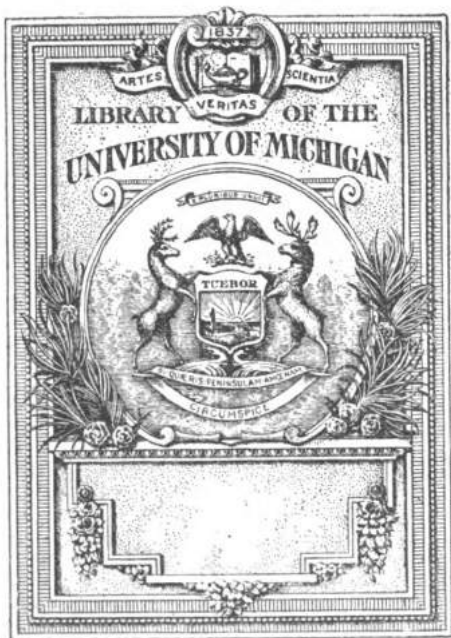


# Euripides

## Euripides



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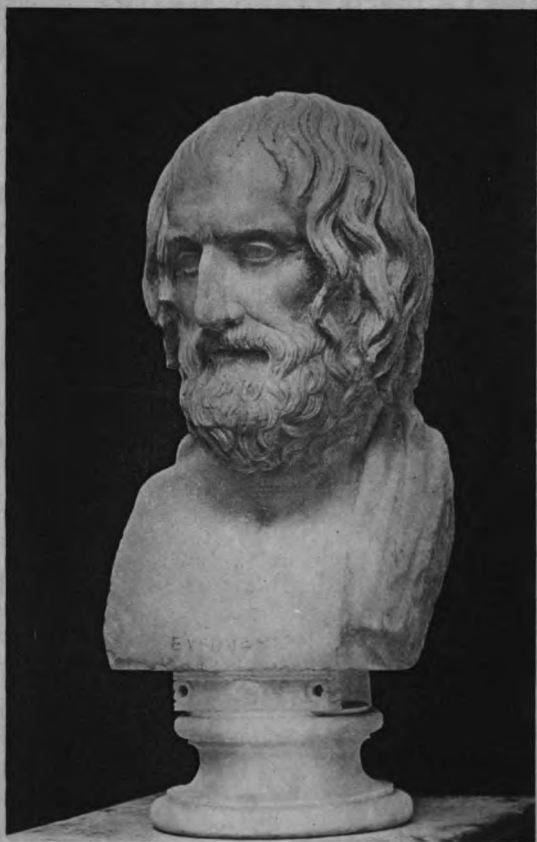
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**EURIPIDES**

**I**



EURIPIDES.

*BUST IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.*

*Alexander Fivesh*

# EURIPIDES

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

IN FOUR VOLUMES

I

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS  
RHESUS HECUBA  
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY  
HELEN



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

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## INTRODUCTION

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

## INTRODUCTION

His father was named Mnesarchides, his mother Kleito. They must have been wealthy, for their son possessed not only considerable property (he had at least once to discharge a "liturgy,"<sup>1</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>1</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> "He was baited incessantly by a rabble of comic writers, and of course by the great pack of the orthodox and the vulgar."—MURRAY.

## INTRODUCTION

presenting one of the most interesting studies in all literature.

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

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

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

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

## INTRODUCTION

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

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

## INTRODUCTION

- (14) *Iphigenia in Taurica*, (414-412); (15) *Helen*, 412 ;  
(16) *Phoenician Maidens*, (411-409); (17) *Orestes*, 408 ;  
(18) *Bacchanals*, 405 ; (19) *Iphigenia 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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## INTRODUCTION

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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# IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

VOL. I.

B



## ARGUMENT

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

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΟΝ  
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ  
ΧΟΡΟΣ  
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ  
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AGAMEMNON, *captain of the host.*

OLD SERVANT *of Agamemnon.*

MENELAUS, *brother of Agamemnon, husband of Helen.*

CLYTEMNESTRA, *wife of Agamemnon.*

IPHIGENEIA, *daughter of Agamemnon.*

ACHILLES, *son of the sea-goddess Thetis.*

MESSENGER.

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

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

SCENE: *In the Greek camp at Aulis, outside the tent of Agamemnon.*

## ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ πρέσβυ, δόμων τῶνδε πάροιβεν  
στείχε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

στείχω. τί δὲ καιουργεῖς,  
Ἄγαμεμνον ἄναξ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σπέυσεις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

σπεύδω.

μάλα τοι γήρας τοῦμὸν ἄνπνον  
καὶ ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς ὄξυ πάρεστιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τίς ποτ' ἄρ' ἀστήρ ὅδε πορθμεύει;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Σείριος ἐγγὺς τῆς ἐπταπόρου  
Πλειάδος ἄσσων ἔτι μεσσήρης.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκουν φθόγγος γ' οὐτ' ὀρνίθων  
οὔτε θαλάσσης· σιγαὶ δ' ἀνέμων  
τόνδε κατ' Εὐριπον ἔχουσιν.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

*Night. A lamp burning in Agamemnon's tent. OLD SERVANT waiting without. AGAMEMNON appears at entrance of tent.*

AGAMEMNON

ANCIENT, before this tent come stand.

OLD SERVANT (*coming forward*).

I come. What purpose hast thou in hand,  
Agamemnon, my king?

AGAMEMNON

And wilt thou not hasten?

OLD SERVANT

I haste.

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

AGAMEMNON

What star in the heaven's height yonder rideth?

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

τί δὲ σὺ σκηπῆς ἐκτὸς αἰσσεις,  
 Ἀγάμεμνον ἀναξ;  
 ἔτι δ' ἡσυχία τῆδε κατ' Αὔλιον,  
 καὶ ἀκίνητοι φυλακαὶ τειχέων.  
 στείχωμεν ἔσω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ζηλῶ σέ, γέρον,  
 ζηλῶ δ' ἀνδρῶν ὃς ἀκίνδυνον  
 βίον ἐξεπέρασ' ἀγνώως ἀκλεῆς·  
 τοὺς δ' ἐν τιμαῖς ἤσσειν ζηλῶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

20 καὶ μὴν τὸ καλὸν γ' ἐνταῦθα βίου.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοῦτο δέ γ' ἐστὶν τὸ καλὸν σφαλερόν·  
 καὶ τὸ πρότιμον  
 γλυκὺ μὲν, λύπη δὲ προσιστάμενον.  
 τοτὲ μὲν τὰ θεῶν οὐκ ὀρθωθέντ'  
 ἀνέτρεψε βίου, τοτὲ δ' ἀνθρώπων  
 γινώμαι πολλαὶ  
 καὶ δυσάρεστοι διέκναισαν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

30 οὐκ ἄγαμαι ταῦτ' ἀνδρὸς ἀριστέως·  
 οὐκ ἐπὶ πᾶσιν σ' ἐφύτευσ' ἀγαθοῖς,  
 Ἀγάμεμνον, Ἄτρευσ.

δεῖ δέ σε χαίρειν καὶ λυπεῖσθαι  
 θνητὸς γὰρ ἔφυς. κἂν μὴ σὺ θέλῃς,  
 τὰ θεῶν οὕτω βουλόμεν' ἔσται.  
 σὺ δὲ λαμπτήρος φάος ἰμπετάσας  
 δέλτον τε γράφεις  
 τήνδ' ἦν πρὸ χερῶν ἔτι βαστάζεις,  
 καὶ ταῦτὰ πάλιν γράμματα συγχεῖς  
 καὶ σφραγίζεις λύεις τ' ὀπίσω,



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

Yet the life of these is glory-crowned. 20

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

Nay, in a king I love not this repining.  
Atreus begat thee, Agamemnon, not  
Only to bask in days all cloudless-shining: 30  
Needs must be joy and sorrow in thy lot.  
Mortal thou art: though marred be thy designing,  
Still to fulfilment is the Gods' will brought.

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

40 ῥίπτεις τε πῆδω πεύκην, θαλερὸν  
 κατὰ δάκρυ χέων,  
 καὶ τῶν ἀπόρων οὐδενὸς ἐνδεῖς  
 μὴ οὐ μαίνεσθαι.  
 τί πονεῖς ; τί νέον περὶ σοί, βασιλεῦ ;  
 φέρε κοίνωσον μῦθον ἐς ἡμᾶς.  
 πρὸς δ' ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν πιστόν τε φράσεις·  
 σῆ γάρ μ' ἀλόχῃ τότε Τυνδάρεως  
 πέμπει φερνῆν  
 συννυμφοκόμον τε δίκαιον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

50 ἐγένοντο Λήδα Θεστιάδι τρεῖς παρθένοι,  
 Φοῖβη Κλυταιμνήστρα τ' ἐμὴ ξυνάορος  
 Ἐλένη τε ταύτης οἱ τὰ πρῶτ' ὠλβισμένοι  
 μνηστήρες ἦλθον Ἑλλάδος νεανίαι.  
 δειναὶ δ' ἀπειλαὶ καὶ κατ' ἀλλήλων φόνος  
 ξυνίσταθ', ὅστις μὴ λάβοι τὴν παρθένον.  
 τὸ πρᾶγμα δ' ἀπόρως εἶχε Τυνδάρεω πατρί,  
 δοῦναι τε μὴ δοῦναι τε, τῆς τύχης ὅπως  
 ἄψαιτ' ἄθραυστα.<sup>1</sup> καὶ νιν εἰσήλθεν τάδε,  
 ὄρκους συνάψαι δεξιᾶς τε συμβαλεῖν  
 μνηστήρας ἀλλήλοισι καὶ δι' ἐμπύρων  
 60 σπονδὰς καθεῖναι κάπαράσασθαι τάδε,  
 ὅτου γυνὴ γένοιτο Τυνδαρίς κόρη,  
 τούτῳ συναμνεῖν, εἴ τις ἐκ δόμων λαβὼν  
 οἴχοιτο τόν τ' ἔχοντ' ἀπωθοίη λέχους,  
 κάπιστρατεύσειν καὶ κατασκάψει πόλιν  
 Ἑλλην' ὁμοίως βάρβαρόν θ' ὅπλων μέτα.  
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπιστώθησαν, εὐ δέ πως γέρων  
 ὑπῆλθεν αὐτοὺς Τυνδάρεως πυκνῆ φρενί,  
 δίδωσ' ἐλέσθαι θυγατρὶ μνηστήρων ἓνα,  
 ὅποι πνοαὶ φέροισιν Ἀφροδίτης φίλαι.

<sup>1</sup> Hemsterhuyss : for ἔριστα of MSS.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Castest to earth the pine-slip, ever streaming                   40  
Tears from thine eyes; nor lacketh anything  
Of madness in thy mien despairful-seeming.  
What is thy grief, thy strange affliction, king?

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

### AGAMEMNON

Three daughters Leda, child of Thestius, bare,  
Phoebe, and Clytemnestra mine own wife,                   50  
And Helen. Wooing this last, princes came  
In fortune foremost in all Hellas-land.  
With fearful threatenings breathed they murder, each  
Against his rivals, if he won her not.

Then sore perplexed was Tyndareus her sire,  
How, giving or refusing, he should 'scape  
Shipwreck: and this thing came into his mind,  
That each to each the suitors should make oath,  
And clasp right hands, and with burnt sacrifice  
Should pour drink-offerings, and swear to this:—           60  
Whose wife soever Tyndareus' child should be,  
Him to defend: if any from her home  
Stole her and fled, and thrust her lord aside,  
To march against him, and to raze his town,  
Hellene or alien, with their mailed array.  
So when they had pledged them thus, and cunningly  
Old Tyndareus had by craft outwitted them,  
He let his daughter midst the suitors choose  
Him unto whom Love's sweet winds wafted her.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

- 70 ἦ δ' εἶλεθ', ὅς σφε μήποτ' ὄφελεν λαβεῖν,  
 Μενέλαον. ἐλθὼν δ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν ὁ τὰς θεὰς  
 κρίνων ὄδ', ὡς ὁ μῦθος Ἀργείων ἔχει,  
 Λακεδαιμόν', ἀνθηρὸς μὲν εἰμάτων στολῆ  
 χρυσῷ τε λαμπρὸς βαρβάρῳ χλιδήματι,  
 ἐρῶν ἐρῶσαν ὄχετ' ἐξαναρπάσας  
 Ἑλένην πρὸς Ἴδης βούσταθμ', ἔκδημον λαβῶν  
 Μενέλαον· ὁ δὲ καθ' Ἑλλάδ' οἰστρήσας δρόμῳ  
 ὄρκους παλαιούς Τυνδάρεω μαρτύρεται,  
 ὡς χρὴ βοηθεῖν τοῖσιν ἠδικημένοις.
- 80 τούντεῦθεν οὖν Ἕλληνας ἄξαντες δορί,  
 τεύχη λαβόντες στενόπορ' Αὐλίδος βάρη  
 ἤκουσι τῆσδε, ναυσὶν ἀσπίσω θ' ὁμοῦ  
 ἵπποις τε πολλοῖς ἄρμασιν τ' ἠσκημένοι.  
 καμὲ στρατηγεῖν δῆτα Μενέλεω χάριν  
 εἶλοντο, σύγγονόν γε. τάξιωμα δὲ  
 ἄλλος τις ὄφελ' ἀντ' ἐμοῦ λαβεῖν τόδε.  
 ἠθροισμένου δὲ καὶ ξυνεστῶτος στρατοῦ,  
 ἤμεσθ' ἀπλοῖα χρώμενοι κατ' Αὐλίδα.  
 Κάλχας δ' ὁ μάντις ἀπορία κεχρημένοις
- 90 ἀνεῖλεν Ἰφιγένειαν ἣν ἔσπειρ' ἐγὼ  
 Ἀρτέμιδι θύσαι τῇ τόδ' οἰκούσῃ πέδον,  
 καὶ πλοῦν τ' ἔσεσθαι καὶ κατασκαφᾶς Φρυγῶν  
 θύσασι, μὴ θύσασι δ' οὐκ εἶναι τάδε.  
 κλύων δ' ἐγὼ ταῦτ', ὀρθίῳ κηρύγματι  
 Ταλθύβιον εἶπον πάντ' ἀφίεμαι στρατόν,  
 ὡς οὔποτ' ἂν τλᾶς θυγατέρα κτανεῖν ἐμήν.  
 οὐδὲ μ' ἀδελφὸς πάντα προσφέρων λόγον  
 ἔπεισε τλῆναι δεινά. κἀν δέλτου πτυχαῖς  
 γράψας ἔπεμψα πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμήν
- 100 στέλλειν Ἀχιλλεῖ θυγατέρ' ὡς γαμουμένην,  
 τό τ' ἀξίωμα τάνδρὸς ἐγκαυρούμενος,

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

She chose—O had she never chosen him! — 70  
 Menelaus. Then from Phrygia he who judged  
 The Goddesses, as Argive legend tells,  
 To Sparta came, his vesture flower-bestarred  
 Gleaming with gold, barbaric bravery,  
 Loved Helen, and was loved, stole her and fled  
 To Ida's steadings, when from home afar  
 Menelaus was. Through Hellas frenzy-stung  
 He sped, invoking Tyndareus' ancient oath,  
 Claiming of all their bond to help the wronged.

Thereat up sprang the Hellenes spear in hand, 80  
 Donned mail of fight, and to this narrow gorge  
 Of Aulis came, with galleys and with shields,  
 And many a horse and chariots many arrayed.  
 And me for Menelaus' sake they chose  
 For chief, his brother. Would some other man  
 Might but have won the honour in my stead!

Now when the gathered host together came,  
 At Aulis did we tarry weather-bound.  
 Then the seer Calchas bade in our despair  
 Slay Iphigeneia, her whom I begat, 90  
 To Artemis who dwelleth in this land;  
 So should we voyage, and so Phrygia smite:  
 But if we slew her not, it should not be.  
 I, when I heard this, bade Talthybius  
 Dismiss the host with proclamation loud,  
 Since I would never brook to slay my child.  
 Whereat my brother, pleading manifold pleas,  
 To the horror thrust me. In a tablet's folds  
 I wrote, and bade therein my wife to send  
 Our daughter, as to be Achilles' bride, 100  
 Extolled therein the hero's high repute,

ΙΦΙΠΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

συμπλεῖν τ' Ἀχαιοῖς οὐνεκ' οὐ θέλοι λέγων,  
 εἰ μὴ παρ' ἡμῶν εἰσιν εἰς Φθίαν λέχος  
 πειθῶ γὰρ εἶχον τήνδε πρὸς δίαμαρτ' ἐμήν,  
 ψευδῆ συνάψας ἀμφὶ παρθένῳ γάμον.  
 μόνοι δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἴσμεν ὡς ἔχει τάδε  
 Κάλχας, Ὀδυσσεύς, Μενελεύς θ'. ἃ δ' οὐ καλῶς  
 ἔγνων τότε, αὐθις μεταγράψω καλῶς πάλιν  
 εἰς τήνδε δέλτον, ἣν κατ' εὐφρόνης σκιὰν  
 110 λύοντα καὶ συνδουντί μ' εἰσείδες, γέρον.  
 ἀλλ' εἴα χώρει τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς λαβὼν  
 πρὸς Ἄργος. ἃ δὲ κέκευθε δέλτος ἐν πτυχαῖς,  
 λόγῳ φράσω σοι πάντα τὰγγεγραμμένα  
 πιστὸς γὰρ ἀλόχῳ τοῖς τ' ἐμοῖς δόμοισιν εἶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

λέγε καὶ σήμαιν', ἵνα καὶ γλώσση  
 σύντονα τοῖς σοῖς γράμμασιν αὐδῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πέμπω σοὶ πρὸς ταῖς πρόσθεν  
 δέλτοις, ὧ Λήδας ἔρνος,  
 μὴ στέλλειν τὰν σὰν ἱνὶ πρὸς  
 120 τὰν κολπώδη πτέρυγ' Εὐβοίας  
 Αὔλιον ἀκλύσταυ,  
 εἰς ἄλλας ὄρας γὰρ δὴ  
 παιδὸς δαίσομεν ὑμεναίους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καὶ πῶς Ἀχιλεὺς λέκτρων ἰπλακῶν  
 οὐ μέγα φυσῶν θυμὸν ἔπαρεῖ  
 σοὶ σῆ τ' ἀλόχῳ ;  
 τόδε καὶ δεῖνον. σήμαιν' ὅ τι φῆς.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

This none Achaean knoweth with me, save  
Calchas, Odysseus, Menelaus. Now  
That wrong I here revoke, and write the truth  
Within this scroll, which in the gloom of night  
Thou saw'st me, ancient, open and reseal. 110  
Up, go, this letter unto Argos bear;  
And what the tablet hideth in its folds,  
All things here written, will I tell to thee,  
For loyal to my wife and house art thou.

### OLD SERVANT

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

### AGAMEMNON

*(Reads)*—"This add I to my letter writ before :—  
O child of Leda, do thou send  
Thy daughter not unto the waveless shore  
Of Aulis, where the bend 120  
Of that sea-pinion of Euboea lies  
Gulf-shapen. Ere we celebrate  
Our daughter's marriage-tide solemnities,  
A season must we wait."

### OLD SERVANT

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

130 ὄνομ', οὐκ ἔργον παρέχων Ἀχιλεὺς  
οὐκ οἶδε γάμου, οὐδ' ὅ τι πράσσομεν,  
οὐδ' ὅτι κείνῳ παῖδ' ἐπεφήμισα  
νυμφείους εἰς ἀγκώνων  
εὐνάς ἐκδώσειν λέκτροις.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δεινά γ' ἐτόλμας, Ἀγάμεμνον ἀναξ,  
ὄς τῷ τῆς θεᾶς σὴν παῖδ' ἄλοχον  
φατίσας ἤγες σφάγιον Δαναοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἴμοι, γνώμας ἐξέεσταν,  
αἰαῖ, πίπτω δ' εἰς ἄταν.  
ἄλλ' ἴθ' ἐρέσσω σὸν πόδα, γῆρα  
μηδὲν ὑπέικων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

140 σπεύδω, βασιλεῦ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μή νυν μήτ' ἄλσώδεις ἴζου  
κρήμας, μήθ' ὑπνω θελχθῆς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

εὐφημα θρόει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

150 πάντη δὲ πόρον σχιστὸν ἀμείβων  
λεῦσσε, φυλάσσω μή τίς σε λάθῃ  
τροχαλοῖσιν ὄχοις παραμειψαμένη  
παῖδα κομίζουσ' ἐνθάδ' ἀπηνη  
Δαναῶν πρὸς ναῦς.  
ἦν γάρ νιν πομπαῖς ἀντήσης,  
πάλιν ἐξόρμα, σεῖε χαλινούς,  
ἐπὶ Κυκλώπων εἰς θυμέλας.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

His name, no more, Achilles lends,—hath known  
Nought of a bride, nor aught we planned,  
Nor how to him I have, in word alone, 130  
Given my daughter's hand.

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

I speed, my lord. 140

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

Breathe not such doubt abhorred!

AGAMEMNON

When thou comest where ways part, keenly then  
Watch, lest a chariot escape thy ken,  
Whose rolling wheels peradventure may bear  
My daughter hitherward, even to where  
Be the ships of the Danaan men.  
For, if thou light on her escort-train, 150  
Then turn them aback, grasp, shake the rein:  
To the walls Cyclopean speed them again.

17

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἔσται τάδε.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κλήθρων δ' ἐξόρμα.<sup>1</sup>

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πιστὸς δὲ φράσας τάδε πῶς ἔσομαι,  
λέγε, παιδί σέθεν τῇ σῆ τ' ἀλόχῳ ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σφραγίδα φύλασσ' ἦν ἐπὶ δέλτῳ  
τήνδε κομίζεις. ἴθι. λευκαίνει  
τόδε φῶς ἤδη λάμπουσ' ἠὼς  
πῦρ τε τεθρίππων τῶν Ἀελίου·  
160 σύλλαβε μόχθων.

θνητῶν δ' ὄλβιος εἰς τέλος οὐδεὶς  
οὐδ' εὐδαίμων·  
οὐπω γὰρ ἔφν τις ἄλυπος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔμολον ἀμφὶ παρακτίαν  
ψάμβον Αὐλίδος ἐναλίας,  
Εὐρίπου διὰ χευμάτων  
κέλσασα στενοπόρθμων,  
Χαλκίδα πόλιν ἐμὰν προλιποῦσ',

στρ. α'

170 ἀγχιάλων ὑδάτων τροφὸν  
τὰς κλεινὰς Ἀρεθούσας,  
Ἀχαιῶν στρατιὰν ὡς ἰδοίμαν  
ἀγανῶν τε πλάτας ναυσιπόρους  
ἡμιθέων, οὓς ἐπὶ Τροί-  
αν ἐλάταις χιλιόναυσιν  
τὸν ξανθὸν Μενέλαον  
ἀμέτεροι πόσεις

<sup>1</sup> Adopting Nauck's arrangement and reading for ll. 149-152.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

Yea, this will I do.

AGAMEMNON

From the gates forth go.

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

Now help thou my strait!

[*Exit* OLD SERVANT.

No man to the end is fortunate, 160

Happy is none :

For a lot unvexed never man yet won. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CHORUS

CHORUS

I have come to the Aulian sea-gulf's verge, (*Str. I*)

To her gleaming sands :

I have voyaged Euripus' rushing surge

From the city that stands

Queen of the Sea-gate, Chalcis mine,

On whose bosom-fold

Arethusa gleameth, the fountain divine,—

Have come to behold

170

The Achaean array, and the heroes' oars

That shall onward speed

A thousand galleys to Troyland's shores.

These two kings lead :

Yea, with prince Menelaus the golden-haired,

As our own lords say,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η' ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἐνέπουσ' Ἀγαμέμνονά τ' εὐπατρίδαν  
 στέλλειν ἐπὶ τὰν Ἑλέαν, ἀπ'  
 180 Εὐρώτα δονακοτρόφου  
 Πάρις ὁ βουκόλος ἂν ἔλαβε,  
 δῶρον τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας,  
 ὄτ' ἐπὶ κρηναίαισι δρόσοις  
 Ἦρα Παλλάδι τ' ἔριν ἔριν  
 μορφᾶς ἅ Κύπρις ἔσχεν.

πολύθυτον δὲ δι' ἄλσος Ἄρ- ἀντ. α  
 τέμιδος ἤλυθον ὀρομένα,  
 φοινίσσουσα παρῆδ' ἐμᾶν  
 αἰσχύνῃ νεοθαλεῖ,  
 190 ἀσπίδος ἔρυμα καὶ κλισίας  
 ὀπλοφόρους Δαναῶν θέλουσ'  
 ἵππων τ' ὄχλον ἰδέσθαι.

κατεῖδον δὲ δὺ' Αἴαντε συνέδρω  
 τὸν Οἰλέως Τελαμῶνός τε γόνου,  
 τὸν Σαλαμῖνος στέφανον,  
 Πρωτεσίλαόν τ' ἐπὶ θάκοις  
 πεσσῶν ἠδομένους μορ-  
 φαῖσι πολυπλόκοις,  
 200 Παλαμῆδεά θ', ὃν τέκε παῖς ὁ Ποσει-  
 δᾶνος, Διομῆδεά θ' ἠδο-  
 ναῖς δίσκου κεχαρημένον,  
 παρὰ δὲ Μηριόνην, Ἄρεος  
 ὄζον, θαῦμα βροτοῖσι,

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And with King Agamemnon all these fared  
     On the vengeance-way,  
 On the quest of her whom the herdman drew  
     From beside the river 180  
 Of whispering reeds, his sin-wage due,—  
     Aphrodite the giver,—  
 Promised, when into the fountain down  
     Spray-veiled she descended,<sup>1</sup>  
 When with Hera and Pallas for beauty's crown  
     The Cyprian contended.  
 And through Artemis' grove of sacrifice *(Ant. 1)*  
     Hasting I came,  
 While swift in my cheeks did the crimson rise,  
     The roses of shame :  
 For to look on the shields, on the tents a gleam 190  
     With arms, was I fain,  
 And on thronging team upon chariot-team.  
     There marked I twain,  
 The Oilid Aias and Telamon's child,  
     Salamis' pride.  
 By the shifting maze of the draughts beguiled  
     Sat side by side  
 Protesilaus and he that was sprung  
     Of Poseidon's seed,  
 Palamedes : and there, by the strong arm flung  
     Of Diomede, 200  
 Did the discus leap, and he joyed therein ;  
     And hard beside him  
 Was Meriones of the Wan-god's kin—  
     Men wondering eyed him.

<sup>1</sup> In *Andromache*, 284-5, the rival Goddesses are described as bathing in a forest-fountain before coming before Paris for judgment.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

τὸν ἀπὸ νησαίων τ' ὄρέων  
 Λαέρτα τόκον, ἄμα δὲ Νι-  
 ρῆ, κάλλιστον Ἀχαιῶν.

τὸν ἰσάνεμόν τε ποδοῖν  
 λαιψηροδρόμον Ἀχιλλῆα,  
 τὸν ἂ θεῆτις τέκε καὶ  
 Χείρων ἐξεπόνασεν,

μεσφδ.

210 εἶδον αἰγιαλοῖσι  
 παρά τε κροκάλαις δρόμον ἔχοντα σὺν ὅπλοις  
 ἄμιλλαν δ' ἐπόμεν ποδοῖν  
 πρὸς ἄρμα τέτρωρον  
 ἐλίσσων περὶ νίκας.

ὁ δὲ διφρηλάτας ἐβοᾷτ'  
 Εὐμηλος Φερητιάδας,  
 ᾧ καλλίστους ἰδόμαν  
 χρυσοδαϊδάλτους στομίους  
 220 πῶλους κέντρῳ θεινομένους,  
 τοὺς μὲν μέσους ζυγίους,  
 λευκοστίκτῳ τριχὶ βαλιούς,  
 τοὺς δ' ἔξω σειροφόρους,  
 ἀντήρεις καμπαῖσι δρόμων,  
 πυρσότριχας, μονόχαλα δ' ὑπὸ σφυρὰ  
 ποικιλοδέρμονας· οἷς παρεπάλλετο  
 Πηλεΐδας σὺν ὅπλοισι παρ' ἄντυγα  
 230 καὶ σύριγγας ἄρματείους.

ναῶν δ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν ἤλυθον  
 καὶ θεῶν ἀθέσφατον,  
 τὰν γυναικείων ὄψιν ὀμμάτων  
 ὡς πλήσαιμι, μείλινον ἄδονάν.  
 καὶ κέρας μὲν ἦν  
 δεξιὸν πλάτας ἔχων

στρ. β'

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

(*Mesode*)

There was Achilles, whose feet are as winds for the  
 storm-rush unreined :  
 Him I beheld who of Thetis was born, who of  
 Cheiron was trained ; 210  
 Clad in his armour he raced, over sand, over shingle  
 he strained, [chariot of four,  
 Matching in contest of swiftmess his feet with a  
 Rounding the sweep of the course for the victory :—  
 rang evermore [that he bore  
 Shouts from Pheretid Eumelus, and aye with the goad  
 Smote he his horses most goodly—I saw them, saw  
 gold-glitter deck  
 Richly their bits ; and the midmost, the car-yoke who  
 bore on their neck, 220  
 Dappled were they, with a hair here and there like a  
 snow-smitten fleck. [turning-post swept,  
 They that in traces without round the perilous  
 Bays were they, spotted their fetlocks : Peleides  
 beside them on-leapt :  
 Sheathed in his harness, unflagging by car-rail and  
 axle he kept. 230

(*Str. 2*)

And I came where the host of the war-ships lies,—  
 A marvel past telling,—  
 To fill with the vision a woman's eyes  
 And a heart joy-swelling.  
 And there, on the rightward wing arrayed,

23

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

- 240 Φθιώτας ὁ Μυρμιδῶν ἼΑρης  
 πεντήκοντα ναυσὶ θουρίαις.  
 χρυσέαις δ' εἰκόσιν κατ' ἄκρα Νη-  
 ρῆδες ἕστασαν θεαί,  
 πρύμναις σῆμ' Ἄχιλλείου στρατοῦ.  
 Ἄργείων δὲ ταῖσδ' ἰσῆρετμοι ἀντ. β'  
 νᾶες ἕστασαν πέλας·  
 ὧν ὁ Μηκιστέως στρατηλάτας  
 παῖς ἦν, Ταλαὸς δὲν τρέφει πατήρ·  
 Καπανέως τε παῖς  
 Σθένελος· Ἄτθιδος δ' ἄγων  
 ἐξήκοντα ναῦς ὁ Θησέως  
 παῖς ἐξῆς ἐναυλόχει θεῶν  
 250 Παλλάδ' ἐν μωνύχοις ἔχων πτερω-  
 τοῖσιν ἄρμασιν θετὸν  
 εὔσημόν τε φάσμα ναυβάταις.
- Βοιωτῶν δ' ὄπλισμα ποιντίας στρ. γ'  
 πεντήκοντα νῆας εἰδόμαν  
 σημείοισιν ἐστολισμένας·  
 τοῖς δὲ Κάδμος ἦν  
 χρύσειον δράκοντ' ἔχων  
 ἀμφὶ ναῶν κόρυμβα·  
 250 Δήιτος δ' ὁ γηγενῆς  
 ἄρχε ναίου στρατοῦ·  
 Φωκίδος δ' ἀπὸ χθονός,  
 Λοκρᾶς δὲ τοῖσδ' ἴσας ἄγων  
 ἦν ναῦς Οἰλέως τόκος κλυτὰν  
 Θροναίᾳ ἐκλιπὼν πόλιν.
- Μυκῆνας δὲ τᾶς Κυκλωπίης ἀντ. γ'  
 παῖς Ἄτρεως ἔπεμπε ναυβάτας



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Was Phthia's Myrmidon battle-aid,  
 Fifty galleys swift for the war,  
 With the ranks of oars by their bulwarks swayed ;  
 And high on their sterns in effigies golden.  
 The Nereïd Goddesses gleamed afar, 240  
 The sign by Achilles' host upholden.

Hard by, keels equal by tale unto these (*Ant.* 2)  
 Did the Argives gather ;  
 With Talaüs' fosterling passed they the seas,—  
     Mecisteus his father,—  
 And with Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, at his side.  
 And there did the galleys of Attica ride  
 With the scion of Theseus, the next to the left,—  
 Ships threescore,—and the peerless pride  
 Of their blazonry was a winged car, bearing 250  
 Pallas, with horses of hooves unclift,  
 A blessèd sign unto folk sea-faring.

Boeotia's barks sea-plashing (*Str.* 3)  
     Fifty there lay :  
 I marked their ensigns flashing.  
     Cadmus had they,  
 Whose Golden Dragon shone  
 On each stern's garnison ;  
 And Leitus Earth's son  
     Led their array. 260  
 Galleys from Phocis came ;  
 'In' Locrian' barks, the same  
 By tale, went Thronium's fame  
     'Neath Aias' sway.

Atreides' Titan-palace, (*Ant.* 3)  
     Mycenae, sent

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ναῶν ἑκατὸν ἠθροῖσμένους.  
 σὺν δ' ἀδελφός<sup>1</sup> ἦν  
 ταγός, ὡς φίλος φίλω,  
 270 τὰς φυγούσας μέλαθρα  
 βαρβάρων χάριν γάμων  
 πράξιν Ἑλλάς ὡς λάβοι.  
 ἐκ Πύλου δὲ Νέστορος  
 Γερηνίου κατειδόμαν  
 πρύμνας σῆμα ταυρόπουν ὄραν,  
 τὸν πάροικον Ἀλφεόν.

Αἰνιάνων δὲ δωδεκάστολοι ἐπφδ.  
 νᾶες ἦσαν, ὧν ἄναξ Γουνεὺς  
 ἄρχε· τῶνδε δ' αὐ πέλας  
 280 Ἥλιδος δυνάστωρες,  
 οὓς Ἐπειοὺς ὠνόμαζε πᾶς λεώς·  
 Εὐρυτος δ' ἄνασσε τῶνδε·  
 λευκήρετμον δ' Ἄρη  
 Τάφιον ἤγευ, ὧν Μέγης ἄνασσε  
 Φυλέως λόχευμα,  
 τὰς Ἐχίνας λιπὼν \* \* \* \*  
 νήσους ναυβάταις ἀπροσφόρους.

Αἶας δ' ὁ Σαλαμίνος ἐντροφος  
 290 δεξιὸν κέρας πρὸς τὸ λαιὸν ξύναγε,  
 τῶν ἄσσον ὄρμει πλάταισιν  
 ἐσχάταισι συμπλέκων  
 δώδεκ' εὐστροφωτάταισι ναυσίν· ὡς  
 αἶον καὶ ναυβάταν  
 εἰδόμαν λεῶν·  
 ᾧ τις εἰ προσαρμόσει

<sup>1</sup> Markland: for Ἄδραστος of MSS. There is nowhere else any mention of an Adrastus in this connection.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Thronged decks of five-score galleys:  
His brother went  
As friend with friend, to take  
Her, who the home-bonds brake 270  
For alien gallant's sake,  
For chastisement.  
There, ships of Pylos' king,  
Gerenian Nestor, bring  
The weird bull-blazoning  
That Alpheus lent.

Gouneus, King of Aenian men, (Epode)  
Marshalled galleys two and ten:  
Hard thereby the bulwarks tower 280  
Of the lords of Elis' power,  
Whom the host Epeians name:  
Eurytus to lead them came;  
Led the Taphians argent-oared  
Therewithal, which owned for lord  
Phyleus' seion Meges, who  
From the Echinad Isles, whereto  
No man sails, his war-host drew.

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

βαρβάρους βάριδας  
νόστον οὐκ ἀποίσεται,

300 ἐνθάδ' οἶον εἶδόμαν  
νάϊον πόρευμα,  
τὰ δὲ κατ' οἴκους κλύουσα συγκλήτου  
μνήμην σφίζομαι στρατεύματος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Μενέλαε, τολμᾶς δειν', ἃ σ' οὐ τολμᾶν χρεών.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄπελθε· λίαν δεσπόταισι πιστὸς εἶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καλόν γέ μοι τοῦνειδος ἐξωνείδισας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κλαίοις ἄν, εἰ πράσσοις ἃ μὴ πράσσειν σε δεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐ χρῆν σε λῦσαι δέλτον, ἦν ἐγὼ ᾗ φερων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδέ γε φέρειν σε πᾶσιν Ἑλλησιν κακά.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἄλλοις ἀμιλλῶ ταῦτ'· ἄφες δὲ τήνδ' ἐμοί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

310 οὐκ ἂν μεθείμην.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐδ' ἔγωγ' ἀφήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σκήπτρω τάχ' ἄρα σὸν καθαιμάξω κᾶρα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἄλλ' εὐκλεές τοι δεσποτῶν θνήσκειω ὕπερ.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

300

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

OLD SERVANT.

Menelaus, this is outrage !—shame on thee !

MENELAUS.

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

OLD SERVANT

A proud reproach thou castest upon me.

MENELAUS

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

OLD SERVANT

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

MENELAUS

Nor yet for thee to bring to all Greeks bane.

OLD SERVANT

With others argue that ; but this restore.

MENELAUS

I will not yield it up !

310

OLD SERVANT

Nor I let go !

MENELAUS

Soon then my staff shall dash thine head with blood.

OLD SERVANT

Glorious it were in my lord's cause to die.

29

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μέθες· μακροῦς δὲ δούλος ὢν λέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ δέσποτ', ἀδικούμεσθα. σὰς δ' ἐπιστολὰς  
ἐξαρπάσας ὄδ' ἐκ χερῶν ἐμῶν βία,  
'Αγάμεμνον, οὐδὲν τῇ δίκῃ χρῆσθαι θέλει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·

τίς ποτ' ἐν πύλαισι θόρυβός καὶ λόγων ἀκοσμία ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐμὸς οὐχ ὁ τοῦδε μῦθος κυριώτερος λέγειν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σύ δὲ τί τῶδ' ἐς ἔριν ἀφίξαι, Μενέλεως, βία τ'  
ἄγεις ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

320 βλέψον εἰς ἡμᾶς, ἴν' ἀρχὰς τῶν λόγων ταύτας  
λάβω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μῶν τρέσας οὐκ ἀνακαλύψω βλέφαρον, Ἄτρεως  
γεγώς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τήνδ' ὀρᾶς δέλτον, κακίστων γραμματίων ὑπηρέτιν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰσορῶ, καὶ πρῶτα ταύτην σῶν ἀπάλλαξον χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔ, πρὶν ἂν δείξω γε Δαναοῖς πᾶσι τὰγγεγραμμένα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦ γὰρ οἶσθ' ἂ μή σε καιρὸς εἰδέναι, σήμαντρ'  
ἀνείς ;

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MENELAUS

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

OLD SERVANT

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

*Enter* AGAMEMNON

AGAMEMNON

Ha!

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

Look me in the face, that I may make beginning of 320  
the tale.

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

How?—and didst thou break my seal, and know'st  
thou what thou shouldest not?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥστε σ' ἀλγῦναί γ', ἀνοίξας, ἂ σὺ κάκ' εἰργάσω  
λάθρα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῦ δὲ κάλαβές νιν ; ὦ θεοί, σῆς ἀναισχύντου  
φρενός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προσδοκῶν σὴν παῖδ' ἅπ' Ἄργους, εἰ στρατεύμ'  
ἀφίξεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί δέ σε τὰμὰ δεῖ φυλάσσειν ; οὐκ ἀναισχύντου  
τόδε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

330 ὅτι τὸ βούλεσθαί μ' ἔκνιζε· σὸς δὲ δοῦλος οὐκ  
ἔφυν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχὶ δεινά ; τὸν ἐμὸν οἰκεῖν οἶκον οὐκ ἔας ἐμέ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πλάγια γὰρ φρονεῖς, τὰ μὲν νῦν, τὰ δὲ πάλαι, τὰ  
δ' αὐτίκα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὐ κεκόμψευσαι· πονηρῶν γλῶσσ' ἐπίφθονον σοφή.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

νοῦς δ' ὁ μὴ βέβαιος ἄδικον κτήμα κού σαφές  
φίλοις.

βούλομαι δέ σ' ἐξελέγξαι, καὶ σὺ μῆτ' ὀργῆς ὑπο  
ἀποτρέπου τάληθές, οὔτε κατατενώ λῖαν ἐγώ.

οἶσθ' ὅτ' ἐσπούδαζες ἄρχειν Δαναΐδαις πρὸς  
Ἴλιον,

τῷ δοκεῖν μὲν οὐχὶ χρήζων, τῷ δὲ βούλεσθαι  
θέλων,





ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

340 ὡς ταπεινὸς ἦσθα πᾶσι, δεξιᾶς προσθυγγάνων  
 καὶ θύρας ἔχων ἀκλήστους τῷ θέλοντι δημοτῶν,  
 καὶ διδοὺς πρόσρησιν ἐξῆς πᾶσι, κεῖ μή τις θέλοι,  
 τοῖς τρόποις ζητῶν πρίασθαι τὸ φιλότιμον ἐκ μέ-  
 σου ;  
 κατ' ἐπεὶ κατέσχεσ ἀρχάς, μεταβαλὼν ἄλλους  
 τρόπους  
 τοῖς φίλοισιν οὐκέτ' ἦσθα τοῖς πρὶν ὡς πρόσθεν  
 φίλος,  
 δυσπρόσιτος ἔσω τε κλήθρων σπάνιος. ἄνδρα δ'  
 οὐ χρεῶν  
 τὸν ἀγαθὸν πρᾶσσοντα· μεγάλα τοὺς τρόπους μεθ-  
 ιστάναι,  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ βέβαιον εἶναι τότε μάλιστα τοῖς  
 φίλοις  
 ἠνίκ' ὠφελεῖν μάλιστα δυνατὸς ἐστὶν εὐτυχῶν.  
 ταῦτα μὲν σε πρῶτ' ἐπῆλθον, ἵνα σε πρῶθ' ἦῤυρον  
 κακόν.  
 350 ὡς δ' ἐς Αὐλίην ἦλθες αὐθις χῶ Πανελλήνων  
 στρατὸς,  
 οὐδὲν ἦσθ', ἀλλ' ἐξεπλήσσου τῇ τύχῃ τῇ τῶν  
 θεῶν,  
 οὐρίας πομπῆς σπανίζων, Δαναΐδαι δ' ἀφιέναι  
 ναῦς διήγγελλον, μάτην δὲ μὴ πονεῖν ἐν Αὐλίδι,  
 ὡς ἄνολβον εἶχες ὄμμα σύγχυσίν τε μὴ νεῶν  
 χιλίων ἄρχων τὸ Πριάμου πεδίον ἐμπλήσας  
 δορός.  
 καμὲ παρεκάλεις· τί δράσω ; τίνα δὲ πόρον εὔρω  
 πόθεν,  
 ὥστε μὴ στερέντας ἀρχῆς ἀπολέσαι καλὸν κλέος ;  
 κατ' ἐπεὶ Κάλχας ἐν ἱεροῖς εἶπε σὴν θύσαι  
 κόρην

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

How to all men wast thou lowly, clasping hands of  
 amity, [to thee,  
 Keeping open doors for whoso of the folk would seek 340  
 Bidding all accost thee freely, challenging the modest  
 heart, [mart ?  
 Seeking by thy shifts to buy advancement as in open  
 Ah, but when thy power was won, thou changedst all  
 thy mien : no more  
 Wast thou unto friends of days gone by a friend as  
 theretofore,—  
 Inaccessible, and seldom found at home. The noble-  
 souled  
 Ought not, raised to high estate, to turn him from  
 the paths of old,  
 Nay, but more than ever loyal then unto his friends  
 should be,  
 When his power to help is more than ever, through  
 prosperity.  
 First therein, where first I found thee base, I visit  
 thee with blame.  
 Then, when thou and all the host of Hellas unto Aulis 350  
 came, [mayed,  
 Nought wast thou, at Heaven's visitation utterly dis-  
 When the wafting breezes failed thee, when the sons  
 of Danaus bade [in vain.  
 Send the ships disbanded thence, nor toil at Aulis all  
 O thy rueful face, thy 'wildered eye, lest thou on  
 Priam's plain, [pour thy spears !  
 Thou, the captain of a thousand galleys, ne'er shouldst  
 "What shall I do?" didst thou ask me. "What  
 device, and whence, appears, [noun ?"  
 That of lordship I be not bereft, nor lose my fair re-  
 Then, when Calchas on the altar bade thee lay thy  
 child's life down

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

- Ἄρτεμιδι, καὶ πλοῦν ἔσεσθαι Δαναΐδαις, ἡσθεὶς  
 φρένας .
- 360 ἄσμενος θύσειν ὑπέστης παῖδα καὶ πέμπεις  
 ἐκῶν,  
 οὐ βία, μὴ τοῦτο λέξης, σῆ δάμαρτι, παῖδα σὴν  
 δεῦρ' ἀποστέλλειν, Ἀχιλλεῖ πρόφασιν ὡς γαμου-  
 μένην.  
 οὗτός αὐτός ἐστὶν αἰθῆρ ὃς τὰδ' ἤκουσεν σέθεν.<sup>1</sup>  
 καὶ θ' ὑποστρέψας λέληψαι μεταβαλὼν ἄλλας  
 γραφάς,  
 ὡς φονεὺς οὐκέτι θυγατρὸς σῆς ἔσει. μάλιστα γε.  
 μυρῖοι δέ τοι πεπόνθασ' αὐτό· πρὸς τὰ πράγματα<sup>2</sup>  
 ἐκπονοῦσ' ἐκόντες, εἶτα δ' ἐξεχώρησαν κακῶς,  
 τὰ μὲν ὑπὸ γνώμης πολιτῶν ἀσυνέτου, τὰ δ' ἐν-  
 δίκως,  
 ἀδύνατοι γεγῶτες αὐτοὶ διαφυλάξασθαι πόλιν.
- 370 Ἑλλάδος μάλιστα ἔγωγε τῆς ταλαιπώρου στένω,  
 ἢ θέλουσα δρᾶν τι κεδνόν, βαρβάρους τοὺς  
 οὐδένας  
 καταγελῶντας ἐξανήσει διὰ σέ καὶ τὴν σὴν  
 κόρην.  
 μηδέν' ἄρα χρέους ἕκατι προστάτην θείμην  
 χθονός,  
 μηδ' ὄπλων ἄρχοντα· νοῦν χρῆ τὸν στρατηλάτην  
 ἔχειν·  
 πόλεος ὡς ἄρχων ἀνὴρ πᾶς, ξύνεσιν ἦν ἔχων  
 τύχη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν κασιγνήτοισι γίγνεσθαι λόγους  
 μάχας θ', ὅταν ποτ' ἐμπέσωσιν εἰς ἔριν.

<sup>1</sup> Adopting Paley's arrangement of lines.

<sup>2</sup> Wecklein's punctuation.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Unto Artemis,—the Danaïds so should sail,—with  
 gladness filled  
 Blithely promisedst thou to slay thy daughter ; yea,  
 didst send free-willed— 360  
 Not constrained, thou canst not say it—to thy queen,  
 that hitherward  
 She should send thy child, as who should take  
 Achilles for her lord :—  
 Lo, the selfsame sky o'erhead which heard thee then  
 record thy vow !— [message now,  
 Now thou turn'st about, art found recasting that thy  
 Saying thou wilt ne'er be slayer of thy child ! So is  
 it still— [flagging will  
 Many and many a man is like thee, toileth with un-  
 Up the heights of power ; thereafter from its summit  
 falls with shame, [themselves to blame,  
 Some through blindness of the people, some be all  
 They whose nerveless hands can ward the city not  
 that they have won. [bemoan :  
 But, for me, 'tis hapless Hellas most of all that I 370  
 Fain she is of high achievement, yet shall caitiff aliens  
 make  
 Her a mock, who 'scape her hands for thine and for  
 thy daughter's sake. [the land,  
 Ne'er may I for kinship's cause exalt a man to rule  
 Nor to lead a host ! He needeth wisdom who would  
 men command ;  
 For 'tis his to helm a nation who hath wit to under-  
 stand.

### CHORUS

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

- βούλομαι σ' εἰπεῖν κακῶς αὖ, βραχέα, μὴ λίαν  
 ἄνω
- βλέφαρα πρὸς τάναιδές ἀγαγών, ἀλλὰ σωφρονε-  
 στέρως,
- 380 ὡς ἀδελφὸν ὄντ'. ἀνὴρ γὰρ χρηστὸς αἰδεῖσθαι  
 φιλεῖ.  
 εἰπέ μοι, τί δεινὰ φύσῃς αἱματηρὸν ὄμμ' ἔχων ;  
 τίς ἀδικεῖ σε ; τοῦ κέχρησαι ; λέκτρα χρῆστ' ἐράς  
 λαβεῖν ;  
 οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἂν σοι παρασχεῖν ὦν γὰρ ἐκθήσω,  
 κακῶς  
 ἦρχες. εἰτ' ἐγὼ δίκην δῶ σὼν κακῶν, ὃ μὴ  
 σφαλεῖς ;  
 ἢ δάκνει σε τὸ φιλότιμον τοῦμόν ; ἀλλ' ἐν ἀγκά-  
 λαις  
 εὐπρεπῆ γυναῖκα χρήξεις, τὸ λελογισμένου παρεῖς  
 καὶ τὸ καλόν, ἔχειν ; πονηροῦ φωτὸς ἦδοναὶ  
 κακαί.  
 εἰ δ' ἐγὼ γνοὺς πρόσθεν οὐκ εὖ μετετέθην  
 εὐβουλία,  
 μαινομαι ; σὺ μᾶλλον, ὅστις ἀπολέσας κακὸν  
 λέχος
- 390 ἀναλαβεῖν θέλεις, θεοῦ σοι τὴν τύχην διδόντος εὖ.  
 ὤμοσαν τὸν Τυνδάρειον ὄρκου οἱ κακόφρονες  
 φιλόγαμοι μνηστήρες. ἦγε δ' ἐλπίς, οἶμαι μὲν,  
 θεός  
 κάξ' ἐπραξεν αὐτὸ μᾶλλον ἢ σὺ καὶ τὸ σὸν σθένος.  
 οὐδ' λαβὼν στρατέν'. ἔτοιμοι δ' εἰσὶ μωρία φρενῶν.  
 οὐ γὰρ ἀσύνετον τὸ θεῖον, ἀλλ' ἔχει συνιέναι  
 τοὺς κακῶς παγόντας ὄρκους καὶ κατηναγκασμέ-  
 νους.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

Now would I in turn upbraid thee, briefly, not exal-  
ting high

Shameless brows of haughty scorning, nay, but ever  
soberly,

As becomes a brother; for the noble hold by  
chivalry.

380

Answer, why this breath tempestuous, why these  
bloodshot eyes of strife?

Who doth wrong thee? What dost crave? Dost  
yearn to win a virtuous wife?

This I cannot find thee: her thou gainedst, vilely  
ruledst thou.

What?—must I, who have not erred, for thy trans-  
gression suffer now?

Or doth mine advancement gall thee?—nay, but one  
desire thou hast,

In thine arms to clasp a lovely woman!—reason dost  
Yea, and honour to the winds!—the pleasures of the  
vile are base.

I, who erst took evil counsel, if I now give wisdom  
Am I mad? Nay rather thou, who, having lost an  
evil spouse,

Wouldst re-win her, though thy loss be gain, God's  
kindness to thy house.

390

Those infatuate marriage-craving suitors swore an  
oath indeed

Unto Tyndareus; yet these did Hope, I trow, the  
On, and brought it more to pass than thou and all  
thy strong control.

Lead them thou—O these are ready in the folly of  
God is not an undiscerning judge; his eyes are keen  
to try

Oaths exacted by constraint, and troth-pledge held

39

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

τὰμὰ δ' οὐκ ἀποκτενῶ ἴγὼ τέκνα· κοῦ τὸ σὸν  
 μὲν εὖ  
 παρὰ δίκην ἔσται κακίστης εὐνιδος τιμωρία,  
 ἐμὲ δὲ συντήξουσι νύκτες ἡμέραι τε δακρύοις,  
 ἄνομα δρῶντα κοῦ δίκαια παῖδας οὖς ἐγεινάμην.  
 400 ταυτὰ σοι βραχέα λέλεκται καὶ σαφῆ καὶ ῥάδια·  
 εἰ δὲ μὴ βούλει φρονεῖν εὖ, τὰμ' ἐγὼ θήσω  
 καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶδ' αὖ διάφοροι τῶν πάρος λελεγμένων  
 μύθων, καλῶς δ' ἔχουσι, φείδεσθαι τέκνων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαί, φίλους ἄρ' οὐχὶ κεκτήμην τάλας.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰ τοὺς φίλους γε μὴ θέλεις ἀπολλύναι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δείξεις δὲ ποῦ μοι πατὴρ ἐκ ταυτοῦ γεγώς ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνσωφρονεῖν σοι βούλομ', ἀλλ' οὐ συννοσεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔς κοινὸν ἀλγεῖν τοῖς φίλοισι χρὴ φίλους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὖ δρῶν παρακάλει μ', ἀλλὰ μὴ λυπῶν ἐμέ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

410 οὐκ ἄρα δοκεῖ σοι τάδε πονεῖν σὺν Ἑλλάδι ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἑλλάς δὲ σὺν σοὶ κατὰ θεὸν νοσεῖ τινα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σκήπτρω νυν αὔχει, σὸν κασίγνητον προδούς.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' ἄλλας εἶμι μηχανάς τινας,  
 φίλους τ' ἐπ' ἄλλους.

40



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

'Tis not I will slay my children! Not in justice's despite  
So shall thine avenging on a wife most wanton speed  
aright, [days of misery,  
While I waste through nights of weeping, pine through  
For my lawless, godless dealing with the children born  
to me! [stood.  
Lo, mine answer, brief and clear, and easy to be under- 400  
If thou turn from wisdom, yet shall mine house follow  
after good.

CHORUS

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

MENELAUS

Alas for wretched me ! Friends have I none !

AGAMEMNON

Yea—if thou seek not to destroy thy friends.

MENELAUS

How wilt thou prove thyself our father's son ?

AGAMEMNON

By brotherhood in wisdom, not in folly.

MENELAUS

Friends ought to feel friends' sorrow as their own.

AGAMEMNON

By kindness, not unkindness, challenge me.

MENELAUS

Wilt thou not then with Greece this travail share ? 410

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

Vaunt then thy sceptre, traitor to thy brother !

I will betake me unto other means

And other friends. (*Enter MESSENGER in haste.*)

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ Πανελλήνων ἀναξ,  
 Ἀγάμεμνον, ἦκω παῖδά σοι τὴν σὴν ἄγων,  
 ἦν Ἴφιγένειαν ὠνόμαζες ἐν δόμοις.  
 μήτηρ δ' ὀμαρτεῖ, σῆς Κλυταιμνήστρας δέμας,  
 καὶ παῖς Ὀρέστης, ὥστε τερφθείης ἰδών,  
 χρόνον παλαιὸν δωμάτων ἐκδημος ὢν.  
 420 ἀλλ' ὡς μακρὰν ἔτεινον, εὐρυτον παρὰ  
 κρήνην ἀναψύχουσι θηλύπουν βάσιμ,  
 αὐταὶ τε πῶλοί τ'· εἰς δὲ λειμώνων χλόην  
 καθεῖμεν αὐτάς, ὡς βορᾶς γευσαίαιτο.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ πρόδρομος σῆς παρασκευῆς χάριν  
 ἦκω πέπυσται γὰρ στρατός, ταχεῖα γὰρ  
 διῆξε φήμη, παῖδα σὴν ἀφυγμένην.  
 πᾶς δ' εἰς θεῶν ὄμιλος ἔρχεται δρόμῳ,  
 σὴν παῖδ' ὅπως ἴδωσιν· οἱ δ' εὐδαίμονες  
 ἐν πᾶσι κλεινοὶ καὶ περίβλεπτοι βροτοῖς.  
 430 λέγουσι δ'· ὑμέναιός τις ἢ τί πράσσεται;  
 ἢ πόθον ἔχων θυγατρὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ  
 ἐκόμισε παῖδα; τῶν δ' ἂν ἤκουσας τάδε·  
 Ἀρτέμιδι προτελίζουσι τὴν νεάνιδα,  
 Αὐλίδος ἀνάσση. τίς νιν ἄξεται ποτε;  
 ἀλλ' εἶα, τὰπὶ τοισίδ' ἐξάρχου κανᾶ,  
 στεφανοῦσθε κράτα· καὶ σύ, Μενελεως ἀναξ,  
 ὑμέναιον εὐτρέπιζε καὶ κατὰ στέγας  
 λωτὸς βοάσθω καὶ ποδῶν ἔστω κτύπος·  
 φῶς γὰρ τόδ' ἦκει μακάριον τῇ παρθένῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

440 ἐπήνεσ', ἀλλὰ στεῖχε δωμάτων ἔσω  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἰούσης τῆς τύχης ἔσται καλῶς.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

### MESSENGER

O King of Hellas' host,  
Agamemnon, lo, thy child I bring to thee,  
Named of thee Iphigeneia in thine halls.  
Her mother Clytemnestra comes with her,  
Orestes, too, the babe, to glad thine eyes  
Who from thine home long time hast sojourned far.  
But, after weary journeying, at a spring 420  
Fair-flowing now the women bathe their feet,  
They and their steeds—for midst the meadow-grass  
We turned them loose, that they might browse therein.  
I, to prepare thee, their forerunner come.  
For the host knoweth it, so swiftly spread  
The rumour of the coming of thy child.  
And to the sight runs all the multitude  
To see thy child ; for folk in high estate  
Famed and observed of all observers are.  
“ A bridal is it ? ”—they ask—“ or what is toward ? 430  
Or hath the King, of yearning for his child  
Sent for his daughter ? ” Others might'st thou hear—  
“ To Artemis, to Aulis' Queen, they pay<sup>1</sup>  
The maiden's spousal-rites ! The bridegroom who ? ”  
Up then, prepare the maunds for sacrifice ;  
Garland your heads :—thou too, prince Menelaus,  
Strike up the bridal hymn, and through the tents  
Let the flute ring, with sound of dancing feet ;  
For gladsome dawns this day upon the maid.

### AGAMEMNON

'Tis well—I thank thee : pass thou now within. 440  
Well shall the rest speed as Fate marcheth on.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.]

<sup>1</sup> It was customary before a marriage to make offerings to Artemis on behalf of the bride. The tragic irony is obvious.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

οἶμοι, τί φῶ δύστηνος ; ἄρξομαι πόθεν ;  
 εἰς οἷ ἀνάγκης ζεύγματ' ἔμπεπτώκαμεν.  
 ὑπήλθε δαίμων, ὥστε τῶν σοφισμάτων  
 πολλῶ γενέσθαι τῶν ἐμῶν σοφώτερος.  
 ἢ δυσγένεια δ' ὡς ἔχει τι χρήσιμον.  
 καὶ γὰρ δακρῦσαι ραδίως αὐτοῖς ἔχει,  
 ἅπαντά τ' εἰπεῖν. τῷ δὲ γενναίῳ φύσιν  
 ἄνολβα ταῦτά· προστάτην δὲ τοῦ βίου  
 450 τὸν ὄγκον ἔχομεν τῷ τ' ὄχλῳ δουλεύομεν.  
 ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐκβαλεῖν μὲν αἰδοῦμαι δάκρυ,  
 τὸ μὴ δακρῦσαι δ' αὖθις αἰδοῦμαι τάλας,  
 εἰς τὰς μεγίστας συμφορὰς ἀφιγμένος.  
 εἰεν, τί φήσω πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμήν ;  
 πῶς δέξομαί νιν ; ποῖον ὄμμα συμβαλῶ ;  
 καὶ γὰρ μ' ἠπώλεσ' ἐπὶ κακοῖς ἃ μοι πάρα  
 ἐλθοῦσ' ἄκλητος. εἰκότως δ' ἄμ' ἔσπετο  
 θυγατρὶ νυμφεύσουσα καὶ τὰ φίλτατα  
 δώσουσ', ἵν' ἡμᾶς ὄντας εὐρήσει κακούς.  
 460 τὴν δ' αὖ τάλαιναν παρθένον—τί παρθένον ;  
 "Αἰδῆς νιν ὡς ἔοικε νυμφεύσει τάχα—  
 ὡς ᾤκτισ' οἶμαι γὰρ νιν ἱκετεύσειν τάδε  
 ὦ πάτερ, ἀποκτενεῖς με ; τοιούτους γάμους  
 γήμειας αὐτὸς χῶστις ἐστὶ σοι φίλος.  
 παρῶν δ' Ὀρέστης ἐγγυὺς ἀναβοήσεται  
 οὐ συνετὰ συνετῶς· ἔτι γὰρ ἐστὶ νήπιος.  
 αἰαῖ, τὸν Ἑλένης ὡς μ' ἠπώλεσεν γάμον  
 γήμας ὁ Πριάμου Πάρις, ὃς εἴργασται τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κἀγὼ κατῴκτειρ', ὡς γυναῖκα δεῖ ξένην  
 470 ὑπὲρ τυράννων συμφορᾶς καταστένειν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ·

ἀδελφέ, δός μοι δεξιᾶς τῆς σῆς θιγεῖν.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Woe's me ! What can I say, or where begin ?  
 Into what bonds of doom have I been cast !  
 Me Fortune hath outwitted : she hath proved  
 Too cunning far for all my stratagems !  
 Lo now, what vantage cleaves to lowly birth !  
 For such may lightly ease their hearts with tears,  
 And tell out all their grief. The same pangs touch  
 The high-born ; but our life is tyrannized  
 By dignity : we are the people's thralls. 450  
 So is it with me, for I shame to weep,  
 And yet shame not to weep, wretch that I am,  
 Who am fallen into deepest misery !  
 Lo now, what shall I say unto my wife,  
 Or how receive her?—with what countenance  
 meet ?

She hath undone me, coming midst mine ills  
 Unbidden ! Yet 'twas reason she should come  
 With her own child, to render to the bride  
 Love's service—where I shall be villain found !  
 And the unhappy maid—why name her maid ? 460  
 Hades meseems shall take her soon for bride.  
 O me, the pity of it ! I hear her pray—  
 “ Ah, father, wilt thou slay me ! Now such bridal  
 Mayst thou too find, and all whom thou dost  
 love ! ”

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

### CHORUS

I also—far as alien woman may  
 Mourn for the griefs of princes—pity thee 470

### MENE LAUS

Brother, vouchsafe to me to grasp thine hand.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

δίδωμι· σὸν γὰρ τὸ κράτος, ἄθλιος δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Πέλοπα κατόμνυμι, ὃς πατὴρ τοῦμῶ πατὴρ  
 τοῦ σου τ' ἐκλήθη, τὸν τεκόντα τ' Ἀτρέα,  
 ἧ μὴν ἐρεῖν σοι τὰπὸ καρδίας σαφῶς  
 καὶ μὴ πύτηδες μηδὲν ἄλλ' ὅσον φρονῶ.  
 ἐγὼ σ' ἀπ' ὅσων ἐκβαλόντ' ἰδὼν δάκρυ  
 ᾠκτεῖρα καὐτὸς ἀνταφῆκά σοι πάλιν,  
 καὶ τῶν παλαιῶν ἐξαφίσταμαι λόγων,  
 480 οὐκ εἰς σέ δεινός· εἰμὶ δ' οὔπερ εἰ σὺ νῦν  
 καί σοι παραινῶ μήτ' ἀποκτείνειν τέκνον  
 μήτ' ἀνθελέσθαι τοῦμόν. οὐ γὰρ ἔνδικον  
 σέ μὲν στενάζειν, τὰμὰ δ' ἠδέως ἔχειν,  
 θυήσκειν τε τοὺς σούς, τοὺς δ' ἐμούς ὄραν φάος.  
 τί βούλομαι γάρ; οὐ γάμους ἐξαιρέτους  
 ἄλλους λάβοιμι ἂν, εἰ γάμων ἰμείρομαι;  
 ἀλλ' ἀπολέσας ἀδελφόν, ὃν μ' ἦκιστ' ἐχρήν,  
 Ἑλένην ἔλωμαι, τὸ κακὸν ἀντὶ τὰγαθοῦ;  
 490 ἄφρων νέος τ' ἦ, πρὶν τὰ πράγματ' ἐγγύθεν  
 σκοπῶν ἐσεῖδον οἶον ἦν κτείνειν τέκνα.  
 ἄλλως τέ μ' ἔλεος τῆς ταλαιπώρου κόρης  
 εἰσῆλθε, συγγένειαν ἐννοουμένῳ,  
 ἧ τῶν ἐμῶν ἕκατι θύεσθαι γάμων  
 μέλλει. τί δ' Ἑλένης παρθένῳ τῇ σῆ μετὰ;  
 ἴτω στρατεία διαλυθεῖσ' ἐξ Αὐλίδος.  
 σὺ δ' ὄμμα παῦσαι δακρύοις τέγγων τὸ σόν,  
 ἀδελφέ, κάμῃ παρακαλῶν εἰς δάκρυα.  
 εἰ δέ τι κόρης σῆς θεσφάτων μέτεστί σοι,  
 μὴ μοι μετέστω· σοὶ νέμω τοῦμόν μέρος.  
 500 ἀλλ' εἰς μεταβολὰς ἦλθον ἀπὸ δεινῶν λόγων.  
 εἰκὸς πέπονθα· τὸν ὁμόθεν πεφυκότα

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

I swear by Pelops, of my sire and thine  
Named father, and by Atreus our own sire,  
That from mine heart's core I will speak to thee,  
To serve no end, but all mine inmost thought.  
I, seeing how thine eyes are streaming tears,  
Pity thee, and the answering tear I shed ;  
And from the words erst uttered I draw back,  
Thy foe no more. Lo, in thy place I stand ; 480  
And I exhort thee, neither slay thy child,  
Nor choose my good for thine. Unjust it were  
That thou shouldst groan, and all my cup be  
sweet,  
That thy seed die, and mine behold the light.  
For, what would I? Can I not find a bride  
Peerless elsewhere, if I for marriage yearn?  
How, should I lose—whom least I ought to lose—  
A brother, win a Helen, bad for good?  
Mad was I and raw-witted, till I viewed  
Things near, and saw what slaying children means. 490  
Yea also, pity for the hapless maid  
Doomed to be slaughtered for my bridal's sake,  
Stole o'er me, on our kinship when I thought.  
For what with Helen hath thy child to do?  
From Aulis let the host disbanded go!  
But thou forbear to drown thine eyes with tears,  
O brother mine, nor challenge me to weep.  
If thou hast part in oracles touching her,  
No part be mine!—my share I yield to thee.  
"Swift change is here," thou'lt say, "from those grim 500  
words!"  
Nay, but most meet: for love of him who sprang

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

στέργων μετέπεσον. ἀνδρὸς οὐ κακοῦ τρόποι  
τοιοίδε, χρῆσθαι τοῖσι βελτίστοις αἰεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γενναῖ' ἔλεξας Ταντάλω τε τῷ Διὸς  
πρέποντα· προγόνους οὐ καταισχύνεις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

510 αἰνῶ σε, Μενέλεως, ὅτι παρὰ γνώμην ἐμὴν  
ὑπέθηκας ὀρθῶς τοὺς λόγους σου τ' ἀξίως.  
ταραχὴ δ' ἀδελφῶν διὰ τ' ἔρωτα γίγνεται  
πλεονεξίαν τε δωμάτων ἀπέπτυσσα  
τοιάνδε συγγένειαν ἀλλήλοιιν πικράν.  
ἀλλ' ἤκομεν γὰρ εἰς ἀναγκαίας τύχας,  
θυγατρὸς αἱματηρὸν ἐκπρᾶξαι φόνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς ; τίς δ' ἀναγκάσει σε τήν γε σὴν κτανεῖν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἄπας Ἀχαιῶν σύλλογος στρατευματος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ, ἦν νιν εἰς Ἄργος γ' ἀποστείλῃς πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

λάθοιμι τοῦτ' ἂν· ἀλλ' ἐκεῖν' οὐ λήσομεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὸ ποῖον ; οὔτοι χρὴ λίαν ταρβεῖν ὄχλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Κάλχας ἐρεῖ μαντεύματ' Ἀργείων στρατῶ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ, ἦν θάνη γε πρόσθε· τοῦτο δ' εὐμαρές.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

520 τὸ μαντικὸν πᾶν σπέρμα φιλότιμον κακόν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κοῦδέν γ' ἀρεστὸν<sup>1</sup> οὐδὲ χρήσιμον παρόν.

<sup>1</sup> Nauck : for γε χρηστόν, "For nothing good."



IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

From the same womb, I change. No knave's wont  
this,

Ever to cleave unto the better part.

CHORUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

510

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

The whole array of the Achaean host.

MENELAUS

Never, if thou to Argos send her back.

AGAMEMNON

This might I secretly. *That* cannot I—

MENELAUS

What? Fear not thou the rabble overmuch.

AGAMEMNON

Calchas will tell the host the oracles.

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

The whole seer-tribe is one ambitious curse

520

MENELAUS

Abominable and useless,—*while alive.*

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκείνο δ' οὐ δέδοικας οὐμ' ἐσέρχεται ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὃ μὴ σὺ φράξεις, πῶς ἂν ὑπολάβοιμ' ἔπος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὸ Σισύφειον σπέρμα πάντ' οἶδεν τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ὃ τι σὲ κάμῃ πημανεῖ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποικίλος ἀεὶ πέφυκε τοῦ τ' ὄχλου μέτα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φιλοτιμία μὲν ἐνέχεται, δεινῶ κακῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκουν δοκεῖς νιν στάντ' ἐν Ἀργείοις μέσοις  
 λέξω αἰ Κάλχας θέσφατ' ἐξηγήσατο,  
 530 κάμ' ὡς ὑπέστην θῦμα, κατὰ ψεύδομαι,  
 Ἀρτέμιδι θύσειν ; οἷς ξυναρπάσας στρατόν,  
 σὲ κάμ' ἀποκτείναντας Ἀργείους κόρην  
 σφάξαι κελεύσει ; κἂν πρὸς Ἄργος ἐκφύγω,  
 ἐλθόντες αὐτοῖς τείχεσιν Κυκλωπίοις  
 ξυναρπάσουσι καὶ κατασκάψουσι γῆν.  
 τοιαῦτα τὰμὰ πήματ'. ὦ τάλας ἐγώ,  
 ὡς ἠπόρημαι πρὸς θεῶν τὰ νῦν τάδε.  
 ἐν μοι φύλαξον, Μενέλεως, ἀνὰ στρατόν  
 ἐλθών, ὅπως ἂν μὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα τάδε  
 540 μάθῃ, πρὶν Ἄϊδη παῖδ' ἐμὴν προσθῶ λαβών,  
 ὡς ἐπ' ἐλαχίστοις δακρύοις πράσσω κακῶς.  
 ὑμεῖς τε σιγῆν, ὦ ξένοι, φυλάσσετε.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

If thou tell not, how should I understand ?

AGAMEMNON

All this the seed of Sisyphus doth know.

MENELAUS

Odysseus cannot injure thee and me.

AGAMEMNON

He is aye shifty—a mob-partisan.

MENELAUS

Thrall to ambition is he—perilous bane !

AGAMEMNON

Will he not rise, think'st thou, in the Argive midst,  
And tell the oracles that Calchas spake,  
And how I promised Artemis her victim, 530  
And now play false ? And, rousing so the host,  
Shall bid them slay thee, me, and sacrifice  
The maiden ? Though to Argos I escape,  
Yet will they come, destroy it, to the ground  
Raze it with all its Cyclopean walls.  
Even this is mine affliction, woe is me !  
How by the Gods I am whelmed amidst despair !  
Take heed for one thing, brother, through the host  
Passing, that Clytemnestra hear this not,  
Till I to Hades shall have sealed my child, 540  
That mine affliction be with fewest tears.  
And, stranger damsels, hold your peace thereof.

[*Exeunt.*

E 2 51

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

550 μάκαρες οἱ μετρίας θεοῦ στρ.  
 μετά τε σωφροσύνας μετέ-  
 σχον λέκτρων Ἀφροδίτας,  
 γαλανεῖα χρησάμενοι  
 μαινολῶν οἴστρων, ὅθι δὴ  
 δίδυμ' Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοκόμας  
 τόξ' ἐντείνεται χαρίτων,  
 τὸ μὲν ἐπ' εὐαίῳνι πότμῳ,  
 τὸ δ' ἐπὶ συγχύσει βιοτᾶς.  
 ἀπενέπω νιν ἀμετέρων,  
 Κύπρι καλλίστα, θαλάμων.  
 εἴη δέ μοι μετρία μὲν  
 χάρις, πόθοι δ' ὅσιοι,  
 καὶ μετέχοιμι τᾶς Ἀφροδί-  
 τας, πολλὰν δ' ἀποθείμαν.

560 διάφοροι δὲ φύσεις βροτῶν, ἀντ.  
 διάφοροι δὲ τρόποι· τὸ δ' ὀρ-  
 θῶς ἐσθλὸν σαφὲς αἰεί·  
 τροφαί θ' αἱ παιδευόμεναι  
 μέγα φέρουσ' εἰς τὰν ἀρετάν·  
 τό τε γὰρ αἰδεῖσθαι σοφία,  
 τὰν τ' ἐξάλλασσουσας ἔχει  
 χάριν ὑπὸ γνώμας ἐσορᾶν  
 τὸ δέον, ἔνθα δόξα φέρει  
 κλέος ἀγήρατον βιοτᾶ.  
 μέγα τι θηρεύειν ἀρετάν,  
 570 γυναιξὶν μὲν κατὰ Κύπριν  
 κρυπτῶν, ἐν ἀνδράσι δ' αὖ  
 κόσμος ἔνδον ὁ μυριοπλη-  
 θῆς μείζω πόλιν αὖξει.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

### CHORUS

O well for them for whom the Queen (Str.)  
 Of Love shall temper passion's fire,  
 And bring fruition of desire  
 With gentle pace and sober mien,  
 Whose souls are seas at rest, are spared  
 The frenzy-thrill, the fever-pain,  
 The spells that charm the arrows twain,  
 The shafts of Love the golden-haired,  
 Whereof one flieth tipt with bliss, 550  
 And one with ruin of unrest :—  
 O Queen of Beauty, from my breast,  
 My bridal bower, avert thou this '  
 Let love's sweet spells in measure meet  
 Rest on me ; pure desires be mine :  
 May Aphrodite's dayspring shine  
 On me—avaunt her midnight heat !  
 The hearts of men be diverse-wrought, (Ant.)  
 Diverse their lives : but, ever clear  
 Through all, true goodness shall appear ; 560  
 And each high lesson throughly taught  
 Lends wings to soar to virtue's heaven :  
 For in self-reverence wisdom is ;  
 And to discern the right — to this  
 An all-transforming charm is given.  
 Fadeless renown is shed thereby  
 On life by Fame. Ah, glorious  
 The quest of virtue is !—for us  
 The cloistered virtue, chastity : 570  
 But, for the man—his inborn grace  
 Of law and order maketh great,  
 By service of her sons, the state :  
 His virtue works by thousand ways,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἔμολες, ὦ Πάρις, ἦτε σύ γε  
 βουκόλος ἀργενναῖς ἐτράφης  
 Ἰδαίαις παρὰ μύσχοις,  
 βάρβαρα συρίζων, Φρυγίων  
 αὐλῶν Ὀλύμπου καλάμοις  
 μιμήματα πνέων.

ἐπφδ.

580 εὐθῆλοι δὲ τρέφοντο βόες,  
 ὅτε σε κρίσις ἔμηνε θεῶν,  
 ἃ σ' Ἑλλάδα πέμπει  
 τῶν ἐλεφαντοδέτων πάροι-  
 θεν δόμων, ὃς τᾶς Ἑλένας  
 ἐν ἀντωποῖς βλεφάροισιν  
 ἔρωτα δέδωκας,  
 ἔρωτι δ' αὐτὸς ἐπτοάθης.  
 ὅθεν ἔρις ἔριν  
 Ἑλλάδα σὺν δορὶ ναυσί τ' ἄγει  
 ἐς Τροίας πέργαμα.

590 ἰὼ ἰὼ μεγάλαι μεγάλων  
 εὐδαιμονίαι· τὴν τοῦ βασιλέως  
 ἴδεν Ἰφυγένειαν ἄνασσαν  
 τὴν Τυνδαρέου τε Κλυταιμνήστραν,  
 ὡς ἐκ μεγάλων ἐβλαστήκασ'  
 ἐπὶ τ' εὐμήκεις ἤκουσι τύχας.  
 θεοὶ τοι κρείσσους ὅλ τ' ὀλβοφόροι  
 τοῖς οὐκ εὐδαίμοσι θνατῶν.

600 στῶμεν, Χαλκίδος ἔκγονα θρέμματα,  
 τὴν βασιλείαν δεξώμεθ' ὄχων  
 ἄπο μὴ σφαλερῶς ἐπὶ γαίαν,

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Thou camest, Paris, back to where, (*Epode.*)  
 Mid Ida's heifers snowy fair,  
 A neatherd, thou didst pipe such strain  
 That old Olympus' spirit there  
 Awoke again.<sup>1</sup>

Full-uddered kine in dreamy peace  
 Browsed, when the summons came to thee  
 To judge that Goddess-rivalry 580  
 Whose issue sped thee unto Greece,  
 Before the ivory palaces  
 To stand, to see in Helen's eyne  
 That burned on thine, the lovelight shine,  
 To thrill with Eros' ecstasies.  
 For which cause strife is leading all  
 Hellas, with ships, with spears, to fall  
 Upon Troy's tower-coronal.

Lo, lo, the great ones of the earth,  
 How blest they be ! 590  
 Iphigeneia, proud in birth  
 From princes, see ;  
 See Clytemnestra, her who came  
 Of Tyndareus—O stately name  
 Of mighty sires ! O crowned with fame  
 Their destiny !  
 They that be lifted high in wealth, in might,  
 Are even as Gods in meaner mortals' sight.

*Enter, riding in a chariot, CLYTEMNESTRA and IPHIGENEIA,  
 with attendants.*

Stand we, Chalcis' daughters, near,  
 Stretching hands of kindly aid :  
 So un stumbling to the ground 600

<sup>1</sup> The mythical inventor of the shepherd's pipe.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ἀγανῶς δὲ χεροῖν μαλακῇ γνώμη,  
 μὴ ταρβήσῃ νεωστί μοι μολὸν  
 κλεινὸν τέκνον Ἀγαμέμνονος,  
 μηδὲ θόρυβον μηδ' ἐκπληξιν  
 ταῖς Ἀργείαις  
 ξεῖναι ξεῖναις παρέχωμεν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

610 ὄρνιθα μὲν τόνδ' αἴσιον ποιούμεθα,  
 τὸ σόν τε χρηστὸν καὶ λόγων εὐφημίαν  
 ἐλπίδα δ' ἔχω τιν' ὡς ἐπ' ἐσθλοῖσιν γάμοις  
 πάρεμι νυμφαγωγός. ἀλλ' ὄχημάτων  
 ἔξω πορεύεθ' ἄς φέρω φερνάς κόρη,  
 καὶ πέμπετ' εἰς μέλαθρον εὐλαβούμενοι.  
 σὺ δ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, λείπε πωλικούς ὄχους,  
 ἄβρον τιθεῖσα κώλον ἀσθενές θ' ἅμα.  
 ὑμεῖς δέ, νεάνιδές, νιν ἀγκάλαις ἐπι  
 δέξασθε καὶ πορεύσατ' ἐξ ὄχημάτων.  
 καὶ μοι χερὸς τις ἐνδότηω στηρίγματα,  
 θάκουσ ἀπήνης ὡς ἂν ἐκλίπω καλῶς.  
 620 αἱ δ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν στήτε πωλικῶν ζυγῶν,  
 φοβερὸν γὰρ ἀπαράμυθον ὄμμα πωλικόν  
 καὶ παῖδα τόνδε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνου  
 λάξυσθ', Ὀρέστην ἔτι γὰρ ἐστὶ νήπιος.  
 τέκνον, καθεύδεις πωλικῶ δαμείς ὄχῳ ;  
 ἔγειρ' ἀδελφῆς ἐφ' ὑμέναιον εὐτυχῶς·  
 ἀνδρὸς γὰρ ἀγαθοῦ κῆδος αὐτὸς ἐσθλὸς ὧν  
 λήψει, τὸ τῆς Νηρηΐδος ἰσόθεον γένος.  
 ἐξῆς κύθησο δευρό μου ποδός, τέκνον,  
 πρὸς μητέρ', Ἰφιγένεια, μακαρίαν δέ με  
 ξέναισι ταῖσδε πλησία σταθεῖσα δός,  
 630 καὶ δεῦρο δὴ πατέρα πρόσσειπε σὸν φίλον.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

### CLYTEMNESTRA

An omen of good fortune count I this,  
Thy kindness and fair greeting of thy speech.  
Good hope have I that I am come to lead  
The bride to happy bridal. From the car 610  
Take ye the dower that for the maid I bring,  
And bear to the pavilion with good heed.  
And thou, my daughter, from the horse-wain  
step,  
Daintily setting down thy tender feet ;  
And ye receive her, damsels, in your arms,  
And from the chariot help her safely forth.  
And let one lend to me a propping hand,  
That I may leave the wain-seat gracefully.  
Some, pray you, stand before the horses' yoke,  
For timorous is the horse's restive eye. 620  
And this child take ye, Agamemnon's boy,  
Orestes, who is yet a wordless babe.  
How?—lulled to sleep, child, by the swaying  
car?  
Wake for thy sister's bridal smilingly ;  
For thine heroic strain shall get for kin  
A hero, even the Nereid's godlike child.  
Hither, my daughter, seat thee at my side :  
Hard by thy mother, Iphigeneia, take  
Thy place, and to these strangers show my bliss.  
Lo, thy beloved father !—welcome him. 630

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ μήτηρ, ὑποδραμοῦσά σ', ὀργισθῆς δὲ μή,  
πρὸς στέρνα πατρὸς στέρνα τὰμὰ περιβαλῶ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ σέβας ἐμοὶ μέγιστον, Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ,  
ἤκομεν, ἐφ' ἑταίρῳ οὐκ ἀπιστοῦσαι σέθεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, χρὴ φιλοπάτωρ δ' αἰεὶ ποτ' εἶ  
μάλιστα παίδων τῶδ' ὅσους ἐγὼ ἔτεκον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

640 ὦ πάτερ, ἐσεῖδόν σ' ἀσμένη πολλῶ χρόνῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ πατὴρ σέ τόδ' ἴσου ὑπὲρ ἀμφοῖν λέγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαῖρ'· εὖ δέ μ' ἀγαγὼν πρὸς σ' ἐποίησας, πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔα·  
ὡς οὐ βλέπεις ἔκηνον, ἄσμενός μ' ἰδῶν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πόλλ' ἀνδρὶ βασιλεῖ καὶ στρατηλάτῃ μέλει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παρ' ἐμοὶ γενοῦ νῦν, μὴ πὶ φροντίδας τρέπου.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἀλλ' εἰμὶ παρὰ σοὶ νῦν ἅπας, κούκ ἄλλοθι.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

Father, so long it was—so glad am I!

640

AGAMEMNON

And glad am I: thy words suffice for twain.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON (*starts*)

Well?—child, I know not how to answer this.

IPHIGENEIA

Ha!

So glad to see me—yet what troubled look!

AGAMEMNON

On kings and captains weigheth many a care.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON

Yea, I am all thine now: my thoughts stray not.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μέθες νυν ὄφρυν ὄμμα τ' ἔκτεινον φίλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἰδοὺ γέγηθά σ' ὡς γέγηθ' ὄρων, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

650 κᾶπειτα λείβεις δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων σέθεν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μακρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἢ ἴπιουσ' ἀπουσία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τοῦκ οἶδ' ὃ τι φῆς, οὐκ οἶδα, φίλτατ' ἐμοὶ πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνετὰ λέγουσα μᾶλλον εἰς οἶκτόν μ' ἄγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀσύνητα νῦν ἐροῦμεν, εἰ σέ γ' εὐφρανῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

παπαῖ. τὸ σιγᾶν οὐ σθένω· σὲ δ' ἤνεσα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μέν', ὦ πάτερ, κατ' οἶκον ἐπὶ τέκνοις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θέλω γε· τὸ θέλειν δ' οὐκ ἔχων ἀλγύνομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄλοιτο λόγχαι καὶ τὰ Μενέλεω κακά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἄλλους ὀλεῖ πρόσθ' ἀμὲρ διολέσαντ' ἔχει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

660 ὡς πολὺν ἀπῆσθα χρόνον ἐν Αὐλίδος μυχοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ νῦν γέ μ' ἴσχει δῆ τι μὴ στέλλειν στρατόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποῦ τοὺς Φρύγας λέγουσιν φκίσθαι, πάτερ ;

60

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Unknit thy brow then : let love melt thine eye.

AGAMEMNON

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

IPHIGENEIA

And yet—and yet—thine eyes are welling tears ! 650

AGAMEMNON

Yea, for the absence yet to come is long.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON

Thy wise discernment stirs my grief the more.

IPHIGENEIA

So I may please thee, folly will I talk.

AGAMEMNON

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

IPHIGENEIA

Stay, father, with thy children stay at home !

AGAMEMNON

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

IPHIGENEIA

Perish their wars, and Menelaus' wrongs !

AGAMEMNON

My ruin shall be others' ruin first.

IPHIGENEIA

Long absence thine hath been in Aulis' gulf. 660

AGAMEMNON

Still hindered is the army's speeding forth.

IPHIGENEIA

Where dwell the Phrygians, father, as men say ?

61

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐ μή ποτ' οἰκεῖν ὄφελ' ὁ Πριάμου Πάρις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μακράν γ' ἀπαίρεις, ὦ πάτερ, λιπὼν ἐμέ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἴεις ταῦτόν, ὦ θύγατερ, ἤκεις σὺ πατρί.†

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἦν καλὸν μοι σοὶ τ' ἄγειν σύμπλουν ἐμέ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔπεστι καὶ σοὶ πλοῦς, ἵνα μνήσει πατρός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σὺν μητρὶ πλεύσασ' ἢ μόνῃ πορεύσομαι;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μόνη, μονωθεῖς' ἀπὸ πατρός καὶ μητέρος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

670 οὐ πού μ' ἐς ἄλλα δώματ' οἰκίζεις, πάτερ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔασον. οὐ χρὴ τοιάδ' εἰδέναί κόρας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σπεῦδ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν μοι, θέμενος εὐ τὰ κεῖ, πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θῦσαί με θυσίαν πρῶτα δεῖ τιν' ἐνθάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀλλὰ ξὺν ἱεροῖς χρὴ τό γ' εὐσεβὲς σκοπεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἴσει σύ χερνίβων γὰρ ἐστήξει πέλας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

στήσομεν ἄρ' ἀμφὶ βιωμόν, ὦ πάτερ, χορούς;

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

Where—O that Priamid Paris ne'er had dwelt!

IPHIGENEIA

Far dost thou voyage, father, leaving me?

AGAMEMNON

Thou art in like case with thy father, child.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON

Thou too must voyage where thou shalt think on me.

IPHIGENEIA

Shall I sail with my mother, or alone?

AGAMEMNON

Alone, from mother severed and from sire.

IPHIGENEIA

How? hast thou found me, father, a new home? 670

AGAMEMNON

Enough! It fits not maidens know such things.

IPHIGENEIA

Speed back from Phrygia, father, victor there.

AGAMEMNON

A sacrifice must I first offer here.

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, thou must reverence heaven with holy rites.

AGAMEMNON

This thou shalt see—shalt by the laver stand,

IPHIGENEIA

Father, shall I lead dances round the altar?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

680 ζηλώ σέ μᾶλλον ἢ 'μέ τοῦ μηδέν φρονεῖν  
 χῶρει δέ μελᾶθρων ἐντὸς ὀφθῆναι κόραις,  
 πικρὸν φίλημα δοῦσα δεξιάν τ' ἐμοί,  
 μέλλουσα δαρὸν πατρὸς ἀποικήσειν χρόνον.  
 ὦ στέρνα καὶ παρῆδες, ὦ ξανθαὶ κόμαι,  
 ὡς ἄχθος ὑμῖν ἐγένεθ' ἢ Φρυγῶν πόλις  
 Ἑλένη τε· παύω τοὺς λόγους· ταχεῖα γὰρ  
 νοτὶς διώκει μ' ὀμμάτων ψαύσαντά σου.  
 ἴθ' εἰς μέλαθρα. σέ δὲ παραιτοῦμαι τάδε,  
 Λήδας γένεθλον, εἰ κατωκτίσθην ἄγαν,  
 μέλλων Ἀχιλλεῖ θυγατέρ' ἐκδώσειν ἐμήν.  
 ἀποστολαὶ γὰρ μακάριαι μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως  
 690 δάκνουσι τοὺς τεκόντας, ὅταν ἄλλοις δόμοις  
 παῖδας παραδιδῶ πολλὰ μοχθήσας πατήρ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐχ ὧδ' ἀσύνητός εἰμι, πείσεσθαι δέ με  
 καυτήν δόκει τάδ', ὥστε μή σε νουθετεῖν,  
 ὅταν σὺν ὑμεναίοισιν ἐξάγω κόρην·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ νόμος αὐτὰ τῷ χρόνῳ συνισχυανεῖ.  
 τοῦνομα μὲν οὖν παῖδ' οἶδ' ὅτῳ κατηνεσας,  
 γένους δὲ ποίου χῶπόθεν, μαθεῖν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Αἴγινα θυγάτηρ ἐγένετ' Ἀσωποῦ πατρός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ταυτην δὲ θνητῶν ἢ θεῶν ἔξευξε τις ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ζεὺς· Αἰακὸν δ' ἔφυσεν, Οἰνώνης πρόμον.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

700 τοῦ δ' Αἰακοῦ παῖς τίς κατέσχε δώματα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Πηλεὺς· ὁ Πηλεὺς δ' ἔσχε Νηρέως κόρην.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

O happier thou in ignorance than I !  
Pass thou within where none but maids shall see.  
One sad kiss first, one clasp of thy right hand,  
Ere thy long sojourn from thy father far. 680  
O bosom, O ye cheeks, O golden hair !  
On you what burden Phrygia's town hath laid  
And Helen ! But no more—the sudden flood  
Bursts o'er me from mine eyes as I touch thee !  
Pass into the pavilion. (*Exit IPH.*) Pardon me,  
O Leda's child, it well-nigh breaks my heart  
To yield to Achilles' hand my daughter, mine.  
Such partings make for bliss, but none the less  
They wring the heart, when fathers to strange homes  
Yield children for whose sake they have laboured long. 690

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

The Nymph Aegina was Asopus' child :—

CLYTEMNESTRA

And did a mortal wed her, or a God ?

AGAMEMNON

Zeus. Aecus he begat, Oenone's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Which son of Aecus possessed his house ? 700

AGAMEMNON

Peleus ; and Peleus wedded Nereus' child.

65

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η. ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

θεοῦ διδόντος, ἢ βία θεῶν λαβῶν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ζεὺς ἠγγύησε καὶ δίδωσ' ὁ κύριος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

γαμεῖ δὲ ποῦ νιν ; ἢ κατ' οἶδμα πάντιον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Χείρων ἴν' οἰκεῖ σεμνὰ Πηλίου βάθρα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ φασι Κενταύρειον ᾠκίσθαι γένος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐνταῦθ' ἔδαισαν Πηλέως γάμους θεοί.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

Θέτις δ' ἔθρεψεν ἢ πατὴρ Ἀχιλλεῖα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Χείρων, ἴν' ἦθη μὴ μάθοι κακῶν βροτῶν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

710

φεῦ·

σοφός γ' ὁ θρέψας χῶ διδούς σοφώτερος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοιόσδε παιδὸς σῆς ἀνὴρ ἔσται πόσις.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ μεμπτός. οἰκεῖ δ' ἄστν ποῖον Ἑλλάδος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἀπιδανὸν ἀμφὶ ποταμὸν ἐν Φθίας ὄροις.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκεῖσ' ἀπάξεις σὴν ἐμῆν τε παρθένον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κείνω μελήσει ταῦτα τῆ κεκτημένῳ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίτην. τίμι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γαμεῖ ;

66

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

'Twas Zeus betrothed her, and her father gave.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

Where Cheiron dwells at Pelion's sacred foot.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Where tribes of Centaurs have their haunt, men say ?

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Did Thetis, or his father, rear Achilles ?

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ay so !

710

Wise was the teacher, wiser yet the sire.

AGAMEMNON

Such hero is to be thy daughter's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

None better. In what Greek town is his home ?

AGAMEMNON

On Phthia's marches, by Apidanus.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thither wilt thou lead hence thy child and mine ?

AGAMEMNON

Nay, his part this who taketh her to wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Blessings on them ! On what day shall they wed ?

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F 2

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὅταν σελήνης εὐτυχῆς ἔλθῃ κύκλος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προτέλεια δ' ἤδη παιδὸς ἔσφαξας θεᾷ ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μέλλω 'πὶ ταύτῃ καὶ καθέσταμεν τύχῃ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

720 κάπειτα δαίσεις τοὺς γάμους ἐς ὕστερον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θύσας γε θύμαθ' ἄμὲ χρὴ θῦσαι θεοῖς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἡμεῖς δὲ θοίνην ποῦ γυναιξὶ θήσομεν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐνθάδε παρ' εὐπρύμνοισιν Ἀργείων πλάταις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καλῶς ἀναγκαίως τε<sup>1</sup> συνενέγκοι δ' ὅμως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν δ' δρᾶσον. ὦ γύναι ; πιθοῦ δέ μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί χρῆμα ; πείθεσθαι γὰρ εἴθισμαι σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐνθάδ', οὐπὲρ ἔσθ' ὁ νυμφίος,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μητρὸς τί χωρὶς δρᾶσεθ', ἄμὲ δρᾶν χρεῶν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκδώσομεν σὴν παῖδα Δαναϊδῶν μέτα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

730 ἡμᾶς δὲ ποῦ χρὴ τηρικαῦτα τυγχάνειν ;

<sup>1</sup> Palmer and England read 'καλῶς ἀν' ἀγκύρας τε ; "Mid hawsers and ships' anchors ?"

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

When comes full-orbed the moon with blessing  
crowned.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hast slain the Goddess' victim for our child ?

AGAMEMNON

So purpose I : even this we have in hand.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thereafter wilt thou hold the marriage-feast ? 720

AGAMEMNON

When to the Gods I have offered offerings due.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

Here, by the Argive galleys' stately sterns.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

What thing ? Obedience is my wont to thee.

AGAMEMNON

Here, where the bridegroom is, will I myself—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What mother's office in mine absence do ?

AGAMEMNON

With help of Danaans give thy child away.

CLYTEMNESTRA

But I—where must I tarry all this while ? 730

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

χώρει πρὸς Ἄργος παρθένους τε τημέλει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λιπούσα παῖδα ; τίς δ' ἀνασχήσει φλόγα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγὼ παρέξω φῶς ὃ νυμφίοις πρέπει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῦχ ὁ νόμος οὗτος, σὺ δέ γε φαῦλ' ἤγει τάδε.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐ καλὸν ἐν ὄχλῳ σ' ἐξομιλεῖσθαι στρατοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καλὸν τεκοῦσαν τὰμά μ' ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ τὰς γ' ἐν οἴκῳ μὴ μόνας εἶναι κόρας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄχυροῖσι παρθενῶσι φρουροῦνται καλῶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πιθοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν Ἀργείαν θεάν.

740 ἐλθὼν σὺ τάξω πρᾶσσε, τὰν δόμοις δ' ἐγώ,  
ἂ χρὴ παρῆναι νυμφίοισι παρθένοισ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἶμοι μάτην ἦξ', ἐλπίδος δ' ἀπεσφάλην,  
ἐξ ὀμμάτων δάμαρτ' ἀποστεῖλαι θέλων.

σοφίζομαι δὲ κάπῃ τοῖσι φιλτάτοις

τέχνας πορίζω, πανταχῇ νικώμενος.

ὁμως δὲ σὺν Κάλχαντι τῷ θυηπόλῳ

κοιῆ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ φίλον, ἐμοὶ δ' οὐκ εὐτυχές,

ἐξιστορήσων εἶμι, μόχθον Ἑλλάδος.

750 χρὴ δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἄνδρα τὸν σοφὸν τρέφειν  
γυναῖκα χρηστὴν κάγαθήν, ἣ μὴ γαμῆν.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hermann: for τρέφειν of MSS.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

To Argos go: for thy young daughters care.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

I will provide such bridal torch as fits.

CLYTEMNESTRA

All custom outraged!—nought is that to thee!

AGAMEMNON

To mingle with armed hosts beseems not thee,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Beseems that mother give away her child!

AGAMEMNON

Nor that those maids at home be left alone.

CLYTEMNESTRA

They in safe maiden-bowers be warded well.

AGAMEMNON

Nay, hear me:—

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

[Exit. 740

AGAMEMNON

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

[Exit. 750

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- ἤξει δὴ Σιμόεντα καὶ στρ.  
 δίνας ἀργυροειδεῖς  
 ἄγυρις Ἑλλάνων στρατιᾶς  
 ἀνά τε ναυσὶν καὶ σὺν ὄπλοις  
 Ἴλιον εἰς τὸ Τροίας  
 Φοιβήιον δάπεδον,  
 τὰν Κασάνδραν ἴν' ἀκούω  
 ῥίπτειν ξανθοὺς πλοκάμους  
 χλωροκόμφω στεφάνῳ δάφνας  
 760 κοσμηθεῖσαν, ὅταν θεοῦ  
 μαντόσσυνοι πνεύσωσ' ἀνάγκαι.  
 στάσσονται δ' ἐπὶ περγάμων ἀντ.  
 Τροίας ἀμφί τε τείχη  
 Τρῶες, ὅταν χάλκασπις Ἄρης  
 πόντιος εὐπρώροισι πλάταις  
 εἰρεσία πελάξῃ  
 Σιμουντίοις ὄχετοῖς,  
 τὰν τῶν ἐν αἰθέρι δισσῶν  
 770 Διοσκούρων Ἑλέναν  
 ἐκ Πριάμου κομίσει θέλων  
 εἰς γᾶν Ἑλλάδα δοριπόνους  
 ἀσπίσι καὶ λόγχαις Ἀχαιῶν.  
 Πέργαμον δὲ Φρυγῶν πόλιν ἐπὶ φδ.  
 λαίνουσ περι πύργους  
 κυκλώσας Ἄρει φονίῳ,  
 λαιμοτόμους κεφαλὰς  
 σπάσας, πόλισμα Τροίας  
 τέρσας κατ' ἄκρας πόλιν,  
 780 θήσει κόρας πολυκλαύστους  
 δάμαρτά τε Πριάμου.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

Unto Simoïs, unto the silver-swirling  
Eddies, shall come the Hellene host,  
With galleys, with battle-gear onward hurling  
To the plain of Phoebus, the Troyland coast,  
Where tosseth Cassandra her tresses golden  
With their garlands of green-leaved bay enfolden,  
As they tell, when by mighty compulsion holden 760  
Her soul is on storm-winds of prophecy tost.

(*Ant.*)

On the heights of their towers shall the Trojans,  
enringing  
The ramparts of Troy, in their harness stand,  
When over the waters the War-god, bringing  
The stately galleys with oars, to the strand  
Draweth near, where the runnels of Simoïs are sliding,  
To hale her, in Priam's halls who is hiding—  
Sister of Zeus' Sons heaven-abiding— 770  
With buckler and spear unto Hellas-land.

(*Epode.*)

And the War-fiend shall girdle with slaughter  
Pergamus' towers of stone,  
And the captive's head back bend  
That the throat-shearing blade may descend,  
When low in the dust he hath brought her,  
Troy, from her height overthrown.  
He shall make for her maids a lamenting,  
And the queen of Priam shall moan, 780

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ἀ δὲ Διὸς Ἑλένα κόρα  
 πολὺκλαυτος ἐσείται  
 πόσιν προλιποῦσα. μήτ' ἐμοὶ  
 μήτ' ἐμοῖσι τέκνων τέκνοισ  
 ἐλπίς ἄδε ποτ' ἔλθοι,  
 οἶαν αἱ πολὺχρῆσοι  
 Λυδαὶ καὶ Φρυγῶν ἄλοχοι  
 στήσουσι παρ' ἰστοῖς  
 μυθεῦσαι τὰδ' ἐς ἀλλήλας·

- 790 τίς ἄρα μ' εὐπλοκάμου κόμας  
 ῥῦμα δακρυόεντανύσας  
 πατρίδος ὀλλυμένας ἀπολωτιεῖ ;  
 διὰ σέ, τὰν κύκνου δολιχαύχενος γόνου,  
 εἰ δὴ φάτις ἔτυμος,  
 ὥς ἔτεκεν Λήδα σ' ·  
 ὄρνιθι πταμένῳ  
 Διὸς δ' ἄλλάχθη δέμας,  
 εἴτ' ἐν δέλτοις Πιερίσιν  
 μῦθοι τὰδ' ἐς ἀνθρώπους  
 800 ἤνεγκαν παρὰ καιρὸν ἄλλως.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

- ποῦ τῶν Ἀχαιῶν ἐνθάδ' ὁ στρατηλάτης ;  
 τίς ἂν φράσειε προσπόλων τὸν Πηλέως  
 ζητοῦντά νιν παῖδ' ἐν πύλαις Ἀχιλλέας;  
 οὐκ ἐξ ἴσου γὰρ μένομεν Εὐρίπου πέλας.  
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἡμῶν ὄντες ἄζυγες γάμων  
 οἴκους ἐρήμους ἐκλιπόντες ἐνθάδε  
 θάσσοσ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς, οἱ δ' ἔχοντες εὐνίδας  
 καὶ παῖδας· οὕτω δεινὸς ἐμπέπτωκ' ἔρωσ  
 τῆσδε στρατείας Ἑλλάδ' οὐκ ἄνευ θεῶν.  
 810 τοῦμᾶν μὲν οὖν δίκαιον ἐμὲ λέγειν χρεῶν,

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And the daughter of Zeus shall know  
 In that day, and the flood shall flow  
 Of Helen's tears of repenting,  
 Who hath left her husband lone.

Over me, over mine, may there loom—  
 No, not in the third generation—  
 Never such shadow of doom

As shall haunt each gold-decked dame  
 Of the Lydian, the Phrygian, nation,  
 As beside the weaving-frame  
 They shall wail to each other in fear, in despair :

“ Ah, who on the braids of my shining hair 790  
 Clenching his grip till my tears down shower,  
 Me from my perishing country shall tear  
 As one plucketh a flower?—

For thy sake, child of the swan arch-necked,  
 If credence-worthy the story be  
 That Leda bare to a winged bird thee,  
 When Zeus with its plumes had his changed form  
 -decked,

Or whether in scrolls of minstrelsy  
 Such tales unto mortals hath Fable brought,  
 Told out of season, and all for nought.” 800

*Enter* ACHILLES ACHILLES

Where is Achaea's battle-chief herby?  
 What henchman will bear word that Pelens' son,  
 Achilles, at his gates is seeking him?  
 This tarrying here falls not alike on all;  
 For some there are of us who, yet unwed,  
 Have left their dwellings wardenless, and here  
 Sit idle on the shore, some that have wives  
 And children: such strange longing for this war  
 Hath upon Hellas fallen by heaven's will.  
 Mine own, my righteous grievance, must I speak,— 810

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ἄλλος δ' ὁ χρήζων αὐτὸς ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ φράσει.  
 γῆν γὰρ λιπὼν Φάρσαλον ἠδὲ Πηλέα  
 μένω 'πὶ λεπταῖς ταισίδ' Εὐρίπου πνοαῖς,  
 Μυρμιδόνας ἰσχων οἱ δ' αἰεὶ προσκείμενοι  
 λέγουσ' Ἀχιλλεῦ, τί μένομεν; πόσον χρόνον  
 ἔτ' ἐκμετρήσαι χρὴ πρὸς Ἴλιου στόλον;  
 δρᾶ δ', εἴ τι δράσεις, ἢ ἅπαγ' οἴκαδε στρατόν,  
 τὰ τῶν Ἀτρειδῶν μὴ μένων μελλήματα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

820 ὦ παῖ θεᾶς Νηρηῆδος, ἔνδοθεν λόγων  
 τῶν σῶν ἀκούσασ' ἐξέβην πρὸς δωμάτων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ πότνι' αἰδώς, τήνδε τίνα λεύσσω ποτὲ  
 γυναῖκα, μορφὴν εὐπρεπῆ κεκτημένην;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ θαῦμά σ' ἡμᾶς ἀγνοεῖν, οἷς μὴ πάρος  
 προσῆκες αἰνῶ δ' ὅτι σέβεις τὸ σωφρονεῖν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίς δ' εἶ; τί δ' ἦλθες Δαναῖδων εἰς σύλλογον,  
 γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρας ἀσπίσιν πεφραγμένους;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

Λήδας μὲν εἶμι παῖς, Κλυταιμνήστρα δέ μοι  
 ὄνομα, πόσις δέ μούστιν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

830 καλῶς ἔλεξας ἐν βραχεῖ τὰ καίρια.  
 αἰσχρὸν δέ μοι γυναῖξί συμβάλλειν λόγους.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μείνον τί φεύγεις; δεξιάν τ' ἐμῇ χειρὶ  
 σύναψον, ἀρχὴν μακαρίων νυμφευμάτων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τί φῆς; ἐγὼ σοι δεξιάν; αἰδοίμεθ' ἂν  
 Ἀγαμέμνον', εἰ ψαυοίμεν ὦν μὴ μοι θέμις.

## IPHIGENIA AT AULIS

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

*Enter* CLYTEMNESTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child of the Nereïd Goddess, from within  
Thy voice I heard, and come without the tent. 820

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Well hast thou said in brief what most imports :—  
Yet shame were this, that I with women talk ! 830

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

θέμις μάλιστα, τὴν ἐμὴν ἐπεὶ γαμεῖς  
παῖδ', ὦ θεᾶς παῖ ποντίας Νηρηίδος.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ποιους γάμους φῆς; ἀφασία μ' ἔχει, γύναι,  
εἰ μὴ τι παρανοοῦσα καινουργεῖς λόγον.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

840

πᾶσιν τόδ' ἐμπέφυκεν, αἰδέισθαι φίλους  
καινοὺς ὀρώσι καὶ γάμον μεμνημένοις.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

οὐπώποτ' ἐμνήστευσα παῖδα σὴν, γύναι,  
οὐδ' ἐξ Ἀτρειδῶν ἠλθέ μοι λόγος γάμων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δῆτ' ἂν εἶη; σὺ πάλιν αὖ λόγους ἐμοῦς  
θαύμαζ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ θαύματ' ἐστὶ τὰπὸ σοῦ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

εἴκαζε· κοινόν ἐστὶν εἰκάζειν τάδε·  
ἄμφω γὰρ οὐ ψευδόμεθα τοῖς λόγοις ἴσως.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄλλ' ἢ πέπονθα δεινά; μνηστεύω γάμους  
οὐκ ὄντας, ὡς εἴξασιν αἰδοῦμαι τάδε.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

850

ἴσως ἐκερτόμησε καμὲ καὶ σέ τις.  
ἄλλ' ἀμελία δὸς αὐτὰ καὶ φαύλως φέρε.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

χαῖρ'· οὐ γὰρ ὀρθοῖς ὄμμασιν σ' ἔτ' εἰσορῶ,  
ψευδῆς γενομένη καὶ παθοῦσ' ἀνάξια.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

καὶ σοὶ τόδ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ· πόσιν δὲ σὸν  
στεῖχον ματεύσων τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

840

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Some one perchance hath mocked both thee and  
me.

Nay, lightly hold it, lay it not to heart.

850

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Farewell I bid thee too. I pass within  
Yonder pavilion now to seek thy lord.

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## ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ ξέν', Αἰακοῦ γένεθλον, μείνον, ὦ σέ τοι λέγω,  
τὸν θεᾶς γεγῶτα παῖδα, καὶ σέ τὴν Λήδας κόρην.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίς ὁ καλῶν πύλας παροίξας ; ὡς τεταρβηκῶς καλεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δοῦλος, οὐχ ἄβρύνομαι τῷδ' ἢ τύχη γὰρ οὐκ ἔᾶ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίνος ; ἐμὸς μὲν οὐχί· χωρὶς τὰμὰ κάγαμέμνονος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

860 τῆσδε τῆς πάροιθεν οἴκων, Τυνδάρεω δόντος πατρός.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἔσταμεν· φράϊζ', εἴ τι χρήξεις, ὧν μ' ἐπέσχεσ εἵνεκα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἢ μόνω παρόντε δῆτα ταῖσδ' ἐφέστατον πύλαις ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὡς μόνοις λέγοις ἄν, ἔξω δ' ἐλθὲ βασιλικῶν δόμων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ τύχη πρόνοιά θ' ἡμῆ, σώσαθ' οὖς ἐγὼ θέλω.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὁ λόγος εἰς μέλλοντ' ἀνοίσει χρόνον· ἔχει δ' ὄγκον  
τινά.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δεξιᾶς ἕκατι μὴ μέλλ', εἴ τί μοι χρήξεις λέγειν.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT (*from within the tent*)

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

ACHILLES

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

OLD SERVANT

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

ACHILLES

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

OLD SERVANT

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

860

ACHILLES

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

OLD SERVANT

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

ACHILLES

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

OLD SERVANT (*entering from tent*)

Fortune, and my foresight, save ye them whose  
saving I desire !

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA (*as o. s. is about to kneel to her*)

Linger not to touch mine hand, if thou to me  
wouldst tell thy tale.

81

## ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οἶσθα δῆτά μ' ὅστις ὢν σοὶ καὶ τέκνοις εὖνους  
ἔφυν;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οἶδά σ' ὄντ' ἐγὼ παλαιὸν δωμάτων ἐμῶν λάτρην.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

χῶτι μ' ἐν ταῖς σαῖσι φερναῖς ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων  
ἄναξ;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

870 ἦλθες εἰς Ἄργος μεθ' ἡμῶν κάμὸς ἦσθ' αἰεὶ ποτε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦδ' ἔχει. καὶ σοὶ μὲν εὖνους εἰμί, σφῶ δ' ἦσσαν  
πόσει.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκκάλυπτε νῦν ποθ' ἡμῖν οὐστυνας στέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

παῖδα σὴν πατὴρ ὁ φύσας αὐτόχειρ μέλλει  
κτανεῖν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πῶς; ἀπέπτυσ', ὦ γεραιέ, μῦθον· οὐ γὰρ εὖ  
φρονεῖς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

φασγάνῳ λευκῆν φονεύων τῆς τάλαιπώρου δέρην.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ. μεμηνῶς ἄρα τυγχάνει πόσις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἀρτίφρων, πλὴν εἰς σέ καὶ σὴν παῖδα· τοῦτο δ' οὐ  
φρονεῖ.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

And that Agamemnon gat me in possession with thy  
dower?

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

870

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Prithee now unveil thy secret, whatso'er the  
mystery.

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

Sane—save touching thee and this thy daughter:  
only mad herein.

83

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκ τίνος λόγου; τίς αὐτὸν οὐπάγων ἀλαστόρων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

880 ποῖ; τάλαιν' ἐγώ, τάλαινα δ' ἦν πατὴρ μέλλει  
κτανεῖν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Δαρδάνου πρὸς δώμαθ', Ἑλένην Μενέλεως ὅπως  
λάβῃ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἰς ἄρ' Ἰφιγένειαν Ἑλένης νόστος ἦν πεπρωμένος;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πάντ' ἔχεις Ἀρτέμιδι θύσειν παῖδα σὴν μέλλει  
πατὴρ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ δὲ γάμος παρεῖχε<sup>1</sup> πρόφασιν, ἧ μ' ἐκόμισεν ἐκ  
δόμων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἴν' ἀγάγοις χαίρουσ' Ἀχιλλεῖ παῖδα νυμφεύσουσα  
σὴν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἦκεις ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ καὶ σὺ καὶ μήτηρ  
σέθεν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οἰκτρὰ πάσχετον δὺ' οὔσαι δεινὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
ἔτλη.

<sup>1</sup> Gomperz: for τίν' εἶχε of MSS.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

880

OLD SERVANT

Unto Dardanus' halls, that Menelaus may bring  
Helen home.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ha! is Helen's home-returning fraught with Iphi-  
geneia's doom?

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

So that thou shouldst gladly bring thy child to be  
Achilles' bride.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

Piteous lot is thine, is hers, and awful deed thy lord  
essayed.

## ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οἶχομαι τάλαινα, δακρύων νάματ' οὐκέτι στέγω.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

εἵπερ ἀλγεινὸν τὸ τέκνων στερομένον, δακρυρροεῖ.<sup>1</sup>

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

890 σὺ δὲ τὰδ', ὦ γέρον, πόθεν φῆς εἶδέναι πεπυσμένος ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δέλτον ψόχου φέρων σοι πρὸς τὰ πρὶν γεγραμμένα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔων ἢ ξυγκελεύων παῖδ' ἄγειν θανουμένην ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

μὴ μὲν οὖν ἄγειν φρονῶν γὰρ ἔτυχε σὸς πόσις  
τότ' εὔ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κἄτα πῶς φέρων γε δέλτον οὐκ ἐμοὶ δίδως  
λαβεῖν ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Μενέλεως ἀφείλεθ' ἡμᾶς, δεσ κακῶν τῶνδ' αἴτιος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον Νηρῆδος, ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, κλύεις τάδε ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

παῖδά μου κατακτενοῦσι σοῖς δολώσαντες γάμοις.

Weil ; for στερομένην δακρυρροεῖν of MSS.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

890

OLD SERVANT

With a letter touching that aforetime written, hasted I.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

They will slay my daughter, setting thine espousals for  
a snare!

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

μέμφομαι κάγω πόσει σῶ, κούχ ἀπλῶς οὔτω  
φέρω.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

900 οὐκ ἐπαιδευθῆσόμεσθα προσπεσεῖν τὸ σὸν γόνυ,  
θνητὸς ἐκ θεᾶς γεγῶτα· τί γὰρ ἐγὼ σεμνύνομαι;  
περὶ τίνος σπουδαστέον μοι μᾶλλον ἢ τέκνου  
πέρι;

ἀλλ' ἄμνον, ὦ θεᾶς παῖ, τῇ τ' ἐμῇ δυσπραξία  
τῇ τε λεχθείσῃ δάμαρτι σῆ, μάτην μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.  
σοὶ καταστέφασ' ἐγὼ νιν ἦγον ὡς γαμουμένην,  
νῦν δ' ἐπὶ σφαγὰς κομίζω· σοὶ δ' ὄνειδος ἴξεται,  
ὅστις οὐκ ἤμυνας· εἰ γὰρ μὴ γάμοισιν ἐξύγης,  
ἀλλ' ἐκλήθης γοῦν ταλαίνης παρθένου φίλος  
πόσις.

πρὸς γενειάδος δέ, πρὸς σῆς δεξιᾶς, πρὸς μητέρος·  
910 ὄνομα γὰρ τὸ σὸν μ' ἀπόλεσ', ᾧ σ' ἀμναθεῖν  
χρεῶν.

οὐκ ἔχω βωμὸν καταφυγεῖν ἄλλον ἢ τὸ σὸν γόνυ,  
οὔδ' ἐ φίλος οὔδεις πελᾶ μοι· τὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονος  
κλύεις

ὠμὰ καὶ πάντολμ'· ἀφῆγμαι δ', ὥσπερ εἰσορᾶς,  
γυνῆ

ναυτικὸν στράτευμ' ἀναρχὸν κάπῃ τοῖς κακοῖς  
θρασύ,

χρήσιμον δ', ὅταν θέλωσιν. ἦν δὲ τολμῆσης σύ μου  
χείρ' ὑπερτεῖναι, σεσώσμεθ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ, οὐ σεσώ-  
σμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν τὸ τίκτειν καὶ φέρει φίλτρον μέγα,  
πᾶσιν τε κοινὸν ὥσθ' ὑπερκάμνειν τέκνων.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

I will not think shame to bow me down unto thy knees 900  
to cling,— [pride to me ?  
Mortal unto child of Goddess :—what is matron-  
Lo, for whom above my daughter should I labour in-  
stantly ? [pair  
Ah, be thou, O goddess-born, protector unto my des-  
And unto the maiden named thy bride, all vainly though  
it were. [bride I came—  
All for thee I wreathed her ; leading her to be thy  
Came to slaughter leading her !—on thee shall fall  
reproach's shame, [linked in marriage-ties,  
Who didst shield her not ; for though ye ne'er were  
Yet the hapless maiden's husband wast thou called in  
any wise. [deity !—  
By thy beard I pray, thy right hand, by thy mother's  
Since thy name was mine undoing, see thy name un- 910  
tarnished be. [tress.  
Altar have I none to flee to, save thy knee, in my dis-  
Not a friend is near. Of Agamemnon's cruel reckless-  
ness [dost behold,—  
Thou hast heard ; and I am come—a woman, as thou  
Unto this array of seafolk, lawless, and to evil bold,  
Yet, so they be willing, strong to help. If thou but  
dare extend  
O'er mine head thine hand, our life is saved ; if not,  
our life hath end.

CHORUS

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

- 920 ὑψηλόφρων μοι θυμὸς αἴρεται πρόσω  
 ἐπίσταται δὲ τοῖς κακοῖσι τ' ἀσχαλᾶν  
 μετρίως τε χαίρειν τοῖσιν ἐξωγκωμένοις.  
 λελογισμένοι γὰρ οἱ τοιοῖδ' εἰσὶν βροτῶν  
 ὀρθῶς διαζῆν τὸν βίον γνώμης μέτα.  
 ἔστιν μὲν οὖν ἴν' ἠδὺ μὴ λίαν φρονεῖν,  
 ἔστιν δὲ χῶπου χρήσιμον γνώμην ἔχειν.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς εὐσεβεστάτου τραφεὶς  
 Χείρωνος, ἔμαθον τοὺς τρόπους ἀπλοῦς ἔχειν.  
 καὶ τοῖς Ἀτρεΐδαις, ἦν μὲν ἠγῶνται καλῶς,  
 πεισόμεθ' ὅταν δὲ μὴ καλῶς, οὐ πείσομαι.  
 930 ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' ἐν Τροίᾳ τ' ἐλευθέραν φύσιν  
 παρέχων, Ἄρη τὸ κατ' ἐμὲ κοσμήσω δορί.  
 σὲ δ', ὣ παθοῦσα σχέτλια πρὸς τῶν φιλτάτῳ,  
 ἃ δὴ κατ' ἀνδρα γίνεται νεανίαν,  
 τοσοῦτον οἶκτον περιβαλὼν καταστελῶ,  
 κοῦποτε κόρη σὴ πρὸς πατρὸς σφαγήσεται,  
 ἐμὴ φατισθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐμπλέκειν πλοκάς  
 ἐγὼ παρέξω σφ' πόσει τοῦμὸν δέμας.  
 τοῦνομα γάρ, εἰ καὶ μὴ σίδηρον ἦρατο,  
 τοῦμὸν φονεύσει παῖδα σὴν. τὸ δ' αἴτιον,  
 940 πόσις σός· ἀγνὸν δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ σῶμ' ἐμόν,  
 εἰ δὲ ἐμ' ὀλεῖται διὰ τε τοὺς ἐμοὺς γάμους  
 ἢ δεινὰ τλᾶσα κοῦκ ἀνεκτὰ παρθένος  
 θαυμαστὰ δ' ὡς ἀνάξι' ἠτιμασμένη.  
 ἐγὼ κάκιστος ἦν ἄρ' Ἀργείων ἀνὴρ,  
 ἐγὼ τὸ μηδέν, Μενέλεως δ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν,  
 ὡς οὐχὶ Πηλέως, ἀλλ' ἀλάστορος γεγώς,  
 εἴπερ φονεύσει τοῦμὸν ὄνομα σφ' πόσει.  
 μὰ τὸν δι' ὑγρῶν κυμάτων τεθραμμένον  
 Νηρέα, φυτουργὸν Θέτιδος ἢ μ' ἐγείνατο,

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

My whole soul's chivalry is to action stirred :—  
 Yet hath my soul learnt temperance in grief 920  
 For troubles, and in joy for triumphs won :  
 For such men are by reason schooled to pass  
 Through life well, in cool judgment self-reliant ;—  
 True, pain sometimes rewards the over-wise,  
 Yet oft of self-reliance profit comes.  
 Fostered by Cheiron, one that feared God most,  
 Was I, and learned to tread no tortuous ways.  
 And Atreus' sons, if righteously they lead,  
 Will I obey ; else will I not obey.  
 Here, as in Troy, I'll keep me free man still, 930  
 And, as I may, will grace a hero's part.  
 Thee, lady, outraged by thy nearest kin,  
 Will I, so far as such young champion can,  
 Right ; so shall my compassion buckler thee.

Ne'er by her father slain shall be thy child,  
 Once called my bride. I will not lend myself  
 To be thy lord's tool in his subtle plots ;  
 Else my mere name, though it have drawn no  
     sword,

Shall slay thy daughter :—and the cause thereof  
 Thy lord ! My very blood were murder-tainted, 940  
 If this maid, suffering wrongs intolerable,  
 For my sake and my marriage be destroyed,  
 With outrage past belief unmerited.  
 So were I basest among Argive men,  
 A thing of nought,—and Menelaus a man !—  
 Sprung of no Peleus, but some vengeance-fiend,  
 If my name shall do butchery for thy lord !  
 No, by the foster-son of Ocean's waves,  
 Nereus, the sire of Thetis who bare me,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

- 950 οὐχ ἄψεται σῆς θυγατρὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ,  
 οὐδ' εἰς ἄκραν χεῖρ', ὥστε προσβαλεῖν πέπλοις·  
 ἢ Σίπυλος ἔσται πόλις ὄρισμα βαρβάρων,  
 ὅθεν πεφύκασ' οἱ στρατηλάται γένος,  
 Φθίας δὲ τοῖνομ' οὐδαμοῦ κεκλήσεται.  
 πικροὺς δὲ προχύτας χέρνιβας τ' ἐνάρξεται  
 Κάλχας ὁ μάντις. τίς δὲ μάντις ἔστ' ἀνὴρ,  
 ὃς ὀλίγ' ἀληθῆ, πολλὰ δὲ ψευδῆ λέγει  
 τυχῶν, ὅταν δὲ μὴ τύχη, διοίχεται ;  
 οὐ τῶν γάμων ἕκατι—μυρταὶ κόραι  
 960 θηρώσι λέκτρον τοῦμόν—εἴρηται τόδε·  
 ἀλλ' ὕβριν ἐς ἡμᾶς ὕβρις' Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ·  
 χρῆν δ' αὐτὸν αἰτεῖν τοῦμόν ὄνομ' ἐμοῦ πάρα,  
 θήραμα παιδός· ἢ Κλυταιμνήστρα δ' ἐμοὶ  
 μάλιστα' ἐπέισθη θυγατέρ' ἐκδοῦναι πόσει.  
 ἔδωκά τᾶν Ἑλλησιν, εἰ πρὸς Ἴλιον  
 ἐν τῷδ' ἔκαμνε νόστος· οὐκ ἠρνούμεθ' ἂν  
 τὸ κοινὸν αὔξειν ὧν μέτ' ἐστρατευόμεν.  
 νῦν δ' οὐδέν εἰμι παρά γε τοῖς στρατηλάταις,  
 ἐν εὐμαρεῖ τε δρᾶν τε καὶ μὴ δρᾶν καλῶς.  
 970 τάχ' εἴσεται σίδηρος, ὃν πρὶν εἰς Φρύγας  
 ἐλθεῖν, φόνου κηλίσιν αἵματος χρανώ,  
 εἰ τίς με τὴν σὴν θυγατέρ' ἐξαιρήσεται.  
 ἀλλ' ἠσύχαζε· θεὸς ἐγὼ πέφηνά σοι  
 μέγιστος, οὐκ ὦν· ἀλλ' ὅμως γενήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔλεξας, ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, σοῦ τ' ἄξια  
 καὶ τῆς ἐναλίας δαίμονος, σεμνῆς θεοῦ.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

King Agamemnon shall not touch thy child— 950  
 Not on her robe to lay a finger-tip!

Else half-barbaric Sipylus<sup>1</sup> were a city,  
 Whence sprang the line of yonder war-chiefs'  
 house,

And Phthia's name were nowhere named of men.

His meal, his laver-drops of sacrifice,  
 Calchas the seer shall rue! What is a seer?

A man who speaks few truths, but many lies,  
 When his shafts hit, who is ruined if he miss.

It is not for the bride's sake—brides untold  
 Are eager for mine hand—that this I say. 960

But King Agamemnon hath insulted me.

He ought to have asked my name's use first  
 of me

To trap his child. Chiefly through trust in me  
 Did Clytemnestra yield her lord her daughter.

I had granted this to Greece, if only so

The voyage to Troy might be,—had not refused  
 To aid their cause with whom I marched to war.

But now in yon chief's eyes I am as nought:

To honour me or shame me is all one!

Soon shall my sword know—ere it go to Troy 970

I will distain it with death-dews of blood—

If any man shall wrest from me thy daughter.

Calm thee: as some God strong to save I come,

Though I be none; yet will I prove me such.

### CHORUS

Thou speakest, son of Peleus, worthily

Of thee, and of the sea-born Goddess dread.

<sup>1</sup> In Lydia. The Greek, in view of all that the word *πάλις* implied to him, scorned to apply it to what he regarded as mere collections of dwellings of semi-savages.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φεῦ·

- 980 πῶς ἂν σ' ἐπαινέσαιμι μὴ λίαν λόγοις,  
 μηδ' ἐνδεῶς τοῦδ' ἀπολέσαιμι τὴν χάριν ;  
 αἰνούμενοι γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ τρόπον τινα  
 μισοῦσι τοὺς αἰνοῦντας, ἣν αἰνώσ' ἄγαν.  
 αἰσχύνομαι δὲ παραφέρουσ' οἰκτροὺς λόγους,  
 ἰδία νοσοῦσα· σὺ δ' ἄνοσος κακῶν γ' ἐμῶν.  
 ἀλλ' οὖν ἔχει τοι σχῆμα, κὰν ἄπωθεν ἦ  
 ἀνὴρ ὁ χρηστός, δυστυχοῦντας ὠφελεῖν.  
 οἰκτεῖρε δ' ἡμᾶς· οἰκτρά γὰρ πεπόνθαμεν.  
 ἦ πρῶτα μὲν σε γαμβρὸν οἰηθεῖς' ἔχειν,  
 κενὴν κατέσχον ἐλπίδ'· εἰτά σοι τάχα  
 ὄρνις γένοιτ' ἂν τοῖσι μέλλουσι γάμοις  
 990 θανοῦσ' ἐμῇ παῖς, ὃ σε φυλάξασθαι χρεῶν.  
 ἀλλ' εὐ μὲν ἀρχὰς εἶπας, εὐ δὲ καὶ τέλη  
 σοῦ γὰρ θέλοντος παῖς ἐμῇ σωθήσεται.  
 βούλει νιν ἰκέτιν σὸν περιπτύξαι γόνυ ;  
 ἀπαρθένευτα μὲν τὰδ'· εἰ δέ σοι δοκεῖ,  
 ἦξει, δι' αἰδοῦς ὄμμ' ἔχουσ' ἐλεύθερον.  
 εἰ δ' οὐ παρούσης ταῦτ' αὖτεύχομαι σέθεν,  
 μενέτω κατ' οἴκους· σεμνὰ γὰρ σεμνύνεται.  
 ὅμως δ' ὅσον γε δυνατὸν αἰδεῖσθαι χρεῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

- 1000 σὺ μήτε σὴν παῖδ' ἔξαγ' ὄψιν εἰς ἐμήν,  
 μήτ' εἰς ὄνειδος ἀμαθὲς ἔλθωμεν, γύναι·  
 στρατὸς γὰρ ἀθρόος ἀργὸς ὦν τῶν οἰκοθεν  
 λέσχας ποιηρὰς καὶ κακοστόμους φίλει.  
 πάντως δέ μ' ἰκετεύοντες ἦξεν' εἰς Ἴσον,  
 εἴ τ' ἀνικετεύτως εἰς ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔστ' ἀγῶν

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

How can I praise thee, and not overpraise,  
And yet not mar the grace by stint thereof?  
For good men praised do in a manner hate  
The praiser if he praiseth overmuch.<sup>1</sup> 980

I blush to thrust on thee my piteous tale.  
My pain is mine; mine anguish wrings not thee.  
Yet is it nobly done, when from his height  
The good man stoops to help the stricken ones.  
Pity me, for in piteous case am I,  
Who, first, had dreamed that thou shouldst wed my  
child,—

Vain hope was mine!—next, haply unto thee  
Ill omen for thy bridal yet to come  
Should be my child's death: take thou heed  
thereof.

Well spakest thou, the first things as the last. 990  
For, if thou will it, shall my child be saved.  
Wouldst thou she clasped thy knees, a suppliant?  
No maiden's part this—yet, if thou think well,  
She shall come, lifting innocent frank eyes.  
But if without her I may win my suit,  
In maiden pride let her abide within:  
Yet modesty bows to hard necessity.

ACHILLES

Nay, bring not forth thy daughter in my sight,  
Nor, lady, risk we the reproach of fools:  
For this thronged host, of all home-trammels free, 1000  
Loves evil babble of malicious tongues.  
In any wise the same end shall ye gain  
Praying or prayerless; for one mighty strife

<sup>1</sup> Excessive praise was believed to provoke the Gods' jealousy. Hence no true friend would indulge in it.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

μεγιστος ὑμᾶς ἐξαπαλλάξαι κακῶν.  
ὡς ἔν γ' ἀκούσασ' ἴσθι, μὴ ψευδῶς μ' ἐρεῖν  
ψευδῆ λέγων δὲ καὶ μάτην ἐγκερτομῶν  
θάνοιμι· μὴ θάνοιμι δ', ἦν σώσω κόρην.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄναιο συνεχῶς δυστυχοῦντας ὠφελῶν.

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν, ἵνα τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἔχη καλῶς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1010 τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας ; ὡς ἀκουστέον γέ σου.

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ

πείθωμεν αὐθις πατέρα βέλτιον φρονεῖν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κακός τις ἐστί καὶ λίαν ταρβεῖ στρατόν.

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ

ἄλλ' οἱ λόγοι γε καταπαλαίουσιν φοβους.<sup>1</sup>

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ψυχρὰ μὲν ἐλπίς· ὃ τι δὲ χρῆ με δρᾶν φράσον.

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ

ἰκέτευ' ἐκείνον πρῶτα μὴ κτείνειν τέκνα·  
ἦν δ' ἀντιβαίνη, πρὸς ἐμέ σοι πορευτέον.  
εἰ γὰρ τὸ χρῆζον ἐπίθετ', οὐ τοῦμόν χρεῶν  
χωρεῖν· ἔχει γὰρ τοῦτο τὴν σωτηρίαν.

1020 καγὼ τ' ἀμείνων πρὸς φίλον γενήσομαι,  
στρατός τ' ἂν οὐ μέμφαιτό μ', εἰ τὰ πράγματα  
λελογισμένως πράσσοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ σθένει.  
καλῶς δὲ κρανθέντων πρὸς ἡδονὴν φίλοις  
σοί τ' ἂν γένοιτο κἂν ἐμοῦ χωρὶς τάδε.

<sup>1</sup> Musgrave : for λόγους of MSS.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Heaven bless thee, who still succourest the distressed !

ACHILLES

Now hear me, that the matter well may speed.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What meanest thou ? I needs must list to thee. 1010

ACHILLES

Let us to a better mood persuade her sire.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES.

Yet mightier wrestler reason is than fear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Beseech him first to murder not his child.  
If he withstand thee, come thou unto me.  
For, if he heed thy prayer, I need not stir,  
Since in this very yielding is her life ;  
And friendlier so to a friend shall I appear.  
Nor shall the army blame me, if I bring 1020  
This thing to pass by reason, not by force.  
If all go well, upon thy friends and thee  
Shall gladness dawn, and that without mine aid.

## ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

### ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς σῶφρον' εἶπας. δραστέον δ' ἄ σοι δοκεῖ.  
 ἦν δ' αὖ τι μὴ πράσσωμεν ὦν ἐγὼ θέλω,  
 ποῦ σ' αὖθις ὀψόμεσθα ; ποῖ χρὴ μ' ἀθλίαν  
 ἐλθοῦσαν εὐρεῖν σὴν χέρ' ἐπικούρου κακῶν ;

### ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

1030 ἡμεῖς σε φύλακες οὐ χρεῶν φυλάξομεν,  
 μὴ τίς σ' ἴδη στείχουσιν ἐπτοημένην  
 Δαναῶν δι' ὄχλου· μηδὲ πατρῶον δόμον  
 αἴσχυν'. ὁ γάρ τοι Τυνδάρεως οὐκ ἄξιός  
 κακῶς ἀκούειν ἐν γὰρ Ἑλλησιν μέγας.

### ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔσται τὰδ'. ἄρχε· σοί με δουλεύειν χρεῶν.  
 εἰ δ' εἰσὶ θεοί, δίκαιος ὦν ἀνὴρ, θεῶν  
 ἔσθλων κυρήσεις· εἰ δὲ μή, τί δεῖ πονεῖν ;

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

1040 τίς ἄρ' ὑμέναιος διὰ λωτοῦ Λίβυος                    στρ.  
 μετὰ τε φιλοχόρου κιθάρας  
 συρίγγων θ' ὑπὸ καλαμοεσ-  
 σῶν ἔστασεν ἰαχάν,  
 ὅτ' ἀνὰ Πήλιον αἰ καλλιπλόκαμοι  
 Πιερίδες παρὰ δαιτὶ θεῶν  
 χρυσεοσάνδαλον ἴχνος  
 ἐν γὰ κρούουσαι  
 Πηλέως εἰς γάμον ἦλθον,  
 μελωδοῖς Θέτιν ἀχήμεσι τόν τ' Αἰακίδα  
 Κενταύρων ἀν' ὄρος κλέουσαι  
 Πηλιάδα καθ' ὕλαν.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Where best befits will I keep watch for thee,  
That none behold thee traversing wild-eyed  
The Danaan host. Shame not thy father's house; 1030  
For Tyndareus deserves not to be made  
A mock, for great is he midst Hellene men.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

[*Exeunt severally* ACHILLES and CLYTEMNESTRA.]

CHORUS

O what bridal-chant rang with the crying (Str.)  
Of the Libyan flute,  
With the footfall of dancers replying  
To the voice of the lute,  
With the thrill of the reeds' glad greeting,  
In the day when o'er Pelion fleeting 1040  
Unto Peleus' espousals, with beating  
Of golden-shod foot,  
The beautiful-tressed Song-maidens  
To the Gods' feast came,  
And their bridal-hymn's ravishing cadence  
Bore Thetis's fame  
O'er the hills of the Centaurs far-pealing,  
Through the woodlands of Pelion soft-stealing,  
The new-born splendour revealing  
Of the Aeacid's name!

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

- 1050 ὁ δὲ Δαρδανίδας, Διὸς  
λέκτρων τρύφημα φίλον,  
χρυσέοισιν ἄφυσσε λοιβὰν  
ἐν κρατήρων γυάλοις,  
ὁ Φρύγιος Γανυμήδης.  
παρὰ δὲ λευκοφαῆ ψάμαθον  
εἰλισσόμεναι κύκλια  
πεντήκοντα κόραι γάμους  
Νηρέως ἐχόρευσαν.
- ἀνὰ δ' ἐλάταισι στεφανώδει τε χλόα ἀντ.  
θίασος ἔμολεν ἵπποβάτας  
1050 Κενταύρων ἐπὶ δαίτα τὰν  
θεῶν κρατήρᾳ τε Βάκχου.
- μέγα δ' ἀνέκλαγον ὦ Νηρηὶ κόρα,  
παῖδα σὲ Θεσσαλίᾳ μέγα φῶς  
μάντις ὁ φοιβάδα μούσαν  
εἰδὼς γεννάσειν  
Χείρων ἐξονόμαζεν,  
ὃς ἤξει χθόνα λογχήρεσι σὺν Μυρμιδόνων  
ἀσπισταῖς Πριάμοιο κλεινὰν  
1070 γαίαν ἐκπυρώσω,  
περὶ σώματι χρυσέων  
ὄπλων Ἑφαιστοπόνων  
κεκορυθμένος ἔνδυτ', ἐκ θεᾶς  
ματρὸς δωρήματ' ἔχων  
Θέτιδος, ἃ νιν ἔτικτε.
- μακάριον τότε δαίμονες  
τᾶς εὐπάτριδος γάμον  
Νηρηίδων ἔθεσαν πρώτας  
Πηλέως θ' ὑμεναίους.

## IPHIGENIA AT AULIS

And Dardanus' child, whom the pinion 1050  
 Of the eagle bore  
 From Phrygia, Ganymede, minion  
 Of Zeus, did pour  
 From the gold's depths nectar ; while dancing  
 Feet of the Sea-maids were glancing  
 Through circles, through mazes entrancing  
 The white sands o'er.

Leaf-crowned came the Centaur riders (Ant.)  
 With their lances of pine  
 To the feast of the Heaven-abiders, 1060  
 And the bowls of their wine.  
 " Hail, Sea-queen ! "—so rang their acclaiming—  
 " A light over Thessaly flaming "—  
 Sang Cheiron, the unborn naming—  
 " Achilles shall shine."  
 And, as Phoebus made clearer the vision,  
 " He shall pass," sang the seer,  
 " Unto Priam's proud land on a mission 1070  
 Of fire, with the spear  
 And the shield of the Myrmidons, clashing  
 In gold ; for the Fire-king's crashing  
 Forges shall clothe him with flashing  
 Warrior-gear :  
 Of his mother the gift shall be given,  
 Of Thetis brought down."  
 So did the Dwellers in Heaven  
 With happiness crown  
 The espousals of Nereus's Daughter,  
 When a bride unto Peleus they brought her  
 Of the seed of the Lords of the Water  
 Chief in renown.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

1080 σέ δ' ἐπὶ κάρᾳ στέψουσι καλλικόμαν ἐπῶδ.  
 πλόκαμον Ἀργεῖοι, βαλιὰν  
 ὥστε πετραίων ἀπ' ἄντρων ἐλθοῦσαν ὀρέων  
 μόσχον ἀκήρατον, βρότειον  
 αἰμάσσοντες λαιμόν·  
 οὐ σύριγγι τραφεῖσαν, οὐδ'  
 ἐν ῥοιβδῆσει βουκόλων,  
 παρὰ δὲ ματέρι νυμφοκόμον  
 Ἴναχίδαίς γάμον.

1090 ποῦ τὸ τὰς αἰδοῦς  
 ἢ τὸ τὰς ἀρετᾶς ἔχει  
 σθένειν τι πρόσωπον ;  
 ὁπότε τὸ μὲν ἄσεπτον ἔχει  
 δύνασιν, ἃ δ' ἀρετὰ κατόπι-  
 σθεν θνατοῖς ἀμελεῖται,  
 ἀνομία δὲ νόμων κρατεῖ.  
 καὶ μὴ κοινὸς ἀγὼν βροτοῖς,  
 μὴ τις θεῶν φθόνος ἔλθη.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1100 ἐξῆλθον οἴκων προσκοπούμενη πόσιν,  
 χρόνιον ἀπόντα κάκλελοιπότα στέγας.  
 ἐν δακρύοισι δ' ἢ τάλαινα παῖς ἐμή,  
 πολλὰς ἰεῖσα μεταβολὰς ὄδυρμάτων,  
 θάνατον ἀκούσασ', ὃν πατήρ βουλεύεται.  
 μνήμην δ' ἄρ' εἶχον πλησίον βεβηκότος  
 Ἀγαμέμνονος τοῦδ', ὃς ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ τέκνοις  
 ἀνόσια πράσσων αὐτίχ' εὐρεθήσεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Λήδας γένεθλον, ἐν καλῷ σ' ἔξω δόμων  
 ἠῦρηχ', ἵν' εἶπω παρθένου χωρὶς λόγου  
 οὐδ' οὐκ ἀκούειν τὰς γαμουμένας πρέπει.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

But men shall wreath thine head (*Epode*) 1080

For death, thy golden hair,—  
As heifer white and red  
Down from the hill-caves led,  
A victim pure,—shall stain  
With blood thy throat snow-fair ;  
Though never thou wert bred  
Where with the herdmen's strain  
The reed-pipes thrill the air :

But at thy mother's side  
Wast nursed, wast decked a bride

For a king's heir. 1090

What might hath now  
Modesty's maiden face

Or Virtue's brow ?—

When godlessness bears sway,  
And mortals thrust away  
Virtue, and cry " Give place ! "

When lawlessness hath law down-trod,  
And none will to his brother say

" Let us beware the jealousy of God ! "

*Enter* CLYT. CLYTEMNESTRA

Forth of the tent to seek my lord I come,  
Who is from his pavilion absent long ; 1100  
And drowned in tears mine hapless daughter is,  
With wails now ringing high, now moaning low,

Since she hath heard what death her father plots.  
Lo, of one even now drawn nigh I spake,  
Yon Agamemnon, who shall straightway stand  
Convict of sin against his very child.

*Enter* AGAM. AGAMEMNON

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δ' ἔστιν, οὐ σοι καιρὸς ἀντιλάζνται ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

- 1110 ἔκπεμπε παῖδα δωμάτων πατρὸς μετὰ  
ὡς χέρνιβες πάρεισιν ἠύτρεπισμένοι,  
προχύται τε βάλλειν πῦρ καθάρσιον χεροῖν.  
μόσχοι τε, πρὸ γάμων ἄς θεᾶ πεσεῖν χρεῶν  
'Αρτέμιδι, μέλανος αἵματος φύσῆματα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

- τοῖς ὀνόμασιν μὲν εὖ λέγεις, τὰ δ' ἔργα σου  
οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως χρή μ' ὀνομάσασαν εὖ λέγειν.  
χώρει δὲ θύγατερ ἔκτός, οἴσθα γὰρ πατρὸς  
πάντως ἂ μέλλει, χυπὸ τοῖς πέπλοις ἄγε  
λαβοῦσ' Ὀρέστην σὸν κασίγνητον, τέκνον.  
1120 ἰδοὺ πάρεστιν ἤδε πειθαρχοῦσά σοι.  
τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐγὼ πρὸ τῆσδε κάμαντῆς φράσω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ.

τέκνον, τί κλαίεις, οὐδ' ἔθ' ἠδέως ὄρᾳς,  
εἰς γῆν δ' ἐρείσασ' ὄμμα πρόσθ' ἔχεις πέπλους ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φεῦ·  
τίν' ἂν λάβοιμι τῶν ἐμῶν ἀρχὴν κακῶν ;  
ἅπανσι γὰρ πρότοισι χρήσασθαι πάρα  
[κὰν ὑστάτοισι κὰν μέσοισι πανταχοῦ].

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; ὡς μοι πάντες εἰς ἐν ἤκετε,  
σύγχυσιν ἔχοντες καὶ ταραγμὸν ὀμμάτων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἰφ' ἂν ἐρωτήσω σε γενναίως, πόσι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

- 1130 οὐδὲν κελευσμοῦ δεῖ μ' ἐρωτᾶσθαι θέλω.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

And what is this that fits the time so well ?

AGAMEMNON

Send forth the tent the maid to join her sire : 1110  
For here the lustral waters stand prepared,  
And meal for hands to cast on cleansing flame,  
And victims that ere bridals must be slain  
To Artemis with spiritings of dark blood.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Fair sound the things thou nam'st : but to thy deeds  
I know not how to give fair-sounding names.  
Daughter, come forth : to the uttermost thou know'st  
Thy sire's design. The babe Orestes take,  
And bring thy brother folded in thy robes,  
*Enter IPHIGENEIA.*

Lo, she is here, obedient unto thee. 1120  
The rest, for her, for me, myself will speak.

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Answer my question, husband, like a man.

AGAMEMNON

No need to bid me : I would fain be asked. 1130

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τὴν παῖδα τὴν σὴν τὴν τ' ἐμὴν μέλλεις κτανεῖν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ .

ἔα·

τλήμονά γ' ἔλεξας, ὑπονοεῖς θ' ἂ μή σε χρή·

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔχ' ἥσυχος,

κάκεινό μοι τὸ πρῶτον ἀπόκριται πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἦν γ' ἐρωτᾶς εἰκότ', εἰκότ' ἂν κλύοις.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἄλλ' ἐρωτῶ, καὶ σὺ μὴ λέγ' ἄλλα μοι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ πότνια μοῖρα καὶ τύχη δαίμων τ' ἐμός.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κάμός γε καὶ τῆσδ' εἰς τριῶν δυσδαιμόνων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τίν' ἠδίκησα ;<sup>1</sup>

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῦτ' ἐμοῦ πεύθει πάρα ;

ὁ νοῦς ὄδ' αὐτὸς νοῦν ἔχων οὐ τυγχάνει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1140 ἀπωλόμεσθα. προδέδοται τὰ κρυπτά μου.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πάντ' οἶδα καὶ πεπύσμεθ' ἂ σὺ μέλλεις με δρᾶν  
αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ σιγᾶν ὁμολογοῦντός ἐστί σου  
καὶ τὸ στενάζειν πολλά. μὴ κίμης λέγων.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann and Paley; but reading much disputed. England retains τί μ' ἠδίκησας of MSS. "Wherefore so wrong me?" Nauck reads τίς σ' ἠδίκησε; "Now who hath wronged thee?"

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

Ha!—

A hideous question!—foul suspicion this!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Peace!

Render me answer first as touching this.

AGAMEMNON

To question fair fair answer shalt thou hear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nought else I ask, thou answer me nought else.

AGAMEMNON

O mighty Doom, O Fate, O fortune mine!

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

Whom have I wronged?

CLYTEMNESTRA

*Thou*—and of me—ask this?

This wit of thine is utter witlessness!

AGAMEMNON (*aside*)

Undone am I! My secret is betrayed

1140

CLYTEMNESTRA

I know all—yea, thy purposed crime have learnt.

Thy very silence and thy groan on groan

Are thy confession. Labour not with speech.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἰδοὺ σιωπῶ τὸ γὰρ ἀναίσχυντον τί δέῃ  
ψευδῆ λέγοντα προσλαβεῖν τῇ συμφορᾷ ;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

- ἄκουε δὴ νυν, ἀνακαλύψω γὰρ λόγους,  
κούκέτι παρωδοῖς χρησόμεσθ' αἰνίγμασιν.  
πρῶτον μὲν, ἵνα σοι πρῶτα τοῦτ' ὀνειδίσω,  
ἔγγημας ἄκουσάν με κἄλαβες βία,  
1150 τον πρόσθεν ἄνδρα Τάνταλον κατακτανών,  
βρέφος τε τοῦμὸν ζῶν προσοὔδισας πέδῳ,<sup>1</sup>  
μαστῶν βιαίως τῶν ἐμῶν ἀποσπάσας.  
καὶ τὸ Διός τε παιῖδ' ἐμῶ τε συγγόνῳ  
ἵπποισι μαρμαίροντ' ἐπεστρατευσάτην·  
πατὴρ δὲ πρέσβυς Τυνδάρεώς σ' ἐρρύσατο  
ἰκέτην γενόμενον, τάμὰ δ' ἔσχεσ ἀὖ λέχη.  
οὐ σοι καταλλαχθεῖσα περὶ σὲ καὶ δόμους  
συμμαρτυρήσεις ὡς ἄμεμπτος ἦν γυνή,  
1160 εἰς τ' Ἀφροδίτην σωφρονούσα καὶ τὸ σὸν  
μέλαθρον αὐξουσ', ὥστε σ' εἰσιόντα τε  
χαίρειν θύραζέ τ' ἐξιόντ' εὐδαιμονεῖν.  
σπάνιον δὲ θήρευμ' ἄνδρὶ τοιαύτην λαβεῖν  
δάμαρτα· φλαύραν δ' οὐ σπάνις γυναικ' ἔχειν.  
τίκτω δ' ἐπὶ τρισὶ παρθένοισι παιδὰ σοι  
τόνδ', ὧν μιᾶς σὺ τλημόνως μ' ἀποστερεῖς.  
κἂν τίς σ' ἔρηται τίνος ἑκατὶ νιν κτενεῖς,  
λέξον, τί φήσεις ; ἢ μὲ χρῆ λέγειν τὰ σά ;  
Ἐλένην Μενέλεως ἵνα λάβῃ. καλὸν γέ τοι  
κακῆς γυναικὸς μισθὸν ἀποτίσαι τέκνα.  
1170 τᾶχθιστα τοῖσι φιλτάτοις ὠνούμεθα.  
ἀγ', ἣν στρατεύσῃ καταλιπὼν μ' ἐν δώμασιν,

<sup>1</sup> England; Nauck and Paley retain σφ προσοὔδισας πᾶσα of MSS.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Give ear now ; for I will unfold my pleas,  
Nor use half-hinting riddles any more.  
First,—that with this I may reproach thee first—  
By force, not of my will, didst thou wed me :  
Thou slewest Tantalus my sometime lord ; 1150  
Didst dash my living babe against the stones,  
Even from my breast with violence tearing him.  
Then did the Sons of Zeus, my brethren twain,  
Flashing on white steeds come to war with thee.  
But mine old father Tyndareus begged thy life,  
Who cam'st his suppliant, and thou keptest me.  
So reconciled to thee and to thine house,  
A blameless wife was I,—be witness thou,—  
Chaste in desires, increasing in thine halls  
Thy substance still, so that thine enterings-in 1160  
Were joy, and thine outgoings happiness.  
Rare spoil is this for man to win such spouse :  
Of getting worthless wives there is no lack.  
This son, with daughters three, to thee I bare ;  
And of one wilt thou rob me ruthlessly !  
Now, if one ask thee wherefore thou wilt slay her,  
Speak, what wilt say?—or must I speak for  
thee?—  
That Helen's lord may win her! Glorious this,  
To pay a wanton's price in children's lives !  
So shall we buy things loathed with things most  
loved. 1170  
Come, if thou go to war, and leave me here

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

- κἀκεῖ γενήσῃ διὰ μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας,  
 τίν' ἐν δόμοις με καρδίαν ἔξειν δοκεῖς,  
 ὅταν θρόνους τῆσδ' εἰσίδω πάντας κενούς,  
 κενούς δὲ παρθενῶνας, ἐπὶ δὲ δακρῦοις  
 μόνη καθῶμαι, τήνδε θρηνηδοῦσ' αἰεὶ ;  
 ἀπώλεσέν σ', ὦ τέκνον, ὃ φυτεύσας πατήρ,  
 αὐτὸς κτανών, οὐκ ἄλλος οὐδ' ἄλλη χερί,  
 τοιόνδε μισθὸν καταλιπὼν πρὸς τοὺς δόμους.  
 1180 ἐπεὶ βραχείας προφάσεως ἔδει μόνον,  
 ἐφ' ἧ σ' ἐγὼ καὶ παῖδες αἱ λελειμμέναι  
 δεξόμεθα δέξιν ἢν σε δέξασθαι χρεῶν.  
 μὴ δῆτα πρὸς θεῶν μῆτ' ἀναγκάσῃς ἐμὲ  
 κακὴν γενέσθαι περὶ σέ, μῆτ' αὐτὸς γένῃ.  
 εἶεν  
 θύσεις δὲ τὴν παῖδ'· εἶτα τίνας εὐχὰς ἔρείς ;  
 τί σοι κατεύξει τᾶγαθόν, σφάζων τέκνον ;  
 - νόστον πονηρόν, οἰκοθὲν γ' αἰσχροῦς ἰών ;  
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ δίκαιον ἀγαθὸν εὐχέσθαι τι σοί ;  
 ἢ τὰρ' ἀσυνέτους τοὺς θεοὺς ἠγοίμεθ' ἄν,  
 1190 εἰ τοῖσιν αὐθένταισιν εὖ φρονήσομεν.  
 ἦκων δ' ἐς Ἄργος προσπεσεί τέκνοισι σοῖς ;  
 ἀλλ' οὐ θέμις σοι, τίς δὲ καὶ προσβλέψεται  
 παίδων σ', εἰάν σφῶν προέμενος κτάνῃς τινά ;  
 ταῦτ' ἦλθες ἤδη διὰ λόγων, ἢ σκῆπτρά σοι  
 μόνον διαφέρειω καὶ στρατηλατεῖν σε δεῖ ;  
 ὄν χρῆν δίκαιον λόγον ἐν Ἀργείοις λέγειν  
 βούλεσθ', Ἀχαιοί, πλείν Φρυγῶν ἐπὶ χθόνα ;  
 κλῆρον τίθεσθε παῖδ' ὅτου θανεῖν χρεῶν.  
 ἐν ἴσῳ γὰρ ἦν τόδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ σ' ἐξαίρετον  
 1200 σφάγιον παρασχεῖν Δαναΐδαισι παῖδα σὴν,  
 ἢ Μενέλεω πρὸ μητρὸς Ἑρμιόνην κτανεῖν,  
 οὔπερ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἦν. νῦν δ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἢ τὸ σὸν

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

At home, and through long absence tarry there,  
 With what heart, think'st thou, shall I keep thine  
     halls,

When vacant of her I behold each chair,  
 Vacant each maiden-bower, and sit me down  
 In loneliness of tears, and mourn her ever?  
 "O child, he which begat thee murdered thee  
 Himself, none other, by none other hand,  
 Leaving unto this house such vengeance-debt!"

Seeing there needeth but faint pretext now 1180  
 Whereon both I and thy seed left to thee  
 Shall greet thee with such greeting—as befits!  
 Nay, by the Gods, constrain not me to turn  
 Traitor to thee; nor such be thou to me.

Lo now—

Thy daughter slain, what prayer wilt thou pray then,  
 Implore what blessing—murderer of thy child?  
 An ill home-coming, since in shame thou goest!

Were't just that I pray any good for thee?  
 O surely must we deem the Gods be fools,  
 If we wish blessings upon murderers! 1190

Wilt thou return to Argos, clasp thy babes?  
 Oh impious thought! What child shall meet thy  
     look,

If thou have given up one of them to death?

Hast ta'en account of this? Or is it thine

Only to flaunt a sceptre, lead a host?

This righteous proffer shouldest thou have made—

"Will ye, Achaeans, sail to Phrygia-land?

E'en then cast lots whose daughter needs must die."

This had been fair—not that thou choose thine own 1200  
 The Danaans' victim, rather than that he

Whose quarrel this is, Menelaus, slay  
 Hermione for her mother. Now must I,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙΔΙ

σώζουσα λέκτρον παιδὸς ἔστερήσομαι,  
 ἢ δ' ἔξαμαρτοῦσ', ὑπόροφον νεάνιδα  
 Σπάρτη κομίζουσ', εὐτυχῆς γενήσεται.  
 τούτων ἀμειψαί μ' εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω  
 εἰ δ' εὖ λέλεκται, μετανόει δὴ μὴ κτανεῖν<sup>1</sup>  
 τὴν σὴν τε κάμην παῖδα, καὶ σῶφρων ἔσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1210 πιθοῦ, τὸ γάρ τοι τέκνα συνσώζειν καλόν,  
 Ἀγάμεμνον οὐδεὶς τοῖσδ' ἂν ἀντίποι βροτῶν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1220 εἰ μὲν τὸν Ὀρφέως εἶχον, ὦ πάτερ, λόγον,  
 πείθειν ἐπάδουσ', ὥσθ' ὀμαρτεῖν μοι πέτρας,  
 κηλεῖν τε τοῖς λόγοισιν οὐς ἐβουλόμην,  
 ἐνταῦθ' ἂν ἦλθον. νῦν δὲ τὰ π' ἐμοῦ σοφά,  
 δάκρυα παρέξω· ταῦτα γὰρ δυναίμεθ' ἂν.  
 ἱκετηρίαν δὲ γόνασιν ἐξάπτω σέθεν  
 τὸ σῶμα τούμῳ, ὅπερ ἔτικτεν ἦδε σοι,  
 μὴ μ' ἀπολέσης ἄωρον· ἠδὲ γὰρ τὸ φῶς  
 λεύσσειν τὰ δ' ὑπὸ γῆς μὴ μ' ἰδεῖν ἀναγκάσῃς.  
 1220 πρώτη σ' ἐκάλεσα πατέρα καὶ σὺ παῖδ' ἐμέ·  
 πρώτη δὲ γόνασι σοῖσι σῶμα δοῦσ' ἐμὸν  
 φίλας χάριτας ἔδωκα κἀντεδεξάμην.  
 λόγος δ' ὁ μὲν σὸς ἦν ὄδ'· ἄρά σ', ὦ τέκνον,  
 εὐδαίμων' ἀνδρὸς ἐν δόμοισιν ὄψομαι,  
 ζῶσάν τε καὶ θάλλουσαν ἀξίως ἐμοῦ;  
 οὐμὸς δ' ὄδ' ἦν αὐτὸν περὶ σὸν ἐξαρτωμένης  
 γένειον, οὐ νῦν ἀντιλάζομαι χερί·  
 τί δ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ σέ, πρέσβυν ἄρ' εἰσδέξομαι  
 ἐμῶν φίλαισιν ὑποδοχαῖς δόμων, πάτερ,

<sup>1</sup> Weil, Headlam, and England, for the corrupt *κῶι μὴ δὴ γ*  
*κτάνης* of MSS. Paley reads *τάμα, μηκέτι κτάνης*.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

### CHORUS

Heed her ; for good it is thou join to save  
Thy child, Agamemnon : none shall gainsay this. 1210

### IPHIGENEIA

Had I the tongue of Orpheus, O my sire,  
To charm with song the rocks to follow me,  
And witch with eloquence whomso'er I would,  
I had essayed it. Now—mine only cunning—  
Tears will I bring, for this is all I can.  
And suppliant will I twine about thy knees  
My body, which this mother bare to thee.  
Ah, slay me not untimely ! Sweet is light :  
Constrain me not to see the nether gloom !  
'Twas I first called thee father, thou me child. 1220  
'Twas I first throned my body on thy knees,  
And gave thee sweet caresses and received.  
And this thy word was : " Ah, my little maid,  
Blest shall I see thee in a husband's halls  
Living and blooming worthily of me ?"  
And, as I twined my fingers in thy beard,  
Whereto I now cling, thus I answered thee :  
" And what of thee ? Shall I greet thy grey  
hairs,  
Father, with loving welcome in mine halls,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

- 1230 πόνων τιθνηοὺς ἀποδιδούσά σοι τροφάς ;  
 τούτων ἐγὼ μὲν τῶν λόγων μνήμην ἔχω,  
 σὺ δ' ἐπιλέλησαι, καὶ μ' ἀποκτεῖναι θέλεις  
 μὴ πρὸς σε Πέλοπος καὶ πρὸς Ἀτρέως πατρὸς  
 καὶ τῆσδε μητρός, ἣ πρὶν ὠδίνουσ' ἐμὲ  
 νῦν δευτέραν ὠδίνα τήνδε λαμβάνει.  
 τί μοι μέτεστι τῶν Ἀλεξάνδρον γάμων  
 Ἑλένης τε ; πόθεν ἦλθ' ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ τῶμῳ, πάτερ ;  
 βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ὄμμα δὸς φίλημά τε,  
 ἵν' ἀλλὰ τοῦτο κατθανοῦσ' ἔχω σέθεν
- 1240 μνημείον, εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πεισθῆς λόγοις.  
 ἀδελφέ, μικρὸς μὲν σὺ γ' ἐπίκουρος φίλοις,  
 ὁμως δὲ συνδάκρυσον, ἰκέτευσον πατρὸς  
 τὴν σὴν ἀδελφὴν μὴ θανεῖν· αἴσθημά τοι  
 κὰν ἡπίοις γε τῶν κακῶν ἐγγίγνεται.  
 ἰδὸν σιωπῶν λίσσεται σ' ὄδ', ὦ πάτερ.  
 ἀλλ' αἰδεσαί με καὶ κατοίκτειρον βίον.  
 ναί, πρὸς γενείου σ' ἀντόμεσθα δύο φίλω·  
 ὁ μὲν νεοσσός ἐστιν, ἣ δ' ἠῦξημένη.  
 ἐν συντεμονύσα πάντα νικήσω λόγον·
- 1250 τὸ φῶς τόδ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἡδιστον βλέπειν,  
 τὰ νέρθε δ' οὐδέν· μαίνεται δ' ὄς εὐχεται  
 θανεῖν. κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖσσον ἢ καλῶς θανεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον Ἑλένη, διὰ σέ καὶ τοὺς σοὺς γάμους  
 ἀγῶν Ἀτρεΐδαις καὶ τέκνοις ἦκει μέγας.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγὼ τὰ τ' οἰκτρὰ συνετος εἰμι καὶ τὰ μή,  
 φιλῶν ἐμαντοῦ τέκνα· μαινοίμην γὰρ ἄν.  
 δεινῶς δ' ἔχει μοι ταῦτα τολμῆσαι, γύναι,  
 δεινῶς δὲ καὶ μή· τοῦτο γὰρ πράξαι με δεῖ.  
 ὀραῖθ' ὅσον στράτευμα ναύφρακτον τόδε,

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Repaying all thy fostering toil for me ?" 1230  
 I keep remembrance of that converse yet :  
 Thou hast forgotten, thou wouldst murder me.  
 Ah no !—by Pelops, by thy father Atreus,  
 And by this mother, whose first travail-pangs  
 Now in this second anguish are renewed !  
 What part have I in Paris' rape of Helen ?  
 Why, father, should he for my ruin have come ?  
 Look on me—give me one glance—oh, one kiss,  
 That I may keep in death from thee but this 1240  
 Memorial, if thou heed my pleading not.  
 Brother, small help canst thou be to thy friends ;  
 Yet weep with me, yet supplicate thy sire .  
 To slay thy sister not !—some sense of ill  
 Even in wordless infants is inborn.  
 Lo, by his silence he implores thee, father—  
 Have mercy, have compassion on my youth !  
 Yea, by thy beard we pray thee, loved ones  
     twain,  
 A nestling one, and one a daughter grown.  
 In one cry summing all, I *must* prevail !  
 Sweet, passing sweet, is light for men to see, 1250  
 Death is but nothingness ! Who prays to die  
 Is mad. Ill life o'erpasseth glorious death.

### CHORUS

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

### AGAMEMNON

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

- 1260 χαλκέων θ' ὄπλων ἄνακτες Ἑλλήνων ὄσοι,  
οἷς νόστος οὐκ ἔστ' Ἰλίου πύργους ἐπι,  
εἰ μὴ σε θύσω, μάντις ὡς Κάλχας λέγει,  
οὐδ' ἔστι Τροίας ἐξελεῖν κλεινὸν βᾶθρον.  
μέμνηε δ' ἄφροδίτη τις Ἑλλήνων στρατῷ  
πλεῖν ὡς τάχιστα βαρβάρων ἐπὶ χθόνα,  
παῦσαί τε λέκτρων ἄρπαγὰς Ἑλληνικῶν  
οἷ τὰς ἐν Ἀργεῖ παρθένους κτενοῦσί μου  
ὑμᾶς τε κάμῃ, θέσφατ' εἰ λύσω θεᾶς.  
οὐ Μενελεύς με καταδεδούλωται, τέκνον,  
1270 οὐδ' ἐπὶ τὸ κείνου βουλόμενον ἐλήλυθα,  
ἀλλ' Ἑλλάς, ἧ δεῖ, κἂν θέλω κἂν μὴ θέλω,  
θύσαί σε τούτου δ' ἤσσοιες καθέσταμεν.  
ἐλευθέραν γὰρ δεῖ νῦν ὅσον ἐν σοί, τέκνον,  
κάμοι γενέσθαι, μηδὲ βαρβάρων ὑπο  
Ἑλληνας ὄντας λέκτρα συλᾶσθαι βία.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον, ὦ ξένοι,  
οἱ γὰρ θανάτου τοῦ σοῦ μελέα.  
φεύγει σε πατὴρ Ἄϊδη παραδούς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

- 1280 οἱ γὰρ, μάτερ· ταῦτόν γὰρ δὴ  
μέλος εἰς ἄμφω πέπτωκε τύχης,  
κούκέτι μοι φῶς  
οὐδ' ἀελίου τόδε φέγγος.  
ἰὼ ἰὼ.  
νιφόβολον Φρυγῶν νάπος Ἰδας τ'  
ὄρεα, Πρίαμος ὅθι ποτὲ βρέφος ὑπάλον ἔβαλε  
ματρὸς ἀποπρὸ νοσφίσας,

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And all the brazen-harnessed Hellene kings, 1260  
 Who cannot voyage unto Ilium's towers,  
 Who cannot raze Troy's citadel renowned,  
 But by thy blood, as Calchas saith, the seer.  
 A fiery passion maddeneth Hellas' host  
 To sail in all haste to the aliens' land,  
 And put an end to rapes of Hellene wives.  
 My daughters will they slay in Argos—you  
 And me,—if I annul the Goddess' hest.  
 Not Menelaus hath enslaved me, child,  
 Nor yet to serve his pleasure have I come. 1270  
 'Tis Hellas for whom—will I, will I not—  
 I must slay thee : this cannot we withstand.  
 Free must she be, so far as in thee lies,  
 And me, child ; nor by aliens' violence  
 Must sons of Hellas of their wives be spoiled.

[Exit.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

1280

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

O Phrygian glade  
 Overgloomed by the crest  
 Of Ida, where laid

In a snow-heaven nest  
 Was the suckling by Priam cast forth, which he  
 tore from the mother's breast,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ἐπὶ μόρῳ θανατόεντι  
 Πάριν, ὃς Ἰδαίος  
 1290 Ἰδαίος ἐλέγετ' ἐλέγετ' ἐν Φρυγῶν πόλει.

μή ποτ' ὄφελεν τὸν ἀμφὶ  
 βουσι βουκόλον τραφέντα  
 † [Ἀλέξανδρον]  
 οἰκίσαι ἀμφὶ τὸ λευκὸν ὕδωρ, ὅθι  
 κρῆναι Νυμφᾶν κεῖνται  
 λειμών τ' ἄνθεσι θάλλων  
 χλωροῖς, οὐ ῥοδόεντα  
 ἀνθέ' ὑακίνθινά τε θεαῖσι δρέπειν.

1300 ἔνθα ποτὲ Παλλὰς ἔμολε  
 καὶ δολιόφρων Κύπρις  
 Ἦρα θ' Ἑρμᾶς θ',  
 ὁ Διὸς ἄγγελος,  
 ἅ μὲν ἐπὶ πόθῳ τρυφῶσα  
 Κύπρις, ἅ δὲ δουρὶ Παλλάς,  
 Ἦρα τε Διὸς ἄνακτος  
 εὐναῖσι βασιλίσιν,  
 κρίσιν ἐπὶ στυγνὰν ἔριν τε  
 καλλονᾶς, ἐμοὶ δὲ θάνατον,  
 1310 ὄνομα μὰν φέροντα Δαναΐδαισιν, ὧ κόραι.

προθύματ' ἔλαβεν Ἄρτεμις πρὸς Ἴλιον.  
 ὁ δὲ τεκὼν με τὰν τάλαιναν,  
 ὦ μᾶτερ, ὦ μᾶτερ,  
 οἴχεται προδοὺς ἔρημον.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Yea, left him to lie  
Till the death-doom should claim  
Paris, whereby

Throughout Troy was his name 1290  
Paris of Ida, where fostered a herdman mid kine he  
became.

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

Came the Queen of Beguiling 1300  
With love-litten eye  
Passion-kindling, and smiling  
As for victory nigh ;  
Came Pallas in pride of her prowess, and Hera the  
Queen of the Sky :

And Hermes was there,  
The Herald of Heaven.  
So the Strife of Most Fair,  
Loathed contest, was striven,  
Whereof to me death, but to Danaans glory, O damsels,  
was given. 1310

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

## ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1340 διαχαλαῖτέ μοι μέλαθρα, δμῶες, ὡς κρύψω δέμας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δέ, τέκνον, φεύγεις ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἄχιλλέα τόνδ' ἰδεῖν αἰσχύνομαι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς τί δή ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸ δυστυχές μοι τῶν γάμων αἰδῶ φέροι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐν ἀβρότητι κεῖσαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα·  
ἀλλὰ μίμν' οὐ σεμνότητος ἔργον, ἦν δυνώμεθα—

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ γύναι τάλαινα, Λήδας θύγατερ,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ ψευδῆ θροεῖς.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

δεῖν' ἐν Ἀργείοις βοᾶται,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τίνα βοήν ; σήμαινέ μοι.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀμφὶ σῆς παιδός,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πονηρὸν εἴπας οἰωνὸν λόγων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὡς χρεῶν σφάξαι νιν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κούδεις τοῖσδ' ἐναντίον<sup>1</sup> λέγει ;

<sup>1</sup> Paley : for ἐναντία of MSS. England reads ὡμοι κοῦτις ἀντιδίζεται ;



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Handmaids, ope to me the doors, that I within may  
hide my face ! 1340

CLYTEMNESTRA

Wherefore flee, my child ?

IPHIGENEIA

For shame I cannot meet Achilles' gaze.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Wherefore so ?

IPHIGENEIA

With shame the misery of my bridal crusheth me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Not in plight for dainty shrinking art thou when 'tis  
thus with thee. [but may—

Tarry then : no time is this for maiden pride, if we

*Enter* ACHILLES

ACHILLES

Hapless woman, child of Leda !—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Truly "hapless" named this day !

ACHILLES

Fearfully the Argives clamour—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What their clamour ?—tell the thing.

ACHILLES

Touching this thy daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah, thy words with evil presage ring !

ACHILLES

"Slain she must be !" cry they.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Is there none whose words with theirs contend ?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ  
εἰς θόρυβον ἔγωγε καὐτὸς ἤλυθον,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
τίν', ὦ ξένη ;

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ  
σῶμα λευσθῆναι πέτροισι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
1350 μῶν κόρην σφάζων ἐμήν ;

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ  
αὐτὸ τοῦτο.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
τίς δ' ἂν ἔτλη σώματος τοῦ σοῦ θυγεῖν ;

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ  
πάντες Ἕλληνες.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
στρατὸς δὲ Μυρμιδῶν οὐ σοι παρῆν ;

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ  
πρῶτος ἦν ἐκεῖνος ἐχθρός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
δι' ἄρ' ὀλώλαμεν, τέκνον.

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ  
οἷ με τὸν γάμων ἀπεκάλουν ἦσσαν'.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
ὑπεκρίνω δὲ τί ;

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ  
τὴν ἐμήν μέλλουσαν εὐνήν μὴ κτανεῖν,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
δίκαια γάρ.

ΑΧΙΑΛΕΥΣ  
ἦν ἐφήμισεν πατήρ μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ  
κάργόνθεν γ' ἐπέμψατο.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Yea, myself in tumult's peril was,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What peril, stranger friend ?

ACHILLES

Even to be stoned with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Since thou hadst fain my daughter spared ? 1350

ACHILLES

Even so.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

All the Hellenes.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

First were these to turn against me,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Oh my daughter, we are lost !

ACHILLES

Taunted me as thrall to marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And what answer didst thou frame ?

ACHILLES

“Slay my destined bride,” I said, “ye shall not,”—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, a righteous claim.

ACHILLES

“Whom her father promised !”

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, to Argos sent withal to bring.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἐνικώμην κεκραγμού.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τὸ πολὺ γὰρ δεινὸν κακόν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀρήξομέν σοι.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ μαχεῖ πολλοῖσιν εἰς ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

εἰσορᾶς τεύχη φέροντας τούσδ' ;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄναιο τῶν φρενῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' ὀνησόμεσθα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1360 παῖς ἄρ' οὐκέτι σφαγήσεται ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

οὐκ, ἐμοῦ γε ζῶντος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἤξει δ' ὅστις ἄψεται κόρης ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

μυρῖοι γ' ἄξει δ' Ὀδυσσεύς.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄρ' ὁ Σισύφου γόνος ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

αὐτὸς οὗτος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἴδια πράσσω, ἢ στρατοῦ ταχθεῖς ὑπο ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

αἰρεθεῖς ἐκῶν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πονηρὰν γ' αἵρεσιν, μαιφονεῖν.

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## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Yet was I outclamoured.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah, the rabble is a baneful thing!

ACHILLES

Yet will I defend thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Singly fight against a multitude?

ACHILLES

Seest thou these who bear mine armour?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Blessings on thy dauntless mood

ACHILLES

Yea, I shall be blest.

CLYTEMNESTRA

She shall not now be on the altar laid? 1360

ACHILLES

Not while I am living!

CLYTEMNESTRA

How, will any come to seize the maid?

ACHILLES

Thousands—and Odysseus leading.

CLYTEMNESTRA

He, the seed of Sisyphus?

ACHILLES

Even he.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Chosen, and consenting.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Evil choice, for murderous violence!

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σχήσω νιν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄξει δ' οὐχ ἑκούσαν ἀρπύσας ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

δηλαδὴ ξανθῆς ἐθείρας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐμὲ δὲ τί χρή δρᾶν τότε ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀντέχου θυγατρός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς τοῦδ' εἴνεκ' οὐ σφαγήσεται.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλὰ μὴν εἰς τοῦτό γ' ἤξει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μητέρα, εἰσακούσατε

1370 τῶν ἐμῶν ἐπῶν· μάτην γάρ σ' εἰσορῶ θυμουμένην  
σῶ πόσει· τὰ δ' ἀδύναθ' ἡμῖν καρτερεῖν οὐ  
ῥάδιον.

τὸν μὲν οὖν ξένον δίκαιον αἰνέσαι προθυμίας·  
ἀλλὰ καὶ σὲ τοῦθ' ὀρᾶν χρή, μὴ διαβληθῆ  
στρατῶ,

καὶ πλέον πράξωμεν οὐδέν, ὅδε δὲ συμφορᾶς  
τύχη.

οἶα δ' εἰσῆλθὲν μ', ἄκουσον, μητέρα, ἐννοουμένην·  
κατθανεῖν μὲν μοι δέδοκται· τοῦτο δ' αὐτὸ  
βούλομαι

εὐκλεῶς πράξαι παρῆσά γ' ἐκποδῶν τὸ δυσγενές.  
δεῦρο δὴ σκέψαι μεθ' ἡμῶν, μητέρα, ὡς καλῶς  
λέγω.

εἰς ἔμ' Ἑλλάς ἢ μέγιστη πᾶσα νῦν ἀποβλέπει,  
κάν ἐμοὶ πορθμὸς τε ναῶν καὶ Φρυγῶν κατασκαφαί,

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Nay, but I will stay him.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Would he hale her unconsenting hence ?

ACHILLES

Yea, and by her golden tresses.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What must then be done of me ?

ACHILLES

Cling unto thy child.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Ay, and surely unto this it will come.

IPHIGENEIA

Mother,—to my word

Hearken ye !—against thine husband I behold thee  
anger-stirred [brave.

Causelessly : 'twere hard for us inevitable doom to 1370

Meet it is we thank the stranger-hero for his will to  
save. [beware ;

Yet, that he be not reproachèd of Hellas' host must we  
So should ruin seize him, and ourselves in no wise  
better fare. [thought hereon.

Hear the thing that flashed upon me, mother, as I  
Lo, resolved I am to die ; and fain am I that this be  
done [away.

Gloriously—that I thrust ignoble craven thoughts  
Prithee, mother, this consider with me : mark how well  
I say.

Unto me all mighty Hellas looks : I only can bestow  
Boons upon her—sailing of her galleys, Phrygia's over-  
throw,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

1380 τὰς τε μελλούσας γυναῖκας ἦν τι δρῶσι βάρβαροι,  
μηκέθ' ἀρπάζειν ἔαν τάσδ' ὀλβίας ἐξ Ἑλλάδος,  
τὸν Ἑλένης τίσαντας ὄλεθρον, ἦντιν' ἤρπασεν  
Πάρις.

ταῦτα πάντα καθανούσα ῥύσομαι, καί μου κλέος,  
Ἑλλάδ' ὡς ἠλευθέρωσα, μακάριον γενήσεται.  
καὶ γὰρ οὐδέ τοί τι λῆαν ἐμὲ φιλοψυχεῖν χρεῶν  
πᾶσι γάρ μ' Ἕλλησι κοινὸν ἔτεκες, οὐχὶ σοὶ  
μόνη.

ἀλλὰ μυρίοι μὲν ἄνδρες ἀσπίσιν πεφραγμένοι,  
μυρίοι δ' ἐρέτμ' ἔχοντες, πατρίδος ἠδικημένης,  
δρᾶν τι τολμήσουσιν ἐχθροὺς χυπὲρ Ἑλλάδος  
θανεῖν.

1390 ἢ δ' ἐμῇ ψυχῇ μὴ οὔσα πάντα κωλύσει τάδε;  
τί τὸ δίκαιον τούτ'; ἔχοιμεν ἄρ' ἂν ἀντειπεῖν  
ἔπος;  
κάπ' ἐκεῖν' ἔλθωμεν. οὐ δεῖ τόνδε διὰ μάχης  
μολεῖν  
πᾶσιν Ἀργείοις γυναικὸς εἶνεκ' οὐδὲ καθανεῖν.  
εἷς γ' ἀνὴρ κρείστων γυναικῶν μυρίων ὄρᾶν  
φάος.

εἰ δ' ἐβουλήθη τὸ σῶμα τοῦμὸν Ἄρτεμις λαβεῖν,  
ἐμποδῶν γενήσομαι γὰρ θνητὸς οὔσα τῇ θεῷ;  
ἀλλ' ἀμήχανον· δίδωμι σῶμα τοῦμὸν Ἑλλάδι.  
θύετ', ἐκπορθεῖτε Τροίαν. ταῦτα γὰρ μνημεῖά μου  
διὰ μακροῦ, καὶ παῖδες οὔτοι καὶ γάμοι καὶ  
δόξ' ἐμή.

1400 βαρβάρων δ' Ἕλληνας ἄρχειν εἰκός, ἀλλ' οὐ  
βαρβάρους,  
μητέρα, Ἑλλήνων· τὸ μὲν γὰρ δούλον, οἱ δ' ἐλεύθεροι.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Safety for her daughters from barbarians in the days to 1380  
     come, [happy home,  
 That the ravisher no more may snatch them from a  
 When the penalty is paid for Paris' outrage, Helen's  
     shame. [my name,  
 All this great deliverance I in death shall compass, and  
 As of one who gave to Hellas freedom, shall be blessing-  
     crowned. [should be found?  
*Must* I live, that clutching life with desperate hand I  
 For the good of Hellenes didst thou bear me, not for  
     thine alone. [bosom thrown,—  
 Lo, how countless warriors with the shield before the  
 Myriads, now the fatherland is wronged, with strenuous  
     oar in hand,— [land.  
 All will fear not to encounter foes, to die for Hellas—  
 And shall all be thwarted, baffled by the life of *one*— 1390  
     of me? [for answering plea?  
 Where were justice here?—and what can I set forth  
 Turn we now to this thing also:—never ought this  
     man to make [sake!  
 War on all the Argives, no, nor perish—for a *woman's*  
 Worthier than ten thousand women one man is to look  
     on light.  
 Lo, if Artemis hath willed to claim my body as her  
     right,  
 What, shall I, a helpless mortal woman, thwart the  
     will divine?  
 Nay, it cannot be. My body unto Hellas I resign.  
 Sacrifice me, raze ye Troy; for this through all the  
     ages is [in this!  
 My memorial: children, marriage, glory—all are mine  
 Right it is that Hellenes rule barbarians, not that alien 1400  
     yoke [freeborn folk.  
 Rest on Hellenes, mother. They be bondmen, we be

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μὲν σόν, ὦ νεᾶνι, γενναίως ἔχει  
τὸ τῆς τύχης δὲ καὶ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ νοσεῖ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖ, μακάριόν μὲ τις θεῶν  
ἔμελλε θῆσειν, εἰ τύχοιμι σῶν γάμων.  
ζηλῶ δὲ σοῦ μὲν Ἑλλάδ', Ἑλλάδος δὲ σέ.  
εὖ γὰρ τόδ' εἶπας ἀξίως τε πατρίδος·  
τὸ θεομαχεῖν γὰρ ἀπολιπούσ', ὃ σου κρατεῖ,  
ἐξελογίσω τὰ χρηστὰ τάναγκαῖά τε.  
1410 μᾶλλον δὲ λέκτρων σῶν πόθος μ' ἐσέρχεται  
εἰς τὴν φύσιν βλέψαντα· γενναία γὰρ εἶ.  
ὄρα δ' ἐγὼ γὰρ βούλομαί σ' εὐεργετεῖν  
λαβεῖν τ' ἐς οἴκους· ἄχθομαί τ', ἴστω Θέτις,  
εἰ μὴ σε σώσω Δαναΐδαισι διὰ μάχης  
ἐλθῶν· ἄθρησον, ὃ θάνατος δεινὸν κακόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

λέγω τάδ' [οὐδὲν οὐδέν' εὐλαβουμένη,] †  
ἢ Τυνδαρίς παῖς διὰ τὸ σῶμί' ἀρκεῖ μάχας  
ἀνδρῶν τιθεῖσα καὶ φόρους· σὺ δ', ὦ ξένε,  
μὴ θνήσκε δι' ἐμὲ μηδ' ἀποκτείνης τινά.  
1420 ἔα δὲ σῶσαί μ' Ἑλλάδ', ἣν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ λῆμ' ἄριστον, οὐκ ἔχω πρὸς τοῦτ' ἔτι  
λέγειν, ἐπεὶ σοι τάδε δοκεῖ· γενναία γὰρ  
φρονεῖς· τί γὰρ τάληθες οὐκ εἴποι τις ἄν ;  
ὅμως δ', ἴσως γὰρ κἂν μεταγνοίης τάδε,  
ὡς οὖν ἄν εἰδῆς τὰπ' ἐμοῦ λελεγμένα,  
ἐλθῶν τάδ' ὄπλα θήσομαι βωμοῦ πέλας,  
ὡς οὐκ ἐάσω σ' ἀλλὰ κωλύσω θανεῖν.  
χρήσει δὲ καὶ σὺ τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις τάχα,  
ὅταν πέλας σῆς φάσγανον δέρης ἴδης.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

### CHORUS

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

### ACHILLES

Agamemnon's child, a God came near to bless  
Me, could I but have won thee for my bride.  
Happy in thee is Hellas, thou in Hellas !  
Well saidst thou this, and worthily of our land :  
Thou hast turned away from strife with Gods—a thing  
Too hard for thee—hast weighed the good Fate  
spares.

Yet love for thee now thrills me through the more 1410  
That I have seen thy nature, noble heart.  
Wherefore look to it : thee I fain would serve,  
And bear thee home. I chafe, be Thetis witness,  
That I should save thee not in battle-shock  
With Danaans. Think—a fearful thing is death.

### IPHIGENEIA

I say this,—as one past all hope and fear :—  
Suffice that through her beauty Tyndareus' child  
Stirs strife and slaughter. Thou, O stranger-prince,  
Die not for me, nor slay thou any man.  
Let me be Hellas' saviour, if I may. 1420

### ACHILLES

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

1430 οὐκουν ἑάσω σ' ἀφροσύνη τῇ σῇ θανεῖν  
ἔλθων δὲ σὺν ὄπλοις τοῖσδε πρὸς ναὸν θεᾶς  
καραδοκήσω σὴν ἐκεῖ παρουσίαν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μητέρα, τί σιγῇ δακρύοις τέγγεις κόρας ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔχω τάλαινα πρόφασιν ὥστ' ἀλγεῖν φρένα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παῦσαί με μὴ κάκιζε· τάδε δ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λέγ', ὡς παρ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἀδίκησε, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μήτ' οὖν σὺ τὸν σὸν πλόκαμον ἐκτέμης τριχός,  
μήτ' ἀμφὶ σῶμα μέλανας ἀμπίσχη πέπλους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ τόδ' εἶπας, τέκνον ; ἀπολέσασά σε ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1440 οὐ σύ γε· σέσωσμαι, κατ' ἐμὲ δ' εὐκλεῆς ἔσει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πῶς εἶπας ; οὐ πευθεῖν με σὴν ψυχὴν χρεῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἤκιστ', ἐπεὶ μοι τύμβος οὐ χωσθήσεται.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ ; τὸ θνήσκειν οὐ τάφος νομίζεται ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

βωμὸς θεᾶς μοι μνήμα τῆς Διὸς κόρης.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄλλ', ὦ τέκνον, σοὶ πείσομαι· λέγεις γὰρ εὖ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς εὐτυχοῦσά γ' Ἑλλάδος τ' εὐεργέτις.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Thou shalt not through a hasty impulse die. 1430  
 No, with these arms will I unto the shrine,  
 And for thy coming thither will I wait. [Exit.

IPHIGENEIA

Mother, why art thou weeping silently ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

Forbear, make me not craven ; but this do—

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, I am saved. Thy glory shall I be. 1440

CLYTEMNESTRA

How sayest thou ? Must I not mourn thy death ?

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

How then ?—in death is burial not implied ?

IPHIGENEIA

Zeus' Daughter's altar is my sepulchre.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

As one blest, benefactor of our Greece.

## ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ κασιγνήταισιν ἀγγελῶ σέθεν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μηδ' ἀμφὶ κείναις μέλανας ἐξάψης πέπλους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἶπω δὲ παρὰ σοῦ φίλον ἔπος τι παρθένους ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1450 χαίρειν γ'. Ὀρέστην τ' ἔκτρεφ' ἄνδρα τόνδε μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προσέλκυσάιν ὕστατον θεωμένην.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἐπεκούρησας ὅσον εἶχες φίλοις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔσθ' ὃ τι κατ' Ἄργος δρώσά σοι χάριν φέρω ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πατέρα τὸν ἀμὸν μὴ στύγει πόσιν τε σόν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δεινούς ἀγῶνας διὰ σέ δεῖ κείνον δραμεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄκων μ' ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος διώλεσεν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δόλφ δ', ἀγεννώς Ἀτρέως τ' οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τίς μ' εἶσιν ἄξων πρὶν σπαράσσεσθαι κόμην ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔγωγε μετὰ σοῦ—

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μὴ σύ γ' οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πέπλων ἐχομένη σῶν.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

What message to thy sisters shall I bear ?

IPHIGENEIA

Them too array thou not in sable stole.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Shall I bear them some word of love from thee ?

IPHIGENEIA

Only "Farewell!" To manhood rear this babe. 1450

CLYTEMNESTRA

Embrace him ! for the last time look on him.

IPHIGENEIA (*to Orestes*)

Dearest, thou gav'st us all the help thou couldst !

CLYTEMNESTRA

Can I do aught at home to pleasure thee ?

IPHIGENEIA

My father and thine husband hate not thou.

CLYTEMNESTRA

A fearful course for thy sake must he run !

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

By guile unkingly, unworthy Atreus' son !

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

I will go with thee—

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, thou say'st not well.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Grasping thy vesture.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1460

ἐμοί, μῆτερ, πιθοῦ,  
μέν· ὡς ἐμοί τε σοί τε κάλλιον τόδε.  
πατὴρ δ' ὀπαδῶν τῶνδ' ἐτίς με πεμπέτω  
Ἄρτεμιδος εἰς λειμῶν', ὅπου σφαγήσομαι.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον, οἴχει ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πάλιν γ' οὐ μὴ μόλω.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λιποῦσα μητέρ' ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς ὀρᾶς γ', οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

σχές, μή με προλίπησ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἐὼ στάζειν δάκρυ.

1470

ὕμεις δ' ἐπευφημήσατ', ὦ νεάνιδες,  
παιᾶνα τῆμῃ συμφορᾷ Διὸς κόρην  
Ἄρτεμιν· ἴτω δὲ Δαναΐδαις εὐφημία.  
κανᾶ δ' ἐναρχέσθω τις, αἰθέσθω δὲ πῦρ  
προχύταις καθαρσίοισι, καὶ πατὴρ ἐμὸς  
ἐνδεξιούσθω βωμόν· ὡς σωτηρίαν  
Ἑλλησι δώσουσ' ἔρχομαι νικηφόρον.

ἄγετέ με τὰν Ἰλίου  
καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐλέπτολιν.  
στέφεια περίβολα δίδοτε, φέρετε·  
πλόκαμος ὅδε καταστέφειν·  
χερνίβων γε παγᾶς.

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## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Heed me, mother mine— 1460

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, art thou gone ?—

IPHIGENEIA

I shall return no more.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Leaving thy mother !

IPHIGENEIA

As thou seest :—'tis hard.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hold !—O forsake me not !

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, shed no tear.

(CLYTEMNESTRA enters the tent.)

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

1470

*Raises the processional chant.*

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

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

- 1480 ἐλίσσεται ἄμφι ναὸν ἄμφι βωμὸν  
τὰν ἄνασσαν Ἄρτεμιν,  
θεὰν μάκαιραν ὡς ἐμοῖσιν, εἰ χρεῶν,  
αἵμασι θύμασί τε  
θέσφατ' ἐξαλείψω.  
ὦ πότνια πότνια μήτηρ, ὡς δάκρυά γέ σοι  
δώσομεν ἀμέτερα·
- 1490 παρ' ἱεροῖς γὰρ οὐ πρόπει.  
ἰὼ ἰὼ νεάνιδες,  
συνεπαεῖδεν Ἄρτεμιν  
Χαλκίδος ἀντίπορον,  
ἵνα τε δόρατα μέμονε δαΐα  
δι' ἐμὸν ὄνομα τᾶσδ' Αὐλίδος  
στενοπόροισιν ὄρμοις.  
ἰὼ γὰρ μήτηρ ὦ Πελασγία,  
Μυκηναῖαί τ' ἐμαὶ θεράπναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 1500 καλεῖς πόλισμα Περσέως,  
Κυκλωπίων πόνον χερῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔθρεψας Ἑλλάδι με φάος·  
θανοῦσα δ' οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλέος γὰρ οὐ σε μὴ λίπη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἰὼ ἰώ.  
λαμπαδοῦχος ἀμέρα Δι-  
ός τε φέγγος, ἕτερον  
ἕτερον αἰῶνα καὶ μοῖραν οἰκήσομεν.  
χαῖρέ μοι, φίλον φάος. ἰὼ ἰώ.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

To Artemis the Queen, blest Goddess, treading 1480  
A measure, fane and altar compass ye.  
I wash the curse out with the hallowed shedding  
Of blood, if this must be.

Mother, for thee my fount of pity streameth  
Now—for I may not at the altar weep. 1490  
Sing, maidens, Artemis, whose temple gleameth  
Toward Chalcis, o'er the deep.

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

### CHORUS

Dost thou on the city of Perseus cry, 1500  
By the toil of the Cyclopes builded high?

### IPHIGENEIA

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

### CHORUS

Yea, for thy glory shall never die.

### IPHIGENEIA

Hail, Light divine!  
Hail, Day in whose hands doth the World's Torch  
shine!

In a strange new life must I dwell,  
And a strange new lot must be mine.  
Farewell, dear light, farewell! [*Exit.*

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 1510 ἴδεσθε τὰν Ἴλιου  
καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐλέπτολιν  
στείχουσαν, ἐπὶ κἀρα στέφρα  
βαλομένην χερνίβων τε παγᾶς,  
βωμὸν διαίμονος θεᾶς  
ράνισιν αἱματορρύτοις  
ράνουσαν εὐφυῆ τε σώματος δέρην  
σφαγεῖσαν.  
εὐδροσοὶ πατρῶαι  
παγαὶ μένουσι χέρνιβές τέ σε  
στρατός π' Ἀχαιῶν θέλων
- 1520 Ἴλιου πόλιν μολεῖν.  
ἀλλὰ τὰν Διὸς κόραν  
κλήσωμεν Ἄρτεμιν, θεῶν ἄνασσαν,  
ὡς ἐπ' εὐτυχεῖ πότμῳ.  
ὦ πότνια, θύμασιν βροτησίοις  
χαρεῖσα, πέμψον εἰς Φρυγῶν  
γαίαν Ἑλλάνων στρατον  
καὶ δολόεντα Τροίας ἔδη,  
Ἄγαμέμνονά τε λόγχαις  
Ἑλλάδι κλεινότατον στέφανον
- 1530 δὸς ἀμφὶ κἀρα θ' ἔον  
κλέος ἀείμνηστον ἀμφιθεῖναι.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ Τυνδαρεία παιῖ, Κλυταιμνήστρα, δόμων  
ἔξω πέρασον, ὡς κλύης ἐμῶν λόγων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φθογγῆς κλύουσα δεῦρο σῆς ἀφικόμην,  
ταρβούσα τλήμων κάκπεπληγμένη φόβῳ,  
μή μοί τιν' ἄλλην ξυμφορὰν ἤκης φέρων  
πρὸς τῇ παρούσῃ.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

### CHORUS

See who, for Ilium's, Phrygia's, overthrowing, 1510  
With her fair hair for death bestarred with flowers,  
Is to the sacrificial altar going  
Besprent with laver-showers—

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

For thee the lustral dew of thy sire's pouring  
Wait: the Achaean thousands Troyward strain. 1520  
Chant we Zeus' Child, the Huntress-queen adoring;  
For O, thy loss is gain!

Joyer in human blood, to Phrygia's far land  
Speed thou the host, to Troy the treason-shore;  
So crown the King, crown Hellas with a garland 1530  
Of glory evermore.

*Enter* MESSENGER.

### MESSENGER

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

*Enter* CLYTEMNESTRA.

### CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σῆς μὲν οὖν παιδὸς πέρι  
θαυμαστά σοι καὶ δεινὰ σημῆναι θέλω.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μὴ μέλλε τοίνυν, ἀλλὰ φράζ' ὅσον τάχος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

- 1540 ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, πᾶν πεύσει σαφῶς.  
λέξω δ' ἀπ' ἀρχῆς, ἦν τι μὴ σφαλεῖσά μου  
γνώμη ταραξῆ γλώσσαν ἐν λόγοις ἐμήν.  
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἰκόμεσθα τῆς Διὸς κόρης  
'Αρτέμιδος ἄλσος λείμακας τ' ἀνθεσφόρους,  
ἔν' ἦν Ἀχαιῶν σύλλογος στρατεύματος,  
σὴν παῖδ' ἄγοντες, εὐθύς Ἀργείων ὄχλος  
ἠθροίζεθ'. ὡς δ' ἔσειδεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ  
ἐπὶ σφαγὰς στείχουσαν εἰς ἄλσος κόρην,  
ἀνεστέναζε, κάμπαλιν στρέψας κύρα  
1550 δάκρυα προῆκεν, ὀμμάτων πέπλον προθεῖς.  
ἡ δὲ σταθεῖσα τῷ τεκόντι πλησίον  
ἔλεξε τοιάδ'· ὦ πάτερ, πάρειμί σοι,  
τοῦμόν δὲ σῶμα τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπὲρ πάτρας  
καὶ τῆς ἀπάσης Ἑλλάδος γαίας ὑπερ  
θῦσαι δίδωμ' ἐκούσα πρὸς βωμόν θεᾶς  
ἄγοντας, εἶπερ ἐστὶ θέσφατον τόδε.  
καὶ τοῦπ' ἔμ' εὐτυχεῖτε, καὶ νικηφόρου  
δορὸς τύχοιτε πατρίδα τ' ἐξίκοισθε γῆν.  
πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ ψαύση τις Ἀργείων ἐμοῦ·  
1560 συγῆ παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίως.  
τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε· πᾶς δ' ἐθάμβησεν κλύων  
εὐψυχίαν τε κἀρετήν τῆς παρθένου.  
στὰς δ' ἐν μέσῳ Ταλθύβιος, ᾧ τόδ' ἦν μέλον,  
εὐφημίαν ἀνείπε καὶ συγῆν στρατῷ·  
Κάλχας δ' ὁ μάντις εἰς κανοῦν χρυσήλατον

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MESSENGER

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Linger not then, but tell it with all speed.

MESSENGER

Yea, all, dear mistress, clearly shalt thou learn,      1540  
From the beginning told, except my tongue  
Through my mind's turmoil falter in the tale.  
When to the grove we came of Artemis,  
Zeus' child, and to her meadows flower-bestarred,  
The place of muster for Achaea's host,  
Leading thy child, straightway the Argive throng  
Gathered. But when King Agamemnon saw  
The maid for slaughter entering the grove,  
He heaved a groan, he turned his head away  
Weeping, and drew his robe before his eyes.      1550

But to her father's side she came, and stood,  
And said: "My father, at thine hest I come,  
And for my country's sake my body give,  
And for all Hellas, to be led of you  
Unto the Goddess' altar, willingly,  
And sacrificed, if this is Heaven's decree.  
Prosper, so far as rests with me, and win  
Victory, and return to fatherland.  
Then let no Argive lay a hand on me:  
Silent, unflinching, will I yield my neck."      1560

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

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

- ἔθηκεν ὄξυ χειρὶ φάσγανον σπάσας  
 κολεῶν ἔσωθεν, κρᾶτά τ' ἔστεψεν κόρης.  
 ὁ παῖς δ' ὁ Πηλέως ἐν κύκλῳ βωμὸν θεᾶς  
 λαβὼν κανοῦν ἔθρεξε χέρνιβας θ' ὁμοῦ,  
 1570 ἔλεξε δ' ὦ παῖ Ζηνός, ὦ θηροκτόνε,  
 τὸ λαμπρὸν εἰλίσσουσ' ἐν εὐφρόνῃ φάος,  
 δέξαι τὸ θῦμα τόδ' ὃ γέ σοι δωρούμεθα  
 στρατός τ' Ἀχαιῶν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ θ' ὁμοῦ,  
 ἄχραντον αἷμα καλλιπαρθένου δέρης,  
 καὶ δὸς γενέσθαι πλοῦν νεῶν ἀπήμονα  
 Τροίας τε πέργαμ' ἐξελεῖν ἡμᾶς δορί.  
 εἰς γῆν δ' Ἀτρεΐδαι πᾶς στρατός τ' ἔστη βλέπων.  
 ἱρεὺς δὲ φάσγανον λαβὼν ἐπηύξατο,  
 λαιμόν τ' ἐπεσκοπέειθ', ἵνα πλήξειεν ἄν  
 1580 †έμοι δέ τ' ἄλγος οὐ μικρὸν εἰσῆι φρενί,†  
 κᾶστην νενεκῶς· θαῦμα δ' ἦν αἴφνης ὄραν·  
 πληγῆς σαφῶς γὰρ πᾶς τις ἦσθετο κτύπον,  
 τὴν παρθένου δ' οὐκ οἶδεν οὐ γῆς εἰσέδν.  
 βοᾷ δ' ἱερεῖς, ἅπας δ' ἐπήχησε στρατός,  
 ἄελπτον εἰσιδόντες ἐκ θεῶν τινος  
 φάσμ', οὐ γε μῆδ' ὀρωμένου πίστις παρῆν.  
 ἔλαφος γὰρ ἀσπαίρουσ' ἔκειτ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ  
 ἰδεῖν μεγίστη διαπρεπῆς τε τὴν θεάν,  
 ἧς αἵματι βωμὸς ἐραλνετ' ἄρδην τῆς θεοῦ.  
 1590 κᾶν τῷδε Κάλχας πῶς δοκεῖς χαίρων ἔφη  
 ὦ τοῦδ' Ἀχαιῶν κοίρανοι κοινοῦ στρατοῦ,  
 †τόρᾳτε τήνδε θυσίαν, ἦν ἡ θεὸς†  
 προύθηκε βωμίαν, ἔλαφον ὀρειδρόμον ;  
 ταύτην μάλιστα τῆς κόρης ἀσπάζεταιται,  
 ὡς μὴ μίανη βωμὸν εὐγενεὶ φόνῳ.  
 †ἡδέως τε τοῦτ' ἐδέξατο, καὶ πλοῦν οὖριον†  
 δίδωσιν ἡμῖν Ἰλίου τ' ἐπιδρομάς.



## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Laid down a keen knife which his hand had drawn  
Out of its sheath, then crowned the maiden's head.  
Then Peleus' son took maund and lustral bowl,  
And round the altar of the Goddess ran,  
And cried: "Zeus' Daughter, slayer of wild beasts, 1570  
Whose wheels of light roll splendours through the  
gloom,

Accept this offering which we render thee,  
Achaea's host, with Agamemnon King,  
The unsullied blood from a fair maiden's neck ;  
And grant the galleys voyaging unvexed ;  
And grant our spears may spoil the towers of Troy."  
With bowed heads Atreus' sons and all the host  
Stood. The priest took the knife, he spake the  
prayer,

He scanned her throat for fittest place to strike—  
Then through my soul exceeding anguish thrilled : 1580  
Mine head drooped :—lo, a sudden miracle !  
For each man plainly heard the blow strike home ;  
But the maid—none knew whither she had vanished.

Loud cried the priest: all echoed back the cry,  
Seeing a portent by some God sent down  
Unlooked-for, past belief, albeit seen.  
For gasping on the ground there lay a hind  
Most huge to see, and passing fair to view,  
With whose blood all the Goddess' altar ran.  
Then Calchas cried—how gladly ye may guess :— 1590  
"O chieftains of this leagued Achaean host,  
See ye this victim by the Goddess laid  
Before her altar, even a mountain hind ?  
This holds she more acceptable than the maid,  
That she stain not with noble blood her altar.  
Gladly she hath accepted this, and grants  
To us fair voyage and onset upon Troy.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΓΑΙΔΙ

πρὸς ταῦτα πᾶς τις θάρσος αἶρε ναυβάτης,  
 χῶρει τε πρὸς ναῦν· ἡμέρας ὡς τῆσδε δεῖ  
 1600 λιπόντας ἡμᾶς Αὐλίδος κοίλους μυχοὺς  
 Αἴγαιον οἶδμα διαπερᾶν, ἐπεὶ δ' ἅπαν  
 κατηνθρακώθη θῦμ' ἐν Ἡφαίστου φλογί,  
 τὰ πρόσφορ' ἠῦξασθ', ὡς τύχοι νόστου στρατός,  
 πέμπει δ' Ἀγαμέμνων μ' ὥστε σοι φράσαι τάδε,  
 λέγειν θ' ὅποιας ἐκ θεῶν μοίρας κυρεῖ  
 καὶ δόξαν ἔσχεν ἄφθιτον καθ' Ἑλλάδα.  
 ἐγὼ παρὼν δὲ καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ὀρῶν λέγω·  
 ἢ παῖς σαφῶς σοι πρὸς θεοὺς ἀφίπτατο.  
 λύπης δ' ἀφαίρει καὶ πόσει πάρες χόλον·  
 1610 ἀπροσδόκητα δὲ βροτοῖς τὰ τῶν θεῶν,  
 σώζουσί θ' οὐς φιλοῦσιν. ἡμαρ γὰρ τότε  
 θανούσαν εἶδε καὶ βλέπουσαν παῖδα σὴν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἦδομαί τοι ταῦτ' ἀκούσασ' ἀγγέλου·  
 ζῶν δ' ἐν θεοῖσι σὸν μένειν φράζει τέκος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ παῖ, θεῶν τοῦ κλέμμα γέγονας ;  
 πῶς σε προσείπω ; πῶς δ' οὐ φῶ  
 παραμυθεῖσθαι τούσδε μάτην μύθους,  
 ὡς σου πένθους λυγροῦ πανσαίμαν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ στείχει,  
 1620 τούσδ' αὐτοὺς ἔχων σοι φράζειν μύθους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

γύναι, θυγατρὸς ἐνεκ' ὄλβιοι γενοίμεθ' ἄν  
 ἔχει γὰρ ὄντως ἐν θεοῖς ὀμιλίαν.  
 χρῆ δέ σε λαβοῦσαν τόνδε μόσχον νεαγενῆ

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Be of good cheer then every mariner !  
 Hence to the galleys ; for this day must we  
 Fleet out of Aulis' hollow bays, and cross 1600  
 The Aegean surge." So when the victim all  
 Was burnt to ashes in the Fire-god's flame,  
 Meet prayer he offered for the host's return.  
 Me Agamemnon sped to tell thee this,  
 And say what heaven-sent fortune fair he hath,  
 What deathless fame through Hellas he hath  
 won.

Lo, I was there, and speak as one who saw.  
 Doubtless thy child was wafted to the Gods.  
 Forbear grief, cease from wrath against thy lord.  
 Of mortals unforeseen the Gods' ways are, 1610  
 And whom they love they save : for this same day  
 Dying and living hath beheld thy child.

### CHORUS

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

### CLYTEMNESTRA

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

### CHORUS

Lo there King Agamemnon draweth nigh  
 Bearing the selfsame tale to tell to thee. 1620

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

### AGAMEMNON

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

## ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

στείχειν πρὸς οἴκους· ὡς στρατὸς πρὸς πλοῦν ὄρᾱ.  
καὶ χαῖρε· χρόνιά γε τὰμά σοι προσφθέγματα  
Τροίηθεν ἔσται. καὶ γένοιτό σοι καλῶς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρων, Ἀτρείδη, γῆν ἰκοῦ Φρυγίαν,  
χαίρων δ' ἐπάνηκε,  
κάλλιστά μοι σκῦλ' ἀπὸ Τροίας ἐλών.

## IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

### CHORUS

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

Of Troy.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]



# RHESUS





## ARGUMENT

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

## ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΦΥΛΑΚΩΝ

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ΠΑΡΙΣ

ΡΗΣΟΥ ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ΜΟΥΣΑ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HECTOR, *captain of the host of Troy.*

AENEAS, *a Trojan chief.*

DOLON, *a Trojan.*

SHEPHERD.

RHESUS, *king of Thrace, son of the Muse Terpsichore.*

ODYSSEUS, *a crafty Greek.*

DIOMEDES, *a valiant Greek.*

ATHENA, *a Goddess.*

PARIS, *named also Alexander, a Trojan, son of Priam.*

CHARIOTEER *of Rhesus.*

THE MUSE *Terpsichore, mother of Rhesus.*

CHORUS, *consisting of sentinels of the Trojan army.*

*Guards of Hector, Soldiers of the Thracian army.*

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

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βάθι πρὸς εὐνάς  
τὰς Ἑκτορέους τις ὑπασπιστῶν  
ἀγρυπνος βασιλέως, εἰ τευχοφόρων  
δέξαιτο νέων κληδῶνα μύθων,  
οἱ τετράμοιρον νυκτὸς φρουρὰν  
πάσης στρατιᾶς προκάθηται.  
ὄρθου κεφαλὴν πῆχυν ἐρείσας,  
λῦσον βλεφάρων γοργωπὸν ἔδραν,  
λείπε χαμεύνας φυλλοστρώτους,  
Ἕκτορ· καιρὸς γὰρ ἀκούσαι.

10

### ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίς ὄδ' ; ἢ φίλιος φθόγγος ; τίς ἀνὴρ ;  
τί τὸ σῆμα ; θρόει·  
τίνες ἐκ νυκτῶν τὰς ἡμετέρας  
κοίτας πλάθουσ' ; ἐνέπειν χρῆ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

φύλακες στρατιᾶς.

### ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί φέρει θορύβῳ ;

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## RHESUS

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

CHORUS

Ho, pass to the couch of Hector your lord,  
Ye watchful henchmen that guard his sleep,  
If perchance he will hearken our tidings, the word  
Of them through the night's fourth watch that  
keep

The wide war-host safe-fenced with the spear.

Ho! raise thine head on thine arm upstaying;  
Unseal thine eyes, the battle-dismaying:  
Leap from thine earth-strewn leaf-bed sere,  
Hector: 'tis time to hear.

10

*Enter HECTOR from the tent.*

HECTOR

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

CHORUS

Sentinels we.

HECTOR

Why then this affright?

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ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μῶν τις λόχος ἐκ νυκτῶν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

20 τί γὰρ φυλακὰς προλιπὼν  
κινεῖς στρατιάν, εἰ μὴ τιν' ἔχων  
νυκτηγορίαν ; οὐκ οἶσθα δορός  
πέλας Ἀργείου νυχίαν ἡμᾶς  
κοίτην πανόπλους κατέχοντας ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ -

ὀπλίζου χέρα, συμμάχων, στρ.  
Ἔκτορ, βᾶθι πρὸς εὐνάς,  
ἄτρυνου ἔγχος αἰείρειν, ἀφύπνισον,  
πέμπε φίλους ἰέναι ποτὶ σὸν λόχον,  
ἀρμόσατε ψαλίοις ἵππους.  
30 τίς εἶσ' ἐπὶ Πανθοΐδαν,  
ἢ τὸν Εὐρώπας, Λυκίων ἀγὸν ἀνδρῶν ;  
ποῦ σφαγίων ἔφοροι ;  
ποῦ δὲ γυμνήτων μόναρχοι ;  
τοξοφόροι δὲ Φρυγῶν  
ζεύγνυτε κερόδετα τόξα νευραῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

40 τὰ μὲν ἀγγέλλεις δείματ' ἀκούειν,  
τὰ δὲ θαρσύνεις, κούδεν καθαρῶς  
ἄλλ' ἢ Κρονίου Πανὸς τρομερᾶ  
μάστιγι φοβεῖ ; φυλακὰς δὲ λιπὼν  
κινεῖς στρατιάν ; τί θροεῖς ; τί σε φῶ  
νέον ἀγγέλλειν ; πολλὰ γὰρ εἰπὼν  
οὐδὲν τρανῶς ἀπέδειξας.

## RHESUS

CHORUS

Fear not.

HECTOR

Is an ambush of darkness on us?

CHORUS

Nay, none.

HECTOR

Why then hast forsaken thus  
Thy watch, and uprousest the host, if thou bring  
No tidings? Knowest thou not how nigh 20  
To the Argive spears lie slumbering  
Our ranks in their battle-panoply?

CHORUS

Nay, but with armed hand, Hector, speed (Str.)  
Hence to thine allies' resting-place:  
Rouse them from slumber, and bid upraise  
Spears: let a friend to thy war-band run.  
Bit ye and bridle the chariot-steed.  
Who will go for us to Panthoüs' son,  
Or Europa's, the chief of the Lycian array? 30  
Where be the choosers of victims to bleed?  
And the captains of dartmen, where be they?  
Archers of Phrygia, let sinews be slipped  
O'er the notches, to strain the bows horn-tipt!

HECTOR

In part dost thou bring to us tidings of dread,  
In part of good cheer; nought plainly is said.  
Hath Zeus' son Pan with the Scourge of Quaking  
Struck thee, that thus thy watch forsaking  
Thou startlest the host? What meaneth thy clamour?  
What tidings are thine? In thy panic-stammer  
Of thronging words is a riddle unread. 40

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ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πύρ' αἴθει στρατὸς Ἀργόλας, ἀντ.  
 Ἔκτορ, πᾶσαν ἀν' ὄρφναν,  
 διπετηὴ δὲ νεῶν πυρσοῖς σταθμά.  
 πᾶς δ' Ἀγαμεμνονίαν προσέβα στρατὸς  
 ἐννύχιος θορύβῳ σκηνᾶν,  
 νέαν-τιν' ἐφιεμένοι  
 βᾶξιν. οὐ γάρ πω πάρος ᾧδ' ἐφοβήθη  
 ναυσιπόρος στρατιά.  
 σοὶ δ', ὑποπτεύων τὸ μέλλον,  
 50 ἦλυθον ἄγγελος, ὡς  
 μήποτε τιν' ἐς ἐμὲ μέμψιν εἶπης.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθες, καίπερ ἀγγέλλων φόβον·  
 ἄνδρες γὰρ ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε νυκτέρῳ πλάτῃ  
 λαθόντες ὄμμα τοῦμόν αἶρεσθαι φυγῆν  
 μέλλουσι· σαίνει μ' ἐννυχος φρυκτωρία.  
 ᾧ δαίμων, ὅστις μ' εὐτυχοῦντ' ἐνόσφισας  
 θοίνης λέοντα, πρὶν τὸν Ἀργείων στρατὸν  
 σύρδην ἅπαντα τῷδ' ἀναλώσαι δορί.  
 † εἰ γὰρ φαενοὶ μὴ ξυνέσχον ἡλίου  
 60 λαμπτήρες, οὐκ ἂν ἔσχον εὐτυχοῦν δόρυ,  
 πρὶν ναῦς πυρῶσαι καὶ διὰ σκηνῶν μολεῖν  
 κτείνων Ἀχαιοὺς τῆδε πολυφόνῳ χερσί.  
 κἀγὼ μὲν ἢ πρόθυμος ἵεναι δόρυ  
 ἐν νυκτὶ χρῆσθαί τ' εὐτυχεῖ ῥύμη θεοῦ·  
 ἀλλ' οἱ σοφοὶ με καὶ τὸ θεῖον εἰδότες  
 μάντεις ἔπεισαν ἡμέρας μῆναι φάος,  
 κᾶπειτ' Ἀχαιῶν μηδέν' ἐν χέρσῳ λιπεῖν.  
 οἱ δ' οὐ μένουσι τῶν ἐμῶν θυοσκόων  
 βουλας· ἐν ὄρφνῃ δραπέτης μέγα σθένει.  
 70 ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα κρηὶ παραγγέλλειν στρατῷ



## RHESUS

### CHORUS

Argos' array is with bale-fires aglow, (Ant.)  
Hector, enkindled the livelong night ;  
And the lines of their galleys with torches are  
bright.

And with tumult to King Agamemnon's tent  
Streaming their warrior-thousands go :  
"Thy behest?" they cry : they are vehement.

Never in such wise heretofore  
Scared was the sea-borne host of the foe.  
So—for I doubted what time hath in store—  
Bearing my tidings to thee I came, 50  
That with thee I be henceforth clear of blame.

### HECTOR

Timely thou com'st, though thou dost herald fear.  
Yon men are minded to flee forth the land  
With darkling oar, escaping so my ken :  
Their beacons of the night flash this to me.  
Ah Fortune, that thou shouldst in triumph's hour  
Rob of his prey the lion, ere my spear  
With one swoop make an end of Argos' host !  
For, had the sun's bright torches not been quenched,  
I had not stayed the triumph of my spear 60  
Ere I had burnt their ships, swept through their  
tents,

Slaying Achaeans with this death-fraught hand.  
Afire was I to press on with the spear  
By night, take heaven-sent fortune at the flood ;  
But your wise seers, which know the mind of God,  
Persuaded me to wait the dawn of day,  
And leave then no Achaean on dry land.  
But the foe—*they* for my soothsayers' rede  
Wait not : in darkness runaways wax in might !  
Swift must we speed our summons through the host 70

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τεύχη πρόχειρα λαμβάνειν λήξαι θ' ὕπνου,  
ὡς ἂν τις αὐτῶν καὶ νεῶν θρόσκων ἐπι  
νώτον χαραχθεὶς κλίμακας ῥάνη φόνῳ,  
οἱ δ' ἐν βρόχοισι δέσμοι λελημημένοι  
Φρυγῶν ἀρούρας ἐκμάθωσι γαπουεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἔκτορ, ταχύνεις πρὶν μαθεῖν τὸ δρώμενον·  
ἄνδρες γὰρ εἰ φεύγουσιν οὐκ ἴσμεν τορῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίς γὰρ πῦρ' αἴθειν πρόφασις Ἀργείων στρατὸν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὑποπτον δ' ἐστὶ κάρτ' ἐμῆ φρενί.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

80 πᾶντ' ἂν φοβηθεὶς ἴσθι, δειμαίνων τὸδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐπω πρὶν ἤψαν πολέμιοι τοσόνδε φῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐδ' ὠδέ γ' αἰσχρῶς ἔπεσον ἐν τροπῇ δορός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σύ ταῦτ' ἔπραξας καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ νῦν σκόπει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἀπλοῦς ἐπ' ἐχθροῖς μῦθος ὀπλίξειν χέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδ' Αἰνέας καὶ μάλα σπουδῆ ποδὸς  
στείχει, νέον τι πράγμ' ἔχων φίλοις φράσαι.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

Ἔκτορ, τί χρήμα νύκτεροι κατὰ στρατὸν  
τὰς σὰς πρὸς εὐνὰς φύλακες ἐλθόντες φόβῳ  
νυκτηγοροῦσι καὶ κекίνηται στρατὸς ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

90 Αἰνέα, πυκάζου τεύχεσιν δέμας σέθεν.

## RHESUS

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

CHORUS

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

HECTOR

Why then should Argos' host set fires ablaze?

CHORUS

I know not: yet mine heart misgives me much.

HECTOR

If this thou dread, then know thyself all fears! 80

CHORUS

Such blaze our foes ne'er kindled heretofore.

HECTOR

Nor ever knew such shameful rout as this.

CHORUS

This *thou* achievest: see thou to the rest.

HECTOR

'Gainst foes one watchword shall suffice—to arm.

CHORUS

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

*Enter AENEAS, DOLON, and others.*

AENEAS

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

HECTOR

Aeneas, in war-harness case thy limbs. 90

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

φεύγουσιν ἄνδρες κάπιβαίνουσιν νεῶν.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

τί τῶνδ' ἂν εἴποις ἀσφαλές τεκμήριον ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

αἶθουσι πᾶσαν νύκτα λαμπάδας πυρός·  
καί μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ μενεῖν ἐς αὔριον,  
ἀλλ' ἐκκέαντες πύρσ' ἐπ' εὐσέλμων νεῶν  
φυγῆ πρὸς οἴκους τῆσδ' ἀφορμήσειν χθονός.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

σύ δ' ὡς τί δράσων πρὸς τὰδ' ὀπλίζει χέρας ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

100 φεύγοντας αὐτοὺς κάπιθρώσκοντας νεῶν  
λόγῃ καθέξω κάπικέισομαι βαρύς·  
αἰσχρὸν γὰρ ἡμῖν καὶ πρὸς αἰσχύνῃ κακὸν  
θεοῦ διδόντος πολεμίους ἄνευ μάχης  
φεύγειν ἔασαι πολλὰ δράσαντας κακά.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

110 εἶθ' ἦσθ' ἀνὴρ εὐβουλος, ὡς δράσαι χερί.  
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντ' ἐπίστασθαι βροτῶν  
πέφυκεν ἄλλω δ' ἄλλο πρόσκειται γέρας,  
σέ μὲν μάχεσθαι, τοὺς δὲ βουλεύειν καλῶς·  
ὅστις πυρὸς λαμπτήρας ἐξήρθης κλύων  
φεύγειν Ἀχαιοὺς, καὶ στρατὸν μέλλεις ἄγειν  
τάφρους ὑπερβάς νυκτὸς ἐν καταστάσει.  
καίτοι περάσας κούλον αὐλώνων βάθος,  
εἰ μὴ κυρήσεις πολεμίους ἀπὸ χθονός  
φεύγοντας, ἀλλὰ σὸν βλέποντας εἰς δόρυ,  
νικώμενος μὲν τήνδε μὴ οὐ μόλῃς πόλιν·

## RHESUS

AENEAS

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

HECTOR

Our enemies flee: even now they board their ships.

AENEAS

What certain proof hereof hast thou to tell?

HECTOR

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

AENEAS

And thou, with what intent dost arm thine hand?

HECTOR

Even as they flee, and leap upon their decks, 100  
My spear shall stay them and mine onset crush.  
Shameful it were, and dastardly withal,  
When God to us gives unresisting foes,  
After such mischiefs wrought to let them flee.

AENEAS

Would that thy prudence matched thy might of  
hand!

So is it: one man cannot be all-wise,  
But diverse gifts to diverse men belong—  
Prowess to thee, to others prudent counsel.  
Thou hear'st of these fire-beacons, leap'st to think  
The Achaeans flee, dost pant to lead thine host 110  
Over the trenches in the hush of night.  
Yet if, the foss's yawning chasm crossed,  
Thou find the foeman not in act to flee  
The land, but set to face thy spear, beware  
Lest, vanquished, thou return not unto Troy.

ΡΗΞΟΣ

πῶς γὰρ περάσει σκόλοπας ἐν τροπῇ στρατός ;  
 πῶς δ' αὖ γεφύρας διαβαλοῦσ' ἵππηλάται,  
 ἦν ἄρα μὴ θραύσαντες ἀντύγων χυόας ;  
 νικῶν δ' ἔφεδρον παῖδ' ἔχεις τὸν Πηλέως,  
 120 ὃς σ' οὐκ ἑάσει ναυσὶν ἐμβαλεῖν φλόγα  
 οὐδ' ᾧδ' Ἀχαιοὺς ὡς δοκεῖς ἀναρπάσαι.  
 αἰθῶν γὰρ ἀνὴρ καὶ πεπύργωται θράσει.  
 ἀλλὰ στρατὸν μὲν ἤσυχον παρ' ἀσπίδας  
 εὔδειν ἐώμεν ἐκ κόπων ἀρειφάτων,  
 κατάσκοπον δὲ πολεμίῳ, ὃς ἂν θέλῃ,  
 πέμπειν δοκεῖ μοι· κἂν μὲν αἴρωνται φυγῆν,  
 στείχοντες ἐμπέσωμεν Ἀργείων στρατῶ·  
 εἰ δ' εἰς δόλον τιν' ἦδ' ἄγει φρυκτωρία,  
 μαθόντες ἐχθρῶν μηχανὰς κατασκόπου  
 130 βουλευσόμεσθα· τήνδ' ἔχω γνώμην, ἀναξ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάδε δοκεῖ, τάδε μεταθέμενος νόει. στρ.  
 σφαλερὰ δ' οὐ φιλῶ στρατηγῶν κράτη.  
 τί γὰρ ἄμεινον ἢ  
 ταχυβάταν νεῶν κατόπταν μολεῖν  
 πέλας ὃ τί ποτ' ἄρα δαίοις  
 πυρὰ κατ' ἀντίπρωρα ναυστάθμων δαίεται ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

νικᾷτ', ἐπειδὴ πᾶσι ἀνδάνει τάδε.  
 στείχων δὲ κοῖμα συμμάχους· τάχ' ἂν στρατὸς  
 κινῶιτ' ἀκούσας νυκτέρους ἐκκλησίας.  
 140 ἐγὼ δὲ πέμψω πολεμίῳ κατάσκοπον.  
 κἂν μὲν τιν' ἐχθρῶν μηχανὴν πυθόμεθα,  
 σὺ πάντ' ἀκούσει καὶ παρῶν εἴσει λόγους·  
 εἰ δ' ἀπαίρωσ' εἰς φυγῆν ὀρμώμενοι,  
 168

## RHESUS

How shall we pass in rout their palisades?  
 How shall thy charioteers the causeways cross  
 And shatter not the axles of the cars?  
 Though victor, thou must still meet Peleus' son,  
 Who will not suffer thee to fire the ships, 120  
 Nor take the Achaeans captive, as thou hopest—  
 That man of fire, in valour a very tower.  
 Nay, leave we sleeping under shield in peace  
 Our host, at rest from travail of the strife.  
 I counsel, send to spy upon the foe  
 Whoso will go, and, if they purpose flight,  
 Forth let us charge, and fall on Argos' host.  
 But if these beacons lure us to a snare,  
 We from the spy our foes' devices learn,  
 And so confer : this is my mind, O King. 130

### CHORUS

(Str.)

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

### HECTOR

So be it, since ye all be in one mind.  
 Go, still our allies : haply shall the host,  
 Hearing of our night-council, be aroused.  
 I will send one to spy upon the foe. 140  
 If aught we learn of any stratagem,  
 Thou shalt hear all, shalt know and share our counsel.  
 But if now flightward they be hastening,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

σάλπιγγος αὐδὴν προσδοκῶν καταδόκει,  
ὡς οὐ μενοῦντά μ'· ἀλλὰ προσμίξω νεῦν  
ὀλκοῖσι νυκτὸς τῆσδ' ἐπ' Ἀργείων στρατῶ.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

πέμφ' ὡς τάχιστα· νῦν γὰρ ἀσφαλῶς φρονεῖς.  
σὺν σοὶ δ' ἔμ' ὄψει καρτεροῦνθ' ὅσ' ἂν δέη.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

150 τίς δῆτα Τρώων οἱ πάρεισιν ἐν λόγῳ  
θέλει κατόπτης ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν ;  
τίς ἂν γένοιτο τῆσδε γῆς εὐεργέτης ;  
τίς φησιν ; οὔτοι πάντ' ἐγὼ δυνήσομαι  
πόλει πατρώα συμμάχοις θ' ὑπηρετεῖν.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἐγὼ πρὸ γαίας τόνδε κίνδυνον θέλω  
ρίψας κατόπτης ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,  
καὶ πάντ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐκμαθῶν βουλευήματα  
ἤξω· πῖ τούτοις τούδ' ὑφίσταμαι πόνου.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

160 ἐπόνυμος μὲν κάρτα καὶ φιλόπτολις  
Δόλων· πατὴρ δὲ καὶ πρὶν εὐκλεᾶ δόμον  
νῦν δις τόσῳ τέθεικας εὐκλεέστερον.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐκοῦν πονεῖν μὲν χρή, πονοῦντα δ' ἄξιον  
μισθὸν φέρεσθαι. παντὶ γὰρ προκείμενον  
κέρδος πρὸς ἔργῳ τὴν χάριν τίκτει διπλῆν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐ σῆς ἐρώμεν πολιοχου τυραννίδος.



## RHESUS

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

AENEAS

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

HECTOR

Who of you Trojans present at our speech  
Consents to go, a spy on Argos' fleet? 150  
Who will be benefactor of this land?  
Who answers?—not in everything can I  
My native city and her allies serve.

DOLON

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

HECTOR

Well-named art thou, O lover of thy land,  
Dolon : thy sire's house, glorious heretofore,  
Is now of thee made doubly glorious. 160

DOLON

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

HECTOR

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

DOLON

Thy burden of royalty I covet not.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ γήμας Πριαμιδῶν γαμβρὸς γενοῦ.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐκ ἐξ ἔμαντοῦ μειζόνων γαμεῖν θέλω.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρυσὸς πάρεστιν, εἰ τόδ' αἰτήσῃ γέρας.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

170 ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἐν οἴκοις· οὐ βίου σπανίζομεν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα χρήζεις ὧν κέκευθεν Ἴλιον ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἔλων Ἀχαιοὺς δῶρά μοι ξυναίεσον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

δώσω· σὺ δ' αἴτει πλὴν στρατηλάτας νεῶν.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

κτεῖν', οὐ σ' ἀπαιτῶ Μενέλεω σχέσθαι χέρα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐ μὴν τὸν Οἰλεως παῖδά μ' ἐξαιτεῖς λαβεῖν ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

κακαὶ γεωργεῖν χεῖρες εὖ τεθραμμέναι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίν' οὖν Ἀχαιῶν ζῶντ' ἀποινᾶσθαι θέλεις ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

καὶ πρόσθεν εἶπον· ἔστι χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ μὴν λαφύρων γ' αὐτὸς αἰρήσῃ παρών.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

180 θεοῖσιν αὐτὰ πασσάλευε πρὸς δόμους.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα μείζον τῶνδέ μ' αἰτήσῃ γέρας ;

## RHESUS

HECTOR

A child of Priam wed, become my kinsman.

DOLON

No bride for me of folk too high for me !

HECTOR

Ready lies gold, if thou wilt ask this meed.

DOLON

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

170

HECTOR

What wouldst thou then of treasures Ilium hoards ?

DOLON

Pledge me my gift, if thou destroy the foe.

HECTOR

I will deny naught—save their captive chiefs.

DOLON

Slay them : not Menelaus' life I ask.

HECTOR

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

DOLON

Ill at field-toil be dainty-nurtured hands.

HECTOR

Whom of the Greeks wouldst hold to ransom then ?

DOLON

Erewhile I said it—gold my halls lack not.

HECTOR

Then come, and of the spoils make choice thyself.

DOLON

These to the Gods hang thou on temple-walls.

180

HECTOR

What greater guerdon canst thou ask than these ?

173

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἵππους Ἀχιλλέως· χρῆ δ' ἐπ' ἀξίοις πονεῖν  
ψυχὴν προβάλλουτ' ἐν κύβοισι δαίμονος.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ μὴν ἐρῶντί γ' ἀντερᾶς ἵππων ἐμοί·  
ἐξ ἀφθίτων γὰρ ἄφθιτοι πεφυκότες  
τὸν Πηλέως φέρουσι θούριον γόνον  
δίδωσι δ' αὐτοὺς πωλοδαμνήσας ἀναξ  
Πηλεῖ Ποσειδῶν, ὡς λέγουσι, πόντιος.  
ἀλλ' οὐ σ' ἐπάρας ψεύσομαι· δώσω δέ σοι  
190 κάλλιστον οἴκοις κτήμ' Ἀχιλλέως ὄχον.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

αἰνῶ λαβὼν δέ φημι κάλλιστον Φρυγῶν  
δῶρον δέχεσθαι τῆς ἐμῆς εὐσπλαγχνίας.  
σέ δ' οὐ φθονεῖν χρῆ· μυρὶ ἔστιν ἄλλα σοί,  
ἐφ' οἷσι τέρψει τῆσδ' ἀριστεύων χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέγας ἀγών, μεγάλα δ' ἐπινοεῖς ἐλεῖν· ἀντ.  
μακάριός γε μὴν κυρήσας ἔσει.  
πόνος ὄδ' εὐκλεής·  
μέγα δὲ κοιράνοισι γαμβρὸν πέλειν.  
τὰ θεόθεν ἐπιδέτω Δίκα,  
200 τὰ δὲ παρ' ἀνδράσιν τέλειά σοι φαίνεται.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

στείχοιμ' ἂν ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς δόμους ἐφέστιος  
σκευῆ προπόντως σῶμ' ἐμὸν καθάψομαι,  
κύκειθεν ἦσω ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων πόδα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἶπ' εἴ τιw' ἄλλην ἀντὶ τῆσδ' ἔξεις στολήν.

## RHESUS

DOLON

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

HECTOR

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

190

DOLON

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

[Exit HECTOR.

CHORUS

(Ant.)

Great thine emprise is, and great the reward thou dost  
claim ; [shalt thou know.

So thou may'st but attain thereunto, high bliss  
Verily this thine adventure is fraught with fame.

Yet, to wed with a princess !—glory had this been,  
I trow.

For the God's part, even let Justice look to the same :

But for men—never guerdon more perfect may man  
bestow.

200

DOLON

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

CHORUS

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

175



## RHESUS

DOLON

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

CHORUS

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

DOLON

Over my back a wolfskin will I draw,  
And the brute's gaping jaws shall frame mine head :  
Its forefeet will I fasten to mine hands, 210  
Its legs to mine : the wolf's four-footed gait  
I'll mimic, baffling so our enemies,  
While near the trench and pale of ships I am :  
But whenso to a lone spot come my feet,  
Two-footed will I walk : my ruse is this.

CHORUS

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

DOLON

Return I shall, with slain Odysseus' head  
To show thee,—when thou hast this token sure, 220  
“Dolon,” shalt thou say, “reached the Argive  
ships,”—  
Or Tydeus' son's head. Not with bloodless hand  
Will I win home ere dawn rise o'er the earth.

[Exit.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

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

177

ΡΗΣΟΣ

καὶ γενοῦ σωτήριος ἀνέρι πομπᾶς  
 230 ἀγεμῶν καὶ ξύλλαβε Δαρδανίδαῖς,  
 ὦ παγκρατές, ὦ Τροίας  
 τείχη παλαιὰ δείμας.

μόλοι δὲ ναυκλήρια, καὶ στρατιᾶς ἀντ. α'  
 Ἑλλάδος διόπτας  
 ἴκοιτο, καὶ κάμψειε πάλιν θυμέλας οἴκων πατρὸς  
 Ἰλιάδας.

Φθιάδων δ' ἵππων ποτ' ἐπ' ἄντυγι βαίῃ,  
 δεσπότην πέρσαντος Ἀχαιῶν Ἄρη,  
 240 τὰς πόντιος Αἰακίδα  
 Πηλεὶ δίδωσι δαίμων.

ἐπεὶ πρό τ' οἴκων πρό τε γᾶς ἔτλα μόνος στρ. β'  
 ναύσταθμα βὰς κατιδεῖν ἄγαμαι  
 λήματος· ἦ σπανία  
 τῶν ἀγαθῶν, ὅταν ἦ  
 δυσάλιον ἐν πελάγει καὶ σαλεύῃ  
 250 πόλις· ἔστι Φρυγῶν τις ἔστιν ἄλκιμος·  
 ἐνὶ δὲ θράσος ἐν αἰχμᾷ· ποτὶ Μυσῶν, ὃς ἐμὰν  
 συμμαχίαν ἀτίξει.

τίν' ἄνδρ' Ἀχαιῶν ὁ πεδοστιβῆς σφαγεὺς ἀντ. β'  
 οὐτάσει ἐν κλισίαις, τετραπουν  
 μῖμον ἔχων ἐπὶ γᾶν  
 θηρός; ἔλοι Μενέλαν,  
 κτανῶν δ' Ἀγαμεμνόνιον κρατ' ἐνέγκοι  
 280 Ἐλένα κακόγαμβρον ἐς χέρας γόου,  
 ὃς ἐπὶ πόλιν, ὃς ἐς γᾶν Τροίαν χιλιόναυον ἤλυθ'  
 ἔχων στρατείαν.



## RHESUS

To our hero's perilous mission be guide and saviour,  
 and O maintain, 230  
 Almighty helper, our cause, who of old didst the  
 ramparts of Troy uprear.

(*Ant.* 1)

May he win to the galleys and enter the host of Hellas,  
 and spy out their deeds,  
 And home return to the altars that burn in his father's  
 halls unto thee :  
 And, when Hector hath harried Achaea's array, may  
 he drive the Phthian steeds,  
 The steeds that on Peleus, Aeacus' son, were bestowed  
 by the Lord of the Sea. 240

(*Str.* 2)

Forasmuch as for home and for fatherland alone he  
 hath dared to go [of the Hellene ships,  
 Thither, and gaze on the fenced place, on the camp  
 His hardihood I extol,—of such heroes but few shall  
 be found, I trow, [state's prow heavily dips.  
 When the sun in the sea sinks stormily, and the  
 There is, there is mid the Phrygians found a hero !—  
 our prowess shall glow 250  
 Mid the clash of the spears :—at our help who sneers,  
 save the envious Mysian lips ?

(*Ant.* 2)

What chieftain Achæan shall he, as with death in his  
 hand he prowls to and fro, [earth he steals,  
 As in shape of a brute of fourfold foot o'er the darkling  
 Stab mid the tents ? May he slay Menelaus, and lay  
 Agamemnon low, [her shriek outpeals,  
 Yea, bear the head of the war-king dead, and, loud as  
 Lay it in Helen's hands—the head of her kinsman who 260  
 worked us woe, [array of a thousand keels.  
 Who sailed to the strand of Troy's fair land with

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἄναξ, τοιούτων δεσπόταισιν ἄγγελος  
εἶην τὸ λοιπὸν οἷά σοι φέρω μαθεῖν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἦ πόλλ' ἀγρώσταις σκαιὰ πρόσκειται φρενί·  
καὶ γὰρ σὺ ποίμνας δεσπόταις τευχεςφόροις  
ἤκειν ἕοικας ἀγγελῶν ἔν' οὐ πρόπει.

270

οὐκ οἶσθα δῶμα τούμῃν ἢ θρόνους πατρός,  
οἷ χρῆν γεγωνεῖν σ' εὐτυχοῦντα ποίμνια;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σκαιοὶ βοτῆρές ἐσμεν· οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.  
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἤσσόν σοι φέρω κεδνοὺς λόγους.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

παῦσαθ' λέγων μοι τὰς προσαυλείους τύχας·  
μάχας πρὸ χειρῶν καὶ δόρη βαστάζομεν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τοιαῦτα κἀγὼ σημανῶν ἐλήλυθα·  
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἀρχῆς μυρίας στρατηλατῶν  
στείχει φίλος σοὶ σύμμαχος τε τῆδε γῆ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ποίας πατρώας γῆς ἐρημώσας πέδου;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Θρηκῆς· πατρός δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκειται.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

280

Ῥῆσον τιθέντ' ἔλεξας ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἔγνωσ· λόγου δὲ δις τόσου μ' ἐκούφισας.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ πῶς πρὸς Ἰδῆς ὀργάδας πορεύεται,  
πλαγχθεὶς πλατείας πεδιάδος θ' ἀμαξιτοῦ;

180

## RHESUS

*Re-enter* HECTOR. *Enter* SHEPHERD *as messenger.*

SHEPHERD

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

HECTOR

Dull-witted oft the spirits are of clowns.  
Thou com'st, meseems, to place that ill befits,  
With tidings of thy flocks to warring lords.  
Know'st not my mansion, nor my father's throne ?  
Thither shouldst thou bear word of flocks' increase. 270

SHEPHERD

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

HECTOR

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

SHEPHERD

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

HECTOR

Leaving what country's plains untenanted ?

SHEPHERD

Thrace : and he bears the name of Strymon's son.

HECTOR

Rhesus ! Doth *he* set foot in Troy, say'st thou ? 280

SHEPHERD

Even so : thou lightenest half my speech's load.

HECTOR

Why journeyeth he to Ida's pasture-lands,  
Swerving from yon broad highway o'er the plain ?

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

## ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἀκριβῶς, εἰκάσαι γε μὴν πάρα.  
 νυκτὸς γὰρ οὔτι φαῦλον ἐμβαλεῖν στρατόν,  
 κλύοντα πλήρη πεδία πολεμίας χειρός.  
 φόβον δ' ἀγρώσταις, οἱ κατ' Ἰδαῖον λέπας  
 οἰκοῦμεν αὐτόρριζον ἐστίαν χθονός,  
 παρέσχε δρυμὸν νυκτὸς ἔνθηρον μολῶν.  
 290 πολλῇ γὰρ ἤχη Ἐθρήκιος ῥέων στρατὸς  
 ἔστειχε· θάμβει δ' ἐκπλαγέντες ἴμεν  
 ποίμνας πρὸς ἄκρας, μὴ τις Ἀργείων μόλη  
 λεηλατήσων καὶ σὰ πορθήσων σταθμά,  
 πρὶν δὴ δι' ὠτων γῆρυν οὐχ Ἑλληνικὴν  
 ἐδεξάμεσθα καὶ μετέστημεν φόβου.  
 στείχων δ' ἀνακτος προυξερευνητὰς ὁδοῦ  
 ἀνιστόρησα Ἐθρηκίους προσφθέγμασι,  
 τίς ὁ στρατηγὸς καὶ τίνος κεκλημένος  
 300 στείχει πρὸς ἄστν Πριαμίδαισι σύμμαχος.  
 καὶ πάντ' ἀκλύσας ὦν ἐφίεμν μαθεῖν,  
 ἔστην· ὁρῶ δὲ Ῥῆσον ὥστε δαίμονα  
 ἐστῶτ' ἐν ἰππέοισι Ἐθρηκίους ὄχοις.  
 χρυσῇ δὲ πλάστιγξ ἀνχένα ζυγηφόρον  
 πῶλων ἔκλθε χιόνος ἐξανγεστέρων.  
 πέλτης δ' ἐπ' ὤμων χρυσοκόλλητος τύπος  
 ἔλαμπε· Γοργῶν δ' ὡς ἀπ' αἰγίδος θεᾶς  
 χαλκῇ μετώποις ἰππικοῖσι πρόσδετος  
 πολλοῖσι σὺν κώδωσι ἐκτύπει φόβον.  
 στρατοῦ δὲ πλῆθος οὐδ' ἂν ἐν ψήφου λόγφ  
 310 θέσθαι δύναί' ἂν, ὡς ἄπλατον ἦν ἰδεῖν,  
 πολλοὶ μὲν ἰππῆς, πολλὰ πελταστῶν τέλη,  
 πολλοὶ δ' ἀτράκτων τοξόται, πολὺς δ' ὄχλος  
 γυμνῆς ὀμαρτῆ, Ἐθρηκίαν ἔχων στολήν.  
 τοιοῦσδε Τροία σύμμαχος πάρεστ' ἀνήρ,

## RHESUS

### SHEPHERD

I know not certainly : one may divine.  
Wise strategy was his to march by night,  
Hearing how foeman-bands beset the plains.  
Yet us, the hinds who dwell on Ida's slopes,  
The immemorial cradle of your race,  
His night-faring through woods beast-haunted  
scared.

For with loud shouts the on-surgng Thracian host 290  
Marched ; and in panic-struck amaze we drove  
Our flocks to ridges, lest of the Argives some  
Were drawing nigh, to harry and to spoil  
Thy folds, till accents fell upon our ears  
Of no Greek tongue, and so we ceased from dread.  
Then, drawing nigh, their chieftain's vanward  
scouts

I questioned in the Thracian speech, and asked  
Who and whose son their captain was, that marched  
Troyward, as war-ally to Priam's sons.  
And, having heard whate'er I craved to know, 300  
I stood still, and saw Rhesus, like a God,  
Towering upon his Thracian battle-wain.  
Golden the yoke-beam was that linked the necks  
Of car-steeds gleaming whiter than the snow.  
Upon his shoulders his gold-blazoned targe  
Flashed : a bronze Gorgon, as on Pallas' shield,  
Upon the frontlet of his horses bound,  
Clanging with many a bell clashed forth dismay.  
The number of his host thou couldst not sum  
In strict account—eye could not measure it. 310  
Many a knight, long lines of targeteers,  
And archers multitudinous, and a swarm  
Of dartmen passed, accoutred Thracian-wise.  
Such warrior is at hand for Troy's ally

ΡΗΣΟΣ

δν οὔτε φεύγων οὔθ' ὑποσταθεὶς δορὶ  
ὁ Πηλέως παῖς ἐκφυγεῖν δυνήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅταν πολίταις εὐσταθῶσι δαίμονες,  
ἔρπει κατάντης συμφορὰ πρὸς τάγαθά.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

320 πολλούς, ἐπειδὴ τοῦμὸν εὐτυχεὶ δόρυ  
καὶ Ζεὺς πρὸς ἡμῶν ἔστιν, εὐρήσω φίλους.  
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῶν δεόμεθ', οἵτινες πάλαι  
μὴ ξυμπονοῦσιν, ἠνίκ' ἐξώστης Ἄρης  
ἔθραυε λαίφη τῆσδε γῆς μέγας πνέων.  
Ῥῆσος δ' ἔδειξεν οἶος ἦν Τροία φίλος·  
ἦκει γὰρ εἰς δαῖτ', οὐ παρῶν κυνηγέταις  
αἰροῦσι λείαν οὐδὲ συγκαμῶν δορὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρθῶς ἀτίξεις ἀπίμομφος εἰ φίλους·  
δέχου δὲ τοὺς θέλοντας ὠφελεῖν πόλιν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἀρκοῦμεν οἱ σφύζοντες Ἴλιον πάλαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

330 πέποιθας ἤδη πολεμίους ἤρηκέναί ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πέποιθα· δείξει τοῦπιὸν σέλας θεοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄρα τὸ μέλλον· πόλλ' ἀναστρέφει θεός.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μισῶ φίλοισιν ὕστερον βοηδρομεῖν.  
ὁ δ' οὖν ἐπεὶ περ ἦλθε, σύμμαχος μὲν οὐ,  
ξένος δὲ πρὸς τράπεζαν ἠκέτω ξένων·  
χάρις γὰρ αὐτῷ Πριαμιδῶν διώλετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, ἀπωθεῖν συμμάχους ἐπίφθονον.

## RHESUS

As Peleus' son shall not prevail to escape,  
Fleeing or biding onset of the spear.

CHORUS

When to our burghers heaven lends present aid,  
Down-gliding to success fleets Fortune's stream.

HECTOR

Ha, many a friend shall I find, now my spear  
Is triumphing, and Zeus is on our side !  
But need we have none of such as in days past  
Shared not our toil, when Ares buffeting  
With mighty blast was rending this land's sails.  
Then Rhesus showed what friend he was to Troy.  
To the feast he comes, who came not to the hunters  
With help of spear, what time they took the prey.

320

CHORUS

Rightly dost thou condemn and blame such friends :  
Yet welcome them that fain would help our Troy.

HECTOR

Enough are we, who warded Ilium long.

CHORUS

Art sure thou hast even now destroyed the foe ?

330

HECTOR

Sure: this the splendour of coming dawn shall prove.

CHORUS

Beware the future : oft doth fortune veer.

HECTOR

I hate to come with help to friends o'erlate :—  
Yet, since he hath come, not as our ally,  
But guest, unto our table let him come.  
The sons of Priam owe no thanks to him.

CHORUS

King, hate were bred of allies thrust away.

185

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

φόβος γένοιτ' ἂν πολεμίοις ὀφθεῖς μόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ τ' εὖ παραινεῖς καὶ σὺ καιρίως σκοπεῖς.  
 340 ὁ χρυσοτευχῆς δ' οὐνεκ' ἀγγέλου λόγῳ  
 Ῥῆσος παρέσται τῆδε σύμμαχος χθονί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

\* Ἀδράστεια μὲν ἅ Διὸς παῖς  
 εἴργοι στομάτων φθόνον  
 φράσω γὰρ δὴ ὅσον μοι  
 ψυχᾷ προσφιλές ἐστὶν εἰπεῖν.  
 ἦκεις, ὦ ποταμοῦ παῖ,  
 ἦκεις, ἐπλάθης Φρυγίαν πρὸς αὐλὰν  
 ἀσπαστός, ἐπεὶ σε χρόνῳ  
 Πιερίς μάτηρ ὅ τε καλλιγέφυ-  
 350 ρος ποταμὸς πορεύει

στρ. α'

Στρυμών, ὅς ποτε τὰς μελωδοῦ  
 Μούσας δι' ἀκηράτων  
 δινηθεῖς ὑδροειδῆς  
 κόλπων σὰν ἐφύτευσεν ἦβαν.  
 σὺ μοι Ζεὺς ὁ φαναῖος  
 ἦκεις διφρεῦων βαλῆασι πώλοισ.  
 νῦν, ὦ πατὴρ ὦ Φρυγία,  
 ξὺν θεῷ νῦν σοι τὸν ἐλευθέριον  
 Ζῆνα πάρεστιν ἄδειν.

ἀντ. α

360 ἄρά ποτ' αὐθις ἅ παλαιὰ  
 Τροία τοὺς προπύλας παναμερεύσει  
 θιάσους ἐρώτων  
 ψαλμοῖσι καὶ κυλίκῳ οἴνοπλανήτοις  
 ἐπιδεξίαις ἀμύλλαις,

στρ. β'



## RHESUS

### SHEPHERD

His mere appearing should dismay our foes.

### HECTOR

Well counsell'est thou—thou too dost see aright. 340  
This golden-mailed Rhesus then shall come,  
According to thy word, our land's ally.

### CHORUS

Nemesis, child of the Highest, (Str. 1)  
My lips from presumption refrain;  
For the thoughts to mine heart that are nighest  
Shall ring through my pæan-strain.  
Thou hast come, O River-god's son, to our land!  
Welcome to Phrygia's palace-gate,  
Whom thy mother Pierian hath sent so late  
From the river with goodly bridges spanned, 350

Even Strymon, whose waterbreaks eddied (*Ant.* 1)  
'Twixt the breasts of the Queen of Song,  
That the maid with the River-god wedded  
Bare thee, young champion and strong.  
Thou art come to me, manifest Zeus, borne high  
O'er thy silver-flecked horses! O fatherland  
mine,  
Lo, Phrygia, a saviour!—acclaim him for thine  
By the Gods' grace:—"Zeus my deliverer!" cry.

Shall she ever again, our ancient Troy, (Str. 2) 360  
See the sun go down on the revel's joy,  
While the songs that extol sweet love are pealing,  
While feaster to feaster the wine-challenge crieth,  
As circles the cup, and the brain is reeling,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

κατὰ πόντου Ἀτρεϊδῶν  
 Σπάρταν οἰχομένων Ἰλιάδος παρ' ἀκτᾶς ;  
 ὦ φίλος, εἶθε μοι  
 σῆ χερὶ καὶ σῶ δορὶ πρά-  
 ξας τὰδ' ἐς οἶκον ἔλθοις.

- 370 ἐλθέ, φάνηθι, τὰν ζάχρυσον ἀντ. β'  
 Πηλείδα προβαλοῦ κατ' ὄμμα πέλταν  
 δοχμίαν πεδαίρων  
 σχιστὰν παρ' ἀντυγα, πῶλους ἐρεθίζων  
 δίβολόν τ' ἄκοντα πάλλων.  
 σὲ γὰρ οὔτις ὑποστάς  
 Ἀργείας ποτ' ἐν Ἦρας δαπέδοις χορεύσει·  
 ἀλλὰ νιν ἄδε γᾶ  
 καταφθίμενον Ἰθηκὶ μόρφῳ  
 φίλτατον ἄχθος οἴσει.

- 380 ἰὼ ἰὼ.  
 μέγας ὦ βασιλεῦ, καλόν, ὦ Ἰθηκῆ,  
 σκύμνον ἔθρεψας πολίταρχον ἰδεῖν.  
 ἴδε χρυσόδετον σώματος ἀλκήν,  
 κλυε καὶ κόμπους κωδωνοκρότους,  
 παρὰ πορπάκων κελαδοῦντας.  
 θεός, ὦ Τροία, θεὸς αὐτὸς Ἄρης,  
 ὁ Στρυμόνιος πῶλος ἀοιδοῦ  
 Μούσης ἦκων καταπνεῖ σε.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

- χαῖρ', ἐσθλὸς ἐσθλοῦ παῖ, τύραννε τῆσδε γῆς,  
 Ἐκτορ· παλαιᾶ σ' ἡμέρα προσενέπω.  
 390 χαίρω δέ σ' εὐτυχοῦντα καὶ προσήμενον  
 πύργοισιν ἐχθρῶν· συγκατασκάψων δ' ἐγὼ  
 τείχη πάρειμι καὶ νεῶν πρήσων σκάφη.

## RHESUS

While the Atræids' sail o'er the dark sea flieth  
 From Troy low down in the offing that lieth?  
 O friend, mayest thou with thine arm and thy spear  
 To help me in this my need appear,  
 And return safe home from thy glory here!

Come thou, appear, thy buckler upraise :      (*Ant.* 2) 370  
 Be its gold-sheen flashed in Achilles' face  
 As it gleameth athwart the chariot-railing,  
 As thou speedest thy steeds on thunderous-prancing  
 At the foe from thy spear's forked lightning  
 quailing.  
 None, who hath braved thee in fury advancing,  
 Upon Argive lawn unto Hera dancing  
 Shall stand, but here shall the corpse of him slain  
 Lie, by the Thracians' doom of bane,  
 To cumber the soil of its load full fain.

*Enter RHESUS in his chariot, with Thracian guard.*

Hail, great King, hail!—O Thrace, of thy scions      380  
 The glory is this—true prince to behold!  
 Mark ye the strong limbs lapped in gold:  
 Heard ye the bells clash proud defiance,  
 As their tongues from his buckler-handles tolled?  
 'Tis a God, Troy! Ares' self is there,  
 This Strymon's son, whom the Song-queen bare!  
 Bringing times of refreshing to thee doth he fare.

### RHESUS

Brave son of brave sire, prince of this land, hail,  
 Hector! I greet thee after many days.  
 I joy in thy good speed, who see thee camped      390  
 Nigh the foes' towers. I come to help thee raze  
 Their ramparts, and to fire their galleys' hulls.

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

## ΕΚΤΩΡ

- παῖ τῆς μελφοῦ μητέρος Μουσῶν μᾶς  
 Ὀρηκός τε ποταμοῦ Στρυμόνος, φιλῶ λέγειν  
 τάληθές ἀεὶ κού διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.  
 πάλαι πάλαι χροὴν τῆδε συγκάμνειν χθονὶ  
 ἐλθόντα, καὶ μὴ τοῦπὶ σ' Ἀργείων ὑπο  
 Τροίαν ἔασαι πολεμίων πεσεῖν δορί.  
 οὐ γάρ τι λέξεις ὡς ἄκλητος ὢν φίλοις  
 400 οὐκ ἤλθες οὐδ' ἤμυνας οὐδ' ἐπεστράφης.  
 τίς γάρ σε κῆρυξ ἢ γερουσία Φρυγῶν  
 ἐλθοῦσ' ἀμύνειν οὐκ ἐπέσκηψεν πόλει ;  
 ποίων δὲ δῶρων κόσμον οὐκ ἐπέμψαμεν ;  
 σὺ δ' ἐγγενῆς ὢν βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρους  
 Ἕλλησιν ἡμᾶς προὔπιες τὸ σὸν μέρος.  
 καίτοι σε μικρᾶς ἐκ τυραννίδος μέγαν  
 Ὀρηκῶν ἀνακτα τῆδ' ἔθηκ' ἐγὼ χερσί,  
 ὅτ' ἀμφὶ Πάγγαιόν τε Παιόνων τε γῆν  
 Ὀρηκῶν ἀρίστοις ἐμπεσὼν κατὰ στόμα  
 410 ἔρρηξα πέλτην, σοὶ δὲ δουλώσας λεῶν  
 παρέσχον· ὢν σὺ λακτίσας πολλὴν χάριν,  
 φίλων νοσοῦντων ὕστερος βοήδρομεῖς.  
 οἱ δ' οὐδὲν ἡμῖν ἐν γένει<sup>1</sup> πεφυκότες,  
 πάλαι παρόντες, οἱ μὲν ἐν χωστοῖς τάφοις  
 κείνται πεσόντες, πίστις οὐ σμικρὰ πόλει,  
 οἱ δ' ἐν θ' ὄπλοισι καὶ παρ' ἵππείοις ὄχοις  
 ψυχρὰν ἄησιω δίψιόν τε πῦρ θεοῦ  
 μένουσι καρτεροῦντες, οὐκ ἐν δεμνίοις  
 πυκνὴν ἄμυστιν ὡς σὺ δεξιούμενοι.  
 420 ταῦθ', ὡς ἂν εἰδῆς Ἔκτορ' ὄντ' ἐλεύθερον,  
 καὶ μέμφομαί σοι καὶ λέγω κατ' ὄμμα σόν.

<sup>1</sup> Valckenaer and Paley : for ἐγγενεῖς of MSS.

## RHESUS

HECTOR

Son of the Songful Mother, of the Muse,  
And Thracian Strymon's flood, I love to speak  
The truth : no man am I of double tongue.  
Long, long since shouldest thou have come to aid  
This land, nor suffered, for all help of thine,  
That Troy should stoop 'neath spears of Argive foes.  
Thou canst not say thou cam'st not to thy friends,  
Nor visitedst for their help, for lack of bidding. 400  
What Phrygian herald, or what ambassage,  
Came not with instant prayer for help to Troy ?  
What splendour of gifts did we not send to thee ?  
Alien from Greece as we, our countryman,  
To Greeks didst thou betray us, all thou couldst.  
Yet thee from petty lordship made I great,  
Yea, king of all the Thracians, with this arm,  
When round Pangaeus and Paeonia's land  
In battle-brunt on Thracian chiefs I fell,  
Shattered their shield, and gave their folk to thee 410  
In thrall. This grace thou hast trodden under foot,  
And laggard com'st to help afflicted friends,  
While they that are in no wise kin to us  
Have long been here ; and some in grave-mounds lie  
Slain,—no mean loyalty to our city this,—  
Some yet in arms beside their battle-cars  
Abide, enduring hardness—chilly blast  
And the sun's glare throat-parching, not on beds,  
Like thee, with pledge of many a long deep  
draught.  
Thus, that thou may'st know Hector's plain blunt  
mood, 420  
I blame thee and I speak it to thy face.

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

τοιοῦτός εἰμι καὐτός, εὐθείαν λόγων  
 τέμνων κέλευθον, κοῦ διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ μείζον ἢ σὺ τῆσδ' ὑπῶν χθονὸς  
 λύπη πρὸς ἦπαρ δυσφορῶν ἐτειρόμην·  
 ἀλλ' ἀγχιτέρμων γαῖά μοι, Σκύθης λεῴς,  
 μέλλουσι νόστον τὸν πρὸς Ἴλιον περᾶν  
 ξυνῆψε πόλεμον· Εὐξένου δ' ἀφικόμην  
 πόντου πρὸς ἄκτάς, Θρήκα πορθμεῦσαι στρατόν.  
 430 ἔνθ' αἱματηρὸς πέλανος ἐς γαῖαν Σκύθης  
 ἠντλείτο λόγχῃ, Θρήξ τε συμμιγῆς φόνος.

τοιάδε τοί μ' ἀπεῖργε συμφορὰ πέδον  
 Τροίας ἰκέσθαι σύμμαχόν τέ σοι μολεῖν.  
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἔπερσα, τῶνδ' ὀμηρεύσας τέκνα,  
 τάξας ἔτειον δασμὸν εἰς δόμους φέρειν,  
 ἦκω περάσας ναυσὶ πόντιον στόμα,  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα πεζὸς γῆς περῶν ὀρίσματα,  
 οὐχ ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς τὰς ἐμὰς ἀμύστιδας,  
 οὐδ' ἐν ζαχρύσοις δώμασιν κοιμώμενος,  
 440 ἀλλ' οἶα πόντον Θρηκίον φυσημάτα  
 κρυσταλλόπηκτα Παίονάς τ' ἐπεζάρει,  
 ξὺν τοῖσδ' ἄνπνος οἶδα τλὰς πορπάμασιν.

ἀλλ' ὕστερος μὲν ἦλθον, ἐν καιρῷ δ' ὄμως·  
 σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἤδη δέκατον αἰχμάξεις ἔτος  
 κοῦδὲν περαίνεις, ἡμέραν δ' ἐξ ἡμέρας  
 ρίπτεις κυβεύων τὸν πρὸς Ἀργείους Ἄρην·  
 ἐμοὶ δὲ φῶς ἐν ἡλίῳ καταρκέσει  
 πέρσαντι πύργους ναυστάθμοις ἐπεισπεσεῖν  
 κτεῖναί τ' Ἀχαιοῦς· θατέρα δ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου  
 450 πρὸς οἶκον εἰμι, συντεμῶν τοὺς σοὺς πόνους.  
 ὑμῶν δὲ μή τις ὑσπιδ' ἄρηται χερί·

## RHESUS

### RHESUS

Even such am I : no devious track of words  
I follow : no man I of double tongue.  
I for my absence from this land was vexed,  
Chafing with grief of heart, far more than thou.  
But Scythia's folk, whose frontiers march with  
mine,  
Even as I set forward, Troyward bound,  
Fell on me, even as I reached the shores  
Of Euxine, with my Thracian host to cross.  
There upon Scythia's soil great blood-gouts dripped 430  
From spears, of Thracian slaughter blent with  
Scythian.

Such was the chance that barred my journeying  
To Troyland's plains to be thy battle-aid.  
I smote them, took their sons for hostages,  
Set them a yearly tribute to my house,  
Straight sailed across the sea-gorge, and am here.  
I passed afoot the borders of thy land,  
Not, as thou proudly tauntest, with deep draughts  
Of wine, nor lying soft in golden halls :  
But what the icy storm-blasts are that sweep 440  
Paeonian steppes and Thracian sea, I learnt  
By sleepless suffering, wrapped but in this cloak.

Late is my coming, timely none the less ;  
For ten full years hast thou been warring now,  
Yet hast achieved nought, dost from day to day  
Against the Argives cast the dice of war.  
But for me one sun's dawning shall suffice  
To storm their towers, to fall upon their fleet,  
And slay the Achaeans. So, thy toils cut short,  
From Ilium on the morrow home I pass, 450  
Of you let no man lift in hand a shield :

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔξω τοὺς μέγ' αὐχούοντας δορὶ  
πέρσας Ἀχαιοὺς, καίπερ ὕστερος μολῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ.

στρ.

φίλα θροεῖς, φίλος Διόθεν εἰ· μόνου  
φθόνου ἄμαχον ὕπατος

Ζεὺς θέλοι ἄμφι  
σοῖς λόγοισιν εἶργειν.

460 τὸ δὲ νάϊον Ἀργόθεν δόρυ

οὔτε πρὶν τῷ οὔτε νῦν

ἀνδρῶν ἐπόρευσε σέθεν κρείσσω. πῶς μοι

Ἀχιλεὺς τὸ σὸν ἔγχος ἂν δύναιτο,

πῶς δ' Αἴας ὑπομείναι;

εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδ' ἡμαρ εἰσίδοιμ', ἄναξ,

ὄτφ πολυφόνου

χειρὸς ἀποινάσαιο λόγχα.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τοιαῦτα μὲν σοι τῆς μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας  
πρᾶξαι παρέξω· σὺν δ' Ἀδραστεία λέγω·

ἐπειδὰν ἐχθρῶν τήνδ' ἐλευθέραν πόλιν

470 θῶμεν θεοῖσιν τ' ἀκροθίνι ἐξέλης,

ξὺν σοὶ στρατεύειν γῆν ἐπ' Ἀργείων θέλω

καὶ πᾶσαν ἐλθὼν Ἑλλάδ' ἐκπέρσαι δορὶ,

ὡς ἂν μάθωσιν ἐν μέρει πάσχειν κακῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

εἰ τοῦ παρόντος τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖς κακοῦ,

πόλιν νεμοίμην ὡς τὸ πρὶν ποτ' ἀσφαλῆ,

ἢ κάρτα πολλὴν θεοῖς ἂν εἰδείην χάριν.

τὰ δ' ἄμφι τ' Ἄργος καὶ νομὸν τὸν Ἑλλάδος

οὐχ ὧδε πορθεῖν ῥάδι, ὡς λέγεις, δορὶ.



## RHESUS

I ruining with my spear will still the vaunts  
Of yon Achaeans, howso late I come.

### CHORUS

(*Str. to Ant. 820-832*)

Hail to thee! welcome thy shout is, our champion  
from Zeus and our friend!  
Only may Zeus the most highest forgive thee thy  
vaunt, and defend  
Thee from the malice of Jealousy, her with whom  
none may contend! [land  
Never the galleys of Argos, aforetime nor late, to our 460  
Brought mid the hosts of their heroes a champion so  
mighty of hand. [withstand?  
How shall Achilles or Aias thy battle-spear's lightning  
O that I also may live to behold it, the on-coming day!  
O to behold it, thy vengeance triumphant, when lifted  
to slay [through Hellas' array!  
Flasheth the lance in thine hand, spreading havoc

### RHESUS

Such deeds will I, for my long absence' sake,  
Perform for thee. So Nemesis say not nay,  
When we have freed this city of foes, and thou  
Hast chosen triumph's firstfruits for the Gods, 470  
Then will I march with thee to Argive land,  
Swoop down, and waste all Hellas with the spear,  
That they in turn may learn what suffering means.

### HECTOR

If I, delivered from this imminent curse,  
Might sway a city as of old secure,  
Then were my soul all thankfulness to heaven.  
But, for thy talk of Argos and the meads  
Of Hellas, these shall no spear lightly waste.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὐ τούσδ' ἀριστέας φασὶν Ἑλλήνων μολεῖν ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

480 κού μεμφόμεσθά γ', ἀλλ' ἄδην ἐλαύνομεν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὐκουν κτανόντες τούσδε πᾶν εἰργάσμεθα ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μή νυν τὰ πόρρω τ' ἀγγύθεν μεθεῖς σκόπει.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ἄρκεῖν ἔοικέ σοι παθεῖν, δρᾶσαι δὲ μή.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πολλῆς γὰρ ἄρχω κἄνθάδ' ὧν τυραννίδος.  
ἀλλ' εἴτε λαιὸν εἴτε δεξιὸν κέρας,  
εἴτ' ἐν μέσοισι συμμαχοῖς, πάρεστί σοι  
πέλτην ἐρεῖσαι καὶ καταστήσαι στρατόν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

μόνος μάχεσθαι πολεμίοις, Ἐκτορ, θέλω.  
εἰ δ' αἰσχροὺς ἦγεῖ μή συνεμπρῆσαι νεῶν  
490 πρύμνας, πονήσας τὸν πάρος πολὺν χρόνον,  
τάξον μ' Ἀχιλλέως καὶ στρατοῦ κατὰ στόμα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐκείνω θούρον ἀντᾶραι δόρυ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

καὶ μὴν λόγος γ' ἦν ὡς ἔπλευσ' ἐπ' Ἴλιον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἔπλευσε καὶ πάρεστιν· ἀλλὰ μηνίων  
στρατηλάταισιν οὐ συναίρεται δόρυ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τίς δὴ μετ' αὐτὸν ἄλλος εὐδοξεῖ στρατοῦ ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

Αἴας ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδὲν ἠσσᾶσθαι δοκεῖ  
χὼ Τιδέως παῖς· ἔστι δ' αἰμυλώτατον

## RHESUS

RHESUS

These that have come, are they not named her best ?

HECTOR

Nor I misprise them, who can scarce repel. 480

RHESUS

Then is not all achieved when these are slain ?

HECTOR

Gaze not afar, neglecting things at hand.

RHESUS

Thou seem'st content to suffer unavenged !

HECTOR

My realms be wide enow, though here I stay.  
But thou—upon the left wing or the right,  
Or centre of our allies, mayst thou plant  
Thy buckler, and array thy battle-line.

RHESUS

Hector, alone I fain would fight the foe.  
Yet, if thou think shame not to help to fire  
The ship-sterns, after all thy toils o'erpast,  
Post me to face Achilles and his host. 490

HECTOR

'Gainst him one cannot lift the eager spear.

RHESUS

Yet rumour ran that he too sailed to Troy.

HECTOR

He sailed, and he is here ; but, being wroth  
With fellow-chieftains, lifteth not the spear.

RHESUS

Who next him in their host hath high renown ?

HECTOR

Aias I count no whit outdone by him,  
And Tydeus' son ; and that glib craftiest knave

ΡΗΣΟΣ

500 κρότημ' Ὀδυσσεύς, λημά τ' ἀρκούντως θρασὺς  
 καὶ πλείεστα χῶραν τήνδ' ἀνὴρ καθυβρίσας.  
 ὃς εἰς Ἀθάνας σηκὸν ἔννουχος μολλὼν  
 κλέψας ἀγαλμα ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων φέρει.  
 ἦδη δ' ἀγύρτης πτωχικὴν ἔχων στολὴν  
 εἰσῆλθε πύργους, πολλὰ δ' Ἀργείοις κακὰ  
 ἤρατο, πεμφθεὶς Ἴλιον κατὰσκοπος  
 κτανῶν δὲ φρουροὺς καὶ παραστάτας πυλῶν  
 ἐξῆλθεν· αἶε δ' ἐν λόχοις εὐρίσκεται  
 Θυμβραῖον ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἄσπετος πέλας  
 θάσσω· κακῶ δὲ μερμέρω παλαίωμεν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

510 οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ εὐψυχος ἀξιοὶ λάθρα  
 κτεῖναι τὸν ἐχθρὸν, ἀλλ' ἰὼν κατὰ στόμα.  
 τοῦτον δ' ὃν ἴζειν φῆς σὺ κλωπικὰς ἔδρας  
 καὶ μηχανᾶσθαι, ζῶντα συλλαβὼν ἐγὼ  
 πυλῶν ἐπ' ἐξόδοισιν ἀμπείρας ῥάχιν  
 στήσω πετεινοῖς γυψὶ θοινατήριον.  
 ληστὴν γὰρ ὄντα καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα  
 συλῶντα δεῖ νιν τῷδε κατθανεῖν μόρω.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

520 νῦν μὲν καταυλίσθητε· καὶ γὰρ εὐφρόνη.  
 δείξω δ' ἐγὼ σοι χῶρον, ἔνθα χρὴ στρατὸν  
 τὸν σὸν νυχεῦσαι τοῦ τεταγμένου δίχα.  
 ξύνθημα δ' ἡμῖν Φοῖβος, ἦν τι καὶ δέη,  
 μέμνησ' ἀκούσας Θρηκί τ' ἀγγελίον στρατῶ.  
 ὑμᾶς δὲ βάντας χρὴ προταινὶ τάξεω  
 φρουρεῖν ἐγερτί, καὶ νεῶν κατὰσκοπον  
 δέχθαι Δόλωνα· καὶ γὰρ εἴπερ ἐστὶ σῶς,  
 ἦδη πελάζει στρατοπέδοισι Τρωικοῖς.

## RHESUS

Odysseus—yet, for courage, brave enow,  
 And chief of mischief-workers to this land ; 500  
 Who came by night unto Athena's fane,  
 Her image stole, and bare to Argos' ships.  
 In vile attire but now, in beggar's guise,  
 He passed our gate-towers : loudly did he curse  
 The Argives—he, their spy to Ilium sent !  
 He slew the guards, the warders of the gates,  
 And stole forth. Aye in ambush is he found  
 By the Thymbraean altars nigh the town  
 Lurking—a foul pest he to wrestle with !

### RHESUS

No man of knightly soul would deign by stealth 510  
 To slay his foe ; he meets him face to face.  
 This man who skulks, thou sayest, like a thief,  
 And weaves his plots, him will I take alive,  
 And at your gates' outgoings set him up  
 Impaled, a feast for vultures heavy-winged.  
 Robber and riser of the shrines of Gods,  
 Meet is it that he die by such a doom !

### HECTOR

Encamp ye now and rest, for it is night.  
 A spot myself will show thee, where thine host  
 Must pass the night, apart from our array. 520  
 "Phoebus" the watchword is, if need arise :  
 Remember it, and tell thy Thracian host.  
 (*To the Chorus*) Ye must go forth in front of all our  
 lines :  
 Watch keenly, and our spy upon the ships,  
 Dolon, receive ; for, if he be unharmed,  
 By this he draweth nigh the camp of Troy.

[*Exeunt* HECTOR and RHESUS.]

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

530 τίνος ἄ φυλακά ; τίς ἀμείβει στρ.  
 τὰν ἐμῶν ; πρῶτα  
 δύεται σημεῖα καὶ ἑπτάποροι  
 Πλειάδες αἰθέριαι·  
 μέσα δ' αἰετὸς οὐρανοῦ ποτᾶται.  
 ἔγρεσθε, τί μέλλετε ; κοιτᾶν  
 ἔγρεσθε πρὸς φυλακᾶν.  
 οὐ λεύσσετε μηνάδος αἴγλαν ;  
 ἄως δὴ πέλας ἄως  
 γίγνεται, καὶ τις προδρόμων  
 ὄδε γ' ἐστὶν ἀστήρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς ἐκηρύχθη πρώτην φυλακῆν ;  
 \* \* \* \*<sup>1</sup>

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Μυγδόνος ὃν φασὶ Κόροιβον.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

540 Κίλικας Παίων  
 στρατὸς ἤγειρεν, Μυσοὶ δ' ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐκοῦν Λυκίους πέμπτην φυλακῆν  
 βάντας ἐγείρειν  
 καιρὸς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

<sup>1</sup> A line is lost here, which should correspond to I. 558.

## RHESUS

### CHORUS

(*Str.*)  
Ho, warders, to whom is the next watch given?  
whose warding followeth mine?  
For the stars that were high in the evening sky are  
setting: uprisen ye see [broad wings shine,  
The Pleiads seven: in the midst of heaven the Eagle's 530  
Ho, comrades, awake from your slumber! Why do ye  
linger? Hither to me! [tramp appear!  
Ho ye, ho ye, from your couches leap, for the sentinel-  
Do ye see not afar where the silver car of the moon  
o'er the sea hangs low?  
The dayspring cometh—break off your sleep, for the  
dawning is near, is near.  
Lo there in the east where gleameth a star—'tis her  
harbinger: rouse ye, ho!

### SEMICHORUS 1

For whom was the night's first watch proclaimed?

### SEMICHORUS 2

For the scion of Mygdon, Corœbus named.

### SEMICHORUS 1

Who then?

### SEMICHORUS 2

The Paeonians roused the folk 540  
Of Cilicia: us the Mysians woke.

### SEMICHORUS 1

High time is it then that we hasted to call  
The Lycians; to them did the fifth watch fall,  
When the lot to our stations assigned us all.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν αἶω, Σιμόεντος ἀντ.  
 ἡμένα κοίτας  
 φοινίας ὑμεί πολυχорδοτάτα  
 γήρυϊ παιδολέτωρ  
 550 μελοποιὸς ἀηδονὶς μέριμναν  
 ἤδη δὲ νέμουσι κατ' Ἴδαν  
 ποιόμνια· νυκτιβρόμου  
 σύριγγος ἴαν κατακούω·  
 θέλγει δ' ὄμματος ἔδραν  
 ὕπνος· ἄδιστος γὰρ ἔβα  
 βλεφάροις πρὸς αὐοῦς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τι ποτ' οὐ πλάθει σκοπός, δν ναῶν  
 Ἐκτωρ ὠτρυνε κατόπταν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ταρβῶ· χρόνιος γὰρ ἄπεστιν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

560 ἀλλ' ἢ κρυπτόν λόχον εἰσπαίσας  
 διόλωλε ; τάχ' ἂν εἶη φανερόν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

αὐδῶ Λυκίους πέμπτην φυλακὴν  
 βάντας ἐγείρειν  
 ἡμᾶς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Διόμηδες, οὐκ ἤκουσας — ἢ κενὸς ψόφος  
 στάζει δι' ὠτων ; — τευχέων τινὰ κτύπον ;



## RHESUS

### CHORUS

(*Ant.*)

I hear, I hear—'tis the nightingale ! The mother that  
slew her child— [murder-stain—  
As broodeth her wing o'er the fearful thing, the eternal  
By Simois chanteth her heart-stricken wail ; the voice  
of her woe rings wild, [hopeless pain !  
As passions a lute of many a string,—winged poet of 550  
Hark ! flocks to the pasture are going : they bleat as  
they stray down Ida's brow ;  
And I hear it float through the dark, the note of the  
pipe's ethereal cry ;  
And drowsihead with her witchery sweet is lulling  
mine eyelids now ; [the dawn is nigh.  
For to weary eyes she cometh, I wot, most dear when

### SEMICHORUS 1

Why draweth not near unto us that scout  
Whom Hector to spy on the fleet sent out ?

### SEMICHORUS 2

Long stays he : there haunts me a fearful doubt.

### SEMICHORUS 1

Is he slain, think ye, in an ambuscade ? 560  
Manifest soon shall his fate be made.

### SEMICHORUS 2

I rede ye then that we haste to call  
The Lycians ; to them did the fifth watch fall,  
When the lot to our stations assigned us all.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter ODYSSEUS and DIOMEDES.*

### ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, heard'st thou not—or through mine ears  
Thrills but an empty sound ?—a clash of arms ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ δεσμὰ πωλικῶν ἐξ ἀντύγων  
κλάζει σιδήρου· κάμει τοι, πρὶν ἡσθόμενῃ  
δεσμῶν ἀραγμὸν ἰππικῶν, ἔδν φόβος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

570

ὄρα κατ' ὄρφνην μὴ φύλαξιν ἐντύχης.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

φυλάξομαί τοι κὰν σκότῳ τιθεὶς πόδα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦν δ' οὖν ἐγείρης, οἶσθα σύνθημα στρατοῦ ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

Φοῖβον Δόλωνος οἶδα σύμβολον κλύων.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔα·

εὐνάς ἐρήμους τάσδε πολεμίων ὀρώ.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

καὶ μὴν Δόλων γε τάσδ' ἔφραζεν Ἐκτορος  
κοίτας, ἐφ' ᾧπερ ἔγχος εἴλκυσται τόδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί δῆτ' ἂν εἴη ; μῶν λόχος βέβηκέ ποι ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἴσως ἐφ' ἡμῖν μηχανὴν στήσων τινά.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

θρασύς γάρ Ἐκτωρ νῦν, ἐπεὶ κρατεῖ, θρασύς.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

580

τί δῆτ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, δρώμεν ; οὐ γὰρ ἠῦρομεν  
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐν εὐναῖς, ἐλπίδων δ' ἡμάρτομεν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

στείχωμεν ὡς τάχιστα ναυστάθμων πέλας.  
σώζει γὰρ αὐτὸν ὅστις εὐτυχῆ θεῶν  
τίθησιν· ἡμῖν δ' οὐ βιαστέον τύχην.

## RHESUS

DIOMEDES

Nay, 'tis steel harness hung o'er chariot-rails  
That rings. Through me too passed a shiver of fear,  
Till I discerned the clank of horses' chains.

ODYSSEUS

Beware thou light not darkling on their guards. 570

DIOMEDES

Even in darkness will I step with heed.

ODYSSEUS

But, shouldst thou rouse them, knowest thou the  
watchword ?

DIOMEDES

"Phoebus"—from Dolon's mouth I heard the word.

ODYSSEUS

Ha ! void of foes this bivouac I see !

DIOMEDES

Yet surely Dolon told us that here lay  
Hector, against whom this my spear is trailed.

ODYSSEUS

What means this ? Is his troop elsewhither gone ?

DIOMEDES

Perchance he frames 'gainst us a stratagem.

ODYSSEUS

Ay, bold is Hector, now triumphant—bold !

DIOMEDES

What then, Odysseus, shall we do ? The man 580  
We find not on his couch : our hopes are foiled.

ODYSSEUS

Return we to the ships' array in haste.  
Some God, whoever giveth him good speed,  
Shields him. 'Tis not for us to strive with fate.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐπ' Αἰνέαν ἢ τὸν ἔχθιστον Φρυγῶν  
Πάριον μολόντε χρὴ κατατομεῖν ξίφει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐν ὄρφνῃ πολεμίων ἀνὰ στρατὸν  
ζητῶν δυηήσει τούσδ' ἀκινδύνως κτανεῖν ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

590 αἰσχρὸν γε μέντοι ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,  
δράσαντε μηδὲν πολεμίους νεώτερον.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς δ' οὐ δέδρακας ; οὐ κτανόντε ναυστάθμων  
κατάσκοπον Δόλωνα σφίζομεν τάδε  
σκυλεύματ' ; ἢ πᾶν στρατόπεδον πέρσειν δοκεῖς ;  
πέιθου, πάλιν στείχωμεν· εὐ δ' εἶη τυχεῖν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

600 ποῖ δὴ λιπόντες Τρωικῶν ἐκ τάξεων  
χωρεῖτε, λύπη καρδίαν δεδηγμένοι,  
εἰ μὴ κτανεῖν σφῶν Ἔκτορ' ἢ Πάριον θεὸς  
δίδωσιν ; ἄνδρα δ' οὐ πέπυσθε σύμμαχον  
Τροία μολόντα Ῥῆσον οὐ φαύλῳ τρόπῳ ;  
ὄς εἰ διοίσει νύκτα τήνδ' ἐς αὔριον,  
οὔτ' ἂν σφ' Ἀχιλλέως οὔτ' ἂν Αἴαντος δόρυ  
μὴ πάντα πέρσαι ναύσταθμ' Ἀργείων σχέθοι  
τείχη κατασκάψαντα καὶ πυλῶν ἔσω  
λόγγῃ πλατεῖαν εἰσδρομὴν ποιούμενον.  
τοῦτον κατακτὰς πάντ' ἔχεις. τὰς δ' Ἔκτορος  
εὐνὰς ἔασον καὶ κατατόμους σφαγὰς.  
ἔσται γὰρ αὐτῷ θάνατος ἐξ ἄλλης χερὸς.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δέσποιν' Ἀθήνα, φθέγματος γὰρ ἠσθόμην  
τοῦ σοῦ συνήθη γῆρυν· ἐν πόνοισι γὰρ

## RHESUS

DIOMEDES

Nay, on Aeneas fall we, or on Paris—  
Of foes most hated,—and smite off their heads.

ODYSSEUS

How in the dark, amidst a host of foes,  
Unperilled wilt thou search, and slay these twain?

DIOMEDES

Yet base it were to hie to Argos' ships  
With nought of mischief to the foe achieved. 590

ODYSSEUS

Nothing achieved? Have we not slain the spy  
Upon the galleys, Dolon? Have we not  
His spoils? Look'st thou to ravage all their camp?  
Hear me—return we; so good speed be ours.

*ATHENA appears above the stage.*

ATHENA

Ho! whither go ye, from the lines of Troy  
Fleeing, with sorrow rankling in your hearts  
That Fortune grants you not the life of Hector,  
Nor Paris? Know ye not of this ally,  
Rhesus, to Troy magnificently come?  
If he live through this night until the dawn, 600  
Him neither Aias' nor Achilles' spear  
Shall stay from wasting all the Argive fleet,  
Razing your ramparts, and within your gates  
Making broad havoc of onslaught with his lance.  
Slay him, and all is thine. But Hector's couch  
Let be: spare thou to smite his head from him.  
To him shall death come from another hand.

ODYSSEUS

O Queen Athena—for I know the sound  
Of thy familiar voice, since evermore

ΡΗΣΟΣ

610 παροῦσ' ἀμύνεις τοῖς ἐμοῖς αἰεὶ ποτε  
τὸν ἄνδρα δ' ἡμῖν ποῦ κατηύνασται φράσον,  
πόθεν τέτακται βαρβάρου στρατεύματος ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ὄδ' ἐγγὺς ἦσται κοῦ συνήθροισται στρατῶ,  
ἀλλ' ἐκτὸς αὐτὸν τάξεων κατηύνασεν  
Ἔκτωρ, ἕως ἂν νύξ ἀμείψηται φάος.  
πέλας δὲ πῶλοι Θρηκίων ἐξ ἀρμάτων  
λευκαὶ δέδενται, διαπρεπεῖς ἐν εὐφρόνη  
στίλβουσι δ' ὥστε ποταμίου κύκνου πτερόν.  
620 ταύτας κτανόντες δεσπότην κομίζετε,  
κάλλιστον οἴκοις σκῦλον· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπου  
τιόνδ' ὄχημα χθῶν κέκευθε πωλικόν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Διόμηδες, ἧ σὺ κτείνε Θρήκιον λεών,  
ἧ 'μοὶ πάρες γε, σοὶ δὲ χρῆ πάλους μέλειν.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἐγὼ φονεύσω, πωλοδαμνήσεις δὲ σύ·  
τρίβων γὰρ εἶ τὰ κομφὰ καὶ νοεῖν σοφός.  
χρῆ δ' ἄνδρα τάσσειν οὐ μάλιστ' ἂν ὠφελοῖ.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

καὶ μὴν καθ' ἡμᾶς τόνδ' Ἀλέξανδρον βλέπω  
στείχοντα, φυλάκων ἕκ τινος πεπυσμένον  
δόξας ἀσήμους πολεμίων μεμβλωκότων.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

630 πότερα σὺν ἄλλοις ἢ μόνος πορεύεται ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μόνος· πρὸς εὐνὰς δ', ὡς ἔοικεν, Ἔκτορος  
χωρεῖ, κατόπτας σημαῶν ἤκειν στρατοῦ.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκουν ὑπάρχειν τόνδε καθθανόντα χρῆ ;

## RHESUS

Beside me in my toils thou wardest me,— 610  
Tell to us where this hero sleeping lies,  
Where he is stationed in the alien host.

ATHENA

Here is he, nigh, not quartered with the host :  
Hector to him assigned a resting-place  
Without his lines, till night give place to day.  
Hard by, his white steeds to his Thracian car  
Are tethered : clear they gleam athwart the dark  
As gleams the white wing of a river-swan.  
These lead ye hence when ye have slain their lord,  
Proud trophy for your halls : there is no land 620  
That holdeth such a team of chariot-steeds.

ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, either slay thou Thracia's folk,  
Or leave to me, and thou the horses heed.

DIOMEDES

I will be slayer. Manage thou the steeds ;  
For versed art thou in craft, and keen of wit.  
Best set each man where best his help avails.

ATHENA

Lo, yonder Alexander I discern  
Draw nigh us. From some watchman hath he heard  
A doubtful rumour of the approach of foes.

DIOMEDES

Or cometh he with others, or alone ? 630

ATHENA

Alone. To Hector's couch, meseems, he fares,  
To tell how spies upon the host be here.

DIOMEDES

Ought he not then to be the first to die ?

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

### ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ ἂν δύναιο τοῦ πεπρωμένου πλέον.  
τοῦτον δὲ πρὸς σῆς οὐ θέμις χειρὸς θανεῖν.  
ἀλλ' ὧπερ ἦκεις μορσίμους φέρων σφαγᾶς,  
τάχυν'· ἐγὼ δὲ τῷδε ξύμμαχος Κύπρις  
δοκοῦσ' ἄρωγὸς ἐν πόνοις παραστατεῖν,  
σαθροῖς λόγοισιν ἐχθρὸν ἄνδρ' ἀμείψομαι.  
640 καὶ ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μὲν εἶπον· ὃν δὲ χρὴ παθεῖν,  
οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδ' ἤκουσεν ἐγγυὺς ὦν λόγου.

### ΠΑΡΙΣ

σὲ τὸν στρατηγὸν καὶ κασίγνητον λέγω,  
Ἔκτορ, καθεύδεις ; οὐκ ἐγείρεσθαί σ' ἐχρήν ;  
ἐχθρῶν τις ἡμῖν χρίμπτεται στρατεύματι,  
ἢ κλῶπες ἄνδρες ἢ κατάσκοποί τινες.

### ΑΘΗΝΑ

θάρσει· φυλάσσει σ' ἠδὲ πρηνεμένης Κύπρις.  
μέλει δ' ὁ σὸς μοι πόλεμος, οὐδ' ἀμνημονῶ  
τιμῆς, ἐπαινῶ δ' εὖ παθοῦσα πρὸς σέθεν.  
καὶ νῦν ἐπ' εὐτυχοῦντι Τρωικῷ στρατῷ  
650 ἦκω πορεύουσ' ἄνδρα σοι μέγαν φίλον,  
τῆς ὑμνοποιοῦ παιῖδα Θρήκιον θεᾶς  
Μούσης, πατρὸς δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκειται.

### ΠΑΡΙΣ

αἰεὶ ποτ' εὖ φρονούσα τυγχάνεις πόλει  
κάμοι, μέγιστον δ' ἐν βίῳ κειμήλιον  
κρίνας σέ φημι τῆδε προσθέσθαι πόλει.  
ἦκω δ' ἀκούσας οὐ τορῶς, φήμη δέ τις  
φύλαξιν ἐμπέπτωκεν ὡς κατάσκοποι  
ἦκουσ' Ἀχαιῶν. χῶ μὲν οὐκ ἰδὼν λέγει,  
ὁ δ' εἰσιδὼν μολόντας οὐκ ἔχει φράσαι,  
660 ὦν εἵνεκ' εὐνάς ἤλυθον πρὸς Ἔκτορος.



## RHESUS

ATHENA

Thou canst not overpass the doom of fate.  
It may not be that by thine hand he die.  
Haste thou against the man for whom thou bring'st  
The slaughter-doom. To Paris will I seem  
Cypris his friend, present to aid his toils,  
And with false words will answer him I hate.  
This have I told you : nought the doomed man knows, 640  
Nor aught hath heard, for all he is so near.

[*Exeunt OD. and DIOM.*]

*Enter* PARIS.

PARIS

War-chief and brother, ho, to thee I call,  
Hector ! Dost sleep ? Behoves thee not to watch ?  
Some foe to us is nigh unto the host—  
Marauders they, or peradventure spies.

ATHENA

Fear not. I, Cypris, ward thee graciously.  
I take thought for thy warfare, nor forget  
Thine honour done me, and thy service thank.  
And now, when triumpheth the host of Troy,  
Leading to thee a mighty friend I come, 650  
The Thracian scion of the Muse, the Queen  
Of Song : he bears the name of Strymon's son.

PARIS

Gracious art thou unto my city still,  
And unto me, I trow I won for Troy  
Life's goodliest treasure, judging thee most fair.  
Vague rumour brought me hither : some report  
Amongst the guard had risen of Argive spies  
Even now at hand. One saith it that saw nought :  
One saw them come, yet nothing more can tell.  
Wherefore to Hector's resting-place I came. 660

211

P 2

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μηδὲν φοβηθῆς· οὐδὲν ἐν στρατῷ νέον  
Ἐκτωρ δὲ φροῦδος Ἐρῆκα κοιμήσων στρατόν.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

σύ τοι με πείθεις, σοῖς δὲ πιστεύων λόγους  
τάξιν φυλάξων εἰμ' ἐλεύθερος φόβου.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

χώρει μέλειν γὰρ πάντ' ἐμοὶ δόκει τὰ σά,  
ὥστ' εὐτυχοῦντας συμμάχους ἐμοὺς ὄραν.  
γνώσει δὲ καὶ σύ τὴν ἐμὴν προθυμίαν.

670

ὑμᾶς δ' αὐτῷ τοὺς ἄγαν ἐρρωμένους,  
Λαερτίου παῖ, θηκτὰ κοιμίσαι ξίφη.  
καῖται γὰρ ἡμῖν Ἐρῆκιος στρατηλάτης,  
ἵπποι τ' ἔχονται, πολέμιοι δ' ἠσθημένοι  
χωροῦσ' ἐφ' ὑμᾶς· ἀλλ' ὅσον τάχιστα χρῆ  
φεύγειν πρὸς ὄλκοὺς ναυστάθμων. τί μέλλετε  
σκηπτοῦ πῖοντος πολεμίων σφίξω βίον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔα ἔα·  
βάλε βάλε βύλε βύλε,  
θένε θένε· τίς ὄδ' ἀνήρ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

λεύσσετε, τοῦτον αὐδῶ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

680

κλῶπες οἴτινες κατ' ὄρφην  
τόνδε κινούσι στρατόν.  
δεῦρο δεῦρο πᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τούσδ' ἔχω, τούσδ' ἔμαρψα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς ὁ λόγος; πόθεν ἔβας; ποδαπὸς εἶ;

## RHESUS

ATHENA

Fear nothing : in the host no peril is.  
Hector to quarter Thracia's host is gone.

PARIS

Thou dost assure me : lo, I trust thy words.  
And free of fear I go to guard my post.

ATHENA

Go : be thou sure that all thy care is mine,  
That so triumphant I may see my friends.  
Yea, and thou too shalt prove my zeal for thee.

[Exit PARIS.]

Ho ye ! I bid you, over-eager twain—  
Laertes' son !—let sleep the whetted swords ;  
For at our feet dead lies the Thracian chief ;  
Our prize his steeds are. But the foe have heard,  
And close on you. Now must ye with all speed  
To yon ship-channels flee. Why linger ye,  
When bursts the storm of foes, to save your lives ?

670

*Enter ODYSSEUS followed by CHORUS, tumultuously.*

CHORUS

Ha, smite !—ha, smite !—ha, smite !—ha, smite !  
Stab thou !—stab thou !—who is this wight ?

SEMICHORUS 1

Look ye on him—this fellow, I say !—

SEMICHORUS 2

Marauders who under night's dark pall  
Are startling our array !—  
Hitherward, hitherward, all !

680

SEMICHORUS 1

I have them caught in the grasp of mine hand !

SEMICHORUS 2

(To OD.) What is thy troop ?—whence art thou ?—a  
man of what land ?

213

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ<sup>1</sup>

οὐ σε χρή εἰδέναι.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

θανεῖ γὰρ σήμερον δράσας κακῶς.  
οὐκ ἔρεῖς ξύνθημα, λόγῃν πρὶν διὰ στέρνων μολεῖν;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦ σὺ δὴ Ῥῆσον κατέκτας;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἀλλὰ τὸν κτενοῦντα σὲ  
ἱστορῶ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

θάρσει, πέλας ἴθι.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

παῖε, παῖε, παῖε πᾶς.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἴσχε πᾶς τις.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐ μὲν οὖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ᾶ, φίλιον ἄνδρα μὴ θένης.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καὶ τί δὴ τὸ σῆμα;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Φοῖβος.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἔμαθον ἴσχε πᾶς δόρυ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἶσθ' ὅποι βεβῶσιν ἄνδρες;

<sup>1</sup> The dialogue that follows is differently distributed by various editors. Badham's arrangement, adopted by Paley, is here followed, also his reading of *ἱστορῶ* for *ἴσχε* of MSS.

## RHESUS

ODYSSEUS

Nought to thee is this !

SEMICHORUS 1

For thou shalt die for evil wrought this day !  
Tell the watchword, ere the spear unto thine heart  
have found the way !

ODYSSEUS

Ha ! and hast thou murdered Rhesus ?

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay his would-be murderer, thee,

Question 1.

ODYSSEUS (*beckoning them off the stage*).

Fear not, come hither.

SEMICHORUS 1

Strike him ! strike him ! strike him, ye !

ODYSSEUS

Hold, each man !

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay, hold we will not !

ODYSSEUS

Ho ! let not a friend be slain !

SEMICHORUS 1

What then is the watchword ?

ODYSSEUS

Phoebus.

SEMICHORUS 2

Right : his spear let each refrain.

SEMICHORUS 1

Know'st thou whither went the men ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τῆδέ πη κατείδομεν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

690 ἔρπε πᾶς κατ' ἴχνος αὐτῶν, ἢ βοὴν ἐγερτέου ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλὰ συμμάχους ταρασσειν δεινὸν ἐν νυκτῶν  
φόβῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς ἀνδρῶν ὁ βᾶς ;

τίς δὲ μέγα θράσος ἐπεύχεται,

χέρα φυγῶν ἐμῶν ;

πόθεν μιν κυρήσω ;

τίνι προσεικάσω,

ὄστις δι' ὄρφνης ἦλθ' ἀδειμάντῳ ποδί

διὰ τε τάξεων καὶ φυλάκων ἔδρας ;

Θεσσαλὸς ἢ

700 παραλίαν Λοκρῶν νεμόμενος πόλιν ;

ἢ νησιώτης σποράδα κέκτηται βίον ;

τίς ἦν πόθεν ; ποίας πάτρας ;

ποῖον ἐπεύχεται τὸν ὑπατοῦ θεῶν ;

στρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἄρ' ἔστ' Ὀδυσσέως τοῦργον ἢ τίνος τόδε ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

εἰ τοῖς πάροιθε χρὴ τεκμαίρεσθαι, δοκεῖ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

δοκεῖς γάρ ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί μὴν οὔ ;

## RHESUS

ODYSSEUS

I marked them somewhere yonder nigh.

SEMICHORUS 2

Press, each man, upon their track!—or shall we  
raise the 'larum cry?

690

ODYSSEUS

Nay, 'twere perilous to scare with night-alarms a  
war-ally.

[ODYSSEUS slips away into the darkness.

CHORUS

(Str.)

He is gone from us!—who was the man  
Who shall vaunt of his aweless might?  
Out of mine hands, lo, he ran—  
Where on him now shall I light?

Unto whom shall I liken him—him, who with foot  
unafraid through the night  
Passed ranks, passed many a sentinel-post?

A Thessalian is he?

Doth he dwell in a town that from Locris' coast  
Looketh over the sea?

700

Or, an islander, lives he by piracy? [boast?  
Who?—whence?—what fatherland-home doth he  
Of the Gods whom doth he confess most high?

SEMICHORUS 1

Whose deed is this?—Odysseus' dark design?

SEMICHORUS 2

Yea, if from his past deeds we may divine.

SEMICHORUS 1

Ha, thinkest thou so?

SEMICHORUS 2

Yea, how should I not?

217

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

θρασὺς γοῦν ἐς ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀλκὴν ; τίν' αἰνεῖς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Ὀδυσσῆ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

μὴ κλωπὸς αἶνει φωτὸς αἰμύλον δόρυ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

710 ἔβα καὶ πάρος

ἀντ.

κατὰ πτόλιν, ὑπαφρον ὄμμ' ἔχων,

ῥακοδύτῳ στολᾷ

πυκασθεῖς, ξιφῆρης

κρύφιος ἐν πέπλοις.

βίον δ' ἐπαιτῶν εἶρπ' ἀγύρτης τις λάτρης,

ψαφαρόχροον κᾶρα πουλυπινές τ' ἔχων

πολλὰ δὲ τὰν

βασιλίδ' ἐστίαν Ἀτρειδᾶν κακῶς

ἔβαζε δῆθεν ἐχθρὸς ὦν στρατηλάταις.

720 ὄλοιτ' ὄλοιτο πανδίκως,

πρὶν ἐπὶ γᾶν Φρυγῶν ποδὸς ἵχνος βαλεῖν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

εἴτ' οὖν Ὀδυσσέως εἶτε μὴ, φόβος μ' ἔχει·

Ἐκτωρ γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῖς φύλαξι μέμψεται.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί λάσκων ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

δυσοίζων—

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί δρᾶσαι ; τί ταρβεῖς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καθ' ἡμᾶς περᾶσαι—



## RHESUS

SEMICHORUS 1

A daring foe unto us, I wot!

SEMICHORUS 2

Whose courage, what man, dost thou praise?

SEMICHORUS 1

Odysseus the chief.

SEMICHORUS 2

Praise not the prowess thou of a knavish thief!

CHORUS

He came in the days overpast (Ant.) 710

Unto Troy :—from his eyes rheum poured :

Rags round his body were cast :

'Neath his cloak was a hidden sword :

Like a vagabond varlet he prowled, begging crumbs  
from the feastful board,

With head overgrimed with foulness, and hair

All filth-defiled.

As though the war-chiefs' foe he were,

The house he reviled—

The house of the Atreïd kings :—O meet,

O just should it be that he perish, ere

He trample Phrygia beneath his feet.

720

SEMICHORUS 1

Whether Odysseus or another came,

I fear me : us the guards shall Hector blame,—

SEMICHORUS 2

How blame us?

SEMICHORUS 1

Shall speak his suspicion out,—

SEMICHORUS 2

Of what deed? What is thy fearful doubt?

SEMICHORUS 1

That even by us passed in—

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀνδρῶν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἱ τῆσδε νυκτὸς ἦλθον εἰς Φρυγῶν στρατόν.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰώ, δαίμονος τύχη βαρεῖα. φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔα·

730 σίγα πᾶς, ὕφιλζ'· ἴσως γὰρ εἰς βόλον τις ἔρχεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ,

συμφορὰ βαρεῖα Θρηκῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συμμάχων τις ὁ στένων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰώ.

δύστηνος ἐγὼ σὺ τ', ἄναξ Θρηκῶν,  
ὦ στυγνοτάτην Τροίαν ἐσιδίων·  
οἶόν σε βίου τέλος εἶλεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς εἰ ποτ' ἀνδρῶν συμμάχων ; κατ' εὐφρόνην  
ἀμβλῶπες ἀνγαί, κοῦ σε γυγνώσκω τορῶς.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ποῦ τιν' ἀνάκτων Τρωικῶν εὖρω ;  
ποῦ δῆθ' Ἔκτωρ

740 τὸν ὑπασπίδιον κοῖτον ἰαύει ;  
τίνι σημήνω διόπων στρατιᾶς ;  
οἶα πεπόνθαμεν, οἶά τις ἡμᾶς  
δράσας ἀφανῆ φροῦδος, φανερόν  
Θρηξίν πένθος τολυπεύσας.

## RHESUS

SEMICHORUS 2

What men?—say who!

SEMICHORUS 1

They that this night to the Phrygian array won  
through.

CHARIOTEER (*behind the scenes*)

*O heavy chance of fate! Woe's me! Woe's me!*

CHORUS

Ha! Now hush ye all! Crouch low! Perchance  
one cometh to the snare.

730

CHARIOTEER (*behind scenes*)

*O the sore mischance to Thrace!*

CHORUS

'Tis some ally that waileth there.

*Enter CHARIOTEER, wounded.*

CHARIOTEER

Woe's me! O King of Thracians, woe for thee!  
O bitter sight of Troy to thee this day!  
What end of life hath snatched thee hence away!

CHORUS

Who art thou?—what ally?—mine eyes the night  
Makes dim: thee cannot I discern aright.

CHARIOTEER

Where shall I light on a Trojan chief?  
O where shall Hector be found of my quest  
Slumbering yet in shield-fenced rest?  
Unto whom of your chiefs shall I tell our grief?  
Ah our calamities!—ah for the deeds in the night  
Unto Thracia wrought of the felon who vanished from  
sight,  
Who hath knit up a skein of misery manifest!

740

221

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κακὸν κυρεῖν τι Θρηκίῳ στρατεύματι  
 ἔοικεν, οἷα τοῦδε γιγνώσκω κλύων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἔρρει στρατιά, πέπτωκεν ἄναξ  
 δολίῳ πληγῇ.

ᾶ ᾶ ᾶ ᾶ,

750

οἷα μ' ὀδύνη τείρει φονίου  
 τραύματος εἶσω. πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμην ;  
 χρῆν γάρ μ' ἀκλεῶς Ῥῆσόν τε θανεῖν.  
 Τροία κέλσαντ' ἐπίκουρον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάδ' οὐκ ἐν αἰνιγμοῖσι σημαίνει κακά  
 σαφῶς γὰρ αὐδᾶ συμμάχους ὀλωλότας.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

κακῶς πέπρακται κατὰ τοῖς κακοῖσι πρὸς  
 αἰσχιστα· καίτοι δις τόσον κακὸν τόδε  
 θανεῖν γὰρ εὐκλεῶς μὲν, εἰ θανεῖν χρεῶν,  
 λυπρὸν μὲν οἶμαι τῷ θανόντι· πῶς γὰρ οὐ ;  
 τοῖς ζῶσι δ' ὄγκος καὶ δόμων εὐδοξία.  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀβούλως κακλεῶς ὀλώλαμεν.  
 ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἦννασ' Ἐκτόρεια χεῖρ,  
 ξύνθημα λέξας, ἠὔδομεν πεδοστιβεῖς,  
 κόπῳ δαμέντες, οὐδ' ἐφρουρεῖτο στρατὸς  
 φυλακαῖσι νυκτέροισιν, οὐδ' ἐν τάξεσιν  
 ἔκειτο τεύχη, πλήκτρ' οὐκ ἐπὶ ζυγοῖς  
 ἵππων καθήρμοσθ', ὡς ἄναξ ἐπεύθετο  
 κρατοῦντας ὑμᾶς κάφεδρευόντας νεῶν  
 πρύμναισι· φαύλως δ' ἠὔδομεν πεπτωκότες.  
 καγὼ μελούση καρδία λήξας ὕπνου  
 πῶλοισι χόρτον, προσδοκῶν ἑωθινὴν  
 ζεύξειν ἐς ἀλκήν, ἀφθόνῳ μετρῶ χερί.

760

770

## RHESUS

### CHORUS

Some ill, meseems, to Thracia's company  
Befalls—if this man's words mean aught for me.

### CHARIOTEER

Undone is our host, laid low is our king  
By a deadly stab, by a stroke of guile!  
Alas and alas! woe worth the while!  
Ah, how am I inly racked by the sting [die! 750  
Of my gory wound! Would God I might straightway  
Was it meet that so soon as he came, your Troy's ally,  
Rhesus and I should perish by end so vile?

### CHORUS

Lo, not in riddles doth he publish this:  
Nay, plainly of allies destroyed he tells.

### CHARIOTEER

Ill hath been wrought us—shame, to crown that  
“ill,”  
The foulest shame! Yea, double ill is this!  
To die with fame, if one must die, I trow,  
Is bitterness to him who dies—how not?  
Yet fame and honour crown his living kin. 760  
But, as a fool dies, fameless we have died.  
For, soon as Hector pointed us our quarters,  
And told the watchword, couched on earth we slept,  
Outworn with toil: our host no watchmen set  
For nightlong guard, nor rank by rank were laid  
Our arms, nor from the horses' yokes were hung  
The car-whips, since our king had word that ye  
Were camped triumphant nigh the galley-sterns:  
So, careless all, we flung us down and slept.  
Now I with heedful heart from slumber rose, 770  
And dealt the steeds their corn with stintless hand,  
Looking to yoke them with the dawn for fight.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

- λείσσω δὲ φῶτε περιπολοῦνθ' ἡμῶν στρατὸν  
 πυκνῆς δι' ὄρφνης· ὡς δ' ἐκινήθην ἐγὼ,  
 ἐπτηξάτην τε κἀνεχωρείτην πάλιν  
 ἤπυσσα δ' αὐτοῖς μὴ πελάζεσθαι στρατῶ,  
 κλῶπας δοκήσας συμμάχων πλάθειν τινάς.  
 οἱ δ' οὐδέν· οὐ μὴν οὐδ' ἐγὼ τὰ πλείονα,  
 ἠΰδου δ' ἀπελθὼν αὖθις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.  
 780 καὶ μοι καθ' ὕπνον δόξα τις παρίσταται  
 ἵππους γὰρ ἄς ἔθρεψα κῦδιφρηλάτου  
 Ῥήσω παρεστῶς, εἶδον, ὡς ἄναρ δοκῶν,  
 λύκους ἐπεμβεβῶτας ἐδραίαν ῥάχιν·  
 θείνοντε δ' οὐρᾶ πωλικῆς ῥινοῦ τρίχα,  
 ἤλαυνον, αἱ δ' ἔρρεγκου ἐξ ἀρτηριῶν  
 θυμὸν πνέουσαι κἀνεχαίτιζον φόβην.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀμύνων θήρας ἐξεγείρομαι  
 πῶλοισιν· ἔννυχος γὰρ ἐξώρμα φόβος.  
 790 κλύω δ' ἐπάρας κράτα μυχθισμὸν νεκρῶν.  
 θερμὸς δὲ κρουνὸς δεσπύτου παρὰ σφαγαίς  
 βάλλει με δυσθνητοῦντος αἵματος νέου.  
 ὀρθὸς δ' ἀνάσσω χειρὶ σὺν κενῇ δορός.  
 καὶ μ' ἔγχος ἀνγάζοντα καὶ θηρώμενον  
 παίει παραστὰς νεῖραν εἰς πλευρὰν ξίφει  
 ἀνήρ ἀκμάζων· φασγάνου γὰρ ἦσθόμην  
 πληγῆς, βαθεῖαν ἄλοκα τραύματος λαβίων.  
 πίπτω δὲ πρηνῆς· οἱ δ' ὄχημα πωλικὸν  
 λαβόντες ἵππων ἴεσαν φυγῆ πόδα.  
 ἂ ἂ.  
 800 ὀδύνη με τείρει, κούκέτ' ὀρθοῦμαι τάλας.  
 καὶ συμφορὰν μὲν οἶδ' ὀρών, τροπῶ δ' ὄψ  
 τεθναῖσιν οἱ θανόντες οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι,  
 οὐδ' ἐξ ὁποίας χειρός. εἰκάσαι δέ μοι  
 πάρεστι λυπρὰ πρὸς φίλων πεπουθέναι.

## RHESUS

Then spied I twain that prowled around our host  
Through the thick gloom; but, soon as I bestirred  
me,

They cowered low, and straight drew back again.  
I cried to them to come not near our host,—  
Deeming some thieves from our allies drew nigh :—  
Nought said they; neither added I thereto,  
But to my couch went back and slept again.  
And in my sleep a vision nightmared me :—

780

The steeds I tended, and at Rhesus' side  
Drove in the car, I saw as in a dream  
Mounted of wolves that rode upon their backs;  
And with their tails these lashed the horses' flanks,  
Scourging them on. They snorted, and outbreathed  
Rage from their nostrils, tossing high their manes.  
I, even in act to save from those fierce things  
The steeds, woke: the night-horror smote me  
awake.

Then death-moans, as I raised my head, I heard;  
And new-shed blood hot-welling plashed on me  
As by my murdered lord's death-throes I lay.  
Upright I leapt, with never a spear in hand.  
But, as I peered and groped to find my lance,  
From hard by came a sword-thrust 'neath my ribs  
From some strong man—strong, for I felt the blade  
Strike home, felt that deep furrow of the gash.  
Face-down I fell: the chariot and the steeds  
The robbers took, and fled into the night.  
Ah me! Ah me!

790

Pain racketh me—O wretch! I cannot stand.  
What ill befell I know—I saw it. How  
The slain men perished, this I cannot tell,  
Nor by what hand; but this do I divine—  
Fouly have they been dealt with by allies.

800

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤνιοχε Θρηκὸς τοῦ κακῶς πεπραγότος,  
μηδὲν δύσοιζ' οὐ πολεμίους δρᾶσαι τάδε.  
Ἔκτωρ δὲ καὐτὸς συμφορᾶς πεπυσμένος  
χωρεῖ συναλγεί δ', ὡς ἔοικε, σοῖς κακοῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

810 πῶς οἱ μέγιστα πήματ' ἐξειργασμένοι  
μολόντες ὑμᾶς πολεμίων κατὰσκοποι  
λήθουσιν αἰσχροῦς, καὶ κατεσφάγη στρατός,  
κοῦτ' εἰσιόντας στρατόπεδ' ἐξαπώσατε  
οὔτ' ἐξιόντας; τῶνδε τίς δώσει δίκην  
πλήν σου; σέ γὰρ δὴ φύλακά φημ' εἶναι στρατοῦ.  
φροῦδοι δ' ἄπληκτοι, τῇ Φρυγῶν κακανδρία  
πόλλ' ἐγγελῶντες τῷ στρατηλάτῃ τ' ἐμοί.  
εὐ νυν τόδ' ἴστε, Ζεὺς ὁμόμοσται πατήρ,  
ἦτοι μάραγνά γ' ἢ καραμιστῆς μόρος  
μένει σε δρώντα τοιάδ', ἢ τὸν Ἔκτορα  
τὸ μηδὲν εἶναι καὶ κακὸν νομίζετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

820 ἰὼ ἰὼ,  
μέγ' ἄρ' ἐμοὶ μέγ', ὦ πολίοχου κράτος, ἀντ.  
κακὸν ἔμολεν, ὅτε σοι  
ἄγγελος ἦλθον,  
ἀμφὶ ναῦς πύρ' αἰθεῖν Ἀργείων στρατόν·

ἐπεὶ ἄγρυπνον ὄμμ' ἐν εὐφρόνῃ  
οὔτ' ἐκοίμισ' οὔτ' ἔβριξ',  
οὐ τὰς Σιμοεντιάδας πηγᾶς μή μοι  
κότον, ὦ ἄνα, θῆς ἀναίτιος γὰρ  
ἔγωγε πάντων.



## RHESUS

### CHORUS

O charioteer of Thracia's lord ill-starred,  
Never suspect of this deed thine allies.  
Lo, Hector's self, who hath heard of your mischance,  
Comes : in thine ills he sorroweth, as beseems.

*Enter* HECTOR.

### HECTOR

How passed the men who wrought this direst scathe—  
Spies from the foemen—passed unmarked of you,  
For your shame, and for slaughter of the host, 810  
Nor ye withstood them entering the camp,  
Nor going forth? Shall any smart for this  
Save thee?—for thou wast warder of the host.  
They are gone, unsmitten!—gone, with many a scoff  
At Phrygian cowardice and me, your chief!  
Now know this well—by father Zeus 'tis sworn—  
Surely the scourge, or doom of headsman's axe  
Awaits thee for this work : else reckon thou  
Hector a thing of nought, a craven wretch.

### CHORUS

*(Ant. to Str. 454-466)*

Woe for me ! terrible evil, ah terrible, lighted on me 820  
When with my tidings I came, O thou warder of Troy,  
unto thee,—  
Tidings of beacon-fires lit through the Argive array  
by the sea.

Yet have I suffered the night not to drop from her  
slumberous wing  
Sleep on mine eyelids—I swear it by holiest Simois'  
spring !  
Let not thine anger against me be hot, who am  
guiltless, O King !

ΡΗΣΟΣ

830 ἦν δὲ χρόνῳ παράκαιρον ἔργον ἢ λόγον  
 πύθῃ, κατὰ με γὰς  
 ζῶντα πόρευσον· οὐ παραιτοῦμαι.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

τί τοῖσδ' ἀπειλεῖς, βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρου  
 γνώμην ὑφαιρεῖ τὴν ἐμήν, πλέκων λόγους ;  
 σὺ ταῦτ' ἔδρασας· οὐδέν' ἂν δεξαίμεθα  
 οὔθ' οἱ παθόντες οὔτ' ἂν οἱ τετρωμένοι  
 ἄλλον· μακροῦ γε δεῖ σε καὶ σοφοῦ λόγου,  
 ὅτῳ με πείσεις μὴ φίλους κατακτανεῖν,  
 ἵππων ἐρασθεῖς, ὧν ἕκατι συμμάχους  
 840 τοὺς σοὺς φονεύεις, πόλλ' ἐπισκῆπτων μολεῖν.  
 ἦλθον, τεθνᾶσιν· εὐπρεπέστερον Πάρις  
 ξενίαν κατήσχυν' ἢ σὺ συμμάχους κτανῶν.  
 μὴ γάρ τι λέξης ὥς τις Ἀργείων μολῶν  
 διώλεσ' ἡμᾶς· τίς ἂν ὑπερβαλὼν λόχους  
 Τρώων ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ἦλθεν, ὥστε καὶ λαθεῖν ;  
 σὺ πρόσθεν ἡμῶν ἦσο καὶ Φρυγῶν στρατός.  
 τίς οὖν τέτρωται, τίς τέθηκε συμμάχων  
 τῶν σῶν, μολόντων ὧν σὺ πολεμίων λέγεις ;  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ καὶ τετρώμεθ', οἱ δὲ μείζονα  
 850 παθόντες οὐχ ὀρώσιν ἡλίου φάος.  
 ἀπλῶς δ' Ἀχαιῶν οὐδέν' αἰτιώμεθα.  
 τίς δ' ἂν χαμεύνας πολεμίων κατ' εὐφρόνην  
 Ῥήσου μολῶν ἐξηῦρεν, εἰ μὴ τις θεῶν  
 ἔφραζε τοῖς κτανουῦσιν ; οὐδ' ἀφυγμένον  
 τὸ πάμπαν ἦσαν· ἀλλὰ μηχανᾷ τάδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρόνον μὲν ἤδη συμμάχοισι χρώμεθα  
 ὅσον περ ἐν γῆ τῆδ' Ἀχαιῆκός λεώς,  
 κούδεν πρὸς αὐτῶν οἶδα πλημμελὲς κλύων

## RHESUS

Then, if hereafter, as time runneth on, or in word or  
in deed 830  
Ever thou find me transgressing, O then to the grave  
do thou speed [I plead.  
Me,—yea, alive to go down to the pit ; nor for mercy

### CHARIOTEER

Why threaten these, and strive, barbarian thou,  
To cozen barbarian wit with glozing speech ?  
Thine was this murder ! None save thee the dead,  
Or wounded living, shall account thereof  
Guilty ! Long speech and subtle shalt thou need  
To make me think thou murderedst not thy friends,  
As coveting the steeds, for which thou slayest  
Allies whose coming was so straitly urged. 840  
They came—they are dead ! More seemly Paris  
shamed

Guest-faith, than thou, who murderedst thine allies !  
Nay, never tell me 'twas some Argive came  
And slew us ! Who could through the Trojan lines  
Have passed, and won to us, unmarked of them ?  
Before us camped were thou and Phrygia's host :—  
Of *thy* friends who was wounded then, who slain,  
When came the foes whereof thou tellest us ?  
We—some are wounded, some have suffered scathe  
More deadly, and the sun's light see no more. 850  
In plain words, no Achaean we accuse.  
Who of the foe had come, and in the night  
Found Rhesus' couch—except a v<sup>o</sup>ry God  
Guided the slayers ? They not even knew  
That he had come ! O nay, this plot is thine.

### HECTOR

Long time have I had dealings with allies,  
Long as Achaean folk have trod my land ;  
Nor ever bare I ill report of them.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

860 ἐν σοὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀρχώμεσθα ; μὴ μ' ἔρωσ ἔλοι  
 τοιοῦτος ἵππων ὥστ' ἀποκτείνειν φίλους.  
 καὶ ταῦτ' Ὀδυσσέως· τίς γὰρ ἄλλος ἂν ποτε  
 ἔδρασεν ἢ βούλευσεν Ἀργείων ἀνὴρ ;  
 δέδοικα δ' αὐτὸν καὶ τί μου θράσσει φρένας,  
 μὴ καὶ Δόλωνα συντυχῶν κατέκτανεν  
 χρόνον γὰρ ἤδη φρούδος ὦν οὐ φαίνεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα τοὺς σοὺς οὓς λέγεις Ὀδυσσέας·  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οὐδενὸς πεπλήγημεθα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ δ' οὖν νόμιζε ταῦτ', ἐπεὶ περ σοι δοκεῖ.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα πατρίς, πῶς ἂν ἐνθάνοιμί σοι ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

870 μὴ θνήσχ'· ἄλλις γὰρ τῶν τεβνηκότων ὄχλος.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ποῖ δὴ τράπωμαι δεσποτῶν μονούμενος ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οἶκός σε κεύθων οὐμὸς ἐξιάσεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

καὶ πῶς με κηδεύσουσιν αὐθεντῶν χέρες ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ὄδ' αὖ τὸν αὐτὸν μῦθον οὐ λήξει λέγων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ὄλοιθ' ὁ δράσας. οὐ γὰρ εἰς σέ τείνεται  
 γλώσσ', ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς· ἡ Δίκη δ' ἐπίσταται.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

λάξυσθ'· ἄγοντες δ' αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους ἐμούς,  
 οὕτως ὅπως ἂν μὴ ἴγκαλῆ πορσύνετε·

ὑμᾶς δ' ἰόντας τοῖσιν ἐν τείχει χρεῶν

880 Πριάμφ τε καὶ γέρουσι σημήναι νεκροῦς  
 θάπτειν κελεύειν λεωφόρου πρὸς ἐκτροπᾶς.

## RHESUS

With thee should I begin? May no such lust  
 For steeds take me, that I should slay my friends ' 860  
 This is Odysseus' work—for who beside  
 Of Argives had devised or wrought such deed?  
 I fear him, and my mind misgives me sore  
 Lest he have met our Dolon too, and slain.  
 Long time hath he been gone, nor yet appears.

CHARIOTEER

I know not thine Odysseus, whom thou nam'st.  
 I have been smitten by no alien foe.

HECTOR

Then think thou so, if this to thee seem good.

CHARIOTEER

Land of my fathers, O to die in thee!

HECTOR

Die not: suffice this multitude of dead. 870

CHARIOTEER

Ah, whither turn me, of my lord bereft?

HECTOR

Shelter and healing shall mine own house give thee.

CHARIOTEER

How shall the hands of murderers tend mine hurts?

HECTOR

This man will cease not telling the same tale.

CHARIOTEER

Perish the doer! Not at thee my tongue  
 Hurls this, as plains thy pride:—but Justice knows.

HECTOR (*to attendants*)

Ye, take him up and bear him to mine house.

So tend him that he shall not slander us.

And ye must go to those upon the wall,

To Priam and our elders, bidding them

Bury the slain beside the public way. 880

[*Exeunt bearers with* CHARIOTEER.]

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί ποτ' εὐτυχίας ἐκ τῆς μεγάλης  
Τροίαν ἀνάγει πάλιν εἰς πένθος  
δαίμων ἄλλος, τί φυτεύων ;

ἔα ἔα. ὦ ὦ.

τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεός, ὦ βασιλεῦ,  
τὸν νεοδμητον νεκρὸν ἐν χειροῖν  
φοράδην πέμπει ;  
ταρβῶ λεύσσων τόδε φάσμα.

### ΜΟΥΣΑ

890 ὄρᾶν πάρεστι, Τρῶες· ἡ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς  
τιμὰς ἔχουσα Μοῦσα, συγγόνων μία,  
πάρειμι, παῖδα τόνδ' ἕρῳσ' οἰκτρῶς φίλον  
θανόνθ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν ὃν ποθ' ὀκτείνας χρόνῳ  
δόλιος Ὀδυσσεὺς ἀξίαν τίσει δίκην.

ιαλέμφ ἀύθιγενεῖ,

στρ.

τέκνον, σ' ὀλοφύρομαι, ὦ

ματρὸς ἄλγος, οἶαν

ἔκελσας ὄδον ποτὶ Τροίαν,

ἢ δυσδαίμονα καὶ μελέαν,

900 ἀπομεμφομένας ἐμοῦ πορευθεῖς,

ἀπὸ δ' ἀντομένου πατρός, βιαίως.

ὦμοι ἐγὼ σέθεν, ὦ φιλία

φιλία κεφαλά, τέκνον, ὦμοι.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσον προσήκει μὴ γένους κοινωνίαν  
ἔχοντι, καὶ γὰρ τὸν σὸν οἰκτείρω γόνον.

## RHESUS

### CHORUS

Wherefore from heights of victory  
Doth Fortune drag down Troy unto woe—  
Fortune estranged? What purposeth she?

*(The MUSE appears above the stage with RHESUS in her arms.)*

Ho ye!—lo there!—what ho!  
What God overhead, O King, doth appear,  
In whose hands is the corpse of the newly dead  
Borne as it were on a bier?  
I quail as I look on the vision of dread.

### MUSE

Trojans, fear not to look: the Muse am I, 890  
One of the Song-queens, honoured of the wise.  
My dear son I behold in piteous sort  
Slain by his foes. One day shall he who slew,  
Guileful Odysseus, pay fit penalty.

*(Raises the death-dirge.)*

In moans that of no strange lips I borrow, *(Str.)*  
O son, my sorrow,  
I wail for thee.

What woofullest journey was thine, thy faring  
Of ill-starred daring  
To Troy oversea, 900

Despite my warning, thy father's pleading!  
Dear head!—O bleeding  
Heart of me!

### CHORUS

So far as one may take on him who hath  
No tie of kinship, I too wail thy son.

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

## ΜΟΥΣΑ

ἀντ.

ὄλοιτο μὲν Οἰνεΐδας,  
 ὄλοιτο δὲ Λαρτιάδας,  
 ὅς μ' ἄπαιδα γέννας  
 ἔθηκεν ἀριστοτόκοιο·  
 910 ἃ θ' Ἑλλανα λιποῦσα δόμον  
 Φρυγίων λεχέων ἔπλευσε πλαθεῖσ  
 ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ ὤλεσε μὲν σ' ἕκατι<sup>1</sup> Τροίας,  
 φίλτατε, μυριάδας τε πόλεις  
 ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἐκένωσεν.

ἢ πολλὰ μὲν ζῶν, πολλὰ δ' εἰς Ἄιδου μολῶν,  
 Φιλάμμονος παῖ, τῆς ἐμῆς ἠψω φρενός·  
 ὕβρις γάρ, ἢ σ' ἔσφηλε, καὶ Μουσῶν ἔρις  
 τεκεῖν μ' ἔθηκε τόνδε δύστηνον γόνου.  
 920 περῶσα γὰρ δὴ ποταμίους διὰ ῥοὰς  
 λέκτροις ἐπλάθην Στρυμόνος φυταλμίους,  
 ὅτ' ἤλθομεν γῆς χρυσόβωλου ἐς λέπας  
 Πάγγαιον ὀργάνοισιν ἐξησκημέναι  
 Μοῦσαι μεγίστην εἰς ἔριν μελωδίας  
 δευῶ σοφιστῇ Θρηκί, κάτυφλώσαμεν  
 Θάμυριν, ὃς ἡμῶν πόλλ' ἐδέυνασεν τέχνην.  
 κάπει σὲ τίκτω, συγγόνους αἰδουμένη  
 καὶ παρθευείαν, ἠκ' ἐς εὐύδρου πατρὸς  
 δίνας· τρέφειν δέ σ' οὐ βρότειον ἐς χέρα  
 Στρυμῶν δίδωσι, ἀλλὰ πηγαίαις κοραῖς.  
 930 ἐνθ' ἐτραφεῖς κάλλιστα παρθένων ὑπο,  
 Θρήκης ἀνάσσων πρῶτος ἦσθ' ἀνδρῶν, τέκνον.  
 καὶ σ' ἀμφὶ γῆν μὲν πατρίαν φιλαιμάτους  
 ἀλκὰς κορύσσοντ' οὐκ ἐδείμαινον θανεῖν,  
 Τροίας δ' ἀπηύδων ἄστν μὴ κέλσαι ποτέ,  
 εἰδυῖα τὸν σὸν πότμον· ἀλλὰ σ' Ἔκτορος

<sup>1</sup> Bruhn : for σὲ κατὰ of MSS.



## RHESUS

MUSE

Curse ye, Odysseus and Oineus' scion, (*Ant.*)  
 Through whom I cry on  
 My noble dead !

Curse her, who voyaged from Hellas over  
 To a Phrygian lover, 910  
 A wanton's bed,

Who for Troy's sake hath widowed homes without  
 number,  
 And bowed thee in slumber  
 Of death, dear head !

Sore hast thou wrung mine heart, Philammon's  
 son,

In life, and since to Hades thou hast passed.  
 Thine overweening, ruinous rivalry  
 With Muses, made me bear this hapless child.  
 For, as I waded through the river's flow,  
 Lo, I was clasped in Strymon's fruitful couch, 920  
 What time we came unto Pangaeus' ridge,  
 Whose dust is gold, with flute and lyre arrayed,  
 We Muses, for great strife of minstrelsy  
 With Thracia's cunning bard ; and we made blind  
 Thamyris, who full oft had mocked our skill.  
 And, when I bare thee, shamed before my sisters,  
 And for my maidenhead, down thy sire's fair swirls  
 I cast thee ; and to nurse thee Strymon chose  
 Arms of no mortal, but the Fountain-maids.  
 There reared in glorious fashion by the Nymphs, 930  
 Thou ruledst Thrace, a king of men, my child.  
 While through thy native land thou didst achieve  
 Great deeds of war, I feared not for thy life ;  
 But still I warned thee never to fare to Troy,  
 Knowing thy doom ; but Hector's embassies,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

940 πρεσβεύμαθ' αἴ τε μυρίαί γερουσίαι  
 ἔπεισαν ἔλθειν κάπικουρῆσαι φίλοις.  
 σὺ τοῦδ', Ἀθάνα, παντὸς αἰτία μόρου,  
 οὐδὲν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς οὐδ' ὁ Τυδέως τόκος  
 ἔδρασε δράσας· μὴ δόκει λεληθῆναι.  
 καίτοι πόλιν σὴν σύγγονοι πρεσβεύομεν  
 Μοῦσαι μάλιστα κάπιχρώμεθα χθονί,  
 μυστηρίων τε τῶν ἀπορρήτων φανὰς  
 ἔδειξεν Ὀρφεύς, ἀυτανέψιος νεκροῦ  
 τοῦδ' ὄν κατακτείνεις σὺ Μουσαῖόν τε σὸν  
 σεμνὸν πολίτην κάπι πλείστον ἄνδρ' ἕνα  
 ἔλθόντα, Φοῖβος σύγγονοί τ' ἠσκήσαμεν.  
 καὶ τῶνδε μισθὸν παῖδ' ἔχουρ' ἐν ὑγκάλαις  
 θρηνώ· σοφιστὴν δ' ἄλλον οὐκ ἐπάξομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

950 μάτην ἄρ' ἡμᾶς Θρήκιος τροχηλάτης  
 ἐδέυνασ', Ἐκτορ, τῷδε βουλευσαί φόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἤδη τάδ'· οὐδὲν μάντεων ἔδει φράσαι  
 Ὀδυσσεὺς τέχναισι τόνδ' ὀλωλότα.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ γῆς ἔφεδρον Ἑλλήνων στρατὸν  
 λεύσσω, τί μὴν ἔμελλον οὐ πέμψειν φίλοις  
 κήρυκας, ἔλθειν κάπικουρῆσαι χθονί ;  
 ἔπεμψ'· ὀφείλων δ' ἦλθε συμπονεῖν ἐμοί.  
 σὺ μὴν θανόντι γ' οὐδαμῶς συνήδομαι.  
 καὶ νῦν ἔτοιμος τῷδε καὶ τεύξαι τάφον  
 960 καὶ ξυμπνρῶσαι μυρίων πέπλων χλιδὴν·  
 φίλος γὰρ ἔλθὼν δυστυχῶς ἀπέρχεται.

ΜΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ εἰσι γαίας εἰς μελάγχχιμον πέδον  
 τοσούδε νύμφην τὴν ἔνερθ' αἰτήσομαι  
 τῆς καρποποιοῦ παῖδα Δήμητρος θεᾶς,

## RHESUS

And messages untold that elders bare,  
 Wrought on thee to set forth to aid thy friends.  
 Athena, thou art cause of all this doom !  
 Naught did Odysseus, neither Tydeus' son,  
 With all their doings :—think not I am blind ! 940  
 And yet thine Athens we with honour crown :  
 My sister Song-queens chiefly haunt thy land ;  
 And the torch-march of those veiled Mysteries  
 Did Orpheus teach her, cousin of the dead—  
 This dead, whom thou hast slain ! Musaeus too,  
 Thy citizen revered, the chiefest bard  
 Of men, him Phoebus and the Muses trained :—  
 And this my meed !—with arms clasped round  
     my son  
 I wail ! No new sage will I bring to thee.

### CHORUS

Falsely then Thracia's charioteer reviled 950  
 Us, Hector, as the plotters of his death.

### HECTOR

I knew it : need was none of seers to tell  
 That this man perished by Odysseus' craft.  
 And how could I, beholding Hellas' host  
 Camped on this soil, but send mine heralds forth  
 To friends, to bid them come and help our land ?  
 I sent them ; and he came, who owed me aid.  
 Ah, little joy have I to see him dead !  
 Ready am I to rear him now a tomb,  
 And to burn with him splendour of countless robes. 960  
 A friend he came, in sorrow goeth hence.

### MUSE

He shall not into earth's dark lap go down ;  
 With such strong crying will I pray Hell's Queen,  
 Child of Demeter Lady of earth's increase,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ψυχὴν ἀνεῖναι τοῦδ'· ὀφειλέτις δέ μοι  
 τοὺς Ὀρφείως τιμῶσα φαίνεσθαι φίλους.  
 κάμοι μὲν ὡς θανῶν τε κοῦ λεύσσω φάος  
 ἔσται τὸ λοιπόν· οὐ γὰρ ἐς ταῦτόν ποτε  
 970 ἔτ' εἰσιν οὐδὲ μητρὸς ὄψεται δέμας,  
 κρυπτὸς δ' ἐν ἄντροις τῆς ὑπαργύρου χθονὸς  
 ἀνθρωποδαίμων κείσεται βλέπων φάος,  
 Βάκχου προφήτης ὥστε Παγγαίου πέτραν  
 ἄκησε σεμνὸς τοῖσιν εἰδόσιν θεός.  
 ῥᾶον δὲ πένθος τῆς θαλασσίας θεοῦ  
 οἴσω· θανεῖν γὰρ καὶ τὸν ἐκ κείνης χρεῶν.  
 θρήνοις δ' ἀδελφαὶ πρῶτα μὲν σ' ὑμνήσομεν,  
 ἔπειτ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ Θέτιδος ἐν πένθει ποτέ.  
 οὐ ῥύσεται νιν Παλλὰς, ἧ σ' ἀπέκτανε·  
 τοῖον φαρέτρα Λοξίου σφάζει βέλος.  
 980 ὦ παιδοποιοὶ συμφοραί, πόνοι βροτῶν,  
 ὡς ὅστις ὑμᾶς μὴ κακῶς λογίζεται,  
 ἄπαις διοίσει κοῦ τεκῶν θάψει τέκνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔτος μὲν ἤδη μητρὶ κηδεύειν μέλει·  
 σὺ δ' εἴ τι πρύσσει τῶν προκειμένων θέλεις,  
 Ἔκτορ, πύρεστι· φῶς γὰρ ἡμέρας τόδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χωρεῖτε, συμμάχους θ' ὀπλίξεσθαι τάχος  
 ἀνωχθε, πληροῦν τ' αὐχένας ξυνωριδῶν.  
 πανοὺς δ' ἔχοντας χορὴ μένειν Τυρσηνικῆς  
 σάλπιγγος αὐδῆν ὡς ὑπερβαλὼν τάφρον  
 990 τείχη τ' Ἀχαιῶν ναυσὶν αἶθρον ἐμβαλεῖν  
 πέποιθα Τρωσὶ θ' ἡμέραν ἐλευθέραν  
 ἀκτίνα τὴν στείχουσαν ἡλίου φέρειν.

## RHESUS

To grant his soul release. My debtor is she  
 To show that yet she honours Orpheus' friends,  
 Yet to me as one dead, that sees not light, ♣  
 Henceforth shall he be : never shall he come  
 To meet me more, nor see his mother's form.  
 In caverns of the silver-veined land 970  
 A god-man shall he lie, beholding light,  
 As Bacchus' prophet 'neath Pangaeus' rock  
 Dwelt, god revered of them that knew the truth.  
 More lightly now the grief of that Sea-queen  
 Shall fall on me : for her son too must die.  
 Thee first we Sisters will with dirges hymn,  
 Achilles then, in Thetis' hour of grief.  
 Not him shall Pallas save, who murdered thee,  
 Such shaft doth Loxias' quiver keep for him.  
 Ah, woes of mothers ! Miseries of men ! 980  
 Yea, whoso taketh true account of you  
 Childless will live, nor bear sons for the grave.  
 [Exit.

## CHORUS

Now are the King's death-rites his mother's care.  
 But if thou wilt do work that lies to hand,  
 Hector, 'tis time ; for yonder dawns the day.

## HECTOR

Depart ye : bid our comrades straightway arm,  
 And lay the yokes upon the car-steeds' necks.  
 Then torch in hand must ye await the blast  
 Of Tuscan clarion ; for I trust to press  
 Over their trench, their walls, and fire the ships 990  
 Achaean, and to bring in freedom's day  
 For Troy with yonder sun's uprising beams.

## ΡΗΣΟΣ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

πείθου βασιλεῖ· στείχωμεν ὄπλοις  
κοσμησάμενοι καὶ ξυμμαχία  
τάδε φράζωμεν· τάχα δ' ἂν νίκην  
δοίη δαίμων ὁ μεθ' ἡμῶν.

## RHESUS

### CHORUS

Give heed to the King: now march we in war's array,  
And tell unto them that with Troy be allied  
These things. May the God give triumph to us  
straightway  
Who fights on our side.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]





# HECUBA

R 2



## ARGUMENT

WHEN Troy was taken by the Greeks, Hecuba, the wife of Priam, and her daughters, Cassandra the prophetess, and Polyxena, with the other women of Troy, were made slaves, being portioned among the victors, so that Cassandra became the concubine of Agamemnon. But Polydorus, the youngest of Priam's sons, had long ere this been sent, with much treasure of gold, for safe keeping to his father's friend, Polymestor king of Thrace, so that his mother had one consolation of hope amidst her afflictions. Now the host of Greece could not straightway sail home, because to the spirit of their dead hero Achilles was given power to hold the winds from blowing, till meet sacrifice were rendered to him, even a maiden of Troy, most beautiful of the seed royal; and for this they chose Polyxena. And now king Polymestor, lusting for the gold, and fearing no vengeance of man, slew his ward, the lad Polydorus, and flung his body into the sea, so that it was in process of time cast up by the waves on the shore whereby was the camp of the Greeks, and was brought to Hecuba. And herein are told the sorrow of Hecuba and her revenge.

**ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ**

**ΠΟΛΥΔΩΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ**

**ΕΚΑΒΗ**

**ΧΟΡΟΣ**

**ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ**

**ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ**

**ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ**

**ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ**

**ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ**

**ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ**

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*Phantom of* POLYDORUS, *son of Priam King of Troy, and Hecuba.*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam, and mother of Polydorus and Polyxena.*

POLYXENA, *youngest daughter of Priam and Hecuba.*

ODYSSEUS, *chiefest in subtlety of the Greeks, King of Ithaca.*

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of King Agamemnon.*

AGAMEMNON, *King of Mycenae, and captain of the host of Greece.*

POLYMESTOR, *King of Eastern Thrace, which is called the Chersonese.*

HANDMAID *of Hecuba.*

CHORUS *of captive Trojan women.*

*Attendants, Greek and Thracian guards, captive women.*

SCENE :—*Before Agamemnon's tent in the camp of the Greeks on the coast of the Thracian Chersonese.*

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

### ΠΟΛΥΤΑΓΡΟΤ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ

Ηκὼ νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ σκότου πύλας  
 λιπῶν, ἴν' Ἄιδης χωρὶς ᾤκισται θεῶν,  
 Πολύδωρος, Ἐκάβης παῖς γεγῶς τῆς Κισσέως  
 Πριάμου τε πατρός, ὃς μ', ἐπεὶ Φρυγῶν πόλιν  
 κίνδυνος ἔσχε δορὶ πεσεῖν Ἑλληνικῶ,  
 δείσας ὑπεξέπεμψε Τρωικῆς χθονὸς  
 Πολυμήστορος πρὸς δῶμα Θρηκίου ξένου,  
 ὃς τὴν ἀρίστην Χερσονησίαν πλάκα  
 σπείρει, φίλιππον λαὸν εὐθύνων δορὶ.  
 10 πολὺν δὲ σὺν ἐμοὶ χρυσὸν ἐκπέμπει λάβρα  
 πατῆρ, ἴν', εἴ ποτ' Ἴλιου τέλχη πέσοι,  
 τοῖς ζῶσιν εἴη παισὶ μὴ σπάνις βίου.  
 νεώτατος δ' ἦν Πριαμιδῶν, ὃ καὶ με γῆς  
 ὑπεξέπεμψεν· οὔτε γὰρ φέρειν ὄπλα  
 οὔτ' ἔγχος οἶός τ' ἦν νέφ βραχίονι.  
 ἕως μὲν οὖν γῆς ὄρθ' ἐκειθ' ὀρίσματα,  
 πύργοι τ' ἄθραυστοι Τρωικῆς ἦσαν χθονός,  
 Ἐκτωρ τ' ἀδελφὸς οὐμὸς ἠντύχει δορὶ,  
 20 καλῶς παρ' ἀνδρὶ Θρηκί πατρῶφ ξένφ  
 τροφαῖσιν ὡς τις πτόρθος ἠξόμην τάλας.

## HECUBA

*The phantom of POLYDORUS appears hovering over the tent of Agamemnon.*

POLYDORUS

I come from vaults of death, from gates of  
darkness,  
Where from the Gods aloof doth Hades dwell,  
Polydorus, born of Hecuba, Cisseus' child,  
And Priam, who, when peril girt the town  
Of Phrygians, by the spear of Greece to fall,  
In fear from Troyland privily sent me forth  
To Polymestor's halls, his Thracian friend,  
Lord of the fair tith-lands of Chersonese,  
Who with the spear rules that horse-loving folk.  
And secretly with me my sire sent forth 10  
Much gold, that, should the towers of Ilium fall,  
His sons yet living might not beggared be.  
Youngest of Priam's house was I: for this  
He sent me forth the land, whose youthful arm  
Availed not or to sway the shield or spear.  
So, while unbowed the land's defences stood,  
And yet unshattered were the towers of Troy,  
While triumphed yet my brother Hector's spear,  
Fair-nurtured by the Thracian, my sire's friend,  
Like some young sapling grew I—hapless I ' 20

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροία θ' Ἐκτορός τ' ἀπόλλυται  
 ψυχῇ, πατρώα θ' ἐστία κατεσκάφη,  
 αὐτὸς δὲ βωμῷ πρὸς θεοδμήτῳ πίτνει  
 σφαγεῖς Ἀχιλλέως παιδὸς ἐκ μαιφόνου,  
 κτείνει με χρυσοῦ τὸν ταλαίπωρον χάριν  
 ξένος πατρώος καὶ κτανὼν ἐς οἶδμ' ἄλος  
 μεθήχ', ἔν' αὐτὸς χρυσὸν ἐν δόμοις ἔχη.  
 κείμαι δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς, ἄλλοτ' ἐν πόντου σάλῳ,  
 πολλοῖς διαύλοις κυμάτων φορούμενος,  
 30 ἄκλαυστος, ἄταφος· νῦν δ' ὑπὲρ μητρὸς φίλης  
 Ἐκάβης αἰίσσω, σῶμ' ἐρημώσας ἐμόν,  
 τριταῖον ἤδη φέγγος αἰωρούμενος,  
 ὅσον περ ἐν γῇ τῆδε Χερσονησίᾳ  
 μήτηρ ἐμὴ δύστηνος ἐκ Τροίας πάρα.  
 πάντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ναῦς ἔχοντες ἥσυχoi  
 θάσσουσ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τῆσδε Θρηκίας χθονός·  
 ὁ Πηλέως γὰρ παῖς ὑπὲρ τύμβου φαεῖς  
 κατέσχ' Ἀχιλλεύς πᾶν στρατεύμ' Ἑλληνικόν,  
 πρὸς οἶκον εὐθύνοντας ἐναλίαν πλάτην·  
 40 αἰτεῖ δ' ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἐμὴν Πολυξένην  
 τύμβῳ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ γέρας λαβεῖν.  
 καὶ τεύξεται τοῦδ', οὐδ' ἠδῶρητος φίλων  
 ἔσται πρὸς ἀνδρῶν ἢ πεπρωμένη δ' ἄγει  
 θανεῖν ἀδελφὴν τῶδ' ἐμὴν ἐν ἡματι.  
 δυοῖν δὲ παῖδoιω δύο νεκρῶ κατόψεται  
 μήτηρ, ἐμοῦ τε τῆς τε δυστήνου κόρης·  
 φανήσομαι γάρ, ὡς τάφου τλήμων τύχῳ,  
 δούλης ποδῶν πάροισεν ἐν κλυδωνίῳ.  
 τοὺς γὰρ κάτω σθένοντας ἐξητησάμην  
 50 τύμβου κυρῆσαι κείς χέρας μητρὸς πεσεῖν.  
 τοῦμόν μὲν οὖν ὅσον περ ἠθέλον τυχεῖν  
 ἔσται· γεραιᾶ δ' ἐκποδῶν χωρήσομαι



## HECUBA

But when Troy perished, perished Hector's soul,  
And my sire's hearths were made a desolation,  
And himself at the god-built altar fell  
Slain by Achilles' son, the murder-stained,  
Then me for that gold's sake my father's friend  
Slew, and the slaughtered wretch mid sea-surge  
cast,

That in his halls himself might keep the gold.  
Now on the beach I welter, surf-borne now  
Drift on the racing waves' recoil and rush,  
Tombless, unwept. O'er my dear mother's head 30  
Now flit I, leaving tenantless my body.

This is the third day that I hover so,  
Even all the time that in this Chersonese  
My hapless mother tarrieth, haled from Troy.  
And all the Achaeans idle with their ships  
Sit on the beaches of this Thracian land.  
For Peleus' son above his tomb appeared,  
And all the Hellenic host Achilles stayed,  
Even as they homeward aimed the brine-dipt oar,  
And claimed for his Polyxena my sister, 40  
For sacrifice and honour to his tomb ;  
Yea, and shall win, nor of his hero-friends  
Giftless shall be. And Fate is leading on  
Unto her death my sister on this day.

And of two children shall my mother see  
Two corpses, mine, and that her hapless daughter's.  
For I, to gain a tomb, will—wretch—appear  
Before her handmaid's feet amidst the surge.  
For with the Lords of Death have I prevailed  
'Twixt mother-hands to fall, and win a tomb. 50  
Accomplished shall be all for which I longed.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

Ἐκάβη· περᾶ γὰρ ἦδ' ὑπὸ σκηνῆς πόδα  
 Ἀγαμέμνονος, φάντασμα δειμαίνουσ' ἐμόν.

φεῦ·

ὦ μήτηρ, ἣτις ἐκ τυραννικῶν δόμων  
 δούλειον ἡμαρ εἶδες, ὡς πράσσεις κακῶς  
 ὄσονπερ εὐ ποτ'· ἀντισηκώσας δέ σε  
 φθείρει θεῶν τις τῆς πάροισ' εὐπραξίας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

60 ἄγετ', ὦ παῖδες, τὴν γραῦν πρὸ δόμων,  
 ἄγετ' ὀρθοῦσαι τὴν ὀμόδουλον,  
 Τρῳάδες, ὑμῖν, πρόσθε δ' ἄνασσαν.  
 λάβετε, φέρετε, πέμπετ', ἀείρετέ μου  
 γεραιᾶς χεῖρὸς προσλαζύμεναι·  
 κἀγὼ σκολιῷ σκίπῳνι χερὸς  
 διερειδομένα σπεύσω βραδύπου  
 ἤλυσιν ἄρθρων προτιθεῖσα.  
 ὦ στεροπὰ Διός, ὦ σκοτία νύξ,  
 70 τί ποτ' αἶρομαι ἔννυχος οὕτω  
 δείμασι, φάσμασιν; ὦ πότνια Χθῶν,  
 μελανοπτερόγων μᾶτερ ὀνείρων,  
 ἀποπέμπομαι ἔννυχον ὄψιν,  
 ἣν περὶ παιδὸς ἐμοῦ τοῦ σφζομένου κατὰ  
 Θρήκην  
 ἀμφὶ Πολυξείνης τε φίλης θυγατρὸς δι'  
 ὀνείρων  
 φοβερὰν ὄψιν ἔμαθον, ἐδάην.  
 ὦ χθόνιοι θεοί, σώσατε παιδ' ἐμόν,

## HECUBA

But aged Hecuba's sight will I avoid ;  
For forth of Agamemnon's tent she sets  
Her feet, appalled by this my ghostly phantom.

*HECUBA, dressed as a slave, and supported by fellow-captives, appears coming out of Agamemnon's tent.*

Mother, who after royal halls hast seen  
The day of thralldom, how thy depth of woe  
Equals thine height of weal ! A God bears down  
The scale with olden bliss heaped, ruining thee.

[*Exit.*

### HECUBA

Lead forth, O my children, the stricken in years  
from the tent.

60

O lead her, upbearing the steps of your fellow-thrall  
Now, O ye daughters of Troy, but of old your queen.  
Clasp me, uphold, help onward the eld-forspent,  
Laying hold of my wrinkled hand, lest for weak-  
ness I fall ;

And, sustained by a curving arm, thereon as I lean,  
I will hasten onward with tottering pace,  
Speeding my feet in a laggard's race.

O lightning-splendour of Zeus, O mirk of the night,  
Why quake I for visions in slumber that haunt me  
With terrors, with phantoms ? O Earth's majestic  
might,

70

Mother of dreams that hover in dusk-winged flight,  
I cry to the vision of darkness "Avaunt thee !" —  
The dream of my son who was sent into Thrace to  
be saved from the slaughter, [loved daughter,  
The dream that I saw of Polyxena's doom, my dear-  
Which I saw, which I knew, which abideth to  
daunt me.

Gods of the Underworld, save ye my son,

253

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 80 ὃς μόνος οἴκων ἄγκυρ' ἐμῶν  
 τὴν χιονώδη Θρήκην κατέχει  
 ξείνου πατρίου φυλακαῖσιν.  
 ἔσται τι νέον,  
 ἤξει τι μέλος γοερὸν γοεραῖς.  
 οὔποτ' ἐμὰ φρὴν ὦδ' ἀλίσστος  
 φρίσσει, ταρβεῖ.  
 ποῦ ποτε θείαν Ἑλένου ψυχὰν  
 ἢ Κασάνδραν ἐσίδω, Τρωάδες,  
 ὡς μοι κρίνωσιν ὀνείρους ;
- 90 εἶδον γὰρ βασιὰν ἔλαφον λύκου αἵμου χαλᾶ  
 σφαζομέναν, ἀπ' ἐμῶν γονάτων σπασθεῖσαν  
 ἀνάγκα  
 οἰκτρῶς· καὶ τόδε δεῖμά μοι·  
 ἦλθ' ὑπὲρ ἄκρας τύμβου κορυφᾶς  
 φάντασμά 'Αχιλέως· ἦτι δὲ γέρας  
 τῶν πολυμόχθων τινὰ Τρωιάδων.  
 ἀπ' ἐμᾶς οὖν ἀπ' ἐμᾶς τόδε παιδὸς  
 πέμψατε, δαίμονες, ἱκετεύω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- Ἑκάβη, σπουδῆ πρὸς σ' ἐλιάσθη  
 τὰς δεσποσύνους σκηναὶς προλιπούσ',  
 100 ἔκκληρώθη καὶ προσετάχθη  
 δούλη, πόλεως ἀπελαυνομένη  
 τῆς Ἰλιάδος, λόγχης αἰχμῆ  
 δοριθήρατος πρὸς Ἀχαιῶν,

## HECUBA

Mine house's anchor, its only one, 80  
 By the friend of his father warded well  
 Where the snows of Thrace veil forest and fell!

But a strange new stroke draweth near,  
 And a strain of wailing for them that wail.  
 Ah, never as now did the heart in me quail  
 With the thrilling of ceaseless fear.

O that Cassandra I might but descry  
 To arrede me my dreams, O daughters of Troy,  
 Or Helenus, god-taught seer!

For a dappled fawn I beheld which a wolf's red  
 fangs were tearing, 90  
 Which he dragged from my knees whereto she had  
 clung in her piteous despairing.

This terror withal on my spirit is come,  
 That the ghost of the mighty Achilles hath risen,  
 and stood

High on the crest of his earth-heaped tomb;  
 And he claimeth a guerdon of honour, the spilling of  
 blood,

And a woe-stricken Trojan maiden's doom.

O Gods, I am suppliant before you!—in any wise  
 turn, I implore you,

This fate from the child of my womb!

*Enter CHORUS of captive Trojan women.*

I have hasted hitherward; the pavilions of my lord,  
 O my queen, have I forsaken, in the which I  
 sojourn here,  
 Whom the lot hath doomed to fall unto a king, a thrall  
 From Ilium chased, the quarry of Achaean hunters' 100  
 spear,—

οὐδὲν παθέων ἀποκουφίζουσ',  
 ἀλλ' ἀγγελίας βάρους ἀραμένη  
 μέγα, σοί τε, γύναι, κήρυξ ἰχέων.  
 ἐν γὰρ Ἀχαιῶν πλήρει ξυνόδῳ  
 λέγεται δόξαι σὴν παῖδ' Ἀχιλεῖ  
 σφάγιον θέσθαι τύμβου δ' ἐπιβὰς  
 οἴσθ' ὅτε χρυσεῖς ἐφάνη σὺν ὄπλοις,  
 110 τὰς ποντοπόρους δ' ἔσχε σχεδίας  
 λαίφη προτόνοις ἐπερειδομένας,  
 τάδε θωύσσω·  
 ποῖ δὴ, Δαναοί, τὸν ἐμὸν τύμβον  
 στέλλεσθ' ἀγέραστοι ἀφέντες ;

πολλῆς δ' ἔριδος συνέπαισε κλύδων,  
 δόξα δ' ἐχώρει δίχ' ἂν Ἑλλήνων  
 στρατὸν αἰχμητήν, τοῖς μὲν διδόναι  
 τύμβῳ σφάγιον, τοῖς δ' οὐχὶ δοκοῦν.

120 ἦν δὲ τὸ μὲν σὸν σπεύδων ἀγαθὸν  
 τῆς μαντιπόλου Βάκχης ἀνέχων  
 λέκτρ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
 τὼ Θησείδα δ', ὄζω Ἀθηνῶν,  
 δισσῶν μύθων ῥήτορες ἦσαν·  
 γνώμη δὲ μιᾷ συνεχωρείτην,  
 τὸν Ἀχιλλεῖον τύμβον στεφανοῦν  
 αἵματι χλωρῷ, τὰ δὲ Κασάνδρας  
 λέκτρ' οὐκ ἐφάτην τῆς Ἀχιλείας  
 πρόσθεν θήσειν ποτὲ λόγχης.

## HECUBA

Not for lightening of thy pain; nay, a burden have  
   I ta'en  
 Of heavy tidings, herald of sore anguish unto  
   thee,  
 For that met is the array of Achaea, and they say  
   That thy child unto Achilles a sacrifice must be.  
 For thou knowest how in sheen of golden armour seen 110  
   He stood upon his tomb, and on the ocean-pacing  
   ships  
 Laid a spell, that none hath sailed,—yea, though the  
   halliards brailed [his lips:  
   The sails up to the yards;—and a cry rang from  
 “Ho, Danaans! whither now, leaving unredeemed  
   your vow [away?”  
 Of honour to my tomb, and my glory spurned  
 Then a surge of high contention clashed: the spear-  
   host in dissension  
   Was cleft, some crying, “Yield his tomb the  
   victim!”—others, “Nay!”  
 Now the King was fervent there that thy daughter  
   they should spare, 120  
   For that Agamemnon loveth thy prophet-bacchanal.  
 But the sons of Theseus twain, Athens' scions, for  
   thy bane  
   Pleaded both, yet for the victim did their vote at  
   variance fall.  
 “Ye cannot choose but crown with the life-blood  
   streaming down  
   Achilles' grave!” they clamoured—“and, for this  
   Cassandra's bed,  
 Shall any dare prefer to Achilles' prowess her—  
   A concubine, a bondslave?—It shall never be!”  
   they said.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

130 σπουδαὶ δὲ λόγων κατατεινομένων  
 ἦσαν ἴσαι πως, πρὶν ὁ ποικιλόφρων  
 κόπις, ἠδυλόγος, δημοχαριστῆς  
 Λαερτιάδης πείθει στρατιὰν  
 μὴ τὸν ἄριστον Δαναῶν πάντων  
 δούλων σφαγίων εἶνεκ' ἀπωθεῖν,  
 μηδέ τιν' εἰπεῖν παρὰ Περσεφύνη  
 στάντα φθιμένων  
 ὡς ἀχάριστοι Δαναοὶ Δαναοῖς  
 τοῖς οἰχομένοις ὑπὲρ Ἑλλήνων  
 140 Τροίας πεδίων ἀπέβησαν.

ἤξει δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ὅσον οὐκ ἤδη,  
 πῶλον ἀφέλξων σῶν ἀπὸ μαστῶν  
 ἔκ τε γεραιᾶς χερὸς ὀρμήσων.

ἀλλ' ἴθι ναοὺς, ἴθι πρὸς βωμούς,  
 ἴς' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἰκέτις γονάτων,  
 κήρυσσε θεοὺς τοὺς τ' οὐρανίδας  
 τοὺς θ' ὑπὸ γαίαν.

ἦ γάρ σε λιταὶ διακωλύσουσ'  
 ὀρφανὸν εἶναι παιδὸς μελέας,



HECUBA

But the vehemence of speech, each contending 130  
 against each, [souled,

Was balanced, as it were, till the prater subtle-  
 The man of honied tongue, the truckler to the  
 throng, [mould :

Laertes' spawn, 'gan fashion the host unto his  
 "We may not thrust aside like an outcast wretch,"  
 he cried, [Danaan hand,

"The bravest Danaan heart and the stoutest  
 All to spare our hands the stain of the blood of  
 bondmaid slain, [that stand

Neither suffer that a voice from the ranks of them  
 In the presence of Hell's Queen should with scoffing  
 bitter-keen

Cry, 'Thankless from the plains of Troy the  
 Danaans have sped,  
 Thankless unto Danaan kin whose graves are thick  
 therein,  
 Who died to save their brethren—the soon-  
 forgotten dead!'"

And Odysseus draweth near—even now shall he be  
 here 140

From thy breast to rend thy darling, from thine  
 age-enfeebled grasp.

Hie thee to the temples now: haste, before the  
 altars bow: [clasp.

Crouch low to Agamemnon, his knees in supplicance  
 Lift up thy voice and cry to the Gods that sit on high:  
 Let the Nether-dwellers hear it through their dark-  
 ness ringing wild.

For, except they turn and spare, and thy prevalence  
 of prayer [child,  
 Redeem thee from bereavement of thy ruin-stricken

ΕΚΑΒΗ

159 ἢ δεῖ σ' ἐπιδεῖν τύμβου προπετῆ  
φοινισσομένην αἵματι παρθένον  
ἐκ χρυσοφόρου  
δειρῆς νασμῶ μελαναυγεί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὰρ μελέα, τί ποτ' ἀπύσω ;  
ποῖαν ἀχώ, ποῖον ὄδυρμόν ;  
δειλαία δειλαίου γήρως,  
δουλείας τᾶς οὐ τλατᾶς,  
τᾶς οὐ φερτᾶς ὥμοι μοι.

160 τίς ἀμύνει μοι ; ποῖα γέννα,  
ποῖα δὲ πόλις ;  
φροῦδος πρέσβυς, φροῦδοι παῖδες.  
ποῖαν, ἢ ταύταν ἢ κείναν  
στείχω ; ποῖ δ' ἦσω ; ποῦ τις θεῶν  
ἢ δαίμων νῶν ἐπαρωγός ;

ὦ κάκ' ἐνεγκοῦσαι Τρφίδες, ὦ  
κάκ' ἐνεγκοῦσαι  
πήματ', ἀπώλεσατ' ὠλέσατ' οὐκέτι μοι βίος  
ἀγαστὸς ἐν φάει.

170 ὦ τλάμων ἄγησαί μοι  
πούς, ἄγησαι τᾷ γραιῖα  
πρὸς τάνδ' αὐλάν· ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ  
δυστανοτάτας ματέρος, ἔξελθ'  
ἔξελθ' οἴκων· αἶε ματέρος  
αὐδάν, ὦ τέκνον, ὡς εἰδῆς  
οἴαν οἴαν ἀτω φάμαν  
περὶ σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

## HECUBA

Thou must surely live to gaze where a maiden on her  
 face [darkly-gleaming tide  
 On a grave-mound lieth slaughtered, while the 150  
 Welleth, welleth from the neck which the golden  
 mockeries deck, [dyed.  
 And all her body crimsons in the bubbling horror

### HECUBA

Woe for mine anguish ! what outcry availeth  
 To thrill forth its agony-throes ?  
 What wailing its fulness of torment outwaileth—  
 Wretched eld—bitter bondage where heart and  
 flesh faileth ?

Ah me for my woes !

What champion is left me ?—what sons to defend  
 me ?—

What city remains to me ? Gone 160

Are my lord and my sons ! Whither now shall I  
 wend me ? [befriend me ?

Whither flee ? Is there God—is there fiend shall  
 Alone—alone !

Daughters of Troy—O ye heralds of ruin, ye heralds  
 of ruin !—

What profits my life any more, whom your words  
 have undone, have undone ?

Now unto yonder pavilion, to tell to my child her 170  
 undoing, [one !

Lead, O ye wretchedest feet, lead ye the eld-stricken

O daughter, O child of a mother most wretched, forth  
 faring, forth faring, [mother's word,

Come from the tent, O hearken the voice of thy  
 To the end thou mayst know what a rumour of awful  
 despairing, despairing, [have I heard !

Concerning the life of thee, my beloved, but now

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ιώ,  
 μάτερ μάτερ, τί βοᾶς ; τί νέον  
 καρύξασ' οἴκων μ' ὥστ' ὄρνιν  
 θάμβει τῷδ' ἐξέπταξας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

180 οἶμοι, τέκνον.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί με δυσφημείς ; φροίμιά μοι κακά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἐξαύδα, μὴ κρύψῃς δαρὸν.  
 δειμαίνω δειμαίνω, μάτερ,  
 τί ποτ' ἀναστένεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκνον τέκνον μελέας ματρός.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί τόδ' ἀγγέλλεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σφάξαι σ' Ἀργείων κοινὰ  
 συντείνει πρὸς τύμβον γνώμα  
 190 Πηλείδα γέννα.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

οἶμοι, μάτερ, πῶς φθέγγει  
 ἀμέγαρτα κακῶν ; μάνυσόν μοι,  
 μάνυσον, μάτερ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐδῶ, παῖ, δυσφάιμους φάμας  
 ἀγγέλλουσ' Ἀργείων δόξαι  
 ψήφω τᾶς σᾶς περί μοι ψυχᾶς.

## HECUBA

*Enter POLYXENA*

O mother, my mother, what meaneth thy crying?  
What strange dread thing  
Is this that thou heraldest  
That hath scared me, like to a bird forth-flying  
On startled wing  
Out of the peace of her nest?

HECUBA

Alas! woe's me, my daughter! 180

POLYXENA

What word of ill-boding is thine? From thy preluding  
ills I divine.

HECUBA

Ah me, life doomed unto slaughter!

POLYXENA

Tell it out, tell it out, neither hide o'erlong;  
For mine heart, my mother, is heavy with dread  
For the tidings that come in thy moan.

HECUBA

O child, O child of the grief-distraught!

POLYXENA

Ah, what is the message to me thou hast brought?

HECUBA

Death: for the Argive warrior-throng  
Are in one mind set, that thy blood be shed  
On the grave of Peleus' son. 190

POLYXENA

Ah me, my mother, how can thy tongue  
Speak out the horror?—Let all be said:  
O mother mine, say on.

HECUBA

O child, I have heard it, the shame and the wrong,  
Of the Argive vote, of the doom forth sped,  
Of the hope of thy life gone—gone!

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

### ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὦ δεινὰ παθοῦς', ὦ παντλάμων,  
ὦ δυστάνου μᾶτερ βιοτᾶς,  
οἴαν οἴαν αὖ σοι λῶβαν  
200 ἐχθίσταν ἀρρήταν τ'  
ὥρσέν τις δαίμων ;  
οὐκέτι σοι παῖς ἄδ' οὐκέτι δὴ  
γῆρα δειλαίῳ δειλαία  
συνδουλεύσω.

σκύμνον γάρ μ' ὥστ' οὐριθρέπταν,  
μόσχον δειλαία δειλαίαν  
εἰσόψει χειρὸς ἀναρπαστὰν  
σᾶς ἄπο λαιμότομόν τ' Ἀίδα  
210 γᾶς ὑποπεμπομέναν σκότον, ἔνθα νεκρῶν μέτα  
τάλαινα κείσομαι.

καὶ σέ μέν, μᾶτερ δύστανε βίου,  
κλαίω πανδύρτοις θρήνοις·  
τὸν ἐμὸν δὲ βίον, λῶβαν λύμαν τ',  
οὐ μετακλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ θανεῖν μοι  
ξυντυχία κρείσσω ἐκύρησεν.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔρχεται σπουδῇ ποδός,  
Ἐκάβη, νέον τι πρὸς σέ σημανῶν ἔπος.

### ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

γύναι, δοκῶ μέν σ' εἶδέναι γνώμην στρατοῦ  
ψῆφόν τε τὴν κρανθεῖσαν· ἀλλ' ὅμως φράσω.  
220 ἔδοξ' Ἀχαιοῖς παῖδα σὴν Πολυξένην  
σφάζει πρὸς ὀρθὸν χῶμ' Ἀχιλλεῖου τάφου.  
ἡμᾶς δὲ πομποὺς καὶ κομιστήρας κόρης  
τάσσουσιν εἶναι· θύματος δ' ἐπιστάτης

## HECUBA

### POLYXENA

O stricken of anguish beyond all other !  
O filled with affliction of desolate days !  
    Whattempest, whattempest of outrage and shame,  
    Too loathly to look on, too awful to name,      200  
    Hath a fiend uproused, that on thee it came,  
That thy woeful child by her woeful mother  
    Nevermore down thraldom's paths shall pace !  
For me, like a youngling mountain-pastured,  
    Like a child of the herd, shalt thou see torn far,  
    In woe from thy woeful embraces torn,  
    And, with throat by the steel of the altar shorn,  
    Down to the underworld darkness borne,  
In the Land Unseen to lie, overmastered  
    Of misery, there where the death-stricken are.      210  
For thee, for the dark days closing around thee,  
    Mother, with uttermost wailings I cry :  
    But for this, the life that I now must lack,  
    For all the ruin thereof and the wrack,  
    I wail not, I, as I gaze aback :—  
O nay, but a happier lot hath found me,  
    Forasmuch as to me it is given to die.

### CHORUS

But lo, Odysseus comes with hurrying foot,  
To tell thee, Hecuba, the new decree.

*Enter ODYSSEUS.*

### ODYSSEUS

Lady, thou know'st, I trow, the host's resolve,  
And the vote cast, yet will I tell it thee :  
The Achaeans will to slay Polyxena      220  
Thy child, upon Achilles' grave-mound's height.  
Me they appoint to usher thitherward  
And bring the maid : the president and priest

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἱερεὺς τ' ἐπέσται τοῦδε παῖς Ἀχιλλέως.  
οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; μήτ' ἀποσπασθῆς βία  
μήτ' εἰς χερῶν ἀμιλλαν ἐξέλθῃς ἐμοί·  
γίνγνωσκε δ' ἀλκὴν καὶ παρουσίαν κακῶν  
τῶν σῶν. σοφόν τοι κὰν κακοῖς ἂ δεῖ φρονεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

230 αἰαί· παρέστηχ', ὡς ἔοικ', ἀγῶν μέγας,  
πλήρης στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ δακρῦων κενός.  
κἀγωγ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἔθνησκον οὐ μ' ἐχρήν θανεῖν,  
οὐδ' ὠλεσέν με Ζεὺς, τρέφει δ', ὅπως ὀρῶ  
κακῶν κάκ' ἄλλα μείζον' ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.  
εἰ δ' ἔστι τοῖς δούλοισι τοὺς ἐλευθέρους  
μῆ λυπρὰ μηδὲ καρδίας δηκτῆρια  
ἐξιστορήσαι, σοὶ μὲν εἰρήσθαι χρεῶν,  
ἡμᾶς δ' ἀκούσαι τοὺς ἐρωτῶντας τάδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔξεστ', ἐρώτα· τοῦ χρόνου γὰρ οὐ φθονῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

240 οἶσθ' ἠνίκ' ἦλθες Ἰλίου κατάσκοπος,  
δυσχλαινία τ' ἄμορφος, ὀμμάτων τ' ἀπο  
φόνου σταλαγμοὶ σὴν κατέσταζον γένυν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οἶδ'· οὐ γὰρ ἄκρας καρδίας ἔψαυσέ μου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔγνω δέ σ' Ἑλένη καὶ μόνῃ κατείπ' ἐμοί ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μεμνήμεθ' ἐς κίνδυνον ἐλθόντες μέγαν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦψω δὲ γονάτων τῶν ἐμῶν ταπεινὸς ὢν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ᾧστ' ἐνθανεῖν γε σοῖς πέπλοισι χεῖρ' ἐμήν.



## HECUBA

Of sacrifice Achilles' son shall be,  
Know'st thou thy part then?—be not torn away  
Perforce, nor brave me to the strife of hands;  
But know thy might, thine imminence of ills.  
Wise is it even mid ills to hearken reason.

HECUBA

Woe! A sore trial is at hand, meseems,  
Burdened with groanings, and fulfilled of tears. 230  
I died not there where well might I have died;  
Nor Zeus destroyed, but holdeth me in life  
To see—O wretch!—ills more than ills o'erpast.  
Yet, if the bond may question of the free  
Things that should vex them not, nor gall the heart,  
Then fits it that thou be the questioned now,  
And that I ask, and hearken thy reply.

ODYSSEUS

So be it: ask, I grudge not the delay.

HECUBA

Rememberest thou thy coming unto Troy  
A spy, in rags vile-vestured; from thine eyes 240  
Trickled adown thy cheeks the gout of gore?

ODYSSEUS

I do, for deep it sank into mine heart.

HECUBA

And Helen knew thee, and told none save me?

ODYSSEUS

I call to mind: mid peril grim I fell.

HECUBA

And to my knees didst cling, wast lowly then?

ODYSSEUS

With grasp of death closed on thy robes mine hand.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δῆτ' ἔλεξας δούλος ὦν ἐμὸς τότε ;

ΟΑΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πολλῶν λόγων εὐρήμαθ', ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔσωσα δῆτά σ' ἐξέπεμψά τε χθονός ;

ΟΑΥΣΣΕΥΣ

250 ὥστ' εἰσορᾶν γε φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὔκουν κακύνει τοῖσδε τοῖς βουλευμασιν,  
 δς ἐξ ἐμοῦ μὲν ἔπαθες οἷα φῆς παθεῖν,  
 δρᾶς δ' οὐδὲν ἡμᾶς εὖ, κακῶς δ' ὅσον δύνα ;  
 ἀχάριστον ὑμῶν σπέρμ', ὅσοι δημηγόρους  
 ζηλοῦτε τιμάς· μηδὲ γινώσκουσιθέ μοι,  
 οἱ τοὺς φίλους βλάπτοντες οὐ φροντίζετε,  
 ἦν τοῖσι πολλοῖς πρὸς χάριν λέγητέ τι.

260

ἀτὰρ τί δὴ σόφισμα τοῦθ' ἠγούμενοι  
 εἰς τήνδε παῖδα ψῆφον ὤρισαν φόνου ;  
 πότερα τὸ χρῆν σφ' ἐπήγαγ' ἀνθρωποσφαγεῖν  
 πρὸς τύμβον, ἔνθα βουθυτεῖν μᾶλλον πρέπει ;  
 ἢ τοὺς κτανόντας ἀνταποκτεῖναι θέλων  
 εἰς τήνδ' Ἀχιλλεύς ἐνδίκως τείνει φόνου ;  
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτὸν ἦδε γ' εἴργασται κακόν.

270

Ἐλένην νιν αἰτεῖν χρῆν τάφῳ προσφάγματα·  
 κείνη γὰρ ὤλεσέν νιν εἰς Τροίαν τ' ἀγει.  
 εἰ δ' αἰχμαλώτων χρῆ τι' ἔκκριτον θανεῖν  
 κάλλει θ' ὑπερφέρουσαν, οὐχ ἡμῶν τόδε·  
 ἢ Τυνδαρίς γὰρ εἶδος ἐκπρεπεστάτη,  
 ἀδικουσά θ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἦσσον ἠυρέθη.  
 τῷ μὲν δικαίῳ τόνδ' ἀμιλλῶμαι λόγον·  
 ἀ δ' ἀντιδοῦναι δεῖ σ' ἀπαιτούσης ἐμοῦ,  
 ἄκουσον. ἦψω τῆς ἐμῆς, ὡς φῆς, χερὸς

## HECUBA

HECUBA

Ay, and what saidst thou—thou my bondman then ?

ODYSSEUS

Words—words full many I found, to escape from death.

HECUBA

I saved thee—saved thee,—sent thee forth the land ?

ODYSSEUS

Ay, thanks to thee, I see the sun's light now. 250

HECUBA

Art thou not caitiff proved then by these plots,  
Who wast by me so dealt with as thou sayest,  
Yet dost us nought good, but thine utmost ill ?  
A thankless spawn, all ye that grasp at honour  
By babbling to the mob !—let me not know you,  
Who injure friends, and nothing reck thereof,  
So ye may something say to please the rabble !  
What crafty wiliness imagined ye  
This, on my child to pass your murder-vote ?  
Was't duty drew them on to human slaughter 260  
Upon a grave more meet for oxen slain ?  
Or doth Achilles, fain to requite with death  
His slayers, justly aim death's shaft at her ?  
Now never aught of harm wrought she to him.  
Helen should he demand, his tomb's fit victim :  
'Twas she to Troy that drew him, and destroyed.  
And if some chosen captive needs must die,  
In beauty peerless, not to us points this ;  
For Tyndareus' daughter matchless is in form,  
And was found wronging him no less than we. 270  
This plea against his "justice" I array.  
But what return thou ow'st me, on my claim,  
Hear—thou didst touch mine hand, as thou dost  
own,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

καὶ τῆσδε γραίας προσπίτνων παρηίδος·  
 ἀνθάπτομαι σου τῶνδε τῶν αὐτῶν ἐγώ,  
 χίριον τ' ἀπαιτῶ τὴν τόθ' ἵκετεύω τέ σε,  
 μὴ μου τὸ τέκνον ἐκ χερῶν ἀποσπάσης,  
 μηδὲ κτάνητε· τῶν τεθνηκότων ἄλις.  
 ταύτη γέγνηθα κἀπιλήθομαι κακῶν·  
 280 ἦδ' ἀντὶ πολλῶν ἐστὶ μοι παραψυχή,  
 πόλις, τιθήνη, βάκτρον, ἡγεμῶν ὁδοῦ.  
 οὐ τοὺς κρατοῦντας χρῆ κρατεῖν ἢ μὴ χρεῶν,  
 οὐδ' εὐτυχοῦντας εὐδοκεῖν πράξειν ἀεὶ·  
 κἀγὼ γὰρ ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν οὐκ εἶμ' ἔτι,  
 τὸν πάντα δ' ὄλβον ἡμαρ ἐν μ' ἀφείλετο.  
 ἀλλ' ὦ φίλον γένειον, αἰδέσθητί με,  
 οἴκτειρον· ἐλθὼν δ' εἰς Ἀχαικὸν στρατὸν  
 παρηγόρησον, ὡς ἀποκτείνειν φθόνος  
 γυναικας, ἃς τὸ πρῶτον οὐκ ἐκτείνετε  
 290 βωμῶν ἀποσπάσαντες, ἀλλ' ὠκτείρατε.  
 νόμος δ' ἐν ὑμῖν τοῖς τ' ἐλευθέρους ἴσος  
 καὶ τοῖσι δούλοις αἵματος κεῖται πέρι.  
 τὸ δ' ἀξίωμα, κὰν κακῶς λέγῃς, τὸ σὸν  
 πείσει· λόγος γὰρ ἔκ τ' ἀδοξούντων ἰὼν  
 κὰκ τῶν δοκούντων αὐτὸς οὐ ταῦτὸν σθένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτω στερρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσις,  
 ἥτις γῶν σῶν καὶ μακρῶν ὀδυρμάτων  
 κλύουσα θρήνους οὐκ ἂν ἐκβάλοι δάκρυ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Ἐκάβη, διδάσκου μηδὲ τῷ θυμουμένῳ  
 300 τὸν εὐ λέγοντα δυσμενῆ ποιῶ φρενί.  
 ἐγὼ τὸ μὲν σὸν σώμ', ὑφ' οὐπερ ἠτύχουν,  
 σώξω εἰμι εἰμὶ κούκ ἄλλως λέγω·  
 ἢ δ' εἶπον εἰς ἅπαντας οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,

## HECUBA

And wrinkled cheek, low cowering at my feet,  
Lo, in my turn thine hand, thy beard, I touch,  
That grace of old reclaiming, now thy suppliant,  
Not from mine arms tear thou my child away,  
Nor slay ye her : suffice the already dead.  
In her I joy, in her forget my woes :  
For many a lost bliss she my solace is : 280  
My city she, nurse, staff, guide for my feet.  
Not tyrannously the strong should use their  
strength,  
Nor they which prosper think to prosper aye.  
I too once was, but now am I no more,  
And all my weal one day hath reft from me.  
O, by thy beard, have thou respect to me !  
Pity me : go thou to Achaea's host ;  
Persuade them how that shame it is to slay  
Women, whom first ye slew not, when ye tore  
These from the altars, but for pity spared. 290  
Lo, the same law is stablished among you  
For free and bond as touching blood-shedding.  
Thine high repute, how ill soe'er thou speak,  
Shall sway them : for the same speech carrieth not  
Like weight from men contemned and men revered.

### CHORUS

There is no human nature so relentless  
That, hearkening to thy groanings and thy wails  
Long lengthened out, would not let fall the tear.

### ODYSSEUS

Receive instruction, Hecuba, nor him  
For wrath count foe, who wisely counselleth. 300  
Thy life, through whom I found deliverance,  
Ready am I to save ; I stand thereto.  
But what to all I said, I unsay not --

- Τροίας ἀλούσης ἀνδρὶ τῷ πρώτῳ στρατοῦ  
 σὴν παῖδα δοῦναι σφάγιον ἐξαιτουμένῳ.  
 ἐν τῷδε γὰρ κάμνουσιν αἱ πολλαὶ πόλεις,  
 ὅταν τις ἐσθλὸς καὶ πρόθυμος ὦν ἀνὴρ  
 μηδὲν φέρηται τῶν κακιόνων πλέον.  
 310 ἡμῖν δ' Ἀχιλλεὺς ἄξιος τιμῆς, γύναι,  
 θανῶν ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος κάλλιστ' ἀνὴρ.  
 οὐκ οὖν τόδ' αἰσχρὸν, εἰ βλέποντι μὲν φίλῳ  
 χρώμεσθ', ἐπεὶ δ' ὄλωλε, μὴ χρώμεσθ' ἔτι ;  
 εἰεν τί δῆτ' ἐρεῖ τις, ἢν τις αὖ φανῇ  
 στρατοῦ τ' ἄθροισις πολεμίων τ' ἀγωνία ;  
 πότερα μαχοῦμεθ' ἢ φιλοψυχῆσομεν,  
 τὸν κατθανόνθ' ὀρώντες οὐ τιμώμενον ;  
 καὶ μὴν ἔμοιγε ζῶντι μὲν, καθ' ἡμέραν  
 κεῖ σμικρὸν ἔχοιμι, πάντ' ἂν ἀρκοῦντως ἔχοι  
 320 τύμβον δὲ βουλοίμην ἂν ἀξιούμενον  
 τὸν ἐμὸν ὀράσθαι· διὰ μακροῦ γὰρ ἡ χάρις.  
 εἰ δ' οἰκτρὰ πάσχειν φῆς, τὰδ' ἀντάκουέ μου  
 εἰσὶν παρ' ἡμῖν οὐδὲν ἤσσοι ἀθλῖαι  
 γραῖαι γυναῖκες ἠδὲ πρεσβῦται σέθεν,  
 νύμφαι τ' ἀρίστων νυμφίων τητώμεναι,  
 ὧν ἦδε κεύθει σώματ' Ἰδαία κόνις.  
 τόλμα τὰδ' ἡμεῖς δ', εἰ κακῶς νομίζομεν  
 τιμᾶν τὸν ἐσθλόν, ἀμαθίαν ὀφλήσομεν  
 οἱ βάρβαροι δὲ μήτε τοὺς φίλους φίλους  
 330 ἠγγείσθε μήτε τοὺς καλῶς τεθνηκότας  
 θαυμάζεσθ', ὡς ἂν ἡ μὲν Ἑλλὰς εὐτυχεῖ,  
 ὑμεῖς δ' ἔχηθ' ὅμοια τοῖς βουλευμασιν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαί· τὸ δούλον ὡς κακὸν πέφυκ' αἰεὶ  
 τολμᾷ θ' ἂ μὴ χρή, τῇ βίᾳ νικώμενον.

## HECUBA

That now, Troy taken, we should yield thy child,  
 At our great champion's claim, for sacrifice.  
 For of this cometh weakness in most states,  
 That, though a man be brave and patriot-souled,  
 No guerdon gains he more than baser men.  
 But we, we deem Achilles honour-worthy,  
 Who died for Hellas nobly as man may. 310  
 Were this not shame then, as a friend to treat  
 Him living, but no more when he is gone ?  
 Yea, what will one say then, if once again  
 The host must gather for the strife with foes ?  
 "Fight shall we," will they cry, "or cling to  
     life,  
 Beholding how unhonoured go the dead ?"  
 Yea, for myself, how scant soe'er in life  
 My fare for daily need, this should suffice :  
 Yet fain would I my tomb were reverence-  
     crowned  
 In men's sight ; evermore this grace abides. 320  
 But, if thou plain of hardship, hear mine answer :  
 With us there be grey matrons, aged sires,  
 Not any whit less wretched than art thou,  
 And brides of noblest bridegrooms left forlorn,  
 Whose corpses yonder dust of Ida shrouds.  
 Endure this : we, if err we do to honour  
 The brave, content will stand convict of folly.  
 But ye barbarians, still count not as friends  
 Your friends, nor render your heroic dead  
 Homage, that prosperous so may Hellas rise, 330  
 And your reward may match your policy.

### CHORUS

Woe ! What a curse is thralldom's nature, aye  
 Enduring wrong by strong constraint o'erborne !

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, οὐμοὶ μὲν λόγοι πρὸς αἰθέρα  
 φροῦδοι μάτην ῥιφέντες ἀμφὶ σοῦ φόνου·  
 σὺ δ' εἴ τι μείζω δύναμιν ἢ μήτηρ ἔχεις,  
 σπούδαζε, πάσας ὥστ' ἀήδονος στόμα  
 φθογγὰς ἰεῖσα, μὴ στερηθῆναι βίου.  
 πρόσπιπτε δ' οἰκτρῶς τοῦδ' Ὀδυσσέως γόνυ  
 340 καὶ πείθ'· ἔχεις δὲ πρόφασιν· ἔστι γὰρ τέκνα  
 καὶ τῷδε, τὴν σὴν ὥστ' ἐποικτεῖραι τύχην.

## ΠΟΛΤΕΕΝΗ

ὀρῶ σ', Ὀδυσσεύ, δεξιὰν ὑφ' εἵματος  
 κρύπτοντα χεῖρα καὶ πρόσωπον ἔμπαλιν  
 στρέφοντα, μὴ σου προσθίγω γενειάδος.  
 θάρσει· πέφευγας τὸν ἐμὸν ἰκέσιον Δία·  
 ὡς ἔφομαί γε τοῦ τ' ἀναγκαίου χάριν  
 θανεῖν τε χηρῆσ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ βουλῆσομαι,  
 κακῇ φανοῦμαι καὶ φιλόψυχος γυνή.  
 τί γὰρ με δεῖ ζῆν; ἢ πατήρ μὲν ἦν ἀναξ  
 350 Φρυγῶν ἀπάντων· τοῦτό μοι πρῶτον βίου·  
 ἔπειτ' ἐθρέφθην ἐλπίδων καλῶν ὑπο  
 βασιλεύσι νύμφη, ζῆλον οὐ σμικρὸν γάμων  
 ἔχουσ', ὅτου δῶμ' ἐστίαν τ' ἀφίξομαι·  
 δέσποινα δ' ἢ δύστηνος Ἰδαίαισιν ἦν  
 γυναιξί, παρθένοις ἀπόβλεπτος μέτα,  
 ἴση θεοῖσι πλὴν τὸ κατθανεῖν μόνον·  
 νῦν δ' εἰμὶ δούλη. πρῶτα μὲν με τοῦνομα  
 θανεῖν ἐρᾶν τίθησιν οὐκ εἰωθὸς ὄν·  
 360 ἔπειτ' ἴσως ἂν δεσποτῶν ὠμῶν φρένας  
 τύχοιμ' ἂν, ὅστις ἀργύρου μ' ὠνήσεται  
 τὴν Ἐκτορός τε χατέρων πολλῶν κάσιν,  
 προσθεὶς δ' ἀνάγκην σιτοποιῶν ἐν δόμοις,  
 σαίρειν τε δῶμα κερκίσιν τ' ἐφεστάναι



## HECUBA

### HECUBA

My daughter, wasted are my words in air,  
Flung vainly forth my pleadings for thy life.  
If thou canst aught prevail beyond thy mother,  
Be instant ; as with nightingale's sad throat  
Moan, moan, that thou be not bereft of life.  
Fall piteously at this Odysseus' knee :  
Melt him. A plea thou hast—he too hath babes ;     340  
Well may he so compassionate thy lot.

### POLYXENA

I see, Odysseus, how thou hid'st thine hand  
Beneath thy vesture, how thou turn'st away  
Thy face, lest I should touch thy beard. Fear not :  
From Zeus safe art thou, from the Suppliant's  
Champion.  
I will go with thee, both for that I must,  
And that I long to die. And, were I loth,  
A coward girl life-craving were I proved.  
For, wherefore should I live, whose sire was king  
Of all the Phrygians? Such was my life's dawn :     350  
Thereafter was I nurtured mid bright hopes,  
A bride for kings, for whose hand rivalry  
Ran high, whose hall and hearth should hail me  
queen.  
And I—ah me !—was Lady of the Dames  
Of Ida, cynosure amidst the maidens,  
Peer of the Gods—except that man must die :—  
And now a slave ! The name alone constrains me  
To long for death, so strange it is to me.  
More—haply upon brutal-hearted lords  
I might light, such as would for silver buy me,—     360  
Sister of Hector and of many a chief !—  
Force me to grind the quern his halls within,  
And make me sweep his dwelling, stand before

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

λυπρὰν ἄγουσαι ἡμέραν μ' ἀναγκάσει  
 λέχη δὲ τὰμὰ δοῦλος ὠνητός ποθεν  
 χρανεῖ, τυράννων πρόσθεν ἤξιωμένα.  
 οὐ δῆτ' ἀφίημ' ὀμμάτων ἐλεύθερον  
 φέγγος τόδ', "Αἰδη προστιθεῖς ἐμὸν δέμας.  
 370 ἀγ' οὖν μ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, καὶ διέργασαί μ' ἄγων  
 οὐτ' ἐλπίδος γὰρ οὔτε του δόξης ὀρώ  
 θάρσος παρ' ἡμῖν ὡς ποτ' εὖ πράξαι με χρή.  
 μήτερ, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν μηδὲν ἐμποδῶν γένη  
 λέγουσα μηδὲ δρώσα· συμβούλου δέ μοι  
 θανεῖν πρὶν αἰσχρῶν μὴ κατ' ἀξίαν τυχεῖν.  
 ὅστις γὰρ οὐκ εἴωθε γενεῖσθαι κακῶν,  
 φέρει μὲν, ἀλγεῖ δ' αὐχέν' ἐντιθεὶς ζυγῶ·  
 θανῶν δ' ἂν εἴη μᾶλλον εὐτυχέστερος  
 ἢ ζῶν· τὸ γὰρ ζῆν μὴ καλῶς μέγας πόνος.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

380 δεινὸς χαρακτήρ καπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς  
 ἐσθλῶν γενέσθαι, καπὶ μείζον ἔρχεται  
 τῆς εὐγενείας ὄνομα τοῖσιω ἀξίοις.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

καλῶς μὲν εἶπας, θύγατερ· ἀλλὰ τῷ καλῷ  
 λύπη πρόσεστιν. εἰ δὲ δεῖ τῷ Πηλέως  
 χάριν γενέσθαι παιδὶ καὶ ψύγον φυγεῖν  
 ὑμᾶς, Ὀδυσσεῦ, τήνδε μὲν μὴ κτείνετε,  
 ἡμᾶς δ' ἄγοντες πρὸς πυρὰν Ἀχιλλέως  
 κεντεῖτε, μὴ φείδεσθ'· ἐγὼ τεκου Πάρην,  
 ὃς παῖδα Θέτιδος ὄλεσεν τόξοις βυλῶν.

## ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

390 οὐ σ', ὦ γεραιά, κατθανεῖν Ἀχιλλέως  
 φάντασμ' Ἀχαιοῦς, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' ἠτήσατο.

## HECUBA

The loom, while days of bitterness drag on,  
And, somewhere bought, some bondslave shall  
defile

My couch—accounted once a prize for princes,  
Never!—free light mine eyes shall last behold :  
To Death my body will I dedicate.

Lead on, Odysseus, lead me to my doom ;

For I see no assurance, nor in hope,  
No, nor in day-dreams, of good days to be.

Mother, do thou in no wise hinder me

By word or deed ; but thou consent with me

Unto my death, ere shame unmeet befall.

For whoso is not wont to taste of ills

Chafes, while he bears upon his neck the yoke,

And death for him were happier far than life ;

For life ignoble is but crushing toil.

370

## CHORUS

Strange is the impress, clear-stamped upon men,

Of gentle birth, and aye nobility

Higher aspires in them that worthily wear it.

380

## HECUBA

My daughter, nobly said : yet anguish cleaves

Unto that " nobly." But if Peleus' son

Must gain this grace, and ye must flee reproach,

Odysseus, slay not her in any wise ;

But me, lead me unto Achilles' pyre :

Stab me, spare not : 'twas I gave Paris birth

Who with his shafts smote Peleus' son and slew.

## ODYSSSEUS

Not thee, grey mother, did Achilles' ghost

Require the Achæan men to slay, but her.

277 390

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὕμεις δέ μ' ἄλλὰ θυγατρὶ συμφονεύσατε,  
καὶ δις τόσον πῶμ' αἵματος γενήσεται  
γαίᾳ νεκρῷ τε τῷ τὰδ' ἔξαιτουμένῳ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄλλις κόρης εἰς θάνατος, οὐ προσοιστέος  
ἄλλος πρὸς ἄλλῳ· μηδὲ τόνδ' ὠφείλομεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πολλή γ' ἀνάγκη θυγατρὶ συνθανεῖν ἐμέ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς ; οὐ γὰρ οἶδα δεσπότης κεκτημένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὅποια κισσὸς δρυὸς ὅπως τῆσδ' ἔξομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὐκ, ἦν γε πείθη τοῖσι σοῦ σοφωτέροις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

400 ὡς τῆσδ' ἐκούσα παιδὸς οὐ μεθήσομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν τήνδ' ἀπειμ' αὐτοῦ λιπῶν.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

μήτερ, πιθοῦ μοι· καὶ σύ, παῖ Λαερτίου,  
χάλα τοκεῦσιν εἰκότως θυμουμένοις,  
σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα, τοῖς κρατοῦσι μὴ μάχου.  
βούλει πεσεῖν πρὸς οὐδας ἐλκῶσαι τε σὸν  
γέροντα χρῶτα πρὸς βίαν ὠθουμένη,  
ἀσχημονῆσαι τ' ἐκ νέου βραχίονος  
σπασθεῖσ', ἃ πείσει ; μὴ σύ γ'· οὐ γὰρ ἄξιον.  
410 ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτερ, ἠδίστην χέρα  
δὸς καὶ παρεῖαν προσβαλεῖν παρηδί·  
ὡς οὐποτ' αὐθις, ἀλλὸ νῦν πανυστατον  
ἀκτίνα κύκλον θ' ἡλίου προσόψομαι.

## HECUBA

HECUBA

Yet ye—at least me with my daughter slay :  
Then twice so deep a draught of blood shall sink  
To earth and to the dead who claimeth this.

ODYSSEUS

Thy daughter's death sufficeth : death on death  
Must not be heaped. Would God we owed not this!

HECUBA

I must.—I must die where my daughter dies

ODYSSEUS

*Must ?*—I knew not that I had found a master !

HECUBA

As ivy clings to oak will I clasp her.

ODYSSEUS

Not if thou heed a wiser than thyself.

HECUBA

Consent I will not to let go my child.

400

ODYSSEUS

Nor I will hence depart and leave her here.

POLYXENA

Mother, heed me : and thou, Laertes' son,  
O bear with parents which have cause to rage.  
Mother, poor mother, strive not with the strong.  
Wouldst thou be earthward hurled, and wound thy  
flesh,

'Thine aged flesh, with violence thrust away ?  
Be hustled shamefully, by young strong arms  
Haled ?—this shouldst thou. Nay, 'tis not worthy  
thee.

But mother, darling mother, give thine hand,  
Thy dear, dear hand, and lay thy cheek to mine : 410  
Since never more, but this last time of all  
Shall I behold the sun's beam and his orb.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέλος δέχει δὴ τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων,  
ὦ μήτερ, ὦ τεκοῦσ'· ἄπειμι δὴ κάτω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν φάει δουλεύσομεν.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἄνυμφος ἀνυμέναιος ὦν μ' ἐχρήην τυχεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ σύ, τέκνον, ἀθλία δ' ἐγὼ γυνή.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἐκεῖ δ' ἐν Ἄιδου κείσομαι χωρὶς σέθεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι· τί δράσω ; ποῖ τελευτήσω βίου ;

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

420 δούλη θανούμαι, πατὴρ οὐσ' ἐλευθέρου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἡμεῖς δὲ πεντήκοντά γ' ἄμμοροι τέκνων.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί σοι πρὸς Ἑκτορ' ἢ γέροντ' εἶπω πόσιν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄγγελλε πασῶν ἀθλιωτάτην ἐμέ.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὦ στέρνα μαστοῖ θ', οἷ μ' ἐθρέψαθ' ἠδέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τῆς ἀώρου θύγατερ ἀθλία τύχης.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

χαῖρ', ὦ τεκοῦσα, χαῖρε Κασάνδρα τ' ἐμοί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χαίρουσιν ἄλλοι, μητρὶ δ' οὐκ ἔστιν τόδε.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὃ τ' ἐν φιλίπποις Θρηξί Πολύδωρος κάσις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ ζῆ γ'· ἀπιστῶ δ'· ὧδε πάντα δυστυχῶ.

HECUBA

Receive of all my greetings this the last :—  
O mother—breast that bear me—I pass deathward.

HECUBA

O daughter, I shall yet live on in bondage.

POLYXENA

Bridegroom nor bridal!—nought of all my due!

HECUBA

Piteous thy plight, my child, and wretched I.

POLYXENA

There shall I lie in Hades, far from thee.

HECUBA

Ah me, what shall I do?—where end my life?

POLYXENA

To die a slave, whose father was free-born!

420

HECUBA

In fifty sons nor part nor lot have I!

POLYXENA

What shall I tell to Hector and thy lord?

HECUBA

Report me of all women wretchedest.

POLYXENA

O bosom, breasts that sweetly nurtured me

HECUBA

Woe is thee, daughter, for thy fate untimely!

POLYXENA

Mother, farewell: Cassandra, fare thee well.

HECUBA

Others *fare well*—not for thy mother this!

POLYXENA

Mid Thracians lives my brother Polydorus.

HECUBA

If he doth live. I doubt: so dark is all.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

430

ζῆ καὶ θανούσης ὄμμα συγκλήσει τὸ σόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέθνηκ' ἔγωγε πρὶν θανεῖν κακῶν ὕπο.

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

κόμιζ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, μ' ἀμφιθεὶς κἀρα πέπλους·  
ὡς πρὶν σφαγῆναί γ' ἐκτέτηκα καρδίαν  
θρήνοισι μητρὸς τήνδε τ' ἐκτήκω γόοις.  
ὦ φῶς· προσειπεῖν γὰρ σόν ὄνομ' ἔξεστί μοι,  
μέτεστι δ' οὐδὲν πλὴν ὅσον χρόνον ξίφους  
βαίνω μεταξὺ καὶ πυρᾶς Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

440

οἱ γῶ, προλείπω· λύεται δέ μου μέλη.  
ὦ θύγατερ, ἄψαι μητρός, ἔκτεινον χέρα,  
δός· μὴ λίπης μ' ἀπαιδ'· ἀπωλόμην, φίλαι.  
ὡς τὴν Δάκαιναν σύγγγονον Διοσκόροιν  
Ἑλένην ἴδοιμι· διὰ καλῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων  
αἰσχίστα Τροίαν εἶλε τὴν εὐδαίμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

450

αὔρα, ποντιάς αὔρα, στρ. α'  
ἄτε ποντοπόρους κομίξεις  
θοᾶς ἀκάτους ἐπ' οἶδμα λίμνας,  
ποῖ με τὰν μελέαν πορεύσεις;  
τῷ δουλόσυννος πρὸς οἶκον  
κτηθεῖς ἀφίξομαι;  
ἢ Δωρίδος ὄρμον αἴας  
ἢ Φθιάδος, ἔνθα καλλί-  
στων ὑδάτων πατέρα  
φασὶν Ἀπιδανὸν πεδία λιπαίνειν;



## HECUBA

POLYXENA

He lives, and he shall close thy dying eyes. 430

HECUBA

I—I have died ere dying, through my woes.

POLYXENA

Muffle mine head, Odysseus, and lead on.  
For, ere ye slay me, hath my mother's moan  
Melted mine heart, and mine is melting hers.  
O light!—for yet on thy name may I call;  
Yet all my share in thee is that scant space  
Hence to the sword-edge and Achilles' pyre.

[*Exeunt* ODYSSEUS and POLYXENA.]

HECUBA

Ah me! I swoon—beneath me fail my limbs!  
O daughter, touch thy mother—reach thine hand—  
Give it, nor childless leave me! Friends—undone! 440  
Oh thus to see that sister of Zeus' Sons,  
Helen the Spartan!—for by her bright eyes  
In shameful fall she brought down prosperous  
Troy.

[*Swoons.*]

CHORUS

O breeze, O breeze, over sea-ways racing, (Str. 1)  
Who onward waftest the ocean-pacing  
Fleet-flying keels o'er the mere dark-swellung,  
Whitherward wilt thou bear me, the sorrow-laden?  
From what slave-mart shall the captive maiden  
Pass into what strange master's dwelling?  
To a Dorian haven?—or where, overstreaming 450  
Fat Phthia-land's meads, laugh loveliest-gleaming  
Babe-waters from founts of Apidanus welling?

- ἡ νάσων, ἀλιήρει ἀντ. α'  
 κώπα πεμπομέναν τάλαιναν,  
 οἰκτρὰν βιοτὰν ἔχουσαν οἴκοις,  
 ἔνθα πρωτόγονός τε φοῶνιξ  
 460 δάφνα θ' ἱεροὺς ἀνέσχε  
 πτόρθους Λατοῖ φίλα  
 ᾧδίνος ἄγαλμα Δίας ;  
 σὺν Δηλιάσιw τε κούραις  
 Ἄρτεμιδός τε θεᾶς  
 χρυσεᾶν ἄμπυκα τόξα τ' εὐλογήσω ;
- ἡ Παλλάδος ἐν πόλει στρ. β'  
 τᾶς καλλιδίφρου τ' Ἄθα-  
 ναίας ἐν κροκέῳ πέπλω  
 470 ζεύξομαι ἄρματι πώλους,  
 ἐν δαιδαλέαισι ποικίλλουσ'  
 ἀνθοκρόκοισι πήναις,  
 ἡ Τιτάνων γενεᾶν  
 τὰν Ζεὺς ἀμφιπύρῳ  
 κοιμίζει φλογμῷ Κρονίδας ;
- ᾧμοι τεκέων ἐμῶν, ἀντ. β'  
 ᾧμοι πατέρων χθονός θ',  
 ἃ καπνῷ κατερείπεται  
 τυφομένα δορίκτητος  
 480 Ἄργείων ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ξεί-  
 να χθονὶ δὴ κέκλημαι  
 δούλα, λιποῦσ' Ἀσίαν  
 Εὐρώπας θεράπναι,  
 ἀλλάξασ' Ἄϊδα θαλίμους.

## HECUBA

(*Ant.* 1)

Or, to misery borne by the oars brine-sweeping,  
 In the island-halls through days of weeping  
     Shall we dwell, where the first-born palm,  
         ascending  
 From the earth, with the bay twined, glorifying  
 With enshrining frondage the couch where lying  
     Dear Leto attained to her travail's ending, 460  
 There chanting of Artemis' bow all-golden,  
 And the brows with the frontlet of gold enfolden,  
     With the Delian maidens our voices blending ?

Or in Pallas's town to the car all-glorious (*Str.* 2)  
     Shall I yoke the steeds on the saffron-glowing<sup>1</sup>  
 Veil of Athene, where flush victorious  
     The garlands that cunningest fingers are throwing  
 In manifold hues on its folds wide-flowing,— 470  
     Or the brood of the Titans whom lightnings,  
         that fell  
     Flame-wrapt from Cronion, in long sleep quell ?

Woe for our babes, for our fathers hoary ! (*Ant.* 2)  
     Woe for our country, mid smoke and smoulder  
 Crashing to ruin, and all her glory  
     Spear-spoiled !—and an alien land shall behold  
         her 480  
     Bond who was free ; for that Asia's shoulder  
     Is bowed under Europe's yoke, and I dwell,  
     An exile from home, in a dungeon of hell.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Embroider thereon the chariot and horses of Athene bearing the Goddess to battle against the Giants.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ποῦ τὴν ἀνασσαὺν δὴ ποτ' οὔσαν Ἰλίου  
Ἑκάβην ἂν ἐξεύρομι, Τρωάδες κόραι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὕτη πέλας σου νῶτ' ἔχουσ' ἐπὶ χθονί,  
Ταλθύβιε, κείται ξυγκεκλημένη πέπλοις.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω ; πότερά σ' ἀνθρώπους ὄρᾶν ;  
ἢ δόξαν ἄλλως τήνδε κεκτηῖσθαι μάτην  
490 ψευδῆ, δοκοῦντας δαιμόνων εἶναι γένος,  
τύχην δὲ πάντα τᾶν βροτοῖς ἐπισκοπεῖν ;  
οὐχ ἦδ' ἀνασσα τῶν πολυχρύσων Φρυγῶν,  
οὐχ ἦδε Πριάμου τοῦ μέγ' ὀλβίου δάμαρ ;  
καὶ νῦν πόλις μὲν πᾶς ἀνέστηκεν δορί,  
αὕτη δὲ δούλη, γραῦς, ἄπαις, ἐπὶ χθονί  
κείται, κόνει φύρουσα δύστηνον κᾶρα.  
φεῦ φεῦ· γέρον μὲν εἰμ', ὅμως δέ μοι θανεῖν  
εἴη πρὶν αἰσχρᾶ περιπεσεῖν τύχη τινί.  
ἀνίστασ', ὦ δύστηνε, καὶ μετάρσιον  
500 πλευρὰν ἔπαιρε καὶ τὸ πᾶλλευκον κᾶρα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔα· τίς οὗτος σῶμα τοῦμόν οὐκ ἔᾶς  
κεῖσθαι ; τί κινεῖς μ', ὅστις εἶ, λυπούμενην ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

Ταλθύβιος ἦκω Δαναϊδῶν ὑπηρέτης,  
'Αγαμέμνονος πέμψαντος, ὦ γύναι, μέτα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἄρα κάμ' ἐπισφάξαι τάφῳ  
δοκοῦν' Ἀχαιοῖς ἦλθες ; ὡς φίλ' ἂν λέγοις.  
σπεύδωμεν, ἐγκονῶμεν· ἡγοῦ μοι, γέρον.

## HECUBA

*Enter* TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

Where shall I find her that of late was queen  
Of Ilium, Hecuba, ye maids of Troy?

CHORUS

Lo there, anigh thee, on the ground outstretched,  
Talthybius, lies she muffled in her robes.

TALTHYBIUS

What shall I say, Zeus?—that thou look'st on men?  
Or that this fancy false we vainly hold  
For nought, who deem there is a race of Gods, 490  
While chance controlleth all things among men?  
This—was she not the wealthy Phrygians' queen?  
This—was she not all-prosperous Priam's wife?  
And now her city is all spear-o'erthrown;  
Herself a slave, old, childless, on the earth  
Lieth, her hapless head with dust defiled.  
Ah, old am I, yet be it mine to die  
Ere into any shameful lot I fall!  
Arise, ill-starred, and from the earth uplift  
Thy body and thine head all snow-besprent. 500

HECUBA

Ha, who art thou that lettest not my frame  
Rest?—why disturb my grief, whoe'er thou be?

TALTHYBIUS

Talthybius I, the Danasns' minister,  
Of Agamemnon sent, O queen, for thee.

HECUBA

Friend, friend, art come because the Achaeans will  
To slay me too? How sweet thy tidings were!  
Haste we—make speed—O ancient, lead me on.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

## ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

510 σὴν παῖδα καθθανούσαν ὡς θάψης, γύναι,  
ἤκω μεταστείχων σε· πέμπουσιν δέ με  
δισσοί τ' Ἀτρείδαι καὶ λεῶς Ἀχαιῖκός.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶμοι, τί λέξεις; οὐκ ἄρ' ὡς θανουμένους  
μετῆλθες ἡμᾶς, ἀλλὰ σημανῶν κακά;  
ὄλωλας, ὦ παῖ, μητρὸς ἄρπασθείς' ἄπο  
ἡμεῖς δ' ἄτεκνοι τοῦπὶ σ'. ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ  
πῶς καὶ νῦν ἐξεπράξατ'; ἄρ' αἰδούμενοι;  
ἢ πρὸς τὸ δεινὸν ἦλθεθ' ὡς ἐχθράν, γέρον,  
κτείνοντες; εἶπέ, καίπερ οὐ λέξω φίλα.

## ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

520 διπλᾶ με χρήξεις δάκρυα κερδᾶναι, γύναι,  
σῆς παιδὸς οἶκτω· νῦν τε γὰρ λέγων κακὰ  
τέγξω τόδ' ὄμμα, πρὸς τάφῳ θ' ὄτ' ὄλλυτο.  
παρῆν μὲν ὄχλος πᾶς Ἀχαιῖκού στρατοῦ  
πλήρης πρὸ τύμβου σῆς κόρης ἐπὶ σφαγᾶς·  
λαβῶν δ' Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Πολυξένην χερὸς  
ἔστησ' ἐπ' ἄκρου χώματος, πέλας δ' ἐγὼ·  
λεκτοί τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔκκριτοι νεανῖαι,  
σκίρτημα μύσχου σῆς καθέξοντες χεροῖν,  
ἔσποντο. πλήρες δ' ἐν χεροῖν λαβῶν δέπας  
530 πάγχρυσον αἶρει χειρὶ παῖς Ἀχιλλέως  
χοᾶς θανόντι πατρί· σημαίνει δέ μοι  
σιγῆν Ἀχαιῶν παντὶ κηρυῖξαι στρατῷ.  
καγὼ καταστὰς εἶπον ἐν μέσοις τάδε·  
σιγᾶτ', Ἀχαιοί, σίγα πᾶς ἔστω λεῶς,  
σίγα, σιώπα· νήνεμον δ' ἔστησ' ὄχλον.  
ὁ δ' εἶπεν· ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, πατὴρ δ' ἐμός,  
δέξαι χοᾶς μου τύσδε κηλητηρίους,  
νεκρῶν ἀγωγούς· ἔλθε δ' ὡς πίης μέλαν

## HECUBA

TALTHYBIUS

Lady, that thou mayst bury thy dead child,  
I come in quest of thee ; and sent am I  
Of Atreus' two sons and the Achæan folk. 510

HECUBA

Woe !—what wouldst say ? Not as to one death-  
doomed  
Cam'st thou to me, but heralding new woes ?  
Child, thou hast perished, from thy mother torn !  
Childless, as touching thee, am I—ah wretch !—  
How did ye slay her ?—how ?—with reverence meet,  
Or with brute outrage, as men slay a foe,  
Ancient ? Tell on, though all unsweet thy tale.

TALTHYBIUS

Twofold tear-tribute wouldst thou win from me  
In pity for thy child. Mine eyes shall weep  
The tale, as by the grave when she was dying. 520  
There met was all Achæa's warrior-host  
Thronged at the grave to see thy daughter slain.  
Then took Achilles' son Polyxena's hand,  
And on the mound's height set her ; I stood by.  
And followed of the Achæans chosen youths  
Whose hands should curb the strugglings of thy  
lamb.

Then taking 'twixt his hands a chalice brimmed,  
Pure gold, Achilles' son to his dead sire  
Drink-offerings poured, and signed me to proclaim  
Silence unto the whole Achæan host. 530  
By him I stood, and in the midst thus cried :  
“ Silence, Achæans ! Hushed be all the host !  
Peace !—not a word ! ”—so breathless stilled the folk.  
Then spake he : “ Son of Peleus, father mine,  
Accept from me these drops propitiatory,  
Ghost-raising. Draw thou nigh to drink pure blood

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## ΕΚΑΒΗ

- κόρης ἀκραιφνὲς αἰμ', ὃ σοι δωρούμεθα  
 στρατός τε κἀγὼ πρηνεμένης δ' ἡμῖν γενοῦ,  
 λῦσαι τε πρύμνας καὶ χαλινωτήρια  
 540 νεῶν δὸς ἡμῖν πρηνεμοῦς τ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου  
 νόστου τυχόντας πάντας εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.  
 τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε, πᾶς δ' ἐπηύξατο στρατός.  
 εἴτ' ἀμφίχρυσον φάσγανον κώπης λαβῶν  
 ἐξεῖλκε κολεοῦ, λογάσι δ' Ἀργείων στρατοῦ  
 νεανίαις ἔνευσε παρθένου λαβεῖν.  
 ἦ δ' ὡς ἐφράσθη, τόνδ' ἐσήμηεν λόγον·  
 ὦ τὴν ἐμὴν πέρσαντες Ἀργεῖοι πόλιν,  
 ἐκοῦσα θηήσκω μὴ τις ἄψηται χροὸς  
 550 τοῦμοῦ· παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίως.  
 ἐλευθέραν δέ μ', ὡς ἐλευθέρα θάνω,  
 πρὸς θεῶν μεθέντες κτείνατ'· ἐν νεκροῖσι γὰρ  
 δούλη κεκληῆσθαι βασιλῆς οὔσ' αἰσχύνομαι.  
 λαοὶ δ' ἐπερρόθησαν, Ἀγαμέμνων τ' ἀναξ  
 εἶπεν μεθεῖναι παρθένου νεανίαις.  
 οἱ δ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἤκουσαν ὑστάτην ὄπα,  
 μεθήκαν, οὔπερ καὶ μέγιστον ἦν κράτος.  
 κἀπεὶ τόδ' εἰσήκουσε δεσποτῶν ἔπος,  
 λαβοῦσα πέπλους ἐξ ἄκρας ἐπωμίδος  
 560 ἔρρηξε λαγόνος εἰς μέσον παρ' ὀμφαλόν,  
 μαστοὺς τ' ἔδειξε στέρνα θ', ὡς ἀγάλματος,  
 κάλλιστα, καὶ καθεῖσα πρὸς γαῖαν γόνυ  
 ἔλεξε πάντων τλημονέστατον λόγον·  
 ἰδοὺ τόδ', εἰ μὲν στέρνον, ὦ νεανία,  
 παίειν προθυμῆι, παῖσον, εἰ δ' ὑπ' ἀνχένα  
 χρήξεις, πάρεστι λαιμὸς εὐτρεπῆς ὄδε.  
 ὃ δ' οὐ θέλων τε καὶ θέλων οἴκτω κόρης,  
 τέμνει σιδήρω πνεύματος διαρροάς·  
 κρουνοὶ δ' ἐχώρου. ἦ δὲ καὶ θηήσκουσ' ὄμως



## HECUBA

Dark-welling from a maid. We give it thee,  
 The host and I. Gracious to us be thou:  
 Vouchsafe us to cast loose the sterns and curbs  
 Of these ships, kindly home-return to win 540  
 From Troy, and all to reach our fatherland."

So spake he,—in that prayer joined all the host,—  
 Then grasped his golden-plated falchion's hilt,  
 Drew from the sheath, and to those chosen youths  
 Of Argos' war-host signed to seize the maid.

But she, being ware thereof, spake forth this speech :

"O Argives, ye which laid my city low,  
 Free-willed I die : on my flesh let no man  
 Lay hand : unflinching will I yield my neck.  
 But, by the Gods, let me stand free, the while 550  
 Ye slay, that I may die free ; for I shame  
 Slave to be called in Hades, who am royal."

"Yea!" like a great sea roared the host : the King  
 Spake to the youths to let the maiden go.

And they, soon as they heard that last behest  
 Of him of chiefest might, drew back their hands.  
 And she, when this she heard, her masters' word,  
 Her vesture grasped, and from the shoulder's  
 height

Rent it adown her side, down to the waist,  
 And bosom showed and breasts, as of a statue, 560  
 Most fair ; and, bowing to the earth her knee,  
 A word, of all words most heroic, spake :

"Lo here, O youth, if thou art fain to strike  
 My breast, strike home : but if beneath my neck  
 Thou wouldest, here my throat is bared to thee."  
 And he, loth and yet fain, for ruth of her,  
 Cleaves with the steel the channels of the breath :  
 Forth gushed the life-springs : but she, even in  
 death,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

570 πολλήν πρόνοιαν εἶχεν εὐσχήμως πεσεῖν,  
 κρύπτουσα ἃ κρύπτειν ὄμματ' ἀρσένων χρεῶν.  
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφῆκε πνεῦμα θανασίμῳ σφαγῆ,  
 οὐδεὶς τὸν αὐτὸν εἶχεν Ἀργείων πόνον·  
 ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν αὐτῶν τὴν θανούσαν ἐκ χερῶν  
 φύλλοις ἔβαλλον, οἱ δὲ πληροῦσι πυρὰν  
 κορμούς φέροντες πευκίνους, ὁ δ' οὐ φέρων  
 πρὸς τοῦ φέροντος τοιάδ' ἤκουεν κακά·  
 ἔστηκας, ὦ κάκιστε, τῇ νεάνιδι  
 οὐ πέπλον οὐδὲ κόσμον ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων ;  
 οὐκ εἶ τι δώσω τῇ περίσσει, εὐκαρδίῳ  
 580 ψυχὴν τ' ἀρίστη ; τοιάδ' ἀμφὶ σῆς λέγω  
 παιδὸς θανούσης· εὐτεκνωτάτην δὲ σέ  
 πασῶν γυναικῶν δυστυχεστάτην θ' ὄρω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινόν τι πῆμα Πριαμίδαις ἐπέξεσε  
 πόλει τε τῆμῃ· θεῶν ἀναγκαῖον τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, οὐκ οἶδ' εἰς ὃ τι βλέψω κακῶν  
 πολλῶν παρόντων· ἦν γὰρ ἄψωμαί τινος,  
 τόδ' οὐκ ἐγὼ με, παρακαλεῖ δ' ἐκεῖθεν αὐ  
 λύπη τις ἄλλη διάδοχος κακῶν κακοῖς.  
 590 καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν ὥστε μὴ στένει πάθος  
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην ἐξαλείψασθαι φρενός·  
 τὸ δ' αὐτὴν λίαν παρείλες ἀγγελθείσά μοι  
 γενναῖος. οὐκ οὖν δεινόν, εἰ γῆ μὲν κακῇ  
 τυχοῦσα καιροῦ θεόθεν εὐστάχυν φέρει,  
 χρηστὴ δ' ἀμαρτοῦσ' ὧν χρεῶν αὐτὴν τυχεῖν  
 κακὸν δίδωσι καρπὸν ; ἀνθρώποις δ' αἰεὶ  
 ὁ μὲν ποιηρὸς οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός,  
 ὁ δ' ἐσθλὸς ἐσθλός, οὐδὲ συμφορᾶς ὑπο  
 φύσειν διέφθειρ', ἀλλὰ χρηστός ἐστ' αἰεὶ ;

## HECUBA

Took chiefest thought decorously to fall,  
 Hiding what hidden from men's eyes should be. 570  
 But when she had spent her breath 'neath that death-  
 stroke,

Each Argive 'gan his task—no man the same :  
 But some upon the dead were strawing leaves  
 Out of their hands, and some heap high the pyre,  
 Bringing pine-billets thither : whoso bare not  
 Heard such and such rebukes of him that bare :  
 “ Dost stand still, basest heart, with nought in hand—  
 Robe for the maiden, neither ornament ?  
 Nought wilt thou give to one in courage matchless,  
 Noblest of soul ? ”

Such is the tale I tell 580

Of thy dead child. Most blest in motherhood  
 I count thee of all women, and most hapless.

### CHORUS

Dread bale on Priam's line and city hath poured  
 Its lava-flood :—'tis heaven's resistless doom.

### HECUBA

Daughter, I know not on what ills to look,  
 So many throng me : if to this I turn,  
 That hindereth me : thence summoneth me again  
 Another grief, on-ushering ills on ills.  
 And now I cannot from my soul blot out  
 Thine agony, that I should wail it not. 590  
 Yet hast thou barred the worst, proclaimed to me  
 So noble. Lo, how strange, that evil soil  
 Heaven-blest with seasons fair, bears goodly crops,  
 While the good, if it faileth of its dues,  
 Gives evil fruit : but always among men  
 The caitiff nothing else than evil is,  
 The noble, noble, nor 'neath fortune's stress  
 Marreth his nature, but is good alway.

600 ἄρ' οἱ τεκόντες διαφέρουσιν ἢ τροφαί ;  
 ἔχει γε μέντοι καὶ τὸ θρεφθῆναι καλῶς  
 δίδαξιν ἐσθλοῦ· τοῦτο δ' ἦν τις εὖ μάθην,  
 οἶδεν τό γ' αἰσχρόν, κανόνι τοῦ καλοῦ μαθῶν.  
 καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ νοῦς ἐτόξευσεν μάτην·  
 σὺ δ' ἔλθε καὶ σήμηνον Ἀργείοις τάδε,  
 μὴ θυγάνειν μοι μηδέν, ἀλλ' εἴργειν ὄχλον  
 τῆς παιδός. ἐν τοι μυρίῳ στρατευματι  
 ἀκόλαστος ὄχλος ναυτικῆ τ' ἀναρχία  
 κρείσσων πυρός, κακὸς δ' ὁ μὴ τι δρῶν κακόν.  
 610 σὺ δ' αὖ λαβοῦσα τεύχος, ἀρχαία λάτρι,  
 βάψασ' ἔνεγκε δεῦρο ποντίας ἁλός,  
 ὡς παῖδα λουτροῖς τοῖς πανυστάτοις ἐμήν,  
 νύμφην τ' ἀνυμφον παρθένον τ' ἀπάρθενον,  
 λούσω προθῶμαί θ'· ὡς μὲν ἀξία, πόθεν ;  
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην ὡς δ' ἔχω· τί γὰρ πάθω ;  
 κόσμον τ' ἀγείρασ' αἰχμαλωτίδων πάρα,  
 αἴ μοι πάρεδροι τῶνδ' ἔσω σκηνωμάτων  
 θάσσουσιν, εἴ τις τοὺς νεωστὶ δεσπότης  
 λαθοῦσ' ἔχει τι κλέμμα τῶν αὐτῆς δόμων.  
 620 ὦ σχήματ' οἴκων, ὦ ποτ' εὐτυχεῖς δόμοι,  
 ὦ πλείστ' ἔχων κάλλιστά τ', εὐτεκνώτατε  
 Πρίαμε, γεραιά θ' ἦδ' ἐγὼ μήτηρ τέκνων,  
 ὡς εἰς τὸ μηδέν ἦκομεν, φρονήματος  
 τοῦ πρὶν στερέντες. εἶτα δῆτ' ὀγκοῦμεθα  
 ὁ μὲν τις ἡμῶν πλουσίοις ἐν δώμασιν,  
 ὁ δ' ἐν πολίταις τίμος κεκλημένος.  
 τὰ δ' οὐδέν· ἄλλως φροντίδων βουλευμάτα  
 γλώσσης τε κόμπιοι. κείνος ὀλβιώτατος,  
 ὅτῳ κατ' ἡμαρ τυγχάνει μηδέν κακόν.

## HECUBA

By blood, or nurture, is the difference made ?  
 Sooth, gentle nurture bringeth lessoning 600  
 In nobleness ; and whoso learns this well  
 By honour's touchstone knoweth baseness too :—  
 Ah, unavailing arrows of the mind<sup>1</sup> !  
 But go thou, to the Argives this proclaim,  
 That none my daughter touch, but that they keep  
 The crowd thence : in a war-array untold  
 Lawless the mob is, and the shipmen's licence  
 Outraveneth flame—they rail on who sins not !

[*Exit* TALTHYBIUS

But, ancient handmaid, take a vessel thou,  
 And dip, and of the sea-brine hither bring, 610  
 That with the last bath I may wash my child,—  
 The bride unwedded, maid a maid no more,<sup>2</sup>—  
 And lay her out—as meet is, how can I ?  
 Yet as I may ; for lo, what plight is mine !  
 Jewels from fellow-captives will I gather  
 Which dwell, my neighbour-thralls, these tents within,  
 If haply any, to our lords unknown,  
 Hath any stolen treasure of her home.  
 O stately halls, O home so happy once !  
 O rich in fair abundance, goodliest offspring, 620  
 Priam !—and I, a grey head crowned with sons '  
 How are we brought to nought, of olden pride  
 Stripped bare ! And lo, we men are puffed up,  
 One of us for the riches of his house,  
 And one for honour in the mouths of men !  
 These things be nought. All vain the heart's devisings,  
 The vauntings of the tongue ! Most blest is he  
 To whom no ill befalls as days wear on.

<sup>1</sup> No philosophic moralizing can avail to assuage my sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> As being united to Achilles in death.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

630 ἔμοι χρῆν συμφοράν, στρ.  
 ἔμοι χρῆν πημονὰν γενέσθαι,  
 Ἰδαίαν ὄτε πρῶτον ὕλαν  
 Ἀλέξανδρος εἰλατίαν  
 ἐτάμεθ', ἄλιον ἐπ' οἶδμα ναυστολήσων  
 Ἐλένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα, τὰν  
 καλλίσταν ὁ χρυσοφαῆς  
 Ἄλιος αὐγάξει.

640 πόνοι γὰρ καὶ πόνων ἀντ.  
 ἀνάγκαι κρείσσονες κυκλοῦνται,  
 κοινὸν δ' ἐξ ἰδίας ἀνοίας  
 κακὸν τᾶ Σιμουντίδι γὰ  
 ὀλέθριον ἔμολε συμφορά τ' ἀπ' ἄλλων.  
 ἐκρίθη δ' ἔρις, ἂν ἐν Ἰ-  
 δᾶ κρίνει τρισσὰς μακάρων  
 παῖδας ἀνῆρ βούτας,

650 ἐπὶ δορὶ καὶ φόνῳ καὶ ἐμῶν μελάθρων λῶβα· ἐπωδ.  
 στένει δὲ καὶ τις ἀμφὶ τὸν εὐροον Εὐρώταν  
 Λάκαινα πολυδάκρυτος ἐν δόμοις κόρα,  
 πολὶόν τ' ἐπὶ κρᾶτα μάτηρ  
 τέκνων θανόντων  
 τίθεται χέρα δρύπτεται τε παρειάν,  
 δίαιμον ὄνυχα τιθεμένα σπαραγμοῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

660 γυναῖκες, Ἐκάβη ποῦ ποθ' ἠ παναθλία,  
 ἠ πάντα νικῶσ' ἄνδρα καὶ θῆλυν σποράν  
 κακοῖσιν ; οὐδεὶς στέφανον ἀνθαιρήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ', ὦ τάλαινα σῆς κακογλώσσου βοῆς ;  
 ὡς οὐποθ' εὔδει λυπρὰ σου κηρύγματα.

## HECUBA

### CHORUS

My doom of disaster was written, (Str.)  
 The doom of mine anguish was sealed, 630  
 When of Paris the pine-shafts were smitten  
 Upon Ida, that earthward they reeled,  
 To ride over ridges surf-whitened,  
 Till the bride-bed of Helen was won,  
 Woman fairest of all that be lightened  
 By the gold of the sun.

For battle-toils, yea, desolations (Ant.)  
 Yet sorer around us close ;  
 And the folly of one is the nation's 640  
 Destruction ; of alien foes  
 Cometh ruin by Simois' waters.  
 So judged is the judgment given  
 When on Ida the strife of the Daughters  
 Of the Blessed was striven,

For battle, for murder, for ruin (Epode)  
 Of mine halls :—by Eurotas is moan, 650  
 Where with tears for their homes' undoing  
 The maidens Laconian groan,  
 Where rendeth her tresses hoary  
 The mother for sons that are dead,  
 And her cheeks with woe-furrows are gory,  
 And her fingers are red.

*Enter HANDMAID, with bearers carrying a covered corpse.*

### HANDMAID

Women, O where is Hecuba, sorrow's queen,  
 Who passeth every man, all womankind,  
 In woes ? No man shall take away her crown. 660

### CHORUS

What now, O hapless voice of evil-boding ?  
 Shall they ne'er sleep, thy publishings of grief ?

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

Ἐκάβη φέρω τόδ' ἄλγος· ἐν κακοῖσι δὲ  
οὐ ῥάδιον βροτοῖσιν εὐφημεῖν στόμα.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν περῶσα τυγχάνει δόμων ἄπο  
ἧδ', εἰς δὲ καιρὸν σοῖσι φαίνεται λόγοις.

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

ὦ παντάλαινα κάτι μᾶλλον ἢ λέγω,  
δέσποινα, ὄλωλας, οὐκέτ' εἰ βλέπουσα φῶς,  
ἄπαις, ἀνανδρος, ἄπολις, ἐξεφθαρμένη.

### ΕΚΑΒΗ

670 οὐ καιρὸν εἶπας, εἰδῶσιν δ' ὠνείδισας.  
ἀτὰρ τί νεκρὸν τόνδε μοι Πολυξένης  
ἦκεις κομίζουσ', ἧς ἀπηγγέλθη τάφος  
πάντων Ἀχαιῶν διὰ χερὸς σπουδῆν ἔχειν ;

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

ἧδ' οὐδὲν οἶδεν, ἀλλά μοι Πολυξένην  
θρηνεῖ, νέων δὲ πημάτων οὐχ ἄπτεται.

### ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ ἴγώ τάλαινα μῶν τὸ βακχεῖον κάρα  
τῆς θεσπιωδοῦ δεῦρο Κασάνδρας φέρεις ;

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

680 ζῶσαν λέλακας, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐ στένεις  
τόνδ'· ἀλλ' ἄθρησον σῶμα γυμνωθέν νεκροῦ,  
εἰ σοι φανεῖται θαῦμα καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας.

### ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι, βλέπω δὴ παῖδ' ἐμὸν τεθνηκότα,  
Πολύδωρον ὃν μοι Θρηξ' ἔσφωξ' οἴκοις ἀνήρ.  
ἀπωλόμην δύστηνος, οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ δὴ.  
ὦ τέκνον τέκνον,  
αἰαῖ, κατάρχομαι νόμον



## HECUBA

HANDMAID

To Hecuba I bring this pang : mid woes  
Not easily may mortal lips speak fair.

CHORUS

Lo where she cometh from beneath the roofs :  
In season for thy tale appeareth she.

HANDMAID

O all-afflicted, more than lips can say !  
Queen, thou art slain—thou seest the light no more  
Unchilded, widowed, cityless—all-destroyed !

HECUBA

No news this : 'tis but taunting me who knew. 670  
But wherefore com'st thou bringing me this corpse,  
Polyxena's, whose burial-rites, 'twas told,  
By all Achaea's host were being sped ?

HANDMAID

She nothing knows : Polyxena—ah me !—  
Still wails she, and the new woes graspeth not.

HECUBA

O hapless I !—not—not the bacchant head  
Of prophetess Cassandra bring'st thou hither ?

HANDMAID

Thou nam'st the living : but the dead—this dead,  
Bewailest not,—look, the dead form is bared !

[*Uncovers the corpse.*]

Seems it not strange—worse than all boding fears ? 680

HECUBA

Ah me, my son !—I see Polydorus dead,  
Whom in his halls I deemed the Thracian warded.  
O wretch ! it is my death—I am no more !  
O my child, O my child !  
Mine anguish shall thrill

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βακχείου, ἐξ ἀλάστορος  
ἀρτιμαθῆς κακῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

ἔγνωσ γὰρ ἄτην παιδός, ὦ δύστηνε σύ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

690 ἄπιστ' ἄπιστα, καινὰ καινὰ δέρκομαι.  
ἕτερα δ' ἀφ' ἑτέρων κακὰ κακῶν κυρεῖ·  
οὐδέποτ' ἀστένακτος ἀδάκρυτος ἀ-  
μέρα ἐπισχήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεῖν', ὦ τάλαινα, δευνὰ πάσχομεν κακά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον τέκνον ταλαίνας ματρός,  
τίνι μόρω θνήσκεις ;  
τίνι πόντῳ κείσαι ;  
πρὸς τίνος ἀνθρώπων ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς νιν κυρῶ θαλασσίαις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

700 ἔκβλητον, ἦ πέσημα φονίου δορός,  
ἐν ψαμάθῳ λευρᾷ ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

πόντου νιν ἐξήνεγκε πελάγιος κλύδων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦμοι, αἰαί, ἔμαθον ἐνύπνιον ὀμμάτων  
ἐμῶν ὄψιν, οὐ με παρέβα φά-  
σμα μελανόπτερον,  
ἀν ἐσειδον ἀμφι σ',  
ὦ τέκνον, οὐκέτ' ὄντα Διὸς ἐν φάει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς γὰρ νιν ἔκτειν' ; οἴσθ' ὄνειρόφρων φράσαι ;

## HECUBA

Through a wail shrilling wild  
In the ears of me still,  
Which pealed there but now from the throat of a  
demon, a herald of ill.

HANDMAID

Didst thou then know thy son's doom, hapless one ?

HECUBA

Beyond, beyond belief, new woes I see.

Ills upon ills throng one after another:

Never day shall pass by without tear, without sigh,  
nor mine anguish refrain.

CHORUS

Dread, O dread evils, hapless queen, we suffer.

HECUBA

O child, O child of a grief-stricken mother'

By what fate didst thou die ?—in what doom dost thou  
lie ?—of what man wast thou slain ?

HANDMAID

I know not: on the sea-strand found I him.

HECUBA

Cast up by the tide, or struck down by the spear in a  
blood-reddened hand

On the smooth-levelled sand ?

HANDMAID

The outsea surge in-breaking flung him up

HECUBA

Woe's me, I discern it, the vision that blasted my sight  
Neither flitted unheeded that black-winged phantom  
of night,

Which I saw, which revealed that my son was no more  
of the light.

CHORUS

Who slew him ? Canst thou, dream-arreder, tell ?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

710 ἔμὸς ἔμὸς ξένος, Θρήκιος ἱππότας,  
 ἴν' ὁ γέρον πατὴρ ἔθετό νιν κρύψας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶμοι, τί λέξεις ; χρυσὸν ὡς ἔχοι κτανῶν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

720 ἄρρητ' ἀωννόμαστα, θαυμάτων πέρα,  
 οὐχ ὅσι' οὐδ' ἀνεκτά. ποῦ δίκαια ξένων ;  
 ὦ κατάρατ' ἀνδρῶν, ὡς διμοιράσω  
 χροά, σιδარέω τεμῶν φασγάνω  
 μέλεα τοῦδε παιδὸς οὐδ' ὠκτίσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμων, ὡς σε πολυπονωτάτην βροτῶν  
 δαίμων ἔθηκεν ὅστις ἐστὶ σοι βαρῦς.  
 ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τοῦδε δεσπότην δέμας  
 Ἄγαμέμνονος, τούνθενδε σιγῶμεν, φίλαι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

730 Ἐκάβη, τί μέλλεις παῖδα σὴν κρύπτειν τάφῳ  
 ἐλθοῦσ', ἐφ' οἷσπερ Ταλθύβιος ἠγγειλέ μοι  
 μὴ θυγγάνειν σῆς μηδέν' Ἀργείων κόρης ;  
 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν ἐῶμεν οὐδὲ ψεύσομεν  
 σὺ δὲ σχολάζεις, ὥστε θαυμάζειν ἐμέ.  
 ἦκω δ' ἀποστελῶν σε τάκειθεν γὰρ εὖ  
 πεπραγμέν' ἐστίν, εἴ τι τῶνδ' ἐστὶν καλῶς.  
 ἔα· τίν' ἀνδρα τόνδ' ἐπὶ σκηναῖς ὀρῶ  
 θανόντα Τρώων ; οὐ γὰρ Ἀργεῖον πέπλοι  
 δέμας περιπτύσσοντες ἀγγέλλουσί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δύστην', ἐμαυτὴν γὰρ λέγω λέγουσα σέ,  
 Ἐκάβη, τί δράσω ; πότερα προσπέσω γόνυ  
 Ἄγαμέμνονος τοῦδ' ἢ φέρω σιγῇ κακά ;

## HECUBA

HECUBA

'Twas my friend, 'twas my guest, 'twas the Thracian 710  
chariot-lord [hide and to ward.  
To whose charge his grey father had given him to

CHORUS

Oh, what wouldst say?—slew him to keep the gold?

HECUBA

O horror unspeakable, nameless, beyond all wonder!—  
Impious, unbearable! Where are they, friendship  
and truth?

O accursèd of men, lo, how hast thou carved asunder  
His flesh!—how thy knife, when my child's limbs  
quivered thereunder, [unmelted of ruth!  
Hath slashed him and mangled, and thou wast 720

CHORUS

O hapless, how a God, whose hand on thee  
Is heavy, above all mortals heaps thee pain!  
But lo, I see our master towering nigh,  
Agamemnon: friends, henceforth hold we our peace.

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Why stay'st thou, Hecuba, to entomb thy child,  
According to Talthybius' word to me  
That of the Argives none should touch thy daughter?  
Wherefore we let her be, and touch her not;  
Yet loiterest thou, that wonder stirreth me. 730

I come to speed thee hence; for all things there  
Are well wrought—if herein may aught be well.  
Ha, who is this that by the tents I see?  
What Trojan dead? No Argive this, the robes  
That shroud the body make report to me.

HECUBA (*aside*)

Hapless!—myself I name in naming thee—  
O Hecuba, what shall I do?—or fall  
At the king's feet, or silent bear mine ills?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

740 τί μοι προσώπω νῶτον ἐγκλίνασα σὸν  
 δύρει, τὸ πραχθὲν δ' οὐ λέγεις ; τίς ἔσθ' ὅδε ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀλλ' εἴ με δούλην πολεμίαν θ' ἠγούμενος  
 γονάτων ἀπίωσαιτ', ἄλγος ἂν προσθείμεθ' ἄν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔτοι πέφυκα μάντις, ὥστε μὴ κλύων  
 ἐξιστορήσαι σῶν ὁδὸν βουλευμάτων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρ' ἐκλογίζομαι γε πρὸς τὸ δυσμενὲς  
 μᾶλλον φρένας τοῦδ', ὄντος οὐχὶ δυσμενοῦς ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰ τοί με βούλει τῶνδε μηδὲν εἰδέναι,  
 εἰς ταῦτόν ἤκεις· καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐγὼ κλύειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

750 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην τοῦδε τιμωρεῖν ἄτερ  
 τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι. τί στρέφω τάδε ;  
 τολμᾶν ἀνάγκη, κἂν τύχω κἂν μὴ τύχω.  
 Ἄγάμεμνον, ἰκετεύω σε τῶνδε γονυάτων  
 καὶ σοῦ γενείου δεξιᾶς τ' εὐδαίμονος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί χρῆμα μαστεύουσα ; μὲν ἐλεύθερον  
 αἰῶνα θέσθαι ; ῥᾶδιον γὰρ ἐστί σοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ δῆτα· τοὺς κακοὺς δὲ τιμωρουμένη  
 αἰῶνα τὸν ξύμπαντα δουλεύειν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ δὴ τίν' ἡμᾶς εἰς ἐπάρκεσιν καλεῖς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

760 οὐδέν τι τούτων ὧν σὺ δοξάζεις, ἀναξ.  
 ὄρας νεκρὸν τόνδ', οὐ καταστάζω δάκρυ ;

## HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

Wherefore on me dost turn thy back, and mourn,  
Nor tellest what is done, and who is this?

740

HECUBA (*aside*)

But if, accounting me a slave and foe,  
He thrust me from his knees, 'twere pang on pang.

AGAMEMNON

No prophet born am I, to track the path  
Of these thy musings, if I hear them not.

HECUBA (*aside*)

Lo, surely am I counting this man's heart  
O'er much my foe, who is no foe at all.

AGAMEMNON

Sooth, if thou wilt that nought hereof I know,  
At one we are: I care not, I, to hear.

HECUBA (*aside*)

I cannot, save with help of him, avenge  
My children—wherefore do I dally thus?  
I must needs venture, or to win or lose:—  
Agamemnon, I beseech thee by thy knees,  
And by thy beard, and thy victorious hand—

750

AGAMEMNON

What matter seekest thou? Wouldst have thy days  
Free henceforth? Sooth, thy boon is lightly won.

HECUBA

No—no! Avenge me of mine adversary,  
And I will welcome lifelong bondage then.

AGAMEMNON

But to what championship dost summon me?

HECUBA

To nought of all whereof thou dreamest, king.  
Seest thou this corpse, o'er which my tears rain down? 760

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὀρώ· τὸ μέντοι μέλλον οὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοῦτόν ποτ' ἔτεκον κάφερον ζώνης ὕπο.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔστιν δὲ τίς σῶν οὗτος, ᾧ τλήμον, τέκνων ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ τῶν θανόντων Πριαμιδῶν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦ γάρ τιν' ἄλλον ἔτεκες ἢ κείνους, γύναι ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀνόνητά γ', ὡς ἔοικε, τόνδ' ὄν εισοράς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῦ δ' ὦν ἐτύγχαν', ἠνίκ' ὄλλυτο πτόλις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πατήρ νιν ἐξέπεμψεν ὀρρωδῶν θανεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῖ τῶν τότ' ὄντων χωρίσας τέκνων μόνου ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

770

εἰς τήνδε χώραν, οὐπερ ἠύρέθη θανῶν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πρὸς ἄνδρ' ὃς ἄρχει τήσδε Πολυμήστωρ  
χθονός ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐνταῦθ' ἐπέμφθη πικροτάτου χρυσοῦ φύλαξ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θνήσκει δὲ πρὸς τοῦ καὶ τίνος πότμου τυχῶν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τίνος δ' ὑπ' ἄλλου ; Θρήξ νιν ὄλεσε ξένος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ τλήμον· ἦ που χρυσοῦν ἠράσθη λαβεῖν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοιαῦτ', ἐπειδὴ συμφορὰν ἔγνω Φρυγῶν.



## HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

I see,—yet what shall come I cannot tell.

HECUBA

Him once I bare, and carried 'neath my zone.

AGAMEMNON

Who of thy sons is this, O sorrow-crushed ?

HECUBA

Not one of Priam's sons by Ilium slain.

AGAMEMNON

How ? didst thou bear another more than these ?

HECUBA

Yea—to my grief, meseems : thou seest him here.

AGAMEMNON

Yet where was he what time the city fell ?

HECUBA

Dreading his death his father sent him thence.

AGAMEMNON

And whither drew him from the rest apart ?

HECUBA

Unto this land, where dead hath he been found.

770

AGAMEMNON

To Polymestor, ruler of the land ?

HECUBA

Yea—sent in charge of thrice-accursèd gold.

AGAMEMNON

And of whom slain, and lighting on what doom ?

HECUBA

Of whom save one ?—that Thracian friend slew him.

AGAMEMNON

O wretch !—for that he lusted for the gold ?

HECUBA

Even so, when Phrygia's fall was known of him.

x 2

307

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦῤρες δὲ ποῦ νιν, ἧ τίς ἤνεγκεν νεκρόν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦδ', ἐντυχοῦσα ποντίας ἀκτῆς ἐπι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοῦτου ματεύουσ' ἧ πονοῦσ' ἄλλον πόνον ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

780 λούτρ' ὄχετ' οἴσουσ' ἐξ ἁλὸς Πολυξένη.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κτανῶν νιν, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐκβάλλει ξένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

θαλασσόπλαγκτόν γ', ὦδε διατεμὼν χροά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ σχετλία σὺ τῶν ἀμετρήτων πόνον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὄλωλα, κούδεν λοιπόν, Ἀγάμεμνον, κακῶν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ· τίς οὔτω δυστυχῆς ἔφν γυνή ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν, εἰ μὴ τὴν τύχην αὐτὴν λέγοις.  
 ἀλλ' ὥνπερ εἶνεκ' ἀμφὶ σὸν πίπτω γόνυ,  
 ἄκουσον. εἰ μὲν ὄσια σοι παθεῖν δοκῶ,  
 790 στέργοιμ' ἄν· εἰ δὲ τοῦμπαλιω, σὺ μοι γενοῦ  
 τιμωρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἀνοσιωτάτου ξένου,  
 ὃς οὔτε τοὺς γῆς νέρθεν οὔτε τοὺς ἄνω  
 δείσας δέδρακεν ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατου,  
 κοινῆς τραπέζης πολλάκις τυχῶν ἐμοί,  
 ξενίας τ' ἀριθμῶ πρῶτα τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων·  
 τυχῶν δ' ὄσων δεῖ· καὶ λαβὼν προμηθίαν,  
 ἔκτεινε, τύμβου δ', εἰ κτανεῖν ἐβούλετο,  
 οὐκ ἠξίωσεν, ἀλλ' ἀφήκε πόντιον.

## HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

Where found'st thou him?—or who hath brought thy  
dead?

HECUBA

She there: upon the strand she chanced on him.

AGAMEMNON

Seeking him, or on other task employed?

HECUBA

Sea-brine she sought to lave Polyxena. 780

AGAMEMNON

So then this guest-friend slew and cast him forth.

HECUBA

Yea, on the sea to drift, his flesh thus hacked.

AGAMEMNON

O woe is thee for thine unmeasured pains!

HECUBA

'Tis death—there is no deeper depth of woe.

AGAMEMNON

Alas, was woman e'er so fortune-crost?

HECUBA

None, except thou wouldst name Misfortune's self.  
But for what cause I bow thy knees to clasp,  
Hear:—if my righteous due my sufferings seem  
To thee, I am content: if not, do thou  
Avenge me on that impious, impious friend, 790  
Who neither feared the powers beneath the earth,  
Nor those on high, hut wrought most impious deed,—  
Who oft-times at my table ate and drank,  
For welcome foremost in my count of friends,  
And had all guest-dues. Yet he watched his time,  
Slew him, nor in his thoughts of murder found  
Room for a grave, but cast him mid the sea.

ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν δοῦλοί τε κάσθενεῖς ἴσως·  
 ἀλλ' οἱ θεοὶ σθένουσι χῶ κείνων κρατῶν  
 800 νόμος· νόμῳ γὰρ τοὺς θεοὺς ἡγοῦμεθα  
 καὶ ζῶμεν ἄδικα καὶ δίκαι' ὠρισμένοι·  
 ὃς εἰς σ' ἀνελθὼν εἰ διαφθαρήσεται,  
 καὶ μὴ δίκην δώσουσιν οἵτινες ξένους  
 κτείνουσιν ἢ θεῶν ἱερὰ τολμῶσιν φέρειν,  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον.  
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἐν αἰσχυρῷ θέμενος αἰδέσθητί με·  
 οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς, ὡς γραφεύς τ' ἀποσταθεῖς  
 ἰδοῦ με κἀνάθρησον οἳ ἔχω κακά.  
 810 τύραννος ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν δούλη σέθεν,  
 εὐπαις ποτ' οὔσα, νῦν δὲ γραυῖς ἅπαις θ' ἅμα,  
 ἄπολις, ἔρημος, ἀθλιωτάτη βροτῶν.  
 οἴμοι τάλαινα, ποῖ μ' ὑπεξάγεις πόδα ;  
 ἔοικα πράξειν οὐδέν' ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.  
 τί δῆτα θνητοὶ τᾶλλα μὲν μαθήματα  
 μοχθοῦμεν ὡς χρῆ πάντα καὶ μαστεύομεν,  
 πειθῶ δὲ τὴν τυραννον ἀνθρώποις μόνην  
 οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον ἐς τέλος σπουδάζομεν  
 μισθοὺς διδόντες μαυθάνειν, ἢ ἦν ποτε  
 820 πείθειν ἅ τις βούλοιο τυγχάνειν θ' ἅμα ;  
 πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἂν τις ἐλπίσαι πράξειν καλῶς ;  
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ ὄντες παῖδες οὐκέτ' εἰσὶ μοι,  
 αὐτὴ δ' ἐπ' αἰσχυροῖς αἰχμάλωτος οἴχομαι·  
 καπνὸν δὲ πόλεως τόνδ' ὑπερθρώσκουθ' ὄρω.  
 καὶ μὴν ἴσως μὲν τοῦ λόγου κενὸν τόδε,  
 Κύπριν προβάλλειν ἀλλ' ὁμως εἰρήσεται  
 πρὸς σοῖσι πλευροῖς παῖς ἐμῇ κοιμίζεται  
 ἢ φοιβᾶς, ἦν καλοῦσι Κασάνδραν Φρύγες.  
 ποῦ τὰς φίλας δῆτ' εὐφρόνας δείξεις, ἀναξ,  
 ἢ τῶν ἐν εὐνῇ φιλιτάτων ἀσπασμάτων

## HECUBA

And I—a slave I may be, haply weak ;  
 Yet are the Gods strong, and their ruler strong,  
 Even Law ; for by this Law we know Gods are, 800  
 We live, we make division of wrong and right ;  
 And if this at thy bar be disannulled,  
 And they shall render not account which slay  
 Guests, or dare rife the Gods' holy things,  
 Then among men is there no righteousness.  
 This count then shameful ; have respect to me ;  
 Pity me :—like a painter so draw back,  
 Scan me, pore on my portraiture of woes.  
 A queen was I, time was, but now thy slave ;  
 Crowned with fair sons once, childless now and 810  
 old,  
 Cityless, lone, of mortals wretchedest.  
 Woe for me !—whither wouldst withdraw thy  
 foot ?  
 Meseems I shall not speed—O hapless I !  
 Wherefore, O wherefore, at all other lore  
 Toil men, as needeth, and make eager quest,  
 Yet Suation, the unrivalled queen of men,  
 Nor price we pay, nor make ado to learn her  
 Unto perfection, so a man might sway  
 His fellows as he would, and win his ends ?  
 How then shall any hope good days henceforth ? 820  
 So many sons—none left me any more !  
 Myself mid shame a spear-thrall ruin-spel ;—  
 Yon smoke o'er Troy upsoaring in my sight !  
 Yet—yet—'twere unavailing plea perchance  
 To cast Love's shield before me—yet be it said :  
 Lo, at thy side my child Cassandra couched  
 Lies, the Inspired One—named of Phrygians so.  
 Those nights of love, hath their memorial perished ?  
 Or for the lovingkindness of the couch

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 830 χάριν τίν' ἔξει παῖς ἐμή, κείνης δ' ἐγώ ;  
 ἐκ τοῦ σκότου γὰρ τῶν τε νυκτερησίῳν  
 φίλτρων μεγίστη γίγνεται βροτοῖς χάρις.  
 ἄκουε δὴ νυν τὸν θανόντα τόνδ' ὄρας ;  
 τοῦτον καλῶς δρῶν ὄντα κηδεστὴν σέθεν  
 δράσεις. ἐνός μοι μῦθος ἐνδεῆς ἔτι.  
 εἴ μοι γένοιτο φθόγγος ἐν βραχίῳσι  
 καὶ χερσὶ καὶ κόμαισι καὶ ποδῶν βάσει  
 ἢ Δαιδάλου τέχναισιν ἢ θεῶν τινος,  
 ὡς πάνθ' ὀμαρτῆ σῶν ἔχοιντο γουνάτων  
 840 κλαίοντ', ἐπισκῆπτοντα παντοίους λόγους.  
 ὦ δέσποτ', ὦ μέγιστον Ἕλλησιν φάος,  
 πιθοῦ, παράσχεσ χεῖρα τῇ πρεσβύτιδι  
 τιμωρόν, εἰ καὶ μηδέν ἐστιν, ἀλλ' ὁμως.  
 ἐσθλοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τῇ δίκη θ' ὑπηρετεῖν  
 καὶ τοὺς κακοὺς δρᾶν πανταχοῦ κακῶς ἀεί.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινόν γε, θνητοῖς ὡς ἅπαντα συμπίπτει,  
 καὶ τὰς ἀνάγκας οἱ νόμοι διώρισαν,  
 φίλους τιθέντες τοὺς γε πολεμιωτάτους  
 ἐχθροὺς τε τοὺς πρὶν εὐμενεῖς ποιούμενοι.

### ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

- 850 ἐγὼ σὲ καὶ σὸν παῖδα καὶ τύχας σέθεν,  
 Ἐκάβη, δι' οἴκτου χεῖρά θ' ἱκεσίαν ἔχω  
 καὶ βούλομαι θεῶν θ' εἶνεκ' ἀνόσιον ξένον  
 καὶ τοῦ δικαίου τήνδε σοι δοῦναι δίκην,  
 εἴ πως φανείη γ' ὥστε σοί τ' ἔχειν καλῶς,  
 στρατῶ τε μὴ δόξαιμι Κασάνδρας χάριν

## HECUBA

What thank shall my child have, or I for her? 830  
 For of the darkness and the night's love-spells  
 Cometh on men the chiefest claim for thank.  
 Hearken now, hearken: seest thou this dead  
 boy?

Doing him right, to thine own marriage-kin  
 Shalt thou do right. One plea more lack I yet:—  
 O that I had a voice in these mine arms  
 And hands and hair and pacings of my feet,  
 By art of Daedalus lent, or of a God,  
 That all together to thy knees might cling  
 Weeping, and pressing home pleas manifold! 840  
 O my lord, mightiest light to Hellas' sons,  
 Hearken, O lend thine hand to avenge the aged;  
 What though a thing of nought she be, yet hear!  
 For 'tis the good man's part to champion right,  
 And everywhere and aye to smite the wrong.

### CHORUS

Strange, strange, how all cross-chances hap to men!  
 These laws shift landmarks even of friendship's ties,<sup>1</sup>  
 Turning to friends the bitterest of foes,  
 Changing to enmity the love of old.

### AGAMEMNON

I am stirred to pity, Hecuba, both of thee, 850  
 Thy son, thy fortune, and thy suppliant hand;  
 And for the Gods' and justice' sake were fain  
 Thine impious guest should taste for this thy vengeance,  
 So means were found thy cause to speed, while I  
 Seem not unto the host to plot this death

<sup>1</sup> The laws of right and wrong and the obligation to avenge the blood of kin compel Hecuba to ally herself with Agamemnon, her late enemy, against Polymestor, her late friend.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

860 Ἐθήκης ἀνακτι τόνδε βουλευσαι φόνον.  
 ἔστιν γὰρ ἧ παραγμὸς ἐμπέπτωκέ μοι·  
 τὸν ἀνδρα τοῦτον φίλιον ἠγεῖται στρατός,  
 τὸν καθθανόντα δ' ἐχθρόν· εἰ δὲ σοὶ φίλος  
 ὄδ' ἐστί, χωρὶς τοῦτο κοῦ κοινὸν στρατῶ.  
 πρὸς ταῦτα φρόντιζ'· ὡς θέλοντα μὲν μ' ἔχεις  
 σοὶ ξυμπουῆσαι καὶ ταχὺν προσαρκέσαι,  
 βραδὺν δ', Ἀχαιοῖς εἰ διαβληθήσομαι.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

870 φεῦ·  
 οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος·  
 ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δούλός ἐστιν ἢ τύχης,  
 ἢ πλήθος αὐτὸν πόλεος ἢ νόμων γραφαὶ  
 εἴργουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ ταρβείς τῶ τ' ὄχλῳ πλέον νέμεις,  
 ἐγὼ σε θήσω τοῦδ' ἐλεύθερον φόβου.  
 870 σύμισθι μὲν γάρ, ἦν τι βουλευσω κακὸν  
 τῶ τόνδ' ἀποκτείναντι, συνδράσης δὲ μή.  
 ἦν δ' ἐξ Ἀχαιῶν θόρυβος ἢ ἴπικουρία  
 πάσχοντος ἀνδρὸς Θρακὸς οἷα πείσεται  
 φανῆ τις, εἴργε μὴ δοκῶν ἐμὴν χάριν.  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα θάρσει πάντ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.

## ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

880 πῶς οὖν ; τί δράσεις ; πότερα φάσγανον χερὶ  
 λαβοῦσα γραία φῶτα βάρβαρον κτενεῖς,  
 ἢ φαρμάκοισιν ἢ ἴπικουρία τίνι ;  
 τίς σοι ξυνέσται χεῖρ ; πόθεν κτήσει φίλους ;

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

880 στέγαι κεκεύθασ' αἶδε Τρωάδων ὄχλον.

## ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὰς αἰχμαλώτους εἶπας, Ἑλλήνων ἄγραν ;



## HECUBA

For Thracia's king for thy Cassandra's sake.  
For herein is mine heart disquieted :—  
This very man the host account their friend,  
The dead their foe : that dear he is to thee  
Is nought to them, nor part have these in him. 860  
Wherefore take thought : in me thou hast one fain  
To share thy toil, and swift to lend thee aid,  
But slow to face the Achaeans' murmurings.

### HECUBA

Ah, among mortals is there no man free !  
To lucre or to fortune is he slave :  
The city's rabble or the law's impeachment  
Constrains him into paths his soul abhors.  
But since thou fear'st, dost overrate the crowd,  
Even I will set thee free from this thy dread.  
Be privy thou, what ill soe'er I plot 870  
For my son's slayer, but share not the deed.  
If tumult mid the Achaeans rise, or cry  
Of rescue, when the Thracian feels my vengeance,  
Thou check them, not in seeming for my sake.  
For all else, fear not : I will shape all well.

### AGAMEMNON

How? what wouldst do? Wouldst in thy wrinkled hand  
A dagger clutch, and yon barbarian slay?—  
With poisons do the deed, or with what help?  
What arm shall aid thee? whence wilt win thee  
friends?

### HECUBA

These tents a host of Trojan women hide. 880

### AGAMEMNON

The captives meanest thou, Greek hunters' prey?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σὺν ταῖσδε τὸν ἔμὸν φονέα τιμωρήσομαι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ πῶς γυναιξὶν ἀρσένων ἔσται κράτος ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δεινὸν τὸ πλῆθος, σὺν δόλῳ τε δύσμαχον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

δεινὸν τὸ μέντοι θῆλυ μέμφομαι γένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ' ; οὐ γυναῖκες εἶλον Αἰγύπτου τέκνα,  
καὶ Ἀῆμνον ἄρδην ἀρσένων ἐξώκισαν ;  
ἀλλ' ὡς γενέσθω· τόνδε μὲν μέθες λόγον,  
πέμψον δέ μοι τήνδ' ἀσφαλῶς διὰ στρατοῦ  
890 γυναῖκα. καὶ σὺ Θρηκί πλαθείσα ξένῳ  
λέξον καλεῖ σ' ἄνασσα δήποτ' Ἴλιου  
Ἐκάβη, σὸν οὐκ ἔλασσον ἢ κείνης χρέος,  
καὶ παῖδας· ὡς δεῖ καὶ τέκν' εἶδέναι λόγους  
τοὺς ἐξ ἐκείνης. τὸν δὲ τῆς νεοσφαγοῦς  
Πολυξένης ἐπίσχεσ, Ἀγάμεμνον, τάφον,  
ὡς τῶδ' ἀδελφῶ πλησίον μᾶ φλογί,  
δισσὴ μέριμνα μητρὶ, κρυφθῆτον χθονί.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔσται τὰδ' οὔτω· καὶ γὰρ εἰ μὲν ἦν στρατῶ  
πλοῦς, οὐκ ἂν εἶχον τήνδε σοι δοῦναι χάριν·  
900 νῦν δ', οὐ γὰρ ἴησ' οὐρίας πνοᾶς θεός,  
μένειν ἀνάγκη πλοῦν ὀρῶντας ἦσυχον.  
γένοιτο δ' εὐ πῶς· πᾶσι γὰρ κοινὸν τόδε  
ιδίᾳ θ' ἑκάστῳ καὶ πόλει, τὸν μὲν κακὸν  
κακὸν τι πάσχειν, τὸν δὲ χρηστὸν εὐτυχεῖν.

## HECUBA

HECUBA

By these will I avenge me on my slayer.

AGAMEMNON

How?—women gain the mastery over men?

HECUBA

Mighty are numbers—joined with craft, resistless.

AGAMEMNON

Ay, mighty, yet misprise I womankind.

HECUBA

What? did not women slay Aegyptus' sons,  
And wholly of her males dispeople Lemnos?  
Yet be it so: forbear to reason thus.  
But to this woman give thou through the host  
Safe passage.

(*To a servant*) Thou, draw nigh our Thracian guest, 890  
Say, "Hecuba, late Queen of Ilium,  
Calls thee on thy behoof no less than hers,  
Thy sons withal; for these must also hear  
Her words." The burial of Polyxena  
Late-slaughtered, Agamemnon, thou delay:  
So sister joined with brother in one flame,  
A mother's double grief, shall be entombed.

AGAMEMNON

So shall it be: yet, might the host but sail,  
No power had I to grant this grace to thee:  
But, seeing God sends no fair-following winds, 900  
Needs must we tarry watching idle sails.  
Now fair befall: for all men's weal is this,—  
Each several man's, and for the state,—that ill  
Betide the bad, prosperity the good. [*Exit.*]

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ μὲν, ὦ πατρὶς Ἰλιάς, στρ. α'  
 τῶν ἀπορθήτων πόλις οὐκέτι λέξει·  
 τοῖον Ἑλλάνων νέφος ἀμφί σε κρύπτει  
 δορὶ δὴ δορὶ πέρσαν.

910 ἀπὸ δὲ στεφάναν κέκαρσαι  
 πύργων, κατὰ δ' αἰθάλου  
 κηλὶδ' οἰκτροτάταν κέχρωσαι,  
 τάλαιν', οὐκέτι σ' ἐμβατεύσω.

μεσονύκτιος ὠλλύμαν, ἀντ. α'  
 ἦμος ἐκ δείπνων ὕπνος ἠδὺς ἐπ' ὄσσοις  
 σκίδνεται, μολπᾶν δ' ἄπο καὶ χαροποιὸν  
 θυσίαν καταπαύσας

920 πόσις ἐν θαλάμοις ἔκειτο,  
 ξυστὸν δ' ἐπὶ πασσάλῳ,  
 ναύταν οὐκέθ' ὄρων ὄμιλον  
 Τροίαν Ἰλιάδ' ἐμβεβῶτα.

ἐγὼ δὲ πλόκαμον ἀναδέτοις στρ. β'  
 μίτραισιν ἐρρυθμιζόμεν  
 χρυσέων ἐνόπτρων

λεύσσουσ' ἀτέρμονας εἰς αὐγὰς,  
 ἐπιδέμνιος ὡς πέσοιμ' ἐς εἰνάν.  
 ἀνὰ δὲ κέλαδος ἔμολε πόλιν  
 κέλευσμα δ' ἦν κατ' ἄστν Τροίας τόδ'· ὦ  
 930 παῖδες Ἑλλάνων, πότε δὴ πότε τὰν  
 Ἰλιάδα σκοπιὰν  
 πέρσαντες ἤξειτ' οἴκους;

## HECUBA

### CHORUS

O my fatherland, Ilium, thou art named no more  
Mid burgs unspoiled, (Str. 1)  
Such a battle-cloud lightening spears enshrouds thee  
o'er,

All round thee coiled !  
Thou art piteously shorn of thy brows' tower-diadem, 910  
And smirched with stain  
Of the reek ; and thy streetways—my feet shall not  
tread them,  
Ah me, again !

At the midnight my doom lighted on me, when sleep  
shed (Ant. 1)  
O'er eyes sweet rain, [his bed  
When from sacrifice-dance and from hushed songs on  
My lord had lain, [ken  
And the spear on the wall was uphung, for watchman's 920  
Saw near nor far  
Overtrampling the Ilian plains those sea-borne men,  
That host of war.

I was ranging the braids of mine hair 'neath soft  
snood-fold : (Str. 2)  
On mine eyes thrown  
Was the gleam from the fathomless depths of mirror-  
gold,  
Ere I sank down [blast  
To my rest on the couch ;—but a tumult's tempest-  
Swept up the street,  
And a battle-cry thundered—" Ye sons of Greeks, on  
fast ! 930  
Be the castles of Troy overthrown, that home at last  
May hail your feet !"

ΕΚΑΒΗ

λέχη δὲ φίλια μονόπεπλος ἀντ. β  
 λιπούσα, Δωρίς ὡς κόρα,  
 σεμνὰν προσίζουσ'  
 οὐκ ἦνυσ' Ἄρτεμιν ἅ τλάμων  
 ἄγομαι δὲ θανόντ' ἰδοῦσ' ἀκοίταν  
 τὸν ἐμὸν ἄλιον ἐπὶ πέλαγος  
 πόλιν τ' ἀποσκοποῦσ', ἐπεὶ νόστιμον  
 940 ναῦς ἐκίνησεν πόδα καί μ' ἀπὸ γᾶς  
 ὄρισευ Ἰλιάδος·  
 τάλαιν', ἀπέειπον ἄλγει,

τὰν τοῖν Διοσκόροιν Ἑλέναν κάσιν ἐπῳδ.  
 Ἰδαῖόν τε βούταν  
 αἰνόπαριν κατάρῃ  
 διδοῦσ', ἐπεὶ με γᾶς  
 ἐκ πατρώας ἀπώλεσεν  
 ἐξώκισέν τ' οἴκων γάμος, οὐ γάμος  
 ἀλλ' ἀλάστορός τις οἰζύς·  
 950 ἂν μῆτε πέλαγος ἄλιον ἀπαγάγοι πάλιν,  
 μῆτε πατρῶον ἵκοιτ' ἐς οἶκον.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΗΡ

ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν Πρίαμε, φιλτάτη δὲ συ;  
 Ἑκάβη, δακρύω σ' εἰσορῶν πόλιν τε σῆν,  
 τήν τ' ἀρτίως θανοῦσαν ἔκγονον σέθεν.  
 φεῦ·  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν πιστόν, οὔτ' εὐδοξία  
 οὔτ' αὖ καλῶς πρῦσσοντα μὴ πράξειν κακῶς.  
 φύρουσι δ' αὐτὰ θεοὶ πάλιν τε καὶ πρόσω  
 παραγμὸν ἐντιθέντες, ὡς ἀγνωσία  
 960 σέβωμεν αὐτούς. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν τι δεῖ  
 θρηνεῖν, προκόπτοντ' οὐδὲν εἰς πρόσθεν κακῶν;  
 σὺ δ', εἴ τι μέμφει τῆς ἐμῆς ἀπουσίας,

## HECUBA

From my dear bed, my lost bed, I sprang, like Dorian  
maid (*Ant.* 2)

But mantle-veiled,  
And to Artemis' altar I clung—woe's me! I prayed  
In vain, and wailed.  
And my lord I beheld lying dead; and I was borne  
O'er deep salt sea,  
Looking back upon Troy, by the ship from Ilium torn  
As she sped on the Hellas-ward path: then woe-forlorn 940  
I swooned,—ah me!—

(*Epode*)  
Upon Helen, the sister of Zeus' Sons, hurling back,  
And on Paris, fell shepherd of Ida, curses black,  
Who from mine home  
By their bridal had reft me—'twas bridal none, but  
wrack 950  
Devil-wrought:—to her fatherland home o'er yon sea-  
track  
Ne'er may she come!

*Enter POLYMESTOR with his two little sons attended by a  
guard of Thracian spearmen.*

POLYMESTOR

Priam of men most dear!—and dearest thou,  
O Hecuba, I weep beholding thee,  
Thy city, and thine offspring slain so late.  
Nought is there man may trust, nor high repute,  
Nor present weal—for it may turn to woe;  
All things the Gods confound, hurl this way and  
that,  
Turmoiling all, that we, foreknowing nought,  
May worship them:—what skills it to make moan 960  
For this, outrunning evils none the more?  
But if mine absence thou dost chide, forbear;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σχές· τυγχάνω γὰρ ἐν μέσοις Θρήκης ὄρου  
 ἀπίων, ὅτ' ἦλθες δεῦρ'· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην,  
 ἤδη πόδ' ἔξω δωμάτων αἴροντί μοι  
 εἰς ταῦτόν ἦδε συμπίπτει δμῶις σέθεν,  
 λέγουσα μύθους ὧν κλύων ἀφικόμην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

970 αἰσχίνομαί σε προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον,  
 Πολυμήστορ, ἐν τοιοῖσδε κειμένη κακοῖς.  
 ὅτῳ γὰρ ᾤφθην εὐτυχοῦσ', αἰδώς μ' ἔχει  
 ἐν τῷδε πότμῳ τυγχάνουσ' ἔν' εἰμὶ νῦν,  
 κοῦκ ἂν δυναίμην προσβλέπειν σ' ὄρθαῖς κόραις.  
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸ μὴ δύσνοιαν ἠγήση σέθεν,  
 Πολυμήστορ· ἄλλως δ' αἰτίον τι καὶ νόμος  
 γυναῖκας ἀνδρῶν μὴ βλέπειν ἐναντίον.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ θαῦμά γ' οὐδέν. ἀλλὰ τίς χρεῖα σ' ἐμοῦ ;  
 τί χρῆμ' ἐπέμψω τὸν ἐμὸν ἐκ δόμων πόδα ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

980 ἴδιον ἐμαυτῆς δὴ τι πρὸς σὲ βούλομαι  
 καὶ παῖδας εἰπεῖν σοῦς· ὁπάονας δέ μοι  
 χωρὶς κέλευσον τῶνδ' ἀποστῆναι δόμων.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

χωρεῖτ'· ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ γὰρ ἦδ' ἐρημία·  
 φίλη μὲν ἡμῖν εἰ σύ, προσφιλὲς δέ μοι  
 στρατεύμ' Ἀχαιῶν. ἀλλὰ σημαίνειν σε χρῆ  
 τί χρῆ τὸν εὐ πράσσοντα μὴ πράσσουσιν εὐ  
 φίλοις ἐπαρκεῖν ὡς ἔτοιμος εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πρῶτον μὲν εἰπέ παιδ' ὃν ἐξ ἐμῆς χειρὸς  
 Πολύδωρον ἐκ τε πατρὸς ἐν δόμοις ἔχεις,  
 εἰ ζῆ· τὰ δ' ἄλλα δευτέρον σ' ἐρήσομαι.



## HECUBA

For in the mid-Thrace tracts afar was I  
When thou cam'st hither : soon as I returned,  
At point was I to hasten forth mine home ;  
When lo, for this same end thine handmaid came  
Telling a tale whose tidings winged mine haste.

### HECUBA

I shame to look thee in the face, who am sunk,  
O Polymestor, in such depth of ills.  
Thou sawest me in weal : shame's thrall I am, 970  
Found in such plight wherein I am this day.  
I cannot face thee with unshrinking eyes.  
Yet count it not as evil-will to thee,  
Polymestor ; therebeside is custom's bar  
That women look not in the eyes of men.

### POLYMESTOR

No marvel :—but what need hast thou of me ?  
For what cause from mine home hast sped my feet ?

### HECUBA

A secret of mine own I fain would tell  
To thee and thine. I pray thee, bid thy guards  
Aloof from these pavilions to withdraw. 980

### POLYMESTOR

Depart ye, for this solitude is safe. [*Exeunt guards.*]  
My friend art thou, well-willed to me this host  
Achaean. Now behoves thee to declare  
Wherein the prosperous must render help  
To friends afflicted : lo, prepared am I.

### HECUBA

First, of the son whom in thine halls thou hast,  
Polydorus, of mine hands, and of his sire's—  
Liveth he ? I will ask thee then the rest.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

μάλιστα· τούκείνου μὲν εὐτυχεῖς μέρος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

990 ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς εὖ κάξίως σέθεν λέγεις.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα βούλει δεύτερον μαθεῖν ἐμοῦ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ τῆς τεκούσης τῆσδε μέμνηταί τί μου.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ δευρό γ' ὡς σέ κρύφιος ἐζήτει μολεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρυσὸς δὲ σῶς ὃν ἦλθεν ἐκ Τροίας ἔχων ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

σῶς, ἐν δόμοις γέ τοῖς ἐμοῖς φρουρούμενος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σῶσόν νυν αὐτὸν μηδ' ἔρα τῶν πλησίον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἦκιστ'· ὀναίμην τοῦ παρόντος, ὦ γύναι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶσθ' οὖν ἂ λέξαι σοί τε καὶ παισὶν θέλω ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οὐκ οἶδα· τῷ σῷ τοῦτο σημανεῖς λόγῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1000 ἔστ', ὦ φιληθεῖς ὡς σὺ νῦν ἐμοὶ φιλεῖ,

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί χρῆμ' ὃ καμὲ καὶ τέκν' εἰδέναι χρεῶν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρυσοῦ παλαιὰ Πριαμιδῶν κατώρυχες.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ταῦτ' ἔσθ' ἂ βούλει παιδὶ ἰσημῆναι σέθεν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μάλιστα, διὰ σοῦ γ'· εἰ γὰρ εὐσεβῆς ἀνήρ.

## HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

Surely : as touching him thy lot is fair.

HECUBA

Dear friend, how well thou speak'st and worthy thee ! 990

POLYMESTOR

Prithee, what next art fain to learn of me ?

HECUBA

If me, his mother, he remembereth ?

POLYMESTOR

Yea—fain had come to thee in secret hither.

HECUBA

Is the gold safe, wherewith from Troy he came ?

POLYMESTOR

Safe—warded in mine halls in any wise.

HECUBA

Safe keep it : covet not thy neighbours' goods.

POLYMESTOR

Nay, lady : joy be mine of that I have !

HECUBA

Know'st what I fain would tell thee and thy sons ?

POLYMESTOR

I know not : this thy word shall signify.

HECUBA

There is, O friend dear as thou art to me— 1000

POLYMESTOR

Yea—what imports my sons and me to know ?

HECUBA

Gold—ancient vaults of gold of Priam's line.

POLYMESTOR

This is it thou art fain to tell thy son ?

HECUBA

Yea, by thy mouth : thou art a righteous man.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα τέκνων τῶνδε δεῖ παρουσίας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄμεινον, ἦν σὺ κατθάνης, τοῦσδ' εἰδένας.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καλῶς ἔλεξας· τῆδε καὶ σοφώτερον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶσθ' οὖν Ἀθάνας Ἰλίას ἵνα στέγαι ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἐνταῦθ' ὁ χρυσός ἐστι ; σημεῖον δὲ τί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1010 μέλαινα πέτρα γῆς ὑπερτέλλουσ' ἄνω.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἔτ' οὖν τι βούλει τῶν ἐκεῖ φράζειν ἐμοί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σῶσαι σε χρήμαθ' οἷς συνεξῆλθον θέλω.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ποῦ δῆτα ; πέπλων ἐντὸς ἢ κρήψασ' ἔχεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σκύλων ἐν ὄχλῳ ταῖσδε σφίζεται στέγαις.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ποῦ δ' ; αἶδ' Ἀχαιῶν ναύλοχοι περιπτνχαί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ιδίαι γυναικῶν αἰχμαλωτίδων στέγαι.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τάνδον δὲ πιστὰ κάρσένων ἐρημία ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐδεὶς Ἀχαιῶν ἔνδον, ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς μόναι.

1020 ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἐς οἴκους· καὶ γὰρ Ἀργεῖοι νεῶν  
 λῦσαι ποθοῦσιν οἴκαδ' ἐκ Τροίας πόδα·  
 ὡς πάντα πράξας ὦν σε δεῖ, στείχης πάλιν  
 ξὺν παισὶν οὐπὲρ τὸν ἐμὸν ᾤκισας γόνον.

## HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

What needeth then the presence of my sons ?

HECUBA

Better they knew, if haply thou shouldst die.

POLYMESTOR

Well hast thou said : yea, 'twere the wiser way.

HECUBA

Dost know where stood Athene's Trojan fane ?

POLYMESTOR

There ?—is the gold there ?—and the token, what ?

HECUBA

A black rock from the earth's face jutting forth. 1010

POLYMESTOR

Hast aught beside to tell me of that hoard ?

HECUBA

Some jewels I brought thence—keep them for me.

POLYMESTOR

Where ?—where ?—beneath thy raiment, or in hiding ?

HECUBA

In yon tents, safe beneath a heap of spoils.

POLYMESTOR

Safe ?—there ?—Achaean ships empale us round.

HECUBA

Inviolatè are the captive women's tents.

POLYMESTOR

Within is all safe ? Be they void of men ?

HECUBA

Within is no Achaean, only we.

Enter the tents,—for fain the Argives are

To unmoor the ships for homeward flight from Troy,— 1020

That, all well done, thou mayst with thy sons fare

To where thou gav'st a home unto my child.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

1030 οὔπω δέδωκας, ἀλλ' ἴσως δώσεις δίκην  
ἀλίμενόν τις ὡς εἰς ἄντλον πεσῶν  
λέχριος ἐκπεσεῖ φίλας καρδίας,  
ἀμέρσας βίον. τὸ γὰρ ὑπέγγυον  
Δίκαι καὶ θεοῖσιν οὐ συμπίτνει,  
ὀλέθριον ὀλέθριον κακόν.  
ψεύσει σ' ὁδοῦ τῆσδ' ἑλπίς ἢ σ' ἐπήγαγεν  
θανάσιμον πρὸς Ἀΐδαν, ὦ τάλαι·  
ἀπολέμφω δὲ χειρὶ λείψεις βίον.

### ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦμοι, τυφλοῦμαι φέγγος ὀμμάτων τάλαι.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἠκούσατ' ἀνδρὸς Θρηγκὸς οἰμωγῆν, φίλαι ;

### ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦμοι μάλ' αὐθις, τέκνα, δυστήνου σφαγῆς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

φίλαι, πέπρακται καίν' ἔσω δόμων κακά.

### ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

1040 ἀλλ' οὔτι μὴ φύγητε λαιψηρηφῶ ποδί·  
βάλλων γὰρ οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀναρρήξω μυχούς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδού, βαρείας χειρὸς ὀρμᾶται βέλος.  
βούλεσθ' ἐπεισπέσωμεν ; ὡς ἀκμὴ καλεῖ  
Ἐκάβη παρεῖναι Τρωάσιν τε συμμαχούς.

### ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρασσε, φείδου μηδέν, ἐκβάλλων πύλας·  
οὐ γὰρ ποτ' ὄμμα λαμπρὸν ἐνθήσεις κόραις,  
οὐ παῖδας ὄψει ζῶντας οὐς ἔκτειν' ἐγώ.

## HECUBA

HECUBA and POLYMESTOR with Children enter the tent.

CHORUS

Not yet is the penalty paid, but thy time is at hand,  
As who reel eth adown an abyss wherein foothold is  
none [thou hast ta'en.  
Slant-slipping, from sweet life hurled, for the life  
For wherever it cometh to pass that the rightful  
demand

Of justice's claim and the laws of the Gods be at one, 1030

Then is ruinous bane for the sinner, O ruinous  
bane ! [Unseen Land,  
It shall mock thee, thy wayfaring's hope ; to the  
To the place of the dead hath it drawn thee, O  
wretch undone ! [thou be slain.

By the hand not of warriors, thou hero, shalt

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

*Ah, I am blinded of mine eyes' light—wretch !*

CHORUS

Heard ye the yell of yonder Thracian, friends ?

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

*Ah me, my children !—ah the awful murder !*

CHORUS

Friends, strange grim work is wrought in yonder tent.

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

*Surely by swift feet shall ye not escape !*

*My blows shall rive this dwelling's inmost parts !*

1040

CHORUS

Lo, crasheth there swift bolt of giant hand.  
Shall we burst in ?—the peril summoneth us  
To help of Hecuba and the Trojan dames.

*Enter* HECUBA.

HECUBA

Smite on—spare not—ay, batter down the doors !  
Ne'er shalt thou set bright vision in thine orbs,  
Nor living see thy sons whom I have slain.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ καθεῖλες Θρήκα καὶ κρατεῖς ξένου,  
δέσποινα, καὶ δέδρακας οἰάπερ λέγεις ;

### ΕΚΑΒΗ

1050 ὄψει νιν αὐτίκ' ὄντα δωμάτων πάρος  
τυφλὸν τυφλῷ στείχοντα παραφόρῳ ποδί,  
παίδων τε δισσῶν σώμαθ', οὓς ἔκτειν' ἐγὼ  
σὺν ταῖς ἀρίσταις Τρωάσιν· δίκην δέ μοι  
δέδωκε χωρεῖ δ', ὡς ὄρας, ὃδ' ἐκ δόμων.  
ἀλλ' ἐκποδῶν ἄπειμι κάποστήσομαι  
θυμῷ ζέοντι Θρηκί δυσμαχωτάτῳ.

### ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦμοι ἐγὼ, πᾶ βῶ,  
πᾶ στῶ, πᾶ κέλσω ;  
τετράποδος βάσιν θηρὸς ὄρεστέρου  
τιθέμενος ἐπὶ χεῖρα κατ' ἴχνος ; ποῖαν,  
1060 ἦ ταύταν ἦ τάνδ'  
ἐξαλλάξω, τὰς  
ἀνδροφόνους μάρψαι  
χρήζων Ἰλιάδας, αἶ με διώλεσαν ;  
τάλαιναι κόραι τάλαιναι Φρυγῶν,  
ὦ κατάρατοι,  
ποῖ καὶ με φυγᾶ πτώσσουσι μυχῶν ;  
εἶθε μοι ὀμμάτων αἱματόεν βλέφαρον  
ἀκέσσαιο τυφλὸν ἀκέσσαι', Ἄλιε,  
φέγγος ἀπαλλάξας.  
ἄ ἄ,

1070 σίγα· κρυπτὰν βάσιν αἰσθάνομαι  
τάνδε γυναικῶν. πᾶ πόδ' ἐπάξας  
σαρκῶν ὀστέων τ' ἐμπλησθῶ,  
θοῖναν ἀγρίων τιθέμενος θηρῶν,  
ἀρνύμενος λῶβαν



## HECUBA

### CHORUS

Hast smitten?—overcome thy Thracian guest,  
Lady?—hast done the deed thou threatenedst?

### HECUBA

Him shalt thou straightway see before the tents,  
Blind, pacing with blind aimless-stumbling feet, 1050  
And his two children's corpses, whom I slew  
With Trojan heroines' help: now hath he paid me  
The vengeance-dues. There comes he forth, thou  
seest.

I from his path will step; the seething rage  
Of yonder Thracian monster will I shun.

*Enter* POLYMESTOR.

### POLYMESTOR

Ah me, whitherward shall I go?—where stand?  
Where find me a mooring-place?  
Must I prowl on their track with foot and with hand  
As a mountain-beast should pace?  
Or to this side or that shall I turn me, for vengeance 1060  
pursuing [mine undoing?  
The slaughterous hags of Troy which have wrought  
Foul daughters of Phrygia, murderesses  
Accursèd, in what deep-hidden recesses  
Are ye cowering in flight?  
O couldst thou but heal these eye-pits gory—  
O couldst thou but heal the blind, and restore  
me,  
O sun, thy light!  
Hist—hist—their stealthy footfalls creep—  
I hear them—whither shall this foot leap, 1070  
That their flesh and their bones I may gorge, and may  
slake me  
With their blood, and a banquet of wild beasts make me,  
Requiting their outrage well

ΕΚΑΒΗ

λύμας ἀντίποιον' ἐμᾶς ; ὦ τάλας,  
 ποῖ πᾶ φέρομαι τέκν' ἔρημα λιπῶν  
 Βάκχαις Ἄιδου διαμοιρᾶσαι,  
 σφακτὰν κυσί τε φονίαν δαίτ' ἀνήμερον  
 οὐρείαν τ' ἐκβολάν ;  
 1080 πᾶ στῶ, πᾶ κάμψω, πᾶ βῶ,  
 ναῦς ὅπως ποντίοις πείσμασι, λινόκροκον  
 φᾶρος στέλλων, ἐπὶ τάνδε συθείς  
 τέκνων ἐμῶν φύλαξ  
 ὀλέθριον κοίταν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, ὡς σοι δύσφορ' εἴργασται κακά·  
 δράσαντι δ' αἰσχρὰ δεινὰ τὰπιτίμια  
 δαίμων ἔδωκεν ὅστις ἐστὶ σοι βαρῦς.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

αἰαί, ἰὼ Θρήκης  
 λογχοφόρον ἔνοπλον εὐπιππον Ἄ-  
 1090 ρει κάτοχον γένος.  
 ἰὼ Ἀχαιοί, ἰὼ Ἀτρεΐδαι.  
 βοὰν βοὰν ἀντῶ, βοὰν  
 ἴτε, μόλετε πρὸς θεῶν.  
 κλύει τις ἢ οὐδεὶς ἀρκέσει ; τί μέλλετε ;  
 γυναῖκες ὤλεσάν με,  
 γυναῖκες αἰχμαλωτίδες·  
 δεινὰ δεινὰ πεπόνθαμεν.  
 ὦμοι ἐμᾶς λώβας.  
 1100 ποῖ τράπωμαι, ποῖ πορευθῶ ;  
 ἀμπτάμενος οὐράνιον  
 ὑψιπετὲς εἰς μέλαθρον, Ὀρίων  
 ἢ Σείριος ἔνθα πυρὸς φλογέας ἀφή-  
 σιν ὄσσων ἀγῆας, ἢ τὸν Ἄιδα  
 μελανόχρωτα πορθμὸν ἄξω τάλας ;

## HECUBA

With grimmer revenge?—Woe! where am I  
borne

Forsaking my fenceless babes to be torn  
Of the bacchanals of hell, [prey  
Butchered and cast away for the dogs' blood-boultured  
On a desolate mountain-fell? [rest?  
Ah, where shall I stand?—whither go?—where  
As a ship furls sail that hath havenward pressed, 1080  
I would dart into that death-haunted lair,  
I would shroud my babes in my linen vest,  
I would guard them there!

### CHORUS

Wretch! wreaked on thee are ills intolerable:  
Foul deeds thou didst, and awful penalty  
A God hath laid on thee with heavy hand.

### POLYMESTOR

What ho! spear-brandishers, nation arrayed in warrior's  
weed! [gallant steed!  
Thracians possessed of the War-god, lords of the 1090  
What ho, ye Achaeans!—Atreus' seed!  
Rescue! Rescue! I raise the cry.  
O come, in the name of the Gods draw  
nigh! [help me nor heed?  
Hears any man?—wherefore delay?—will no man  
Of women undone, destroyed, am I—  
The women of Troy's captivity. [deed!  
Horrors are wrought on me—horrors! Woe for the felon  
Whitherward shall I turn me? Whither-  
ward fare? [to the mansions of air,  
Shall I leap as on wings to the height of the heaven, 1100  
To Orion or Sirius, fearful-gleaming  
With the burning flames from his eyes out-  
streaming, [gorge in despair?  
Or plunge to the blackness of darkness, to Hades'

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

συγγνώσθ', ὅταν τις κρείσσον' ἢ φέρεω κακὰ  
πάθῃ, ταλαίνης ἔξαπαλλάξαι ζῆης.

### ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1110

κραυγῆς ἀκούσας ἦλθον· οὐ γὰρ ἦσυχος  
πέτρας ὀρείας παῖς λέλακ' ἀνὰ στρατὸν  
'Ἡχὼ διδοῦσα θόρυβον· εἰ δὲ μὴ Φρυγῶν  
πύργους πεσόντας ἦσμεν Ἑλλήνων δορί,  
φόβον παρέσχεν οὐ μέσως ὄδε κτύπος.

### ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΟΡ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἦσθόμην γάρ, Ἀγάμεμνον, σέθεν  
φωνῆς ἀκούσας, εἰσορᾶς ἂ πάσχομεν ;

### ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·

Πολυμήστορ ὦ δύστηνε, τίς σ' ἀπόλεσε ;  
τίς ὄμμ' ἔθηκε τυφλὸν αἰμάξας κόρας,  
παῖδάς τε τοῦσδ' ἔκτεινεν ; ἦ μέγαν χόλου  
σοὶ καὶ τέκνοισιν εἶχεν ὅστις ἦν ἄρα.

### ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΟΡ

1120

Ἐκάβη με σὺν γυναιξίν αἰχμαλωτίσιν  
ἀπόλεσ', οὐκ ἀπόλεσ', ἀλλὰ μειζόνως.

### ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί φῆς ; σὺ τοῦργον εἵργασαι τόδ', ὡς λέγει ;  
σὺ τόλμαν, Ἐκάβη, τήνδ' ἔτλης ἀμήχανον ;

### ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΟΡ

ὦμοι, τί λέξεις ; ἦ γὰρ ἐγγύς ἐστὶ που ;  
σήμηνον, εἶπέ ποῦ σθ', ἔν' ἀρπάσας χερσίν  
διασπάσσωμαι καὶ καθαιμάξω χροᾶ.

### ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔτος, τί πάσχεις ;

# HECUBA

## CHORUS

Small blame, if he which suffereth heavier woes  
Than man may bear, should flee his wretched life,

*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

## AGAMEMNON

Hearing a shout I came ; for in no whispers  
The mountain-rock's child Echo through the host 1110  
Cried, waking tumult. Knew we not the towers  
Of Phrygia by the spear of Greeks had fallen,  
No little panic had this clangour roused.

## POLYMESTOR

Dear friend—for, Agamemnon, 'tis thy voice  
I hear and know—seest thou what I endure ?

## AGAMEMNON

Ha, wretched Polymestor, who hath marred thee ?  
Who dashed with blood thine eyes, and blinded  
thee ?—  
Slew these thy sons ? Sooth, against thee and thine  
Grim was his fury, whosoe'er it was.

## POLYMESTOR

Hecuba, with the captive woman-throng, 1120  
Destroyed me—nay, destroyed not—O, far worse !

## AGAMEMNON

What say'st thou ? Thine the deed, as he hath said ?  
Thou, Hecuba, dare this thing impossible !

## POLYMESTOR

Ha ! what say'st thou ?—and is she nigh me now ?  
Tell where is she, that I may in mine hands  
Clutch her and rend, and bathe her flesh in blood.

## AGAMEMNON (*holding him back*)

Ho thou, what ails thee ?

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

πρὸς θεῶν σε λίσσομαι,  
μέθες μ' ἐφείναι τῆδε μαργῶσαν χέρα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1130 ἴσχ'· ἐκβαλὼν δὲ καρδίας τὸ βάρβαρον  
λέγ', ὡς ἀκούσας σοῦ τε τῆσδέ τ' ἐν μέρει  
κρίνω δικαίως ἀνθ' ὅτου πάσχεις τάδε.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

λέγοιμ' ἄν. ἦν τις Πριαμιδῶν νεώτατος,  
Πολύδωρος, Ἐκάβης παῖς, ὃν ἐκ Τροίας ἐμοί  
πατὴρ δίδωσι Πρίαμος ἐν δόμοις τρέφειν,  
ὑποπτος ὢν δὴ Τρωικῆς ἀλώσεως.

τοῦτον κατέκτειν'· ἀνθ' ὅτου δ' ἔκτεινά νιν  
ἄκουσον, ὡς εὔ καὶ σοφῇ προμηθία.

1140 ἔδεια μὴ σοὶ πολέμιος λειφθεὶς ὁ παῖς  
Τροίαν ἀθροίσῃ καὶ ξυνοικίῃ πάλιν,  
γνόντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ζῶντα Πριαμιδῶν τινα  
Φρυγῶν ἐς αἶαν αὐθις ἄρειαν στόλον,  
κάπειτα Θρήκης πεδία τρίβοιεν τάδε  
λεηλατοῦντες, γείτοσιν δ' εἶη κακὸν  
Τρώων, ἐν ᾧπερ νῦν, ἄναξ, ἐκάμνομεν.

Ἐκάβη δὲ παιδὸς γνοῦσα θανάσιμον μόρον  
λόγῳ με τοιῶδ' ἤγαγ', ὡς κεκρυμμένας  
θήκας φράσουσα Πριαμιδῶν ἐν Ἰλίῳ  
χρυσοῦ· μόνον δὲ σὺν τέκνοισί μ' εἰσάγει  
δόμους, ἵν' ἄλλος μὴ τις εἰδείῃ τάδε.

1150 ἴζω δὲ κλίνης ἐν μέσῳ κάμψας γόνυ  
πολλαὶ δὲ χειρὸς αἰ μὲν ἐξ ἀριστερᾶς,  
αἰ δ' ἐνθεν, ὡς δὴ παρὰ φίλῳ, Τρώων κόραι  
θάκουσ' ἔχουσαι, κερκίδ' Ἡδωνῆς χερὸς  
ἦνουν, ὑπ' αὐγὰς τοῦσδε λεύσσοσαι πέπλους·  
ἄλλαι δὲ κάμακα Θρηκίαν θεώμεναι

## HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

By the Gods I pray thee,  
Unhand me—loose my frenzied hand on her!

AGAMEMNON

Forbear: cast out the savage from thine heart.  
Speak, let me hear first thee, then her, and judge 1130  
Justly for what cause thus thou sufferest.

POLYMESTOR

I speak: of Priam's house was one, the youngest,  
Polydorus, Hecuba's child, whom his sire sent  
From Troy to me, to nurture in mine halls,  
Misdoubting, ye may guess, the fall of Troy.  
Him slew I. For what cause I slew him, hear:—  
Mark how I dealt well, wisely, prudently:—  
I feared their son might, left alive thy foe,  
Gather Troy's remnant and repeople her,  
And, hearing how a Priamid lived, Achaea 1140  
To Phrygia-land again should bring her host;  
Then should they trample down these plains of  
Thrace

In foray, and the ills that wasted us  
But now, O king, should on Troy's neighbours fall.  
And Hecuba, being ware of her son's death,  
With this tale lured me, that she would reveal  
Hid treasures of gold of Priam's line  
In Troy. Me only with my sons she leads  
Within the tents, that none beside might know.  
Bowing the knee there sat I in their midst; 1150  
While, on my left hand some, some on the right,  
As by a friend, forsooth, Troy's daughters sat  
Many: the web of our Edonian loom  
Praised they, uplifting to the light my cloak;  
And some my Thracian lance admiring took,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- γυμνόν μ' ἔθηκαν διπτύχου στολίσματος.  
 ὄσαι δὲ τοκάδες ἦσαν, ἐκπαγγλούμεναι  
 τέκν' ἐν χερσίν ἔπαλλον, ὡς πρόσω πατρός  
 γένοιτο, διαδοχαῖς ἀμείβουσαι χερῶν.  
 1160 κᾶτ' ἐκ γαληνῶν—πῶς δοκεῖς ;—προσφθεγμάτων  
 εὐθύς λαβοῦσαι φάσγαν' ἐκ πέπλων ποθὲν  
 κεντοῦσι παῖδας, αἱ δὲ πολεμίων δίκην  
 ξυναρπάσασαι τὰς ἐμὰς εἶχον χέρας  
 καὶ κῶλα· παισὶ δ' ἀρκέσαι χρῆζων ἐμοῖς,  
 εἰ μὲν πρόσωπον ἐξανιστάειν ἐμόν,  
 κόμης κατεῖχον, εἰ δὲ κινοίην χέρας,  
 πλήθει γυναικῶν οὐδὲν ἦνονο τάλας.  
 τὸ λοίσθιον δέ, πῆμα πῆματος πλέον,  
 ἐξειργάσαντο δεῖν· ἐμῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων,  
 1170 πόρπας λαβοῦσαι, τὰς ταλαιπώρους κόρας  
 κεντοῦσιν, αἰμάσσουσιν εἴτ' ἀνὰ στέγας  
 φυγάδες ἔβησαν· ἐκ δὲ πηδῆσας ἐγὼ  
 θῆρ ὡς διώκω τὰς μαιφόνους κύνας, ἔ.  
 ἅπαντ' ἐρευνῶν τοῖχον ὡς κυνηγέτης,  
 βάλλων, ἀράσσω. τοιάδε σπεύδων χάριν  
 πέπουθα τὴν σὴν πολέμιόν τε σὸν κτανῶν,  
 Ἀγάμεμνον. ὡς δὲ μὴ μακροὺς τείνω λόγους,  
 εἴ τις γυναῖκας τῶν πρὶν εἴρηκεν κακῶς  
 ἢ νῦν λέγων ἔστιν τις ἢ μέλλει λέγειν,  
 1180 ἅπαντα ταῦτα συντεμὼν ἐγὼ φράσω·  
 γένος γὰρ οὔτε πόντος οὔτε γῆ τρέφει  
 τοιόνδ', ὃ δ' αἰεὶ ξυντυχῶν ἐπίσταται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μηδὲν θρασύνου, μηδὲ τοῖς σαντοῦ κακοῖς  
 τὸ θῆλυ συνθεῖς ὧδε πᾶν μέμψη γένος·  
 πολλαὶ γὰρ ἡμῶν, αἱ μὲν οὐκ<sup>1</sup> ἐπίφθονοι,  
 αἱ δ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν τῶν κακῶν πεφύκαμεν.



## HECUBA

And stripped me so alike of spear and shield.  
 As many as were mothers, loud in praise  
 Dandled my babes, that from their sire afar  
 They might be borne, from hand to hand passed on.  
 Then, after such smooth speech,—couldst thou  
 believe?— 1160

Suddenly snatching daggers from their robes,  
 They stab my sons ; and others all as one  
 In foemen's fashion gripped mine hands and feet,  
 And held : and, when I fain would aid my sons,  
 If I essayed to raise my face, by the hair  
 They held me down : if I would move mine hands,  
 For the host of women—wretch !—I nought prevailed.  
 And last—O outrage than all outrage worse !—  
 A hideous deed they wrought ; their brooch-pins  
 They grasp, these wretched eyeballs of mine eyes 1170  
 They stab, they flood with gore. Then through the  
 tents

Fleeing they went. Up from the earth I leapt,  
 And like a wild-beast chased the blood-stained hounds,  
 Groping o'er all the wall, like tracking huntsman,  
 Smiting and battering. All for my zeal's sake  
 For thee, I suffered this, who slew thy foe,  
 Agamemnon. Wherefore needeth many words ?  
 Whoso ere now hath spoken ill of women,  
 Or speaketh now, or shall hereafter speak,  
 All this in one word will I close and say :— 1180  
 Nor sea nor land doth nurture such a breed :  
 He knoweth, who hath converse with them most.

### CHORUS

Be nowise reckless, nor, for thine own ills,  
 Include in this thy curse all womankind.  
 For some, yea many of us, deserve no blame,  
 Though some by vice of blood count midst the bad.

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

- Ἀγαμέμνων, ἀνθρώποισιν οὐκ ἐχρήν ποτε  
 τῶν πραγμάτων τὴν γλῶσσαν ἰσχύειν πλεόν·  
 1190 ἄλλ' εἴτε χρήστ' ἔδρασε, χρήστ' ἔδει λέγειν,  
 εἴτ' αὖ πονηρά, τοὺς λόγους εἶναι σαθροὺς,  
 καὶ μὴ δύνασθαι τάδικ' εὖ λέγειν ποτέ.  
 σοφοὶ μὲν οὖν εἰς' οἱ τὰδ' ἠκριβωκότες,  
 ἄλλ' οὐ δύναιντ' ἂν διὰ τέλους εἶναι σοφοί,  
 κακῶς δ' ἀπώλοντ'· οὔτις ἐξήλυξέ πω.  
 καὶ μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ὦδε φροίμοις ἔχει  
 πρὸς τόνδε δ' εἶμι, καὶ λόγοις ἀμείψομαι,  
 δς φῆς Ἀχαιῶν πόνον ἀπαλλάσσων διπλοῦν  
 Ἀγαμέμνονός θ' ἕκατι παῖδ' ἐμὸν κτανεῖν.  
 1200 ἄλλ', ὦ κάκιστε, πρῶτα ποῦ ποτ' ἂν φίλον  
 τὸ βάρβαρον γένοιτ' ἂν Ἑλλησιν γένος ;  
 οὐδ' ἂν δύναίτο· τίνα δὲ καὶ σπεύδων χάριν  
 πρόθυμος ἦσθα ; πόττερα κηδεύσων τίνα,  
 ἢ ξυγγενῆς ὢν, ἢ τίν' αἰτίαν ἔχων ;  
 ἢ σῆς ἐμελλον γῆς τεμεῖν βλαστήματα  
 πλεύσαντες αὐθις ; τίνα δοκεῖς πείσειν τάδε ;  
 ὁ χρυσοῦς, εἰ βούλοιο τάληθῆ λέγειν,  
 ἔκτεινε τὸν ἐμὸν παῖδα καὶ κέρδη τὰ σά.  
 ἐπεὶ δίδαξον τοῦτο πῶς, ὅτ' ἠτύχει  
 Τροία, πέριξ δὲ πύργος εἶχ' ἔτι πτόλιον,  
 1210 ἔζη τε Πρίαμος Ἐκτορός τ' ἦνθει δόρυ,  
 τί δ' οὐ τότε, εἴπερ τῶδ' ἐβουλήθης χάριν  
 θέσθαι, τρέφω τὸν παῖδα κὰν δόμοις ἔχων  
 ἔκτεινας, ἢ ζῶντ' ἦλθες Ἀργείοις ἄγων ;  
 ἄλλ' ἠνίχ' ἡμεῖς οὐκέτ' ἐσμέν ἐν φάει,  
 καπνῶ δ' ἐσήμην' ἄστυ πολεμίων ὑπο,  
 ξένον κατέκτας σὴν μολόντ' ἐφ' ἐστίαν.  
 πρὸς τοῖσδε νῦν ἄκουσον ὡς φανῆς κακός.

## HECUBA

### HECUBA

Agamemnon, never should this thing have been,  
 That words with men should more avail than deeds ;  
 But good deeds should with reasonings good be  
 paired,

And baseless plea be ranged by caitiff deed, 1190

And ne'er avail to gloze injustice o'er.

There be whose craft such art hath perfected ;

Yet cannot they be cunning to the end :

Fouly they perish : never one hath 'scaped.

Such prelude hath my speech as touching thee.

Now with plea answering plea to him I turn :—

To spare the Greeks, say'st thou, a twice-toiled task,

For Agamemnon's sake thou slew'st my son.

Villain of villains, when, when could thy race,

Thy brute race, be a friend unto the Greeks ? 1200

Never. And, prithee, whence this fervent zeal

To serve his cause ?—didst look to wed his daughter ?

Art of his kin ?—or what thy private end ?

Or were they like to sail again and waste

Thy crops ? Whom think'st thou to convince  
 hereby ?

That gold—hadst thou the will to tell the truth—

Murdered my son : that, and thy greed of gain.

For, answer : why, when all went well with Troy,

When yet her ramparts girt the city round,

And Priam lived, and triumphed Hector's spear, 1210

Why not then, if thou fain wouldst earn kings' thanks,

When in mine halls ye had my son and fostered,

Slay him, or living bring him to the Greeks ?

But, soon as in the light we walked no more,

And the smoke's token proved our town the foe's,

Thou slew'st the guest that came unto thine hearth.

Nay more, hear now how thou art villain proved :

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1220 χρῆν σ', εἶπερ ἦσθα τοῖς Ἀχαιοῖσιν φίλος,  
 τὸν χρυσοῦν ὃν φῆς οὐ σοὶν ἀλλὰ τοῦδ' ἔχειν,  
 δοῦναι φέροντα πενομένοις τε καὶ χρόνον  
 πολὺν πατρώας γῆς ἀπεξενωμένοις·  
 σὺ δ' οὐδὲ νῦν πω σῆς ἀπαλλάξαι χερὸς  
 τολμᾶς, ἔχων δὲ καρτερεῖς ἔτ' ἐν δόμοις.  
 καὶ μὴν τρέφω μὲν ὡς σε παῖδ' ἐχρῆν τρέφειν  
 σώσας τε τὸν ἔμῳ, εἶχες ἂν καλὸν κλέος·  
 ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ σαφέστατοι  
 φίλοι· τὰ χρηστὰ δ' αὖθ' ἕκαστ' ἔχει φίλους.  
 εἰ δ' ἐσπᾶνιζες χρημάτων, ὁ δ' ἠτύχει,  
 1230 θησαυρὸς ἂν σοι παῖς ὑπῆρχ' οὐμὸς μέγας·  
 νῦν δ' οὐτ' ἐκείνον ἄνδρ' ἔχεις σαυτῷ φίλου,  
 χρυσοῦ τ' ὄνησις οἴχεται παιδῆς τε σοί,  
 αὐτὸς τε πράσσεις ὧδε. σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ λέγω,  
 Ἀγάμεμνον, εἰ τῷδ' ἀρκέσεις, κακὸς φανεῖ·  
 οὐτ' εὐσεβῆ γὰρ οὔτε πιστὸν οἷς ἐχρῆν,  
 οἶχ ὄσιον, οὐ δίκαιον εὐδράσεις ξένον·  
 αὐτὸν δὲ χαίρειν τοῖς κακοῖς σὲ φήσομεν  
 τοιοῦτον ὄντα· δεσπότης δ' οὐ λαιδορῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· βροτοῖσιν ὡς τὰ χρηστὰ πράγματα  
 χρηστῶν ἀφορμὰς ἐνδίδωσ' αἰεὶ λόγων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1240 ἀχθεινὰ μὲν μοι τ' ἀλλότρια κρίνειν κακά,  
 ὁμῶς δ' ἀνάγκη· καὶ γὰρ αἰσχύνην φέρει,  
 πράγμ' ἐς χέρας λαβόντ' ἀπόσασθαι τόδε.  
 ἐμοὶ δ', ἴν' εἰδῆς, οὐτ' ἐμῆν δοκεῖς χάριν  
 οὐτ' οὖν Ἀχαιῶν ἄνδρ' ἀποκτεῖναι ξένον,  
 ἀλλ' ὡς ἔχης τὸν χρυσοῦν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς.  
 λέγεις δὲ σαυτῷ πρόσφορ' ἐν κακοῖσιν ὧν.

## HECUBA

Thou oughtest, if thou wert the Achaeans' friend,  
Have brought the gold thou dar'st not call thine  
own,

But for him held in trust, to these impoverished 1220  
And long time exiled from their fatherland.

But thou not yet canst ope thine heart to uncloset  
Thy grip; thy miser-clutch keeps it at home.

Yet hadst thou, as behoved thee, reared my son  
And saved alive, thine had been fair renown.

For in adversity the good are friends

Most true: prosperity hath friends unsought.

Hadst thou lacked money, and his lot been fair,  
A treasury deep my son had been to thee:

But now thou hast not him unto thy friend; 1230

Gone is the gold's avail, thy sons are gone,—

And this thy plight! Now unto thee I say,  
Agamemnon, if thou help him, base thou showest.

The godless, false to whom he owed fair faith,

The impious host unrighteous shalt thou comfort.

Thou joyest in the wicked, shall we say,

So doing—but I rail not on my lords.

### CHORUS

Lo, how the good cause giveth evermore  
To men occasion for good argument.

### AGAMEMNON

It likes me not to judge on others' wrongs; 1240

Yet needs I must, for shame it were to take

This cause into mine hands, and then thrust by.

But,—wouldst thou know my thought,—not for my  
sake,

Nor the Achaeans', didst thou slay thy guest,

But even to keep that gold within thine halls.

In this ill plight thou speak'st to serve thine ends.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1250 τάχ' οὖν παρ' ὑμῖν ῥάδιον ξενοκτονεῖν  
 ἡμῖν δέ γ' αἰσχρὸν τοῖσιν Ἕλλησιν τόδε.  
 πῶς οὖν σε κρίνας μὴ ἀδικεῖν φύγω ψόγον ;  
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην. ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ τὰ μὴ καλὰ  
 πράσσειν ἐτόλμας, τλήθι καὶ τὰ μὴ φίλα.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οἶμοι, γυναικός, ὡς ἔοιχ', ἠσώμενος  
 δούλης ὑφέξω τοῖς κακίοσιν δίκην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκουν δικαίως, εἴπερ εἰργάσω κακά ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οἶμοι τέκνων τῶνδ' ὀμμάτων τ' ἐμῶν, τάλας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀλγεῖς ; τί δ' ἡμᾶς ; παιδὸς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν δοκεῖς ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

χαίρεις ὑβρίζουσ' εἰς ἐμ', ὦ πανοῦργε σύ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ γάρ με χαίρειν χρῆ σε τιμωρουμένην ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλλ' οὐ τάχ', ἠνίκ' ἂν σε ποντία νοτῖς—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1260 μῶν ναυστολήσῃ γῆς ὄρους Ἑλληνίδος ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κρύψῃ μὲν οὖν πεσοῦσαν ἐκ καρχησιῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πρὸς τοῦ βιαίων τυγχάνουσας ἀλμάτων ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

αὐτὴ πρὸς ἰστὸν ναὸς ἀμβήσει ποδί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὑποπτέροις νότοισιν ἢ ποίῳ τρόπῳ ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κύων γενήσῃ πύρσ' ἔχουσα δέργματα.

## HECUBA

Haply with you guest-murder is as nought,  
But to us which be Greeks foul shame is this.  
How can I uncondemned adjudge thee guiltless?  
I cannot. Forasmuch as thou hast dared  
To do foul deeds, even drain thy bitter cup.

1250

POLYMESTOR

Woe's me!—by a woman-slave o'ercome, meseems,  
'Neath vengeance of the viler must I bow!

HECUBA

Is it not just, if thou hast vileness wrought?

POLYMESTOR

Woe for my babes and for mine eyes!—ah wretch!

HECUBA

Griev'st thou?—and I?—dost deem my son's loss sweet?

POLYMESTOR

Thou joyest triumphing over me, thou fiend!

HECUBA

Should I not joy for vengeance upon thee?

POLYMESTOR

Ah, soon thou shalt not, when the outsea surge—

HECUBA

Shall bear me to the coasts of Hellas-land?

1260

POLYMESTOR

Nay, but shall whelm thee fallen from the mast.

HECUBA

Yea?—forced of whom to take the leap of death?

POLYMESTOR

Thyself shalt climb the ship's mast with thy feet.

HECUBA

So?—and with shoulders winged, or in what guise?

POLYMESTOR

A dog with fire-red eyes shalt thou become.

345

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πῶς δ' οἶσθα μορφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς μετάστασιν ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὁ Θρηξὶ μάντις εἶπε Διόνυσος τάδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔχρησεν οὐδὲν ὧν ἔχεις κακῶν ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν σὺ μ' εἶλες ὦδε σὺν δόλῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1270 θανοῦσα δ' ἢ ζῶσ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκπλήσω βίον ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

θανοῦσα· τύμβῳ δ' ὄνομα σῶ κεκλήσεται—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μορφῆς ἐπωδόν, ἢ τί, τῆς ἐμῆς ἐρεῖς ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κυνὸς ταλαίηνης σῆμα, ναυτίλοις τέκμαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐδὲν μέλει μοι σοῦ γέ μοι δόντος δίκην.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ σὴν γ' ἀνάγκη παῖδα Κασάνδραν θανεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτῷ ταῦτα σοὶ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κτενεῖ νιν ἢ τοῦδ' ἄλοχος, οἰκουρὸς πικρά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μήπω μανείη Τυνδαρίς τοσόνδε παῖς.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὐτὸν σὲ τοῦτον, πέλεκυν ἐξάρασ' ἄνω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1280 οὗτος σὺ, μαίνει, καὶ κακῶν ἐρᾶς τυχεῖν ;



## HECUBA

HECUBA

How know'st thou of the changing of my shape ?

POLYMESTOR

This Dionysus told, the Thracian seer.

HECUBA

But nought foretold to thee of these thine ills ?

POLYMESTOR

Nay : else with guile thou ne'er hadst trapped me thus.

HECUBA

There shall I die, or live my full life out ?

1270

POLYMESTOR

Die shalt thou : and thy grave shall bear a name—

HECUBA

Accordant to my shape ?—or what wilt say ?

POLYMESTOR

The wretched Dog's Grave, sign to seafarers.

HECUBA

Nought reck I, seeing thou hast felt my vengeance.

POLYMESTOR

Yea, and thy child Cassandra too must die.

HECUBA

A scorn and spitting !—back on thee I hurl it.

POLYMESTOR

Slay her shall this king's wife, a houseward grim.

HECUBA

Never so mad may Tyndareus' daughter be !

POLYMESTOR

Yea—slay him too, upswinging high the axe.

AGAMEMNON

Ho, fellow, ravest thou ? Dost court thy bane ?

1280

## ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κτείν', ὡς ἐν Ἄργει φόνια λουτρά σ' ἀμμένει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχ ἔλξετ' αὐτόν, δμῶες, ἐκποδῶν βία ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλγεῖς ἀκούων ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκ ἐφέξετε στόμα ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἐγκληθ'· εἴρηται γάρ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχ ὅσον τάχος

νήσων ἐρήμων αὐτόν ἐκβαλεῖτέ που,  
ἐπέπερ οὕτω καὶ λίαν θρασυστομεῖ ;

Ἐκάβη, σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαινα, διπτύχους νεκρούς  
στείχουσα θάπτε· δεσποτῶν δ' ὑμᾶς χρεῶν  
σκηναῖς πελάζειν, Τρωάδες· καὶ γὰρ πνοὰς  
πρὸς οἶκον ἤδη τάσδε πομπίμους ὀρώ.  
εὐ δ' ἐς πάτραν πλεύσαιμεν, εὐ δὲ τὰν δόμοις  
ἔχοντ' ἴδοιμεν τῶνδ' ἀφειμένοι πόνων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἴτε πρὸς λιμένας σκηνάς τε, φίλοι,  
τῶν δεσποσύνων πειρασόμεναι  
μόχθων· στερρὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.

1290

## HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

Slay on : a bath of blood in Argos waits thee.

AGAMEMNON

Haste, henchmen, hale him from my sight perforce.

POLYMESTOR

Art galled to hear ?

AGAMEMNON

Set curb upon his mouth !

POLYMESTOR

Ay, gag : my say is said.

AGAMEMNON

Make speed, make speed,

And on some desert island cast him forth,  
Seeing his bold mouth's insolence passeth thus.

Hecuba, hapless, fare thou on, entomb

Thy corpses twain. Draw near, ye dames of Troy,

To your lords' tents, for I discern a breeze

Upspringing, home to waft us, even now.

1290

Fair voyage be ours to Hellas, fair the plight

Wherein, from these toils freed, we find our homes.

CHORUS

To the tents, O friends, to the haven fare ;

The yoke of thralldom our necks must bear.

Fate knows not pity, fate will not spare.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]



THE  
DAUGHTERS OF TROY



## ARGUMENT

WHEN *Troy* was taken by the Greeks, the princesses of the House of Priam were apportioned by lot to the several chiefs of the host. But *Polyxena* they doomed to be sacrificed on *Achilles'* tomb, and *Astyanax*, the son of *Hector* and *Andromache*, they hurled from a high tower. And herein is told how all this befell; and beside there is naught else save the lamentations of these Daughters of *Troy*, till the city is set aflame, and the captives are driven down to the sea.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΙΧΜΑΛΩΤΙΑΩΝ ΤΡΩΙΑΔΩΝ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΕΛΕΝΗ



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

POSEIDON, *the God of the Sea.*

ATHENA, *a Goddess.*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam, King of Troy.*

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of the host of Hellas.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter of Hecuba, the prophetess whose doom was to be believed by none.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife of Hector, mother of Astyanax.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon.*

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Trojan women.*

*Astyanax, infant son of Hector ; guards, soldiers, attendants.*

SCENE : *The Greek camp before Troy.*

## ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

### ΠΟΣΕΙΑΩΝ

Ἦκω λιπὼν Αἴγαιον ἀλμυρὸν βάθος  
 πόντου, Ποσειδῶν, ἐνθα Νηρηΐδων χοροὶ  
 κάλλιστον ἶχνος ἐξελίσσουσιν ποδός.  
 ἐξ οὗ γὰρ ἀμφὶ τήνδε Τρωικὴν χθόνα  
 Φοῖβός τε καὶ γὼ λαίνοὺς πύργους περίξ  
 ὀρθοῖσιν ἔθεμεν κανόσιν, οὐποτ' ἐκ φρενῶν  
 εὐνοὶ ἀπέστη τῶν ἐμῶν Φρυγῶν πόλει,  
 ἢ νῦν καπνοῦται καὶ πρὸς Ἀργείου δορὸς  
 ὄλωλε πορθηθεῖσ'. ὁ γὰρ Παρναάσιος  
 10 Φωκεὺς Ἐπειὸς μηχαναῖσι Παλλάδος  
 ἐγκύμον' ἵππον τευχέων συναρμόσας  
 πύργων ἐπεμψεν ἐντός, ὀλέθριον βάρος·  
 ὅθεν πρὸς ἀνδρῶν ὑστέρων κεκλήσεται  
 δούρειος ἵππος, κρυπτὸν ἀμπισχὼν δόρυ.  
 ἔρημα δ' ἄλση καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα  
 φόνῳ καταρρεῖ· πρὸς δὲ κρηπιδῶν βάθροις  
 πέπτωκε Πρίαμος Ζηνὸς ἐρκείου θανίων.  
 πολὺς δὲ χρυσὸς Φρύγιά τε σκυλεύματα  
 20 πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν πέμπεται μένουσι δὲ  
 πρῦμνηθεν οὖρον, ὡς δεκασπόρῳ χρόνῳ  
 ἀλόχους τε καὶ τέκν' εἰσίδωσιν ἄσμενοι,  
 οἱ τήνδ' ἐπεστράτευσαν Ἕλληνας πόλιν.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA *discovered sleeping on the earth in front of a tent.* Enter POSEIDON.

POSEIDON

I COME, Poseidon I, from briny depths  
Of the Aegean Sea, where Nereids dance  
In lovely-woven pacings of their feet.  
For, since the day when round this Trojan land  
Phoebus and I by line and plummet reared  
Her towers of stone, from mine heart ne'er hath fled  
Old lovingkindness for the Phrygians' city,  
Smoke-shrouded now and wasted and brought low  
By Argos' spear. For that Parnassian wright,  
Phocian Epeius, by device of Pallas 10  
Fashioned the horse whose womb was fraught with  
arms,  
And sent within yon towers its ruin-load,  
Whence of men yet unborn shall it be named  
The Wooden Horse, enfolder of ambushed spears.  
Forsaken are the groves: the shrines of Gods  
With blood are dripping: on the altar-steps  
Of City-warder Zeus lies Priam dead.  
Measureless gold and Phrygian spoils pass down  
Unto the ships Achaean. They but wait 20  
A breeze fair-following, that in this tenth year  
Children and wives with joy they may behold,  
These Hellene men which marched against yon town.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἐγὼ δέ, νικῶμαι γὰρ Ἀργείας θεᾶς  
 Ἦρας Ἀθάνας θ', αἱ συνεξείλου Φρύγας,  
 λείπω τὸ κλεινὸν Ἴλιον βωμούς τ' ἐμούς·  
 ἐρημία γὰρ πόλιν ὅταν λάβῃ κακῆ,  
 νοσεῖ τὰ τῶν θεῶν οὐδὲ τιμᾶσθαι θέλει.  
 πολλοῖς δὲ κωκυτοῖσιν αἰχμαλωτίδων  
 βοᾷ Σκάμανδρος δεσπότης κληρουμένων.  
 30 καὶ τὰς μὲν Ἀρκάς, τὰς δε Θεσσαλὸς λεῶς  
 εἶληχ' Ἀθηναίων τε Θησεΐδαι πρόμοι.  
 ὅσαι δ' ἄκληροι Τρωάδων, ὑπὸ στέγαις  
 ταῖσδ' εἰσὶ τοῖς πρώτοισιν ἐξηρημέναι  
 στρατοῦ, σὺν αὐταῖς δ' ἡ Λάκαινα Τυνδαρίς  
 Ἐλένη, νομισθεῖσ' αἰχμάλωτος ἐνδίκως.  
 τὴν δ' ἀθλίαν τήνδ' εἴ τις εἰσορᾷν θέλει,  
 πάρεστιν Ἐκάβῃ κειμένη πυλῶν πάρος  
 δάκρυα χέουσα πολλὰ καὶ πολλῶν ὑπερ'  
 ἧ παῖς μὲν ἀμφὶ μνήμ' Ἀχιλλεῖου τάφου  
 40 λάθρα τέθνηκε τλημόνως Πολυξένη·  
 φροῦδος δὲ Πρίαμος καὶ τέκν' ἦν δὲ παρθένον  
 μεθῆκ' Ἀπόλλων δρομάδα Κασάνδραν ἀναξ,  
 τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ τε παραλιπὼν τό τ' εὐσεβὲς  
 γαμῆ βιαίως σκότιον Ἀγαμέμνων λέχος.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ ποτ' εὐτυχοῦσα, χαῖρέ μοι, πόλις  
 ξεστόν τε πύργωμ'· εἴ σε μὴ διώλεσε  
 Παλλὰς Διὸς παῖς, ἦσθ' ἂν ἐν βάθροισ ἐτι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

50 ἔξεστι τὸν γένει μὲν ἄγγιστον πατρός  
 μέγαν δὲ δαίμον' ἐν θεοῖς τε τίμιον  
 λυσασαν ἔχθραν τὴν πάρος προσεννέπειν ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔξεστιν· αἱ γὰρ συγγενεῖς ὀμλῖαι,  
 ἀνασσο' Ἀθάνα, φίλτρον οὐ σμικρὸν φρενῶν.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

I, overborne by Hera, Argos' Queen,  
And by Athena, leagued for Phrygia's fall,  
Ilium the glorious and mine altars leave.  
For when grim desolation hath seized a town,  
Blighted are worship and honour of the Gods.  
With wails of captives multitudinous,  
Marked for their lords by lot, Scamander moans :  
Some have Arcadians won, Thessalians some, 30  
Some fall to Athens' chieftains, Theseus' sons.  
And all Troy's daughters not by lot assigned  
Are 'neath these tents, for captains of the host  
Set by : with these the Spartan, Tyndareus'  
child,

Helen, accounted captive righteously.  
But, the utter-wretched if one craves to see,  
There lieth Hecuba before the gates,  
Down-raining many a tear for many woes,—  
Yet knows not that her child Polyxena  
Hath on Achilles' grave died piteously. 40  
Priam, her sons, are gone : Cassandra—whom  
Apollo left free virgin frenzy-driven,—  
Shall Agamemnon force, his leman-slave,  
Flouting the God's decree and righteousness.  
O city prosperous once, O stone-hewn towers,  
Farewell to you ! Had Pallas, Zeus's child,  
Not ruined thee, firm stablished wert thou yet !

*Enter* ATHENA.

ATHENA

Is it vouchsafed to bid the old feud truce,  
And speak unto my father's nearest kin,  
The mighty lord, honoured amongst the Gods ?

POSEIDON

It is : for ties of kindred, Queen Athena,  
Draw hearts with strong-constraining cords of love.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἐπήνεσ' ὀργὰς ἠπίους· φέρω δὲ σοὶ  
κοινούς ἐμαυτῇ τ' εἰς μέσον λόγους, ἀναξ.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

μῶν ἐκ θεῶν του καινὸν ἀγγελεῖς ἔπος,  
ἦ Ζηνὸς ἦ καὶ δαιμόνων τινὸς πάρα ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ Τροίας εἶνεκ', ἔνθα βαίνομεν,  
πρὸς σὴν ἀφύγμαι δύναμιν, ὡς κοινὴν λάβω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

60 ἦ πού νιν, ἔχθραν τὴν πρὶν ἐκβαλοῦσα, νῦν  
εἰς οἴκτον ἦλθες πυρὶ κατηθαλωμένης ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἐκεῖσε πρῶτ' ἀνελθε· κοινώσῃ λόγους  
καὶ συνθελήσεις ἂν ἐγὼ πρᾶξαι θέλω ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

μάλιστα· ἀτὰρ δὴ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν  
πύτερον Ἀχαιῶν ἦλθες εἶνεκ' ἦ Φρυγῶν ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τοὺς μὲν πρὶν ἐχθροὺς Τρῶας εὐφρᾶναι θέλω,  
στρατῶ δ' Ἀχαιῶν νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν πικρὸν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

τί δ' ὧδε πηδᾶς ἄλλοτ' εἰς ἄλλους τρόπους  
μισεῖς τε λίαν καὶ φιλεῖς ὃν ἂν τύχῃς ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ οἶσθ' ὑβρισθεῖσάν με καὶ ναοὺς ἐμούς ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

70 οἶδ', ἠνίκ' Αἴας εἶλκε Κασάνδραν βίᾳ.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

κοῦδέν γ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔπαθεν οὐδ' ἤκουσ' ὑπο.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

καὶ μὴν ἔπερσάν γ' Ἴλιον τῷ σῷ σθένει.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ATHENA

'Tis well, King—thy relenting. Lo, the words  
I cast between us touch both thee and me.

POSEIDON

Ha! bringest thou some message from the Gods,  
A word from Zeus, or from some Heavenly One?

ATHENA

Nay, for Troy's sake, upon whose soil we tread,  
I seek thy might, to win thee mine ally.

POSEIDON

So?—hast thou cast out thine old enmity,  
To pity her, now that she is burnt with fire?

60

ATHENA

Nay—my petition first—wilt join with me?  
Wilt thou consent in that I fain would do?

POSEIDON

Yea verily: yet I fain would know thy will.  
Com'st thou to help Achæan men or Phrygian?

ATHENA

Mine erstwhile foes the Trojans would I cheer,  
And deal Achæa's host grim home-return.

POSEIDON

Yet why from mood to mood thus leapest thou,  
In random sort bestowing hate and love?

ATHENA

Know'st not how I was outraged, and my shrine?

POSEIDON

I know—when Aias dragged Cassandra thence.

70

ATHENA

Unpunished of the Achæans—unrebuked!

POSEIDON

Yea, though by thy might these laid Ilium low.

361

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τοιγάρ σφε σὺν σοὶ βούλομαι δρᾶσαι κακῶς.

ΠΟΞΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔτοιμ' ἂ βούλει τὰπ' ἐμοῦ. δράσεις δὲ τί ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

δύστηνον αὐτοῖς νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν θέλω.

ΠΟΞΕΙΔΩΝ

ἐν γῆ μενόντων ἢ καθ' ἄλμυρὰν ἄλα ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ὅταν πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολῶσ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου.

καὶ Ζεὺς μὲν ὄμβρον καὶ χάλαζαν ἄσπετον

πέμψει γνωφώδη τ' αἰθέρος φυσήματα,

80 ἐμοὶ δὲ δώσειν φησὶ πῦρ κεραύνιον,

βάλλειν Ἀχαιοὺς ναῦς τε πιμπράναι πυρί.

σὺ δ' αὖ τὸ σὸν παράσχος Αἴγαιον πόρον

τρικυμῖαις βρέμοντα καὶ δίναις ἄλός,

πλήσον δὲ νεκρῶν κοῖλον Εὐβοίας μυχόν,

ὡς ἂν τὸ λοιπὸν τὰμ' ἀνάκτορ' εὖσεβειν

εἰδῶσ' Ἀχαιοὶ θεοὺς τε τοὺς ἄλλους σέβειν.

ΠΟΞΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔσται τὰδ' ἢ χάρις γὰρ οὐ μακρῶν λόγων

δεῖται ταραξῶ πέλαγος Αἰγαίας ἄλός.

ἄκται δὲ Μυκόνου Δήλιοί τε χοιράδες

90 Σκυρός τε Λήμνός θ' αἰ Καφήρειοί τ' ἄκραι

πολλῶν θανόντων σώμαθ' ἔξουσιν νεκρῶν.

ἀλλ' ἔρπ' Ὀλυμπον καὶ κεραυνίους βολὰς

λαβοῦσα πατρὸς ἐκ χερῶν παραδόκει,

ὅταν στράτευμ' Ἀργεῖον ἐξιῆ κάλως.

μῶρος δὲ θνητῶν ὅστις ἐκπορθῶν<sup>1</sup> πόλεις,

ναοὺς τε τύμβους θ', ἱερὰ τῶν κεκμηκότων,

ἐρμημία δούς αὐτὸς ὤλεθ' ὕστερον.

<sup>1</sup> Hartung and Tyrrell: for ἐκπορθεῖ of MSS.



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ATHENA

Therefore with thine help would I work their scathe.

POSEIDON

Mine help awaits thy will. What wouldst thou do?

ATHENA

Deal them a home-return of evil speed.

POSEIDON

Ere they leave Troy, or on the briny sea?

ATHENA

When homeward-bound they sail from Ilium.  
Then Zeus shall send forth rain unutterable,  
And hail, and blackness of heaven's tempest-breath ;  
And to me promiseth his levin-flame 80  
To smite the Achaeans and burn their ships with fire.  
But thou—the Aegean sea-pass make thou roar  
With mountain-surge and whirlpits of wild brine,  
And thou with corpses choke Euboea's gulf ;  
That Greeks may learn henceforth to reverence  
My temples, and to fear all Gods beside.

POSEIDON

This shall be : thy boon needs not many words.  
The wide Aegean sea will I turmoil ;  
The shores of Myconos, the Delian reefs,  
Scyros, and Lemnos, the Capherean cliffs 90  
With many dead men's corpses shall be strewn.  
Pass thou to Olympus ; from thy father's hands  
Receive the levin-bolts, and watch the hour  
When Argos' host shall cast the hawsers loose.  
Fool, that in sack of towns lays temples waste,  
And tombs, the sanctuaries of the dead !  
He, sowing desolation, reaps destruction. [*Exeunt.*  
*HECUBA awaking, raises herself on her arm.*

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 100 ἄνα δύσδαιμον πεδόθεν κεφαλῆν, στρ. α'  
 ἐπάειρε δέρην· οὐκέτι Τροία  
 τάδε καὶ βασιλῆς ἔσμεν Τροίας.  
 μεταβαλλομένου δαίμονος ἀνέχου·  
 πλεί κατὰ πορθμόν, πλεί κατὰ δαίμονα,  
 μηδὲ προσίστω πρῶραν βιότου  
 πρὸς κῦμα πλέουσα τύχαισιν.  
 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ.  
 τί γὰρ οὐ πάρα μοι μελέα στενάχειν,  
 ἧ πατρὶς ἔρρει καὶ τέκνα καὶ πόσις ;  
 ὦ πολὺς ὄγκος συστελλόμενος  
 προγόνων, ὡς οὐδὲν ἄρ' ἦσθα.
- 110 τί με χρὴ σιγᾶν ; τί δὲ μὴ σιγᾶν ; ἀντ. α'  
 τί δὲ θρηνῆσαι ;  
 δύστηνος ἐγὼ τῆς βαρυδαίμονος  
 ἄρθρων κλίσεως, ὡς διάκειμαι,  
 νῶτ' ἐν στερροῖς λέκτροισι ταθεῖσ'.  
 οἴμοι κεφαλῆς, οἴμοι κροτάφων  
 πλευρῶν θ', ὡς μοι πόθος εἰλίξαι  
 καὶ διαδοῦναι νῶτον ἄκανθάν τ'  
 εἰς ἀμφοτέρους τοίχους, μελέων  
 ἐπὶ τοὺς αἰεὶ δακρύων ἐλέγους.
- 120 μούσα δὲ χαῦτη τοῖς δυστήνοισι  
 ἄτας κελαδεῖν ἀχορευτούς.  
 πρῶραι ναῶν ὠκείαις στρ. β'  
 Ἴλιον ἱερὸν αἰ κωπαις  
 δι' ἄλα πορφυροειδέα καὶ λιμένας  
 Ἑλλάδος εὐόρμους  
 αὐλῶν παιᾶνι στυγνῶ  
 συρίγγων τ' εὐφθόγγων φωναῖς

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

(Str. 1)

Uplift thou thine head, O fortune-accurst ; from the  
 earth upraise thy neck bowed low.  
 This ruin is not thy Troy, nor the lords are we now of 100  
 Troy, and the fate-winds blow  
 Not as of old ; thou must bear it, must drift with the  
 stream, as the tides of Fortune flow:  
 Breast not with thy prow the surges of life, who on  
 waves of disaster, alas ! art tost.  
 What remaineth to me but the misery-moan, whose  
 country, whose children, whose husband, are lost ?  
 O proud-swelling sail of a kingly line reefed now !—  
 how a thing but of nought thou wast !

(Ant. 1)

What shall I speak ?—what leave unsaid ?—woe's me  
 for the couch of the evil-starred ! 110  
 Lo, how I lie unrestfully stretched on the bed of  
 calamity pitiless-hard !  
 Alas for mine head, for my throbbing brows, for mine  
 heart in its aching prison barred !  
 I yearn to rock me and sway—as a bark whose bul-  
 warks roll in the trough of the sea—  
 To my keening, the while I wail my chant of sorrow  
 and weeping unceasingly,  
 The ruin-song never linked with the dance, the  
 jangled music of misery. 120

*Rises to her feet, and advances to front of stage.*

O ship-prows rushing (Str. 2)

To Ilium, brushing

The purple-flushing sea with swift oars,

Till flutes loud-ringing,

Till pipes dread-singing

Proclaimed you swinging off Phrygian shores

On hawsers plaited

ΤΡΙΑΔΕΣ

130 βαίνουσαι πλεκτάν, Αἰγύπτου  
 παίδευμ',<sup>1</sup> ἐξηρτήσασθ',  
 αἰαί, Τροίας ἐν κόλποις  
 τὰν Μενελάου μετανισσόμεναι  
 στυγνὰν ἄλοχον, Κάστορι λῶβαν  
 τῷ τ' Εὐρώτῃ δύσκειαν,  
 ἃ σφάζει μὲν  
 τὸν πεντήκοντ' ἀροτῆρα τέκνων  
 Πριάμον, ἐμέ τε μελέαν Ἐκάβαν  
 εἰς τὰνδ' ἐξώκειλ' ἄταν.

140 ὦμοι θύκους οἴους θάσσω ἀντ. β'  
 σκηναῖς ἔφεδρος Ἀγαμεμνονίαις.  
 δούλα δ' ἄγομαι γραῦς ἐξ οἴκων,  
 κουρᾶ ξυρήκει πενθήρη  
 κρᾶτ' ἐκπορθηθεῖς οἰκτρῶς.  
 ἀλλ' ὦ τῶν χαλκευγέων Τρώων  
 ἄλοχοι μέλαι,<sup>2</sup> μέλαι κούραι  
 καὶ δύσνυμφοι,  
 τύφεται Ἴλιον, αἰάζωμεν  
 μάτηρ δ' ὡσεὶ πτανοῖς κλαγγὰν  
 ὄρνισιν ὅπως ἐξάρξω ἔγω  
 μολπὰν οὐ τὰν αὐτὰν  
 οἶαν ποτὲ δὴ  
 150 σκήπτρῳ Πριάμου διεριδομένα  
 ποδὸς ἀρχεχόρου πλαγαῖς Φρυγίαις  
 εὐκόμποις ἐξήρχον θεοῦς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Ἐκάβη, τί θροεῖς ; τί δὲ θωύσσεις ; στρ. γ  
 ποῖ λόγος ἤκει ; διὰ γὰρ μελάθρων

<sup>1</sup> Tyrrell : for παιδεῖαν of MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Hermann : for καὶ κόραι of MSS.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

By Nile—ships fated  
 To hunt the hated, the Spartan wife, 130  
 Castor's defaming,  
 Eurotas' shaming,  
 A Fury claiming King Priam's life !  
 Though sons he cherished  
 Fifty, he perished,  
     His murderess she : and the misery-rife,  
     Even me, hath she wrecked on the rocks of  
         strife.

Woe for my session (Ant. 2)  
 Mid foes' oppression !  
 Woe, slave-procession ! Woe, grey shorn head ! 140  
 Come, wife grief-laden,  
 Come bride, come maiden,  
 O hearts once stayed on the brave hearts dead !  
 Wail we our yearning  
 O'er Ilium burning !—  
 As o'er nestlings turning to her sheltering wing  
 The mother screameth,  
 My song-flood streameth—  
 Not such, meseemeth, as wont to ring  
 When I beat time, raising 150  
 The Gods' sweet praising,  
     And watched Troy's dances around me swing  
     As I leaned on the sceptre of Priam my king.

*Enter from the tents HALF-CHORUS of captive Trojan women.*

HALF-CHORUS 1 (Str. 3)

Why call'st thou, Hecuba?—why dost thou cry?  
 What mean thy words? The tents were filled

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἄιον οἴκτους οὖς οἰκτίζει.  
 διὰ δὲ στέρνων φόβος αἴσσεν  
 Τρωάσιν, αἰ τῶνδ' οἴκων εἴσω  
 δουλείαν αἰάζουσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

160 ὦ τέκνον, Ἀργείων πρὸς ναῦς ἤδη  
 κινεῖται κωπήρης χεῖρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἱ γὰρ τλάμων, τί θέλουσ' ; ἢ ποῦ μ' ἤδη  
 ναυσθλώσουσιν πατρίας ἐκ γᾶς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ οἶδ', εἰκάζω δ' ἄταν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰὼ ἰώ.  
 μέλαι μόχθων ἐπακουσόμεναι  
 Τρωάδες, ἔξω κομίσασθ' οἴκων  
 στέλλουσ' Ἀργεῖοι νόστον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

θ ἔ.  
 μή νῦν μοι τὰν  
 170 ἐκβακχεύουσαν Κασάνδραν  
 πέμψητ' ἔξω,  
 αἰσχύναν Ἀργεῖοισιν,  
 μαινάδ', ἐπ' ἄλγει δ' ἄλγυνθῶ.

ἰώ  
 Τροία Τροία δυσταν, ἔρρεις,  
 δύστανοι δ' οἳ σ' ἐκλείποντες  
 καὶ ζῶντες καὶ δμαθέντες.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἴμοι. τρομερὰ σκηναῖς ἔλιπον  
 τάσδ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἐπακουσομένα,

ἀντ. γ'

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

With this lament thou wailest woefully,  
And fear through all hearts thrilled  
Of Troy's sad daughters, who for thralldom wail,  
In yon pavilions while we bide.

HECUBA

Child, child, the Argive hands with oar and sail      160  
Are busy by the tide.

HALF-CHORUS I

Ah me! what mean they? Will they straightway  
bear us  
From fatherland far over sea?

HECUBA

I know not: I but bode the curse drawn near us,  
The doom of misery.

HALF-CHORUS I

Woe!—we shall hear the summons, “O ye daughters  
Of Troy, from these pavilions come:  
The Argives launch their keels upon the waters,  
The sails are spread for home.”

HECUBA

Alas! let none call forth the frenzy-driven  
Cassandra, bacchant-prophetess,      170  
For Argive lust to shame, lest there be given  
Distress to my distress!  
Troy, Troy, unhappy! down through depths of  
ruin  
Thou sinkest!—ah, unhappy they,  
Thy lost!—thy living pass to their undoing,  
Thy dead have passed away.

*Enter* SECOND HALF-CHORUS.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me! from Agamemnon's tents in dread (*Ant.* 3)  
I come, to hearken, queen, to thee,

ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

180 βασιλεία, σέθεν, μή με κτείνειν  
 δόξ' Ἀργείων κείται μελέαν,  
 ἢ κατὰ πρύμνας ἤδη ναῦται  
 στέλλονται κινεῖν κώπας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον, ὀρθρεύουσαν ψυχὰν  
 ἐκπληχθεῖς ἤλθον φρίκα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἤδη τις ἔβα Δαναῶν κῆρυξ ;  
 τῷ πρόσκειμαι δούλα τλάμων ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγγύς που κεῖσαι κλήρου.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰὼ ἰώ.  
 τίς μ' Ἀργείων ἢ Φθιωτῶν .  
 ἢ νησαίαν μ' ἄξει χώραν  
 δύστανον πόρσω Τροίας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

190 φεῦ φεῦ.  
 τῷ δ' ἄ τλάμων  
 ποῦ πᾶ γαίης δουλεύσω γραῦς,  
 ὡς κηφήν, ἄ  
 δειλαία νεκροῦ μορφά,  
 νεκύων ἀμενηνὸν ἀγαλμ', ἢ  
 τὰν παρὰ προθύροις φυλακὰν κατέχουσ',  
 ἢ παίδων θρέπτειρ', ἄ Τροίας  
 ἀρχαγούς εἶχον τιμάς ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαὶ αἰαὶ. ποίοις δ' οἴκτοις  
 τὰν σὰν λύμαν ἐξαιάξεις

στρ. δ'



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Lest haply now the Argive doom be said,—  
A doom of death for me ;

Or haply at the galley-sterns the sweeps, 180  
Run out, are swinging through the brine.

HECUBA

Child, I have come, since ne'er for terror sleeps  
This haunted heart of mine.

HALF-CHORUS 2

How?—hath a Danaan herald hither wending  
Spoken our doom? Whose thrall am wretched I  
Ordained ?

HECUBA

Thine anguish of suspense is ending :  
The lot, thy fate, is nigh.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me ! what lord of Argos' folk shall lead me  
Hence, or what chief of Phthia-land ?  
What island-prince to misery shall speed me  
Far from the Trojan strand ?

HECUBA

Woe ! On what spot of earth shall I, eld-stricken, 190  
Be thrall, a drone within the hive,  
Weak as the corpse that breath no more shall quicken,  
Ghost of the once-alive,

To keep with palsied hand a master's portal,  
To nurse the babes of some proud foe?—  
I, who was crowned with honours half-immortal  
In Troy—ah, long ago !

CHORUS

(*Str. 4*)

Woe is thee !—with what wailings wilt thou lament  
thy doom  
Of outrage-shame ?

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

200 οὐκ Ἰδαίοις ἰστοῖς κερκίδα  
 δινεύουσ' ἔξαλλάξω.  
 νέατον τεκέων σώματα λεύσσω,  
 νέατον· μόχθους ἔξω κρείσσους,  
 ἢ λέκτροις πλαθείς' Ἑλλάνων  
 ἔρροι νύξ αὐτα καὶ δαίμων  
 ἢ Πειρήνας ὑδρευσομένα  
 πρόπολος σεμνῶν ὑδάτων ἔσομαι.  
 τὰν κλεινὰν εἶθ' ἔλθοιμεν  
 210 Θησέως εὐδαίμονα χώραν.  
 μὴ γὰρ δὴ δῖναν γ' Εὐρώτα,  
 τὰν ἐχθίσταν θεράπναι Ἑλένας,  
 ἐνθ' ἀντάσω Μενέλα δούλα,  
 τῷ τὰς Τροίας πορθητᾶ.

τὰν Πηνειοῦ σεμνὰν χώραν, ἀντ. δ'  
 κρηπίδ' Οὐλύμπου καλλίσταν,  
 ὄλβω βρίθειν φάμαν ἤκουσ'  
 εὐθαλεῖ τ' εὐκαρπεία·  
 τάδε δεύτερά μοι μετὰ τὰν ἱερὰν  
 220 Θησέως ζαθέαν ἐλθεῖν χώραν.  
 καὶ τὰν Αἰτναίαν Ἐφαιστοῦ  
 Φοινίκας ἀντήρη χώραν,  
 Σικελῶν ὀρέων ματέρ', ἀκούω  
 καρύσσεσθαι στεφάνοις ἀρετᾶς.  
 τὰν τ' ἀγχιστεύουσαν γᾶν  
 Ἴουίῳ ναίωιν<sup>1</sup> πόντῳ,  
 ἂν ὑγραίνει καλλιστεύων  
 ὁ ξανθὰν χαίταν πυρσαίνων  
 Κρᾶθις ζαθέαις παγαῖσι τρέφω  
 εὐανδρόν τ' ὄλβίζων γᾶν.

<sup>1</sup> ναίωιν (i.e. ναίωμι) Dindorf: for ναῦται of MSS.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

As I pace to and fro shall my shuttle thread no loom  
 In Troy again ! 200

On the corpses of sons must I look my last—my last,  
 Whom worse ills wait,  
 To be thrall to the couch of a Greek—ah, ruin blast  
 That night, that fate !—

Or the water to draw from Peirene's hallowed spring  
 With bondmaid's hand :—

Yet oh might I come unto where was Theseus king,  
 That heaven-blest land !—

But not to the swirls of Eurotas, not the bower 210  
 Of my worst foe,

Even Helen—oh not into Menelaus' power  
 Who brought Troy low !

. (Ant. 4)

But the land of Peneius, Olympus' footstool fair,  
 The hallowed vale— [there  
 I have heard of the store of its wealth ; earth's increase  
 Doth never fail.

It is there I would be, if on Theseus' sacred shore  
 No home waits me.

And the land of the Fire-god, that looks from Etna o'er 220  
 Phoenicia's sea,

Even Sicily, mother of hills,—her fame I hear,  
 Her prowess-pride :—

Or content could I dwell in the land that coucheth near  
 Ionia's tide, [stains

Which is watered of Crathis, the lovely stream that  
 Dark hair bright gold,

Of whose fountains most holy her hero-nursing plains  
 Win wealth untold.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

230

καὶ μὴν Δαναῶν ὄδ' ἀπὸ στρατιᾶς  
κῆρυξ νεοχμῶν μύθων ταμίας  
στείχει ταχύπουν ἶχνος ἔξανύων.  
τί φέρει ; τί λέγει ; δοῦλαι γὰρ δὴ  
Δωρίδος ἐσμέν χθονὸς ἤδη.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

Ἐκάβη, πυκνὰς γὰρ οἶσθ' αἶμα μ' εἰς Τροίαν ὁδοῦς  
ἐλθόντα κῆρυκ' ἐξ Ἀχαικοῦ στρατοῦ,  
ἐγνωσμένος δὲ καὶ πάροιθέ σοι, γύναι,  
Ταλθύβιος ἦκω καινὸν ἀγγελῶν λόγον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τόδε, φίλαι Τρωάδες, δὲ φόβος ἦν πάλαι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

240

ἤδη κεκλήρωσθ', εἰ τόδ' ἦν ὑμῖν φόβος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαί, τί ν' ἦ Θεσσαλίας πόλιν  
Φθιάδος εἶπας ἢ Καδμείας χθονός ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

κατ' ἄνδρ' ἐκάστη κοῦχ ὁμοῦ λελόγγατε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί ν' ἄρα τίς ἔλαχε ; τίνα πότμος εὐτυχῆς  
'Ιλιάδων μένει ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οἶδ' ἄλλ' ἕκαστα πυνθάνου, μὴ πάνθ' ὁμοῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοῦμόν τίς τίς ἔλαχε τέκος, ἔννεπε,  
τλάμονα Κασάνδραν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἐξάϊρετόν νιν ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.

374

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Lo, from the Danaan war-host, laden 230  
With tidings, unto us draws nigh  
A herald speeding hastily.  
What hest brings he?—henceforth bondmaiden  
Of Dorian land am I!

*Enter TALTHYBIUS.*

TALTHYBIUS

On many journeyings, Hecuba, to and fro  
I have passed, thou knowest, 'twixt the host and  
Troy;  
Wherefore I come aforetime known to thee,  
Talthybius, with new tidings for thine ear.

HECUBA

It is come, friends—that which hath laid upon me  
Long fear as a haunting spell!

TALTHYBIUS

Your lots are cast—if this thing was your fear. 240

HECUBA

Woe!—of what city in Thessaly,  
Or in Cadmus' land, dost thou tell?

TALTHYBIUS.

Ye have fallen each to her lord, not all together.

HECUBA

Unto whom hath each been allotted?—for whom  
Of Troy's dames waiteth a happy doom?

TALTHYBIUS

I know:—but ask of each, not all as one.

HECUBA

My daughter—who winneth her for a prey,  
Cassandra the misery-bowed? O say!

TALTHYBIUS

King Agamemnon's chosen prize is she.

375

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

250 ἦ τᾶ Λακεδαιμονία νύμφα δούλαν ;  
 ἰὼ μοί μοι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ λέκτρων σκότια νυμφευτήρια.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦ τὰν τοῦ Φοίβου παρθένον, ἃ γέρας ὁ  
 χρυσοκόμας ἔδωκ' ἄλεκτρον ζῶαν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἔρωσ ἐτόξευσ' αὐτὸν ἐνθέου κόρης.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ῥύπτε, τέκνον, ζαθέους  
 κληῆδας, ἀπὸ χροὸς ἐν-  
 δυτῶν στεφῆων ἱεροῦς στολμούς.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ μέγ' αὐτῇ βασιλικῶν λέκτρων τυχεῖν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

260 τί δ' ὁ νεοχμὸν ἀπ' ἐμέθεν ἐλάβετε τέκος ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

Πολυξένην ἔλεξας, ἢ τίν' ἱστορεῖς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ταύταν τῷ πάλος ἔξευξεν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

τύμβῳ τέτακται προσπολεῖν Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶμοι ἐγὼ τάφῳ πρόσπολον ἐτεκόμαν.  
 ἀτὰρ τίς ὄδ' ἦ νόμος ἦ  
 τί θέσμιον, ὦ φίλος, Ἑλλάνων ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

εὐδαιμόνιζε παῖδα σὴν ἔχει καλῶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί τόδ' ἔλακες ; ἀρά μοι ἀέλιον λεύσσει ;

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Ha! to his Spartan wife shall she be  
A handmaid, a bondwoman?—woe is me!

250

TALTHYBIUS

Nay, but his concubine in secret love.

HECUBA

How?—Phoebus' maiden, whose guerdon-grace  
Of the Golden-haired was virgin days!

TALTHYBIUS

That maiden inspiration winged love's shaft.

HECUBA

Fling, daughter, the temple-keys from thee, fling,  
And the garlands around thy neck that cling,  
Whose sacred arrayings thy form enring!

TALTHYBIUS

How? is a king's couch not high honour for her?

260

HECUBA

And the child that ye tore from mine arms so late—

TALTHYBIUS

Polyxena?—or whose lot wouldst thou ask?

HECUBA

Unto whom hath the lot's doom yoked her fate?

TALTHYBIUS

She is made ministrant to Achilles' tomb.

HECUBA

Woe's me!—then a sepulchre's servant I bare!  
But what custom shall this be that Hellenes share,  
Or what this statute?—O friend, declare.

TALTHYBIUS

Count thy child happy. It is well with her.

HECUBA

Doth she yet see light?—did thy word so sound?

377

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

270 ἔχει πότμος νιν, ὥστ' ἀπηλλάχθαι πόνων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ' ἄ τοῦ χαλκεομήστορος Ἔκτορος δάμαρ,  
'Ανδρομάχα τάλαινα, τίν' ἔχει τύχαι ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

καὶ τήνδ' Ἀχιλλέως ἔλαβε παῖς ἐξαιρετον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ πρόσπολος, ἄ τριτοβάμονος χερὶ  
δευομένα βάκτρον γεραιῶ κἄρα ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

'Ιθάκης Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔλαχ' ἀναξ δούλην σ' ἔχειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔ ἔ.

280 ἄρασσε κρᾶτα κούριμον,  
ἔλκ' ὀνύχεσσι δίπτυχον παρειῶν.  
ἰὼ μοί μοι.

μυσαρῶ δολίῳ λέλογχα φωτὶ δουλεύειν,  
πολεμῶ δίκας, παρανόμῳ δάκει,  
ὅς πάντα τάκειθεν ἐνθάδ' <ε στρέφει, τὰ δ' >  
ἀντίπαλ' αὐθις ἐκείσε διπτύχῳ γλώσσα  
φίλα τὰ πρότερ' ἄφιλα τιθέμενος πάντων.  
γοᾶσθ', ὦ Τρωάδες, με.

290 βέβακα δύσποτμος, οἴχομαι  
ἄ τάλαιν', ἄ δυστυχεστάτῳ  
προσέπεσον κλήρῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μὲν σὸν οἶσθα, πότνια, τὰς δ' ἐμὰς τύχας  
τίς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν ἢ τίς Ἑλλήνων ἔχει ;

378



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

She hath found her fate—deliverance from troubles. 270

HECUBA

But the wife of mine Hector the champion  
renowned—

What doom hath the hapless Andromache found ?

TALTHYBIUS

Achilles' son hath won her, chosen for him.

HECUBA

And to whom am I handmaid, whose snow-wreathed  
brow

Over the prop of a staff must bow ?

TALTHYBIUS

Thee Ithaca's king Odysseus won, his thrall.

HECUBA

Alas and alas! now smite on thy close-shorn head ;  
Now with thy rending nails be thy cheeks furrowed  
red !

280

Woe's me, whom the doom of the lots hath led  
To be thrall to a foul wretch treacherous-hearted,  
To the lawless monster, the foe of the right,  
Whose double-tongued juggling, whose cursed  
sleight

Putteth light for darkness, and darkness for light,  
By whose whisperings veriest friends are parted !—  
Wail for me, daughters of Troy ! I am ended  
In utter calamity.

O wretch, who by doom of the lot have descended 290  
To abysses of misery !

CHORUS

Thy fate thou knowest, queen : but of my lot  
What Hellene, what Achaean, hath control ?

379

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΕΤΒΙΟΣ

300 ἴτ', ἐκκομίζειν δεῦρο Κασάνδραν χρεῶν  
 ὅσον τάχιστα, δμῶες, ὡς στρατηλάτῃ  
 εἰς χεῖρα δώμεν· εἶτα τὰς εἰληγμένας  
 καὶ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις αἰχμαλωτίδων ἄγω.  
 ἔα, τί πεύκης ἔνδον ἴσταται σέλας ;  
 πιμπρᾶσιν ἢ τί δρῶσι Τρωάδες μυχούς,  
 ὡς ἐξάγεσθαι τῆσδε μέλλουσαι χθονὸς  
 πρὸς Ἄργος, αὐτῶν τ' ἐκπυροῦσι σώματα  
 θανεῖν θέλουσαι ; κάρτα τοι τοῦλεύθερον  
 ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δυσλόφως φέρει κακά.  
 ἄνοιγ' ἄνουγε, μὴ τὸ ταῖσδε πρόσφορον,  
 ἐχθρὸν δ' Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰς ἔμ' αἰτίαν βάλῃ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν, οὐ πιμπρᾶσιν, ἀλλὰ παῖς ἐμῇ  
 μαινὰς θοάξει δεῦρο Κασάνδρα δρόμῳ.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

310 ἄνεχε, πάρεχε, φῶς φέρε· σέβω, φλέγω, στρ.  
 ἰδοῦ ἰδοῦ,  
 λαμπάσι τόδ' ἱερόν.  
 Ἔμην, ὦ Ἐμέναι' ἀναξ,  
 μακάριος ὁ γαμέτας,  
 μακαρία δ' ἐγὼ βασιλικοῖς λέκτροις  
 κατ' Ἄργος ἄγαμουμένα.  
 Ἔμην, ὦ Ἐμέναι' ἀναξ.

320 ἐπεὶ σύ, μάτερ, ἐπὶ δάκρυσι καὶ  
 γόοισι τὸν θανόντα πατέρα πατρίδα τε  
 φίλαν καταστένουσ' ἔχεις,  
 ἐγὼ τόδ' ἐπὶ γάμοις ἐμοῖς  
 ἀναφλέγω πυρὸς φῶς  
 ἐς αὐγάν, ἐς αἴγλαν,

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Away !—Cassandra hither must ye bring  
With all speed, thralls, that to the war-king's hand  
Delivering her, I may thereafter lead  
Unto the rest the captive dames assigned.  
Ha !—therewithin what torch-glare leapeth high ?  
Fire they their lair ?—or what, yon dames of Troy ?  
As looking to be haled from this land forth 300  
To Argos, do they burn themselves with fire ;  
Being fain to die ? In sooth the free-born soul  
In such strait chafeth fiercely against ills.  
Ho ! open, lest a deed beseeming these,  
But to Achaeans hateful, bring me blame.

HECUBA

Now nay, they fire no tent. My Maenad child  
Cassandra cometh rushing hitherward.

*Enter CASSANDRA carrying burning torches.*

CASSANDRA

Up with the torch !—give it me—let me render  
Worship to Phoebus !—lo, lo how I fling  
Wide through his temple the flash of its splendour :—  
Hymen ! O Marriage-god, Hymen my king ! 310  
Happy the bridegroom who waiteth to meet me ;  
Happy am I for the couch that shall greet me ;  
Royal espousals to Argos I bring :—  
Bridal-king, Hymen, thy glory I sing.

Mother, thou lingerest long at thy weeping,  
Aye makest moan for my sire who hath died,  
Mourn'st our dear country with sorrow unsleeping :  
Therefore myself for mine own marriage-tide  
Kindle the firebrands, a glory outstreaming, 320  
Toss up the torches, a radiance far-gleaming :—

381

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

διδούσ', ὦ Ἰμέλαιε, σοί,  
 δίδου δ', ὦ Ἐκάτα, φάος,  
 παρθένων ἐπὶ λέκτροις ἅ νόμος ἔχει.

πάλλε πόδ' αἰθέριον, ἄναγε χορόν,                      ἄντ.  
 εὐὰν εὐοῖ,

ὡς ἐπὶ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ  
 μακαριωτάταις τύχαις.

ὁ χορὸς ὄσιος,  
 ἄγε σὺ Φοῖβέ νιν· κατὰ σὸν ἐν δάφναις  
 330 ἀνάκτορον θηηπολῶ,  
 Ἰμήν, ὦ Ἰμέλαι', Ἰμήν.

χόρευε, μήτηρ, ἄναγε, πόδα σὸν  
 ἔλισσε τῆδ' ἐκείσε μετ' ἐμέθεν ποδῶν  
 φέρουσα φίλτάταν βάσιν.

βοᾶτε τὸν Ἰμέλαιον, ὦ,  
 μακαρίαις ᾠοῖδαῖς  
 ἰαχαῖς τε νύμφαν.

ἴτ', ὦ καλλίπεπλοι Φρυγῶν  
 340 κόραι, μέλπετ' ἐμῶν γάμων  
 τὸν πεπρωμένον εὐνᾷ πόσιν ἐμέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βασιλεια, βακχεύουσαν οὐ λήψει κόρην,  
 μὴ κοῦφον αἶρη βῆμ' ἐς Ἀργείων στρατόν·

ΕΚΑΒΗ

Ἦφαιστε, δαδουχεῖς μὲν ἐν γάμοις βροτῶν,  
 ἀτὰρ λυγρὰν γε τήνδ' ἀναιθύσσεις φλόγα  
 ἔξω τε μεγάλων ἐλπίδων, οἴμοι, τέκνον,  
 ὡς οὐχ ὑπ' αἰχμῆς σ' οὐδ' ὑπ' Ἀργείου δορὸς  
 γάμους γαμείσθαι τοῦσδ' ἐδόξαζον ποτε.  
 παράδος ἐμοὶ φῶς· οὐ γὰρ ὀρθὰ πυρφορεῖς

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Hymen, to thee is their brightness upleaping :  
Hekate, flash thou thy star-glitter wide,  
After thy wont when a maid is a bride.

(*Ant.*)

Float, flying feet of the dancers, forth-leading  
Revel of bridals : ring, bacchanal strain,  
Ring in thanksgiving for fortune exceeding  
Happy, that fell to my father to gain.  
Holy the dance is, my duty, my glory :  
Lead thou it, Phoebus ; mid bay-trees before  
thee

Aye have I ministered, there in thy fane :— 330  
Marriage-king, Hymen !—sing loud the refrain.

Up, mother, join thou the revel :—with paces  
Woven with mine through the sweet measure  
flee ;

Hitherward, thitherward, thrid the dance-mazes :  
Sing ever "Marriage-king !—Hymen !" sing ye.  
Bliss ever chime through the notes of your singing ;  
Hail ye the bride with glad voices outringing.  
Daughters of Phrygia, arrayed like the Graces,  
Hymn ye my bridal, the bridegroom for me  
Destined by fate's everlasting decree. 340

### CHORUS

Queen, wilt thou not restrain this Maenad maid,  
Ere speed her flying feet to Argos' host ?

### HECUBA

Fire-god, in spousal-rites thou light'st the torch ;  
But O, a piteous flame thou kindest now,  
Far from mine high hopes, far !—ah me, my child,  
How little of such marriage dreamed I ever  
For thee,—a captive, thrall of Argos' spear !  
Give me the torch, it fits not that thou bear it

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

350 μαινας θοάζουσ', οὐδέ σ' αἰ τύχαι, τέκνον,  
σεσωφρονήκασ', ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐν ταυτῷ μένεις.  
εἰσφέρετε πεύκας, δάκρυνά τ' ἀνταλλάσσετε  
τοῖς τῆσδε μέλεσι, Τρωάδες, γαμηλίοις.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

360 μῆτερ, πύκαζε κρᾶτ' ἐμὸν νικηφόρον  
καὶ χαῖρε τοῖς ἐμοῖσι βασιλικοῖς γάμοις,  
καὶ πέμπε, κἂν μὴ τὰμά σοι πρόθυμά γ' ἦ,  
ὥθει βιαίως· εἰ γὰρ ἔστι Λοξίας,  
Ἐλένης γαμῆ με δυσχερέστερον γάμον  
ὁ τῶν Ἀχαιῶν κλεινὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.  
κτενῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν κἀντιπορθήσω δόμους  
370 ποινας ἀδελφῶν καὶ πατρὸς λαβούσ' ἐμοῦ.  
ἀλλ' αὐτ' εἰσώσω πέλεκυν οὐχ ὑμνήσομεν,  
ὃς εἰς τράχηλον τὸν ἐμὸν εἰσι χᾶτέρων,  
μητροκτόνους τ' ἀγῶνας, οὓς οὐμοὶ γάμοι  
θήσουσιν, οἴκων τ' Ἀτρέως ἀνάστασιν.  
πόλιν δὲ δείξω τήνδε μακαριωτέραν  
ἢ τοὺς Ἀχαιοὺς,—ἐνθεὸς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως  
τοσόνδε γ' ἔξω στήσομαι βακχευμάτων,—  
οἱ διὰ μίαν γυναῖκα καὶ μίαν Κύπριν  
θηρῶντες Ἐλένην μυρίου ἀπώλεσαν.  
370 ὁ δὲ στρατηγὸς ὁ σοφὸς ἐχθίστων ὑπερ  
τὰ φίλτατ' ὤλεσ', ἠδονὰς τὰς οἰκοθεν  
τέκνων ἀδελφῶ δούς γυναικὸς εἵνεκα,  
καὶ ταυθ' ἐκούσης κοῦ βία λελησμένης.  
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς ἤλυθον Σκαμανδρίους,  
ἔθνησκον, οὐ γῆς ὄρι' ἀποσπερούμενοι,  
οὐδ' ὑψιπύργου πατρίδος· οὓς δ' Ἄρης ἔλοι,  
οὐ παῖδας εἶδον, οὐ δάμαρτος ἐν χεροῖν  
πέπλοις συνεστάλησαν, ἐν ξένη δὲ γῆ  
κεῖνται. τὰ δ' οἴκοι τοῖσδ' ὅμοι' ἐγίγνετο

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

In Maenad frenzy. Thy misfortunes, child,  
Healed not thy mind, hut still art thou distraught 350  
Daughters of Troy, bear in the torches : give  
Tears in exchange for these her marriage-hymns.

CASSANDRA

Mother, with wreaths of triumph crown mine  
head.

Rejoice thou o'er my marriage with a king.  
Escort me to him : if thou find me loth,  
With violence thrust me : for, if Loxias lives,  
Deadlier than Helen's shall my spousals be  
To Agamemnon, Achaea's glorious king.  
Death shall I deal him, havoc of his home,  
Avenging so my brethren and my sire :— 360

No more of that ; I will not sing the axe  
That on my neck, and others' necks, shall fall,  
The mother-murdering strife, my spousals' fruit,  
Nor of the overthrow of Atreus' house.  
But I will prove this city happier  
Than yon Achaeans,—yea, possessed am I,  
Yet stand herein of bacchant ravings clear,—  
Who for one woman, for one wanton's sake,  
In quest of Helen wasted lives untold.

And this wise chief—for what he hated most 370  
He hath lost what most he loved, home-joys of  
children

To his brother for a woman's sake resigned,—  
And she a willing prey, no kidnapped victim !  
And, when these came unto Scamander's banks,  
Fast died they, not for marches foeman-harried,  
Nor home-land stately-towered. Who fell in fight  
Saw not their children, nor by hands of wives  
In robes were shrouded : hut in a strange land  
They lie. And in their homes the like befell :

385

- 380 χῆραί τ' ἔθνησκον, οἱ δ' ἄπαιδες ἐν δόμοις  
 ἄλλως τέκν' ἐκθρέψαντες· οὐδὲ πρὸς τάφους  
 ἔσθ' ὅστις αὐτοῖς αἴμο γῆ δωρήσεται.  
 ἢ τοῦδ' ἐπαίνου τὸ στράτευμ' ἐπάξιον.  
 σιγᾶν ἄμεινον τ' ἀσχρά, μηδὲ μούσά μοι  
 γένοιτ' ἀοιδὸς ἣτις ὑμνήσει κακά.  
 Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτον μὲν, τὸ κάλλιστον κλέος,  
 ὑπὲρ πάτρας ἔθνησκον· οὐς δ' ἔλοι δόρυ,  
 νεκροὶ γ' ἐς οἴκους φερόμενοι φίλων ὑπο  
 ἐν γῆ πατρώα περιβολὰς εἶχον χθονός,  
 390 χερσὶν περισταλέντες ὧν ἐχρῆν ὑπο  
 ὅσοι δὲ μὴ θάνοιεν ἐν μάχῃ Φρυγῶν,  
 ἀεὶ κατ' ἡμαρ σὺν δάμαρτι καὶ τέκνοις  
 ᾤκουν, Ἀχαιοῖς ὧν ἀπήσαν ἠδοναί.  
 τὰ δ' Ἐκτορός σοι λύπρ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει·  
 δόξας ἀνὴρ ἄριστος οἴχεται θανάων,  
 καὶ ταῦτ' Ἀχαιῶν ἴξις ἐξεργάζεται  
 εἰ δ' ἦσαν οἴκοι, χρηστός ἔλαθεν ἀν γεγώς.  
 Πάρις τ' ἔγημε τὴν Διός· γήμας δὲ μὴ,  
 σιγῶμενον τὸ κῆδος<sup>1</sup> εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις.  
 400 φεύγειν μὲν οὖν χρὴ πόλεμον ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖ·  
 εἰ δ' εἰς τόδ' ἔλθοι, στέφανος οὐκ αἰσχροὺς πόλει  
 καλῶς ὀλέσθαι, μὴ καλῶς δὲ δυσκλεές.  
 ὧν εἴνεκ' οὐ χρὴ, μῆτερ, οἰκτείρειν σε γῆν,  
 οὐ τὰμὰ λέκτρα· τοὺς γὰρ ἐχθίστους ἐμοὶ  
 καὶ σοὶ γάμοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς διαφθερῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἠδέως κακοῖσιν οἰκείοις γελᾶς,  
 μέλπεις θ' ἂ μέλπουσ' οὐ σαφῆ δείξεις ἴσως.

<sup>1</sup> Paley and Tyrrell: for κῆδος Nauck.



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Wives widowed died, sires linger in lone halls 380  
Without sons, whom for nought they nurtured; none  
Remain to spill earth's blood-gift at their tombs.  
Sooth, well the host hath earned such praise as  
this !

Best left untold the deeds of shame—not mine  
Be voice of song to chant that evil tale !  
But, for the Trojans, first for fatherland  
They died—a glorious death ! Whom foemen slew,  
By friends their corpses to their homes were borne,  
And in the home-land earth's arms cradled them  
Compassed with duteous hands' observances. 390

And whatso Phrygians not in battle died  
Ever with wife and children day by day  
Dwelt, joys whereof the Achaeans tasted none.  
For Hector's woeful fate—hear thou the truth :  
He proved himself a hero ere he died ;  
And this the Achaeans' coming brought to pass :  
Had they in Greece stayed, none had seen his  
prowess.

And Paris wedded Zeus' child : had he not,  
His halls had hailed affiance unrenowned.  
Sooth, he were best shun war, whoso is wise : 400  
If war must be, his country's crown of pride  
Is death heroic, craven death her shame.  
Then make not moan, O mother, for thy land,  
Nor for my couch ; for my most bitter foes  
And thine shall I destroy by mine, espousals.

### CHORUS

How blithely laughest thou at thine own ills,  
And bodest things thou scarce shalt show fulfilled !

ΤΡΟΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

410 εἰ μὴ σ' Ἀπόλλων ἐξεβάκχευσε φρένας,  
 οὐ τὰν ἀμισθὶ τοὺς ἑμούς στρατηλάτας  
 τοιαῖσδε φήμαις ἐξέπεμπες ἂν χθονός.  
 ἀτὰρ τὰ σεμνὰ καὶ δοκήμασιν σοφὰ  
 οὐδέν τι κρείσσω τῶν τὸ μηδὲν ἦν ἄρα.  
 ὁ γὰρ μέγιστος τῶν Πανελλήνων ἀναξ,  
 Ἄτρεως φίλος παῖς, τῆσδ' ἔρωτ' ἐξαιρετον  
 μαινάδος ὑπέστη· καὶ πένης μὲν εἰμ' ἐγώ,  
 ἀτὰρ λέχος γε τῆσδ' ἂν οὐκ ἔκτησάμην.  
 καὶ σοὶ μὲν, οὐ γὰρ ἀρτίας ἔχεις φρένας,  
 Ἄργεϊ' ὄνειδῆ καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐπαινεσεῖς  
 420 ἀνέμοις φέρεσθαι παραδίδωμ'. ἔπου δέ μοι  
 πρὸς ναῦς, καλὸν νύμφευμα τῷ στρατηλάτῃ.  
 σὺ δ', ἠνίκ' ἂν σε Λαρτίου χρήξῃ τόκος  
 ἄγειν, ἔπεσθαι σῶφρονος δ' ἔσει λάτρης  
 γυναικός, ὡς φασ' οἱ μολόντες Ἴλιον.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ἦ δεινὸς ὁ λάτρης, τί ποτ' ἔχουσι τοῦνομα  
 κήρυκες, ἐν ἀπέχθημα πάγκοινων βροτοῖς,  
 οἱ περὶ τυράννους καὶ πόλεις ὑπηρέται;  
 σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν φῆς μητέρ' εἰς Ὀδυσσεώς  
 ἤξειν μέλαθρα; ποῦ δ' Ἀπόλλωνος λόγοι,  
 430 οἱ φασιν αὐτὴν εἰς ἔμ' ἠρμηνευμένοι  
 αὐτοῦ θανεῖσθαι; τᾶλλα δ' οὐκ ὄνειδιώ.  
 δύστηνος, οὐκ οἶδ' οἶά νιν μένει πάθῃ·  
 ὡς χρυσὸς αὐτῷ τὰμὰ καὶ Φρυγῶν κακὰ  
 δόξει ποτ' εἶναι. δέκα γὰρ ἐκπλήσας ἔτη  
 πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐνθάδ', ἕξεται μόνος πάτραν<sup>1</sup>...  
 οὐδ' ἂν στενὸν δίαυλον ᾤκισται πέτρας

<sup>1</sup> Heath and others mark a lacuna here.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

### TALTHYBIUS

Had Phoebus not with frenzy thrilled thy soul,  
 Thou with such bodings shouldst not unchastised  
 Speed from thy land my lords, the battle-chiefs. 410  
 Lo, how these lofty ones, wise in repute,  
 Are no whit better than the nothing-worth!  
 For this most mighty king of allied Hellas,  
 This Atreus' son, hath stooped him 'neath love's  
 yoke

For yon mad girl, of all maids! Poor am I,  
 Yet would I ne'er have gotten me her couch.  
 Now, seeing thou hast not unshattered wit,  
 Thy mocks at Argos and thy praise of Phrygia  
 I fling to the winds to scatter. Follow me  
 Unto the ships, our captain's goodly bride! 420  
 But thou (*to Hecuba*) whenso Laertes' seed desires  
 To take thee, follow. A virtuous woman's thrall<sup>1</sup>  
 Shalt thou be, as say all that came to Troy.

### CASSANDRA

Keen-witted varlet this! Why such fair name  
 Have heralds, common loathing of mankind,  
 Who are but menials of kings and cities?  
 Say'st thou my mother to Odysseus' halls  
 Shall come? Where be Apollo's bodings then,  
 Which say—to me no mystery—that she  
 Shall here die?—other shame I will not speak.<sup>2</sup> 430  
 Wretch!—he knows not what sufferings wait for  
 him,

Such, that my woes and Phrygia's yet shall seem  
 As gold to him. Ten years to these past ten  
 Accomplished, shall he reach his land—alone;  
 Shall see where in the rock-gorge fell Charybdis

<sup>1</sup> i.e. slave to Penelope.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the manner of her death. See *Hecuba*, II. 1259-73.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

δεινὴ Χάρυβδις, ὠμοβρώς τ' ὄρειβάτης  
 Κύκλωψ, Λιγυστίς θ' ἡ συῶν μορφώτρια  
 Κίρκη, θαλάσσης θ' ἄλμυρᾶς ναύαγια,  
 λωτοῦ τ' ἔρωτες, Ἥλιου θ' ἀγναὶ βόες,  
 440 αἰ σάρκα φωνήεσαν ἥσουσίν πῦτε,  
 πικρὰν Ὀδυσσεῖ γῆρυν. ὡς δὲ συντέμω,  
 ζῶν εἶσ' ἐς Ἄιδου κάκφυγῶν λίμνης ὕδωρ  
 κάκ' ἐν δόμοισι μυρὶ εὐρήσει μολῶν.  
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί τοὺς Ὀδυσσέως ἐξακουτίζω πόνοους ;  
 στεῖχ', ὅπως τάχιστ' ἐς Ἄιδου νυμφίω γαμώ-  
 μεθα.  
 ἢ κακὸς κακῶς ταφήσει νυκτός, οὐκ ἐν ἡμέρα,  
 ὦ δοκῶν σεμνόν τι πράσσειν, Δαναϊδῶν ἀρχη-  
 γέτα.  
 καμέ τοι νεκρὸν φάραγγες γυμνάδ' ἐκβεβλη-  
 μένην  
 ὕδατι χειμάρρῳ ῥέουσαι, νυμφίου πέλας τάφου,  
 450 θηρσὶ δώσουσιν δάσασθαι, τὴν Ἀπόλλωνος λάτριν.  
 ὦ στέφη τοῦ φιλτάτου μοι θεῶν, ἀγάλματ'  
 εὖια,  
 χαίρετ'· ἐκλέλοιφ' ἑορτάς, αἷς πάροισ' ἠγαλ-  
 λόμην.  
 ἴτ' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ χρωτὸς σπαραγμοῖς, ὡς ἔτ' οὐσ'  
 ἀγνή χροά  
 δῶ θοαῖς αὔραις φέρεσθαί σοι τάδ', ὦ μαντεῖ'  
 ἄναξ.  
 ποῦ σκάφος τὸ τοῦ στρατηγοῦ; ποῖ ποτ'  
 ἐμβαίνειν με χρή ;  
 οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοις ἂν αὔραν ἰστίοις καρδοκῶν,  
 ὡς μίαν τριῶν Ἐρινὺν τῆσδέ μ' ἐξάξων χθονός.  
 χαίρέ μοι, μήτηρ, δακρύσης μηδέν· ὦ φίλη  
 πατρίς·

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Hath made her lair,—where mountain-haunting  
     Cyclops  
 Ravins,—see her that turneth men to swine,  
 Ligurian Circe,—shipwreck in salt seas,—  
 The lotus-cravings, the Sun's sacred kine,  
 Whose dead flesh with a human voice shall moan,      440  
 A dire voice for Odysseus! To make end,  
 He shall see Hades living, 'scape the sea,  
 Yet, when he winneth home, find ills untold.  
 Yet—Odysseus' troubles, wherefore should I loose  
     their javelin-flight?  
 On, that I may haste to wed my bridegroom, Hades'  
     spousal-plight.      [of day,  
 Vile one, vile shall be thy burial, darkling, not in light  
 Thou that dream'st of high achievement, chief of  
     Danaus' sons' array!  
 Yea, and me, flung out a naked corse, the mountain's  
     chasm-rift,      [a ravin-gift,  
 Foaming with the wintry floods, shall give to beasts,  
 Hard beside my bridegroom's grave—Apollo's  
     priestess-handmaid me!      450  
 Garlands of the God most dear unto me, mystic bravery,  
 Farewell: I have left the temple-feasts, my joy in days  
     o'erpast:  
 Hence, in rendings from my body, that, while yet my  
     blood is chaste,      [lord!  
 I may give them to the blasts to waft to thee, O Prophet—  
 Where is Agamemnon's galley?—whither go to pass  
     aboard?      [the sail!  
 Loiter not from eager watching for the breeze to fill  
 One of the Avengers Three am I whom thou from  
     Troy shalt hale.  
 Fare-thee-well, my mother, weep not;—fatherland,  
     belovèd name;—

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

460 οἷ τε γῆς ἐνερθ' ἀδελφοὶ χά τεκῶν ἡμᾶς πατήρ,  
οὐ μακρὰν δέξεσθέ μ'· ἦκω δ' εἰς νεκροὺς νικη-  
φόρος  
καὶ δόμους πέρσασ' Ἀτρειδῶν, ὧν ἀπωλόμεσθ'  
ὑπο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἐκάβης γεραιᾶς φύλακες, οὐ δεδώρκατε  
δέσποιναν ὡς ἀναυδος εἰς πέδον πίτνει ;  
οὐκ ἀντιλήψεσθ' ; ἢ μεθήσεται, ὦ κακαί,  
γραίαν πεσοῦσαν ; αἴρετ' εἰς ὀρθὸν δέμας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

470 εἰατέ μ', οὔτοι φίλα τὰ μὴ φίλ', ὦ κόραι,  
κεῖσθαι πεσοῦσαν πτωμάτων γὰρ ἄξια  
πάσχω τε καὶ πέπονθα κᾶτι πείσομαι.  
ὦ θεοί· κακοὺς μὲν ἀνακαλῶ τοὺς συμμάχους,  
ὅμως δ' ἔχει τι σχῆμα κικλήσκων θεοῦς,  
ὅταν τις ἡμῶν δυστυχῆ λάβῃ τύχην.  
πρώτου μὲν οὖν μοι τάγασθ' ἐξᾶσαι φίλον  
τοῖς γὰρ κακοῖσι πλείον' οἶκτον ἐμβαλῶ.  
ἦμην τύραννος κείς τύρανν' ἐγημάμην,  
κἄνταυθ' ἀριστεύοντ' ἐγεινάμην τέκνα,  
οὐκ ἀριθμὸν ἄλλως, ἀλλ' ὑπερτάτους Φρυγῶν  
οὐ Τρωᾶς οὐδ' Ἑλληνὸς οὐδὲ βάρβαρος  
γυνὴ τεκοῦσα κομπάσειεν ἂν ποτε.  
480 κἀκεῖνά τ' εἶδον δορὶ πεσόνθ' Ἑλληνικῶν,  
τρίχας δ' ἐτμήθην τάσδε πρὸς τύμβοις νεκρῶν,  
καὶ τὸν φυτουργὸν Πρίαμον οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα  
κλύουσ' ἐκλαυσα, τοῖσδε δ' εἶδον ὄμμασιν  
αὐτὴ κατασφαγέντ' ἐφ' ἐρκείῳ πυρᾶ,  
πόλιν θ' ἀλοῦσαν. ἄς δ' ἔθρεψα παρθένους  
εἰς ἀξίωμα νυμφίων ἐξαίρετον,  
ἄλλοισι θρέψασ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀφηρέθην.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Ye beneath the sod, my brethren;—father, of whose  
loins I came;— [shall come  
'Tis not long ere ye shall greet me: I unto my dead 460  
Triumph-crowned from havoc of the Atreid house that  
wrought our doom.

[*Exit TALTHYBIUS with CASSANDRA.*

### CHORUS

Grey Hecuba's attendants, mark ye not  
Your mistress sinking speechless to the earth?  
Will ye not help her, heartless ones, but leave  
Her grey hairs prostrate? Bear ye up her frame.

### HECUBA

Leave me—false kindness were unkindness, girls,—  
So fallen to lie. Well may I sink 'neath all  
I suffer, and have suffered, and shall suffer.  
O Gods!—to sorry helpers I appeal;  
Yet to invoke the Gods hath some fair show 470  
When child of man on evil fortune lights.  
Fain am I first to chant mine olden bliss;  
So shall I wake more ruth for these my woes.  
I was a princess wedded to a king,  
And mother I became of princely sons,  
Nor ciphers these, but Phrygia's mightiest chiefs:  
Trojan nor Greek dame, nor barbarian,  
Might ever boast her mother of such as these.  
Yet these I saw by Hellene spears laid low,  
And shore these tresses at my dead sons' graves. 480  
Their father Priam—not from other lips  
I heard and wept his doom, but these mine eyes  
Beheld him butchered on the altar-stone,  
Troy sacked, the maiden daughters I had nursed  
For pride of princely spousals without peer,  
Torn from mine arms—for aliens reared I them!

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

κοῦτ' ἐξ ἐκείνων ἐλπίς ὡς ὀφθήσομαι,  
 αὐτὴ τ' ἐκείνας οὐκέτ' ὄψομαι ποτε.  
 τὸ λοισθιον δέ, θριγκὸς ἀθλίων κακῶν,  
 490 δούλη γυνὴ γραῦς Ἑλλάδ' εἰσαμφίξομαι.  
 ἃ δ' ἐστὶ γήρα τῶδ' ἀσυμφωρότατα,  
 τούτοις με προσθήσουσιν, ἣ θυρῶν λάτριν  
 κληῖδας φυλάσσειν, τὴν τεκοῦσαν Ἑκτορα,  
 ἣ σιτοποιεῖν, κὰν πέδῳ κοίτας ἔχειν  
 ῥυσοῖσι νώτοις βασιλικῶν ἐκ δεμνίων,  
 τρυχηρὰ περὶ τρυχηρὸν εἰμένην χροῖα  
 πέπλων λακίσματ', ἀδόκιμ' ὀλβίοις ἔχειν.  
 οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα, διὰ γάμον μῆς ἕνα  
 500 γυναικὸς οἶων ἔτυχον, ὧν τε τεύξομαι.  
 ὦ τέκνον, ὦ σύμβακχε Κασάνδρα θεοῖς,  
 οἷαις ἔλυσας συμφοραῖς ἄγνευμα σόν.  
 σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα, ποῦ ποτ' εἶ, Πολυξένη;  
 ὡς οὔτε μ' ἄρσῃν οὔτε θήλεια σπορὰ  
 πολλῶν γενομένων τὴν τάλαιναν ὠφέλει.  
 τί δήτά μ' ὀρθοῦτ'; ἐλπίδων ποίων ὑπο;  
 ἄγετε τὸν ἄβρὸν δήποτ' ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα,  
 νῦν δ' ὄντα δούλον, στιβάδα πρὸς χαμαιπετῆ  
 πέτρινά τε κρήδεμν', ὡς πεσοῦσ' ἀποφθαρῶ  
 510 δακρύοις καταξανθεῖσα. τῶν δ' εὐδαιμόνων  
 μηδένα νομίζετ' εὐτυχεῖν πρὶν ἂν θάνῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμφί μοι Ἴλιον, ὦ στρ. α  
 Μοῦσα, καινῶν ὕμνων  
 ἄεισον ἐν δακρύοις  
 ὧδ' ἀν' ἐπικήδειον  
 νῦν γὰρ μέλος εἰς Τροίαν  
 ἰαχήσω,



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

No hope have I of being seen of them,  
 No, nor of seeing them for evermore.  
 And last, the topstone of my misery,  
 Old, and a slave, to Hellas shall I come; 400  
 And what tasks for mine eld are most unmeet,  
 To these will they appoint me, to keep keys,  
 A portress,—me, who gave to Hector birth!—  
 Or knead their bread, and couch upon the  
 ground

The wasted form that knew a royal bed,  
 With tattered rags to clothe my shrunken frame,  
 Vesture unmeet for those oncc throned in bliss.  
 Woe!—for one lover of one adulteress  
 What have I borne?—what am I yet to bear?  
 O child Cassandra, bacchant-fellow of Gods, 500  
 Mid what disaster ends thy virgin state!  
 And thou, ill-starred Polyxena, where art thou?  
 Nor son nor daughter, none remains to help  
 The wretched mother, of all born to her.  
 Wherefore then raise up me?—what hope is left?  
 Guide me,—who once in Troy trod delicately,  
 Who am a slave now,—to some earth-strown bed,  
 To fling me down where stones shall veil my  
 face  
 And waste in tears to death. Of all that prosper  
 Account ye no one happy ere he die. 610

### CHORUS

O Song-goddess, chant in mine ear (Str. 1)  
 The doom of mine Ilium : sing  
 Thy strange notes broken with sob and tear  
 That o'er sepulchres sigh where our dear dead lie :  
 For now through my lips outwailing clear  
 Troy's ruin-dirge shall ring,—

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

τετραβάμονος ὡς ὑπ' ἰπήνας  
 Ἄργείων ὀλόμαν τάλαινα δοριάλωτος,  
 520 ὄτ' ἔλιπον ἵππον οὐράνια  
 βρέμοντα χρυσοφάλαρον ἔνοπλον  
 ἐν πύλαις Ἀχαιοί·  
 ἀνὰ δ' ἔβόασεν λεῶς  
 Τρωάδος ἀπὸ πέτρας σταθείς·  
 ἴτ', ὦ πεπαυμένοι πόνων,  
 τόδ' ἱερὸν ἀνάγετε ξόανον  
 Ἰλιάδι Διογενεῖ κόρα.  
 τίς οὐκ ἔβα νεανίδων,  
 τίς οὐ γεραιὸς ἐκ δόμων ;  
 530 κεχαρμένοι δ' αἰοδαῖς  
 δόλιον ἔσχον ἄταν.

πᾶσα δὲ γένηνα Φρυγῶν ἀντ. α'  
 πρὸς πύλας ὠρμάθη,  
 πεύκα ἐν οὐρείᾳ  
 ξεστόν λόχον Ἄργείων  
 καὶ Δαρδανίας ἄταν  
 θεᾷ δώσω,  
 χάριν ἄζυγος ἀμβροτοπώλου  
 κλωστοῦ δ' ἀμφιβόλοις λίνιοι, ναὸς ὡσεὶ  
 σκάφος κελαινὸν εἰς ἔδρανα  
 540 λάϊνα δάπεδά τε φόνια πατρίδι  
 Παλλάδος θέσαν θεᾶς.  
 ἐν δὲ πόνῳ καὶ χαρᾷ  
 νύχιον ἐπὶ κνέφας παρῆν,

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

How the Argives' four-foot wain  
Brought me ruin with spear and with chain,  
When clashed to the sky death's armoury <sup>1</sup>  
That they left at our gates for our bane— 520  
    That gold-decked thing!  
And afar from the rock's sheer crest  
    A shout did the Troy-folk fling—  
"Come, ye that from troubles have now found rest,  
    And the sacred image bring  
    To the Ilian Maid <sup>2</sup> Zeus bare!"  
Who then of the youths but was there?  
What hoary head but from home forth sped,  
    With songs that ruin-snare  
    Encompassing? 530

Swift streamed they all to the gate,     (*Ant.* 1)  
    The children of Dardanus' line,  
With the Argives' gift to propitiate  
The Maid supreme of the deathless team <sup>3</sup>:  
And to Phrygia's curse, to the ambushed fate  
    That was pent in the mountain-pine,  
    The coils of the flax have they tied.  
    Like a dark ship on did it glide  
To the marble-gleam of the fane, with the stream  
    Of our fatherland's blood to be dyed,  
    Even Pallas' shrine. 540

Now over their toil and their glee  
    Spread black night's wings divine;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the clang of arms from within, of which the Trojans in their infatuation took no heed, as they dragged the Wooden Horse into the city. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 243.

<sup>2</sup> Pallas Athena, who sprang from the head of Zeus.

<sup>3</sup> Athena, named "Pallas of the chariot-steeds."

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

550 Λίβυς τε λωτὸς ἐκτύπει  
 Φρύγιά τε μέλαια, παρθένοι δ'  
 αἰέριον ἀνὰ κρότον ποδῶν  
 βοᾶν τ' ἔμελπον εὐφρον' ἐν  
 δόμοις δὲ παμφαῆς σέλας  
 πυρὸς μέλαιναν αἴγλαν  
 [ἄκος]<sup>1</sup> ἔδωκεν ὕπνῳ.

560 ἐγὼ δὲ τὰν ὄρεστέραν  
 τότ' ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα παρθένον,  
 Διὸς κόραν ἔμελπόμαν  
 χοροῖσι· φοινία δ' ἀνὰ  
 πτόλιν βοᾶ κατεῖχε Περ-  
 γάμων ἔδρας· βρέφη δὲ φίλι-  
 α περιπέπλους ἔβαλλε μα-  
 τρι χεῖρας ἐπτοημένας·  
 λόχου δ' ἐξέβαιν' Ἄρης,  
 κόρας ἔργα Παλλάδος.  
 σφαγαὶ δ' ἀμφιβώμοι  
 Φρυγῶν, ἐν τε δεμνίοις  
 καράτομος ἐρημία  
 νεανιῶν<sup>2</sup> στέφανον ἔφερεν  
 Ἑλλάδι κουροτρόφῳ,  
 Φρυγῶν δὲ πατρίδι πένθος.

570 Ἐκάβη, λεύσσεις τήνδ' Ἀνδρομάχην  
 ξενικοῖς ἐπ' ὄχοις πορθμεομένην  
 παρὰ δ' εἰρεσίᾳ μαστῶν ἔπεται  
 φίλος Ἀστυάναξ, Ἐκτορος ἱνις.

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by Murray.

<sup>2</sup> Bothe; for νεανιδων of MSS.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

But the flute still pealeth merrily,  
Still wreathe the dancers and twine  
The fairy-footed maze ;  
And the jubilant chant they raise ;  
And the homes glow red with the splendours shed  
From the torches, with lurid blaze  
O'er the revel that shine.

550

In that hour to the mountain Maiden, (Epode)  
Unto Artemis, Zeus's Daughter,  
Around mine halls was I singing  
In the dsnce ; but a fierce shout murder-laden  
Thrilled with foreboding of slaughter  
Pergamus' homes, and scared babes flying  
Round the skirts of their mothers their hands were  
flinging  
At that awful outcry.

Then burst forth War from the place of his hiding, 560  
From the lair that Pallas had framed forth-  
springing ; [streaming.  
Troy's altar-pavements with slaughter were  
To her couches a ghastly guest came gliding—  
A spectre of headless men, Desolation—  
To the foster-mother of warriors bringing,  
Unto Hellas, a coronal triumph-gleaming,  
And a crown of grief to the Phrygian nation.

Lo ! Andromache, Queen, draweth nigh on  
A wain of the foe borne high ;  
On her breast rocked, Hector's scion, 570  
Dear Astyanax, doth lie.

*Enter ANDROMACHE on a mule-car heaped with armour :  
her child in her arms.*

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ποι ποτ' ἀπήνης νώτοισι φέρει,  
 δύστηνε γύναι, πάρεδρος χαλκείois  
 Ἔκτορος ὄπλοis σκύλοis τε Φρυγῶν  
 δοριθηράτοis,  
 οἷσω Ἀχιλλέωσ παιῖσ Φθιώτῃσ  
 στέψει νουῖσ ἀπὸ Τροίας ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Αχαιοὶ δεσπότηαι μ' ἄγουσιν.

στρ. β'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦμοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί παιῶν' ἐμὸν στενάξεις

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τῶνδ' ἀλγέων

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

580

καὶ συμφορᾶσ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκεα,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρίν ποτ' ἦμεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βέβακ' ὄλβος, βέβακε Τροία

ἀντ. β'

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τλάμων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμῶν τ' εὐγένεια παίδων.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Whither on yon car's height dost thou ride,  
O hapless wife, with the arms at thy side  
Of Hector, and Phrygian battle-gear,  
The spoil of the spear,  
Wherewith that son of Achilles shall deck  
The shrines of Phthia from Phrygia's wreck ?

ANDROMACHE

Achaean's our masters to bondage are haling me. (Str. 2)

HECUBA

Woe !

ANDROMACHE

Why dost thou chant my pæan of misery—

HECUBA

Alas !—

ANDROMACHE

For my burden of woe,—

HECUBA

O Zeus !—

ANDROMACHE

For the anguish I know ?

580

HECUBA

Ah children !

ANDROMACHE

No more are we !

HECUBA

Gone is the olden prosperity, Troy is no more ! (Ant. 2)

ANDROMACHE

Ah hapless !

HECUBA

Gone are the hero-sons that I bore !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ δῆτ' ἐμῶν

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ τύχα

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόλεος,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἃ καπνοῦται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μόλοις, ὦ πόσις, μοι,

στρ. γ'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βοᾶς τὸν παρ' Ἄϊδα  
παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὦ μελέα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

590 σᾶς δάμαρτος ἄλκαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σύ τ', ὦ λῦμ' Ἀχαιῶν,  
τέκνων δῆποτ' ἀμῶν  
πρεσβυγενὲς Πρίαμω,  
κοίμισαί μ' ἐς Ἄϊδου.<sup>1</sup>

ἀντ. γ'

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἶδε πόθοι μεγάλοι σχετλία, τάδε πάσχομεν  
ἄλγη,  
οἰχομένας πόλεως, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλγεσιw ἄλγεα κείται  
δυσφροσύναισι θεῶν, ὅτε σὸς γόνος ἔκφυγεν  
Ἄϊδαν,

<sup>1</sup> Paley and Tyrrell's reading adopted: for δέσποθ . .  
Πρίαμω of MSS.



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ANDROMACHE

Woe!—

HECUBA

For griefs—

ANDROMACHE

On mine head that fall!

HECUBA

Ah the pity—

ANDROMACHE

Of Ilium's wall—

HECUBA

With the smoke-pall shrouded o'er!

ANDROMACHE

Come to me, husband, now— (Str. 3)

HECUBA

Thou criest on him that is gone,  
O hapless, to Hades, my son—

ANDROMACHE

Thy wife's defender thou<sup>1</sup> 500

HECUBA

Thou on whom did Achaeans heap (Ant. 3)  
Outrage, whom eldest I bare  
Unto Priam in days that were,  
To thine Hades receive me to sleep.

ANDROMACHE

Sore are our yearnings, sharp anguish is come on us,  
O sorrow-stricken!  
Ruined our city is; cloud upon cloud do our miseries  
thicken,  
Sent by the hate of the Gods, since thy son was from  
Hades delivered,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Paris, spared at his birth, in spite of the prophecy that he should ruin Troy.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ὅς λεχέων στυγερῶν χάριν ὤλεσε πέργαμα  
Τροίας.

αἵματόεντα δὲ θεᾷ παρὰ Παλλάδι σώματα νεκρῶν  
γυνψὶ φέρειν τέταται· ζυγὰ δ' ἤνυσε δούλια  
800 Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ πατρίς ὦ μελέα, καταλειπομένην σε δακρῶν,  
νῦν τέλος οἰκτρὸν ὄρᾳς, καὶ ἐμὸν δόμον ἐνθ'  
ἐλοχεύθη.

† ὦ τέκν', ἐρημόπολις μάτηρ ἀπολείπεται ὑμῶν,  
οἶος ἰάλεμος οἶά τε πένθη  
δάκρυνά τ' ἐκ δακρῶν καταλείβεται  
ἀμετέροισι δόμοις· ὁ θανῶν δ' ἐπι-  
λάθεται ἀλγέων ἀδάκρυτος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἤδ' ἰδὼν δάκρυα τοῖς κακῶς πεπραγόσι  
θρήνων τ' ὄδυρμοὶ μοῦσά θ' ἢ λύπας ἔχει.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

610 ὦ μήτηρ ἀνδρός, ὅς ποτ' Ἀργείων δορὶ  
πλείστοις διώλεσ', Ἔκτορος, τὰδ' εἰσορᾷς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὄρῳ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, ὡς τὰ μὲν πυργούσ' ἄνω  
τὰ μηδὲν ὄντα, τὰ δὲ δοκοῦντ' ἀπώλεσαν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀγόμεθα λεία σὺν τέκνῳ, τὸ δ' εὐγενὲς  
εἰς δοῦλον ἤκει, μεταβολὰς τοιάσδ' ἔχον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὸ τῆς ἀνάγκης δεινόν· ἄρτι κἀπ' ἐμοῦ  
βέβηκ' ἀποσπασθεῖσα Κασάνδρα βία.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

He for whose bridal accurst were the bulwarks of  
Ilium shivered. [that crowd her,  
Pallas the Goddess is left amid corpses blood-boultered  
Spoil for the vultures, and Troy 'neath the yoke-band  
of thralldom hath bowed her. 600

HECUBA

Fatherland, hapless, I weep thee, who now, of our  
faces forlorn,  
Seest the pitiful end, and mine home where my  
children were born. [going—  
Children, bereft of my city am I, and from me are ye  
How wild is our wailing, our woe how deep !  
Tears upon tears are flowing, flowing, [knowing  
Mid our desolate homes :—the dead only, un-  
Of sorrow, forget to weep.

CHORUS

How sweet unto afflicted souls are tears,  
Lamentings, and the chant with sorrow fraught !

ANDROMACHE

Mother of hero Hector, whose spear slew 610  
In days past many an Argive, seest thou this ?

HECUBA

I see the Gods' work, who exalt on high  
That which was naught, and bring the proud names  
low.

ANDROMACHE

I with my child a spoil am haled ; high birth  
Hath come to bondage—ah the change, the change !

HECUBA

Mighty is fate :—from mine arms too but now  
By violence torn Cassandra passed away.

405

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ

ἄλλος τις Αἴας, ὡς ἔοικε, δεύτερος  
παιδὸς πέφηνε σῆς· νοσεῖς δὲ χᾶτερα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

620

ὦν γ' οὔτε μέτρον οὔτ' ἀριθμὸς ἐστὶ μοι  
κακῷ κακὸν γὰρ εἰς ἄμειλλαν ἔρχεται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τέθνηκέ σοι παῖς πρὸς τάφῳ Πολυξένη  
σφαγεῖσ' Ἀχιλλέως, δῶρον ἀψύχῳ νεκρῷ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶ γὰρ τάλαινα. τοῦτ' ἐκεῖνό μοι πάλαι  
Ταλθύβιος αἶνυγμ' οὐ σαφῶς εἶπεν σαφές.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἶδόν νιν αὐτῇ κάποβάσα τῶνδ' ὄχων  
ἔκρυσσα πέπλοις κάπεκοψάμην νεκρόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαί, τέκνον, ὄων ἀνοσίων προσφαγμάτων  
αἰαί μάλ' αὖθις, ὡς κακῶς διόλλυσαι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

630

ὄλωλεν ὡς ὄλωλεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐμοῦ  
ζώσης γ' ὄλωλεν εὐτυχεστέρω πότμῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ ταῦτόν, ὦ παῖ, τῷ βλέπειν τὸ κατθανεῖν  
τὸ μὲν γὰρ οὐδέν, τῷ δ' ἔνεισιν ἐλπίδες.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ μήτηρ, ὦ τεκοῦσα, κάλλιστον λόγον  
ἄκουσον, ὡς σοι τέρψιν ἐμβάλω φρενί.  
τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι τῷ θανεῖν ἴσον λέγω,  
τοῦ ζῆν δὲ λυπρῶς κρεῖσσόν ἐστι κατθανεῖν.  
ἀλγεί γὰρ οὐδέν τῶν κακῶν ἤσθημένος·  
ὁ δ' εὐτυχήσας εἰς τὸ δυστυχές πεσὼν

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ANDROMACHE

Alas and alas!  
Meseems a second Aias for thy child  
Hath risen. Yet hast thou more afflictions still,—

HECUBA

Measure nor numbering whereof I know ;                   620  
For ill to rival ill comes evermore.

ANDROMACHE

Slain 'at Achilles' tomb, Polyxena  
Thy child is dead, a gift to a lifeless corpse.

HECUBA

O wretched I!—The riddle this that erst  
Talthybius spake, not clearly—oh, too clear!

ANDROMACHE

Myself beheld : I lighted from this car,  
Veiled with my robes the corse, and smote my breast.

HECUBA

Woe's me, my child, for thine unhallowed slaughter!  
Woe yet again! How foully hast thou died!

ANDROMACHE

She hath died—as she hath died : yet by a fate                   630  
More blest than mine, who yet live, hath she died.

HECUBA

Not one, my child, with sight of day is death ;  
For that is naught, in this is space for hope.

ANDROMACHE

Mother, O mother, a fairer, truer word  
Hear, that I may with solace touch thine heart :—  
To have been unborn I count as one with death ;  
But better death than life in bitterness.  
No pain feels death, which hath no sense of ills :  
But who hath prospered, and hath fallen on woe,

- 640 ψυχὴν ἀλάτῃ τῆς πάροιθ' εὐπραξίας.  
 κείνη δ' ὁμοίως ὥσπερ οὐκ ἰδοῦσα φῶς  
 τέθνηκε, κούδεν οἶδε τῶν αὐτῆς κακῶν.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοξεύσασα τῆς εὐδοξίας  
 λαχοῦσα πλείστον τῆς τύχης ἡμάρτανον,  
 ἃ γὰρ γυναιξὶ σῶφρον' ἔσθ' ἠύρημένα,  
 ταῦτ' ἐξεμόχθουν Ἕκτορος κατὰ στέγας.  
 πρῶτον μὲν, ἔνθα—κἂν προσῆ κἂν μὴ προσῆ  
 ψόγος γυναιξίν—αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐφέλκεται  
 κακῶς ἀκούειν, ἥτις οὐκ ἔνδον μένει,  
 650 τούτου παρῆσα πόθον ἔμμυνον ἐν δόμοις·  
 εἶσω τε μελάθρων κομψὰ θηλειῶν ἔπη  
 οὐκ εἰσεφρούμην, τὸν δὲ νοῦν διδάσκαλον  
 οἴκοθεν ἔχουσα χρηστὸν ἐξήρκουν ἐμοί.  
 γλώσσης τε σιγῆν ὄμμα θ' ἤσυχον πόσει  
 παρῆχον· ἦδη δ' ἀμὲ χρῆν νικᾶν πόσιν,  
 κείνῳ τε νίκην ὧν ἐχρῆν παριέναι.  
 καὶ τῶνδε κληδῶν εἰς στρατεύμ' Ἀχαικὸν  
 ἔλθοῦσ' ἀπώλεσέν μ'· ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἠρέθην,  
 Ἄχιλλέως με παῖς ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν  
 660 δάμαρτα· δουλεύσω δ' ἐν ἀύθεντῶν δόμοις.  
 κεῖ μὲν παρώσασ' Ἕκτορος φίλον κἄρα  
 πρὸς τὸν παρόντα πόσιν ἀναπτύξω φρένα,  
 κακῆ φανούμαι τῷ θανόντι· τόνδε δ' αὖ  
 στυγοῦσ' ἐμαντῆς δεσπότηαι μισήσομαι.  
 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς μί' εὐφροῖνῃ χαλᾶ  
 τὸ δυσμενὲς γυναικὸς εἰς ἀνδρὸς λέχος·  
 ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτήν, ἥτις ἄνδρα τὸν πάρος  
 καινοῖσι λέκτροις ἀποβαλοῦσ' ἄλλον φιλεῖ.  
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲ πῶλος ἥτις ἂν διαζυγῆ  
 670 τῆς συντραφείσης, ῥαδίως ἔλξει ζυγόν.  
 καίτοι τὸ θηριῶδες ἄφθογγόν τ' ἔφθ

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Forlorn of soul strays far from olden bliss. 640  
 Thy child, as though she ne'er had looked on  
 light,

Is dead, and nothing knoweth of her ills.  
 But I, who drew my bow at fair repute,  
 Won overmeasure, yet fair fortune missed.  
 All virtuous fame that women e'er have found,  
 This was my quest, my gain, 'neath Hector's roof.  
 First—be the woman smirched with other stain,  
 Or be she not—this very thing shall bring  
 Ill fame, if one abide not in the home :

So banished I such craving, kept the house : 650  
 Within my bowers I suffered not to come

The tinsel-talk of women, lived content  
 To be in virtue schooled by mine own heart ;  
 With silent tongue, with quiet eye, still met  
 My lord : knew in what matters I should rule,  
 And where 'twas meet to yield him victory :  
 Whereof the fame to the Achaean host  
 Reached, for my ruin ; for, when I was ta'en,  
 Achilles' son would have me for his wife —  
 His slave in mine own husband's murderers'

halls! 660

If from mine heart I thrust my love, mine Hector,  
 And to this new lord ope the doors thereof,  
 I shall be traitress to the dead : but if  
 I loathe this prince, shall win my masters' hate.  
 And yet one night, say they, unknits the knot  
 Of woman's hate of any husband's couch !  
 I scorn the wife who flings her sometime lord  
 Away, and on a new couch loves another !  
 Not even the steed, from her stall-mate disyoked,  
 Will with a willing spirit draw the yoke ; 670  
 Yet speech nor understanding in the brute

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ξυνέσει τ' ἄχρηστον τῇ φύσει τε λείπεται.  
 σὲ δ', ὦ φίλ' Ἕκτορ, εἶχον ἄνδρ' ἀρκοῦντά μοι  
 ξυνέσει, γένοι, πλούτῳ τε κἀνδρείαά μέγαν  
 ἀκήρατον δέ μ' ἐκ πατρὸς λαβῶν δομῶν  
 πρῶτος τὸ παρθενεῖον ἐξεύξω λεχός.  
 καὶ νῦν ὄλωλας μὲν σὺ, ναυσθλοῦμαι δ' ἐγὼ  
 πρὸς Ἑλλάδ' αἰχμάλωτος εἰς δούλον ζυγόν.  
 ἄρ' οὐκ ἐλάσσω τῶν ἐμῶν ἠγεῖ κακῶν  
 680 Πολυξένης ὄλεθρον, ἦν καταστένεις ;  
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ὃ πᾶσι λείπεται βροτοῖς  
 ξυνεστων ἐλπίς, οὐδὲ κλέπτομαι φρένας  
 πράξειν τι κεδνόν· ἠδὲ δ' ἐστὶ καὶ δοκεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτόν ἤκεις συμφορᾶς· θρηνοῦσα δὲ  
 τὸ σὸν διδάσκεις μ' ἐνθα πημάτων κυρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐτὴ μὲν οὔπω ναὸς εἰσέβην σκάφος,  
 γραφῆ δ' ἰδοῦσα καὶ κλύουσ' ἐπίσταμαι.  
 ναῦταις γὰρ ἦν μὲν μέτριος ἢ χειμῶν φέρειν,  
 προθυμίαν ἔχουσι σωθῆναι πόνων,  
 690 ὃ μὲν παρ' οἴαχ', ὃ δ' ἐπὶ λαίφεσιν βεβῶς,  
 ὃ δ' ἄντλον εἶργων ναός· ἦν δ' ὑπερβάλῃ  
 πολὺς ταραχθεῖς πόντος, ἐνδόντες τύχῃ  
 παρεῖσαν αὐτοὺς κυμάτων δρομήμασιν.  
 οὔτω δὲ κἀγὼ πόλλ' ἔχουσα πῆματα  
 ἄφθογγός εἰμι καὶ παρεῖσ' ἐὼ στόμα·  
 νικᾷ γὰρ οὐκ θεῶν με δύστηνος κλύδων.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, τὰς μὲν Ἕκτορος τύχας  
 ἔασον· οὐ γὰρ δάκρυα νιν σώσει τὰ σά·  
 τίμα δὲ τὸν παρόντα δεσπότην σέθεν,  
 700 φίλον διδοῦσα δέλεαρ ἀνδρὶ σῶν τρόπων.  
 κἂν δρᾶς τὰδ', εἰς τὸ κοινὸν εὐφρανεῖς φίλους



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Is found, whose nature lags behind the man.  
Thou, O mine Hector, wast my fitting mate  
In birth and wisdom, mighty in wealth and valour.  
Stainless from my sire's halls thou tookest me,  
And first didst yoke with thine my maiden couch.  
Now hast thou perished : sea-borne I shall be,  
Spear-won, to Hellas, unto thralldom's yoke.  
Hath not the doom then of Polyxena,  
Whom thou lamentest, lesser ills than mine ? 680  
With me not even is hope, which lingers last  
With all ; nor with far vision of good I cheat  
Mine heart, though sweet thereof the day-dream  
were.

### CHORUS

Even as mine is thy calamity :  
Thy wail doth teach me all my depth of woes.

### HECUBA

Though never yet I stepped aboard a ship,  
From pictures seen and hearsay know I this,  
That, if there lie a storm not passing great  
On mariners, for deliverance all bestir them :  
This standeth by the helm, that by the sail ; 690  
That baileth ship : but if the sea's full flood  
In turmoil overwhelm them, cowed by fate  
To the waves' driving they commit themselves.  
So I withal, though many a woe is mine,  
Am dumb, and I refrain my lips from speech,  
For the Gods' misery-surge o'er-mastereth me.  
But, dear my daughter, let be Hector's fate,  
Seeing no tears of thine shall ransom him ;  
But honour him that is to-day thy lord,  
Tendering the sweet lure of thy winsomeness. 700  
If this thou do, thy friends shall share thy joy,

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

καὶ παῖδα τόνδε παιδὸς ἐκθρέψειας ἀν  
 Τροίᾳ μέγιστον ὠφέλημ', ἐν οἷ<sup>1</sup> ποτε  
 ἐκ σοῦ γενόμενοι παῖδες ὕστερον πάλιν  
 κατοικίσειαν, καὶ πόλις γένοιτ' ἔτι.  
 ἀλλ' ἐκ λόγου γὰρ ἄλλος ἐκβαίνει λόγος,  
 τί ν' αὖ δέδορκα τόνδ' Ἀχαιῶν λάτρην  
 στείχοντα καινῶν ἀγγελον βουλευμάτων ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

710

Φρυγῶν ἀρίστου πρὶν ποθ' Ἔκτορος δάμαρ,  
 μῆ' ἐμὲ στυγῆσης· οὐχ ἑκὼν γὰρ ἀγγελῶ  
 Δαναῶν τε κοινὰ Πελοπιδῶν τ' ἀγγέλματα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; ὧς μοι φροϊμίῳν ἄρχει κακῶν.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἔδοξε τόνδε παῖδα—πῶς εἶπω λόγον ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μῶν οὐ τὸν αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἡμῖν ἔχειν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐδεὶς Ἀχαιῶν τοῦδε δεσπόσει ποτέ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' αὐτὸν λείψανον Φρυγῶν λιπεῖν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως σοι ῥαδίως εἶπω κακά.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἐπήνεσ' αἰδῶ, πλὴν εἴαν λέγῃς καλά.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

κτενοῦσι σὸν παῖδ', ὧς πύθη κακὸν μέγα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

720

οἴμοι, γάμων τόδ' ὧς κλύω μείζον κακόν.

<sup>1</sup> of Paley ; MSS. εἰ ; Murray ἰν'—εἰ ποτε—.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

And this my son's son shalt thou rear to man,  
To Troy a mighty aid, that children born  
Of thee hereafter may in days to come  
Build her, and yet again our city rise.  
But—for a new tale followeth on the old—  
What servant of the Achaeans see I stride  
Hitherward, herald of their new resolve?

*Enter* TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

O wife of Hector, Phrygia's mightiest once,  
Abhor not me: sore loth shall I announce  
The Danaans' hest, the word of Pelops' sons.

710

ANDROMACHE

What now?—with what ill preface dost begin!

TALTHYBIUS

This child, have they decreed—how can I say it?

ANDROMACHE

Not—that he shall not have one lord with me?

TALTHYBIUS

None of Achaeans e'er shall be his lord.

ANDROMACHE

How?—here, a Phrygian remnant, shall he bide?

TALTHYBIUS

I know not gently how to break sad tidings!

ANDROMACHE

Thanks for thy shrinking, save thou bring glad tidings.

TALTHYBIUS

Thy son must die—since thou must hear the horror.

ANDROMACHE

Ah me!—a worse ill this than thraldom's couch!

720

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

νικᾶ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐν Πανέλλησιν λέγων—

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

αἰαὶ μάλ', οὐ γὰρ μέτρια πάσχομεν κακά.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

λέξας ἀρίστου παῖδα μὴ τρέφειν πατρός,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τοιαῦτα νικήσειε τῶν αὐτοῦ πέρι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ρίψαι δὲ πύργων δεῖν σφε Τρωικῶν ἄπο.  
ἀλλ' ὡς γενέσθω, καὶ σοφωτέρα φανεῖ·  
μητ' ἀντέχου τοῦδ', εὐγενῶς δ' ἄλγει κακοῖς,  
μητε σθένουσα μηδὲν ἰσχύειν δόκει.

730

ἔχεις γὰρ ἀλκὴν οὐδαμῆ· σκοπεῖν δὲ χρή  
πόλις τ' ὄλωλε καὶ πόσις, κρατεῖ δὲ σύ,  
ἡμῖν δὲ πῶς γυναῖκα μάρασθαι μίαν<sup>1</sup>  
οἶόν τε ; τούτων εἵνεκ' οὐ μάχης ἐρᾶν  
οὐδ' αἰσχρὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἐπίφθονόν σε δρᾶν,  
οὐδ' αὖ σ' Ἀχαιοῖς βούλομαι ρίπτειν ἄρας.  
εἰ γὰρ τι λέξεις ᾧ χολώσεται στρατός,  
οὐτ' ἂν ταφείη παῖς ὄδ' οὐτ' οἴκτου τύχοι.  
σιγῶσα δ' εὐ τε ταῖς τύχαις κεχηρμένη  
τὸν τοῦδε νεκρὸν οὐκ ἄθαπτον ἂν λίποις,  
αὐτὴ τ' Ἀχαιῶν πρεμνευσετέρων τύχοις.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

740

ὦ φίλτατ', ὦ περισσὰ τιμηθεῖς τέκνον,  
θανεῖ πρὸς ἐχθρῶν μητέρ' ἀθλίαν λιπῶν.  
ἢ τοῦ πατρὸς δέ σ' εὐγένει' ἀπώλεσεν,  
ἢ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις γίγνεται σωτηρία,  
τὸ δ' ἐσθλὸν οὐκ εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε σοι πατρος.

<sup>1</sup> Nauck's emendation for ἡμεῖς τε πρὸς . . . οἶοί τε.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Odysseus' speech to assembled Greeks prevailed—

ANDROMACHE

O God ! O God ! what measureless ill is mine !

TALTHYBIUS

Warning them not to rear a hero's son.

ANDROMACHE

May like rede dooming sons of his prevail !

TALTHYBIUS

He must be hurled from battlements of Troy.  
Nay, let this be, so wiser shalt thou show,  
Nor cling to him, but queenlike bear thy pain,  
Nor, being strengthless, dream that thou art strong.  
For nowhere hast thou help: needs must thou  
mark—

City and lord are gone ; thou art held in thrall ;      730  
How can one woman fight against our host ?  
Wherefore I would not see thee set on strife,  
Nor doing aught should breed thee shame or spite,  
Nor on the Achaeans hurling malisons.  
For, if to wrath thy words shall rouse the host,  
This child shall find no burial, no, nor ruth.  
Nay, hold thy peace, and meekly bow to fate ;  
So not unburied shalt thou leave his corse,  
And kindlier the Achaeans shalt thou find.

ANDROMACHE

O darling child, O prized above all price,      740  
Thou must leave thy poor mother, die by foes !  
Thy father's heroism ruineth thee,  
Which unto others was deliverance.  
Ill-timed thy father's prowess was for thee !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ὦ λέκτρα τάμ' ἀδυστυχῆ τε καὶ γάμοι,  
 οἷς ἦλθον εἰς μέλαθρον Ἐκτορός ποτε,  
 οὐ σφάγιον υἱὸν Δαναΐδαις τέξουσ' ἐμόν,  
 ἀλλ' ὡς τύραννον Ἀσιάδος πολυσπόρου.  
 750 ὦ παῖ, δακρύνεις; αἰσθάνει κακῶν σέθεν;  
 τί μου δέδραξαι χερσὶ κἀντέχει πέπλων,  
 νεοσσὸς ὡσεὶ πτέρυγας εἰσπίτνων ἐμάς;  
 οὐκ εἰσιν Ἐκτωρ κλεινὸν ἀρπάσας δόρυ,  
 γῆς ἐξανελθῶν, σοὶ φέρων σωτηρίαν,  
 οὐ συγγένεια πατρός, οὐκ ἰσχὺς Φρυγῶν.  
 λυγρὸν δὲ πήδημ' εἰς τράχηλον ὑψόθεν  
 πεσῶν ἀνοίκτως, πνεῦμ' ἀπορρήξεις σέθεν  
 ὦ νέον ὑπαγκάλισμα μητρὶ φίλτατον,  
 ὦ χρωτὸς ἠδὺ πνεῦμα· διὰ κενῆς ἄρα  
 760 ἐν σπαργάνοις σε μαστὸς ἐξέθρεψ' ὄδε,  
 μάτην δ' ἐμόχθου καὶ κατεξάνθη πόνους.  
 νῦν, οὔ ποτ' αὖθις, μητέρ' ἀσπάζου σέθεν,  
 πρόσπιπτε τὴν τεκούσαν, ἄμφι δ' ὠλένας  
 ἔλισσ' ἐμοῖς νότοισι καὶ στόμ' ἄρμοσον.  
 ὦ βάρβαρ' ἐξευρόντες Ἕλληνας κακά,  
 τί τόνδε παῖδα κτείνειτ' οὐδὲν αἴτιον;  
 ὦ Τυνδάρειον ἔρνος, οὔ ποτ' εἰ Διός,  
 πολλῶν δὲ πατέρων φημί σ' ἐκπεφυκέναι,  
 Ἄλαστορος μὲν πρώτου, εἶτα δὲ Φθόνου,  
 770 Φόνου τε Θανάτου θ', ὅσα τε γῆ τρέφει κακά.  
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἀνχῶ Ζῆν' ἀ γ' ἐκφῦσαι σ' ἐγώ,  
 πολλοῖσι κῆρα βαρβάροις Ἕλλησὶ τε.  
 ὄλοιο· καλλίστων γὰρ ὀμμάτων ἄπο  
 αἰσχρῶς τὰ κλεινὰ πεδί' ἀπώλεσας Φρυγῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε, φέρετε, ῥίπτειτ', εἰ ῥίπτειν δοκεῖ·  
 δαίνυσθε τοῦδε σάρκας. ἔκ τε γὰρ θεῶν  
 διολλύμεσθα, παιδί τ' οὐ δυναίμεθ' ἄν

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

O bridal mine and union evil-starred,  
Whereby I came, time was, to Hector's hall,  
Not as to bear a babe for Greeks to slay,  
Nay, but a king for Asia's fruitful land !  
Child, dost thou weep?—dost comprehend thy  
doom ?

Why with thine hands clutch, clinging to my robe, 750  
Like fledgling fleeing to nestle 'neath my wings ?  
No Hector, glorious spear in grip, shall rise  
From earth, and bringing thee deliverance come,  
No kinsman of thy sire, no might of Phrygians ;  
But, falling from on high with horrible plunge,  
Unpitied shalt thou dash away thy breath.

O tender nursling, sweet to mother, sweet !  
O balmy breath !—in vain and all in vain  
This breast in swaddling-bands hath nurtured thee.  
Vainly I travailed and was spent with toils ! 760  
Now, and no more for ever, kiss thy mother,  
Fling thee on her that bare thee, twine thine arms  
About my waist, and lay thy lips to mine.

O Greeks who have found out cruelties un-Greek,  
Why slay this child who is guiltless wholly of  
wrong ?

O Tyndareus' child, no child of Zeus art thou !  
Nay, but of many sires I name thee born :  
Child of the Haunting Curse, of Envy child,  
Of Murder, Death, of all earth-nurtured plagues !  
Thee never Zeus begat, I dare avouch, 770  
A curse to many a Greek, barbarians many !  
Now ruin seize thee, who by thy bright eyes  
Fouly hast wasted Phrygia's glorious plains !  
Take him—bear hence, and hurl, if hurl ye will ;—  
Then on his flesh feast ! For we perish now  
By the Gods' doom, and cannot shield one child

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

θάνατον ἀρήξαι. κρύπτει' ἄθλιον δέμας  
καὶ ῥίπτει' εἰς ναῦν· ἐπὶ καλὸν γὰρ ἔρχομαι  
ὕμναιον, ἀπολέσασα τοῦμαντῆς τέκνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

780 τάλαινα Τροία, μυρίους ἀπώλεσας  
μᾶς γυναικὸς καὶ λέχους στυγνοῦ χάριν.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἄγε παῖ, φίλιον πρόσπτυγμα μεθεῖς  
μητρὸς μογεράς, βαῖνε πατρώϊον  
πύργων ἐπ' ἄκρας στεφάνας, ὅθι σοι  
πνεῦμα μεθεῖναι ψῆφος ἐκράνθη.  
λαμβάνει' αὐτόν, τὰ δὲ τοιάδε χρή  
κηρυκεύειν, ὅστις ἄνοικτος  
καὶ ἀναιδεία τῆς ἡμετέρας  
γνώμης μᾶλλον φίλος ἐστίν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

790 ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ παιδὸς μογεροῦ,  
συλῶμεθα σὴν ψυχὴν ἀδίκως  
μήτηρ καὶ γῶ. τί πάθω ; τί σ' ἐγώ,  
δύσμορε, δράσω ; τὰδε σοι δίδομεν  
πλήγματα κρατὸς στέρνων τε κόπους·  
τῶνδε γὰρ ἄρχομεν· οἱ γὰρ πόλεως,  
οἴμοι δὲ σέθεν· τί γὰρ οὐκ ἔχομεν ;  
τίνος ἐνδέομεν μὴ οὐ πανσυδία  
χωρεῖν ὀλέθρου διὰ παντός ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μελισσοτρόφου Σαλαμίνος, ὃ βασιλεῦ Τελαμών, στρ. α'  
800 νᾶσον περικύμονος οἰκήσας ἔδραν



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

From death. O hide this wretched body of mine,  
Yea, cast into a ship. To a bridal fair  
Have I attained—I, who have lost my son !

CHORUS

O hapless Troy, who hast lost unnumbered sons 780  
All for one woman's sake, one couch abhorred !

TALTHYBIUS

Come, child, from thy woeful mother's clasp  
Break away: to the height of the coronal fare  
Of thy towers ancestral; for thy last gasp,  
As the doom hath decreed, must be rendered  
there.

Lay hold on him:—his should such heralding be  
Who is made without pity, whose breast doth bear  
A spirit more ruthless, that hateth to spare,  
More than the spirit that dwelleth in me !

[*Exeunt* ANDROMACHE, and TALTHYBIUS  
with ASTYANAX.

HECUBA

O child, O son of mine ill-starred son, 790  
Unrighteously reft thy life is gone  
From thy mother and me! What life shall I live?  
What do for thee, hapless one? All we can give  
Are smitings of heads, and on breasts blows rained:  
These only be ours! Woe's me for our town  
And for thee! What scathe is of us unattained?  
What lack we to hold us from fell destruction's  
nethermost hell—

From the swift plunge down ?

CHORUS

O Telamon, king of the land where the wing of the  
bee flits aye round Salamis' shore,— (*Str. I*)  
Who didst make thee a home in the isle with the foam  
of the sea ringed round and the surges' roar, 800

419

EE 2

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

τᾶς ἐπικεκλιμένας ὄχθοις ἱεροῖς, ἕν' ἔλαιας  
 πρῶτον ἔδειξε κλάδον γλαυκᾶς Ἀθήνας,  
 οὐράνιον στέφανον λιπαραῖσι τε κοσμον Ἀθήναις,  
 ἔβας τῷ τοξοφόρῳ συναρι-  
 στεύων ἄμ' Ἀλκμήνας γόνυ  
 Ἴλιον Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσων πόλιν ἀμετέραν  
 τὸ πάροιθεν ἴδ' ἔβας ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος,

ἀντ. α'

810 ὄθ' Ἑλλάδος ἄγαγε πρῶτον ἄνθος ἀτυζόμενος  
 πῶλων, Σιμόεντι δ' ἐπ' εὐρείῃα πλάταν  
 ἔσχασε ποντοπόρον καὶ ναύδεται ἀνήψατο πρυμνῶν  
 καὶ χερὸς εὐστοχίαν ἐξείλε ναῶν,  
 Λαομέδοντι φόνον· κανόνων δὲ τυκίσματα Φοίβου  
 πυρὸς φοίνικι πνοᾷ καθελῶν  
 Τροίας ἐπόρθησε χθόνα,  
 δις δὲ δυοῖν πιτύλοιν τείχη περὶ Δαρδανίας  
 φονία κατέλυσεν αἰχμῆ.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Which over the tide looketh up to the pride of the  
hallowèd heights whose ridge first bore,  
At Athena's hest, in the lordship-test, the  
olive grey,  
A crown heaven-high, whose radiancy bright Athens  
to bind her brows hath ta'en,—  
Brother-chief didst thou go with the lord of the bow,  
with the son of Alcmena, over the main<sup>1</sup>  
Unto Ilium bound, to raze to the ground our city,  
devising our Ilium's bane,  
When from Hellas afar thou didst wend to the  
war in the olden day,

(*Ant. I*)

When the flower of the land from Hellas' strand he  
led, whose wrath was enkindled sore  
For the steeds denied; and he stayed beside fair-  
rippling Simois' flood the oar  
Through the paths that had plashed of the sea, and  
lashed the great stern-hawsers to earth's firm  
floor, [unerring eye,  
And bare from the ship the bow in his grip  
A deadly thing to the traitor king; and the walls  
plummet-levelled of Phoebus in vain  
With the fierce red blast of the fire he cast to earth,  
and he harried the Trojan plain:  
Yea, twice did it fall that the coronal of Dardanus'  
towers, by spear-strokes twain [lay.  
Shattered and rent, all blood-besprent in ruin

810

<sup>1</sup> Zeus gave to Laomedon, father of Ganymede, a team of immortal chariot-steeds. When the land was wasted by a dragon, the king promised these horses to Hercules, if he would slay it, but afterwards withheld the reward. So Hercules sailed against Troy with a Hellene host and destroyed it.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

- 820 μάταν ἄρ', ὧ χρυσέαισιν  
 ἐν οἰνοχόαισιν ἄβρα βάλων,  
 Λαιομεδόντιε παῖ,  
 Ζανὸς ἔχεις κυλίκων  
 πλήρωμα, καλλίσταν λατρείαν·  
 ἃ δέ σε γειναμένα πυρὶ δαίεται·  
 ἠῖονες δ' ἄλλαι  
 ἰαχούσ'· οἶον δ' ὑπὲρ<sup>1</sup>
- 830 οἰωνὸς τεκέων βοᾷ,  
 αἱ μὲν εὐνάς, αἱ δὲ παῖδας,  
 αἱ δὲ ματέρας γεραιάς.  
 τὰ δὲ σὰ δροσόεντα λουτρὰ  
 γυμνασίων τε δρόμοι  
 βεβᾶσι· σὺ δὲ πρόσωπα νεα-  
 ρὰ χάρισι παρὰ Διὸς θρόνοις  
 καλλιγάλανα τρέφεις·  
 Πριάμοιο δὲ γαῖαν  
 Ἑλλάς ὤλεσ' αἰχμᾶ.
- 840 Ἔρωσ Ἔρωσ, ὃς τὰ Δαρ-  
 δάνεια μέλαθρά ποτ' ἤλθες  
 οὐρανίδασι μέλων  
 ὡς τότε μὲν μεγάλως  
 Τροίαν ἐπύργωσας, θεοῖσιν  
 κῆδος ἀναψύμενος. τὸ μὲν οὖν Διὸς  
 οὐκέτ' ὄνειδος ἐρῶ  
 τὸ τὰς δὲ λευκοπτέρου  
 Ἀμέρας φίλιον βροτοῖς
- 850 φέγγος ὄλοον εἶδε γαῖαν,  
 εἶδε περγύμων ὄλεθρον,

<sup>1</sup> Dindorf : for *ταχον οἶον οἰωνὸς ὑπὲρ* of MSS.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

In vain, O thou who art pacing now with delicate  
feet where the chalices shine (Str. 2) 820

All-golden, O Laomedon's heir,  
Is the office thine to brim with the wine  
The goblets of Zeus, a service fair,—  
And the land of thy birth in devouring flame is  
rolled'

From her brine-dashed beaches a crying is heard,  
Where wail her daughters,—as shrieketh the bird  
O'er the nest of her brood left cold,— 830  
For their lost lords some, for their children's  
doom

These, those for their mothers old.  
Gone are the cool baths dewy-plashing,  
And the courses where raced thy feet white-flashing:—  
But thou, with thy young face glory-litten  
With the beauty of peace, by the throne dost  
stand

Of Zeus,—and the Hellene spear hath smitten  
Priam's land!

(Ant. 2)  
O Love, O Love, who didst brood above Dardanian  
halls in the olden days, 844

Thrilling the hearts of abiders in heaven,  
Unto what high place didst thou then upraise  
Troy, when to her was affinity given  
With the Gods by thee!—But the dealings of Zeus  
shall my tongue

Attaint no more with the breath of blame:  
But the light of Aurora, the white-winged flame  
Held dear all mortals among,  
With baleful beam did on Troyland gleam, 850  
And her towers saw ruinward flung,

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

τεκνοποιὸν ἔχουσα τᾶσδε  
 γᾶς πόσιν ἐν θαλάμοις,  
 ὃν ἀστέρων τέθριππος ἔλα-  
 βε χρύσεος ὄχος ἀναρπάσας,  
 ἐλπίδα γὰρ πατρίᾳ  
 μεγάλαν τὰ θεῶν δὲ  
 φίλτρα φρούδα Τροία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

- 860 ὦ καλλιφεγγὲς ἡλίου σέλας τόδε,  
 ἐν ᾧ δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν χειρώσομαι  
 Ἑλένη· ὁ γὰρ δὴ πολλὰ μοχθήσας ἐγὼ  
 Μενελάος εἰμι καὶ στράτευμ' Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἦλθον δὲ Τροίαν οὐχ ὅσον δοκούσιν με  
 γυναικὸς εἶνεκ', ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἀνδρ' ὃς ἐξ ἐμῶν  
 δόμων δάμαρτα ξεναπάτης ἐλήσατο.  
 κείνος μὲν οὖν ἔδωκε σὺν θεοῖς δίκην  
 αὐτός τε καὶ γῆ δορὶ πεσοῦσ' Ἑλληνικῶ.  
 ἦκω δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν, οὐ γὰρ ἠδέως  
 870 ὄνομα δάμαρτος ἢ ποτ' ἦν ἐμὴ λέγω,  
 ἄξων· δόμοις γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἐν αἰχμαλωτικοῖς  
 κατηρίθμηται Τρωάδων ἄλλων μέτα.  
 οἵπερ γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐξεμόχθησαν δορὶ,  
 κτανεῖν ἐμοὶ νιν ἔδοσαν, εἴτε μὴ κτανῶν  
 θέλοιν' ἄγεσθαι πάλιν ἐς Ἀργείων χθόνα.  
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἔδοξε τὸν μὲν ἐν Τροίᾳ μόνον  
 Ἑλένης εἶσαι, ναυπόρῳ δ' ἄγειν πλάτη  
 Ἑλληνίδ' εἰς γῆν κατ' ἐκεῖ δοῦναι κτανεῖν,  
 ποινὰς ὅσων τεθνήσ' ἐν Ἰλίῳ φίλοι.  
 880 ἀλλ' εἰα χωρεῖτ' εἰς δόμους, ὅπῃ οὐκ  
 κομίζετ' αὐτήν, τῆς μαιφονωτάτης  
 κόμης ἐπισπάσαντες· οὐριοι δ' ὄταν  
 πνοαὶ μόλωσι, πέμψομεν νιν Ἑλλάδα.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Albeit in bridal bower she cherished  
 A son of the land in her sight that hath perished,  
 A spouse whom a chariot of gold star-splendid  
     Ravished from earth, that this land might joy  
 In hope—nay, all lovingkindness is ended  
     Of Gods for Troy !

*Enter MENELAUS with attendants.*

MENELAUS

Hail, thou fair-shining splendour of yon sun, 860  
 Whereby I shall make capture of my wife  
 Helen,—for I am he that travailed sore,  
 I Menelaus, with the Achæan host.  
 Nor so much came I, as men deem, to Troy  
 For her, but to avenge me on the man,  
 The traitor guest who stole my wife from me.  
 He by Heaven's help hath paid the penalty,  
 He and his land, by Hellene spears laid low.  
 I come to hale the accursèd,—loth am I  
 To name her wife, who in days past was mine ;— 870  
 For in these mansions of captivity  
 Numbered she is with others, Trojan dames.  
 For they, by travail of the spear who won,  
 Gave her to me, to slay, or, an I would,  
 To slay not, but to take to Argos back.  
 And I was minded to reprieve from doom  
 Helen in Troy, but with keel-speeding oar  
 To bear to Greece, to yield her there to death,  
 Avenging all my friends in Ilium slain.  
 On, march to the pavilions, henchmen mine ; 880  
 Bring her, and by her murder-reeking hair  
 Hale forth to me : then, soon as favouring winds  
 Shall blow, to Hellas will we speed her on.

*[Exeunt attendants.*

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ γῆς ὄχημα καπὶ γῆς ἔχων ἔδραν,  
 ὅστις ποτ' εἶ σύ, δυστόπαστος εἰδέναι,  
 Ζεὺς, εἴτ' ἀνάγκη φύσεος εἶτε νοῦς βροτῶν,  
 προσηυξάμην σε· πάντα γὰρ δι' ἀψόφου  
 βαίων κελεύθου κατὰ δίκην τὰ θνήτ' ἄγεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; εὐχὰς ὡς ἐκαίνισας θεῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

890 αἰνῶ σε, Μενέλα', εἰ κτενεῖς δάμαρτα σὴν  
 ὀρῶν δὲ τήνδε, φεῦγε, μὴ σ' ἔλη πόθω.  
 αἰρεῖ γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ὄμματ', ἐξαιρεῖ πόλεις,  
 πῖμπρησι δ' οἴκους· ὧδ' ἔχει κηλήματα.  
 ἐγὼ νιν οἶδα καὶ σὺ χοῖ πεπονθότες.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, φροῖμιον μὲν ἄξιον φόβου  
 τόδ' ἔστιν· ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ προσπόλων σέθεν  
 βία πρὸ τῶνδε δωμάτων ἐκπέμπομαι.  
 ἀτὰρ σχεδὸν μὲν οἶδά σοι στυγουμενή,  
 900 ὁμῶς δ' ἐρέσθαι βούλομαι γινῶμαι τίνες  
 Ἕλλησι καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς ἀκριβὲς ἦλθες, ἀλλ' ἅπας στρατὸς  
 κτανεῖν ἐμοὶ σ' ἔδωκεν, ὄνπερ ἠδίκηεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔξεστιν οὖν πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀμείψασθαι λόγῳ,  
 ὡς οὐ δικαίως, ἦν θάνω, θανούμεθα ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς λόγους ἐλήλυθ', ἀλλὰ σε κτενῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀκουσον αὐτῆς, μὴ θάνῃ τοῦδ' ἐνδεής,  
 Μενέλαε, καὶ δὸς τοὺς ἐναντίους λόγους



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

O Earth's Upbearer, thou whose throne is Earth,  
Whoe'er thou be, O past our finding out,  
Zeus, be thou Nature's Law, or Mind of Man,  
Thee I invoke ; for, treading soundless paths,  
To Justice' goal thou bring'st all mortal things'

MENELAUS

How now ?—what strange prayer this unto the Gods ?

HECUBA

Thanks, Menelaus, if thou slay thy wife ! 890  
Yet, seeing, beware her soul-enthraling spells.  
She snareth men's eyes, she destroyeth towns,  
She burneth homes, such her enchantments are.  
I and thou know her—all who have suffered know.  
*Enter HELEN, hailed forth by attendants.*

HELEN

O Menelaus, terror-fraught to me  
This prelude is ; for by thy servants' hands  
Forth of these tents with violence am I hailed.  
But, though well-nigh I know me abhorred of thee,  
Fain would I ask what the decision is,  
Touching my life, of thee and of the Greeks 900

MENELAUS

No nicely-balanced vote—with one accord  
Thee the host gave to me, the wronged, to slay.

HELEN

May I then plead in answer hereunto,  
That, if I die, unjustly I shall die ?

MENELAUS

Not for debate, for slaying am I come.

HECUBA

Hear her, that lacking not this boon she die,  
Menelaus ; and to me vouchsafe to plead

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

910 ἡμῖν κατ' αὐτῆς· τῶν γὰρ ἐν Τροίᾳ κακῶν  
οὐδὲν κάτοισθα. συντεθεῖς δ' ὁ πᾶς λόγος  
κτενεῖ νιν οὕτως ὥστε μηδαμῶς φυγεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σχολῆς τὸ δῶρον· εἰ δὲ βούλεται λέγειν,  
ἔξεστι. τῶν σῶν δ' εἶνεχ', ὡς μάθη, λόγων  
δώσω τόδ' αὐτῇ, τῆσδε δ' οὐ δώσω χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἴσως με, κἂν εὖ κἂν κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,  
οὐκ ἀνταμείψει πολεμίαν ἡγούμενος.  
ἐγὼ δ', ἃ σ' οἶμαι διὰ λόγων ἰόντ' ἐμοῦ  
κατηγορήσειν, ἀντιθεῖσ' ἀμείψομαι  
τοῖς σοῖσι τὰμὰ καὶ τὰ σ' αἰτιήματα.  
920 Πάριν τεκοῦσα· δεύτερον δ' ἀπώλεσε  
Τροίαν τε καὶ ὁ πρέσβυς οὐ κτανὼν βρέφος,  
δαλοῦ πικρὸν μίμημ', Ἀλέξανδρον ποτε.  
ἐνθένδε τὰπίλοιπ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει.  
ἔκρινε τρισσὸν ζεῦγος ὅδε τριῶν θεῶν  
καὶ Παλλάδος μὲν ἦν Ἀλεξάνδρω δόσις  
Φρυξὶ στρατηγούνθ' Ἑλλάδ' ἐξανιστάται,  
Ἥρα δ' ὑπέσχετ' Ἀσιάδ' Εὐρώπης θ' ὄρους  
τυραννίδ' ἔξειν, εἰ σφε κρίνειεν Πάρις·  
Κύπρις δὲ τοῦμὸν εἶδος ἐκπαγλουμένη  
930 δώσειν ὑπέσχετ', εἰ θεὰς ὑπερδράμοι  
κάλλει. τὸν ἐνθένδ' ὡς ἔχει σκέψαι λόγον  
νικᾷ Κύπρις θεά, καὶ τοσόνδ' οὐμοὶ γάμοι  
ᾤνησαν Ἑλλάδ', οὐ κρατεῖσθ' ἐκ βαρβάρων,  
οὔτ' εἰς δόρυ σταθέντες, οὐ τυραννίδι.  
ἃ δ' ἠτύχησεν Ἑλλάς, ὠλόμην ἐγὼ  
εὐμορφία πραθεῖσα, κώνειδίζομαι  
ἐξ ὧν ἐχρῆν με στέφανον ἐπὶ κᾶρα λαβεῖν.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Against her. Of her evil work in Troy  
Nought know'st thou : the whole tale, set forth by me,  
Shall to death doom her, past all hope to escape. 910

### MENELAUS

This asks delay : yet, if she fain would speak,  
Let her. For thy words' sake I grant her this,  
But not for her sake, let her be assured.

### HELEN

Perchance, or speak I well, or speak I ill,  
Thou wilt not answer, counting me a foe.  
Yet will I meet such charges as I deem,  
If thou wouldst reason with me, thou wouldst  
bring,  
And will confront with thine indictment mine.  
First, she brought forth the source of all these ills,  
Who brought forth Paris : then, both Troy and me 920  
The old king ruined, slaying not the babe  
Alexander, baleful semblance of a torch.  
Thereafter, how befell the sequel, hear :—  
Judge he became of those three Goddesses.  
This guerdon Pallas offered unto him—  
“Troy's hosts to vanquish Hellas shalt thou lead.”  
Lordship o'er Asia, and o'er Europe's bounds,  
If Paris judged her fairest, Hera proffered.  
Cypris, with rapturous praising of my beauty,  
Cried, “Thine she shall be if I stand preferred 930  
As fairest.” Mark what followeth therefrom :—  
Cypris prevails : this boon my bridal brought  
To Greece—ye are not to foreign foes enthralled,  
Nor battle-crushed, nor 'neath a despot bowed.  
But I by Hellas' good-hap was undone,  
Sold for my beauty ; and I am reproached  
For that for which I should have earned a crown !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

οὔπω με φήσεις ἀντὰ τὰν ποσὶν λέγειν,  
 ὅπως ἀφώρμησ' ἐκ δόμων τῶν σῶν λάθρα,  
 940 ἦλθ' οὐχὶ μικρὰν θεὸν ἔχων αὐτοῦ μέτα  
 ὁ τῆσδ' ἀλάστωρ, εἴτ' Ἀλέξανδρον θέλεις  
 ὀνόματι προσφωνεῖν νιν εἴτε καὶ Πάριν  
 ὄν, ὦ κάκιστε, σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις λιπῶν  
 Σπάρτης ἀπῆρας νηὶ Κρησίαν χθόνα.  
 εἶεν.  
 οὐ σ', ἀλλ' ἑμαυτὴν τοῦτ' ἐπὶ τῶδ' ἐρήσομαι  
 τί δὴ φρονήσασ' ἐκ δόμων ἅμ' ἐσπόμην  
 ξένῳ, προδοῦσα πατρίδα καὶ δόμους ἐμούς ;  
 τὴν θεὸν κόλαζε καὶ Διὸς κρείσσων γενοῦ,  
 950 ὃς τῶν μὲν ἄλλων δαιμόνων ἔχει κράτος,  
 κείνης δὲ δούλός ἐστι· συγγνώμη δ' ἐμοί.  
 ἔνθεν δ' ἔχους ἂν εἰς ἔμ' εὐπρεπῆ λόγον  
 ἐπεὶ θανῶν γῆς ἦλθ' Ἀλέξανδρος μυχοῦς,  
 χρῆν μί, ἠνίκ' οὐκ ἦν θεοπόνητά μου λέχη,  
 λιποῦσαν οἴκους ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν.  
 ἔσπευδον αὐτὸ τοῦτο· μάρτυρες δέ μοι  
 πύργων πυλωροὶ κάπ' οὐκ ἐπιτείχεων σκοποί,  
 οἳ πολλάκις μ' ἐφῆῦρον ἐξ ἐπάλξεων  
 πλεκταῖσιν εἰς γῆν σῶμα κλέπτουσιν τόδε.  
 βία δ' ὁ καινός μ' οὔτος ἄρπάζσας πόσις  
 960 Δηίφοβος ἄλοχον εἶχεν ἀκόντων Φρυγῶν.  
 πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἂν θνήσκοιμ' ἂν ἐνδίκως, πόσι,  
 πρὸς σοῦτ' ἀδικαίως, ἦν ὁ μὲν βία γαμεί,  
 τὰ δ' οἴκοθεν κείν' ἀντὶ νικητηρίων  
 πικρῶς ἐδούλευσ' ; εἰ δὲ τῶν θεῶν κρατεῖν  
 βούλει, τὸ χρήζειν ἀμαθές ἐστί σοι τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βασιλεί, ἄμνον σοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ πάτρα,  
 πειθῶ διαφθείρουσα τῆσδ', ἐπεὶ λέγει

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

But, thou wilt say, I shun the issue still—  
 For what cause I by stealth forsook thine home.  
 He came, with no mean Goddess at his side, 940  
 This Hecuba's Evil Genius,—be his name  
 Paris or Alexander, which thou wilt,—  
 Whom, wittol thou, thou leftest in thine halls,  
 Sailing from Sparta to the Cretan land !  
 Not thee, but mine own heart, I question next—  
 What impulse stirred me from thine halls to  
 follow

That guest, forsaking fatherland and home ?  
 That Goddess. Punish her !—be mightier  
 Than Zeus, who ruleth all the Gods beside,  
 Yet is her slave !—so, pardon is my due. 950  
 But,—since thou mightest here find specious  
 plea,—

When Alexander dead to Hades passed,  
 I, of whose couch the Gods were careless now,  
 Ought from his halls to have fled to the Argive  
 ships.

Even this did I essay : my witnesses  
 Gate-warders are, and watchmen of the walls,  
 Who found me ofttimes from the battlements  
 By cords to earth down-climbing privily.  
 Yea, my new lord—yon corpse Deiphobus,—  
 Kept in the Phrygians' despite his bride. 960  
 How then, O husband, should I justly die  
 By thine hand, since by force he wedded me,  
 And my life there no victor's triumph was,  
 But bitter thrall ? If thou wouldst overhear  
 Gods, this thy wish is folly unto thee.

### CHORUS

Stand up for children and for country, Queen  
 Shatter her specious pleading ; for her words

καλῶς κακοῦργος οὔσα· δεινὸν οὖν τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 970 ταῖς θεαῖσι πρῶτα σύμμαχος γενήσομαι  
καὶ τήνδε δείξω μὴ λέγουσαν ἔνδικα.  
ἐγὼ γὰρ Ἦραν παρθένον τε Παλλάδα  
οὐκ εἰς τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἐλθεῖν δοκῶ,  
ὥσθ' ἢ μὲν Ἄργος βαρβάροις ἀπημποῖα,  
Παλλὰς δ' Ἀθήνας Φρυξὶ δουλεύειν ποτέ,  
αἱ παιδιαῖσι καὶ χλιδῇ μορφῆς πέρι  
ἤλυθον ἐπ' Ἴδην, τοῦ γὰρ εἶνεκ' ἂν θεὰ  
Ἦρα τοσοῦτον ἔσχ' ἔρωτα καλλονῆς ;  
πότερον ἀμείνον' ὡς λάβοι Διὸς πόσιν,  
ἢ γάμον Ἀθάνα θεῶν τινος θηρωμένη,  
980 ἢ παρθενείαν πατρὸς ἐξητήσατο  
φεύγουσα λέκτρα ; μὴ ἀμαθεῖς ποιεὶ θεὰς  
τὸ σὸν κακὸν κοσμοῦσα· μὴ οὐ πείσης σοφούς.  
Κύπριν δ' ἔλεξας, ταῦτα γὰρ γέλωσ πολλοὺς,  
ἐλθεῖν ἐμῷ ξὺν παιδὶ Μενέλεω δόμους.  
οὐκ ἂν μένουσ' ἂν ἤσυχός σ' ἐν οὐρανῷ  
αὐταῖς Ἀμύκλαις ἤγαγεν πρὸς Ἴλιον ;  
ἦν οὐμὸς υἱὸς κάλλος ἐκπρεπέστατος,  
ὁ σὸς δ' ἰδὼν νιν νοῦς ἐποιήθη Κύπρις·  
τὰ μῶρα γὰρ πάντ' ἐστὶν Ἀφροδίτῃ βροτοῖς,  
990 καὶ τοῦνομ' ὀρθῶς ἀφροσύνης ἄρχει θεὰς.  
ὃν εἰσιδοῦσα βαρβάροις ἐσθήμασι  
χρυσῷ τε λαμπρὸν ἐξεμαργώθησ φρενας.  
ἐν μὲν γὰρ Ἄργει μίκρ' ἔχουσ' ἀνεστρέφου,  
Σπάρτης δ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τὴν Φρυγῶν πόλιν  
χρυσῷ ρέουσιν ἠλπισας κατακλύσειν  
δαπάναισιν· οὐδ' ἦν ἰκανά σοι τὰ Μενέλεω  
μέλαθρα ταῖς σαῖς ἐγκαθυβρίζειν τρυφαῖς.  
εἶεν, βία γὰρ παῖδα φῆς σ' ἄγειν ἐμόν·

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Ring fair—a wanton's words ; foul shame is this.

HECUBA

First, champion will I be of Goddesses,  
 And will convict her of a slanderous tongue. 970  
 Never, I ween, would Hera, or the Maid,  
 Pallas, have stooped unto such folly's depth,  
 That Hera would to aliens Argos sell,  
 Or Pallas bow 'neath Phrygians Athens' neck.  
 For sport they came and mirth in beauty's strife  
 To Ida. Why should Goddess Hera yearn  
 So hotly for the prize of loveliness ?  
 That she might win a mightier lord than Zeus ?  
 Or sought Athena mid the Gods a spouse,  
 Who of her sire, for hate of marriage, craved 980  
 Maidenhood ? Charge not Goddesses with folly,  
 To gloze thy sin : thou cozenest not the wise.  
 And Cypris, say'st thou—who but laughs to hear ?—  
 Came with my son to Menelaus' halls !  
 How ? could she not in peace have stayed in  
     heaven,  
 And thee—Amyclae too—to Ilium brought ?  
 Nay, my son's peerless beauty didst thou see,  
 And thine own lust was made thy Cyprian Queen !  
 Ever men's folly is their Aphrodite : 990  
*Sensual—senseless—consonant they ring !*  
 Him in barbaric bravery sawest thou  
 Gold-glittering, and thy senses were distraught.  
 For with scant state in Argos didst thou dwell ;  
 But, Sparta left afar, the Phrygians' town,  
 That seemed a river of gold, thou thought'st to  
     flood  
 With torrent waste : Menelaus' halls sufficed  
 Not thee for all thine insolence of pomp.  
 And my son, say'st thou, haled thee thence by force !

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ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

- 1000 τίς Σπαρτιατῶν ἦσθετ', ἥ ποίαν βοήν  
 ἀνωλόλυξας, Κάστορος νεανίου  
 τοῦ συζύγου τ' ἔτ' ὄντος οὐ κατ' ἄστρο πω ;  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίαν ἦλθες Ἀργεῖοί τέ σου  
 κατ' ἶχνος, ἦν δὲ δοριπετῆς ἀγωνία,  
 εἰ μὲν τὰ τοῦδε κρείσσον' ἀγγέλλοιτό σοι,  
 Μενέλαον ἦνεις, παῖς ὅπως λυποῖτ' ἐμὸς  
 ἔχων ἔρωτος ἀνταγωνιστὴν μέγαν  
 εἰ δ' εὐτυχοῖεν Τρώες, οὐδὲν ἦν ὄδε.  
 εἰς τὴν τύχην δ' ὀρώσα τοῦτ' ἦσκεις ὅπως  
 ἔποι' ἄμ' αὐτῇ, τάρετῃ δ' οὐκ ἤθελες.
- 1010 κἄπειτα πλεκταῖς σῶμα σὸν κλέπτειν λέγεις  
 πύργων καθιεῖς ὡς μένουσ' ἀκουσίως ;  
 ποῦ δῆτ' ἐλήφθης ἢ βρόχους ἀρτωμένη  
 ἢ φάσγανον θήγους', ἃ γενναία γυνὴ  
 δράσειεν ἂν ποθοῦσα τὸν πάρος πόσιν ;  
 καίτοι γ' ἐνουθέτουν σε πολλὰ πολλακίς·  
 ὦ θύγατερ, ἔξελθ', οἱ δ' ἐμοὶ παῖδες γάμους  
 ἄλλους γαμοῦσι, σὲ δ' ἐπὶ ναῦς Ἀχαιῆκας  
 πέμψω συνεκκλέψασα, καὶ παῦσον μάχης  
 Ἑλληνας ἡμᾶς τ'. ἀλλὰ σοὶ τόδ' ἦν πικρόν.
- 1020 ἐν τοῖς Ἀλεξάνδρου γὰρ ἔβριζες δόμοις  
 καὶ προσκυνεῖσθαι βαρβάρων ὑπ' ἠθελες.  
 μεγάλα γὰρ ἦν σοι. κίπτι τοῖσδε σὸν δέμας  
 ἐξῆλθες ἀσκήσασα κἄβλεψας πόσει  
 τὸν αὐτὸν αἰθέρ', ὃ κατάπτυστον κἄρα·  
 ἦν χρῆν ταπεινὴν ἐν πέπλων ἐρειπίοις  
 φρίκη τρέμουσαν κρατ' ἀπεσκυθισμένην  
 εἰθεῖν, τὸ σῶφρον τῆς ἀναιδείας πλέον  
 ἔχουσαν ἐπὶ τοῖς πρόσθεν ἡμαρτημένοις.  
 Μενέλα', ἴν' εἰδῆς οἱ τελευτήσω λόγον,  
 1030 στεφάνωσον Ἑλλάδ', ἄξιός τῆνδε κτανῶν



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

What son of Sparta heard? What rescue-cry  
 Didst thou upraise, though Castor, yet a youth, 1000  
 Lived, and his brother, starward rapt not yet?  
 And when to Troy thou cam'st, and on thy track  
 The Argives, and the strife of raining spears,  
 If tidings of his prowess came to thee,  
 Menelaus wouldst thou praise, to vex my son  
 Who in his love such mighty rival had:  
 But, if the Trojans prospered, naught was he.  
 Still watching fortune's flight, 'twas aye thy wont  
 To follow her—not virtue's path for thee!  
 And thou forsooth wouldst steal thy liberty, 1010  
 By cords let down from towers, as loth to stay!  
 Where wast thou found with noose about thy  
     neck,  
 Or whetting steel, as a true-hearted wife  
 Had done for yearning for her spouse of old?  
 Yet many a time and oft I counselled thee:—  
 “ Daughter, go forth from Troy; my sons shall wed  
 New brides; and thee to the Achaean ships  
 Will I send secretly: so stay the war  
 'Twixt Greece and us.” But this was gall to thee.  
 For thou didst flaunt in Alexander's halls, 1020  
 Didst covet Asia's reverent courtesies—  
 Proud state for thee! And yet hast thou come  
     forth  
 Costly arrayed, looked on the selfsame sky  
 As thy wronged spouse. O wanton all-abhorred,  
 Who oughtest, abject, and with garments rent,  
 Quaking with fear, with shaven head to have come,  
 Having regard to modesty, above  
 Bold shamelessness, for thy transgressions past!  
 Menelaus,—so to sum my mine argument,—  
 Crown Greece, by slaying, as beseemeth thee, 1030

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

σαντοῦ, νόμον δὲ τόνδε ταῖς ἄλλαισι θεῶν  
 γυναιξί, θνήσκειν ἦτις ἂν προδῶ πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Μενέλαε, προγόνων ἀξίως δόμων τε σῶν  
 τίσαι δάμαρτα, κάφελου πρὸς Ἑλλάδος  
 ψόγον τὸ θῆλύ τ', εὐγενῆς ἐχθροῖς φανείς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔμοι σὺ συμπέπτωκας εἰς ταῦτόν λόγον,  
 ἔκουσίως τήνδ' ἐκ δόμων ἐλθεῖν ἐμῶν  
 ξένας ἐς εὐνάς, χῆ Κύπρις κόμπου χάριν  
 λόγοις ἐνεῖται. βαῖνε λευστήρων πέλας  
 1040 πόνους τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἀπόδος ἐν μικρῶ μακροῦς  
 θανοῦσ', ἵν' εἰδῆς μὴ καταισχύνειν ἐμέ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μή, πρὸς σε γονάτων, τὴν νόσον τὴν τῶν θεῶν  
 προσθεῖς ἐμοὶ κτάνης με, σιγγίγνωσκε δέ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μηδ' οὖς ἀπέκτειν' ἦδε συμμαχούς προδῶς·  
 ἐγὼ πρὸ κείνων καὶ τέκνων σε λίσσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παῦσαι, γεραιά· τῆσδε δ' οὐκ ἐφρόντισα.  
 λέγω δὲ προσπόλοισι πρὸς πρυμνας νεῶν  
 τήνδ' ἐκκομίζειν, ἔνθα ναυστολήσεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μή νυν νεῶς σοὶ ταῦτόν εἰσβήτω σκάφος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1050 τί δ' ἔστι; μείζον βρίθος ἢ πάροισ' ἔχει;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐραστής ὅστις οὐκ αἰεὶ φιλεῖ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅπως ἂν ἐκβῆ τῶν ἐρωμένων ὁ νοῦς.  
 ἔσται δ' ἂ βούλει· ναῦν γὰρ οὐκ εἰσβήσεται

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Yon woman : so ordain to all her sisters  
This law—the traitress to her lord shall die.

CHORUS

Prince, worthily of thy fathers and thine house  
Punish her : show thee unto foes unflinching.  
So spurn the gibe of Greece that calls thee woman.

MENELAUS

Herein is thy conclusion one with mine,  
That willingly she went forth from mine halls  
For a strange couch ; and Cypris for vain show  
Fills out her plea. Thou, to the stoners hence !  
The Achaeans' long toils in an hour requite  
Dying : so learn to put me not to shame.

1040

HELEN

Oh, by thy knees, impute not unto me  
Heaven's visitation ! Slay me not, but pardon !

HECUBA

Thine allies whom she slew betray not thou :  
For them I pray thee, and their children's sake.

MENELAUS

Enough, grey queen : I give no heed to her ;  
But bid mine henchmen to the galley sterns  
Lead her, wherein her voyaging shall be.

HECUBA

Oh not the same deck let her tread with thee !

MENELAUS

How, should she sink it—heavier than of old ?

1050

HECUBA

Lover is none but loveth evermore.

MENELAUS

Nay, love but lives while those we love are true.  
Yet as thou wilt it shall be : on one ship

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ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

εἰς ἦνπερ ἡμεῖς· καὶ γὰρ οὐ κακῶς λέγεις·  
 ἔλθοῦσα δ' Ἄργος ὥσπερ ἀξία κακῶς  
 κακῇ θανεῖται καὶ γυναιξὶ σωφρονεῖν  
 πύσαισι θήσει, ῥάδιον μὲν οὐ τόδε·  
 ὅμως δ' ὁ τῆσδ' ὄλεθρος εἰς φόβον βαλεῖ  
 τὸ μῶρον αὐτῶν, κἂν ἔτ' ὦσ' αἰσχίονες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1060 οὕτω δὴ τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ στρ. α'

ναὸν καὶ θυόεντα βω-  
 μὸν προὔδωκας Ἀχαιοῖς,  
 ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ πελάνων φλόγα  
 σμύρνης αἰθερίας τε κα-  
 πνὸν καὶ Πέργαμον ἱρὰν  
 Ἰδαῖά τ' Ἰδαῖα κισσοφόρα νάπη  
 χιόνι κατάρυτα ποταμίᾳ

1070 τὰν καταλαμπομέναν ζαθέαν θεράπναν.

φροῦδαί σοι θυσίαι χορῶν τ' ἀντ. α'

εὐφημοὶ κέλαδοι κατ' ὄρ-  
 φναν τε παννυχίδες θεῶν,  
 χρυσέων τε ξοάνων τύποι  
 Φρυγῶν τε ζάθεοι σελα-  
 ναι συνδώδεκα πλήθει.

μέλει μέλει μοι τάδ' εἰ φρονεῖς, ἄναξ,  
 οὐράνιον ἔδρανον ἐπιβεβῶς  
 αἰθέρα τ' ἐμᾶς πόλεος ὀλομένας,  
 1080 ἂν πυρὸς αἰθομένα κατέλυσεν ὄρμᾳ.

ὦ φίλος ὦ πόσι μοι, στρ. β'  
 σὺ μὲν φθίμενος ἀλαίνεις

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

With me she shall not step: thou counsell'est well,  
 And, when she wins to Argos, in foul sort  
 The foul shall die, as meet is, and shall teach  
 All women chastity:—not easy this;  
 Yet her destruction shall with terror smite  
 Their folly, viler though they be than she.

[*Exit* MENELAUS *with* HELEN.]

### CHORUS

So then thy temple in Troy fair-gleaming, (*Str. 1*) 1060  
 And thine altar of incense heavenward steaming  
     Hast thou rendered up to our foes Achaean,  
 O Zeus, and the flame of our sacrificing,  
 And the holy burg with its myrrh-smoke rising,  
     And the ivy-mantled glens Idaean  
 Overstreamed with the wan snow riverward-rushing,  
 And the haunted bowers of the World's Wall,<sup>1</sup> flushing  
     With the first shafts flashed through the empyrean! 1070

(*Ant. 1*)

Thine altars are cold; and the blithesome calling  
 Of the dancers is hushed; nor at twilight's falling  
     To the nightlong vigils of Gods cometh waking.  
 They are vanished, thy carven images golden,  
 And the twelve moon-feasts of the Phrygians holden.

Dost thou care, O King, I muse, heart-aching,—  
 Thou who sittest on high in the far blue heaven  
 Enthroned,—that my city to ruin is given,  
     That the bands of her strength is the fire-blast break-  
         ing? 1080

(*Str. 2*)

O my beloved, O husband mine,  
 Thou art dead, and unburied thou wanderest  
 yonder,

<sup>1</sup> The range of Mount Ida, the supposed boundary of the world on the east (Paley).

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

- ἄθραπτος ἄνδρος, ἐμὲ δὲ πόντιον σκάφος  
 αἴσσον πτεροῖσι πορεύσει  
 ἵππόβοτον Ἄργος, ἵνα τείχεα  
 λάϊνα Κυκλώπι' οὐράνια νέμονται.  
 τέκνων δὲ πλήθος ἐν πύλαις  
 1090 δάκρυσι κατὰορα στένει, βοᾷ βοᾷ,  
 μᾶτερ, ὦμοι, μόναν δὴ μ' Ἀχαιοὶ κομίζουσι  
 σέθεν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων  
 κνανέαν ἐπὶ ναῦν  
 εἰναλίαισι πλάταις  
 ἢ Σαλαμῖν' ἱεράν  
 ἢ δίπορον κορυφὰν  
 Ἴσθμιον, ἔνθα πύλας  
 Πέλοπος ἔχουσιν ἔδραι.
- 1100 εἶθ' ἀκάτου Μενέλα ἀντ. β'  
 μέσον πέλαγος ἰούσας,  
 δίπαλτον ἱερὸν ἀνὰ μέσον πλατᾶν πέσοι  
 Αἰγαίου κεραυνοφαῆς πῦρ,  
 Ἴλιόθεν ὅς με πολύδακρυν  
 Ἑλλάδι λάτρευμα γᾶθεν ἐξορίζει  
 χρύσεια δ' ἔνοπτρα, παρθένων  
 χάριτας, ἔχουσα τυγχάνει Διὸς κόρα·  
 1110 μηδὲ γαῖάν ποτ' ἔλθοι Λάκαιναν πατρῶ-  
 ὄν τε θάλαμον ἐστίας,  
 μηδὲ πόλιν Πιτάνας  
 χαλκόφυλόν τε θεάν,  
 δύσγαμον αἰσχος ἐλὼν  
 Ἑλλάδι τᾷ μεγάλα  
 καὶ Σιμοεντιάσιν  
 μέλεα πάθη ῥοαῖσιν.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Unwashen '—but me shall the keel thro' the brine  
 Waft, onward sped by its pinions of pine,  
     To the horse-land Argos, where that stone wonder  
     Of Cyclop walls cleaves clouds asunder.  
 And our babes at the gates, in a long, long line,  
 Cling to their mothers with wail and with weeping 1090  
     that cannot avail— [the Achaeans hale  
 “O mother,” they moan, “alone, alone, woe's me!  
     Me from thy sight—from thine—  
     To the dark ship, soon o'er the surge to be riding,  
     To Salamis gliding,  
     To the hallowed strand,  
 Or the Isthmian hill 'twixt the two seas swelling,  
     Where the gates of the dwelling  
     Of Pelops stand!”

(*Ant.* 2)

Oh that, when, far o'er the mid-sea sped, 1100  
     Menelaus' galley is onward sailing, [dread  
 On the midst of her oars might the thunderbolt  
 Crash down, the Aegean's wildfire red,  
     Since from Ilium me with weeping and wailing  
     Unto thralldom in Hellas hence is he haling;  
 While Helen, like some pure maid unwed,  
 Hath joy of her mirrors of gold, and her state as of  
     right doth she hold!  
 Nevermore may he come to Laconia, home of his sires: 1110  
     be his hearth eye cold!  
     Never Pitane's streets may he tread,  
     Nor the Goddess's temple brazen-gated,  
     With the evil-fated  
     For his prize, who for shame  
 Unto all wide Hellas' sons and daughters,  
     And for woe to the waters  
     Of Simois, came!

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ,  
 καιναὶ καινῶν μεταβάλλουσαι  
 χθονὶ συντυχίαι. λεύσσετε Τρώων  
 1120 τόνδ' Ἀστυάνακτ' ἄλοχοι μέλαι  
 νεκρὸν, ὃν πύργων δίσκημα πικρὸν  
 Δαναοὶ κτείναντες ἔχουσι.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ἐκάβη, νεὸς μὲν πίτυλος εἰς λελειμμένος  
 λάφυρα τὰπίλοιπ' Ἀχιλλείου τόκου  
 μέλλει πρὸς ἄκτας ναυστολεῖν Φθιώτιδας·  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἀνήκται Νεοπτόλεμος, καινὰς τινὰς  
 Πηλέως ἀκούσας συμφοράς, ὡς νιν χθονὸς  
 Ἄκαστος ἐκβέβληκεν ὁ Πελίου γόνος.  
 οὐ θάσσον εἶνεκ' ἢ χάριν μονῆς ἔχων,  
 φροῦδος, μετ' αὐτοῦ δ' Ἀνδρομάχη, πολλῶν  
 1130 ἐμοὶ

δακρύων ἀγωγός, ἠνίκ' ἐξώρμα χθονὸς  
 πάτραν τ' ἀναστένουσα καὶ τὸν Ἐκτορος  
 τύμβον προσενέπουσα. καὶ σφ' ἠτήσατο  
 θάψαι νεκρὸν τόνδ', ὃς πεσὼν ἐκ τειχέων  
 ψυχὴν ἀφήκεν Ἐκτορος τοῦ σοῦ γόνος,  
 φόβον τ' Ἀχαιῶν, χαλκόνωτον ἀσπίδα  
 τήνδ', ἣν πατὴρ τοῦδ' ἀμφὶ πλευρ' ἐβάλλετο,  
 μὴ νιν πορεῦσαι Πηλέως ἐφ' ἐστίαν,  
 1140 μηδ' εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν θάλαμον, οὐ νυμφεύσεται  
 μήτηρ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' Ἀνδρομάχη, λύπας ὄραν,  
 ἀλλ' ἀντὶ κέδρου περιβόλων τε λατῶν  
 ἐν τῆδε θάψαι παῖδα· σὰς δ' ἐς ὠλένας  
 δοῦναι, πέπλοισιν ὡς περιστείλης νεκρὸν  
 στεφάνοις θ', ὄση σοι δύναμις, ὡς ἔχει τὰ σά,  
 ἐπεὶ βέβηκε καὶ τὸ δεσπότην τάχος  
 ἀφείλετ' αὐτὴν παῖδα μὴ δοῦναι τάφῳ.



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Woe's me, woe's me!

Afflictions new, ere the old be past,  
On our land are falling! Behold and see,  
Ye wives of the Trojans, horror-aghast,  
Dead Astyanax, by the Danaans cast  
From the towers, slain pitilessly.

1120

*Enter TALTHYBIUS with attendants bearing corpse of  
ASTYANAX on HECTOR'S shield.*

TALTHYBIUS

One galley's oars yet linger, Hecuba,  
Ready to waft unto the Phthian shores  
The remnant of the spoil of Achilles' son.  
But Neoptolemus' self hath sailed, who heard  
Tidings of wrong to Peleus, how the seed  
Of Pelias, even Acastus, exiles him.  
Wherefore, too hasty to vouchsafe delay,  
He went, Andromache with him, who hath drawn 1130  
At her departing many a tear from me,  
Wailing her country, crying her farewell  
To Hector's tomb. And she besought the prince  
To grant his corpse a grave who from the walls  
Hurled down, thine Hector's child, gave up the  
ghost.

And the Achaeans' dread, this brass-lapped shield,  
Wherewith his father fenced his body round,  
She prayed him not to Peleus' hearth to bear,  
Nor to Andromache's new bridal bower,  
A grief to see for her that bare the dead; 1140  
But that, instead of cedar chest or stone,  
This might entomb her child, unto thine arms  
Given, that thou mightst shroud the corpse, and crown  
With wreaths, as best thou canst of these thy means,  
Since she hath gone, and since her master's haste  
Withheld herself from burying her child.

443

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

1150 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν, ὅταν σὺ κοσμήσῃς νέκυν,  
 γῆν τῷδ' ἐπαμπισχόντες ἀρούμεν δόρῳ  
 σὺ δ' ὡς τάχιστα πρᾶσσε τὰπεσταλμένα.  
 ἐνὸς μὲν οὖν μόχθου σ' ἀπαλλάξας ἔχω  
 Σκαμανδρίους γὰρ τάσδε διαπερών ῥοᾶς  
 ἔλουσα νεκρὸν κἀπένηγα τραύματα.  
 ἀλλ' εἰμ' ὀρυκτὸν τῷδ' ἀναρρήξω τάφον,  
 ὡς σύντομ' ἡμῖν τὰπ' ἐμοῦ τε κἀπὸ σοῦ  
 εἰς ἓν ξυνελθόντ' οἴκαδ' ὀρμήσῃ πλάτην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1160 θέσθ' ἀμφίτορνον ἀσπίδ' Ἔκτορος πέδω,  
 λυπρὸν θέαμα κοῦ φίλου λεύσσειν ἐμοί.  
 ὦ μείζον' ὄγκον δορός ἔχοντες ἢ φρενῶν,  
 τί τόνδ', Ἀχαιοί, παῖδα δείσαντες φόνου  
 καινὸν διεργάσασθε; μὴ Τροίαν ποτὲ  
 πεσοῦσαν ὀρθώσειεν; οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἄρα,  
 ὄθ' Ἔκτορος μὲν εὐτυχοῦντος εἰς δόρῳ  
 διολλύμεσθα μυρίας τ' ἄλλης χειρός.  
 πόλεως δ' ἀλούσης καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐφθαρμένων  
 βρέφος τοσόνδ' ἐδείσατ'. οὐκ αἰνῶ φόβον,  
 ὅστις φοβεῖται μὴ διεξελθῶν λόγῳ.  
 ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς σοι θάνατος ἦλθε δυστυχῆς.  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔθανες πρὸ πόλεως, ἤβης τυχῶν  
 γάμων τε καὶ τῆς ἰσοθέου τυραννίδος,  
 1170 μακάριος ἦσθ' ἄν, εἴ τι τῶνδε μακάριον.  
 νῦν δ' αὐτ' ἰδὼν μὲν γνοῦς τε σῆ ψυχῇ, τέκνον,  
 οὐκ οἴσθ', ἐχρήσω δ' οὐδὲν ἐν δόμοις ἔχων.  
 δύστηνε, κρατὸς ὡς σ' ἔκειρεν ἀθλίως  
 τείχη πατρώα, Λοξίου πυργώματα,  
 ὃν πόλλ' ἐκήπευσ' ἢ τεκοῦσα βόστρυχον  
 φιλήμασιν τ' ἔδωκεν, ἔνθεν ἐκγελαῖ  
 ὅστέων ῥαγέντων φόνος, ἴν' αἰσχροῖα μὴ λέγω.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

I therefore, when thou hast arrayed the corpse,  
 Will heap his mound, and set thereon a spear.  
 Thou then with speed perform the task assigned.  
 Sooth, I have lightened of one toil thine hands ; 1150  
 For, as I passed o'er yon Scamander's streams,  
 I bathed the corpse, and cleansed the wounds thereof.  
 Now will I go, and dig for him a grave,  
 That, shortened so, thy work and mine withal,  
 To one end wrought, may homeward speed the oar.

[Exit TALTHYBIUS.

HECUBA .

Set Hector's shield fair-rounded on the earth,  
 A woeful sight unsweet for me to see.  
 O ye who more in spears than wisdom boast,  
 Fearing this child, Achaeans, why have ye wrought  
 Murder unheard-of?—lest he raise again [naught 1160  
 Our fallen Troy? How? was your strength but  
 When we died daily, even while Hector's spear  
 Triumphed, and while beside him thousands fought ;  
 But now, Troy taken, all the Phrygians slain,  
 Ye dread this little child? Out on the fear  
 Which feareth, having never reasoned why !  
 Ah darling, what ill death is come on thee ! [known  
 Hadst thou for Troy been slain, when thou hadst  
 Youth, wedlock's bliss, and godlike sovereignty,  
 Blest wert thou—if herein may aught be blest. 1170  
 But now, once seen and sipped by thy child-soul,  
 Thine home-bliss fleets forgotten, unenjoyed !  
 Poor child, how sadly thine ancestral walls,  
 Upreared by Loxias, from thine head have shorn  
 The curls that oft thy mother softly smoothed  
 And kissed, wherefrom through shattered bones forth  
 grins  
 Murder—a ghastliness I cannot speak !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

- 1180 ὦ χεῖρες, ὡς εἰκούς μὲν ἠδείας πατρὸς  
 κέκτησθ', ἐν ἄρθροισ δ' ἔκλυτοι πρόκεισθε νῦν.  
 ὦ πολλὰ κόμπους ἐκβαλὼν φίλον στόμα,  
 ὄλωλας, ἐψεύσω μ', ὅτ' εἰσπίπτων λέχος,  
 ὦ μήτηρ, ἠΐδας, ἦ πολὺν σοι βοστρύχων  
 πλόκαμον κεροῦμαι πρὸς τάφον θ' ὀμηλίκων  
 κώμους ἐπάξω, φίλα διδοὺς προσφθέγματα.  
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σέ τὸν νεώτερον  
 γραῦς, ἄπολις, ἄτεκνος, ἄθλιον θάπτω νεκρὸν.  
 οἴμοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἀσπάζμαθ' αἰ τ' ἐμαὶ τροφαὶ  
 ὕπνοι τ' ἐκεῖνοι<sup>1</sup> φρουδά μοι. τί καί ποτε  
 γράψειεν ἂν σὼ μουσοποιὸς ἐν τάφῳ ;  
 1190 τὸν παῖδα τόνδ' ἔκτειναν Ἀργεῖοί ποτε  
 δεῖσαντες ; αἰσχρὸν τούτιγράμμά γ' Ἑλλάδι.  
 ἀλλ' οὖν πατρώων οὐ λαχῶν, ἔξεῖς ὁμως  
 ἐν ἧ ταφήσει χαλκόνωτον ἰτέαν.  
 ὦ καλλίπηχυν<sup>2</sup> Ἐκτορος βραχίονα  
 σῶζουσ', ἄριστον φύλακ' ἀπώλεσας σέθεν.  
 ὡς ἠδὺς ἐν πόρπακι σῶ κεῖται τύπος  
 ἰτυός τ' ἐν εὐτόρνοισι περιδρόμοις ἰδρώς,  
 ὃν ἐκ μετώπου πολλάκις πόνους ἔχων  
 ἔσταζεν<sup>3</sup> Ἐκτωρ προστιθεὶς γενειάδι.  
 1200 φέρετε, κομίζετ' ἀθλίῳ κόσμον νεκρῷ  
 ἐκ τῶν παρόντων· οὐ γὰρ εἰς κάλλος τύχας  
 δαίμων δίδωσιν ὧν δ' ἔχω, λήψει τάδε.  
 θνητῶν δὲ μῶρος ὅστις εὖ πράσσειν δοκῶν  
 βέβαια χαίρει· τοῖς τρόποις γὰρ αἰ τύχαι,  
 ἔμπληκτος ὡς ἄνθρωπος, ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε  
 πηδῶσι, κούδεις αὐτὸς εὐτυχεῖ ποτε.

<sup>1</sup> So the MSS. Nauck reads *πῶνοι* : Tyrrell *ἄπνοι τε κλίνας*. Paley suggests *ὑπνοι τ' ἄπνοι*.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

O hands, how sweet the likeness to your sire  
 Ye keep!—limp in your sockets now ye lie.  
 Dear lips, that babbled many a child-boast once,      1180  
 Ye are dead! 'Twas false, when, bounding to my  
     bed,  
 "Mother," thou saidst, "full many a curl I'll shear  
 For thee, and troops of friends unto thy tomb  
 Will lead, to cry the loving last farewell."  
 Not I of thee, but thou, the young, of me,—  
 Old, homeless, childless,—wretched corpse, art buried.  
 Ah me, the kisses, and my nursing-cares,  
 Thy love-watched slumbers,—gone! What word, ah  
     what,  
 Shall bard inscribe of thee upon thy tomb?  
 "This child the Argives murdered in time past,      1190  
 Dreading him"—an inscription shaming Greece!  
 Yet thou, of thy sire's wealth though nought thou hast,  
 Shalt in thy burial have his brazen targe.  
 Ah shield that keptest Hector's goodly arm  
 Safe, thine heroic warder hast thou lost!  
 How dear his imprint on thine handle lies!  
 Dear stains of sweat upon thy shapely rim,  
 Which oft mid battle's toil would Hector drip  
 Down from his brow, as to his beard he pressed thee!  
 Come, bring ye adorning for the hapless corse      1200  
 Of that ye have: our fortune gives no place  
 For rich array: mine all shalt thou receive.  
 A fool is he, who, in prosperity  
 Secure, rejoices: fortune, in her moods,  
 Like some wild maniac, hither now, now thither,  
 Leaps, and none prospers ever without change.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν πρὸ χειρῶν αἶδε σοι σκυλευμάτων  
Φρυγίων φέρουσι κόσμον ἐξάπτειν νεκρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1210

ὦ τέκνον, οὐχ ἵπποισι νικήσαντά σε  
οὐδ' ἤλικας τόξοισιν, οὐδ' Φρύγες νόμους  
τιμῶσιν, οὐκ εἰς πλησμονὰς θηρώμενοι,  
μήτηρ πατρός σοι προστίθησ' ἀγάλματα  
τῶν σῶν ποτ' ὄντων, νῦν δέ σ' ἡ θεοστυγῆς  
ἀφείλεθ' Ἑλένη, πρὸς δὲ καὶ ψυχὴν σέθεν  
ἔκτεινε καὶ πάντ' οἶκον ἐξαπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔ ἔ, φρενῶν  
ἔθιγες ἔθιγες· ὦ μέγας ἐμοί ποτ' ὦν  
ἀνάκτωρ πόλεως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1220

ἂ δ' ἐν γάμοις ἐχρῆν σε προσθέσθαι χροὶ  
Ἀσιατίδων γήμαντα τὴν ὑπερτάτην,  
Φρύγια πέπλων ἀγάλματ' ἐξάπτω χροός.  
σύ τ' ὦ ποτ' οὔσα καλλίνικε μυρίων  
μήτηρ τροπαίων, Ἔκτορος φίλον σάκος,  
στεφανοῦ· θανεῖ γὰρ οὐ θανοῦσα σὺν νεκρῶ·  
ἐπεὶ σὲ πολλῶ μᾶλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦ σοφοῦ  
κακοῦ τ' Ὀδυσσέως ἄξιον τιμᾶν ὄπλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ,  
πικρὸν ὄδυρμα γαῖά σ', ὦ  
τέκνον, δέξεται.  
στέναξον, μάτερ,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Lo, ready to thine hand, from spoils of Troy,  
They bring adornings on the dead to lay.

HECUBA

Child, not for victory with steeds or bow  
Over thy fellows,—customs which thy folk 1210  
Honour, yet not unto excess pursue,—  
The mother of thy sire adorneth thee  
With gauds from wealth once thine, now reft from  
thee  
By Helen god-accurst : she hath slain withal  
Thy life, and brought to ruin all thine house.

CHORUS

Alas and alas ! Mine heart dost thou wring, dost thou  
wring,  
Hector, in days overpast Troy's mighty king !

HECUBA

In that wherein thou shouldst have clad thy form  
For marriage, wedding Asia's loveliest, 1220  
Splendour of Phrygian robes, I swathe thee now.  
And thou, who wast the glorious mother once  
Of countless triumphs, Hector's shield beloved,  
Receive thy wreath : thou with the dead shalt  
die  
Undying, worthy of honour, far beyond  
The arms Odysseus, crafty villain, won.

CHORUS

Alas for thee !

O child, our sorrow, the earth shall now  
Receive thee to rest !—wail, mother, thou !

HECUBA

O misery !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νεκρῶν ἱακχου.

1230

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶμοι μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶμοι δῆτα σῶν ἀλάστων κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τελαμῶσιν ἔλκη τὰ μὲν ἐγὼ σ' ἰάσομαι,  
τλήμων ἱατρός, ὄνομ' ἔχουσα, τάργα δ' οὐ·  
τὰ δ' ἐν νεκροῖσι φροντιεῖ πατὴρ σέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄρασσ' ἄρασσε κράτα  
πιτύλους διδοῦσα χειρός, ἰώ μοί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

† \* \* \* ἔννεπε, τίνα θροεῖς ἀνδάν.

1240

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' ἐν θεοῖσι πλὴν ἐμοὶ πόνοι  
Τροία τε πόλεων ἔκκριτον μισουμένη,  
μάτην δ' ἐβουθυτοῦμεν. † εἰ δὲ μὴ θεὸς<sup>1</sup>  
ἔστρεψε τᾶνω περιβαλὼν κάτω χθονός,  
ἀφανεῖς ἂν ὄντες οὐκ ἂν ὑμνήθημεν ἂν  
μούσαις ἀοιδὰς δόντες ὑστέροις βροτῶν.  
χωρεῖτε, θάπτει' ἀθλίῳ τύμβῳ νεκρόν·  
ἔχει γὰρ οἶα δεῖ γε νερτέρων στέφη.  
δοκῶ δὲ τοῖς θανοῦσι διαφέρειν βραχύ,  
εἰ πλουσίων τις τεύξεται κτερισμάτων·  
κενὸν δὲ γαύρωμ' ἐστὶ τῶν ζώντων τόδε.

1250

<sup>1</sup> Stephanus' (unsatisfactory) conjectural reading for εἰ δ' ἡμᾶς of MSS. Original hopelessly lost.



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Wail the keen for the dead !

HECUBA

Ah me, ah me !

1230

CHORUS

Ah griefs whose remembrance shall ne'er be fled !

HECUBA

Some of thy wounds with linen bands I bind,—  
Leech but in name, I bind, but cannot heal,—  
Some shall thy father tend amongst the dead.

CHORUS

Smite thou, O smite ! Let thine hand  
Rain, rain the blows on thine head—alas !

HECUBA

O daughters beloved of my land—

CHORUS

Speak the word through thy lips that is panting to pass.

HECUBA

Nought was in Heaven's designs, save woes to me 1240  
And Troy, above all cities loathed of them.  
In vain we sacrificed ! Yet, had not God  
O'erthrown us so, and whelmed beneath the earth,  
We had faded fameless, never had been hymned  
In lays, nor given song-themes to the after-time.  
Pass on, lay ye in a wretched tomb the corpse ;  
For now it hath the garlands, dues of death.  
Yet little profit have the dead, I trow,  
That gain magnificence of obsequies.  
'Tis but the living friends' vaingloriousness. 1250

*[The corpse is carried to burial.]*

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὠὸ ἰώ·

μελέα μήτηρ, ἢ τὰς μεγάλας  
ἐλπίδας ἐν σοὶ κατέκαμψε<sup>1</sup> βίου.  
μέγα δ' ὀλβισθεὶς ὡς ἐκ πατέρων  
ἀγαθῶν ἐγένου,  
δεινῷ θανάτῳ διόλωλας.  
ἔα ἔα·

τίνας Ἰλιάσιν ταῖσδ' ἐν κορυφαῖς  
λεύσσω φλογέας δαλοῖσι χέρας  
διερέσσοντας ; μέλλει Τροία  
καινόν τι κακὸν προσέσεσθαι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

- 1260 αὐδῶ λοχαγοῖς, οἳ τέταχθ' ἐμπιμπράναι  
Πριάμου τὸδ' ἄστν, μηκέτ' ἀργοῦσαν φλόγα  
ἐν χερσὶ σῶζειν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ ἐνιέναι,  
ὡς ἂν κατασκάψαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν  
στελλώμεθ' οἴκαδ' ἄσμενοι Τροίας ἄπο.  
ἡμεῖς δ', ἴν' αὐτὸς λόγος ἔχη μορφὰς δύο,  
χωρεῖτε, Τρώων παῖδες, ὀρθίαν ὅταν  
σάλπιγγος ἠχῶ δῶσιν ἀρχηγοὶ στρατοῦ,  
πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν, ὡς ἀποστέλλησθε γῆς.  
1270 σύ τ', ὦ γεραιὰ δυστυχεστάτη γύναι,  
ἔπου. μεθήκουσίν σ' Ὀδυσσεὺς πάρα  
οἶδ', ᾧ σε δούλην κλήρος ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα· τοῦτο δὴ τὸ λοῖσθιον  
καὶ τέρμα πάντων τῶν ἐμῶν ἤδη κακῶν  
ἔξειμι πατρίδος, πόλις ὑφάπτεται πυρὶ.  
ἀλλ', ὦ γεραιὲ ποῦς, ἐπίσπευσον μόλις,

<sup>1</sup> Burges: for κατέκαμψε of MSS.—“in wrack undone  
Are shattered her proud” etc.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Ah me ! ah me !

Ah hapless mother, what goal she hath won  
Of all the proud hopes builded on thee !

O thou who wert born to exceeding bliss,

Thou hero's son,

What awful death for thy dying was this !

What ho ! what ho !

Whom see I on Ilium's tower-crowned wall,

And the tossing torches fierily glow

In the hands of them ?—some new evil, I trow,

Shall on Troy-town fall.

*Enter TALTHYBIUS above, with soldiers bearing torches.*

TALTHYBIUS

Captains, to whom the charge is given to fire 1260

This city of Priam, idle in your hands

Keep ye the flame no more : thrust in the torch,

That, having low in dust laid Ilium's towers,

We may with gladness homeward speed from Troy.

Ye—twofold aspect this one hest shall bear—

Children of Troy, forth, soon as loud and clear

The chieftains of the host the trumpet sound,

To yon Greek ships, for voyage from the land.

And thou, O grey-haired dame most evil-starred,

Follow. These from Odysseus come for thee ; 1270

For the lot sends thee forth the land, his slave.

HECUBA

Ah wretched I !—the uttermost is this,

The deepest depth of all my miseries ;

I leave my land ; my city is aflame !

O aged foot, sore-striving press thou on,

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ὡς ἀσπάζωμαι τὴν ταλαίπωρον πόλιν.  
 ὦ μεγάλα δήποτ' ἐμπνέουσ' ἐν βαρβάροις  
 Τροία, τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομ' ἀφαιρήσει τάχα.  
 1280 πιμπρᾶσί σ', ἡμᾶς δ' ἐξάγουσ' ἤδη χθονὸς  
 δούλας· ἰὼ θεοί. καὶ τί τοὺς θεοὺς καλῶ ;  
 καὶ πρὶν γὰρ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἀνακαλούμενοι.  
 φέρ' εἰς πυρὰν δράμωμεν, ὡς κάλλιστά μοι  
 σὺν τῆδε πατρίδι κατθανεῖν πυρουμένη.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἐνθουσιᾶς, δύστηνε, τοῖς σαυτῆς κακοῖς·  
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε, μὴ φείδεσθ'· Ὀδυσσέως δὲ χρὴ  
 εἰς χεῖρα δοῦναι τήνδε καὶ πέμπειν γέρας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀτοτοτοτοτοῖ. στρ. α'  
 Κρόνιε, πρῦτανι Φρύγιε, γενέτα  
 1290 πάτερ, ἀνάξια τᾶς Δαρδάνου  
 γονᾶς τάδ' οἶα πάσχομεν δέδορκας ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δέδορκεν, ἅ δὲ μεγαλόπολις  
 ἄπολις ὄλωλεν οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστι Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀτοτοτοτοτοῖ. ἀντ. α  
 λέλαμπεν Ἴλιος, Περ-  
 γάμων τε πυρὶ καταίθεται τέραμνα  
 καὶ πόλις ἄκρα τε τειχέων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πτέρυγι δὲ καπνὸς ὡς τις οὐ-  
 1300 ρανία πεσοῦσα δορὶ καταφθίνει γᾶ.  
 μαλερὰ μέλαθρα πυρὶ κατάδρομα μεσφδ.  
 δαίῳ τε λόγχα.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

That I may bid mine hapless town farewell.  
 O Troy, midst burgs barbaric erst so proud,  
 Soon of thy glorious name shalt thou be spoiled.  
 They fire thee, and they hale us forth the land,  
 Thralls! O ye Gods!—why call I on the Gods? 1280  
 For called on heretofore they hearkened not.  
 Come, rush we on her pyre, for gloriously  
 So with my blazing country should I die.

TALTHYBIUS

Hapless, distraught art thou of thine afflictions!  
 Hence hale her—spare not. To Odysseus' hand  
 Her must ye give, and lead to him his prize.

HECUBA

Woe is me! ah for the woes that be mine! (*Str. 1*)  
 Cronion, O Phrygian Lord, our begetter, our father,  
 Dost thou see how calamity's tempests around us  
 gather,  
 Unmerited doom of Dardanus' line? 1290

CHORUS

He hath seen: yet is Troy, the stately city,  
 A city no more, destroyed without pity.

HECUBA

Woe is me, woe, and a threefold woe! (*Ant. 1*)  
 Ilios is blazing, the ramparts of Pergamus crashing  
 Down, with the homes of our city, mid flames far-  
 flashing  
 Over their ruins, a furnace-glow!

CHORUS

With its wide-winged blackness the heaven's face  
 covering, [hovering.  
 O'er our spear-stricken land is the smoke-cloud 1300  
 (*Mesode.*)

In madness of ruin-rush earthward they reel,  
 Our halls, 'neath the fire and the foemen's steel.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνα, κλύετε, μάθετε ματρὸς αὐδάν.      στρ. β'

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λαλέμω τοὺς θανόντας ἀπύεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

γεραιά τ' εἰς πέδον τιθείσα μέλας,  
καὶ χερσὶ γαίαν κτυπούσα δισσαῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

διάδοχά σοι γόνυ τίθημι γαίᾳ  
τοὺς ἐμούς καλοῦσα νέρθεν  
ἀθλίους ἀκοίτας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀγόμεθα φερόμεθ' —

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1310                      ἄλγος ἄλγος βοᾶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δούλειον ὑπὸ μέλαθρον ἐκ πάτρας γ' ἐμᾶς.  
ἰὼ ἰώ·

Πρίαμε Πρίαμε, σὺ μὲν ὀλόμενος  
ἄταφος, ἄφίλος,  
ἄτας ἐμᾶς ἄιστος εἶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλας γὰρ ὅσσε κατεκάλυψε  
θάνατος ὅσιον ἀνοσίαις σφαγαῖσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὼ θεῶν μέλαθρα καὶ πόλις φίλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ε̅ ε̅.

456

## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Hear, children, O hearken your mother's crying <sup>(Str. 2)</sup>  
Hear, children, O hearken your mother's crying !

CHORUS

To the dead dost thou wail—can they hear thine  
entreating ?

HECUBA

Low on the ground are mine old limbs lying,  
And mine hands, and mine hands on the  
earth are beating !

CHORUS

Earthward my knee, as I follow thee, bows,  
As I cry to the dweller in Hades' House,  
To mine hapless spouse.

HECUBA

I am haled—I am borne—

CHORUS

Sorrow rings in thy cry ! 1310

HECUBA

From my land unto mansions of slavery,  
O hapless I !  
O Priam, O Priam, slain without tomb,  
Without friend, nought, nought dost thou know of  
my doom !

CHORUS

For the blackness of death hath shrouded the eyne  
Of the righteous, hy hand of the impious slain.

HECUBA

O fanes of the Gods, dear city mine !

CHORUS

Woe !—wail the refrain !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὰν φόνιον ἔχετε φλόγα δорός τε λόγχαν. ἀντ. β'

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάχ' εἰς φίλαν γᾶν πεσεῖσθ' ἀνώνυμοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1320 κόνις δ' ἴσα καπνῷ πτέρυγι πρὸς αἰθέρ'  
ἄιστον οἴκων ἐμῶν με θήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄνομα δὲ γᾶς ἀφανὲς εἰσιν· ἄλλα δ'  
ἄλλο φρούδον, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστιν  
ἀτάλαινα Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμάθετ', ἐκλύετε ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Περγάμων κτύπον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔνοσις ἅπασαν ἔνοσις ἐπικλύσει πόλιν.  
ἰὼ ἰώ,  
τρομερὰ τρομερὰ μέλεα, φέρετ' ἐ-  
μὸν ἵχνος. ἴτ' ἐπὶ

1330 δούλειον ἀμέραν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ τάλαινα πόλις· ὁμῶς δὲ  
πρόφερε πόδα σὺν ἐπὶ πλάτας Ἀχαιῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὼ γᾶ τρόφιμε τῶν ἐμῶν τέκνων.<sup>1</sup>

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

<sup>1</sup> Paley's arrangement adopted.



## THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

The death-flame, the spear, in your midst have.  
dominion,— (Ant. 2)

CHORUS

Swift-falling to earth your memorial shall vanish,—

HECUBA

And the dust, o'er the welkin wide-stretching its 1320  
pinion, [banish.  
Mine eyes from the home of my yearning shall

CHORUS

And the name of my land shall be heard not,  
and wide [abide  
Shall her children be scattered; no more doth  
Troy's woeful pride.

HECUBA

Did ye mark—did ye hear?

CHORUS

Crashed Pergamus down!

HECUBA

The earthquake thereof shall engulf the town!—  
O sorrow's crown!

O tottering, tottering limbs, upbear  
My steps; to the life of bondage fare.

1330

CHORUS

O hapless Troy!—Yet down to the strand  
And the galleys Achaean thy feet must strain.

HECUBA

O land—of my children the nursing-land!

CHORUS

Woe!—wail the refrain!

[*Exeunt* OMNES.



HELEN



## ARGUMENT

It is told that one of the old bards, named Stesichorus, who lived six generations before Euripides, did in a certain poem revile Helen, for that her sin was the cause of misery to Hellas and to Troy. Thereupon was he struck blind for railing on her who had after death become a goddess. But the man repented of his presumption, and made a new song wherein he unsaid all the evil he had sung of Queen Helen, and wove into his lay an ancient legend, telling how that not she, but her wraith only, had passed to Troy, while she was borne by the Gods to the land of Egypt, and there remained until the day when her lord, turning aside on the homeward voyage, should find her there.

When he had done this, his sight was straightway restored to him.

In this play is Helen's story told according to the "Recantation of Stesichorus."

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΓΡΑΤΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΤΡΟΙ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

TEUCER, *a Greek hero, who fought at Troy.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta.*

PORTRESS, *of the palace of Theoclymenus.*

MESSENGER (first), *a sailor of Menelaus' crew.*

THEONOE, *a priestess, sister of Theoclymenus.*

THEOCLYMENUS, *king of Egypt.*

MESSENGER (second), *a servant of Theoclymenus.*

THE TWIN BROTHERS, *Castor and Pollux.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Greek maidens attendant on Helen.*

*Guards, attendants, huntsmen, and temple-maidens.*

SCENE: *Before the palace of the King of Egypt by the mouth of the Nile. In the foreground stands the tomb of Proteus, father of Theoclymenus.*

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

### ΕΛΕΝΗ

- Νείλου μὲν αἶδε καλλιπάρθενοι ῥοαί,  
ὃς ἀντὶ δίας ψακάδος Αἰγύπτου πέδον  
λευκῆς τακείσης χιόνος ὑγραίνει γύας.  
Πρωτεὺς δ' ὄτ' ἔζη τῆσδε γῆς τύραννος ἦν,  
Φάρον μὲν οἰκῶν νῆσον, Αἰγύπτου δ' ἀναξ,  
ὃς τῶν κατ' οἶδμα παρθένων μίαν γαμεῖ,  
Ψαμάθην, ἐπειδὴ λέκτρ' ἀφήκεν Αἰακοῦ.  
τίκτει δὲ τέκνα δισσὰ τοῖσδε δώμασι,  
Θεοκλύμενον ἄρσεν', † ὅτι δὴ θεοῦς σέβων  
10 βίον διήνεγκ', εὐγενῆ τε παρθένου  
Εἰδῶ, τὸ μητρὸς ἀγλαΐσμ', ὅτ' ἦν βρέφος  
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐς ἤβην ἦλθεν ὠραίων γάμων,  
καλοῦσιν αὐτὴν Θεονόην· τὰ θεῖα γὰρ  
τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα πάντ' ἠπίστατο,  
προγόνου λαβοῦσα Νηρέως τιμᾶς πάρα.  
ἡμῖν δὲ γῆ μὲν πατρίς οὐκ ἀνώνυμος  
Σπάρτη, πατὴρ δὲ Τυνδάρεως· ἔστιν δὲ δὴ  
λόγος τις ὡς Ζεὺς μητέρ' ἔπτατ' εἰς ἐμὴν·  
20 Λήδα κύνου μορφώματ' ὄρνιθος λαβών,  
ὃς δόλιον εὐνήν ἐξέπραξ' ὑπ' αἰετοῦ



## HELEN

*HELEN discovered bowed in prayer at the tomb of Proteus  
She rises and advances to the front of the stage.*

### HELEN

THESE be the Nile's fair-flowing virgin-streams,  
Who, fed with white snow melting, not with rain  
From heaven, waters Egypt's lowland fields.  
Lord of this land was Proteus, while he lived,  
Dweller in Pharos' isle, and Egypt's king,  
Who of the Maids sea-haunting wedded one,  
Psamathe, widowed wife of Aeacus:  
And to this house she brought forth children  
twain,  
A son, Theoclymenus,—for that honouring  
The Gods his father lived,—a noble daughter, 10  
Named Eido, "mother's pride," while yet a babe;  
But, since she grew to bloom of spousal-tide,  
Theonoë<sup>1</sup> they called her, for she knew  
Heaven's will for things that are and things to be,  
Inheriting from her grandsire Nereus this.  
For me, not fameless is my fatherland  
Sparta: my sire was Tyndarus. The tale  
Telleth that to my mother Leda flew  
Zeus, who had stoln the likeness of a swan,  
And, fleeing from a chasing eagle, wrought 20

<sup>1</sup> i. e. The purpose of God.

δίωγμα φεύγων, εἰ σαφῆς οὗτος λόγος.  
 Ἑλένη δ' ἐκλήθη· ἃ δὲ πεπόνθαμεν κακὰ  
 λέγοιμ' ἄν. ἦλθον τρεῖς θεαὶ κάλλους πέρι  
 Ἴδαίου εἰς κευθμῶν Ἀλέξανδρον πάρα,  
 30 Ἦρα Κύπρις τε διογενῆς τε παρθένος,  
 μορφῆς θέλουσαι διαπεράνασθαι κρῖσω.  
 τοῦμόν δὲ κάλλος, εἰ καλὸν τὸ δυστυχές,  
 Κύπρις προτείνας ὡς Ἀλέξανδρος γαμεί,  
 νικᾷ· λιπὼν δὲ βούσταθμ' Ἴδαῖος Πάρις  
 Σπάρτην ἀφίκεθ' ὡς ἐμὸν σχήσων λέχος.  
 Ἦρα δὲ μεμφθεῖσ' οὐνεκ' οὐ νικᾷ θεάς,  
 ἐξημέωσε τὰ μ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ λέχη,  
 δίδωσι δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ὁμοιώσασ' ἐμοὶ  
 εἰδῶλον ἔμπνουν οὐρανοῦ ξυνθεῖσ' ἄπο,  
 Πριάμου τυράννου παιδί· καὶ δοκεῖ μ' ἔχειν  
 κενὴν δόκησιν, οὐκ ἔχων. τὰ δ' αὖ Διὸς  
 βουλεύματ' ἄλλα τοῖσδε συμβαίνει κακοῖς·  
 πόλεμον γὰρ εἰσήνεγκεν Ἑλλήνων χθονὶ  
 καὶ Φρυγῆι δυστήνοισιν, ὡς ὄχλου βροτῶν  
 40 πλήθους τε κουφίσσειε μητέρα χθόνα,  
 γνωτὸν τε θείῃ τὸν κράτιστον Ἑλλάδος.  
 Φρυγῶν δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν προὔτεθην ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ,  
 τὸ δ' ὄνομα τοῦμόν, ἄθλον Ἑλλήσιν δορός.  
 λαβὼν δέ μ' Ἑρμῆς ἐν πτυχαῖσιν αἰθέρος  
 νεφέλῃ καλύψας, οὐ γὰρ ἠμέλησέ μου  
 Ζεὺς, τόνδ' ἐς οἶκου Πρωτέως ἰδρύσατο,  
 πάντων προκρίνας σωφρονέστατον βροτῶν,  
 ἀκέραιον ὡς σώσαιμι Μενέλεω λέχος.  
 καγὼ μὲν ἐνθάδ' εἶμ', ὁ δ' ἄθλιος πόσις  
 50 στράτευμ' ἀθροίσας τὰς ἐμὰς ἀναρπαγὰς  
 θηρᾷ πορευθεὶς Ἰλίου πυργώματα.  
 ψυχαὶ δὲ πολλαὶ δι' ἔμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδρῶϊσι

## HELEN

By guile his pleasure,—if the tale be true.  
Helen my name, and these my sufferings :  
In strife for beauty came three Goddesses  
To Paris in a deep Idaean dell—  
Hera, and Cypris, and Zeus' child, the Maid,  
Fain to bring beauty's judgment unto issue.  
And Cypris tempting Paris—he should wed  
My fairness, if misfortune can be fair,—  
Prevailed : Idaean Paris left the herds,  
And for his bride, for me, to Sparta came. 30

But Hera, wroth that she should not prevail,  
Turned into air Alexander's joy of me ;  
Gave him not me, but fashioned like to me  
A breathing phantom, out of cloudland wrought,  
For Priam's princely son : he deemed me his,  
Who was not, a vain phantasy. Withal  
Zeus' counsels to these evils added more ;  
For war he brought upon the Hellenes' land  
And hapless Phrygians, to disburden so  
Earth-mother of her straitened throngs of men, 40  
And to make Hellas' mightiest son renowned.  
I lay 'twixt Phrygians' prowess—yet not I,  
My name alone—and Hellene spears, the prize.

Me Hermes caught away in folds of air,  
And veiled in cloud,—for Zeus forgot me not,—  
And in these halls of Proteus set me down,  
Of all men holding him most continent,  
That I might keep me pure for Menelaus.  
So am I here : mine hapless lord the while  
Gathered a host, set forth for Ilium's towers, 50  
Questing the track of me his ravished bride.  
And many a life beside Scamander's streams

ΕΛΕΝΗ

60 ροαῖσιν ἔθανον· ἡ δὲ πάντα τλᾶσ' ἐγὼ  
 κατάρατός εἰμι καὶ δοκῶ προδοῦσ' ἐμὸν  
 πόσιν συνάψαι πόλεμον Ἑλλησιν μέγαν.  
 τί δῆτ' ἔτι ζῶ ; θεοῦ τόδ' εἰσήκουσ' ἔπος  
 Ἑρμοῦ, τὸ κλεινὸν μ' ἔτι κατοικήσειν πέδου  
 Σπάρτης σὺν ἀνδρὶ, γνόντος ὡς ἐς Ἴλιον  
 οὐκ ἦλθον, ἵνα μὴ λέκτρ' ὑποστρώσω τινί.  
 ἕως μὲν οὖν φῶς ἡλίου τόδ' ἔβλεπε  
 Πρωτεύς, ἄσυλος ἦν γάμων· ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆς  
 σκότῳ κέκρυπται, παῖς ὁ τοῦ τεθνηκότος  
 θηρᾶ γαμεῖν με. τὸν πάλαι δ' ἐμὸν πόσιν  
 τιμῶσα Πρωτέως μνήμα προσπίτνω τόδε  
 ἰκέτις, ἵν' ἀνδρὶ τὰμὰ διασώσῃ λέχη,  
 ὡς, εἰ καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὄνομα δυσκλεῆς φέρω,  
 μὴ μοι τὸ σῶμά γ' ἐνθάδ' αἰσχύνῃν ὄφλη.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

70 τίς τῶνδ' ἐρυμνῶν δωμάτων ἔχει κράτος ;  
 Πλούτου γὰρ οἶκος ἄξιος προσεικάσαι  
 βασιλείᾳ τ' ἀμφιβλήματ' εὐθρυγκοῖ θ' ἔδραι.  
 ἔα  
 ὦ θεοί, τίν' εἶδον ὄψιν ; ἐχθρίστην ὀρῶ  
 γυναικὸς εἰκὼ φόνιον, ἢ μ' ἀπώλεσε  
 πάντας τ' Ἀχαιοὺς. θεοί σ', ὅσον μίμημ' ἔχεις  
 Ἑλένης, ἀποπτύσειαν. εἰ δὲ μὴ 'ν ξένη  
 γαῖα πόδ' εἶχον, τῷδ' ἂν εὐστόχῳ πτερῶ  
 ἀπόλαυσιν εἰκοὺς ἔθανες ἂν Διὸς κόρης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί δ' ; ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ὅστις ὢν μ' ἀπεστράφης,  
 καὶ ταῖς ἐκείνης συμφοραῖς ἐμὲ στυγεῖς ;  
 80 ἡμαρτον ὀργῇ δ' εἶξα μᾶλλον ἢ μ' ἐχρήν

## HELEN

Perished for me. I, that endured all this,  
Yet am cursed too, held traitress to my lord,  
Enkindler of a mighty war for Greeks.  
Why then live on? This prophecy of Hermes—  
Who knew that ne'er to Troy I passed—I heard,  
That with my lord in Sparta's plain renowned  
I yet should dwell, nor serve an alien couch.  
While Proteus yet beheld yon light of day, 60  
Inviolate I abode : but he is veiled  
Now in earth's darkness ; and the dead king's son  
Pursues me. Honouring more mine ancient spouse,  
At Proteus' tomb I cast me, suppliant  
That he may keep me unsullied for my lord,  
That, though through Hellas evil fame I bear,  
Mine honour here may take no stain of shame.

*Enter TEUCER.*

### TEUCER

Who hath the lordship of these castle-halls?  
To Plutus' palace might one liken them—  
Fair battlements and royal flanking-towers! 70  
Ha!  
Ye Gods, what sight!—the loathed similitudé  
Of her, the murderess, who ruined me  
And all the Greeks! Now the Gods spue thee out—  
So like thou art to Helen! Stood I not  
On alien soil, by this unerring shaft  
Thou hadst died—thy meed for likeness to Zeus'  
daughter.

### HELEN

Unhappy, whoe'er thou be, why turn from me,  
And loathe me for afflictions born of her?

### TEUCER

I erred, to wrath more yielded than was meet. 80

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μυσεῖ γὰρ Ἑλλάς πᾶσα τὴν Διὸς κόρην.  
σύγγνωθι δ' ἡμῖν τοῖς λελεγμένοις, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τίς δ' εἶ; πόθεν γῆς τῆσδ' ἐπεστράφης πέδον;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

εἰς τῶν Ἀχαιῶν, ὦ γύναι, τῶν ἀθλίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ τᾶρα σ' Ἑλένην εἰ στυγεῖς θαυμαστέον.  
ἀτὰρ τίς εἶ πόθεν; τίνοσ δ' αὐδᾶν σε χρῆ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὄνομα μὲν ἡμῖν Τεῦκρος, ὁ δὲ φύσας πατὴρ  
Τελαμών, Σαλαμῖς δὲ πατρὶς ἢ θρέψασά με.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί δῆτα Νείλου τοῦσδ' ἐπιστρέφει γυῖας;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

90 φυγὰς πατρώας ἐξελήλαμαι χθονός.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλήμων ἂν εἴης· τίς δέ σ' ἐκβάλλει πάτρας;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Τελαμών ὁ φύσας. τίν' ἂν ἔχοις μᾶλλον φίλον;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐκ τοῦ; τὸ γάρ τοι πρᾶγμα συμφορὰν ἔχει.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Αἴας μ' ἀδελφὸς ὤλεσ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θανών.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς; οὐ τί που σὺ φασιγάνῳ βίον στερεῖς;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

οἰκείου αὐτὸν ὤλεσ' ἄλμ' ἐπὶ ξίφος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μανέντ'; ἐπεὶ τίς σωφρονῶν τλαίῃ τὰδ' ἂν;

## HELEN

All Hellas hateth her, the child of Zeus.  
But for words spoken, lady, pardon me.

HELEN

Who art thou, and whence com'st thou to this land?

TEUCER

One, lady, of the Achaeans evil-starred.

HELEN

No marvel then if Helen thou abhor.  
But thou, who art thou?—whence, and who thy sire?

TEUCER

Teucer my name is, Telamon my sire,  
And Salamis the land that fostered me.

HELEN

Why dost thou visit then these fields of Nile?

TEUCER

An exile am I driven from fatherland.

90

HELEN

Unhappy thou! Who banished thee thine home?

TEUCER

My father Telamon. Who should love me more?

HELEN

Wherefore? Such deed imports disastrous cause.

TEUCER

My brother's death at Troy my ruin was.

HELEN

How? Not—O not by thy blade reft of life?

TEUCER

Hurling him on his own sword Aias died.

HELEN

Distraught?—for who uncrazed would dare the deed?

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ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τὸν Πηλέως τιν' οἶσθ' Ἀχιλλέα γόνον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μνηστῆρ ποθ' Ἑλένης ἦλθεν, ὡς ἀκούομεν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

100 θανῶν ὄδ' ὄπλων ἔριν ἔθηκε συμμάχοις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ δὴ τί τοῦτ' Αἴαντι γίγνεται κακόν ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἄλλου λαβόντος ὄπλ' ἀπηλλάχθη βίου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὺ τοῖς ἐκείνου δῆτα πῆμασιν νοσεῖς ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὀθούνεκ' αὐτῷ γ' οὐ ξυνωλόμην ὁμοῦ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦλθες γάρ, ὦ ξέν', Ἰλίου κλεινὴν πόλιν ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

καὶ ξύν γε πέρσας αὐτὸς ἀνταπωλόμην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤδη γὰρ ἤπται καὶ κατείργασται πυρί ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὥστ' οὐδ' ἶχνος γε τειχέων εἶναι σαφές.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ τλήμον Ἑλένη, διὰ σ' ἀπόλλυνται Φρύγες.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

110 καὶ πρὸς γ' Ἀχαιοί· μεγάλα δ' εἴργασται κακά.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πόσον χρόνον γὰρ διαπεπόρθηται πόλις ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἑπτὰ σχεδόν τι καρπίμους ἐτῶν κύκλους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

χρόνον δ' ἐμείνατ' ἄλλον ἐν Τροίᾳ πόσον ;



## HELEN

TEUCER

Of Peleus' son Achilles know'st thou aught ?

HELEN

He came a wooer of Helen, as I heard.

TEUCER

He died : his comrades for his armour strove.

100

HELEN

And how did this thing turn to Aias' bane ?

TEUCER

Another won the arms : he passed from life.

HELEN

Art thou in his affliction then afflicted ?

TEUCER

Even so, because I perished not with him.

HELEN

Thou wentest then to Troy-town far-renowned ?

TEUCER

Yea, helped to smite her—and myself was stricken.

HELEN

Is she ere this aflame ?—consumed with fire ?

TEUCER

Yea, of her walls no trace may be discerned.

HELEN

Helen ill-starred, for thee the Phrygians died !

TEUCER

Yea, and Achaeans : bitter bale she hath wrought.

110

HELEN

How long time since was Ilium destroyed ?

TEUCER

Well-nigh seven summers' circles harvest-crowned.

HELEN

How long ere then did ye beleaguer Troy ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

πολλὰς σελήνας, δέκα διελθούσας ἔτη.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦ καὶ γυναῖκα Σπαρτιάτιν εἴλετε ;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἦγ' ἐπισπάσας κόμης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶδες σὺ τὴν δύστηνον ; ἦ κλύων λέγεις ;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ὥσπερ σέ γ', οὐδὲν ἤσσουν, ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀρῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σκοπεῖτε μὴ δόκησιν εἶχετ' ἐκ θεῶν.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

120

ἄλλου λόγου μέμνησο, μὴ κείνης ἔτι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὕτω δοκεῖτε τὴν δόκησιν ἀσφαλῆ ;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

αὐτὸς γὰρ ὅσσοις εἶδον, εἰ καὶ νῦν σ' ὀρῶ.<sup>1</sup>

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤδη δ' ἐν οἴκοις σὺν δάμαρτι Μενέλεως ;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

οὐκουν ἐν Ἀργεῖ γ' οὐδ' ἐπ' Εὐρώτα ῥοαῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αἰαῖ· κακὸν τόδ' εἶπας οἷς κακὸν λέγεις.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ὡς κείνος ἀφανῆς σὺν δάμαρτι κληῖζεται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ πᾶσι πορθμὸς αὐτὸς Ἀργείοισιν ἦν ;

<sup>1</sup> Dobree and Clark : for the MSS. reading *εἰδόμην καὶ νοῦν* ὀρῶ.

## HELEN

TEUCER

While many moons through ten years ran their course.

HELEN

And captive did ye take the Spartan dame ?

TEUCER

Yea ; Menelaus haled her by the hair.

HELEN

Saw'st thou that wretch ?—or speakest from report ?

TEUCER

Even as I see thee with mine eyes ; no less.

HELEN

What if ye nursed a heaven-sent phantasy ?

TEUCER

Of other theme bethink thee ; of her no more.

120

HELEN

So sure are ye of this your fancy's truth ?

TEUCER

I saw her with mine eyes—if I see thee.

HELEN

Hath Menelaus with his wife won home ?

TEUCER

Nay, nor to Argos, nor Eurotas' streams.

HELEN

Woe ! Ill news this to whom thy tale is ill.

TEUCER

Lost, with his wife, from sight : so rumour runs.

HELEN

Sailed not together all the Argives home ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἦν, ἀλλὰ χειμῶν ἄλλοσ' ἄλλον ὤρισεν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοισιν ἐν νώτοισι ποντίας ἁλός ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

130 μέσον περῶσι πέλαγος Αἰγαίου πόρου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κάκ τοῦδε Μενέλαν οὔτις εἶδ' ἀφυγμένον ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

οὔδεις· θανῶν δὲ κλήζεται καθ' Ἑλλάδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπωλόμεσθα· Θεστιᾶς δ' ἔστιν κόρη ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Λήδαν ἔλεξας ; οἴχεται θανοῦσα δῆ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὔ πού νιν Ἑλένης αἰσχρὸν ὤλεσεν κλέος ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

φασίν, βρόχῳ γ' ἄψασαν εὐγενῆ δέρην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἱ Τυνδάρειοι δ' εἰσὶν ἢ οὐκ εἰσὶν κόροι ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τεθνᾶσι κοῦ τεθνᾶσι· δύο δ' ἔστὸν λόγῳ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πότερος ὁ κρείσσων ; ὦ γάλαιν' ἐγὼ κακῶν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

140 ἄστρους σφ' ὁμοιωθέντε φᾶσ' εἶναι θεῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τοῦτο· θάτερον δὲ τί ;

HELEN

TEUCER

Yea ; but a storm dispersed them far and wide.

HELEN

On what surf-ridges of the outsea brine ?

TEUCER

In the mid-passage of the Aegean sea.

130

HELEN

Hath none since then seen Menelaus come ?

TEUCER

None : but through Hellas rumour speaks him dead.

HELEN

(*Aside*) Undone—undone ! Lives Thestias' daughter  
yet ?

TEUCER

Leda mean'st thou ? Dead is she, passed from earth.

HELEN

O say not Helen's shame was death to her !

TEUCER

They say it. She coiled the noose about her neck.

HELEN

And Tyndarus' sons, live they, or live they not ?

TEUCER

They are dead—and are not dead : twofold the tale.

HELEN

Which tale prevaieth ? (*aside*) Woe for mine afflic-  
tions !

TEUCER

In fashion made as stars men name them Gods.

140

HELEN

Fair tidings these ! But what the other tale ?

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

## ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

σφαγαῖς ἀδελφῆς εἵνεκ' ἐκπνεύσαι βίον.  
 ἄλις δὲ μύθων· οὐ διπλᾷ χρήζω στένειν.  
 ὦν δ' εἵνεκ' ἦλθον τοῦσδε βασιλείους δόμους,  
 τὴν θεσπιωδὸν Θεουόνην χρήζων ἰδεῖν,  
 σὺ προξένησον, ὡς τύχῳ μαντευμάτων  
 ὄπη νεῶς στείλαιμ' ἄν οὐριον πτερὸν  
 εἰς γῆν ἐναλίαν Κύπρου, οὐ μ' ἐθέσπισεν  
 οἰκεῖν Ἀπόλλων, ὄνομα νησιωτικὸν  
 150 Σαλαμίνα θέμενον τῆς ἐκεῖ χάριω πάτρας.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

πλοῦς, ὦ ξέν', αὐτὸς σημανεῖ· σὺ δ' ἐκλιπῶν  
 γῆν τήνδε φεύγε πρὶν σε παῖδα Πρωτέως  
 ἰδεῖν, ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε γῆς· ἄπεστι δὲ  
 κυσὶν πεπορθῶς ἐν φοναῖς θηροκτόνοις·  
 κτείνει γὰρ Ἑλλην' ὄντιν' ἄν λάβῃ ξένον·  
 ὅτου δ' ἕκατι, μήτε σὺ ζῆται μαθεῖν  
 ἐγὼ τε σιγῶ· τί γὰρ ἄν ὠφελοῖμί σε ;

## ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, ὦ γύναι· θεοὶ δέ σοι  
 ἐσθλῶν ἀμοιβὰς ἀντιδωρησάμενοι.  
 160 Ἑλένη δ' ὅμοιον σῶμ' ἔχουσ' οὐ τὰς φρένας  
 ἔχεις ὅμοιας, ἀλλὰ διαφόρους πολὺ.  
 κακῶς δ' ὄλοιτο μηδ' ἐπ' Εὐρώτα ῥοὰς  
 ἔλθοι· σὺ δ' εἶης εὐτυχῆς αἰεὶ, γύναι.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ μεγάλων ἀχέων καταβαλλομένα μέγαν οἶκτον,  
 ποῖον ἀμλλαθῶ γόον ; ἢ τίνα μούσαν ἐπέλθω,  
 δάκρυσιν ἢ θρήνοις ἢ πένθεσιν ; ἔ ἔ.

## HELEN

TEUCER

Self-slain they perished for a sister's shame.  
Suffice these stories: twice I would not groan.  
But for this cause I sought these royal halls,  
Being fain to see Theonoë the seer.  
Thou help me to her, that I may be told  
Whereby to steer my galley's prosperous wing  
To sea-girt Cyprus, where Apollo bade  
That I should dwell, and, for the homeland's sake,  
Give it the island-name of Salamis. 150

HELEN

Thou canst not miss the course, friend: but this land  
Leave thou, and flee, ere Proteus' son, who rules  
This land, behold thee;—now is he afar,  
Following the hounds to slay the wildwood beasts;—  
For whatso Greek he findeth doth he kill:  
But for what cause—nor seek thou this to learn,  
Nor may I tell: how should I profit thee?

TEUCER

Gracious thy speech is, lady: Heaven vouchsafe  
To thee for thy fair deeds requital fair.  
A form hast thou like Helen's, but thou hast 160  
No heart like hers, nay, diverse utterly.  
Ruin be hers! Ne'er to Eurotas' streams  
Come she! But be thou, lady, ever blest. [*Exit.*]

HELEN

For mine anguish I raise an exceeding great and  
bitter cry!  
How shall I agonize forth my lament?—to what Muse  
draw nigh  
With tears, with death-dirges, or moanings of  
misery?  
Woe's me, woe's me!

ΕΑΕΝΗ

170 πτεροφόροι νεάνιδες, στρ. α'  
 παρθένοι Χθονός κόραι  
 Σειρήνες, εἴθ' ἐμοῖς γόοις  
 μόλοιτ' ἔχουσαι τὸν Λίβυν  
 λωτὸν ἢ σύριγγας, αἰλίνοις κακοῖς  
 τοῖς ἐμοῖσι σύννοχα δάκρυα,  
 πάθεισι πάθεα, μέλεσι μέλεα·  
 μουσεῖα θρηνήμασι ξυμφδὰ  
 πέμψειε Φερσέφασσα  
 φόνια, χάριτας ἔν' ἐπὶ δάκρυσι  
 παρ' ἐμέθεν ὑπὸ μέλαθρα νύχια παιᾶνας  
 νέκυσιν ὀλομένους λάβη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

180 κυανοειδὲς ἀμφ' ὕδωρ ἀντ. α'  
 ἔτυχον ἑλικά τ' ἀνὰ χλόαν  
 φοίνικας ἀλλοῦ πέπλους  
 αὐγαῖσιν ἐν ταῖς χρυσταῖς  
 ἀμφιθάλλουσ' ἐν τε δόνακος ἔρνεσιν  
 ἔνθεν οἰκτρὸν ὄμαδον ἔκλυον,  
 ἄλυρον ἔλεγον, ὃ τι ποτ' ἔλακεν  
 - - - αἰάγμασι στένουσα,  
 Νύμφα τις οἶα Ναῖς  
 ὄρεσι φυγάδα νόμον ἰεῖσα  
 190 γοερὸν, ὑπὸ δὲ πέτρινα γύαλα κλαγγαῖσιν  
 Πανὸς ἀναβοᾷ γάμους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ ἰώ· στρ. β'  
 θήραμα βαρβάρου πλάτας,  
 Ἑλλανίδες κόραι,  
 ναύτας Ἀχαιῶν  
 τις ἔμολεν ἔμολε δάκρυα δάκρυσί μοι φέρων,  
 Ἴλιου κατασκαφᾶν



## HELEN

Come, Sea-maids, hitherward winging, (Str. 1)  
 Daughters of Earth's travail-throes,  
 Sirens, to me draw nigh,  
 That your flutes and your pipes may sigh 170  
 In accord with my wailings, and cry  
 To my sorrows consonant-ringing  
 With tears, lamentations, and woes.  
 Oh would but Persephone lend  
 Fellow-mourners from Hades, to blend  
 Death-dirges with mine! I would send  
 Thank-offering of weeping and singing  
 Of chants to her dead, unto those  
 On whom Night's gates close.

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHORUS (Ant. 1)

I was spreading, where grass droops trailing  
 In the river-flood's darkling gleam, 180  
 Purple-dyed robes 'neath the blaze  
 Of the sun, and his golden rays,  
 Overdraping the bulrush-sprays;—  
 Then heard I a pitiful wailing;  
 Mournful and wild did it seem  
 As the shriek of a Naiad's despair  
 Far-borne on the mountain air,  
 When she moans faint-fleeing the snare,  
 When the might of Pan is prevailing,  
 And the gorges where cataracts stream 190  
 Ring to her scream.

HELEN

O Hellas' daughters, ye (Str. 2)  
 By strange oars borne o'ersea,  
 One from Achaea faring,  
 Tears unto my tears bearing,  
 Tells Ilium's overthrow

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

200 πυρὶ μέλουσαν δαίψ  
 δι' ἐμὲ τὰν πολυκτόνου,  
 δι' ἐμὸν ὄνομα πολύπονον.  
 Ἀήδα δ' ἐν ἀγγόναϊς  
 θάνατον ἔλαβεν  
 αἰσχύνας ἐμᾶς ὑπ' ἀλγέων.  
 ὁ δ' ἐμὸς ἐν ἀλλ' πολυπλανῆς  
 πόσις ὀλόμενος οἴχεται,  
 Κάστορός τε συγγόνου τε  
 διδυμογενὲς ἄγαλμα πατρίδος  
 ἀφανὲς ἀφανὲς ἰππόκροτα λέλοιπε δάπεδα  
 γυμνάσιά τε δονακόντος  
 Εὐρώτα, νεανιᾶν πόνον.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

210 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ· ἀντ. β  
 ὦ δαίμονος πολυστόνου  
 μοίρας τε σᾶς, γύναι.  
 αἰὼν δυσαίῳ  
 τις ἔλαχεν ἔλαχεν, ὅτε σ' ἐτέκετο ματρόθεν  
 Ζεὺς πρέπων δι' αἰθέρος  
 χιονόχρως κύκνου πτερῶ·  
 τί γὰρ ἄπεστί σοι κακῶν ;  
 τίνα δὲ βίωτον οὐκ ἔτλας ;  
 220 μάτηρ μὲν οἴχεται,  
 δίδυμά τε Διὸς  
 οὐκ εὐδαιμονεῖ τέκεα φίλα,  
 χθόνα δὲ πάτριον οὐχ ὄρᾳς,  
 διὰ δὲ πόλεως ἔρχεται  
 βᾶξις, ἃ σε βαρβαροισι  
 λέχεσι, πότνια, παραδίδωσι,  
 ὁ δὲ σὸς ἐν ἀλλ' κύμασί τε λέλοιπε βίωτον,  
 οὐδέ ποτ' ἔτι πάτρια μέλαθρα  
 καὶ τὰν Χαλκίοικον ὀλβιεῖς.

## HELEN

Wrapt in the red flame's glow,  
Through murderess me laid low—  
This baleful name of me !  
Of Leda hath he told, self-slain 200  
By the death-noose's strangling strain,  
Her heart for my shame anguish-riven :—  
Tells of my lord,—o'er far seas driven  
Now hath he vanished tempest-tost ;—  
Of Castor and his brother lost  
From earth, their country's twin-born boast :  
Where hoofs have thundered, athletes striven,  
Eurotas' reeds and racecourse-plain  
Wait these in vain.

### CHORUS

(*Ant.* 2)

Woe for thy misery, 210  
The weird ordained for thee,  
Foredoomed to days of weeping  
Since Zeus through clouds down-sweeping,  
A swan with wings of snow,  
Beguiled thy mother so !  
What know'st thou not of woe ?  
From what ills art thou free ?  
In death thy mother hides her pain :  
Zeus' sons, his well-belovèd twain, 220  
To days of bliss no more may waken :  
Thine homeland have thine eyes forsaken ;  
And slander, through her cities rife,  
Assigns thee an accursèd life,  
Proclaims thee yon barbarian's wife :  
Death amid storm thy lord hath taken :  
Thou gladdenest no sire's halls again,  
Nor Brazen Fane.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 230 φεῦ, τίς ἦν Φρυγῶν, τίς ἦν<sup>1</sup> στρ. γ  
 τὰν δακρυνόεσσαν Ἰλίῳ τε πεύκαν  
 † ὃς ἔτεμε τοῖς θ' Ἑλλανίας ἀπὸ χθονός ;  
 ἔνθεν ὀλόμενον σκάφος  
 ὁ Πριαμίδας συναρμόσας  
 ἔπλευσε βαρβάρῳ πλάτῃ  
 τὰν ἐμὰν ἐφ' ἑστίαν,  
 ἐπὶ τὸ δυστυχὲς  
 κάλλος, ὡς ἔλοι γάμον ἐμόν,  
 ἃ τε δόλιος ἂ πολυκτόνος Κύπρις  
 Δαναΐδαις ἄγουσα θάνατον Πριαμίδαις τε.  
 240 ὦ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς.

- ἂ δὲ χρυσεῖς θρόνοις ἀντ. γ  
 Διὸς ὑπαγκάλισμα σεμνὸν Ἥρα  
 τὸν ὠκύπουν ἔπεμψε Μαιάδος γόνον,  
 ὃς με χλοερὰ δρεπομέναν ἔσω πέπλων  
 ῥόδεα πέταλα, χαλκίοικον ὡς Ἀθήναν  
 μόλοιμ', ἀναρπάσας δι' αἰθέρος  
 τάνδε γαῖαν εἰς ἄνολβον  
 ἔριν ἔριν τάλαιναν ἔθετο  
 Πριαμίδαισιν Ἑλλάδος.  
 250 τὸ δ' ἐμόν ὄνομα παρὰ Σιμωνυτιοῖς ῥοαῖσι  
 μαψίδιον ἔχει φάτιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔχεις μὲν ἀλγείν', οἶδα· σύμφορον δέ τοι  
 ὡς ῥᾶστα τὰναγκαῖα τοῦ βίου φέρειν.

<sup>1</sup> Paley, the old MS. reading being "destitute alike of sense and metre."

## HELEN

### HELEN

Ah, who of the Phrygians dared that felling (*Str.* 3)  
Of the pines, for the mourning of Ilium fated, 230  
And for tears unto them that in Hellas were dwelling,  
Of whose beams was the galley, with evil freighted,  
Builded of Priam's offspring, the hated,  
Whom oars barbaric sped over the tide,  
Till he came to the hearth of my Spartan palace  
In quest of my beauty, foredoomed the occasion  
Of mischief: beside him in treacherous malice  
Came Cypris, the bringer of death's desolation  
Unto Danaus' sons, unto Priam's nation.  
Woe's me for my lot, who am misery's bride. 240

(*Ant.* 3)

From the gold of the throne of her glory bending,  
Dread Hera, Zeus' bride jealousy-glowing,  
Sped the fleetfoot scion of Maia descending,  
Who came on me plucking the roses, and throwing  
Into my gown-lap their buds fresh-blowing,  
To bear to the Brazen Fane their pride.  
And he soared with his prey through the clouds of  
heaven,  
And to this land all unblest he brought her,  
And he made her a strife, for calamity striven,  
For Hellas, of Priam's people who sought her.  
But Helen, by Simois' crimsoned water, 250  
Was a breath, was a battle-cry—nought beside.

### CHORUS

Sorrows are thine, I know: yet is it best  
Lightly as may be to endure life's ills.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

- φίλαι γυναικες, τίνι πότμῳ συνεζύγην ;  
 ἄρ' ἢ τεκοῦσά μ' ἔτεκεν ἀνθρώποις τέρας ;  
 γυνή γὰρ οὐθ' Ἑλληνίς οὔτε βάρβαρος  
 τεύχος νεοσσῶν λευκὸν ἐκλοχεύεται,  
 ἐν ᾧ με Δῆδαν φασὶν ἐκ Διὸς τεκεῖν.  
 260 τέρας γὰρ ὁ βίος καὶ τὰ πράγματ' ἐστὶ μοι,  
 τὰ μὲν δι' Ἦραν, τὰ δὲ τὸ κάλλος αἴτιον.  
 εἴθ' ἔξαλειφθεῖσ' ὡς ἀγαλμ' αὐθις πάλιν  
 αἰσχίον εἶδος ἔλαβον ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ,  
 καὶ τὰς τύχας μὲν τὰς κακὰς ἅς νῦν ἔχω  
 Ἑλληνες ἐπελάθοντο, τὰς δὲ μὴ κακὰς  
 ἔσφριζον ὥσπερ τὰς κακὰς σώζουσί μου.  
 ὅστις μὲν οὖν εἰς μίαν ἀποβλέπων τύχην  
 πρὸς θεῶν κακοῦται, βαρὺ μὲν, οἷστέον δ' ὅμως·  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ πολλαῖς συμφοραῖς ἐγκείμεθα.  
 270 πρῶτον μὲν οὐκ οὐσ' ἀδικος, εἰμὶ δυσκλεής·  
 καὶ τοῦτο μείζον τῆς ἀληθείας κακόν,  
 ὅστις τὰ μὴ προσόντα κέκτῃται κακά.  
 ἔπειτα πατρίδος θεοὶ μ' ἀφιδρύσαντο γῆς  
 εἰς βάρβαρ' ἦθη, καὶ φίλων τητωμένη  
 δούλη καθέστηκ' οὐσ' ἐλευθέρων ἀπο·  
 τὰ βαρβάρων γὰρ δοῦλα πάντα πλὴν ἐνός.  
 ἄγκυρα δ' ἦ μου τὰς τύχας ὥχει μόνη,  
 πόσιν ποθ' ἦξειν καὶ μ' ἀπαλλάξειν κακῶν,  
 οὗτος τέθηκεν, οὗτος οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ δῆ.  
 280 μήτηρ δ' ὄλωλε, καὶ φονεὺς αὐτῆς ἐγώ,  
 ἀδίκως μὲν, ἀλλὰ τ' ἀδικὸν τοῦτ' ἐστ' ἐμόν.  
 δ' δ' ἀγλαῖσμα δωμάτων ἐμοῦ τ' ἔφυ,  
 θυγάτηρ ἀνανδρος πολὶὰ παρθενεύεται·

## HELEN

### HELEN

Friends, 'neath the yoke of what doom am I  
bowed ?

Bore not my mother a portent unto men ?  
For never Hellene nor barbarian dame  
Brought forth white vial of a fledgling brood,<sup>1</sup>  
Wherein to Zeus men say that Leda bare me. 260  
A portent are my life and all my fortunes,  
In part through Hera, through my beauty in part.  
Oh could I, like a picture blotted out,  
Have changed that beauty for uncomeliness !  
Oh might the Greeks forget the lot accurst  
That now is mine, and treasure memories  
Of honour touching me, as now of shame !  
Whoso, on one chance centring all his hopes,  
Is stricken of God, hard though it be, may  
bear it ;

But I—I am whelmed in many miseries :  
First, an ill name, though I am clean of sin ; 270  
And worse is this than suffering for just cause,  
To bear the burden of sins that are not ours.  
Then, from my homeland the Gods banished me  
To alien customs, and, bereft of friends,  
A slave am I, the daughter of free sires ;  
For midst barbarians slaves are all save one.  
And—the one anchor that stayed up my fortunes,  
That yet my lord would come, and end my woes—  
He hath died : who was mine anchor is no more.  
Dead is my mother, and her murderer I,— 280  
Innocently, yet cleaves the wrong to me.  
And she, erewhile mine house's pride and mine,  
My child, is growing grey, a spouseless maid ;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the two eggs of Leda, from one of which issued Castor and Pollux, from the other Helen.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ τοῦ Διὸς δὲ λεγομένω Διοσκόρω  
 οὐκ ἔστίον. ἀλλὰ πάντ' ἔχουσα δυστυχή  
 τοῖς πράγμασιν τέθηκα, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν οὐ.  
 τὸ δ' ἔσχατον τοῦτ', εἰ μόλοιμεν εἰς πάτραν,  
 κλήθροισ ἂν εἴργοιέν με, τὴν ὑπ' Ἴλίῳ  
 δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην Μενέλεώ μ' ἔλθειν μέτα.  
 290 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔζη πόσις, ἀνεγνώσθημεν ἂν  
 εἰς ξύμβολ' ἔλθόνθ' ἂ φανέρ' ἂν μόνοις ἂν ἦν.  
 νῦν δ' οὔτε τοῦτ' ἔστ' οὔτε μὴ σωθῆ ποτε.  
 τί δῆτ' ἔτι ζῶ ; τίν' ὑπολείπομαι τύχην ;  
 γάμους ἐλομένη τῶν κακῶν ὑπαλλαγάς,  
 μετ' ἀνδρὸς οἰκεῖν βαρβάρου πρὸς πλουσίαν  
 τράπεζαν ἴζουσ' ; ἀλλ' ὅταν πόσις πικρὸς  
 ξυγῆ γυναικί, καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἔστιν πικρόν.  
 θανεῖν κράτιστον· πῶς θάνοιμ' ἂν οὖν καλῶς ;  
 300 ἀσχήμονες μὲν ἀγχόναι μετάρσιοι,  
 κὰν τοῖσι δούλοις δυσπρεπὲς νομίζεται  
 σφαγαὶ δ' ἔχουσι εὐγενές τι καὶ καλόν,  
 † σμικρὸς δ' ὁ καιρὸς σάρκ' ἀπαλλάξαι βίου.  
 εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἤλθομεν βάθος κακῶν  
 αἰ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλαι διὰ τὸ κάλλος εὐτυχεῖς  
 γυναῖκες, ἡμᾶς δ' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἑλένη, τὸν ἐλθόνθ', ὅστις ἔστιν ὁ ξένος,  
 μὴ πάντ' ἀληθῆ δοξάσης εἰρηκέυαι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν σαφῶς ἔλεξ' ὀλωλέναι πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πόλλ' ἂν γένοιτο καὶ διὰ ψευδῶν ἔπη.



## HELEN

And the Twin Brethren, named the Sons of  
Zeus,

Are not. But, though I have nought but misery,  
Me hath ill-faring, not ill-doing, slain.

And, worst of all, if I should reach mine home,  
Men would in dungeon chain me, as the Helen  
For whom to Ilium Menelaus went.

For, if mine husband lived, by tokens known 290  
To none beside, might recognition be.

This cannot now be : no, he cannot 'scape.

Why then do I live on ?—what fortune waits me ?

Shall I choose marriage for escape from ills,

Dwell with a lord barbarian, at his board

Seated mid pomp ? Nay, if a husband loathed

Dwell with a woman, her own self she loathes.

To die were best. How then with honour die ?

Unseemly is the noose 'twixt earth and heaven :

Even of thralls 'tis held a death of shame. 300

Noble the dagger is and honourable,

And one short instant rids the flesh of life.

Yea, to such depth of evil am I come !

For other women are by beauty made

Blest—me the selfsame gift to ruin brought.

### CHORUS

Helen, believe not yonder stranger spake  
Truth only, be he who he may that came.

### HELEN

Nay, but he plainly said my lord had died.

### CHORUS

In multitude of words there want not lies.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

310 καὶ τᾶμπαλὶν γε τῶνδ' ἀληθείᾳ σαφῆ.<sup>1</sup>

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ξυμφορὰν γὰρ ἀντὶ τὰγαθοῦ φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόβος γὰρ εἰς τὸ δαίμα περιβαλὼν μ' ἄγει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς δ' εὐμενείας τοισίδ' ἐν δόμοις ἔχεις ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντες φίλοι μοι πλὴν ὁ θηρεύων γάμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἷσθ' οὖν ὁ δρᾶσον ; μνήματος λιποῦσ' ἔδραν—

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ποῖον ἔρπεις μῦθον ἢ παραίνεσιν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

320 ἐλθοῦσ' ἐς οἴκους, ἢ τὰ πάντ' ἐπίσταται,  
τῆς ποντίας Νηρηίδος ἐκγόνου κόρης,  
πυθοῦ πόσιν σὺν Θεονόης, εἴτ' ἔστ' ἔτι  
εἴτ' ἐκλέλοιπε φέγγος· ἐκμαθοῦσα δ' εὖ  
πρὸς τὰς τύχας τὸ χάσμα τοὺς γόους τ' ἔχε.  
πρὶν δ' οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς εἰδέναι, τί σοι πλέον  
λυπουμένη γένοιτ' ἂν ; ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ·  
τάφον λιποῦσα τόνδε σύμμιξον κόρη,  
ὄθενπερ εἶσει πάντα· τάληθῆ φράσαι  
ἔχουσ' ἐν οἴκοις τήνδε, τί βλέπεις πρόσω ;  
θέλω δὲ καγὼ σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν δόμους  
καὶ συμπυθέσθαι παρθένου θεσπίσματα·  
γυναῖκα γὰρ δὴ συμπονεῖν γυναικὶ χρή.

<sup>1</sup> Paley reads ἀληθείας, transposes ἔπη and σαφῆ, and takes τᾶμπαλιν τῶνδε to mean "contrary to these (lies)":—

*Ch.* By lies may many a tale seem all too clear.

*Hel.* Nay, falsehood rings not with the note of truth.

## HELEN

HELEN

Nay rather, plain truth may a plain tale be. 310

CHORUS

Nay, 'tis thou leanest more to grief than joy.

HELEN

Fear folds me round, and drags me to my dread.

CHORUS

How stands to thee affected yonder household?

HELEN

Friends all, save him who hunts me for his bride.

CHORUS

Know'st then thy part? From session at the tomb—

HELEN

To what speech or what counsel drawest thou?

CHORUS

Pass to the house: of her who knoweth all,  
The daughter of the sea-born Nereid maid,  
Theonoë, ask if yet thine husband live,  
Or hath left light; and, being certified, 320  
According to thy fortunes joy or mourn.  
But, ere thou know aught truly, what avails  
That thou shouldst grieve? Nay, hearken unto  
me:—

Leave thou this tomb, and with the maid commune,  
Of whom shalt thou learn all. When thou hast here  
One to resolve the doubt, what wouldst thou more?  
I too with thee will pass into the house,  
With thee inquire the maiden's oracles.  
That woman woman's burden share, is meet.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

330 φίλαι, λόγους ἔδεξάμαν  
στρ. βᾶτε βᾶτε δ' εἰς δόμους,  
ἀγῶνας ἐντὸς οἴκων ὡς  
πύθησθε τοὺς ἐμούς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θέλουσαν οὐ μόλις καλεῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ μέλεος ἀμέρα.  
τίν' ἄρα τάλαινα τίνα δακρυό-  
εντα λόγον ἀκούσομαι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μὴ πρόμαντις ἀλγέων  
προλάμβαν', ὦ φίλα, γόους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

340 τί μοι πόσις μέλεος ἔτλα ;  
ἀντ. πότερα δέρκεται φάος  
τέθριππά θ' ἀλίου  
κέλευθά τ' ἀστέρων,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

\* \* \* \* \*

ΕΛΕΝΗ

\* \* \* \* \*

ἦ ν' νέκυσι κατὰ χθονὸς  
τὰν χθόνιον ἔχει τύχαν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς τὸ φέρτερον τίθει  
τὸ μέλλον, ὅ τι γενήσεται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σέ γὰρ ἐκάλεσα, σέ δὲ κατόμοσα,  
τὸν ὑδρόεντα δόνακι χλωρὸν

<sup>1</sup> Two lines missing, corresponding to those in the *Strophe*.

## HELEN

HELEN

I hail, friends, the word ye have spoken. (*Str.*) 330  
Pass in, pass ye into the hall,  
To give ear unto prophecy's token  
How the end of my toils shall befall.

CHORUS

Thou callest on her that hears full fain.

HELEN

Woe for this day with its burden of pain!  
What word waiteth, what desolation  
Of tears past relief?

CHORUS

Nay, forestall not, O friend, lamentation  
Prophetic of grief.

HELEN

To what doom hath mine husband been given? (*Ant.*) 340  
Doth he yet see the light of the day,  
See the Sun's wheels flash through the heaven,  
See the gleams of the star-trodden way?

Or to him have the dead done obeisance?  
Doth the nether gloom hide?

CHORUS

Nay, look for a fate of fair presence,  
Whatsoe'er shall betide.

HELEN

Thee I invoke, I swear by thy name,  
O river with ripple-washed reed-beds green,

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

350 Εὐρώταν, θανόντος εἰ βάζεις  
 ἔτυμος ἀνδρὸς ἄδε μοι—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τάδ' ἀσύνητα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόνιον αἰώρημα  
 διὰ δέρης ὀρέξομαι,  
 ἢ ξιφοκτόνον δίωγμα  
 λαιμορύτου σφαγᾶς  
 αὐτοσίδαρον ἔσω πελάσσω διὰ σαρκὸς ἄμυλλαν,  
 θῦμα τριζύγοις θεαῖσι  
 † τῷ τε συρίγγων ἀοιδὰν σεβί-  
 ζοντι Πριαμίδα ποτ' ἀμφὶ βουστάθμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 ἄλλοσ' ἀποτροπὰ κακῶν  
 γένοιτο, τὸ δὲ σὸν εὐτυχές.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ Τροία τάλαινα,  
 δι' ἔργ' ἀνεργ' ὄλλυσαι μέλεά τ' ἔτλας·  
 τὰ δ' ἐμὰ δῶρα Κύπριδος ἔτεκε  
 πολὺ μὲν αἶμα, πολὺ δὲ δάκρυον, ἄχεά τ' ἄχεσι,  
 † δάκρυα δάκρυσιν ἔλαβε πάθεα,  
 ματέρες τε παῖδας ὤλεσαν,  
 ἀπὸ δὲ παρθένοι κόμας  
 ἔθεντο σύγγονοι νεκρῶν Σκαμάνδριον  
 ἀμφὶ Φρύγιον οἶδμα.

370 βοᾶν βοᾶν δ' Ἑλλάς  
 κελάδησε κἀνωτότυξεν,  
 ἐπὶ δὲ κρατὶ χέρας ἔθηκεν,  
 ὄνυχι δ' ἀπαλόχροα γένυν  
 ἔδευσεν φοινίαισι πλαγαῖς.

## HELEN

Eurotas!—if true was the word that came 350  
That my lord on the earth is no more seen,—

CHORUS

Wild words and whirling—ah, what should they  
mean?

HELEN

The death-dealing cord  
Round my neck will I twine,  
Or the thirst of the sword  
In this heart's blood of mine  
Shall be quenched, through the flesh of my neck as I  
Plunge it to life's deep shrine,  
For a sacrifice to the Goddesses three,  
And to Paris, whose pipe's wild melody  
Floated afar over Ida, and round still steadings of kine.

CHORUS

Far hence averted may mischief flee, 350  
And fortune fair abide upon thee!

HELEN

Woe, hapless Troy, for thee, woe!  
Thou hast perished for sins not thine own, under  
misery's load brought low!  
And the gifts of Cypris to me for their fruit have borne  
Rivers of blood and of tears, and to them that mourn  
Anguish is added, and grief to the grief-forlorn.  
There are mothers for dead sons weeping;  
There are maids that have cast shorn hair  
Where seaward Scamander on-sweeping  
The limbs of their brothers bare.  
And from Hellas a cry, a cry, 370  
Ringeth heavenward wild and high,  
And with frenzied hands on her head  
She smiteth: her fingers are red  
From the cheeks that the blood-furrows dye.

497

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ μάκαρ Ἀρκαδία ποτὲ παρθένε Καλλιστοῖ,  
Διὸς

ἂ λεχέων ἐπέβας τετραβάμοσι γυίοις,  
ὡς πολὺ ματρὸς ἐμᾶς ἔλαχες πλέον,  
ἂ μορφᾷ θηρῶν λαχνογυίων  
ὄμματι λάβρω σχῆμα διαίνεις<sup>1</sup>  
380 ἐξαλλάξασ' ἄχθεα λύπης·  
ἂν τέ ποτ' Ἄρτεμις ἐξεχορεύσατο  
χρυσοκέρατ' ἔλαφον Μέροπος Τιτανίδα κούραν  
καλλοσύνας ἔνεκεν τὸ δ' ἐμὸν δέμας  
ᾤλεσεν ᾤλεσε πέργῃα Δαρδανίας  
ὀλομένους τ' Ἀχαιοὺς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τὰς τεθρίππους Οἰνομάω Πίσαν κατά  
Πέλοψ ἀμίλλας ἐξαμιλληθεῖς ποτε,  
εἴθ' ὄφελος τόθ', ἠνίκ' ἔρανον εἰς θεοῦς  
† πεισθεῖς<sup>2</sup> ἐποίεις, ἐν θεοῖς λιπεῖν βίον,  
390 πρὶν τὸν ἐμὸν Ἀτρέα πατέρα γεννήσαι ποτε,  
ὃς ἐξέφυσεν Ἀερόπης λέκτρων ἄπο  
Ἀγαμέμνον' ἐμέ τε Μενέλεων, κλεινὸν ζυγόν·  
πλείστον γὰρ οἶμαι, καὶ τόδ' οὐ κόμπω λέγω,  
στράτευμα κώπη διορίσαι Τροίαν ἐπι,  
τύρανος οὐδὲν πρὸς βίαν στρατηλατῶν,  
ἐκοῦσι δ' ἄρξας Ἑλλάδος νεανίας.  
καὶ τοὺς μὲν οὐκέτ' ὄντας ἀριθμῆσαι πάρα,  
τοὺς δ' ἐκ θαλάσσης ἄσμένως πεφευγότας,  
νεκρῶν φέροντας ὀνόματ' εἰς οἴκους πάλιν.  
400 ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' αἶδμα πόντιον γλαυκῆς ἄλδος

<sup>1</sup> Hermann and Dindorf: for MSS. *λείνης*.

<sup>2</sup> The reference to the legend of Pelops being served up to the Gods at a feast by Tantalus requires some such word as *σφαγεί*s.



## HELEN

Ah, maiden of Arcady, happy, Callisto,<sup>1</sup> art thou,  
O fourfoot-pacing thing who wast Zeus' bride,  
Better by far than my mother's is thy lot now,  
Who hast cast the burden of human sorrow aside,  
And only now for the shaggy limb  
Of the brute with tears are thy fierce eyes dim. 380  
Yea, happier she whom Artemis drave from her choir,  
A stag gold-antlered, Merops' Titanian daughter,  
Because of her beauty ; but mine with the brands of  
desire  
Hath enkindled Dardanian Pergamus' ruin-pyre,  
And hath given the Achaeans to slaughter.

*[They pass into the palace.]*

*Enter MENELAUS.*

MENELAUS

Ah, Pelops, thou at Pisa victor once  
Over Oenomaus in chariot-strife,  
Oh that, what time thou mad'st the Gods a feast,  
Thou hadst left in presence of the Gods thy life,  
Ere thou begattest Atreus, sire to me, 390  
Him to whom Aerope bare Agamemnon,  
And me, Menelaus, chariot-team renowned.  
The mightiest host on earth—no mere vaunt this—  
Did I speed overseas to Troy, their chief ;  
Nor by compulsion captained them to war,  
But led with Hellas' heroes' glad consent.  
Some must we count mid them that are no more ;  
Gladly have other some escaped the sea,  
And bring back home the names of men deemed dead.  
But I far o'er the grey sea's shoreless surge 400

<sup>1</sup> One of Zeus's victims, changed into a bear.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- τλήμων ἀλώμαι χρόνον ὄσονπερ Ἴλιου  
 πύργους ἔπερσα, κείς πάτραν χρήζων μολεῖν,  
 οὐκ ἀξιούμαι τοῦδε πρὸς θεῶν τυχεῖν.  
 Διβίης τ' ἐρήμους ἀξένους τ' ἐπίδρομας  
 πέπλευκα πάσας· χῶταν ἐγγὺς ὦ πάτρας,  
 πάλιν μ' ἀπωθεῖ πνεῦμα, κοῦποτ' οὐριον  
 εἰσῆλθε λαῖφος ὥστε μ' εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.  
 καὶ νῦν τάλας ναναγὸς ἀπολέσας φίλους  
 ἐξέπεσον εἰς γῆν τήνδε· ναῦς δὲ πρὸς πέτρας  
 410 πολλοὺς ἀριθμοὺς ἄγνυται ναναγίων.  
 τρόπις δ' ἐλείφθη ποικίλων ἀρμοσμάτων,  
 ἐφ' ἧς ἐσώθην μόλις ἀνεπίστω τύχη  
 Ἐλένη τε, Τροίας ἦν ἀποσπάσας ἔχω.  
 ὄνομα δὲ χώρας ἦτις ἦδε καὶ λεῶς  
 οὐκ οἶδ'· ὄχλον γὰρ εἰσπεσεῖν ἤσχυρόμην  
 ὥσθ' ἱστορῆσαι, τῆς ἐμῆς δυσχλαινίας  
 κρύπτων ὑπ' αἰδοῦς τὰς τύχας. ὅταν δ' ἀνὴρ  
 πράξῃ κακῶς ὑψηλός, εἰς ἀηθίαν  
 πίπτει κακίῳ τοῦ πάλαι δυσδαίμονος.  
 420 χρεῖα δὲ τείρει μ'· οὔτε γὰρ σῖτος πάρα  
 οὔτ' ἀμφὶ χρωτ' ἐσθῆτες· αὐτὰ δ' εἰκάσαι  
 πάρεστι ναὸς ἔκβολ' οἷς ἀμπίσχομαι.  
 πέπλους δὲ τοὺς πρὶν λαμπρά τ' ἀμφιβλήματα  
 χλιδάς τε πόντος ἤρπασ'· ἐν δ' ἀντροῦ μυχοῖς  
 κρύψας γυναῖκα τὴν κακῶν πάντων ἐμοὶ  
 ἄρξασαν ἤκω, τοὺς τε περιλελειμμένους  
 φίλων φυλάσσειν τὰ μ' ἀναγκάσας λέχη.  
 μόνος δὲ νοστῶ, τοῖς ἐκεῖ ζητῶν φίλοις  
 τὰ πρόσφορ' ἦν πως ἐξερευνήσας λάβω.  
 430 ἰδὼν δὲ δῶμα περιφερὲς θριγκοῖς τόδε  
 πύλας τε σεμνὰς ἀνδρὸς ὀλβίου τινός,  
 προσῆλθον· ἐλπὶς δ' ἔκ γε πλουσίων δόμων

## HELEN

Wander in pain, long as the leaguer-years  
Of Troy; and though I yearn to reach my land,  
Of this I am not held worthy by the Gods,  
But to all Libya's beaches lone and wild  
Have sailed: yea, whenso I am nigh my land,  
Back the blast drives me; never following breeze  
Hath swelled my sail to waft me to mine home.  
And now, a shipwrecked wretch, my comrades lost,  
On this land am I cast: against the rocks  
My ship is shattered all in countless shards. 410  
Wrenched from its cunning fastenings was the keel,  
Whereon past hope and hardly was I saved  
With Helen, whom I had snatched from Ilium's  
wreck.

But this land's name, and who her people be,  
I know not, being abashed to yonder throngs  
To join me, there to ask: in mine ill plight  
I hide for shame my misery; for a man  
Low-fallen from high estate more sharply feels  
The strangeness of it than the long unblest. 420  
Want wasteth me; for neither food have I  
Nor raiment for my body,—judge by these  
That gird me, rags washed shoreward from the  
ship.

The robes once mine, bright vest and bravery,  
The sea hath swallowed. In a cave's deep cleft  
My wife I hid, first cause of all my woes,  
And hither come, for I have straitly charged  
My friends yet living to watch over her.  
Alone I come, seeking for loved ones there  
What shall avail their need, if search may find.  
And, marking yonder mansion battlement-girt, 430  
And stately portals of a prosperous man,  
I drew nigh: from a wealthy house is hope

ΕΛΕΝΗ

λαβεῖν τι ναύταις· ἐκ δὲ μὴ ᾗχόντων βίου,  
οὐδ' εἰ θέλοιεν, ὠφελεῖν ἔχοιεν ἄν.  
ὦή· τίς ἄν πυλωρός ἐκ δόμων μόλοι,  
ὅστις διαγγεῖλειε τὰ μ' εἴσω κακά;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

τίς πρὸς πύλαισιν; οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει δόμων  
καὶ μὴ πρὸς αὐλείοισιν ἐστηκὼς πύλαις  
440 ὄχλον παρέξεις δεσπόταις; ἦ κατθανεῖ  
Ἕλλην πεφυκῶς, οἷσιν οὐκ ἐπιστροφαί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ γραῖα, ταῦτα πάντ' ἔπη καλῶς λέγεις.  
ἔξεστι· πείσομαι γάρ· ἀλλ' ἄνες χόλον.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

ἀπελθ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ τοῦτο πρόσκειται, ξένε,  
μηδένα πελάζειν τοισὶδ' Ἑλλήνων δόμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄ· μὴ προσεῖλει χεῖρα μηδ' ὦθει βία.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

πείθει γὰρ οὐδὲν ὧν λέγω· σὺ δ' αἴτιος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄγγειλον εἴσω δεσπόταισι τοῖσι σοῖς.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

πικρῶς ἄν οἶμαί γ' ἀγγελεῖν τοὺς σοὺς λόγους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ναυαγὸς ἦκω ξένος, ἀσύλητου γένος.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

οἶκον πρὸς ἄλλον νῦν τιν' ἀντὶ τοῦδ' ἴθι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἔσω πάρειμι· καὶ σὺ μοι πιθοῦ.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

ὀχληρὸς ἴσθ' ὧν· καὶ τάχ' ὠσθήσει βία.

## HELEN

Of somewhat for my crew ; but from bare walls  
Nought could men aid us, howsoe'er they would.

[Knocks at gate.

Ho ! what gate-warder forth the halls will come  
To tell within of my calamities ?

*Door of palace opens. PORTRESS appears on threshold.*

PORTRESS

Who loitereth at the doors ?—wilt thou not hence ?  
Away, stand not before the courtyard gate  
Troubling my lords ; else shalt thou die, who art  
A Greek : we have no dealings with the Greeks. 440

MENELAUS

Grey mother, all these words thou sayest well :—  
Even so—I will obey—refrain thy wrath—

PORTRESS

Begone ! This charge is laid upon me, stranger,  
That none of Hellenes to these halls draw nigh.

MENELAUS

Ah, thrust not forth, nor drive me hence by force !

PORTRESS

Thou wilt not heed my words ?—on thine head be it.

MENELAUS

Bear mine appeal unto thy lords within.

PORTRESS

Thine !—bitter should my bearing be, I wot !

MENELAUS

A shipwrecked stranger I : none violate such.

PORTRESS

To another house pass on instead of this. 450

MENELAUS

Nay, but I will within !—yield thou to me !

PORTRESS

Thou mak'st a coil ; but force shall thrust thee hence.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαί· τὰ κλεινὰ ποῦ ἴστί μοι στρατεύματα ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐκεῖ που σεμνὸς ἦσθ', οὐκ ἐνθάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ δαῖμον, ὡς ἀνάξι' ἠτιμώμεθα.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τί βλέφαρα τέγγεις δάκρυσι ; πρὸς τί δ'  
οἰκτρὸς εἶ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς τὰς πάροιθεν συμφορὰς εὐδαίμονας.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκοῦν ἀπελθὼν δάκρυα σοῖς δώσεις φίλοις ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς δ' ἦδε χώρα ; τοῦ δὲ βασιλῆιοι δόμοι ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

460 Πρωτεὺς τὰδ' οἰκεῖ δώματ', Αἴγυπτος δὲ γῆ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Αἴγυπτος ; ὦ δύστηνος, οἱ πέπλευκ' ἄρα.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τί δὴ τὸ Νείλου μεμπτόν ἐστὶ σοι γάνος ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ τοῦτ' ἐμέμφθην· τὰς ἐμὰς στένω τύχας.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πολλοὶ κακῶς πρᾶσσουσιν, οὐ σὺ δὴ μόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔστ' οὖν ἐν οἴκοις ὄντιν' ὀνομάζεις ἀναξ ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τόδ' ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ μνήμα, παῖς δ' ἄρχει χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποῦ δῆτ' ἂν εἶη ; πότερον ἐκτὸς ἢ ἔνδομοις ;

## HELEN

MENELAUS

Ah me!—where now my glorious war-array?

PORTRESS

Some great one haply there wast thou, not here.

MENELAUS

Ah fortune, how unmerited this slight!

PORTRESS

Why stream thine eyes with tears? Why make such moan?

MENELAUS

For those my happy fortunes overpast.

PORTRESS

Away then: on thy friends bestow thy tears.

MENELAUS

What land is this, and whose these royal halls?

PORTRESS

'Tis Proteus' palace. Egypt is the land.

460

MENELAUS

Egypt!—Woe's me, to have sailed to such a land!

PORTRESS

Wherefore misprise the glory of the Nile?

MENELAUS

I blame it not: mine own hard lot I moan.

PORTRESS

Many be fortune-crostr, not thou alone.

MENELAUS

Is he within then, whom thou namest king?

PORTRESS

This is his tomb: his son rules o'er the land.

MENELAUS

Where then is he? Within, without the halls?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκ ἔνδον· Ἕλλησιν δὲ πολεμώτατος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίν' αἰτίαν σχῶν ἧς ἐπηυρόμην ἐγώ ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

470

Ἐλένη κατ' οἴκους ἐστὶ τούσδ' ἢ τοῦ Διός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῆς ; τίν' εἶπας μῦθον ; αὐθὶς μοι φράσον.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ἢ Τυνδαρίς παῖς, ἢ κατὰ Σπάρτην ποτ' ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόθεν μολοῦσα ; τίνα τὸ πρῶγμ' ἔχει λόγον ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

Λακεδαίμονος γῆς δεῦρο νοστήσασ' ἄπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότ' ; οὐ τί που λελήσμεθ' ἐξ ἄντρων λέχος ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πρὶν τοὺς Ἀχαιοὺς, ὦ ξέν', εἰς Τροίαν μολεῖν.  
ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἀπ' οἴκων· ἐστὶ γάρ τις ἐν δόμοις  
τύχη, τύραννος ἢ ταρασσεται δόμος.

480

καιρὸν γὰρ οὐδέν' ἦλθες· ἦν δὲ δεσπότης

λάβη σε, θάνατος ξενία σοι γενήσεται.

εὔνους γάρ εἰμ' Ἕλλησιν, οὐχ ὅσον πικροὺς  
λόγους ἔδωκα δεσπότην φοβουμένη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῶ ; τί λέξω ; συμφορὰς γὰρ ἀθλίας  
ἐκ τῶν πάροιθεν τὰς παρεστώσας κλύω,

εἰ τὴν μὲν αἰρεθεῖσαν ἐκ Τροίας ἄγων

ἦκω δάμαρτα καὶ κατ' ἄντρα σώζεται,

ὄνομα δὲ ταῦτὸν τῆς ἐμῆς ἔχουσά τις

δάμαρτος ἄλλη τοισίδ' ἐνναίει δόμοις.

Διὸς δ' ἔλεξε παιδία νιν πεφυκέναι.



## HELEN

PORTRESS

Nay, not within. Grim foe to Greeks is he.

MENELAUS

And what the cause, whereof I feel the effects?

PORTRESS

Zeus' daughter Helen is within these halls. 470

MENELAUS

How say'st thou?—what thy tale?—speak yet again.

PORTRESS

Tyndarus' child, who erst in Sparta dwelt.

MENELAUS

Whence did she come? What may this matter mean?

PORTRESS

From Lacedaemon hither journeyed she.

MENELAUS

When? (*aside*) Never stolen from the cave—my wife!

PORTRESS

Ere the Achaeans, stranger, fared to Troy.  
But thou, begone: somewhat hath chanced within  
Whereby the palace is disquieted.  
Thou art come in evil hour, and if my lord  
Find thee, thy stranger's welcome shall be death. 480  
Well-wisher unto Greeks am I, although  
Harsh words I gave for terror of my lord. [*Exit.*

MENELAUS

What shall I think?—what say?—for lo, I hear  
Of imminent ills hard-following on the old,  
If I have brought the wife I won from Troy  
Hither, and safe within the cave she lies,  
Yet in these halls another woman dwells  
Who bears the selfsame name as mine own wife.  
Yon woman named her born of Zeus, his daughter.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 490 ἄλλ' ἢ τις ἔστι Ζηνὸς ὄνομα ἔχων ἀνὴρ  
 Νείλου παρ' ὄχθας; εἰς γὰρ ὁ γε κατ' οὐρανόν.  
 Σπάρτη δὲ ποῦ γῆς ἔστι πλὴν ἵνα ῥοαὶ  
 τοῦ καλλιδόνακος εἰσιν Εὐρώτα μόνον;  
 διπλοῦν<sup>1</sup> δὲ Τυνδάρειου ὄνομα κλήζεται;  
 Λακεδαίμονος δὲ γαῖά τις ξυνώνυμος  
 Τροίας τ'; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχω τί χρὴ λέγειν.  
 πολλοὶ γάρ, ὡς εἴξασιν, ἐν πολλῇ χθονὶ  
 ὀνόματα ταῦτ' ἔχουσι καὶ πόλις πόλει  
 γυνή γυναικί τ'. οὐδὲν οὖν θαυμαστόν.  
 500 οὐδ' αὖ τὸ δεινὸν προσπόλου φευξοῦμεθα.  
 ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ᾧδε βάρβαρος φρένας,  
 ὃς ὄνομα ἀκούσας τοῦμόν οὐ δώσει βοράν.  
 κλεινὸν τὸ Τροίας πῦρ ἐγὼ θ' ὃς ἠψά νυ,  
 Μενέλαος, οὐκ ἄγνωστος ἐν πάσῃ χθονί.  
 δόμων ἀνακτα προσμενῶ· δισσὰς δέ μοι  
 ἔχει φυλάξεις· ἦν μὲν ὠμόφρων τις ἦ,  
 κρίψας ἔμαντὸν εἰμι πρὸς νανάγια·  
 ἦν δ' ἐνδιδῶ τι μαλθακόν, τὰ πρόσφορα  
 τῆς νῦν παρούσης συμφορᾶς αἰτήσομαι.  
 510 κακῶν μὲν ἡμῖν ἔσχατον τοῖς ἀθλίοις,  
 ἄλλους τυράννοισιν αὐτὸν ὄντα βασιλέα  
 βίον προσαιτεῖν· ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει.  
 λόγος γάρ ἐστιν οὐκ ἐμός, σοφῶν δ' ἔπος,  
 δεινῆς ἀνάγκης οὐδὲν ἰσχύειν πλέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤκουσα τὰς θεσπιωδοῦ κόρας,  
 ἃ χρήζουσ' ἐφάνη ἢ τυράννοισιν  
 δόμοις, ὡς Μενέλαος οὐπω  
 μελαμφαῆς οἶχεται

<sup>1</sup> Nauck: for ἀπλοῦν of MSS.

## HELEN

Can any *man* that bears this name of Zeus 490  
 By Nile's banks dwell? One is there, he in heaven.  
 And where hath earth a Sparta, save alone  
 There where Eurotas' streams are fair with reeds?  
 Do two men bear the name of Tyndarus?  
 Is there a land twin-named with Lacedaemon  
 Or Troy? I know not what to say hereof:  
 For on the wide earth many, as men grant,  
 Bear like names, city bearing city's name,  
 And woman woman's: marvel none is here.  
 Nor from a handmaid's terrors will I flee; 500  
 For there is none so barbarous of soul  
 As to deny me food, my name once heard.  
 Famed is Troy's burning: I who kindled it,  
 Menelaus, am renowned in every land.  
 I will await the king; and for two things  
 Must I take heed:—if he be ruthless-souled,  
 Then will I flee, and hide me by the wreck;  
 But if he show relenting, I will ask  
 Help for my need in this mine evil plight.  
 This in my misery is the deepest depth, 510  
 That I, who am a king, should beg my bread  
 Of other princes: yet it needs must be.  
 Not mine the saying is, but wisdom's saw—  
 "Stronger is nought than dread Necessity."

*[Retires to back of stage.]*

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHORUS

The word which the prophetess said,  
 In the king's halls heard I its sound—  
 "Not yet Menelaus is dead,  
 Nor to darkness visible fled

ΕΛΕΝΗ

520

δι' ἔρεβος χθονὶ κρυφθεῖς,  
 ἀλλ' ἔτι κατ' οἶδμ' ἄλιον  
 τρυχόμενος οὐπω λιμένων  
 ψαύσειεν πατρίας γᾶς,  
 ἀλατεία βιότου  
 ταλαίφρων, ἄφιλος φίλων,  
 παντοδαπᾶς ἐπὶ γᾶς  
 πόδα χριμπτόμενος εἰναλίῳ  
 κώπα Τρωάδος ἐκ γᾶς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

530

ἦδ' αὖ τάφου τοῦδ' εἰς ἔδρας ἐγὼ πάλιν  
 στείλω, μαθοῦσα Θεονόης φίλους λόγους,  
 ἢ πάντ' ἀληθῶς οἶδε· φησὶ δ' ἐν φάει  
 πόσιν τὸν ἄμὸν ζῶντα φέγγος εἰσορᾶν,  
 πορθμοὺς δ' ἀλᾶσθαι μυρίους πεπλευκότα  
 ἐκέισε κάκεισ' οὐδ' ἀγύμναστον πλάνοις  
 ἦξειν, ὅταν δὴ πημάτων λάβῃ τέλος.  
 ἐν δ' οὐκ ἔλεξεν, εἰ μολῶν σωθήσεται.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀπέστην τοῦτ' ἐρωτῆσαι σαφῶς,  
 ἦσθεις' ἐπεὶ νιν εἶπέ μοι σεσωσμένον.  
 ἐγγὺς δε νῖν που τῆσδ' ἔφασκ' εἶναι χθονος,  
 ναναγὸν ἐκπεσόντα σὺν παύροις φίλοις.  
 ὦμοι, πόθ' ἦξεις; ὡς ποθεινὸς ἂν μόλοις.  
 ἔα, τίς οὗτος; οὐ τί που κρυπτεύομαι  
 Πρωτέως ἀσέπτου παιδὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων;  
 οὐχ ὡς δραμαία πᾶλος ἢ Βάκχῃ θεοῦ  
 τάφῳ ξυνάψω κῶλον; ἄγριος δέ τις  
 μορφήν ὄδ' ἐστίν, ὅς με θηράται λαβεῖν.

540

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὲ τὴν ὄρεγμα δεινὸν ἡμιλλημένην  
 τύμβου πὶ κρηπιδ' ἐμπύρους τ' ὀρθοστάτας,

510

## HELEN

Of Erebus, hid in the ground ;  
But is still over wide seas driven 520  
Toil-worn, neither yet is it given  
To attain to the fatherland's haven,  
But in homelessness roams evermore  
Wretched, of friends bereft,  
Lighting down upon every shore  
Of earth, since the brine-dipt oar  
Troyland long ago left."

*Enter HELEN.*

HELEN

Lo, to my session at the tomb again  
I come, who have heard Theonoë's glad words,  
Who knoweth all things truly. Yet alive, 530  
Saith she, my lord beholds the light of day,  
But roameth sailing sea-tracks numberless  
Hither and thither, and with wanderings spent  
Shall come, when he hath reached his sufferings'  
goal ;—  
Yet said not if at last he shall escape ;  
For I refrained from closely questioning this  
For gladness, when she spake him yet alive.  
And somewhere nigh this land is he, she said,  
From shipwreck cast ashore with friends but few.  
When wilt thou come to me ?—how long-desired ' 540

*MENELAUS advances from back of stage.*

Ha ! who is this ?—and am I haply snared  
By plots of Proteus' god-contemning son ?  
Swift as a racing steed or bacchanal  
Shall I not seek yon tomb ? Of ruffian mien  
Is yonder man who holdeth me in chase.

MENELAUS

Thou that with fearful effort strainest on  
To the tomb's basement and the altar-pillars,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μείνον· τί φεύγεις ; ὡς δέμας δείξασα σὸν  
ἐκπληξεν ἡμῖν ἀφασίαν τε προστίθης.

550

ΕΛΕΝΗ  
ἀδικούμεθ', ὦ γυναῖκες· εἰργόμεσθα γὰρ  
τάφου πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, καὶ μ' ἐλὼν θέλει  
δοῦναι τυράννοις ὧν ἐφεύγομεν γάμους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
οὐ κλῶπές ἐσμεν, οὐχ ὑπηρέται κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ  
καὶ μὴν στολήν γ' ἄμορφον ἀμφὶ σῶμ' ἔχεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
στῆσον, φόβου μεθεῖσα, λαιψηρὸν πόδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ  
ἴστημί, ἐπεὶ γε τοῦδ' ἐφάπτομαι τάφου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
τίς εἶ ; τίν' ὄψιν σὴν, γύναι, προσδέρκομαι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ  
σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ; αὐτὸς γὰρ σὲ κἄμ' ἔχει λόγος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
οὐπῶποτ' εἶδον προσφερέστερον δέμας.

560

ΕΛΕΝΗ  
ὦ θεοί· θεὸς γὰρ καὶ τὸ γιγνώσκειν φίλους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
Ἑλληνὺς εἶ τις ἢ 'πιχωρία γυνή ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ  
Ἑλληνίς· ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
Ἑλένη σ' ὁμοίαν δὴ μάλιστα εἶδον, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ  
ἐγὼ δὲ Μενελάω γέ σ' οὐδ' ἔχω τί φῶ.

## HELEN

Stay!—wherefore flee?—with one glimpse of thy form  
Thou with tongue-tied amazement fillest me.

[*Seizes her hand.*]

HELEN

I am outraged, women! for I am held back 550  
Of this man from the tomb! He hath caught me, fain  
To give to his lord, whose marriage-yoke I fled.

MENELAUS

No robber I, nor minister of wrong!

HELEN

Yet wild attire about thy form thou hast.

MENELAUS

Put fears away, and stay thy hurrying foot!

HELEN (*grasping the altar*)

I stay it, now that to this tomb I cling.

MENELAUS

Who art thou, lady? Whose the face I see?

HELEN

Who thou? The selfsame cause have I to ask.

MENELAUS

Never yet saw I form more like to hers!

HELEN

Gods!—for God moves in recognition of friends. 560

MENELAUS

A Greek art thou, or daughter of the land?

HELEN

A Greek; thy nation too I fain would learn.

MENELAUS

Thou art very Helen, lady, to mine eyes.

HELEN

And thou Menelaus!—I know not what to say.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔγνωσ ἄρ' ὀρθῶς ἄνδρα δυστυχέστατον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σῆς δάμαρτος ἐς χέρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποιῆς δάμαρτος ; μὴ θίγῃς ἐμῶν πέπλων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦν σοι δίδωσι Τυνδάρεως ἐμὸς πατήρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ φωσφόρ' Ἐκάτη, πέμπε φάσματ' εὐμενῆ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

570 οὐ νυκτίφαντον πρόπολον Ἐνοδίας μ' ὀράς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ μὴν γυναικῶν γ' εἰς δυοῖν ἔφυν πόσις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποιῶν δὲ λέκτρων δεσπότης ἄλλων ἔφυν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦν ἄντρα κεύθει κάκ Φρυγῶν κομίζομαι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη σὴ τις ἀντ' ἐμοῦ γυνή.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ που φρονῶ μὲν εὖ, τὸ δ' ὄμμα μου νοσεῖ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ γάρ με λεύσσω σὴν δάμαρθ' ὀράν δοκεῖς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὸ σῶμ' ὅμοιον, τὸ δὲ σαφές μ' ἀποστερεῖ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σκέψαι· τί σοι δεῖ πίστεως σαφεστέρας ;<sup>1</sup>

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔοικας· οὗτοι τοῦτό γ' ἐξαρνήσομαι.

<sup>1</sup> Badham : for MSS. τί σου δεῖ ; τίς ἐστὶ σου σοφότερος ;



## HELEN

MENELAUS

Thou nam'st me truly, a man most evil-starred.

HELEN (*clasping him*)

O thou to thy wife's arms returned at last!

MENELAUS

Wife?—thou my wife! Touch not my vesture thou!

HELEN

Wife—whom my father Tyndarus gave to thee.

MENELAUS

Light-bearer Hecate, send gracious visions!<sup>1</sup>

HELEN

No phantom handmaid I of the Highway Queen. 570

MENELAUS

I am but *one*—no lord of two wives, I!

HELEN

And of what wife beside me art thou lord?

MENELAUS

Whom the cave hides, whom I from Phrygia brought.

HELEN

None other wife is thine save only me.

MENELAUS

What, is my wit sound, but mine eye diseased?

HELEN

Behold me—feel'st thou not thou seest thy wife?

MENELAUS

The form is hers, but plain truth bars the claim.

HELEN

Look!—what more clear assurance needest thou?

MENELAUS

Like her thou art: this will I not deny.

<sup>1</sup> Spectres and phantoms were the attendants of Hecate.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 580 *τίς οὖν διδάξει σ' ἄλλος ἢ τὰ σ' ὄμματα ;*  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
*ἐκεῖ νοσοῦμεν, ὅτι δάμαρτ' ἄλλην ἔχω.*  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
*οὐκ ἦλθον εἰς γῆν Τρωάδ', ἀλλ' εἶδωλον ἦν.*  
 ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
*καὶ τίς βλέποντα σώματ' ἐξεργάζεται ;*  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
*αἰθήρ, ὅθεν σὺ θεοπόνητ' ἔχεις λέχη.*  
 ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
*τίνος πλάσαντος θεῶν ; ἀελπτα γὰρ λέγεις.*  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
*"Ἦρας, διάλλαγμ', ὡς Πάρις με μὴ λάβοι.*  
 ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
*πῶς οὖν ἄμ' ἐνθάδ' ἦσθά τ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θ' ἄμα ;*  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
*τοῦνομα γένοιτ' ἂν πολλαχοῦ, τὸ σῶμα δ' οὔ.*  
 ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
*μέθες με, λύπης ἄλις ἔχων ἐλήλυθα.*  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 590 *λείψεις γὰρ ἡμᾶς, τὰ δὲ κέν' ἐξάξεις λέχη ;*  
 ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
*καὶ χαῖρέ γ', Ἑλένη προσφερῆς ὀθούνεκ' εἶ.*  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
*ἀπωλόμην· λαβοῦσά σ' οὐχ ἔξω πόσιν.*  
 ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ  
*τοῦκεῖ με μέγεθος τῶν πόνων πείθει, σὺ δ' οὔ.*  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
*οἱ γὼ τίς ἡμῶν ἐγένετ' ἀθλιωτέρα ;*  
*οἱ φίλτατοι λείπουσί μ', οὐδ' ἀφίξομαι*  
*"Ελληνας οὐδὲ πατρίδα τὴν ἐμὴν ποτε.*

HELEN

HELEN

Who then shall better teach thee than thine eyes? 580

MENELAUS

At this I stumble, another wife I have.

HELEN

To Troy I went not: *that* a phantom was.

MENELAUS

But who can fashion living phantom-forms?

HELEN

Aether, whereof thou hast a wife god-shapen.

MENELAUS

Shapen of what God? Passing strange thy tale!

HELEN

Hera, to baffle Paris with my wraith.

MENELAUS

How wast thou here then, and in Troy withal?

HELEN

My name might be in many lands, not I.

MENELAUS

Unhand me!—hither I came with griefs enough!

HELEN

How?—leave me, and lead hence thy phantom-bride 590

MENELAUS

Yea—since thou art like to Helen, fare thee well.

HELEN

Undone!—I have found my spouse, and may not keep!

MENELAUS

My toils at Troy convince me more than thou.

HELEN

Woe's me! Who is more sorrow-crushed than I?  
My best-beloved forsakes me! I shall see  
Never my countrymen nor fatherland.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μενέλαε, μαστεύων σε κυγχάνω μόλις  
 πᾶσαν πλανηθεὶς τήνδε βαρβαρου χθόνα,  
 πεμφθεὶς ἑταίρων τῶν λελειμμένων ὑπο—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

600 τί δ' ἔστιν ; οὐ που βαρβάρων συλᾶσθ' ὑπο ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

θαυμάστ', ἔλασσον τοῦνομ' ἢ τὸ πρᾶγμ', ἔχων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς φέρεις τι τῆδε τῆ σπουδῇ νέον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

λέγω πόνους σε μυρίους τλῆναι μάτην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παλαιὰ θρηνεὶς πῆματ'· ἀγγέλλεις δὲ τί ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

βέβηκεν ἄλοχος σὴ πρὸς αἰθέρος πτυχὰς  
 ἀρθεῖς ἄφαντος· οὐρανῷ δὲ κρύπτεται  
 λιπούσα σεμνὸν ἄντρον οὐ σφ' ἐσφύζομεν,  
 τοσούδε λέξασ'· ὦ ταλαίπωροι Φρύγες  
 610 πάντες τ' Ἀχαιοί, δι' ἔμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδριοῖς  
 ἀκταῖσιν Ἦρας μηχαναῖς ἐθήσκετε,  
 δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην οὐκ ἔχοντ' ἔχειν Πάριν.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐπειδὴ χρόνον ἔμειν' ὅσον μ' ἐχρῆν,  
 τὸ μόρσιμον σώσασα, πατέρ' ἐς οὐρανὸν  
 ἄπειμι· φήμας δ' ἢ τάλαινα Τυνδαρὶς  
 ἄλλως κακὰς ἤκουσεν οὐδὲν αἰτία.  
 ὦ χαῖρε, Δήδας θύγατερ, ἐνθάδ' ἦσθ' ἄρα ;  
 ἐγὼ δέ σ' ἀστρων ὡς βεβηκυῖαν μυχοῦς  
 ἠγγελλον εἰδὼς οὐδὲν ὡς ὑπόπτερον  
 620 δέμας φοροίης· οὐκ ἐῷ σε κερτομεῖν  
 ἡμᾶς τόδ' αὖθις, ὡς μάτην ἐν Ἰλίῳ  
 πόνους παρείχες σῶ πόσει καὶ συμμαχοῖς.

## HELEN

*Enter MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER

Menelaus, at last I find thee, searching long,  
Through all this land barbaric wandering,  
Being sent of those thy comrades left behind—

MENELAUS

How?—by barbarian robbers are ye spoiled? 600

MESSENGER

Bearing a tale less marvellous than the truth'

MENELAUS

Speak!—by this eagerness, thou bring'st strange news.

MESSENGER

I say thou barest toils untold for nought.

MENELAUS

Herein thou mourn'st old woes: what news dost bring?

MESSENGER

Gone is thy wife—into the folds of air  
Wafted and vanished! Hid in heaven's depths,  
The hallowed cave wherein we warded her  
She hath left, with this cry, "Hapless Phrygian folk,  
And all Achaeans, who by Hera's wiles  
Upon Scamander's banks still died for me, 610  
Deeming that Paris had, who had not, Helen'  
I, having tarried all the time foredoomed,  
My destiny fulfilled, to heaven return,  
My parent. Tyndarus' sad daughter bears  
An ill name all for nought, who is innocent."

*He suddenly perceives HELEN.*

Hail, child of Leda! So then thou wast here!  
Even now I announced thee passed to viewless heights  
Of star-land, knowing not thou bar'st a form  
Wing-clad. Thou shalt not mock us with a tale  
Again of troubles heaped upon thy lord 620  
And his allies, for nought, in Ilium.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἐκείνο· ξυμβεβᾶσιν οἱ λόγοι  
οἱ τῆσδ' ἀληθεῖς. ὦ ποθεινὸς ἡμέρα,  
ἦ σ' εἰς ἐμὰς ἔδωκεν ὠλένας λαβεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν Μενέλεως, ὁ μὲν χρόνος  
παλαιός, ἦ δὲ τέρψις ἀρτίως πάρα.  
ἔλαβον ἀσμένα πόσιν ἐμόν, φίλαι,  
περὶ τ' ἐπέτασα χέρα  
φίλιον ἐν μακρᾷ φλογὶ φαεσφόρφ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

630 κἀγὼ σέ· πολλοὺς δ' ἐν μέσῳ λόγους ἔχων  
οὐκ οἶδ' ὁποίου πρώτου ἄρξωμαι τὰ νῦν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

γέγηθα, κρατὶ δ' ὀρθίους ἐθείρας  
ἀνεπτέρωκα καὶ δάκρυ σταλάσσω,  
περὶ δὲ γυῖα χέρας ἔβαλον, ἡδονὰν  
ὡς λάβω, ὦ πόσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ φίλτατη πρόσοψις, οὐκ ἐμέμφθην  
ἔχω τὰ τῆς Διὸς τε λέκτρα Λήδας θ',  
ἂν ὑπὸ λαμπάδων κόροι λεύκιπποι  
640 ξυνομαίμονες ὄλβισαν ὄλβισαν  
τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐκ δόμων δὲ νοσφίσας σ' ἐμοῦ  
πρὸς ἄλλαν ἐλαύνει θεὸς συμφορὰν τᾶσδε  
κρείσσω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ κακὸν δ' ἀγαθὸν σέ τε κἀμὲ συνάγαγε, πόσι,  
χρόνιον, ἀλλ' ὅμως ὀναίμαν τύχας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὄναιο δῆτα. ταῦτά δὴ ξυνεύχομαι  
δυοῖν γὰρ ὄντοιν οὐχ ὁ μὲν τλήμων, ὁ δ' οὔ.

## HELEN

MENELAUS

This is it that she said :—this woman's words  
Agree—they are true ! O day, long, long desired,  
Which giveth thee into mine arms to clasp !

HELEN

O Menelaus, best beloved, the time  
Was long, but even now the joy is here !  
    Friends, friends, with rapture my lord have I found,  
    And with arms of love have I clasped him round ;  
And the go of the sun's long race is with brightness  
    crowned !

MENELAUS

And I thee : the long tale of all these years, 630  
Where to begin it first I know not now.

HELEN

I exult—yea, my tingling tresses uprise  
On mine head, and the tears well forth from mine eyes ;  
And about thy body mine arms I fling,  
O husband mine, to my joy to cling !

MENELAUS .

O sweetest presence thou !—no more I chide.  
I clasp Zeus' child and Leda's, clasp my bride,  
Her to whose happy bridal, tossing flame  
Of torch, thy brethren of the white steeds came 640  
Erstwhile ; and Gods removed her from mine home :  
But now God speeds us on to newer, happier doom.

HELEN

And the evil made good hath united us, though it be  
    late ; [new fate !  
Yet may blessing be on me, mine husband, in this

MENELAUS

Blessing on thee ! I pray the selfsame prayer ;  
For grief and joy the twain made one must share.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

650 φίλαι φίλαι, τὰ πάρος οὐκέτι  
στένομεν οὐδ' ἀλγῶ.  
πόσιεν ἐμὸν ἐμὸν ἔχομεν ἔχομεν,  
ὄν ἔμενον ἔμενον ἐκ Τροίας πολυετῆ μολεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔχεις μ' ἐγὼ τέ σ' ἠλίους δὲ μυρίους  
μόγισ διελθὼν ἠσθόμην τὰ τῆς θεοῦ.  
ἐμὰ δὲ δάκρυα χαρμονᾶ πλέου ἔχει  
χάριτος ἢ λύπας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί φῶ ; τίς ἂν τὰδ' ἠλπισεν βροτῶν ποτε ;  
ἀδόκητου ἔχω σε πρὸς στέρνοισι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κἀγὼ σὲ τὴν δοκοῦσαν Ἰδαίαν πόλιν  
μολεῖν Ἰλίου τε μελέους πύργους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

660 ἔ ἔ· πικρὰν ἐς ἀρχὰν βαίνεις,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, δόμων πῶς τῶν ἐμῶν ἀπεστάλης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔ ἔ· πικρὰν δ' ἐρευνᾶς φάτιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς ἀκουστά· πάντα δῶρα δαιμόνων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπέπτυσσα μὲν λόγον, οἶον οἶον ἐσοίσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὄμως δὲ λέξον· ἡδύ τοι μόχθων κλύειν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἐπὶ λέκτρα βαρβάρου νεανία,  
πετομένας κώπας,  
πετομένου δ' ἔρωτος ἀδίκων γάμων.



## HELEN

HELEN

Friends, friends, for the ills gone by  
I sorrow no more nor sigh.  
My beloved is mine, is mine ! Through year on year 650  
I have waited, have waited my lord, till from Troy he  
appear.

MENELAUS

Thine am I and thou mine. O weary while  
Of sore strife, ere I knew the Goddess' guile !  
Yet have my tears, through rapture of relief,  
More thankfulness than grief.

HELEN

What can I say ?—what mortal had looked for this ?  
I am clasping thee unto my breast, an undreamed-of  
bliss !

MENELAUS

And I thee, who to Ida's town, men thought,  
Wentest, and Ilium's towers misery-fraught.

HELEN

Woe's me ! to the bitter beginning of all dost thou go ! 660

MENELAUS

'Fore heaven, how wast thou ravished from mine home ?

HELEN

Woe's me for the bitter tale that thou seekest to know !

MENELAUS

Tell ; I must hear. From God's hand all things come.

HELEN

Yet oh, I abhor to unfold it, the story of woe.

MENELAUS

Yet tell : woes overpast are sweet to hear.

HELEN

Never to alien prince's bed  
Wafted by wings of the oars I fled,  
Nor by wings of a lawless love on-spel.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς γάρ σε δαίμων ἢ πότμος συλᾶ πάτρας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

670 ὁ Διὸς ὁ Διός, ὦ πόσι, με παῖς Ἑρμᾶς  
ἐπέλασεν Νείλω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

θαυμαστά· τοῦ πέμψαντος ; ὦ δεινοὶ λόγοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κατεδάκρυσα καὶ βλέφαρον ὑγραίνω  
δάκρυσιν· ἂ Διὸς μ' ἄλοχος ὤλεσεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

"Ἡρα ; τί νῶν χρήζουσα προσθεῖναι κακόν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄμοι ἐμῶν δεινῶν, λουτρῶν καὶ κρηνῶν,  
ἵνα θεαὶ μορφᾶν  
ἐφαίδρυναν ἔνθεν ἔμολεν κρίσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τάδ' εἰς κρίσιν σοι τῶνδ' ἔθηχ' "Ἡρα κακῶν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Κύπριν ὡς ἀφέλοιτο—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

680 πῶς ; αὔδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Πάριν ᾧ μ' ἐπένευσεν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τλάμον

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλάμονα τλάμον' ὦδ' ἐπέλασ' Αἰγύπτῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εἴτ' ἀντέδωκ' εἶδωλον, ὡς σέθεν κλύω .

## HELEN

MENELAUS

What God, what fate, thee from thy country tore?

HELEN

Zeus' Son, O mine husband, 'twas Zeus' Son caught 670  
Me away, it was Hermes to Nile that brought.

MENELAUS

Ah strange! Who sent him? Ah, the awesome tale!

HELEN

I wept, and the tears from mine eyes yet run:  
By the bride of Zeus was I then undone.

MENELAUS

Hera?—What would she, heaping on us bale?

HELEN

Woe for my curse—for the baths from the hill-springs  
flowing [ing,  
Where flushed the Goddesses' loveliness lovelier-glow-  
Whereof that Judgment came for a land's over-  
throwing!

MENELAUS

Did Hera turn this judgment to thy bane?

HELEN

From Cypris to take the prey,—

MENELAUS

Say on, tell how.

680

HELEN

From Paris, to whom she had promised me,—

MENELAUS

Hapless thou!

HELEN

The hapless to Egypt she brought, as my plight is now.

MENELAUS

And gave to him thy wraith, as thou hast said?

525

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τά τε σὰ κατὰ μέλαθρα πάθεα πάθεα, μά-  
τερ, οἱ ἴω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῆς ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν μάτηρ· ἀγχόνιον βροχόν  
δι' ἐμὲ κατεδήσατο δύσγαμον αἰσχύνα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦμοι· θυγατρὸς δ' Ἑρμιόνης ἔστιν βίος ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄγαμος ἄτεκνος, ὦ πόσι, καταστένει  
γάμον ἄγαμον ἐμόν.

690

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ πᾶν κατ' ἄκρας δῶμ' ἐμόν πέρσας Πάρις,  
τάδε καὶ σὲ διώλεσε μυριάδας τε  
χαλκεόπλων Δαναῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐμὲ δὲ πατρίδος ἄπο κακόποτμον ἀραίαν  
ἔβαλε θεὸς ἀπὸ τε πόλεος ἀπὸ τε σέθεν,  
ὅτι μέλαθρα λέχεά τ' ἔλιπον οὐ λιποῦσ'  
ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς γάμοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰ καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ τῆς τύχης εὐδαίμονος  
τύχοιτε, πρὸς τὰ πρόσθεν ἀρκέσειεν ἄν.

ΑἴΓΕΛΟΣ

700

Μενέλαε, κάμοι πρόσδοτέ τι τῆς ἡδονῆς,  
ἦν μαυθάνω μὲν καὐτός, οὐ σαφῶς δ' ἔχω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄλλ', ὦ γεραιέ, καὶ σὺ κοινῶναι λόγων.

ΑἴΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐχ ἦδε μόχθων τῶν ἐν Ἰλίῳ βραβεύς ;

526

## HELEN

HELEN

But the woes in thine halls, O my mother, the woes  
that befell thee—

Alas and alas !

MENELAUS

What is this thou wouldst tell me ?

HELEN

No mother have I ! She knit up her neck for shame  
In the strangling noose, for my bridal of evil fame !

MENELAUS

Woe's me ! Our child Hermione, liveth she ?

HELEN

Spouseless and childless, she maketh moan,  
My lord, for my marriage that marriage was none. 690

MENELAUS

O thou who ruinedst mine house utterly,  
Ruin for thee too, Paris, this was made,  
Ruin for hosts of Danaans brass-arrayed.

HELEN

And me from my country, my city, from thee, God took,  
Casting me forth accurst to an evil lot, [I forsook—  
For that husband and home for a marriage of shame  
Who forsook them not !

CHORUS

If ye shall light in days to be on bliss  
Unbroken, for the past shall this atone.

MESENKER

Menelaus, grant me too to share your joy. 700  
I hear it, yet but dimly comprehend.

MENELAUS

Yea, ancient, in our story share thou too.

MESENKER

Sat she not arbitress of strife at Troy ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐχ ἦδε, πρὸς θεῶν δ' ἤμεν ἠπατημένοι,  
νεφέλης ἀγαλμ' ἔχοντες ἐν χεροῖν λυγρόν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τί φῆς ;  
νεφέλης ἄρ' ἄλλως εἶχομεν πόνους πέρι ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

"Ἦρας τάδ' ἔργα καὶ θεῶν τρισσῶν ἔρις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἢ δ' οὐσ' ἀληθῶς ἐστὶν ἦδε σὴ δάμαρ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

710 αὕτη· λόγοις δ' ἐμοῖσι πίστευσον τάδε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, ὁ θεὸς ὡς ἔφν τι ποικίλον  
καὶ δυστέκμαρτον. εὖ δέ πως ἀναστρέφει  
ἐκείσε κάκεισ' ἀναφέρων· ὁ μὲν πονεῖ,  
ὁ δ' οὐ πονήσας αὐθις ὄλλυται κακῶς,  
βέβαιον οὐδὲν τῆς αἰεὶ τύχης ἔχων.  
σὺ γὰρ πόσις τε σὸς πόνων μετέσχετε,  
σὺ μὲν λόγοισιν, ὁ δὲ δορὸς προθυμία.  
σπεύδων δ' ὄτ' ἔσπευδ' οὐδὲν εἶχε· νῦν δ' ἔχει  
720 αὐτόματα πράξας τὰ γὰρ εὐτυχέστατα.  
οὐκ ἄρα γέροντα πατέρα καὶ Διοσκόρω  
ἦσχυνας οὐδ' ἔδρασας οἶα κλήζεται.  
νῦν ἀνανεοῦμαι τὸν σὸν ὑμέναιον πάλιν,  
καὶ λαμπάδων μεμνήμεθ' ἄς τετραόροις  
ἵπποις τροχάζων παρέφερον σὺ δ' ἐν δίφροις  
σὺν τῷδε νύμφῃ δῶμ' ἔλειπες ὄλβιον.  
κακὸς γὰρ ὅστις μὴ σέβει τὰ δεσποτῶν  
καὶ ξυγγέγηθε καὶ συνωδίει κακοῖς.  
ἐγὼ μὲν εἶην, κεῖ πέφυχ' ὄμως λάτρις,  
ἐν τοῖσι γενναίοισιν ἠριθμημένος

## HELEN

MENELAUS

Not she ; but by the Gods was I beguiled,  
Who grasped a sorry cloud-wraith in mine arms.

MESSENGER

How say'st thou ?  
For a cloud then all vainly did we strive ?

MENELAUS

This Hera wrought, and those three Goddesses' strife.

MESSENGER

Is this, who is very woman, this thy wife ?

MENELAUS

Even she : trust thou my word as touching this. 710

MESSENGER

Daughter, how manifold God's counsels are,  
His ways past finding out ! Lightly he turns  
And sways us to and fro : sore travaileth one ;  
One long unvexed is wretchedly destroyed,  
Having no surety still of each day's lot.  
Thou and thy lord in sorrow have had your part,  
In ill-fame thou, in fury of battle he.  
Then, all his striving nought availed ; but now  
Effortless he hath won the crown of bliss.  
Thy grey sire, then, and those Twin-brethren  
ne'er 720

Thou shamedst, nor the deeds far-told hast done !  
Now I recall afresh thy spousal-tide,  
And how I waved the torch, in four-horsed car  
Racing beside thee ; and thou, chariot-borne  
With him, a bride, didst leave thine happy home.  
He is base, who recks not of his master's weal,  
Rejoicing with him, sorrowing in his pain.  
Still may I be, though I be bondman born,  
Numbered among bondservants noble-souled ;

529

ΕΛΕΝΗ

730 δούλοισι, τοῦνομ' οὐκ ἔχων ἐλεύθερον,  
 τὸν νοῦν δέ· κρείσσου γάρ τόδ' ἢ δυοῖν κακοῖν  
 ἐν' ὄντα χρῆσθαι, τὰς φρένας τ' ἔχειν κακὰς  
 ἄλλων τ' ἀκούειν δούλον ὄντα τῶν πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄγ', ὦ γεραιέ, πολλὰ μὲν παρ' ἀσπίδα  
 μοχθήματ' ἐξέπλησας ἐκπονῶν ἐμοί,  
 καὶ νῦν μετασχὼν τῆς ἐμῆς εὐπραξίας  
 ἀγγελίον ἐλθὼν τοῖς λελειμμένοις φίλοις  
 τάδ' ὡς ἔχουθ' ἠῦρηκας οὐ τ' ἐσμέν τύχης,  
 μένειν τ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τοὺς τ' ἐμοὺς παραδοκεῖν  
 740 ἀγῶνας οἱ μένουσί μ', ὡς ἐλπίζομεν,  
 κεῖ τήνδε πῶς δυναίμεθ' ἐκκλέψαι χθονός,  
 φρουρεῖν ὅπως ἂν εἰς ἐν ἐλθόντες τύχης  
 ἐκ βαρβάρων σωθῶμεν, ἣν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἔσται τάδ', ὦναξ. ἀλλὰ τοι τὰ μάντεω  
 ἐσεῖδον ὡς φαῦλ' ἐστὶ καὶ ψευδῶν πλέα.  
 οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' υγιές οὐδὲν ἐμπύρου φλογός  
 οὐδὲ πτερωτῶν φθέγματ'. εὔηθες δέ τοι  
 τὸ καὶ δοκεῖν ὄρνιθας ὠφελεῖν βροτούς.  
 Κάλχας γὰρ οὐκ εἶπ' οὐδ' ἐσήμηνε στρατῶ  
 750 νεφέλης ὑπερ θνήσκοντας εἰσορῶν φίλους  
 οὐδ' Ἐλενος, ἀλλὰ πόλις ἀνηπάσθη μότην.  
 εἶποις ἂν, οὐνεχ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἠβούλετο  
 τί δῆτα μαντευόμεθα; τοῖς θεοῖσι χρῆ  
 θύοντας αἰτεῖν ἀγαθὰ, μαντείας δ' εἶαν.  
 βίου γὰρ ἄλλως δέλεαρ ἠῦρέθη τόδε,  
 κούδεις ἐπλούτησ' ἐμπύροισιν ἀργός ὢν  
 γνώμη δ' ἀρίστη μόντις ἢ τ' εὐβουλία.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτὸ κάμοι δόξα μάντεω πέρι



## HELEN

So may I have, if not the name of free, 730  
The heart : for better this is than to bear  
On my one head two ills—to nurse base thoughts  
Within, and do in bondage others' hests.

### MENELAUS

Come, ancient, oft-times toiling at my side  
Hast thou achieved the travail of the shield ;  
And now, partaker in my happy lot,  
Go, tidings to our friends left yonder bear  
In what plight thou hast found us, and our bliss.  
Bid them await, abiding by the strand,  
The issue of strife that waits me, as I deem ; 740  
Bid them, if we by stealth may take her hence,  
To watch, that we, in one good fortune joined,  
May 'scape from these barbarians, if we may.

### MESSENGER

This will I do, king. But the lore of seers,  
How vain it is I see, how full of lies.  
Utterly naught then were the altar-flames,  
The voices of winged things ! Sheer folly this  
Even to dream that birds may help mankind.  
Calchas told not, nor gave sign to the host,  
Yet saw, when for a cloud's sake died his friends : 750  
Nor Helenus told ; but Troy for nought was stormed !  
" Yea, for the God forbade," thou mightest say.  
Why seek we then to seers ? With sacrifice  
To Gods, ask blessings : let soothsayings be.  
They were but as a bait for greed devised :  
No sluggard getteth wealth through divination.  
Sound wit, with prudence, is the seer of seers.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

### CHORUS

My mind as touching seers is even at one

ΕΛΕΝΗ

760 χωρεῖ γέροντι τοὺς θεοὺς ἔχων τις ἂν  
φίλους ἀρίστην μαντικὴν ἔχοι δόμοις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶεν τὰ μὲν δὴ δεῦρ' αἰεὶ καλῶς ἔχει.  
ᾧπως δ' ἐσώθης, ᾧ τάλας, Τροίας ἄπο,  
κέρδος μὲν οὐδὲν εἰδέναι, πόθος δέ τις  
τὰ τῶν φίλων φίλοισιν αἰσθέσθαι κακά.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

770 ἢ πόλλ' ἀνήρου μ' ἐνὶ λόγῳ μᾶ θ' ὀδῶ.  
τί σοι λέγοιμ' ἂν τὰς ἐν Αἰγαίῳ φθορὰς  
τὰ Ναυπλίου τ' Εὐβοϊκὰ πυρπολήματα  
Κρήτην τε Λιβύης θ' ἅς ἐπεστράφην πόλεις,  
σκοπιάς τε Περσέως ; οὐτ' ἂν ἐμπλήσαιμί σε  
μύθῳ, λέγων τ' ἂν σοι κάκ' ἀλγοῖν ἔτι,  
πάσχων τ' ἔκαμνον· δις δὲ λυπηθεῖμεν ἂν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κάλλιον εἶπας ἢ σ' ἀνηρόμην ἐγώ.  
ἐν δ' εἶπὲ πάντα παραλιπῶν, πόσον χρόνον  
πόντου πλὴ νώτοις ἄλιον ἐφθειροῦ πλάνου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐνιαυσίων πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐν Τροίᾳ δέκα  
ἔτεσι διήλθον ἑπτὰ περιδρομὰς ἐτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φεῦ φεῦ· μακρὸν γ' ἔλεξας, ᾧ τάλας, χρόνον.  
σωθεὶς δ' ἐκείθεν ἐνθάδ' ἦλθες εἰς σφαγὰς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῆς ; τί λέξεις ; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας, γυναί.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

780<sup>1</sup> θανεῖ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς οὐ τῆδ' ἐστὶ δῶματα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσας ἄξιον τῆς συμφορᾶς ;

<sup>1</sup> The ordinary l. 780 (φεῦ γ' ὡς τάχιστα τῆσδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς  
χθονός) is omitted.

## HELEN

With yonder ancient. Who hath Gods for friends  
Hath the best divination in his home. 760

HELEN

Enough : unto this present all is well.  
But, toil-tried, how thou camest safe from Troy,  
To know were profitless ; yet friends must needs  
Yearn to be told the afflictions of their friends.

MENELAUS

One question—of one voyage—thou askest nuch !  
Why tell of those in the Aegean lost,  
Of Nauplius' false lights on Euboea's cliffs,  
Of Crete, of Libyan cities visited,  
Of Perseus' heights ? I should not with the tale  
Sate thee, and telling should renew my pain,— 770  
Toil-worn with suffering, should but grieve twice o'er.

HELEN

Wiser thine answer than my questioning is.  
Yet—let the rest pass—tell but this, how long  
O'er the sea-ridges vainly wanderedst thou,

MENELAUS

Through courses seven of circling years I passed,  
Besides those ten years in the land of Troy.

HELEN

Alas, toil-tried, thou nam'st a weary space !  
Yet, thence escaped, thou meetest murder here.

MENELAUS

How mean'st thou ?—what say'st thou ?—thy words  
are death !

HELEN

Thou shalt be slain by him whose are these halls. 780

MENELAUS

What have I done that meriteth such doom ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦκεις ἄελπτος ἐμποδῶν τ' ἐμοῖς γάμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ γαμεῖν τις τᾶμ' ἐβουλήθη λέχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὑβριν θ' ὑβρίζειν εἰς ἐμ' ἦν ἔτλην ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ιδίᾳ σθένων τις ἢ τυραννεύων χθονός ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄς γῆς ἀνάσσει τῆσδε Πρωτέως γόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τόδ' ἔστ' ἐκεῖν' αἰνιγμ' δ προσπόλου κλύω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοις ἐπιστὰς βαρβάροις πυλώμασιν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

790 τοῖσδ', ἐνθεν ὥσπερ πτωχὸς ἐξηλαυνόμην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ που προσήτεῖς βίοτον ; ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦργον μὲν ἦν τοῦτ', ὄνομα δ' οὐκ εἶχον τόδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντ' οἶσθ' ἄρ', ὡς εἰκας, ἀμφ' ἐμῶν γάμων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἶδ'· εἰ δὲ λέκτρα διέφυγες τὰδ' οὐκ ἔχω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄθικτον εὐνήν ἴσθι σοι σεσωσμένην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς τοῦδε πειθῶ ; φίλα γάρ, εἰ σαφῆ, λέγεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄρᾳς τάφου τοῦδ' ἀθλίους ἔδρας ἐμάς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὀρῶ, τάλαινα, στιβάδας, ὧν τί σοι μέτα ;

## HELEN

HELEN

Coming unlooked-for thou dost thwart my marriage.

MENELAUS

How?—purposeth some man to wed my wife?

HELEN

Yea, to repeat all tyrannous wrong I have borne.

MENELAUS

In his own might, or as this country's king?

HELEN

He is ruler of the land, king Proteus' son.

MENELAUS

This was the riddle that the portress spake!

HELEN

At which of the alien portals didst thou stand?

MENELAUS

At these, whence like a beggar I was driven.

790

HELEN

Not surely begging bread?—ah, woe is me!

MENELAUS

Such was my plight: beggar I named me not.

HELEN

Touching my bridal, then, shouldst thou know all.

MENELAUS

Yea, but know not if thou hast 'scaped his arms.

HELEN

Rest sure, unsullied hath my couch been kept.

MENELAUS

Of this what proof?—Glad tidings this, if true.

HELEN

Seest thou my wretched session at this tomb?

MENELAUS

A straw couch—hapless, what is this to thee?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐνταῦθα λέκτρων ἰκετεύομεν φυγᾶς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

800

βωμοῦ σπανίζουσ' ἢ νόμοισι βαρβάροις ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐρρῦεθ' ἡμᾶς τοῦτ' ἴσον ναοῖς θεῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδ' ἄρα πρὸς οἶκους ναυστολεῖν σ' ἔξεστί μοι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ξίφος μένει σε μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦμόν λέχος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὕτως ἂν εἶην ἀθλιώτατος βροτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μή νυν καταιδού· φεύγε δ' ἐκ τῆσδε χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λιπών σε ; Τροίαν ἐξέπερσα σὴν χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κρεῖσσον γὰρ ἢ σε τᾶμ' ἀποκτεῖναι λέχη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄνανδρά γ' εἶπας Ἰλίου τ' οὐκ ἄξια.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἂν κτάνοις τύραννον, δ' σπεύδεις ἴσως.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

810

οὕτω σιδήρῳ τρωτὸν οὐκ ἔχει δέμας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶσει. τὸ τολμᾶν δ' ἀδύνατ' ἀνδρὸς οὐ σοφοῦ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σιγῇ παράσχω δῆτ' ἐμὰς δῆσαι χέρας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ἄπορον ἦκεις· δεῖ δὲ μηχανῆς τινος.

## HELEN

HELEN

Fleeing<sup>g</sup> this marriage I am suppliant here.

MENELAUS

No altar nigh?—or this the alien's wont?

800

HELEN

As well this warded me as fanes of Gods.

MENELAUS

May I not bear thee home, then, overseas?

HELEN

The sword awaits thee rather than mine arms.

MENELAUS

Then were I of all men unhappiest.

HELEN

Now think not shame to flee from this land forth.

MENELAUS

And leave thee?—I, who sacked Troy for thy sake!

HELEN

Better than that my couch should be thy death.

MENELAUS

Tush—craven promptings these, unworthy Troy!

HELEN

Thou canst not slay the king—perchance thy purpose.

MENELAUS

How?—hath he flesh invulnerable of steel?

810

HELEN

That shalt thou prove. None wise dares hopeless venture.

MENELAUS

How? shall I tamely let them bind mine hands?

HELEN

Thou art in a strait: there needs some shrewd device.

537

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δρῶντας γὰρ ἢ μὴ δρῶντας ἦδιον θανεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μὴ ἔστιν ἐλπίς, ἣ μόνῃ σωθεῖμεν ἄν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὠνητὸς ἢ τολμητὸς ἢ λόγων ὕπο ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰ μὴ τύραννός σ' ἐκπύθοιτ' ἀφιγμένον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔρεϊ δὲ τίς μ' ; οὐ γινώσεται γ' ὅς εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔστ' ἔνδου αὐτῷ ξύμμαχος θεοῖς ἴση.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

820

φήμη τις οἴκων ἐν μυχοῖς ἰδρυμένη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἀδελφή· Θεονόην καλοῦσί νιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

χρηστήριον μὲν τοῦνομ'· ὅ τι δὲ δρᾷ φράσον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντ' οἶδ', ἔρεϊ τε συγγόνῳ παρόντα σε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

θνήσκειμεν ἄν· λαβεῖν γὰρ οὐχ οἶόν τέ μοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰ πως ἄν ἀναπέσαιμεν ἱκετεύοντέ νιν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρήμα δρᾶσαι ; τί ν' ὑπάγεις μ' ἐς ἐλπίδα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

παρόντα γαῖα μὴ φράσαι σε συγγόνῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέισαντε δ' ἐκ γῆς διορίσαιμεν ἄν πόδα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κοινῇ γ' ἐκείνη ῥαδίως, λάθρα δ' ἄν οὔ.



## HELEN

MENELAUS

Best die in action, not with folded hands.

HELEN

One hope there is whereby we might be saved—

MENELAUS

By bribes, by daring, or by cunning speech ?

HELEN

If but the king may know not of thy coming.

MENELAUS

Who will betray me ? He shall know me not.

HELEN

An ally wise as Gods he hath within.

MENELAUS

A *Voice* that haunts dark crypts within his halls ? 820

HELEN

Nay, but his sister : Theonoë her name.

MENELAUS

Oracular the name :—what doth she ?—say.

HELEN

All things she knows ;—shall tell him thou art here.

MENELAUS

Then must I die, for hid I cannot be.

HELEN

What if by prayers we might prevail with her—

MENELAUS

To do what ?—to what hope wouldst lead me on ?

HELEN

To tell her brother of thy presence nought ?

MENELAUS

Prevailing so, our feet might flee the land ?

HELEN

Lightly, if she connive : in secret, no.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

830 σὸν ἔργον, ὡς γυναικί πρόσφορον γυνή.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς οὐκ ἄχρωστα γόνατ' ἐμῶν ἔξει χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φέρ', ἦν δὲ δὴ νῦν μὴ ἀποδέξεται λόγους ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

θανεῖ· γαμοῦμαι δ' ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ βία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προδοτίς ἂν εἴης· τὴν βίαν σκήψασ' ἔχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄλλ' ἀγνὸν ὄρκον σὸν κᾶρα κατώμοσα---

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῆς ; θανεῖσθαι κοῦποτ' ἀλλάξειν λέχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ταῦτῳ ξίφει γε· κείσομαι δὲ σοῦ πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐπὶ τοῖσδε τοίνυν δεξιᾶς ἐμῆς θίγε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ψαύω, θανόντος σοῦ τόδ' ἐκλείψειν φάος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

840 κἀγὼ στερηθεῖς σοῦ τελευτήσω βίον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς οὖν θανούμεθ' ὥστε καὶ δόξαν λαβεῖν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τύμβου πὶ νώτῳ σὲ κτανῶν ἐμέ κτενῶ.  
 πρῶτον δ' ἀγῶνα μέγαν ἀγωνιούμεθα  
 λέκτρων ὑπὲρ σῶν· ὁ δὲ θέλων ἴτω πέλας·  
 τὸ Τρωικὸν γὰρ οὐ καταισχυνῶ κλέος  
 οὐδ' Ἑλλάδ' ἐλθὼν λήψομαι πολὺν ψόγον,  
 ὅστις Θέτιν μὲν ἐστέρησ' Ἀχιλλέως,  
 Τελαμονίου δ' Αἴαντος εἰσεΐδον σφαγᾶς

HELEN

MENELAUS

Essay thou : woman toucheth woman's heart.

830

HELEN

Surely mine hands about her knees shall cling.

MENELAUS

Hold—what if she will none of our appeal ?

HELEN

Thou diest : and I, woe's me, shall wed perforce.

MENELAUS

Then wert thou traitress—false the plea of force !

HELEN

Nay, by thine head I swear a solemn oath—

MENELAUS

How?—wilt thou die ere thou desert thy lord ?

HELEN

Yea, by thy sword : beside thee will I lie.

MENELAUS

Then, for this pledge, lay thou thine hand in mine.

HELEN

I clasp—I swear to perish if thou fall.

MENELAUS

And I, of thee bereft, to end my life.

840

HELEN

How, dying, shall we then with honour die ?

MENELAUS

On the tomb's crest thy life I'll spill, then mine.

But first in strife heroic will I strive

For thee, beloved : let who dare draw nigh.

I will not shame the glory achieved at Troy,

Nor flee to Greece, to meet a nation's scoff.

I!—who robbed Thetis of her hero-son,

Who saw Telamonian Aias slaughtered lie,

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

850 τὸν Νηλέως τ' ἄπαιδα· διὰ δὲ τὴν ἐμῆν  
οὐκ ἀξιόσω καθθανεῖν δάμαρτ' ἐγώ;  
μάλιστα γ'· εἰ γάρ εἰσιν οἱ θεοὶ σοφοί,  
εὐψυχον ἄνδρα πολεμίων θανόνθ' ὑπο  
κούφη καταμπίσχουσιν ἐν τύμβῳ χθονί,  
κακούς δ' ἐφ' ἔρμα στερεὸν ἐκβάλλουσι γῆς.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, γενέσθω δήποτ' εὐτυχὲς γένος  
τὸ Ταντάλειον καὶ μεταστήτω κακῶν.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα· τῆς τύχης γὰρ ὦδ' ἔχω.  
Μενέλαε, διαπεπράγμεθ'· ἐκβαίνει δόμων  
ἢ θεσπιφδὸς Θεονόη κτυπεῖ δόμος  
860 κλήθρων λυθέντων. φεῦγ'· ἀτὰρ τί φευκτέου;  
ἀποῦσα γὰρ σε καὶ παροῦσ' ἀφιγμένον  
δεῦρ' οἶδεν ὦ δύστηνος, ὡς ἀπωλόμην.  
Τροίας δὲ σωθεὶς κατὰ βαρβάρου χθονὸς  
εἰς βάρβαρ' ἔλθὼν φάσγαν' αὐθις ἐμπεσεῖ.

## ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ἡγοῦ σύ μοι φέρουσα λαμπτήρων σέλας,  
θείου δὲ σεμνὸν θεσμόν αἰθέρος μυχόν,  
ὡς πνεῦμα καθαρὸν οὐρανοῦ δεξώμεθα·  
σὺ δ' αὖ κέλευθον εἴ τις ἔβλαψεν ποδὶ  
870 στείβων ἰνοσίφ, δὸς καθαρσίφ φλογί,  
κρούσον δὲ πευκην, ἵνα διεξέλθω, πάρος.  
νόμον δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν θεοῖσιν ἀποδοῦσαι πάλιν  
ἐφέστιον φλόγ' εἰς δόμους κομίζετε.  
Ἴλένη, τί τὰμὰ πῶς ἔχει θεσπίσματα;  
ἦκει πόσις σοι Μενέλεως ὄδ' ἐμφανής,  
νεῶν στερηθεὶς τοῦ τε σοῦ μιμήματος.

## HELEN

Saw Neleus' son made childless—for my wife  
Shall I not count me man enough to die ? 850  
Yea, verily :—for, if the Gods are wise,  
The valiant man who dies by foemen's hands  
With dust light-sprinkled on his tomb they shroud,  
But dastards forth on barren rock they cast.

### CHORUS

Gods, grant at last fair fortune to the line  
Of Tantalus, and rescuing from ills !

### HELEN

Woe, hapless I !—my lot is cast in woe !  
Undone, Menelaus !—from the hall comes forth  
Theonoë the seer : the palace clangs  
With bolts shot back :—flee !—yet to what end flee ? 860  
Present or absent still she knows of thee,  
How thou art come. O wretched I, undone !  
Thou, saved from Troy and from the alien land,  
Hast come to fall again by alien swords !

*Enter THEONOE attired as a priestess, with train o  
handmaids in solemn procession.*

### THEONOE (to a torch-bearer)

Thou, bearing splendour of torches, pass before ;  
In solemn ritual incense all the air,  
That pure heaven's breath may be, ere we receive it.  
And thou, if any have marred our path with tread  
Of foot unclean, sweep o'er it cleansing flame,  
And shake the torch before, that I may pass. 870  
And, when ye have paid the Gods my wonted service,  
Bear back again the hearth-flame to the halls.

*[Attendants pass on.]*

Helen, how fall my words prophetic now ?  
Thy lord is come, Menelaus, here in sight,  
Spoiled of his ships, and of thy counterfeit.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ τλήμων, οἷους διαφυγῶν ἦλθες πόνους,  
 οὐδ' οἶσθα νόστον οἰκαδ' εἶτ' αὐτοῦ μενεΐς·  
 ἔρις γὰρ ἐν θεοῖς σύλλογός τε σοῦ πέρι  
 ἔσται πάρεδρος Ζηνὶ τῶδ' ἐν ἡματι.

- 880 "Ἦρα μὲν, ἣ σοι δυσμενῆς πάροιθεν ἦν,  
 νῦν ἔστιν εὖνους κεῖς πάτραν σῶσαι θέλει  
 ξὺν τῆδ', ἔν' Ἑλλάς τοὺς Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμους  
 δῶρημα Κύπριδος ψευδονύμφετου μάθη·  
 Κύπρις δὲ νόστον σὸν διαφθεῖραι θέλει,  
 ὡς μὴ ἔξελεγχθῆ μηδὲ πριαμένη φανῆ  
 τὸ κάλλος Ἑλένης εἵνεκ' ἀνοήτοις<sup>1</sup> γάμοις.  
 τέλος δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν, εἴθ', ἃ βούλεται Κύπρις,  
 λέξασ' ἀδελφῶ σ' ἐνθάδ' ὄντα διολέσω,  
 εἶτ' αὖ μεθ' Ἦρας στᾶσα σὸν σώσω βίον,  
 890 κρίψασ' ὀμαίμον', ὅς με προστάσσει τάδε  
 εἰπεῖν, ὅταν γῆν τήνδε νοστήσας τύχης.  
 τίς εἰσ' ἀδελφῶ τόνδε σημαῶν ἐμφ  
 παρόνθ', ὅπως ἂν τοῦμόν ἀσφαλῶς ἔχη;

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

- ὦ παρθέν, ἰκέτις ἀμφὶ σὸν πίτνω γόνυ,  
 καὶ προσκαθίζω θᾶκον οὐκ εὐδαίμονα  
 ὑπὲρ τ' ἐμαντῆς τοῦδέ θ', ὃν μόλις ποτὲ  
 λαβοῦσ' ἐπ' ἀκμῆς εἶμι κατθανόντ' ἰδεῖν·  
 μή μοι κατείπης σῶ κασιγνήτῳ πόσιν  
 900 τόνδ' εἰς ἐμὰς ἤκουτα φίλτατον χέρας·  
 σῶσον δέ, λίσσομαί σε συγγόνῳ δὲ σῶ  
 τὴν εὐσέβειαν μὴ προδῶς τὴν σῆν ποτε,  
 χάριτας ποιηρὰς καδίκους ὠνούμενη.  
 [μισεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὴν βίαν, τὰ κτητὰ δὲ  
 κτᾶσθαι κελεύει πάντας οὐκ ἐς ἀρπαγὰς.]

<sup>1</sup> Pierson ἀνοήταις (non fruentiis): for MSS. ὠνητοῖς.

## HELEN

Hapless, escaped what perils art thou come,  
 Unsure of home-return or tarrying here !  
 For strife in heaven and high debate shall be  
 On this day in Zeus' presence touching thee,  
 Hera, who was thy foe in days gone by, 880  
 Is gracious now, would bring thee with thy wife  
 Safe home, that Hellas so may learn the cheat  
 Of Alexander's bridal, Cypris' gift.  
 But Cypris fain would wreck thine home-return,  
 That her shame be not blazoned, hers who bought  
 The prize of Fair with Helen's phantom hand.  
 The issue rests with me—to tell my brother,  
 As Cypris wills, thy presence, ruining thee,  
 Or, standing Hera's ally, save thy life,  
 Hiding it from my brother, who bids that I 890  
 Declare it, when thou comest to our shore.

[*A pause.*

Go, some one, tell my brother that this man  
 Is here, that I of peril clear may stand.

## HELEN

O maiden, suppliant at thy knee I fall,  
 And, in the posture of the unhappy, bow  
 Both for myself and this man, whom at last,  
 Scarce found, I am in peril to see slain !  
 Ah, tell not to thy brother that my lord,  
 My best beloved, hath come unto mine arms ;  
 But save us, I implore thee ! To thy brother 900  
 Never betray thy reverence for the right,  
 Buying his gratitude by sin and wrong.  
 [For God abhorreth violence, bidding all  
 Not by the spoiler's rapine get them gain.

- εατέος δ' ὁ πλοῦτος ἄδικός τις ὤν.<sup>1</sup>  
 κοινὸς γάρ ἐστιν οὐρανὸς πᾶσιν βροτοῖς  
 καὶ γαῖ', ἐν ἣ χρῆ δώματ' ἀναπληρουμένους  
 τ' ἀλλότρια μὴ χεῖν μηδ' ἀφαιρεῖσθαι βία.]  
 ἡμᾶς δὲ μακαρίως μὲν, ἀθλίως δ' ἐμοί,  
 910 Ἐρμῆς ἔδωκε πατρὶ σῶ, σῶζειν πόσει  
 τῶδ', ὃς πάρεστι κάπολάζυσθαι θέλει.  
 πῶς οὖν θανῶν ἂν ἀπολάβοι; κείνος δὲ πῶς  
 τὰ ζῶντα τοῖς θανούσιν ἀποδοίη ποτ' ἂν;  
 σὺ δὴ τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τὰ τοῦ πατρὸς σκόπει,  
 πότερον ὁ δαίμων χά' θανῶν τὰ τῶν πέλας  
 βούλονται ἂν ἢ οὐ βούλονται ἂν ἀποδοῦναι πάλιν.  
 δοκῶ μὲν. οὐκ οὐν χρῆ σε συγγόνῳ πλέον  
 νέμειν ματαίῳ μᾶλλον ἢ χρηστῷ πατρί.  
 εἰ δ' οὔσα μάντις καὶ τὰ θεῖ' ἠγουμένη  
 920 τὸ μὲν δίκαιον τοῦ πατρὸς διαφθερεῖς,  
 τῶ δ' οὐ δικαίῳ συγγόνῳ δώσεις χάριν,  
 αἰσχρὸν τὰ μὲν σε θεῖα πάντ' ἐξειδέναί,  
 τὰ τ' ὄντα καὶ μὴ, τὰ δὲ δίκαια μὴ εἰδέναί.  
 \* \* \* \* \*<sup>2</sup>  
 τήν τ' ἀθλίαν ἐμ', οἷσιν ἐγκειμαι κακοῖς,  
 ῥῦσαι, πάρεργον δοῦσα τοῦτο τῆς τύχης·  
 Ἐλένην γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐ στυγεῖ βροτῶν  
 ἢ κλήζομαι καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὡς προδοῦσ' ἐμὸν  
 πόσιν Φρυγῶν ἕκησα πολυχρύσους δόμους.  
 ἦν δ' Ἑλλάδ' ἔλθω κάπιβῶ Σπάρτης πάλιν,  
 930 κλύοντες εἰσιδόντες ὡς τέχναις θεῶν  
 ὤλοντ', ἐγὼ δὲ προδότις οὐκ ἤμην φίλων,  
 πάλιν μ' ἀνάξουσ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον αὐθις αὐ,

<sup>1</sup> An unmetrical line generally regarded as an interpolation.

<sup>2</sup> A line, containing a special appeal for Menelaus, is believed to have been lost here.



## HELEN

Away with wealth—the wealth amassed by wrong!  
 For common to all mortals is heaven's air,  
 And earth, whereby men ought to enrich their  
     homes,  
 Nor keep nor wrest by violence others' goods.]<sup>1</sup>  
 Me for mine happiness—yet for my sorrow—  
 To thy sire Hermes gave, to ward for him, 910  
 My lord, who now is here, who claims his own.  
 Slain, how should he regain me, or thy sire  
 How render back the living to the dead?  
 O have regard to God's will and thy sire's!  
 Would Heaven, would the dead king, render back  
 Their neighbour's goods, or would they not consent?  
 Yea, would they, I trow! Thou shouldst not have  
     respect  
 To wanton brother more than righteous sire.  
 If thou, a seer, who dost believe in God,  
 Thy father's righteous purpose shalt pervert, 920  
 And to thine unjust brother do a grace,  
 'Twere shame that thou shouldst know all things  
     divine,  
 Present and future,—yet not know the right.  
 Now me, the wretched, whelmed in misery,  
 Save, and vouchsafe us this our fortune's crown.  
 For there is none but hateth Helen now,  
 Through Hellas called forsaker of my lord  
 To dwell in gold-abounding Phrygian halls.  
 But if to Greece I come, in Sparta stand,  
 Then, hearing, seeing, that by heaven's device 930  
 They died, nor was I traitress to my friends,  
 They shall restore me unto virtue's ranks;

<sup>1</sup> Ll. 903-908 are marked as interpolations by Dindorf, Badham, and Nauck.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐδνώσομαί τε θυγατέρ' ἦν οὔδεις γαμεῖ,  
 τὴν δ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκλιποῦσ' ἀλητείαν πικρὰν  
 ὄντων ἐν οἴκοις χρημάτων ὀνήσομαι.  
 κεῖ μὲν θανῶν ὄδ' ἐν πυρᾷ κατεσφάγη,  
 πρόσσω σφ' ἀπόντα δακρῦοις ἂν ἠγάπων·  
 νῦν δ' ὄντα καὶ σωθέντ' ἀφαιρεθήσομαι;  
 μὴ δῆτα, παρθέν', ἀλλὰ σ' ἵκετεύω τόδε·  
 940 δὸς τὴν χάριν μοι τήνδε καὶ μμοῦ τρόπους  
 πατρός δικαίου· παισὶ γὰρ κλέος τόδε  
 κάλλιστον, ὅστις ἐκ πατρός χρηστοῦ γεγῶς  
 εἰς ταῦτόν ἦλθε τοῖς τεκοῦσι τοὺς τρόπους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἰκτρὸν μὲν οἱ παρόντες ἐν μέσῳ λόγοι,  
 οἰκτρά δὲ καὶ σύ. τοὺς δὲ Μενέλεω ποθῶ  
 λόγους ἀκοῦσαι τίνας ἐρεῖ ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐγὼ σὸν οὔτ' ἂν προσπεσεῖν τλαίην γόνυ  
 οὔτ' ἂν δακρῦσαι βλέφαρα· τὴν Τροίαν γὰρ ἂν  
 950 δεῖλοὶ γενόμενοι πλείστον αἰσχύνοιμεν ἂν.  
 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς πρὸς ἄνδρος εὐγενοῦς  
 ἐν ξυμφοραῖσι δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν βαλεῖν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐχὶ τοῦτο τὸ καλόν, εἰ καλὸν τόδε,  
 αἰρήσομαι ἄν πρόσθε τῆς εὐψυχίας.  
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἄνδρα σοι δοκεῖ σῶσαι ξένον  
 ζητοῦντά μ' ὀρθῶς ἀπολαβεῖν δάμαρτ' ἐμήν,  
 ἀπόδος τε καὶ πρὸς σῶσον· εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκεῖ,  
 ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις  
 ἄθλιος ἂν εἶην, σὺ δὲ γυνὴ κακὴ φανεῖ.  
 960 ἂ δ' ἄξι' ἡμῶν καὶ δίκαι' ἠγοῦμεθα,  
 καὶ σῆς μάλιστα καρδίας ἀνθάψεται,  
 λέξω τάδ' ἀμφὶ μνῆμα σου πατρός πεσῶν.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Badham : for MSS. \*τόφω : "regretting the absence of."

## HELEN

I shall betroth the child none now will wed ;  
And, leaving this my bitter homelessness,  
Shall I enjoy the treasures in mine home.  
Lo, if my lord had died, slain on some pyre,  
My love should weep his memory though afar :  
Now, living, saved, shall he be torn from me ?  
Ah, maiden, not—I implore thee, O not that !  
Grant me this grace ; so follow in the steps 940  
Of thy just sire. 'Tis children's fairest praise,  
When one begotten of a noble sire  
Is noble, treading in the father's steps.

### CHORUS

Piteous thy pleading comes to stay her hand :  
Piteous thy plight is. But I fain would hear  
What words Menelaus for his life will speak.

### MENELAUS

I cannot brook to cast me at thy knee,  
Nor drown mine eyes with tears ; else should I shame  
Troy utterly, in turning craven thus.  
And yet, men say, it is a hero's part 950  
In trouble, from his eyes to shed the tear.  
Yet not this seemly part—if seemly it be—  
Will I choose rather than stoutheartedness.  
But, if thou wilt befriend a stranger, me  
Who seek, yea justly, to regain my wife,  
Restore her, save withal : if thou wilt not,  
Not now first shall I taste of misery,  
But thou shalt stand convict of wickedness.  
Yet, that which worthy of myself I count,  
And just,—yea, that which most shall touch thine  
heart,— 960  
That will I speak, bowed at thy father's grave :—

- ὦ γέρον, ὃς οἰκεῖς τόνδε λάϊνον τάφον,  
 ἀπόδος, ἀπαιτῶ τὴν ἐμὴν δάμαρτά σε,  
 ἦν Ζεὺς ἔπεμψε δεῦρό σοι σφίζειν ἐμοί.  
 οἷδ' οὐνεχ' ἡμῖν οὐποτ' ἀποδώσεις<sup>1</sup> θανῶν  
 ἄλλ' ἦδε πατέρα νέρθεν ἀνακαλούμενον  
 οὐκ ἀξιῶσει τὸν πρὶν εὐκλεέστατον  
 κακῶς ἀκοῦσαι· κυρία γάρ ἐστι νῦν.  
 ὦ νέρτερ' "Αἰδη, καὶ σέ σύμμαχον καλῶ,  
 970 ὃς πόλλ' ἐδέξω τῆσδ' ἕκατι σώματα  
 πεσόντα τῷμῳ φασγάνῳ, μισθὸν δ' ἔχεις·  
 ἢ νῦν ἐκείνους ἀπόδος ἐμψύχους πάλιν,  
 ἢ τήνδ' ἀνάγκασόν γε μὴ εὐσεβοῦς πατρὸς  
 ἦσσω φανείσαν τὰμά γ' ἀποδοῦναι λέχη.  
 εἰ δ' ἐμὲ γυναῖκα τὴν ἐμὴν συλήσετε,  
 ἃ σοι παρέλιπεν ἦδε τῶν λόγων, φράσω.  
 ὄρκοις κεκλήμεθ', ὡς μάθης, ὦ παρθένε,  
 πρῶτον μὲν ἔλθειν διὰ μάχης σφ' συγγόνῳ·  
 980 κάκεινον ἢ μὲ δεῖ θανεῖν· ἀπλοῦς λόγος.  
 ἦν δ' ἐς μὲν ἀλκὴν μὴ πόδ' ἀντιθῆ ποδί,  
 λιμῷ δὲ θηρᾷ τύμβον ἱκετεύοντε νῶ,  
 κτανεῖν δέδοκται τήνδ' ἐμοί, κάπειτ' ἐμὸν  
 πρὸς ἦπαρ ὦσαι δίστομον ξίφος τόδε  
 τύμβου 'πὶ νώτοις τοῦδ', ἴν' αἵματος ῥοαὶ  
 τάφου καταστάζωσι· κεισόμεσθα δὲ  
 νεκρῶ δὴ ἐξῆς τῷδ' ἐπὶ ξεστῷ τάφῳ,  
 ἀθάνατον ἄλγος σοί, ψόγος δὲ σφ' πατρί.  
 οὐ γὰρ γαμῆι τήνδ' οὔτε σύγγονος σέθεν  
 οὔτ' ἄλλος οὐδεὶς· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σφ' ἀπάξομαι,  
 990 εἰ μὴ πρὸς οἴκους δυνάμεθ', ἀλλὰ πρὸς νεκρούς.  
 τί ταῦτα; δακρύοις εἰς τὸ θῆλυ τρεπόμενος

<sup>1</sup> Brodaeus: for ἀπολέσεις of MSS., and ἀφλήσεις of Nauck.

## HELEN

O ancient, dweller in this tomb of stone,  
Restore thy trust : I claim of thee my wife,  
Sent hither of Zeus to thee, to ward for me.  
Thou, who art dead, canst ne'er restore, I know :  
But this thy child will think scorn that her sire,  
Glorious of old, from the underworld invoked,  
Have infamy,—for now it rests with her.  
Oh Hades, on thy championship I call,  
Who hast welcomed many dead, for Helen's sake . 970  
Slain by my sword : thou hast them for thine  
hire.

Or give them back with life's breath filled again,  
Or thou constrain this maid to show her worthy  
Of a good sire, and render back my wife.  
But if ye will despoil me of my bride,  
That which to thee she said not will I say :—  
Know, maiden, I have bound me by an oath  
To dare thy brother, first, unto the fight :  
Then he or I must die, my word is passed.  
But if he flinch from grappling foot to foot, 980  
And seek to starve the suppliants at the tomb,  
I am resolved to slay her, then to thrust  
Into mine own heart this two-edged sword  
On this tomb's crest, that streams of our life-blood  
May drench the grave : so shall we side by side,  
Two corpses, lie upon this carven tomb,  
To be thy deathless grief, thy sire's reproach.  
Her shall thy brother never wed—nor he,  
Nor any other :—I will bear her hence,  
If home I may not, then unto the dead. 990  
Why speak thus? If with tears I played the  
woman,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐλεινὸς ἦν ἂν μᾶλλον ἢ δραστήριος.  
κτείν', εἰ δοκεῖ σοι δυσκλεῶς γὰρ οὐ κτενεῖς·  
μᾶλλον γε μέντοι τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείθου λόγοις,  
ἵν' ἦς δικαία καὶ δάμαρτ' ἐγὼ λάβω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ βραβεύειν, ὦ νεᾶνι, τοὺς λόγους·  
οὕτω δὲ κρίνον ὡς ἅπασιν ἀνδάνης.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

1000 ἐγὼ πέφυκά τ' εὖσεβεῖν καὶ βούλομαι,  
φιλωῶ τ' ἐμαντήν, καὶ κλέος τοῦμού πατρὸς  
οὐκ ἂν μάναιμ', οὐδὲ συγγόνῳ χάριν  
δοίην ἂν ἐξ ἧς δυσκλεῆς φαίησεται.  
ἔνεστι δ' ἱερὸν τῆς Δίκης ἐμοὶ μέγα  
ἐν τῇ φύσει καὶ τοῦτο Νηρέως πάρα  
ἔχουσα σώζειν Μενέλεων πειράσομαι.  
"Ἦρα δ', ἐπέπερ βούλεται σ' εὐεργετεῖν,  
εἰς ταῦτόν οἶσω ψῆφον· ἡ Κύπρις δ' ἐμοὶ  
ἴλεως μὲν εἶη, συμβέβηκε δ' οὐδαμού·  
πειράσομαι δὲ παρθένος μένειν αἰεὶ.  
1010 ἃ δ' ἀμφὶ τύμβῳ τῷδ' ὄνειδίζεις πατρί,  
ἡμῖν ὄδ' αὐτὸς μῦθος· ἀδικοίημεν ἂν,  
εἰ μὴ ἀποδώσω· καὶ γὰρ ἂν κείνος βλέπων  
ἀπέδωκεν ἂν σοὶ τήνδ' ἔχειν, ταύτη δὲ σέ.  
καὶ γὰρ τίσις τῶνδ' ἐστὶ τοῖς τε νερτέροις  
καὶ τοῖς ἄνωθεν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις. ὁ νοῦς  
τῶν καθθανόντων ζῆ μὲν οὐ, γνώμην δ' ἔχει  
ἀθάνατον εἰς ἀθάνατον αἰθέρ' ἐμπροσθῶν.  
ὡς οὖν περαίνω μὴ μακράν, σιγήσομαι  
ἃ μου καθικετεύσατ', οὐδὲ μωρία  
1020 ξυμβουλος ἔσομαι τῇ κασιγνήτου ποτέ.  
εὐεργετῶ γὰρ κείνον οὐ δοκοῦσ' ὅμως,  
ἐκ δυσσεβείας ὄσιον εἰ τίθημί νιν.

## HELEN

A pitiful thing were I, no man of deeds.  
Slay, if thou wilt; thou shalt not slay and shame!  
Yet do thou rather hearken to my words,  
That thou be just, that I may win my wife.

### CHORUS

Maiden, of these pleas art thou arbitress.  
So judge, that thou mayst pleasure all at last.

### THEONOE

By nature and by choice I fear the Gods.  
I love mine own soul, and my sire's renown  
I will not stain, nor show my brother grace 1000  
Wherefrom shall open infamy be his;  
And the great temple of Justice in mine heart  
Stands. Since from Nereus I inherit this,  
I will essay to save Menelaus' life.  
With Hera, seeing she fain would favour thee,  
I cast my vote. Gracious to me withal  
Be Cypris, though she hath had no part in me,  
And I will strive to abide a maiden aye.  
For thy reproaches o'er my father's grave,  
I make them mine; for I should work foul wrong,  
If I restored not. He, if yet he lived, 1010  
Had given back her to thee, and thee to her.  
Yea, for such acts have men due recompense  
In Hades as on earth. No separate life  
Have dead men's souls, yet deathless conscious-  
ness  
Still have they when in deathless aether merged.  
But, to make brief end, I will hold my peace  
Of all ye have prayed of me, nor ever be  
Co-plotter with my brother's wantonness.  
I do him service, though it seem not so, 1020  
Who turn him unto righteousness from sin.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αὐτοὶ μὲν οὖν τιν' ἔξοδόν γ' εὐρίσκετε,  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀποστᾶσ' ἐκποδῶν σιγήσομαι.  
 ἐκ τῶν θεῶν δ' ἄρχεσθε χικετεύετε  
 τὴν μὲν σ' ἐᾶσαι πατρίδα νοστήσαι Κύπριν,  
 "Ἦρας δὲ τὴν ἔννοιαν ἐν ταύτῳ μένειν  
 ἦν εἰς σὲ καὶ σὸν πόσιν ἔχει σωτηρίας.  
 σὺ δ', ὦ θανῶν μοι πάτερ, ὅσον γ' ἐγὼ σθένω,  
 οὔποτε κεκλήσει δυσσεβῆς ἀντ' εὐσεβοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1030 οὐδεὶς ποτ' ἠτύχησεν ἔκδικος γεγῶς,  
 ἐν τῷ δικαίῳ δ' ἐλπίδες σωτηρίας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, πρὸς μὲν παρθένου σεσῶσμεθα·  
 τοῦνθένδε δὴ σὲ τοὺς λόγους φέροντα χρὴ  
 κοινὴν συνάπτειν μηχανὴν σωτηρίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν· χρόνιος εἶ κατὰ στέγας  
 καὶ ξυντέθραψαι προσπόλοισι βασιλέως.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας; εἰσφέρεις γὰρ ἐλπίδας  
 ὡς δὴ τι δράσων χρηστὸν εἰς κοινόν γε νῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1040 πείσειας ἄν τιν' οὔτινες τετραζύγων  
 ὄχων ἀνάσσουσ', ὥστε νῶν δοῦναι δίφρους;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πείσαιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ τίνα φυγὴν φευξοῦμεθα  
 πεδίῳν ἄπειροι βαρβάρου τ' ὄντες χθονός;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀδύνατον εἶπας. φέρε, τί δ' εἰ κρυφθεὶς δόμοις  
 κτάνοιμ' ἄνακτα τῷδε διστόμῳ ξίφει;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἄν σ' ἀνάσχοιτ' οὐδὲ σιγήσειεν ἄν  
 μέλλοντ' ἀδελφῆ σύγγονον κατακτανεῖν.



## HELEN

Yet how to escape must ye yourselves devise :  
I from your path will stand, will hold my peace.  
With prayer to Gods begin ye : supplicate  
Cypris to grant return to fatherland.  
Thou, pray that Hera's mind abide unchanged,  
Her will for thy deliverance and thy lord's.  
And thou, dead sire, so far as in me lies,  
Impious for righteous ne'er shalt be misnamed.

[Exit.

### CHORUS

None prospered ever by unrighteousness :  
In righteousness all hope of safety dwells.

1030

### HELEN

From peril from yon maid are we secured.  
Thou, for the rest, give counsel to devise  
A path of safety alike for thee, and me.

### MENELAUS

Hearken. Long hast thou dwelt beneath yon roof  
Co-inmate with the servants of the king :—

### HELEN

Why say'st thou this? Thou givest hint of hopes,  
As thou wouldst work deliverance for us twain.

### MENELAUS

Couldst thou persuade some warder of four-horse cars  
To give to us a chariot and steeds?

1040

### HELEN

I might persuade—yet what avails our flight  
Who know these plains not, nor the alien's land?

### MENELAUS

A hopeless bar! What if I hide within  
And slay the king with this two-edged sword?

### HELEN

His sister would not suffer thee, nor spare  
To tell thy purposed murder of her kin.

555

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδὲ μὴν ναῦς ἔστιν ἧ σωθεῖμεν ἂν  
φεύγοντες· ἦν γὰρ εἶχομεν θάλασσαν ἔχει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1050

ἄκουσον, ἦν τι καὶ γυνὴ λέξῃ σοφόν.  
βούλει λέγεσθαι μὴ θανῶν λόγῳ θανεῖν;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κακὸς μὲν ὄρνις· εἰ δὲ κερδανῶ λέγων,  
ἔτοιμός εἰμι μὴ θανῶν λόγῳ θανεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν γυναικείους σ' ἂν οἰκτισαίμεθα  
κουραῖσι καὶ θρήνοισι πρὸς τὸν ἀνόσιον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σωτηρίας δὲ τοῦτ' ἔχει τί νῶν ἄκος;  
παλαιότης γὰρ τῷ λόγῳ γ' ἔνεστί τις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς δὴ θανόντα σ' ἐνάλιον κενῷ τάφῳ  
θάψαι τύραννον τῆσδε γῆς αἰτήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1060

καὶ δὴ παρῆικεν· εἶτα πῶς ἄνευ νεῶς  
σωθησόμεσθα κενοταφοῦντ' ἐμὸν δέμας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δοῦναι κελεύσω πορθμῖδ', ἧ καθήσομεν  
κόσμον τάφῳ σῶ πελαγίας ἐς ἀγκάλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς εὖ τόδ' εἶπας, πλὴν ἔν· εἰ χέρσῳ ταφὰς  
θεῖναι κελεύσει σ', οὐδὲν ἧ σκῆψις φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὐ νομίζειν φήσομεν καθ' Ἑλλάδα  
χέρσῳ καλύπτειν τοὺς θανόντας ἐναλίους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦτ' αὖ κατορθοῖς· εἰτ' ἐγὼ συμπλεύσομαι  
καὶ συγκαθήσω κόσμον ἐν ταυτῷ σκάφει.

## HELEN

MENELAUS

No ship have we wherein we might escape  
Fleeing; for that I had the sea hath whelmed.

HELEN

Hearken—if woman's lips may wisdom speak :—  
Wouldst thou consent, ere death, in name to die ? 1050

MENELAUS

Evil the omen : yet, if words may help,  
Ready I am, ere death, in name to die.

HELEN

Yea, with shorn hair and dirges will I mourn thee  
Before the tyrant, after woman's wont.

MENELAUS

What salve of safety for us twain hath this ?  
Sooth, the device is something overworn !

HELEN

As thou hadst died at sea, I'll pray the king  
For leave to entomb thee in a cenotaph.

MENELAUS

This granted, how shall we without a ship  
Escape by raising this void tomb for me ? 1060

HELEN

A vessel will I beg, to cast therefrom  
Into the sea's arms burial-gifts for thee.

MENELAUS

Well said, save but for this—if he bid rear  
On land my tomb, fruitless is thy pretence.

HELEN

Nay, will we say, this is not Hellas' wont,  
On land to bury such as die at sea.

MENELAUS

This too thou rightest. I with thee embark,  
And in the same ship help to stow the gifts.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1070 σὲ καὶ παρεῖναι δεῖ μάλιστα τοὺς τε σοὺς  
πλωτῆρας οἵπερ ἔφυγον ἐκ ναυαγίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ μὴν εἴνπερ ναῦν ἐπ' ἀγκύρας λάβω,  
ἀνὴρ παρ' ἄνδρα στήσεται ξιφηφόρος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὲ χρὴ βραβεύειν πάντα· πόμπιμοι μόνον  
λαΐφει πνοαὶ γένοιτο καὶ νεὸς δρόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔσται· πόνους γὰρ δαίμονες παύσουσί μου.  
ἀτὰρ θανόντα τοῦ μ' ἐρεῖς πεπυσμένη;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σοῦ· καὶ μόνος γε φάσκε διαφυγεῖν μόρον  
'Ατρέως πλέων σὺν παιδὶ καὶ θανόνθ' ὄραῦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1080 καὶ μὴν τάδ' ἀμφίβληστρα σώματος ῥάκη  
ξυμμαρτυρήσει ναυτικῶν ἐρειπίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε, τότε δ' ἄκαιρ' ἀπώλλυτο·  
τὸ δ' ἄθλιον κεῖν' εὐτυχὲς τάχ' ἂν πέσοι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότερα δ' ἐς οἴκους σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν με χρὴ  
ἢ πρὸς τάφῳ τῷδ' ἤσυχοι καθώμεθα;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1090 αὐτοῦ μὲν· ἦν γὰρ καὶ τι πλημμελές σε δρᾶ,  
τάφος σ' ὄδ' ἂν ῥύσαιτο φάσγανόν τε σόν.  
ἐγὼ δ' ἐς οἴκους βᾶσα βοστρύχους τεμῶ  
πέπλων τε λευκῶν μέλανας ἀνταλλάξομαι  
παρῆδί τ' ὄνυχα φόνιον ἐμβαλῶ χροός.  
μέγας γὰρ ἀγών, καὶ βλέπω δύο ῥοπάς·  
ἦ γὰρ θανεῖν δεῖ μ', ἦν ἀλῶ τεχνωμένη,

## HELEN

HELEN

Of all things chiefly, needs must thou be there,  
And all thy crew which from the wreck escaped. 1070

MENELAUS

Let me but at her moorings find a ship,  
And man by man shall they stand girt with swords.

HELEN

'Tis thou must order all : let wafting winds  
But fill the sail, and good speed to the keel !

MENELAUS

This shall be, for the Gods will end my toils.  
But of whom wilt thou say thou heard'st my death ?

HELEN

Of thee. Say, thou alone escapedst doom :  
Sailing with Atreus' son, thou saw'st him die.

MENELAUS

Yea, and these rags about my body cast  
Shall witness as to salvage from the wreck. 1080

HELEN

In good time saved, in an ill time nigh lost !  
That sore mischance may turn to fortune fair.

MENELAUS

Into the palace with these shall I pass,  
Or by the tomb here tarry sitting still ?

HELEN

Here stay : if he would do thee any hurt,  
This tomb and thine own sword shall keep thee safe.  
But I will pass within, will shear mine hair,  
And sable vesture for white robes will don,  
And with the blood-stained nail will scar my cheek.  
'Tis a grim strife, and issues twain I see : 1090  
Or I must die, if plotting I am found,

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

- ἦ πατρίδα τ' ἔλθειν καὶ σὸν ἐκσῶσαι δεμας.  
 ὦ πότνι, ἦ Δίοισιν ἐν λέκτροις πίτνεις,  
 ὦ Ἥρα, δὴ οἰκτρῶ φῶτ' ἀνάψυξον πόνων,  
 αἰτοῦμεθ' ὀρθὰς ὠλένας πρὸς οὐρανὸν  
 ρίπτονθ', ἵν' οἰκεῖς ἀστέρων ποικίλματα.  
 σὺ θ', ἦ πὶ τῶμῳ κῦδος ἐκτῆσω γάμῳ,  
 κόρη Διώνης Κύπρι, μή μ' ἐξεργάσῃ.  
 ἄλις δὲ λύμης ἦν μ' ἐλυμῆνω πάρος  
 1100 τοῦνομα παρασχούσ', οὐ τὸ σῶμ', ἐν βαρβάροις.  
 θανεῖν δ' ἔασόν μ', εἰ κατακτεῖναι θέλεις,  
 ἐν γῆ πατρῶα. τί ποτ' ἄπληστος εἰ κακῶν,  
 ἔρωτας ἀπάτας δόλια τ' ἐξευρήματα  
 ἀσκούσα φίλτρα θ' αἵματηρὰ δωμάτων ;  
 εἰ δ' ἦσθα μετρία, τᾶλλα γ' ἠδίστη θεῶν  
 πέφυκας ἀνθρώποισιν οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

- σὲ τὰν ἐναυλείοις ὑπὸ δενδροκόμοις στρ. α'  
 μουσεῖα καὶ θάκουσ ἐνίζουσαν ἀναβοάσῳ,  
 σὲ τὰν ἀοιδοτάταν  
 1110 ὄρνιθα μελωδὸν ἀηδόνα δακρυόεσσαν,  
 ἔλθ' ἐπὶ ξουθᾶν γενύων ἐλελιζομένα  
 θρήνοις ἐμοῖς ξυμφῶς,  
 Ἐλένας μελέας πόνους  
 τὸν Ἰλιάδων τ' αἰ-  
 δούσα δακρυόεντα πότμον  
 Ἀχαιῶν ὑπὸ λόγχαις,  
 ὅτ' ἔμολεν ἔμολε πεδία βαρβάρῳ πλάτῃ,  
 ὃς ἔδραμε ρόθια, μέλεα Πριαμίδαις ἄγων  
 Λακεδαιμόνος ἄπο λέχεα  
 1120 σέθεν, ὦ Ἐλένα, Πάρις αἰνόγαμος  
 πομπαῖσιν Ἀφροδίτας.

## HELEN

Or see the homeland and redeem thy life.  
 O Queen, who restest on the couch of Zeus,  
 Hera, to hapless twain grant pause from ills,  
 We pray, with arms flung upward to the sky,  
 Thy mansion wrought with arabesques of stars.  
 And thou, by mine hand winner of beauty's prize,  
 Cypris, Dione's child, destroy me not!  
 Enough the scathe thou hast done me heretofore,  
 Lending my name, not me, to alien men : 1100  
 But let me die, if 'tis thy will to slay,  
 In homeland. Why, insatiate of wrong,  
 Dost thou use loves, deceits, and guile's inven-  
 tions,  
 And love-spells dark with blood of families?  
 Wouldst thou in measure come, thou wert to men  
 Else kindest of the Gods : I hold this truth.

[Exit.

### CHORUS

O thou in thine halls of song abiding, (Str. 1)  
 Under the greenwood leaves deep-hiding,  
     I hail thee, I hail,  
 Nightingale, queen by thy notes woe-thrilling 1110  
 Of song-birds, come, through thy brown throat trilling  
     Notes tuned to my wail,  
     As of Helen's grief and pain  
     And of Ilium's daughters' tears  
 I sing, how they stooped them to thralldom's chain  
     Beneath the Achaean spears.  
 They were doomed, when from Sparta fleeing hied  
 Paris, the bridegroom accurséd, to ride  
 O'er the foam-blossomed plain, for the Priamids'  
     bane---  
 O Helen, it seemeth as thou wert the bride, 1120  
     And the Love-queen steers !

561

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

πολλοὶ δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐν δορὶ καὶ πετρίναις ἀντ. α'  
 ῥιπαῖσιν ἐκπνεύσαντες Ἴδιδαν μέλεον ἔχουσι,  
 τάλαιναν ὦν ἀλόχων  
 κείραντες ἔθειραν ἄνυμφα μέλαθρα δὲ κείταν  
 πολλοὺς δὲ πυρσεύσας φλογερὸν σέλας ἀμφι-  
 ρύταν

- Εὐβοίαν εἰλ' Ἀχαιῶν  
 μονόκωπος ἀνὴρ, πέτραις  
 Καφηρίσιν ἐμβάλων  
 1130 Αἰγαίαις τ' ἐνάλοισιν ἀκταῖς,  
 δόλιον ἀστέρα λάμψας.  
 ἀλίμενα δ' ὄρεα <sup>1</sup> ἡμέλεα βαρβάρου στολᾶς,  
 δτ' ἔστυτο πατρίδος ἀποπρὸ χειμάτων προῶ  
 γέρας οὐ γέρας, ἀλλ' ἔριν  
 Δαναῶν νεφέλαν ἐπὶ ναυσὶν ἄγων,  
 εἶδωλον ἱρὸν Ἦρας.

- ὅ τι θεὸς ἢ μὴ θεὸς ἢ τὸ μέσον, στρ. β'  
 τίς φησ' ἐρευνήσας βροτῶν  
 μακρότατον πέρας εὐρεῖν,  
 1140 ὃς τὰ θεῶν ἔσορᾶ  
 δεῦρο καὶ αὐθις ἐκεῖσε  
 καὶ πάλιν ἀντιλόγοις  
 πηδῶντ' ἀνεπίστοις τύχαις;  
 σὺ Διὸς ἔφυς, ὦ Ἑλένα, θυγάτηρ  
 πτανὸς γὰρ ἐν κόλποις σε Λή-  
 δας ἐτέκνωσε πατήρ.  
 κατ' ἰαχῆθης καθ' Ἑλλανίαν  
 ἄδικος, προδοτής, ἄπιστος, ἄθεος· οὐδ' ἔχω

<sup>1</sup> MS. reading, but text uncertain: the strained interpretation "wretchedly strewn with the spoils of Troy" (from the wrecked fleet) gives perhaps the only relevant sense.



## HELEN

And Achaeans many, by stones down-leaping (*Ant. I*)  
And by spear-thrusts sped, are in Hades sleeping ;

And in sorrow for these

Was their wives' hair shorn in their widowed bowers ;  
And the beacon-lights glared on the headland that  
lowers

O'er Euboean seas ;

So that lone voyager<sup>1</sup> hurled

Many Greeks on Caphereus' scaur

And Aegean skerries where wild surf swirled, 1130

When he lit that treachery-star.

And by havenless cliffs Menelaus hath passed

Driven afar from his land by the blast

With his prize—no prize, but by Hera's device

A cloud-wraith into the mid-lists cast

Of the Danaans' war.

(*Str. 2*)

Who among men dare say that he, exploring

Even to Creation's farthest limit-line,

Ever hath found the God of our adoring,

That which is not God, or the half-divine— 1140

Who, that beholdeth the decrees of Heaven

This way and that in hopeless turmoil swayed ?

Daughter of Zeus art thou, to Leda given,

Helen, by him whom those swan-plumes arrayed :

Yet wert thou cursed—" *Unrighteous, god-despising,*

*Traitress, and faithless,*" Hellas deemed thy due !

<sup>1</sup> Nauplius hastily left Troy in a fishing-boat, before the Greek fleet sailed, to make his preparations for wrecking it.

ΕΑΕΝΗ

1150 τί τὸ σαφές, ὃ τι ποτ' ἐν βροτοῖς.  
τὸ θεῶν ἔπος ἀλαθὲς εὖρον.

ἄφρονες ὅσοι τὰς ἀρετὰς πολέμῳ                      ἀντ. β'  
κτᾶσθε δορὸς ἀλκαίου λόγχαι-  
σιν καταπανόμενοι πό-  
νους θνατῶν ἀμαθῶς.

εἰ γὰρ ἄμιλλα κρινεῖ νιν  
αἵματος, οὐποτ' ἔρις  
λείψει κατ' ἀνθρώπων πόλεις.

1160 † ἅ Πριαμίδος γᾶς ἔλαχεν<sup>1</sup> θαλάμους,  
ἔξον διορθῶσαι λόγοις  
σάν ἔριν, ᾧ Ἑλένα.

νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν Ἕριδα μέλονται κάτω,  
τείχεα δέ, φλογμὸς ὥστε Διός, ἐπέσυτο φλόξ,  
ἐπὶ δὲ πάθεα πάθεσι φέρεις  
† ἀθλίους ἐν συμφοραῖς αἰλίνοις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1170 ὦ χαῖρε, πατὴρ μνήμ' ἐπ' ἐξόδοισι γὰρ  
ἔθαψα, Πρωτεῦ, σ' ἕνεκ' ἐμῆς προσρήσεως·  
αἰεὶ δέ σ' ἐξιών τε κείσιων δόμους  
Θεοκλύμενος παῖς ὅδε προσεννέπει, πάτερ.  
ὕμεις μὲν οὖν κύνας τε καὶ θηρῶν βρόχους,  
δμῶες, κομίζετ' εἰς δόμους τυραννικούς·  
ἐγὼ δ' ἑμαυτὸν πόλλ' ἐλοιδώρησα δῆ·  
οὐ γάρ τι θανάτῳ τοὺς κακοὺς κολάζομεν.  
καὶ νῦν πέπυσμαι φανερόν Ἑλλήνων τινὰ  
εἰς γῆν ἀφίχθαι καὶ λεληθέναι σκοπούς,  
ἦτοι κατοπτὴν ἢ κλοπαῖς θηρώμενον  
Ἑλένην θανεῖται δ', ἦν γε δὴ ληφθῆ ἴσον.

<sup>1</sup> Kirchhoff: for MSS. αἰ . . . ἔλαπον.

## HELEN

Nought I find certain, for all man's surmising :  
 Only Gods' words have I found utter-true. 1150

(*Ant.* 2)

Madmen, all ye who strive for manhood's guerdons  
 Battling with shock of lances, seeking ease  
 Senselessly so from galling of life's burdens !

Never, if blood be arbitress of peace,  
 Strife between towns of men shall find an ending :

Lo, how its storm o'er homes of Ilium brake,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yea, though fair words might once have wrought  
 amending,

Helen, of wrong, of quarrel for thy sake ! 1160

Now are her sons in depths of Hades lying ;  
 Flame o'er her walls leapt, like Zeus' levin-glare :  
 Woes upon woes, and unto captives sighing  
 Sorer afflictions still—thy gifts they were.

*Enter THEOCLYMENUS, with hounds, and attendants carrying weapons, nets, spoils of the chase, etc.*

### THEOCLYMENUS

Hail, my sire's tomb !—for at my palace-gate,  
 Proteus, I buried thee, to greet thee so :  
 Still as I enter and pass forth mine halls,  
 Thee, father, I thy son Theoclymenus hail.  
 Ho ye, my men, the hounds and hunting-nets  
 Unto the palace-kennels take away. 1170

[*Exeunt attendants.*]

Many a time have I reproached myself  
 That I have punished not yon knaves with death !  
 Lo, now I hear of some Greek openly  
 Come to my land, eluding all my guards,—  
 Some spy, or one that prowls to kidnap hence  
 Helen. Die shall he, so he but be caught.

<sup>1</sup> The text seems hopelessly corrupt. I have followed Jerram's conjecture as to general sense.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔα·

1180 ἄλλ', ὡς ἔοικε, πάντα διαπεπραγμένα  
 εὐρηκα· τύμβου γὰρ κενὰς λιποῦσ' ἔδρας  
 ἢ Τυνδαρίς παιῖς ἐκπεπόρθμενται χθονός.  
 ὦή, χαλάτε κλήθρα· λυέθ' ἵππικὰς  
 φάτνας, ὄπαδοί, κάκκομίζεθ' ἄρματα,  
 ὡς ἂν πόνου γ' ἔκατι μὴ λάθῃ με γῆς  
 τῆσδ' ἐκκομισθεῖσ' ἄλοχος, ἧς ἐφίεμαι.  
 ἐπίσχετ'· εἰσορῶ γὰρ οὐς διώκομεν  
 παρόντας ἐν δόμοισι κού πεφευγότας.  
 αὐτῆ, τί πέπλους μέλανας ἐξήψω χροὸς  
 λευκῶν ἀμείψασ' ἔκ τε κρατὸς εὐγενοῦς  
 κόμας σίδηρον ἐμβαλοῦσ' ἀπέθρισας  
 1190 χλωροῖς τε τέγγεις δάκρυσι σὴν παρηίδα  
 κλαίουσα ; πότερον ἐννύχοις σεσεισμένη<sup>1</sup>  
 στένεις οὐεῖροις, ἢ φάτιν τιν' οἴκοθεν  
 κλύουσα λύπη σὰς διέφθαρσαι φρένας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ δέσποτ', ἤδη γὰρ τόδ' ὀνομάζω σ' ἔπος,  
 ὄλωλα· φρούδα τὰμὰ κούδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν τῷ δὲ κεῖσαι συμφορᾶς ; τίς ἢ τύχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαος—οἴμοι, πῶς φράσω ;—τέθνηκέ μοι.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδέν τι χαίρω σοῖς λόγοις, τὰ δ' εὐτυχῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

\* \* \* \* \*

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς οἶσθα ; μῶν σοι Θεοῦν λέγει τάδε ;

<sup>1</sup> Nauck : for πεπεισμένη of MSS.

<sup>2</sup> A line has been lost here (Hermann).

## HELEN

Ha!

Lo, all my plans, meseemeth, have I found  
Frustrate!—for Tyndarus' child hath left her seat  
By the tomb void, and from the land hath sailed!  
What ho! unbar the gates!—loose from the stalls 1180  
The steeds, mine henchmen!—bring the chariots  
forth,

That not for pains untried by me the wife  
I long for may escape the land unmarked.  
Nay, hold your hands! I see whom we would chase  
There in the palace standing, nowise fled.

*Re-enter HELEN.*

Thou, why hast thou attired thee in dark robes,  
Thy white cast off, and from thy queenly head  
Hast thou with sweep of steel thy tresses shorn,  
And wettest with fast-streaming tears thy cheeks  
Weeping? Mourn'st thou by visions of the night 1190  
Soul-shaken, or for some dread inward voice  
Heard, is thy spirit thus distraught with grief?

HELEN

My lord,—for now I name thee by this name,—  
Undone!—mine hopes are fled; I am but nought!

THEOCLYMENUS

In what affliction liest thou? What hath chanced?

HELEN

Menelaus—woe's me!—how to speak it?—dead!

THEOCLYMENUS

I triumph not at thy words, yet am blest.

HELEN

[Let my lord pardon that I joy not—yet.]<sup>1</sup>

THEOCLYMENUS

How know'st thou? Hath Theonoe told thee this?

<sup>1</sup> Inserted conjecturally to supply the lacuna.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κείνη τέ φησιν ὃ τε παρὼν ὄτ' ὄλλυτο.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1200

ἦκει γὰρ ὅστις καὶ τὰδ' ἀγγέλλει σαφῆ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦκει· μόλοι γὰρ ὡς ἐγὼ χρήζω μολεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τίς ἐστί ; ποῦ ἔστιν ; ἵνα σαφέστερον μάθω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄδ' ὃς κάθηται τῷδ' ὑποπτήξας τάφω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

Ἄπολλον, ὡς ἐσθῆτι δυσμόρφω πρέπει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἴμοι, δοκῶ μὲν κάμὸν ὧδ' ἔχειν πόσιν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ποδαπὸς δ' ὄδ' ἀνὴρ καὶ πόθεν κατέσχε γῆν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἕλλην, Ἀχαιῶν εἰς, ἐμῷ σύμπλους πόσει.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

θανάτῳ δὲ ποίῳ φησὶ Μενέλεων θανεῖν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἰκτρόταθ' ὑγροῖσιν ἐν κλυδωνίοις ἀλός.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1210

ποῦ βαρβάροισι πελάγεσιν ναυσθλούμενον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Λιβύης ἀλιμένοις ἐκπεσόντα πρὸς πέτραις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ὄδ' οὐκ ὄλωλε κοινωνῶν πλάτης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐσθλῶν κακίους ἐνίστ' εὐτυχέστεροι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

λιπῶν δὲ ναὸς ποῦ πάρεστιν ἔκβολα ;

## HELEN

HELEN

Even she, and he who when he died was there.

THEOCLYMENUS

How, is one here to tell this certainly ?

1200

HELEN

Is here :—would he might come as *I* desire !

THEOCLYMENUS

Who is he ?—where ?—that I be certified.

HELEN

Yon man who sitteth cowering at the tomb.

THEOCLYMENUS

Apollo !—lo, how marred his vesture shows !

HELEN

Ah me, so showeth now my lord, I ween !

THEOCLYMENUS

Of what land ?—and whence sailed he to our shore ?

HELEN

Greek, an Achæan, shipmate of my lord.

THEOCLYMENUS

By what death says he Menelaus died ?

HELEN

Most piteously, in whelming surge of brine.

THEOCLYMENUS

And where on alien waters voyaging ?

1210

HELEN

On havenless rocks of Libya cast away.

THEOCLYMENUS

How perished this man not, who shared his voyage ?

HELEN

Whiles are the base-born more than heroes blest.

THEOCLYMENUS

And, hither faring, where left he the wreck ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄπου κακῶς ὄλοιτο, Μενέλεως δὲ μή.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὄλωλ' ἐκείνος· ἦλθε δ' ἐν ποίῳ σκάφει ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ναῦταί σφ' ἀνείλοντ' ἐντυχόντες, ὡς λέγει.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ποῦ δὴ τὸ πεμφθὲν ἀντὶ σοῦ Τροία κακόν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

νεφέλης λέγεις ἄγαλμ' ; ἐς αἰθέρ' οἴχεται.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1220

ὦ Πρίαμε καὶ γῆ Τρωάς, ὡς ἔρρεις μάτην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κἀγὼ μετέσχον Πριαμίδαις δυσπραξίας.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πόσιν δ' ἄθαπτον ἔλιπεν ἢ κρύπτει χθονί ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄθαπτον· οἱ ἴγὼ τῶν ἐμῶν τλήμων κακῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τῶνδ' εἵνεκ' ἔταμες βοστρύχους ξανθῆς κόμης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλος γάρ ἐστιν, ὅς ποτ' ἐστίν, ἐνθάδ' ὦν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὀρθῶς μὲν ἦδε συμφορὰ δακρύεται ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐν εὐμαρεῖ γοῦν σὴν κασιγνήτην λαθεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ δῆτα. πῶς οὖν ; τόνδ' ἔτ' οἰκήσεις τάφον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί κερτομεῖς με, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐκ ἐᾶς ;



## HELEN

HELEN

Where ruin seize it !—but not Menelaus

THEOCLYMENUS

Ruin hath seized him. What ship brought this man ?

HELEN

Some, voyaging, found and took him up, he saith.

THEOCLYMENUS

Where is that bane, in thy stead sent to Troy ?

HELEN

The cloud-wraith mean'st thou ? Into air it passed.

THEOCLYMENUS

O Priam, Troyland, ruined all for nought

1220

HELEN

I too have shared the Priamids' dark doom.

THEOCLYMENUS

Left he thy lord unburied, or entombed him ?

HELEN

Unburied—woe is me ! Alas mine ills !

THEOCLYMENUS

For this cause hast thou shorn thy golden hair ?

HELEN

Yea, dear he is, whate'er he be—he is *here*.<sup>1</sup>

THEOCLYMENUS

Is this misfortune real, thy tears unfeigned ?

HELEN

O yea, thy sister's ken were lightly 'scaped !

THEOCLYMENUS

Nay, sooth. How then ? Wilt dwell by this tomb still ?

HELEN

Why mock me ? Leave the dead awhile in peace.

<sup>1</sup> Laying her hand upon her heart (Heath).

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 1230 πιστὴ γὰρ εἰ σὺ σὺ πόσει φεύγουσά με.  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 ἀλλ' οὐκέτ'· ἤδη δ' ἄρχε τῶν ἐμῶν γάμων.  
 ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ  
 χρόνια μὲν ἦλθεν, ἀλλ' ὁμως αἰνῶ τάδε.  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; τῶν πάρος λαθώμεθα.  
 ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ  
 ἐπὶ τῷ ; χάρις γὰρ ἀντὶ χάριτος ἐλθέτω.  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 σπουδὰς τέμωμεν καὶ διαλλάχθητί μοι.  
 ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ  
 μεθίημι νεῖκος τὸ σὺν, ἴτω δ' ὑπόπτερον.  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 πρὸς νῦν σε γονάτων τῶνδ', ἐπείπερ εἰ φίλος—  
 ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ  
 τί χρῆμα θηρῶσ' ἰκέτις ὠρέχθης ἐμοῦ ;  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 τὸν κατθανόντα πόσιν ἐμὸν θάψαι θέλω.  
 ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ  
 1240 τί δ' ; ἔστ' ἀπόντων τύμβος ; ἢ θάψεις σκιάν ;  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 Ἔλλησίν ἐστι νόμος, ὃς ἂν πόντῳ θάνῃ—  
 ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ  
 τί δρᾶν ; σοφοί τοι Πελοπίδαι τὰ τοιάδε.  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 κenoῖσι θάπτειν ἐν πέπλων ὑφάσμασιν.  
 ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ  
 κτέριζ'· ἀνίστη τύμβον οὐ χρήξεις χθονός.  
 ΕΛΕΝΗ  
 οὐχ ὧδε ναύτας ὀλομένους τυμβεύομεν.

## HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

So loyal to thy lord, thou shunnest me.

1230

HELEN

No more will I : prepare my bridal now.

THEOCLYMENUS

Late comes it, yet with praise and thanks of me !

HELEN

Know'st then thy part ? Let us forget the past.

THEOCLYMENUS

Thy terms ?—since favour is for favour due.

HELEN

Let us make truce : be reconciled to me.

THEOCLYMENUS

I put away our feud : let it take wings.

HELEN

Now then by these thy knees, since friend thou art—

THEOCLYMENUS

What seekest thou with suppliant arms outstretched ?

HELEN

The dead, mine husband, fain would I entomb.

THEOCLYMENUS

How ?—for the lost a grave ?—wouldst bury a shade ?

1240

HELEN

'Tis Hellene wont, whoso is lost at sea—

THEOCLYMENUS

To do what ? Wisc are Pelops' sons herein.

HELEN

With garments shrouding nought to bury them.

THEOCLYMENUS

Rear him a tomb where in my land thou wilt.

HELEN

Not thus we bury mariners cast away.

573

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς δαί ; λέλειμμαί τῶν ἐν Ἑλλησιν νόμων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς πόντον ὅσα χρῆ νέκυσιw ἐξορμίζομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί σοι παράσχω δῆτα τῷ τεθνηκότι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄδ' οἶδ'.<sup>1</sup> ἐγὼ δ' ἄπειρος, εὐτυχοῦσα πρῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1250 ὦ ξένη, λόγων μὲν κληδόν' ἠνεγκας φίλην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐμαυτῷ γ' οὐδὲ τῷ τεθνηκότι.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς τοὺς θανόντας θάπτει' ἐν πόντῳ νεκρούς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς ἂν παρούσης οὐσίας ἕκαστος ἦ.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πλούτου λέγ' εἶνεχ', ὅ τι θέλεις ταύτης χάριν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προσφάζεται μὲν αἷμα πρῶτα νερτέροις.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τίνος ; σύ μοι σήμαινε, πείσομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αὐτὸς σὺ γίγνωσκ'. ἀρκέσει γὰρ ἂν διδῶς.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν βαρβάροις μὲν ἵππον ἢ ταύρον νόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

διδούς γε μὲν δὴ δυσγενές μηδὲν δίδου.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1260 οὐ τῶνδ' ἐν ἀγέλαις ὀλβίαις σπανίζομεν.

<sup>1</sup> Hartung: for οὐκ οἶδ' of MSS.

## HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

How then? Of Hellene wot I nothing know.

HELEN

We put out seaward with the corpse's dues.

THEOCLYMENUS

What shall I give thee for the dead man then?

HELEN (*pointing to MENELAUS*)

He knows. Unskilled am I—happy ere this!

THEOCLYMENUS

Stranger, glad tidings dost thou bring to me.

1250

MENELAUS

For me not glad, nor yet for that dead man.

THEOCLYMENUS

How do ye bury dead men lost at sea?

MENELAUS

According to the substance of each friend.

THEOCLYMENUS

If wealth be all, for her sake speak thy wish.

MENELAUS

First is blood shed, an offering to the shades.

THEOCLYMENUS

The victim?—tell thou, and I will perform.

MENELAUS

Decide thou: that thou givest shall suffice.

THEOCLYMENUS

My people use to slay a horse or bull.

MENELAUS

If thou wilt give, give worthily of a king.<sup>1</sup>

THEOCLYMENUS

Of such in my fair herds I have no lack.

1260

<sup>1</sup> Hinting that he should give both, as he actually does.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ στρωτὰ φέρεται λέκτρα σώματος κενά.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἔσται· τί δ' ἄλλο προσφέρειν νομίζεται ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

χαλκήλαθ' ὄπλα· καὶ γὰρ ἦν φίλος δορί.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἄξια τὰδ' ἔσται Πελοπιδῶν ἃ δώσομεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ τᾶλλ' ὅσα χθὼν καλὰ φέρει βλαστήματα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ; ἐς οἶδμα τίνι τρόπῳ καθίετε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ναῦν δεῖ παρῆναι κἀρετμῶν ἐπιστάτας.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πόσον δ' ἀπείργει μῆκος ἐκ γαίας δόρυ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥστ' ἐξορᾶσθαι ῥόθια χερσόθεν μόλις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1270 τί δῆ ; τόδ' Ἑλλὰς νόμιμον ἐκ τίνος σέβει ,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς μὴ πάλιν γῆ λύματ' ἐκβάλη κλύδων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

Φοίνισσα κώπη ταχύπορος γενήσεται.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καλῶς ἂν εἴη Μενέλεώ τε πρὸς χάριν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὔκουν σὺ χωρὶς τῆσδε δρῶν ἀρκεῖς τάδε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μητρὸς τόδ' ἔργον ἢ γυναικὸς ἢ τέκνων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ταύτης ὁ μόχθος, ὡς λέγεις, θάπτειν πόσιν ;

## HELEN

MENELAUS

Next, a decked bier is borne, no corpse thereon.

THEOCLYMENUS

This shall be. What beside doth custom add ?

MENELAUS

Arms forged of bronze, for well he loved the spear.

THEOCLYMENUS

These, our gifts, shall be worthy Pelops' line.

MENELAUS

Therewith, all increase fair that earth brings forth.

THEOCLYMENUS

How then ?—how cast ye these into the surge ?

MENELAUS

There needeth here a ship with rowers manned.

THEOCLYMENUS

And how far speedeth from the strand the keel ?

MENELAUS

So that from land the foam-wake scarce is seen.

THEOCLYMENUS

Now wherefore ? Why doth Greece observe this use ? 1270

MENELAUS

Lest the surge sweep pollution back to shore.

THEOCLYMENUS

Phoenician oars shall traverse soon the space.

MENELAUS

'Twere well done, and a grace to Menelaus.

THEOCLYMENUS

Dost thou not, without her, suffice for this ?

MENELAUS

This must be done by mother, wife, or child.

THEOCLYMENUS

Hers then the task, thou say'st, to entomb her lord ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐν εὐσεβεί γοῦν νόμιμα μὴ κλέπτειν νεκρῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1280 ἴτω· πρὸς ἡμῶν ἄλοχον εὐσεβῆ τρέφειν.  
 ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς οἴκους ἐξελοῦ κόσμον νεκρῶ·  
 καὶ σ' οὐ κεναῖσι χερσὶ γῆς ἀποστελῶ,  
 δράσαντα τῆδε πρὸς χάριν· φήμας δέ μοι  
 ἐσθλὰς ἐνεγκῶν γ' ἀντὶ τῆς ἀχλαινίας  
 ἐσθήτα λήψει σῖτά θ', ὥστε σ' εἰς πάτραν  
 ἐλθεῖν, ἐπεὶ νῦν γ' ἀθλίως ἔχονθ' ὀρῶ.  
 σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαινα, μὴ 'πὶ τοῖς ἀνηνύτοις  
 τρύχου σὺ σαυτῆν· Μενέλεως δ' ἔχει πότμον,  
 κοῦκ ἂν δύναίτο ζῆν ὁ κατθανῶν ποσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1290 σὸν ἔργον, ὦ νεᾶνι· τὸν παρόντα μὲν  
 στέργειν πόσιν χρή, τὸν δὲ μηκέτ' ὄντ' ἔαν·  
 ἄριστα γάρ σοι ταῦτα πρὸς τὸ τυγχάνον.  
 ἦν δ' Ἑλλάδ' ἔλθω καὶ τύχῳ σωτηρίας,  
 παύσω ψόγου σε τοῦ πρίν, ἦν γυνὴ γένη  
 οἶαν γενέσθαι χρή σε σφ' ξυνευνέτη.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1300 ἔσται τάδ'· οὐδὲ μέμψεται πόσις ποτὲ  
 ἡμῖν· σὺ δ' αὐτὸς ἐγγὺς ὦν εἴσει τάδε.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ τάλας, εἴσελθε καὶ λουτρῶν τύχε  
 ἐσθῆτά τ' ἐξάλλαξον. οὐκ ἐς ἀμβολὰς  
 εὐεργετήσω σ'· εὐμενέστερον γὰρ ἂν  
 τῷ φιλτάτῳ μοι Μενέλεω τὰ πρόσφορα  
 δρώης ἂν, ἡμῶν τυγχάνων οἶων σε χρή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρεῖα ποτὲ δρομάδι κῶλφ στρ. α'  
 μάτηρ θεῶν ἐσύθη



## HELEN

MENELAUS

Yea, piety bids rob not the dead of dues.

THEOCLYMENUS

Let her go :—best to foster in my wife  
Piety. From mine halls the death-dues take.  
Nor thee will I send empty-handed hence, 1280  
For this thy kindness shown her. For good news  
Thou hast brought me, raiment in thy bare rags' stead  
And food shalt thou have, so that thou mayst come  
To Greece, whom now I see in sorriest plight.  
Thou, hapless queen, fret not thine heart away  
Without avail. Menelaus hath his doom,  
And thy dead husband cannot live again.

MENELAUS

Princess, thy part is this : with him who is now  
Thy lord, content thee ; him who is not, let be,  
As best it is for thee in this thy plight. 1290  
And if to Greece I come, and safety win,  
Then will I take thine old reproach away,  
If now thou prove true wife to thine own spouse.

HELEN

This shall be : never shall my lord blame me.  
Thou shalt thyself be near, and witness this.  
Now, toil-tried one, pass in, enjoy the bath,  
And change thy raiment. I will tarry not  
In kindness to thee : thou with more good will  
Shalt pay all dues to my beloved lord,  
Menelaus, if thou have thy due of us. 1300

[*Exeunt* MENELAUS, HELEN, and THEOCLYMENUS.]

CHORUS

The Mountain-goddess,<sup>1</sup> with feet swift-racing, (*Str.1*)  
Mother of Gods, rushed onward of yore

<sup>1</sup> Demeter, who is here invested with some of the attributes of Cybele.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 1310 ἀν' ὑλᾶντα νάπη  
 ποτάμιόν τε χεῦμ' ὑδάτων  
 βαρύβρομόν τε κῦμ' ἄλιον  
 πόθῳ τὰς ἀποιχομένας  
 ἀρρήτου κούρας·  
 κρόταλα δὲ Βρόμα διαπρύσιον  
 ἰέντα κέλαδον ἀνεβόα,  
 θηρῶν ὅτε ζυγίους  
 ζευξάσα θεᾷ σατίνας,  
 τὰν ἀρπασθεῖσαν κυκλίων  
 χορῶν ἔξω παρθενίῳ  
 μέτα κούραι ἀελλόποδες,  
 ἃ μὲν τόξοις Ἄρτεμις, ἃ δ'  
 ἔγχει Γοργώπις πάνοπλος,  
 <συνείποντο. Ζεὺς δ' ἐδράνων<sup>1</sup>>  
 αὐγάζων δ' ἐξ οὐρανίων  
 ἄλλαν μοῖραν ἔκραινε.
- 1320 δρομαῶν δ' ὅτε πολυπλάνητον ἀντ. α  
 μάτηρ ἔπαυσέ πόνου,  
 μαστεύουσ' ἀπόρους  
 θυγατρὸς ἀρπαγὰς δολίου,  
 χιονοθρέμμουσ' ἐπέρας'  
 Ἰδαιᾶν Νυμφᾶν σκοπιάς·  
 ρίπτει δ' ἐν πένθει  
 πέτρινα κατὰ δρία πολυνηφέα·  
 βροτοῖσι δ' ἄχλοα πεδία γᾶς  
 οὐ καρπίζουσ' ἀρότοις  
 λαῶν φθείρει γενεάν·  
 1330 ποίμναισ' οὐχ ἴει θαλερὰς

<sup>1</sup> Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.

## HELEN

By glens of the forest in frenzied chasing,  
By the new-born rivers' cataract-roar,  
By the thunderous surge of the sea wind-tost,  
In anguished quest for a daughter lost  
Whose name is unuttered in prayer or praising;<sup>1</sup>  
And a peal far-piercing the echoes bore  
As clashed the Bacchanal's castanet;  
And beasts of the wold by her spells controlled  
'Neath the yoke of the Goddess's chariot met: 1310  
And with her for her child, by the ravisher parted  
From the virgins' dances, on that wild quest  
The storm-footed Maiden-goddesses darted,  
Even Artemis Queen of the Bow, and pressed  
At her side with her spear and her panoply  
Stern-eyed Pallas;—but Zeus, throned high  
In the heavens, looked down, and their purpose  
thwarted,  
And ordered the issue as seemed him best.

When ceased the Mother from weary faring (*Ant. 1*)  
Of feet wide-wandering to and fro, 1320  
Seeking the daughter whom hands ensnaring  
Had ravished whitherward none might know,  
Then over the watch-tower peaks did she tread  
Of the Nymphs of Ida, the snow's birth-bed,  
And earthward flung her in grief's despairing  
Mid the rocky thickets deep in snow:  
And she caused that from herbless plains of  
earth  
No blade should shoot for the tilth-land's fruit,  
And she wasted the tribes of men with dearth:  
And the cattle for tendril-sprays lush-trailing 1330

<sup>1</sup> Persephone's name was not uttered in ritual, for fear of re-awakening Demeter's grief.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

βοσκὰς εὐφύλλων ἑλίκων  
 πολέων δ' ἀπέλειπε βίος,  
 οὐδ' ἦσαν θεῶν θυσῖαι,  
 βωμοῖς τ' ἀφλεκτοὶ πέλανοι·  
 πηγὰς τ' ἀμπαύει δροσερὰς  
 λευκῶν ἐκβάλλειν ὑδάτων  
 πένθει παιδὸς ἀλάστω.

1340

ἐπεὶ δ' ἔπανσ' εἰλαπίνας  
 θεοῖς βροτείῳ τε γένει,  
 Ζεὺς μελίσσων στυγίους  
 ματρὸς ὄργας ἐνέπει·  
 βᾶτε, σεμναὶ Χάριτες,  
 ἴτε, τὰν περὶ παρθένῳ  
 Διοὶ θυμωσαμένα  
 λύπαν ἐξαλλάξαι<sup>1</sup> ἄλᾶν,<sup>1</sup>  
 Μοῦσαι θ' ὕμνοισι χορῶν.  
 χαλκοῦ δ' αὐδὰν χθονίαν  
 τύπανά τ' ἔλαβε βυρσοτενῆ  
 καλλίστα τότε πρῶτα μακάρων  
 Κύπρις γέλασέν τε θεὰ  
 δέξατό τ' εἰς χέρας  
 βαρύβρομον αὐλὸν  
 τερφθεῖσ' ἀλαλαγμῶ.

στρ. β

1350

† ὧν οὐ θέμις σ' οὐδ' ὅσια<sup>2</sup>  
 ἐπύρωσας ἐν θαλάμοις,  
 μῆνιν δ' εἶχες μεγάλας  
 ματρὸς, ὦ παῖ, θυσίας  
 οὐ σεβίζουσα θεᾶς.

ἀντ. β

<sup>1</sup> Bothe: for MSS. ἀλαλαξ.

<sup>2</sup> This antistrophe is corrupt, and its interpretation is largely conjectural (Paley).

## HELEN

Looked yearning with famishing eyes in vain ;  
And from many and many the life was failing,  
Nor the sacrifice-smoke made misty the fane ;  
Nor on altars were found meal-cakes to burn :  
And she sealed the spray-dashed mountain-urn  
From pouring the wan stream forth, aye wailing  
For her child with inconsolable pain.

(*Str.* 2)

And the Gods' feasts failed from the altars fuming,  
And for men the staff of bread she brake.  
Then Zeus, to assuage the wrath overglooming  
The soul of the Mighty Mother, spake : 1340  
" Pass down, O Worshipful Ones, ye Graces,  
And from Deo banish her wrath's dark traces,  
And the grief that hath driven through desolate  
places  
A mother distraught for a daughter's sake.  
Go ye, too, Muses, with dance and with singing."  
Then first of the Blesséd Ones Cypris the fair  
Caught up the brass of the voice deep-ringing,  
And the skin-strained tambourine she bare.  
Then Demeter smiled, and forgot her grieving,  
In her hands for a token of peace receiving 1350  
The flute of the deep wild notes far-cleaving  
The gorges ; and gladness lulled her care.

Princess, did flame unconsecrated (Aut. 2)  
Of rites unhallowed in thy bowers shine,  
And so of the Mighty Mother hated  
Wast thou?—O child, and was this sin thine,  
To have lived of the Goddess's altar unrecking ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1360 μέγα τοι δύναται νεβρῶν  
 παμποίκιοι στολίδες  
 κισσοῦ τε στεφθεῖσα χλόα  
 νάρθηκας εἰς ἱερούς,  
 ῥόμβων θ' εἰλισσομένα  
 κύκλιος ἔνοσις αἰθερία,  
 βακχεύουσά τ' ἔθειρα Βρομίῳ  
 καὶ παννυχίδες θεᾶς  
 εὐτέ νιν ὄμμασιν  
 ἔβαλε σελάνα.  
 μορφᾶ μόνον ἤνχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1370 τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους εὐτυχοῦμεν, ὦ φίλαι·  
 ἢ γὰρ συνεκκλέπτουσα Πρωτέως κόρη  
 πόσιν παρόντα τὸν ἐμὸν ἱστορομένη  
 οὐκ εἶπ' ἀδελφῶ· κατθανόντα δ' ἐν χθονὶ  
 οὐ φησιν ἀγᾶς εἰσορᾶν ἐμὴν χάριν.  
 κάλλιστα δὴ τὰδ' ἤρπασεν τεύχη πόσις·  
 ἃ γὰρ καθήσειν ὄπλ' ἔμελλεν εἰς ἄλα,  
 ταῦτ' ἐμβαλὼν πόρπακι γενναίαν χέρα  
 αὐτὸς κομίζει, δόρυ τε δεξιᾷ λαβὼν,  
 ὡς τῷ θανόντι χάριτα δὴ συνεκπουῶν.  
 1380 προὔργου δ' ἐς ἄλκην σῶμ' ὄπλοις ἠσκήσατο,  
 ὡς βαρβάρων τρόπαια μυρίων χερὶ  
 στήσων, ὅταν κωπήρες εἰσβῶμεν σκάφος,  
 πέπλους ἀμείψας ἀντὶ ναυφθόρου στολῆς,  
 ἀγῶ νιν ἐξήσκησα, καὶ λουτροῖς χροῖα  
 ἔδωκα, χρόνια ὑπτρα ποταμίας δρόσου.  
 ἀλλ' ἐκπερᾶ γὰρ δωμάτων ὁ τοὺς ἐμοὺς  
 γάμους ἐτοίμους ἐν χεροῖν ἔχειν δοκῶν,  
 συγητέον μοι· καὶ σέ προσποιούμεθα  
 εὖνουν κρατεῖν τε στόματος, ἦν δυνώμεθα  
 σωθέντες αὐτοὶ καὶ σέ συσώσαι ποτε.

## HELEN

1360

Yet atonement may come of the fawn-skin decking  
 Thy limbs, bedappled with dark spots flecking  
 Its brown, and if greenness of ivy twine  
 Round the sacred fennel-wand lightly shivering,  
 And if whirled through the air the tambour moan  
 As it swings, as it rings, to the light touch quivering,  
 And if Bacchanal hair to the winds shall be thrown,  
 When the Goddess's vigils are revelling nightly,  
 And the shafts of the moon's bow touch them  
 lightly, [brightly.  
 Shot from the heights where her eyes gleam  
 Repent—thou didst trust in thy fairness alone.

*Enter HELEN.*

HELEN

1370

Within the palace all is well, my friends ;  
 For Proteus' child, confederate with us,  
 Being questioned, hath not told her brother aught  
 Of my lord's presence, but for my sake saith  
 That dead he seeth not on earth the light.  
 Right happily my lord hath won these arms.  
 Himself hath donned the mail that he should cast  
 Into the sea, hath thrust his stalwart arm  
 Into the shield-strap, grasped in hand the spear,  
 As who should join in homage to the dead,—  
 In season for the fray hath harnessed him,  
 As who shall vanquish aliens untold  
 Singly, when once we tread the galley's deck.  
 He hath doffed his wreckage rags for the attire  
 Wherein I have arrayed him, and have given  
 His limbs the bath, long lacked, of river-dew.  
 —No more, for forth comes one who deems he holds  
 My marriage in the hollow of his hand :  
 I must be silent, and thy loyalty  
 I claim, and sealed lips, that we haply may,  
 Ourselves delivered, one day save thee too.

1380

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

- 1390 χωρείτ' ἐφεξῆς, ὡς ἔταξεν ὁ ξένος,  
 δμῶες, φέροντες ἐνάλια κτερίσματα.  
 Ἑλένη, σὺ δ', ἦν σοι μὴ κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,  
 πείθου, μὲν' αὐτοῦ· ταῦτ' ἀ γὰρ παρούσά τε  
 πράξεις τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν σὸν ἦν τε μὴ παρῆς.  
 δέδοικα γάρ σε μὴ τις ἐμπεσῶν πόθος  
 πείσῃ μεθεῖναι σώμ' ἐς οἶδμα πόντιον  
 τοῦ πρόσθεν ἀνδρὸς χάρισιν ἐκπεπληγμένην·  
 ἄγαν γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐ παρόνθ' ὅμως στένεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 1400 ὦ καινὸς ἡμῖν πόσις, ἀναγκαίως ἔχει  
 τὰ πρῶτα λέκτρα νυμφικὰς θ' ὀμιλίας  
 τιμᾶν· ἐγὼ δὲ διὰ τὸ μὲν στέργειν πόσιν  
 καὶ ξυθάνοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ τίς κείνῳ χάρις  
 ξὺν κατθανόντι κατθανεῖν ; ἔα δ' ἐμέ  
 αὐτὴν μολοῦσαν ἐντάφια δοῦναι νεκρῷ.  
 θεοὶ δὲ σοὶ τε δοῖεν οἱ ἐγὼ θέλω,  
 καὶ τῷ ξένῳ τῷδ', ὅτι συνεκπονεῖ τάδε.  
 ἔξεις δέ μ' οἷαν χρῆ σ' ἔχειν ἐν δώμασι  
 γυναικ', ἐπειδὴ Μενέλεων εὐεργετεῖς  
 καὶ μ' ἔρχεται γὰρ δὴ τιν' εἰς τύχην τάδε·  
 1410 ὅστις δὲ δώσει ναῦν ἐν ἧ τάδ' ἄξομεν,  
 πρόσταξον, ὡς ἂν τὴν χάριν πλήρη λάβω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

χάρει σὺ καὶ ναῦν τοῖσδε πευτηκόντορον  
 Σιδωνίαν δὸς κἀρετμῶν ἐπιστάτας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκουν ὄδ' ἄρξει ναὸς ὃς κοσμεῖ τάφον ;

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μάλιστ'· ἀκούειν τοῦδε χρῆ ναύτας ἐμούς.



## HELEN

*Enter THEOCLYMENUS and MENELAUS, with train of attendants bearing funeral offerings.*

THEOCLYMENUS

Pass on in order, as the stranger bade,  
Thralls, bearing offerings destined to the sea. 1390  
Helen, thou—if thou take not ill my words—  
Be ruled by me, here stay: for thou shalt serve  
Thy lord alike, or be thou there or not.  
I fear thee, lest some thrill of yearning pain  
Move thee to fling thy body mid the surge,  
Distraught with love for him who was thy lord ;  
For overmuch thou mournest him, who is not.

HELEN

O my new spouse, needs must I honour him,  
My first love, who embraced me as a bride : 1400  
Yea, I for very love of my dead lord  
Could die,—yet wherein should I pleasure him  
If with the dead I died? Nay, suffer me  
Myself to go and pay him burial-dues :  
So the Gods grant thee all the boons I wish,  
And to this stranger, for his help herein.  
And such wife shalt thou find me in thine halls  
As meet is, for thy kindness to my lord  
And me ; for these things to fair issue tend.  
Now bid one give a ship wherein to bear 1410  
The gifts, that so thy kindness may be full.

THEOCLYMENUS (*to attendant*)

Go thou, and give these a Sidonian ship  
Of fifty oars, and rowers therewithal.

HELEN

The rites who ordereth, shall not he command ?

THEOCLYMENUS

Yea surely ; him my sailors must obey.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αὐθις κέλευσον, ἵνα σαφῶς μάθωσί σου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

αὐθις κελεύω καὶ τρίτον γ', εἴ σοι φίλον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄναιο, καὶ γὰρ τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

μή νυν ἄγαν σὸν δάκρυσιν ἐκτήξης χροά.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1420 ἦδ' ἡμέρα σοι τὴν ἐμὴν δείξει χάριν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τὰ τῶν θανόντων οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἄλλως πόνος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔστιν τι κακῆϊ κἀνθάδ' ὧν ἐγὼ λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδὲν κακίῳ Μενέλεώ μ' ἔξεις πόσιν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐδὲν σὺ μεμπτός· τῆς τύχης με δεῖ μόνου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ τόδ', ἦν σὴν εἰς ἐμ' εὐνοίαν διδῶς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ νῦν διδαξόμεσθα τοὺς φίλους φιλεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

βούλει ξυνεργῶν αὐτὸς ἐκπέμψω στόλον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦκιστα· μὴ δούλευε σοῖς δούλοις, ἀναξ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1430 ἀλλ' εἶα· τοὺς μὲν Πελοπιδῶν ἐὼ νόμους·

καθαρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν δώματ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐνθάδε

ψυχὴν ἀφήκε Μενέλεως· ἴτω δέ τις

φράσων ὑπάρχους τοῖς ἐμοῖς φέρειν γάμων

ἀγάλματ' οἴκους εἰς ἐμούς· πᾶσαν δὲ χρῆ

## HELEN

HELEN

Speak it again, that all may understand.

THEOCLYMENUS

Twice I command, yea, thrice, if this thou wilt.

HELEN

Blessings on thee—and me, in mine intent!

THEOCLYMENUS

Waste not with tears thy beauty overmuch.

HELEN

This day shall prove to thee my gratitude.

1420

THEOCLYMENUS

The dead are naught: to toil for them is vain.

HELEN

Both dead and living as yet have claim on me.

THEOCLYMENUS

Me shalt thou prove no worse than Menelaus.

HELEN

No fault in thee: I need but fortune fair.

THEOCLYMENUS

This rests with thee, so thou yield me true love.

HELEN

I shall not need to learn to love my love.

THEOCLYMENUS

Wouldst have myself for escort and for aid?

HELEN

Nay, be not servant to thy servants, king.

THEOCLYMENUS

Away then: Pelopid wont is nought to me.

Mine house is unpolluted, since not here

Did Menelaus die. Let some one go

And bid my vassal-kings bring marriage-gifts

Unto mine halls. Let all the land break forth

1430

ΕΛΕΝΗ

γαίαν βοᾶσθαι μακαρίαις ὑμνοδίαῖς  
 ὑμέναιον Ἑλένης κάμῶν, ὡς ζηλωτὸς ἦ.  
 σὺ δ', ὦ ξέν', ἐλθῶν, πελαγίους ἐς ἀγκάλας  
 τῷ τῆσδε πρὶν ποτ' ὄντι δοὺς πόσει τάδε,  
 πάλιν πρὸς οἴκους σπευδ' ἐμὴν δάμαρτ' ἔχων,  
 ὡς τοὺς γάμους τοὺς τῆσδε συνδαίσας ἐμοὶ  
 1440 στέλλῃ πρὸς οἴκους ἢ μένων εὐδαιμονῆς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, πατήρ τε καὶ σοφὸς κλήζει θεός,  
 βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς καὶ μετάρστησον κακῶν.  
 ἔλκουσι δ' ἡμῖν πρὸς λέπας τὰς συμφορὰς  
 σπουδῇ σύναψαι· κἂν ἄκρα θίγῃς χερί,  
 ἤξομεν ἴν' ἐλθεῖν βουλόμεσθα τῆς τύχης.  
 ἄλλοι δὲ μόχθων οὐδ' ἐμοχθοῦμεν πάρος.  
 κέκλησθέ μοι, θεοί, πολλὰ χρήστ' ἐμοῦ κλύειν  
 καὶ λύπρ' ὀφείλω δ' οὐκ ἄει πράσσειν κακῶς,  
 ὀρθῶ δὲ βῆναι ποδί· μίαν δ' ἐμοὶ χάριν  
 1450 δόντες τὸ λοιπὸν εὐτυχῇ με θήσετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Φοίνισσα Σιδωνιάς ὦ στρ. α'  
 ταχεῖα κόππα, ῥοθίοισι μάτηρ  
 εἰρεσία φίλα,  
 χοραγέ τῶν καλλιχόρων  
 δελφίνων, ὅταν αὔραις  
 πέλαγος νήνεμον ἦ,  
 γλαυκὰ δὲ Πόντου θυγάτηρ  
 Γαλάνεια τάδ' εἶπῃ·  
 1460 κατὰ μὲν ἰστία πετάσας αὔ-  
 ραις λείποντες ἐναλῖαις,  
 λάβετε δ' εἰλατίνας πλάτας,

## HELEN

In shouts of happy spousal hymns for Helen  
And me, that all may triumph in my joy.  
Thou, stranger, go, and into the sea's arms  
These offerings cast to Helen's sometime lord,  
Then homeward speed again with this my wife,  
That, having shared with me her spousal-feast,  
Thou mayst fare home, or here abide in bliss. [*Exit.* 1440  
*Attendants pass on with the offerings.*]

### MENELAUS

Zeus, Father art thou called, and the Wise God :  
Look upon us, and from our woes redeem ;  
And, as we drag our fortunes up the steep,  
Lay to thine hand : a finger-touch from thee,  
And good-speed's haven long-desired we win.  
Suffice our travail heretofore endured.  
Oft have ye been invoked, ye Gods, to hear  
My joys and griefs : not endless ills I merit,  
But in plain paths to tread. Grant this one boon,  
And happy shall ye make me all my days. 1450

[*Exeunt MENELAUS and HELEN.*]

### CHORUS

Swift galley Phoenician of Sidon, (Str. 1)  
Foam sprang from the travail of thee,  
O dear to the sons of the oar :  
The dolphin-dance sweepeth before  
And behind thee, when breezes no more  
Ruffle the sea thou dost ride on,  
And thus through the hush crieth she,  
Calm,<sup>1</sup> child azure-eyed of the sea :—  
“ Shake out the canvas, committing  
Your sails to what breezes may blow, 1460  
And arow at the pine-blades sitting

<sup>1</sup> Galene, named by Hesiod a sea-nymph.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

ναῦται, ἰὼ ναῦται,  
πέμποντες εὐλιμένους  
Περσείων οἴκων Ἑλέναν ἐπ' ἀκτάς.

1470 ἦ που κόρας ἄν ποταμοῦ ἀντ. α'  
παρ' οἶδμα Λευκιππίδας ἦ πρὸ ναοῦ  
Παλλάδος ἄν λάβοις  
χρόνῳ ξυνελθοῦσα χοροῖς  
ἦ κώμοις Ἐακίνθου,  
νυχίαν εὐφροσύναν,  
ὄν ἔξαμλλησάμενος  
τροχῶ ἀτέρμονι δίσκου  
ἔκανε Φοῖβος, ὅθεν Λακαί-  
να γὰ βούθυτον ἡμέραν  
ὁ Διὸς εἶπε σέβειν γόνος,  
μόσχον θ', ἄν οἴκοις  
<ἔλειπες, Ἑρμιόναυ,<sup>1</sup>>  
ἄς οὐπω πεύκαι πρὸ γάμων ἔλαμψαν.

1480 δι' ἀέρος εἶθε ποτανοὶ στρ. β'  
γενοίμεσθ' ἢ Λίβυας  
οἰωνοὶ στολάδες  
ὄμβρον λιποῦσαι χειμέριον  
νίσσονται πρεσβυτάτα  
σύριγγι πειθόμεναι  
ποιμένος, ὃς ἄβροχα  
πεδία καρποφόρα τε γᾶς  
ἐπιπετόμενος ἰαχεῖ.  
ὦ πταναὶ δολιχαύχενες,  
σύννομοι νεφέων δρόμου,

<sup>1</sup> Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.

## HELEN

Give way, O sailors, yoho<sup>1</sup>  
Till the keel bearing Helen shall slide on  
The strand where the old homes be."

Perchance by the full-brimming river (Ant. 1)  
On the priestess-maids shalt thou light,  
Or haply by Pallas's fane,  
And shalt join in the dances again,  
Or the revels for Hyacinth slain,  
When with rapture night's pulses shall quiver 1470  
For him whom the overcast quoit  
Of Phoebus in contest did smite,<sup>1</sup>  
Whence the God to Laconia's nation  
Gave charge that they hallow the day  
With slaughter of kine for oblation :—  
And thy daughter whom, speeding away,  
Ye left, shall ye find, for whom never  
Hath the spousal-torch yet flashed bright.

Oh through the welkin on pinions to fleet (Str. 2)  
Where from Libya far-soaring 1480  
The cranes by their armies flee fast from the sleet  
And the storm-waters pouring,  
By their shepherd, their chief many-wintered, on-led,  
At his whistle swift-wheeling,  
As o'er plains whereon never the rain-drops were  
shed,  
Yet where vineyards are purple, where harvests are red,  
His clarion is pealing :—  
O winged ones, who, blent with the cloud-spirits' race,  
With necks far-stretching fly on,

<sup>1</sup> The festival of the *Hyacinthia* was held yearly at Amyclae, in memory of Hyacinthus, who was accidentally killed by the quoit of Apollo, who loved him.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1490 βᾶτε Πλειάδας ὑπὸ μέσας  
 Ὀρίονά τ' ἐννύχιον  
 καρύξαι ἀγγελίαν,  
 Εὐρώταν ἐφεζόμεναι,  
 Μενέλαος ὅτι Δαρδάνου  
 πόλιω ἐλὼν δόμον ἤξει.

μόλοιτέ ποθ' ἵππιον ἄρμα ἀντ. β'

1500 δι' αἰθέρος ἰέμενοι  
 παῖδες Τυνδαρίδαι,  
 λαμπρῶν ἄστρον ὑπ' ἀέλλαισι  
 οἱ ναίειτ' οὐράνιοι,  
 σωτῆρε τᾶσδ' Ἑλένας  
 γλαυκὸν ἐπ' οἴδμ' ἄλιον  
 κυανόχροά τε κυμάτων  
 ῥόθια πολιὰ θαλάσσης,  
 ναύταις εὐαεῖς ἀνέμων  
 πέμποντες Διόθεν πνοάς·  
 δύσκειαν δ' ἀπὸ συγγόνου  
 βάλετε βαρβάρων λεχέων,  
 ἂν Ἰδαίων ἐρίδων  
 1510 ποιναιθεῖσ' ἐκτήσατο, γᾶν  
 οὐκ ἐλθοῦσά ποτ' Ἴλιου  
 Φοιβείουσ' ἐπὶ πύργους.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

† ἀναξ, κάκιστά σ' ἐν δόμοις εὐρήκαμεν  
 ὡς καὶν' ἀκούσει πῆματ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ τάχα.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἄλλης ἐκπύνει μνηστεύματα  
 γυναικός· Ἑλένη γὰρ βέβηκ' ἔξω χθονός.



## HELEN

'Neath the Pleiades plunge through abysses of space,  
'Neath the night-king Orion : 1490  
Crying the tidings, down heaven's steep glide,  
To Eurotas descending,—  
Cry "Atreides hath brought low Ilium's pride,  
And homeward is wending!"

(*Ant.* 2)

And ye, in your chariot o'er highways of sky  
O haste from the far land  
Where, Tyndarus' scions, your homes are on high  
Mid the flashings of starland :  
Ye who dwell in the halls of the Heavenly Home,  
Be nigh her, safe guiding 1500  
Helen where seas heave, surges comb,  
As o'er waves green-glimmering, crested with foam,  
Her galley is riding.  
To her crew send breezes from Zeus' hand sped  
In the sails low-singing,  
Your sister's reproach of an alien bed  
Afar from her flinging,—  
The reproach of the strife upon Ida, whose guilt  
Unto her was requited,  
Though on Ilium's towers, of Apollo upbuilt, 1510  
Her feet never lighted.

*Enter, meeting, KING from palace and MESSENGER from harbour.*

MESSENGER

King, all unwelcome in thine halls I meet thee,  
Since thou must straightway hear of me ill-news.

THEOCLYMENUS

What now ?

MESSENGER

The wooing of another bride  
Speed thou, for Helen from the land is gone.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πτεροῖσιν ἀρθείσ' ἢ πέδοστιβεί ποδί ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἐκπεπόρθμενται χθονός,  
ὃς αὐτὸς αὐτὸν ἦλθεν ἀγγέλλων θανεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1520 ὦ δεινὰ λέξας· τίς δέ νιν ναυκληρία  
ἐκ τῆσδ' ἀπῆρε χθονός ; ἄπιστα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἦν γε ξένω δίδως σὺ τοὺς τε σοὺς ἔχων  
ναύτας βέβηκεν, ὡς ἂν ἐν βραχεῖ μάθῃς.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς ; εἰδέναι πρόθυμος· οὐ γὰρ ἐλπίδων  
εἶσω βέβηκα μίαν ὑπερδραμεῖν χέρα  
τοσοῦσδε ναύτας, ὧν ἀπεστάλης μετὰ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1530 ἐπεὶ λιπούσα τοῦσδε βασιλικούς δόμους  
ἢ τοῦ Διὸς παῖς πρὸς θάλασσαν ἐστάλη,  
σοφώταθ' ἄβρον πόδα τιθεῖσ' ἀνέστενε  
πόσιν πέλας παρόντα κού τεθνηκότα.  
ὡς δ' ἦλθομεν σῶν περίβολον νεωρίων,  
Σιδωνίαν ναῦν πρωτόπλουν καθεῖλκομεν,  
ζυγῶν τε πεντήκοντα κἀρετμῶν μέτρα  
ἔχουσαν. ἔργου δ' ἔργον ἐξημείβετο·  
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἰστόν, ὁ δὲ πλάτην καθίστατο  
ταρσόν τε χειρί, λευκά θ' ἰστί· εἰς ἔν ἦν,  
πηδάλιά τε ζεύγλαισι παρακαθίετο.  
κάν τῶδε μόχθῳ, τοῦτ' ἄρα σκοπούμενοι,  
1540 "Ἐλληνες ἄνδρες Μενέλεω ξυνέμποροι  
προσῆλθον ἀκταῖς, ναυφθόροις ἡσθημένοι  
πέπλοισιν, εὐεδαίς μὲν, αὐχμηροὶ δ' ὄραν.  
ἰδῶν δέ νιν παρόντας Ἀτρέως γόνος

## HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

On wings upborne, or feet that trod the ground ?

MESSENGER

Menelaus from the land hath sailed with her,—  
He who with tidings of his own death came.

THEOCLYMENUS

O monstrous tale !—what galley from this land  
Bare her ?—for these thy words are past belief. 1520

MESSENGER

Even that thou gavest : yea, with thine own men  
The stranger went—that briefly thou mayst learn.

THEOCLYMENUS

How ?—I am fain to know. Never it came  
Into my thought that one arm could o'ermatch  
So great a crew, with whom thyself wast sent.

MESSENGER

Soon as, departing from these royal halls,  
The child of Zeus passed down unto the sea,  
Pacing with delicate feet, she subtly raised  
Wails for the spouse beside her, and not dead. 1530  
When to thy docks' wide compass we were come,  
The swiftest ship Sidonian launched we then  
With full array of fifty thwarts and rowers.  
And swiftly task succeeding task was done :  
One set the mast up, one ran out the oars  
Ready to hand ; the white sails folded lay ;  
Dropped was the rudder, lashed unto its bands.  
Amidst our toil, men watching all, I trow,  
Shipmates of Menelaus, Hellenes they,  
Came down the strand, in garb of shipwreck  
clad,  
Stalwart, yet weather-beaten to behold. 1540  
And seeing these at hand, spake Atreus' seed

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- προσεΐπε, δόλιον οἴκτου εἰς μέσον φέρων  
ὦ τλήμονες, πῶς ἐκ τίνος νεὼς ποτε  
Ἀχαιῖδος θραύσαντες ἤκετε σκάφος ;  
ἄρ' Ἀτρέως παῖδ' ὀλόμενον συνθάπτετε,  
ὄν Τυνδαρίς παῖς ἦδ' ἀπόντα κενοταφεῖ ;  
οἱ δ' ἐκβαλόντες δάκρυα ποιητῶ τρόπῳ  
εἰς ναῦν ἐχώρου Μενέλεω ποντίσματα  
φέροντες. ἡμῖν δ' ἦν μὲν ἦδ' ὑποψία  
1550 λόγος τ' ἐν ἀλλήλοισι, τῶν ἐπεισβατῶν  
ὡς πλήθος εἶη· διεσιωπῶμεν δ' ὄμως  
τοὺς σοὺς λόγους σφύζοντες· ἄρχει γὰρ νεὼς  
ξένου κελεύσας πάντα συνέχεας τάδε.  
καὶ τᾶλλα μὲν δὴ ραδίως εἴσω νεὼς  
ἐθέμεθα κουφίζοντα· ταύρειος δὲ ποὺς  
οὐκ ἤθελ' ὀρθὸς σανίδα προσβῆναι κάτα,  
ἀλλ' ἐξεβρυχᾶτ' ὄμμ' ἀναστρέφων κύκλῳ,  
κυρτῶν τε νῶτα κείς κέρας παρεμβλέπων  
μὴ θιγγάνειν ἀπεύργειν. ὁ δ' Ἑλένης πόσις  
1560 ἐκάλεσεν ὦ πέρσαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν,  
οὐκ εἴ' ἀναρπάσαντες Ἑλλήνων νόμῳ  
νεανίαις ὄμοισι ταύρειον δέμας  
εἰς πρῶραν ἐμβαλεῖτε (φάσγανόν θ' ἄμα  
πρόχειρον ὄθει) σφάγια τῷ τεθνηκότι ;  
οἱ δ' εἰς κέλευσμά' ἐλθόντες ἐξανήρπασαν  
ταῦρον, φέροντες δ' εἰσέθεντο σέλματα.  
μονάμπυκος δὲ Μενέλεως ψήχων δέρην  
μέτωπά τ' ἐξέπεισεν εἰσβῆναι δόρῳ.  
τέλος δ' ἐπειδὴ ναὺς τὰ πάντ' ἐδέξατο,  
1570 πλήσασα κλιμακτῆρας εὐσφύρου ποδὸς  
Ἑλένη καθέζετ' ἐν μέσοις ἐδωλίοις  
ὃ τ' οὐκέτ' ὦν λόγοισι Μενέλεως πέλας  
ἄλλοι δὲ τοίχους δεξιὸς λαιούς τ' ἴσοι

## HELEN

Making a wily show of pity feigned :  
“ Hapless, from what Achæan bark, and how,  
Come ye from making shipwreck of her hull ?  
Would ye help bury Atreus' perished son,  
To whom yon Tyndarid queen gives empty tomb ? ”  
They, shedding tears of counterfeited grief,  
Drew nigh the ship, and bare the offerings  
For Menelaus. Now mistrust awoke  
In us, and murmurings for the added throng 1550  
Of passengers : yet still we held our peace,  
Heeding thy words,—for thou didst ruin all  
In bidding that the stranger captain us.

Now all the victims lightly in the ship  
We set, unrestive ; only the bull strained  
Backward, nor on the gangway would set foot,  
But bellowed still, and, rolling fierce eyes round,  
Arching his back, and levelling his horns,  
Would let none touch him. Thereat Helen's lord  
Cried, “ Ye who laid the city of Ilium waste, 1560  
Come, hoist aloft in fashion of our Greeks  
Yon bull's frame on your shoulders strong with  
youth,

And cast down in the prow ”—and with the word  
Drew ready his sword—“ a victim to the dead.”  
They came, and at a signal hoisted high  
The bull, and bare, and 'neath the half-deck  
thrust.

But Menelaus stroked the war-steed's neck  
And forehead, and so gently drew it aboard.  
When now the ship had gotten all her freight,  
Helen with slim foot trod the ladder's rounds, 1570  
And midmost of the quarter-deck sat down,  
And nigh her Menelaus, dead in name.  
The rest along the ship's side left and right

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

- ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρ' ἔζουθ' ὑφ' εἵμασι ξίφη  
 λαθραῖ' ἔχοντες, ῥόθιά τ' ἐξεπίμπλατο  
 βοῆς, κελευστοῦ φθέγμαθ' ὡς ἠκούσαμεν.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ γαίας ἤμεν οὐτ' ἄγαν πρόσω  
 οὐτ' ἐγγύς, οὕτως ἦρετ' οἰάκων φύλαξ·  
 1580 ἔτ', ὦ ξέν', εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἢ καλῶς ἔχει,  
 πλεύσωμεν ; ἀρχαὶ γὰρ νεὼς μέλουσί σοι.  
 ὁ δ' εἶφ' ἄλις μοι. δεξιᾶ δ' ἐλών ξίφος  
 εἰς πρῶραν εἶρπε κἀπὶ ταυρείῳ σφαγῇ  
 σταθεῖς νεκρῶν μὲν οὐδενὸς μνήμην ἔχων,  
 τέμνων δὲ λαιμὸν ἤυχετ'· ὦ ναίων ἄλα  
 πόντιε Πόσειδον Νηρέως θ' ἄγναϊ κόραι,  
 σώσατέ μ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς Ναυπλίας δάμαρτά τε  
 ἄσυλον ἐκ γῆς. αἵματος δ' ἀπορροαὶ  
 ἐς οἰδμ' ἐσηκόντιζον οὐριαὶ ξένῳ.  
 1590 καὶ τις τόδ' εἶπε· δόλιος ἢ ναυκληρία·  
 τί νῦν πλέωμεν Ναυπλίαν ;<sup>1</sup> κέλευε σὺ,  
 σὺ δὲ στρέφ' οἶακ'. ἐκ δὲ ταυρείου φόνου  
 Ἄτρεως σταθεῖς παῖς ἀνεβόησε συμμάχους·  
 τί μέλλετ', ὦ γῆς Ἑλλάδος λωτίσματα,  
 σφάζειν, φονεῦειν βαρβάρους, νεὼς τ' ἀπο  
 ρίπτειν ἐς οἰδμα ; ναυβάταις δὲ τοῖσι σοῖς  
 βοᾷ κελευστής τὴν ἐναντίαν ὄπα·  
 οὐκ εἴ' ὁ μὲν τις λωίσθον ἀρεῖται δόρυ,  
 ὁ δὲ ζυγ' ἄξας, ὁ δ' ὑφελὼν σκαλμοῦ πλάτην,  
 1600 καθαιματώσει κρᾶτα πολεμίων ξένων ;  
 ὀρθοὶ δ' ἀνήξαν πάντες, οἳ μὲν ἐν χερσὶν  
 κορμούς ἔχοντες ναυτικούς, οἳ δὲ ξίφη·  
 φονῶ δὲ ναῦς ἐρρείτο. παρακέλευσμα δ' ἦν  
 πρῦμνηθεν Ἑλένης· ποῦ τὸ Τρωικὸν κλέος ;

<sup>1</sup> Paley: for MSS. πάλιν πλέωμεν ἄλιαν; Badham πάλ. πλ. δεξιάν.

## HELEN

Sat man by man, with swords beneath their cloaks  
Hidden ; and o'er the surges rolled the chant  
Of oarsmen, when we heard the boatswain's note.  
But when from land we were not passing-far,  
Nor nigh, thus spake the warder of the helm :  
" Still onward sail we, or doth this suffice,  
Stranger ?—for to command the ship is thine." 1580  
Then he, " Enough for me." Now, sword in hand,  
Prow-ward he went, and stood to slay the bull.  
But of no dead man spake he any word ;  
But gashed the throat, and prayed—" O Sea-abider,  
Poseidon, and ye, Nereus' daughters pure,  
Me bring ye and my wife to Nauplia's shores,  
Safe from this land." The blood-gush spurted  
forth—

Fair omen for the stranger— to the surge.  
Then cried one, " 'Tis a voyage of treachery this !  
Wherefore to Nauplia sail ? Take thou command, 1590  
Helmsman !—'bout ship !" But, over the dead bull  
Towering, to his allies cried Atreus' son :  
" Wherefore delay, O flower of Hellas-land,  
To smite, to slay the aliens, and to hurl  
Into the sea ?" Then to thy sailors cried  
The boatswain overagainst him his command—  
" Ho, catch up, some, what spar shall be to hand,  
Some break up thwarts, some snatch from thole  
the oar,  
And dash with blood the alien toemen's heads !"  
Up started all, these grasping in their hands 1600  
The punt-poles of the ship, and those their swords ;  
And all the ship ran blood. Then Helen's cry  
Rang from the stern—" Where is your Trojan fame ?

ΕΑΕΝΗ

δείξατε πρὸς ἄνδρας βαρβάρους. σπουδῆς δ' ὑπο  
 ἐπιπτον, οἱ δ' ὠρθοῦντο, τοὺς δὲ κειμένους  
 νεκροὺς ἂν εἶδες. Μενέλεως δ' ἔχων ὄπλα,  
 ὄπη νοσοῖεν ξύμμαχοι κατασκοπῶν,  
 ταύτη προσῆγε χειρὶ δεξιᾷ ξίφος,  
 ὥστ' ἐκκολυμβᾶν ναός· ἠρήμωσε δὲ  
 1610 σῶν ναυβατῶν ἐρέτμ'. ἐπ' οἰάκων δὲ βὰς  
 ἄνακτ' ἐς Ἑλλάδ' εἶπεν εὐθύνειν δόρυ.  
 οἱ δ' ἰστί' ἤρον, οὔριαι δ' ἤκου πνοαί,  
 βεβᾶσι δ' ἐκ γῆς· διαφυγῶν δ' ἐγὼ φόνου  
 καθῆκ' ἔμαντὸν εἰς ἄλ' ἀγκυραν πάρα.  
 ἤδη δὲ κάμνονθ' ὄρμιαν τείνων μέ τις  
 ἀνείλετ', εἰς δὲ γαίαν ἐξέβησέ σοι  
 τάδ' ἀγγελοῦντα. σώφρονος δ' ἀπιστίας  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν χρησιμώτερον βροτοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἤνυχον οὔτε σ' οὔθ' ἡμᾶς λαθεῖν  
 1620 Μενέλαον, ὠνάξ, ὡς ἐλύνθαιεν παρών.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὦ γυναικείαις τέχναισιν αἰρεθεῖς ἐγὼ τάλας·  
 ἐκπεφεύγασιν γάμοι με. κεί μὲν ἦν ἀλώσιμος  
 ναῦς διώγμασιν, πονήσας εἶλον ἂν τάχα ξένους·  
 νῦν δὲ τὴν προδοῦσαν ἡμᾶς τισόμεσθα σύγγονον,  
 ἣτις ἐν δόμοις ὀρώσα Μενέλεων, οὐκ εἶπέ μοι.  
 τοιγὰρ οὔποτ' ἄλλον ἄνδρα ψεύσεται μαντεύ-  
 μασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔτος ὦ, ποῖ σὸν πόδ' αἶρεις, δέσποτ', εἰς ποῖον  
 φόνον;

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οἴπερ ἡ δίκη κελεύει μ'· ἀλλ' ἀφίστασ' ἐκποδῶν.



## HELEN

Show it against the aliens !” Furious-grappling,  
Men fell,—men struggled up,—some hadst thou seen  
Laid dead. But Menelaus all in mail,  
Marking where'er his helpers were hard pressed,  
Thither in right hand ever bore his sword,  
That from the ship we dived, and of thy men  
He swept the thwarts : and, striding to the helm, 1610  
He bade the helmsman steer the ship for Greece.  
They hoisted sail, the breezes favouring blew ;  
And they are gone. I, fleeing from the death,  
Slid by the anchor down into the sea.  
Even as my strength failed, one cast forth a rope,  
And drew me aboard, so set me on the land,  
To tell thee this. Nought is of more avail  
For mortals' need than wise mistrustfulness.

### CHORUS

King, I had dreamed not Menelaus had 'scaped  
Thy ken or mine, here tarrying unknown. 1620

### THEOCLYMENUS

Woe is me, by wiles of woman cozened, caught as in  
the net ! [taken yet  
Lo, my bride hath fled me ! If their galley might be  
By pursuers, I had done mine utmost, had the aliens  
caught :— [geance wrought,—  
Nay, but now upon my traitress sister be my ven-  
She who in the palace saw Menelaus, spake no word  
to me : [prophecy !  
Therefore never man hereafter shall she trick with

### CHORUS

Master, whither art thou rushing ?—to what deed of  
murderous wrath !

### THEOCLYMENUS

Even whither justice biddeth follow :—cross not thou  
my path !

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἀφήσομαι πέπλων σῶν· μεγάλα γὰρ σπεύδεις  
κακία.

ΘΕΟΚΛΗΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλὰ δεσποτῶν κρατήσεις δούλος ὢν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1630

φρονῶ γὰρ εὖ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΗΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐκ ἔμοιγ', εἰ μή μ' ἑάσεις—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ μὲν οὖν σ' ἑάσομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΗΤΜΕΝΟΣ

σύγγονον κτανεῖν κακίστην—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐσεβεστάτην μὲν οὖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΗΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἦ με προὔδωκεν—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλήν γε προδοσίαν, δίκαια δρᾶν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΗΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τάμὰ λέκτρ' ἄλλῃ διδοῦσα—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοῖς γε κυριωτέροις,

ΘΕΟΚΛΗΤΜΕΝΟΣ

κύριος δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν τίς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὃς ἔλαβεν πατρός πάρα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΗΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἔδωκεν ἡ τύχη μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ δὲ χρεῶν ἀφεῖλετο.

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## HELEN

CHORUS

Nay, I will not loose thy vesture : thou art set on  
grievous sin !

THEOCLYMENUS

Thou, a slave, control thy master !

CHORUS

Yea, my heart is right herein. 1630

THEOCLYMENUS

Not to me-ward, if thou let me—

CHORUS

Nay, I needs must hinder thee !

THEOCLYMENUS

That I should not slay my wicked sister—

CHORUS

Nay, most righteous she !

THEOCLYMENUS

Who betrayed me,—

CHORUS

With betrayal honourable, in justice' cause.

THEOCLYMENUS

Gave my bride unto another !

CHORUS

Yea, to him whose right it was,—

THEOCLYMENUS

Who hath right o'er *my* possessions ?

CHORUS

Who received her from her sire.

THEOCLYMENUS

Fortune gave her me.

CHORUS

But fate did from thine hand the gift require.

## ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ σέ τὰ μὰ χρῆ δικάζειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦν γε βελτίω λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀρχόμεσθ' ἄρ', οὐ κρατοῦμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄσια δρᾶν, τὰ δ' ἔκδικ' οὔ.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

κατθανεῖν ἐρᾶν ἔοικας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κτείνε· σύγγονον δὲ σὴν

1640 οὐ κτενεῖς ἡμῶν ἐκόντων, ἀλλ' ἔμ' ὡς πρὸ  
δεσποτῶν

τοῖσι γενναίοισι δούλοις εὐκλεέστατον θανεῖν.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΟΙ

ἐπίσχεσ ὀργὰς αἴσιν οὐκ ὀρθῶς φέρει,  
Θεοκλύμενε, γαίης τῆσδ' ἀναξ· δισσοὶ δέ σε  
Διόσκοροι καλοῦμεν, οὗς Λῆδα ποτὲ  
ἔτικτεν Ἑλένη θ', ἣ πέφευγε σοὺς δόμους·  
οὐ γὰρ πεπρωμένοισιν ὀργίξει γάμοις,  
οὐδ' ἡ θεᾶς Νηρηίδος ἔκγονος κόρη  
ἀδικεῖ σ' ἀδελφῆ Θεονόη τὰ τῶν θεῶν  
τιμῶσα πατρός τ' ἐνδίκους ἐπιστολάς.

1650 εἰς μὲν γὰρ αἰεὶ τὸν παρόντα νῦν χρόνον  
κείνην κατοικεῖν σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις ἐχρήν·  
ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίας ἐξανεστάθη βάθρα,  
καὶ τοῖς θεοῖς παρέσχε τοῦνομ', οὐκέτι  
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτῆς δεῖ νιν ἐξεῦχθαι γάμοις,

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## HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

'Tis not thine to judge my cause !

CHORUS

O yea, if prudence prompt my tongue.

THEOCLYMENUS

Subject then am I, not king !

CHORUS.

For righteousness, and not for wrong.

THEOCLYMENUS

Fain thou art to die, methinks !

CHORUS

Ah slay me : but thy sister ne'er  
Shalt thou kill, with my consent ! Slay *me* ! For 1640  
noble slaves that dare [glorious past compare.  
Death, to shield their lords, the doom of death is  
*The TWIN-BRETHREN appear in air above the stage.*

THE TWIN-BRETHREN

Refrain thy wrath whereby thou art folly-driven,  
King of this land, Theoclymenus. Thee we name,  
We the Twin-brethren, with whom Leda bare  
Helen of yore, who now hath fled thine halls.  
Thou art wroth for spousals destined not for thee :  
Nor doth the Nereid's daughter do thee wrong,  
Theonoë thy sister, reverencing  
The Gods' will and her father's just behests.  
For this was fate, that to this present still 1650  
Within thy mansions Helen should abide :  
But, now that Troy's foundations are destroyed,  
And to the Gods she hath lent her name, no more.  
She tarries here. The old bond claimeth her ;

- ἐλθεῖν τ' ἐς οἶκους καὶ συνοικῆσαι πόσει.  
 ἀλλ' ἴσχε μὲν σῆς συγγόνου μέλαν ξίφος,  
 νόμιζε δ' αὐτὴν σωφρόνως πράσσειν τάδε.  
 πάλαι δ' ἀδελφὴν κὰν πρὶν ἐξεσώσαμεν,  
 1660 ἐπέπερ ἡμᾶς Ζεὺς ἐποίησεν θεούς·  
 ἀλλ' ἦσσαν ἡμεν τοῦ πεπρωμένου θ' ἅμα  
 καὶ τῶν θεῶν, οἷς ταῦτ' ἔδοξεν ᾧδ' ἔχειν.  
 σοὶ μὲν τὰδ' αὐδῶ, συγγόνω δ' ἐμῇ λέγω·  
 πλεῖ ξὺν πόσει σφ' πνεῦμα δ' ἔξεται οὔριον·  
 σωτῆρε δ' ἡμεῖς σὼ κασιγνήτω διπλῶ  
 πόντον παριππεύοντε πέμψομεν πάτραν.  
 ὅταν δὲ κάμψῃς καὶ τελευτήσῃς βίον,  
 θεὸς κεκλήσῃ καὶ Διοσκόρων μετὰ  
 σπονδῶν μεθέξεις ξενία τ' ἀνθρώπων πάρα  
 1670 ἔξεις μεθ' ἡμῶν· Ζεὺς γὰρ ᾧδε βούλεται.  
 οὐδ' ὄρισέν σε πρῶτα Μαιάδος τόκος  
 Σπάρτης, ἀπάρας τῶν κατ' οὐρανὸν δόμων  
 κλέφας δέμας σόν, μὴ Πάρις γήμεέ σε,  
 φρουρὸν παρ' Ἀκτῇ τεταμένην νῆσου λέγω,  
 Ἐλένη τὸ λοιπὸν ἐν βροτοῖς κεκλήσεται,  
 ἐπεὶ κλοπὰς σὰς ἐκ δόμων ἐδέξατο.  
 καὶ τῷ πλανήτῃ Μενέλεω θεῶν πάρα  
 μακάρων κατοικεῖν νῆσόν ἐστι μόνισμον·  
 τοὺς εὐγενεῖς γὰρ οὐ στυγοῦσι δαίμονες,  
 τῶν δ' ἀναριθμῆτων μᾶλλον εἰσιν οἱ πόνοι.

## ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

- 1680 ᾧ παιῖδε Λήδας καὶ Διός, τὰ μὲν πάρος  
 νείκη μεθήσω σφῶν κασιγνήτης πέρι·  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀδελφὴν οὐκέτ' ἂν κτάνοιμ' ἐμῆν.  
 κείνη δ' ἴτω πρὸς οἶκον, εἰ θεοῖς δοκεῖ.  
 ἴστον δ' ἀρίστης σωφρονεστάτης θ' ἅμα  
 γεγῶτ' ἀδελφῆς ὁμογενοῦς ἀφ' αἵματος.

## HELEN

She must win home, and with her true lord dwell.  
Hold from thy sister back thy murderous sword :  
Be sure, herein she dealeth prudently.  
Our sister had we rescued long ere this,  
Seeing that Zeus hath made us to be Gods,  
But all too weak were we to cope with fate, 1660  
And with the Gods, who willed it so to be.  
This to thee:—to my sister now I speak :  
Sail with thy lord on : ye shall have fair winds ;  
And, for thy guardians, we thy brethren twain  
Riding the sea will bring thee to thy land.  
And when thou hast reached the goal, the end  
of life,

Thou shalt be hailed a Goddess, with Zeus' sons  
Shalt share oblations, and from men receive  
Guest-gifts with us : this is the will of Zeus.  
Where first, from Sparta wafted, thou wast lodged 1670  
Of Maia's son,—what time from heaven he stooped,  
And stole thy form, that Paris might not wed thee,—  
The sentinel isle that flanks the Attic coast  
Shall be henceforth of men named *Helena*,  
Since it received thee stolen from thine home.  
To wanderer Menelaus Heaven's doom  
Appoints for home the Island of the Blest :  
For the Gods hate not princely-hearted men,  
Though more they afflict them than the common  
throng.

### THEOCLYMENUS

O Sons of Zeus and Leda, I forgo 1680  
My erstwhile quarrel for your sister's sake,  
Nor think to slay my sister any more.  
Let Helen, if it please the Gods, speed home.  
Know ye yourselves the brethren by one blood  
Of noblest sister and most virtuous.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ χαίρεθ' Ἑλένης εἵνεκ' εὐγενεστάτης  
γνώμης, ἧ πολλαῖς ἐν γυναιξίν οὐκ ἔνι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,  
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·  
1690 καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἔτελέσθη,  
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον εὔρε θεός.  
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.



## HELEN

All hail ! for Helen's noble spirit's sake—  
Which thing is not in many women found !

### CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold wise they  
  reveal them :                    [plishment bring.  
  Manifold things unhopèd-for the Gods to accom-  
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign 1690  
  not to fulfil them ;                [unseal them.  
And the paths undiscernèd of our eyes, the Gods  
  So fell this marvellous thing.  
  [*Exeunt* OMNES.

END OF VOL. I

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