



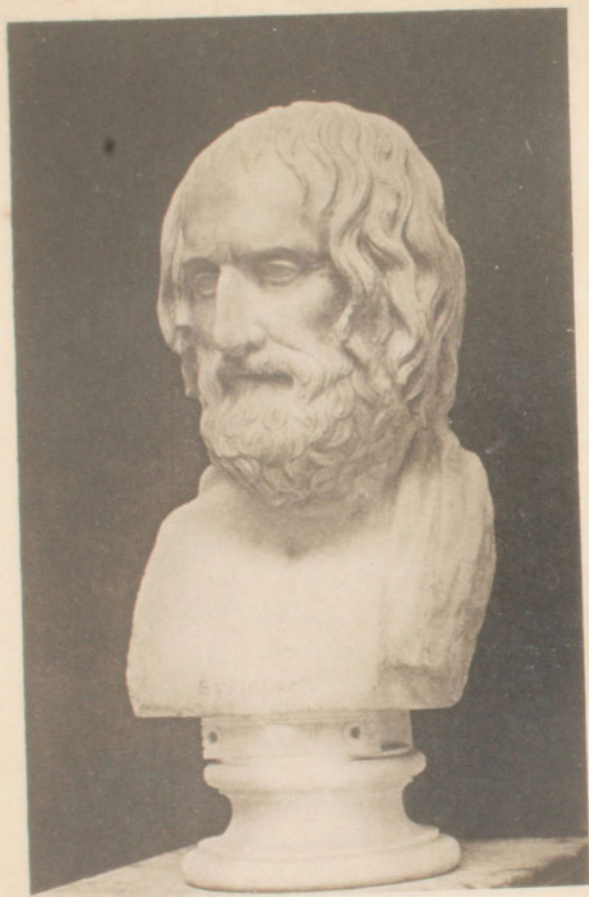
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T. E. PAGE, M.A., AND W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D.

EURIPIDES

I



EURIPIDES.
BUST IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES.

EURIPIDES

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

IN FOUR VOLUMES

I

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS
RHESUS HECUBA
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY
HELEN



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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 "proxenus," or consul, for Magnesia, costly duties both), but also, what was especially rare then, a valuable library. His family must have been well-born, for it is on record that he took part as a boy in certain festivals of Apollo, for which any one of mean birth would have been ineligible.

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

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

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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.

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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-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ARGUMENT

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

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΚΛΥΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AGAMEMNON, *captain of the host.*

OLD SERVANT *of Agamemnon.*

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

CLYTEMNESTRA, *wife of Agamemnon.*

IPHIGENEIA, *daughter of Agamemnon.*

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

MESSENGER.

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

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ πρέσβυ, δόμων τῶνδε πάροιθεν
στεῖχε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

στεῖχω. τί δὲ καινουργεῖς,
Ἀγάμεμνον ἄναξ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σπεύσεις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τίς ποτ' ἄρ' ἀστήρ ὄδε πορθμεύει;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Σείριος ἐγγὺς τῆς ἑπταπόρου
Πλειάδος ἄσσων ἔτι μεσσήρης.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

AGAMEMNON

ANCIENT, before this tent come stand.

OLD SERVANT (*coming forward*).

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

AGAMEMNON

And wilt thou not hasten?

OLD SERVANT

I haste.

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

AGAMEMNON

What star in the heaven's height yonder rideth?

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

τί δὲ σὺ σκηνῆς ἐκτὸς αἴσσεις,
 Ἄγάμεμνον ἄναξ;
 ἔτι δ' ἡσυχία τῆδε κατ' Αὐλιν,
 καὶ ἀκίνητοι φυλακαὶ τειχέων.
 στείχωμεν ἔσω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ζηλῶ σέ, γέρον,
 ζηλῶ δ' ἀνδρῶν ὃς ἀκίνδυνον
 βίον ἐξεπέρας' ἀγνώως ἀκλεής·
 τοὺς δ' ἐν τιμαῖς ἤσσον ζηλῶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

20

καὶ μὴν τὸ καλὸν γ' ἐνταῦθα βίου.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

30

οὐκ ἄγαμαι ταῦτ' ἀνδρὸς ἀριστέως·
 οὐκ ἐπὶ πᾶσιν σ' ἐφύτευσ' ἀγαθοῖς,
 Ἄγάμεμνον, Ἄτρεϋς.

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

Yet the life of these is glory-crowned. 20

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

50 ἐγένοντο Λήδα Θεστιάδι τρεῖς παρθένοι,
Φοίβη Κλυταιμνήστρα τ' ἐμὴ ξυνάορος
'Ελένη τε· ταύτης οἱ τὰ πρῶτ' ὠλβισμένοι
μνηστῆρες ἦλθον Ἑλλάδος νεανίαι.
δειναὶ δ' ἀπειλαὶ καὶ κατ' ἀλλήλων φόνος
ξυνίσταθ', ὅστις μὴ λάβοι τὴν παρθένον.
τὸ πρᾶγμα δ' ἀπόρως εἶχε Τυνδάρεω πατρί,
δοῦναί τε μὴ δοῦναί τε, τῆς τύχης ὅπως
ἄψαιτ' ἄθραυστα.¹ καὶ νιν εἰσῆλθεν τάδε,
60 ὄρκους συνάψαι δεξιᾶς τε συμβαλεῖν
μνηστῆρας ἀλλήλοισι καὶ δι' ἐμπύρων
σπονδὰς καθεῖναι κἀπαράσασθαι τάδε,
ὅτου γυνὴ γένοιτο Τυνδαρίς κόρη,
τούτῳ συναμνεῖν, εἴ τις ἐκ δόμων λαβῶν
οἴχοιτο τὸν τ' ἔχοντ' ἀπωθοίη λέχους,
κἀπιστράτεύσειν καὶ κατασκάψειν πόλιν
'Ἑλλην' ὁμοίως βάρβαρόν θ' ὅπλων μέτα.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπιστώθησαν, εὐ δέ πως γέρων
ὑπῆλθεν αὐτοὺς Τυνδάρεως πυκνῆ φρενί,
δίδωσ' ἐλέσθαι θυγατρὶ μνηστήρων ἕνα,
ὅποι πνοαὶ φέροισιν Ἀφροδίτης φίλαι.

¹ Hemsterhuys : for ἄριστα of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

AGAMEMNON

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

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

- 70 ἦ δ' εἴλεθ', ὅς σφε μήποτ' ὄφελεν λαβεῖν,
 Μενέλαον. ἐλθὼν δ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν ὁ τὰς θεὰς
 κρίνων ὄδ', ὡς ὁ μῦθος Ἀργείων ἔχει,
 Λακεδαίμον', ἀνθηρὸς μὲν εἰμάτων στολῆ
 χρυσῶ τε λαμπρὸς βαρβάρῳ χλιδήματι,
 ἐρῶν ἐρῶσαν ὄχετ' ἕξαναρπάσας
 Ἐλένην πρὸς Ἴδης βούσταθμ', ἐκδημον λαβὼν
 Μενέλαον· ὁ δὲ καθ' Ἑλλάδ' οἰστρήσας δρόμῳ
 ὄρκους παλαιοὺς Τυνδάρεω μαρτύρεται,
 ὡς χρὴ βοηθεῖν τοῖσιν ἠδίκημένοις.
- 80 τοῦντεῦθεν οὖν Ἕλληνας ἄξαντες δορί,
 τεύχη λαβόντες στενόπορ' Αὐλίδος βάρθρα
 ἤκουσι τῆσδε, ναυσὶν ἀσπίσιν θ' ὁμοῦ
 ἵπποις τε πολλοῖς ἄρμασίν τ' ἠσκημένοι.
 καμὲ στρατηγεῖν δῆτα Μενέλεω χάριν
 εἴλουτο, σύγγονόν γε. τὰξίωμα δὲ
 ἄλλος τις ὄφελ' ἀντ' ἐμοῦ λαβεῖν τόδε.
 ἠθροισμένου δὲ καὶ ξυνεστῶτος στρατοῦ,
 ἡμεσθ' ἀπλοῖα χρώμενοι κατ' Αὐλίδα.
 Κάλχας δ' ὁ μάντις ἀπορία κεχρημένοις
- 90 ἀνεῖλεν Ἰφιγένειαν ἣν ἔσπειρ' ἐγὼ
 Ἀρτέμιδι θύσαι τῇ τόδ' οἰκούσῃ πέδον,
 καὶ πλοῦν τ' ἔσεσθαι καὶ κατασκαφὰς Φρυγῶν
 θύσασι, μὴ θύσασι δ' οὐκ εἶναι τάδε.
 κλύων δ' ἐγὼ ταῦτ', ὀρθίῳ κηρύγματι
 Ταλθύβιον εἶπον πάντ' ἀφιέναι στρατόν,
 ὡς οὐποτ' ἂν τλὰς θυγατέρα κτανεῖν ἐμῆν.
 οὐδὲ μ' ἀδελφὸς πάντα προσφέρων λόγον
 ἔπεισε τλῆναι δεινά. κὰν δέλτου πτυχαῖς
 γράψας ἔπεμψα πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμῆν
- 100 στέλλειν Ἀχιλλεῖ θυγατέρ' ὡς γαμουμένην,
 τό τ' ἀξίωμα τάνδρὸς ἐκγανρούμενος,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

συμπλεῖν τ' Ἀχαιοῖς οὔνεκ' οὐ θέλοι λέγων,
 εἰ μὴ παρ' ἡμῶν εἰσιν εἰς Φθίαν λέχος·
 πειθῶ γὰρ εἶχον τήνδε πρὸς δάμαρτ' ἐμήν,
 ψευδῆ συνάψας ἀμφὶ παρθένου γάμον.
 μόνοι δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἴσμεν ὡς ἔχει τάδε
 Κάλχας, Ὀδυσσεύς, Μενελέως θ'. ἃ δ' οὐ καλῶς
 ἔγνων τότ', αὐθις μεταγράψω καλῶς πάλιν
 110 εἰς τήνδε δέλτον, ἣν κατ' εὐφρόνης σκιὰν
 λύοντα καὶ συνδοῦντά μ' εἰσείδες, γέρον.
 ἀλλ' εἶα χῶρει τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς λαβῶν
 πρὸς Ἄργος. ἃ δὲ κέκευθε δέλτος ἐν πτυχαῖς,
 λόγῳ φράσω σοι πάντα τὰ γγεγραμμένα·
 πιστὸς γὰρ ἀλόχῳ τοῖς τ' ἐμοῖς δόμοισιν εἶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

120 πέμπω σοι πρὸς ταῖς πρόσθεν
 δέλτοις, ὦ Λήδας ἔρνος,
 μὴ στέλλειν τὰν σὰν Ἴνιν πρὸς
 τὰν κολπώδη πτέρυγ' Εὐβοίας
 Αὐλιν ἀκλύσταν.
 εἰς ἄλλας ὥρας γὰρ δὴ
 παιδὸς δαίσομεν ὑμεναίους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καὶ πῶς Ἀχιλεὺς λέκτρων ἀπλακῶν
 οὐ μέγα φυσῶν θυμὸν ἐπαρεῖ
 σοὶ σῆ τ' ἀλόχῳ ;
 τόδε καὶ δεῖνόν. σήμαιν' ὅ τι φής.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δεινά γ' ἐτόλμας, Ἀγάμεμνον ἄναξ,
ὃς τῷ τῆς θεᾶς σὴν παῖδ' ἄλοχον
φατίσας ἦγες σφάγιον Δαναοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἴμοι, γνώμας ἐξέστην,
αἰαῖ, πίπτω δ' εἰς ἄταν.
ἀλλ' ἴθ' ἐρέσσω σὸν πόδα, γῆρα
μηδὲν ὑπείκων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

140 σπεύδω, βασιλεῦ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μή νυν μήτ' ἀλσώδεις ἴζου
κρήνας, μήθ' ὕπνω θελχθῆς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

εὐφήμα θρόει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

I speed, my lord. 140

AGAMEMNON

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

OLD SERVANT

Breathe not such doubt abhorred!

AGAMEMNON

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἔσται τάδε.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κλήθρων δ' ἐξόρμα.¹

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

160

θνητῶν δ' ὄλβιος εἰς τέλος οὐδεὶς
οὐδ' εὐδαίμων.

οὐπω γὰρ ἔφυ τις ἄλυτος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

στρ. α'

170

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

¹ Adopting Nauck's arrangement and reading for ll. 149-152.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

Yea, this will I do.

AGAMEMNON

From the gates forth go.

OLD SERVANT

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

AGAMEMNON

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

[Exit OLD SERVANT.

No man to the end is fortunate,

160

Happy is none:

For a lot unvexed never man yet won.

[Exit.

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

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

To her gleaming sands:

I have voyaged Euripus' rushing surge

From the city that stands

Queen of the Sea-gate, Chalcis mine,

On whose bosom-fold

Arethusa gleameth, the fountain divine,—

Have come to behold

170

The Achaean array, and the heroes' oars

That shall onward speed

A thousand galleys to Troyland's shores.

These two kings lead:

Yea, with prince Menelaus the golden-haired,

As our own lords say,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

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

190 πολύθυτον δὲ δι' ἄλσος Ἀρ-
 τέμιδος ἤλυθον ὀρομένα,
 φοινίσσουσα παρῆδ' ἔμην
 αἰσχύνῃ νεοθαλεῖ,
 ἀσπίδος ἔρυμα καὶ κλισίας
 ὄπλοφόρους Δαναῶν θέλουσ'
 ἵππων τ' ὄχλον ιδέσθαι.

ἀντ. α'

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

τὸν ἀπὸ νησαίων τ' ὀρέων
 Λαέρτα τόκον, ἅμα δὲ Νι-
 ρῆ, κάλλιστον Ἀχαιῶν.

τὸν ἰσάνεμόν τε ποδοῖν
 λαιψηροδρόμον Ἀχιλλῆα,
 τὸν ἅ Θέτις τέκε καὶ
 Χείρων ἐξεπόνασεν,

μεσφδ.

210 εἶδον αἰγιαλοῖσι

παρά τε κροκάλαις δρόμον ἔχοντα σὺν ὅπλοις·
 ἄμιλλαν δ' ἐπόνει ποδοῖν
 πρὸς ἄρμα τέτρωρον
 ἐλίσσων περὶ νίκας.

ὁ δὲ διφρηλάτας ἐβοᾷτ'
 Εὐμηλος Φερητιάδας,
 ᾧ καλλίστους ἰδόμαν

220 χρυσοδαϊδάλτους στομίους
 πώλους κέντρῳ θεινομένους,

τοὺς μὲν μέσους ζυγίους,
 λευκοστίκτῳ τριχὶ βαλιούς,
 τοὺς δ' ἔξω σειροφόρους,

ἀντήρεις καμπαῖσι δρόμων,
 πυρσότριχας, μονόχαλα δ' ὑπὸ σφυρὰ
 ποικιλοδέρμονας· οἷς παρεπάλλετο

230 Πηλεΐδας σὺν ὅπλοισι παρ' ἄντυγα
 καὶ σύριγγας ἄρματείους.

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

στρ. β'

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

(*Mesode*)

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

(*Str.* 2)

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

240 Φθιώτας ὁ Μυρμιδῶν Ἄρης
 πεντήκοντα ναυσὶ θουρίαις.
 χρυσαίαι δ' εἰκόσιν κατ' ἄκρα Νη-
 ρῆδες ἔστασαν θεαί,
 πρύμναις σῆμ' Ἀχιλλείου στρατοῦ.
 Ἀργείων δὲ ταῖσδ' ἰσῆρετμοὶ

ἀντ. β'

250 ὦν ὁ Μηκιστέως στρατηλάτας
 παῖς ἦν, Ταλαὸς ὃν τρέφει πατήρ·
 Καπανέως τε παῖς
 Σθένελος· Ἀθίδος δ' ἄγων
 ἐξήκοντα ναῦς ὁ Θησέως
 παῖς ἐξῆς ἐναυλόχει θεῶν
 Παλλάδ' ἐν μωνύχοις ἔχων πτερω-
 τοῖσιν ἄρμασιν θετὸν
 εὔσημόν τε φάσμα ναυβάταις.

260 Βοιωτῶν δ' ὄπλισμα ποντίας
 πεντήκοντα νῆας εἰδόμαν
 σημείοισιν ἐστολισμένας·
 τοῖς δὲ Κάδμος ἦν
 χρύσειον δράκοντ' ἔχων
 ἀμφὶ ναῶν κόρυμβα·
 Δήμιος δ' ὁ γηγενὴς
 ἄρχε ναίου στρατοῦ·
 Φωκίδος δ' ἀπὸ χθονός,
 Λοκρὰς δὲ τοῖσδ' ἴσας ἄγων
 ἦν ναῦς Οἰλέως τόκος κλυτὰν
 Θροναίᾳ ἐκλιπῶν πόλιν.

στρ. γ'

Μυκῆνας δὲ τᾶς Κυκλωπίας
 παῖς Ἀτρέως ἔπεμπε ναυβάτας

ἀντ. γ'

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

270 ναῶν ἑκατὸν ἠθροῖσμένους.
 σὺν δ' ἀδελφὸς ¹ ἦν
 ταγός, ὡς φίλος φίλω,
 πᾶς φνυγούσας μέλαθρα
 βαρβάρων χάριν γάμων
 πράξιν Ἑλλὰς ὡς λάβοι.
 ἐκ Πύλου δὲ Νέστορος
 Γερηνίου κατειδόμεν
 πρύμνας σῆμα ταυρόπουν ὄραν,
 τὸν πάροιικον Ἀλφεόν.

280 Αἰνιάνων δὲ δωδεκάστολοι ἐπῶδ.
 νᾶες ἦσαν, ὧν ἄναξ Γουνεὺς
 ἄρχε· τῶνδε δ' αὖ πέλας
 Ηλίδος δυνάστορες,
 οὓς Ἐπειοὺς ὠνόμαζε πᾶς λεώς·
 Εὐρυτος δ' ἄνασσε τῶνδε·
 λευκήρετμον δ' Ἄρη
 Τάφιον ἦγεν, ὧν Μέγης ἄνασσε
 Φυλέως λόχευμα,
 τὰς Ἐχίνας λιπὼν * * * *
 νήσους ναυβάταις ἀπροσφόρους.

290 Αἴας δ' ὁ Σαλαμῖνος ἔντροφος
 δεξιὸν κέρασ πρὸς τὸ λαιὸν ξύναγε,
 τῶν ἄσσον ὄρμει πλάταισιν
 ἐσχάταισι συμπλέκων
 δῶδεκ' εὐστροφωτάταισι ναυσίν· ὡς
 αἶον καὶ ναυβάταν
 εἰδόμεν λεῶν·
 ᾧ τις εἰ προσαρμόσει

¹ Markland: for "Ἀδραστος of MSS. There is nowhere else any mention of an Adrastus in this connection.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

βαρβάρους βάριδας
νόστον οὐκ ἀποίσεται,

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄπελθε· λίαν δεσπόταισι πιστὸς εἶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καλὸν γέ μοι τοῦνειδος ἐξωνείδισας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κλαίεις ἄν, εἰ πράσσοις ἂ μὴ πράσσειν σε δεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐ χρῆν σε λύσαι δέλτον, ἦν ἐγὼ ἔφερον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδέ γε φέρειν σε πᾶσιν Ἑλλησιν κακά.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἄλλοις ἀμιλλῶ ταῦτ'· ἄφες δὲ τήνδ' ἐμοί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

310 οὐκ ἂν μεθείμην.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐδ' ἔγωγ' ἀφήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σκήπτρω τάχ' ἄρα σὸν καθαιμάξω κάρα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἄλλ' εὐκλεές τοι δεσποτῶν θνήσκειν ὑπερ.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

300

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

OLD SERVANT.

Menelaus, this is outrage!—shame on thee!

MENELAUS.

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

OLD SERVANT

A proud reproach thou castest upon me.

MENELAUS

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

OLD SERVANT

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

MENELAUS

Nor yet for thee to bring to all Greeks bane.

OLD SERVANT

With others argue that; but this restore.

MENELAUS

I will not yield it up!

310

OLD SERVANT

Nor I let go!

MENELAUS

Soon then my staff shall dash thine head with blood.

OLD SERVANT

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μέθες· μακρούς δὲ δούλους ὧν λέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·

τίς ποτ' ἐν πύλαισι θόρυβος καὶ λόγων ἀκοσμία ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐμὸς οὐχ ὁ τοῦδε μῦθος κυριώτερος λέγειν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μῶν τρέσας οὐκ ἀνακαλύψω βλέφαρον, Ἄτρεως
γεγώς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τήνδ' ὀρᾶς δέλτον, κακίστων γραμμῶν ὑπηρέτιν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰσορῶ, καὶ πρῶτα ταύτην σῶν ἀπάλλαξον χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ, πρὶν ἂν δείξω γε Δαναοῖς πᾶσι τὰ γγεγραμμένα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦ γὰρ οἶσθ' ἂ μή σε καιρὸς εἰδέναι, σήμαντ'
ἀνεῖς ;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MENELAUS

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

OLD SERVANT

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

Enter AGAMEMNON

AGAMEMNON

Ha!

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προσδοκῶν σὴν παῖδ' ἀπ' Ἀργούς, εἰ στράτευμ'
ἀφίξεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί δέ σε τὰμὰ δεῖ φυλάσσειν; οὐκ ἀναισχύντου
τόδε;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχὶ δεινά; τὸν ἐμὸν οἰκεῖν οἶκον οὐκ ἔῃς ἐμέ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὖ κεκόμψενσαι· πονηρῶν γλῶσσ' ἐπίφθονον σοφί-

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

νοῦς δ' ὁ μὴ βέβαιος ἄδικον κτήμα κοῦ σαφὲς
φίλοις.

βούλομαι δέ σ' ἐξελέγξαι, καὶ σὺ μήτ' ὀργῆς ὑπο
ἀποτρέπου τάληθές, οὔτε κατατενωῶ λίαν ἐγώ.
οἶσθ' ὅτ' ἐσπούδαζες ἄρχειν Δαναΐδαις πρὸς

Ἴλιον,

τῷ δοκεῖν μὲν οὐχὶ χρίζων, τῷ δὲ βούλεσθαί
θέλων,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

330

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

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

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

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

Fence aside from thee the truth, nor I will press thee
Hast forgotten how thou fain wouldst lead the Greeks
to Ilium's shore,

Feignedst not to wish the thing, but in thine heart
didst crave it sore,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

Ἄρτεμιδι, καὶ πλοῦν ἔσεσθαι Δαναΐδαις, ἦσθεὶς
 φρένας
 360 ἄσμενος θύσειν ὑπέστης παῖδα· καὶ πέμπεις
 ἐκίων,
 οὐ βία, μὴ τοῦτο λέξης, σῆ δάμαρτι, παῖδα σὴν
 δεῦρ' ἀποστέλλειν, Ἄχιλλεῖ πρόφασιν ὡς γαμου-
 μένην.
 οὗτός αὐτός ἐστιν αἰθῆρ ὃς τὰδ' ἤκουσεν σέθεν.¹
 καθ' ὑποστρέψας λέληψαι μεταβαλὼν ἄλλας
 γραφάς,
 ὡς φονεὺς οὐκέτι θυγατρὸς σῆς ἔσει. μάλιστά γε.
 μυριοὶ δέ τοι πεπόνθασ' αὐτό· πρὸς τὰ πράγματα²
 ἐκπονοῦσ' ἐκόντες, εἶτα δ' ἐξεχώρησαν κακῶς,
 τὰ μὲν ὑπὸ γνώμης πολιτῶν ἀσυνέτου, τὰ δ' ἐν-
 δίκως,
 ἀδύνατοι γεγῶτες αὐτοὶ διαφυλάξασθαι πόλιν.
 370 Ἑλλάδος μάλιστ' ἔγωγε τῆς ταλαιπώρου στένω,
 ἢ θέλουσα δρᾶν τι κεδνόν, βαρβάρους τοὺς
 οὐδένας
 καταγελῶντας ἐξανήσει διὰ σέ καὶ τὴν σὴν
 κόρην.
 μηδέν' ἄρα χρέους ἕκατι προστάτην θείμην
 χθονός,
 μηδ' ὄπλων ἄρχοντα· νοῦν χρὴ τὸν στρατηλάτην
 ἔχειν
 πόλεος ὡς ἄρχων ἀνὴρ πᾶς, ξύνεσιν ἢν ἔχων
 τύχη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

¹ Adopting Paley's arrangement of lines.

² Wecklein's punctuation.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

CHORUS

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

βούλομαι σ' εἰπεῖν κακῶς αὖ, βραχέα, μὴ λίαν
 ἀνω
 βλέφαρα πρὸς τὰ ναιδὲς ἀγαγών, ἀλλὰ σωφρονε-
 στέρως,
 380 ὡς ἀδελφὸν ὄντ'. ἀνὴρ γὰρ χρηστὸς αἰδεῖσθαι
 φιλεῖ.
 εἰπέ μοι, τί δεινὰ φύσῃς αἵματηρὸν ὄμμ' ἔχων ;
 τίς ἀδικεῖ σε ; τοῦ κέχρησαι ; λέκτρα χρήστ' ἐρᾶς
 λαβεῖν ;
 οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἂν σοι παρασχεῖν ὧν γὰρ ἐκθήσω,
 κακῶς
 ἦρχες. εἰτ' ἐγὼ δίκην δῶ σῶν κακῶν, ὃ μὴ
 σφαλεῖς ;
 ἦ δάκνει σε τὸ φιλότιμον τοῦμόν ; ἀλλ' ἐν ἀγκά-
 λαις
 εὐπρεπῆ γυναῖκα χρήζεις, τὸ λελογισμένον παρεῖς
 καὶ τὸ καλόν, ἔχειν ; πονηροῦ φωτὸς ἡδοῖναι
 κακαί.
 εἰ δ' ἐγὼ γνούς πρόσθεν οὐκ εὖ μετετέθην
 εὐβουλία,
 μαίνομαι ; σὺ μᾶλλον, ὅστις ἀπολέσας κακὸν
 λέχος
 390 ἀναλαβεῖν θέλεις, θεοῦ σοι τὴν τύχην διδόντος εὖ.
 ὤμοσαν τὸν Τυνδάρειον ὄρκον οἱ κακόφρονες
 φιλόγαμοι μνηστῆρες. ἦγε δ' ἐλπίς, οἶμαι μὲν,
 θεός
 καξέπραξεν αὐτὸ μᾶλλον ἢ σὺ καὶ τὸ σὸν σθένος.
 οὐς λαβὼν στρατεύ' ἔτοιμοι δ' εἰσὶ μωρία φρενῶν
 οὐ γὰρ ἀσύνητον τὸ θεῖον, ἀλλ' ἔχει συνιέναι
 τοὺς κακῶς παγέντας ὄρκους καὶ κατηναγκασμέ-
 νους.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

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

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

380

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

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

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

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

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

[thou cast,

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

vile are base.

[place,

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

evil spouse,

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

390

Those infatuate marriage-craving suitors swore an
oath indeed

[Goddess, lead

Unto Tyndareus; yet these did Hope, I trow, the
Oo, and brought it more to pass than thou and all

thy strong control.

[their soul!

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

to try

[unrighteously.

Oaths exacted by constraint, and troth-plight held

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαῖ, φίλους ἄρ' οὐχὶ κεκτήμην τάλας.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰ τοὺς φίλους γε μὴ θέλεις ἀπολλύναι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δείξεις δὲ ποῦ μοι πατὴρ ἐκ ταυτοῦ γεγώς;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνσωφρονεῖν σοι βούλομ', ἀλλ' οὐ συννοσεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐς κοινὸν ἀλγεῖν τοῖς φίλοισι χρὴ φίλους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὖ δρῶν παρακάλει μ', ἀλλὰ μὴ λυπῶν ἐμέ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

410 οὐκ ἄρα δοκεῖ σοι τάδε πονεῖν σὺν Ἑλλάδι;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἑλλὰς δὲ σὺν σοὶ κατὰ θεὸν νοσεῖ τινα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

CHORUS

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

MENELAUS

Alas for wretched me! Friends have I none!

AGAMEMNON

Yea—if thou seek not to destroy thy friends.

MENELAUS

How wilt thou prove thyself our father's son?

AGAMEMNON

By brotherhood in wisdom, not in folly.

MENELAUS

Friends ought to feel friends' sorrow as their own.

AGAMEMNON

By kindness, not unkindness, challenge me.

MENELAUS

Wilt thou not then with Greece this travail share? 410

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

Vaunt then thy sceptre, traitor to thy brother!

I will betake me unto other means

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ Πανελλήνων ἄναξ,

Ἄγαμέμνον, ἦκω παῖδά σοι τὴν σὴν ἄγων,
ἦν Ἴφιγένειαν ὠνόμαζες ἐν δόμοις.

μῆτηρ δ' ὀμαρτεῖ, σῆς Κλυταιμνήστρας δέμας,
καὶ παῖς Ὀρέστης, ὥστε τερφθείης ἰδών,
χρόνον παλαιὸν δωμάτων ἐκδημος ὢν.

420 ἀλλ' ὡς μακρὰν ἔτεινον, εὐρυτον παρὰ
κρήνην ἀναψύχουσι θηλύπουν βάσιν,
αὐταί τε πῶλοί τ'· εἰς δὲ λειμώνων χλόην
καθεῖμεν αὐτάς, ὡς βορᾶς γευσαίατο.

ἐγὼ δὲ πρόδρομος σῆς παρασκευῆς χάριν
ἦκω· πέπυσται γὰρ στρατός, ταχεῖα γὰρ
διῆξε φήμη, παῖδα σὴν ἀφιγμένην.

πᾶς δ' εἰς θέαν ὄμιλος ἔρχεται δρόμῳ,
σὴν παῖδ' ὅπως ἴδωσιν· οἱ δ' εὐδαίμονες
ἐν πᾶσι κλεινοὶ καὶ περίβλεπτοι βροτοῖς.

430 λέγουσι δ' ὑμέναιός τις ἢ τί πράσσεται;
ἢ πόθον ἔχων θυγατρὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ
ἐκόμισε παῖδα; τῶν δ' ἂν ἤκουσας τάδε·

Ἄρτεμιδι προτελίζουσι τὴν νεάνιδα,
Αὐλίδος ἀνάσση. τίς νιν ἄξεταί ποτε;
ἀλλ' εἶα, τὺπὶ τοισίδ' ἐξάρχου κανᾶ,
στεφανοῦσθε κράτα· καὶ σύ, Μενέλεως ἄναξ,
ὑμέναιον εὐτρέπιζε καὶ κατὰ στέγας
λωτὸς βοάσθω καὶ ποδῶν ἔστω κτύπος·
φῶς γὰρ τόδ' ἦκει μακάριον τῇ παρθένῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MESSENGER

O King of Hellas' host,
 Agamemnon, lo, thy child I bring to thee,
 Named of thee Iphigeneia in thine halls.
 Her mother Clytemnestra comes with her,
 Orestes, too, the babe, to glad thine eyes
 Who from thine home long time hast sojourned far.
 But, after weary journeying, at a spring 420
 Fair-flowing now the women bathe their feet,
 They and their steeds—for midst the meadow-grass
 We turned them loose, that they might browse therein.
 I, to prepare thee, their forerunner come.
 For the host knoweth it, so swiftly spread
 The rumour of the coming of thy child.
 And to the sight runs all the multitude
 To see thy child; for folk in high estate
 Famed and observed of all observers are.
 "A bridal is it?"—they ask—"or what is toward? 430
 Or hath the King, of yearning for his child
 Sent for his daughter?" Others might'st thou hear—
 "To Artemis, to Aulis' Queen, they pay¹
 The maiden's spousal-rites! The bridegroom who?"
 Up then, prepare the maunds for sacrifice;
 Garland your heads:—thou too, prince Menelaus,
 Strike up the bridal hymn, and through the tents
 Let the flute ring, with sound of dancing feet;
 For gladsome dawns this day upon the maid.

AGAMEMNON

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

[Exit MESSENGER.]

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

470 καὶ γὼ κατώκτειρ', ὡς γυναῖκα δεῖ ξένην
 ὑπὲρ τυράννων συμφορὰς καταστένειν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀδελφέ, δός μοι δεξιᾶς τῆς σῆς θυγεῖν.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

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

CHORUS

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

MENE LAUS

Brother, vouchsafe to me to grasp thine hand.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

δίδωμι σὸν γὰρ τὸ κράτος, ἄθλιος δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Πέλοπα κατόμνυμ', ὃς πατὴρ τοῦμοῦ πατρὸς
 τοῦ σοῦ τ' ἐκλήθη, τὸν τεκόντα τ' Ἀτρεία,
 ἢ μὴν ἐρεῖν σοι τὰ πὸ καρδίας σαφῶς
 καὶ μὴ πῖτηδες μηδὲν ἄλλ' ὅσον φρονῶ.
 ἐγὼ σ' ἀπ' ὄσσων ἐκβάλοντ' ἰδὼν δάκρυ
 ᾤκτειρα καὐτὸς ἀνταφῆκά σοι πάλιν,
 καὶ τῶν παλαιῶν ἐξαφίσταμαι λόγων,
 οὐκ εἰς σέ δεινός· εἰμὶ δ' οὐπερ εἶ σὺ νῦν·
 480 καὶ σοι παραινῶ μὴτ' ἀποκτείνειν τέκνον
 μὴτ' ἀνθελέσθαι τοῦμόν. οὐ γὰρ ἔνδικον
 σέ μὲν στενάζειν, τὰ μὰ δ' ἠδέως ἔχειν,
 θνήσκειν τε τοὺς σοὺς, τοὺς δ' ἐμούς ὄραν φάος.
 τί βούλομαι γάρ; οὐ γάμους ἐξαιρέτους
 ἄλλους λάβοιμ' ἄν, εἰ γάμων ἰμείρομαι;
 ἀλλ' ἀπολέσας ἀδελφόν, ὃν μ' ἤκιστ' ἐχρῆν,
 Ἐλέην ἔλωμαι, τὸ κακὸν ἀντὶ τὰγαθοῦ;
 490 ἄφρων νέος τ' ἦ, πρὶν τὰ πράγματ' ἐγγύθεν
 σκοπῶν ἐσεῖδον οἶον ἦν κτείνειν τέκνα.
 ἄλλως τέ μ' ἔλεος τῆς ταλαιπώρου κόρης
 εἰσῆλθε, συγγένειαν ἐννοουμένῳ,
 ἢ τῶν ἐμῶν ἕκατι θύεσθαι γάμων
 μέλλει. τί δ' Ἐλένης παρθένῳ τῇ σῇ μέτα;
 ἴτω στρατεία διαλυθεῖς ἐξ Αὐλίδος.
 σὺ δ' ὄμμα παῦσαι δακρύοις τέγγων τὸ σόν,
 ἀδελφέ, καμὲ παρακαλῶν εἰς δάκρυα.
 εἰ δέ τι κόρης σῆς θεσφάτων μέτεστί σοι,
 μὴ μοι μετέστω σοὶ νέμω τοῦμόν μέρος.
 500 ἀλλ' εἰς μεταβολὰς ἦλθον ἀπὸ δεινῶν λόγων.
 εἰκὸς πέπονθα· τὸν ὁμόθεν πεφυκότα

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

MENE LAUS

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

στέργων μετέπεσον. ἀνδρὸς οὐ κακοῦ τρόπου
τοιοῖδε, χρῆσθαι τοῖσι βελτίστοις αἰεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γεῖναι ἔλεξας Ταντάλω τε τῷ Διὸς
πρέποντα· προγόνους οὐ καταισχύρεις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἅπας Ἀχαιῶν σύλλογος στρατευματος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ, ἦν νιν εἰς Ἄργος γ' ἀποστείλης πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὸ ποῖον ; οὔτοι χρὴ λίαν ταρβεῖν ὄχλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Κάλχας ἐρεῖ μαντεύματ' Ἀργείων στρατῶ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

520 τὸ μαντικὸν πᾶν σπέρμα φιλότιμον κακόν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κοῦδέν γ' ἀρεστὸν¹ οὐδὲ χρήσιμον παρόν.

¹ Nauck : ἰορ γε χρηστόν, "For nothing good."

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

Ever to cleave unto the better part.

CHORUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

510

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

The whole array of the Achaean host.

MENELAUS

Never, if thou to Argos send her back.

AGAMEMNON

This might I secretly. *That cannot I—*

MENELAUS

What? Fear not thou the rabble overmuch.

AGAMEMNON

Calchas will tell the host the oracles.

MENELAUS

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

AGAMEMNON

The whole seer-tribe is one ambitious curse

520

MENELAUS

Abominable and useless,—*while alive.*

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκεῖνο δ' οὐ δέδοικας οὔμ' ἐσέρχεται ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

* ὃ μὴ σὺ φράζεις, πῶς ἂν ὑπολάβοιμ' ἔπος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὸ Σισύφειον σπέρμα πάντ' οἶδεν τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ὃ τι σὲ κάμῃ πημανεῖ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποικίλος ἀεὶ πέφυκε τοῦ τ' ὄχλου μέτα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φιλοτιμία μὲν ἐνέχεται, δεινῶ κακῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔκουν δοκεῖς νιν σιάντ' ἐν Ἀργείοις μέσοις
 530 λέξειν ἂ Κάλχας θέσφατ' ἐξηγήσατο,
 καμ' ὡς ὑπέστην θῦμα, κατὰ ψεῦδομαι,
 Ἀρτέμιδι θύσειν ; οἷς ξυναρπάσας στρατὸν,
 σὲ καμ' ἀποκτείναντας Ἀργείους κόρη
 σφάξαι κελεύσει ; κἂν πρὸς Ἄργος ἐκφύγω,
 ἐλθόντες αὐτοῖς τείχεσιν Κυκλωπίοις
 ξυναρπάσουσι καὶ κατασκάψουσι γῆν.
 τοιαῦτα τὰμὰ πῆματ'. ὦ τάλας ἐγώ,
 ὡς ἠπόρημαι πρὸς θεῶν τὰ νῦν τάδε.
 ἐν μοι φύλαξον, Μενέλεως, ἀνὰ στρατὸν
 540 ἐλθῶν, ὅπως ἂν μὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα τάδε
 μάθῃ, πρὶν Ἄϊδη παῖδ' ἐμὴν προσθῶ λαβῶν,
 ὡς ἐπ' ἐλαχίστοις δακρύοις πράσσω κακῶς.
 ὑμεῖς τε σιγῆν, ὦ ξένοι, φυλάσσετε.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

MENELAUS

If thou tell not, how should I understand ?

AGAMEMNON

All this the seed of Sisyphus doth know.

MENELAUS

Odysseus cannot injure thee and me.

AGAMEMNON

He is aye shifty—a mob-partisan.

MENELAUS

Thrall to ambition is he—perilous bane !

AGAMEMNON

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

530

540

[*Exeunt.*

51

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

στρ.

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

ἀντ.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

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

ἐπφδ.

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

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

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

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

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

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

¹ The mythical inventor of the shepherd's pipe.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ σέβας ἐμοὶ μέγιστον, Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ,
ἤκομεν, ἐφετμαῖς οὐκ ἀπιστοῦσαι σέθεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, χρή· φιλοπάτωρ δ' αἰεί ποτ' εἶ
μάλιστα παίδων τῶδ' ὅσους ἐγὼ 'τεκον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

640 ὦ πάτερ, ἐσεῖδόν σ' ἀσμένη πολλῶ χρόνῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ πατήρ σέ· τόδ' ἴσον ὑπὲρ ἀμφοῖν λέγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πόλλ' ἀνδρὶ βασιλεῖ καὶ στρατηλάτῃ μέλει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἀλλ' εἰμὶ παρὰ σοὶ νῦν ἅπας, κοῦκ ἄλλοθι.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Enter AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA (*running to his arms*)

O mother, I outrun thee—be not wroth—
And heart to heart I clasp my father close.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

Father, so long it was—so glad am I!

640

AGAMEMNON

And glad am I: thy words suffice for twain.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON (*starts*)

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

IPHIGENEIA

Ha!

So glad to see me—yet what troubled look!

AGAMEMNON

On kings and captains weigheth many a care.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μέθες νυν ὄφρ' ὄμμα τ' ἔκτεινον φίλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἰδοὺ γέγηθά σ' ὡς γέγηθ' ὀρώων, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

650 κάπειτα λείβεις δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων σέθεν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μακρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἢ 'πιούσ' ἀπουσία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

† οὐκ οἶδ' ὅ τι φήσ, οὐκ οἶδα, φίλτατ' ἐμοὶ πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνετὰ λέγουσα μᾶλλον εἰς οἶκτόν μ' ἄγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀσύνετα νῦν ἐροῦμεν, εἰ σέ γ' εὐφρανῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θέλω γε· τὸ θέλειν δ' οὐκ ἔχων ἀλγύνομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄλουντο λόγχοι καὶ τὰ Μενέλεω κακά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἄλλους ὀλεῖ πρόσθ' ἀμὲ διολέσαντ' ἔχει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

660 ὡς πολὺν ἀπῆσθα χρόνον ἐν Αὐλίδος μυχοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποῦ τοὺς Φρύγας λέγουσιν φέκισθαι, πάτερ ;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Unknit thy brow then : let love melt thine eye.

AGAMEMNON

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON

Yea, for the absence yet to come is long.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON

Thy wise discernment stirs my grief the more.

IPHIGENEIA

So I may please thee, folly will I talk.

AGAMEMNON

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

IPHIGENEIA

Stay, father, with thy children stay at home!

AGAMEMNON

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

IPHIGENEIA

Perish their wars, and Menelaus' wrongs!

AGAMEMNON

My ruin shall be others' ruin first.

IPHIGENEIA

Long absence thine hath been in Aulis' gulf. 660

AGAMEMNON

Still hindered is the army's speeding forth.

IPHIGENEIA

Where dwell the Phrygians, father, as men say?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐ μή ποτ' οἰκεῖν ὄφελ' ὁ Πριάμου Πάρις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μακρὰν γ' ἀπαίρεις, ὦ πάτερ, λιπὼν ἐμέ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

†εἰς ταυτόν, ὦ θύγατερ, ἦκεις σὺ πατρί.†

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φεῦ·

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔπεστι καὶ σοὶ πλοῦς, ἵνα μνήσει πατρός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σὺν μητρὶ πλεύσασ' ἢ μόνη πορεύσομαι;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μόνη, μονωθεῖς' ἀπὸ πατρός καὶ μητέρος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔασον. οὐ χρὴ τοιάδ' εἰδέναί κόρας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θύσαι με θυσίαν πρῶτα δεῖ τιν' ἐνθάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀλλὰ ξὺν ἱεροῖς χρὴ τό γ' εὐσεβὲς σκοπεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἴσει σύ· χερνίβων γὰρ ἐστήξει πέλας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

στήσομεν ἄρ' ἀμφὶ βωμόν, ὦ πάτερ, χορούς;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

IPHIGENEIA

Far dost thou voyage, father, leaving me?

AGAMEMNON

Thou art in like case with thy father, child.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON

Thou too must voyage where thou shalt think on me.

IPHIGENEIA

Shall I sail with my mother, or alone?

AGAMEMNON

Alone, from mother severed and from sire.

IPHIGENEIA

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

AGAMEMNON

Enough! It fits not maidens know such things.

IPHIGENEIA

Speed back from Phrygia, father, victor there.

AGAMEMNON

A sacrifice must I first offer here.

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, thou must reverence heaven with holy rites.

AGAMEMNON

This thou shalt see—shalt by the laver stand,

IPHIGENEIA

Father, shall I lead dances round the altar?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Αἴγινα θυγάτηρ ἐγένετ' Ἀσωποῦ πατρός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ταυτην δὲ θνητῶν ἢ θεῶν ἔζηυξε τις ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ζεὺς· Αἰακὸν δ' ἔφυσεν, Οἰνώνης πρόμον.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

700 τοῦ δ' Αἰακοῦ παῖς τίς κατέσχε δώματα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Πηλεύς· ὁ Πηλεὺς δ' ἔσχε Νηρέως κόρην.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

The Nymph Aegina was Asopus' child :—

CLYTEMNESTRA

And did a mortal wed her, or a God ?

AGAMEMNON

Zeus, Aeacus he begat, Oenone's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Which son of Aeacus possessed his house ? 700

AGAMEMNON

Peleus ; and Peleus wedded Nereus' child.

65

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

θεοῦ δίδοντας, ἢ βία θεῶν λαβῶν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ζεὺς ἠγγύησε καὶ δίδωσ' ὁ κύριος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

γαμῆ δὲ ποῦ νιν ; ἢ κατ' οἶδμα πόντιον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Χείρων ἴν' οἰκεῖ σεμνὰ Πηλίου βάθρα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ φασι Κενταύρειον ὠκίσθαι γένος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐνταῦθ' ἔδαισαν Πηλέως γάμους θεοί.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

Θέτις δ' ἔθρεψεν ἢ πατὴρ Ἀχιλλέα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Χείρων, ἴν' ἦθη μὴ μάθοι κακῶν βροτῶν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

710

φεῦ·

σοφός γ' ὁ θρέψας χῶ διδοὺς σοφώτερος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοιόσδε παιδὸς σῆς ἀνὴρ ἔσται πόσις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ μεμπτός. οἰκεῖ δ' ἄστν ποῖον Ἑλλάδος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἀπιδανὸν ἀμφὶ ποταμὸν ἐν Φθίας ὄροις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκεῖσ' ἀπάξεις σὴν ἐμὴν τε παρθένου ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κείνῳ μελήσει ταῦτα τῷ κεκτημένῳ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄλλ' εὐτυχοίτην. τίτι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γαμῆ ;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

'Twas Zeus betrothed her, and her father gave.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

Where Cheiron dwells at Pelion's sacred foot.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Where tribes of Centaurs have their haunt, men say ?

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Did Thetis, or his father, rear Achilles ?

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ay so !

710

Wise was the teacher, wiser yet the sire.

AGAMEMNON

Such hero is to be thy daughter's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

None better. In what Greek town is his home ?

AGAMEMNON

On Phthia's marches, by Apidanus.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thither wilt thou lead hence thy child and mine ?

AGAMEMNON

Nay, his part this who taketh her to wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Blessings on them ! On what day shall they wed ?

67

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὕταν σελήνης εὐτυχῆς ἔλθῃ κύκλος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προτέλεια δ' ἤδη παιδὸς ἔσφαξας θεᾶ ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μέλλω 'πὶ ταύτῃ καὶ καθέσταμεν τύχῃ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κᾶπειτα δαίσεις τοὺς γάμους ἐς ὕστερον ;

720

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θύσας γε θύμαθ' ἄμὲ χρῆ θύσαι θεοῖς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἡμεῖς δὲ θοίνην ποῦ γυναιξὶ θήσομεν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐνθάδε παρ' εὐπρύμνοισιν Ἀργείων πλάταις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καλῶς ἀναγκαίως τε¹ συνενέγκοι δ' ὅμως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον, ὦ γύναι ; πιθοῦ δέ μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί χρῆμα ; πείθεσθαι γὰρ εἶθισμαι σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐνθάδ', οὐπὲρ ἐσθ' ὁ νυμφίος,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μητρὸς τί χωρὶς δράσεθ', ἄμὲ δρᾶν χρεῶν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκδώσομεν σὴν παῖδα Δαναϊδῶν μέτα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

730

ἡμᾶς δὲ ποῦ χρῆ τηνικαῦτα τυγχάνειν ;

¹ Palmer and England read κάλως ἀν' ἀγκύρας τε ; "Mid hawsers and ships' anchors ?"

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

When comes full-orbed the moon with blessing
crowned.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hast slain the Goddess' victim for our child?

AGAMEMNON

So purpose I: even this we have in hand.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thereafter wilt thou hold the marriage-feast? 720

AGAMEMNON

When to the Gods I have offered offerings due.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

Here, by the Argive galleys' stately sterns.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

What thing? Obedience is my wont to thee.

AGAMEMNON

Here, where the bridegroom is, will I myself—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What mother's office in mine absence do?

AGAMEMNON

With help of Danaans give thy child away.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

χώρει πρὸς Ἄργος παρθένους τε τημέλει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λιπρῦσα παῖδα ; τίς δ' ἀνασχήσει φλόγα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγὼ παρέξω φῶς ὃ νυμφίοις πρέπει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐ καλὸν ἐν ὄχλῳ σ' ἐξομιλεῖσθαι στρατοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καλὸν τεκοῦσαν τὰμά μ' ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ τὰς γ' ἐν οἴκῳ μὴ μόνας εἶναι κόρας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄχυροῖσι παρθενῶσι φρουροῦνται καλῶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πιθοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μὰ τὴν ἀνασσαν Ἀργεῖαν θεάν.

740 ἐλθὼν σὺ τᾶξω πρᾶσσε, τὰν δόμοις δ' ἐγώ,

ἂ χρὴ παρεῖναι νυμφίοισι παρθένοις.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἶμοι μάτην ἦξ', ἐλπίδος δ' ἀπεσφάλην,

ἐξ ὀμμάτων δάμαρτ' ἀποστεῖλαι θέλων.

σοφίζομαι δὲ κἀπὶ τοῖσι φιλτάτοις

τέχνας πορίζω, πανταχῇ νικώμενος.

ὅμως δὲ σὺν Κάλχαντι τῷ θνηπόλῳ

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

ἐξιστορήσων εἶμι, μόχθον Ἑλλάδος.

750 χρὴ δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἄνδρα τὸν σοφὸν τρέφειν

γυναῖκα χρηστὴν κἀγαθὴν, ἢ μὴ γαμεῖν.¹

¹ Hermann : for τρέφειν of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

To Argos go: for thy young daughters care.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

I will provide such bridal torch as fits.

CLYTEMNESTRA

All custom outraged!—nought is that to thee!

AGAMEMNON

To mingle with armed hosts beseems not thee,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Beseems that mother give away her child!

AGAMEMNON

Nor that those maids at home be left alone.

CLYTEMNESTRA

They in safe maiden-bowers be warded well.

AGAMEMNON

Nay, hear me—

CLYTEMNESTRA

No! by the Argives' Goddess-queen!

Go, order things without: within doors I

Will order what is fitting for a bride.

[Exit. 740

AGAMEMNON

Ah me, vain mine essay! My hope is foiled,

Who out of sight was fain to send my wife.

With subtle schemes against my best-beloved

I weave plots, yet am baffled everywhere.

But none the less with Calchas will I go,

The priest, the Goddess' pleasure to enquire—

For me ill doom, for Hellas travail sore.

The wise man in his house should keep a wife

Helpful and good—or never take a bride.

[Exit. 750

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤξει δὴ Σιμόεντα καὶ
 δίνας ἀργυροειδεῖς
 ἄγυρις Ἑλλάνων στρατιᾶς
 ἀνά τε ναυσὶν καὶ σὺν ὄπλοις
 Ἴλιον εἰς τὸ Τροίας
 Φοιβήιον δάπεδον,
 τὰν Κασάνδραν ἴν' ἀκούω
 ῥίπτειν ξανθοὺς πλοκάμους
 χλωροκόμφω στεφάνῳ δάφνας
 κοσμηθεῖσαν, ὅταν θεοῦ
 μαντόσσυνοι πνεύσωσ' ἀνάγκαι.

στρ.

760

στάσονται δ' ἐπὶ περγάμων
 Τροίας ἀμφί τε τείχη
 Τρῶες, ὅταν χάλκασπις Ἄρης
 πόντιος εὐπρόροισι πλάταις
 εἰρεσίᾳ πελάξῃ
 Σιμουντίοις ὄχετοῖς,
 τὰν τῶν ἐν αἰθέρι δισσῶν
 Διοσκούρων Ἑλέναν
 ἐκ Πριάμου κομίσει θέλων
 εἰς γᾶν Ἑλλάδα δοριπόνοισ
 ἀσπίσι καὶ λόγχαις Ἀχαιῶν.

ἀντ.

770

Πέργαμον δὲ Φρυγῶν πόλιν
 λαῖνους περὶ πύργους
 κυκλώσας Ἄρει φονίῳ,
 λαιμοτόμους κεφαλὰς
 σπάσας, πόλισμα Τροίας
 τέρσας κατ' ἄκρας πόλιν,
 θήσει κόρας πολυκλαύστους
 δάμαρτά τε Πριάμου.

ἐπὸδ.

780

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

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

(*Ant.*)

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

(*Epode.*)

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ἄ δὲ Διὸς Ἑλένα κόρα
 πολύκλαυτος ἐσεῖται
 πόσιν προλιποῦσα. μήτ' ἐμοὶ
 μήτ' ἐμοῖσι τέκνων τέκνοις
 ἐλπίς ἄδε ποτ' ἔλθοι,
 οἴαν αἱ πολύχρυσοι
 Λυδαὶ καὶ Φρυγῶν ἄλοχοι
 στήσουσι παρ' ἴστοις
 μυθεῦσαι τὰδ' ἐς ἀλλήλας·

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And the daughter of Zeus shall know
 In that day, and the flood shall flow
 Of Helen's tears of repenting,
 Who hath left her husband lone.
 Over me, over mine, may there loom—
 No, not in the third generation—
 Never such shadow of doom

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

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

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

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

Enter ACHILLES ACHILLES

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

Λήδας μὲν εἶμι παῖς, Κλυταιμνήστρα δέ μοι
 ὄνομα, πόσις δέ μουστὶν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

840

παῖσιν τόδ' ἐμπέφυκεν, αἰδεῖσθαι φίλους
καινοὺς ὀρώσι καὶ γάμου μεμνημένοις.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

850

ἴσως ἐκερτόμησε καὶ μὲ καὶ σέ τις.
ἀλλ' ἀμελία δὸς αὐτὰ καὶ φάυλως φέρε.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

840

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Some one perchance hath mocked both thee and
me.

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

850

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίς ὁ καλῶν πύλας παροίξας ; ὡς τεταρβηκῶς καλεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δοῦλος, οὐχ ἄβρύνομαι τῷδ'· ἡ τύχη γὰρ οὐκ ἔῃ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίνος ; ἐμὸς μὲν οὐχί· χωρὶς τὰμὰ κάγαμέμνονος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

860 τῆσδε τῆς πάροιθεν οἴκων, Τυνδάρεω δόντος πατρός.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἔσταμεν φράζ', εἴ τι χρήζεις, ὦν μ' ἐπέσχεσ ἔνεκα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἢ μόνω παρόντε δῆτα ταῖσδ' ἐφέστατον πύλαις ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ τύχη πρόνοιά θ' ἡμή, σῶσαθ' οὖς ἐγὼ θέλω.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT (*from within the tent*)

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

ACHILLES

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

OLD SERVANT

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

ACHILLES

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

OLD SERVANT

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

860

ACHILLES

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

OLD SERVANT

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

ACHILLES

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

OLD SERVANT (*entering*from tent*)

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

ACHILLES

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

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

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

81

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οἶσθα δῆτ' αὖ μ' ὅστις ὦν σοὶ καὶ τέκνοις εὖνους
ἔφυν;

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οἶδά σ' ὄντ' ἐγὼ παλαιὸν δωμάτων ἐμῶν λάτριν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

χῶτι μ' ἐν ταῖς σαῖσι φερναῖς ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων
ἄναξ;

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦδ' ἔχει. καὶ σοὶ μὲν εὖνους εἰμί, σῶ δ' ἦσσον
πόσει.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκκάλυπτε νῦν ποθ' ἡμῖν οὔστινας στέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

παῖδα σὴν πατὴρ ὁ φύσας αὐτόχειρ μέλλει
κτανεῖν.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

φασγάνῳ λευκῆν φονεύων τῆς τάλαιπώρου δέρην.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ. μεμηνῶς ἄρα τυγχάνει πόσις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

And that Agamemnon gat me in possession with thy
dower?

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

870

83

6 2

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΑΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκ τίνος λόγου; τίς αὐτὸν οὐπάγων ἀλαστόρων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Δαρδάνου πρὸς δώμαθ', Ἑλένην Μενέλεως ὅπως
λάβῃ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἰς ἄρ' Ἰφυγένειαν Ἑλένης νόστος ἦν πεπρωμένος;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πάντ' ἔχεις Ἀρτέμιδι θύσειν παῖδα σὴν μέλλει
πατήρ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ δὲ γάμος παρεῖχε¹ πρόφασιν, ἣ μ' ἐκόμισεν ἐκ
δόμων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἵν' ἀγάγοις χαίρουσ' Ἀχιλλεῖ παῖδα νυμφεύσουσα
σὴν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οἰκτρὰ πάσχετον δὺ' οὔσαι· δεινὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἔτλη.

¹ Gomperz: for τίν' εἶχε of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

880

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

Piteous lot is thine, is hers, and awful deed thy lord
essay'd.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οἶχομαι τάλαινα, δακρύων νάματ' οὐκέτι στέγω.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

εἶπερ ἀλγεινὸν τὸ τέκνων στερομένον, δακρυρροεῖ.¹

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δέλτον ὠχόμην φέρων σοι πρὸς τὰ πρὶν γεγραμμένα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐὼν ἢ ξυγκελεύων παιδ' ἄγειν θανουμένην ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κἄτα πῶς φέρων γε δέλτον οὐκ ἐμοὶ δίδως
λαβεῖν ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Μενέλεως ἀφείλεθ' ἡμᾶς, ὃς κακῶν τῶνδ' αἴτιος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον Νηρηῆδος, ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, κλύεις τάδε ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

παιδῶά μου κατακτενοῦσι σοῖς δολώσαντες γάμοις.

Weil ; for στερομένην δακρυρροεῖν of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

890

OLD SERVANT

With a letter touching that aforetime written, hasted I.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

μέμφομαι καὶ γὼ πόσει σῶ, κούχ ἀπλῶς οὔτω
φέρω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

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

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

οὐκ ἔχω βωμὸν καταφυγεῖν ἄλλον ἢ τὸ σὸν γόνυ,
οὐδὲ φίλος οὐδεὶς πελᾶ μοι τὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονος
κλύεις

ὠμὰ καὶ πάντολμ'· ἀφίγμαι δ', ὥσπερ εἰσορᾶς,
γυνή

ναυτικὸν στράτευμ' ἄναρχον καπὶ τοῖς κακοῖς
θρασύ,

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

I will not think shame to bow me down unto thy knees 900
to cling,— [pride to me ?

Mortal unto child of Goddess :—what is matron-
Lo, for whom above my daughter should I labour in-
stantly ? [pair

Ah, be thou, O goddess-born, protector unto my des-
And unto the maiden named thy bride, all vainly though
it were. [bride I came—

All for thee I wreathed her ; leading her to be thy
Came to slaughter leading her !—on thee shall fall
reproach's shame, [linked in marriage-ties,

Who didst shield her not ; for though ye ne'er were
Yet the hapless maiden's husband wast thou called in
any wise. [deity !—

By thy beard I pray, thy right hand, by thy mother's
Since thy name was mine undoing, see thy name un- 910
tarnished be. [tress.

Altar have I none to flee to, save thy knee, in my dis-
Not a friend is near. Of Agamemnon's cruel reckless-
ness [dost behold,—

Thou hast heard ; and I am come—a woman, as thou
Unto this array of seafolk, lawless, and to evil bold,
Yet, so they be willing, strong to help. If thou but
dare extend

O'er mine head thine hand, our life is saved ; if not,
our life hath end.

CHORUS

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

- 920 ὑψηλόφρων μοι θυμὸς αἶρεται πρόσω·
 ἐπίσταται δὲ τοῖς κακοῖσιν ἅσχαλᾶν
 μετρίως τε χαίρειν τοῖσιν ἐξωγκωμένοις.
 λελογισμένοι γὰρ οἱ τοιοῖδ' εἰσὶν βροτῶν
 ὀρθῶς διαζῆν τὸν βίον γνώμης μέτα.
 ἔστιν μὲν οὖν ἴν' ἠδὺ μὴ λίαν φρονεῖν,
 ἔστιν δὲ χῶπου χρήσιμον γνώμην ἔχειν.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς εὐσεβεστάτου τραφεῖς
 Χείρωνος, ἔμαθον τοὺς τρόπους ἀπλοῦς ἔχειν.
 καὶ τοῖς Ἀτρεΐδαις, ἣν μὲν ἠγῶνται καλῶς,
 πεισόμεθ' ὅταν δὲ μὴ καλῶς, οὐ πείσομαι.
- 930 ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' ἐν Τροίᾳ τ' ἐλευθέραν φύσιν
 παρέχων, Ἄρη τὸ κατ' ἐμὲ κοσμήσω δορί.
 σὲ δ', ὧ παθοῦσα σχέτλια πρὸς τῶν φιλτάτων,
 ἂ δὴ κατ' ἀνδρα γίγνεται νεανίαν,
 τοσοῦτον οἶκτον περιβαλὼν καταστελῶ,
 κοῦποτε κόρη σὴ πρὸς πατρὸς σφαγήσεται,
 ἐμὴ φατισθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐμπλέκειν πλοκάς
 ἐγὼ παρέξω σῶ πόσει τοῦμὸν δέμας.
 τοῦνομα γάρ, εἰ καὶ μὴ σίδηρον ἦρατο,
 τοῦμὸν φονεύσει παῖδα σὴν. τὸ δ' αἷτιον,
- 940 πόσις σός· ἀγνὸν δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ σῶμ' ἐμόν,
 εἰ δὲ ἐμ' ὀλεῖται διὰ τε τοὺς ἐμοὺς γάμους
 ἢ δεινὰ τλᾶσα κοῦκ ἀνεκτὰ παρθένοσ
 θανμαστὰ δ' ὡς ἀνάξι' ἠτιμασμένη.
 ἐγὼ κάκιστος ἦν ἄρ' Ἀργείων ἀνὴρ,
 ἐγὼ τὸ μηδέν, Μενέλεωσ δ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν,
 ὡσ οὐχὶ Πηλέωσ, ἀλλ' ἀλάστοροσ γεγῶσ,
 εἴπερ φονεύσει τοῦμὸν ὄνομα σῶ πόσει.
 μὰ τὸν δι' ὑγρῶν κυμάτων τεθραμμένον
 Νηρέα, φυτουργὸν Θέτιδοσ ἢ μ' ἐγεῖνατο,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

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

Ne'er by her father slain shall be thy child,
 Once called my bride. I will not lend myself
 To be thy lord's tool in his subtle plots ;
 Else my mere name, though it have drawn no
 sword,
 Shall slay thy daughter :—and the cause thereof
 Thy lord ! My very blood were murder-tainted, 940
 If this maid, suffering wrongs intolerable,
 For my sake and my marriage be destroyed,
 With outrage past belief unmerited.
 So were I basest among Argive men,
 A thing of nought,—and Menelaus a man !—
 Sprung of no Peleus, but some vengeance-fiend,
 If my name shall do butchery for thy lord !
 No, by the foster-son of Ocean's waves,
 Nereus, the sire of Thetis who bare me,

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

Else half-barbaric Sipylus¹ were a city,
 Whence sprang the line of yonder war-chiefs'
 house.

And Phthia's name were nowhere named of men.

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

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

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

But King Agamemnon hath insulted me.

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

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

I had granted this to Greece, if only so

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

But now in yon chief's eyes I am as nought:
 To honour me or shame me is all one!

Soon shall my sword know—ere it go to Troy 970
 I will distain it with death-dews of blood—

If any man shall wrest from me thy daughter.

Calm thee: as some God strong to save I come,
 Though I be none; yet will I prove me such.

CHORUS

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φευ·

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

- 1000 σὺ μήτε σὴν παῖδ' ἔξαγ' ὄψιν εἰς ἐμήν,
 μήτ' εἰς ὄνειδος ἀμαθὲς ἔλθωμεν, γύναι·
 στρατὸς γὰρ ἀθρόος ἀργὸς ὦν τῶν οἰκοθεν
 λέσχας πονηρὰς καὶ κακοστόμους φιλεῖ.
 πάντως δέ μ' ἰκετεύοντες ἤξειτ' εἰς ἴσον,
 εἴ τ' ἀνικετεύτως· εἰς ἐμοὶ γάρ ἐστ' ἀγῶν

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

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

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

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

ACHILLES

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄναιο συνεχῶς δυστυχούντας ὠφελῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν, ἵνα τὸ πρῶγμ' ἔχη καλῶς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1010 τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας ; ὡς ἀκουστέον γέ σου.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

πείθωμεν αὐθις πατέρα βέλτιον φρονεῖν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κακός τις ἐστί καὶ λίαν ταρβεῖ στρατόν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' οἱ λόγοι γε καταπαλαίουσιν φοβους.¹

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ψυχρὰ μὲν ἐλπίς· ὅ τι δὲ χρή με δρᾶν φράσον.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

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

¹ Musgrave : for λόγους of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Heaven bless thee, who still succourest the distressed!

ACHILLES

Now hear me, that the matter well may speed.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Let us to a better mood persuade her sire.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES.

Yet mightier wrestler reason is than fear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

1030

ἡμεῖς σε φύλακες οὐ χρεῶν φυλάξομεν,
μή τις σ' ἴδη στείχουσαν ἐπτοημένην
Δαναῶν δι' ὄχλου· μηδὲ πατρῶον δόμον
αἴσχυν'. ὁ γάρ τοι Τυνδάρεως οὐκ ἄξιος
κακῶς ἀκούειν ἐν γὰρ Ἑλλησιν μέγας.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1040

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

[*Exeunt severally* ACHILLES and CLYTEMNESTRA.]

CHORUS

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

1050

ὁ δὲ Δαρδανίδας, Διὸς
λέκτρων τρύφημα φίλον,
χρυσέοισιν ἄφυσσε λειβάν
ἐν κρατήρων γυάλοις,
ὁ Φρύγιος Γανυμήδης.
παρὰ δὲ λευκοφαῆ ψάμαθον
εἰλισσόμεναι κύκλια
πεντήκοντα κόραι γάμους
Νηρέως ἐχόρευσαν.

1060

ἀνὰ δ' ἐλάταισι στέφανώδει τε χλόα ἀντ.
θίασος ἔμολεν ἵπποβάτας
Κενταύρων ἐπὶ δαῖτα τὰν
θεῶν κρατήρᾳ τε Βάκχου.

1070

μέγα δ' ἀνέκλαγον ὦ Νηρηὶ κόρα,
παῖδα σὲ Θεσσαλία μέγα φῶς
μάντις ὁ φοιβάδα μούσαν
εἰδὼς γεννάσειν
Χείρων ἐξονόμαζεν,
ὃς ἤξει χθόνα λογχήρεσι σὺν Μυρμιδόνων
ἀσπισταῖς Πριάμοιο κλεινὰν
γαίαν ἐκπυρώσων,
περὶ σώματι χρυσέων
ὄπλων Ἑφαιστοπόνων
κεκορυθμένος ἔνδυτ', ἐκ θεᾶς
ματρὸς δωρήματ' ἔχων
Θέτιδος, ἃ νιν ἔτικτε.

μακάριον τότε δαίμονες
τᾶς εὐπάτριδος γάμον
Νηρηίδων ἔθεσαν πρώτας
Πηλέως θ' ὑμεναίους.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1080 σὲ δ' ἐπὶ κᾶρα στέψουσι καλλικόμαν ἐπὶ δ.
 πλόκαμον Ἀργεῖοι, βαλιὰν
 ὥστε πετραίων ἀπ' ἄντρων ἐλθοῦσαν ὀρέων
 μόσχον ἀκήρατον, βρότειον
 αἰμάσσοντες λαιμόν·
 οὐ σύριγγι τραφεῖσαν, οὐδ'
 ἐν ῥοιβδήσεσι βουκόλων,
 παρὰ δὲ ματέρι νυμφοκόμου
 Ἴναχίδαις γάμον.

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1100 ἐξῆλθον οἴκων προσκοπούμενη πόσιν,
 χρόνιον ἀπόντα κἀκλελοιπότα στέγας.
 ἐν δακρύοισι δ' ἢ τάλαινα παῖς ἐμή,
 πολλὰς ἰεῖσα μεταβολὰς ὀδυρμάτων,
 θάνατον ἀκούσασ', ὃν πατὴρ βουλευέται.
 μνήμην δ' ἄρ' εἶχον πλησίον βεβηκότος
 Ἀγαμέμνονος τοῦδ', ὃς ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ τέκνοις
 ἀνόσια πράσσων αὐτίχ' εὔρεθήσεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

But men shall wreath thine head (Epode) 1080
 For death, thy golden hair,—

As heifer white and red
 Down from the hill-caves led,
 A victim pure,—shall stain
 With blood thy throat snow-fair ;

Though never thou wert bred
 Where with the herdmen's strain
 The reed-pipes thrill the air :

But at thy mother's side
 Wast nursed, wast decked a bride
 For a king's heir.

What might hath now Modesty's maiden face 1090

Or Virtue's brow ?—
 When godlessness bears sway,
 And mortals thrust away
 Virtue, and cry " Give place ! "

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

" Let us beware the jealousy of God ! "

Enter CLYT. CLYTEMNESTRA

Forth of the tent to seek my lord I come,
 Who is from his pavilion absent long ;
 And drowned in tears mine hapless daughter is, 1100
 With wails now ringing high, now moaning low,
 Since she hath heard what death her father plots.

Lo, of one even now drawn nigh I spake,
 Yon Agamemnon, who shall straightway stand
 Convict of sin against his very child.

Enter AGAM. AGAMEMNON

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δ' ἔστιν, οὐ σοι καιρὸς ἀντιλάζυται ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1110 ἔκπεμπε παῖδα δωμάτων πατρὸς μέτα·
ὡς χέρνιβες πάρεσιν ἠΰτρεπισμένοι,
προχύται τε βάλλειν πῦρ καθάρσιον χεροῖν.
μόσχοι τε, πρὸ γάμων ἄς θεῶ̃ πεσεῖν χρεῶν
'Αρτέμιδι, μέλανος αἵματος φύσηματα.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἴφ' ἂν ἐρωτήσω σε γενναίως, πόσι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1130 οὐδὲν κελευσμοῦ δεῖ μ' ἐρωτᾶσθαι θέλω.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

And what is this that fits the time so well?

AGAMEMNON

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

1110

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

Enter IPHIGENEIA.

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

1120

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Answer my question, husband, like a man.

AGAMEMNON

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

1130

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τὴν παῖδα τὴν σὴν τὴν τ' ἐμὴν μέλλεις κτανεῖν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·

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

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔχ' ἦσυχος,
κακείνό μοι τὸ πρῶτον ἀπόκριναι πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ πότνια μοῖρα καὶ τύχη δαίμων τ' ἐμός.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κάμός γε καὶ τῆσδ' εἰς τριῶν δυσδαιμόνων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τίν' ἠδίκησα ;¹

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῦτ' ἐμοῦ πεύθει πάρα ;
ὁ νοῦς ὄδ' αὐτὸς νοῦν ἔχων οὐ τυγχάνει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1140 ἀπωλόμεσθα. προδέδοται τὰ κρυπτά μου.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

Ha!—

A hideous question!—foul suspicion this!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Peace!

Render me answer first as touching this.

AGAMEMNON

To question fair fair answer shalt thou hear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nought else I ask, thou answer me nought else.

AGAMEMNON

O mighty Doom, O Fate, O fortune mine!

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

AGAMEMNON

Whom have I wronged?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thou—and of me—ask this?

This wit of thine is utter witlessness!

AGAMEMNON (*aside*)

Undone am I! My secret is betrayed

1140

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

Thy very silence and thy groan on groan

Are thy confession. Labour not with speech.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

- ἄκουε δὴ νυν, ἀνακαλύψω γὰρ λόγους,
κούκέτι παρῳδοῖς χρησόμεσθ' αἰνίγμασι.
πρῶτον μὲν, ἵνα σοι πρῶτα τοῦτ' ὀνειδίσω,
ἔγημας ἄκουσάν με κάλαβες βία,
1150 τὸν πρόσθεν ἄνδρα Τάνταλον κατακτανῶν,
βρέφος τε τοῦμόν ζῶν προσούδισας πέδῳ,¹
μαστῶν βιαίως τῶν ἐμῶν ἀποσπάσας.
καὶ τὸ Διὸς τε παῖδ' ἐμῷ τε συγγόνῳ
ἵπποισι μαρμαίροντ' ἐπεστρατευσάτην·
πατὴρ δὲ πρέσβυς Τυνδάρεώς σ' ἐρρύσατο
ἰκέτην γενόμενον, τὰμὰ δ' ἔσχεσ αὖ λέχη.
οὐ σοι καταλλαχθεῖσα περὶ σέ καὶ δόμους
συμμαρτυρήσεις ὡς ἄμεμπτος ἦν γυνή,
1160 εἷς τ' Ἀφροδίτην σωφρονούσα καὶ τὸ σὸν
μέλαθρον αὔξουσ', ὥστε σ' εἰσιόντα τε
χαίρειν θύραζέ τ' ἐξιόντ' εὐδαιμονεῖν.
σπάνιον δὲ θήρευμ' ἀνδρὶ τοιαύτην λαβεῖν
δάμαρτα· φλαύραν δ' οὐ σπάνις γυναῖκ' ἔχειν.
τίκτω δ' ἐπὶ τρισὶ παρθένοισι παῖδά σοι
τόνδ', ὦν μιᾶς σὺ τλημόνως μ' ἀποστερεῖς.
κἂν τίς σ' ἔρηται τίνος ἑκατί νιν κτενεῖς,
λέξον, τί φήσεις; ἢ μὲ χρῆ λέγειν τὰ σά;
'Ἐλένην Μενέλεως ἵνα λάβῃ. καλόν γέ τοι
κακῆς γυναικὸς μισθὸν ἀποτίσαι τέκνα.
1170 τᾶχθιστα τοῖσι φιλτάτοις ὠνούμεθα.
ἄγ', ἦν στρατεύσῃ καταλιπὼν μ' ἐν δώμασι,

¹ England; Nauck and Paley retain σφ̄ προσούρισας πάλαφ of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Give ear now; for I will unfold my pleas,
Nor use half-hinting riddles any more.

First,—that with this I may reproach thee first—

By force, not of my will, didst thou wed me:

Thou slewest Tantalus my sometime lord;

1150

Didst dash my living babe against the stones,

Even from my breast with violence tearing him.

Then did the Sons of Zeus, my brethren twain,

Flashing on white steeds come to war with thee.

But mine old father Tyndareus begged thy life,

Who cam'st his suppliant, and thou keptest me.

So reconciled to thee and to thine house,

A blameless wife was I,—be witness thou,—

Chaste in desires, increasing in thine halls

Thy substance still, so that thine enterings-in

1160

Were joy, and thine outgoings happiness.

Rare spoil is this for man to win such spouse:

Of getting worthless wives there is no lack.

This son, with daughters three, to thee I bare;

And of one wilt thou rob me ruthlessly!

Now, if one ask thee wherefore thou wilt slay her,

Speak, what wilt say?—or must I speak for

thee?—

That Helen's lord may win her! Glorious this,

To pay a wanton's price in children's lives!

So shall we buy things loathed with things most

loved.

1170

Come, if thou go to war, and leave me here

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

κακεί γενήσῃ διὰ μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας,
 τίν' ἐν δόμοις με καρδίαν ἔξειν δοκεῖς,
 ὅταν θρόνους τῆσδ' εἰσίδω πάντας κενούς,
 κενούς δὲ παρθενῶνας, ἐπὶ δὲ δακρύοις
 μόνη καθῶμαι, τήνδε θρηνηδοῦσ' αἰεὶ ;
 ἀπόλεσέν σ', ὦ τέκνον, ὁ φυτεύσας πατήρ,
 αὐτὸς κτανών, οὐκ ἄλλος οὐδ' ἄλλη χερί,
 τοιόνδε μισθὸν καταλιπὼν πρὸς τοὺς δόμους.
 1180 ἐπεὶ βραχείας προφάσεως ἔδει μόνον,
 ἐφ' ἣ σ' ἐγὼ καὶ παῖδες αἱ λελειμμένα
 δεξόμεθα δέξιν ἣν σε δέξασθαι χρεῶν.
 μὴ δῆτα πρὸς θεῶν μῆτ' ἀναγκάσης ἐμέ
 κακὴν γενέσθαι περὶ σέ, μῆτ' αὐτὸς γένη.
 εἶεν.

1190 θύσεις δὲ τὴν παιδ'· εἶτα τίνας εὐχὰς ἐρεῖς ;
 τί σοι κατεύξει τὰγαθόν, σφάζων τέκνον ;
 νόστον πονηρόν, οἰκοθέν γ' αἰσχροῦς ἰών ;
 ἀλλ' ἐμέ δίκαιον ἀγαθὸν εὐχεσθαί τι σοί ;
 ἢ τὰρ' ἀσυνέτους τοὺς θεοὺς ἠγούμεθ' ἄν,
 εἰ τοῖσιν αὐθένταισιν εὖ φρονήσομεν.
 ἤκων δ' ἐς Ἄργος προσπεσεῖ τέκνοισι σοῖς ;
 ἀλλ' οὐ θέμις σοι. τίς δὲ καὶ προσβλέψεται
 παίδων σ', εἴαν σφῶν προέμενος κτάνης τινά ;
 ταῦτ' ἦλθες ἤδη διὰ λόγων, ἢ σκῆπτρά σοι
 μόνον διαφέρειν καὶ στρατηλατεῖν σε δεῖ ;
 ὄν χρῆν δίκαιον λόγον ἐν Ἀργείοις λέγειν·
 βούλεσθ', Ἀχαιοί, πλεῖν Φρυγῶν ἐπὶ χθόνα ;
 κλῆρον τίθεσθε παιδ' ὅτου θανεῖν χρεῶν.
 1200 ἐν ἴσῳ γὰρ ἦν τόδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ σ' ἐξάιρετον
 σφάγιον παρασχεῖν Δαναΐδαισι παῖδα σὴν,
 ἢ Μενέλεων πρὸ μητρὸς Ἑρμιόνην κτανεῖν,
 οὐπερ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἦν. νῦν δ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἢ τὸ σὸν

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

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

Lo now—

Thy daughter slain, what prayer wilt thou pray then,
 Implore what blessing—murderer of thy child?
 An ill home-coming, since in shame thou goest!
 Were't just that I pray any good for thee?

O surely must we deem the Gods be fools,
 If we wish blessings upon murderers! 1190

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

If thou have given up one of them to death?

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

Only to flaunt a sceptre, lead a host?

This righteous proffer shouldest thou have made—

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

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

This had been fair—not that thou choose thine own

The Danaans' victim, rather than that he 1200

Whose quarrel this is, Menelaus, slay

Hermione for her mother. Now must I,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

σώζουσα λέκτρον παιδὸς ἔστερήσομαι,
 ἢ δ' ἔξαμαρτοῦσ', ὑπόροφον νεάνιδα
 Σπάρτη κομίζουσ', εὐτυχῆς γενήσεται.
 τούτων ἄμειψαί μ' εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω·
 εἰ δ' εὖ λέλεκται, μετανόει δὴ μὴ κτανεῖν¹
 τὴν σὴν τε κάμην παῖδα, καὶ σῶφρων ἔσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

¹ Weil, Headlam, and England, for the corrupt νῶι μὴ δὴ γ' κτάνης of MSS. Paley reads τὰμά, μηκέτι κτάνης.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

CHORUS

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

- 1230 πόνων τιθηνούς ἀποδιδούσά σοι τροφάς ;
 τούτων ἐγὼ μὲν τῶν λόγων μνήμην ἔχω,
 σὺ δ' ἐπιλέλῃσαι, καί μ' ἀποκτεῖναι θέλεις
 μὴ πρὸς σε Πέλοπος καὶ πρὸς Ἀτρέως πατρὸς
 καὶ τῆσδε μητρός, ἢ πρὶν ὠδίνουσ' ἐμὲ
 νῦν δευτέραν ὠδίνα τήνδε λαμβάνει.
 τί μοι μέτεστι τῶν Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμων
 Ἑλένης τε ; πόθεν ἦλθ' ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ τῷμῳ, πάτερ ;
 βλέψου πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ὄμμα δὸς φίλημά τε,
 ἵν' ἀλλὰ τοῦτο κατθανούσ' ἔχω σέθεν
- 1240 μνημεῖον, εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πεισθῆς λόγοις.
 ἀδελφέ, μικρὸς μὲν σὺ γ' ἐπίκουρος φίλοις,
 ὅμως δὲ συνδάκρυσον, ἰκέτευσον πατρὸς
 τὴν σὴν ἀδελφὴν μὴ θανεῖν· αἴσθημά τοι
 κὰν νηπίοις γε τῶν κακῶν ἐγγίγνεται.
 ἰδοὺ σιωπῶν λίσσεται σ' ὄδ', ὦ πάτερ.
 ἀλλ' αἰδεσαί με καὶ κατοίκτειρον βίον.
 ναί, πρὸς γενείου σ' ἀντόμεσθα δύο φίλω·
 ὁ μὲν νεοσσός ἐστιν, ἢ δ' ἠῤῥημένη.
 ἐν συντεμοῦσα πάντα νικήσω λόγον·
- 1250 τὸ φῶς τὸδ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἠδιστον βλέπειν,
 τὰ νέρθε δ' οὐδέν· μαινεται δ' ὅς εὔχεται
 θανεῖν· κακῶς ζῆν κρείσσον ἢ καλῶς θανεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλῆμον Ἑλένη, διὰ σὲ καὶ τοὺς σοὺς γάμους
 ἀγῶν Ἀτρείδαις καὶ τέκνοις ἤκει μέγας.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγὼ τὰ τ' οἰκτρὰ συνετός εἰμι καὶ τὰ μὴ,
 φίλῶν ἐμαυτοῦ τέκνα· μαινοίμην γὰρ ἄν.
 δεινῶς δ' ἔχει μοι ταῦτα τολμῆσαι, γύναι,
 δεινῶς δὲ καὶ μὴ· τοῦτο γὰρ πρᾶξαί με δεῖ.
 ὀράθ' ὅσον στράτευμα ναύφρακτον τόδε,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

CHORUS

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

AGAMEMNON

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

- 1260 χαλκέων θ' ὄπλων ἄνακτες Ἑλλήνων ὅσοι,
οἷς νόστος οὐκ ἔστ' Ἰλίου πύργους ἔπι,
εἰ μὴ σε θύσω, μάντις ὡς Κάλχας λέγει,
οὐδ' ἔστι Τροίας ἐξελεῖν κλεινὸν βάθρον.
μέμνηνε δ' ἀφροδίτη τις Ἑλλήνων στρατῶ
πλεῖν ὡς τάχιστα βαρβάρων ἐπὶ χθόνα,
παῦσαί τε λέκτρων ἄρπαγὰς Ἑλληνικῶν
οὐ τὰς ἐν Ἄργει παρθένους κτενοῦσί μου
ὑμᾶς τε κάμῃ, θέσφατ' εἰ λύσω θεᾶς.
1270 οὐ Μενελεύς με καταδεδούλωται, τέκνον,
οὐδ' ἐπὶ τὸ κείνου βουλόμενον ἐλήλυθα,
ἀλλ' Ἑλλάς, ἣ δεῖ, κἂν θέλω κἂν μὴ θέλω,
θύσαί σε· τούτου δ' ἦσσορες καθέσταμεν.
ἐλευθέραν γὰρ δεῖ νιν ὅσον ἐν σοί, τέκνον,
κάμοι γενέσθαι, μηδὲ βαρβάρων ὑπο
Ἑλληνας ὄντας λέκτρα συλᾶσθαι βία.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

- 1280 οἱ γὰρ, μᾶτερ· ταῦτόν γὰρ δὴ
μέλος εἰς ἄμφω πέπτωκε τύχης,
κοῦκέτι μοι φῶς
οὐδ' ἀελίου τόδε φέγγος.
ἰὼ ἰώ.
νιφόβολον Φρυγῶν νάπος Ἴδας τ'
ὄρεα, Πρίαμος ὅθι ποτὲ βρέφος ἀπαλὸν ἔβαλε
ματρὸς ἀποπρὸ νοσφίσας,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

[Exit.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

Alas for me, mother!
 One song for us twain
 Fate finds us—none other
 But this sad strain: 1280
 Upon me shall the light and the beams of the sun shine
 never again.
 O Phrygian glade
 Overgloomed by the crest
 Of Ida, where laid
 In a snow-heapen nest
 Was the suckling by Priam cast forth, which he
 tore from the mother's breast,

1290 ἐπὶ μόρῳ θανατόεντι
 Πάριν, ὃς Ἰδαῖος
 Ἰδαῖος ἐλέγεται ἐλέγεται ἐν Φρυγῶν πόλει.

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

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

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Yea, left him to lie
Till the death-doom should claim
Paris, whereby
Throughout Troy was his name
Paris of Ida, where fostered a herdman mid kine he
became. 1290

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

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

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ὦ δυστάλαιν' ἐγώ, πικρὰν
 πικρὰν ἰδοῦσα δυσελέναν,
 φονεύομαι διόλλυμαι
 σφαγαῖσιν ἀνοσίοισιν ἀνοσίου πατρός.

1320 μή μοι ναῶν χαλκεμβολάδων
 πρύμνας ἄδ' Αὐλῆς δέξασθαι
 τούσδ' εἰς ὄρμους εἰς Τροίαν
 ὄφελεν ἐλάταν πομπαίαν,
 μηδ' ἀνταίαν Εὐρίπω
 πνεῦσαι πομπὰν Ζεὺς, μειλίσσων
 αὔραν ἄλλοις ἄλλαν θνατῶν
 λαίφεσι χαίρειν,
 τοῖσι δὲ λύπαν, τοῖσι δ' ἀνάγκαν,
 τοῖς δ' ἔξορμᾶν, τοῖς δὲ στέλλειν,
 τοῖσι δὲ μέλλειν.

1330 ἦ πολύμοχθον ἄρ' ἦν γένος, ἦ πολύμοχθον
 ἀμερίων, τὸ χρεῶν δέ τι δύσποτμον
 ἀνδράσιν ἀνευρεῖν.
 ἰὼ ἰώ,
 μεγάλα πάθεα, μεγάλα δ' ἄχρα
 Δαναΐδαις τιθεῖσα Τυνδαρίς κόρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ μὲν οἰκτείρω σε συμφορᾶς κακῆς
 τυχοῦσαν, οἷας μήποτ' ὄφελος τυχεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ τεκοῦσα μήτηρ, ἀνδρῶν ὄχλον εἰσορῶ πέλας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τόν γε τῆς θεᾶς παῖδα, τέκνον, ᾗ σὺ δεῦρ'
 ἐλήλυθας.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Woe's me to have seen her—

Helen, whose name

Is a bitterness keener

Than words may frame !

She is made to me slaughter and doom, and a father's
deed of shame.

Oh had Aulis received not

1320

Bronze prows long embayed !

O had Troy been reprieved not

While their pine-wings delayed !

O had Zeus never breathed on Euripus the breath that
our voyaging stayed !—

He who tempers his gales

Unto men as he will ;

Some shake out glad sails,

Some in sorrow sit still

Fate-fettered : these speed from the haven, the white
wings of those never fill.

1330

O travail-worn seed

Of the sons of a day !

How Fate hath decreed

Disaster alway !

What burden of anguish did Tyndareus' child on the
Danaans lay !

CHORUS

I pity thee for this unhappy lot

Found of thee : would thou ne'er hadst come thereon !

IPHIGENEIA

Mother mine, I see a throng of men that hither hasten
on !

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, 'tis he for whom thou camest hither, even
'Thetis' son.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙ

ὦ δυστάλαιν' ἐγώ, πικρὰν
πικρὰν ἰδοῦσα δυστέλεναν,
φονεύομαι διόλλυμαι
σφαγαῖσιν ἀνοσίοισιν ἀνοσίου πα

1320 μὴ μοι ναῶν χαλκεμβολιάδων
πρῦμνας ἄδ' Ἀύλις δέξασθαι
τοῦσδ' εἰς ὄρμους εἰς Τροίαν
ᾧφελεν ἐλάταν πομπαίαν,
μηδ' ἀνταίαν Εὐρίπῳ
πνεῦσαι πομπὰν Ζεὺς, μελίσσων
αὔραν ἄλλοις ἄλλαν θνατῶν
λαίφεσι χαίρειν,
τοῖσι δὲ λύπαν, τοῖσι δ' ἀνάγκαν,
τοῖς δ' ἐξορμᾶν, τοῖς δὲ στέλλειν,
τοῖσι δὲ μέλλειν.

1330 ἡ πολύμοχθον ἄρ' ἦν γένος, ἡ πολ
ἀμερίων, τὸ χρεῶν δέ τι δύσποτμο
ἀνδράσιν ἀνευρεῖν.

ἰὼ ἰὼ,
μεγάλα πάθεα, μεγάλα δ' ἄχρα
Δαναΐδαις τιθείσα Τυνδαρίς κόρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ μὲν οἰκτεῖρω σε συμφορᾶς κακ
τυχοῦσαν, οἷας μήποτ' ᾧφελες τυχ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ τεκοῦσα μήτηρ, ἀνδρῶν ὄχλον εἰ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τόν γε τῆς θεᾶς παῖδα, τέκνον
ἐλήλυθας.

PHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES
tumult's peril was,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What peril, stranger friend ?

ACHILLES

Wounded with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And thou hadst fain my daughter spared ? 1350

ACHILLES

CLYTEMNESTRA

Put thy hand on *thee* ! And who such deed

ACHILLES

names.

CLYTEMNESTRA

That was not thy people's battle-host ?

ACHILLES

These to turn against me,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Oh my daughter, we are lost !

ACHILLES

As thrall to marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And what answer didst thou frame ?

ACHILLES

"Stained bride," I said, "ye shall not,"—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, a righteous claim.

ACHILLES

father promised !"

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, to Argos sent withal to bring.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
 εἰς θόρυβον ἔγωγε καὐτὸς ἤλυθον,
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
 τίν', ὦ ξένε ;
 ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
 σῶμα λευσθῆναι πέτροισι.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
 μῶν κόρην σῶζων ἐμήν ;
 1350 ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
 αὐτὸ τοῦτο.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
 τίς δ' ἂν ἔτλη σώματος τοῦ σου θυγείν ;
 ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
 πάντες Ἕλληνες.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
 στρατὸς δὲ Μυρμιδῶν οὐ σοι παρήν ;
 ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
 πρῶτος ἦν ἐκείνος ἐχθρός,
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
 δι' ἄρ' ὀλώλαμεν, τέκνον.
 ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
 οἷ με τὸν γάμων ἀπεκάλουν ἦσσον'.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
 ὑπεκρίνω δὲ τί ;
 ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
 τὴν ἐμήν μέλλουσαν εὐνήν μὴ κτανεῖν,
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
 δίκαια γάρ.
 ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
 ἦν ἐφήμισεν πατήρ μοι.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
 κἀργόθεν γ' ἐπέμψατο.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Yea, myself in tumult's peril was,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What peril, stranger friend?

ACHILLES

Even to be stoned with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Since thou hadst fain my daughter spared? 1350

ACHILLES

Even so.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

All the Hellenes.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

First were these to turn against me,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Oh my daughter, we are lost!

ACHILLES

Taunted me as thrall to marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And what answer didst thou frame?

ACHILLES

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, a righteous claim.

ACHILLES

"Whom her father promised!"

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, to Argos sent withal to bring.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η

ΑΧΙΑΔ
 εἰς θόρυβον ἔγωγε καὶ τὸς
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 ΑΧΙΑΔ
 σῶμα λευσθήναι πέτροισι.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 1350 μᾶ
 ΑΧΙΑΔ
 αὐτὸ τοῦτο.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 τίς δ' ἂν ἔτλη σά
 ΑΧΙΑΔ
 πάντες Ἕλληνας.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 στρατὸς δὲ ἰ
 ΑΧΙΑΔ
 πρῶτος ἦν ἐκείνος ἐχθρός.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 δι'
 ΑΧΙΑ
 οὐ με τὸν γάμον ἀπεκάλο
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 ΑΧΙΑ
 τὴν ἐμὴν μέλλουσαν εὐνῇ,
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 ΑΧΙΑ
 ἦν ἐφήμισεν πατὴρ μοι.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 κά

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΣ ΑΥΛΗΝ
 ἀλλ' ἐγὼ στήσω να.

ΑΧΙΑΔ
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 ἀλλὰ μὴν εἰς τοῦτο γ' ἔβην.
 ΑΧΙΑΔ
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 ἀνέχου θυγατρός.
 ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝ
 ὡς τοῦτο εἶπες ἡ
 ΑΧΙΑΔ
 ἀλλὰ μὴν εἰς τοῦτο γ' ἔβην.
 ΑΧΙΑΔ
 τῶν ἐμῶν ἐπὶ μῆτρ' ἔγωγε
 1370 σὺ πίσει· τὰ δ' ἀποπέσει
 ῥαῖνον.
 τὸν μὲν οὖν ξείνον ἄκαλον ἄκαλον
 ἀλλὰ καὶ σὲ τοῦτο ἔγωγε
 στρατῷ,
 καὶ πλέον πρόξενον ἔγωγε
 τύχῃ.
 οἷα δ' εἰσὶν ἄλλοι μὲν ἄκατοι
 κατθανεῖν μὲν μοι ἔγωγε
 βουλομαι
 εὐκλεῖος πρόξενον πατρίδα γ' ἔγωγε
 δεῖρο δὲ σκεῖψαι μὲν ἔγωγε
 λέγω.
 εἰς ἐμὴν Ἑλλάδα γ' ἔγωγε
 καὶ ἐμῶν πατρίδος τε πατρίδος ἔγωγε

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES
 Nay, but I will stay him.
 CLYTEMNESTRA
 Would he hale her unconsenting hence?
 ACHILLES
 Yea, and by her golden tresses.
 CLYTEMNESTRA
 What must then be done of me?
 ACHILLES
 Cling unto thy child.
 CLYTEMNESTRA
 If this may save her, slain she shall not be.
 ACHILLES
 Ay, and surely unto this it will come.
 IPHIGENEIA
 Mother,—to my word
 Hearken ye!—against thine husband I behold thee
 anger-stirred [brave.
 Causelessly: 'twere hard for us inevitable doom to 1370
 Meet it is we thank the stranger-hero for his will to
 save. [beware;
 Yet, that he be not reproached of Hellas' host must we
 So should ruin seize him, and ourselves in no wise
 better fare. [thought hereon.
 Hear the thing that flashed upon me, mother, as I
 Lo, resolved I am to die; and fain am I that this be
 done [away.
 Gloriously—that I thrust ignoble craven thoughts
 Prithee, mother, this consider with me: mark how well
 I say.
 Unto me all mighty Hellas looks: I only can bestow
 Boons upon her—sailing of her galleys, Phrygia's over-
 throw,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σχήσω νιν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄξει δ' οὐχ ἑκούσαν ἀρπύσας;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

δηλαδὴ ξανθῆς ἐθείρας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐμὲ δὲ τί χρῆ δρᾶν τότε;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀντέχου θυγατρός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς τοῦδ' εἵνεκ' οὐ σφαγήσεται.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλὰ μὴν εἰς τοῦτό γ' ἤξει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

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

καὶ πλέον πράξωμεν οὐδέν, ὅδε δὲ συμφορᾶς
τύχη.

οἷα δ' εἰσῆλθὲν μ', ἄκουσον, μῆτερ, ἐννοουμένην·
καθθανεῖν μὲν μοι δέδοκται· τοῦτο δ' αὐτὸ
βούλομαι

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

εἰς ἔμ' Ἑλλάς ἢ μεγίστη πᾶσα νῦν ἀποβλέπει,
κὰν ἐμοὶ πορθμὸς τε ναῶν καὶ Φρυγῶν κατασκαφαί.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Nay, but I will stay him.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Would he hale her unconsenting hence?

ACHILLES

Yea, and by her golden tresses.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What must then be done of me?

ACHILLES

Cling unto thy child.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ACHILLES

Ay, and surely unto this it will come.

IPHIGENEIA

Mother,—to my word

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

Causelessly: 'twere hard for us inevitable doom to 1370

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

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

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

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

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

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

ταῦτα πάντα κατθανοῦσα ῥύσομαι, καί μου κλέος,
Ἑλλάδ' ὡς ἠλευθέρωσα, μακάριον γενήσεται.
καὶ γὰρ οὐδέ τοί τι λίαν ἐμὲ φιλοψυχεῖν χρεῶν·
πᾶσι γάρ μ' Ἑλλησι κοινὸν ἔτεκες, οὐχὶ σὺ
μόνη.

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

1390 ἢ δ' ἐμὴ ψυχὴ μὴ οὔσα πάντα κωλύσει τάδε;
τί τὸ δίκαιον τούτ'; ἔχοιμεν ἄρ' ἂν ἀντειπεῖν
ἔπος;
κάπ' ἐκεῖν' ἔλθωμεν. οὐ δεῖ τόνδε διὰ μάχης
μολεῖν

πᾶσιν Ἀργείοις γυναικὸς εἶνεκ' οὐδὲ κατθανεῖν.
εἷς γ' ἀνὴρ κρείστων γυναικῶν μυρίων ὄραν
φάος.

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

1400 βαρβάρων δ' Ἑλληνας ἄρχειν εἰκός, ἀλλ' οὐ
βαρβάρους,
μητρ, Ἑλλήνων· τὸ μὲν γὰρ δοῦλον, οἱ δ' ἐλεύθεροι.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Safety for her daughters from barbarians in the days to
 come, 1380
[happy home,

That the ravisher no more may snatch them from a
 When the penalty is paid for Paris' outrage, Helen's
 shame.

All this great deliverance I in death shall compass, and
 As of one who gave to Hellas freedom, shall be blessing-
 crowned. [my name,
[should be found?

Must I live, that clutching life with desperate hand I
 For the good of Hellenes didst thou bear me, not for
 thine alone. [bosom thrown,—

Lo, how countless warriors with the shield before the
 Myriads, now the fatherland is wronged, with strenuous
 oar in hand,— [land.

All will fear not to encounter foes, to die for Hellas—
 And shall all be thwarted, baffled by the life of *one*— 1390
 of me ? [for answering plea ?

Where were justice here ?—and what can I set forth
 Turn we now to this thing also :—never ought this
 man to make [sake !

War on all the Argives, no, nor perish—for a *woman's*
 Worthier than ten thousand women one man is to look
 on light.

Lo, if Artemis hath willed to claim my body as her
 right,

What, shall I, a helpless mortal woman, thwart the
 will divine ?

Nay, it cannot be. My body unto Hellas I resign.
 Sacrifice me, raze ye Troy ; for this through all the
 ages is [in this !

My memorial : children, marriage, glory—all are mine
 Right it is that Hellenes rule barbarians, not that alien 1400
 yoke [freeborn folk.

Rest on Hellenes, mother. They be bondmen, we be

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

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

ACHILLES

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

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

ACHILLES

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1430 οὐκουν εἶσω σ' ἀφροσύνη τῇ σῆ̄ θανείν·
 ἐλθὼν δὲ σὺν ὄπλοις τοῖσδε πρὸς ναὸν θεᾶς
 καταδοκῆσω σὴν ἐκεῖ παρουσίαν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μη̄τερ, τί σιγῇ δακρύοις τέγγεις κόρας ;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔχω τάλαινα πρόφασιν ὥστ' ἀλγεῖν φρένα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παῦσαί με μὴ κάκιζε· τάδε δ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ τόδ' εἶπας, τέκνον ; ἀπολέσασά σε ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πῶς εἶπας ; οὐ πενθεῖν με σὴν ψυχὴν χρεῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἤκιστ', ἐπεὶ μοι τύμβος οὐ χωσθήσεται.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ ; τὸ θνήσκειν οὐ τάφος νομίζεται ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

βωμὸς θεᾶς μοι μνήμα τῆς Διὸς κόρης.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς εὐτυχοῦσά γ' Ἑλλάδος τ' εὐεργέτις.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

IPHIGENEIA

Mother, why art thou weeping silently ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

Forbear, make me not craven ; but this do—

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

How sayest thou ? Must I not mourn thy death ?

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

How then ?—in death is burial not implied ?

IPHIGENEIA

Zeus' Daughter's altar is my sepulchre.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

IPHIGENEIA

As one blest, benefactor of our Greece.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ κασιγνήταισιν ἀγγελῶ σέθεν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μηδ' ἀμφὶ κείναις μέλανας ἐξάψης πέπλους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἶπω δὲ παρὰ σοῦ φίλον ἔπος τι παρθένοισ ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προσέλκυσαι νιν ὕστατον θεωμένη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἐπεκούρησας ὅσον εἶχες φίλοις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πατέρα τὸν ἄμὸν μὴ στύγει πόσιν τε σόν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δεινούς ἀγῶνας διὰ σὲ δεῖ κείνον δραμεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄκων μ' ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος διώλεσεν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δόλω δ', ἀγεννῶς Ἀτρέως τ' οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τίς μ' εἶσιν ἄξων πρὶν σπαράσσεσθαι κόμην ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔγωγε μετὰ σοῦ—

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μὴ σύ γ' οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πέπλων ἐχομένη σῶν.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

What message to thy sisters shall I bear?

IPHIGENEIA

Them too array thou not in sable stole.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Shall I bear them some word of love from thee?

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Embrace him! for the last time look on him.

IPHIGENEIA (*to Orestes*)

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Can I do aught at home to pleasure thee?

IPHIGENEIA

My father and thine husband hate not thou.

CLYTEMNESTRA

A fearful course for thy sake must he run!

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

By guile unkingly, unworthy Atreus' son!

IPHIGENEIA

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

I will go with thee—

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, thou say'st not well.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Grasping thy vesture.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1460

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον, οἴχει;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πάλιν γ' οὐ μὴ μόλω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λιπούσα μητέρ' ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς ὀράς γ', οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

σχῆς, μή με προλίπης.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἐὼ στάζειν δάκρυ.

1470

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

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

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IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Heed me, mother mine— 1460
Tarry : for thee, for me, 'tis better so.
Let one of my sire's henchmen lead me on
To Artemis' meadow, where I shall be slain.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, art thou gone?—

IPHIGENEIA

I shall return no more.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Leaving thy mother!

IPHIGENEIA

As thou seest :—'tis hard.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hold!—O forsake me not!

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, shed no tear.

(CLYTEMNESTRA enters the tent.)

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

1470

Raises the processional chant.

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1500 καλεῖς πόλισμα Περσέως,
 Κυκλωπίων πόνον χερῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔθρεψας Ἑλλάδι με φάος·
 θανούσα δ' οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλέος γὰρ οὐ σε μὴ λίπη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἰὼ ἰώ.

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

To Artemis the Queen, blest Goddess, treading 1480
 A measure, fane and altar compass ye.

I wash the curse out with the hallowed shedding
 Of blood, if this must be.

Mother, for thee my fount of pity streameth
 Now—for I may not at the altar weep. 1490

Sing, maidens, Artemis, whose temple gleameth
 Toward Chalcis, o'er the deep,

From where, in Aulis' straitened havens, shaken
 In fury, spears are at my name uptossed.

Hail, mother-land Pelasgia! Hail, forsaken
 Mycenae—home—home lost!

CHORUS

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

IPHIGENEIA

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

CHORUS

Yea, for thy glory shall never die.

IPHIGENEIA

Hail, Light divine!

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

In a strange new life must I dwell,
 And a strange new lot must be mine.

Farewell, dear light, farewell! [*Exit.*]

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 1510 ἴδεσθε τὰν Ἰλίου
καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐλέπτολιν
στείχουσαν, ἐπὶ κᾶρα στέφεια
βαλομένην χερνίβων τε παγᾶς,
βωμὸν διαίμονος θεᾶς
ῥανίσιν αἵματορρύτοις
ῥανοῦσαν εὐφυῆ τε σώματος δέρην
σφαγεῖσαν.
εὐδροσοὶ πατρῶαι
παγαὶ μένουσι χέρνιβές τέ σε
στρατός τ' Ἀχαιῶν θέλων
- 1520 Ἰλίου πόλιν μολεῖν.
ἀλλὰ τὰν Διὸς κόραν
κλήσωμεν Ἄρτεμιν, θεῶν ἄνασσαν,
ὡς ἐπ' εὐτυχεῖ πότμῳ.
ὦ πότνια, θύμασιν βροτησίοις
χαρεῖσα, πέμψου εἰς Φρυγῶν
γαῖαν Ἑλλάνων στρατὸν
καὶ δολόεντα Τροίας ἔδη,
Ἄγαμέμνονά τε λόγχαις
Ἑλλάδι κλεινότατον στέφανον
- 1530 δὸς ἀμφὶ κᾶρα θ' ἔδον
κλέος ἀείμνηστον ἀμφιθεῖναι.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

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

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

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

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

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

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

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

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

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μὴ μέλλε τοίνυν, ἀλλὰ φράζ' ὅσον τάχος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

- 1540 ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, πᾶν πεύσει σαφῶς.
λέξω δ' ἀπ' ἀρχῆς, ἦν τι μὴ σφαλεῖσά μου
γνώμη ταραξῆ γλώσσαν ἐν λόγοις ἐμήν.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἰκόμεσθα τῆς Διὸς κόρης
'Αρτέμιδος ἄλσος λείμακας τ' ἀνθεσφόρους,
ἴν' ἦν 'Αχαιῶν σύλλογος στρατεύματος,
σὴν παῖδ' ἄγοντες, εὐθύς 'Αργείων ὄχλος
ἠθροίζεθ'. ὡς δ' ἐσείδεν 'Αγαμέμνων ἀναξ
ἐπὶ σφαγὰς στείχουσαν εἰς ἄλσος κόρην,
ἀνεστέναξε, κᾶμπαλιν στρέψας κᾶρα
- 1550 δάκρυα προῆκεν, ὀμμάτων πέπλον προθείς.
ἡ δὲ σταθεῖσα τῷ τεκόντι πλησίον
ἔλεξε τοιάδ'· ὦ πάτερ, πάρειμί σοι,
τοῦμὸν δὲ σῶμα τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπὲρ πάτρας
καὶ τῆς ἀπάσης 'Ελλάδος γαίας ὑπερ
θῦσαι δίδωμ' ἐκούσα πρὸς βωμὸν θεᾶς
ἄγοντας, εἶπερ ἐστὶ θέσφατον τόδε.
καὶ τοῦπ' ἔμ' εὐτυχεῖτε, καὶ νικηφόρου
δορὸς τύχοιτε πατρίδα τ' ἐξίκοισθε γῆν.
πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ ψαύσῃ τις 'Αργείων ἐμοῦ·
- 1560 σιγῇ παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίως.
τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε· πᾶς δ' ἐθάμβησεν κλύων
εὐψυχίαν τε κᾶρετὴν τῆς παρθένου.
στάς δ' ἐν μέσῳ Ταλθύβιος, ᾧ τόδ' ἦν μέλον,
εὐφημίαν ἀνεῖπε καὶ σιγὴν στρατῶ·
Κάλχας δ' ὁ μάντις εἰς κανοῦν χρυσήλατον

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MESSENGER

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

Linger not then, but tell it with all speed.

MESSENGER

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

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

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

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

γύναι, θυγατρὸς ἔνεκ' ὄλβιοι γενοίμεθ' ἄν·
 ἔχει γὰρ ὄντως ἐν θεοῖς ὁμίλιαν.
 χρὴ δέ σε λαβοῦσαν τόνδε μόσχον νεαγενῆ.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

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

CHORUS

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

CLYTEMNESTRA

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

CHORUS

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

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

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

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

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

CHORUS

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

Of Troy.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]

RHEBUS

RHESUS

ARGUMENT

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

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΦΤΛΑΚΩΝ

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΥΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ΠΑΡΙΣ

ΡΗΣΟΥΤ ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ΜΟΥΣΑ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HECTOR, *captain of the host of Troy.*

AENEAS, *a Trojan chief.*

DOLON, *a Trojan.*

SHEPHERD.

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

ODYSSEUS, *a crafty Greek.*

DIOMEDES, *a valiant Greek.*

ATHENA, *a Goddess.*

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

CHARIOTEER of Rhesus.

THE MUSE *Terpsichore, mother of Rhesus.*

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

Guards of Hector, Soldiers of the Thracian army.

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βάθι πρὸς εὐνάς
τὰς Ἐκτορέους τις ὑπασπιστῶν
ἄγρυπνος βασιλέως, εἰ τευχοφόρων
δέξαιτο νέων κληδόνα μύθων,
οἳ τετράμοιρον νυκτὸς φρουρὰν
πάσης στρατιᾶς προκάθηνται.
ὄρθου κεφαλὴν πῆχυν ἐρείσας,
λύσον βλεφάρων γοργωπὸν ἔδραν,
λείπε χαμείνας φυλλοστρώτους,
10 Ἐκτορ· καιρὸς γὰρ ἀκούσαι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φύλακες στρατιᾶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί φέρει θορύβῳ ;

RHESUS

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

CHORUS

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

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

Ho! raise thine head on thine arm upstaying;

Unseal thine eyes, the battle-dismaying:

Leap from thine earth-strewn leaf-bed sere,

Hector: 'tis time to hear.

10

Enter HECTOR from the tent.

HECTOR

Who cometh?—the voice of a friend?—what wight?

The watchword give. Speak thou!

Who are ye that draw nigh in the hours of the night

To my couch? Ye must answer now.

CHORUS

Sentinels we.

HECTOR

Why then this affright?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μῶν τις λόχος ἐκ νυκτῶν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

RHESUS

CHORUS

Fear not.

HECTOR

Is an ambush of darkness on us?

CHORUS

Nay, none.

HECTOR

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

CHORUS

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

HECTOR

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

161

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πύρ' αἴθει στρατὸς Ἀργόλας, ἀντ.
 Ἔκτορ, πᾶσαν ἀν' ὄρφναν,
 διυπετῆ δὲ νεῶν πυρσοῖς σταθμά.
 πᾶς δ' Ἀγαμεμνονίαν προσέβα στρατὸς
 ἐννύχιος θορύβῳ σκηνᾶν,
 νέαν τιν' ἐφιέμενοι
 βάζειν. οὐ γάρ πω πάρος ὦδ' ἐφοβήθη
 ναυσιπόρος στρατιά.
 σοὶ δ', ὑποπτεύων τὸ μέλλον,
 50 ἤλυθον ἄγγελος, ὡς
 μήποτέ τιν' ἐς ἐμὲ μέμψιν εἶπης.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

RHESUS

CHORUS

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

And with tumult to King Agamemnon's tent
Streaming their warrior-thousands go :
"Thy behest?" they cry : they are vehement,
Never in such wise heretofore

Scared was the sea-borne host of the foe.

So—for I doubted what time hath in store—
Bearing my tidings to thee I came, 50
That with thee I be henceforth clear of blame.

HECTOR

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

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τεύχη πρόχειρα λαμβάνειν λήξαι θ' ὕπνου,
ὡς ἂν τις αὐτῶν καὶ νεῶν θρόσκων ἔπι
νῶτον χαραχθεὶς κλιμακας ῥάνη φόνῳ,
οἱ δ' ἐν βρόχοισι δέσμοι λελημμένοι
Φρυγῶν ἀρούρας ἐκμάθωσι γαπονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίς γὰρ πύρ' αἴθειν πρόφασις Ἀργείων στρατόν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

80 πάντ' ἂν φοβηθεὶς ἴσθι, δειμαίνων τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐπω πρὶν ἦψαν πολέμιοι τοσόνδε φῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐδ' ὠδέ γ' αἰσχρῶς ἔπεσον ἐν τροπῇ δορός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ ταῦτ' ἔπραξας· καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ νῦν σκόπει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἀπλοῦς ἐπ' ἐχθροῖς μῦθος ὀπλίζειν χέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδ' Αἰνέας καὶ μῖλα σπουδῆ ποδὸς
στείχει, νέον τι πρᾶγμ' ἔχων φίλοις φράσαι.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

Ἔκτορ, τί χρῆμα νύκτεροι κατὰ στρατόν
τὰς σὰς πρὸς εὐνάς φύλακες ἐλθόντες φόβῳ
νυκτηγοροῦσι καὶ κεκίνηται στρατός;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

90 Αἰνέα, πυκάζου τεύχεσιν δέμας σέθεν.

RHESUS

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

CHORUS

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

HECTOR

Why then should Argos' host set fires ablaze?

CHORUS

I know not: yet mine heart misgives me much.

HECTOR

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

CHORUS

Such blaze our foes ne'er kindled heretofore.

HECTOR

Nor ever knew such shameful rout as this.

CHORUS

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

HECTOR

'Gainst foes one watchword shall suffice—to arm.

CHORUS

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

Enter AENEAS, DOLON, and others.

AENEAS

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

HECTOR

Aeneas, in war-harness case thy limbs.

90

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

φεύγουσιν ἄνδρες κἀπιβαίνουσιν νεῶν.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

τί τῶνδ' ἂν εἴποις ἀσφαλὲς τεκμήριον;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

σὺ δ' ὡς τί δράσων πρὸς τὰδ' ὀπλίξει χέρας;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

εἴθ' ἦσθ' ἀνὴρ εὐβουλος, ὡς δρᾶσαι χερί.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντ' ἐπίστασθαι βροτῶν
πέφυκεν· ἄλλω δ' ἄλλο πρόσκειται γέρας,
σὲ μὲν μάχεσθαι, τοὺς δὲ βουλευεῖν καλῶς·
110 ὅστις πυρὸς λαμπτήρας ἐξήρθησ κλύων
φεύγειν Ἀχαιοὺς, καὶ στρατὸν μέλλεις ἄγειν
τάφρους ὑπερβὰς νυκτὸς ἐν καταστάσει.
καίτοι περάσας κοῖλον ἀνλώνων βάθος,
εἰ μὴ κυρήσεις πολεμίους ἀπὸ χθονός
φεύγοντας, ἀλλὰ σὸν βλέποντας εἰς δόρυ,
νικῶμενος μὲν τήνδε μὴ οὐ μόλῃς πόλιν·

RHESUS

AENEAS

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

HECTOR

Our enemies flee: even now they board their ships.

AENEAS

What certain proof hereof hast thou to tell?

HECTOR

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

AENEAS

And thou, with what intent dost arm thine hand?

HECTOR

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

AENEAS

Would that thy prudence matched thy might of
hand!

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

- νικᾷτ', ἐπειδὴ πᾶσιν ἀνδάνει τάδε.
 στείχων δὲ κοῖμα συμμάχους· τάχ' ἂν στρατὸς·
 κινοῖτ' ἀκούσας νυκτέρους ἐκκλησίας.
 140 ἐγὼ δὲ πέμψω πολεμίων κατάσκοπον.
 κἂν μὲν τιν' ἐχθρῶν μηχανὴν πυθώμεθα,
 σὺ πάντ' ἀκούσει καὶ παρῶν εἴσει λόγους·
 ἐὰν δ' ἀπαίρωσ' εἰς φυγῆν ὀρμώμενοι,

RHESUS

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

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

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

HECTOR

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

σάλπιγγος αὐδὴν προσδοκῶν παραδόκει,
ὡς οὐ μενοῦντά μ'. ἀλλὰ προσμίξω νεῶν
ὄλκοϊσι νυκτὸς τῆσδ' ἐπ' Ἀργείων στρατῶ.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΔΟΛΩΝ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

160 ἐπώνυμος μὲν κάρτα καὶ φιλόπτολις
Δόλων· πατρὸς δὲ καὶ πρὶν εὐκλεᾶ δόμον
νῦν δις τόσῳ τέθεικας εὐκλέεστερον.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐ σῆς ἐρῶμεν πολιόχου τυραννίδος.

RHESUS

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

AENEAS

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

HECTOR

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

DOLON

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

HECTOR

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

DOLON

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

HECTOR

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

DOLON

Thy burden of royalty I covet not.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ δ' ἄλλὰ γήμας Πριαμιδῶν γαμβρὸς γενοῦ.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐκ ἐξ ἔμαντοῦ μειζόνων γαμεῖν θέλω.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρυσὸς πάρεστιν, εἰ τόδ' αἰτήσει γέρας.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα χρήξεις ὦν κέκευθεν Ἴλιον ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἔλῶν Ἀχαιοὺς δῶρά μοι ξυναίνεσον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

δώσω· σὺ δ' αἶτει πλὴν στρατηλάτας νεῶν.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

κτεῖν', οὐ σ' ἀπαιτῶ Μενέλεω σχέσθαι χέρα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐ μὴν τὸν Οἴλεως παῖδά μ' ἐξαιτεῖς λαβεῖν ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

κακαὶ γεωργεῖν χεῖρες εὖ τεθραμμέναι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίν' οὖν Ἀχαιῶν ζῶντ' ἀποινᾶσθαι θέλεις ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

καὶ πρόσθεν εἶπον· ἔστι χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ μὴν λαφύρων γ' αὐτὸς αἰρήσει παρών.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

180 θεοῖσιν αὐτὰ πασσάλευε πρὸς δόμους.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα μείζον τῶνδέ μ' αἰτήσει γέρας ;

RHESUS

HECTOR

A child of Priam wed, become my kinsman.

DOLON

No bride for me of folk too high for me !

HECTOR

Ready lies gold, if thou wilt ask this meed.

DOLON

That have I in mine halls : not wealth I lack. 170

HECTOR

What wouldst thou then of treasures Ilium hoards ?

DOLON

Pledge me my gift, if thou destroy the foe.

HECTOR

I will deny naught—save their captive chiefs.

DOLON

Slay them : not Menelaus' life I ask.

HECTOR

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

DOLON

Ill at field-toil be dainty-nurtured hands.

HECTOR

Whom of the Greeks wouldst hold to ransom then ?

DOLON

Erewhile I said it—gold my halls lack not.

HECTOR

Then come, and of the spoils make choice thyself.

DOLON

These to the Gods hang thou on temple-walls. 180

HECTOR

What greater guerdon canst thou ask than these ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

190

ΔΟΛΩΝ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΔΟΛΩΝ

στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς δόμους ἐφέστιος
σκευῆ πρεπόντως σῶμ' ἐμὸν καθάψομαι,
κάκειθεν ἦσω ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων πόδα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

RHESUS

DOLON

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

HECTOR

Ha ! steeds I covet dost thou covet too,
For, foals immortal of immortal sires,
They bear the battle-eager Peleus' son.
These King Poseidon, even the Sea-god, tamed,
Men say, and unto Peleus gave them first.
Yet will I cheat not hopes I raised, but give
Achilles' team, a glory to thine house. 190

DOLON

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

CHORUS

(Ant.)

Great thine emprise is, and great the reward thou dost
claim ; [shalt thou know.
So thou may'st but attain thereunto, high bliss
Verily this thine adventure is fraught with fame.
Yet, to wed with a princess !—glory had this been,
I trow.
For the God's part, even let Justice look to the same :
But for men—never guerdon more perfect may man
bestow. 200

DOLON

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

CHORUS

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

πρέπουσαν ἔργω κλωπικοῖς τε βήμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σοφοῦ παρ' ἀνδρὸς χρῆ σοφόν τι μανθάνειν·
λέξον, τίς ἔσται τοῦδε σώματος σαγή;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

210 λύκειον ἀμφὶ νῶτον ἄψομαι δορὰν
καὶ χάσμα θηρὸς ἀμφ' ἐμῷ θήσω κᾶρα,
βάσιν τε χερσὶ προσθίαν καθαρμόσας
καὶ κῶλα κώλοισι, τετράπουν μιμήσομαι
λύκου κέλευθον πολεμίους δυσεύρετον,
τάφροις πελάζων καὶ νεῶν προβλήμασιν.
ὅταν δ' ἔρημον χῶρον ἐμβαίνω ποδί,
δίβαμος εἶμι· τῆδε σύγκειται δόλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' εὖ σ' ὁ Μαΐας παῖς ἐκείσε καὶ πάλιν
πέμψειεν Ἑρμῆς, ὅς γε φηλητῶν ἀναξ.
ἔχεις δὲ τοῦργον, εὐτυχεῖν μόνου σε χρῆ.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

220 σωθήσομαί τε καὶ κτανὸν Ὀδυσσέως
οἶσω κᾶρα σοι, σύμβολον δ' ἔχων σαφὲς
φήσεις Δόλωνα ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
ἢ παῖδα Τυδέως· οὐδ' ἀναιμάκτῳ χερὶ
ἦξω πρὸς οἶκους πρὶν φάος μολεῖν χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Θυμβραῖε καὶ Δάλιε καὶ Λυκίας στρ. α'
ναὸν ἐμβατεύων,
Ἄπολλον, ὃ δία κεφαλά, μόλε τοξήρης, ἰκοῦ
ἐννύχιος

RHESUS

DOLON

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

CHORUS

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

DOLON

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

CHORUS

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

DOLON

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

[Exit.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

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

177

καὶ γενοῦ σωτήριος ἀνέρι πομπᾶς
 230 ἀγεμῶν καὶ ξύλλαβε Δαρδανίδαίς,
 ὦ παγκρατές, ὦ Τροίης
 τείχη παλαιὰ δείμας.

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

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

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

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

RHESUS

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

(*Ant.* 1)

May he win to the galleys and enter the host of Hellas,
 and spy out their deeds,
 And home return to the altars that burn in his father's
 halls unto thee :

And, when Hector hath harried Achaea's array, may
 he drive the Phthian steeds,

The steeds that on Peleus, Aeacus' son, were bestowed
 by the Lord of the Sea. 240

(*Str.* 2)

Forasmuch as for home and for fatherland alone he
 hath dared to go [of the Hellene ships,
 Thither, and gaze on the fenced place, on the camp
 His hardihood I extol,—of such heroes but few shall
 be found, I trow, [state's prow heavily dips.

When the sun in the sea sinks stormily, and the
 There is, there is mid the Phrygians found a hero!—
 our prowess shall glow 250

Mid the clash of the spears :—at our help who sneers,
 save the envious Mysian lips ?

(*Ant.* 2)

What chieftain Achaean shall he, as with death in his
 hand he prowls to and fro, [earth he steals,
 As in shape of a brute of fourfold foot o'er the darkling
 Stab mid the tents? May he slay Menelaus, and lay
 Agamemnon low, [her shriek outpeals,

Yea, bear the head of the war-king dead, and, loud as
 Lay it in Helen's hands—the head of her kinsman who 260
 worked us woe, [array of a thousand keels.

Who sailed to the strand of Troy's fair land with

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἢ πόλλ' ἀγρώσταις σκαιὰ πρόσκειται φρενί·
καὶ γὰρ σὺ ποιίμνας δεσπόταις τευχεςφόροις
ἤκειν ἕοικας ἀγγελῶν ἴν' οὐ πρόπει.
οὐκ οἶσθα δῶμα τοῦμὸν ἢ θρόνους πατρός,
270 οἷ χρῆν γεγωνεῖν σ' εὐτυχοῦντα ποιίμνια;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ποίας πατρώας γῆς ἐρημώσας πέδον;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Θρήκης· πατὴρ δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκεται.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

280 Ῥῆσον τιθέντ' ἔλεξας ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἔγνωσ· λόγου δὲ δις τόσου μ' ἐκούφισας.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ πῶς πρὸς Ἴδης ὀργάδας πορεύεται,
πλαγχθεῖς πλατείας πεδιάδος θ' ἀμαξιτοῦ;

RHESUS

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

SHEPHERD

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

HECTOR

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

SHEPHERD

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

HECTOR

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

SHEPHERD

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

HECTOR

Leaving what country's plains untenanted ?

SHEPHERD

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

HECTOR

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

SHEPHERD

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

HECTOR

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

- οὐκ οἶδ' ἀκριβῶς, εἰκάσαι γε μὴν πάρα.
 νυκτὸς γὰρ οὔτι φαῦλον ἐμβαλεῖν στρατόν,
 κλύοντα πλήρη πεδία πολεμίας χερός.
 φόβον δ' ἀγρώσταις, οἱ κατ' Ἰδαῖον λέπας
 οἰκοῦμεν αὐτόρριζον ἐστίαν χθονός,
 παρέσχε δρυμὸν νυκτὸς ἐνθηρον μολών.
 290 πολλῇ γὰρ ἤχῃ· Θρηκίος ῥέων στρατὸς
 ἔστειχε· θάμβει δ' ἐκπλαγέντες ἴεμεν
 ποιμένας πρὸς ἄκρας, μή τις Ἀργείων μόλη
 λεηλατήσων καὶ σὰ πορθήσων σταθμά,
 πρὶν δὴ δι' ὄτων γῆρυν οὐχ Ἑλληνικὴν
 ἐδεξάμεσθα καὶ μετέστημεν φόβον.
 στείχων δ' ἀνακτος προυξερευνητὰς ὁδοῦ
 ἀνιστόρησα Θρηκίοις προσφθέγμασιν,
 τίς ὁ στρατηγὸς καὶ τίνος κεκλημένος
 300 στείχει πρὸς ἄστν Πριαμίδαισι σύμμαχος.
 καὶ πάντ' ἀκούσας ὦν ἐφίεμνη μαθεῖν,
 ἔστην· ὀρώ δὲ Ῥῆσον ὥστε δαίμονα
 ἐστῶτ' ἐν ἰππέιοισι Θρηκίοις ὄχοις.
 χρυσῇ δὲ πλάστιγξ ἀνχένα ζυγηφόρον
 πώλων ἔκλθε χιόνος ἐξαυγεστέρων.
 πέλτης δ' ἐπ' ὤμων χρυσοκόλλητος τύπος
 ἔλαμπε· Γοργῶν δ' ὡς ἀπ' αἰγίδος θεᾶς
 χαλκῇ μετώποις ἰππικοῖσι πρόσδετος
 πολλοῖσι σὺν κώδωσι ἐκτύπει φόβον.
 310 στρατοῦ δὲ πλῆθος οὐδ' ἂν ἐν ψήφου λόγῳ
 θέσθαι δύναί' ἂν, ὡς ἄπλατον ἦν ἰδεῖν,
 πολλοὶ μὲν ἰππῆς, πολλὰ πελταστῶν τέλη,
 πολλοὶ δ' ἀτράκτων τοξόται, πολὺς δ' ὄχλος
 γυμνῆς ὀμαρτῆ, Θρηκίαν ἔχων στολὴν.
 τοιοῦδε Τροία σύμμαχος πάρεσπ' ἀνὴρ,

RHESUS

SHEPHERD

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

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

I questioned in the Thracian speech, and asked
 Who and whose son their captain was, that marched
 Troyward, as war-ally to Priam's sons.
 And, having heard whate'er I craved to know, 300
 I stood still, and saw Rhesus, like a God,
 Towering upon his Thracian battle-wain.

Golden the yoke-beam was that linked the necks
 Of car-steeds gleaming whiter than the snow.
 Upon his shoulders his gold-blazoned targe
 Flashed : a bronze Gorgon, as on Pallas' shield,
 Upon the frontlet of his horses bound,
 Clanging with many a bell clashed forth dismay.
 The number of his host thou couldst not sum
 In strict account—eye could not measure it. 310
 Many a knight, long lines of targeteers,
 And archers multitudinous, and a swarm
 Of dartmen passed, accoutred Thracian-wise.
 Such warrior is at hand for Troy's ally

ΡΗΣΟΣ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔταν πολίταις εὐσταθῶσι δαίμονες,
ἔρπει κατάντης συμφορὰ πρὸς τὰγαθά.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

320

πολλούς, ἐπειδὴ τοῦμόν εὐτυχεῖ δόρυ
καὶ Ζεὺς πρὸς ἡμῶν ἐστίν, εὐρήσω φίλους.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῶν δεόμεθ', οἵτινες πάλαι
μὴ ξυμπονοῦσιν, ἡνίκ' ἐξώστης Ἄρης
ἔθραυε λαίφη τῆσδε γῆς μέγας πνέων.
Ῥῆσος δ' ἔδειξεν οἶος ἦν Τροία φίλος·
ἦκει γὰρ εἰς δαίτ', οὐ παρῶν κινηγέταις
αἰροῦσι λείαν οὐδὲ συγκαμῶν δορὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρθῶς ἀτίξεις κἀπίμομφος εἰ φίλοις·
δέχου δὲ τοὺς θέλοντας ὠφελεῖν πόλιν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἀρκοῦμεν οἱ σφύζοντες Ἴλιον πάλαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

330

πέποιθας ἤδη πολεμίους ἤρηκέναι ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πέποιθα· δείξει τοῦπιὸν σέλας θεοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄρα τὸ μέλλον· πόλλ' ἀναστρέφει θεός.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μισῶ φίλοισιν ἕσπερον βοηδρομεῖν.
ὁ δ' οὖν ἐπέεπερ ἦλθε, σύμμαχος μὲν οὔ,
ξένος δὲ πρὸς τράπεζαν ἠκέτω ξένων·
χάρις γὰρ αὐτῷ Πριαμιδῶν διώλετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, ἀπωθεῖν συμμάχους ἐπίφθονον.

RHESUS

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

CHORUS

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

HECTOR

Ha, many a friend shall I find, now my spear
Is triumphing, and Zeus is on our side ! 320
But need we have none of such as in days past
Shared not our toil, when Ares buffeting
With mighty blast was rending this land's sails.
Then Rhesus showed what friend he was to Troy.
To the feast he comes, who came not to the hunters
With help of spear, what time they took the prey.

CHORUS

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

HECTOR

Enough are we, who warded Ilium long.

CHORUS

Art sure thou hast even now destroyed the foe ? 330

HECTOR

Sure: this the splendour of coming dawn shall prove.

CHORUS

Beware the future : oft doth fortune veer.

HECTOR

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

CHORUS

King, hate were bred of allies thrust away.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

φόβος γένοιτ' ἂν πολεμίοις ὀφθείς μόνου.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

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

360 ἄρά ποτ' αὖθις ἅ παλαιὰ στρ. β
 Τροία τοὺς προπότας παναμερεύσει
 θιάσους ἐρώτων
 ψαλμοῖσι καὶ κυλίκων οἴνοπλανήτοις
 ἐπίδεξιαῖς ἀμίλλαις,

RHESUS

SHEPHERD

His mere appearing should dismay our foes.

HECTOR

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

κατὰ πόντον Ἀτρείδᾶν
 Σπάρταν οἰχομένων Ἰλιάδος παρ' ἄκτᾶς ;
 ὦ φίλος, εἴθε μοι
 σᾶ χερὶ καὶ σῶ δορὶ πρά-
 ξας τάδ' ἐς οἶκον ἔλθοις.

- 370 ἐλθέ, φάνηθι, τὰν ζάχρυσον ἀντ. β'
 Πηλείδα προβαλοῦ κατ' ὄμμα πέλταν
 δοχμίαν πεδαίρων
 σχιστὰν παρ' ἄντυγα, πώλους ἐρεθίζων
 δίβολόν τ' ἄκοντα πάλλων.
 σὲ γὰρ οὔτις ὑποστὰς
 Ἀργείας ποτ' ἐν Ἴφρας δαπέδοις χορεύσει·
 ἀλλὰ νιν ἄδε γᾶ
 καταφθίμενον Θρηκὶ μόρφ
 φίλτατον ἄχθος οἴσει.

- 380 ἰὼ ἰώ.
 μέγας ὦ βασιλεῦ, καλόν, ὦ Θρήκη,
 σκύμνον ἔθρεψας πολίαρχον ἰδεῖν.
 ἶδε χρυσόδετον σώματος ἀλκήν,
 κλυε καὶ κόμπους κωδωνοκρότους,
 παρὰ πορπάκων κελαδοῦντας.
 θεός, ὦ Τροία, θεὸς αὐτὸς Ἄρης,
 ὁ Στρυμόνιος πῶλος ἀοιδοῦ
 Μούσης ἤκων καταπνεῖ σε.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

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

RHESUS

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

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

Enter RHESUS in his chariot, with Thracian guard.

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

RHESUS

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

- παῖ τῆς μελωδοῦ μητέρος Μουσῶν μιᾶς
 Θρηκός τε ποταμοῦ Στρυμόνος, φιλῶ λέγειν
 τάληθές ἀεὶ κού διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.
 πάλαι πάλαι χρῆν τῆδε συγκάμνειν χθονὶ
 ἐλθόντα, καὶ μὴ τοῦπὶ σ' Ἀργείων ὑπο
 Τροίαν εἶσαι πολεμίων πεσεῖν δόρι.
 οὐ γάρ τι λέξεις ὡς ἄκλητος ὢν φίλοις
 400 οὐκ ἦλθες οὐδ' ἤμυνας οὐδ' ἐπεστράφης.
 τίς γάρ σε κῆρυξ ἢ γερουσία Φρυγῶν
 ἐλθοῦσ' ἀμύνειν οὐκ ἐπέσκηψεν πόλει ;
 ποίων δὲ δῶρων κόσμον οὐκ ἐπέμψαμεν ;
 σὺ δ' ἐγγενῆς ὢν βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρους
 Ἕλλησιν ἡμᾶς προὔπιες τὸ σὸν μέρος.
 καίτοι σε μικρᾶς ἐκ τυραννίδος μέγαν
 Θρηκῶν ἀνακτα τῆδ' ἔθηκ' ἐγὼ χερί,
 ὅτ' ἀμφὶ Πάγγαιόν τε Παιόνων τε γῆν
 410 Θρηκῶν ἀρίστοις ἐμπεσῶν κατὰ στόμα
 ἔρρηξα πέλτην, σοὶ δὲ δουλώσας λεῶν
 παρέσχον· ὢν σὺ λακτίσας πολλὴν χάριν,
 φίλων νοσοῦντων ὕστερος βοηδρομέϊς.
 οἱ δ' οὐδὲν ἡμῖν ἐν γένει¹ πεφυκότες,
 πάλαι παρόντες, οἱ μὲν ἐν χωστοῖς τάφοις
 κεῖνται πεσόντες, πίστις οὐ σμικρὰ πόλει,
 οἱ δ' ἐν θ' ὄπλοισι καὶ παρ' ἰππέοις ὄχοις
 ψυχρὰν ἄησιν δίψιόν τε πῦρ θεοῦ
 μένουσι καρτεροῦντες, οὐκ ἐν δεμνίοις
 420 πυκνὴν ἄμυστιν ὡς σὺ δεξιούμενοι.
 ταῦθ', ὡς ἂν εἰδῆς Ἔκτορ' ὄντ' ἐλεύθερον,
 καὶ μέμφομαί σοι καὶ λέγω κατ' ὄμμα σόν.

¹ Valckenaer and Paley : for ἐγγενεῖς of MSS.

RHESUS

HECTOR

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

τοιοῦτός εἰμι καὐτός, εὐθείαν λόγων
 τέμνων κέλευθον, κού διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.
 ἐγὼ δὲ μεῖζον ἢ σὺ τῆσδ' ἀπὼν χθονὸς
 λύπη πρὸς ἤπαρ δυσφορῶν ἔτειρόμην·
 ἀλλ' ἀγχιτέρμων γαῖά μοι, Σκύθης λεώς,
 μέλλοντι νόστον τὸν πρὸς Ἴλιον περᾶν
 ξυνῆψε πόλεμον· Εὐξένου δ' ἀφικόμην
 πόντου πρὸς ἀκτάς, Θρήκα πορθμεῦσαι στρατόν.
 430 ἔνθ' αἵματηρὸς πέλανος ἐς γαῖαν Σκύθης
 ἠντλείτο λόγῃ, Θρήξ τε συμμιγῆς φόνος.

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

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

RHESUS

RHESUS

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

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

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ.

στρ.

φίλα θροεῖς, φίλος Διόθεν εἶ· μόνον

φθόνον ἄμαχον ὕπατος

Ζεὺς θέλοι ἄμφι

σοῖς λόγοισιν εἴργειν.

τὸ δὲ νάϊον Ἀργόθεν δόρυ

460 οὔτε πρὶν τιν' οὔτε νῦν

ἀνδρῶν ἐπόρευσε σέθεν κρείσσω. πῶς μοι

Ἀχιλεὺς τὸ σὸν ἔγχος ἂν δύναιτο,

πῶς δ' Αἴας ὑπομείναι ;

εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδ' ἡμαρ εἰσίδοιμ', ἄναξ,

ὄτῳ πολυφόνου

χειρὸς ἀποινάσαιο λόγχα.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τοιαῦτα μὲν σοι τῆς μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας

πρᾶξαι παρέξω· σὺν δ' Ἀδραστεία λέγω·

ἐπειδὰν ἐχθρῶν τήνδ' ἐλευθέραν πόλιν

470 θῶμεν θεοῖσί τ' ἀκροθίνι' ἐξέλης,

ξὺν σοὶ στρατεύειν γῆν ἐπ' Ἀργείων θέλω

καὶ πᾶσαν ἐλθὼν Ἑλλάδ' ἐκπέρσαι δορὶ,

ὡς ἂν μάθωσιν ἐν μέρει πᾶσχειν κακῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

εἰ τοῦ παρόντος τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖς κακοῦ

πόλιν νεμοίμην ὡς τὸ πρὶν ποτ' ἀσφαλῆ,

ἢ κάρτα πολλὴν θεοῖς ἂν εἰδείην χάριν.

τὰ δ' ἄμφι τ' Ἄργος καὶ νομὸν τὸν Ἑλλάδος

οὐχ ὧδε πορθεῖν ῥάδι', ὡς λέγεις, δορὶ.

RHESUS

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

CHORUS

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

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

RHESUS

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

HECTOR

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὐ τούσδ' ἀριστέας φασὶν Ἑλλήνων μολεῖν ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

480 κοῦ μεμφόμεσθά γ', ἀλλ' ἄδην ἐλαύνομεν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὐκουν κτανόντες τούσδε πᾶν εἰργάσμεθα ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μή νυν τὰ πόρρω τ' ἀγγύθεν μεθεῖς σκόπει.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ἀρκεῖν ἔοικέ σοι παθεῖν, δρᾶσαι δὲ μή.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐκείνω θοῦρον ἀντᾶραι δόρυ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

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

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἔπλευσε καὶ πάρεστιν· ἀλλὰ μηνίων
στρατηλάταισιν οὐ συναίρεται δόρυ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τίς δὴ μετ' αὐτὸν ἄλλος εὐδοξεῖ στρατοῦ ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

Αἴας ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδὲν ἠσσᾶσθαι δοκεῖ
χῶ Τυδέως παῖς· ἔστι δ' αἰμυλώτατον

RHESUS

RHESUS

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

HECTOR

Nor I misprise them, who can scarce repel. 480

RHESUS

Then is not all achieved when these are slain ?

HECTOR

Gaze not afar, neglecting things at hand.

RHESUS

Thou seem'st content to suffer unavenged !

HECTOR

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

RHESUS

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

HECTOR

'Gainst him one cannot lift the eager spear.

RHESUS

Yet rumour ran that he too sailed to Troy.

HECTOR

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

RHESUS

Who next him in their host hath high renown ?

HECTOR

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

ΡΗΣΟΣ

- 500 κρότημ' Ὀδυσσεύς, λήμιά τ' ἀρκούντως θρασὺς
καὶ πλείστα χώραν τήνδ' ἀνὴρ καθυβρίσας.
ὃς εἰς Ἀθάνας σηκὸν ἐννυχος μολῶν
κλέψας ἄγαλμα ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων φέρει.
ἤδη δ' ἀγύρτης πτωχικὴν ἔχων στολὴν
εἰσῆλθε πύργους, πολλὰ δ' Ἀργείοις κακὰ
ἠῤᾶτο, πεμφθεὶς Ἴλιον κατάσκοπος·
κτανῶν δὲ φρουροὺς καὶ παραστάτας πυλῶν
ἐξῆλθεν· αἰεὶ δ' ἐν λόχοις εὐρίσκεται
Θυμβραῖον ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἄστεος πέλας
θάσσων· κακῶ δὲ μερμέρω παλαίομεν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

- 510 οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ εὐψυχος ἀξιοῖ λάθρα
κτείνειν τὸν ἐχθρόν, ἀλλ' ἰὼν κατὰ στόμα.
τοῦτον δ' ὄν ἴζειν φῆς σὺ κλωπικὰς ἔδρας
καὶ μηχανᾶσθαι, ζῶντα συλλαβὼν ἐγὼ
πυλῶν ἐπ' ἐξόδοισιν ἀμπίρας ῥάχιν
στήσω πετεινοῖς γυψὶ θοινατήριον.
ληστήν γὰρ ὄντα καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα
συλῶντα δεῖ νιν τῷδε κατθανεῖν μόρφ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

- 520 νῦν μὲν καταυλίσθητε· καὶ γὰρ εὐφρόνη.
δείξω δ' ἐγὼ σοι χῶρον, ἔνθα χρὴ στρατὸν
τὸν σὸν νυχεῦσαι τοῦ τεταγμένου δίχα.
ξύνθημα δ' ἡμῖν Φοῖβος, ἦν τι καὶ δέη,
μέμνησ' ἀκούσας Θρηκί τ' ἄγγελιον στρατῶ.
ὕμᾱς δὲ βάντας χρὴ προταινὶ τάξεω
φρουρεῖν ἐγερτί, καὶ νεῶν κατάσκοπον
δέχθαι Δόλωνα· καὶ γὰρ εἵπερ ἐστὶ σῶς,
ἤδη πελάζει στρατοπέδοισι Τρωικοῖς.

RHESUS

Odysseus—yet, for courage, brave enow,
 And chief of mischief-workers to this land ; 500
 Who came by night unto Athena's fane,
 Her image stole, and bare to Argos' ships.
 In vile attire but now, in beggar's guise,
 He passed our gate-towers : loudly did he curse
 The Argives—he, their spy to Ilium sent !
 He slew the guards, the warders of the gates,
 And stole forth. Aye in ambush is he found
 By the Thymbraean altars nigh the town
 Lurking—a foul pest he to wrestle with !

RHESUS

No man of knightly soul would deign by stealth 510
 To slay his foe ; he meets him face to face.
 This man who skulks, thou sayest, like a thief,
 And weaves his plots, him will I take alive,
 And at your gates' outgoings set him up
 Impaled, a feast for vultures heavy-winged.
 Robber and rifler of the shrines of Gods,
 Meet is it that he die by such a doom !

HECTOR

Encamp ye now and rest, for it is night.
 A spot myself will show thee, where thine host
 Must pass the night, apart from our array. 520
 "Phoebus" the watchword is, if need arise :
 Remember it, and tell thy Thracian host.
 (*To the Chorus*) Ye must go forth in front of all our
 lines :
 Watch keenly, and our spy upon the ships,
 Dolon, receive ; for, if he be unharmed,
 By this he draweth nigh the camp of Troy.

[*Exeunt* HECTOR and RHESUS.]

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

530 τίνος ἂ φυλακά ; τίς ἀμείβει στρ.
 τὰν ἐμάν ; πρῶτα
 δύεται σημεῖα καὶ ἐπτάποροι
 Πλειάδες αἰθέριαι·
 μέσα δ' αἰετὸς οὐρανοῦ ποτᾶται.
 ἔγρεσθε, τί μέλλετε ; κοιτᾶν
 ἔγρεσθε πρὸς φυλακάν.
 οὐ λεύσσετε μνηάδος αἴγλαν ;
 ἄως δὴ πέλας ἄως
 γίγνεται, καὶ τις προδρόμων
 ὄδε γ' ἐστὶν ἀστήρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς ἐκηρύχθη πρώτην φυλακὴν ;
 * * * *¹

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Μυγδόνος ὃν φασι Κόροιβον.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

540 Κίλικας Παίων
 στρατὸς ἡγείρειν, Μυσοὶ δ' ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐκοῦν Λυκίους πέμπτην φυλακὴν
 βάντας ἐγείρειν
 καιρὸς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

¹ A line is lost here, which should correspond to l. 558.

RHESUS

CHORUS

Ho, warders, to whom is the next watch given?
whose warding followeth mine?
For the stars that were high in the evening sky are
setting: uprisen ye see [broad wings shine.
The Pleiads seven: in the midst of heaven the Eagle's 530
Ho, comrades, awake from your slumber! Why do ye
linger? Hither to me! [tramp appear!
Ho ye, ho ye, from your couches leap, for the sentinel-
Do ye see not afar where the silver car of the moon
o'er the sea hangs low?
The dayspring cometh—break off your sleep, for the
dawning is near, is near.
Lo there in the east where gleameth a star—'tis her
harbinger: rouse ye, ho!

SEMICHORUS 1

For whom was the night's first watch proclaimed?

SEMICHORUS 2

For the scion of Mygdon, Coroebus named.

SEMICHORUS 1

Who then?

SEMICHORUS 2

The Paeonians roused the folk 540
Of Cilicia: us the Mysians woke.

SEMICHORUS 1

High time is it then that we hasted to call
The Lycians; to them did the fifth watch fall,
When the lot to our stations assigned us all.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν αἰω, Σιμόεντος ἀντ.
 ἡμένα κοίτας
 φοινίας ὑμνεῖ πολυχорδοτάτα
 γήρυϊ παιδολέτωρ
 550 μέλοποιὸς ἀηδονὶς μέριμναν·
 ἤδη δὲ νέμουσι κατ' Ἴδαν
 ποίμνια· νυκτιβρόμου
 σύριγγος ἰὰν κατακούω·
 θέλγει δ' ὄμματος ἔδραν
 ὕπνος· ἄδιστος γὰρ ἔβα
 βλεφάροις πρὸς αἰοῦς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τι ποτ' οὐ πλάθει σκοπός, ὃν ναῶν
 Ἐκτωρ ὄτρυνε κατόπταν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ταρβῶ· χρόνιος γὰρ ἄπεστιν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

560 ἀλλ' ἢ κρυπτὸν λόχον εἰσπαίσας
 διόλωλε ; τάχ' ἂν εἶη φανερόν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

αὐδῶ Λυκίους πέμπτην φυλακὴν
 βάντας ἐγείρειν
 ἡμᾶς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Διόμηδες, οὐκ ἤκουσας — ἢ κενὸς ψόφος
 στάζει δι' ὠτων ; — τευχέων τινὰ κτύπον ;

RHESUS

CHORUS

(*Ant.*)

I hear, I hear—'tis the nightingale ! The mother that
 slew her child— [murder-stain—
 As broodeth her wing o'er the fearful thing, the eternal
 By Simois chanteth her heart-stricken wail ; the voice
 of her woe rings wild, [hopeless pain !
 As passions a lute of many a string,—winged poet of 550
 Hark ! flocks to the pasture are going : they bleat as
 they stray down Ida's brow ;
 And I hear it float through the dark, the note of the
 pipe's ethereal cry ;
 And drowsihead with her witchery sweet is lulling
 mine eyelids now ; [the dawn is nigh.
 For to weary eyes she cometh, I wot, most dear when

SEMICHORUS 1

Why draweth not near unto us that scout
 Whom Hector to spy on the fleet sent out ?

SEMICHORUS 2

Long stays he : there haunts me a fearful doubt.

SEMICHORUS 1

Is he slain, think ye, in an ambuscade ?
 Manifest soon shall his fate be made.

560

SEMICHORUS 2

I rede ye then that we haste to call
 The Lycians ; to them did the fifth watch fall,
 When the lot to our stations assigned us all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ODYSSEUS and DIOMEDES.

ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, heard'st thou not—or through mine ears
 Thrills but an empty sound ?—a clash of arms ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ δεσμὰ πωλικῶν ἐξ ἀντύγων
κλάζει σιδήρου· κάμέ τοι, πρὶν ἡσθόμην
δεσμῶν ἀραγμὸν ἰππικῶν, ἔδν φόβος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

570 ὄρα κατ' ὄρφνην μὴ φύλαξιν ἐντύχης.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

φυλάξομαί τοι κὰν σκότῳ τιθεὶς πόδα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦν δ' οὖν ἐγείρης, οἶσθα σύνθημα στρατοῦ ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

Φοῖβον Δόλωνος οἶδα σύμβολον κλύων.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔα·
εὐνάς ἐρήμους τάσδε πολεμίων ὀρώ.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

καὶ μὴν Δόλων γε τάσδ' ἔφραζεν Ἐκτορος
κοίτας, ἐφ' ᾧπερ ἔγχος εἴλκυσται τόδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί δῆτ' ἂν εἶη ; ἴμων λόχος βέβηκέ ποι ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἴσως ἐφ' ἡμῖν μηχανὴν στήσων τινά.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

θρασύς γάρ Ἐκτωρ νῦν, ἐπεὶ κρατεῖ, θρασύς.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

580 τί δῆτ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, δρῶμεν ; οὐ γὰρ ἠύρομεν
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐν εὐναῖς, ἐλπίδων δ' ἡμάρτομεν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

στείχωμεν ὡς τάχιστα ναυστάθμων πέλας.
σώζει γὰρ αὐτὸν ὅστις εὐτυχῇ θεῶν
τίθησιν· ἡμῖν δ' οὐ βιαστέον τύχην.

RHESUS

DIOMEDES

Nay, 'tis steel harness hung o'er chariot-rails
That rings. Through me too passed a shiver of fear,
Till I discerned the clank of horses' chains.

ODYSSEUS

Beware thou light not darkling on their guards. 570

DIOMEDES

Even in darkness will I step with heed.

ODYSSEUS

But, shouldst thou rouse them, knowest thou the
watchword?

DIOMEDES

"Phoebus"—from Dolon's mouth I heard the word.

ODYSSEUS

Ha! void of foes this bivouac I see!

DIOMEDES

Yet surely Dolon told us that here lay
Hector, against whom this my spear is trailed.

ODYSSEUS

What means this? Is his troop elsewhither gone?

DIOMEDES

Perchance he frames 'gainst us a stratagem.

ODYSSEUS

Ay, bold is Hector, now triumphant—bold!

DIOMEDES

What then, Odysseus, shall we do? The man 580
We find not on his couch: our hopes are foiled.

ODYSSEUS

Return we to the ships' array in haste.
Some God, whoever giveth him good speed,
Shields him. 'Tis not for us to strive with fate.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐπ' Αἰνέαν ἢ τὸν ἔχθιστον Φρυγῶν
Πάριν μολόντε χρῆ κατατομεῖν ξίφει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐν ὄρφνῃ πολεμίων ἀνὰ στρατὸν
ζητῶν δυνήσει τούσδ' ἀκινδύνως κτανεῖν ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

590 αἰσχρὸν γε μέντοι ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
δράσαντε μηδὲν πολεμίους νεώτερον.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς δ' οὐ δέδρακας ; οὐ κτανόντε ναυστάθμων
κατάσκοπον Δόλωνα σῶζομεν τάδε
σκυλεύματ' ; ἢ πᾶν στρατόπεδον πέρσειν δοκεῖς ;
πέιθου, πάλιν στείχωμεν· εὐ δ' εἴη τυχεῖν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

600 ποῖ δὴ λιπόντες Τρωικῶν ἐκ τάξεων
χωρεῖτε, λύπη καρδίαν δεδηγμένοι,
εἰ μὴ κτανεῖν σφῶν Ἔκτορ' ἢ Πάριν θεὸς
δίδωσιν ; ἄνδρα δ' οὐ πέπυσθε σύμμαχον
Τροία μολόντα Ῥῆσον οὐ φαύλω τρόπῳ ;
ὃς εἰ διοίσει νύκτα τήνδ' ἐς αὔριον,
οὔτ' ἂν σφ' Ἀχιλλέως οὔτ' ἂν Αἴαντος δόρυ
μὴ πάντα πέρσαι ναύσταθμ' Ἀργείων σχέθου
τείχη κατασκάψαντα καὶ πυλῶν ἔσω
λόγχη πλατεῖαν εἰσδρομὴν ποιούμενον.
τοῦτον κατακτὰς πάντ' ἔχεις. τὰς δ' Ἔκτορος
εὐνάς ἔασον καὶ κατατόμους σφαγὰς.
ἔσται γὰρ αὐτῷ θάνατος ἐξ ἄλλης χερὸς.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δέσποιν' Ἀθάνα, φθέγματος γὰρ ἠσθόμην
τοῦ σοῦ συνήθη γῆρυν· ἐν πόνοισι γὰρ

RHESUS

DIOMEDES

Nay, on Aeneas fall we, or on Paris—
Of foes most hated,—and smite off their heads.

ODYSSEUS

How in the dark, amidst a host of foes,
Unperilled wilt thou search, and slay these twain?

DIOMEDES

Yet base it were to hie to Argos' ships
With nought of mischief to the foe achieved. 590

ODYSSEUS

Nothing achieved? Have we not slain the spy
Upon the galleys, Dolon? Have we not
His spoils? Look'st thou to ravage all their camp?
Hear me—return we; so good speed be ours.

ATHENA appears above the stage.

ATHENA

Ho! whither go ye, from the lines of Troy
Fleeing, with sorrow rankling in your hearts
That Fortune grants you not the life of Hector,
Nor Paris? Know ye not of this ally,
Rhesus, to Troy magnificently come?
If he live through this night until the dawn, 600
Him neither Aias' nor Achilles' spear
Shall stay from wasting all the Argive fleet,
Razing your ramparts, and within your gates
Making broad havoc of onslaught with his lance.
Slay him, and all is thine. But Hector's couch
Let be: spare thou to smite his head from him.
To him shall death come from another hand.

ODYSSEUS

O Queen Athena—for I know the sound
Of thy familiar voice, since evermore

610 παρούσ' ἀμύνεις τοῖς ἐμοῖς αἰεὶ ποτε·
τὸν ἄνδρα δ' ἡμῖν ποῦ κατηύνασται φράσον,
πόθεν τέτακται βαρβάρου στρατεύματος ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ὄδ' ἐγγὺς ἦσται κού συνήθροισται στρατῶ,
ἀλλ' ἐκτὸς αὐτὸν τάξεων κατηύνασεν
Ἔκτωρ, ἕως ἂν νύξ ἀμείψηται φάος.
πέλας δὲ πῶλοι Θρηκίων ἐξ ἀρμάτων
λευκαὶ δέδενται, διαπρεπεῖς ἐν εὐφρόνῃ·
στίλβουσι δ' ὥστε ποταμίου κύκνου πτερόν.
ταύτας κτανόντες δεσπότην κομίζετε,
620 κάλλιστον οἴκοις σκῦλον· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπου
τοιούδ' ὄχημα χθὼν κέκευθε πωλικόν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Διόμηδες, ἢ σὺ κτεῖνε Θρήκιον λεών,
ἢ μοι πάρες γε, σοὶ δὲ χρή πώλους μέλειν.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἐγὼ φονεύσω, πωλοδαμνήσεις δὲ σύ·
τρίβων γὰρ εἰ τὰ κομφὰ καὶ νοεῖν σοφός.
χρή δ' ἄνδρα τάσσειν οὐ μάλιστ' ἂν ὠφελοῖ.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

καὶ μὴν καθ' ἡμᾶς τόνδ' Ἀλέξανδρον βλέπω
στείχοντα, φυλάκων ἕκ τινος πεπυσμένον
δόξας ἀσήμους πολεμίων μεμβλωκότων.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

630 πότερα σὺν ἄλλοις ἢ μόνος πορεύεται ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μόνος· πρὸς εὐνάς δ', ὡς ἔοικεν, Ἔκτορος
χωρεῖ, κατόπτας σημαυῶν ἦκειν στρατοῦ.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκουν ὑπάρχειν τόνδε κατθανόντα χρή ;

RHESUS

Beside me in my toils thou wardest me,— 610
Tell to us where this hero sleeping lies,
Where he is stationed in the alien host.

ATHENA

Here is he, nigh, not quartered with the host :
Hector to him assigned a resting-place
Without his lines, till night give place to day.
Hard by, his white steeds to his Thracian car
Are tethered : clear they gleam athwart the dark
As gleams the white wing of a river-swan.
These lead ye hence when ye have slain their lord,
Proud trophy for your halls : there is no land 620
That holdeth such a team of chariot-steeds.

ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, either slay thou Thracia's folk,
Or leave to me, and thou the horses heed.

DIOMEDES

I will be slayer. Manage thou the steeds ;
For versed art thou in craft, and keen of wit.
Best set each man where best his help avails.

ATHENA

Lo, yonder Alexander I discern
Draw nigh us. From some watchman hath he heard
A doubtful rumour of the approach of foes.

DIOMEDES

Or cometh he with others, or alone ? 630

ATHENA

Alone. To Hector's couch, meseems, he fares,
To tell how spies upon the host be here.

DIOMEDES

Ought he not then to be the first to die ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ ἂν δύναιο τοῦ πεπρωμένου πλέον.
 τοῦτου δὲ πρὸς σῆς οὐ θέμις χειρὸς θανεῖν.
 ἀλλ' ὥπερ ἤκεις μορσίμους φέρων σφαγὰς,
 τάχυν' ἐγὼ δὲ τῷδε ξύμμαχος Κύπρις
 δοκοῦσ' ἀρωγὸς ἐν πόνοις παραστατεῖν,
 σαθροῖς λόγοισιν ἐχθρὸν ἄνδρ' ἀμείψομαι.
 640 καὶ ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μὲν εἶπον· ὄν δὲ χρὴ παθεῖν,
 οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδ' ἤκουσεν ἐγγὺς ὦν λόγου.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

σὲ τὸν στρατηγὸν καὶ κασίγνητον λέγω,
 Ἔκτορ, καθεύδεις; οὐκ ἐγείρεσθαί σ' ἐχρῆν;
 ἐχθρῶν τις ἡμῖν χρίμπτεται στρατεύματι,
 ἢ κλῶπες ἄνδρες ἢ κατάσκοποι τινες.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

θάρσει φυλάσσει σ' ἠδὲ πρευμενῆς Κύπρις.
 μέλει δ' ὁ σός μοι πόλεμος, οὐδ' ἀμνημονῶ
 τιμῆς, ἐπαινῶ δ' εὖ παθοῦσα πρὸς σέθεν.
 καὶ νῦν ἐπ' εὐτυχοῦντι Τρωικῷ στρατῷ
 650 ἤκω πορεύουσ' ἄνδρα σοι μέγαν φίλον,
 τῆς ὑμνοποιοῦ παιδα Θρήκιον θεᾶς
 Μούσης, πατρὸς δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκεται.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

ἀεὶ ποτ' εὖ φρονοῦσα τυγχάνεις πόλει
 κάμοι, μέγιστον δ' ἐν βίῳ κειμήλιον
 κρίνας σέ φημι τῆδε προσθέσθαι πόλει.
 ἤκω δ' ἀκούσας οὐ τορῶς, φήμη δέ τις
 φύλαξιν ἐμπέπτωκεν ὡς κατάσκοποι
 ἤκουσ' Ἀχαιῶν. χῶ μὲν οὐκ ἰδὼν λέγει,
 660 ὁ δ' εἰσιδὼν μολόντας οὐκ ἔχει φράσαι,
 ὦν εἴνεκ' εὐνὰς ἤλυθον πρὸς Ἔκτορος.

RHESUS

ATHENA

Thou canst not overpass the doom of fate.
It may not be that by thine hand he die.
Haste thou against the man for whom thou bring'st
The slaughter-doom. To Paris will I seem
Cypris his friend, present to aid his toils,
And with false words will answer him I hate.
This have I told you : nought the doomed man knows, 640
Nor aught hath heard, for all he is so near.

[*Exeunt OD. and DIOM.*]

Enter PARIS.

PARIS

War-chief and brother, ho, to thee I call,
Hector ! Dost sleep ? Behoves thee not to watch ?
Some foe to us is nigh unto the host—
Marauders they, or peradventure spies.

ATHENA

Fear not. I, Cypris, ward thee graciously.
I take thought for thy warfare, nor forget
Thine honour done me, and thy service thank.
And now, when triumpheth the host of Troy,
Leading to thee a mighty friend I come, 650
The Thracian scion of the Muse, the Queen
Of Song : he bears the name of Strymon's son.

PARIS

Gracious art thou unto my city still,
And unto me, I trow I won for Troy
Life's goodliest treasure, judging thee most fair.
Vague rumour brought me hither : some report
Amongst the guard had risen of Argive spies
Even now at hand. One saith it that saw nought :
One saw them come, yet nothing more can tell.
Wherefore to Hector's resting-place I came. 660

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μηδὲν φοβηθῆς· οὐδὲν ἐν στρατῶ νέον·
Ἐκτωρ δὲ φροῦδος Θρήκα κοιμήσων στρατόν.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

σύ τοί με πείθεις, σοῖς δὲ πιστεύων λόγοις
τάξιν φυλάξων εἰμ' ἐλεύθερος φόβου.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

χώρει· μέλειν γὰρ πάντ' ἐμοὶ δόκει τὰ σά,
ὥστ' εὐτυχοῦντας συμμάχους ἐμοὺς ὀράν.
γνώσει δὲ καὶ σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν προθυμίαν.

670 ὑμᾶς δ' αὐτῶ τοὺς ἄγαν ἐρρωμένους,
Λαερτίου παῖ, θηκτὰ κοιμίσαι ξίφη.
κεῖται γὰρ ἡμῖν Θρήκιος στρατηλάτης,
ἵπποι τ' ἔχονται, πολέμιοι δ' ἠσθημένοι
χωροῦσ' ἐφ' ὑμᾶς· ἀλλ' ὅσον τάχιστα χρῆ
φεύγειν πρὸς ὄλκους ναυστάθμων. τί μέλλετε
σκηπτοῦ πῖοντος πολεμίων σφῆζειν βίον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔα ἔα·
βάλε βάλε βάλε βάλε,
θένε θένε· τίς ὄδ' ἀνὴρ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

λεύσσετε, τοῦτον αὐδῶ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

680 κλῶπες οἵτινες κατ' ὄρφνην
τόνδε κινούσι στρατόν.
δεῦρο δεῦρο πᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τούσδ' ἔχω, τούσδ' ἔμαρψα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς ὁ λόχος; πόθεν ἔβας; ποδαπὸς εἶ;

RHESUS

ATHENA

Fear nothing : in the host no peril is.
Hector to quarter Thracia's host is gone.

PARIS

Thou dost assure me : lo, I trust thy words.
And free of fear I go to guard my post.

ATHENA

Go : be thou sure that all thy care is mine,
That so triumphant I may see my friends.
Yea, and thou too shalt prove my zeal for thee.

[Exit PARIS.]

Ho ye ! I bid you, over-eager twain—
Laertes' son !—let sleep the whetted swords ;
For at our feet dead lies the Thracian chief ;
Our prize his steeds are. But the foe have heard,
And close on you. Now must ye with all speed
To yon ship-channels flee. Why linger ye,
When bursts the storm of foes, to save your lives ?

670

Enter ODYSSEUS followed by CHORUS, tumultuously.

CHORUS

Ha, smite !—ha, smite !—ha, smite !—ha, smite !
Stab thou !—stab thou !—who is this wight ?

SEMICHORUS 1

Look ye on him—this fellow, I say !—

SEMICHORUS 2

Marauders who under night's dark pall
Are startling our array !—
Hitherward, hitherward, all !

680

SEMICHORUS 1

I have them caught in the grasp of mine hand !

SEMICHORUS 2

(To OD.) What is thy troop ?—whence art thou ?—a
man of what land ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ¹

οὐ σε χρὴ εἰδέναι·

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

θανεῖ γὰρ σήμερον δράσας κακῶς.
οὐκ ἐρεῖς ξύνθημα, λόγχην πρὶν διὰ στέρνων μολεῖν;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦ σὺ δὴ Ῥῆσον κατέκτας ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἀλλὰ τὸν κτενοῦντα σὲ

ἱστορῶ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

θάρσει, πέλας ἴθι.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

παῖε, παῖε, παῖε πᾶς.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἴσχε πᾶς τις.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐ μὲν οὖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄ, φίλιον ἄνδρα μὴ θένης.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καὶ τί δὴ τὸ σῆμα ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Φοῖβος.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἔμαθον· ἴσχε πᾶς δόρυ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἶσθ' ὅποι βεβᾶσιν ἄνδρες ;

¹ The dialogue that follows is differently distributed by various editors. Badham's arrangement, adopted by Paley, is here followed, also his reading of *ἱστορῶ* for *ἴστω* of MSS.

RHESUS

ODYSSEUS

Nought to thee is this!

SEMICHORUS 1

For thou shalt die for evil wrought this day!
Tell the watchword, ere the spear unto thine heart
have found the way!

ODYSSEUS

Ha! and hast thou murdered Rhesus?

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay his would-be murderer, thee,

Question I.

ODYSSEUS (*beckoning them off the stage*).

Fear not, come hither.

SEMICHORUS 1

Strike him! strike him! strike him, ye!

ODYSSEUS

Hold, each man!

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay, hold we will not!

ODYSSEUS

Ho! let not a friend be slain!

SEMICHORUS 1

What then is the watchword?

ODYSSEUS

Phoebus.

SEMICHORUS 2

Right: his spear let each refrain.

SEMICHORUS 1

Know'st thou whither went the men?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τῆδέ πη κατείδομεν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

690 ἔρπε παῖς κατ' ἵχνος αὐτῶν, ἧ βοὴν ἐγερτέον ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλὰ συμμάχους ταρασσεῖν δεινὸν ἐν νυκτῶν
φόβῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς ἀνδρῶν ὁ βᾶς ;
τίς δὲ μέγα θράσος ἐπεύξεται,
χέρα φυγῶν ἐμάν ;
πόθεν νιν κυρήσω ;
τίνι προσεικάσω,
ὄστις δι' ὄρφνης ἦλθ' ἀδειμάντῳ ποδὶ
διὰ τε τάξεων καὶ φυλάκων ἔδρας ;
Θεσσαλὸς ἦ

στρ.

700 παραλίαν Λοκρῶν νεμόμενος πόλιν ;
ἧ νησιώτης σποράδα κέκτῃται βίον ;
τίς ἦν πόθεν ; ποίας πάτρας ;
ποῖον ἐπεύχεται τὸν ὑπατον θεῶν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἄρ' ἔστ' Ὀδυσσεῶς τοῦργον ἧ τίνος τόδε ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

εἰ τοῖς πάροιθε χρὴ τεκμαίρεσθαι, δοκεῖ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

δοκεῖς γάρ ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί μὴν οὔ ;

RHESUS

ODYSSEUS

I marked them somewhere yonder nigh.

SEMICHORUS 2

Press, each man, upon their track!—or shall we
raise the 'larum cry?

690

ODYSSEUS

Nay, 'twere perilous to scare with night-alarms a
war-ally,

[ODYSSEUS slips away into the darkness.

CHORUS

(Str.)

He is gone from us!—who was the man
Who shall vaunt of his aweless might?
Out of mine hands, lo, he ran—
Where on him now shall I light?

Unto whom shall I liken him—him, who with foot
unafraid through the night
Passed ranks, passed many a sentinel-post?

A Thessalian is he?

Doth he dwell in a town that from Locris' coast
Looketh over the sea?

700

Or, an islander, lives he by piracy? [boast?
Who?—whence?—what fatherland-home doth he
Of the Gods whom doth he confess most high?

SEMICHORUS 1

Whose deed is this?—Odysseus' dark design?

SEMICHORUS 2

Yea, if from his past deeds we may divine.

SEMICHORUS 1

Ha, thinkest thou so?

SEMICHORUS 2

Yea, how should I not?

217

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

θρασὺς γοῦν ἐς ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀλκὴν ; τίν' αἰνεῖς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Ὀδυσσῆ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

μὴ κλωπὸς αἶνει φωτὸς αἰμύλλον δόρυ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

710 ἔβα καὶ πάρος

ἀντ.

κατὰ πτόλιν, ὕπαφρον ὄμμ' ἔχων,

ῥακοδύτῳ στολᾷ

πυκασθεῖς, ξιφήρης

κρύφιος ἐν πέπλοις.

βίον δ' ἐπαιτῶν εἶρπ' ἀγύρτης τις λάτρης,

ψαφαρόχρουν κᾶρα πουλυπινές τ' ἔχων·

πολλὰ δὲ τὰν

βασιλίδ' ἐστίαν Ἀτρειδᾶν κακῶς

ἔβαζε δῆθεν ἐχθρὸς ὦν στρατηλάταις.

720 ὄλοιτ' ὄλοιτο πανδίκως,

πρὶν ἐπὶ γᾶν Φρυγῶν ποδὸς ἵχνος βαλεῖν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

εἴτ' οὖν Ὀδυσσέως εἶτε μὴ, φόβος μ' ἔχει·

Ἐκτωρ γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῖς φύλαξι μέμψεται.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί λάσκων ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

δυσοίζων—

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί δράσαι ; τί ταρβεῖς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καθ' ἡμᾶς περᾶσαι—

RHESUS

SEMICHORUS 1

A daring foe unto us, I wot!

SEMICHORUS 2

Whose courage, what man, dost thou praise?

SEMICHORUS 1

Odysseus the chief.

SEMICHORUS 2

Praise not the prowess thou of a knavish thief!

CHORUS

He came in the days overpast (*Ant.*) 710

Unto Troy:—from his eyes rheum poured:

Rags round his body were cast:

'Neath his cloak was a hidden sword:

Like a vagabond varlet he prowled, begging crumbs
from the feastful board,

With head overgrimed with foulness, and hair

All filth-defiled.

As though the war-chiefs' foe he were,

The house he reviled—

The house of the Atræid kings:—O meet,

O just should it be that he perish, ere

He trample Phrygia beneath his feet.

720

SEMICHORUS 1

Whether Odysseus or another came,

I fear me: us the guards shall Hector blame,—

SEMICHORUS 2

How blame us?

SEMICHORUS 1

Shall speak his suspicion out,—

SEMICHORUS 2

Of what deed? What is thy fearful doubt?

SEMICHORUS 1

That even by us passed in—

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀνδρῶν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἷ τῆσδε νυκτὸς ἦλθον εἰς Φρυγῶν στρατόν.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰώ, δαίμονος τύχη βαρεῖα. φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔα·

730 σίγα πᾶς, ὕφισ'· ἴσως γὰρ εἰς βόλον τις ἔρχεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ,

συμφορὰ βαρεῖα Θρηκῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συμμάχων τις ὁ στένων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰώ.

δύστηνος ἐγὼ σύ τ', ἄναξ Θρηκῶν,

ὦ στυγνοτάτην Τροίαν ἐσιδῶν·

οἶόν σε βίου τέλος εἶλεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς εἶ ποτ' ἀνδρῶν συμμάχων ; κατ' εὐφρόνην
ἀμβλῶπες αὐγαί, κοῦ σε γιγνώσκω τορῶς.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ποῦ τιν' ἀνάκτων Τρωικῶν εὕρω ;

ποῦ δῆθ' Ἐκτωρ

740 τὸν ὑπασπίδιον κοῖτον ἰαύει ;

τίνι σημήνω διόπων στρατιᾶς ;

οἶα πεπόνθαμεν, οἶά τις ἡμᾶς

δράσας ἀφανῆ φροῦδος, φανερόν

Θρηξίν πένθος τολυπεύσας.

RHESUS

SEMICHORUS 2

What men?—say who!

SEMICHORUS 1

They that this night to the Phrygian array won
through.

CHARIOTEER (*behind the scenes*)

O heavy chance of fate! Woe's me! Woe's me!

CHORUS

Ha! Now hush ye all! Crouch low! Perchance
one cometh to the snare.

730

CHARIOTEER (*behind scenes*)

O the sore mischance to Thrace!

CHORUS

'Tis some ally that wailleth there.

Enter CHARIOTEER, *wounded.*

CHARIOTEER

Woe's me! O King of Thracians, woe for thee!
O bitter sight of Troy to thee this day!
What end of life hath snatched thee hence away!

CHORUS

Who art thou?—what ally?—mine eyes the night
Makes dim: thee cannot I discern aright.

CHARIOTEER

Where shall I light on a Trojan chief?
O where shall Hector be found of my quest
Slumbering yet in shield-fenced rest?
Unto whom of your chiefs shall I tell our grief?
Ah our calamities!—ah for the deeds in the night
Unto Thracia wrought of the felon who vanished from
sight,
Who hath knit up a skein of misery manifest!

740

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κακὸν κυρεῖν τι Θρηκίῳ στρατεύματι
ἔοικεν, οἶα τοῦδε γιγνώσκω κλύων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἔρρει στρατιά, πέπτωκεν ἄναξ
δολίῳ πληγῇ.

ἄ ἄ ἄ ἄ,

750

οἶα μ' ὀδύνη τείρει φονίου
τραύματος εἶσω. πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμην ;
χρῆν γάρ μ' ἀκλεῶς Ῥῆσόν τε θανεῖν.
Τροία κέλσαντ' ἐπίκουρον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάδ' οὐκ ἐν αἰνιγμοῖσι σημαίνει κακά·
σαφῶς γὰρ αὐδᾶ συμμάχους ὀλωλότας.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

κακῶς πέπρακται κἀπὶ τοῖς κακοῖσι πρὸς
αἴσχιστα· καίτοι δις τόσον κακὸν τόδε·
θανεῖν γὰρ εὐκλεῶς μὲν, εἰ θανεῖν χρεῶν,
λυπρὸν μὲν οἶμαι τῷ θανόντι· πῶς γὰρ οὐ ;
760 τοῖς ζῶσι δ' ὄγκος καὶ δόμων εὐδοξία.
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀβούλως κἀκλεῶς ὀλώλαμεν.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἠΰνασ' Ἐκτόρεια χεῖρ,
ξύνθημα λέξας, ἠΰδομεν πεδοστιβεῖς,
κόπῳ δαμέντες, οὐδ' ἐφρουρεῖτο στρατὸς
φυλακαῖσι νυκτέροισιν, οὐδ' ἐν τάξεσιν
ἔκειτο τεύχη, πλήκτρά τ' οὐκ ἐπὶ ζυγοῖς
ἵππων καθήρμοσθ', ὡς ἄναξ ἐπεύθετο
κρατοῦντας ὑμᾶς κἀφεδρεύοντας νεῶν
πρύμναισι· φαύλως δ' ἠΰδομεν πεπτωκότες.
770 κἀγὼ μελούσῃ καρδίᾳ λήξας ὕπνου
πώλοισι χόρτον, προσδοκῶν ἐωθινήν
ζεύξειν ἐς ἀλκὴν, ἀφθόνῳ μετρῶ χερσί.

RHESUS

CHORUS

Some ill, meseems, to Thracia's company
Befalls—if this man's words mean aught for me.

CHARIOTEER

Undone is our host, laid low is our king
By a deadly stab, by a stroke of guile!
Alas and alas! woe worth the while!

Ah, how am I inly racked by the sting [die! 750
Of my gory wound! Would God I might straightway
Was it meet that so soon as he came, your Troy's ally,
Rhesus and I should perish by end so vile?

CHORUS

Lo, not in riddles doth he publish this:
Nay, plainly of allies destroyed he tells.

CHARIOTEER

Ill hath been wrought us—shame, to crown that
“ill,”

The foulest shame! Yea, double ill is this!
To die with fame, if one must die, I trow,
Is bitterness to him who dies—how not?
Yet fame and honour crown his living kin. 760
But, as a fool dies, fameless we have died.
For, soon as Hector pointed us our quarters,
And told the watchword, couched on earth we slept,
Outworn with toil: our host no watchmen set
For nightlong guard, nor rank by rank were laid
Our arms, nor from the horses' yokes were hung
The car-whips, since our king had word that ye
Were camped triumphant nigh the galley-sterns:
So, careless all, we fung us down and slept.
Now I with heedful heart from slumber rose, 770
And dealt the steeds their corn with stintless hand,
Looking to yoke them with the dawn for fight.

- λεύσσω δὲ φῶτε περιπολοῦνθ' ἡμῶν στρατὸν
 πυκνῆς δι' ὄρφνης· ὡς δ' ἐκινήθην ἐγὼ,
 ἐπτηξάτην τε κἀνεχωρείτην πάλιν·
 ἤπυσα δ' αὐτοῖς μὴ πελάζεσθαι στρατῶ,
 κλῶπας δοκήσας συμμάχων πλάθειν τινάς.
 οἱ δ' οὐδέεν· οὐ μὴν οὐδ' ἐγὼ τὰ πλείονα,
 ἠὔδον δ' ἀπελθὼν αὐθις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.
 780 καί μοι καθ' ὕπνου δόξα τις παρίσταται·
 ἵππους γὰρ ἄς ἔθρεψα κἀδιφρηλάτουν
 Ῥήσῳ παρεστῶς, εἶδον, ὡς ὄναρ δοκῶν,
 λύκους ἐπεμβεβῶτας ἐδραΐαν ῥάχιν·
 θείνοντε δ' οὐρᾶ πωλικῆς ῥινόυ τρίχα,
 ἤλαυνον, αἱ δ' ἔρρεγκον ἐξ ἀρτηριῶν
 θυμὸν πνέουσαι κἀνεχαίτιζον φόβην.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀμύνων θήρας ἐξεγείρομαι
 πώλοισιν· ἔννυχος γὰρ ἐξώρμα φόβος.
 790 κλύω δ' ἐπάρας κράτα μυχθισμὸν νεκρῶν.
 θερμὸς δὲ κρουνὸς δεσπότητος παρὰ σφαγαῖς
 βάλλει με δυσθνητοῦντος αἵματος νέου.
 ὀρθὸς δ' ἀνάσσω χειρὶ σὺν κενῇ δορός.
 καὶ μ' ἔγχος ἀυγάζοντα καὶ θηρώμενον
 παίει παραστὰς νεῖραν εἰς πλευρὰν ξίφει
 ἀνὴρ ἀκμάζων· φασγάνου γὰρ ἠσθόμην
 πληγῆς, βαθείαν ἄλοκα τραύματος λαβῶν.
 πίπτω δὲ πρηνῆς· οἱ δ' ὄχημα πωλικὸν
 λαβόντες ἵππων ἴεσαν φυγῇ πόδα.
 ᾄ ᾄ.
 800 ὀδύνη με τείρει, κούκέτ' ὀρθοῦμαι τάλας.
 καὶ συμφορὰν μὲν οἶδ' ὀρώων, τροπῶ δ' ὄτφ
 τεθνήσιν οἱ θανόντες οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι,
 οὐδ' ἐξ ὁποίας χειρός. εἰκάσαι δέ μοι
 πάρεστι λυπρὰ πρὸς φίλων πεπονθέναι.

RHESUS

Then spied I twain that prowled around our host
Through the thick gloom; but, soon as I bestirred
me,

They cowered low, and straight drew back again.
I cried to them to come not near our host,—
Deeming some thieves from our allies drew nigh :—
Nought said they ; neither added I thereto,
But to my couch went back and slept again.
And in my sleep a vision nightmared me :— 780
The steeds I tended, and at Rhesus' side
Drave in the car, I saw as in a dream
Mounted of wolves that rode upon their backs ;
And with their tails these lashed the horses' flanks,
Scourging them on. They snorted, and outbreathed
Rage from their nostrils, tossing high their manes.
I, even in act to save from those fierce things
The steeds, woke : the night-horror smote me
awake.

Then death-moans, as I raised my head, I heard ;
And new-shed blood hot-welling plashed on me 790
As by my murdered lord's death-throes I lay.
Upright I leapt, with never a spear in hand.
But, as I peered and groped to find my lance,
From hard by came a sword-thrust 'neath my ribs
From some strong man—strong, for I felt the blade
Strike home, felt that deep furrow of the gash.
Face-down I fell : the chariot and the steeds
The robbers took, and fled into the night.
Ah me ! Ah me !

Pain racketh me—O wretch ! I cannot stand.
What ill befell I know—I saw it. How 800
The slain men perished, this I cannot tell,
Nor by what hand ; but this do I divine—
Fouly have they been dealt with by allies.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἠνίοχε Θρηκὸς τοῦ κακῶς πεπραγόντος,
μηδὲν δύσοιζ' οὐ πολεμίους δρᾶσαι τάδε.
Ἐκτωρ δὲ καυτὸς συμφορᾶς πεπυσμένος
χωρεῖ συναλγεί δ', ὡς ἔοικε, σοῖς κακοῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πῶς οἱ μέγιστα πῆματ' ἐξεργασμένοι
μολόντες ὑμᾶς πολεμίῳν κατάσκοποι
810 λήθουσιν αἰσχρῶς, καὶ κατεσφάγη στρατός,
κοῦτ' εἰσιόντας στρατόπεδ' ἐξαπώσατε
οὔτ' ἐξιόντας; τῶνδε τίς δώσει δίκην
πλὴν σου; σὲ γὰρ δὴ φύλακά φημ' εἶναι στρατοῦ
φρούδοι δ' ἄπληκτοι, τῇ Φρυγῶν κακανδρία
πόλλ' ἐγγελῶντες τῷ στρατηλάτῃ τ' ἐμοί.
εὔ νυν τόδ' ἴστε, Ζεὺς ὁμώμοσται πατήρ,
ἦτοι μάραγνά γ' ἠ̄ καραμιστῆς μόρος
μένει σε δρῶντα τοιάδ', ἠ̄ τὸν Ἐκτορα
τὸ μηδὲν εἶναι καὶ κακὸν νομίζετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

820 ἰὼ ἰώ,
μέγ' ἄρ' ἐμοὶ μέγ', ὦ πολίοχον κράτος, ἀντ.
κακὸν ἔμολεν, ὅτε σοι
ἄγγελος ἦλθον,
ἀμφὶ ναῦς πύρ' αἰθεῖν Ἀργείων στρατόν·

ἐπεὶ ἄγρυπνον ὄμμ' ἐν εὐφρόνῃ
οὔτ' ἐκοίμισ' οὔτ' ἔβριξ',
οὐ τὰς Σιμοεντιάδας πηγᾶς· μή μοι
κόπον, ὦ ἄνα, θῆς· ἀναίτιος γὰρ
ἔγωγε πάντων.

RHESUS

CHORUS

O charioteer of Thracia's lord ill-starred,
Never suspect of this deed thine allies.
Lo, Hector's self, who hath heard of your mischance,
Comes: in thine ills he sorroweth, as beseems.

Enter HECTOR.

HECTOR

How passed the men who wrought this direst scathe—
Spies from the foemen—passed unmarked of you,
For your shame, and for slaughter of the host, 810
Nor ye withstood them entering the camp,
Nor going forth? Shall any smart for this
Save thee?—for thou wast warder of the host.
They are gone, unsmitten!—gone, with many a scoff
At Phrygian cowardice and me, your chief!
Now know this well—by father Zeus 'tis sworn—
Surely the scourge, or doom of headsmen's axe
Awaits thee for this work: else reckon thou
Hector a thing of nought, a craven wretch.

CHORUS

(Ant. to Str. 454-466)

Woe for me! terrible evil, ah terrible, lighted on me 820
When with my tidings I came, O thou warder of Troy,
unto thee,—
Tidings of beacon-fires lit through the Argive array
by the sea.

Yet have I suffered the night not to drop from her
slumberous wing
Sleep on mine eyelids—I swear it by holiest Simois'
spring!
Let not thine anger against me be hot, who am
guiltless, O King!

830 ἦν δὲ χρόνῳ παράκαιρον ἔργον ἢ λόγον
 πύθῃ, κατὰ με γὰς
 ζῶντα πόρευσον· οὐ παραιτούμαι.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

τί τοῖσδ' ἀπειλεῖς, βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρου
 γνώμην ὑφαιρεῖ τὴν ἐμήν, πλέκων λόγους ;
 σὺ ταῦτ' ἔδρασας· οὐδέν' ἂν δεξαίμεθα
 οὔθ' οἱ παθόντες οὔτ' ἂν οἱ τετρωμένοι
 ἄλλον· μακροῦ γε δεῖ σε καὶ σοφοῦ λόγου,
 ὅτῳ με πείσεις μὴ φίλους κατακτανεῖν,
 ἵππων ἐρασθεῖς, ὧν ἕκατι συμμάχους
 840 τοὺς σοὺς φονεύεις, πόλλ' ἐπισκῆπτων μολεῖν.
 ἦλθον, τεθνᾶσιν· εὐπρεπέστερον Πάρις
 ξενίαν κατήσχυν' ἢ σὺ συμμάχους κτανῶν.
 μὴ γάρ τι λέξης ὥς τις Ἀργείων μολῶν
 διώλεσ' ἡμᾶς· τίς ἂν ὑπερβαλὼν λόχους
 Τρώων ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ἦλθεν, ὥστε καὶ λαθεῖν ;
 σὺ πρόσθεν ἡμῶν ἦσο καὶ Φρυγῶν στρατός.
 τίς οὖν τέτρωται, τίς τέθνηκε συμμάχων
 τῶν σῶν, μολόντων ὧν σὺ πολεμίων λέγεις ;
 ἡμεῖς δὲ καὶ τετρώμεθ', οἱ δὲ μείζονα
 850 παθόντες οὐχ ὀρώσιν ἡλίου φάος.
 ἀπλῶς δ' Ἀχαιῶν οὐδέν' αἰτιώμεθα.
 τίς δ' ἂν χαμέυνας πολεμίων κατ' εὐφρόνην
 Ῥήσου μολῶν ἐξηῦρεν, εἰ μὴ τις θεῶν
 ἔφραζε τοῖς κτανούσιν ; οὐδ' ἀφιγμένον
 τὸ πάμπαν ἦσαν· ἀλλὰ μηχανᾶ τάδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρόνον μὲν ἤδη συμμάχοισι χρώμεθα
 ὅσον περ ἐν γῆ τῆδ' Ἀχαϊκὸς λεῶς,
 κούδεν πρὸς αὐτῶν οἶδα πλημμελὲς κλύων

RHESUS

Then, if hereafter, as time runneth on, or in word or
 in deed 830
 Ever thou find me transgressing, O then to the grave
 do thou speed [I plead.
 Me,—yea, alive to go down to the pit; nor for mercy

CHARIOTEER

Why threaten these, and strive, barbarian thou,
 To cozen barbarian wit with glozing speech?
 Thine was this murder! None save thee the dead,
 Or wounded living, shall account thereof
 Guilty! Long speech and subtle shalt thou need
 To make me think thou murderedst not thy friends,
 As coveting the steeds, for which thou slayest
 Allies whose coming was so straitly urged. 840
 They came—they are dead! More seemly Paris
 shamed

Guest-faith, than thou, who murderedst thine allies!
 Nay, never tell me 'twas some Argive came
 And slew us! Who could through the Trojan lines
 Have passed, and won to us, unmarked of them?
 Before us camped were thou and Phrygia's host:—
 Of *thy* friends who was wounded then, who slain,
 When came the foes whereof thou tellest us?
 We—some are wounded, some have suffered scathe
 More deadly, and the sun's light see no more. 850

In plain words, no Achaean we accuse.
 Who of the foe had come, and in the night
 Found Rhesus' couch—except a very God
 Guided the slayers? They not even knew
 That he had come! O nay, this plot is thine.

HECTOR

Long time have I had dealings with allies,
 Long as Achaean folk have trod my land;
 Nor ever bare I ill report of them.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

- 860 ἐν σοὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀρχώμεσθα ; μή μ' ἔρωσ ἔλοι
 τοιοῦτος ἵππων ὥστ' ἀποκτείνειν φίλους.
 καὶ ταῦτ' Ὀδυσσέως· τίς γὰρ ἄλλος ἂν ποτε
 ἔδρασεν ἢ βούλευσεν Ἀργείων ἀνὴρ ;
 δέδοικα δ' αὐτὸν καὶ τί μου θράσσει φρένας,
 μὴ καὶ Δόλωνα συντυχῶν κατέκτανεν·
 χρόνον γὰρ ἤδη φρούδος ὦν οὐ φαίνεται.
- ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
- οὐκ οἶδα τοὺς σοὺς οὐς λέγεις Ὀδυσσέας·
 ἡμεῖς δ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οὐδενὸς πεπλήγμεθα.
- ΕΚΤΩΡ
- σὺ δ' οὖν νόμιζε ταῦτ', ἐπείπερ σοι δοκεῖ.
- ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
- ὦ γαῖα πατρίς, πῶς ἂν ἐνθάνοιμί σοι ;
- ΕΚΤΩΡ
- 870 μὴ θνήσχ'· ἄλλισ γὰρ τῶν τεθνηκότων ὄχλος.
- ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
- ποῖ δὴ τράπωμαι δεσποτῶν μονούμενος ;
- ΕΚΤΩΡ
- οἶκός σε κεύθων οὐμὸς ἐξιάσεται.
- ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
- καὶ πῶς με κηδεύσουσιν αὐθεντῶν χέρες ;
- ΕΚΤΩΡ
- ὄδ' αὖ τὸν αὐτὸν μῦθον οὐ λήξει λέγων.
- ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ
- ὄλοιθ' ὁ δράσας. οὐ γὰρ εἰς σὲ τείνεται
 γλῶσσ', ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς· ἡ Δίκη δ' ἐπίσταται.
- ΕΚΤΩΡ
- 880 λάζυσθ'· ἄγοντες δ' αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους ἐμούς,
 οὕτως ὅπως ἂν μὴ ἴγκαλῆ πορσύνετε·
 ὑμᾶς δ' ἰόντας τοῖσιν ἐν τείχει χρεῶν
 Πριάμῳ τε καὶ γέρουσι σημήναι νεκροῦς
 θάπτειν κελεύειν λεωφόρου πρὸς ἔκτροπάς.

RHESUS

With thee should I begin? May no such lust
 For steeds take me, that I should slay my friends! 860
 This is Odysseus' work—for who beside
 Of Argives had devised or wrought such deed?
 I fear him, and my mind misgives me sore
 Lest he have met our Dolon too, and slain.
 Long time hath he been gone, nor yet appears.

CHARIOTEER

I know not thine Odysseus, whom thou nam'st.
 I have been smitten by no alien foe.

HECTOR

Then think thou so, if this to thee seem good.

CHARIOTEER

Land of my fathers, O to die in thee!

HECTOR

Die not: suffice this multitude of dead. 870

CHARIOTEER

Ah, whither turn me, of my lord bereft?

HECTOR

Shelter and healing shall mine own house give thee.

CHARIOTEER

How shall the hands of murderers tend mine hurts?

HECTOR

This man will cease not telling the same tale.

CHARIOTEER

Perish the doer! Not at thee my tongue
 Hurls this, as plains thy pride:—but Justice knows.

HECTOR (*to attendants*)

Ye, take him up and bear him to mine house.

So tend him that he shall not slander us.

And ye must go to those upon the wall,

To Priam and our elders, bidding them

Bury the slain beside the public way. 880

[*Exeunt bearers with* CHARIOTEER.]

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί ποτ' εὐτυχίας ἐκ τῆς μεγάλης
Τροίαν ἀνάγει πάλιν εἰς πένθος
δαίμων ἄλλος, τί φυτεύων ;

ἔα ἔα. ὦ ὦ.

τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεός, ὦ βασιλεῦ,
τὸν νεόδμητον νεκρὸν ἐν χειροῖν
φοράδην πέμπει ;
ταρβῶ λεύσσω τόδε φάσμα.

ΜΟΥΣΑ

890 ὄρᾱν πάρεστι, Τρῶες· ἡ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς
τιμὰς ἔχουσα Μοῦσα, συγγόνων μία,
πάρειμι, παῖδα τόνδ' ὀρώσ' οἰκτρῶς φίλου
θανόνθ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν· ὄν ποθ' ὁ κτείνας χρόνῳ
δόλιος Ὀδυσσεὺς ἀξίαν τίσει δίκην.

ἰαλέμῳ ἀϋθιγενεῖ, στρ.
τέκνον, σ' ὀλοφύρομαι, ὦ
ματρὸς ἄλγος, οἶαν
ἔκελσας ὁδὸν ποτὶ Τροίαν,
ἢ δυσδαίμονα καὶ μελέαν,
900 ἀπομεμφομένας ἐμοῦ πορευθεῖς,
ἀπὸ δ' ἀντομένου πατρός, βιαίως.
ὦμοι ἐγὼ σέθεν, ὦ φιλία
φιλία κεφαλὰ, τέκνον, ὦμοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσον προσήκει μὴ γένους κοινωνίαν
ἔχοντι, καὶ γὰρ τὸν σὸν οἰκτείρω γόνον.

RHESUS

CHORUS

Wherefore from heights of victory
Doth Fortune drag down Troy unto woe—
Fortune estranged? What purposeth she?

(The MUSE appears above the stage with RHESUS in her arms.)

Ho ye!—lo there!—what ho!
What God overhead, O King, doth appear,
In whose hands is the corpse of the newly dead
Borne as it were on a bier?
I quail as I look on the vision of dread.

MUSE

Trojans, fear not to look: the Muse am I, 890
One of the Song-queens, honoured of the wise.
My dear son I behold in piteous sort
Slain by his foes. One day shall he who slew,
Guileful Odysseus, pay fit penalty.

(Raises the death-dirge.)

In moans that of no strange lips I borrow, *(Str.)*
O son, my sorrow,
I wail for thee.
What woefullest journey was thine, thy faring
Of ill-starred daring
To Troy oversea, 900
Despite my warning, thy father's pleading!
Dear head!—O bleeding
Heart of me!

CHORUS

So far as one may take on him who hath
No tie of kinship, I too wail thy son.

ὄλοιτο μὲν Οἰνεΐδας,
 ὄλοιτο δὲ Λαρτιάδας,
 ὅς μ' ἄπαιδα γέννας
 ἔθηκεν ἀριστοτόκοιο·
 910 ἃ θ' Ἑλλανα λιποῦσα δόμον
 Φρυγίων λεχέων ἔπλευσε πλαθεῖσ
 ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ ὤλεσε μὲν σ' ἕκατι¹ Τροίας,
 φίλτατε, μυριάδας τε πόλεις
 ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἐκέκωσεν.

ἦ πολλὰ μὲν ζῶν, πολλὰ δ' εἰς "Αἰδου μολῶν,
 Φιλάμμονος παῖ, τῆς ἐμῆς ἠψω φρενός·
 ὕβρις γάρ, ἢ σ' ἔσφηλε, καὶ Μουσῶν ἔρις
 τεκεῖν μ' ἔθηκε τόνδε δύστηνον γόνον.
 920 περῶσα γὰρ δὴ ποταμίους διὰ ῥοὰς
 λέκτροις ἐπλάθην Στρυμόνος φυταλμίους,
 ὅτ' ἦλθομεν γῆς χρυσόβωλον ἐς λέπας
 Πάγγαιον ὀργάνοισιν ἐξησηκῆναι
 Μοῦσαι μεγίστην εἰς ἔριν μελωδίας
 δεινῶ σοφιστῇ Θρηκί, κάτυφλώσαμεν
 Θάμυριν, ὃς ἡμῶν πόλλ' ἐδέυνασεν τέχνην.
 κάπει σὲ τίκτω, συγγόνους αἰδουμένη
 καὶ παρθευείαν, ἦκ' ἐς εὐύδρου πατρὸς
 δίνας· τρέφειν δέ σ' οὐ βρότειον ἐς χέρα
 Στρυμῶν δίδωσιν, ἀλλὰ πηγαίαις κόραις.
 930 ἐνθ' ἐκτραφεῖς κάλλιστα παρθένων ὕπο,
 Θρηκῆς ἀνάσσων πρῶτος ἦσθ' ἀνδρῶν, τέκνον.
 καὶ σ' ἀμφὶ γῆν μὲν πατρίαν φιλαιμάτους
 ἀλκὰς κορύσσοντ' οὐκ ἐδείμαινον θανεῖν,
 Τροίας δ' ἀπηύδων ἄστνυ μὴ κέλσαι ποτέ,
 εἰδυῖα τὸν σὸν πότμον· ἀλλὰ σ' Ἔκτορος

¹ Bruhn : for σὲ κατὰ of MSS.

RHESUS

MUSE

Curse ye, Odysseus and Oineus' scion, (*Ant.*)
 Through whom I cry on
 My noble dead !

Curse her, who voyaged from Hellas over 910
 To a Phrygian lover,
 A wanton's bed,

Who for Troy's sake hath widowed homes without
 number,
 And bowed thee in slumber
 Of death, dear head !

Sore hast thou wrung mine heart, Philammon's
 son,

In life, and since to Hades thou hast passed.

Thine overweening, ruinous rivalry
 With Muses, made me bear this hapless child.

For, as I waded through the river's flow,
 Lo, I was clasped in Strymon's fruitful couch, 920

What time we came unto Pangaeus' ridge,
 Whose dust is gold, with flute and lyre arrayed,

We Muses, for great strife of minstrelsy
 With Thracia's cunning bard ; and we made blind
 Thamyris, who full oft had mocked our skill.

And, when I bare thee, shamed before my sisters,
 And for my maidenhead, down thy sire's fair swirls

I cast thee ; and to nurse thee Strymon chose
 Arms of no mortal, but the Fountain-maids.

There reared in glorious fashion by the Nymphs, 930
 Thou ruledst Thrace, a king of men, my child.

While through thy native land thou didst achieve
 Great deeds of war, I feared not for thy life ;

But still I warned thee never to fare to Troy,
 Knowing thy doom ; but Hector's embassies,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

940 πρεσβεύμαθ' αἴ τε μυρίαί γερουσίαι
 ἔπεισαν ἔλθειν κάπικουρῆσαι φίλοις.
 σὺ τοῦδ', Ἀθάνα, παντὸς αἰτία μόρου,
 οὐδὲν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς οὐδ' ὁ Τυδέως τόκος
 ἔδρασε δράσας· μὴ δόκει λεληθέναι.
 καίτοι πόλιν σὴν σύγγονοι πρεσβεύομεν
 Μοῦσαι μάλιστα κάπιχρώμεθα χθονί,
 μυστηρίων τε τῶν ἀπορρήτων φανὰς
 ἔδειξεν Ὀρφεύς, αὐτανέψιος νεκροῦ
 τοῦδ' ὄν κατακτείνεις σὺ Μουσαῖόν τε σὸν
 σεμνὸν πολίτην κάπῃ πλείστον ἄνδρ' ἕνα
 ἐλθόντα, Φοῖβος σύγγονοί τ' ἠσκήσαμεν.
 καὶ τῶνδε μισθὸν παῖδ' ἔχουσ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις
 θρηνώ· σοφιστὴν δ' ἄλλον οὐκ ἐπάξομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

950 μάτην ἄρ' ἡμᾶς Θρήκιος τροχηλάτης
 ἐδένασ', Ἐκτορ, τῷδε βουλευσαί φόνου.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἤδη τάδ'· οὐδὲν μάντεων ἔδει φράσαι
 Ὀδυσσέως τέχναισι τόνδ' ὀλωλότα.
 ἐγὼ δὲ γῆς ἔφεδρον Ἑλλήνων στρατὸν
 λεύσσω, τί μὴν ἔμελλον οὐ πέμψειν φίλοις
 κήρυκας, ἔλθειν κάπικουρῆσαι χθονί ;
 ἔπεμψ'· ὀφείλων δ' ἦλθε συμπονεῖν ἐμοί.
 οὐ μὴν θανόντι γ' οὐδαμῶς συνήδομαι.
 960 καὶ νῦν ἔτοιμος τῷδε καὶ τεύξαι τάφον
 καὶ ξυμπυρῶσαι μυρίων πέπλων χλιδὴν·
 φίλος γὰρ ἐλθὼν δυστυχῶς ἀπέρχεται.

ΜΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ εἶσι γαίας εἰς μέλαγχιμον πέδον·
 τοσόνδε νύμφην τὴν ἔνερθ' αἰτήσομαι
 τῆς καρποποιοῦ παῖδα Δήμητρος θεᾶς,

RHESUS

And messages untold that elders bare,
Wrought on thee to set forth to aid thy friends.
Athena, thou art cause of all this doom !
Naught did Odysseus, neither Tydeus' son,
With all their doings :—think not I am blind ! 940
And yet thine Athens we with honour crown :
My sister Song-queens chiefly haunt thy land ;
And the torch-march of those veiled Mysteries
Did Orpheus teach her, cousin of the dead—
This dead, whom thou hast slain ! Musaeus too,
Thy citizen revered, the chiefest bard
Of men, him Phoebus and the Muses trained :—
And this my meed !—with arms clasped round
my son
I wail ! No new sage will I bring to thee.

CHORUS

Falsely then Thracia's charioteer reviled 950
Us, Hector, as the plotters of his death.

HECTOR

I knew it : need was none of seers to tell
That this man perished by Odysseus' craft.
And how could I, beholding Hellas' host
Camped on this soil, but send mine heralds forth
To friends, to bid them come and help our land ?
I sent them ; and he came, who owed me aid.
Ah, little joy have I to see him dead !
Ready am I to rear him now a tomb,
And to burn with him splendour of countless robes. 960
A friend he came, in sorrow goeth hence.

MUSE

He shall not into earth's dark lap go down ;
With such strong crying will I pray Hell's Queen,
Child of Demeter Lady of earth's increase,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

- ψυχὴν ἀνεῖναι τοῦδ'· ὀφειλέτις δέ μοι
 τοὺς Ὀρφέως τιμῶσα φαίνεσθαι φίλους.
 κὰμοι μὲν ὡς θανῶν τε κοῦ λεύσσω φάος
 ἔσται τὸ λοιπόν· οὐ γὰρ ἐς ταῦτόν ποτε
 970 ἔτ' εἶσιν οὐδὲ μητρὸς ὄψεται δέμας,
 κρυπτὸς δ' ἐν ἄντροις τῆς ὑπαργύρου χθονὸς
 ἀνθρωποδαίμων κείσεται βλέπων φάος,
 Βάκχου προφήτης ὥστε Παγγαίου πέτραν
 ὄκησε σεμνὸς τοῖσιν εἰδόσιν θεός.
 ῥᾶον δὲ πένθος τῆς θαλασσίας θεοῦ
 οἶσω· θανεῖν γὰρ καὶ τὸν ἐκ κείνης χρεῶν.
 θρήνοις δ' ἀδελφαὶ πρῶτα μὲν σ' ὑμνήσομεν,
 ἔπειτ' Ἀχιλλῆ Θετίδος ἐν πένθει ποτέ.
 οὐ ῥύσεται ἰὼν Παλλάς, ἢ σ' ἀπέκτανε·
 τοῖον φαρέτρα Λοξίου σφῆζει βέλος.
 980 ὦ παιδοποιοὶ συμφοραί, πόνοι βροτῶν,
 ὡς ὅστις ὑμᾶς μὴ κακῶς λογίζεται,
 ἅπαις διοίσει κοῦ τεκῶν θάψει τέκνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗτος μὲν ἤδη μητρὶ κηδεύειν μέλει·
 σὺ δ' εἴ τι πρῦσσειν τῶν προκειμένων θέλεις,
 Ἔκτορ, πάρεστι· φῶς γὰρ ἡμέρας τόδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

- 990 χωρεῖτε, συμμάχους θ' ὀπλίζεσθαι τάχος
 ἀνωχθε, πληροῦν τ' αὐχένας ξυνωρίδων.
 πανοὺς δ' ἔχοντας χρῆ μένειν Τυρσηνικῆς
 σάλπιγγος αὐδῆν· ὡς ὑπερβαλὼν τάφρον
 τείχη τ' Ἀχαιῶν ναυσὶν αἶθρον ἐμβαλεῖν
 πέποιθα Τρωσὶ θ' ἡμέραν ἐλευθέραν
 ἀκτίνα τὴν στείχουσαν ἡλίου φέρειν.

RHESUS

To grant his soul release. My debtor is she
To show that yet she honours Orpheus' friends.
Yet to me as one dead, that sees not light,
Henceforth shall he be : never shall he come
To meet me more, nor see his mother's form.
In caverns of the silver-veined land 970
A god-man shall he lie, beholding light,
As Bacchus' prophet 'neath Pangaeus' rock
Dwelt, god revered of them that knew the truth.
More lightly now the grief of that Sea-queen
Shall fall on me : for her son too must die.
Thee first we Sisters will with dirges hymn,
Achilles then, in Thetis' hour of grief.
Not him shall Pallas save, who murdered thee,
Such shaft doth Loxias' quiver keep for him.
Ah, woes of mothers ! Miseries of men ! 980
Yea, whoso taketh true account of you
Childless will live, nor bear sons for the grave.
[Exit.

CHORUS

Now are the King's death-rites his mother's care.
But if thou wilt do work that lies to hand,
Hector, 'tis time ; for yonder dawns the day.

HECTOR

Depart ye : bid our comrades straightway arm,
And lay the yokes upon the car-steeds' necks.
Then torch in hand must ye await the blast
Of Tuscan clarion ; for I trust to press 990
Over their trench, their walls, and fire the ships
Achaean, and to bring in freedom's day
For Troy with yonder sun's uprising beams.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πείθου βασιλεῖ· στείχωμεν ὄπλοις
κοσμησάμενοι καὶ ξυμμαχία
τάδε φράζωμεν· τάχα δ' ἂν νίκην
δοίη δαίμων ὁ μεθ' ἡμῶν.

RHESUS

CHORUS

Give heed to the King: now march we in war's array,
And tell unto them that with Troy be allied
These things. May the God give triumph to us
straightway

Who fights on our side.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]

HERCUBA

LETTERS

1871

Now back to the A. B. C. now we have to learn to write
and will write them first with the pen which
these things. For the first time brought to us
straightway.
Who lights on our side.
[Handwritten notes]

HECUBA

HECUBA

ARGUMENT

WHEN *Troy* was taken by the Greeks, *Hecuba*, the wife of *Priam*, and her daughters, *Cassandra* the prophetess, and *Polyxena*, with the other women of *Troy*, were made slaves, being portioned among the victors, so that *Cassandra* became the concubine of *Agamemnon*. But *Polydorus*, the youngest of *Priam's* sons, had long ere this been sent, with much treasure of gold, for safe keeping to his father's friend, *Polymestor* king of *Thrace*, so that his mother had one consolation of hope amidst her afflictions. Now the host of *Greece* could not straightway sail home, because to the spirit of their dead hero *Achilles* was given power to hold the winds from blowing, till meet sacrifice were rendered to him, even a maiden of *Troy*, most beautiful of the seed royal; and for this they chose *Polyxena*. And now king *Polymestor*, lusting for the gold, and fearing no vengeance of man, slew his ward, the lad *Polydorus*, and flung his body into the sea, so that it was in process of time cast up by the waves on the shore whereby was the camp of the Greeks, and was brought to *Hecuba*. And herein are told the sorrow of *Hecuba* and her revenge.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΠΟΛΥΔΩΡΟΤ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Phantom of POLYDORUS, *son of Priam King of Troy, and Hecuba.*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam, and mother of Polydorus and Polyxena.*

POLYXENA, *youngest daughter of Priam and Hecuba.*

ODYSSEUS, *chiefest in subtlety of the Greeks, King of Ithaca.*

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of King Agamemnon.*

AGAMEMNON, *King of Mycenae, and captain of the host of Greece.*

POLYMESTOR, *King of Eastern Thrace, which is called the Chersonese.*

HANDMAID *of Hecuba.*

CHORUS *of captive Trojan women.*

Attendants, Greek and Thracian guards, captive women.

SCENE :—*Before Agamemnon's tent in the camp of the Greeks on the coast of the Thracian Chersonese.*

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΔΩΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ

Ηκω νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ σκότου πύλας
 λιπῶν, ἴν' Ἄιδης χωρὶς ᾄκισται θεῶν,
 Πολύδωρος, Ἐκάβης παῖς γεγῶς τῆς Κισσέως
 Πριάμου τε πατρός, ὅς μ', ἐπεὶ Φρυγῶν πόλι
 κίνδυνος ἔσχε δορὶ πεσεῖν Ἑλληνικῶ,
 δείσας ὑπεξέπεμψε Τρωικῆς χθονὸς
 Πολυμήστορος πρὸς δῶμα Θρηκίου ξένου,
 ὃς τὴν ἀρίστην Χερσονησίαν πλάκα
 σπείρει, φίλιππον λαὸν εὐθύνων δορί.
 10 πολὺν δὲ σὺν ἐμοὶ χρυσὸν ἐκπέμπει λάθρα
 πατήρ, ἴν', εἴ ποτ' Ἰλίου τείχη πέσοι,
 τοῖς ζῶσιν εἶη παισὶ μὴ σπάνις βίου.
 νεώτατος δ' ἦν Πριαμιδῶν, ὃ καὶ με γῆς
 ὑπεξέπεμψεν· οὔτε γὰρ φέρειν ὄπλα
 οὔτ' ἔγχος οἶός τ' ἦν νέω βραχίονι.
 ἕως μὲν οὖν γῆς ὄρθ' ἔκειθ' ὀρίσματα,
 πύργοι τ' ἄθραυστοι Τρωικῆς ἦσαν χθονός,
 "Εκτωρ τ' ἀδελφὸς οὐμὸς ἠντύχει δορί,
 20 καλῶς παρ' ἀνδρὶ Θρηκὶ πατρώω ξένω
 τροφαῖσιν ὡς τις πτόρθος ἠϋξόμην τάλας.

HECUBA

The phantom of POLYDORUS appears hovering over the tent of Agamemnon.

POLYDORUS

I come from vaults of death, from gates of
darkness,

Where from the Gods aloof doth Hades dwell,
Polydorus, born of Hecuba, Cisseus' child,
And Priam, who, when peril girt the town
Of Phrygians, by the spear of Greece to fall,
In fear from Troyland privily sent me forth
To Polymestor's halls, his Thracian friend,
Lord of the fair tilth-lands of Chersonese,
Who with the spear rules that horse-loving folk.
And secretly with me my sire sent forth
Much gold, that, should the towers of Ilium fall,
His sons yet living might not beggared be.
Youngest of Priam's house was I: for this
He sent me forth the land, whose youthful arm
Availed not or to sway the shield or spear.
So, while unbowed the land's defences stood,
And yet unshattered were the towers of Troy,
While triumphed yet my brother Hector's spear,
Fair-nurtured by the Thracian, my sire's friend,
Like some young sapling grew I—hapless I'

10

20

ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροία θ' Ἐκτορός τ' ἀπόλλυται
 ψυχῇ, πατρώα θ' ἐστία κατεσκάφη,
 αὐτὸς δὲ βωμῶ πρὸς θεοδμήτῳ πίτνει
 σφαγεῖς Ἀχιλλέως παιδὸς ἐκ μαιφόνου,
 κτείνει με χρυσοῦ τὸν ταλαίπωρον χάριν
 ξένος πατρώος καὶ κτανῶν ἐς οἶδμ' ἄλως
 μεθῆχ', ἵν' αὐτὸς χρυσὸν ἐν δόμοις ἔχη.
 κεῖμαι δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς, ἄλλοτ' ἐν πόντου σάλῳ,
 πολλοῖς διαύλοις κυμάτων φορούμενος,
 30 ἄκλαυστος, ἄταφος· νῦν δ' ὑπὲρ μητρὸς φίλης
 Ἐκάβης αἴσσω, σῶμ' ἐρημόσας ἐμόν,
 τριταῖον ἤδη φέγγος αἰωρούμενος,
 ὅσονπερ ἐν γῆ τῆδε Χερσονησίᾳ
 μήτηρ ἐμὴ δύστηνος ἐκ Τροίας πάρα.
 πάντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ναῦς ἔχοντες ἤσυχoi
 θάσσουσ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τῆσδε Θρηκίας χθονός·
 ὁ Πηλέως γὰρ παῖς ὑπὲρ τύμβου φανείς
 κατέσχ' Ἀχιλλεὺς πᾶν στράτευμ' Ἑλληνικόν,
 πρὸς οἶκον εὐθύνοντας ἐναλίαν πλάτην·
 40 αἰτεῖ δ' ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἐμὴν Πολυξέην
 τύμβῳ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ γέρας λαβεῖν.
 καὶ τεύξεται τοῦδ', οὐδ' ἀδώρητος φίλων
 ἔσται πρὸς ἀνδρῶν ἢ πεπρωμένη δ' ἄγει
 θανεῖν ἀδελφὴν τῶδ' ἐμὴν ἐν ἡματι.
 δυοῖν δὲ παῖδοιν δύο νεκρῶ κατόψεται
 μήτηρ, ἐμοῦ τε τῆς τε δυστήνου κόρης.
 φανήσομαι γάρ, ὡς τάφου τλήμων τύχω,
 δούλης ποδῶν πάροιθεν ἐν κλυδωνίῳ.
 τοὺς γὰρ κάτω σθένοντας ἐξητησάμην
 50 τύμβου κυρῆσαι κεῖς χέρας μητρὸς πεσεῖν.
 τοῦμόν μὲν οὖν ὅσονπερ ἤθελον τυχεῖν
 ἔσται γεραία δ' ἐκποδῶν χωρήσομαι

HECUBA

But when Troy perished, perished Hector's soul,
 And my sire's hearths were made a desolation,
 And himself at the god-built altar fell
 Slain by Achilles' son, the murder-stained,
 Then me for that gold's sake my father's friend
 Slew, and the slaughtered wretch mid sea-surge
 cast,

That in his halls himself might keep the gold.
 Now, on the beach I welter, surf-borne now
 Drift on the racing waves' recoil and rush,
 Tombless, unwept. O'er my dear mother's head 30
 Now flit I, leaving tenantless my body.

This is the third day that I hover so,
 Even all the time that in this Chersonese
 My hapless mother tarrieth, haled from Troy.
 And all the Achaeans idle with their ships
 Sit on the beaches of this Thracian land.
 For Peleus' son above his tomb appeared,
 And all the Hellenic host Achilles stayed,
 Even as they homeward aimed the brine-dipt oar, 40
 And claimed for his Polyxena my sister,
 For sacrifice and honour to his tomb;
 Yea, and shall win, nor of his hero-friends
 Giftless shall be. And Fate is leading on
 Unto her death my sister on this day.

And of two children shall my mother see
 Two corpses, mine, and that her hapless daughter's.
 For I, to gain a tomb, will—wretch—appear
 Before her handmaid's feet amidst the surge.
 For with the Lords of Death have I prevailed
 'Twixt mother-hands to fall, and win a tomb. 50
 Accomplished shall be all for which I longed.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

Ἐκάβη· περᾶ γὰρ ἦδ' ὑπὸ σκηνῆς πόδα
 Ἄγαμέμνονος, φάντασμα δειμαίνουσ' ἐμόν.

φεῦ·

ὦ μῆτερ, ἥτις ἐκ τυραννικῶν δόμων
 δούλειον ἡμαρ εἶδες, ὡς πράσσεις κακῶς
 ὅσον περ εὐ ποτ'· ἀντισηκώσας δέ σε
 φθείρει θεῶν τις τῆς πάροιθ' εὐπραξίας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 60 ἄγετ', ὦ παῖδες, τὴν γραῦν πρὸ δόμων,
 ἄγετ' ὀρθοῦσαι τὴν ὀμόδουλον,
 Τρωάδες, ὑμῖν, πρόσθε δ' ἄνασσαν.
 λάβετε, φέρετε, πέμπετ', αἰείρετέ μου
 γεραιᾶς χειρὸς προσλαζύμεναι·
 καγὼ σκολιῷ σκίπωνι χερὸς
 διεριδομένα σπεύσω βραδύπουν
 ἤλυσιν ἄρθρων προτιθείσα.
 70 ὦ στεροπὰ Διός, ὦ σκοτία νύξ,
 τί ποτ' αἶρομαι ἔννυχος οὔτω
 δείμασι, φάσμασιν; ὦ πότνια Χθῶν,
 μελανοπτερύγων μᾶτερ ὀνείρων,
 ἀποπέμπομαι ἔννυχον ὄψιν,
 ἦν περὶ παιδὸς ἐμοῦ τοῦ σφζομένου κατὰ
 Θρήκην
 ἀμφὶ Πολυξείνης τε φίλης θυγατρὸς δι'
 ὀνείρων
 φοβερὰν ὄψιν ἔμαθον, ἐδάην.
 ὦ χθόνιοι θεοί, σώσατε παιδ' ἐμόν,

HECUBA

But agèd Hecuba's sight will I avoid ;
 For forth of Agamemnon's tent she sets
 Her feet, appalled by this my ghostly phantom.

HECUBA, dressed as a slave, and supported by fellow-captives, appears coming out of Agamemnon's tent.

Mother, who after royal halls hast seen
 The day of thralldom, how thy depth of woe
 Equals thine height of weal ! A God bears down
 The scale with olden bliss heaped, ruining thee.

[Exit.

HECUBA

Lead forth, O my children, the stricken in years
 from the tent.

60

O lead her, upbearing the steps of your fellow-thrall
 Now, O ye daughters of Troy, but of old your queen.
 Clasp me, uphold, help onward the eld-forspent,
 Laying hold of my wrinkled hand, lest for weak-
 ness I fall ;

And, sustained by a curving arm, thereon as I lean,
 I will hasten onward with tottering pace,
 Speeding my feet in a laggard's race.

O lightning-splendour of Zeus, O mirk of the night,
 Why quake I for visions in slumber that haunt me
 With terrors, with phantoms ? O Earth's majestic
 might,

70

Mother of dreams that hover in dusk-winged flight,
 I cry to the vision of darkness "Avaunt thee !" —
 The dream of my son who was sent into Thrace to
 be saved from the slaughter, [loved daughter,
 The dream that I saw of Polyxena's doom, my dear-
 Which I saw, which I knew, which abideth to
 daunt me.

Gods of the Underworld, save ye my son,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 80 ὄς μόνος οἴκων ἄγκυρ' ἐμῶν
 τὴν χιονώδη Θρήκην κατέχει
 ξείνου πατρίου φυλακαῖσιν.
 ἔσται τι νέον,
 ἦξει τι μέλος γοερὸν γοεραῖς.
 οὐποτ' ἐμὰ φρήν ὦδ' ἀλίαςτος
 φρίσσει, ταρβεῖ.
 ποῦ ποτε θείαν Ἐλένου ψυχὰν
 ἢ Κασάνδραν ἐσίδω, Τρωάδες,
 ὡς μοι κρίνωσιν ὀνείρους ;
- 90 εἶδον γὰρ βαλιὰν ἔλαφον λύκου αἴμονι χαλᾷ
 σφαζομέναν, ἀπ' ἐμῶν γονάτων σπασθείσαν
 ἀνάγκα
 οἰκτρῶς· καὶ τόδε δεῖμά μοι·
 ἦλθ' ὑπὲρ ἄκρας τύμβου κορυφᾶς
 φάντασμ' Ἀχιλέως· ἦτει δὲ γέρας
 τῶν πολυμόχθων τινὰ Τρωιάδων.
 ἀπ' ἐμᾶς οὖν ἀπ' ἐμᾶς τόδε παιδὸς
 πέμψατε, δαίμονες, ἱκετεύω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 100 Ἐκάβη, σπουδῆ πρός σ' ἐλιάσθην
 τὰς δεσποσύνοους σκηναὶς προλιπούσ',
 ἵν' ἐκληρώθην καὶ προσετάχθην
 δούλη, πόλεως ἀπελαννομένη
 τῆς Ἰλιάδος, λόγχης αἰχμῆ
 δοριθήρατος πρὸς Ἀχαιῶν,

HECUBA

Mine house's anchor, its only one, 80
 By the friend of his father warded well
 Where the snows of Thrace veil forest and fell!

But a strange new stroke draweth near,
 And a strain of wailing for them that wail.
 Ah, never as now did the heart in me quail
 With the thrilling of ceaseless fear.

O that Cassandra I might but descry
 To arrede me my dreams, O daughters of Troy,
 Or Helenus, god-taught seer!

For a dappled fawn I beheld which a wolf's red
 fangs were tearing, 90
 Which he dragged from my knees whereto she had
 clung in her piteous despairing.

This terror withal on my spirit is come,
 That the ghost of the mighty Achilles hath risen,
 and stood

High on the crest of his earth-heaped tomb;
 And he claimeth a guerdon of honour, the spilling of
 blood,

And a woe-stricken Trojan maiden's doom.
 O Gods, I am suppliant before you!—in any wise
 turn, I implore you,
 This fate from the child of my womb!

Enter CHORUS of captive Trojan women.

I have hasted hitherward; the pavilions of my lord,
 O my queen, have I forsaken, in the which I
 sojourn here,
 Whom the lot hath doomed to fall unto a king, a thrall
 From Ilium chased, the quarry of Achæan hunters' 100
 spear,—

οὐδὲν παθέων ἀποκουφίζουσ',
 ἀλλ' ἀγγελίας βάρος ἀραμένη
 μέγα, σοί τε, γύναι, κήρυξ ἀχέων.
 ἐν γὰρ Ἀχαιῶν πλήρει ξυνόδοι
 λέγεται δόξαι σὴν παῖδ' Ἀχιλεῖ
 σφάγιον θέσθαι· τύμβου δ' ἐπιβὰς
 οἴσθ' ὅτε χρυσέοις ἐφάνη σὺν ὅπλοις,
 τὰς ποντοπόρους δ' ἔσχε σχεδιάς
 λαίφη προτόνοις ἐπερειδομένας,
 τάδε θωύσσων·
 ποῖ δὴ, Δαναοί, τὸν ἐμὸν τύμβου
 στέλλεσθ' ἀγέραστον ἀφέντες ;

πολλῆς δ' ἔριδος συνέπαισε κλύδων,
 δόξα δ' ἐχώρει δίχ' ἀν' Ἑλλήνων
 στρατὸν αἰχμητήν, τοῖς μὲν διδόναι
 τύμβῳ σφάγιον, τοῖς δ' οὐχὶ δοκοῦν.
 ἦν δὲ τὸ μὲν σὸν σπεύδων ἀγαθὸν
 τῆς μαντιπόλου Βάκχης ἀνέχων
 λέκτρ' Ἀγαμέμνων·
 τὼ Θησείδα δ', ὄζω Ἀθηνῶν,
 δισσῶν μύθων ῥήτορες ἦσαν·
 γνώμη δὲ μιᾷ συνεχωρεῖτην,
 τὸν Ἀχιλλεῖον τύμβου στεφανοῦν
 αἵματι χλωρῷ, τὰ δὲ Κασάνδρας
 λέκτρ' οὐκ ἐφάτην τῆς Ἀχιλείας
 πρόσθεν θήσειν ποτὲ λόγχης.

HECUBA

Not for lightening of thy pain ; nay, a burden have
 I ta'en
 Of heavy tidings, herald of sore anguish unto
 thee,
 For that met is the array of Achaea, and they say
 That thy child unto Achilles a sacrifice must be.
 For thou knowest how in sheen of golden armour seen 110
 He stood upon his tomb, and on the ocean-pacing
 ships
 Laid a spell, that none hath sailed,—yea, though the
 halliards brailed [his lips :
 The sails up to the yards ;—and a cry rang from
 “ Ho, Danaans ! whither now, leaving unredeemed
 your vow [away ?”
 Of honour to my tomb, and my glory spurned
 Then a surge of high contention clashed : the spear-
 host in dissension
 Was cleft, some crying, “ Yield his tomb the
 victim !” —others, “ Nay !”
 Now the King was fervent there that thy daughter
 they should spare, 120
 For that Agamemnon loveth thy prophet-bacchanal.
 But the sons of Theseus twain, Athens' scions, for
 thy bane
 Pleaded both, yet for the victim did their vote at
 variance fall.
 “ Ye cannot choose but crown with the life-blood
 streaming down
 Achilles' grave !” they clamoured—“ and, for this
 Cassandra's bed,
 Shall any dare prefer to Achilles' prowess her—
 A concubine, a bondslave ?—It shall never be !”
 they said.

130

σπουδαὶ δὲ λόγων κατατεινομένων
 ἦσαν ἴσαι πῶς, πρὶν ὃ ποικιλόφρων
 κόπις, ἠδυλόγος, δημοχαραστῆς
 Λαερτιάδης πείθει στρατιὰν
 μὴ τὸν ἄριστον Δαναῶν πάντων
 δούλων σφαγίων εἶνεκ' ἀπωθεῖν,
 μηδέ τιν' εἰπεῖν παρὰ Περσεφόνῃ
 στάντα φθιμένων
 ὡς ἀχάριστοι Δαναοὶ Δαναοῖς
 τοῖς οἰχομένοις ὑπὲρ Ἑλλήνων
 Τροίας πεδίων ἀπέβησαν.

140

ἦξει δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ὅσον οὐκ ἤδη,
 πῶλον ἀφέλξων σῶν ἀπὸ μαστῶν
 ἔκ τε γεραιᾶς χερὸς ὀρμήσων.
 ἀλλ' ἴθι ναοὺς, ἴθι πρὸς βωμούς,
 ἴζ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἰκέτις γονάτων,
 κήρυσσε θεοὺς τοὺς τ' οὐρανίδας
 τοὺς θ' ὑπὲρ γαίαν.
 ἦ γάρ σε λιταὶ διακωλύσουσ'
 ὀρφανὸν εἶναι παιδὸς μελέας,

HECUBA

But the vehemence of speech, each contending 130
 against each, [souled,
 Was balanced, as it were, till the prater subtle-
 The man of honied tongue, the truckler to the
 throng, [mould :
 Laertes' spawn, 'gan fashion the host unto his
 "We may not thrust aside like an outcast wretch,"
 he cried, [Danaan hand,
 "The bravest Danaan heart and the stoutest
 All to spare our hands the stain of the blood of
 bondmaid slain, [that stand
 Neither suffer that a voice from the ranks of them
 In the presence of Hell's Queen should with scoffing
 bitter-keen
 Cry, 'Thankless from the plains of Troy the
 Danaans have sped,
 Thankless unto Danaan kin whose graves are thick
 therein,
 Who died to save their brethren—the soon-
 forgotten dead !' "

And Odysseus draweth near—even now shall he be 140
 here
 From thy breast to rend thy darling, from thine
 age-enfeebled grasp.
 Hie thee to the temples now : haste, before the
 altars bow : [clasp.
 Crouch low to Agamemnon, his knees in suppliciance
 Lift up thy voice and cry to the Gods that sit on high :
 Let the Nether-dwellers hear it through their dark-
 ness ringing wild.
 For, except they turn and spare, and thy prevalence
 of prayer [child,
 Redeem thee from bereavement of thy ruin-stricken

- 150 ἦ δει σ' ἐπιδεῖν τύμβου προπετηῇ
φοινισσομένην αἵματι παρθένου
ἐκ χρυσοφόρου
δειρῆς νασμῶ μελαναυγεί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶ' γὰρ μελέα, τί ποτ' ἀπύσω ;
ποίαν ἀχώ, ποῖον ὄδυρμόν ;
δειλαία δειλαίου γήρως,
δουλείας τᾶς οὐ τλατᾶς,
τᾶς οὐ φερτᾶς· ὦμοι μοι.

- 160 τίς ἀμύνει μοι ; ποία γέννα,
ποία δὲ πόλις ;
φροῦδος πρέσβυς, φροῦδοι παῖδες.
ποίαν, ἢ ταύταν ἢ κείναν
στείχω ; ποῖ δ' ἦσω ; ποῦ τις θεῶν
ἢ δαίμων νῶν ἐπαρωγός ;

ὦ κάκ' ἐνεγκοῦσαι Τρωάδες, ὦ
κάκ' ἐνεγκοῦσαι
πήματ', ἀπωλέσατ' ὠλέσατ'· οὐκέτι μοι βίος
ἀγαστὸς ἐν φάει.

- 170 ὦ τλάμων ἄγησαί μοι
πούς, ἄγησαι τᾷ γραία
πρὸς τάνδ' αὐλάν· ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ
δυστανοτάτας ματέρος, ἔξελθ'
ἔξελθ' οἴκων· αἶε ματέρος
αὐδάν, ὦ τέκνον, ὡς εἰδῆς
οἴαν οἴαν ἀτὼ φάμαν
περὶ σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

HECUBA

Thou must surely live to gaze where a maiden on her
 face [darkly-gleaming tide
 On a grave-mound lieth slaughtered, while the 150
 Welleth, wellet from the neck which the golden
 mockeries deck, [dyed.
 And all her body crimsons in the bubbling horror

HECUBA

Woe for mine anguish ! what outcry availeth
 To thrill forth its agony-throes ?
 What wailing its fulness of torment outwaileth—
 Wretched eld—bitter bondage where heart and
 flesh faileth ?

Ah me for my woes !

What champion is left me ?—what sons to defend
 me ?—

What city remains to me ? Gone 160
 Are my lord and my sons ! Whither now shall I
 wend me ? [befriend me ?
 Whither flee ? Is there God—is there fiend shall
 Alone—alone !

Daughters of Troy—O ye heralds of ruin, ye heralds
 of ruin !—

What profits my life any more, whom your words
 have undone, have undone ?

Now unto yonder pavilion, to tell to my child her 170
 undoing, [one !

Lead, O ye wretchedest feet, lead ye the eld-stricken

O daughter, O child of a mother most wretched, forth
 faring, forth faring, [mother's word,

Come from the tent, O hearken the voice of thy
 To the end thou mayst know what a rumour of awful
 despairing, despairing, [have I heard !

Concerning the life of thee, my beloved, but now

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἰώ,

μᾶτερ μᾶτερ, τί βοᾶς ; τί νέου
καρύξασ' οἴκων μ' ὥστ' ὄρνιν
θάμβει τῷδ' ἐξέπταξας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

180

οἴμοι, τέκνον.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί με δυσφημεῖς ; φροίμιά μοι κακά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἐξαύδα, μὴ κρύψῃς δαρόν.
δειμαίνω δειμαίνω, μᾶτερ,
τί ποτ' ἀναστένεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκνον τέκνον μελέας ματρός.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί τόδ' ἀγγέλλεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

190

σφάξαι σ' Ἀργείων κοινὰ
συντείνει πρὸς τύμβον γνώμα
Πηλείδα γέννα.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

οἴμοι, μᾶτερ, πῶς φθέγγει
ἀμέγαρτα κακῶν ; μάνυσόν μοι,
μάνυσον, μᾶτερ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐδῶ, παῖ, δυσφάμους φάμας·
ἀγγέλλουσ' Ἀργείων δόξαι
ψήφω τᾶς σᾶς περί μοι ψυχᾶς.

HECUBA

Enter POLYXENA

O mother, my mother, what meaneth thy crying?
What strange dread thing
Is this that thou heraldest
That hath scared me, like to a bird forth-flying
On startled wing
Out of the peace of her nest?

HECUBA

Alas! woe's me, my daughter!

180

POLYXENA

What word of ill-boding is thine? From thy preluding
ills I divine.

HECUBA

Ah me, life doomed unto slaughter!

POLYXENA

Tell it out, tell it out, neither hide o'erlong;
For mine heart, my mother, is heavy with dread
For the tidings that come in thy moan.

HECUBA

O child, O child of the grief-distraught!

POLYXENA

Ah, what is the message to me thou hast brought?

HECUBA

Death: for the Argive warrior-throng
Are in one mind set, that thy blood be shed
On the grave of Peleus' son.

190

POLYXENA

Ah me, my mother, how can thy tongue
Speak out the horror?—Let all be said:
O mother mine, say on.

HECUBA

O child, I have heard it, the shame and the wrong,
Of the Argive vote, of the doom forth sped,
Of the hope of thy life gone—gone!

263

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

200 ὦ δεινὰ παθοῦς', ὦ παντλάμων,
 ὦ δυστάνου μᾶτερ βιοτᾶς,
 οἴαν οἴαν αὖ σοι λῶβαν
 ἐχθίσταν ἀρρήταν τ'
 ὠρσέν τις δαίμων ;
 οὐκέτι σοι παῖς ἄδ' οὐκέτι δὴ
 γήρα δειλαίῳ δειλαία
 συνδουλεύσω.

210 σκύμνον γάρ μ' ὄστ' οὐριθρέπταν,
 μόσχον δειλαία δειλαίαν
 εἰσόψει χειρὸς ἀναρπαστὰν
 σᾶς ἄπο λαιμότομόν τ' Αἶδα
 γᾶς ὑποπεμπομέναν σκότον, ἔνθα νεκρῶν μέτα
 τάλαινα κείσομαι.

καὶ σὲ μέν, μᾶτερ δύστανε βίου,
 κλαίῳ πανδύρτοις θρήνοις·
 τὸν ἐμὸν δὲ βίον, λῶβαν λύμαν τ',
 οὐ μετακλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ θανεῖν μοι
 ξυντυχία κρείσσων ἐκύρησεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔρχεται σπουδῇ ποδός,
 Ἐκάβη, νέον τι πρὸς σὲ σημανῶν ἔπος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

220 γύναι, δοκῶ μέν σ' εἰδέναί γινώμην στρατοῦ
 ψῆφόν τε τὴν κρανθεῖσαν· ἀλλ' ὅμως φράσω.
 ἔδοξ' Ἀχαιοῖς παῖδα σὴν Πολυξένην
 σφάξαι πρὸς ὀρθὸν χῶμ' Ἀχιλλεῖου τάφον.
 ἡμᾶς δὲ πομποὺς καὶ κομιστῆρας κόρης
 τάσσουσιν εἶναι θύματος δ' ἐπιστάτης

HECUBA

POLYXENA

O stricken of anguish beyond all other !
 O filled with affliction of desolate days !
 Whattempest, whattempest of outrage and shame,
 Too loathly to look on, too awful to name, 200
 Hath a fiend uprused, that on thee it came,
 That thy woeful child by her woeful mother
 Nevermore down thralldom's paths shall pace !
 For me, like a youngling mountain-pastured,
 Like a child of the herd, shalt thou see torn far,
 In woe from thy woeful embraces torn,
 And, with throat by the steel of the altar shorn,
 Down to the underworld darkness borne,
 In the Land Unseen to lie, overmastered
 Of misery, there where the death-stricken are. 210
 For thee, for the dark days closing around thee,
 Mother, with uttermost wailings I cry :
 But for this, the life that I now must lack,
 For all the ruin thereof and the wrack,
 I wail not, I, as I gaze aback :—
 O nay, but a happier lot hath found me,
 Forasmuch as to me it is given to die.

CHORUS

But lo, Odysseus comes with hurrying foot,
 To tell thee, Hecuba, the new decree.

Enter ODYSSEUS.

ODYSSEUS

Lady, thou know'st, I trow, the host's resolve,
 And the vote cast, yet will I tell it thee :
 The Achaeans will to slay Polyxena 220
 Thy child, upon Achilles' grave-mound's height.
 Me they appoint to usher thitherward
 And bring the maid : the president and priest

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἱερεύς τ' ἐπέσται τοῦδε παῖς Ἀχιλλέως.
οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; μήτ' ἀποσπασθῆς βία
μήτ' εἰς χερῶν ἄμιλλαν ἐξέλθης ἐμοί·
γίγνωσκε δ' ἄλκην καὶ παρουσίαν κακῶν
τῶν σῶν. σοφόν τοι κὰν κακοῖς ἂ δεῖ φρονεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

230

αἰαῖ· παρέστηχ', ὡς ἔοικ', ἀγῶν μέγας,
πλήρης στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ δακρύων κενός.
κᾶν γ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἔθνησκον οὐ μ' ἐχρῆν θανεῖν,
οὐδ' ὠλεσέν με Ζεὺς, τρέφει δ', ὅπως ὀρώ
κακῶν κάκ' ἄλλα μείζον' ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
εἰ δ' ἔστι τοῖς δούλοισι τοὺς ἐλευθέρους
μὴ λυπρὰ μηδὲ καρδίας δηκτῆρια
ἐξιστορηῆσαι, σοὶ μὲν εἰρήσθαι χρεῶν,
ἡμᾶς δ' ἀκούσαι τοὺς ἐρωτῶντας τάδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔξεστ', ἐρώτα· τοῦ χρόνου γὰρ οὐ φθονῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

240

οἶσθ' ἠνίκ' ἦλθες Ἰλίου κατάσκοπος,
δυσχλαινία τ' ἄμορφος, ὀμμάτων τ' ἄπο
φόνου σταλαγμοὶ σὴν κατέσταζον γένυν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οἶδ'· οὐ γὰρ ἄκρας καρδίας ἔψαυσέ μου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔγνω δέ σ' Ἑλένη καὶ μόνη κατεῖπ' ἐμοί ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μεμνήμεθ' ἐς κίνδυνον ἐλθόντες μέγαν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦψω δὲ γονάτων τῶν ἐμῶν ταπεινὸς ὢν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ᾧστ' ἐνθανεῖν γε σοῖς πέπλοισι χεῖρ' ἐμήν.

HECUBA

Of sacrifice Achilles' son shall be.
 Know'st thou thy part then?—be not torn away
 Perforce, nor brave me to the strife of hands;
 But know thy might, thine imminence of ills.
 Wise is it even mid ills to hearken reason.

HECUBA

Woe! A sore trial is at hand, meseems,
 Burdened with groanings, and fulfilled of tears. 230
 I died not there where well might I have died;
 Nor Zeus destroyed, but holdeth me in life
 To see—O wretch!—ills more than ills o'erpast.
 Yet, if the bond may question of the free
 Things that should vex them not, nor gall the heart,
 Then fits it that thou be the questioned now,
 And that I ask, and hearken thy reply.

ODYSSEUS

So be it: ask, I grudge not the delay.

HECUBA

Rememberest thou thy coming unto Troy
 A spy, in rags vile-vestured; from thine eyes 240
 Trickled adown thy cheeks the gout of gore?

ODYSSEUS

I do, for deep it sank into mine heart.

HECUBA

And Helen knew thee, and told none save me?

ODYSSEUS

I call to mind: mid peril grim I fell.

HECUBA

And to my knees didst cling, wast lowly then?

ODYSSEUS

With grasp of death closed on thy robes mine hand.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δῆτ' ἔλεξας δούλος ὦν ἐμὸς τότε ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πολλῶν λόγων εὐρήμαθ', ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔσωσα δῆτά σ' ἐξέπεμψά τε χθονός ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

250 ὥστ' εἰσορᾶν γε φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκουν κακύνει τοῖσδε τοῖς βουλευμασιν,
ὄς ἐξ ἐμοῦ μὲν ἔπαθες οἶα φῆς παθεῖν,
δραῆς δ' οὐδὲν ἡμᾶς εὖ, κακῶς δ' ὅσον δύνα ;
ἀχάριστον ὑμῶν σπέρμ', ὅσοι δημηγόρους
ζηλοῦτε τιμάς· μηδὲ γινώσκεισθέ μοι,
οἱ τοὺς φίλους βλάπτοντες οὐ φροντίζετε,
ἦν τοῖσι πολλοῖς πρὸς χάριν λέγητέ τι.

260 ἀτὰρ τί δὴ σόφισμα τοῦθ' ἡγούμενοι
εἰς τήνδε παῖδα ψῆφον ὄρισαν φόνου ;
πότερα τὸ χρῆν σφ' ἐπήγαγ' ἀνθρωποσφαγείν
πρὸς τύμβον, ἔνθα βουθυτεῖν μᾶλλον πρέπει ;
ἦ τοὺς κτανόντας ἀνταποκτείνειν θέλω
εἰς τήνδ' Ἀχιλλεὺς ἐνδίκως τείνει φόνον ;
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτὸν ἦδε γ' εἴργασται κακόν.

270 Ἐλένην νιν αἰτεῖν χρῆν τάφῳ προσφάγματος
κείνη γὰρ ὤλεσέν νιν εἰς Τροίαν τ' ἄγει.
εἰ δ' αἰχμαλώτων χρή τιν' ἔκκριτον θανεῖν
κάλλει θ' ὑπερφέρουσαν, οὐχ ἡμῶν τόδε
ἢ Τυνδαρίς γὰρ εἶδος ἐκπρεπεστάτη,
ἀδικουσά θ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἦσσον ἠῦρέθη.
τῷ μὲν δικαίῳ τόνδ' ἀμιλλῶμαι λόγον·
ἂ δ' ἀντιδοῦναι δεῖ σ' ἀπαιτούσης ἐμοῦ,
ἄκουσον. ἦψω τῆς ἐμῆς, ὡς φῆς, χερὸς

HECUBA

HECUBA

Ay, and what saidst thou—thou my bondman then?

ODYSSEUS

Words—words full many I found, to escape from death,

HECUBA

I saved thee—saved thee,—sent thee forth the land?

ODYSSEUS

Ay, thanks to thee, I see the sun's light now.

250

HECUBA

Art thou not caitiff proved then by these plots,
 Who wast by me so dealt with as thou sayest,
 Yet dost us nought good, but thine utmost ill?
 A thankless spawn, all ye that grasp at honour
 By babbling to the mob!—let me not know you,
 Who injure friends, and nothing reck thereof,
 So ye may something say to please the rabble!
 What crafty wiliness imagined ye

This, on my child to pass your murder-vote?
 Was't duty drew them on to human slaughter
 Upon a grave more meet for oxen slain?

260

Or doth Achilles, fain to requite with death
 His slayers, justly aim death's shaft at her?
 Now never aught of harm wrought she to him.
 Helen should he demand, his tomb's fit victim:
 'Twas she to Troy that drew him, and destroyed.
 And if some chosen captive needs must die,
 In beauty peerless, not to us points this;
 For Tyndareus' daughter matchless is in form,
 And was found wronging him no less than we.
 This plea against his "justice" I array.
 But what return thou ow'st me, on my claim,
 Hear—thou didst touch mine hand, as thou dost

270

own,

269

καὶ τῆσδε γραίας προσπίτνων παρηίδος·
 ἀνθάπτομαί σου τῶνδε τῶν αὐτῶν ἐγώ,
 χάριν τ' ἀπαιτῶ τὴν τόθ' ἵκετεύω τέ σε,
 μὴ μου τὸ τέκνον ἐκ χερῶν ἀποσπάσης,
 μηδὲ κτάνητε· τῶν τεθνηκότων ἄλις.
 ταύτη γέγηθα κἀπιλήθομαι κακῶν·
 280 ἦδ' ἀντὶ πολλῶν ἐστὶ μοι παραψυχή,
 πόλις, τιθήνη, βάκτρον, ἠγεμῶν ὁδοῦ.
 οὐ τοὺς κρατοῦντας χρὴ κρατεῖν ἂ μὴ χρεῶν,
 οὐδ' εὐτυχοῦντας εὐδοκεῖν πράξειν αἰεὶ·
 κἀγὼ γὰρ ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν οὐκ εἴμ' ἔτι,
 τὸν πάντα δ' ὄλβον ἦμαρ ἔν μ' ἀφείλετο.
 ἀλλ' ὦ φίλον γένειον, αἰδέσθητί με,
 οἴκτειρον· ἐλθὼν δ' εἰς Ἀχαικὸν στρατὸν
 παρηγόρησον, ὡς ἀποκτείνειν φθόνος
 290 γυναίκας, ἅς τὸ πρῶτον οὐκ ἐκτείνετε
 βωμῶν ἀποσπάσαντες, ἀλλ' ὠκτείρατε.
 νόμος δ' ἐν ὑμῖν τοῖς τ' ἐλευθέροις ἴσος
 καὶ τοῖσι δούλοις αἵματος κεῖται πέρι.
 τὸ δ' ἀξίωμα, κἂν κακῶς λέγῃς, τὸ σὸν
 πείσει· λόγος γὰρ ἔκ τ' ἀδοξούντων ἰὼν
 κἂκ τῶν δοκούντων αὐτὸς οὐ ταῦτὸν σθένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτω στερρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσις,
 ἥτις γόων σῶν καὶ μακρῶν ὀδυρμάτων
 κλύουσα θρήνους οὐκ ἂν ἐκβάλοι δάκρυ.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

300 Ἐκάβη, διδάσκου μηδὲ τῷ θυμουμένῳ
 τὸν εὐλέγοντα δυσμενῆ ποιοῦ φρενί.
 ἐγὼ τὸ μὲν σὸν σῶμ', ὑφ' οὐπερ ἠτύχουν,
 σφάζειν ἔτοιμός εἰμι κούκ ἄλλως λέγω·
 ἂ δ' εἶπον εἰς ἅπαντας οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,

HECUBA

And wrinkled cheek, low cowering at my feet.
 Lo, in my turn thine hand, thy beard, I touch,
 That grace of old reclaiming, now thy suppliant.
 Not from mine arms tear thou my child away,
 Nor slay ye her : suffice the already dead.
 In her I joy, in her forget my woes :
 For many a lost bliss she my solace is : 280
 My city she, nurse, staff, guide for my feet.
 Not tyrannously the strong should use their
 strength,

Nor they which prosper think to prosper aye.
 I too once was, but now am I no more,
 And all my weal one day hath reft from me.
 O, by thy beard, have thou respect to me !
 Pity me : go thou to Achaea's host ;
 Persuade them how that shame it is to slay
 Women, whom first ye slew not, when ye tore
 These from the altars, but for pity spared. 290
 Lo, the same law is stablished among you
 For free and bond as touching blood-shedding.
 Thine high repute, how ill soe'er thou speak,
 Shall sway them : for the same speech carrieth not
 Like weight from men contemned and men revered.

CHORUS

There is no human nature so relentless
 That, hearkening to thy groanings and thy wails
 Long lengthened out, would not let fall the tear.

ODYSSEUS

Receive instruction, Hecuba, nor him
 For wrath count foe, who wisely counselleth. 300
 Thy life, through whom I found deliverance,
 Ready am I to save ; I stand thereto.
 But what to all I said, I unsay not—

- Τροίας ἀλούσης ἀνδρὶ τῷ πρώτῳ στρατοῦ
 σὴν παῖδα δοῦναι σφάγιον ἐξαιτουμένῳ.
 ἐν τῷδε γὰρ κάμνουσιν αἱ πολλαὶ πόλεις,
 ὅταν τις ἐσθλὸς καὶ πρόθυμος ὢν ἀνὴρ
 μηδὲν φέρηται τῶν κακιόνων πλέον.
 310 ἡμῖν δ' Ἀχιλλεὺς ἄξιος τιμῆς, γύναι,
 θανῶν ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος κάλλιστ' ἀνὴρ.
 οὐκουν τόδ' αἰσχρόν, εἰ βλέποντι μὲν φίλῳ
 χρώμεσθ', ἐπεὶ δ' ὄλωλε, μὴ χρώμεσθ' ἔτι ;
 εἶεν· τί δῆτ' ἐρεῖ τις, ἦν τις αὐτῷ φανῆ
 στρατοῦ τ' ἄθροισις πολεμίων τ' ἀγωνία ;
 πότερα μαχοῦμεθ' ἢ φιλοψυχήσομεν,
 τὸν κατθανόνθ' ὀρώντες οὐ τιμώμενον ;
 καὶ μὴν ἔμοιγε ζῶντι μὲν, καθ' ἡμέραν
 κεῖ σμίκρ' ἔχοιμι, πάντ' ἂν ἀρκούντως ἔχοι
 τύμβον δὲ βουλοίμην ἂν ἀξιούμενον
 320 τὸν ἐμὸν ὀράσθαι· διὰ μακροῦ γὰρ ἢ χάρις.
 εἰ δ' οἰκτρὰ πάσχειν φῆς, τάδ' ἀντάκουέ μου
 εἰσὶν παρ' ἡμῖν οὐδὲν ἦσσαν ἄθλια
 γραῖαι γυναῖκες ἠδὲ πρεσβῦται σέθεν,
 νύμφαι τ' ἀρίστων νυμφίων τητώμεναι,
 ὧν ἦδε κεύθει σώματ' Ἰδαία κόνις.
 τόλμα τάδ'· ἡμεῖς δ', εἰ κακῶς νομίζομεν
 τιμᾶν τὸν ἐσθλόν, ἀμαθίαν ὀφλήσομεν
 οἱ βάρβαροι δὲ μήτε τοὺς φίλους φίλους
 ἠγείσθε μήτε τοὺς καλῶς τεθνήκότας
 330 θαυμάζεθ', ὡς ἂν ἢ μὲν Ἑλλὰς εὐτυχήῃ,
 ὑμεῖς δ' ἔχηθ' ὅμοια τοῖς βουλευμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαί· τὸ δούλον ὡς κακὸν πέφυκ' αἰεὶ
 τολμᾶ θ' ἂ μὴ χρή, τῇ βίᾳ νικώμενον.

HECUBA

That now, Troy taken, we should yield thy child,
 At our great champion's claim, for sacrifice.
 For of this cometh weakness in most states,
 That, though a man be brave and patriot-souled,
 No guerdon gains he more than baser men.
 But we, we deem Achilles honour-worthy,
 Who died for Hellas nobly as man may. 310
 Were this not shame then, as a friend to treat
 Him living, but no more when he is gone?
 Yea, what will one say then, if once again
 The host must gather for the strife with foes?
 "Fight shall we," will they cry, "or cling to
 life,
 Beholding how unhonoured go the dead?"
 Yea, for myself, how scant soe'er in life
 My fare for daily need, this should suffice:
 Yet fain would I my tomb were reverence-
 crowned 320
 In men's sight; evermore this grace abides.
 But, if thou plain of hardship, hear mine answer:
 With us there be grey matrons, aged sires,
 Not any whit less wretched than art thou,
 And brides of noblest bridegrooms left forlorn,
 Whose corpses yonder dust of Ida shrouds.
 Endure this: we, if err we do to honour
 The brave, content will stand convict of folly.
 But ye barbarians, still count not as friends
 Your friends, nor render your heroic dead
 Homage, that prosperous so may Hellas rise, 330
 And your reward may match your policy.

CHORUS

Woe! What a curse is thralldom's nature, aye
 Enduring wrong by strong constraint o'erborne!

273

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, οὔ μοι μὲν λόγοι πρὸς αἰθέρα
 φρουδοὶ μάτην ῥιφέντες ἀμφὶ σοῦ φόνου·
 σὺ δ' εἴ τι μείζω δύναμιν ἢ μήτηρ ἔχεις,
 σπούδαζε, πάσας ὥστ' ἀηδόνας στόμα
 φθογγὰς ἰεῖσα, μὴ στερηθῆναι βίου.
 πρόσπιπτε δ' οἰκτρῶς τοῦδ' Ὀδυσσέως γόνου
 καὶ πεῖθ'· ἔχεις δὲ πρόφασιν· ἔστι γὰρ τέκνον
 καὶ τῷδε, τὴν σὴν ὥστ' ἐποικτεῖται τύχην.

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

ὀρῶ σ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, δεξιὰν ὑφ' εἵματος
 κρύπτοντα χεῖρα καὶ πρόσωπον ἔμπαλιν
 στρέφοντα, μὴ σου προσθίγω γενειάδος.
 θάρσει· πέφευγας τὸν ἐμὸν ἰκέσιον Δία·
 ὡς ἔψομαί γε τοῦ τ' ἀναγκαίου χάριν
 θανεῖν τε χηρῆσ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ βουλήσομαι,
 κακὴ φανοῦμαι καὶ φιλόψυχος γυνή.
 τί γάρ με δεῖ ζῆν; ἢ πατὴρ μὲν ἦν ἀναξ
 Φρυγῶν ἀπάντων· τοῦτό μοι πρῶτον βίου·
 ἔπειτ' ἐθρέφθην ἐλπίδων καλῶν ὑπο
 βασιλεῦσι νύμφη, ζῆλον οὐ σμικρὸν γάμων
 ἔχουσ', ὅτου δῶμ' ἐστίαν τ' ἀφίξομαι·
 δέσποινα δ' ἢ δύστηνος Ἰδαίαισιν ἦν
 γυναιξί, παρθένοις ἀπόβλεπτος μέτα,
 ἴση θεοῖσι πλὴν τὸ κατθανεῖν μόνον·
 νῦν δ' εἰμὶ δούλη. πρῶτα μὲν με τοῦνομα
 θανεῖν ἐρᾶν τίθησιν οὐκ εἰωθὸς ὄν·
 ἔπειτ' ἴσως ἂν δεσποτῶν ὠμῶν φρένας
 τύχοιμ' ἂν, ὅστις ἀργύρου μ' ὀνήσεται
 τὴν Ἐκτορός τε χιτέρων πολλῶν κάσιν,
 προσθεὶς δ' ἀνάγκην σιτοποιῶν ἐν δόμοις,
 σαίρειν τε δῶμα κερκίσιν τ' ἐφεστάναι

HECUBA

HECUBA

My daughter, wasted are my words in air,
 Flung vainly forth my pleadings for thy life.
 If thou canst aught prevail beyond thy mother,
 Be instant ; as with nightingale's sad throat
 Moan, moan, that thou be not bereft of life.
 Fall piteously at this Odysseus' knee :
 Melt him. A plea thou hast—he too hath babes ; 340
 Well may he so compassionate thy lot.

POLYXENA

I see, Odysseus, how thou hid'st thine hand
 Beneath thy vesture, how thou turn'st away
 Thy face, lest I should touch thy beard. Fear not :
 From Zeus safe art thou, from the Suppliant's
 Champion.
 I will go with thee, both for that I must,
 And that I long to die. And, were I loth,
 A coward girl life-craving were I proved.
 For, wherefore should I live, whose sire was king
 Of all the Phrygians? Such was my life's dawn : 350
 Thereafter was I nurtured mid bright hopes,
 A bride for kings, for whose hand rivalry
 Ran high, whose hall and hearth should hail me
 queen.
 And I—ah me !—was Lady of the Dames
 Of Ida, cynosure amidst the maidens,
 Peer of the Gods—except that man must die :—
 And now a slave ! The name alone constrains me
 To long for death, so strange it is to me.
 More—haply upon brutal-hearted lords
 I might light, such as would for silver buy me,— 360
 Sister of Hector and of many a chief!—
 Force me to grind the quern his halls within,
 And make me sweep his dwelling, stand before

ΕΚΑΒΗ

λυπρὰν ἄγουσαν ἡμέραν μ' ἀναγκάσει
 λέχη δὲ τὰμὰ δούλος ὠνητός ποθεν
 χρανεῖ, τυράννων πρόσθεν ἤξιωμένα.
 οὐ δῆτ'· ἀφίημ' ὀμμάτων ἐλεύθερον
 φέγγος τόδ', Ἄϊδη προστιθεῖσ' ἐμὸν δέμας.
 370 ἄγ' οὖν μ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, καὶ διέργασαί μ' ἄγων
 οὔτ' ἐλπίδος γὰρ οὔτε του δόξης ὀρῶ
 θάρσος παρ' ἡμῖν ὡς ποτ' εὖ πράξαί με χρή.
 μήτηρ, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν μηδὲν ἐμποδῶν γένη
 λέγουσα μηδὲ δρῶσα· συμβούλου δέ μοι
 θανεῖν πρὶν αἰσχροῦν μὴ κατ' ἀξίαν τυχεῖν.
 ὅστις γὰρ οὐκ εἴωθε γενέσθαι κακῶν,
 φέρει μὲν, ἀλγεί δ' αὐχέν' ἐντιθεὶς ζυγῶ.
 θανῶν δ' ἂν εἴη μᾶλλον εὐτυχέστερος
 ἢ ζῶν· τὸ γὰρ ζῆν μὴ καλῶς μέγας πόνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

380 δεινὸς χαρακτήρ καπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς
 ἐσθλῶν γενέσθαι, καπὶ μείζον ἔρχεται
 τῆς εὐγενείας ὄνομα τοῖσιν ἀξίοις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

καλῶς μὲν εἶπας, θύγατερ· ἀλλὰ τῷ καλῷ
 λύπη πρόσσεστιν. εἰ δὲ δεῖ τῷ Πηλέως
 χάριν γενέσθαι παιδὶ καὶ ψόγον φυγεῖν
 ὑμᾶς, Ὀδυσσεῦ, τήνδε μὲν μὴ κτείνετε,
 ἡμᾶς δ' ἄγοντες πρὸς πυρὰν Ἀχιλλέως
 κεντεῖτε, μὴ φείδεσθ'· ἐγὼ ἔτεκον Πάριν,
 ὃς παῖδα Θέτιδος ὄλεσεν τόξοις βαλῶν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

390 οὐ σ', ὦ γεραία, κατθανεῖν Ἀχιλλέως
 φάντασμ' Ἀχαιοῦς, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' ἠτήσατο.

HECUBA

The loom, while days of bitterness drag on.
And, somewhere bought, some bondslave shall
defile

My couch—accounted once a prize for princes.
Never!—free light mine eyes shall last behold :
To Death my body will I dedicate.
Lead on, Odysseus, lead me to my doom ;
For I see no assurance, nor in hope, 370
No, nor in day-dreams, of good days to be.
Mother, do thou in no wise hinder me
By word or deed ; but thou consent with me
Unto my death, ere shame unmeet befall.
For whoso is not wont to taste of ills
Chafes, while he bears upon his neck the yoke,
And death for him were happier far than life ;
For life ignoble is but crushing toil.

CHORUS

Strange is the impress, clear-stamped upon men,
Of gentle birth, and aye nobility 380
Higher aspires in them that worthily wear it.

HECUBA

My daughter, nobly said : yet anguish cleaves
Unto that "nobly." But if Peleus' son
Must gain this grace, and ye must flee reproach,
Odysseus, slay not her in any wise ;
But me, lead me unto Achilles' pyre :
Stab me, spare not : 'twas I gave Paris birth
Who with his shafts smote Peleus' son and slew.

ODYSSEUS

Not thee, grey mother, did Achilles' ghost
Require the Achaean men to slay, but her.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὑμεῖς δέ μ' ἀλλὰ θυγατρὶ συμφονεύσατε,
καὶ δις τόσον πῶμ' αἵματος γενήσεται
γαῖα νεκρῶ τε τῷ τὰδ' ἔξαιτουμένῳ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄλις κόρης εἰς θάνατος, οὐ προσοιστέος
ἄλλος πρὸς ἄλλῳ· μηδὲ τόνδ' ὠφείλομεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πολλή γ' ἀνάγκη θυγατρὶ συνθανεῖν ἐμέ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς ; οὐ γὰρ οἶδα δεσπότης κεκτημένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὅποια κισσὸς δρυὸς ὅπως τῆσδ' ἔξομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὔκ, ἦν γε πείθη τοῖσι σοῦ σοφωτέροις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

400 ὡς τῆσδ' ἐκούσα παιδὸς οὐ μεθήσομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν τήνδ' ἄπειμ' αὐτοῦ λιπών.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

μητέρα, πιθοῦ μοι· καὶ σύ, παῖ Λαερτίου,
χάλα τοκεῦσιν εἰκότως θυμουμένοις,
σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα, τοῖς κρατοῦσι μὴ μάχου.
βούλει πεσεῖν πρὸς οὐδας ἐλκῶσαί τε σον
γέροντα χρώτα πρὸς βίαν ὠθουμένη,
ἀσχημονῆσαί τ' ἐκ νέου βραχίονος
σπασθεῖσ', ἃ πείσει ; μὴ σύ γ' οὐ γὰρ ἄξιον.
410 ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη μοι μητέρα, ἠδίστην χεῖρα
δὸς καὶ παρειᾶν προσβαλεῖν παρηίδι·
ὡς οὔποτ' αὐθις, ἀλλὰ νῦν πανύστατον
ἀκτῖνα κύκλον θ' ἡλίου προσόψομαι.

HECUBA

HECUBA

Yet ye—at least me with my daughter slay :
Then twice so deep a draught of blood shall sink
To earth and to the dead who claimeth this.

ODYSSEUS

Thy daughter's death sufficeth : death on death
Must not be heaped. Would God we owed not this!

HECUBA

I must—I must die where my daughter dies

ODYSSEUS

Must?—I knew not that I had found a master!

HECUBA

As ivy clings to oak will I clasp her.

ODYSSEUS

Not if thou heed a wiser than thyself.

HECUBA

Consent I will not to let go my child.

400

ODYSSEUS

Nor I will hence depart and leave her here.

POLYXENA

Mother, heed me : and thou, Laertes' son,
O bear with parents which have cause to rage.
Mother, poor mother, strive not with the strong.
Wouldst thou be earthward hurled, and wound thy
flesh,

Thine aged flesh, with violence thrust away?
Be hustled shamefully, by young strong arms
Haled?—this shouldst thou. Nay, 'tis not worthy
thee.

But mother, darling mother, give thine hand,
Thy dear, dear hand, and lay thy cheek to mine :
Since never more, but this last time of all
Shall I behold the sun's beam and his orb.

410

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέλος δέχει δὴ τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων,
ὦ μήτερ, ὦ τεκοῦσ'· ἄπειμι δὴ κάτω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν φάει δουλεύσομεν.

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

ἄνυμφος ἀνυμέναιος ὧν μ' ἐχρῆν τυχεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ σύ, τέκνον, ἀθλία δ' ἐγὼ γυνή.

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

ἐκεῖ δ' ἐν Ἄιδου κείσομαι χωρὶς σέθεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι τί δράσω ; ποῖ τελευτήσω βίον ;

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

420 δούλη θανούμαι, πατρὸς οὐσ' ἐλευθέρου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἡμεῖς δὲ πεντήκοντά γ' ἄμμοροι τέκνων.

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

τί σοι πρὸς Ἑκτορ' ἢ γέροντ' εἴπω πόσιν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄγγελλε πασῶν ἀθλιωτάτην ἐμέ :

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

ὦ στέρνα μαστοί θ', οἷ μ' ἐθρέψαθ' ἠδέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τῆς ἀώρου θύγατερ ἀθλία τύχης.

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

χαῖρ', ὦ τεκοῦσα, χαῖρε Κασάνδρα τ' ἐμοί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χαίρουσιν ἄλλοι, μητρὶ δ' οὐκ ἔστιν τόδε.

ΠΟΛΤΞΕΝΗ

ὅ τ' ἐν φιλίπποις Θρηξὶ Πολύδωρος κάσις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ ζῆ γ'· ἀπιστῶ δ' ὧδε πάντα δυστυχῶ.

HECUBA

Receive of all my greetings this the last :—
O mother—breast that bear me—I pass deathward.

HECUBA

O daughter, I shall yet live on in bondage.

POLYXENA

Bridegroom nor bridal!—nought of all my due!

HECUBA

Piteous thy plight, my child, and wretched I.

POLYXENA

There shall I lie in Hades, far from thee.

HECUBA

Ah me, what shall I do?—where end my life?

POLYXENA

To die a slave, whose father was free-born!

420

HECUBA

In fifty sons nor part nor lot have I!

POLYXENA

What shall I tell to Hector and thy lord?

HECUBA

Report me of all women wretchedest.

POLYXENA

O bosom, breasts that sweetly nurtured me

HECUBA

Woe is thee, daughter, for thy fate untimely!

POLYXENA

Mother, farewell: Cassandra, fare thee well.

HECUBA

Others *fare well*—not for thy mother this!

POLYXENA

Mid Thracians lives my brother Polydorus.

HECUBA

If he doth live. I doubt: so dark is all.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

430

ζῆ καὶ θανούσης ὄμμα συγκλήσει τὸ σόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέθηκ' ἔγωγε πρὶν θανεῖν κακῶν ὕπο.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

κόμιζ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, μ' ἀμφιθεῖς κἀρα πέπλους·
 ὡς πρὶν σφαγῆναί γ' ἐκτέτηκα καρδίαν
 θρήνοισι μητρὸς τήνδε τ' ἐκτήκω γόοις.
 ὦ φῶς· προσειπεῖν γὰρ σὸν ὄνομ' ἔξεστί μοι,
 μέτεστι δ' οὐδὲν πλὴν ὅσον χρόνον ξίφους
 βαίνω μεταξὺ καὶ πυρᾶς Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

440

οἱ γῶ, προλείπω· λύεται δέ μου μέλη.
 ὦ θύγατερ, ἄψαι μητρός, ἔκτεινον χέρα,
 δός· μὴ λίπης μ' ἄπαιδ'. ἀπωλόμην, φίλαι.
 ὡς τὴν Λάκαιναν σύγγγονον Διοσκόροιν
 Ἑλένην ἴδοιμι· διὰ καλῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων
 αἰσχιστα Τροίαν εἶλε τὴν εὐδαίμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

450

αὔρα, ποντιάς αὔρα, στρ. α
 ἄτε ποντοπόρους κομίζεις
 θοὰς ἀκάτους ἐπ' οἶδμα λίμνας,
 ποῖ με τὰν μελέαν πορεύσεις;
 τῷ δουλόσυνος πρὸς οἶκου
 κτηθεῖς ἀφίξομαι;
 ἢ Δωρίδος ὄρμον αἶας
 ἢ Φθιάδος, ἔνθα καλλί-
 στων ὑδάτων πατέρα
 φασὶν Ἀπιδανὸν πεδία λιπαίνειν;

HECUBA

POLYXENA

He lives, and he shall close thy dying eyes. 430

HECUBA

I—I have died ere dying, through my woes.

POLYXENA

Muffle mine head, Odysseus, and lead on.
 For, ere ye slay me, hath my mother's moan
 Melted mine heart, and mine is melting hers.
 O light!—for yet on thy name may I call;
 Yet all my share in thee is that scant space
 Hence to the sword-edge and Achilles' pyre.

[*Exeunt* ODYSSEUS and POLYXENA.]

HECUBA

Ah me! I swoon—beneath me fail my limbs!
 O daughter, touch thy mother—reach thine hand—
 Give it, nor childless leave me! Friends—undone! 440
 Oh thus to see that sister of Zeus' Sons,
 Helen the Spartan!—for by her bright eyes
 In shameful fall she brought down prosperous
 Troy.

[*Swoons.*]

CHORUS

O breeze, O breeze, over sea-ways racing, (Str. 1)
 Who onward waftest the ocean-pacing
 Fleet-flying keels o'er the mere dark-swelling,
 Whitherward wilt thou bear me, the sorrow-laden?
 From what slave-mart shall the captive maiden
 Pass into what strange master's dwelling?
 To a Dorian haven?—or where, overstreaming 450
 Fat Phthia-land's meads, laugh loveliest-gleaming
 Babe-waters from founts of Apidanus welling?

- ἡ νάσων, ἀλιήρει ἀντ. α'
 κώπᾳ πεμπομέναν τάλαιναν,
 οἰκτρὰν βιοτὰν ἔχουσαν οἴκοις,
 ἔνθα πρωτόγονός τε φοῖνιξ
 460 δάφνα θ' ἱερούς ἀνέσχε
 πτόρθους Λατοῖ φίλα
 ὠδίνος ἄγαλμα Δίας ;
 σὺν Δηλιάσιν τε κούραις
 Ἄρτεμιδός τε θεᾶς
 χρυσεᾶν ἄμπυκα τόξα τ' εὐλογήσω ;
- ἡ Παλλάδος ἐν πόλει στρ. β
 τᾶς καλλιδίφρου τ' Ἀθα-
 ναίας ἐν κροκέῳ πέπλω
 470 ζεύξομαι ἄρματι πώλους,
 ἐν δαιδαλέαισι ποικίλλουσ'
 ἀνθοκρόκοισι πήναις,
 ἡ Τιτάνων γενεᾶν
 τὰν Ζεὺς ἀμφιπύρῳ
 κοιμίζει φλογμῶ Κρονίδας ;
- ὦμοι τεκέων ἐμῶν, ἀντ. β
 ὦμοι πατέρων χθονός θ',
 ἅ καπνῶ κατερείπεται
 τυφομένα δορίκτητος
 480 Ἄργείων· ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ξεί-
 να χθονὶ δὴ κέκλημαι
 δούλα, λιποῦσ' Ἀσίαν
 Εὐρώπας θεράπναν,
 ἀλλάξασ' Ἰδα θαλάμους.

HECUBA

(*Ant.* 1)

Or, to misery borne by the oars brine-sweeping,
 In the island-halls through days of weeping
 Shall we dwell, where the first-born palm,
 ascending
 From the earth, with the bay twined, glorifying
 With enshrining frondage the couch where lying
 Dear Leto attained to her travail's ending, 460
 There chanting of Artemis' bow all-golden,
 And the brows with the frontlet of gold enfolden,
 With the Delian maidens our voices blending ?

Or in Pallas's town to the car all-glorious (*Str.* 2)
 Shall I yoke the steeds on the saffron-glowing¹
 Veil of Athene, where flush victorious
 The garlands that cunningest fingers are throwing
 In manifold hues on its folds wide-flowing,— 470
 Or the brood of the Titans whom lightnings,
 that fell
 Flame-wrapt from Cronion, in long sleep quell ?

Woe for our babes, for our fathers hoary ! (*Ant.* 2)
 Woe for our country, mid smoke and smoulder
 Crashing to ruin, and all her glory
 Spear-spoiled !—and an alien land shall behold
 her 480
 Bond who was free ; for that Asia's shoulder
 Is bowed under Europe's yoke, and I dwell,
 An exile from home, in a dungeon of hell.

¹ i.e. Embroider thereon the chariot and horses of Athene bearing the Goddess to battle against the Giants.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ποῦ τὴν ἄνασσαν δὴ ποτ' οὔσαν Ἰλίου
Ἑκάβην ἂν ἐξεύροιμι, Τρωάδες κόραι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὕτη πέλας σου νῶτ' ἔχουσ' ἐπὶ χθονί,
Ταλθύβιε, κείται ξυγκεκλημένη πέπλοις.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω ; πότερά σ' ἀνθρώπους ὀρᾶν,
ἢ δόξαν ἄλλως τήνδε κεκτήσθαι μάτην
490 ψευδῆ, δοκοῦντας δαιμόνων εἶναι γένος,
τύχην δὲ πάντα τᾶν βροτοῖς ἐπισκοπεῖν ;
οὐχ ἦδ' ἄνασσα τῶν πολυχρύσων Φρυγῶν,
οὐχ ἦδε Πριάμου τοῦ μέγ' ὀλβίου δάμαρ ;
καὶ νῦν πόλις μὲν πᾶς ἀνέστηκεν δορί,
αὕτη δὲ δούλη, γραῦς, ἄπαις, ἐπὶ χθονί
κείται, κόνει φύρουσα δύστηνον κᾶρα.
φεῦ φεῦ· γέρον μὲν εἰμ', ὅμως δέ μοι θανεῖν
εἶη πρὶν αἰσχρᾶ περιπεσεῖν τύχη τινί.
ἀνίστασ', ὦ δύστηνε, καὶ μετάρσιον
500 πλευρὰν ἔπαιρε καὶ τὸ πάλλευκον κᾶρα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔα· τίς οὔτος σῶμα τοῦμὸν οὐκ ἔῃς
κεῖσθαι ; τί κινεῖς μ', ὅστις εἶ, λυπουμένην ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ταλθύβιος ἦκω Δαναϊδῶν ὑπηρέτης,
'Αγαμέμνονος πέμψαντος, ὦ γύναι, μέτα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἄρα κάμ' ἐπισφάξαι τάφῳ
δοκοῦν Ἀχαιοῖς ἦλθες ; ὡς φίλ' ἂν λέγοις.
σπεύδωμεν, ἐγκονῶμεν ἠγοῦ μοι, γέρον.

HECUBA

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

Where shall I find her that of late was queen
Of Ilium, Hecuba, ye maids of Troy?

CHORUS

Lo there, anigh thee, on the ground outstretched,
Talthybius, lies she muffled in her robes.

TALTHYBIUS

What shall I say, Zeus?—that thou look'st on men?
Or that this fancy false we vainly hold
For nought, who deem there is a race of Gods, 490
While chance controlleth all things among men?
This—was she not the wealthy Phrygians' queen?
This—was she not all-prosperous Priam's wife?
And now her city is all spear-o'erthrown;
Herself a slave, old, childless, on the earth
Lieth, her hapless head with dust defiled.
Ah, old am I, yet be it mine to die
Ere into any shameful lot I fall!
Arise, ill-starred, and from the earth uplift
Thy body and thine head all snow-besprent. 500

HECUBA

Ha, who art thou that lettest not my frame
Rest?—why disturb my grief, whoe'er thou be?

TALTHYBIUS

Talthybius I, the Danaans' minister,
Of Agamemnon sent, O queen, for thee.

HECUBA

Friend, friend, art come because the Achaeans will
To slay me too? How sweet thy tidings were!
Haste we—make speed—O ancient, lead me on.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

510 σὴν παῖδα κατθανοῦσαν ὡς θάψης, γύναι,
ἤκω μεταστείχων σε· πέμπουσιν δέ με
δισσοί τ' Ἀτρεΐδαι καὶ λεὼς Ἀχαιῖκός.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι, τί λέξεις ; οὐκ ἄρ' ὡς θανουμένους
μετῆλθες ἡμᾶς, ἀλλὰ σημανῶν κακά ;
ὄλωλας, ὦ παῖ, μητρὸς ἀρπασθεῖς' ἀπο·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἄτεκνοι τοῦπὶ σ'· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ·
πῶς καὶ νιν ἐξεπράξατ' ; ἄρ' αἰδούμενοι ;
ἢ πρὸς τὸ δεινὸν ἦλθεθ' ὡς ἐχθράν, γέρον,
κτείνοντες ; εἶπέ, καίπερ οὐ λέξων φίλα.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

520 διπλᾶ με χρήξεις δάκρυα κερδᾶναι, γύναι,
σῆς παιδὸς οἶκτῳ· νῦν τε γὰρ λέγων κακὰ
τέγξω τόδ' ὄμμα, πρὸς τάφῳ θ' ὄτ' ὄλλυτο,
παρῆν μὲν ὄχλος πᾶς Ἀχαιῖκοῦ στρατοῦ
πλήρης πρὸ τύμβου σῆς κόρης ἐπὶ σφαγᾶς·
λαβὼν δ' Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Πολυξένην χερὸς
ἔστησ' ἐπ' ἄκρου χώματος, πέλας δ' ἐγώ·
λεκτοί τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔκκριτοι νεανίαι,
σκίρτημα μὸσχου σῆς καθέξοντες χεροῖν,
ἔσποντο. πλήρες δ' ἐν χεροῖν λαβῶν δέπας
πάγχρυσου αἶρει χειρὶ παῖς Ἀχιλλέως
530 χοὰς θανόντι πατρί· σημαίνει δέ μοι
σιγῆν Ἀχαιῶν παντὶ κηρῦξαι στρατῷ.
καγὼ καταστὰς εἶπον ἐν μέσοις τάδε·
σιγᾶτ', Ἀχαιοί, σίγα πᾶς ἔστω λεὼς,
σίγα, σιώπα· νήνεμον δ' ἔστησ' ὄχλου.
ὁ δ' εἶπεν· ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, πατὴρ δ' ἐμός,
δέξαι χοὰς μου τάσδε κηλητηρίους,
νεκρῶν ἀγωγούς· ἔλθε δ' ὡς πίης μέλαν

HECUBA

TALTHYBIUS

Lady, that thou mayst bury thy dead child,
I come in quest of thee ; and sent am I
Of Atreus' two sons and the Achæan folk. 510

HECUBA

Woe !—what wouldst say ? Not as to one death-
doomed
Cam'st thou to me, but heralding new woes ?
Child, thou hast perished, from thy mother torn !
Childless, as touching thee, am I—ah wretch !—
How did ye slay her ?—how ?—with reverence meet,
Or with brute outrage, as men slay a foe,
Ancient ? Tell on, though all unsweet thy tale.

TALTHYBIUS

Twofold tear-tribute wouldst thou win from me
In pity for thy child. Mine eyes shall weep
The tale, as by the grave when she was dying. 520
There met was all Achæa's warrior-host
Thronged at the grave to see thy daughter slain.
Then took Achilles' son Polyxena's hand,
And on the mound's height set her : I stood by.
And followed of the Achæans chosen youths
Whose hands should curb the strugglings of thy
lamb.

Then taking 'twixt his hands a chalice brimmed,
Pure gold, Achilles' son to his dead sire
Drink-offerings poured, and signed me to proclaim
Silence unto the whole Achæan host. 530
By him I stood, and in the midst thus cried :
" Silence, Achæans ! Hushed be all the host !
Peace !—not a word !"—so breathless stilled the folk.
Then spake he : " Son of Peleus, father mine,
Accept from me these drops propitiatory,
Ghost-raising. Draw thou nigh to drink pure blood

289

κόρης ἀκραιφνὲς αἰμ', ὃ σοι δωρούμεθα
 στρατός τε καὶ γῶ· πρηνεμένης δ' ἡμῖν γενοῦ,
 λῦσαί τε πρύμνας καὶ χαλινωτήρια
 540 νεῶν δὸς ἡμῖν πρηνεμενοῦς τ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου
 νόστου τυχόντας πάντας εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.
 τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε, πᾶς δ' ἐπηύξατο στρατός.
 εἴτ' ἀμφίχρυσον φάσγανον κώπης λαβὼν
 ἐξεῖλκε κολεοῦ, λογάσι δ' Ἀργείων στρατοῦ
 νεανίαις ἔνευσε παρθένον λαβεῖν.
 ἢ δ' ὡς ἐφράσθη, τόνδ' ἐσήμηνεν λόγον·
 ὦ τὴν ἐμὴν πέρσαντες Ἀργεῖοι πόλιν,
 ἐκοῦσα θνήσκω· μή τις ἄψηται χροὸς
 550 τοῦμοῦ· παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίως.
 ἐλευθέραν δέ μ', ὡς ἐλευθέρα θάνω,
 πρὸς θεῶν μεθέντες κτείνατ'· ἐν νεκροῖσι γὰρ
 δούλη κεκλήσθαι βασιλῆς οὔσ' αἰσχύνομαι.
 λαοὶ δ' ἐπερρόθησαν, Ἀγαμέμνων τ' ἀναξ
 εἶπεν μεθεῖναι παρθένον νεανίαις.
 οἱ δ' ὡς τάχιστα ἤκουσαν ὑστάτην ὄπα,
 μεθῆκαν, οὔπερ καὶ μέγιστον ἦν κράτος.
 καπὲι τόδ' εἰσήκουσε δεσποτῶν ἔπος,
 λαβοῦσα πέπλους ἐξ ἄκρας ἐπωμίδος
 560 ἔρρηξε λαγόνος εἰς μέσον παρ' ὀμφαλόν,
 μαστοῦς τ' ἔδειξε στέρνα θ', ὡς ἀγάλματος,
 κάλλιστα, καὶ καθεῖσα πρὸς γαίαν γόνυ
 ἔλεξε πάντων τλημονέστατον λόγον·
 ἰδοὺ τόδ', εἰ μὲν στέρνου, ὦ νεανία,
 παίειν προθυμεί, παῖσον, εἰ δ' ὑπ' αὐχένα
 χρήξεις, πάρεστι λαιμὸς εὐτρεπῆς ὄδε.
 ὃ δ' οὐ θέλων τε καὶ θέλων οἴκτω κόρης,
 τέμνει σιδήρῳ πνεύματος διαρροάς·
 κρουνοὶ δ' ἐχώρουν. ἢ δὲ καὶ θνήσκουσ' ὁμῶς

HECUBA

Dark-welling from a maid. We give it thee,
 The host and I. Gracious to us be thou:
 Vouchsafe us to cast loose the sterns and curbs
 Of these ships, kindly home-return to win 540
 From Troy, and all to reach our fatherland."
 So spake he,—in that prayer joined all the host,—
 Then grasped his golden-plated falchion's hilt,
 Drew from the sheath, and to those chosen youths
 Of Argos' war-host signed to seize the maid.
 But she, being ware thereof, spake forth this speech:
 "O Argives, ye which laid my city low,
 Free-willed I die: on my flesh let no man
 Lay hand: unflinching will I yield my neck.
 But, by the Gods, let me stand free, the while 550
 Ye slay, that I may die free; for I shame
 Slave to be called in Hades, who am royal."
 "Yea!" like a great sea roared the host: the King
 Spake to the youths to let the maiden go.
 And they, soon as they heard that last behest
 Of him of chiefest might, drew back their hands.
 And she, when this she heard, her masters' word,
 Her vesture grasped, and from the shoulder's
 height
 Rent it adown her side, down to the waist,
 And bosom showed and breasts, as of a statue, 560
 Most fair; and, bowing to the earth her knee,
 A word, of all words most heroic, spake:
 "Lo here, O youth, if thou art fain to strike
 My breast, strike home: but if beneath my neck
 Thou wouldest, here my throat is bared to thee."
 And he, loth and yet fain, for ruth of her,
 Cleaves with the steel the channels of the breath:
 Forth gushed the life-springs: but she, even in
 death,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

570 πολλὴν πρόνοιαν εἶχεν εὐσχήμως πεσεῖν,
 κρύπτουσ' ἅ κρύπτειν ὄμματ' ἀρσένων χρεῶν.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφήκε πνεῦμα θανασίμῳ σφαγῇ,
 οὐδεὶς τὸν αὐτὸν εἶχεν Ἀργείων πόνον·
 ἀλλ' οἳ μὲν αὐτῶν τὴν θανούσαν ἐκ χερῶν
 φύλλοις ἔβαλλον, οἳ δὲ πληροῦσιν πυρὰν
 κορμούς φέροντες πευκίνους, ὁ δ' οὐ φέρων
 πρὸς τοῦ φέροντος τοιάδ' ἤκουεν κακά·
 ἔστηκας, ὦ κάκιστε, τῇ νεάνιδι
 οὐ πέπλον οὐδὲ κόσμον ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων ;
 οὐκ εἶ τι δωσὼν τῇ περισσ' εὐκαρδίῳ
 580 ψυχῇ τ' ἀρίστη ; τοιάδ' ἀμφὶ σῆς λέγω
 παιδὸς θανούσης· εὐτεκνωτάτην δὲ σὲ
 πασῶν γυναικῶν δυστυχεστάτην θ' ὄρω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινόν τι πῆμα Πριαμίδαις ἐπέζεσε
 πόλει τε τῆμῃ· θεῶν ἀναγκαῖον τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

590 ὦ θύγατερ, οὐκ οἶδ' εἰς ὅ τι βλέψω κακῶν
 πολλῶν παρόντων· ἦν γὰρ ἄψωμαί τινος,
 τόδ' οὐκ ἔᾶ με, παρακαλεῖ δ' ἐκείθεν αὐ
 λύπη τις ἄλλη διάδοχος κακῶν κακοῖς.
 καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν ὥστε μὴ στένειν πάθος
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην ἐξαλείψασθαι φρενός·
 τὸ δ' αὐτὴν λίαν παρῆλες ἀγγελθεῖσά μοι
 γενναῖος. οὐκ οὖν δεινόν, εἰ γῆ μὲν κακῇ
 τυχοῦσα καιροῦ θεόθεν εὐστάχυν φέρει,
 χρηστῇ δ' ἀμαρτοῦσ' ὧν χρεῶν αὐτὴν τυχεῖν
 κακὸν δίδωσι καρπὸν ; ἀνθρώποις δ' αἰεὶ
 ὁ μὲν ποιηρὸς οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός,
 ὁ δ' ἐσθλὸς ἐσθλός, οὐδὲ συμφορᾶς ὑπο
 φύσιν διέφθειρ', ἀλλὰ χρηστός ἐστ' αἰεὶ ;

HECUBA

Took chiefest thought decorously to fall,
 Hiding what hidden from men's eyes should be. 570
 But when she had spent her breath 'neath that death-
 stroke,

Each Argive 'gan his task—no man the same :
 But some upon the dead were strawing leaves
 Out of their hands, and some heap high the pyre,
 Bringing pine-billets thither : whoso bare not
 Heard such and such rebukes of him that bare :
 " Dost stand still, basest heart, with nought in hand—
 Robe for the maiden, neither ornament ?
 Nought wilt thou give to one in courage matchless,
 Noblest of soul ? "

Such is the tale I tell 580

Of thy dead child. Most blest in motherhood
 I count thee of all women, and most hapless.

CHORUS

Dread bale on Priam's line and city hath poured
 Its lava-flood :—'tis heaven's resistless doom.

HECUBA

Daughter, I know not on what ills to look,
 So many throng me : if to this I turn,
 That hindereth me : thence summoneth me again
 Another grief, on-ushering ills on ills.
 And now I cannot from my soul blot out
 Thine agony, that I should wail it not. 590
 Yet hast thou barred the worst, proclaimed to me
 So noble. Lo, how strange, that evil soil
 Heaven-blest with seasons fair, bears goodly crops,
 While the good, if it faileth of its dues,
 Gives evil fruit : but always among men
 The caitiff nothing else than evil is,
 The noble, noble, nor 'neath fortune's stress
 Marreth his nature, but is good alway.

- 600 ἄρ' οἱ τεκόντες διαφέρουσιν ἢ τροφαί ;
 ἔχει γε μέντοι καὶ τὸ θρεφθῆναι καλῶς
 δίδαξιν ἐσθλοῦ· τοῦτο δ' ἦν τις εὖ μάθη,
 οἶδεν τό γ' αἰσχρὸν, κανόνι τοῦ καλοῦ μαθῶν,
 καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ νοῦς ἐτόξευσεν μάτην·
 σὺ δ' ἔλθῃ καὶ σήμηνον Ἀργείοις τάδε,
 μὴ θιγγάνειν μοι μηδέν', ἀλλ' εἴργειν ὄχλου
 τῆς παιδός· ἐν τοι μυρίῳ στρατεύματι
 ἀκόλαστος ὄχλος ναυτικῆ τ' ἀναρχία
 κρείσσω πυρός, κακὸς δ' ὁ μὴ τι δρῶν κακόν·
 σὺ δ' αὖ λαβοῦσα τεύχος, ἀρχαία λάτρι,
 610 βάψασ' ἔνεγκε δεῦρο ποντίας ἁλός,
 ὡς παῖδα λουτροῖς τοῖς πανυστάτοις ἐμήν,
 νύμφην τ' ἄνυμφον παρθένου τ' ἀπάρθενον,
 λούσω προθῶμαί θ'· ὡς μὲν ἀξία, πόθεν ;
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην· ὡς δ' ἔχω· τί γὰρ πάθω ;
 κόσμον τ' ἀγείρας' αἰχμαλωτίδων πάρα,
 αἶ μοι πάρεδροι τῶνδ' ἔσω σκηνωμάτων
 θάσσουσιν, εἴ τις τοὺς νεωστὶ δεσπότης
 λαθοῦσ' ἔχει τι κλέμμα τῶν αὐτῆς δόμων.
 ὦ σχήματ' οἴκων, ὦ ποτ' εὐτυχεῖς δόμοι,
 620 ὦ πλείστ' ἔχων κάλλιστά τ', εὐτεκνώτατε
 Πρίαμε, γεραιά θ' ἦδ' ἐγὼ μήτηρ τέκνων,
 ὡς εἰς τὸ μηδὲν ἦκομεν, φρονήματος
 τοῦ πρὶν στερέντες· εἶτα δῆτ' ὀγκοῦμεθα
 ὁ μὲν τις ἡμῶν πλουσίοις ἐν δώμασιν,
 ὁ δ' ἐν πολίταις τίμιος κεκλημένος.
 τὰ δ' οὐδέν· ἄλλως φροντίδων βουλευμάτα
 γλώσσης τε κόμποι· κείνος ὀλβιώτατος,
 ὅτῳ κατ' ἡμαρ τυγχάνει μηδὲν κακόν.

HECUBA

By blood, or nurture, is the difference made?
 Sooth, gentle nurture bringeth lessoning 600
 In nobleness; and whoso learns this well
 By honour's touchstone knoweth baseness too:—
 Ah, unavailing arrows of the mind¹!
 But go thou, to the Argives this proclaim,
 That none my daughter touch, but that they keep
 The crowd thence: in a war-array untold
 Lawless the mob is, and the shipmen's licence
 Outraveneth flame—they rail on who sins not!

[*Exit* TALTHYBIUS,

But, ancient handmaid, take a vessel thou,
 And dip, and of the sea-brine hither bring, 610
 That with the last bath I may wash my child,—
 The bride unwedded, maid a maid no more,²—
 And lay her out—as meet is, how can I?
 Yet as I may; for lo, what plight is mine!
 Jewels from fellow-captives will I gather
 Which dwell, my neighbour-thralls, these tents within,
 If haply any, to our lords unknown,
 Hath any stolen treasure of her home.
 O stately halls, O home so happy once!
 O rich in fair abundance, goodliest offspring, 620
 Priam!—and I, a grey head crowned with sons!
 How are we brought to nought, of olden pride
 Stripped bare! And lo, we men are puffed up,
 One of us for the riches of his house,
 And one for honour in the mouths of men!
 These things be nought. All vain the heart's devisings,
 The vauntings of the tongue! Most blest is he
 To whom no ill befalls as days wear on.

¹ No philosophic moralizing can avail to assuage my sorrow.

² As being united to Achilles in death.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

630 ἔμοι χρῆν συμφοράν,
 ἔμοι χρῆν πημονὰν γενέσθαι,
 Ἰδαίαν ὅτε πρῶτον ὕλαν
 Ἀλέξανδρος εἰλατίναν
 ἐτάμεθ', ἄλιον ἐπ' οἶδμα ναυστολήσων
 Ἐλένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα, τὰν
 καλλίσταν ὁ χρυσοφαῆς
 Ἄλιος αὐγάζει. στρ.

640 πόνοι γὰρ καὶ πόνων
 ἀνάγκαι κρείσσονες κυκλοῦνται,
 κοινὸν δ' ἐξ ἰδίας ἀνοίας
 κακὸν τᾶ Σιμουντίδι γὰ
 ὀλέθριον ἔμολε συμφορά τ' ἀπ' ἄλλων.
 ἐκρίθη δ' ἔρις, ἂν ἐν Ἰ-
 δα κρίνει τρισσὰς μακάρων
 παῖδας ἀνὴρ βούτας, ἀντ.

650 ἐπὶ δορὶ καὶ φόνῳ καὶ ἐμῶν μελάθρων λῶβᾶ
 στένει δὲ καὶ τις ἀμφὶ τὸν εὐροὸν Εὐρώταν
 Λάκαινα πολυδάκρυτος ἐν δόμοις κόρα,
 πολιόν τ' ἐπὶ κράτα μάτηρ
 τέκνων θανόντων
 τίθεται χέρα δρύπτεται τε παρειάν,
 δίαϊμον ὄνυχα τιθεμένα σπαραγμοῖς. ἐπωδ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

660 γυναῖκες, Ἐκάβη ποῦ ποθ' ἡ παναθλία,
 ἡ πάντα νικῶσ' ἄνδρα καὶ θῆλυν σποράν
 κακοῖσιν ; οὐδεὶς στέφανον ἀνθαιρήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ', ὦ τάλαινα σῆς κακογλώσσου βοῆς ;
 ὡς οὐποθ' εὔδει λυπρὰ σου κηρύγματα.

HECUBA

CHORUS

My doom of disaster was written, (Str.)
 The doom of mine anguish was sealed, 630
 When of Paris the pine-shafts were smitten
 Upon Ida, that earthward they reeled,
 To ride over ridges surf-whitened,
 Till the bride-bed of Helen was won,
 Woman fairest of all that be lightened
 By the gold of the sun.

For battle-toils, yea, desolations (Ant.)
 Yet sorer around us close ;
 And the folly of one is the nation's 640
 Destruction ; of alien foes
 Cometh ruin by Simoïs' waters.
 So judged is the judgment given
 When on Ida the strife of the Daughters
 Of the Blessed was striven,

For battle, for murder, for ruin (Epode)
 Of mine halls :—by Eurotas is moan, 650
 Where with tears for their homes' undoing
 The maidens Laconian groan,
 Where rendeth her tresses hoary
 The mother for sons that are dead,
 And her cheeks with woe-furrows are gory,
 And her fingers are red.

Enter HANDMAID, with bearers carrying a covered corpse.

HANDMAID

Women, O where is Hecuba, sorrow's queen,
 Who passeth every man, all womankind,
 In woes ? No man shall take away her crown. 660

CHORUS

What now, O hapless voice of evil-boding ?
 Shall they ne'er sleep, thy publishings of grief ?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

Ἐκάβη φέρω τόδ' ἄλγος· ἐν κακοῖσι δὲ
οὐ ῥάδιον βροτοῖσιν εὐφημεῖν στόμα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν περῶσα τυγχάνει δόμων ἄπο
ἧδ', εἰς δὲ καιρὸν σοῖσι φαίνεται λόγοις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

ὦ παντάλαινα κᾶτι μᾶλλον ἢ λέγω,
δέσποινα, ὄλωλας, οὐκέτ' εἶ βλέπουσα φῶς,
ἄπαις, ἄνανδρος, ἄπολις, ἐξεφθαρμένη.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

670 οὐ καινὸν εἶπας, εἰδόσιν δ' ὠνείδισας.
ἀτὰρ τί νεκρὸν τόνδε μοι Πολυξένης
ἦκεις κομίζουσ', ἧς ἀπηγγέλθη τάφος
πάντων Ἀχαιῶν διὰ χερὸς σπουδὴν ἔχειν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

ἧδ' οὐδὲν οἶδεν, ἀλλά μοι Πολυξένην
θρηνεῖ, νέων δὲ πημάτων οὐχ ἄπτεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα μῶν τὸ βακχεῖον κᾶρα
τῆς θεσπιωδοῦ δεῦρο Κασάνδρας φέρεις;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

680 ζῶσαν λέλακας, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐ στένεις
τόνδ'· ἀλλ' ἄθρησον σῶμα γυμνωθὲν νεκροῦ,
εἴ σοι φανεῖται θαῦμα καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι, βλέπω δὴ παῖδ' ἐμὸν τεθνηκότα,
Πολύδωρον ὃν μοι Θρηξ' ἔσωζ' οἴκοις ἀνὴρ.
ἀπωλόμην δύστηνος, οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ δὴ.
ὦ τέκνον τέκνον,
αἰαῖ, κατάρχομαι νόμον

HECUBA

HANDMAID

To Hecuba I bring this pang : mid woes
Not easily may mortal lips speak fair.

CHORUS

Lo where she cometh from beneath the roofs :
In season for thy tale appeareth she.

HANDMAID

O all-afflicted, more than lips can say !
Queen, thou art slain—thou seest the light no more
Unchilded, widowed, cityless—all-destroyed !

HECUBA

No news this : 'tis but taunting me who knew. 670
But wherefore com'st thou bringing me this corpse,
Polyxena's, whose burial-rites, 'twas told,
By all Achaea's host were being sped ?

HANDMAID

She nothing knows : Polyxena—ah me !—
Still wails she, and the new woes graspeth not.

HECUBA

O hapless I !—not—not the bacchant head
Of prophetess Cassandra bring'st thou hither ?

HANDMAID

Thou nam'st the living : but the dead—this dead,
Bewailest not,—look, the dead form is bared !

[*Uncovers the corpse.*]

Seems it not strange—worse than all boding fears ? 680

HECUBA

Ah me, my son !—I see Polydorus dead,
Whom in his halls I deemed the Thracian warded.
O wretch ! it is my death—I am no more !
O my child, O my child !
Mine anguish shall thrill

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βακχείον, ἐξ ἀλάστορος
ἀρτιμαθῆς κακῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ἔγνωσ γὰρ ἄτην παιδός, ὦ δύστηνε σύ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

690

ἄπιστ' ἄπιστα, καινὰ καινὰ δέρκομαι.
ἕτερα δ' ἀφ' ἐτέρων κακὰ κακῶν κυρεῖ·
οὐδέποτ' ἀστένακτος ἀδάκρυτος ἀ-
μέρα ἐπισχῆσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεῖν', ὦ τάλαινα, δεινὰ πάσχομεν κακα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον τέκνον ταλαίνας ματρός,
τίμι μόρω θνήσκεις ;
τίμι πότημω κείσαι ;
πρὸς τίνος ἀνθρώπων ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς νιν κυρῶ θαλασσίαις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

700

ἔκβλητον, ἦ πέσημα φονίου δορός,
ἐν ψαμάθῳ λευρᾷ ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

πόντου νιν ἐξήνεγκε πελάγιος κλύδων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦμοι, αἰαῖ, ἔμαθον ἐνύπνιον ὀμμάτων
ἐμῶν ὄψιν, οὐ με παρέβα φά-
σμα μελανόπτερον,
ἂν ἐσεῖδον ἀμφὶ σ',
ὦ τέκνον, οὐκέτ' ὄντα Διὸς ἐν φάει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς γὰρ νιν ἔκτειν' ; οἶσθ' ὄνειρόφρων φράσαι ;

HECUBA

Through a wail shrilling wild
In the ears of me still,
Which pealed there but now from the throat of a
demon, a herald of ill.

HANDMAID

Didst thou then know thy son's doom, hapless one ?

HECUBA

Beyond, beyond belief, new woes I see.
Ills upon ills throng one after another: 690
Never day shall pass by without tear, without sigh,
nor mine anguish refrain.

CHORUS

Dread, O dread evils, hapless queen, we suffer.

HECUBA

O child, O child of a grief-stricken mother'
By what fate didst thou die ?—in what doom dost thou
lie ?—of what man wast thou slain ?

HANDMAID

I know not: on the sea-strand found I him.

HECUBA

Cast up by the tide, or struck down by the spear in a
blood-reddened hand
On the smooth-levelled sand ? 700

HANDMAID

The outsea surge in-breaking flung him up

HECUBA

Woe's me, I discern it, the vision that blasted my sight
Neither flitted unheeded that black-winged phantom
of night,
Which I saw, which revealed that my son was no more
of the light.

CHORUS

Who slew him ? Canst thou, dream-arreder, tell ?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

710 ἔμὸς ἔμὸς ξένος, Θρήκιος ἱππότας,
 ἴν' ὁ γέρον πατὴρ ἔθετό νιν κρύψας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι, τί λέξεις ; χρυσὸν ὡς ἔχοι κτανῶν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρρητ' ἀωνόμαστα, θαυμάτων πέρα,
 οὐχ ὅσι' οὐδ' ἀνεκτά. ποῦ δίκαια ξένων ;
 ὦ κατάρατ' ἀνδρῶν, ὡς διμοιράσω
 720 χροά, σιδარέω τεμῶν φασγάνω
 μέλεα τοῦδε παιδὸς οὐδ' ῥκτίσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, ὡς σε πολυπονωτάτην βροτῶν
 δαίμων ἔθηκεν ὅστις ἐστί σοι βαρῦς.
 ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τοῦδε δεσπότην δέμας
 Ἀγαμέμνονος, τὸνθένδε σιγῶμεν, φίλαι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἐκάβη, τί μέλλεις παῖδα σὴν κρύπτειν τάφῳ
 ἐλθοῦσ', ἐφ' οἷσπερ Ταλθύβιος ἠγγειλέ μοι
 μὴ θιγγάνειν σῆς μηδέν' Ἀργείων κόρης ;
 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν ἐῶμεν οὐδὲ ψαύομεν·
 730 σὺ δὲ σχολάζεις, ὥστε θαυμάζειν ἐμέ.
 ἦκω δ' ἀποστελῶν σε· τὰκείθεν γὰρ εὖ
 πεπραγμέν' ἐστίν, εἴ τι τῶνδ' ἐστὶν καλῶς.
 ἔα· τίν' ἄνδρα τόνδ' ἐπὶ σκηναῖς ὀρῶ
 θανόντα Τρώων ; οὐ γὰρ Ἀργεῖον πέπλοι
 δέμας περιπτύσσοντες ἀγγέλλουσί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δύστην', ἐμαντὴν γὰρ λέγω λέγουσα σέ,
 Ἐκάβη, τί δράσω ; πότερα προσπέσω γόνυ
 Ἀγαμέμνονος τοῦδ' ἢ φέρω σιγῇ κακά ;

HECUBA

HECUBA

'Twas my friend, 'twas my guest, 'twas the Thracian 710
 chariot-lord [hide and to ward.
 To whose charge his grey father had given him to

CHORUS

Oh, what wouldst say?—slew him to keep the gold?

HECUBA

O horror unspeakable, nameless, beyond all wonder!—
 Impious, unbearable! Where are they, friendship
 and truth?

O accursèd of men, lo, how hast thou carved asunder
 His flesh!—how thy knife, when my child's limbs
 quivered thereunder, [unmelted of ruth!
 Hath slashed him and mangled, and thou wast 720

CHORUS

O hapless, how a God, whose hand on thee
 Is heavy, above all mortals heaps thee pain!
 But lo, I see our master towering nigh,
 Agamemnon: friends, henceforth hold we our peace.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Why stay'st thou, Hecuba, to entomb thy child,
 According to Talthybius' word to me
 That of the Argives none should touch thy daughter?
 Wherefore we let her be, and touch her not;
 Yet loiterest thou, that wonder stirreth me. 730
 I come to speed thee hence; for all things there
 Are well wrought—if herein may aught be well.
 Ha, who is this that by the tents I see?
 What Trojan dead? No Argive this, the robes
 That shroud the body make report to me.

HECUBA (*aside*)

Hapless!—myself I name in naming thee—
 O Hecuba, what shall I do?—or fall
 At the king's feet, or silent bear mine ills?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

740 τί μοι προσώπω νῶτον ἐγκλίνασα σὸν
 δῦρει, τὸ πραχθὲν δ' οὐ λέγεις ; τίς ἔσθ' ὄδε ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀλλ', εἴ με δούλην πολεμίαν θ' ἠγούμενος
 γονάτων ἀπώσαιτ', ἄλγος ἂν προσθείμεθ' ἄν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔτοι πέφυκα μίντις, ὥστε μὴ κλύων
 ἐξιστορῆσαι σῶν ὁδὸν βουλευμάτων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρ' ἐκλογίζομαί γε πρὸς τὸ δυσμενὲς
 μάλλον φρένας τοῦδ', ὄντος οὐχὶ δυσμενοῦς ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰ τοί με βούλει τῶνδε μηδὲν εἰδέναι,
 εἰς ταῦτόν ἤκεις· καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐγὼ κλύειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

750 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην τοῦδε τιμωρεῖν ἄτερ
 τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι. τί στρέφω τάδε ;
 τολμᾶν ἀνάγκη, κἂν τύχῳ κἂν μὴ τύχῳ.
 Ἀγάμεμνον, ἰκετεύω σε τῶνδε γονάτων
 καὶ σοῦ γενεῖου δεξιᾶς τ' εὐδαίμονος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί χρήμα μαστεύουσα ; μὼν ἐλεύθερον
 αἰῶνα θέσθαι ; ῥάδιον γάρ ἐστί σοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ δῆτα· τοὺς κακοὺς δὲ τιμωρουμένη
 αἰῶνα τὸν ξύμπαντα δουλεύειν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ δὴ τίν' ἡμᾶς εἰς ἐπάρκεσιν καλεῖς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

760 οὐδέν τι τούτων ὧν σὺ δοξάζεις, ἄναξ.
 ὀρᾶς νεκρὸν τόνδ', οὐ καταστάζω δάκρυ ;

HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

Wherefore on me dost turn thy back, and mourn,
Nor tellest what is done, and who is this?

740

HECUBA (*aside*)

But if, accounting me a slave and foe,
He thrust me from his knees, 'twere pang on pang.

AGAMEMNON

No prophet born am I, to track the path
Of these thy musings, if I hear them not.

HECUBA (*aside*)

Lo, surely am I counting this man's heart
O'ermuch my foe, who is no foe at all.

AGAMEMNON

Sooth, if thou wilt that nought hereof I know,
At one we are: I care not, I, to hear.

HECUBA (*aside*)

I cannot, save with help of him, avenge
My children—wherefore do I dally thus?
I must needs venture, or to win or lose:—
Agamemnon, I beseech thee by thy knees,
And by thy beard, and thy victorious hand—

750

AGAMEMNON

What matter seekest thou? Wouldst have thy days
Free henceforth? Sooth, thy boon is lightly won.

HECUBA

No—no! Avenge me of mine adversary,
And I will welcome lifelong bondage then.

AGAMEMNON

But to what championship dost summon me?

HECUBA

To nought of all whereof thou dreamest, king.
Seest thou this corpse, o'er which my tears rain down? 760

305

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὀρώ· τὸ μέντοι μέλλον οὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοῦτόν ποτ' ἔτεκον κάφερον ζώνης ὑπο.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔστιν δὲ τίς σὼν οὗτος, ᾧ τλήμων, τέκνων ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ τῶν θανόντων Πριαμιδῶν ὑπ' Ἰλίου.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦ γάρ τιν' ἄλλον ἔτεκες ἢ κείνους, γυναί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀνόνητά γ', ὡς ἔοικε, τόνδ' ὄν εισοράς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῦ δ' ὦν ἐτύγχαν', ἠνίκ' ὄλλυτο πόλις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πατήρ νιν ἐξέπεμψεν ὀρρωδῶν θανεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῖ τῶν τότε ὄντων χωρίσας τέκνων μόνου ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

770 εἰς τήνδε χώραν, οὐπερ ἠύρεθη θανών.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πρὸς ἄνδρ' ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε Πολυμήστωρ
χθονός ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐνταῦθ' ἐπέμφθη πικροτάτου χρυσοῦ φύλαξ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θνήσκει δὲ πρὸς τοῦ καὶ τίνος πότμου τυχών ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τίνος δ' ὑπ' ἄλλου ; Θρήξ νιν ὤλεσε ξένος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ᾧ τλήμων· ἦ που χρυσὸν ἠράσθη λαβεῖν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοιαῦτ', ἐπειδὴ συμφορὰν ἔγνω Φρυγῶν.

HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

I see,—yet what shall come I cannot tell.

HECUBA

Him once I bare, and carried 'neath my zone.

AGAMEMNON

Who of thy sons is this, O sorrow-crushed?

HECUBA

Not one of Priam's sons by Ilium slain.

AGAMEMNON

How? didst thou bear another more than these?

HECUBA

Yea—to my grief, meseems : thou seest him here.

AGAMEMNON

Yet where was he what time the city fell?

HECUBA

Dreading his death his father sent him thence.

AGAMEMNON

And whither drew him from the rest apart?

HECUBA

Unto this land, where dead hath he been found.

770

AGAMEMNON

To Polymestor, ruler of the land?

HECUBA

Yea—sent in charge of thrice-accursèd gold.

AGAMEMNON

And of whom slain, and lighting on what doom?

HECUBA

Of whom save one?—that Thracian friend slew him.

AGAMEMNON

O wretch!—for that he lusted for the gold?

HECUBA

Even so, when Phrygia's fall was known of him.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦδ' ἔρες δὲ ποῦ νιν, ἢ τίς ἠνεγκεν νεκρόν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦδ', ἐντυχοῦσα ποντίας ἀκτῆς ἔπι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοῦτον ματεύουσ' ἢ πονοῦσ' ἄλλον πόνον ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

780 λούτρ' ὄχετ' οἴσουσ' ἐξ ἁλὸς Πολυξένη.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κτανών νιν, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐκβάλλει ξένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

θαλασσόπλαγκτόν γ', ὧδε διατεμὼν χροά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ σχετλία σὺ τῶν ἀμετρήτων πόνων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὄλωλα, κούδεν λοιπόν, Ἀγάμεμνον, κακῶν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ· τίς οὔτω δυστυχῆς ἔφυ γυνή ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν, εἰ μὴ τὴν τύχην αὐτὴν λέγοις.
 ἀλλ' ὦνπερ εἶνεκ' ἀμφὶ σὸν πίπτω γόνυ,
 ἄκουσον. εἰ μὲν ὅσιά σοι παθεῖν δοκῶ,
 στέργοιμ' ἄν· εἰ δὲ τοῦμπαλιν, σὺ μοι γενοῦ
 790 τιμωρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἀνοσιωτάτου ξένου,
 ὃς οὔτε τοὺς γῆς νέρθεν οὔτε τοὺς ἄνω
 δείσας δέδρακεν ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατον,
 κοινῆς τραπέζης πολλαῖς τυχῶν ἐμοί,
 ξενίας τ' ἀριθμῶ πρῶτα τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων
 τυχῶν δ' ὅσων δεῖ· καὶ λαβὼν προμηθίαν,
 ἔκτεινε, τύμβου δ', εἰ κτανεῖν ἐβούλετο,
 οὐκ ἠξίωσεν, ἀλλ' ἀφῆκε πόντιον.

HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

Where found'st thou him?—or who hath brought thy
dead?

HECUBA

She there: upon the strand she chanced on him.

AGAMEMNON

Seeking him, or on other task employed?

HECUBA

Sea-brine she sought to lave Polyxena.

780

AGAMEMNON

So then this guest-friend slew and cast him forth.

HECUBA

Yea, on the sea to drift, his flesh thus hacked.

AGAMEMNON

O woe is thee for thine unmeasured pains!

HECUBA

'Tis death—there is no deeper depth of woe.

AGAMEMNON

Alas, was woman e'er so fortune-crost?

HECUBA

None, except thou wouldst name Misfortune's self.

But for what cause I bow thy knees to clasp,

Hear:—if my righteous due my sufferings seem

To thee, I am content: if not, do thou

Avenge me on that impious, impious friend,

790

Who neither feared the powers beneath the earth,

Nor those on high, but wrought most impious deed,—

Who ofttimes at my table ate and drank,

For welcome foremost in my count of friends,

And had all guest-dues. Yet he watched his time,

Slew him, nor in his thoughts of murder found

Room for a grave, but cast him mid the sea.

309

- 800 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν δούλοί τε κάσθeneῖς ἴσως·
 ἀλλ' οἱ θεοὶ σθένουσι χῶ κείνων κρατῶν
 νόμος· νόμῳ γὰρ τοὺς θεοὺς ἡγούμεθα
 καὶ ζῶμεν ἄδικα καὶ δίκαι' ὠρισμένοι·
 ὅς εἰς σ' ἀνελθὼν εἰ διαφθαρήσεται,
 καὶ μὴ δίκην δώσουσιν οἵτινες ξένους
 κτείνουσιν ἢ θεῶν ἱερὰ τολμῶσιν φέρειν,
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον.
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἐν αἰσχυρῷ θέμενος αἰδέσθητί με·
 οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς, ὡς γραφεύς τ' ἀποσταθεὶς
 ἰδοῦ με κἀνάθρησον οἷ' ἔχω κακά.
- 810 τύραννος ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν δούλη σέθεν,
 εὐπαις ποτ' οὔσα, νῦν δὲ γραυὸς ἄπαις θ' ἅμα,
 ἄπολις, ἔρημος, ἀθλιωτάτη βροτῶν.
 οἴμοι τάλαινα, ποῖ μ' ὑπεξάγεις πόδα ;
 ἔοικα πράξειν οὐδέν· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
 τί δῆτα θνητοὶ τᾶλλα μὲν μαθήματα
 μοχθοῦμεν ὡς χρῆ πάντα καὶ μαστεύομεν,
 πειθῶ δὲ τὴν τύραννον ἀνθρώποις μόνην
 οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον ἐς τέλος σπουδάζομεν
 μισθοὺς διδόντες μανθάνειν, ἵν' ἦν ποτε
 πείθειν ἅ τις βούλοιο τυγχάνειν θ' ἅμα ;
- 820 πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἂν τις ἐλπίσαι πράξειν καλῶς ;
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ ὄντες παῖδες οὐκέτ' εἰσὶ μοι,
 αὐτὴ δ' ἐπ' αἰσχυροῖς αἰχμάλωτος οἴχομαι·
 καπνὸν δὲ πόλεως τόνδ' ὑπερθρώσκουθ' ὄρω·
 καὶ μὴν ἴσως μὲν τοῦ λόγου κενὸν τόδε,
 Κύπριν προβάλλειν· ἀλλ' ὅμως εἰρήσεται
 πρὸς σοῖσι πλευροῖς παῖς ἐμὴ κοιμίζεται
 ἢ φοιβᾶς, ἦν καλοῦσι Κασάνδραν Φρύγες·
 ποῦ τὰς φίλας δῆτ' εὐφρόνας δείξεις, ἀναξ,
 ἢ τῶν ἐν εὐνῇ φιλτάτων ἀσπασμάτων

HECUBA

And I—a slave I may be, haply weak ;
 Yet are the Gods strong, and their ruler strong,
 Even Law ; for by this Law we know Gods are, 800
 We live, we make division of wrong and right ;
 And if this at thy bar be disannulled,
 And they shall render not account which slay
 Guests, or dare rifle the Gods' holy things,
 Then among men is there no righteousness.
 This count then shameful ; have respect to me ;
 Pity me :—like a painter so draw back,
 Scan me, pore on my portraiture of woes.
 A queen was I, time was, but now thy slave ;
 Crowned with fair sons once, childless now and 810
 old,
 Cityless, lone, of mortals wretchedest.
 Woe for me !—whither wouldst withdraw thy
 foot ?
 Meseems I shall not speed—O hapless I !
 Wherefore, O wherefore, at all other lore
 Toil men, as needeth, and make eager quest,
 Yet Suasion, the unrivalled queen of men,
 Nor price we pay, nor make ado to learn her
 Unto perfection, so a man might sway
 His fellows as he would, and win his ends ?
 How then shall any hope good days henceforth ? 820
 So many sons—none left me any more !
 Myself mid shame a spear-thrall ruin-spel ;—
 Yon smoke o'er Troy upsoaring in my sight !
 Yet—yet—'twere unavailing plea perchance
 To cast Love's shield before me—yet be it said :
 Lo, at thy side my child Cassandra couched
 Lies, the Inspired One—named of Phrygians so.
 Those nights of love, hath their memorial perished ?
 Or for the lovingkindness of the couch

830

χάριν τίν' ἔξει παῖς ἐμή, κείνης δ' ἐγώ ;
 ἐκ τοῦ σκότου γὰρ τῶν τε νυκτερησίων
 φίλτρων μεγίστη γίγνεται βροτοῖς χάρις.
 ἄκουε δὴ νυν τὸν θανόντα τόνδ' ὀράς ;
 τοῦτον καλῶς δρῶν ὄντα κηδεστὴν σέθεν
 δράσεις, ἐνός μοι μῦθος ἐνδεῆς ἔτι.
 εἴ μοι γένοιτο φθόγγος ἐν βραχίοσι
 καὶ χερσὶ καὶ κόμαισι καὶ ποδῶν βάσει
 ἢ Δαιδάλου τέχναισιν ἢ θεῶν τινος,
 ὡς πάνθ' ὀμαρτῆ σῶν ἔχοιντο γουνάτων
 840 κλαίοντ', ἐπισκῆπτοντα παντοίους λόγους.
 ὦ δέσποτ', ὦ μέγιστον Ἑλλησιν φάος,
 πιθοῦ, παράσχες χεῖρα τῇ πρεσβύτιδι
 τιμωρόν, εἰ καὶ μηδέν ἐστίν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.
 ἐσθλοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τῇ δίκη θ' ὑπηρετεῖν
 καὶ τοὺς κακοὺς δρᾶν πανταχοῦ κακῶς αἰεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινόν γε, θνητοῖς ὡς ἅπαντα συμπίτνει,
 καὶ τὰς ἀνάγκας οἱ νόμοι διώρισαν,
 φίλους τιθέντες τοὺς γε πολεμιωτάτους
 ἐχθρούς τε τοὺς πρὶν εὐμενεῖς ποιοῦμενοι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

850

ἐγὼ σὲ καὶ σὸν παῖδα καὶ τύχας σέθεν,
 Ἐκάβη, δι' οἴκτου χεῖρά θ' ἱκεσίαν ἔχω
 καὶ βούλομαι θεῶν θ' εἵνεκ' ἀνόσιον ξένον
 καὶ τοῦ δικαίου τήνδε σοι δοῦναι δίκην,
 εἴ πως φανεῖη γ' ὥστε σοὶ τ' ἔχειν καλῶς,
 στρατῷ τε μὴ δόξαιμι Κασάνδρας χάριν

HECUBA

What thank shall my child have, or I for her? 830
 For of the darkness and the night's love-spells
 Cometh on men the chiefest claim for thank.
 Harken now, harken: seest thou this dead
 boy?

Doing him right, to thine own marriage-kin
 Shalt thou do right. One plea more lack I yet:—
 O that I had a voice in these mine arms
 And hands and hair and pacings of my feet,
 By art of Daedalus lent, or of a God,
 That all together to thy knees might cling
 Weeping, and pressing home pleas manifold! 840
 O my lord, mightiest light to Hellas' sons,
 Harken, O lend thine hand to avenge the aged;
 What though a thing of nought she be, yet hear!
 For 'tis the good man's part to champion right,
 And everywhere and aye to smite the wrong.

CHORUS

Strange, strange, how all cross-chances hap to men!
 These laws shift landmarks even of friendship's ties,¹
 Turning to friends the bitterest of foes,
 Changing to enmity the love of old.

AGAMEMNON

I am stirred to pity, Hecuba, both of thee, 850
 Thy son, thy fortune, and thy suppliant hand;
 And for the Gods' and justice' sake were fain
 Thine impious guest should taste for this thy vengeance,
 So means were found thy cause to speed, while I
 Seem not unto the host to plot this death

¹ The laws of right and wrong and the obligation to avenge the blood of kin compel Hecuba to ally herself with Agamemnon, her late enemy, against Polymestor, her late friend.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

860 Θρήκης ἄνακτι τόνδε βουλευῆσαι φόνον.
 ἔστιν γὰρ ἧ παραγμὸς ἐμπέπτωκέ μοι
 τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον φίλιον ἠγεῖται στρατός,
 τῶν κατθανόντα δ' ἐχθρόν· εἰ δὲ σοὶ φίλος
 ὄδ' ἐστί, χωρὶς τοῦτο κοῦ κοινὸν στρατῶ.
 πρὸς ταῦτα φρόντιζ'· ὡς θέλοντα μὲν μ' ἔχεις
 σοὶ ξυμπονήσαι καὶ ταχὺν προσαρκέσαι,
 βραδὺν δ', Ἀχαιοῖς εἰ διαβληθήσομαι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φευ·
 οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος·
 ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δούλός ἐστιν ἢ τύχης,
 ἢ πλήθος αὐτὸν πόλεος ἢ νόμων γραφαὶ
 εἴργουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ ταρβεῖς τῶ τ' ὄχλῳ πλέον νέμεις,
 870 ἐγὼ σε θήσω τοῦδ' ἐλεύθερον φόβου.
 σύνισθι μὲν γάρ, ἦν τι βουλευῆσω κακὸν
 τῶ τόνδ' ἀποκτείναντι, συνδράσης δὲ μή.
 ἦν δ' ἐξ Ἀχαιῶν θόρυβος ἢ πικουρία
 πάσχοντος ἀνδρὸς Θρακὸς οἷα πείσεται
 φανῆ τις, εἴργε μὴ δοκῶν ἐμὴν χάριν.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα θάρσει πάντ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

880 πῶς οὖν ; τί δράσεις ; πότερα φάσγανον χερσὶ
 λαβοῦσα γραιῖα φῶτα βάρβαρον κτενεῖς,
 ἢ φαρμάκοισιν ἢ πικουρία τίνι ;
 τίς σοι ξυνέσται χεῖρ ; πόθεν κτήσει φίλους ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

880 στέγαι κεκεύθασ' αἶδε Τρωάδων ὄχλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὰς αἰχμαλώτους εἶπας, Ἑλλήνων ἄγραν ;

HECUBA

For Thracia's king for thy Cassandra's sake,
 For herein is mine heart disquieted:—
 This very man the host account their friend,
 The dead their foe: that dear he is to thee
 Is nought to them, nor part have these in him. 860
 Wherefore take thought: in me thou hast one fain
 To share thy toil, and swift to lend thee aid,
 But slow to face the Achaeans' murmurings.

HECUBA

Ah, among mortals is there no man free!
 To lucre or to fortune is he slave:
 The city's rabble or the law's impeachment
 Constrains him into paths his soul abhors.
 But since thou fear'st, dost overrate the crowd,
 Even I will set thee free from this thy dread. 870
 Be privy thou, what ill soe'er I plot
 For my son's slayer, but share not the deed.
 If tumult mid the Achaeans rise, or cry
 Of rescue, when the Thracian feels my vengeance,
 Thou check them, not in seeming for my sake.
 For all else, fear not: I will shape all well.

AGAMEMNON

How? what wouldst do? Wouldst in thy wrinkled hand
 A dagger clutch, and yon barbarian slay?—
 With poisons do the deed, or with what help?
 What arm shall aid thee? whence wilt win thee
 friends?

HECUBA

These tents a host of Trojan women hide. 880

AGAMEMNON

The captives meanest thou, Greek hunters' prey?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σὺν ταῖσδε τὸν ἔμὸν φονέα τιμωρήσομαι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ πῶς γυναιξὶν ἀρσένων ἔσται κράτος ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δεινὸν τὸ πλῆθος, σὺν δόλῳ τε δύσμαχον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

δεινόν· τὸ μέντοι θῆλυ μέμφομαι γένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ' ; οὐ γυναιῖκες εἶλον Αἰγύπτου τέκνα,
καὶ Λῆμνον ἄρδην ἀρσένων ἐξώκισαν ;
ἀλλ' ὡς γενέσθω· τόνδε μὲν μέθες λόγον,
πέμψον δέ μοι τήνδ' ἀσφαλῶς διὰ στρατοῦ
890 γυναιῖκα. καὶ σὺ Θρηκὶ πλαθεῖσα ξένῳ
λέξον· καλεῖ σ' ἄνασσα δῆποτ' Ἰλίου
Ἑκάβη, σὸν οὐκ ἔλασσον ἢ κείνης χρέος,
καὶ παῖδας· ὡς δεῖ καὶ τέκν' εἰδέναι λόγους
τοὺς ἐξ ἐκείνης. τὸν δὲ τῆς νεοσφαγοῦς
Πολυξένης ἐπίσχεσ, Ἀγάμεμνον, τάφον,
ὡς τῶδ' ἀδελφῶ πλησίον μιᾷ φλογί,
δισσὴ μέριμνα μητρί, κρυφθῆτον χθονί.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔσται τὰδ' οὕτω· καὶ γὰρ εἰ μὲν ἦν στρατῶ
πλοῦς, οὐκ ἂν εἶχον τήνδε σοι δοῦναι χάριν·
900 νῦν δ', οὐ γὰρ ἴησ' οὐρίας πνοᾶς θεός,
μένειν ἀνάγκη πλοῦν ὀρώντας ἤσυχον.
γένοιτο δ' εὖ πως· πᾶσι γὰρ κοινὸν τόδε
ιδία θ' ἐκάστῳ καὶ πόλει, τὸν μὲν κακὸν
κακόν τι πάσχειν, τὸν δὲ χρηστὸν εὐτυχεῖν.

HECUBA

HECUBA

By these will I avenge me on my slayer.

AGAMEMNON

How?—women gain the mastery over men?

HECUBA

Mighty are numbers—joined with craft, resistless.

AGAMEMNON

Ay, mighty, yet misprise I womankind.

HECUBA

What? did not women slay Aegyptus' sons,
And wholly of her males dispeople Lemnos?
Yet be it so: forbear to reason thus.
But to this woman give thou through the host
Safe passage.

(*To a servant*) Thou, draw nigh our Thracian guest, 890
Say, "Hecuba, late Queen of Ilium,
Calls thee on thy behoof no less than hers,
Thy sons withal; for these must also hear
Her words." The burial of Polyxena
Late-slaughtered, Agamemnon, thou delay:
So sister joined with brother in one flame,
A mother's double grief, shall be entombed.

AGAMEMNON

So shall it be: yet, might the host but sail,
No power had I to grant this grace to thee:
But, seeing God sends no fair-following winds,
Needs must we tarry watching idle sails.
Now fair befall: for all men's weal is this,—
Each several man's, and for the state,—that ill
Betide the bad, prosperity the good.

900

[*Exit.*

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ μὲν, ὦ πατὴρ Ἰλιάς, στρ. α'
 τῶν ἀπορθήτων πόλις οὐκέτι λέξει
 τοῖον Ἑλλάνων νέφος ἀμφί σε κρύπτει
 δορὶ δὴ δορὶ πέρσαν.

910 ἀπὸ δὲ στεφάναν κέκαρσαι
 πύργων, κατὰ δ' αἰθάλου
 κηλίδ' οἰκτροτάταν κέχρωσαι,
 τάλαιν', οὐκέτι σ' ἐμβατεύσω.

μεσονύκτιος ὠλλύμαν, ἀντ. α'
 ἦμος ἐκ δείπνων ὕπνος ἠδὺς ἐπ' ὄσσοις
 σκίδναται, μολπᾶν δ' ἄπο καὶ χοροποιὸν
 θυσίαν καταπαύσας

920 πόσις ἐν θαλάμοις ἔκειτο,
 ξυστὸν δ' ἐπὶ πασσάλῳ,
 ναύταν οὐκέθ' ὀρώων ὄμιλον
 Τροίαν Ἰλιάδ' ἐμβεβῶτα.

ἐγὼ δὲ πλόκαμον ἀναδέτοις στρ. β'
 μίτραισιν ἐρρυθμιζόμεν
 χρυσέων ἐνόπτρων

λεύσσουσ' ἀτέρμονας εἰς αὐγὰς,
 ἐπιδέμνιος ὡς πέσοιμ' ἐς εὐνάν.
 ἀνὰ δὲ κέλαδος ἔμολε πόλιν·
 κέλευσμα δ' ἦν κατ' ἄστν Τροίας τόδ' ὦ
 930 παῖδες Ἑλλάνων, πότε δὴ πότε τὰν
 Ἰλιάδα σκοπιὰν
 πέρσαντες ἤξετ' οἴκους;

HECUBA

CHORUS

O my fatherland, Ilium, thou art named no more
 Mid burgs unspoiled, (Str. 1)
 Such a battle-cloud lightening spears enshrouds thee
 o'er,

All round thee coiled !
 Thou art piteously shorn of thy brows' tower-diadem, 910
 And smirched with stain
 Of the reek ; and thy streetways—my feet shall not
 tread them,
 Ah me, again !

At the midnight my doom lighted on me, when sleep
 shed (Ant. 1)
 When from sacrifice-dance and from hushed songs on
 O'er eyes sweet rain, [his bed
 My lord had lain, [ken
 And the spear on the wall was uphung, for watchman's 920
 Saw near nor far
 Overtrampling the Ilian plains those sea-borne men,
 That host of war.

I was ranging the braids of mine hair 'neath soft
 snood-fold : (Str. 2)
 On mine eyes thrown
 Was the gleam from the fathomless depths of mirror-
 gold,
 Ere I sank down [blast
 To my rest on the couch ;—but a tumult's tempest-
 Swept up the street,
 And a battle-cry thundered—"Ye sons of Greeks, on
 fast ! 930
 Be the castles of Troy overthrown, that home at last
 May hail your feet !"

λέχη δὲ φίλια μονόπεπλος
 λιπούσα, Δωρὶς ὡς κόρα,
 σεμνὰν προσίζουσ'
 οὐκ ἦνυσ' Ἄρτεμιν ἅ τλάμων
 ἄγομαι δὲ θανόντ' ἰδοῦσ' ἀκοίταν
 τὸν ἐμὸν ἄλιον ἐπὶ πέλαγος
 πόλιν τ' ἀποσκοποῦσ', ἐπεὶ νόστιμον
 940 ναῦς ἐκίνησεν πόδα καὶ μ' ἀπὸ γᾶς
 ὄρισεν Ἰλιάδος·
 τάλαιν', ἀπεῖπον ἄλγει,

ἀντ. β

τὰν τοῖν Διοσκόροιν Ἑλέναν κάσιν
 Ἰδαῖόν τε βούταν
 αἰνόπαριν κατάρα
 διδοῦσ', ἐπεὶ με γᾶς
 ἐκ πατρώας ἀπώλεσεν
 ἐξώκισέν τ' οἴκων γάμος, οὐ γάμος
 ἀλλ' ἀλάστορός τις οἰζύς·
 950 ἂν μήτε πέλαγος ἄλιον ἀπαγάγοι πάλιν,
 μήτε πατῶν ἵκοιτ' ἐς οἶκον.

ἐπφδ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν Πρίαμε, φιλτάτη δὲ συ,
 Ἐκάβη, δακρύω σ' εἰσορῶν πόλιν τε σήν,
 τήν τ' ἀρτίως θανοῦσαν ἔκγονον σέθεν.
 φεῦ·

οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν πιστόν, οὔτ' εὐδοξία
 οὔτ' αὖ καλῶς πράσσοντα μὴ πράξειν κακῶς
 φύρουσι δ' αὐτὰ θεοὶ πάλιν τε καὶ πρόσω
 ταραγμὸν ἐντιθέντες, ὡς ἀγνωσία
 960 σέβωμεν αὐτούς. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν τι δεῖ
 θρηνεῖν, προκόπτοντ' οὐδὲν εἰς πρόσθεν κακῶν·
 σὺ δ', εἴ τι μέμφει τῆς ἐμῆς ἀπουσίας,

HECUBA

From my dear bed, my lost bed, I sprang, like Dorian
maid (Ant. 2)

But mantle-veiled,

And to Artemis' altar I clung—woe's me! I prayed
In vain, and wailed.

And my lord I beheld lying dead; and I was borne
O'er deep salt sea,

Looking back upon Troy, by the ship from Ilium torn
As she sped on the Hellas-ward path: then woe-forlorn 940
I swooned,—ah me!—

(Epode)

Upon Helen, the sister of Zeus' Sons, hurling back,
And on Paris, fell shepherd of Ida, curses black,

Who from mine home

By their bridal had reft me—'twas bridal none, but
wrack 950

Devil-wrought:—to her fatherland home o'er yon sea-
track

Ne'er may she come!

*Enter POLYMESTOR with his two little sons attended by a
guard of Thracian spearmen.*

POLYMESTOR

Priam of men most dear!—and dearest thou,
O Hecuba, I weep beholding thee,
Thy city, and thine offspring slain so late.
Nought is there man may trust, nor high repute,
Nor present weal—for it may turn to woe;
All things the Gods confound, hurl this way and
that,

Turmoiling all, that we, foreknowing nought,
May worship them:—what skills it to make moan 960
For this, outrunning evils none the more?
But if mine absence thou dost chide, forbear;

321

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σχές· τυγχάνω γὰρ ἐν μέσοις Θρήκης ὄροις
ἀπών, ὅτ' ἦλθες δεῦρ'· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην,
ἤδη πόδ' ἔξω δωμάτων αἶροντί μοι
εἰς ταῦτόν ἦδε συμπίτνει δμῶις σέθεν,
λέγουσα μύθους ὧν κλύων ἀφικόμην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

970 αἰσχύνομαί σε προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον,
Πολυμήστορ, ἐν τοιοῖσδε κειμένα κακοῖς.
ὅτῳ γὰρ ὄφθην εὐτυχοῦσ', αἰδώς μ' ἔχει
ἐν τῷδε πότμῳ τυγχάνουσ' ἵν' εἰμὶ νῦν,
κούκ ἂν δυναίμην προσβλέπειν σ' ὀρθαῖς κόραις,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸ μὴ δύσνοιαν ἠγήση σέθεν,
Πολυμήστορ· ἄλλως δ' αἰτιόν τι καὶ νόμος
γυναῖκας ἀνδρῶν μὴ βλέπειν ἐναντίου.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ θαῦμά γ' οὐδέν. ἀλλὰ τίς χρεία σ' ἐμοῦ;
τί χρῆμ' ἐπέμψω τὸν ἐμὸν ἐκ δόμων πόδα;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

980 ἴδιον ἐμαντῆς δὴ τι πρὸς σέ βούλομαι
καὶ παῖδας εἰπεῖν σοῦς· ὀπάονας δέ μοι
χωρὶς κέλευσον τῶνδ' ἀποστῆναι δόμων.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

χωρεῖτ'· ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ γὰρ ἦδ' ἐρημία·
φίλη μὲν ἡμῖν εἶ σύ, προσφιλές δέ μοι
στράτευμ' Ἀχαιῶν. ἀλλὰ σημαίνειν σε χρὴ
τί χρῆ τὸν εὐ πράσσοντα μὴ πράσσουσιν εὐ
φίλοις ἐπαρκεῖν· ὡς ἔτοιμός εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πρῶτον μὲν εἶπέ παιδ' ὃν ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς
Πολύδωρον ἔκ τε πατρός ἐν δόμοις ἔχεις,
εἰ ζῆ· τὰ δ' ἄλλα δεύτερόν σ' ἐρήσομαι.

HECUBA

For in the mid-Thrace tracts afar was I
When thou cam'st hither : soon as I returned,
At point was I to hasten forth mine home ;
When lo, for this same end thine handmaid came
Telling a tale whose tidings winged mine haste.

HECUBA

I shame to look thee in the face, who am sunk,
O Polymestor, in such depth of ills.
Thou sawest me in weal : shame's thrall I am, 970
Found in such plight wherein I am this day.
I cannot face thee with unshrinking eyes.
Yet count it not as evil-will to thee,
Polymestor ; therebeside is custom's bar
That women look not in the eyes of men.

POLYMESTOR

No marvel :—but what need hast thou of me ?
For what cause from mine home hast sped my feet?

HECUBA

A secret of mine own I fain would tell
To thee and thine. I pray thee, bid thy guards
Aloof from these pavilions to withdraw. 980

POLYMESTOR

Depart ye, for this solitude is safe. [*Exeunt guards.*]
My friend art thou, well-willed to me this host
Achaean. Now behoves thee to declare
Wherein the prosperous must render help
To friends afflicted : lo, prepared am I.

HECUBA

First, of the son whom in thine halls thou hast,
Polydorus, of mine hands, and of his sire's—
Liveth he ? I will ask thee then the rest.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

μάλιστα· τούκείνου μὲν εὐτυχεῖς μέρος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

990 ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς εὖ καξίως σέθεν λέγεις.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα βούλει δεύτερον μαθεῖν ἐμοῦ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ τῆς τεκούσης τῆσδε μέμνηταί τί μου.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ δευρό γ' ὡς σὲ κρύφιος ἐζήτει μολεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρυσὸς δὲ σῶς ὃν ἦλθεν ἐκ Τροίας ἔχων ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

σῶς, ἐν δόμοις γε τοῖς ἐμοῖς φρουρούμενος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σῶσόν νυν αὐτὸν μηδ' ἔρα τῶν πλησίον.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἦκιστ'· ὀναίμην τοῦ παρόντος, ὦ γύναι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶσθ' οὖν ἂ λέξαι σοί τε καὶ παισὶν θέλω ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οὐκ οἶδα· τῷ σῷ τοῦτο σημανεῖς λόγῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1000 ἔστ', ὦ φιληθεῖς ὡς σὺ νῦν ἐμοὶ φιλεῖ,

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί χρῆμ' ὃ καμὲ καὶ τέκν' εἶδέναι χρεῶν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρυσοῦ παλαιὰ Πριαμιδῶν κατώρυχες.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ταῦτ' ἔσθ' ἂ βούλει παιδὶ σημήναι σέθεν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μάλιστα, διὰ σοῦ γ'· εἰ γὰρ εὐσεβῆς ἀνὴρ.

HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

Surely : as touching him thy lot is fair.

HECUBA

Dear friend, how well thou speak'st and worthy thee ! 990

POLYMESTOR

Prithee, what next art fain to learn of me ?

HECUBA

If me, his mother, he remembereth ?

POLYMESTOR

Yea—fain had come to thee in secret hither.

HECUBA

Is the gold safe, wherewith from Troy he came ?

POLYMESTOR

Safe—warded in mine halls in any wise.

HECUBA

Safe keep it : covet not thy neighbours' goods.

POLYMESTOR

Nay, lady: joy be mine of that I have !

HECUBA

Know'st what I fain would tell thee and thy sons ?

POLYMESTOR

I know not : this thy word shall signify.

HECUBA

There is, O friend dear as thou art to me—

1000

POLYMESTOR

Yea—what imports my sons and me to know ?

HECUBA

Gold—ancient vaults of gold of Priam's line.

POLYMESTOR

This is it thou art fain to tell thy son ?

HECUBA

Yea, by thy mouth : thou art a righteous man.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα τέκνων τῶνδε δεῖ παρουσίας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄμεινον, ἦν σὺ καθάνης, τούσδ' εἰδέναι.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καλῶς ἔλεξας· τῆδε καὶ σοφώτερον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἷσθ' οὖν Ἀθάνας Ἰλίας ἵνα στέγαι ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἐνταῦθ' ὁ χρυσός ἐστι ; σημεῖον δὲ τί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1010 μέλαινα πέτρα γῆς ὑπερτέλλουσ' ἄνω.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἔτ' οὖν τι βούλει τῶν ἐκεῖ φράζειν ἐμοί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σῶσαι σε χρήμαθ' οἷς συνεξήλθον θέλω.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ποῦ δῆτα ; πέπλων ἐντὸς ἢ κρύψασ' ἔχεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σκύλων ἐν ὄχλῳ ταῖσδε σφύζεται στέγαις.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ποῦ δ' ; αἶδ' Ἀχαιῶν ναύλοχοι περιπτυχαί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ιδίαι γυναικῶν αἰχμαλωτίδων στέγαι.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τᾶνδον δὲ πιστὰ κάρσένων ἐρημία ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐδεῖς Ἀχαιῶν ἔνδον, ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς μόναι.

1020 ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἐς οἴκους· καὶ γὰρ Ἀργεῖοι νεῶν
 λῦσαι ποθοῦσιν οἴκαδ' ἐκ Τροίας πόδα·
 ὡς πάντα πράξας ὦν σε δεῖ, στείχης πάλιν
 ξὺν παισὶν οὐπὲρ τὸν ἐμὸν ᾧκισας γόνον.

HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

What needeth then the presence of my sons ?

HECUBA

Better they knew, if haply thou shouldst die.

POLYMESTOR

Well hast thou said : yea, 'twere the wiser way.

HECUBA

Dost know where stood Athene's Trojan fane ?

POLYMESTOR

There ?—is the gold there ?—and the token, what ?

HECUBA

A black rock from the earth's face jutting forth. 1010

POLYMESTOR

Hast aught beside to tell me of that hoard ?

HECUBA

Some jewels I brought thence—keep them for me.

POLYMESTOR

Where ?—where ?—beneath thy raiment, or in hiding ?

HECUBA

In yon tents, safe beneath a heap of spoils.

POLYMESTOR

Safe ?—there ?—Achaean ships empale us round.

HECUBA

Inviolatè are the captive women's tents.

POLYMESTOR

Within is all safe ? Be they void of men ?

HECUBA

Within is no Achaean, only we.

Enter the tents,—for fain the Argives are
To unmoor the ships for homeward flight from Troy,— 1020
That, all well done, thou mayst with thy sons fare
To where thou gav'st a home unto my child.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1030 οὔπω δέδωκας, ἀλλ' ἴσως δώσεις δίκην
 ἀλίμενόν τις ὡς εἰς ἄντλον πεσὼν
 λέχριος ἐκπεσεῖ φίλας καρδίας,
 ἀμέρσας βίον. τὸ γὰρ ὑπέγγυον
 Δίκα καὶ θεοῖσιν οὐ συμπίτνει,
 ὀλέθριον ὀλέθριον κακόν.
 ψεύσει σ' ὁδοῦ τῆσδ' ἐλπὶς ἢ σ' ἐπήγαγεν
 θανάσιμον πρὸς Ἀΐδαν, ὧ τάλας·
 ἀπολέμῳ δὲ χειρὶ λείψεις βίον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦμοι, τυφλοῦμαι φέγγος ὀμμάτων τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤκούσατ' ἀνδρὸς Θρηκὸς οἰμωγὴν, φίλαι ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦμοι μάλ' αὖθις, τέκνα, δυστήνου σφαγῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φίλαι, πέπρακται καὶν' ἔσω δόμων κακά.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

1040 ἀλλ' οὔτι μὴ φύγητε λαιψηρῶ ποδί·
 βάλλων γὰρ οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀναρρήξω μυχοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδού, βαρείας χειρὸς ὀρμᾶται βέλος.
 βούλεσθ' ἐπεισπέσωμεν ; ὡς ἀκμὴ καλεῖ
 Ἐκάβη παρεῖναι Τρῳάσιν τε συμμάχους.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρασσε, φείδου μηδέν, ἐκβάλλων πύλας·
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' ὄμμα λαμπρὸν ἐνθήσεις κόραις,
 οὐ παῖδας ὄψει ζῶντας οὐς ἔκτειν' ἐγώ.

HECUBA

HECUBA and POLYMESTOR with Children enter the tent.

CHORUS

Not yet is the penalty paid, but thy time is at hand,
As who reeleth adown an abyss wherein foothold is
none [thou hast ta'en.

Slant-slipping, from sweet life hurled, for the life
For wherever it cometh to pass that the rightful
demand

Of justice's claim and the laws of the Gods be at one, 1030

Then is ruinous bane for the sinner, O ruinous
bane ! [Unseen Land,

It shall mock thee, thy wayfaring's hope; to the
To the place of the dead hath it drawn thee, O
wretch undone ! [thou be slain.

By the hand not of warriors, thou hero, shalt

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Ah, I am blinded of mine eyes' light—wretch !

CHORUS

Heard ye the yell of yonder Thracian, friends ?

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Ah me, my children !—ah the awful murder !

CHORUS

Friends, strange grim work is wrought in yonder tent.

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Surely by swift feet shall ye not escape !

My bloms shall rive this dwelling's inmost parts !

1040

CHORUS

Lo, crasheth there swift bolt of giant hand.
Shall we burst in ?—the peril summoneth us
To help of Hecuba and the Trojan dames.

Enter HECUBA.

HECUBA

Smite on—spare not—ay, batter down the doors !
Ne'er shalt thou set bright vision in thine orbs,
Nor living see thy sons whom I have slain.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ καθεῖλες Θρῆκα καὶ κρατεῖς ξένου,
δέσποινα, καὶ δέδρακας οἰάπερ λέγεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1050 ὄψει νιν αὐτίκ' ὄντα δωμάτων πάρος
τυφλὸν τυφλῷ στείχοντα παραφόρῳ ποδί,
παίδων τε δισσῶν σώμαθ', οὓς ἔκτειν' ἐγὼ
σὺν ταῖς ἀρίσταις Τρωάσιν· δίκην δέ μοι
δέδωκε· χωρεῖ δ', ὡς ὄρας, ὄδ' ἐκ δόμων.
ἀλλ' ἐκποδῶν ἄπειμι κάποστήσομαι
θυμῷ ζέοντι Θρηκὶ δυσμαχωτάτῳ.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

1060 ὦμοι ἐγὼ, πᾶ βῶ,
πᾶ στῶ, πᾶ κέλσω ;
τετράποδος βάσιν θηρὸς ὀρεστέρου
τιθέμενος ἐπὶ χεῖρα κατ' ἵχνος ; ποίαν,
ἦ ταύταν ἦ τάνδ'
ἐξαλλάξω, τὰς
ἀνδροφόνους μάρψαι
χρηζῶν Ἰλιάδας, αἶ με διώλεσαν ;
τάλαιναι κόραι τάλαιναι Φρυγῶν,
ὦ κατάρατοι,
ποῖ καί με φυγᾶ πτώσσουσι μυχῶν ;
εἴθε μοι ὀμμάτων αἱματόεν βλέφαρον
ἀκέσσαιο τυφλὸν ἀκέσσαι, " Ἄλιε,
φέγγος ἀπαλλάξας.
ἂ ἂ,

1070 σίγα· κρυπτὰν βάσιν αἰσθάνομαι
τάνδε γυναικῶν. πᾶ πόδ' ἐπάξας
σαρκῶν ὀστέων τ' ἐμπλησθῶ,
θοῖναν ἀγρίων τιθέμενος θηρῶν,
ἀρνύμενος λῶβαν

HECUBA

CHORUS

Hast smitten?—overcome thy Thracian guest,
Lady?—hast done the deed thou threatenedst?

HECUBA

Him shalt thou straightway see before the tents,
Blind, pacing with blind aimless-stumbling feet, 1050
And his two children's corpses, whom I slew
With Trojan heroines' help: now hath he paid me
The vengeance-dues. There comes he forth, thou
seest.

I from his path will step; the seething rage
Of yonder Thracian monster will I shun.

Enter POLYMESTOR.

POLYMESTOR

Ah me, whitherward shall I go?—where stand?

Where find me a mooring-place?

Must I prowl on their track with foot and with hand

As a mountain-beast should pace?

Or to this side or that shall I turn me, for vengeance 1060
pursuing [mine undoing?

The slaughterous hags of Troy which have wrought

Foul daughters of Phrygia, murderesses

Accursèd, in what deep-hidden recesses

Are ye cowering in flight?

O couldst thou but heal these eye-pits gory—

O couldst thou but heal the blind, and restore
me,

O sun, thy light!

Hist—hist—their stealthy footfalls creep—

I hear them—whither shall this foot leap, 1070

That their flesh and their bones I may gorge, and may
slake me

With their blood, and a banquet of wild beasts makeme,

Requiting their outrage well

ΕΚΑΒΗ

λύμας ἀντίποιν' ἐμᾶς ; ὦ τάλας,
 ποῖ πᾶ φέρομαι τέκν' ἔρημα λιπῶν
 Βάκχαις Ἕιδου διαμοιρᾶσαι,
 σφακτὰν κυσί τε φονίαν δαῖτ' ἀνήμερον
 οὐρείαν τ' ἐκβολάν ;
 1080 πᾶ στῶ, πᾶ κάμψω, πᾶ βῶ,
 ναῦς ὅπως ποντίοις πείσμασι, λινόκροκου
 φᾶρος στέλλων, ἐπὶ τάνδε συθεῖς
 τέκνων ἐμῶν φύλαξ
 ὀλέθριον κοίταν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, ὡς σοι δύσφορ' εἴργασται κακά·
 δράσαντι δ' αἰσχρὰ δεινὰ τὰπιτίμια
 δαίμων ἔδωκεν ὅστις ἐστί σοι βαρύς.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

αἰαῖ, ἰὼ Θρήκης
 λογχοφόρου ἔνοπλον εὐῖππον Ἄ-
 1090 ρει κάτοχον γένος.
 ἰὼ Ἀχαιοί, ἰὼ Ἀτρεΐδαι.
 βοὰν βοὰν αὐτῶ, βοὰν
 ἴτε, μόλετε πρὸς θεῶν.
 κλύει τις ἢ οὐδεὶς ἀρκέσει ; τί μέλλετε ;
 γυναῖκες ὤλεσάν με,
 γυναῖκες αἰχμαλωτίδες·
 δεινὰ δεινὰ πεπόνθαμεν.
 ὦμοι ἐμᾶς λώβας.
 ποῖ τράπωμαι, ποῖ πορευθῶ ;
 1100 ἀμπτάμενος οὐράνιο
 ὑψιπετὲς εἰς μέλαθρον, Ὀρίων
 ἢ Σείριος ἔνθα πυρὸς φλογέας ἀφίη-
 σιν ὄσσων ἀνγᾶς, ἢ τὸν Ἕιδα
 μελανόχρωτα πορθμὸν ἄξω τάλας ;

HECUBA

With grimmer revenge?—Woe! where am I
borne

Forsaking my fenceless babes to be torn

Of the bacchanals of hell, [prey

Butchered and cast away for the dogs' blood-boultured

On a desolate mountain-fell? [rest?

Ah, where shall I stand?—whither go?—where

As a ship furls sail that hath havenward pressed, 1080

I would dart into that death-haunted lair,

I would shroud my babes in my linen vest,

I would guard them there!

CHORUS

Wretch! wreaked on thee are ills intolerable:

Foul deeds thou didst, and awful penalty

A God hath laid on thee with heavy hand.

POLYMESTOR

What ho! spear-brandishers, nation arrayed in warrior's
weed! [gallant steed!

Thracians possessed of the War-god, lords of the 1090

What ho, ye Achaeans!—Atreus' seed!

Rescue! Rescue! I raise the cry.

O come, in the name of the Gods draw
nigh! [help me nor heed?

Hears any man?—wherefore delay?—will no man
Of women undone, destroyed, am I—

The women of Troy's captivity. [deed!

Horrors are wrought on me—horrors! Woe for the felon

Whitherward shall I turn me? Whither-
ward fare? [to the mansions of air,

Shall I leap as on wings to the height of the heaven, 1100

To Orion or Sirius, fearful-gleaming

With the burning flames from his eyes out-
streaming, [gorge in despair?

Or plunge to the blackness of darkness, to Hades'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συγγνώσθ', ὅταν τις κρείσσον' ἢ φέρειν κακὰ
πάθῃ, ταλαίηνης ἔξαπαλλάξαι ζῆσθ'.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1110

κραυγῆς ἀκούσας ἦλθον· οὐ γὰρ ἦσυχος
πέτρας ὀρείας παῖς λέλακ' ἀνὰ στρατὸν
'Ἡχὼ διδοῦσα θόρυβον· εἰ δὲ μὴ Φρυγῶν
πύργους πεσόντας ἦσμεν Ἑλλήνων δορί,
φόβον παρέσχευ οὐ μέσῳς ὅδε κτύπος.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἦσθόμην γάρ, Ἀγάμεμνον, σέθεν
φωνῆς ἀκούσας, εἰσορᾶς ἂ πάσχομεν;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·

Πολυμήστορ ὦ δύστηνε, τίς σ' ἀπόλεσε;
τίς ὄμμ' ἔβηκε τυφλὸν αἰμάξας κόρας,
παιδᾶς τε τούσδ' ἔκτεινεν; ἢ μέγαν χόλου
σοὶ καὶ τέκνοισιν εἶχεν ὅστις ἦν ἄρα.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

1120

Ἐκάβη με σὺν γυναιξίν αἰχμαλωτίσιν
ἀπόλεσ', οὐκ ἀπόλεσ', ἀλλὰ μειζόνως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί φῆς; σὺ τοῦργον εἴργασαι τόδ', ὡς λέγει;
σὺ τόλμαν, Ἐκάβη, τήνδ' ἔτλης ἀμήχανον;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ*

ὦμοι, τί λέξεις; ἢ γὰρ ἐγγύς ἐστί που;
σήμηνον, εἰπέ ποῦ 'σθ', ἴν' ἀρπάσας χεροῖν
διασπάσωμαι καὶ καθαιμάξω χροᾶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔτος, τί πάσχεις;

HECUBA

CHORUS

Small blame, if he which suffereth heavier woes
Than man may bear, should flee his wretched life.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Hearing a shout I came ; for in no whispers
The mountain-rock's child Echo through the host 1110
Cried, waking tumult. Knew we not the towers
Of Phrygia by the spear of Greeks had fallen,
No little panic had this clangour roused.

POLYMESTOR

Dear friend—for, Agamemnon, 'tis thy voice
I hear and know—seest thou what I endure ?

AGAMEMNON

Ha, wretched Polymestor, who hath marred thee ?
Who dashed with blood thine eyes, and blinded
thee ?—
Slew these thy sons ? Sooth, against thee and thine
Grim was his fury, whosoe'er it was.

POLYMESTOR

Hecuba, with the captive woman-throng, 1120
Destroyed me—nay, destroyed not—O, far worse !

AGAMEMNON

What say'st thou ? Thine the deed, as he hath said ?
Thou, Hecuba, dare this thing impossible !

POLYMESTOR

Ha ! what say'st thou ?—and is she nigh me now ?
Tell where is she, that I may in mine hands
Clutch her and rend, and bathe her flesh in blood.

AGAMEMNON (*holding him back*)

Ho thou, what ails thee ?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

πρὸς θεῶν σε λίσσομαι,
μέθες μ' ἐφείναι τῆδε μαργώσαν χέρα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1130 ἴσχ' ἐκβαλὼν δὲ καρδίας τὸ βάρβαρον
λέγ', ὡς ἀκούσας σοῦ τε τῆσδέ τ' ἐν μέρει
κρίνω δικαίως ἀνθ' ὅτου πάσχεις τάδε.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

λέγοιμ' ἄν. ἦν τις Πριαμιδῶν νεώτατος,
Πολύδωρος, Ἐκάβης παῖς, ὃν ἐκ Τροίας ἐμοὶ
πατὴρ δίδωσι Πρίαμος ἐν δόμοις τρέφειν,
ὑποπτος ὢν δὴ Τρωικῆς ἀλώσεως.
τοῦτον κατέκτειν' ἀνθ' ὅτου δ' ἔκτεινά νιν
ἄκουσον, ὡς εὖ καὶ σοφῆ ἔτρομηθία.
ἔδεισα μὴ σοὶ πολέμιος λειφθεὶς ὁ παῖς
1140 Τροίαν ἀθροΐση καὶ ξυνοικίση πάλιν,
γνόντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ζῶντα Πριαμιδῶν τινα
Φρυγῶν ἐς αἴαν αὐθις ἄρειαν στόλον,
κάπειτα Θρηκῆς πεδία τρίβοιεν τάδε
ληλατοῦντες, γείτοσιν δ' εἴη κακὸν
Τρώων, ἐν ᾧπερ νῦν, ἄναξ, ἐκάμνομεν.
Ἐκάβη δὲ παιδὸς γνοῦσα θανάσιμον μόρον
λόγῳ με τοιῶδ' ἤγαγ', ὡς κεκρυμμένας
θήκας φράσουσα Πριαμιδῶν ἐν Ἰλίῳ
χρυσοῦ· μόνον δὲ σὺν τέκνοισί μ' εἰσάγει
δόμους, ἵν' ἄλλος μὴ τις εἰδείῃ τάδε.
1150 ἴζω δὲ κλίνης ἐν μέσῳ κάμψας γόνυ·
πολλαὶ δὲ χειρὸς αἱ μὲν ἐξ ἀριστερᾶς,
αἱ δ' ἐνθεν, ὡς δὴ παρὰ φίλῳ, Τρώων κόραι
θάκουσ' ἔχουσαι, κερκίδ' Ἠδωνῆς χερὸς
ἦνουν, ὑπ' ἀνάγκης τούσδε λεύσσομαι πέπλους
ἄλλαι δὲ κάμακα Θρηκίαν θεώμεναι

HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

By the Gods I pray thee,
Unhand me—loose my frenzied hand on her!

AGAMEMNON

Forbear : cast out the savage from thine heart.
Speak, let me hear first thee, then her, and judge 1130
Justly for what cause thus thou sufferest.

POLYMESTOR

I speak : of Priam's house was one, the youngest,
Polydorus, Hecuba's child, whom his sire sent
From Troy to me, to nurture in mine halls,
Misdoubting, ye may guess, the fall of Troy.
Him slew I. For what cause I slew him, hear :—
Mark how I dealt well, wisely, prudently :—
I feared their son might, left alive thy foe,
Gather Troy's remnant and repeople her,
And, hearing how a Priamid lived, Achaea 1140
To Phrygia-land again should bring her host ;
Then should they trample down these plains of
Thrace

In foray, and the ills that wasted us
But now, O king, should on Troy's neighbours fall.
And Hecuba, being ware of her son's death,
With this tale lured me, that she would reveal
Hid treasures of gold of Priam's line
In Troy. Me only with my sons she leads
Within the tents, that none beside might know. 1150
Bowing the knee there sat I in their midst ;
While, on my left hand some, some on the right,
As by a friend, forsooth, Troy's daughters sat
Many : the web of our Edonian loom
Praised they, uplifting to the light my cloak ;
And some my Thracian lance admiring took,

337

- γυμνόν μ' ἔθηκαν διπτύχου στολίσματος.
 ὄσαι δὲ τοκάδες ἦσαν, ἐκπαγλούμεναι
 τέκν' ἐν χεροῖν ἔπαλλον, ὡς πρόσω πατρὸς
 γένοιντο, διαδοχαῖς ἀμείβουσαι χερῶν.
 1160 κατ' ἐκ γαληνῶν—πῶς δοκεῖς;—προσφθεγμάτων
 εὐθύς λαβοῦσαι φάσγαν' ἐκ πέπλων ποθὲν
 κεντοῦσι παῖδας, αἱ δὲ πολεμίων δίκην
 ξυναρπάσασαι τὰς ἐμὰς εἶχον χέρας
 καὶ κῶλα· παισὶ δ' ἀρκέσαι χρήζων ἐμοῖς,
 εἰ μὲν πρόσωπον ἐξανισταίην ἐμόν,
 κόμης κατεῖχον, εἰ δὲ κινοίην χέρας,
 πλήθει γυναικῶν οὐδὲν ἦνυον τάλας.
 τὸ λοίσθιον δέ, πῆμα πῆματος πλέον,
 1170 ἐξειργάσαντο δεῖν' ἐμῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων,
 πόρπας λαβοῦσαι, τὰς ταλαιπώρους κόρας
 κεντοῦσιν, αἰμάσσουσιν· εἴτ' ἀνὰ στέγας
 φυγάδες ἔβησαν· ἐκ δὲ πηδήσας ἐγὼ
 θῆρ ὡς διώκω τὰς μαιφόνους κύνας,
 ἅπαντ' ἐρευνῶν τοίχου ὡς κυνηγέτης,
 βάλλων, ἀράσσω. τοιάδε σπεύδων χάριν
 πέπονθα τὴν σὴν πολέμιόν τε σὸν κτανῶν,
 Ἀγάμεμνον. ὡς δὲ μὴ μακροὺς τείνω λόγους,
 εἴ τις γυναῖκας τῶν πρὶν εἶρηκεν κακῶς
 ἢ νῦν λέγων ἔστιν τις ἢ μέλλει λέγειν,
 1180 ἅπαντα ταῦτα συντεμῶν ἐγὼ φράσω·
 γένος γὰρ οὔτε πόντος οὔτε γῆ τρέφει
 τοιόνδ', ὁ δ' αἰεὶ ξυντυχῶν ἐπίσταται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μηδὲν θρασύνου, μηδὲ τοῖς σαντοῦ κακοῖς
 τὸ θῆλυ συνθεῖς ὧδε πᾶν μέμψη γένος·
 πολλαὶ γὰρ ἡμῶν, αἱ μὲν οὐκ¹ ἐπίφθονοι,
 αἱ δ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν τῶν κακῶν πεφύκαμεν.

HECUBA

And stripped me so alike of spear and shield.
 As many as were mothers, loud in praise
 Dandled my babes, that from their sire afar
 They might be borne, from hand to hand passed on.
 Then, after such smooth speech,—couldst thou
 believe?—

1160

Suddenly snatching daggers from their robes,
 They stab my sons ; and others all as one
 In foemen's fashion gripped mine hands and feet,
 And held : and, when I fain would aid my sons,
 If I essayed to raise my face, by the hair
 They held me down : if I would move mine hands,
 For the host of women—wretch !—I nought prevailed.
 And last—O outrage than all outrage worse !—
 A hideous deed they wrought ; their brooch-pins
 They grasp, these wretched eyeballs of mine eyes
 They stab, they flood with gore. Then through the
 tents

1170

Fleeing they went. Up from the earth I leapt,
 And like a wild-beast chased the blood-stained hounds,
 Groping o'er all the wall, like tracking huntsman,
 Smiting and battering. All for my zeal's sake
 For thee, I suffered this, who slew thy foe,
 Agamemnon. Wherefore needeth many words ?
 Whoso ere now hath spoken ill of women,
 Or speaketh now, or shall hereafter speak,
 All this in one word will I close and say :—
 Nor sea nor land doth nurture such a breed :
 He knoweth, who hath converse with them most.

1180

CHORUS

Be nowise reckless, nor, for thine own ills,
 Include in this thy curse all womankind.
 For some, yea many of us, deserve no blame,
 Though some by vice of blood count midst the bad.

- 1190 Ἀγάμεμνον, ἀνθρώποισιν οὐκ ἐχρῆν ποτε
 τῶν πραγμάτων τὴν γλῶσσαν ἰσχύειν πλέον
 ἀλλ' εἴτε χρήστ' ἔδρασε, χρήστ' ἔδει λέγειν,
 εἴτ' αὖ πονηρά, τοὺς λόγους εἶναι σαθροὺς,
 καὶ μὴ δύνασθαι τᾶδικ' εὖ λέγειν ποτέ.
 σοφοὶ μὲν οὖν εἰς' οἱ τὰδ' ἠκριβωκότες,
 ἀλλ' οὐ δύναιντ' ἂν διὰ τέλους εἶναι σοφοί,
 κακῶς δ' ἀπώλονται· οὔτις ἐξήλυξέ πω.
 καί μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ὦδε φροιμίους ἔχει
 πρὸς τόνδε δ' εἶμι, καὶ λόγοις ἀμείψομαι,
 ὃς φῆς Ἀχαιῶν πόνον ἀπαλλάσσων διπλοῦν
 Ἀγαμέμνονός θ' ἕκατι παῖδ' ἐμὸν κτανεῖν.
 1200 ἀλλ', ὦ κάκιστε, πρῶτα ποῦ ποτ' ἂν φίλου
 τὸ βάρβαρον γένοιτ' ἂν Ἑλλησιν γένος ;
 οὐδ' ἂν δύναίτο· τίνα δὲ καὶ σπεύδων χάριν
 πρόθυμος ἦσθα ; πότερα κηδεύσων τινά,
 ἢ ξυγγενῆς ὦν, ἢ τίν' αἰτίαν ἔχων ;
 ἢ σῆς ἔμελλον γῆς τεμεῖν βλαστήματα
 πλεύσαντες αὖθις ; τίνα δοκεῖς πείσειν τάδε ;
 ὁ χρυσός, εἰ βούλοιο τάληθῆ λέγειν,
 ἔκτεινε τὸν ἐμὸν παῖδα καὶ κέρδη τὰ σά.
 ἐπεὶ δίδαξον τοῦτο· πῶς, ὅτ' ἠτύχει
 1210 Τροία, πέριξ δὲ πύργος εἶχ' ἔτι πτόλιν,
 ἔζη τε Πρίαμος Ἐκτορός τ' ἦνθει δόρυ,
 τί δ' οὐ τότε, εἴπερ τῷδ' ἐβουλήθης χάριν
 θέσθαι, τρέφων τὸν καῖδα κὰν δόμοις ἔχων
 ἔκτεινας, ἢ ζῶντ' ἦλθες Ἀργείοις ἄγων ;
 ἀλλ' ἠνίχ' ἡμεῖς οὐκέτ' ἐσμὲν ἐν φάει,
 καπνῷ δ' ἐσήμην' ἄστνυ πολεμίων ὑπο,
 ξένον κατέκτας σὴν μολόντ' ἐφ' ἐστίαν.
 πρὸς τοῖσδε νῦν ἄκουσον ὡς φανῆς κακός.

HECUBA

HECUBA

Agamemnon, never should this thing have been,
 That words with men should more avail than deeds ;
 But good deeds should with reasonings good be
 paired,

And baseless plea be ranged by caitiff deed, 1190
 And ne'er avail to gloze injustice o'er.

There be whose craft such art hath perfected ;

Yet cannot they be cunning to the end :

Fouly they perish : never one hath 'scaped.

Such prelude hath my speech as touching thee.

Now with plea answering plea to him I turn :—

To spare the Greeks, say'st thou, a twice-toiled task,

For Agamemnon's sake thou slew'st my son.

Villain of villains, when, when could thy race,

Thy brute race, be a friend unto the Greeks ? 1200

Never. And, prithee, whence this fervent zeal

To serve his cause ?—didst look to wed his daughter ?

Art of his kin ?—or what thy private end ?

Or were they like to sail again and waste

Thy crops ? Whom think'st thou to convince
 hereby ?

That gold—hadst thou the will to tell the truth—

Murdered my son : that, and thy greed of gain.

For, answer : why, when all went well with Troy,

When yet her ramparts girt the city round,

And Priam lived, and triumphed Hector's spear, 1210

Why not then, if thou fain wouldst earn kings' thanks,

When in mine halls ye had my son and fostered,

Slay him, or living bring him to the Greeks ?

But, soon as in the light we walked no more,

And the smoke's token proved our town the foe's,

Thou slew'st the guest that came unto thine hearth.

Nay more, hear now how thou art villain proved :

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 1220 χρῆν σ', εἶπερ ἦσθα τοῖς Ἀχαιοῖσιν φίλος,
 τὸν χρυσὸν ὃν φῆς οὐ σὸν ἀλλὰ τοῦδ' ἔχειν,
 δοῦναι φέροντα πενομένοις τε καὶ χρόνον
 πολλὸν πατρώας γῆς ἀπέξενωμένοις·
 σὺ δ' οὐδὲ νῦν πω σῆς ἀπαλλάξαι χερὸς
 τολμᾶς, ἔχων δὲ καρτερεῖς ἔτ' ἐν δόμοις.
 καὶ μὴν τρέφων μὲν ὡς σε παῖδ' ἐχρῆν τρέφειν
 σώσας τε τὸν ἐμόν, εἶχες ἂν καλὸν κλέος·
 ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ σαφέστατοι
 φίλοι· τὰ χρηστὰ δ' αὖθ' ἕκαστ' ἔχει φίλους.
 εἰ δ' ἐσπᾶνιζες χρημάτων, ὁ δ' ἠτύχει,
 1230 θησαυρὸς ἂν σοι παῖς ὑπήρχ' οὐμὸς μέγας·
 νῦν δ' οὐτ' ἐκείνον ἄνδρ' ἔχεις σαυτῷ φίλον,
 χρυσοῦ τ' ὄνησις οἴχεται παῖδές τε σοί,
 αὐτὸς τε πράσσεις ὧδε. σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ λέγω,
 Ἀγάμεμνον, εἰ τῷδ' ἀρκέσεις, κακὸς φανεί·
 οὐτ' εὐσεβῆ γὰρ οὔτε πιστὸν οἷς ἐχρῆν,
 οὐχ ὄσιον, οὐ δίκαιον εὖ δράσεις ξένον·
 αὐτὸν δὲ χαίρειν τοῖς κακοῖς σὲ φήσομεν
 τοιοῦτον ὄντα· δεσπότης δ' οὐ λιοδορῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· βροτοῖσιν ὡς τὰ χρηστὰ πράγματα
 χρηστῶν ἀφορμὰς ἐνδίδωσ' αἰεὶ λόγων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

- 1240 ἀχθεινὰ μὲν μοι τὰλλότρια κρίνειν κακά,
 ὅμως δ' ἀνάγκη· καὶ γὰρ αἰσχύνην φέρει,
 πρᾶγμ' ἐς χέρας λαβόντ' ἀπώσασθαι τόδε.
 ἐμοὶ δ', ἴν' εἰδῆς, οὐτ' ἐμὴν δοκεῖς χάριν
 οὐτ' οὖν Ἀχαιῶν ἄνδρ' ἀποκτεῖναι ξένον,
 ἀλλ' ὡς ἔχης τὸν χρυσὸν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς.
 λέγεις δὲ σαυτῷ πρόσφορ' ἐν κακοῖσιν ὧν.

HECUBA

Thou oughtest, if thou wert the Achaeans' friend,
Have brought the gold thou dar'st not call thine
own,

But for him held in trust, to these impoverished 1220
And long time exiled from their fatherland.

But thou not yet canst ope thine heart to uncloseth
Thy grip; thy miser-clutch keeps it at home.

Yet hadst thou, as behoved thee, reared my son
And saved alive, thine had been fair renown.

For in adversity the good are friends

Most true: prosperity hath friends unsought.

Hadst thou lacked money, and his lot been fair,

A treasury deep my son had been to thee:

But now thou hast not him unto thy friend; 1230

Gone is the gold's avail, thy sons are gone,—

And this thy plight! Now unto thee I say,

Agamemnon, if thou help him, base thou showest.

The godless, false to whom he owed fair faith,

The impious host unrighteous shalt thou comfort.

Thou joyest in the wicked, shall we say,

So doing—but I rail not on my lords.

CHORUS

Lo, how the good cause giveth evermore
To men occasion for good argument.

AGAMEMNON

It likes me not to judge on others' wrongs; 1240

Yet needs I must, for shame it were to take

This cause into mine hands, and then thrust by.

But,—wouldst thou know my thought,—not for my
sake,

Nor the Achaeans', didst thou slay thy guest,

But even to keep that gold within thine halls.

In this ill plight thou speak'st to serve thine ends.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1250

τάχ' οὖν παρ' ὑμῖν ῥάδιον ξενοκτονεῖν
 ἡμῖν δέ γ' αἰσχρὸν τοῖσιν Ἑλλησιν τόδε.
 πῶς οὖν σε κρίνας μὴ ἀδικεῖν φύγω ψόγου ;
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην. ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ τὰ μὴ καλὰ
 πράσσειν ἐτόλμας, τλήθι καὶ τὰ μὴ φίλα.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οἶμοι, γυναικός, ὡς ἔοιχ', ἡσσώμενος
 δούλης ὑφέξω τοῖς κακίοσιν δίκην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκουν δικαίως, εἴπερ εἰργάσω κακά ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οἶμοι τέκνων τῶνδ' ὀμμάτων τ' ἐμῶν, τάλας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀλγεῖς ; τί δ' ἡμᾶς ; παιδὸς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν δοκεῖς ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

χαίρεις ὑβρίζουσ' εἰς ἔμ', ὦ πανοῦργε σύ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ γάρ με χαίρειν χρή σε τιμωρουμένην ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλλ' οὐ τάχ', ἠνίκ' ἂν σε ποντία νοτῖς—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1260

μῶν ναυστολήσῃ γῆς ὄρους Ἑλληνίδος ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κρύψῃ μὲν οὖν πεσοῦσαν ἐκ καρχησίων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πρὸς τοῦ βιαίων τυγχάνουσαν ἀλμάτων ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

αὐτὴ πρὸς ἰστὸν ναὸς ἀμβήσει ποδί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὑποπτέροις νώτοισιν ἢ ποίῳ τρόπῳ ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κύων γενήσῃ πύρσ' ἔχουσα δέργματα.

HECUBA

Haply with you guest-murder is as nought,
But to us which be Greeks foul shame is this.
How can I uncondemned adjudge thee guiltless?
I cannot. Forasmuch as thou hast dared
To do foul deeds, even drain thy bitter cup.

1250

POLYMESTOR

Woe's me!—by a woman-slave o'ercome, meseems,
'Neath vengeance of the viler must I bow!

HECUBA

Is it not just, if thou hast vileness wrought?

POLYMESTOR

Woe for my babes and for mine eyes!—ah wretch!

HECUBA

Griev'st thou?—and I?—dost deem my son's loss sweet?

POLYMESTOR

Thou joyest triumphing over me, thou fiend!

HECUBA

Should I not joy for vengeance upon thee?

POLYMESTOR

Ah, soon thou shalt not, when the outsea surge—

HECUBA

Shall bear me to the coasts of Hellas-land?

1260

POLYMESTOR

Nay, but shall whelm thee fallen from the mast.

HECUBA

Yea?—forced of whom to take the leap of death?

POLYMESTOR

Thyself shalt climb the ship's mast with thy feet.

HECUBA

So?—and with shoulders winged, or in what guise?

POLYMESTOR

A dog with fire-red eyes shalt thou become.

345

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πῶς δ' οἶσθα μορφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς μετάστασιν;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὁ Θρηξί μάντις εἶπε Διόνυσος τάδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔχρησεν οὐδὲν ὧν ἔχεις κακῶν;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν σύ μ' εἶλες ὧδε σὺν δόλῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1270 θανούσα δ' ἢ ζῶσ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκπλήσω βίον;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

θανούσα· τύμβῳ δ' ὄνομα σῶ κεκλήσεται—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μορφῆς ἐπφδόν, ἢ τί, τῆς ἐμῆς ἐρεῖς;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κυνὸς ταλαίνης σῆμα, ναυτίλοις τέκμαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐδὲν μέλει μοι σοῦ γέ μοι δόντος δίκην.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ σὴν γ' ἀνάγκη παῖδα Κασάνδραν θανείν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτῷ ταῦτα σοὶ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κτενεῖ νιν ἢ τοῦδ' ἄλοχος, οἰκουρὸς πικρά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μήπω μανείη Τυνδαρίς τοσόνδε παῖς.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὐτὸν σὲ τοῦτον, πέλεκυν ἐξάρασ' ἄνω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1280 οὗτος σύ, μαίνει, καὶ κακῶν ἐρᾶς τυχεῖν;

HECUBA

HECUBA

How know'st thou of the changing of my shape ?

POLYMESTOR

This Dionysus told, the Thracian seer.

HECUBA

But nought foretold to thee of these thine ills ?

POLYMESTOR

Nay : else with guile thou ne'er hadst trapped me thus.

HECUBA

There shall I die, or live my full life out ?

1270

POLYMESTOR

Die shalt thou : and thy grave shall bear a name—

HECUBA

Accordant to my shape ?—or what wilt say ?

POLYMESTOR

The wretched Dog's Grave, sign to seafarers.

HECUBA

Nought reck I, seeing thou hast felt my vengeance.

POLYMESTOR

Yea, and thy child Cassandra too must die.

HECUBA

A scorn and spitting !—back on thee I hurl it.

POLYMESTOR

Slay her shall this king's wife, a houseward grim.

HECUBA

Never so mad may Tyndareus' daughter be !

POLYMESTOR

Yea—slay him too, upswinging high the axe.

AGAMEMNON

Ho, fellow, ravest thou ? Dost court thy bane ?

1280