

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κτεῖν', ὡς ἐν Ἀργεὶ φόνια λουτρά σ' ἀμμένει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχ ἔλξεται αὐτόν, δμῶες, ἐκποδῶν βία ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλγεῖς ἀκούων ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκ ἐφέξετε στόμα ;

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἐγκλήητ'· εἴρηται γάρ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχ ὅσον τάχος
νήσων ἐρήμων αὐτόν ἐκβαλεῖτέ που,
ἐπεὶπερ οὕτω καὶ λίαν θραυσστομεῖ ;
Ἐκάβη, σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαινα, διπτύχους νεκροῦς
στείχουσα θάπτε· δεσποτῶν δ' ὑμᾶς χρεῶν
σκηναῖς πελάζειν, Ἐρφέδες· καὶ γὰρ πνοὰς
πρὸς οἶκον ἤδη τάσδε πομπίμους ὀρώ.
εὐ δ' ἐς πάτραν πλεύσαιμεν, εὐ δὲ τᾶν δόμοις
ἔχοντ' ἴδοιμεν τῶνδ' ἀφειμένοι πόνων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴτε πρὸς λιμένας σκηνάς τε, φίλαι,
τῶν δεσποσύνων πειρασόμεναι
μόχθων· στερρὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.

HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

Slay on : a bath of blood in Argos waits thee.

AGAMEMNON

Haste, henchmen, hale him from my sight perforce.

POLYMESTOR

Art galled to hear ?

AGAMEMNON

Set curb upon his mouth !

POLYMESTOR

Ay, gag : my say is said.

AGAMEMNON

Make speed, make speed,

And on some desert island cast him forth,
Seeing his bold mouth's insolence passeth thus.

Hecuba, hapless, fare thou on, entomb

Thy corpses twain. Draw near, ye dames of Troy,

To your lords' tents, for I discern a breeze

Upspringing, home to waft us, even now.

1290

Fair voyage be ours to Hellas, fair the plight

Wherein, from these toils freed, we find our homes.

CHORUS

To the tents, O friends, to the haven fare ;

The yoke of thralldom our necks must bear.

Fate knows not pity, fate will not spare.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*

HELIX

The first of these is the
 fact that the shell is
 not a simple cone, but
 is a flattened cone,
 the sides of which are
 not parallel, but curve
 inward towards the apex.
 This is due to the fact
 that the growth of the
 shell is not uniform,
 but is greater at the
 sides than at the apex.
 The result is a shell
 which is wider than it
 is high, and which has
 a flattened, or even
 slightly concave, top.
 The shape of the shell
 is also determined by
 the position of the
 suture, which is the
 line of union between
 the whorls. In the
 case of the Helix, the
 suture is not a simple
 line, but is a series
 of rounded lobes, each
 of which is separated
 from the next by a
 shallow groove. This
 gives the shell a
 characteristic appearance,
 and is one of the
 principal characters
 by which it is
 distinguished from
 other shells.

1881

THE
DAUGHTERS OF TROY

THE
DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ARGUMENT

WHEN *Troy* was taken by the Greeks, the princesses of the House of Priam were apportioned by lot to the several chiefs of the host. But Polyxena they doomed to be sacrificed on Achilles' tomb, and Astyanax, the son of Hector and Andromache, they hurled from a high tower. And herein is told how all this befell; and beside there is naught else save the lamentations of these Daughters of Troy, till the city is set aflame, and the captives are driven down to the sea.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΙΧΜΑΛΩΤΙΑΩΝ ΤΡΩΙΑΔΩΝ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

POSEIDON, *the God of the Sea.*

ATHENA, *a Goddess.*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam, King of Troy.*

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of the host of Hellas.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter of Hecuba, the prophetess whose doom was to be believed by none.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife of Hector, mother of Astyanax.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon.*

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Trojan women.*

Astyanax, infant son of Hector ; guards, soldiers, attendants.

SCENE : The Greek camp before Troy.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

"Ἦκω λιπῶν Αἴγαιον ἀλμυρὸν βάθος
 πόντου, Ποσειδῶν, ἔνθα Νηρήδων χοροὶ
 κάλλιστον ἶχνος ἐξελίσσουσιν ποδός.
 ἐξ οὗ γὰρ ἀμφὶ τήνδε Τρωικὴν χθόνα
 Φοῖβός τε καὶ γῶ λαίνοὺς πύργους πέριξ
 ὀρθοῖσιν ἔθεμεν κανόσιν, οὐποτ' ἐκ φρενῶν
 εὐνοὶ ἀπέστη τῶν ἐμῶν Φρυγῶν πόλει,
 ἢ νῦν καπνοῦται καὶ πρὸς Ἀργεῖου δορὸς
 ὄλωλε πορθηθεῖσ'. ὁ γὰρ Παρνασίος
 Φωκεὺς Ἐπειὸς μηχαναῖσι Παλλάδος
 ἐγκύμον' ἵππου τευχέων συναρμόσας
 πύργων ἔπεμφεν ἐντός, ὀλέθριον βάρος·
 ὅθεν πρὸς ἀνδρῶν ὑστέρων κεκλήσεται
 δούρειος ἵππος, κρυπτὸν ἀμπισχῶν δόρυ.
 ἔρημα δ' ἄλση καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα
 φόνῳ καταρρεῖ· πρὸς δὲ κρηπίδων βάθροις
 πέπτωκε Πρίαμος Ζηνὸς ἐρκείου θανών.
 πολὺς δὲ χρυσὸς Φρύγιά τε σκυλεύματα
 πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν πέμπεται· μένουσι δὲ
 πρύμνηθεν οὖρον, ὡς δεκασπόρῳ χρόνῳ
 ἀλόχους τε καὶ τέκν' εἰσίδωσιν ἄσμενοι,
 οἱ τήνδ' ἐπεστράτευσαν" Ἕλληνες πόλιν.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA *discovered sleeping on the earth in front of a tent. Enter POSEIDON.*

POSEIDON

I come, Poseidon I, from briny depths
Of the Aegean Sea, where Nereids dance
In lovely-woven pacings of their feet.
For, since the day when round this Trojan land
Phoebus and I by line and plummet reared
Her towers of stone, from mine heart ne'er hath fled
Old lovingkindness for the Phrygians' city,
Smoke-shrouded now and wasted and brought low
By Argos' spear. For that Parnassian wright,
Phocian Epeius, by device of Pallas 10
Fashioned the horse whose womb was fraught with
arms,
And sent within yon towers its ruin-load,
Whence of men yet unborn shall it be named
The Wooden Horse, enfolder of ambushed spears.
Forsaken are the groves: the shrines of Gods
With blood are dripping: on the altar-steps
Of City-warder Zeus lies Priam dead.
Measureless gold and Phrygian spoils pass down
Unto the ships Achaean. They but wait 20
A breeze fair-following, that in this tenth year
Children and wives with joy they may behold,
These Hellene men which marched against yon town.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἐγὼ δέ, νικῶμαι γὰρ Ἀργείας θεᾶς
 Ἡρας Ἀθάνας θ', αἰ̅ συνεξεῖλον Φρύγας,
 λείπω τὸ κλεινὸν Ἴλιον βωμούς τ' ἐμούς·
 ἐρημία γὰρ πόλιν ὅταν λάβῃ κακῆ,
 νοσεῖ τὰ τῶν θεῶν οὐδὲ τιμᾶσθαι θέλει.
 πολλοῖς δὲ κωκυτοῖσιν αἰχμαλωτίδων
 βοᾷ Σκάμανδρος δεσπότης κληρουμένων.
 30 καὶ τὰς μὲν Ἀρκάς, τὰς δὲ Θεσσαλὸς λεῶς
 εἶληχ' Ἀθηναίων τε Θησεῖδαι πρόμοι.
 ὅσαι δ' ἄκληροι Τρωάδων, ὑπὸ στέγαις
 ταῖσδ' εἰσὶ τοῖς πρώτοισιν ἐξηρημέται
 στρατοῦ, σὺν αὐταῖς δ' ἡ Λάκαινα Τυνδαρίς
 Ἑλένη, νομισθεῖσ' αἰχμάλωτος ἐνδίκως.
 τὴν δ' ἀθλίαν τήνδ' εἴ τις εἰσορᾶν θέλει,
 πάρεστιν Ἑκάβῃ κειμένη πυλῶν πάρος
 δάκρυα χέουσα πολλὰ καὶ πολλῶν ὑπερ·
 ἧ̅ παῖς μὲν ἀμφὶ μνήμ' Ἀχιλλείου τάφου
 40 λάθρα τέθνηκε τλημόνως Πολυξένη·
 φροῦδος δὲ Πρίαμος καὶ τέκν' ἦν δὲ παρθένου
 μεθῆκ' Ἀπόλλων δρομάδα Κασάνδραν ἀναξ,
 τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ τε παραλιπὼν τό τ' εὐσεβὲς
 γαμεί βιαίως σκότιον Ἀγαμέμνων λέχος.
 ἀλλ', ὦ ποτ' εὐτυχοῦσα, χαῖρέ μοι, πόλις
 ξεστόν τε πύργωμ'· εἴ σε μὴ διώλεσε
 Παλλὰς Διὸς παῖς, ἦσθ' ἂν ἐν βάθροισι ἔτι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

50 ἔξεστι τὸν γένει μὲν ἄγχιστον πατρός
 μέγαν δὲ δαίμον' ἐν θεοῖς τε τίμιον
 λύσασαν ἔχθραν τὴν πάρος προσεννέπει ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔξεστιν· αἰ̅ γὰρ συγγενεῖς ὁμιλῖαι,
 ἀνασσ' Ἀθάνα, φίλτρον οὐ σμικρὸν φρενῶν.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

I, overborne by Hera, Argos' Queen,
 And by Athena, leagued for Phrygia's fall,
 Ilium the glorious and mine altars leave.
 For when grim desolation hath seized a town,
 Blighted are worship and honour of the Gods.
 With wails of captives multitudinous,
 Marked for their lords by lot, Scamander moans :
 Some have Arcadians won, Thessalians some, 30
 Some fall to Athens' chieftains, Theseus' sons.
 And all Troy's daughters not by lot assigned
 Are 'neath these tents, for captains of the host
 Set by: with these the Spartan, Tyndareus'
 child,

Helen, accounted captive righteously.
 But, the utter-wretched if one craves to see,
 There lieth Hecuba before the gates,
 Down-raining many a tear for many woes,—
 Yet knows not that her child Polyxena
 Hath on Achilles' grave died piteously. 40
 Priam, her sons, are gone : Cassandra—whom
 Apollo left free virgin frenzy-driven,—
 Shall Agamemnon force, his leman-slave,
 Flouting the God's decree and righteousness.
 O city prosperous once, O stone-hewn towers,
 Farewell to you ! Had Pallas, Zeus's child,
 Not ruined thee, firm stablished wert thou yet'
Enter ATHENA.

ATHENA

Is it vouchsafed to bid the old feud truce,
 And speak unto my father's nearest kin,
 The mighty lord, honoured amongst the Gods ?

POSEIDON

It is: for ties of kindred, Queen Athena,
 Draw hearts with strong-constraining cords of love.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἐπήνεσ' ὀργὰς ἠπίους· φέρω δὲ σοὶ
κοινοὺς ἔμαυτῆ τ' εἰς μέσον λόγους, ἄναξ.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

μῶν ἐκ θεῶν του καινὸν ἀγγελεῖς ἔπος,
ἦ Ζηνὸς ἦ καὶ δαιμόνων τινὸς πάρα ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ Τροίας εἵνεκ', ἔνθα βαίνομεν,
πρὸς σὴν ἀφίγμαι δύναμιν, ὡς κοινήν λάβω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

60 ἦ πού νιν, ἔχθραν τὴν πρὶν ἐκβαλοῦσα, νῦν
εἰς οἶκτον ἦλθες πυρὶ κατηθαλωμένης ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἐκείσε πρῶτ' ἀνελθε· κοινώσει λόγους
καὶ συνθελήσεις ἂν ἐγὼ πράξαι θέλω ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

μάλιστ'· ἀτὰρ δὴ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν·
πότερον Ἀχαιῶν ἦλθες εἵνεκ' ἦ Φρυγῶν ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τοὺς μὲν πρὶν ἐχθροὺς Τρῶας εὐφρᾶναι θέλω,
στρατῶ δ' Ἀχαιῶν νόστου ἐμβαλεῖν πικρόν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

τί δ' ὦδε πηδᾶς ἄλλοτ' εἰς ἄλλους τρόπους
μισεῖς τε λίαν καὶ φιλεῖς ὃν ἂν τύχης ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ οἶσθ' ὑβρισθεῖσάν με καὶ ναοὺς ἐμούς ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

70 οἶδ', ἠνίκ' Αἴας εἶλκε Κασάνδραν βία.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

κούδέν γ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔπαθεν οὐδ' ἤκουσ' ὑπο.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

καὶ μὴν ἔπερσάν γ' Ἴλιον τῷ σῷ σθένει.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ATHENA

'Tis well, King—thy relenting. Lo, the words
I cast between us touch both thee and me.

POSEIDON

Ha! bringest thou some message from the Gods,
A word from Zeus, or from some Heavenly One?

ATHENA

Nay, for Troy's sake, upon whose soil we tread,
I seek thy might, to win thee mine ally.

POSEIDON

So?—hast thou cast out thine old enmity,
To pity her, now that she is burnt with fire?

60

ATHENA

Nay—my petition first—wilt join with me?
Wilt thou consent in that I fain would do?

POSEIDON

Yea verily: yet I fain would know thy will.
Com'st thou to help Achaean men or Phrygian?

ATHENA

Mine erstwhile foes the Trojans would I cheer,
And deal Achaea's host grim home-return.

POSEIDON

Yet why from mood to mood thus leapest thou,
In random sort bestowing hate and love?

ATHENA

Know'st not how I was outraged, and my shrine?

POSEIDON

I know—when Aias dragged Cassandra thence.

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ATHENA

Unpunished of the Achaeans—unrebuked!

POSEIDON

Yea, though by thy might these laid Ilium low.

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ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τοιγάρ σφε σὺν σοὶ βούλομαι δρᾶσαι κακῶς,

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔτοιμ' ἂ βούλει τὰπ' ἐμοῦ. δράσεις δὲ τί ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

δύστηνον αὐτοῖς νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν θέλω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἐν γῆ μερόντων ἢ καθ' ἄλμυρὰν ἄλα ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ὄταν πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολῶσ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου.
καὶ Ζεὺς μὲν ὄμβρον καὶ χάλαζαν ἄσπετον
πέμψει γνοφώδη τ' αἰθέρος φυσήματα,
80 ἐμοὶ δὲ δώσειν φησὶ πῦρ κεραῦνιον,
βάλλειν Ἀχαιοὺς ναῦς τε πιμπράναι πυρί.
σὺ δ' αὖ τὸ σὸν παράσχεσ Αἴγαιον πόρον
τρικυμῖαις βρέμοντα καὶ δίναις ἄλός,
πλήσων δὲ νεκρῶν κοῖλον Εὐβοίας μυχόν,
ὡς ἂν τὸ λοιπὸν τᾶμ' ἀνάκτορ' εὖσεβεῖν
εἰδῶσ' Ἀχαιοὶ θεοὺς τε τοὺς ἄλλους σέβειν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔσται τάδ' ἢ χάρις γὰρ οὐ μακρῶν λόγων
δεῖται· ταραξῶ πέλαγος Αἰγαίας ἄλός.
ἄκται δὲ Μυκόνου Δήλιοί τε χοιράδες
90 Σκῦρός τε Λήμνός θ' αἱ Καφήρειοί τ' ἄκραι
πολλῶν θανόντων σώμαθ' ἔξουσιν νεκρῶν.
ἀλλ' ἔρπ' Ὀλυμπον καὶ κεραυνίους βολὰς
λαβοῦσα πατρὸς ἐκ χερῶν παραδόκει,
ὄταν στράτευμ' Ἀργεῖον ἐξιῆ κάλως.
μῶρος δὲ θνητῶν ὅστις ἐκπορθῶν¹ πόλεις,
ναοὺς τε τύμβους θ', ἱερὰ τῶν κεκμηκότων,
ἐρημιά δούς αὐτὸς ὄλεθ' ὕστερον.

¹ Hartung and Tyrrell: for ἐκπορθεῖ of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ATHENA

Therefore with thine help would I work their scathe.

POSEIDON

Mine help awaits thy will. What wouldst thou do?

ATHENA

Deal them a home-return of evil speed.

POSEIDON

Ere they leave Troy, or on the briny sea?

ATHENA

When homeward-bound they sail from Ilium.
Then Zeus shall send forth rain unutterable,
And hail, and blackness of heaven's tempest-breath ;
And to me promiseth his levin-flame 80
To smite the Achaeans and burn their ships with fire.
But thou—the Aegean sea-pass make thou roar
With mountain-surge and whirlpits of wild brine,
And thou with corpses choke Euboea's gulf ;
That Greeks may learn henceforth to reverence
My temples, and to fear all Gods beside.

POSEIDON

This shall be : thy boon needs not many words.
The wide Aegean sea will I turmoil ;
The shores of Myconos, the Delian reefs,
Scyros, and Lemnos, the Capherean cliffs 90
With many dead men's corpses shall be strewn.
Pass thou to Olympus ; from thy father's hands
Receive the levin-bolts, and watch the hour
When Argos' host shall cast the hawsers loose.
Fool, that in sack of towns lays temples waste,
And tombs, the sanctuaries of the dead !
He, sowing desolation, reaps destruction. [*Exeunt.*
HECUBA awaking, raises herself on her arm.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

100 ἄνα δύσδαιμον πεδόθεν κεφαλῆν, στρ. α'
 ἐπάειρε δέρην· οὐκέτι Τροία
 τάδε καὶ βασιλῆς ἐσμεν Τροίας.
 μεταβαλλομένου δαίμονος ἀνέχου·
 πλεῖ κατὰ πορθμόν, πλεῖ κατὰ δαίμονα,
 μηδὲ προσίστω πρῶραν βιότου
 πρὸς κῦμα πλέουσα τύχαισιν.
 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ.

τί γὰρ οὐ πάρα μοι μελέα στενάχειν,
 ἧ πατρὶς ἔρρει καὶ τέκνα καὶ πόσις ;
 ὦ πολὺς ὄγκος συστελλόμενος
 προγόνων, ὡς οὐδὲν ἄρ' ἦσθα.

110 τί με χρῆ σιγᾶν ; τί δὲ μὴ σιγᾶν ; ἀντ. α'
 τί δὲ θρηνηῆσαι ;

δύστηνος ἐγὼ τῆς βαρυδαίμονος
 ἄρθρων κλίσεως, ὡς διάκειμαι,
 νῶτ' ἐν στερροῖς λέκτροισι ταθεῖσ'.
 οἴμοι κεφαλῆς, οἴμοι κροτάφων
 πλευρῶν θ', ὡς μοι πόθος εἰλίξαι
 καὶ διαδοῦναι νῶτον ἄκανθάν τ'
 εἰς ἀμφοτέρους τοίχους, μελέων
 ἐπὶ τοὺς αἰεὶ δακρύων ἐλέγους.
 120 μούσα δὲ χαῦτη τοῖς δυστήνοισι
 ἄτας κελαδεῖν ἀχορεύτους.

στρ. β'
 πρῶραι ναῶν ὠκείαις
 Ἴλιον ἱερὸν αἰὲ κωπαις
 δι' ἄλα πορφυροειδέα καὶ λιμένας
 Ἑλλάδος εὐόρμους
 αὐλῶν παιᾶνι στρυγνῶ
 συρίγγων τ' εὐφθόγγων φωναῖς

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

(Str. 1)

Uplift thou thine head, O fortune-accurst ; from the
 earth upraise thy neck bowed low.
 This ruin is not thy Troy, nor the lords are we now of 100
 Troy, and the fate-winds blow
 Not as of old ; thou must bear it, must drift with the
 stream, as the tides of Fortune flow.
 Breast not with thy prow the surges of life, who on
 waves of disaster, alas ! art tost.
 What remaineth to me but the misery-moan, whose
 country, whose children, whose husband, are lost ?
 O proud-swelling sail of a kingly line reefed now !—
 how a thing but of nought thou wast !

(Ant. 1)

What shall I speak ?—what leave unsaid ?—woe's me
 for the couch of the evil-starred ! 110
 Lo, how I lie unrestfully stretched on the bed of
 calamity pitiless-hard !
 Alas for mine head, for my throbbing brows, for mine
 heart in its aching prison barred !
 I yearn to rock me and sway—as a bark whose bul-
 warks roll in the trough of the sea—
 To my keening, the while I wail my chant of sorrow
 and weeping unceasingly,
 The ruin-song never linked with the dance, the
 jangled music of misery. 120

Rises to her feet, and advances to front of stage.

O ship-prows rushing 120
 To Ilium, brushing (Str. 2)
 The purple-flushing sea with swift oars,
 Till flutes loud-ringing,
 Till pipes dread-singing
 Proclaimed you swinging off Phrygian shores
 On hawsers plaited

130 βαίνουσαι πλεκτάν, Αἰγύπτου
 παίδευμ',¹ ἐξηρτήσασθ',
 αἰαῖ, Τροίας ἐν κόλποις
 τὰν Μενελάου μετανισσόμεναι
 στυγνὰν ἄλοχον, Κάστορι λώβαν
 τῷ τ' Εὐρώτῃ δύσκλειαν,
 ἃ σφάζει μὲν
 τὸν πεντήκοντ' ἀροτῆρα τέκνων
 Πριάμον, ἐμέ τε μέλεαν Ἐκάβαν
 εἰς τάνδ' ἐξώκειλ' ἄταν.

140 ὦμοι θάκουσ οἴους θάσσω ἀντ. β'
 σκηναῖς ἔφεδρος Ἀγαμεμνονίαις.
 δούλα δ' ἄγομαι γραῦς ἐξ οἴκων,
 κουρᾷ ξυρήκει πενθήρη
 κρᾶτ' ἐκπορθηθεῖσ' οἰκτρῶς.
 ἄλλ' ὦ τῶν χαλκεγχείων Τρώων
 ἄλοχοι μέλειαι,² μέλειαι κούραι
 καὶ δύσνυμφοι,
 τύφεται Ἴλιον, αἰάζωμεν·
 μάτηρ δ' ὡσεὶ πτανοῖς κλαγγὰν
 ὄρνισιν ὅπως ἐξάρξω ἴγῳ
 μολπὰν οὐ τὰν αὐτὰν
 οἴαν ποτὲ δὴ
 150 σκήπτρῳ Πριάμου διεριδομένα
 ποδὸς ἀρχεχόρου πλαγαῖς Φρυγίαις
 εὐκόμποις ἐξῆρχον θεοῦς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Ἐκάβη, τί θροεῖς ; τί δὲ θωύσσεις ; στρ. γ'
 ποῖ λόγος ἤκει ; διὰ γὰρ μελάθρων

¹ Tyrrell : for παιδείαν of MSS.

² Hermann : for καὶ κόραι of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

By Nile—ships fated
 To hunt the hated, the Spartan wife, 130
 Castor's defaming,
 Eurotas' shaming,
 A Fury claiming King Priam's life!
 Though sons he cherished
 Fifty, he perished,
 His murderess she: and the misery-rife,
 Even me, hath she wrecked on the rocks of
 strife.

Woe for my session (Ant. 2)

Mid foes' oppression!

Woe, slave-procession! Woe, grey shorn head! 140

Come, wife grief-laden,

Come bride, come maiden,

O hearts once stayed on the brave hearts dead!

Wail we our yearning

O'er Ilium burning!—

As o'er nestlings turning to her sheltering wing

The mother screameth,

My song-flood streameth—

Not such, meseemeth, as wont to ring

When I beat time, raising 150

The Gods' sweet praising,

 And watched Troy's dances around me swing

 As I leaned on the sceptre of Priam my king.

Enter from the tents HALF-CHORUS of captive Trojan women.

HALF-CHORUS I (Str. 3)

Why call'st thou, Hecuba?—why dost thou cry?

 What mean thy words? The tents were filled

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἄιον οἴκτους οὓς οἰκτίζει.
διὰ δὲ στέρνων φόβος αἴσσειν
Τρωάσιν, αἶ τῶνδ' οἴκων εἴσω
δουλείαν αἰάζουσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

160 ὦ τέκνον, Ἀργείων πρὸς ναῦς ἤδη
κινεῖται κωπήρης χεῖρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἶ γὼ τλάμων, τί θέλουσ' ; ἢ πού μ' ἤδη
ναυσθλώσουσιν πατρίας ἐκ γᾶς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ οἶδ', εἰκάζω δ' ἄταν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰὼ ἰώ.

μέλαι μόχθων ἐπακουσόμεναι
Τρωάδες, ἔξω κομίσασθ' οἴκων·
στέλλουσ' Ἀργεῖοι νόστον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔ ἔ.

170 μὴ νῦν μοι τὰν
ἐκβακχεύουσαν Κασάνδραν
πέμψητ' ἔξω,
αἰσχύναν Ἀργεῖοισιν,
μαινάδ', ἐπ' ἄλγει δ' ἀλγυιθῶ.
ἰὼ

Τροία Τροία δυσταν, ἔρρεις,
δύστανοι δ' οἳ σ' ἐκλείποντες
καὶ ζῶντες καὶ δμαθέντες.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἴμοι. τρομερὰ σκηναὺς ἔλιπον
τάσδ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἐπακουσομένα,

ἀντ. γ

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

With this lament thou wailest woefully,
And fear through all hearts thrilled
Of Troy's sad daughters, who for thralldom wail,
In yon pavilions while we bide.

HECUBA

Child, child, the Argive hands with oar and sail 160
Are busy by the tide.

HALF-CHORUS I

Ah me! what mean they? Will they straightway
bear us
From fatherland far over sea?

HECUBA

I know not: I but bode the curse drawn near us,
The doom of misery.

HALF-CHORUS I

Woe!—we shall hear the summons, “O ye daughters
Of Troy, from these pavilions come:
The Argives launch their keels upon the waters,
The sails are spread for home.”

HECUBA

Alas! let none call forth the frenzy-driven 170
Cassandra, bacchant-prophetess,
For Argive lust to shame, lest there be given
Distress to my distress!
Troy, Troy, unhappy! down through depths of
ruin
Thou sinkest!—ah, unhappy they,
Thy lost!—thy living pass to their undoing,
Thy dead have passed away.

Enter SECOND HALF-CHORUS.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me! from Agamemnon's tents in dread (*Ant.* 3)
I come, to hearken, queen, to thee,

369

180

βασιλεία, σέθεν, μή με κτείνειν
 δόξ' Ἀργείων κείται μελέαν,
 ἢ κατὰ πρύμνας ἤδη ναῦται
 στέλλονται κινεῖν κώπας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον, ὀρθρεύουσαν ψυχὰν
 ἐκπληχθεῖς ἦλθον φρίκα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἤδη τις ἔβα Δαναῶν κῆρυξ ;
 τῷ πρόσκειμαι δούλα τλάμων ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγγύς που κείσαι κλήρου.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰὼ ἰώ.
 τίς μ' Ἀργείων ἢ Φθιωτῶν
 ἢ νησαίαν μ' ἄξει χώραν
 δύστανον πόρσω Τροίας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

190

φεῦ φεῦ.
 τῷ δ' ἄ τλάμων
 ποῦ πᾶ γαίας δουλεύσω γραῦς,
 ὡς κηφήν, ἄ
 δειλαία νεκροῦ μορφά,
 νεκύων ἀμεινῆνδον ἄγαλμ', ἢ
 τὰν παρὰ προθύροις φυλακὰν κατέχουσ',
 ἢ παίδων θρέπτειρ', ἃ Τροίας
 ἀρχαγούς εἶχον τιμάς ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ. ποίοις δ' οἴκτοις
 τὰν σὰν λύμαν ἐξαιάξεις.

στρ. δ

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Lest haply now the Argive doom be said,—
A doom of death for me ;

Or haply at the galley-sterns the sweeps, 180
Run out, are swinging through the brine.

HECUBA

Child, I have come, since ne'er for terror sleeps
This haunted heart of mine.

HALF-CHORUS 2

How?—hath a Danaan herald hither wending
Spoken our doom? Whose thrall am wretched I
Ordained?

HECUBA

Thine anguish of suspense is ending :
The lot, thy fate, is nigh.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me ! what lord of Argos' folk shall lead me
Hence, or what chief of Phthia-land?
What island-prince to misery shall speed me
Far from the Trojan strand?

HECUBA

Woe ! On what spot of earth shall I, eld-stricken, 190
Be thrall, a drone within the hive,
Weak as the corpse that breath no more shall quicken,
Ghost of the once-alive,

To keep with palsied hand a master's portal,
To nurse the babes of some proud foe?—
I, who was crowned with honours half-immortal
In Troy—ah, long ago !

CHORUS

(Str. 4)

Woe is thee !—with what wailings wilt thou lament
thy doom
Of outrage-shame?

- 200 οὐκ Ἰδαίοις ἰστοῖς κερκίδα
 δινεύουσ' ἔξαλλάξω.
 νέατον τεκέων σώματα λεύσσω,
 νέατον μόχθους ἔξω κρείσσους,
 ἢ λέκτροις πλαθεῖσ' Ἑλλάνων·
 ἔρροι νύξ αὐτὰ καὶ δαίμων·
 ἢ Πειρήνας ὑδρευσομένα
 πρόπολος σεμνῶν ὑδάτων ἔσομαι.
 τὰν κλεινὰν εἴθ' ἔλθοιμεν
 Θησέως εὐδαίμονα χώραν.
- 210 μὴ γὰρ δὴ δῖαν γ' Εὐρώτα,
 τὰν ἐχθίσταν θεράπναν Ἑλένας,
 ἔνθ' ἀντάσω Μενέλα δούλα,
 τῷ τᾶς Τροίας πορθητᾶ.
- τὰν Πηνειοῦ σεμνὰν χώραν, ἀντ. δ
 κρηπίδ' Οὐλύμπου καλλίσταν,
 ὄλβῳ βρίθειν φάμαν ἤκουσ'
 εὐθαλεῖ τ' εὐκαρπεία·
 τάδε δεύτερά μοι μετὰ τὰν ἱερὰν
 Θησέως ζαθέαν ἐλθεῖν χώραν.
 καὶ τὰν Αἰτναίαν Ἐφαιστοῦ
 Φοινίκας ἀντήρη χώραν,
 Σικελῶν ὀρέων ματέρ', ἀκούω
 καρύσσεσθαι στεφάνοις ἀρετᾶς.
 τὰν τ' ἀγχιστεύουσαν γᾶν
 Ἴονίῳ ναίειν¹ πόντῳ,
 ἃν ὑγραίνει καλλιστεύων
 ὁ ξανθὰν χαίταν πυρσαίνων
 Κρᾶθις ζαθέαις παγαῖσι τρέφων
 εὐανδρόν τ' ὀλβίζων γᾶν.

¹ ναίειν (i. e. ναίοιμι) Dindorf: for ναῦται of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

As I pace to and fro shall my shuttle thread no loom
 In Troy again ! 200

On the corpses of sons must I look my last—my last,
 Whom worse ills wait,
 To be thrall to the couch of a Greek—ah, ruin blast
 That night, that fate !—

Or the water to draw from Peirene's hallowed spring
 With bondmaid's hand :—
 Yet oh might I come unto where was Theseus king,
 That heaven-blest land !—

But not to the swirls of Eurotas, not the bower 210
 Of my worst foe,
 Even Helen—oh not into Menelaus' power
 Who brought Troy low !

(Ant. 4)

But the land of Peneius, Olympus' footstool fair,
 The hallowed vale— [there
 I have heard of the store of its wealth ; earth's increase
 Doth never fail.

It is there I would be, if on Theseus' sacred shore
 No home waits me.

And the land of the Fire-god, that looks from Etna o'er 220
 Phoenicia's sea,

Even Sicily, mother of hills,—her fame I hear,
 Her prowess-pride :—

Or content could I dwell in the land that coucheth near
 Ionia's tide, [stains
 Which is watered of Crathis, the lovely stream that
 Dark hair bright gold,
 Of whose fountains most holy her hero-nursing plains
 Win wealth untold.

230

καὶ μὴν Δαναῶν ὄδ' ἀπὸ στρατιᾶς
 κῆρυξ νεοχμῶν μύθων ταμίης
 στείχει ταχύπουν ἴχνος ἐξανύων.
 τί φέρει ; τί λέγει ; δοῦλαι γὰρ δὴ
 Δωρίδος ἐσμὲν χθονὸς ἤδη.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

Ἐκάβη, πυκνὰς γὰρ οἶσθά μ' εἰς Τροίαν ὁδοῦς
 ἐλθόντα κῆρυκ' ἐξ Ἀχαικοῦ στρατοῦ,
 ἐγνωσμένος δὲ καὶ πάροιθέ σοι, γύναι,
 Ταλθύβιος ἦκω καινὸν ἀγγελῶν λόγον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τόδε, φίλαι Τρωάδες, ὁ φόβος ἦν πάλαι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

240 ἤδη κεκλήρωσθ', εἰ τόδ' ἦν ὑμῖν φόβος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, τίν' ἦ Θεσσαλίας πόλιν
 Φθιάδος εἵπας ἦ Καδμείας χθονός ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

κατ' ἄνδρ' ἐκάστη κοῦχ ὁμοῦ λελόγηατε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τίν' ἄρα τίς ἔλαχε ; τίνα πότμος εὐτυχῆς
 Ἰλιάδων μένει ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οἶδ'· ἀλλ' ἕκαστα πυνθάνου, μὴ πάνθ' ὁμοῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοῦμόν τίς τίς ἔλαχε τέκος, ἔννεπε,
 τλάμονα Κασάνδραν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἐξαιρέτόν νιν ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Lo, from the Danaan war-host, laden 230
 With tidings, unto us draws nigh
 A herald speeding hastily.
 What hest brings he?—henceforth bondmaiden
 Of Dorian land am I!

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

On many journeyings, Hecuba, to and fro
 I have passed, thou knowest, 'twixt the host and
 Troy;
 Wherefore I come aforetime known to thee,
 Talthybius, with new tidings for thine ear.

HECUBA

It is come, friends—that which hath laid upon me
 Long fear as a haunting spell!

TALTHYBIUS

Your lots are cast—if this thing was your fear. 240

HECUBA

Woe!—of what city in Thessaly,
 Or in Cadmus' land, dost thou tell?

TALTHYBIUS.

Ye have fallen each to her lord, not all together.

HECUBA

Unto whom hath each been allotted?—for whom
 Of Troy's dames waiteth a happy doom?

TALTHYBIUS

I know:—but ask of each, not all as one.

HECUBA

My daughter—who winneth her for a prey,
 Cassandra the misery-bowed? O say!

TALTHYBIUS

King Agamemnon's chosen prize is she.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

250

ἦ τᾶ Λακεδαιμονία νύμφα δούλαν ;
ἰὼ μοί μοι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ λέκτρων σκότια νυμφευτήρια.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦ τὰν τοῦ Φοίβου παρθένον, ἃ γέρας ὁ
χρυσοκόμας ἔδωκ' ἄλεκτρον ζῴαν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἔρωσ ἐτόξευσ' αὐτὸν ἐνθέου κόρης.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ῥίπτε, τέκνον, ζαθέους
κλήδας, ἀπὸ χροὸς ἐν-
δυτῶν στεφάνων ἱεροῦς στολμοῦς.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ μέγ' αὐτῇ βασιλικῶν λέκτρων τυχεῖν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

260

τί δ' ὁ νεοχμὸν ἀπ' ἐμέθεν ἐλάβετε τέκος ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

Πολυξένην ἔλεξας, ἣ τίν' ἱστορεῖς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ταύταν τῷ πάλος ἔζηυξεν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

τύμβῳ τέτακται προσπολεῖν Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι ἐγὼ· τάφῳ πρόσπολον ἔτεκόμαν.
ἀτὰρ τίς ὄδ' ἦ νόμος ἦ
τί θέσμιον, ὦ φίλος, Ἑλλάνων ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

εὐδαιμόνιζε παῖδα σὴν· ἔχει καλῶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί τόδ' ἔλακες ; ἀρά μοι ἀέλιον λεύσσει ;

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Ha! to his Spartan wife shall she be
A handmaid, a bondwoman?—woe is me!

250

TALTHYBIUS

Nay, but his concubine in secret love.

HECUBA

How?—Phoebus' maiden, whose guerdon-grace
Of the Golden-haired was virgin days!

TALTHYBIUS

That maiden inspiration winged love's shaft.

HECUBA

Fling, daughter, the temple-keys from thee, fling,
And the garlands around thy neck that cling,
Whose sacred arrayings thy form enring!

TALTHYBIUS

How? is a king's couch not high honour for her? 260

HECUBA

And the child that ye tore from mine arms so late—

TALTHYBIUS

Polixena?—or whose lot wouldst thou ask?

HECUBA

Unto whom hath the lot's doom yoked her fate?

TALTHYBIUS

She is made ministrant to Achilles' tomb.

HECUBA

Woe's me!—then a sepulchre's servant I bare!
But what custom shall this be that Hellenes share,
Or what this statute?—O friend, declare.

TALTHYBIUS

Count thy child happy. It is well with her.

HECUBA

Doth she yet see light?—did thy word so sound?

377

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

270 ἔχει πότμος νιν, ὥστ' ἀπηλλάχθαι πόνων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ' ἄ τοῦ χαλκεομήστορος Ἔκτορος δάμαρ,
'Ανδρομάχα τάλαινα, τίν' ἔχει τύχαι;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

καὶ τήνδ' Ἀχιλλέως ἔλαβε παῖς ἐξαίρετον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ πρόσπολος, ἄ τριτοβάμονος χερὶ
δευομένα βάκτρον γεραιῶ κάρῃ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

'Ιθάκης Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔλαχ' ἀναξ δούλην σ' ἔχειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔ ἔ.

280 ἄρασσε κρᾶτα κούριμον,
ἔλκ' ὀνύχεςσι δίπτυχον παρειάν.
ἰὼ μοί μοι.

290 μυσαρῶ δολίῳ λέλογχα φωτὶ δουλεύειν,
πολεμίῳ δίκας, παρανόμῳ δάκει,
ὅς πάντα τὰ κείθεν ἐνθάδ' εὐ στρέφει, τὰ δ'
ἀντίπαλ' αὐθις ἐκεῖσε διπτύχῳ γλώσσα
φίλα τὰ πρότερ' ἄφιλα τιθέμενος πάντων.
γοᾶσθ', ὦ Τρωάδες, με.
βέβακα δύσποτμος, οἴχομαι
ἄ τάλαιν', ἂ δυστυχεστάτῳ
προσέπεσον κλήρῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μὲν σὸν οἶσθα, πότνιτι, τὰς δ' ἐμὰς τύχας
τίς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν ἢ τίς Ἑλλήνων ἔχει;

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

She hath found her fate—deliverance from troubles. 270

HECUBA

But the wife of mine Hector the champion
renowned—

What doom hath the hapless Andromache found ?

TALTHYBIUS

Achilles' son hath won her, chosen for him.

HECUBA

And to whom am I handmaid, whose snow-wreathed
brow

Over the prop of a staff must bow ?

TALTHYBIUS

Thee Ithaca's king Odysseus won, his thrall.

HECUBA

Alas and alas ! now smite on thy close-shorn head ;
Now with thy rending nails be thy cheeks furrowed
red !

280

Woe's me, whom the doom of the lots hath led
To be thrall to a foul wretch treacherous-hearted,
To the lawless monster, the foe of the right,
Whose double-tongued juggling, whose cursed
sleight

Putteth light for darkness, and darkness for light,
By whose whisperings veriest friends are parted !—
Wail for me, daughters of Troy ! I am ended

In utter calamity.

O wretch, who by doom of the lot have descended 290
To abysses of misery !

CHORUS

Thy fate thou knowest, queen : but of my lot
What Hellene, what Achaean, hath control ?

379

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

300 ἴτ', ἐκκομίζειν δεῦρο Κασάνδραν χρεῶν
 ὅσον τάχιστα, δμῶες, ὡς στρατηλάτῃ
 εἰς χεῖρα δῶμεν· εἶτα τὰς εἰληγμένας
 καὶ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις αἰχμαλωτίδων ἄγω.
 ἔα, τί πεύκης ἔνδον ἴσταται σέλας ;
 πιμπρᾶσιν ἢ τί δρῶσι Τρωάδες μυχοῦς,
 ὡς ἐξάγεσθαι τῆσδε μέλλουσαι χθονὸς
 πρὸς Ἄργος, αὐτῶν τ' ἐκπυροῦσι σώματα
 θανεῖν θέλουσαι ; κάρτα τοι τοῦλεύθερον
 ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δυσλόφως φέρει κακά.
 ἄνοιγ' ἄνοιγε, μὴ τὸ ταῖσδε πρόσφορον,
 ἐχθρὸν δ' Ἄχαιοῖς, εἰς ἔμ' αἰτίαν βάλῃ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν, οὐ πιμπρᾶσιν, ἀλλὰ παῖς ἐμῇ
 μαινὰς θοάζει δεῦρο Κασάνδρα δρόμῳ.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

310 ἄνεχε, πάρεχε, φῶς φέρε· σέβω, φλέγω, στρ
 ἰδὸν ἰδού,
 λαμπάσι τόδ' ἱερόν.
 Ἵμῆν, ὦ Ἵμέναι' ἄναξ,
 μακάριος ὁ γαμέτας,
 μακαρία δ' ἐγὼ βασιλικοῖς λέκτροις
 κατ' Ἄργος ἁ γαμουμένα.
 Ἵμῆν, ὦ Ἵμέναι' ἄναξ.

320 ἐπεὶ σύ, μάτερ, ἐπὶ δάκρυσι καὶ
 γόοισι τὸν θανόντα πατέρα πατρίδα τε
 φίλαν καταστένουσ' ἔχεις,
 ἐγὼ τόδ' ἐπὶ γάμοις ἐμοῖς
 ἀναφλέγω πυρὸς φῶς
 εἰς αὐγάν, εἰς αἶγλαν,

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Away!—Cassandra hither must ye bring
With all speed, thralls, that to the war-king's hand
Delivering her, I may thereafter lead
Unto the rest the captive dames assigned.
Ha!—therewithin what torch-glare leapeth high?
Fire they their lair?—or what, yon dames of Troy?
As looking to be haled from this land forth 300
To Argos, do they burn themselves with fire,
Being fain to die? In sooth the free-born soul
In such strait chafeth fiercely against ills.
Ho! open, lest a deed beseeming these,
But to Achaeans hateful, bring me blame.

HECUBA

Now nay, they fire no tent. My Maenad child
Cassandra cometh rushing hitherward.

Enter CASSANDRA carrying burning torches.

CASSANDRA

(*Str.*)

Up with the torch!—give it me—let me render
Worship to Phoebus!—lo, lo how I fling
Wide through his temple the flash of its splendour:—
Hymen! O Marriage-god, Hymen my king! 310
Happy the bridegroom who waiteth to meet me;
Happy am I for the couch that shall greet me;
Royal espousals to Argos I bring:—
Bridal-king, Hymen, thy glory I sing.

Mother, thou lingerest long at thy weeping,
Aye makest moan for my sire who hath died,
Mourn'st our dear country with sorrow unsleeping:
Therefore myself for mine own marriage-tide
Kindle the firebrands, a glory outstreaming, 320
Toss up the torches, a radiance far-gleaming:—

διδούσ', ὦ Ἵμέναιε, σοί,
 δίδου δ', ὦ Ἐκάτα, φάος,
 παρθένων ἐπὶ λέκτροις ἅ νόμος ἔχει.

πάλλε πόδ' αἰθέριον, ἄναγε χορόν, ἀντ.
 εὐὰν εὐοῖ,

ὡς ἐπὶ πατρός ἐμοῦ
 μακαριωτάταις τύχαις.

330 ὁ χορὸς ὅσιος,
 ἄγε σὺ Φοῖβέ νιν· κατὰ σὸν ἐν δάφναις
 ἀνάκτορον θνηπολῶ,
 Ἵμῆν, ὦ Ἵμέναι', Ἵμῆν.

χόρευε, μάτερ, ἄναγε, πόδα σὸν
 ἔλισσε τᾶδ' ἐκείσε μετ' ἐμέθεν ποδῶν
 φέρουσα φιλτάταν βάσιν.
 βοᾶτε τὸν Ἵμέναιον, ὦ,
 μακαρίαις ἀοιδαῖς
 ἰαχαῖς τε νύμφαν.

340 ἴτ', ὦ καλλίπεπλοι Φρυγῶν
 κόραι, μέλπετ' ἐμῶν γάμων
 τὸν πεπρωμένον εὐνᾷ πόσιν ἐμέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βασίλεια, βακχεύουσαν οὐ λήψει κόρην,
 μὴ κούφον αἶρη βῆμ' ἐς Ἀργείων στρατόν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

Ἥφαιστε, δαδουχεῖς μὲν ἐν γάμοις βροτῶν,
 ἀτὰρ λυγρὰν γε τήνδ' ἀναιθύσσεις φλόγα
 ἔξω τε μεγάλων ἐλπίδων. οἴμοι, τέκνον,
 ὡς οὐχ ὑπ' αἰχμῆς σ' οὐδ' ὑπ' Ἀργείου δορός
 γάμους γαμῆσθαι τούσδ' ἐδόξαζόν ποτε.
 παράδος ἐμοὶ φῶς· οὐ γὰρ ὀρθὰ πυρφορεῖς

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Hymen, to thee is their brightness upleaping :
 Hekate, flash thou thy star-glitter wide,
 After thy wont when a maid is a bride.

(Ant.)

Float, flying feet of the dancers, forth-leading
 Revel of bridals : ring, bacchanal strain,
 Ring in thanksgiving for fortune exceeding
 Happy, that fell to my father to gain.
 Holy the dance is, my duty, my glory :
 Lead thou it, Phoebus ; mid bay-trees before
 thee
 Aye have I ministered, there in thy fane :—
 Marriage-king, Hymen !—sing loud the refrain.

330

Up, mother, join thou the revel :—with paces
 Woven with mine through the sweet measure
 flee ;
 Hitherward, thitherward, thrid the dance-mazes :
 Sing ever “ Marriage-king !—Hymen ! ” sing ye.
 Bliss ever chime through the notes of your singing ;
 Hail ye the bride with glad voices outringing.
 Daughters of Phrygia, arrayed like the Graces,
 Hymn ye my bridal, the bridegroom for me
 Destined by fate’s everlasting decree.

340

CHORUS

Queen, wilt thou not restrain this Maenad maid,
 Ere speed her flying feet to Argos’ host ?

HECUBA

Fire-god, in spousal-rites thou light’st the torch ;
 But O, a piteous flame thou kindlest now,
 Far from mine high hopes, far !—ah me, my child,
 How little of such marriage dreamed I ever
 For thee,—a captive, thrall of Argos’ spear !
 Give me the torch, it fits not that thou bear it

383

350 μαινὰς θοάζουσ', οὐδέ σ' αἰ τύχαι, τέκνον,
σεσωφρονήκασ', ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐν ταυτῷ μένεις.
εἰσφέρετε πεύκας, δάκρυά τ' ἀνταλλάσσετε
τοῖς τῆσδε μέλεσι, Τρωάδες, γαμηλίοις.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

360 μῆτερ, πύκαζε κρᾶτ' ἐμὸν νικηφόρον
καὶ χαῖρε τοῖς ἐμοῖσι βασιλικοῖς γάμοις,
καὶ πέμπε, κἂν μὴ τὰμά σοι πρόθυμά γ' ἦ,
ὥθει βιαίως· εἰ γὰρ ἔστι Λοξίας,
Ἑλένης γαμεῖ με δυσχερέστερον γάμον
ὁ τῶν Ἀχαιῶν κλεινὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.
κτενῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν κἂντιπορθήσω δόμους
370 ποιὰς ἀδελφῶν καὶ πατρὸς λαβοῦσ' ἐμοῦ.
ἀλλ' αὐτ' ἑάσω· πέλεκυν οὐχ ὑμνήσομεν,
ὃς εἰς τράχηλον τὸν ἐμὸν εἴσι χᾶτέρων,
μητροκτόνους τ' ἀγῶνας, οὓς οὐμοὶ γάμοι
θήσουσιν, οἴκων τ' Ἀτρέως ἀνάστασιν.
πόλιν δὲ δείξω τήνδε μακαριωτέραν
ἢ τοὺς Ἀχαιοὺς,—ἐνθεὸς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
τοσούνδε γ' ἔξω στήσομαι βακχευμάτων,—
οἳ διὰ μίαν γυναῖκα καὶ μίαν Κύπριν
θηρῶντες Ἑλένην μυρίους ἀπώλεσαν.
370 ὁ δὲ στρατηγὸς ὁ σοφὸς ἐχθίστων ὑπερ
τὰ φίλτατ' ὤλεσ', ἠδονὰς τὰς οἰκοθεν
τέκνων ἀδελφῶ δούς γυναικὸς εἵνεκα,
καὶ ταυτῆ' ἐκούσης κού βία λελησμένης.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς ἦλυθον Σκαμανδρίους,
ἔθνησκον, οὐ γῆς ὄρι' ἀποστερούμενοι,
οὐδ' ὑψιπύργου πατρίδος· οὓς δ' Ἄρης ἔλοι,
οὐ παῖδας εἶδον, οὐ δάμαρτος ἐν χεροῖν
πέπλοις συνεστάλησαν, ἐν ξένη δὲ γῆ
κεῖνται. τὰ δ' οἴκοι τοῖσδ' ὅμοι' ἐγίνετο·

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

In Maenad frenzy. Thy misfortunes, child,
Healed not thy mind, but still art thou distraught 350
Daughters of Troy, bear in the torches : give
Tears in exchange for these her marriage-hymns.

CASSANDRA

Mother, with wreaths of triumph crown mine
head.

Rejoice thou o'er my marriage with a king.
Escort me to him : if thou find me loth,
With violence thrust me : for, if Loxias lives,
Deadlier than Helen's shall my spousals be
To Agamemnon, Achaea's glorious king.
Death shall I deal him, havoc of his home,
Avenging so my brethren and my sire :— 360

No more of that ; I will not sing the axe
That on my neck, and others' necks, shall fall,
The mother-murdering strife, my spousals' fruit,
Nor of the overthrow of Atreus' house.
But I will prove this city happier
Than yon Achaeans,—yea, possessed am I,
Yet stand herein of bacchant ravings clear,—
Who for one woman, for one wanton's sake,
In quest of Helen wasted lives untold.

And this wise chief—for what he hated most 370
He hath lost what most he loved, home-joys of
children

To his brother for a woman's sake resigned,—
And she a willing prey, no kidnapped victim !
And, when these came unto Scamander's banks,
Fast died they, not for marches foeman-harried,
Nor home-land stately-towered. Who fell in fight
Saw not their children, nor by hands of wives
In robes were shrouded : but in a strange land
They lie. And in their homes the like befell :

385

380

χῆραί τ' ἔθνησκον, οἳ δ' ἄπαιδες ἐν δόμοις
 ἄλλως τέκν' ἐκθρέψαντες· οὐδὲ πρὸς τάφους
 ἔσθ' ὅστις αὐτοῖς αἶμα γῆ δωρήσεται.
 ἢ τοῦδ' ἐπαίνου τὸ στράτευμ' ἐπάξιον.
 σιγᾶν ἄμεινον τὰσχρά, μηδὲ μοῦσά μοι
 γένοιτ' ἀοιδὸς ἣτις ὑμνήσει κακά.

390

Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτον μὲν, τὸ κάλλιστον κλέος,
 ὑπὲρ πάτρας ἔθνησκον· οὓς δ' ἔλοι δόρυ,
 νεκροὶ γ' ἐς οἴκους φερόμενοι φίλων ὑπο
 ἐν γῆ πατρώᾳ περιβολὰς εἶχον χθονός,
 χερσὶν περισταλέντες ὧν ἐχρῆν ὑπο·
 ὅσοι δὲ μὴ θάνοιεν ἐν μάχῃ Φρυγῶν,
 αἰεὶ κατ' ἡμαρ σὺν δάμαρτι καὶ τέκνοις
 ῥέουσι, Ἀχαιοῖς ὧν ἀπῆσαν ἠδοναί.
 τὰ δ' Ἔκτορός σοι λύπρ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει·
 δόξας ἀνὴρ ἄριστος οἴχεται θανών,
 καὶ ταῦτ' Ἀχαιῶν ἴξις ἐξεργάζεται·

400

εἰ δ' ἦσαν οἴκοι, χρηστὸς ἔλαθεν ἂν γεγώς.
 Πάρις τ' ἔγημε τὴν Διός· γήμας δὲ μή,
 σιγώμενον τὸ κῆδος¹ εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις.
 φεύγειν μὲν οὖν χρὴ πόλεμον ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖ
 εἰ δ' εἰς τόδ' ἔλθοι, στέφανος οὐκ αἰσχροὺς πόλε
 καλῶς ὀλέσθαι, μὴ καλῶς δὲ δυσκλεές.
 ὧν εἴνεκ' οὐ χρὴ, μήτερ, οἰκτεῖρην σε γῆν,
 οὐ τὰμὰ λέκτρα· τοὺς γὰρ ἐχθίστους ἐμοὶ
 καὶ σοὶ γάμοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς διαφθερῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἠδέως κακοῖσιν οἰκείοις γελᾶς,
 μέλπεις θ' ἂ μέλπουσ' οὐ σαφῆ δείξεις ἴσασ

¹ Paley and Tyrrell: for κῆδος Nauck.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Wives widowed died, sires linger in lone halls 380
Without sons, whom for nought they nurtured; none
Remain to spill earth's blood-gift at their tombs.
Sooth, well the host hath earned such praise as
this!

Best left untold the deeds of shame—not mine
Be voice of song to chant that evil tale!
But, for the Trojans, first for fatherland
They died—a glorious death! Whom foemen slew,
By friends their corpses to their homes were borne,
And in the home-land earth's arms cradled them
Compassed with duteous hands' observances. 390

And whatso Phrygians not in battle died
Ever with wife and children day by day
Dwelt, joys whereof the Achaeans tasted none.
For Hector's woeful fate—hear thou the truth:
He proved himself a hero ere he died;
And this the Achaeans' coming brought to pass:
Had they in Greece stayed, none had seen his
prowess.

And Paris wedded Zeus' child: had he not,
His halls had hailed affianced unrenowned.
Sooth, he were best shun war, whoso is wise: 400
If war must be, his country's crown of pride
Is death heroic, craven death her shame.
Then make not moan, O mother, for thy land,
Nor for my couch; for my most bitter foes
And thine shall I destroy by mine espousals.

CHORUS

How blithely laughest thou at thine own ills,
And bodest things thou scarce shalt show fulfilled!

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

410 εἰ μὴ σ' Ἀπόλλων ἐξεβάκχευσε φρένας,
 οὐ τὰν ἀμισθὶ τοὺς ἐμούς στρατηλάτας
 τοιαῖσδε φήμαις ἐξέπεμπες ἂν χθονός.
 ἀτὰρ τὰ σεμνὰ καὶ δοκίμασιν σοφὰ
 οὐδέν τι κρείσσω τῶν τὸ μηδὲν ἦν ἄρα.
 ὁ γὰρ μέγιστος τῶν Πανελλήνων ἀναξ,
 Ἄτρεως φίλος παῖς, τῆσδ' ἔρωτ' ἐξαιρετον
 μαινάδος ὑπέστη· καὶ πένης μὲν εἰμ' ἐγώ,
 ἀτὰρ λέχος γε τῆσδ' ἂν οὐκ ἐκτησάμην.
 καὶ σοὶ μὲν, οὐ γὰρ ἀρτίας ἔχεις φρένας,
 Ἄργεϊ' ὀνειδέη καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐπαινέσεις
 420 ἀνέμοις φέρεσθαι παραδίδωμ'. ἔπου δέ μοι
 πρὸς ναῦς, καλὸν νύμφευμα τῷ στρατηλάτῃ.
 σὺ δ', ἠνίκ' ἂν σε Λαρτίου χρῆζῃ τόκος
 ἄγειν, ἔπεσθαι· σῶφρονος δ' ἔσει λάτρις
 γυναικός, ὡς φασ' οἱ μολόντες Ἴλιον.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

430 ἦ δεινὸς ὁ λάτρις. τί ποτ' ἔχουσι τοῦνομα
 κήρυκες, ἐν ἀπέχθημα πάγκοινων βροτοῖς,
 οἱ περὶ τυράννους καὶ πόλεις ὑπηρεταί;
 σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν φῆς μητέρ' εἰς Ὀδυσσέως
 ἤξειν μέλαθρα; ποῦ δ' Ἀπόλλωνος λόγοι,
 οἳ φασιν αὐτὴν εἰς ἔμ' ἠρμηνευμένοι
 αὐτοῦ θανεῖσθαι; τᾶλλα δ' οὐκ ὀνειδιῶ.
 δύστηνος, οὐκ οἶδ' οἷά νιν μένει πάθη·
 ὡς χρυσὸς αὐτῷ τὰμὰ καὶ Φρυγῶν κακὰ
 δόξει ποτ' εἶναι. δέκα γὰρ ἐκπλήσας ἔτη
 πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐνθάδ', ἕξεται μόνος πάτραν¹...
 οὐ δὴ στενον δίαυλον ᾧκισται πέτρας

¹ Heath and others mark a lacuna here.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Had Phoebus not with frenzy thrilled thy soul,
 Thou with such bodings shouldst not unchastised
 Speed from thy land my lords, the battle-chiefs. 410

Lo, how these lofty ones, wise in repute,
 Are no whit better than the nothing-worth!
 For this most mighty king of allied Hellas,
 This Atreus' son, hath stooped him 'neath love's
 yoke

For you mad girl, of all maids! Poor am I,
 Yet would I ne'er have gotten me her couch.
 Now, seeing thou hast not unshattered wit,
 Thy mocks at Argos and thy praise of Phrygia
 I fling to the winds to scatter. Follow me
 Unto the ships, our captain's goodly bride! 420

But thou (*to Hecuba*) whenso Laertes' seed desires
 To take thee, follow. A virtuous woman's thrall¹
 Shalt thou be, as say all that came to Troy.

CASSANDRA

Keen-witted varlet this! Why such fair name
 Have heralds, common loathing of mankind,
 Who are but menials of kings and cities?
 Say'st thou my mother to Odysseus' halls
 Shall come? Where be Apollo's bodings then,
 Which say—to me no mystery—that she
 Shall here die?—other shame I will not speak.² 430

Wretch!—he knows not what sufferings wait for
 him,

Such, that my woes and Phrygia's yet shall seem
 As gold to him. Ten years to these past ten
 Accomplished, shall he reach his land—alone;
 Shall see where in the rock-gorge fell Charybdis

¹ i.e. slave to Penelope.

² i.e. the manner of her death. See *Hecuba*, ll. 1259-73.

δεινὴ Χάρυβδις, ὠμοβρώς τ' ὀρειβάτης
 Κύκλωψ, Λιγυστίς θ' ἡ συνῶν μορφώτρια
 Κίρκη, θαλάσσης θ' ἄλμυρᾶς ναυάγια,
 λωτοῦ τ' ἔρωτες, Ἥλιου θ' ἀγναὶ βόες,
 440 αἰ σάρκα φωνήεσαν ἤσουσιν πῦτε,
 πικρὰν Ὀδυσσεῖ γῆρυν. ὡς δὲ συντέμω,
 ζῶν εἰς ἔς Ἄιδου κάκφυγῶν λίμνης ὕδωρ
 κάκ' ἐν δόμοισι μυρὶ εὐρήσει μολῶν.
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί τοὺς Ὀδυσσέως ἐξακοντίζω πόνους ;
 στείχ', ὅπως τάχιστ' ἐς Ἄιδου νυμφίῳ γαμώ-
 μεθα.
 ἢ κακὸς κακῶς ταφήσει νυκτός, οὐκ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ,
 ὦ δοκῶν σεμνόν τι πράσσειν, Δαναϊδῶν ἀρχη-
 γέτα.
 κάμῃ τοι νεκρὸν φάραγγες γυμνάδ' ἐκβεβλη-
 μένην
 ὕδατι χειμάρρῳ ῥέουσai, νυμφίου πέλας τάφου,
 450 θηρσὶ δώσουσιν δάσασθαι, τὴν Ἀπόλλωνος λάτριν.
 ὦ στέφη τοῦ φιλτάτου μοι θεῶν, ἀγάλματ'
 εὖια,
 χαίρετ'· ἐκλέλοιφ' ἑορτάς, αἷς πάροιθ' ἠγαλ-
 λόμην.
 ἴτ' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ χρωτὸς σπαραγμοῖς, ὡς ἔτ' οὐσ'
 ἀγνὴ χροά
 δῶ θοαῖς αὖραις φέρεσθαί σοι τὰδ', ὦ μαντεῖ'
 ἄναξ.
 ποῦ σκάφος τὸ τοῦ στρατηγοῦ : ποῖ ποτ'
 ἐμβαίνειν με χρή ;
 οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοις ἂν αὖραν ἰστίοις καταδοκῶν,
 ὡς μίαν τριῶν Ἐρινὺν τῆσδέ μ' ἐξάξων χθονός.
 χαῖρέ μοι, μήτερ, δακρύσης μηδέν· ὦ φίλῃ
 πατρίς·

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Hath made her lair,—where mountain-haunting
 Cyclops
 Ravins,—see her that turneth men to swine,
 Ligurian Circe,—shipwreck in salt seas,—
 The lotus-cravings, the Sun's sacred kine,
 Whose dead flesh with a human voice shall moan, 440
 A dire voice for Odysseus! To make end,
 He shall see Hades living, 'scape the sea,
 Yet, when he winneth home, find ills untold.
 Yet—Odysseus' troubles, wherefore should I loose
 their javelin-flight?
 On, that I may haste to wed my bridegroom, Hades'
 spousal-plaint. [of day,
 Vile one, vile shall be thy burial, darkling, not in light
 Thou that dream'st of high achievement, chief of
 Danaus' sons' array!
 Yea, and me, flung out a naked corse, the mountain's
 chasm-rift, [a ravin-gift,
 Foaming with the wintry floods, shall give to beasts,
 Hard beside my bridegroom's grave—Apollo's
 priestess-handmaid me! 450
 Garlands of the God most dear unto me, mystic bravery,
 Farewell: I have left the temple-feasts, my joy in days
 o'erpast:
 Hence, in rendings from my body, that, while yet my
 blood is chaste, [lord!
 I may give them to the blasts to waft to thee, O Prophet—
 Where is Agamemnon's galley?—whither go to pass
 aboard? [the sail!
 Loiter not from eager watching for the breeze to fill
 One of the Avengers Three am I whom thou from
 Troy shalt hale.
 Fare-thee-well, my mother, weep not;—fatherland,
 belovèd name;—

460

οἳ τε γῆς ἔνερθ' ἀδελφοὶ χά τεκῶν ἡμᾶς πατήρ,
 οὐ μακρὰν δέξεσθέ μ'· ἤκω δ' εἰς νεκροὺς νικη-
 φόρος
 καὶ δόμους πέρσασ' Ἀτρειδῶν, ὧν ἀπωλόμεσθ'
 ὑπο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἐκάβης γεραιᾶς φύλακες, οὐ δεδόρκατε
 δέσποιναν ὡς ἀναυδος εἰς πέδον πίτνει ;
 οὐκ ἀντιλήψεσθ' ; ἢ μεθήσεται, ὦ κακαί,
 γραῖαν πεσοῦσαν ; αἶρετ' εἰς ὄρθον δέμας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

470

ἐατέ μ', οὔτοι φίλα τὰ μὴ φίλ', ὦ κόραι,
 κείσθαι πεσοῦσαν· πτωμάτων γὰρ ἄξια
 πάσχω τε καὶ πέπονθα κᾶτι πείσομαι.
 ὦ θεοί· κακοὺς μὲν ἀνακαλῶ τοὺς συμμάχους,
 ὅμως δ' ἔχει τι σχῆμα κικλήσκειν θεούς,
 ὅταν τις ἡμῶν δυστυχῆ λάβῃ τύχην.
 πρῶτον μὲν οὖν μοι τάγάθ' ἐξᾶσαι φίλον
 τοῖς γὰρ κακοῖσι πλείον' οἶκτον ἐμβαλῶ.
 ἦμην τύραννος κείς τύρανν' ἐγημάμην,
 κἀνταῦθ' ἀριστεύοντ' ἐγεινάμην τέκνα,
 οὐκ ἀριθμὸν ἄλλως, ἀλλ' ὑπερτάτους Φρυγῶν
 οὐ Τρῶας οὐδ' Ἑλληνίς οὐδὲ βάρβαρος
 γυνὴ τεκοῦσα κομπάσειεν ἄν ποτε.

480

κἀκεῖνά τ' εἶδον δορὶ πεσόνθ' Ἑλληνικῶ,
 τρίχας δ' ἐτμήθην τάσδε πρὸς τύμβοις νεκρῶν,
 καὶ τὸν φυτουργὸν Πρίαμον οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα
 κλύουσ' ἔκλαυσα, τοῖσδε δ' εἶδον ὄμμασιν
 αὐτὴ κατασφαγέντ' ἐφ' ἐρκείῳ πυρᾷ,
 πόλιν θ' ἀλοῦσαν. ἄς δ' ἔθρεψα παρθένους
 εἰς ἀξίωμα νυμφίων ἐξαίρετον,
 ἄλλοισι θρέψασ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀφηρέθην.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Ye beneath the sod, my brethren;—father, of whose
 loins I came;— [shall come
 'Tis not long ere ye shall greet me: I unto my dead 400
 Triumph-crowned from havoc of the Atreid house that
 wrought our doom.

[Exit TALTHYBIUS with CASSANDRA.

CHORUS

Grey Hecuba's attendants, mark ye not
 Your mistress sinking speechless to the earth?
 Will ye not help her, heartless ones, but leave
 Her grey hairs prostrate? Bear ye up her frame.

HECUBA

Leave me—false kindness were unkindness, girls,—
 So fallen to lie. Well may I sink 'neath all
 I suffer, and have suffered, and shall suffer.
 O Gods!—to sorry helpers I appeal;
 Yet to invoke the Gods hath some fair show 470
 When child of man on evil fortune lights,
 Fain am I first to chant mine olden bliss;
 So shall I wake more ruth for these my woes.
 I was a princess wedded to a king,
 And mother I became of princely sons,
 Nor ciphers these, but Phrygia's mightiest chiefs:
 Trojan nor Greek dame, nor barbarian,
 Might ever boast her mother of such as these.
 Yet these I saw by Hellene spears laid low,
 And shore these tresses at my dead sons' graves. 480
 Their father Priam—not from other lips
 I heard and wept his doom, but these mine eyes
 Beheld him butchered on the altar-stone,
 Troy sacked, the maiden daughters I had nursed
 For pride of princely spousals without peer,
 Torn from mine arms—for aliens reared I them!

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

490 κούτ' ἐξ ἐκείνων ἐλπίς ὡς ὀφθήσομαι,
 αὐτὴ τ' ἐκείνας οὐκέτ' ὄψομαί ποτε.
 τὸ λοίσθιον δέ, θριγκὸς ἀθλίων κακῶν,
 500 δούλη γυνὴ γραυῆς Ἑλλάδ' εἰσαφίξομαι.
 ἂ δ' ἐστὶ γῆρα τῶδ' ἀσυμφωρότατα,
 τούτοις με προσθήσουσιν, ἧ θυρῶν λάτριν
 κληῖδας φυλάσσειν, τὴν τεκούσαν Ἔκτορα,
 ἧ σιτοποιεῖν, κὰν πέδῳ κοίτας ἔχειν
 ῥυσοῖσι νότοις βασιλικῶν ἐκ δεμνίων,
 510 τρυχηρὰ περὶ τρυχηρὸν εἰμένην χροῖα
 πέπλων λακίσματ', ἀδόκιμ' ὀλβίοις ἔχειν.
 οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα, διὰ γάμον μιᾶς ἕνα
 γυναικὸς οἶον ἔτυχον, ὦν τε τεύξομαι.
 ὦ τέκνον, ὦ σύμβακχε Κασάνδρα θεοῖς,
 οἷαις ἔλυσας συμφοραῖς ἄγνευμα σόν.
 σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα, ποῦ ποτ' εἶ, Πολυξένη;
 ὡς οὔτε μ' ἄρσην οὔτε θήλεια σπορὰ
 πολλῶν γενομένων τὴν τάλαιναν ὠφελεῖ.
 τί δῆτά μ' ὀρθοῦτ'; ἐλπίδων ποίων ὑπο;
 ἄγετε τὸν ἄβρον δῆποτ' ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα,
 νῦν δ' ὄντα δούλον, στιβάδα πρὸς χαμαιπετῆ
 πέτρινά τε κρήδεμν', ὡς πεσοῦσ' ἀποφθαρῶ
 510 δακρύοις καταξανθεῖσα. τῶν δ' εὐδαιμόνων
 μηδένα νομίζετ' εὐτυχεῖν πρὶν ἂν θάνῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμφί μοι Ἴλιον, ὦ
 Μοῦσα, καινῶν ὕμνων
 ἄεισον ἐν δακρύοις
 ᾧδὰν ἐπικηδεῖον·
 νῦν γὰρ μέλος εἰς Τροίαν
 ἰαχήσω,

στρ. α

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

No hope have I of being seen of them,
 No, nor of seeing them for evermore.
 And last, the topstone of my misery,
 Old, and a slave, to Hellas shall I come ;

490

And what tasks for mine eld are most unmeet,
 To these will they appoint me, to keep keys,
 A portress,—me, who gave to Hector birth!—
 Or knead their bread, and couch upon the
 ground

The wasted form that knew a royal bed,
 With tattered rags to clothe my shrunken frame,
 Vesture unmeet for those once throned in bliss.
 Woe!—for one lover of one adulteress

What have I borne?—what am I yet to bear?
 O child Cassandra, bacchant-fellow of Gods,
 Mid what disaster ends thy virgin state!

500

And thou, ill-starred Polyxena, where art thou?
 Nor son nor daughter, none remains to help
 The wretched mother, of all born to her.
 Wherefore then raise up me?—what hope is left?
 Guide me,—who once in Troy trod delicately,
 Who am a slave now,—to some earth-strown bed,
 To fling me down where stones shall veil my
 face

And waste in tears to death. Of all that prosper
 Account ye no one happy ere he die.

510

CHORUS

O Song-goddess, chant in mine ear (*Str.* 1)
 'The doom of mine Ilium : sing
 Thy strange notes broken with sob and tear
 That o'er sepulchres sigh where our dear dead lie :
 For now through my lips outwailing clear
 Troy's ruin-dirge shall ring,—

- 520 τετραβάμονος ὡς ὑπ' ἀπήνας
 Ἀργείων ὀλόμαν τάλαινα δοριάλωτος,
 ὅτ' ἔλιπον ἵππου οὐράνια
 βρέμοντα χρυσεοφάλαρον ἔνοπλον
 ἐν πύλαις Ἀχαιοί·
 ἀνὰ δ' ἐβόασεν λεῶς
 Τρωάδος ἀπὸ πέτρας σταθείς·
 ἴτ', ὦ πεπαυμένοι πόνων,
 τόδ' ἱερὸν ἀνάγετε ξόανον
 Ἰλιάδι Διογενεῖ κόρα.
 τίς οὐκ ἔβα νεανίδων,
 τίς οὐ γεραιὸς ἐκ δόμων ;
 530 κεχαρμένοι δ' αἰοδαῖς
 δόλιον ἔσχον ἄταν.

- πᾶσα δὲ γέννα Φρυγῶν ἀντ. α'
 πρὸς πύλας ὠρμάθη,
 πεύκα ἐν οὐρείᾳ
 ξεστὸν λόχον Ἀργείων
 καὶ Δαρδανίας ἄταν
 θεᾶ δώσων,
 χάριν ἄζυγος ἀμβροτοπώλου·
 κλωστοῦ δ' ἀμφιβόλοις λίνιοιο, ναὸς ὡσεὶ
 σκάφος κελαινὸν εἰς ἔδρανα
 540 λάϊνα δάπεδά τε φόνια πατρίδι
 Παλλάδος θέσαν θεᾶς.
 ἐν δὲ πόνῳ καὶ χαρᾷ
 νύχιον ἐπὶ κνέφας παρῆν,

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

How the Argives' four-foot wain
Brought me ruin with spear and with chain,
When clashed to the sky death's armoury¹
That they left at our gates for our bane— 520
 That gold-decked thing!
And afar from the rock's sheer crest
A shout did the Troy-folk fling—
"Come, ye that from troubles have now found rest,
And the sacred image bring
To the Ilian Maid² Zeus bare!"
Who then of the youths but was there?
What hoary head but from home forth sped,
With songs that ruin-snare
 Encompassing? 530

Swift streamed they all to the gate, (Ant. 1)
The children of Dardanus' line,
With the Argives' gift to propitiate
The Maid supreme of the deathless team³;
And to Phrygia's curse, to the ambushed fate
That was pent in the mountain-pine,
The coils of the flax have they tied.
Like a dark ship on did it glide
To the marble-gleam of the fane, with the stream
Of our fatherland's blood to be dyed,
 Even Pallas' shrine. 540

Now over their toil and their glee
Spread black night's wings divine;

¹ Alluding to the clang of arms from within, of which the Trojans in their infatuation took no heed, as they dragged the Wooden Horse into the city. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 243.

² Pallas Athena, who sprang from the head of Zeus.

³ Athena, named "Pallas of the chariot-steeds."

Λίβυς τε λωτὸς ἐκτύπει
 Φρύγιά τε μέλαια, παρθένοι δ'
 ἀέριον ἀνὰ κρότον ποδῶν
 βοάν τ' ἔμελπον εὐφρον'· ἐν
 δόμοις δὲ παμφαῆς σέλας
 πυρὸς μέλαιναν αἴγλαν
 550 [ἄκος]¹ ἔδωκεν ὕπνω.

ἐγὼ δὲ τὰν ὄρεστέραν
 τότ' ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα παρθένον,
 Διὸς κόραν ἐμελπόμαν
 χοροῖσι· φοινία δ' ἀνὰ
 πτόλιν βοὰ κατεῖχε Περ-
 γάμων ἔδρας· βρέφη δὲ φίλι-
 α περὶ πέπλους ἔβαλλε μα-
 τρὶ χεῖρας ἐπτοημένας·
 560 λόχου δ' ἐξέβαιν' Ἄρης,
 κόρας ἔργα Παλλάδος.
 σφαγαὶ δ' ἀμφιβώμιοι
 Φρυγῶν, ἐν τε δεμνίοις
 καράτομος ἐρημία
 νεανιῶν² στέφανον ἔφερεν
 Ἑλλάδι κουροτρόφω,
 Φρυγῶν δὲ πατρίδι πένθος.

Ἐκάβη, λεύσσεις τήνδ' Ἀνδρομάχην
 570 ξενικοῖς ἐπ' ὄχοις πορθυομένην
 παρὰ δ' εἰρεσίᾳ μαστῶν ἔπεται
 φίλος Ἀστυάναξ, Ἐκτορος ἱνις.

¹ Supplied by Murray.

² Bothe : for νεανίδων of MSS.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ποι ποτ' ἀπήνης νότοισι φέρει,
 δύστηνε γύναι, πάρεδρος χαλκείος
 Ἐκτορος ὄπλοις σκύλοις τε Φρυγῶν
 δοριθηράτοις,
 οἴσιν Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Φθιώτης
 στέψει ναοὺς ἀπὸ Τροίας ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἀχαιοὶ δεσπόται μ' ἄγουσιν.

στρ. β'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦμοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί παιᾶν' ἐμὸν στενάζεις

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τῶνδ' ἀλγέων

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

580

καὶ συμφορᾶς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκεα,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρίν ποτ' ἦμεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βέβακ' ὄλβος, βέβακε Τροία

ἀντ. β'

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τλάμων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμῶν τ' εὐγένεια παίδων.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Whither on yon car's height dost thou ride,
O hapless wife, with the arms at thy side
Of Hector, and Phrygian battle-gear,
The spoil of the spear,
Wherewith that son of Achilles shall deck
The shrines of Phthia from Phrygia's wreck?

ANDROMACHE

Achaean's our masters to bondage are haling me. (Str. 2)

HECUBA

Woe!

ANDROMACHE

Why dost thou chant my paean of misery—

HECUBA

Alas!—

ANDROMACHE

For my burden of woe,—

HECUBA

O Zeus!—

ANDROMACHE

For the anguish I know?

580

HECUBA

Ah children!

ANDROMACHE

No more are we!

HECUBA

(Ant. 2)

Gone is the olden prosperity, Troy is no more!

ANDROMACHE

Ah hapless!

HECUBA

Gone are the hero-sons that I bore!

401

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ δῆτ' ἐμῶν

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ τύχα

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόλεος,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἃ καπνοῦται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μόλοις, ὦ πόσις, μοι,

στρ. γ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βοᾶς τὸν παρ' Ἄϊδα
παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὦ μελέα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

590 σᾶς δάμαρτος ἄλκαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σύ τ', ὦ λῦμ' Ἀχαιῶν,
τέκνων δῆποτ' ἀμῶν
πρεσβυγενὲς Πρίαμω,
κοίμισαί μ' ἐς Ἄϊδου.¹

ἀντ. γ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἶδε πόθοι μεγάλοι· σχετλία, τάδε πάσχομεν
ἄλγη,
οἰχομένας πόλεως, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγεα κείται
δυσφροσύναισι θεῶν, ὅτε σὸς γόνος ἔκφυγεν
Ἄϊδαν,

¹ Paley and Tyrrell's reading adopted: for δέσποθ' . . .
Πρίαμω of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ANDROMACHE

Woe!—

HECUBA

For griefs—

ANDROMACHE

On mine head that fall!

HECUBA

Ah the pity—

ANDROMACHE

Of Ilium's wall—

HECUBA

With the smoke-pall shrouded o'er!

ANDROMACHE

Come to me, husband, now— (*Str.* 3)

HECUBA

Thou criest on him that is gone,
O hapless, to Hades, my son—

ANDROMACHE

Thy wife's defender thou! 590

HECUBA

Thou on whom did Achaeans heap (*Ant.* 3)
Outrage, whom eldest I bare
Unto Priam in days that were,
To thine Hades receive me to sleep.

ANDROMACHE

Sore are our yearnings, sharp anguish is come on us,
O sorrow-stricken!
Ruined our city is; cloud upon cloud do our miseries
thicken,
Sent by the hate of the Gods, since thy son was from
Hades delivered,¹

¹ Paris, spared at his birth, in spite of the prophecy that he should ruin Troy.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ὃς λεχέων στυγερῶν χάριν ὄλεσε πέργαμα
Τροίας.

αἱματόεντα δὲ θεᾷ παρὰ Παλλάδι σώματα νεκρῶν
γυψὶ φέρειν τέταται· ζυγὰ δ' ἤνυσε δούλια
Τροία.

600

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ πατρίς ὦ μελέα, καταλειπομέναν σε δακρύω,
νῦν τέλος οἰκτρὸν ὄρας, καὶ ἐμὸν δόμον ἐνθ'
ἐλοχεύθην.

† ὦ τέκν', ἐρημόπολις μάτηρ ἀπολείπεται ὑμῶν,
οἶος ἰάλεμος οἶά τε πένθη
δάκρυά τ' ἐκ δακρῶν καταλείβεται
ἀμετέροισι δόμοις· ὁ θανῶν δ' ἐπι-
λάθεται ἀλγέων ἀδάκρυτος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἡδὺν δάκρυα τοῖς κακῶς πεπραγόσι
θρήνων τ' ὄδυρμοὶ μούσα θ' ἠλύπας ἔχει.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

610 ὦ μήτηρ ἀνδρός, ὅς ποτ' Ἀργείων δορὶ
πλείστους διώλεσ', Ἔκτορος, τὰδ' εἰσοράς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀρῶ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, ὡς τὰ μὲν πυργούσ' ἄνω
τὰ μηδὲν ὄντα, τὰ δὲ δοκοῦντ' ἀπόλεσαν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀγόμεθα λεία σὺν τέκνῳ, τὸ δ' εὐγενὲς
εἰς δοῦλον ἤκει, μεταβολὰς τοιάσδ' ἔχον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὸ τῆς ἀνάγκης δεινόν· ἄρτι κἀπ' ἐμοῦ
βέβηκ' ἀποσπασθεῖσα Κασάνδρα βία.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

He for whose bridal accurst were the bulwarks of
Ilium shivered. [that crowd her,
Pallas the Goddess is left amid corpses blood-boultered
Spoil for the vultures, and Troy 'neath the yoke-band
of thraldom hath bowed her.

600

HECUBA

Fatherland, hapless, I weep thee, who now, of our
faces forlorn,
Seest the pitiful end, and mine home where my
children were born. [going—
Children, bereft of my city am I, and from me are ye
How wild is our wailing, our woe how deep!
Tears upon tears are flowing, flowing, [knowing
Mid our desolate homes:—the dead only, un-
Of sorrow, forget to weep.

CHORUS

How sweet unto afflicted souls are tears,
Lamentings, and the chant with sorrow fraught!

ANDROMACHE

Mother of hero Hector, whose spear slew
In days past many an Argive, seest thou this?

610

HECUBA

I see the Gods' work, who exalt on high
That which was naught, and bring the proud names
low.

ANDROMACHE

I with my child a spoil am haled; high birth
Hath come to bondage—ah the change, the change!

HECUBA

Mighty is fate:—from mine arms too but now
By violence torn Cassandra passed away.

405

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ·
ἄλλος τις Αἴας, ὡς ἔοικε, δεύτερος
παιδὸς πέφηνε σῆς· νοσεῖς δὲ χᾶτερα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

620 ὦν γ' οὔτε μέτρον οὔτ' ἀριθμὸς ἐστὶ μοι
κακῶ κακὸν γὰρ εἰς ἄμιλλαν ἔρχεται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τέθνηκέ σοι παῖς πρὸς τάφῳ Πολυξένη
σφαγεῖς Ἀχιλλέως, δῶρον ἀψύχῳ νεκρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὼ τάλαινα. τοῦτ' ἐκεῖνό μοι πάλαι
Ταλθύβιος αἰνιγμ' οὐ σαφῶς εἶπεν σαφές.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἶδόν νιν αὐτὴ κάποβᾶσα τῶνδ' ὄχων
ἔκρυψα πέπλοις κάπεκοψάμην νεκρόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, τέκνον, σῶν ἀνοσίων προσφαγμάτων
αἰαῖ μάλ' αὖθις, ὡς κακῶς διόλλυσαι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

630 ὄλωλεν ὡς ὄλωλεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐμοῦ
ζώσης γ' ὄλωλεν εὐτυχεστέρῳ πότμῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ ταυτόν, ὦ παῖ, τῷ βλέπειν τὸ κατθανεῖν
τὸ μὲν γὰρ οὐδέν, τῷ δ' ἔνεισιν ἐλπίδες.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ μῆτερ, ὦ τεκοῦσα, κάλλιστον λόγον
ἄκουσον, ὡς σοι τέρψιν ἐμβάλω φρενί.
τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι τῷ θανεῖν ἴσον λέγω,
τοῦ ζῆν δὲ λυπρῶς κρεῖσσόν ἐστι κατθανεῖν.
ἀλγεί γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν κακῶν ἠσθημένος·
ὁ δ' εὐτυχήσας εἰς τὸ δυστυχὲς πεσὼν

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ANDROMACHE

Alas and alas!
Meseems a second Aias for thy child
Hath risen. Yet hast thou more afflictions still,—

HECUBA

Measure nor numbering whereof I know ;
For ill to rival ill comes evermore. 620

ANDROMACHE

Slain at Achilles' tomb, Polyxena
Thy child is dead, a gift to a lifeless corpse.

HECUBA

O wretched I!—The riddle this that erst
Talthybius spake, not clearly—oh, too clear!

ANDROMACHE

Myself beheld : I lighted from this car,
Veiled with my robes the corse, and smote my breast.

HECUBA

Woe's me, my child, for thine unhallowed slaughter!
Woe yet again! How foully hast thou died!

ANDROMACHE

She hath died—as she hath died : yet by a fate
More blest than mine, who yet live, hath she died. 630

HECUBA

Not one, my child, with sight of day is death ;
For that is naught, in this is space for hope.

ANDROMACHE

Mother, O mother, a fairer, truer word
Hear, that I may with solace touch thine heart :—
To have been unborn I count as one with death ;
But better death than life in bitterness.
No pain feels death, which hath no sense of ills :
But who hath prospered, and hath fallen on woe,

- 640 ψυχὴν ἀλάτῃ τῆς πάροιθ' εὐπραξίας.
 κείνη δ' ὁμοίως ὥσπερ οὐκ ἰδοῦσα φῶς
 τέθνηκε, κούδεν οἶδε τῶν αὐτῆς κακῶν.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοξεύσασα τῆς εὐδοξίας
 λαχοῦσα πλείστον τῆς τύχης ἡμάρτανον,
 ἃ γὰρ γυναιξὶ σῶφρον' ἔσθ' ἠύρημένα,
 ταῦτ' ἐξεμόχθουν Ἐκτορος κατὰ στέγας.
 πρῶτον μὲν, ἔνθα—κἂν προσῆ κἂν μὴ προσῆ
 ψόγος γυναιξίν—αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐφέλκεται
 κακῶς ἀκούειν, ἣτις οὐκ ἔνδον μένει,
 650 τούτου παρῆσα πόθον ἔμιμνον ἐν δόμοις·
 εἴσω τε μελάθρων κομψὰ θηλειῶν ἔπη
 οὐκ εἰσεφρούμην, τὸν δὲ νοῦν διδάσκαλον
 οἴκοθεν ἔχουσα χρηστὸν ἐξήρκουν ἐμοί.
 γλώσσης τε σιγῆν ὄμμα θ' ἤσυχον πόσει
 παρῆχον· ἦδη δ' ἄμὲ χρῆν νικᾶν πόσιν,
 κείνῳ τε νίκην ὧν ἐχρῆν παριέναι.
 καὶ τῶνδε κληδῶν εἰς στράτευμ' Ἀχαιῶν
 ἐλθοῦσ' ἀπώλεσέν μ'· ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἠρέθην,
 Ἀχιλλέως με παῖς ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν
 660 δάμαρτα· δουλεύσω δ' ἐν αὐθεντῶν δόμοις.
 κεῖ μὲν παρώσασ' Ἐκτορος φίλον κἄρα
 πρὸς τὸν παρόντα πόσιν ἀναπτύξω φρένα,
 κακῆ φανούμαι τῷ θανόντι· τόνδε δ' αὖ
 στυγοῦσ' ἐμαυτῆς δεσπόταις μισήσομαι.
 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς μί' εὐφρόνη χαλᾶ
 τὸ δυσμενὲς γυναικὸς εἰς ἀνδρὸς λέχος·
 ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτήν, ἣτις ἄνδρα τὸν πάρος
 καινοῖσι λέκτροις ἀποβαλοῦσ' ἄλλον φιλεῖ.
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲ πῶλος ἣτις ἂν διαζυγῆ
 670 τῆς συντραφείσης, ῥαδίως ἔλξει ζυγόν.
 καίτοι τὸ θηριῶδες ἄφθογγόν τ' ἔφν

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Forlorn of soul strays far from olden bliss. 640
 Thy child, as though she ne'er had looked on
 light,

Is dead, and nothing knoweth of her ills.
 But I, who drew my bow at fair repute,
 Won overmeasure, yet fair fortune missed.
 All virtuous fame that women e'er have found,
 This was my quest, my gain, 'neath Hector's roof.

First—be the woman smirched with other stain,
 Or be she not—this very thing shall bring
 Ill fame, if one abide not in the home :
 So banished I such craving, kept the house : 650

Within my bowers I suffered not to come
 The tinsel-talk of women, lived content
 To be in virtue schooled by mine own heart ;
 With silent tongue, with quiet eye, still met
 My lord : knew in what matters I should rule,
 And where 'twas meet to yield him victory :
 Whereof the fame to the Achæan host
 Reached, for my ruin ; for, when I was ta'en,
 Achilles' son would have me for his wife —
 His slave in mine own husband's murderers'
 halls ! 660

If from mine heart I thrust my love, mine Hector,
 And to this new lord ope the doors thereof,
 I shall be traitress to the dead : but if
 I loathe this prince, shall win my masters' hate.
 And yet one night, say they, unknits the knot
 Of woman's hate of any husband's couch !
 I scorn the wife who flings her sometime lord
 Away, and on a new couch loves another !
 Not even the steed, from her stall-mate disyoked,
 Will with a willing spirit draw the yoke ; 670
 Yet speech nor understanding in the brute

640 ψυχὴν ἀλάται τῆς πάροιθ' in bliss.
 κεινὴ δ' ὁμοίως ὥσπερ οὐκ had looked on
 τέθνηκε, κούδ' ἐν οἴδῳ τὸν α er ill.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοξέυσασα τῆς εὐδι ate,
 λαχοῦσα πλείστον τῆς τυ missed.
 ἂ γὰρ γυναιξὶ σῶφρον' ἔσ have found,
 ταῦτ' ἐξεμόχθουν' Ἐκτορο Hector's roof.
 πρῶτον μὲν, ἔνθα—κὰν π other stain,
 ψόγος γυναιξίν—αὐτὸ το bring
 650 κακῶς ἀκούειν, ἧτις οὐκ ἔ come :
 τούτου παρῆσα πόθον ἔμ the house :
 εἶσω τε μελάθρων κομνί to come
 οὐκ εἰσεφρούμην, τὸν δὲ content
 οἴκοθεν ἔχουσα χρῆστων own heart ;
 γλώσσης τε σιγῆν ὄμμα still met
 παρείχον· ἦδ' ἄμ' ἐχρ should rule,
 κείω τε νίκην ὄν ἐχρή victory :
 καὶ τῶνδε κληδῶν εἰς σ lost
 ἔλθουσ' ἀπώλεσέν μ'· ἐ was ta'en,
 Ἀχιλλέως με παῖς ἔβο the wife—
 660 δάμαρτα· δουλεύσω δ' and's
 κεί μὲν παρώσασ' Ἐκ murderers'
 πρὸς τὸν παρόντα πόσ mine Hector,
 660 κακῆ φανοῦμαι τῷ θα thereof,
 στυγίουσ' ἔμαυτῆς δεσ if
 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς μ masters' hate.
 τὸ δυσμενὲς γυναικὸς is the knot
 ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτήν, ἧτις such !
 καινοῖσι λέκτροις ἀπέ etime lord
 670 ἀλλ' οὐδὲ πάλος ἦτις rather !
 τῆς συντραφείσης, ῥ ate disyoked,
 καίτοι τὸ θηριώδες ἀ oke ;
 408 brute

640 [it thou rear to man,
 t children born
 lays to come
 ur city rise.
 eth on the old—
 eans see I stride
 r new resolve?

700 HYBIUS
 s mightiest once,
 shall I announce
 lord of Pelops' sons.

710 MACHE
 I preface dost begin !
 HYBIUS
 eed—how can I say it ?
 MACHE
 ve one lord with me ?
 HYBIUS
 ill be his lord.
 MACHE
 remnant, shall he bide ?
 HYBIUS
 break sad tidings !
 MACHE
 ave thou bring glad tidings.
 HYBIUS
 thou must hear the horror.
 MACHE
 than thraldom's couch ! 720

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

καὶ παῖδα τόνδε παιδὸς ἐκθρέψειας ἂν
 Τροία μέγιστον ὠφέλημ', ἴν' οἷ¹ ποτε
 ἐκ σοῦ γενόμενοι παῖδες ὕστερον πάλιν
 κατοικίσειαν, καὶ πόλις γένοιτ' ἔτι.
 ἀλλ' ἐκ λόγου γὰρ ἄλλος ἐκβαίνει λόγος,
 τίν' αὖ δέδορκα τόνδ' Ἀχαιῶν λάρτρην
 στείχοντα καινῶν ἄγγελον βουλευμάτων;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

710 Φρυγῶν ἀρίστου πρίν ποθ' Ἐκτορος δάμαρ,
 μὴ' μὲ στυγῆσης· οὐχ ἐκῶν γὰρ ἀγγελῶ
 Δαναῶν τε κοινὰ Πελοπιδῶν τ' ἀγγέλματα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί δ' ἔστιν; ὥς μοι φροιμίῶν ἄρχει κακῶν.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἔδοξε τόνδε παῖδα—πῶς εἶπω λόγον;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μῶν οὐ τὸν αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἡμῖν ἔχειν;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐδεὶς Ἀχαιῶν τοῦδε δεσπόσει ποτέ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' αὐτὸν λείψανον Φρυγῶν λιπεύει;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως σοι ῥαδίως εἶπω κακά.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἐπήνεσ' αἰδῶ, πλὴν ἐὰν λέγῃς καλά.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

κτενοῦσι σὸν παῖδ', ὡς πύθῃ κακὸν μέγα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

720 οἴμοι, γάμων τόδ' ὡς κλύω μεῖζον κακόν.

¹ οἷ Paley; MSS. εἰ; Murray ἴν'—εἰ ποτε—.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

And this my son's son shalt thou rear to man,
To Troy a mighty aid, that children born
Of thee hereafter may in days to come
Build her, and yet again our city rise.
But—for a new tale followeth on the old—
What servant of the Achaeans see I stride
Hitherward, herald of their new resolve?

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

O wife of Hector, Phrygia's mightiest once,
Abhor not me: sore loth shall I announce
The Danaans' hest, the word of Pelops' sons.

710

ANDROMACHE

What now?—with what ill preface dost begin!

TALTHYBIUS

This child, have they decreed—how can I say it?

ANDROMACHE

Not—that he shall not have one lord with me?

TALTHYBIUS

None of Achaeans e'er shall be his lord.

ANDROMACHE

How?—here, a Phrygian remnant, shall he bide?

TALTHYBIUS

I know not gently how to break sad tidings!

ANDROMACHE

Thanks for thy shrinking, save thou bring glad tidings.

TALTHYBIUS

Thy son must die—since thou must hear the horror.

ANDROMACHE

Ah me!—a worse ill this than thraldom's couch!

720

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

νικᾶ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐν Πανέλλησιν λέγων—

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

αἰαῖ μάλ', οὐ γὰρ μέτρια πάσχομεν κακά.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

λέξας ἀρίστου παῖδα μὴ τρέφειν πατρός,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τοιαῦτα νικήσειε τῶν αὐτοῦ πέρι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ῥίψαι δὲ πύργων δεῖν σφε Τρωικῶν ἄπο.
ἀλλ' ὡς γενέσθω, καὶ σοφώτερα φανεῖ·
μήτ' ἀντέχου τοῦδ', εὐγενῶς δ' ἄλγει κακοῖς,
μήτε σθένουσα μηδὲν ἰσχύειν δόκει.

730

ἔχεις γὰρ ἀλκὴν οὐδαμῆ· σκοπεῖν δὲ χρή·
πόλις τ' ὄλωλε καὶ πόσις, κρατεῖ δὲ σύ,
ἡμῖν δὲ πῶς γυναῖκα μάρνασθαι μίαν¹
οἶόν τε ; τούτων εἶνεκ' οὐ μάχης ἐρᾶν
οὐδ' αἰσχροῦ οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἐπίφθονόν σε δρᾶν,
οὐδ' αὖ σ' Ἀχαιοῖς βούλομαι ῥίπτειν ἀράς.
εἰ γάρ τι λέξεις ᾧ χολώσεται στρατός,
οὐτ' ἂν ταφείῃ παῖς ὄδ' οὐτ' οἴκτου τύχοι.
σιγῶσα δ' εὖ τε ταῖς τύχαις κεχρημένη
τὸν τοῦδε νεκρὸν οὐκ ἄθαπτον ἂν λίποις,
αὐτὴ τ' Ἀχαιῶν πρεμμενεστέρων τύχοις.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

740

ὦ φίλτατ', ὦ περισσὰ τιμηθεῖς τέκνον,
θανεῖ πρὸς ἐχθρῶν μητέρ' ἀθλίαν λιπῶν.
ἢ τοῦ πατρός δέ σ' εὐγένει' ἀπώλεσεν,
ἢ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις γίγνεται σωτηρία,
τὸ δ' ἐσθλὸν οὐκ εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε σοι πατρός.

¹ Nauck's emendation for ἡμεῖς τε πρὸς . . . οἶός τε.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Odysseus' speech to assembled Greeks prevailed—

ANDROMACHE

O God ! O God ! what measureless ill is mine !

TALTHYBIUS

Warning them not to rear a hero's son.

ANDROMACHE

May like rede dooming sons of his prevail !

TALTHYBIUS

He must be hurled from battlements of Troy.
Nay, let this be, so wiser shalt thou show,
Nor cling to him, but queenlike bear thy pain,
Nor, being strengthless, dream that thou art strong.
For nowhere hast thou help: needs must thou
mark—

City and lord are gone ; thou art held in thrall ; 730
How can one woman fight against our host ?
Wherefore I would not see thee set on strife,
Nor doing aught should breed thee shame or spite,
Nor on the Achaeans hurling malisons.
For, if to wrath thy words shall rouse the host,
This child shall find no burial, no, nor ruth.
Nay, hold thy peace, and meekly bow to fate ;
So not unburied shalt thou leave his corse,
And kindlier the Achaeans shalt thou find.

ANDROMACHE

O darling child, O prized above all price, 740
Thou must leave thy poor mother, die by foes !
Thy father's heroism ruineth thee,
Which unto others was deliverance.
Ill-timed thy father's prowess was for thee'

- ὦ λέκτρα τὰ μὰ δυστυχῆ τε καὶ γάμοι,
 οἷς ἦλθον εἰς μέλαθρον Ἐκτορός ποτε,
 οὐ σφάγιον υἱὸν Δαναΐδαις τέξουσ' ἐμόν,
 ἀλλ' ὡς τύραννον Ἀσιάδος πολυσπόρου.
 750 ὦ παῖ, δακρῦεις; αἰσθάνει κακῶν σέθεν;
 τί μου δέδραξαι χερσὶ κἀντέχει πέπλων,
 νεοσσὸς ὡσεὶ πτέρυγας εἰσπίτνων ἐμάς;
 οὐκ εἴσιν Ἐκτωρ κλεινὸν ἀρπάσας δόρυ,
 γῆς ἐξανελθῶν, σοὶ φέρων σωτηρίαν;
 οὐ συγγένεια πατρός, οὐκ ἰσχυρὸς Φρυγῶν
 λυγρὸν δὲ πῆδημ' εἰς τράχηλον ὑψόθεν
 πεσῶν ἀνοίκτως, πνεῦμ' ἀπορρήξεις σέθεν
 ὦ νέον ὑπαγκάλισμα μητρὶ φίλτατον,
 ὦ χρωτὸς ἠδὺ πνεῦμα· διὰ κενῆς ἄρα
 ἐν σπαργάνοις σε μαστὸς ἐξέθρεψ' ὄδε,
 760 μάτην δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθη πόνους.
 νῦν, οὔ ποτ' αὖθις, μητέρ' ἀσπάζου σέθεν,
 πρόσπιτνε τὴν τεκοῦσαν, ἀμφὶ δ' ὠλένας
 ἔλισσ' ἐμοῖς νότοισι καὶ στόμ' ἄρμοσον.
 ὦ βάρβαρ' ἐξευρόντες Ἕλληνες κακά,
 τί τόνδε παῖδα κτείνειτ' οὐδὲν αἴτιον;
 ὦ Τυνδάρειον ἔρνος, οὔ ποτ' εἶ Διός,
 πολλῶν δὲ πατέρων φημί σ' ἐκπεφυκέναι,
 Ἄλᾶστορος μὲν πρῶτον, εἶτα δὲ Φθόνου,
 Φόνου τε Θανάτου θ', ὅσα τε γῆ τρέφει κακά.
 770 οὐ γάρ ποτ' αὐχῶ Ζῆνᾶ γ' ἐκφῦσαί σ' ἐγώ,
 πολλοῖσι κῆρα βαρβάροις Ἑλλησὶ τε.
 ὄλοιο· καλλίστων γὰρ ὀμμάτων ἄπο
 αἰσχροῦς τὰ κλεινὰ πεδί' ἀπώλεσας Φρυγῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε, φέρετε, ῥίπτειτ', εἰ ῥίπτειν δοκεῖ
 δαίνυσθε τοῦδε σάρκας. ἔκ τε γὰρ θεῶν
 διολλύμεσθα, παιδί τ' οὐ δυναίμεθ' ἄν

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

O bridal mine and union evil-starred,
 Whereby I came, time was, to Hector's hall,
 Not as to bear a babe for Greeks to slay,
 Nay, but a king for Asia's fruitful land!
 Child, dost thou weep?—dost comprehend thy
 doom?

Why with thine hands clutch, clinging to my robe, 750
 Like fledgling fleeing to nestle 'neath my wings?
 No Hector, glorious spear in grip, shall rise
 From earth, and bringing thee deliverance come,
 No kinsman of thy sire, no might of Phrygians;
 But, falling from on high with horrible plunge,
 Unpitied shalt thou dash away thy breath.

O tender nursling, sweet to mother, sweet!
 O balmy breath!—in vain and all in vain
 This breast in swaddling-bands hath nurtured thee.
 Vainly I travailed and was spent with toils! 760
 Now, and no more for ever, kiss thy mother,
 Fling thee on her that bare thee, twine thine arms
 About my waist, and lay thy lips to mine.

O Greeks who have found out cruelties un-Greek,
 Why slay this child who is guiltless wholly of
 wrong?

O Tyndareus' child, no child of Zeus art thou!
 Nay, but of many sires I name thee born:
 Child of the Haunting Curse, of Envy child,
 Of Murder, Death, of all earth-nurtured plagues!
 Thee never Zeus begat, I dare avouch, 770
 A curse to many a Greek, barbarians many!
 Now ruin seize thee, who by thy bright eyes
 Foully hast wasted Phrygia's glorious plains!
 Take him—bear hence, and hurl, if hurl ye will;—
 Then on his flesh feast! For we perish now
 By the Gods' doom, and cannot shield one child

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

θάνατον ἀρῆξαι. κρύπτειτ' ἄθλιον δέμας
καὶ ρίπτειτ' εἰς ναῦν· ἐπὶ καλὸν γὰρ ἔρχομαι
ὑμέναιον, ἀπολέσασα τοῦμαυτῆς τέκνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

780 τάλαινα Τροία, μυρίους ἀπώλεσας
μιᾶς γυναικὸς καὶ λέχους στυγνοῦ χάριν.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἄγε παῖ, φίλιον πρόσπτυγμα μεθεῖς
μητρὸς μογεράς, βαῖνε πατρώων
πύργων ἐπ' ἄκρας στεφάνας· ὅθι σοι
πνεῦμα μεθεῖναι ψῆφος ἐκράνθη.
λαμβάνειτ' αὐτόν. τὰ δὲ τοιαύδε χρῆ
κηρυκεύειν, ὅστις ἄνοικτος
καὶ ἀναιδεία τῆς ἡμετέρας
γνώμης μᾶλλον φίλος ἐστίν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

790 ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ παιδὸς μογεροῦ,
συλῶμεθα σὴν ψυχὴν ἀδίκως
μήτηρ καὶ γῶ. τί πάθω ; τί σ' ἐγώ,
δύσμορε, δράσω ; τάδε σοι δίδομεν
πλήγματα κρατὸς στέρνων τε κόπους·
τῶνδε γὰρ ἄρχομεν· οἱ γὰρ πόλεως,
οἴμοι δὲ σέθεν· τί γὰρ οὐκ ἔχομεν ;
τίνος ἐνδέομεν μὴ οὐ πανσυδία
χωρεῖν ὀλέθρου διὰ παντός ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

800 μελισσοτρόφου Σαλαμῖνος, ὦ βασιλεῦ Τελαμών, στρ. α
νάσου περικύμονος οἰκήσας ἔδραν

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

From death. O hide this wretched body of mine,
 Yea, cast into a ship. To a bridal fair
 Have I attained—I, who have lost my son!

CHORUS

O hapless Troy, who hast lost unnumbered sons
 All for one woman's sake, one couch abhorred!

780

TALTHYBIUS

Come, child, from thy woeful mother's clasp
 Break away: to the height of the coronal fare
 Of thy towers ancestral; for thy last gasp,
 As the doom hath decreed, must be rendered
 there.

Lay hold on him:—his should such heralding be
 Who is made without pity, whose breast doth bear
 A spirit more ruthless, that hateth to spare,
 More than the spirit that dwelleth in me!

[*Exeunt* ANDROMACHE, and TALTHYBIUS
 with ASTYANAX.]

HECUBA

O child, O son of mine ill-starred son,
 Unrighteously reft thy life is gone
 From thy mother and me! What life shall I live?
 What do for thee, hapless one? All we can give
 Are smitings of heads, and on breasts blows rained:
 These only be ours! Woe's me for our town
 And for thee! What scathe is of us unattained?
 What lack we to hold us from fell destruction's
 nethermost hell—

790

From the swift plunge down?

CHORUS

O Telamon, king of the land where the wing of the
 bee flits aye round Salamis' shore,— (*Str. I*)
 Who didst make thee a home in the isle with the foam
 of the sea ringed round and the surges' roar,

800

419

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

τᾶς ἐπικεκλιμένας ὄχθοις ἱεροῖς, ἴν' ἐλαιας
 πρῶτον ἔδειξε κλάδον γλαυκᾶς Ἀθάνα,
 οὐράνιον στέφανον λιπαραῖσι τε κοσμον Ἀθήναις,
 ἔβας τῷ τοξοφόρῳ συναρι-
 στεύων ἄμ' Ἀλκμήνας γόνῳ
 Ἴλιον Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσων πόλιν ἀμετέραν
 τὸ πάροιθεν ἴστ' ἔβας ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος,

ἀντ. α'

810 ὄθ' Ἑλλίδος ἄγαγε πρῶτον ἄνθος ἀτυζόμενος
 πῶλων, Σιμόεντι δ' ἐπ' εὐρέϊτα πλάταν
 ἔσχασε ποντοπόρον καὶ ναύδετ' ἀνήψατο πρυμνῶν
 καὶ χερὸς εὐστοχίαν ἐξεῖλε ναῶν,
 Λαομέδοντι φόνον· κανόνων δὲ τυκίσματα Φοίβου
 πυρὸς φοίνικι πνοᾷ καθελῶν
 Τροίας ἐπόρθησε χθόνα,
 δις δὲ δυοῖν πιτύλοιν τείχη περὶ Δαρδανίας
 φονία κατέλυσεν αἰχμῆ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Which over the tide looketh up to the pride of the
hallowèd heights whose ridge first bore,
At Athena's hest, in the lordship-test, the
olive grey,
A crown heaven-high, whose radiancy bright Athens
to bind her brows hath ta'en,—
Brother-chief didst thou go with the lord of the bow,
with the son of Alcmena, over the main¹
Unto Ilium bound, to raze to the ground our city,
devising our Ilium's bane,
When from Hellas afar thou didst wend to the
war in the olden day,

(*Ant. I*)

When the flower of the land from Hellas' strand he
led, whose wrath was enkindled sore
For the steeds denied; and he stayed beside fair-
rippling Simois' flood the oar
Through the paths that had plashed of the sea, and
lashed the great stern-hawsers to earth's firm
floor, [unerring aye,
And bare from the ship the bow in his grip
A deadly thing to the traitor king; and the walls
plummet-levelled of Phoebus in vain
With the fierce red blast of the fire he cast to earth,
and he harried the Trojan plain:
Yea, twice did it fall that the coronal of Dardanus'
towers, by spear-strokes twain [lay.
Shattered and rent, all blood-besprent in ruin

810

¹ Zeus gave to Laomedon, father of Ganymede, a team of immortal chariot-steeds. When the land was wasted by a dragon, the king promised these horses to Hercules, if he would slay it, but afterwards withheld the reward. So Hercules sailed against Troy with a Hellene host and destroyed it.

- 820 μάταν ἄρ', ὃ χρυσαίαι στρ. β
 ἐν οἰνοχόαις ἄβρὰ βαίνων,
 Λαομεδόντιε παῖ,
 Ζανὸς ἔχεις κυλίκων
 πλήρωμα, καλλίσταν λατρείαν·
 ἅ δέ σε γειναμένα πυρὶ δαίεται·
 ἠιόνες δ' ἄλιαι
 ἰαχοῦσ'· οἶον δ' ὑπὲρ¹
- 830 οἰωνὸς τεκέων βοᾶ,
 αἱ μὲν εὐνάς, αἱ δὲ παῖδας,
 αἱ δὲ ματέρας γεραιάς.
 τὰ δὲ σὰ δροσόεντα λουτρὰ
 γυμνασίων τε δρόμοι
 βεβᾶσι· σὺ δὲ πρόσωπα νεα-
 ρὰ χάρισι παρὰ Διὸς θρόνοις
 καλλιγάλανα τρέφεις·
 Πριάμοιο δὲ γαῖαν
 Ἑλλάς ὄλεσ' αἰχμά.
- 840 Ἔρωσ Ἔρωσ, ὃς τὰ Δαρ- ἀντ. β
 δάνεια μέλαθρά ποτ' ἦλθες
 οὐρανίδαισι μέλων·
 ὡς τότε μὲν μεγάλως
 Τροίαν ἐπύργωσας, θεοῖσιν
 κῆδος ἀναψάμενος. τὸ μὲν οὖν Διὸς
 οὐκέτ' ὄνειδος ἐρῶ·
 τὸ τᾶς δὲ λευκοπτέρου
 Ἄμέρας φίλιον βροτοῖς
- 850 φέγγος ὄλοον εἶδε γαῖαν,
 εἶδε περγάμων ὄλεθρον,

¹ Dindorf: for ἰαχον οἶον οἰωνὸς ὑπὲρ of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

In vain, O thou who art pacing now with delicate
feet where the chalices shine (Str. 2) 820

All-golden, O Laomedon's heir,
Is the office thine to brim with the wine
The goblets of Zeus, a service fair,—
And the land of thy birth in devouring flame is
rolled'

From her brine-dashed beaches a crying is heard,
Where wail her daughters,—as shrieketh the bird
O'er the nest of her brood left cold, 830
For their lost lords some, for their children's
doom

These, those for their mothers old.
Gone are the cool baths dewy-plashing,
And the courses where raced thy feet white-flashing:—
But thou, with thy young face glory-litten
With the beauty of peace, by the throne dost
stand
Of Zeus,—and the Hellene spear hath smitten
Priam's land!

(Ant. 2)

O Love, O Love, who didst brood above Dardanian
halls in the olden days, 846

Thrilling the hearts of abiders in heaven,
Unto what high place didst thou then upraise
Troy, when to her was affinity given
With the Gods by thee!—But the dealings of Zeus
shall my tongue
Attaint no more with the breath of blame:
But the light of Aurora, the white-winged flame
Held dear all mortals among, 850
With baleful beam did on Troyland gleam,
And her towers saw ruinward flung,

τεκνοποιὸν ἔχουσα τᾶσδε
 γᾶς πόσιν ἐν θαλάμοις,
 ὃν ἀστέρων τέθριππος ἔλα-
 βε χρύσεος ὄχος ἀναρπύσας,
 ἐλπίδα γὰ πατρία
 μεγάληαν τὰ θεῶν δὲ
 φίλτρα φροῦδα Τροία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

- 860 ὦ καλλιφεγγὲς ἡλίου σέλας τόδε,
 ἐν ᾧ δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν χειρώσομαι
 Ἐλένην· ὁ γὰρ δὴ πολλὰ μοχθήσας ἐγὼ
 Μενέλαός εἰμι καὶ στράτευμ' Ἀχαικόν.
 ἦλθον δὲ Τροίαν οὐχ ὅσον δοκοῦσί με
 γυναικὸς εἶνεκ', ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἄνδρ' ὃς ἐξ ἐμῶν
 δόμων δάμαρτα ξεναπάτης ἐλήσατο.
 κείνος μὲν οὖν ἔδωκε σὺν θεοῖς δίκην
 αὐτός τε καὶ γῆ δορὶ πεσοῦσ' Ἑλληνικῶ.
 ἦκω δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν, οὐ γὰρ ἠδέως
 870 ὄνομα δάμαρτος ἢ ποτ' ἦν ἐμὴ λέγω,
 ἄξων· δόμοις γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἐν αἰχμαλωτικοῖς
 κατηρίθμηται Τρωάδων ἄλλων μέτα.
 οἵπερ γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐξεμόχθησαν δορί,
 κτανεῖν ἐμοί νιν ἔδοσαν, εἴτε μὴ κτανῶν
 θέλοιμ' ἄγεσθαι πάλιν ἐς Ἀργείων χθόνα.
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἔδοξε τὸν μὲν ἐν Τροία μόρον
 Ἐλένης εἶασαι, ναυπόρῳ δ' ἄγειν πλάτῃ
 Ἑλληνίδ' εἰς γῆν κατ' ἐκεῖ δοῦναι κτανεῖν,
 ποινὰς ὅσων τεθνᾶσ' ἐν Ἰλίῳ φίλοι.
 880 ἀλλ' εἶα χωρεῖτ' εἰς δόμους, ὀπάουες,
 κομίζετ' αὐτήν, τῆς μαιφονωτάτης
 κόμης ἐπισπάσαντες· οὔριοι δ' ὅταν
 πνοαὶ μόλωσι, πέμψομέν νιν Ἑλλάδα.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Albeit in bridal bower she cherished
 A son of the land in her sight that hath perished,
 A spouse whom a chariot of gold star-splendid
 Ravished from earth, that this land might joy
 In hope—nay, all lovingkindness is ended
 Of Gods for Troy !

Enter MENELAUS with attendants.

MENELAUS

Hail, thou fair-shining splendour of yon sun, 860
 Whereby I shall make capture of my wife
 Helen,—for I am he that travailed sore,
 I Menelaus, with the Achæan host.
 Nor so much came I, as men deem, to Troy
 For her, but to avenge me on the man,
 The traitor guest who stole my wife from me.
 He by Heaven's help hath paid the penalty,
 He and his land, by Hellene spears laid low.
 I come to hale the accursèd,—loth am I
 To name her wife, who in days past was mine ;— 870
 For in these mansions of captivity
 Numbered she is with others, Trojan dames.
 For they, by travail of the spear who won,
 Gave her to me, to slay, or, an I would,
 To slay not, but to take to Argos back.
 And I was minded to reprieve from doom
 Helen in Troy, but with keel-speeding oar
 To bear to Greece, to yield her there to death,
 Avenging all my friends in Ilium slain.
 On, march to the pavilions, henchmen mine ; 880
 Bring her, and by her murder-reeking hair
 Hale forth to me : then, soon as favouring winds
 Shall blow, to Hellas will we speed her on.

[Exeunt attendants.]

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ γῆς ὄχημα καπὶ γῆς ἔχων ἔδραν,
ὅστις ποτ' εἶ σύ, δυστόπαστος εἰδέναί,
Ζεὺς, εἴτ' ἀνάγκη φύσεος εἶτε νοῦς βροτῶν,
προσηυξάμην σε· πάντα γὰρ δι' ἀψόφου
βαίνων κελεύθου κατὰ δίκην τὰ θνήτ' ἄγεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν; εὐχὰς ὡς ἐκαίνισας θεῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

890

αἰνῶ σε, Μενέλα', εἰ κτενεῖς δάμαρτα σὴν
ὀρῶν δὲ τήνδε, φεῦγε, μή σ' ἔλη πόθω.
αἰρεῖ γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ὄμματ', ἐξαιρεῖ πόλεις,
πίμπρησι δ' οἴκους· ὧδ' ἔχει κηλήματα.
ἐγὼ νιν οἶδα καὶ σὺ χοῖ πεπουηότες.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, φροῖμιον μὲν ἄξιον φόβου
τόδ' ἐστίν· ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ προσπόλων σέθεν
βία πρὸ τῶνδε δωμάτων ἐκπέμπομαι.
ἀτὰρ σχεδὸν μὲν οἶδά σοι στυγουμένη,
ὅμως δ' ἐρέσθαι βούλομαι γινῶμαι τίνες
900 "Ἐλλησι καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς ἀκριβὲς ἦλθες, ἀλλ' ἅπας στρατὸς
κτανεῖν ἐμοί σ' ἔδωκεν, ὄνπερ ἠδίκηεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔξεστιν οὖν πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀμείψασθαι λόγῳ,
ὡς οὐ δικάίως, ἦν θάνω, θανούμεθα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς λόγους ἐλήλυθ', ἀλλά σε κτενῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄκουσον αὐτῆς, μὴ θάνῃ τοῦδ' ἐνδεής,
Μενέλαε, καὶ δὸς τοὺς ἐναντίους λόγους

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

O Earth's Upbearer, thou whose throne is Earth,
Whoe'er thou be, O past our finding out,
Zeus, be thou Nature's Law, or Mind of Man,
Thee I invoke ; for, treading soundless paths,
To Justice' goal thou bring'st all mortal things'

MENELAUS

How now?—what strange prayer this unto the Gods?

HECUBA

Thanks, Menelaus, if thou slay thy wife ! 890
Yet, seeing, beware her soul-enthraling spells.
She snareth men's eyes, she destroyeth towns,
She burneth homes, such her enchantments are.
I and thou know her—all who have suffered know.

Enter HELEN, haled forth by attendants.

HELEN

O Menelaus, terror-fraught to me
This prelude is ; for by thy servants' hands
Forth of these tents with violence am I haled.
But, though well-nigh I know me abhorred of thee,
Fain would I ask what the decision is,
Touching my life, of thee and of the Greeks 900

MENELAUS

No nicely-balanced vote—with one accord
Thee the host gave to me, the wronged, to slay.

HELEN

May I then plead in answer hereunto,
That, if I die, unjustly I shall die ?

MENELAUS

Not for debate, for slaying am I come.

HECUBA

Hear her, that lacking not this boon she die,
Menelaus ; and to me vouchsafe to plead

910

ἡμῖν κατ' αὐτῆς· τῶν γὰρ ἐν Τροίᾳ κακῶν
οὐδὲν κάτοιισθα. συντεθείς δ' ὁ πᾶς λόγος
κτενεῖ νιν οὕτως ὥστε μηδαμῶς φυγεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σχολῆς τὸ δῶρον· εἰ δὲ βούλεται λέγειν,
ἔξεστι. τῶν σῶν δ' εἶνεχ', ὡς μάθη, λόγων
δώσω τὸδ' αὐτῇ, τῆσδε δ' οὐ δώσω χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

920

ἴσως με, κἂν εὖ κἂν κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,
οὐκ ἀνταμείψει πολεμίαν ἠγούμενος.
ἐγὼ δ', ἅ σ' οἶμαι διὰ λόγων ἰόντ' ἐμοῦ
κατηγορήσειν, ἀντιθεῖσ' ἀμείψομαι
τοῖς σοῖσι τὰ μὰ καὶ τὰ σ' αἰτιάματα.
πρῶτον μὲν ἀρχὰς ἔτεκεν ἦδε τῶν κακῶν
Πάριν τεκοῦσα· δεύτερον δ' ἀπώλεσε
Τροίαν τε κἄμ' ὁ πρέσβυς οὐ κτανὼν βρέφος,
δαλοῦ πικρὸν μίμημ', Ἀλέξανδρόν ποτε.
ἐνθένδε τὰπίλοιπ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει.

930

ἔκρινε τρισσὸν ζεῦγος ὅδε τριῶν θεῶν
καὶ Παλλάδος μὲν ἦν Ἀλεξάνδρω δόσις
Φρυξὶ στρατηγούνθ' Ἑλλάδ' ἐξαυστάται,
Ἥρα δ' ὑπέσχετ' Ἀσιάδ' Εὐρώπης θ' ὄρους
τυραννίδ' ἔξειν, εἴ σφε κρίνειεν Πάρις·
Κύπρις δὲ τοῦμὸν εἶδος ἐκπαγλουμένη
δώσειν ὑπέσχετ', εἰ θεὰς ὑπερδράμοι
κάλλει. τὸν ἐνθένδ' ὡς ἔχει σκέψαι λόγον
νικᾷ Κύπρις θεά, καὶ τοσονδ' οὐμοὶ γάμοι
ᾤκησαν Ἑλλάδ', οὐ κρατεῖσθ' ἐκ βαρβάρων.
οὔτ' εἰς δόρυ σταθέντες, οὐ τυραννίδι.
ἂ δ' ἠτύχησεν Ἑλλάς, ὠλόμην ἐγὼ
εὐμορφία πραθεῖσα, κῶνειδίζομαι
ἐξ ὧν ἐχρήην με στέφανον ἐπὶ κάρᾳ λαβεῖν.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Against her. Of her evil work in Troy
Nought know'st thou : the whole tale, set forth by me,
Shall to death doom her, past all hope to escape. 910

MENELAUS

This asks delay : yet, if she fain would speak,
Let her. For thy words' sake I grant her this,
But not for her sake, let her be assured.

HELEN

Perchance, or speak I well, or speak I ill,
Thou wilt not answer, counting me a foe.
Yet will I meet such charges as I deem,
If thou wouldst reason with me, thou wouldst
bring,
And will confront with thine indictment mine.
First, she brought forth the source of all these ills,
Who brought forth Paris : then, both Troy and me 920
The old king ruined, slaying not the babe
Alexander, baleful semblance of a torch.
Thereafter, how befell the sequel, hear :—
Judge he became of those three Goddesses.
This guerdon Pallas offered unto him—
"Troy's hosts to vanquish Hellas shalt thou lead."
Lordship o'er Asia, and o'er Europe's bounds,
If Paris judged her fairest, Hera proffered.
Cypris, with rapturous praising of my beauty,
Cried, "Thine she shall be if I stand preferred 930
As fairest." Mark what followeth therefrom :—
Cypris prevails : this boon my bridal brought
To Greece—ye are not to foreign foes enthralled,
Nor battle-crushed, nor 'neath a despot bowed.
But I by Hellas' good-hap was undone,
Sold for my beauty ; and I am reproached
For that for which I should have earned a crown !

οὔπω με φήσεις αὐτὰ τῶν ποσὶν λέγειν,
 ὅπως ἀφώρμησ' ἐκ δόμων τῶν σῶν λάθρα.
 940 ἦλθ' οὐχὶ μικρὰν θεὸν ἔχων αὐτοῦ μέτα
 ὁ τῆσδ' ἀλάστωρ, εἴτ' Ἀλέξανδρον θέλει
 ὀνόματι προσφωνεῖν νιν εἴτε καὶ Πάριν
 ὄν, ὦ κάκιστε, σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις λιπῶν
 Σπάρτης ἀπήρας νηὶ Κρησίαν χθόνα.
 εἶεν.
 οὐ σ', ἀλλ' ἑμαυτὴν τοῦπὶ τῶδ' ἐρήσομαι
 τί δὴ φρονήσασ' ἐκ δόμων ἅμ' ἐσπόμην
 ξένῳ, προδοῦσα πατρίδα καὶ δόμους ἐμούς;
 τὴν θεὸν κόλαζε καὶ Διὸς κρείσσων γενοῦ,
 950 ὃς τῶν μὲν ἄλλων δαιμόνων ἔχει κράτος,
 κείνης δὲ δούλός ἐστι συγγνώμη δ' ἐμοί.
 ἔνθεν δ' ἔχοις ἂν εἰς ἔμ' εὐπρεπῆ λόγον
 ἐπεὶ θανὼν γῆς ἦλθ' Ἀλέξανδρος μυχούς,
 χρῆν μ', ἠνίκ' οὐκ ἦν θεοπόνητά μου λέχη,
 λιποῦσαν οἴκους ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν.
 ἔσπυδον αὐτὸ τοῦτο μάρτυρες δέ μοι
 πύργων πυλωροὶ καπὸ τειχέων σκοποί,
 οἱ πολλάκις μ' ἐφηῦρον ἐξ ἐπάλξεων
 πλεκταῖσιν εἰς γῆν σῶμα κλέπτουσαν τόδε.
 βία δ' ὁ καινός μ' οὔτος ἀρπάσας πόσις
 960 Δηίφοβος ἄλοχον εἶχεν ἀκόντων Φρυγῶν.
 πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἂν θνήσκοιμ' ἂν ἐνδίκως, πόσι,
 πρὸς σοῦτ' δικαίως, ἦν ὁ μὲν βία γαμεί,
 τὰ δ' οἴκοθεν κείν' ἀντὶ νικητηρίων
 πικρῶς ἐδούλευσ'; εἰ δὲ τῶν θεῶν κρατεῖν
 βούλει, τὸ χρήζειν ἀμαθές ἐστί σοι τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βασιλεῖ, ἄμνον σοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ πάτρει,
 πειθῶ διαφθείρουσα τῆσδ', ἐπεὶ λέγει

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

But, thou wilt say, I shun the issue still—
 For what cause I by stealth forsook thine home.
 He came, with no mean Goddess at his side, 940
 This Hecuba's Evil Genius,—be his name
 Paris or Alexander, which thou wilt,—
 Whom, wittol thou, thou leftest in thine halls,
 Sailing from Sparta to the Cretan land!
 Not thee, but mine own heart, I question next—
 What impulse stirred me from thine halls to
 follow

That guest, forsaking fatherland and home?
 That Goddess. Punish her!—be mightier
 Than Zeus, who ruleth all the Gods beside,
 Yet is her slave!—so, pardon is my due. 950
 But,—since thou mightest here find specious
 plea,—

When Alexander dead to Hades passed,
 I, of whose couch the Gods were careless now,
 Ought from his halls to have fled to the Argive
 ships.

Even this did I essay: my witnesses
 Gate-warders are, and watchmen of the walls,
 Who found me oftentimes from the battlements
 By cords to earth down-climbing privily.
 Yea, my new lord—yon corpse Deiphobus,—
 Kept in the Phrygians' despite his bride. 960
 How then, O husband, should I justly die
 By thine hand, since by force he wedded me,
 And my life there no victor's triumph was,
 But bitter thrall? If thou wouldst overbear
 Gods, this thy wish is folly unto thee.

CHORUS

Stand up for children and for country, Queen
 Shatter her specious pleading; for her words

καλῶς κακοῦργος οὔσα· δεινὸν οὖν τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 970 ταῖς θεαῖσι πρῶτα σύμμαχος γενήσομαι
καὶ τήνδε δείξω μὴ λέγουσαν ἔνδικα.
ἐγὼ γὰρ Ἦραν παρθένον τε Παλλάδα
οὐκ εἰς τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἐλθεῖν δοκῶ,
ὥσθ' ἢ μὲν Ἄργος βαρβάροις ἀπημπόλα,
Παλλὰς δ' Ἀθήνας Φρυξὶ δουλεύειν ποτέ,
αἰ παιδίαῖσι καὶ χλιδῇ μορφῆς πέρι
ἤλυθον ἐπ' Ἰδην. τοῦ γὰρ εἶνεκ' ἂν θεὰ
Ἦρα τοσοῦτον ἔσχ' ἔρωτα καλλονῆς ;
πότερον ἀμείνου' ὡς λάβοι Διὸς πόσιν,
ἢ γάμον Ἀθάνα θεῶν τινος θηρωμένη,
980 ἢ παρθεναίαν πατρὸς ἐξητήσατο
φεύγουσα λέκτρα ; μὴ ἀμαθεῖς ποίει θεὰς
τὸ σὸν κακὸν κοσμοῦσα· μὴ οὐ πείσης σοφοῖς.
Κύπριν δ' ἔλεξας, ταῦτα γὰρ γέλως πολυς,
ἐλθεῖν ἐμῶ ξὺν παιδὶ Μενέλεω δόμους.
οὐκ ἂν μένουσ' ἂν ἤσυχός σ' ἐν οὐρανῶ
αὐταῖς Ἀμύκλαις ἤγαγεν πρὸς Ἴλιον ;
ἦν οὐμὸς υἱὸς κάλλος ἐκπρεπέστατος,
ὁ σὸς δ' ἰδὼν νιν νοῦς ἐποιήθη Κύπρις·
τὰ μῶρα γὰρ πάντ' ἐστὶν Ἀφροδίτῃ βροτοῖς,
990 καὶ τοῦνομ' ὀρθῶς ἀφροσύνης ἄρχει θεὰς.
ὄν εἰσιδοῦσα βαρβάροις ἐσθήμασι
χρυσῶ τε λαμπρὸν ἐξεμαργώθησ φρενας.
ἐν μὲν γὰρ Ἄργει μίκρ' ἔχουσ' ἀνεστρέφου,
Σπάρτης δ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τὴν Φρυγῶν πόλιν
χρυσῶ ρέουσιν ἤλπισας κατακλύσει
δαπάναισιν· οὐδ' ἦν ἰκανά σοι τὰ Μενέλεω
μέλαθρα ταῖς σαῖς ἐγκαθυβρίζειν τρυφαῖς.
εἶεν, βία γὰρ παῖδα φῆς σ' ἄγειν ἐμόν·

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Ring fair—a wanton's words ; foul shame is this.

HECUBA

First, champion will I be of Goddesses,
 And will convict her of a slanderous tongue. 970

Never, I ween, would Hera, or the Maid,
 Pallas, have stooped unto such folly's depth,
 That Hera would to aliens Argos sell,
 Or Pallas bow 'neath Phrygians Athens' neck.
 For sport they came and mirth in beauty's strife
 To Ida. Why should Goddess Hera yearn
 So hotly for the prize of loveliness ?

That she might win a mightier lord than Zeus ?
 Or sought Athena mid the Gods a spouse, 980
 Who of her sire, for hate of marriage, craved
 Maidenhood ? Charge not Goddesses with folly,
 To gloze thy sin : thou cozenest not the wise.

And Cypris, say'st thou—who but laughs to hear ?—
 Came with my son to Menelaus' halls !
 How ? could she not in peace have stayed in
 heaven,

And thee—Amyclae too—to Ilium brought ?
 Nay, my son's peerless beauty didst thou see,
 And thine own lust was made thy Cyprian Queen !
 Ever men's folly is their Aphrodite :

Sensual—senseless—consonant they ring ! 990
 Him in barbaric bravery sawest thou
 Gold-glittering, and thy senses were distraught.

For with scant state in Argos didst thou dwell ;
 But, Sparta left afar, the Phrygians' town,
 That seemed a river of gold, thou thought'st to
 flood

With torrent waste : Menelaus' halls sufficed
 Not thee for all thine insolence of pomp.
 And my son, say'st thou, halod thee thence by force !

433

- 1000 τίς Σπαρτιατῶν ἦσθετ', ἡ ποίαν βοὴν
 ἀνωλόλυξας, Κάστορος νεανίου
 τοῦ συζύγου τ' ἔτ' ὄντος οὐ κατ' ἄστρα πω ;
 ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίαν ἦλθες Ἀργεῖοί τέ σου
 κατ' ἴχνος, ἦν δὲ δοριπετῆς ἀγωνία,
 εἰ μὲν τὰ τοῦδε κρείσσον' ἀγγέλλοιτό σοι,
 Μενέλαον ἦνεις, παῖς ὅπως λυποῖτ' ἐμὸς
 ἔχων ἔρωτος ἀνταγωνιστὴν μέγαν
 εἰ δ' εὐτυχοῖεν Τρῶες, οὐδὲν ἦν ὄδε.
 εἰς τὴν τύχην δ' ὀρώσα τοῦτ' ἤσκεις ὅπως
 ἔποι' ἄμ' αὐτῇ, τάρετῃ δ' οὐκ ἤθελες.
- 1010 κάπειτα πλεκταῖς σῶμα σὸν κλέπτειν λέγεις
 πύργων καθιεῖς ὡς μένουσ' ἀκουσίως ;
 ποῦ δῆτ' ἐλήφθης ἢ βρόχους ἀρτωμένη
 ἢ φάσγανον θήγους, ἢ γενναία γυνὴ
 δράσειεν ἂν ποθοῦσα τὸν πάρος πόσιν ;
 καίτοι γ' ἐνουθέτουν σε πολλὰ πολλάκις·
 ὦ θύγατερ, ἔξελθ', οἱ δ' ἐμοὶ παῖδες γάμους
 ἄλλους γαμοῦσι, σὲ δ' ἐπὶ ναῦς Ἀχαικὰς
 πέμψω συνεκκλέψασα, καὶ παῦσον μάχης
 "Ἐλληνας ἡμᾶς τ'. ἀλλὰ σοὶ τόδ' ἦν πικρὸν.
- 1020 ἐν τοῖς Ἀλεξάνδρου γὰρ ὄβριζες δόμοις
 καὶ προσκυνεῖσθαι βαρβάρων ὑπ' ἤθελες.
 μεγάλα γὰρ ἦν σοι. καπὶ τοῖσδε σὸν δέμας
 ἐξῆλθες ἀσκήσασα κᾶβλεψας πόσει
 τὸν αὐτὸν αἰθέρ', ὦ κατάπτυστον κᾶρα·
 ἦν χρῆν ταπεινὴν ἐν πέπλων ἐρειπίοις
 φρίκη τρέμουσαν κράτ' ἀπεσκυθισμένην
 εἰλεῖν, τὸ σῶφρον τῆς ἀναιδείας πλέον
 ἔχουσαν ἐπὶ τοῖς πρόσθεν ἡμαρτημένοις.
 Μενέλα', ἴν' εἰδῆς οἱ τελευτήσω λόγον,
 στεφάνωσον Ἑλλάδ', ἀξίως τῆνδε κτανῶν
- 1030

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

What son of Sparta heard? What rescue-cry
 Didst thou upraise, though Castor, yet a youth, 1000
 Lived, and his brother, starward rapt not yet?
 And when to Troy thou cam'st, and on thy track
 The Argives, and the strife of raining spears,
 If tidings of his prowess came to thee,
 Menelaus wouldst thou praise, to vex my son
 Who in his love such mighty rival had:
 But, if the Trojans prospered, naught was he.
 Still watching fortune's flight, 'twas aye thy wont
 To follow her—not virtue's path for thee!
 And thou forsooth wouldst steal thy liberty, 1010
 By cords let down from towers, as loth to stay!
 Where wast thou found with noose about thy
 neck,
 Or whetting steel, as a true-hearted wife
 Had done for yearning for her spouse of old?
 Yet many a time and oft I counselled thee:—
 "Daughter, go forth from Troy: my sons shall wed
 New brides; and thee to the Achaean ships
 Will I send secretly: so stay the war
 'Twixt Greece and us." But this was gall to thee.
 For thou didst flaunt in Alexander's halls, 1020
 Didst covet Asia's reverent courtesies—
 Proud state for thee! And yet hast thou come
 forth
 Costly arrayed, looked on the selfsame sky
 As thy wronged spouse. O wanton all-abhorred,
 Who oughtest, abject, and with garments rent,
 Quaking with fear, with shaven head to have come,
 Having regard to modesty, above
 Bold shamelessness, for thy transgressions past!
 Menelaus,—so to sum my mine argument,—
 Crown Greece, by slaying, as beseemeth thee, 1030

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

σαυτοῦ, νόμον δὲ τόνδε ταῖς ἄλλαισι θεῖς
 γυναιξί, θνήσκειν ἦτις ἂν προδῶ πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Μενέλαε, προγόνων ἀξίως δόμων τε σῶν
 τίσαι δάμαρτα, κάφελου πρὸς Ἑλλάδος
 ψόγον τὸ θήλυ τ', εὐγενῆς ἐχθροῖς φανείς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐμοὶ σὺ συμπέπτωκας εἰς ταῦτόν λόγου,
 ἔκουσίως τήνδ' ἐκ δόμων ἐλθεῖν ἐμῶν
 ξένας ἐς εὐνάς, χῆ Κύπρις κόμπου χάριν
 λόγοις ἐνεῖται. βαῖνε λευστήρων πέλας
 πόνους τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἀπόδος ἐν μικρῷ μακροῦς
 θανούσ', ἵν' εἰδῆς μὴ κατασχύνειν ἐμέ.

1040

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μή, πρὸς σε γονάτων, τὴν νόσου τὴν τῶν θεῶν
 προσθεῖς ἐμοὶ κτάνης με, σιγγίγνωσκε δέ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μηδ' οὖς ἀπέκτειν' ἦδε συμμάχους προδῶς
 ἐγὼ πρὸ κείνων καὶ τέκνων σε λίσσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παῦσαι, γεραία· τῆσδε δ' οὐκ ἐφρόντισα.
 λέγω δὲ προσπόλοισι πρὸς πρύμνας νεῶν
 τήνδ' ἐκκομίζειν, ἔνθα ναυστολήσεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μή νυν νεὼς σοὶ ταῦτόν εἰσβήτω σκάφος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1050

τί δ' ἔστι; μείζον βρῖθος ἢ πάροισ' ἔχει;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐραστής ὅστις οὐκ αἰεὶ φιλεῖ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅπως ἂν ἐκβῆ τῶν ἐρωμένων ὁ νοῦς.
 ἔσται δ' ἂ βούλει· ναῦν γὰρ οὐκ εἰσβήσεται

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

You woman : so ordain to all her sisters
This law—the *traitress to her lord shall die.*

CHORUS

Prince, worthily of thy fathers and thine house
Punish her : show thee unto foes unflinching.
So spurn the gibe of Greece that calls thee *woman.*

MENELAUS

Herein is thy conclusion one with mine,
That willingly she went forth from mine halls
For a strange couch ; and Cypris for vain show
Fills out her plea. Thou, to the stoners hence !
The Achaeans' long toils in an hour requite 1040
Dying : so learn to put me not to shame.

HELEN

Oh, by thy knees, impute not unto me
Heaven's visitation ! Slay me not, but pardon !

HECUBA

Thine allies whom she slew betray not thou :
For them I pray thee, and their children's sake.

MENELAUS

Enough, grey queen : I give no heed to her ;
But bid mine henchmen to the galley sterns
Lead her, wherein her voyaging shall be.

HECUBA

Oh not the same deck let her tread with thee !

MENELAUS

How, should she sink it—heavier than of old ? 1050

HECUBA

Lover is none but loveth evermore.

MENELAUS

Nay, love but lives while those we love are true.
Yet as thou wilt it shall be : on one ship

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

εἰς ἤνπερ ἡμεῖς· καὶ γὰρ οὐ κακῶς λέγεις·
 ἐλθοῦσα δ' Ἄργος ὥσπερ ἀξία κακῶς
 κακῇ θανεῖται καὶ γυναιξὶ σωφρονεῖν
 πάσαισι θήσει. ῥάδιον μὲν οὐ τόδε·
 ὅμως δ' ὁ τῆσδ' ὄλεθρος εἰς φόβον βαλεῖ
 τὸ μῶρον αὐτῶν, κὰν ἔτ' ὧσ' αἰσχίονες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1060

οὕτω δὴ τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ
 ναὸν καὶ θυόεντα βω-
 μὸν προύδωκας Ἀχαιοῖς,
 ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ πελάνων φλόγα

στρ. α'

σμύρνης αἰθερίας τε κα-
 πνὸν καὶ Πέργαμον ἱρὰν
 Ἰδαίᾳ τ' Ἰδαία κισσοφόρα νάπη
 χιόνι κατάρυτα ποταμῖα
 1070 τέρμονά τε πρωτόβολον ἀλίῳ
 τὰν καταλαμπομένην ζαθέαν θεράπναν.

φροῦδαί σοι θυσίαι χορῶν τ'
 εὐφημοὶ κέλαδοι κατ' ὄρ-
 φναν τε παννυχίδες θεῶν,
 χρυσέων τε ξοάνων τύποι
 Φρυγῶν τε ζάθεοι σελᾶ-
 ναι συνδώδεκα πλήθει.

ἀντ. α'

1080

μέλει μέλει μοι τάδ' εἰ φρονεῖς, ἄναξ,
 οὐράνιον ἔδρανον ἐπιβεβῶς
 αἰθέρα τ' ἐμᾶς πόλεος ὀλομένης,
 1080 ἂν πυρὸς αἰθομένα κατέλυσεν ὄρμά.
 ὦ φίλος ὦ πόσι μοι,
 σὺ μὲν φθίμενος ἀλαίνεις

στρ. β'

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

With me she shall not step: thou counsellest well,
 And, when she wins to Argos, in foul sort
 The foul shall die, as meet is, and shall teach
 All women chastity:—not easy this;
 Yet her destruction shall with terror smite
 Their folly, viler though they be than she.

[*Exit* MENELAUS *with* HELEN.]

CHORUS

So then thy temple in Troy fair-gleaming, (Str. 1) 1060
 And thine altar of incense heavenward steaming

Hast thou rendered up to our foes Achæan,
 O Zeus, and the flame of our sacrificing,
 And the holy burg with its myrrh-smoke rising,
 And the ivy-mantled glens Idaean

Overstreamed with the wan snow riverward-rushing,
 And the haunted bowers of the World's Wall,¹ flushing
 With the first shafts flashed through the empyrean! 1070

(*Ant.* 1)

Thine altars are cold; and the blithesome calling
 Of the dancers is hushed; nor at twilight's falling
 To the nightlong vigils of Gods cometh waking.
 They are vanished, thy carven images golden,
 And the twelve moon-feasts of the Phrygians holden.

Dost thou care, O King, I muse, heart-aching,—
 Thou who sittest on high in the far blue heaven
 Enthroned,—that my city to ruin is given,
 That the bands of her strength is the fire-blast break-
 ing? 1080

(*Str.* 2)

O my belovèd, O husband mine,
 Thou art dead, and unburied thou wanderest
 yonder,

¹ The range of Mount Ida, the supposed boundary of the world on the east (Paley).

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

- ἄθαπτος ἄνυδρος, ἐμὲ δὲ πόντιον σκάφος
 αἴσσον πτεροῖσι πορεύσει
 ἰππόβοτον Ἄργος, ἵνα τείχεα
 λάϊνα Κυκλώπι' οὐράνια νέμονται.
 τέκνων δὲ πλήθος ἐν πύλαις
 1090 δάκρυσι κατάορα στένει, βοᾷ βοᾷ,
 μήτηρ, ὄμοι, μόναν δὴ μ' Ἀχαιοὶ κομίζουσι
 σέθεν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων
 κυανέαν ἐπὶ ναῦν
 εἰναλῖαισι πλάταις
 ἢ Σαλαμῖν' ἱεράν
 ἢ δίπορον κορυφάν
 Ἰσθμιον, ἔνθα πύλας
 Πέλοπος ἔχουσιν ἔδραι.
- 1100 εἶθ' ἀκάτου Μενέλα ἀντ. β'
 μέσον πέλαγος ἰούσας,
 δίπαλτον ἱερόν ἀνὰ μέσον πλατᾶν πέσοι
 Αἰγαίου κεραυνοφαῆς πῦρ,
 Ἰλιόθεν ὅς με πολὺδάκρυν
 Ἑλλάδι λάτρευμα γᾶθεν ἐξορίζει.
 χρύσεια δ' ἔνοπτρα, παρθένων
 1110 μηδὲ γαίᾶν ποτ' ἔλθοι Λάκαιναν πατρῶ-
 ὄν τε θάλαμον ἐστίας,
 μηδὲ πόλιν Πιτάνας
 χαλκόφυλόν τε θεάν,
 δύσγαμον αἰσχος ἔλων
 Ἑλλάδι τᾶ μεγάλα
 καὶ Σιμοεντιάσιν
 μέλεά πάθη ῥοαῖσιν.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Unwashen '—but me shall the keel thro' the brine
 Waft, onward sped by its pinions of pine,
 To the horse-land Argos, where that stone wonder
 Of Cyclop walls cleaves clouds asunder.
 And our babes at the gates, in a long, long line,
 Cling to their mothers with wail and with weeping 1090
 that cannot avail— [the Achaeans hale
 "O mother," they moan, "alone, alone, woe's me!
 Me from thy sight—from thine—
 To the dark ship, soon o'er the surge to be riding,
 To Salamis gliding,
 To the hallowed strand,
 Or the Isthmian hill 'twixt the two seas swelling,
 Where the gates of the dwelling
 Of Pelops stand!"

(Ant. 2)

Oh that, when, far o'er the mid-sea sped, 1100
 Menelaus' galley is onward sailing, [dread
 On the midst of her oars might the thunderbolt
 Crash down, the Aegean's wildfire red,
 Since from Ilium me with weeping and wailing
 Unto thralldom in Hellas hence is he haling;
 While Helen, like some pure maid unwed,
 Hath joy of her mirrors of gold, and her state as of
 right doth she hold!
 Nevermore may he come to Laconia, home of his sires: 1110
 be his hearth aye cold!
 Never Pitane's streets may he tread,
 Nor the Goddess's temple brazen-gated,
 With the evil-fated
 For his prize, who for shame
 Unto all wide Hellas' sons and daughters,
 And for woe to the waters
 Of Simois, came!

ἰὼ ἰώ,
 καιναὶ καινῶν μεταβάλλουσαι
 χθονὶ συντυχίαι. λεύσσετε Τρώων
 1120 τόνδ' Ἀστυάνακτ' ἄλοχοι μέλαι
 νεκρόν, ὃν πύργων δίσκημα πικρὸν
 Δαναοὶ κτείναντες ἔχουσιν.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ἐκάβη, νεὸς μὲν πίτυλος εἰς λελειμμένους
 λάφυρα τὰπίλοιπ' Ἀχιλλείου τόκου
 μέλλει πρὸς ἄκτας ναυστολεῖν Φθιώτιδας·
 αὐτὸς δ' ἀνήκται Νεοπτόλεμος, καινὰς τινας
 Πηλέως ἀκούσας συμφοράς, ὡς νιν χθονὸς
 Ἄκαστος ἐκβέβληκεν ὁ Πελίου γόνος.
 οὐ θᾶσσον εἶνεκ' ἢ χάριν μονῆς ἔχων,
 φροῦδος, μετ' αὐτοῦ δ' Ἀνδρομάχη, πολλῶν
 1130 ἐμοὶ
 δακρύων ἀγωγός, ἠνίκ' ἐξώρμα χθονὸς
 πάτραν τ' ἀναστένουσα καὶ τὸν Ἐκτορος
 τύμβον προσεννέπουσα. καὶ σφ' ἠτήσατο
 θάψαι νεκρὸν τόνδ', ὃς πεσὼν ἐκ τειχέων
 ψυχὴν ἀφήκεν Ἐκτορος τοῦ σοῦ γόνος,
 φόβον τ' Ἀχαιῶν, χαλκόνωτον ἀσπίδα
 τήνδ', ἣν πατήρ τοῦδ' ἀμφὶ πλευρ' ἐβάλλετο
 μὴ νιν πορευῆσαι Πηλέως ἐφ' ἐστίαν,
 1140 μηδ' εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν θάλαμον, οὐ νυμφεύσεται
 μήτηρ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' Ἀνδρομάχη, λύπας ὄραν.
 ἀλλ' ἀντὶ κέδρου περιβόλων τε λαϊνῶν
 ἐν τῆδε θάψαι παῖδα· σὰς δ' ἐς ὠλένας
 δοῦναι, πέπλοισιν ὡς περιστείλης νεκρὸν
 στεφάνοις θ', ὅση σοι δύναμις, ὡς ἔχει τὰ σά·
 ἐπεὶ βέβηκε καὶ τὸ δεσπότητος τάχος
 ἀφείλετ' αὐτὴν παῖδα μὴ δοῦναι τάφῳ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Woe's me, woe's me!

Afflictions new, ere the old be past,
On our land are falling! Behold and see,
Ye wives of the Trojans, horror-aghast,
Dead Astyanax, by the Danaans cast
From the towers, slain pitilessly.

1120

*Enter TALTHYBIUS with attendants bearing corpse of
ASTYANAX on HECTOR'S shield.*

TALTHYBIUS

One galley's oars yet linger, Hecuba,
Ready to waft unto the Phthian shores
The remnant of the spoil of Achilles' son.
But Neoptolemus' self hath sailed, who heard
Tidings of wrong to Peleus, how the seed
Of Pelias, even Acastus, exiles him.
Wherefore, too hasty to vouchsafe delay,
He went, Andromache with him, who hath drawn 1130
At her departing many a tear from me,
Wailing her country, crying her farewell
To Hector's tomb. And she besought the prince
To grant his corpse a grave who from the walls
Hurled down, thine Hector's child, gave up the
ghost.

And the Achaeans' dread, this brass-lapped shield,
Wherewith his father fenced his body round,
She prayed him not to Peleus' hearth to bear,
Nor to Andromache's new bridal bower,
A grief to see for her that bare the dead; 1140
But that, instead of cedar chest or stone,
This might entomb her child, unto thine arms
Given, that thou mightst shroud the corpse, and crown
With wreaths, as best thou canst of these thy means,
Since she hath gone, and since her master's haste
Withheld herself from burying her child.

443

1150 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν, ὅταν σὺ κοσμήσης νέκυν,
 γῆν τῶδ' ἐπαμπισχόντες ἀρούμεν δόρυ·
 σὺ δ' ὡς τάχιστα πρᾶσσε τὰπεσταλμένα.
 ἑνὸς μὲν οὖν μόχθου σ' ἀπαλλάξας ἔχω·
 Σκαμανδρίους γὰρ τάσδε διαπερῶν ῥοὰς
 ἔλουσα νεκρὸν κἀπένιψα τραύματα.
 ἀλλ' εἰμ' ὀρυκτὸν τῶδ' ἀναρρήξων τάφου,
 ὡς σύντομ' ἡμῖν τὰπ' ἐμοῦ τε κἀπὸ σου
 εἰς ἓν ξυνηλθόντ' οἴκαδ' ὀρμήσῃ πλάτην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1160 θέσθ' ἀμφίτορνον ἀσπίδ' Ἔκτορος πέδῳ,
 λυπρὸν θέαμα κοῦ φίλον λεύσσειν ἐμοί.
 ὦ μείζον' ὄγκον δορὸς ἔχοντες ἢ φρενῶν,
 τί τόνδ', Ἀχαιοί, παῖδα δείσαντες φόνου
 καινὸν διειργάσασθε; μὴ Τροίαν ποτὲ
 πεσοῦσαν ὀρθώσειεν; οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἄρα,
 ὅθ' Ἔκτορος μὲν εὐτυχοῦντος εἰς δόρυ
 διολλύμεσθα μυρίας τ' ἄλλης χερός·
 πόλεως δ' ἀλούσης καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐφθαρμένων
 βρέφος τοσόνδ' ἐδείσατ'. οὐκ αἰνῶ φόβου,
 ὅστις φοβεῖται μὴ διεξελθῶν λόγῳ.
 ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς σοι θάνατος ἦλθε δυστυχῆς.
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔθανες πρὸ πόλεως, ἦβης τυχῶν
 γάμων τε καὶ τῆς ἰσοθέου τυραννίδος,
 1170 μακάριος ἦσθ' ἂν, εἴ τι τῶνδε μακάριον.
 νῦν δ' αὐτ' ἰδὼν μὲν γνούς τε σῆ ψυχῆν, τέκνον,
 οὐκ οἶσθ', ἐχρήσω δ' οὐδὲν ἐν δόμοις ἔχων.
 δύστηνε, κρατὸς ὡς σ' ἔκειρεν ἀθλίως
 τείχη πατρῶα, Λοξίου πυργώματα,
 ὃν πόλλ' ἐκήπευσ' ἠ τεκοῦσα βόστρυχον
 φιλήμασιν τ' ἔδωκεν, ἔνθεν ἐκγελαῖ
 ὀστέων ῥαγέντων φόνος, ἵν' αἰσχροῖα μὴ λέγῃται.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

I therefore, when thou hast arrayed the corpse,
 Will heap his mound, and set thereon a spear.
 Thou then with speed perform the task assigned.
 Sooth, I have lightened of one toil thine hands ; 1150
 For, as I passed o'er yon Scamander's streams,
 I bathed the corpse, and cleansed the wounds thereof.
 Now will I go, and dig for him a grave,
 That, shortened so, thy work and mine withal,
 To one end wrought, may homeward speed the oar.

[Exit TALTHYBIUS.

HECUBA

Set Hector's shield fair-rounded on the earth,
 A woeful sight unsweet for me to see.
 O ye who more in spears than wisdom boast,
 Fearing this child, Achaeans, why have ye wrought
 Murder unheard-of?—lest he raise again [naught 1160
 Our fallen Troy? How? was your strength but
 When we died daily, even while Hector's spear
 Triumphed, and while beside him thousands fought;
 But now, Troy taken, all the Phrygians slain,
 Ye dread this little child? Out on the fear
 Which feareth, having never reasoned why!
 Ah darling, what ill death is come on thee! [known
 Hadst thou for Troy been slain, when thou hadst
 Youth, wedlock's bliss, and godlike sovereignty,
 Blest wert thou—if herein may aught be blest. 1170
 But now, once seen and sipped by thy child-soul,
 Thine home-bliss fleets forgotten, unenjoyed!
 Poor child, how sadly thine ancestral walls,
 Upreared by Loxias, from thine head have shorn
 The curls that oft thy mother softly smoothed
 And kissed, wherefrom through shattered bones forth
 grins
 Murder—a ghastriness I cannot speak!

- 1180 ὦ χεῖρες, ὡς εἰκὸς μὲν ἠδείας πατρὸς
 κέκτησθ', ἐν ἄρθροις δ' ἐκλυτοὶ πρόκεισθε νῦν.
 ὦ πολλὰ κόμπους ἐκβαλὸν φίλον στόμα,
 ὄλωλας, ἐψεύσω μ', ὅτ' εἰσπίπτων λέχος,
 ὦ μήτερ, ἠΐδας, ἧ πολὺν σοὶ βοστρύχων
 πλόκαμον κερῶμαι πρὸς τάφον θ' ὀμηλίκων
 κώμους ἐπάξω, φίλα διδοὺς προσφθέγματα.
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σέ τὸν νεώτερον
 γραῦς, ἄπολις, ἄτεκνος, ἄθλιον θάπτω νεκροῖ
 οἴμοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἀσπᾶσμαθ' αἶ τ' ἐμαὶ τροφαὶ
 ὕπνοι τ' ἐκείνοι¹ φροῦδά μοι. τί καὶ ποτε
 γράψειεν ἂν σῶ μουσοποιὸς ἐν τάφῳ ;
 1190 τὸν παῖδα τόνδ' ἔκτειναν Ἀργεῖοί ποτε
 δείσαντες ; αἰσχρὸν τοῦπίγραμμά γ' Ἑλλάδι.
 ἀλλ' οὖν πατρώων οὐ λαχῶν, ἕξεις ὅμως
 ἐν ἧ ταφήσει χαλκόνωτον ἰτέαν.
 ὦ καλλιπήχυν Ἔκτορος βραχίονα
 σῶζουσ', ἄριστον φύλακ' ἀπόλεσας σέθεν.
 ὡς ἠδὺς ἐν πόρπακι σῶ κεῖται τύπος
 ἰτυός τ' ἐν εὐτόρνοισι περιδρόμοις ἰδρώς,
 ὃν ἐκ μετώπου πολλακίς πόνους ἔχων
 ἔσταζεν Ἐκτωρ προστιθεὶς γενειάδι.
 1200 φέρετε, κομίζετ' ἀθλίῳ κόσμον νεκρῶ
 ἐκ τῶν παρόντων· οὐ γὰρ εἰς κάλλος τύχας
 δαίμων δίδωσιν· ὃν δ' ἔχω, λήψει τάδε.
 θνητῶν δὲ μῶρος ὅστις εὖ πράσσειν δοκῶν
 βέβαια χαίρει τοῖς τρόποις γὰρ αἱ τύχαι,
 ἔμπληκτος ὡς ἄνθρωπος, ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε
 πηδῶσι, κούδεις αὐτὸς εὐτυχεῖ ποτε.

¹ So the MSS. Nauck reads πόνου : Tyrrell ἀυνοί κλίται. Paley suggests ὕπνοι τ' ἄυπνοι.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

O hands, how sweet the likeness to your sire
 Ye keep!—limp in your sockets now ye lie.
 Dear lips, that babbled many a child-boast once, 1180
 Ye are dead! 'Twas false, when, bounding to my
 bed,

“Mother,” thou saidst, “full many a curl I’ll shear
 For thee, and troops of friends unto thy tomb
 Will lead, to cry the loving last farewell.”
 Not I of thee, but thou, the young, of me,—
 Old, homeless, childless,—wretched corpse, art buried.
 Ah me, the kisses, and my nursing-cares,
 Thy love-watched slumbers,—gone! What word, ah
 what,

Shall bard inscribe of thee upon thy tomb?
 “This child the Argives murdered in time past, 1190
 Dreading him”—an inscription shaming Greece!
 Yet thou, of thy sire’s wealth though nought thou hast,
 Shalt in thy burial have his brazen targe.

Ah shield that keptest Hector’s goodly arm
 Safe, thine heroic warder hast thou lost!
 How dear his imprint on thine handle lies!
 Dear stains of sweat upon thy shapely rim,
 Which oft mid battle’s toil would Hector drip
 Down from his brow, as to his beard he pressed thee!
 Come, bring ye adorning for the hapless corpse 1200
 Of that ye have: our fortune gives no place
 For rich array: mine all shalt thou receive.

A fool is he, who, in prosperity
 Secure, rejoices: fortune, in her moods,
 Like some wild maniac, hither now, now thither,
 Leaps, and none prospers ever without change.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν πρὸ χειρῶν αἶδε σοι σκυλευμάτων
Φρυγίων φέρουσι κόσμον ἐξάπτειν νεκρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1210

ὦ τέκνον, οὐχ ἴπποισι νικήσαντά σε
οὐδ' ἠλικας τόξοισιν, οὐς Φρύγες νόμους
τιμῶσιν, οὐκ εἰς πλησμονὰς θηρώμενοι,
μήτηρ πατρός σοι προστίθησ' ἀγάλματα
τῶν σῶν ποτ' ὄντων, νῦν δέ σ' ἡ θεοστρυγὴς
ἀφείλεθ' Ἑλένη, πρὸς δὲ καὶ ψυχὴν σέθεν
ἔκτεινε καὶ πάντ' οἶκον ἐξαπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔ ἔ, φρενῶν
ἔθιγες ἔθιγες· ὦ μέγας ἐμοί ποτ' ὦν
ἀνάκτωρ πόλεως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1220

ἂ δ' ἐν γάμοις ἐχρῆν σε προσθέσθαι χροῖ
'Ἀσιατίδων γήμαντα τὴν ὑπερτάτην,
Φρύγια πέπλων ἀγάλματ' ἐξάπτω χροός.
σύ τ' ὦ ποτ' οὔσα καλλίνικε μυρίων
μητρὸς τροπαίων, Ἐκτορος φίλον σάκος,
στεφανοῦ· θανεῖ γὰρ οὐ θανοῦσα σὺν νεκρῶ
ἐπεὶ σὲ πολλῶ μάλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦ σοφοῦ
κακοῦ τ' Ὀδυσσέως ἄξιον τιμῶν ὄπλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαὶ αἰαὶ,
πικρὸν ὄδυρμα γαῖά σ', ὦ
τέκνον, δέξεται.
στέναξον, μάτερ,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαὶ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Lo, ready to thine hand, from spoils of Troy,
They bring adornings on the dead to lay.

HECUBA

Child, not for victory with steeds or bow
Over thy fellows,—customs which thy folk
Honour, yet not unto excess pursue,—
The mother of thy sire adorneth thee
With gauds from wealth once thine, now reft from
thee

1210

By Helen god-accurst : she hath slain withal
Thy life, and brought to ruin all thine house.

CHORUS

Alas and alas ! Mine heart dost thou wring, dost thou
wring,
Hector, in days overpast Troy's mighty king !

HECUBA

In that wherein thou shouldst have clad thy form
For marriage, wedding Asia's loveliest,
Splendour of Phrygian robes, I swathe thee now.
And thou, who wast the glorious mother once
Of countless triumphs, Hector's shield beloved,
Receive thy wreath : thou with the dead shalt
die

1220

Undying, worthy of honour, far beyond
The arms Odysseus, crafty villain, won.

CHORUS

Alas for thee !

O child, our sorrow, the earth shall now
Receive thee to rest !—wail, mother, thou !

HECUBA

O misery !

449

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νεκρῶν ἱακχον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶμοι μοι.

1230

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶμοι δῆτα σῶν ἀλάστων κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τελαμῶσιν ἔλκη τὰ μὲν ἐγὼ σ' ἰάσομαι,
τλήμων ἱατρός, ὄνομ' ἔχουσα, τάργα δ' οὐ.
τὰ δ' ἐν νεκροῖσι φροντιεῖ πατὴρ σέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄρασ' ἄρασσε κρᾶτα
πιτύλους διδοῦσα χειρός, ἰώ μοί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

† * * * ἔννεπε, τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1240

οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' ἐν θεοῖσι πλὴν ἐμοὶ πόνοι
Τροία τε πόλεων ἔκκριτον μισουμένη,
μάτην δ' ἐβουθυτοῦμεν. † εἰ δὲ μὴ θεὸς¹
ἔστρεψε τάνω περιβαλὼν κάτω χθονός,
ἀφανεῖς ἂν ὄντες οὐκ ἂν ὑμνήθημεν ἂν
μούσαις ἀοιδὰς δόντες ὑστέροις βροτῶν.
χωρεῖτε, θάπτειτ' ἀθλίῳ τύμβῳ νεκρῶν.
ἔχει γὰρ οἶα δεῖ γε νερτέρων στέφη.
δοκῶ δὲ τοῖς θανούσι διαφέρειν βραχύ,
εἰ πλουσίῳν τις τεύξεται κτερισμάτων.
1250 κενὸν δὲ γαύρωμ' ἐστὶ τῶν ζώντων τόδε.

¹ Stephanus' (unsatisfactory) conjectural reading for εἰ ἡμᾶς of MSS. Original hopelessly lost.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Wail the keen for the dead!

HECUBA

Ah me, ah me!

1230

CHORUS

Ah griefs whose remembrance shall ne'er be fled!

HECUBA

Some of thy wounds with linen bands I bind,—
Leech but in name, I bind, but cannot heal,—
Some shall thy father tend amongst the dead.

CHORUS

Smite thou, O smite! Let thine hand
Rain, rain the blows on thine head—alas!

HECUBA

O daughters beloved of my land—

CHORUS

Speak the word through thy lips that is panting to pass.

HECUBA

Nought was in Heaven's designs, save woes to me 1240
And Troy, above all cities loathed of them.

In vain we sacrificed! Yet, had not God
O'erthrown us so, and whelmed beneath the earth,
We had faded fameless, never had been hymned
In lays, nor given song-themes to the after-time.
Pass on, lay ye in a wretched tomb the corpse;
For now it hath the garlands, dues of death.

Yet little profit have the dead, I trow,

That gain magnificence of obsequies.

'Tis but the living friends' vaingloriousness. 1250

[*The corpse is carried to burial.*]

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ·

μελέα μήτηρ, ἢ τὰς μεγάλας
ἐλπίδας ἐν σοὶ κατέκαμψε¹ βίου.
μέγα δ' ὀλβισθεὶς ὡς ἐκ πατέρων
ἀγαθῶν ἐγένου,
δεινῷ θανάτῳ διόλωλας.

ἔα ἔα·

τίνας Ἰλιάσιν ταῖσδ' ἐν κορυφαῖς
λεύσσω φλογέας δαλοῖσι χέρας
διερέσσοντας ; μέλλει Τροία
καινὸν τι κακὸν προσέσεσθαι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

1260

αὐδῶ λοχαγοῖς, οἳ τέταχθ' ἐμπιμπράναι
Πριάμου τόδ' ἄστν, μηκέτ' ἀργούσαν φλόγα
ἐν χερσὶ σφύζειν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ ἐνιέναι,
ὡς ἂν κατασκάψαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν
στελλώμεθ' οἴκαδ' ἄσμενοι Τροίας ἄπο.
ὕμεῖς δ', ἴν' αὐτὸς λόγος ἔχη μορφὰς δύο,
χωρεῖτε, Τρώων παῖδες, ὀρθίαν ὅταν
σάλπιγγος ἤχῳ δῶσιν ἀρχηγὸν στρατοῦ,
πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν, ὡς ἀποστέλλησθε γῆς.
σύ τ', ὦ γεραιὰ δυστυχεστάτη γύναι,
ἔπου. μεθήκουσίν σ' Ὀδυσσέως πάρα
οἶδ', ὃ σε δούλην κλῆρος ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

1270

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα· τοῦτο δὴ τὸ λοίσθιον
καὶ τέρμα πάντων τῶν ἐμῶν ἤδη κακῶν·
ἔξειμι πατρίδος, πόλις ὑφάπτεται πυρί.
ἀλλ', ὦ γεραιὲ πούς, ἐπίσπευσον μόλις,

¹ Burges: for κατέκαμψε of MSS.—“in wrack undone
Are shattered her proud” etc.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Ah me ! ah me !

Ah hapless mother, what goal she hath won
Of all the proud hopes builded on thee !
O thou who wert born to exceeding bliss,

Thou hero's son,
What awful death for thy dying was this !

What ho ! what ho !

Whom see I on Ilium's tower-crowned wall,
And the tossing torches fiercely glow
In the hands of them ?—some new evil, I trow,
Shall on Troy-town fall.

Enter TALTHYBIUS above, with soldiers bearing torches.

TALTHYBIUS

Captains, to whom the charge is given to fire 1260
This city of Priam, idle in your hands
Keep ye the flame no more: thrust in the torch,
That, having low in dust laid Ilium's towers,
We may with gladness homeward speed from Troy.
Ye—twofold aspect this one hest shall bear—
Children of Troy, forth, soon as loud and clear
The chieftains of the host the trumpet sound,
To yon Greek ships, for voyage from the land.
And thou, O grey-haired dame most evil-starred,
Follow. These from Odysseus come for thee; 1270
For the lot sends thee forth the land, his slave.

HECUBA

Ah wretched I !—the uttermost is this,
The deepest depth of all my miseries ;
I leave my land ; my city is aflame !
O aged foot, sore-striving press thou on,

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

1280 ὡς ἀσπάσσωμαι τὴν ταλαίπωρον πόλιν.
 ὦ μεγάλη δῆποτ' ἐμπνέουσ' ἐν βαρβάροις
 Τροία, τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομ' ἀφαιρήσει τάχα.
 πιμπρᾶσί σ', ἡμᾶς δ' ἐξάγουσ' ἤδη χθονὸς
 δούλας· ἰὼ θεοί. καὶ τί τοὺς θεοὺς καλῶ ;
 καὶ πρὶν γὰρ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἀνακαλούμενοι.
 φέρ' εἰς πυρὰν δράμωμεν, ὡς κάλλιστά μοι
 σὺν τῇδε πατρίδι κατθανεῖν πυρουμένη.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἐνθουσιᾶς, δύστηνε, τοῖς σαντῆς κακοῖς·
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε, μὴ φείδεσθ'. Ὀδυσσέως δὲ χρῆ
 εἰς χεῖρα δοῦναι τήνδε καὶ πέμπειν γέρας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1290 ὄτοτοτοτοτοῖ. στρ. α'
 Κρόνιε, πρύτανι Φρύγιε, γενέτα
 πάτερ, ἀνάξια τᾶς Δαρδάνου
 γονᾶς τάδ' οἶα πάσχομεν δέδορκας ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δέδορκεν, ἃ δὲ μεγαλόπολις
 ἄπολις ὄλωλεν οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστι Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1300 ὄτοτοτοτοτοῖ. ἀντ. α
 λέλαμπεν Ἴλιος, Περ-
 γάμων τε πυρὶ καταίθεται τέραμνα
 καὶ πόλις ἄκρα τε τειχέων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1300 πτέρυγι δὲ καπνὸς ὥς τις οὐ-
 ρανία πεσοῦσα δορὶ καταφθίνει γὰ.
 μαλερὰ μέλαθρα πυρὶ κατὰδρομα μεσφ.
 δαίω τε λόγχα.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

That I may bid mine hapless town farewell.
 O Troy, midst burgs barbaric erst so proud,
 Soon of thy glorious name shalt thou be spoiled.
 They fire thee, and they hale us forth the land,
 Thralls! O ye Gods!—why call I on the Gods? 1280
 For called on heretofore they hearkened not.
 Come, rush we on her pyre, for gloriously
 So with my blazing country should I die.

TALTHYBIUS

Hapless, distraught art thou of thine afflictions!
 Hence hale her—spare not. To Odysseus' hand
 Her must ye give, and lead to him his prize.

HECUBA

Woe is me! ah for the woes that be mine! (*Str. I*)
 Cronion, O Phrygian Lord, our begetter, our father,
 Dost thou see how calamity's tempests around us
 gather,

Unmerited doom of Dardanus' line? 1290

CHORUS

He hath seen: yet is Troy, the stately city,
 A city no more, destroyed without pity.

HECUBA

Woe is me, woe, and a threefold woe! (*Ant. I*)
 Ilios is blazing, the ramparts of Pergamus crashing
 Down, with the homes of our city, mid flames far-
 flashing

Over their ruins, a furnace-glow!

CHORUS

With its wide-winged blackness the heaven's face
 covering, [hovering.
 O'er our spear-stricken land is the smoke-cloud 1300
(*Mesode.*)

In madness of ruin-rush earthward they reel,
 Our halls, 'neath the fire and the foemen's steel.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνα, κλύετε, μάθετε ματρὸς ἀυδάν. στρ. β

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰαλέμῳ τοὺς θανόντας ἀπύεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

γεραιά τ' εἰς πέδον τιθεῖσα μέλεα,
καὶ χερσὶ γαῖαν κτυποῦσα δισσαῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

διάδοχά σοι γόνυ τίθημι γαίᾳ
τοὺς ἔμοὺς καλοῦσα νέρθεν
ἀθλίους ἀκοίτας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀγόμεθα φερόμεθ'—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1310 ἄλγος ἄλγος βοᾶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δούλειον ὑπὸ μέλαθρον ἐκ πάτρας γ' ἐμᾶς.
ἰὼ ἰώ·

Πρίαμε Πρίαμε, σὺ μὲν ὀλόμενος
ἄταφος, ἄφιλος,
ἄτας ἐμᾶς ἄιστος εἶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλας γὰρ ὅσσε κατεκάλυψε
θάνατος ὅσιον ἀνοσίαις σφαγαῖσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὼ θεῶν μέλαθρα καὶ πόλις φίλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Hear, children, O hearken your mother's crying!^(Str. 2)

CHORUS

To the dead dost thou wail—can they hear thine
entreating?

HECUBA

Low on the ground are mine old limbs lying,
And mine hands, and mine hands on the
earth are beating!

CHORUS

Earthward my knee, as I follow thee, bows,
As I cry to the dweller in Hades' House,
To mine hapless spouse.

HECUBA

I am haled—I am borne—

CHORUS

Sorrow rings in thy cry! 1310

HECUBA

From my land unto mansions of slavery.

O hapless I!

O Priam, O Priam, slain without tomb,
Without friend, nought, nought dost thou know of
my doom!

CHORUS

For the blackness of death hath shrouded the eyne
Of the righteous, by hand of the impious slain.

HECUBA

O fanes of the Gods, dear city mine!

CHORUS

Woe!—wail the refrain!

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὰν φόνιον ἔχετε φλόγα δορός τε λόγχαν. ἀντ. β

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάχ' εἰς φίλαν γᾶν πεσεῖσθ' ἀνώνυμοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1320 κόνις δ' ἴσα καπνῷ πτέρυγι πρὸς αἰθέρ'
αἴστον οἴκων ἐμῶν με θήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄνομα δὲ γᾶς ἀφανὲς εἴσιν· ἄλλα δ'
ἄλλο φρούδον, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστιν
ἀτάλαινα Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμάθετ', ἐκλύετε ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Περγάμων κτύπον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔνοσις ἅπασαν ἔνοσις ἐπικλύσει πόλιν.
ἰὼ ἰώ,
τρομερὰ τρομερὰ μέλεα, φέρετ' ἐ-
μὸν ἴχνος. ἴτ' ἐπὶ
1330 δούλειον ἀμέραν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ τάλαινα πόλις· ὄμως δὲ
πρόφερε πόδα σὸν ἐπὶ πλάτας Ἀχαιῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὼ γᾶ τρόφιμε τῶν ἐμῶν τέκνων.¹

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

¹ Paley's arrangement adopted.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

The death-flame, the spear, in your midst have
dominion,— (Ant. 2)

CHORUS

Swift-falling to earth your memorial shall vanish,—

HECUBA

And the dust, o'er the welkin wide-stretching its 1320
pinion, [banish.
Mine eyes from the home of my yearning shall

CHORUS

And the name of my land shall be heard not,
and wide [abide
Shall her children be scattered; no more doth
Troy's woeful pride.

HECUBA

Did ye mark—did ye hear?

CHORUS

Crashed Pergamus down!

HECUBA

The earthquake thereof shall engulf the town!—
O sorrow's crown!
O tottering, tottering limbs, upbear
My steps; to the life of bondage fare. 1330

CHORUS

O hapless Troy!—Yet down to the strand
And the galleys Achaean thy feet must strain.

HECUBA

O land—of my children the nursing-land!

CHORUS

Woe!—wail the refrain!

[*Exeunt OMNES.*

HELEN

ARGUMENT

It is told that one of the old bards, named Stesichorus, who lived six generations before Euripides, did in a certain poem revile Helen, for that her sin was the cause of misery to Hellas and to Troy. Thereupon was he struck blind for railing on her who had after death become a goddess. But the man repented of his presumption, and made a new song wherein he unsaid all the evil he had sung of Queen Helen, and nove into his lay an ancient legend, telling how that not she, but her wraith only, had passed to Troy, while she was borne by the Gods to the land of Egypt, and there remained until the day when her lord, turning aside on the homeward voyage, should find her there.

When he had done this, his sight was straightway restored to him.

In this play is Helen's story told according to the "Recantation of Stesichorus."

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΓΡΑΤΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΤΡΟΙ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

TEUCER, *a Greek hero, who fought at Troy.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta.*

PORTRESS, *of the palace of Theoclymenus.*

MESSENGER (first), *a sailor of Menelaus' crew.*

THEONOE, *a priestess, sister of Theoclymenus.*

THEOCLYMENUS, *king of Egypt.*

MESSENGER (second), *a servant of Theoclymenus.*

THE TWIN BRETHERN, *Castor and Pollux.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Greek maidens attendant on Helen.*

Guards, attendants, huntsmen, and temple-maidens.

SCENE: *Before the palace of the King of Egypt by the mouth of the Nile. In the foreground stands the tomb of Proteus, father of Theoclymenus.*

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- Νείλου μὲν αἶδε καλλιπάρθενοι ῥοαί,
 ὃς ἀντὶ δίας ψακάδος Αἰγύπτου πέδου
 λευκῆς τακείσης χιόνος ὑγραίνει γύας.
 Πρωτεὺς δ' ὄτ' ἔζη τῆσδε γῆς τύραννος ἦν,
 Φάρον μὲν οἰκῶν νῆσου, Αἰγύπτου δ' ἀναξ,
 ὃς τῶν κατ' οἶδμα παρθένων μίαν γαμεῖ,
 Ψαμάθην, ἐπειδὴ λέκτρ' ἀφῆκεν Αἰακοῦ.
 τίκτει δὲ τέκνα δισσὰ τοῖσδε δώμασι,
 Θεοκλύμενον ἄρσεν', † ὅτι δὴ θεοὺς σέβων
 10 βίον διήνεγκ', εὐγενῆ τε παρθένον
 Εἰδῶ, τὸ μητρὸς ἀγλαΐσμ', ὅτ' ἦν βρέφος·
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐς ἧβην ἦλθεν ὠραίων γάμων,
 καλοῦσιν αὐτὴν Θεονόην· τὰ θεῖα γὰρ
 τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα πάντ' ἠπίστατο,
 προγόνου λαβοῦσα Νηρέως τιμὰς πάρα.
 ἡμῖν δὲ γῆ μὲν πατρὶς οὐκ ἀνώνυμος
 Σπάρτη, πατὴρ δὲ Τυνδάρεως· ἔστιν δὲ δὴ
 λόγος τις ὡς Ζεὺς μητέρ' ἔπτατ' εἰς ἔμην
 20 Λήδαν κύκνου μορφώματ' ὄρνιθος λαβῶν,
 ὃς δόλιον εὐνήν ἐξέπραξ' ὑπ' αἰετοῦ

HELEN

*HELEN discovered bowed in prayer at the tomb of Proteus
She rises and advances to the front of the stage.*

HELEN

THESE be the Nile's fair-flowing virgin-streams,
Who, fed with white snow melting, not with rain
From heaven, waters Egypt's lowland fields.
Lord of this land was Proteus, while he lived,
Dweller in Pharos' isle, and Egypt's king,
Who of the Maids sea-haunting wedded one,
Psmathe, widowed wife of Aeacus:
And to this house she brought forth children
twain,

A son, Theoclymenus,—for that honouring
The Gods his father lived,—a noble daughter, 10
Named Eido, "mother's pride," while yet a babe;
But, since she grew to bloom of spousal-tide,
Theonoë¹ they called her, for she knew
Heaven's will for things that are and things to be,
Inheriting from her grandsire Nereus this.
For me, not fameless is my fatherland
Sparta: my sire was Tyndarus. The tale
Telleth that to my mother Leda flew
Zeus, who had stoln the likeness of a swan,
And, fleeing from a chasing eagle, wrought 20

¹ *i.e.* The purpose of God.

δίωγμα φεύγων, εἰ σαφῆς οὗτος λόγος.
 Ἐλένη δ' ἐκλήθην· ἃ δὲ πεπόνθαμεν κακὰ
 λέγοιμ' ἄν. ἦλθον τρεῖς θεαὶ κάλλους πέρι
 Ἰδαῖον εἰς κευθμῶν' Ἀλέξανδρον πάρα,
 30 Ἦρα Κύπρις τε διογενῆς τε παρθένος,
 μορφῆς θέλουσαι διαπεράνασθαι κρίσιν.
 τοῦμόν δὲ κάλλος, εἰ καλὸν τὸ δυστυχές,
 Κύπρις προτείνας' ὡς Ἀλέξανδρος γαμεῖ,
 νικᾷ· λιπὼν δὲ βούσταθμ' Ἰδαῖος Πάρις
 Σπάρτην ἀφίκεθ' ὡς ἐμὸν σχήσων λέχος.
 40 Ἦρα δὲ μεμφθεῖσ' οὔνεκ' οὐ νικᾷ θεάς,
 ἐξηνέμωσε τ' ἄμ' Ἀλεξάνδρω λέχη,
 δίδωσι δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ὁμοιώσασ' ἐμοὶ
 εἶδωλον ἔμπνου οὐρανοῦ ξυυθεῖσ' ἄπο,
 Πριάμου τυράννου παιδί· καὶ δοκεῖ μ' ἔχειν
 κενὴν δόκησιν, οὐκ ἔχων. τὰ δ' αὖ Διὸς
 βουλευμάτων' ἄλλα τοῖσδε συμβαίνει κακοῖς·
 πόλεμον γὰρ εἰσήνεγκεν Ἑλλήνων χθονὶ
 καὶ Φρυξὶ δυστήνοισιν, ὡς ὄχλου βροτῶν
 40 πλήθους τε κουφίσειε μητέρα χθόνα,
 γνωτὸν τε θείῃ τὸν κράτιστον Ἑλλάδος.
 Φρυγῶν δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν προὔτεθην ἐγὼ μὲν οὔ,
 τὸ δ' ὄνομα τοῦμόν, ἄθλον Ἑλλησιν δορός.
 λαβῶν δέ μ' Ἑρμῆς ἐν πτυχαῖσιν αἰθέρος
 νεφέλη καλύψας, οὐ γὰρ ἠμέλησέ μου
 Ζεὺς, τόνδ' ἐς οἶκον Πρωτέως ἰδρύσατο,
 πάντων προκρίνας σωφρονέστατον βροτῶν,
 ἀκέραιον ὡς σώσαιμι Μενέλεω λέχος.
 50 καὶ γὰρ μὲν ἐνθάδ' εἶμ', ὁ δ' ἄθλιος πόσις
 στράτευμ' ἀθροίσας τὰς ἐμὰς ἀναρπαγὰς
 θηρᾶ πορευθεὶς Ἰλίου πυργώματα.
 ψυχαὶ δὲ πολλαὶ δι' ἔμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδρίοις

HELEN

By guile his pleasure,—if the tale be true.
Helen my name, and these my sufferings :
In strife for beauty came three Goddesses
To Paris in a deep Idaean dell—
Hera, and Cypris, and Zeus' child, the Maid,
Fain to bring beauty's judgment unto issue.
And Cypris tempting Paris—he should wed
My fairness, if misfortune can be fair,—
Prevailed : Idaean Paris left the herds,
And for his bride, for me, to Sparta came.

30

But Hera, wroth that she should not prevail,
Turned into air Alexander's joy of me ;
Gave him not me, but fashioned like to me
A breathing phantom, out of cloudland wrought,
For Priam's princely son : he deemed me his,
Who was not, a vain phantasy. Withal
Zeus' counsels to these evils added more ;
For war he brought upon the Hellenes' land
And hapless Phrygians, to disburden so
Earth-mother of her straitened throngs of men,
And to make Hellas' mightiest son renowned.
I lay 'twixt Phrygians' prowess—yet not I,
My name alone—and Hellene spears, the prize.

40

Me Hermes caught away in folds of air,
And veiled in cloud,—for Zeus forgot me not,—
And in these halls of Proteus set me down,
Of all men holding him most continent,
That I might keep me pure for Menelaus.
So am I here : mine hapless lord the while
Gathered a host, set forth for Ilium's towers,
Questing the track of me his ravished bride.
And many a life beside Scamander's streams

50

ΕΛΕΝΗ

60 ῥοαῖσιν ἔθανον· ἡ δὲ πάντα τλαῖσ' ἐγὼ
 κατάρατός εἰμι καὶ δοκῶ προδοῦσ' ἐμὸν
 πόσιν συνάψαι πόλεμον Ἑλλησιν μέγαν.
 τί δῆτ' ἔτι ζῶ ; θεοῦ τόδ' εἰσήκουσ' ἔπος
 Ἑρμοῦ, τὸ κλεινὸν μ' ἔτι κατοικήσειν πέδον
 Σπάρτης σὺν ἀνδρί, γνόντος ὡς ἐς Ἴλιον
 οὐκ ἦλθον, ἵνα μὴ λέκτρ' ὑποστρώσω τινί.
 ἕως μὲν οὖν φῶς ἡλίου τόδ' ἔβλεπε
 Πρωτεύς, ἄσυλος ἦν γάμων· ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆς
 σκότῳ κέκρυπται, παῖς ὁ τοῦ τεθνηκότος
 θηρᾶ γαμῆν με. τὸν πάλαι δ' ἐμὸν πόσιν
 τιμῶσα Πρωτέως μνήμα προσπίτνω τόδε
 ἱκέτις, ἵν' ἀνδρὶ τὰμὰ διασώσῃ λέχη,
 ὡς, εἰ καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὄνομα δυσκλεῆς φέρω,
 μή μοι τὸ σῶμά γ' ἐνθάδ' αἰσχύνῃν ὄφλη.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

70 τίς τῶνδ' ἐρυμνῶν δωμάτων ἔχει κράτος ;
 Πλούτου γὰρ οἶκος ἄξιος προσεικάσαι
 βασιλείά τ' ἀμφιβλήματ' εὐθριγκοί θ' ἔδραι.
 ἕα·
 ὦ θεοί, τίς εἶδον ὄψιν ; ἐχθίστην ὀρῶ
 γυναικὸς εἰκὸν φόνιον, ἧ μ' ἀπώλεσε
 πάντας τ' Ἀχαιοῦς. θεοί σ', ὅσον μίμημ' ἔχ^ω
 Ἑλένης, ἀποπτύσειαν. εἰ δὲ μὴ ἔν ξένη
 γαῖα πόδ' εἶχον, τῶδ' ἂν εὐστόχῳ πτερῶ
 ἀπόλαυσιν εἰκοῦς ἔθανες ἂν Διὸς κόρης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

80 τί δ' ; ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ὅστις ὦν μ' ἀπεστράφη
 καὶ ταῖς ἐκείνης συμφοραῖς ἐμέ στυγεῖς ;
 ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ
 ἤμαρτον ὀργῇ δ' εἶξα μάλλον ἢ μ' ἐχρῆν

HELEN

Perished for me. I, that endured all this,
 Yet am cursed too, held traitress to my lord,
 Enkindler of a mighty war for Greeks.
 Why then live on? This prophecy of Hermes—
 Who knew that ne'er to Troy I passed—I heard,
 That with my lord in Sparta's plain renowned
 I yet should dwell, nor serve an alien couch.
 While Proteus yet beheld yon light of day, 60
 Inviolatè I abode : but he is veiled
 Now in earth's darkness ; and the dead king's son
 Pursues me. Honouring more mine ancient spouse,
 At Proteus' tomb I cast me, suppliant
 That he may keep me unsullied for my lord,
 That, though through Hellas evil fame I bear,
 Mine honour here may take no stain of shame.

Enter TEUCER.

TEUCER

Who hath the lordship of these castle-halls?
 To Plutus' palace might one liken them—
 Fair battlements and royal flanking-towers! 70
 Ha!
 Ye Gods, what sight!—the loathed similitude
 Of her, the murderess, who ruined me
 And all the Greeks! Now the Gods spue thee out—
 So like thou art to Helen! Stood I not
 On alien soil, by this unerring shaft
 Thou hadst died—thy meed for likeness to Zeus'
 daughter.

HELEN

Unhappy, whoe'er thou be, why turn from me,
 And loathe me for afflictions born of her?

TEUCER

I erred, to wrath more yielded than was meet.

80

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μισεῖ γὰρ Ἑλλάς πᾶσα τὴν Διὸς κόρην.
σύγνωθι δ' ἡμῖν τοῖς λελεγμένοις, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τίς δ' εἶ; πόθεν γῆς τῆσδ' ἐπεστράφης πέδον;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

εἶς τῶν Ἀχαιῶν, ὧ γύναι, τῶν ἀθλίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ τάρᾳ σ' Ἑλένην εἰ στυγεῖς θαυμαστέον.
ἀτὰρ τίς εἶ πόθεν; τίνος δ' αὐδᾶν σε χρή;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὄνομα μὲν ἡμῖν Τεῦκρος, ὁ δὲ φύσας πατὴρ
Τελαμών, Σαλαμῖς δὲ πατρὶς ἢ θρέψασά με.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί δῆτα Νείλου τούσδ' ἐπιστρέφει γύας;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

90

φυγὰς πατρώας ἐξελήλαμαι χθονός.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλήμων ἂν εἴης· τίς δέ σ' ἐκβάλλει πάτρας;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Τελαμὼν ὁ φύσας. τίν' ἂν ἔχοις μᾶλλον φίλον;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐκ τοῦ; τὸ γάρ τοι πρᾶγμα συμφορὰν ἔχει.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Αἴας μ' ἀδελφὸς ὄλεσ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θανών.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς; οὐ τί που σῶ φασγάνῳ βίον στερεῖς;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

οἰκείον αὐτὸν ὄλεσ' ἄλμ' ἐπὶ ξίφος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μανέντ'; ἐπεὶ τίς σωφρονῶν τλαίῃ τάδ' ἄν;

HELEN

All Hellas hateth her, the child of Zeus.
But for words spoken, lady, pardon me.

HELEN

Who art thou, and whence com'st thou to this land?

TEUCER

One, lady, of the Achaeans evil-starred.

HELEN

No marvel then if Helen thou abhor.
But thou, who art thou?—whence, and who thy sire?

TEUCER

Teucer my name is, Telamon my sire,
And Salamis the land that fostered me.

HELEN

Why dost thou visit then these fields of Nile?

TEUCER

An exile am I driven from fatherland.

90

HELEN

Unhappy thou! Who banished thee thine home?

TEUCER

My father Telamon. Who should love me more?

HELEN

Wherefore? Such deed imports disastrous cause.

TEUCER

My brother's death at Troy my ruin was.

HELEN

How? Not—O not by thy blade reft of life?

TEUCER

Hurling him on his own sword Aias died.

HELEN

Distraught?—for who uncrazed would dare the deed?

473

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τὸν Πηλέως τιν' οἶσθ' Ἀχιλλέα γόνου ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μνηστήρ ποθ' Ἑλένης ἦλθεν, ὡς ἀκούομεν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

100

θανὼν ὄδ' ὄπλων ἔριν ἔθηκε συμμαχοῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ δὴ τί τοῦτ' Αἴαντι γίνεται κακόν ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἄλλου λαβόντος ὄπλ' ἀπηλλάχθη βίου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὺ τοῖς ἐκείνου δῆτα πήμασιν νοσεῖς ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὀθούνεκ' αὐτῷ γ' οὐ ξυνωλόμην ὁμοῦ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦλθες γάρ, ὦ ξέν', Ἰλίου κλεινὴν πόλιν ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

καὶ ξύν γε πέρσας αὐτὸς ἀνταπωλόμην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤδη γὰρ ἤπται καὶ κατείργασται πυρὶ ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ᾧσπ' οὐδ' ἴχνος γε τειχέων εἶναι σαφές.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ᾧ τλήμον Ἑλένη, διὰ σ' ἀπόλλυνται Φρύγες

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

110

καὶ πρὸς γ' Ἀχαιοὶ μεγάλα δ' εἵργασται κακά

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πόσον χρόνον γὰρ διαπεπόρθηται πόλις ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἑπτὰ σχεδόν τι καρπίμους ἐτῶν κύκλους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

χρόνον δ' ἐμείνατ' ἄλλον ἐν Τροίᾳ πόσον ;

HELEN

TEUCER

Of Peleus' son Achilles know'st thou aught?

HELEN

He came a wooer of Helen, as I heard.

TEUCER

He died: his comrades for his armour strove.

HELEN

And how did this thing turn to Aias' bane?

TEUCER

Another won the arms: he passed from life.

HELEN

Art thou in his affliction then afflicted?

TEUCER

Even so, because I perished not with him.

HELEN

Thou wentest then to Troy-town far-renowned?

TEUCER

Yea, helped to smite her—and myself was stricken.

HELEN

Is she ere this aflame?—consumed with fire?

TEUCER

Yea, of her walls no trace may be discerned.

HELEN

Helen ill-starred, for thee the Phrygians died!

TEUCER

Yea, and Achaeans: bitter bale she hath wrought.

HELEN

How long time since was Ilium destroyed?

TEUCER

Well-nigh seven summers' circles harvest-crowned.

HELEN

How long ere then did ye beleaguer Troy?

100

110

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

πολλὰς σελήνας, δέκα διελθούσας ἔτη.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦ καὶ γυναῖκα Σπαρτιᾶτιν εἴλετε ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἦγ' ἐπισπάσας κόμης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶδες σὺ τὴν δύστηνον ; ἦ κλύων λέγεις ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὥσπερ σέ γ', οὐδὲν ἦσσον, ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀρώ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σκοπεῖτε μὴ δόκησιν εἶχετ' ἐκ θεῶν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

120

ἄλλου λόγου μέμνησο, μὴ κείνης ἔτι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὕτω δοκεῖτε τὴν δόκησιν ἀσφαλῆ ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

αὐτὸς γὰρ ὄσσοις εἶδον, εἰ καὶ νῦν σ' ὀρώ.¹

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤδη δ' ἐν οἴκοις σὺν δάμαρτι Μενέλεως ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

οὐκουν ἐν Ἀργεῖ γ' οὐδ' ἐπ' Εὐρώτα ῥοαῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αἰαῖ· κακὸν τόδ' εἶπας οἷς κακὸν λέγεις.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὥς κείνος ἀφανῆς σὺν δάμαρτι κλήζεται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ πᾶσι πορθμὸς αὐτὸς Ἀργείοισιν ἦν ;

¹ Dobree and Clark : for the MSS. reading εἰδόμην καὶ τοῖς ὀρώ.

HELEN

TEUCER

While many moons through ten years ran their course.

HELEN

And captive did ye take the Spartan dame ?

TEUCER

Yea ; Menelaus haled her by the hair.

HELEN

Saw'st thou that wretch ?—or speakest from report ?

TEUCER

Even as I see thee with mine eyes ; no less.

HELEN

What if ye nursed a heaven-sent phantasy ?

TEUCER

Of other theme bethink thee ; of her no more.

120

HELEN

So sure are ye of this your fancy's truth ?

TEUCER

I saw her with mine eyes—if I see thee.

HELEN

Hath Menelaus with his wife won home ?

TEUCER

Nay, nor to Argos, nor Eurotas' streams.

HELEN

Woe ! Ill news this to whom thy tale is ill.

TEUCER

Lost, with his wife, from sight : so rumour runs.

HELEN

Sailed not together all the Argives home ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἦν, ἀλλὰ χειμῶν ἄλλοσ' ἄλλον ὄρισευ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοισιν ἐν νώτοισι ποντίας ἁλός ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

130

μέσου περῶσι πέλαγος Αἰγαίου πόρου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κάκ τοῦδε Μενέλαν οὔτις εἶδ' ἀφιγμένον ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

οὔδεις· θανὼν δὲ κλήζεται καθ' Ἑλλάδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπωλόμεσθα· Θεστιὰς δ' ἔστιν κόρη ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Λήδαν ἔλεξας ; οἴχεται θανοῦσα δῆ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ πού νιν Ἑλένης αἰσχρὸν ὤλεσεν κλέος ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

φασίν, βρόχῳ γ' ἄψασαν εὐγενῆ δέρην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἱ Τυνδάρειοι δ' εἰσὶν ἢ οὐκ εἰσὶν κόροι ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τεθνᾶσι κοῦ τεθνᾶσι· δύο δ' ἐστὸν λόγῳ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πότερος ὁ κρείσσων ; ὦ γάλαιν' ἐγὼ κακῶν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

140

ἄστροις σφ' ὁμοιωθέντε φάσ' εἶναι θεῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τοῦτο· θάτερον δὲ τί ;

HELEN

TEUCER

Yea ; but a storm dispersed them far and wide.

HELEN

On what surf-ridges of the outsea brine ?

TEUCER

In the mid-passage of the Aegean sea.

130

HELEN

Hath none since then seen Menelaus come ?

TEUCER

None : but through Hellas rumour speaks him dead.

HELEN

(Aside) Undone—undone ! Lives Thestias' daughter yet ?

TEUCER

Leda mean'st thou ? Dead is she, passed from earth.

HELEN

O say not Helen's shame was death to her !

TEUCER

They say it. She coiled the noose about her neck.

HELEN

And Tyndarus' sons, live they, or live they not ?

TEUCER

They are dead—and are not dead : twofold the tale.

HELEN

Which tale prevaieth ? *(aside)* Woe for mine afflictions !

TEUCER

In fashion made as stars men name them Gods.

140

HELEN

Fair tidings these ! But what the other tale ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

σφαγαῖς ἀδελφῆς εἶνεκ' ἐκπνεῦσαι βίον.
 ἄλις δὲ μύθων· οὐ διπλᾶ χρήζω στένειν.
 ὦν δ' εἶνεκ' ἦλθον τούσδε βασιλείους δόμους,
 τὴν θεσπιφδὸν Θεονόην χρήζων ἰδεῖν,
 σὺ προξένησον, ὡς τύχῳ μαντευμάτων
 ὄπη νεὸς στείλαιμ' ἄν οὐριον πτερόν
 εἰς γῆν ἐναλίαν Κύπρον, οὐ μ' ἐθέσπισεν
 οἰκείν' Ἀπόλλων, ὄνομα νησιωτικὸν
 150 Σαλαμίνα θέμενον τῆς ἐκεῖ χάριν πάτρας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πλοῦς, ὦ ξέν', αὐτὸς σημανεῖ· σὺ δ' ἐκλιπὼν
 γῆν τήνδε φεύγε πρὶν σε παῖδα Πρωτέως
 ἰδεῖν, ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε γῆς· ἄπεστι δὲ
 κυσὶν πεποιθὸς ἐν φοναῖς θηροκτόνοις·
 κτείνει γὰρ Ἑλλην' ὄντιν' ἄν λάβῃ ξένον·
 ὅτου δ' ἕκατι, μήτε σὺ ζῆτει μαθεῖν
 ἐγὼ τε σιγῶ· τί γὰρ ἄν ὠφελοῖμί σε ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, ὦ γύναι· θεοὶ δέ σοι
 ἐσθλῶν ἀμοιβὰς ἀντιδωρησαίατο.
 160 Ἑλένη δ' ὅμοιον σῶμ' ἔχουσ' οὐ τὰς φρένας
 ἔχεις ὁμοίας, ἀλλὰ διαφόρους πολὺ.
 κακῶς δ' ὄλοιτο μηδ' ἐπ' Εὐρώτα ῥοὰς
 ἔλθοι· σὺ δ' εἴης εὐτυχῆς αἰεὶ, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ μεγάλων ἀχέων καταβαλλομένα μέγαν οἶκτον,
 ποῖον ἀμιλλαθῶ γόον ; ἢ τίνα μούσαν ἐπέλω,
 δάκρυσιν ἢ θρήνοις ἢ πένθεσιν ; ἔῃ.

HELEN

TEUCER

Self-slain they perished for a sister's shame.
Suffice these stories: twice I would not groan.
But for this cause I sought these royal halls,
Being fain to see Theonoë the seer.
Thou help me to her, that I may be told
Whereby to steer my galley's prosperous wing
To sea-girt Cyprus, where Apollo bade
That I should dwell, and, for the homeland's sake,
Give it the island-name of Salamis. 159

HELEN

Thou canst not miss the course, friend: but this land
Leave thou, and flee, ere Proteus' son, who rules
This land, behold thee;—now is he afar,
Following the hounds to slay the wildwood beasts;—
For whatso Greek he findeth doth he kill:
But for what cause—nor seek thou this to learn,
Nor may I tell: how should I profit thee?

TEUCER

Gracious thy speech is, lady: Heaven vouchsafe
To thee for thy fair deeds requital fair.
A form hast thou like Helen's, but thou hast 160
No heart like hers, nay, diverse utterly.
Ruin be hers! Ne'er to Eurotas' streams
Come she! But be thou, lady, ever blest. [*Exit.*]

HELEN

For mine anguish I raise an exceeding great and
bitter cry!
How shall I agonize forth my lament?—to what Muse
draw nigh
With tears, with death-dirges, or moanings of
misery?
Woe's me, woe's me!

481

170

πτεροφόροι νεάνιδες,
 παρθένοι Χθονὸς κόραι
 Σειρήνες, εἴθ' ἐμοῖς γόοις
 μόλοιτ' ἔχουσαι τὸν Λίβυν
 λωτὸν ἢ σύριγγας, αἰλίνοις κακοῖς
 τοῖς ἐμοῖσι σύνοχα δάκρυα,
 πάθεσι πάθεα, μέλεσι μέλεα·
 μουσεῖα θρηνήμασι ξυμφῶδὰ
 πέμψειε Φερσέφασσα
 φόνια, χάριτας ἴν' ἐπὶ δάκρυσι
 παρ' ἐμέθεν ὑπὸ μέλαθρα νύχια παιᾶνας
 νέκυσιν ὀλομένους λάβη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

180

κυανοειδὲς ἀμφ' ὕδωρ
 ἔτυχον ἔλικά τ' ἀνὰ χλόαν
 φοινίκας ἀλίου πέπλους
 αὐγαῖσιν ἐν ταῖς χρυσεαῖς
 ἀμφιθάλπουσ' ἐν τε δόνακος ἔρνεσιν·
 ἔνθεν οἰκτρὸν ὄμαδον ἔκλυον,
 ἄλυρον ἔλεγον, ὅ τι ποτ' ἔλακεν
 --- αἰάγμασι στένουσα,

ἀντ. α

190

Νύμφα τις οἶα Ναῖς
 ὄρεσι φυγάδα νόμον ἰεῖσα
 γοερόν, ὑπὸ δὲ πέτρινα γύαλα κλαγγαῖσιν
 Πανὸς ἀναβοᾷ γάμου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ ἰώ·

θήραμα βαρβάρου πλάτας,

Ἑλλανίδες κόραι,

ναύτας Ἀχαιῶν

τις ἔμολεν ἔμολε δάκρυα δάκρυσί μοι φέρων,

Ἴλιου κατασκαφᾶν

στρ. β

HELEN

Come, Sea-maids, hitherward winging, (Str. 1)
 Daughters of Earth's travail-throes,
 Sirens, to me draw nigh,
 That your flutes and your pipes may sigh 170
 In accord with my wailings, and cry
 To my sorrows consonant-ringing
 With tears, lamentations, and woes.
 Oh would but Persephone lend
 Fellow-mourners from Hades, to blend
 Death-dirges with mine! I would send
 Thank-offering of weeping and singing
 Of chants to her dead, unto those
 On whom Night's gates close.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS (Ant. 1)

I was spreading, where grass droops trailing
 In the river-flood's darkling gleam, 180
 Purple-dyed robes 'neath the blaze
 Of the sun, and his golden rays,
 Overdraping the bulrush-sprays;—
 Then heard I a pitiful wailing;
 Mournful and wild did it seem
 As the shriek of a Naiad's despair
 Far-borne on the mountain air,
 When she moans faint-fleeing the snare,
 When the might of Pan is prevailing,
 And the gorges where cataracts stream 190
 Ring to her scream.

HELEN

O Hellas' daughters, ye (Str. 2)
 By strange oars borne o'ersea,
 One from Achaea faring,
 Tears unto my tears bearing,
 Tells Ilium's overthrow

200 πυρὶ μέλουσαν δαΐῳ
 δι' ἐμὲ τὰν πολυκτόνον,
 δι' ἐμὸν ὄνομα πολύπονον.
 Λήδα δ' ἐν ἀγχόναϊς
 θάνατον ἔλαβεν
 αἰσχύνας ἐμᾶς ὑπ' ἀλγέων.
 ὁ δ' ἐμὸς ἐν ἀλὶ πολυπλανῆς
 πόσις ὀλόμενος οἴχεται,
 Κάστορός τε συγγόνου τε
 διδυμογενὲς ἄγαλμα πατρίδος
 ἀφανὲς ἀφανὲς ἱππόκροτα λέλοιπε δάπεδα
 γυμνάσιά τε δονακόεντος
 Εὐρώτα, νεανιᾶν πόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

210 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ· ἀντ. β
 ὦ δαίμονος πολυστόνου
 μοίρας τε σᾶς, γύναι.
 αἰῶν δυσαιῶν
 τις ἔλαχεν ἔλαχεν, ὅτε σ' ἐτέκετο ματρόθεν
 Ζεὺς πρέπων δι' αἰθέρος
 χιονόχρως κύκνου πτερῶ·
 τί γὰρ ἄπεστί σοι κακῶν ;
 τίνα δὲ βίοτον οὐκ ἔτλας ;
 μάτηρ μὲν οἴχεται,
 220 δίδυμά τε Διὸς
 οὐκ εὐδαιμονεῖ τέκεα φίλα,
 χθόνα δὲ πάτριον οὐχ ὄρας,
 διὰ δὲ πόλεας ἔρχεσσι
 βάξις, ἃ σε βαρβαροισι
 λέχεσι, πότνια, παραδίδωσιν,
 ὁ δὲ σὸς ἐν ἀλὶ κύμασί τε λέλοιπε βίοτον,
 οὐδέ ποτ' ἔτι πάτρια μέλαθρα
 καὶ τὰν Χαλκίοικον ὀλβιεῖς.

HELEN

200

Wrapt in the red flame's glow,
 Through murderess me laid low—
 This baleful name of me!
 Of Leda hath he told, self-slain
 By the death-noose's strangling strain,
 Her heart for my shame anguish-riven:—
 Tells of my lord,—o'er far seas driven
 Now hath he vanished tempest-tost;—
 Of Castor and his brother lost
 From earth, their country's twin-born boast:
 Where hoofs have thundered, athletes striven,
 Eurotas' reeds and racecourse-plain
 Wait these in vain.

CHORUS

(Ant. 2)
210

Woe for thy misery,
 The weird ordained for thee,
 Foredoomed to days of weeping
 Since Zeus through clouds down-sweeping,
 A swan with wings of snow,
 Beguiled thy mother so!
 What know'st thou not of woe?
 From what ills art thou free?
 In death thy mother hides her pain:
 Zeus' sons, his well-belovèd twain, 220
 To days of bliss no more may waken:
 Thine homeland have thine eyes forsaken;
 And slander, through her cities rife,
 Assigns thee an accursèd life,
 Proclaims thee yon barbarian's wife:
 Death amid storm thy lord hath taken:
 Thou gladdenest no sire's halls again,
 Nor Brazen Fane.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 230 φεῦ, τίς ἦν Φρυγῶν, τίς ἦν¹ στρ. γ
 τὰν δακρυόεσσαν Ἰλίῳ τε πεύκαν
 † ὃς ἔτεμε τοῖς θ' Ἑλλανίας ἀπὸ χθονός ;
 ἔνθεν ὀλόμενον σκάφος
 ὁ Πριαμίδας συναρμόσας
 ἔπλευσε βαρβάρῳ πλάτα
 τὰν ἐμὰν ἐφ' ἐστίαν,
 ἐπὶ τὸ δυστυχὲς
 κάλλος, ὡς ἔλοι γάμον ἐμόν,
 ἃ τε δόλιος ἂ πολυκτόνος Κύπρις
 Δαναΐδαις ἄγουσα θάνατον Πριαμίδαις τε.
 240 ὦ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς.

- ἂ δὲ χρυσέοις θρόνοις ἀντ. γ
 Διὸς ὑπαγκάλισμα σεμνὸν Ἡρα
 τὸν ὠκύπουν ἔπεμψε Μαιάδος γόνον,
 ὃς με χλοερὰ δρεπομέναν ἔσω πέπλων
 ῥόδεα πέταλα, χαλκίοικον ὡς Ἀθάναν
 μόλοιμ', ἀναρπάσας δι' αἰθέρος
 τάνδε γαῖαν εἰς ἄνολβον
 ἔριν ἔριν τάλαιναν ἔθετο
 Πριαμίδαισιν Ἑλλάδος.
 250 τὸ δ' ἐμὸν ὄνομα παρὰ Σιμωνντιοῖς ῥοαῖσι
 μαψίδιον ἔχει φάτιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔχεις μὲν ἀλγείν', οἶδα· σύμφορον δέ τοι
 ὡς ῥᾶστα τὰναγκαῖα τοῦ βίου φέρειν.

¹ Paley, the old MS. reading being "destitute alike of sense and metre."

HELEN

HELEN

Ah, who of the Phrygians dared that felling (*Str.* 3)
 Of the pines, for the mourning of Ilium fated, 230
 And for tears unto them that in Hellas were dwelling,
 Of whose beams was the galley, with evil freighted,
 Builded of Priam's offspring, the hated,
 Whom oars barbaric sped over the tide,
 Till he came to the hearth of my Spartan palace
 In quest of my beauty, foredoomed the occasion
 Of mischief: beside him in treacherous malice
 Came Cypris, the bringer of death's desolation
 Unto Danaus' sons, unto Priam's nation.
 Woe's me for my lot, who am misery's bride. 240

(*Ant.* 3)

From the gold of the throne of her glory bending,
 Dread Hera, Zeus' bride jealousy-glowing,
 Sped the fleetfoot scion of Maia descending,
 Who came on me plucking the roses, and throwing
 Into my gown-lap their buds fresh-blowing,
 To bear to the Brazen Fane their pride.
 And he soared with his prey through the clouds of
 heaven,
 And to this land all unblest he brought her,
 And he made her a strife, for calamity striven,
 For Hellas, of Priam's people who sought her. 250
 But Helen, by Simois' crimsoned water,
 Was a breath, was a battle-cry—nought beside.

CHORUS

Sorrows are thine, I know: yet is it best
 Lightly as may be to endure life's ills.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- φίλαι γυναῖκες, τίνι πότμῳ συνεζύγην ;
 ἄρ' ἢ τεκοῦσά μ' ἔτεκεν ἀνθρώποις τέρας ;
 γυνὴ γὰρ οὐθ' Ἑλληνὶς οὔτε βάρβαρος
 τεῦχος νεοσσῶν λευκὸν ἐκλοχεύεται,
 ἐν ᾧ με Λήδαν φασὶν ἐκ Διὸς τεκεῖν.
 260 τέρας γὰρ ὁ βίος καὶ τὰ πράγματ' ἐστὶ μοι,
 τὰ μὲν δι' Ἥραν, τὰ δὲ τὸ κάλλος αἴτιον.
 εἶθ' ἐξαλειφθεῖς ὡς ἄγαλμ' αὐθις πάλιν
 αἴσχιον εἶδος ἔλαβον ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ,
 καὶ τὰς τύχας μὲν τὰς κακὰς ἄς νῦν ἔχω
 Ἑλληνες ἐπελάθοντο, τὰς δὲ μὴ κακὰς
 ἔσφωζον ὥσπερ τὰς κακὰς σφώζουσί μου.
 ὅστις μὲν οὖν εἰς μίαν ἀποβλέπων τύχην
 πρὸς θεῶν κακοῦται, βαρὺ μὲν, οἰστέον δ' ὅμως
 ἡμεῖς δὲ πολλαῖς συμφοραῖς ἐγκείμεθα.
 270 πρῶτον μὲν οὐκ οὔσ' ἄδικος, εἰμὶ δυσκλείης·
 καὶ τοῦτο μείζον τῆς ἀληθείας κακόν,
 ὅστις τὰ μὴ προσόντα κέκτηται κακά.
 ἔπειτα πατρίδος θεοί μ' ἀφιδρύσαντο γῆς
 εἰς βάρβαρ' ἦθη, καὶ φίλων τητωμένη
 δούλη καθέστηκ' οὔσ' ἐλευθέρων ἄπο·
 τὰ βαρβάρων γὰρ δοῦλα πάντα πλὴν ἐνός.
 ἄγκυρα δ' ἦ μου τὰς τύχας ὥχει μόνη,
 πόσιν ποθ' ἦξειν καὶ μ' ἀπαλλάξειν κακῶν,
 οὗτος τέθνηκεν, οὗτος οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ δῆ.
 280 μήτηρ δ' ὄλωλε, καὶ φονεὺς αὐτῆς ἐγώ,
 ἀδίκως μὲν, ἀλλὰ τ' ἀδικὸν τοῦτ' ἐστ' ἐμόν.
 ὃ δ' ἀγλαῖσμα δωμάτων ἐμοῦ τ' ἔφνυ,
 θυγάτηρ ἄνανδρος πολιά παρθενεύεται·

HELEN

HELEN

Friends, 'neath the yoke of what doom am I
bowed?

Bore not my mother a portent unto men?
For never Hellene nor barbarian dame
Brought forth white vial of a fledgling brood,¹
Wherein to Zeus men say that Leda bare me.
A portent are my life and all my fortunes, 260
In part through Hera, through my beauty in part.
Oh could I, like a picture blotted out,
Have changed that beauty for uncomeliness!
Oh might the Greeks forget the lot accurst
That now is mine, and treasure memories
Of honour touching me, as now of shame!
Whoso, on one chance centring all his hopes,
Is stricken of God, hard though it be, may
bear it;

But I—I am whelmed in many miseries:
First, an ill name, though I am clean of sin; 270
And worse is this than suffering for just cause,
To bear the burden of sins that are not ours.
Then, from my homeland the Gods banished me
To alien customs, and, bereft of friends,
A slave am I, the daughter of free sires;
For midst barbarians slaves are all save one.
And—the one anchor that stayed up my fortunes,
That yet my lord would come, and end my woes—
He hath died: who was mine anchor is no more.
Dead is my mother, and her murderer I,— 280
Innocently, yet cleaves the wrong to me.
And she, erewhile mine house's pride and mine,
My child, is growing grey, a spouseless maid;

¹ Alluding to the two eggs of Leda, from one of which issued Castor and Pollux, from the other Helen.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ τοῦ Διὸς δὲ λεγομένῳ Διοσκόρῳ
 οὐκ ἔστών. ἀλλὰ πάντ' ἔχουσα δυστυχή
 τοῖς πράγμασιν τέθνηκα, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν οὐ.
 τὸ δ' ἔσχατον τοῦτ', εἰ μόλοιμεν εἰς πάτραν,
 κλήθροισ ἄν εἴργοιέν με, τὴν ὑπ' Ἴλίῳ
 290 δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην Μενελέω μ' ἐλθεῖν μέτα.
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔζη πόσις, ἀνεγνώσθημεν ἄν
 εἰς ξύμβολ' ἐλθόνθ' ἂ φανέρ' ἄν μόνοις ἄν ἦν.
 νῦν δ' οὔτε τοῦτ' ἔστ' οὔτε μὴ σωθῆ ποτε.
 τί δῆτ' ἔτι ζῶ; τί ν' ὑπολείπομαι τύχην;
 γάμους ἐλομένη τῶν κακῶν ὑπαλλαγὰς,
 μετ' ἀνδρὸς οἰκεῖν βαρβάρου πρὸς πλουσίαν
 τράπεζαν ἴζουσ'; ἀλλ' ὅταν πόσις πικρὸς
 ξυνῆ γυναικί, καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἔστιν πικρόν.
 θανεῖν κράτιστον πῶς θάνοιμ' ἄν οὖν καλῶς;
 300 ἀσχήμονες μὲν ἀγχόνας μετάρσιοι,
 κὰν τοῖσι δούλοις δυσπρεπὲς νομίζεται.
 σφαγαὶ δ' ἔχουσιν εὐγενές τι καὶ καλόν,
 † σμικρὸς δ' ὁ καιρὸς σάρκ' ἀπαλλάξαι βίον.
 εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἤλθομεν βάθος κακῶν.
 αἱ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλαι διὰ τὸ κάλλος εὐτυχεῖς
 γυναῖκες, ἡμᾶς δ' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἑλένη, τὸν ἐλθόνθ', ὅστις ἐστὶν ὁ ξένος,
 μὴ πάντ' ἀληθῆ δοξάσης εἰρηκένας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν σαφῶς ἔλεξ' ὀλωλένας πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πόλλ' ἄν γένοιτο καὶ διὰ ψευδῶν ἔπη.

HELEN

And the Twin Brethren, named the Sons of
Zeus,

Are not. But, though I have nought but misery,
Me hath ill-faring, not ill-doing, slain.

And, worst of all, if I should reach mine home,
Men would in dungeon chain me, as the Helen
For whom to Ilium Menelaus went.

For, if mine husband lived, by tokens known 290
To none beside, might recognition be.

This cannot now be : no, he cannot 'scape.

Why then do I live on?—what fortune waits me?

Shall I choose marriage for escape from ills,

Dwell with a lord barbarian, at his board

Seated mid pomp? Nay, if a husband loathed

Dwell with a woman, her own self she loathes.

To die were best. How then with honour die?

Unseemly is the noose 'twixt earth and heaven :

Even of thralls 'tis held a death of shame. 300

Noble the dagger is and honourable,

And one short instant rids the flesh of life.

Yea, to such depth of evil am I come!

For other women are by beauty made

Blest—me the selfsame gift to ruin brought.

CHORUS

Helen, believe not yonder stranger spake
Truth only, be he who he may that came.

HELEN

Nay, but he plainly said my lord had died.

CHORUS

In multitude of words there want not lies.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

310

ΕΛΕΝΗ
καὶ τᾶμπαλὶν γε τῶνδ' ἀληθείᾳ σαφῆ.¹

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ξυμφορὰν γὰρ ἀντὶ τὰγαθοῦ φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόβος γὰρ εἰς τὸ δεῖμα περιβαλὼν μ' ἄγει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς δ' εὐμενείας τοισίδ' ἐν δόμοις ἔχεις ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντες φίλοι μοι πλὴν ὁ θηρεύων γάμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; μνήματος λιποῦσ' ἔδραν—

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ποῖον ἔρπεις μῦθον ἢ παραίνεσιν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

320

ἐλθοῦσ' ἐς οἶκους, ἢ τὰ πάντ' ἐπίσταται,
τῆς ποντίας Νηρηΐδος ἐκγόνου κόρης,
πυθοῦ πόσιν σὸν Θεονόης, εἴτ' ἔστ' ἔτι
εἴτ' ἐκλέλοιπε φέγγος· ἐκμαθοῦσα δ' εὖ
πρὸς τὰς τύχας τὸ χάρμα τοὺς γόους τ' ἔχε.
πρὶν δ' οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς εἰδέναί, τί σοι πλέον
λυπουμένη γένοιτ' ἄν ; ἀλλ' ἔμοι πιθοῦ·
τάφον λιποῦσα τόνδε σύμμικτον κόρη,
ὄθενπερ εἶσει πάντα· τὰληθῆ φράσαι
ἔχουσ' ἐν οἴκοις τήνδε, τί βλέπεις πρόσω ;
θέλω δὲ καγὼ σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν δόμους
καὶ συμπυθέσθαι παρθένου θεσπίσματα·
γυναῖκα γὰρ δὴ συμπονεῖν γυναικὶ χρῆ.

¹ Paley reads ἀληθείας, transposes ἐπη and σαφῆ, and takes
ἔμπαλιν τῶνδε to mean "contrary to these (lies)":—

Ch. By lies may many a tale seem all too clear.

Hel. Nay, falsehood rings not with the note of truth.

HELEN

HELEN

Nay rather, plain truth may a plain tale be. 310

CHORUS

Nay, 'tis thou leanest more to grief than joy.

HELEN

Fear folds me round, and drags me to my dread.

CHORUS

How stands to thee affected yonder household?

HELEN

Friends all, save him who hunts me for his bride.

CHORUS

Know'st then thy part? From session at the tomb—

HELEN

To what speech or what counsel drawest thou?

CHORUS

Pass to the house: of her who knoweth all,
The daughter of the sea-born Nereid maid,
Theonoë, ask if yet thine husband live,
Or hath left light; and, being certified, 320
According to thy fortunes joy or mourn.
But, ere thou know aught truly, what avails
That thou shouldst grieve? Nay, hearken unto
me:—

Leave thou this tomb, and with the maid commune,
Of whom shalt thou learn all. When thou hast here
One to resolve the doubt, what wouldst thou more?
I too with thee will pass into the house,
With thee inquire the maiden's oracles.
That woman woman's burden share, is meet.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

330

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 φίλαι, λόγους ἔδεξάμαν·
 βᾶτε βᾶτε δ' εἰς δόμους,
 ἀγῶνας ἐντὸς οἴκων ὡς
 πύθησθε τοὺς ἐμούς.

στρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θέλουσαν οὐ μόλις καλεῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ μέλεος ἀμέρα.
 τίν' ἄρα τάλαινα τίνα δακρυό-
 εντα λόγον ἀκούσομαι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μὴ πρόμαντις ἀλγέων
 προλάμβαν', ὦ φίλα, γόους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

340

τί μοι πόσις μέλεος ἔτλα ;
 πότερα δέρκεται φάος
 τέθριππά θ' ἀλίου
 κέλευθά τ' ἀστέρων,

ἀντ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

* * * * *

ΕΛΕΝΗ

* * * * *

ἦ'ν νέκυσι κατὰ χθονὸς
 τὰν χθόνιον ἔχει τύχαν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς τὸ φέρτερον τίθει
 τὸ μέλλον, ὅ τι γενήσεται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὲ γὰρ ἐκάλεσα, σὲ δὲ κατόμοσα,
 τὸν ὑδρόεντα δόνακι χλωρὸν

¹ Two lines missing, corresponding to those in the *Strophe*.

HELEN

HELEN

I hail, friends, the word ye have spoken. (Str.) 330
Pass in, pass ye into the hall,
To give ear unto prophecy's token
How the end of my toils shall befall.

CHORUS

Thou callest on her that hears full fain.

HELEN

Woe for this day with its burden of pain!
What word waiteth, what desolation
Of tears past relief?

CHORUS

Nay, forestall not, O friend, lamentation
Prophetic of grief.

HELEN

To what doom hath mine husband been given? (Ant.) 340
Doth he yet see the light of the day,
See the Sun's wheels flash through the heaven,
See the gleams of the star-trodden way?

Or to him have the dead done obeisance?
Doth the nether gloom hide?

CHORUS

Nay, look for a fate of fair presence,
Whatsoe'er shall betide.

HELEN

Thee I invoke, I swear by thy name,
O river with ripple-washed reed-beds green,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

350 Εὐρώταν, θανόντος εἰ βάξις
ἔτυμος ἀνδρὸς ἄδε μοι—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τὰδ' ἀσύνετα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόνιον αἰώρημα
διὰ δέρης ὀρέξομαι,
ἢ ξιφοκτόνον δίωγμα
λαιμορύτου σφαγᾶς
αὐτοσίδαρον ἔσω πελάσσω διὰ σαρκὸς ἄμιλλαν,
θῦμα τριζύγοις θεαῖσι
† τῶ τε συρίγγων ἀοιδὰν σεβί-
ζοντι Πριαμίδα ποτ' ἀμφὶ βουστάθμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 ἄλλοσ' ἀποτροπὰ κακῶν
γένοιτο, τὸ δὲ σὸν εὐτυχές.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ Τροία τάλαινα,
δι' ἔργ' ἀνεργ' ὄλλυσαι μέλεά τ' ἔτλας·
τὰ δ' ἐμὰ δῶρα Κύπριδος ἔτεκε
πολὺ μὲν αἷμα, πολὺ δὲ δάκρυον, ἄχεά τ' ἄχεσι,
† δάκρυα δάκρυσιν ἔλαβε πάθεα,
ματέρες τε παῖδας ὤλεσαν,
ἀπὸ δὲ παρθένοι κόμας
ἔθεντο σύγγονοι νεκρῶν Σκαμάνδριον
ἀμφὶ Φρύγιον οἶδμα.
370 βοὰν βοὰν δ' Ἑλλὰς
κελάδησε κἀνωτότυξεν,
ἐπὶ δὲ κρατὶ χέρας ἔθηκεν,
ὄνυχι δ' ἀπαλόχροα γέννυ
ἔδευσε φοινίαισι πλαγαῖς.

HELEN

Eurotas!—if true was the word that came 350
That my lord on the earth is no more seen,—

CHORUS

Wild words and whirling—ah, what should they
mean?

HELEN

The death-dealing cord
Round my neck will I twine,
Or the thirst of the sword
In this heart's blood of mine
Shall be quenched, through the flesh of my neck as I
Plunge it to life's deep shrine,
For a sacrifice to the Goddesses three,
And to Paris, whose pipe's wild melody
Floated afar over Ida, and round still steadings of kine.

CHORUS

Far hence averted may mischief flee, 360
And fortune fair abide upon thee!

HELEN

Woe, hapless Troy, for thee, woe!
Thou hast perished for sins not thine own, under
misery's load brought low!
And the gifts of Cypris to me for their fruit have borne
Rivers of blood and of tears, and to them that mourn
Anguish is added, and grief to the grief-forlorn.
There are mothers for dead sons weeping;
There are maids that have cast shorn hair
Where seaward Scamander on-sweeping
The limbs of their brothers bare.
And from Hellas a cry, a cry, 370
Ringeth heavenward wild and high,
And with frenzied hands on her head
She smiteth: her fingers are red
From the cheeks that the blood-furrows dye.

ὦ μάκαρ Ἀρκαδίᾳ ποτὲ παρθένε Καλλιστοῖ,
 Διὸς

ἂ λεχέων ἐπέβας τετραβάμοσι γυίοις,
 ὡς πολὺ ματρὸς ἐμᾶς ἔλαχες πλέον,
 ἂ μορφᾷ θηρῶν λαχνογυίων
 ὄμματι λάβρω σχῆμα διαίνεις¹
 380 ἔξαλλάξασ' ἄχθεα λύπης·
 ἂν τέ ποτ' Ἄρτεμις ἐξεχορεύσατο
 χρυσοκέρατ' ἔλαφον Μέροπος Τιτανίδα κούραν
 καλλοσύνας ἔνεκεν· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν δέμας
 ὤλεσεν ὤλεσε πέργαμα Δαρδανίας
 ὀλομένους τ' Ἀχαιοῦς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τὰς τεθρίππους Οἰνομάω Πῖσαν κάτα
 Πέλοψ ἀμίλλας ἔξαμιλληθείς ποτε,
 εἶθ' ὄφελος τόθ', ἠνίκ' ἔρανον εἰς θεοὺς
 † πεισθεῖς² ἐποίεις, ἐν θεοῖς λιπεῖν βίον,
 390 πρὶν τὸν ἐμὸν Ἀτρέα πατέρα γεννηῆσαι ποτε,
 ὃς ἐξέφυσεν Ἀερόπης λέκτρων ἄπο
 Ἀγαμέμνον' ἐμέ τε Μενέλεων, κλεινὸν ζυγόν·
 πλείστον γὰρ οἶμαι, καὶ τόδ' οὐ κόμπω λέγω,
 στράτευμα κώπη διορίσαι Τροίαν ἐπι,
 τύραννος οὐδὲν πρὸς βίαν στρατηλατῶν,
 ἐκουῖσι δ' ἄρξας Ἑλλάδος νεανίαις.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν οὐκέτ' ὄντας ἀριθμῆσαι πάρα,
 τοὺς δ' ἐκ θαλάσσης ἀσμένως πεφευγότας,
 νεκρῶν φέροντας ὀνόματ' εἰς οἴκους πάλιν.
 400 ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' οἶδμα πόντιον γλαυκῆς ἀλῶς

¹ Hermann and Dindorf: for MSS. λεαίνης.

² The reference to the legend of Pelops being served up to the Gods at a feast by Tantalus requires some such word as σφαγεῖς.

HELEN

Ah, maiden of Arcady, happy, Callisto,¹ art thou,
 O fourfoot-pacing thing who wast Zeus' bride,
 Better by far than my mother's is thy lot now,
 Who hast cast the burden of human sorrow aside,
 And only now for the shaggy limb
 Of the brute with tears are thy fierce eyes dim. 380
 Yea, happier she whom Artemis drove from her choir,
 A stag gold-antlered, Merops' Titanian daughter,
 Because of her beauty ; but mine with the brands of
 desire

Hath enkindled Dardanian Pergamus' ruin-pyre,
 And hath given the Achaeans to slaughter.

[They pass into the palace.]

Enter MENELAUS.

MENELAUS

Ah, Pelops, thou at Pisa victor once
 Over Oenomaus in chariot-strife,
 Oh that, what time thou mad'st the Gods a feast,
 Thou hadst left in presence of the Gods thy life,
 Ere thou begattest Atreus, sire to me, 390
 Him to whom Aerope bare Agamemnon,
 And me, Menelaus, chariot-team renowned.
 The mightiest host on earth—no mere vaunt this—
 Did I speed overseas to Troy, their chief ;
 Nor by compulsion captained them to war,
 But led with Hellas' heroes' glad consent.
 Some must we count mid them that are no more ;
 Gladly have other some escaped the sea,
 And bring back home the names of men deemed dead.
 But I far o'er the grey sea's shoreless surge 400

¹ One of Zeus's victims, changed into a bear.

- τλήμων ἀλώμαι χρόνον ὅσονπερ Ἴλίου
 πύργους ἔπερσα, κεῖς πάτραν χρήζων μολεῖν,
 οὐκ ἀξιοῦμαι τοῦδε πρὸς θεῶν τυχεῖν.
 Διβύης τ' ἐρήμους ἀξένους τ' ἐπίδρομας
 πέπλευκα πάσας· χῶταν ἐγγὺς ὦ πάτρας,
 πάλιν μ' ἀπωθεῖ πνεῦμα, κοῦποτ' οὔριον
 εἰσῆλθε λαίφος ὥστε μ' εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.
 καὶ νῦν τάλας ναυαγὸς ἀπολέσας φίλους
 ἐξέπεσον εἰς γῆν τήνδε· ναῦς δὲ πρὸς πέτρας
 410 πολλοὺς ἀριθμοὺς ἄγνυται ναυαγίων.
 τρόπις δ' ἐλείφθη ποικίλων ἀρμοσμάτων,
 ἐφ' ἧς ἐσώθην μόλις ἀνελπίστῳ τύχῃ
 Ἑλένη τε, Τροίας ἦν ἀποσπάσας ἔχω.
 ὄνομα δὲ χώρας ἣτις ἦδε καὶ λεὼς
 οὐκ οἶδ'· ὄχλον γὰρ εἰσπεσεῖν ἤσχυνόμην
 ὥσθ' ἱστορηῆσαι, τῆς ἐμῆς δυσχλαινίας
 κρύπτων ὑπ' αἰδοῦς τὰς τύχας. ὅταν δ' ἀνὴρ
 πράξῃ κακῶς ὑψηλός, εἰς ἀθηϊαν
 πίπτει κακίῳ τοῦ πάλαι δυσδαίμονος.
 420 χρεία δὲ τεῖρει μ'· οὔτε γὰρ σῆτος πάρα
 οὔτ' ἀμφὶ χρωτ' ἐσθήτες· αὐτὰ δ' εἰκάσαι
 πάρεστι ναὸς ἔκβολ' οἷς ἀμπίσχομαι.
 πέπλους δὲ τοὺς πρὶν λαμπρά τ' ἀμφιβλήματα
 χλιδὰς τε πόντος ἤρπασ'· ἐν δ' ἄντρον μυχοῖς
 κρύψας γυναῖκα τὴν κακῶν πάντων ἐμοὶ
 ἄρξασαν ἤκω, τοὺς τε περιλελειμμένους
 φίλων φυλάσσειν τὰ μ' ἀναγκάσας λέχη.
 μόνος δὲ νοστῶ, τοῖς ἐκεῖ ζητῶν φίλοις
 τὰ πρόσφορ' ἦν πῶς ἐξερευνήσας λάβω.
 430 ἰδὼν δὲ δῶμα περιφερὲς θριγκοῖς τόδε
 πύλας τε σεμνὰς ἀνδρὸς ὀλβίου τινός,
 προσῆλθον· ἐλπίς δ' ἔκ γε πλουσίων δόμων

HELEN

Wander in pain, long as the leaguer-years
Of Troy; and though I yearn to reach my land,
Of this I am not held worthy by the Gods,
But to all Libya's beaches lone and wild
Have sailed: yea, whenso I am nigh my land,
Back the blast drives me; never following breeze
Hath swelled my sail to waft me to mine home.
And now, a shipwrecked wretch, my comrades lost,
On this land am I cast: against the rocks
My ship is shattered all in countless shards. 410
Wrenched from its cunning fastenings was the keel,
Whereon past hope and hardly was I saved
With Helen, whom I had snatched from Ilium's
wreck.

But this land's name, and who her people be,
I know not, being abashed to yonder throngs
To join me, there to ask: in mine ill plight
I hide for shame my misery; for a man
Low-fallen from high estate more sharply feels
The strangeness of it than the long unblest. 420
Want wasteth me; for neither food have I
Nor raiment for my body,—judge by these
That gird me, rags washed shoreward from the
ship.

The robes once mine, bright vest and bravery,
The sea hath swallowed. In a cave's deep cleft
My wife I hid, first cause of all my woes,
And hither come, for I have straitly charged
My friends yet living to watch over her.
Alone I come, seeking for loved ones there
What shall avail their need, if search may find.
And, marking yonder mansion battlement-girt, 430
And stately portals of a prosperous man,
I drew nigh: from a wealthy house is hope

ΕΛΕΝΗ

λαβεῖν τι ναύταις· ἐκ δὲ μὴ ᾗ χόντων βίον,
οὐδ' εἰ θέλοινεν, ὠφελεῖν ἔχοινεν ἄν.
ὦψ· τίς ἂν πυλωρὸς ἐκ δόμων μόλοι,
ὅστις διαγγεῖλειε τᾶμ' εἴσω κακά ;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

440

τίς πρὸς πύλαισιν ; οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει δόμων
καὶ μὴ πρὸς αὐλείοισιν ἐστηκὼς πύλαις
ὄχλου παρέξεις δεσπότηις ; ἦ καθθανεῖ
Ἕλλην πεφυκῶς, οἷσιν οὐκ ἐπιστροφαί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ γραῖα, ταῦτα πάντ' ἔπη καλῶς λέγεις.
ἔξεστι· πείσομαι γάρ· ἄλλ' ἄνες χόλον.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

ἄπελθ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ τοῦτο πρόσκειται, ξένε,
μηδένα πελάζειν τοισίδ' Ἑλλήνων δόμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄ· μὴ προσεῖλει χεῖρα μηδ' ὄθει βία.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

πείθει γὰρ οὐδὲν ὦν λέγω· σὺ δ' αἴτιος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄγγειλον εἴσω δεσπότηισι τοῖσι σοῖς.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

πικρῶς ἂν οἶμαί γ' ἀγγελεῖν τοὺς σοὺς λόγους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ναυαγὸς ἦκω ξένος, ἀσύλητον γένος.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

450

οἶκον πρὸς ἄλλον νῦν τιν' ἀντὶ τοῦδ' ἴθι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἐσω πάρεμι· καὶ σύ μοι πιθοῦ.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

ὄχληρὸς ἴσθ' ὦν· καὶ τάχ' ὠσθήσει βία.

HELEN

Of somewhat for my crew ; but from bare walls
Nought could men aid us, howsoe'er they would.

Ho ! what gate-warder forth the halls will come
To tell within of my calamities ?

[Knocks at gate.

Door of palace opens. PORTRESS *appears on threshold.*

PORTRESS

Who loitereth at the doors ?—wilt thou not hence ?
Away, stand not before the courtyard gate
Troubling my lords ; else shalt thou die, who art
A Greek : we have no dealings with the Greeks.

440

MENELAUS

Grey mother, all these words thou sayest well :—
Even so—I will obey—refrain thy wrath—

PORTRESS

Begone ! This charge is laid upon me, stranger,
That none of Hellenes to these halls draw nigh.

MENELAUS

Ah, thrust not forth, nor drive me hence by force !

PORTRESS

Thou wilt not heed my words ?—on thine head be it.

MENELAUS

Bear mine appeal unto thy lords within.

PORTRESS

Thine !—bitter should my bearing be, I wot !

MENELAUS

A shipwrecked stranger I : none violate such.

PORTRESS

To another house pass on instead of this.

MENELAUS

Nay, but I will within !—yield thou to me !

PORTRESS

Thou mak'st a coil ; but force shall thrust thee hence.

450

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαῖ· τὰ κλεινὰ ποῦ ἴστί μοι στρατεύματα ;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐκεῖ που σεμνὸς ἦσθ', οὐκ ἐνθάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ δαῖμον, ὡς ἀνάξι' ἠτιμώμεθα.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

τί βλέφαρα τέγγεις δάκρυσι ; πρὸς τί δ'
οἰκτρὸς εἶ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς τὰς πάροιθεν συμφορὰς εὐδαίμονας.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

οὐκοῦν ἀπελθὼν δάκρυα σοῖς δώσεις φίλοις ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς δ' ἦδε χώρα ; τοῦ δὲ βασιλείοι δόμοι ;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

460 Πρωτεὺς τὰδ' οἰκεῖ δώματ', Αἴγυπτος δὲ γῆ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Αἴγυπτος ; ὦ δύστηνος, οἷ πέπλευκ' ἄρα.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

τί δὴ τὸ Νείλου μεμπτόν ἐστί σοι γάνος ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ τοῦτ' ἐμέμφθην· τὰς ἐμὰς στένω τύχας.

ΓΡΑΤΣ

πολλοὶ κακῶς πράσσουσιν, οὐ σὺ δὴ μόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔστ' οὖν ἐν οἴκοις ὄντιν' ὀνομάζεις ἄναξ ;

ΓΡΑΤΣ

τόδ' ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ μνήμα, παῖς δ' ἄρχει χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποῦ δῆτ' ἂν εἶη ; πότερον ἐκτὸς ἢ ἔν δόμοις ;

HELEN

MENELAUS

Ah me!—where now my glorious war-array?

PORTRESS

Some great one haply there wast thou, not here.

MENELAUS

Ah fortune, how unmerited this slight!

PORTRESS

Why stream thine eyes with tears? Why make such
moan?

MENELAUS

For those my happy fortunes overpast.

PORTRESS

Away then : on thy friends bestow thy tears.

MENELAUS

What land is this, and whose these royal halls?

PORTRESS

'Tis Proteus' palace. Egypt is the land.

460

MENELAUS

Egypt!—Woe's me, to have sailed to such a land!

PORTRESS

Wherefore misprise the glory of the Nile?

MENELAUS

I blame it not : mine own hard lot I moan.

PORTRESS

Many be fortune-crost, not thou alone.

MENELAUS

Is he within then, whom thou namest king?

PORTRESS

This is his tomb : his son rules o'er the land.

MENELAUS

Where then is he? Within, without the halls?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκ ἔνδον· Ἕλλησιν δὲ πολεμιώτατος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίν' αἰτίαν σχῶν ἧς ἐπηυρόμην ἐγώ ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

470 Ἐλένη κατ' οἴκουσ ἐστὶ τούσδ' ἢ τοῦ Διός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῆς ; τίν' εἶπας μῦθον ; αὐθὶς μοι φράσον.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ἢ Τυνδαρις παῖς, ἢ κατὰ Σπάρτην ποτ' ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόθεν μολοῦσα ; τίνα τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἔχει λόγον ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

Λακεδαίμονος γῆς δεῦρο νοστήσασ' ἄπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότ' ; οὐ τί που λελήσμεθ' ἐξ ἄντρων λέχος ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πρὶν τοὺς Ἀχαιοὺς, ὦ ξέν', εἰς Τροίαν μολεῖν.

ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἀπ' οἴκων· ἔστι γάρ τις ἐν δόμοις

τύχη, τύραννος ἢ ταράσσεται δόμος.

καιρὸν γὰρ οὐδέν' ἦλθες· ἦν δὲ δεσπότης

480 λάβη σε, θάνατος ξενιά σοι γενήσεται.

εὔνοος γάρ εἰμ' Ἕλλησιν, οὐχ ὅσον πικροὺς
λόγους ἔδωκα δεσπότην φοβουμένη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῶ ; τί λέξω ; συμφορὰς γὰρ ἀθλίας

ἐκ τῶν πάροιθεν τὰς παρεστώσας κλύω,

εἰ τὴν μὲν αἶρεθεισαν ἐκ Τροίας ἄγων

ἦκω δάμαρτα καὶ κατ' ἄντρα σφύζεται,

ὄνομα δὲ ταυτόν τῆς ἐμῆς ἔχουσά τις

δάμαρτος ἄλλη τοισίδ' ἐνναίει δόμοις.

Διὸς δ' ἔλεξε παιδία νιν πεφυκέναι.

HELEN

PORTRESS

Nay, not within. Grim foe to Greeks is he.

MENELAUS

And what the cause, whereof I feel the effects?

PORTRESS

Zeus' daughter Helen is within these halls. 470

MENELAUS

How say'st thou?—what thy tale?—speak yet again.

PORTRESS

Tyndarus' child, who erst in Sparta dwelt.

MENELAUS

Whence did she come? What may this matter mean?

PORTRESS

From Lacedaemon hither journeyed she.

MENELAUS

When? (*aside*) Never stolen from the cave—my wife!

PORTRESS

Ere the Achaeans, stranger, fared to Troy.

But thou, begone: somewhat hath chanced within

Whereby the palace is disquieted.

Thou art come in evil hour, and if my lord

Find thee, thy stranger's welcome shall be death. 480

Well-wisher unto Greeks am I, although

Harsh words I gave for terror of my lord. [*Exit.*]

MENELAUS

What shall I think?—what say?—for lo, I hear

Of imminent ills hard-following on the old,

If I have brought the wife I won from Troy

Hither, and safe within the cave she lies,

Yet in these halls another woman dwells

Who bears the selfsame name as mine own wife.

Yon woman named her born of Zeus, his daughter.

490

ἀλλ' ἢ τις ἔστι Ζηνὸς ὄνομ' ἔχων ἀνὴρ
 Νείλου παρ' ὄχθας; εἷς γὰρ ὃ γε κατ' οὐρανόν.
 Σπάρτη δὲ ποῦ γῆς ἔστι πλὴν ἵνα ῥοαὶ
 τοῦ καλλιδόνακός εἰσιν Εὐρώτα μόνον;
 διπλοῦν¹ δὲ Τυνδάρειον ὄνομα κλήζεται;
 Λακεδαίμονος δὲ γαῖά τις ξυνώνυμος
 Τροίας τ'; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχω τί χρῆ λέγειν.
 πολλοὶ γάρ, ὡς εἴξασιν, ἐν πολλῇ χθονὶ
 ὀνόματα ταῦτ' ἔχουσι καὶ πόλις πόλει
 γυνὴ γυναικί τ'. οὐδὲν οὖν θαυμαστόον.

500

οὐδ' αὖ τὸ δεινὸν προσπόλου φευξόμεθα.
 ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὧδε βάρβαρος φρένας,
 ὃς ὄνομ' ἀκούσας τοῦμόν οὐ δώσει βοράν.
 κλεινὸν τὸ Τροίας πῦρ ἐγὼ θ' ὃς ἠψά νιν,
 Μενέλαος, οὐκ ἄγνωστος ἐν πάσῃ χθονί.
 δόμων ἄνακτα προσμενῶ· δισσὰς δέ μοι
 ἔχει φυλάξεις· ἦν μὲν ὠμόφρων τις ἦ,
 κρύψας ἔμαυτὸν εἶμι πρὸς ναυάγια·
 ἦν δ' ἐνδιδῶ τι μαλθακόν, τὰ πρόσφορα
 τῆς νῦν παρούσης συμφορᾶς αἰτήσομαι.

510

κακῶν μὲν ἡμῖν ἔσχατον τοῖς ἀθλίοις,
 ἄλλους τυράννους αὐτὸν ὄντα βασιλέα
 βίον προσαιτεῖν· ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει.
 λόγος γάρ ἐστιν οὐκ ἐμός, σοφῶν δ' ἔπος,
 δεινῆς ἀνάγκης οὐδὲν ἰσχύειν πλέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤκουσα τὰς θεσπιωδοῦ κόρας,
 ἃ χρήζουσ' ἐφάνη 'ν τυράννοις
 δόμοις, ὡς Μενέλαος οὐπω
 μελαμφαῆς οἴχεται

¹ Nauck : for ἀπλοῦν of MSS.

HELEN

Can any *man* that bears this name of Zeus 490
 By Nile's banks dwell? One is there, he in heaven.
 And where hath earth a Sparta, save alone
 There where Eurotas' streams are fair with reeds?
 Do two men bear the name of Tyndarus?
 Is there a land twin-named with Lacedaemon
 Or Troy? I know not what to say hereof:
 For on the wide earth many, as men grant,
 Bear like names, city bearing city's name,
 And woman woman's: marvel none is here.
 Nor from a handmaid's terrors will I flee; 500
 For there is none so barbarous of soul
 As to deny me food, my name once heard.
 Famed is Troy's burning: I who kindled it,
 Menelaus, am renowned in every land.
 I will await the king; and for two things
 Must I take heed:—if he be ruthless-souled,
 Then will I flee, and hide me by the wreck;
 But if he show relenting, I will ask
 Help for my need in this mine evil plight. 510
 This in my misery is the deepest depth,
 That I, who am a king, should beg my bread
 Of other princes: yet it needs must be.
 Not mine the saying is, but wisdom's saw—
 "Stronger is nought than dread Necessity."

[Retires to back of stage.]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

The word which the prophetess said,
 In the king's halls heard I its sound—
 "Not yet Menelaus is dead,
 Nor to darkness visible fled

ΕΛΕΝΗ

520 δι' ἔρεβος χθονὶ κρυφθεῖς,
 ἀλλ' ἔτι κατ' οἴδμ' ἄλιον
 τρυχόμενος οὐπω λιμένων
 ψαύσειεν πατρίας γᾶς,
 ἀλατεία βιότου
 ταλαίφρων, ἄφιλος φίλων,
 παντοδαπᾶς ἐπὶ γᾶς
 πόδα χριμπτόμενος εἰναλίῳ
 κώπα Τρωάδος ἐκ γᾶς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

530 ἦδ' αὖ τάφου τοῦδ' εἰς ἑδρας ἐγὼ πάλιν
 στείχω, μαθοῦσα Θεονόης φίλους λόγους,
 ἦ πάντ' ἀληθῶς οἶδε· φησὶ δ' ἐν φάει
 πόσιν τὸν ἄμὸν ζῶντα φέγγος εἰσορᾶν,
 πορθμοὺς δ' ἀλάσθαι μυρίουσ πεπλευκότα
 ἐκείσε κάκεισ' οὐδ' ἀγύμναστον πλάνοις
 ἦξειν, ὅταν δὴ πημάτων λάβη τέλος.
 ἐν δ' οὐκ ἔλεξεν, εἰ μολῶν σωθήσεται.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀπέστην τοῦτ' ἐρωτῆσαι σαφῶς,
 ἦσθεις' ἐπεὶ νιν εἶπέ μοι σεσωσμένον.
 ἐγγὺς δε νίν που τῆσδ' ἔφασκ' εἶναι χθονος,
 ναυαγὸν ἐκπεσόντα σὺν παύροις φίλοις.
 540 ὦμοι, πόθ' ἦξεις ; ὡς ποθεινὸς ἂν μόλοις.
 ἔα, τίς οὗτος ; οὐ τί που κρυπτεύομαι
 Πρωτέως ἀσέπτου παιδὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων ;
 οὐχ ὡς δρομαία πῶλος ἢ Βάκχη θεοῦ
 τάφῳ ξυνάψω κῶλον ; ἄγριος δέ τις
 μορφὴν ὅδ' ἐστίν, ὅς με θηρᾶται λαβεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὲ τὴν ὄρεγμα δεινὸν ἠμιλλημένην
 τύμβου πῖ κρηπὶδ' ἐμπύρους τ' ὀρθοστάτας,

HELEN

Of Erebus, hid in the ground ;
 But is still over wide seas driven
 Toil-worn, neither yet is it given
 To attain to the fatherland's haven,
 But in homelessness roams evermore
 Wretched, of friends bereft,
 Lighting down upon every shore
 Of earth, since the brine-dipt oar
 Troyland long ago left."

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Lo, to my session at the tomb again
 I come, who have heard Theonoë's glad words,
 Who knoweth all things truly. Yet alive,
 Saith she, my lord beholds the light of day,
 But roameth sailing sea-tracks numberless
 Hither and thither, and with wanderings spent
 Shall come, when he hath reached his sufferings'
 goal ;—

Yet said not if at last he shall escape ;
 For I refrained from closely questioning this
 For gladness, when she spake him yet alive.
 And somewhere nigh this land is he, she said,
 From shipwreck cast ashore with friends but few.
 When wilt thou come to me ?—how long-desired ' 540

MENELAUS *advances from back of stage.*

Ha ! who is this ?—and am I haply snared
 By plots of Proteus' god-contemning son ?
 Swift as a racing steed or bacchanal
 Shall I not seek yon tomb ? Of ruffian mien
 Is yonder man who holdeth me in chase.

MENELAUS

Thou that with fearful effort strainest on
 To the tomb's basement and the altar-pillars,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μεινον· τι φεύγεις ; ὡς δέμας δείξασα σὸν
ἔκπληξιν ἡμῖν ἀφασίαν τε προστίθης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

550 ἀδικούμεθ', ὦ γυναῖκες· εἰργόμεσθα γὰρ
τάφου πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, καὶ μ' ἔλῶν θέλει
δοῦναι τυράννοις ὧν ἐφεύγομεν γάμους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ κλῶπές ἐσμεν, οὐχ ὑπηρέται κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν στολήν γ' ἄμορφον ἀμφὶ σῶμ' ἔχεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

στήσον, φόβου μεθεῖσα, λαιψηρὸν πόδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἴστημ', ἐπεὶ γε τοῦδ' ἐφάπτομαι τάφου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς εἶ ; τίν' ὄψιν σήν, γύναι, προσδέркоμαι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ; αὐτὸς γὰρ σὲ καμ' ἔχει λόγος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐπώποτ' εἶδον προσφερέστερον δέμας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

560 ὦ θεοί· θεὸς γὰρ καὶ τὸ γιγνώσκειν φίλους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἑλληνὶς εἶ τις ἢ πιχωρία γυνή ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἑλληνίς· ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἑλένη σ' ὁμοίαν δὴ μάλιστ' εἶδον, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ Μενελάω γέ σ' οὐδ' ἔχω τί φῶ.

HELEN

Stay!—wherefore flee?—with one glimpse of thy form
Thou with tongue-tied amazement fillest me.

[*Seizes her hand.*]

HELEN

I am outraged, women! for I am held back 550
Of this man from the tomb! He hath caught me, fain
To give to his lord, whose marriage-yoke I fled.

MENELAUS

No robber I, nor minister of wrong!

HELEN

Yet wild attire about thy form thou hast.

MENELAUS

Put fears away, and stay thy hurrying foot!

HELEN (*grasping the altar*)

I stay it, now that to this tomb I cling.

MENELAUS

Who art thou, lady? Whose the face I see?

HELEN

Who thou? The selfsame cause have I to ask.

MENELAUS

Never yet saw I form more like to hers!

HELEN

Gods!—for God moves in recognition of friends. 560

MENELAUS

A Greek art thou, or daughter of the land?

HELEN

A Greek; thy nation too I fain would learn.

MENELAUS

Thou art very Helen, lady, to mine eyes.

HELEN

And thou Menelaus!—I know not what to say.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔγνωσ ἄρ' ὀρθῶς ἄνδρα δυστυχέστατον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σῆς δάμαρτος ἐς χέρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποίας δάμαρτος ; μὴ θίγῃς ἐμῶν πέπλων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦν σοι δίδωσι Τυνδάρεως ἐμὸς πατήρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ φωσφόρ' Ἐκάτη, πέμπε φάσματ' εὐμενῆ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

570 οὐ νυκτίφαντον πρόπολον Ἐνοδίας μ' ὄρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ μὴν γυναικῶν γ' εἰς δυοῖν ἔφυν πόσις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίων δὲ λέκτρων δεσπότης ἄλλων ἔφυσ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦν ἄντρα κεύθει κακ Φρυγῶν κομίζομαι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη σὴ τις ἀντ' ἐμοῦ γυνή.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ πον φρονῶ μὲν εὖ, τὸ δ' ὄμμα μου νοσεῖ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ γάρ με λεύσσω σὴν δάμαρθ' ὄραν δοκεῖς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὸ σῶμ' ὅμοιον, τὸ δὲ σαφές μ' ἀποστερεῖ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σκέψαι· τί σοι δεῖ πίστεως σαφεστέρας ;¹

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔοικας· οὗτοι τοῦτό γ' ἐξαρνήσομαι.

¹ Badham : for MSS. τί σου δεῖ ; τίς ἐστί σου σοφώτερος ;

HELEN

MENELAUS

Thou nam'st me truly, a man most evil-starred.

HELEN (*clasping him*)

O thou to thy wife's arms returned at last!

MENELAUS

Wife?—thou my wife! Touch not my vesture thou!

HELEN

Wife—whom my father Tyndarus gave to thee.

MENELAUS

Light-bearer Hecate, send gracious visions!¹

HELEN

No phantom handmaid I of the Highway Queen. 570

MENELAUS

I am but *one*—no lord of two wives, I!

HELEN

And of what wife beside me art thou lord?

MENELAUS

Whom the cave hides, whom I from Phrygia brought.

HELEN

None other wife is thine save only me.

MENELAUS

What, is my wit sound, but mine eye diseased?

HELEN

Behold me—feel'st thou not thou seest thy wife?

MENELAUS

The form is hers, but plain truth bars the claim.

HELEN

Look!—what more clear assurance needest thou?

MENELAUS

Like her thou art: this will I not deny.

¹ Spectres and phantoms were the attendants of Hecate.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

580

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 τίς οὖν διδάξει σ' ἄλλος ἢ τὰ σ' ὄμματα ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 ἐκεῖ νοσοῦμεν, ὅτι δάμαρτ' ἄλλην ἔχω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 οὐκ ἦλθον εἰς γῆν Τρωάδ', ἀλλ' εἶδωλον ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 καὶ τίς βλέποντα σώματ' ἐξεργάζεται ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 αἰθὴρ, ὅθεν σὺ θεοπόνητ' ἔχεις λέχη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 τίνος πλάσαντος θεῶν ; ἄελπτα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 Ἦρας, διάλλαγμα', ὡς Πάρις με μὴ λάβοι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 πῶς οὖν ἄμ' ἐνθάδ' ἦσθά τ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θ' ἄμα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 τοῦνομα γένοιτ' ἂν πολλαχοῦ, τὸ σῶμα δ' οὐ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 μέθες με, λύπης ἄλις ἔχων ἐλήλυθα.

590

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 λείψεις γὰρ ἡμᾶς, τὰ δὲ κέν' ἐξάξεις λέχη ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 καὶ χαῖρέ γ', Ἐλένη προσφερῆς ὀθούνεκ' εἰ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 ἀπωλόμην· λαβοῦσά σ' οὐχ ἔξω πόσιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 τοῦκεῖ με μέγεθος τῶν πόνων πείθει, σὺ δ' οὐ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 οἱ γὰρ τίς ἡμῶν ἐγένετ' ἀθλιωτέρα ;
 οἱ φίλτατοι λείπουσί μ', οὐδ' ἀφίξομαι
 Ἐλληνας οὐδὲ πατρίδα τὴν ἐμήν ποτε.

HELEN

HELEN

Who then shall better teach thee than thine eyes? 580

MENELAUS

At this I stumble, another wife I have.

HELEN

To Troy I went not: *that* a phantom was.

MENELAUS

But who can fashion living phantom-forms?

HELEN

Aether, whereof thou hast a wife god-shapen.

MENELAUS

Shapen of what God? Passing strange thy tale!

HELEN

Hera, to baffle Paris with my wraith.

MENELAUS

How wast thou here then, and in Troy withal?

HELEN

My name might be in many lands, not I.

MENELAUS

Unhand me!—hither I came with griefs enough!

HELEN

How?—leave me, and lead hence thy phantom-bride 590

MENELAUS

Yea—since thou art like to Helen, fare thee well.

HELEN

Undone!—I have found my spouse, and may not keep!

MENELAUS

My toils at Troy convince me more than thou.

HELEN

Woe's me! Who is more sorrow-crushed than I?

My best-beloved forsakes me! I shall see.

Never my countrymen nor fatherland.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μενέλαε, μαστεύων σε κιγχάνω μόλις
πᾶσαν πλανηθεὶς τήνδε βάρβαρον χθόνα,
πεμφθεὶς ἑταίρων τῶν λελειμμένων ὑπο—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

600 τί δ' ἔστιν ; οὐ πού βαρβάρων συλᾶσθ' ὑπο ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

θαυμάστ', ἔλασσον τοῦνομ' ἢ τὸ πρᾶγμ', ἔχω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς φέρεις τι τῆδε τῆ σπουδῇ νέον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

λέγω πόνους σε μυρίους τλῆναι μάτην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παλαιὰ θρηνεῖς πῆματ'· ἀγγέλλεις δὲ τί ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

βέβηκεν ἄλοχος σὴ πρὸς αἰθέρος πτυχὰς
ἀρθεῖσ' ἄφαντος· οὐρανῶ δὲ κρύπτεται
λιπούσα σεμνὸν ἄντρον οὐ σφ' ἐσώζομεν,
τοσόνδε λέξασ'· ὦ ταλαίπωροι Φρύγες
πάντες τ' Ἀχαιοί, δι' ἔμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδριοῖς
ἀκταῖσιν Ἦρας μηχαναῖς ἐθνήσκετε,
δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην οὐκ ἔχοντ' ἔχειν Πάριν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπειδὴ χρόνον ἔμειν' ὅσον μ' ἐχρήν,
τὸ μόρσιμον σώσασα, πατέρ' ἐς οὐρανὸν
ἄπειμι· φήμας δ' ἢ τάλαινα Τυνδαρὶς
ἄλλως κακὰς ἤκουσεν οὐδὲν αἰτία.

610

ὦ χαῖρε, Δήδας θύγατερ, ἐνθάδ' ἦσθ' ἄρα ;
ἐγὼ δέ σ' ἄστρον ὡς βεβηκυῖαν μυχοῦς
ἠγγελλον εἰδὼς οὐδὲν ὡς ὑπόπτερον
δέμας φοροίης· οὐκ ἐῷ σε κερτομεῖν
620 ἡμᾶς τὸδ' αὖθις, ὡς μάτην ἐν Ἰλίῳ
πόνους παρείχες σῶ πόσει καὶ συμμάχοις.

HELEN

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Menelaus, at last I find thee, searching long,
Through all this land barbaric wandering,
Being sent of those thy comrades left behind—

MENELAUS

How?—by barbarian robbers are ye spoiled? 600

MESSENGER

Bearing a tale less marvellous than the truth!

MENELAUS

Speak!—by this eagerness, thou bring'st strange news.

MESSENGER

I say thou barest toils untold for nought.

MENELAUS

Herein thou mourn'st old woes: what news dost bring?

MESSENGER

Gone is thy wife—into the folds of air
Wafted and vanished! Hid in heaven's depths,
The hallowed cave wherein we warded her
She hath left, with this cry, "Hapless Phrygian folk,
And all Achaeans, who by Hera's wiles
Upon Scamander's banks still died for me, 610
Deeming that Paris had, who had not, Helen!
I, having tarried all the time foredoomed,
My destiny fulfilled, to heaven return,
My parent. Tyndarus' sad daughter bears
An ill name all for nought, who is innocent."

He suddenly perceives HELEN.

Hail, child of Leda! So then thou wast here!
Even now I announced thee passed to viewless heights
Of star-land, knowing not thou bar'st a form
Wing-clad. Thou shalt not mock us with a tale
Again of troubles heaped upon thy lord 620
And his allies, for nought, in Ilium.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἐκεῖνο· ξυμβεβᾶσιν οἱ λόγοι
οἱ τῆσδ' ἀληθεῖς. ὦ ποθεινὸς ἡμέρα,
ἦ σ' εἰς ἐμὰς ἔδωκεν ὠλένας λαβεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν Μενέλεως, ὁ μὲν χρόνος
παλαιός, ἡ δὲ τέρψις ἀρτίως πάρα.
ἔλαβον ἀσμένα πόσιν ἐμόν, φίλαι,
περὶ τ' ἐπέτασα χέρα
φίλιον ἐν μακρᾷ φλογὶ φαεσφόρῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

630 κἀγὼ σέ· πολλοὺς δ' ἐν μέσῳ λόγους ἔχων
οὐκ οἶδ' ὁποίου πρῶτον ἄρξωμαι τὰ νῦν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

γέγηθα, κρατὶ δ' ὀρθίους ἐθείρας
ἀνεπτέρωκα καὶ δάκρυ σταλάσσω,
περὶ δὲ γυῖα χέρας ἔβαλον, ἡδονὰν
ὡς λάβω, ὦ πόσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

640 ὦ φιλότατη πρόσοψις, οὐκ ἐμέμφθην·
ἔχω τὰ τῆς Διὸς τε λέκτρα Λήδας θ',
ἂν ὑπὸ λαμπάδων κόροι λεύκιπποι
ξυνομαίμονες ὄλβισαν ὄλβισαν
τὸ πρόσθεν, ἐκ δόμων δὲ νοσφίσας σ' ἐμοῦ
πρὸς ἄλλαν ἐλαύνει θεὸς συμφορὰν τᾶσδε
κρείσσω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ κακὸν δ' ἀγαθὸν σέ τε κἀμὲ συνάγαγε, πόσι,
χρόνιον, ἀλλ' ὅμως ὀναίμαν τύχας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὄναιο δῆτα. ταῦτ' ἀδὴ ξυνεύχομαι·
δυοῖν γὰρ ὄντοι οὐχ ὁ μὲν πλήμων, ὁ δ' οὔ.

HELEN

MENELAUS

This is it that she said :—this woman's words
Agree—they are true ! O day, long, long desired,
Which giveth thee into mine arms to clasp !

HELEN

O Menelaus, best beloved, the time
Was long, but even now the joy is here !

Friends, friends, with rapture my lord have I found,
And with arms of love have I clasped him round ;
And the goal of the sun's long race is with brightness
crowned !

MENELAUS

And I thee : the long tale of all these years, 630
Where to begin it first I know not now.

HELEN

I exult—yea, my tingling tresses uprise
On mine head, and the tears well forth from mine eyes ;
And about thy body mine arms I fling,
O husband mine, to my joy to cling !

MENELAUS

O sweetest presence thou !—no more I chide.
I clasp Zeus' child and Leda's, clasp my bride,
Her to whose happy bridal, tossing flame
Of torch, thy brethren of the white steeds came 640
Erstwhile ; and Gods removed her from mine home :
But now God speeds us on to newer, happier doom.

HELEN

And the evil made good hath united us, though it be
late ; [new fate !
Yet may blessing be on me, mine husband, in this

MENELAUS

Blessing on thee ! I pray the selfsame prayer ;
For grief and joy the twain made one must share.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

650 φίλαι φίλαι, τὰ πάρος οὐκέτι
 στένομεν οὐδ' ἀλγῶ.
 πόσιν ἐμὸν ἐμὸν ἔχομεν ἔχομεν,
 ὄν ἔμενον ἔμενον ἐκ Τροίας πολυετῆ μολεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔχεις μ' ἐγὼ τέ σ' ἠλίους δὲ μυρίους
 μόγις διελθὼν ἠσθόμην τὰ τῆς θεοῦ.
 ἐμὰ δὲ δάκρυα χαρμονᾷ πλέον ἔχει
 χάριτος ἢ λύπας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί φῶ ; τίς ἂν τὰδ' ἤλπισεν βροτῶν ποτε ;
 ἀδόκητον ἔχω σε πρὸς στέρνοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κἀγὼ σὲ τὴν δοκοῦσαν Ἰδαίαν πόλιν
 μολεῖν Ἰλίου τε μελέους πύργους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

660 εἴ ἔ· πικρὰν ἐς ἀρχὰν βαίνεις,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, δόμων πῶς τῶν ἐμῶν ἀπεστάλης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἴ ἔ· πικρὰν δ' ἐρευνᾶς φάτιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς ἀκουστά· πάντα δῶρα δαιμόνων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπέπτυσσα μὲν λόγον, οἶον οἶον ἐσοίσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅμως δὲ λέξον· ἠδύ τοι μόχθων κλύειν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἐπὶ λέκτρα βαρβάρου νεανία,
 πετομένας κώπας,
 πετομένου δ' ἔρωτος ἀδίκων γάμων.

HELEN

HELEN

Friends, friends, for the ills gone by
I sorrow no more nor sigh.

My belovèd is mine, is mine ! Through year on year 650
I have waited, have waited my lord, till from Troy he
appear.

MENELAUS

Thine am I and thou mine. O weary while
Of sore strife, ere I knew the Goddess' guile !
Yet have my tears, through rapture of relief,
More thankfulness than grief.

HELEN

What can I say ?—what mortal had looked for this ?
I am clasping thee unto my breast, an undreamed-of
bliss !

MENELAUS

And I thee, who to Ida's town, men thought,
Wentest, and Ilium's towers misery-fraught.

HELEN

Woe's me ! to the bitter beginning of all dost thou go ! 660

MENELAUS

'Fore heaven, how wast thou ravished from mine home ?

HELEN

Woe's me for the bitter tale that thou seekest to know !

MENELAUS

Tell ; I must hear. From God's hand all things come.

HELEN

Yet oh, I abhor to unfold it, the story of woe.

MENELAUS

Yet tell : woes overpast are sweet to hear.

HELEN

Never to alien prince's bed
Wafted by wings of the oars I fled,
Nor by wings of a lawless love on-spèd.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς γάρ σε δαίμων ἢ πότμος συλῆ πάτρας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

670

ὁ Διὸς ὁ Διός, ὦ πόσι, με παῖς Ἑρμῆς
ἐπέλασεν Νείλω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

θαυμαστά τοῦ πέμψαντος ; ὦ δεινοὶ λόγοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κατεδάκρυσα καὶ βλέφαρον ὑγραίνω
δάκρυσιν· ἅ Διός μ' ἄλοχος ὤλεσεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἥρα ; τί νῶν χηρῆζουσα προσθεῖναι κακόν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦμοι ἐμῶν δεινῶν, λουτρῶν καὶ κρηνῶν,
ἵνα θεαὶ μορφὰν
ἐφαίδρυναν ἔνθεν ἔμολεν κρίσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τάδ' εἰς κρίσιν σοι τῶνδ' ἔθηχ' Ἥρα κακῶν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Κύπριν ὡς ἀφέλοιτο—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

680

πῶς ; αὐδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Πάριν ᾧ μ' ἐπένευσεν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τλάμον

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλάμονα τλάμον' ὦδ' ἐπέλασ' Αἰγύπτω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εἴτ' ἀντέδωκ' εἶδωλον, ὡς σέθεν κλύω .

HELEN

MENELAUS

What God, what fate, thee from thy country tore?

HELEN

Zeus' Son, O mine husband, 'twas Zeus' Son caught 670
Me away, it was Hermes to Nile that brought.

MENELAUS

Ah strange! Who sent him? Ah, the awesome tale!

HELEN

I wept, and the tears from mine eyes yet run:
By the bride of Zeus was I then undone.

MENELAUS

Hera?—What would she, heaping on us bale?

HELEN

Woe for my curse—for the baths from the hill-springs
flowing [ing,
Where flushed the Goddesses' loveliness lovelier-glow-
Whereof that Judgment came for a land's over-
throwing!

MENELAUS

Did Hera turn this judgment to thy bane?

HELEN

From Cypris to take the prey,—

MENELAUS

Say on, tell how 680

HELEN

From Paris, to whom she had promised me,—

MENELAUS

Hapless thou!

HELEN

The hapless to Egypt she brought, as my plight is now.

MENELAUS

And gave to him thy wraith, as thou hast said?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τά τε σὰ κατὰ μέλαθρα πάθεα πάθεα, μᾶ-
τερ, οἱ ἴγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῆς ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν μάτηρ· ἀγχόνιον βροχόν
δί' ἐμέ κατεδήσατο δύσγαμον αἰσχύνῃ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ᾧμοι· θυγατρὸς δ' Ἑρμιόνης ἔστιν βίος ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄγαμος ἄτεκνος, ᾧ πόσι, καταστένει
γάμον ἄγαμον ἐμόν.

690

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ᾧ πᾶν κατ' ἄκρας δῶμ' ἐμόν πέρσας Πάρις,
τάδε καὶ σὲ διώλεσε μυριάδας τε
χαλκεόπλων Δαναῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐμέ δὲ πατρίδος ἄπο κακόποτμον ἀραίαν
ἔβαλε θεὸς ἀπὸ τε πόλεος ἀπὸ τε σέθεν,
ὅτι μέλαθρα λέχεά τ' ἔλιπον οὐ λιποῦσ'
ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς γάμοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰ καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ τῆς τύχης εὐδαίμονος
τύχοιτε, πρὸς τὰ πρόσθεν ἀρκέσειεν ἄν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

700

Μενέλαε, κάμοι πρόσδοτέ τι τῆς ἡδονῆς,
ἦν μανθάνω μὲν καυτός, οὐ σαφῶς δ' ἔχω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄλλ', ᾧ γεραιέ, καὶ σὺ κοινώνει λόγων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐχ ἦδε μόχθων τῶν ἐν Ἰλίφ βραβεύς ;

HELEN

HELEN

But the woes in thine halls, O my mother, the woes
that befell thee—

Alas and alas!

MENELAUS

What is this thou wouldst tell me?

HELEN

No mother have I! She knit up her neck for shame
In the strangling noose, for my bridal of evil fame!

MENELAUS

Woe's me! Our child Hermione, liveth she?

HELEN

Spouseless and childless, she maketh moan,
My lord, for my marriage that marriage was none. 690

MENELAUS

O thou who ruinedst mine house utterly,
Ruin for thee too, Paris, this was made,
Ruin for hosts of Danaans brass-arrayed.

HELEN

And me from my country, my city, from thee, God took,
Casting me forth accurst to an evil lot, [I forsook—
For that husband and home for a marriage of shame
Who forsook them not!

CHORUS

If ye shall light in days to be on bliss
Unbroken, for the past shall this atone.

MESSENGER

Menelaus, grant me too to share your joy. 700
I hear it, yet but dimly comprehend.

MENELAUS

Yea, ancient, in our story share thou too.

MESSENGER

Sat she not arbitress of strife at Troy?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐχ ἦδε, πρὸς θεῶν δ' ἦμεν ἠπατημένοι,
νεφέλης ἄγαλμ' ἔχοντες ἐν χεροῖν λυγρόν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τί φῆς ;
νεφέλης ἄρ' ἄλλως εἶχομεν πόνους πέρι ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

"Ἡρας τάδ' ἔργα καὶ θεῶν τρισσῶν ἔρις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἦ δ' οὐσ' ἀληθῶς ἔστιν ἦδε σὴ δάμαρ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

710 αὕτη· λόγοις δ' ἐμοῖσι πίστευσον τάδε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, ὁ θεὸς ὡς ἔφυ τι ποικίλον
καὶ δυστέκμαρτον. εὖ δέ πως ἀναστρέφει
ἐκείσε κάκεισ' ἀναφέρων· ὁ μὲν πονεῖ,
ὁ δ' οὐ πονήσας αὐθις ὄλλυται κακῶς,
βέβαιον οὐδὲν τῆς αἰὲς τύχης ἔχων.

σὺ γὰρ πόσις τε σὸς πόνων μετέσχετε,
σὺ μὲν λόγοισιν, ὁ δὲ δορὸς προθυμία.

σπεύδων δ' ὅτ' ἔσπευδ' οὐδὲν εἶχε· νῦν δ' ἔχει
αὐτόματα πράξας τὰγάθ' εὐτυχέστατα.

720 οὐκ ἄρα γέροντα πατέρα καὶ Διοσκόρω

ἤσχυνας οὐδ' ἔδρασας οἷα κλήζεται.

νῦν ἀνανεοῦμαι τὸν σὸν ὑμέναιον πάλιν,

καὶ λαμπάδων μεμνήμεθ' ἄς τετραόροις

ἵπποις τροχάζων παρέφερον· σὺ δ' ἐν δίφροις

σὺν τῷδε νύμφῃ δῶμ' ἔλειπες ὄλβιον.

κακὸς γὰρ ὅστις μὴ σέβει τὰ δεσποτῶν

καὶ ξυγγέγηθε καὶ συνωδίει κακοῖς.

ἐγὼ μὲν εἶην, κεῖ πέφυχ' ὅμως λάτρης,

ἐν τοῖσι γευναίοισιν ἠριθμημένος

HELEN

MENELAUS

Not she ; but by the Gods was I beguiled,
Who grasped a sorry cloud-wraith in mine arms.

MESSENGER

How say'st thou ?
For a cloud then all vainly did we strive ?

MENELAUS

This Hera wrought, and those three Goddesses' strife.

MESSENGER

Is this, who is very woman, this thy wife ?

MENELAUS

Even she : trust thou my word as touching this. 710

MESSENGER

Daughter, how manifold God's counsels are,
His ways past finding out ! Lightly he turns
And sways us to and fro : sore travaileth one ;
One long unvexed is wretchedly destroyed,
Having no surety still of each day's lot.
Thou and thy lord in sorrow have had your part,
In ill-fame thou, in fury of battle he.
Then, all his striving nought availed ; but now
Effortless he hath won the crown of bliss.
Thy grey sire, then, and those Twin-brethren
ne'er

720

Thou shamedst, nor the deeds far-told hast done !
Now I recall afresh thy spousal-tide,
And how I waved the torch, in four-horsed car
Racing beside thee ; and thou, chariot-borne
With him, a bride, didst leave thine happy home.
He is base, who recks not of his master's weal,
Rejoicing with him, sorrowing in his pain.
Still may I be, though I be bondman born,
Numbered among bondservants noble-souled ;

529

ΕΛΕΝΗ

730

δούλοισι, τοῦνομ' οὐκ ἔχων ἐλεύθερον,
τὸν νοῦν δέ· κρείσσον γὰρ τόδ' ἢ δυοῖν κακοῖν
ἐν' ὄντα χρῆσθαι, τὰς φρένας τ' ἔχειν κακὰς
ἄλλων τ' ἀκούειν δούλον ὄντα τῶν πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

740

ἄγ', ὦ γεραιέ, πολλὰ μὲν παρ' ἀσπίδα
μοχθήματ' ἐξέπλησας ἐκπονώων ἐμοί,
καὶ νῦν μετασχῶν τῆς ἐμῆς εὐπραξίας
ἄγγελιον ἐλθῶν τοῖς λελειμμένοις φίλοις
τάδ' ὡς ἔχουθ' ἠῦρηκας οὐ τ' ἐσμὲν τύχης,
μένειν τ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τοὺς τ' ἐμούς· καταδοκεῖν
ἀγῶνας οἱ μένουσί μ', ὡς ἐλπίζομεν,
κεὶ τήνδε πῶς δυναίμεθ' ἐκκλέψαι χθονός,
φρουρεῖν ὅπως ἂν εἰς ἐν ἐλθόντες τύχης
ἐκ βαρβάρων σωθῶμεν, ἣν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

750

ἔσται τάδ', ὦναξ. ἀλλά τοι τὰ μάντεων
ἐσείδον ὡς φαῦλ' ἐστὶ καὶ ψευδῶν πλέα.
οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' ὑγιὲς οὐδὲν ἐμπύρου φλογὸς
οὐδὲ πτερωτῶν φθέγματ'· εὐηθες δέ τοι
τὸ καὶ δοκεῖν ὄρνιθας ὠφελεῖν βροτούς.
Κάλχας γὰρ οὐκ εἶπ' οὐδ' ἐσήμνηε στρατῶ
νεφέλης ὑπερ θνήσκοντας εἰσορῶν φίλους
οὐδ' Ἐλενος, ἀλλὰ πόλις ἀνηρπάσθη μάτην.
εἴποις ἂν, οὔνεχ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἠβούλετο·
τί δῆτα μαντευόμεθα; τοῖς θεοῖσι χρῆ
θύοντας αἰτεῖν ἀγαθὰ, μαντείας δ' εἶν.
βίου γὰρ ἄλλως δέλεαρ ἠῦρέθη τόδε,
κούδεις ἐπλούτησ' ἐμπύροισιν ἀργὸς ὢν
γνώμη δ' ἀρίστη μάντις ἢ τ' εὐβουλία.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτ' ἅμα δόξα μάντεων πέρι

HELEN

So may I have, if not the name of free,
 The heart: for better this is than to bear
 On my one head two ills—to nurse base thoughts
 Within, and do in bondage others' hests.

730

MENELAUS

Come, ancient, oft-times toiling at my side
 Hast thou achieved the travail of the shield;
 And now, partaker in my happy lot,
 Go, tidings to our friends left yonder bear
 In what plight thou hast found us, and our bliss.
 Bid them await, abiding by the strand,
 The issue of strife that waits me, as I deem;
 Bid them, if we by stealth may take her hence,
 To watch, that we, in one good fortune joined,
 May 'scape from these barbarians, if we may.

740

MESSENGER

This will I do, king. But the lore of seers,
 How vain it is I see, how full of lies.
 Utterly naught then were the altar-flames,
 The voices of winged things! Sheer folly this
 Even to dream that birds may help mankind.
 Calchas told not, nor gave sign to the host,
 Yet saw, when for a cloud's sake died his friends:
 Nor Helenus told; but Troy for nought was stormed!
 "Yea, for the God forbade," thou mightest say.
 Why seek we then to seers? With sacrifice
 To Gods, ask blessings: let soothsayings be.
 They were but as a bait for greed devised:
 No sluggard getteth wealth through divination.
 Sound wit, with prudence, is the seer of seers.

750

[Exit MESSENGER.]

CHORUS

My mind as touching seers is even at one

53¹

ΕΛΕΝΗ

760 χωρεῖ γέροντι τοὺς θεοὺς ἔχων τις ἂν
 φίλους ἀρίστην μαντικὴν ἔχοι δόμοις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶεν τὰ μὲν δὴ δεῦρ' αἰεὶ καλῶς ἔχει.
 ὅπως δ' ἐσώθης, ὦ τάλας, Τροίας ἄπο,
 κέρδος μὲν οὐδὲν εἰδέναί, πόθος δέ τις
 τὰ τῶν φίλων φίλοισιν αἰσθέσθαι κακά.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

770 ἦ πόλλ' ἀνήρου μ' ἐνὶ λόγῳ μιᾷ θ' ὀδῶ.
 τί σοι λέγοιμ' ἂν τὰς ἐν Αἰγαίῳ φθορὰς
 τὰ Ναυπλίου τ' Εὐβοϊκὰ πυρπολήματα
 Κρήτην τε Λιβύης θ' ἅς ἐπεστράφην πόλεις,
 σκοπιάς τε Περσέως; οὐτ' ἂν ἐμπλήσαιμί σε
 μύθῳ, λέγων τ' ἂν σοι κάκ' ἀλγοῖν ἔτι,
 πᾶσχων τ' ἔκαμνον· δις δὲ λυπηθεῖμεν ἂν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κάλλιον εἶπας ἢ σ' ἀνηρόμην ἐγώ.
 ἐν δ' εἶπέ πάντα παραλιπῶν, πόσον χρόνον
 πόντου πὶ νώτοις ἄλιον ἐφθείρου πλάνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐνιαυσίων πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐν Τροίᾳ δέκα
 ἔτεσι διήλθον ἑπτὰ περιδρομὰς ἐτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φεῦ φεῦ· μακρόν γ' ἔλεξας, ὦ τάλας, χρόνον.
 σωθεῖς δ' ἐκεῖθεν ἐνθάδ' ἦλθες εἰς σφαγὰς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῆς; τί λέξεις; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

780¹ θανεῖ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς οὐ τὰδ' ἐστὶ δώματα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσας ἄξιον τῆς συμφορᾶς;

¹ The ordinary l. 780 (φεῦγ' ὡς τάχιστα τῆσδ' ἀπαλαχθεῖς
 χθονός) is omitted.

HELEN

With yonder ancient. Who hath Gods for friends
Hath the best divination in his home.

760

HELEN

Enough : unto this present all is well.
But, toil-tried, how thou camest safe from Troy,
To know were profitless ; yet friends must needs
Yearn to be told the afflictions of their friends.

MENELAUS

One question—of one voyage—thou askest much !
Why tell of those in the Aegean lost,
Of Nauplius' false lights on Euboea's cliffs,
Of Crete, of Libyan cities visited,
Of Perseus' heights ? I should not with the tale
Sate thee, and telling should renew my pain,—
Toil-worn with suffering, should but grieve twice o'er.

770

HELEN

Wiser thine answer than my questioning is.
Yet—let the rest pass—tell but this, how long
O'er the sea-ridges vainly wanderedst thou.

MENELAUS

Through courses seven of circling years I passed,
Besides those ten years in the land of Troy.

HELEN

Alas, toil-tried, thou nam'st a weary space !
Yet, thence escaped, thou meetest murder here.

MENELAUS

How mean'st thou ?—what say'st thou ?—thy words
are death !

HELEN

Thou shalt be slain by him whose are these halls.

780

MENELAUS

What have I done that meriteth such doom ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤκεις ἄελπτος ἐμποδὼν τ' ἐμοῖς γάμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ γαμῆν τις τᾶμ' ἐβουλήθη λέχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὑβριν θ' ὑβρίζειν εἰς ἔμ' ἦν ἔτλην ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ιδία σθένων τις ἢ τυραννεύων χθονός ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὃς γῆς ἀνάσσει τῆσδε Πρωτέως γόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τόδ' ἔστ' ἐκεῖν' αἰνιγμ' ὃ προσπόλου κλύω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοις ἐπιστὰς βαρβάρους πυλώμασιν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

790

τοῖσδ', ἔνθεν ὥσπερ πτωχὸς ἐξηλαυνόμεν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὔ που προσήτεϊς βίοντον ; ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦργον μὲν ἦν τοῦτ', ὄνομα δ' οὐκ εἶχον τόδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντ' οἶσθ' ἄρ', ὡς εἰκας, ἀμφ' ἐμῶν γάμων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἶδ'· εἰ δὲ λέκτρα διέφυγες τὰδ' οὐκ ἔχω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄθικτον εὐνήν ἴσθι σοι σεσωσμένην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς τοῦδε πειθῶ ; φίλα γάρ, εἰ σαφῆ, λέγεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὀρᾶς τάφου τοῦδ' ἀθλίους ἔδρας ἐμάς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὀρῶ, τάλαινα, στιβύδας, ὧν τί σοὶ μέτα ;

HELEN

HELEN

Coming unlooked-for thou dost thwart my marriage.

MENELAUS

How?—purposeth some man to wed my wife?

HELEN

Yea, to repeat all tyrannous wrong I have borne.

MENELAUS

In his own might, or as this country's king?

HELEN

He is ruler of the land, king Proteus' son.

MENELAUS

This was the riddle that the portress spake!

HELEN

At which of the alien portals didst thou stand?

MENELAUS

At these, whence like a beggar I was driven.

HELEN

Not surely begging bread?—ah, woe is me!

MENELAUS

Such was my plight: beggar I named me not.

HELEN

Touching my bridal, then, shouldst thou know all.

MENELAUS

Yea, but know not if thou hast 'scaped his arms.

HELEN

Rest sure, unsullied hath my couch been kept.

MENELAUS

Of this what proof?—Glad tidings this, if true.

HELEN

Seest thou my wretched session at this tomb?

MENELAUS

A straw couch—hapless, what is this to thee?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐνταῦθα λέκτρων ἰκετεύομεν φυγὰς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

800

βωμῶ σπανίζουσ' ἢ νόμοισι βαρβάροις ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐρρύεθ' ἡμᾶς τοῦτ' ἴσον ναοῖς θεῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδ' ἄρα πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολεῖν σ' ἔξεστί μοι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ξίφος μένει σε μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦμόν λέχος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὕτως ἂν εἶην ἀθλιώτατος βροτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μή νυν καταιδοῦ· φεύγε δ' ἐκ τῆσδε χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λιπὼν σε ; Τροίαν ἐξέπερσα σὴν χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κρεῖσσον γὰρ ἢ σε τᾶμ' ἀποκτεῖναι λέχη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄνανδρά γ' εἶπας Ἰλίου τ' οὐκ ἄξια.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἂν κτάνοις τύραννον, ὃ σπεύδεις ἴσως.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

810

οὕτω σιδήρω τρωτὸν οὐκ ἔχει δέμας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἴσει. τὸ τολμᾶν δ' ἀδύνατ' ἀνδρὸς οὐ σοφοῦ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σιγῇ παράσχω δῆτ' ἐμὰς δῆσαι χέρας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ἄπορον ἤκεις· δεῖ δὲ μηχανῆς τινος,

HELEN

HELEN

Fleeing this marriage I am suppliant here.

MENELAUS

No altar nigh?—or this the alien's wont?

800

HELEN

As well this warded me as fanes of Gods.

MENELAUS

May I not bear thee home, then, overseas?

HELEN

The sword awaits thee rather than mine arms.

MENELAUS

Then were I of all men unhappiest.

HELEN

Now think not shame to flee from this land forth.

MENELAUS

And leave thee?—I, who sacked Troy for thy sake!

HELEN

Better than that my couch should be thy death.

MENELAUS

Tush—craven promptings these, unworthy Troy!

HELEN

Thou canst not slay the king—perchance thy purpose.

MENELAUS

How?—hath he flesh invulnerable of steel?

810

HELEN

That shalt thou prove. None wise dares hopeless venture.

MENELAUS

How? shall I tamely let them bind mine hands?

HELEN

Thou art in a strait: there needs some shrewd device.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δρῶντας γὰρ ἢ μὴ δρῶντας ἥδιον θανεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μὴ ἔστιν ἐλπίς, ἢ μόνη σωθεῖμεν ἄν. *

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὠνητὸς ἢ τολμητὸς ἢ λόγων ὕπο ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰ μὴ τύραννός σ' ἐκπύθοιτ' ἀφυγμένον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐρεῖ δὲ τίς μ' ; οὐ γινώσεται γ' ὅς εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔστ' ἔνδον αὐτῷ ξύμμαχος θεοῖς ἴση.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

820 φήμη τις οἴκων ἐν μυχοῖς ἰδρυμένη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἀδελφή· Θεονόην καλοῦσί νιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

χρηστήριον μὲν τοῦνομ'· ὅ τι δὲ δρᾷ φράσον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντ' οἶδ', ἐρεῖ τε συγγόνῳ παρόντα σε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

θνήσκειμεν ἄν· λαθεῖν γὰρ οὐχ οἶόν τέ μοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἴ πως ἂν ἀναπέισαιμεν ἱκετεύοντέ νιν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δρᾶσαι ; τί ν' ὑπάγεις μ' ἐς ἐλπίδα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

παρόντα γαῖα μὴ φράσαι σε συγγόνῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέισαντε δ' ἐκ γῆς διορίσαιμεν ἂν πόδα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κοινη γ' ἐκείνη ῥαδίως, λάθρα δ' ἂν οὔ.

HELEN

MENELAUS

Best die in action, not with folded hands.

HELEN

One hope there is whereby we might be saved—

MENELAUS

By bribes, by daring, or by cunning speech ?

HELEN

If but the king may know not of thy coming.

MENELAUS

Who will betray me ? He shall know me not.

HELEN

An ally wise as Gods he hath within.

MENELAUS

A *Voice* that haunts dark crypts within his halls ? 820

HELEN

Nay, but his sister : Theonoë her name.

MENELAUS

Oracular the name :—what doth she ?—say.

HELEN

All things she knows ;—shall tell him thou art here.

MENELAUS

Then must I die, for hid I cannot be.

HELEN

What if by prayers we might prevail with her—

MENELAUS

To do what ?—to what hope wouldst lead me on ?

HELEN

To tell her brother of thy presence nought ?

MENELAUS

Prevailing so, our feet might flee the land ?

HELEN

Lightly, if she connive : in secret, no.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

830

σὸν ἔργον, ὡς γυναικὶ πρόσφορον γυνή.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς οὐκ ἄχρωστα γόνατ' ἐμῶν ἔξει χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φέρ', ἦν δὲ δὴ νῶν μὴ ἀποδέξηται λόγους ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

θανεῖ· γαμοῦμαι δ' ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ βία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προδότις ἂν εἴης· τὴν βίαν σκήψασ' ἔχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄλλ' ἀγνὸν ὄρκον σὸν κᾶρα κατώμοσα—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῆς ; θανεῖσθαι κοῦποτ' ἀλλάξειν λέχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ταῦτῳ ξίφει γε· κείσομαι δὲ σοῦ πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐπὶ τοῖσδε τοίνυν δεξιᾶς ἐμῆς θίγε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ψαύω, θανόντος σοῦ τόδ' ἐκλείψειν φάος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

840

κἀγὼ στερηθεῖς σοῦ τελευτήσω βίον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς οὖν θανούμεθ' ὥστε καὶ δόξαν λαβεῖν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τύμβου πὶ νώτῳ σὲ κτανὼν ἐμὲ κτενῶ.
 πρῶτον δ' ἀγῶνα μέγαν ἀγωνιούμεθα
 λέκτρων ὑπὲρ σῶν· ὁ δὲ θέλων ἴτω πέλας·
 τὸ Τρωικὸν γὰρ οὐ καταισχνῶ κλέος
 οὐδ' Ἑλλάδ' ἐλθὼν λήψομαι πολὺν ψόγον,
 ὅστις Θέτιν μὲν ἐστέρησ' Ἀχιλλέως,
 Τελαμωνίου δ' Αἴαντος εἰσείδον σφαγᾶς

HELEN

MENELAUS

Essay thou : woman toucheth woman's heart.

830

HELEN

Surely mine hands about her knees shall cling.

MENELAUS

Hold—what if she will none of our appeal ?

HELEN

Thou diest : and I, woe's me, shall wed perforce.

MENELAUS

Then wert thou traitress—false the plea of force !

HELEN

Nay, by thine head I swear a solemn oath—

MENELAUS

How ?—wilt thou die ere thou desert thy lord ?

HELEN

Yea, by thy sword : beside thee will I lie.

MENELAUS

Then, for this pledge, lay thou thine hand in mine.

HELEN

I clasp—I swear to perish if thou fall.

MENELAUS

And I, of thee bereft, to end my life.

840

HELEN

How, dying, shall we then with honour die ?

MENELAUS

On the tomb's crest thy life I'll spill, then mine.

But first in strife heroic will I strive

For thee, beloved : let who dare draw nigh.

I will not shame the glory achieved at Troy,

Nor flee to Greece, to meet a nation's scoff.

I !—who robbed Thetis of her hero-son,

Who saw Telamonian Aias slaughtered lie,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

850 τὸν Νηλέως τ' ἄπαιδα· διὰ δὲ τὴν ἐμὴν
οὐκ ἄξιόσω καθθανεῖν δάμαρτ' ἐγώ;
μάλιστά γ'· εἰ γάρ εἰσιν οἱ θεοὶ σοφοί,
εὐψυχον ἄνδρα πολεμίων θανόνθ' ὑπο
κούφη καταμπίσχουσιν ἐν τύμβῳ χθονί,
κακοὺς δ' ἐφ' ἔρμα στερεὸν ἐκβάλλουσι γῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, γενέσθω δήποτ' εὐτυχὲς γένος
τὸ Ταντάλειον καὶ μεταστήτω κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα· τῆς τύχης γὰρ ὧδ' ἔχω.
Μενέλαε, διαπεπράγμεθ'· ἐκβαίνει δόμων
ἢ θεσπιωδὸς Θεονόη· κτυπεῖ δόμος
860 κλήθρων λυθέντων. φεῦγ'· ἀτὰρ τί φευκτέον;
ἀποῦσα γὰρ σε καὶ παροῦσ' ἀφιγμένον
δεῦρ' οἶδεν· ὦ δύστηνος, ὡς ἀπωλόμην.
Τροίας δὲ σωθεὶς κατὰ βαρβάρου χθονὸς
εἰς βάρβαρ' ἐλθὼν φάσγαν' αὐθις ἐμπεσεῖ.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ἡγοῦ σύ μοι φέρουσα λαμπτήρων σέλας,
θείου δὲ σεμνὸν θεσμόν αἰθέρος μυχόν,
ὡς πνεῦμα καθαρὸν οὐρανοῦ δεξώμεθα·
σὺ δ' αὖ κέλευθον εἴ τις ἔβλαψεν ποδὶ
στείβων ἀνοσίῳ, δὸς καθαρσίῳ φλογί,
870 κρούσον δὲ πεύκην, ἵνα διεξέλθω, πάρος.
νόμον δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν θεοῖσιν ἀποδοῦσαι πάλιν
ἐφέστιον φλόγ' εἰς δόμους κομίζετε.
Ἐλένη, τί τὰμὰ πῶς ἔχει θεσπίσματα;
ἦκει πόσις σοι Μενέλεως ὄδ' ἐμφανής,
νεῶν στέρηθεὶς τοῦ τε σοῦ μιμήματος.

HELEN

Saw Neleus' son made childless—for my wife
 Shall I not count me man enough to die? 850
 Yea, verily :—for, if the Gods are wise,
 The valiant man who dies by foemen's hands
 With dust light-sprinkled on his tomb they shroud,
 But dastards forth on barren rock they cast.

CHORUS

Gods, grant at last fair fortune to the line
 Of Tantalus, and rescuing from ills!

HELEN

Woe, hapless I!—my lot is cast in woe!
 Undone, Menelaus!—from the hall comes forth
 Theonoë the seer: the palace clangs
 With bolts shot back :—flee!—yet to what end flee? 860
 Present or absent still she knows of thee,
 How thou art come. O wretched I, undone!
 Thou, saved from Troy and from the alien land,
 Hast come to fall again by alien swords!

*Enter THEONOE attired as a priestess, with train o
 handmaids in solemn procession.*

THEONOE (to a torch-bearer)

Thou, bearing splendour of torches, pass before;
 In solemn ritual incense all the air,
 That pure heaven's breath may be, ere we receive it.
 And thou, if any have marred our path with tread
 Of foot unclean, sweep o'er it cleansing flame,
 And shake the torch before, that I may pass. 870
 And, when ye have paid the Gods my wonted service,
 Bear back again the hearth-flame to the halls.

[Attendants pass on.]

Helen, how fall my words prophetic now?
 Thy lord is come, Menelaus, here in sight,
 Spoiled of his ships, and of thy counterfeit.

ὦ τλήμων, οἴους διαφυγὼν ἦλθες πόρους,
οὐδ' οἶσθα νόστον οἴκαδ' εἴτ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖς·
ἔρις γὰρ ἐν θεοῖς σύλλογός τε σοῦ πέρι
ἔσται πάρεδρος Ζηνὶ τῶδ' ἐν ἡματι.

880

Ἦρα μὲν, ἣ σοι δυσμενῆς πάροιθεν ἦν,
νῦν ἐστὶν εὖνους κεῖς πάτραν σῶσαι θέλει
ξὺν τῆδ', ἵν' Ἑλλὰς τοὺς Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμους
δώρημα Κύπριδος ψευδονύμφετον μάθῃ·
Κύπρις δὲ νόστον σὸν διαφθεῖραι θέλει,
ὡς μὴ ἔξελεγχθῆ μηδὲ πριαμένη φανῆ
τὸ κάλλος Ἑλένης εἵνεκ' ἀνονήτοις¹ γάμοις.
τέλος δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν, εἴθ', ἃ βούλεται Κύπρις,
λέξασ' ἀδελφῶ σ' ἐνθάδ' ὄντα διολέσω,
εἴτ' αὖ μεθ' Ἦρας στᾶσα σὸν σώσω βίον,
κρύψασ' ὀμαίμον', ὅς με προστάσσει τάδε
εἰπεῖν, ὅταν γῆν τήνδε νοστήσας τύχης.
τίς εἶσ' ἀδελφῶ τόνδε σημανῶν ἐμῶ
παρόνθ', ὅπως ἂν τοῦμόν ἀσφαλῶς ἔχη;

890

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ παρθέν', ἰκέτις ἀμφὶ σὸν πίτνω γόνυ,
καὶ προσκαθίζω θάκον οὐκ εὐδαίμονα
ὑπὲρ τ' ἐμαντῆς τοῦδέ θ', ὃν μόλις ποτὲ
λαβοῦσ' ἐπ' ἀκμῆς εἶμι κατθανόντ' ἰδεῖν·
μή μοι κατείπης σῶ κασιγνήτῳ πόσιν
τόνδ' εἰς ἐμὰς ἤκοντα φίλτατον χέρας·
σῶσον δέ, λίσσομαί σε· συγγόνῳ δὲ σῶ
τὴν εὐσέβειαν μὴ προδῶς τὴν σὴν ποτε,
χάριτας πονηρὰς κἀδίκους ὠνουμένην.
[μισεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὴν βίαν, τὰ κτητὰ δὲ
κτᾶσθαι κελεύει πάντας οὐκ ἐς ἀρπαγὰς.]

900

¹ Pierson ἀνονήτοις (*non fruentis*): for MSS. ὠνητοῖς.

HELEN

Hapless, escaped what perils art thou come,
 Unsure of home-return or tarrying here !
 For strife in heaven and high debate shall be
 On this day in Zeus' presence touching thee.
 Hera, who was thy foe in days gone by, 880
 Is gracious now, would bring thee with thy wife
 Safe home, that Hellas so may learn the cheat
 Of Alexander's bridal, Cypris' gift.
 But Cypris fain would wreck thine home-return,
 That her shame be not blazoned, hers who bought
 The prize of Fair with Helen's phantom hand.
 The issue rests with me—to tell my brother,
 As Cypris wills, thy presence, ruining thee,
 Or, standing Hera's ally, save thy life,
 Hiding it from my brother, who bids that I 890
 Declare it, when thou comest to our shore.

[*A pause.*]

Go, some one, tell my brother that this man
 Is here, that I of peril clear may stand.

HELEN

O maiden, suppliant at thy knee I fall,
 And, in the posture of the unhappy, bow
 Both for myself and this man, whom at last,
 Scarce found, I am in peril to see slain !
 Ah, tell not to thy brother that my lord,
 My best beloved, hath come unto mine arms ;
 But save us, I implore thee ! To thy brother 900
 Never betray thy reverence for the right,
 Buying his gratitude by sin and wrong.
 [For God abhorreth violence, bidding all
 Not by the spoiler's rapine get them gain.

εατέος δ' ὁ πλοῦτος ἄδικός τις ὢν.¹

κοινὸς γάρ ἐστιν οὐρανὸς πᾶσιν βροτοῖς
καὶ γαῖ', ἐν ἧ' χρῆ δώματ' ἀναπληρουμένους
τάλλότρια μὴ χεῖν μηδ' ἀφαιρεῖσθαι βία.]
ἡμᾶς δὲ μακαρίως μὲν, ἀθλίως δ' ἐμοί,

- 910 Ἐρμῆς ἔδωκε πατρὶ σῶ, σῶζειν πόσει
τῶδ', ὃς πάρεστι κάπολάζυσθαι θέλει.
πῶς οὖν θανῶν ἂν ἀπολάβοι; κείνος δὲ πῶς
τὰ ζῶντα τοῖς θανούσιν ἀποδοίη ποτ' ἂν;
σὺ δὲ τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τὰ τοῦ πατρὸς σκόπει,
πότερον ὁ δαίμων χῶ θανῶν τὰ τῶν πέλας
βούλοιντ' ἂν ἢ οὐ βούλοιντ' ἂν ἀποδοῦναι πάλιν.
δοκῶ μὲν. οὐκουν χρῆ σε συγγόνῳ πλέον
νέμειν ματαίῳ μᾶλλον ἢ χρηστῶ πατρί.
εἰ δ' οὔσα μάντις καὶ τὰ θεῖ' ἠγουμένη
- 920 τὸ μὲν δίκαιον τοῦ πατρὸς διαφθερεῖς,
τῶ δ' οὐ δικαίῳ συγγόνῳ δώσεις χάριν,
αἰσχρὸν τὰ μὲν σε θεῖα πάντ' ἐξειδέναί,
τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μὴ, τὰ δὲ δίκαια μὴ εἰδέναί.

* * * * *

- τὴν τ' ἀθλίαν ἔμ', οἷσιν ἔγκειμαι κακοῖς,
ῥύσαι, πάρεργον δοῦσα τοῦτο τῆς τύχης·
Ἐλένην γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐ στυγεῖ βροτῶν·
ἢ κλήζομαι καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὡς προδοῦσ' ἔμὸν
πόσιν Φρυγῶν ᾤκησα πολυχρύσους δόμους.
ἦν δ' Ἑλλάδ' ἔλθω κάπιβῶ Σπάρτης πάλιν,
- 930 κλύοντες εἰσιδόντες ὡς τέχναις θεῶν
ᾤλοντ', ἐγὼ δὲ προδότις οὐκ ἤμην φίλων,
πάλιν μ' ἀνάξουσ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον αὐθις αὖ,

¹ An unmetrical line generally regarded as an interpolation.

² A line, containing a special appeal for Menelaus, is believed to have been lost here.

HELEN

Away with wealth—the wealth amassed by wrong !
 For common to all mortals is heaven's air,
 And earth, whereby men ought to enrich their
 homes,

Nor keep nor wrest by violence others' goods.]¹

Me for mine happiness—yet for my sorrow—

To thy sire Hermes gave, to ward for him,

My lord, who now is here, who claims his own.

Slain, how should he regain me, or thy sire

How render back the living to the dead ?

O have regard to God's will and thy sire's !

Would Heaven, would the dead king, render back

Their neighbour's goods, or would they not consent ?

Yea, would they, I trow ! Thou shouldst not have
 respect

To wanton brother more than righteous sire.

If thou, a seer, who dost believe in God,

Thy father's righteous purpose shalt pervert,

And to thine unjust brother do a grace,

'Twere shame that thou shouldst know all things
 divine,

Present and future,—yet not know the right.

Now me, the wretched, whelmed in misery,

Save, and vouchsafe us this our fortune's crown.

For there is none but hateth Helen now,

Through Hellas called forsaker of my lord

To dwell in gold-abounding Phrygian halls.

But if to Greece I come, in Sparta stand,

Then, hearing, seeing, that by heaven's device

They died, nor was I traitress to my friends,

They shall restore me unto virtue's ranks ;

¹ Ll. 903-908 are marked as interpolations by Dindorf, Badham, and Nauck.

ἐδνώσομαι τε θυγατέρ' ἦν οὐδεὶς γαμεί,
 τὴν δ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκλιπούσ' ἀλητείαν πικρὰν
 ὄντων ἐν οἴκοις χρημάτων ὀνήσομαι.
 κεῖ μὲν θανὼν ὄδ' ἐν πυρᾷ κατεσφάγη,
 πρόσω σφ' ἀπόντα δακρύνους ἂν ἠγάπων·
 νῦν δ' ὄντα καὶ σωθέντ' ἀφαιρεθήσομαι;
 μὴ δῆτα, παρθέν', ἀλλά σ' ἵκετεύω τόδε·
 940 δὸς τὴν χάριν μοι τήνδε καὶ μμοῦ τρόπους
 πατρὸς δικαίου· παισὶ γὰρ κλέος τόδε
 κάλλιστον, ὅστις ἐκ πατρὸς χρηστοῦ γεγῶς
 εἰς ταῦτόν ἦλθε τοῖς τεκούσι τοὺς τρόπους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἰκτρὸν μὲν οἱ παρόντες ἐν μέσῳ λόγοι,
 οἰκτρὰ δὲ καὶ σύ. τοὺς δὲ Μενέλεω ποθῶ
 λόγους ἀκούσαι τίνας ἐρεῖ ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐγὼ σὸν οὔτ' ἂν προσπεσεῖν τλαίην γόνυ
 οὔτ' ἂν δακρῦσαι βλέφαρα· τὴν Τροίαν γὰρ ἂν
 950 δειλοὶ γενόμενοι πλεῖστον αἰσχύνοιμεν ἂν.
 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς πρὸς ἀνδρὸς εὐγενοῦς
 ἐν ξυμφοραῖσι δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν βαλεῖν.
 ἀλλ' οὐχὶ τοῦτο τὸ καλόν, εἰ καλὸν τόδε,
 αἰρήσομαι ἄγ' ἄν πρόσθε τῆς εὐψυχίας.
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἄνδρα σοι δοκεῖ σῶσαι ξένον
 ζητοῦντά μ' ὀρθῶς ἀπολαβεῖν δάμαρτ' ἐμήν,
 ἀπόδος τε καὶ πρὸς σῶσον· εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκεῖ,
 ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις
 ἄθλιος ἂν εἶην, σὺ δὲ γυνὴ κακὴ φανεῖ.
 960 ἂ δ' ἄξι' ἡμῶν καὶ δίκαι' ἠγγόμεθα,
 καὶ σῆς μάλιστα καρδίας ἀνθάψεται,
 λέξω τάδ' ἀμφὶ μνήμα σοῦ πατρὸς πεσῶν.¹

¹ Badham : for MSS. πῶθω : "regretting the absence of."

HELEN

I shall betroth the child none now will wed ;
 And, leaving this my bitter homelessness,
 Shall I enjoy the treasures in mine home.
 Lo, if my lord had died, slain on some pyre,
 My love should weep his memory though afar ;
 Now, living, saved, shall he be torn from me ?
 Ah, maiden, not—I implore thee, O not that !
 Grant me this grace ; so follow in the steps 940
 Of thy just sire. 'Tis children's fairest praise,
 When one begotten of a noble sire
 Is noble, treading in the father's steps.

CHORUS

Piteous thy pleading comes to stay her hand :
 Piteous thy plight is. But I fain would hear
 What words Menelaus for his life will speak.

MENE LAUS

I cannot brook to cast me at thy knee,
 Nor drown mine eyes with tears : else should I shame
 Troy utterly, in turning craven thus.
 And yet, men say, it is a hero's part 950
 In trouble, from his eyes to shed the tear.
 Yet not this seemly part—if seemly it be—
 Will I choose rather than stoutheartedness.
 But, if thou wilt befriend a stranger, me
 Who seek, yea justly, to regain my wife,
 Restore her, save withal : if thou wilt not,
 Not now first shall I taste of misery,
 But thou shalt stand convict of wickedness.
 Yet, that which worthy of myself I count,
 And just,—yea, that which most shall touch thine 960
 heart,—
 That will I speak, bowed at thy father's grave :—

ὦ γέρον, ὃς οἰκεῖς τόνδε λάνιον τάφον,
 ἀπόδος, ἀπαιτῶ τὴν ἐμὴν δάμαρτά σε,
 ἦν Ζεὺς ἔπεμψε δευρό σοι σῶζειν ἐμοί.
 οἶδ' οὔνεχ' ἡμῖν οὔποτ' ἀποδώσεις¹ θανῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἦδε πατέρα νέρθεν ἀνακαλούμενον
 οὐκ ἀξιῶσει τὸν πρὶν εὐκλεέστατον
 κακῶς ἀκοῦσαι· κυρία γάρ ἐστι νῦν.
 ὦ νέρτερ' "Αἰδη, καὶ σὲ σύμμαχον καλῶ,
 970 ὃς πόλλ' ἐδέξω τῆσδ' ἕκατι σώματα
 πεσόντα τῶμῳ φασγάνῳ, μισθὸν δ' ἔχεις·
 ἢ νῦν ἐκείνους ἀπόδος ἐμψύχους πάλιν,
 ἢ τήνδ' ἀνάγκασόν γε μὴ εὐσεβοῦς πατρὸς
 ἦσσω φανείσαν τὰμά γ' ἀποδοῦναι λέχη.
 εἰ δ' ἐμὲ γυναῖκα τὴν ἐμὴν συλήσετε,
 ἅ σοι παρέλιπεν ἦδε τῶν λόγων, φράσω.
 ὄρκους κεκλήμεθ', ὡς μάθης, ὦ παρθένε,
 πρῶτον μὲν ἐλθεῖν διὰ μάχης σῶ συγγόνῳ
 κἀκεῖνον ἢ μὲ δεῖ θανεῖν· ἀπλοῦς λόγος.
 980 ἦν δ' ἐς μὲν ἀλκὴν μὴ πόδ' ἀντιθῆ ποδί,
 λιμῶ δὲ θηρᾶ τύμβον ἰκετεύοντε νῶ,
 κτανεῖν δέδοκται τήνδ' ἐμοί, κἄπειτ' ἐμὸν
 πρὸς ἦπαρ ὦσαι δίστομον ξίφος τόδε
 τύμβου πὶ νώτοις τοῦδ', ἵν' αἵματος ῥοαὶ
 τάφου καταστάζωσι· κεισόμεσθα δὲ
 νεκρῶ δὴ ἐξῆς τῶδ' ἐπὶ ξεστῶ τάφῳ,
 ἀθάνατον ἄλγος σοί, ψόγος δὲ σῶ πατρί.
 οὐ γὰρ γαμεῖ τήνδ' οὔτε σύγγονος σέθεν
 οὔτ' ἄλλος οὔδεις· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σφ' ἀπάξομαι,
 990 εἰ μὴ πρὸς οἴκους δυνάμεθ', ἀλλὰ πρὸς νεκρούς.
 τί ταῦτα; δακρύοις εἰς τὸ θῆλυ τρεπόμενος

¹ Brodaeas: for ἀπολέσεις of MSS., and ὀφλήσεις of Nauck.

HELEN

O ancient, dweller in this tomb of stone,
 Restore thy trust : I claim of thee my wife,
 Sent hither of Zeus to thee, to ward for me.
 Thou, who art dead, canst ne'er restore, I know :
 But this thy child will think scorn that her sire,
 Glorious of old, from the underworld invoked,
 Have infamy,—for now it rests with her.
 Oh Hades, on thy championship I call,
 Who hast welcomed many dead, for Helen's sake 970
 Slain by my sword : thou hast them for thine
 hire.

Or give them back with life's breath filled again,
 Or thou constrain this maid to show her worthy
 Of a good sire, and render back my wife.
 But if ye will despoil me of my bride,
 That which to thee she said not will I say :—
 Know, maiden, I have bound me by an oath
 To dare thy brother, first, unto the fight :
 Then he or I must die, my word is passed.
 But if he flinch from grappling foot to foot, 980
 And seek to starve the suppliants at the tomb,
 I am resolved to slay her, then to thrust
 Into mine own heart this two-edgèd sword
 On this tomb's crest, that streams of our life-blood
 May drench the grave : so shall we side by side,
 Two corpses, lie upon this carven tomb,
 To be thy deathless grief, thy sire's reproach.
 Her shall thy brother never wed—nor he,
 Nor any other :—I will bear her hence,
 If home I may not, then unto the dead. 990
 Why speak thus ? If with tears I played the
 woman,

• ελεινὸς ἦν ἂν μᾶλλον ἢ δραστήριος.
κτείν', εἰ δοκεῖ σοι· δυσκλεῶς γὰρ οὐ κτενεῖς·
μᾶλλον γε μέντοι τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείθου λόγους,
ἴν' ἦς δικαία καὶ δάμαρτ' ἐγὼ λάβω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ βραβεύειν, ὦ νεᾶνι, τοὺς λόγους·
οὕτω δὲ κρίνου ὡς ἅπασιν ἀνδάνης.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

1000

ἐγὼ πέφυκά τ' εὐσεβεῖν καὶ βούλομαι,
φιλῶ τ' ἐμαυτήν, καὶ κλέος τοῦμοῦ πατρὸς
οὐκ ἂν μάναιμ', οὐδὲ συγγόνῳ χάριν
δοίην ἂν ἐξ ἧς δυσκλεῆς φανήσεται.

ἔνεστι δ' ἱερὸν τῆς Δίκης ἐμοὶ μέγα
ἐν τῇ φύσει· καὶ τοῦτο Νηρέως πάρα
ἔχουσα σώζειν Μενέλεων πειράσομαι.

"Ἡρα δ', ἐπέιπερ βούλεται σ' εὐεργετεῖν,
εἰς ταῦτόν οἶσω ψῆφον· ἡ Κύπρις δ' ἐμοὶ
ἴλεως μὲν εἶη, συμβέβηκε δ' οὐδαμοῦ
πειράσομαι δὲ παρθένος μένειν αἰεῖ.

1010

ἂ δ' ἀμφὶ τύμβῳ τῷδ' ὄνειδίξεις πατρί,
ἡμῖν ὄδ' αὐτὸς μῦθος· ἀδικοίημεν ἂν,
εἰ μὴ ἀποδώσω· καὶ γὰρ ἂν κείνος βλέπων
ἀπέδωκεν ἂν σοὶ τήνδ' ἔχειν, ταύτη δὲ σέ.
καὶ γὰρ τίσις τῶνδ' ἐστὶ τοῖς τέ νερτέροις
καὶ τοῖς ἄνωθεν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις. ὁ νοῦς
τῶν καθθανόντων ζῆ μὲν οὐ, γνώμην δ' ἔχει
ἀθάνατον εἰς ἀθάνατον αἰθέρ' ἐμπεσών.
ὡς οὖν περαίνω μὴ μακράν, σιγήσομαι
ἅ μου καθικετεύσατ', οὐδὲ μωρῶ
ξύμβουλος ἔσομαι τῇ κασιγνήτου ποτέ.

1020

εὐεργετῶ γὰρ κείνον οὐ δοκοῦσ' ὅμως,
ἐκ δυσσεβείας ὅσιον εἰ τίθημί νιν.

HELEN

A pitiful thing were I, no man of deeds.
 Slay, if thou wilt: thou shalt not slay and shame!
 Yet do thou rather hearken to my words,
 That thou be just, that I may win my wife.

CHORUS

Maiden, of these pleas art thou arbitress.
 So judge, that thou mayst pleasure all at last.

THEONOE

By nature and by choice I fear the Gods.
 I love mine own soul, and my sire's renown
 I will not stain, nor show my brother grace 1000
 Wherefrom shall open infamy be his:
 And the great temple of Justice in mine heart
 Stands. Since from Nereus I inherit this,
 I will essay to save Menelaus' life.
 With Hera, seeing she fain would favour thee,
 I cast my vote. Gracious to me withal
 Be Cypris, though she hath had no part in me,
 And I will strive to abide a maiden aye.
 For thy reproaches o'er my father's grave,
 I make them mine; for I should work foul wrong,
 If I restored not. He, if yet he lived, 1010
 Had given back her to thee, and thee to her.
 Yea, for such acts have men due recompense
 In Hades as on earth. No separate life
 Have dead men's souls, yet deathless conscious-
 ness
 Still have they when in deathless aether merged.
 But, to make brief end, I will hold my peace
 Of all ye have prayed of me, nor ever be
 Co-plotter with my brother's wantonness.
 I do him service, though it seem not so, 1020
 Who turn him unto righteousness from sin.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αὐτοὶ μὲν οὖν τιν' ἔξοδόν γ' εὐρίσκετε,
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀποστᾶσ' ἐκποδὼν σιγήσομαι.
 ἐκ τῶν θεῶν δ' ἄρχεσθε χικετεύετε
 τὴν μὲν σ' εἶσαι πατρίδα νοστήσαι Κύπριν,
 Ἥρας δὲ τὴν ἔννοιαν ἐν ταυτῷ μένειν
 ἦν εἰς σὲ καὶ σὸν πόσιν ἔχει σωτηρίας.
 σὺ δ', ὦ θανῶν μοι πάτερ, ὅσον γ' ἐγὼ σθένω,
 οὔποτε κεκλήσει δυσσεβῆς ἀντ' εὐσεβοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1030

οὐδεὶς ποτ' ἠτύχησεν ἔκδικος γεγώς,
 ἐν τῷ δικαίῳ δ' ἐλπίδες σωτηρίας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, πρὸς μὲν παρθένου σεσώσμεθα
 τοῦνθένδε δὴ σὲ τοὺς λόγους φέροντα χρῆ
 κοινὴν συνάπτειν μηχανὴν σωτηρίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν· χρόνιος εἶ κατὰ στέγας
 καὶ ξυντέθραψαι προσπόλοισι βασιλέως.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας; εἰσφέρεις γὰρ ἐλπίδας
 ὡς δὴ τι δράσων χρηστὸν εἰς κοινόν γε νῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1040

πείσειας ἂν τιν' οἵτινες τετραζύγων
 ὄχων ἀνάσσουσ', ὥστε νῶν δοῦναι δίφρους;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πείσαιμ' ἂν· ἀλλὰ τίνα φυγὴν φευξόμεθα
 πεδίων ἄπειροι βαρβάρου τ' ὄντες χθονός;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀδύνατον εἶπας. φέρε, τί δ' εἰ κρυφθεὶς δόμοις
 κτάνοιμ' ἄνακτα τῷδε διστόμφ ξίφει;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἂν σ' ἀνάσχοιτ' οὐδὲ σιγήσειεν ἂν
 μέλλοντ' ἀδελφῆ σύγγονον κατακτανεῖν.

HELEN

Yet how to escape must ye yourselves devise :
 I from your path will stand, will hold my peace.
 With prayer to Gods begin ye : supplicate
 Cypris to grant return to fatherland.
 Thou, pray that Hera's mind abide unchanged,
 Her will for thy deliverance and thy lord's.
 And thou, dead sire, so far as in me lies,
 Impious for righteous ne'er shalt be misnamed.

[Exit.

CHORUS

None prospered ever by unrighteousness :
 In righteousness all hope of safety dwells.

1000

HELEN

From peril from yon maid are we secured.
 Thou, for the rest, give counsel to devise
 A path of safety alike for thee and me.

MENE LAUS

Hearken. Long hast thou dwelt beneath yon roof
 Co-inmate with the servants of the king :—

HELEN

Why say'st thou this? Thou givest hint of hopes,
 As thou wouldst work deliverance for us twain.

MENE LAUS

Couldst thou persuade some warder of four-horse cars
 To give to us a chariot and steeds?

1040

HELEN

I might persuade—yet what avails our flight
 Who know these plains not, nor the alien's land?

MENE LAUS

A hopeless bar! What if I hide within
 And slay the king with this two-edged sword?

HELEN

His sister would not suffer thee, nor spare
 To tell thy purposed murder of her kin.

555

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄλλ' οὐδὲ μὴν ναῦς ἔστιν ἢ σωθεῖμεν ἂν
φεύγοντες· ἦν γὰρ εἵχομεν θάλασσαν ἔχει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄκουσον, ἦν τι καὶ γυνὴ λέξῃ σοφόν.
βούλει λέγεσθαι μὴ θανὼν λόγῳ θανεῖν ;

1050

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κακὸς μὲν ὄρνις· εἰ δὲ κερδανῶ λέγων,
ἔτοιμός εἰμι μὴ θανὼν λόγῳ θανεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν γυναικείοις σ' ἂν οἰκτισαίμεθα
κουραῖσι καὶ θρήνοισι πρὸς τὸν ἀνόσιον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σωτηρίας δὲ τοῦτ' ἔχει τί νῶν ἄκος ;
παλαιότης γὰρ τῷ λόγῳ γ' ἔνεστί τις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς δὴ θανόντα σ' ἐνάλιον κενῶ τάφῳ
θάψαι τύραννον τῆσδε γῆς αἰτήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ δὴ παρεῖκεν· εἶτα πῶς ἄνευ νεῶς
σωθησόμεσθα κενотаφοῦντ' ἐμὸν δέμας ;

1060

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δοῦναι κελεύσω πορθμίδ', ἢ καθήσομεν
κόσμον τάφῳ σῷ πελαγίας ἐς ἀγκάλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς εὖ τόδ' εἶπας, πλὴν ἔν· εἰ χέρσῳ ταφὰς
θεῖναι κελεύσει σ', οὐδὲν ἢ σκῆψις φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄλλ' οὐ νομίζειν φήσομεν καθ' Ἑλλάδα
χέρσῳ καλύπτειν τοὺς θανόντας ἐναλίους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦτ' αὖ κατορθοῖς· εἰτ' ἐγὼ συμπλεύσομαι
καὶ συγκαθήσω κόσμον ἐν ταυτῷ σκάφει.

HELEN

MENELAUS

No ship have we wherein we might escape
Fleeing; for that I had the sea hath whelmed.

HELEN

Hearken—if woman's lips may wisdom speak:—
Wouldst thou consent, ere death, in name to die? 1050

MENELAUS

Evil the omen: yet, if words may help,
Ready I am, ere death, in name to die.

HELEN

Yea, with shorn hair and dirges will I mourn thee
Before the tyrant, after woman's wont.

MENELAUS

What salve of safety for us twain hath this?
Sooth, the device is something overworn!

HELEN

As thou hadst died at sea, I'll pray the king
For leave to entomb thee in a cenotaph.

MENELAUS

This granted, how shall we without a ship
Escape by raising this void tomb for me? 1060

HELEN

A vessel will I beg, to cast therefrom
Into the sea's arms burial-gifts for thee.

MENELAUS

Well said, save but for this—if he bid rear
On land my tomb, fruitless is thy pretence.

HELEN

Nay, will we say, this is not Hellas' wont,
On land to bury such as die at sea.

MENELAUS

This too thou rightest. I with thee embark,
And in the same ship help to stow the gifts.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1070 σέ καὶ παρῆναι δεῖ μάλιστα τοὺς τε σοὺς
πλωτῆρας οἵπερ ἔφυγον ἐκ ναυαγίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ἔάνπερ ναῦν ἐπ' ἀγκύρας λάβω,
ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρα στήσεται ξιφηφόρος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σέ χρὴ βραβεύειν πάντα· πόμπιμοι μόνον
λαίφει πνοαὶ γένοιντο καὶ νεὼς δρόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔσται· πόνοους γὰρ δαίμονες παύσουσί μου,
ἀτὰρ θανόντα τοῦ μ' ἐρεῖς πεπυσμένη;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σοῦ· καὶ μόνος γε φάσκε διαφυγεῖν μόρον
Ἄτρέως πλέων σὺν παιδὶ καὶ θανόνθ' ὄραν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1080 καὶ μὴν τάδ' ἀμφίβληστρα σώματος ῥάκη
ξυμμαρτυρήσει ναυτικῶν ἐρειπίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε, τότε δ' ἄκαιρ' ἀπόλλυτο·
τὸ δ' ἄθλιον κεῖν' εὐτυχὲς τάχ' ἂν πέσοι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότερα δ' ἐς οἴκους σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν με χρὴ
ἢ πρὸς τάφῳ τῷδ' ἤσυχοι καθώμεθα;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1090 αὐτοῦ μὲν· ἦν γὰρ καὶ τι πλημμελές σε δρᾶ,
τάφος σ' ὄδ' ἂν ῥύσαιτο φάσγανόν τε σόν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐς οἴκους βᾶσα βοστρύχους τεμῶ
πέπλων τε λευκῶν μέλανας ἀνταλλάξομαι
παρῆδί τ' ὄνυχα φόνιον ἐμβαλῶ χροός.
μέγας γὰρ ἀγών, καὶ βλέπω δύο ῥοπᾶς·
ἢ γὰρ θανεῖν δεῖ μ', ἢν ἄλῳ τεχνωμένη,

HELEN

HELEN

Of all things chiefly, needs must thou be there,
And all thy crew which from the wreck escaped.

1079

MENELAUS

Let me but at her moorings find a ship,
And man by man shall they stand girt with swords.

HELEN

'Tis thou must order all: let wafting winds
But fill the sail, and good speed to the keel!

MENELAUS

This shall be, for the Gods will end my toils,
But of whom wilt thou say thou heard'st my death?

HELEN

Of thee. Say, thou alone escapedst doom:
Sailing with Atreus' son, thou saw'st him die.

MENELAUS

Yea, and these rags about my body cast
Shall witness as to salvage from the wreck.

1080

HELEN

In good time saved, in an ill time nigh lost!
That sore mischance may turn to fortune fair.

MENELAUS

Into the palace with these shall I pass,
Or by the tomb here tarry sitting still?

HELEN

Here stay: if he would do thee any hurt,
This tomb and thine own sword shall keep thee safe.
But I will pass within, will shear mine hair,
And sable vesture for white robes will don,
And with the blood-stained nail will scar my cheek.
'Tis a grim strife, and issues twain I see:
Or I must die, if plotting I am found,

1080

- ἢ πατρίδα τ' ἔλθειν καὶ σὸν ἐκσῶσαι δεμας.
 ὦ πότνι, ἢ Δίοισιν ἐν λέκτροις πίτνεις,
 "Ἡρα, δὴ οἰκτρὸν φῶτ' ἀνάψυξον πόνων,
 αἰτούμεθ' ὀρθὰς ὠλένας πρὸς οὐρανὸν
 ῥίπτουσθ', ἵν' οἰκεῖς ἀστέρων ποικίλματα.
 σύ θ', ἢ ἔπι τῶμῳ κῦδος ἐκθήσω γάμῳ,
 κόρη Διώνης Κύπρι, μή μ' ἐξεργάσῃ.
 ἄλις δὲ λύμης ἦν μ' ἐλυμήνω πάρος
 1100 τοῦνομα παρασχούσ', οὐ τὸ σῶμ', ἐν βαρβάροις.
 θανεῖν δ' ἔασόν μ', εἰ κατακτεῖναι θέλεις,
 ἐν γῆ πατρώα. τί ποτ' ἄπληστος εἶ κακῶν,
 ἔρωτας ἀπάτας δόλιά τ' ἐξευρήματα
 ἀσκοῦσα φίλτρα θ' αἵματηρὰ δωμάτων ;
 εἰ δ' ἦσθα μετρία, τἄλλα γ' ἠδίστη θεῶν
 πέφυκας ἀνθρώποισιν· οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- σὲ τὰν ἐναυλείοις ὑπὸ δενδροκόμοις στρ. α'
 μουσεῖα καὶ θάκουσ ἐνίζουσαν ἀναβοάσω,
 σὲ τὰν ἀοιδοτάταν
 1110 ὄρνιθα μελωδὸν ἀηδόνα δακρυόεσσαν,
 ἐλθὲ διὰ ξουθᾶν γενύων ἐλελιζομένα
 θρήνοις ἐμοῖς ξυνφδός,
 Ἑλένας μελέας πόνους
 τὸν Ἰλιάδων τ' ἀει-
 δούσα δακρυόεντα πότμον
 Ἀχαιῶν ὑπὸ λόγχαις,
 ὅτ' ἔμολεν ἔμολε πεδία βαρβάρῳ πλάτα,
 ὃς ἔδραμε ρόθια, μέλεα Πριαμίδαις ἄγων
 Λακεδαίμονος ἀπο λέχεα
 1120 σέθεν, ὦ Ἑλένα, Πάρις αἰνόγαμος
 πομπαῖσιν Ἀφροδίτας.

HELEN

Or see the homeland and redeem thy life.
 O Queen, who reatest on the couch of Zeus,
 Hera, to hapless twain grant pause from ills,
 We pray, with arms flung upward to the sky,
 Thy mansion wrought with arabesques of stars.
 And thou, by mine hand winner of beauty's prize,
 Cypris, Dione's child, destroy me not!
 Enough the scathe thou hast done me heretofore,
 Lending my name, not me, to alien men: 1100
 But let me die, if 'tis thy will to slay,
 In homeland. Why, insatiate of wrong,
 Dost thou use loves, deceits, and guile's inven-
 tions,
 And love-spells dark with blood of families?
 Wouldst thou in measure come, thou wert to men
 Else kindest of the Gods: I hold this truth.

[Exit.]

CHORUS

O thou in thine halls of song abiding, (Sir. I)
 Under the greenwood leaves deep-hiding,
 I hail thee, I hail,
 Nightingale, queen by thy notes woe-thrilling 1110
 Of song-birds, come, through thy brown throat trilling
 Notes tuned to my wail,
 As of Helen's grief and pain
 And of Ilium's daughters' tears
 I sing, how they stooped them to thralldom's chain
 Beneath the Achaean spears.
 They were doomed, when from Sparta fleeing hied
 Paris, the bridegroom accursèd, to ride
 O'er the foam-blossomed plain, for the Priamids'
 bane—
 O Helen, it seemeth as thou wert the bride, 1120
 And the Love-queen steers!

561

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πολλοὶ δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐν δορὶ καὶ πετρίναις ἀντ. α'
 ῥιπαῖσιν ἐκπνεύσαντες Ἄϊδαν μέλεον ἔχουσι,
 τάλαιναν ὦν ἀλόχων
 κείραντες ἔθειραν ἄνυμφα μέλαθρα δὲ κεῖται
 πολλοὺς δὲ πυρσεύσας φλογερὸν σέλας ἀμφι-
 ρύταν

Εὐβοϊαν εἰλ' Ἀχαιῶν
 μονόκωπος ἀνὴρ, πέτραις
 Καφηρίσιν ἐμβαλὼν
 1130 Αἰγαίαις τ' ἐνάλοισιν ἀκταῖς,
 δόλιον ἀστέρα λάμψας.
 ἀλίμενα δ' ὄρεα ¹ †μέλεα βαρβάρου στολᾶς,
 ὅτ' ἔσυτο πατρίδος ἀποπρὸ χειμάτων πνοᾷ
 γέρας οὐ γέρας, ἀλλ' ἔριν
 Δαναῶν νεφέλαν ἐπὶ ναυσὶν ἄγων,
 εἶδωλον ἱρὸν Ἥρας.

ὃ τι θεὸς ἢ μὴ θεὸς ἢ τὸ μέσον, στρ. β
 τίς φησ' ἐρευνήσας βροτῶν
 μακρότατον πέρασ εὐρεῖν,
 1140 ὃς τὰ θεῶν ἔσορᾷ
 δεῦρο καὶ αὐθις ἐκείσε
 καὶ πάλιν ἀντιλόγοις
 πηδῶντ' ἀνελπίστοις τύχαις ;
 σὺ Διὸς ἔφυς, ὦ Ἑλένα, θυγάτηρ·
 πτανὸς γὰρ ἐν κόλποις σε Λή-
 δας ἐτέκνωσε πατήρ.
 κατ' ἰαχίθης καθ' Ἑλληνίαν
 ἄδικος, προδότις, ἄπιστος, ἄθεος· οὐδ' ἔχω

¹ MS. reading, but text uncertain : the strained interpretation "wretchedly strewn with the spoils of Troy" (from the wrecked fleet) gives perhaps the only relevant sense.

HELEN

And Achaeans many, by stones down-leaping (*Ant. 1*)
 And by spear-thrusts sped, are in Hades sleeping ;

And in sorrow for these

Was their wives' hair shorn in their widowed bowers ;
 And the beacon-lights glared on the headland that
 lowers

O'er Euboean seas ;

So that lone voyager¹ hurled

Many Greeks on Caphereus' scaur

And Aegean skerries where wild surf swirled, 1120

When he lit that treachery-star.

And by havenless cliffs Menelaus hath passed

Driven afar from his land by the blast

With his prize—no prize, but by Hera's device

A cloud-wraith into the mid-lists east

Of the Danaans' war.

(*Str. 2*)

Who among men dare say that he, exploring

Even to Creation's farthest limit-line,

Ever hath found the God of our adoring,

That which is not God, or the half-divine— 1140

Who, that beholdeth the decrees of Heaven

This way and that in hopeless turmoil swayed ?

Daughter of Zeus art thou, to Leda given,

Helen, by him whom those swan-plumes arrayed :

Yet wert thou cursed—" *Unrighteous, god-despising,*

Traitress, and faithless," Hellas deemed thy due !

¹ Nauplius hastily left Troy in a fishing-boat, before the Greek fleet sailed, to make his preparations for wrecking it.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1150 τί τὸ σαφές, ὅ τι ποτ' ἐν βροτοῖς.
τὸ θεῶν ἔπος ἀλαθὲς εὖρον.

ἄφρονες ὅσοι τὰς ἀρετὰς πολέμῳ ἀντ. β'
κτᾶσθε δορὸς ἀλκαίου λόγχαι-
σιν καταπαυόμενοι πό-
νους θνατῶν ἀμαθῶς.
εἰ γὰρ ἄμλλα κρινεῖ νιν
αἵματος, οὐ ποτ' ἔρις
λείψει κατ' ἀνθρώπων πόλεις.
† ἂ Πριαμίδος γᾶς ἔλαχεν¹ θαλάμους,
ἐξὸν διορθῶσαι λόγοις
1160 σὰν ἔριν, ὦ Ἑλένα.
νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν Ἄϊδα μέλονται κάτω,
τείχεα δέ, φλογμὸς ὥστε Διός, ἐπέσυτο φλόξ,
ἐπὶ δὲ πάθεα πάθεσι φέρεις
† ἀθλίους ἐν συμφοραῖς αἰλίνοις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὦ χαῖρε, πατὴρ μνήμ' ἐπ' ἐξόδοισι γὰρ
ἔθαψα, Πρωτεῦ, σ' ἔνεκ' ἐμῆς προσρήσεως
ἀεὶ δέ σ' ἐξιὼν τε κείσιων δόμους
Θεοκλύμενος παῖς ὄδε προσενέπει, πάτερ.
1170 ὑμεῖς μὲν οὖν κύνας τε καὶ θηρῶν βρόχους,
δμῶες, κομίζετ' εἰς δόμους τυραννικούς·
ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτὸν πόλλ' ἐλοιδώρησα δή·
οὐ γάρ τι θανάτῳ τοὺς κακοὺς κολάζομεν.
καὶ νῦν πέπυσμαι φανερόν Ἑλλήνων τινὰ
εἰς γῆν ἀφίχθαι καὶ λεληθέναι σκοπούς,
ἦτοι κατόπτην ἢ κλοπαῖς θηρώμενον
Ἑλένην· θανεῖται δ', ἦν γε δὴ ληφθῆ ἴσον.

¹ Kirchhoff: for MSS. αἰ . . . ἔλαπον.

HELEN

Nought I find certain, for all man's surmising :
 Only Gods' words have I found utter-true.

1150

(*Ant. 2*)

Madmen, all ye who strive for manhood's guerdons
 Battling with shock of lances, seeking ease
 Senselessly so from galling of life's burdens !

Never, if blood be arbitress of peace,
 Strife between towns of men shall find an ending :

Lo, how its storm o'er homes of Ilium brake,¹
 Yea, though fair words might once have wrought
 amending,

Helen, of wrong, of quarrel for thy sake !

1160

Now are her sons in depths of Hades lying ;

Flame o'er her walls leapt, like Zeus' levin-glare :
 Woes upon woes, and unto captives sighing
 Sorcer afflictions still—thy gifts they were.

Enter THEOCLYMENUS, with hounds, and attendants carrying weapons, nets, spoils of the chase, etc.

THEOCLYMENUS

Hail, my sire's tomb !—for at my palace-gate,
 Proteus, I buried thee, to greet thee so :

Still as I enter and pass forth mine halls,
 Thee, father, I thy son Theoclymenus hail.

Ho ye, my men, the hounds and hunting-nets
 Unto the palace-kennels take away.

1170

[*Exeunt attendants.*]

Many a time have I reproached myself
 That I have punished not yon knaves with death !
 Lo, now I hear of some Greek openly
 Come to my land, eluding all my guards,—
 Some spy, or one that prowls to kidnap hence
 Helen. Die shall he, so he but be caught.

¹ The text seems hopelessly corrupt. I have followed Jerram's conjecture as to general sense.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔα·

- 1180 ἄλλ', ὡς ἔοικε, πάντα διαπεπραγμένα
 εὔρηκα· τύμβου γὰρ κενὰς λιποῦσ' ἔδρας
 ἢ Τυνδαρίδαι παῖς ἐκπεπόρθμευται χθονός.
 ὦή, χαλᾶτε κληῖθρα· λυέθ' ἵππικὰς
 φάτνας, ὄπαδοί, κάκκομίζεθ' ἄρματα,
 ὡς ἂν πόνου γ' ἕκατι μὴ λάθῃ με γῆς
 τῆσδ' ἐκκομισθεῖσ' ἄλοχος, ἧς ἐφίεμαι.
 ἐπίσχετ'· εἰσορῶ γὰρ οὓς διώκομεν
 παρόντας ἐν δόμοισι κοῦ πεφενυγίας.
 αὐτῇ, τί πέπλους μέλανας ἐξήψω χρῶς
 λευκῶν ἀμείψασ' ἕκ τε κρατὸς εὐγενοῦς
 κόμας σίδηρον ἐμβαλοῦσ' ἀπέθρισας
 1190 χλωροῖς τε τέγγεις δάκρυσι σὴν παρηίδα
 κλαίουσα ; πότερον ἐννύχοις σεσεισμένη¹
 στένεις ὀνείροις, ἢ φάτιν τιν' οἴκοθεν
 κλύουσα λύπη σὰς διέφθαρσαι φρένας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ δέσποτ', ἤδη γὰρ τόδ' ὀνομάζω σ' ἔπος,
 ὄλωλα· φροῦδα τὰμὰ κοῦδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν τῷ δὲ κεῖσθαι συμφορᾶς ; τίς ἢ τύχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαος—οἴμοι, πῶς φράσω ;—τέθνηκέ μοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδέν τι χαίρω σοῖς λόγοις, τὰ δ' εὐτυχῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

* * * * *

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς οἴσθα ; μῶν σοι Θεονόη λέγει τάδε ;

¹ Nauck : for πεπεισμένη of MSS.

² A line has been lost here (Hermann).

HELEN

Ha !

Lo, all my plans, meseemeth, have I found
 Frustrate !—for Tyndarus' child hath left her seat
 By the tomb void, and from the land hath sailed !
 What ho ! unbar the gates !—loose from the stalls 1180
 The steeds, mine henchmen !—bring the chariots
 forth,

That not for pains untried by me the wife
 I long for may escape the land unmarked.
 Nay, hold your hands ! I see whom we would chase
 There in the palace standing, nowise fled.

Re-enter HELEN.

Thou, why hast thou attired thee in dark robes,
 Thy white cast off, and from thy queenly head
 Hast thou with sweep of steel thy tresses shorn,
 And wettest with fast-streaming tears thy cheeks
 Weeping ? Mourn'st thou by visions of the night 1190
 Soul-shaken, or for some dread inward voice
 Heard, is thy spirit thus distraught with grief ?

HELEN

My lord,—for now I name thee by this name,—
 Undone !—mine hopes are fled ; I am but nought !

THEOCLYMENUS

In what affliction liest thou ? What hath chanced ?

HELEN

Menelaus—woe's me !—how to speak it ?—dead !

THEOCLYMENUS

I triumph not at thy words, yet am blest.

HELEN

[Let my lord pardon that I joy not—yet.]¹

THEOCLYMENUS

How know'st thou ? Hath Theonoë told thee this ?

¹ Inserted conjecturally to supply the lacuna.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κείνη τέ φησιν ὃ τε παρῶν ὅτ' ὠλλυτο.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1200

ἤκει γὰρ ὅστις καὶ τὰδ' ἀγγέλλει σαφῆ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤκει· μόλοι γὰρ ὡς ἐγὼ χρήζω μολεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τίς ἐστί ; ποῦ 'στιν ; ἵνα σαφέστερον μάθω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄδ' ὃς κάθηται τῶδ' ὑποπτήξας τάφω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

"Απολλον, ὡς ἐσθῆτι δυσμόρφω πρέπει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἴμοι, δοκῶ μὲν κάμὸν ὧδ' ἔχειν πόσιν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ποδαπὸς δ' ὄδ' ἀνήρ καὶ πόθεν κατέσχε γῆν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

"Ελλην, Ἀχαιῶν εἷς, ἐμῶ σύμπλους πόσει.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

θανάτῳ δὲ ποίῳ φησὶ Μενέλεων θανεῖν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἰκτρόταθ' ὑγροῖσιν ἐν κλυδωνίοις ἄλός.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1210

ποῦ βαρβάροισι πελάγεσιν ναυσθλούμενον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Λιβύης ἀλιμένοισι ἐκπεσόντα πρὸς πέτραις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ὄδ' οὐκ ὄλωλε κοινωνῶν πλάτης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐσθλῶν κακίους ἐνίοςτ' εὐτυχέστεροι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

λιπῶν δὲ ναὸς ποῦ πάρεστιν ἔκβολα ;

HELEN

HELEN

Even she, and he who when he died was there.

THEOCLYMENUS

How, is one here to tell this certainly?

1200

HELEN

Is here :—would he might come as *I* desire!

THEOCLYMENUS

Who is he?—where?—that I be certified.

HELEN

Yon man who sitteth cowering at the tomb.

THEOCLYMENUS

Apollo!—lo, how marred his vesture shows!

HELEN

Ah me, so showeth now my lord, I ween!

THEOCLYMENUS

Of what land?—and whence sailed he to our shore?

HELEN

Greek, an Achæan, shipmate of my lord.

THEOCLYMENUS

By what death says he Menelaus died?

HELEN

Most piteously, in whelming surge of brine.

THEOCLYMENUS

And where on alien waters voyaging?

1210

HELEN

On havenless rocks of Libya cast away.

THEOCLYMENUS

How perished this man not, who shared his voyage?

HELEN

Whiles are the base-born more than heroes blest.

THEOCLYMENUS

And, hither faring, where left he the wreck?

569

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄπου κακῶς ὄλοιτο, Μενέλεως δὲ μή.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὄλωλ' ἐκεῖνος· ἦλθε δ' ἐν ποίῳ σκάφει ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ναῦταί σφ' ἀνείλουτ' ἐντυχόντες, ὡς λέγει.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ποῦ δὴ τὸ πεμφθὲν ἀντὶ σοῦ Τροία κακόν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

νεφέλης λέγεις ἄγαλμ' ; ἐς αἰθέρ' οἴχεται.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1220 ὦ Πρίαμε καὶ γῆ Τρωάς, ὡς ἔρρεις μάτην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κὰγὼ μετέσχον Πριαμίδαις δυσπραξίας.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πόσιν δ' ἄθαπτον ἔλιπεν ἢ κρύπτει χθονί ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄθαπτον· οἱ ἴγὼ τῶν ἐμῶν τλήμων κακῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τῶνδ' εἵνεκ' ἔταμες βοστρύχους ξανθῆς κόμης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλος γάρ ἐστιν, ὅς ποτ' ἐστίν, ἐνθάδ' ὢν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὀρθῶς μὲν ἦδε συμφορὰ δακρύεται ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐν εὐμαρεῖ γοῦν σὴν κασιγνήτην λαθεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ δῆτα. πῶς οὖν ; τόνδ' ἔτ' οἰκήσεις τάφον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί κερτομεῖς με, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐκ ἐᾶς ;

HELEN

HELEN

Where ruin seize it!—but not Menelaus

THEOCLYMENUS

Ruin hath seized him. What ship brought this man?

HELEN

Some, voyaging, found and took him up, he saith.

THEOCLYMENUS

Where is that bane, in thy stead sent to Troy?

HELEN

The cloud-wraith mean'st thou? Into air it passed.

THEOCLYMENUS

O Priam, Troyland, ruined all for nought

1220

HELEN

I too have shared the Priamids' dark doom.

THEOCLYMENUS

Left he thy lord unburied, or entombed him?

HELEN

Unburied—woe is me! Alas mine ills!

THEOCLYMENUS

For this cause hast thou shorn thy golden hair?

HELEN

Yea, dear he is, whate'er he be—he is *here*.¹

THEOCLYMENUS

Is this misfortune real, thy tears unfeigned?

HELEN

O yea, thy sister's ken were lightly 'scaped!

THEOCLYMENUS

Nay, sooth. How then? Wilt dwell by this tomb still?

HELEN

Why mock me? Leave the dead awhile in peace.

¹ Laying her hand upon her heart (*Heath*).

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1230

πιστὴ γὰρ εἶ σὺ σῶ πόσει φεύγουσά με.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ'· ἤδη δ' ἄρχε τῶν ἐμῶν γάμων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

χρόνια μὲν ἦλθεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως αἰνῶ τάδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἴσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; τῶν πάρος λαθώμεθα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐπὶ τῷ ; χάρις γὰρ ἀντὶ χάριτος ἐλθέτω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σπονδὰς τέμωμεν καὶ διαλλάχθητί μοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μεθίημι νεῖκος τὸ σόν, ἴτω δ' ὑπόπτερον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πρὸς νῦν σε γονάτων τῶνδ', ἐπείπερ εἶ φίλος—

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί χρῆμα θηρῶσ' ἰκέτις ὠρέχθης ἐμοῦ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸν κατθανόντα πόσιν ἐμὸν θάψαι θέλω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1240

τί δ' ; ἔστ' ἀπόντων τύμβος ; ἢ θάψεις σκιάν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἐλλησὶν ἐστὶ νόμος, ὃς ἂν πόντῳ θάνῃ—

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δρᾶν ; σοφοί τοι Πελοπίδαι τὰ τοιάδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κενοῖσι θάπτειν ἐν πέπλων ὑφάσμασιν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

κτέριζ'· ἀνίστη τύμβον οὗ χρήξεις χθονός.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐχ ὧδε ναύτας ὀλομένους τυμβεύομεν.

HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

So loyal to thy lord, thou shunnest me.

1230

HELEN

No more will I : prepare my bridal now.

THEOCLYMENUS

Late comes it, yet with praise and thanks of me !

HELEN

Know'st then thy part? Let us forget the past.

THEOCLYMENUS

Thy terms?—since favour is for favour due.

HELEN

Let us make truce : be reconciled to me.

THEOCLYMENUS

I put away our feud : let it take wings.

HELEN

Now then by these thy knees, since friend thou art—

THEOCLYMENUS

What seekest thou with suppliant arms outstretched?

HELEN

The dead, mine husband, fain would I entomb.

THEOCLYMENUS

How?—for the lost a grave?—wouldst bury a shade? 1240

HELEN

'Tis Hellene wont, whoso is lost at sea—

THEOCLYMENUS

To do what? Wise are Pelops' sons herein.

HELEN

With garments shrouding nought to bury them.

THEOCLYMENUS

Rear him a tomb where in my land thou wilt.

HELEN

Not thus we bury mariners cast away.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς δαί ; λέλειμμαι τῶν ἐν Ἑλλησιν νόμων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς πόντον ὅσα χρῆ νέκυσιw ἐξορμίζομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί σοι παράσχω δῆτα τῷ τεθνηκότι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄδ' οἶδ'.¹ ἐγὼ δ' ἄπειρος, εὐτυχοῦσα πρίν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1250

ὦ ξένε, λόγων μὲν κληδόν' ἤνεγκας φίλην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκουν ἐμαυτῷ γ' οὐδὲ τῷ τεθνηκότι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς τοὺς θανόντας θάπτειτ' ἐν πόντῳ νεκρούς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς ἂν παρούσης οὐσίας ἕκαστος ἦ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πλούτου λέγ' εἶνεχ', ὅ τι θέλεις ταύτης χάριν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προσφάζεται μὲν αἷμα πρῶτα νερτέροις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τίνος ; σύ μοι σήμαινε, πείσομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αὐτὸς σὺ γίγνωσκ'. ἀρκέσει γὰρ ἂν διδῶς.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν βαρβάροις μὲν ἵππον ἢ ταῦρον νόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

διδούς γε μὲν δὴ δυσγενὲς μηδὲν δίδου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1260

οὐ τῶνδ' ἐν ἀγέλαις ὀλβίαις σπανίζομεν.

¹ Hartung : for οὐκ οἶδ' of MSS.

HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

How then? Of Hellene wont I nothing know.

HELEN

We put out seaward with the corpse's dues.

THEOCLYMENUS

What shall I give thee for the dead man then?

HELEN (*pointing to MENELAUS*)

He knows. Unskilled am I—happy ere this!

THEOCLYMENUS

Stranger, glad tidings dost thou bring to me. 1250

MENELAUS

For me not glad, nor yet for that dead man.

THEOCLYMENUS

How do ye bury dead men lost at sea?

MENELAUS

According to the substance of each friend.

THEOCLYMENUS

If wealth be all, for her sake speak thy wish.

MENELAUS

First is blood shed, an offering to the shades.

THEOCLYMENUS

The victim?—tell thou, and I will perform.

MENELAUS

Decide thou: that thou givest shall suffice.

THEOCLYMENUS

My people use to slay a horse or bull.

MENELAUS

If thou wilt give, give worthily of a king.¹

THEOCLYMENUS

Of such in my fair herds I have no lack. 1300

¹ Hinting that he should give both, as he actually does.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ στρωτὰ φέρεται λέκτρα σώματος κενά.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἔσται· τί δ' ἄλλο προσφέρει νομίζεται ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

χαλκήλαθ' ὄπλα· καὶ γὰρ ἦν φίλος δορί.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἄξια τάδ' ἔσται Πελοπιδῶν ἂ δώσομεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ τᾶλλ' ὅσα χθῶν καλὰ φέρει βλαστήματα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ; ἐς οἶδμα τίνι τρόπῳ καθίετε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ναῦν δεῖ παρῆναι κἄρετμῶν ἐπιστάτας.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πόσον δ' ἀπείργει μῆκος ἐκ γαίας δόρυ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥστ' ἐξορᾶσθαι ῥόθια χερσόθεν μόλις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1270

τί δῆ ; τόδ' Ἑλλὰς νόμιμον ἐκ τίνος σέβει ,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς μὴ πάλιν γῆ λύματ' ἐκβάλη κλύδων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

Φοίνισσα κώπη ταχύπορος γενήσεται.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καλῶς ἂν εἶη Μενέλεός τε πρὸς χάριν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐκ οὖν σὺ χωρὶς τῆσδε δρῶν ἀρκεῖς τάδε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μητρὸς τόδ' ἔργον ἢ γυναικὸς ἢ τέκνων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ταύτης ὁ μόχθος, ὡς λέγεις, θάπτειν πόσιν ;

HELEN

MENELAUS

Next, a decked bier is borne, no corpse thereon.

THEOCLYMENUS

This shall be. What beside doth custom add?

MENELAUS

Arms forged of bronze, for well he loved the spear.

THEOCLYMENUS

These, our gifts, shall be worthy Pelops' line.

MENELAUS

Therewith, all increase fair that earth brings forth.

THEOCLYMENUS

How then?—how cast ye these into the surge?

MENELAUS

There needeth here a ship with rowers manned.

THEOCLYMENUS

And how far speedeth from the strand the keel?

MENELAUS

So that from land the foam-wake scarce is seen.

THEOCLYMENUS

Now wherefore? Why doth Greece observe this use? 1270

MENELAUS

Lest the surge sweep pollution back to shore.

THEOCLYMENUS

Phoenician oars shall traverse soon the space.

MENELAUS

'Twere well done, and a grace to Menelaus.

THEOCLYMENUS

Dost thou not, without her, suffice for this?

MENELAUS

This must be done by mother, wife, or child.

THEOCLYMENUS

Hers then the task, thou say'st, to entomb her lord?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐν εὐσεβεῖ γοῦν νόμιμα μὴ κλέπτειν νεκρῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1280 ἴτω· πρὸς ἡμῶν ἄλοχον εὐσεβῆ τρέφειν.
 ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς οἴκους ἐξελοῦ κόσμον νεκρῶ·
 καὶ σ' οὐ κεναῖσι χερσὶ γῆς ἀποστελῶ,
 δράσαντα τῆδε πρὸς χάριν· φήμας δέ μοι
 ἐσθλὰς ἐνεγκῶν γ' ἀντὶ τῆς ἀχλαινίας
 ἐσθῆτα λήψει σῖτά θ', ὥστε σ' εἰς πάτραν
 ἐλθεῖν, ἐπεὶ νῦν γ' ἀθλίως ἔχονθ' ὀρώ.
 σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαινα, μὴ πὶ τοῖς ἀνηνύτοις
 τρύχου σὺ σαυτήν· Μενέλεως δ' ἔχει πότμον,
 κούκ ἂν δύναίτο ζῆν ὁ κατθανὼν ποσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1290 σὸν ἔργον, ὦ νεᾶνι· τὸν παρόντα μὲν
 στέργειν πόσιν χρή, τὸν δὲ μηκέτ' οὐτ' ἔαν·
 ἄριστα γάρ σοι ταῦτα πρὸς τὸ τυγχάνον.
 ἦν δ' Ἑλλάδ' ἔλθω καὶ τύχῳ σωτηρίας,
 παύσω ψόγου σε τοῦ πρίν, ἦν γυνὴ γένη
 οἴαν γενέσθαι χρή σε σῶ ξυνευνέτη.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1300 ἔσται τάδ'· οὐδὲ μέμψεται πόσις ποτὲ
 ἡμῖν· σὺ δ' αὐτὸς ἐγγὺς ὦν εἶσει τάδε.
 ἀλλ', ὦ τάλας, εἴσελθε καὶ λουτρῶν τύχῃ
 ἐσθῆτά τ' ἐξάλλαξον. οὐκ ἐς ἀμβολὰς
 εὐεργετήσω σ'· εὐμενέστερον γὰρ ἂν
 τῷ φιλτάτῳ μοι Μενέλεω τὰ πρόσφορα
 δρόφης ἂν, ἡμῶν τυγχάνων οἴων σε χρή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρεῖα ποτὲ δρομάδι κώλῳ
 μάτηρ θεῶν ἐσύθη

στρ. α'

HELEN

MENELAUS

Yea, piety bids rob not the dead of dues.

THEOCLYMENUS

Let her go :—best to foster in my wife
Piety. From mine halls the death-dues take,
Nor thee will I send empty-handed hence,
For this thy kindness shown her. For good news
Thou hast brought me, raiment in thy bare rags' stead
And food shalt thou have, so that thou mayst come
To Greece, whom now I see in sorriest plight.
Thou, hapless queen, fret not thine heart away
Without avail. Menelaus hath his doom,
And thy dead husband cannot live again.

MENELAUS

Princess, thy part is this : with him who is now
Thy lord, content thee ; him who is not, let be,
As best it is for thee in this thy plight.
And if to Greece I come, and safety win,
Then will I take thine old reproach away,
If now thou prove true wife to thine own spouse.

HELEN

This shall be : never shall my lord blame me.
Thou shalt thyself be near, and witness this.
Now, toil-tried one, pass in, enjoy the bath,
And change thy raiment. I will tarry not
In kindness to thee : thou with more good will
Shalt pay all dues to my beloved lord,
Menelaus, if thou have thy due of us.

[*Exeunt* MENELAUS, HELEN, and THEOCLYMENUS.]

CHORUS

The Mountain-goddess,¹ with feet swift-racing, (*Str. 1*)
Mother of Gods, rushed onward of yore

¹ Demeter, who is here invested with some of the attributes of Cybele.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- ἀν' ὑλάντα νάπη
 ποτάμιόν τε χεῦμ' ὑδάτων
 βαρύβρομόν τε κῦμ' ἄλιον
 πόθῳ τᾶς ἀποικομένης
 ἀρρήτου κούρας·
 κρόταλα δὲ Βρόμια διαπρύσιον
 1310 ἰέντα κέλαδον ἀνεβόα,
 θηρῶν ὅτε ζυγίους
 ζευξάσα θεᾷ σατίνας,
 τὰν ἀρπασθεῖσαν κυκλίων
 χορῶν ἔξω παρθενίων
 μέτα κοῦραι ἀελλόποδες,
 ἃ μὲν τόξοις Ἄρτεμις, ἃ δ'
 ἔγχει Γοργῶπις πάνοπλος,
 <συνεῖποντο. Ζεὺς δ' ἑδράνων¹>
 αὐγάζων δ' ἐξ οὐρανίων
 ἄλλαν μοῖραν ἔκραινε.
- 1320 δρομαῶν δ' ὅτε πολυπλάνητον ἀντ. α
 μάτηρ ἔπασσε πόνον,
 μαστεύουσ' ἀπόρους
 θυγατρὸς ἀρπαγὰς δολίους,
 χιονοθρέμμονας δ' ἐπέρασ'
 Ἰδαιῶν Νυμφᾶν σκοπιάς·
 ῥίπτει δ' ἐν πένθει
 πέτρινα κατὰ δρία πολυνηφέα·
 βροτοῖσι δ' ἄχλοα πεδία γᾶς
 οὐ καρπίζουσ' ἀρότοις
 1330 λαῶν φθείρει γενεάν·
 ποίμναις δ' οὐχ ἴει θαλερὰς

¹ Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.

HELEN

By glens of the forest in frenzied chasing,
 By the new-born rivers' cataract-roar,
 By the thunderous surge of the sea wind-tost,
 In anguished quest for a daughter lost
 Whose name is unuttered in prayer or praising;¹
 And a peal far-piercing the echoes bore
 As clashed the Bacchanal's castanet;
 And beasts of the wold by her spells controlled
 'Neath the yoke of the Goddess's chariot met: 1310
 And with her for her child, by the ravisher parted
 From the virgins' dances, on that wild quest
 The storm-footed Maiden-goddesses darted,
 Even Artemis Queen of the Bow, and pressed
 At her side with her spear and her panoply
 Stern-eyed Pallas:—but Zeus, throned high
 In the heavens, looked down, and their purpose
 thwarted,
 And ordered the issue as seemed him best.

When ceased the Mother from weary faring (*Ant. 1*)
 Of feet wide-wandering to and fro, 1320
 Seeking the daughter whom hands ensnaring
 Had ravished whitherward none might know,
 Then over the watch-tower peaks did she tread
 Of the Nymphs of Ida, the snow's birth-bed,
 And earthward flung her in grief's despairing
 Mid the rocky thickets deep in snow:
 And she caused that from herbless plains of
 earth
 No blade should shoot for the tilth-land's fruit,
 And she wasted the tribes of men with dearth:
 And the cattle for tendril-sprays lush-trailing 1330

¹ Persephone's name was not uttered in ritual, for fear of re-awakening Demeter's grief.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

βοσκὰς εὐφύλλων ἑλίκων
 πολέων δ' ἀπέλειπε βίος,
 οὐδ' ἦσαν θεῶν θυσίαι,
 βωμοῖς τ' ἄφλεκτοι πέλανοι·
 πηγὰς τ' ἀμπαύει δροσερὰς
 λευκῶν ἐκβάλλειν ὑδάτων
 πένθει παιδὸς ἀλάστῳ.

1340

ἔπει δ' ἔπανσ' εἰλαπίνας στρ. β'
 θεοῖς βροτείῳ τε γένει,
 Ζεὺς μειλίσσων στυγίους
 ματρὸς ὀργὰς ἐνέπει·
 βᾶτε, σεμναὶ Χάριτες,
 ἴτε, τὰν περὶ παρθένῳ
 Δηοῖ θυμωσαμένα
 λύπαν ἐξαλλάξατ' ἀλᾶν,¹
 Μοῦσαί θ' ὕμνοισι χορῶν.
 χαλκοῦ δ' αὐδὰν χθονίαν
 τύπανά τ' ἔλαβε βυρσοτενῆ
 καλλίστα τότε πρῶτα μακάρων
 Κύπρις γέλασέν τε θεὰ
 δέξατό τ' εἰς χέρας
 βαρύβρομον αὐλὸν
 τερφθεῖσ' ἀλαλαγμῶ.

1350

† ὦν οὐ θέμις σ' οὐδ' ὀσία² ἀντ. β'
 ἐπύρωσας ἐν θαλάμοις,
 μῆνιν δ' εἶχες μεγάλας
 ματρός, ὦ παῖ, θυσίας
 οὐ σεβίζουσα θεᾶς.

¹ Bothe: for MSS. ἀλαλῆ.

² This antistrophe is corrupt, and its interpretation is largely conjectural (Paley).

HELEN

Looked yearning with famishing eyes in vain ;
 And from many and many the life was failing,
 Nor the sacrifice-smoke made misty the fane ;
 Nor on altars were found meal-cakes to burn :
 And she sealed the spray-dashed mountain-urn
 From pouring the wan stream forth, aye wailing
 For her child with inconsolable pain.

(*Str.* 2)

And the Gods' feasts failed from the altars fuming,
 And for men the staff of bread she brake.
 Then Zeus, to assuage the wrath overglooming
 The soul of the Mighty Mother, spake : 1340
 " Pass down, O Worshipful Ones, ye Graces,
 And from Deo banish her wrath's dark traces,
 And the grief that hath driven through desolate
 places

A mother distraught for a daughter's sake.
 Go ye, too, Muses, with dance and with singing."
 Then first of the Blessèd Ones Cypris the fair
 Caught up the brass of the voice deep-ringing,
 And the skin-strained tambourine she bare,
 Then Demeter smiled, and forgot her grieving,
 In her hands for a token of peace receiving 1350
 The flute of the deep wild notes far-cleaving
 The gorges ; and gladness lulled her care.

Princess, did flame unconsecrated (*Ant.* 2)
 Of rites unhallowed in thy bowers shine,
 And so of the Mighty Mother hated
 Wast thou ?—O child, and was this sin thine,
 To have lived of the Goddess's altar unrecking ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1360 μέγα τοι δύναται νεβρῶν
 παμποίκιοι στολίδες
 κισσοῦ τε στεφθεῖσα χλόα
 νάρθηκας εἰς ἱερούς,
 ῥόμβων θ' εἰλισσομένα
 κύκλιος ἔνοσις αἰθερία,
 βακχεύουσά τ' ἔθειρα Βρομίῳ
 καὶ παννυχίδες θεᾶς
 εὐτέ νιν ὄμμασιν
 ἔβαλε σελάνα.
 μορφᾷ μόνον ἠὔχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1370 τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους εὐτυχοῦμεν, ὦ φίλαι·
 ἢ γὰρ συνεκκλέπτουσα Πρωτέως κόρη
 πόσιν παρόντα τὸν ἐμὸν ἱστορουμένη
 οὐκ εἶπ' ἀδελφῶ· κατθανόντα δ' ἐν χθονὶ
 οὐ φησιν ἀγὰς εἰσορᾶν ἐμὴν χάριν.
 κάλλιστα δὴ τάδ' ἤρπασεν τεύχη πόσις·
 ἂ γὰρ καθήσειν ὄπλ' ἔμελλεν εἰς ἄλλα,
 ταῦτ' ἐμβαλὼν πόρπακι γενναίαν χέρα
 αὐτὸς κομίζει, δόρυ τε δεξιᾷ λαβῶν,
 ὡς τῶ θανόντι χάριτα δὴ συνεκπονῶν.
 1380 προὔργου δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν σῶμ' ὄπλοις ἠσκήσατο,
 ὡς βαρβάρων τρόπαια μυρίων χερὶ
 στήσων, ὅταν κωπῆρες εἰσβῶμεν σκάφος,
 πέπλους ἀμείψας ἀντὶ ναυφθόρου στολῆς,
 ἀγῶ νιν ἐξήσκησα, καὶ λουτροῖς χρῶα
 ἔδωκα, χρόνια νίπτρα ποταμίας δρόσου.
 ἀλλ' ἐκπερᾷ γὰρ δωμάτων ὁ τοὺς ἐμοὺς
 γάμους ἐτοίμους ἐν χεροῖν ἔχειν δοκῶν,
 σιγητέον μοι· καὶ σέ προσποιούμεθα
 εὖνον κρατεῖν τε στόματος, ἦν δυνώμεθα
 σωθέντες αὐτοὶ καὶ σέ συσσωσαί ποτε.

HELEN

Yet atonement may come of the fawn-skin decking
 Thy limbs, bedappled with dark spots flecking
 Its brown, and if greenness of ivy twine 1360
 Round the sacred fennel-wand lightly shivering,
 And if whirled through the air the tambour moan
 As it swings, as it rings, to the light touch quivering,
 And if Bacchanal hair to the winds shall be thrown,
 When the Goddess's vigils are revelling nightly,
 And the shafts of the moon's bow touch them
 lightly, [brightly.
 Shot from the heights where her eyes gleam
 Repent—thou didst trust in thy fairness alone.

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Within the palace all is well, my friends;
 For Proteus' child, confederate with us, 1370
 Being questioned, hath not told her brother aught
 Of my lord's presence, but for my sake saith
 That dead he seeth not on earth the light.
 Right happily my lord hath won these arms.
 Himself hath donned the mail that he should cast
 Into the sea, hath thrust his stalwart arm
 Into the shield-strap, grasped in hand the spear,
 As who should join in homage to the dead,—
 In season for the fray hath harnessed him,
 As who shall vanquish aliens untold 1380
 Singly, when once we tread the galley's deck.
 He hath doffed his wreck-age rags for the attire
 Wherein I have arrayed him, and have given
 His limbs the bath, long lacked, of river-dew.
 —No more, for forth comes one who deems he holds
 My marriage in the hollow of his hand:
 I must be silent, and thy loyalty
 I claim, and sealed lips, that we haply may,
 Ourselves delivered, one day save thee too.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

- 1390 χωρεῖτ' ἐφεξῆς, ὡς ἔταξεν ὁ ξένος,
 δμῶες, φέροντες ἐνάλια κτερίσματα.
 Ἐλένη, σὺ δ', ἦν σοι μὴ κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,
 πείθου, μὲν' αὐτοῦ· ταῦτ' ἄ γὰρ παρούσά τε
 πράξεις τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν σὸν ἦν τε μὴ παρῆς.
 δέδοικα γὰρ σε μὴ τις ἐμπεσῶν πόθος
 πείσῃ μεθεῖναι σῶμ' ἐς οἶδμα πόντιον
 τοῦ πρόσθεν ἀνδρὸς χάρισιν ἐκπεπληγμένην
 ἄγαν γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐ παρόνθ' ὄμως στένεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 1400 ὦ καινὸς ἡμῖν πόσις, ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
 τὰ πρῶτα λέκτρα νυμφικὰς θ' ὀμίλιας
 τιμᾶν· ἐγὼ δὲ διὰ τὸ μὲν στέργειν πόσιν
 καὶ ξυνθάνοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ τίς κείνῳ χάρις
 ξὺν κατθανόντι κατθανεῖν; ἔα δ' ἐμέ
 αὐτὴν μολοῦσαν ἐντάφια δοῦναι νεκρῷ.
 θεοὶ δὲ σοί τε δοῖεν οἷ' ἐγὼ θέλω,
 καὶ τῷ ξένῳ τῷδ', ὅτι συνεκπονεῖ τάδε.
 ἔξεις δέ μ' οἴαν' χρή σ' ἔχειν ἐν δόμασι
 γυναικ', ἐπειδὴ Μενέλεων εὐεργετεῖς
 κᾶμ'· ἔρχεται γὰρ δὴ τιν' εἰς τύχην τάδε·
 1410 ὅστις δὲ δώσει ναῦν ἐν ἧ' τὰδ' ἄξομεν,
 πρόσταξον, ὡς ἂν τὴν χάριν πλήρη λάβω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

χώρει σὺ καὶ ναῦν τοῖσδε πεντηκόντορον
 Σιδωνίαν δὸς κάρετμῶν ἐπιστάτας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὔκουν ὄδ' ἄρξει ναὸς ὅς κοσμεῖ τάφον;

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μάλιστ'· ἀκούειν τοῦδε χρή ναύτας ἐμούς.

HELEN

Enter THEOCLYMENUS and MENELAUS, with train of attendants bearing funeral offerings.

THEOCLYMENUS

Pass on in order, as the stranger bade, 1390
 Thralls, bearing offerings destined to the sea.
 Helen, thou—if thou take not ill my words—
 Be ruled by me, here stay: for thou shalt serve
 Thy lord alike, or be thou there or not.
 I fear thee, lest some thrill of yearning pain
 Move thee to fling thy body mid the surge,
 Distraught with love for him who was thy lord;
 For overmuch thou mournest him, who is not.

HELEN

O my new spouse, needs must I honour him,
 My first love, who embraced me as a bride: 1400
 Yea, I for very love of my dead lord
 Could die,—yet wherein should I pleasure him
 If with the dead I died? Nay, suffer me
 Myself to go and pay him burial-dues:
 So the Gods grant thee all the boons I wish,
 And to this stranger, for his help herein.
 And such wife shalt thou find me in thine halls
 As meet is, for thy kindness to my lord
 And me; for these things to fair issue tend. 1410
 Now bid one give a ship wherein to bear
 The gifts, that so thy kindness may be full.

THEOCLYMENUS (*to attendant*)

Go thou, and give these a Sidonian ship
 Of fifty oars, and rowers therewithal.

HELEN

The rites who ordereth, shall not he command?

THEOCLYMENUS

Yea surely; him my sailors must obey.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αὐθις κέλευσον, ἵνα σαφῶς μάθωσί σου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

αὐθις κελεύω καὶ τρίτον γ', εἴ σοι φίλον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄναιο, καὶ γὰρ τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μή νυν ἄγαν σὸν δάκρυσιν ἐκτήξεης χροῖα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1420 ἦδ' ἡμέρα σοι τὴν ἐμὴν δείξει χάριν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τὰ τῶν θανόντων οὐδέεν, ἀλλ' ἄλλως πόνος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔστιν τι κακεῖ κἀνθάδ' ὧν ἐγὼ λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδέεν κακίῳ Μενελέῳ μ' ἕξεις πόσιν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐδέεν σὺ μεμπτός· τῆς τύχης με δεῖ μόνον.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ τόδ', ἦν σὴν εἰς ἐμ' εὖνοιαν διδῶς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ νῦν διδαξόμεσθα τοὺς φίλους φιλεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

βούλει ξυνεργῶν αὐτὸς ἐκπέμψω στόλον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦκιστα· μὴ δούλευε σοῖς δούλοις, ἄναξ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1430 ἀλλ' εἶα· τοὺς μὲν Πελοπιδῶν ἐῷ νόμους·

καθαρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν δώματ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐνθάδε

ψυχὴν ἀφήκε Μενελέως· ἴτω δέ τις

φράσων ὑπάρχους τοῖς ἐμοῖς φέρειν γάμων

ἀγάλματ' οἴκους εἰς ἐμούς· πᾶσαν δὲ χρῆ

HELEN

HELEN

Speak it again, that all may understand.

THEOCLYMENUS

Twice I command, yea, thrice, if this thou wilt.

HELEN

Blessings on thee—and me, in mine intent!

THEOCLYMENUS

Waste not with tears thy beauty overmuch.

HELEN

This day shall prove to thee my gratitude.

1420

THEOCLYMENUS

The dead are naught: to toil for them is vain.

HELEN

Both dead and living as yet have claim on me.

THEOCLYMENUS

Me shalt thou prove no worse than Menelaus.

HELEN

No fault in thee: I need but fortune fair.

THEOCLYMENUS

This rests with thee, so thou yield me true love.

HELEN

I shall not need to learn to love my love.

THEOCLYMENUS

Wouldst have myself for escort and for aid?

HELEN

Nay, be not servant to thy servants, king.

THEOCLYMENUS

Away then: Pelopid wont is nought to me.

1430

Mine house is unpolluted, since not here
Did Menelaus die. Let some one go

And bid my vassal-kings bring marriage-gifts
Unto mine halls. Let all the land break forth

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1440 γαίαν βοᾶσθαι μακαρίαις ὑμνωδίαις
 ὑμέναιον Ἑλένης κάμῳ, ὡς ζηλωτὸς ἦ.
 σὺ δ', ὦ ξέν', ἐλθὼν, πελαγίους ἐς ἀγκάλας
 τῷ τῆσδε πρὶν ποτ' ὄντι δούς πόσει τάδε,
 πάλιν πρὸς οἴκους σπεύδ' ἐμὴν δάμαρτ' ἔχων,
 ὡς τοὺς γάμους τοὺς τῆσδε συνδαίσας ἐμοὶ
 στέλλη πρὸς οἴκους ἢ μένων εὐδαιμονῆς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1450 ὦ Ζεῦ, πατήρ τε καὶ σοφὸς κλήζει θεός,
 βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς καὶ μετᾴστησον κακῶν.
 ἔλκουσι δ' ἡμῖν πρὸς λέπας τὰς συμφορὰς
 σπουδῇ σύναψαι· κἂν ἄκρα θίγῃς χερί,
 ἦξομεν ἵν' ἐλθεῖν βουλόμεσθα τῆς τύχης.
 ἄλλοι δὲ μόχθων οὖς ἐμοχθούμεν πάρος.
 κέκλησθέ μοι, θεοί, πολλὰ χρηστ' ἐμοῦ κλύειν
 καὶ λύπρ'· ὀφείλω δ' οὐκ ἀεὶ πράσσειν κακῶς,
 ὀρθῶ δὲ βῆναι ποδί· μίαν δ' ἐμοὶ χάριν
 δόντες τὸ λοιπὸν εὐτυχῇ με θήσετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1460 Φοίνισσα Σιδωνιάς ὦ στρ. α'
 ταχεῖα κώπα, ῥοθίοισι μάτηρ
 εἰρεσία φίλα,
 χοραγέ τῶν καλλιχόρων
 δελφίνων, ὅταν αὔραις
 πέλαγος νήνεμον ἦ,
 γλαυκὰ δὲ Πόντου θυγάτηρ
 Γαλάνεια τάδ' εἶπη·
 κατὰ μὲν ἰστία πετάσατ' αὔ-
 ραις λείποντες ἐναλίας,
 λάβετε δ' εἰλατίνας πλάτας,

HELEN

In shouts of happy spousal hymns for Helen
 And me, that all may triumph in my joy.
 Thou, stranger, go, and into the sea's arms
 These offerings cast to Helen's sometime lord,
 Then homeward speed again with this my wife,
 That, having shared with me her spousal-feast,
 Thou mayst fare home, or here abide in bliss. [*Exit.* 1440
Attendants pass on with the offerings.]

MENE LAUS

Zeus, Father art thou called, and the Wise God :
 Look upon us, and from our woes redeem ;
 And, as we drag our fortunes up the steep,
 Lay to thine hand : a finger-touch from thee,
 And good-speed's haven long-desired we win.
 Suffice our travail heretofore endured.
 Oft have ye been invoked, ye Gods, to hear
 My joys and griefs : not endless ills I merit,
 But in plain paths to tread. Grant this one boon,
 And happy shall ye make me all my days. 1450

[*Exeunt* MENE LAUS and HELEN.]

CHORUS

Swift galley Phoenician of Sidon, (Str. 1)
 Foam sprang from the travail of thee,
 O dear to the sons of the oar :
 The dolphin-dance sweepeth before
 And behind thee, when breezes no more
 Ruffle the sea thou dost ride on,
 And thus through the hush crieth she,
 Calm,¹ child azure-eyed of the sea :—
 " Shake out the canvas, committing
 Your sails to what breezes may blow, 1460
 And arow at the pine-blades sitting

¹ Galene, named by Hesiod a sea-nymph.

ναῦται, ἰὸν ναῦται,
πέμποντες εὐλιμένους
Περσείων οἴκων Ἐλέναν ἐπ' ἀκτῆς.

1470 ἦ που κόρας ἂν ποταμοῦ ἀντ. α'
παρ' οἶδμα Λευκιππίδας ἦ πρὸ ναοῦ
Παλλάδος ἂν λάβοις
χρόνῳ ξυνελθούσα χοροῖς
ἦ κώμοις Ἱακίνθου,
1470 νυχίαν εὐφροσύναν,
ὃν ἐξαμλλησάμενος
τροχῶ ἀτέρμονι δίσκου
ἔκανε Φοῖβος, ὅθεν Λακαί-
να γὰ βούθυτον ἀμέραν
ὁ Διὸς εἶπε σέβειν γόνος,
μόςχον θ', ἂν οἴκοις
<ἔλειπες, Ἑρμιόνα,¹>
ἄς οὐπω πεῦκαι πρὸ γάμων ἔλαμψαν.

1480 δι' αἴρος εἶθε ποτανοὶ στρ. β'
γενοίμεσθ' ἄ Λίβνας
οἰωνοὶ στολάδες
ὄμβρον λιποῦσαι χειμέριον
νίσσονται πρεσβυτάτα
σύριγγι πειθόμεναι
ποιμένος, ὃς ἄβροχα
πεδία καρποφόρα τε γᾶς
ἐπιπετόμενος ἰαχεῖ.
ὦ πταναὶ δολιχαύχενες,
σύννομοι νεφέων δρόμου,

¹ Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.

HELEN

Give way, O sailors, yoho¹
Till the keel bearing Helen shall slide on
The strand where the old homes be."

Perchance by the full-brimming river (*Ant.* 1)
On the priestess-maids shalt thou light,
Or haply by Pallas's fane,
And shalt join in the dances again,
Or the revels for Hyacinth slain,
When with rapture night's pulses shall quiver 1470
For him whom the overcast quoit
Of Phoebus in contest did smite,¹
Whence the God to Laconia's nation
Gave charge that they hallow the day
With slaughter of kine for oblation:—
And thy daughter whom, speeding away,
Ye left, shall ye find, for whom never
Hath the spousal-torch yet flashed bright.

Oh through the welkin on pinions to fleet (*Str.* 2)
Where from Libya far-soaring 1480
The cranes by their armies flee fast from the sleet
And the storm-waters pouring,
By their shepherd, their chief many-wintered, on-led,
At his whistle swift-wheeling,
As o'er plains whereon never the rain-drops were
shed,
Yet where vineyards are purple, where harvests are red,
His clarion is pealing:—
O winged ones, who, blent with the cloud-spirits' race,
With necks far-stretching fly on,

¹ The festival of the *Hyacinthia* was held yearly at Amyclae, in memory of Hyacinthus, who was accidentally killed by the quoit of Apollo, who loved him.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1490 βᾶτε Πλειάδας ὑπὸ μέσας
 Ὀρίωνά τ' ἐννύχιον
 καρύξατ' ἀγγελίαν,
 Εὐρώταν ἐφεζόμεναι,
 Μενέλαος ὅτι Δαρδάνου
 πόλιν ἔλων δόμον ἤξει.

μόλοιτέ ποθ' ἵππιον ἄρμα ἀντ. β'
 δι' αἰθέρος ἰέμενοι
 παῖδες Τυνδαρίδαι,
 λαμπρῶν ἄστρον ὑπ' ἀέλλαισιν
 οἷ ναίετ' οὐράνιοι,
 1500 σωτῆρε τᾶσδ' Ἑλένας
 γλαυκὸν ἐπ' οἶδμ' ἄλιον
 κυανόχροά τε κυμάτων
 ῥόθια πολιά θαλάσσας,
 ναύταις εὐαεῖς ἀνέμων
 πέμποντες Διόθεν πνοάς·
 δύσκειϊαν δ' ἀπὸ συγγόνου
 βάλετε βαρβάρων λεχέων,
 ἂν Ἰδαίων ἐρίδων
 1510 ποιναιθεῖς ἐκθήσατο, γᾶν
 οὐκ ἐλθοῦσά ποτ' Ἰλίου
 Φοιβείους ἐπὶ πύργους.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

† ἄναξ, κάκιστά σ' ἐν δόμοις εὐρήκαμεν·
 ὡς καὶν' ἀκούσει πῆματ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ τάχα.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἄλλης ἐκπύνει μνηστεύματα
 γυναικός· Ἑλένη γὰρ βέβηκ' ἔξω χθονός.

HELEN

'Neath the Pleiades plunge through abysses of space,
 'Neath the night-king Orion : 1490
 Crying the tidings, down heaven's steep glide,
 To Eurotas descending,—
 Cry "Atreides hath brought low Ilium's pride,
 And homeward is wending!"

(Ant. 2)

And ye, in your chariot o'er highways of sky
 O haste from the far land
 Where, Tyndarus' scions, your homes are on high
 Mid the flashings of starland :
 Ye who dwell in the halls of the Heavenly Home,
 Be nigh her, safe guiding 1500
 Helen where seas heave, surges comb,
 As o'er waves green-glimmering, crested with foam,
 Her galley is riding.
 To her crew send breezes from Zeus' hand sped
 In the sails low-singing,
 Your sister's reproach of an alien bed
 Afar from her flinging,—
 The reproach of the strife upon Ida, whose guilt
 Unto her was requited,
 Though on Ilium's towers, of Apollo upbuilt, 1510
 Her feet never lighted.

Enter, meeting, KING from palace and MESSENGER from harbour.

MESSENGER

King, all unwelcome in thine halls I meet thee,
 Since thou must straightway hear of me ill-news.

THEOCLYMENUS

What now ?

MESSENGER

The wooing of another bride
 Speed thou, for Helen from the land is gone.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πτεροῖσιν ἄρθεισ' ἢ πεδοστιβεῖ ποδί ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἐκπεπόρθμευται χθονός,
ὃς αὐτὸς αὐτὸν ἦλθεν ἀγγέλλων θανεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1520 ὦ δεινὰ λέξας· τίς δέ νιν ναυκληρία
ἐκ τῆσδ' ἀπήρε χθονός ; ἄπιστα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἦν γε ξένω δίδως σὺ τούς τε σοὺς ἔχων
ναύτας βέβηκεν, ὡς ἂν ἐν βραχεῖ μάθης.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς ; εἰδέναί πρόθυμος· οὐ γὰρ ἐλπίδων
εἴσω βέβηκα μίαν ὑπερδραμεῖν χέρα
τοσοῦσδε ναύτας, ὧν ἀπεστάλης μέτα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1530 ἐπεὶ λιποῦσα τούσδε βασιλικούς δόμους
ἢ τοῦ Διὸς παῖς πρὸς θάλασσαν ἐστάλη,
σοφώταθ' ἄβρον πόδα τιθεῖσ' ἀνέστεινε
πόσιν πέλας παρόντα κοῦ τεθνηκότα.
ὡς δ' ἦλθομεν σῶν περίβολον νεωρίων,
Σιδωνίαν ναῦν πρωτόπλουν καθείλκομεν,
ζυγῶν τε πεντήκοντα κἀρετμῶν μέτρα
ἔχουσαν. ἔργου δ' ἔργον ἐξημείβετο·
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἰστόν, ὁ δὲ πλάτην καθίστατο
ταρσόν τε χειρί, λευκά θ' ἰστί εἰς ἐν ἦν,
πηδάλιά τε ζεύγλαισι παρακαθίετο.
κὰν τῶδε μόχθῳ, τοῦτ' ἄρα σκοπούμενοι,
"Ἕλληνες ἄνδρες Μενέλεω ξυνέμποροι
1540 προσῆλθον ἀκταῖς, ναυφθόροις ἠσθημένοι
πέπλοισιν, εὐειδεῖς μὲν, αὐχμηροὶ δ' ὄραν.
ἰδὼν δέ νιν παρόντας Ἀτρέως γόνος

HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

On wings upborne, or feet that trod the ground ?

MESSENGER

Menelaus from the land hath sailed with her,—
He who with tidings of his own death came.

THEOCLYMENUS

O monstrous tale !—what galley from this land
Bare her ?—for these thy words are past belief. 1520

MESSENGER

Even that thou gavest : yea, with thine own men
The stranger went—that briefly thou mayst learn.

THEOCLYMENUS

How ?—I am fain to know. Never it came
Into my thought that one arm could o'ermatch
So great a crew, with whom thyself wast sent.

MESSENGER

Soon as, departing from these royal halls,
The child of Zeus passed down unto the sea,
Pacing with delicate feet, she subtly raised
Wails for the spouse beside her, and not dead. 1530
When to thy docks' wide compass we were come,
The swiftest ship Sidonian launched we then
With full array of fifty thwarts and rowers.
And swiftly task succeeding task was done :
One set the mast up, one ran out the oars
Ready to hand ; the white sails folded lay ;
Dropped was the rudder, lashed unto its bands.
Amidst our toil, men watching all, I trow,
Shipmates of Menelaus, Hellenes they,
Came down the strand, in garb of shipwreck
clad,
Stalwart, yet weather-beaten to behold. 1540
And seeing these at hand, spake Atreus' seed

- προσεῖπε, δόλιον οἶκτον εἰς μέσον φέρων
ὦ τλήμονες, πῶς ἐκ τίνος νεῶς ποτε
Ἄχαιῖδος θραύσαντες ἦκετε σκάφος ;
ἄρ' Ἀτρέως παῖδ' ὀλόμενον συνθάπτετε,
ὄν Τυνδαρίς παῖς ἦδ' ἀπόντα κενοταφεῖ ;
οἱ δ' ἐκβαλόντες δάκρυα ποιητῶ τρόπῳ
εἰς ναῦν ἐχώρουν Μενέλεω ποντίσματα
φέροντες. ἡμῖν δ' ἦν μὲν ἦδ' ὑποψία
1550 λόγος τ' ἐν ἀλλήλοισι, τῶν ἐπεισβατῶν
ὡς πλήθος εἶη· διεσιωπῶμεν δ' ὅμως
τοὺς σοὺς λόγους σφύζοντες· ἄρχειν γὰρ νεῶς
ξένον κελεύσας πάντα συνέχεας τάδε.
καὶ τᾶλλα μὲν δὴ ῥαδίως εἴσω νεῶς
ἐθέμεθα κουφίζοντα· ταύρειος δὲ ποὺς
οὐκ ἦθελ' ὀρθὸς σανίδα προσβῆναι κάτα,
ἀλλ' ἐξεβρυχᾷτ' ὅμμ' ἀναστρέφων κύκλῳ,
κυρτῶν τε νῶτα κεῖς κέρας παρεμβλέπων
μὴ θιγγάνειν ἀπείργεν. ὁ δ' Ἑλένης πόσις
1560 ἐκάλεσεν· ὦ πέρσαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν,
οὐκ εἶ' ἀναρπάσαντες Ἑλλήνων νόμῳ
νεανίαις ὅμοισι ταύρειον δέμας
εἰς πρῶραν ἐμβαλεῖτε (φάσγανόν θ' ἅμα
πρόχειρον ὄθει) σφάγια τῶ τεθνηκότι ;
οἱ δ' εἰς κέλευσμ' ἔλθόντες ἐξανήρπασαν
ταῦρον, φέροντες δ' εἰσέθεντο σέλματα.
μονάμπυκος δὲ Μενέλεως ψήχων δέρην
μέτωπά τ' ἐξέπεισεν εἰσβῆναι δόρυ.
τέλος δ' ἐπειδὴ ναῦς τὰ πάντ' ἐδέξατο,
1570 πλήσασα κλιμακτῆρας εὐσφύρου ποδοῶς
Ἑλένη καθέζετ' ἐν μέσοις ἐδωλίωις
ὃ τ' οὐκέτ' ὄν λόγοισι Μενέλεως πέλας·
ἄλλοι δὲ τοίχους δεξιούς λαιούς τ' ἴσοι

HELEN

Making a wily show of pity feigned :

“ Hapless, from what Achæan bark, and how,
Come ye from making shipwreck of her hull?
Would ye help bury Atreus' perished son,
To whom yon Tyndarid queen gives empty tomb?”
They, shedding tears of counterfeited grief,
Drew nigh the ship, and bare the offerings
For Menelaus. Now mistrust awoke
In us, and murmurings for the added throng
Of passengers : yet still we held our peace,
Heeding thy words,—for thou didst ruin all
In bidding that the stranger captain us.

1550

Now all the victims lightly in the ship
We set, unrestive ; only the bull strained
Backward, nor on the gangway would set foot,
But bellowed still, and, rolling fierce eyes round,
Arching his back, and levelling his horns,
Would let none touch him. Thereat Helen's lord
Cried, “ Ye who laid the city of Ilium waste,
Come, hoist aloft in fashion of our Greeks
Yon bull's frame on your shoulders strong with
youth,

1560

And cast down in the prow ”—and with the word
Drew ready his sword—“ a victim to the dead.”
They came, and at a signal hoisted high
The bull, and bare, and 'neath the half-deck
thrust.

But Menelaus stroked the war-steed's neck
And forehead, and so gently drew it aboard.
When now the ship had gotten all her freight,
Helen with slim foot trod the ladder's rounds,
And midmost of the quarter-deck sat down,
And nigh her Menelaus, dead in name.
The rest along the ship's side left and right

1570

ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρ' ἔζονθ' ὑφ' εἵμασι ξίφη
 λαθραῖ' ἔχοντες, ρόθιά τ' ἐξεπίμπλατο
 βοῆς, κελευστοῦ φθέγμαθ' ὡς ἠκούσαμεν.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ γαίας ἡμεν οὔτ' ἄγαν πρόσω
 οὔτ' ἐγγύς, οὔτως ἤρετ' οἰάκων φύλαξ·
 1580 ἔτ', ὦ ξέν', εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἢ καλῶς ἔχει,
 πλεύσωμεν ; ἀρχαὶ γὰρ νεὸς μέλουσί σοι.
 ὁ δ' εἶφ' ἄλις μοι. δεξιᾶ δ' ἐλὼν ξίφος
 εἰς πρῶραν εἶρπε καπὶ ταυρείῳ σφαγῇ
 σταθεῖς νεκρῶν μὲν οὐδενὸς μνήμην ἔχων,
 τέμνων δὲ λαιμὸν ἠὔχετ'· ὦ ναίων ἄλα
 πόντιε Πόσειδον Νηρέως θ' ἄγναι κόραι,
 σώσατέ μ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς Ναυπλίας δάμαρτά τε
 ἄσυλον ἐκ γῆς. αἵματος δ' ἀπορροαί
 ἐς οἶδμ' ἐσηκόντιζον οὔριαι ξένω.

καί τις τόδ' εἶπε· δόλιος ἢ ναυκληρία·
 1590 τί νῦν πλέωμεν Ναυπλίαν ;¹ κέλευε σύ,
 σὺ δὲ στρέφ' οἶακ'. ἐκ δὲ ταυρείου φόνου
 Ἀτρέως σταθεῖς παῖς ἀνεβόησε συμμάχους·
 τί μέλλετ', ὦ γῆς Ἑλλάδος λωτίσματα,
 σφάζειν, φονεύειν βαρβάρους, νεὸς τ' ἀπο
 ρίπτειν ἐς οἶδμα ; ναυβάταις δὲ τοῖσι σοῖς
 βοᾷ κελευστής τὴν ἐναντίαν ὄπα·
 οὐκ εἶ' ὁ μὲν τις λοῖσθον ἀρεῖται δόρυ,
 ὁ δὲ ζύγ' ἄξας ; ὁ δ' ἀφελὼν σκαλμοῦ πλάτην,
 καθαιματώσει κρᾶτα πολεμίων ξένων ;
 1600 ὀρθοὶ δ' ἀνῆξαν πάντες, οἱ μὲν ἐν χεροῖν
 κορμοὺς ἔχοντες ναυτικούς, οἱ δὲ ξίφη·
 φονῶ δὲ ναῦς ἐρρεῖτο. παρακέλευσμα δ' ἦν
 πρύμνηθεν Ἑλένης· ποῦ τὸ Τρωικὸν κλέος ;

¹ Paley: for MSS. πάλιν πλέωμεν ἀξίαν ; Badham πάλ.
 πλ. δεξιάν.

HELEN

Sat man by man, with swords beneath their cloaks
 Hidden ; and o'er the surges rolled the chant
 Of oarsmen, when we heard the boatswain's note.
 But when from land we were not passing-far,
 Nor nigh, thus spake the warder of the helm :
 " Still onward sail we, or doth this suffice,
 Stranger ?—for to command the ship is thine." 1580
 Then he, " Enough for me." Now, sword in hand,
 Prow-ward he went, and stood to slay the bull.
 But of no dead man spake he any word ;
 But gashed the throat, and prayed—" O Sea-abider,
 Poseidon, and ye, Nereus' daughters pure,
 Me bring ye and my wife to Nauplia's shores,
 Safe from this land." The blood-gush spurted
 forth—

Fair omen for the stranger— to the surge.
 Then cried one, "'Tis a voyage of treachery this !
 Wherefore to Nauplia sail? Take thou command,
 Helmsman !—'bout ship !" But, over the dead bull 1590
 Towering, to his allies cried Atreus' son :
 " Wherefore delay, O flower of Hellas-land,
 To smite, to slay the aliens, and to hurl
 Into the sea ? " Then to thy sailors cried
 The boatswain overagainst him his command—
 " Ho, catch up, some, what spar shall be to hand,
 Some break up thwarts, some snatch from thole
 the oar,

And dash with blood the alien toemen's heads !"
 Up started all, these grasping in their hands 1600
 The punt-poles of the ship, and those their swords ;
 And all the ship ran blood. Then Helen's cry
 Rang from the stern—" Where is your Trojan fame ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δείξατε πρὸς ἄνδρας βαρβάρους. σπουδῆς δ' ὑπο
 ἔπιπτον, οἱ δ' ὠρθοῦντο, τοὺς δὲ κειμένους
 νεκροὺς ἂν εἶδες. Μενέλεως δ' ἔχων ὄπλα,
 ὄπη νοσοῖεν ξύμμαχοι κατασκοπῶν,
 ταύτη προσῆγε χειρὶ δεξιᾷ ξίφος,
 ὥστ' ἐκκολυμβᾶν ναός· ἠρήμωσε δὲ
 1610 σῶν ναυβατῶν ἐρέτμ'. ἐπ' οἰάκων δὲ βὰς
 ἄνακτ' ἐς Ἑλλάδ' εἶπεν εὐθύνειν δόρυ,
 οἱ δ' ἰστίῃ ἦρον, οὔριαι δ' ἦκον πνοαί,
 βεβᾶσι δ' ἐκ γῆς· διαφυγῶν δ' ἐγὼ φόνον
 καθῆκ' ἔμαντὸν εἰς ἄλ' ἄγκυραν πάρα.
 ἦδη δὲ κάμνονθ' ὄρμιαν τείνων μέ τις
 ἀνείλετ', εἰς δὲ γαίαν ἐξέβησέ σοι
 τὰδ' ἀγγελοῦντα. σῶφρονος δ' ἀπιστίας
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν χρησιμώτερον βροτοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἠϋχουν οὔτε σ' οὔθ' ἡμᾶς λαθεῖν
 1620 Μενέλαον, ὦναξ, ὡς ἐλάνθανεν παρών.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ὦ γυναικείαις τέχναισιν αἰρεθεὶς ἐγὼ τάλας·
 ἐκπεφεύγασιν γάμοι με. κεῖ μὲν ἦν ἀλώσιμος
 ναῦς διώγμασιν, πονήσας εἶλον ἂν τάχα ξένους·
 νῦν δὲ τὴν προδοῦσαν ἡμᾶς τισόμεσθα σύγγονον,
 ἦτις ἐν δόμοις ὀρώσα Μενέλεων, οὐκ εἶπέ μοι.
 τοιγὰρ οὔποτ' ἄλλον ἄνδρα ψεύσεται μαντεύ-
 μασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔτος ὦ, ποῖ σὸν πόδ' αἶρεις, δέσποτ', εἰς ποῖον
 φόνον;

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οἴπερ ἢ δίκη κελεύει μ'. ἀλλ' ἀφίστασ' ἐκποδῶν.

HELEN

Show it against the aliens!" Furious-grappling,
 Men fell,—men struggled up,—some hadst thou seen
 Laid dead. But Menelaus all in mail,
 Marking where'er his helpers were hard pressed,
 Thither in right hand ever bore his sword,
 That from the ship we dived, and of thy men
 He swept the thwarts: and, striding to the helm, 1610
 He bade the helmsman steer the ship for Greece.
 They hoisted sail, the breezes favouring blew;
 And they are gone. I, fleeing from the death,
 Slid by the anchor down into the sea.
 Even as my strength failed, one cast forth a rope,
 And drew me aboard, so set me on the land,
 To tell thee this. Nought is of more avail
 For mortals' need than wise mistrustfulness.

CHORUS

King, I had dreamed not Menelaus had 'scaped
 Thy ken or mine, here tarrying unknown. 1620

THEOCLYMENEUS

Woe is me, by wiles of woman cozened, caught as in
 the net! [taken yet
 Lo, my bride hath fled me! If their galley might be
 By pursuers, I had done mine utmost, had the aliens
 caught:— [geance wrought,—
 Nay, but now upon my traitress sister be my ven-
 She who in the palace saw Menelaus, spake no word
 to me: [prophecy!
 Therefore never man hereafter shall she trick with

CHORUS

Master, whither art thou rushing?—to what deed of
 murderous wrath!

THEOCLYMENEUS

Even whither justice biddeth follow:—cross not thou
 my path!

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἀφήσομαι πέπλων σῶν· μεγάλα γὰρ σπεύδεις
κακά.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλὰ δεσποτῶν κρατήσεις δούλος ὢν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1630

φρονῶ γὰρ εὖ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐκ ἔμοιγ', εἰ μὴ μ' ἑάσεις—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ μὲν οὖν σ' ἑάσομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

σύγγονον κτανεῖν κακίστην—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐσεβεστάτην μὲν οὖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἦ με προῦδωκεν—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλήν γε προδοσίαν, δίκαια δρᾶν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τάμὰ λέκτρ' ἄλλῃ διδοῦσα—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοῖς γε κυριωτέροις,

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

κύριος δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν τίς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὃς ἔλαβεν πατρὸς πάρα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἔδωκεν ἡ τύχη μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ δὲ χρεῶν ἀφείλετο.

HELEN

CHORUS

Nay, I will not loose thy vesture : thou art set on
grievous sin !

THEOCLYMENUS

Thou, a slave, control thy master !

CHORUS

Yea, my heart is right herein. 1630

THEOCLYMENUS

Not to me-ward, if thou let me—

CHORUS

Nay, I needs must hinder thee !

THEOCLYMENUS

That I should not slay my wicked sister—

CHORUS

Nay, most righteous she !

THEOCLYMENUS

Who betrayed me,—

CHORUS

With betrayal honourable, in justice' cause.

THEOCLYMENUS

Gave my bride unto another !

CHORUS

Yea, to him whose right it was,—

THEOCLYMENUS

Who hath right o'er *my* possessions ?

CHORUS

Who received her from her sire.

THEOCLYMENUS

Fortune gave her me.

CHORUS

But fate did from thine hand the gift require.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ σὲ τὰ μὰ χρῆ δικάζειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦν γε βελτίω λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀρχόμεσθ' ἄρ', οὐ κρατοῦμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσια δρᾶν, τὰ δ' ἔκδικ' οὔ.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

κατθανεῖν ἐρᾶν ἔοικας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κτείνε· σύγγονου δὲ σῆν

1640 οὐ κτενεῖς ἡμῶν ἐκόντων, ἀλλ' ἔμ' ὡς πρὸ
δεσποτῶν

τοῖσι γενναίοισι δούλοις εὐκλεέστατον θανεῖν.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΟΙ

ἐπίσχεσ ὀργὰς αἴσιν οὐκ ὀρθῶς φέρει,
Θεοκλύμενε, γαίης τῆσδ' ἀναξ· δισσοὶ δέ σε
Διόσκοροι καλοῦμεν, οὓς Λήδα ποτὲ
ἔτικτεν Ἑλένην θ', ἣ πέφενγε σοὺς δόμους·
οὐ γὰρ πέπρωμένοισιν ὀργίζει γάμοις,
οὐδ' ἡ θεᾶς Νηρηῆδος ἔκγονος κόρη
ἀδικεῖ σ' ἀδελφῆ Θεονόη τὰ τῶν θεῶν
τιμῶσα πατρός τ' ἐνδίκους ἐπιστολάς.

1650 εἰς μὲν γὰρ αἰὲ τὸν παρόντα νῦν χρόνον
κείνην κατοικεῖν σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις ἐχρήν·
ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίας ἐξανεστάθη βάθρα,
καὶ τοῖς θεοῖς παρέσχε τοῦνομ', οὐκέτι
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτῆς δεῖ νιν ἐξεῦχθαι γάμοις,

HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

'Tis not thine to judge my cause !

CHORUS

O yea, if prudence prompt my tongue.

THEOCLYMENUS

Subject then am I, not king !

CHORUS.

For righteousness, and not for wrong.

THEOCLYMENUS

Fain thou art to die, methinks !

CHORUS

Ah slay me : but thy sister ne'er
Shalt thou kill, with my consent ! Slay *me* ! For 1640
noble slaves that dare [glorious past compare.
Death, to shield their lords, the doom of death is
The TWIN-BRETHREN appear in air above the stage.

THE TWIN-BRETHREN

Refrain thy wrath whereby thou art folly-driven,
King of this land, Theoclymenus. Thee we name,
We the Twin-brethren, with whom Leda bare
Helen of yore, who now hath fled thine halls.
Thou art wroth for spousals destined not for thee :
Nor doth the Nereïd's daughter do thee wrong,
Theonoë thy sister, reverencing
The Gods' will and her father's just behests.
For this was fate, that to this present still 1650
Within thy mansions Helen should abide :
But, now that Troy's foundations are destroyed,
And to the Gods she hath lent her name, no more.
She tarries here. The old bond claimeth her ;

ἐλθεῖν τ' ἐς οἴκους καὶ συνοικῆσαι πόσει.
 ἀλλ' ἴσχε μὲν σῆς συγγόνου μέλαν ξίφος,
 νόμιζε δ' αὐτὴν σωφρόνως πράσσειν τάδε.
 1660 πάλαι δ' ἀδελφὴν κὰν πρὶν ἐξεσώσαμεν,
 ἐπεὶ περ ἡμᾶς Ζεὺς ἐποίησεν θεούς·
 ἀλλ' ἦσσον' ἡμεν τοῦ πεπρωμένου θ' ἄμα
 καὶ τῶν θεῶν, οἷς ταῦτ' ἔδοξεν ὧδ' ἔχειν.
 σοὶ μὲν τὰδ' αὐδῶ, συγγόνῳ δ' ἐμῇ λέγω·
 πλεῖ ξὺν πόσει σῶ· πνεῦμα δ' ἔξειτ' οὔριον·
 σωτῆρε δ' ἡμεῖς σὼ κασιγνήτῳ διπλῶ
 πόντον παριππεύοντε πέμψομεν πάτραν.
 ὅταν δὲ κάμψῃς καὶ τελευτήσῃς βίον,
 θεὸς κεκλήσει καὶ Διοσκόρων μετὰ
 σπονδῶν μεθέξεις ξενία τ' ἀνθρώπων πάρα
 1670 ἔξεις μεθ' ἡμῶν· Ζεὺς γὰρ ὧδε βούλεται.
 οὗ δ' ὄρισέν σε πρῶτα Μαιάδος τόκος
 Σπάρτης, ἀπάρας τῶν κατ' οὐρανὸν δόμων
 κλέψας δέμας σόν, μὴ Πάρις γῆμειέ σε,
 φρουρὸν παρ' Ἀκτῆ τεταμένην νῆσον λέγω,
 Ἐλένη τὸ λοιπὸν ἐν βροτοῖς κεκλήσεται,
 ἐπεὶ κλοπὰς σὰς ἐκ δόμων ἐδέξατο.
 καὶ τῷ πλανήτῃ Μενέλεω θεῶν πάρα
 μακάρων κατοικεῖν νῆσόν ἐστι μόρσιμον·
 τοὺς εὐγενεῖς γὰρ οὐ στυγοῦσι δαίμονες,
 τῶν δ' ἀναριθμῆτων μᾶλλον εἰσιν οἱ πόνοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1680 ὦ παῖδε Λήδας καὶ Διός, τὰ μὲν πάρος
 νείκη μεθήσω σφῶν κασιγνήτης πέρι·
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀδελφὴν οὐκέτ' ἂν κτάνοιμ' ἐμῆν.
 κείνη δ' ἴτω πρὸς οἶκον, εἰ θεοῖς δοκεῖ.
 ἴστον δ' ἀρίστης σωφρονεστάτης θ' ἄμα
 γεγῶτ' ἀδελφῆς ὁμογενοῦς ἀφ' αἵματος.

HELEN

She must win home, and with her true lord dwell.
 Hold from thy sister back thy murderous sword :
 Be sure, herein she dealeth prudently.
 Our sister had we rescued long ere this,
 Seeing that Zeus hath made us to be Gods,
 But all too weak were we to cope with fate, 1660
 And with the Gods, who willed it so to be.
 This to thee :—to my sister now I speak :
 Sail with thy lord on : ye shall have fair winds ;
 And, for thy guardians, we thy brethren twain
 Riding the sea will bring thee to thy land.
 And when thou hast reached the goal, the end
 of life,

Thou shalt be hailed a Goddess, with Zeus' sons
 Shalt share oblations, and from men receive
 Guest-gifts with us : this is the will of Zeus.
 Where first, from Sparta wafted, thou wast lodged 1670
 Of Maia's son,—what time from heaven he stooped,
 And stole thy form, that Paris might not wed thee,—
 The sentinel isle that flanks the Attic coast
 Shall be henceforth of men named *Helena*,
 Since it received thee stolen from thine home.
 To wanderer Menelaus Heaven's doom
 Appoints for home the Island of the Blest :
 For the Gods hate not princely-hearted men,
 Though more they afflict them than the common
 throng.

THEOCLYMENUS

O Sons of Zeus and Leda, I forgo 1680
 My erstwhile quarrel for your sister's sake,
 Nor think to slay my sister any more.
 Let Helen, if it please the Gods, speed home.
 Know ye yourselves the brethren by one blood
 Of noblest sister and most virtuous.

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ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ χαίρεθ' Ἑλένης εἵνεκ' εὐγενεστάτης
γνώμης, ὃ πολλαῖς ἐν γυναιξίν οὐκ ἔνι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραινοῦσι θεοί·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἔτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον εὗρε θεός.
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E.,
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

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DESCRIPTIVE PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.

London WILLIAM HEINEMANN.
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