φόνον;

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

πατὴρ γ' ἐπ' αὐτό τοῦτ' ἀπὸ Σπάρτης μολὼν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κάπειτα τοῦ γέροντος ἡσσήθη χερί;

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

αἰδοὶ γε' καὶ μ' ἔρημον οἴχεται λιπών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

συνῆκα· ταρβεῖς τοῖς δεδραμένοις πόσων.

ΕΡΜΙΩΝΗ

ἐγνωσ· ὀλεὶ γάρ μ' ἐνδίκως. τί δεί λέγειν;

ἀλλ' ἀντομαί σε Δία καλούσ' ὁμόγυνον,

πέμψον με χώρας τῆδ' ὅποι προσωτάτω

ἡ πρὸς πατρῴον μέλαθρον· ὡς δοκοῦσι γε

δόμοι τ' ἐλαύνειν φθέγγι' ἔχοντες οἴδε με,

μυσεῖ τε γαῖα Φθιάς· εἰ δ' ἦξει πάρος

484
ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE
The captive woman that was Hector's wife.

ORESTES
An ill tale, that a man should have two wives!

HERMIONE
Even so it was, and I against it fought.

ORESTES
Didst thou for her devise a woman's vengeance?

HERMIONE
Ay, death for her and for her base-born child.

ORESTES
And slewest them?—or some mischance hath foiled thee?

HERMIONE
Old Peleus, championing the baser cause.

ORESTES
Did none in this blood-shedding take thy part?

HERMIONE
My father came from Sparta even for this.

ORESTES
How?—overmastered by the old man's hand?

HERMIONE
Nay, but by reverence;—and forsakes me now.

ORESTES
I see it: for thy deeds thou fear'st thy lord.

HERMIONE
Death is within his right. What can I plead?
But I beseech thee by our Kin-god Zeus,
Help me from this land far as I may flee,
Or to my father's home. These very halls
Seem now to have a voice to hoot me forth:
The land of Phthia hates me. If my lord
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Φοίβου λιπών μαντείου εἰς δόμους τόσις, κτενεί μ’ ἐπ’ αἰσχρότουσιν, ἢ δουλεύσομεν νόθοισι λέκτροις ὑπ᾽ ἐδέσποτοι πρὸ τοῦ. πῶς οὖν τάδ’, ὡς εἴποι τις, ἐξημάρτανες; κακῶν γυναικῶν εἴσοδοί μ’ ἀπώλεσαν, αἱ μοι λέγουσαν τούσδ’ ἐχαύνοσαν λόγους: σὺ τὴν κακίστην αἰχμάλωτον ἐν δόμοις δούλην ἀνέξει σοι λέχους κοινομενήν; μὰ τὴν ἀνάσσαν, οὐκ ἂν ἐν γ’ ἐμοὶς δόμοις βλέπονυ ἂν αὐγάς τὰμ’ ἐκαρποῦτ’ ἂν λέχη. καγὼ κλύουσα τούσδε Ζειρήνων λόγους σοφῶν, πανούργων, ποικίλων λαλημάτων, ἐξηνεμόθην μορία. τί γάρ μ’ ἐχρῆν πόσιν φυλάσσεων, ἢ παρὴν ὅσων ἔδει; πολὺς μὲν ὄλβοι, δωμάτων δ’ ἡμάσσομεν, παῖδας δ’ ἐγὼ μὲν γυνησίους ἑτίκτον ἂν, ἢ δ’ ἡμιδούλους τοῖς ἐμοὶς νοθαγενεῖς. άλλ’ οὐποτ’ οὐποτ’, οὐ γὰρ εἰσάπαξ ἔρω, χρῆ τοῦς γε νοῦν ἔχοντας ὄδι ἐστίν γυνῆ, πρὸς τὴν ἐν οἴκοις ἄλοχον εἰσφωτάν ἐὰν γυναικάς: αὐτὰ γὰρ διδάσκαλοι κακῶν: ἢ μὲν τι κερδαίνοσα συμφθείρει λέχος, ἢ δ’ ἀμπλακοῦσα συννοσεῖν αὐτῇ θέλει, πολλαί δὲ μαργότητι κάντειθεν δόμοι νοσοῦσιν ἄνδρῶν. πρὸς τάδ’ εὖ φυλάσσετε κλήθροις καὶ μοχλοίς δωμάτων πύλας: ἵγες γὰρ οὐδὲν αἱ θύραθεν εἴσοδοι δρώσιν γυναικῶν, άλλα πολλά καὶ κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀγαν ἑφήκας γλώσσαν εἰς τὸ σύμφυτον. συγγνωστὰ μὲν νῦν σοὶ τάδ’, ἀλλ’ ὡμοὶς χρεῶν κοσμεῖν γυναικαὶ τὰς γυναικείας νόσους.
ANDROMACHE

Come home from Phoebus' oracle ere my flight,
On shamefullest charge I die, or shall be thrall
Unto his paramour, till now my slave.
"How then," shall one ask, "cam'st thou so to err?"
'Twas pestilent women sought to me, and ruined,
Which spake and puffed me up with words like these:
"Thou, wilt thou suffer yon base captive thrall
Within thine halls to share thy bridal couch?
By Heaven's Queen, were it in mine halls, she should not
See light and reap the harvest of my bed!"
And I gave ear unto these sirens' words,
These crafty, knavish, subtle gossip-mongers,
And swelled with wind of folly. Why behoved
To spy upon my lord? I had all my need,—
Great riches; in his palace was I queen;
The children I might bear should be true-born;
But hers, the bastards, half-thrall unto mine.
But never, never—yea, twice o'er I say it,—
Ought men of wisdom, such as have a wife,
Suffer that women visit in their halls
The wife: they are teachers of iniquity.
One, for her own ends, beckons on to sin;
One, that hath fallen, craves fellowship in shame;
And of sheer wantonness many tempt. And so
Men's homes are poisoned Therefore guard ye well
With bolts and bars the portals of your halls;
For nothing wholesome comes when enter in
Strange women, nay, but mischief manifold.

CHORUS

Thou hast loosed a reinless tongue against thy sisters.
In thee might one forgive it; yet behoves
Woman with woman's frailty gently deal.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοφόν τι χρήμα τοῦ διδάξαντος βροτοῦς
λόγους ἄκουειν τῶν ἐναντίων πάρα.
ἔγω γὰρ εἰδὼς τῶνδε σύγχυσιν δόμων
ἐρεὶ τῇ τήν σὴν καὶ γυναῖκος Ἔκτορος,
φυλακᾶς ἔχων ἐμιμνοῦν, εἶτ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖς
εἶτ' ἐκφοβηθεῖον ἀἵμαλωτίδος φόβῳ
γυναῖκός οἰκών τῶνδ' ἀπηλλάχθαι θέλεις.

960

ἡλθον δὲ σὰς μὲν οὐ σέβων ἐπιστολάς,
εἰ δ' ἐνδιδοῖς, ὥσπερ ἐνδίδως, λόγον,
pέμψων σ' ἀπ' οἴκων τῶνδ'. ἐμὴ γὰρ οὔσα πρὶν
σὺν τῶδε ναίεις ἁνδρὶ σοῦ πατρὸς κάκη,
ὅς πρὶν τὰ Τροίας εἰσβαλεῖν ὀρίσματα
γυναῖκ' ἐμοὶ σὲ δοὺς ὑπέσχεθ' ὑστερον
tῷ νῦν σ' ἔχοντι, Τροφᾶδ' εἰ πέρσοι πῶλων.
ἐπεὶ δ' Ἀχιλλέως δεῦρ' ἐνόστησεν γόνος,
σῷ μὲν συνέγνων πατρί, τὸν δ' ἐλισσόμην
γάμους ἀφεῖναι σοὺς, ἐμὰς λέγων τύχας
καὶ τὸν παρόντα δαίμον', ὥς φίλων μὲν ἀν
γῆμαιμ' ἀπ' ἁνδρῶν, ἐκτοθεν δ' οὐ ραδίως,
φεύγων ἀπ' οἴκων δὲ ἐγὼ φεύγω φυγάς.
ὁ δ' ἦν ὑβριστής εἰς τ' ἐμῆς μητρὸς φόνον
tὰς θ' αἴματοποὺς θεᾶς ὀνειδίζων ἐμοὶ.

970

κἀγὼ ταπεινῶς ὅν τύχας ταῖς οἰκοθεν
ἡλγον μὲν ἡλγον, ἐξιμφοράς δ' ἡμειχόμην,
σῶν δὲ στερηθεῖς φῶλμην ἄκων γάμων,

980

νῦν οὖν ἔπειδ' περιπετεῖς ἔχεις τύχας
καὶ ἐξιμφοράω τὴν' εἰσπεσοῦσ' ἀμηχανεῖς,
ἀξω σ' ἀπ' οἴκων καὶ πατρὸς δῶσω χερί.
tὸ συγγενές γὰρ δεινόν, ἐν τε τοῖς κακοῖς
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κρείσσου οἰκεῖον φίλον.
ANDROMACHE

ORESTES
Wise was the rede of him who taught that men
Should hear the reasonings of the other side.
I, knowing what confusions vexed this house,
And of the feud 'twixt thee and Hector's wife,
Kept watch and waited, whether thou wouldst stay
Here, or, dismayed with dread of that spear-thrall,
Out of these halls were minded to avoid.

I came, not by thy message drawn so much,
As from this house to help thee, shouldst thou grant me
Speech of thee, as thou dost. Mine wast thou once,
But liv'st with this man through thy father's baseness,
Who, ere he marched unto the coasts of Troy,
Betrothed thee mine, thereafter promised thee
To him that hath thee now, if he smote Troy.

Soon as to Greece returned Achilles' son,
Thy father I forgave: thy lord I prayed
To set thee free. I pleaded mine hard lot,
The fate so haunting me, that I might wed
From friends indeed, but scarce of stranger folk,
Banished as I am banished from mine home.
Then he with insolent scorn cast in my teeth
My mother's blood, the gory-visaged fiends.

And I—my pride fell with mine house's fortunes—
Was heart-wrung, heart-wrung, yet endured my lot,
And loth departed, of thy love bereft.
But, now thy fortune's dice have fallen awry,
And in affliction plunged dost thou despair,
Hence will I lead and give thee to thy sire;
For mighty is kinship, and in evil days
There is naught better than the bond of blood.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΣΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ
νυμφευμάτων μέν τών ἐμῶν πατήρ ἐμὸς
μέριμναν ἔξει, κούκ ἐμὸν κρίνειν τόδε.
ἀλλ’ ὥς τάχιστα τόυτοι μ’ ἐκπεμψον δόμων,
μὴ φθῇ με προσβάς δῶμαι καὶ μολὼν πόσις,
ἡ παιδὸς οἰκοις μ’ ἐξερημοῦσαν μαθῶν
Πηλεὺς μετέλθη πωλικοῖς διώγμασιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
θάρσει γέροντος χειρά: τὸν δ’ Ἀχιλλέως
μηδὲν φοβηθὴς παιδ’, ὡς’ εἰς ἐμ’ ὑβρισε.
τοῖα γάρ αὐτῷ μηχανὴ πεπλεγμένη
βρόχους ἀκινητοίς ἔστηκεν φόνοι
πρὸς τήσει χειρός: ἢν πάρος μὲν οὐκ ἐρώ,
tελουμένων δὲ Δελφίς εἰσεται πέτρα.
ὁ μητροφόντης δ’, ἢν δορυξένων ἐμῶν
μείνωσιν ὅρκοι Πυθικὴν ἀνὰ χθόνα,
δείξει γαμεῖν σε μηδέν’, ἢν’ ἔχρῃ ἐμὲ.
πυκρῶς δὲ πατρός φόνιον αἰτήσει δίκην
ἀνακτα Φοῖβον οὐδὲ νων μετάστασις
γνώμης ὄνησε θεῷ διδόντα νῦν δίκας,
ἀλλ’ ἐκ τ’ ἐκείνου διαβολαίς τε ταῖς ἐμαῖς
κακῶς ὀλείται: γνώσεται δ’ ἐξθαν ἐμῆ.
ἐχθρῶν γὰρ ἀνδρῶν μοῦραν εἰς ἀναστροφὴν
dαίμων δίδωσι κούκ ἐὰν φρονεῖν μέγα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὁ Φοῖβε πυργόσας
τὸν ἐν Ἡλίῳ εὐτείχῇ πάγου,
καὶ πόντιε κυανέαις
ὐπποις διφρεύων ἀλιον πέλαγος,
tίνος εἶνεκ’ ἄτιμον ὀργά-
ναν χέρα τεκτοσύνας Ἐ-

1 Paley: for MSS. σφ μηδὲν’ δὴν.
ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE
My marriage—'tis my father shall take thought
Thereof: herein decision is not mine.
But help thou me with all speed forth this house,
Lest my lord coming home prevent me yet,
Or Peleus learn my flight from his son's halls,
And follow in our track with chasing steeds.

ORESTES
Fear not the greybeard's hand: yea, nowise fear
Achilles' son: his insolence-cup is full;
Such toils of doom by this hand woven for him
With murder-meshes round him steadfast-staked
Are drawn: thereof I speak not ere the time;
But, when I strike, the Delphian rock shall know.
This mother-murderer—if the oaths be kept
Of spear-confederates in the Delphian land—
Shall prove none else shall wed thee, mine of right.
To his sorrow shall he ask redress of Phoebus
For a sire's blood! Nor shall repentance now
Avail him, who would make the God amends.
By that God's wrath, and slanders sown of me,
Die shall he foully, and shall know mine hate:
For the God turns the fortune of his foes
To overthrow, nor suffereth their high thoughts.

[Exeunt Orestes and Hermione.

CHORUS
O Phoebus, who gavest to Ilium a glory
Of diadem-towers on her heights,—and O Master
Of Sea-depths, whose grey-gleaming steeds o'er the hoary
Surf-ridges speed,—to the War-god, the Waster
With spears, for what cause for a spoil did ye cast her,

491
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

υπελήφ δοριμήστορι προσθέντες τάλαιναν
tάλαιναν μεθείτε Τροίαν;

πλείστους δ’ ἐπ’ ἀκταίσιν
Σιμοεντίσιν εὐπποὺς ὄχους

1020 ἐξεύξατε καὶ φονίους
ἀνδρῶν ἀμίλλας ἔθετ’ ἀστεφάνους·
ἀπὸ δὲ φθίμενοι βεβάσιν
’Ιλιάδα βασιλῆς,
οὐδ’ ἦτι πῦρ ἐπιβόμον ἐν Τροίᾳ θεοῖσιν
λέλαμπτεν καταφω θυώδει.

βέβακε δ’ Ἀτρείδας ἁλόχου παλάμαις·

1030 πρὸς τέκνων ἀπηύρα'
θεοῦ θεοῦ νυν κέλευσμ’ ἑπεστράφη
μαυτόσυνων, ὅτε νυν Ἀργόθεν πορευθέοις
’Αγαμεμνόνιοι κέλωρ
ἀδύτων ἐπιβάς κτάνεν ματρὸς φονεύσις·
ὥ δαίμον, ὦ Φοῖβε, πῶς πείθομαι;

πολλαί δ’ ἀνʼ Ἐλλάνων ἀγόρους στοναχάς

1040 ἐξέλειπον οἴκους
πρὸς ἄλλων εὐνάτορ’. οὐχὶ σοὶ μόνα
δύσφρονες ἐπέτεσον, οὐ φίλοισι, λύπαν
νοσοῦν Ἐλλᾶς ἔτλα, νόσον·

492
ANDROMACHE

Whom your own hands had fashioned, dishonoured to lie
In wretchedness, wretchedness—her that was Troy?

(Ant. 1)

And by Simoës ye yoked to the chariots fleet horses
Unnumbered, in races of blood which contended,
Whose lords for no wreaths ran their terrible courses,
Where the princes of Ilium to Hades descended,
Where upstreameth no more with the altar-flames blended
The odour of incense to dream through the sky
Round the feet of Immortals—from her that was Troy!

(Str. 2)

And Atreides hath passed; for on him lighted slaughter
At the hands of a wife: and with murder she bought her
Death, at the hands of her child to receive it:
For a God's, O a God's hest levin-wise glaring
Bodings of death on her, doomings declared
In the hour Agamemnon's son forth fared
To his temple from Argos; then thundered it o'er him;
And he slew her, he murdered the mother that bore him!

God, Phoebus!—ah must I, ah must I believe it?

(Ant. 2)

And wherever the Hellenes were gathered was mourning
Of wives for their lost ones, the sons unreturning,
And of brides from their bower's of espousal departing
To another lord's couch:—O, not only on thee
Down swooping fell anguish of misery,
Nor alone on thy loved ones; but Hellas must be
ἈΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

διέβα δὲ Φρυγών πρὸς εὐκάρπους γύας
σκηπτός σταλάσσων τὸν Ἀίδα φόνον.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

Φθιώτιδες γυναίκες, ἱστορούντι μοι
σημάτην ἡ σοθόμην γὰρ ὁμηγῇ λόγον
ὡς δόματ᾽ ἐκλυποῦσα Μενέλεω κόρη
φρούδη τάδ᾽ ἢκῳ δ᾽ ἐκμαθεῖν σπουδὴν ἔχων
ei ταῦτ᾽ ἀληθῆ τῶν γὰρ ἐκδήμων φίλων
deῖ τοὺς κατ᾽ οἶκον ὄντας ἐκπονεῖν τίχας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Πηλεύ, σαφῶς ἡκουσας· οὐδ᾽ ἐμοὶ καλὸν
κρύπτειν ἐν οἰσπερ οὐσα τυγχάνω κακοῖς.
βασίλεια γὰρ τῶν᾽ οἴχεται φυγᾶς δόμων.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

tίνος φόβου τυχοῦσα ; διασπεραίνε μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πόσιν τρέμουσα, μὴ δόμων νῦν ἐκβάλη.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

μῶν ἀντὶ παιδὸς θανασίμων βουλευμάτων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ναί, καὶ γυναικὸς αἰχμαλωτίδος φόβῳ.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

σὸν πατρὶ δ᾽ οἶκους ἢ τίνος λειτεί μέτα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Άγαμέμνονος νῦν παίς βέβηκ' ἄγων χθονός.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

ποίαν περαινών ἐλπίδ᾽ ; ἢ γήμαι θέλων

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ σοῦ γε παιδὸς παιδὶ πορσύνων μόρον.

494
ANDROMACHE

Bowed 'neath the plague, 'neath the plague; and on-sweeping [dripping,
Like a cloud whence the death-rain of Hades was
Passed the scourge, o'er the Phrygians' fair harvest-fields darting.

Enter PELEUS, attended.

PELEUS

Women of Phthia, unto that I ask
Make answer, for a rumour have I heard
That Menelaus' child hath left these halls
And fled away. In haste I come to learn
If this be sooth; for we which bide at home
Should bear the burdens of our absent friends.

CHORUS

Peleus, truth hast thou heard: 'twere for my shame
To hide the ills wherein my lot is cast.
O yea, the queen is gone—fled from these halls.

PELEUS

With what fear stricken? Tell me all the tale.

CHORUS

Dreading her lord, lest forth the home he cast her.

PELEUS

For that her murder-plot against his son?

CHORUS

Yea: of the captive dame adread withal.

PELEUS

Forth with her father went she, or with whom?

CHORUS

Agamemnon's son hath led her from the land.

PELEUS

Yea?—furthering what hope? Would he wed her?

CHORUS

Yea: and for thy son's son he plotteth death.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
κρυπτὸς καταστὰς ἡ κατ’ ὄμμ’ ἐλθὼν μάχῃ;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀγνοῖς ἐν ἱεροῖς Λαξίου Δελφῶν μέτα.
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
οἷμοι· τόδε ἦδη δεινόν. οὐχ ὅσον τάχος
χαρῆσται τις Πυθικὴν πρὸς ἐστίαν
καὶ τὰνθάδ’ ὄντα τοῖς ἐκεὶ λέξει φίλοις
πρὶν παῖδ’ Ἀχιλλέως κατακαίειν ἐχθρῶν ὑπὸ;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οἷμοι μοι·
οἶας ὁ τλῆμων ἀγγελῶν ἥκω τύχας
σοί τ’, ὦ γεραιέ, καὶ φίλουσι δεσπότον.
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
αἰαί· πρόμαντις θυμὸς ὡς τι προσδοκᾷ.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οὐχ ἐστὶ σοι παῖς παιδός, ὦς μάθης, γέρον
Πηλεῦ· τοῖσ’ ὁδὸν φασιγάνων πληγὰς ἔχει
Δελφῶν ὑπ’ ἀνδρῶν καὶ Μυκηναίου ἕξον.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἄ, τί δράσεις, ὦ γεραιέ; μὴ πέσῃς·
ἐπαίρε σαυτόν.
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
οὐδέν εἰμ’· ἀπεωλόμην.
φρούδη μὲν αὐθή, φρούδα δ’ ἄρθρα μου κάτω.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀκούσον, εἰ καὶ σοῖς φίλοις ἀμναθεῖν
χρῆσεις, τὸ πραχθὲν, σὸν κατορθῶσας δέμας.
ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
ὁ μοῖρα, γῆρως ἔσχατοις πρὸς τέρμασιν
οἶα με τὸν δύστηνον ἀμφιβᾶσ’ ἔχεις.
ANDROMACHE

PELEUS
Lying in wait, or face to face in fight?

CHORUS
With Delphians, in Loxias’ holy place.

PELEUS
Ah me! grim peril this! Away with speed
Let one depart unto the Pythian hearth,
And to our friends there tell the deeds here done,
Or ever Achilles’ son be slain of foes.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER
Woe’s me, woe’s me!
Bearing what tidings of miscane to thee,
Ancient, and all that love my lord, I come

PELEUS
O my prophetic soul, what ill it bodes!

MESSENGER
Thy son’s son, ancient Peleus, is no more,
Such dagger-thrusts hath he received of men
Of Delphi, and that stranger of Mycenae.

CHORUS
Ah, what wilt do, O ancient?—fall not thou!
Uplift thee!

PELEUS
I am naught: it is my death.
Faileth my voice, my limbs beneath me fail.

MESSENGER
Hearken, if thou wouldst also avenge thy friends.
Upraise thy body, hear what deed was done.

PELEUS
O Fate, how hast thou compassed me about,
The hapless, upon eld’s extremest verge!
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πῶς δ’ οἴχεται μοι παῖς μόνου παιδὸς μόνος; σήμαιν’ ἀκούσαι δ’ οὐκ ἀκούσθ’ ὦμως θέλω.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐπεὶ τὸ κλεινὸν ἠλθομεν Φοίβῳ πέδων, τρεῖς μὲν φαεννάς ἠλίου διεξόδους θέα διδόντες ὀμματ’ ἐξεπιμπλαμεν.
καὶ τὸῦ ὑποτούν ἴν θρ’ εῖσ ἵπποιν συντάσσεις κύκλον τ’ ἐχώρει λαὸς οἰκήτωρ θεοῦ.

’Αγαμέμνονος δὲ παῖς διαστείχων πόλιν εἰς οὐδ’ ἐκάστῳ δυσμενεῖς ηὐδα λόγους· ὀρᾶτε τοῦτον, δὲ διαστείχει θεοῦ χρυσοῦ γέμοντα γύαλα, θῃσαυρόν γρατων, τὸ δεύτερον παρόντ’ ἐβ’ οἶσι καὶ πάρον
dεύρ’ ᾧθε Φοίβῳ ναὸν ἐκπέρσαι θελον; καὶ τοῦτο ἐχώρει ρόθιν ἐν πόλει κακον,
ἀρχαί τ’ ἐπληροῦντ’ εἰς τε βουλευτήρια ἰδία’ θ’ ὅσοι θεοῦ χρημάτων ἐφέστασαν
φρούραν ἑτάξαντ’ ἐν περιστύλοις δόμοις.

ἡμεῖς δὲ μήλα, φυλλάδος Παρνασίας παιδεύματ’, οὐδέν τῶνδε πιὸ πεπυσμένοι,
λαβόντες ἦμεν ἐσχάρας τ’ ἐφέσταμεν σὺν προξένουι μαντεσίν τε Πυθικοῖς.
καὶ τις τὸδ’ εἶπεν’ ὦ νεανία, τί σοι
θεῷ κατευξώμεσθα; τίνος ἦκεις χάριν;
ὅ’ ὃ εἶπε: Φοίβῳ τῆς πάροιθ’ ἀμαρτίας
dίκας παρασχεῖν βουλόμεσθ’ ἦτησα γὰρ
πατρός ποτ’ αὐτὸν αἴματος δοῦναι δίκην.
κάνταοθ’ Ὄρεστου μῦθος ἱσχύων μέγα
eφαινεθ’, ὡς ψεύδοτο δεσποτῆς ἔμοι
ήκων ἐπ’ αἰσχροῖς. ἔρχεται δ’ ἀνακτόρων
cρηπίδος ἐντός, ὡς πάροις χρηστηρίων
ἐξαιτο Φοίβῳ, τυχανεῖ δ’ ἐν ἐμπύροις;

498
ANDROMACHE

How perished he, my one son's only son?
Tell: though it blast mine ears, fain would I hear.

MESSENGER

When unto Phoebus' world-famed land we came,
Three radiant courses of the sun we gave
To gazing, and with beauty filled our eyes.
This bred mistrust: the folk in the God's close
That dwelt, drew into knots and muttering rings,
While Agamemnon's son passed through the town,
And whispered deadly hints in each man's ear:—
"See ye yon man who prowls the God's shrines through,
Shrines full of gold, the nations' treasuries,
Who on the selfsame mission comes again
As erst he came, to rifle Phoebus' shrine?"
Therefrom ill rumour surged the city through:
Their magistrates the halls of council thronged;
And the God's treasure-warders, of their part,
Set guards along the temple colonnades.
But we, yet knowing nought of this, took sheep,
The nurslings of the glades Parnassian,
And went and stood beside the holy hearths
With public-hosts and Pythian oracle-seers.
And one spake thus: "Prince, what request for thee
Shall we make to the God? For what com'st thou?"
"To Phoebus," said he, "would I make amends
For my past sin: for I required of him
Once satisfaction for my father's blood."
Then was Orestes' slander proved of might
In the hoarse murmur from the throng, "He lies!"
He hath come for felony!" On he passed, within
The temple-fence, before the oracle
To pray, and was in act to sacrifice:—
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τῷ δὲ ξιφήρης ἀρ' υφειστήκει λόχος
dύφηση σκιασθείς. ὃς Κλυταμνήστρας τόκος
eἰς ἢν ἀπάντων τῶνδε μηχανορράφος.
χω μὲν κατ' ὄμμα στὰς προσέχεται θεφ.
oi δ' ἐξουθήκτους φασιγάνοις ὀπλισσένου
κευτοῦσ' ἀτευχῇ παίδ' Ἀχιλλέως λάθρα.
χωρεὶ δὲ πρύμνας οὐ γὰρ εἰς καιρὸν τυπεδὲ
ἐτύγχαν', ἐξέλκει δὲ, καὶ παραστάδος
κρεμαστὰ τεύχη πασσάλων καθαρπάσας
ἐστὶ' πι βωμοῦ γοργὸς ὀπλίτης ἰδεῖν,
βοά δὲ Δελφῶν παῖδας ἱστορῶν τάδε'
tίνος μ' ἐκατι κτείνετ' εὐσεβεῖς ὅδοις
ηκοντα; ποίας ὀλλυμαί πρὸς αἰτίας;
tῶν δ' οὔδεν οὔδεις μυρίων ὄντων πέλας
ἐφθέγγατ', ἀλλ' έβαλλον ἐκ χειρῶν πέτροις.
pυκνῇ δὲ νυφάδι πάντοθεν σποδοῦμενος
προύτευε νεῦχη κάψυλασσετ' ἐμβόλας
ἐκείσε κάκεια' ἀστίδ' ἐκτείνων χερί.
ἀλλ' οὔδεν ἤνεν· ἀλλὰ πόλλ' ὁμοῦ βέλη,
oἰστοὶ, μεσάγκυλ' ἐκλυτοὶ τ' ἀμφώβοι,
σφαγῆς ἐχώρουν βουτάρου ποδῶν πάρος
δεινᾶς δ' ἄν εἰδες πυρρίχας φρουρομένου
βέλεμνα παιδός. ὡς δὲ νιν περισταδὸν
κύκλῳ κατείχον οὐ διδότες ἀμπυνάς,
βωμοῦ κενώσας δεξίμηλον ἐσχάραν,
tὸ Τρωικὸν πηδήμα πηδήςας ποδοῦ
χωρεῖ πρὸς αὐτοὺς· οἱ δ' ὅπως πελεάδες
ἱέρακ' ἰδοῦσαι πρὸς φυγὴν ἐνώτισαν.
pολλοὶ δ' ἐπιπτοῦν μυγάδες ἐκ τε τραυμάτων
αὐτοὶ θ' ύφ' αὐτῶν στενυτόρους κατ' ἐξόδους,
κραυγῇ δ' ἐν εὐφήμοισι δύσφημοι δόμιοι
πέτραισιν ἄιντεκλαγῆς· ἐν ευδίᾳ δὲ πῶς

500
ANDROMACHE

Then rose with swords from ambush screened by bays
A troop against him: Clytemnestra's son
Was of them, weaver of this treason-web.
Full in view standing, still to the God he prayed,—
When lo, with swords keen-whetted unawares
They stab Achilles' son, a man unarmed!
Back drew he, stricken, yet not mortally;
He drew his sword, and, snatching helm and shield
Upon a column's nails uphung, he stood
On the altar-steps, a warrior grim to see;
And cried to Delphi's sons, and this he asked:
"Why would ye slay me, who on holy mission
Have come?—on what charge am I doomed to die?"
But of the multitude that surged around
None answered word, but ever their hands hurled stones.

Then, by that hail-storm battered from all sides,
With shield outstretched he warded him therefrom,
To this, to that side turning still the targe;
But naught availed, for in one storm the darts,
The arrows, javelins, twy-point spits out launched,
And slaughter-knives, came hurtling to his feet.
Dread war-dance hadst thou seen of thy son's son
From darts swift-swerving! Now they hemmed him round
On all sides, giving him no breathing space.
Then from the altar's hearth of sacrifice
Leaping with that leap which the Trojans knew,
He dashed upon them. They, like doves that spy
The hawk high-wheeling, turned their backs in flight.
Many in mingled turmoil fell, by wounds,
Or trampled of others in strait corridors.
Unhallowed clamour broke the temple hush,
And far cliffs echoed. As in a calm mid storm,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εστι φαεννοῖς δεσπότης στίλβων ὅπλων,
πρὸν ὅς τις ἀδύτων ἐκ μέσων ἐφθέγξατο
δεινὸν τε καὶ φρικῶδες, ὃρσε δὲ στρατὸν
στρέφας πρὸς ἀλκήν. ἔνθα Ἀχιλλέως πίνει
παῖς ἐξυθηρὶῳ πλευρὰ φασγάνῳ τυπεῖς
Δελφοῦ πρὸς ἄνδρός, ὀσπερ αὐτὸν ὄλεσε
πολλῶν μετ’ ἄλλων ὡς δὲ πρὸς γαῖαν πίνει,
tίς οὐ σίδηρον προσφέρει, τίς οὐ πέτρον,
βάλλων ἀράσσων; πᾶν δ’ ἄναλωται δέμας
τὸ καλλιμορφόν τραμμάτων ὑπ’ ἀγρίων.

νεκρὸν δὲ δὴ ὅπως κεῖμενον βωμῷ πέλας
ἐξέβαλον ἐκτὸς θυσδόκων ἀνακτῶροι.

ἡμεῖς δ’ ἀναρπάζαντες ὡς τάχος χεροῖν
κομίζομεν νῦν σοὶ κατοιμώξαι γόσιν

κλαύσαι τε, πρέσβυν, γῆς τε κοσμήσαι τάφῳ.

τοιαύθ’ ο τοῖς ἄλλοισι θεοπίζων ἁνάξ,
ὁ τῶν δικαίων πάσιν ἀνθρώπους κρίτης,
δικας διδόντα παίδ’ ἐδρασ’ Ἀχιλλέως
ἐμμηνόευσε δ’ ὀσπερ ἀνθρωπος κακὸς
παλαιὰ νείκη κ’ ἐν ὄν εἰή σοφὸς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν δ’ ἀνάξ ἦδη φοράδην

Δελφίδος ἐκ γῆς δώμα πελάζει.

τλήμων’ ὁ παθῶν, τλήμων δέ, γέρον,
καὶ σὺ’ δέχει γὰρ τὸν Ἀχιλλέων

σκύμνον ἐς οἴκους, οὐχ ὡς σὺ θέλεις.

αὐτὸς τε κακοὶς [πήμασι κύρσας]

ἐις ἐν μοίρας συνέκυρσας.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

ὡμοὶ ἐγώ, κακὸν οἴον ὅρῳ τόδε

καὶ δέχομαι χερὶ δῶμαι τ’ ἁμοὶς.

ἰὼ μοι μοι, αἰαῖ,
ANDROMACHE

My lord stood flashing in his gleaming arms,
Till from the inmost shrine there pealed a voice
Awful and thrilling, kindling that array
And battleward turning. Then Achilles' son [side 
Fell, stabbed with a brand keen-whetted through the 1150
By a man of Delphi, one that laid him low
With helpers many: but, when he was down,
Who did not thrust the steel, or cast the stone,
Hurling and battering? All his form was marred,
So goodly-moulded, by their wild-beast wounds.
Then him, beside the altar lying dead,
They cast forth from the incense-breathing shrine.
But with all speed our hands uplifted him,
And to thee bear him, to lament with wail
And weeping, ancient, and to enseepulchre. 1160
Thus he that giveth oracles to the world,
He that is judge to all men of the right,
Hath wreaked revenge upon Achilles' son,—
Yea, hath remembered, like some evil man,
An old, old feud! How then shall he be wise?

Enter bearers with corpse of NEOPTOLEMUS.

CHORUS

Lo, lo, where the prince, high borne on the bier,
From the Delphian land to his home draweth near!
Alas for the strong, death-quelled! Alas for thee, 1170
stricken with eld!
Not as thou wouldest, Achilles' scion
To his home dost thou welcome, the whelp of the lion.
In oneness of weird, in affliction drear,
Art thou linked with the dead lying here.

PELEUS

Woe for the sight breaking on me, (Str. 1)
That mine hands usher in at my door!
Ah me, 'tis my death! ah me,
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ω τόλι Θεσσαλία, διολόλαμεν,
oιχόμεθ’, ούκετι μοι γένος, ούκετi
λειπεταί οίκοις.

ω σχέτλιος παθέων ἐγὼ εἰς τίνα
δὴ φίλον αὐγάς βάλλων τέρψομαι ;
ω φίλον στόμα καὶ γένυ καὶ χέρες,
eἴθε σ’ ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ ἤναρε δαίμων
Σιμοεντίδα παρ’ ἀκτάν

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὔτος τ’ ἄν ὡς ἐκ τῶνδ’ ἐτιμάτ’ ἄν, γέρον,
θανῶν, τὸ σὸν δ’ ἢν ὡδ’ ἄν εὐτυχέστερον.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
ω γάμος, ὦ γάμος, ὃς τάδε δόματα ἀντ. α’
καὶ πόλιν ὠλεσας ὠλεσας ἀμάν,
† αἰαὶ αἰαὶ. ὦ παῖ,
μήποτε σὸν λεχέων τὸ δυσώνυμον
ὁφελ’, ἐμὸν γένος, εἰς τέκνα καὶ δόμον
ἀμφιβαλέσθαι

’Ἐρμύνον α’ Ἀίδαν ἐπὶ σοὶ, τέκνον,†
ἀλλὰ κεραυνῷ πρόσθεν ὠλέσσας,
μηδ’ ἐπὶ τοξοσῦνα φοινῷ πατρός
† αἰμα τὸ διογγεῖς ποτε Φοίβου
βροτὸς εἰς θεοῦ ἀνάψαι.†

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁτοτοί ὅτοτοί.

θανόντα δεσπόταν γόοις
νόμῳ τῷ νερτέρων κατάρξω.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

ὁτοτοί ὅτοτοί.

διάδοχα δ’, ὡ τάλας ἐγὼ,
γέρων καὶ δυστυχῆς δακρύω.

† 1188–1192 corrupt: no satisfactory reading ascertained.
ANDROMACHE

Oh city of Thessaly,
No child have I,—this hath undone me,—
Neither seed in mine halls any more.
Woe for me!—whitherward turning
Shall mine eyes see the gladness of yore?
O lips, cheek, and hands of my yearning!
O had a God but o’erthrown thee
’Neath Ilium on Simois’ shore!

CHORUS

Yea, he had fallen with honour, had he died
Thus, ancient, and thy lot were happier so.

PELEUS

Woe’s me for the deadly alliance (Ant. 1)
That hath blasted my city, mine home!
Ah my son, that the curse-haunted line
Of thy bride,—unto me, unto mine
Evil-boding,—had trapped not my scion’s
Dear limbs in the toils of the tomb,
In the net of Hermione’s slinging!
O that lightning had first dealt her doom!
And alas that the arrow, death-bringing
To thy sire, stirred a man, for defiance
Of a God, against Phoebus to come!

CHORUS

With a wail ringing up to the sky (Str. 2)
In the measures of Hades’ abider will I
Uplift for my lord stricken low lamentation’s outcry.

PELEUS

(Ant. 2)

With a wail to the heavens upborne
I take up the strain, ah me, and I mourn
And I weep, the unblest, the ill-fated, the eld-forlorn.
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΩΡΟΣ
θεοῦ γὰρ ἀίσα, θεὸς ἐκρανεῖ συμφοράν. στρ. γ'

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
ὦ φίλος, ἔλειπες ἐν δόμῳ μ' ἔρημον,1 [ὦ μοι μοι, ταλαιπώρων ἐμέ] 2 γέρουτ' ἀπαίδα νοσφίσας.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

στρ. δ'
θανεῖν θανεῖν σε, πρέσβυ, χρῆν πάρος τέκνων.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
οὐ σπαράξομαι κόμαν,

1210 οὐκ ἑπιθήσομαι δ' ἐμῷ κάρα κτύπημα χειρὸς ὅλον; ὦ πόλις, διπλῶν τέκνων μ' ἑστέρησε Φοῖβος.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

ὁ κακὰ παθῶν ἰδῶν τε δυστυχής γέρων, στρ. ε'
tίν' αἰών' εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν ἐξεῖς;

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
ἄτεκνος, ἔρημος, οὐκ ἐγὼν πέρας κακῶν διαντλήσω πώνους ἐς 'Αιδαν.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
μάτην δέ σ' ἐν γάμουσιν ὄλβισαν θεοί. ἀντ. ε'

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ
ἀμπτάμενα φροῦδα τάμα πάντα κείται 1220 κόμπων μεταρσίων πρόσω.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
μόνος μόνοισιν ἐν δόμῳς ἀναστρέφει. ἀντ. δ'

---
1 Paley: for δόμων ἔλατες ἔρημον.
2 Rejected by Matthiae.
ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

(Str. 3)
'Tis God's doom: thine affliction God hath wrought.

PELEUS
O my beloved one, lone in his halls hast thou left,
An old, old man of his children bereft.

CHORUS

(Str. 4)
Before thy sons shouldst thou have died, have died!

PELEUS
And shall I not rend mine hair?
And shall I from smiting spare
Mine head, from the ruining hand? O city, see
How Phoebus of children twain hath despoiled me!

CHORUS

(Str. 5)
Ill-starred, who hast seen and suffered evil's stress,
What life through the rest of thy days shalt thou have?

PELEUS
Childless, forlorn, my woes are limitless: (Ant. 5)
I shall drain sorrow's dregs till I sink to the grave.

CHORUS

(Ant. 3)
Gods crowned with joy thy spousals all for naught.

PELEUS
Fleeted and vanished and fallen my glories are,
Far from my boasts high-soaring, O far!

CHORUS
Lone in the lonely halls must thou abide. (Ant. 4)
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

όυκέτ’ ἐστὶ μοι πόλις,
σκήπτρα τάδ’ ἐρρέτω ’τ’ γᾶν,
σὺ τ’, ὃ κατ’ ἄντρα νύχια Νηρέως κόρη,
pανόλεθρον γὰ πίτνοντα μ’ ὀψεῖ.¹

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιὼ ἰὼ·

τά κεκίνηται; τίνος αἰσθάνομαι
θείου; κούραι, λεύσσετ’ ἀθρήσατε·
δαίμων ὃδε τις λευκὴν αἰθέρα
πορθμενόμενος τῶν ἰπποβότων

Φθίας πεδίων ἐπιβαίνει.

ΘΕΤΙΣ

Πηλεύ, χάριν σὸν τῶν πάρος νυμφευμάτων

ηκὼ Θετίς λιπούσα Νηρέως δόμους.

καὶ πρώτα μὲν σοι τοὺς παρεστῶσιν κακοῖς
μηδέν τι λίαν δυσφορεῖν παρῆνεα·

καγὼ γὰρ, ἂν ἀκλαυστ’ ἔρχῃν τίκτειν τέκνα,

ἀπώλεσ’ ἐκ σοῦ παῖδα τὸν ταχὺν πόδας

'Αχιλλέα τεκούσα πρῶτον Ἑλλάδος.

ἂν δ’ εἰνεκ’ ἧλθον σημαίω, σὺ δ’ ἐνδέχον.

τὸν μὲν θανόντα τῶν’ 'Αχιλλέως γόνων

θάψων πορεύσας Πυθικῆν πρὸς ἐσχάραν,

Δελφοῖς οὖν ὁδοῖς, ὡς ἀπαγγέλλῃ τάφος

φόνοι βίαιον τῆς 'Ορεστείας χερός·

γυναῖκα δ’ ἁιχμάλωτον, 'Ανδρομάχην λέγω,

Μολοσσίαν ῥήν χρῆ κατοκῆσαι, γέρον,

'Ελένη τιναλλαχθεῖσαν εὖναίος γάμους,

καὶ παῖδα τόνδε τῶν ἀπ’ Ἀιακοῦ μόνου

λελειμένου δὴ· βασιλέα δ’ ἐκ τούδε χρῆ

ἀλλον δ’ ἀλλον διαπερᾶν Μολοσσίας

¹ Hermann: for MSS. μ’ ὀψεῖ πίτνοντα πρὸς γᾶν.

508
ANDROMACHE

PELEUS
No city is mine—none now!
Down, sceptre, in dust lie thou!
Thou, daughter of Nereus, from twilight of thy sea-hall
Shalt behold me, in ruin and wrack to the earth as I fall.

CHORUS
What ho! what ho!
What stir in the air, what fragrance divine?
Look yonder!—O mark it, companions mine!
Some God through the stainless sky doth speed;
And the car swings low
To the plains of Phthia the nurse of the steed.

THETIS descends to the stage.

THETIS
Peleus, for mine espousals' sake of old
To thee, I Thetis come from Nereus' halls.
And, first, I counsel thee, repine not thou
Overmuch for the woes that compass thee.
I too, who ought to have borne no child of sorrow,
Lost him I bare to thee, my fleetfoot son,
Achilles, who in Hellas had no peer.
Now hearken while I tell my coming's cause:
Thou to the Pythian temple journey; there
Bury thou this thy dead, Achilles' seed,
Delphi's reproach, that his tomb may proclaim
His death, his murder, by Orestes' hand.
And that war-captive dame, Andromache,
In the Molossian land must find a home
In lawful wedlock joined to Helenus,
With that child, who alone is left alive
Of Aeacus' line. And kings Molossian
From him one after other long shall reign
ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

eὑδαμομοῦντας· οὐ γὰρ δῶ διὰ ἀνάστατον γένος γενέσθαι δεῖ τὸ σὺν καὶ μόνον, γέρον, Ἰτνίας τε· καὶ γὰρ θεοῖς κάκεινς μέλει, καίτερ πεσοῦσας Παύλαδος προθυμᾶ. σὲ δ’, οὐς ἂν εἰδὴς τῆς ἐμῆς εὔνως χάριν, [θεὰ γεγώσα καὶ θεοῦ πατρός τέκος,]
κακῶν ἀπαλλάξασα τῶν βροτησίων ἀθάνατον ἀφθιών τε ποιήσας θεόν.
κάπετα Νηρέως εὖ δόμου ἐμοῦ μέτα τὸ λοιπὸν ἢδη θεὸς συνοικίσεις θεᾶ· ἐνθεὶ κομίζων ξηρὸν ἐκ πόντου πόλα τὸν φιλαταντό σοι παῖδ’ ἐμοὶ τ’ Ἀχιλλέα ὄψει δόμους ναίοντα υπησιωτικός ἐνεκὴν κατ’ ἀκτὴν ἐντὸς Εὐξέινον πόρον.
ἀλλ’ ἐρπε Δελφῶν εἰς θεὸμητον πόλιν νεκρὸν κομίζων τόνδε, καὶ κρύψας χοθοὶ ἐλθὼν παλαιὰς χοιράδος κοῖλον μυχὸν Σημιάδος ᾤζον· μίμεε δ’, ἔστ’ ἂν ἐξ ἀλὸς λαβόσα πευτήκουτα Νηρηῖδων χορὸν ἐλθώς κομιστὴν σου’ τὸ γὰρ πεπρωμένου δεὶ σ’ ἐκκομίζειν. Ζηὴν γὰρ δοκεῖ τάδε.

παῦσαι δὲ λύπης τῶν τεθνηκότων ὑπερ-πάσιν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἦδε πρὸς θεῶν ψῆφος κέκρανται κατθανεῖν τ’ ὀφείλεται.

ΠΗΛΕΣ

ὁ πότνι’, ὁ γενναίᾳ συγκοιμήματα, Νηρεῶς γενέθλον, χαίρε· ταῦτα δ’ ἄξιως σαῦτας τε ποιεῖς καὶ τέκνων τῶν ἐκ σέθεν. παῦσω δὲ λύπην σοῦ κελεύουσης, θεὰ, καὶ τόνδε θάψας εἰμὶ Πηλίον πτυχάς, οὕτε σὺν εἶλον χερσὶ κάλλιστον δεμας. κατ’ οὐ γαμεῖν δὴτ’ ἐκ τε γενναίων χρεῶν

510
ANDROMACHE

In bliss; for, ancient, nowise thus thy line
And mine is destined to be brought to naught:
No, neither Troy; the Gods yet hold her dear,
Albeit by Pallas’ eager hate she fell.
Thee too—so learn what grace comes of my couch;
A Goddess I, whose father was a God—
Will I deliver from all mortal ills,
And set thee above decay and death, a God.
Henceforth in Nereus’ palace thou with me,
As God with Goddess, shalt for ever dwell.
Thence rising dry-shod from the sea, shalt thou
Behold Achilles, thy belovèd son
And mine, abiding in his island home
On the White Strand, within the Euxine Sea.
Now fare thou to the Delphians’ God-built burg
Bearing this corpse, and hide it in the ground;
Then seek the deep cave ’neath the ancient rock
Sepias; abide there: tarry till I rise
With fifty chanting Nereids from the sea,
To lead thee thence; for all the doom of fate
Must thou accomplish: Zeus’s will is this.
Refrain thou then from grieving for the dead:
For unto all men is this lot ordained
Of heaven: from all the debt of death is due.

PELEUS

O couch-mate mine, O high-born Majesty,
Offspring of Nereus, hail thou! Worthy thee,
Worthy thy children, are the things thou dost.
Goddess, at thy command my grief shall cease.
Him will I bury, and go to Pelion’s glens,
Where in mine arms I clasped thy loveliest form.

[Exit Thetis.

Now, shall not whoso is prudent choose his wife,


ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

1280 δοῦναι τ' ἐς ἐσθλοὺς, ὡςτὶς εὖ βουλεύεται, κακῶν δὲ λέκτρων μὴ 'πιθυμίαν ἔχειν, μηδ' εἰ ἡπλούτους οἴσεται φερνὰς δόμοισ; οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἀν πρᾶξειαν ἐκ θεῶν κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμόνων, πολλὰ δ' ἠέλπτως κραίνονσι θεοὶ καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη, τῶν δ' ἄδοκητων πόρον εὗρε θεός. τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τὸδε πράγμα.

512
ANDROMACHE

And for his children mates, of noble strain,
And nurse no longing for an evil bride,
Not though she bring his house a regal dower?
So should men ne'er receive ill of the Gods.

CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they reveal them:
Manifold things unhoped-for the Gods to accomplish bring.
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfil them;
And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods unseal them.
So fell this marvellous thing.

[Exeunt omnes.]
CYCLOPS
INTRODUCTION

The Satyric Drama, of which the Cyclops is the solitary example extant, is especially interesting as being a survival in literature. The Greek drama originally, as being designed for representation at the great annual festival of Dionysus or Bacchus, had for its subject some incident in the adventures of that god or his followers. When, early in the fifth century B.C., it became the rule that each dramatic poet should present a trilogy of tragedies at the Greater Dionysia, it was required that to these should be added a fourth play, founded on the ancient theme, as a concession to the popular feeling connected with the Wine-god’s festival, and as a recognition of his presence. As the chorus in such plays was invariably composed of Satyrs, the peculiar attendants of Bacchus, such plays were called Satyric Dramas. In these, incidents in the legends of gods and heroes were treated with an approach to burlesque, the high style of tragedy was abandoned at pleasure, the vocabulary contained many words which were beneath the dignity of the serious drama, the dances were wild, and not always decent, the versification was more irregular, broad and wanton jests were not only admitted, but perhaps even prescribed: in short, the unrestrained licence of the original Dionysia found here its literary expression.

The subject of the Cyclops is taken from that adventure of Odysseus which is related with Epic dignity by Homer in the Odyssey, Bk. IX. The divergences, rendered inevitable by the special character of the Satyric Drama, are so great that it cannot be affirmed with certainty that this play was really based on Homer,
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΧΑΤΤΡΩΝ
ΟΔΤΖΕΤΣ
ΚΤΚΛΩΝ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SILENUS, an old attendant of Bacchus.  
ODYSSÆUS, king of Ithaca.  
CYCLOPS, a one-eyed giant.  
CHORUS, consisting of Satyrs.  
Men of Odysséus' crew.

SCENE: At the entrance to a great cave at the foot of Mount Etna.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

"Ω Βρομε, διὰ σὲ μυρίους ἔχω πόνους νῦν χώτ' ἐν ἦβη τοῦμον εὐσθένει δέμας· πρῶτον μὲν, ἤμικ' ἐμμανῆς Ἡρας ὑπὸ Νύμφας ὀρείας ἐκλιπὼν φχου τροφοῦς· ἐπειθ' ὃτ' ἀμφι γηγενὴ μάχην δορὸς ἐνδέξιος σφ' ποδὶ παρασπιστῆς γεγὼς 'Ἐγκέλαδον ἰτέαν εἰς μέσην θενῶν δορὶ ἐκτεινα—φέρ' ἵδω, τοὐτ' ἵδὼν ὄναρ λέγω; οὐ μὰ Δι', ἐπεὶ καὶ σκῦλ' ἐδείξα Βακχῷ· καὶ νῦν ἐκείνων μείζον' ἐξαντλῶ πόνον. ἐπεὶ γὰρ Ἡρα σοι γένος Τυρσηνίκων ληστῶν ἐπώρσεν, ὡς ὄδηθεις μακράν, ἐγὼ πυθόμενος σὺν τέκνοις ναυστολῶ σέθεν κατὰ ξῆτησιν. ἐν πρύμνῃ δ' ἄκρα αὐτὸς λαβὼν ἡθονον ἀμφιρίς δόρυ, παιδες τ' ἐρετμοῖς ἤμενοι, γαλακτίην ἀλα ῥοθίοις λευκαῖνοντες, ἐξήτουν σ', ἀναξ. ἦδη δὲ Μαλέας πλησίον πεπλευκότας ἀπηλώτης ἄνεμος ἐμπνεύσας δορῇ ἐξέβαλεν ἠμᾶς τήνδ' ἐς Αἰτναίαν πέτραν, ἱν' οἰ μονότες ποιήσων παιδες θεοῦ Κύκλωπες οἰκοῦσ' ἀντ' ἔρημ' ἀνδροκτόνοι.
CYCLOPS

Enter from the cave SILENUS, dragging after him a rusty iron rake.

SILENUS

O Bacchus!—oh the back-aches that I got
In your cause, when my youthful blood was hot:
First, when, with addled brains through Hera's curses,
You bolted from the Mountain-maids, your nurses;
Next time, when, in the Battle o' Phlegra Field,
I was your right-hand man, and through the shield
Of Giant Whatshisname I neatly put
A yard of spear—what, dreamed all this? Tut, tut!
Did Bacchus dream I showed the monster's spoils
To him? Ah, that was play beside these toils!
For, O my Bacchus, Hera set on you
A gang of thieves, a Tuscan pirate-crew,
To take you on a very distant trip.
I heard of it, and promptly manned a ship
With my wild boys, and sailed upon the quest.
I took the helm, and—well, I did my best;
And the boys rowed—at least, made shift to fling
Some foam about; and so we sought our king.
But, just as on our quarter Malea lay,
An east wind blew, and cast our ship away
Upon this rocky shore by Etna's roots,
Home of the Cyclops (Neptune's amours' fruits),
One-eyed, cave-kennelled, man-devouring brutes.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

toútvn éνòs ληφθέντες èσμεν èn dòmois
dóulov· kalóuçi d' aútvn òl látrepômen
Polúfínoym. ántì d' eúwv bakkheumátovn
póîmnas Kúklopoon ánsoio poi'mainoménv.
paídèes mèn ouv moi klytùwv èn èsχátois
némounoi mèla néa néoi pefukótèse,
egò dé plhroúvn pístra kai saíreiv stégas
mènov tétaugmai tásde, tò te dússebèi
Kúkloppi deípponv ánsoivn diákonois.
kai nún, tâ pístasthènt', ánagkaiwès èxhe
saíreivn súndhà tìdè m' ártpáhè dòmovs,
òs tòv t' àpónta destróthn Kúklopp' èmòn
kátharóisn ántrouv mèla t' eiðdechômeva.
òdè dé paídas preosnémontas éisórò
póîmnas. tì taúta; mòv krótois suînívdon
ómovs úmìn vún te ñátì Bakkhíw
kómovs suðasspízontes 'Althaías dòmovs
prosçh't' àoidaiwv barbítowv sauloùmenoi;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

pâ moi ñeînaîwv pàtèròwv

geneîwvn t' èk tokádovn,
pâ dh' moi ñísiw skopèlous;
oú tâd' úpînemos âûra
kai poi'hra bòtaîna,
dìvaîn ò' ùdor potamóv
èn pístraiwv keîtaî pélaîs àn-
trovv; ou sói ñlaçhài tekêwv;
CYCLOPS

One of them caught us, so that we became
Slaves in his den; and this slave-driver’s name
Is Polyphemus. No more Bacchanal song
And dance for us! We’ve got to herd a throng
Of this ungodly villain’s goats and sheep:
Yes, my poor boys on far-off hill-sides steep—
My tender ones—are tending flocks for him!
And I’m a prisoner here, must fill to the brim
His sheep-troughs: I must sweep this stinking den
For godless Goggle-eye, must turn cook then,
And serve his cursed dinners up—fried men!
Now with this clumsiest of iron rakes (kicks it)
I must needs clear up all the mess he makes,
To welcome home my lord, old Saucer-eye,
And his sheep with him, into a clean—sty.
Ah, here my boys come, driving home the bleating
Flocks; yes, I see them—what, is that the beating
Of dancing feet? It’s like old times, when round
Althaea’s house, with Bacchus, to the sound
Of song and harp, your toes scarce touched the
ground.

Enter chorus, driving goats and sheep.

A SATYR (to a he-goat)

O come along, Sir Billy! If your father was a king,
And your mother queen of Nannies, still you needn’t
go and spring
Over cliff and crag up yonder: it’s good enough for
you
Down here, where winds are sleeping, and where
green as ever grew
Is the grass that waits the cropping;
And the rippling water, slopping
Out of all the troughs full-brimming by the cave, is
full in view;
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ψύττα, σὺ τάδ' οὖ, κοῦ τάδε νεμεῖ,

* * κλείτυν δροσεράν;

ωή, ρίψω πέτρον τάχα σου

ὑπαγ' ὑ ὑπαγ' ὑ κεράστα,

μηλοβότα στασιωρὸν

Κύκλωπος ἄγροβάτα.

σπαργώντας μαστοὺς χάλασον

ἀντ.

dέξαι θηλαίσι σποράς,

ἂς λείπεις ἀρνῶν θαλάμωις.

ποθοῦσί σ' ἀμερόκοιτοι

βλαχαὶ σμικρῶν τεκέων.

60
eἰς αὐλὰν ποτ' ἀμφιβαλεῖς

ποιηροὺς λείπουσα νυμφόις,

Αἰτναίων εἰσω σκοπέλων;¹

οὐ τάδε Βρόμος, οὐ τάδε χοροὶ

Βάκχαι τε θυρσοφόροι,

οὐ τυμπάνων ἀλαλαγμοί,

οὐκ οἴνου χλωραῖ σταγόνες

κρήναις παρ' ύδροχύτοις,

οὐ δινεύματα² Νυμφῶν.

Ἰακχοῦ Ἰακχοῦ φῦδαν

μέλπω πρὸς τὰν Ἀφροδίταν,

ἀν θηρεύων πετόμαι

¹ After v. 62 Kirchoff, followed by Murray, repeats vv. 49-54.
² Nauck: for MSS. οὖδ' ἐννύσσα and οὐ νύσσα, Portus, οὖδ' ἐν Νύσσα μετὰ Νυμφῶν . . . . μέλπω.
CYCLOPS

And your little kids are pleading
"Come you down!"—and never heeding
From the steep you still are hanging, all bedraggled
with the dew.

Here goes a stone to stir you! Shoo, you wilful
Come you down, and come this minute, you nasty
hornèd thing!

Don't you hear your keeper calling, farmer Giant's

ANOTHER SATYR (to a she-goat)

Come, my pretty, to the milking; then away you
skip, to meet

Your little babies, hungry to nose the heavy teat;
For you left them at the dawning, on the rushes
where they lay,

And they sorely need refreshment, after sleeping all
Don't you see your little sweeting?
Can't you hear his hungry bleating?

O leave the grassy pasture, to the folding come away!

Enter here, your cave is ready
Under Etna, clean and shady:

O dear! no sign of Bacchus nor his Bacchanal array!
There's no clashing of the cymbals, no dances reel
and sway,

Nothing trickling from a wine-jar-in droppings honey-
Nor beside the gushing fountains trip the Mountain-
maidens' feet.

CHORUS OF ALL THE SATYRS

O Aphrodite! and O the mighty
Spell of the chant that thrilled the air,
When to its cadence I chased the maidens,
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Βάκχαις σὺν λευκόπτοσιν.
ὁ φίλος, ὃ φίλε Βακχεῖε, ποῖ οἷοπολῶν
ξανθῶν χαίταν σείεις;
ἐγὼ δὴ ὦ σὸς πρόπολος
θητεύω Κύκλωπι
τῷ μονοδέρκτα, δοῦλος ἀλαίνων
suspend ταθε τράγου χαλάνα μελέα
σὰς χωρίς φιλίας.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
συγήσατ’, ὡ τέκν’, ἀντρά δ’ εἰς πετρηρεφὴ
poímnas ἀθροίσαι προσπόλους κελεύσατε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
χωρεῖτ’ ἀτὰρ δὴ τίνα, πάτερ, σπουδὴν ἔχεις;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ὁρῶ πρὸς ἄκταίς ναὸς Ἑλλάδος σκάφος
cóphtes τ’ ἀνακταὶ σὺν στρατηλάτῃ των
στείχοντας εἰς τόδ’ ἀντρον, ἀμφὶ δ’ αὐχέσι
τεῦχη φέρουν κενά, βορᾶς κεχρημένου,
kρωσσόυσ’ θ’ ὑδρηλοῦς. ὁ ταλαίπωροι ξένοι.
tínes pot’ εἰσίν; οὐκ ἵσασι δεσπότην
Πολύφημον οἴος ἔστιν, ξένον στέγη
túμ’ ἐμβεβώτες καὶ Κυκλωπίαν γνάθου
τὴν ἀνδροβρώτα δυστυχῶς ἀφυγμένοι.
ἀλλ’ ἤσυχοι γόγγεσθ’, ὡς ἐκπυθώμεθα
πόθεν πάρεισι Σικελὸν Αἰτναῖον πάγον.

ΟΔΥΣΕΙΣ
ξένοι, φράσαι τ’ ἀν νάμα ποτάμων πόθεν
dίψης ἀκός λάβοιμεν, εἰ τε τις θέλει
CYCLOPS

The Bacchanal girls, and the feet snow-fair!
O Bacchus, only-beloved, all lonely
Now, you are wandering where, ah where,
Of me unbeholden, tossing the golden
Nectar-breathing cloud of your hair?
And I, your vassal, a slave in the castle-
Dungeon of one-eyed Giant Despair,
A slave sheep-drover, with naught to cover
My limbs but a foul goat's skin worn bare,
I wander, breaking my heart with aching
For my lost love far from the voice of my prayer.

SILENUS

Hush, boys! Quick, tell the lads to get the flock
In haste beneath the cavern's roof of rock.

CHORUS

Look sharp there! Where's the hurry, father, now?

SILENUS

Down on the beach I spy a Greek ship's prow;
I see the kings o' the oar—their captain's there—
Come tramping towards this cave. Aha, they bear
Slung round their necks some baskets. Come to beg
For food, of course—and water; there's the keg.
O you poor wretches! Who on earth are these?
Little they dream what hospitalities
Are by the master of this house bestowed,
Who tread this strangely hospitable road
Up to the doors of—Goggle-eyes's jaw,
For right warm welcome to his cannibal maw!
Now we shall learn—if you will just keep still—
Whence come these to Sicilian Etna's hill.

Enter ODYSSEUS and crew.

ODYSSEUS

Friends, can you tell us whereabouts to find
Some running water? If you'd be so kind,
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

βορὰν ὁδῆσαι ναυτίλους κεχρημένους; τί χρῆμα; Βρομίου πόλιν ἐσύγγεν εἰσβαλεῖν. Σατύρων πρὸς ἀντροις τόνδ᾽ ὄμιλον ἐσορῶ. χαίρειν προσεἴπα πρῶτα τὸν γεραίτατον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ ξέν', ὡστὶς δ' εἴ φράσον πάτραν τε σήν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣΕ

Τῆθακός Ὀδυσσεύς, γῆς Κεφαλλήνων ἀναζ.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οἴδ' ἄνδρα, κρόταλον ὀριθύ, Σισύφου γένος.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣΕ

ἐκείνος οὕτος εἶμι· λοιδόρει δὲ μή.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

πόθεν Σικελίαν τήρηδε ναυστολῶν πάρει;

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣΕ

ἐξ Ἰλίου γε κἀπὸ Τρωικῶν πόνων.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

πῶς; πορθμὸν οὖκ ἡδησθα πατρίφας χθονός;

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣΕ

ἀνέμων θύελλαι δεὐρό μ᾽ ἤρπασαν βία.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

παπαῖς τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἐξαντλεῖς ἐμοί.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣΕ

ἡ καὶ σὺ δεῦρο πρὸς βίαν ἀπεστάλης;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ληστὰς διώκων, οί Βρόμιον ἀνήρπασαν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣΕ

τῖς δ' ἦδε χώρα, καὶ τίνες ναίουσι νυν;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

Αἰτναῖος ὄχθος Σικελίας ὑπέρτατος.

528
Moreover, as to sell us hungry tars
Something to eat—but what, what? O my stars!
Is this the City of Bacchus that we’ve found?
Here’s quite a crowd of Satyrs standing round
A cave! A fatherly old party, too,
A patriarch quite—good morning, Sir, to you!

SILENUS

Good morning. What’s your name and whence d’you come?

ODYSSEUS

Odysseus—Isle-king—Ithaca’s my home.

SILENUS

Ah, Sisyphus’ son! Sharp rogue, a sight too clever!

ODYSSEUS

That’s me. You needn’t call hard names, however.

SILENUS

And whence do you come to Sicily, may I ask?

ODYSSEUS

From taking Troy—tough job, a ten years’ task.

SILENUS

What, didn’t you know the way back to your door?

ODYSSEUS

A hurricane caught us, cast us on this shore.

SILENUS

Heavens! You and I are in one boat together!

ODYSSEUS

What? you too driven here by stress of weather?

SILENUS

Pirates had kidnapped Bacchus: we gave chase.

ODYSSEUS

H’m—what’s the land called? Who live in this place?

SILENUS

That’s Etna—highest point of Sicily.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΖ
teίχη δὲ ποῦ στι καὶ πόλεως πυργώματα;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
οὐκ εἰσ’· ἔρημοι πρώνες ἀνθρώπων, ξένε.

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΖ
tίνες δ’ ἔχουσι γαῖαν; ἡ θηρῶν γένος;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
Κύκλωπες, ἀντρ’ οἰκοῦντες, οὐ στέγας δόμων.

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΖ
tίνος κλύνοντες; ἡ δεδήμευται κράτος;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
νομάδες· ἀκούει δ’ οὔδεν οὐδεὶς οὐδενός.

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΖ
σπείρουσι δ’—ἡ τῷ ξώσι;—Δήμητρος στάχυν;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
γάλακτι καὶ τυρώσι καὶ μήλων βορᾶ.

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΖ
Βρομίον δὲ πῶμ’ ἔχουσιν, ἀμπέλου ροάς;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ήκιστα· τοιγάρ ἄχορον οἰκοῦσι χθόνα.

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΖ
φιλόξενοι δὲ χόσιοι περὶ ξένους;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
γλυκύτατά φασὶ τὰ κρέα τοὺς ξένους φορεῖν.

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΖ
tί φής; βορᾶ χαίρουσιν ἀνθρωποκτόνῳ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
οὐδεὶς μολὼν δεύρ’ ὀστὶς οὐ κατεσφάγη.

ΟΔΤΣΕΣΕΤΖ
αὐτὸς δὲ Κύκλωψ ποῦ στιν; ἡ δόμων ἔσω;

530
CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS
But—where's the city? Never a tower I see.

SILENUS
There's none, nor any men—waste hills and lonely.

ODYSSEUS
What, no inhabitants?—the wild beasts only?

SILENUS
Cyclops—no houses—burrow in caves, like rats.

ODYSSEUS
Who is their king?—or are they democrats?

SILENUS
Shepherds—and not for nobody they don't care.

ODYSSEUS
Do they sow corn?—or what's their daily fare?

SILENUS
Milk, cheese—and the eternal mutton-chop.

ODYSSEUS
Do they grow vines, make wine? (sees Silenus' expression.) What, never a drop?

SILENUS (with bitter emphasis)
Not—one—least—drop! No songs or dances here!

ODYSSEUS
Hospitable? Do strangers get good cheer?

SILENUS
Their special dainty is—the flesh of strangers!

ODYSSEUS
What, what?—they're cannibals, these desert-rangers?

SILENUS
So far, they've butchered every man who's come.

ODYSSEUS
And where's this Cyclops?—don't say he's at home!
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
Φροῦδος πρὸς Αἰτην, θῆρας ἰχνεύων κυσίν.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΣΕ
οἰσθ' οὖν ὁ δρᾶσον, ὡς ἀπαίρωμεν χθονός;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδ', Ὅδυσσεῦ πᾶν δὲ σοι δράκημεν ἄν.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΣΕ
όδησον ἦμιν σῖτον, οὐ σπανίζομεν.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
οὐκ ἔστιν, ὡσπερ εἶπον, ἄλλο πλὴν κρέας.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΣΕ
ἀλλ' ἤδυ λιμοῦ καὶ τόδε σχετήριον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
καὶ τυρός ὀπίας ἔστι καὶ βοὸς γάλα.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΣΕ
ἐκφέρετε· φῶς γὰρ ἐμπολήμασιν πρέπει.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
σὺ δ' ἀντιδώσεις, εἰπέ μοι, χρυσὸν πόσον;

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΣΕ
οὐ χρυσὸν, ἄλλὰ πῶμα Διονύσου φέρω.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ὁ φίλτατ' εἰπὼν, οὐ σπανίζομεν πάλαι.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΣΕ
καὶ μὴν Μάρων μοι πῶμ' ἔδωκε, παῖς θεοῦ.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ὅν ἐξέθρεψα ταῖσον ἐγὼ ποτ' ἀγκάλαις;

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΣΕ
ὁ Βακχίου παῖς, ὡς σαφέστερον μάθης.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ἐν σέλμασι νεώς ἔστιν, ἢ φέρεις σὺ νυν;
CYCLOPS

SILENUS
No, gone to Etna with his hounds to-day.

ODYSSEUS
Do something for us: then we'll get away.

SILENUS
What is it? (unctuously.) I'd do anything for you.

ODYSSEUS
Sell us some food. They're famished, are my crew.

SILENUS
There's nothing, as I said, save only meat.

ODYSSEUS
Tough mutton?—h'm: well, starving men must eat.

SILENUS
Cream-cheeses too, and milk—a very sea.

ODYSSEUS
Let's see 'em first—no pig-in-a-poke for me!

SILENUS
You show your money—pay before you dine!

ODYSSEUS
Better than money: what I've got here—wine!

SILENUS
Wine? Blessèd word—last tasted long agone!

ODYSSEUS
'Twas Maron gave it me, your Wine-god's son.

SILENUS
Dear boy!—these arms have nursed you, and here I find you!

ODYSSEUS
Yes, Bacchus' best brew, from his own son, mind you.

SILENUS
Got the wine with you?—not in yon ship's hold?
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

οδ' ἀσκός, ὦς κεύθει νυν' ὡς ὀρᾶς, γέρον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὗτος μὲν οὔδ' ἂν τὴν γνάθον πλήσειέ μου.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ναὶ δὲς τόσον πώμ' ὅσον ἂν ἐξ ἀσκοῦ ῥυή.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καλὴν γε κρήνην εἰπας ἥδειαν τ' ἐμοί.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

βούλει σε γεύσω πρῶτον ἄκρατον μέθυ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

δίκαιον· ἢ γὰρ γεύμα τὴν ὕπνην καλεῖ.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐφέλκω καὶ ποτὴρ' ἀσκοῦ μέτα.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

φέρ' ἐκπάταξον, ὡς ἀναμνησθῶ πιῶν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἰδοὺ.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

παπαίαξ, ὡς καλὴν ὀσμὴν ἔχει.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

εἰδὲς γὰρ αὐτὴν;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐ μὰ Δι', ἄλλ' ὀσφραῖνομαι.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

γεύσαι νυν, ὡς ἂν μὴ λόγῳ 'παινῆς μόνον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

βαβαί· χορεύσαι παρακαλεῖ μ' ὁ Βάκχιος.

ἀ ἀ ἀ.
CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS
Old man, it’s in this very skin—behold!

[Shows corner of skin.

SILENUS
That!—why there’s not a toothful in’t, I swear!

ODYSSEUS
There’s twice as much as you can hold in there.

[Shows whole skin.

SILENUS
Oh—h! what a fountain of delight!  O sweet!

ODYSSEUS
Have a small taste?  No water in it—neat.

SILENUS
Right! “Wet a bargain with a glass,” you know.

[Shows cup hanging from wine-skin.

ODYSSEUS
Here then:—his skinship’s got his boat in tow.

SILENUS
Quick!  Trot him out: revive my memory.
I’ve clean forgot the taste of it.

ODYSSEUS (pouring)
There—see?

SILENUS
Oh—oh!  I say!  What a bouquet!—divine!

ODYSSEUS
Bouquet?—d’ye see one?

SILENUS
No; this nose of mine,
By Jove, can answer for it right enough.

ODYSSEUS
Try if it’s worth your praise—just taste the stuff.

SILENUS (drinks)
Oh! oh!  I must dance!  Bacchus sounds the note!
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΣΣΕΤΣ
μῶν τὸν λάρυγγα διεκάναξέ σου καλῶς;
ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ὡστ’ εἰς ἄκρους γε τοὺς ὅνυχας ἀφίκετο.

ΟΔΣΣΕΤΣ
πρὸς τίδε μέντοι καὶ νόμισμα δῶσομεν.
ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
χάλα τὸν ἀσκόν μόνον ἐα τὸ χρυσόν.

ΟΔΣΣΕΤΣ
ἐκφέρετε νυν τὺρευμα καὶ μῆλων τόκον.
ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
δράσω τάδ’, ὀλίγον φροντίσας γε δεσποτῶν.
ὡς ἐκπιείων γ’ ἂν κῦλικα μαινοίμην μίαν,
πάντων Κυκλώπων ἀντιδοὺς βοσκήματα,
ῥίψατ’ τ’ ἐς ἀλμην λυσσάδος πέτρας ἀπό,
ἀπαξ μεθυσθείς καταβαλοὺν τε τὰς ὀφρύς.
ὡς ὅσ’ ὅτι πέων μὴ γέγηθε μαίνεται:
ι’’ ἔστι τούτι τ’ ὀρθῶν ἐξαισθᾶναι
μαστοῦ τε δραγμός καὶ παρεσκευασμένον
ψαύσαι χερῶν λειμῶνος, ὅρχηστός θ’ ἀμα
κακῶν τε λήστις. εἰτ’ ἐγὼ οὗ κυνήσουμαι
τοιόνδε πῶμα, τὴν Κύκλωπος ἄμαθίαν
κλαίειν κελεύων καὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν μέσον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀκοῦ’, Ἐονυσεύ, διαλαλήσωμεν τί σοι.

ΟΔΣΣΕΤΣ
καὶ μὴν φίλοι γε προσφέρεσθε πρὸς φίλον.

1 Wilamowitz: for MSS. τυρεύματ’ ἡ.
CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS
Did it slip very sweetly down your throat?

SILENUS
Throat, man?—to my very toes! I feel 'em tingling.

ODYSSEUS
I'll pay cash too: I've got it ready-jingling.

SILENUS
Wine! wine!—for money I don't care a button.

ODYSSEUS
All right. Fetch out your cheeses and your mutton.

SILENUS
I will! For master I don't care one fig!
So mad I am for just another swig,
That I'd sell for it all the giants' flocks—
Ay, chuck them in the sea from yonder rocks,
If once I get well drunk, and smooth my brow
Clear of the wrinkles drawn by trouble's plough.
The man that isn't jolly after drinking
Is just a drivelling idiot, to my thinking.
Jolly's no word for it!—I see a vision
Of snowy bosoms, of delights Elysian;
Of fingers fondling silken hair, of dancing,
Oblivion of all care!—O dream entrancing!
And shall my lips not kiss the cup whence come
Such raptures? And shall I not snap my thumb
At Goggle-eye, the blockhead, and the horrid
One eye stuck in the middle of his forehead?

[Goes off to collect the goods.

A SATYR
Look here, Odysseus; let me ask some questions.

ODYSSEUS
Of course: from friends I welcome all suggestions.
KYKLAWS

XOROS
ελάβετε Τροίαν τὴν Ἑλένην τε χειρίαν;

ODTSETE
καὶ πάντα γ´ οἶκον Πριαμίδων ἐπέρσαμεν.

XOROS
οὐκοῦν ἐπειδὴ τὴν νεάνιν εἴλετε,
ἀπαντεῖς αὐτὴν διεκροτήσατ' ἐν μέρει,
ἐπεὶ γε πολλοὶς ἦδεται γαμουμένη;
τὴν προδότιν, ἢ τοὺς θυλάκους τοὺς ποικίλους
περὶ τοῖν σκελοῖν ἰδοῦσα καὶ τὸν χρύσεον
κλων φοροῦντα περὶ μέσον τὸν αὐχένα
ἐξεπτοῆθη, Μενέλεων, ἄνθρωπον
λάστον, λυποῦσα. μηδαμοῦ γένος ποτὲ
φύναι γυναικῶν ὤφελ'—εἰ μὴ ἑκὼ μόνω.

ZEILHNOΣ
ἰδοὺ τάδ' ὑμῖν ποιμνίων βοσκήματα,
ἀναξ Ὀδυσσεῦ, μηκάδων ἄριστόν τροφαί,
πηκτοῦ γάλακτος τ' οὐ σπάνια τυρεύματα.
φέρεσθε, χωρεῖθ᾽ ὡς τάχιστ ἄντρων ἀπο,
βότρυος ἐμοὶ πῶμ' ἀντιδόντες εὕνοι.
οἴμοι· Κύκλωψ οδ' ἔρχεται· τί δράσομεν;

ODTSETE
ἀπολώλαμεν γάρ, ὡ γέρων· ποι χρὴ φυγεῖν;

ZEILHNOΣ
ἔσω πέτρας τῆςδ', οὐπερ ἄν λάθοιτε γε.

ODTSETE
δεινὸν τὸδ' εἶπας, ἄρκυνων μολεῖν ἔσω.
CYCLOPS

SATYR
Did you take Troy, and capture Helen too?

ODYSSEUS
O yes: all Priam's house we overthrew.

SATYR
Well, when you'd caught the naughty little jade,
Didn't each man whip out his vorpal blade,
And thrust her through, one after another, then,
And let her have for once her fill of men!
The baggage!—fell in love, all in a twinkle,
With Paris's gaudy bags,¹ without a wrinkle
Fitted to his fine legs, and lost her heart
To his gold necklace! And she must depart,
And leave the best of little chaps all lonely,
Menelaus! 'Tell you what it is—if only
No woman lived, a good thing would it be—
Not one on earth—except a few for me.

Enter SILENUS with SATYRS bringing bowls and lambs.

SILENUS
Here, king Odysseus, here they come, the lambs,
Warranted tender babes of bleating dams;
Here are the curds, and cheeses too galore.
Catch hold, and hurry 'em down from cave to shore.
Now for the grape's pure soul, for Bacchus' brew!—
O lor!—the Cyclops! Oh, what shall we do?

ODYSSEUS
Done for, old man! Where can we run to?—where?

SILENUS
Into the cave—good hiding-places there.

ODYSSEUS
Not likely!—to walk straight into the snare!

¹ Here Greek and English slang are identical.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐ δεινόν· εἰςὶ καταφυγαί πολλαὶ πέτρας.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

οὐ δῆτ᾿ ἐπεὶ τὰν μεγάλα γη ἡ Τροία στένοι,
εἰ φευξóμεσθ᾽ ἐν ἄνδρα· μυρίον ὁ ὄχλον
Φρυγῶν ὑπέστην πολλάκις σὺν ἀσπίδη.
ἀλλʼ εἰ θανεῖν δεῖ, καθανούμεθʼ εὐγενῶς,
ἡ ζῶντες αἶνον τὸν πάρος γη′ εὐ σώσομεν.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἀνεχε, πάρεχε, τί τάδε; τίς ἡ ῥαθυμία;
τί βακχιάζετʼ; σοῦχι Δίονυσος τάδε,
οὐ κρόταλα χαλκοῦ τυμπάνων τ’ ἀράγματα.
πῶς μοι κατ’ ἀνταρα νέογονα βλαστήματα;
ἡ πρὸς τε μαστοῖς εἰςι χυπὸ μητέρων
πλευρὰς τρέχουσι, σχοινίνοις τ’ ἐν τεύχεσι
πλήρωμα τυρών ἐστίν ἐξημελγμένον;
τί φατε; τί λέγετε; τάχα τις ὑμῶν τῷ ἕνθα
δάκρυα μεθήσει· βλέπετ’ ἄνω καὶ μή κάτω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδοὺ, πρὸς αὐτὸν τὸν Δι’ ἀνακεκύφαμεν,
tά τ’ ἁστρα καὶ τὸν Ὀρίωνα δέρκομαι.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἀριστόν ἐστιν εὐ παρεσκευασμένον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάρεστιν. ὁ φάρνυγξ εὐτρεπῆς ἐστῶ μόνων.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἡ καὶ γάλακτος εἰςι κρατήρες πλέφ.
CYCLOPS

SILENUS
Quite likely. Plenty of rat-holes there, my boy.

ODYSSEUS
Never! ’twould stain my laurels won at Troy
To run from one man. I stood under shield
Against a host of Trojans in the field.
If I must die, I’ll die in a blaze of glory,
Or live, and be yet more renowned in story.

Enter CYCLOPS. ODYSSEUS and his men shrink away to
one side. SILENUS slips into cave.

CYCLOPS
Now then! Come, come! What’s this? What,
standing round
All idle, revelling! Don’t think you have found
Your Bacchus here! No brazen clashing comes
Of cymbals here, nor thump of silly drums.
Here, how about those kids of mine, those lambs?
Are they all sucking, nuzzling at their dams?
What have you done with all the milk you drew
For cheese? Are those rush-crates brim-full?—
speak, you! [drown
Why don’t you answer? Where’s that stick?—I’ll
Your eyes with tears! Look up, and don’t look
down!

CHORUS (pointing their noses at the sky)
Oh, please! I’m looking at great Zeus this minute:
I see Orion’s belt, and seven stars in it.

CYCLOPS
And where’s my breakfast? What, not ready yet?

CHORUS
Quite ready. Hope your gullet’s quite sharp-set.

CYCLOPS
Are the bowls ready yet for me to swig?
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

𝜔στʹ ἐκπιεῖν γέ σʹ, ἢν θέλησ, ὄλον πίθον.

ΚΤΚΛΩΝ

μὴλειον ἢ βὸειον ἢ μεμεγεῖον ἢ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡν αὖ θέλησ σύ ἡ μὲ καταπίησ μόνον.

ΚΤΚΛΩΝ

220 ἥκιστʹ ἐπεὶ μʹ αὖ εν μέσῃ τῇ γαστέρι
πηδῶντες ἀπολέσατ:bold

ἐα· τὸν ὀχλον τὸν ὅρῳ πρὸς αὐλίοις ;
λησταὶ τίνες κατέσχον ἢ κλώπες χθόνα : ὁρὸ γὲ τοῦ τοῦτον ἀρνας εἰς ἀντρων ἐμῶν
στρεπταῖς λύγουσι σώμα συμπεπλεγμένους,

τεύχη τε τυρῶν σύμμηγη, γέροντα τε

πληγαῖς πρόσωπον φαλακρὸν ἐξφροδήκοτα.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὡμοί, πυρέσσω συγκεκομμένος τάλας.

ΚΤΚΛΩΝ

ὑπὸ τοῦ ; τίς εἰς σὸν κράτʼ ἐπύκτευσεν, γέρον ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

230 ὑπὸ τῶνδε, Κύκλωψ, ὁτι τὰ σʼ οὐκ έἴων φέρειν.

ΚΤΚΛΩΝ

οὐκ ἦσαν ὄντα θεῶν μὲ καὶ θεῶν ἀπὸ ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἐλεγον ἐγὼ τάδʼ ὢν ὑφόρουν τὰ χρήματα ;

καὶ τὸν γε τυρὸν οὐκ ἐώντος ἴσθιον

τοὺς τ’ ἀρνας ἐξεφοροῦντο· δήσαντες δὲ σὲ

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CYCLOPS

CHORUS
Drink, if you like, a hogshead—(aside) like a pig!

CYCLOPS (looks at bowls)
Ewes' milk, or cows', or half-and-half, are these?

CHORUS
Whichever you like—but don't swig me up, please?

CYCLOPS
Not I! Fine rumpus would my belly feel—
You capering there, and going toe-and-heel! (sees ODYSSEUS and his men.)
Hullo! what's this here rabble at my door?
Have thieves or pirates run their ship ashore?
And what?—these lambs—they're my lambs, taken out
From my caves, and with plaited withs about
Their bodies coiled!—what, bowls with cheeses packed?
And here's my old man with his bald pate cracked!

SILENUS comes out of cave, artistically made up as victim
of assault and battery.

SILENUS
Oh! oh! They've pummelled me into a fever!

CYCLOPS
Who? Who has punched your head, you old deceiver?

SILENUS
These rogues. I tried to stop their robbing you.

CYCLOPS
What? I'm a God, a God's son! Sure, they knew?

SILENUS
Yes, I kept telling them; but still they hauled
The goods out; and they gobbled—though I bawled
"You mustn't!"—gobbled up your cheese, and stole
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κλωφεὶ τριπήχει κατὰ τὸν ὄμφαλον¹ μέσον τὰ σπλάγχνα ἐφασκον ἐξαμήσεσθαι βία, μάστυνγι τ’ εὗ τὸ νῶτον ἀπολέψειν² σέθεν, καπείτα συνεδηγοῦσαντες ἐἰς θάδωλια τῆς νηὸς ἐμβαλόντες ἀποδώσειν τινὶ 240 πέτρους μοχλεύειν, ἡ ’ς μυλώνα καταβάλειν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἄληθες; οὐκοιν κοπίδας ὡς τάχιστ’ ἰδιν θῆξεις μαχαίρας καὶ μέγαν φάκελον ἔσχην ἐπιθεῖς ἀνάψεις; ὡς σφαγέντες αὐτίκα πλήσουσι νηδύν τὴν ἐμὴν ἀπ’ ἀνθρακος θερμήν ἐδοντος δαίτ’ ἀτερ κρεανόμων,² τὰ δ’ έκ λέβητος ἐφθα καὶ τετηκότα· ὡς ἐκπλεώς γε δαιτός εἰμ’ ὀρεσκόουν· ἀλις λεόντων ἐστί μοι θοινομένω ἐλάφων τε, χρόνως δ’ εἴμ’ ἀπ’ ἀνθρώπων βορᾶς.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

250 τὰ καὶνά γ’ ἐκ τῶν ἠθάδων, ὡ δέσποτα, ἕδιν’ ἐστίν, οὐ γὰρ αὐ νεωτὶ γε ἄλλοι πρὸς ἀντρα τὰ σά γ’ ἀφίκουντο ξένοι.

ΟΔΤΖΕΣΕΙΕΣ

Κύκλωψ, ἄκουσον ἐν μέρει και τῶν ξένων. ἡμεῖς βορᾶς χρήζοντες ἐμπολὴν λαβεῖν σῶν ἀσσον ἀντρων ἡλθομεν νεως ἀπτο. ¹ Scaliger : for MSS. ὄθαλμον. ² Ruhnken : for MSS. ἀποθλίψειν. ³ Dobree : for MSS. τ’ ἀνθράκμφ.
CYCLOPS

All these dear little lambs; and, on my soul,
They swore they’d tie a long rope round your waist,
And rip your noble guts out, give you a taste
Of whip-lash, flay your royal back, my lord,
Of all the skin, then bind you, drag you aboard
Their ship, and tumble you into the hold,
And take you overseas, Sir, to be sold
There to some quarryman, to heave big stones,
Or grind in some corn-mill with weary bones.

CYCLOPS

Oh, did they? Just you look sharp, then, and set
A fine edge on my carving-knives, and get
A good big faggot on the hearth, and start
The fire; and these shall promptly do their part
Of filling up my crop. Hot from the embers
I’ll eat them. I’m the carver who dismembers
My game, and I’m the cook who does the boiling
And stewing here! My appetite’s been spoiling
For something of a change from one long run
Of mountain-game: my stomach’s overdone
With lion-steaks and venison. Now for a taste
Of man!—I don’t know when I ate one last.

SILENUS

Yes, Master; the same dishes every day
Do pall, and change is pleasant, as you say;
Yes, and it’s quite an age since guests like these
Have sought your cave’s fine hospitalities.

ODYSSEUS

Cyclops, do let the strangers make reply.
We wanted food, and so we came to buy
Some at your cave: we came from yonder ship.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

toûs δ' ἄρνας ἥμιν οὗτος ἄντ' οἶνον σκύφου
ἀπημπόλα τε καδίδου πιεῖν λαβὼν
ἐκὼν ἐκούσι, κοῦδέν ἦν τοῦτων βία.
ἀλλ' οὗτος ὑγίες οὐδέν ἄν φησιν λέγει,
280 ἐπει κατελῆφθη σοῦ λάθρα πωλῶν τὰ σά.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἐγώ ; κακῶς γὰρ εξόλοι'.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΖ

ei ψεύδομαι.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

μὰ τὸν Ποσειδών τὸν τεκόντα σ', ὁ Κύκλωψ,
μὰ τὸν μέγαν Τρίτωνα καὶ τὸν Νηρέα,
μὰ τὴν Καλυψώ τας τε Νηρέως κόρας,
ἀπόμοσ', ὃ κάλλιστον, ὃ Κυκλώπων,
ὅ δὲσποτισκε, μὴ τὰ σ' ἐξοδᾶν ἐγὼ
ξένοις χρήματ'. ἢ κακῶς οὗτοι κακοὶ
οἱ παῖδες ἀπόλοινθ', οὐς μάλιστ' ἐγὼ φιλῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

270 αὐτὸς ἔχ'. ἔγωγε τοὺς ξένους τὰ χρήματα
περνάντα σ' εἴδον· εἰ δ' ἐγὼ ψευδὴ λέγω,
ἀπόλοι: οἱ πατήρ μου· τοὺς ξένους δὲ μη ἄδικει.

ΚΤΚΛΩΝ

ψεύδεσθ'. ἔγωγε τὰ:δ' τοῦ 'Ραδαμάνθων
μᾶλλον πέποθα καὶ δικαιότερον λέγω·
θέλω δ' ἐρέσθαι· πόθεν ἐπλεύσατ', ὃ ξένοι;
ποδαποῖ, τις ὑμᾶς ἐξεπαίδευσεν πόλις;
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CYCLOPS

And this fat rogue was ready, for a sip
Of wine, to sell these lambs: he got one drink
As earnest money, and straightway, in a wink,
He offered us the lot, of his own accord.
We never laid a finger on him, my lord.
All that he’s said to you was one big lie
To excuse his selling your goods on the sly.

SILENUS

I?—devil take you!

ODYSSEUS

If I’m lying now.

SILENUS

By the Sea-god your father, Sir, I vow,
By mighty Triton, Nereus, Lord of Waters,
Calypso, and all Nereus’ pretty daughters,
By every holy wave that swings and swishes—
In short, by all the gods and little fishes
I swear—my beautiful! my Cyclops sweet!
My lordykin! I never sold one bleat
Of all your flocks! Else—may they go to hell,
These bad boys, whom their father loves so well!

CHORUS

Go there yourself! I saw you with these eyes
Trading with them. And if I’m telling lies,
May father burn for ever and a day!
Sir, don’t you do the strangers wrong, I pray!

CYCLOPS

You’re liars! As for me, I’d sooner credit
What he says, than if Rhadamanthus said it;
I call him the more righteous of the two.
But now I’ll question this same stranger-crew:—
Where did you sail from, strangers? What’s your
nation?
In what town did you get your education?
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

'Ιθακήσιοι μὲν τὸ γένος, 'Ιλίου δ' ἀπο, πέρσαντες ἀστυν, πυνύμασιν θαλασσίοις σὴν γαῖαν ἐξωσθέντες ἤκομεν, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἡ τῆς κακίστης οὐ μετήλθεθ' ἄρπαγας Ἐλένης Σκαμάνδρου γείτον' Ἰλίου πόλιν.

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

οὗτοι, πόνον τὸν δεινὸν ἐξηντληκότες.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

αἰσχρὸν στράτευμα γ', οἴνινες μᾶς χάριν γυναικὸς ἐξεπλεύσατ' εἰς γαῖαν Φρυγῶν.

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

θεοῦ τὸ πράγμα· μηδὲν' αἰτιῶ βροτῶν.

ἡμεῖς δὲ σ', ὥθεν πουτίου γενναῖε παϊ, ἰκετεύομεν τε καὶ λέγομεν ἔλευθέρως,

μὴ τῆς πρὸς ἄντρα σοὺς ἀφιγμένους ξένους κτανεῖν βορῶν τε δυσσεβῆ θέσθαι γνάθοις·

οὗ τὸν σῶν, ὡναξ', πατέρ' ἐχειν ναὸν ἔδρας ἐρρυσάμεσθα γῆς ἐν Ἑλλάδος μυχοῖς.

ιερὸς τ' ἄθραυστος Ταινάρου μένει λιμήν, Μαλέας τ' ἀκροὶ κευμαῶνες, ἡ τε Σούνιον διὰς Ἀθάνας σῶς ὑπάργυρος πέτρα,

Γεραιστιόι τε καταφυγαὶ, τά θ' Ἑλλάδος δύσφορα γ' ονείδη Φρυξίν οὐκ ἐδώκαμεν·

ὅν καὶ σὺ κοινῷ· γῆς γὰρ Ἑλλάδος μυχοῖς.
CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS
We’re Ithacans born and bred: from Ilion—
After destroying the city—we have come
To this your land, being driven tempest-tossed
Out of our course, Sir Cyclops, to your coast.

CYCLOPS
Oho! then you’re the men who went in search
Of Helen, who left her husband in the lurch,
And ran away to Ilion by Scamander?

ODYSSEUS
Yes: slippery fish—hard work to hook and land her.

CYCLOPS (with air of virtuous indignation)
Yes—and a most disgraceful exhibition
You made of your own selves!—an expedition
To Phrygia, for one petticoat!—disgusting!

ODYSSEUS
Don’t blame us men: it was the Gods’ on-thrusting.
But, noble son of the great Lord of Sea,
We beg you, we beseech you earnestly,—
Don’t be so cruel as to kill and feast,
With cannibal jawbones, like a godless beast,
On guests, whose claims you surely will not spurn!
Lord king, we’ve done your father a good turn:
We’ve saved his temples for him in every corner
Of all Greece: after this, no pirate scorner
Of holy things will smash his temple-doors
On the Taenarian haven’s peaceful shores;
And upon Malea’s height his holy fane
Is safe now, and the rocks of silver vein
On Sunium—Athena’s property,—
And on Geraestus his great sanctuary.
In fact, we put our foot down—wouldn’t stand
The intolerable reproach on Hellas-land
Brought by those Phrygian thieves, And in the fruits
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οἰκεῖς ὑπ’ Ἀίτνη τῇ πυριστάκτῳ πέτρᾳ, νόμος δὲ θιντοῖς, κελέρος ἐπιστρέφει, ἱκέτασι δέχεσθαι ποντίους ἐφθαρμένους ἵνα τε δοῦναι καὶ πέπλους ἐπαρκέσαι, οὐκ ἀμφὶ βουνόρους πηχθέντας μέλη ὀβελοῖσι νηδόν καὶ γνάθον πλῆσαι σέθεν. ἂλως δὲ Πριάμου γὰρ ἐχήρως Ἑλλάδα, πολλῶν νεκρῶν πυώσα δοριστήρι φόνον, ἀλόχους τ’ ἀνάνδρους γραφὺς τ’ ἀπαιδᾶς ὥλεσε πολὺς τε πατέρας. εἰ δὲ τοὺς λειλεμένους σὺ συμπυρῶσας δαίτ’ ἀναλώσεις πικράν, ποῖ τρέψεται τις; ἀλλ’ ἔμοι πιθοῦ, Κύκλωψ, πάρες τὸ μάργον σῆς γνάθου, τὸ δ’ εὐσεβῆς τῆς δυσσεβείας ἀνθελοῦτ’ πολλοὶ γὰρ κέρδη πονηρὰ ζημίαν ἢμείψατο.

ΣΕΙΩΝΟΣ

παραίνεσαι σοι βούλομαι· τῶν γάρ κρεῶν μηδὲν λίπης τοῦδ’· ἂν δὲ τὴν γλώσσαν δάκης, κομψὸς γενήσει καὶ λαλίστατος, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ πλοῦτος, ἀνθρωπίσκε, τοὺς σοφοῖς θεός· τὰ δ’ ἄλλα κόμποι καὶ λόγων εὐμορφίαι. ἀκρας δ’ ἐναλίας ἃς καθιδρυται πατὴρ χαίρειν κελεύω· τί τάδε προύστησω λόγῳ; Ζηνὸς δ’ ἐγὼ κεραυνὸν οὐ φρύσω, ξένε, οὔδ’ οἶδ’ ὁ τι Ζεύς ἔστ’ ἐμοῦ κρείσσον θεός. οὐ μοι μέλει τὸ λοιπὸν· ὃς δ’ οὐ μοι μέλει ἄκουσοι, ὅταν ἄνωθεν ὁμβρον ἐκχέῃ,

550
CYCLOPS

Of this you share; for here by Etna's roots,
Below his rocky lava-welling dome,
Just on the skirts of Greece you have your home.
And 'tis the law of nations (Cyclops yarns)—if I may
Ask your attention to the words I say—
To welcome suppliant castaways—indeed,
To give them gifts, and fresh rig-outs at need,
Not stick their limbs on great ox-roasting spits
To cram your jaws and belly with tit-bits.
Enough has Priam's land bereaved our Hellas
By drinking blood of thousands slain, as well as
By widowing wives, and robbing grey-haired mothers
And fathers of their sons. Now, if the others,
The few survivors, are to be by you
Roasted for horrible feastings, whereunto
Shall one for justice look? Hear reason and right,
Cyclops; restrain your savage appetite:
Choose fear of God for godlessness! A host
Of men, in making sinful gains, have lost.

SILENUS

Now just take my advice:—of this chap's meat
Don't leave one scrap. And if you also eat
His nice long tongue, you'll grow as smart as he
In making speeches, and in repartee.

CYCLOPS

Wealth, master Shrimp, is to the truly wise
The one true god; the rest are mockeries
Of tall talk, naught but mere word-pageantries.
As for my father's fanes by various seas,
That for them!—why d'ye talk to me of these?
And as for Zeus's thunder—I've no fear
Of that, sir stranger! it's by no means clear
To me that he's a mightier god than I;
So I don't care for him; I'll tell you why:
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἐν τῇ δε πέτρᾳ στέγνῳ ἔχω σκηνώματα, ἥ μόσχον ὅπτον ἢ τι θήρειον δάκος δαινύμενος, εὐ τέγγων τε γαστέρι ὑπτίαν, ἐπεκπιῶν γάλακτος ἀμφορέα, πέπλον κροῦω, Δίως βρονταίσιν εἰς ἔριν κτυπῶν. ὅταν δὲ βορρᾶς χιόνα Ὄρηκιος χέρι, δοραίσι θηρῶν σῶμα περίβαλον ἐμὸν καὶ πῦρ ἀνάθων, χιόνος οὐδὲν μοι μέλει. ἡ γῆ δ’ ἄνάγκη, κἂν θέλη κἂν μὴ θέλη, τίκτουσα ποίαν τάμα πιαίνει βοτά. ἀγὼ οὖτιν θύῳ πλὴν ἐμοὶ, θεοῖσι δ’ οὐ, καὶ τῇ μεγίστῃ γαστρὶ τῇ δειμόνων ὡς τούμπιεῖν γε καὶ φαγεῖν τοῦφ’ ἑμέραν, Ζεῦς οὔτος ἀνθρώποις τοῖσι σώφροσι, λυπεῖν δὲ μηδὲν αὐτῶν οὐ δὲ τοὺς νόμους ἔθεντο ποικίλλουτες ἀνθρώπων βίον, κλαίειν ἄνωγα. τὴν δ’ ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ἔγω οὐ παύσομαι δρῶν εὖ—κατεσθίων τε σέ. ἕξενα δὲ λήψει τοιάδ’, ὡς ἀμεμπτος οὐ, πῦρ καὶ πατρῴον τόδε,1 λέβητα θ’, ὅσ ξέσας σῆν σάρκα διαφόρητον ἀμφέξει καλῶς. ἀλλ’ ἔρπετ’ εἰσο, τῷ κατ’ αὐλιον θεῷ ἐν ἀμφὶ βωμῶν στάντες εὐωχήτε με.

ΟΔΤΕΣΕΣ

αἰαὶ, πόνους μὲν Τρωικοῦς ὑπεξῆδυν θαλάσσιος τε, νῦν δ’ ἐς ἀνδρὸς ἀνοσίαν

1 Sc. ὅδωρ. Hermann: for MSS, τόνδε λέβητα γ’.
CYCLOPS

When he pours down his rain from yonder sky,
I have snug lodgings in this cave of mine.
On roasted veal or some wild game I dine,
Then drench my belly, sprawling on my back,
With a whole butt of milk. His thunder-crack—
I answer it, when he splits the clouds asunder,
With boomings of my cavern-shaking thunder.
And when the north-east wind pours down the snow,
I wrap my body round with furs, and so
I light my fire, and naught for snow I care.
And, willy-nilly, earth has got to bear
The grass that makes my sheep and cattle fat.
I sacrifice to my great Self, sir Sprat,
And to no god beside—except, that is,
My belly, greatest of all deities.
Eat plenty and drink plenty every day,
And never worry—that is, so I say,
The Zeus that suits a level-headed man;
But as for those who framed an artful plan
Of laws, to puzzle plain men's lives with these—
I snap my thumb at them. I'll never cease
Seeking my own soul's good—by eating you.
And, as for guest-gifts, you shall have your due—
Oh no, I won't be niggard!—a hot fire,
And yonder caldron, which my Sea-god sire
Will fill up with his special private brew
To make your chop-steaks into a savoury stew.
Now, toddle in, and all stand ready near
The Paunch-god's altar, and make your host good
cheer.

[ Begins to drive the crew in. 

ODYSSEUS

Alas! through Trojan conflicts have I won
And perils of the sea, only to run

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KYKLWPS

γνώμην κατέσχον ἀλήμενόν τε καρδίαν.

350 ὦ Παλλάς, ὦ δεσποινα Διογενεῖς θεά,
νῦν νῦν ἄρηξόν κρείσσονας γὰρ Ἰλίου
πόνους ἀφύγμαι κατὶ κυνδύνου βάθρα.

360 σὺ τ’, ὦ φαινών ἀστέρων οἰκῶν ἔδρας
Ζεῦς ξένη’, ὥρα τάδ’· εἰ γὰρ αὐτὰ μὴ βλέπεις,
ἀλλὰς νομίζει Ζεύς, τὸ μηδὲν ὃν, θεός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

eυρείας φάρυγγος, ὦ Κύκλωψ,
ἀναστόμου τὸ χεῖλος· ὡς ἐτοιμά σοι
ἐφθὰ καὶ ὅπτὰ καὶ ἀνθρακίας ἀπὸ χανᾶν,
βρύκειν, κρεοκοπεῖν μέλη ξένων,

370 δασυμάλλῳ ἐν αὐγίδι κλινομένῳ.

μὴ μοι μὴ προσδίδου·
μόνος μόνψ κόμιζε1 πορθμίδος σκάφος.
χαίρετο μὲν αὐλις ἀδε,
χαίρετο δὲ θυμάτων
ἀποβόμμως ἄν ἔχει θυσίαν
Κύκλωψ Αἰτναῖος ξενικῶν
κρεῶν κεχαρμένοις βορᾶ·

νηλῆς, ὦ τλᾶμον, ὅστις

370 δωμάτων ἐφεστίους ξενικοὺς
ἰκτήρας ἐκθύει δόμων,

1 So MSS. Wecklein would read γέμιζε.
CYCLOPS

Aground on a godless villain’s evil will,
And on his iron-bound heart my life to spill!
O Pallas, Child of Zeus, O Heavenly Queen,
Help, help me now, for never have I been,
Mid all Troy’s travail, in such strait as this!
Oh, this is peril’s bottomless abyss!
O Dweller in the starry Halls of Light,
Zeus, thou Guest-champion, look upon my plight!
If thou regard not, vainly we confess
Thy godhead, Zeus, who art mere nothingness!

[Follows his men into the cave, followed by CYCLOPS.

CHORUS

Gape wide your jaws, you one-eyed beast,
   Your tiger-fangs, an’ a’ that;
Hot from the coals to make your feast
   Here’s roast, an’ boiled, an’ a’ that.
For a’ that, an’ a’ that,
His guid fur-rug, an’ a’ that,
He’s tearin’, champin’ flesh o’ guests!
   So nane for me, for a’ that.

Ay, paddle your ain canoe, One-eye,
   Wi’ bluidy oars, an’ a’ that;
Your impious hall, I pass it by!
   I cry “avaunt!” for a’ that.
For a’ that, an’ a’ that,
Your “Etna Halls,” an’ a’ that,
You joy in gorgin’ strangers’ flesh!
   Awa’ wi’ ye, for a’ that!

A heartless wretch is he, whoe’er,
   When shipwrecked men, an’ a’ that,
Draw nigh his hearth wi’ suppliant prayer,
   Slays, eats them up, an’ a’ that.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κόπτων βρύκων,
ἐφθά τε δαινύμενος μυσαροίσι τ’ ὀδοὺσιν
ἀνθρώπων θέρμ’ ἀπ’ ἀνθράκων κρέα.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕ

ὡ Ζεὺ, τί λέξω, δείν’ ἱδῶν ἄντρων ἔσω
κοῦ πιστά, μύθοις εἰκότ’, οὐδ’ ἔργοις βροτῶν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ’ ἔστ’, Ὁδυσσεύ; μῶν τεθοίναται σέθεν
φίλους ἐταίρους ἀνοσιώτατος Κύκλωψ;

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕ

dισσοὺς γ’ ἄθρήσας κάπιβαστάσας χερῶν,
οί σαρκὸς εἰχὼν εὐτρεφέστατον πάχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς, ὡ ταλαίπωρ’, ἥτε πάσχοντες τάδε;

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕ

ἐπεὶ πετραῖναν τὴν’ ἐσῆλθομεν στέγην,1
ἀνέκαυσε μὲν πῦρ πρῶτον, ύψηλὴς δρυῶς
κορμοὺς πλατείας ἐσχάρας βαλὼν ἔπι,
τρισσῶν ἅμαξων ὡς ἀγώγιμον βάρος.
ἐπειτα φύλλων ἐλατίνων χαμαιπετή
ἐστρωσεν εὐνήν πλησίον πυρὸς φλογί.
κρατήρα δ’ ἐξέπλησεν ὡς δεκάμφορον,
μόσχους ἅμελξας, λευκὸν εἰσχέας γάλα.
σκύφος τε κισσοῦ παρέθετ’ εἰς οὖρος τριῶν
πῆχεων, βάθος δὲ τεσσάρων ἐφαίνετο.

1 For (corrupt) MSS, χθόνα. Other proposed emendations are πτύχα, γνάθον,
CYCLOPS

For a' that, an' a' that,
His stews an' steaks, an' a' that,
His teeth are foul wi' flesh o' man!
He's damned to hell, for a' that!

Enter Odysseus from cave.

ODYSSEUS

Oh God, that cave!—that mine eyes should behold
Horrors incredible, things that might be told
In nightmare demon-legends, never found
In acts of men!

CHORUS

What is it? Has that hound
Of hell yet feasted on your friends, poor man?

ODYSSEUS

Yes, two. He glared on all; then he began
To weigh them in his hands, to find out who
Were fattest and best-nourished of my crew!

CHORUS

Poor soul! How did your sufferings befall?

ODYSSEUS

When in yon dungeon he had herded all,
He kindled first a fire, and then hurled down
On that broad hearth a tall oak's branching crown,
A mass of wood three waggons scarce could bear;
Then he spread out, hard by the red flame's glare,
A deep broad bed of fallen leaves of pine.
Next, with the milk he drew from all his kine
He filled a ninety-gallon cask: beside
This tank he set a bowl some five feet wide,
And, by the looks, 'twas more than two yards deep;
Then round his brazen caldron made flames leap,
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

καὶ χάλκεον λέβητ' ἐπέξεσεν πυρί,
 ödeλούς τ' ἀκροὺς μὲν ἐγκεκαυμένους πυρί,
ξεστοὺς δὲ δρεπάνῳ τάλλα, παλαύρου κλάδων,
Λιτναία τε σφαγεία πελέκεων γνάθως.†
ὡς δ' ἦν ἑτοῖμα πάντα τῷ θεοστυγεῖ
"Αἰδοὺ μαγείρῳ, φῶτε συμμάρφας δύο
έσφαξ ἐταίρων τῶν ἐμῶν ῥυθμῷ των
τῶν μὲν λέβητος εἰς κύτος χαλκήλατον,
τῶν δ' αὖ, τένοντος ἀρπάσας ἀκρου ποδός,
pαιῶν πρὸς ὄξιν στόνυχα πετραίαν λίθουν,
ἐγκέφαλον ἐξέφρασε, καὶ καθαρπάσας
λάβρω μαχαίρα σάρκας ἐξώπτα πυρί,
τὰ δ' εἰς λέβητ' ἐφήκεν ἐξεσθαί μέλη.
ἔγω δ' ὁ τλήμων δάκρυ ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέων
ἐχριμπτόμην Κύκλωπι κάδιακόνων,
ἀλλοι δ' ὅπως ὁρνιθές ἐν μυχοῖς πέτρας
πτηξαντες εἶχον, αἴμα δ' οὐκ ἐνήν χρότ.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐταίρων τῶν ἐμῶν πλησθείς βορᾶς
ἀνέπεσε, φάρυγγος αἰθέρ' ἐξείς βαρύν,
εἰσῆλθε μοι τι θείον· ἐμπλήσας σκύφος
Μάρωνος αὐτῷ τούδε προσφέρω πιεῖν,
λέγων τάδ' ὦ παῖ ποντίου θεοῦ, Κύκλωψ,
σκέψαι τὸν· ὁλοὶ Ἕλλας ἀμπέλους ἄπο
θείον κομίζει πῶμα, Διονύσου γάνος.
ὁ δ' ἐκπλεως ἀν τῆς ἀναισχύντου βορᾶς
ἐδέξατ' ἐσπασών τ' ἀμυστίν ἐλκύσας,
κατήνευ' ἄρας χείρα φίλτατε ἑξώνων,
καλὸν τὸ πῶμα δαιτὶ πρὸς καλὴ δίδως.
CYCLOPS

Next, got his spits out, limbs of blackthorn roughly
Trimmed with a bill, the points fire-hardened toughly;
Then, bowls to hold the blood made forth to well
By cleavers of this fiend of Etna's hell.
When all was ready for this devil-cook
God-hated, with a sudden snatch he took
Two of my comrades, and, as one might beat
A hideous music out, so did he treat.
These in the killing: one man's head he swung
Against the caldron's brass that hollow rung;
By the heel-sinew he gripped the other, dashed
The wretch against a sharp rock-spur, and splashed
His brains all round: then with swift savage knife
Sliced off the flesh yet quivering with life:
He set some o'er the fire on spits to broil,
And into his caldron flung whole limbs to boil,
Then I—oh misery!—shedding tear on tear
To wait upon this Cyclop fiend drew near;
While all the rest in crannies of the rock
With bloodless faces cowered, like a flock
Of scared birds. When he had gorged himself at last
With my friends' flesh, he flung him down; a blast
Of foul breath from his throat burst loathsomely.

Then a great inspiration came to me:
With Maron's mighty wine I filled a cup,
And offered it, saying, as I held it up,
"Son of the Sea-king, Cyclops, taste and know
What heavenly draughts from vines of Hellas flow.
This is the glory of our Vineyard-lord."
And he, gorged with that banqueting abhorred,
Took it, and swilled it all down at one draught.
Up went his praising hands: "Dear guest," he laughed,
"With glorious drink you crown a glorious feast!"
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

420  ήσθεντα δ' αὐτῶν ὡς ἐπησθόμην ἐγώ,
       ἀλλὰν ἔδωκα κύλικα, γυγυώσκων ὅτι
       τρώσει νῦν οἶνος καὶ δίκην δώσει τάχα.
       καὶ δὴ πρὸς φόδας εἰρπ'. ἐγώ δ' ἐπεγχέων
       ἀλλὴν ἐπ' ἀλλη σπλάγχυ' ἐθέρμανουν ποτῷ.
       ἄδει δὲ παρὰ κλαίονσι συνναύταις ἐμοῖς
           ἀμουσ', ἐπήξει δ' ἀντρον. ἐξελθὼν δ' ἐγὼ
           σὺν, σὲ σῶσαι κάμ', ἐὰν βούλη, θέλω.
           ἀλλ' εἴπατ' είτε χρῆζετ' εἶτ' οὐ χρῆζετε
           φεύγειν ἄμικτον ἄνδρα καὶ τὰ Βακχίον
       ναίειν μέλαθρα Ναιδών¹ νύμφων μέτα.
       ὦ μὲν γὰρ ἐνδον σὸς παῖρ τάδ' ἤνεσεν.
       ἀλλ' ἀσθενής γὰρ κάποιερδαῖνων ποτοῦ,
           ὡσπερ πρὸς ἐξ' τῇ κύλικε λελημένος
           πτέρνυγας ἀλίει· σὺ δὲ, νεανίας γὰρ εἰ,
           σώθητι μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸν ἀρχαίον φίλον
           Διόνυσον ἀνάλαβ', οὐ Κύκλωπι προσφερή.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

430  ὁ φίλτατ', εἰ γὰρ τήνι ἰδομὲν ἡμέραν,
       Κύκλωπος ἐκφυγόντες ἀνόσιον κάρα.
       ὡς διὰ μακροῦ γε † τὸν σίφωνα τὸν φίλον
       χηρεύομεν, τὸν δ' οὐκ ἔχομεν καταφαγεῖν.†

ΩΤΙΣΣΕΤΣ

440  ἀκοὺε δὴ νῦν ἢν ἔχω τιμωρίαν
       θηρὸς πανούργου σῆς τε δουλείας φυγῆν.

    1 Casaubon: for MSS. Δαναῖδων.
CYCLOPS

So, when I saw how much it pleased the beast, 420
I filled his cup again, for well I knew
The wine would trip him up, and full soon too
Would give me my revenge. And now he roared
Forth into singing: still I poured and poured
Cup after cup, till glowed his villain bowels
With that good liquor. Dissonant rang his howls
By my men's moans and sob, and all about
The cavern echoed. I have stolen out,
And mean, if you are willing, to rescue you
And myself too. Say, what d'you mean to do?
Do you, or do you not, consent to flee
From this inhospitable brute, and be
Dwellers henceforth in Bacchus' halls afar—
Where also the sweet Fountain-maidens are? 430
Your father in there—well, he did approve;
But he's too weak to help: he's fallen in love,
Moreover, with the wine, can think of naught
But trying to get his share. His wings are caught,
As if with birdlime, by the cup: his wit
Is all abroad. But you are young and fit:
Escape with me, and meet your dear old lord
Dionysus—how unlike yon brute' abhorred!

CHORUS

O dearest friend, that I might flee away
From godless Goggle-eye, and see that day!
The pipe of pleasure has for long been pining,
For on no dainty things have I been dining. 440

ODYSSEUS

Hear then, the vengeance that it's in my mind
To wreak upon that scoundrel beast, and find
Therein your own escape from slavery.

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ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς Ἀσιάδος οὐκ ἂν ἦδιον ψάφον κιθάρας κλύοιμεν ἢ Κύκλωπ' ὀλωλότα.

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

dὲ τὸ κῶμον ἔρπειν πρὸς κασιγνήτους θέλει Κύκλωπας ἥσθείς τοῦτε Βακχίου ποτὸ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ξυνήκ', ἔρημον ξυλλαβῶν δρυμοῖς νῦν σφάξαι μενοινᾶς ἢ πετρῶν ὡσι κάτα.

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

οὐδέν τοιοῦτον, δόλως ἢ πιθυμία.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς δαί; σοφόν τοὶ σ’ ὄντ’ ἀκούομεν πάλαι.

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

κώμον μὲν αὐτὸν τοῦδ’ ἀπαλλάξω, λέγων ὡς οὐ Κύκλωψι πῶμα χρῆ δοῦναι τόδε, μόνον δ' ἔχοντα βίοτον ἥδεως ἀγειν. ὅταν δ' ὑπνώσῃ Βακχίου νικάμενος, ἀκρεμὼν ἀλαίας ἔστιν ἐν δόμοισι τις, ὅν φασιγάνες τῷ ἐξαποξῆνας ἄκρον, εἰς πῦρ καθῆσω καθ', ὅταν κεκαυμένον ἵδω νυν, ἄρας θερμὸν εἰς μέσῃν βαλὼν Κύκλωπος ὄψιν ὃμμοι ἐκτήξω τυρί. ναυπηγίαν δ' ὁσεὶ τὶς ἀρμόδων ἄνηρ διπλοῖν χαλινοῖν τρύπανον κωτηλατεῖ, οὕτω κυκλόως δαλὸν ἐν φαεσφόρῳ Κύκλωπος ὄψει καὶ συνανανὸ κόρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰοῦ ἵοῦ,
γέγηθα, μανόμεσθα τοῖς εὐρήμασιν.

562
CYCLOPS

CHORUS
O speak! Not more delightfully to me
The music of an Indian harp would sound
Than tidings of his death—the Cyclop hound!

ODYSSEUS
He wants to go forth, full of wine and glee,
To his brother Cyclops for wild revelry.

CHORUS
I see—you ambush him in some lone copse,
Or,—one sly push, and over the cliff he drops.

ODYSSEUS
No, no; my trick is artfuller by far.

CHORUS
What? Long ago I heard how 'cute you are.

ODYSSEUS
I'll put him off this revel-game; I'll say
He shouldn't give such wine as this away
To his fellow-beasts, but keep it, only thinking
Of having a high old time of private drinking.
And, when he's sleeping, Bacchus' captive, then—
A stake of olive lies in yonder den:
My sword shall shape to a point yon bit of tree;
I'll thrust it in the fire; and when I see
That it is well ablaze, I'll whip the thing
Out, and all glowing-red I'll slip the thing
Into the middle of Master Cyclops' eye,
And melt his vision out with fire thereby.
And, just as shipwrights fitting beams together
Will twirl the big drill with long straps of leather,
So in this fellow's eye I'll twirl about
My firebrand till I scorch his eyeball out.

CHORUS
Callooh! Callay!
I'm glad—I'm mad with joy at your invention!

* o o 2
KYKLΩΨ

ΟΔΤΞΣΕΣΞ
κάπειτα καὶ σὲ καὶ φίλους γέροντά τε νεὼς μελαίνης κοῖλον ἐμβήσας σκάφος διπλαίσι κώπαις τήσδ' ἀποστελῶ χθόνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐστ' οὖν ὅπως ἄν ὦσπερει σπουδής θεοῦ κάγω λαβοίμην τοῦ τυφλοῦντος ὄμματα δαλοῦ; πόνου γὰρ τοῦδε κοινωνεῖν θέλω.

ΟΔΤΞΣΕΣΞ
δεῖ γοῦν μέγας γὰρ δαλὸς, ὃν ξυλληπτέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὡς κἂν ἀμαξών ἐκατὸν ἀραίμην βάρος, εἰ τοῦ Κύκλωπος τοῦ κακῶς ὀλομένου ὀφθαλμὸν ὦσπερ σφηκιάν ἐκθύψομεν.

ΟΔΤΞΣΕΣΞ
σιγάτε νῦν. δόλον γὰρ ἐξεπίστασαι· χῶταν κελεύω, τοίσιν ἀρχιτέκτοσι πείθεσθέ· ἐγὼ γὰρ ἄνδρας ἀπολυπῶν φίλους τοὺς ἐνδον ὄντας οὐ μόνος σωθήσομαι. καίτοι φύγομι· ἂν, κάκβέβηκ' ἄντρον μυχῶν ἀλλ' οὐ δίκαιον ἀπολυπόντ' ἐμοὺς φίλους, ξὺν ὀσπέρ ἔλθουν δεῦρο, σωθήναι μόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀγε, τίς πρῶτος, τίς δ' ἐπὶ πρῶτῳ ταχθεὶς δαλοῦ κώπην ὁχμάσας Κύκλωπος ἐσώ βλεφάρων ὀσας λαμπτράν ὅφιν διακναίσει;

[ὁδὴ ἐνδοθεν]

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CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS
Then in my black ship it is my intention
To put your father, you, and my friends freed:
Then with oars double-manned away we speed.

CHORUS
And in the handling of this burning brand
That scoops his eye out, can’t I bear a hand,
Just as in sacrifices all have part?
I’ll take my little share with all my heart.

ODYSSEUS
O yes, you must: the brand is monstrous great,
And all must help at it.

CHORUS
I’d lift a weight
Enough for a hundred carts, if so I might,
As one burns out a wasps’ nest, quench the light
Of One-eye—damn him down to lowest hell!

ODYSSEUS
Now, mum’s the word! You know the trick right well;
So, when I call on you, do you obey
The master-mind—that’s me. No running away
For me, to save myself, and leave my crew
Inside! I might escape: I got clear through
A tunnel in the rock with small ado,
But—give my friends the slip, with whom I came
Here, and escape alone!—’twould be a shame!

[Exit into cave.

CHORUS
O who, and O who will come and take his stand,
And grip the shaft and plunge beneath his brow the glowing brand?
And it’s O, but a Cyclop with eye on fire is grand!

[Sound of singing in cave]
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

σίγα σίγα. καὶ δὴ μεθύων
ἀχαριν κέλαδον μουσιζόμενος
σκαίως ἀπόδος καὶ κλαυσόμενος
χωρεί πετρίων ἔξω μελάθρων.
φέρε νῦν κόμοις παιδεύσωμεν
tὸν ἀπαίδευτον.
πάντως μέλλει τυφλὸς εἶναι.

μάκαρ ὅστις εὐνάξει
βοτρύων φίλαισι πηγαίς
ἐπὶ κώμον ἐκπετασθείς,
φίλον ἀνδρὶ ὑπαγκαλίζων,
ἐπὶ δεμνοίσι τε ξανθὸν
χλιδανής ἔχων ἐταίρας
μυρόχριστος λεπάρον βό-
στρυχον, αὐδὰ δὲ θύραν τὸς οἰξὲι μοι;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

παπαπαῖ, πλέως μὲν οἶνου,
γᾶνυμαι δὲ δαιτὸς ἡβη,
σκάφος ὅλκας ὑς γεμισθεὶς
ποτὶ σέλμα γαστρὸς ἀκρας.
ὑπάγει μ᾽ ὁ χόρτος εὐφρόν
ἐπὶ κόμον ἥρος ὀραὶς,
ἐπὶ Κύκλωπας ἄδελφοὺς.
φέρε μοι, ξείνε, φέρ᾽, ἀσκὸν ἐνδος μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλὸν ὀμμασίν δεδορκῶς
καλὸς ἐκπερὰ μελάθρων.
[φίλος ὅν]¹ φιλεῖ τις ἡμᾶς.

¹ Hermann, to supply lacuna in MSS.
CYCLOPS

O hush, and O hush! for he howls a drunken song,
A hideous discord bellowed by an unmelodious
tongue.
And it's O, but his music shall turn to wails ere long! 490
He comes, O he comes; he has left his cave behind.
Some revel-song adapted to his thick head let us find.
And it's O, but for certain he'll very soon be blind.

Enter cyclops with odysseus and silenus.

O bliss to be chanting the Song of the Wine,
When the cluster's fountain is flowing,
When your soul floats forth on the revel divine,
And your love in your arms is glowing,
When you play with the odorous golden hair
Of a fairy-like sweet wee love,
And you murmur through shining curls the
prayer—
"Unlock love's door unto me, love!"

CYCLOPS

Oho! Oho! I am full of good drink,
Full of glee from a good feast's revel!
I'm a ship that is laden till ready to sink
Right up to my crop's deck-level!
The jolly spring season is tempting me out
To dance on the meadow-clover
With my Cyclop brothers in revel-rout!—
Here, hand the wine-skin over!

CHORUS 1

With eyes lit up with the love-light's spell
From his halls is the bridegroom pacing,—
"O, somebody loves me, but I won't tell!"—

1 This verse is full of veiled ironic reference to the fiery
stake, and its expected effect on the appearance of his fore-
head.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

λύχνα δ' ἀμμένει δάια σὸν χρόα, χῇ τέρεων νύμφα
dροσερῶν ἔσωθεν ἀντρών.
στεφάνων δ' οὐ μία χροιὰ
περὶ σὸν κράτα τὰχ' ἐξομλῆσει.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕΣ

Κύκλωψ, ἄκουσον, ὡς ἔγω τοῦ Βάκχιον
tούτου τρίβων εἰμ', δὴ πιεῖν ἐδωκά σοι.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ὁ Βάκχιος δὲ τίς; θεὸς νομίζεται;

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕΣ

μέγιστος ἀνθρώπωσιν εἰς τέρψιν βίον.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἐρυγγάνω γοῦν αὐτὸν ἥδεως ἐγώ.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕΣ

τοιῶσδ' ὃ δαίμων οὐδένα βλάπτει βροτῶν.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

θεὸς δ' ἐν ἀσκῷ πῶς γέγηθ' οἴκους ἔχων;

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕΣ

ὅπου τιθῇ τις, ἐνθάδ' ἐστὶν εὐπετής.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

οὐ τοὺς θεοὺς χρήν σῶμ' ἔχειν ἐν δέρμασιν.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕΣ

τί δ', εἰ σε τέρπει γ', ἡ τὸ δέρμα σοι πικρόν;

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

μισῶ τὸν ἀσκόν· τὸ δὲ ποτὸν φίλῳ τόδε.

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕΣ

μένων νῦν αὐτοῦ πίνει κευθύμει, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

οὐ χρῆ μ' ἀδελφοῖς τοῦδε προσδούναι ποτοῦ;

ΟΔΤΣΕΤΕΣ

ἔχων γὰρ αὐτὸς τιμώτερος φανεῖ.
CYCLOPS

And the bridal-torch is blazing.
O the warm warm clasp of a glowing bride
In the cave, and the servid bosom!
O the garland of roses and paeonies pied
That around thy brows shall blossom!

ODYSSEUS

Cyclops, heed me, for I know all about
This Wine-god in the cup that you've drained out.

CYCLOPS

Who is this Bacchus?—not a real god, is he?

ODYSSEUS

In giving men good times there's none so busy.

CYCLOPS

I belch him out, and find that very pleasant.

ODYSSEUS

That's him—hurts nobody—it shows he's present.

CYCLOPS

How does this god like lodging in a skin?

ODYSSEUS

He's all serene, wherever you stick him in.

CYCLOPS

Gods shouldn't wear hide-jackets: that's my view.

ODYSSEUS

Pho! if you like him, what's his coat to you?

CYCLOPS

Can't say I like the skin: the drink is prime.

ODYSSEUS

Now just stop here, and have a high old time.

CYCLOPS

What?—give my brethren none of this rich hoard?

ODYSSEUS

Keep it for your own drinking, like a lord.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
διδοὺς δὲ τοῖς φίλοισι χρησιμωτέρος.
ΟΔΣΣΕΤΣ
πυγμᾶς ὁ κώμος λοίδορόν τ' ἐριν φιλεῖ.
ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
μεθύω μὲν ἔμπασ δ' οὖτις ἂν ψαύσειέ μου.
ΟΔΣΣΕΤΣ
ο τὰν, πεπωκότ' ἐν δόμοις χρῆ μένειν.
ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
ηλίθιος δόστις μὴ πίων κώμον φιλεῖ.
ΟΔΣΣΕΤΣ
ὅς δ' ἂν μεθυσθεῖς γ' ἐν δόμοις μείνῃ, σοφός.
ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
τί δρῶμεν, ὦ Σειληνέ; σοι μένειν δοκεῖ;
ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
δοκεῖ. τί γὰρ δεῖ συμπότων ἄλλων, Κύκλωψ;
ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
καὶ μὴν λαχνώδες γ' οὖδας ἀνθηρὰ χλόη.
ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
καὶ πρὸς γε θάλποι ηλίου πίνειν καλῶν.
κλίθητι νῦν μοι πλευρὰ θεῖς ἐπὶ χθονός.
ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
τί δήτα τὸν κρατήρ' ὑπισθεί μου τίθης;
ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ὡς μὴ παριῶν τις καταβάλῃ.
ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
πίνειν μὲν οὖν
κλέπτων σὺ βούλει: κάτθες αὐτῶν εἰς μέσον.
σὺ δ', ὦ ξέν', εἰπὲ τούνομ' ὅ τι σε χρῆ καλεῖν.
ΟΔΣΣΕΤΣ
Ὁὔτιν. χάριν δὲ τίνα λαβὼν σ' ἐπαινέσω;
CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS
But it's more neighbourly to share with friends.

ODYSSEUS

Well, revelling in blows and brawling ends.

CYCLOPS

I'm drunk; but none dare touch me! I'm all right.

ODYSSEUS

My dear Sir, home's the place when one is tight.

CYCLOPS

Not revel after a booze?—that's silly, very!

ODYSSEUS

Wise men stay indoors when wine makes them merry.

CYCLOPS

Shall I stay in, Silenus? What d'ye think?

SILENUS

Stay. Why have other noses in your drink?

CYCLOPS

Well, to be sure, this long thick grass is fine.

SILENUS

Yes, and it's nice to drink in warm sunshine.
Down with you then, in lordly ease to lie.

[Slides wine-bowl behind Cyclops' back.

CYCLOPS

Now then, you've put that bowl behind me!—why?

SILENUS

Lest some one passing by us might upset it.

CYCLOPS

Ha, I know better! You are trying to get it
For stolen drinks. Just set it in full view.
Now, stranger, what's to be my name for you?

ODYSSEUS

Nobody. Haven't you a gift for me
To bless you for?
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
πάντων δ’ ἑταίρων ὑστατον θοινάσομαι.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
καλὸν γε τὸ γέρας τῷ ἕνῳ δίδως, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
οὗτος, τί δρᾶς; τὸν οἷνον ἐκπίνεις λάθρα;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
οὐκ, ἀλλ’ ἐμ’ οὗτος ἐκυσεν, ὦτι καλὸν βλέπω.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
κλαύσει, φιλῶν τὸν οἷνον οὐ φιλοῦντά σε.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ναὶ μὰ Δί’, ἐπεὶ μοῦ φησ’ ἐρὰν οὗτος καλοῦ.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
ἐγχει, πλέων δὲ τὸν σκύφον. δίδου μόνον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
πῶς οὖν κέκραται; φέρε διασκεψάμεθα.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
ἀπολεῖς δος οὕτως.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ναὶ μὰ Δί’ οὐ πρὶν ἂν γε σὲ στέφανον ἰδὼ λαβόντα, γεύσωμαι τέ τι.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ
ὁ οἰνοχόος ἄδικος.

572
CYCLOPS

Of all your company
I'll feast on you the last.

SILENUS

O Cyclops, best

Of hosts, a noble gift you give your guest!

(stealthily drinks.)

CYCLOPS

Ah! what are you up to?—drinking on the sly!

SILENUS

No, no: the wine kissed me, so fair am I.

CYCLOPS

I'll teach you, if you make love to the wine
Which loves you not!

SILENUS

It does: these charms or mine,
It says, have won its heart.

CYCLOPS

Here, fill the cup.
Pour in—up to the brim. Now, hand it up.

SILENUS

Is it the proper mixture?—let me see.

(stoops his face to bowl.)

CYCLOPS

You'll be the death of me! Quick, hand it me
Just as it is!

SILENUS (puts wreath on Cyclops' head, so as to cover his eye.)

By Jove, no! I must first
Crown with this wreath your brow, and—quench my thirst. (drinks.)

CYCLOPS

You thieving cupbearer!
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
οὐ μὰ Δὲ, ἀλλ’ ὦ οἶνος γλυκὸς.
ἀπομυκτέον δὲ σοὶ γ’, ὅπως λήψει πιεῖν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
ἰδοὺ, καθαρὸν τὸ χείλος αἱ τρίχες τέ μου.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
θές νῦν τὸν ἄγκῶν’ εὐρύθμως, κἀτ’ ἐκπει, ὁσπερ μ’ ὀρᾶς πίνουτα—χώσπερ οὐκ ἔμε.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
ἀ ἄ, τί δράσεις;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ
ἡδέως ἡμύστισα.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
λάβ’, ὦ ξεν’, αὐτὸς οἰνοχόος τέ μοι γενοῦ.

ΟΔΥΣΕΤΣ
γιγνώσκεται γοῦν ἀμπελος τῇ ἡμὶ χερὶ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
φέρ’ ἐγχεόν νῦν.

ΟΔΥΣΕΤΣ
ἐγχέω, σίγα μόνον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
χαλεπῶν τὸδ’ εἶπας, ὅστις ἀν πιὰ πολὺν.

ΟΔΥΣΕΤΣ

570 ἰδοὺ λαβὼν ἐκπειθ’ καὶ μηδὲν λίπης.
συνεκθάνειν δὲ σπώντα χρῆ τῷ πῶματι.
CYCLOPS

SILENUS

Good heavens! not so. You should say, "You delicious wine!" you know. Now let me wipe your nose, that you may sip Your wine genteelly.

CYCLOPS

Go along! my lip And my moustache are clean enough for me.

SILENUS

Now sink down on your elbow gracefully; (Cyclops rolls on his back.) Then drain the cup, just as you see me do— I mean, just as you don't. (takes a big drink.)

CYCLOPS (sitting up)

Hi! stop there, you!

What are you up to?

SILENUS

A bumper! Joys untold!

CYCLOPS

Here, stranger, be my cupbearer. Catch hold!

ODYSSEUS

The wine knows me: my hand brings out its savour.

CYCLOPS

Fill up.

ODYSSEUS

All right. Don't talk—you'll miss the flavour

CYCLOPS

Can't help but talk, with a paibleful in one's crop.

ODYSSEUS

Here, tip it off. Mind, don't you leave one drop. The rule is, don't give in until the wine Gives out.
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ
παπαί, σοφόν γε το ξύλον τῆς ἀμπέλου.

ΟΔΤΕΣΕΤΕ
καν μέν σπάσης γε δαιτὶ πρὸς πολλῇ πολύν,
tέγξας ἄδυψον νηδύν, εἰς ὑπνον βαλείν.
ἡν δ᾿ ἐκλίπης τι, ἔηρανεί σ’ ὁ Βάκχιος.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ιον ιοῦ,
ὡς ἐξένευσα μόνις· ἄκρατος ἡ χάρις·
ὁ δ᾿ οὐρανός μοι συμμεμεμεγένος δοκεῖ
τῇ γῇ φέρεσθαι, τοῦ Διός τε τῶν θρόνων
λεύσσω, τὸ πάν τε δαιμόνων ἄγνων σέβας.
οὐκ ἀν φιλήσαιμ᾿—αἱ Χάριτες περφωσί με—
ἄλως Γανυμήδην τόνδ᾿ ἔχων ἀναπαύσομαι
κάλλιστα, νὴ τὰς Χάριτας, ἤδομαι δὲ πῶς
τοῖς παιδικοὶς μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς θήλεσιν.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἐγὼ γὰρ ὁ Διός εἰμι Γανυμήδης, Κύκλωψ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ναι μὰ Δλ, ὅν ἀρπάξω ἠ ἐγὼ κ τοῦ Δαρδάνου.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὑπόλωλα, παιδεῖς· σχέτλια πείσομαι κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέμψθε τὸν ἔραστὴν κάντρυφας πεπωκότα;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οίμοι πικρότατον οίνον ὤψομαι τάχα.
CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS (drinks.)
Oh my! a clever tree that vine
Must be!

ODYSSEUS
And if you pour full bumpers down
On top of a full meal, and fairly drown
The thirst out of your paunch, 'twill veil your eye
With sweet sleep. If the cup be not drained dry,
Bacchus will parch your throat most damnably.

CYCLOPS (buries his face in bowl.)
Oho! oho! I've dived deep into this,
And just come up again! Unmingled bliss!
I see heaven floating down, blended in one
With earth below! I see Zeus on his throne,
And all the Gods, the holy heavenly faces!

No, I won't kiss you!—that's the naughty Graces
Tempting me. Ganymede will do for me! (seizes sil.)
I've got him here; and, by the Graces Three,
I'll have a lovely time with him: I care
Never a straw for all the female fair.

SILENUS
What? what? Are you Zeus, and I Ganymede?

CYCLOPS (catching him up)
Yes!—up from Troy I snatch you—yes indeed!

SILENUS
Boys! murder! help! I'm in an awful plight!

CHORUS
What?—scorn your lover?—snub him 'cause he's tight?

SILENUS
This wine is bitter beer!—O cursed spite!
[CYCLOPS staggers into cave, with SILENUS under his arm.]
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

590 ἄγε δή, Διονύσου παιδεῖς, εὐγενῆ τέκνα, ἔνδον μὲν ἀνήρ· τῷ δ' ὑπνῷ παρειμένος τάχ' ἐξ ἀναίδους φάρμας ὠθήσει κρέα, δαλὸς δ' ἐσωθεν αὐλίων ὅθεὶ κατπώ· παρευτρέπεσται δ' οὐδέν ἄλλο πλὴν πυροῦν 
Κύκλωπος ὄψιν· ἀλλ' ὅπως ἀνήρ ἔσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέτρας τὸ λήμα καθάμαντος ἔξομεν· 
χώρει δ' ἐς σίκους, πρὶν τι τὸν πατέρα παθεῖν ἀπάλαμον, ὡς σοι τὰνθάδ' ἐστὶν ἐντρεπῇ.

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

"Ἡφαίστ', ἀναξ Αἴτναε, γείτονος κακοῦ 
λαμπρὸν πυρώσας ὅμι' ἀπαλλάχθηθ' ἀπαξ, 
σὺ τ' ἃ μελαίνης Νυκτὸς ἐκπαίδευμ', "Τπνε, ἀκρατος ἐλθὲ θηρὶ τῷ θεσπυγεῖ,
καὶ μὴ πὶ καλλίστοις Τρωικοῖς πόνοις 
αὐτὸν τε ναῦτας τ' ἀπολέσῃ 'Οδυσσέα 
ὑπ' ἀνδρός, ὃ θεῶν οὐδὲν ἢ βροτῶν μέλει· 
ἡ τὴν τύχην μὲν δαίμον ἠγείρθαι χρεὼν,
τὰ δαίμονον δὲ τῆς τύχης ἐλάσσονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λήψεται τὸν τράχηλον 
ἐντόνως ὁ καρκίνος 
610 τοῦ ξένων δαιτυμόνως πυρὶ γὰρ τάχα 
φωσφόρους ὥλει κόρας· 
ήδη δαλὸς ἧμθρακωμένος 
κρύφτεται εἰς σποδιάν, δρῦδος ἀσπετοῦν ἔρνος· ἀλλ' ἰτω Μάρων, πρασσεῖτω·
μαίνομένου ἤξελέτω βλέφαρον
Cyclops

Odysseus

Come, Bacchus' children, brave lads, up, be doing! 590
Our foe's in there! Right soon will he be spewing
Gobbets of flesh from a shameless gullet deep,
Sprawling upon his back in drunken sleep.
The stake in there jets forth a fiery fume.
All's ready for the last act, to consume
The Cyclops' eye with fire. Be men!

Chorus

We pant
To show a soul of rock, of adamant!
In then, before our father come to grief.
We're ready all to follow you, our chief.

Odysseus

O Fire-god, king of Etna, burn away
The eye of thy vile neighbour, and for aye 600
Rid thee of him! O child of black Night, Sleep,
On this god-hated brute in full power leap!
Bring not Odysseus and his crew to naught,
After those glorious toils in Ilium wrought,
Through one who gives to God nor man a thought!
Else must we think that Chance bears rule in heaven,
That lordship over Gods to her is given.

[Exit into cave.

Chorus

As I cam' through a cave's gate,
A slaves' gate, a knave's gate,
A "Shipwrecked Sailors' Grave's" gate, 610
I heard a caldron sing—
"O weel may the fire glow, the reek blow, the
stake go!"  [are in!"
O weel may his throat crow for the eye that flames
And it's O for my Lord's shout ringing,
For the singing, the swinging

P 2
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Κύκλωπος, ὡς πή κακῶς.
κάγω τὸν φιλοκισσοφόρον Βρόμον
ποθεινόν εἰσιδεῖν θέλω,
Κύκλωπος λυπῶν ἐρημίλαν.
ἀρ’ ἐσ τοσόνδ’ ἀφίζομαι;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΣ
συγάτε πρὸς θεών, θῆρες, ἡσυχάζετε,
συνθέντες ἀρθρα στόματος· οὐδὲ πνεῖν ἔως,
οὐ σκαρδαμύσσειν οὐδὲ χρέμπτεσθαι τινὰ,
ὡς μὴ ἔσεθεῖ τὸ κακὸν, ἔστι ἄν ὄμματος
ὁψὶς Κύκλωπος ἐξαμιλληθήν τυρί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
συγώμεν ἐγκάψαντες αἰθέρα γνάθοις.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΣ
ἀγε νῦν ὅπως ἀψεσθε τοῦ δαλοῦ χερῶν
ἔσω μιλόντες· διάπυρος δ’ ἐστίν καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α’
οὔκουν σὲ τάξεις οὐστωμα πρῶτος χρεών
κατὸν μωχλὸν λαβόντας ἐκκαίει τὸ φῶς
Κύκλωπος, ὡς ἄν τῆς τύχης κοινώμεθα;

ΧΟΡΟΣ β’
ἡμεῖς μὲν ἔσμεν μακρότερον πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν
ἔστώτες ὥθειν ἐς τὸν οφθαλμὸν τὸ πῦρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ’
ἡμεῖς δὲ χωλοί γ’ ἀρτιώς γεγενήμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ’
tαυτὸν πεπόθθαι’ ἀρ’ ἐμοὶ· τοὺς γὰρ πόδας
ἔστώτες ἐσπάσθημεν οὐκ οἶδ’ ἐξ ὅτου.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΣ
ἔστώτες ἐσπάσθητε;
CYCLOPS

Dance, for the ivy clinging!
And good-bye to the desolate shore!
So weel may the wine flow, and lay low our brute foe,
To wake up in mad throe, in darkness evermore!
Re-enter ODYSSEUS from cave.

ODYSSEUS
Hush, you wild things, for Heaven’s sake!—still as death!
Shut your lips tight together!—not a breath!
Don’t wink, don’t cough, for fear the beast should wake
Ere we twist out his eye with that red stake.

CHORUS
We are mum: we clench our teeth tight on the air.

ODYSSEUS
Now then, in with you! Grasp the brand in there
With brave hands: glowing red-hot is the tip.

CHORUS (edging away)
You, please, appoint who must be first to grip
The burning stake, and scorch out Cyclops’ eye,
That all may share the grand chance equally.

A SATYR
Oh, we—too far outside the door we are!—
Can’t reach his eye—can’t poke the fire so far.

ANOTHER SATYR
And we—O dear, we’ve fallen lame just now!

ANOTHER SATYR
And so have we: we’ve sprained—I can’t tell how—
Our ankles, standing here. Oh my poor foot!

ODYSSEUS
Sprained standing still?
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΩΡΟΣ ε'  
καὶ τὰ γ' ὄμματα  
mέστ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν κόνεος ἡ τέφρας ποθέν.

ΟΔΥΣΕΙΣ  
ἀνδρεὶς πονηρὸι κοῦδέν οἶδε σύμμαχοι.

ΧΩΡΟΣ  
ὅτι ἂν τὸ νῦτον τὴν βάρχιν τ' οἰκτείρομεν  
cαὶ τοὺς ὀδόντας ἐκβαλεῖν οὐ βούλομαι  
tυπτόμενος, αὕτη γίγνεται πονηρία ;  
ἀλλ' οἴδ' ἐπρόθην Ὦρφεως ἀγαθὴν πάνυ,  
ὡς αὐτόματον τὸν δαλόν εἰς τὸ κρανίον  
στείχονθ' ὑφάπτειν τὸν μονώπα παῖδα γῆς.

ΟΔΥΣΕΙΣ  
πάλαι μὲν ἣδη σ' ὄντα τοιοῦτον φύσει,  
νῦν δ' οἴδ' ἀμεινὸν. τοῖσι δ' ὦκείων φίλοις  
χρήσθαι μ' ἀνάγκη. χειρὶ δ' εἰ μηδὲν σθένεις,  
ἀλλ' ὄν ἐπεγκέλευε γ', ὡς εὐψυχίαν  
φίλων κελευσμοῖς τοῖσι σοῖς κτησώμεθα.

ΧΩΡΟΣ  
δράσω τάδ'. ἐν τῷ Καρλ κινδυνεύσομεν.  
κελευσμάτων δ' ἔκατοι τυφέσθω Κύκλωψ.  
iδ' ἰδ',  
γενναίοτατ' ὠθεῖτε, σπεῦδετε.  
ἐκκαίετε τὴν ὀφρὺν  
θηρὸς τοῦ ξενοδότα.  
tύφετ' ὃ, καίετ' ὃ  
τὸν Ἀἴτνας μηλονόμον.
CYCLOPS

ANOTHER SATYR

Oh dear! a lot of soot,
Or dust, into our eyes the wind has brought!

ODYSSEUS

The cowards! At a pinch they’re good for naught!

CHORUS

Because I have compassion on my back,
And don’t want all my teeth by one big smack
Knocked down my throat, d’ye call that cowardice?
Look here—I know a song of Orpheus’s,
A lovely incantation! ’twill constrain
The stake to plunge itself into his brain,
And burn the giant’s eye out—a grand song

ODYSSEUS

Poor chicken-hearts! I knew you all along.
I’ll do what’s better; use my trusty crew—
Indeed I’ve no choice. There’s no fight in you:
Still, cheer us on with some good rousing chanty,
And screw to the sticking-point our courage, can’t ye?

[Enters cave.

CHORUS

Instead of the tongs, sir, dear pussy’s paw, sir, will
get my chestnuts out very well;
But, as far as a song, sir, can go, old Saucer-eye shall
frizzle in flames of hell.
So yeo-heave-ho! and in she’ll go!
Give way, my hearties! Put your backs to it! Stick
to the work!—
[a shirk!]
A brave tar’s part is to stick like wax to it—never
Burn out his eye, sir, the gormandizer,
Who goes and fries, sir, the trustful stranger!
With a red-hot poker make him a smoker
Like Etna—the soaker, the sheepwalk-ranger!

583
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τόρνευ', ἔλκε, μή σ' ἔξοδυνηθεῖς
dράσῃ τι μάταιον.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ὁμοί, κατηνθρακώμεθ' ὀφθαλμοῦ σέλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλὸς γ' ὁ παιάν· μέλπε μοι τὸν', ὁ Κύκλωψ.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ὁμοί μᾶλ', ὡς ὑβρίσμεθ', ὡς ὀλώλαμεν.
ἀλλ' οὔτι μὴ φύγῃτε τῆς' ἐξω πέτρας
χαίροντες, οὐδὲν οὖντες· ἐν πύλαισι γὰρ
σταθεὶς φάραγγος τῆς' ἐναρμόσω χέρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τι χρήμ' ἀντεῖς, ὁ Κύκλωψ;

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἀπωλόμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰσχρός γε φαίνει.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

670
κάπ' τοισδ' γ' ἄθλιος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μεθύων κατέπεσες εἰς μέσους τοὺς ἄνθρακας;

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

Οὐτίς ἦ' ἀπώλεσ'.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' οὐδεὶς σ' ἡδίκει;

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

Οὐτίς με τυφλοὶ βλέφαρον.

584
CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS and his men bring the burning stake, and plunge it into the cyclops’ eye.

In you go quick with it!—twirl it about!
You’ve done the trick with it!—now whip it out
Ere he catch you a lick with it, a terrible clout;
For he feels pretty sick with it—of that there’s no doubt.

CYCLOPS (starting up)

Ah-h! my eye’s turned to a red-hot coal! Oh my!

CHORUS
Well sung! Encore! Encore, old Saucer-eye!

CYCLOPS

Oh! blackguard villains! Oh! They’ve done for me!
Don’t think to escape, you paltry rascalry,
Out of this cave, and laugh at me! I’ll stand
Here, barring the only door with either hand.

CHORUS
Why bawl so, Goggle-eye?

CYCLOPS

I’m kilt intirely!

CHORUS

You do look bad.

CYCLOPS

What’s more, I feel so—direly!

CHORUS

You fell face down in the fire when you were tight?

CYCLOPS

No!—Nobody’s killed me!

CHORUS

No?—then you’re all right.

CYCLOPS

Nobody’s blinded me!
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἂρ’ εἶ τυφλός;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὡς δὴ σὺ—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πώς σ’ οὕτως ἂν θείη τυφλόν;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

σκόπτεις. ὦ δ’ Οὐτίς ποῦ ’στιν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδαμοὶ, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ ξένος, ἵν’ ὁρθῶς ἐκμάθης, μ’ ἀπώλεσεν,

ὁ μιαρός, ὃς μοι δόσῃ τὸ πώμα κατέκλυσε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ,

δεινὸς γὰρ οἶνος καὶ παλαιεσθαὶ βαρύς.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πρὸς θεῶν, πεφεύγασ’ ἡ μένουσ’ εἰσώ δόμων;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680

οὕτω σιωπῇ τὴν πέτραν ἐπιήλυγα

λαβόντες ἐστήκασι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ποτέρας τῆς χερὸς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν δεξιᾷ σου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ποῦ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρὸς αὐτῇ τῇ πέτρᾳ.

ἔχεις;

586
CYCLOPS

CHORUS
Then you can't be blind.

CYCLOPS
I wish you were!

CHORUS
Please make it to my mind
Quite clear, how nobody could poke your eye out.

CYCLOPS
You're chaffing me! Where's Nobody?

CHORUS
Don't cry out,
Because he's nowhere, Blunderbore—don't you see?

CYCLOPS
I tell you again, that stranger's murdered me,
The dirty spalpeen, who drenched me with drink!

CHORUS
Ah, wine's the chap to trip your legs, I think.

CYCLOPS
For Heaven's sake tell me—are they still inside?
Or have they got away?

CHORUS
They're trying to hide
Under that rock-ledge: they stand silent there.

CYCLOPS
On which side of me?

CHORUS
On your right.

CYCLOPS
Oh where?

CHORUS
Close up against the rock. Ha!—got the lot?
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κακόν γε πρὸς κακῆς τὸ κρανίον παίσας κατέαγα.

ΧΟΡΩΣ
καὶ σε διαφεύγουσί γε;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
οὐ τῆδε ἐπεὶ τῆδε εἶπας;

ΧΟΡΩΣ
οὐ, ταῦτῃ λέγω.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
πῇ γάρ;

ΧΟΡΩΣ
περιάγου, κείσε, πρὸς τάριστερά.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
οἴμοι γελῶμαι· κερτομεῖτέ με ἐν κακοῖς.

ΧΟΡΩΣ
ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ἀλλὰ πρόσθεν Ὀδυσσέας ἐστὶ σου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
ὦ παγκάκιστε, ποῦ ποτ' εἰ;

ΟΔΤΣΑΣΤΗΣ

τηλοῦ σέθεν
φυλακαίη τρούρῳ σῶμ' Ὀδυσσέως τόδε.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ
πῶς εἶπας; ἄνωμα μεταβαλὼν καὶ νῦν λέγεις;

ΟΔΤΣΑΣΤΗΣ

ὅπερ με ὁ φύσις ἀνόμαξ' Ὀδυσσέα.
δώσειν δ' ἐμελλεῖς ἀνοσίου δαιτὸς δίκας.

588
CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS makes a wild plunge, and dashes his head against the rock. Some of the crew slip out.

CYCLOPS
Oh misery on misery! I've caught
My head a bang that's split it!

CHORUS
What?—slipped clear
Between your fingers?
CYCLOPS (groping with his hands)
I can't find them here!

You said they were here?

CHORUS
No, this side, I told you.

CYCLOPS
Where? where?

CHORUS
Whisk round!—to your left! Aha!
they've sold you!

[The last of the crew slip by.

CYCLOPS
You're laughing at me!—jeering at my woes!

CHORUS
No, no! Look! Nobody's right before your nose!

CYCLOPS (making plunge at nothing)
Villain! where are you?

ODYSSEUS
Out of reach, I assure ye,
I ward Odysseus' body from your fury.

CYCLOPS
What?—a new name?—that doesn't sound the same!

ODYSSEUS
My father called me Odysseus: that's my name.
And so you thought that you'd get off scot-free
ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κακῶς γὰρ ἂν Τροίαν γε διεπυρώσαμεν, εἰ μὴ σ’ ἑταίρων φόνον ἐτιμωρησάμην.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

αἰαι· παλαιῶς χρησμὸς ἐκπεραίνεται. τυφλὴν γὰρ ὄψιν ἐκ σέθεν σχῆσειν μ’ ἔφη Τροίας ἀφορμηθέντος. ἄλλα καὶ σὲ τοι δίκασ ὑφέξειν ἀντὶ τῶν ἐθέσπισε, πολὺν θαλάσση χρόνον ἐναιωρούμενον.

ΟΔΥΣΕΥΣ

κλαίειν σ’ ἄνωγα· καὶ δέδραξ’ ὁπερ λέγεις. ἐγὼ δ’ ἐπ’ ἀκτάς εἰμι καὶ νεῶς σκάφος ἢσώ π’ πι πόντον Σικελόν ἔσ τ’ ἐμὴν πάτραν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ δῆτ’, ἐπεί σε τῆσδ’ ἀπορρῆξας πέτρας αὐτοίσι συνναύταισι συντρίψω βαλῶν. ἄνω δ’ ἐπ’ ἄχθουν εἰμι, καἶπερ ἃν τυφλὸς, δι’ ἀμφιτρήτου τῆςδε προσβαίνων ποδί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμεῖς δὲ συνναύται γε τοῦδ’ Ὅδυσσέως δύτες τὸ λοιπὸν Βακχὶφ δουλεύσομεν.
CYCLOPS

For your unhallowed feast! A shame 'twould be
If, after burning Troy, I took on you
No vengeance for the murder of my crew!

CYCLOPS

Woe's me! the ancient prophecy comes true
Which said that you would blind me on your way
Homeward from Troy. Ha! this too did it say,
That you'd be punished for this wrong to me,
Tossed through long years about the homeless sea.

ODYSSEUS

I laugh to scorn your bodings. I have done
All that your prophet said. Now will I run
My good ship's keel adown the sloping strand;
Then, ho for Sicily's sea and fatherland!

CYCLOPS

Not you! I'll tear this rock up, hurl, and smash
You and your men all to a bloody mash!
I'll climb a crag, and do it. Though I'm blind,
My way out through this rifted rock I'll find.

CHORUS

We will sail with Odysseus from this shore,
And serve Lord Bacchus henceforth evermore.

*Exeunt omnes, leaving Cyclops groping and stumbling amongst the rocks.*
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