

**Euripides:
Electra.
Orestes.
Iphigeneia in
Taurica. ...**

Euripides

**LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA**



**FROM THE BOOKS OF
WILLIAM C. DAVIS
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HIS SISTER, JENNIE DAVIS**

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THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

A WORD ABOUT ITS PURPOSE AND ITS SCOPE

THE idea of arranging for the issue of this Library was suggested to me by my friend Mr. Salomon Reinach, the French savant. It appealed to me at once, and my imagination was deeply stirred by the thought that here might be found a practical and attractive way to revive the lagging interest in ancient literature which has for more than a generation been a matter of so much concern to educators. In an age when the Humanities are being neglected more perhaps than at any time since the Middle Ages, and when men's minds are turning more than ever before to the practical and the material, it does not suffice to make pleas, however eloquent and convincing, for the safeguarding and further enjoyment of our greatest heritage from the past.

Means must be found to place these treasures within the reach of all who care for the finer things of life. The mechanical and social achievements of our day must not blind our eyes to the fact that, in all that relates to man, his nature and aspirations, we have added little or nothing to what has been so finely said by the great men of old.

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

original from which the average reader is shut out, and to place side by side with these translations the best critical texts of the original works, is the task I have set myself.

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

Before venturing on so large an undertaking as is involved in the task I had set myself I consulted a number of distinguished scholars as to the desirability of such a series. My correspondence ranged from St. Petersburg to San Francisco, and the replies to my inquiry conveyed an almost unanimous and unqualified approval. I was also encouraged by the opinion of several experienced publishers, who agreed that the time is ripe for the execution of such a project. I therefore set

to work, and after two and a half years of not inconsiderable labour I now have the privilege and the satisfaction of accompanying the early volumes of the series with this preface.

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

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Emeritus of Harvard University.

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

Wherever modern translations of marked excellence were already in existence efforts were made to secure them for the Library, but in a number of instances copyright could not be obtained. I mention this because I anticipate that we may be criticised for issuing new translations in certain cases where they might perhaps not seem to be required. But as the Series is to include all that is of value and of interest in Greek and Latin literature, from the time of Homer to the Fall of Constantinople, no other course was possible. On the other hand, many readers will be glad to see that we have included

several of those stately and inimitable translations made in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which are counted among the classics of the English language. Most of the translations will, however, be wholly new, and many of the best scholars in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada have already promised their assistance and are now engaged upon the work. As a general rule, the best available critical texts will be used, but in quite a number of cases the texts will be especially prepared for this Library.

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

These books will appeal not only to scholars who care for a uniform series of the *best* texts, and to college graduates who wish to renew and enlarge their knowledge with the help of text and translation, but also to those who know neither Greek nor Latin, and yet desire to reap the fruits of ancient genius and wisdom. Some readers, too, may be enticed by the text printed opposite the translation to gather an elementary knowledge of Greek and Latin, thus greatly enhancing the

interest of their reading; while the teacher of *modern* literature will, I trust, find these books useful in the effort to make his students acquainted with the prototypes of practically every style of modern literary composition.

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

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

JAMES LOEB

MUNICH

September 1, 1912

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

EDITED BY

T. E. PAGE, M.A., AND W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt. D.

EURIPIDES

II

EURIPIDES

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

IN FOUR VOLUMES

II

ELECTRA ORESTES
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA
ANDROMACHE CYCLOPS

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN CO.

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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);

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

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

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

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

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

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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.

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

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

¹ Perhaps the expense, or part-expense, of equipping a war-ship.

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

INTRODUCTION

presenting one of the most interesting studies in all literature.

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

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

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

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

ELECTRA

VOL. II.

B

ARGUMENT

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

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

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ ΜΥΚΗΝΑΙΟΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ΛΙΓΕΛΟΣ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΥΡΟΙ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PEASANT, *wedded in name to Electra.*

ELECTRA, *daughter of Agamemnon.*

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon.*

PYLADES, *son of Strophius; king of Phocis.*

CLYTEMNESTRA, *murderess of her husband Agamemnon.*

OLD MAN, *once servant of Agamemnon.*

MESSENGER, *servant of Orestes.*

THE TWIN BROTHERS, *Castor and Pollux, Sons of Zeus.*

CHORUS, *consisting of Argive women.*

Attendants of Orestes and Pylades; handmaids of Clytemnestra.

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

ὦ γῆς παλαιὸν Ἄργος, Ἰνάχου ῥοαί,
ὄθεν ποτ' ἄρας ναυσὶ χιλιάϊς Ἄρη
εἰς γῆν ἔπλευσε Τρωάδ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.
κτείνας δὲ τὸν κρατοῦντ' ἐν Ἰλίᾳ χθονὶ
Πρίαμον, ἑλών τε Δαρδάνου κλεινὴν πόλιν,
ἀφίκετ' εἰς τόδ' Ἄργος, ὑψηλῶν δ' ἐπὶ
ναῶν τέθεικε σκύλα πλείστα βαρβάρων.
κάκει μὲν ἠτύχησεν ἐν δὲ δώμασι
θνήσκει γυναικὸς πρὸς Κλυταιμνήστρας δόλῳ
10 καὶ τοῦ Θυέστου παιδὸς Αἰγίσθου χερσί.
χῶ μὲν παλαιὰ σκήπτρα Ταντάλου λιπῶν
ὄλωλεν, Αἰγίσθος δὲ βασιλεύει χθονός,
ἄλοχόν τ' ἐκείνου Τυνδαρίδα κόρην ἔχων.
οὓς δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἔλιφ', ὅτ' εἰς Τροίαν ἔπλει,
ἄρσενά τ' Ὀρέστην θῆλύ τ' Ἠλέκτρας θάλος,
τον μὲν πατὴρ γεραιὸς ἐκκλέπτει τροφεὺς
μέλλουτ' Ὀρέστην χερὸς ὑπ' Αἰγίσθου θανεῖν,
20 Στροφίῳ τ' ἔδωκε Φωκέων εἰς γῆν τρέφειν
ἧ δ' ἐν δόμοις ἔμεινεν Ἠλέκτρα πατρός,
ταύτην ἐπειδὴ θαλερὸς εἶχ' ἧβης χρόνος,
μνηστῆρες ἦτον Ἑλλάδος πρῶτοι χθονός.

ELECTRA

Enter PEASANT from the cottage.

PEASANT

Hail, ancient Argos, streams of Inachus,
Whence, with a thousand galleys battle-bound,
To Troyland's shore King Agamemnon sailed,
And, having slain the lord of Ilian land,
Priam, and taken Dardanus' burg renowned,
Came to this Argos, and on her high fanes
Hung up unnumbered spoils barbarian.
In far lands prospered he ; but in his home
Died by his own wife Clytemnestra's guile,
And by Aegisthus' hand, Thyestes' son. 10
So, leaving Tantalus' ancient sceptre, he
Is gone, and o'er the realm Aegisthus reigns,
Having to wife that king's wife, Tyudareus'
child.

Of those whom Troyward-bound he left at home,
The boy Orestes, and the maid Electra,
His father's fosterer stole the son away,
Orestes, doomed to die by Aegisthus' hand,
And Phocis-ward to Strophius sent, to rear :
But in her father's halls Electra stayed,
Till o'er her mantled womanhood's first flush, 20
And Hellas' princes wooing asked her hand.

7

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δείσας δὲ μὴ τῷ παιδ' ἀριστέων τέκοι
 Ἀγαμέμνωνος ποινάτορ, εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις
 Αἰγισθος, οὐδ' ἤρμοζε νυμφίῳ τινί.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ τοῦτ' ἦν φόβου πολλοῦ πλέων,
 μὴ τῷ λαθραίως τέκνα γενναίῳ τέκοι,
 κτανεῖν σφε βουλευσάντος ὠμόφρων ὄμως
 μήτηρ νιν ἐξέσωσεν Αἰγίσθου χερός.
 30 εἰς μὲν γὰρ ἄνδρα σκῆψιν εἶχ' ὀλωλότα,
 παίδων δ' ἔδεισε μὴ φθονηθεῖη φόνῳ.
 ἐκ τῶνδε δὴ τοιούδ' ἐμηχανήσατο
 Αἰγισθος· ὃς μὲν γῆς ἀπηλλάχθη φυγὰς
 Ἀγαμέμνωνος παῖς, χρυσὸν εἶφ' ὃς ἂν κτάνη,
 ἡμῖν δὲ δὴ δίδωσιν Ἥλέκτραν ἔχειν
 δάμαρτα, πατέρων μὲν Μυκηναίων ἀπο
 γεγῶσιν· οὐ δὴ τοῦτό γ' ἐξελέγχομαι
 λαμπροὶ γὰρ εἰς γένος γε, χρημάτων γε μὴν
 πένητες, ἔνθεν ἠύγενεὶ ἀπόλλυται
 ὡς ἀσθενεὶ δούς ἀσθενῆ λάβοι φόβον.
 40 εἰ γὰρ νιν ἔσχευ ἀξίωμ' ἔχων ἀνὴρ,
 εὐδοντ' ἂν ἐξηγεῖρε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνωνος
 φόνον, δίκη τ' ἂν ἦλθεν Αἰγίσθῳ τότε.
 ἦν οὐποθ' ἀνὴρ ὅδε, σύνοιδέ μοι Κύπρις,
 ἤσχυνεν εὐνή· παρθένοσ δ' ἔτ' ἐστὶ δὴ.
 αἰσχύνομαι γὰρ ὀλβίων ἀνδρῶν τέκνα
 λαβῶν ὑβρίζειν, οὐ κατάξιος γεγῶσ.
 στένω δὲ τὸν λόγοισι κηδεύοντ' ἐμοὶ
 ἄθλιον Ὀρέστην, εἴ ποτ' εἰς Ἄργος μολῶν
 γάμους ἀδελφῆς δυστυχεῖς ἐσόψεται.
 50 ὅστις δέ μ' εἶναί φησι μῶρον, εἰ λαβῶν
 νέαν ἐς οἴκουσ παρθένον μὴ θυγγάνῳ,
 γνώμης πονηροῖς κανόσιν ἀναμετρούμενοσ
 τὸ σῶφρον ἴστω, καυτὸσ αὐ τοιοῦτοσ ὢν.

ELECTRA

Aegisthus then, in fear lest she should bear
 To a prince a son, avenger of Agamemnon,
 Kept her at home, betrothed her unto none.
 But, since this too with haunting dread was
 fraught,

Lest she should bear some noble a child of
 stealth,

He would have slain her; yet, how cruel soe'er,
 Her mother saved her from Aegisthus' hand;—

A plea she had for murder of her lord,
 But feared to be abhorred for children's blood :— 30

Wherefore Aegisthus found out this device :
 On Agamemnon's son, who had fled the land,

He set a price, even gold to whoso slew ;
 But to me gives Electra, her to have

To wife,—from Mycenaean fathers sprung
 Am I, herein I may not be contemned ;

Noble my blood is, but in this world's goods
 I am poor, whereby men's high descent is marred,—

To make his fear naught by this spouse of naught.
 For, had she wed a man of high repute, 40

Agamemnon's slumbering blood-feud had he waked ;
 Then on Aegisthus vengeance might have fallen.

But never I—Cypris my witness is—
 Have shamed her couch : a virgin is she yet.

Myself think shame to take a prince's child
 And outrage—I, in birth unmeet for her !

Yea, and for him I sigh, in name my kin,
 Hapless Orestes, if to Argos e'er

He come, and see his sister's wretched marriage.
 If any name me fool, that I should take 50

A young maid to mine home, and touch her not,
 Let him know that he meteth chastity

By his own soul's base measure—base as he.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

60 ὦ νύξ μέλαινα, χρυσέων ἄστρον τροφέ,
 ἐν ἧ τὸδ' ἄγγος τῷδ' ἐφεδρεῦον κάρᾳ
 φέρουσα πηγὰς ποταμίας μετέρχομαι,
 οὐ δὴ τι χρείας εἰς τοσόνδ' ἀφυγμένη,
 ἀλλ' ὡς ὕβριν δείξωμεν Αἰγίσθου θεοῖς,
 γόους τ' ἀφήμ' αἰθέρ' εἰς μέγαν πατρί.
 ἢ γὰρ πανώλης Τυνδαρίς μήτηρ ἐμῆ
 ἐξέβαλέ μ' οἴκων, χάριτα τιθεμένη πόσει
 τεκοῦσα δ' ἄλλους παῖδας Αἰγίσθῳ πάρα
 πάρεργ' Ὀρέστην κἀμὲ ποιεῖται δόμων.

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

τί γὰρ τὰδ', ὦ δύστην', ἐμὴν μοχθεῖς χάριν
 πόνους ἔχουσα, πρόσθεν εὖ τεθραμμένη,
 καὶ ταυτ' ἐμοῦ λέγοντος οὐκ ἀφίστασαι ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

70 ἐγὼ σ' ἴσον θεοῖσιν ἠγοῦμαι φίλον·
 ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς γὰρ οὐκ ἐνύβρισας κακοῖς.
 μεγάλη δὲ θνητοῖς μοῖρα συμφορᾶς κακῆς
 ἰατρὸν εὐρεῖν, ὡς ἐγὼ σὲ λαμβάνω.
 δεῖ δὴ με κἀκέλευστον εἰς ὅσον σθένω
 μόχθου ἴπικουφίζουσαν, ὡς ῥᾶον φέρης,
 συνεκκομίζει σοὶ πόνους· ἄλις δ' ἔχεις
 τᾶξωθεν ἔργα· τὰν δόμοις δ' ἡμᾶς χρεῶν
 ἐξευτρεπίζειν. εἰσιόντι δ' ἐργάτῃ
 θύραθεν ἠδὺ τάνδον εὐρίσκειν καλῶς.

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

80 εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, στείχε· καὶ γὰρ οὐ πρόσω
 πηγαὶ μελάθρων τῶνδ'. ἐγὼ δ' ἄμ' ἡμέρα
 βούς εἰς ἀρούρας εἰσβαλὼν σπερῶ γυας.
 ἀργὸς γὰρ οὐδεὶς θεοὺς ἔχων ἀνὰ στόμα
 βίον δύναται· ἂν ξυλλέγειν ἄνευ πόνου,

ELECTRA

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

ELECTRA

Hail, black-winged Night, nurse of the golden stars,
Wherein I bear this pitcher on mine head
Poised, as I fare to river-cradling springs,—
Not that I do this of pure need constrained,
But to show Heaven Aegisthus' tyranny,—
And wail to the broad welkin for my sire.
For mine own mother, Tyndareus' baleful child, 60
Thrust me from home, to pleasure this her spouse,
And, having borne Aegisthus other sons,
Thrusteth aside Orestes' rights and mine.

PEASANT

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

ELECTRA

Kind I account thee even as the Gods,
Who in mine ills hast not insulted me.
High fortune this, when men for sore mischance
Find such physician as I find in thee. 70
I ought, as strength shall serve, yea, though forbid,
To ease thy toil, that lighter be thy load,
And share thy burdens. Work enow afield
Hast thou: beseems that I should keep the house
In order. When the toiler cometh home,
'Tis sweet to find the household fair-arrayed.

PEASANT

If such thy mind, pass on: in sooth not far
The springs are from yon cot. I at the dawn
Will drive my team afield and sow the glebe.
None idle—though his lips aye prate of Gods— 80
Can gather without toil a livelihood.

[*Exeunt* PEASANT and ELECTRA.]

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδῃ, σὲ γὰρ δὴ πρότον ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ
 πιστὸν νομίζω καὶ φίλον ξένου τ' ἔμοι·
 μόνος δ' Ὀρέστην τόνδ' ἐθαύμαζες φίλων
 πρᾶσσονθ' ἢ πρᾶσσω δεῖν ὑπ' Αἰγίσθου παθῶν,
 ὅς μου κατέκτα πατέρα χῆ πανώλεθρος
 μήτηρ. ἀφίγμαι δ' ἐκ θεοῦ χρηστηρίων¹
 Ἀργεῖον οὐδας, οὐδενὸς ξυνειδότης,
 φόνον φονεῦσι πατρὸς ἀλλάξων ἐμοῦ.
 90 νυκτὸς δὲ τῆσδε πρὸς τάφον μολῶν πατρὸς
 δάκρυστά τ' ἔδωκα καὶ κόμης ἀπηρξάμην
 πυρᾷ τ' ἐπέσφαξ' αἷμα μηλείου φόνου,
 λαθὼν τυράννους οἱ κρατοῦσι τῆσδε γῆς.
 καὶ τειχέων μὲν ἐντὸς οὐ βαίνω πόδα,
 δυοῖν δ' ἄμιλλαν ξυντιθεῖς ἀφικόμην
 πρὸς τέρμονας γῆς τῆσδ', ἵν' ἐκβάλω ποδὶ
 ἄλλην ἐπ' αἶαν, εἰ μὲ τις γνοίῃ σκοπῶν,
 ζητῶν τ' ἀδελφῆν, φασὶ γὰρ νιν ἐν γάμοις
 100 ζευχθεῖσαν οἰκεῖν, οὐδὲ παρθένον μένειν,
 ὡς συγγένωμαι καὶ φόνου συνεργάτιν
 λαβὼν τά γ' εἶσω τειχέων σαφῶς μάθω.
 νῦν οὖν, "Ἐως γὰρ λευκὸν ὄμμ' ἀναίρεται,
 ἔξω τρίβου τοῦδ' ἴχνος ἀλλαξώμεθα.
 ἢ γὰρ τις ἀροτῆρ ἢ τις οἰκέτις γυνὴ
 φανήσεται νῶν, ἦντιν' ἱστορήσομεν
 εἰ τοῦσδε ναλεῖ σύγγονος τόπους ἐμή.
 ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τήνδε προσπόλων τινά,
 πηγαῖον ἄχθος ἐν κεκαρμένῳ κᾶρα
 φέρουσαν· ἐξώμεσθα κάκπυθώμεθα
 110 δούλης γυναικός, ἦν τι δεξώμεσθ' ἔπος
 ἐφ' οἷσι, Πυλάδῃ, τήνδ' ἀφίγμεθα χθόνα.

¹ Barnes; for MSS. μυστηρίων: "from Phoebus' mystic shrine."

ELECTRA

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES.

ORESTES

Pylades, foremost thee of men I count
In loyalty, love, and friendship unto me.
Sole of Orestes' friends, thou hast honoured me
In this my plight, wronged foully by Aegisthus,
Who, with my utter-baneful mother, slew
My sire. At Phoebus' oracle-hest I come
To Argos' soil, none privy thereunto,
To pay my father's murderers murder-wage.
This night o'erpast to my sire's tomb I went ; 90
There tears I gave and offerings of shorn hair,
And a slain sheep's blood poured upon the grave,
Unmarked of despot-rulers of this land.
And now I set not foot within their walls,
But blending two assays in one I come
To this land's border,—that to another soil
Forth I may flee, if any watch and know me ;
To seek withal my sister,—for she dwells
In wedlock yoked, men say, nor bides a maid,—
To meet her, for the vengeance win her help, 100
And that which passeth in the city learn.
Now—for the Dawn uplifteth eyelids white—
Step we a little from this path aside.
Haply shall some hind or some bondwoman
Appear to us, of whom we shall inquire
If in some spot hereby my sister dwell.
Lo, yonder I discern a serving-maid
Who on shorn head her burden from the spring
Bears : crouch we low, then of this bondmaid ask,
If tidings haply we may win of that 110
For which we came to this land, Pylades.

[ORESTES and PYLADES retire to rear.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ .

σύντευν', ὦρα, ποδὸς ὄρμάν· στρ. α'
 ὦ ἔμβα ἔμβα κατακλαίουσα.

ἰὼ μοί μοι.

ἔγενόμαν Ἀγαμέμνονος
 κούρα, καί μ' ἔτεκε Κλυταιμνήστρα,
 στρυγνὰ Τυνδάρεω κόρα·
 κικλήσκουσι δέ μ' ἀθλίαν
 Ἥλέκτραν πολιῆται.

120 φεῦ φεῦ τῶν σχετλίων πόνων
 καὶ στρυγερᾶς ζόας.

ὦ πάτερ, σὺ δ' ἐν Ἀΐδα
 κεῖσαι, σᾶς ἀλόχου σφαγαῖς
 Αἰγίσθου τ', Ἀγάμεμνον.

ἴθι τὸν αὐτὸν ἔγειρε γόον, μεσῳδ.
 ἄναγε πολύδακρυν ἄδονάν.

σύντευν', ὦρα, ποδὸς ὄρμάν· ἀντ. α'
 ὦ ἔμβα ἔμβα κατακλαίουσα.

ἰὼ μοί μοι.

130 τίνα πόλιν, τίνα δ' οἶκον, ὦ
 τλᾶμον σύγγονε, λατρεύεις
 οἰκτρὰν ἐν θαλάμοις λιπῶν
 πατρώοις ἐπὶ συμφοραῖς
 ἀλγίσταισιν ἀδελφάν ;
 ἔλθοις τῶνδε πόνων ἐμοὶ
 τᾷ μελέα λυτῆρ,

ὦ Ζεῦ Ζεῦ, πατρί θ' αἱμάτων
 ἐχθίστων ἐπικούρος, Ἄρ-
 γει κέλσας πόδ' ἀλάταν.

140 θὲς τόδε τεῦχος ἐμᾶς ἀπὸ κρατὸς ἐ- στρ. β'

ELECTRA

Re-enter ELECTRA.

ELECTRA

Bestir thou, for time presses, thy foot's speed ; (*Str.* 1)
Haste onward weeping bitterly.

I am his child, am Agamemnon's seed,—
Alas for me, for me !—

And I the daughter Clytemnestra bore,
Tyndareus' child, abhorred of all ;

And me the city-dwellers evermore
Hapless Electra call.

Woe and alas for this my lot of sighing, 120
My life from consolation banned !

Ó father Agamemnon, thou art lying
In Hades, thou whose wife devised thy dying—
Her heart, Aegisthus' hand.

(*Mesode*)

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

Bestir thou, for time presses, thy foot's speed ; (*Ant.* 1)
Haste onward weeping bitterly.

Ah me, what city sees thee in thy need,
Brother ?—alas for thee ! 130

In what proud house hast thou a bondman's place,
Leaving thy woeful sister lone

Here in the halls ancestral of our race
In sore distress to moan ?

Come, a Redeemer from this anguish, heeding
My desolation and my pain :

Come Zeus, come Zeus, the champion of a bleeding
Father most foully killed—to Argos leading

The wanderer's feet again.

(*Str.* 2)

Set down this pitcher from thine head : 140

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λοῦσ', ἵνα πατρὶ γόους νυχίους
 ἐπορθρεύσω,
 ἰαχὰν μέλος Ἀΐδα,
 Ἀΐδα, πάτερ,
 σοὶ κατὰ γὰς ἐννέπω γόους,
 οἷς αἰεὶ τὸ κατ' ἄμαρ
 διέπομαι, κατὰ μὲν φίλαν
 ὄνυχι τεμνομένα δέραν,
 χέρα δὲ κρᾶτ' ἐπὶ κούριμον
 τιθεμένα θανάτῳ σῶ.

150

ἔ ἔ, δρῦπτε κάρα· μεσφδ.
 οἶα δὲ τις κύκνος ἀχέτας
 ποταμίῳ παρα χεύμασιν
 πατέρα φίλτατον ἀγκαλεῖ,
 ὀλόμενον δολίοις βρόχων
 ἔρκεσιν, ὡς σὲ τὸν ἄθλιον
 πατέρ' ἐγὼ κατακλαίωμαι,

λουτρά πανύσταθ' ὑδρανάμενον χροῖ, ἀντ. β'
 κοίτα ἐν οἰκτροτάτῳ θανάτου.
 ἰὼ μοί μοι

160

πικρᾶς μὲν πελέκεως τομᾶς
 σᾶς, πάτερ, πικρᾶς δ'
 ἐκ Τροίας ὀδίου βουλᾶς.
 οὐ μίτραισι γυνή σε
 δέξαιτ' οὐδ' ἐπὶ στεφάνοις.
 ξίφεσι δ' ἀμφιτόμοις λυγρὰν
 Αἰγίσθου λώβαν θεμένα
 δόλιον ἔσχεν ἀκοίταν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄγαμέμνονος ὦ κόρα, στρ. γ'
 ἤλυθαι, Ἥλέκτρα, ποτὶ σὰν ἀγρότειραν αὐλάν.

ELECTRA

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

(*Mesode*)

Rend the hair grief-defiled ! 150
 As swan's note, ringing wild
 Where some broad stream still-stealeth,
 O'er its dear sire outpealeth,
 Mid guileful nets who lies
 Dead—so o'er thee the cries
 Wail, father, of thy child,

Thee, on that piteous death-bed laid (*Ant. 2*)
 When that last bath was o'er !
 Woe for the bitter axe-edge swayed,
 Father, adrip with gore ! 160
 Woe for the dread resolve, prevailing
 From Ilion to draw thee on
 To her that waited thee—not hailing
 With chaplets !—nor with wreaths arrayed
 Wast thou ; but with the falchion's blade
 She made thee Aegisthus' sport, and won
 That treacherous paramour.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

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

17

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

170 ἔμολε τις ἔμολε γαλακτοπότας ἀνὴρ
 Μυκηναῖος ὄρειβάτας·
 ἀγγέλλει δ' ὅτι νῦν τριταί-
 αν καρύσσουσιν θυσίαν
 Ἄργεῖοι, πᾶσαι δὲ παρ' Ἡ-
 ραν μέλλουσιν παρθενικαὶ στείχειν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐπ' ἀγλαταῖς, φίλαι,
 θυμὸν οὐδ' ἐπὶ χρυσεῖς
 ὄρμοισιν πεπόταμαι
 τάλαιν', οὐδ' ἰσῆσα χοροῦς
 Ἄργείαις ἅμα νύμφαις
 180 εἰλικτὸν κρούσω πόδ' ἐμὸν.
 δάκρυσσι νυχεύω, δακρύων δέ μοι μέλει
 δειλαία τὸ κατ' ἄμαρ.
 σκέψαι μου πιναρὰν κόμαν
 καὶ τρύχη τὰδ' ἐμῶν πέπλων,
 εἰ πρέποντ' Ἀγαμέμνονος
 κούρα τῆ βασιλείᾳ
 Τροίᾳ θ', ἢ τοῦμοῦ πατέρος
 μέμναται ποθ' ἄλοῦσα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

190 μεγάλη θεός· ἀλλ' ἴθι, ἀντ. γ
 καὶ παρ' ἐμοῦ χρῆσαι πολίτηνα φάρεα δύναι,
 χρυσεά τε χάρισι προσθήματ' ἀγλαίας.
 δοκεῖς τοῖσι σοῖς δακρύοις,
 μὴ τιμῶσα θεούς, κρατή-
 σειν ἐχθρῶν; οὔτοι στοναχαῖς,
 ἀλλ' εὐχαῖσι θεοὺς σεβί-
 ζουσ' ἔξεις εὐαμερίαν, ὦ παῖ.

ELECTRA

One from Mycenae sped this day is here,
A milk-fed mountaineer. 170
Argos proclaims, saith he, a festival
The third day hence to fall ;
And unto Hera's fane must every maid
Pass, in long pomp arrayed.

ELECTRA

Friends, not for thought of festal tide,
Nor carcanet's gold-gleaming pride
The pulses of my breast are leaping ;
Nor with the brides of Argos keeping
The measure of the dance, my feet
The wreathèd maze's time shall beat : 180
Nay, but with tears the night I greet,
And wear the woeful day with weeping.
Look on mine hair, its glory shorn,
The disarray of mine attire :
Say, if a princess this beseemeth,
Daughter to Agamemnon born,
Or Troy, that, smitten by my sire,
Of him in nightmare memories dreameth ?

CHORUS

Great is the Goddess :¹ borrow then of me (*Ant.* 3) 190
Robes woven cunningly,
And jewels whereby shall beauty fairer shine.
Dost think these tears of thine,
If thou give honour not to Gods, shall bring
Thy foes low ?—reverencing
The Gods with prayers, not groans, shalt thou
obtain
Clear shining after rain.

¹ Therefore her festival is not lightly to be neglected.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδείς θεῶν ἐνοπὰς κλύει
τὰς δυσδαίμονος, οὐ παλαι-
200 ὶν πατρὸς σφαγιασμῶν.
οἴμοι τοῦ καταφθιμένου
τοῦ τε ζῶντος ἀλάτα,
ὅς που γὰν ἄλλαν κατέχει
μέλεος ἀλαίνων ποτὶ θῆσσαν ἐστίαν,
τοῦ κλεινοῦ πατρὸς ἐκφύς.
αὐτὰ δ' ἐν χερνήσι δόμοις
ναίω ψυχὰν τακομένα
210 δωμάτων πατρίων φυγᾶς,
οὐρείας ἀν' ἐρίπνας.
μάτηρ δ' ἐν λέκτροις φουίους
ἄλλω σύγγαμος οἰκεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῶν κακῶν Ἑλλησιν αἰτίαν ἔχει
σῆς μητρὸς Ἑλένη σύγγονος δόμοις τε σοῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἴμοι, γυναῖκες, ἐξέβην θρηνημάτων.
ξένοι τινὲς παρ' οἶκον οἶδ' ἐφεστίους
εὐνὰς ἔχοντες ἐξανίστανται λόχου·
φυγῆ, σὺ μὲν κατ' οἶμον, εἰς δόμους δ' ἐγώ,
φῶτας κακούργους ἐξαλύξωμεν ποδί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

220 μὲν, ὦ τάλαινα· μὴ τρέσης ἐμὴν χέρα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ Φοῖβ' Ἀπολλων, προσπίτνω σε μὴ θανεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλους κτάνοιμι μᾶλλον ἐχθίους σέθεν·

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄπελθε, μὴ ψαῦ' ὦν σε μὴ ψαύειν χρεῶν.

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

No God regards a wretch's cries,
Nor heeds old flames of sacrifice
Once on my father's altars burning. 200
Woe for the dead, the unreturning !
Woe for the living, homeless now,
In alien land constrained, I trow
To serfdom's board in grief to bow—
That hero's son afar sojourning !
In a poor hovel I abide,
An exile from my father's door,
Wasting my soul with tears outwelling,
Mid scours of yon wild mountain-side :— 210
My mother with her paramour
In murder-bond the while is dwelling !

CHORUS

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

ORESTES and PYLADES *approach.*

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES (*intercepting her*)

Tarry, thou hapless one : fear not mine hand. 220

ELECTRA

Phoebus, I pray thee that I be not slain !

ORESTES (*extending his hand to hers*)

God grant I slay some more my foes than thee !

ELECTRA

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔσθ' ὄτου θίγοιμ' ἂν ἐνδικώτερον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ πῶς ξιφήρης πρὸς δόμοις λοχᾶς ἐμοῖς ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μείνας' ἄκουσον, καὶ τάχ' οὐκ ἄλλως ἐρεῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔστηκα πάντως δ' εἰμὶ σή· κρείστων γὰρ εἶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἦκω φέρων σοι σοῦ κασιγνήτου λόγους.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἄρα ζώντος ἢ τεθνηκότος ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

230 ζῆ· πρῶτα γάρ σοι τάγάθ' ἀγγέλλειν θέλω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

εὐδαιμονοίης, μισθὸν ἠδίστων λόγων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κοινῇ δίδωμι τοῦτο νῶν ἀμφοῖν ἔχειν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ποῦ γῆς ὁ τλήμων τλήμονας φυγὰς ἔχων ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐχ ἓνα νομίζων φθείρεται πόλεως νόμον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐ που σπανίζων τοῦ καθ' ἡμέραν βίου ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔχει μέν, ἀσθενῆς δὲ δὴ φεύγων ἀνὴρ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λόγον δὲ δὴ τίν' ἦλθες ἐκ κείνου φέρων ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ ζῆς, ὅπως τε ζῶσα συμφορᾶς ἔχεις.

ELECTRA

ORESTES

None is there whom with better right I touch.

ELECTRA

Why sword in hand waylay me by mine house ?

ORESTES

Tarry and hear : my words shall soon be thine.

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

I come to bring thee tidings of thy brother.

ELECTRA

Friend—friend !—and liveth he, or is he dead ?

ORESTES

He liveth : first the good news would I tell.

230

ELECTRA

Blessings on thee, thy need for words most sweet !

ORESTES

This blessing to us twain I give to share.

ELECTRA

What land hath he for weary exile's home ?

ORESTES

Outcast, he claims no city's citizenship.

ELECTRA

Not—surely not in straits for daily bread ?

ORESTES

That hath he : yet the exile helpless is.

ELECTRA

And what the message thou hast brought from him ?

ORESTES

Liv'st thou ?—he asks ; and, living, what thy state ?

23

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔκουν ὄρας μου πρῶτον ὡς ξηρὸν δέμας ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

240

λύπαις γε συντετηκός, ὥστε με στένειν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ κρᾶτα πλόκαμόν τ' ἔσκυθισμένον ξυρῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δάκνει σ' ἀδελφὸς ὃ τε θανῶν ἴσως πατήρ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἴμοι, τί γάρ μοι τῶνδ' ἔστι φίλτερον ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τί δ' αὖ σὺ σῶ κασιγνήτῳ δοκεῖς ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀπῶν ἐκεῖνος, οὐ παρῶν ἡμῖν φίλος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐκ τοῦ δὲ ναίεις ἐνθάδ' ἄστεως ἑκάς ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγημάμεσθ', ὧ ξεῖνε, θανάσιμον γάμον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ᾧμωξ' ἀδελφὸν σόν. Μυκηναίων τινί ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐχ ᾧ πατήρ μ' ἤλπιζεν ἐκδώσειν ποτέ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

250

εἶφ', ὡς ἀκούσας σῶ κασιγνήτῳ λέγω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐν τοῖσδ' ἐκείνου τηλορὸς ναίω δόμοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σκαφεύς τις ἢ βουφορβὸς ἄξιος δόμων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πένης ἀνὴρ γενναῖος εἰς τ' ἔμ' εὐσεβής.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἢ δ' εὐσέβεια τίς πρόσεστι σῶ πόσει ;

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Seest thou not how wasted is my form?—

ORESTES

So sorrow-broken that myself could sigh.

240

ELECTRA

Mine head withal—my tresses closely shorn.

ORESTES

Heart-wrung by a brother's fate, a father's death?

ELECTRA

Ah me, what is to me than these more dear?

ORESTES

Alas! art thou not to thy brother dear?

ELECTRA

Far off he stays, nor comes to prove his love.

ORESTES

Why dost thou dwell here, from the city far?

ELECTRA

I am wedded, stranger—as in bonds of death.

ORESTES

A Mycenaean lord? Alas thy brother!

ELECTRA

Not one to whom my sire once hoped to wed me.

ORESTES

Tell me, that hearing I may tell thy brother.

250

ELECTRA

In this his house from Argos far I live.

ORESTES

Delver or neatherd should but match such house!

ELECTRA

Poor, yet well-born, and reverencing me.

ORESTES

Now what this reverence rendered of thy spouse?

25

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐπώποτ' εὐνής τῆς ἐμῆς ἔτλη θιγαῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄγνευμ' ἔχων τι θεῖον ἢ σ' ἀπαξιῶν ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

γυνέας ὑβρίζειν τοὺς ἐμούςς οὐκ ἤξιου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ πῶς γάμον τοιοῦτον οὐχ ἤσθη λαβῶν ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐ κύριον τὸν δόντα μ' ἠγεῖται, ξένε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

260 ξυνήκ'. Ὀρέστη μή ποτ' ἐκτίση δίκην.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ ταρβῶν, πρὸς δὲ καὶ σῶφρων ἔφν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ.

γενναῖον ἄνδρ' ἔλεξας, εὖ τε δραστέου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

εἰ δὴ ποθ' ἤξει γ' εἰς δόμους ὁ νῦν ἀπών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μήτηρ δέ σ' ἢ τεκούσα ταῦτ' ἠνέσχετο ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

γυναῖκες ἀνδρῶν, ὦ ξέν', οὐ παίδων φίλαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίνος δέ σ' εἶνεχ' ὑβρισ' Αἰγισθος τάδε ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τεκεῖν μ' ἐβούλετ' ἀσθενῆ, τοιῶδε δούς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὡς δῆθε παῖδας μὴ τέκοις ποινάτορας ;

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Never hath he presumed to touch my couch.

ORESTES

A vow of chastity, or scorn of thee ?

ELECTRA

He took not on him to insult my sires.

ORESTES

How ? did he not exult to win such bride ?

ELECTRA

He deems that who betrothed me had not right.

ORESTES

I understand :—and feared Orestes' vengeance ? 260

ELECTRA

Yea, this : yet virtuous is he therewithal.

ORESTES

A noble soul this, worthy of reward !

ELECTRA

Yea, if the absent to his home return.

ORESTES

But did the mother who bare thee suffer this ?

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

Why did Aegisthus this despite to thee ?

ELECTRA

That weaklings¹ of weak sire my sons might prove.

ORESTES

Ay, lest thou bear sons to avenge the wrong ?

¹ i.e. Politically and socially.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τοιαῦτ' ἐβούλευσ'· ὦν ἐμοὶ δοίη δίκην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

270

οἶδεν δέ σ' οὔσαν παρθένον μητρὸς πόσις ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ οἶδε· σιγῇ τοῦθ' ὑφαιρούμεσθά νιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αἶδ' οὖν φίλαι σοι τούσδ' ἀκούουσιν λόγους ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὥστε στέγειν γε τὰμὰ καὶ σ' ἔπη καλῶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτ' Ὀρέστης πρὸς τὰδ', Ἄργος ἦν μόλη ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἤρου τόδ' ; ἀίσχρὸν γ' εἶπας· οὐ γὰρ νῦν ἀκμή ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐλθὼν δὲ δὴ πῶς φονέας ἂν κτάνοι πατρός ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τολμῶν ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οἷ' ἐτολμήθη πατῆρ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἦ καὶ μετ' αὐτοῦ μητέρ' ἂν τλαίης κτανεῖν ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ταύτῳ γε πελέκει τῷ πατῆρ ἀπώλετο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

280

λέγω τὰδ' αὐτῷ, καὶ βέβαια τὰπὸ σοῦ ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θάνοιμι μητρὸς αἷμ' ἐπισφάξασ' ἐμῆς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἦν Ὀρέστης πλησίον κλύων τάδε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀλλ', ὦ ξέν', οὐ γνοίην ἂν εἰσιδοῦσά νιν.

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

So schemed he—God grant I requite him yet!

ORESTES

Knows he, thy mother's spouse, thou art maiden still? 270

ELECTRA

Nay, for by silence this we hide from him.

ORESTES

Friends, then, are these which hearken these thy words?

ELECTRA

Yea, true to keep thy counsel close and mine.

ORESTES

What help, if Argos-ward Orestes came?

ELECTRA

Thou ask!—out on thee!—is it not full time?

ORESTES

How slay his father's murderers, if he came?

ELECTRA

Daring what foes against his father dared.

ORESTES

And with him wouldst thou, couldst thou, slay thy mother?

ELECTRA

Ay!—with that axe whereby my father died!

ORESTES

This shall I tell him for thy firm resolve? 280

ELECTRA

My mother's blood for *his*—then welcome death!

ORESTES

Ah, were Orestes nigh to hear that word!

ELECTRA

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

νέα γάρ, οὐδὲν θαῦμ', ἀπεξεύχθης νέου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

εἰς ἂν μόνος νιν τῶν ἐμῶν γνοιή φίλων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄρ' ὄν λέγουσιν αὐτὸν ἐκκλέψαι φόνου ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πατρός γε παιδαγωγὸς ἀρχαῖος γέρων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ κατθανὼν δὲ σὸς πατὴρ τύμβου κυρεῖ ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔκυρσεν ὡς ἔκυρσεν, ἐκβληθεὶς δόμων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

290

οἴμοι, τόδ' οἶον εἶπας· αἰσθησις γὰρ οὖν
 κάκ τῶν θυραίων πημάτων δάκνει βροτούς.
 λέξον δ', ἴν' εἰδῶς σφ' κασιγνήτῳ φέρω
 λόγους ἀτερπεῖς, ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίους κλύειν.
 ἔνεστι δ' οἶκτος, ἀμαθία μὲν οὐδαμοῦ,
 σοφοῖσι δ' ἀνδρῶν· καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἀξήμιον
 γνώμην ἐνεῖναι τοῖς σοφοῖς λίαν σοφῆν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κἀγὼ τὸν αὐτὸν τῷδ' ἔρον ψυχῆς ἔχω.
 πρόσω γὰρ ἄστεως οὔσα τὰν πόλει κακὰ
 οὐκ οἶδα, νῦν δὲ βούλομαι κἀγὼ μαθεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

300

λέγοιμ' ἂν, εἰ χρή· χρή δὲ πρὸς φίλον λέγειν
 τύχας βαρείας τὰς ἐμὰς κἀμοῦ πατρός.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ κινεῖς μῦθον, ἱκετεύω, ξένε,
 ἄγγελλ' Ὀρέστη τὰμὰ καὶ κείνου κακά,
 πρῶτον μὲν οἴοις ἐν πέπλοις ἀυλίζομαι,¹

¹ So MSS. Weil reads ἀδαίνομαι, "wastes my life away." Tucker suggests ἀγλάζομαι (ironical): "I am fair-arrayed."

ELECTRA

ORESTES

No marvel—a child parted from a child.

ELECTRA

One only of my friends would know him now,—

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

And thy dead father—hath he found a tomb?

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

290

CHORUS

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

ELECTRA

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

300

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πίνω θ' ὄσφ βέβριθ', ὑπὸ στέγαισί τε
 οἴαισι ναίω βασιλικῶν ἐκ δωμαίων,
 αὐτὴ μὲν ἐκμοχθοῦσα κερκίσιν πέπλους,
 ἢ γυμνὸν ἔξω σῶμα καὶ στερήσομαι,
 310 αὐτὴ δὲ πηγὰς ποταμίους φορουμένη.
 ἀνέορτος ἱερῶν καὶ χορῶν τητωμένη,
 ἀναίνομαι γυναῖκας, οὔσα παρθένος,
 ἀναίνομαι δὲ Κάστορ', ᾧ, πρὶν εἰς θεοὺς
 ἐλθεῖν ἔμ' ἐμνήστευον, οὔσαν ἐγγεῖνῃ.
 μήτηρ δ' ἐμὴ Φρυγίοισιν ἐν σκυλεύμασι
 θρόνῳ κάθηται, πρὸς δ' ἔδραισιν Ἀσίδες
 δμῳαὶ στατίζουσ', ἃς ἔπερσ' ἐμὸς πατήρ,
 Ἰδαία φάρη χρυσέαις ἐζευγμένα
 πόρπαισιν. αἷμα δ' ἔτι πατρὸς κατὰ στέγας
 320 μέλαν σέσηπεν ὃς δ' ἐκείνου ἔκτανεν,
 εἰς ταῦτ' αἰνῶν ἄρματ' ἐκφοιτᾷ πατρί,
 καὶ σκῆπτρ' ἐν οἷς Ἑλλήσιν ἐστρατηλάτει
 μαιφόνουσι χερσὶ γαυροῦται λαβῶν.
 Ἀγαμέμνωνος δὲ τύμβος ἠτιμασμένος
 οὐπω χοάς ποτ' οὐδὲ κλῶνα μυρσίνης
 ἔλαβε, πυρὰ δὲ χέρσος ἀγλαῖσμάτων.
 μέθη δὲ βρεχθεὶς τῆς ἐμῆς μητρὸς πόσις
 ὁ κλεινός, ὡς λέγουσιν, ἐνθρώσκει τάφῳ
 πέτροις τε λεύει μνήμα λάϊνον πατρός,
 330 καὶ τοῦτο τολμᾷ τοῦπος εἰς ἡμᾶς λέγειν
 ποῦ παῖς Ὀρέστης; ἄρ' σοι τύμβῳ καλῶς
 παρῶν ἀμύνει; ταῦτ' ἀπὼν ὑβρίζεται.
 ἀλλ', ὦ ξέν', ἱκετεύω σ', ἀπάγγελτον τάδε·
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐπιστέλλουσιν, ἑρμηνεύς δ' ἐγώ,
 αἱ χεῖρες, ἢ γλῶσσ' ἢ ταλαίπωρός τε φρῆν
 κᾶρα τ' ἐμὸν ξυρῆκες ὃ τ' ἐκείνου τεκῶν.
 αἰσχρὸν γάρ, εἰ πατήρ μὲν ἐξεῖλεν Φρύγας,

ELECTRA

Under what squalor I am crushed, and dwell
Under what roof, after a palace home ;
How mine own shuttle weaves with pain my robes,—
Else must I want, all vestureless my frame ;—
How from the stream myself the water bear ;
Banned from the festal rite, denied the dance, 310
No part have I with wives, who am a maid,
No part in Castor, though they plighted me
To him, my kinsman, ere to heaven he passed.
Mid Phrygian spoils upon a throne the while
Sitteth my mother : at her footstool stand
Bondmaids of Asia, captives of my sire,
Their robes Idaean with the brooches clasped
Of gold :—and yet my sire's blood 'neath the
 roofs,
A dark clot, festers ! He that murdered him
Mounteth his very car, rides forth in state ; 320
The sceptre that he marshalled Greeks withal
Flaunting he graspeth in his blood-stained hand.
And Agamemnon's tomb is set at nought :
Drink-offerings never yet nor myrtle-spray
Had it, a grave all bare of ornament.
Yea, with wine drunken, he, my mother's spouse—
Named of men "glorious" !—leaps upon the grave,
And pelts with stones my father's monument ;
And against us he dares to speak this taunt :
"Where is thy son Orestes ?—bravely nigh 330
To shield thy tomb !" So is the absent mocked.
But, stranger, I beseech thee, tell him this :
Many are summoning him,—their mouthpiece I,—
These hands, this tongue, this stricken heart of
 mine,
My shorn head, his own father therewithal.
Shame, that the sire destroyed all Phrygia's race,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ δ' ἄνδρ' ἔν' εἰς ὧν οὐ δυνήσεται κτανεῖν
νέος πεφυκῶς καὶ ἄμείνωνος πατρός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΑΥΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

ἔα· τίνας τούσδ' ἐν πύλαις ὀρῶ ξένους ;
τίνος δ' ἕκατι τάσδ' ἐπ' ἀγραύλους πύλας
προσηλθον ; ἢ 'μοῦ δεόμενοι ; γυναικί τοι
αἰσχρὸν μετ' ἀνδρῶν ἐστάναι νεανιῶν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', εἰς ὑποπτα μὴ μόλης ἐμοί·
τὸν ὄντα δ' εἶσει μῦθον· οἶδε γὰρ ξένοι
ἤκουσ' Ὀρέστου πρὸς με κήρυκες λόγων.
ἀλλ', ὦ ξένοι, σύγγνωτε τοῖς εἰρημένοις.

ΑΥΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

τί φασίν ; ἀνὴρ ἔστι καὶ λεύσσει φάος ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

350 ἔστιν λόγῳ γοῦν· φασὶ δ' οὐκ ἄπιστ' ἐμοί.

ΑΥΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

ἢ καί τι πατρὸς σῶν τε μέμνηται κακῶν ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐν ἐλπίσιν ταῦτ'· ἀσθενῆς φεύγων ἀνὴρ.

ΑΥΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

ἦλθον δ' Ὀρέστου τίν' ἀγορεύοντες λόγον ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σκοποὺς ἔπεμψε τούσδε τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν.

ΑΥΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

οὐκουν τὰ μὲν λεύσσουσι, τὰ δὲ σύ που λέγεις ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἴσασι, οὐδὲν τῶνδ' ἔχουσιν ἐνδεές.

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

Enter PEASANT.

PEASANT

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

ELECTRA

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

PEASANT

What say they? Liveth he, and seeth light?

ELECTRA

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

PEASANT

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

ELECTRA

Hope is as yet all: weak the exile is.

PEASANT

And what word from Orestes have they brought?

ELECTRA

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

PEASANT

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

ELECTRA

They know: hereof nought lacketh unto them.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΙΓΟΣ

οὐκοῦν πάλαι χρῆν τοῖσδ' ἀνεπτύχθαι πύλας.
 χωρεῖτ' ἐς οἴκους· ἀντὶ γὰρ χρηστῶν λόγων
 360 ξενίων κυρήσεθ', οἳ ἐμὸς κεύθει δόμος.
 αἴρεσθ', ὀπαδοί, τῶνδ' ἔσω τεύχη δόμων
 καὶ μηδὲν ἀντείπητε, παρὰ φίλου φίλοι
 μολόντες ἀνδρός· καὶ γὰρ εἰ πένης ἔφυν,
 οὔτοι τό γ' ἦθος δυσγενὲς παρέξομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, ὃδ' ἀνὴρ ὃς συνεκκλέπτει γάμους
 τοὺς σοῦς, Ὅρεστην οὐ καταισχύνειν θέλων ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔτος κέκληται πόσις ἐμὸς τῆς ἀθλίας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ·
 οὐκ ἔστ' ἀκριβὲς οὐδὲν εἰς εὐανδρίαν
 ἔχουσι γὰρ ταραγμὸν αἱ φύσεις βροτῶν.
 370 ἤδη γὰρ εἶδον παῖδα γενναίου πατρὸς
 τὸ μηδὲν ὄντα, χρηστὰ δ' ἐκ κακῶν τέκνα,
 λιμὸν τ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς πλουσίου φρονήματι,
 γνώμην δὲ μεγάλην ἐν πένητι σώματι.
 πῶς οὖν τις αὐτὰ διαλαβῶν ὀρθῶς κρινεῖ ;
 πλούτῳ ; πονηρῶ τᾶρα χρήσεται κριτῆ·
 ἢ τοῖς ἔχουσι μηδέν ; ἀλλ' ἔχει νόσον
 πενία, διδάσκει δ' ἄνδρα τῆ χρεῖα κακόν.
 ἀλλ' εἰς ὄπλ' ἔλθω ; τίς δὲ πρὸς λόγῃην βλέπων
 μάρτυς γένοιτ' ἂν ὅστις ἐστὶν ἀγαθός ;
 380 κράτιστον εἰκῆ ταῦτ' εἶαν ἀφειμένα.
 οὔτος γὰρ ἀνὴρ οὔτ' ἐν Ἀργείοις μέγας
 οὔτ' αὖ δοκῆσει δωμάτων ὠγκωμένος,
 ἐν τοῖς δὲ πολλοῖς ὢν, ἄριστος ἠυρέθη.
 οὐ μὴ ἀφρονήσεθ', οἳ κενῶν δοξασμάτων

ELECTRA

PEASANT

Then should our doors ere this have been flung
wide.

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

Even he, named spouse of me the hapless one.

ORESTES

Lo, there is no sure test for manhood's worth :
For mortal natures are confusion-fraught.
I have seen ere now a noble father's son
Proved nothing-worth, seen good sons of ill sires, 370
Starved leanness in a rich man's very soul,
And in a poor man's body a great heart.
How then shall one discern 'twixt these and
judge ?

By wealth ?—a sorry test were this to use.
Or by the lack of all ?—nay, poverty
Is plague-struck, schooling men to sin through need.
To prowess shall I turn me ?—who, that looks
On spears, can swear which spearman's heart is
brave ?

Leave Fortune's gifts to fall out as they will !
Lo, this man is not among Argives great, 380
Nor by a noble house's name exalted,
But one of the many—proved a king of men !
Learn wisdom, ye which wander aimless, swoln

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

390 πλήρεις πλανᾶσθε, τῇ δ' ὀμιλία βροτούς
 κρινεῖτε καὶ τοῖς ἤθεσιν τοὺς εὐγενεῖς ;
 οἱ γὰρ τοιοῖδε τὰς πόλεις οἰκοῦσιν εὖ
 καὶ δώμαθ', αἱ δὲ σάρκες αἱ κεναὶ φρενῶν
 ἀγάλατ' ἀγορᾶς εἰσιν. οὐδὲ γὰρ δόρυ
 μᾶλλον βραχίων σθεναρὸς ἀσθενοῦς μένει·
 ἐν τῇ φύσει δὲ τοῦτο κὰν εὐψυχία.
 ἀλλ' ἄξιος γὰρ ὁ τε παρὼν ὁ τ' οὐ παρὼν
 Ἄγαμέμνωνος παῖς, οὐπερ εἶνεχ' ἤκομεν,
 δεξώμεθ' οἴκων καταλύσεις· χωρεῖν χρεῶν,
 δμῶες, δόμων τῶνδ' ἐντός. ὡς ἐμοὶ πένης
 εἴη πρόθυμος πλουσίου μᾶλλον ξένος.
 αἰνῶ μὲν οὖν τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς εἰσδοχὰς δόμων·
 ἐβουλόμην δ' ἄν, εἰ κασίγνητός με σὸς
 εἰς εὐτυχοῦντας ἦγεν εὐτυχῶν δόμους.
 ἴσως δ' ἄν ἔλθοι· Λοξίου γὰρ ἔμπεδοι
 400 χρησμοί, βροτῶν δὲ μαντικὴν χαίρειν ἐῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν ἠ πάροιθεν μᾶλλον, Ἥλέκτρα, χαρᾶ
 θερμαινόμεσθα καρδίαν· ἴσως γὰρ ἄν
 μόλις προβαίνουσ' ἢ τύχη σταίη καλῶς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ τλήμων, εἰδὼς δωμάτων χρεῖαν σέθεν
 τί τούσδ' ἐδέξω μείζονας σαυτοῦ ξένους ;

ΑΥΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

τί δ' ; εἴπερ εἰσὶν ὡς δοκοῦσιν εὐγενεῖς,
 οὐκ ἔν τε μικροῖς ἔν τε μὴ στέρξουσ' ὁμῶς ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

410 ἐπεὶ νυν ἐξήμαρτες ἐν σμικροῖσιν ὦν,
 ἔλθ' ὡς παλαιὸν τροφὸν ἐμοῦ φίλον πατρός·
 ὃς ἀμφὶ ποταμὸν Ταναὸν Ἀργείας ὄρους
 τέμνοντα γαίας Σπαρτιάτιδος τε γῆς

ELECTRA

With vain imaginings : by converse judge
Men, even the noble by their daily walk.
For such be they which govern states aright
And homes : but fleshly bulks devoid of wit
Are statues in the market-place. Nor bides
The strong arm staunchlier than the weak in fight ;
But this of nature's inborn courage springs. 390
But—seeing worthy is Agamemnon's son,
Present or absent, for whose sake we come,—
Accept we shelter of this roof. Ho, thralls,
Enter this house. For me the host whose heart
Leaps out in welcome, rather than the rich !
Thanks for the welcome into this man's house ;
Yet fain would I it were thy brother now
That prospering led me into prosperous halls.
Yet may he come ; for Loxias' oracles
Fail not. Of men's soothsaying will I none. 400

[*ORESTES and PYLADES enter cottage.*

CHORUS

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

ELECTRA

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

PEASANT

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

ELECTRA

Since then thou so hast erred, and thou so poor,
Go to the ancient fosterer of my sire,
Who on the banks of Tanaüs, which parts 410
The Argive marches from the Spartan land,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ποιμναις ὀμαρτεῖ πόλεος ἐκβεβλημένος·
 κέλευε δ' αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους ἀφίγμένον
 ἔλθειν, ξένων τ' εἰς δαῖτα πορσύναι τινα.
 ἦσθήσεται τοι καὶ προσεύξεται θεοῖς,
 ζῶντ' εἰσακούσας παιῖδ' ὃν ἐκσῶζει ποτέ.
 οὐ γὰρ πατρώων ἐκ δόμων μητρὸς πάρα
 λάβοιμεν ἄν τι· πικρὰ δ' ἀγγείλαιμεν ἄν,
 εἰ ζῶντ' Ὀρέστην ἢ τάλαιν' αἴσθοιτ' ἔτι.

ΑἴΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

420 ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, τούσδ' ἀπαγγελῶ λόγους
 γέροντι· χῶρει δ' εἰς δόμους ὅσον τάχος
 καὶ τᾶνδον ἐξάρτυε. πολλά τοι γυνῆ
 χρήζουσ' ἄν εὖροι δαιτὶ προσφορήματα.
 ἔστιν δὲ δὴ τοσαῦτά γ' ἐν δόμοις ἔτι,
 ὥσθ' ἐν γ' ἐπ' ἡμαρ τούσδε πληρῶσαι βορᾶς.
 ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δ' ἠνίκ' ἄν γνώμη πέση,
 σκοπῶ τὰ χρήμαθ' ὡς ἔχει μέγα σθένος,
 ξένοις τε δοῦναι σῶμά τ' εἰς νόσον πεσόν
 430 δαπάναισι σῶσαι· τῆς δ' ἐφ' ἡμέραν βορᾶς
 εἰς μικρὸν ἤκει· πᾶς γὰρ ἐμπλησθεὶς ἀνὴρ
 ὁ πλουσιός τε χῶ πένης ἴσον φέρει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλειναὶ νᾶες, αἴ ποτ' ἔμβατε Τροίαν στρ. α'
 τοῖς ἀμετρήτοις ἔρετμοῖς
 πέμπουσαι χοροὺς μετὰ Νηρηίδων,
 ἴν' ὁ φίλανλος ἔπαλλε δελ-
 φὶς πρόραις κυανεμβόλοις
 εἰλισσόμενος,
 πορεύων τὸν τᾶς Θέτιδος
 440 κούφον ἄλμα ποδῶν Ἀχιλλῆ
 σὺν Ἀγαμέμνονι Τρωάτας
 ἐπὶ Σιμωντίδας ἀκτάς.

ELECTRA

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

PEASANT

If thus thou wilt, thy message will I bear 420
 To yon grey sire : but pass thou in with speed,
 And there make ready. Woman's will can find
 Many a thing shall eke the feasting out.
 Yea, and within the house is store enough
 To satisfy for one day these with meat.
 In such things, when my thoughts turn thitherward,
 I mark what mighty vantage is in wealth,
 To give to guests, to medicine the body
 In sickness ; but for needs of daily food
 Not far it reacheth. Each man, rich and poor, 430
 Can be but filled, when hunger is appeased.

[Exit PEASANT. ELECTRA enters the cottage.]

CHORUS

O galleys renowned, by your myriad-sweeping (Str. 1)
 Oars hurled high on the Trojan strand,
 Whom the Sea-maids followed, with dances
 surrounding [ing
 Your dusky prows, when the dolphin was bound-
 Around them, bewitched by your music, and leaping
 In sinuous rapture on every hand,
 Escorting Achilles, the fleetfoot son
 Of Thetis, with King Agamemnon on
 Unto where broad Simois, seaward-creeping 440
 Rippled and glittered o'er Trojan sand.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Νηρήδες δ' Εὐβοΐδας ἀκτὰς λιπούσαι ἀντ. α'
 Ἐφαιστου χρυσεῶν ἀκμόνων
 μόχθους ἀσπιστὰς ἔφερον τευχέων,
 ἀνά τε Πήλιον ἀνά τε πρύ-
 μνας Ὀσσας ἱερὰς νάπας,
 Νυμφαίαις σκοπιάς,
 ἐμάστευον, ἔνθα πατὴρ
 ἰππότης τρέφεν Ἑλλάδι φῶς,
 450 Θέτιδος εἰνάλιον γόνον,
 ταχύπορον πόδ' Ἀτρείδαις.

Ἴλιόθεν δ' ἔκλυόν τινας ἐν λιμέσιν στρ. β'
 Ναυπλίοισι βεβῶτος
 τὰς σᾶς, ᾧ Θέτιδος παῖ,
 κλεινᾶς ἀσπίδος ἐν κύκλῳ
 τοιάδε σήματα, δείματα
 Φρύγια, τετύχθαι·
 περιδρόμῳ μὲν ἵπτος ἔδρα
 Περσέα λαιμοτόμον ὑπὲρ
 460 ἄλος ποτανοῖσι πεδίλοι-
 σι φυὰν Γοργόνος ἴσχειν,
 Διὸς ἀγγέλῳ σὺν Ἑρμῇ
 τῷ Μαΐας ἀγροτῆρι κούρῳ·

ἐν δὲ μέσῳ κατέλαμπε σάκει φαέθων ἀντ. β'
 κύκλος ἀελίοιο
 ἵπποις ἄμ πτεροέσσαις
 ἄστρον τ' αἰθέριοι χοροί,
 Πλειάδες, Ἰάδες, Ἐκτορος
 ὄμμασι τροπαῖοι·
 470 ἐπὶ δὲ χρυσοτύπῳ κράνει
 Σφίγγες ὄνυξιν αἰοίδιμον

ELECTRA

And the Sea-maids fled by shores Euboean (*Ant.* 1)
 From the depths where the golden anvils are
 Of the Fire-god, a hero's harness bearing—
 Over Pelion, over the wild spurs faring
 Of Ossa, over the glens Nymphaean ;
 From the watchtower-cragg outgazing afar
 They sought where his father, the chariot-lord,
 Fostered for Thetis a sea-born ward,
 A light for Hellas, a victory-pæan, 450
 The fleetfoot help to the Atreids' war.

Of a farer from Ilium heard I the story, (*Str.* 2)
 Who had stepped to the strand in the Nauplian
 haven,
 Heard, O Thetis' son, of thy buckler of glory,
 Of the blazonry midst of the round of it graven
 Whose god-fashioned tokens of terror made craven
 The hearts of the Trojans in battle adread,—
 How gleamed on the border that compassed its
 splendour

Perseus, on sandals swift-winged as he fled 460
 Bearing throat-severed the Gorgon-fiend's head,
 While Maia's son, Prince of the Fields, for defender,
 Herald of Zeus, at his side ever sped.

(*Ant.* 2)

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄγραν φέρουσαι· περιπλεύρω
 δὲ κύτει πύρπνοος ἔσπεν-
 δε δρόμῳ λείαινα χαλαῖς
 Πειρηναῖον ὀρώσα πῶλου. ἐπῳδ.

ἄορι δ' ἐν φονίῳ¹ τετραβάμονες ἵπποι ἔπαλλον,
 κελαινὰ δ' ἀμφὶ νῶθ' ἴετο κόνας.
 τοιῶνδ' ἄνακτα δοριπόνων
 480 ἔκανες ἀνδρῶν, Τυνδαρί,
 σὰ λέχεια, κακόφρων κόρα.
 τουγάρ σέ ποτ' οὐρανόιδαι
 πέμψουσιν θανάτοις· ἢ σὰν
 ἔτ' ἔτι φόνιου ὑπὸ δέραν
 ὄψομαι αἷμα χυθὲν σιδάρῳ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

ποῦ ποῦ νεᾶνις πότι' ἐμῆ δέσποινά τε,
 Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖς, ὅν ποτ' ἐξέθρεψ' ἐγώ·
 ὡς πρόσβασιν τῶνδ' ὀρθίαν οἴκων ἔχει
 490 ῥυσφ' γέροντι τῷδε προσβῆναι ποδί.
 ὁμως δὲ πρὸς γε τοὺς φίλους ἐξελεκτέον
 διπλῆν ἄκανθαν καὶ παλίρροπον γόνυ.
 ὦ θύγατερ, ἄρτι γάρ σε πρὸς δόμοις ὀρώ,
 ἦκω φέρων σοι τῶν ἐμῶν βοσκημάτων
 ποιμνῆς νεογνὸν θρέμμ' ὑπόσπασας τόδε,
 στεφάνους τε τευχέων τ' ἐξελῶν τυρεύματα,
 παλαιὸν τε θησαύρισμα Διονύσου τόδε
 ὀσμῆ κατήρες, μικρόν, ἀλλ' ἐπεισβαλεῖν
 500 ἠδὺ σκύφον τοῦδ' ἀσθενεστέρῳ ποτῷ.
 ἴτω φέρων τις τοῖς ξένοις τὰδ' εἰς δόμους·
 ἐγὼ δὲ τρύχει τῷδ' ἐμῶν πέπλων κόρας
 δακρύοισι τέγξας ἐξομόρξασθαι θέλω.

¹ Hartung: for ἐν δὲ δόρῃ of MSS.

ELECTRA

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

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

And thou slewest the chieftain, O Tyndareus' daughter, 480
 That captained such heroes, so godlike and proud !
 Thine adultery slew him, O thou false-hearted !

Therefore the Dwellers in Heaven shall repay
 Death unto thee in the on-coming day.

I shall see it—shall see when the life-blood hath started
 From thy neck at the kiss of the steel that shall slay !

Enter OLD MAN.

OLD MAN

Where shall the princess, my young mistress, be,
 Child of the great king fostered once of me ?
 How steep ascent hath she to this her home
 For mine eld-wrinkled feet to attain thereto ! 490
 Howbeit to those I love must I drag on
 Mine age-cramped spine, must drag my bowing knees.

Enter ELECTRA.

Daughter,—for now I see thee at thy door,—
 Lo, I am come : I bring thee from my flocks
 A suckling lamb, yea, taken from the ewe,
 Garlands, and cheeses from the presses drawn,
 And this old treasure-drop of the Wine-god's boon,
 Rich-odoured—little enow ; yet weaker draughts
 Are turned to nectar, blent with a cup of this.
 Let one bear these unto thy guests within. 500
 Lo, with this tattered vesture am I fain
 To wipe away the tears that dim mine eyes.

¹ Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, attacking the Chimaera.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ', ὦ γεραιέ, διάβροχον τόδ' ὄμμ' ἔχεις ;
 μῶν τὰμὰ διὰ χρόνου σ' ἀνέμνησεν κακά ;
 ἢ τὰς Ὀρέστου τλήμονας φυγὰς στένεις
 καὶ πατέρα τὸν ἐμόν, ὃν ποτ' ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων
 ἀνόνητ' ἔθρεψάς σοί τε καὶ τοῖς σοῖς φίλοις ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

510 ἀνόνηθ' ὅμως δ' οὖν τοῦτό γ' οὐκ ἠνεσχόμην.
 ἦλθον γὰρ αὐτοῦ πρὸς τάφον πάρεργ' ὁδοῦ,
 καὶ προσπεσὼν ἔκλαυσ', ἐρημίας τυχῶν,
 σπονδάς τε, λύσας ἄσκον ὃν φέρω ξένοις,
 ἔσπεισα, τύμβῳ δ' ἀμφέβηκα μυρσίνας.
 πυρᾶς δ' ἐπ' αὐτῆς οἶν μελάγχμιον πόκῳ
 σφώγιον ἐσεῖδον αἵμά τ' οὐ πάλαι χυθὲν
 ξανθῆς τε χαίτης βοστρύχους κεκαρμένους.
 κάθαύμασ', ὦ παῖ, τίς ποτ' ἀνθρώπων ἔτλη
 πρὸς τύμβον ἐλθεῖν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀργείων γέ τις
 ἀλλ' ἦλθ' ἴσως που σὸς κασίγητος λάθρα,
 520 μολῶν δ' ἐθαύμασ' ἄθλιον τύμβον πατρός.
 σκέψαι δὲ χαίτην προστιθεῖσα σῆ κόμη,
 εἰ χρῶμα ταῦτόν κουρίμης ἔσται τριχός·
 φιλεῖ γάρ, αἷμα ταῦτόν οἷς ἂν ἦ πατρός,
 τὰ πόλλ' ὅμοια σώματος πεφυκέναι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἄξι' ἀνδρός, ὦ γέρον, σοφοῦ λέγεις,
 εἰ κρυπτόν εἰς γῆν τήνδ' ἂν Αἰγίσθου φόβῳ
 δοκεῖς ἀδελφὸν τὸν ἐμόν εὐθαρσῆ μολεῖν.
 ἔπειτα χαίτης πῶς συνοίσεται πλόκος,
 ὁ μὲν παλαιστραῖς ἀνδρὸς εὐγενοῦς τραφεῖς,
 ὁ δὲ κτεινισμοῖς θῆλυς ; ἀλλ' ἀμήχανον.
 530 πολλοῖς δ' ἂν εὖροις βοστρύχους ὁμοπτέρους

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

In vain! Yet this despair could I not brook.
I turned, in coming, to his tomb aside,
There kneeling, for its desolation wept, 510
Poured a drink-offering from the skin I bare
Thy guests, and crowned the tomb with myrtle-
sprays.
But—on the grave a black-fleeced ewe I saw
New-slain, and blood but short time since out-
poured,
And severed locks thereby of golden hair!
I marvelled, daughter, who of men had dared
Draw nigh the tomb: no Argive he, I wot.
Haply thy brother hath in secret come,
And honoured so his father's grave forlorn.
Look on the tress; yea, lay it to thine hair; 520
Mark if the shorn lock's colour be the same:
For they which share one father's blood shall oft
By many a bodily likeness kinship show.

ELECTRA

Not worthy a wise man, ancient, be thy words—
To think mine aweless brother would have come,
Fearing Aegisthus, hither secretly.
Then, how should tress be matched with tress of
hair—
That, a young noble's trained in athlete-strife,
This, womanlike comb-sleeked? It cannot be.
Sooth, many shouldst thou find of hair like-hued, 530

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴ γεγῶσιν αἵματος ταύτου, γέρον.
ἀλλ' ἢ τις αὐτοῦ τάφον ἐποικτεῖρας ξένος¹
ἐκείρατ', ἢ τῆσδε σκοπὸς λαθῶν χθονός.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

σὺ δ' εἰς ἴχνος βᾶσ' ἀρβύλης σκέψαι βάσιν,
εἰ σύμμετρος σῶ ποδὶ γενήσεται, τέκνον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πῶς δ' ἂν γένοιτ' ἂν ἐν κραταιλῶ πέδῳ
γαίας ποδῶν ἔκμακτρον; εἰ δ' ἔστιν τόδε,
δυοῖν ἀδελφοῖν πούς ἂν οὐ γένοιτ' ἴσος
ἀνδρός τε καὶ γυναικός, ἀλλ' ἄρσῃν κρατεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

540 οὐκ ἔστιν, εἰ καὶ γῆν κασίγνητος μόλοι,
κερκίδος ὄτῳ γνοίης ἂν ἐξύφασμα σῆς,
ἐν ᾧ ποτ' αὐτὸν ἐξέκλεψα μὴ θανεῖν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ οἶσθ', Ὀρέστης ἠνίκ' ἐκπίπτει χθονός,
νεῖαν μ' ἔτ' οὔσαν; εἰ δὲ κᾶκρεκον πέπλους,
πῶς ἂν τότ' ἂν παῖς ταῦτ' αὖτ' ἔχοι φάρη,
εἰ μὴ ξυναύξοιθ' οἱ πέπλοι τῷ σώματι;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἷδ' ἐκ δόμων βαίνουσι λαιψηρῶ ποδί.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

550 ἀλλ' εὐγενεῖς μὲν, ἐν δὲ κιβδηλῶ τόδε·
πολλοὶ γὰρ ὄντες εὐγενεῖς εἰσιν κακοί.
ὄμως δὲ χαίρειν τοὺς ξένους προσενέπω.

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

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

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

540

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN (*aside*)

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

550

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ γεραιέ. τοῦ ποτ', Ἥλέκτρα, τόδε
παλαιὸν ἀνδρὸς λείψανον φίλων κυρεῖ ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔτος τὸν ἀμὸν πατέρ' ἔθρεψεν, ὦ ξένε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί φής ; ὄδ' ὃς σὸν ἐξέκλεψε σύγγονον ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὄδ' ἔσθ' ὁ σώσας κείνον, εἴπερ ἔστ' ἔτι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα·

τί μ' εἰσδέδορκεν ὥσπερ ἀργύρου σκοπῶν
λαμπρὸν χαρακτήρ' ; ἢ προσεικάζει μέ τω ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

580 ἴσως Ὀρέστου σ' ἤλιχ' ἦδεται βλέπων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φίλου γε φωτός. τί δὲ κυκλεῖ πέριξ πόδα ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καυτὴ τόδ' εἰσορῶσα θαυμάζω, ξένε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ὦ πότνι, εὐχου, θύγατερ Ἥλέκτρα, θεοῖς—

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί τῶν ἀπόντων ἢ τί τῶν ὄντων πέρι ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

λαβεῖν φίλον θησαυρόν, ὃν φαίνει θεός.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἰδοῦ, καλῶ θεοῦς. ἢ τί δὴ λέγεις, γέρον ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

βλέψον νυν εἰς τόνδ', ὦ τέκνον, τὸν φίλτατον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πάλαι δέδοικα, μὴ σύ γ' οὐκέτ' εὖ φρονῆς.

ELECTRA

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

This, stranger, was my father's fosterer.

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

Even he who saved him, if he liveth yet.

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

Joying perchance to see Orestes' friend.

560

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

I also marvel, stranger, seeing this.

OLD MAN

Daughter Electra—princess !—pray the Gods—

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

To win the precious treasure God reveals !

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

Long have I dreaded lest thy wits be crazed.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οὐκ εὖ φρονῶ γὰρ σὸν κασίγνητον βλέπων ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

570 πῶς εἶπας, ὦ γεραῖ, ἀνέλπιστον λόγον ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ὄρᾱν Ὀρέστην τόνδε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ποῖον χαρακτήρ' εἰσιδὼν, ὦ πείσομαι ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οὐλήν παρ' ὀφρύν, ἣν ποτ' ἐν πατρὸς δόμοις
νεβρὸν διώκων σοῦ μέθ' ἡμάχθη πεσών.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πῶς φῆς ; ὀρῶ μὲν πτώματος τεκμήριον.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ἔπειτα μέλλεις προσπίτνειν τοῖς φιλτάτοις ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ὦ γεραῖε· συμβόλοισι γὰρ
τοῖς σοῖς πέπεισμαι θυμόν. ὦ χρόνῳ φανείς,
ἔχω σ' ἀέλπτως

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ ἐμοῦ γ' ἔχει χρόνῳ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδέποτε δόξασ'.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

580 οὐδ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤλπισα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐκεῖνος εἶ σύ ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σύμμαχός γέ σοι μόνος,
ἣν ἐκσπάσωμαί γ' ὄν μετέρχομαι βόλον.
πέποιθα δ'· ἡ χρῆ μηκέθ' ἡγεῖσθαι θεούς,
εἰ τᾶδικ' ἔσται τῆς δίκης ὑπέρτερα.

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

What mean'st thou, ancient, by a word past hope? 570

OLD MAN

I see Orestes, Agamemnon's son.

ELECTRA

What token hast thou marked, that I may trust?

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

Clasped at last of me!

ELECTRA

Never I looked for this!

ORESTES

Nor dared I hope. 580

ELECTRA

And art thou he?

ORESTES

Yea, thy one champion I,—

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔμολες, ἔμολες, ὦ χρόνιος ἡμέρα,
κατέλαμψας, ἔδειξας ἐμφανῆ
πόλει πυρσόν, ὃς παλαιᾷ φυγᾷ
πατρίων ἀπὸ δωμάτων τάλας
ἀλαίνων ἔβα. θεὸς αὖ θεὸς
590 ἀμετέραν τις ἄγει
νίκαν, ὦ φίλα.
ἄνεχε χέρας, ἄνεχε
λόγον, λει λιτὰς εἰς τοὺς θεοὺς,
τύχα σοι τύχα
κασίγητον ἐμβατεῦσαι πόλιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἶεν· φίλας μὲν ἠδονὰς ἀσπασμάτων
ἔχω, χρόνῳ δὲ καὐθις αὐτὰ δώσομεν.
σύ δ', ὦ γεραιέ, κείριος γὰρ ἤλυθες,
600 λέξον, τί δρῶν ἂν φονέα τισαίμην πατρός
μητέρα τε τὴν κοινωνὸν ἀνοσίων γάμων ;
ἔστιν τί μοι κατ' Ἄργιος εὐμενὲς φίλων ;
ἢ πίνι' ἀνεσκευίσμεθ' ; ὅσπερ αἱ τύχαι ;
τῷ συγγένωμάι ; νύχιος ἢ καθ' ἡμέραν ;
ποῖαν ὁδοὶ τραπώμεθ' εἰς ἐχθροὺς ἐμούς ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ὦ τέκνον, οὐδεὶς δυστυχοῦντί σοι φίλος.
εὖρημα γὰρ τὸ χρῆμα γίγνεται τόδε,
κοιῆ μετασχεῖν τάγαθοῦ καὶ τοῦ κακοῦ.
σύ δ', ἐκ βάρων γὰρ πᾶς ἀνήρησαι φίλοις
οὐδ' ἐλλέλουπας ἐλπίδ', ἴσθι μου κλύων,
610 ἐν χειρὶ τῇ σῇ πάντ' ἔχεις καὶ τῇ τύχῃ
πατρῶον οἶκον καὶ πόλιν λαβεῖν σέθεν. -

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα δρῶντες τοῦδ' ἂν ἐξικοίμεθα ;

ELECTRA

CHORUS

Thou hast come, thou hast come, dawn long delayed !
Thou hast flashed from the sky, thou hast lifted
on high
O'er the land as a beacon the exile that strayed
From his father's halls, while the years dragged by
In misery.
Victory ! God unto us is bringing 590
Victory, O my friend !
Lift up thine hands and thy voice uprising
In prayers to the Gods, that, with Fortune flinging
Her shield round about him, thy brother through
Argos' gates may wend !

ORESTES

Hold—the sweet bliss of greeting I receive
Of thee, hereafter must I render back.
But, ancient—for in season hast thou come,—
Say, how shall I requite my father's slayer,
And her that shares his guilty couch, my mother ? 600
Have I in Argos any loyal friend,
Or, like my fortunes, am I bankrupt all ?
With whom to league me?—best were night, or
day ?
What path shall I essay to assault my foes ?

OLD MAN

Ah son, no friend hast thou in thy misfortune.
Nay, but this thing as treasure-trove is rare,
That one should share thine evil as thy good.
Since thou art wholly, as touching friends, bereft,—
Art even hope-forlorn,—be assured of me,
In thine own hand and fortune is thine all 610
For winning father's house and city again.

ORESTES

What shall I do then, to attain thereto ?

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

κτανὼν Θυέστου παῖδα σὴν τε μητέρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἤκω 'πὶ τόνδε στέφανον· ἀλλὰ πῶς λάβω ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

τειχέων μὲν ἔλθων ἐντὸς οὐδ' ἂν εἰ θέλοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φρουραῖς κέκασται δεξιαῖς τε δορυφόρων ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ἔγνωσ' φοβεῖται γάρ σε κούχ εὔδει σαφῶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἶεν· σὺ δὴ τοῦνθένδε βούλευσον, γέρον.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

κάμου γ' ἄκουσον· ἄρτι γάρ μ' ἐσηλήθέ τι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

620 ἐσθλὸν τι μηνύσειας, αἰσθοίμην δ' ἐγώ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

Αἴγισθον εἶδον, ἠνίχ' εἶρπον ἐνθάδε,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

προσηκάμην τὸ ῥηθέν. ἐν ποίοις τόποις ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ἀγρῶν πέλας τῶνδ' ἵπποφορβίων ἔπι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δρῶνθ ; ὀρῶ γὰρ ἐλπίδ' ἐξ ἀμηχάνων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

Νύμφαις ἐπόρσυν' ἔροτιν, ὡς ἔδοξέ μοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τροφεῖα παίδων, ἥ πρὸ μέλλοντος τόκου ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν· βουσφαγεῖν ὠπλίζετο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πόσων μετ' ἀνδρῶν ; ἥ μόνος δμῶων μέτα ;

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

Thyestes' son and thine own mother slay.

ORESTES

To win this prize I come. How shall I grasp it?

OLD MAN

Through yon gates, never, how good soe'er thy will.

ORESTES

With guards beset is he, and spearmen's hands?

OLD MAN

Thou sayest : he fears thee, that he cannot sleep.

ORESTES

Ay so :—what followeth, ancient, counsel thou.

OLD MAN

Hear me—even now a thought hath come to me.

ORESTES

Be thy device good, keen to follow I !

620

OLD MAN

Aegisthus saw I, hither as I toiled,—

ORESTES

Now welcome be the word ! Thou saw'st him—where?

OLD MAN

Nigh to these fields, by pastures of his steeds.

ORESTES

What doth he ? From despair I look on hope !

OLD MAN

A feast would he prepare the Nymphs, meseemed.

ORESTES

For nursing-dues of babes, or birth at hand ?

OLD MAN

Nought know I, save his purposed sacrifice.

ORESTES

With guards how many?—or alone with thralls?

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οὔδεις παρῆν Ἀργεῖος, οἰκεία δὲ χεῖρ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

630 οὐ πού τις ὄστις γνωριεῖ μ' ἰδών, γέρον ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

δμῶες μὲν εἰσιν, οἳ σέ γ' οὐκ εἰδόν ποτε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡμῖν ἂν εἶεν, εἰ κρατοῖμεν, εὐμενεῖς ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

δούλων γὰρ ἴδιον τοῦτο, σοὶ δὲ σύμφορον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς οὖν ἂν αὐτῷ πλησιασθείην ποτέ ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

στείχων ὄθεν σε βουθυτῶν ἐσόψεται.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄδον παρ' αὐτήν, ὡς ἔοικ', ἀγρούς ἔχει.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ὄθεν γ' ἰδών σε δαιτὶ κοινωνὸν καλεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πικρόν γε συνθινατόρ', ἦν θεὸς θέλη.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

τοῦνθένδε πρὸς τὸ πίπτον αὐτὸς ἐννόει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

640 καλῶς ἔλεξας. ἡ τεκοῦσα δ' ἐστὶ ποῦ ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

Ἄργει· παρέσται δ' ἐν τάχει θοίην ἐπι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ' οὐχ ἄμ' ἐξωρμάτ' ἐμῇ μήτηρ πόσει ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ψόγον τρέμουσα δημοτῶν ἐλείπετο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ξυνηχ'· ὑποπτος οὔσα γιγνώσκει πόλει.

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

They only of his household ; Argives none.

ORESTES

None, ancient, who might look on me, and know ? 630

OLD MAN

Thralls are they who looked never on thy face.

ORESTES

Haply my partisans, if I prevail ?

OLD MAN

The bondman's wont, by happy chance for thee.

ORESTES

How then shall I make shift to approach to him ?

OLD MAN

Pass full in view at hour of sacrifice.

ORESTES

Hard by the highway be his lands, I trow.

OLD MAN

Thence shall he see, and bid thee to the feast.

ORESTES

A bitter fellow-feaster, heaven to help !

OLD MAN

Thereafter thou take thought, as fortune falls.

ORESTES

Well hast thou said. My mother—where is she ? 640

OLD MAN

In Argos, yet shall soon attend the feast.

ORESTES

Why went not forth my mother with her lord ?

OLD MAN

Fearing the people's taunts there tarried she.

ORESTES

Yea—knowing how men look askance on her.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

τοιαῦτα· μισεῖται γὰρ ἀνόσιος γυνή.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐκείνην τόνδε τ' ἐν ταύτῳ κτενῶ ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ φόνον γε μητρὸς ἐξαρτύσομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐκεῖνά γ' ἡ τύχη θήσει καλῶς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὑπηρετεῖτω μὲν δυοῖν ὄντοιν ὄδε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

650 ἔσται τάδ'· εὐρίσκεις δὲ μητρὶ πῶς φονον ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λέγ', ὦ γεραιέ, τάδε Κλυταιμνήστρα μολῶν·
λεχῶ μ' ἀπάγγελλ' οὔσαν ἄρσενος τόκου.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

πότερα πάλαι τεκούσαν ἢ νεωστὶ δῆ ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δέχ' ἡλίους, ἐν οἷσιν ἀγνεύει λεχῶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

καὶ δὴ τί τοῦτο μητρὶ προσβάλλει φόνον ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἤξει κλύουσα λόχι' ἐμοῦ νοσήματα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

πόθεν ; τί δ' αὐτῇ σοῦ μέλειν δοκεῖς, τέκνον ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ναί· καὶ δακρύσει γ' ἀξίωμ' ἐμῶν τόκων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

ἴσως· πάλιν τοι μῦθον εἰς καμπὴν ἄγε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

660 ἐλθοῦσα μέντοι δῆλον ὡς ἀπόλλυται.

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

Even so ; a woman for her crimes abhorred.

ORESTES

How shall I slay together him and her ?

ELECTRA

Even I my mother's slaying will prepare.

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

Herein shall twain be served of this one man.

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

Long since delivered, or but as of late ?

ELECTRA

Within these ten days—purifying's space.

OLD MAN

Yet—to thy mother how doth this bring death ?

ELECTRA

At tidings of my travail will she come.

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

Haply : yet toward thy goal turn thou thy speech.

ELECTRA

Let her but come, and surely is she dead.

660

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐπ' αὐτάς γ' εἰσίτω δόμων πύλας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔκουν τραπέσθαι σμικρὸν εἰς Ἄιδου τόδε ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

εἰ γὰρ θάνοιμι τοῦτ' ἰδὼν ἐγὼ ποτε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πρώτιστα μὲν νυν τῷδ' ὑφήγησαι, γέρον.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

Ἄγισθος ἔνθα νῦν θνηπολεῖ θεοῖς ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔπειτ' ὑπαντῶν μητρὶ τὰπ' ἐμοῦ φράσον.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ὥστ' αὐτά γ' ἐκ σοῦ στόματος εἰρηῆσθαι δοκεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σὸν ἔργον ἤδη πρόσθεν εἴληχας φόνου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

στείχοιμ' ἄν, εἴ τις ἠγεμὼν γίγνοιθ' ὁδοῦ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

670 καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ πέμποιμ' ἄν οὐκ ἀκουσίως.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ πατρῶε καὶ τροπαῖ' ἐχθρῶν ἐμῶν,¹

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἴκτειρέ θ' ἡμᾶς, οἴκτρα γὰρ πεπόνθαμεν,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οἴκτειρε δῆτα σοὺς γε φύντας ἐκγόνους.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

"Ἡρα τε, βωμῶν ἢ Μυκηναίων κρατεῖς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

νίκην δὸς ἡμῖν, εἰ δίκαι' αἰτούμεθα.

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

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

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

ELECTRA

Is not the bypath thence to Hades' short ?

OLD MAN

Oh but to see this hour, then welcome death !

ELECTRA

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

OLD MAN

To where Aegisthus doeth sacrifice ?

ELECTRA

Then seek my mother, and my message tell.

OLD MAN

Yea, it shall seem the utterance of thy lips.

ELECTRA (*to Orestes*)

Now to thy work. Thou drewest first blood-lot.

ORESTES

I will set forth if any guide appear.

OLD MAN

Even I will speed thee thither nothing loth.

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

Pity us : pitiful our wrongs have been.

OLD MAN

Yea, pity those whose lineage is of thee !

ELECTRA

Queen of Mycenae's altars, Hera, help !

ORESTES

Grant to us victory, if we claim the right.

670

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

δὸς δῆτα πατρὸς τοῖσδε τιμωρὸν δίκην.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ Γαί' ἀνασσα, χεῖρας ἧ δίδωμ' ἐμάς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σύ τ', ὦ κάτω γῆς ἀνοσίως οἰκῶν πάτερ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ἄμνυ' ἄμνυε τοῖσδε φιλτάτοις τέκνοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

680 νῦν πάντα νεκρὸν ἔλθῃ σύμμαχον λαβών,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἵπερ γε σὺν σοὶ Φρύγας ἀνήλωσαν δορί,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

χῶσοι στυγούσιν ἀνοσίους μάστορας·

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἤκουσας, ὦ δειν' ἐξ ἐμῆς μητρὸς παθών;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πάντ', οἶδ', ἀκούει τάδε πατῆρ'· στείχειν δ' ἀκμή.

καί σοι προφωνῶ πρὸς τὰδ' Αἴγισθον θανεῖν·

ὡς, εἰ παλαισθεῖς πτώμα θανάσιμον πεσεῖ,

τέθνηκα κἀγώ, μηδέ με ζῶσαν λέγε.

παίσω γὰρ ἦπαρ¹ τοῦμόν ἀμφήκει ξίφει.

δόμων δ' ἔσω βᾶσ' εὐτρεπὲς ποιήσομαι,

690 ὡς, ἦν μὲν ἔλθῃ πύστις εὐτυχῆς σέθεν,

ὀλολύξεται πᾶν δῶμα· θνήσκοντος δὲ σοῦ

τᾶναντί' ἔσται τῶνδε· ταῦτά σοι λέγω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πάντ' οἶδα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πρὸς τὰδ' ἄνδρα γίγνεσθαί σε χρῆ.

ὑμεῖς δέ μοι, γυναῖκες, εὖ πυρσεύετε

¹ Geel : for κᾶρα γὰρ of MS.

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

Grant for their father vengeance unto these !

ELECTRA

O Earth, O Queen, on whom I lay mine hands,

ORESTES

Father, by foul wrong dweller 'neath the earth,

OLD MAN

Help, help them, these thy children best-beloved.

ORESTES

Come ! bring all those thy battle-helpers slain, 680

ELECTRA

All them whose spears with thee laid Phrygians low,

OLD MAN

Yea, all which hate defilers impious !

ORESTES

Hear'st thou, O foully-entreated of my mother ?

ELECTRA

Our sire hears all, I know :—but time bids forth.
Therefore I warn thee, Aegisthus needs must die.
If thou, o'ermastered, fall a deadly fall,
I die too ; count me then no more alive :
For I with sword twin-edged will pierce mine heart.
Now pass I in, to set in order all,
For, if there come fair tidings touching thee, 690
The house shall shout its joy ; but, if thou die,
Far other shall betide. Thus charge I thee.

ORESTES

All know I.

ELECTRA

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κραυγὴν ἀγώνος τοῦδε. φρουρήσω δ' ἐγὼ
 πρόχειρον ἔγχος χειρὶ βαστάζουσ' ἐμῆ.
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἐχθροῖς τοῖς ἐμοῖς νικωμένη
 δίκην ὑφέξω σῶμ' ἐμὸν καθυβρίσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

		στρ. α'
700	ἀταλᾶς ὑπὸ ματρὸς Ἄργείων ὀρέων ποτὲ κληδῶν ἐν πολιαῖσι μένει φάμαις εὐαρμόστοις ἐν καλάμοις Πᾶνα μούσαν ἀδύθροον πνέοντ', ἀγρῶν ταμίαν, χρυσέαν ἄρνα καλλίποκον πορεύσαι· πετρίνοις δ' ἐπιστὰς κᾶρυξ ἴαχεν βάθροις· ἀγορὰν ἀγοράν, Μυκηναῖοι, 710 στείχετε μακαρίων ὀψόμενοι τυράννων φάσματα, † δείματα. χοροὶ δ' Ἀτρειδᾶν ἐγέραιρον † οἴκους. ¹	

		ἀντ. α'
	θυμέλαι δ' ἐπίτναντο χρυσήλατοι, σελαγεῖτο δ' ἀν' ἄστῳ πῦρ ἐπιβώμιον Ἄργείων· λωτὸς δὲ φθόγγον κελάδει	

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

ELECTRA

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

[Retires within cottage. Exeunt OR. PYL. and O. M.]

CHORUS

In ancient song is the tale yet told¹ (Str. 1)
How Pan, the Master of forest and mead, 700
Unearthly sweet while the melody rolled
From his pipes of cunningly-linked reed,
Did of yore from the mountains of Argos lead,
From the midst of the tender ewes of the fold,
A lamb bright-fleeced with the splendour of gold.
From the steps of marble the herald then
Cried all the folk to the market-place—
“To the gathering away, O Argive men!
On the awesome portent press to gaze 710
Of the lords of the heaven-favoured race!”
And with blithe acclaim the dancers came, and with
songs of praise.

(Ant. 1.)

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

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

720 κάλλιστον, Μουσᾶν θεραπείων
 μολπαὶ δ' ἠϋξοῦντ' ἔραται
 χρυσέας ἀρνὸς ὡς ἐστὶ λάχος¹ Θυέστου·
 κρυφίαις γὰρ εὐναῖς
 πείσας ἄλοχον φίλαν
 Ἄτρεως, τέρας ἐκκομίζει πρὸς
 δώματα· νεόμενος δ' εἰς ἀγόρους αὐτεῖ
 τὰν κερόεσσαν ἔ-
 χειν χρυσόμαλλον κατὰ δῶμα ποίμναν.

730 τότε δὴ τότε φαεινὰς στρ. β'
 ἄστρον μετέβασ' ὁδοὺς
 Ζεὺς καὶ φέγγος ἀελίου
 λευκὸν τε πρόσωπον αὐοῦς,
 τὰ δ' ἔσπερα νῶτ' ἐλαύνει
 θερμᾷ φλογὶ θεοπύρῳ,
 νεφέλαι δ' ἔνυδροι πρὸς ἄρκτον,
 ξηραὶ τ' Ἀμμωνίδες ἔδραι
 φθίνουσ' ἀπειρόδροσοι,
 καλλίστων ὄμβρων Διόθεν στερεῖσαι.

740 λέγεται, τάδε δὲ πίστιν αντ. β'
 σμκρὰν παρ' ἔμοιγ' ἔχει,
 στρέψαι θερμὰν ἀέλιον
 χρυσωπὸν ἔδραν ἀλλάξαν-
 τα δυστυχία βροτείῳ
 θνατᾶς ἔνεκεν δίκας.
 φοβεροὶ δὲ βροτοῖσι μῦθοι
 κέρδος πρὸς θεῶν θεραπείας.
 ὧν οὐ μνασθεῖσα πόσιν
 κτείνεις, κλεινῶν συγγενέτερ' ἀδελφῶν.

¹ Paley : for (corrupt) ἐπίλογοι of MSS.

ELECTRA

But with triumph-swell did a strange chant rise—

“Lo, the Golden Lamb is Thyestes’ prize!”

For the nets of a love with dark guile fraught

O’er the soul of Atreus’ bride did he fling ; 720

And the marvel so to his halls hath he brought,

And hath sped to the thronged folk, publishing

How his palace had gotten that strange horned

thing, [they hailed him king.

The golden-fleeced :—and the strife so ceased, and

Then, then, in his anger arose Zeus, turning (Str. 2)

The stars’ feet back on the fire-fretted way ;

Yea, and the Sun’s car splendour-burning,

And the misty eyes of the morning grey. 730

And with flash of his chariot-wheels back-flying

Flushed crimson the face of the fading day :

To the north fled the clouds with their burden

sighing ;

And for rains withheld, and for dews fast-drying

The dwellings of Ammon in faintness were yearning,

For sweet showers crying to heavens denying.

(Ant. 2)

It is told of the singers—scant credence such story,

Touching secrets of Gods, of my spirit hath won—

That the Sun from that vision turned backward the

glory

Of the gold of the face of his flaming throne, [ing

With the scourge of his wrath in affliction repay- 740

Mortals for deeds in their mad feuds done.

Yet it may be the tale liveth, soul-affraying,

To bow us to Godward in lowly obeying.

O mother of princes, it rose not before thee [slaying!

Mid thy lord’s moan, staying thine hand from the

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔα ἔα·

750 φίλαι, βοῆς ἠκούσατ', ἥ δοκῶ κενὴ
ὑπήλθέ μ', ὥστε νερτέρα βροντὴ Διός ;
ἰδού, τὰδ' οὐκ ἄσημα πνεύματ' αἴρεται·
δέσποιν', ἄμειψον δώματ', Ἡλέκτρα, τάδε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φίλαι, τί χρῆμα ; πῶς ἀγῶνος ἤκομεν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν· φόνιον οἰμωγὴν κλύω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἤκουσα κάγώ, τηλόθεν μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μακρὰν γὰρ ἔρπει γῆρυς, ἐμφανὴς γε μὴν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἄργεῖος ὁ στεναγμὸς ἥ φίλων ἐμῶν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα· πᾶν γὰρ μίγνυται μέλος βοῆς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σφαγὴν αὐτεῖς τήνδε μοι· τί μέλλομεν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔπισχε, τρανώς ὡς μάθης τύχας σέθεν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔστι· νικώμεσθα· ποῦ γὰρ ἄγγελοι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

760 ἤξουσιν· οὔτοι βασιλέα φαῦλον κτανεῖν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ καλλίνικοι παρθένοι Μυκηνίδες,
νικῶντ' Ὀρέστην πᾶσιν ἀγγέλλω φίλοις,
Ἄγαμέμνονος δὲ φονέα κείμενον πέδῳ
Αἰγισθον· ἀλλὰ θεοῖσιν εὐχέσθαι χρεῶν.

ELECTRA

Ha, friends !

Heard ye a great voice—or am I beguiled
Of fancy?—like earth-muffled thunder of Zeus?

Lo there, the gale is swelling all too plain !

Princess, come forth thine house!—Electra, come! 750

Enter ELECTRA.

ELECTRA

Friends, what befalls? How doth our conflict speed?

CHORUS

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

ELECTRA

I also hear—far off—yet oh, I hear!

CHORUS

Faint from the distance stole the cry, yet clear.

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

I know not: all confused rang out the strain.

ELECTRA

Thine answer is my death!—why linger I?

CHORUS

Stay, till in certainty thou learn thy fate.

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τίς δ' εἶ σύ ; πῶς μοι πιστὰ σημαίνεις τάδε ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ οἶσθ' ἀδελφοῦ μ' εἰσορῶσα πρόσπολον ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἔκ τοι δείματος δυσγνωσίαν
εἶχον προσώπου· νῦν δὲ γιγνώσκω σε δῆ.
τί φῆς ; τέθνηκε πατρός ἐμοῦ στυγνὸς φονεύς ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

770 τέθνηκε· δὶς σοι ταῦθ', ἃ γ' οὖν βούλει, λέγω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ θεοί, Δίκη τε πάνθ' ὀρώσ', ἡλθές ποτε.
ποιῶ τρόπον δὲ καὶ τίνι ῥυθμῶ φόνου
κτείνει Θυέστου παῖδα, βούλομαι μαθεῖν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

780 ἐπεὶ μελάθρων τῶνδ' ἀπήραμεν πόδα,
εἰσβάντες ἡμεν δίκροτον εἰς ἀμαξιτόν,
ἔνθ' ἦν ὁ κλεινὸς τῶν Μυκηναίων ἀναξ.
κυρεῖ δὲ κήποις ἐν καταρρύτοις βεβώς,
δρέπων τερείνης μυρσίνης κάρα πλόκους·
ιδῶν τ' αὐτεῖ· χαίрет', ὦ ξένοι· τίνες ;
πόθεν πορεύεσθ' ; ἔστε τ' ἐκ πῆρας χθονός ;
ὁ δ' εἶπ' Ὀρέστης· Θεσσαλοί· πρὸς δ' Ἀλφειὸν
θύσοντες ἐρχόμεσθ' Ὀλυμπίῳ Δί.
κλύων δὲ ταῦτ' Αἰγισθος ἐννέπει τάδε·
νῦν μὲν παρ' ἡμῖν χρῆ συνεστίους ἐμοὶ
θοίνῃ γενέσθαι· τυγχάνω δὲ βουθυτῶν
Νύμφαις· ἐφοῖ δ' ἐξαναστάντες λέχους
εἰς ταῦτόν ἤξετ'. ἀλλ' ἴωμεν εἰς δόμους—
καὶ ταῦθ' ἅμ' ἠγόρευε καὶ χερὸς λαβὼν
790 παρήγεν ἡμᾶς—οὐδ' ἀπαρνεῖσθαι χρεῶν.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐν οἴκοις ἡμεν, ἐννέπει τάδε·

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

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

MESSENGER

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

ELECTRA

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

MESSENGER

Dead. 'Twice I say it, since thou will'st it so. 770

ELECTRA

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

MESSENGER

Soon as our feet from thine abode had passed,
The highway chariot-rutted entered we:
There was this Mycenaean king renowned.
Into his watered garden had he turned,
Plucking soft myrtle-sprays to bind his brows.
He saw, and cried, "Hail strangers, who be ye?
Whence journeying, and children of what land?" 780
"Thessalians we," Orestes spake, "who seek
Alpheus, to sacrifice to Olympian Zeus."
Now when Aegisthus heard this, answered he:
"Nay, at this altar-feast ye needs must be
My guests: I sacrifice unto the Nymphs.
With morning shall ye rise from sleep, and speed
No less. Come, let us go into the house,"—
So speaking, did he take us by the hand,
And led us in,—"ye may not say me nay."
And, when we stood within his doors, he spake: 790

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- λούτρ' ὡς τάχιστα τοῖς ξένοις τις αἰρέτω,
 ὡς ἀμφὶ βωμὸν στῶσι χερνίβων πέλας.
 ἀλλ' εἴπ' Ὀρέστης· ἀρτίως ἠγνίσμεθα
 λουτροῖσι καθαροῖς ποταμίων ρεΐθρων ἄπο.
 εἰ δὲ ξένους ἀστοῖσι συνθύειν χρεῶν,
 Αἴγισθ', ἔτοιμοι κοῦκ ἀπαρνούμεσθ', ἄναξ.
 τοῦτον μὲν οὖν μεθεῖσαν ἐκ μέσου λόγον·
 λόγχας δὲ θέντες δεσπότηου φρουρήματα
 800 δμῶες πρὸς ἔργον πάντες ἴεσαν χέρας.
 οἱ μὲν σφαγείον ἔφερον, οἱ δ' ἦρον κανᾶ,
 ἄλλοι δὲ πῦρ ἀνήπτον ἀμφὶ τ' ἐσχάρας
 λέβητας ὄρθουν· πᾶσα δ' ἐκτύπει στέγη.
 λαβὼν δὲ προχύτας μητρὸς εὐνέτης σέθεν
 ἔβαλλε βωμούς, τοιάδ' ἐννέπων ἔπη·
 Νύμφαι πετραῖαι, πολλάκις με βουθυτεῖν
 καὶ τὴν κατ' οἴκουσ Τυνδαρίδα δάμαρτ' ἐμήν
 πρᾶσσοντας ὡς νῦν, τοὺς δ' ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς
 κακῶς·
 λέγων Ὀρέστην καὶ σέ. δεσπότης δ' ἐμὸς
 810 τᾶναντί ηὔχετ', οὐ γεγωνίσκων λόγους,
 λαβεῖν πατρῶα δώματ'. ἐκ κανοῦ δ' ἔλων
 Αἴγισθος ὄρθην σφαγίδα, μοσχείαν τρίχα
 τεμών, ἐφ' ἀγνὸν πῦρ ἔθηκε δεξιᾶ,
 κάσφαξ' ἐπ' ὤμων μόσχον ὡς ἦραν χεροῖν
 δμῶες, λέγει δὲ σῶ κασιγνήτῳ τάδε·
 ἐκ τῶν καλῶν κομποῦσι τοῖσι Θεσσαλοῖς
 εἶναι τόδ', ὅστις ταῦρον ἀρταμεῖ καλῶς
 ἵππους τ' ὀχμάζει. λαβὲ σίδηρον, ὦ ξένε,
 δεῖξόν τε φήμην ἔτυμον ἀμφὶ Θεσσαλῶν.
 820 ὁ δ' εὐκρότητον Δωρίδ' ἀρπάσας χεροῖν,
 ρίψας ἀπ' ὤμων εὐπρεπῆ πορπάματα
 Πυλάδην μὲν εἴλετ' ἐν πόνοις ὑπηρέτην,

ELECTRA

“ Let one with speed bring water for the guests,
That they may compass with cleansed hands the
altar.”

But spake Orestes, “ In pure river-streams

It was but now we purified ourselves.

If strangers may with citizens sacrifice,

Ready we are, nor say thee nay, O King.”

Such words they spake in hearing of us all.

Then, laying down their spears, the tyrant's guards,

His thralls, all set their hands unto the work.

Some brought the bowl of slaughter, some the
maunds :

800

The fire some kindled, and the caldrons set

Over the hearths : with tumult rang the roofs.

Then took thy mother's paramour the meal,

And thus spake, on the altars casting it :

“ Nymphs of the Rocks, vouchsafe me oft, with her,

Mine home-mate Tyndareus' child, to sacrifice,

As now, blest, and my foes in like ill case.”

Thee and Orestes meant he ; but my lord

Reversed the prayer, low-murmuring, even to win

Ancestral halls. Aëgisthus from the maund

810

Took the straight blade, the calf's hair shore there-
with,

And on the pure flame with his right hand cast ;

Then, when his thralls heaved shoulder-high the calf,

Severed the throat, and to thy brother spake :

“ Herein, men boast, Thessalians take their pride,

In deftly quartering the slaughtered bull,

And taming steeds. Take thou the steel, O guest,

And prove the fame of the Thessalians true.”

He grasped a fair-wrought Dorian blade in hand,

And from his shoulder cast his graceful cloak,

820

Took Pylades for helper in his task,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- δμῶας δ' ἀπῳθεῖ· καὶ λαβῶν μόσχου πόδα,
 λευκὰς ἐγύμνου σάρκας ἐκτείνων χέρα·
 θᾶσσον δὲ βύρσαν ἐξέδειρεν ἢ δρομεὺς
 δισσοὺς διαύλους ἵππιους διήνυσε,
 κἀνείτο λαγόνας. ἱερά δ' εἰς χεῖρας λαβῶν
 Αἴγισθος ἤθρει. καὶ λοβὸς μὲν οὐ προσῆν
 σπλάγγχοις, πύλαι δὲ καὶ δοχαὶ χολῆς πέλας
 κακὰς ἔφαινον τῷ σκοποῦντι προσβολὰς. —
 830 χῶ μὲν σκυθράζει, δεσπότης δ' ἀνιστορεῖ·
 τί χρῆμ' ἀθυμεῖς, ὦ ξέν'; ὄρωδῶ τινα
 δόλον θυραίου. ἔστι δ' ἔχθιστος βροτῶν
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς πολέμιός τ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις.
 ὁ δ' εἶπε· φυγάδος δῆτα δειμαίνεις δόλον,
 πόλεως ἀνάσσων; οὐχ, ὅπως παστήρια
 θοινασόμεσθα, Φθιάδ' ἀντὶ Δωρικῆς
 οἴσει τις ἡμῖν κοπίδ'; ἀπορρήξω χέλυν.
 λαβῶν δὲ κόπτει. σπλάγγχνα δ' Αἴγισθος λαβῶν
 ἤθρει διαιρῶν· τοῦ δὲ νευοντος κάτω
 840 ὄνυχας ἐπ' ἄκρους στὰς κασίγητος σέθεν
 εἰς σφονδύλους ἔπαισε, νοτιαῖα δὲ
 ἔρρηξεν ἄρθρα· πᾶν δὲ σῶμ' ἄνω κάτω
 ἤσπαιρεν, ἐσφάδαζε δυσθνήσκον φόνω.
 δμῶες δ' ἰδόντες εὐθὺς ἤξαν εἰς δόρυ,
 πολλοὶ μάχεσθαι πρὸς δύ' ἀνδρείας δ' ὑπο
 ἔστησαν ἀντίπρωρα σείοντες βέλη
 Πυλάδης Ὀρέστης τ'· εἶπε δ', οὐχὶ δυσμενῆς
 ἦκω πόλει τῆδ' οὐδ' ἐμοῖς ὑπάοσι,
 φονέα δὲ πατρὸς ἀντετιμωρησάμην
 850 τλήμων Ὀρέστης· ἀλλὰ μὴ με καίνετε,
 πατρὸς παλαιοὶ δμῶες· οἱ δ', ἐπεὶ λόγων

ELECTRA

And put the thralls back; seized the calf's foot
 then,
 Bared the white flesh, with free sweep of his arm,
 And quicker flayed the hide than runner's feet
 Twice round the turnings of the horse-course speed :
 So opened it. Ægisthus grasped the inwards,
 And gazed thereon. No lobe the liver had :
 The gate-vein, the gall-bladder nigh thereto,
 Portended perilous scathe to him that looked.
 Scowling he stared; but straight my master asks : 830
 "Why cast down, O mine host?" "A stranger's
 guile
 I dread. Of all men hatefullest to me,
 And foe to mine, is Agamemnon's son."
 But he, "Go to: *thou* fear an exile's guile—
 The King! That we on flesh of sacrifice
 May feast, let one for this of Doris bring
 A Phthian knife: ¹ the breast-bone let me cleave."
 So took, and cleft. Ægisthus grasped the inwards,
 Parted, and gazed. Even as he bowed his head,
 Thy brother strained himself full height, and smote 840
 Down on his spine, and through his backbone's joints
 Crashed. Shuddered all his frame from head to foot,
 Convulsed in throes of agony dying hard.
 Straightway the thralls beholding sprang to arms,—
 A host to fight with two,—but unafraid
 Pylades and Orestes, brandishing
 Their weapons, faced them: "Not a foe," he cried,
 "To Argos, nor my servants, am I come!
 I have avenged me on my father's slayer,—
 Orestes I, the hapless! Slay me not, 850
 My father's ancient thralls!" They, when they heard
¹ A heavy cleaver, better adapted both for his ostensible
 and for his real purpose.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἤκουσαν, ἔσχον κάμακας· ἐγνώσθη δ' ὑπὸ
γέροντος ἐν δόμοισιν ἀρχαίου τινός.
στέφουσι δ' εὐθύς σοῦ κασιγνήτου κára
χαίροντες ἀλαλάζοντες. ἔρχεται δὲ σοὶ
κára ἴπιδείξων, οὐχὶ Γοργόνος φέρων,
ἀλλ' ὄν στυγεῖς Αἴγισθον· αἶμα δ' αἵματος
πικρὸς δανεισμὸς ἦλθε τῷ θανόντι νῦν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

860 θὲς εἰς χορόν, ὦ φίλα, ἴχνος, στρ.
ὡς νεβρὸς οὐράνιον
πήδημα κουφίζουσα σὺν ἀγλαΐᾳ·
νικᾷ στεφαναφορίαν
οἶαν παρ' Ἀλφειοῦ ῥεέθροις τελέσας
κασίγνητος σέθεν· ἀλλ' ἐπάειδε
καλλίνικον ᾧδαν ἐμῷ χορῷ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

870 ὦ φέγγος, ὦ τέθριππον ἡλίου σέλας,
ὦ γαῖα καὶ νύξ ἦν ἐδερκόμην πάρος,
νῦν ὄμμα τοῦμὸν ἀμπτυχαί τ' ἐλεύθεροι,
ἐπεὶ πατὴρ πέπτωκεν Αἴγισθος φονεὺς.
φέρ', οἶα δὴ ἔχω καὶ δόμοι κεύθουσί μου
κόμης ἀγάλματ' ἐξενέγκωμαι, φίλαι,
στέψω τ' ἀδελφοῦ κράτα τοῦ νικηφόρου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ μὲν νῦν ἀγάλματ' ἄειρε ἀντ.
κρατί· τὸ δ' ἀμέτερον
χωρήσεται Μούσαισι χόρευμα φίλον.
νῦν οἱ πάρος ἀμέτεροι
γαίας τυραννεύσουσι φίλοι βασιλῆς,
δικαίως τούσδ' ἀδίκους καθελόντες.
ἀλλ' ἴτω ξύναυλος βοὰ χαρᾶ.

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

ELECTRA

O light, O splendour of the Sun-god's steeds,
O Earth, and Night that filled my gaze till now,
Free are mine eyes now; dawn's wings open
free!
My father's slayer Aegisthus is laid low!
Come, such things as I have, my dwelling's store, 870
Let me bring forth to grace his hair, O friends,
To crown my conquering brother's head withal.

CHORUS

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

880 ὦ καλλίνικε, πατρὸς ἐκ νικηφόρου
 γεγώς, Ὀρέστα, τῆς ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ μάχης,
 δέξαι κόμης σῆς βοστρύχων ἀνδήματα.
 ἦκεις γὰρ οὐκ ἀχρεῖον ἔκπλεθρον δραμῶν
 ἀγῶν' ἐς οἴκους, ἀλλὰ πολέμιον κτανῶν
 Αἴγισθον, ὃς σὸν πατέρα κάμῶν ὤλεσε.
 σύ τ', ὦ παρασπίστ', ἀνδρὸς εὐσεβεστάτου
 παιδεύμα, Πυλάδη, στέφανον ἐξ ἐμῆς χειρὸς
 δέχου· φέρει γὰρ καὶ σύ τῶδ' ἴσον μέρος
 ἀγῶνος· αἰεὶ δ' εὐτυχεῖς φαίνοισθέ μοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

890 θεοὺς μὲν ἠγοῦ πρῶτον, Ἥλέκτρα, τύχης
 ἀρχηγέτας τῆσδ', εἶτα κάμ' ἐπαίνεσον
 τὸν τῶν θεῶν τε τῆς τύχης θ' ὑπηρέτην.
 ἦκω γὰρ οὐ λόγοισιν ἀλλ' ἔργοις κτανῶν
 Αἴγισθον· ὡς δέ τω σάφ' εἰδέναι τάδε
 προθῶμεν, αὐτὸν τὸν θανόντα σοι φέρω,
 ὄν, εἴτε χρήζεις, θηρσὶν ἀρπαγὴν πρόθεσ,
 ἢ σκύλον οἰωνοῖσιν αἰθέρος τέκνοις
 πῆξασ' ἔρεισον σκόλοπι· σὸς γὰρ ἐστὶ νῦν
 δούλος, πάροιθε δεσπότης κεκλημένος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

900 αἰσχύνομαι μὲν, βούλομαι δ' εἰπεῖν ὄμως,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί χρῆμα; λέξον, ὡς φόβου γ' ἔξωθεν εἶ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

νεκροὺς ὑβρίζειν, μή μέ τις φθόνῳ βάλῃ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς ὅστις ἂν μέμφαιτό σε.

ELECTRA

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES, with attendants bearing Aegisthus' body.

ELECTRA

Hail, glorious conqueror, Orestes sprung 880
Of father triumph-crowned in Ilium's war !
Receive this wreath to bind thy clustering hair.
Thou hast come home, who hast run no profitless
course

In athlete-race, but who hast slain thy foe
Aegisthus, murderer of thy sire and mine.
And thou, his battle-helper, Pylades,
A good man's nursling, from mine hand accept
A wreath ; for in this conflict was thy part
As his : in my sight ever prosper ye !

ORESTES

The Gods account thou first, Electra, authors 890
Of this day's fortune : praise thereafter me,
Whom am but minister of heaven and fate.
I come, who not in word, but deed, have slain
Aegisthus, and for proof for whoso will
To know, the dead man's self I bring to thee ;
Whom, if thou wilt, for ravin of beasts cast forth,
Or for the children of the air to rend
Impale him on a stake : thy bondman now
Is he, who heretofore was called thy lord.

ELECTRA

I take shame—none the less I fain would speak— 900

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

There is no man can blame thee for such cause.

81

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δυσάρεστος ἡμῶν καὶ φιλόψογος πόλις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέγ', εἴ τι χρήξεις, σύγγον'· ἀσπόνδοισι γὰρ
νόμοισιν ἔχθραν τῷδε συμβεβλήκαμεν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- 910 εἶεν· τίν' ἀρχὴν πρῶτά σ' ἐξείπω κακῶν;
ποίας τελευτάς; τίνα μέσον τάξω λόγον;
καὶ μὴν δι' ὄρθρων γ' οὐποτ' ἐξελίμπανον
θρυλοῦσ' ἃ γ' εἶπειν ἤθελον κατ' ὄμμα σόν,
εἰ δὴ γενοίμην δειμάτων ἐλευθέρα
τῶν πρόσθε· νῦν οὖν ἐσμεν· ἀποδώσω δέ σοι
ἐκεῖν' ἃ σε ζῶντ' ἤθελον λέξαι κακά.
ἀπώλεσάς με κῶρφανὴν φίλου πατρὸς
καὶ τόνδ' ἔθηκας, οὐδὲν ἠδίκημένος,
κᾶγματος αἰσχροῦς μητέρ' ἄνδρα τ' ἔκτανες
στρατηλατοῦνθ' Ἑλλησιν, οὐκ ἐλθὼν Φρύγας.
920 εἰς τοῦτο δ' ἤλθες ἀμαθίας ὥστ' ἠλπισας
ὡς ἐς σέ μὲν δὴ μητέρ' οὐχ ἔξεις κακὴν
γήμες, ἐμοῦ δὲ πατρὸς ἠδίκεις λέχη.
ἴστω δ', ὅταν τις διολέσας δάμαρτά του
κρυπταῖσιν εὐναῖς εἴτ' ἀναγκασθῆ λαβεῖν,
δύστηνός ἐστιν, εἰ δοκεῖ τὸ σωφρονεῖν
ἐκεῖ μὲν αὐτὴν οὐκ ἔχειν, παρ' οἳ δ' ἔχειν.
ἄλγιστα δ' ὤκεις, οὐ δοκῶν οἰκεῖν κακῶς·
ἠδησθα γὰρ δῆτ' ἀνόσιον γήμες γάμον,
μήτηρ δὲ σ' ἄνδρα δυσσεβῆ κεκτημένη.
930 ἄμφω πονηρῶ δ' ὄντ' ἀφαιρεῖσθον τύχην,
κείνη τε τὴν σὴν καὶ σὺ τοῦκείνης κακόν.
πᾶσιν δ' ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἤκουες τάδε·
ὁ τῆς γυναικός, οὐχὶ τάνδρὸς ἡ γυνή.
καίτοι τόδ' αἰσχρόν, προστατεῖν γε δωμάτων

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA (*to the corpse*)

So be it. Where shall my reproach begin?
Where end? Where shall the arraignment find its
midst?

Yet, morn by morn, I never wont to cease
Conning what I would tell thee to thy face, 910
If ever from past terrors disenthralled
I stood. Now am I; and I pay the debt
Of taunts I fain had hurled at thee alive.

Thou wast my ruin, of a sire beloved
Didst orphan me and him, who wronged thee never,
Didst foully wed my mother, slew'st her lord,
Hellas' war-chief,—thou who ne'er sawest Troy!
Such was thy folly's depth that thou didst dream
Thou hadst wedded in my mother a true wife,
With whom thou didst defile my father's couch! 920

Let whoso draggeth down his neighbour's wife
To folly, and then must take her for his own,
Know himself dupe, who deemeth that to him
She shall be true, who to her lord was false.
Wretched thy life was, which thou thoughtest
blest:

Thou knewest thine a marriage impious,
And she, that she had ta'en for lord a villain.
Transgressors both, each other's lot ye took;
She took thy baseness, thou didst take her curse.
And through all Argos this was still thy name— 930
“*That woman's husband*”: none said “*That man's wife.*”
Yet shame is this, when foremost in the home

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

γυναῖκα, μὴ τὸν ἄνδρα· κακείνους στυγῶ
 τοὺς παῖδας, ὅστις τοῦ μὲν ἄρσενος πατὴρ
 οὐκ ὠνόμασται, τῆς δὲ μητὸς ἐν πόλει.
 ἐπίσημα γὰρ γήμαντι καὶ μείζω λέχη
 τὰνδρὸς μὲν οὐδεῖς, τῶν δὲ θηλειῶν λόγος.
 ὃ δ' ἠπάτα σε πλείστον οὐκ ἐγνωκότα,
 940 ἤνχεις τις εἶναι τοῖσι χρήμασι σθένων·
 τὰ δ' οὐδὲν εἰ μὴ βραχύν ὀμιλήσαι χρόνον.
 ἢ γὰρ φύσις βέβαιος, οὐ τὰ χρήματα.
 ἢ μὲν γὰρ αἰὲ παραμένουσ' αἶρει κἀρα.¹
 ὃ δ' ὄλβος ἄδικος καὶ μετὰ σκαιῶν ξυνῶν
 ἐξέπτει οἴκων, σμικρὸν ἀνθήσας χρόνον.
 ἃ δ' εἰς γυναῖκας, παρθένω γὰρ οὐ καλὸν
 λέγειν, σιωπῶ, γνωρίμως δ' αἰνίξομαι.
 ὕβριζες, ὡς δὴ βασιλικοὺς ἔχων δόμους
 κάλλει τ' ἀραρώς. ἀλλ' ἔμοιγ' εἴη πόσις
 μὴ παρθενωπός, ἀλλὰ τὰνδρείου τρόπου.
 950 τὰ γὰρ τέκν' αὐτῶν Ἄρεος ἐκκρεμάννυται,
 τὰ δ' εὐπρεπῆ δὴ κόσμος ἐν χοροῖς μόνον,
 ἔρρ', οὐδὲν εἰδὼς ὧν ἐφευρεθεῖς χρόνῳ
 δίκην δέδωκας, ὧδέ τις κακοῦργος ὦν.
 μή μοι, τὸ πρῶτον βῆμ' ἐὰν δράμη καλῶς,
 960 νικᾶν δοκείτω τὴν δίκην, πρὶν ἂν πέρας
 γραμμῆς ἴκηται καὶ τέλος κάμψῃ βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔπραξε δεινά, δεινὰ δ' ἀντέδωκε σοὶ
 καὶ τῷδ'· ἔχει γὰρ ἡ Δίκη μέγα σθένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

960 εἶεν· κομίζεις τοῦδε σῶμ' εἴσω χρεῶν
 σκότῳ τε δοῦναι, δμῶες, ὡς ὅταν μόλη
 μήτηρ, σφαγῆς πάροιθε μὴ εἰσίδηνεκρόν.

¹ Tyrwhitt: for κακά, "maketh end of ills."

ELECTRA

Is wife, not husband. Out upon the sons
That not the man's, their father's, sons are called,
Nay, but the mother's, all the city through !
For, when the ignoble weddeth high-born bride,
None take account of him, but all of her.
This was thy strong delusion, blind of heart,
Through pride of wealth to boast thee some great
one !

Nought wealth is, save for fleeting fellowship. 940

'Tis character abideth, not possessions :
This, ever-staying, lifteth up the head ;
But wealth by vanity gotten, held of fools,
Takes to it wings ; as a flower it fadeth soon.
For those thy sins of the flesh—for maid unmeet
To name—I speak them not : suffice the hint !
Thou waxedst wanton, with thy royal halls,
Thy pride of goodlihead ! Be mine a spouse
Not girl-faced, but a man in mien and port.
The sons of these to warrior-prowess cleave ; 950
Those, the fair-seeming, but in dances shine.
Perish, O blind to all for which at last,
Felon convict, thou'rt punished, caitiff thou !
Let none dream, though at starting he run well,
That he outrunneth Justice, ere he touch
The very goal and reach the bourn of life.

CHORUS

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

ORESTES

Enough : now must ye bear his corpse within,
And hide in shadow, thralls, that, when she comes, 960
My mother ere she die see not the dead.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐπίσχεσ· ἐμβάλωμεν εἰς ἄλλον λόγον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ' ; ἐκ Μυκηνηῶν μῶν βοηδρόμους ὄραῖς ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἦ μ' ἐγείνατο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καλῶς ἄρ' ἄρκυν εἰς μέσσην πορεύεται.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴν ὄχοις γε καὶ στολῇ λαμπρύνεται.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα δρῶμεν; μητέρ' ἦ φονεύσομεν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μῶν σ' οἶκος εἶλε, μητρὸς ὡς εἶδες δέμας;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ.

πῶς γὰρ κτάνω νιν, ἦ μ' ἔθρεψε κᾶτεκεν;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

970 ὥσπερ πατέρα σὸν ἦδε κάμὸν ὤλεσεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ Φοῖβε, πολλὴν γ' ἀμαθίαν ἐθέσπισας,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὅπου δ' Ἀπόλλων σκαιὸς ἦ, τίνες σοφοί;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὅστις μ' ἔχρησας μητέρ', ἦν οὐ χρῆν, κτανεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

βλάπτει δὲ δὴ τί πατρὶ τιμωρῶν σέθεν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μητροκτόνος νῦν φεύξομαι, τόθ' ἀγνὸς ὦν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μή γ' ἀμύνων πατρὶ δυσσεβῆς ἔσει.

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Hold ! Turn we now to our story's second part.

ORESTES

How, from Mycenæ seest thou rescue come ?

ELECTRA

Nay, but my mother, her that gave me birth,

ORESTES

Ha ! fair and full into the toils she runs.

ELECTRA

O flaunting pomp of chariots and attire !

ORESTES

What shall we do ? Our mother——murder her ?

ELECTRA

How ? Hath ruth seized thee, seeing thy mother's form ?

ORESTES

Woe !

How can I slay her ?——her that nursed, that bare me ?

ELECTRA

Even as she thy father slew and mine.

970

ORESTES

O Phoebus, folly exceeding was thine hest——

ELECTRA

Nay, where Apollo erreth, who is wise ?

ORESTES

Who against nature bad'st me slay my mother !

ELECTRA

How art thou harmed, avenging thine own sire ?

ORESTES

Arraigned for a mother's murder——pure ere this !

ELECTRA

Yet impious, if thou succour not thy sire.

87

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔγῳ δὲ μητρὶ τοῦ φόνου δώσω δίκας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τῷ δ', ἣν πατρώαν διαμεθῆς τιμωρίαν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄρ' αὐτ' ἀλάστωρ εἶπ' ἀπεικασθεὶς θεῷ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

980 ἱερὸν καθίζων τρίποδ'; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ δοκῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην εὖ μεμαντεῦσθαι τάδε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐ μὴ κακισθεὶς εἰς ἀνανδρίαν πεσεῖ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλ' ἢ τὸν αὐτὸν τῆδ' ὑποστήσω δολον;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

990 ᾧ καὶ πόσιν καθεῖλες Αἴγισθον κτανών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἴσειμι· δεινοῦ δ' ἄρχομαι προβλήματος,
καὶ δεινὰ δράσω γ'· εἰ θεοῖς δοκεῖ τάδε,
ἔστω· πικρὸν δὲ χῆδὺ τὰ γώνισμά μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰώ,

990 βασιλεια γύναι χθονὸς Ἀργείας,
παῖ Τυνδάρεω,

καὶ τοῖν ἀγαθοῖν ξύγγονε κούροι
Διός, οἳ φλογεράν αἰθέρ' ἐν ἄστροις
ναίουσι, βροτῶν ἐν ἀλὸς ῥοθίοις
τιμὰς σωτήρας ἔχοντες·
χαῖρε, σεβίζω σ' ἴσα καὶ μάκαρας

ELECTRA

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

Throued on the holy tripod!—I trow not.

980

ORESTES

I dare not trust this oracle's utter faith!

ELECTRA

Wilt thou turn craven—be no more a man?

ORESTES

How? must I lay the selfsame snare for her?

ELECTRA

Ay! that which trapped and slew the adulterer!

ORESTES

I will go in. A horror I essay!—

Yea, will achieve! If 'tis Heaven's will, so be it.

Oh bitter strife, which I must needs hold sweet!

[*Enters hut.*

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

CHORUS

Hail, Queen of the Argive land!

All hail, O Tyndareus' daughter!

Hail, sister of Zeus' sons, heroes twain

990

In the glittering heavens mid stars who stand,

And their proud right this, to deliver from bane

Men tossed on the storm-vest water.

Hail! As to the Blest, do I yield thee thine own,

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πλούτου μεγάλης τ' εὐδαιμονίας.
τὰς σὰς δὲ τύχας θεραπεύεσθαι
καιρός. χαῖρ', ὦ βασίλεια.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1000 ἔκβητ' ἀπήνης, Τρωάδες, χεῖρὸς δ' ἐμῆς
λάβεσθ', ἵν' ἔξω τοῦδ' ὄχρου στήσω πόδα.
σκύλοισι μὲν γὰρ θεῶν κεκόσμηται δόμοι
Φρυγίοις, ἐγὼ δὲ τάσδε, Τρωάδος χθονὸς
ἐξαίρετ', ἀντὶ παιδὸς ἦν ἀπώλεσα,
σμικρὸν γέρας, καλὸν δὲ κέκτημαι δόμοις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔκουν ἐγώ, δούλη γὰρ ἐκβεβλημένη
δόμων πατρώων δυστυχεῖς οἰκῶ δόμους
μήτερ, λάβωμαι μακαρίας τῆς σῆς χερὸς;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δούλαι πάρειςιν αἶδε, μὴ σύ μοι πόνει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1010 τί δ'; αἰχμάλωτόν τοί μ' ἀπώκισας δόμων,
ἤρημένων δὲ δωμάτων ἠρήμεθα,
ὡς αἶδε, πατρὸς ὀρφαναὶ λελειμμένοι.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοιαῦτα μέντοι σὸς πατὴρ βουλευματα
εἰς οὓς ἐχρῆν ἦκιστ' ἐβούλευσεν φίλων.
λέξω δέ· καίτοι δόξ' ὅταν λάβῃ κακὴ
γυναῖκα, γλώσση πικρότης ἐνεστὶ τις·
ὡς μὲν παρ' ἡμῖν, οὐ καλῶς· τὸ πρᾶγμα δὲ
μαθόντας, ἦν μὲν ἀξίως μισεῖν ἔχη,
στυγεῖν δίκαιον· εἰ δὲ μή, τί δεῖ στυγεῖν;
ἡμᾶς δ' ἔδωκε Τυνδάρεως τῷ σῷ πατρί,
οὐχ ὥστε θήνσκειν, οὐδ' ἂν γειναίμην ἐγώ.

ELECTRA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Step from the wain, Troy's daughters; take mine hand,
That from this chariot-floor I may light down.

As the Gods' temples are with spoils adorned 1000
Of Troy, so these, the chosen of Phrygian land,
Have I, to countervail my daughter lost: ¹—
Scant guerdon, yet fair honour for mine house.

ELECTRA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Here be these bondmaids: trouble not thyself.

ELECTRA

How?—me thou mad'st thy spear-thrall, haled from
home:

Captive mine house was led, and captive I,
Even as these, unfathered and forlorn. 1010

CLYTEMNESTRA

Such fruit thy father's plottings had, contrived
Against his dearest, all unmerited.

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

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- 1020 κείνος δὲ παῖδα τὴν ἐμήν, Ἀχιλλέως
λέκτροισι πείσας, ὄχρετ' ἐκ δόμων ἄγων
πρυμνοῦχον Αὔλι' ἐνθ' ὑπερτείνας πυρᾶς
λευκὴν διήμησ' Ἰφιγόνης παρηίδα.
κεῖ μὲν πόλεως ἄλωσιν ἐξιώμενος
ἢ δῶμ' ὀνήσων τᾶλλα τ' ἐκσώσων τέκνα
ἐκτεινε πολλῶν μίαν ὑπερ, συγγνώστ' ἂν ἦν
νῦν δ', οὔνεχ' Ἐλένη μάργος ἦν, ὃ τ' αὐτὴ λαβῶν
ἄλοχον κολίξειν προδότιν οὐκ ἠπίστατο,
τούτων ἑκατὶ παῖδ' ἐμήν διώλεσεν.
- 1030 ἐπὶ τοῖσδε τοίνυν, καίπερ ἠδικημένη
οὐκ ἠγριώμην οὐδ' ἂν ἔκτανον πόσιν·
ἀλλ' ἦλθ' ἔχων μοι μαινάδ' ἐνθεον κόρην
λέκτροις τ' ἐπεισέφρηκε, καὶ νύμφα δύο
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖς δώμασιν κατεῖχ' ὁμοῦ.
μῶρον μὲν οὖν γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω·
ὅταν δ', ὑπόντος τοῦδ', ἁμαρτάνῃ πόσις
τᾶνδον παρώσας λέκτρα, μμείσθαι θέλει
γυνὴ τὸν ἄνδρα χᾶτερον κτᾶσθαι φίλον·
κάπειτ' ἐν ἡμῖν ὁ ψόγος λαμπρύνεται,
- 1040 οἱ δ' αἴτιοι τῶνδ' οὐ κλύουσ' ἄνδρες κακῶς.
εἰ δ' ἐκ δόμων ἤρπαστο Μενέλεως λάθρα,
κτανεῖν μ' Ὀρέστην χρῆν, κασιγνήτης πόσιν
Μενέλαον ὡς σῶσαιμι; σὸς δὲ πῶς πατὴρ
ἠέσχετ' ἂν ταῦτ'; εἶτα τὸν μὲν οὐ θανεῖν
κτείνοντα χρῆν τᾶμ', ἐμὲ δὲ πρὸς κείνου
παθεῖν;
ἐκτειν', ἐτρέφθην ἦνπερ ἦν πορευέσιμον
πρὸς τοὺς ἐκείνῳ πολεμίους. φίλων γὰρ ἂν
τίς ἂν πατὴρ σοῦ φόνον ἐκοινώνησέ μοι;
λέγ', εἴ τι χρήξεις, κἀντίθετος παρρησία,
ὅπως τέθνηκε σὸς πατὴρ οὐκ ἐνδίκως.
- 1050

ELECTRA

He took my child—drawn by this lie from me, 1020
That she should wed Achilles,—far from home
To that fleet's prison, laid her on the pyre,
And shore through Iphigeneia's snowy throat!
Had he, to avert Mycenæ's overthrow,—
To exalt his house,—to save the children left,—
Slain one for many, 'twere not past forgiving.
But, for that Helen was a wanton, he
That wed the traitress impotent for vengeance,
Even for such cause murdered he my child.

Howbeit for this wrong, how wronged soe'er, 1030
I had not raged, nor had I slain my lord;
But to me with that prophet-maid he came,
Made her usurp my couch, and fain would keep
Two brides together in the selfsame halls.

Women be frail: sooth, I deny it not.
But when, this granted, 'tis the husband errs,
Slighting his own true bride, and fain the wife
Would copy him, and find another love,
Ah then, fierce light of scandal beats on us;
But them which show the way, the men, none
blame! 1040

Now had Menelaus from his home been stoln,
Ought I have slain Orestes, so to save
My sister's lord? How had thy sire endured
Such deed? Should he 'scape killing then, who
slew

My child, who had slain me, had I touched his
son?

I slew him; turned me—'twas the only way—
Unto his foes; for who of thy sire's friends
Had been partaker with me in his blood?
Speak all thou wilt: boldly set forth thy plea
To prove thy father did not justly die. 1050

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δίκτην ἔλεξας· σὴ δίκη δ' αἰσχροῶς ἔχει·
γυναῖκα γὰρ χρὴ πάντα συγχωρεῖν πόσει,
ἥτις φρενήρης· ἥ δὲ μὴ δοκεῖ τάδε,
οὐδ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν τῶν ἐμῶν ἦκει λόγων.
μέμνησο, μήτηρ, οὖς ἔλεξας ὑστάτους
λόγους, διδοῦσα πρὸς σέ μοι παρρησίαν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ νῦν δέ φημι κοῦκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄρα κλύουσα, μήτηρ, εἴτ' ἔρξεις κακῶς ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔστι, τῇ σῆ δ' ἠδὺ προσθήσω φρενί.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1060

λέγοιμ' ἄν· ἀρχὴ δ' ἦδε μοι προοιμίον.
εἴθ' εἶχες, ὦ τεκοῦσα, βελτίους φρένας.
τὸ μὲν γὰρ εἶδος αἶνον ἄξιον φέρει
Ἑλένης τε καὶ σοῦ, δύο δ' ἔφυτε συγγόνω,
ἄμφω ματαίω Κάστορός τ' οὐκ ἄξιω.
ἥ μὲν γὰρ ἀρπασθεῖσ' ἔκουσ' ἀπώλετο,
σὺ δ' ἄνδρ' ἀριστον Ἑλλάδος διώλεσας,
σκῆψιν προτείνουσ', ὡς ὑπὲρ τέκνου πόσιν
ἔκτεινας· οὐ γάρ, ὡς ἔγωγ', ἴσασι σ' εὖ
ἦτις θυγατρὸς πρὶν κεκυρῶσθαι σφαγὰς
1070 νέον τ' ἀπ' οἴκων ἀνδρὸς ἐξωρμημένου
ξανθὸν κατόπτρω πλόκαμον ἐξήσκεις κόμης.
ἦτις δ' ἀπόντος ἀνδρὸς ἐκ δόμων γυνή
εἰς κάλλος ἀσκεῖ, διάγραφ' ὡς οὔσαν κακῆν.
οὐδὲν γὰρ αὐτὴν δεῖ θύρασιν εὐπρεπὲς
φαίνειν πρόσωπον, ἦν τι μὴ ζητῆ κακόν.
μόνην δὲ πασῶν οἶδ' ἐγὼ σ' Ἑλληνίδων,
εἰ μὲν τὰ Τρώων εὐτυχοῖ, κεχαρμένην,

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Again I say it; and I draw not back.

ELECTRA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay: I grant grace of license to thy mood.

ELECTRA

Then will I speak. My prelude this shall be:— 1060
O mother, that thou hadst a better heart!
This beauty wins you worthy meed of praise,
Helen's and thine: true sisters twain were ye!—
Ay, wantons both, unworthy Castor's name!—
She, torn from home, yet fain to be undone;
Thou, murderess of Hellas' noblest son,
Pleading that for a daughter's sake thou slew'st
A husband!—ah, men know thee not as I,
Thee, who, before thy daughter's death was doomed,
When from thine home thy lord had newly passed, 1070
Wert sleeking at the mirror thy bright hair!
The woman who, her husband far from home,
Bedecks herself, blot out her name as vile!
She needeth not to flaunt abroad a face
Made fair, except she be on mischief bent.
Of Hellas' daughters none save thee I know,
Who, when the might of Troy prevailed, was
glad,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- 1080 εἰ δ' ἦσσαν' εἴη, συννεφοῦσαν ὄμματα
 Ἀγαμέμνον' οὐ χρήζουσιν ἐκ Τροίας μολεῖν.
 καίτοι καλῶς γε σωφρονεῖν παρεῖχέ σοι
 ἄνδρ' εἶχες οὐ κακίον' Αἰγίσθου πόσιν,
 ὃν Ἑλλάς αὐτῆς εἴλετο στρατηλάτην.
 Ἐλένης δ' ἀδελφῆς τοιάδ' ἐξειργασμένης
 ἐξῆν κλέος σοι μέγα λαβεῖν· τὰ γὰρ κακὰ
 παράδειγμα τοῖς ἐσθλοῖσιν εἴσοψίν τ' ἔχει.
 εἰ δ', ὡς λέγεις, σὴν θυγατέρ' ἔκτεινεν πατήρ,
 ἐγὼ τί σ' ἠδίκησ' ἐμός τε σύγγονος;
 πῶς οὐ πόσιν κτείνασα πατρώους δόμους
 ἡμῖν προσήψας, ἀλλ' ἐπηνέγκω λέχη
 1090 τ' ἀλλότρια, μισθοῦ τοὺς γάμους ὠνούμενη;
 κοῦτ' ἀντιφεύγει παιδὸς ἀντὶ σοῦ πόσις,
 οὔτ' αὐτ' ἐμοῦ τέθνηκε, δις τόσως ἐμὲ
 κτείνας ἀδελφῆς ζῶσαν. εἰ δ' ἀμείψεται
 φόνον δικάζων φόνος, ἀποκτενῶ σ' ἐγὼ
 καὶ παῖς Ὀρέστης πατρὶ τιμωρούμενοι
 εἰ γὰρ δίκαι' ἐκείνα, καὶ τὰδ' ἔνδिका.
 [ὅστις δὲ πλοῦτον ἢ εὐγένειαν εἰσιδὼν
 γαμεῖ πονηράν, μῶρός ἐστι· μικρὰ γὰρ
 μεγάλων ἀμείνω σῶφρον' ἐν δόμοις λέχη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 1100 τύχη γυναικῶν εἰς γάμους. τὰ μὲν γὰρ εὖ,
 τὰ δ' οὐ καλῶς πίπτοντα δέρκομαι βροτῶν.]¹

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ παῖ, πέφυκας πατέρα σὸν στέργειν ἀεὶ.
 ἔστιν δὲ καὶ τόδ'· οἱ μὲν εἰσιν ἀρσένων,
 οἱ δ' αὖ φιλοῦσι μητέρας μᾶλλον πατρός.
 συγγνώσομαί σοι· καὶ γὰρ οὐχ οὕτως ἄγαν

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

ELECTRA

Whose eyes were clouded when her fortunes
sank,

Who wished not Agamemnon home from Troy.

Yet reason fair thou hadst to be true wife : 1080

Not meaner than Aegisthus was thy lord,

Whom Hellas chose to lead her war-array.

And, when thy sister Helen so had sinned,

High praise was thine to win ; for sinners' deeds

Lift up the good for ensamples in men's sight.

If, as thou say'st, my father slew thy daughter,

How did I wrong thee, and my brother how ?

Why, having slain thy lord, didst thou on us

Bestow not our sire's halls, but buy therewith

An alien couch, and pay a price for shame ? 1090

Nor is thy paramour exiled for thy son,

Nor for me slain, who hath dealt me living
death

Twice crueller than my sister's : yea, if blood

'Gainst blood in judgment rise, I and thy son,

Orestes, must slay thee to avenge our sire :

For, if thy claim was just, this too is just.

[Whoso, regarding wealth, or birth, shall wed

A wanton, is a fool : the lowly chaste

Are better in men's homes than high-born wives.

CHORUS

Chance ordereth women's bridals. Some I mark 1100

Fair, and some foul of issue among men.]

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, still thy nature bids thee love thy sire.

'Tis ever thus : some cleave unto their father,

Some more the mothers than the father love.

I pardon thee. In sooth, not all so glad

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

χαίρω τι, τέκνον, τοῖς δεδραμένοις ἐμοί.
 σὺ δ' ᾧδ' ἄλουτος καὶ δυσείματος χροῖα
 λεχὼ νεογνῶν ἐκ τόκων πεπαυμένη;
 οἴμοι τάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων
 1110 ὡς μᾶλλον ἢ χρῆν ἦλασ' εἰς ὄργην πόσιν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὄψ' ἐστενάζεις, ἠνίκ' οὐκ ἔχεις ἄκη.
 πατήρ μὲν οὖν τέθνηκε. τὸν δ' ἔξω χθονὸς
 πῶς οὐ κομίζει παιῖδ' ἀλητεύοντα σόν;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δέδοικα· τοῦμόν δ', οὐχὶ τοῦκείνου, σκοπῶ.
 πατρὸς γάρ, ὡς λέγουσι, θυμοῦται φόνῳ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δαὶ πόσιν σὸν ἄγριον εἰς ἡμᾶς ἔχεις;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τρόποι τοιοῦτοι· καὶ σὺ δ' αὐθάδης ἔφυς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀλγῶ γάρ· ἀλλὰ παύσομαι θυμουμένη.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴν ἐκείνος οὐκέτ' ἔσται σοι βαρὺς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1120 φρονεῖ μέγ'· ἐν γὰρ τοῖς ἐμοῖς ναίει δόμοις.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄρα's, ἀν' αὖ σὺ ζωπυρεῖς νείκη νέα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σιγῶ· δέδοικα γάρ νιν ὡς δέδοικ' ἐγώ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

παῦσαι λόγων τῶνδ'· ἀλλὰ τί μ' ἐκάλεις, τέκνον;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἤκουσας, οἴμαι, τῶν ἐμῶν λοχευμάτων
 τούτων ὑπερ μοι θύσον, οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἐγώ,
 δεκάτη σελήνη παιδὸς ὡς νομίζεται
 τρίβων γὰρ οὐκ εἴμ', ἄτοκος οὖσ' ἐν τῷ πάρος.

ELECTRA

Am I, my child, for deeds that I have done.
But thou, why thus unwashed and meanly clad,
Seeing thy travail-sickness now is past?
Woe and alas for my devisings!—more
I spurred my spouse to anger than was need. 1110

ELECTRA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ELECTRA

Why tarre thy spouse on ever against me?

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ELECTRA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ELECTRA

He is haughty, seeing he dwelleth in mine home. 1120

CLYTEMNESTRA

Lo there,—thou kindlest fires of strife anew.

ELECTRA

I am dumb: I fear him—even as I fear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Cease from this talk. Why didst thou summon me?

ELECTRA

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄλλης τόδ' ἔργον, ἧ σ' ἔλυσεν ἐκ τόκων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

αὐτὴ ἴλοχενον κάτεκον μόνη βρέφος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1130 οὕτως ἀγείτον' οἶκον ἴδρυσαι φίλων;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πένητας οὐδεὶς βούλεται κτᾶσθαι φίλους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄλλ' εἶμι, παιδὸς ἀριθμὸν ὡς τελεσφόρον
θύσω θεοῖσι· σοὶ δ' ὅταν πράξω χάριν
τήνδ', εἴμ' ἐπ' ἀγρόν, οὐ πόσις θυηπολεῖ
Νύμφαισιν. ἀλλὰ τοῦσδ' ὄχους, ὀπάονες,
φάτναις ἄγοντες πρόσθεθ'· ἠνίκ' ἂν δέ με
δοκῆτε θυσίας τῆσδ' ἀπηλλάχθαι θεοῖς,
πάρεστε· δεῖ γὰρ καὶ πόσει δοῦναι χάριν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1140 χῶρει πένητας εἰς δόμους· φρούρει δέ μοι
μή σ' αἰθαλώσῃ πολύκαπνον στέγος πέπλους.
θύσεις γὰρ οἶα χρή σε δαίμοσιν θύειν.
κανοῦν δ' ἐνήρκται καὶ τεθηγμένη σφαγίς,
ἥπερ καθεῖλε ταῦρον, οὐ πέλας πεσεῖ
πληγεῖσα· νυμφεύσει δέ κ' ἂν Αἰδοῦ δόμοις
ᾧπερ ξυνηῦδες ἐν φάει. τοσήνδ' ἐγὼ
δώσω χάριν σοι, σὺ δέ δίκην ἐμοὶ πατρός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1150 ἄμοιβαὶ κακῶν· μετάρτροι πνέου- στρ.
σιν αὔραι δόμων. τότε μὲν ἐν λουτροῖς
ἔπεσεν ἐμὸς ἐμὸς ἀρχέτας,
ἰάχησε δὲ στέγα λαίνοι

ELECTRA

CLYTEMNESTRA

This were her task, who in thy travail helped.

ELECTRA

Unhelped I travailed, bore alone my babe.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ELECTRA

The poor—none careth to win these for friends!

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ELECTRA

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

[CLYTEMNESTRA *enters hut.*

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

[*Enters hut.*

CHORUS

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τε θριγκοὶ δόμων, τὰδ' ἐνέποντος· ὦ
 σχετλία, τί με, γύναι, φονεύεις φίλαν
 πατρίδα δεκέτεσι
 σποραῖσιν ἔλθόντ' ἐμάν;

παλῖρρους δὲ τάνδ' ὑπάγεται δίκαιαν ἀντ.
 διαδρόμου λέχους, μέλεον ἅ πόσιν
 χρόνιον ἰκόμενον εἰς οἴκους
 Κυκλώπειά τ' οὐράνια τείχε' ὀ-
 ξυθήκτῳ βέλει κατέκαν' αὐτόχειρ,
 1160 πέλεκυν ἐν χεροῖν λαβούσα. τλάμων
 πόσις, ὃ τί ποτε τὰν
 τάλαιναν ἔσχεν κακόν.

ὀρεία τις ὡς λείαν' ὀργάδων ἐπφδ.
 δρύοχα νεμομένα, τὰδε κατήνυσεν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνα, πρὸς θεῶν μὴ κτάνητε μητέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλύεις ὑπώροφον βοάν;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἰὼ μοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾤμωξα καὶ γὰρ πρὸς τέκνων χειρουμένης.
 νέμει τοι δίκαιαν θεός, ὅταν τύχη·
 1170 σχέτλια μὲν ἔπαθες, ἀνόσια δ' εἰργάσω,
 τάλαιν', εὐνέταν.
 ἀλλ' οἶδε μητρὸς νεοφόνοισιν αἵμασι
 πεφυρμένοι βαίνουσιν ἐξ οἴκων πόδα,
 τροπαῖα δείγματ' ἀθλίων προσφθεγμάτων.
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς οἶκος ἀθλιώτερος
 τῶν Τανταλείων οὐδ' ἔφθ ποτ' ἐκγόνων.

ELECTRA

Shrieked back his cry, " Fiend-wife, and art thou
tearing

My life from me, who in the tenth year's earing
Come to my dear land, mine ancestral hall?"

(Ant.)

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

(Epode)

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

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

O children, in God's name slay not your mother!

CHORUS

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

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

Woe! wretched I!

CHORUS

I too could wail one by her children slain.
God meteth justice out in justice' day.
Ghastly thy sufferings; foully didst thou slay 1170
Thy lord for thine own hane!
They come, they come! Lo, forth the house they set
Their feet, besprent with gouts of mother's blood,
Trophies that witness to her piteous cries.
There is no house more whelmed in misery,
Nor hath been, than the line of Tantalus.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1180 ἰὼ Γᾶ καὶ Ζεῦ παῖδες κέτα στρ. α'
 βροτῶν, ἴδετε τὰδ' ἔργα φόνι-
 α μυσάρᾳ, δίγωνα σώματ' ἐν
 χθονὶ κείμενα, πλαγᾶ
 χερὸς ὑπ' ἐμᾶς, ἄποιν' ἐμῶν πημάτων,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δακρύτ' ἄγαν, ὦ σύγγον', αἰτία δ' ἐγώ.
 διὰ πυρὸς ἔμολον ἅ τάλαινα ματρὶ τᾶδ',
 ἃ μ' ἔτικτε κούραν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ τύχας, τᾶς σᾶς τύχας, μάτερ τεκοῦσ',
 ἄλαστα μέλεα καὶ πέρα
 παθοῦσα σῶν τέκνων ὑπαί.
 πατρὸς δ' ἔτισας φόνον δικαίως.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1190 ἰὼ Φοῖβ', ἀνύμνησας δίκαν, ἀντ. α'
 ἄφαντα φανερά δ' ἐξέπρα-
 ξας ἄχεα, φόνια δ' ὤπασας
 λέχε' ἀπὸ γᾶς Ἑλλανίδος.
 τίνα δ' ἐτέραν μόλω πόλιν; τίς ξένος,
 τίς εὐσεβῆς ἐμὸν κᾶρα
 προσόψεται ματέρα κτανόντος;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1200 ἰὼ ἰὼ μοι. ποῖ δ' ἐγώ; τίν' εἰς χορόν,
 τίνα γάμον εἶμι; τίς πόσις με δέξεται
 νυμφικὰς ἐς εὐνάς;

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

ELECTRA

Enter ORESTES with ELECTRA.

ORESTES

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

[Woe and alas! I weep to know
My mother by mine hand laid low!]¹

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

¹ Conjecturally supplied to fill lacuna.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάλιν, πάλιν φρόνημα σὸν μετεστάθῃ πρὸς αὔραν·
φρονεῖς γὰρ ὅσια νῦν, τότ' οὐ
φρονούσα, δεῖνα δ' εἰργάσω,
φίλα, κασίγνητον οὐ θέλοντα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κατείδες, οἶον ἂ τάλαιν' ἐμῶν πέπλων στρ. β'
ἐλάβετ', ἔδειξε μαστὸν ἐν φοναῖσιν,
ιώ μοι, πρὸς πέδῳ
τιθείσα γόνιμα μέλεα; τὰν κόμαν δ' ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1210 σάφ' οἶδα δι' ὀδύνας ἔβας, ἰήιον
κλύων γόον ματρός, ἃ σ' ἔτικτεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

βοᾶν δ' ἔλασκε τάνδε, πρὸς γένυν ἐμὰν ἀντ. β'
τιθείσα χεῖρα· τέκος ἐμόν, λιταίνω·
παρήδων τ' ἐξ ἐμᾶν
ἐκρήμναθ', ὥστε χέρας ἐμὰς λιπεῖν βέλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1220 τάλαινα, πῶς ἔτλας φόνον δι' ὀμμάτων
ἰδεῖν σέθεν ματρός ἐκπνεούσας;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐγὼ μὲν ἐπιβαλὼν φάρη κόραις ἐμαῖς στρ. γ'
φασγάνῳ κατηρξάμαν
ματέρος ἔσω δέρας μεθείς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεγκέλευσά σοι
ξίφους τ' ἐφηψάμαν ἄμα.
δεινότατον παθέων ἔρεξα.

ELECTRA

CHORUS

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

ORESTES

Didst thou mark, how the hapless, clinging,
claspings (Str. 2)
My mantle, bared her bosom in dying—
Woe's me!—and even to the earth bowed low
A mother's limbs?—and her hair was I grasping—

CHORUS

I know thine agony, hearing the crying 1210
Of the mother that bare thee, her wail of woe.

ORESTES

Her hand on my cheek did she lay, and her
calling (Ant. 2)
Rang in mine ears—"My child! I implore thee!"
And she hung, she hung on my neck, to stay
The sword, from my palsied hand-grasp falling.

CHORUS (to Electra)

Wretch, how couldst thou bear to behold before thee 1220
Thy mother, gasping her life away?

ORESTES

I cast my mantle before mine eyes, (Str. 3)
And my sword began that sacrifice,
Through the throat of my mother cleaving,
cleaving!

ELECTRA

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λαβοῦ, κάλυπτε μέλεα ματέρος πέπλοις, ἀντ. γ'
καὶ καθάρμοσον σφαγὰς.
φονέας ἔτικτες ἄρα σοι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1230 ἰδοῦ, φίλα τε κού φίλα,
φάρεα σέ γ' ἀμφιβάλλομεν.
τέρμα κακῶν μεγάλων δόμοισιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' οἶδε δόμων ὑπὲρ ἀκροτάτων
φαίνουσί τινες δαίμονες ἢ θεῶν
τῶν οὐρανίων; οὐ γὰρ θνητῶν γ'
ἦδε κέλευθος· τί ποτ' εἰς φανεράν
ὄψιν βαίνουσι βροτοῖσιν;

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖ, κλύθι· δίπτυχοι δέ σε
καλοῦσι μητρὸς σύγγονοι Διόσκοροι,
1240 Κάστωρ κασίγνητός τε Πολυδεύκης ὄδε.
δεινὸν δὲ ναὸς ἀρτίως πόντου σάλου
παύσαντ' ἀφίγμεθ' Ἄργος, ὡς ἐσείδομεν
σφαγὰς ἀδελφῆς τῆσδε, μητέρος δὲ σῆς.
δίκαια μὲν νῦν ἦδ' ἔχει, σὺ δ' οὐχὶ δρᾶς·
Φοῖβός τε Φοῖβος—ἀλλ' ἀναξ γάρ ἐστ' ἐμός,
σιγῶ· σοφὸς δ' ὢν οὐκ ἔχρησέ σοι σοφά.
αἰνεῖν δ' ἀνάγκη ταῦτα· τάντεῦθεν δὲ χρῆ
πράσσειν ἅ μοῖρα Ζεὺς τ' ἔκρανε σοῦ πέρι.
Πυλάδῃ μὲν Ἥλέκτραν δὸς ἀλοχον εἰς δόμους,
1250 σὺ δ' Ἄργος ἔκλιπ'· οὐ γὰρ ἔστι σοι πόλις
τῆνδ' ἐμβατεύειν, μητέρα κτείναντα σῆν.
δειναὶ δὲ Κῆρές σ' αἰ κυνώπιδες θεαὶ

ELECTRA

ORESTES

Take, take, with her vesture the limbs shroud
round (Ant. 3)

Of my mother : O close her wide death-wound.

Thou barest them, thou, these hands death-
dealing !

ELECTRA

Lo, thou that wast dear and yet not dear, 1230
With the mantle I veil thee over : here

May the curse of the house have end and healing !

CASTOR and POLLUX *appear in mid air above the stage.*

CHORUS

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

CASTOR

Hear, child of Agamemnon : Sons of Zeus,
Twin brothers of thy mother, call to thee ;
I Castor, this my brother Polydeuces. 1240
Even now the sea's shipwrecking surge have we
Assuaged, and come to Argos, having seen
The slaying of our sister, of thy mother.
She hath but justice ; yet thou, thou hast sinned ;
And Phoebus—Phoebus—since he is my king,
I am dumb. He is wise :—not wise his hest for thee !
We must needs say " 'Tis well." Henceforth must thou
Perform what Fate and Zeus ordain for thee.
To Pylades Electra give to wife :
But thou, leave Argos ; for thou mayst not tread 1250
Her streets, since thou hast wrought thy mother's
death.

The dread Weird Sisters, hound-eyed Goddesses,

- τροχηλατήσουσ' ἔμμανῆ πλανώμενον.
 ἔλθων δ' Ἀθήνας, Παλλάδος σεμνὸν βρέτας
 πρόσπτυξον· εἴρξει γάρ νιν ἐπτοημένας
 δεινοῖς δράκουσιν ὥστε μὴ ψαύειω σέθεν,
 γοργῶφ' ὑπερτείνουσά σου κάρα κύκλον.
 ἔστιν δ' Ἄρεώς τις ὄχθος, οὐ πρῶτον θεοὶ
 ἔζοντ' ἐπὶ ψήφοισιν αἵματος πέρι,
 1260 Ἀλιρρόθιον ὄτ' ἔκταν' ὠμόφρων Ἄρης,
 μῆνιν θυγατρὸς ἀνοσίων νυμφευμάτων,
 πόντου κρέοντος παῖδ', ἴν' εὐσεβεστάτη
 ψῆφος βεβαία τ' ἔστιν ἦεκ γε τοῦ θεοῦ.
 ἐνταῦθα καὶ σέ δεῖ δραμεῖν φόνου πέρι.
 ἴσαι δέ σ' ἐκσώζουσι μὴ θανεῖν δίκη
 ψῆφοι τεθεῖσαι· Λοξίας γὰρ αἰτίαν
 εἰς αὐτὸν οἴσει, μητέρος χρήσας φόνου.
 καὶ τοῖσι λοιποῖς ὅδε νόμος τεθήσεται
 νικᾶν ἴσαις ψήφοισι τὸν φεύγοντ' αἰεῖ.
 1270 δειναὶ μὲν οὖν θεαὶ τῶδ' ἄχει πεπληγμένα
 πάγον παρ' αὐτὸν χάσμα δύσονται χθονός,
 σεμνὸν βροτοῖσιν εὐσεβὲς χρηστήριον.
 σέ δ' Ἀρκάδων χρῆ πόλιν ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῦ ῥοαῖς
 οἰκεῖν Λυκαίου πλησίον σηκώματος·
 ἐπώνυμος δὲ σοῦ πόλις κεκλησεται.
 σοὶ μὲν τὰδ' εἶπον· τόνδε δ' Αἰγίσθου νέκυν
 Ἄργους πολίται γῆς καλύψουσιν τάφῳ.
 μητέρα δὲ τὴν σὴν ἄρτι Ναυπλίαν παρῶν
 Μενέλαος, ἔξ οὗ Τρωικὴν εἶλε χθόνα,
 1280 Ἐλένη τε θάψει· Πρωτέως γὰρ ἐκ δόμων
 ἦκει λιποῦσ' Αἴγυπτον οὐδ' ἦλθεν Φρύγας.
 Ζεὺς δ', ὡς ἔρις γένοιτο καὶ φόνος βροτῶν,
 εἰδῶλον Ἐλενης ἐξέπεμψ' ἐς Ἴλιον.
 Πυλάδης μὲν οὖν κόρην τε καὶ δάμαρτ' ἔχων

ELECTRA

Shall drive thee mad, and dog thy wanderings.
To Athens go: the awful image clasp
Of Pallas; for their serpent-frenzied rage
Shall she refrain, that they may touch thee not,
Outstretching o'er thine head her Gorgon shield.
There is a Hill of Ares, where first sat
Gods to give judgment touching blood-shedding,
When fierce-souled Ares Halirrothius slew, 1260
The Sea-king's son, in wrath for outrage done
His daughter. That tribunal since that hour
Sacred and stablished stands in sight of Gods.
There must thou for this murder be arraigned.
And, in the judgment, equal votes cast down
From death shall save thee: for the blame
thereof
Shall Loxias take, who bade thee slay thy mother.
And this for after times shall rest the law,
That equal votes shall still acquit the accused.
Yet shall the Dread Ones, anguish-stricken for
this, 1270
Hard by that hill sink into earth's deep cleft
Revered by men, a sacred oracle.
Thou by Alpheius' streams must found a city
Arcadian, near Lycaean Zeus's shrine;
And by thy name the city shall be called.
This to thee: touching yon Aegisthus' corse,
The Argive folk shall hide it in the tomb.
Thy mother—Menelaus, now first come
To Nauplia, since he won the land of Troy,
Shall bury her, he and Helen: for she comes, 1280
Who ne'er saw Troy, from Proteus' halls in Egypt.
But Zeus, to stir up strife and slaughter of men,
A phantom Helen unto Ilium sent.
And Pylades shall take his virgin wife,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1290 Ἀχαιῖδος γῆς οἴκαδ' εἰσπορευέτω,
καὶ τὸν λόγῳ σὸν πενθερὸν κομιζέτω
Φωκέων ἐς αἶαν, καὶ δότῳ πλούτου βάρους·
σὺ δ' Ἴσθμίας γῆς αὐχέν' ἐμβαίνων ποδὶ
χώρει πρὸς οἶκον Κεκροπίας εὐδαίμονα.
πεπρωμένην γὰρ μοῖραν ἐκπλήσας φόνου
εὐδαιμονήσεις τῶνδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς πόνων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ παῖδε Διός, θέμις εἰς φθογγὰς
τὰς ὑμετέρας ἡμῖν πελάθειν;

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

θέμις, οὐ μυσσαροῖς τοῖσδε σφαγίοις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κάμοι μύθου μέτα, Τυνδαρίδαι;

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

καὶ σοί· Φοίβῳ τήνδ' ἀναθήσω
πράξιεν φονίαν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1300 πῶς ὄντε θεῶ τῆσδέ τ' ἀδελφῶ
τῆς καταφθιμένης
οὐκ ἠρκέσατον κῆρας μελάβροισ;

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

μοῖραν ἀνάγκης ἦγεν τὸ χρεῶν,
Φοίβου τ' ἄσοφοι γλώσσης ἐνοπαί.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τίς δ' ἔμ' Ἀπόλλων, ποῖοι χρησμοὶ
φονίαν ἔδοσαν μητρὶ γενέσθαι;

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

κοινὰ πράξεις, κοινὸν δὲ πότμοι,
μία δ' ἀμφοτέρους
ἄτη πατέρων διέκναισεν.

ELECTRA

And from the land Achæan lead her home ;
And him, thy kinsman by repute,¹ shall bring
To Phocis, and shall give him store of wealth.
Thou, journey round the neck of Isthmian land,
Till thou reach Athens, Cecrops' blissful home.
For, when thou hast fulfilled this murder's doom, 1290
Thou shalt be happy, freed from all these toils.

CHORUS

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

CASTOR

Yea : stainless are ye of the murderous deed.

ELECTRA

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

CASTOR

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

CHORUS

How fell it, that ye Gods, brethren twain
Of her that is slain,
Kept not from her halls those Powers of Bane ? 1300

CASTOR

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

ELECTRA

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

CASTOR

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

¹ Thy nominal brother-in-law, the peasant.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1310

ὦ σύγγονέ μοι, χρονίαν σ' ἐσιδὼν
τῶν σῶν εὐθὺς φίλτρων στέρομαι,
καὶ σ' ἀπολείψω σοῦ λειπόμενος.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

πόσις ἔστ' αὐτῇ καὶ δόμος· οὐχ ἦδ'
οἰκτρὰ πέπουθεν, πλὴν ὅτι λείπει
πόλιν Ἀργείων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ τίνες ἄλλαι στοναχαὶ μείζους
ἢ γῆς πατρίας ὄρον ἐκλείπει;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλ' ἐγὼ οἰκῶν ἔξειμι πατρός,
καὶ ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίαις ψήφοισι φόνον
μητρὸς ὑφέξω.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

1320

θάρσει· Παλλάδος
ὀσίαν ἤξεις πόλιν· ἄλλ' ἀνέχου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

περὶ μοι στέρνοις στέρνα πρόσαψον,
σύγγονε φίλτατε·
διὰ γὰρ ζευγνύσ' ἡμᾶς πατρῶν
μελάβρων μητρὸς φόνιοι κατάραι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

βάλε, πρόσπτυξον σῶμα· θανόντος δ'
ὡς ἐπὶ τύμβῳ καταθρήνησον.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

1330

φεῦ φεῦ. δεινὸν τόδ' ἐγηρύσω
καὶ θεοῖσι κλύειν.
ἐνὶ γὰρ κάμοι τοῖς τ' οὐρανίδαις
οἰκτοὶ θνητῶν πολυμόχθων.

ELECTRA

ORESTES

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

1310

CASTOR

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

CASTOR

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

1320

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

CASTOR

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

1330

115

1 2

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκέτι σ' ὄψομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδ' ἐγὼ εἰς σὸν βλέφαρον πελάσω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τάδε λοίσθιά μοι προσφθέγματά σου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ χαίρε, πόλις·
χαίρετε δ' ὑμεῖς πολλά, πολίτιδες.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ πιστοτάτη, στείχεις ἤδη;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

στείχω βλέφαρον τέγγουσ' ἀπαλόν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1340

Πυλάδη, χαίρων ἴθι, νυμφεύου
δέμας Ἡλέκτρας.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

1350

τοῖσδε μελήσει γάμος· ἀλλὰ κύνας
τάσδ' ὑποφεύγων στείχ' ἐπ' Ἀθηνῶν·
δεινὸν γὰρ ἴχνος βάλλουσ' ἐπὶ σοὶ
χειροδράκοντες χρῶτα κελαιναί,
δεινῶν ὀδυνῶν καρπὸν ἔχουσαι·
νῶ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον Σικελὸν σπουδῇ
σώσοντε νεῶν πρῶρας ἐνάλους.
διὰ δ' αἰθερίας στείχοντε πλακὸς
τοῖς μὲν μυσαραῖς οὐκ ἐπαρήγομεν,
οἷσιν δ' ὄσιον καὶ τὸ δίκαιον
φίλον ἐν βίῳ τῳ, τούτους χαλεπῶν
ἐκλύοντες μόχθων σφάζομεν.
οὕτως ἀδικεῖν μηδεὶς θελέτω,

ELECTRA

ORESTES

I shall look upon thee not again—not again!

ELECTRA

Nor my yearning eyes upon thee shall I strain!

ORESTES

The last words these we may speak, we twain!

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

We part;—my welling eyes overflow.

ORESTES

Pylades, go; fair fortune betide:

Take thou Electra for bride.

1340

CASTOR

These shall find spousal-solace:—up, be doing;
Yon hell-hounds flee, till thou to Athens win.

Their fearful feet pad on thy track pursuing,

Demons of dragon talon, swart of skin,

Who batten on mortal agonies their malice.

We speed to seas Sicilian, from their wrath
To save the prows of surge-imperilled galleys:

Yet, as we pace along the cloudland path,

We help not them that work abomination;

But, whoso loveth faith and righteousness

All his life long, to such we bring salvation,

Bring them deliverance out of all distress.

Let none dare then in wrong to be partaker,

1350

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μηδ' ἐπιόρκων μέτα συμπλέτω·
θεὸς ὧν θνητοῖς ἀγορεύω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρετε· χαίρειν δ' ὅστις δύναται
καὶ ξυγτυχία μὴ τινι κάμνει
θνητῶν, εὐδαίμονα πρᾶσσει.

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]

ORESTES

ARGUMENT

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

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

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
ΕΛΕΝΗ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ
ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ
ΦΡΥΞ
ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ELECTRA, *daughter of Agamemnon.*

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon.*

MENELAUS, *brother of Agamemnon.*

PYLADES, *friend of Orestes.*

TYNDAREUS, *father of Clytemnestra.*

HERMIONE, *daughter of Helen.*

MESSENGER, *an old servant of Agamemnon.*

A PHRYGIAN, *attendant-slave of Helen.*

APOLLO.

CHORUS, *consisting of Argive women.*

Attendants of Helen, Menelaus, and Tyndareus.

SCENE :—At the Palace in Argos.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν δεινὸν ὧδ' εἰπεῖν ἔπος,
οὐδὲ πάθος, οὐδὲ συμφορὰ θεήλατος,
ἧς οὐκ ἂν ἄραιτ' ἄχθος ἀνθρώπου φύσις.
ὁ γὰρ μακάριος, κοῦκ ὄνειδίζω τύχας,
Διὸς πεφυκώς, ὡς λέγουσι, Τάνταλος
κορυφῆς ὑπερτέλλοντα δειμαίνων πέτρον
ἄερι ποτᾶται καὶ τίνει ταύτην δίκην,
ὡς μὲν λέγουσιν, ὅτι θεοῖς ἀνθρωπος ὦν
κοινῆς τραπέζης ἀξίωμ' ἔχων ἴσον,
10 ἀκόλαστον ἔσχε γλῶσσαν, αἰσχίστην νόσον.
οὗτος φυτεύει Πέλοπα, τοῦ δ' Ἄτρεὺς ἔφνυ,
ὧ στέμματα ξήνασ' ἐπέκλωσεν θεὰ
ἔριν, Θυέστη πόλεμον ὄντι συγγόνῳ
θέσθαι· τί τᾶρρητ' ἀναμετρήσασθαι με δεῖ;
ἔδαισε δ' οὖν νιν τέκν' ἀποκτείνας Ἄτρεὺς.
Ἄτρεὺς δέ, τὰς γὰρ ἐν μέσῳ σιγῷ τύχας,
ὁ κλεινός, εἰ δὴ κλεινός, Ἀγαμέμνων ἔφνυ
Μενελέως τε Κρήσσης μητρὸς Ἀερόπης ἄπο.
20 γαμει δ' ὁ μὲν δὴ τὴν θεοῖς στυγουμένην
Μενέλαος Ἑλένην, ὁ δὲ Κλυταιμνήστρας λέχος
ἐπίσημον εἰς Ἑλληνας Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ·
ὧ παρθένοι μὲν τρεῖς ἔφνυμεν ἐκ μᾶς,

ORESTES

ORESTES *asleep on his bed, ELECTRA watching beside it*

ELECTRA

NOTHING there is so terrible to tell,
Nor fleshly pang, nor visitation of God,
But poor humanity may have to bear it.
He, the once blest,—I mock not at his doom—
Begotten of Zeus, as men say, Tantalus,
Dreading the crag which topples o'er his head,
Now hangs mid air; and pays this penalty,
As the tale telleth, for that he, a man,
Honoured to sit god-like at meat with Gods,
Yet bridled not his tongue—O shameful madness! 10
He begat Pelops; born to him was Atreus,
For whom Fate twined with her doom-threads a
strand

Of strife against Thyestes, yes, his brother;—
Why must I tell o'er things unspeakable?
Atreus for their sire's feasting slew his sons.
Of Atreus—what befell between I tell not—
Famed Agamemnon sprang,—if *this* be fame,—
And Menelaus, of Cretan Aerope.
And Menelaus wedded Helen, loathed
Of heaven, the while King Agamemnon won 20
Clytemnestra's couch, to Hellenes memorable.
To him were daughters three, Chrysothemis,

Χρυσόθεμις Ἴφιγένειά τ' Ἠλέκτρα τ' ἐγώ,
 ἄρσην δ' Ὀρέστης, μητρὸς ἀνοσιωτάτης,
 ἢ πόσιν ἀπείρω περιβαλοῦσ' ὑφάσματι
 ἔκτεινεν ὧν δ' ἕκατι, παρθένω λέγειν
 οὐ καλόν· ἐὼ τοῦτ' ἀσαφὲς ἐν κοινῷ σκοπεῖν.
 Φοῖβον δ' ἀδικίαν μὲν τί δεῖ κατηγορεῖν;
 30 πείθει δ' Ὀρέστην μητέρ' ἢ σφ' ἐγείνατο
 κτεῖναι, πρὸς οὐχ ἅπαντας εὐκλείαν φέρον.
 ὁμῶς δ' ἀπέκτειν' οὐκ ἀπειθήσας θεῶ·
 κἀγὼ μετέσχον, οἶα δὴ γυνή, φόνου,
 Πυλάδης θ', ὃς ἡμῖν συγκατείργασται τάδε.
 ἐντεῦθεν ἀγρία συντακεῖς νόσω δέμας
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης ὄδε πεσὼν ἐν δεμνίοις
 κεῖται, τὸ μητρὸς δ' αἱμὰ νιν τροχηλατεῖ
 μανίαισιν· ὀνομάζειν γὰρ αἰδοῦμαι θεᾶς
 40 Εὐμενίδας, αἱ τόνδ' ἔξαμιλλῶνται φόβῳ.
 ἔκτου δὲ δὴ τόδ' ἡμᾶρ ἐξ ὄτου σφαγαῖς
 θανοῦσα μήτηρ πυρὶ καθήγγισται δέμας,
 ὧν οὔτε σῖτα διὰ δέρης ἐδέξατο,
 οὐ λούτρ' ἔδωκε χρωτί· χλανιδίων δ' ἔσω
 κρυφθεῖς, ὅταν μὲν σῶμα κουφισθῆ νόσου,
 ἔμφρων δακρῦει, ποτὲ δὲ δεμνίου ἀπο
 πηδᾶ δρομαῖος, πῶλος ὡς ἀπὸ ζυγοῦ.
 ἔδοξε δ' Ἄργει τῷδε μῆθ' ἡμᾶς στέγαις,
 μὴ πυρὶ δέχεσθαι, μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα
 50 μητροκτονούντας· κυρία δ' ἦδ' ἡμέρα,
 ἐν ἧ διοίσει ψῆφον Ἄργείων πόλις,
 εἰ χρὴ θανεῖν νῶ λευσίμῳ πετρώματι,
 ἢ φάσγανον θήξαντ' ἐπ' αὐχένος βαλεῖν.
 ἐλπίδα δὲ δὴ τιν' ἔχομεν ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν·
 ἦκει γὰρ εἰς γῆν Μενέλεως Τροίας ἄπο,
 λιμένα δὲ Ναυπλίου ἐκπληρῶν πλάτῃ

ORESTES

Iphigeneia, Electra, and a son
 Orestes, of one impious mother born,
 Who trapped in tangling toils her lord, and slew :
 Wherefore she slew,—a shame for maid to speak !—
 I leave untold, for whoso will to guess.
 What boots it to lay wrong to Phoebus' charge,
 Who thrust Orestes on to slay the mother
 That bare him ?—few but cry shame on the deed, 30
 Though in obedience to the God he slew.
 I in the deed shared,—far as woman might,—
 And Pylades, who helped to compass it.
 Thereafter, wasted with fierce malady,
 Hapless Orestes, fallen on his couch,
 Lieth : his mother's blood aye scourgeth him
 With madness. Scarce for awe I name their
 names
 Whose terrors rack him, the Eumenides.
 And to this day, the sixth since cleansing fire
 Enwrapped the murdered form, his mother's corse, 40
 Morsel of food his lips have not received,
 Nor hath he bathed his flesh ; but in his cloak
 Now palled, when he from torment respite hath,
 With brain unclouded weeps, now from his couch
 Frenzied with wild feet bounds like steed unyoked.
 And Argos hath decreed that none with roof
 Or fire receive us, none speak word to us,
 The matricides. The appointed day is this,
 Whereon the Argive state shall cast the vote,
 Whether we twain must die, by stoning die, 50
 Or through our own necks plunge the whetted
 steel.
 Yet one hope have we of escape from death ;
 For Menelaus from Troy hath reached the land.
 Thronging the Nauplian haven with his fleet

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀκταΐσιν ὄρμει, δαρὸν ἐκ Τροίας χρόνον
 ἄλαισι πλαγχθείς· τὴν δὲ δὴ πολύστονον
 Ἑλένην, φυλάξας νύκτα, μὴ τις εἰσιδὼν
 μεθ' ἡμέραν στείχουσαν, ὣν ὑπ' Ἴλιῳ
 60 παῖδες τεθνήσιν, εἰς πέτρων ἔλθῃ βολάς,
 προὔπεμψεν εἰς δῶμ' ἡμέτερον ἔστιν δ' ἔσω
 κλαίουσ' ἀδελφὴν συμφοράς τε δωμάτων.
 ἔχει δὲ δὴ τιν' ἀλγέων παραψυχὴν
 ἦν γὰρ κατ' οἴκους ἔλιφ', ὅτ' ἐς Τροίαν ἔπλει,
 παρθένον ἐμῇ τε μητρὶ παρέδωκεν τρέφειν
 Μενέλαος ἀγαγὼν Ἑρμιόνην Σπάρτης ἄπο,
 ταύτῃ γέγηθε κάπιλήθεται κακῶν.
 βλέπω δὲ πᾶσαν εἰς ὁδόν, πότ' ὄψομαι
 Μενέλαον ἤκουθ'· ὡς τὰ γ' ἄλλ' ἐπ' ἀσθενοῦς
 ῥώμης ὀχούμεθ', ἦν τι μὴ κείνου πάρα
 70 σωθῶμεν. ἄπορον χρῆμα δυστυχῶν δόμος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ παῖ Κλυταιμνήστρας τε κάγαμέμνονος,
 παρθέεε μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος, Ἥλέκτρα, χρόνου,
 πῶς, ὦ τάλαινα, σύ τε κασίγνητός τε σὸς
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης μητρὸς ὄδε φονεὺς ἔφυ;
 προσφθέγμασιν γὰρ οὐ μαίνομαι σέθεν,
 εἰς Φοῖβον ἀναφέρουσα τὴν ἀμαρτίαν.
 καίτοι στένω γε τὸν Κλυταιμνήστρας μόρον
 ἐμῆς ἀδελφῆς, ἦν, ἐπεὶ πρὸς Ἴλιον
 80 ἔπλευσ' ὅπως ἔπλευσα θεομανεῖ πότμῳ,
 οὐκ εἶδον, ἀπολειφθεῖσα δ' αἰάξω τύχας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἑλένη, τί σοι λέγοιμ' ἂν ἃ γε παροῦσ' ὄρας,
 ἐν συμφοραῖσι τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνον;
 ἐγὼ μὲν ἀυπνος, πάρεδρος ἀθλίῳ νεκρῷ,
 νεκρὸς γὰρ οὗτος εἴνεκα σμικρὸς πνοῆς,

ORESTES

Off-shore he anchors, who hath wandered long
Homeless from Troy. But Helen—yea, that cause
Of countless woes,—'neath screen of night he sent
Before, unto our house, lest some, whose sons
At Ilium fell, if she by daylight came,
Should see, and stone her. Now within she weeps 60
Her sister and her house's misery.

And yet hath she some solace in her griefs :
The child whom, sailing unto Troy, she left,
Hermione, whom Menelaus brought
From Sparta to my mother's fostering,
In her she joys, and can forget her woes.
I gaze far down the highway, strain to see
Menelaus come. Frail anchor of hope is ours
To ride on, if we be not saved of him.
In desperate plight is an ill-fated house. 70

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Clytemnestra's daughter, Agamemnon's child,
Electra, maid a weary while unwed,
Hapless, how could ye, thou and the stricken one,
Thy brother Orestes, slay a mother thus ?
I come, as unpolluted by thy speech,
Since upon Phoebus all thy sin I lay.
Yet do I moan for Clytemnestra's fate,
My sister, whom, since unto Ilium
I sailed,—as heaven-frenzied I did sail,—
I have seen not : now left lorn I wail our lot. 80

ELECTRA

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

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θάσσω· τὰ τούτου δ' οὐκ ὄνειδίζω κακά·
 σὺ δ' ἡ μακαρία μακάριός θ' ὁ σὸς πόσις
 ἦκετον ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ἀθλίως πεπραγότας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πόσον χρόνον δὲ δεμνίοις πέπτωχ' ὄδε ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐξ οὐπερ αἶμα γενέθλιον κατήνυσεν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

90 ὦ μέλεος, ἡ τεκοῦσά θ', ὡς διώλετο.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὕτως ἔχει τάδ', ὥστ' ἀπείρηκεν κακοῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πρὸς θεῶν, πίθοι' ἂν δῆτά μοι τι, παρθένε ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὡς ἄσυχολός γε συγγόνου προσεδρία.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

βούλει τάφον μοι πρὸς κασιγνήτης μολεῖν ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μητρὸς κελεύεις τῆς ἐμῆς ; τίνος χάριν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κόμης ἀπαρχὰς καὶ χοὰς φέρουσ' ἐμάς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σοὶ δ' οὐ θεμιστὸν πρὸς φίλων στείχειν τάφον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δείξαι γὰρ Ἀργείοισι σώμ' αἰσχύνομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὄψέ γε φρονεῖς εὖ, τότε λιπούσ' αἰσχροῦς δόμους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

100 ὀρθῶς ἔλεξας, οὐ φίλως δέ μοι λέγεις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

αἰδῶς δὲ δὴ τίς σ' εἰς Μυκηναίους ἔχει ;

ORESTES

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

HELEN

How long hath he so lain upon his couch ?

ELECTRA

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

HELEN

Alas for him, for her !—what death she died ! 90

ELECTRA

Such is his plight that he is crushed of ills.

HELEN

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

ELECTRA

So far as this my tendance suffereth me.

HELEN

Wilt go for me unto my sister's tomb ?

ELECTRA

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

HELEN

Shorn locks bear from me and drink-offerings.

ELECTRA

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

HELEN

I shame to show me to the Argive folk.

ELECTRA

Late virtue in who basely fled her home !

HELEN

Thou speakest truly—speakest cruelly. 100

ELECTRA

What shame is thine of Mycenaean eyes ?

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δέδοικα πατέρας τῶν ὑπ' Ἰλίου νεκρῶν:

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δεινὸν γάρ· Ἄργει γ' ἀναβοᾷ διὰ στόμα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σύ νυν χάριν μοι τὸν φόβον λύσασα δός.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην μητρὸς εἰσβλέψαι τάφου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αἰσχρὸν γε μέντοι προσπόλους φέρειν τάδε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ' οὐχὶ θυγατρὸς Ἑρμιόνης πέμπεις δέμας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ὄχλον ἔρπειν παρθένοισιν οὐ καλόν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴν τίνοι γ' ἂν τῇ τεθνηκυῖα τροφάς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

110 καλῶς ἔλαξας, πείθομαί τέ σοι, κόρη,
καὶ πέμπσομέν γε θυγατέρ'· εὖ γάρ τοι λέγεις.
ὦ τέκνον, ἔξελθ', Ἑρμιόνη, δόμων πάρος,
καὶ λαβὲ χοᾶς τάσδ' ἐν χεροῖν κόμας τ' ἐμάς·
ἐλθοῦσα δ' ἀμφὶ τὸν Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφου
μελίκρατ' ἄφες γάλοκτος οἰνωπὸν τ' ἄχνην,
καὶ στάσ' ἐπ' ἄκρου χώματος λέξον τάδε·
Ἑλένη σ' ἀδελφὴ ταῖσδε δωρεῖται χοαῖς,
φόβῳ προσελθεῖν μνήμα σόν, ταρβοῦσά τε
Ἄργεῖον ὄχλον. εὐμενὴ δ' ἄνωγέ νιν
120 ἐμοὶ τε καὶ σοὶ καὶ πόσει γνώμην ἔχειν
τοῖν τ' ἀθλίῳι τοῖνδ', οὓς ἀπώλεσεν θεός.
ἂ δ' εἰς ἀδελφὴν καιρὸς ἐκπονεῖν ἐμέ,

ORESTES

HELEN

I fear the sires of those at Ilium dead.

ELECTRA

Well mayst thou fear : all Argos cries on thee.

HELEN

Grant me this grace and break my chain of fear.

ELECTRA

I cannot look upon my mother's tomb.

HELEN

Yet shame it were should handmaids bear these gifts.

ELECTRA

Wherefore send not thy child Hermione ?

HELEN

To pass mid throngs besee meth maidens not.

ELECTRA

She should pay nurture's debt unto the dead.

HELEN

Sooth hast thou said : I hearken to thee, maid. 110

Yea, I will send my daughter : thou say'st well.

Child, come, Hermione, without the doors :

Enter HERMIONE.

Take these drink-offerings, this mine hair, in hand,
And go thou, and round Clytemnestra's tomb
Shed mingled honey, milk, and foam of wine ;
And, standing on the grave-mound's height, say this :

" Thy sister Helen these drink-offerings gives,
Fearing to approach thy tomb, and dreading sore
The Argive rabble." Bid her bear a mood

Kindly to me, to thee, and to my lord, 120
And to these hapless twain, whom God hath stricken.
All gifts unto the dead which duty bids

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀπανθ' ὑπισχνοῦ νερτέρων δωρήματα.
 ἴθ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, σπεῦδε καὶ χοῶς τάφῳ
 δοῦσ' ὡς τάχιστα τῆς πάλιν μέμνησ' ὁδοῦ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

130 ὦ φύσις, ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὡς μέγ' εἶ κακόν,
 σωτήριόν τε τοῖς καλῶς κεκτημένοις.
 εἶδετε παρ' ἄκρας ὡς ἀπέθρισεν τρίχας,
 σφύζουσα κάλλος; ἔστι δ' ἡ πάλαι γυνή.
 θεοὶ σε μισήσειαν, ὡς μ' ἀπόλεσας
 καὶ τόνδε πᾶσάν θ' Ἑλλάδ'. ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ,
 αἶδ' αὖ πάρεισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς θρηνήμασι
 φίλαι ξυμφδοί· τάχα μεταστήσουσ' ὕπνου
 τόνδ' ἡσυχάζοντ', ὄμμα δ' ἐκτήξουσ' ἐμόν
 δακρύοις, ἀδελφὸν ὅταν ὀρῶ μεμνηότα.
 ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, ἡσυχῶ ποδὶ
 χωρεῖτε, μὴ ψοφεῖτε, μὴδ' ἔστω κτύπος.
 φίλια γὰρ ἢ σὴ πρευμενῆς μέν, ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ
 τόνδ' ἐξεγείραι συμφορὰ γενήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

140 σῦγα, σῦγα, λεπτὸν ἴχνος ἀρβύλης στρ.α'
 τίθετε, μὴ ψοφεῖτε, μὴ ἴστω κτύπος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀποπρὸ βᾶτ' ἐκεῖσ', ἀποπρὸ μοι κοίτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδοῦ, πείθομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἂ ἂ, σύριγγος ὅπως πνοὰ λεπτοῦ
 δόνακος, ὦ φίλα, φώνει μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴδ', ἀτρεμαῖον ὡς ὑπόροφον φέρω
 βοάν.

ORESTES

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

[*Exeunt* HELEN and HERMIONE.]

ELECTRA

Ah inbred Nature, cankering curse to men,
Yet blessing to thy virtuous heritors !
Mark, she but trimmed off at the tips her hair,
Sparing its beauty—still the Helen of old !
God's hate be on thee, who hast ruined me, 130
My brother, and all Hellas ! Woe is me !
Lo, hither come my friends who wail with me
My dirges ! Soon shall they uprouse from sleep
Him who hath peace now, and shall drown mine eyes
In tears, when I behold my brother rave.

Enter CHORUS.

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

CHORUS

Hush ye, O hush ye ! light be the tread (Str. 1) 140
Of the sandal ; nor murmur nor jar let there be.

ELECTRA

Afar step ye thitherward, far from his bed !

CHORUS

Lo, I hearken to thee.

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

Lo, softly in murmured undertone
I am sighing.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

150 ναὶ οὕτως,
κάταγε, κάταγε, πρόσιθ' ἀτρέμας, ἀτρέμας ἴθι·
λόγον ἀπόδος ἐφ' ὃ τι χρέος ἐμόλετέ ποτε.
χρόνια γὰρ πεσῶν ὄδ' εὐνάζεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔτι μὲν ἐμπνέει, βραχὺ δ' ἀναστένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί φῆς ; ὦ τάλας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὄλεις, εἰ βλέφαρα κινήσεις ὕπνου
γλυκυτάταν φερομένῳ χάριν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

160 μέλεος ἐχθίστων θεόθεν ἐργμάτων,
τάλας. φεῦ μόχθων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄδικος ἄδικα τότ' ἄρ' ἔλακεν ἔλακεν, ἀπό-
φονον ὅτ' ἐπὶ τρίποδι Θέμιδος ἄρ' ἐδίκασε
φόνον ὁ Λοξίας ἐμᾶς ματέρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρᾶς ; ἐν πέπλοισι κινεῖ δέμας. στρ. β'

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σὺ γάρ νιν, ὦ τάλαινα,
θωύξασ' ἔβαλες ἐξ ὕπνου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ·

εὔδειν μὲν οὖν ἔδοξα.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Yea—

Lower—yet lower!—ah softly, ah softly draw nigh!
Make answer, ah why have ye hitherward wended,
ah why?—

150

So long is it since he hath stilled him in sleep to lie.

CHORUS

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

ELECTRA

Yet doth he breathe, but his moans wax weak.

CHORUS

How say'st thou?—alas!

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

160

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

Nay, but I deemed that he yet slept on.

139

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

170 οὐκ ἀφ' ἡμῶν, οὐκ ἀπ' οἴκων
 πάλιν ἀνά πόδα σὸν εἰλίξεις
 μεθεμένα κτύπου ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὑπνώσσει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λέγεις εὖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

180 πόντια, πόντια νύξ,
 ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
 ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι, μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
 τὸν Ἀγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον.
 ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
 διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κτύπου ἠγάγετ' οὐχὶ σῖγα
 σῖγα φυλασσομένα
 στόματος ἀνακέλαδον ἀπο λέχεος ἠ-
 συχον ὕπνου χάριν παρέξεις, φίλα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θρόει, τίς κακῶν τελευτὰ μένει ; ἀντ. β'

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θανεῖν: τί δ' ἄλλο ;
 οὐδὲ γὰρ πόθον ἔχει βορᾶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

190 πρόδηλος ἄρ' ὁ πτότμας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐξέθυσεν Φοῖβος ἡμᾶς
 μέλεον ἀπόφονον αἷμα δούς
 πατροφόνου ματρός.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

Yet doth he slumber on.

ELECTRA

Sooth said.

CHORUS (*singing low*)

Queen, Majesty of Night,
To travail-burdened mortals giver of sleep,
Float up from Erebus! With wide wings' sweep
Come, come, on Agamemnon's mansion light!
Fordone with anguish, whelmed in woeful plight, 180
We are sinking, sinking deep.

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

ELECTRA

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

CHORUS

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

ELECTRA

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

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δίκαιά μέν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καλῶς δ' οὔ.

ἔκανες ἔθανες, ὦ
τεκομένα με μᾶτερ, ἀπὸ δ' ὄλεσας
πατέρα τέκνα τε τάδε σέθεν ἀφ' αἵματος·
200 ὀλόμεθ' ἰσονέκυες, ὀλόμεθα.
σύ τε γὰρ ἐν νεκροῖς, τό τ' ἐμὸν οἴχεται
βίου τὸ πλεόν μέρος ἐν στοναχαῖσί τε καὶ
γόοισι
δάκρυσί τ' ἐννυχίοις·
ἄγαμος, ἐπιδ', ἄτεκνος ἄτε βίοτον ἄ
μέλεος εἰς τὸν αἰὲν ἔλκω χρόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄρα παροῦσα, παρθέν' Ἥλέκτρα, πέλας,
μὴ κατθανών σε σύγγονος λέληθ' ὄδε·
210 οὐ γάρ μ' ἀρέσκει τῷ λίαν παρειμένῳ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ φίλον ὕπνου θέλγητρον, ἐπίκουρον νόσου,
ὡς ἠδύ μοι προσῆλθες ἐν δέοντί γε.
ὦ πότνια λήθη τῶν κακῶν, ὡς εἰ σοφὴ
καὶ τοῖσι δυστυχοῦσιν εὐκταία θεός.
πόθεν ποτ' ἦλθον δεῦρο ; πῶς δ' ἀφικόμεν ;
ἀμνημονῶ γάρ, τῶν πρὶν ἀπολειφθεῖς φρενῶν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς μ' ἠϋφρανας εἰς ὕπνον πεσών.
βούλει θίγω σου κἀνακουφίσω δέμας ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λαβοῦ λαβοῦ δῆτ', ἐκ δ' ὄμορξον ἀθλίου
220 στόματος ἀφρώδη πέλανον ὀμμάτων τ' ἐμῶν.

ORESTES

CHORUS

'Twas a deed of justice—

ELECTRA

A deed of shame!

Thou slewest, and art dead,
Mother that bare me—thrustedst to the tomb
Our father and these children of thy womb.
For corpse-like are we gone, our life is fled. 200
Thou art in Hades : of my days hath sped
The half amidst a doom
Of lamentation and weary sighs,
And of tears through the long nights poured
from mine eyes.
Spouseless,—behold me !—and childless aye,
Am I wasting a desolate life away.

CHORUS

Look, maid Electra, who art at his side,
Lest this thy brother unawares have died.
So utter-nerveless, stirless, likes me not. 210

ORESTES (*waking*)

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

Take, O yea, take me : from mine anguished lips
Wipe thou the clotted foam, and from mine eyes. 220

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἰδού· τὸ δούλευμ' ἠδύ, κοῦκ ἀναίνομαι
ἀδέλφ' ἀδελφῆ χειρὶ θεραπεύειν μέλη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὑπόβαλε πλευροῖς πλευρά, καὺχμῶδη κόμην
ἄφελε προσώπου· λεπτὰ γὰρ λεύσσω κόραις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ βοστρύχων πινώδες ἄθλιον κάρα,
ὡς ἠγρίωσαι διὰ μακρᾶς ἀλουσίας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κλῖνόν μ' ἐς εὐνήν αὖθις· ὅταν ἀνῆ νόσος
μανιάς, ἀναρθρός εἰμι κάσθενῶ μέλη.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

230

ἰδού. φίλον τοι τῷ νοσοῦντι δέμνιον,
ἀνιαρόν ὄν τὸ κτήμ', ἀναγκαῖον δ' ὄμως.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αὖθις μ' ἐς ὀρθὸν στῆσον, ἀνακύκλει δέμας·
δυσάρεστον οἱ νοσοῦντες ἀπορίας ὑπο.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἦ καπὶ γαίας ἀρμόσαι πόδας θέλεις,
χρόνιον ἴχνος θείης; μεταβολὴ πάντων γλυκύ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μάλιστα· δόξαν γὰρ τόδ' ὑγιείας ἔχει.
κρείσσον δὲ τὸ δοκεῖν, κἂν ἀληθείας ἀπῆ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄκουε δὴ νῦν, ὦ κασίγνητον κάρα,
ἕως ἐῶσί σ' εὖ φρονεῖν Ἴρινύες.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

240

λέξεις τι καινόν ; κεῖ μὲν εὖ, χάριν φέρεις·
εἰ δ' εἰς βλάβην τιν', ἄλις ἔχω τοῦ δυστυχεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Μενέλαος ἦκει, σοῦ κασίγνητος πατρός,
ἐν Ναυπλίᾳ δὲ σέλμαθ' ὤρμισται νεῶν.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA (*lays him down*)

Lo there. To sick ones welcome is the couch,
A place pain-haunted, and yet necessary.

230

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

240

ELECTRA

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

145

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς εἶπας; ἦκει φῶς ἐμοῖς καὶ σοῖς κακοῖς
ἀνὴρ ὁμογενῆς καὶ χάριτας ἔχων πατρός;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἦκει, τὸ πιστὸν τόδε λόγων ἐμῶν δέχου,
Ἐλένην ἀγόμενος Τρωικῶν ἐκ τειχέων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ μόνος ἐσώθη, μᾶλλον ἂν ζηλωτὸς ἦν·
εἰ δ' ἄλοχον ἄγεται, κακὸν ἔχων ἦκει μέγα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

250 ἐπίσημον ἔτεκε Τυνδάρεως εἰς τὸν ψόγον
γένος θυγατέρων δυσκλεές τ' ἂν Ἑλλάδα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

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

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἴμοι, κασίγνητ', ὄμμα σὸν ταράσσεται,
ταχὺς δὲ μετέθου λύσσαν, ἄρτι σωφρονῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ μήτηρ, ἰκετεύω σε, μὴ ἴσιε μοι
τὰς αἱματωποὺς καὶ δρακοντώδεις κόρας.
αὐταὶ γὰρ αὐταὶ πλησίον θρώσκουσί μου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μέν', ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ἀτρέμα σοῖς ἐν δεμνίοις·
ὄρας γὰρ οὐδὲν ὧν δοκεῖς σάφ' εἰδέναι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

260 ὦ Φοῖβ', ἀποκτενοῦσί μ' αἰ κυνώπιδες
γοργῶπες ἐνέρων ἱερίαι, δειναὶ θεαί.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔτοι μεθήσω· χεῖρα δ' ἐμπλέξασ' ἐμὴν
σχῆσω σε πηδᾶν δυστυχῆ πηδήματα.

ORESTES

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES (*with sudden fury*)

Be thou not like the vile ones!—this thou mayst—
Not in word only, but in inmost thought!

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

Ah, Phoebus!—they shall slay me—hound-faced
fiends, 260
Goddesses dread, hell's gorgon-priestesses!

ELECTRA

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

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μέθες μ' οὔσα τῶν ἐμῶν Ἐρινύων
μέσον μ' ὀχμάζεις, ὡς βάλῃς εἰς Τάρταρον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα, τίν' ἐπικουρίαν λάβω,
ἐπεὶ τὸ θεῖον δυσμενές κεκτήμεθα;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

270

δὸς τόξα μοι κερουλκά, δῶρα Δοξίου,
οἷς μ' εἶπ' Ἀπόλλων ἐξαμίνασθαι θεάς,
εἰ μ' ἐκφοβοῖεν μανιάσιν λυσσημασιν.
βεβλήσεται τις θεῶν βροτησίᾳ χερσί,
εἰ μὴ ἔαμείψῃ χωρὶς ὀμμάτων ἐμῶν.
οὐκ εἰσακούετ'; οὐχ ὄραθ' ἐκηβόλων
τάξων πτερωτὰς γλυφίδας ἐξορμωμένας;
ἄ ἄ.

τί δῆτα μέλλετ'; ἐξακρίζετ' αἰθέρα
πτεροῖς· τὰ Φοίβου δ' αἰτιῶσθε θέσφατα.
ἔα.

280

τί χρῆμ' ἄλύω, πνεῦμ' ἀνεῖς ἐκ πνευμόνων;
ποῖ ποῖ ποθ' ἠλάμεσθα δεμνίων ἄπο;
ἐκ κυμάτων γὰρ αὐθις αὐ γαλήν' ὄρω.
σύγγονε, τί κλαίεις κρᾶτα θεῖσ' εἰσω πέπλων;
αἰσχύνομαί σοι μεταδιδούς πόνων ἐμῶν,
ὄχλον τε παρέχων παρθένῳ νόσοις ἐμαῖς.
μὴ τῶν ἐμῶν ἕκατι συντήκου κακῶν
σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἐπένευσας τὰδ', εἴργασται δ' ἐμοὶ
μητρῶν αἷμα· Δοξία δὲ μέμφομαι,
ὅστις μ' ἐπάρας ἔργον ἀνοσιωτατον,
τοῖς μὲν λόγοις ἠὔφρανε, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν οὔ.
οἶμαι δὲ πατέρα τὸν ἐμόν, εἰ κατ' ὄμματα
ἐξιστόρουν νιν, μητέρ' εἰ κτεῖναί με χρή,
πολλὰς γενείου τοῦδ' ἄν ἐκτεῖναι λιτὰς

290

ORESTES

ORESTES

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

ELECTRA

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

ORESTES

Give me mine horn-tipped bow, even Loxias' gift,
Wherewith Apollo bade drive back the fiends,
If with their frenzy of madness they should fright
me. 270

A Goddess shall be smitten of mortal hand,
Except she vanish from before mine eyes.
Do ye not hear?—not see the feathered shafts
At point to leap from my far-smiting bow ?
Ha ! ha !—

Why tarry ye ? Soar to the welkin's height
On wings ! There rail on Phoebus' oracles !
Ah !

Why do I rave, hard-panting from my lungs ?
Whither have I leapt, whither, from my couch ?
For after storm once more a calm I see.
Sister, why weep'st thou, muffling o'er thine head ? 280
Ashamed am I to make thee share my woes,
To afflict a maiden with my malady.

For mine affliction's sake break not, dear heart.
Thou didst consent thereto, yet spilt of me
My mother's blood was. Loxias I blame,
Who to a deed accursèd thrust me on,
And cheered me still with words, but not with
deeds.

I trow, my father, had I face to face
Questioned him if I must my mother slay,
Had earnestly besought me by this beard 290

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μήποτε τεκούσης εἰς σφαγὰς ὦσαι ξίφος,
 εἰ μήτ' ἐκείνος ἀναλαβεῖν ἔμελλε φῶς,
 ἐγὼ θ' ὁ τλήμων τοιάδ' ἐκπλήσειν κ
 καὶ νῦν ἀνακάλυπτ', ὃ κασίγητον κάρα,
 ἐκ δακρύων τ' ἀπελθε, κεί μάλ' ἀθλίως
 ἔχομεν· ὅταν δὲ τὰμ' ἀθυμήσαντ' ἴδης,
 σὺ μου τὸ δεινὸν καὶ διαφθαρὲν φρενῶν
 ἰσχναινε παραμυθοῦ θ'. ὅταν δὲ σὺ στένης,
 300 ἡμᾶς παρόντας χρή σε νουθετεῖν φίλα·
 ἐπικουρίαὶ γὰρ αἶδε τοῖς φίλοις καλάι.
 ἀλλ', ὃ τάλαινα, βᾶσα δωμάτων ἔσω
 ὑπνῷ τ' ἄυπνον βλέφαρον ἐκταθεῖσα δός,
 σίτον τ' ὄρεξαι λουτρά τ' ἐπιβαλοῦ χροῖ.
 εἰ γὰρ προλείψεις μ, ἢ προσεδρία νοσου
 κτήσει τιν', οἰχόμεσθα· σέ γὰρ ἔχω μόνην
 ἐπικούρον, ἄλλων ὡς ὄρας ἔρημος ὢν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔστι· σὺν σοὶ καὶ θανεῖν αἰρήσομαι
 καὶ ζῆν· ἔχει γὰρ ταῦτόν· ἦν σὺ κατθάνης,
 310 γυνὴ τί δράσω; πῶς μόνη σωθήσομαι,
 ἀνάδελφος ἀπάτωρ ἄφιλος; εἰ δὲ σοὶ δοκεῖ,
 δρᾶν χρή τάδ'. ἀλλὰ κλῖνον εἰς εὐνήν δέμας,
 καὶ μὴ τὸ ταρβοῦν κάκφοβοῦν σ' ἐκ δεμνίων
 ἄγαν ἀποδέχου, μένε δ' ἐπὶ στρωτοῦ λέχους.
 κἂν μὴ νοσήσῃ γάρ, ἀλλὰ δοξάζῃς νοσεῖν
 κάματος βροτοῖσιν ἀπορία τε γίγνεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ,
 320 δρομάδες ὃ πτεροφόροι
 ποτνιαδες θεαί,
 ἀβάκχευτον αἰ θίασον ἐλάχετ' ἐν
 δάκρυσι καὶ γόοις,

στρ.

ORESTES .

Never to thrust sword through my mother's heart,
 Since he should not win so to light again,
 And I, woe's me ! should drain this cup of ills !
 Even now unveil thee, sister well-beloved ;
 From tears refrain, how miserable soe'er
 We be ; and, when thou seest me despair,
 Mine horror and the fainting of mine heart
 Assuage and comfort ; and, when thou shalt moan,
 Must I be nigh thee, chiding lovingly ;
 For friendship's glory is such helpfulness. 300
 Now, sorrow-stricken, pass within the house :
 Lay thee down, give thy sleepless eyelids sleep :
 Put to thy lips food, and thy body bathe.
 For if thou fail me, or of tireless watch
 Fall sick, I am lost, in thee alone have I
 Mine help, of others, as thou seest, forlorn.

ELECTRA

Never ! With thee will I make choice of death
 Or life : it is all one ; for, if thou die,
 What shall a woman do ? how 'scape alone, 310
 Without friend, father, brother ? Yet, if thou
 Wilt have it so, I must. But lay thee down,
 And heed not terrors overmuch, that scare
 Thee from thy couch, but on thy bed abide.
 For, though thy sickness be but of the brain,
 This is affliction, this despair, to men. [*Exit.*]

CHORUS

Terrible Ones of the on-rushing feet, (Str.)
 Of the pinions far-sailing,
 Through whose dance-revel, held where no Baccha-
 nals meet,
 Ringeth weeping and wailing,

μελάγχρωτες Εὐμενίδες, αἴτε τὸν
 ταναὸν αἰθέρ' ἀμπάλλεσθ', αἵματος
 τινύμεναι δίκαν, τινύμεναι φόνον,
 καθικετεύομαι καθικετεύομαι,
 τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
 γόνον ἐάσατ' ἐκλαθέσθαι λύσσας
 μανιάδος φοιταλέου. φεῦ μόχθων,
 οἴων, ᾧ τάλας, ὀρεχθεὶς ἔρρεις,
 τρίποδος ἄπο φάτιν, ἂν ὁ Φοῖβος
 330 ἔλακεν ἔλακε, δεξάμενος ἀνὰ δάπεδον
 ἵνα μεσόμφαλοι λέγονται μυχοί.

ὦ Ζεῦ, αντ.
 τίς ἔλεος, τίς ὄδ' ἀγῶν
 φόνιος ἔρχεται,
 θοάζων σε τὸν μέλεον, φ' δάκρυα
 δάκρυσι συμβάλλει
 παρούων τις εἰς δόμον ἀλαστόρων
 ματέρος αἷμα σᾶς, ὃ σ' ἀναβακχεύει ;
 340 κατολοφύρομαι κατολοφύρομαι.
 ὁ μέγας ὄλβος οὐ μόνιμος ἐν βροτοῖς·
 ἀνὰ δὲ λαΐφος ὥς
 τις ἀκάτου θοᾶς τινάξας δαίμων
 κατέκλυσεν δεινῶν πόνων, ὡς πόντου
 λάβροισι ὀλεθρίοισιν ἐν κύμασιν.
 τίνα γὰρ ἔτι πάρος οἶκον ἄλλον
 ἕτερον ἢ τὸν ἀπὸ θεογόνων γάμων
 τὸν ἀπὸ Ταντάλου σέβεσθαί με χρή ;
 καὶ μὴν βασιλεὺς ὄδε δὴ στείχει,
 Μενέλαος ἀναξ, πολὺ δ' ἀβροσύνη
 350 δῆλος ὀρᾶσθαι
 τῶν Τανταλιδῶν ἐξ αἵματος ὄν.

ORESTES

Swart-hued Eumenides, wide 'neath the dome 320
 Of the firmament soaring,
 Avenging, avenging blood-guilt,—lo, I come,
 Imploring, imploring !
 To the son of Atreides vouchsafe to forget
 His frenzy of raving.
 Ah for the task to the woe-stricken set !
 Ah ruinous craving
 To accomplish the hest of the Tripod, the word
 That of Phoebus was uttered
 At the navel of earth as thou stoodest, when stirred 330
 The dim crypt as it muttered !

O Zeus, is there mercy ? What struggle of doom (*Ant.*)
 Cometh fraught with death-danger,
 Thrusting thee onward, the wretched, on whom
 The Erinnys-avenger
 Heapeth tears upon tears, and the blood hath she
 brought
 Of thy mother upon thee [traught !
 And thine house, that it driveth thee frenzy-dis-
 I bemoan thee, bemoan thee !
 Not among men doth fair fortune abide, 340
 But, as sail tempest-riven,
 Is it whelmed in affliction's death-ravening tide
 By the malice of heaven,—
 Nay, abides not, for where shall I find me a line
 Of more honour in story
 Than Tantalus' house, from espousals divine
 That traceth its glory ?

But lo, hither cometh a prince, meseems—
 Menelaus the king ! for his vesture, that gleams
 In splendour exceeding, 350
 The blood of the Tantalid House reveals.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ χιλιόναυν στρατὸν ὀρμήσας
 εἰς γῆν Ἀσίαν,
 χαῖρ', εὐτυχία δ' αὐτὸς ὀμιλεῖς,
 θεόθεν πράξας ἄπερ ἠύχου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ δῶμα, τῇ μὲν σ' ἠδέως προσδέρκομαι
 Τροίαθεν ἐλθὼν, τῇ δ' ἰδὼν καταστένω·
 κύκλω γὰρ εἰλιχθεῖσαν ἀθλίους κακοῖς
 οὐπώποτ' ἄλλην μᾶλλον εἶδον ἐστίαν.
 360 Ἀγαμέμνονος μὲν γὰρ τύχας ἠπιστάμην
 καὶ θάνατον, οἷω πρὸς δάμαρτος ὤλετο,
 Μαλέα προσίσχων πρῶραν· ἐκ δὲ κυμάτων
 ὁ ναυτίλοισι μάντις ἐξήγγειλέ μοι
 Νηρέως προφήτης Γλαῦκος ἀψευδῆς θεός,
 ὃς μοι τόδ' εἶπεν ἐμφανῶς κατασταθείς·
 Μενέλαε, κεῖται σὸς κασίγνητος θανὼν,
 λουτροῖσιν ἀλόχου περιπεσὼν ἀρκυστάτοις,¹
 δακρύων δ' ἐπλησεν ἐμέ τε καὶ ναύτας ἐμοῦς
 πολλῶν. ἐπεὶ δὲ Ναυπλίας ψαύω χθονός,
 370 ἤδη δάμαρτος ἐνθάδ' ἐξορμωμένης,
 δοκῶν Ὀρέστην παῖδα τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
 φίλαισι χερσὶ περιβαλεῖν καὶ μητέρα,
 ὡς εὐτυχοῦντας, ἐκλυον ἀλιτύπων τινὸς
 τῆς Τυνδαρείας θυγατρὸς ἀνόσιον φόνου.
 καὶ νῦν ὅπου ἔστιν εἶπατ', ὦ νεάνιδες,
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς, ὃς τὰ δειν' ἔτλη κακά.
 βρέφος γὰρ ἦν τότε ἐν Κλυταιμνήστρας χεροῖν,
 ὅτ' ἐξέλειπον μέλαθρον εἰς Τροίαν ἰών,
 ὥστ' οὐκ ἂν αὐτὸν γνωρίσαιμι ἂν εἰσιδών.

¹ Nauck : for πανοστάτοις of MSS.

ORESTES

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

Enter MENELAUS, with attendants.

MENELAUS

All hail, mine home! I see thee half with joy,
From Troy returned, and half with grief behold:
For never saw I other house ere this
So compassed round with toils of woeful ills. 360
For touching Agamemnon's fate I knew,
And by what death at his wife's hands he died,
When my prow touched at Malea: from the waves
The shipman's seer, the unerring God, the son
Of Nereus, Glaucus, made it known to me.
For full in view he rose, and cried to me:
"Thy brother, Menelaus, lieth dead,
Fall'n in the bath, the death-snare of his wife!"—
So filled me and my mariners with tears
Full many. As I touched the Nauplian land, 370
Even as my wife was hasting hitherward,
And looked to clasp dead Agamemnon's son
Orestes, and his mother, in loving arms,
As prospering yet, I heard a fisher tell
Of Tyndareus' daughter's murder heaven-accurst.
Now tell to me, ye damsels, where is he,
Agamemnon's son, who dared that awful deed?
A babe was he in Clytemnestra's arms,
When Troyward bound I went from mine halls
forth:
Wherefore I should not know him, if I saw.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

380

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄδ' εἶμ' Ὀρέστης, Μενέλεως, ὃν ἱστορεῖς.
 ἐκὼν ἐγὼ σοι τὰμὰ σημαίνω κακά.
 τῶν σῶν δὲ γονάτων πρωτόλεια θυγγάνω
 ἰκέτης, ἀφύλλους στόματος ἐξάπτων λιτάς·
 σῶσόν μ'· ἀφίξαι δ' αὐτὸν εἰς καιρὸν κακῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, τί λεύσσω ; τίνα δέδορκα νερτέρων ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὖ γ' εἶπας· οὐ γὰρ ζῶ κακοῖς, φάος δ' ὄρω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς ἠγρίωσαι πλόκαμον ἀνχμηρόν, τάλας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐχ ἢ πρόσοψίς μ', ἀλλὰ τᾶργ' αἰκίζεται.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δεινὸν δὲ λεύσσεις ὀμμάτων ξηραῖς κόραις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ σῶμα φρούδον· τὸ δ' ὄνομ' οὐ λέλοιπέ με.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ παρὰ λόγον μοι σὴ φανείσ' ἀμορφία.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄδ' εἰμὶ μητρὸς τῆς τάλαιπώρου φονεύς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἤκουσα· φείδου δ' ὀλιγάκις λέγειν κακά.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φειδόμεθ'· ὁ δαίμων δ' εἰς με πλούσιος κακῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα πάσχεις ; τίς σ' ἀπόλλυσιν νόσος ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡ σύνεσις, ὅτι σύννοϊδα δεῖν εἰργασμένος.

ORESTES

ORESTES

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

380

MENELAUS

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

ORESTES

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

MENELAUS

How wild thy matted locks are, hapless one!

ORESTES

Stern fact, not outward seeming, tortures me.

MENELAUS

Fearfully glarest thou with stony eyes!

ORESTES

My life is gone: my name alone is left.

390

MENELAUS

Ah visage marred past all imagining!

ORESTES

A hapless mother's murderer am I.

MENELAUS

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

ORESTES

I spare. No horrors heaven spares to me!

MENELAUS

What aileth thee? What sickness ruineth thee?

ORESTES

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

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

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φής ; σοφόν τοι τὸ σαφές, οὐ τὸ μὴ σαφές.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λύπη μάλιστά γ' ἢ διαφθείρουσά με,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δεινὴ γὰρ ἢ θεός, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἰάσιμος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

400 μανίαι τε, μητρὸς αἵματος τιμωρίαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἤρξω δὲ λύσσης πότε; τίς ἡμέρα τότε ἦν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐν ἧ τάλαιναν μητέρ' ἐξώγκουν τάφω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότερα κατ' οἴκους ἢ προσεδρεύων πυρᾷ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

νυκτὸς φυλάσσω ὀστέων ἀναίρεσιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παρῆν τις ἄλλος, ὃς σὸν ὤρθευεν δέμας;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδης, ὁ συνδρῶν αἷμα καὶ μητρὸς φόνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φαντασμάτων δὲ τάδε νοσεῖς ποίων ὑπο;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔδοξ' ἰδεῖν τρεῖς νυκτὶ προσφερεῖς κόρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἶδ' ἄς ἔλεξας, ὀνομάσαι δ' οὐ βούλομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

410 σεμναὶ γάρ· εὐπαίδευτα δ' ἀποτρέπει λέγειν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αὐταί σε βακχεύουσι συγγενεῖ φόνω;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἴμοι διωγμῶν, οἷς ἐλαύνομαι τάλας.

ORESTES

MENELAUS

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

ORESTES

Grief most of all is that which wasteth me,—

MENELAUS

Dread Goddess she : yet is there cure for her.

ORESTES

And Madness, vengeance for a mother's blood. 400

MENELAUS

And when began thy madness? What the day?

ORESTES

Whereon I heaped my wretched mother's grave.

MENELAUS

At home, or as thou watchedst by the pyre?

ORESTES

In that night-watch for gathering of the bones.

MENELAUS

Was any by, to raise thy body up?

ORESTES

Pyladès, sharer in my mother's blood.

MENELAUS

And by what phantom-shapes thus art thou plagued?

ORESTES

Methought I saw three maidens like to night.

MENELAUS

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

ORESTES

They are Dread Ones : wise art thou to name them not. 410

MENELAUS

Do these by blood of kindred madden thee?

ORESTES

Woe for their haunting feet that dog me eye!

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ δεινὰ πάσχειν δεινὰ τοὺς εἰργασμένους.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἡμῖν ἀναφορὰ τῆς ξυμφορᾶς—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μὴ θάνατον εἶπης· τοῦτο μὲν γὰρ οὐ σοφόν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Φοῖβος, κελεύσας μητρὸς ἐκπρᾶξαι φόνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀμαθέστερός γ' ὢν τοῦ καλοῦ καὶ τῆς δίκης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δουλεύομεν θεοῖς, ὃ τι ποτ' εἰσὶν οἱ θεοί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κατ' οὐκ ἀμύνει Λοξίας τοῖς σοῖς κακοῖς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

420 μέλλει· τὸ θεῖον δ' ἔστι τοιοῦτον φύσει.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόσον χρόνον δὲ μητρὸς οἷχονται πνοαί;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἕκτον τόδ' ἡμαρ· ἔτι πυρὰ θερμὴ τάφου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς ταχὺ μετῆλθόν σ' αἷμα μητέρος θεαί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ σοφός, ἀληθής δ' εἰς φίλους ἔφυν φίλος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πατρὸς δὲ δὴ τί σ' ὠφελεῖ τιμωρία;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐπω· τὸ μέλλον δ' ἴσον ἀπραξία λέγω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὰ πρὸς πόλιν δὲ πῶς ἔχεις δράσας τάδε;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μισούμεθ' οὕτως ὥστε μὴ προσενnéπειν.

ORESTES

MENELAUS

For dread deeds sufferings dread—not strange is this.

ORESTES

Yet can I cast my burden of affliction—

MENELAUS

Nay, speak not thou of death!—not wise were this.

ORESTES

On Phoebus, who bade spill my mother's blood.

MENELAUS

Sore lack was his of justice and of right!

ORESTES

The God's thralls are we—whatsoe'er gods be.

MENELAUS

And doth not Loxias shield thee in thine ills?

ORESTES

He tarrieth long—such is the Gods' wont still.

420

MENELAUS

How long since passed thy mother's breath away.

ORESTES

The sixth day this: the death-pyre yet is warm.

MENELAUS

“Gods tarry long!”—not long they tarried, these.

ORESTES

Not subtle am I, but loyal friend to friend.

MENELAUS

Thy sire's avenging—doth it aught avail thee?

ORESTES

Naught yet:—delay I count as deedlessness.

MENELAUS

And Argos—how on thy deed looketh she?

ORESTES

I am hated so, that none will speak to me.

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ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδ' ἤγνισαι σὸν αἷμα κατὰ νόμον χεροῖν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

430 ἐκκλήομαι γὰρ δωμάτων ὄπη μόλω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίνες πολιτῶν ἐξαμλλῶνται σε γῆς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Οἶαξ, τὸ Τροίας μῖσος ἀναφέρων πατρί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ξυνῆκα Παλαμῆδους σε τιμωρεῖ φόνου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ γ' οὐ μετῆν μοι· διὰ τριῶν δ' ἀπόλλυμαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς δ' ἄλλος; ἢ που τῶν ἀπ' Αἰγίσθου φίλων;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐτοί μ' ὑβρίζουσ', ὧν πόλις τανῦν κλύει.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

'Αγαμέμνονος δὲ σκῆπτρ' εἶ σ' ἔχειν πόλις;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς, οὔτινες ζῆν οὐκ ἐῶσ' ἡμᾶς ἔτι;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δρῶντες ὃ τι καὶ σαφὲς ἔχεις εἰπεῖν ἐμοί;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

440 ψῆφος καθ' ἡμῶν οἴσεται τῆδ' ἡμέρα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φεύγειν πόλιν τῆνδ', ἢ θανεῖν, ἢ μὴ θανεῖν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θανεῖν ὑπ' ἀστῶν λευσίμῳ πετρώματι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κατ' οὐχὶ φεύγεις γῆς ὑπερβαλὼν ὄρους;

ORESTES

MENELAUS

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

ORESTES

Nay : barred are all doors whereto I draw nigh.¹ 430

MENELAUS

Who of the citizens would banish thee ?

ORESTES

Oiax, for Troy-born hate against my sire.

MENELAUS

Ay so—to avenge Palamedes' blood on thee.

ORESTES

Not shed by me. I am trebly overmatched.

MENELAUS

What other foe? Some of Aegisthus' friends ?

ORESTES

Yea, these insult me : Argos hears them now.

MENELAUS

Doth Argos let thee keep thy father's sceptre ?

ORESTES

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

MENELAUS

What do they which thou canst for certain tell ?

ORESTES

This day shall they pass sentence on my fate. 440

MENELAUS

For exile, death, or other doom than death ?

ORESTES

To die by stoning at the people's hands.

MENELAUS

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

¹ Purification must be performed in some unpolluted house.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κύκλω γὰρ εἰλισσόμεθα παγχάλκοις ὄπλοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἰδία πρὸς ἐχθρῶν ἢ πρὸς Ἀργείας χερός;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πάντων πρὸς ἀστῶν, ὡς θάνω· βραχὺς λόγος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ μέλεος, ἤκεις ξυμφορᾶς εἰς τοῦσχατον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

450 εἰς σ' ἐλπίς ἢ μὴ καταφυγὰς ἔχει κακῶν.
ἀλλ' ἀθλίως πρᾶσσουσιν ἐντυχῆς μολῶν
μετάδος φίλοισι σοῖσι σῆς εὐπραξίας,
καὶ μὴ μόνος τὸ χρηστὸν ἀπολαβὼν ἔχε,
ἀλλ' ἀντιλάξου καὶ πόνων ἐν τῷ μέρει,
χάριτας πατρώας ἐκτίνων ἐς οὓς σε δεῖ.
ὄνομα γάρ, ἔργον δ' οὐκ ἔχουσιν οἱ φίλοι
οἱ μὴ πὶ ταῖσι συμφοραῖς ὄντες φίλοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν γέροντι δεῦρ' ἀμιλλᾶται ποδὶ
ὁ Σπαρτιάτης Τυνδάρεως, μελάμπεπλος
κουρᾶ τε θυγατρὸς πενθίμῳ κεκαρμένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

460 ἀπωλόμην, Μενέλαε Τυνδάρεως ὄδε
στείχει πρὸς ἡμᾶς, οὐ μάλιστ' αἰδώς μ' ἔχει
εἰς ὄμματ' ἐλθεῖν τοῖσιν ἐξειργασμένοις.
καὶ γάρ μ' ἔθρεψε μικρὸν ὄντα, πολλὰ δὲ
φιλῆματ' ἐξέπλησε, τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
παῖδ' ἀγκάλαισι περιφέρων, Λήδα θ' ἄμα,
τιμῶντέ μ' οὐδὲν ἦσσον ἢ Διοσκόρω
οἷς, ὦ τάλαινα καρδία ψυχὴ τ' ἐμή.

ORESTES

ORESTES

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

MENELAUS

Of private foes, or of all Argos' power?

ORESTES

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

MENELAUS

Hapless! Misfortune's deepest depth thou hast
reached!

ORESTES

In thee mine hope hath refuge yet from ills.
Thou com'st to folk in misery, prosperous thou :
Give thy friends share of thy prosperity, 450
And not for self keep back thine happiness,
But bear a part in suffering in thy turn :
Requite, to whom thou ow'st, my father's boon.
The name of friendship have they, not the truth,
The friends that in misfortune are not friends.

CHORUS

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

ORESTES

Undone, Menelaus!—hither Tyndareus
Draws nigh me, whose eye most of all I shun 460
To meet, by reason of the deed I wrought.
He fostered me a babe, and many a kiss
Lavished upon me, dandling in his arms
Agamemnon's son, with Leda at his side,
No less than those Twin Brethren honouring me.
To them—O wretched heart and soul of mine!—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀπέδωκ' ἄμοιβὰς οὐ καλὰς. τίνα σκότον
 λάβω προσώπῳ; ποῖον ἐπίπροσθεν νέφος
 θῶμαι, γέροντος ὀμμάτων φεύγων κόρας;

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

470 ποῦ ποῦ θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ἴδω πόσιν,
 Μενέλαον; ἐπὶ γὰρ τῷ Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφῳ
 χοῶς χεόμενος ἐκλυον ὡς εἰς Ναυπλίαν
 ἦκοι σὺν ἀλόχῳ πολυετῆς σεσωσμένος.
 ἄγετέ με· πρὸς γὰρ δεξιὰν αὐτοῦ θέλω
 σταῖς ἀσπᾶσασθαι, χρόνιος εἰσιδὼν φίλον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ πρέσβυ, χαῖρε, Ζητὸς ὀμόλεκτρον κᾶρα.

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

480 ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, Μενέλεως, κῆδευμ' ἐμόν.
 ἔα· τὸ μέλλον ὡς κακὸν τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι.
 ὁ μητροφόντης ὄδε πρὸ δωμαίων δράκων
 στίλβει νοσῶδεις ἀστραπάς, στύγημ' ἐμόν.
 Μενέλαε, προσφθέγγει νιν ἀνόσιον κᾶρα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί γάρ; φίλου μοι πατρός ἐστιν ἔκγονος.

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

κείνου γὰρ ὄδε κέφυκε, τοιοῦτος γεγῶς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέφυκεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχεῖ, τιμητέος.

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

βεβαρβάρωσαι, χρόνιος ὦν ἐν βαρβάροις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἑλληνικόν τοι τὸν ὀμόθεν τιμᾶν αἰεὶ.

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

καὶ τῶν νόμων γε μὴ πρότερον εἶναι θέλει.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πᾶν τοῦξ ἀνάγκης δοῦλόν ἐστ' ἐν τοῖς σοφοῖς.

ORESTES

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

Enter TYNDAREUS.

TYNDAREUS

Where, where shall I behold my daughter's lord 470
Menelaus ? Upon Clytemnestra's tomb
Pouring libations, heard I he had won
After long years to Nauplia with his wife.
Lead me : at his right hand I fain would stand,
And greet a loved one after long space seen.

MENELAUS

Hail, ancient, sharer in the couch of Zeus !

TYNDAREUS

Hail thou too, Menelaus, kinsman mine !—
Ha, what a curse is blindness to the future !
Yon serpent matricide before the halls
Gleams venom-lightnings, he whom I abhor ! 480
Menelaus, speakest thou to the accurst ?

MENELAUS

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

TYNDAREUS

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

MENELAUS

His son. If hapless, worthy honour still.

TYNDAREUS

Thou hast grown barbarian, midst barbarians long.

MENELAUS

Greek is it still to honour kindred blood.

TYNDAREUS

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

MENELAUS

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

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

κέκτησό νυν σὺ τοῦτ', ἐγὼ δ' οὐ κτήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

490 ὀργὴ γὰρ ἅμα σου καὶ τὸ γῆρας οὐ σοφόν.

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

πρὸς τόνδ' ἀγὼν ἂν τί σοφίας εἴη πέρι;
 εἰ τὰ καλὰ πᾶσι φανερὰ καὶ τὰ μὴ καλὰ,
 τούτου τίς ἀνδρῶν ἐγένετ' ἀσυνετώτερος,
 ὅστις τὸ μὲν δίκαιον οὐκ ἐσκέψατο,
 οὐδ' ἦλθεν ἐπὶ τὸν κοινὸν Ἑλλήνων νόμον;
 ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἐξέπνευσεν Ἀγαμέμνων βίον
 πληγεὶς θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπὲρ κᾶρα,
 αἰσχιστον ἔργον, οὐ γὰρ αἰνέσω ποτέ,
 500 χρῆν αὐτὸν ἐπιθεῖναι μὲν αἵματος δίκην
 ὀσίαν διώκοντ', ἐκβαλεῖν τε δωμάτων
 μητέρα· τὸ σῶφρόν τ' ἔλαβεν ἀντὶ συμφορᾶς,
 καὶ τοῦ νόμου τ' ἂν εἶχετ' εὐσεβῆς τ' ἂν ἦν.
 νῦν δ' εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἦλθε μητέρι·
 κακὴν γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐνδίκως ἠγούμενος,
 αὐτὸς κακίων γέγονε μητέρα κτανών.
 ἐρήσομαι δέ, Μενέλεως, τοσόνδε σε·
 εἰ τόνδ' ἀποκτείνειεν ὁμόλεκτρος γυνή,
 χῶ τοῦδε παῖς αὐτῆς ἀνταποκτενεῖ,
 510 κᾶπειθ' ὁ κείνου γενόμενος φόνω φόνον
 λύσει, πέρασ δὴ ποῖ κακῶν προβήσεται;
 καλῶς ἔθεντο ταῦτα πατέρες οἱ πάλαι·
 εἰς ὁμμάτων μὲν ὄψιν οὐκ εἶων περᾶν,
 οὐδ' εἰς ἀπάντημ', ὅστις αἰμ' ἔχων κυρεῖ,
 φυγαῖσι δ' ὀσιοῦν, ἀνταποκτείνειν δὲ μή.
 αἰεὶ γὰρ εἰς ἔμελλ' ἐνέξεσθαι φόνω,
 τὸ λοίσθιον μίασμα λαμβάνων χεροῖν.
 ἐγὼ δὲ μισῶ μὲν γυναῖκας ἀνοσίους,

ORESTES

TYNDAREUS

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

MENELAUS

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

TYNDAREUS

Debate of wisdom—what is that to *him* ?
If right and wrong be manifest to all,
What man was ever more unwise than this,
He who on justice never turned an eye,
Nor to the common law of Greeks appealed ?
When Agamemnon yielded up the ghost,
His head in sunder by my daughter cleft,—
A deed most foul, which ne'er will I commend,—
He ought to have impleaded her for blood 500
In lawful vengeance, and cast forth the home,
So from disaster had won wisdom's fame,
Had held by law, and by the fear of God.
But now, he but partakes his mother's curse ;
For, rightfully accounting her as vile,
Viler himself is made by matricide.

But this, Menelaus, will I ask of thee :—
If of his wedded wife this man were slain,
And his son in revenge his mother slay,
And his son blood with blood requite thereafter, 510
Where shall the limit of the horror lie ?
Well did our ancient fathers thus ordain :
Whoso was stained with blood, they suffered not
To come before their eyes, to cross their path—
“ *By exile justify, not blood for blood.* ”
Else one had aye been liable to death
Still taking the last blood-guilt on his hands.

For me, sooth, wicked women I abhor,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- 520 πρώτην δὲ θυγατέρ', ἣ πόσιν κατέκτανεν·
 Ἐλένην τε τὴν σὴν ἄλοχον οὐποτ' αἰνέσω
 οὐδ' ἂν προσείποιμ'. οὐδὲ σὲ ζηλώ, κακῆς
 γυναικὸς ἐλθόνθ' εἶνεκ' εἰς Τροίας πέδον.
 ἀμυνῶ δ' ὅσονπερ δυνατός εἰμι τῷ νόμφ,
 τὸ θηριῶδες τοῦτο καὶ μαιφόνον
 παύων, ὃ καὶ γῆν καὶ πόλεις ὄλλυσ' αἰεί.
 ἐπεὶ τίς εἶχες, ὦ τάλας, ψυχὴν τότε
 ὅτ' ἐξέβαλλε μαστὸν ἰκετεύουσά σε
 μήτηρ; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἰδὼν τὰκεῖ κακά,
 530 δακρύοις γέροντ' ὀφθαλμὸν ἐκτήκω τάλας.
 ἐν δ' οὖν λογοῖσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς ὁμορροθεῖ·
 μσεῖ γε πρὸς θεῶν καὶ τίνεις μητρὸς δίκας,
 μαίνιαις ἀλαίνων καὶ φόβοις. τί μαρτύρων
 ἄλλων ἀκούειν δεῖ μ', ἃ γ' εἰσορᾶν πάρα;
 ὡς οὖν ἂν εἰδῆς, Μενέλεως, τοῖσιν θεοῖς
 μὴ πρᾶσσ' ἐναντί, ὠφελεῖν τοῦτον θέλων,
 ἕα δ' ὑπ' ἀστῶν καταφονευθῆναι πέτροις,
 ἣ μὴ ἴπιβαινε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονός.
 θυγάτηρ δ' ἐμὴ θανούσ' ἔπραξεν ἔνδικα·
 ἀλλ' οὐχὶ πρὸς τοῦδ' εἰκὸς ἦν αὐτὴν θανεῖν.
 540 ἐγὼ δὲ τᾶλλα μακάριος πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ,
 πλὴν εἰς θυγατέρας· τοῦτο δ' οὐκ εὐδαιμονῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ζηλωτὸς ὅστις ἠτύχησεν εἰς τέκνα
 καὶ μὴ ἴπισήμους συμφορὰς ἐκτήσατο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- ὦ γέρον, ἐγὼ τοι πρὸς σὲ δειμαίνω λέγειν,
 ὅπου γε μέλλω σὴν τι λυπήσειν φρένα.
 548 ἀπελθέτω δὴ τοῖς λόγοισιν ἐκποδῶν
 549 τὸ γῆρας ἡμῖν τὸ σόν, ὃ μ' ἐκπλήσσει λόγου,
 550 καὶ καθ' ὁδὸν εἶμι· νῦν δὲ σὴν ταρβῶ τρίχα.

ORESTES

My daughter most of all, who slew her lord.
Helen thy wife shall have no praise of mine : 520
I will not speak to her ; nor envy thee
Thy journeying unto Troy for such vile wife.
But, all I can, will I stand up for Law,
To quell this brute in man, this murder-thirst,
Which evermore destroyeth lands and towns.

What heart hadst thou, O miscreant, in that hour
When suppliant unto thee thy mother bared
Her breast? I, who saw not the horrors there,
Yet drown, ah me! mine aged eyes with tears.
One thing, in any wise, attests my words— 530
Thou art loathed of Gods, punished for matricide
By terrors and mad ravings. Where is need
For other witness of things plain to see?
Be warned then, Menelaus: strive not thou
Against the Gods, being fain to help this man.
Leave him to die by stoning of the folk,
Or never set thou foot on Spartan ground.
Dying, my daughter paid but justice' debt;
Yet it beseemed not *him* to deal her death.
I in all else have been a happy man 540
Save in my daughters: herein most ill-starred.

CHORUS

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

ORESTES

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

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- 546 ἐγὼ δ', ἀνόσιός εἰμι μητέρα κτανών,
 547 ὄσιος δέ γ' ἕτερον ὄνομα, τιμωρῶν πατρί.
 551 τί χρῆν με δρᾶσαι; δύο γὰρ ἀντίθετες λόγῳ·
 πατὴρ μὲν ἐφύτευσέν με, σὴ δ' ἔτικτε παῖς,
 τὸ σπέρμ' ἄρουρα παραλαβοῦς' ἄλλου πάρα·
 ἄνευ δὲ πατρὸς τέκνον οὐκ εἴη ποτ' ἄν.
 ἐλογισάμην οὖν τῷ γένους ἀρχηγέτη
 μᾶλλον μ' ἀμῦναι τῆς ὑποστάσης τροφάς·
 ἢ σὴ δὲ θυγάτηρ, μητέρ' αἰδοῦμαι λέγειν,
 ἰδίῳισιν ὑμεναίοισι κοῦχι σῶφροσιν
 εἰς ἀνδρὸς ἦει λέκτρ'· ἔμαυτόν, ἦν λέγω
 560 κακῶς ἐκείνην, ἐξερῶ· λέξω δ' ὅμως.
 Αἰγισθος ἦν ὁ κρυπτός ἐν δόμοις πόσις.
 τοῦτον κατέκτειν', ἐπὶ δ' ἔθυσα μητέρα,
 ἀνόσια μὲν δρῶν, ἀλλὰ τιμωρῶν πατρί.
 ἐφ' οἷς δ' ἀπειλεῖς ὡς πετρωθῆναί με χρή,
 ἀκουσον ὡς ἅπασαν Ἑλλάδ' ὠφελῶ.
 εἰ γὰρ γυναῖκες εἰς τόδ' ἤξουσιν θράσους,
 ἀνδρας φονεύειν, καταφυγὰς ποιούμεναι
 εἰς τέκνα, μαστοῖς τὸν ἔλεον θηρώμεναι,
 παρ' οὐδὲν αὐταῖς ἦν ἂν ὀλλύναι πόσεις
 570 ἐπικλημ' ἐχούσαις ὅ τι τύχοι. δράσας δ' ἐγὼ
 δεῖν', ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς, τόνδ' ἔπαυσα τὸν νόμον.
 μισῶν δὲ μητέρ' ἐνδίκως ἀπώλεσα,
 ἣτις μεθ' ὀπλων ἀνδρ' ἀπόντ' ἐκ δωμάτων
 πάσης ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος στρατηλάτην
 προὔδωκε κοῦκ ἔσωσ' ἀκήρατον λέχος·
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἀμαρτοῦς' ἦσθετ', οὐχ αὐτῇ δίκην
 ἐπέθηκεν, ἀλλ' ὡς μὴ δίκην δοίῃ πόσει,
 ἐζημίωσε πατέρα καπέκτειν' ἐμόν.
 πρὸς θεῶν, ἐν οὐ καλῶ μὲν ἐμνήσθην θεῶν,
 580 φόνον δικάζων, εἰ δὲ δὴ τὰ μητέρος

ORESTES

I know me guilt-stained with a mother's death,
Yet pure herein, that I avenged my sire. 550

What ought I to have done? Let plea face plea :
My sire begat, thy child but gave me birth—
The field that from the sower received the seed ;
Without the father, might no offspring be.

I reasoned then—better defend my source
Of life, than her that did but foster me.

Thy daughter—I take shame to call her mother—
In lawless and in wanton dalliance

Sought to a lover ;—mine own shame I speak

In telling hers, yet will I utter it :— 560

Aegisthus was that secret paramour.

I slew him and my mother on one altar—

Sinning, yet taking vengeance for my sire.

Hear how, in that for which thou threatenest
doom

Of stoning, I to all Greece rendered service :

If wives to this bold recklessness shall come,

To slay their husbands, and find refuge then

With sons, entrapping pity with bared breasts,

Then shall they count it nought to slay their
lords,

On whatso plea may chance. By deeds of horror— 570

As thy large utterance is—I abolished Law :

No, but in lawful hate I slew my mother,

Who, when her lord was warring far from home,

Chief of our armies, for all Hellas' sake,

Betrayed him, kept his couch not undefiled.

When her sin found her out, she punished not

Herself, but, lest her lord should punish her,

Wreaked on my father chastisement, and slew.

By Heaven !—ill time, I grant, to call on Heaven,

Defending murder,—had I justified 580

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σιγῶν ἐπήρουν, τί μ' ἂν ἔδρασ' ὁ καθθανών;
 οὐκ ἂν με μισῶν ἀνεχόρευ' Ἐρινύσῃ;
 ἢ μητρὶ μὲν πάρεισι σύμμαχοι θεαί,
 τῷ δ' οὐ πάρεισι μᾶλλον ἡδίκημένῳ;
 σύ τοι φυτεύσας θυγατέρ', ὦ γέρον, κακὴν
 ἀπώλεσάς με· διὰ τὸ γὰρ κείνης θράσος
 πατὴρ στερηθεῖς, ἐγενόμην μητροκτόνος.
 ὄρας; Ὀδυσσέως ἄλοχον οὐ κατέκτανε
 Τηλέμαχος· οὐ γὰρ ἐπεγάμει πόσει πόσιν,
 590 μένει δ' ἐν οἴκοις ὑγιὲς εὐνατήριον.
 ὄρας; Ἀπόλλων δὲ μεσομφάλους ἔδρας
 ναίων βροτοῖσι στόμα νέμει σαφέστατον,
 ὃ πειθόμεσθα πάνθ' ὅσ' ἂν κείνος λέγῃ,
 τούτῳ πιθόμενος τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἔκτανον.
 ἐκείνον ἠγείσθ' ἀνόσιον καὶ κτείνετε·
 ἐκείνος ἤμαρτ', οὐκ ἐγώ. τί χρῆν με δρᾶν;
 ἢ οὐκ ἀξιόχρεως ὁ θεὸς ἀναφέροντί μοι
 μίασμα λύσαι; ποῖ τις οὖν ἔτ' ἂν φύγοι,
 εἰ μὴ ὁ κελεύσας ῥύσεται με μὴ θανεῖν;
 600 ἀλλ' ὡς μὲν οὐκ εὖ μὴ λέγ' εἰργασται τάδε,
 ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς δράσασιν οὐκ εὐδαιμόνως.
 γάμοι δ' ὅσοις μὲν εὖ καθεστᾶσιν βροτῶν,
 μακάριος αἰὼν· οἷς δὲ μὴ πίπτουσιν εὖ,
 τά τ' ἔνδον εἰσὶ τά τε θύραζε δυστυχεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰεὶ γυναῖκες ἐμποδῶν ταῖς συμφοραῖς
 ἔφυσαν ἀνδρῶν πρὸς τὸ δυστυχεστέρον.

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

ἐπεὶ θρασύνει κούχ ὑποστέλλει λόγῳ,
 οὕτω δ' ἀμείβει μ' ὥστε μ' ἀλγῆσαι φρένα,
 μᾶλλον μ' ἀνάψεις ἐπὶ σὸν ἐξελθεῖν φόνον·
 610 καλὸν πάρεργον δ' αὐτὸ θήσομαι πόνων

ORESTES

Her deeds by silence, what had the dead done ?
Had not his hate's Erinyes haunted me ?
Or on the mother's side fight Goddesses,
And none on his who suffered deeper wrong ?
Thou, ancient, in begetting a vile daughter,
Didst ruin me ; for, through her recklessness
Unfathered, I became a matricide.
Mark this—Odysseus' wife Telemachus
Slew not ; she took no spouse while lived her
lord,

590

But pure her couch abideth in her halls.
Mark this—Apollo at earth's navel-throne
Gives most true revelation unto men,
Whom we obey in whatsoe'er he saith.
Obeying him, my mother did I slay.
Account ye *him* unholy : yea, slay him !
He sinned, not I. What ought I to have done ?
Or hath the God no power to absolve the guilt
I lay on him ? Whither should one flee then,
If he which bade me shall not save from death ?
Nay, say not thou that this was not well done,
Albeit untowardly for me, the doer.
Happy the life of men whose marriages
Are blest ; but they for whom they ill betide,
At home, abroad, are they unfortunate.

600

CHORUS

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

TYNDAREUS

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

610

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

620 ὦν εἴνεκ' ἦλθον θυγατρὶ κοσμήσων τάφον.
 μολῶν γὰρ εἰς ἔκκλητον Ἀργείων ὄχλον
 ἐκούσαν οὐκ ἄκουσαν ἐπισείσω πόλιν
 σοὶ σῆ τ' ἀδελφῆ, λεύσιμον δοῦναι δίκην.
 μᾶλλον δ' ἐκείνη σοῦ θανεῖν ἐπαξία,
 ἢ τῆ τεκούση σ' ἠγρίωσ', ἐς οὓς αἰεὶ
 πέμπουσα μύθους ἐπὶ τὸ δυσμενέστερον,
 οὐείρατ' ἀγγέλλουσα τὰ γαμέμνονος,
 καὶ τοῦθ' ὁ μισήσειαν Αἰγίσθου λέχος
 οἱ νέρτεροι θεοί, καὶ γὰρ ἐνθάδ' ἦν πικρόν,
 ἕως ὑφῆψε δῶμ' ἀνηφαίστω πυρί.
 Μενέλαε, σοὶ δὲ τάδε λέγω δράσω τε πρὸς·
 εἰ τοῦμόν ἔχθος ἐναριθμεί κῆδός τ' ἐμόν,
 μὴ τῶδ' ἀμύνειν φόνον ἐναντίον θεοῖς·
 ἕα δ' ὑπ' ἀστῶν καταφονευθῆναι πέτρους,
 ἢ μὴ πίβαινε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονός.
 τοσαῦτ' ἀκούσας ἴσθι, μηδὲ δυσσεβεῖς
 ἔλη παρώσας εὐσεβεστέρους φίλους·
 ἡμᾶς δ' ἀπ' οἴκων ἄγετε τῶνδε, πρόσπολοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

630 στείχ', ὡς ἀθουρύβως οὐπιῶν ἡμῖν λόγος
 πρὸς τόνδ' ἴκηται, γήρας ἀποφυγῶν τὸ σόν.
 Μενέλαε, ποῖ σὸν πόδ' ἐπὶ συννοία κυκλείς,
 διπλῆς μερίμνης διπτύχους ἰῶν ὁδοῦς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔασον· ἐν ἐμαντῶ τι συννοούμενος,
 ὅποι τράπωμαι τῆς τύχης ἀμηχανῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μὴ νυν πέραιβε τὴν δόκησιν, ἀλλ' ἐμόνους
 λόγους ἀκούσας πρόσθε, βουλευέου τότε.

ORESTES

For which I came, to deck my daughter's tomb!
To Argos' council-gathering will I go
And thrust the folk on—little thrusting need they!—
That with thy sister thou be stoned to death:—
Yea, worthier of death than thou is she,
Who egged thee on against thy mother, aye
Sending to thine ear venomous messages,
Telling of dreams from Agamemnon sent,
Telling how Gods of the Underworld abhorred
Aegisthus' couch,—hateful enough on earth,— 620
Till the house blazed with fire unnatural.
Menelaus, this I warn thee—yea, will do:
If thou regard mine hate, our tie of kin,
Shield not this man from death in heaven's despite.
Leave him to die by stoning of the folk,
Or never set thou foot in Spartan land!
Thou hast heard—remember! Choose the impious
not,
To thrust aside the friends that reverence God.
My servants, lead me from this dwelling hence. [Exit.

ORESTES

Go, that unharassed what I yet would say 630
May reach his ears, escaped thine hindering age.
Menelaus, why pace to and fro in thought,
Treading the mazes of perplexity?

MENELAUS

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

ORESTES

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

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ᾽· εὐ γὰρ εἶπας. ἔστι δ' οὐ σιγῆ λόγου
κρείσσων γένοιτ' ἄν, ἔστι δ' οὐ σιγῆς λόγος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- 640 λέγοιμ' ἂν ἤδη. τὰ μακρὰ τῶν σμικρῶν λόγων
ἐπίπροσθὲν ἔστι καὶ σαφῆ μᾶλλον κλύειν.
ἐμοὶ σὺ τῶν σῶν, Μενέλεως, μηδὲν δίδου,
ἃ δ' ἔλαβες ἀπόδος, πατὴρ ἐμοῦ λαβὼν πάρα.
οὐ χρήματ' εἶπον· χρήματ', ἦν ψυχὴν ἐμὴν
σώσης, ἅπερ μοι φίλτατ' ἔστι τῶν ἐμῶν.
ἀδικῶ λαβεῖν χρή μ' ἀντι τοῦδε τοῦ κακοῦ
ἀδικόν τι παρὰ σοῦ· καὶ γὰρ Ἀγαμέμνων πατὴρ
ἀδίκως ἀθροίσας Ἑλλάδ' ἦλθ' ὑπ' Ἴλιον,
οὐκ ἔξαμαρτῶν αὐτός, ἀλλ' ἁμαρτίαν
- 650 τῆς σῆς γυναικὸς ἀδικίαν τ' ἰώμενος.
ἐν μὲν τόδ' ἡμῖν ἀνθ' ἐνὸς δοῦναί σε χρή.
ἀπέδοτο δ', ὡς χρή τοῖς φίλοισι τοὺς φίλους,
τὸ σῶμ' ἀληθῶς, σοὶ παρ' ἀσπίδ' ἐκπουῶν,
ὅπως σὺ τὴν σὴν ἀπολάβοις ξυνάορον.
ἀπότισον οὖν μοι ταῦτ' οὗτ' ἐκεῖ λαβὼν,
μίαν πονήσας ἡμέραν ἡμῶν ὑπερ
σωτήριος στάς, μὴ δέκ' ἐκπλήσας ἔτη.
ἃ δ' Αὐλὶς ἔλαβε σφάγι' ἐμῆς ὀμοσπόρου,
ἐὼ σ' ἔχειν ταῦθ'· Ἑρμόνην μὴ κτείνε σύ.
- 660 δεῖ γὰρ σ' ἐμοῦ πράσσοντος ὡς πράσσω τανῦν
πλέον φέρεσθαι, κάμῃ συγγνώμῃ ἔχειν.
ψυχὴν δ' ἐμὴν δὸς τῷ ταλαιπῶρῳ πατρὶ
κάμῃς ἀδελφῆς, παρθένου μακρὸν χρόνον·
θανῶν γὰρ οἶκον ὄρφανὸν λείψω πατρός.
ἐρεῖς, ἀδύνατον· αὐτὸ τοῦτο· τοὺς φίλους
ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς χρή τοῖς φίλοισιν ὠφελεῖν·
ὅταν δ' ὁ δαίμων εὐ διδῶ, τί δεῖ φίλων;

ORESTES

MENELAUS

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

ORESTES

Now will I speak. Better are many words 640
Than few, and clearer to be understood.
Menelaus, give me nothing of thine own :
That thou receivedst from my sire repay.
I mean not treasure : if thou save my life,
Treasure, of all I have most dear, is this.
Grant I do wrong : I ought, for a wrong's sake,
To win of thee a wrong ; for Agamemnon
Wrongly to Ilium led the hosts of Greece :—
Not that himself had sinned, but sought to heal 650
The sin and the wrong-doing of thy wife.
This boon for boon thou oughtest render me.
He verily sold his life for thee, as friends
Should do for friends, hard-toiling under shield,
That so thou mightest win thy wife again.
This hadst thou there : to me requite the same.
Toil one day's space for my sake : for my life
Stand up. I ask thee not, wear out ten years.
Aulis received my sister's blood : I spare
Thee this ; I bid not slay Hermione.
Thou needs must, when I fare as now I fare, 660
Have vantage, and the debt must I forgive.
But to my hapless father give our lives,
Mine, and my long unwedded sister's life :
For heirless, if I die, I leave his house.
'Tis *hopeless*, wilt thou say ?—thine hour is this.
In desperate need ought friends to help their
friends.
When Fortune gives her boons, what need of friends ?

179

N 2

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

670 ἄρκει γὰρ αὐτὸς ὁ θεὸς ὠφελεῖν θέλων.
 φιλεῖν δάμαρτα πᾶσιν Ἑλλησιν δοκεῖς·
 κοῦχ ὑποτρέχων σε τοῦτο θωπέια λέγω
 ταύτης ἰκνούμαι σ'—ὦ μέλεος ἐμῶν κακῶν,
 εἰς οἶον ἤκω. τί δὲ ταλαιπωρεῖν με δεῖ ;
 ὑπὲρ γὰρ οἴκου παντὸς ἰκετεύω τάδε.
 ὦ πατὴρ ὄμαιμε θεῖε, τὸν κατὰ χθονὸς
 θανόντ' ἀκούειν τάδε δόκει, ποτωμένην
 ψυχὴν ὑπὲρ σοῦ, καὶ λέγειν ἀγῶ λέγω.
 ταῦτ' εἰς τε δάκρυα καὶ γόους καὶ συμφορὰς
 εἴρηκα, κάπητήκα τὴν σωτηρίαν,
 θηρῶν δ' πάντες κοῦκ ἐγὼ ζητῶ μόνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680 καὶ γὰρ σ' ἰκνούμαι καὶ γυνή περ οὖσ' ὅμως
 τοῖς δεομένοισιν ὠφελεῖν· οἷός τε δ' εἶ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ὀρέστ', ἐγὼ τοι σὸν καταιδούμαι κἄρα
 καὶ ξυμπονήσαι σοῖς κακοῖσι βούλομαι·
 καὶ χρὴ γὰρ οὕτω τῶν ὄμαιμόνων κακὰ
 συνεκκομίζειν, δύναμιν ἣν διδώ θεός,
 θνήσκοντα καὶ κτείνοντα τοὺς ἐναντίους·
 τὸ δ' αὖ δύνασθαι πρὸς θεῶν χρῆζω τυχεῖν.
 ἤκω γὰρ ἀνδρῶν συμμάχων κενὸν δόρυ
 ἔχων, πόνοισι μυρίοις ἀλώμενος,
 690 σμικρᾷ σὺν ἀλκῇ τῶν λελειμμένων φίλων.
 μάχη μὲν οὖν ἂν οὐχ ὑπερβαλοίμεθα
 Πελασγὸν Ἄργος· εἰ δὲ μαλθακοῖς λόγοις
 δυναίμεθ', ἐνταῦθ' ἐλπίδος προσήκομεν.
 σμικροῖσι γὰρ τὰ μεγάλα πῶς ἔλοι τις ἂν
 πόνοισιν ; ἀμαθὲς καὶ τὸ βούλεσθαι τάδε.
 ὅταν γὰρ ἤβᾳ δῆμος εἰς ὄργην πεσῶν,
 ὅμοιον ὥστε πῦρ κατασβέσαι λάβρον·

ORESTES

Her help sufficeth, when she wills to help.
 All Greece believeth that thou lov'st thy wife,—
 Not cozening thee with soft words say I this ;— 670
 By her I pray thee ! . . . (*aside*) woe for mine
 affliction !

To what pass am I come ! Why grovel thus ?
 Yet,—'tis for our whole house I make appeal ! . . .
 O brother of my father, deem that *he*
 Hears this, who lies 'neath earth, that over thee
 His spirit hovers : what I say he saith.
 This, urged with tears, moans, pleas of misery,
 Have I said, and have claimed my life of thee,
 Seeking what all men seek, not I alone.

CHORUS

I too beseech thee, woman though I am, 680
 To succour those in need : thou hast the power.

MENELAUS

Orestes, verily I reverence thee,
 And fain would help thee bear thy load of ills.
 Yea, duty bids that, where God gives the power,
 Kinsmen should one another's burdens bear,
 Even unto death, or slaying of their foes :
 But the power—would the Gods might give it me !
 I come, a single spear, with none ally,
 Long wandering with travail manifold,
 With feeble help of friends yet left to me. 690
 In battle could we never overcome
 Pelasgian Argos. If we might prevail
 By soft words, this is our hope's utmost bound.
 For with faint means how should a man achieve
 Great things ? 'Twere witless even to wish for
 this.
 For, in the first rush of a people's rage,
 'Twere even as one would quench a ravening fire.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- εἰ δ' ἡσύχως τις αὐτὸν ἐντείνοντι μὲν
 χαλῶν ὑπέικοι καιρὸν εὐλαβουμένος,
 700 ἴσως ἂν ἐκπνεύσει· ὅταν δ' ἀνῆ πνοάς,
 τύχοις ἂν αὐτοῦ ῥαδίως ὅσον θέλεις.
 ἔνεστι δ' οἶκτος, ἐνὶ δὲ καὶ θυμὸς μέγας,
 παραδοκοῦντι κτῆμα τιμωτάτου.
 ἔλθων δὲ Τυνδάρεών τέ σοι πειράσομαι
 πόλιν τε πείσαι τῷ λίαν χρῆσθαι καλῶς.
 καὶ ναῦς γὰρ ἐνταθεῖσα πρὸς βίαν ποδὶ
 ἔβαψεν, ἔστη δ' αὖθις, ἦν χαλᾶ πόδα.
 μισεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὰς ἄγαν προθυμίας,
 μισοῦσι δ' ἄστοί· δεῖ δέ μ', οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω,
 710 σώξειν σε σοφία, μὴ βία τῶν κρεισσόνων.
 ἀλκῆ δέ σ' οὐκ ἂν, ἧ σὺ δοξάζεις ἴσως,
 σώσαιμ' ἂν οὐ γὰρ ῥάδιον λόγῃ μιᾷ
 στήσαι τροπαῖα τῶν κακῶν ἅ σοι πάρα,
 οὐ γὰρ ποτ' Ἄργους γαῖαν εἰς τὸ μαλθακὸν
 προσηγόμεσθ' ἂν¹· νῦν δ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
 δούλοισιν εἶναι τοῖς σοφοῖσι τῆς τύχης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- ὦ πλὴν γυναικὸς εἵνεκα στρατηλατεῖν
 τᾶλλ' οὐδέν, ὦ κάκιστε τιμωρεῖν φίλοις·
 720 φεύγεις ἀποστραφεῖς με, τὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονος
 φροῦδ'· ἄφιλος ἦσθ' ἄρ', ὦ πάτερ, πράσσω
 κακῶς.
 οἴμοι, προδέδομαι, κούκέτ' εἰσὶν ἐλπίδες,
 ὅποι τραπόμενος θάνατον Ἀργείων φύγω·
 οὗτος γὰρ ἦν μοι καταφυγὴ σωτηρίας.
 ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε φίλτατον βροτῶν
 Πυλάδην δρόμῳ στείχοντα Φωκέων ἄπο,

¹ Schaefer: for προσηγόμεσθα of MSS.

ORESTES

But if one gently yield him to their stress,
 Slacken the sheet, and watch the season due,
 Their storm might spend its force. When lulls the
 blast, 700
 Lightly thou mightest win thy will of them.
 In them is ruth, high spirit is in them—
 A precious thing to whoso bides his time.
 Now Tyndareus and the city will I seek
 To sway to temperance in their stormy mood.
 A ship, if one have strained the mainsheet taut,
 Dips deep; but rights again, the mainsheet eased.
 For Heaven hateth over-vehemence,
 And citizens hate. I ought, I grant, to save thee—
 By wisdom, not defiance of the strong. 710
 I cannot—as thou haply dream'st—by force
 Save thee. Hard were it with my single spear
 To triumph o'er the ills that compass thee;
 Else not by suasion would I try to move
 Argos to mercy: but of sore need now
 Must prudent men be bondmen unto fate.

[Exit.

ORESTES

O nothing-worth—save in a woman's cause
 To lead a host!—craven in friends' defence!
 Turn'st from me?—fleest?—are Agamemnon's
 deeds 720
 Forgot? Ah father, friendless in affliction!
 Woe's me, I am betrayed: hope lives no more
 Of refuge from the Argives' doom of death!
 For my one haven of safety was this man.
 But lo, I see my best-beloved of men,
 Yon Pylades, from Phocis hastening.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἠδεῖαν ὄψιν· πιστὸς ἐν κακοῖς ἀνὴρ
κρείσσων γαλήνης ναυτίλοισιν εἰσορᾶν.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

730 θᾶσσον ἢ με χρῆν προβαίνων ἰκόμην δι' ἄστεως,
σύλλογον πόλεως ἀκούσας, τὸν δ' ἰδὼν αὐτὸς
σαφῶς,
ἐπὶ σὲ σύγγονόν τε τὴν σῆμ, ὡς κτενούντας
αὐτίκα.
τί τάδε; πῶς ἔχεις, τί πράσσεις; φίλταθ' ἡλίκων
ἐμοὶ
καὶ φίλων καὶ συγγενείας· πάντα γὰρ τάδ' εἰ
σύ μοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἰχόμεσθ', ὡς ἐν βραχεῖ σοι τὰμὰ δηλώσω κακά.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

συγκατασκάπτοις ἀν' ἡμᾶς· κοινὰ γὰρ τὰ τῶν
φίλων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Μενέλεως κάκιστος εἰς με καὶ κασιγνήτην ἐμήν.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

εἰκότως, κακῆς γυναικὸς ἀνδρα γίγνεσθαι κακόν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥσπερ οὐκ ἐλθὼν ἔμουγε ταῦτόν ἀπέδωκεν μολῶν.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

ἦ γὰρ ἐστὶν ὡς ἀληθῶς τήνδ' ἀφιγμένος χθόνα;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

740 χρόνιος· ἀλλ' ὅμως τάχιστα κακὸς ἐφωράθη
φίλοις.

ORESTES

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

Enter PYLADES.

PYLADES

Down the city's streets with haste unwonted unto thee
I came;

For I heard of Argos' council—yea, mine eyes beheld
the same—

For thy doom and for thy sister's, as to slay you even
now.

What means this?—how fares thine health, thy state?
—of age-mates dearest thou,

Yea, of friends and kinsfolk; each and all of these thou
art to me.

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

Traitor foul to me and to my sister Menelaus is.

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

730

740

185

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

καὶ δάμαρτα τὴν κακίστην ναυστολῶν ἐλήλυθεν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἐκείνος, ἀλλ' ἐκείνη κείνον ἐνθάδ' ἤγαγεν.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

ποῦ 'στιν ἡ πλείστους Ἀχαιῶν ὤλεσεν γυνὴ μία ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐν δόμοις ἐμοῖσιν, εἰ δὴ τούσδ' ἐμούς καλεῖν
χρεῶν.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

σὺ δὲ τίνας λόγους ἔλεξας σοῦ κασιγνήτῳ
πατρός ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μή μ' ἰδεῖν θανόνθ' ὑπ' ἀστῶν καὶ κασιγνήτην
ἐμήν.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, τί πρὸς τὰδ' εἶπε ; τότε γὰρ εἰδέναι
θέλω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἠὺλαβεῖθ', ὃ τοῖς φίλοισι δρῶσιν οἱ κακοὶ φίλοι.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

σκηψιν εἰς ποίαν προβαίνων ; τοῦτο πάντ' ἔχω
μαθίων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

750 οὗτος ἦλθ' ὁ τὰς ἀρίστας θυγατέρας σπείρας
πατήρ.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

Τυνδάρεων λέγεις· ἴσως σοι θυγατέρος θυμού-
μενος.

ORESTES

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

750

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αἰσθάνει. τὸ τοῦδε κῆδος ἴμᾳλλον εἶλετ' ἢ πα-
τρός.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

κούκ ἐτόλμησεν πόνων σῶν ἀντιλάζυσθαι παρών ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ γὰρ αἰχμητῆς πέφυκεν, ἐν γυναιξὶ δ' ἄλκιμος.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐν κακοῖς ἄρ' εἰ μεγίστοις, καὶ σ' ἀναγκαῖον
θανεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ψῆφον ἀμφ' ἡμῶν πολίτας ἐπὶ φόβῳ θέσθαι
χρεῶν.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

ἢ κρινεῖ τί χρῆμα ; λέξον· διὰ φόβου γὰρ ἔρ-
χομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἢ θανεῖν ἢ ζῆν· ὁ μῦθος οὐ μακρὸς μακρῶν πέρι.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

φευγέ νυν λιπῶν μέλαθρα σὺν κασιγνήτῃ σέθεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

760 οὐχ ὄρας ; φυλασσόμεσθα φρουρίοισι πανταχῆ.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

εἶδον ἄστεως ἀγνιᾶς τεύχεσιν πεφραγμένας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥσπερὲι πόλις πρὸς ἐχθρῶν σῶμα πυργηρούμεθα.

ORESTES

ORESTES

Rightly guessed: such kinsman Menelaus chose
before my sire.

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

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

ORESTES

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

PYLADES

Flee then: yonder palace-halls forsake thou: with
thy sister flee.

ORESTES

Dost thou see not?—warded round on every hand by
guards are we.

780

PYLADES

Lines of spears and shields I marked: the pass of
every street they close.

ORESTES

Yea, beleaguered are we, even as a city by her foes.

189

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

κάμέ νυν έρου τί πάσχω· καὶ γὰρ αὐτὸς οἶχομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πρὸς τίνος ; τοῦτ' ἂν προσείη τοῖς έμοῖς κακοῖς
κακόν.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

Στρόφιός ἤλασέν μ' ἀπ' οἴκων φυγάδα θυμωθεὶς
πατήρ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἴδιον, ἢ κοινὸν πολέταις ἐπιφέρων ἔγκλημά τι ;

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

ὅτι συνηράμην φόνον σοι μητρός, ἀνόσιον λέγων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ τάλας, ἔοικε καὶ σέ τὰμὰ λυπήσειν κακί.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐχί Μενέλεω τρόποισι χρώμεθ'· οἷστέον τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

770 οὐ φοβεῖ μή σ' Ἄργος ὥσπερ καμ' ἀποκτεῖναι
θέλη ;

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐ προσήκομεν κολάζειν τοῖσδε, Φωκέων δέ γῆ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δεινὸν οἱ πολλοί, πανούργους ὅταν ἔχωσι προ-
στάτας.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

ἀλλ' ὅταν χρηστοὺς λάβωσι, χρηστὰ βουλευούσ'
αἰεί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἶεν. εἰς κοινὸν λέγειν χρή.

ORESTES

PYLADES

Ask me also of my plight ; for, like to thee, undone
am I.

ORESTES

Yea ?—of whom ? This shall be evil heaped on my
calamity.

PYLADES

Strophius banished me mine home : my father's
wrath hath thrust me thence.

ORESTES

What the charge ? 'Twixt thee and him ?—or hath
the nation found offence ?

PYLADES

That I helped thee slay thy mother, this he names
an impious thing.

ORESTES

Woe is me ! the anguish of mine anguish unto thee
must cling !

PYLADES

I am not a Menelaus : these afflictions must I bear.

ORESTES

Fear'st thou not lest Argos doom thee with my deed
my death to share ?

770

PYLADES

I belong not unto them to punish, but to Phocis-land.

ORESTES

Fearful is the people's rage, when evil men its course
command.

PYLADES

Nay, but when they take them honest chiefs, they
counsel honest rede.

ORESTES

Come, let thou and I commune—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τίνος ἀναγκαίου πέρι ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ λέγοιμ' ἀστοῖσιν ἔλθῶν

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ὡς ἔδρασας ἔνδικα ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πατρὶ τιμωρῶν ἔμαντοῦ ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

μὴ λάβωσί σ' ἄσμενοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' ὑποπτήξας σιωπῇ καθύνω ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

δειλὸν τόδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς ἂν οὖν δρώην ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἔχεις τιν', ἣν μένης, σωτηρίαν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔχω.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

μολόντι δ' ἐλπίς ἐστὶ σωθῆναι κακῶν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ τύχοι, γένοιτ' ἄν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκ οὖν τοῦτο κρεῖσσον ἢ μένειν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλὰ δῆτ' ἔλθω ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

θανῶν γοῦν ὧδε κάλλιον θανεί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὖ λέγεις · φεύγω τὸ δειλὸν τῆδε.

ORESTES

PYLADES

As touching what imperious need?

ORESTES

Should I go and tell the people—

PYLADES

That thou wroughtest righteously?

ORESTES

Taking vengeance for my father?

PYLADES

Glad might they lay hold on thee.

ORESTES

How then, cower and die in silence?

PYLADES

This in craven sort were done.

ORESTES

What then do?

PYLADES

Hast any hope of life, if here thou linger on?

ORESTES

None.

PYLADES

But is there hope, in going, of deliverance
from the ill?

ORESTES

Haply might there be.

PYLADES

Were this not better, then, than sitting still? 780

ORESTES

Shall I go then?

PYLADES

Yea; for, dying, hero-like thou shalt have died.

ORESTES

Good: I 'scape the brand of "craven."

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

μᾶλλον ἢ μένων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα γ' ἔνδικόν μοι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τῷ δοκεῖν εὐχου μόνου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ τις ἂν γέ μ' οἰκτίσειε

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

μέγα γὰρ ἠυγένειά σου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θάνατον ἀσχάλλων πατρῶν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

πάντα ταῦτ' ἐν ὄμμασιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἰτέον, ὡς ἄναδρον ἀκλεῶς κατθανεῖν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

αἰνῶ τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἦ λέγωμεν οὖν ἀδελφῇ ταῦτ' ἐμῇ ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δάκρυα γοῦν γένοιτ' ἄν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκοῦν οὗτος οἰωνὸς μέγας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δηλαδὴ σιγᾶν ἄμεινον.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τῷ χρόνῳ δὲ κερδανεῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κεῖνό μοι μόνον πρόσαντες,

ORESTES

PYLADES

More than if thou here abide.

ORESTES

And the right is mine.

PYLADES

Pray only all men so may view the deed.

ORESTES

Haply some might pity—

PYLADES

Yea, thy princely birth shall strongly plead.

ORESTES

At my father's death indignant.

PYLADES

Full in view are all these things.

ORESTES

On! unmanly is inglorious death!

PYLADES

Thy saying bravely rings.

ORESTES

Shall we then unto my sister tell our purpose?

PYLADES

Nay, by heaven!

ORESTES

Sooth, she might break into weeping.

PYLADES

So were evil omen given.

ORESTES

Surely then were silence better.

PYLADES

Lesser hindrance shouldst thou find.

ORESTES

Yet, one stumblingblock confronts me—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

790

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τί τόδε καινὸν αὖ λέγεις ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μὴ θεαί μ' οἴστρω κατάσχωσ'.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἀλλὰ κηδεύσω σ' ἐγώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δυσχερὲς ψαύειν νοσοῦντος ἀνδρός.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκ ἔμοιγε σοῦ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὐλαβοῦ λύσσης μετασχεῖν τῆς ἐμῆς.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τόδ' οὖν ἴτω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' ὀκνήσεις ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἄκνος γὰρ τοῖς φίλοις κακὸν μέγα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔρπε νυν οἶαξ ποδός μοι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

φίλα γ' ἔχων κηδεύματα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καί με πρὸς τύμβον πορευσον πατρός.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ὡς τί δὴ τόδε ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥς νιν ἱκετεύσω με σῶσαι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τό γε δίκαιον ὧδ' ἔχει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μητέρος δὲ μηδ' ἴδοιμι μνήμα.

ORESTES

PYLADES

What new thing is in thy mind? 790

ORESTES

Lest the Fiends by madness stay me.

PYLADES

Nay, thy weakness I will tend.

ORESTES

Loathly task to touch the sick!

PYLADES

Ah, not to me for thee, O friend.

ORESTES

Yet beware the taint of this my madness.

PYLADES

Base misgivings, hence!

ORESTES

Can it be thou wilt not shrink?

PYLADES

For friends to shrink were foul offence.

ORESTES

On then, pilot of my footsteps.

PYLADES

Sweet is this my loving care.

ORESTES

Even to my father's grave-mound guide me on.

PYLADES

What wouldst thou there?

ORESTES

I would pray him to deliver.

PYLADES

Yea, 'twere just it should be so.

ORESTES

But my mother's tomb, I would not see it—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

πολεμία γὰρ ἦν.

ἀλλ' ἔπειγ', ὡς μὴ σε πρόσθε ψῆφος Ἀργείων
ἔλη,

800 περιβαλὼν πλευροῖς ἐμοῖσι πλευρὰ νωχελῆ νόσφ,
ὡς ἐγὼ δι' ἄστεως σε σμικρὰ φροντίζων ὄχλου
οὐδὲν αἰσχυθεὶς ὀχῆσω. ποῦ γὰρ ὦν δείξω
φίλος,

εἶ σε μὴ 'ν δειναῖσιν ὄντα συμφοραῖς ἐπαρκέσω ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τοῦτ' ἐκείνο, κτᾶσθ' ἐταίρους, μὴ τὸ συγγενὲς
μόνον·

ὡς ἀνὴρ ὅστις τροποῖσι συντακῆ, θυραῖος ὦν,
μυρίων κρείστων ὀμαίμων ἀνδρὶ κεκτῆσθαι φίλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ μέγας ὄλβος ἅ τ' ἀρετὰ στρ.
μέγα φρονούσ' ἀν' Ἑλλάδα καὶ
παρὰ Σιμωνυτίοις ὀχετοῖς

810 πάλιν ἀνῆλθ' ἐξ εὐτυχίας Ἀτρείδαις
πάλαι παλαιᾶς ἀπὸ συμφορᾶς δόμων,
ὅποτε χρυσέας ἦλθ' ἔρις ἄρνός
ἐπάγουσα Τανταλίδαις¹

οἰκτρότατα θοινάματα καὶ
σφάγια γενναίων τεκέων·
ὄθεν φόνω φόνος ἐξαμεί-
βων δι' αἵματος οὐ προλεί-
πει δισσοῖσιν Ἀτρείδαις.

τὸ καλὸν οὐ καλόν, τοκέων ἀντ.

820 πυριγενεῖ τεμείν παλάμα
χρόα, μελάνδετον δὲ φόνω

¹ Dindorf's reading, which secures strophic correspondence.

ORESTES

PYLADES

For she was a foe.
Haste then, lest the Argive vote have doomed thee
ere thou reach the place, [mine embrace.
Yielding up thy frame with sickness wasted unto 800
Through the streets unshamed, and taking of the
rabble little heed, [friend indeed,
I will bear thee onward. Wherein shall I show me
If mine helpfulness in terrible affliction be not shown?

ORESTES

Herein true is that old saying—"Get thee friends, not
kin alone." [of thy kin,
He whose soul to thy soul cleaveth, though he be not
Better than a thousand kinsfolk this is for thy friend
to win. [*Exeunt ORESTES and PYLADES.*

CHORUS

The stately fortune, the prowess exceeding, (Str.)
Whose glorying rang through the land of Greece,
Yea, rang where Simois' waters flow,
For Atreus' sons was its weal made woe 810
For the fruit of the curse sown long ago,
When on Tantalus' sons came, misery-breeding,
The strife for the lamb of the golden fleece,—
Breeding a banquet, with horrors spread,
For the which was the blood of a king's babes
shed,
Whence murder, tracking the footsteps red
Of murder, haunts with the wound aye bleeding
The Atreides twain without surcease.
O deed fair-seeming, O deed unholy!— (Ant.)
With hand steel-armed through the throat to shear 820
Of a mother, to lift in the Sun-god's sight

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

830 ξίφος ἐς αὐγὰς ἀελίοιο δεῖξαι·
 τὸ δ' εὖ¹ κακουργεῖν ἀσέβεια ποικίλα
 κακοφρόνων τ' ἀνδρῶν παράνοια.
 θανάτου γὰρ ἀμφὶ φόβῳ
 Τυνδαρίς ἰάχησε τάλαι-
 να· τέκνον, οὐ τολμᾶς ὅσια
 κτείνων σὰν ματέρα· μὴ πατρώ-
 αν τιμῶν χάριν ἐξανά-
 ψη δύσκλειαν ἐς αἰεί.

840 τίς νόσος ἢ τίνα δάκρυα καὶ ἐπφδ.
 τίς ἔλεος μείζων κατὰ γᾶν
 ἢ ματροκτόνον αἷμα χειρὶ θέσθαι;
 οἶον οἶον ἔργον τελέσας
 βεβάκχενται μανίαις,
 Ἐὐμενίσιν θήραμα φόνῳ
 δρομάσι δινεύων βλεφάροις
 Ἄγαμεμόνιος παῖς.
 ὦ μέλεος, ματρός ὅτε
 χρυσεοπηγήτων φαρέων
 μαστὸν ὑπερέλλοντ' ἐσιδὼν
 σφάγιον ἔθετο ματέρα, πατρώ-
 ων παθέων ἀμαιβάν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

γυναῖκες, ἢ που τῶνδ' ἀφώρμηται δόμων
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης θεομανεῖ λύσση δαμείς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦκιστα· πρὸς δ' Ἀργεῖον οἴχεται λεῶν,
 ψυχῆς ἀγῶνα τὸν προκείμενον πέρι
 δώσω, ἐν ᾧ ζῆν ἢ θανεῖν ὑμᾶς χρεῶν.

¹ Bothe: for αὖ of MSS.

ORESTES

Death-crimsoned the dark steel—O, 'tis the
sleight

Of impious sophistry putteth for right
The wrong, 'tis the sinners' infatuate folly!
Ah, Tyndareus' daughter, in frenzied fear
Of death, shrieked, shrieked in her anguish dread,
"Son, slaying thy mother, the right does thou
tread

Under foot! O beware lest thy grace to the dead,
Thy sire, in dishonour enwrap thee wholly,
As a fire that for ever thy name shall sear!" 830

(*Epode*)

What affliction were greater, what cause of weeping,
What pitiful sorrow in any land,

Than a son in the blood of a mother steeping

His hand? How in madness's bacchanal leaping

He is whirled, for the deed that was wrought of
his hand, [sweeping,

With the hell-hounds' wings on his track swift-

With eyes wild-rolling in terror unsleeping—

Agamemnon's scion, a matricide banned!

Ah wretch, that his heart should fail not nor falter,

When, over her vesture's broideries golden, 840

The mother's breast of his eyes was beholden!

But he slaughtered her like to a beast at the altar,

For the wrongs of a father had whetted the brand.

Enter ELECTRA

Dames, sure woe-worn Orestes hath not fled

These halls o'erborne by madness heaven-sent?

CHORUS

Nay, nay, to Argos' people hath he gone

To stand the appointed trial for his life,

Whereon your doom rests, or to live or die.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἶμοι· τί χρῆμ' ἔδρασε; τίς δ' ἔπεισέ νιν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

850 Πυλάδης· ἔοικε δ' οὐ μακρὰν ὄδ' ἄγγελος
λέξειν τὰ κείμενα σοῦ κασιγνήτου πέρι.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ τλήμων, ὦ δύστηνε τοῦ στρατηλάτου
Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ, πότνι' Ἠλέκτρα, λόγους
ἄκουσον οὓς σοι δυστυχεῖς ἦκω φέρων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

αἰαῖ, διοιχόμεσθα· δῆλος εἰ λόγῳ.
κακῶν γὰρ ἦκεις, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἄγγελος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ψήφῳ Πελασγῶν σὸν κασιγνήτον θανεῖν
καὶ σ', ὦ τάλαιν', ἔδοξε τῆδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

860 οἶμοι· προσῆλθεν ἐλπίς, ἦν φοβουμένη
πάλαι τὸ μέλλον ἐξετηκόμην γόοις.
ἀτὰρ τίς ἀγών, τίνες ἐν Ἀργείοις λόγοι
καθεῖλον ἡμᾶς ἀπεκύρωσαν θανεῖν;
λέγ', ὦ γεραιέ· πότερα λευσίμῳ χερὶ
ἢ διὰ σιδήρου πνεῦμ' ἀπορρήξαι με δεῖ,
κοινὰς ἀδελφῷ συμφορὰς κεκτημένην;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

870 ἐτίγχανον μὲν ἀγρόθεν πυλῶν ἔσω
βαίνων, πυθέσθαι δεόμενος τὰ τ' ἀμφὶ σοῦ
τὰ τ' ἀμφ' Ὀρέστου· σὼ γὰρ εὐνοίαν πατρὶ
αἰεὶ ποτ' εἶχον, καὶ μ' ἔφερβε σὸς δόμος
πένητα μὲν, χρῆσθαι δὲ γενναίου φίλοις.
ὀρῶ δ' ὄχλον στείχοντα καὶ θάσσοντ' ἄκραν,

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Ah me ! what hath he done ? Who so misled him ?

CHORUS

Pylades. Lo, yon messenger full soon 850
Shall tell, meseems, how fared thy brother there.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Child of our war-chief, hapless, woe-worn one,
Agamemnon's daughter, lady Electra, hear
The woeful tale, wherewith I come to thee.

ELECTRA

Alas ! we are undone : thy speech is plain.
Thou com'st, meseems, a messenger of ill.

MESSENGER

Pelasia's vote this day hath doomed that thou,
O hapless, and thy brother, are to die.

ELECTRA

Woe ! that I looked for cometh, which long since
I feared, and pined with wailings for our fate ! 860
How went the trial ? Before Argos' folk
What pleadings ruined us, and doomed to die ?
Tell, ancient, must I under stoning hands,
Or by the steel, gasp out my dying breath,
I, who am sharer in my brother's woes ?

MESSENGER

It chanced that I was entering the gates
Out of the country, fain to learn thy state,
And of Orestes ; for unto thy sire
Aye was I loyal : thine house fostered me,
A poor man, yet true-hearted to his friends. 870
Then throngs I saw to seats on yon height climb

οὐ φασι πρῶτον Δαναὸν Αἰγύπτῳ δίκας
 δίδοντ' ἀθροΐσαι λαὸν εἰς κοινὰς ἔδρας.
 ἀστῶν δὲ δὴ τιν' ἠρόμην ἄθροισμ' ἰδῶν
 τί καινὸν Ἄργει; μῶν τι πολεμίων πάρα
 ἄγγελμ' ἀνεπτέρωκε Δαναϊδῶν πόλιν;
 ὁ δ' εἶπ'. Ὀρέστην κείνον οὐχ ὄρας πέλας
 στείχοντ', ἀγῶνα θανάσιμον δραμούμενον;
 ὄρῳ δ' ἄελπτον φάσμ', ὃ μήποτ' ὄφελον,
 880 Πυλάδην τε καὶ σὸν σύγγονον στείχονθ' ὁμοῦ,
 τὸν μὲν κατηφῆ καὶ παρειμένον νόσῳ,
 τὸν δ' ὥστ' ἀδελφὸν ἴσα φίλῳ λυπούμενον,
 νόσημα κηδεύοντα παιδαγωγία.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ πλήρης ἐγένετ' Ἀργείων ὄχλος,
 κῆρυξ ἀναστάς εἶπε· τίς χρήζει λέγειν,
 πότερον Ὀρέστην κατθανεῖν ἢ μὴ χρεῶν
 μητροκτονοῦντα; κἀπὶ τῷδ' ἀνίσταται
 Ταλθύβιος, ὃς σῶ πατρὶ συνεπόρθει Φρύγας.
 890 ἔλεξε δ' ὑπὸ τοῖς δυναμένοισιν ὧν αἰεὶ
 διχόμυθα, πατέρα μὲν σὸν ἐκπαγλοῦμενος,
 σὸν δ' οὐκ ἐπαινῶν σύγγονον, καλοῖς κακοῖς
 λόγους ἐλίσσων, ὅτι καθισταίη νόμους
 εἰς τοὺς τεκόντας οὐ καλοῦς· τὸ δ' ὄμμ' αἰεὶ
 φαιδρωπὸν ἐδίδου τοῖσιω Αἰγίσθου φίλοις.
 τὸ γὰρ γένος τοιοῦτον· ἐπὶ τὸν εὐτυχῆ
 πηδῶσ' αἰεὶ κήρυκες· ὅδε δ' αὐταῖς φίλος,
 ὃς ἂν δύνηται πόλεος ἐν τ' ἀρχαῖσιν ἦ.
 ἐπὶ τῷδε δ' ἠγόρευε Διομήδης ἀναξ.
 οὗτος κτανεῖν μὲν οὔτε σ' οὔτε σύγγονον
 900 εἶα, φυγῆ δὲ ζημιοῦντας εὐσεβεῖν.
 ἐπερρόθησαν δ' οἱ μὲν ὡς καλῶς λέγοι,
 οἱ δ' οὐκ ἐπήνουν. κἀπὶ τῷδ' ἀνίσταται
 ἀνὴρ τις ἀθυρογλωσσος, ἰσχυῶν θράσει,

ORESTES

Where first, as men say, Danaus, by Aegyptus
Impeached, in general session gathered us.

Marking the crowd, I asked a citizen :

“ What news in Argos ? Hath a bruit of foes
Startled the city of the Danaïds ? ”

But he, “ Dost thou not mark Orestes there
Draw near to run the race whose goal is death ? ”

Would I had ne'er seen that unlooked-for sight—
Pylades with thy brother moving on ;

880

This, sickness-palsied, with down-drooping head ;

That, as a brother, in his friend's affliction

Afflicted, tending like a nurse the sick,

When now the Argive gathering was full,
A herald rose and cried : “ Who fain would speak

Whether Orestes ought to live or die

For matricide ? ” Talthybius thereupon

Rose, helper of thy sire when Troy was sacked.

He spake—subservient ever to the strong—

Half-heartedly, extolling high thy sire,

890

But praising not thy brother ; intertwined

Fair words and foul—that he laid down a law

Right ill for parents : so was glancing still

With flattering eye upon Aegisthus' friends.

Such is the herald tribe ; lightly they skip

To fortune's minions' side : their friend is he

Who in a state hath power and beareth rule.

Next after him prince Diomedes spake.

Thee nor thy brother would he have them slay,

But exile you, of reverence to the Gods,

900

Then murmured some that good his counsel was ;

Some praised it not. Thereafter rose up one

Of tongue unbridled, stout in impudence,

- Ἄργεῖος οὐκ Ἄργεῖος, ἠναγκασμένος,
 θορύβῳ τε πίσυρος κάμαθει παρρησία,
 πιθανὸς ἔτ' ἀστοὺς περιβαλεῖν κακῷ τι.
 [ὅταν γὰρ ἡδὺς τοῖς λόγοις φρονῶν κακῶς
 910 πείθῃ τὸ πλῆθος, τῇ πόλει κακὸν μέγα·
 ὅσοι δὲ σὺν νῷ χρηστὰ βουλευούσ' αἰεὶ,
 κὰν μὴ παραντικ', ἀθίς εἰσι χρήσιμοι
 πόλει. θεᾶσθαι δ' ὧδε χρὴ τὸν προστάτην
 ἰδόνθ'. ὁμοιον γὰρ τὸ χρῆμα γίνυται
 τῷ τοὺς λόγους λέγοντι καὶ τιμωμένῳ.]
 ὃς εἶπ' Ὀρέστην καὶ σ' ἀποκτεῖναι πέτραις
 βάλλοντας· ὑπὸ δ' ἔτεινε Τυνδάρεως λόγους
 τῷ σφῶ κατακτείνοντι τοιούτους λέγειν.
 ἄλλος δ' ἀναστὰς ἔλεγε τῷδ' ἐναντία,
 μορφῇ μὲν οὐκ εὐωπός, ἀνδρείος δ' ἀνὴρ,
 920 ὀλιγάκις ἄστν κάγορᾶς χραίνων κύκλον,
 αὐτουργός, οἵπερ καὶ μόνοι σφῶζουσι γῆν,
 ξυνετός δὲ χωρεῖν ὁμοσε τοῖς λόγοις θέλων,
 ἀκέραιος, ἀνεπίληπτον ἡσκηκῶς βίον·
 ὃς εἶπ' Ὀρέστην παῖδα τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
 στεφανοῦν, ὃς ἠθέλησε τιμωρεῖν πατρί,
 κακὴν γυναῖκα κάθεον κατακτανῶν,
 ἢ κείν' ἀφήρει, μὴθ' ὀπλίζεσθαι χέρα
 μήτε στρατεύειν ἐκλιπόντα δώματα,
 εἰ τᾶνδον οἰκουρήμαθ' οἱ λελειμμένοι
 930 φθείρουσιν, ἀνδρῶν εὐνιδας λωβῶμενοι.
 καὶ τοῖς γε χρηστοῖς εὖ λέγειν ἐφαίνετο,
 κούδεις ἔτ' εἶπε. σὸς δ' ἐπῆλθε σύγγονος,
 ἔλεξε δ'· ὦ γῆν Ἰνάχου κεκτημένοι,
 [πάλαι Πελασγοί, Δαναῖδαι δὲ δεύτερον,]

ORESTES

An Argive, yet no Argive, thrust on us,¹
 In bluster and coarse-grained fluency confident,
 Still plausible to trap the folk in mischief:
 For when an evil heart with winning tongue
 Persuades the crowd, ill is it for the state:
 Whoso with understanding counsel well
 Profit the state—ere long, if not straightway. 910
 Thus ought we on each leader of men to look,
 And so esteem: for both be in like case,
 The orator, and the man in office set.

Thee and Orestes he bade stone to death.
 But Tyndareus still prompted him the words
 That best told, as he laboured for your doom.
 To plead against him then another rose,
 No dainty presence, but a manful man,
 In town and market-circle seldom found,
 A yeoman—such as are the land's one stay,— 920
 Yet shrewd in grapple of words, when this he
 would;

A stainless man, who lived a blameless life.
 He moved that they should crown Agamemnon's son
 Orestes, since he dared avenge his sire,
 Slaying the wicked and the godless wife
 Who sapped our strength:—none would take shield on
 arm,

Or would forsake his home to march to war,
 If men's house-warders be seduced the while
 By stayers at home, and couches be defiled.
 To honest men he seemed to speak right well; 930
 And none spake after. Then thy brother rose,
 And said, "Lords of the land of Inachus,—
 Of old Pelasgians, later Danaus' sons,—"

¹ One who had obtained the citizenship by means repugnant to decent citizens.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὑμῖν ἀμύνων οὐδὲν ἦσσαν ἢ πατρὶ
 ἔκτεινα μητέρ'· εἰ γὰρ ἀρσένων φόνος
 ἔσται γυναιξὶν ὄσιος, οὐ φθάνοιτ' ἔτ' ἀν
 θηήσκουτες, ἢ γυναιξὶ δουλεύειν χρεῶν·
 τοῦναντίον δὲ δράσεται ἢ δράσαι χρεῶν.
 940 νῦν μὲν γὰρ ἢ προδοῦσα λέκτρ' ἐμοῦ πατρὸς
 τέθνηκεν· εἰ δὲ δὴ κατακτενεῖτέ με,
 ὁ νόμος ἀνεῖται, κοῦ φθάνοι θηήσκων τις ἄν,
 ὡς τῆς γε τόλμης οὐ σπάνις γενήσεται.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔπειθ' ὄμιλον, εὐδοκῶν λέγειν.
 νικᾷ δ' ἐκείνος ὁ κακὸς ἐν πλήθει λέγων,
 ὃς ἠγόρευε σύγγονον σέ τε κτανεῖν.
 μόλις δ' ἔπεισε μὴ πετρούμενος θανεῖν
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης· αὐτόχειρι δὲ σφαγῆ
 ὑπέσχετ' ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ λείψει βίον
 950 σὺν σοί. πορεύει δ' αὐτὸν ἐκκλήτων ἄπο
 Πυλάδης δακρύων· σὺν δ' ὀμαρτοῦσιν φίλοι
 κλαίοντες, οἰκτεῖροντες· ἔρχεται δέ σοι
 πικρὸν θέαμα καὶ πρόσοψις ἀθλία.
 ἀλλ' εὐτρέπιζε φάσγαν ἢ βρόχον δέρη,
 ὡς δεῖ λιπεῖν σε φέγγος· ἠυγένεια δὲ
 οὐδὲν σ' ἐπωφέλησεν, οὐδ' ὁ Πύθιος
 τρίποδα καθίζων Φοῖβος, ἀλλ' ἀπόλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλαινα παρθέν', ὡς ξυνηρεφές
 πρόσωπον εἰς γῆν σὸν βαλοῦσ' ἀφθογγος εἶ,
 ὡς εἰς στεναγμούς καὶ γόους δραμουμένη.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

960 κατάρχομαι στεναγμόν, ὦ Πελασγία, στρ.
 τιθεῖσα λευκὸν ὄνυχα διὰ παρηγίδων,
 αἱματηρὸν ἄταν,
 κτύπον τε κρατός, δν ἔλαχ' ἅ κατὰ χθονός

ORESTES

'Twas in your cause, no less than in my sire's,
 I slew my mother ; for, if their lords' blood
 Shall bring no guilt on wives, make haste to die ;
 Else must ye live in thralldom to your wives,
 And so transgress against all rightfulness.
 For now the traitress to my father's couch
 Is dead : but if ye shall indeed slay me, 940
 Law is annulled : better men died straightway ;
 Since for no crime shall wives lack daring now."
 They would not hear, though well he spake, me-
 seemed.

That knave prevailed, who to the mob appealed,
 Who called on them to slay thy brother and thee.
 Hapless Orestes scarce could gain the boon
 By stoning not to die. By his own hand
 He pledged him to leave life on this same day
 With thee. Now from the gathering Pylades 950
 Bringeth him weeping ; and his friends attend
 Lamenting with strong crying. So he comes
 To thee, sight bitter and woeful to behold.
 Prepare the sword, or halter for thy neck ;
 For thou must leave the light. Thy princely birth
 Nought hath availed thee, nor the Pythian King
 Apollo tripod-throned ; nay, ruined thee. [*Exit.*]

CHORUS

O misery-burdened maiden, how art thou
 Speechless, with veiled head bowed unto the earth,
 As who shall run her course of moans and wails !

ELECTRA

Land of Pelasgia, I waken the wailing, (Str.) 960
 Scoring red furrows with fingers white
 In my cheeks, as with blood-streaks I mar them, and
 hailing [right,
 On the head of me blows, which she claims as her

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

νερτέρων καλλίπαις ἄνασσα.
 ἰαχίειω δὲ γὰ Κυκλωπία,
 σίδαρον ἐπὶ κάρα τιθεῖσα κούριμον,
 πήματ' οἴκων.
 ἔλεος ἔλεος ὄδ' ἔρχεται
 τῶν θανουμένων ὑπερ,
 στρατηλατᾶν Ἑλλάδος ποτ' ὄντων.

970

βέβακε γὰρ βέβακεν, οἴχεται τέκνων ἄντ.
 πρόπασα γέννα Πέλοπος ὃ τ' ἐπὶ μακαρίοις
 ζήλος ὦν ποτ' οἴκοις·
 φθόνος νιν εἶλε θεόθεν, ἃ τε δυσμενῆς
 φοινία ψήφος ἐν πολίταις.
 ἰὼ ἰὼ, πανδάκρυτ' ἐφαμέρων
 ἔθνη πολύπονα, λεύσσεθ', ὡς παρ' ἐλπίδας
 μοῖρα βαίνει.
 ἔτερα δ' ἕτερος ἀμείβεται
 πήματ' ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ·
 βροτῶν δ' ὁ πᾶς ἀστάθμητος αἰών.

980

μόλοιμι τὰν οὐρανοῦ
 μέσον χθονός τε τεταμέναν αἰωρήμασι
 πέτραν ἀλύσεσι χρυσέαισι φερομένην
 δίναισι βῶλον ἐξ Ὀλύμπου,
 ἵν' ἐν θρήνοισιν ἀναβοάσω
 γέροντι πατρὶ Ταυτάλῳ
 ὃς ἔτεκεν ἔτεκε γενέτορας ἐμέθεν δόμων,
 οὐ κατείδον ἄτας,

ORESTES

The fair Queen of the dead 'neath the earth that
are lying.

On thy locks let the steel of the shearing light,
Land Cyclopean ; break forth into crying,
For the woes of the house of thy princes sighing.

Ah pity upwelling, ah tears unavailing
For those in this hour that go forth to their dying,
Erst chieftains of Hellas's battle-might.

970

(Ant.)

Gone—gone! Lo, the lineage of Pelops hath fled
Into nothingness wholly ; and passed away
Is the pride of a house in bliss high-seated,
By Heaven's jealousy blasted ; and hungry to slay
Is the doom that the citizens spake death-dealing.

Ah, travail-worn tribes that endure but a day
Amid weeping, behold how the morrow, revealing
The death of your hopes, cometh destiny-sealing ;
And to each man his several sorrows are meted,
Unto each in his turn, through the years on-
stealing,

980

Nor ever abide we at one stay.

O might I win to the rock 'twixt heaven¹
And earth suspended in circles swinging,
Upborne by the golden chains scarce-clinging,
The shard from Olympus riven ;
That to Tantalus, father of ancient time,
I might shriek with laments wild-ringing :
For of his loins came those sires of our name
Who looked upon that infatuate crime

¹ Tantalus lay in Tartarus beneath a rock, which at every moment seemed about to fall and crush him. Here Euripides seems to identify this rock with the sun, which Anaxagoras described as a red-hot mass of stone hung in heaven.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

990 ποτανὸν μὲν δίωγμα πῶλῶν
 τεθριπποβάμονι στόλῳ Πέλοψ ὅτε
 πελάγεσι διεδίφρευσε, Μυρτίλου φόνου
 δικῶν ἐς οἶδμα πόντου,
 λευκοκύμοσιν
 πρὸς Γεραιστίαις
 ποντίων σάλων
 ἥοσιν ἄρματεύσας.

ὄθεν δόμοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς
 ἦλθ' ἀρὰ πολύστονος,
 λόχευμα ποιμνίοισι Μαιάδος τόκου,
 τὸ χρυσόμαλλον ἄρνός ὀπότ'
 1000 ἐγένετο τέρας ὄλοον ὄλοον
 Ἄτρεος ἵπποβῶτα
 ὄθεν Ἔρις τό τε πτερωτὸν
 ἄλλου μετέβαλεν ἄρμα,
 τὰν πρὸς ἐσπέραν κέλευθου
 οὐρανοῦ προσαρμόσασα
 μονόπῳλον ἐς Ἄῶ,
 ἑπταπόρου τε δρόμημα Πελειάδος
 εἰς ὄδον ἄλλαν Ζεὺς μεταβάλλει,
 τῶνδ' ἑ τ' ἀμείβει αἰεὶ θανάτους θανά-
 των τά τ' ἐπώνυμα δεῖπνα Θυέστον
 1010 λέκτρα τε Κρήσας Ἀερόπας δολί-
 ας δολίοισι γάμοις· τὰ πανύστατα δ'
 εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ γενέταν ἐμὸν ἦλυθε
 δόμων πολυπόνοις ἀνάγκαις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδε σὸς σίγγονος ἔρπει
 ψήφῳ θανάτου κατακυρωθείς,
 ὃ τε πιστότατος πάντων Πυλάδης

ORESTES

Wrought when the car-steeds' winged feet chased,
When the four-horsed chariot of Pelops raced 990
By the strand, and his hand dashed Myrtilus
down
Unto hell, in the swell of the sea to drown,
When the race was o'er
Of the wheels that sped
By the white foam-fringe of the surf-lashed shore
Of Geraestus' head.

For a curse heavy-burdened with mourning
Fell on mine house for the deed,
When Maia's son from his fold
Brought the lamb of the fleece of gold,
A portent whence ruin was rolled
Upon Atreus, a king's overturning : 1000
And the sun-car's winged speed
From the ghastly strife turned back,
Changing his westering track
Through the heavens unto where, blush-burning,
Dawn rose with her single steed.
Lo, Zeus to another star-highway bending
The course of the sailing Pleiads seven !
Lo, death after death in succession unending
By the banquet, named of Thyestes, given,
And by Cretan Aerope's couch of shame
And treason !—the consummation came 1010
Of all, upon me and my father descending
In our house's affliction foredoomed in heaven.

CHORUS

Lo, where thy brother hitherward comes faring,
Doomed by the vote of Argos' folk to die ;
Yea, also Pylades, above all other

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ισάδελφος ἀνὴρ,
ἔξιθύνων νοσερὸν κώλου,
ποδὶ κηδοσύνῳ παράσειρος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἱ ἴγ' ἄνω γὰρ σ' ὀρώσ' ἀναστένω,
ἀδελφέ, καὶ πάροιθε νερτέρων πυρᾶς.
1020 οἱ ἴγ' ἄνω μάλ' αὐθις ὡς σ' ἰδοῦσ' ἐν ὄμμασι
πανυστάτην πρόσοψιν ἐξέστην φρενῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ σῶγ' ἀφείσα τοὺς γυναικείους γόους
στέρξεις τὰ κραυθέντ'; οἰκτρὰ μὲν τὰδ', ἀλλ' ὅμως
[φέρειν ἀνάγκη τὰς παρεστώσας τύχας.]

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ πῶς σιωπῶ, φέγγος εἰσορᾶν θεοῦ
τόδ' οὐκέθ' ἡμῖν τοῖς ταλαιπώροις μετὰ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σὺ μὴ μ' ἀπόκτειν'· ἄλις ἀπ' Ἀργείας χερὸς
τέθνηχ' ὁ τλήμων· τὰ δὲ παρόντ' ἔα κακά.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ μέλεος ἤβης σῆς, Ὀρέστα, καὶ πότμου
1030 θανάτου τ' ἁώρου. ζῆν ἔχρην σ', ὄτ' οὐκέτ' εἶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν μοι περιβάλλης ἀνανδρίαν,
εἰς δάκρυα πορθμεύουσ' ὑπομνήσει κακῶν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θανούμεθ'· οὐχ οἶόν τε μὴ στένειν κακά.
πᾶσιν γὰρ οἰκτρὸν ἢ φίλη ψυχὴ βροτοῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τόδ' ἤμαρ ἡμῖν κύριον δεῖ δ' ἢ βρόχους
ἄπτειν κρεμαστοὺς ἢ ξίφος θήγειν χερί.

ORESTES

Truest of friends, close-cleaving as a brother,
Cometh, Orestes' fainting steps upbearing,
Ever with heedful feet a yokemate nigh.

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES.

ELECTRA

Woe's me ! I mourn to see thee, brother, stand
Before the tomb, before the pyre of death.
Woe's me again ! As gaze mine eyes on thee 1020
With this last look, my spirit faileth me.

ORESTES

Nay, hush ; from wailings womanlike forbear.
Bow to thy fate : 'tis piteous ; none the less
Needs must we bear the doom that stands hard by.

ELECTRA

Nay, how be hushed ? To see yon Sun-god's light
No more is given to us unhappy ones.

ORESTES

Ah, slay me not ! Enough that Argive hands
Have slain a wretch : let be the imminent ills.

ELECTRA

Woe for thy youth, for thine untimely death,
Orestes ! Life, not death, had been thy due. 1030

ORESTES

Ah, by the Gods, I pray, unman me not,
Nor move to tears by mention of our woes.

ELECTRA

We die ! I cannot but bemoan our fate.
All mortals grieve for precious life forgone.

ORESTES

This is our day of doom : the noose must coil
About our necks, or our hands grasp the sword.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σύ νύν μ', ἀδελφέ, μή τις Ἀργείων κτάνη
ὑβρισμα θέμενος τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1040 ἄλλῃ τὸ μητρὸς αἷμ' ἔχω· σὲ δ' οὐ κτενῶ,
ἀλλ' αὐτόχειρι θνητῶν ὄτ' βούλει τρόπῳ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔσται τάδ'· οὐδὲν σοῦ ξίφους λελείψομαι·
ἀλλ' ἀμφιθεῖναι σῆ δέρη θέλω χέρας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τέρπου κενὴν ὄνησιν, εἰ τερπνὸν τόδε
θανάτου πέλας βεβῶσι, περιβαλεῖν χέρας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ὦ ποθεινὸν ἠδιστόν τ' ἔχων
τῆς σῆς ἀδελφῆς ὄνομα καὶ ψυχὴν μίαν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1050 ἔκ τοί με τήξεις· καί σ' ἀμείψασθαι θέλω
φιλότῃ χειρῶν. τί γὰρ ἔτ' αἰδοῦμαι τάλας;
ὦ στέρν' ἀδελφῆς, ὦ φίλον πρόσπτυγμ' ἐμοί,
τάδ' ἀντὶ παίδων καὶ γαμηλίου λέχους
προσφθέγματ' ἀμφὶ τοῖς ταλαιπώροις πάρα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φεῦ·
πῶς ἂν ξίφος νῶ ταυτόν, εἰ θέμις, κτάνοι
καὶ μνήμα δέξαιθ' ἔν, κέδρου τεχνάσματα;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἠδιστ' ἂν εἴη ταῦθ'· ὄρας δὲ δὴ φίλων
ὡς ἐσπανίσμεθ', ὥστε κοινωνεῖν τάφου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδ' εἰφ' ὑπὲρ σοῦ, μὴ θάνοις σπουδὴν ἔχων,
Μενέλαος ὁ κακός, ὁ προδότης τοῦμοῦ πατρός;

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Brother, thou slay me, that no Argive slay,
With outrage foul to Agamemnon's child.

ORESTES

Suffice the mother's blood : I will not slay thee.
Die in what wise thou wilt by thine own hand. 1040

ELECTRA

O yea : I will not lag behind thy sword.
But oh to lay mine arms about thy neck !

ORESTES

Enjoy that vain delight, if joy it be
For those that stand at death's door to embrace.

ELECTRA

Dearest, who bear'st a name desirable
And sweet on sister's lips !—one soul with mine !

ORESTES

Ah, thou wilt melt me ! Fain would I reply
With arms of love ! Ah, why still shrink in shame ?
O sister-bosom, dear embrace to me !
In children's stead, instead of wedded arms, 1050
This farewell to the hapless is vouchsafed.

ELECTRA (*sighs*)

Oh might the selfsame sword, if this may be,
Slay us, one coffin cedar-wrought receive !

ORESTES

Most sweet were this : yet, how forlorn of friends
Thou seest are we, who cannot claim one tomb !

ELECTRA

Spake Menelaus not for thee, to plead
Against thy death—base traitor to my sire ?

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1060 οὐδ' ὄμμ' ἔδειξεν, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ σκήπτροις ἔχων
τὴν ἐλπίδ', ἠύλαβεῖτο μὴ σφίξειν φίλους.
ἀλλ' εἶ, ὅπως γενναῖα κάγαμέμνονος
δράσαντε κατθανούμεθ' ἀξιότατα.
κἀγὼ μὲν εὐγένειαν ἀποδείξω πόλει,
παίσας πρὸς ἦπαρ φασγάνω· σέ δ' αὖ χρεῶν
ὄμοια πράσσειν τοῖς ἐμοῖς τολμήμασι.
Πυλάδῃ, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν τοῦ φόνου γενοῦ βραβεύς,
καὶ κατθανόντοιν εὖ περιστείλον δέμας,
θάψον τε κοινῇ πρὸς πατρός τύμβου φέρων.
καὶ χαῖρ'· ἐπ' ἔργον δ', ὡς ὀράς, πορεύομαι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

1070 ἐπίσχεσ. ἐν μὲν πρῶτά σοι μομφὴν ἔχω,
εἰ ζῆν με χρήζειν σοῦ θανόντος ἠλπισας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί γὰρ προσήκει κατθανεῖν σ' ἐμοῦ μέτα ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἦρου ; τί δὲ ζῆν σῆς ἐταιρίας ἄτερ ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔκτανες σὴν μητέρ', ὡς ἐγὼ τάλας.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

σὺν σοί γε κοινῇ ταῦτὰ καὶ πάσχειν με δεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1080 ἀπόδος τὸ σῶμα πατρί, μὴ σύνθνησκέ μοι.
σοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἔστι πόλις, ἐμοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔστι δῆ,
καὶ δῶμα πατρός καὶ μέγας πλοῦτου λιμὴν.
γάμων δὲ τῆς μὲν δυσπότημου τῆσδ' ἐσφάλῃς,
ἦν σοι κατηγγύησ', ἐταιρίαν σέβων·
σὺ δ' ἄλλο λέκτρον παιδοποίησαι λαβών,
κῆδος δὲ τοῦμὸν καὶ σὸν οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ δῆ.
ἀλλ' ὦ ποθεινὸν ὄνομ' ὀμιλίας ἐμήσ,

ORESTES

ORESTES

His face he showed not—fixed upon the throne
His hope, with good heed not to save his friends !
Come, prove we by our deeds our high-born strain, 1060
And worthily of Agamemnon die.
Yea, I will show all men my royal blood,
Plunging the sword into mine heart : but thou
Must match with thine the unflinching deed I do.
Sit thou as umpire, Pylades, to our death.
Meetly lay out the bodies of the dead :
Bear to our sire's grave, and with him entomb.
Farewell : I go, thou seest, to do the deed. [*Going.*]

PYLADES

Tarry :—first, one reproach have I for thee :
Thou didst expect that I would live, thou dead ! 1070

ORESTES

How, what hast thou to do to die with me ?

PYLADES

Dost ask ? Without thy friendship what were life ?

ORESTES

Thy mother *thou* slew'st not, as I—woe's me ?

PYLADES

I shared thy deed, thy sufferings must I share.

ORESTES

Restore thee to thy sire ; die not with me.
Thou hast a city,—none to me is left,—
A father's home, a haven wide of wealth.
Thou canst not wed this maiden evil-starred
Whom I for friendship's sake betrothed to thee.
Yet take thee another bride and rear thee sons : 1080
The looked-for tie 'twixt thee and me is not.
Now, O dear name of my companionship,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

χαίρ'· οὐ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἔστι τοῦτο, σοὶ γε μὴν·
οἱ γὰρ θανόντες χαρμάτων τητώμεθα.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἢ πολὺ λέλειψαι τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.
μήθ' αἰμά μου δέξαιτο κάρπιμον πέδον,
μὴ λαμπρὸς αἰθήρ, εἰ σ' ἐγὼ προδούς ποτε
ἐλευθερώσας τοῦμὸν ἀπολίποιμί σε.
καὶ συγκατέκτανον γάρ, οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,
1090 καὶ πάντ' ἐβούλευσ' ὧν σὺ νῦν τίνεις δίκας·
καὶ ξυθναεῖν οὖν δεῖ με σοὶ καὶ τῆδ' ὁμοῦ.
ἐμὴν γὰρ αὐτήν, ἧς λέχος κατήνεσας,
κρίνω δάμαρτα· τί γὰρ ἐρῶ καλόν ποτε
γῆν Δελφίδ' ἐλθῶν Φωκέων ἀκρόπτολεν,
ὅς πρὶν μὲν ὑμᾶς δυστυχεῖν φίλος παρή,
νῦν δ' οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ δυστυχοῦντί σοι φίλος·
οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν κάμοι μέλει.
ἐπεὶ δὲ καθθανούμεθ', εἰς κοινούς λόγους
ἔλθωμεν, ὡς ἂν Μενέλεως ξυνδυστυχῆ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1100 ὦ φίλτατ', εἰ γὰρ τοῦτο καθθάνοιμ' ἰδῶν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

πιθοῦ νυν, ἀνάμεινον δὲ φασγάνου τομάς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μενῶ, τὸν ἐχθρὸν εἴ τι τιμωρήσομαι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

σίγα νυν· ὡς γυναιξὶ πιστεύω βραχύ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μηδὲν τρέσης τάσδ'· ὡς πάρεις' ἡμῖν φίλαι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

Ἐλένην κτάνωμεν, Μενέλεω λύπην πικράν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς ; τὸ γὰρ ἔτοιμον ἔστιν, εἴ γ' ἔσται καλῶς.

ORESTES

Farewell!—not *this* for us, perchance for thee :
For us, the dead, is no glad *faring-well*!

PYLADES

Far dost thou fail of hitting mine intent.
May neither fruitful earth receive my blood,
Nor sunlit sky, if I forsake thee ever,
Deliver mine own soul, and fall from thee !
I shared the murder, I disown it not ;
All did I plan for which thou sufferest now ; 1090
Therefore I needs must die with thee, with her.
For I account her pledged of thee to me,
My wife. What tale fair-seeming shall I tell,
Coming to Delphi, to the Phocians' burg,
Who was your close friend ere your fortunes fell,
Now, in calamity, no more thy friend ?
Nay, nay, this task is mine no less than thine.
But, since we needs must die, debate we now
How Menelaus too may share our woe.

ORESTES

Dear friend, would I could look on this, and die! 1100

PYLADES

Hearken to me, and that sword-stroke defer.

ORESTES

I wait, if so I avenge me on my foe.

PYLADES (*pointing to Chorus*)

Speak low!—I put in women little trust.

ORESTES

Fear not for these : all here be friends to us.

PYLADES

Slay Helen—Menelaus' bitter grief!

ORESTES

How ? Ready am I, if this may well befall.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

σφάξαντες. ἐν δόμοις δὲ κρύπτεται σέθεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μάλιστα· καὶ δὴ πάντ' ἀποσφραγίζεται.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐκέθ', "Αἰδην νυμφίου κεκτημένη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1110 καὶ πῶς ; ἔχει γὰρ βαρβάρους ὀπάουνας.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τίνας ; Φρυγῶν γὰρ οὐδέν' ἂν τρέσαιμ' ἐγώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἴους ἐνόπτρων καὶ μύρων ἐπιστάτας.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τρυφὰς γὰρ ἤκει δεῦρ' ἔχουσα Τρωικὰς ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥσθ' Ἑλλὰς αὐτῇ σμικρὸν οἰκητήριον.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐδέν τὸ δοῦλον πρὸς τὸ μὴ δοῦλον γένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ μὴν τόδ' ἔρξας δις θανεῖν οὐχ ἄζομαι.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν, σοί γε τιμωρούμενος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ πρᾶγμα δήλου καὶ πέλαιν', ὅπως λέγεις.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

εἴσιμεν ἐς οἴκους δῆθεν, ὡς θανούμενοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1120 ἔχω τοσοῦτον, τὰπίλοιπα δ' οὐκ ἔχω.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

γόους πρὸς αὐτὴν θησόμεσθ' ἂ πάσχομεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥστ' ἐκδακρῦσαί γ' ἔνδοθεν κεχαρμένην.

ORESTES

PYLADES

With sword-thrust : in thine halls she hideth now.

ORESTES

Even so—and setteth now her seal on all.

PYLADES

She seals no more, when Hades hails her bride.

ORESTES

Nay, how? She hath barbarian serving-men. 1110

PYLADES

Whom? Phrygians!—'tis not I would quail for such.

ORESTES

Ay,—chiefs of mirrors and of odours they.

PYLADES

So? Hath she come with Trojan luxury hither?

ORESTES

Ay; for her mansion Hellas is too strait.

PYLADES

Nought is the slave against the freeborn man.

ORESTES

This deed but done, I dread not twice to die.

PYLADES

Nay, neither I, so I avenge but thee.

ORESTES

Declare the thing; unfold what thou wouldst say.

PYLADES

We will into the house, as deathward-bound.

ORESTES

Thus much I grasp, but grasp not yet the rest. 1120

PYLADES

We will make moan unto her of our plight.

ORESTES

That she may weep—rejoicing in her heart!

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

καὶ νῦν παρέσται ταῦθ' ἄπερ κείνη τότε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔπειτ' ἀγῶνα πῶς ἀγωνιούμεθα;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

κρύπτ' ἐν πέπλοισι τοισίδ' ἔχομεν ξίφη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πρόσθεν δ' ὀπαδῶν τίς ὄλεθρος γενήσεται;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐκκλήσομεν σφᾶς ἄλλον ἄλλοσε στέγης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ τόν γε μὴ σιγῶντ' ἀποκτείνειν χρεῶν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

εἴτ' αὐτὸ δηλοῖ τοῦργον οἷ τείνειν χρεῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1130 Ἐλένην φονεύειν· μανθάνω τὸ σύμβολον.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἔγνωσ' ἄκουσον δ' ὡς καλῶς βουλευόμαι.

εἰ μὲν γὰρ εἰς γυναῖκα σωφρονεστέραν

ξίφος μεθεῖμεν, δυσκλεῆς ἂν ἦν φόνος·

νῦν δ' ὑπὲρ ἀπάσης Ἑλλάδος δώσει δίκην,

ὧν πατέρας ἔκτειν', ὧν τ' ἀπώλεσεν τέκνα,

νύμφας τ' ἔθηκεν ὀρφανὰς ξυναόρων.

ὄλολυγμὸς ἔσται, πῦρ τ' ἀνάψουσιν θεοῖς,

σοὶ πολλὰ κάμοι κέδν' ἀρώμενοι τυχεῖν,

κακῆς γυναικὸς οὐνεχ' αἰμ' ἐπράξαμεν.

1140 ὁ μητροφόντης δ' οὐ καλεῖ ταύτην κτανών,

ἀλλ' ἀπολιπὼν τοῦτ' ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον πεσεῖ,

Ἐλένης λεγόμενος τῆς πολυκτόνου φονεύς.

οὐ δεῖ ποτ' οὐ δεῖ Μενέλεων μὲν εὐτυχεῖν,

ORESTES

PYLADES

Ah ! we shall be in like case then with her !¹

ORESTES,

Thereafter, how shall we strive out the strife ?

PYLADES

Hidden beneath these cloaks will we have swords.

ORESTES

But in her thralls' sight how shall she be slain ?

PYLADES

In several chambers will we bar them out.

ORESTES

And whoso keeps not silence must we slay.

PYLADES

Thenceforth the deed's self points the path to us,—

ORESTES

To Helen's death : the watchword know I well. 1130

PYLADES

Thou say'st : and honourable my counsel is ;
For, if we loosed the sword against a dame
More virtuous, were that slaying infamous.
But *she* shall for all Hellas' sake be punished,
Whose sires she slew, whose children she destroyed,
Whose brides she widowed of their yokefellows.
There shall be shouting, fires to heaven shall blaze,
With blessings many invoked on thee and me,
For that we shed a wicked woman's blood.
Slay her, thou shalt not *matricide* be called : 1140
This cast aside, thou shalt find fairer lot,
Styled Slayer of Helen, a nation's murderess.
It must not be that Menelaus thrive,

¹ i.e. Pretending to sorrow, but inwardly exulting, as having her in our power.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸν σὸν δὲ πατέρα καὶ σὲ κάδελφὴν θανεῖν,
μητέρα τ', ἐὼ τοῦτ', οὐ γὰρ εὐπρεπὲς λέγειν,
δόμους τ' ἔχειν σούς, δι' Ἀγαμέμνονος δορυ
λαβόντα νύμφην μὴ γὰρ οὖν ζῶην ἔτι,
ἦν μὴ 'π' ἐκείνη φάσγανον σπασώμεθα.
ἦν δ' οὖν τὸν Ἑλένης μὴ κατάσχωμεν φόνου,
1150 πρήσαντες οἴκους τοῦσδε κατθανούμεθα.
ἐνὸς γὰρ οὐ σφαλέντες ἔξομεν κλέος,
καλῶς θανόντες ἢ καλῶς σεσωσμένοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάσαις γυναιξίν ἀξία στυγεῖν ἔφθ
ἢ Τυνδαρίσ παις, ἢ κατήσχυεν γένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κρείσσον ἢ φίλος σαφής,
οὐ πλοῦτος, οὐ τυραννίς· ἀλόγιστον δέ τι
τὸ πλήθος ἀντάλλαγμα γενναίου φίλου.
σὺ γὰρ τά τ' εἰς Αἰγισθον ἐξηῆρες κακά,
καὶ πλησίον παρήσθα κινδύνων ἐμοί,
1160 νῦν τ' αὖ δίδως μοι πολεμίων τιμωρίαν
κούκ ἐκποδῶν εἰ. παύσομαί σ' αἰνῶν, ἐπεὶ
βάρος τι κὰν τῷδ' ἐστίν, αἰνεῖσθαι λίαν.
ἐγὼ δὲ πάντως ἐκπνέων ψυχὴν ἐμὴν
δράσας τι χρήζω τοὺς ἐμούς ἐχθροὺς θανεῖν,
ἵν' ἀνταναλώσω μὲν οἷ με προῦδοσαν,
στένωσι δ' οἷπερ κἄμ' ἔθηκαν ἄθλιον.
'Αγαμέμνονός τοι παῖς πέφυχ', δὲ Ἑλλάδος
ἦρξ' ἀξιοθεῖς, οὐ τύραννος ἀλλ' ὁμιος
ῥώμην θεοῦ τῷ ἔσχ'. δυ οὐ καταισχυνῶ
1170 δούλου παρασχῶν θάνατον, ἀλλ' ἐλευθέρως
ψυχὴν ἀφήσω, Μενέλεων δὲ τίσομαι.
ἐνὸς γὰρ εἰ λαβοίμεθ', εὐτυχοῖμεν ἄν,

ORESTES

The while thy sire, thou, and thy sister die,
Thy mother—*that* I pass, unmeet to say,—
And that he hold thine halls who won his bride
By Agamemnon's spear! May I not live
If we shall not against her draw the sword!
If haply we achieve not Helen's death,
Yon palace will we fire, and so will die. 1150
For, of two glories, one we will not miss,
To die with honour, or with honour 'scape.

CHORUS

This child of Tyndareus, who hath brought shame
On womankind, deserves all women's hate.

ORESTES

Ha! nought is better than a loyal friend—
Nor wealth, nor lordship! Sure, of none account
The crowd is, weighed against one noble friend.
Aegisthus' punishment didst thou devise;
On peril's brink thou stoodest at my side;
And profferest now avenging on my foes, 1160
Nor stand'st aloof;—but I will cease from praise,
For weariness cometh even of overpraise.
I must in any wise give up the ghost,
Yet fain would sting mine enemies ere I die,
That my betrayers I may so requite,
And they which made me miserable may groan.
Agamemnon's son am I, the son of one
Held worthy to rule Greece—no despot, yet
A god's might had he. Him I will not shame,
Brooking a slave's death; hut as a free man 1170
Mid vengeance on Menelaus breathe out life.
Might we gain one thing, fortunate were we

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἴ ποθεν ἄελπτος παραπέσοι σωτηρία
κτανούσι μὴ θανούσιν· εὐχομαι τάδε.
ὃ βούλομαι γάρ, ἠδὺν καὶ διὰ στόμα,
πτηνοῖσι μύθους ἀδαπάνως τέρψαι φρένα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ, κασίγνητ', αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἔχειν δοκῶ,
σωτηρίαν σοὶ τῷδέ τ' ἐκ τρίτων τ' ἐμοί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1180

θεοῦ λέγεις πρόνοιαν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ τόδε ;
ἐπεὶ τὸ συνετόν γ' οἶδα σῆ ψυχῇ παρόν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν· καὶ σὺ δεῦρο νοῦν ἔχε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέγ'· ὡς τὸ μέλλειν ἀγάθ' ἔχει τιν' ἡδονήν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἐλένης κάτοισθα θυγατέρ' ; εἰδὸτ' ἠρόμην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἶδ', ἦν ἔθρεψεν Ἑρμιόνην μήτηρ ἐμή.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

αὕτη βέβηκε πρὸς Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσους ; ὑποτίθης τιν' ἐλπίδα ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

χοὰς κατασπίσους ὑπὲρ μητρὸς τάφον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ δὴ τί μοι τοῦτ' εἶπας εἰς σωτηρίαν ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

συνλάβεθ' ὄμηρον τήνδ', ὅταν στείχη πάλιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1190

τίνος τόδ' εἶπας φάρμακον τρισσοῖς φίλοις ;

ORESTES

If, past hope, unto us deliverance chanced,
To slay and not be slain: For this I pray:
For sweet the wish is—sweet through sighing lips
To cheer the heart with winged words costing naught.

ELECTRA

I, brother, have this same thing found, meseems,—
Deliverance for thee, for him, for me.

ORESTES

God's foresight claim'st thou!—yet why say I this,
Since I know wisdom dwelleth in thine heart?

1180

ELECTRA

Hearken then: give thou also (*to PYL.*) heed hereto.

ORESTES

Speak: there is pleasure even in hope of good.

ELECTRA

Thou knowest Helen's daughter?—wherefore ask?

ORESTES

I know—my mother nursed Hermione.

ELECTRA

Even she hath gone to Clytemnestra's tomb.

ORESTES

With what intent?—now what hope whisperest thou?

ELECTRA

To pour drink-offerings o'er our mother's tomb.

ORESTES

Wherein to safety tendeth this thou nam'st?

ELECTRA

Seize her, our hostage, when she cometh back.

ORESTES

What peril-salve for us three friends were this?

1190

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1200 Ἐλένης θανούσης, ἦν τι Μενέλεως σὲ δρᾶ
ἢ τόνδε κάμῃ, πᾶν γὰρ ἐν φίλον τόδε,
λέγ' ὡς φονεύσεις Ἑρμιόνην· ξίφος δὲ χρῆ
δέρη πρὸς αὐτῇ παρθένου σπάσαντ' ἔχειν.
κἂν μὲν σε σώξῃ μὴ θανεῖν χρῆζων κόρην
Μενέλαος, Ἐλένης πτώμ' ἰδὼν ἐν αἵματι,
μέθες πεπᾶσθαι πατρὶ παρθένου δέμας·
ἦν δ' ὄξυθύμου μὴ κρατῶν φρονήματος
κτείνῃ σε, καὶ σὺ σφάζε παρθένου δέρην.
καὶ νιν δοκῶ, τὸ πρῶτον ἦν πολὺς παρῆ,
χρόνῳ μαλάξειν σπλάγγχον· οὔτε γὰρ θρασὺς
οὔτ' ἄλκιμος πέφυκε. τήνδ' ἡμῖν ἔχω
σωτηρίας ἔπαλξιν. εἴρηται λόγος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ τὰς φρένας μὲν ἄρσενας κεκτημένη,
τὸ σῶμα δ' ἐν γυναιξὶ θηλείαις πρέπον,
ὡς ἀξία ζῆν μᾶλλον ἢ θανεῖν ἔφυς.
Πυλάδῃ, τοιαύτης ἄρ' ἀμαρτήσῃ τάλας
γυναικὸς ἢ ζῶν μακάριον κτήσῃ λέχος.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

1210 εἰ γὰρ γένοιτο, Φωκέων δ' ἔλθοι πόλιν
καλοῖσιν ὑμεναίοισιν ἀξιουμένη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἦξει δ' ἐς οἶκους Ἑρμιόνη τίνας χρόνου ;
ὡς τᾶλλα γ' εἶπας, εἴπερ εὐτυχήσομεν,
κάλλισθ', ἐλόντες σκύμνον ἀνοσίου πατρός.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ δὴ πέλας νιν δωμάτων εἶναι δοκῶ·
τοῦ γὰρ χρόνου τὸ μῆκος αὐτὸ συντρέχει.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

If, Helen slain, Menelaus seek to harm
Thee, him, or me,—this bond of friends is one,—
Cry, thou wilt slay Hermione : the sword
Drawn must thou hold hard at the maiden's neck,
Then, if Menelaus, lest his daughter die,
Will save thee, seeing Helen fallen in blood,
Yield to her sire's embrace the maiden's form.
But if, controlling not his furious mood,
He seek to slay thee, pierce the maid's neck through.
I ween, though swelling be his port at first, 1200
His wrath at last shall cool. Nor brave nor stout
By nature is he. This I find for us
The bulwark of deliverance. I have said.

ORESTES

O thou who hast the spirit of a man,
Albeit in body woman manifest,
How worthier far art thou to live than die !
Such woman, Pylades, shalt thou, alas !
Forfeit, or living win in wedlock blest.

PYLADES

God grant it so, that to the Phocians' burg
She come, for honour meet of spousals proud ! 1210

ORESTES

But to the house when comes Hermione ?
For all that thou hast said is passing well,
So we may trap this impious father's whelp.

ELECTRA

In sooth, I ween, she is nigh the palace now,
For the time's lapse runs consonant thereto.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καλῶς· σὺ μὲν νῦν, σύγγον' Ἡλέκτρα, δόμων
 πάρος μένουσα παρθένου δέχου πόδα·
 φύλασσε δ' ἦν τις, πρὶν τελευτηθῆ φόνος,
 ἢ ξύμμαχος τις ἢ κασίγνητος πατρός
 1220 ἔλθων ἐς οἴκους φθῆ, γέγωνέ τ' εἰς δόμους,
 ἢ σανίδα παίσασ' ἢ λόγους πέμψασ' ἔσω.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἔσω στείχοντες ἐπὶ τὸν ἔσχατον
 ἀγῶν' ὀπλιζώμεσθα φασγάνῳ χέρας,
 Πυλάδῃ σὺ γὰρ δὴ συμπονεῖς ἐμοὶ πόνους.
 ὦ δῶμα ναίων νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας πάτερ,
 καλεῖ σ' Ὀρέστης παῖς σὸς ἐπίκουρον μολεῖν
 τοῖς δεομένοισι. διὰ σέ γὰρ πάσχω τάλας
 ἀδίκως· προδέδομαι δ' ὑπὸ κασιγνήτου σέθεν,
 1230 δίκαια πράξας· οὐ θέλω δάμαρθ' ἔλθων
 κτεῖναι σὺ δ' ἡμῖν τοῦδε συλλήπτωρ γενεοῦ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ πάτερ, ἰκοῦ δῆτ', εἰ κλύεις εἴσω χθονὸς
 τέκνων καλούντων, οἱ σέθεν θνήσκουσ' ὕπερ.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ὦ συγγένεια πατρός ἐμοῦ, κάμας λιτάς,
 Ἀγάμεμνον, εἰσάκουσον, ἔκσωσον τέκνα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔκτεινα μητέρ',

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἠψάμην δ' ἐγὼ ξίφους.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ δ' ἐπενεκέλευσα κάπέλυσ' ὄκνου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοί, πάτερ, ἀρήγων.

ORESTES

ORESTES

'Tis well. Sister Electra, tarry thou
Before the halls to meet the maiden's steps.
Keep watch lest any,—brother of our sire,
Or ally—ere this deed be wrought, draw near
The house, forestalling us. Give token thou— 1220
Smite on the door, or send a cry within.
Now pass we in, and for this latest strife
Arm we our hands with falchions, Pylades :
For thou art fellow-toiler in my toil.
Father, who dwellest in dark halls of night,
Thy son Orestes bids thee come to help
Those in sore need. For thy sake suffer I
Wrongfully—by thy brother am betrayed,
Though I wrought righteousness. I fain would
seize
His wife, and slay : be thou our help herein ! 1230

ELECTRA

Come, father, come, if thou in earth's embrace
Hearest thy children cry, who die for thee !

PYLADES

My father's kinsman,¹ to my prayers withal,
Agamemnon, hearken ; save thy children thou.

ORESTES

I slew my mother—

PYLADES

I too grasped the sword !

ELECTRA

I cheered thee on, snapped trammels of delay !

ORESTES

Sire, for thine help !

¹ Pylades' mother was Agamemnon's sister.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδ' ἐγὼ προὔδωκά σε.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκουν ὀνείδη τάδε κλύων ῥύσει τέκνα ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δακρύοις κατασπένδω σ'.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ δ' οἴκτοισί γε.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

1240

παύσασθε, καὶ πρὸς ἔργον ἐξορμώμεθα.
εἴπερ γὰρ εἴσω γῆς ἀκοντίζουσ' ἀραί,
κλύει. σὺ δ', ὦ Ζεῦ πρόγονε καὶ Δίκης σέβας,
δότη' εὐτυχήσαι τῶδ' ἐμοί τε τῆδέ τε
τρισοοῖς φίλοις γὰρ εἰς ἀγών, δίκη μία,
ἦ, ζῆν ἅπασιν ἦ θανεῖν ὀφείλεται.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Μυκηνίδες ὦ φίλαι, στρ.
τὰ πρῶτα κατὰ Πελασγὸν ἔδος Ἀργείων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1250

τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν, πότνια; παραμένει
γὰρ ἔτι σοι τόδ' ἐν Δαναϊδῶν πόλει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

στῆθ' αἰ μὲν ὑμῶν τόνδ' ἀμαξήρη τρίβον,
αἰ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἄλλον οἶμον εἰς φρουρὰν δόμων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δέ με τόδε χρέος ἀπύεις,
ἔννεπέ μοι, φίλα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φόβος ἔχει με μή τις ἐπὶ δώμασι
σταθεῖς ἐπὶ φοίνιον αἶμα
πήματα πήμασιν ἐξεύρη.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Nor I abandoned thee!

PYLADES

Wilt thou not hear this challenge—save thine own?

ORESTES

I pour thee tears for offerings!

ELECTRA

Wailings I!

PYLADES

Cease ye, and let us haste unto the deed; 1240
For if prayers, javelin-like, pierce earth, he hears.
Forefather Zeus, and Justice' majesty,
To him, to me, to her, grant happy speed!
Three friends—their venture one, the forfeit one,—
Owe all the selfsame debt, to live or die.

[ORESTES and PYLADES enter the palace.]

ELECTRA

Dames of Mycenae, beloved of me, (Str.)
In the Argives' Pelasgian dwelling the noblest ye—

CHORUS

What wouldst thou say unto us, O Princess?—for thine
This name is yet in the city of Danaus' line. 1250

ELECTRA

Set ye yourselves—along the highway some,
And on yon bypath some—to watch the house.

CHORUS

But tell to me, friend, why wouldst thou win
This service of me for thy need?

ELECTRA

I fear lest one yon palace within,
Who hath set him to work a bloody deed,
May earn him but murder for murder's meed.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

χωρεῖτ', ἐπειγώμεσθ'. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν τρίβον
τόνδ' ἐκφυλάξω, τὸν πρὸς ἡλίου βολάς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

1260 καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ τόνδ', ὃς πρὸς ἑσπέραν φέρει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δόχμιά νυν κόρας διάφερ' ὀμμάτων
ἐκείθεν ἐνθάδ', εἶτα παλινσκοπιῶν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

ἔχομεν ὡς θροεῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐλίσσετέ νυν βλέφαρον, αὐτ.
κόρας διάδοτε διὰ βοστρύχων πάντη.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

1270 ὅδε τίς ἐν τρίβω; πρόσεχε, τίς ὄδ' ἄρ' ἀμ-
φι μέλαθρον πολεῖ σὸν ἀγρότας ἀνήρ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἰπωλόμεσθ' ἄρ', ὧ φίλαι κεκρυμμένους
θῆρας ξιφήρεις ἀντίκ' ἐχθροῖσιν φανεῖ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

ἄφοβος ἔχε· κενός, ὧ φίλα,
στίβος ὃν οὐ δοκεῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δέ; τὸ σὸν βέβαιον ἔτι μοι μένει;
δὸς ἀγγελίαν ἀγαθάν τιν',
εἰ τὰδ' ἔρημα τὰ πρόσθ' αὐλᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

καλῶς τά γ' ἐνθένδ'. ἀλλὰ τὰπὶ σοῦ σκόπει·
ὡς οὔτις ἡμῖν Δαναῖδων πελάζεται.

ORESTES

CHORUS *breaks into two parties.*

SEMICHORUS 1

On, hasten we : for me, upon this path
Will I keep watch that toward the sunrise looks.

SEMICHORUS 2

And I on this, that trendeth to the west. 1260

ELECTRA

Sideward glance ye—O rightward and leftward aye
Turn ye your eyes : then gaze on the rearward way.

SEMICHORUS 1

Even as thou bid'st, we obey.

ELECTRA

Now cast ye around you your eyes: yea, wide (*Ant.*)
Through the veil of your tresses flash them on every
side.

SEMICHORUS 2

Who is this on the path?—take heed!—what peasant
is here
That strayeth with haunting feet to thine halls anear? 1270

ELECTRA

Undone, friends!—to our foes shall he reveal
Straightway the armed lions lurking there!

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay, untrodden the path is—have no fear,
O friend—for the which was thy doubt.

ELECTRA

And thou—doth thine highway abide yet clear?
If thou hast good tidings, ah, tell it out
If void be the space yon forecourt about.

SEMICHORUS 1

All here is well. Look thou unto thy side :
To us draws nigh no man of Danaus' sons.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

1280 εἰς ταῦτόν ἤκει· καὶ γὰρ οὐδὲ τῆδ' ὄχλος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1290 φέρε νῦν ἐν πύλαισιν ἀκοὰν βάλω·
 τί μέλλεθ' οἱ κατ' οἶκον ἐν ἡσυχίᾳ
 σφάγια φοινίσσειν;
 οὐκ εἰσακούουσ'· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ κακῶν.
 ἄρ' εἰς τὸ κάλλος ἐκκεκώφηται ξίφη;
 τάχα τις Ἀργείων ἐνοπλος ὀρμήσας
 ποδὶ βοηδρόμῳ μέλαθρα προσμίξει.
 σκέψασθέ νῦν ἄμεινον οὐχ ἔδρας ἀκμή·
 ἀλλ' αἱ μὲν ἐνθάδ', αἱ δ' ἐκεῖσ' ἐλίσσετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄμειβω κέλευθον σκοποῦσα πάντα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ Πελασγὸν Ἄργος, ὀλλυμαι κακῶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

ἠκούσαθ'; ἄνδρες χεῖρ' ἔχουσιν ἐν φόνοῳ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

Ἐλένης τὸ κώκυμ' ἐστίν, ὡς ἀπεικάσαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1300 ὦ Διός, ὦ Διὸς ἀέναον κράτος,
 ἔλθ' ἐπίκουρον ἐμοῖσι φίλοισι πάντως.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, θνήσκω· σὺ δὲ παρών μ' οὐκ ὠφελεῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φονεύετε καίνετε ὀλλυτε,
 δίπτυχα δίστομα φάσγανα πέμπετε
 ἐκ χερῶς ἰέμενοι
 τὰν λιποπάτορα λιπόγαμόν θ', ἃ πλείστους
 ἔκανεν Ἑλλάνων·
 δορὶ παρὰ ποταμὸν ὀλομένους, ὄθι

ORESTES

SEMICHORUS 2

Thy tale is one with mine : no stir is here. 1280

ELECTRA

Go to, through the gates as a shaft let me speed my
cry :—

Within, ho !—wby do ye tarry, and no foe nigh,
Your hands with the slaughter to dye ?

They hear me not !—woe for my miseries !

Ha, at her beauty are the swords struck dumb ?

Soon will some Argive mailed, with racing feet

That rush to rescue, burst into the halls ! 1290

Watch with more heed,—no time to sit still this !

Bestir ye, hither these, those thitherward.

CHORUS

I scan the diverse ways—on every hand I gaze—

HELEN (*within*)

Pelasgian Argos, ho !—I am foully slain !

SEMICHORUS 1

Heard ye ?—the men imbrue their hands in blood !

SEMICHORUS 2

Helen's the wild shriek is, to guess thereat.

ELECTRA

O power of Zeus, of Zeus—eternal power,

Come, aid my friends in this supremest hour ! 1300

HELEN (*within*)

Husband, I die ! So near, yet help'at thou not !

ELECTRA

Stab ye her—slay her—destroy !

Let them leap, the double-edged falchions twain,

From your grasp with a furious joy

Upon her who left husband and sire, who hath slain

Beside that river of Troy

Many a Greek by the spear who died,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1310 δάκρυα δάκρυσι συνέπεσε σιδαρέοις
βέλεσιν ἀμφὶ τὰς Σκαμάνδρου δίνας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συγᾶτε συγᾶτ' ἠσθόμην κτύπου τινὸς
κέλευθον εἰσπεσόντος ἀμφὶ δώματα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, εἰς μέσον φόνον
ἦδ' Ἑρμιόνη πάρεστι· παύσωμεν βοήν.
στείχει γὰρ εἰσπεσοῦσα δικτύων βρόχους.
καλὸν τὸ θήραμ', ἦν ἄλφ', γενήσεται.
πάλιν κατάστηθ' ἠσύχῃ μὲν ὄμματι,
χρῶα δ' ἀδήλω τῶν δεδραμένων πέρι·
1320 κάγω σκυθρωπούς ὀμμάτων ἔξω κόρας,
ὡς δῆθεν οὐκ εἰδυῖα τάχειργασμένα.
ὦ παρθέν', ἤκεις τὸν Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφον
στέψασα καὶ σπείσασα νερτέροις χοάς;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦκω, λαβοῦσα πρευμένειαν. ἀλλά μοι
φόβος τις εἰσελήλυθ', ἦντιν' ἐν δόμοις
τηλουργὸς οὔσα δωμάτων κλύω βοήν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ'; ἄξι' ἡμῖν τυγχάνει στεναγμάτων.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

εὐφημος ἴσθι· τί δὲ νεώτερον λέγεις;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θανεῖν Ὀρέστην καμ' ἔδοξε τῆδε γῆ.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

μὴ δῆτ', ἐμούς γε συγγενεῖς πεφυκότας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1330 ἄραρ' ἀνάγκης εἰς ζυγὸν καθέσταμεν.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦ τοῦδ' ἕκατι καὶ βοή κατὰ στέγας;

ORESTES

When the tears fell fast for the iron rain
That flashed Scamander's eddies beside ! 1310

CHORUS

Hush ye, O hush : I hear a footfall pass
But now into the path that skirts the house.

ELECTRA

Belovèd dames, into the jaws of death
Hermione cometh ! Let our outcry cease :
For into the net's meshes, lo, she falls.
Fair quarry this shall be, so she be trapped.
Back to your stations step with quiet look,
With hue that gives no token of deeds done :
And I will wear a trouble-clouded eye,
As who of deeds accomplished knoweth nought. 1320

Enter HERMIONE.

Maiden, from wreathing Clytemnestra's grave,
From pouring offerings to the dead, art come ?

HERMIONE

I come, her favour won. But on mine ears
Hath smitten strange dismay touching a cry
Heard from the house when I was yet afar.

ELECTRA

Why not ?—to us things worthy groans befall.

HERMIONE

Ah, say not so ! What ill news tellest thou ?

ELECTRA

Argos decrees Orestes' death and mine.

HERMIONE

Ah, never !—you who are by blood my kin !

ELECTRA

'Tis fixed : beneath the yoke of doom we stand. 1330

HERMIONE

For this cause was the cry beneath the roof ?

241

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ικέτης γὰρ Ἑλένης γόνασι προσπεσὼν βοᾷ—

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τίς; οὐδὲν οἶδα μᾶλλον, ἦν σὺ μὴ λέγῃς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τλήμων Ὀρέστης μὴ θανεῖν, ἐμοῦ θ' ὕπερ.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἐπ' ἀξίοισι τᾶρ' ἀνευφημεί δόμος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

περὶ τοῦ γὰρ ἄλλον μᾶλλον ἂν φθέγγαιτό τις;
ἀλλ' ἔλθε καὶ μετάσχες ἰκεσίας φίλοις,
σῆ μητρὶ προσπεσοῦσα τῇ μέγ' ὀλβία,
Μενέλαον ἡμᾶς μὴ θανόντας εἰσιδεῖν.

1340

ἀλλ' ὦ τραφεῖσα μητρὸς ἐν χεροῖν ἐμῆς,
οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς κἀπικουφισον κακῶν.
ἴθ' εἰς ἀγῶνα δεῦρ', ἐγὼ δ' ἠγήσομαι·
σωτηρίας γὰρ τέρμ' ἔχεις ἡμῖν μόνη.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἰδοῦ, διώκω τὸν ἐμὸν εἰς δόμους πόδα.
σώθηθ' ὅσον γε τοῦπ' ἐμ'.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ κατὰ στέγας
φίλοι ξιφήρεις, οὐχὶ συλλήψεσθ' ἄγραν;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

οἱ γὰρ τίνας τοῦσδ' εἰσορῶ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σιγᾶν χρεῶν·
ἡμῖν γὰρ ἦκει, οὐχὶ σοί, σωτηρία.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1350

ἔχεσθ' ἔχεσθε· φάσγανον δὲ πρὸς δέρη
βαλόντες ἠσυχάζεθ', ὡς εἰδῆ τόδε
Μενέλαος, οὐνεκ' ἄνδρας, οὐ Φρύγας κακοῦς,
εὐρῶν ἔπραξευ οἶα χρῆ πρᾶσσειν κακοῦς.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

The suppliant crying fell at Helen's knees,—

HERMIONE

Who?—nought the more I know, except thou tell.

ELECTRA

Orestes, pleading for his life, and mine.

HERMIONE

With reason then the dwelling rings with cries.

ELECTRA

For what cause rather should one lift his voice?

But come thou, and in supplicance join thy friends,

Falling before thy mother, the all-blest,

That Menelaus may not see us die.

O thou that in my mother's arms wast nursed,

1340

Have pity on us, of our woes relieve!

Come hither, meet the peril: I will lead.

With thee alone our safety's issue lies.

HERMIONE

Behold, into the house I speed my feet.

So far as in me lies, ye are saved. [*Enters the palace.*]

ELECTRA

Ho ye,

Armed friends within, will ye not seize the prey?

HERMIONE (*within*)

Alas for me! Whom see I?

ORESTES (*within*)

Hold thy peace.

Thou com'st for our deliverance, not for thine.

ELECTRA

Hold ye her—hold! Set to her throat the sword,

And silent wait, till Menelaus learn

1350

That men, not Phrygian cowards, hath he found,

And faces now as 'tis meet that cowards fare. [*Exit.*]

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ φίλαι, στρ.
 κτύπον ἐγείρετε, κτύπον καὶ βοᾶν
 πρὸ μελάθρων, ὅπως ὁ πραχθεὶς φόνος
 μὴ δεινὸν Ἀργείοισιν ἐμβάλη φόβον,
 βοηδρομήσαι πρὸς δόμους τυραννικοὺς,
 πρὶν ἐτύμως ἴδω τὸν Ἑλένας φόνον
 καθαιμακτὸν ἐν δόμοις κείμενον,
 ἢ καὶ λόγον του προσπόλων πυθώμεθα·
 1360 τὰς μὲν γὰρ οἶδα συμφοράς, τὰς δ' οὐ σαφῶς.
 διὰ δίκας ἔβα θεῶν
 νέμεσις ἐς Ἑλέναν.
 δακρνοῖσι γὰρ Ἑλλάδ' ἅπασαν ἔπλησε,
 διὰ τὸν ὀλόμενον ὀλόμενον Ἰδαῖον
 Πάριν, ὃς ἀγαγ' Ἑλλάδ' εἰς Ἴλιον.
 ἀλλὰ κτυπεῖ γὰρ κλήθρα βασιλικῶν δόμων,
 σιγήσας· ἔξω γὰρ τις ἐκβαίνει Φρυγῶν,
 οὐ πεισόμεσθα τὰν δόμοις ὅπως ἔχει.

ΦΡΤΞ

1370 Ἀργεῖον ξίφος ἐκ θανάτου πέφευγα
 βαρβάροις εὐμάρισιν,
 κεδρωτὰ παστάδων ὑπὲρ τέραμνα
 Δωρικὰς τε τριγλύφους,
 φροῦδα φροῦδα, γᾶ γᾶ,
 βαρβάροισι δρασμοῖς.
 αἰαῖ· πᾶ φύγω, ξέναι,
 πολὺν αἰθέρ' ἀμ-
 πτάμενος ἢ πόντον, Ὀκεανὸς δὲ
 ταυρόκρανος ἀγκάλαις ἐλίσ-
 σων κυκλοῖ χθόνα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1380 τί δ' ἔστιν, Ἑλένης πρόσπολ', Ἰδαῖον κάρη ;

ORESTES

CHORUS

What ho ! friends, ho ! awake (Str.)
A din by the halls ; let your clamour outbreak,
That the blood that therein hath been shed
Thrill not the souls of the people of Argos with dread,
And unto the mansion of kings to the rescue they haste,
Ere I look on the carcase of Helen beyond doubt cast
Blood-besprent mid the palace-hall,
Or hear the tale by the mouth of a thrall ;
For I know of the havoc in part, but I know not all. 1360
By the hand of Justice the vengeance-doom
Of the Gods upon Helen's head hath come ;
For she filled with tears all Hellas-land
For the sake of Paris, the traitor banned,
Who drew the array of Hellas away unto Ilium's strand.
But lo, the bars clash of the royal halls !
Hush ye ;—there comes forth of her Phrygians one
Of whom we shall learn what befell within.

Enter PHRYGIAN.

PHRYGIAN

From the death by the Argive swords have I fled !
In my shoon barbaric I sped ; 1370
O'er the colonnade's rafters of cedar I clomb ;
'Twixt the Dorian triglyphs I slid ; and I come,
Fleeing like panic-struck Asian array—
O earth, O earth !—away and away.
Ah, me, strange dames, whitherward can I flee,
Through the cloud-dappled welkin my flight up-
winging,
Or over the sea
Which the horned Ocean with arms enringing
Coileth around earth endlessly ?

CHORUS

What is it, Helen's servant, Ida's son ? 1380

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΦΡΤΞ

Ἴλιον Ἴλιον, ὄμοι μοι, Φρύγιον
 ἄστν καὶ καλλίβωλον Ἴ-
 δας ὄρος ἱερόν, ὡς σ' ὀλόμενον στένω,
 ἀρμάτειον ἀρμάτειον
 μέλος βαρβάρῳ βοᾷ, διὰ τὸ τᾶς
 ὄρνιθόγονον ὄμμα κικνύπτερον
 καλλοσύνας, Λήδας σκύμνου, δυσελένας,
 ξεστῶν περγάμων Ἀπολλωνίῳ
 ἐρινύν' ὄτοτοί·
 1390 ἰαλέμων ἰαλέμων
 Δαρδανία τλάμων Γανυμήδεος
 ἰπποσύνα, Διὸς εὐνέτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σαφῶς λέγ' ἡμῖν αὐθ' ἕκαστα τὰν δόμοις.
 τὰ γὰρ πρὶν οὐκ εἰδγνωστα συμβαλοῦσ' ἔχω.

ΦΡΤΞ

αἴλιον αἴλιον ἀρχὰν θανάτου
 βάρβαροι λέγουσιν, αἰαί,
 Ἀσιάδι φωνᾷ,
 βασιλέων ὅταν αἶμα χυθῆ κατὰ γᾶν ξίφεσιν
 σιδαρέοισιν "Λίδα.
 1400 ἦλθον δόμους, ἴν' αὐθ' ἕκαστά σοι λέγω,
 λέοντες Ἑλλανες δύο διδύμω·
 τῷ μὲν ὁ στρατηλάτας πατῆρ ἐκλήζετο,
 ὁ δὲ παῖς Στροφίου, κακόμητις ἀνῆρ,
 οἶος Ὀδυσσεύς, σιγᾷ δόλιος,
 πιστὸς δὲ φίλοις, θρασὺς εἰς ἀλκᾶν,
 ξυνετὸς πολέμου, φόνιός τε δράκων.
 ἔρροι τὰς ἡσύχου προνοί-
 ας κακοῦργος ὢν.
 αἰ δὲ πρὸς θρόνους ἔσω

ORESTES

PHRYGIAN

Ilion, Ilion, woe is me !
Phrygian city, and mount Idæan
Holy and fertile, I wail for thee
In the chariot-pæan, the chariot-pæan,
With cry barbaric !—thy ruin came
Of the bird-born beauty, the swan-plumed dame,
Curst Helen the lovely, Leda's child,
A vengeance-fiend to the towers upiled
 By Apollo of carven stone.
 Alas for thy moan, thy moan,
Dardania !—the steeds that Zeus gave erst
For his minion Ganymede, made thee accurst !

1390

CHORUS

Tell clearly all that in the house befell :
For thy first words be vague : I can but guess.

PHRYGIAN

The Linus-lay—O the Linus-lay !—
Death's prelude chanted, well-a-day,
Of barbarian folk in their Asian tongue
When the blood of their kings is poured on the earth,
when the iron sword
 Clangs Hades' song !
There came—that I tell thee the whole tale
 through—
Into the halls Greek lions two :
This was the son of the chieftain of Hellas' might ;
That, Strophius' scion, an evil-devising wight,
An Odysseus, silent and subtle of mood,
Staunch to his friends, and valiant in fight,
Cunning in war, a dragon of blood.
Ruin seize him, the felon knave,
For his crafty plotting still as the grave !
So came they in, and beside the throne

1400

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- 1410 μολόντες ἄς ἔγημ' ὁ τοξότας Πάρις
 γυναικός, ὄμμα δακρύνους
 πεφυρμένοι, ταπεινοὶ
 ἔξουθ', ὁ μὲν τὸ κείθεν, ὁ δὲ
 τὸ κείθεν, ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν πεφραγμένοι.
 περὶ δὲ γόνυ χέρας ἱκεσίους
 ἔβαλον ἔβαλον Ἑλένας ἄμφω.
 ἀνὰ δὲ δρομάδες ἔθορον ἔθορον
 ἀμφίπολοι Φρύγες·
 προσεῖπε δ' ἄλλος ἄλλον πεσῶν ἐν φόβῳ,
 μή τις εἶη δόλος.
- 1420 κἀδόκει τοῖς μὲν οὐ,
 τοῖς δ' ἐς ἀρκυστάταν
 μηχανὰν ἐμπλέκειν
 παῖδα τὰν Τυνδαρίδ' ὁ
 μητροφόντας δράκων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἦσθα ποῦ τότ'; ἦ πάλαι φεύγεις φόβῳ ;

ΦΡΥΓΕ

- 1430 Φρυγίοις ἔτυχον Φρυγίοισι νόμοις
 παρὰ βόστρυχον αὔραν αὔραν
 Ἑλένας Ἑλένας εὐπᾶγι κύκλω
 πτερίνῳ πρὸ παρηίδος ἄσσω
 βαρβάροις νόμοισιν.
 ἂ δὲ λίνον ἠλακάτα
 δακτύλοις ἔλισσε,
 νῆμά θ' ἴετο πέδῳ,
 σκύλων Φρυγίων ἐπὶ τύμβον ἀγάλματα
 συστολίσαι χρήζουσα λίνῳ,
 φάρεα πορφύρεα, δῶρα Κλυταιμνήστρα.
 προσεῖπεν δ' Ὀρέστας
 Λάκαιναν κόραν· ὦ

ORESTES

Of the lady whom Archer Paris won,
With eyes tear-streaming all humbly sat, 1410
On this side one, and the one on that,
Yet beset by her servants to left and to right.
Then, bending low to Helen, these
Cast suppliant hands about her knees.
But her Phrygian bondmen in panic affright
Upstarted, upstarted ;
And this unto that cried fearful-hearted,
“ Ha, treachery—beware !”
Yet no peril did some trace there : 1420
But to some did it seem that a snare
Of guile was coiled round Tyndareus' child
By the serpent with blood of a mother defiled.

CHORUS

Where then wast thou?—long since in terror fled?

PHRYGIAN

In the Phrygian fashion, it chanced, was I swaying
Beside Queen Helen the rounded fan :
On the cheeks of Helen its plumes were playing,
Through the tresses of Helen the breeze was straying,
As I chanted a strain barbarian. 1430
And the flax from her distaff twining
Her fingers wrought evermore,
And ever her threads trailed down to the floor :
For her mind was to broider the purple-shining
Vesture of Phrygian spoils with her thread,
For a gift unto Clytemnestra the dead.
Then Orestes unto the daughter
Of Sparta spake, and besought her :

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- Διὸς παῖ, θεὸς ἴχνος
 1440 πέδῳ δεῦρ' ἀποστᾶσα κλισμοῦ,
 Πέλοπος ἐπὶ προπάτορος
 ἔδραν παλαιᾶς ἐστίας,
 ἵν' εἰδῆς λόγους ἐμούς.
 ἄγει δ' ἄγει νιν· ἅ δ' ἐφείπετ',
 οὐ πρόμαντις ὦν ἔμελλεν·
 ὁ δὲ συνεργὸς ἄλλ' ἔπρασσ'
 ἰὼν κακὸς Φωκεύς·
 οὐκ ἐκποδὼν ἴτ', ἀλλ' ἀεὶ κακοὶ Φρύγες;
 ἔκλησε δ' ἄλλον ἄλλοσ' ἐν στέγαις·
 τοὺς μὲν ἐν σταθμοῖσιν ἰππικοῖσι,
 1450 τοὺς δ' ἐν ἐξέδραισι, τοὺς δ' ἐκεῖσ' ἐκεῖθεν
 ἄλλον ἄλλοσε διαρμόσας ἀποπρὸ δεσποίνας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τοῦπὶ τῷδε συμφορᾶς ἐγίγνετο;

ΦΡΥΞ

- Ἰδαία μᾶτερ μᾶτερ
 ὀβρίμα ὀβρίμα, αἰαῖ,
 φονίων παθέων ἀνόμων τε κακῶν
 ἄπερ ἔδρακον ἔδρακον ἐν δόμοις τυράννων.
 ἀμφὶ πορφυρέων πέπλων ὑπὸ σκότου
 ξίφη σπάσαντες ἐν χεροῖν,
 ἄλλος ἄλλοσε
 δίνασεν ὄμμα, μή τις παρῶν τύχοι.
 1460 ὡς κάπροι δ' ὀρέστεροι γυναικὸς ἀντίοι στα-
 θέντες
 ἐννέπουσι· κατθανεῖ
 κατθανεῖ, κακὸς σ' ἀποκτείνει πόσις,
 κασιγνήτου προδοῦς
 ἐν Ἄργει θανεῖν γόνου.
 ἅ δ' ἀνίαχεν ἴαχεν, ὦμοι μοι·

ORESTES

“ O child of Zeus, arise from thy seat,
 And hitherward set on the floor thy feet, 1440
 To the ancient hearthstone-altar pace
 Of Pelops, our father of olden days,
 To hearken my words in the holy place.”

On, on he led her, and followed she
 With no foreboding of things to be.
 But his brother-plotter betook him the while
 Unto other deeds, that Phocian vile,—

“ Hence !—dastards ever the Phrygians were.”

Here, there, he bolted them, penned in the halls :
 Some prisoned he in the chariot-stalls,
 In the closets some, some here, some there, 1450
 Sundered and severed afar from the queen in the
 snare.

CHORUS

Now what disaster after this befell ?

PHRYGIAN

O Mother Idæan, Mother sublime !
 What desperate, desperate deeds, alas,
 Of murderous outrage, of lawless crime,
 Were they which I saw in the king's halls brought to
 pass !

From under the gloom of their mantles of purple they
 drew [threw

Swords in their hands, and to this side and that side

A swift glance, heeding that none stood nigh :
 Then as boars of the mountains before my lady up-
 towering high, 1460

They shout, “ Thou shalt die, thou shalt die !

Thee doth thy craven husband slay,

The traitor that would unto death betray

In Argos his brother's son this day !”

Then wild she shrieked, she shrieked, ah me !

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λευκὸν δ' ἔμβαλοῦσα πῆχυν στέρνοισ,
 κτύπησε κράτα μέλεον πλαγᾶ·
 φυγᾶ δὲ ποδὶ τὸ χρυσεοσάνδαλον
 ἴχνος ἔφερεν ἔφερεν·
 1470 ἔς κόμας δὲ δακτύλους δικίων Ὀρέστας,
 Μυκηνίδ' ἀρβύλαν προβάς,
 ᾧμοις ἀριστεροῖσιν ἀνακλάσας δέρην,
 παίειν λοιμῶν ἔμελλεν
 ἔσω μέλαν ξίφος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῦ δῆτ' ἀμύνει οἱ κατὰ στέγας Φρύγες;

ΦΡΥΞ

ἰαχᾶ δόμων θύρετρα καὶ σταθμοὺς
 μοχλοῖσιν ἐκβαλόντες, ἐνθ' ἐμίνομεν,
 βοηδρομοῦμεν ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν στέγης,
 ὁ μὲν πέτρους, ὁ δ' ἀγκύλας,
 ὁ δὲ ξίφος πρόκωπον ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων.
 ἔναντα δ' ἦλθεν
 Πυλάδης ἀλίαςτος, οἶος οἶος
 1480 Ἐκτώρ ὁ Φρύγιος ἢ τρικόρυθος Αἴας,
 ὃν εἶδον εἶδον ἐν πύλαισι Πριαμίσιν
 φασγάνων δ' ἀκμὰς συνήψαμεν.
 τότε δὴ τότε διαπρεπεῖς ἐγένοντο Φρύγες,
 ὅσον Ἄρεος ἀλκὰν ἤσσονες Ἑλλάδος
 ἐγενόμεσθ' αἰχμᾶς.
 ὁ μὲν οἰχόμενος φυγᾶς, ὁ δὲ νέκυς ὢν,
 ὁ δὲ τραῦμα φέρων, ὁ δὲ λισσόμενος,
 θανάτου προβολάν
 ὑπὸ σκότου δ' ἐφείγομεν
 νεκροὶ δ' ἐπιπτον, οἱ δ' ἔμελλον, οἱ δ' ἔκειντ'.
 1490 ἔμολε δ' ἅ τάλαιν Ἑρμῶνα δόμους

ORESTES

Her white arm on her bosom beat,
Her head she smote in misery.
With golden-sandalled hurrying feet
She turned to flee, to flee !
But his clutch on her tresses Orestes laid,
For her shoon Mycenean his stride outwent ; 1470
On her leftward shoulder he bent
Backward her neck, with intent
To plunge in her throat the sword's dark blade.

CHORUS

What did those Phrygians in the house to help ?

PHRYGIAN

Shouting, with battering bars asunder we rent
Doorpost and door of the chambers wherein we were
pent ; [we run,
And from this side and that of the halls to the rescue
One bearing stones, and a javelin one ;
In the hand of another a drawn sword shone ;—
But onward to meet us pressed
Pylades' dauntless breast,
Like Hector the Phrygian, or Aias of triple crest, 1480
Whom I saw, I saw, when through portals of Priam he
flashed ;
And point to point in the grapple we clashed.
Then was it plain to discern how far
Worser than Hellenes in prowess of war
We Phrygians are.
In flight one vanished, and dead one lay,
This reeled sore wounded, that fell to pray
For life—his one shield prayer !
We fled, we fled through the darkness away,
While some were falling, and staggering some, some
lay still there. 1490
Then hapless Hermione came to the halls, to the earth

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐπὶ φόνῳ χαμαιπετεῖ ματρός, ἃ νιν ἔτεκεν
τλήμων.

ἄθυρσοι δ' οἶά νιν δραμόντε Βάκχαι
σκύμνου ἐν χεροῖν ὄρειαν
ξυνήρπασαν· πάλιν δὲ τὰν Διὸς κόραν
ἐπὶ σφαγὰν ἔτεινον· ἃ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων
ἐγένετο διαπρὸς δωμαίων ἄφαιτος,
ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ γὰ καὶ φῶς καὶ νύξ,
ἦτοι φαρμάκοισιν ἢ μάγων
τέχναισιν ἢ θεῶν κλοπαῖς.
τὰ δ' ὕστερ' οὐκέτ' οἶδα· δρα-
πέτην γὰρ ἐξέκλεπτον ἐκ δόμων πόδα.
1500 πολύπονα δὲ πολύπονα πάθρα
Μενέλαος ἀνασχόμενος ἀνόνητον ἀπὸ
Τροίας ἔλαβε τὸν Ἑλένας γάμον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ἀμείβει καινὸν ἐκ καινῶν τόδε·
ξίφηφόρον γὰρ εἰσορῶ πρὸς δωμαίων
βαίνοντ' Ὀρέστην ἐπτοσημένῳ ποδί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῦ ἔστιν οὗτος ὃς πέφευγεν ἐκ δόμων τοῦμόν
ξίφος;

ΦΡΤΣ

προσκυνῶ σ', ἀναξ, νόμοισι βαρβάροισι προ-
πίτνων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἐν Ἰλίῳ τάδ' ἐστίν, ἀλλ' ἐν Ἀργείᾳ χθονί.

ΦΡΤΣ

πανταχοῦ ζῆν ἠδὲ μᾶλλον ἢ θανεῖν τοῖς σω-
φροσιν.

ORESTES

As fell for her death the wretched mother who gave
her birth.

But as Bacchanals dropping the thyrsus to seize
A wolf's whelp over the hills that flees,
They rushed on her—grasped—turned back to
the slaughter

Of Helen—but vanished was Zeus's daughter !
From the bowers, through the house, gone
wholly from sight !

O Zeus, O Earth, O Sun, O Night !
Whether by charms or by wizardry,
Or stolen by Gods—not there was she !
What chanced thereafter I know not, I ;
For with stealthy feet from the halls did I fly.
Ah, with manifold travail and weary pain
Menelaus hath won from Troy again
Helen his bride—in vain !

1500

CHORUS

But unto strange things, lo, strange things succeed ;
For sword in hand before the halls I see
Orestes come with passion-fevered feet.

Enter ORESTES.

ORESTES

Where is he that fleeing from the palace hath escaped
my sword ?

PHRYGIAN

Crouching to thee in barbaric wise I grovel, O my lord !

ORESTES

Out! No Ilium this is, but the land of Argos spreads
hereby.

PHRYGIAN

Everywhere shall wise men better love to cling to life
than die.

255

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1510 οὔτι που κραυγὴν ἔθηκας Μενέλεω βοηδρομεῖν;

ΦΡΥΞ

σοὶ μὲν οὖν ἔγωγ' ἀμύνειν· ἀξιώτερος γὰρ εἶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐνδίκως ἢ Τυγδάρειος ἄρα παῖς διώλετο;

ΦΡΥΞ

ἐνδικώτατ', εἶ γε λαιμοὺς εἶχε τριπτύχους θανεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δειλία γλώσση χαρίζει, τᾶνδον οὐχ οὕτω φρονῶν.

ΦΡΥΞ

οὐ γάρ, ἦτις Ἑλλάδ' αὐτοῖς Φρυξὶ διελυμήνατο;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄμοσον, εἰ δὲ μή, κτενῶ σε, μὴ λέγειν ἐμὴν χάριν.

ΦΡΥΞ

τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν κατώμοσ', ἦν ἂν εὐορκοῖμ' ἐγώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦδε κὰν Τροία σίδηρος πᾶσι Φρυξὶν ἦν φόβος;

ΦΡΥΞ

ἄπεχε φάσγανον· πέλας γὰρ δεινὸν ἀνταυγεῖ
φόνον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1520 μὴ πέτρος γένη δέδοικας, ὥστε Γοργόν' εἰσιδῶν;

ORESTES

ORESTES

Didst thou not to Menelaus shout the rescue-cry but
now? 1510

PHRYGIAN

Nay, O nay!—but for thine helping cried I:—worthier
art thou.

ORESTES

Answer—did the child of Tyndareus by righteous sen-
tence fall?

PHRYGIAN

Righteous—wholly righteous—though she had three
throats to die withal.

ORESTES

Dastard, 'tis thy tongue but truckles: in thine heart
thou think'st not so.

PHRYGIAN

Should she not, who Hellas laid, and Phrygia's folk,
in ruin low?

ORESTES

Swear—or I will slay thee,—that thou speakest not to
pleasure me.

PHRYGIAN

By my life I swear—an oath I sure should honour
sacredly.

ORESTES

Like to thee at Troy did steel fill all the Trojan folk
with fear?

PHRYGIAN

Take, take hence thy sword! It glareth ghastly mur-
der, held so near!

ORESTES

Fear'st thou lest thou turn to stone, as who hath
seen the Gorgon nigh? 1520

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΦΡΤΞ

μὴ μὲν οὖν νεκρός· τὸ Γοργούς δ' οὐ κάτοιδ' ἐγὼ
κῆρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δοῦλος ὢν φοβεῖ τὸν Ἄιδην, ὅς σ' ἀπαλλάξει
κακῶν;

ΦΡΤΞ

πᾶς ἀνὴρ, κἂν δοῦλος ἦ τις, ἡδεται τὸ φῶς ὀρώων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὖ λέγεις, σφίξει σε σύνεσις· ἀλλὰ βαῖν' εἴσω
δόμων.

ΦΡΤΞ

οὐκ ἄρα κτενεῖς μ';

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀφείσαι.

ΦΡΤΞ

καλὸν ἔπος λέγεις τόδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλὰ μεταβουλευσόμεθα.

ΦΡΤΞ

τοῦτο δ' οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μῶρος, εἰ δοκεῖς με τλῆναι σὴν καθαιμάξαι δέρην·
οὔτε γὰρ γυνὴ πέφυκας οὔτ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν σὺ γ' εἶ.
τοῦ δὲ μὴ στῆσαι σε κραυγὴν εἴνεκ' ἐξήλθον
δόμων·

1530 ὄξυ γὰρ βοῆς ἀκούσαν Ἄργος ἐξεγείρεται.
Μενέλεων δ' οὐ τάρβος ἡμῖν ἀναλαβεῖν εἴσω
ξίφους·
ἀλλ' ἴτω ξανθοῖς ἐπ' ὤμων βοστρύχοις γαν-
ρούμενος·

ORESTES

PHRYGIAN

Nay, but rather to a corpse; of head of Gorgon
nought know I.

ORESTES

Thou a slave, and fearest Death, who shall from
misery set thee free!

PHRYGIAN

Every man, though ne'er so much a thrall, yet joys
the light to see.

ORESTES

Well thou say'st: thy wit hath saved thee. Hence
within the house—away!

PHRYGIAN

Then thou wilt not slay me?

ORESTES

Pardoned art thou.

PHRYGIAN

Kindly dost thou say.

ORESTES

Varlet, mine intent may change!—

PHRYGIAN

Thou utterest now an evil note!
[Exit.

ORESTES

Fool! to think that I would brook with blood to
stain me from thy throat, [men among!

Who art neither woman, neither found the ranks of
Forth the palace I but came to curb the clamour of
thy tongue, [hear.

For that swiftly roused is Argos if the rescue-cry she 1530
Menelaus—set him once at sword-length—nothing
do I fear. [his shoulders falls!

Let him come, with golden locks whose pride about

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ Ἀργείους ἐπάξει τοῖσδε δώμασιν λαβῶν,
 τὸν Ἑλένης φόνον διώκων, κάμῃ μὴ σφῶζειν θέλη
 σύγγονόν τ' ἔμην Πυλάδην τε τὸν τάδε ξυ-
 δρώντά μοι,
 παρθένον τε καὶ δάμαρτα δύο νεκρῶ κατόψεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ τύχα, ἀντ.
 ἕτερον εἰς ἀγῶν', ἕτερον αὖ δόμος
 φοβερὸν ἀμφὶ τοὺς Ἀτρεΐδας πίτνει.
 τί δρῶμεν; ἀγγέλλωμεν εἰς πόλιν τάδε;
 1540 ἢ σὺγ' ἔχωμεν; ἀσφαλέστερον, φίλαι.
 ἴδε πρὸ δωμαίων ἴδε προκηρύσσει
 θοάζων ὃδ' αἰθέρος ἄνω καπνός.
 ἄπτουσι πεύκας ὡς πυρῶσοντες δόμους
 τοὺς Τανταλείους, οὐδ' ἀφίστανται φόνου.
 τέλος ἔχει δαίμων βροτοῖς,
 τέλος ὅπῃ θέλει.
 μεγάλα δέ τις ἂ δύναμις· δι' ἀλάστορ'
 ἔπεσ' ἔπεσε μέλαθρα τάδε δι' αἱμάτων
 διὰ τὸ Μυρτίλου πέσημ' ἐκ δίφρου.

ἀλλὰ μὴν καὶ τόνδε λεύσσω Μενέλεων δόμων
 πέλας.
 1550 ὀξύπουν, ἤσθημένον που τὴν τύχην ἢ νῦν πάρα.
 οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοιτε κληῖθρα συμπεραίνοντες
 μοχλοῖς,
 ὦ κατὰ στέγας Ἀτρεΐδαι. δεινὸν εὐτυχῶν ἀνὴρ
 πρὸς κακῶς πράσσοντας, ὡς σὺ νῦν, Ὀρέστα,
 δυστυχεῖς.

ORESTES

For, if he shall gather Argives, lead them on against
these halls, [will set me free—
Claiming blood-revenge for Helen, nor from death
Me, my sister too, and Pylades who wrought herein
with me,—
Corpses twain, his maiden daughter and his wife, his
eyes shall see. [Exit.

CHORUS

(*Ant. to 1353-1365*)

Ho, fortune, ho!—again, again,
The house into terrible conflict-strain
Breaks forth for the Atreids' sake!
What shall we do?—to the city the tidings take?
Or keep we silence? Safer were this, O friends. 1540
Lo there, lo there, where the smoke upleaping sends
Its token afront of the halls through air!
They will fire the palace of Tantalus!—glare
Already the brands, nor the deeds of murder they
spare.
Yet God overruleth the issue still,
To mete unto men what issue he will:
Great is his power! By a curse-fiend led
This house on a track of blood hath been sped
Since Myrtilus, dashed from the chariot, plashed in
the sea-surge, dead.

Ha, I see unto the palace Menelaus draweth near
Hasty-footed, having heard the deeds but now
accomplished here. 1550
Ye within the mansion—Atreus' children!—bar the
bolted gate! [fortunate
Haste! oh haste! A formidable foeman is the
Unto such as he, Orestes, even as thou, in evil
strait.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἤκω κλύων τὰ δεινὰ καὶ δραστήρια
 δισσοῖν λεόντων· οὐ γὰρ ἄνδρ' αὐτῶ καλῶ.
 ἤκουσα γὰρ δὴ τὴν ἐμὴν ξυνάορον
 ὡς οὐ τέθνηκεν, ἀλλ' ἄφαντος οἴχεται,
 κενὴν ἀκούσας βάζειν, ἣν φόβῳ σφαλεῖς
 ἤγγειλέ μοί τις, ἀλλὰ τοῦ μητροκτόνου
 1560 τεχνάσματ' ἐστὶ ταῦτα καὶ πολὺς γέλως.
 ἀνοιγέτω τις δῶμα· προσπόλοις λέγω
 ὠθεῖν πύλας τὰσδ', ὡς ἂν ἀλλὰ παῖδ' ἐμὴν
 ῥυσώμεθ' ἀνδρῶν ἐκ χερῶν μαιφόνων,
 καὶ τὴν τάλαιναν ἀθλίαν δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν
 λάβωμεν, ἧ δεῖ ξυνθανεῖν ἐμῇ χερὶ
 τοὺς διολέσαντας τὴν ἐμὴν ξυνάορον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὔτος σύ, κλήθρων τῶνδε μὴ ψαύσης χερὶ,
 Μενέλαον εἶπον, ὃς πεπύργωσαι θράσει·
 ἧ τῶδε θρυγκῶ κρᾶτα συνθραύσω σέθεν,
 1570 ῥήξας παλαιὰ γείσα, τεκτόνων πόνου.
 μοχλοῖς δ' ἄραρε κλήθρα, σῆς βοηδρόμου
 σπουδῆς ἅ σ' εἶρξει, μὴ δόμων εἴσω περᾶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔα, τί χρῆμα ; λαμπάδων ὀρῶ σέλας,
 δόμων δ' ἐπ' ἄκρων τοῦσδε πυργηρομένους,
 ξίφος δ' ἐμῆς θυγατρὸς ἐπίφρουρον δέρη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πότερον ἐρωτᾶν ἢ κλύειν ἐμοῦ θέλεις ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδέτερον· ἀνάγκη δ', ὡς ἔοικε, σοῦ κλύειν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μέλλω κτανεῖν σου θυγατέρ', εἰ βούλει μαθεῖν.

ORESTES

*Enter MENELAUS, below; ORESTES and PYLADES above,
with HERMIONE.*

MENELAUS

I come at news of strange and violent deeds
Wrought by two tigers; men, I call them not.
In sooth I heard a rumour that my wife
Is slain not, but hath vanished from the earth :
An idle tale I count it, brought by one
Distraught with fear. Nay, some device is this
Of yonder matricide—a thing to mock ! 1560
Open the door !—within there !—serving-men !
Thrust wide the gates, that I may save at least
My child from hands of blood-stained murderers,
And take mine hapless miserable wife,
Even mine helpmeet, whose destroyers now
Shall surely perish with her by mine hand.

ORESTES (*above*)

Ho there !—lay not thine hand unto these bolts,
Thou Menelaus, tower of impudence ;
Else with this coping will I crush thine head,
Rending the ancient parapet's masonry. 1570
Fast be the doors with bars, to shut out thence
Thy rescuing haste, that thou force not the house.

MENELAUS

Ha, what is this ?—torches a gleam I see,
And on the house-roof yonder men at bay—
My daughter guarded—at her throat a sword !

ORESTES

Wouldest thou question, or give ear to me ?

MENELAUS

Neither : yet needs must I, meseems, hear thee.

ORESTES

I am bent to slay thy child—if thou wouldst know.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἐλένην φονεύσας ἐπὶ φόνῳ πράσσεις φόνον;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1580 εἰ γὰρ κατέσχον μὴ θεῶν κλεφθεὶς ὑπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄρνεῖ κατακτὰς κἀφ' ὕβρει λέγεις τάδε;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λυπρὰν γε τὴν ἄρνησιν· εἰ γὰρ ὄφελον—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δρᾶσαι; παρακαλεῖς γὰρ εἰς φόβον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὴν Ἑλλάδος μιάστορ' εἰς Ἄιδου βαλεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀπόδος δάμαρτος νέκυν, ὅπως χῶσω τάφῳ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θεοὺς ἀπαίτει· παῖδα δὲ κτενῶ σέθεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὁ μητροφύντης ἐπὶ φόνῳ πράσσει φόνον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ πατὴρ ἀμύντωρ, δὴ σὺ προὔδικας θανεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἤρκεσέν σοι τὸ παρὸν αἷμα μητέρος;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1590 οὐκ ἂν κάμοιμι τὰς κακὰς κτείνων αἰεὶ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ καὶ σύ, Πυλάδη, τοῦδε κοινωνεῖς φόνου;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φησὶν σιωπῶν· ἀρκέσω δ' ἐγὼ λέγων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄλλ' οὔτι χαίρων, ἦν γε μὴ φύγῃς πτεροῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ φευξόμεσθα· πυρὶ δ' ἀνάψομεν δόμους.

ORESTES

MENELAUS

How? Helen slain, wouldst thou add blood to blood?

ORESTES

Would I had done that, ere Gods baffled me! 1580

MENELAUS

Thou slew'st her!—and for insult dost deny!

ORESTES

Bitter denial 'tis to me: would God—

MENELAUS

Thou hadst done—what? Thou thrillst me with fear!

ORESTES

I had hurled the curse of Hellas down to hell!

MENELAUS

Yield up my wife's corpse: let me bury her!

ORESTES

Ask of the Gods. But I will slay thy child.

MENELAUS

He would add blood to blood—this matricide!

ORESTES

His father's champion, death-betrayed by thee!

MENELAUS

Sufficed thee not thy stain of mother's blood?

ORESTES

Ne'er should I weary of slaying wicked wives! 1590

MENELAUS

Shar'st thou too in this murder, Pylades?

ORESTES

His silence saith it: let my word suffice.

MENELAUS

Nay, thou shalt rue, except thou flee on wings.

ORESTES

Flee will we not, but we will fire the halls.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ πατρῶον δῶμα πορθήσεις τόδε ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὡς μή γ' ἔχῃς σύ, τήνδ' ἐπισφάξας πυρί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κτεῖν' ὡς κτανών γε τῶνδέ μοι δώσεις δίκην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔσται τάδ'.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἂ ἂ, μηδαμῶς δράσης τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σίγα νῦν, ἀνέχου δ' ἐνδίκως πράσσων κακῶς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ δίκαιον ζῆν σε ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ κρατεῖν γε γῆς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποιίας ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐν Ἄργει τῷδε τῷ Πελασγικῷ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εὐ γοῦν θίγοις ἂν χερνίβων—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δὴ γὰρ οὐ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ σφάγια πρὸ δορὸς καταβάλοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σὺ δ' ἂν καλῶς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀγνὸς γάρ εἰμι χεῖρας.

1600

ORESTES

MENELAUS

How ? this thy fathers' home wilt thou destroy ?

ORESTES

Lest thou possess it—and slay her o'er its flames.

MENELAUS

Slay on,—and taste my vengeance for her death !

ORESTES

So be it (*raises sword*).

MENELAUS

Ah ! in no wise do the deed !

ORESTES

Peace !—and endure ill-fortune, thy just due.

MENELAUS

How ?—just that thou shouldst live ?

1600

ORESTES

Yea—rule withal.

MENELAUS

What land ?

ORESTES

Pelasgian Argos, even this.

MENELAUS

*Thou touch the sacred lavers !—*¹

ORESTES

Wherefore not ?

MENELAUS

And slay ere battle victims !—

ORESTES

Well mayst thou !

MENELAUS

Yea, for mine hands are clean.

¹ The king, as commander-in-chief, sacrificed for the army before battle.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλ' οὐ τὰς φρένας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς δ' ἂν προσείποι σ' ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὅστις ἐστὶ φίλοπάτωρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅστις δὲ τιμᾶ μητέρ' ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὐδαίμων ἔφυ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκουν σύ γ'.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ γὰρ ἀνδάνουσιν αἱ κακαί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄπαιρε θυγατρὸς φάσγανον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ψευδῆς ἔφυσ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀλλὰ κτενεῖς μου θυγατέρ' ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ ψευδῆς ἔτ' εἶ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἴμοι, τί δράσω ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πέιθ' ἐς Ἀργείους μολών—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πειθὸν τίν' ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡμᾶς μὴ θανεῖν αἰτοῦ πόλιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἢ παιδά μου φονεύσειθ' ;

ORESTES

ORESTES

But not thine heart !

MENELAUS

Who would speak to thee ?

ORESTES

Whoso loveth father.

MENELAUS

And honoureth mother ?

ORESTES

Happy he who may !

MENELAUS

Not such art thou !

ORESTES

Vile women please me not.

MENELAUS

Take from my child thy sword !

ORESTES

Born liar—no !

MENELAUS

Wilt slay my child ?

ORESTES

Ay—now thou liest not.

MENELAUS

What shall I do ?

ORESTES

To the Argives go ; persuade— 1610

MENELAUS

What suasion ?

ORESTES

Of the city beg our lives.

MENELAUS

Else will ye slay my daughter ?

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦδ' ἔχει τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον Ἑλένη,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τάμὰ δ' οὐχὶ τλήμονα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὲ σφάγιον ἐκόμισ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ τόδ' ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόνους πονήσας μυρίους.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πλήν γ' εἰς ἐμέ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέπονθα δεινά.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τότε γὰρ ἦσθ' ἀνωφελής.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔχεις με.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σαυτὸν σὺ γ' ἔλαβες κακὸς γεγώς.
ἀλλ' εἴ, ὕφαπτε δώματ', Ἥλέκτρα, τάδε.
σὺ τ', ὦ φίλων μοι τῶν ἐμῶν σαφέστατε,
Πυλάδη, κάταιθε γεῖσα τειχέων τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα Δαναῶν ἱππίου τ' Ἄργους κτίται,
οὐκ εἴ ἐνόπλιον ποδὶ βοηδρομήσετε;
πᾶσαν γὰρ ὑμῶν ὄδε βιάζεται πόλιν.
ζῆ δ',¹ αἷμα μητρὸς μυσσάρων ἐξειργασμένος.

¹ Nauck: for ζῆν of MSS., "defieth your state so as to live."

ORESTES

ORESTES

Even so.

MENELAUS

O hapless Helen!—

ORESTES

And not hapless I?

MENELAUS

From Troy to death I brought thee—

ORESTES

Would 'twere so!

MENELAUS

From toils untold endured!

ORESTES

Yet none for me.

MENELAUS

I am foully wronged!

ORESTES

No help hadst thou for me.

MENELAUS

Thou hast trapped me!

ORESTES

Villain, thou hast trapped thyself!

What ho! Electra, fire the halls below!

And thou, O truest of my friends to me,

Pylades, kindle yonder parapets.

1620

MENELAUS

O land of Danaans, folk of knightly Argos,

Up, gird on harness!—unto rescue run!

For lo, this man defieth all your state,

Yet lives, polluted with a mother's blood.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

. ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

- Μενέλαε, παῦσαι λῆμ' ἔχων τεθηγμένον,
 Φοῖβός σ' ὁ Λητοῦς παῖς ὄδ' ἐγγυς ὦν καλῶ,
 σύ θ' ὄς ξιφήρης τῆδ' ἐφεδρεύεις κόρη,
 Ὅρέσθ', ἵν' εἰδῆς ὄς φέρων ἤκω λόγους.
 Ἐλένην μὲν ἦν σὺ διολέσαι πρόθυμος ὦν
 1630 ἤμαρτες, ὀργὴν Μενέλεω ποιούμενος,
 ἧδ' ἐστίν, ἦν ὄρατ' ἐν αἰθέρος πτυχαῖς,
 σεσωσμένη τε κού θανούσα πρὸς σέθεν.
 ἐγὼ νιν ἐξέσωσα κάπῳ φασγάνου
 τοῦ σοῦ κελευσθεῖς ἤρπασ' ἐκ Διὸς πατρος.
 Ζητὸς γὰρ οὔσαν ζῆν νιν ἀφθιτον χρεῶν,
 Κάστορί τε Πολυδεύκει τ' ἐν αἰθέρος πτυχαῖς
 σύνθακος ἔσται, ναυτίλοις σωτήριος.
 ἄλλην δὲ νύμφην εἰς δόμους κτήσαι λαβῶν,
 1640 ἔπει θεοὶ τῷ τῆσδε καλλιστεύματι
 Ἐλληνας εἰς ἐν καὶ Φρύγας ξυνήγαγον,
 θανάτους τ' ἔθηκαν, ὡς ἅπαντλοῖεν χθονὸς
 ὕβρισμα θνητῶν ἀφθόνου πληρώματος.
 τὰ μὲν καθ' Ἐλένην ὠδ' ἔχει· σὲ δ' αὖ χρεῶν,
 Ὅρέστα, γαίης τῆσδ' ὑπερβαλόνθ' ὄρους
 Παρράσιον οἰκεῖν δάπεδον ἐνιαυτοῦ κύκλον.
 κεκλήσεται δὲ σῆς φυγῆς ἐπώνυμον
 Ἀζᾶσιν Ἀρκάσιν τ' Ὅρέστειον [καλεῖν].
 ἐνθένδε δ' ἐλθὼν τὴν Ἀθηναίων πόλιν
 1650 δίκην ὑπόσχεσ αἵματος μητροκτόνου
 Εὐμενίσι τρισαῖς θεοὶ δέ σοι δίκης βραβῆς
 πάγοισιν ἐν Ἀρείοισιν εὐσεβεστάτην
 ψῆφον διοίσουσ', ἐνθα νικῆσαι σε χρή.
 ἐφ' ἧς δ' ἔχεις, Ὅρέστα, φάσγανον δέρη,
 γῆμαι πέπρωταί σ' Ἑρμιόνη· ὄς δ' οἶεται
 Νεοπτόλεμος γαμεῖν νιν, οὐ γαμεί ποτε.

ORESTES

APOLLO appears above in the clouds with HELEN.

APOLLO

Menelaus, peace to thine infuriate mood :
 I Phoebus, Leto's son, here call on thee.
 Peace thou, Orestes, too, whose sword doth guard
 Yon maid, that thou mayst hear the words I bear.
 Helen, whose death thou hast essayed, to sting
 The heart of Menelaus, yet hast missed, 1630
 Is here,—whom wrapped in folds of air ye see,—
 From death delivered, and not slain of thee.
 'Twas I that rescued her, and from thy sword
 Snatched her away by Father Zeus' behest ;
 For, as Zeus' daughter, deathless must she live,
 And shall by Castor and Polydeuces sit
 In folds of air, the mariners' saviour she.
 Take thee a new bride to thine halls, and wed ;
 Seeing the high Gods by her beauty's lure
 Hellenes and Phrygians into conflict drew, 1640
 And brought to pass deaths, so to lighten earth
 Oppressed with over-increase of her sons.
 Thus far for Helen : 'tis thy doom to pass,
 Orestes, o'er the borders of this land,
 And dwell a year's round on Parrhasian soil,
 Which lips Azanian and Arcadian
 Shall from thine exile call " Orestes' Land."
 Thence shalt thou fare to the Athenians' burg,
 And stand thy trial for thy mother's blood
 Against the Avengers Three. The Gods shall
 there 1650
 Sit judges, and on Ares' Holy Hill
 Pass righteous sentence : thou shalt win thy cause.
 Hermione, at whose throat is thy sword,
 Orestes, is thy destined bride : who thinks
 To wed her, shall not—Neoptolemus ;

273

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1660 θανεῖν γὰρ αὐτῷ μοῖρα Δελφικῶ ξίφει,
 δίκας Ἀχιλλέως πατρὸς ἔξαιτοῦντά με.
 Πυλάδῃ δ' ἀδελφῆς λέκτρον, ὡς κατήνεσας,
 δός· ὁ δ' ἐπιὼν νιν βίωτος εὐδαίμων μένει.
 Ἄργους δ' Ὀρέστην, Μενέλεως, ἔα κρατεῖν,
 ἐλθῶν δ' ἄνασσε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονός,
 φερνὰς ἔχων δάμαρτος, ἧ σε μυρίοις
 πόνοις διδούσα δεῦρ' αἰεὶ διήνυσε.
 τὰ πρὸς πόλιν δὲ τῷδ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς,
 ὅς νιν φονεῦσαι μητέρ' ἐξηνάγκασα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1670 ὦ Λοξία μαντεῖε σῶν θεσπισμάτων·
 οὐ ψευδόμαντις ἦσθ' ἄρ', ἀλλ' ἐτήτυμος.
 καίτοι μ' ἐσῆι δείμα μὴ τινος κλύων
 ἀλαστόρων δόξαιμι σὴν κλύειν ὄπα.
 ἀλλ' εὐ τελεῖται, πείσομαι δὲ σοῖς λόγοις.
 ἰδοῦ μεθίημι Ἑρμιόνην ἀπὸ σφαγῆς,
 καὶ λέκτρ' ἐπήνεσ' ἠνίκ' ἂν διδῶ πατήρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ Ζηνὸς Ἑλένη χαῖρε παῖ· ζηλῶ δέ σε
 θεῶν κατοικήσασαν ὄλβιον δόμον.
 Ὀρέστα, σοὶ δὲ παῖδ' ἐγὼ κατεγγυῶ,
 Φοῖβου λέγοντος· εὐγενῆς δ' ἀπ' εὐγενοῦς
 γήμας ὄναιο καὶ σὺ χῶ διδοὺς ἐγὼ.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

χωρεῖτέ νυν ἕκαστος οἱ προστάσσομεν,
 νείκας τε διαλύεσθε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πείθεσθαι χρεῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1680 κἀγὼ τοιοῦτος· σπένδομαι δὲ συμφοραῖς,
 Μενέλαε, καὶ σοῖς, Λοξία, θεσπίσμασιν.

ORESTES

For doomed is he to die by Delphian swords,
When for his sire he claims redress of me.

On Pylades thy sister's plighted hand
Bestow : a life of bliss awaiteth him.

Menelaus, leave Orestes Argos' throne.

1660

Go, hold the sceptre of the Spartan land,
As thy wife's dower, since she laid on thee
Travail untold to this day evermore.

I will to Argos reconcile this man

Whom I constrained to shed his mother's blood.

ORESTES

Hail, Prophet Loxias, to thine oracles !

No lying prophet wert thou then, but true.

And yet a fear crept o'er me, lest I heard,

Seeming to hear thy voice, a Fury-fiend.

Yet well ends all : thy words will I obey.

1670

Lo, from the sword Hermione I release,

And pledge me, when her sire bestows, to wed.

MENELAUS

Hail, Helen, Child of Zeus ! I count thee blest,
Thou dweller in the happy home of Gods.

Orestes, I betroth to thee my child

At Phoebus' hest. Fair fall thy bridal, prince

To princess wed : well may it fall for me !

APOLLO

Depart now, each as I appoint to you,

And your feuds reconcile.

MENELAUS

Obey we must.

ORESTES

I am as he, to my fate reconciled,

1680

To Menelaus, and thine oracles.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἴτε νυν καθ' ὁδόν, τὴν καλλίστην
θεῶν Εἰρήνην τιμῶντες· ἐγὼ δ'
Ἑλένην Δίῳις μελάρθοις πελάσω,
λαμπρῶν ἄστρον πόλον ἐξανύσας,
ἔνθα παρ' Ἥρα τῇ θ' Ἡρακλέους
Ἥβη πάρεδρος θεὸς ἀνθρώποις
ἔσται σπονδαῖς ἔντιμος αἰεὶ,
σὺν Τυνδαρίδαις τοῖς Διὸς υἱοῖς,
ναύταις μεδέουσα θαλάσσης.

1690

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ μέγα σεμνὴ Νίκη, τὸν ἐμὸν
βίοντον κατέχοις
καὶ μὴ λήγοις στεφανοῦσα.

ORESTES

APOLLO

Pass on your way: and to Peace, of the Gods most fair,
Render ye praise.

Helen will I unto Zeus's mansion bear,
Soon as I win to the height of the firmament, where
Flash the star-rays.

Throned beside Hera, and Hebe, and Hercules, there
Aye shall she be [darid pair,
With drink-offerings honoured by men, with the Tyn-
Scions of Zeus, by mariners worshipped with prayer,
Queen of the Sea.

1690

CHORUS

Hail, reverèd Victory:
Rest upon my life, and me
Crown, and crown eternally!

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ARGUMENT

WHEN *Iphigenia*, daughter of *Agamemnon*, lay on the altar of sacrifice at *Aulis*, *Artemis* snatched her away, and bare her to the *Tauric land*, which lieth in *Thrace* to north of the *Black Sea*: Here she was made priestess of the Goddess's temple, and in this office was constrained to consecrate men for death upon the altar ; for what Greeks soever came to that coast were seized and sacrificed to *Artemis*.

And herein is told how her own brother *Orestes* came thither, and by what means they were made known to each other, and of the plot that they framed for their escape.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ
ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ
ΘΟΑΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΑΘΗΝΑ

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

IPHIGENEIA, *daughter of Agamemnon, and Priestess of Artemis.*

ORESTES, *brother of Iphigeneia.*

PYLADES, *friend of Orestes.*

HERDMAN, *a Thracian.*

THOAS, *king of Thrace.*

MESSENGER, *servant of Thoas.*

ATHENA, *a Goddess.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Greek maidens, attendants of Iphigeneia.*

SCENE :—In front of the temple of Artemis in Taurica.*

* The modern Crimea.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Πέλοψ ὁ Ταυτάλειος εἰς Πίσαν μολὼν
 θοαῖσιν ἵπποις Οἰνομάου γαμεί κόρην,
 ἐξ ἧς Ἄτρεὺς ἔβλασταν· Ἄτρεὺς δ' ἄπο
 Μενέλαος Ἀγαμέμνων τε· τοῦ δ' ἔφυν ἐγώ,
 τῆς Τυνδαρείας θυγατρὸς Ἰφιγένεια παῖς,
 ἦν ἀμφὶ δῖναις ἄς θάμ' Εὐρύππος πυκναῖς
 αὔραις ἐλίσσων κυανέαν ἄλα στρέφει,
 ἔσφαξεν Ἑλένης εἴνεχ', ὡς δοκεῖ, πατῆρ
 Ἀρτέμιδι κλειναῖς ἐν πτυχαῖσιν Αὐλίδος.
 10 ἐνταῦθα γὰρ δὴ χιλίων ναῶν στόλον
 Ἑλληνικὸν συνήγαγ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ,
 τὸν καλλῖνικον στέφανον Ἴλιου θέλων
 λαβεῖν Ἀχαιοὺς, τοὺς θ' ὕβρισθέντας γάμους
 Ἑλένης μετελθεῖν, Μενέλεω χάριω φέρων.
 δεινῆς δ' ἀπλοίας πνευμάτων τε τυγχάνων,¹
 εἰς ἔμπυρ' ἦλθε, καὶ λέγει Κάλχας τάδε·
 ὦ τῆσδ' ἀνάσσων Ἑλλάδος στρατηγίας,
 Ἀγαμέμνον, οὐ μὴ ναῦς ἀφορμίσῃ χθονός,
 20 πρὶν ἂν κόρην σὴν Ἰφιγένειαν Ἄρτεμις
 λάβῃ σφαγεῖσαν· ὅ τι γὰρ ἐνιαυτὸς τέκοι
 κάλλιστον, ἠϋξω φωσφόρῳ θύσειν θεῶ.

¹ Barnes and Witzschel : for τ'ἀπλοίας and τ'οὐ of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Enter from temple IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIGENEIA

PELOPS, the son of Tantalus, with fleet steeds
To Pisa came, and won Oenomaus' child ;
Atreus she bare ; of him Menelaus sprang
And Agamemnon, born of whom was I,
Iphigeneia, Tyndareus' daughter's babe.
Me, by the eddies that with ceaseless gusts
Euripus shifteth, rolling his dark surge,
My sire slew—as he thinks—for Helen's sake
To Artemis, in Aulis' clefts renowned. 10
For king Agamemnon drew together there
The Hellenic armament, a thousand ships,
Fain that Achaea should from Ilium win
Fair victory's crown, and Helen's outraged bed
Avenge—all this for Menelaus' sake.
But, faced with winds that grimly barred the
 seas,
To divination he sought, and Calchas spake :
“ Thou captain of this battle-host of Greece,
Agamemnon, thou shalt sail not from the land
Ere Artemis receive thy daughter slain,
Iphigeneia : for, of one year's fruit, 20
Thou vowedst the fairest to the Queen of Light.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

παῖδ' οὖν ἐν οἴκοις σὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα δάμαρ
 τίκτει, τὸ καλλιστεῖον εἰς ἔμ' ἀναφέρων,
 ἦν χρὴ σε θῦσαι. καὶ μ' Ὀδυσσεύς τέχναις
 μητρὸς παρείλοντ' ἐπὶ γάμοις Ἀχιλλεύς.
 ἐλθοῦσα δ' Αὐλίδ' ἠΰ τάλαιν' ὑπὲρ πυρᾶς
 μεταρσία ληφθεῖς' ἐκαινόμην ξίφει·
 ἀλλ' ἐξέκλεψεν ἑλαφον ἀντιδουῶσά μου
 Ἄρτεμις Ἀχαιοῖς, διὰ δὲ λαμπρὸν αἰθέρα
 30 πέμψασά μ' εἰς τήνδ' ἴκτισεν Ταύρων χθόνα,
 οὐ γῆς ἀνάσσει βαρβάροισι βάρβαρος
 Θόας, δς ὠκύν πόδα τιθεῖς ἴσον πτεροῖς
 εἰς τοῦνομ' ἦλθε τόδε ποδωκείας χάριν.
 ναοῖσι δ' ἐν τοῖσδ' ἱερίαν τίθησὶ με·
 ὄθεν νόμοισι τοῖσιν ἤδεται θεὰ
 Ἄρτεμις ἑορτῆς — τοῦνομ' ἦς καλὸν μόνον,
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα σιγῶ, τὴν θεὸν φοβουμένη—
 θύω γάρ, ὄντος τοῦ νόμου καὶ πρὶν πόλει,
 δς ἂν κατέλθῃ τήνδε γῆν Ἑλλην ἀνὴρ.
 40 κατάρχομαι μὲν, σφάγια δ' ἄλλοισιν μέλει
 ἄρρητ' ἔσωθεν τῶνδ' ἀνακτόρων θεᾶς.
 ἂ καὶνὰ δ' ἤκει νύξ φέρουσα φάσματα,
 λέξω πρὸς αἰθέρ', εἴ τι δὴ τόδ' ἔστ' ἄκος.
 ἔδοξ' ἐν ὑπνω τῆσδ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα γῆς
 οἰκεῖν ἐν Ἄργει, παρθενῶσι δ' ἐν μέσοις
 εὔδειν, χθονὸς δὲ νῶτα σεισθῆναι σάλω,
 φεύγειν δὲ κᾶξω στάσα θριγκὸν εἰσιδεῖν
 δόμων πίτνοντα, πᾶν δ' ἐρείψιμον στέγος
 βεβλημένου πρὸς οὐδας ἐξ ἄκρων σταθμῶν.
 50 μόνος δ' ἐλείφθη στῦλος, ὡς ἔδοξέ μοι,
 δόμων πατρῶων, ἐκ δ' ἐπικράνων κόμας
 ξανθὰς καθεῖναι, φθέγμα δ' ἀνθρώπου λαβεῖν,
 καὶ γὰρ τέχνην τήνδ' ἦν ἔχω ξενοκτόνου

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Lo, thy wife Clytemnestra in thine halls
Bare thee a child"—so naming me most fair,—
"Whom thou must offer." By Odysseus' wiles
From her they drew me, as to wed Achilles.
I came to Aulis: o'er the pyre,—ah me!—
High raised was I, the sword in act to slay,—
When Artemis stole me, for the Achaeans set
There in my place a hind, and through clear air
Wafted me, in this Taurian land to dwell, 30
Where a barbarian rules barbarians,
Thoas, who, since his feet be swift as wings
Of birds, hath of his fleetness won his name.
And in this fane her priestess made she me:
Therefore in rites of that dark cult wherein
Artemis joys,—fair is its name alone;
But, for its deeds, her fear strikes dumb my lips,—
I sacrifice—'twas this land's ancient wont—
What Greek soever cometh to this shore. 40
I consecrate the victim; in the shrine
The unspeakable slaughter is for others' hands.
Now the strange visions that the night hath
brought
To heaven I tell—if aught of help be there.
In sleep methought I had escaped this land,
And dwelt in Argos. In my maiden-bower
I slept: then with an earthquake shook the ground.
I fled, I stood without, the cornice saw
Of the roof falling,—then, all crashing down,
Turret and basement, hurled was the house to
earth.
The central pillar alone, meseemed, was left 50
Of my sires' halls; this from its capital
Streamed golden hair, and spake with human voice.
Then I, my wonted stranger-slaughtering rite

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

60 τιμῶσ' ὑδραίνειν αὐτὸν ὡς θανούμενον,
 κλαίουσα. τοῦναρ δ' ὦδε συμβάλλω τόδε
 τέθνηκ' Ὀρέστης, οὐ κατηρξάμην ἐγώ.
 στῦλοι γὰρ οἴκων εἰσὶ παῖδες ἄρσενες·
 θνήσκουσι δ' οὓς ἂν χέρνιβες βάλωσ' ἐμαί.
 οὐδ' αὖ συνάψαι τοῦναρ εἰς φίλους ἔχω·
 Στροφίῳ γὰρ οὐκ ἦν παῖς, ὅτ' ὠλλύμην ἐγώ.
 νῦν οὖν ἀδελφῷ βούλομαι δοῦναι χοᾶς
 ἀποῦσ' ἀπόντι, ταῦτα γὰρ δυναίμεθ' ἄν,
 σὺν προσπόλοισιν, ἅς ἔδωχ' ἡμῖν ἄναξ
 Ἑλληνίδας γυναῖκας. ἄλλ' ἐξ αἰτίας
 οὐπω τινὸς πάρεισιν· εἴμ' εἴσω δόμων
 ἐν οἷσι ναίω τῶνδ' ἀνακτόρων θεᾶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄρα, φυλάσσου μή τις ἐν στίβῳ βροτῶν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ὀρῶ, σκοποῦμαι δ' ὄμμα πανταχοῦ στρέφω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

70 Πυλάδη, δοκεῖ σοι μέλαθρα ταῦτ' εἶναι θεᾶς ;
 ἐνθ' Ἀργόθεν ναῦν ποντίαν ἐστείλαμεν ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἔμοιγ', Ὀρέστα· σοὶ δὲ συνδοκεῖν χρεῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ βωμός, Ἕλλην οὐ καταστάζει φόνος ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐξ αἱμάτων γοῦν ξάνθ' ἔχει θριγκώματα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θριγκοῖς δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῖς σκύλ' ὀρᾶς ἠρτημένα ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τῶν κατθανόντων γ' ἀκροθίνια ξένων.
 ἀλλ' ἐγκυκλοῦντ' ὀφθαλμὸν εὖ σκοπεῖν χρεῶν.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Observing, sprinkled it, as doomed to death,
Weeping. Now thus I read this dream of mine :
Dead is Orestes—him I sacrificed ;—
Seeing the pillars of a house be sons,
And they die upon whom my sprinklings fall.
None other friend can I match with my dream ;
For on my death-day Strophius had no son. 60
Now will I pour drink-offerings, far from him,
To a brother far from me,—'tis all I can,—
I with mine handmaids, given me of the king,
Greek damsels. But for some cause are they here
Not yet : within the portals will I pass
Of this, the Goddess' shrine, wherein I dwell.

[*Re-enters temple.*]

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES.

ORESTES

Look thou—take heed that none be in the path.

PYLADES

I look, I watch, all ways I turn mine eyes.

ORESTES

Pylades, deem'st thou this the Goddess' fane
Whither from Argos we steered oversea ? 70

PYLADES

I deem it is, Orestes, as must thou.

ORESTES

And the altar, overdripped with Hellene blood ?

PYLADES

Blood-russet are its rims in any wise.

ORESTES

And 'neath them seest thou hung the spoils arow ?

PYLADES

Yea, trophies of the strangers who have died.
But needs must we glance round with heedful eyes.

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ Φοῖβε, ποῖ μ' αὐτὴνδ' ἐς ἄρκυν ἤγαγες
 χρήσας, ἐπειδὴ πατρὸς αἰμ' ἐτισάμην,
 μητέρα κατακτάς ; διαδοχαῖς δ' Ἐρινύων
 80 ἠλαυνόμεσθα φυγάδες, ἔξεδροι χθονός,
 δρόμους τε πολλοὺς ἐξέπλησα καμπίμους.
 ἐλθὼν δὲ σ' ἠρώτησα πῶς τροχηλάτου
 μαυίας ἂν ἔλθοιμ' εἰς τέλος πόνων τ' ἐμῶν,
 οὓς ἐξεμόχθουν περιπολῶν καθ' Ἑλλάδα.
 σὺ δ' εἶπας ἐλθεῖν Ταυρικῆς μ' ὄρους χθονός,
 ἐνθ' Ἀρτεμῖς σοι σύγγονος βωμοὺς ἔχει,
 λαβεῖν τ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς, ὃ φασιν ἐνθάδε
 εἰς τούσδε ναοὺς οὐρανοῦ πεσεῖν ἀπο-
 λαβόντα δ' ἠτέχναισιν ἠτύχη τιμῇ,
 90 κίνδυνον ἐκπλήσαντ', Ἀθηναίων χθονὶ
 δοῦναι· τὸ δ' ἐνθένδ' οὐδὲν ἐρρήθη πέρα·
 καὶ ταῦτα δράσαντ' ἀμπνοὰς ἔξειν πόνων.
 ἦκω δὲ πεισθεῖς σοῖς λόγοισιν ἐνθάδε
 ἄγνωστον εἰς γῆν, ἄξενόν. σὲ δ' ἱστορῶ,
 Πυλάδη, σὺ γάρ μοι τοῦδε συλλήπτωρ πόνου,
 τί δρῶμεν ; ἀμφίβληστρα γὰρ τοίχων ὄρας
 ὑψηλά· πότερα δωμαίων προσαμβάσεις
 ἐκβησόμεσθα ; πῶς ἂν οὖν μάθοιμεν¹ ἂν,
 μὴ χαλκότευκτα κληῖθρα λύσαντες μοχλοῖς,
 100 ὧν οὐδὲν ἴσμεν ; ἦν δ' ἀνοίγοντες πύλας
 ληφθῶμεν εἰσβάσεις τε μηχανώμενοι,
 θανούμεθ'· ἀλλὰ πρὶν θανεῖν, νεὼς ἐπι-
 φεύγωμεν, ἥπερ δεῦρ' ἐναυστολήσαμεν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

φεύγειν μὲν οὐκ ἀνεκτὸν οὐδ' εἰώθαμεν
 τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ δὲ χρησμὸν οὐ κακιστέον.

¹ μάθοιμεν MSS. ; λάθοιμεν, Sallier and many others.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Phoebus, why is thy word again my snare,
When I have slain my mother, and avenged
My sire? From tired Fiends Fiends take up the
chase,
And exiled drive me, outcast from my land, 80
In many a wild race doubling to and fro.
To thee I came and asked how might I win
My whirling madness' goal, my troubles' end,
Wherein I travailed, roving Hellas through.
Thou bad'st me go unto the Taurian coasts
Where Artemis thy sister hath her altars,
And take the Goddess' image, which, men say,
Here fell into this temple out of heaven,
And, winning it by craft or happy chance,
All danger braved, to the Athenians' land 90
To give it—nought beyond was bidden me;—
This done, should I have respite from my toils.
Hither I come, obedient to thy words,
To a strange land and cheerless. Thee I ask,
Pylades, thee mine helper in this toil,—
What shall we do? Thou seest the engirdling walls,
How high they be. Up yonder temple-steps
Shall we ascend? How then could we learn more,
Except our levers force the brazen bolts 100
Whereof we know nought? If we be surprised
Opening gates, and plotting entrance here,
Die shall we. Nay, ere dying, let us flee
Back to the ship wherein we hither sailed.

PYLADES

Flee?—'twere intolerable!—'twas ne'er our wont:
Nor craven may we be to the oracle.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

110 ναοῦ δ' ἰπαλλαχθέντε κρύψωμεν δέμας
κατ' ἄντρ' ἅ πόντος νοτίδι διακλύζει μέλας,
νεὸς ἄπωθεν, μή τις εἰσιδὼν σκάφος
βασιλεύσιν εἶπη, κᾶτα ληφθῶμεν βία.
ὅταν δὲ νυκτὸς ὄμμα λυγαίας μόλη,
τολμητέον τοι ξεστὸν ἐκ ναοῦ λαβεῖν
ἄγαλμα πάσας προσφέροντε μηχανάς.
ὄρα δέ γ' εἶσω τριγλύφων ὅποι κενὸν
δέμας καθεῖναι· τοὺς πόνους γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ
τολμῶσι, δειλοὶ δ' εἰσὶν οὐδὲν οὐδαμού.
οὔτοι μακρὸν μὲν ἤλθομεν κώπη πόρον,
ἐκ τερμάτων δὲ νόστον ἀροῦμεν πάλιν·

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

120 ἀλλ' εὐ γὰρ εἶπας, πειστέον· χωρεῖν χρεῶν
ὅποι χθονὸς κρύψαντε λήσομεν δέμας.
οὐ γὰρ τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' αἴτιον γενήσεται
πεσεῖν ἄκραντον θέσφατον· τολμητέον
μόχθος γὰρ οὐδεὶς τοῖς νέοις σκῆψιν φέρει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

130 εὐφαιμείτ', ὦ
πόντου δισσὰς συγχωρούσας
πέτρας Εὐξείνου ναίοντες.
ὦ παῖ τὰς Λατοῦς,
Δίκτυνν' οὐρέια,
πρὸς σὰν αὐλάν, εὐστύλων
ναῶν χρυσήρεις θριγκούς,
πόδα παρθένιον ὄσιον ὀσίας
κληδούχου δούλα πέμπω,
Ἑλλάδος εὐίππου πύργους
καὶ τείχη χόρτων τ' εὐδέδρων
ἐξαλλάξασ' Εὐρώταν,
πατρώων οἰκῶν ἔδρας.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Withdraw we from the temple ; let us hide
In caves by the dark sea-wash oversprayed,
Far from our ship, lest some one spy her hull,
And tell the chiefs, and we be seized by force.
But when the eye of murky night is come, 110
That carven image must we dare to take
Out of the shrine with all the craft we may.
Mark thou betwixt yon triglyphs a void space .
Whereby to climb down. Brave men on all toils
Adventure ; nought are cowards anywhere.
Have we come with the oar a weary way,
And from the goal shall we turn back again ?

ORESTES

Good : I must heed thee. Best withdraw ourselves
Unto a place where we shall lurk unseen.
For, if his oracle fall unto the ground, 120
The God's fault shall it not be. We must dare,
Since for young men toil knoweth no excuse.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS *and* IPHIGENEIA.

CHORUS

Keep reverent silence, ye
Beside the Euxine Sea
Who dwell, anigh the clashing rock-towers twain.
Maid of the mountain-wild,
Dictynna, Leto's child,
Unto thy court, thy lovely-pillared fane,
Whose roofs with red gold burn,
Pure maiden feet I turn, 130
Who serve the hallowed Bearer of the Key,
Banished from Hellas' towers,
Trees, gardens, meadow-flowers
That fringe Eurotas by mine home o'ersea.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

140 ἔμολον· τί νέον ; τίνα φροντίδ' ἔχεις ;
 τί με πρὸς ναοὺς ἄγαγες ἄγαγες,
 ὦ παῖ τοῦ τᾶς Τροίας πύργου
 ἐλθόντος κλεινᾶ σὺν κόπῃ
 χιλιοναύτῃ μυριοτευχῇ
 τῶν Ἀτρειδᾶν τῶν κλεινῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

150 ἰὼ δμωαί,
 δυσθρηνήτοις ὡς θρήνοις
 ἔγκειμαι, τᾶς οὐκ εὐμούσου
 μολπαῖσι βοᾶς ἀλύροις ἐλέγοις,
 αἰαῖ, κηδείοις οἴκτοις,
 αἴ μοι συμβαίνουσ' ἄται,
 σύγγονον ἄμὸν κατακλειομένα
 ζωᾶς, οἶαν ἰδόμαν ὄψιν ὀνείρων
 νυκτός, τᾶς ἐξήλθ' ὄρφνα.
 ὄλομαν ὄλόμαν·
 οὐκ εἶσ' οἴκοι πατρῶοι·
 οἴμοι φροῦδος γέννα.
 φεῦ φεῦ τῶν Ἄργει μόχθων.
 ἰὼ ἰὼ δαίμων, ὃς τὸν
 μούνον με κασίγνητον συλᾶς
 160 Ἄϊδα πέμψας, ᾧ τάσδε χοᾶς
 μέλλω κρατήρᾳ τε τὸν φθιμένων
 ὑδραίνειν γαίας ἐν νότοις,
 πηγᾶς τ' οὐρείων ἐκ μόσχων
 Βάκχου τ' οἰνηρᾶς λοιβᾶς
 ξουθᾶν τε πόνημα μελισσᾶν,
 ἃ νεκροῖς θελκτήρια κεῖται.

ἀλλ' ἔνδος μοι πάγχρυσον
 τεύχος καὶ λοιβᾶν Ἄϊδα,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

I come. Thy tidings?—what
Thy care? Why hast thou brought
Me to the shrines, O child of him who led
That fleet, the thousand-keeled,
That host of myriad shield
That Troyward with the glorious Atræids sped? 140

IPHIGENEIA

Ah maidens, sunken deep
In mourning's dole I weep :
My wails no measure keep
 With aught glad-ringing
From harps : no Song-queen's strain
Breathes o'er the sad refrain
Of my bereavement's pain,
 Nepenthe-bringing.
The curse upon mine head
Is come—a brother dead ! 150
Ah vision-dream that fled
 To Night's hand clinging !
Undone am I—undone !
My race—its course is run :
My sire's house—there is none :
 Woe, Argos' nation !
Ah, cruel Fate, that tore
From me my love, and bore
To Hades ! Dear, I pour
 Thy death-libation— 160
Fountains of mountain-kine,
The brown bees' toil, the wine,
Shed on earth's breast, are thine,
 Thy peace-oblation !
Give me the urn, whose gold
The Death-god's draught shall hold :—

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

170 ὦ κατὰ γαίας Ἀγαμεμνόνιον
θάλος, ὡς φθιμένῳ τάδε σοι πέμπω·
δέξαι δ' οὐ γὰρ πρὸς τύμβον σοι
ξανθὰν χαίταν, οὐ δάκρυ' οἶσω.
τηλόσε γὰρ δὴ σᾶς ἀπενάσθη
πατρίδος καὶ ἐμᾶς, ἔνθα δοκήμασι
κείμεαι σφαχθεῖς ἅ τλάμων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

180 ἀντιψάλμους ᾠδὰς ὕμνον τ'
Ἀσιήταν σοι βάρβαρον ἀχὰν
δεσποίνα γ' ἐξαυδάσω,
τὰν ἐν θρήνοισιν μοῦσαν,
νέκυσι μελομέναν τὰν ἐν μολπαῖς
Ἄιδας ὕμνεϊ δίχα παιάνων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἶμοι, τῶν Ἀτρειδᾶν οἴκων
ἔρρει φῶς σκήπτρων, ἔρρει.¹
οἶμοι πατρώων οἴκων.
τίνος ἐκ τῶν εὐόλβων Ἄργει
190 βασιλέων ἀρχά;
μόχθος δ' ἐκ μόχθων ἄσσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

διευνούσαις ἵπποις πταναῖς²
ἀλλάξας ἐξ ἔδρας
ιερὸν μετέβασ' ὄμμ' ἀνγᾶς

¹ Text of 187-190 much disputed.

² Text of 192-197 quite uncertain. England's readings adopted, except ἄλλαις for ἄλλοις.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

170

Thee, whom earth's arms enfold,
 Atreides' scion,
 These things I give thee now ;
 Dear dead, accept them thou,
 Bright tresses from my brow
 Shall never lie on
 Thy grave, nor tears. Our land —
 Thine—mine—to me is banned.
 Far off the altars stand
 Men saw me die on.

CHORUS

180

Lo, I will peal on high
 To echo thine, O queen,
 My dirge, the Asian hymn, and that weird cry,
 The wild barbaric keen,
 The litany of death,
 Song-tribute that we bring
 To perished ones, where moaneth Hades' breath,
 Where no glad pæans ring.

IPHIGENEIA

190

Woe for the kingly sway
 From Atreus' house that falls !
 Passed is their sceptre's glory, passed away—
 Woe for my fathers' halls !
 Where are the heaven-blest kings
 Throned erstwhile in their might
 O'er Argos ? Trouble out of trouble springs
 In ceaseless arrowy flight.

CHORUS

O day when from his place
 The Sun his winged steeds wheeled,
 Turning the splendour of his holy face

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

200 ἄλιος. ἄλλαις δ' ἄλλα προσέβα
 χρυσέας ἀρνὸς μελάθροις ὀδύνα,
 φόνος ἐπὶ φόνῳ, ἄχεά τ' ἄχεσιν·
 ἔνθεν τῶν πρόσθεν δμαθέντων
 Ταυταλιδᾶν ἐκβαίνει ποινά γ'
 εἰς οἴκους· σπεύδει δ' ἀσπούδαστ'
 ἐπὶ σοὶ δαίμων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

209 ἐξ ἀρχᾶς μοι δυσδαίμων
 208 δαίμων τᾶς ματρὸς ζῶνας
 210 καὶ νυκτὸς κείνας· ἐξ ἀρχᾶς
 λόχιαι στερρὰν παιδείαν
 Μοῖραι συντείνουσιν θεαί,
 ἂν πρωτόγονον θάλος ἐν θαλάμοις
 ἄ μναστευθεῖς' ἐξ Ἑλλάνων,
 Λήδας ἄ τλάμων κούρα,
 σφάγιον πατρῷᾳ λῶβα
 καὶ θῦμ' οὐκ εὐγάθητον
 ἔτεκεν, ἔτρεφεν, εὐκταίαν
 ἰππέοις ἐν δίφροισιν
 ψαμάθων Αὐλίδος ἐπιβᾶσαν
 νύμφαν, οἴμοι, δύσνυμφον
 τῷ τᾶς Νηρέως κούρας, αἰαῖ.

220 νῦν δ' ἀξείνου πόντου ξείνα
 δυσχόρτους οἴκους ναίω
 ἄγαμος, ἄτεκνος, ἄπολις, ἄφιλος,
 οὐ τὰν Ἄργει μέλπουσ' Ἥραν
 οὐδ' ἰστοῖς ἐν καλλιφθόγγοις
 κερκίδι Παλλάδος Ἀθίδος εἰκῶ
 καὶ Τιτάνων ποικίλλουσ', ἄλλ'

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

From horrors there revealed !
 That golden lamb ¹ hath brought
 Woe added unto woe,
 Pang upon pang, murder on murder wrought :
 All these thy line must know.
 Vengeance thine house must feel
 For sons thereof long dead : 200
 Their sins Fate, zealous with an evil zeal,
 Visiteth on thine head.

IPHIGENEIA

From the beginning was to me accurst
 My mother's spousal-fate :
 The Queens of Birth with hardship from the first
 Crushed down my childhood-state.
 I, the first blossom of the bridal-bower
 Of Leda's hapless daughter 210
 By princes wooed, was nursed for that dark hour
 Of sacrificial slaughter,
 For vows that stained with sin my father's hands
 When I was chariot-borne
 Unto the Nereid's son on Aulis' sands—
 Ah me, a bride forlorn !

Lone by a stern sea's desert shores I live
 Loveless, no children clinging
 To me ; the homeless, friendless, cannot give 220
 To Hera praise of singing
 In Argos ; nor to music of my loom
 Shall Pallas' image grow
 Splendid in strife Titanic :—in my doom

¹ See note to *Electra*, l. 699.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

αϊμόρραντον δυσφόρμιγγα
 ξείνων αϊμάσσουσ' ἄταν βωμούς,
 οἰκτρὰν τ' αἰαζόντων αὐδάν,
 οἰκτρόν τ' ἐκβαλλόντων δάκρυον.

230

καὶ νῦν κείνων μὲν μοι λάθα,
 τὸν δ' Ἄργει δμαθέντα κλαίω
 σύγγονον, ὃν ἔλιπον ἐπιμαστίδιον
 ἔτι βρέφος, ἔτι νέον, ἔτι θάλος
 ἐν χερσίν ματρὸς πρὸς στέρνοισ τ'
 Ἄργει σκηπτούχον Ὀρέσταν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδ' ἀκτὰς ἐκλιπὼν θαλασσίους
 βουφορβὸς ἤκει, σημανὼν τί σοι νέον.

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

Ἄγαμέμνονός τε καὶ Κλυταιμνήστρας τέκνον,
 ἄκουε καινῶν ἐξ ἑμοῦ κηρυγμάτων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

240

τί δ' ἔστι τοῦ παρόντος ἐκπλήσσον λόγου ;

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

ἤκουσιν εἰς γῆν, κυανέαν Συμπληγάδα
 πλάτῃ φυγόντες, δίπτυχοι νεανίαι,
 θεᾶ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ θυτήριον
 Ἄρτέμιδι. χέρνιβας δὲ καὶ κατάργματα
 οὐκ ἂν φθάνοις ἂν εὐτρεπῆ ποιουμένη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποδαποί ; τίνος γῆς ὄνομ' ¹ ἔχουσιν οἱ ξένοι ;

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

Ἕλληνες· ἐν τούτ' οἶδα κοῦ περαιτέρω.

¹ So the MSS. Monk reads σχῆμ', "what land's garb do the strangers wear?"

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Blood-streams mid groanings flow,
The ghastly music made of strangers laid
On altars, piteous-weeping!

Yet from these horrors now my thoughts have strayed,
Afar to Argos leaping 230
To wail Orestes dead—a kingdom's heir!
Ah, hands of my lost mother
Clasped thee; her breast, at my departing, bare
Thy babe-face, O my brother!

CHORUS

Lo, yonder from the sea-shore one hath come,
A herdman bearing tidings unto thee.

Enter HERDMAN.

HERDMAN

Agamemnon's daughter, Clytemnestra's child,
Hear the strange story that I bring to thee!

IPHIGENEIA

What cause is in thy tale for this amaze? 240

HERDMAN

Unto the land, through those blue Clashing Rocks
Sped by the oar-blades, two young men be come,
A welcome offering and sacrifice
To Artemis. Prepare thee with all speed
The lustral streams, the consecrating rites.

IPHIGENEIA

Whence come?—what land's name do the strangers
bear?

HERDMAN

Hellenes: this one thing know I; nought beside.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐδ' ὄνομ' ἀκούσας οἶσθα τῶν ξένων φράσαι ;

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ

Πυλίδης ἐκλήζεθ' ἄτερος πρὸς θατέρου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

250 τοῦ ξυζύγου δὲ τοῦ ξένου τί τοῦνομ' ἦν ;

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ

οὐδεὶς τόδ' οἶδεν· οὐ γὰρ εἰσηκούσαμεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποῦ δ' εἶδες' αὐτοὺς κἀντυχόντες εἴλετε;

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ

ἄκραις ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖσιν ἄξένου πόρου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ τίς θαλάσσης βουκόλοις κοινωνία;

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ

βοῦς ἤλθομεν νίψοντες ἐναλία δρόσῳ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐκεῖσε δὴ 'πᾶνελθε, ποῦ νιν εἴλετε
 τρόπῳ θ' ὁποίῳ· τοῦτο γὰρ μαθεῖν θέλω.
 χρόνιοι γὰρ ἤκουσ', ἐξ ὅτου βωμὸς θεᾶς
 Ἑλληνικαῖσιν ἐξεφονίχθη ῥοαῖς.

ΒΟΤΚΟΛΟΣ

260 ἐπεὶ τὸν εἰσρέοντα διὰ Συμπληγάδων
 βοῦς ὑλοφορβὸς πόντον εἰσεβάλλομεν,
 ἦν τις διαρρῶξ κυμάτων πολλῶ σάλῳ
 κοιλωπὸς ἠγμός, πορφυρευτικαὶ στέγαι.
 ἐνταῦθα δισσοὺς εἶδέ τις νεανίας
 βουφορβὸς ἡμῶν, κἀνεχώρησεν πάλιν
 ἄκροισι δακτύλοισι πορθμεύων ἴχνος.
 ἔλεξε δ'· οὐχ ὄρατε; δαίμονές τινες
 θάσσοισιν οἶδε. θεοσεβῆς δ' ἡμῶν τις ὦν
 ἀνέσχε χεῖρε καὶ προσηύξατ' εἰσιδῶν·

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Nor heardest thou their name, to tell it me ?

HERDMAN

Pylades one was of his fellow named.

IPHIGENEIA

And of the stranger's comrade what the name ? 250

HERDMAN

This no man knoweth, for we heard it not.

IPHIGENEIA

Where saw ye—came upon them—captured them ?

HERDMAN

Upon the breakers' verge of yon drear sea.

IPHIGENEIA

Now what have herdmen with the sea to do ?

HERDMAN

We went to wash our cattle in sea-brine.

IPHIGENEIA

To this return—where laid ye hold on them,
And in what manner ? This I fain would learn.
For late they come : the Goddess' altar long
Hath been with streams of Hellene blood undyed.

HERDMAN

Even as we drave our woodland-pasturing kine 260
Down to the sea that parts the Clashing Rocks,—
There was a cliff-chine, by the ceaseless dash
Of waves grooved out, a purple-fishers' haunt ;—
Even there a herdman of our company
Beheld two youths, and backward turned again,
With tiptoe stealth his footsteps piloting,
And spake, " Do ye not see them ?—yonder sit
Gods ! " One of us, a god-revering man,
Lifted his hands, and looked on them, and prayed :

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- 270 ὦ ποντίας παῖ Λευκοθέας, νεῶν φύλαξ,
 δέσποτα Παλαίμον, ἴλεως ἡμῖν γενοῦ,
 εἴτ' οὖν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς θάσσετον Διοσκόρω,
 ἢ Νηρέως ἀγάλμαθ', ὃς τὸν εὐγενῆ
 ἔτικτε πεντήκοντα Νηρηίδων χορόν.
 ἄλλος δέ τις μάταιος, ἀνομία θρασύς,
 ἐγέλασεν εὐχαῖς, ναυτίλους δ' ἐφθαρμένους
 θάσσειν φάραγγ' ἔφασκε τοῦ νόμου φόβῳ,
 κλύοντας ὡς θύοιμεν ἐνθάδε ξένους.
 ἔδοξε δ' ἡμῶν εὐ λέγειν τοῖς πλείοσι,
 280 θηρᾶν τε τῇ θεῷ σφώγια τὰπιχώρια.
 κᾶν τῷδε πέτραν ἄτερος λιπῶν ξένοιον
 ἔστη κᾶρα τε διετίναξ' ἄνω κάτω
 κᾶπεστέναξεν ὠλένας τρέμων ἄκρας,
 μαίναις ἀλαίνων, καὶ βοᾶ κυναγός ὡς·
 Πυλάδη, δέδορκας τήνδε; τήνδε δ' οὐχ ὄρᾶς
 "Αἰδου δράκαιναν, ὡς με βούλεται κτανεῖν
 δειναῖς ἐχίδναις εἰς ἔμ' ἔστομομένη;
 ἢ δ' ἐκ χιτώνων πῦρ πνέουσα καὶ φόνον
 290 πτεροῖς ἐρέσσει, μητέρ' ἀγκάλαις ἐμῆν
 ἔχουσα, πέτρων ὄχθον, ὡς ἐπεμβάλλη.
 οἶμοι κτενεῖ με· ποῖ φύγω; παρῆν δ' ὄρᾶν
 οὐ ταῦτα μορφῆς σχήματ', ἀλλ' ἠλλάσσετο
 φθογγᾶς τε μῶσχων καὶ κυνῶν ὑλάγματα,
 ἀ' φασκ' ¹ Ἐρινύς ἰέναι μυκῆματα.²
 ἡμεῖς δὲ συσταλέντες, ὡς θανούμενοι,
 σιγῇ καθήμεθ'. ὁ δὲ χερὶ σπάσας ξίφος,
 μῶσχους ὀρούσας εἰς μέσας λέων ὅπως,
 παῖεσι σιδήρῳ λαγόνας εἰς πλευρὰς εἰς,
 300 δοκῶν Ἐρινύς θεᾶς ἀμύνεσθαι τύδε,
 ὡς αἵματηρὸν πέλαγος ἔξανθεῖν ἄλός.

¹ Badham: for MSS. ἄς φᾶσ'. ² Nauck: for MSS. μιμήματα.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

“ Guardian of ships, Sea-queen Leucothea’s son 270
 O Lord Palaemon, gracious be to us ;
 Or ye, Twin Brethren, if ye yonder sit ;
 Or Nereus’ darlings, born to him of whom
 That company of fifty Nereids sprang.”
 But one, a scorner, bold in lawlessness,
 Mocked at his prayers : for shipwrecked mariners
 Dreading our law, said he, sat in the cleft,
 Who had heard how strangers here be sacrificed.
 And now the more part said, “ He speaketh well :
 Let us then hunt the Goddess’ victims due.” 280
 One of the strangers left meantime the cave,
 Stood forth, and up and down he swayed his head,
 And groaned and groaned again with quivering
 hands,
 Frenzy-distraught, and shouted hunter-like :
 “ Pylades, seest thou her ?—dost mark not her,
 Yon Hades-dragon, lusting for my death,
 Her hideous vipers gaping upon me ?
 And this, whose robes waft fire and slaughter forth,
 Flaps wings—my mother in her arms she holds—
 Ha, now to a rock-mass changed !—to hurl on me ! 290
 Ah ! she will slay me ! Whither can I fly ?”
 We could not see these shapes : his fancy changed
 Lowing of kine and barking of the dogs
 To howlings which the Fiends sent forth, he said.
 We cowering low, as men that looked to die,
 Sat hushed. With sudden hand he drew his sword,
 And like a lion rushed amidst the kine,
 Smote with the steel their flanks, pierced through
 their ribs,—
 Deeming that thus he beat the Erinyes back,—
 So that the sea-brine blossomed with blood-foam. 300

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

κὰν τῶδε πᾶς τις, ὡς ὀρᾷ βουφόρβια
 πίπτοντα καὶ πορθούμεν', ἐξωπλίζετο,
 κόχλους τε φυσῶν συλλέγων τ' ἐγχωρίους·
 πρὸς εὐτραφεῖς γὰρ καὶ νεανίας ξένους
 φαύλους μάχεσθαι βουκόλους ἠγοούμεθα.
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐπληρώθημεν οὐ μακρῶ χρόνῳ.
 πίπτει δὲ μανίας πίτυλον ὁ ξένος μεθείς,
 στάζων ἀφρῶ γένειον· ὡς δ' ἐσείδομεν
 310 προὔργου πεσόντα, πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἔσχεν πόνου
 βάλλων ἀράσσω· ἄτερος δὲ τοῖν ξένοι
 ἀφρόν τ' ἀπέψη σώματός τ' ἐτημέλει
 πέπλων τε προκάλυπτεν εὐπήνους ὑφάς,
 καρδοκῶν μὲν τὰπίόντα τραύματα,
 φίλον δὲ θεραπείαισιν ἄνδρ' εὐεργετῶν.
 ἔμφρων δ' ἀνάξας ὁ ξένος πεσήματος
 ἔγνω κλύδωνα πολεμίων προσκείμενον
 καὶ τὴν παρούσαν συμφορὰν αὐτοῖν πέλας,
 ᾧμωξέ θ'· ἡμεῖς δ' οὐκ ἀνίεμεν πέτρους
 320 βάλλοντες, ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν προσκείμενοι.
 οὐ δὴ τὸ δεινὸν παρακέλευσμ' ἠκούσαμεν·
 Πυλάδῃ, θανούμεθ', ἀλλ' ὅπως θανούμεθα
 κάλλισθ'· ἔπου μοι, φάσγανον σπάσας χερί.
 ὡς δ' εἶδομεν δίπαλτα πολεμίων ξίφῃ,
 φυγῇ λεπαίας ἐξεπίμπλαμεν νάπας.
 ἀλλ', εἰ φύγοι τις, ἄτεροι προσκείμενοι
 ἔβαλλον αὐτούς· εἰ δὲ τοῦσδ' ὠσαῖατο,
 αὐθις τὸ νῦν ὑπεῖκον ἤρασσον πέτρους.
 ἀλλ' ἦν ἄπιστον· μυρίων γὰρ ἐκ χερῶν
 οὐδεὶς τὰ τῆς θεοῦ θύματ' ἠτύχει βαλῶν.
 330 μόλις δὲ νιν τόλμῃ μὲν οὐ χειρούμεθα,
 κύκλω δὲ περιβαλόντες ἐξεκλέψαμεν
 πέτροισι χερῶν φάσγαν', εἰς δὲ γῆν γόνυ

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Thereat each man, soon as he marked the herds
Harried and falling slain, 'gan arm himself,
Blowing on conchs and gathering dwellers-round ;
For we accounted herdmen all too weak
To fight with strangers young and lusty-grown.
So in short time were many mustered there.
Now ceased the stranger's madness-fit : he falls,
Foam spraying o'er his beard. We, marking him
So timely fallen, wrought each man his part,
Hurling with battering stones. His fellow still 310
Wiped off the foam, and tended still his frame,
And screened it with his cloak's fair-woven folds,
Watching against the ever-hailing blows,
With loving service ministering to his friend.

He came to himself—he leapt from where he lay—
He marked the surge of foes that rolled on him,
He marked the deadly mischief imminent,
And groaned : but we ceased not from hurling
stones,

Hard pressing them from this side and from that.
Thereat we heard this terrible onset-shout : 320

“ Pylades, we shall die : see to it we die
With honour ! Draw thy sword, and follow me.”
But when we saw our two foes' brandished blades,
In flight we filled the copses of the cliffs.

Yet, if these fled, would those press on again,
And cast at them ; and if they drave those back,
They that first yielded hurled again the stones.
Yet past belief it was—of all those hands,
To smite the Goddess' victims none prevailed. 330
At last we overbore them,—not by courage,
But, compassing them, smote the swords unwares
Out of their hands with stones. To earth they
bowed

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

καμάτῳ καθείσαν. πρὸς δ' ἄνακτα τῆσδε γῆς
κομίζομέν νιν. ὁ δ' ἐσιδὼν ὅσον τάχος
εἰς χέρνιβας τε καὶ σφαγεῖ' ἔπεμπέ σοι.
εὐχου δὲ τοιάδ', ὦ νεανί, σοι ξένων
σφάγια παρῆναι· κὰν ἀναλίσκης ξένους
τοιούσδε, τὸν σὸν Ἑλλὰς ἀποτίσει φόνου
δίκας τίνουσα τῆς ἐν Αὐλίδι σφαγῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

340 θαυμάστ' ἔλεξας τὸν φανένθ', ὅστις ποτὲ
Ἑλληνας ἐκ γῆς πόντον ἦλθεν ἄξευον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἶεν. σὺ μὲν κόμιζε τοὺς ξένους μολῶν
τὰ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἡμεῖς φροντιοῦμεν οἷα χρή.¹

350 ὦ καρδία τάλαινα, πρὶν μὲν εἰς ξένους
γαληνὸς ἦσθα καὶ φιλοικτίρμων αἰεὶ,
εἰς θούμόφυλον ἀναμετρομένη δάκρυ,
Ἑλληνας ἄνδρας ἠνίκ' εἰς χέρας λάβοις.
νῦν δ' ἐξ ὀνείρων οἴσιν ἠγγιωμέθα,
δοκοῦσ' Ὀρέστην μήκέθ' ἥλιον βλέπειν,
δύσνουν με λήψεσθ', οἷτινές ποθ' ἦκετε.
καὶ τοῦτ' ἄρ' ἦν ἀληθές, ἦσθόμην, φίλαι
οἱ δυστυχεῖς γὰρ τοῖσιν εὐτυχαστέροις
αὐτοὶ καλῶς πράξαντες οὐ φρονοῦσιν εὖ.
ἄλλ' οὔτε πνεῦμα Διόθεν ἦλθε πώποτε,
οὐ πορθμῖς, ἦτις διὰ πέτρας Συμπληγάδας
Ἑλένην ἀπήγαγ' ἐνθάδ', ἢ μ' ἀπώλεσε,
Μενελεύων θ', ἵν' αὐτοὺς ἀντετιμωρησάμην,
τὴν ἐνθάδ' Αὐλιν ἀντιθεῖσα τῆς ἐκεῖ,
οὐ μ' ὥστε μῶσχον Δαναῖδαι χειρούμενοι

¹ Badham : for οἷα φροντιοῦμεθα of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Their toil-spent knees. We brought them to the king.
 He looked on them, and sent them with all speed
 To thee, for sprinkling waters and blood-bowls.
 Pray, maiden, that such strangers aye be given
 For victims. If thou still destroy such men,
 Hellas shall make atonement for thy death,
 Yea, shall requite thy blood in Aulis spilt.

CHORUS

Strange tale thou tellest of one newly come, 340
 Whoe'er from Hellas yon drear sea hath reached.

IPHIGENEIA

Enough: go thou, the strangers hither bring:
 I will take thought for all that needeth here.

[Exit HERDMAN.]

O stricken heart, to strangers in time past
 Gentle wast thou and ever pitiful,
 To kinship meting out its due of tears,
 When Greeks soever fell into thine hands.
 But now, from dreams whereby mine heart is
 steeled,—

Who deem Orestes seeth light no more,—
 Stern shall ye find me, who ye be soe'er. 350

Ah, friends, true saw was this, I prove it now:—
*The hapless, which have known fair fortune once,
 Are bitter-thoughted unto happier folk.*

Ah, never yet a breeze from Zeus hath come,
 Nor ship, that through the Clashing Rocks hath
 brought

Hitherward Helen, her which ruined me,
 And Menelaus, that I might requite
 An Aulis here on them for that afar,
 Where, like a calf, the sons of Danaus seized

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- 360 ἔσφαζον, ἱερεὺς δ' ἦν ὁ γεννήσας πατήρ.
οἴμοι· κακῶν γὰρ τῶν τότε οὐκ ἀμνημονῶ,
ὄσας γενείου χεῖρας ἐξηκόντισα
γονάτων τε τοῦ τεκόντος ἐξαρτωμένη,
λέγουσα τοιάδ'· ὦ πάτερ, νυμφεύομαι
νυμφεύματ' αἰσχρὰ πρὸς σέθεν· μήτηρ δ' ἐμὲ
σέθεν κατακτείνοντος Ἀργεῖαί τε νῦν
ὑμνοῦσιν ὑμεναίοισιν, αὐλείται δὲ πᾶν
μέλαθρον· ἡμεῖς δ' ὀλλύμεσθα πρὸς σέθεν.
370 Ἄιδης Ἀχιλλεὺς ἦν ἄρ', οὐχ ὁ Πηλέως,
ὄν μοι προτείνας¹ πόνω, ἐν ἀρμάτων μ' ὄχοις
εἰς αἵματηρὸν γάμον ἐπόρθμευσας δόλω.
ἐγὼ δὲ λεπτῶν ὄμμα διὰ καλυμμάτων
ἔχουσ', ἀδελφόν τ' οὐκ ἀνειλόμην χεροῖν,
ὃς νῦν ὄλωλεν, οὐ κασιγνήτη στόμα
συνῆψ' ὑπ' αἰδοῦς, ὡς ἰοῦσ' εἰς Πηλέως
μέλαθρα· πολλὰ δ' ἀπεθέμην ἀσπᾶσμοτα
εἰσαῦθις, ὡς ἦξουσ' ἐς Ἀργος αὖ πάλιν.

- 380 ὦ τλήμον, εἰ τέθνηκας, ἐξ οἴων καλῶν
ἔρρεις, Ὀρέστα, καὶ πατρὸς ζηλωμάτων.
τὰ τῆς θεοῦ δὲ μέμφομαι σοφίσματα,
ἧτις βροτῶν μὲν ἦν τις ἄψηται φόνου,
ἢ καὶ λοχείας ἢ νεκροῦ θίγη χεροῖν,
βωμῶν ἀπείργει, μυσαρὸν ὡς ἠγουμένη,
αὐτὴ δὲ θυσίαις ἠδεταί βροτοκτόνοις.
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ἔτικτεν ἢ Διὸς δάμαρ
Λητῶ τοσαύτην ἀμοθίαν. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν
τὰ Ταντάλου θεοῖσιν ἐστιάματα
ἄπιστα κρίνω, παιδὸς ἠσθῆναι βορῆ,
τοὺς δ' ἐνθάδ', αὐτοὺς ὄντας ἀνθρωποκτόνους,

¹ Badham : for MSS. προσείτας.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And would have slain me—mine own sire the
priest! 360

Ah me! that hour's woe cannot I forget—
How oft unto my father's beard I strained
Mine hands, and clung unto my father's knees,
Crying, "O father, in a shameful bridal
I am joined of thee! My mother, in this hour
When thou art slaying me, with Argive dames
Chanteth my marriage-hymn: through all the
house

Flutes ring!—and I am dying by thine hand!
Hades the Achilles was, no Peleus' son,
Thou profferedst me for spouse; thou broughtest me 370
By guile with chariot-pomp to bloody spousals."
But I—the fine-spun veil fell o'er mine eyes,
That I took not my brother in mine arms,
Who now is dead, nor kissed my sister's lips
For shame, as unto halls of Peleus bound.
Yea, many a loving greeting I deferred,
As who should come to Argos yet again.

Hapless Orestes!—from what goodly lot
By death thou art banished, what high heritage!
Out on this Goddess's false subtleties, 380
Who, if one stain his hands with blood of men,
Or touch a wife new-travailed, or a corpse,
Bars him her altars, holding him defiled,
Yet joys herself in human sacrifice!
It cannot be that Zeus' bride Leto bare
Such folly. Nay, I hold unworthy credence
The banquet given of Tantalus to the Gods,—
As though the Gods could savour a child's flesh!
Even so, this folk, themselves man-murderers,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

390 εἰς τὴν θεὸν τὸ φαῦλον ἀναφέρειν δοκῶ·
οὐδένα γὰρ οἶμαι δαιμόνων εἶναι κακόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κνάνεαι κνάνεαι σύνοδοι θαλάσσας, στρ. α'
ἴν' οἷστρος ὁ ποτώμενος Ἀργόθεν
ἄξενον ἐπ' οἶδμα διεπέρασεν Ἴους
' Ἀσιήτιδα γαίαν
Εὐρώπας διαμείψας,
τίνες ποτ' ἄρα τὸν εὐνδρον δονακόχλοον
400 λιπόντες Εὐρώταν
ἢ ρεύματα σεμνὰ Δίρκας
ἔβασαν ἔβασαν ἄμικτον αἶαν, ἔνθα κούρα
δία τέγγει
βωμοὺς καὶ περικίονας
ναοὺς αἶμα βρότειον;

ἢ ροθίοις εἰλατίταις δικρότοις κώπαις ἀντ. α'
ἐπεμψαν¹ ἐπὶ πόντια κύματα
410 νάιον ὄχημα λινοπόροισί τ' αὔραις,
φιλόπλουτον ἄμιλλαν
αὔξοντες μελάβθοισιν ;
φίλα γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐγένετ' ἐπὶ πῆμασι βροτῶν
ἄπληστος ἀνθρώποις,
ὄλβου βάρος οἱ φέρονται
πλάνητες ἐπ' οἶδμα πόλεις τε βαρβάρους περῶντες
κοινᾷ δόξᾳ.
γνώμα δ' οἷς μὲν ἄκαιρος ὄλ-
420 βου, τοῖς δ' εἰς μέσον ἤκει.

πῶς πέτρας τὰς συνδρομάδας, στρ. β'
πῶς Φινείδας ἀύπνου

¹ Köchly : for ἔκλευσαν.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Charge on their Goddess their own sin, I ween ; 390
 For I believe that none of Gods is vile.

[Exit.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Dark cliffs, dark cliffs of the Twin Seas' meeting,
 Where the gadfly of Io, from Argos fleeting,
 Passed o'er the heave of the havenless surge
 From the Asian land unto Europe's verge,
 Who are these, that from waters lovely-gleaming
 By Eurotas' reeds, or from fountains streaming 400
 Of Dirce the hallowed have come, have come,
 To the shore where the stranger may find no
 home,

Where crimson from human veins that raineth
 The altars of Zeus's Daughter staineth,
 And her pillared dome?

(Ant. 1)

With pine-oars rightward and leftward flinging
 The surf, and the breeze in the tackle singing,
 That sea-wain over the surge did they sweep, 410
 Sore-coveted wealth in their halls to heap?—
 For winsome is hope unto men's undoing,
 And unsatisfied ever they be with pursuing
 The treasure up-piled for the which they roam
 Unto alien cities o'er ridges of foam,
 By the same hope lured :—but one ne'er taketh
 Fortune at flood, while her full tide breaketh
 Unsought over some. 420

How twixt the Death-crags' swing, (Str. 2)
 And by Phineus' beaches that ring

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ἀκτὰς ἐπέρασαν
 παρ' ἄλιον αἰγιαλὸν ἐπ' Ἀμφιτρίτας
 ῥοθίῳ δραμόντες,
 ὄπου πευτήκοντα κορᾶν
 Νηρηίδων χοροὶ
 μέλπουσιν ἐγκύκλιοι,
 430 πλησιιστίοισι πνοαῖς,
 συριζόντων κατὰ πρύμναν
 εὐναίων πηδαλίων
 αὔραισιν νοτίαις
 ἢ πνεύμασι Ζεφύρου,
 τὰν πολυόρνηθον ἐπ' αἶαν,
 λευκὰν ἀκτάν, Ἀχιλλῆος
 δρόμους καλλισταδίου,
 ἄξεινον κατὰ πόντον ;

εἶθ' εὐχαῖσιν δεσποσύνοισι ἀντ. β'
 440 Λήδας Ἑλένα φίλα παῖς
 ἐλθούσα τύχοι τὰν
 Τρωάδα λιπούσα πόλιν, ἕν' ἀμφὶ χαίτα
 δρόσον αἱματηρὰν
 εἰλιχθεῖσα λαιμοτόμῳ
 δεσποίνας χερὶ θάνη
 ποιὰς δοῦσ' ἀντιπάλους.
 ἄδιστ' ἂν τήνδ' ἀγγελίαν
 δεξαίμεσθ', Ἑλλάδος ἐκ γᾶς
 450 πλωτήρων εἴ τις ἔβα,
 δουλείας ἐμέθεν
 δειλαίας πανσίπονος·
 κὰν γὰρ ὀνείρασι συνείην
 δόμοις πόλει τε πατρώα,
 τερπνῶν ὕμνων ἀπόλαυ-
 σιν, κοινὰν χάριν ὄλβῳ.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

With voices of seas unsleeping,
Won they, by breakers leaping
O'er the Sea-queen's strand, as they passed
Through the crash of the surge flying fast,
And saw where in dance-rings sweeping
The fifty Nereids sing,—
When strained in the breeze the sail, 430
When hissed, as the keel ran free,
The rudder astern, and before the gale
Of the south did the good ship flee,
Or by breath of the west was fanned
Past that bird-haunted strand,
The long white reach of Achilles' Beach,
Where his ghost-feet skim the sand
By the cheerless sea ?

But O had Helen but strayed (Ant. 2)
Hither from Troy, as prayed 440
My lady,—that Leda's daughter,
Her darling, with spray of the water
Of death on her head as a wreath,
Were but laid with her throat beneath
The hand of my mistress for slaughter !
Fit penalty so should be paid.
How gladly the word would I hail,
If there came from the Hellene shore,
One hitherward wafted by wing of the sail,
Who should bid that my bondage be o'er, 450
My bondage of travail and pain !
O but in dreams yet again
Mid the homes to stand of my fatherland,
In the bliss of a rapturous strain
My soul to outpour !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

460 ἀλλ' οἶδε χέρας δεσμοῖς δίδυμοι
 συνερεισθέντες χωροῦσι, νέου
 πρόσφαγμα θεᾶς· σιγᾶτε, φίλαι.
 τὰ γὰρ Ἑλλήνων ἀκροθίνια δὴ
 ναοῖσι πέλας τάδε βαίνει·
 οὐδ' ἀγγελίας ψευδεῖς ἔλακεν
 βουφορβὸς ἀνὴρ.
 ὦ πότνι', εἴ σοι τὰδ' ἀρεσκόντως
 πόλις ἦδε τελεί, δέξαι θυσίας,
 ἅς ὁ παρ' ἡμῖν νόμος οὐχ ὀσίας
 Ἑλλησι διδοὺς ἀναφαίνει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἶεν·
 τὰ τῆς θεοῦ μὲν πρώτου ὡς καλῶς ἔχη
 φροντιστέον μοι. μέθετε τῶν ξένων χέρας,
 ὡς ὄντες ἱεροὶ μηκέτ' ὦσι δέσμοι.
 470 ναοῦ δ' ἔσω στείχοντες εὐτρεπίζετε
 ἂ χρῆ' πῖ τοῖς παροῦσι καὶ νομίζεται.
 φεῦ·
 τίς ἄρα μήτηρ ἢ τεκοῦσ' ὑμᾶς ποτε
 πατήρ τ'; ἀδελφή τ', εἰ γεγῶσα τυγχάνει,
 οἶων στερεῖσα διπτύχων νεανιῶν
 ἀνάδελφος ἔσται. τὰς τύχας τίς οἶδ' ὄτω
 τοιαῖδ' ἔσονται; πάντα γὰρ τὰ τῶν θεῶν
 εἰς ἀφανὲς ἔρπει, κούδεν οἶδ' οὐδεὶς κακόν.
 ἢ γὰρ τύχη παρήγαγ' εἰς τὸ δυσμαθές.
 480 πόθεν ποθ' ἦκετ', ὦ ταλαίπωροι ξένοι;
 ὡς διὰ μακροῦ μὲν τήνδ' ἐπλεύσατε χθόνα,
 μακρὰν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων χθονὸς ἔσεσθ' αἰεὶ κάτω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί ταῦτ' ὀδύρει, κάπῃ τοῖς μέλλουσι νῶ
 κακοῖσι λυπεῖς, ἥτις εἰ ποτ', ὦ γύναι;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Enter attendants with ORESTES and PYLADES.

Lo, hither with pinioned arms come twain,
Victims fresh for the Goddess's fane :—
Friends, hold ye your peace. 460
No lying message the herdman spoke :
To the temple be coming the pride of the folk
Of the land of Greece !

Dread Goddess, if well-pleasing unto thee
Are this land's deeds, accept the sacrifice
Her laws give openly, although it be
Accurst in Hellene eyes.

Enter IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIGENEIA

First, that the Goddess' rites be duly done
Must I take heed. Unbind the strangers' hands,
That, being hallowed, they be chained no more ;
Then, pass within the temple, and prepare 470
What needs for present use, what custom bids.

Sighs. [*Exeunt attendants.*

Who was your mother, she which gave you birth ?—
Your sire ?—your sister who ?—if such there be,
Of what fair brethren shall she be bereaved,
Brotherless now ! . . . Who knoweth upon whom
Such fates shall fall ? Heaven's dealings follow
ways

Past finding out, and none foreseeeth ill.
Fate draws us ever on to the unknown !
Whence, O whence come ye, strangers evil-starred ?
Far have ye sailed—only to reach this land, 480
To lie in Hades far from home for aye !

ORESTES

Why make this moan, and with the ills to come
Afflict us, woman, whosoe'er thou art ?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

οὔτοι νομίζω σοφόν, δὲς ἂν μέλλων θανεῖν
οἴκτω τὸ δαῖμα τοῦλέθρου νικᾶν θέλη,
οὐδ' ὅστις Ἄϊδην ἐγγύς ὄντ' οἰκτιρίζεται,
σωτηρίας ἀνελπὶς· ὡς δὴ ἔξ ἐνός
κακῶ συνάπτει, μωρίαν τ' ὀφλισκάνει
θνήσκει θ' ὁμοίως· τὴν τύχην δ' ἔαν χρεῶν.
490 ἡμᾶς δὲ μὴ θρήνει σὺ· τὰς γὰρ ἐνθάδε
θυσίας ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιννώσκομεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πότερος ἄρ' ὑμῶν ἐνθάδ' ὠνομασμένος
Πυλάδης κέκληται; τὸδε μαθεῖν πρῶτον θέλω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄδ', εἴ τι δὴ σοι τοῦτ' ἐν ἡδονῇ μαθεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποίας πολίτης πατρίδος Ἕλληνος γεγώς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ' ἂν μαθοῦσα τὸδε πλεον λάβοις, γύναι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πότερον ἀδελφῶ μητρὸς ἔστων ἐκ μᾶς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φιλότητί γ' ἔσμεν δ' οὐ κασιγνήτω γένοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σοὶ δ' ὄνομα ποῖον ἔθεθ' ὁ γεννήσας πατήρ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

500 τὸ μὲν δίκαιον δυστυχεῖς καλοῖμεθ' ἄν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ τοῦτ' ἐρωτῶ· τοῦτο μὲν δὸς τῇ τύχῃ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀνώνυμοι θανόντες οὐ γελοῖμεθ' ἄν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί δὲ φθονεῖς τοῦτ'; ἢ φρονεῖς οὕτω μέγα;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Not wise I count him, who, when doomed to
death,

By lamentation would its terrors quell,
Nor him who wails for Hades looming nigh,
Hopeless of help. He maketh evils twain
Of one : he stands of foolishness convict,
And dies no less. E'en let fate take her course.
For us make thou no moan : the altar-rites
Which this land useth have we learnt, and know.

490

IPHIGENEIA

Whether of you twain here was called by name
Pylades?—this thing first I fain would learn.

ORESTES

He—if to learn this pleasure thee at all.

IPHIGENEIA

And of what Hellene state born citizen ?

ORESTES

How should the knowledge, lady, advantage thee ?

IPHIGENEIA

Say, of one mother be ye brethren twain ?

ORESTES

In love we are brethren, lady, not in birth.

IPHIGENEIA

And what name gave thy father unto thee ?

ORESTES

Rightly might I be called "Unfortunate."

500

IPHIGENEIA

Not this I ask : lay this to fortune's door.

ORESTES

If I die nameless, I shall not be mocked.

IPHIGENEIA

Now wherefore grudge me this ? So proud art thou ?

319

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ σῶμα θύσεις τοῦμόν, οὐχὶ τοῦνομα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐδ' ἂν πόλιν φράσειας ἤτις ἐστὶ σοι;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ζητεῖς γὰρ οὐδὲν κέρδος, ὡς θανουμένῳ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χάριν δὲ δοῦναι τήνδε κωλύει τί σε;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ κλεινὸν Ἄργος πατρίδ' ἐμὴν ἐπεύχομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πρὸς θεῶν ἀληθῶς, ὦ ξέν', εἰ κείθεν γεγώς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

510 ἐκ τῶν Μυκηνηῶν γ', αἴ ποτ' ἦσαν ὄλβιαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φυγὰς δ' ἀπῆρας πατρίδος, ἣ ποία τύχη;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεύγω τρόπον γε δὴ τιν' οὐχ ἐκῶν ἐκῶν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ μὴν ποθεινός γ' ἦλθες ἐξ Ἄργους μολών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκουν ἐμαυτῷ γ' εἰ δὲ σοί, σὺ τοῦθ' ὄρα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄρ' ἂν τί μοι φράσειας ὧν ἐγὼ θέλω;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὡς γ' ἐν παρέργῳ τῆς ἐμῆς δυσπραξίας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Τροίαν ἴσως οἴσθ', ἣς ἀπανταχοῦ λόγος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὡς μήποτ' ὄφελόν γε μηδ' ἰδὼν ὄναρ.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

My body shalt thou slaughter, not my name.

IPHIGENEIA

Not even thy city wilt thou name to me ?

ORESTES

Thou seekest to no profit : I must die.

IPHIGENEIA

Yet, as a grace to me, why grant not this ?

ORESTES

Argos the glorious boast I for my land.

IPHIGENEIA

'Fore Heaven, stranger, art indeed her son ?

ORESTES

Yea—of Mycenæ, prosperous in time past.

510

IPHIGENEIA

Exiled didst quit thy land, or by what hap ?

ORESTES

In a sort exiled—willing, and yet loth.

IPHIGENEIA

Yet long-desired from Argos hast thou come.

ORESTES

Of me, not : if of thee, see thou to that.

IPHIGENEIA

Now wouldst thou tell a thing I fain would know ?

ORESTES

Ay—a straw added to my trouble's weight.

IPHIGENEIA

Troy haply know'st thou, famed the wide world
through ?

ORESTES

Would I did not,—not even seen in dreams !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φασίν νιν οὐκέτ' οὔσαν οἴχεσθαι δορί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

520 ἔστιν γὰρ οὔτως οὐδ' ἄκραντ' ἠκούσατε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἐλένη δ' ἀφίκται δῶμα Μενέλεω πάλιν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἦκει, κακῶς γ' ἐλθοῦσα τῶν ἐμῶν τι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ ποῦ 'στι; κάμοι γάρ τι προὔφείλει κακόν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Σπάρτη ξυνοικεῖ τῷ πάρος ξυνευνέτη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ μῖσος εἰς Ἑλληνας, οὐκ ἐμοὶ μόνη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀπέλαυσα καὶ γὰρ δὴ τι τῶν κείνης γάμων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

νόστος δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐγένεθ', ὡς κηρύσσεται;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὡς πάνθ' ἄπαξ με συλλαβοῦσ' ἀνιστορεῖς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πρὶν γὰρ θανεῖν σε, τοῦδ' ἐπαυρέσθαι θέλω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

530 ἔλεγχ', ἐπειδὴ τοῦδ' ἐράς· λέξω δ' ἐγώ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Κάλχας τις ἦλθε μάντις ἐκ Τροίας πάλιν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄλωλεν, ὡς ἦν ἐν Μυκηναίοις λόγος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ πότνι', ὡς εὔ. τί γὰρ ὁ Λαέρτου γόνος;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὔπω νεύοστηκ' οἶκον, ἔστι δ', ὡς λόγος.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

They say she is no more, by spears o'erthrown.

ORESTES

So is it: things not unfulfilled ye heard.

520

IPHIGENEIA

Came Helen back to Menelaus' home?

ORESTES

She came—for evil unto kin of mine.

IPHIGENEIA

Where is she? Evil debt she oweth me.

ORESTES

In Sparta dwelling with her sometime lord.

IPHIGENEIA

Thing loathed of Hellenes, not of me alone!

ORESTES

I too have tasted of her bridal's fruit.

IPHIGENEIA

And came the Achaeans home, as rumour saith?

ORESTES

Thou in one question comprehendest all.

IPHIGENEIA

Ah, ere thou die, this boon I fain would win.

ORESTES

Ask on, since this thou cravest. I will speak.

530

IPHIGENEIA

Calchas, a prophet—came he back from Troy?

ORESTES

Dead—as the rumour in Mycenae ran.

IPHIGENEIA (*turning to Artemis' temple*)

O Queen, how justly! And Laertes' son?

ORESTES

He hath won not home, but liveth, rumour tells.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄλοιτο, νόστου μήποτ' εἰς πάτραν τυχῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μηδὲν κατεύχου· πάντα τὰκείνου νοσεῖ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Θέτιδος δὲ τῆς Νηρηΐδος ἔστι παῖς ἔτι;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλως λέκτρ' ἔγημ' ἐν Αὐλίδι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δόλια γάρ, ὡς ἴσασιν οἱ πεπονθότες.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

540 τίς εἶ ποθ'; ὡς εὖ πυνθάνει τὰφ' Ἑλλάδος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐκεῖθ' ἐν εἰμι· παῖς ἔτ' οὐσ' ἀπωλόμην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὀρθῶς ποθεῖς ἄρ' εἰδέναι τὰκεῖ, γύναι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί δ' ὁ στρατηγός, ὃν λέγουσ' εὐδαιμονεῖν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίς; οὐ γὰρ ὃν γ' ἐγῶδα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἄτρεως ἐλέγετο δὴ τις Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἄπελθε τοῦ λόγου τούτου, γύναι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, ἀλλ' εἴφ', ἵν' εὐφρανθῶ, ξένε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τέθνηχ' ὁ τλήμων, πρὸς δ' ἀπώλεσέν τινα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τέθνηκε; ποία συμφορᾶ; τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

550 τί δ' ἐστέναξας τούτου; μῶν προσήκέ σοι;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Now ruin seize him! Never win he home!

ORESTES

No need to curse. His lot is misery all.

IPHIGENEIA

Liveth the son of Nereid Thetis yet?

ORESTES

Lives not. In Aulis vain his bridal was.

IPHIGENEIA

A treacherous bridal!—they which suffered know.

ORESTES

Who art thou—thou apt questioner touching Greece? 540

IPHIGENEIA

Thence am I, in my childhood lost to her.

ORESTES

Well mayst thou, lady, long for word of her.

IPHIGENEIA

What of her war-chief, named the prosperous?

ORESTES

Who? Of the prosperous is not he I know.

IPHIGENEIA

One King Agamemnon, Atreus' scion named.

ORESTES

I know not. Lady, let his story be.

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, tell, by Heaven, that I be gladdened, friend.

ORESTES

Dead, hapless king!—and perished not alone.

IPHIGENEIA

Dead is he? By what fate?—ah, woe is me!

ORESTES

Why dost thou sigh thus? Is he kin to thee? 550

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸν ἄλβον αὐτοῦ τὸν πάροισ' ἀναστένω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δεινῶς γὰρ ἐκ γυναικὸς οἴχεται σφαγεῖς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ πανδάκρυτος ἢ κτανοῦσα χῶ θανών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

παῦσαί νυν ἤδη μῆδ' ἐρωτήσης πέρα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τοσούνδε γ', εἰ ζῆ τοῦ ταλαιπώρου δάμαρ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστι· παῖς νιν ὃν ἔτεχ', οὗτος ὤλεσεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ συνταραχθεῖς οἶκος. ὡς τί δὴ θέλων;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πατὴρ θανόντος αἶμα τιμωρούμενος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φεῦ·

ὡς εὖ κακὸν δίκαιον εἰσεπράξατο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

560

ἀλλ' οὐ τὰ πρὸς θεῶν εὐτυχεῖ δίκαιος ὢν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

λείπει δ' ἐν οἴκοις ἄλλον Ἀγαμέμνων γόνον;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέλοιπεν Ἡλέκτραν γε παρθένον μίαν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί δέ; σφαγείσης θυγατρὸς ἔστι τις λόγος;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐδεῖς γε, πλὴν θανοῦσαν οὐχ ὄραν φάος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τάλαιν' ἐκείνη χῶ κτανὼν αὐτὴν πατὴρ.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

His happiness of old days I bemoan.

ORESTES

Yea, and his awful death—slain by his wife !

IPHIGENEIA

O all-bewailed, the murderess and the dead !

ORESTES

Refrain thee even now, and ask no more.

IPHIGENEIA

This only—lives the hapless hero's wife ?

ORESTES

Lives not. Her son—ay, whom herself bare—slew
her.

IPHIGENEIA

O house distraught ! Slew her !—with what intent ?

ORESTES

To avenge on her his murdered father's blood.

IPHIGENEIA

Alas !—ill justice, wrought how righteously !

ORESTES

Not blest of heaven is he, how just soe'er.

560

IPHIGENEIA

Left the king other issue in his halls ?

ORESTES

One maiden child, Electra, hath he left.

IPHIGENEIA

How, is nought said of her they sacrificed ?

ORESTES

Nought—save, being dead, she seeth not the light.

IPHIGENEIA

Ah, hapless she, and hapless sire that slew !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κακῆς γυναικὸς χάριν ἄχαριν ἀπώλετο.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὁ τοῦ θανόντος δ' ἔστι παῖς Ἄργει πατρός;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔστ', ἄθλιός γε, κούδαμου καὶ πανταχοῦ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ψευδεῖς ὄνειροι, χαίρετ'· οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἄρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

570 οὐδ' οἱ σοφοί γε δαίμονες κεκλημένοι
 πτηνῶν ὀνείρων εἰσὶν ἀψευδέστεροι.
 πολὺς παραγμὸς ἔν τε τοῖς θεοῖς ἔνι
 κὰν τοῖς βροτείοις· ἐν δὲ λυπεῖται μόνον,
 ὅτ' οὐκ ἄφρων ὦν μάντεων πεισθεὶς λόγοις
 ὄλωλεν ὡς ὄλωλε τοῖσιν εἰδόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τί δ' ἡμεῖς οἷ τ' ἐμοὶ γεννήτορες;
 ἄρ' εἰσὶν; ἄρ' οὐκ εἰσὶ; τίς φράσειεν ἄν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

580 ἀκούσατ'· εἰς γὰρ δὴ τιν' ἤκομεν λόγον,
 ὑμῖν τ' ὄνησιν, ὦ ξένοι, σπεύδουσ' ἅμα
 καμοί. τὸ δ' εὖ μάλιστα τῆδε γίγνεται,
 εἰ πᾶσι ταῦτόν πρᾶγμ' ἀρεσκόντως ἔχει.
 θέλοις ἄν, εἰ σώσαιμί σ', ἀγγεῖλαί τί μοι
 πρὸς Ἄργος ἐλθὼν τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐκεῖ φίλοις,
 δέλτον τ' ἐνεγκεῖν, ἣν τις οἰκτεῖρας ἐμὲ
 ἔγραψεν αἰχμάλωτος, οὐχὶ τὴν ἐμὴν
 φονέα νομίζων χεῖρα, τοῦ νόμου δ' ὑπο
 θνήσκων σφε, τῆς θεοῦ τάδε δίκαι' ἠγουμένης;
 οὐδένα γὰρ εἶχον ὅστις ἀγγεῖλαι μολῶν
 εἰς Ἄργος αὐθις, τὰς τ' ἐμὰς ἐπιστολὰς
 590 πέμψειε σωθεὶς τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων τινί.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Slain for an evil woman—graceless grace!

IPHIGENEIA

And lives the dead king's son in Argos yet?

ORESTES

He lives, unhappy, nowhere, everywhere.

IPHIGENEIA

False dreams, avaunt! So then ye were but nought.

ORESTES

Ay, and not even Gods, whom men call wise, 570
Are less deceitful than be fleeting dreams.
Utter confusion is in things divine
And human. Wise men grieve at this alone
When—rashness?—no, but faith in oracles
Brings ruin—how deep, they that prove it know.

CHORUS

Alas, alas! Of me—*my* parents—what?
Live they, or live they not? Ah, who can tell?

IPHIGENEIA

Hearken, for I have found us a device,
Strangers, shall do you service, and withal
To me; and thus is fair speed best attained, 580
If the same end be pleasing unto all.
Wouldst thou, if I would save thee, take for me
To Argos tidings to my kindred there,
And bear a letter, which a captive wrote
Of pity for me, counting not mine hand
His murderer, but that he died by law
Of this land, since the Goddess holds it just?
For I had none to be my messenger
Hence, saved alive, to Argos, and to bear
My letter to a certain friend of mine. 590

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

σὺ δ', εἴ γάρ, ὡς ἔοικας, οὔτε δυσγενῆς
καὶ τὰς Μυκῆνας οἶσθα χοῦς κἀγὼ θέλω,
σώθητι, καὶ σὺ μισθὸν οὐκ αἰσχροῦ λαβῶν
κούφῳ ἕκατι γραμμάτων σωτηρίαν.
οὗτος δ', ἐπεὶ περ πόλις ἀναγκάζει τάδε,
θεῆ γενέσθω θῦμα χωρισθεὶς σέθεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τᾶλλα πλὴν ἔν, ὦ ξένη·
τὸ γὰρ σφαγῆναι τόνδ' ἐμοὶ βάρος μέγα.
ὁ ναυστολῶν γάρ εἰμ' ἐγὼ τὰς ξυμφοράς·
600 οὗτος δὲ συμπλεί τῶν ἐμῶν μόχθῳ χάριν.
οὔκουν δίκαιον ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ τῷ τοῦδ' ἐμὲ
χάριν τίθεσθαι καὐτὸν ἐκδύναι κακῶν.
ἀλλ' ὡς γενέσθω· τῷδε μὲν δέλτον δίδου,
πέμψει γὰρ Ἄργος, ὥστε σοι καλῶς ἔχειν
ἡμᾶς δ' ὁ χρήζων κτεινέτω. τὰ τῶν φίλων
αἴσχιστον ὅστις καταβαλὼν εἰς ξυμφοράς
αὐτὸς σέσωσται. τυγχάνει δ' ὄδ' ὢν φίλος,
ὃν οὐδὲν ἦσσον ἢ 'μὲ φῶς ὀρᾶν θέλω.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ λῆμ' ἄριστον, ὡς ἀπ' εὐγενοῦς τινοσ
610 ῥίξης πέφυκας τοῖς φίλοις τ' ὀρθῶς φίλος.
τοιούτος εἶη τῶν ἐμῶν ὁμοσπόρων
ὅσπερ λέλειπται. καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐγώ, ξένοι,
ἀνάδελφός εἰμι, πλὴν ὅσ' οὐχ ὀρώσά νιν.
ἐπεὶ δὲ βούλει ταῦτα, τόνδε πέμψομεν
δέλτον φέροντα, σὺ δὲ θανεῖ· πολλὴ δέ τις
προθυμία σε τοῦδ' ἔχουσα τυγχάνει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θύσει δὲ τίς με καὶ τὰ δεινὰ τλήσεται;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγώ· θεᾶσ γὰρ τήνδε προστροπήν ἔχω.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

But thou, if thou art nobly-born, as seems,
And know'st Mycenæ, and the folk I mean,
Receive thy life: accept no base reward,
Deliverance, for a little letter's sake.
But this man, since the state constraineth so,
Torn from thee, be the Goddess' sacrifice.

ORESTES

Well say'st thou, save for one thing, stranger
maid:—

That he be slain were heavy on my soul.
I was his pilot to calamity,
He sails with me for mine affliction's sake. 600
Unjust it were that I, in pleasuring thee,
Should seal his doom, and 'scape myself from ills.
Nay, be it thus,—the letter give to him
To bear to Argos; so art thou content:
But me let who will slay. Most base it is
That one should in misfortune whelm his friends,
Himself escaping. This man is my friend,
Whose life I tender even as my own.

IPHIGENEIA

O noble spirit! from what princely stock
Hast thou sprung, thou so loyal to thy friends! 610
Even such be he that of my father's house
Is left alive! For, stranger, brotherless
I too am not, save that I see him not:
Since thou wilt have it so, him will I send
Bearing the letter: thou wilt die. Ah, deep
This thy strange yearning unto death must be!

ORESTES

Whose shall be that dread deed, my sacrifice?

IPHIGENEIA

Mine; for this office hold I of the Goddess.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄζηλά γ', ὦ νεᾶνι, κοῦκ εὐδαίμουα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

620 ἀλλ' εἰς ἀνάγκην κείμεθ', ἦν φυλακτέον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αὐτὴ ξίφει θύουσα θῆλυς ἄρσενας ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ· ἀλλὰ χαίτην ἀμφὶ σὴν χερνύψομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ δὲ σφαγεὺς τίς; εἰ τὰδ' ἱστορεῖν με χρή.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἴσω δόμων τῶνδ' εἰσὶν οἷς μέλει τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τάφος δὲ ποῖος δέξεταιί μ', ὅταν θάνω;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πῦρ ἱερὸν ἔνδον χάσμα τ' εὐρωπὸν πέτρας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ·

πῶς ἄν μ' ἀδελφῆς χεῖρ περιστείλειεν ἄν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μάταιον εὐχὴν, ὦ τάλας, ὅστις ποτ' εἰ,
ἠϋξω· μακρὰν γὰρ βαρβάρου ναίει χθονός.

630 οὐ μὴν, ἐπειδὴ τυγχάνεις Ἀργεῖος ὦν,
ἀλλ' ὦν γε δυνατὸν οὐδ' ἐγὼ λλείψω χάριν.
πολὺν τε γὰρ σοι κόσμον ἐνθήσω τάφω,
ξανθῶ τ' ἐλαίῳ σῶμα σὸν κατασβέσω,
καὶ τῆς ὀρείας ἀνθεμόρρυτον γάνος
ξουθῆς μελίσσης εἰς πυρὰν βαλῶ σέθεν.
ἀλλ' εἶμι, δέλτον τ' ἐκ θεᾶς ἀνακτόρων
οἴσω· τὸ μέντοι δυσμενὲς μὴ μοι λάβης.
φυλάσσετ' αὐτούς, πρόσπολοι, δεσμῶν ἄτερ.
ἴσως ἄελπτα τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων τιπὶ

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

A task, O maid, of horror, all unblest !

IPHIGENEIA

Bowed 'neath necessity, I must submit.

620

ORESTES

A woman, with the priest's knife slay'st thou men ?

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, on thine hair I shed but lustral spray.

ORESTES

The slayer, who ?—if I may ask thee this.

IPHIGENEIA

Within the fane be men whose part is this.

ORESTES

And what tomb shall receive me, being dead ?

IPHIGENEIA

A wide rock-rift within, and holy fire.

ORESTES

Would that a sister's hand might lay me out !

IPHIGENEIA

Vain prayer, unhappy, whosoe'er thou be,
Thou prayest. Far she dwells from this wild
land.

Yet, forasmuch as thou an Argive art,

630

Of all I can, no service will I spare.

Much ornament will I lay on thy grave :

With golden oil thine ashes will I quench ;

The tawny hill-bee's amber-lucent dews,

That well from flowers, I'll shed upon thy pyre.

I go, the letter from the Goddess' shrine

To bring. Ah, think not bitterly of me !

Ward them, ye guards, but with no manacles.

Perchance to a friend in Argos shall I send

333

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

640 πέμψω πρὸς Ἄργος, ὃν μίλιστ' ἐγὼ φιλῶ,
καὶ δέλτος αὐτῷ ζῶντας οὓς δοκεῖ θανεῖν
λέγουσα πιστὰς ἡδονὰς ἀπαγγελεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κατολοφυρόμεθα σὲ τὸν χερνίβων στρ.
ρανίσι βαρβάρων¹
μελόμενον αἵμακταῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἶκτος γὰρ οὐ ταῦτ', ἀλλὰ χαίρετ', ὦ ξένοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ δὲ τύχας μάκαρος, ἰὼ νεανία, ἰντ.
σεβόμεθ', εἰς πάτραν
ὅτι πόδ' ἐπεμβάσει.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

650 ἄζηλά τοι φίλοισι, θνησκόντων φίλων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ σχέτλιοι πομπαί.
φεῦ φεῦ, διόλλυσαι.
αἰαῖ αἰαῖ.
πότερος ὁ μέλεος μᾶλλον ὦν ;²
ἔτι γὰρ ἀμφίλογα δίδυμα μέμονε φρήν,
σὲ πάρος ἢ σ' ἀναστενάξω γόοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδη, πέπουθας ταῦτὰ πρὸς θεῶν ἔμοι ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐρωτᾶς οὐ λέγειν ἔχοντά με.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

660 τίς ἐστὶν ἡ νεάνις ; ὡς Ἑλληνικῶς
ἀνήρεθ' ἡμᾶς τούς τ' ἐν Ἰλίου πόνους

¹ Eimsley's conjecture, to complete strophic correspondence.

² Wecklein : for ὁ μέλων of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Tidings unhopèd—the friend whom most I love :— 640
 The letter, telling that she lives whom dead
 He deems, shall seal the happy tidings' faith. [*Exit.*]

CHORUS

To ORESTES. (Str.)

I wail for thee, for whom there wait
 The drops barbaric, on thy brow
 To fall, to doom thee to be slain.

ORESTES

This asks not pity. Stranger maids, farewell.

CHORUS

To PYLADES. (Ant.)

Thee count I blessèd for thy fate,
 Thine happy fate, fair youth, that thou
 Shalt tread thy native shore again.

PYLADES

Small cause to envy friends, when die their friends. 650

CHORUS

Ah, cruel journeying for thee !
 Woe ! thou art ruined utterly !
 Alas ! woe worth the day !

Whether of you is deeper whelmed in woe ?
 For yet my soul in doubt sways to and fro—
 Thee shall I chiefly wail, or thee ? How shall I say ?

ORESTES

'Fore Heaven, Pylades, is thy thought mine ?—

PYLADES

I know not : this thy question baffles me.

ORESTES

Who is the maiden ? With how Greek a heart 660
 She asked us of the toils in Ilium,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

νόστον τ' Ἀχαιῶν τόν τ' ἐν οἰωνοῖς σοφὸν
 Κάλχαντ' Ἀχιλλέως τ' ὄνομα, καὶ τὸν ἄθλιον
 Ἀγαμέμνον' ὡς ᾠκτεῖρ' ἀνηρώτα τέ με
 γυναῖκα παῖδάς τ'. ἔστιν ἡ ξένη γένος
 ἐκείθεν Ἀργεῖα τις· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτε
 δέλτον τ' ἔπεμπε καὶ τὰδ' ἐξεμάνθανεν,
 ὡς κοινὰ πρᾶσσουσ', Ἄργος εἰ πρᾶσσοι καλῶς.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

670 ἔφθης με μικρόν ταυτὰ δὲ φθάσας λέγεις,
 πλὴν ἐν τὰ γὰρ τοι βασιλέων παθήματα
 ἴσασι πάντες, ὧν ἐπιστροφή τις ἦν.
 ἀτὰρ διήλθον χᾶτερον λόγον τινα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίν' ; εἰς τὸ κοινὸν δοῦς ἄμεινον ἂν μάθοις.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

680 αἰσχρὸν θανόντος σοῦ βλέπειν ἡμᾶς φίος,
 κοινῇ τ' ἔπλευσα, δεῖ με καὶ κοινῇ θανεῖν.
 καὶ δειλίαν γὰρ καὶ κάκην κεκτήσομαι
 Ἄργει τε Φωκέων τ' ἐν πολυπτύχῳ χθονί,
 δόξω δὲ τοῖς πολλοῖσι, πολλοὶ γὰρ κακοί,
 προδοῦς σε, σωθεῖς δ' αὐτὸς εἰς οἴκους μόνος,
 ἢ καὶ φονεύσας ἐπὶ νοσοῦσι δώμασι,
 ῥάψαι μόρον σοι σῆς τυραννίδος χάριν,
 ἐγκληρον ὡς δὴ σὴν κασιγνήτην γαμῶν.
 ταυτ' οὖν φοβούμαι καὶ δι' αἰσχύνης ἔχω,
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ χρῆ συνεκπνεύσαι μέ σοι
 καὶ συαφαγήναι καὶ πυρωθῆναι δέμας,
 φίλον γεγῶτα καὶ φοβούμενον ψόγον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὐφημα φώνει· τὰμὰ δεῖ φέρεω ἐμέ·¹
 ἀπλᾶς δὲ λύπας ἔξόν, οὐκ οἶσω διπλᾶς.

¹ Porson, Nauck, and Wecklein: for MSS. κατὰ.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

The host's home-coming, Calchas the wise seer
Of birds, Achilles' name ! How pitied she
Agamemnon's wretched fate, and questioned me
Touching his wife, his children ! Sure her birth
Is thence, of Argos ; else she ne'er would send
A letter thither, nor would question thus,
As one whose welfare hung on Argos' weal.

PYLADES

Mine own thought but a little thou forestallest,
Save this—that the calamities of kings
All know, who have had converse with the world.
But my mind runneth on another theme.

670

ORESTES

What ? Share it, and thou better shalt conclude.

PYLADES

'Twere base that I live on, when thou art dead :
With thee I voyaged, and with thee should die.
A coward's and a knave's name shall I earn
In Argos and in Phocis' thousand glens.
Most men will think—seeing most men be knaves—
That I forsook thee, escaping home alone,—
Yea, slew thee, mid the afflictions of thine house
Devising, for thy throne's sake, doom for thee,
As being to thine heiress sister wed.
For these things, then I take both shame and
fear :

680

It cannot be but I must die with thee,
With thee be slaughtered and with thee be burned,
Seeing I am thy friend, and dread reproach.

ORESTES

Ah, speak not so ! My burden must I bear ;
Nor, when but one grief needs, will I bear twain.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- 690 ὃ γὰρ σὺ λυπρὸν κάποιεῖδιστον λέγεις,
 ταῦτ' ἔστιν ἡμῖν, εἴ σε συμμοχθοῦντ' ἔμοι
 κτενῶ· τὸ μὲν γὰρ εἰς ἔμ' οὐ κακῶς ἔχει,
 πράσσονθ' ἂ πράσσω πρὸς θεῶν, λιπεῖν βίον.
 σὺ δ' ὄλβιός τ' εἶ, καθαρὰ τ' οὐ νοσοῦντ' ἔχεις
 μέλαθρ', ἐγὼ δὲ δυσσεβῆ καὶ δυστυχή.
 σωθεῖς δὲ παῖδας ἐξ ἐμῆς ὀμοσπόρου
 κτησάμενος, ἦν ἔδωκά σοι δάμαρτ' ἔχειν,
 ὄνομά τ' ἐμοῦ γένοιτ' ἄν, οὐδ' ἄπαις δόμος
 πατρῶος οὐμὸς ἐξαλειφθείη ποτ' ἄν.
 700 ἄλλ' ἔρπε καὶ ζῆ καὶ δόμους οἶκει πατρός.
 ὅταν δ' ἐς Ἑλλάδ' ἵππιόν τ' Ἄργος μόλης,
 πρὸς δεξιᾶς σε τῆσδ' ἐπισκῆπτω τάδε·
 τύμβον τε χῶσον κἀπίθες μνημεῖά μοι,
 καὶ δάκρυ' ἀδελφῆ καὶ κόμας δότω τάφω.
 ἄγγελλε δ' ὡς ὄλωλ' ὑπ' Ἀργείας τινὸς
 γυναικός, ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἀγνισθεῖς φόνω·
 καὶ μὴ προδῶς μου τὴν κασιγνήτην ποτέ,
 ἔρημα κῆδη καὶ δόμους ὀρών πατρός.
 καὶ χαῖρ' ἐμῶν γὰρ φίλτατον σ' ἦῤυρον φίλων,
 ὦ συγκυναγέ καὶ συνεκτραφεῖς ἐμοί,
 710 ὦ πόλλ' ἐνεγκῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ἄχθη κακῶν.
 ἡμᾶς δ' ὁ Φοῖβος μάντις ὦν ἐψεύσατο·
 τέχνην δὲ θέμενος ὡς προσώταθ' Ἑλλάδος
 ἀπήλασ' αἰδοῖ τῶν πάρος μαντευμάτων,
 ᾧ πάντ' ἐγὼ δούς τὰμὰ καὶ πεισθεῖς λόγοις,
 μητέρα κατακτὰς αὐτὸς ἀνταπόλλυμαι.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

ἔσται τάφος σοι, καὶ κασιγνήτης λέχος
 οὐκ ἂν προδοίην, ὦ τάλας, ἐπεὶ σ' ἐγὼ
 θανόντα μᾶλλον ἢ βλέπονθ' ἔξω φίλον.
 ἅτὰρ τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ σ' οὐ διέφθορέν γέ πω

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

For that reproach and grief which thou dost name
 Is mine, if thee, the sharer of my toil, 690
 I slay. For my lot is not evil all,—
 Being thus tormented by the Gods,—to die.
 But thou are prosperous: taintless are thine
 halls,

Unstricken; mine accurst and fortune-crost.
 If thou be saved, and get thee sons of her,
 My sister, whom I gave thee to thy wife,
 Then should my name live, nor my father's house
 Ever, for lack of heirs, be blotted out.
 Pass hence, and live: dwell in my father's halls.
 And when to Greece and Argos' war-steed land 700
 Thou com'st,—by this right hand do I charge
 thee—

Heap me a tomb: memorials lay of me
 There; tears and shorn hair let my sister give.
 And tell how by an Argive woman's hand
 Hallowed for death by altar-dews, I died.
 Never forsake my sister, though thou see
 Thy marriage-kin, my sire's house, desolate.
 Farewell. Of friends I have found thee kindest,
 O fellow-hunter, foster-brother mine, 710
 Bearer of many a burden of mine ills!
 Me Phoebus, prophet though he be, deceived,
 And by a cunning shift from Argos drave
 Afar, for shame of those his prophecies.
 I gave up all to him, obeyed his words,
 My mother slew—and perish now myself!

PYLADES

Thine shall a tomb be: ne'er will I betray
 Thy sister's bed, O hapless: I shall still
 Hold thee a dearer friend in death than life.
 Yet thee hath the God's oracle not yet

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

720 μάντευμα, καίτοι γ' ἔγγυς ἔστηκας φόνου.
 ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἔστιν ἢ λίαν δυσπραξία
 λίαν διδοῦσα μεταβολάς, ὅταν τύχη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σίγα· τὰ Φοίβου δ' οὐδὲν ὠφελεῖ μ' ἔπη·
 γυνή γὰρ ἦδε δωμάτων ἔξω περᾶ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀπέλθεθ' ὑμεῖς καὶ παρευτρεπίζετε
 τᾶνδον μολόντες τοῖς ἐφεστώσι σφαγῇ.
 δέλτου μὲν αἶδε πολύθυροι διαπτυχαί,
 ξένοι, πάρεσιν ἂ δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσδε βούλομαι,
 730 ἀκούσατ'· οὐδεὶς αὐτὸς ἐν πόνοις τ' ἀνήρ
 ὅταν τε πρὸς τὸ θάρσος ἐκ φόβου πέσῃ.
 ἐγὼ δὲ ταρβῶ μὴ ἀπονοστήσας χθονὸς
 θῆται παρ' οὐδὲν τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπιστολὰς
 ὃ τήνδε μέλλων δέλτον εἰς Ἄργος φέρειν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα βούλει ; τίνος ἀμηχανεῖς πέρι ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄρκον δότω μοι τάσδε πορθμεύσειν γραφὰς
 πρὸς Ἄργος, οἷσι βούλομαι πέμψαι φίλων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἢ κἀντιδώσεις τῷδε τοὺς αὐτοὺς λόγους ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί χρήμα δράσειν ἢ τί μὴ δράσειν ; λέγε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐκ γῆς ἀφήσειν μὴ θανόντα βαρβάρου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

740 δίκαιον εἶπας· πῶς γὰρ ἀγγεῖλειεν ἄν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἢ καὶ τύραννος ταῦτα συγχωρήσεται ;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Destroyed, albeit thou standest hard by death. 720
 Nay, misery's blackest night may chance, may chance,
 By fortune's turn, to unfold a sudden dawn.

ORESTES

Peace! Phoebus' words avail me nothing now;
 For yonder forth the temple comes the maid.

Enter IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIGENEIA (*to guards*)

Depart ye, and within make ready all
 For them whose office is the sacrifice. [*Exeunt* GUARDS.
 Strangers, my letter's many-leavèd folds
 Are here: but that which therebeside I wish
 Hear:—in affliction is no man the same
 As when he hath passed from fear to confidence. 730
 I dread lest, having gotten from this land,
 He who to Argos should my tablet bear
 Shall set my letter utterly at nought.

ORESTES

What wouldst thou then? Why thus disquieted?

IPHIGENEIA

Let him make oath to bear to Argos this
 To friends to whom I ~~gain~~ would send the same.

ORESTES

Wilt thou in turn give him the selfsame pledge?

IPHIGENEIA

To do what thing, or leave undone? Say on.

ORESTES

To send him forth this barbarous land unslain?

IPHIGENEIA

A fair claim thine! How should he bear it else? 740

ORESTES

But will the king withal consent hereto?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πείσω σφε, καυτή ναὸς εἰσβήσω σκάφος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄμνυ· σὺ δ' ἔξαρχ' ὄρκον ὅστις εὐσεβής.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δώσεις, λέγειν χρή, τήνδε τοῖς ἐμοῖς φίλοις.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τοῖς σοῖς φίλοισι γράμματ' ἀποδώσω τάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κἀγὼ σὲ σώσω κυανέας ἔξω πέτρας.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τίν' οὖν ἐπόμνυς τοισίδ' ὄρκιον θεῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἄρτεμιν, ἐν ἧσπερ δώμασιν τιμὰς ἔχω.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐγὼ δ' ἀνακτά γ' οὐρανοῦ, σεμνὸν Δία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

750 εἰ δ' ἐκλιπὼν τὸν ὄρκον ἀδικοίης ἐμέ ;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἄνοστος εἶην· τί δὲ σύ, μὴ σώσασά με ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μήποτε κατ' Ἄργος ζῶσ' ἔχνος θείην ποδός.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν ὃν παρήλθομεν λόγον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' οὔτις ἔστ' ἄκαιρος, ἦν καλῶς ἔχη.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐξαίρετόν μοι δὸς τόδ', ἦν τι ναῦς πάθῃ,
χῆ δέλτος ἐν κλύδωνι χρημάτων μέτα
ἀφανῆς γένηται, σῶμα δ' ἐκώσω μόνον,
τὸν ὄρκον εἶναι τόνδε μηκέτ' ἔμπεδον.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

I will persuade him, yea, embark thy friend.

ORESTES (*to PYLADES*)

Swear thou :—and thou a sacred oath dictate.

IPHIGENEIA

Say thou wilt give this tablet to my friends.

PYLADES

I to thy friends will render up this script.

IPHIGENEIA

And through the Dark Rocks will I send thee safe.

PYLADES

What God dost take to witness this thine oath ?

IPHIGENEIA

Artemis, in whose fane I hold mine office.

PYLADES

And I by Heaven's King, reverèd Zeus.

IPHIGENEIA

What if thou fail thine oath, and do me wrong ? 750

PYLADES

May I return not. If *thou* save me not ?—

IPHIGENEIA

Alive in Argos may I ne'er set foot.

PYLADES

Hear now a matter overlooked of us.

IPHIGENEIA

Not yet is this too late, so it be fair.

PYLADES

This clearance grant me—if the ship be wrecked,
And in the sea-surge with the lading sink
The letter, and my life alone I save,
That then of this mine oath shall I be clear.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

760 ἀλλ' οἶσθ' ὃ δράσω ; πολλὰ γὰρ πολλῶν κυρεῖ·
τάνοντα κάγγεγραμμέν' ἐν δέλτου πτυχαῖς
λόγῳ φράσω σοι πάντ' ἀναγγεῖλαι φίλοις.
ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ γάρ· ἦν μὲν ἐκσώσης γραφήν,
αὐτὴ φράσει σιγῶσα τὰγγεγραμμένα·
ἦν δ' ἐν θαλάσῃ γράμματ' ἀφανισθῆ τάδε,
τὸ σῶμα σώσας τοὺς λόγους σώσεις ἐμοί.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τῶν τε σῶν ἐμοῦ θ' ὕπερ.
σήμαινε δ' ὧ χρῆ τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς φέρειν
πρὸς Ἄργος, ὃ τι τε χρῆ κλύοντά σου λέγειν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

770 ἄγγελλ' Ὀρέστη, παιδὶ τὰγαμέμνονος·
ἦ ἔν' Αὐλίδι σφαγεῖσ' ἐπιστέλλει τάδε
ζῶσ' Ἴφιγένεια, τοῖς ἐκεῖ δ' οὐ ζῶσ' ἔτι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῦ δ' ἔστ' ἐκείνη ; καθανοῦσ' ἦκει πάλιν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦδ' ἦν ὁρᾶς σύ· μὴ λόγοις ἐκπλησέ με.
κόμισαί μ' ἐς Ἄργος, ὧ σύναιμε, πρὶν θανεῖν.
ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς καὶ μετástησον θεᾶς
σφαγίων, ἐφ' οἷσι ξυνοφόνους τιμὰς ἔχω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδην, τί λέξω ; ποῦ ποτ' ὄνθ' ἠύρημεθα ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦ σοῖς ἀραία δώμασιν γενήσομαι,
Ὀρέσθ', ἔν' αὐθις ὄνομα δις κλύων μάθης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ θεοί.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

780 τί τοὺς θεοὺς ἀνακαλεῖς ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς ;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

“ For every chance have some device ”—hear mine :—
All that is written in the letter's folds 760
My tongue shall say, that thou mayst tell my friends.
So is all safe : if thou lose not the script,
Itself shall voiceless tell its written tale :
But if this writing in the sea be lost,
Then thy life saved shall save my words for me.

PYLADES

Well hast thou said, both for thy need, and me.
Now say to whom this letter I must bear
To Argos, and from thee what message speak.

IPHIGENEIA

Say to Orestes, Agamemnon's son—
“ *This Iphigeneia, slain in Aulis, sends,* 770
Who liveth, yet for those at home lives not—”

ORESTES

Where is she ? Hath she risen from the dead ?

IPHIGENEIA

She whom thou seest—confuse me not with speech :—
“ *Bear me to Argos, brother, ere I die :*
From this wild land, these sacrifices, save,
Wherein mine office is to slay the stranger ; ”—

ORESTES

What shall I say ?—Now dream we, Pylades ?

IPHIGENEIA

“ *Else to thine house will I become a curse,*
Orestes ”—so, twice heard, hold fast the name.

ORESTES

Gods !

IPHIGENEIA

Why in *mine* affairs invoke the Gods? 780

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐδέν· πέραινε δ'· ἐξέβην γὰρ ἄλλοσε.
τάχ' οὖν ἐρωτῶν σ' εἰς ἄπιστ' ἀφίξομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

λέγ' οὐνεκ' ἔλαφον ἀντιδούσά μου θεὰ
Ἄρτεμις ἔσωσέ μ', ἦν ἔθυσ' ἐμὸς πατήρ,
δοκῶν ἐς ἡμᾶς ὄξυ φάσγανον βαλεῖν,
εἰς τήνδε δ' ἦκισ' αἶαν. αἶδ' ἐπιστολαί,
τάδ' ἐστὶ τᾶν δέλτοισιν ἐγγεγραμμένα.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

790 ὦ ραδίους ὄρκοισι περιβαλοῦσά με,
κάλλιστα δ' ὁμόσασ', οὐ πολὺν σχήσω χρόνον,
τὸν δ' ὄρκον ἔν κατώμοσ' ἐμπεδώσομεν.
ἰδού, φέρω σοι δέλτον ἀποδίδωμί τε,
Ὅρέστα, τῆσδε σῆς κασιγνήτης πάρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δέχομαι· παρεῖς δὲ γραμμάτων διαπτυχᾶς,
τὴν ἡδονὴν πρῶτ' οὐ λόγους αἰρήσομαι.
ὦ φιλτάτη μοι σύγγον', ἐκπεπληγμένος
ὅμως σ' ἀπίστῳ περιβαλὼν βραχίονι
εἰς τέρψιν εἶμι, πυθόμενος θαυμάστ' ἐμοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ξεῖν', οὐ δικαίως τῆς θεοῦ τὴν πρόσπολον
χραίνεις ἀθίκοις περιβαλὼν πέπλοις χέρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

800 ὦ συγκασιγνήτη τε καὶ ταυτοῦ πατρὸς
Ἄγαμέμνονος γεγῶσα, μή μ' ἀποστρέφου,
ἔχουσ' ἀδελφόν, οὐ δοκοῦσ' ἔξειν ποτέ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγὼ σ' ἀδελφὸν τὸν ἐμόν; οὐ παύσει λέγων;
τὸ δ' Ἄργος αὐτοῦ μεστὸν ἦ τε Ναυπλία.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

'Tis nought: say on: my thoughts had wandered far.
(*Aside*) One question may resolve this miracle.

IPHIGENEIA

Say—"Artemis in my place laid a hind,
And saved me,—this my father sacrificed,
Deeming he plunged the keen blade into me,—
And made me dwell here." This the letter is,
And in the tablets this is what is writ.

PYLADES

O thou who hast bound me by an easy oath—
Hast fairly sworn!—I will not tarry long
To ratify the oath that I have sworn.
This tablet, lo, to thee I bear, and give,
Orestes, from thy sister, yonder maid.

790

ORESTES

This I receive:—I let its folds abide—
First will I seize a rapture not in words:—
Dear sister mine, albeit wonder-struck,
With scarce-believing arm I fold thee round,
And taste delight, who hear things marvellous!

[*Embraces* IPHIGENEIA.

CHORUS

Stranger, thou sinn'st, polluting Artemis' priestess,
Casting about her sacred robes thine arm!

ORESTES

O sister mine, of Agamemnon sprung,
One sire with me, turn not away from me,
Who hast thy brother, past expectancy!

800

IPHIGENEIA

I?—thee?—my brother?—wilt not hold thy peace?
In Argos and in Nauplia great is he.

347

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐκεῖ σός, ὦ τάλαινα, σύγγονος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ἢ Λάκαινα Τυνδαρίς σ' ἐγείνατο ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πέλοπός γε παιδὶ παιδός, οὐ 'κπέφυκ' ἐγώ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί φῆς ; ἔχεις τι τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ τεκμήριον ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔχω· πατρῶων ἐκ δόμων τι πυνθάνου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

810 οὐκοῦν λέγειν μὲν χρὴ σέ, μανθάνειν δ' ἐμέ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέγοιμ' ἂν ἀκοῇ πρῶτον Ἡλέκτρας τάδε.
'Ατρέως Θυέστου τ' οἶσθα γενομένην ἔριν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἤκουσα, χρυσῆς ἀρνὸς οὐνεκ' ἦν πέρι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ταῦτ' οὖν ὑφήνασ' οἶσθ' ἐν εὐπήνοισ ὑφαῖς ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἐγγυὲς τῶν ἐμῶν κάμπτεϊς φρενῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰκό τ' ἐν ἱστοῖς ἡλίου μετάστασιν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὑφήνα καὶ τόδ' εἶδος εὐμίτοις πλοκαῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ λούτρ' ἐς Αὐλιν μητρὸς ἀνεδέξω πάρα ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἶδ'· οὐ γὰρ ὁ γάμος ἐσθλὸς ὢν μ' ἀφείλετο.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Not there, unhappy one, thy brother is.

IPHIGENEIA

Did Tyndareus' Spartan daughter bear thee then?

ORESTES

To Pelops' son's son, of whose loins I sprang.

IPHIGENEIA

What say'st thou?—hast thou proof hereof for me?

ORESTES

I have. Ask somewhat of our father's home.

IPHIGENEIA

Now nay; 'tis thou must speak, 'tis I must learn. 810

ORESTES

First will I name this—from Electra heard:—
Know'st thou of Atreus' and Thyestes' feud?

IPHIGENEIA

I heard, how of a golden lamb it came.

ORESTES

This broidered in thy web rememberest thou?

IPHIGENEIA

Dearest, thy chariot-wheels roll nigh my heart!

ORESTES

And pictured in thy loom, the sun turned back?

IPHIGENEIA

This too I wrought with fine-spun broidery-threads.

ORESTES

Bath-water at Aulis hadst thou from thy mother?¹—

IPHIGENEIA

I know—that bridal's bliss stole not remembrance.

¹ Ritual required the bride to bathe on her wedding morning in water from the sacred spring of her native town.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

820 τί γάρ; κόμας σὰς μητρὶ δούσα σῆ φέρειν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μνημεῖά γ' ἀντὶ σώματος τοῦμοῦ τάφω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἂ δ' εἶδον αὐτός, τάδε φράσω τεκμήρια·
Πέλοπος παλαιὰν ἐν δόμοις λόγῃην πατρός,
ἦν χερσὶ πάλλων παρθένον Πισάτιδα
ἐκτήσαθ' Ἴπποδάμειαν, Οἰνόμαον κτανών,
ἐν παρθενῶσι τοῖσι σοῖς κεκρυμμένην.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', οὐδὲν ἄλλο, φίλτατος γὰρ εἶ,
ἔχω σ', Ὀρέστα, τηλύγετον
χθονὸς ἀπὸ πατρίδος

830 Ἀργόθεν, ὦ φίλος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κἀγὼ σε τὴν θανούσαν, ὡς δοξάζεται.
κατὰ δὲ δάκρυ' ἀδάκρυα, κατὰ δὲ γόος ἅμα χαρᾶ
τὸ σὸν νοτίζει βλέφαρον, ὡσαύτως δ' ἐμόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τότ' ἔτι βρέφος ἔλιπον ἔλιπον ἀγκάλαις
σὲ νεαρὸν τροφου νεαρὸν ἐν δόμοις.
ὦ κρεῖσσον ἢ λόγοισιν εὐτυχοῦσά μου.

840 ψυχά· τί φῶ; θαυμάτων πέρα καὶ λόγου
πρόσω τάδ' ἐπέβα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ λοιπὸν εὐτυχοῖμεν ἀλλήλων μέτα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄτοπον ἡδονὰν ἔλαβον, ὦ φίλαι·
δέδοικα δ' ἐκ χερῶν με μὴ πρὸς αἰθέρα
ἀμπτάμενος φύγη·

350

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Again—thine hair unto thy mother sent? 820

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, a grave-token in my body's stead.

ORESTES

What myself saw, these will I name for proofs :
In our sire's halls was Pelops' ancient spear,
Swayed in his hands when Pisa's maid he won,
Hippodameia, and slew Oenomaus :
Hidden it was within thy maiden bower.

IPHIGENEIA

Dearest !—nought else, for thou art passing dear !—

Orestes, best-beloved, I clasp thee now,
Far from thy fatherland, from Argos, here,

O love, art thou !

830

ORESTES

And thee I clasp—the dead, as all men thought !
Tears—that are no tears,—ecstasy blent with moan,
Make happy mist in thine eyes as in mine.

IPHIGENEIA

That day in the arms of thy nurse did I leave thee a
babe, did I leave thee, [wast thou !
A little one—ah, such a little one then in our palace
O, a fortune too blissful for words doth receive thee,
my soul, doth receive thee !

What can I say?—for, transcending all marvels, of
speech they bereave me,

840

The things that have come on us now !

ORESTES

Hereafter side by side may we be blest !

IPHIGENEIA

O friends, I am thrilled with a strange delight :
Yet I fear lest out of mine arms to the height
Of the heaven he may wing his flight.

351

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ὦ Κυκλωπίδες ἐστίαι, ὦ πατρίς,
Μυκῆνα φίλα,
χάριν ἔχω ζῴας, χάριν ἔχω τροφᾶς,
ὅτι μοι συνομαίμονα
τόνδε δόμοισιν ἐξεθρέψω φάος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

850 γένει μὲν εὐτυχοῦμεν, εἰς δὲ συμφοράς,
ὦ σύγγον', ἡμῶν δυστυχῆς ἔφυ βίος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγὼ μέλεος οἶδ', ὅτε φάσγανον
δέρα θῆκέ μοι μελεόφρων πατήρ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἴμοι. δοκῶ γὰρ οὐ παρών σ' ὄραν ἐκεῖ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

860 ἀνυμέναιος, ὦ σύγγον', Ἀχιλλέως
εἰς κλισίαν λέκτρων
δόλι' ὅτ' ἀγόμαν
παρὰ δὲ βωμὸν ἦν δάκρυα καὶ γόοι.
φεῦ φεῦ χερνίβων τῶν ἐκεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ᾧμωξα καγὼ τόλμαν ἦν ἔτλη πατήρ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

867 ἀπάτορ' ἀπάτορα πότμον ἔλαχον.
ἄλλα δ' ἐξ ἄλλων κυρεῖ
δαίμονος τύχα τινός.¹

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

866 εἰ σόν γ' ἀδελφόν, ὦ τάλαιν', ἀπώλεσας.

¹ Monk's arrangement adopted.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

O hearths Cyclopean, O fatherland
Mycenae the dear,
For the gift of his life thanks, thanks for thy fostering
hand,
For that erst thou didst rear
My brother, a light of defence in our halls to stand.

ORESTES

Touching our birth blest are we, but our life, 850
My sister, in its fortunes was unblest.

IPHIGENEIA

I know it, alas ! who remember the blade
To my throat by my wretched father laid—

ORESTES

Woe's me ! though far, I seem to see thee there '

IPHIGENEIA

When by guile I was thitherward drawn, the bride,
As they feigned, whom Hero Achilles should wed !
But the marriage-chant rang not the altar beside,
But tears streamed, voices of wailing cried ; 860
Woe, woe for the lustral-drops there shed !

ORESTES

I wail, I too, the deed my father dared.

IPHIGENEIA

An unfatherly father by doom was allotted to me ;
And ills out of ills rise ceaselessly
By a God's decree !

ORESTES

Ah, hadst thou slain thy brother, hapless one !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

- 870 ὦ μελέα δεινᾶς τόλμας. δειν' ἔτλαν
 δειν' ἔτλαν, ὦμοι σύγγουε. παρὰ δ' ὀλίγον
 ἀπέφυγες ὀλεθρον ἀνόσιον ἐξ ἐμᾶν
 δαίχθεις χερῶν.
 ἅ δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς τίς τελευτά;
 τίς τύχα μοι συγκυρήσει;
 τίνα σοι πόρον εὐρομένα
 πάλιν ἀπὸ πόλεως, ἀπὸ φόνου πέμψω
 πατρίδ' ἐς Ἀργείαν,
 880 πρὶν ἐπὶ ξίφος αἵματι σῶ
 πελάσαι; τόδε σόν, ὦ μελέα ψυχά,
 χρέος ἀνευρίσκειν.
 πότερον κατὰ χέρσον, οὐχὶ ναί,
 ἀλλὰ ποδῶν ῥιπή
 θανάτῳ πελάσεις ἀνὰ βάρβαρα φύλα
 καὶ δι' ὁδοὺς ἀνόδους στείχων; διὰ κνανέας μὴν
 890 στενοπόρου πέτρας μακρὰ κέλευθα να-
 τοῖσιν δρασμοῖς.
 τάλαινα, τάλαινα.
 τίς ἄρ' οὖν, τάλαν, ἦ θεὸς ἦ βροτὸς ἦ
 τί τῶν ἀδοκῆτων
 πόρον εὐπορον¹ ἐξανύσει,
 δυοῖν τοῖν μόνοιν Ἀτρεΐδαιν
 κακῶν ἔκλυσιν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 900 ἐν τοῖσι θαυμαστοῖσι καὶ μύθων πέρα
 τάδ' εἶδον αὐτὴ κού κλύουσ' ἀπ' ἀγγέλων.²

¹ Hermann: for MSS. ἀπορον. ² Hermann: for MSS. ἀπαγγελά.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Woe for my crime! I took in hand a deed
Of horror, brother! Scant escape was thine 870
From god-accursed destruction, even to bleed
By mine hand, mine!

Yea, now what end to all this doth remain?
What shrouded fate shall yet encounter me?
By what device from this land home again
Shall I speed thee

From slaughter, and to Argos bid depart,
Or ever with thy blood incarnadined 880
The sword be? 'Tis thy task, O wretched heart,
The means to find.

What, without ship, far over land wouldst fly
With feet swift-winged with terror and despair,
Through wild tribes, pathless ways, aye drawing nigh
Death ambushed there?

Yet, through the Dark-blue Rocks, the straight sea-
portal;
A long course must the bark that bears thee run. 890
O hapless, hapless I! What God or mortal,
O hapless one,

Or what strange help transcending expectation
Shall to us twain, of Atreus' seed the last,
Bring fair deliverance, bring from ills salvation,—
From ills o'erpast!

CHORUS

Marvel of marvels, passing fabled lore, 900
Myself have seen, none telleth me the tale.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τὸ μὲν φίλους ἐλθόντας εἰς ὄψιν φίλων,
 Ὅρέστα, χειρῶν περιβολὰς εἰκὸς λαβεῖν·
 λήξαντα δ' οἰκτων κῦπ' ἐκεῖν' ἐλθεῖν χρεῶν,
 ὅπως τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομα τῆς σωτηρίας
 λαβόντες ἐκ γῆς βησόμεσθα βαρβάρου.
 σοφῶν γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ταῦτα, μὴ κβάντας τύχης,
 καιρὸν λαβόντας, ἡδονὰς ἄλλας λαβεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

910 καλῶς ἔλεξας· τῇ τύχῃ δ' οἶμαι μέλει
 τοῦδε ξὺν ἡμῖν· ἦν δέ τις πρόθυμος ἦ,
 σθένειν τὸ θεῖον μᾶλλον εἰκότως ἔχει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ μὴ μ' ἐπίσχυς¹ οὐδ' ἀποστήσεις λόγου
 πρῶτον πυθέσθαι τίνα ποτ' Ἡλέκτρα πότμον
 εἴληχε βιότου· φίλα γὰρ ἔστι² πάντ' ἐμοί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τῷδε ξυνοικεῖ βίον· ἔχουσ' εὐδαίμονα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὗτος δὲ ποδαπὸς καὶ τίνος πέφυκε παῖς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Στρόφιος ὁ Φωκεὺς τοῦδε κλήζεται πατήρ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄδ' ἐστὶ γ' Ἀτρέως θυγατρός, ὁμογενῆς ἐμός;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀνεψιός γε, μόνος ἐμοὶ σαφῆς φίλος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

920 οὐκ ἦν τόθ' οὗτος ὅτε πατήρ ἔκτεινέ με.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἦν· χρόνον γὰρ Στρόφιος ἦν ἄπαις τινά.

¹ Monk : for οὐδέν μ' ἐπίσχει γ' οὐδ' ἀποστήσει of MSS.

² Seidler : for ἔσται of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

PYLADES

Orestes, well may friends which meet the gaze
Of friends, enfold them in the clasp of love.
Yet must we cease from moan, and look to this,
In what wise winning glorious safety's name
Forth from the land barbaric we may fare.
For wise men take occasion by the hand,
And let not fortune slip for pleasure's lure.

ORESTES

Well say'st thou : yet will fortune work, I trow,
Herein with us. But toil of strenuous hands
Still doubles the God's power to render aid.

910

IPHIGENEIA

Thou shalt not stay me, neither turn aside
From asking of Electra first—her lot
In life : all touching her is dear to me.

ORESTES

Wedded to this man (*pointing to PYLADES*) happy life
she hath.

IPHIGENEIA

And he—what land is his?—his father, who?

ORESTES

Strophius the Phocian is his father's name.

IPHIGENEIA

Ha! Atreus' daughter's son, of kin to me?

ORESTES

Thy cousin is he, and my one true friend.

IPHIGENEIA

He was unborn when my sire sought my death.

920

ORESTES

Unborn ; for long time childless Strophius was.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαῖρ' ὦ πόσις μοι τῆς ἐμῆς ὀμοσπόρου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κἀμός γε σωτήρ, οὐχὶ συγγενῆς μόνου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὰ δεινὰ δ' ἔργα πῶς ἔτλης μητρὸς πέρι ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

συγῶμεν αὐτά· πατρὶ τιμωρῶν ἐμῶ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦ δ' αἰτία τίς ἀνθ' ὄτου κτείνει πόσιν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα τὰ μητρός· οὐδὲ σοὶ κλύειν καλόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

συγῶ· τὸ δ' Ἄργος πρὸς σὲ νῦν ἀποβλέπει ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Μενέλαος ἄρχει· φυγάδες ἐσμέν ἐκ πάτρας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

930 οὐ που νοσοῦντας θεῖος ὕβρισεν δόμους ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' Ἐρινύων δεῖμά μ' ἐκβάλλει χθονός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἄκταις κἀνθάδ' ἠγγέλθης μανείς ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ᾤφθμεν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον ὄντες ἄθλιοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔγνωκα, μητρός σ' εἵνεκ' ἠλάστρου θεαί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ᾧσθ' αἵματηρὰ στόμι' ἐπεμβαλεῖν ἐμοί.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί γάρ ποτ' εἰς γῆν τήνδ' ἐπόρθμευσας πόδα ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Φοίβου κελευσθεῖς θεσφάτοις ἀφικόμην.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

O husband of my sister, hail to thee!

ORESTES

Yea, and my saviour, not my kin alone.

IPHIGENEIA

How could'st thou dare that dread deed on our mother?

ORESTES

Speak we not of it!—to avenge my sire.

IPHIGENEIA

And what the cause for which she slew her lord?

ORESTES

Let be my mother: 'twould pollute thine ears.

IPHIGENEIA

I am silent. Looketh Argos now to thee?

ORESTES

Menelaus rules: I am exiled from the land.

IPHIGENEIA

Our uncle—he insult our stricken house!

930

ORESTES

Nay, but the Erinyes' terror drives me forth.

IPHIGENEIA

Thence told they of thy frenzy on yon shore.

ORESTES

Not now first was my misery made a show.

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, for my mother's sake fiends haunted thee—

ORESTES

To thrust a bloody bridle in my mouth.

IPHIGENEIA

Wherefore to this land didst thou steer thy foot?

ORESTES

Bidden of Phoebus' oracle I came.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί χρήμα δράσων ; ῥητὸν ἢ σιγῶμενον ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

940 λέγοιμ' ἄν· ἀρχαὶ δ' αἶδε μοι πολλῶν πόνων.
 ἐπεὶ τὰ μητρός ταυθ' ἂ σιγῶμεν κακὰ
 εἰς χεῖρας ἦλθε, μεταδρομαῖς Ἐρινύων
 ἠλαυνόμεσθα φυγάδες, ἔστ' ἐμὸν πόδα
 εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας δῆτ' ἔπεμψε Λοξίας,
 δίκην παρασχεῖν ταῖς ἀνωνύμοις θεαῖς.
 ἔστιν γὰρ ὅσια ψῆφος, ἦν Ἄρει ποτὲ
 Ζεὺς εἶσατ' ἔκ του δὴ χερῶν μιάσματος.
 ἐλθὼν δ' ἐκείσε, πρῶτα μὲν μ' οὐδεὶς ξένων
 ἐκῶν ἐδέξαθ', ὡς θεοῖς στυγούμενον·
 οἱ δ' ἔσχον αἰδῶ, ξένια μονοτράπεζά μοι
 950 παρέσχον, οἴκων ὄντες ἐν ταυτῷ στέγει,
 σιγῇ δ' ἔτεκτῆναντ' ἀπόφθεγκτον μ', ὅπως
 δαιτὸς γενοίμην πώματός τ' αὐτῶν δίχα,
 εἰς δ' ἄγγος ἴδιον ἴσον ἅπασι βακχίον
 μέτρημα πληρώσαντες εἶχον ἠδοιήν.
 κἀγὼ ἔξελέγξαι μὲν ξένους οὐκ ἠξίουں,
 ἠλγουν δὲ σιγῇ κἀδόκουν οὐκ εἰδέναι,
 μέγα στενάζων, οὐνεκ' ἦ μητρὸς φονεύς.
 κλύω δ' Ἀθηναίοισι τὰμὰ δυστυχή
 960 τελετὴν γενέσθαι, κἄτι τὸν νόμον μένειν,
 χοῆρες ἄγγος Παλλάδος τιμᾶν λεῶν.
 ὡς δ' εἰς Ἄρειον ὄχθου ἦκον, ἐς δίκην
 ἔστην, ἐγὼ μὲν θάτερον λαβῶν βάθρον,
 τὸ δ' ἄλλο πρέσβειρ' ἦπερ ἦν Ἐρινύων·
 εἰπὼν δ' ἀκούσας θ' αἵματος μητρὸς πέρι,
 Φοῖβός μ' ἔσωσε μαρτυρῶν ἴσας δέ μοι
 ψήφους διερρύθμιζε Παλλὰς ὠλένη·
 νικῶν δ' ἀπήρα φόνια πειρατήρια.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

With what intent? May this be told or no?

ORESTES

Nay, I will tell all. Thus began my woes :
Soon as my mother's sin, that nameless sin, 940
Had been by mine hands punished, chasing fiends
Drave me to exile, until Loxias
Guided my feet to Athens at the last,
To make atonement to the Nameless Ones ;
For there is a tribunal, erst ordained
Of Zeus, to cleanse the War-god's blood-stained
hands.

Thither I came ; but no bond-friend at first
Would welcome me, as one abhorred of heaven.
Some pitied ; yet my guest-fare set they out
On a several table, 'neath the selfsame roof ; 950
Yet from all converse by their silence banned me,
So from their meat and drink to hold me apart ;
And, filling for each man his private cup,
All equal, had their pleasure of the wine.
I took not on me to arraign mine hosts ;
But, as who marked it not, in silence grieved ;
With bitter sighs the mother-slayer grieved.
Now are my woes to Athens made, I hear,
A festival, and yet the custom lives
That Pallas' people keep the Feast of Cups. 960

And when to Ares' mount I came to face
My trial, I upon this platform stood,
And the Erinyes' eldest upon that.
Then, of my mother's blood arraigned, I spake ;
And Phoebus' witness saved me. Pallas told
The votes : her arm swept half apart for me.
So was I victor in the murder-trial.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

970 ὄσαι μὲν οὖν ἔζοντο πεισθεῖσαι δίκη,
 ψῆφον πᾶρ' αὐτὴν ἱερὸν ὠρίσαντ' ἔχειν
 ὄσαι δ' Ἐριυῶν οὐκ ἐπέισθησαν νόμῳ,
 δρόμοις ἀνιδρύτοισιν ἠλάστρου μ' αἰεὶ,
 ἕως ἐς ἀγνὸν ἦλθον αὐ Φοῖβον πέδον,
 καὶ πρόσθεν ἀδύτων ἐκταθεῖς, νῆστις βορᾶς,
 ἐπώμοσ' αὐτοῦ βίον ἀπορρήξειν θανῶν,
 εἰ μὴ με σώσει Φοῖβος, ὅς μ' ἀπώλεσεν.
 ἐντεῦθεν αὐδὴν τρίποδος ἐκ χρυσοῦ λακίων
 Φοῖβός μ' ἔπεμψε δεῦρο, διοπετὲς λαβεῖν
 ἀγαλμ' Ἀθηνῶν τ' ἐγκαθιδρῦσαι χθονί.
 980 ἀλλ' ἦνπερ ἡμῖν ὤρισεν σωτηρίαν,
 σύμπραξον· ἦν γὰρ θεᾶς κατάσχωμεν βρέτας,
 μανιῶν τε λήξω καὶ σὲ πολυκώπῳ σκάφει
 στείλας Μυκῆναις ἐγκαταστήσω πάλιν.
 ἀλλ', ὦ φιληθεῖς, ὦ κασίγνητον κᾶρα,
 σώσον πατρῶον οἶκον, ἔκσωσον δ' ἐμέ·
 ὡς τὰμ' ὄλωλε πάντα καὶ τὰ Πελοπιδῶν,
 οὐράνιον εἰ μὴ ληψόμεσθα θεᾶς βρέτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὴ τις ὄργῃ δαιμόνων ἐπέξεσε
 τὸ Ταυτάλειον σπέρμα διὰ πόνων τ' ἄγει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

990 τὸ μὲν πρόθυμον, πρὶν σε δεῦρ' ἐλθεῖν, ἔχω
 Ἄργει γενέσθαι καὶ σέ, σύγγον', εἰσιδεῖν.
 θέλω δ' ἄπερ σύ, σέ τε μεταστήσαι πόνων
 νοσοῦντά τ' οἶκον, οὐχὶ τῷ κτανόντι με
 θυμουμένη, πατρῶον ὀρθῶσαι πάλιν.
 σφαγῆς τε γὰρ σῆς χεῖρ' ἀπαλλάξαιμεν ἄν
 σώσαιμί τ' οἴκους· τὴν θεὸν δὲ πῶς λάθω;
 δέδοικα καὶ τύραννον, ἠνίκ' ἄν κενὰς
 κρηπίδας εὖρη λαΐνας ἀγάλματος,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

They which consented to the judgment, chose
Nigh the tribunal for themselves a shrine :
But of the Erinyes some consented not, * 970
And hounded me with homeless chasings aye,
Until, to Phoebus' hallowed soil returned,
Fasting before his shrine I cast me down,
And swore to snap my life-thread, dying there,
Except Apollo saved me, who destroyed.
Then from the golden tripod Phoebus' voice
Pealed, hither sending me to take the image
Heaven-fall'n, and set it up in Attica.
Now to this safety thus ordained of him
Help thou : for, so the image be but won, 980
My madness shall have end : thee will I speed
Back to Mycenæ in a swift-oared ship.
O well belovèd one, O sister mine,
Save thou our father's house, deliver me.
For Pelops' line and I are all undone
Except I win that image fall'n from heaven.

CHORUS

Dread wrath of Gods hath burst upon the seed
Of Tantalus, and on through travail drives.

IPHIGENEIA

Earnest my longing, ere thou camest, was
To stand in Argos, brother, and see thee. 990
Thy will is mine, to set thee free from woes,
And to restore my father's stricken house,
Nursing no wrath against my murderer.
So of thy slaughter shall mine hands be clean,
And I shall save our house. Yet how elude
The Goddess? And I fear the king, when he
Void of its statue finds that pedestal.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

1000 πῶς οὐ θανοῦμαι; τίς δ' ἔνεστί μοι λόγος;
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἔν τι τοῦθ' ὁμοῦ γενήσεται,
 ἄγαλμά τ' οἴσεις κάμ' ἐπ' εὐπρύμνου νεῶς
 ἄξεις, τὸ κινδύνεμα γίγνεται καλόν·
 τούτου δὲ χωρισθεῖς· ἐγὼ μὲν ὄλλυμαι,
 σὺ δ' ἂν τὸ σαυτοῦ θέμενος εὐ νόστου τύχοις.
 οὐ μὴν τι φεύγω γ', οὐδέ μ' εἰ θανεῖν χρεῶν,
 σῶσασά σ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἀνὴρ μὲν ἐκ δόμων
 θανῶν ποθεινός, τὰ δὲ γυναικὸς ἀσθενή.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1010 οὐκ ἂν γενοίμην σοῦ τε καὶ μητρὸς φονεύς·
 ἄλις τὸ κείνης αἷμα· κοινόφρων δὲ σοὶ
 καὶ ζῆν θέλοιμ' ἂν καὶ θανῶν λαχεῖν ἴσον.
 ἄξω δέ σ', ἥνπερ καὐτὸς ἐνταυθοῖ περῶ,¹
 πρὸς οἶκον, ἧ σοῦ κατθανῶν μενῶ μετὰ.
 γνώμης δ' ἄκουσον· εἰ πρόσαντες ἦν τότε
 Ἀρτέμιδι, πῶς ἂν Λοξίας ἐθέσπισε
 κομίσαι μ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς πόλισμα Παλλάδος
 καὶ σὸν πρόσωπον εἰσιδεῖν; ἅπαντα γὰρ
 συνθεῖς τάδ' εἰς ἓν νόστον ἐλπίζω λαβεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πῶς οὖν γένοιτ' ἂν ὥστε μήθ' ἡμᾶς θανεῖν
 λαβεῖν θ' ἂ βουλόμεσθα; τῆδε γὰρ νοσεῖ
 νόστος πρὸς οἶκους· ἦδε βούλευσις² πάρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1020 ἄρ' ἂν τύραννον διολέσαι δυναίμεθ' ἂν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δεινὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ξενοφονεῖν ἐπήλυδας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' εἰ σὲ σώσει κάμέ, κινδυνευτέον.

¹ Hermann: for MSS. πέσω.

² Markland: for MSS. ἡ δὲ βούλησις.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

How shall I not die? What should be my plea?
 But if both ends in one may be achieved—
 If, with the statue, on thy fair-prowed ship 1000
 Thou bear me hence, the peril well is braved.
 If I attain not liberty, I die;
 Yet still mayst thou speed well, and win safe
 home.

O then I flinch not, though my doom be death,
 So I save thee! A man that from a house
 Dies, leaves a void: a woman matters not.

ORESTES

My mother's slayer and thine I will not be!
 Suffice her blood. With heart at one with thine
 Fain would I live, and dying share thy death.
 Thee will I lead, if thither I may win, 1010
 Homeward, or dying here abide with thee.
 Hear mine opinion—if this thing displease
 Artemis, how had Loxias bidden me
 To bear her statue unto Pallas' burg—
 Yea, see thy face? So, setting side by side
 All these, I hope to win safe home-return.

IPHIGENEIA

How may we both escape death, and withal
 Bear off that prize? Imperilled most herein
 Our home-return is:—this must we debate.

ORESTES

Haply might we prevail to slay the king? 1020

IPHIGENEIA

Foul deed were this, that strangers slay their host.

ORESTES

Yet must we venture—for thy life and mine.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην, τὸ δὲ πρόθυμον ἦνεσα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ', εἴ με ναῶ τῷδε κρύψειας λάθρα ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς δὴ σκότον λαβόντες ἐκσωθεῖμεν ἄν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κλεπτῶν γὰρ ἢ νύξ, τῆς δ' ἀληθείας τὸ φῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἴσ' ἔνδον ἱεροῦ φύλακες, οὓς οὐ λήσομεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἴμοι, διεφθάρμεσθα· πῶς σωθεῖμεν ἄν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔχειν δοκῶ μοι καινὸν ἐξεύρημά τι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1030 ποῖόν τι ; δόξης μετάδος, ὡς κἀγὼ μάθω.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῖς σαῖς ἀνίας χρήσομαι σοφίσμασιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δειναὶ γὰρ αἱ γυναῖκες εὐρίσκειν τέχνας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φονέα σε φήσω μητρὸς ἐξ' Ἀργούς μολεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

χρῆσαι κακοῖσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς, εἰ κερδανεῖς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς οὐ θέμις σε λέξομεν θύειν θεᾶ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίν' αἰτίαι ἔχουσ' ; ὑποπτεύω τι γάρ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ καθαρὸν ἄντα, τὸ δ' ὄσιον δώσω φόνη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα μᾶλλον θεᾶς ἄγαλμ' ἀλίσκεται ;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA.

I could not. Yet thine eager heart I praise.

ORESTES

How if thou privily hide me in yon fane?

IPHIGENEIA

By favour of the darkness to escape?

ORESTES

Yea, night is leagued with theft: the light for truth.

IPHIGENEIA

Within the fane be guards: no baffling them.

ORESTES

Alas! we are undone. How can we 'scape?

IPHIGENEIA

Methinks I have a yet untried device.

ORESTES

Ha, what? Impart thy thought, that I may know. 1030

IPHIGENEIA

Thy misery will I turn to cunning use.

ORESTES

Women be shrewd to seek inventions out!

IPHIGENEIA

A matricide from Argos will I name thee,—

ORESTES

Use my misfortunes, if it serve thine end.

IPHIGENEIA

Unmeet for sacrifice to Artemis,—

ORESTES

Pleading what cause?—for somewhat I surmise.

IPHIGENEIA

As one unclean. The pure alone I slay.

ORESTES

Yet how the more hereby is the image won?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πόντου σε πηγαῖς ἀγνίσαι βουλήσομαι,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1040 ἔτ' ἐν δόμοισι βρέτας, ἐφ' ᾧ πεπλεύκαμεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κάκεινο νίψαι, σοῦ θιγόντος ὧς, ἐρῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῖ δῆτα ; πόντου νοτερὸν εἶπας ἔκβολου ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ ναῦς χαλινοῖς λινοδέτοις ὀρμῆι σέθεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σύ δ' ἢ τις ἄλλος ἐν χεροῖν οἴσει βρέτας ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγὼ· θιγεῖν γὰρ ὄσιόν ἐστ' ἐμοὶ μόνη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδης δ' ὄδ' ἡμῖν πού τετάξεται φόνου ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῦτὸν χεροῖν σοὶ λέξεται μίασμ' ἔχων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λάθρα δ' ἄνακτος ἢ εἰδότος δράσεις τάδε ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πέισασα μύθοις· οὐ γὰρ ἂν λάθοιμί γε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1050 καὶ μὴν νεῶς γε πίτυλος εὐήρης πάρα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σοὶ δὴ μέλειν χρὴ τᾶλλ' ὅπως ἔξει καλῶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐνὸς μόνου δεῖ, τάσδε συγκρίψαι τάδε.

ἀλλ' ἀντίαζε καὶ λόγους πειστηρίους

εὕρισκ'· ἔχει τοι δύναμιν εἰς οἴκτον γυνή.

τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἴσως ἂν πάντα συμβαίη καλῶς.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

I'll say that I would cleanse thee in sea-springs ;—

ORESTES

Still bides the statue there, for which we sailed. 1040

IPHIGENEIA

That this too must I wash, as touched of thee.

ORESTES

Where?—in yon creek where rains the blown sea-spray ?

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, where thy ship rides moored with hempen curb.

ORESTES

Will thine hands, or another's, bear the image ?

IPHIGENEIA

Mine. Sinlessly none toucheth it save me.

ORESTES

And in this blood-guilt what is Pylades' part ?

IPHIGENEIA

Stained even as thine his hands are, will I say.

ORESTES

Hid from the king shall be thy deed, or known ?

IPHIGENEIA

I must persuade whom I could not elude.

ORESTES

Ready in any wise the oared ship is. 1050

IPHIGENEIA

'Tis thine to see that all beside go well.

ORESTES

One thing we lack, that you maids hide all this.
Beseech them thou, and find persuasive words ;
A woman's tongue hath pity-stirring might :—
Then may all else perchance have happy end.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, εἰς ὑμᾶς βλέπω,
 καὶ τὰ μ' ἐν ὑμῖν ἔστιν ἢ καλῶς ἔχειν
 ἢ μηδὲν εἶναι καὶ στερηθῆναι πάτρας
 φίλου τ' ἀδελφοῦ φιλτάτης τε συγγόνου.
 1060 καὶ πρῶτα μὲν μοι τοῦ λόγου τὰδ' ἀρχέτω
 γυναῖκές ἔσμεν, φιλόφρον ἀλλήλαις γένος,
 σφύζειν τε κοινὰ πράγματ' ἀσφαλέσταται.
 σιγήσαθ' ἡμῖν καὶ συνεκπονήσατε
 φυγᾶς. καλὸν τοι γλῶσσ' ὄτω πιστῇ παρῇ.
 ὁράτε δ' ὡς τρεῖς μία τύχη τοὺς φιλτάτους
 ἢ γῆς πατρώας νόστος ἢ θανεῖν ἔχει.
 σωθείσα δ', ὡς ἂν καὶ σὺ κοινωνῆς τύχης,
 σώσω σ' ἐς Ἑλλάδ'. ἀλλὰ πρὸς σε δεξιᾶς,
 1070 σὲ καὶ σ' ἰκνοῦμαι, σὲ δὲ φίλης παρῆδος
 γονάτων τε καὶ τῶν ἐν δόμοισι φιλτάτων.¹
 τί φατέ; τίς ὑμῶν φησιν, ἢ τίς οὐ θέλει,
 φθέγξασθε, ταῦτα; μὴ γὰρ αἰνουσῶν λόγους
 ὄλωλα κἀγὼ καὶ κασίγνητος τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει, φίλη δέσποινα, καὶ σφύζου μόνον
 ὡς ἔκ γ' ἐμοῦ σοι πάντα συνηθήσεται,
 ἴστω μέγας Ζεὺς, ὧν ἐπισκῆπτεις πέρι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄναισθε μύθων καὶ γένοισθ' εὐδαίμονες.
 σὸν ἔργον ἤδη καὶ σὸν εἰσβαίνειν δόμους·
 1080 ὡς αὐτίχ' ἤξει τῆσδε κοίρανος χθονός,
 θυσιᾶν ἐλέγξων, εἰ κατείργασται, ξένων.
 ὦ πότνι, ἥπερ μ' Αὐλίδος κατὰ πτυχὰς
 δεινῆς ἔσωσας ἐκ πατροκτόνου χερός,

¹ 1071, μητρὸς πατρός τε καὶ τέκνων ἄπο κυρεῖ, is rejected by Dindorf and others, as inconsistent with l. 130.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Damsels beloved, I raise mine eyes to you.
Mine all is in your hands—for happiness,
Or ruin, and for loss of fatherland,
Of a dear brother, and a sister loved.
Of mine appeal be this the starting-point— 1060
Women are we, each other's staunchest friends,
In keeping common counsel wholly loyal.
Keep silence; help us to achieve our flight.
A loyal tongue is its possessor's crown.
Ye see three friends upon one hazard cast,
Or to win back to fatherland or die.
If I escape,—that thou mayst share my fortune,—
Thee will I bring home. Oh, by thy right hand
Thee I implore—and thee!—by thy sweet face
Thee,—by thy knees—by all thou lov'st at home! 1070
What say ye? Who consents? Who sayeth nay—
Oh speak!—to this? for if ye hearken not,
I and mine hapless brother are undone.

CHORUS

Fear not, dear lady: do but save thyself.
I will keep silence touching all the things
Whereof thou chargest me: great Zeus be witness.

IPHIGENEIA

Heaven bless you for the word! Happy be ye!
(*To OR. and PYL.*) 'Tis thy part now, and thine, to pass
within;
For this land's king shall in short space be here 1080
To ask if yet this sacrifice be done.
O Goddess-queen, who erst by Aulis' clefts
Didst save me from my sire's dread murderous hand,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

σῶσόν με καὶ νῦν τοῦσδε τ' ἢ τὸ Λοξίου
οὐκέτι βροτοῖσι διὰ σ' ἐτήτυμον στόμα.
ἀλλ' εὐμενῆς ἔκβηθι βαρβάρου χθονὸς
εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας· καὶ γὰρ ἐνθάδ' οὐ πρέπει
ναίειν, παρὸν σοι πόλιν ἔχειν εὐδαίμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1090 ὄρνις, ἃ παρὰ πετρίνας στρ. α'
πόντου δειράδας, ἄλκυών,
ἔλεγον οἰκτρὸν αἰείδεις,
εὐξύνετον ξυνετοῖσι βοάν,
ὄτι πόσιν κελαδεῖς αἰεὶ μολπαῖς,
ἐγὼ σοι παραβάλλομαι
θρήνους, ἄπτερος ὄρνις,
ποθοῦσ' Ἑλλάνων ἀγόρους,
ποθοῦσ' Ἀρτεμιν ὀλβίαν,¹
ἃ παρὰ Κύνθιον ὄχθον οἰκεῖ
1100 φοινικά θ' ἄβροκόμαν
δάφναν τ' εὐερνέα καὶ
γλαυκᾶς θαλλὸν ἱρὸν ἐλαίας,
Λατοῦς ὠδῖνι φίλας,²
λῆμναν θ' εἰλίσσουσαν ὕδωρ
κύκλιον, ἔνθα κύκνος μελω-
δὸς Μούσας θεραπεύει.

1110 ὦ πολλαὶ δακρύων λιβάδες, ἀντ. α'
αἱ παρηίδας εἰς ἐμὰς
ἔπεσον, ἀνίκα πύργων
ὄλλυμένων ἐπὶ ναυσὶν ἔβαν
πολεμίων ἔρετμοῖσι καὶ λόγχαῖς.

¹ Nauck : for *λοχίαν* of MSS. "Travail-queen Artemis."

² Portus and Markland : for *ὠδῖνα φίλαν* of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Save me now too with these ; else Loxias' words
 Through thee shall be no more believed of men.
 But graciously come forth this barbarous land
 To Athens. It beseems thee not to dwell
 Here, when so blest a city may be thine.

[IPHIGENEIA, ORESTES, and PYLADES enter the temple.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Thou bird, who by scaurs o'er the sea-breakers leaning
 Ever chantest thy song, 1090
 O Halcyon, thy burden of sorrow, whose meaning
 To the wise doth belong,
 Who discern that for aye on thy mate thou art crying,
 I lift up a dirge to thy dirges replying—
 Ah, thy pinions I have not !—for Hellas sighing,
 For the blithe city-throng ;
 For that happier Artemis sighing, who dwelleth
 By the Cynthian Hill,
 By the feathery palm, by the shoot that swelleth
 When the bay-buds fill, 1100
 By the pale-green sacred olive that aided
 Leto, whose travail the dear boughs shaded,
 By the lake with the circling ripples braided,
 Where from throats of the swans to the Muses
 upwelleth
 Song-service still.

(Ant. 1)

O tears on my cheeks that as fountains plashing
 Were rained that day, [crashing,
 When I sailed, from our towers that in ruin were
 In the galleys, the prey [me,
 Of the oars of the foe, of the spears that had caught 1110

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ζαχρῦσον δὲ δι' ἔμπολᾶς
 νόστον βάρβαρον ἦλθον,
 ἔνθα τὰς ἐλαφοκτόνου
 θεᾶς ἀμφίπολον κόραν
 παῖδ' Ἀγαμεμνονίαν λατρεύω
 βωμούς θ' Ἑλληνοθύτους,¹
 ζηλοῦσ' ἄταν διὰ παν-
 τὸς δυσδαίμον'. ἐν γὰρ ἀνάγκαις
 οὐ κάμνει σύντροφος ὦν·
 1120 μεταβάλλει δυσδαιμονία·
 τὸ δὲ μετ' εὐτυχίας κακοῦ-
 σθαι θνατοῖς βαρὺς αἰών.

καὶ σὲ μὲν, πότνι', Ἀργεῖα
 πεντηκόντορος οἶκον ἄξει·
 συρίζων δ' ὁ κηροδέτας
 κάλαμος οὐρείου Πανὸς
 κώπαις ἐπιθωῦξει,
 ὁ Φοῖβός θ' ὁ μάντις ἔχων
 κέλαδον ἑπτατόνου λύρας
 1130 αἰείδων ἄξει λιπαρὰν
 εὐ σ' Ἀθηναίων ἐπὶ γᾶν.
 ἐμὲ δ' αὐτοῦ προλιποῦ-
 σα βήσει ῥοθίοις πλάταις·
 ἀέρι δ' ἰστί' ἐπὶ προτόνοις κατὰ
 πρῶφραν ὑπὲρ στόλον ἐκπετάσουσι πόδες
 ναὸς ὠκυπόμπου.

στρ. β'

¹ Enger, Köchly, and Wecklein: for τοὺς μηλοθύτους of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And for gold in the balances weighed men bought me,
And unto a barbarous home they brought me,
 To the handmaid-array
Of Atreides' daughter, who sacrificeth
 To the Huntress-queen
On the altars whence reek of the slain Greeks riseth !
 Ah, the man that hath seen
Bliss never, full gladly his lot would I borrow !
For he faints not 'neath ills, who was cradled in sorrow ;
On his night of affliction may dawn bright morrow : 1120
But whom ruin, in happiness ambushed, surpriseth,
 Ah, their stroke smiteth keen !

(Str. 2)

And the fifty oars shall dip of the Argive gallant ship
 That shall waft thee to the homeland shore ;
And the waxèd pipe shall ring of the mountain
 Shepherd-king
 To enkindle them that tug the strenuous oar ;
And the Seer shall wing their fleetness, even Phoebus,
 by the sweetness
 Of the seven-stringed lyre in his hand ;
And his chanting voice shall lead you as in triumph-
 march, and speed you 1130
 Unto Athens, to the sunny-gleaming land.
 And I shall be left here lone, but thou
 Shalt be racing with splash of the pine,
 While the broad sail swells o'er the plunging
 prow
 Outcurving the forestay-line,
 While the halliards shiver, the mainsheets
 quiver,
 As the cutwater leaps thro' the brine.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

λαμπρὸν ἰππόδρομον βαίην, ἀντ β'
 1140 ἔνθ' εὐάλιον ἔρχεται πῦρ·
 οἰκείων δ' ὑπὲρ θαλάμων
 πτέρυγας ἐν νώτοις ἀμοῖς
 λήξαιμι θοάζουσα·
 χοροῖς δὲ σταίην, ὅθι καὶ
 πάρεδρος¹ εὐδοκίμων γάμων,
 παρὰ πόδ' εἰλίσσουσα φίλας
 πρὸς ἠλίκων θιάσους,
 ἐς ἀμίλλας χαρίτων,
 χλιδᾶς ἀβροπλούτιο
 1150 εἰς ἔριν ὀρνυμένα, πολυποίκιλα
 φάρεα καὶ πλοκάμους περιβαλλομένα γέ-
 νυν συνεσκιάζον.

ΘΟΑΣ

ποῦ 'σθ' ἡ πυλωρὸς τῶνδε δωμάτων γυνή
 Ἑλληνίς; ἤδη τῶν ξένων κατήρξατο,
 ἀδύτοις τ' ἐν ἀγνοῖς σῶμα δάπτονται πυρί;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦδ' ἐστίν, ἦ σοι πάντ', ἄναξ, ἐρεῖ σαφῶς.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἔα·
 τί τόδε μεταίρεις ἐξ ἀκινήτων βάθρων,
 Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖ, θεᾶς ἄγαλμ' ἐν ὠλέναις;

¹ Badham : for παρθένος of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

(*Ant.* 2)

And it's O that I could soar up the splendour-litten
floor .

Where the sun drives the chariot-steeds of light,
And it's O that I were come o'er the chambers of
my home,

1140

And were folding the swift pinions of my flight ;
And that, where at royal wedding the bridemaids'
feet are treading

Through the measure, I were gliding in the dance,
Through its maze of circles sweeping with mine
olden playmates, keeping

Truest time with waving arms and feet that glance !

And it's O for the loving rivalry,

For the sweet forms costly-arrayed,

For the raiment of cunningest broidery,

For the challenge of maid to maid,

For the veil light-tossing, the loose curl
crossing

1150

My cheek with its flicker of shade !

Enter THOAS with attendants.

THOAS

Where is this temple's warder, Hellas' daughter ?

Hath she begun yon strangers' sacrifice ?

Are they ablaze with fire in the holy shrine ?

CHORUS

Here is she, king, to tell thee clearly all.

*Enter IPHIGENEIA bearing the image of Artemis in her
arms.*

THOAS

Why bear'st thou in thine arms, Agamemnon's child,

From its inviolate base the Goddess' statue ?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄναξ, ἔχ' αὐτοῦ πόδα σὸν ἐν παραστάσιν.

ΘΟΑΣ

1160

τί δ' ἔστιν, Ἰφιγένεια, καινὸν ἐν δόμοις ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀπέπτυσ'· Ὀσία γὰρ δίδωμ' ἔπος τόδε.

ΘΟΑΣ

τί φροιμάζει νεοχμὸν; ἐξαύδα σαφῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ καθαρὰ μοι τὰ θύματ' ἠγρεύσασθ', ἄναξ.

ΘΟΑΣ

τί τοῦκιδιδάξαν τοῦτό σ'; ἠ' δόξαν λέγεις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

βρέτας τὸ τῆς θεοῦ πάλιν ἔδρας ἀπεστράφη.

ΘΟΑΣ

αὐτόματον, ἢ νιν σεισμὸς ἔστρεψε χθονός;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

αὐτόματον· ὄψιν δ' ὀμμάτων ξυνήρμοσεν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἠ' δ' αἰτία τίς; ἠ' τὸ τῶν ξένων μύσος;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦδ', οὐδὲν ἄλλο· δεινὰ γὰρ δεδράκατον.

ΘΟΑΣ

1170

ἀλλ' ἢ τιν' ἔκανον βαρβάρων ἀκτῆς ἐπι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἰκεῖον ἦλθον τὸν φόνον κεκτημένοι.

ΘΟΑΣ

τίν'; εἰς ἔρον γὰρ τοῦ μαθεῖν πεπτώκαμεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μητέρα κατειργάσαντο κοινωνῶ ξίφει.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

King, stay thy foot there in the portico !

THOAS

What profanation in the fane hath chanced ? 1160

IPHIGENEIA

Avaunt that evil word, in Sanctity's name !

THOAS

What strange tale dost thou preface ? Plainly tell.

IPHIGENEIA

Unclean I found thy captured victims, king.

THOAS

What proof hast thou ?—or speak'st thou but thy
thought ?

IPHIGENEIA

Back from its place the Goddess' statue turned.

THOAS

Self-moved ?—or did an earthquake wrench it round ?

IPHIGENEIA

Self-moved. Yea, also did it close its eyes.

THOAS

The cause ?—pollution by the strangers brought ?

IPHIGENEIA

This, and nought else ; for foul deeds have they done.

THOAS

Ha ! slaughter of my people on the shore ? 1170

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, stained with guilt of murdered kin they came.

THOAS

What kin ? I am filled with longing this to learn.

IPHIGENEIA

Their mother with confederate swords they slew.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

Ἄπολλον, οὐδ' ἐν βαρβάροις ἔτλη τις ἄν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πάσης διωγμοῖς ἠλάθησαν Ἑλλάδος.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἦ τῶνδ' ἕκατι δῆτ' ἄγαλμ' ἔξω φέρεις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σεμνόν γ' ὑπ' αἰθέρ', ὡς μεταστήσω φόνου.

ΘΟΑΣ

μίασμα δ' ἔγνωσ τοῖν ξένοιν ποίῳ τρόπῳ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἠλεγχον, ὡς θεᾶς βρέτας ἀπεστράφη πάλιν.

ΘΟΑΣ

1180 σοφὴν σ' ἔθρεψεν Ἑλλάς, ὡς ἦσθου καλῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ νῦν καθεῖσαν δέλεαρ ἠδύ μοι φρενῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ

τῶν Ἀργόθεν τι φίλτρον ἀγγέλλοντέ σοι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸν μόνον Ὀρέστην ἐμὸν ἀδελφὸν εὐτυχεῖν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὡς δὴ σφε σώσαις ἠδοναῖς ἀγγελμάτων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πατέρα γε ζῆν καὶ καλῶς πράσσειν ἐμόν.

ΘΟΑΣ

σὺ δ' εἰς τὸ τῆς θεοῦ γ' ἐξένευσας εἰκότως.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πᾶσάν γε μισοῦσ' Ἑλλάδ', ἣ μ' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΘΟΑΣ

τί δῆτα δρῶμεν, φράζε, τοῖν ξένοιν πέρι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸν νόμον ἀνάγκη τὸν προκείμενον σέβειν.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Apollo! Of barbarians none had dared it!

IPHIGENEIA

Out of all Hellas hunted were they driven.

THOAS

And for their cause bear'st thou the image forth?

IPHIGENEIA

'Neath holy sky, to banish that blood-taint.

THOAS

The strangers' guilt—how knewest thou thereof?

IPHIGENEIA

I questioned them, when back the Goddess turned.

THOAS

Wise child of Hellas, well didst thou discern.

1180

IPHIGENEIA

Even now they cast a bait to entice mine heart.

THOAS

Tidings from Argos—made they this their lure?

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, of mine only brother Orestes' weal.¹

THOAS

That thou might'st spare them for their welcome news?

IPHIGENEIA

My father liveth and is well, say they.

THOAS

Thou to the Goddess' part in thee didst cleave?

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, for I hate all Greece, which gave me death.

THOAS

What shall we do then with the strangers, say?

IPHIGENEIA

We must needs reverence the ordinance.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- 1190 οὔκουν ἐν ἔργῳ χέρνιβες ξίφος τε σόν;
 ΘΟΑΣ
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
 ἀγνοῖς καθαρμοῖς πρῶτά νιν νίψαι θέλω.
 ΘΟΑΣ
 πηγαῖσιν ὑδάτων ἢ θαλασσία δρόσῳ;
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
 θάλασσα κλύζει πάντα τὰνθρώπων κακά.
 ΘΟΑΣ
 ὀσιώτερον γοῦν τῇ θεῷ πέσοιεν ἄν.
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
 καὶ τὰμά γ' οὔτω μᾶλλον ἂν καλῶς ἔχοι.
 ΘΟΑΣ
 οὔκουν πρὸς αὐτὸν ναὸν ἐκπίπτει κλύδων;
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
 ἐρημίας δεῖ· καὶ γὰρ ἄλλα δράσομεν.
 ΘΟΑΣ
 ἄγ' ἔνθα χρήσεις· οὐ φιλῶ τᾶρρηθ' ὄραν.
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
 ἀγνιστέον μοι καὶ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ βρέτας.
 ΘΟΑΣ
 1200 εἴπερ γε κηλὶς ἔβαλέ νιν μητροκτόνος.
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν νιν ἠράμην βάθρων ἄπο.
 ΘΟΑΣ
 δίκαιος ἠυσέβεια καὶ προμηθία.
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
 οἴσθ᾽ ἄ νιν ἄ μοι γενέσθω;
 ΘΟΑΣ
 σὸν τὸ σημαίνειν τόδε.
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
 δεσμὰ τοῖς ξένοισι πρόσθεσ.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Why do not lustral drops and knife their part ? 1190

IPHIGENEIA

With holy cleansings would I wash them first.

THOAS

In fountain-waters, or in sea-spray showers ?

IPHIGENEIA

The sea doth wash away all ills of men.

THOAS

Thus holier should the Goddess' victims be.

IPHIGENEIA

And better so should all my purpose speed.

THOAS

Full on the fane doth not the sea-surge break ?

IPHIGENEIA

There needeth solitude : more is to do.

THOAS

Where thou wilt. Into mystic rites I pry not.

IPHIGENEIA

The image must I purify withal.

THOAS

Yea, if the matricides have tainted it. 1200

IPHIGENEIA

Else from its pedestal had I moved it not.

THOAS

Righteous thy piety and forethought are.

IPHIGENEIA

Know'st thou now what still I lack ?

THOAS

'Tis thine to tell what yet must be.

IPHIGENEIA

Bind with chains the strangers.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

ποῖ δέ σ' ἐκφύγοιεν ἄν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πιστὸν Ἑλλὰς οἶδεν οὐδέν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἴτ' ἐπὶ δεσμά, πρόσπολοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κἀκκομιζόντων δὲ δεῦρο τοὺς ξένους,

ΘΟΑΣ

ἔσται τάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κρᾶτα κρύψαντες πέπλοισιν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἡλίου πρόσθεν φλογός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σῶν τέ μοι σύμπεμπ' ὄπαδῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ

οἶδ' ὀμαρτήσουσί σοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πόλει πέμψον τιν' ὅστις σημανεῖ

ΘΟΑΣ

ποίας τύχας ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1210

ἐν δόμοις μίμνειν ἅπαντας.

ΘΟΑΣ

μὴ συναντῶσιν φόνῳ ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μυσαρὰ γὰρ τὰ τοιάδ' ἐστί.

ΘΟΑΣ

στεῖχε καὶ σήμαινε σύ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ φίλων γε δεῖ μάλιστα.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Whither from thy warding could they flee ?

IPHIGENEIA

Faithless utterly is Hellas.

THOAS

Henchmen mine, to bind them go

IPHIGENEIA

Let them now bring forth the strangers hitherward,—

THOAS

It shall be so.

IPHIGENEIA

Veiling first their heads with mantles.

THOAS

Lest the sun pollution see.

IPHIGENEIA

Send thou also of thy servants with me.

THOAS

These shall go with thee.

IPHIGENEIA

And throughout the city send thou one to warn—

THOAS

'Gainst what mischance ?

IPHIGENEIA

That within all folk abide ;—

1210

THOAS

Lest any eye meet murder's glance.

IPHIGENEIA

For the look shall bring pollution.

THOAS (*to attendant*)

Go thou, warn the folk of this.

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, and chiefly of my friends—

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τούτ' ἔλεξας εἰς ἐμέ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μηδέν' εἰς ὄψιν πελάζειν.

ΘΟΑΣ

εὖ γε κηδεύεις πόλιν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰκότως.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὡς εἰκότως σε πᾶσα θαυμάζει πόλις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σὺ δὲ μένων αὐτοῦ πρὸ ναῶν τῇ θεῷ

ΘΟΑΣ

τί χρῆμα δρῶ ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄγνισον πυρσφ̄ μέλαθρον.

ΘΟΑΣ

καθαρόν ὡς μόλης πάλιν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦνίκ' ἂν δ' ἔξω περῶσιν οἱ ξένοι,

ΘΟΑΣ

τί χρή με δρᾶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πέπλον ὀμμάτων προθέσθαι.

ΘΟΑΣ

μὴ παλαμναίου λάβω ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦν δ' ἄγαν δοκῶ χρονίζειν,

ΘΟΑΣ

τοῦδ' ὄρος τίς ἐστί μοι ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

θαυμάσης μηδέν.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Hereby thou meanest me, I wis.

IPHIGENEIA

None must to the sight draw near.

THOAS

Our city hath thine heedful care.

IPHIGENEIA

Rightly.

THOAS

Rightly through the city art thou revered
everywhere.

IPHIGENEIA

Thou abide before Her shrine :

THOAS

What service shall I do her there ?

IPHIGENEIA

Cleanse her house with flame.

THOAS

That it be pure for thy return thereto.

IPHIGENEIA

And when forth the temple come the strangers—

THOAS

What behoves to do ?

IPHIGENEIA

Draw thy mantle o'er thine eyes.

THOAS

Lest I be tainted of their sin ?

IPHIGENEIA

If o'erlong I seem to tarry,—

THOAS

What the limit set herein ?

IPHIGENEIA

Marvel not.

1220

387
c c 2

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τὰ τῆς θεοῦ πράσ᾽ ἐπὶ σχολῆς καλῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰ γὰρ ὡς θέλω καθαρμὸς ὕδρ' ἔπεισι.

ΘΟΑΣ

συνεύχομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τούσδ' ἄρ' ἐκβαλνοντας ἤδη δωμάτων ὀρῶ ξένους
καὶ θεᾶς κόσμον νεογνούς τ' ἄρνας, ὡς φόνου
φόνου

μυσαρὸν ἐκνίψω, σέλας τε λαμπάδων τὰ τ' ἄλλ'
ἴσα

προυθέμην ἐγὼ ξένοισι καὶ θεᾷ καθάρσια.

ἐκποδῶν δ' αὐδῶ πολίταις τοῦδ' ἔχειν μιάσματος,

εἴ τις ἢ ναῶν πυλωρὸς χεῖρας ἀγνεύει θεοῖς,

ἢ γάμον στείχει συνάψων ἢ τόκοις βαρύνεται,

φεύγεται, ἐξίστασθε, μὴ τῷ προσπέσῃ μύσος
τόδε.

1230 ὦ Διὸς Λητοῦς τ' ἀνασσα παρθέν', ἦν νίψω
φόνου

τῶνδε καὶ θύσωμεν οὐ χρεῖ, καθαρὸν οἰκήσεις
δόμον,

εὐτυχεῖς δ' ἡμεῖς ἐσόμεθα. τἄλλα δ' οὐ λέγουσ',
ὁμως

τοῖς τὰ πλείον' εἰδόσιν θεοῖς σοί τε σημαίνω, θεά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐπαις ὁ Λατοῦς γόνος,

στρ.

ὅν ποτε Δηλιάσιω

IPHIGENEIA IN TAUBICA

THOAS

In thine own season render thou the dues divine.

IPHIGENEIA

Fair befall this purifying as I would !

THOAS

Thy prayer is mine.

IPHIGENEIA

Lo, and even now I see the strangers pacing forth
the fane [—that by blood-stain

With the adorning of the Goddess, with the lambs,
Blood-stain I may cleanse,—with flash of torches, and
with what beside, [purified.

As I bade, the strangers and the Goddess shall be
Now I warn the city-folk to shrink from this pollution
far :— [warders are,

Ye that, with pure hands for heaven's service, temple-
Whoso purposeth espousals, whoso laboureth with
child, [be defiled.

Flee ye ; hence away, that none with this pollution
Queen, O child of Zeus and Leto, so the guilt from 1230
these I lave, [thou have ;

So I sacrifice where meet is, stainless temple shalt
Blest withal shall we be—more I say not, yet to
Gods who know [plainly show.

All, and, Goddess, unto thee, mine heart's desire I

[THOAS enters temple. Exeunt IPHIGENEIA,
ORESTES, PYLADES, and attendants.

CHORUS¹

A glorious babe in the days of old (Str.)
Leto in Delos bare,

¹ Apollo's oracle was now proved right, and Iphigeneia's dream wrong ; so this ode celebrates the institution of that oracle, and the abolition of the ancient dream-oracles.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

1240 καρποφόροις γυάλοις
 [ἔτικτε] χρυσοκόμαν
 ἐν κιθάρα σοφόν, ἃ¹ τ' ἐπὶ τόξων
 εὐστοχία γάννται, φέρε δ' Ἴνῳ
 ἀπὸ δειράδος εἰναλίας,
 λοχεῖα κλεινὰ λιποῦσ'
 ἀστάκτων ματέρ' εἰς ὑδάτων,
 τὰν βακχεύουσαν Διονύσῳ
 Παρνάσιον κορυφάν,
 ὅθι ποικιλόνωτος οἴνωπὸς δράκων
 σκιερᾷ κατάχαλκος εὐφύλλῳ δάφνῃ,
 γᾶς πελώριον τέρας, ἄμφεπε
 μαντεῖον χθόνιον.

1250 ἔτι μιν ἔτι βρέφος, ἔτι φίλας
 ἐπὶ ματέρος ἀγκάλαισι θρώσκων,
 ἔκανες, ὦ Φοῖβε, μαν-
 τείων δ' ἐπέβας ζαθέων,
 τρίποδί τ' ἐν χρυσέῳ
 θάσσεις, ἐν ἀψευδεῖ θρόνῳ
 μαντείας βροτοῖς
 θεσφάτων νέμων
 ἀδύτων ὑπο, Κασταλίας ρεέθρων
 γείτων, μέσον γᾶς ἔχων μέλαθρον.

1260 Θέμιν δ' ἐπεὶ γᾶς ἰὼν ἀντ.
 παῖδ' ἀπενάσσατο Λα-
 τῶος ἀπὸ ζαθέων
 χρηστηρίων, νύχια

¹ Weil : for MSS. ε, a passing and irrelevant mention of Artemis.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Mid its valleys of fruitage manifold,
 The babe of the golden hair,—
 Lord of the harp sweet-ringing, king of the bow
 sure-winging [rock by the swell
 The shaft that he loveth well,—and she fled from the
 Of the sea encompassed, bringing 1240
 From the place where her travail befell
 Her babe to the height whence rolled the gushing
 rills untold,
 Where the Wine-god's revels stormy-souled
 O'er the crests of Parnassus fare;
 Where, gleaming with coils iridescent, half-hiding
 The glint of his mail'neath the dense-shadowed bay,
 Was the earth-spawned monster, the dragon, gliding
 Round the chasm wherein earth's oracle lay.
 But thou, who wast yet but a babe, yet leaping
 Babe-like in thy mother's loving embrace, 1250
 Thou, Phoebus, didst slay him, didst take for thine
 The oracle's lordship, the right divine,
 And still on the tripod of gold art keeping
 Thy session, dispensing to us, to the race
 Of men, revelation of heaven's design,
 From thy throne of truth, from the secret shrine,
 By the streams through Castaly's cleft up-sweeping,
 Where the Heart of the World is thy dwelling-
 place.

But the Child of Earth did his coming make (*Ant.*)
 Of her birthright dispossessed, 1260
 For the oracle-sceptre of Themis he brake :
 Wherefore the Earth from her breast,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

Χθὼν ἔτεκνώσατο φάσματ' ὀνείρων,
οἳ πολέσιω μερόπων τά τε πρῶτα
τά τ' ἔπειθ' ὄσ' ἔμελλε τυχεῖν
ὑπνου κατὰ δνοφερὰς
εἰνὰς ἔφραζον· Γαῖα δὲ τὰν
μαντείων ἀφείλετο τιμὰν
Φοῖβον φθόνῳ θυγατρός·

1270

ταχύπους δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ὄρμαθεις ἄναξ
χέρα παιδὸν ἔλιξεν ἐκ Ζήνος θρόνων
Πυθίων δόμων χθονίαν ἀφε-
λεῖν θεᾶς μῆνιν νυχίους τ' ὀνείρους.
γέλασε δ', ὅτι τέκος ἄφαρ ἔβα
πολύχρυσα θέλων λατρεύματα σχεῖν·
ἐπὶ δ' ἔσεισεν κόμαν,
παῦσεν νυχίους ἐνοπὰς
ἀπὸ δ' ἀλαθοσύναν
νυκτωπὸν ἐξείλεν βροτῶν,
καὶ τιμὰς πάλιν
θῆκε Λοξία,
πολύανορι δ' ἐν ξενόεντι θρόνῳ
θάρση βροτοῖς θεσφάτων ἀοιδαῖς.

1280

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ ναοφύλακες βώμοί τ' ἐπιστάται,
Θόας ἄναξ γῆς τῆσδε ποῦ κυρεῖ βεβώς;
καλεῖτ' ἀναπτύξαντες εὐγόμφοις πύλας
ἔξω μελάθρων τῶνδε κοίρανον χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, εἰ χρῆ μὴ κελευσθεῖσαν λέγειν;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

To make of his pride a derision, sent forth dream-
vision on vision,
Whereby to the sons of men the things that had been
ere then,
 And the things for the Gods' decision
 Yet waiting beyond our ken,
Through the darkness of slumber she spake, and from
 Phoebus—in fierce heart-ache
Of jealous wrath for her daughter's sake—
 His honour so did she wrest.
Swift hasted our King to Olympus' palace, 1270
 And with child-arms clinging to Zeus' throne prayed
That the night-visions born of the Earth-mother's
 malice
 Might be banished the fane in the Pythian glade.
Smiled Zeus, that his son, for the costly oblations
 Of his worshippers jealous, so swiftly had come :
And he shook his locks for the great oath-plight,
And he made an end of the voices of night ;
For he took from mortals the dream-visitations,
 Truth's shadows upfloating from Earth's dark
 womb ;
And he sealed by an everlasting right 1280
 Loxias' honours, that all men might
Trust wholly his word, when the thronging nations
 Bowed at the throne where he sang fate's doom.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

O temple-warders, altar-ministers,
Whither hath Thoas gone, this country's king ?
Fling wide the closely-bolted doors, and call
Forth of these halls the ruler of the land.

CHORUS

What is it?—if unbidden I may speak.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1290 βεβᾶσι φρούδοι δίπτυχοι νεανίαι
Ἄγαμεμνονείας παιδὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων
φεύγοντες ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε καὶ σεμνὸν βρέτας
λαβόντες ἐν κόλποισιν Ἑλλάδος νεώς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄπιστον εἶπας μῦθον· ὃν δ' ἰδεῖν θέλεις
ἄνακτα χώρας, φρούδος ἐκ ναοῦ συθείς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ποῖ; δεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν εἶδέναι τὰ δρώμενα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἴσμεν· ἀλλὰ στείχε καὶ δῖωκέ νιν
ὅπου κυρήσας τοῦσδ' ἀπαγγελεῖς λόγους.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὄρατ', ἄπιστον ὡς γυναικεῖον γένος·
μέτεστι χυμῖν τῶν πεπραγμένων μέρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1300 μαίνει; τί δ' ἡμῖν τῶν ξένων δρασμοῦ μέτα;
οὐκ εἰ κρατούντων πρὸς πύλας ὅσον τάχος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐ, πρὶν γ' ἂν εἶπη τοῦπος ἑρμηνεὺς τόδε,
εἴτ' ἔνδον εἴτ' οὐκ ἔνδον ἀρχηγὸς χθονός.
ὦή, χαλᾶτε κλήθρα, τοῖς ἔνδον λέγω,
καὶ δεσπότη σημήναθ' οὔνεκ' ἐν πύλαις
πάρεμι, καινῶν φόρτον ἀγγέλλων κακῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ

τίς ἀμφὶ δῶμα θεᾶς τόδ' ἴστησιν βοήν,
πύλας ἀράξας καὶ ψόφον πέμψας ἔσω;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1310 ψευδῶς λέγουσαί μ' αἰδ' ἠπήλαυνον δόμων,
ὡς ἐκτὸς εἴης· σὺ δὲ κατ' οἶκον ἦσθ' ἄρα.

¹ Pierson: for MSS. ψευδῶς ἔλεγον αἰδε, καὶ μ'.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

MESENKER

Gone are the two youths, vanished clean from sight,
Gone, by the plots of Agamemnon's child
Fleeing from this land, taking with them hence
The holy statue in a Greek ship's hold. 1290

CHORUS

Thy tale is past belief!—but the land's king,
Whom thou wouldst see, hath hurried forth the fane.

MESENKER

Whither?—for what is done he needs must know.

CHORUS

We know not: go thou, hasten after him,
And, where thou findest him, make thy report.

MESENKER

Lo now, how treacherous is womankind!
Ye also are partakers in this deed.

CHORUS

Art mad? What is to us the strangers' flight?
Away with all speed to thy master's gates. 1300

MESENKER

Nay, not till I be certified of this,
Whether the land's lord be within or no.
What ho!—within there!—shoot the door-bolts back,
And to your master tell that at the gates
Am I, who bear a burden of ill-news.

Enter THOAS from the temple.

THOAS

Who makes this outcry at the Goddess' fane,
Smiting the doors, and hurling noise within?

MESENKER

Falsely these said—would so have driven me hence—
That thou wast forth, while yet wast thou within. 1310

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τί προσδοκῶσαι κέρδος ἢ θηρώμεναι;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὐθις τὰ τῶνδε σημαίνω· τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶ
παρόντ' ἄκουσον. ἡ νεάνις, ἡ ἠθάδε
βωμοῖς παρίστατ', Ἰφιγένει', ἔξω χθονὸς
σὺν τοῖς ξένοισιν οἴχεται, σεμνὸν θεᾶς
ἄγαλμ' ἔχουσα· δόλια δ' ἦν καθάρματα.

ΘΟΑΣ

πῶς φῆς; τί πνεῦμα συμφορᾶς κεκτημένη;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σῶζουσ' Ὀρέατην· τοῦτο γὰρ σὺ θαυμάσει.

ΘΟΑΣ

τὸν ποῖον; ἄρ' ὄν Τυνδαρίς τίκτει κόρη;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1320 ὄν τοῖσδε βωμοῖς θεὰ καθωσιώσατο.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὦ θαῦμα, πῶς σε μείζον ὀνομάσας τύχῃ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

μὴ ἠταῦθα τρέψῃς σὴν φρέν', ἀλλ' ἄκουέ μου·
σαφῶς δ' ἀθρήσας καὶ κλύων ἐκφρόντισον
διωγμὸν ὅστις τοὺς ξένους θηράσεται.

ΘΟΑΣ

λέγ'· εὐ γὰρ εἶπας· οὐ γὰρ ἀγχιπλουν πόρον
φεύγουσιν, ὥστε διαφυγεῖν τοῦμὸν δόρυ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1330 ἐπεὶ πρὸς ἀκτὰς ἤλθομεν θαλασσίας,
οὐ ναῦς Ὀρέστον κρύφιος ἦν ὠρμισμένη,
ἡμᾶς μὲν, οὐδ' σὺ δεσμὰ συμπέμπεις ξένων
ἔχοντας, ἐξένευσ' ἀποστήναι πρόσω
Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖς, ὡς ἀπόρρητον φλόγα

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

What profit sought they?—hunted for what gain?

MESSENGER

Their deeds hereafter will I tell. Hear thou
The trouble at the doors. The maid that here
Served at the altars, Iphigeneia, is fled
With yonder strangers, and the holy image
Hath taken. Nought but guile that cleansing was.

THOAS

How say'st? What wind of fortune hath she found?

MESSENGER

To save Orestes. Marvel thou at this!

THOAS

Orestes?—him whom Tyndarus' daughter bare?

MESSENGER

Him whom the Goddess hallowed for her altars. 1320

THOAS

O marvel! What name stronger fitteth thee?

MESSENGER

Take thou not thought for that, but list to me:
Mark clearly all, and as thou hear'st devise
By what pursuit to hunt the strangers down.

THOAS

Say on: thou speakest well. By no near course
They needs must flee, that they should 'scape my spear.

MESSENGER

Soon as unto the sea-beach we had come,
Where hidden was Orestes' galley moored,
Us, whom with those bound strangers thou didst send,
Agamemnon's child waved back, to stand aloof, 1330
As one at point to light the inviolate fire,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ :

- θύουσα καὶ καθαρμὸν ὄν μετόχετο.
 αὐτὴ δ' ὀπισθε δέσμ' ἔχουσα τοῖν ξένοι
 ἔστειχε χερσί. καὶ τὰδ' ἦν ὑποπτα μὲν,
 ἤρεσκε μέντοι σοῖσι προσπόλοις, ἀναξ.
 χρόνῳ δ', ἴν' ἡμῖν δρᾶν τι δὴ δοκοῖ πλέον,
 ἀνωλόλυξε καὶ κατῆδε βάρβαρα
 μέλη μαγεύουσ', ὡς φόνον νίζουσα δὴ.
 1340 ἐπεὶ δὲ δαρὸν ἦμεν ἡμενοὶ χρόνον,
 ἐσῆλθεν ἡμᾶς μὴ λυθέντες οἱ ξένοι
 κτάνοιεν αὐτὴν δραπέται τ' οἰχοῖατο.
 φόβῳ δ' ἂ μὴ χρῆν εἰσορᾶν καθήμεθα
 συγῆ· τέλος δὲ πᾶσιν ἦν αὐτὸς λόγος,
 στείχειν ἴν' ἦσαν, καίπερ οὐκ ἑωμένους.
 κᾶνταῦθ' ὀρώμεν Ἑλλάδος νεὸς σκάφος
 ταρσῶ κατῆρες, πίτυλον ἐπτερωμένον,
 ναύτας τε πεντήκοντ' ἐπὶ σκαλμῶν πλάτας
 ἔχοντας, ἐκ δεσμῶν δὲ τοὺς νεανίας
 1350 ἐλευθέρους πρύμνηθεν ἐστῶτας νεὸς.
 κοντοῖς δὲ πρῶραν εἶχον, οἱ δ' ἐπωτίδων
 ἄγκυραν ἐξανήπτου, οἱ δὲ, κλίμακας
 σπεύδοντες, ἦγον διὰ χερῶν πρυμνήσια,
 πόντῳ δὲ δόντες τοῖν ξένοι καθίσταν.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀφειδήσαντες, ὡς ἐσείδομεν
 δόλια τεχνήματ', εἰχόμεσθα τῆς ξένης
 πρυμνησίῳν τε, καὶ δι' εὐθυντηρίας
 οἶακας ἐξηροῦμεν εὐπρύμνου νεὸς·
 λόγοι δ' ἐχώρουν· τίνοι νόμῳ πορθμεύετε
 κλέπτοντες ἐκ γῆς ξόανα καὶ θνηπόλους ;
 1360 τίνοι τίς ὦν σὺ τήνδ' ἀπεμπολᾶς χθονός ;
 ὁ δ' εἶπ'· Ὀρέστης τῆσδ' ὄμαιμος, ὡς μάθης,
 Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖς, τήνδ' ἐμὴν κομίζομαι
 λαβῶν ἀδελφὴν, ἣν ἀπώλεσ' ἐκ δόμων.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And do the cleansing for the which she came.
 Herself took in her hands the strangers' bonds,
 And paced behind. Somewhat mine heart misgave,
 Yet were thy servants satisfied, O King.
 Time passed: she chanted loud some alien hymn
 Of wizardry,—with semblance of weird rites
 To cozen us,—as one that cleansed blood-guilt.

But when we had been long time sitting thus,
 It came into our minds that, breaking loose, 1340
 The strangers might have slain her, and have fled.
 Yet, dreading to behold forfended things,
 Silent we sat, till all agreed at last
 To go to where they were, albeit forbid.
 And there we see a Hellene galley's hull
 With ranks of oar-blades fringed, sea-plashing wings,
 And fifty seamen at the tholes thereof
 Grasping their oars; and, from their bonds set free,
 Beside the galley's stern the young men stood.
 The prow with poles some steadied, some hung up 1350
 The anchor at the catheads, some in haste
 Ran through their hands the hawsers, and there-
 with
 Dropped ladders for the strangers to the sea.

But we spared not, as soon as we beheld
 Their cunning wiles: we grasped the stranger-maid,
 The hawser-bands, and strove to wrench the helms
 Out through the stern-ports of the stately ship;
 And rang our shouts:—"By what right do ye steal
 Images from our land and priestesses?
 Who and whose son art thou, to kidnap her?" 1360
 But he, "Orestes I, her brother, son
 Of Agamemnon, know thou. She I bear
 Hence is my sister whom I lost from home."

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἦσσον εἰχόμεσθα τῆς ξένης
 καὶ πρὸς σ' ἔπεισθαι διεβιαζόμεσθά νιν,
 ὄθεν τὰ δεινὰ πλήγματ' ἦν γενειάδων.
 κείνοι τε γὰρ σίδηρον οὐκ εἶχον χεροῖν
 ἡμεῖς τε· πυγμαὶ δ' ἦσαν ἐγκροτούμεναι,
 καὶ κῶλ' ἀπ' ἀμφοῖν τοῖν νεανίαιν ἅμα
 1370 εἰς πλευρὰ καὶ πρὸς ἦπαρ ἠκοντίζετο,
 ὡς τῷ ξυνάπτειν καὶ συναποκαμῆν μέλη.
 δεινοῖς δὲ σημάντροισιν ἐσφραγισμένοι
 ἐφεύγομεν πρὸς κρημόν, οἱ μὲν ἐν κάρᾳ
 κάθαιμι ἔχοντες τραύμαθ', οἱ δ' ἐν ὄμμασιν
 ὄχθοις δ' ἐπισταθέντες εὐλαβεστέρωσ
 ἐμαρνάμεσθα καὶ πέτρους ἐβάλλομεν.
 ἀλλ' εἶργον ἡμᾶσ τοξόται πρύμνης ἐπι
 σταθέντες ἰοῖς, ὥστ' ἀναστεῖλαι πρόσω.
 κὰν τῷδε, δεινὸς γὰρ κλύδων ὠκείλε ναῦν
 1380 πρὸς γῆν, φόβος δ' ἦν παρθένῳ τέγγαι πόδα,
 λαβὼν Ὀρέστησ ὤμον εἰς ἀριστερόν,
 βὰσ εἰς θάλασσαν κἀπὶ κλίμακος θορών,
 ἔθηκ' ἀδελφὴν ἐντὸς εὐσέλμον νεώς,
 τό τ' οὐρανοῦ πέσημα, τῆσ Διὸσ κόρης
 ἄγαλμα. ναὸσ δ' ἐκ μέσησ ἐφθέγγετο
 βοή τις· ὦ γῆσ Ἑλλάδοσ ναῦται νεώς,
 λάβεσθε κώπησ ῥόθιά τ' ἐκλευκαίνετε·
 ἔχομεν γὰρ ὦνπερ εἶνεκ' ἄξενον πόρον
 1390 Συμπληγάδων ἐσῶθεν εἰσεπλεύσαμεν.
 οἱ δὲ στεναγμόν ἠδὺν ἐκβρυχώμενοι
 ἐπαισαν ἄλμην. ναὺσ δ', ἕωσ μὲν ἐντὸσ ἦν
 λιμένος, ἐχώρει· στόμα διαπερώσα δὲ
 λάβρω κλύδωνι συμπεσοῦσ' ἠπείγετο·
 δεινὸσ γὰρ ἐλθὼν ἄνεμοσ ἐξαίφνησ σκάφοσ,¹

¹ Wecklein : for MSS. νεώς.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Yet no less clung we to the stranger-maid,
And would have forced to follow us to thee,
Whence came these fearful buffets on my cheeks.
For in their hands steel weapons had they none,
Nor we ; but there were clenched fists hailing blows,
And those young champions twain dashed spurning
feet, .

As javelins swift, on waist and rib of us, 1370
That scarce we grappled, ere our limbs waxed faint ;
And marked with ghastly scars of strife we fled
Unto the cliffs, some bearing gory weals
Upon their heads, and others on their eyes.
Yet, rallying on the heights, more warily
We fought, and fell to hurling stones on them.
But archers, planted on her stern, with shafts
Back beat us, that we needs must draw aloof.

Meanwhile a great surge shoreward swung the ship ;
And, for the maiden feared to wade the surf, 1380
On his left shoulder Orestes lifted her,
Strode through the sea, upon the ladder leapt,
And in the good ship set his sister down,
With that heaven-fallen image of Zeus' child.
Then from the galley's midst rang loud and clear
A shout—" Ye seamen of this Hellene ship,
Grip oars, and churn the swirling breakers white ;
For we have won the prize for which we sailed
The cheerless sea within the Clashing Rocks."
Then, with glad gasp loud-bursting from each breast, 1390
Smote they the brine. The ship made way, while yet
Within the bay ; but, as she cleared its mouth,
By fierce surge met, she laboured heavily ;
For suddenly swooped a wild gust on the ship,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ὦθει παλιμπρυμνηδόν·¹ οἱ δ' ἑκαρτέρου
 πρὸς κύμα λακτίζοντες· εἰς δὲ γῆν πάλιν
 κλύδων παλίρρους ἤγε καὶν. σταθεῖσα δὲ
 Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖς ἠΰξ'ατ'· ὦ Λητοῦς κόρη,
 σῶσον με τὴν σὴν ἱερίαν πρὸς Ἑλλάδα
 1400) ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς καὶ κλοπαῖς σύγγνωθ' ἑμαῖς.
 φιλεῖς δὲ καὶ σὺ σὸν κασίγνητον, θεῶ
 φιλεῖν δὲ κάμῃ τοὺς ὀμαίμονας δόκει.
 ναῦται δ' ἐπηυφήμησαν εὐχαῖσιν κόρης
 παιᾶνα, γυμνὰς εὐχερῶς ἐπωμίδας
 κώπη προσαρμόσαντες ἐκ κελεύσματος.
 μᾶλλον δὲ μᾶλλον πρὸς πέτρας ἦει σκάφος·
 χῶ μὲν τις εἰς θάλασσαν ὠρμήθη ποσίν,
 ἄλλος δὲ πλεκτὰς ἐξανήπτεν ἀγκύλας.
 1410) κἀγὼ μὲν εὐθύς πρὸς σὲ δευρ' ἀπεστάλην,
 σοὶ τὰς ἐκείθεν σημανῶν, ἄναξ, τύχας.
 ἀλλ' ἔρπε, δεσμὰ καὶ βρόχους λαβὼν χεροῖν·
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ οἶδμα νήμεμον γενήσεται,
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἐλπίς τοῖς ξένοις σωτηρίας.
 πόντου δ' ἀνάκτωρ Ἴλιόν τ' ἐπισκοπεῖ,
 σεμνὸς Ποσειδῶν, Πελοπίδαις δ' ἐναντίος.
 καὶ νῦν παρέξει τὸν Ἄγαμέμνονος γόνον
 σοὶ καὶ πολίταις, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐν χεροῖν
 λαβεῖν, ἀδελφὴν θ', ἢ φόνον τὸν Αὐλίδι
 ἀμνημόνευτον θεῶ προδοῦσ' ἀλίσκεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1420) ὦ τλήμον Ἰφιγένεια, συγγόνου μέτα
 θανεῖ πάλιν μολοῦσα δεσποτῶν χέρας.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὦ πάντες ἀστοὶ τῆσδε βαρβάρου χθονός,
 οὐκ εἶα πῶλοις ἐμβαλόντες ἠνίας

¹ Hermann: for MSS. πάλιν πρυμνήσι.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Stern-foremost thrusting her. With might and main
 Fought they the waves, but towards the land again
 The back-sweep drave the ship: then stood and prayed
 Agamemnon's daughter, "Leto's Child, O Maid,
 Save me, thy priestess! Bring me unto Greece
 From alien land; forgive my theft of thee!" 1400
 Thy brother, Goddess, dost thou also love:
 O then believe that I too love my kin!"
 The mariners' pæan to the maiden's prayer
 Answered, the while with shoulders bare they
 strained

The oar-blade deftly to the timing-cry.
 Nearer the rocks—yet nearer—came the bark.
 Then of us some rushed wading through the sea,
 And some held nooses ready for the cast.
 And straightway hitherward I sped to thee,
 To tell to thee, O King, what there befell. 1410
 On then! Take with thee chain and cord in hand.
 For, if the sea-swell sink not into calm,
 Hope of deliverance have the strangers none.
 The sea's Lord, dread Poseidon, graciously
 Looketh on Ilium, wroth with Pelops' line,
 And now shall give up Agamemnon's son
 To thine hands and thy people's, as is meet,
 With her who, traitress to the Goddess proved,
 That sacrifice in Aulis hath forgot.

CHORUS

Woe is thee, Iphigeneia! With thy brother 1420
 Caught in the tyrant's grasp shalt thou be slain!

THOAS

What ho! ye citizens of this my land,
 Up, bridle ye your steeds!—along the shore

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

παράκτιοι δραμείσθε, κὰκβολὰς νεὼς
 Ἑλληνίδος δέξεσθε, σὺν δὲ τῇ θεῷ
 σπεύδοντες ἄνδρας δυσσεβεῖς θηράσετε·
 οἱ δ' ὠκυπόμπους ἔλξεται εἰς πόντον πλάτας,
 ὡς ἐκ θαλάσσης ἐκ τε γῆς ἰππεύμασι
 λαβόντες αὐτοὺς ἢ κατὰ στύφλου πέτρας
 1430 ῥίψωμεν, ἢ σκόλοψι πῆξωμεν δέμας.
 ὑμᾶς δὲ τὰς τῶνδ' ἱστορας βουλευμάτων
 γυναικάς αὖθις, ἥνικ' ἂν σχολὴν λάβω,
 ποινασόμεσθα· νῦν δὲ τὴν προκειμένην
 σπουδὴν ἔχοντες οὐ μενούμεν ἤσυχοι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ποῖ ποῖ διωγμὸν τόνδε πορθμεύεις, ἄναξ
 Θόας; ἄκουσον τῆσδ' Ἀθηναίας λόγους.
 παύσαι διώκων ῥεύμα τ' ἐξορμῶν στρατοῦ·
 πεπρωμένος γὰρ θεσφάτοισι Λοξίου
 1440 δεῦρ' ἦλθ' Ὀρέστης, τὸν τ' Ἐρινύων χόλον
 φεύγων ἀδελφῆς τ' Ἄργος εἰσπέμφων δέμας
 ἄγαλμά θ' ἱερὸν εἰς ἐμὴν ἄξων χθόνα,
 τῶν νῦν παρόντων πημάτων ἀναψυχάς.
 πρὸς μὲν σ' ὄδ' ἡμῖν μῦθος· ὃν δ' ἀποκτενεῖν
 δοκεῖς Ὀρέστην ποντίῳ λαβὼν σάλῳ,
 ἤδη Ποσειδῶν χάριν ἐμὴν ἀκύμονα
 πόντου τίθησι νῶτα πορθμεύων πλάτη.
 μαθὼν δ', Ὀρέστα, τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπιστολάς,
 κλύεις γὰρ αὐδὴν καίπερ οὐ παρὼν θεᾶς,
 χῶρει λαβὼν ἄγαλμα σύγγονόν τε σῆν.
 1450 ὅταν δ' Ἀθήνας τὰς θεοδμήτους μόλης,
 χῶρός τις ἔστιν Ἀτθίδος πρὸς ἐσχάτοις
 ὄροισι, γείτων δειράδος Καρυστίας,
 ἱερός, Ἄλλας νῦν οὐμὰς ὀνομάζει λεῶς·
 ἐνταῦθα τεύξας ναὸν Ἴδρυσαι βρέτας,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Gallop! The stranding of the Hellene ship
 Await ye there, and, with the Goddess' help,
 Make speed to hunt yon impious caitiffs down.
 And ye, go hale my swift keels to the wave,
 That, both by sea and coursing steeds on land,
 These we may take, and down the rugged crag
 May hurl them, or on stakes impale alive.
 You women, who were privy to this plot,
 Hereafter, when my leisure serveth me,
 Will I yet punish. Having now in hand
 The instant need, I will not idly wait.

1430

ATHENA appears in mid-air above the stage.

ATHENA

Whither, now whither, speedest thou this chase,
 King Thoas? Hear my words—Athena's words.
 Cease from pursuit, from pouring forth thine
 host;

For, foreordained by Loxias' oracles,
 Orestes came, to escape the Erinyes' wrath,
 And lead his sister unto Argos home,
 And bear the sacred image to my land,
 So to win respite from his present woes.
 This is my word to thee: Orestes, whom
 Thou think'st to take in mid-sea surge, and slay—
 Even now for my sake doth Poseidon lull
 To calm the breakers, speeding on his bark.
 And thou, Orestes, to mine hests give heed—
 For, though afar, thou hear'st the voice divine:—
 Taking the image and thy sister, go;
 And when thou com'st to Athens' god-built towers,
 A place there is upon the utmost bounds
 Of Attica, hard by Karystus' ridge,
 A holy place, named Halae of my folk.
 Build there a shrine, and set that image up,

1440

1450

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- ἐπώνυμον γῆς Ταυρικῆς πόνων τε σῶν,
 οὓς ἐξεμόχθεις περιπολῶν καθ' Ἑλλάδα
 οἰστροῖς Ἐρινύων. Ἄρτεμιν δέ νιν βροτοῖ
 τὸ λοιπὸν ὑμνήσουσι Ταυροπόλον θεάν.
 νόμον τε θῆς τόνδ'· ὅταν ἑορτάξῃ λεώς,
 1460 τῆς σῆς σφαγῆς ἄποιν' ἐπισχέτω ξίφος
 δέρη πρὸς ἀνδρὸς αἰμά τ' ἐξανιέτω,
 ὀσίας ἕκατι, θεά θ' ὅπως τιμὰς ἔχῃ.
 σὲ δ' ἀμφὶ σεμνάς, Ἰφυγένεια, κλίμακας
 Βραυρωνίας δεῖ τῆδε κληδουχεῖν θεᾶ·
 οὐ καὶ τεθάψει κατθανούσα, καὶ πέπλων
 ἀγαλμά σοι θήσουσιν εὐπήνους ὑφάς,
 ἃς ἂν γυναῖκες ἐν τόκοις ψυχορραγεῖς
 λείπωσ' ἐν οἴκοις. τάσδε δ' ἐκπέμπειν χθονός
 Ἑλληνίδας γυναῖκας ἐξεφίεμοι
 1470 γνώμης δικαίας εἴνεκ'. ἐξέσωσα δὲ
 καὶ πρὶν σ' Ἀρείοις ἐν πάγοις ψήφους ἴσας
 κρίνασ', Ὀρέστα καὶ νόμισμ' ἔσται τόδε,
 μικᾶν ἰσῆρεις ὅστις ἂν ψήφους λάβῃ.
 ἀλλ' ἐκκομίζου σὴν κασιγνήτην χθονός,
 Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖ· καὶ σὺ μὴ θυμοῦ, Θόας.

ΘΟΑΣ

- ἄνασσ' Ἀθάνα, τοῖσι τῶν θεῶν λόγοις
 ὅστις κλύων ἄπιστος, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖ.
 ἐγὼ δ' Ὀρέστη τ', εἰ φέρων βρέτας θεᾶς
 βέβηκ', ἀδελφῆ τ' οὐχὶ θυμοῦμαι· τί γὰρ
 πρὸς τοὺς σθένοντας θεοὺς ἀμιλλᾶσθαι καλόν;
 1480 ἴτωσαν εἰς σὴν σὺν θεᾶς ἀγάλματι
 γαῖαν, καθιδρύσαιντό τ' εὐτυχῶς βρέτας.
 πέμψω δὲ καὶ τάσδ' Ἑλλάδ' εἰς εὐδαίμονα
 γυναῖκας, ὥσπερ σὸν κέλευσμ' ἐφίεται.
 παύσω δὲ λόγῃην ἣν ἐπαίρομαι ξένοις
 νεῶν τ' ἔρετμά, σοὶ τὰδ' ὡς δοκεῖ, θεά.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Named from the Taurian land and from thy toils,
 The travail of thy wandering through Greece
 Erinyes-goaded. Men through days to come
 Shall chant her—Artemis the Taurian Queen.
 This law ordain : when folk keep festival,
 In quittance for thy slaughter one must hold
 To a man's throat the sword, and spill the blood 1460
 For hallowing and the Goddess' honour's sake.

Thou, Iphigeneia, by the holy stairs
 Of Brauron must this Goddess' warden be.
 There shalt thou die, and be entombed, and webs,
 Of all fair vesture shall they offer thee
 Which wives who perish in their travail-tide
 Leave in their homes.

I charge thee, King, to send
 Homeward these maids of Hellas from thy land
 For their true hearts' sake. I delivered thee
 Erstwhile, Orestes, balancing the votes 1470
 On Ares' mount; and this shall be a law—
The equal tale of votes acquits the accused.
 Now from this land thy sister bear o'ersea,
 Agamemnon's son : Thoas, be wroth no more.

THOAS

Athena, Queen, who hears the words of Gods,
 And disobeyeth them, is sense-bereft.
 Lo, I against Orestes and his sister
 Chafe not, that he hath borne the image hence.
 What boots it to defy the mighty Gods?
 Let them with Artemis' statue to thy land 1480
 Depart, and with fair fortune set it up.
 I unto happy Greece will send withal
 These maids, according as thine hest enjoins ;
 Will stay the spear against the strangers raised,
 And the ships, Goddess, since it is thy will.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

αἰνῶ· τὸ γὰρ χρεῶν σοῦ τε καὶ θεῶν κρατεῖ.
ἴτ', ὦ πνοαί, ναυσθλοῦσθε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
παῖδ' εἰς Ἀθήνας· συμπορεύσομαι δ' ἐγώ,
σφῶζουσ' ἀδελφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς σεμνὸν βρέτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1490

ἴτ' ἐπ' εὐτυχία τῆς σφζομένης
μοίρας εὐδαίμονες ὄντες.
ἀλλ', ὦ σεμνή παρά τ' ἀθανάτοις
καὶ παρὰ θνητοῖς, Παλλὰς Ἀθάνα,
δράσομεν οὕτως ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.
μᾶλα γὰρ τερπνὴν κἀνέλπιστον
φήμην ἀκοαῖσι δέδεγμαί.

ὦ μέγα σεμνή Νίκη, τὸν ἐμὸν
βίοτον κατέχεις
καὶ μὴ λήγοις στεφανοῦσα.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ATHENA

'Tis well : for thee, for Gods, is Fate too strong.
Forth, breezes! Waft ye Agamemnon's son
To Athens : even I will voyage with him,
Keeping my sister's holy image safe.

CHORUS

Speed with fair fortune, in bliss speed on 1490
For the doom reversed, for the life re-won.
Pallas Athena, Queen adored
Of mortals on earth, of Immortals in heaven,
We will do according to this thy word :
For above all height to which hope hath soared
Is the glad, glad sound to our ears that is given.

Hail, reverèd Victory :
Rest upon my life ; and me
Crown, and crown eternally.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]

ANDROMACHE

ARGUMENT

WHEN Troy was taken by the Greeks, *Andromache*, wife of that *Hector* whom *Achilles* slew ere himself was slain by the arrow which *Apollo* guided, was given in the dividing of the spoils to *Neoptolemus*, *Achilles*' son. So he took her oversea to the land of *Thessaly*, and loved her, and entreated her kindly, and she bare him a son in her captivity. But after ten years¹ *Neoptolemus* took to wife a princess of *Sparta*, *Hermione*, daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helen*. But to these was no child born, and the soul of *Hermione* grew bitter with jealousy against *Andromache*. Now *Neoptolemus*, in his indignation for his father's death, had upbraided *Apollo* therewith: wherefore he now journeyed to *Delphi*, vainly hoping by prayer and sacrifice to assuage the wrath of the God. But so soon as he was gone, *Hermione* sought to avenge herself on *Andromache*; and *Menelaus* came thither also, and these twain went about to slay the captive and her child. Wherefore *Andromache* hid her son, and took sanctuary at the altar of the Goddess *Thetis*, expecting till *Peleus*, her lord's grandsire, should come to save her. And herein are set forth her sore peril and deliverance: also it is told how *Neoptolemus* found death at *Delphi*, and how he that contrived his death took his wife.

¹ See *Odyssey* iv. 3-9.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΑΙΓΕΛΟΣ

ΘΕΤΙΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANDROMACHE.

HANDMAID, *a Trojan captive.*

HERMIONE, *daughter of Menelaus, wife of Neoptolemus.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon.*

MOLOSSUS, *son of Neoptolemus and Andromache.*

PELEUS, *father of Achilles.*

NURSE *of Hermione.*

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon.*

MESSENGER.

THETIS, *a Sea-goddess, wife of Peleus.*

CHORUS *of maidens of Phthia in Thessaly.*

Attendants of Menelaus, Peleus, and Orestes.

SCENE: At the temple of Thetis, beside the palace of Neoptolemus, in Phthia of Thessaly.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἀσιάτιδος γῆς σχῆμα, Θηβαία πόλις,
ὄθεν ποθ' ἔδνων σὺν πολυχρύσῳ χλιδῇ
Πριάμου τύραννον ἐστίαν ἀφικόμην
δάμαρ δοθείσα παιδοποιὸς Ἔκτορι,
ζηλωτὸς ἔν γε τῷ πρὶν Ἀνδρομάχη χρόνῳ,
νῦν δ' εἴ τις ἄλλη δυστυχεστάτη γυνή
[ἐμοῦ πέφυκεν ἢ γενήσεται ποτε.]
ἦτις πόσιν μὲν Ἔκτορ' ἐξ Ἀχιλλέως
θανόντ' ἐσείδον, παῖδά θ' ὄν τίκτω πόσει
10 ῥιφθέντα πύργων Ἀστυάνυκτ' ἀπ' ὀρθίων,
ἐπεὶ τὸ Τροίας εἶλον Ἕλληνες πέδον
αὐτῇ δὲ δούλη τῶν ἐλευθερωτάτων
οἴκων νομισθεῖσ' Ἑλλάδ' εἰσαφικόμην
τῷ νησιώτῃ Νεοπτολέμῳ δορὸς γέρας
δοθείσα λείας Τρωικῆς ἐξαίρετον.
Φθίας δὲ τῆσδε καὶ πόλεως Φαρσαλίας
σύγχορτα ναίω πεδί', ἔν' ἡ θαλασσία
Πηλεῖ ξυνώκει χωρὶς ἀνθρώπων Θετίς
φεύγουσ' ὄμιλον Θεσσαλὸς δὲ νιν λεῶς
20 Θετίδειον αὐδᾶ θεᾶς χάριν νυμφευμάτων.
ἔνθ' οἴκον ἔσχε τόνδε παῖς Ἀχιλλέως,
Πηλέα δ' ἀνάσσειν γῆς ἐᾶ Φαρσαλίας,
ζῶντος γέροντος σκῆπτρου οὐ θέλων λαβεῖν.

ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE *sitting on the steps of the altar of Thetis.*

ANDROMACHE

BEAUTY of Asian land, O town of Thebes,
Whence, decked with gold of costly bride-array,
To Priam's royal hearth long since I came
Espoused to Hector for his true-wed wife,—
I, envied in time past, Andromache,
But now above all others most unblest
Of women that have been or shall be ever ;
Who saw mine husband Hector by Achilles
Slain, saw my Astyanax, the child I bare
Unto my lord, down from a high tower hurled, 10
That day the Hellenes won the plain of Troy.
Myself a slave, accounted erst the child
Of a free house, none freer, came to Hellas,
Spear-guerdon chosen out for the island-prince,
Neoptolemus, from Troy's spoil given to him.
Here on the marches 'twixt Pharsalia's town
And Phthia's plains I dwell, where that Sea-
queen,
Thetis, with Peleus lived aloof from men,
Shunning the throng : wherefore Thessalians call it,
By reason of her bridal, "Thetis' Close." 20
Here made Achilles' son his dwelling-place,
And leaveth Peleus still Pharsalia's king,
Loth, while the ancient lives, to take his sceptre.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- κἀγὼ δόμοις τοῖσδ' ἄρσειν' ἐντίκτω κόρον,
 πλαθεῖσ' Ἀχιλλέως παιδί, δεσπότη δ' ἐμῷ.
 καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἐν κακοῖσι κειμένην ὄμως
 ἐλπίς μ' αἰεὶ προσῆγε σωθέντος τέκνου
 ἀλκὴν τιν' εὐρεῖν κάπικούρησιν κακῶν·
 30 ἐπεὶ δὲ τὴν Λάκαιναν Ἑρμιόνην γαμῆ
 τοῦμόν παρώσας δεσπότης δοῦλον λέχος,
 κακοῖς πρὸς αὐτῆς σχετλίοις ἐλαίνομαι.
 λέγει γὰρ ὡς νιν φαρμάκοις κεκρυμμένους
 τίθημ' ἄπαιδα καὶ πόσει μισουμένην,
 αὐτὴ δὲ ναίειν οἶκον ἀντ' αὐτῆς θέλω
 τόνδ', ἐκβαλοῦσα λέκτρα τὰ κείνης βία·
 ἀγὼ τὸ πρῶτον οὐχ ἑκοῦσ' ἔδεξάμην,
 νῦν δ' ἐκλέλοιπα· Ζεὺς τὰδ' εἰδείη μέγας
 ὡς οὐχ ἑκοῦσα τῷδ' ἐκοινώθην λέχει.
 40 ἀλλ' οὐ σφε πείθω, βούλεται δέ με κτανεῖν,
 πατήρ τε θυγατρὶ Μενέλεως συνδρᾶ τάδε.
 καὶ νῦν κατ' οἴκουσ' ἔστ', ἀπὸ Σπάρτης μολῶν
 ἐπ' αὐτὸ τοῦτο· δειματομένη δ' ἐγὼ
 δόμων πάροικον Θέτιδος εἰς ἀνάκτορον
 θάσσω τόδ' ἐλθοῦσ', ἦν με κωλύση θανεῖν.
 Πηλεὺς τε γάρ νιν ἔκγονοί τε Πηλέως
 σέβουσιν, ἐρμῆνευμα Νηρηῆδος γάμων.
 ὃς δ' ἔστι παῖς μοι μόνος, ὑπεκπέμπω λάθρα
 ἄλλους ἐς οἴκουσ, μὴ θάνῃ φοβουμένη.
 50 ὁ γὰρ φυτεύσας αὐτὸν οὐτ' ἐμοὶ πάρα
 προσωφελῆσαι, παιδί τ' οὐδέν ἔστ', ἀπὼν
 Δελφῶν κατ' αἶαν, ἔνθα Λοξία δίκην
 δίδωσι μανίας, ἢ ποτ' ἐς Πυθῶ μολῶν
 ἦτησε Φοῖβον πατρὸς οὐ κτείνει δίκην,
 εἴ πως τὰ πρόσθε σφάλματ' ἔξαιτούμενος
 θεὸν παράσχοιτ' εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν εὐμενῆ.

ANDROMACHE

And I have borne a manchild in these halls
Unto Achilles' son, my body's lord ;
And, sunk albeit in misery heretofore,
Was aye lured on by hope, in my son's life
To find some help, some shield from all mine ills.
But since my lord hath wed Hermione
The Spartan, thrusting my thrall's couch aside, 30
With cruel wrongs she persecuteth me,
Saying that I by secret charms make her
A barren stock, and hated of her lord,
Would in her stead be lady of this house,
Casting her out, the lawful wife, by force.

Ah me ! with little joy I won that place,
And now have yielded up : great Zeus be witness
That not of mine own will I shared this couch.
Yet will she not believe, but seeks to slay me ;
And her sire Menelaus helpeth her 40
He hath come from Sparta, now is he within
For this same end, and I in fear have fled
To Thetis' shrine anigh unto this house,
And crouch here, so to be redeemed from death.
For Peleus and his seed revere this place,
This witness to the bridal of Nereus' child.
But him, mine only son, by stealth I send
To another's home, in dread lest he be slain.

For now his father is not nigh to aid,
Nor helps his son, being gone unto the land 50
Of Delphi, to atone to Loxias
For that mad hour when he to Pytho went
And for his slain sire claimed redress of Phoebus,
If haply prayer for those transgressions past
Might win the God's grace for the days to be.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

δέσποιν', ἐγὼ τοι τοῦνομ' οὐ φεύγω τόδε
καλεῖν σ', ἐπεὶ περ καὶ κατ' οἶκον ἠξίου
τὸν σόν, τὸ Τροίας ἠνίκ' ὠκοῦμεν πέδον,
εὖνους δὲ καὶ σοὶ ζῶντί τ' ἢ τῷ σῶ πόσει·
60 καὶ νῦν φέρουσά σοι νέους ἤκω λόγους,
φόβῳ μὲν, εἴ τις δεσποτῶν αἰσθήσεται,
οἴκτῳ δὲ τῷ σῷ· δεινὰ γὰρ βουλευέται
Μενέλαος εἰς σὲ παῖς θ', ἃ σοὶ φυλακτέα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ φιλτάτη σύνδουλε, σύνδουλος γὰρ εἶ
τῇ πρόσθ' ἀνάσση τῆδε, νῦν δὲ δυστυχεῖ,
τί δρῶσι; ποίας μηχανὰς πλέκουσιν αὐ,
κτείνειν θέλοντες τὴν παναθλίαν ἐμέ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

τὸν παῖδά σου μέλλουσιν, ὦ δύστηνε σύ,
κτείνειν ὃν ἔξω δωμάτων ὑπεξέθου.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι· πέπτυσται τὸν ἐμὸν ἔκθετον γόνου;
70 πόθεν ποτ'; ὦ δύστηνος, ὡς ἀπωλόμην.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

οὐκ οἶδ', ἐκείνων δ' ἠσθόμην ἐγὼ τάδε·
φρούδος δ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν Μενέλεως δόμων ἄπο.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀπωλόμην ἄρ'· ὦ τέκνον, κτενοῦσί σε
δισσοὶ λαβόντες γῦπες. ὁ δὲ κεκλημένος
πατὴρ ἔτ' ἐν Δελφοῖσι τυγχάνει μένων.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

δοκῶ γὰρ οὐκ ἂν ὠδέ σ' ἂν πράσσειν κακῶς
κείνου παρόντος· νῦν δ' ἔρημος εἶ φίλων.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐδ' ἀμφὶ Πηλέως ἦλθεν, ὡς ἤξι, φάτις;

ANDROMACHE

Enter HANDMAID.

HANDMAID

Queen,—for I shun not by this name to call
Thee, which I knew thy right in that old home,
Thine home what time in Troyland we abode,—
I love thee, as I loved thy living lord,
And now with evil tidings come to thee, 60
In dread lest any of our masters hear,
And ruth for thee ; for fearful plots are laid
Of Menelaus and his child : beware !

ANDROMACHE

Dear fellow-thrall,—for fellow-thrall thou art
To her that once was queen, is now unblest,—
What do they ?—what new web of guile weave they
Who fain would slay the utter-wretched, me ?

HANDMAID

Thy son, O hapless, are they set to slay
Whom forth the halls thou tookest privily.

ANDROMACHE

Woe !—hath she learnt the hiding of my child ? 70
How ?—O unhappy, how am I undone !

HANDMAID

I know not : but themselves I heard say this.
Yea, seeking him Menelaus hath gone forth.

ANDROMACHE

Undone !—undone !—O child, these vultures twain
Will clutch thee and will slay ! He that is named
Thy father, yet in Delphi lingereth.

HANDMAID

I ween thou shouldst not fare so evilly
If he were here : but friendless art thou now.

ANDROMACHE

Of Peleus' coming is there not a word ?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

80 γέρων ἐκεῖνος ὥστε σ' ὠφελεῖν παρών.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καὶ μὴν ἔπεμψ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν οὐχ ἅπαξ μόνον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

μῶν οὖν δοκεῖς σου φροντίσαι τιν' ἀγγέλιον;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόθεν; θέλεις οὖν ἄγγελος σύ μοι μολεῖν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

τί δῆτα φήσω χρόνιος οὐσ' ἐκ δωμάτων;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πολλὰς ἂν εὖροις μηχανάς· γυνὴ γὰρ εἶ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

κίνδυνος· Ἐρμιόνη γὰρ οὐ σμικρὸν φύλαξ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὄρας; ἀπαυδάς ἐν κακοῖς φίλοισι σοῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

οὐ δῆτα· μηδὲν τοῦτ' ὄνειδίσῃς ἐμοί.

90 ἀλλ' εἴμ', ἐπεὶ τοι κοῦ περίβλεπτος βίος
δούλης γυναικός, ἦν τι καὶ πάθω κακόν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

χώρει νῦν· ἡμεῖς δ', οἷσπερ ἐγκείμεσθ' αἰεὶ

θρήνοισι καὶ γόοισι καὶ δακρύμασι,

πρὸς αἰθέρ' ἐκτενοῦμεν ἐμπέφυκε γὰρ

γυναίξϊ τέρψις τῶν παρεστώτων κακῶν

ἀνὰ στόμ' αἰεὶ καὶ διὰ γλώσσης ἔχειν.

πάρεστι δ' οὐχ ἐν ἀλλὰ πολλά μοι στένειν,

πόλιν πατρώαν τὸν θανόντα θ' Ἐκτορα

στερρόν τε τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμον' ᾧ συνεζύγη

δούλειον ἡμαρ εἰσπεσοῦσ' ἀναξίως.

100

χρῆ δ' οὐποτ' εἰπεῖν οὐδέν' ὄλβιον βροτῶν,

ANDROMACHE

HANDMAID

Too old is he to help thee, were he here. 80

ANDROMACHE

Yet did I send for him not once nor twice.

HANDMAID

Dost think the palace-messengers heed thee ?

ANDROMACHE

How should they ?—Wilt thou be my messenger ?

HANDMAID

But how excuse long absence from the halls ?

ANDROMACHE

Thou shalt find many pleas—a woman thou.

HANDMAID

'Twere peril : keen watch keeps Hermione.

ANDROMACHE

Lo there !—thy friends in woe dost thou renounce.

HANDMAID

No—no ! Cast thou no such reproach on me !
Lo, I will go. What matter is the life
Of a bondwoman, though I light on death ? 90

ANDROMACHE

Go then : and I to heaven will lengthen out
My lamentations and my moans and tears,
Wherein I am ever whelmed. [Exit HANDMAID.

'Tis in the heart

Of woman with a mournful pleasure aye
To bear on lip and tongue her present ills.
Not one have I, but many an one to moan—
The city of my fathers, Hector slain,
The ruthless lot whereunto I am yoked,
Who fell on thralldom's day unmerited.
Never mayst thou call any mortal blest, 100

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρὶν ἂν θανόντος τὴν τελευταίαν ἴδῃς
ὅπως περάσας ἡμέραν ἤξει κάτω.

Ἴλιφ αἰπεινᾶ Πάρις οὐ γάμον ἀλλὰ τιν' ἄταν
ἠγάγετ' εὐναίαν εἰς θαλάμους Ἑλέναν.
ἄς ἔνεκ', ὦ Τροία, δορὶ καὶ πυρὶ δηιάλωτον
εἶλέ σ' ὁ χιλιόναυς Ἑλλάδος ὠκύς Ἄρης
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μελέας πόσιν Ἔκτορα, τὸν περὶ
τείχη
εἶλκυσε διφρεῦων παῖς Ἀλίας Θέτιδος·
αὐτὰ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγόμαν ἐπὶ θίνα θαλ-
άσσας,

- 110 δουλοσύναν στυγεράν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα κάρᾳ.
πολλὰ δὲ δάκρυνά μοι κατέβα χροός, ἀνίκ' ἔλειπον
ἄστνυ τε καὶ θαλάμους καὶ πόσιν ἐν κονίαις.
ὦμοι ἐγὼ μελέα, τί μ' ἐχρῆν ἔτι φέγγος ὀρᾶσθαι .
Ἑρμιόνας δούλαν; ἄς ὑπο τειρομένα
πρὸς τόδ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς ἰκέτις περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα
τάκομαι ὡς πετρίνα πίδακόεσσα λιβάς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

- ὦ γύναι, ἂ Θέτιδος δάπεδον καὶ ἀνάκτορα θάσσεις
δαρὸν οὐδὲ λείπεις,
Φθιάς ὅμως ἔμολον ποτὶ σὰν Ἀσιήτιδα γένναν,
120 εἴ τί σοι δυναίμαν
ἄκος τῶν δυσλύτων πόνων τεμεῖν,
οἷ σέ καὶ Ἑρμιόναν ἔριδι στυγερά συνέκλησαν,
τλάμον' † ἀμφὶ λέκτρων

ANDROMACHE

Or ever thou hast seen his dying day,
 Seen how he passed therethrough and came on death.

No bride was the Helen with whom unto steep-built
 Ilium hasted [espousal he passed.

Paris;—nay, bringing a Curse to his bowers of
 O Troy, for her sake, by the thousand galleys of
 Hellas wasted, [battle-spirit thou wast,

With fire and with sword destroyed by her fierce
 Thou and Hector my lord, whom the scion of Thetis
 the Sea-king's daughter— [of Ilium dead;

O for mine anguish!—dragged round the ramparts
 And myself from my bowers was hailed to the strand
 of the exile-water, [head.

Casting the sore-loathed veil of captivity over mine 110
 Ah but my tears were down-streaming in flood when
 the galley swift-racing [my lord in the tomb.

Bore me afar from my town, from my bowers, from
 Woe for mine anguish!—what boots it on light any
 more to be gazing, [and hunted of whom

Who am yonder Hermione's thrall?—ever harried
 Suppliant I cling to the Goddess's feet that mine
 hands are embracing, [rock-riven gloom.

Wasting in tears as a spring welling forth from the
Enter CHORUS of Phthian Maidens.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Lady, who, suppliant crouched on the pavement of
 Thetis' shrine,

Clingest long to thy sanctuary, [line,
 I daughter of Phthia, yet come unto thee of an Asian
 If I haply may find for thee 120

Some healing or help for the tangle of desperate
 trouble [Hermione twine,

Whose meshes of bitterest feud around thee and
 For that, O thou afflicted one,

διδύμων ἐπίκοιων εἴουσιν
 †ἀμφὶ παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως.

ἀντ. α'

γνώθι τύχην, λόγισαι τὸ παρὸν κακὸν εἰς ὄπερ
 ἦκεις.

δεσπόταις ἀμιλλᾷ

Ἴλιās οὔσα κόρα Λακεδαίμονος ἐγγενέταισιν ;
 λείπε δεξίμηλον

130 δόμον τᾶς ποντίας θεοῦ. τί σοι

καιρὸς ἀτυζομένα δέμας αἰκέλιον καταλείβειν
 δεσποτῶν ἀνάγκαις ;

τὸ κρατοῦν δέ σ' ἔπεισι. τί μόχθου
 οὐδὲν οὔσα μοχθεῖς ;

στρ. β'

ἀλλ' ἴθι λείπε θεᾶς Νηρηίδος ἀγλαὸν ἔδραν,

γνώθι δ' οὐσ' ἐπὶ ξένας

δμῶις ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίας

πόλεος, ἐνθ' οὐ φίλων τιν' εἰσορᾶς

σῶν, ὧ δυστυχεστάτα,

140 παντάλαινα νύμφα.

ἀντ. β'

οἰκτροτάτα γὰρ ἔμοιγ' ἔμολες, γύναι Ἴλιās, οἴκους

δεσποτῶν ἐμῶν φόβῳ δ'

ἠσυχίαν ἄγομεν,

τὸ δὲ σὸν οἰκτῷ φέρουσα τυγχάνω,

μὴ παῖς τᾶς Διὸς κόρας

σοί μ' εὐ φρουοῦσαν ἴδῃ.

ANDROMACHE

Ye twain are unequally yoked in the bride-bands
double

That compass Achilles' son.

(*Ant. 1*)

Look on thy lot, take account of the ills whereinto
thou art come.

Thy lady's rival art thou,—

An Ilian to rival a child of a lordly Laconian home!

Forsake thou the temple now

Wherein sheep to the Sea-queen are burned. What 130

boots it with wailing [sion's doom

And tears to consume thy beauty, aghast at oppres-

Upon thee by thy lords' hands brought?

The might of the strong overbeareth thee: all

unavailing

Is thy struggling—lo, thou art naught.

(*Str. 2*)

Nay, leave thou the holy place of the Lady of Nereus'
race:

Discern how thou needs must abide

In a land of strangers, an alien city

Where thou seest no friend, neither any to pity,

O thou who art whelmed in calamity's tide,

Unhappiest bride!

140

(*Ant. 2*)

I pitied thee, Ilian dame, when thy feet unto these
halls came;

But I feared, for my lords be stern,

That I held my peace: but thy lot ill-fated

In silence aye I compassionated, [discern

Lest the child of the daughter of Zeus¹ should

O'er thy woes how I yearn.

¹ Hermione, daughter of Helen.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

- κόσμον μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ χρυσέας χλιδῆς
 στολμόν τε χρωτὸς τόνδε ποικίλον πέπλων,
 οὐ τῶν Ἀχιλλέως οὐδὲ Πηλέως ἀπο
 150 δόμων ἀπαρχὰς δεῦρ' ἔχουσ' ἀφικόμην,
 ἀλλ' ἐκ Λακαίνης Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονὸς
 Μενέλαος ἡμῖν ταῦτα δωρεῖται πατῆρ
 πολλοῖς σὺν ἔδνοις, ὥστ' ἐλευθεροστομεῖν.
 ὑμᾶς μὲν οὖν τοῖσδ' ἀνταμείβομαι λόγοις·
 σὺ δ' οὐσα δούλη καὶ δορίκτητος γυνή
 δόμους κατασχεῖν ἐκβαλοῦσ' ἡμᾶς θέλεις
 τοῦσδε, στυγούμαι δ' ἀνδρὶ φαρμάκοισι σοῖς,
 νηδὺς δ' ἀκύμων διὰ σέ μοι διόλλυται
 δεινὴ γὰρ ἠπειρώτις εἰς τὰ τοιαῦδε
 160 ψυχὴν γυναικῶν ὧν ἐπισχῆσω σ' ἐγώ,
 κούδεν σ' ὀνήσει δῶμα Νηρηΐδος τόδε,
 οὐ βωμὸς οὐδὲ ναός, ἀλλὰ κατθανεῖ.
 ἦν δ' οὖν βροτῶν τίς σ' ἢ θεῶν σῶσαι θέλη,
 δεῖ σ' ἀντὶ τῶν πρὶν ὀλβίων φρονημάτων
 πτῆξαι ταπεινὴν προσπεσεῖν τ' ἐμόν γόνυ,
 σαίρειν τε δῶμα τοῦμόν ἐκ χρυσηλάτων
 τευχέων χερὶ σπείρουσαν Ἀχελῷου δρόσον,
 γυνῶναί θ' ἴν' εἰ γῆς. οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' Ἐκτωρ τάδε,
 οὐ Πρίαμος οὐδὲ χρυσός, ἀλλ' Ἑλλάς πόλις.
 170 εἰς τοῦτο δ' ἤκεις ἀμαθίας, δύστηνε σύ,
 ἢ παιδὶ πατρός, ὃς σὸν ὤλεσεν πόσιν,
 τολμᾶς ξυνεύδειν καὶ τέκν' αὐθέντου πάρα
 τίκτειν. τοιοῦτον πᾶν τὸ βάρβαρον γένος·
 πατῆρ τε θυγατρὶ παῖς τε μητρὶ μίγνυται
 κόρη τ' ἀδελφῷ, διὰ φόνου δ' οἱ φίλτατοι
 χωροῦσι, καὶ τῶνδ' οὐδὲν ἐξείργει νόμος.
 ἂ μὴ παρ' ἡμᾶς εἰσφερ' οὐδὲ γὰρ καλὸν

ANDROMACHE

Enter HERMIONE.

HERMIONE

With bravery of gold about mine head,
And on my form this pomp of broidered robes,
Hither I come :—no gifts be these I wear
Or from Achilles' or from Peleus' house ; 150
But from the Land Laconian Sparta-crowned
My father Menelaus with rich dower
Gave these, that so my tongue should not be curbed.
This is mine answer, maidens, unto you :
But thou, a woman-thrall, won by the spear,
Wouldst cast me out, and have this home thine
own ;
And through thy spells I am hated by my lord ;
My womb is barren, ruined all of thee ;
For cunning is the soul of Asia's daughters
For such deeds. Yet therefrom will I stay thee ; 160
And this the Nereid's fane shall help thee nought,
Altar nor temple ;—thou shalt die, shalt die !
Yea, though one stoop to save thee, man or God,
Yet must thou for thy haughty spirit of old
Crouch low abased, and grovel at my knee,
And sweep mine house, and sprinkle water dews
There from the golden ewers with thine hand,
And where thou art, know. Hector is not here,
Nor Priam, nor his gold : a Greek town this.
Yet to such folly hast thou come, thou wretch, 170
That with this son of him who slew thy lord
Thou dar'st to lie, and to the slayer bear
Sons ! Suchlike is the whole barbaric race :—
Father with daughter, son with mother weds,
Sister with brother : kin the nearest wade
Through blood : their laws forbid no whit thereof.
Bring not such things midst us ! We count it shame

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

180 δυοῖν γυναικοῖν ἄνδρ' ἐν ἡνίας ἔχειν,
ἀλλ' εἰς μίαν βλέποντες εὐναίαν Κύπριν
στεργουσιν, ὅστις μὴ κακῶς οἰκεῖν θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπίφθονόν τι χρῆμα θηλείας φρενὸς
καὶ ξυγγάμοισι δυσμενὲς μάλιστ' αἰεί.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ
κακὸν γε θνητοῖς τὸ νέον ἔν τε τῷ νέῳ
τὸ μὴ δίκαιον ὅστις ἀνθρώπων ἔχει.
ἐγὼ δὲ ταρβῶ μὴ τὸ δουλεύειν μέ σοι
λόγων ἀπόσῃ πόλλ' ἔχουσαν ἐνδिका,
ἦν δ' αὖ κρατήσω, μὴ πὶ τῷδ' ὄφλω βλάβην·
οἱ γὰρ πνεοντες μεγάλα τοὺς κρείσσους λόγους
190 πικρῶς φέρουσι τῶν ἐλασσόνων ὑπο·
ὄμως δ' ἔμαντῆν οὐ προδοῦσ' ἀλώσομαι.
εἶπ', ὦ νεᾶνι, τῷ σ' ἔχεγγύφ λόγῳ
πεισθεῖς ἀπωθῶ γνησιῶν νυμφευμάτων;
ὡς ἡ Λάκαινα τῶν Φρυγῶν μείων πόλις,
τύχη θ' ὑπερθεῖ, καμ' ἐλευθέραν ὄρᾳς;
ἦ τῷ νέῳ τε καὶ σφριγῶντι σώματι
πόλεως τε μεγέθει καὶ φίλοις ἐπηρμένη
οἶκον κατασχεῖν τὸν σὸν ἀντὶ σοῦ θέλω;
πότερον ἴν' αὐτῇ παῖδας ἀντὶ σοῦ τέκω
200 δούλους ἔμαντῆ τ' ἀθλίαν ἐφολκίδα;
ἦ τοὺς ἐμούς τις παῖδας ἐξανέξεται
Φθίας τυράννουσ ὄντας, ἦν σὺ μὴ τέκης;
φιλοῦσι γάρ μ' "Ἕλληνες" Ἐκτορός τ' ἄπο;
αὐτῆ τ' ἀμαυρὰ κού τυράννος ἡ Φρυγῶν;
οὐκ ἐξ ἐμῶν σε φαρμάκων στυγεῖ πόσις,
ἀλλ' εἰ ξυνεῖναι μὴ πιτηδεῖα κυρεῖς.
φίλτρον δὲ καὶ τόδ' οὐ τὸ κάλλος, ὦ γύναι,

ANDROMACHE

That o'er two wives one man hold wedlock's reins ;
But to one lawful love men turn their eyes,
Content—all such as look for peace in the home. 180

CHORUS

In woman's heart is jealousy inborn,
'Tis bitterest unto wedlock-rivals aye.

ANDROMACHE

Out upon thee !
A curse is youth to mortals, when with youth
A man hath not implanted righteousness !
I fear me lest with thee my thraldom bar
Defence, though many a righteous plea I have,
And even my victory turn unto mine hurt.
They that are arrogant brook not to be
In argument o'er-mastered by the lowly : 190
Yet will I not abandon mine own cause.

Say, thou rash girl, in what assurance strong
Should I thrust thee from lawful wedlock-rights ?
Is Sparta meaner than the Phrygians' burg ?
Soareth my fortune ?—dost thou see me free ?
Or by my young and rounded loveliness,
My city's greatness, and my noble friends
Exalted, would I wrest from thee thine home ?
Sooth, to bear sons myself instead of thee—
Slave-sons, a wretched drag upon my life ! 200
Nay, though thou bear no children, who will
brook

That sons of mine be lords of Phthia-land ?
O yea, the Greeks love me—for Hector's sake !—
Myself obscure, nor ever a Phrygian queen !
Not of my philtres thy lord hateth thee,
But that thy nature is no mate for his.
This is the love charm—woman, 'tis not beauty

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

210 ἄλλ' ἀρεταὶ τέρπουσι τοὺς ξυνευνέτας.
 σὺ δ' ἦν τι κνισθῆς, ἢ Λάκαινα μὲν πάλις
 μέγ' ἐστί, τὴν δὲ Σκύρου οὐδαμοῦ τίθης,
 πλουτεῖς δ' ἐν οὐ πλουτοῦσι, Μενέλεως δέ σοι
 μείζων Ἀχιλλέως. ταῦτά τοί σ' ἔχθει πόσις.
 χρῆ γὰρ γυναῖκα, κὰν κακῶ πόσει δοθῆ,
 στέργειν, ἄμιλλάν τ' οὐκ ἔχειν φρονήματος.
 εἰ δ' ἀμφὶ Θρήκην χιόνι τὴν κατάρρυτον
 τύραννον ἔσχες ἀνδρ', ὧ' ἐν μέρει λέχος
 δίδωσι πολλαῖς εἰς ἀνήρ κοινούμενος,
 ἔκτεινας ἂν τάσδ'; εἴτ' ἀπληστίαν λέχους
 220 πάσαις γυναίξιν προστιθείσ' ἂν ἠρέθης.
 αἰσχρὸν γε καίτοι χείρον' ἀρσένων νόσον
 ταυτην νοσοῦμεν, ἀλλὰ προῦστημεν καλῶς.
 ὦ φίλταθ' Ἔκτορ, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τὴν σὴν χάριν
 σοὶ καὶ ξυνήρων, εἴ τί σε σφάλλοι Κύπρις,
 καὶ μαστὸν ἤδη πολλακίς νόθοισι σοῖς
 ἐπέσχον, ἵνα σοι μηδὲν ἐνδοίην πικρὸν.
 καὶ ταῦτα δρώσα τἀρετῇ προσηγόμεν
 πόσιν· σὺ δ' οὐδὲ ῥανίδ' ὑπαιθρίας δρόσου
 τῷ σῶ προσίξειν ἀνδρὶ δειμαίνουσ' ἔῃς.
 230 μὴ τὴν τεκοῦσαν τῇ φιλανδρία, γύναι,
 ζῆτει παρελθεῖν· τῶν κακῶν γὰρ μητέρων
 φεύγειω τρόπους χρῆ τέκν', ὅσοις ἔνεστι νοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δέσποιν', ὅσον σοι ῥαδίως προσίσταται,
 τοσόνδε πείθου τῆδε συμβῆναι λόγοις.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί σεμνομυθεῖς κείς ἀγῶν' ἔρχει λόγων,
 ὡς δὴ σὺ σῶφρων, τὰμὰ δ' οὐχὶ σῶφρονα;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐκουν ἐφ' οἷς γε νῦν καθέστηκας λόγοις.

ANDROMACHE

That witcheth bridegrooms, nay, but nobleness.
Let aught vex thee—O then a mighty thing
Is thy Laconian city, Scyros naught! 210

Thy wealth thou flauntest, settest above Achilles
Menelaus : therefore thy lord hateth thee.

A wife, though low-born be her lord, must yet
Content her, without wrangling arrogance.

But if in Thrace with snow-floods overstreamed
Thou hadst for lord a prince, where one man shares
The wedlock-right in turn with many wives,
Wouldst thou have slain these? Ay, and so be found
Branding all women with the slur of lust,

Which were our shame! True, more than men's,
our hearts 220

Sicken for love ; yet honour curbs desire.

Ah, dear, dear Hector, I would take to my heart
Even thy leman, if Love tripped thy feet.

Yea, often to thy bastards would I hold
My breast, that I might give thee none offence.

So doing, I drew with cords of wifely love
My lord :—but thou for jealous fear forbiddest

Even gloaming's dews to drop upon thy lord !
Seek not to o'erpass in cravings of desire

Thy mother, lady. Daughters in whom dwells
Discretion, ought to flee vile mothers' paths. 230

CHORUS

Mistress, so far as lightly thou mayst do,
Deign to make truce with her from wordy strife.

HERMIONE

And speak'st thou loftily, and wranglest thou,
As thou wert continent, I of continence void ?

ANDROMACHE

Void? Yea, if thou be judged by this thy claim.

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ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὁ νοῦς ὁ σὸς μοι μὴ ξυνοικοίη, γύναι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

νέα πέφυκας καὶ λέγεις αἰσχρῶν πέρι.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

σὺ δ' οὐ λέγεις γε, δρᾶς δέ μ' εἰς ὅσον δύνῃ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

240 οὐκ αὖ σιωπῇ Κύπριδος ἀλγήσεις πέρι;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί δ'; οὐ γυναιξὶ ταῦτα πρῶτα πανταχοῦ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καλῶς γε χρωμέναισιν· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ καλά.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

οὐ βαρβάρων νόμοισιν οἰκοῦμεν πόλιν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κάκει τά γ' αἰσχρὰ κἀνθάδ' αἰσχύνῃ ἔχει.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

σοφὴ σοφὴ σύ· κατθανεῖν δ' ὅμως σε δεῖ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὄρᾶς ἄγαλμα Θέτιδος εἰς σ' ἀποβλέπον;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

μισοῦν γε πατρίδα σὴν Ἀχιλλέως φόνῳ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἐλένη νιν ὤλεσ', οὐκ ἐγώ, μήτηρ δὲ σή.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦ καὶ πρόσω γὰρ τῶν ἐμῶν ψαύσεις κακῶν;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

250 ἰδὸν σιωπῶ κἀπιλάζυμαι στόμα.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἐκεῖνο λέξον, οὐπερ εἴνεκ' ἐστάλην.

ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

Never in my breast thy *discretion* dwell!

ANDROMACHE

A young wife thou for such immodest words.

HERMIONE

Words? Thine are deeds, to the uttermost of thy power.

ANDROMACHE

Cannot thy hungry jealousy hold its peace? 240

HERMIONE

Why? Stands not this right first with women ever?

ANDROMACHE

In honour's limits. 'Tis dishonour else.

HERMIONE

We live not under laws barbaric here.

ANDROMACHE

There, even as here, shame waits on shameful things.

HERMIONE

Keen-witted! keen!—yet shalt thou surely die.

ANDROMACHE

Seest thou the eye of Thetis turned on thee?

HERMIONE

In hate of thy land for Achilles' blood.

ANDROMACHE

Helen slew him, not I; thy mother—thine!

HERMIONE

And wilt thou dare yet deeper prick mine hurt?

ANDROMACHE

Lo, I am silent and I curb my mouth. 250

HERMIONE

Confess thy sorceries! This I came to hear.

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FF 2

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λέγω σ' ἐγὼ νουν οὐκ ἔχειν ὅσον σε δεῖ.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

λείψεις τόδ' ἄγνον τέμενος ἐναλλίας θεοῦ ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἰ μὴ θανοῦμαι γ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ, οὐ λείψω ποτέ.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὡς τοῦτ' ἄραρε, κού μενῶ πόσιν μολεῖν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν πρόσθεν ἐκδώσω μέ σοι.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

πῦρ σοι προσοίσω κού τὸ σὸν προσκέψομαι,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σύ δ' οὖν κάταιθε· θεοὶ γὰρ εἴσονται τάδε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

καὶ χρωτὶ δεινῶν τραυμάτων ἀλγηδόνας.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

260 σφάζ', αἰμότου θεᾶς βωμόν, ἢ μέτεισί σε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὦ βάρβαρον σὺ θρέμμα καὶ σκληρὸν θράσος,

ἐγκαρτερεῖς δὴ θάνατον ; ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σ' ἔδρας

ἐκ τῆσδ' ἐκούσαν ἐξαναστήσω τάχα·

τοιούνδ' ἔχω σου δέλεαρ. ἀλλὰ γὰρ λόγους

κρύψω, τὸ δ' ἔργον αὐτὸ σημανεῖ τάχα.

κάθησ' ἔδραία· καὶ γὰρ εἰ περίξ σ' ἔχει

τηκτὸς μόλυβδος, ἐξαναστήσω σ' ἐγὼ

πρὶν ὧ πέποιθας παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως μολεῖν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πέποιθα. δεινὸν δ' ἔρπετων μὲν ἀγρίων

270 ἄκη βροτοῖσι θεῶν καταστήσασαι τινα·

ἂ δ' ἔστ' ἐχίδνης καὶ πυρὸς περαιτέρω,

οὐδεὶς γυναικὸς φάρμακ' ἐξηύρηκέ πω

κακῆς· τοσοῦτόν ἐσμεν ἀνθρώποις κακόν·

ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

I say thou hast less wit than thou dost need.

HERMIONE

Wilt leave this hallowed close of the Sea-goddess ?

ANDROMACHE

If I shall not die : else I leave it never.

HERMIONE

'Tis fixed : I wait not till my lord return.

ANDROMACHE

Yet will I yield me not ere then to thee.

HERMIONE

Fire will I bring : thy plea will I not heed,—

ANDROMACHE

Kindle upon me !—this the Gods shall mark.

HERMIONE

And to thy flesh bring anguish of dread wounds.

ANDROMACHE

Hack, crimson her altar : she shall visit for it.

260

HERMIONE

Barbarian chattel ! Stubborn impudence !

Dost thou brave death ! Soon will I make thee rise

From this thy session, yea, of thine own will !

Such lure have I for thee :—yet will I hide

The word : the deed itself shall soon declare.

Ay, sit thou fast !—though clamps of molten lead

Encompassed thee, yet will I make thee rise,

Ere come Achilles' son, in whom thou trustest. [*Exit.*

ANDROMACHE

I do trust Strange that God hath given to men

Salves for the venom of all creeping pests,

270

But none hath ever yet devised a balm

For venomous woman, worse than fire or viper :

So dire a mischief unto men are we.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡ μεγάλων ἀχέων ἄρ' ὑπήρξεν, ὄτ' στρ. α
 Ἰδαίαν ἐς νάπαν
 ἦλθ' ὁ Μαίας τε καὶ Διὸς τόκος,
 τρίπῳλον ἄρμα δαιμόνων
 ἄγων τὸ καλλιζυγές,
 ἔριδι στυγερᾷ κεκορυθμένον εὐμορφίας
 280 σταθμοὺς ἐπὶ βούτα
 βοτῆρά τ' ἀμφὶ μονότροπον νεανίαν
 ἔρημόν θ' ἔστιοῦχον αὐλάν.

ταὶ δ' ἐπεὶ ὑλόκομον νάπος ἤλυθον, ἀντ. α
 οὐρειᾶν πιδάκων
 νύψαν αἰγλᾶντα σώματα ῥοαῖς·
 ἔβαν δὲ Πριαμίδαν ὑπερ-
 βολαῖς λόγων δυσφρόνων
 παραβαλλόμεναι. δολίοις δ' ἔλε Κύπρις λόγοις,¹
 290 τερπνοῖς μὲν ἀκούσαι,
 πικρὰν δὲ σύγχυσιν βίου Φρυγῶν πόλει
 ταλαίνα περγάμοις τε Τροίας.

εἴθε δ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλὰν ἔβαλεν κακὸν στρ. β
 ἄ τεκοῦσά νιν Πάριν,
 πρὶν Ἰδαῖον κατοικίσει λέπας,
 ὅτε νιν παρὰ θεσπεσίῳ δάφνῃ
 βόασε Κασάνδρα κτανεῖν,
 μεγάλην Πριάμου πόλεως λώβαν.
 τίν' οὐκ ἐπήλθε, ποῖον οὐκ ἐλίσσετο
 300 δαμογερόντων βρέφος φονεύειν ;

οὔτ' ἂν ἐπ' Ἰλιάσι ζυγὸν ἤλυθε ἀντ. β
 δούλιον, σύ τ' ἄν, γύναι,

¹ Murray : for MSS. Κύπρις εἶλε λόγοις δολίοις.

ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

Herald of woes, to the glen deep-hiding (Str. 1)
In Ida came Zeus's and Maia's son ;
As who reineth a triumph of white steeds, guiding
The Goddesses three, did the God pace on.
With frontlet of beauty, with trappings of doom,
For the strife to the steadings of herds did they come, 280
To the stripling shepherd in solitude biding,
And the hearth of the lodge in the forest lone.

(Ant. 1)

They have passed 'neath the leaves of the glen : from
the plashing [rise.
Of the mountain-spring radiant in rose-flush they
To the King's Son they wended, while to and fro
flashing [eyes.
The gibes of their lips matched the scorn of their 290
But 'twas Kypris by promise of guile overcame—
Ah sweet to the ear, but for deathless shame
And confusion to Phrygia, when Troy's towers
crashing
Ruinward toppled, her bitter prize !

(Str. 2)

Oh had she dealt him, that mother which bore him,
A death-blow cleaving his head in twain,
When shrieked Cassandra her prophecy o'er him,—
Ere his eery on Ida o'erlooked Troy's plain,—
By the sacred bay shrieked "Slay without pity
The curse and the ruin of Priam's city!"
Unto prince, unto elder, she came, to implore him
To slay it, the infant foredoomed their bane.

Then had he never been made an occasion (Ant. 2) 300
Of thralldom to Ilium's daughters : O queen,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τυράνων ἔσχες ἂν δόμων ἔδρας·
 παρέλυσε δ' ἂν Ἑλλάδος ἀλγεινούς
 μόχθους, οὓς ἀμφὶ Τροίαν
 δεκέτεις ἀλάληντο νέοι λόγχαις·
 λέχη τ' ἔρημ' ἂν οὐποτ' ἐξελείπετο,
 καὶ τεκέων ὄρφανοὶ γέροντες.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

310 ἤκω λαβῶν σὸν παῖδ', ὃν εἰς ἄλλους δόμους
 λάθρα θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπεξέθου.
 σέ μὲν γὰρ ἠΰχεις θεᾶς βρέτας σώσειν τόδε,
 τοῦτον δὲ τοὺς κρύψαντας· ἀλλ' ἐφημερέθης
 ἦσσον φρονούσα τοῦδε Μενέλεω, γύναι.
 κεῖ μὴ τόδ' ἐκλιποῦσ' ἐρημώσεις πέδον,
 ὃδ' ἀντὶ τοῦ σοῦ σώματος σφαγήσεται.
 ταῦτ' οὖν λογίζου, πότερα καταθεῖν θέλεις
 ἢ τὸνδ' ὀλέσθαι σῆς ἀμαρτίας ὑπερ,
 ἦν εἰς ἔμ' εἰς τε παῖδ' ἐμὴν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

320 ὦ δόξα δόξα, μυρίοισι δὴ βροτῶν
 οὐδὲν γεγῶσι βίοτον ἄγκωσας μέγαν.
 εὐκλεία δ' οἷς μὲν ἔστ' ἀληθείας ὑπο,
 εὐδαιμονίζω τοὺς δ' ὑπὸ ψευδῶν, ἔχειν
 οὐκ ἀξιῶσω, πλὴν τύχῃ φρονεῖν δοκεῖν.
 σὺ δὴ στρατηγῶν λογάσιν Ἑλλήνων ποτὲ
 Τροίαν ἀφείλον Πρίαμον, ὧδε φαῦλος ὢν ;
 ὅστις θυγατρὸς ἀντίπαιδος ἐκ λόγων
 ποσσόνδ' ἐπνευσας καὶ γυναικὶ δυστυχεῖ
 δούλῃ κατέστης εἰς ἀγῶν'. οὐκ ἀξιῶ
 οὐτ' οὖν σέ Τροίας οὔτε σοῦ Τροίαν ἔτι.
 330 ἔξωθέν εἰσιν οἱ δοκοῦντες εὐ φρονεῖν
 λαμπροί, τὰ δ' ἔνδον πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις ἴσοι,
 πλὴν εἴ τι πλούτῳ τοῦτο δ' ἰσχύει μέγα.

ANDROMACHE

Now wert thou throned in a palace : thy nation
No ten years' agony then had seen,
With the war-cries of Hellas aye rolling their thunder
Round Troy, with spear-lightnings aye flashing there-
under ;
Nor the couch of the bride were a desolation,
Nor bereft of their sons had the grey sires been.

Enter MENELAUS, with attendants, bringing MOLOSSUS.

MENELAUS

I have caught thy son, whom thou didst hide, unmarked
Of her, my daughter, in a neighbour house. 310
So thee this Goddess' image was to save,
Him, they that hid him !—but thou hast been found,
Woman, less keen of wit than Menelaus.
Now if thou leave not and avoid this floor,
He shall be slaughtered, he, in thy life's stead.
Weigh this then, whether thou consent to die,
Or that for thy transgression he be slain,
Even thy sin against me and my child.

ANDROMACHE

Ah reputation !—many a man ere this
Of none account hast thou set up on high. 320
Such as have fair fame based upon true worth
Happy I count : but to these living lies
I grant no claim to wisdom save chance show.
Thou, captaining the chosen men of Greece,
Didst thou, weak dastard, wrest from Priam Troy,
Who at thy daughter's bidding, she a child,
Dost breathe such fury, enterest the lists
With a woman, a poor captive ? I count Troy
Shamed by thy touch, thee by her fall unraised !
Goodly in outward show be they which seem 330
Wise, but within they are as other men,
Save in wealth haply ; this is their great strength.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Μενέλαε, φέρε δὴ διαπεράνωμεν λόγους·
 τέθηνακα τῇ σῇ θυγατρὶ καὶ μ' ἀπόλεσε
 μαιφόνον μὲν οὐκέτ' ἂν φύγοι μύσος,
 ἐν τοῖς δὲ πολλοῖς καὶ σὺ τόνδ' ἀγωνιεῖ
 φόνον· τὸ συνδρῶν γάρ σ' ἀναγκάσει χρέος.
 ἦν δ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν μὴ θανεῖν ὑπεκδράμω,
 τὸν παιδὰ μου κτενεῖτε ; κἀτα πῶς πατῆρ
 340 τέκνου θανόντος ῥαδίως ἀνέξεται ;
 οὐχ ᾧδ' ἀναυδρον αὐτὸν ἢ Τροία καλεῖ·
 ἀλλ' εἰσιν οἱ χρῆ· Πηλέως γὰρ ἄξια
 πατρός τ' Ἀχιλλέως ἔργα δρῶν φανήσεται,
 ᾧσει δὲ σὴν παιδ' ἐκ δόμων· σὺ δ' ἐκδιδοὺς
 ἄλλω τί λέξεις ; πότερον ὡς κακὸν πόσιν
 φεύγει τὸ ταύτης σῶφρον ; ἀλλὰ ψεύσεται.

γαμεῖ δὲ τίς νιν ; ἢ σφ' ἀναυδρον ἐν δόμῳ
 χήραν καθέξεις πολίων ; ᾧ τλήμων ἄνερ,
 κακῶν τοσούτων οὐχ ὁρᾷς ἐπιρροάς ;
 350 πόσας ἂν εὐνάς θυγατέρ' ἠδίκημένην
 βούλοι' ἂν εὐρεῖν ἢ παθεῖν ἀγῶ λέγω ;
 οὐ χρῆ' πὶ μικροῖς μεγάλα πορσύνειν κακὰ
 οὐδ', εἰ γυναικῆς ἐσμεν ἀτηρὸν κακόν,
 ἄνδρας γυναιξὶν ἐξομοιοῦσθαι φύσιν.
 ἡμεῖς γὰρ εἰ σὴν παιδα φαρμακεύομεν
 καὶ νηδὺν ἐξαμβλοῦμεν, ὡς αὐτὴ λέγει,
 ἐκόντες οὐκ ἄκουτες, οὐδὲ βῶμιοι
 πίτνυοντες, αὐτὰ τὴν δίκην ὑφέξομεν
 ἐν σοῖσι γαμβροῖς, οἷσιν οὐκ ἐλάσσονα
 360 βλάβην ὀφείλω προστιθεῖσ' ἀπαιδίαν.
 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν τοιοῖδε· τῆς δὲ σῆς φρενὸς
 ἔν σου δέδοικα· διὰ γυναικείαν ἔριν
 καὶ τὴν τάλαιναν ᾧλεσας Φρυγῶν πόλιν.

ANDROMACHE

Menelaus, come now, reason we together :—
 Grant that thy child have slain me, grant me dead :
 Ne'er shall she flee my blood's pollution-curse ;
 And in men's eyes shalt thou too share this guilt :
 Thy part in this her deed shall weigh thee down.
 But if I 'scape your hands, that I die not,
 Then will ye slay my son ? And the child's death—
 Think ye his sire shall hold it a little thing ? 340
 So void of manhood Troy proclaims him not.
 Nay, he shall follow duty's call, be proved,
 By deeds, of Peleus worthy and Achilles,
 Shall thrust thy child forth. Thou, what plea wilt
 find
 For a new spouse ? This lie—" the saintly soul
 Of this pure thing shrank from her wicked lord " ?

Who shall wed such ? Wilt keep her in thine halls
 Spouseless, a grey-haired widow ? O thou wretch,
 Seest not the floods of evil bursting o'er thee ?
 How many a wedlock-wrong wouldst thou be fain 350
 Thy child knew rather than the ills I name !
 We ought not for slight cause court grievous
 harm ;

Nor, if we women be a baleful curse,
 Ought men to make their nature woman-like.
 For, if I practise on thy child by philtres,
 And seal her womb, according to her tale,
 Willingly, nothing loth, nor low at altars
 Crouching, myself will face the penalty
 At her lord's hands, to whom I am guilty of wrong
 No less, in blasting him with childlessness. 360
 Hereon I stand :—but one thing in thy nature
 I fear—'twas in a woman's quarrel too
 Thou didst destroy the Phrygians' hapless town.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀγαν ἔλεξας ὡς γυνή πρὸς ἄρσενας,
καί σου τὸ σῶφρον ἐξετόξευσεν φρενός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

γύναι, τὰδ' ἐστὶ σμικρὰ καὶ μοναρχίας
οὐκ ἄξι', ὡς φής, τῆς ἐμῆς οὐδ' Ἑλλάδος.
εὖ δ' ἴσθ', ὅτου τις τυγχάνει χρείαν ἔχων,
τοῦτ' ἐσθ' ἐκάστῳ μείζον ἢ Τροίαν ἐλείν.
370 κἀγὼ θυγατρί, μεγάλα γὰρ κρίνω τάδε,
λέχους στέρεσθαι, σύμμαχος καθίσταμαι.
τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλα δεύτερ' ἂν πάσχη γυνή·
ἀνδρὸς δ' ἀμαρτάνουσ' ἀμαρτάνει βίου.
δούλων δ' ἐκείνων τῶν ἐμῶν ἄρχειν χρεῶν
καὶ τῶν ἐκείνου τοὺς ἐμούςς ἡμᾶς τε πρὸς·
φίλων γὰρ οὐδὲν ἴδιον οὔτινες φίλοι
ὀρθῶς πεφύκασ', ἀλλὰ κοινὰ χρήματα.
μένων δὲ τοὺς ἀπόντας, εἰ μὴ θήσομαι
380 τὰμ' ὡς ἄριστα, φαῦλός εἰμι κού σοφός.
ἀλλ' ἐξανίστω τῶνδ' ἀνακτόρων θεᾶς·
ὡς, ἣν θάνης σύ, παῖς ὃδ' ἐκφεύγει μόρον,
σοῦ δ' οὐ θελούσης κατθανεῖν, τόνδε κτενῶ.
δυοῖν δ' ἀνάγκη θατέρῳ λιπεῖν βίου.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι, πικρὰν κλήρωσιν αἵρεσίν τέ μοι
βίου καθίστης, καὶ λαχοῦσά γ' ἀθλία
καὶ μὴ λαχοῦσα δυστυχής καθίσταμαι.
ὦ μεγάλα πράσσων αἰτίας μικρᾶς πέρι,
πιθοῦ· τί καίνεις μ'; ἀντὶ τοῦ; ποῖαν πόλιν
προὔδωκα; τίνα σῶν ἔκτανον παίδων ἐγώ;
390 ποῖον δ' ἔπρησα δῶμ'; ἐκοιμήθην βία
σὺν δεσπόταισι· κᾶτ' ἐμ', οὐ κείνων κτενεῖς
τὸν αἴτιον τῶνδ', ἀλλὰ τὴν ἀρχὴν ἀφείς

ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

Thou hast said too much, as woman against man :
Yea, and thy soul's discretion hath shot wide.

MENELAUS

Woman, these are but trifles, all unworthy
Of my state royal,—thou say'st it,—and of Greece.
Yet know, when one hath set his heart on aught,
More than to take a Troy is this to him.
I stand my daughter's champion, for I count 370
No trifle robbery of marriage-right.
Nought else a wife may suffer matcheth this.
Losing her husband, she doth lose her life.
Over my thralls her lord hath claim to rule,
And over his like right have I and mine :
For nought that friends have, if true friends
they be,
Is private ; held in common is all wealth.
Waiting the absent, if I order not
Mine own things well, weak am I, and not wise.
But I will make thee leave the Goddess' shrine. 380
For, if thou die, this boy escapeth doom ;
But, if thou wilt not die, him will I slay.
One of you twain must needs bid life farewell.

ANDROMACHE

Woe ! Dire lot-drawing, bitter choice of life,
Thou giv'st me ! If I draw, I am wretched made ;
And if I draw not, all unblest I am.
O thou for paltry cause that dost great wrong,
Hearken : why slay me ?—for what crime ?—what
town
Have I betrayed ?—have slain what child of thine ?—
Have fired what home ? Beside my lord I couched 390
Perforce—and lo, thou wilt slay me, not him,
The culprit ; but thou passest by the cause,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρὸς τὴν τελευταίην ὑστέραν εὔσαν φέρει ;
 οἶμοι κακῶν τῶνδ' ὦ τάλαιν' ἐμὴ πατρίς,
 ὡς δεινὰ πάσχω· τί δέ με καὶ τεκεῖν ἐχρῆν
 ἄχθος τ' ἐπ' ἄχθει τῷδε προσθέσθαι διπλοῦν ;
 [ἀτὰρ τί ταῦτα δύρομαι, τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶν
 οὐκ ἐξικμάζω καὶ λογίζομαι κακά ;] ¹
 400 ἦτις σφαγὰς μὲν Ἔκτορος τροχηλάτους
 κατεῖδον οἰκτρῶς τ' Ἴλιον πυρούμενον,
 αὐτὴ δὲ δούλη ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων ἔβην
 κόμης ἐπισπασθεῖσ'· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην
 Φθίαν, φονεύσιν Ἔκτορος νυμφεύομαι.
 τί δῆτ' ἐμοὶ ζῆν ἠδύ ; πρὸς τί χρὴ βλέπειν ;
 πρὸς τὰς παρούσας ἢ παρελθούσας τύχας ;
 εἰς παῖς ὅδ' ἦν μοι λοιπὸς ὀφθαλμὸς βίου·
 τοῦτον κτανεῖν μέλλουσιν οἷς δοκεῖ τάδε.
 οὐ δῆτα τοῦμοῦ γ' εἴνεκ' ἀθλίου βίου·
 410 ἐν τῷδε μὲν γὰρ ἐλπίς, εἰ σωθήσεται·
 ἐμοὶ δ' ὄνειδος μὴ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ τέκνου.
 ἰδοὺ προλείπω βωμὸν ἠδὲ χειρῖα
 σφάζειν, φονεύειν, δεῖν, ἀπαρτῆσαι δέρην.
 ὦ τέκνον, ἢ τεκοῦσά σ', ὡς σὺ μὴ θάνης,
 στείχω πρὸς Ἀἰδην· ἦν δ' ὑπεκδράμης μόρον,
 μέμνησο μητρός, οἶα τλᾶσ' ἀπωλόμην,
 καὶ πατρὶ τῷ σῶ δια φιλημάτων ἰῶν
 δάκρυά τε λείβων καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρας
 λέγ' οἷ ἔπραξα. πᾶσι δ' ἀνθρώποις ἄρ' ἦν
 ψυχὴ τέκν'· ὅστις δ' αὐτ' ἀπειρος ὦν ψέγει,
 420 ἦσσαν μὲν ἀλγεῖ, δυστυχῶν δ' εὐδαιμονεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾠκτεῖρ' ἀκούσασ'· οἰκτρὰ γὰρ τὰ δυστυχῆ

¹ These two lines seem out of place. Various transpositions in the whole passage 397-410 have been proposed.

ANDROMACHE

And to the after-issuè hurriest.

Woe for these ills! O hapless fatherland,
What wrongs I bear! Why must I be a mother,
And add a double burden to my load?

[Why wail the past, and o'er the present woes
Shed not a tear, nor take account thereof?]

Hector by those wheels trailed to death I saw,
Saw Ilium piteously enwrapped in flame.

400

I passed aboard the Argive ships, a slave
Haled by mine hair, and when to Phthia-land
I came, to Hector's murderers was I wed.

What joy hath life for me?—what thing to look to?

Unto my present fortune, or the past?

This one child had I left, light of my life:

Him will these slay who count this righteousness.

No, never!—if my wretched life can save!

For him, for him, hope lives, if he be saved;

And mine were shame to die not for my child.

410

Lo, I forsake the altar—yours I am

To hack, bind, murder, strangle with the cord! [*Rises.*]

O child, thy mother, that thou mayst not die,

Passeth to Hades. If thou 'scape the doom,

Think on thy mother—how I suffered—died!

And to thy sire with kisses and with tears

Streaming, and little arms about his neck,

Tell how I fared! To all mankind, I wot,

Children are life. Who scoffs at joys unproved,

Though less his grief, a void is in his bliss.

420

CHORUS

Pitying I hear: for pitiful is woe

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

βροτοῖς ἅπασι, κὰν θυραῖος ὦν κυρῆ.
εἰς ξύμβασιν δὲ χρῆν σε παῖδα σὴν ἄγειν,
Μενέλαε, καὶ τήνδ', ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῆ πόνων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λάβεσθέ μοι τῆσδ', ἀμφελίξαντες χέρας,
δμῶες· λόγους γὰρ οὐ φίλους ἀκουσεται.
ἔγωγ', ἵν' ἀγνὸν βωμὸν ἐκλίποις θεᾶς,
προὔτεινα παιδὸς θάνατον, ᾧ σ' ὑπήγαγον
εἰς χεῖρας ἐλθεῖν τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπὶ σφαγῆν.
καὶ τὰ μὲν σοῦ μὲν ὧδ' ἔχοντ' ἐπίστασο·
τὰ δ' ἀμφὶ παιδὸς τοῦδε παῖς ἐμῆ κρινεῖ,
ἣν τε κτανεῖν νιν ἦν τε μὴ κτανεῖν θέλῃ.
ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἐς οἴκους τοῦσδ', ἵν' εἰς ἐλευθέρους
δούλῃ γεγῶσα μήποθ' ὑβρίζειν μάθῃς.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι· δόλω μ' ὑπήλθες, ἠπατήμεθα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κῆρυσσο' ἅπασιν· οὐ γὰρ ἐξαρνούμεθα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἦ ταῦτ' ἐν ὑμῖν τοῖς παρ' Εὐρώτῃ σοφά;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ τοῖς γε Τροίᾳ, τοὺς παθόντας ἀντιδρᾶν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τὰ θεῖα δ' οὐ θεῖ' οὐδ' ἔχειν ἠγεῖ δίκην;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅταν τὰδ' ἦ τοτ' οἴσομεν σέ δὲ κτενῶ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἦ καὶ νεοσσοὺν τόνδ', ὑπὸ πτερῶν σπάσας;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ δῆτα· θυγατρὶ δ', ἣν θέλῃ, δώσω κτανεῖν.

ANDROMACHE

To all men, alien though the afflicted be.
Thou shouldest, Menelaus, reconcile
Her and thy child, that she may rest from pain.

[ANDROMACHE *leaves the altar.*

MENELAUS

Seize me this woman!—round her coil your arms,
My thralls! No words of friendship shall she hear.
I, that thou mightest leave the holy altar, [thee
Held forth the lure of thy child's death, and drew
To slip into mine hands for slaughtering.
And, for thy fate, know thou that this is so: 430
But, for thy son, my child shall be his judge,
Whether her pleasure be to slay or spare.
Hence to the house, that thou, slave as thou art,
Mayst learn no more to rail against the free.

ANDROMACHE

Woe's me! By guile thou hast stoln on me!—
betrayed!

MENELAUS

Publish it to the world! Not I deny it.

ANDROMACHE

Count ye this wisdom, dwellers by Eurotas?

MENELAUS

Ay, Trojans too—that wronged ones should revenge.

ANDROMACHE

Is there no God, think'st thou, nor reckoning-day?

MENELAUS

I'll meet it when it comes. Thee will I kill. 440

ANDROMACHE

And this my birdie, torn from 'neath my wings?

MENELAUS

O nay—I yield him to my daughter's mercy.

449

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι· τί δῆτά σ' οὐ καταστένω, τέκνον;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκουν θρασεΐά γ' αὐτὸν ἐλπὶς ἰμμένει.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔχθιστοι βροτῶν
 Σπάρτης ἔνοικοι, δόλια βουλευτήρια,
 ψευδῶν ἄνακτες, μηχανορράφοι κακῶν,
 ἐλικτὰ κούδεν ὑγιές, ἀλλὰ πᾶν πέριξ
 φρονοῦντες, ἀδίκως εὐτυχεῖτ' ἂν Ἑλλάδα.
 450 τί δ' οὐκ ἐν ὑμῖν ἐστίν; οὐ πλείστοι φόνοι;
 οὐκ αἰσχροκερδεῖς; οὐ λέγοντες ἄλλα μὲν
 γλώσση, φρονοῦντες δ' ἄλλ' ἐφευρίσκεσθ' αἰεὶ;
 ὄλοισθ'. ἐμοὶ δὲ θάνατος οὐχ οὕτω βαρὺς
 ὡς σοὶ δέδοκται· κείνα γάρ μ' ἀπώλεσεν,
 ὅθ' ἢ τάλαινα πόλις ἀναλώθη Φρυγῶν
 πόσις θ' ὁ κλεινός, ὅς σε πολλάκις δορὶ
 ναύτην ἔθηκεν ἀντὶ χερσαίου κακόν.
 νῦν δ' εἰς γυναῖκα γοργὸς ὀπλίτης φανεῖς
 κτείνεις μ'; ἀπόκτειν'· ὡς ἀθώπευτόν γέ σε
 460 γλώσσης ἀφήσω τῆς ἐμῆς καὶ παῖδα σήν.
 ἐπεὶ σὺ μὲν πέφυκας ἐν Σπάρτῃ μέγας,
 ἡμεῖς δὲ Τροία γ'. εἰ δ' ἐγὼ πράσσω κακῶς,
 μηδὲν τόδ' αὔχει· καὶ σὺ γὰρ πράξειας ἄν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδέποτε δίδυμα στρ. α'
 λέκτρ' ἐπαινέσω βροτῶν
 οὐδ' ἀμφιμάτορας κόρους,
 ἔριδας οἴκων δυσμενεῖς τε λύπας.
 470 μίαν μοι στεργέτω πόσις γάμοις
 ἀκοινώνητον ἀνδρὸς εὐνάν.

ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

Well may I wail at once thy death, my child !

MENELAUS

Good sooth, but sorry hope remains for him.

ANDROMACHE

O ye in all folk's eyes most loathed of men,
Dwellers in Sparta, senates of treachery,
Princes of lies, weavers of webs of guile,
Thoughts crooked, wholesome never, devious all,—
A crime is your supremacy in Greece ! [murders ?
What vileness lives not with you?—swarming 450
Covetousness? Convicted liars, saying [that,
This with the tongue, while still your hearts mean
Now ruin seize ye ! . . . Yet to me is death
Not grievous as thou think'st. That was my death
When Phrygia's hapless city was destroyed,
And my renowned lord, whose spear full oft
Made thee a seaman, dastard, from a landsman.¹
Thou meet'st a woman, soul-appalling hero, [fawn
Now,—and wouldst slay ! Slay on ! My tongue shall
In flattery never on thy child or thee. 460
What if thou be in Sparta some great one ?
Even so in Troy was I. Am I brought low ?
Boast not herein :—thine hour shall haply come.

[Exit, led by MENELAUS.

CHORUS

Never rival brides blessed marriage-estate, (Str. 1)
Neither sons not born of one mother :
They were strife to the home, they were anguish of
hate.
For the couch of the husband suffice one mate :
Be it shared of none other. 470

¹ Drove thee to seek refuge in the ships. See *Iliad*, bk. xv.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν πόλεσι ἀντ. α'
 δίπτυχοι τυραννίδες
 μῆς ἀμείνονες φέρειν,
 ἄχθος ἐπ' ἄχθει καὶ στάσις πολίταις·
 τεκόντων θ' ὕμνον ἐργάταιν δυοῖν
 ἔριν Μοῦσαι φιλοῦσι κραίνειν

480 πνοαὶ δ' ὅταν φέρωσι ναυτίλους θοαί, στρ. β'
 κατὰ πηδαλίων δίδυμαι πραπίδων γνώμαι
 σοφῶν τε πλήθος ἄθρόον ἰσθενέστερον
 φαυλοτέρας φρενὸς αὐτοκρατοῦς
 ἐνός, ἃ δύνασις ἀνά τε μέλαθρα κατὰ τε πόλιας,
 ὅποταν εὐρεῖν θέλωσι καιρόν.

ἔδειξεν ἡ Λάκαινα τοῦ στρατηλάτα ἀντ. β'
 Μενέλα· διὰ γὰρ πυρὸς ἦλθ' ἑτέρῳ λέχει,
 κτείνει δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν Ἰλιάδα κόραν
 490 παιδά τε δύσφρονος ἔριδος ὕπερ.
 ἄθεος ἄνομος ἄχαρις ὁ φόνος· ἐτι σε, πότνια,
 μετατροπὰ τῶνδ' ἔπεισιν ἔργων.

καὶ μὴν ἔσορῶ
 τόδε σύγκρατον ζεύγος πρὸ δόμων,
 ψήφῳ θανάτου κατακεκριμένον.
 δύστηνε γύναι, τλήμων δὲ σὺ παῖ,
 μητρὸς λεχέων ὃς ὑπερθνήσκεις
 οὐδὲν μετέχων
 500 οὐδ' αἴτιος ὢν βασιλευσιν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἄδ' ἐγὼ χέρας αἵματη- στρ.
 ρὰς βρόχοισι κεκλημένα
 πέμπομαι κατὰ γαίας.

ANDROMACHE

Never land but hath borne a twofold yoke (Ant. 1)

Of kings with wearier straining :

There is burden on burden, and feud mid her folk :

And 'twixt rival lyres ever discord broke

By the Muses' ordaining.

(Str. 2)

When the blasts hurl onward the staggering sail,

Shall the galley by helmsmen twain be guided? 480

Wise counsellors many far less shall avail

Than the simple one's purpose and power undivided.

Even this in the home, in the city, is power

Unto such as have wit to discern the hour.

The child of the chieftain of Sparta's array (Ant. 2)

Hath proved it. As fire is her jealousy burning :

Troy's hapless daughter she lusteth to slay,

And her son, in her hatred's vengeance-yearning. 490

Godless and lawless and heartless it is!—

Queen, thou shalt yet be requited for this.

Enter MENELAUS and SERVANTS leading ANDROMACHE and

CHILD.

Lo, these I behold, twain yoked as one

In love, in sorrow, afront of the hall :

For the vote is cast and the doom forth gone.

O woeful mother, O hapless son,

Who must die, since her master hath humbled his thrall,

Though naught death-worthy hast thou, child, done, 500

That in condemnation of kings thou shouldst fall !

ANDROMACHE

Lo, blood my wrists red-staining

(Str.)

From croel bonds hard-straining,

Lo, feet the grave's brink gaining !

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

μᾶτερ μᾶτερ, ἐγὼ δὲ σᾶ
πτέρυγι συγκαταβαίνω.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

θῦμα δάιον, ὦ χθονὸς
Φθίας κράντορες.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦ πάτερ,
μόλε φίλοις ἐπίκουρος.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

510

κείσει δῆ, τέκνον, ὦ φίλος,
μαστοῖς ματέρος ἀμφὶ σᾶς
νεκρὸς ὑπὸ χθονὶ σὺν νεκρῷ.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦμοι μοι, τί πάθω τάλας
δῆτ' ἐγὼ σύ τε, μᾶτερ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

520

ἴθ' ὑποχθόνιοι καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐχθρῶν
ἦκετε πύργων· δύο δ' ἐκ δισσαῖν
θνήσκειτ' ἀνάγκαι· σὲ μὲν ἡμετέρα
ψῆφος ἀναιρεῖ, παῖδα δ' ἐμῆ παῖς
τόνδ' Ἑρμῶν καὶ γὰρ ἀνοία
μεγάλῃ λείπειν ἐχθροὺς ἐχθρῶν,
ἐξὸν κτείνειν
καὶ φόβον οἴκων ἀφελέσθαι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πόσις πόσις, εἴθε σὰν
χειρα καὶ δόρυ σύμμαχον
κτησαίμαν, Πριάμου παῖ.

ἀντ.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

δύστανος, τί δ' ἐγὼ μόρου
παράτροπον μέλος εὖρω ;

ANDROMACHE

MOLOSSUS

O mother, 'neath thy wing
I crouch where death-shades gather.

ANDROMACHE

Death!—Phthians, name it rather
Butchery!

MOLOSSUS

O my father,
Help to thy loved ones bring!

ANDROMACHE

There, darling, shalt thou rest 510
Pillowed upon my breast,
Where corpse to corpse shall cling.

MOLOSSUS

Ah me, the torture looming
O'er me, o'er thee!—the coming,
Mother, of what dread thing?

MENELAUS

Down, down to the grave!—from our foemen's towers
Ye came: and for several cause unto slaughter
Ye twain be constrained. The sentence is ours
That condemneth thee, woman: this boy my
daughter

Hermione dooms. Utter folly it were 520
For our foemen's avenging their offspring to spare,
When into our hands they be given to slay,
That fear from our house may be banished for aye.

ANDROMACHE

Oh for that hand I cry on! (Ant.)
Ah husband, to rely on
Thy spear, O Priam's scion!

MOLOSSUS

Ah woe is me! What spell
Find I for doom's undoing?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λίσσου, γούνασι δεσπότηου
χρίμπτων, ὦ τέκνον.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

530

ὦ φίλος,
φίλος, ἄνες θάνατόν μοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λείβομαι δάκρυσιν κόρας,
στάζω λισσάδος ὡς πέτρας
λιβὰς ἀνήλιος, ἅ τάλαιν'.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦ μοι μοι, τί δ' ἐγὼ κακῶν
μῆχος ἐξανύσωμαι ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

540

τί με προσπίτνεις, ἄλιαν πέτραν
ἢ κύμα λιταῖς ὡς ἱκετεύων ;
τοῖς γὰρ ἐμοῖσιν γέγον' ὠφελία,
σοὶ δ' οὐδὲν ἔχω φίλτρον, ἐπεὶ τοι
μέγ' ἀναλώσας ψυχῆς μόριον
Τροίαν εἶλον καὶ μητέρα σὴν
ἧς ἀπολαύων
Ἄϊδην χθόνιον καταβήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν δέδορκα τόνδε Πηλέα πέλας,
σπουδῇ τιθέντα δεῦρο γηραιὸν πόδα.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

550

ὕμᾱς ἐρωτῶ τόν τ' ἐφεστῶτα σφαγῆ,
τί ταῦτα καὶ πῶς ; ἐκ τίνος λόγου νοσεῖ
δόμος ; τί πράσσειτ' ἄκριτα μηχανώμενοι ;
Μενέλα', ἐπίσχεσ' μὴ τάχυν' ἄνευ δίκης.
ἠγοῦ σὺ θᾶσσον· οὐ γὰρ ὡς ἔοικέ μοι,

ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

Pray, at thy lord's knees suing,
Child!

MOLOSSUS (*kneeling to MENELAUS*).

Friend, in mercy ruing
My death, of pardon tell!

530

ANDROMACHE

My streaming eyelids weep,
As from a sheer crag's steep
The sunless waters well.

MOLOSSUS

Woe's me! O might revealing
But come of help, of healing,
Our darkness to dispel!

MENELAUS

What dost thou to fall at my feet, making moan
To a rock of the sea, to a wave doom-crested?

True helper am I, good sooth, to mine own:

No love-spell from thee on my spirit hath rested. 540

Too deeply it drained my life-blood away

To win yon Troy and thy dam for a prey.

Herein be thy joy and be this thy crown

When thou passest to Hades' earth-dens down!

CHORUS

Lo, lo, I see yon Peleus drawing nigh!

In haste his agèd foot strides hitherward.

Enter PELEUS, attended.

PELEUS

Ho ye! ho thou, the overseer of slaughter!

What meaneth this?—how is the house, and why,

In evil case? What lawless plots weave ye?

Menelaus, hold! Press not where justice bars. 550

[*To attendant*] Lead the way faster! 'Tis a strait,
methinks,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σχολῆς τόδ' ἔργου, ἀλλ' ἀνηβητηρίαν
 ῥώμην μ' ἐπαινῶ λαμβάνειν, εἴπερ ποτέ.
 πρῶτον μὲν οὖν κατ' οὐρον ὥσπερ ἰστίους
 ἐμπνεύσομαι τῆδ'· εἶπέ, τίμιν δίκη χέρας
 βρόχοισιν ἐκδήσαντες οἷδ' ἄγουσί σε
 καὶ παῖδ' ; ὕπαρνος γάρ τις ὡς ἀπόλλυσαι,
 ἡμῶν ἀπόντων τοῦ τε κυρίου σέθεν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἷδ', ὦ γεραιέ, σὺν τέκνῳ θανουμένην
 560 ἄγουσί μ' οὕτως ὡς ὄρας. τί σοι λέγω ;
 οὐ γὰρ μιᾶς σε κληδόνος προθυμία
 μετῆλθον, ἀλλὰ μυρίων ὑπ' ἀγγέλων.
 ἔριν δὲ τὴν κατ' οἶκον οἰσθά που κλύων
 τῆς τοῦδε θυγατρὸς, ὣν τ' ἀπόλλυμαι χάριν.
 καὶ νῦν με βωμοῦ Θέτιδος, ἧ τὸν εὐγενῆ
 ἔτικτέ σοι παῖδ', ἦν σὺ θαυμαστήν σέβεις,
 ἄγουσ' ἀποσπάσαντες, οὔτε τῷ δίκη
 κρίναντες οὔτε τοὺς ἀπόντας ἐκ δόμων
 570 μείναντες, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἐμὴν ἐρημίαν
 γνόντες τέκνου τε τοῦδ', ὃν οὐδὲν αἴτιον
 μέλλουσι σὺν ἐμοὶ τῇ ταλαιπώρῳ κτανεῖν.
 ἀλλ' ἀντιάζω σ', ὦ γέρον, τῶν σῶν πάρος
 πίτνουσα γονάτων, χειρὶ δ' οὐκ ἔξεστί μοι
 τῆς σῆς λαβέσθαι φιλτάτης γενειάδος,
 ῥύσαί με πρὸς θεῶν· εἰ δὲ μὴ, θανούμεθα
 αἰσχρῶς μὲν ὑμῖν, δυστυχῶς δ' ἐμοί, γέρον.

ΠΗΛΕΪΣ

χαλᾶν κελεύω δεσμὰ πρὶν κλαίειν τινά,
 καὶ τῆσδε χεῖρας διπτύχους ἀνιέναι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐγὼ δ' ἀπαυδῶ γ' ἄλλος οὐχ ἦσσων σέθεν
 580 καὶ τῆσδε πολλῶ κυριώτερος γεγιώς.

ANDROMACHE

Brooks no delay ; but now, if ever, fain
Would I renew the vigour of my youth.
But first, like breeze that fills the sails, will I
Breathe life through her :—say, by what right have
these

Pinioned thine hands in bonds, and with thy son
Hale—for like ewe with lamb thou goest to death—
Whilst I and thy true lord be far away ?

ANDROMACHE

These, ancient, deathward hale me with my child,
As thou dost see. Why should I tell it thee ? 560
Seeing not once I sent thee instant summons,
But by the mouth of messengers untold.
Thou know'st, hast heard, I trow, the household strife
Of yon man's daughter, that means death to me.
And now from Thetis' altars,—hers who bare
Thy noble son, hers whom thou reverencest,—
They tear, they hale me, with no form of trial
Condemning, for the absent waiting not,
My lord, but knowing my defencelessness,
And this poor child's, the utter-innocent, 570
Whom they would slay along with hapless me.
But I beseech thee, ancient, falling low
Before thy knees—I cannot stretch my hand
Unto thy beard, O dear, O kindly face !—
In God's name save, else I shall surely die,
To your shame, ancient, and my misery.

PELEUS

Loose, I command, her bonds, ere some one rue,
And set ye free this captive's pinioned hands.

MENE LAUS

This I forbid, who am no less than thou,
And have more right of lordship over her. 580

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

πῶς ; ἢ σὺ τὸν ἐμὸν οἶκον οἰκήσεις μολῶν
 δεῦρ' ; οὐχ ἄλλῃ σοι τῶν κατὰ Σπάρτην κρατεῖν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εἰλὸν νιν αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ Τροίας ἐγώ.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐμὸς δέ γ' αὐτὴν ἔλαβε παῖς παιδὸς γέρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκουν ἐκείνου τὰμὰ τὰκείνου τ' ἐμά ;

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

δρᾶν εὖ, κακῶς δ' οὐ, μηδ' ἀποκτείνειν βία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς τήνδ' ἀπάξεις οὐποτ' ἔξ ἐμῆς χερός.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

σκήπτρῳ δὲ τῷδε σὸν καθαιμάξω κάρα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ψαῦσόν γ', ἴν' εἰδῆς, καὶ πέλας πρόσελθέ μου.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

590 σὺ γὰρ μετ' ἀνδρῶν, ὃ κάκιστε κακ' κακῶν ;
 σοὶ ποῦ μέτεστιν ὡς ἐν ἀνδράσιν λόγου ;
 ὅστις πρὸς ἀνδρὸς Φρυγὸς ἀπηλλάγῃς λέχος,
 ἄκληστ' ἄφρουρα¹ δώμαθ' ἐστίας λιπῶν,
 ὡς δὴ γυναῖκα σῶφρον' ἐν δόμοις ἔχων
 πασῶν κακίστην. οὐδ' ἂν εἰ βούλοιτό τις
 σῶφρων γένοιτο Σπαρτιατίδων κόρη,
 αἱ ξὺν νέοισιν ἐξερημοῦσαι δόμους
 γυμνοῖσι μηροῖς καὶ πέπλοις ἀνειμένοις
 600 κρινὰς ἔχουσι. κατὰ θαυμάζειν χρεῶν
 εἰ μὴ γυναῖκας σῶφρονας παιδεύετε ;

¹ Lenting : for MSS. ἄδουλα.

ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

How?—hither wilt thou come to rule mine house?
Sufficeth not thy sway of Sparta's folk?

MENELAUS

'Twas I that took her captive out of Troy.

PELEUS

Ay, but my son's son gained her, prize of war.

MENELAUS

All mine are his, his mine—is this not so?

PELEUS

For good, not evil dealing, nor for murder.

MENELAUS

Her shalt thou rescue never from mine hand.

PELEUS

This staff shall make thine head to stream with blood.

MENELAUS

Touch me, and thou shalt see!—ay, draw but near!

PELEUS

Thou, thou a man?—Coward, of cowards bred! 590

What part or lot hast thou amongst true men?

Thou, by a Phrygian from thy wife divorced,
Who leftest hearth and home unbarred, unwarded,

As who kept in his halls a virtuous wife,—

And she the vilest! Though one should essay,

Virtuous eould daughter of Sparta never be.

They gad abroad with young men from their
homes,

And with bare thighs and loose disgirdled vesture

Race, wrestle with them,—things intolerable

To me! And is it wonder-worthy then 600

That ye train not your women to be chaste?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἐλένην ἐρέσθαι χρῆν τάδ', ἥτις ἐκ δόμων
 τὸν σὸν λιπούσα Φίλιον¹ ἐξεκώμασε
 νεανίου μετ' ἀνδρὸς εἰς ἄλλην χθόνα.
 κάπειτ' ἐκείνης εἶνεχ' Ἑλλήνων ὄχλου
 τοσούτ' ἀθροίσας ἤγαγες πρὸς Ἴλιον
 ἦν χρῆν σ' ἀποπτύσαντα μὴ κινεῖν δόρυ
 610 κακὴν ἐφευρόντ', ἀλλ' ἔαν αὐτοῦ μένειν
 μισθὸν τε δόντα μήποτ' εἰς οἴκους λαβεῖν.
 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτη σὸν φρόνημ' ἐπούρισας·
 ψυχὰς δὲ πολλὰς κάγαθὰς ἀπώλεσας
 παίδων τ' ἀπαιδας γραῦς ἔθηκας ἐν δόμοις
 πολιοῦς τ' ἀφείλου πατέρας εὐγενῆ τέκνα.
 ὦν εἰς ἐγὼ δύστηνος· αὐθέντην δὲ σὲ
 μιάστορ' ὡς τιν' εἰσδέδορκ' Ἀχιλλέως.
 οὐδὲ τρωθεὶς ἦλθες ἐκ Τροίας μόνος,
 κάλλιστα τεύχη δ' ἐν καλοῖσι σάγμασιν
 ὅμοι' ἐκείσε δεῦρό τ' ἤγαγες πάλιν.
 620 κἀγὼ μὲν ἠῦδων τῷ γαμούντι μῆτε σοὶ
 κῆδος συνάψαι μῆτε δώμασιν λαβεῖν
 κακῆς γυναικὸς πῶλον· ἐκφέρουσι γὰρ
 μητρῷ² ὀνειδίη. τοῦτο καὶ σκοπεῖτέ μοι,
 μνηστῆρες, ἐσθλῆς θυγατέρ' ἐκ μητρὸς λαβεῖν.
 πρὸς τοῖσδε δ' εἰς ἀδελφὸν οἱ' ἐφύβρισας,
 σφάζαι κελεύσας θυγατέρ' εὐθέςτατον.
 οὕτως ἔδεισας μὴ οὐ κακὴν δάμαρτ' ἔχῃς.
 ἐλὼν δὲ Τροίαν, εἶμι γὰρ κἀνταυθά σοι,
 οὐκ ἔκτανες γυναῖκα χειρίαν λαβών·
 630 ἀλλ' ὡς ἐσεῖδες μαστόν, ἐκβαλὼν ξίφος
 φίλημ' ἐδέξω, προδότιν αἰκάλλων κυνα,
 ἥσσω πεφυκῶς Κύπριδος, ὦ κάκιστε σύ.

¹ Sc. Δία, under his attribute as Zeus Ἐρεῖος.

ANDROMACHE

This well might Helen have asked thee, who forsook
Thine hearth, and from thine halls went revelling forth
With a young gallant to an alien land.

Yet for her sake thou gatheredst that huge host
Of Greeks, and leddest them to Ilium.

Thou shouldst have spued her forth, have stirred no
spear,

Who hadst found her vile, but let her there abide.

Yea, paid a price to take her never back.

But nowise thus the wind of thine heart blew. 610

Nay, many a gallant life hast thou destroyed,

And childless made grey mothers in their halls,

And white-haired sires hast robbed of noble sons ;—

My wretched self am one, who see in thee,

Like some foul fiend, Achilles' murderer ;—

'Thou who alone unwounded cam'st from Troy,

And daintiest arms in dainty sheaths unstained,

Borne thither, hither back didst bring again !

I warned my bridegroom-grandson not to make

Affinity with thee, nor to receive 620

In his halls a wanton's child ; such bear abroad

Their mothers' shame. Give heed to this my rede,

Wooers,—a virtuous mother's daughter choose.

Nay more—how didst thou outrage thine own brother,

Bidding him sacrifice his child—poor fool !

Such was thy dread to lose thy worthless wife.

And, when Troy fell,—ay, thither too I trace thee,—

Thy wife thou slew'st not when thou hadst her
trapped.

Thou saw'st her bosom, didst let fall the sword,

Didst kiss her, that bold traitress, fondling her, 630

By Cypris overborne, O recreant wretch !

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κάπειτ' ἐς οἴκους τῶν ἐμῶν ἐλθὼν τέκνων
 πορθεῖς ἀπόντων καὶ γυναῖκα δυστυχή
 κτείνεις ἀτίμως παῖδά θ', ὃς κλαίοντά σε
 καὶ τὴν ἐν οἴκοις σὴν καταστήσει κόρην,
 κεί τρις νόθος πέφυκε. πολλάκις δέ τοι
 ξηρὰ βαθεῖαν γῆν ἐνίκησε σπορά,
 νόθοι τε πολλοὶ γησιῶν ἀμείνονες.
 ἀλλ' ἐκκομίζου παῖδα. κύνδιον βροτοῖς
 640 πένητα χρηστὸν ἢ κακὸν καὶ πλούσιον
 γαμβρὸν πεπᾶσθαι καὶ φίλον· σὺ δ' οὐδὲν εἶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σμικρὰς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς νεῖκος ἀνθρώποις μέγα
 γλῶσσ' ἐκπορίζει· τοῦτο δ' οἱ σοφοὶ βροτῶν
 ἐξευλαβοῦνται, μὴ φίλοις τεύχειν ἔριν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δῆτ' ἂν εἶποις τοὺς γέροντας ὡς σοφοὶ
 καὶ τοὺς φρονεῖν δοκοῦντας Ἑλλησὶν ποτε ;
 ὄτ' ὦν σὺ Πηλεὺς καὶ πατὴρ κλεινοῦ γεγῶς,
 κῆδος ξυνάψας, αἰσχρὰ μὲν σαυτῷ λέγεις
 650 ἡμῖν δ' ὀνειδῆ διὰ γυναῖκα βάρβαρον,
 ἦν χρῆν σ' ἐλαύνειν τήνδ' ὑπὲρ Νείλου ῥοᾶς
 ὑπὲρ τε Φᾶσιν κάμει παρακαλεῖν αἰεὶ
 οὔσαν μὲν Ἑπειρῶτιν, οὐ πεσήματα
 πλείσθ' Ἑλλάδος πέπτωκε δοριπετῆ νεκρῶν,
 τοῦ σοῦ δὲ παιδὸς αἵματος κοινουμένην.
 Πάρις γάρ, ὃς σὸν παῖδ' ἔπεφν' Ἀχιλλεῖα,
 Ἐκτορος ἀδελφὸς ἦν, δάμαρ δ' ἦδ' Ἐκτορος.
 καὶ τῆδέ γ' εἰσέρχει σὺ ταῦτόν εἰς στέγος
 καὶ ξυντράπεζον ἀξιοῖς ἔχειν βίον,
 660 τίκτειν δ' ἐν οἴκοις παῖδας ἐχθίστους ἑᾶς.
 ἀγὼ προνοία τῇ τε σῇ κάμῃ, γέρον,
 κτανεῖν θέλων τήνδ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀρπάζομαι.

ANDROMACHE

And to my son's house com'st thou, he afar,
 And ravagest, wouldst slay a hapless woman
 Shamefully, and her boy?—this boy shall make
 Thee, and that daughter in thine halls, yet rue,
 Though he were thrice a bastard. Oft the yield
 Of barren ground o'erpasseth deep rich soil;
 And better are bastards oft than sons true-born.
 Take hence thy daughter! Better 'tis to have
 The poor and upright, or for marriage-kin, 640
 Or friend, than the vile rich:—thou, thou art
 naught!

CHORUS

From small beginnings bitter feuds the tongue
 Brings forth: for this cause wise men take good heed
 That with their friends they bring not strife to pass.

MENE LAUS

Now wherefore should ye call the greybeards wise,
 And them which Greece accounted prudent once?
 When thou, thou Peleus, son of sire renowned,
 Speakest, my marriage-kinsman, thine own shame,
 Rail'st on me for a foreign woman's sake,
 Whom thou shouldst chase beyond the streams of
 Nile, 650
 And beyond Phasis, yea, and cheer me on,—
 This dame of Asia's mainland, wherein fell
 Unnumbered sons of Hellas slain with spears,—
 This woman who had part in thy son's blood;
 For Paris, he that slew thy son Achilles,
 Was Hector's brother, and she Hector's wife.
 And thou wouldst pass beneath one roof with her,
 Wouldst stoop to break bread with her at thy board,
 In thine house let her bear our bitterest foes,
 Whom I, of forethought for thyself and me, 660
 Would slay!—and lo, from mine hands is she torn.

465

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- καίτοι φέρ', ἄψασθαι γὰρ οὐκ αἰσχροὺν λόγου,
 ἦν παῖς μὲν ἡμῆ μὴ τέκη, ταύτης δ' ἄπο
 βλάστῳσι παῖδες, τῆσδε γῆς Φθιώτιδος
 στήσεις τυράννους, βάρβαροι δ' ὄντες γένος
 "Ἑλλῆσιν ἄρξουσ' ; εἰτ' ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ φρονῶ
 μισῶν τὰ μὴ δίκαια, σοὶ δ' ἔνεστι νοῦς ;
 κἀκεῖνο νῦν ἄθρησον· εἰ σὺ παῖδα σὴν
 670 δούς τῳ πολιτῶν, εἰτ' ἔπασχε τοιάδε,
 σιγῇ καθῆσ' ἄν ; οὐ δοκῶ ξένης δ' ὕπερ
 τοιαῦτα λάσκεις τοὺς ἀναγκαίους φίλους ;
 καὶ μὴν ἴσον γ' ἀνὴρ τε καὶ γυνή σθένει
 ἀδικουμένη πρὸς ἀνδρός· ὡς δ' αὐτως ἀνὴρ
 γυναῖκα μοραίνουσαν ἐν δόμοις ἔχων.
 καὶ τῷ μὲν ἔστιν ἐν χεροῖν μέγα σθένος,
 τῇ δ' ἐν γονεῦσι καὶ φίλοις τὰ πράγματα.
 οὐκ οὖν δίκαιον τοῖς γ' ἐμοῖς ἐπωφελεῖν ;
- γέρον γέρον εἰ· τὴν δ' ἐμὴν στρατηγίαν
 λέγων ἔμ' ὠφελοῖς ἂν ἢ σιγῶν πλέον.
 680 'Ἐλένη δ' ἐμόχθησ' οὐχ ἔκυῦσ', ἀλλ' ἐκ θεῶν,
 καὶ τοῦτο πλείστον ὠφέλησεν Ἑλλάδα·
 ὄπλων γὰρ ὄντες καὶ μάχης ἀίστορες
 ἔβησαν εἰς τ' ἀνδρείον· ἢ δ' ὀμιλία
 πάντων βροτοῖσι γίγνεται διδάσκαλος.
 εἰ δ' εἰς πρόσοψιν τῆς ἐμῆς ἐλθὼν ἐγὼ
 γυναικὸς ἔσχον μὴ κτανεῖν, ἐσωφρόνου.
 οὐδ' ἂν σε Φῶκον ἤθελον κατακτανεῖν.
 ταῦτ' εὖ φρονῶν σ' ἐπῆλθον, οὐκ ὀργῆς χάριν·
 690 ἦν δ' ὀξυθυμῆς, σοὶ μὲν ἢ γλωσσαλγία
 μείζων, ἐμοὶ δὲ κέρδος ἢ προμηθία.

ANDROMACHE

Come, reason we together—no shame this :—
 If my child bear no sons, this woman's brood
 Grow up, wilt thou establish these as lords
 Of Phthia-land ?—shall they, barbarians born,
 Rule Greeks ? And I, forsooth, am all unwise,
 Who hate the wrong, but wisdom dwells with thee !
 Consider this, too—hadst thou given thy daughter
 To a citizen, and she were thus misused,
 Hadst thou sat still ? I trow not. Yet thou raillest 670
 Thus for an alien's sake on friends, on kin !
 " Yet husband's cause "—say'st thou—" and wife's
 alike

Are strong, if she be wronged of him, or he
 Find her committing folly in his halls."
 Yea, but in his hands is o'ermastering strength,
 But upon friends and parents leans her cause.
 Do I not justly then to aid mine own ?

Dotard—thou dotard ! —thou wouldst help me more
 By praise than slurring of my leadership !
 Not of her will, but Heaven's, came Helen's
 trouble, 680
 And a great boon bestowed she thus on Greece ;
 For they which were unschooled to arms and war
 Turned them to brave deeds : fellowship in fight
 Is the great teacher of all things to men.
 And if I, soon as I beheld my wife,
 Forbore to slay her, wise was I herein.
 'Twere well had Phocus ne'er been slain by thee.¹
 Thus have I met thee in goodwill, not wrath.
 If thou wax passionate, thou shalt but win
 An aching tongue : my gain in forethought lies. 690

¹ Half-brother of Peleus and Telamon, murdered because he surpassed them in heroic exercises.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθον ἤδη, λῶστα γὰρ μακρῶ τάδε,
λόγων ματαίων, μὴ δύο σφαλῆθ' ἅμα.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οἴμοι, καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὡς κακῶς νομίζεται
ὄταν τροπαῖα πολεμίων στήσῃ στρατός,
οὐ τῶν πονούντων τοῦργον ἠγοῦνται τόδε,
ἀλλ' ὁ στρατηγὸς τὴν δόκησιν ἄρνυται,
ὃς εἰς μετ' ἄλλων μυρίων πάλλων δόρυ,
οὐδὲν πλέον δρῶν ἐνός ἔχει πλείω λόγον.
σεμνοὶ δ' ἐν ἀρχαῖς ἡμενοὶ κατὰ πτόλιν
700 φρονοῦσι δήμου μείζον, ὄντες οὐδένες·
οἱ δ' εἰσὶν αὐτῶν μυρίῳ σοφώτεροι,
εἰ τόλμα προσγένειτο βούλησίς θ' ἅμα.
ὡς καὶ σὺ σὸς τ' ἀδελφὸς ἐξωγκωμένοι
Τροία κάθησθε τῇ τ' ἐκεῖ στρατηγία,
μόχθοισιν ἄλλων καὶ πόνοις ἐπηρμένοι.
δείξω δ' ἐγὼ σοὶ μὴ τὸν Ἰδαῖον Πάριν
ἦσσω νομίζειν Πηλέως ἐχθρόν ποτε,
εἰ μὴ φθερεῖ τῆσδ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἀπὸ στέγης
καὶ παῖς ἄτεκνος, ἦν ὄδ' ἐξ ἡμῶν γεγῶς
710 ἐλᾶ δι' οἴκων τῶνδ' ἐπισπάσας κόμης·
ἦ στερρὸς οὔσα μόσχος οὐκ ἀνέξεται
τίκτοντας ἄλλους, οὐκ ἔχουσ' αὐτὴ τέκνα.
ἀλλ' εἰ τὸ κείνης δυστυχεῖ παίδων πέρι,
ἄπαιδας ἡμᾶς δεῖ καταστήναι τέκνων ;
φθείρεσθε τῆσδε, δμῶες, ὡς ἂν ἐκμάθω
εἴ τις με λύειν τῆσδε κωλύσει χέρας.
ἔπαιρε σαυτήν· ὡς ἐγὼ καίπερ τρέμων
πλεκτὰς ἰμάντων στροφίδας ἐξανήσομαι.
ὦδ', ὦ κάκιστε, τῆσδ' ἐλυμνήνω χέρας ;
720 βούν ἢ λέοντ' ἠλπιζες ἐντείνειν βρόχοις ;

ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

Refrain, refrain you—better far were this—
From such wild words, lest both together err.

PELEUS

Ah me, what evil customs hold in Greece !
When hosts rear trophies over vanquished foes,
Men count not this the battle-toiler's work ;
Nay, but their captain filcheth the renown :
Amidst ten thousand one, he raised a spear,
Wrought one man's work—no more ; yet hath more
praise.

In proud authority's pomp men sit, and scorn
The city's common folk, though they be naught. 700
Yet are those others wiser a thousandfold,
Had wisdom but audacity for ally.

Even so thou and thy brother sit enthroned,
Puffed up by Troy's fall, and your generalship,
By others' toils and pains exalted high.
But I will teach thee nevermore to count
Paris of Ida foe more stern than Peleus,
Except thou vanish from this roof with speed,
Thou and thy childless daughter, whom my son
By the hair shall grasp and hale her through these
halls,— 710

The barren heifer, who will not endure
The fruitful, seeing herself hath children none !
What, if her womb from bearing is shut up,
Childless of issue must mine house abide ?
Hence from her, thralls ! E'en let me see the man
Will let me from unmanacling her wrists !
Uplift thee, that the trembling hands of old
May now unravel these thongs' twisted knots.
Thus, O thou dastard, hast thou galled her wrists ?
Didst think to enmesh a bull or lion here ? 720

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἢ μὴ ξίφος λαβοῦσ' ἀμυνάθοιτό σε
 ἔδεισας ; ἔρπε δεῦρ' ὑπ' ἀγκάλας, βρέφος,
 ξύλλυε δεσμὰ μητρός· ἐν Φθίᾳ σ' ἐγὼ
 θρέψω μέγαν τοῖσδ' ἐχθρόν. εἰ δ' ἀπῆν δορὸς
 τοῖς Σπαρτιάταις δόξα καὶ μάχης ἀγών,
 τᾶλλ' ὄντες ἴστε μηδενὸς βελτίονες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνειμένον τι χρῆμα πρεσβυτῶν γένος
 καὶ δυσφύλακτον ὄξυθυμίας ὑπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

730 ἄγαν προνωπῆς εἰς τὸ λοιδορεῖν φέρει·
 ἐγὼ δὲ πρὸς βίαν μὲν, εἰς Φθίαν μολῶν,
 οὔτ' οὖν τι δράσω φλαῦρον οὔτε πείσομαι.
 καὶ νῦν μὲν, οὐ γὰρ ἄφθονον σχολὴν ἔχω,
 ἄπειμ' ἐς οἴκους· ἔστι γὰρ τις οὐ πρόσω
 Σπάρτης πόλις τις, ἢ πρό τοῦ μὲν ἦν φίλη,
 νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ ποιεῖ· τήνδ' ἐπεξελθεῖν θέλω
 στρατηλατήσας χυποχείριον λαβεῖν.
 ὅταν δὲ τὰκεῖ θῶ κατὰ γνώμην ἐμὴν,
 ἦξω· παρῶν δὲ πρὸς παρόντας ἐμφανῶς
 740 γαμβροὺς διδάξω καὶ διδάξομαι λόγους.
 κἂν μὲν κολάζῃ τήνδε καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν ἢ
 σῶφρων καθ' ἡμᾶς, σῶφρον' ἀντιληφεται.
 θυμούμενος δὲ τεύξεται θυμουμένων,
 ἔργοισι δ' ἔργα διάδοχ' ἀντιλήφεται.
 τοὺς σοὺς δὲ μύθους ῥαδίως ἐγὼ φέρω·
 σκιᾶ γὰρ ἀντίστοιχος ὢν¹ φωνὴν ἔχεις,
 ἀδύνατος οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν λέγειν μόνον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἡγοῦ τέκνον μοι δεῦρ' ὑπ' ἀγκάλαις σταθείς,

¹ Reiske, Hermann, and Dindorf : for MSS. σκιὰ . . . ὤς.

ANDROMACHE

Didst fear lest she should snatch a sword, and chase
Thee hence? Steal hither 'neath mine arms, my
bairn :

Help loose thy mother's bonds. I'll rear thee yet
In Phthia, their grim foe. If spear-renown
And battle-fame be ta'en from Sparta's sons,
In all else are ye meanest of mankind.

CHORUS

This race of old men may no man restrain,
Nor guard him 'gainst their sudden fiery mood.

MENELAUS

O'erhastily thou rushest into railing.
I came to Phthia not for violent deeds, 730
And will do naught unkingly, nor endure.
Now, seeing that my leisure serveth not,
Home will I go ; for not from Sparta far
Some certain town there is, our friend, time was,
But now our foe : against her will I march,
Leading mine host, and bow her 'neath my sway.
Soon as things there be ordered to my mind,
I will return, will meet my marriage-kin
Openly, speak my mind, and hear reply.
And, if he punish her, and be henceforth 740
Temperate, he shall find me temperate too,
But, if he rage, shall meet his match in rage,
Yea, shall find deeds of mine to match his own.
But, for thy words, nothing I reckon of them ;
Thou art like a creeping shadow, voice thine all,
Impotent to do anything save talk.

[*Exit.*

PELEUS

Pass on, my child, sheltered beneath mine arms,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα· χείματος γὰρ ἀγρίου
 τυχοῦσα λιμένας ἤλθες εἰς εὐηνέμους.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

750 ὦ πρέσβυ, θεοί σοι δοῖεν εὖ καὶ τοῖσι σοῖς,
 σώσαντι παῖδα κὰμὲ τὴν δυσδαίμονα.
 ὄρα δὲ μὴ νῶν εἰς ἐρημίαν ὁδοῦ
 πτήξαντες οἶδε πρὸς βίαν ἄγωσί με,
 γέροντα μὲν σ' ὀρῶντες, ἀσθενῆ δ' ἐμέ
 καὶ παῖδα τόνδε νήπιον· σκόπει τάδε,
 μὴ νῦν φυγόντες εἶθ' ἀλώμεν ὕστερον.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

οὐ μὴ γυναικῶν δειλὸν εἰσοίσεις λόγον ;
 χῶρει· τίς ὑμῶν ἄψεται ; κλαίων ἄρα
 760 ψαύσει. θεῶν γὰρ εἶνεχ' ἰππικοῦ τ' ὄχλου
 πολλῶν θ' ὀπλιτῶν ἄρχομεν Φθίαν κἀτα·
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἔτ' ὀρθοὶ κοῦ γέροντες, ὡς δοκεῖς,
 ἀλλ' εἰς γε τοιούνδ' ἀνδρ' ἀποβλέψας μόνον
 τροπαῖον αὐτοῦ στήσομαι, πρέσβυς περ ὦν.
 πολλῶν νέων γὰρ κὰν γέρων εὐψυχος ἦ
 κρείσσω· τί γὰρ δεῖ δειλὸν ὄντ' εὐσωματεῖν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦ μὴ γενοίμαν ἦ πατέρων ἀγαθῶν στρ.
 εἶην πολυκτῆτων τε δόμων μέτοχος.
 770 εἷ τι γὰρ πάσχοι τις ἀμήχανον, ἀλκᾶς
 οὐ σπάνις εὐγενέταις,
 κηρυσσομένοισι δ' ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν δωμάτων
 τιμὰ καὶ κλέος· οὔτοι
 λείψανα τῶν ἀγαθῶν
 ἀνδρῶν ἀφαιρεῖται χρόνος· ἅ δ' ἀρετὰ
 καὶ θανούσι λάμπει.

ANDROMACHE

And, hapless, thou. Caught in a raging storm,
Thou hast come into a windless haven's calm.

ANDROMACHE

The gods reward thee, ancient, thee and thine, 750
Who hast saved my son and me the evil-starred !
Yet see to it, lest, where loneliest is the way,
These fall on us, and hale me thence by force,
Marking how thou art old, how I am weak,
This boy a babe : give thou heed unto this,
Lest, though we 'scape now, we be taken yet.

PELEUS

Out on thy words—a woman's faint-heart speech !
Pass on : whose hand shall stay you ? At his peril
He toucheth. By heaven's grace o'er hosts of horse-
men

And countless men-at-arms I rule in Phthia. 760
I am yet unbowed, not old as thou dost think.
Yea, if I flash but a glance on such an one,
Shall I put him to rout, old though I be.
Stronger a stout-heart greybeard is than youths
Many : what boots a coward's burly bulk ?

[*Exeunt* PELEUS, ANDROMACHE, MOLOSSUS,
and Attendants.

CHORUS

Thou wert better unborn, save of noble fathers (*Str.*)
Descended, in halls of the rich thou abide.
If the high-born have wrong, for his championing
gathers 770

A host that shall strike on his side.
There is honour for them that be published the scions
Of princely houses : the tide
Of time never drowneth the story
Of fathers heroic : it flasheth defiance
To death from its deathless glory.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

780 κρείσσον δὲ νίκαν μὴ κακόδοξον ἔχειν ἀντ.
 ἢ ξὺν φθόνῳ σφάλλειν δυνάμει τε δίκαν.
 ἠδὺ μὲν γὰρ αὐτίκα τοῦτο βροτοῖσιν,
 ἐν δὲ χρόνῳ τελέθει
 ξηρὸν καὶ ὀνειδέσιν ἐγκείται δόμων.
 ταύταν ἦνεσα ταύταν
 καὶ φέρομαι βιοτάν,
 μηδὲν δίκας ἔξω κράτος ἐν θαλάμοις
 καὶ πόλει δύνασθαι.

790 ὦ γέρον Αἰακίδα, ἐπωδ.
 πείθομαι καὶ σὺν Λαπίθαισί σε Κενταύροις
 ὀμιλῆσαι δορὶ κλεινοτάτῳ
 καὶ ἐπ' Ἀργύου δορὸς ἄξενον ὑγρὰν
 ἐκπερᾶσαι ποντιᾶν Ξυμπληγάδων
 κλειῶν ἐπὶ ναυστολίαν,
 Ἴλιάδα τε πόλιν ὅτε πάρος
 εὐδόκιμος Διὸς Ἴνις
 ἀμφέβαλεν φόνῳ,
 800 κοινὰν τὰν εὐκλειαν ἔχοντ'
 Εὐρώπην ἀφικέσθαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, ὡς κακὸν κακῶν
 διάδοχον ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ πορσύνεται.
 δέσποινα γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, Ἑρμιόνην λέγω,
 πατρός τ' ἐρημωθείσα συννοία θ' ἅμα
 οἶον δέδρακεν ἔργον Ἀνδρομάχην κτανεῖν
 καὶ παῖδα βουλευσασα, κατθανεῖν θέλει,
 πόσιν τρέμουσα, μὴ ἀντὶ τῶν δεδραμένων
 810 ἐκ τῶνδ' ἀτίμως δωμάτων ἀποσταλῆ,
 ἢ κατθάνῃ κτείνουσα τοὺς οὐ χρῆ κτανεῖν.
 μόλις δέ νιν θέλουσαν ἀρτῆσαι δέρην

ANDROMACHE

But a victory stained—ah, best forgo it, (Ant.)
 If thy triumph must wrest to thy shame the right: 780
 Yea, 'tis sweet at the first unto mortals, I know it ;
 But barren in time's long flight
 Doth it wax : 'tis as infamy's cloud o'er thy towers.
 Nay, this be my song, the delight
 Of my days, and the prize worth winning,—
 That I wield no dominion, in home's bride-bowers,
 Nor o'er men, that I may not unsinning.

 O ancient of Aeacus' line, (Epode) 790
 Now know I, when Lapithans dashing on Centaurs
 charged victorious,
 There did thy world-famed war-spear shine,—
 That, on Argo riding the havenless brine,
 Thou didst burst through the gates of the Clashing
 Rocks on the sea-quest glorious ; [past
 And when great Zeus' son in the days over-
 Round Ilium the meshes of slaughter had cast,
 As ye sped unto Europe returning, there too was thy
 fame's star burning, 800
 For the half of the glory was thine.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE

O dear my friends, how evil in the steps
 Of evil on this day still followeth !
 For now my lady Hermione within,
 Deserted by her father, conscience-stricken
 For that her plotted crime of slaughtering
 Andromache and her son, is fain to die,
 Dreading her husband, lest for these her deeds
 He drive her from yon halls with infamy,
 Or slay her, who would fain have slain the guiltless. 810
 And scarce, when she essayed to hang herself,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἶργουσι φύλακες δμῶες ἔκ τε δεξιᾶς
 ξίφη καθαρπάξουσιν ἐξαιρούμενοι.
 οὕτω μεταλγεί καὶ τὰ πρὶν δεδραμένα
 ἔγνωκε πράξασ' οὐ καλῶς. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν
 δέσποιναν εἶργουσ' ἀγχόνης κάμνω, φίλαι·
 ὑμεῖς δὲ βᾶσαι τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω
 θανάτου νιν ἐκλύσασθε· τῶν γὰρ ἠθάδων
 φίλων νέοι μολόντες εὐπιθέστεροι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

820 καὶ μὴν ἐν οἴκοις προσπόλων ἀκούομεν
 βοήν ἐφ' οἷσιν ἦλθεσ ἀγγέλλουσα σύ.
 δείξειν δ' ἔοικεν ἢ τάλαιν' ὅσον στένει
 πράξασα δεινά· δωμάτων γὰρ ἐκπερᾶ
 φεύγουσα χεῖρας προσπόλων πόθῳ θανεῖν.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἰὼ μοί μοι· στρ. α'
 σπάραγμα κόμας οὐνύχων τε δαί' ἀ-
 μύγματα θήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί δράσεις ; σῶμα σὸν κατακιεῖ ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ· ἀντ. α'
 830 ἔρρ' αἰθέριον πλοκάμων ἐμῶν ἄπο,
 λεπτόμιτον φάρος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τέκνον, κάλυπτε στέρνα, σύνδησαι πέπλους.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί δέ με δεῖ στέρνα καλύπτειν πέπλοις ; στρ. β'
 δῆλα καὶ ἀμφιφανῆ καὶ ἄκρυπτα
 δεδράκαμεν πόσιν.

ANDROMACHE

Her watching servants stayed her, from her hand
 Catching the sword and wresting it away ;
 With such fierce anguish seeth she her sins
 Already wrought. O friends, my strength is spent
 Dragging my mistress from the noose of death !
 Oh, enter ye yon halls, deliver her
 From death : for oft new-comers more prevail
 In such an hour than one's familiar friends.

CHORUS

Lo, in the palace hear we servants' cries 820
 Touching that thing whereof thou hast made report.
 Hapless !—she is like to prove how bitterly
 She mourns her crimes : for, fleeing forth the house
 Eager to die, she hath 'scaped her servants' hands.

HERMIONE *rushes on to the stage.*

HERMIONE

Woe's me ! with shriek on shriek *(Str. 1)*
 I will make of mine hair a rending, will tear with
 ruining fingers my red-furrowed cheek !

NURSE

Daughter, what wilt thou do ?—wilt mar thy form ?

HERMIONE

Alas, and well-a-day ! *(Ant. 1)*
 Hence from mine head, thou gossamer-thread of my
 wimple !—float on the wind away ! 830

NURSE

Child, veil thy bosom, gird thy vesture-folds !

HERMIONE

(Str. 2)
 What have I to do, with my vesture to veil
 My bosom, when bared are the crimes I have dared
 against my lord, bared naked to light ?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀλγείς, φόνον βράψασα συγγάμφ σέθεν ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

κατὰ μὲν οὖν στένω δαίτας τόλμας, ἂν ἔρεξ' ἀντ. β'
 ἂ κατάρατος ἐγὼ κατάρατος
 ἀνθρώποις.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

840 συγγνώσεται σοι τήνδ' ἄμαρτίαν πόσις.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί μοι ξίφος ἐκ χερὸς ἠγρεύσω ;
 ἀπόδος, ὦ φίλ', ἀπόδος, ἵν' ἀνταίαν
 ἐρείσω πλαγάν· τί με βρόχων εἴργεις ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀλλ' εἴ σ' ἀφείην μὴ φρονούσαν, ὡς θάνοις ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

οἴμοι πότμον.

ποῦ μοι πυρὸς φίλα φλόξ ;

ποῦ δ' εἰς πέτρας ἀερθῶ,

850 ἢ κατὰ πόντον ἢ καθ' ὕλαν ὀρέων,

ἵνα θανοῦσα νερτέροισιν μέλω ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί ταῦτα μοχθεῖς ; συμφοραὶ θεήλατοι

πᾶσιν βροτοῖσιν ἢ τότε ἦλθον ἢ τότε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἔλιπες ἔλιπες, ὦ πάτερ, ἐπακτίαν

ὡσεὶ μονάδ' ἔρημον οὔσαν ἐνάλου κώπας.

ὀλεῖ ὀλεῖ με· τᾶδ' οὐκέτ' ἐνοικῆσω

νυμφιδίῳ στέγᾳ.

ANDROMACHE

NURSE

Griev'st thou to have contrived thy rival's death?

HERMIONE

(*Ant.* 2)

O yea, for my murderous daring I wail,
For my fury-burst, O woman accurst!—O woman
accurst in all men's sight!

NURSE

Thy lord shall yet forgive thee this thy sin.

840

HERMIONE

O why didst thou wrest that sword from mine hand?
Give it back, give it back, dear friend; be the brand
Thrust home!—mine hanging why didst thou with-
stand?

NURSE

What, should I leave thee thus distraught to die?

HERMIONE

Woe's me for my destiny!

O for the fire!—I would hail it my friend!

O to the height of a scaur to ascend—

To crash through the trees of the mountain, to plunge
mid the sea, [me!

To die, that the nethergloom shadows may welcome 850

NURSE

Why fret thyself for this? Heaven's visitation
Sooner or later cometh on all men.

HERMIONE

Thou hast left me, my father, hast left, as a bark by
the tide

Left stranded and stripped of the last sea-plashing oar!
He shall slay me, shall slay! 'Neath the roof that
knew me a bride

Shall I dwell never more!

479

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

860 τίνος ἀγαλμάτων ἰκέτις ὄρμαθῶ,
 ἢ δούλα δούλας γόνασι προσπέσω ;
 Φθιάδος ἐκ γᾶς
 κυανόπτερος ὄρνις εἴθ' εἴην,
 ἢ πευκᾶεν σκάφος, ἃ
 διὰ Κυανέας ἐπέρασεν ἀκτὰς
 πρωτόπλους πλάτα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

870 ὦ παῖ, τὸ λίαν οὐτ' ἐκεῖν' ἐπήνεσα,
 ὅτ' εἰς γυναῖκα Τρωάδ' ἐξημάρτανες,
 οὐτ' αὖ τὸ νῦν σου δαίμ' ἢ δειμαίνεις ἄγαν.
 οὐχ ὧδε κῆδος σὸν διώσεται πόσις
 φαύλοις γυναικὸς βαρβάρου πεισθεὶς λόγους.
 οὐ γάρ τί σ' αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ Τροίας ἔχει,
 ἀλλ' ἀνδρὸς ἐσθλοῦ παῖδα σὺν πολλοῖς λαβῶν
 ἔδνοισι, πόλεώς τ' οὐ μέσως εὐδαίμονος.
 πατὴρ δέ σ' οὐχ ὧδ' ὡς σὺ δειμαίνεις, τέκνον,
 προδοὺς ἐάσει διωμάτων τῶνδ' ἐκπεσεῖν.
 ἀλλ' εἴσιθ' εἴσω μηδὲ φαντάζου δόμων
 πάροιθε τῶνδε, μὴ τιν' αἰσχύνῃ λάβης
 πρόσθεν μελάθρων τῶνδ' ὀρωμένη, τέκνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

880 καὶ μὴν ὄδ' ἀλλόχρως τις ἐκδημος ξένος
 σπουδῇ πρὸς ἡμᾶς βημάτων πορεύεται.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ξέναι γυναῖκες, ἢ τὰδ' ἔστ' Ἀχιλλέως
 παιδὸς μέλαθρα καὶ τυραννικαὶ στέγαι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔγνωσ' ἀτὰρ τίς ὦν σὺ πυνθάνει τάδε ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

'Αγαμέμνονός τε καὶ Κλυταιμνήστρας τόκος,
 ὄνομα δ' Ὀρέστης. ἔρχομαι δὲ πρὸς Διὸς

ANDROMACHE

To the feet of what statue of Gods shall the suppliant
 fly? {shall I lie?}
 Or crouched at the bondwoman's knees like a slave 860
 O that from Phthia, a bird dark-winged, I were soaring,
 Or were such as the pine-wrought galley, that flew
 The first of the ships of earth her swift course oaring
 Through the Cragg Dark-blue !

NURSE

My child, thy frenzy of rage I praised not then
 When thou against the Trojan dame didst sin,
 Nor praise the frenzy of dread that shakes thee now.
 Not thus thy lord will thrust his wife away
 By weak words of barbarian woman swayed. 870
 In thee he wed no captive torn from Troy,
 Nay, but a prince's child, and gat with thee
 Rich dowry from a city of golden weal.
 Nor will thy father, as thou fearest, child,
 Forsake and let thee from these halls be driven.
 Nay, pass within ; make not thyself a show
 Before this house, lest thou shouldst get thee shame,
 Before this palace seen of men, my child.

CHORUS

But lo, an outland stranger, alien-seeming,
 With hasty steps to usward journeyeth. 880
Enter ORESTES.

ORESTES

Dames of a foreign land, be these the halls
 And royal palace of Achilles' son ?

CHORUS

Thou sayest : but who art thou that askest this ?

ORESTES

Agamemnon's son and Clytemnestra's I,
 My name Orestes : to Zeus' oracle

481

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μαντεία Δωδωναϊ· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην
 Φθίαν, δοκεῖ μοι ξυγγενοῦς μαθεῖν περὶ
 γυναικός, εἰ ζῆ κεύτυχοῦσα τυγχάνει
 ἢ Σπαρτιᾶτις Ἑρμιόνη τηλουρὰ γὰρ
 890 ναίουσ' ἀφ' ἡμῶν πεδί' ὅμως ἐστὶν φίλη.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὦ ναυτίλοισι χείματος λιμὴν φανείς
 Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖ, πρὸς σε τῶνδε γουνάτων,
 οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς ὦν ἐπισκοπεῖς τύχας,
 πρᾶσσοντας οὐκ εὔ. στεμμάτων δ' οὐχ ἦσσοντας
 σοῖς προστίθημι γόνασιν ὠλένας ἐμάς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα·
 τί χρῆμα; μῶν ἐσφάλμεθ' ἢ σαφῶς ὀρώ
 δόμων ἀνασσαν τήνδε Μενέλεω κόρην;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦνπερ μόνην γε Τυνδαρίς τίκτει γυνή
 Ἑλένη κατ' οἴκους πατρί· μηδὲν ἀγνόει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

900 ὦ Φοῖβ' ἀκέστορ, πημάτων δοίης λύσειν.
 τί χρῆμα; πρὸς θεῶν ἢ βροτῶν πάσχεις κακά;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τὰ μὲν πρὸς ἡμῶν, τὰ δὲ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ὅς μ' ἔχει.
 τὰ δ' ἐκ θεῶν του· πανταχῆ δ' ὀλώλαμεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίς οὖν ἂν εἴη μὴ πεφυκότων γέ πω
 παίδων γυναικὶ συμφορὰ πλὴν εἰς λέχος;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ καὶ νοσοῦμεν· εὔ μ' ὑπηγάγου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλην τίν' εὐνήν ἀντὶ σοῦ στέργει πόσις;

ANDROMACHE

Bound, at Dodona. Seeing I am come
To Phthia, good it seems that I inquire
Of my kinswoman, if she lives and thrives,
Hermione of Sparta. Though she dwell
In a far land from us, she is all as dear.

890

HERMIONE

O haven in a storm by shipmen seen,
Agamemnon's son, by these thy knees I pray,
Pity me of whose lot thou questionest,
Afflicted me! With arms, as suppliant wreaths
Strong to constrain, I clasp thy very knees.

ORESTES

What ails thee? Have I erred, or see I clear
Menelaus' daughter here, this household's queen?

HERMIONE

Yea, the one daughter Helen Tyndarus' child
Bare in his halls unto my sire: doubt not.

ORESTES

O Healer Phoebus, grant from woes release!
What ails thee? Art thou wronged of Gods or men?

900

HERMIONE

Of myself partly, partly of my lord,
In part of some God: ruin is everywhere!

ORESTES

Now what affliction to a childless wife
Could hap, except as touching wedlock-right?

HERMIONE

That mine affliction is: thou promptest well.

ORESTES

What leman in thy stead doth thy lord love?

483

11 2

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τὴν αἰχμάλωτον Ἴκτορος ξυνευνέτιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κακόν γ' ἔλεξας, ἄνδρα δίσσ' ἔχειν λέχη.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

910 τοιαῦτα ταῦτα· κᾶτ' ἔγωγ' ἠμυνάμην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μῶν εἰς γυναῖκ' ἔρραψας οἶα δὴ γυνή;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

φόνον γ' ἐκείνη καὶ τέκνω νοθαγενεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κᾶκτεινας, ἧ τις συμφορά σ' ἀφείλετο;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

γέρων γε Πηλεὺς, τοὺς κακίονας σέβων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοὶ δ' ἦν τις ὄστις τοῦδ' ἐκοινώνει φόνον;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

πατήρ γ' ἐπ' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀπὸ Σπάρτης μολῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κᾶπειτα τοῦ γέροντος ἠσσήθη χερί;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

αἰδοῖ γε· καὶ μ' ἔρημον οἶχεται λιπῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

συνήκα· ταρβεῖς τοῖς δεδραμένοις πόσιν.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

920 ἔγνωσ' ὀλεῖ γάρ μ' ἐνδίκως. τί δεῖ λέγειν;
ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σε Δία καλοῦσ' ὀμόγνιον,
πέμψον με χώρας τῆσδ' ὅποι προσωτάτω
ἢ πρὸς πατρῶον μέλαθρον· ὡς δοκούσιν γε
δόμοι τ' ἐλαύνειν φθέγμ' ἔχοντες οἶδε με,
μισεῖ τε γαῖα Φθιάς· εἰ δ' ἤξει πάρος

ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

The captive woman that was Hector's wife.

ORESTES

An ill tale, that a man should have two wives!

HERMIONE

Even so it was, and I against it fought.

910

ORESTES

Didst thou for her devise a woman's vengeance?

HERMIONE

Ay, death for her and for her base-born child.

ORESTES

And slewest them?—or some mischance hath foiled thee?

HERMIONE

Old Pelus, championing the baser cause.

ORESTES

Did none in this blood-shedding take thy part?

HERMIONE

My father came from Sparta even for this.

ORESTES

How?—overmastered by the old man's hand?

HERMIONE

Nay, but by reverence;—and forsakes me now.

ORESTES

I see it: for thy deeds thou fear'st thy lord.

HERMIONE

Death is within his right. What can I plead?

920

But I beseech thee by our Kin-god Zeus,
Help me from this land far as I may flee,
Or to my father's home. These very halls
Seem now to have a voice to hoot me forth:
The hand of Phthia hates me. If my lord

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Φοίβου λιπὼν μαντεῖον εἰς δόμους πόσις,
 κτενεῖ μ' ἐπ' αἰσχίστοισιν, ἢ δουλεύσομεν
 νόθοισι λέκτροις ἂν ἐδέσποζον πρὸ τοῦ.
 930 πῶς οὖν τάδ', ὡς εἶποι τις, ἐξημάρτανες;
 κακῶν γυναικῶν εἴσοδοί μ' ἀπώλεσαν,
 αἷ μοι λέγουσαι τοῦσδ' ἐχαύνωσαν λόγους·
 σὺ τὴν κακίστην αἰχμάλωτον ἐν δόμοις
 δούλην ἀνέξει σοὶ λέχους κοινουμένην;
 μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν, οὐκ ἂν ἐν γ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις
 βλέπουσ' ἂν αὐγὰς τὰ μ' ἐκαρπούτ' ἂν λέχη.
 κἀγὼ κλύουσα τοῦσδε Σειρήνων λόγους
 σοφῶν, πανούργων, ποικίλων λαλημάτων,
 ἐξηνεμώθη μωρία. τί γάρ μ' ἐχρήν
 940 πόσιν φυλάσσειν, ἢ παρῆν ὅσων ἔδει;
 πολὺς μὲν ὄλβος, δωμάτων δ' ἠνάσσομεν,
 παῖδας δ' ἐγὼ μὲν γνησίους ἔτικτον ἂν,
 ἢ δ' ἡμιδούλους τοῖς ἐμοῖς νοθαγενεῖς.
 ἀλλ' οὔ ποτ' οὔ ποτ', οὐ γὰρ εἰσάπαξ ἐρῶ,
 χρὴ τοὺς γε νοῦν ἔχοντας οἷς ἔστιν γυνή,
 πρὸς τὴν ἐν οἴκοις ἄλοχον εἰσφοιτᾶν εἶν
 γυναῖκας· αὐταὶ γὰρ διδάσκαλοι κακῶν
 ἢ μὲν τι κερδαίνουσα συμφθεῖρει λέχος,
 ἢ δ' ἀμπλακοῦσα συννοσεῖν αὐτῇ θέλει,
 950 πολλαὶ δὲ μαργότητι κἀντεῦθεν δόμοι
 νοσοῦσιν ἀνδρῶν. πρὸς τάδ' εὐ φυλάσσετε
 κλήθροισι καὶ μοχλοῖσι δωμάτων πύλας·
 ὑγιᾶς γὰρ οὐδὲν αἰ θύραθεν εἴσοδοι
 δρῶσιν γυναικῶν, ἀλλὰ πολλὰ καὶ κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄγαν ἐφήκας γλῶσσαν εἰς τὸ σύμφυτον.
 συγγνωστὰ μὲν νυν σοὶ τάδ', ἀλλ' ὅμως χρεῶν
 κοσμεῖν γυναῖκας τὰς γυναικείας νόσους.

ANDROMACHE

Come home from Phoebus' oracle ere my flight,
On shamefullest charge I die, or shall be thrall
Unto his paramour, till now my slave.

"How then," shall one ask, "cam'st thou so to err?"
'Twas pestilent women sought to me, and ruined, 930
Which spake and puffed me up with words like
these :

"Thou, wilt thou suffer yon base captive thrall
Within thine halls to share thy bridal couch?
By Heaven's Queen, were it in mine halls, she should
not

See light and reap the harvest of my bed!"
And I gave ear unto these sirens' words,
These crafty, knavish, subtle gossip-mongers,
And swelled with wind of folly. Why behoved
To spy upon my lord? I had all my need,—
Great riches; in his palace was I queen; 940
The children I might bear should be true-born;
But hers, the bastards, half-thrall unto mine.
But never, never—yea, twice o'er I say it,—
Ought men of wisdom, such as have a wife,
Suffer that women visit in their halls
The wife: they are teachers of iniquity.
One, for her own ends, beckons on to sin;
One, that hath fallen, craves fellowship in shame;
And of sheer wantonness many tempt. And so
Men's homes are poisoned Therefore guard ye well 950
With bolts and bars the portals of your halls;
For nothing wholesome comes when enter in
Strange women, nay, but mischief manifold.

CHORUS

Thou hast loosed a reinless tongue against thy sisters.
In thee might one forgive it; yet behoves
Woman with woman's frailty gently deal.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοφόν τι χρήμα τοῦ διδάξαντος βροτοῦς
 λόγους ἀκούειν τῶν ἐναντίων πάρα.
 960 ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰδὼς τῶνδε σύγχυσιν δόμων
 ἔριν τε τὴν σὴν καὶ γυναικὸς Ἔκτορος,
 φυλακὰς ἔχων ἔμιμνον, εἴτ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖς
 εἴτ' ἐκφοβηθεῖς αἰχμαλωτίδος φόβῳ
 γυναικὸς οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀπηλλάχθαι θέλεις.

ἦλθον δὲ σὰς μὲν οὐ σέβων ἐπιστολάς,
 εἰ δ' ἐνδιδοίης, ὡσπερ ἐνδίδως, λόγον,
 πέμψων σ' ἀπ' οἴκων τῶνδ'. ἐμὴ γὰρ οὔσα πρὶν
 σὺν τῷδε ναίεις ἀνδρὶ σοῦ πατρὸς κάκη,
 970 ὃς πρὶν τὰ Τροίας εἰσβαλεῖν ὀρίσματα
 γυναικ' ἐμοὶ σε δοὺς ὑπέσχεθ' ὕστερον
 τῷ νῦν σ' ἔχοντι, Τρωάδ' εἰ πέρσοι πόλιν.
 ἐπεὶ δ' Ἀχιλλέως δεῦρ' ἐνόστησεν γόνος,
 σῶ μὲν συνέγνων πατρί, τὸν δ' ἐλισσόμην
 γάμους ἀφείναι σοὺς, ἐμὰς λέγων τύχας
 καὶ τὸν παρόντα δαίμον', ὡς φίλων μὲν ἂν
 γήμαιμ' ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν, ἔκτοθεν δ' οὐ ραδίως,
 φεύγων ἀπ' οἴκων ἃς ἐγὼ φεύγω φυγὰς.
 ὃ δ' ἦν ὑβριστῆς εἰς τ' ἐμῆς μητρὸς φόνου
 τὰς θ' αἱματοποῦς θεὰς ὀνειδίζων ἐμοί.

καγὼ ταπεινὸς ὢν τύχαις ταῖς οἴκοθεν
 980 ἦλθον μὲν ἦλθον, ξυμφορὰς δ' ἠνειχόμην,
 σὼν δὲ στερηθεὶς ὀχόμην ἄκων γάμων.
 νῦν οὖν ἐπειδὴ περιπετεῖς ἔχεις τύχας
 καὶ ξυμφορὰν τήνδ' εἰσπεσοῦσ' ἀμηχανεῖς,
 ἄξω σ' ἀπ' οἴκων καὶ πατρὸς δώσω χερί.
 τὸ συγγενὲς γὰρ δεινόν, ἐν τε τοῖς κακοῖς
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κρεῖσσον οἰκείου φίλου.

ANDROMACHE

ORESTES

Wise was the rede of him who taught that men
Should hear the reasonings of the other side.
I, knowing what confusions vexed this house,
And of the feud 'twixt thee and Hector's wife, 960
Kept watch and waited, whether thou wouldst stay
Here, or, dismayed with dread of that spear-thrall,
Out of these halls were minded to avoid.

I came, not by thy message drawn so much,
As from this house to help thee, shouldst thou grant
me

Speech of thee, as thou dost. Mine wast thou once,
But liv'st with this man through thy father's
baseness,

Who, ere he marched unto the coasts of Troy,
Betrothed thee mine, thereafter promised thee
To him that hath thee now, if he smote Troy. 970
Soon as to Greece returned Achilles' son,
Thy father I forgave : thy lord I prayed
To set thee free. I pleaded mine hard lot,
The fate so haunting me, that I might wed
From friends indeed, but scarce of stranger folk,
Banished as I am banished from mine home.
Then he with insolent scorn cast in my teeth
My mother's blood, the gory-visaged fiends.

And I—my pride fell with mine house's fortunes—
Was heart-wrung, heart-wrung, yet endured my lot, 980
And loth departed, of thy love bereft.
But, now thy fortune's dice have fallen awry,
And in affliction plunged dost thou despair,
Hence will I lead and give thee to thy sire ;
For mighty is kinship, and in evil days
There is naught better than the bond of blood.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

990 νυμφευμάτων μὲν τῶν ἐμῶν πατὴρ ἐμὸς
 μέριμναν ἔξει, κοῦκ ἐμὸν κρίνειν τόδε.
 ἄλλ' ὡς τάχιστα τῶνδ' ἐμ' ἔκπεμψον δόμων,
 μὴ φθῆ με προσβὰς δῶμα καὶ μολῶν πόσις,
 ἢ παιδὸς οἴκους μ' ἐξερημοῦσαν μαθὼν
 Πηλεὺς μετέλθῃ πωλικοῖς διώγμασιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1000 θάρσει γέροντος χεῖρα· τὸν δ' Ἀχιλλέως
 μηδὲν φοβηθῆς παῖδ', ὅσ' εἰς ἐμ' ὕβρισε.
 τοῖα γὰρ αὐτῷ μηχανὴ πεπλεγμένη
 βρόχοις ἀκινήτοισιν ἔστηκεν φόνου
 πρὸς τῆσδε χειρός· ἦν πάρος μὲν οὐκ ἐρῶ,
 τελουμένων δὲ Δελφῖς εἴσεται πέτρα.
 ὁ μητροφόντης δ', ἦν δορυξένων ἐμῶν
 μείνωσιν ὄρκοι Πυθικῆν ἀνὰ χθόνα,
 δείξει γαμῆν σε μηδέν', ἦν' ἐχρῆν ἐμέ.
 πικρῶς δὲ πατὸς φόνιον αἰτήσῃ δίκην
 ἄνακτα Φοῖβον· οὐδέ νιν μετάστασις
 γνώμης ὀνήσῃ θεῷ δίδόντα νῦν δίκας,
 ἀλλ' ἐκ τ' ἐκείνου διαβολαῖς τε ταῖς ἐμαῖς
 κακῶς ὀλεῖται γνῶσεται δ' ἐχθραν ἐμήν.
 ἐχθρῶν γὰρ ἀνδρῶν μοῖραν εἰς ἀναστροφὴν
 δαίμων δίδωσι κοῦκ ἐᾷ φρονεῖν μέγα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1010 ὦ Φοῖβε πυργώσας στρ. α'
 τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ εὐτειχῆ πάγον,
 καὶ πόντιε κναυέαις
 ἵπποις διφρεῦων ἄλιον πέλαγος,
 τίνος εἴνεκ' ἄτιμον ὀργά-
 ναν χέρα τεκτοσύνας Ἐ-

¹ Paley: for MSS. σφε μηδέν' ἄν,

ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

My marriage—'tis my father shall take thought
Thereof: herein decision is not mine.
But help thou me with all speed forth this house,
Lest my lord coming home prevent me yet, 990
Or Peleus learn my flight from his son's halls,
And follow in our track with chasing steeds.

ORESTES

Fear not the greybeard's hand: yea, nowise fear
Achilles' son: his insolence-cup is full;
Such toils of doom by this hand woven for him
With murder-meshes round him steadfast-staked
Are drawn: thereof I speak not ere the time;
But, when I strike, the Delphian rock shall know.
This mother-murderer—if the oaths be kept
Of spear-confederates in the Delphian land— 1000
Shall prove none else shall wed thee, mine of right.
To his sorrow shall he ask redress of Phoebus
For a sire's blood! Nor shall repentance now
Avail him, who would make the God amends.
By that God's wrath, and slanders sown of me,
Die shall he foully, and shall know mine hate:
For the God turns the fortune of his foes
To overthrow, nor suffereth their high thoughts.

[*Exeunt* ORESTES and HERMIONE.]

CHORUS

O Phoebus, who gavest to Ilium a glory (Str. 1)
Of diadem-towers on her heights,—and O Master 1010
Of Sea-depths, whose grey-gleaming steeds o'er the
hoary
Surf-ridges speed,—to the War-god, the Waster
With spears, for what cause for a spoil did ye cast
her,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἠαλλήφδοριμήστορι προσθέντες τάλαιναν
τάλαιναν μεθεῖτε Τροίαν ;

πλείστους δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖσιν ἀντ. α'
Σιμοεντίσιν εὐέππους ὄχους
1020 ἐξεύξατε καὶ φονίους
ἄνδρῶν ἀμίλλας ἔθετ' ἄστεφάνους·
ἀπὸ δὲ φθίμενοι βεβᾶσιν
Ἰλιάδαι βασιλῆες,
οὐδ' ἔτι πῦρ ἐπιβώμιον ἐν Τροίᾳ θεοῖσιν
λέλαμπεν καπνῷ θυώδει.

βέβακε δ' Ἀτρείδας ἀλόχου παλάμαις· στρ. β'
αἰτὰ τ' ἐναλλάξασα φόνον θανάτῳ
1030 πρὸς τέκνων ἀπηύρα·
θεοῦ θεοῦ νιν κέλευσ' ἐπεστράφη
μαντόσυνον, ὅτε νιν Ἀργόθεν πορευθεῖς
Ἄγαμεμόνιος κέλωρ
ἀδύτων ἐπιβὰς κτάνεν ματρὸς φονεύς·
ὦ δαῖμον, ὦ Φοῖβε, πῶς πείθομαι ;

πολλαὶ δ' ἂν Ἑλλάνων ἀγόρους στοναχὰς ἀντ. β'
μέλποντο δυστάνων τεκέων, ἄλοχοι δ'
1040 ἐξέλειπον οἴκους
πρὸς ἄλλον εὐνάτορ'. οὐχὶ σοὶ μόνῃ
δύσφρονες ἐπέπεσον, οὐ φίλοισι, λῦπαι·
νοσον Ἑλλὰς ἔτλα, νόσον·

ANDROMACHE

Whom your own hands had fashioned, dishonoured to
lie

In wretchedness, wretchedness—her that was Troy ?

(*Ant.* 1)

And by Simois ye yoked to the chariots fleet horses
Unnumbered, in races of blood which contended,
Whose lords for no wreaths ran their terrible courses, 1020
Where the princes of Ilium to Hades descended,
Where upstreameth no more with the altar-flames
blended

The odour of incense to dream through the sky
Round the feet of Immortals—from her that was Troy !

(*Str.* 2)

And Atreides hath passed ; for on him lighted slaughter
At the hands of a wife : and with murder she bought
her

Death, at the hands of her child to receive it :
For a God's, O a God's hest levin-wise glared 1030
Bodings of death on her, doomings declared
In the hour Agamemnon's son forth fared
To his temple from Argos ; then thundered it o'er him ;
And he slew her, he murdered the mother that bore
him !

God, Phoebus !—ah must I, ah must I believe it ?

(*Ant.* 2)

And wherever the Hellenes were gathered was
mourning

Of wives for their lost ones, the sons unreturning,
And of brides from their bowers of espousal
departing 1040

To another lord's couch :—O, not only on thee
Down swooping fell anguish of misery,
Nor alone on thy loved ones ; but Hellas must be

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

διέβα δὲ Φρυγῶν πρὸς εὐκάρπους γύας
σκηπτὸς σταλίσσω τὸν Ἄϊδα φόνον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

Φθιώτιδες γυναῖκες, ἱστοροῦντί μοι
σημήνατ' ἤσθόμην γὰρ οὐ σαφῆ λόγον
ὡς δόματ' ἐκλιπούσα Μενέλεω κόρη
1050 φρούδη τάδ' ἤκω δ' ἐκμαθεῖν σπουδὴν ἔχων
εἰ ταῦτ' ἀληθῆ· τῶν γὰρ ἐκδήμων φίλων
δεῖ τοὺς κατ' οἶκον ὄντας ἐκπονεῖν τύχας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Πηλεῦ, σαφῶς ἤκουσας· οὐδ' ἐμοὶ καλὸν
κρύπτειν ἐν οἴσπερ οὔσα τυγχάνω κακοῖς.
Βασίλεια γὰρ τῶνδ' οἴχεται φυγὰς δόμων.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

τίνος φόβου τυχοῦσα ; διαπέραυνέ μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πόσιν τρέμουσα, μὴ δόμων νιν ἐκβάλῃ.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

μῶν ἀντὶ παιδὸς θανασίμων βουλευμάτων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ναί, καὶ γυναικὸς αἰχμαλωτίδος φόβῳ.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

1060 σὺν πατρὶ δ' οἴκουσ ἢ τίνος λείπει μέτα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄγαμέμνονός νιν παῖς βέβηκ' ἄγων χθονός.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ποῖαν περαίνων ἐλπίδ' ; ἢ γῆμαι θέλων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ σοῦ γε παιδὸς παιδὶ πορσύνων μόρου.

ANDROMACHE

Bowed 'neath the plague, 'neath the plague; and on-
sweeping [dripping,
Like a cloud whence the death-rain of Hades was
Passed the scourge, o'er the Phrygians' fair harvest-
fields darting.

Enter PELEUS, attended.

PELEUS

Women of Phthia, unto that I ask
Make answer, for a rumour have I heard
That Menelaus' child hath left these halls
And fled away. In haste I come to learn
If this be sooth; for we which bide at home
Should bear the burdens of our absent friends.

1050

CHORUS

Peleus, truth hast thou heard: 'twere for my shame
To hide the ills wherein my lot is cast.
O yea, the queen is gone—fled from these halls.

PELEUS

With what fear stricken? Tell me all the tale.

CHORUS

Dreading her lord, lest forth the home he cast her.

PELEUS

For that her murder-plot against his son?

CHORUS

Yea: of the captive dame adread withal.

PELEUS

Forth with her father went she, or with whom?

1060

CHORUS

Agamemnon's son hath led her from the land.

PELEUS

Yea?—furthering what hope? Would he wed her?

CHORUS

Yea: and for thy son's son he plotteth death.

495

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

κρυπτός καταστάς ἢ κατ' ὄμμ' ἔλθων μάχη;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀγνοῖς ἐν ἱεροῖς Λοξίου Δελφῶν μέτα.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οἴμοι· τόδ' ἤδη δεινόν. οὐχ ὅσον τάχος
χωρήσεται τις Πυθικὴν πρὸς ἑστίαν
καὶ τὰνθάδ' ὄντα τοῖς ἐκεῖ λέξει φίλοις
πρὶν παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως καταθεῖν ἐχθρῶν ὑπο;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1070

ὦμοι μοι·
οἴας ὁ τλήμων ἀγγελῶν ἤκω τύχας
σοί τ', ὦ γεραιέ, καὶ φίλοισι δεσπότην.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

αἰαί· πρόμαντις θυμὸς ὡς τι προσδοκᾷ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐχ ἔστι σοι παῖς παιδός, ὡς μάθης, γέρον
Πηλεῦ· τοιάσδε φασγάνων πληγὰς ἔχει
Δελφῶν ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ Μυκηναίου ξένου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾄ ᾄ, τί δράσεις, ὦ γεραιέ; μὴ πέσης·
ἔπαιρε σαυτόν.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐδέν εἰμ'· ἀπωλόμην.
φρούδη μὲν αὐδή, φρούδα δ' ἄρθρα μου κάτω.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1080

ἄκουσον, εἰ καὶ σοῖς φίλοις ἀμναθεῖν
χρήζεις, τὸ πραχθέν, σὸν κατορθώσας δέμας.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ μοῖρα, γήρως ἐσχάτοις πρὸς τέρμασιν
οἴα με τὸν δύστηνον ἀμφιβᾶσ' ἔχεις.

ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

Lying in wait, or face to face in fight?

CHORUS

With Delphians, in Loxias' holy place.

PELEUS

Ah me! grim peril this! Away with speed
Let one depart unto the Pythian hearth,
And to our friends there tell the deeds here done,
Or ever Achilles' son be slain of foes.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Woe's me, woe's me!
Bearing what tidings of mischance to thee, 1070
Ancient, and all that love my lord, I come

PELEUS

O my prophetic soul, what ill it bodes!

MESSENGER

Thy son's son, ancient Peleus, is no more,
Such dagger-thrusts hath he received of men
Of Delphi, and that stranger of Mycenae.

CHORUS

Ah, what wilt do, O ancient?—fall not thou!
Uplift thee!

PELEUS

I am naught: it is my death.
Faieth my voice, my limbs beneath me fail.

MESSENGER

Hearken, if thou wouldst also avenge thy friends.
Upraise thy body, hear what deed was done. 1080

PELEUS

O Fate, how hast thou compassed me about,
The hapless, upon ead's extremest verge!

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πῶς δ' οἴχεται μοι παῖς μόνου παιδὸς μόνος ;
σήμειν' ἀκούσαι δ' οὐκ ἀκούσθ' ὅμως θέλω.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐπεὶ τὸ κλεινὸν ἤλθομεν Φοίβου πέδον,
τρεις μὲν φαεινὰς ἡλίου διεξόδους
θεὰ διδόντες ὄμματ' ἐξεπίμπλαμεν,
καὶ τοῦθ' ὑποπτον ἦν ἄρ' εἰς δὲ συστάσεις
κύκλους τ' ἐχώρει λαὸς οἰκῆτωρ θεοῦ.
1090 Ἀγαμέμνωνος δὲ παῖς διαστείχων πόλιν
εἰς οὓς ἐκάστω δυσμενεῖς ἦῶδα λόγους·
ὀρότε τοῦτον, ὃς διαστείχει θεοῦ
χρυσοῦ γέμοντα γύαλα, θησαυροὺς βροτῶν,
τὸ δεύτερον παρόντ' ἐφ' οἷσι καὶ πάρος
δεῦρ' ἦλθε Φοίβου ναὸν ἐκπέρσαι θέλων ;
κακ τοῦδ' ἐχώρει ρόθιον ἐν πόλει κακόν,
ἀρχαί τ' ἐπληροῦντ' εἰς τε βουλευτήρια
ἰδία θ' ὅσοι θεοῦ χρημάτων ἐφέστασαν
φρουρὰν ἐτάξαντ' ἐν περιστύλοις δόμοις.
1100 ἡμεῖς δὲ μῆλα, φυλλάδος Παρνασίας
παιδεύματ', οὐδὲν τῶνδέ πω πεπυσμένοι,
λαβόντες ἡμεν ἐσχάrais τ' ἐφέσταμεν
σὺν προξένοισι μάντεσιν τε Πυθικοῖς.
καὶ τις τόδ' εἶπεν· ὦ νεανία, τί σοι
θεῶ κατευξώμεσθα ; τίνος ἤκεις χάριν ;
ὁ δ' εἶπε· Φοίβω τῆς πάροισ' ἀμαρτίας
δίκας παρασχεῖν βουλόμεσθ'· ἤτησα γὰρ
πατρός ποτ' αὐτὸν αἵματος δοῦναι δίκην.
1110 κἀνταῦθ' Ὀρέστου μῦθος ἰσχύων μέγα
ἐφαίνεθ', ὡς ψεύδοιτο δεσπότης ἐμὸς
ἦκων ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς. ἔρχεται δ' ἀνακτόρων
κρηπίδος ἐντός, ὡς πάρος χρηστηρίων
εὐξαιτο Φοίβω, τυγχάνει δ' ἐν ἐμπύροις·

ANDROMACHE

How perished he, my one son's only son?
Tell: though it blast mine ears, fain would I hear.

MESSENGER

When unto Phoebus' world-famed land we came,
Three radiant courses of the sun we gave
To gazing, and with beauty filled our eyes.
This bred mistrust: the folk in the God's close
That dwelt, drew into knots and muttering rings,
While Agamemnon's son passed through the town, 1090
And whispered deadly hints in each man's ear:—
“See ye yon man who prowls the God's shrines
through,

Shrines full of gold, the nations' treasures,
Who on the selfsame mission comes again
As erst he came, to rifle Phoebus' shrine?”
Therefrom ill rumour surged the city through:
Their magistrates the halls of council thronged;
And the God's treasure-warders, of their part,
Set guards along the temple colonnades.
But we, yet knowing nought of this, took sheep, 1100
The nurslings of the glades Parnassian,
And went and stood beside the holy hearths
With public-hosts and Pythian oracle-seers.
And one spake thus: “Prince, what request for thee
Shall we make to the God? For what com'st
thou?”

“To Phoebus,” said he, “would I make amends
For my past sin: for I required of him
Once satisfaction for my father's blood.”
Then was Orestes' slander proved of might
In the hoarse murmur from the throng, “He lies! 1110
He hath come for felony!” On he passed, within
The temple-fence, before the oracle
To pray, and was in act to sacrifice:—

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τῷ δὲ ξιφῆρης ἄρ' ὑφειστήκει λόχος
 δίφην σκιασθείς· ὦν Κλυταιμνήστρας τόκος
 εἰς ἦν ἀπάντων τῶνδε μηχανορράφος.
 χῶ μὲν κατ' ὄμμα στας προσεύχεται θεῶ·
 οἱ δ' ὄξυθήκτοις φασγάνοις ὠπλισμένοι
 κεντοῦσ' ἀτευχῆ παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως λάθρα.
 1120 χωρεῖ δὲ πρύμναν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς καιρὸν τυπεῖς
 ἐτύγχαν', ἐξέλκει δέ, καὶ παραστάδος
 κρεμαστὰ τεύχη πασσάλων καθαρπάσας
 ἔστη· πῖ βωμοῦ γοργὸς ὀπλίτης ἰδεῖν,
 βοᾷ δὲ Δελφῶν παῖδας ἱστορῶν τάδε·
 τίνος μ' ἕκατι κτείνειτ' εὐσεβεῖς ὁδοὺς
 ἦκοντα; ποίας ὄλλυμαι πρὸς αἰτίας;
 τῶν δ' οὐδὲν οὐδεὶς μυρίων ὄντων πέλας
 ἐφθέγγετ', ἀλλ' ἔβαλλον ἐκ χειρῶν πέτρους.
 1130 πυκνῆ δὲ νιφάδι πάντοθεν σποδοῦμενος
 προὔτεινε τεύχη κάφυλάσσετ' ἐμβολὰς
 ἐκείσε κάκεισ' ἄσπιδ' ἐκτείνων χερί.
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἦνεν· ἀλλὰ πόλλ' ὁμοῦ βέλη,
 οἰστοί, μεσάγκυλ' ἔκλυτοί τ' ἀμφώβολοι,
 σφαγῆς ἐχώρου βουπόροι ποδῶν πάρος·
 δεινὰς δ' ἂν εἶδες πυρρίχας φρουρουμένου
 βέλεμνα παιδός· ὡς δὲ νιν περισταδὸν
 κύκλω κατεῖχον οὐ διδόντες ἀμπνοάς,
 βωμοῦ κενώσας δεξίμηλον ἐσχάραν,
 τὸ Τρωικὸν πήδημα πηδήσας ποδοῖν
 1140 χωρεῖ πρὸς αὐτοῦς· οἱ δ' ὅπως πελειάδες
 ἰέρακ' ἰδοῦσαι πρὸς φυγὴν ἐνώτισαν.
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐπιπτον μιγάδες ἐκ τε τραυμάτων
 αὐτοῖ θ' ὑφ' αὐτῶν στενοπόρους κατ' ἐξόδους,
 κραυγῆ δ' ἐν εὐφήμοισι δύσφημος δόμοις
 πέτραισιν ἰντέκλαγξ'· ἐν εὐδίᾳ δὲ πως

ANDROMACHE

Then rose with swords from ambush screened by bays
 A troop against him : Clytemnestra's son
 Was of them, weaver of this treason-web.
 Full in view standing, still to the God he prayed,—
 When lo, with swords keen-whetted unawares
 They stab Achilles' son, a man unarmed !
 Back drew he, stricken, yet not mortally ; 1120
 He drew his sword, and, snatching helm and shield
 Upon a column's nails upheld, he stood
 On the altar-steps, a warrior grim to see ;
 And cried to Delphi's sons, and this he asked :
 " Why would ye slay me, who on holy mission
 Have come ?—on what charge am I doomed to die ?"
 But of the multitude that surged around
 None answered word, but ever their hands hurled
 stones.

Then, by that hail-storm battered from all sides,
 With shield outstretched he warded him therefrom, 1130
 To this, to that side turning still the targe ;
 But naught availed, for in one storm the darts,
 The arrows, javelins, twy-point spits outlaunched,
 And slaughter-knives, came hurtling to his feet.
 Dread war-dance hadst thou seen of thy son's son
 From darts swift-swerving ! Now they hemmed him
 round

On all sides, giving him no breathing space.
 Then from the altar's hearth of sacrifice
 Leaping with that leap which the Trojans knew,
 He dashed upon them. They, like doves that spy 1140
 The hawk high-wheeling, turned their backs in flight.
 Many in mingled turmoil fell, by wounds,
 Or trampled of others in strait corridors.
 Unhallowed clamour broke the temple hush,
 And far cliffs echoed. As in a calm mid storm,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- ἔστη φαεινοῖς δεσπότης στίλβων ὄπλοις,
 πρὶν δὴ τις ἀδύτων ἐκ μέσων ἐφθέγγετο
 δεινὸν τε καὶ φρικῶδες, ὦρσε δὲ στρατὸν
 στρέψας πρὸς ἀλκὴν. ἔνθ' Ἀχιλλέως πίτνει
 1150 παῖς ὀξυθήκτῳ πλευρὰ φασγάνῳ τυπεῖς
 Δελφοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, ὅσπερ αὐτὸν ὤλεσε
 πολλῶν μετ' ἄλλων· ὡς δὲ πρὸς γαῖαν πίτνει,
 τίς οὐ σίδηρον προσφέρει, τίς οὐ πέτρον,
 βάλλων ἀράσσω ; πᾶν δ' ἀνάλωται δέμας
 τὸ καλλίμορφον τραυμάτων ὑπ' ἀγρίων.
 νεκρὸν δὲ δὴ νιν κείμενον βωμοῦ πέλας
 ἐξέβαλον ἐκτὸς θυοδόκων ἀνακτόρων.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀναρπάσαντες ὡς τάχος χεροῖν
 κομίζομέν νιν σοὶ κατοιμῶξαι γούοις
 1160 κλαῦσαί τε, πρέσβυ, γῆς τε κοσμήσαι τάφῳ.
 τοιαῦθ' ὁ τοῖς ἄλλοισι θεσπίζων ἄναξ,
 ὁ τῶν δικαίων πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις κριτῆς,
 δίκας διδόντα παῖδ' ἔδρασ' Ἀχιλλέως.
 ἐμνημόνευσε δ' ὅσπερ ἀνθρωπος κακὸς
 παλαιὰ νείκη· πῶς ἂν οὖν εἴη σοφός ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- καὶ μὴν ὄδ' ἄναξ ἤδη φοράδην
 Δελφίδος ἐκ γῆς δῶμα πελάζει.
 τλήμων ὁ παθῶν, τλήμων δέ, γέρον,
 καὶ σύ· δέχει γὰρ τὸν Ἀχιλλεῖον
 1170 σκύμνον ἐς οἴκους, οὐχ ὡς σὺ θέλεις·
 αὐτός τε κακοῖς [πήμασι κύρσας]
 εἰς ἓν μοίρας συνέκυρσας.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦμοι ἐγώ, κακὸν οἶον ὀρώ τότε στρ. α'
 καὶ δέχομαι χερὶ δώμασί τ' ἀμοῖς.
 ἰὼ μοί μοι, αἰαῖ,

ANDROMACHE

My lord stood flashing in his gleaming arms,
 Till from the inmost shrine there pealed a voice
 Awful and thrilling, kindling that array
 And battleward turning. Then Achilles' son [side
 Fell, stabbed with a brand keen-whetted through the 1150
 By a man of Delphi, one that laid him low
 With helpers many : but, when he was down,
 Who did not thrust the steel, or cast the stone,
 Hurling and battering? All his form was marred,
 So goodly-moulded, by their wild-beast wounds.
 Then him, beside the altar lying dead,
 They cast forth from the incense-breathing shrine.
 But with all speed our hands uplifted him,
 And to thee bear him, to lament with wail
 And weeping, ancient, and to ensepulchre. 1160
 Thus he that giveth oracles to the world,
 He that is judge to all men of the right,
 Hath wreaked revenge upon Achilles' son,—
 Yea, hath remembered, like some evil man,
 An old, old feud! How then shall he be wise?

Enter bearers with corpse of NEOPTOLEMUS.

CHORUS

Lo, lo, where the prince, high borne on the bier,
 From the Delphian land to his home draweth near!
 Alas for the strong, death-quelled! Alas for thee,
 stricken with eld!

Not as thou wouldest, Achilles' scion 1170
 To his home dost thou welcome, the whelp of the lion.
 In oneness of weird, in affliction drear,
 Art thou linked with the dead lying here.

PELEUS

Woe for the sight breaking on me, (Str. 1)
 That mine hands usher in at my door!
 Ah me, 'tis my death! ah me,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πόλι Θεσσαλία, διολώλαμεν,
οἰχόμεθ'· οὐκέτι μοι γένος, οὐκέτι
λείπεται οἴκοις.

1180 ὦ σχέτλιος παθέων ἐγώ· εἰς τίνα
δὴ φίλον αὐγὰς βάλλων τέρψομαι ;
ὦ φίλιον στόμα καὶ γένυ καὶ χέρες,
εἶθε σ' ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ ἦναρε δαίμων
Σιμοεντίδα παρ' ἄκταν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗτός τ' ἂν ὡς ἐκ τῶνδ' ἐτιμᾶτ' ἂν, γέρον,
θανών, τὸ σὸν δ' ἦν ὧδ' ἂν εὐτυχέστερον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ γάμος, ὦ γάμος, ὅς τάδε δώματα ἄντ. α'
καὶ πόλιν ὤλεσας ὤλεσας ἄμάν,
† αἰαῖ αἰαῖ. ὦ παῖ,

1190 μῆποτε σῶν λεχέων τὸ δυσώνυμον
ὦφελ', ἐμὸν γένος, εἰς τέκνα καὶ δόμον
ἀμφιβαλέσθαι

Ἐρμιόνας Ἀΐδαν ἐπὶ σοί, τέκνον,†¹
ἀλλὰ κεραυνῶ πρόσθεν ὀλέσθαι,
μηδ' ἐπὶ τοξασύνα φονίῳ πατρὸς
† αἶμα τὸ διογενές ποτε Φοῖβον
βροτὸς εἰς θεὸν ἀνάψαι.†

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄτοτοῖ ὄτοτοῖ· στρ. β'
θανόντα δεσπότην γόοις
νόμῳ τῷ νεπτέρων κατάρξω.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

1200 ὄτοτοῖ ὄτοτοῖ· ἄντ. β'
διάδοχα δ', ὦ τάλας ἐγώ,
γέρων καὶ δυστυχῆς δακρῦω.

¹ 1188-1192 corrupt : no satisfactory reading ascertained.

ANDROMACHE

Oh city of Thessaly,
No child have I,—this hath undone me,—
Neither seed in mine halls any more.
Woe for me!—whitherward turning
Shall mine eyes see the gladness of yore? 1180
O lips, cheek, and hands of my yearning!
O had a God but o'erthrown thee
'Neath Ilium on Simois' shore!

CHORUS

Yea, he had fallen with honour, had he died
Thus, ancient, and thy lot were happier so.

PELEUS

Woe's me for the deadly alliance (Ant. 1)
That hath blasted my city, mine home!
Ah my son, that the curse-haunted line
Of thy bride,—unto me, unto mine
Evil-boding,—had trapped not my scion's 1190
Dear limbs in the toils of the tomb,
In the net of Hermione's flinging!
O that lightning had first dealt her doom!
And alas that the arrow, death-bringing
To thy sire, stirred a man, for defiance
Of a God, against Phoebus to come!

CHORUS

With a wail ringing up to the sky (Str. 2)
In the measures of Hades' abider will I
Uplift for my lord stricken low lamentation's outcry.

PELEUS

(Ant. 2)
With a wail to the heavens upborne 1200
I take up the strain, ah me, and I mourn
And I weep, the unblest, the ill-fated, the eld-forlorn.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θεοῦ γὰρ αἴσα, θεὸς ἔκρανέ συμφοράν. στρ. γ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ φίλος, ἔλειπες ἐν δόμῳ μ' ἔρημον,¹
[ὦ μοι μοι, ταλαίπωρον ἐμέ]²
γέροντ' ἄπαιδα νοσφίσας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θανεῖν θανεῖν σε, πρέσβυ, χρῆν πάρος τέκνων. στρ. δ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐ σπαράξομαι κόμαν,
1210 οὐκ ἐπιθήσομαι δ' ἐμῷ
κάρα κτύπημα χειρὸς ὀλοόν; ὦ πόλις,
διπλῶν τέκνων μ' ἐστέρησε Φοῖβος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ κακὰ παθὼν ἰδὼν τε δυστυχῆς γέρων, στρ. ε'
τίν' αἰῶν' εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν ἔξεις;

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἄτεκνος, ἔρημος, οὐκ ἔχων πέρας κακῶν ἀντ. ε'
διαντλήσω πόνους ἐς Ἄϊδαν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μάτην δέ σ' ἐν γάμοισιν ὤλβισαν θεοί. ἀντ. γ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἀμπτάμενα φρούδα τὰμὰ πάντα κεῖται
1220 κόμπων μεταρσίων πρόσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μόνος μόνοισιν ἐν δόμοις ἀναστρέφει. ἀντ. δ'

¹ Paley: for δόμον ἔλεες ἔρημον.

² Rejected by Matthiae.

ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

(*Str.* 3)

'Tis God's doom : thine affliction God hath wrought.

PELEUS

O my belovèd one, lone in his halls hast thou left,
An old, old man of his children bereft.

CHORUS

(*Str.* 4)

Before thy sons shouldst thou have died, have died !

PELEUS

And shall I not rend mine hair ?
And shall I from smiting spare
Mine head, from the ruining hand ? O city, see
How Phoebus of children twain hath despoilèd me !

1210

CHORUS

(*Str.* 5)

Ill-starred, who hast seen and suffered evil's stress,
What life through the rest of thy days shalt thou
have ?

PELEUS

Childless, forlorn, my woes are limitless : (*Ant.* 5)
I shall drain sorrow's dregs till I sink to the grave.

CHORUS

(*Ant.* 3)

Gods crowned with joy thy spousals all for naught.

PELEUS

Fleeted and vanished and fallen my glories are,
Far from my boasts high-soaring, O far !

1220

CHORUS

Lone in the lonely halls must thou abide. (*Ant.* 4)

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

οὐκέτ' ἔστι μοι πόλις,
σκῆπτρά τὰδ' ἔρρέτω 'πὶ γᾶν,
σύ τ', ὦ κατ' ἄντρα νύχια Νηρέως κόρη,
πανώλεθρον γὰρ πίτνοντά μ' ὄψει.¹

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὠὸ ἰώ·

τί κεκίνηται; τίνος αἰσθάνομαι
θείου; κούραι, λεύσσετ' ἀθρήσατε·
δαίμων ὄδε τις λευκὴν αἰθέρα
πορθμεύομενος τῶν ἵπποβότων
Φθίας πεδίων ἐπιβαίνει.

1230

ΘΕΤΙΣ

Πηλεῦ, χάριν σῶν τῶν πάρος νυμφευμάτων
ἦκω Θέτις λιποῦσα Νηρέως δόμους,
καὶ πρῶτα μὲν σοι τοῖς παρεστῶσι κακοῖς
μηδὲν τι λῖαν δυσφορεῖν παρήνεσα·
κἀγὼ γάρ, ἦν ἄκλαυστ' ἐχρῆν τίκτειν τέκνα,
ἀπώλεσ' ἐκ σοῦ παῖδα τὸν ταχὺν πόδας
'Αχιλλέα τεκοῦσα πρῶτον Ἑλλάδος.
ὦν δ' εὔεκ' ἦλθον σημανῶ, σὺ δ' ἐνδέχου.
τὸν μὲν θανόντα τόνδ' Ἀχιλλέως γόνου
θάψου πορεύσας Πυθικὴν πρὸς ἐσχάραν,
Δελφοῖς ὄνειδος, ὡς ἀπαγγέλλῃ τάφος
φόνου βίαιου τῆς Ὀρεστέας χερός·
γυναῖκα δ' αἰχμάλωτον, Ἀνδρομάχην λέγω,
Μολοσσίαν γῆν χρῆ κατοικῆσαι, γέρον,
'Ἐλένω συναλλαχθεῖσαν εὐναίοις γάμοις,
καὶ παῖδα τόνδε τῶν ἀπ' Αἰακοῦ μόνου
λελειμμένον δὴ βασιλέα δ' ἐκ τοῦδε χρῆ
ἄλλον δι' ἄλλου διαπερᾶν Μολοσσίας

1240

¹ Hermann: for MSS. μ' ὄψει πίτνοντα πρὸς γᾶν.

ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

No city is mine—none now !
Down, sceptre, in dust lie thou !
Thou, daughter of Nereus, from twilight of thy sea-hall
Shalt behold me, in ruin and wrack to the earth as I
fall.

CHORUS

What ho ! what ho !
What stir in the air, what fragrance divine ?
Look yonder !—O mark it, companions mine !
Some God through the stainless sky doth speed ;
And the car swings low
To the plains of Phthia the nurse of the steed. 1230
THETIS descends to the stage.

THETIS

Peleus, for mine espousals' sake of old
To thee, I Thetis come from Nereus' halls.
And, first, I counsel thee, repine not thou
Overmuch for the woes that compass thee.
I too, who ought to have borne no child of sorrow,
Lost him I bare to thee, my fleetfoot son,
Achilles, who in Hellas had no peer.
Now hearken while I tell my coming's cause :
'Thou to the Pythian temple journey ; there
Bury thou this thy dead, Achilles' seed, 1240
Delphi's reproach, that his tomb may proclaim
His death, his murder, by Orestes' hand.
And that war-captive dame, Andromache,
In the Molossian land must find a home
In lawful wedlock joined to Helenns,
With that child, who alone is left alive
Of Aeacus' line. And kings Molossian
From him one after other long shall reign

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- 1250 εὐδαιμονοῦντας· οὐ γὰρ ὦδ' ἀνάστατον
γένος γενέσθαι δεῖ τὸ σὸν κάμον, γέρον,
Τροίας τε· καὶ γὰρ θεοῖσι κάκεινης μέλει,
καίπερ πεσοῦσης Παλλάδος προθυμία.
σέ δ', ὡς ἂν εἰδῆς τῆς ἐμῆς εὐνῆς χάριν,
[θεὰ γεγῶσα καὶ θεοῦ πατρὸς τέκος,]
κακῶν ἀπαλλάξασα τῶν βροτησίων
ἀθάνατον ἄφθιτόν τε ποιήσω θεόν.
κάπειτα Νηρέως ἐν δόμοις ἐμοῦ μετὰ
τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη θεὸς συνοικήσεις θεᾶ·
1260 ἔνθεν κομίζων ξηρὸν ἐκ πόντου πόδα
τὸν φίλτατον σοὶ παῖδ' ἐμοὶ τ' Ἀχιλλέα
ὄψει δόμους ναίοντα νησιωτικούς
Λευκὴν κατ' ἀκτὴν ἐντὸς Εὐξείνου πόρου.
ἀλλ' ἔρπε Δελφῶν εἰς θεόδμητον πόλιν
νεκρὸν κομίζων τόνδε, καὶ κρύψας χθονὶ
ἐλθὼν παλαιᾶς χοιράδος κοῖλον μυχὸν
Σηπιάδος Ἰζου· μίμνε δ', ἔστ' ἂν ἐξ ἀλὸς
λαβοῦσα πεντήκοντα Νηρηίδων χορὸν
ἔλθῃ κομιστήν σου· τὸ γὰρ πεπρωμένον
1270 δεῖ σ' ἐκκομίζειν· Ζηνὶ γὰρ δοκεῖ τάδε.
παῦσαι δὲ λύπης τῶν τεθνηκότων ὑπερ-
πᾶσιν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἤδε πρὸς θεῶν
ψῆφος κέκρανται κατθανεῖν τ' ὀφείλεται.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ πότνι, ὦ γενναῖα συγκοιμήματα,
Νηρέως γένεθλον, χαῖρε· ταῦτα δ' ἀξίως
σαυτῆς τε ποιεῖς καὶ τέκνων τῶν ἐκ σέθεν.
παύσω δὲ λύπην σοῦ κελευούσης, θεᾶ,
καὶ τόνδε θάψας εἶμι Πηλίου πτυχάς,
οὔτερ σὸν εἶλον χερσὶ κάλλιστον δέμας.
κατ' οὐ γαμείν δῆτ' ἐκ τε γενναίων χρεῶν

ANDROMACHE

In bliss ; for, ancient, nowise thus thy line
And mine is destined to be brought to naught : 1250
No, neither Troy ; the Gods yet hold her dear,
Albeit by Pallas' eager hate she fell.
Thee too—so learn what grace comes of my couch ;
A Goddess I, whose father was a God—
Will I deliver from all mortal ills,
And set thee above decay and death, a God.
Henceforth in Nereus' palace thou with me,
As God with Goddess, shalt for ever dwell.
Thence rising dry-shod from the sea, shalt thou
Behold Achilles, thy belovèd son 1260
And mine, abiding in his island home
On the White Strand, within the Euxine Sea.
Now fare thou to the Delphians' God-built burg
Bearing this corpse, and hide it in the ground ;
Then seek the deep cave 'neath the ancient rock
Sepias ; abide there : tarry till I rise
With fifty chanting Nereids from the sea,
To lead thee thence ; for all the doom of fate
Must thou accomplish : Zeus's will is this.
Refrain thou then from grieving for the dead : 1270
For unto all men is this lot ordained
Of heaven : from all the debt of death is due.

PELEUS

O couch-mate mine, O high-born Majesty,
Offspring of Nereus, hail thou ! Worthy thee,
Worthy thy children, are the things thou dost.
Goddess, at thy command my grief shall cease.
Him will I bury, and go to Pelion's glens,
Where in mine arms I clasped thy loveliest form.

[*Exit* THETIS.]

Now, shall not whoso is prudent choose his wife,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

1280

δοῦναί τ' ἐς ἐσθλοῖς, ὅστις εὖ βουλευέται,
κακῶν δὲ λέκτρων μὴ 'πιθυμίαν ἔχειν,
μηδ' εἰ ζαπλοῦτους οἴσεται φερνὰς δόμοις ;
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν πράξειαν ἐκ θεῶν κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλὰ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον εὔρε θεός.
τοιούδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

ANDROMACHÉ

And for his children mates, of noble strain,
And nurse no longing for an evil bride,
Not though she bring his house a regal dower?
So should men ne'er receive ill of the Gods.

1280

CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they
reveal them :

Manifold things unhopèd-for the Gods to accom-
plishment bring.

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign
not to fulfil them ;

And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods
unseal them.

So fell this marvellous thing.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]

CYCLOPS

LL 2

INTRODUCTION

THE Satyric Drama, of which the Cyclops is the solitary example extant, is especially interesting as being a survival in literature. The Greek drama originally, as being designed for representation at the great annual festival of Dionysus or Bacchus, had for its subject some incident in the adventures of that god or his followers. When, early in the fifth century B.C., it became the rule that each dramatic poet should present a trilogy of tragedies at the Greater Dionysia, it was required that to these should be added a fourth play, founded on the ancient theme, as a concession to the popular feeling connected with the Wine-god's festival, and as a recognition of his presence. As the chorus in such plays was invariably composed of Satyrs, the peculiar attendants of Bacchus, such plays were called Satyric Dramas. In these, incidents in the legends of gods and heroes were treated with an approach to burlesque, the high style of tragedy was abandoned at pleasure, the vocabulary contained many words which were beneath the dignity of the serious drama, the dances were wild, and not always decent, the versification was more irregular, broad and wanton jests were not only admitted, but perhaps even prescribed: in short, the unrestrained licence of the original Dionysia found here its literary expression.

The subject of the Cyclops is taken from that adventure of Odysseus which is related with Epic dignity by Homer in the *Odyssey*, Bk. IX. The divergences, rendered inevitable by the special character of the Satyric Drama, are so great that it cannot be affirmed with certainty that this play was really based on Homer.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΣΑΤΥΡΩΝ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ΚΥΚΛΩΥ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SILENUS, *an old attendant of Bacchus.*

ODYSSEUS, *king of Ithaca.*

CYCLOPS, *a one-eyed giant.*

CHORUS, *consisting of Satyrs.*

Men of Odysseus' crew.

SCENE: At the entrance to a great cave at the foot of
Mount Etna.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ὦ Βρομε, διὰ σὲ μυρίους ἔχω πόνοους
 νῦν χῶτ' ἐν ἤβῃ τοῦμὸν εὐσθένει δέμας·
 πρῶτον μὲν, ἠνίκ' ἐμμανῆς Ἥρας ὑπο
 Νύμφας ὀρείας ἐκλιπὼν ὄχου τροφούς·
 ἔπειθ' ὅτ' ἀμφὶ γηγενῆ μάχην δορός
 ἐνδέξιός σῶ ποδὶ παρασπιστῆς γεγῶς
 Ἐγκέλαδον ἰτέαν εἰς μέσσην θευῶν δορὶ
 ἔκτεινα—φέρ' ἴδω, τοῦτ' ἴδων ὄναρ λέγω·
 οὐ μὰ Δί', ἐπεὶ καὶ σκῦλ' ἔδειξα Βακχίφ.
 10 καὶ νῦν ἐκείνων μείζον' ἔξαντλῶ πόνον.
 ἐπεὶ γὰρ Ἥρα σοι γένος Τυρσηνικὸν
 ληστῶν ἐπῶρσεν, ὡς ὀδηθείης μακράν,
 ἐγὼ πυθόμενος σὺν τέκνοισι ναυστολῶ
 σέθεν κατὰ ζήτησιν. ἐν πρύμνῃ δ' ἄκρα
 αὐτὸς λαβὼν ἠϋθνον ἀμφήρες δόρυ,
 παῖδες τ' ἐρετμοῖς ἤμενοι, γλαυκὴν ἄλα
 ῥοθίοισι λευκαίνοντες, ἐζήτησαν σ', ἀναξ.
 ἤδη δὲ Μαλέας πλησίον πεπλευκότας
 ἀπηλιώτης ἄνεμος ἐμπνεύσας δορὶ
 20 ἐξέβαλεν ἡμᾶς τήνδ' ἐς Αἰτναίαν πέτραν,
 ἵν' οἱ μονῶπες ποντίου παῖδες θεοῦ
 Κύκλωπες οἰκοῦσ' ἄντρ' ἔρημ' ἀνδροκτόνοι.

CYCLOPS

Enter from the cave SILENUS, dragging after him a rusty iron rake.

SILENUS

O Bacchus!—oh the back-aches that I got
In your cause, when my youthful blood was hot:
First, when, with addled brains through Hera's
 curses,
You bolted from the Mountain-maids, your nurses;
Next time, when, in the Battle o' Phlegra Field,
I was your right-hand man, and through the shield
Of Giant Whatshisname I neatly put
A yard of spear—what, dreamed all this? Tut, tut!
Did Bacchus dream I showed the monster's spoils
To him? Ah, that was play beside these toils!
For, O my Bacchus, Hera set on you 10
A gang of thieves, a Tuscan pirate-crew,
To take you on a very distant trip.
I heard of it, and promptly manned a ship
With my wild boys, and sailed upon the quest.
I took the helm, and—well, I did my best;
And the boys rowed—at least, made shift to fling
Some foam about; and so we sought our king.
But, just as on our quarter Malea lay,
An east wind blew, and cast our ship away
Upon this rocky shore by Etna's roots, 20
Home of the Cyclops (Neptune's amours' fruits),
One-eyed, cave-kennelled, man-devouring brutes.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τούτων ἑνὸς ληφθέντες ἔσμεν ἐν δόμοις
 δούλοι· καλοῦσι δ' αὐτὸν ᾧ λατρεύομεν
 Πολύφημον. ἀντὶ δ' εὐίων βακχευμάτων
 ποίμνας Κύκλωπος ἀνοσίου ποιμαίνομεν.
 παῖδες μὲν οὖν μοι κλιτύων ἐν ἑσχάτοις
 νέμουσι μῆλα νέα νέοι πεφυκότες,
 ἐγὼ δὲ πληροῦν πίστρα καὶ σαίρειν στέγας
 30 μένων τέταγμαί τάσδε, τῷ τε δυσσεβεῖ
 Κύκλωπι δείπνων ἀνοσίων διάκονος.
 καὶ νῦν, τὰ προσταχθέντ', ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
 σαίρειν σιδηρᾷ τῆδέ μ' ἀρπάγῃ δόμους,
 ὡς τὸν τ' ἀπόντα δεσπότην Κύκλωπ' ἐμὸν
 καθαροῖσιν ἄντροις μῆλά τ' εἰσδεχώμεθα.
 ἤδη δὲ παῖδας προσνέμοντας εἰσορῶ
 ποίμνας. τί ταῦτα; μῶν κρότος σικινίδων
 ὅμοιος ὑμῖν νῦν τε χῶτε Βακχίῳ
 40 κώμοις συνασπίζοντες Ἀλθαίας δόμους
 προσῆτ' αἰοδαῖς βαρβίτων σαυλούμενοι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πᾶ μοι γενναίων πατέρων στρ.
 γενναίων τ' ἐκ τοκάδων,
 πᾶ δὴ μοι νίσει σκοπέλους;
 οὐ τᾶδ' ὑπήνεμος αὔρα
 καὶ ποιηρὰ βοτάνα,
 δινᾶέν θ' ὕδωρ ποταμῶν
 ἐν πίστρας κεῖται πέλας ἄν-
 τρων; οὐ σοι βλαχαὶ τεκέων;

CYCLOPS

One of them caught us, so that we became
 Slaves in his den ; and this slave-driver's name
 Is Polyphemus. No more Bacchanal song
 And dance for us ! We've got to herd a throng
 Of this ungodly villain's goats and sheep :
 Yes, my poor boys on far-off hill-sides steep—
 My tender ones—are tending flocks for him !
 And I'm a prisoner here, must fill to the brim
 His sheep-troughs : I must sweep this stinking den
 For godless Goggle-eye, must turn cook then, 30
 And serve his cursèd dinners up—fried men !
 Now with this clumsiest of iron rakes (*kicks it*)
 I must needs clear up all the mess *he* makes,
 To welcome home my lord, old Saucer-eye,
 And his sheep with him, into a clean—sty.
 Ah, here my boys come, driving home the bleating
 Flocks ; yes, I see them—what, is that the beating
 Of dancing feet ? It's like old times, when round
 Althaea's house, with Bacchus, to the sound
 Of song and harp, your toes scarce touched the
 ground. 40

Enter CHORUS, driving goats and sheep.

A SATYR (*to a he-goat*)

O come along, Sir Billy ! If your father *was* a king,
 And your mother queen of Nannies, still you needn't
 go and spring
 Over cliff and crag up yonder : it's good enough for
 you
 Down here, where winds are sleeping, and where
 green as ever grew
 Is the grass that waits the cropping ;
 And the rippling water, slopping
 Out of all the troughs full-brimming by the cave, is
 full in view ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

50 ψύττα, σὺ τὰδ' οὐ, κοῦ τὰδε νεμεί,
 * * κλιτὺν δροσεράν;
 ὦή, ῥίψω πέτρον τάχα σου
 ὕπαγ' ὦ ὕπαγ' ὦ κεράστα,
 μηλοβότα στασιωρὸν
 Κύκλωπος ἀγροβάτα.

σπαργῶντας μαστοὺς χάλασον ἀντ.
 δέξαι θηλαῖσι σποράς,
 ἄς λείπεις ἀρνῶν θαλάμοις.
 ποθοῦσί σ' ἀμερόκοιτοι
 βλαχαὶ σμικρῶν τεκέων.
 60 εἰς αὐλάν ποτ' ἀμφιβαλεῖς
 ποιηροὺς λείπουσα νομοὺς,
 Αἰτναίων εἴσω σκοπέλων;¹
 οὐ τὰδε Βρόμος, οὐ τὰδε χοροὶ
 Βάκχαι τε θυρσοφόροι,
 οὐ τυμπάνων ἀλαλαγμοί,
 οὐκ οἴνου χλωραὶ σταγόνες
 κρήναις παρ' ὕδροχύτοις,
 οὐ διεύματα² Νυμφᾶν.

70 ἱακχον ἱακχον ῥῶδαν
 μέλπω πρὸς τὰν Ἀφροδίταν,
 ἂν θηρεύων πετόμαν

¹ After v. 62 Kirchoff, followed by Murray, repeats vv. 49-54.

² Nauck: for MSS. οὐδ' ἐνύσσα and οὐ νύσσα. Portus, οὐδ' ἐν Νύσσᾳ μετὰ Νυμφᾶν . . . μέλπω.

CYCLOPS

And your little kids are pleading
 "Come you down!"—and never heeding 50
 From the steep you still are hanging, all bedraggled
 with the dew. [rascal! Shoo!
 Here goes a stone to stir you! Shoo, you wilful
 Come you down, and come this minute, you nasty
 hornèd thing! [underling?
 Don't you hear your keeper calling, farmer Giant's

ANOTHER SATYR (*to a she-goat*)

Come, my pretty, to the milking; then away you
 skip, to meet
 Your little babies, hungry to nose the heavy teat;
 For you left them at the dawning, on the rushes
 where they lay, [the day.
 And they sorely need refreshment, after sleeping all
 Don't you see your little sweeting?
 Can't you hear his hungry bleating?
 O leave the grassy pasture, to the folding come away! 60
 Enter here, your cave is ready
 Under Etna, clean and shady:—
 O dear! no sign of Bacchus nor his Bacchanal array!
 There's no clashing of the cymbals, no dances reel
 and sway, [sweet,
 Nothing trickling from a wine-jar in droppings honey-
 Nor beside the gushing fountains trip the Mountain-
 maidens' feet.

CHORUS OF ALL THE SATYRS

O Aphrodite! and O the mighty
 Spell of the chant that thrilled the air, 70
 When to its cadence I chased the maidens,

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

Βάκχαις σὺν λευκόποσιν.
 ὦ φίλος, ὦ φίλε Βακχεΐε, ποῖ οἰοπολῶν
 ξανθὰν χαίταν σείεις ;
 ἐγὼ δ' ὁ σὸς πρόπολος
 θητεύω Κύκλωπι
 τῷ μονοδέρκτα, δούλος ἀλαίνων
 σὺν τᾷδε τράγου χλαίνα μελέα
 σᾶς χωρὶς φιλίας.

80

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

σιγήσατ', ὦ τέκν', ἄντρα δ' εἰς πετρηρεφῆ
 ποιμνας ἀθροῖσαι προσπόλους κελεύσατε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χωρεΐτ'· ἀτὰρ δὴ τίνα, πάτερ, σπουδὴν ἔχεις ;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ὀρῶ πρὸς ἀκταῖς ναὸς Ἑλλάδος σκάφος
 κώπης τ' ἀνακτας σὺν στρατηλάτῃ τινὶ
 στείχοντας εἰς τόδ' ἄντρον, ἀμφὶ δ' αὐχέσι
 τεύχη φέρονται κενά, βορᾶς κεχρημένοι,
 κρωσσούς θ' ὑδρηλοῦς. ὦ ταλαίπωροι ξένοι.
 τίνας ποτ' εἰσίν; οὐκ ἴσασι δεσπότην
 Πολύφημον οἶός ἐστιν, ἄξενου στέγην
 τήνδ' ἐμβεβῶτες καὶ Κυκλωπίαν γνάθον
 τὴν ἀνδροβρῶτα δυστυχῶς ἀφυγμένοι.
 ἀλλ' ἤσυχοι γίγνεσθ', ἢ ἐκπυθώμεθα
 πόθεν πάρεσι Σικελὸν Αἰτναῖον πάγον.

90

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ξένοι, φράσαιτ' ἂν νᾶμα ποτάμιον πόθεν
 δίψης ἄκος λάβοιμεν, εἴ τε τις θέλει

526

CYCLOPS

The Bacchanal girls, and the feet snow-fair !
O Bacchus, only-beloved, all lonely
Now, you are wandering where, ah where,
Of me un beholden, tossing the golden
Nectar-breathing cloud of your hair ?
And I, your vassal, a slave in the castle-
Dungeon of one-eyed Giant Despair,
A slave sheep-drover, with naught to cover
My limbs but a foul goat's skin worn bare, 80
I wander, breaking my heart with aching
For my lost love far from the voice of my prayer.

SILENUS

Hush, boys ! Quick, tell the lads to get the flock
In haste beneath the cavern's roof of rock.

CHORUS

Look sharp there ! Where's the hurry, father, now ?

SILENUS

Down on the beach I spy a Greek ship's prow ;
I see the kings o' the oar—their captain's there—
Come tramping towards this cave. Aha, they bear
Slung round their necks some baskets. Come to beg
For food, of course—and water ; there's the keg.
O you poor wretches ! Who on earth are these ?
Little they dream what hospitalities 90
Are by the master of this house bestowed,
Who tread this strangely hospitable road
Up to the doors of—Goggle-eyes's jaw,
For right warm welcome to his cannibal maw !
Now we shall learn—if you will just keep still—
Whence come these to Sicilian Etna's hill.

Enter ODYSSEUS and crew.

ODYSSEUS

Friends, can you tell us whereabouts to find
Some running water ? If you'd be so kind,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

βορὰν ὀδηῖσαι ναυτίλοις κεχρημένοις;
 τί χρῆμα; Βρομίου πόλιν εἰσγμεν εἰσβαλεῖν.
 100 Σατύρων πρὸς ἄντροις τόνδ' ὄμιλον εἰσορῶ.
 χαίρειν προσεῖπα πρῶτα τὸν γεραίτατον.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ ξέν', ὅστις δ' εἰ φράσον πάτραν τε σῆν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Ἴθακος Ὀδυσσεύς, γῆς Κεφαλλήνων ἀναξ.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οἶδ' ἄνδρα, κρόταλον δριμύ, Σισύφου γένος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐκεῖνος οὗτός εἰμι· λοιδόρει δὲ μή.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

πόθεν Σικελίαν τήνδε ναυστολῶν πάρει;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐξ Ἰλίου γε κάπὸ Τρωικῶν πόνων.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

πῶς; πορθμὸν οὐκ ἤδησθα πατρῷας χθονός;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀνέμων θύελλαι δευρό μ' ἤρπασαν βία.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

110 παπαῖ· τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἐξαντλεῖς ἐμοί.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦ καὶ σὺ δεῦρο πρὸς βίαν ἀπεστάλης;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ληστὰς διώκων, οἱ Βρόμιον ἀνήρπασαν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίς δ' ἦδε χώρα, καὶ τίνας ναίουσίν νιν;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

Αἰτναῖος ὄχθος Σικελίας ὑπέρτατος.

CYCLOPS

Moreover, as to sell us hungry tars
Something to eat—but what, what? O my stars!
Is this the City of Bacchus that we've found?
Here's quite a crowd of Satyrs standing round 100
A cave! A fatherly old party, too,
A patriarch quite—good morning, Sir, to you!

SILENUS

Good morning. What's your name and whence d'you
come?

ODYSSEUS

Odysseus—Isle-king—Ithaca's my home.

SILENUS

Ah, Sisyphus' son! Sharp rogue, a sight too clever!

ODYSSEUS

That's me. You needn't call hard names, however.

SILENUS

And whence do you come to Sicily, may I ask?

ODYSSEUS

From taking Troy—tough job, a ten years' task.

SILENUS

What, didn't you know the way back to your door?

ODYSSEUS

A hurricane caught us, cast us on this shore. 110

SILENUS

Heavens! You and I are in one boat together!

ODYSSEUS

What? you too driven here by stress of weather?

SILENUS

Pirates had kidnapped Bacchus: we gave chase.

ODYSSEUS

H'm—what's the land called? Who live in this place?

SILENUS

That's Etna—highest point of Sicily.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τείχη δὲ ποῦ' στι καὶ πόλεως πυργώματα;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ εἶσ' ἔρημοι πρῶνες ἀνθρώπων, ξένε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίνες δ' ἔχουσι γαίαν; ἢ θηρῶν γένος;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

Κύκλωπες, ἄντρ' οἰκοῦντες, οὐ στέγας δόμων.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίνος κλύοντες; ἢ δεδήμενται κράτος;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

120 νομάδες· ἀκούει δ' οὐδὲν οὐδεὶς οὐδενός.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

σπείρουσι δ'—ἢ τῷ ζῶσι;—Δήμητρος στάχυν;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

γάλακτι καὶ τυροῖσι καὶ μήλων βορᾷ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Βρομίου δὲ πῶμ' ἔχουσι, ἀμπέλου ροάς;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἦκιστα· τοιγὰρ ἄχορον οἰκοῦσι χθόνα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

φιλόξενοι δὲ χῶσιοι περὶ ξένους;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

γλυκύτατά φασι τὰ κρέα τοὺς ξένους φορεῖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί φῆς; βορᾷ χαίρουσιν ἀνθρωποκτόνῳ·

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οὐδεὶς μολῶν δεῦρ' ὅστις οὐ κατεσφάγη.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

αὐτὸς δὲ Κύκλωψ ποῦ' στιν; ἢ δόμων ἔσω;

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

But—where's the city? Never a tower I see.

SILENUS

There's none, nor any men—waste hills and lonely.

ODYSSEUS

What, no inhabitants?—the wild beasts only?

SILENUS

Cyclops—no houses—burrow in caves, like rats.

ODYSSEUS

Who is their king?—or are they democrats?

SILENUS

Shepherds—and not for nobody they don't care. 120

ODYSSEUS

Do they sow corn?—or what's their daily fare?

SILENUS

Milk, cheese—and the eternal mutton-chop.

ODYSSEUS

Do they grow vines, make wine? (*sees Silenus' expression.*) What, never a drop?

SILENUS (*with bitter emphasis*)

Not—one—least—drop! No songs or dances here!

ODYSSEUS

Hospitable? Do strangers get good cheer?

SILENUS

Their special dainty is—the flesh of strangers!

ODYSSEUS

What, what?—they're cannibals, these desert-rangers?

SILENUS

So far, they've butchered every man who's come.

ODYSSEUS

And where's this Cyclops?—don't say he's at home!

53¹

M M 2

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

- 130 φρούδος πρὸς Αἴτην, θήρας ἰχνεύων κυσίν.
ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον, ὡς ἀπαίρωμεν χθονός;
ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδ', Ὀδυσσεύ· πᾶν δέ σοι δρῶμεν ἄν.
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ὄδησον ἡμῖν σῖτον, οὐ σπανίζομεν.
ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ
οὐκ ἔστιν, ὥσπερ εἶπον, ἄλλο πλὴν κρέας.
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ἀλλ' ἠδὺ λιμοῦ καὶ τόδε σχετήριον.
ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ
καὶ τυρὸς ὁπίας ἔστι καὶ βοὸς γάλα.
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ἐκφέρετε· φῶς γὰρ ἐμπολήμασιν πρέπει.
ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ
σύ δ' ἀντιδώσεις, εἶπέ μοι, χρυσὸν πόσον;
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
οὐ χρυσόν, ἀλλὰ πῶμα Διονύσου φέρω.
140 ὦ φίλτατ' εἰπών, οὐ σπανίζομεν πάλαι.
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
καὶ μὴν Μάρων μοι πῶμ' ἔδωκε, παῖς θεοῦ.
ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ
ὄν ἐξέθρεψα ταῖσδ' ἐγὼ ποτ' ἀγκάλαις;
ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ
ὁ Βακχίου παῖς, ὡς σαφέστερον μάθης.
ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ
ἐν σέλμασι νεῶς ἔστιν, ἧ φέρεις σύ νιν;

CYCLOPS

SILENUS

No, gone to Etna with his hounds to-day.

130

ODYSSEUS

Do something for us : then we'll get away.

SILENUS

What is it ? (*unctuously.*) I'd do anything for you.

ODYSSEUS

Sell us some food. They're famished, are my crew.

SILENUS

There's nothing, as I said, save only meat.

ODYSSEUS

Tough mutton ?—h'm : well, starving men must eat.

SILENUS

Cream-cheeses too, and milk—a very sea.

ODYSSEUS

Let's see 'em first—no pig-in-a-poke for me !

SILENUS

You show your money—pay before you dine !

ODYSSEUS

Better than money : what I've got here—wine !

SILENUS

Wine ? Blessèd word—last tasted long ago !

140

ODYSSEUS

'Twas Maron gave it me, your Wine-god's son.

SILENUS

Dear boy !—these arms have nursed you, and here I
find you !

ODYSSEUS

Yes, Bacchus' best brew, from his own son, mind you.

SILENUS

Got the wine with you ?—*not* in yon ship's hold ?

533

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὄδ' ἄσκος, ὅς κεύθει νιν· ὡς ὄρας, γέρον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὔτος μὲν οὐδ' ἂν τὴν γνώθον πλήσειέ μου.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ναὶ δις τόσον πῶμ' ὅσον ἂν ἐξ ἄσκου ῥυή.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καλήν γε κρήνην εἶπας ἠδεϊάν τ' ἐμοί.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

βούλει σε γεύσω πρῶτον ἄκρατον μέθυ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

150 δίκαιον· ἦ γὰρ γεῦμα τὴν ὦνὴν καλεῖ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐφέλκω καὶ ποτῆρ' ἄσκου μέτα.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

φέρ' ἐκπάταξον, ὡς ἀναμνησθῶ πιών.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἰδού.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

παπαιάξ, ὡς καλήν ὀσμὴν ἔχει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

εἶδες γὰρ αὐτήν;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐ μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ὀσφραίνομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

γεύσαι νυν, ὡς ἂν μὴ λόγῳ 'παινῆς μόνον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

βαβαί· χορεύσαι παρακαλεῖ μ' ὁ Βάκχιος.
ἄ ἄ ἄ.

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Old man, it's in this very skin—behold !

[*Shows corner of skin.*]

SILENUS

That!—why there's not a toothful in't, I swear!

ODYSSEUS

There's twice as much as you can hold in there.

[*Shows whole skin.*]

SILENUS

Oh—h ! what a fountain of delight ! O sweet !

ODYSSEUS

Have a small taste ? No water in it—neat.

SILENUS

Right ! “Wet a bargain with a glass,” you know. 150

ODYSSEUS

Here then :—his skinship's got his boat in tow.

[*Shows cup hanging from wine-skin.*]

SILENUS

Quick ! Trot him out : revive my memory.

I've clean forgot the taste of it.

ODYSSEUS (*pouring*)

There—see ?

SILENUS

Oh—oh ! I say ! What a bouquet !—divine !

ODYSSEUS

Bouquet ?—d'ye see one ?

SILENUS

No ; this nose of mine,

By Jove, can answer for it right enough.

ODYSSEUS

Try if it's worth your praise—just taste the stuff.

SILENUS (*drinks*)

Oh ! oh ! I *must* dance ! Bacchus sounds the note !

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μῶν τὸν λάρυγγα διεκάναξέ σου καλῶς ;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ὥστ' εἰς ἄκρους γε τοὺς ὀνύχας ἀφίκετο.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

160 πρὸς τῷδε μέντοι καὶ νόμισμα δώσομεν.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

χάλα τὸν ἄσκὸν μόνον· ἔα τὸ χρυσίον.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐκφέρετέ νυν τύρευμα καὶ¹ μῆλων τόκον.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

δράσω τάδ', ὀλίγον φροντίσας γε δεσποτῶν.

ὡς ἐκπαιεῖν γ' ἂν κύλिका μαινοίμην μίαν,

πάντων Κυκλώπων ἀντιδοὺς βοσκήματα,

ρίψαι τ' ἐς ἄλμην λισσάδος πέτρας ἄπο,

ἅπαξ μεθυσθεὶς καταβαλὼν τε τὰς ὀφρῦς.

ὡς ὅς γε πίνων μὴ γέγηθε μαινεται·

ἴν' ἔστι τουτί τ' ὀρθὸν ἐξαιστάναι

170 μαστοῦ τε δραγμὸς καὶ παρεσκευασμένου

ψαῦσαι χεροῖν λειμῶνος, ὀρχηστὺς θ' ἅμα

κακῶν τε λῆστις. εἴτ' ἐγὼ οὐ κινήσομαι

τοιόνδε πῶμα, τὴν Κύκλωπος ἄμαθίαν

κλαίειν κελεύων καὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν μέσον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄκου', Ὀδυσσεῦ, διαλαλήσωμέν τί σοι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ μὴν φίλοι γε προσφέρεσθε πρὸς φίλον.

¹ Wilamowitz : for MSS. τυρέυματ' ἤ.

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Did it slip *very* sweetly down your throat ?

SILENUS

Throat, man ?—to my very toes ! I feel 'em tingling.

ODYSSEUS

I'll pay cash too : I've got it ready-jingling.

160

SILENUS

Wine ! wine !—for money I don't care a button.

ODYSSEUS

All right. Fetch out your cheeses and your mutton.

SILENUS

I will ! For master I don't care one fig !

So mad I am for just another swig,

That I'd sell for it all the giants' flocks—

Ay, chuck them in the sea from yonder rocks,

If once I get well drunk, and smooth my brow

Clear of the wrinkles drawn by trouble's plough.

The man that isn't jolly after drinking

Is just a drivelling idiot, to my thinking.

Jolly's no word for it !—I see a vision

Of snowy bosoms, of delights Elysian ;

Of fingers fondling silken hair, of dancing,

Oblivion of all care !—O dream entrancing !

And shall my lips not kiss the cup whence come

Such raptures ? And shall I not snap my thumb

At Goggle-eye, the blockhead, and the horrid

One eye stuck in the middle of his forehead ?

[*Goes off to collect the goods.*]

170

A SATYR

Look here, Odysseus ; let me ask some questions.

ODYSSEUS

Of course : from friends I welcome all suggestions.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλάβετε Τροίαν τὴν Ἑλένην τε χειρίαν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ πάντα γ' οἶκον Πριαμιδῶν ἐπέρσαμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

180 οὔκουν ἐπειδὴ τὴν νεᾶνιν εἴλετε,
ἄπαντες αὐτὴν διεκροτήσατ' ἐν μέρει,
ἐπεὶ γε πολλοῖς ἦδεται γαμουμένη ;
τὴν προδότιν, ἣ τοὺς θυλάκους τοὺς ποικίλους
περὶ τοῖν σκελοῖν ἰδοῦσα καὶ τὸν χρύσειον
κλωθὸν φοροῦντα περὶ μέσον τὸν αὐχένα
ἐξεπτόθη, Μενέλεων, ἀνθρώπιον
λῶστον, λιποῦσα. μηδαμοῦ γένος ποτὲ
φῦναι γυναικῶν ὄφελ'—εἰ μὴ 'μοὶ μόνῃ.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

190 ἰδοὺ τάδ' ὑμῖν ποιμνίων βοσκήματα,
ἄναξ Ὀδυσσεῦ, μηκάδων ἀρνῶν τροφαί,
πηκτοῦ γάλακτός τ' οὐ σπάνια τυρεύματα.
φέρεσθε, χωρεῖθ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἀντρῶν ἄπο,
βότρυς ἐμοὶ πῶμ' ἀντιδόντες εὐίου.
οἴμοι· Κύκλωψ ὄδ' ἔρχεται· τί δράσομεν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀπολώλαμεν γάρ, ὦ γέρον· ποῖ χρὴ φυγεῖν ;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἔσω πέτρας τῆσδ', οὐπερ ἂν λάθοιτέ γε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δεινὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ἀρκύων μολεῖν ἔσω.

CYCLOPS

SATYR

Did you take Troy, and capture Helen too?

ODYSSEUS

O yes : all Priam's house we overthrew.

SATYR

Well, when you'd caught the naughty little jade,
Didn't each man whip out his vorpal blade, 180
And thrust her through, one after another, then,
And let her have for once her fill of men !
The baggage !—fell in love, all in a twinkle,
With Paris's gaudy bags,¹ without a wrinkle
Fitted to his fine legs, and lost her heart
To his gold necklace ! And she must depart,
And leave the best of little chaps all lonely,
Menelaus ! 'Tell you what it is—if only
No woman lived, a good thing would it be—
Not one on earth—except a few for me.

Enter SILENUS with SATYRS bringing bowls and lambs.

SILENUS

Here, king Odysseus, here they come, the lambs,
Warranted tender babes of bleating dams ; 190
Here are the curds, and cheeses too galore.
Catch hold, and hurry 'em down from cave to shore.
Now for the grape's pure soul, for Bacchus' brew !—
O lor !—the Cyclops ! Oh, what shall we do ?

ODYSSEUS

Done for, old man ! Where can we run to ?—where ?

SILENUS

Into the cave—good hiding-places there.

ODYSSEUS

Not likely !—to walk straight into the snare !

¹ Here Greek and English slang are identical.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οὐ δεινόν· εἰσὶ καταφυγαὶ πολλαὶ πέτρας.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

200

οὐ δῆτ'· ἐπεὶ τῶν μεγάλα γ' ἡ Τροία στένοι,
εἰ φευξόμεσθ' ἐν' ἄνδρα· μυρίον δ' ὄχλον
Φρυγῶν ὑπέστην πολλάκις σὺν Ἀσπίδι.
ἀλλ' εἰ θανεῖν δεῖ, καταθανούμεθ' εὐγενῶς,
ἢ ζῶντες αἶνον τὸν πάρος γ' εὖ σώσομεν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

210

ἄνεχε, παρέχε, τί τάδε; τίς ἡ ῥαθυμία;
τί βακχιάζετ'; οὐχὶ Διόνυσος τάδε,
οὐ κρόταλα χαλκοῦ τυμπάνων τ' ἀράγματα.
πῶς μοι κατ' ἄντρα νεόγονα βλαστήματα;
ἢ πρὸς τε μαστοῖς εἰσι χυτὰ μητέρων
πλευρὰς τρέχουσι, σχοινίοις τ' ἐν τεύχεσι
πλήρωμα τυρῶν ἐστὶν ἐξημελιγμένον;
τί φατε; τί λέγετε; τάχα τις ὑμῶν τῷ ξύλῳ
δάκρυα μεθήσει· βλέπετ' ἄνω καὶ μὴ κάτω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδοῦ, πρὸς αὐτὸν τὸν Δί' ἀνακεκύφαμεν,
τά τ' ἄστρα καὶ τὸν Ὀρίωνα δέρκομαι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ἄριστόν ἐστιν εὖ παρεσκευασμένον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάρεστιν, ὁ φάρυγξ εὐτρεπῆς ἔστω μόνον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ἢ καὶ γάλακτός εἰσι κρατῆρες πλέθ';

CYCLOPS

SILENUS

Quite likely. Plenty of rat-holes there, my boy.

ODYSSEUS

Never! 'twould stain my laurels won at Troy
To run from one man. I stood under shield
Against a host of Trojans in the field.

200

If I must die, I'll die in a blaze of glory,
Or live, and be yet more renowned in story.

*Enter CYCLOPS. ODYSSEUS and his men shrink away to
one side. SILENUS slips into cave.*

CYCLOPS

Now then! Come, come! What's this? What,
standing round

All idle, revelling! Don't think you have found
Your Bacchus here! No brazen clashing comes
Of cymbals here, nor thump of silly drums.

Here, how about those kids of mine, those lambs?
Are they all sucking, nuzzling at their dams?

What have you done with all the milk you drew
For cheese? Are those rush-crates brim-full?—
speak, you! {drown

Why don't you answer? Where's that stick?—I'll 210
Your eyes with tears! Look up, and don't look
down!

CHORUS (*pointing their noses at the sky*)

Oh, please! I'm looking at great Zeus this minute:
I see Orion's belt, and seven stars in it.

CYCLOPS

And where's my breakfast? What, not ready yet?

CHORUS

Quite ready. Hope your gullet's quite sharp-set.

CYCLOPS

Are the bowls ready yet for me to swig?

541

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥστ' ἐκπιεῖν γέ σ', ἦν θέλῃς, ὄλον πίθου.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

μήλειον ἢ βόειον ἢ μεμυγμένον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄν ἂν θέλῃς σύ· μὴ 'μέ καταπίῃς μόνον.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

220 ἦκιστ'· ἐπεὶ μ' ἂν ἐν μέσῃ τῇ γαστέρι
πηδῶντες ἀπολέσαιτ' ἂν ὑπὸ τῶν σχημάτων.
ἔα· τίς ὄχλον τόνδ' ὄρω πρὸς αὐλίοις ;
λησταί τινες κατέσχον ἢ κλώπες χθόνα :
ὄρω γέ τοι τοῦσδ' ἄρνας ἐξ ἀντρῶν ἐμῶν
στρεπταῖς λύγοισι σῶμα συμπεπλεγμένους,
τεύχη τε τυρῶν συμμαγῆ, γέροντά τε
πληγαῖς πρόσωπον φαλακρὸν ἐξφοδηκότα.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὦμοι, πυρέσσω συγκεκομμένος τάλας.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ὑπὸ τοῦ ; τίς εἰς σὸν κρατ' ἐπύκτευσεν, γέρον ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

230 ὑπὸ τῶνδε, Κύκλωψ, ὅτι τὰ σ' οὐκ εἶων φέρειν.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

οὐκ ἦσαν ὄντα θεόν με καὶ θεῶν ἄπο ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἔλεγον ἐγὼ τὰδ'· οἱ δ' ἐφόρουν τὰ χρήματα·
καὶ τὸν γε τυρὸν οὐκ ἐῶντος ἦσθιον
τούς τ' ἄρνας ἐξεφοροῦντο· δῆσαντες δὲ σὲ

CYCLOPS

CHORUS

Drink, if you like, a hogshead—(*aside*) like a pig!

CYCLOPS (*looks at bowls*)

Ewes' milk, or cows', or half-and-half, are these?

CHORUS

Whichever you like—but don't swig me up, please?

CYCLOPS

Not I! Fine rumpus would my belly feel— 220

You capering there, and going toe-and-heel! (*sees*
ODYSSEUS and his men.)

Hullo! what's this here rabble at my door?

Have thieves or pirates run their ship ashore?

And what?—these lambs—they're *my* lambs, taken
out

From *my* caves, and with plaited withs about
Their bodies coiled!—what, bowls with cheeses
packed?

And here's my old man with his bald pate cracked!

SILENUS *comes out of cave, artistically made up as victim*
of assault and battery.

SILENUS

Oh! oh! They've pummelled me into a fever!

CYCLOPS

Who? Who has punched your head, you old
deceiver?

SILENUS

These rogues. I tried to stop their robbing you. 230

CYCLOPS

What? I'm a God, a God's son! Sure, they knew?

SILENUS

Yes, I kept telling them; but still they hauled
The goods out; and they gobbled—though I bawled
"You mustn't!"—gobbled up your cheese, and stole

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κλωῶ τριπήχει κατὰ τὸν ὀμφαλὸν¹ μέσον
 τὰ σπλάγγχ' ἔφασκον ἑξαμήσεσθαι βία,
 μάστιγι τ' εὖ τὸ νῶτον ἀπολέψειν² σέθεν,
 κάπειτα συνδήσαντες εἰς θάδῶλια
 τῆς νηὸς ἐμβalόντες ἀποδώσειν τινὶ
 240 πέτρους μοχλεύειν, ἧ' ἴς μιλῶνα καταβαλεῖν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἄληθες ; οὐκουν κοπίδας ὡς τάχιστ' ἰὼν
 θήξεις μαχαίρας καὶ μέγαν φάκελον ξύλων
 ἐπιθεῖς ἀνάψεις ; ὡς σφαγέντες ἀντίκα
 πλήσουσι νηδὺν τὴν ἐμὴν ἰπ' ἀνθρακος
 θερμὴν ἔδοντος δαίτ' ἄτερ κρεανόμων,³
 τὰ δ' ἐκ λέβητος ἐφθὰ καὶ τετηκότα
 ὡς ἐκπλεύς γε δαιτός εἰμ' ὄρεσκόου
 ἄλις λεόντων ἐστὶ μοι θοινωμένῳ
 ἐλάφων τε, χρόνιος δ' εἰμ' ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων βορᾶς.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

250 τὰ καινά γ' ἐκ τῶν ἠθάδων, ὦ δέσποτα,
 ἠδίων' ἐστίν, οὐ γὰρ αὐ νεωστί γε
 ἄλλοι πρὸς ἄντρα τὰ σά γ' ἀφίκοντο ξένοι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Κύκλωψ, ἄκουσον ἐν μέρει καὶ τῶν ξένων.
 ἡμεῖς βορᾶς χρῆζοντες ἐμπολὴν λαβεῖν
 σῶν ἄσσον ἄντρων ἤλθομεν νεὸς ἄπο.

¹ Scaliger : for MSS. ὀμφαλόν.

² Ruhnken : for MSS. ἀποθλίψειν.

³ Dobree : for MSS. τῷ κρεανόμῳ.

CYCLOPS

All these dear little lambs ; and, on my soul,
They swore they'd tie a long rope round your waist,
And rip your noble guts out, give you a taste
Of whip-lash, flay your royal back, my lord,
Of all the skin, then bind you, drag you aboard
Their ship, and tumble you into the hold,
And take you overseas, Sir, to be sold
There to some quarryman, to heave big stones,
Or grind in some corn-mill with weary bones.

240

CYCLOPS

Oh, did they ? Just you look sharp, then, and set
A fine edge on my carving-knives, and get
A good big faggot on the hearth, and start
The fire ; and these shall promptly do their part
Of filling up my crop. Hot from the embers
I'll eat them. I'm the carver who dismembers
My game, and I'm the cook who does the boiling
And stewing here ! My appetite's been spoiling
For something of a change from one long run
Of mountain-game : my stomach's overdone
With lion-steaks and venison. Now for a taste
Of man !—I don't know when I ate one last.

SILENUS

Yes, Master ; the same dishes every day
Do pall, and change is pleasant, as you say ;
Yes, and it's quite an age since guests like these
Have sought your cave's fine hospitalities.

250

ODYSSEUS

Cyclops, do let the strangers make reply.
We wanted food, and so we came to buy
Some at your cave : we came from yonder ship.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τοὺς δ' ἄρνας ἡμῖν οὔτος ἀντ' οἴνου σκύφου
 ἀπημπόλα τε κἀδίδου πιεῖν λαβῶν
 ἐκὼν ἐκούσι, κούδεν ἦν τούτων βία.
 ἀλλ' οὔτος ὑγιὲς οὐδὲν ὦν φησιν λέγει,
 260 ἐπεὶ κατελήφθη σοῦ λάθρα πωλῶν τὰ σά.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἐγὼ ; κακῶς γὰρ ἐξόλοι'.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

εἰ ψεύδομαι.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ τὸν τεκόντα σ', ὦ Κύκλωψ,
 μὰ τὸν μέγαν Τρίτωνα καὶ τὸν Νηρέα,
 μὰ τὴν Καλυψῶ τὰς τε Νηρέως κόρας,
 μὰ θ' ἱερὰ κύματ' ἰχθύων τε πᾶν γένος,
 ἀπῶμοσ', ὦ κάλλιστον, ὦ Κυκλώπιον,
 ὦ δεσποτίσκε, μὴ τὰ σ' ἐξοδᾶν ἐγὼ
 ξένοισι χρήματ'. ἢ κακῶς οὔτοι κακοὶ
 οἱ παῖδες ἀπόλοιθ', οὓς μάλιστ' ἐγὼ φιλῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

270 αὐτὸς ἔχ'. ἐγωγε τοῖς ξένοις τὰ χρήματα
 περνάντα σ' εἶδον· εἰ δ' ἐγὼ ψευδῆ λέγω,
 ἀπόλοιθ' ὁ πατήρ μου· τοὺς ξένους δὲ μὴ ἀδίκει.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ψεύδεσθ'. ἐγωγε τῷδε τοῦ Ῥαδαμάνθυος
 μᾶλλον πέποιθα καὶ δικαιοῦτερον λέγω·
 θέλω δ' ἐρέσθαι· πόθεν ἐπλεύσατ', ὦ ξένοι ;
 ποδαποί, τίς ὑμᾶς ἐξεπαίδευσεν πόλις ;

546

CYCLOPS

And this fat rogue was ready, for a sip
Of wine, to sell these lambs: he got one drink
As earnest money, and straightway, in a wink,
He offered us the lot, of his own accord.
We never laid a finger on him, my lord.
All that he's said to you was one big lie
To excuse his selling your goods on the sly.

260

SILENUS

I?—devil take you!

ODYSSEUS

If I'm lying now.

SILENUS

By the Sea-god your father, Sir, I vow,
By mighty Triton, Nereus, Lord of Waters,
Calypso, and all Nereus' pretty daughters,
By every holy wave that swings and swishes—
In short, by all the gods and little fishes
I swear—my beautiful! my Cyclops sweet!
My lordykin! I never sold one bleat
Of all your flocks! Else—may they go to hell,
These bad boys, whom their father loves so well!

CHORUS

Go there yourself! I saw you with these eyes
Trading with them. And if I'm telling lies,
May father burn for ever and a day!
Sir, don't you do the strangers wrong, I pray!

270

CYCLOPS

You're liars! As for me, I'd sooner credit
What he says, than if Rhadamanthus said it;
I call him the more righteous of the two.
But now I'll question this same stranger-crew:—
Where did you sail from, strangers? What's your
nation?
In what town did you get your education?

547

NN 2

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Ἴθακήσιοι μὲν τὸ γένος, Ἴλίου δ' ἄπο,
πέρσαντες ἄστν, πνεύμασιν θαλασσίοις
σὴν γαίαν ἐξωσθέντες ἦκομεν, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

280 ἦ τῆς κακίστης οἷ μετήλθεθ' ἄρπαγὰς
Ἑλένης Σκαμάνδρου γείτον' Ἴλίου πόλιν;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὔτοι, πόνον τὸν δεινὸν ἐξηντληκότες.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

αἰσχρὸν στράτευμά γ', οἴτινες μᾶς χάριν
γυναικὸς ἐξεπλεύσατ' εἰς γαίαν Φρυγῶν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

290 θεοῦ τὸ πρᾶγμα· μηδέν' αἰτιῶ βροτῶν.
ἡμεῖς δέ σ', ὦ θεοῦ ποντίου γενναίε παῖ,
ἱκετεύομέν τε καὶ λέγομεν ἐλευθέρως,
μὴ τλῆς πρὸς ἄντρα σοὺς ἀφιγμένους ξένους
κτανεῖν βορᾶν τε δυσσεβῆ θέσθαι γνάθοις·
οἱ τὸν σόν, ὦναξ, πατέρ' ἔχειν ναῶν ἔδρας
ἔρρυσάμεσθα γῆς ἐν Ἑλλάδος μυχοῖς.
ἱερός τ' ἄθραυστος Ταινάρου μένει λιμῆν,
Μαλέας τ' ἄκροι κευθμῶνες, ἦ τε Σουνίου
δίας Ἀθάνας σῶς ὑπάργυρος πέτρα,
Γεραίστιοί τε καταφυγαί, τά θ' Ἑλλάδος
δύσφορά γ' ὀνειδή Φρυξίν οὐκ ἐδώκαμεν
ὦν καὶ σὺ κοινοῖ· γῆς γὰρ Ἑλλάδος μυχοῦς

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

We're Ithacans born and bred : from Ilium—
After destroying the city—we have come
To this your land, being driven tempest-tossed
Out of our course, Sir Cyclops, to your coast.

CYCLOPS

Oho ! then you're the men who went in search 280
Of Helen, who left her husband in the lurch,
And ran away to Ilium by Scamander ?

ODYSSEUS

Yes: slippery fish—hard work to hook and land her.

CYCLOPS (with air of virtuous indignation)

Yes—and a most disgraceful exhibition
You made of your own selves !—an expedition
To Phrygia, for one petticoat !—disgusting !

ODYSSEUS

Don't blame us men : it was the Gods' on-thrusting.
But, noble son of the great Lord of Sea,
We beg you, we beseech you earnestly,—
Don't be so cruel as to kill and feast,
With cannibal jawbones, like a godless beast,
On guests, whose claims you surely will not spurn !
Lord king, we've done your father a good turn : 290
We've saved his temples for him in every corner
Of all Greece : after this, no pirate scorner
Of holy things will smash his temple-doors
On the Taenarian haven's peaceful shores ;
And upon Malea's-height his holy fane
Is safe now, and the rocks of silver vein
On Sunium—Athena's property,—
And on Geraestus his great sanctuary.
In fact, we put our foot down—wouldn't stand
The intolerable reproach on Hellas-land
Brought by those Phrygian thieves. And in the fruits

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οἰκεῖς ὑπ' Αἴτην τῇ πυριστάκτῳ πέτρα.
 νόμος δὲ θνητοῖς, εἰ λόγους ἐπιστρέφει,
 300 ἱκέτας δέχεσθαι ποντίους ἐφθαρμένους
 ξενιά τε δοῦναι καὶ πέπλοις ἐπαρκέσαι,
 οὐκ ἄμφι βουπόροισι πηχθέντας μέλη
 ὀβελοῖσι νηδὺν καὶ γνάθον πλησαι σέθεν.
 ἄλις δὲ Πριάμου γαῖ' ἐχέρωσ' Ἑλλάδα,
 πολλῶν νεκρῶν πιούσα δοριπετῆ φόνου,
 ἀλόχους τ' ἀνάδρους γραῦς τ' ἄπαιδας ὤλεσε
 310 πολιοῦς τε πατέρας. εἰ δὲ τοὺς λελειμμένους
 σὺ συμπυρώσας δαῖτ' ἀναλώσεις πικράν,
 ποῖ τρέφεταιί τις; ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ, Κύκλωψ,
 πάρες τὸ μάργον σῆς γνάθου, τὸ δ' εὐσεβεῖς
 τῆς δυσσεβείας ἀνθελοῦ· πολλοῖσι γὰρ
 κέρδη πονηρὰ ζημίαν ἠμείψατο.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

παραινέσαι σοι βούλομαι· τῶν γὰρ κρεῶν
 μηδὲν λίπης τοῦδ'· ἦν δὲ τὴν γλώσσαν δάκνης,
 κομφὸς γενήσει καὶ λαλίστατος, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ πλοῦτος, ἀνθρωπίσκε, τοῖς σοφοῖς θεός·
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα κόμπτοι καὶ λόγων εὐμορφίαι.
 ἄκρας δ' ἐναλίας ἄς καθίδρυται πατῆρ
 320 χαίρειν κελεύω· τί τάδε προὔστησω λόγῳ;
 Ζηνὸς δ' ἐγὼ κεραυνὸν οὐ φρίσω, ξέε,
 οὐδ' οἶδ' ὅ τι Ζεὺς ἐστ' ἐμοῦ κρείσσων θεός.
 οὐ μοι μέλει τὸ λοιπόν· ὡς δ' οὐ μοι μέλει
 ἄκουσον, ὅταν ἄνωθεν ὄμβρον ἐκχέῃ,

CYCLOPS

Of this you share ; for here by Etna's roots,
Below his rocky lava-welling dome,
Just on the skirts of Greece you have your home.
And 'tis the law of nations (*Cyclops yanns*)—if I may
Ask your attention to the words I say—
To welcome suppliant castaways—indeed, 300
To give them gifts, and fresh rig-outs at need,
Not stick their limbs on great ox-roasting spits
To cram your jaws and belly with tit-bits.
Enough has Priam's land bereaved our Hellas
By drinking blood of thousands slain, as well as
By widowing wives, and robbing grey-haired mothers
And fathers of their sons. Now, if the others,
The few survivors, are to be by you
Roasted for horrible feastings, whereunto
Shall one for justice look ? Hear reason and right,
Cyclops ; restrain your savage appetite : 310
Choose fear of God for godlessness ! A host
Of men, in making sinful gains, have lost.

SILENUS

Now just take my advice :—of this chap's meat
Don't leave one scrap. And if you also eat
His nice long tongue, you'll grow as smart as he
In making speeches, and in repartee.

CYCLOPS

Wealth, master Shrimp, is to the truly wise
The one true god ; the rest are mockeries
Of tall talk, naught but mere word-pageantries.
As for my father's fanes by various seas,
That for them !—why d'ye talk to me of these ?
And as for Zeus's thunder—I've no fear 320
Of that, sir stranger ! it's by no means clear
To me that he's a mightier god than I ;
So I don't care for *him* ; I'll tell you why :—

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἐν τῆδε πέτρα στέγν' ἔχω σκηνώματα,
 ἧ μόσχον ὀπτὸν ἧ τι θήρειον δάκος
 δαινύμενος, εὐ τέγγων τε γαστέρ' ὑπτίαν,
 ἐπεκπιὼν γάλακτος ἀμφορέα, πέπλον
 κρούω, Διὸς βρονταῖσιν εἰς ἔριν κτυπῶν.
 330 ὅταν δὲ βορρᾶς χιόνα Θρήκιος χέη,
 δοραῖσι θηρῶν σῶμα περιβαλὼν ἐμὸν
 καὶ πῦρ ἀναίθων, χιόνος οὐδέν μοι μέλει.
 ἧ γῆ δ' ἀνάγκη, κἂν θέλη κἂν μὴ θέλη,
 τίκτουσα ποίαν τὰ μὰ πιαίνει βοτά.
 ἀγὼ οὔτιμι θύω πλὴν ἐμοί, θεοῖσι δ' οὔ,
 καὶ τῆ μεγίστη γαστρὶ τῆδε δαιμόνων
 ὡς τοῦμπιεῖν γε καὶ φαγεῖν τοῦφ' ἡμέραν,
 Ζεὺς οὔτος ἀνθρώποισι τοῖσι σῶφροσι,
 λυπεῖν δὲ μηδὲν αὐτόν· οἳ δὲ τοὺς νόμους
 340 ἔθεντο ποικίλλοντες ἀνθρώπων βίον,
 κλαίειν ἄνωγα· τὴν δ' ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ἐγὼ
 οὐ παύσομαι δρῶν εὖ—κατεσθίων τε σέ.
 ξένια δὲ λήψει τοιάδ', ὡς ἄμεμπτος ὦ,
 πῦρ καὶ πατρῶον τόδε,¹ λέβητά θ', ὃς ζέσας
 σὴν σάρκα διαφόρητον ἀμφέξει καλῶς.
 ἀλλ' ἔρπετ' εἴσω, τῷ κατ' αὔλιον θεῶ
 ἴν' ἀμφὶ βωμὸν στάντες εὐωχῆτέ με.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

αἰαῖ, πόνους μὲν Τρωικὸν ὑπεξέδυν
 θαλασσίους τε, νῦν δ' ἐς ἀνδρὸς ἀνοσίου

¹ Sc. ἔδωρ.. Hermann; for MSS, τότε λέβητά γ'.

CYCLOPS

When he pours down his rain from yonder sky,
 I have snug lodgings in this cave of mine.
 On roasted veal or some wild game I dine,
 Then drench my belly, sprawling on my back,
 With a whole butt of milk. His thunder-crack—
 I answer it, when he splits the clouds asunder,
 With boomings of my cavern-shaking thunder.
 And when the north-east wind pours down the snow,
 I wrap my body round with furs, and so 330
 I light my fire, and naught for snow I care.
 And, willy-nilly, earth has got to bear
 The grass that makes my sheep and cattle fat.
 I sacrifice to my great Self, sir Sprat,
 And to no god beside—except, that is,
 My belly, greatest of all deities.
 Eat plenty and drink plenty every day,
 And never worry—*that is*, so I say,
 The Zeus that suits a level-headed man;
 But as for those who framed an artful plan
 Of laws, to puzzle plain men's lives with these—
 I snap my thumb at them. I'll never cease 340
 Seeking my own soul's good—by eating you.
 And, as for guest-gifts, you shall have your due—
 Oh no, I won't be niggard!—a hot fire,
 And yonder caldron, which my Sea-god sire
 Will fill up with his special private brew
 To make your chop-steaks into a savoury stew.
 Now, toddle in, and all stand ready near
 The Paunch-god's altar, and make your host good
 cheer. [*Begins to drive the crew in.*]

ODYSSEUS

Alas! through Trojan conflicts have I won
 And perils of the sea, only to run

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

350 γνώμην κατέσχον ἀλίμενόν τε καρδίαν.
 ὦ Παλλάς, ὦ δέσποινα Διογενὲς θεά,
 νῦν νῦν ἄρηξον· κρείσσονας γὰρ Ἰλίου
 πόνους ἀφῆγμαι κἀπὶ κινδύνου βάθρα.
 σύ τ', ὦ φαεινῶν ἀστέρων οἰκῶν ἔδρας
 Ζεῦ ξένι, ὄρα τάδ'· εἰ γὰρ αὐτὰ μὴ βλέπεις,
 ἄλλως νομίζει Ζεὺς, τὸ μηδὲν ὦν, θεός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐρείας φάρυγγος, ὦ Κύκλωψ,
 ἀναστόμου τὸ χεῖλος· ὡς ἔτοιμά σοι
 ἐφθὰ καὶ ὄπτα καὶ ἀνθρακιᾶς ἀπο χναύειν,
 βρύκειν, κρεοκοπεῖν μέλη ξένων,
 360 δασυμάλλω ἐν αἰγίδι κλινομένω.

μή μοι μὴ προσδίδου·
 μόνος μόνω κόμιζε¹ πορθμίδος σκάφος.
 χαιρέτω μὲν αὖλις ἄδε,
 χαιρέτω δὲ θυμάτων
 ἀποβώμιος ἂν ἔχει θυσίαν
 Κύκλωψ Αἰτναῖος ξενικῶν
 κρεῶν κεχαρμένος βορᾶ·

370 νηλής, ὦ τλᾶμον, ὅστις
 δωμάτων ἐφεστίους ξενικούς
 ἰκτῆρας ἐκθύει δόμων,

¹ So MSS. Wecklein would read γέμιζε.

CYCLOPS

Aground on a godless villain's evil will,
 And on his iron-bound heart my life to spill !
 O Pallas, Child of Zeus, O Heavenly Queen, 350
 Help, help me now, for never have I been,
 Mid all Troy's travail, in such strait as this !
 Oh, this is peril's bottomless abyss !
 O Dweller in the starry Halls of Light,
 Zeus, thou Guest-champion, look upon my plight !
 If thou regard not, vainly we confess
 Thy godhead, Zeus, who art mere nothingness !

[Follows his men into the cave, followed by CYCLOPS.]

CHORUS

Gape wide your jaws, you one-eyed beast,
 Your tiger-fangs, an' a' that ;
 Hot from the coals to make your feast
 Here's roast, an' boiled, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His guid fur-rug, an' a' that,
 He's tearin', champin' flesh o' guests !
 So nane for me, for a' that. 360

Ay, paddle your ain canoe, One-eye,
 Wi' bluidy oars, an' a' that ;
 Your impious hall, I pass it by !
 I cry "avaunt !" for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Your "Etna Halls," an' a' that,
 You joy in gorgin' strangers' flesh !
 Awa' wi' ye, for a' that !

A heartless wretch is he, whoe'er,
 When shipwrecked men, an' a' that,
 Draw nigh his hearth wi' suppliant prayer, 370
 Slays, eats them up, an' a' that.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κόπτων βρύκων,
 ἐφθά τε δαινύμενος μυσσαροῖσί τ' ὀδοῦσιν
 ἀνθρώπων θέρμ' ἀπ' ἀνθρώκων κρέα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω, δειν' ἰδὼν ἄντρων ἔσω
 κού πιστά, μύθοις εἰκότ', οὐδ' ἔργουσι βροτῶν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστ', Ὀδυσσεύ ; μῶν τεθόιναιτι σέθεν
 φίλους ἐταίρους ἀνοσιώτατος Κύκλωψ ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

380

δισσοὺς γ' ἀθρήσας κάπιβαστάσας χεροῖν,
 οἱ σαρκὸς εἶχον εὐτρεφέστατον πάχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς, ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ἦτε πάσχοντες τάδε ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

390

ἐπεὶ πετραίαν τήνδ' ἐσήλθομεν στέγην,¹
 ἀνέκαυσε μὲν πῦρ πρῶτον, ὑψηλῆς δρυὸς
 κορμούς πλατείας ἐσχάρας βαλὼν ἔπι,
 τρισσῶν ἀμαξῶν ὡς ἀγώγιμον βάρος.
 ἔπειτα φύλλων ἐλατίνων χαμαιπετῆ
 ἔστρωσεν εὐνήν πλησίον πυρὸς φλογί.
 κρατῆρα δ' ἐξέπλησεν ὡς δεκάμφορον,
 μόσχους ἀμέλξας, λευκὸν εἰσχέας γάλα.
 σκύφος τε κισσοῦ παρέθετ' εἰς εὖρος τριῶν
 πήχεων, βάθος δὲ τεσσάρων ἐφαίνετο.

¹ For (corrupt) MSS. χθόνα. Other proposed emendations are πτόχα, γνάθον,

CYCLOPS

For a' that, an' a' that,
His stews an' steaks, an' a' that,
His teeth are foul wi' flesh o' man !
He's damned to hell, for a' that !

Enter ODYSSEUS, from cave.

ODYSSEUS

Oh God, that cave !—that mine eyes should behold
Horrors incredible, things that might be told
In nightmare demon-legends, never found
In acts of men !

CHORUS

What is it ? Has that hound
Of hell yet feasted on your friends, poor man ?

ODYSSEUS

Yes, two. He glared on all ; then he began
To weigh them in his hands, to find out who
Were fattest and best-nourished of my crew !

380

CHORUS

Poor soul ! How did your sufferings befall ?

ODYSSEUS

When in yon dungeon he had herded all,
He kindled first a fire, and then hurled down
On that broad hearth a tall oak's branching crown,
A mass of wood three waggons scarce could bear ;
Then he spread out, hard by the red flame's glare,
A deep broad bed of fallen leaves of pine.
Next, with the milk he drew from all his kine
He filled a ninety-gallon cask : beside
This tank he set a bowl some five feet wide,
And, by the looks, 'twas more than two yards deep ;
Then round his brazen caldron made flames leap,

390

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

καὶ χάλκεον λέβητ' ἐπέζεσεν πυρί,
 ὀβελούς τ', ἄκρους μὲν ἐγκεκαυμένους πυρί,
 ζεστοὺς δὲ δρεπάνῳ τᾶλλα, παλλούρου κλάδων,
 Αἰτναϊά τε σφαγεία πελέκεων γνάθοις. †
 ὡς δ' ἦν ἔτοιμα πάντα τῷ θεοστυγεῖ
 "Αἶδου μαγείρῳ, φῶτε συμμάρψας δύο
 ἔσφαζ' ἐταίρων τῶν ἐμῶν ῥυθμῷ τι
 τὸν μὲν λέβητος εἰς κύτος χαλκήλατον,
 400 τὸν δ' αὖ, τένοντος ἀρπύσας ἄκρου ποδός,
 παίων πρὸς ὄξυν στόνυχα πετραίου λίθου,
 ἐγκέφαλον ἐξέρρανε, καὶ καθαρπύσας
 λάβρῳ μαχαίρᾳ σάρκας ἐξώπτα πυρί,
 τὰ δ' εἰς λέβητ' ἐφήκεν ἔψεσθαι μέλη.
 ἐγὼ δ' ὁ τλήμων δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέων
 ἐχριμπτόμην Κύκλωπι κἀδιακόνον·
 ἄλλοι δ' ὅπως ὄρνιθες ἐν μυχοῖς πέτρας
 πτήξαντες εἶχον, αἶμα δ' οὐκ ἐνῆν χροῖ.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐταίρων τῶν ἐμῶν πλησθεῖς βορᾶς
 410 ἀνέπεσε, φάρυγος αἰθέρ' ἐξιεῖς βαρύν,
 εἰσῆλθέ μοί τι θεῖον· ἐμπλήσας σκύφος
 Μάρωνος αὐτῷ τοῦδε προσφέρω πιεῖν,
 λέγων τάδ' ὦ παῖ ποντίου θεοῦ, Κύκλωψ,
 σκέψαι τόδ' οἶον Ἑλλάς ἀμπέλων ἀπο
 θεῖον κομίζει πῶμα, Διονύσου γάνος.
 ὁ δ' ἐκπλεως ὦν τῆς ἀναισχύντου βορᾶς
 ἐδέξατ' ἔσπασέν τ' ἄμυστιν ἐλκύσας,
 κἀπήνεσ' ἄρας χεῖρα· φίλτατε ξένων,
 καλὸν τὸ πῶμα δαιτὶ πρὸς καλῇ δίδως.

CYCLOPS

Next, got his spits out, limbs of blackthorn roughly
Trimmed with a bill, the points fire-hardened toughly ;
Then, bowls to hold the blood made forth to well
By cleavers of this fiend of Etna's hell.
When all was ready for this devil-cook
God-hated, with a sudden snatch he took
Two of my comrades, and, as one might beat
A hideous music out, so did he treat.
These in the killing : one man's head he swung
Against the caldron's brass that hollow rung ;
By the heel-sinew he gripped the other, dashed 400
The wretch against a sharp rock-spur, and splashed
His brains all round : then with swift savage knife
Sliced off the flesh yet quivering with life :
He set some o'er the fire on spits to broil,
And into his caldron flung whole limbs to boil,
Then I—oh misery !—shedding tear on tear
To wait upon this Cyclop fiend drew near ;
While all the rest in crannies of the rock
With bloodless faces cowered, like a flock
Of scared birds. When he had gorged himself at last
With my friends' flesh, he flung him down ; a blast
Of foul breath from his throat burst loathsomely. 410

Then a great inspiration came to me :
With Maron's mighty wine I filled a cup,
And offered it, saying, as I held it up,
"Son of the Sea-king, Cyclops, taste and know
What heavenly draughts from vines of Hellas flow.
This is the glory of our Vineyard-lord."
And he, gorged with that banqueting abhorred,
Took it, and swilled it all down at one draught.
Up went his praising hands : "Dear guest," he
laughed,
"With glorious drink you crown a glorious feast !"

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

- 420 ἦσθέντα δ' αὐτὸν ὡς ἐπησθόμην ἐγὼ,
 ἄλλην ἔδωκα κύλικα, γιγνώσκων ὅτι
 τρώσει νιν οἶνος καὶ δίκην δώσει τάχα.
 καὶ δὴ πρὸς φῶδὰς εἶρπ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεγχείων
 ἄλλην ἐπ' ἄλλη σπλάγχχ' ἐθέρμαινον ποτῶ.
 ἄδει δὲ παρὰ κλαίουσι συνναύταις ἐμοῖς
 ἄμουσ', ἐπήχει δ' ἄντρον. ἐξελθὼν δ' ἐγὼ
 σιγῇ, σὲ σῶσαι κἄμ', ἐὰν βούλη, θέλω.
 ἀλλ' εἶπατ' εἶτε χρήζετ' εἶτ' οὐ χρήζετε
 φεύγειν ἄμικτον ἄνδρα καὶ τὰ Βακχίου
 430 ναίειν μέλαθρα Ναϊδῶν¹ νυμφῶν μέτα.
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον σὸς πατὴρ τὰδ' ἤνεσεν.
 ἀλλ' ἀσθενὴς γὰρ κύποκερδαίνων ποτοῦ,
 ὥσπερ πρὸς ἰξῶ τῇ κύλικι λελημμένος
 πτέρυγας ἀλύει· σὺ δέ, νεανίας γὰρ εἶ,
 σῶθητι μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸν ἀρχαῖον φίλον
 Διόνυσον ἀνάλαβ', οὐ Κύκλωπι προσφερῆ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- ὦ φίλτατ', εἰ γὰρ τήνδ' ἴδοιμεν ἡμέραν,
 Κύκλωπος ἐκφυγόντες ἀνόσιον κἄρα.
 ὡς διὰ μακροῦ γε † τὸν σίφωνα τὸν φίλον
 440 χηρεύομεν, τὸν δ' οὐκ ἔχομεν καταφαγεῖν.†

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν ἦν ἔχω τιμωρίαν
 θηρὸς πανούργου σῆς τε δουλείας φυγῆν.

¹ Cassaubon : for MSS. Δαναίδων.

CYCLOPS

So, when I saw how much it pleased the beast, 420
I filled his cup again, for well I knew
The wine would trip him up, and full soon too
Would give me my revenge. And now he roared
Forth into singing : still I poured and poured
Cup after cup, till glowed his villain bowels
With that good liquor. Dissonant rang his howls
By my men's moans and sobs, and all about
The cavern echoed. I have stolen out,
And mean, if you are willing, to rescue you
And myself too. Say, what d'you mean to do ?
Do you, or do you not, consent to flee
From this inhospitable brute, and be
Dwellers henceforth in Bacchus' halls afar—
Where also the sweet Fountain-maidens are ? 430
Your father in there—well, he did approve ;
But he's too weak to help : he's fallen in love,
Moreover, with the wine, can think of naught
But trying to get his share. His wings are caught,
As if with birdlime, by the cup : his wit
Is all abroad. But you are young and fit :
Escape with me, and meet your dear old lord
Dionysus—how unlike yon brute'abhorred !

CHORUS

O dearest friend, that I might flee away
From godless Goggle-eye, and see that day !
The pipe of pleasure has for long been pining,
For on no dainty things have I been dining. 440

ODYSSEUS

Hear then, the vengeance that it's in my mind
To wreak upon that scoundrel beast, and find
Therein your own escape from slavery.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς Ἀσιάδος οὐκ ἂν ἤδιον ψόφον
κιθάρας κλύοιμεν ἢ Κύκλωπ' ὀλωλότα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐπὶ κῶμον ἔρπειν πρὸς κασιγνήτους θέλει
Κύκλωπας ἤσθεις τῷδε Βακχίου ποτῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ξυνήκ', ἔρημον ξυλλαβῶν δρυμοῖσιν
σφάξαι μενοινᾶς ἢ πετρῶν ὡσαι κάτα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὐδὲν τοιοῦτον, δόλιος ἢ πιθυμία.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

450 πῶς δαί; σοφόν τοί σ' ὄντ' ἀκούομεν πάλαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

κῶμου μὲν αὐτὸν τοῦδ' ἀπαλλάξω, λέγων
ὡς οὐ Κύκλωψι πῶμα χρῆ δοῦναι τόδε,
μόνον δ' ἔχοντα βίοτον ἠδέως ἄγειν.
ὅταν δ' ὑπνώσση Βακχίου νικῶμενος,
ἀκρεμῶν ἐλαίας ἔστιν ἐν δόμοισί τις,
ὄν φασγάνῳ τῷδ' ἐξαποξύνας ἄκρον,
εἰς πῦρ καθήσω· καθ' ὅταν κεκαυμένον
ἴδω νιν, ἄρας θερμὸν εἰς μέσσην βαλὼν
460 Κύκλωπος ὄψιν ὀμματ' ἐκτήξω πυρί.
ναυπηγίαν δ' ὡσεὶ τις ἀρμόζων ἀνήρ
διπλοῖν χαλινοῖν τρίπανον κωπηλατεῖ,
οὔτω κυκλώσω δαλὸν ἐν φαεσφόρῳ
Κύκλωπος ὄψει καὶ συνανανώ κόρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιοὺ ἰού,
γέγηθα, μαινόμεσθα τοῖς εὐρήμασιν.

CYCLOPS

CHORUS

O speak ! Not more delightfully to me
The music of an Indian harp would sound
Than tidings of his death—the Cyclop fiend !

ODYSSEUS

He wants to go forth, full of wine and glee,
To his brother Cyclops for wild revelry.

CHORUS

I see—you ambush him in some lone copse,
Or,—one sly push, and over the cliff he drops.

ODYSSEUS

No, no ; my trick is artfuller by far.

CHORUS

What ? Long ago I heard how 'cute you are.

450

ODYSSEUS

I'll put him off this revel-game ; I'll say
He shouldn't give such wine as this away
To his fellow-beasts, but keep it, only thinking
Of having a high old time of private drinking.
And, when he's sleeping, Bacchus' captive, then—
A stake of olive lies in yonder den :

My sword shall shape to a point yon bit of tree ;
I'll thrust it in the fire ; and when I see
That it is well ablaze, I'll whip the thing
Out, and all glowing-red I'll slip the thing
Into the middle of Master Cyclops' eye,
And melt his vision out with fire thereby.

And, just as shipwrights fitting beams together
Will twirl the big drill with long straps of leather,
So in this fellow's eye I'll twirl about
My firebrand till I scorch his eyeball out.

460

CHORUS

Callooh ! Callay !

I'm glad—I'm mad with joy at your invention !

563

o o 2

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

κάπειτα καὶ σὲ καὶ φίλους γέροντά τε
νεὼς μελαίνης κοῖλον ἐμβήσας σκάφος
διπλαῖσι κώπαις τῆσδ' ἀποστελῶ χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

470 ἔστ' οὖν ὅπως ἂν ὡσπερεὶ σπονδῆς θεοῦ
κἀγὼ λαβοίμην τοῦ τυφλοῦντος ὄμματα
δαλοῦ; πόνου γὰρ τοῦδε κοινωνεῖν θέλω.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δεῖ γοῦν μέγας γὰρ δαλός, ὃν ξυλληπτέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς κὰν ἀμαξῶν ἑκατὸν ἀραίμην βάρος,
εἰ τοῦ Κύκλωπος τοῦ κακῶς ὄλουμένου
ὀφθαλμὸν ὡσπερ σφηκιὰν ἐκθύψομεν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

480 σιγᾶτε νῦν. δόλον γὰρ ἐξεπίστασαι·
χῶταν κελεύω, τοῖσιν ἀρχιτέκτοσι
πείθεσθ'· ἐγὼ γὰρ ἄνδρας ἀπολιπῶν φίλους
τοὺς ἔνδον ὄντας οὐ μόνος σωθήσομαι.
καῖτοι φύγοιμ' ἂν, κἀκβέβηκ' ἄντρου μυχῶν·
ἀλλ' οὐ δίκαιον ἀπολιπόντ' ἐμοὺς φίλους,
ξὺν οἷσπερ ἦλθον δεῦρο, σωθῆναι μόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄγε, τίς πρῶτος, τίς δ' ἐπὶ πρώτῳ
ταχθεὶς δαλοῦ κώπην ὀχμάσας
Κύκλωπος ἔσω βλεφάρων ὡσας
λαμπρὰν ὄψιν διακναίσει;

[ὠδὴ ἔνδοθεν]

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Then in my black ship it is my intention
To put your father, you, and my friends freed:
Then with oars double-manned away we speed.

CHORUS

And in the handling of this burning brand
That scoops his eye out, can't I bear a hand,
Just as in sacrifices all have part?
I'll take my little share with all my heart.

470

ODYSSEUS

O yes, you *must*: the brand is monstrous great,
And all must help at it.

CHORUS

I'd lift a weight
Enough for a hundred carts, if so I might,
As one burns out a wasps' nest, quench the light
Of One-eye—damn him down to lowest hell!

ODYSSEUS

Now, mum's the word! You know the trick right
well;

So, when I call on you, do you obey
The master-mind—that's me. No running away
For me, to save myself, and leave my crew
Inside! I *might* escape: I got clear through

480

A tunnel in the rock with small ado,
But—give my friends the slip, with whom I came
Here, and escape alone!—'twould be a shame!

[*Exit into cave.*]

CHORUS

O who, and O who will come and take his stand,
And grip the shaft and plunge beneath his brow the
glowing brand?

And it's O, but a Cyclop with eye on fire is grand!

[*Sound of singing in cave*]

565

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

490 σίγα σίγα. καὶ δὴ μεθύων
 ἄχαριν κέλαδου μουσιζόμενος
 σκαιοὺς ἀπφδὸς καὶ κλανσόμενος
 χωρεῖ πετρίνων ἔξω μελάβρων.
 φέρε νιν κώμοις παιδεύσωμεν
 τὸν ἀπαίδευτον.
 πάντως μέλλει τυφλὸς εἶναι.

500 μάκαρ ὅστις εὐιάζει
 βοτρυῶν φίλαισι πηγαῖς
 ἐπὶ κῶμον ἐκπετασθεῖς,
 φίλον ἄνδρ' ὑπαγκαλίζων,
 ἐπὶ δεμνίοισί τε ξανθὸν
 χλιδαῆς ἔχων ἑταίρας
 μυρόχριστος λιπαρὸν βό-
 στρυχον, αὐδᾶ δέ· θύραν τίς οἴξει μοι ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

παπαπαῖ, πλέως μὲν οἴνου,
 γάνυμαι δὲ δαιτὸς ἤβη,
 σκάφος ὄλκας ὡς γεμισθεῖς
 ποτὶ σέλμα γαστρὸς ἄκρας.
 ὑπάγει μ' ὁ χόρτος εὐφρων
 ἐπὶ κῶμον ἦρος ὥραις,
 ἐπὶ Κύκλωπας ἀδελφούς.
 510 φέρε μοι, ξεῖνε, φέρ', ἀσκὸν ἔνδος μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλὸν ὄμμασιν δεδορκῶς
 καλὸς ἐκπερᾶ μελάβρων.
 [φίλος ὦν]¹ φιλεῖ τις ἡμᾶς.

¹ Hermann, to supply lacuna in MSS.

CYCLOPS

O hush, and O hush ! for he howls a drunken song,
A hideous discord bellowed by an unmelodious
tongue.

And it's O, but his music shall turn to wails ere long ! 490
He comes, O he comes ; he has left his cave behind.
Some revel-song adapted to his thick head let us find.
And it's O, but for certain he'll very soon be blind.

Enter CYCLOPS with ODYSSEUS and SILENUS.

O bliss to be chanting the Song of the Wine,
When the cluster's fountain is flowing,
When your soul floats forth on the revel divine,
And your love in your arms is glowing,
When you play with the odorous golden hair
Of a fairy-like sweet wee love, 500
And you murmur through shining curls the
prayer—
“Unlock love's door unto me, love !”

CYCLOPS

Oho ! Oho ! I am full of good drink,
Full of glee from a good feast's revel !
I'm a ship that is laden till ready to sink
Right up to my crop's deck-level !
The jolly spring season is tempting me out
To dance on the meadow-clover
With my Cyclop brothers in revel-rout !—
Here, hand the wine-skin over ! 510

CHORUS¹

With eyes lit up with the love-light's spell
From his halls is the bridegroom pacing,—
“O, somebody loves me, but I won't tell !”—

¹ This verse is full of veiled ironic reference to the fiery stake, and its expected effect on the appearance of his forehead.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

λύχνα δ' ἀμμένει δαΐα σὸν
 χροῖα, χῆ τέρεια νύμφα
 δροσερῶν ἔσωθεν ἄντρων.
 στεφάνων δ' οὐ μία χροιά
 περὶ σὸν κράτα τάχ' ἐξομλήσει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

520 Κύκλωψ, ἄκουσον, ὡς ἐγὼ τοῦ Βακχίου
 τούτου τρίβων εἶμ', ἄν πιεῖν ἔδωκά σοι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ Βάκχιος δὲ τίς; θεὸς νομίζεται;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μέγιστος ἀνθρώποισιν εἰς τέρψιν βίου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἐρυγγάνω γοῦν αὐτὸν ἠδέως ἐγώ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τοιόσδ' ὁ δαίμων· οὐδένα βλάπτει βροτῶν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

θεὸς δ' ἐν ἀσκῷ πῶς γέγηθ' οἴκους ἔχων;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὅπου τιθῆ τις, ἐνθάδ' ἐστὶν εὐπετής.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ τοὺς θεοὺς χρῆν σῶμ' ἔχειν ἐν δέρμασιν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί δ', εἴ σε τέρπει γ'; ἢ τὸ δέρμα σοι πικρόν;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

μισῶ τὸν ἀσκόν· τὸ δὲ ποτὸν φιλῶ τόδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

530 μένων νυν αὐτοῦ πῖνε κευθύμει, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ χρή μ' ἀδελφοῖς τοῦδε προσδοῦναι ποτοῦ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔχων γὰρ αὐτὸς τιμωτέρος φανεῖ.

CYCLOPS

And the bridal-torch is blazing.
O the warm warm clasp of a glowing bride
In the cave, and the fervid bosom !
O the garland of roses and paeonies pied
That around thy brows shall blossom !

ODYSSEUS

Cyclops, heed me, for I know all about
This Wine-god in the cup that you've drained out. 520

CYCLOPS

Who is this Bacchus ?—not a real god, is he ?

ODYSSEUS

In giving men good times there's none so busy,

CYCLOPS

I belch him out, and find that very pleasant.

ODYSSEUS

That's him—hurts nobody—it shows he's present.

CYCLOPS

How does this god like lodging in a skin ?

ODYSSEUS

He's all serene, wherever you stick him in.

CYCLOPS

Gods shouldn't wear hide-jackets : that's my view.

ODYSSEUS

Pho ! if you like him, what's his coat to you ?

CYCLOPS

Can't say I like the skin : the drink is prime.

ODYSSEUS

Now just stop here, and have a high old time. 530

CYCLOPS

What ?—give my brethren none of this rich hoard ?

ODYSSEUS

Keep it for your own drinking, like a lord.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

διδούς δὲ τοῖς φίλοισι χρησιμώτερος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πυγμαὶς ὁ κῶμος λοῖδορόν τ' ἔριν φιλεῖ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

μεθύω μὲν ἔμπας δ' οὔτις ἂν ψάυσειέ μου.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὦ τᾶν, πεπωκότ' ἐν δόμοισι χρῆ μένειν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἠλίθιος ὅστις μὴ πίων κῶμον φιλεῖ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὅς δ' ἂν μεθυσθεῖς γ' ἐν δόμοις μείνη, σοφός.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τί δρῶμεν, ὦ Σειληνέ; σοὶ μένειν δοκεῖ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

540

δοκεῖ. τί γὰρ δεῖ συμποτῶν ἄλλων, Κύκλωψ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

καὶ μὴν λαχνῶδες γ' οὔδας ἀνθηρᾶ χλόη.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καὶ πρὸς γε θάλλπος ἠλίου πίνειν καλόν.

κλίθητί νῦν μοι πλευρὰ θεῖς ἐπὶ χθονός.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τί δῆτα τὸν κρατῆρ' ὀπισθέ μου τίθης;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὡς μὴ παριῶν τις καταβάλη.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πίνειν μὲν οὖν
κλέπτων σὺ βούλει κάτθες αὐτὸν εἰς μέσον.
σὺ δ', ὦ ξέν', εἰπέ τοῦνομ' ὅ τι σε χρῆ καλεῖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Οὔτιν' χάριν δὲ τίνα λαβὼν σ' ἐπαινέσω;

570

CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS

But it's more neighbourly to share with friends.

ODYSSEUS

Well, revelling in blows and brawling ends.

CYCLOPS

I'm drunk ; but none dare touch me ! I'm all right.

ODYSSEUS

My dear Sir, home's the place when one is tight.

CYCLOPS

Not revel after a booze ?—that's silly, very !

ODYSSEUS

Wise men stay indoors when wine makes them merry.

CYCLOPS

Shall I stay in, Silenus ? What d'ye think ?

SILENUS

Stay. Why have other noses in your drink ?

540

CYCLOPS

Well, to be sure, this long thick grass is fine.

SILENUS

Yes, and it's nice to drink in warm sunshine.

Down with you then, in lordly ease to lie.

[Slides wine-bowl behind cyclops' back.]

CYCLOPS

Now then, you've put that bowl behind me !—why ?

SILENUS

Lest some one passing by us might upset it.

CYCLOPS

Ha, I know better ! You are trying to get it

For stolen drinks. Just set it in full view.

Now, stranger, what's to be my name for you ?

ODYSSEUS

Nobody. Haven't you a gift for me

To bless you for ?

571

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

550

πάντων δ' ἑταίρων ὕστατον θοινάσομαί.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καλὸν γε τὸ γέρας τῷ ξένῳ δίδως, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὔτος, τί δράς; τὸν οἶνον ἐκπίνεις λάθρα;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἔμ' οὔτος ἔκυσεν, ὅτι καλὸν βλέπω.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κλαύσει, φιλῶν τὸν οἶνον οὐ φιλοῦντά σε.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ναὶ μὰ Δί', ἐπεὶ μού φησ' ἔραν ὄντος καλοῦ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἔγχει, πλέων δὲ τὸν σκύφον. δίδου μόνον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

πῶς οὖν κέκραται; φέρε διασκεψώμεθα.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἀπολεῖς· δος οὔτως.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ναὶ μὰ Δί' οὐ πρὶν ἂν γε σὲ
στέφανον ἴδω λαβόντα, γεύσωμαί τέ τι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦ οἰνοχόος ἄδικος.

572

CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS

Of all your company

I'll feast on you the last.

SILENUS

O Cyclops, best

550

Of hosts, a noble gift you give your guest!
(*stealthily drinks.*)

CYCLOPS

Ah! what are you up to?—drinking on the sly!

SILENUS

No, no: the wine kissed me, so fair am I.

CYCLOPS

I'll teach you, if you make love to the wine
Which loves you not!

SILENUS

It does: these charms or mine,
It says, have won its heart.

CYCLOPS

Here, fill the cup.

Pour in—up to the brim. Now, hand it up.

SILENUS

Is it the proper mixture?—let me see.

(*stoops his face to bowl.*)

CYCLOPS

You'll be the death of me! Quick, hand it me
Just as it is!

SILENUS (*puts wreath on CYCLOPS' head, so as to cover his eye.*)

By Jove, no! I must first
Crown with this wreath your brow, and—quench my
thirst. (*drinks.*)

CYCLOPS

You thieving cupbearer!

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

560

οὐ μὰ Δῖ', ἀλλ' ὦ οἶνος γλυκός.
ἀπομυκτέον δέ σοί γ', ὅπως λήψει πιεῖν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἰδοῦ, καθαρὸν τὸ χεῖλος αἰ τρίχες τέ μου.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

θές νυν τὸν ἀγκῶν' εὐρύθμως, κᾶτ' ἔκπτε,
ῶσπερ μ' ὀρᾶς πίνοντα—χῶσπερ οὐκ ἐμέ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ᾶ ᾶ, τί δράσεις;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἠδέως ἠμύστισα.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

λάβ', ὦ ξέν', αὐτὸς οἰνοχόος τέ μοι γενοῦ.

ΟΑΤΣΣΕΤΣ

γιγνώσκεται γοῦν ἄμπελος τῆμῃ χερσί.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

φέρ' ἔγχεόν νυν.

ΟΑΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἔγχεώ, σίγα μόνον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

χαλεπὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ὅστις ἂν πῖη πολύν.

ΟΑΤΣΣΕΤΣ

570

ἰδοῦ λαβὼν ἔκπιθι καὶ μηδὲν λίπης.
συνεκθανεῖν δὲ σπῶντα χρὴ τῷ πώματι.

574

CYCLOPS

SILENUS

Good heavens ! not so.

560

You *should* say, " You delicious wine ! " you know.
Now let me wipe your uose, that you may sip
Your wine genteelly.

CYCLOPS

Go along ! my lip

And my moustache are clean enough for me.

SILENUS

Now sink down on your elbow gracefully ;

(*Cyclops rolls on his back.*)

Then drain the cup, just as you see me do—
I mean, just as you don't. (*takes a big drink.*)

CYCLOPS (*sitting up*)

Hi ! stop there, you !

What are you up to ?

SILENUS

A bumper ! Joys untold !

CYCLOPS

Here, stranger, be my cupbearer. Catch hold !

ODYSSEUS

The wine knows me : my hand brings out its savour.

CYCLOPS

Fill up.

ODYSSEUS

All right. Don't talk—you'll miss the flavour

CYCLOPS

Can't help but talk, with a pailful in one's crop.

ODYSSEUS

Here, tip it off. Mind, don't you leave one drop. 570
The rule is, don't give in until the wine
Gives out.

575

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

παπαί, σοφόν γε τὸ ξύλον τῆς ἀμπέλου.

ΟΑΤΣΣΕΤΣ

κἂν μὲν σπίασης γε δαιτὶ πρὸς πολλῇ πολύν,
τέγξας ἄδιψον νηδύν, εἰς ὕπνον βαλεῖ·
ἦν δ' ἐκλίπης τι, ξηρανεῖ σ' ὁ Βάκχιος.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ιοὺ ἰού,

ὡς ἐξένευσα μόγις ἄκρατος ἢ χάρις·
ὁ δ' οὐρανός μοι συμμεμιγμένος δοκεῖ
τῇ γῆ φέρεσθαι, τοῦ Διός τε τὸν θρόνον
λεύσσω, τὸ πᾶν τε δαιμόνων ἀγνὸν σέβας.
οὐκ ἂν φιλήσαιμ'—αἱ Χάριτες πειρώσῃ με—
ἄλις Γανυμήδην τόνδ' ἔχων ἀναπαύσομαι
κάλλιστα, νῆ τὰς Χάριτας, ἦδομαι δέ πως
τοῖς παιδικοῖσι μῶλλον ἢ τοῖς θήλεσιν.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἐγὼ γὰρ ὁ Διός εἰμι Γανυμήδης, Κύκλωψ;

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ναὶ μὰ Δεῖ, ὃν ἀρπάξω γ' ἐγὼ ἔκ τοῦ Δαρδάνου.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἀπόλωλα, παῖδες· σχέτλια πείσομαι κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέμφει τὸν ἐραστὴν κἀντρυφᾶς πεπωκότα;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οἴμοι· πικρότατον οἶνον ὄψομαι τάχα.

CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS (*drinks.*)

Oh my! a clever tree that vine
Must be!

ODYSSEUS

And if you pour full bumpers down
On top of a full meal, and fairly drown
The thirst out of your paunch, 'twill veil your eye
With sweet sleep. If the cup be not drained dry,
Bacchus will parch your throat most damnably.

CYCLOPS (*buries his face in bowl.*)

Oho! oho! I've dived deep into this,
And just come up again! Unmingled bliss!
I see heaven floating down, blended in one
With earth below! I see Zeus on his throne,
And all the Gods, the holy heavenly faces! 580
No, I won't kiss you!—that's the naughty Graces
Tempting me. Ganymede will do for me! (*seizes stl.*)
I've got him here; and, by the Graces Three,
I'll have a lovely time with him: I care
Never a straw for all the female fair.

SILENUS

What? what? Are you Zeus, and I Ganymede?

CYCLOPS (*catching him up*)

Yes!—up from Troy I snatch you—yes indeed!

SILENUS

Boys! murder! help! I'm in an awful plight!

CHORUS

What?—scorn your lover?—snub him 'cause he's tight?

SILENUS

This wine is bitter beer!—O cursèd spite!

[CYCLOPS *staggers into cave, with SILENUS under his arm.*]

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

590

ἄγε δὴ, Διονύσου παῖδες, εὐγενῆ τέκνα,
 ἔνδον μὲν ἀνὴρ· τῷ δ' ὕπνῳ παρειμένος
 τάχ' ἐξ ἀναιδοῦς φάρυγος ὠθήσει κρέα,
 δαλὸς δ' ἔσωθεν αὐλίων ὠθεῖ καπνόν.
 παρεντρέπεται δ' οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν πυροῦν
 Κύκλωπος ὄψιν· ἀλλ' ὅπως ἀνὴρ ἔσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέτρας τὸ λῆμα κἀδάμαντος ἔχομεν.
 χώρει δ' ἐς οἴκους, πρὶν τι τὸν πατέρα παθεῖν
 ἀπάλαμνον, ὡς σοι τάνθ' ἄδ' ἐστὶν εὐτρεπή.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

600

Ἡφαιστ', ἀναξ Αἰτναίε, γείτονος κακοῦ
 λαμπρὸν πυρώσας ὄμμ' ἀπαλλάχθηθ' ἀπαξ,
 σύ τ' ὦ μελαίνης Νυκτὸς ἐκπαίδευμ', Ἔπυε,
 ἄκρατος ἔλθ' ἑθρὶ τῷ θεοστρυγεῖ,
 καὶ μὴ πὶ καλλίστοισι Τρωικοῖς πόνοις
 αὐτὸν τε ναύτας τ' ἀπολέσῃτ' Ὀδυσσεά
 ὑπ' ἀνδρός, ᾧ θεῶν οὐδὲν ἢ βροτῶν μέλει.
 ἢ τὴν τύχην μὲν δαίμον' ἠγείσθαι χρεῶν,
 τὰ δαιμόνων δὲ τῆς τύχης ἐλάσσονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

610

λήψεται τὸν τράχηλον
 ἐντόνωσ ὁ καρκίνος
 τοῦ ξένων δαιτυμόνος· πυρὶ γὰρ τάχα
 φωσφίρους ὀλεῖ κόρας·
 ἤδη δαλὸς ἠνθρακωμένος
 κρύπτεται εἰς σποδιάν, δρυὸς ἄσπετον ἔρνος.
 ἀλλ' ἴτω Μάρων, πρᾶσσέτω
 μαινομένον ἔξελέτω βλέφαρον

578

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Come, Bacchus' children, brave lads, up, be doing ! 590
Our foe's in there ! Right soon will he be spewing
Gobbets of flesh from a shameless gullet deep,
Sprawling upon his back in drunken sleep.
The stake in there jets forth a fiery fume.
All's ready for the last act, to consume
The Cyclops' eye with fire. Be men !

CHORUS

We pant
To show a soul of rock, of adamant !
In then, before our father come to grief.
We're ready all to follow you, our chief.

ODYSSEUS

O Fire-god, king of Etna, burn away
The eye of thy vile neighbour, and for aye 600
Rid thee of him ! O child of black Night, Sleep,
On this god-hated brute in full power leap !
Bring not Odysseus and his crew to naught,
After those glorious toils in Ilium wrought,
Through one who gives to God nor man a thought !
Else must we think that Chance bears rule in heaven,
That lordship over Gods to her is given.

[Exit into cave.]

CHORUS

As I cam' through a cave's gate,
A slaves' gate, a knave's gate,
A "Shipwrecked Sailors' Grave's" gate, 610
I heard a caldron sing—
"O weel may the fire glow, the reek blow, the
stake go ! [are in !]"
O weel may his throat crow for the eye that flames
And it's O for my Lord's shout ringing,
For the singing, the swinging

579

P P 2

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

620

Κύκλωπος, ὡς πῆη κακῶς.
 κἀγὼ τὸν φιλοκισσοφόρον Βρόμιον
 ποθεινὸν εἰσιδεῖν θέλω,
 Κύκλωπος λιπῶν ἐρημίαν.
 ἄρ' ἐς τοσόνδ' ἀφίξομαι ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

σιγᾶτε πρὸς θεῶν, θῆρες, ἤσυχάζετε,
 συνθέντες ἄρθρα στόματος· οὐδὲ πνεῖν ἐῶ,
 οὐ σκαρδαμύσσειν οὐδὲ χρέμπτεσθαί τινα,
 ὡς μὴ Ξεγερθῆ τὸ κακόν, ἔστ' ἂν ὄμματος
 ὄψις Κύκλωπος ἐξαμιλληθῆ πυρί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συγῶμεν ἐγκάψαντες αἰθέρα γνάθοις.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

630

ἄγε νυν ὅπως ἄψεσθε τοῦ δαλοῦ χεροῖν
 ἔσω μολόντες· διάπυρος δ' ἐστὶν καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

οὐκ οὐκ σὺ τάξεις οὔστινας πρώτους χρεῶν
 καυτὸν μοχλὸν λαβόντας ἐκκάειν τὸ φῶς
 Κύκλωπος, ὡς ἂν τῆς τύχης κοινώμεθα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐσμεν μακρότερον πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν
 ἐστῶτες ὠθεῖν ἐς τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν τὸ πῦρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'

ἡμεῖς δὲ χωλοὶ γ' ἄρτίως γεγενήμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'

ταῦτ' οὐκ ἐπὶ πόνθ' ἄρ' ἐμοί· τοὺς γὰρ πόδας
 ἐστῶτες ἐσπᾶσθημεν οὐκ οἶδ' ἐξ ὄτου.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐστῶτες ἐσπᾶσθητε ;

580

CYCLOPS

Dance, for the ivy clinging!
And good-bye to the desolate shore! 620
So weel may the wine flow, and lay low our brute
foe,
To wake up in mad throe, in darkness evermore!
Re-enter ODYSSEUS from cave.

ODYSSEUS
Hush, you wild things, for Heaven's sake!—still as
death!
Shut your lips tight together!—not a breath!
Don't wink, don't cough, for fear the beast should
wake
Ere we twist out his eye with that red stake.

CHORUS
We are mum: we clench our teeth tight on the air.

ODYSSEUS
Now then, in with you! Grasp the brand in there 630
With brave hands: glowing red-hot is the tip.

CHORUS (*edging away*)
You, please, appoint who must be first to grip
The burning stake, and scorch out Cyclops' eye,
That all may share the grand chance equally.

A SATYR
Oh, we—too far outside the door we are!—
Can't reach his eye—can't poke the fire so far.

ANOTHER SATYR
And we—O dear, we've fallen lame just now!

ANOTHER SATYR
And so have we: we've sprained—I can't tell how—
Our ankles, standing here. Oh my poor foot!

ODYSSEUS
Sprained standing still?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'

640

καὶ τὰ γ' ὄμματα
μέστ' ἔστιν ἡμῶν κόνεος ἢ τέφρας ποθέν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἄνδρες πονηροὶ κοῦδὲν οἶδε σύμμαχοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀτιή τὸ νῶτον τὴν ῥάχιν τ' οἰκτείρομεν
καὶ τοὺς ὀδόντας ἐκβαλεῖν οὐ βούλομαι
τυπτόμενος, αὕτη γίγνεται πονηρία ;
ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἐπωδὴν Ὀρφέως ἀγαθὴν πάνυ,
ὡς αὐτόματον τὸν δαλὸν εἰς τὸ κρανίον
στείχονθ' ὑφάπτει τὸν μονῶπα παῖδα γῆς.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

650

πάλαι μὲν ἤδη σ' ὄντα τοιοῦτον φύσει,
νῦν δ' οἶδ' ἄμεινον. τοῖσι δ' οἰκείοις φίλοις
χρησθαί μ' ἀνάγκη. χειρὶ δ' εἰ μηδὲν σθένεις,
ἀλλ' οἶν ἐπεγκέλευέ γ', ὡς εὐψυχίαν
φίλων κελευσμοῖς τοῖσι σοῖς κτησώμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δράσω τάδ'. ἐν τῷ Καρὶ κινδυνεύσομεν.
κελευσμάτων δ' ἕκατι τυφέσθω Κύκλωψ.
ἰὼ ἰὼ,

γενναϊότατ' ὠθεῖτε, σπεύδετε.

ἐκκαίετε τὴν ὄφρυν

θηρὸς τοῦ ξενοδαίτα.

τύφετ' ὦ, καλετ' ὦ

660

τὸν Αἴτνας μηλονόμον.

CYCLOPS

ANOTHER SATYR

Oh dear! a lot of soot, 640
Or dust, into our eyes the wind has brought!

ODYSSEUS

The cowards! At a pinch they're good for naught!

CHORUS

Because I have compassion on my back,
And don't want all my teeth by one big smack
Knocked down my throat, d'ye call that cowardice?
Look here—I know a song of Orpheus's,
A lovely incantation! 'twill constrain
The stake to plunge itself into his brain,
And burn the giant's eye out—a grand song

ODYSSEUS

Poor chicken-hearts! I knew you all along.
I'll do what's better, use my trusty crew— 650
Indeed I've no choice. There's no fight in you:
Still, cheer us on with some good rousing chanty,
And screw to the sticking-point our courage, can't
ye? [Enters cave.

CHORUS

Instead of the tongs, sir, dear pussy's paw, sir, will
get *my* chestnuts out very well;
But, as far as a song, sir, can go, old Saucer-eye shall
frizzle in flames of hell.

So yeo-heave-ho! and in she'll go!
Give way, my hearties! Put your backs to it! Stick
to the work!— [a shirk!
A brave tar's part is to stick like wax to it—never
Burn out his eye, sir, the gormandizer,
Who goes and fries, sir, the trustful stranger!
With a red-hot poker make him a smoker
Like Etna—the soaker, the sheepwalk-ranger! 660

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τόρνευ', ἔλκε, μή σ' ἐξοδυνηθεῖς
δράση τι μάταιον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ᾧμοι, κατηνθρακώμεθ' ὀφθαλμοῦ σέλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλός γ' ὁ παιάν· μέλπε μοι τόνδ', ᾧ Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ᾧμοι μάλ', ὡς ὑβρίσμεθ', ὡς ὀλώλαμεν.
ἀλλ' οὔτι μὴ φύγητε τῆσδ' ἔξω πέτρας
χαίροντες, οὐδὲν ὄντες· ἐν πύλαισι γὰρ
σταθεῖς φάραγγος τῆσδ' ἐναρμόσω χέρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί χρῆμ' ἀντεῖς, ᾧ Κύκλωψ ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἀπωλόμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰσχρὸς γε φαίνει.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

670

κάπῃ τοῖσδέ γ' ἄθλιος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μεθύων κατέπεσες εἰς μέσους τοὺς ἀνθρακας ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Οὐτίς μ' ἀπώλεσ'.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' οὐδεὶς σ' ἠδίκει ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Οὐτίς με τυφλοῖ βλέφαρον.

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS *and his men bring the burning stake, and plunge it into the CYCLOPS' eye.*

In you go quick with it!—twirl it about!
You've done the trick with it!—now whip it out
Ere he catch you a lick with it, a terrible clout;
For he feels pretty sick with it—of that there's
no doubt.

CYCLOPS (*starting up*)

Ah-h! my eye's turned to a red-hot coal! Oh my!

CHORUS

Well sung! Encore! Encore, old Saucer-eye!

CYCLOPS

Oh! blackguard villains! Oh! They've done for me!
Don't think to escape, you paltry rascalry,
Out of this cave, and laugh at me! I'll stand
Here, barring the only door with either hand.

CHORUS

Why bawl so, Goggle-eye?

CYCLOPS

I'm kilt intirely!

CHORUS

You do look bad.

CYCLOPS

What's more, I feel so—direly! 670

CHORUS

You fell face down in the fire when you were tight?

CYCLOPS

No!—Nobody's killed me!

CHORUS

No?—then you're all right.

CYCLOPS

Nobody's blinded me!

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' εἶ τυφλός ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ὡς δὴ σύ—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πῶς σ' οὔτις ἂν θείη τυφλόν ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

σκώπτεις. ὁ δ' Οὔτις ποῦ 'στιν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδαμοῦ, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ὁ ξένος, ἴν' ἄρθως ἐκμάθης, μ' ἀπώλεσεν,
ὁ μιάρως, ὃς μοι δούς τὸ πῶμα κατέκλυσε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸς γὰρ οἶνος καὶ παλαίσθαι βαρύς.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

πρὸς θεῶν, πεφεύγασ' ἢ μένουσ' εἴσω δόμων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680 οὔτοι σιωπῇ τὴν πέτραν ἐπήλυγα
λαβόντες ἐστήκασι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ποτέρας τῆς χερός ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν δεξιᾷ σου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ποῦ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρὸς αὐτῇ τῇ πέτρᾳ.

ἔχεις ;

CYCLOPS

CHORUS

Then you can't be blind.

CYCLOPS

I wish you were!

CHORUS

Please make it to my mind
Quite clear, how nobody could poke your eye out.

CYCLOPS

You're chaffing me! Where's Nobody?

CHORUS

Don't cry out,
Because he's nowhere, Blunderbore—don't you see?

CYCLOPS

I tell you again, that stranger's murdered me,
The dirty spalpeen, who drenched me with drink!

CHORUS

Ah, wine's the chap to trip your legs, I think.

CYCLOPS

For Heaven's sake tell me—are they still inside?
Or have they got away?

CHORUS

They're trying to hide
Under that rock-ledge: they stand silent there.

680

CYCLOPS

On which side of me?

CHORUS

On your right.

CYCLOPS

Oh where?

CHORUS

Close up against the rock. Ha!—got the lot?

587.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κακὸν γε πρὸς κακῶ· τὸ κρανίον
παίσας κατέαγα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καί σε διαφεύγουσί γε ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ τῆδ' ἐπεὶ τῆδ' εἶπας ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ, ταύτη λέγω.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πῆ γάρ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

περιάγου, κείσε, πρὸς τὰριστερά.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οἴμοι γελῶμαι· κερτομεῖτέ μ' ἐν κακοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ἀλλὰ πρόσθεν Οὐτίς ἐστί σου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦ παγκάκιστε, ποῦ ποτ' εἶ ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

690 φυλακαῖσι φρουρῶ σῶμ' ^{τηλοῦ σέθεν} Ὀδυσσέως τόδε.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πῶς εἶπας ; ὄνομα μεταβαλὼν καινὸν λέγεις ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὅπερ μ' ὁ φύσας ἄνόμαζ' Ὀδυσσέα.
δώσειν δ' ἔμελλες ἀνοσίου δαιτὸς δίκας·

CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS *makes a wild plunge, and dashes his head against the rock. Some of the crew slip out.*

CYCLOPS

Oh misery on misery! I've caught
My head a bang that's split it!

CHORUS

What?—slipped clear
Between your fingers?

CYCLOPS (*groping with his hands*)

I can't find them here!

You said they *were* here?

CHORUS

No, *this* side, I told you.

CYCLOPS

Where? where?

CHORUS

Whisk round!—to your left! Aha!
they've sold you!

[*The last of the crew slip by.*]

CYCLOPS

You're laughing at me!—jeering at my woes!

CHORUS

No, no! Look! Nobody's right before your nose!

CYCLOPS (*making plunge at nothing*)

Villain! where are you?

ODYSSEUS

Out of reach, I assure ye,
I ward Odysseus' body from your fury.

690

CYCLOPS

What?—a new name?—that doesn't sound the same!

ODYSSEUS

My father called me Odysseus: that's my name.
And so you thought that you'd get off scot-free

589

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κακῶς γὰρ ἂν Τροίαν γε διεπυρώσαμεν,
εἰ μὴ σ' ἑταίρων φόνον ἐτιμωρησάμην.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

αἰαί· παλαιὸς χρησμὸς ἐκπεραίνεται.
τυφλὴν γὰρ ὄψιν ἐκ σέθεν σχήσειν μ' ἔφη
Τροίας ἀφορμηθέντος. ἀλλὰ καὶ σέ τοι
δικὰς ὑφέξειν ἀντὶ τῶνδ' ἐθέσπισε,
πολὺν θαλάσση χρόνον ἐναιωρούμενον.

700

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

κλαίειν σ' ἄνωγα· καὶ δέδραχ' ὅπερ λέγεις.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς εἶμι καὶ νεῶς σκάφος
ἦσω ἔπι πόντον Σικελὸν ἔς τ' ἐμὴν πάτραν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σε τῆσδ' ἀπορρήξας πέτρας
αὐτοῖσι συνναῦταισι συντρίψω βαλὼν.
ἄνω δ' ἐπ' ὄχθον εἶμι, καίπερ ὦν τυφλός,
δι' ἀμφιτρήτος τῆσδε προσβαίνων ποδί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμεῖς δὲ συνναῦταί γε τοῦδ' Ὀδυσσέως
ὄντες τὸ λοιπὸν Βακχίῳ δουλεύσομεν.

CYCLOPS

For your unhallowed feast! A shame 'twould be
If, after burning Troy, I took on you
No vengeance for the murder of my crew!

CYCLOPS

Woe's me! the ancient prophecy comes true
Which said that you would blind me on your way
Homeward from Troy. Ha! this too did it say,
That you'd be punished for this wrong to me,
Tossed through long years about the homeless sea. 700

ODYSSEUS

I laugh to scorn your bodings. I have done
All that your prophet said. Now will I run
My good ship's keel adown the sloping strand;
Then, ho for Sicily's sea and fatherland!

CYCLOPS

Not you! I'll tear this rock up, hurl, and smash
You and your men all to a bloody mash!
I'll climb a crag, and do it. Though I'm blind,
My way out through this rifted rock I'll find.

CHORUS

We will sail with Odysseus from this shore,
And serve Lord Bacchus henceforth evermore.

*Exeunt OMNES, leaving CYCLOPS groping and stumbling
amongst the rocks.*

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