

# IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

## IPHIGENEIA

Woe for my crime! I took in hand a deed  
 Of horror, brother! Scant escape was thine 870  
 From god-accursed destruction, even to bleed  
 By mine hand, mine!

Yea, now what end to all this doth remain?  
 What shrouded fate shall yet encounter me?  
 By what device from this land home again  
 Shall I speed thee

From slaughter, and to Argos bid depart,  
 Or ever with thy blood incarnadined 880  
 The sword be? 'Tis thy task, O wretched heart,  
 The means to find.

What, without ship, far over land wouldst fly  
 With feet swift-winged with terror and despair,  
 Through wild tribes, pathless ways, aye drawing nigh  
 Death ambushed there?

Yet, through the Dark-blue Rocks, the strait sea-  
 portal,  
 A long course must the bark that bears thee run. 890  
 O hapless, hapless I! What God or mortal,  
 O hapless one,

Or what strange help transcending expectation  
 Shall to us twain, of Atreus' seed the last,  
 Bring fair deliverance, bring from ills salvation,—  
 From ills o'erpast!

## CHORUS

Marvel of marvels, passing fabled lore, 900  
 Myself have seen, none telleth me the tale.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τὸ μὲν φίλους ἔλθοντας εἰς ὄψιν φίλων,  
 Ὅρέστα, χειρῶν περιβολὰς εἰκὸς λαβεῖν·  
 λήξαντα δ' οἴκτων κἀπ' ἐκεῖν' ἔλθειν χρεῶν,  
 ὅπως τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομα τῆς σωτηρίας  
 λαβόντες ἐκ γῆς βησόμεσθα βαρβάρου.  
 σοφῶν γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ταῦτα, μὴ ἔκβάντας τύχης,  
 καιρὸν λαβόντας, ἡδονὰς ἄλλας λαβεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

910

καλῶς ἔλεξας· τῇ τύχῃ δ' οἶμαι μέλειν  
 τοῦδε ξὺν ἡμῖν· ἦν δέ τις πρόθυμος ἦ,  
 σθένειν τὸ θεῖον μᾶλλον εἰκότως ἔχει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ μὴ μ' ἐπίσχεις<sup>1</sup> οὐδ' ἀποστήσεις λόγου  
 πρῶτον πυθέσθαι τίνα ποτ' Ἠλέκτρα πότμον  
 εἶληχε βιότου· φίλα γάρ ἐστι<sup>2</sup> πάντ' ἐμοί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τῷδε ξυνοικεῖ βίον ἔχουσ' εὐδαιμονα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὗτος δὲ ποδαπὸς καὶ τίνος πέφυκε παῖς;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Στρόφιος ὁ Φωκεὺς τοῦδε κλήζεται πατήρ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄδ' ἐστὶ γ' Ἀτρέως θυγατρός, ὁμογενὴς ἐμός·

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀνεψιός γε, μόνος ἐμοὶ σαφῆς φίλος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

920

οὐκ ἦν τόθ' οὗτος ὅτε πατήρ ἔκτεινέ με.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἦν· χρόνον γὰρ Στρόφιος ἦν ἄπαις τινά.

<sup>1</sup> Monk : for οὐδέν μ' ἐπίσχει γ' οὐδ' ἀποστήσει of MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Seidler : for ἔσται of MSS.

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

PYLADES

Orestes, well may friends which meet the gaze  
Of friends, enfold them in the clasp of love.  
Yet must we cease from moan, and look to this,  
In what wise winning glorious safety's name  
Forth from the land barbaric we may fare.  
For wise men take occasion by the hand,  
And let not fortune slip for pleasure's lure.

ORESTES

Well say'st thou : yet will fortune work, I trow,  
Herein with us. But toil of strenuous hands  
Still doubles the God's power to render aid.

910

IPHIGENEIA

Thou shalt not stay me, neither turn aside  
From asking of Electra first—her lot  
In life : all touching her is dear to me.

ORESTES

Wedded to this man (*pointing to PYLADES*) happy life  
she hath.

IPHIGENEIA

And he—what land is his?—his father, who?

ORESTES

Strophius the Phocian is his father's name.

IPHIGENEIA

Ha! Atreus' daughter's son, of kin to me?

ORESTES

Thy cousin is he, and my one true friend.

IPHIGENEIA

He was unborn when my sire sought my death.

920

ORESTES

Unborn ; for long time childless Strophius was.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαῖρ' ὦ πόσις μοι τῆς ἐμῆς ὀμοσπόρου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κάμός γε σωτήρ, οὐχὶ συγγενῆς μόνου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὰ δεινὰ δ' ἔργα πῶς ἔτλης μητρὸς πέρι ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σιγῶμεν αὐτά· πατρὶ τιμωρῶν ἐμῶ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἢ δ' αἰτία τίς ἀνθ' ὅτου κτείνει πόσιν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα τὰ μητρός· οὐδὲ σοὶ κλύειν καλόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σιγῶ· τὸ δ' Ἄργος πρὸς σὲ νῦν ἀποβλέπει ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Μενέλαος ἄρχει· φυγάδες ἐσμὲν ἐκ πάτρας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

930 οὐ που νοσοῦντας θεῖος ὕβρισεν δόμους ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' Ἐρινύων δεῖμά μ' ἐκβάλλει χθονός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς κἀνθάδ' ἠγγέλθης μανεις ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ᾧφθημεν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον ὄντες ἄθλιοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔγνωκα, μητρός σ' εἵνεκ' ἠλάστρουν θεαί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ᾧσθ' αἱματηρὰ στόμι' ἐπεμβαλεῖν ἐμοί.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί γάρ ποτ' εἰς γῆν τήνδ' ἐπόρθμευσας πόδα ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Φοίβου κελευσθεῖς θεσφάτοις ἀφικόμην.

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

O husband of my sister, hail to thee!

ORESTES

Yea, and my saviour, not my kin alone.

IPHIGENEIA

How could'st thou dare that dread deed on our mother?

ORESTES

Speak we not of it!—to avenge my sire.

IPHIGENEIA

And what the cause for which she slew her lord?

ORESTES

Let be my mother: 'twould pollute thine ears.

IPHIGENEIA

I am silent. Looketh Argos now to thee?

ORESTES

Menelaus rules: I am exiled from the land.

IPHIGENEIA

Our uncle—*he* insult our stricken house!

930

ORESTES

Nay, but the Erinyes' terror drives me forth.

IPHIGENEIA

Thence told they of thy frenzy on yon shore.

ORESTES

Not now first was my misery made a show.

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, for my mother's sake fiends haunted thee—

ORESTES

To thrust a bloody bridle in my mouth.

IPHIGENEIA

Wherefore to this land didst thou steer thy foot?

ORESTES

Bidden of Phoebus' oracle I came.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί χρῆμα δράσων ; ῥητὸν ἢ σιγῶμενον ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέγοιμ' ἄν· ἀρχαὶ δ' αἶδε μοι πολλῶν πόνων.  
 940 ἐπεὶ τὰ μητρὸς ταυθ' ἂ σιγῶμεν κακὰ  
 εἰς χεῖρας ἦλθε, μεταδρομαῖς Ἐρινύων  
 ἠλαυνόμεσθα φυγάδες, ἔστ' ἐμὸν πόδα  
 εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας δῆτ' ἔπεμψε Λοξίας,  
 δίκην παρασχεῖν ταῖς ἀωνύμοις θεαῖς.  
 ἔστιν γὰρ ὅσια ψῆφος, ἣν Ἄρει ποτὲ  
 Ζεὺς εἶσατ' ἐκ τοῦ δὴ χερῶν μιάσματος.  
 ἐλθὼν δ' ἐκείσε, πρῶτα μὲν μ' οὐδεὶς ξένων  
 ἐκῶν ἐδέξαθ', ὡς θεοῖς στυγούμενον·  
 οἱ δ' ἔσχον αἰδῶ, ξένια μονοτράπεζά μοι  
 950 παρέσχον, οἴκων ὄντες ἐν ταυτῷ στέγει,  
 σιγῇ δ' ἔτεκτήναντ' ἀπόφθεγκτον μ', ὅπως  
 δαιτὸς γενοίμην πώματός τ' αὐτῶν δίχα,  
 εἰς δ' ἄγγος ἴδιον ἴσον ἅπασι βακχίου  
 μέτρημα πληρώσαντες εἶχον ἠδονῆν.  
 κἀγὼ ἔξελέγξαι μὲν ξένους οὐκ ἠξίου,  
 ἦλθουν δὲ σιγῇ κἀδόκουν οὐκ εἰδέναί,  
 μέγα στενάζων, οὐνεκ' ἦ μητρὸς φονεύς.  
 κλύω δ' Ἀθηναίοισι τὰμὰ δυστυχῇ  
 960 τελετῆν γενέσθαι, κἄτι τὸν νόμον μένειν,  
 χοῆρες ἄγγος Παλλάδος τιμᾶν λεῶν.  
 ὡς δ' εἰς Ἄρειον ὄχθον ἦκον, ἐς δίκην  
 ἔστην, ἐγὼ μὲν θάτερον λαβὼν βάθρον,  
 τὸ δ' ἄλλο πρέσβειρ' ἤπερ ἦν Ἐρινύων·  
 εἰπὼν δ' ἀκούσας θ' αἵματος μητρὸς πέρι,  
 Φοῖβός μ' ἔσωσε μαρτυρῶν ἴσας δέ μοι  
 ψήφους διερρύθμιζε Παλλὰς ὠλήνη·  
 νικῶν δ' ἀπήρα φόνια πειρατήρια.

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

With what intent? May this be told or no?

ORESTES

Nay, I will tell all. Thus began my woes :  
 Soon as my mother's sin, that nameless sin, 940  
 Had been by mine hands punished, chasing fiends  
 Drove me to exile, until Loxias  
 Guided my feet to Athens at the last,  
 To make atonement to the Nameless Ones ;  
 For there is a tribunal, erst ordained  
 Of Zeus, to cleanse the War-god's blood-stained  
 hands.

Thither I came ; but no bond-friend at first  
 Would welcome me, as one abhorred of heaven.  
 Some pitied ; yet my guest-fare set they out  
 On a several table, 'neath the selfsame roof ; 950  
 Yet from all converse by their silence banned me,  
 So from their meat and drink to hold me apart ;  
 And, filling for each man his private cup,  
 All equal, had their pleasure of the wine.  
 I took not on me to arraign mine hosts ;  
 But, as who marked it not, in silence grieved ;  
 With bitter sighs the mother-slayer grieved.  
 Now are my woes to Athens made, I hear,  
 A festival, and yet the custom lives  
 That Pallas' people keep the Feast of Cups. 960

And when to Ares' mount I came to face  
 My trial, I upon this platform stood,  
 And the Erinyes' eldest upon that.  
 Then, of my mother's blood arraigned, I spake ;  
 And Phoebus' witness saved me. Pallas told  
 The votes : her arm swept half apart for me.  
 So was I victor in the murder-trial.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

970 ὄσαι μὲν οὖν ἔζοντο πεισθεῖσαι δίκη,  
 ψῆφον παρ' αὐτὴν ἱερὸν ὠρίσαντ' ἔχειν  
 ὄσαι δ' Ἐρινύων οὐκ ἐπείσθησαν νόμῳ,  
 δρόμοις ἀνιδρύτοισιν ἠλάστρουν μ' αἶε,  
 ἕως ἐς ἀγνὸν ἦλθον αὐ Φοῖβου πέδον,  
 καὶ πρόσθεν ἀδύτων ἐκταθείς, νῆστις βορᾶς,  
 ἐπώμοσ' αὐτοῦ βίον ἀπορρήξειν θανῶν,  
 εἰ μὴ με σώσει Φοῖβος, ὅς μ' ἀπώλεσεν.  
 ἐντεῦθεν αὐδὴν τρίποδος ἐκ χρυσοῦ λακῶν  
 Φοῖβός μ' ἔπεμψε δεῦρο, διοπετὲς λαβεῖν  
 ἄγαλμ' Ἀθηνῶν τ' ἐγκαθιδρῦσαι χθονί.  
 ἀλλ' ἦνπερ ἡμῖν ὤρισεν σωτηρίαν,  
 980 σύμπραξον· ἦν γὰρ θεᾶς κατάσχωμεν βρέτας,  
 μανιῶν τε λήξω καὶ σὲ πολυκώπῳ σκάφει  
 στείλας Μυκῆναις ἐγκαταστήσω πάλιν.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ φιληθεῖς, ὦ κασίγνητον κἀρα,  
 σῶσον πατρῶον οἶκον, ἔκσωσον δ' ἐμέ·  
 ὡς τὰμ' ὄλωλε πάντα καὶ τὰ Πελοπιδῶν,  
 οὐράνιον εἰ μὴ ληψόμεσθα θεᾶς βρέτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὴ τις ὄργη δαιμόνων ἐπέζεσε  
 τὸ Ταντάλειον σπέρμα διὰ πόνων τ' ἄγει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

990 τὸ μὲν πρόθυμον, πρὶν σε δεῦρ' ἐλθεῖν, ἔχῃ  
 Ἄργει γενέσθαι καὶ σέ, σύγγγον', εἰσιδεῖν.  
 θέλω δ' ἄπερ σύ, σέ τε μεταστήσαι πόνων  
 νοσοῦντά τ' οἶκον, οὐχὶ τῷ κτανόντι με  
 θυμουμένη, πατρῶον ὀρθῶσαι πάλιν.  
 σφαγῆς τε γὰρ σῆς χεῖρ' ἀπαλλάξαιμεν ἄν,  
 σώσαιμί τ' οἴκους· τὴν θεὸν δὲ πῶς λάθω;  
 δέδοικα καὶ τύραννον, ἠνίκ' ἂν κενὰς  
 κρηπίδας εὖρη λαίνας ἀγάλατος.



## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

They which consented to the judgment, chose  
 Nigh the tribunal for themselves a shrine :  
 But of the Erinyes some consented not, 970  
 And hounded me with homeless chasings aye,  
 Until, to Phoebus' hallowed soil returned,  
 Fasting before his shrine I cast me down,  
 And swore to snap my life-thread, dying there,  
 Except Apollo saved me, who destroyed.  
 Then from the golden tripod Phoebus' voice  
 Pealed, hither sending me to take the image  
 Heaven-fall'n, and set it up in Attica.  
 Now to this safety thus ordained of him  
 Help thou : for, so the image be but won, 980  
 My madness shall have end : thee will I speed  
 Back to Mycenae in a swift-oared ship.  
 O well belovèd one, O sister mine,  
 Save thou our father's house, deliver me.  
 For Pelops' line and I are all undone  
 Except I win that image fall'n from heaven.

### CHORUS

Dread wrath of Gods hath burst upon the seed  
 Of Tantalus, and on through travail drives.

### IPHIGENEIA

Earnest my longing, ere thou camest, was 990  
 To stand in Argos, brother, and see thee.  
 Thy will is mine, to set thee free from woes,  
 And to restore my father's stricken house,  
 Nursing no wrath against my murderer.  
 So of thy slaughter shall mine hands be clean,  
 And I shall save our house. Yet how elude  
 The Goddess? And I fear the king, when he  
 Void of its statue finds that pedestal.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

1000 πῶς οὐ θανοῦμαι; τίς δ' ἔνεστί μοι λόγος;  
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἔν τι τοῦθ' ὁμοῦ γενήσεται,  
 ἄγαλμά τ' οἴσεις κάμ' ἐπ' εὐπρύμνου νεῶς  
 ἄξιεις, τὸ κινδύνευμα γίγνεται καλόν·  
 τούτου δὲ χωρισθεῖς ἔγῳ μὲν ὄλλυμαι,  
 σὺ δ' ἂν τὸ σαυτοῦ θέμενος εὖ νόστου τύχῳ.  
 οὐ μὴν τι φεύγω γ', οὐδέ μ' εἰ θανεῖν χρεῶν,  
 σώσασά σ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἀνὴρ μὲν ἐκ δόμων  
 θανῶν ποθεινός, τὰ δὲ γυναικὸς ἀσθενῆ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1010 οὐκ ἂν γενοίμην σοῦ τε καὶ μητρὸς φονεύς·  
 ἄλλ' εἰ μὲν ἔν τι τοῦθ' ὁμοῦ γενήσεται,  
 καὶ ζῆν θέλοιμ' ἂν καὶ θανῶν λαχεῖν ἴσον.  
 ἄξω δέ σ', ἥνπερ καὐτὸς ἐνταυθοῖ περῶ,<sup>1</sup>  
 πρὸς οἶκον, ἢ σοῦ κατθανῶν μενῶ μέτα.  
 γνώμης δ' ἄκουσον· εἰ πρόσαντες ἦν τότε  
 Ἄρτεμιδι, πῶς ἂν Λοξίας ἐθέσπισε  
 κομίσαι μ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς πόλισμα Παλλάδος  
 καὶ σὸν πρόσωπον εἰσιδεῖν; ἅπαντα γὰρ  
 συνθεὶς τάδ' εἰς ἔν νόστον ἐλπίζω λαβεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πῶς οὖν γένοιτ' ἂν ὥστε μὴθ' ἡμᾶς θανεῖν  
 λαβεῖν θ' ἂ βουλόμεσθα; τῆδε γὰρ νοσεῖ  
 νόστος πρὸς οἶκους· ἦδε βούλευσις<sup>2</sup> πάρα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1020 ἄρ' ἂν τύραννον διολέσαι δυναίμεθ' ἂν;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δεινὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ξενοφονεῖν ἐπήλυδας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' εἰ σὲ σώσει κάμ', κινδυνευτέον.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann; for MSS. πέσω.

<sup>2</sup> Markland; for MSS. ἢ δὲ βούλησις.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

How shall I not die? What should be my plea?

But if both ends in one may be achieved—

If, with the statue, on thy fair-prowed ship

1000

Thou bear me hence, the peril well is braved.

If I attain not liberty, I die;

Yet still mayst thou speed well, and win safe  
home.

O then I flinch not, though my doom be death,

So I save thee! A man that from a house

Dies, leaves a void: a woman matters not.

ORESTES

My mother's slayer and thine I will not be!

Suffice her blood. With heart at one with thine

Fain would I live, and dying share thy death.

Thee will I lead, if thither I may win,

1010

Homeward, or dying here abide with thee.

Hear mine opinion—if this thing displease

Artemis, how had Loxias bidden me

To bear her statue unto Pallas' burg—

Yea, see thy face? So, setting side by side

All these, I hope to win safe home-return.

IPHIGENEIA

How may we both escape death, and withal

Bear off that prize? Imperilled most herein

Our home-return is:—this must we debate.

ORESTES

Haply might we prevail to slay the king?

1020

IPHIGENEIA

Foul deed were this, that strangers slay their host.

ORESTES

Yet must we venture—for thy life and mine.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην, τὸ δὲ πρόθυμον ἦνεσα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ', εἴ με ναῶ τῷδε κρύψειας λάθρα ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς δὴ σκότον λαβόντες ἐκσωθεῖμεν ἄν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κλεπτῶν γὰρ ἢ νύξ, τῆς δ' ἀληθείας τὸ φῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἴς' ἔνδον ἱεροῦ φύλακες, οὓς οὐ λήσομεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἴμοι, διεφθάρμεσθα· πῶς σωθεῖμεν ἄν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔχειν δοκῶ μοι καινὸν ἐξεύρημα τι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1030

ποιόν τι ; δόξης μετάδος, ὡς καὶ γὰρ μάθω.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῖς σαῖς ἀνίαις χρήσομαι σοφίσμασιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δειναὶ γὰρ αἱ γυναῖκες εὕρισκιν τεχνας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φονέα σε φήσω μητρὸς ἐξ Ἄργους μολεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

χρῆσαι κακοῖσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς, εἰ κερδανεῖς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς οὐ θέμις σε λέξομεν θύειν θεᾶ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίν' αἰτίαν ἔχουσ' ; ὑποπτεύω τι γάρ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ καθαρὸν ὄντα, τὸ δ' ὄσιον δώσω φόνω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα μάλλον θεᾶς ἄγαλμ' ἀλίσκεται ;

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

I could not. Yet thine eager heart I praise.

ORESTES

How if thou privily hide me in yon fane?

IPHIGENEIA

By favour of the darkness to escape?

ORESTES

Yea, night is leagued with theft: the light for truth.

IPHIGENEIA

Within the fane be guards: no baffling them.

ORESTES

Alas! we are undone. How can we 'scape?

IPHIGENEIA

Methinks I have a yet untried device.

ORESTES

Ha, what? Impart thy thought, that I may know. 1030

IPHIGENEIA

Thy misery will I turn to cunning use.

ORESTES

Women be shrewd to seek inventions out!

IPHIGENEIA

A matricide from Argos will I name thee,—

ORESTES

Use my misfortunes, if it serve thine end.

IPHIGENEIA

Unmeet for sacrifice to Artemis,—

ORESTES

Pleading what cause?—for somewhat I surmise.

IPHIGENEIA

As one unclean. The pure alone I slay.

ORESTES

Yet how the more hereby is the image won?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πόντου σε πηγαῖς ἀγνίσαι βουλήσομαι,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1040 ἔτ' ἐν δόμοισι βρέτας, ἐφ' ᾧ πεπλεύκαμεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κἀκείνο νίψαι, σοῦ θιγόντος ὡς, ἐρῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῖ δῆτα ; πόντου νοτερόν εἶπας ἔκβολον ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ ναῦς χαλινοῖς λινοδέτοις ὀρμεῖ σέθεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σύ δ' ἢ τις ἄλλος ἐν χεροῖν οἶσει βρέτας ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγώ· θιγεῖν γὰρ ὅσιόν ἐστ' ἐμοὶ μόνη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδης δ' ὄδ' ἡμῖν ποῦ τετάξεται φόνου ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῦτόν χεροῖν σοὶ λέξεται μίασμ' ἔχων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λάθρα δ' ἀνακτος ἢ εἰδότος δράσεις τάδε ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πέισασα μύθοις· οὐ γὰρ ἂν λάθοιμί γε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1050 καὶ μὴν νεῶς γε πίτυλος εὐήρης πάρα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σοὶ δὴ μέλειν χρή τ' ἄλλ' ὅπως ἔξει καλῶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐνὸς μόνου δεῖ, τάσδε συγκρύψαι τάδε.

ἄλλ' ἀντίαζε καὶ λόγους πειστηρίους

εὕρισκ'· ἔχει τοι δύναμιν εἰς οἶκτον γυνή.

τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἴσως ἂν πάντα συμβαίη καλῶς.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

I'll say that I would cleanse thee in sea-springs ;—

ORESTES

Still bides the statue there, for which we sailed. 1040

IPHIGENEIA

That this too must I wash, as touched of thee.

ORESTES

Where ?—in yon creek where rains the blown sea-spray ?

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, where thy ship rides moored with hempen curb.

ORESTES

Will thine hands, or another's, bear the image ?

IPHIGENEIA

Mine. Sinlessly none toucheth it save me.

ORESTES

And in this blood-guilt what is Pylades' part ?

IPHIGENEIA

Stained even as thine his hands are, will I say.

ORESTES

Hid from the king shall be thy deed, or known ?

IPHIGENEIA

I must persuade whom I could not elude.

ORESTES

Ready in any wise the oared ship is. 1050

IPHIGENEIA

'Tis thine to see that all beside go well.

ORESTES

One thing we lack, that yon maids hide all this.  
Beseech them thou, and find persuasive words ;  
A woman's tongue hath pity-stirring might :—  
Then may all else perchance have happy end.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1060 ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, εἰς ὑμᾶς βλέπω,  
 καὶ τᾶμ' ἐν ὑμῖν ἐστὶν ἢ καλῶς ἔχειν  
 ἢ μηδὲν εἶναι καὶ στερηθῆναι πάτρας  
 φίλου τ' ἀδελφοῦ φιλτάτης τε συγγόνου.  
 καὶ πρῶτα μὲν μοι τοῦ λόγου τὰδ' ἀρχέτω  
 γυναῖκές ἐσμεν, φιλόφρον ἀλλήλαις γένος,  
 σφύζειν τε κοινὰ πρῶγματ' ἀσφαλέςταται.  
 σιγήσαθ' ἡμῖν καὶ συνεκπονήσατε  
 φυγᾶς. καλὸν τοι γλῶσσ' ὄτω πιστὴ παρῆ.  
 ὁράτε δ' ὡς τρεῖς μία τύχη τοὺς φιλτάτους  
 ἢ γῆς πατρώας νόστος ἢ θανεῖν ἔχει.  
 σωθεῖσα δ', ὡς ἂν καὶ σὺ κοινωνῆς τύχης,  
 σώσω σ' ἐς Ἑλλάδ'. ἀλλὰ πρὸς σε δεξιᾶς,  
 1070 σὲ καὶ σ' ἰκνουῦμαι, σὲ δὲ φίλης παρηίδος  
 γονάτων τε καὶ τῶν ἐν δόμοισι φιλτάτων.<sup>1</sup>  
 τί φατέ; τίς ὑμῶν φησιν, ἢ τίς οὐ θέλει,  
 φθέγξασθε, ταῦτα; μὴ γὰρ αἰνουσῶν λόγου  
 ὄλωλα καγὼ καὶ κασίγνητος τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει, φίλη δέσποινα, καὶ σφύζου μόνον  
 ὡς ἔκ γ' ἐμοῦ σοι πάντα σιγηθήσεται,  
 ἴστω μέγας Ζεὺς, ὦν ἐπισκῆπτεις πέρι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1080 ὄναισθε μύθων καὶ γένοισθ' εὐδαίμονες.  
 σὸν ἔργον ἤδη καὶ σὸν εἰσβαίνειν δόμους  
 ὡς αὐτίχ' ἤξει τῆσδε κοίρανος χθονός,  
 θυσίαν ἐλέγξων, εἰ κατείργασται, ξένων.  
 ὦ πότνι, ἥπερ μ' Αὐλίδος κατὰ πτυχὰς  
 δεινῆς ἔσωσας ἐκ πατροκτόνου χερός,

<sup>1</sup> 1071, μητρὸς πατρός τε καὶ τέκνων ὄτω κυρεῖ, is rejected by Dindorf and others, as inconsistent with l. 130.



## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

### IPHIGENEIA

Damsels beloved, I raise mine eyes to you.  
 Mine all is in your hands—for happiness,  
 Or ruin, and for loss of fatherland,  
 Of a dear brother, and a sister loved.  
 Of mine appeal be this the starting-point— 1060  
 Women are we, each other's staunchest friends,  
 In keeping common counsel wholly loyal.  
 Keep silence; help us to achieve our flight.  
 A loyal tongue is its possessor's crown.  
 Ye see three friends upon one hazard cast,  
 Or to win back to fatherland or die.  
 If I escape,—that thou mayst share my fortune,—  
 Thee will I bring home. Oh, by thy right hand  
 Thee I implore—and thee!—by thy sweet face  
 Thee,—by thy knees—by all thou lov'st at home! 1070  
 What say ye? Who consents? Who sayeth nay—  
 Oh speak!—to this? for if ye hearken not,  
 I and mine hapless brother are undone.

### CHORUS

Fear not, dear lady: do but save thyself.  
 I will keep silence touching all the things  
 Whereof thou chargest me: great Zeus be witness.

### IPHIGENEIA

Heaven bless you for the word! Happy be ye!  
 (*To OR. and PVL.*) 'Tis thy part now, and thine, to pass  
 within;  
 For this land's king shall in short space be here 1080  
 To ask if yet this sacrifice be done.  
 O Goddess-queen, who erst by Aulis' clefts  
 Didst save me from my sire's dread murderous hand,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

σῶσόν με καὶ νῦν τούσδε τ' ἢ τὸ Λοξίου  
οὐκέτι βροτοῖσι διὰ σ' ἐτήτυμον στόμα.  
ἀλλ' εὐμενῆς ἔκβηθι βαρβάρου χθονὸς  
εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας· καὶ γὰρ ἐνθάδ' οὐ πρόπει  
ναίειν, παρόν σοι πόλιν ἔχειν εὐδαίμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1090 ὄρνις, ἃ παρὰ πετρίνας στρ. α'  
πόντου δειράδας, ἀλκυών,  
ἔλεγον οἰκτρὸν αἰεῖδεις,  
εὐξύνετον ξυνετοῖσι βοάν,  
ὅτι πόσιν κελαδεῖς αἰεὶ μολπαῖς,  
ἐγὼ σοι παραβάλλομαι  
θρήνους, ἄπτερος ὄρνις,  
ποθοῦς Ἑλλάνων ἀγόρους,  
ποθοῦς Ἀρτεμιν ὀλβίαν,<sup>1</sup>  
ἃ παρὰ Κύνθιον ὄχθον οἰκεῖ  
1100 φοινικά θ' ἀβροκόμαν  
δάφναν τ' εὐερνέα καὶ  
γλαυκᾶς θαλλὸν ἱρὸν ἐλαίας,  
Λατοῦς ὠδῖνι φίλας,<sup>2</sup>  
λίμναν θ' εἰλίσσουσαν ὕδωρ  
κύκλιον, ἐνθα κύκνος μελω-  
δὸς Μούσας θεραπεύει.

1110 ὦ πολλαὶ δακρύων λιβάδες, ἀντ. α'  
αἱ παρηίδας εἰς ἐμὰς  
ἔπεσον, ἀνίκα πύργων  
ὀλλυμένων ἐπὶ ναυσὶν ἔβαν  
πολεμίων ἐρετμοῖσι καὶ λόγχαις.

<sup>1</sup> Nauck : for *λοχείαν* of MSS. "Travail-queen Artemis."

<sup>2</sup> Portus and Markland : for *ὠδῖνα φίλαν* of MSS.

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Save me now too with these ; else Loxias' words  
 Through thee shall be no more believed of men.  
 But graciously come forth this barbarous land  
 To Athens. It beseems thee not to dwell  
 Here, when so blest a city may be thine.

[IPHIGENEIA, ORESTES, and PYLADES enter the temple.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Thou bird, who by scaurs o'er the sea-breakers leaning  
 Ever chantest thy song, 1090

O Halcyon, thy burden of sorrow, whose meaning  
 To the wise doth belong,

Who discern that for aye on thy mate thou art crying,  
 I lift up a dirge to thy dirges replying—

Ah, thy pinions I have not!—for Hellas sighing,  
 For the blithe city-throng ;

For that happier Artemis sighing, who dwelleth  
 By the Cynthian Hill,

By the feathery palm, by the shoot that swelleth  
 When the bay-buds fill, 1100

By the pale-green sacred olive that aided

Leto, whose travail the dear boughs shaded,

By the lake with the circling ripples braided,

Where from throats of the swans to the Muses  
 upwelleth

Song-service still.

(Ant. 1)

O tears on my cheeks that as fountains plashing

Were rained that day, [crashing,

When I sailed, from our towers that in ruin were

In the galleys, the prey [me,

Of the oars of the foe, of the spears that had caught 1110

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ζαχρύσου δὲ δι' ἔμπολᾶς  
 νόστον βάρβαρον ἦλθον,  
 ἔνθα τᾶς ἐλαφοκτόνου  
 θεᾶς ἀμφίπολον κόραν  
 παῖδ' Ἀγαμεμνονίαν λατρεύω  
 βωμούς θ' Ἑλληνοθύτους,<sup>1</sup>  
 ζηλοῦσ' ἄταν διὰ παν-  
 τὸς δυσδαίμον'. ἐν γὰρ ἀνάγκαις  
 οὐ κάμνει σύντροφος ὦν·  
 1120 μεταβάλλει δυσδαιμονία·  
 τὸ δὲ μετ' εὐτυχίας κακοῦ-  
 σθαι θνατοῖς βαρὺς αἰών.

καὶ σὲ μέν, πότνι', Ἀργεία στρ. β  
 πευτηκόντορος οἶκον ἄξει·  
 συρίζων δ' ὁ κηροδέτας  
 κάλαμος οὐρείου Πανὸς  
 κώπαις ἐπιθωύξει,  
 ὁ Φοῖβός θ' ὁ μάντις ἔχων  
 1130 κέλαδον ἑπτατόνου λύρας  
 αἰείδων ἄξει λιπαρὰν  
 εὔσ' Ἀθηναίων ἐπὶ γᾶν.  
 ἐμὲ δ' αὐτοῦ προλιποῦ-  
 σα βήσει ῥοθίοις πλάταις·  
 ἀέρι δ' ἰστί' ἐπὶ προτόνοις κατὰ  
 πρῶραν ὑπὲρ στόλον ἐκπετάσουσι πόδες  
 ναὸς ὠκυπόμπου.

<sup>1</sup> Enger, Köchly, and Wecklein: for τοὺς μηλοθύτους of MSS



ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- λαμπρὸν ἰππόδρομον βαίην, ἀντ. β  
 ἔνθ' εὐάλιον ἔρχεται πῦρ·  
 1140 οἰκείων δ' ὑπὲρ θαλάμων  
 πτέρυγας ἐν νώτοις ἀμοῖς  
 λήξαιμι θοάζουσα·  
 χοροῖς δὲ σταίην, ὅθι καὶ  
 πάρεδρος <sup>1</sup> εὐδοκίμων γάμων,  
 παρὰ πόδ' εἰλίσσουσα φίλας  
 πρὸς ἡλίκων θιάσους,  
 ἐς ἀμίλλας χαρίτων,  
 χλιδᾶς ἀβροπλούτιο  
 εἰς ἔριν ὀρνυμένα, πολυποίκιλα  
 1150 φάρεα καὶ πλοκάμους περιβαλλομένα γέ-  
 νυν συνεσκίαζον.

ΘΟΑΣ

ποῦ 'σθ' ἡ πυλωρὸς τῶνδε δωμάτων γυνή  
 Ἑλληνίς; ἤδη τῶν ξένων κατήρξατο,  
 ἀδύτοις τ' ἐν ἀγνοῖς σῶμα δάπτονται πυρί;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦδ' ἐστίν, ἦ σοι πάντ', ἄναξ, ἐρεῖ σαφῶς.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἔα·

τί τόδε μεταίρεις ἐξ ἀκινήτων βάθρων,  
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ, θεᾶς ἄγαλμ' ἐν ὠλέναις;

<sup>1</sup> Badham : for παρθένος of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

(*Ant.* 2)

And it's O that I could soar up the splendour-litten  
floor

Where the sun drives the chariot-steeds of light,  
And it's O that I were come o'er the chambers of  
my home,

And were folding the swift pinions of my flight;  
And that, where at royal wedding the bridemaids'  
feet are treading

1140

Through the measure, I were gliding in the dance,  
Through its maze of circles sweeping with mine  
olden playmates, keeping

Truest time with waving arms and feet that glance!

And it's O for the loving rivalry,

For the sweet forms costly-arrayed,

For the raiment of cunningest broidery,

For the challenge of maid to maid,

For the veil light-tossing, the loose curl  
crossing

1150

My cheek with its flicker of shade!

*Enter* THOAS *with attendants.*

THOAS

Where is this temple's warder, Hellas' daughter?

Hath she begun yon strangers' sacrifice?

Are they ablaze with fire in the holy shrine?

CHORUS

Here is she, king, to tell thee clearly all.

*Enter* IPHIGENEIA *bearing the image of Artemis in her  
arms.*

THOAS

Why bear'st thou in thine arms, Agamemnon's child,

From its inviolate base the Goddess' statue?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄναξ, ἔχ' αὐτοῦ πόδα σὸν ἐν παραστάσιν.

ΘΟΑΣ

1160

τί δ' ἔστιν, Ἰφιγένεια, καινὸν ἐν δόμοις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀπέπτυσ'· Ὀσία γὰρ δίδωμ' ἔπος τόδε.

ΘΟΑΣ

τί φροιμιάζει νεοχμόν; ἔξαύδα σαφῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ καθαρὰ μοι τὰ θύματ' ἠγρεύσασθ', ἄναξ.

ΘΟΑΣ

τί τοῦκδιδάξαν τοῦτό σ'; ἢ δόξαν λέγεις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

βρέτας τὸ τῆς θεοῦ πάλιν ἔδρας ἀπεστράφη.

ΘΟΑΣ

αὐτόματον, ἢ νιν σεισμὸς ἔστρεψε χθονός;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

αὐτόματον· ὄψιν δ' ὀμμάτων ξυνήρμοσεν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἢ δ' αἰτιά τίς; ἢ τὸ τῶν ξένων μύσος;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦδ', οὐδὲν ἄλλο· δεινὰ γὰρ δεδράκατον.

ΘΟΑΣ

1170

ἄλλ' ἢ τιν' ἔκανον βαρβάρων ἀκτῆς ἔπι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἰκεῖον ἦλθον τὸν φόνον κεκτημένοι.

ΘΟΑΣ

τίν'; εἰς ἔρον γὰρ τοῦ μαθεῖν πεπτώκαμεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μητέρα κατειργάσαντο κοινωνῶ ξίφει.



## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

King, stay thy foot there in the portico!

THOAS

What profanation in the fane hath chanced?

1160

IPHIGENEIA

Avaunt that evil word, in Sanctity's name!

THOAS

What strange tale dost thou preface? Plainly tell.

IPHIGENEIA

Unclean I found thy captured victims, king.

THOAS

What proof hast thou?—or speak'st thou but thy  
thought?

IPHIGENEIA

Back from its place the Goddess' statue turned.

THOAS

Self-moved?—or did an earthquake wrench it round?

IPHIGENEIA

Self-moved. Yea, also did it close its eyes.

THOAS

The cause?—pollution by the strangers brought?

IPHIGENEIA

This, and nought else; for foul deeds have they done.

THOAS

Ha! slaughter of my people on the shore?

1170

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, stained with guilt of murdered kin they came.

THOAS

What kin? I am filled with longing this to learn.

IPHIGENEIA

Their mother with confederate swords they slew.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

"Απολλον, οὐδ' ἐν βαρβάροις ἔτλη τις ἄν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πάσης διωγμοῖς ἠλάθησαν Ἑλλάδος.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἦ τῶνδ' ἕκατι δῆτ' ἄγαλμ' ἔξω φέρεις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σεμνόν γ' ὑπ' αἰθέρ', ὡς μεταστήσω φόνου.

ΘΟΑΣ

μίασμα δ' ἔγνωσ τοῖν ξένοιν ποίῳ τρόπῳ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἤλεγχον, ὡς θεᾶς βρέτας ἀπεστράφη πάλιν.

ΘΟΑΣ

1180 σοφὴν σ' ἔθρεψεν Ἑλλάς, ὡς ἦσθου καλῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ νῦν καθεῖσαν δέλεαρ ἠδύ μοι φρενῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ

τῶν Ἀργόθεν τι φίλτρον ἀγγέλλοντέ σοι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸν μόνον Ὀρέστην ἐμὸν ἀδελφὸν εὐτυχεῖν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὡς δὴ σφε σώσαιοις ἠδοναῖς ἀγγελμάτων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πατέρα γε ζῆν καὶ καλῶς πράσσειν ἐμὸν.

ΘΟΑΣ

σὺ δ' εἰς τὸ τῆς θεοῦ γ' ἐξένευσας εἰκότως.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πᾶσάν γε μισοῦσ' Ἑλλάδ', ἣ μ' ἀπόλεσεν.

ΘΟΑΣ

τί δῆτα δρῶμεν, φράζε, τοῖν ξένοιν πέρι;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸν νόμον ἀνάγκη τὸν προκείμενον σέβειν.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Apollo! Of barbarians none had dared it!

IPHIGENEIA

Out of all Hellas hunted were they driven.

THOAS

And for their cause bear'st thou the image forth?

IPHIGENEIA

'Neath holy sky, to banish that blood-taint.

THOAS

The strangers' guilt—how knewest thou thereof?

IPHIGENEIA

I questioned them, when' back the Goddess turned.

THOAS

Wise child of Hellas, well didst thou discern.

1180

IPHIGENEIA

Even now they cast a bait to entice mine heart.

THOAS

Tidings from Argos—made they this their lure?

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, of mine only brother Orestes' weal.

THOAS

That thou might'st spare them for their welcome news?

IPHIGENEIA

My father liveth and is well, say they.

THOAS

Thou to the Goddess' part in thee didst cleave?

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, for I hate all Greece, which gave me death.

THOAS

What shall we do then with the strangers, say?

IPHIGENEIA

We must needs reverence the ordinance.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- 1190 οὔκουν ἐν ἔργῳ χέρνιβες ξίφος τε σόν;  
 ΘΟΑΣ  
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
 ἀγνοῖς καθαρμοῖς πρῶτά νιν νίψαι θέλω.  
 ΘΟΑΣ  
 πηγαῖσιν ὑδάτων ἢ θαλασσία δρόσῳ;  
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
 θάλασσα κλύζει πάντα τάνθρώπων κακά.  
 ΘΟΑΣ  
 ὀσιώτερον γοῦν τῇ θεῷ πέσοιεν ἄν.  
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
 καὶ τὰμά γ' οὔτω μᾶλλον ἄν καλῶς ἔχοι.  
 ΘΟΑΣ  
 οὔκουν πρὸς αὐτὸν ναὸν ἐκπίπτει κλύδων;  
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
 ἐρημίας δεῖ· καὶ γὰρ ἄλλα δράσομεν.  
 ΘΟΑΣ  
 ἄγ' ἔνθα χρήξεις· οὐ φιλῶ τᾶρρηθ' ὄραν.  
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
 ἀγνιστέον μοι καὶ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ βρέτας.  
 ΘΟΑΣ  
 1200 εἴπερ γε κηλὶς ἔβαλέ νιν μητροκτόνος.  
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἄν νιν ἠράμην βάθρων ἄπο.  
 ΘΟΑΣ  
 δίκαιος ἠύσέβεια καὶ προμηθία.  
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
 οἴσθά νυν ἅ μοι γενέσθω;  
 ΘΟΑΣ  
 σὸν τὸ σημαίνειν τόδε.  
 ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ  
 δεσμὰ τοῖς ξένοισι πρόσθεσ.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Why do not lustral drops and knife their part?

1190

IPHIGENEIA

With holy cleansings would I wash them first.

THOAS

In fountain-waters, or in sea-spray showers?

IPHIGENEIA

The sea doth wash away all ills of men.

THOAS

Thus holier should the Goddess' victims be.

IPHIGENEIA

And better so should all my purpose speed.

THOAS

Full on the fane doth not the sea-surge break?

IPHIGENEIA

There needeth solitude: more is to do.

THOAS

Where thou wilt. Into mystic rites I pry not.

IPHIGENEIA

The image must I purify withal.

THOAS

Yea, if the matricides have tainted it.

1200

IPHIGENEIA

Else from its pedestal had I moved it not.

THOAS

Righteous thy piety and forethought are.

IPHIGENEIA

Know'st thou now what still I lack?

THOAS

'Tis thine to tell what yet must be.

IPHIGENEIA

Bind with chains the strangers.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

ποιὸν δέ σ' ἐκφύγοιεν ἄν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πιστὸν Ἑλλὰς οἶδεν οὐδέν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἴτ' ἐπὶ δεσμά, πρόσπολοι,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κάκκομιζόντων δὲ δεῦρο τοὺς ξένους,

ΘΟΑΣ

ἔσται τάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κῤῥατα κρύψαντες πέπλοισιν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἡλίου πρόσθεν φλογός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σῶν τέ μοι σύμπεμπ' ὀπαδῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ

οἶδ' ὀμαρτήσουσί σοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πόλει πέμψον τιν' ὅστις σημαεῖ

ΘΟΑΣ

ποίας τύχας ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1210 ἐν δόμοις μίμνειν ἅπαντας.

ΘΟΑΣ

μὴ συναντῶσιν φόνῳ ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μυσαρὰ γὰρ τὰ τοιάδ' ἐστί.

ΘΟΑΣ

στείχε καὶ σήμαινε

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ φίλων γε δεῖ μάλιστα.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Whither from thy warding could they flee?

IPHIGENEIA

Faithless utterly is Hellas.

THOAS

Henchmen mine, to bind them go.

IPHIGENEIA

Let them now bring forth the strangers hitherward,—

THOAS

It shall be so.

IPHIGENEIA

Veiling first their heads with mantles.

THOAS

Lest the sun pollution see.

IPHIGENEIA

Send thou also of thy servants with me.

THOAS

These shall go with thee.

IPHIGENEIA

And throughout the city send thou one to warn—

THOAS

'Gainst what mischance?

IPHIGENEIA

That within all folk abide;—

1210

THOAS

Lest any eye meet murder's glance.

IPHIGENEIA

For the look shall bring pollution.

THOAS (*to attendant*)

Go thou, warn the folk of this.

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, and chiefly of my friends—

385

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τουτ' ἔλεξας εἰς ἐμέ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μηδέν' εἰς ὄψιν πελάζειν.

ΘΟΑΣ

εὐ γε κηδεύεις πόλιν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰκότως.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὡς εἰκότως σε πᾶσα θαυμάζει πόλις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σὺ δὲ μένων αὐτοῦ πρὸ ναῶν τῇ θεῷ

ΘΟΑΣ

τί χρήμα δρῶ ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄγρισον πυρσῷ μέλαθρον.

ΘΟΑΣ

καθαρὸν ὡς μόλης πάλιν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἤνικ' ἂν δ' ἔξω περῶσιν οἱ ξένοι,

ΘΟΑΣ

τί χρή με δρᾶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πέπλον ὀμμάτων προθέσθαι.

ΘΟΑΣ

μὴ παλαμναῖον λάβω ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦν δ' ἄγαν δοκῶ χρονίζειν,

ΘΟΑΣ

τουτ' ὄρος τίς ἐστί μοι ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

θαυμάσης μηδέν.



## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Hereby thou meanest me, I wis.

IPHIGENEIA

None must to the sight draw near.

THOAS

Our city hath thine heedful care.

IPHIGENEIA

Rightly.

THOAS

Rightly through the city art thou revered  
everywhere.

IPHIGENEIA

Thou abide before Her shrine :

THOAS

What service shall I do her there ?

IPHIGENEIA

Cleanse her house with flame.

THOAS

That it be pure for thy return thereto.

IPHIGENEIA

And when forth the temple come the strangers—

THOAS

What behoves to do ?

IPHIGENEIA

Draw thy mantle o'er thine eyes.

THOAS

Lest I be tainted of their sin ?

IPHIGENEIA

If o'erlong I seem to tarry,—

THOAS

What the limit set herein ?

IPHIGENEIA

Marvel not.

1220

387

c c 2

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τὰ τῆς θεοῦ πρᾶσσ' ἐπὶ σχολῆς καλῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰ γὰρ ὡς θέλω καθαρμὸς ὄδε πέσοι.

ΘΟΑΣ

συνεύχομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τούσδ' ἄρ' ἐκβαίνοντας ἤδη δωμάτων ὀρῶ ξένους  
καὶ θεᾶς κόσμον νεογνούς τ' ἄρνας, ὡς φόνου  
φόνου

μυσαρὸν ἐκνίψω, σέλας τε λαμπάδων τά τ' ἄλλ'  
ὅσα

πρὸυθέμην ἐγὼ ξένοισι καὶ θεᾷ καθάρσια.

ἐκποδῶν δ' αὐδῶ πολίταις τοῦδ' ἔχειν μιάσματος,

εἴ τις ἢ ναῶν πυλωρὸς χεῖρας ἀγνεύει θεοῖς,

ἢ γάμον στείχει συνάψων ἢ τόκοις βαρύνεται,

φεύγετ', ἐξίστασθε, μή τῷ προσπέσῃ μύσος  
τόδε.

1230 ὦ Διὸς Λητοῦς τ' ἄνασσα παρθέν', ἣν νίψω  
φόνου

τῶνδε καὶ θύσωμεν οὐ χρεῖ, καθαρὸν οἰκήσεις  
δόμον,

εὐτυχεῖς δ' ἡμεῖς ἐσόμεθα. τᾶλλα δ' οὐ λέγουσ',  
ὅμως

τοῖς τὰ πλείον' εἰδόσιν θεοῖς σοί τε σημαίνω, θεά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐπαις ὁ Λατοῦς γόνος,

στρ.

ὄν ποτε Δηλιάσιν

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

In thine own season render thou the dues divine.

IPHIGENEIA

Fair befall this purifying as I would!

THOAS

Thy prayer is mine.

IPHIGENEIA

Lo, and even now I see the strangers pacing forth  
the fane [—that by blood-stain

With the adorning of the Goddess, with the lambs,  
Blood-stain I may cleanse,—with flash of torches, and  
with what beside, [purified.

As I bade, the strangers and the Goddess shall be  
Now I warn the city-folk to shrink from this pollution  
far :— [warders are,

Ye that, with pure hands for heaven's service, temple-  
Whoso purposeth espousals, whoso laboureth with  
child, [be defiled.

Flee ye; hence away, that none with this pollution  
Queen, O child of Zeus and Leto, so the guilt from 1230  
these I lave, [thou have;

So I sacrifice where meet is, stainless temple shalt  
Blest withal shall we be—more I say not, yet to  
Gods who know [plainly show.

All, and, Goddess, unto thee, mine heart's desire I

[THOAS enters temple. Exeunt IPHIGENEIA,  
ORESTES, PYLADES, and attendants.

CHORUS<sup>1</sup>

A glorious babe in the days of old (Str.)  
Leto in Delos bare,

<sup>1</sup> Apollo's oracle was now proved right, and Iphigeneia's dream wrong; so this ode celebrates the institution of that oracle, and the abolition of the ancient dream-oracles.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

καρποφόροις γνάλοις  
 [ἔτικτε] χρυσοκόμαν  
 ἐν κιθάρα σοφόν, ἃ<sup>1</sup> τ' ἐπὶ τόξων  
 εὐστοχία γάννυται, φέρε δ' ἴνιν  
 1240 ἀπὸ δειράδος εἰναλίας,  
 λοχεῖα κλεινὰ λιποῦσ'  
 ἀστάκτων ματέρ' εἰς ὑδάτων,  
 τὰν βακχεύουσαν Διονύσῳ  
 Παρνάσιον κορυφάν,  
 ὅθι ποικιλόνωτος οἴνωπὸς δράκων  
 σκιερᾷ κατάχαλκος εὐφύλλῳ δάφνῃ,  
 γᾶς πελώριον τέρας, ἄμφεπε  
 μαντεῖον χθόνιον.

ἔτι μιν ἔτι βρέφος, ἔτι φίλας  
 1250 ἐπὶ ματέρος ἀγκάλαισι θρώσκων,  
 ἔκανες, ὦ Φοῖβε, μαν-  
 τείων δ' ἐπέβας ζαθέων,  
 τρίποδί τ' ἐν χρυσέῳ  
 θύσσεις, ἐν ἀψευδεῖ θρόνῳ  
 μαντείας βροτοῖς  
 θεσφάτων νέμων  
 ἀδύτων ὑπο, Κασταλίας ῥεέθρων  
 γείτων, μέσον γᾶς ἔχων μέλαθρον.

Θέμιν δ' ἐπεὶ γᾶς ἰὼν  
 1260 παῖδ' ἀπενάσσατο Λα-  
 τῶος ἀπὸ ζαθέων  
 χρηστηρίων, νύχια ἄντ.

<sup>1</sup> Weil: for MSS. ἃ, a passing and irrelevant mention of Artemis.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Mid its valleys of fruitage manifold,  
 The babe of the golden hair,—  
 Lord of the harp sweet-ringing, king of the bow  
 sure-winging [rock by the swell  
 The shaft that he loveth well,—and she fled from the  
 Of the sea encompassed, bringing 1240  
 From the place where her travail befell  
 Her babe to the height whence rolled the gushing  
 rills untold,  
 Where the Wine-god's revels stormy-souled  
 O'er the crests of Parnassus fare;  
 Where, gleaming with coils iridescent, half-hiding  
 The glint of his mail 'neath the dense-shadowed bay,  
 Was the earth-spawned monster, the dragon, gliding  
 Round the chasm wherein earth's oracle lay.  
 But thou, who wast yet but a babe, yet leaping  
 Babe-like in thy mother's loving embrace, 1250  
 Thou, Phoebus, didst slay him, didst take for thine  
 The oracle's lordship, the right divine,  
 And still on the tripod of gold art keeping  
 Thy session, dispensing to us, to the race  
 Of men, revelation of heaven's design,  
 From thy throne of truth, from the secret shrine,  
 By the streams through Castaly's cleft up-sweeping,  
 Where the Heart of the World is thy dwelling-  
 place.

But the Child of Earth did his coming make (*Ant.*)  
 Of her birthright dispossessed, 1260  
 For the oracle-sceptre of Themis he brake:  
 Wherefore the Earth from her breast,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

Χθὼν ἔτεκνώσατο φάσματ' ὀνείρων,  
οἷ πολέσιν μερόπων τά τε πρῶτα  
τά τ' ἔπειθ' ὅσ' ἔμελλε τυχεῖν  
ὑπνου κατὰ δνοφεράς  
εὐνάς ἔφραζον· Γαῖα δὲ τὰν  
μαντείων ἀφείλετο τιμὰν  
Φοῖβον φθόνῳ θυγατρός·  
1270 ταχύπους δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ὄρμαθῆς ἀναξ  
χέρα παιδνὸν ἔλιξεν ἐκ Ζήνος θρόνων  
Πυθίων δόμων χθονίαν ἀφε-  
λεῖν θεᾶς μῆνιν νυχίους τ' ὀνείρους.  
γέλασε δ', ὅτι τέκος ἄφαρ ἔβα  
πολύχρυσά θέλων λατρεύματα σχεῖν  
ἐπὶ δ' ἔσεισεν κόμαν,  
παῦσεν νυχίους ἐνοπᾶς  
ἀπὸ δ' ἀλαθοσύναν  
νυκτωπὸν ἐξεῖλεν βροτῶν,  
1280 καὶ τιμὰς πάλιν  
θῆκε Λοξία,  
πολυάνορι δ' ἐν ξενόεντι θρόνῳ  
θάρση βροτοῖς θεσφάτων αἰοδαῖς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ ναοφύλακες βώμοί τ' ἐπιστάται,  
Θόας ἀναξ γῆς τῆσδε ποῦ κυρεῖ βεβώς;  
καλεῖτ' ἀναπτύξαντες εὐγόμφους πύλας  
ἔξω μελάθρων τῶνδε κοίρανον χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, εἰ χρῆ μὴ κελευσθεῖσαν λένειν;

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

To make of his pride a derision, sent forth dream-  
 vision on vision,  
 Whereby to the sons of men the things that had been  
 ere then,

And the things for the Gods' decision  
 Yet waiting beyond our ken,

Through the darkness of slumber she spake, and from  
 Phoebus—in fierce heart-ache  
 Of jealous wrath for her daughter's sake—  
 His honour so did she wrest.

Swift hasted our King to Olympus' palace, 1270

And with child-arms clinging to Zeus' throne prayed  
 That the night-visions born of the Earth-mother's  
 malice

Might be banished the fane in the Pythian glade.

Smiled Zeus, that his son, for the costly oblations

Of his worshippers jealous, so swiftly had come :

And he shook his locks for the great oath-plight,

And he made an end of the voices of night ;

For he took from mortals the dream-visitations,

Truth's shadows upfloating from Earth's dark  
 womb ;

And he sealed by an everlasting right 1280

Loxias' honours, that all men might

Trust wholly his word, when the thronging nations

Bowed at the throne where he sang fate's doom.

*Enter* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

O temple-warders, altar-ministers,

Whither hath Thoas gone, this country's king ?

Fling wide the closely-bolted doors, and call

Forth of these halls the ruler of the land.

CHORUS

What is it?—if unbidden I may speak.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1290 βεβᾶσι φρούδοι δίπτυχοι νεανίαι  
 Ἀγαμεμνονείας παιδὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων  
 φεύγοντες ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε καὶ σεμνὸν βρέτας  
 λαβόντες ἐν κόλποισιν Ἑλλάδος νεώς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄπιστον εἶπας μῦθον· ὃν δ' ἰδεῖν θέλεις  
 ἄνακτα χώρας, φρούδος ἐκ ναοῦ συθείς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ποῖ; δεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν εἰδέναί τὰ δρώμενα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἴσμεν· ἀλλὰ στείχε καὶ δίωκέ νιν  
 ὅπου κυρήσας τοῦσδ' ἀπαγγελεῖς λόγους.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὄρατ', ἄπιστον ὡς γυναικεῖον γένος·  
 μέτεστι χυμῖν τῶν πεπραγμένων μέρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1300 μαίνει; τί δ' ἡμῖν τῶν ξένων δρασμοῦ μέτα;  
 οὐκ εἰ κρατούντων πρὸς πύλας ὅσον τάχος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὔ, πρὶν γ' ἂν εἶπη τοῦτος ἐρμηνεὺς τόδε,  
 εἶτ' ἔνδον εἶτ' οὐκ ἔνδον ἀρχηγὸς χθονός.  
 ὦή, χαλᾶτε κληῖθρα, τοῖς ἔνδον λέγω,  
 καὶ δεσπότη σημήναθ' οὔνεκ' ἐν πύλαις  
 πάρειμι, καινῶν φόρτον ἀγγέλλων κακῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ

τίς ἀμφὶ δῶμα θεᾶς τόδ' ἴστησιν βοήν,  
 πύλας ἀράξας καὶ ψόφον πέμψας ἔσω;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1310 ψευδῶς λέγουσαί μ' αἶδ' <sup>1</sup> ἀπήλαννον δόμων,  
 ὡς ἐκτὸς εἶης· σὺ δὲ κατ' οἶκον ἦσθ' ἄρα.

<sup>1</sup> Pierson: for MSS. ψευδῶς ἔλεγον αἶδε, καὶ μ'.



## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

MESSENGER

Gone are the two youths, vanished clear from sight,  
Gone, by the plots of Agamemnon's child  
Fleeing from this land, taking with them hence  
The holy statue in a Greek ship's hold.

1290

CHORUS

Thy tale is past belief!—but the land's king,  
Whom thou wouldst see, hath hurried forth the fane.

MESSENGER

Whither?—for what is done he needs must know.

CHORUS

We know not: go thou, hasten after him,  
And, where thou findest him, make thy report.

MESSENGER

Lo now, how treacherous is womankind!  
Ye also are partakers in this deed.

CHORUS

Art mad? What is to us the strangers' flight?  
Away with all speed to thy master's gates.

1300

MESSENGER

Nay, not till I be certified of this,  
Whether the land's lord be within or no.  
What ho!—within there!—shoot the door-bolts back,  
And to your master tell that at the gates  
Am I, who bear a burden of ill-news.

*Enter THOAS from the temple.*

THOAS

Who makes this outcry at the Goddess' fane,  
Smiting the doors, and hurling noise within?

MESSENGER

Falsely these said—would so have driven me hence—  
That thou wast forth, while yet wast thou within.

1310

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τί προσδοκῶσαι κέρδος ἢ θηρώμεναι ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὐθις τὰ τῶνδε σημανῶ· τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶ  
παρόντ' ἄκουσον. ἢ νεᾶνις, ἢ ἕνθαδε  
βωμοῖς παρίστατ', Ἰφιγένει', ἕξω χθονὸς  
σὺν τοῖς ξένοισιν οἴχεται, σεμνὸν θεᾶς  
ἄγαλμ' ἔχουσα· δόλια δ' ἦν καθάρματα.

ΘΟΑΣ

πῶς φῆς; τί πνεῦμα συμφορᾶς κεκτημένη;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σάξουσ' Ὀρέστην· τοῦτο γὰρ σὺ θαυμάσει.

ΘΟΑΣ

τὸν ποῖον; ἄρ' ὄν Τυνδαρίς τίκτει κόρη;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1320

ὄν τοῖσδε βωμοῖς θεὰ καθωσιώσατο.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὦ θαῦμα, πῶς σε μείζον ὀνομάσας τύχω;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

μὴ ἕνταῦθα τρέψῃς σὴν φρέν', ἀλλ' ἄκούέ μιν  
σαφῶς δ' ἀθρήσας καὶ κλύων ἐκφρόντισον  
διωγμὸν ὅστις τοὺς ξένους θηράσεται.

ΘΟΑΣ

λέγ'· εὐ γὰρ εἶπας· οὐ γὰρ ἀγχίπλουν πόρον  
φεύγουσιν, ὥστε διαφυγεῖν τοῦμὸν δόρυ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐπεὶ πρὸς ἀκτὰς ἤλθομεν θαλασσίας,  
οὐ ναῦς Ὀρέστου κρύφιος ἦν ὥρμισμένη,  
ἡμᾶς μὲν, οὓς σὺ δεσμὰ συμπέμπεις ξένων  
ἔχοντας, ἐξένευσ' ἀποστῆναι πρόσω  
Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖς, ὡς ἀπόρρητον φλόγα

1330

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

What profit sought they?—hunted for what gain?

MESSENGER

Their deeds hereafter will I tell. Hear thou  
The trouble at the doors. The maid that here  
Served at the altars, Iphigeneia, is fled  
With yonder strangers, and the holy image  
Hath taken. Nought but guile that cleansing was.

THOAS

How say'st? What wind of fortune hath she found?

MESSENGER

To save Orestes. Marvel thou at this!

THOAS

Orestes?—him whom Tyndarus' daughter bare?

MESSENGER

Him whom the Goddess hallowed for her altars. 1320

THOAS

O marvel! What name stronger fitteth thee?

MESSENGER

Take thou not thought for that, but list to me:  
Mark clearly all, and as thou hear'st devise  
By what pursuit to hunt the strangers down.

THOAS

Say on: thou speakest well. By no near course  
They needs must flee, that they should 'scape my spear.

MESSENGER

Soon as unto the sea-beach we had come,  
Where hidden was Orestes' galley moored,  
Us, whom with those bound strangers thou didst send,  
Agamemnon's child waved back, to stand aloof, 1330  
As one at point to light the inviolate fire,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

θύουσα καὶ καθαρμὸν ὄν μετόχετο.  
 αὐτὴ δ' ὀπισθε δέσμ' ἔχουσα τοῖν ξένοιον  
 ἔστειχε χερσί. καὶ τὰδ' ἦν ὑποπτα μέν,  
 ἤρεσκε μέντοι σοῖσι προσπόλοις, ἄναξ.  
 χρόνῳ δ', ἴν' ἡμῖν δρᾶν τι δὴ δοκοῖ πλέου,  
 ἀνωλόλυξε καὶ κατῆδε βάρβαρα  
 μέλη μαγεύουσ', ὡς φόνον νίζουσα δή.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ δαρὸν ἤμεν ἤμενοι χρόνον,  
 1340 ἐσῆλθεν ἡμᾶς μὴ λυθέντες οἱ ξένοι  
 κτάνοιεν αὐτὴν δραπέται τ' οἰχοῖατο.  
 φόβῳ δ' ἂ μὴ χρῆν εἰσορᾶν καθήμεθα  
 σιγῇ· τέλος δὲ πᾶσιν ἦν αὐτὸς λόγος,  
 στείχειν ἴν' ἦσαν, καίπερ οὐκ ἐωμένοις.  
 κἀνταῦθ' ὀρώμεν Ἑλλάδος νεὸς σκάφος  
 ταρσῶ κατῆρες, πίτυλον ἐπτερωμένον,  
 ναύτας τε πεντήκοντ' ἐπὶ σκαλμῶν πλάτας  
 ἔχοντας, ἐκ δεσμῶν δὲ τοὺς νεανίας  
 1350 ἐλευθέρους πρύμνηθεν ἐστῶτας νεῶς.  
 κοντοῖς δὲ πρῶραν εἶχον, οἱ δ' ἐπωτίδων  
 ἄγκυραν ἐξανήπτου, οἱ δέ, κλίμακας  
 σπεύδοντες, ἤγου διὰ χερῶν πρυμνήσια,  
 πόντῳ δὲ δόντες τοῖν ξένοιον καθίεσαν.  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀφειδήσαντες, ὡς ἐσείδομεν  
 δόλια τεχνήματ', εἰχόμεσθα τῆς ξένης  
 πρυμνησίων τε, καὶ δι' εὐθυνηρίας  
 οἴακας ἐξηροῦμεν εὐπρύμνου νεῶς·  
 λόγοι δ' ἐχώρου· τίνοι νόμῳ πορθμεύετε  
 1360 κλέπτοντες ἐκ γῆς ξόανα καὶ θυηπόλους ;  
 τίνος τίς ὦν σὺ τήνδ' ἀπεμπολᾶς χθονός ;  
 ὁ δ' εἶπ'· Ὀρέστης τῆσδ' ὄμαιμος, ὡς μάθης,  
 Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖς, τήνδ' ἐμὴν κομίζομαι  
 λαβῶν ἀδελφῆν, ἣν ἀπόλεσ' ἐκ δόμων.

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And do the cleansing for the which she came.  
 Herself took in her hands the strangers' bonds,  
 And paced behind. Somewhat mine heart misgave,  
 Yet were thy servants satisfied, O King.  
 Time passed: she chanted loud some alien hymn  
 Of wizardry,—with semblance of weird rites  
 To cozen us,—as one that cleansed blood-guilt.

But when we had been long time sitting thus,  
 It came into our minds that, breaking loose, 1340  
 The strangers might have slain her, and have fled.  
 Yet, dreading to behold forfended things,  
 Silent we sat, till all agreed at last  
 To go to where they were, albeit forbid.  
 And there we see a Hellene galley's hull  
 With ranks of oar-blades fringed, sea-plashing wings,  
 And fifty seamen at the tholes thereof  
 Grasping their oars; and, from their bonds set free,  
 Beside the galley's stern the young men stood.  
 The prow with poles some steadied, some hung up 1350  
 The anchor at the catheads, some in haste  
 Ran through their hands the hawsers, and there-  
 with  
 Dropped ladders for the strangers to the sea.

But we spared not, as soon as we beheld  
 Their cunning wiles: we grasped the stranger-maid,  
 The hawser-bands, and strove to wrench the helms  
 Out through the stern-ports of the stately ship;  
 And rang our shouts:—"By what right do ye steal  
 Images from our land and priestesses?  
 Who and whose son art thou, to kidnap her?" 1360  
 But he, "Orestes I, her brother, son  
 Of Agamemnon, know thou. She I bear  
 Hence is my sister whom I lost from home."

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἦσσον εἰχόμεσθα τῆς ξένης  
 καὶ πρὸς σ' ἔπεσθαι διεβιαζόμεσθά νιν,  
 ὅθεν τὰ δεινὰ πλήγματ' ἦν γενειάδων.  
 κεῖνοί τε γὰρ σίδηρον οὐκ εἶχον χεροῖν  
 ἡμεῖς τε· πυγμαὶ δ' ἦσαν ἐγκροτούμεναι,  
 καὶ κῶλ' ἀπ' ἀμφοῖν τοῖν νεανίαιν ἅμα  
 1370 εἰς πλευρὰ καὶ πρὸς ἦπαρ ἠκοντίζετο,  
 ὡς τῷ ξυνάπτειν καὶ συναποκαμεῖν μέλη.  
 δεινοῖς δὲ σημάντροισιν ἐσφραγισμένοι  
 ἐφεύγομεν πρὸς κρημνόν, οἱ μὲν ἐν κάρᾳ  
 κάθαιμ' ἔχοντες τραύμαθ', οἱ δ' ἐν ὄμμασιν  
 ὄχθοις δ' ἐπισταθέντες εὐλαβεστέρωσ  
 ἐμαρνάμεσθα καὶ πέτρους ἐβάλλομεν.  
 ἀλλ' εἴργον ἡμᾶσ τοξόται πρύμνης ἐπι  
 σταθέντες ἰοῖσ, ὥστ' ἀναστεῖλαι πρόσω.  
 κὰν τῷδε, δεινὸσ γὰρ κλύδων ὠκείλε ναῦν  
 1380 πρὸς γῆν, φόβος δ' ἦν παρθένω τέγγαι πόδα,  
 λαβὼν Ὀρέστης ὤμον εἰς ἀριστερόν,  
 βὰσ εἰς θάλασσαν κἀπὶ κλίμακος θορών,  
 ἔθηκ' ἀδελφὴν ἐντὸσ εὐσέλμου νεώσ,  
 τό τ' οὐρανοῦ πέσημα, τῆσ Διὸσ κόρησ  
 ἄγαλμα. ναὸσ δ' ἐκ μέσησ ἐφθέγγεατο  
 βοή τισ· ὦ γῆσ Ἑλλάδοσ ναῦται νεώσ,  
 λάβεσθε κώπησ ρόθιά τ' ἐκλευκαίνετε·  
 ἔχομεν γὰρ ὦνπερ εἶνεκ' ἄξενον πόρου  
 Συμπληγάδων ἔσωθεν εἰσεπλεύσαμεν.  
 1390 οἱ δὲ στεναγμὸν ἠδὺν ἐκβρυχώμενοι  
 ἔπαισαν ἄλμην. ναῦσ δ', ἕωσ μὲν ἐντὸσ ἦν  
 λιμένος, ἐχώρει· στόμια διαπερῶσα δὲ  
 λάβρω κλύδωνι συμπεσοῦσ' ἠπέίγετο·  
 δεινὸσ γὰρ ἐλθὼν ἄνεμοσ ἐξαίφνησ σκάφοσ,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wecklein : for MSS. νεώσ.

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Yet no less clung we to the stranger-maid,  
 And would have forced to follow us to thee,  
 Whence came these fearful buffets on my cheeks.  
 For in their hands steel weapons had they none,  
 Nor we ; but there were clenched fists hailing blows,  
 And those young champions twain dashed spurning  
 feet,

As javelins swift, on waist and rib of us, 1370  
 That scarce we grappled, ere our limbs waxed faint ;  
 And marked with ghastly scars of strife we fled  
 Unto the cliffs, some bearing gory weals  
 Upon their heads, and others on their eyes.  
 Yet, rallying on the heights, more warily  
 We fought, and fell to hurling stones on them.  
 But archers, planted on her stern, with shafts  
 Back beat us, that we needs must draw aloof.

Meanwhile a great surge shoreward swung the ship ;  
 And, for the maiden feared to wade the surf, 1380  
 On his left shoulder Orestes lifted her,  
 Strode through the sea, upon the ladder leapt,  
 And in the good ship set his sister down,  
 With that heaven-fallen image of Zeus' child.  
 Then from the galley's midst rang loud and clear  
 A shout—"Ye seamen of this Hellene ship,  
 Grip oars, and churn the swirling breakers white ;  
 For we have won the prize for which we sailed  
 The cheerless sea within the Clashing Rocks."  
 Then, with glad gasp loud-bursting from each breast, 1390  
 Smote they the brine. The ship made way, while yet  
 Within the bay ; but, as she cleared its mouth,  
 By fierce surge met, she laboured heavily ;  
 For suddenly swooped a wild gust on the ship,

- ὄθει παλιμπρυμηδόν·<sup>1</sup> οἱ δ' ἔκαρτέρουν  
 πρὸς κῦμα λακτίζοντες· εἰς δὲ γῆν πάλιν  
 κλύδων παλίρρους ἦγε ναῦν. σταθεῖσα δὲ  
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς ἠΰξατ'· ὦ Λητοῦς κόρη,  
 σῶσόν με τὴν σὴν ἱερίαν πρὸς Ἑλλάδα  
 1400 ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς καὶ κλοπαῖς σύγγνωθ' ἐμαῖς.  
 φιλεῖς δὲ καὶ σὺ σὸν κασίγνητον, θεά·  
 φιλεῖν δὲ καὶ τοὺς ὀμαίμονας δόκει.  
 ναῦται δ' ἐπηυφήμησαν εὐχαΐσιν κόρης  
 παιᾶνα, γυμνὰς εὐχερῶς ἐπωμίδας  
 κώπη προσαρμόσαντες ἐκ κελεύσματος.  
 μᾶλλον δὲ μᾶλλον πρὸς πέτρας ἦει σκάφος·  
 χῶ μὲν τις εἰς θάλασσαν ὠρμήθη ποσίην,  
 ἄλλος δὲ πλεκτὰς ἔξανῆπτεν ἀγκύλας.  
 1410 καὶ γὰρ μὲν εὐθύς πρὸς σέ δεῦρ' ἀπεστάλην,  
 σοὶ τὰς ἐκείθεν σημαίων, ἄναξ, τύχας.  
 ἀλλ' ἔρπε, δεσμὰ καὶ βρόχους λαβὼν χεροῖν  
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ οἶδμα νήνεμον γενήσεται,  
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἐλπίς τοῖς ξένοις σωτηρίας.  
 πόντου δ' ἀνάκτωρ Ἴλιόν τ' ἐπισκοπεῖ,  
 σεμνὸς Ποσειδῶν, Πελοπίδαις δ' ἐναντίος.  
 καὶ νῦν παρέξει τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνον  
 σοὶ καὶ πολίταις, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐν χεροῖν  
 λαβεῖν, ἀδελφὴν θ', ἢ φόνον τὸν Αὐλίδι  
 ἀμνημόνευτον θεᾷ προδοῦσ' ἀλίσκεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 1420 ὦ τλήμον Ἰφιγένεια, συγγόνου μέτα  
 θανεί πάλιν μολοῦσα δεσποτῶν χέρας.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὦ πάντες ἄστοι τῆσδε βαρβάρου χθονός,  
 οὐκ εἶα πῶλοις ἐμβαλόντες ἠνίας

<sup>1</sup> Hermann: for MSS. πάλιν πρυμησί'.



## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Stern-foremost thrusting her. With might and main  
 Fought they the waves, but towards the land again  
 The back-sweep drave the ship: then stood and prayed  
 Agamemnon's daughter, "Leto's Child, O Maid,  
 Save me, thy priestess! Bring me unto Greece  
 From alien land; forgive my theft of thee! 1400  
 Thy brother, Goddess, dost thou also love:  
 O then believe that I too love my kin!"  
 The mariners' pæan to the maiden's prayer  
 Answered, the while with shoulders bare they  
     strained  
 The oar-blade deftly to the timing-cry.  
 Nearer the rocks—yet nearer—came the bark.  
 Then of us some rushed wading through the sea,  
 And some held nooses ready for the cast.  
 And straightway hitherward I sped to thee,  
 To tell to thee, O King, what there befell. 1410  
 On then! Take with thee chain and cord in hand.  
 For, if the sea-swell sink not into calm,  
 Hope of deliverance have the strangers none.  
 The sea's Lord, dread Poseidon, graciously  
 Looketh on Ilium, wroth with Pelops' line,  
 And now shall give up Agamemnon's son  
 To thine hands and thy people's, as is meet,  
 With her who, traitress to the Goddess proved,  
 That sacrifice in Aulis hath forgot.

### CHORUS

Woe is thee, Iphigeneia! With thy brother 1420  
 Caught in the tyrant's grasp shalt thou be slain!

### THOAS

What ho! ye citizens of this my land,  
 Up, bridle ye your steeds!—along the shore

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

παράκτιοι δραμείσθε, κάκβολας νεὸς  
 Ἑλληνίδος δέξεσθε, σὺν δὲ τῇ θεῷ  
 σπεύδοντες ἄνδρας δυσσεβεῖς θηράσετε·  
 οἱ δ' ὠκυπόμπους ἔλξεται εἰς πόντον πλάτας,  
 ὡς ἐκ θαλάσσης ἕκ τε γῆς ἰππεύμασι  
 λαβόντες αὐτοὺς ἢ κατὰ στύφλου πέτρας  
 1430 ῥίψωμεν, ἢ σκόλοψι πῆξωμεν δέμας.  
 ὑμᾶς δὲ τὰς τῶνδ' ἱστορας βουλευμάτων  
 γυναικάς αὖθις, ἠνίκ' ἂν σχολὴν λάβω,  
 ποινασόμεσθα· νῦν δὲ τὴν προκειμένην  
 σπουδὴν ἔχοντες οὐ μενούμεν ἤσυχοι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ποῖ ποῖ διωγμὸν τόνδε πορθμεύεις, ἄναξ  
 Θόας; ἄκουσον τῆσδ' Ἀθηναίας λόγους.  
 παῦσαι διώκων ῥεῦμά τ' ἐξορμῶν στρατοῦ·  
 πεπρωμένος γὰρ θεσφάτοισι Λοξίου  
 1440 δεῦρ' ἦλθ' Ὀρέστης, τόν τ' Ἐρινύων χόλον  
 φεύγων ἀδελφῆς τ' Ἄργος εἰσπέμψων δέμας  
 ἄγαλμά θ' ἱερὸν εἰς ἐμὴν ἄξων χθόνα,  
 τῶν νῦν παρόντων πημάτων ἀναψυχάς.  
 πρὸς μὲν σ' ὄδ' ἡμῖν μῦθος· ὄν δ' ἀποκτενεῖν  
 δοκεῖς Ὀρέστην ποντίῳ λαβὼν σάλῳ,  
 ἤδη Ποσειδῶν χάριν ἐμὴν ἀκύμονα  
 πόντου τίθησι νῶτα πορθμεύων πλάτη.  
 μαθὼν δ', Ὀρέστα, τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπιστολάς,  
 κλύεις γὰρ αὐδὴν καίπερ οὐ παρὼν θεᾶς,  
 χῶρει λαβὼν ἄγαλμα σύγγονόν τε σῆν.  
 1450 ὅταν δ' Ἀθήνας τὰς θεοδμήτους μόλης,  
 χῶρός τις ἔστιν Ἀτθίδος πρὸς ἐσχάτοις  
 ὄροισι, γείτων δειράδος Καρυστίας,  
 ἱερός, Ἀλᾶς νιν οὐμὸς ὀνομάζει λεώς·  
 ἐνταῦθα τεύξας ναὸν ἴδρυσαι βρέτας,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Gallop! The stranding of the Hellene ship  
 Await ye there, and, with the Goddess' help,  
 Make speed to hunt yon impious caitiffs down.  
 And ye, go hale my swift keels to the wave,  
 That, both by sea and coursing steeds on land,  
 These we may take, and down the rugged crag  
 May hurl them, or on stakes impale alive.  
 You women, who were privy to this plot,  
 Hereafter, when my leisure serveth me,  
 Will I yet punish. Having now in hand  
 The instant need, I will not idly wait.

1430

*ATHENA appears in mid-air above the stage.*

ATHENA

Whither, now whither, speedest thou this chase,  
 King Thoas? Hear my words—Athena's words.  
 Cease from pursuit, from pouring forth thine  
 host;

For, foreordained by Loxias' oracles,  
 Orestes came, to escape the Erinyes' wrath,  
 And lead his sister unto Argos home,  
 And bear the sacred image to my land,  
 So to win respite from his present woes.  
 This is my word to thee: Orestes, whom  
 Thou think'st to take in mid-sea surge, and slay—  
 Even now for my sake doth Poseidon lull  
 To calm the breakers, speeding on his bark.

1440

And thou, Orestes, to mine hests give heed—  
 For, though afar, thou hear'st the voice divine:—  
 Taking the image and thy sister, go;  
 And when thou com'st to Athens' god-built towers,  
 A place there is upon the utmost bounds  
 Of Attica, hard by Karystus' ridge,  
 A holy place, named Halae of my folk.  
 Build there a shrine, and set that image up,

1450

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- 1460 ἐπώνυμον γῆς Ταυρικῆς πόνων τε σῶν,  
 οὓς ἐξεμόχθεις περιπολῶν καθ' Ἑλλάδα  
 οἴστροις Ἐρινύων. Ἄρτεμιν δέ νιν βροτοὶ  
 τὸ λοιπὸν ὑμνήσουσι Ταυροπόλον θεάν.  
 νόμον τε θεῆς τόνδ' ὅταν ἐορτάζῃ λεώς,  
 τῆς σῆς σφαγῆς ἄποιν' ἐπισχέτω ξίφος  
 δέρη πρὸς ἀνδρὸς αἷμά τ' ἐξανιέτω,  
 ὀσίας ἕκατι, θεά θ' ὅπως τιμὰς ἔχῃ.  
 σέ δ' ἀμφὶ σεμνάς, Ἰφιγένεια, κλίμακας  
 Βραυρωνίας δεῖ τῆδε κληδουχεῖν θεᾶ·  
 οὐ καὶ τεθάψει κατθανοῦσα, καὶ πέπλων  
 ἄγαλμά σοι θήσουσιν εὐπήνους ὑφάς,  
 ἃς ἂν γυναῖκες ἐν τόκοις ψυχορραγεῖς  
 λείπωσ' ἐν οἴκοις. τάσδε δ' ἐκπέμπειν χθονὸς  
 Ἑλληνίδας γυναῖκας ἐξεφίεμαι  
 γνώμης δικαίας εἶνεκ'. ἐξέσωσα δέ  
 1470 καὶ πρὶν σ' Ἀρείοις ἐν πάγοις ψήφους ἴσας  
 κρίνας', Ὀρέστα· καὶ νόμισμ' ἔσται τόδε,  
 νικᾶν ἰσῆρεις ὅστις ἂν ψήφους λάβῃ.  
 ἀλλ' ἐκκομίζου σὴν κασιγνήτην χθονός,  
 Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖ· καὶ σὺ μὴ θυμοῦ, Θέας.

ΘΟΑΣ

- 1480 ἄνασσ' Ἀθάνα, τοῖσι τῶν θεῶν λόγοις  
 ὅστις κλύων ἄπιστος, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖ.  
 ἐγὼ δ' Ὀρέστη τ', εἰ φέρων βρέτας θεᾶς  
 βέβηκ', ἀδελφῆ τ' οὐχὶ θυμοῦμαι· τί γὰρ  
 πρὸς τοὺς σθένοντας θεοὺς ἀμιλλᾶσθαι καλόν;  
 ἴτωσαν εἰς σὴν σὺν θεᾶς ἀγάλματι  
 γαίαν, καθιδρῦσαιτό τ' εὐτυχῶς βρέτας.  
 πέμψω δέ καὶ τάσδ' Ἑλλάδ' εἰς εὐδαίμονα  
 γυναῖκας, ὥσπερ σὸν κέλευσμ' ἐφίεται.  
 παύσω δέ λόγχην ἣν ἐπαίρομαι ξένοις  
 νεῶν τ' ἐρετμά, σοὶ τάδ' ὡς δοκεῖ, θεά.

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Named from the Taurian land and from thy toils,  
 The travail of thy wandering through Greece  
 Erinyes-goaded. Men through days to come  
 Shall chant her—Artemis the Taurian Queen.  
 This law ordain: when folk keep festival,  
 In quittance for thy slaughter one must hold  
 To a man's throat the sword, and spill the blood 1460  
 For hallowing and the Goddess' honour's sake.

Thou, Iphigeneia, by the holy stairs  
 Of Brauron must this Goddess' warden be.  
 There shalt thou die, and be entombed, and webs,  
 Of all fair vesture shall they offer thee  
 Which wives who perish in their travail-tide  
 Leave in their homes.

I charge thee, King, to send  
 Homeward these maids of Hellas from thy land  
 For their true hearts' sake. I delivered thee  
 Erstwhile, Orestes, balancing the votes 1470  
 On Ares' mount; and this shall be a law—  
*The equal tale of votes acquits the accused.*  
 Now from this land thy sister bear o'ersea,  
 Agamemnon's son: Thoas, be wroth no more.

### THOAS

Athena, Queen, who hears the words of Gods,  
 And disobeyeth them, is sense-bereft.  
 Lo, I against Orestes and his sister  
 Chafe not, that he hath borne the image hence.  
 What boots it to defy the mighty Gods?  
 Let them with Artemis' statue to thy land 1480  
 Depart, and with fair fortune set it up.  
 I unto happy Greece will send withal  
 These maids, according as thine hest enjoins;  
 Will stay the spear against the strangers raised,  
 And the ships, Goddess, since it is thy will.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

αἰνῶ· τὸ γὰρ χρεῶν σου τε καὶ θεῶν κρατεῖ.  
 ἴτ', ὦ πνοαί, ναυσθλοῦσθε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος  
 παῖδ' εἰς Ἀθήνας· συμπορεύσομαι δ' ἐγώ,  
 σῶζουσ' ἀδελφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς σεμνὸν βρέτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1490

ἴτ' ἐπ' εὐτυχίᾳ τῆς σῶζομένης  
 μοίρας εὐδαίμονες ὄντες.  
 ἄλλ', ὦ σεμνή παρά τ' ἀθανάτοις  
 καὶ παρὰ θνητοῖς, Παλλὰς Ἀθήνα,  
 δράσομεν οὕτως ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.  
 μάλα γὰρ τερπνὴν κἀνέλπιστον  
 φήμην ἀκοαῖσι δέδεγμαί.

ὦ μέγα σεμνή Νίκη, τὸν ἐμὸν  
 βίοντον κατέχοις  
 καὶ μὴ λήγοις στεφανοῦσα.

## IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ATHENA

'Tis well : for thee, for Gods, is Fate too strong  
Forth, breezes ! Waft ye Agamemnon's son  
To Athens : even I will voyage with him,  
Keeping my sister's holy image safe.

CHORUS

Speed with fair fortune, in bliss speed on  
For the doom reversed, for the life re-won.  
Pallas Athena, Queen adored  
Of mortals on earth, of Immortals in heaven,  
We will do according to this thy word :  
For above all height to which hope hath soared  
Is the glad, glad sound to our ears that is given.

1190

Hail, reverèd Victory :  
Rest upon my life ; and me  
Crown, and crown eternally.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*





ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

## ARGUMENT

WHEN *Troy* was taken by the Greeks, *Andromache*, wife of that *Hector* whom *Achilles* slew ere himself was slain by the arrow which *Apollo* guided, was given in the dividing of the spoils to *Neoptolemus*, *Achilles*' son. So he took her oversea to the land of *Thessaly*, and loved her, and entreated her kindly, and she bare him a son in her captivity. But after ten years<sup>1</sup> *Neoptolemus* took to wife a princess of *Sparta*, *Hermione*, daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helen*. But to these was no child born, and the soul of *Hermione* grew bitter with jealousy against *Andromache*. Now *Neoptolemus*, in his indignation for his father's death, had upbraided *Apollo* therewith: wherefore he now journeyed to *Delphi*, vainly hoping by prayer and sacrifice to assuage the wrath of the God. But so soon as he was gone, *Hermione* sought to avenge herself on *Andromache*; and *Menelaus* came thither also, and these twain went about to slay the captive and her child. Wherefore *Andromache* hid her son, and took sanctuary at the altar of the Goddess *Thetis*, expecting till *Peleus*, her lord's grandsire, should come to save her. And herein are set forth her sore peril and deliverance: also it is told how *Neoptolemus* found death at *Delphi*, and how he that contrived his death took his wife.

<sup>1</sup> See *Odyssey* iv. 3-9.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΘΕΤΙΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANDROMACHE.

HANDMAID, *a Trojan captive.*

HERMIONE, *daughter of Menelaus, wife of Neoptolemus.*

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

MOLOSSUS, *son of Neoptolemus and Andromache.*

PELEUS, *father of Achilles.*

NURSE *of Hermione.*

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon.*

MESSENGER.

THETIS, *a Sea-goddess, wife of Peleus.*

CHORUS *of maidens of Phthia in Thessaly.*

*Attendants of Menelaus, Peleus, and Orestes.*

SCENE:—At the temple of Thetis, beside the palace of Neoptolemus, in Phthia of Thessaly.

## ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

### ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἀσιάτιδος γῆς σχῆμα, Θηβαία πόλις,  
 ὄθεν ποθ' ἔδνων σὺν πολυχρύσῳ χλιδῇ  
 Πριάμου τύραννον ἐστίαν ἀφικόμην  
 δάμαρ δοθεῖσα παιδοποιὸς Ἔκτορι,  
 ζηλωτὸς ἔν γε τῷ πρὶν Ἀνδρομάχῃ χρόνῳ,  
 νῦν δ' εἴ τις ἄλλη δυστυχεστάτη γυνή  
 [ἐμοῦ πέφυκεν ἢ γενήσεται ποτε·]  
 ἥτις πόσιν μὲν Ἔκτορ' ἐξ Ἀχιλλέως  
 θανόντ' ἐσεῖδον, παῖδά θ' ὄν τίκτω πόσει  
 10 ῥιφθέντα πύργων Ἀστυάνακτ' ἀπ' ὀρθίων,  
 ἐπεὶ τὸ Τροίας εἶλον Ἕλληνες πέδον·  
 αὐτὴ δὲ δούλῃ τῶν ἐλευθερωτάτων  
 οἴκων νομισθεῖς Ἑλλάδ' εἰσαφικόμην  
 τῷ νησιώτῃ Νεοπτολέμῳ δορὸς γέρας  
 δοθεῖσα λείας Τρωικῆς ἐξαίρετον.  
 Φθίας δὲ τῆσδε καὶ πόλεως Φαρσαλίας  
 σύγχορτα ναίω πεδί', ἕν' ἢ θαλασσία  
 Πηλεῖ ξυνώκει χωρὶς ἀνθρώπων Θέτις  
 20 φεύγουσ' ὄμιλον· Θεσσαλὸς δὲ νιν λεῶς  
 Θετίδειον αὐδὰ θεᾶς χάριν νυμφευμάτων.  
 ἔνθ' οἶκον ἔσχε τόνδε παῖς Ἀχιλλέως,  
 Πηλέα δ' ἀνάσσειν γῆς ἐᾷ Φαρσαλίας,  
 ζῶντος γέροντος σκῆπτρον οὐ θέλων λαβεῖν.

## ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE *sitting on the steps of the altar of Thetis.*

### ANDROMACHE

BEAUTY of Asian land, O town of Thebes,  
Whence, decked with gold of costly bride-array,  
To Priam's royal hearth long since I came  
Espoused to Hector for his true-wed wife,—  
I, envied in time past, Andromache,  
But now above all others most unblest  
Of women that have been or shall be ever;  
Who saw mine husband Hector by Achilles  
Slain, saw my Astyanax, the child I bare  
Unto my lord, down from a high tower hurled, 10  
That day the Hellenes won the plain of Troy.  
Myself a slave, accounted erst the child  
Of a free house, none freer, came to Hellas,  
Spear-guerdon chosen out for the island-prince,  
Neoptolemus, from Troy's spoil given to him.  
Here on the marches 'twixt Pharsalia's town  
And Phthia's plains I dwell, where that Sea-  
queen,  
Thetis, with Peleus lived aloof from men,  
Shunning the throng: wherefore Thessalians call it,  
By reason of her bridal, "Thetis' Close." 20  
Here made Achilles' son his dwelling-place,  
And leaveth Peleus still Pharsalia's king,  
Loth, while the ancient lives, to take his sceptre.

καὶ γὰρ δόμοις τοῖσδ' ἄρσεν' ἐντίκτω κόρον,  
 πλαθεῖς Ἀχιλλέως παιδί, δεσπότη δ' ἐμῷ.  
 καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἐν κακοῖσι κειμένην ὄμως  
 ἐλπίς μ' αἰεὶ προσῆγε σωθέντος τέκνου  
 ἀλκὴν τιν' εὐρεῖν κάπικούρησιν κακῶν·  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ τὴν Λάκαιναν Ἑρμιόνην γαμεῖ  
 30 τοῦμόν παρώσας δεσπότης δούλον λέχος,  
 κακοῖς πρὸς αὐτῆς σχετλίοις ἐλαύνομαι.  
 λέγει γὰρ ὡς νιν φαρμάκοις κεκρυμμένους  
 τίθημ' ἄπαιδα καὶ πόσει μισουμένην,  
 αὐτὴ δὲ ναίειν οἶκον ἀντ' αὐτῆς θέλω  
 τόνδ', ἐκβαλοῦσα λέκτρα τὰ κείνης βία·  
 ἀγὼ τὸ πρῶτον οὐχ ἔκοῦσ' ἔδεξάμην,  
 νῦν δ' ἐκλέλοιπα· Ζεὺς τὰδ' εἰδείη μέγας  
 ὡς οὐχ ἔκοῦσα τῷδ' ἐκοινώθην λέχει.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ σφε πείθω, βούλεται δέ με κτανεῖν,  
 40 πατήρ τε θυγατρὶ Μενέλεως συνδρά τάδε.  
 καὶ νῦν κατ' οἴκους ἔστ', ἀπὸ Σπάρτης μολῶν  
 ἐπ' αὐτὸ τοῦτο· δειματομένη δ' ἐγὼ  
 δόμων πάροικον Θέτιδος εἰς ἀνάκτορον  
 θάσσω τόδ' ἐλθοῦσ', ἣν με κωλύση θανεῖν.  
 Πηλεύς τε γὰρ νιν ἔκγονοί τε Πηλέως  
 σέβουσιν, ἐρμήνευμα Νηρηῆδος γάμων.  
 ὃς δ' ἔστι παῖς μοι μόνος, ὑπεκπέμπω λάθρα  
 ἄλλους ἐς οἴκους, μὴ θάνῃ φοβουμένη.  
 ὁ γὰρ φυτεύσας αὐτὸν οὔτ' ἐμοὶ πάρα  
 50 προσωφελῆσαι, παιδί τ' οὐδέν ἔστ', ἀπὸν  
 Δελφῶν κατ' αἶαν, ἔνθα Λοξία δίκην  
 δίδωσι μανίας, ἣ ποτ' ἐς Πυθῶ μολῶν  
 ἤτησε Φοῖβον πατρός οὔ κτείνει δίκην,  
 εἴ πως τὰ πρόσθε σφάλματ' ἐξαιτούμενος  
 θεὸν παράσχοιτ' εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν εὐμενῆ.



## ANDROMACHE

And I have borne a manchild in these halls  
 Unto Achilles' son, my body's lord ;  
 And, sunk albeit in misery heretofore,  
 Was aye lured on by hope, in my son's life  
 To find some help, some shield from all mine ills.  
 But since my lord hath wed Hermione  
 The Spartan, thrusting my thrall's couch aside,      30  
 With cruel wrongs she persecuteth me,  
 Saying that I by secret charms make her  
 A barren stock, and hated of her lord,  
 Would in her stead be lady of this house,  
 Casting her out, the lawful wife, by force.

Ah me ! with little joy I won that place,  
 And now have yielded up : great Zeus be witness  
 That not of mine own will I shared this couch.  
 Yet will she not believe, but seeks to slay me ;  
 And her sire Menelaus helpeth her.      40  
 He hath come from Sparta, now is he within  
 For this same end, and I in fear have fled  
 To Thetis' shrine anigh unto this house,  
 And crouch here, so to be redeemed from death.  
 For Peleus and his seed revere this place,  
 This witness to the bridal of Nereus' child.  
 But him, mine only son, by stealth I send  
 To another's home, in dread lest he be slain.

For now his father is not nigh to aid,  
 Nor helps his son, being gone unto the land      50  
 Of Delphi, to atone to Loxias  
 For that mad hour when he to Pytho went  
 And for his slain sire claimed redress of Phoebus,  
 If haply prayer for those transgressions past  
 Might win the God's grace for the days to be.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

δέσποιν', ἐγὼ τοι τοῦνομ' οὐ φεύγω τόδε  
καλεῖν σ', ἐπεὶπερ καὶ κατ' οἶκον ἠξίου  
τὸν σόν, τὸ Τροίας ἠνίκ' ὠκοῦμεν πέδον,  
60 εὖνους δὲ καὶ σοὶ ζῶντί τ' ἢ τῷ σῷ πόσει  
καὶ νῦν φέρουσά σοι νέους ἦκω λόγους,  
φόβω μὲν, εἴ τις δεσποτῶν αἰσθήσεται,  
οἴκτῳ δὲ τῷ σῷ· δεινὰ γὰρ βουλεύεται  
Μενέλαος εἰς σὲ παῖς θ', ἃ σοι φυλακτέα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ φιλτάτη σύνδουλε, σύνδουλος γὰρ εἶ  
τῇ πρόσθ' ἀνάσση τῆδε, νῦν δὲ δυστυχεῖ,  
τί δρῶσι; ποίας μηχανὰς πλέκουσιν αὐ,  
κτεῖναι θέλοντες τὴν παναθλίαν ἐμέ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

τὸν παῖδά σου μέλλουσιν, ὦ δύστηνε σύ,  
κτείνειν ὃν ἔξω δωμάτων ὑπεξέθου.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

70 οἴμοι πέπυσται τὸν ἐμὸν ἔκθετον γόνον;  
πόθεν ποτ'; ὦ δύστηνος, ὡς ἀπωλόμην.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

οὐκ οἶδ', ἐκείνων δ' ἠσθόμην ἐγὼ τάδε·  
φροῦδος δ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν Μενέλεως δόμων ἄπο.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀπωλόμην ἄρ'· ὦ τέκνον, κτενοῦσί σε  
δισσοὶ λαβόντες γῦπες. ὁ δὲ κεκλημένος  
πατὴρ ἔτ' ἐν Δελφοῖσι τυγχάνει μένων.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

δοκῶ γὰρ οὐκ ἂν ὠδέ σ' ἂν πράσσειν κακῶς  
κείνου παρόντος· νῦν δ' ἔρημος εἶ φίλων.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐδ' ἀμφὶ Πηλέως ἦλθεν, ὡς ἦξοι, φάτις;

## ANDROMACHE

*Enter* HANDMAID.

HANDMAID

Queen,—O, I shun not by this name to call  
Thee, which I knew thy right in that old home,  
Thine home what time in Troyland we abode,—  
I love thee, as I loved thy living lord,  
And now with evil tidings come to thee,  
In dread lest any of our masters hear,  
And ruth for thee; for fearful plots are laid  
Of Menelaus and his child: beware!

66

ANDROMACHE

Dear fellow-thrall,—for fellow-thrall thou art  
To her that once was queen, is now unblest,—  
What do they?—what new web of guile weave they  
Who fain would slay the utter-wretched, me?

HANDMAID

Thy son, O hapless, are they set to slay  
Whom forth the halls thou tookest privily.

ANDROMACHE

Woe!—hath she learnt the hiding of my child?  
How?—O unhappy, how am I undone!

70

HANDMAID

I know not: but themselves I heard say this.  
Yea, seeking him Menelaus hath gone forth.

ANDROMACHE

Undone!—undone!—O child, these vultures twain  
Will clutch thee and will slay! He that is named  
Thy father, yet in Delphi lingereth.

HANDMAID

I ween thou shouldst not fare so evilly  
If he were here: but friendless art thou now.

ANDROMACHE

Of Peleus' coming is there not a word?

421

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

80

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

γέρων ἐκεῖνος ὥστε σ' ὠφελεῖν παρών.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καὶ μὴν ἔπεμψ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν οὐχ ἅπαξ μόνον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

μῶν οὖν δοκεῖς σου φροντίσαι τιν' ἀγγέλων;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόθεν; θέλεις οὖν ἄγγελος σύ μοι μολεῖν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

τί δῆτα φήσω χρόνιος οὐσ' ἐκ δωμάτων;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πολλὰς ἂν εὖροις μηχανάς· γυνὴ γὰρ εἶ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

κίνδυνος· Ἐρμιόνη γὰρ οὐ σμικρὸν φύλαξ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὄρας; ἀπαυδάς ἐν κακοῖς φίλοισι σοῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

οὐ δῆτα· μηδὲν τοῦτ' ὄνειδίσῃς ἐμοί.

90

ἀλλ' εἰμ', ἐπεὶ τοι κοῦ περίβλεπτος βίος  
δούλης γυναικός, ἣν τι καὶ πάθω κακόν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

χώρει νῦν· ἡμεῖς δ', οἷσπερ ἐγκείμεσθ' αἰεὶ  
θρήνοισι καὶ γόοισι καὶ δακρύμασι,  
πρὸς αἰθέρ' ἐκτενοῦμεν· ἐμπέφυκε γὰρ  
γυναιξὶ τέρψις τῶν παρεστώτων κακῶν  
ἀνὰ στόμ' αἰεὶ καὶ διὰ γλώσσης ἔχειν.  
πάρεστι δ' οὐχ ἐν ἀλλὰ πολλά μοι στένειν,  
πόλιν πατρώαν τὸν θανόντα θ' Ἐκτορα  
στερρόν τε τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμον' ᾧ συνεζύγην  
δούλειον ἡμαρ εἰσπεσοῦσ' ἀναξίως.

100

χρῆ δ' οὐποτ' εἰπεῖν οὐδέν' ὄλβιον βροτῶν.

## ANDROMACHE

HANDMAID

Too old is he to help thee, were he here.

80

ANDROMACHE

Yet did I send for him not once nor twice.

HANDMAID

Dost think the palace-messengers heed thee ?

ANDROMACHE

How should they ?—Wilt thou be my messenger ?

HANDMAID

But how excuse long absence from the halls ?

ANDROMACHE

Thou shalt find many pleas—a woman thou.

HANDMAID

'Twere peril : keen watch keeps Hermione.

ANDROMACHE

Lo there !—thy friends in woe dost thou renounce.

HANDMAID

No—no ! Cast thou no such reproach on me !

Lo, I will go. What matter is the life  
Of a bondwoman, though I light on death ?

90

ANDROMACHE

Go then : and I to heaven will lengthen out  
My lamentations and my moans and tears,  
Wherein I am ever whelmed.

[Exit HANDMAID.

'Tis in the heart

Of woman with a mournful pleasure aye  
To bear on lip and tongue her present ills.  
Not one have I, but many an one to moan—  
The city of my fathers, Hector slain,  
The ruthless lot whereunto I am yoked,  
Who fell on thralldom's day unmerited.  
Never mayst thou call any mortal blest,

100

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρὶν ἂν θανόντος τὴν τελευταίαν ἴδῃς  
ὅπως περάσας ἡμέραν ἤξει κάτω.

Ἴλιφ αἰπεινᾶ Πάρις οὐ γάμον ἀλλά τιν' ἄταν  
ἠγάγετ' εὐναίαν εἰς θαλάμους Ἑλέναν.  
ἄς ἔνεκ', ὦ Τροία, δορὶ καὶ πυρὶ δηιάλωτον  
εἶλέ σ' ὁ χιλιόναυς Ἑλλάδος ὠκὺς Ἄρης  
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μελέας πόσιν Ἔκτορα, τὸν περὶ  
τείχη  
εἴλκυσε διφρεύων παῖς ἀλίας Θέτιδος·  
αὐτὰ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγόμαν ἐπὶ θίνα θαλάσσης,

- 110 δουλοσύναν στυγεράν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα κάρᾳ.  
πολλὰ δὲ δάκρυνά μοι κατέβα χροός, ἀνίκ' ἔλειπον  
ἄστυ τε καὶ θαλάμους καὶ πόσιν ἐν κονίαις.  
ὦμοι ἐγὼ μελέα, τί μ' ἐχρῆν ἔτι φέγγος ὀρᾶσθαι  
Ἑρμιόνας δούλαν; ἄς ὑπο τειρομένα  
πρὸς τόδ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς ἰκέτις περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα  
τάκομαι ὡς πετρίνα πιδακοεσσα λιβάς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

- ὦ γυναῖ, ἂ Θέτιδος δάπεδον καὶ ἀνάκτορα θάσσεις  
δαρὸν οὐδὲ λείπεις,  
Φθιάς ὅμως ἔμολον ποτὶ σὰν Ἀσιήτιδα γένναν,  
120 εἴ τί σοι δυναίμαν  
ἄκος τῶν δυσλύτων πόνων τεμεῖν,  
οἷ σὲ καὶ Ἑρμιόναν ἔριδι στυγερά συνέκλησαν,  
τλάμον' † ἀμφὶ λέκτρων

## ANDROMACHE

Or ever thou hast seen his dying day,  
 Seen how he passed therethrough and came on death.

No bride was the Helen with whom unto steep-built  
 Ilium hasted [espousal he passed.

Paris;—nay, bringing a Curse to his bowers of  
 O Troy, for her sake, by the thousand galleys of  
 Hellas wasted, [battle-spirit thou wast,

With fire and with sword destroyed by her fierce  
 Thou and Hector my lord, whom the scion of Thetis  
 the Sea-king's daughter— [of Ilium dead;

O for mine anguish!—dragged round the ramparts  
 And myself from my bowers was hailed to the strand  
 of the exile-water, [head.

Casting the sore-loathed veil of captivity over mine 110

Ah but my tears were down-streaming in flood when  
 the galley swift-racing [my lord in the tomb.

Bore me afar from my town, from my bowers, from  
 Woe for mine anguish!—what boots it on light any  
 more to be gazing, [and hunted of whom

Who am yonder Hermione's thrall?—ever harried  
 Suppliant I cling to the Goddess's feet that mine  
 hands are embracing, [rock-riven gloom.

Wasting in tears as a spring welling forth from the  
*Enter CHORUS of Phthian Maidens.*

CHORUS (Str. 1)

Lady, who, suppliant crouched on the pavement of  
 Thetis' shrine,

Clingest long to thy sanctuary, [line,  
 I daughter of Phthia, yet come unto thee of an Asian  
 If I haply may find for thee 120

Some healing or help for the tangle of desperate  
 trouble [Hermione twine,  
 Whose meshes of bitterest feud around thee and

For that, O thou afflicted one,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

διδύμων ἐπίκοινον εἰούσαν  
† ἀμφὶ παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως.

ἀντ. α

γνώθι τύχαν, λόγισαι τὸ παρὸν κακὸν εἰς ὅπερ  
ἤκεις.

δεσπόταις ἀμιλλᾷ

Ἴλιᾶς οὔσα κόρα Λακεδαίμονος ἐγγενέταισιν;

λείπε δεξίμηλον

130 δόμον τᾶς ποντίας θεοῦ. τί σοι

καιρὸς ἀτυζομένα δέμας αἰκέλιον καταλείβειν

δεσποτῶν ἀνάγκαις;

τὸ κρατοῦν δέ σ' ἔπεισι. τί μόχθου

οὐδὲν οὔσα μοχθεῖς;

στρ. β'

ἀλλ' ἴθι λείπε θεᾶς Νηρηίδος ἀγλαὸν ἔδραν,

γνώθι δ' οὔσ' ἐπὶ ξένας

δμῶις ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίας

πόλεος, ἐνθ' οὐ φίλων τιν' εἰσορᾶς

σῶν, ὧ δυστυχεστάτα,

140 παντάλαινα νύμφα.

ἀντ. β'

οἰκτροτάτα γὰρ ἔμοιγ' ἔμολες, γύναι Ἴλιάς, οἴκου

δεσποτῶν ἐμῶν φόβῳ δ'

ἡσυχίαν ἄγομεν,

τὸ δὲ σὸν οἰκτρῷ φέρουσα τυγχάνω,

μὴ παῖς τᾶς Διὸς κόρας

σοί μ' εὖ φρονοῦσαν ἴδῃ.



ANDROMACHE

Ye twain are unequally yoked in the bride-bands  
double

That compass Achilles' son.

(*Ant.* 1)

Look on thy lot, take account of the ills whereinto  
thou art come.

Thy lady's rival art thou,—

An Ilian to rival a child of a lordly Laconian home!

Forsake thou the temple now

Wherein sheep to the Sea-queen are burned. What 130

boots it with wailing [sion's doom

And tears to consume thy beauty, aghast at oppres-

Upon thee by thy lords' hands brought?

The might of the strong overbeareth thee: all

unavailing

Is thy struggling—lo, thou art naught.

(*Str.* 2)

Nay, leave thou the holy place of the Lady of Nereus'  
race:

Discern how thou needs must abide

In a land of strangers, an alien city

Where thou seest no friend, neither any to pity,

O thou who art whelmed in calamity's tide,

Unhappiest bride!

140

(*Ant.* 2)

I pitied thee, Ilian dame, when thy feet unto these  
halls came;

But I feared, for my lords be stern,

That I held my peace: but thy lot ill-fated

In silence aye I compassionated, [discern

Lest the child of the daughter of Zeus<sup>1</sup> should

O'er thy woes how I yearn.

<sup>1</sup> Hermione, daughter of Helen.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

κόσμον μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ χρυσεας χλιδῆς  
 στολμὸν τε χρωτὸς τόνδε ποικίλων πέπλων,  
 οὐ τῶν Ἀχιλλέως οὐδὲ Πηλέως ἄπο  
 150 δόμων ἀπαρχὰς δεῦρ' ἔχουσ' ἀφικόμην,  
 ἀλλ' ἐκ Λακαίνης Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονὸς  
 Μενέλαος ἡμῖν ταῦτα δωρεΐται πατὴρ  
 πολλοῖς σὺν ἔδνοις, ὥστ' ἐλευθεροστομεῖν.  
 ὑμᾶς μὲν οὖν τοῖσδ' ἀνταμείβομαι λόγοις·  
 σὺ δ' οὔσα δούλη καὶ δορίκτητος γυνή  
 δόμους κατασχεῖν ἐκβαλοῦσ' ἡμᾶς θέλεις  
 τούσδε, στυγοῦμαι δ' ἀνδρὶ φαρμάκοισι σοῖς,  
 νηδὺς δ' ἀκύμων διὰ σέ μοι διόλλυται  
 160 δεινὴ γὰρ ἠπειρώτις εἰς τὰ τοιάδε  
 ψυχὴ γυναικῶν· ὦν ἐπισχίσω σ' ἐγώ,  
 κούδέν σ' ὀνήσει δῶμα Νηρηΐδος τόδε,  
 οὐ βωμὸς οὐδὲ ναός, ἀλλὰ καθθανεῖ.  
 ἦν δ' οὖν βροτῶν τίς σ' ἢ θεῶν σῶσαι θέλη,  
 δεῖ σ' ἀντὶ τῶν πρὶν ὀλβίων φρονημάτων  
 πτῆξαι ταπεινὴν προσπесεῖν τ' ἐμὸν γόνυ,  
 σαίρειν τε δῶμα τοῦμὸν ἐκ χρυσηλάτων  
 τευχέων χερὶ σπείρουσαν Ἀχελώου δρόσον,  
 γνῶναί θ' ἴν' εἰ γῆς. οὐ γάρ ἐσθ' Ἐκτωρ τάδε,  
 οὐ Πρίαμος οὐδὲ χρυσός, ἀλλ' Ἑλλὰς πόλις.  
 170 εἰς τοῦτο δ' ἤκεις ἀμαθίας, δύστηνε σύ,  
 ἢ παιδὶ πατρός, ὃς σὸν ὄλεσεν πόσιν,  
 τολμᾶς ξυνεύδειν καὶ τέκν' αὐθέντου πάρα  
 τίκτειν. τοιοῦτον πᾶν τὸ βάρβαρον γένος·  
 πατὴρ τε θυγατρὶ παῖς τε μητρὶ μίγνυται  
 κόρη τ' ἀδελφῶ, διὰ φόνου δ' οἱ φίλτατοι  
 χωροῦσι, καὶ τῶνδ' οὐδὲν ἐξείργει νόμος.  
 ἂ μὴ παρ' ἡμᾶς εἴσφερ'· οὐδὲ γὰρ καλὸν

## ANDROMACHE

*Enter* HERMIONE.

HERMIONE

With bravery of gold about mine head,  
 And on my form this pomp of broidered robes,  
 Hither I come :—no gifts be these I wear  
 Or from Achilles' or from Peleus' house ;  
 But from the Land Laconian Sparta-crowned  
 My father Menelaus with rich dower  
 Gave these, that so my tongue should not be curbed.  
 This is mine answer, maidens, unto you :  
 But thou, a woman-thrall, won by the spear,  
 Wouldst cast me out, and have this home thine  
 own ;

150

And through thy spells I am hated by my lord ;  
 My womb is barren, ruined all of thee ;  
 For cunning is the soul of Asia's daughters  
 For such deeds. Yet therefrom will I stay thee ;  
 And this the Nereid's fane shall help thee nought,  
 Altar nor temple ;—thou shalt die, shalt die !  
 Yea, though one stoop to save thee, man or God,  
 Yet must thou for thy haughty spirit of old  
 Crouch low abased, and grovel at my knee,  
 And sweep mine house, and sprinkle water dews  
 There from the golden ewers with thine hand,  
 And where thou art, know. Hector is not here,  
 Nor Priam, nor his gold : a Greek town this.  
 Yet to such folly hast thou come, thou wretch,  
 That with this son of him who slew thy lord  
 Thou dar'st to lie, and to the slayer bear  
 Sons ! Suchlike is the whole barbaric race :—  
 Father with daughter, son with mother weds,  
 Sister with brother : kin the nearest wade  
 Through blood : their laws forbid no whit thereof.  
 Bring not such things midst us ! We count it shame

160

170

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

180

δουοῖν γυναικοῖν ἀνδρ' ἔν' ἡνίας ἔχειν,  
ἀλλ' εἰς μίαν βλέποντες εὐναίαν Κύπριν  
στέργουσιν, ὅστις μὴ κακῶς οἰκεῖν θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπίφθονόν τι χρῆμα θηλείας φρενὸς  
καὶ ξυγγάμοισι δυσμενὲς μάλιστ' αἰεί.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

190

φεῦ φεῦ·  
κακόν γε θνητοῖς τὸ νέον ἔν τε τῷ νέῳ  
τὸ μὴ δίκαιον ὅστις ἀνθρώπων ἔχει.  
ἐγὼ δὲ ταρβῶ μὴ τὸ δουλεύειν μέ σοι  
λόγων ἀπόσῃ πόλλ' ἔχουσιν ἔνδικα,  
ἦν δ' αὖ κρατήσω, μὴ πὶ τῷδ' ὄφλω βλάβην·  
οἱ γὰρ πνέοντες μεγάλα τοὺς κρεῖσσους λόγους  
πικρῶς φέρουσι τῶν ἐλασσόνων ὑπο·  
ὅμως δ' ἑμαυτὴν οὐ προδοῦσ' ἀλώσομαι.  
εἶπ', ὦ νεᾶνι, τῷ σ' ἔχεγγύφ λόγῳ  
πεισθεῖς ἀπωθῶ γνησίῳν νυμφευμάτων ;  
ὡς ἡ Λάκαινα τῶν Φρυγῶν μείων πόλις,  
τύχη θ' ὑπερθεῖ, καμ' ἐλευθέραν ὄρας ;  
ἢ τῷ νέῳ τε καὶ σφριγῶντι σώματι  
πόλεως τε μεγέθει καὶ φίλοις ἐπηρμένη  
οἶκον κατασχεῖν τὸν σὸν ἀντὶ σοῦ θέλω ;  
πότερον ἴν' αὐτὴ παῖδας ἀντὶ σοῦ τέκω  
δούλους ἑμαυτῇ τ' ἀθλίαν ἐφολκίδα ;  
ἢ τοὺς ἐμούς τις παῖδας ἐξανέξεται  
Φθίας τυράννους ὄντας, ἦν σὺ μὴ τέκῃς ;  
φιλοῦσι γάρ μ' Ἕλληνας Ἐκτορός τ' ἄπο ;  
αὐτὴ τ' ἀμαυρὰ κοῦ τυράννος ἢ Φρυγῶν ;  
οὐκ ἐξ ἐμῶν σε φαρμάκων στυγεῖ πόσις,  
ἀλλ' εἰ ξυνεῖναι μὴ πιτηδεῖα κυρεῖς.  
φίλτρον δὲ καὶ τόδ'· οὐ τὸ κάλλος, ὦ γύναι,

200

## ANDROMACHE

That o'er two wives one man hold wedlock's reins;  
 But to one lawful love men turn their eyes,  
 Content—all such as look for peace in the home. 180

### CHORUS

In woman's heart is jealousy inborn,  
 'Tis bitterest unto wedlock-rivals aye.

### ANDROMACHE

Out upon thee!  
 A curse is youth to mortals, when with youth  
 A man hath not implanted righteousness!  
 I fear me lest with thee my thralldom bar  
 Defence, though many a righteous plea I have,  
 And even my victory turn unto mine hurt.  
 They that are arrogant brook not to be  
 In argument o'er-mastered by the lowly: 190  
 Yet will I not abandon mine own cause.

Say, thou rash girl, in what assurance strong  
 Should I thrust thee from lawful wedlock-rights?  
 Is Sparta meaner than the Phrygians' burg?  
 Soareth my fortune?—dost thou see me free?  
 Or by my young and rounded loveliness,  
 My city's greatness, and my noble friends  
 Exalted, would I wrest from thee thine home?  
 Sooth, to bear sons myself instead of thee—  
 Slave-sons, a wretched drag upon my life! 200  
 Nay, though thou bear no children, who will  
 brook

That sons of mine be lords of Pthia-land?  
 O yea, the Greeks love me—for Hector's sake!—  
 Myself obscure, nor ever a Phrygian queen!  
 Not of my philtres thy lord hateth thee,  
 But that thy nature is no mate for his.  
 This is the love charm—woman, 'tis not beauty

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- 210 ἄλλ' ἀρεταὶ τέρπουσι τοὺς ξυνευνέτας.  
 σὺ δ' ἦν τι κνισθῆς, ἢ Λάκαινα μὲν πόλις  
 μέγ' ἐστὶ, τὴν δὲ Σκῦρον οὐδαμοῦ τίθης,  
 πλουτεῖς δ' ἐν οὐ πλουτοῦσι, Μενέλεως δέ σοι  
 μείζων Ἀχιλλέως. ταῦτά τοί σ' ἔχθει πόσις.  
 χρὴ γὰρ γυναῖκα, κὰν κακῶ πόσει δοθῆ,  
 στέργειν, ἄμιλλάν τ' οὐκ ἔχειν φρονήματος.  
 εἰ δ' ἀμφὶ Θρήκην χιόνι τὴν κατάρρυτον  
 τύραννον ἔσχεσ ἄνδρ', ἴν' ἐν μέρει λέχος  
 δίδωσι πολλαῖς εἰς ἀνὴρ κοινούμενος,  
 ἔκτεινας ἂν τάσδ'; εἴτ' ἀπληστίαν λέχους  
 220 πάσαις γυναιξὶ προστιθεῖς ἂν ἠνρέθης.  
 αἰσχρὸν γε· καίτοι χεῖρον' ἀρσένων νόσον  
 ταυτην νοσοῦμεν, ἀλλὰ προὔστημεν καλῶς.  
 ὦ φίλταθ' Ἔκτορ, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τὴν σὴν χάριν  
 σοὶ καὶ ξυνήρων, εἴ τί σε σφάλλοι Κύπρις,  
 καὶ μαστὸν ἤδη πολλάκις νόθοισι σοῖς  
 ἐπέσχον, ἵνα σοι μηδὲν ἐνδοίην πικρὸν.  
 καὶ ταῦτα δρῶσα τἀρετῇ προσηγόμην  
 πόσιν· σὺ δ' οὐδὲ ῥανίδ' ὑπαιθρίας δρόσου  
 τῶ σῶ προσίζειν ἀνδρὶ δειμαίνουσ' ἐᾶς.  
 μὴ τὴν τεκοῦσαν τῇ φιλανδρία, γύναι,  
 230 ζῆτει παρελθεῖν· τῶν κακῶν γὰρ μητέρων  
 φεύγειν τρόπους χρὴ τέκν', ὅσοις ἔνεστι νοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δέσποιν', ὅσον σοι ῥαδίως προσισταται,  
 τοσόνδε πείθου τῆδε συμβῆναι λόγοις.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί σεμνομυθεῖς κεῖς ἀγῶν' ἔρχει λογων,  
 ὡς δὴ σὺ σῶφρων, τὰμὰ δ' οὐχὶ σῶφρονα;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐκουν ἐφ' οἷς γε νῦν καθέστηκας λογοῖς.

## ANDROMACHE

That witcheth bridegrooms, nay, but nobleness.  
 Let aught vex thee—O then a mighty thing  
 Is thy Laconian city, Scyros naught! 210  
 Thy wealth thou flauntest, settest above Achilles  
 Menelaus: therefore thy lord hateth thee.  
 A wife, though low-born be her lord, must yet  
 Content her, without wrangling arrogance.  
 But if in Thrace with snow-floods overstreamed  
 Thou hadst for lord a prince, where one man shares  
 The wedlock-right in turn with many wives,  
 Wouldst thou have slain these? Ay, and so be found  
 Branding all women with the slur of lust,  
 Which were our shame! True, more than men's,  
 our hearts 220

Sicken for love; yet honour curbs desire.  
 Ah, dear, dear Hector, I would take to my heart  
 Even thy leman, if Love tripped thy feet.  
 Yea, often to thy bastards would I hold  
 My breast, that I might give thee none offence.  
 So doing, I drew with cords of wifely love  
 My lord:—but thou for jealous fear forbiddest  
 Even gloaming's dews to drop upon thy lord!  
 Seek not to o'erpass in cravings of desire  
 Thy mother, lady. Daughters in whom dwells 230  
 Discretion, ought to flee vile mothers' paths.

### CHORUS

Mistress, so far as lightly thou mayst do,  
 Deign to make truce with her from wordy strife.

### HERMIONE

And speak'st thou loftily, and wranglest thou,  
 As thou wert continent, I of continence void?

### ANDROMACHE

Void? Yea, if thou be judged by this thy claim.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὁ νοῦς ὁ σός μοι μὴ ξυνοικίη, γύναι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

νέα πέφυκας καὶ λέγεις αἰσχροῶν πέρι.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

σὺ δ' οὐ λέγεις γε, δρᾶς δέ μ' εἰς ὅσον δύνῃ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

240

οὐκ αὖ σιωπῇ Κύπριδος ἀλγήσεις πέρι;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί δ'; οὐ γυναιξὶ ταῦτα πρῶτα πανταχοῦ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καλῶς γε χρωμέναισιν· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ καλά.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

οὐ βαρβάρων νόμοισιν οἰκοῦμεν πόλιν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κάκει τά γ' αἰσχροῦ κἀνθάδ' αἰσχύνῃ ἔχει.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

σοφὴ σοφὴ σύ· κατθανεῖν δ' ὅμως σε δεῖ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὄρᾳς ἄγαλμα Θέτιδος εἷς σ' ἀποβλέπον;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

μισοῦν γε πατρίδα σὴν Ἀχιλλέως φόνῳ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἐλένη νιν ὄλεσ', οὐκ ἐγώ, μήτηρ δὲ σή.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦ καὶ πρόσω γὰρ τῶν ἐμῶν ψαύσεις κακῶν;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

250

ἰδοὺ σιωπῶ κἀπιλάζυμαι στόμα.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἐκεῖνο λέξον, οὐπερ εἶνεκ' ἐστάλην.



## ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

Never in my breast thy *discretion* dwell!

ANDROMACHE

A young wife thou for such immodest words.

HERMIONE

Words? Thine are deeds, to the uttermost of thy power.

ANDROMACHE

Cannot thy hungry jealousy hold its peace? 240

HERMIONE

Why? Stands not this right first with women ever?

ANDROMACHE

In honour's limits. 'Tis dishonour else.

HERMIONE

We live not under laws barbaric here.

ANDROMACHE

There, even as here, shame waits on shameful things.

HERMIONE

Keen-witted! keen!—yet shalt thou surely die.

ANDROMACHE

Seest thou the eye of Thetis turned on thee?

HERMIONE

In hate of thy land for Achilles' blood.

ANDROMACHE

Helen slew him, not I; thy mother—thine!

HERMIONE

And wilt thou dare yet deeper prick mine hurt?

ANDROMACHE

Lo, I am silent and I curb my mouth. 250

HERMIONE

Confess thy sorceries! This I came to hear.

## ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λέγω σ' ἐγὼ νοῦν οὐκ ἔχειν ὅσον σε δεῖ.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

λείψεις τόδ' ἄγνον τέμενος ἐναλίας θεοῦ ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἰ μὴ θανοῦμαι γ'· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ λείψω ποτέ.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὡς τοῦτ' ἄραρε, κοῦ μενῶ πόσιν μολεῖν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν πρόσθεν ἐκδώσω μέ σοι.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

πῦρ σοι προσοίσω κοῦ τὸ σὸν προσκέψομαι,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σὺ δ' οὖν κάταιθε· θεοὶ γὰρ εἴσονται τάδε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

καὶ χρωτὶ δεινῶν τραυμάτων ἀλγηδόνας.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

260 σφάζ', αἱμάτου θεᾶς βωμόν, ἢ μέτεισί σε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὦ βάρβαρον σὺ θρέμμα καὶ σκληρὸν θράσος,

ἐγκαρτερεῖς δὴ θάνατον ; ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σ' ἔδρας

ἐκ τῆσδ' ἐκούσαν ἐξαναστήσω τάχα·

τοιόνδ' ἔχω σου δέλεαρ. ἀλλὰ γὰρ λόγους

κρύψω, τὸ δ' ἔργον αὐτὸ σημανεῖ τάχα.

κάθησ' ἐδραία· καὶ γὰρ εἰ πέριξ σ' ἔχει

τηκτὸς μόλυβδος, ἐξαναστήσω σ' ἐγὼ

πρὶν ᾧ πέποιθας παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως μολεῖν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πέποιθα. δεινὸν δ' ἐρπετῶν μὲν ἀγρίων

ἄκη βροτοῖσι θεῶν καταστήσαι τινα·

ἂ δ' ἔστ' ἐχίδνης καὶ πυρὸς περαιτέρω,

οὐδεὶς γυναικὸς φάρμακ' ἐξηύρηκέ πω

κακῆς· τοσοῦτόν ἐσμεν ἀνθρώποις κακόν.

270

## ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

I say thou hast less wit than thou dost need.

HERMIONE

Wilt leave this hallowed close of the Sea-goddess?

ANDROMACHE

If I shall not die : else I leave it never.

HERMIONE

'Tis fixed : I wait not till my lord return.

ANDROMACHE

Yet will I yield me not ere then to thee.

HERMIONE

Fire will I bring : thy plea will I not heed,—

ANDROMACHE

Kindle upon me !—this the Gods shall mark.

HERMIONE

And to thy flesh bring anguish of dread wounds.

ANDROMACHE

Hack, crimson her altar : she shall visit for it.

269

HERMIONE

Barbarian chattel ! Stubborn impudence !

Dost thou brave death ! Soon will I make thee rise

From this thy session, yea, of thine own will !

Such lure have I for thee :—yet will I hide

The word : the deed itself shall soon declare.

Ay, sit thou fast !—though clamps of molten lead

Encompassed thee, yet will I make thee rise,

Ere come Achilles' son, in whom thou trustest. [*Exit.*]

ANDROMACHE

I do trust . . . Strange that God hath given to men

Salves for the venom of all creeping pests,

270

But none hath ever yet devised a balm

For venomous woman, worse than fire or viper :

So dire a mischief unto men are we.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- ἦ μεγάλων ἀχέων ἄρ' ὑπήρξεν, ὅτ' στρ. α'  
 Ἰδαίαν ἐς νάπαν  
 ἦλθ' ὁ Μαίας τε καὶ Διὸς τόκος,  
 τρίπωλον ἄρμα δαιμόνων  
 ἄγων τὸ καλλιζυγές,  
 ἔριδι στυγερά κεκορυθμένον εὐμορφίας  
 280 σταθμούς ἐπὶ βούτα  
 βοτῆρά τ' ἀμφὶ μονότροπον νεανίαν  
 ἔρημόν θ' ἔστιούχον αὐλάν.  
 ταὶ δ' ἐπεὶ ὑλόκομον νάπος ἤλυθον, ἀντ. α'  
 οὐρειᾶν πιδάκων  
 νίψαν αἰγλᾶντα σώματα ῥοαῖς·  
 ἔβαν δὲ Πριαμίδαν ὑπερ-  
 βολαῖς λόγων δυσφρόνων  
 παραβαλλόμεναι. δολίοις δ' ἔλε Κύπρις λόγοις,<sup>1</sup>  
 290 τερπνοῖς μὲν ἀκούσαι,  
 πικρὰν δὲ σύγχυσιν βίου Φρυγῶν πόλει  
 ταλαίνα περγάμοις τε Τροίας.  
 εἶθε δ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλὰν ἔβαλεν κακὸν στρ. β'  
 ἂ τεκοῦσά νιν Πάριν,  
 πρὶν Ἰδαῖον κατοικίσει λέπας,  
 ὅτε νιν παρὰ θεσπεσίῳ δάφνα  
 βόασε Κασάνδρα κτανεῖν,  
 μεγάλην Πριάμον πόλεως λώβαν.  
 τίν' οὐκ ἐπῆλθε, ποῖον οὐκ ἐλίσσετο  
 300 δαμογερόντων βρέφος φονεύειν ;  
 οὐτ' ἂν ἐπ' Ἰλιάσι ζυγὸν ἤλυθε ἀντ. β'  
 δούλιον, σύ τ' ἄν, γύναι,

<sup>1</sup> Murray : for MSS. Κύπρις εἶλε λόγοις δολίοις.

## ANDROMACHE

### CHORUS

Herald of woes, to the glen deep-hiding (Str. 1)  
 In Ida came Zeus's and Maia's son;  
 As who reineth a triumph of white steeds, guiding  
 The Goddesses three, did the God pace on.  
 With frontlet of beauty, with trappings of doom,  
 For the strife to the steadings of herds did they come, 280  
 To the stripling shepherd in solitude biding,  
 And the hearth of the lodge in the forest lone.

(Ant. 1)

They have passed 'neath the leaves of the glen: from  
 the plashing [rise.  
 Of the mountain-spring radiant in rose-flush they  
 To the King's Son they wended, while to and fro  
 flashing [eyes.  
 The gibes of their lips matched the scorn of their 290  
 But 'twas Kypris by promise of guile overcame—  
 Ah sweet to the ear, but for deathless shame  
 And confusion to Phrygia, when Troy's towers  
 crashing  
 Ruinward toppled, her bitter prize!

(Str. 2)

Oh had she dealt him, that mother which bore him,  
 A death-blow cleaving his head in twain,  
 When shrieked Cassandra her prophecy o'er him,—  
 Ere his eery on Ida o'erlooked Troy's plain,—  
 By the sacred bay shrieked "Slay without pity  
 The curse and the ruin of Priam's city!"  
 Unto prince, unto elder, she came, to implore him  
 To slay it, the infant foredoomed their bane.

Then had he never been made an occasion (Ant. 2) 300  
 Of thralldom to Ilium's daughters: O queen,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τυράννων ἔσχες ἂν δόμων ἔδρας·  
 παρέλυσε δ' ἂν Ἑλλάδος ἀλγεινούς  
 μόχθους, οὓς ἀμφὶ Τροίαν  
 δεκέτεις ἀλάληντο νέοι λόγχαις·  
 λέχη τ' ἔρημ' ἂν οὐποτ' ἐξελείπετο,  
 καὶ τεκέων ὄρφανοὶ γέροντες.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

310 ἦκω λαβὼν σὸν παῖδ', ὃν εἰς ἄλλους δόμους  
 λάθρα θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπεξέθου.  
 σέ μὲν γὰρ ἠΰχεις θεᾶς βρέτας σώσειν τόδε,  
 τοῦτον δὲ τοὺς κρύψαντας· ἀλλ' ἐφηυρέθης  
 ἦσσον φρονούσα τοῦδε Μενέλεω, γύναι.  
 κεῖ μὴ τόδ' ἐκλιποῦσ' ἐρημώσεις πέδον,  
 ὅδ' ἀντὶ τοῦ σοῦ σώματος σφαγήσεται.  
 ταῦτ' οὖν λογίζου, πότερα κατθανεῖν θέλεις  
 ἢ τόνδ' ὀλέσθαι σῆς ἀμαρτίας ὑπερ,  
 ἦν εἰς ἔμ' εἰς τε παῖδ' ἐμὴν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

320 ὦ δόξα δόξα, μυρίοισι δὴ βροτῶν  
 οὐδὲν γεγῶσι βίοτον ὄγκωσας μέγαν.  
 εὐκλεια δ' οἷς μὲν ἔστ' ἀληθείας ὑπο,  
 εὐδαιμονίζω· τοὺς δ' ὑπὸ ψευδῶν, ἔχειν  
 οὐκ ἀξιόσω, πλὴν τύχῃ φρονεῖν δοκεῖν.  
 σὺ δὴ στρατηγῶν λογάσιν Ἑλλήνων ποτὲ  
 Τροίαν ἀφείλου Πρίαμον, ὧδε φαῦλος ὢν·  
 ὅστις θυγατρὸς ἀντίπαιδος ἐκ λόγων  
 τοσονδ' ἐπνευσας καὶ γυναικὶ δυστυχεῖ  
 δούλῃ κατέστης εἰς ἀγῶν'. οὐκ ἀξιῶ  
 330 οὐτ' οὖν σέ Τροίας οὔτε σοῦ Τροίαν ἔτι.  
 ἔξωθέν εἰσιν οἱ δοκοῦντες εὐ φρονεῖν  
 λαμπροί, τὰ δ' ἔνδον πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις ἴσοι,  
 πλὴν εἴ τι πλούτῳ· τοῦτο δ' ἰσχύει μέγα.

## ANDROMACHE

Now wert thou throned in a palace : thy nation  
 No ten years' agony then had seen,  
 With the war-cries of Hellas aye rolling their thunder  
 Round Troy, with spear-lightnings aye flashing there-  
 under ;

Nor the couch of the bride were a desolation,  
 Nor bereft of their sons had the grey sires been.

*Enter MENELAUS, with attendants, bringing MOLOSSUS.*

MENELAUS

I have caught thy son, whom thou didst hide, unmarked  
 Of her, my daughter, in a neighbour house. 319  
 So thee this Goddess' image was to save,  
 Him, they that hid him !—but thou hast been found,  
 Woman, less keen of wit than Menelaus.  
 Now if thou leave not and avoid this floor,  
 He shall be slaughtered, he, in thy life's stead.  
 Weigh this then, whether thou consent to die,  
 Or that for thy transgression he be slain,  
 Even thy sin against me and my child.

ANDROMACHE

Ah reputation !—many a man ere this  
 Of none account hast thou set up on high. 329  
 Such as have fair fame based upon true worth  
 Happy I count : but to these living lies  
 I grant no claim to wisdom save chance show.  
 Thou, captaining the chosen men of Greece,  
 Didst thou, weak dastard, wrest from Priam Troy,  
 Who at thy daughter's bidding, she a child,  
 Dost breathe such fury, enterest the lists  
 With a woman, a poor captive ? I count Troy  
 Shamed by thy touch, thee by her fall unraised !  
 Goodly in outward show be they which seem 330  
 Wise, but within they are as other men,  
 Save in wealth haply ; this is their great strength.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Μενέλαε, φέρε δὴ διαπεράνωμεν λόγους·  
 τέθνηκα τῇ σῇ θυγατρὶ καὶ μ' ἀπώλεσε·  
 μαιφόνου μὲν οὐκέτ' ἂν φύγοι μύσος,  
 ἐν τοῖς δὲ πολλοῖς καὶ σὺ τόνδ' ἀγωνιεῖ  
 φόνου· τὸ συνδρῶν γάρ σ' ἀναγκάσει χρέος.  
 ἦν δ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν μὴ θανεῖν ὑπεκδράμω,  
 τὸν παῖδά μου κτενεῖτε ; κατὰ πῶς πατῆρ  
 340 τέκνου θανόντος ῥαδίως ἀνέξεται ;  
 οὐχ ὧδ' ἀνανδρον αὐτὸν ἢ Τροία καλεῖ·  
 ἀλλ' εἰσιν οἱ χρῆ· Πηλέως γὰρ ἄξια  
 πατρός τ' Ἀχιλλέως ἔργα δρῶν φανήσεται,  
 ὥσει δὲ σὴν παῖδ' ἐκ δόμων· σὺ δ' ἐκδιδούς  
 ἄλλω τί λέξεις ; πότερον ὡς κακὸν πόσιν  
 φεύγει τὸ ταύτης σῶφρον ; ἀλλὰ ψεύσεται.

γαμέι δὲ τίς νιν ; ἢ σφ' ἀνανδρον ἐν δόμοις  
 χήραν καθέξεις πολίον ; ὦ τλήμων ἄνερ,  
 350 κακῶν τοσούτων οὐχ ὄρας ἐπιρροάς ;  
 πόσας ἂν εὐνάς θυγατέρ' ἠδίκημένην  
 βούλοι' ἂν εὐρεῖν ἢ παθεῖν ἀγὼ λέγω ;  
 οὐ χρῆ' πὶ μικροῖς μεγάλα πορσύνειν κακὰ  
 οὐδ', εἰ γυναικῆς ἐσμεν ἀτηρὸν κακόν,  
 ἄνδρας γυναιξὶν ἐξομοιοῦσθαι φύσιν.  
 ἡμεῖς γὰρ εἰ σὴν παῖδα φαρμακεύομεν  
 καὶ νηδὺν ἐξαμβλοῦμεν, ὡς αὐτὴ λέγει,  
 ἐκόντες οὐκ ἄκοντες, οὐδὲ βώμιοι  
 πίτνουτες, αὐτοὶ τὴν δίκην ὑφέξομεν  
 360 ἐν σοῖσι γαμβροῖς, οἷσιν οὐκ ἐλάσσοινα  
 βλάβην ὀφείλω προστιθεῖσ' ἀπαιδίαν.  
 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν τοιοῖδε· τῆς δὲ σῆς φρενὸς  
 ἐν σου δέδοικα· διὰ γυναικείαν ἔριν  
 καὶ τὴν τάλαιναν ὄλεσας Φρυγῶν πόλιν.



ANDROMACHE

Menelaus, come now, reason we together:—  
 Grant that thy child have slain me, grant me dead :  
 Ne'er shall she flee my blood's pollution-curse ;  
 And in men's eyes shalt thou too share this guilt :  
 Thy part in this her deed shall weigh thee down.  
 But if I 'scape your hands, that I die not,  
 Then will ye slay my son ? And the child's death—  
 Think ye his sire shall hold it a little thing ? 340  
 So void of manhood Troy proclaims him not.  
 Nay, he shall follow duty's call, be proved,  
 By deeds, of Peleus worthy and Achilles,  
 Shall thrust thy child forth. Thou, what plea wilt  
 find  
 For a new spouse ? This lie—"the saintly soul  
 Of this pure thing shrank from her wicked lord" ?

Who shall wed such ? Wilt keep her in thine halls  
 Spouseless, a grey-haired widow ? O thou wretch,  
 Seest not the floods of evil bursting o'er thee ?  
 How many a wedlock-wrong wouldst thou be fain 350  
 Thy child knew rather than the ills I name !  
 We ought not for slight cause court grievous  
 harm ;  
 Nor, if we women be a baleful curse,  
 Ought men to make their nature woman-like.  
 For, if I practise on thy child by philtres,  
 And seal her womb, according to her tale,  
 Willingly, nothing loth, nor low at altars  
 Crouching, myself will face the penalty  
 At her lord's hands, to whom I am guilty of wrong  
 No less, in blasting him with childlessness. 360  
 Hereon I stand:—but one thing in thy nature  
 I fear—'twas in a woman's quarrel too  
 Thou didst destroy the Phrygians' hapless town.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄγαν ἔλεξας ὡς γυνὴ πρὸς ἄρσενας,  
καὶ σου τὸ σῶφρον ἐξετόξευσεν φρενός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

370

γύναι, τάδ' ἐστὶ σμικρὰ καὶ μοναρχίας  
οὐκ ἄξι', ὡς φῆς, τῆς ἐμῆς οὐδ' Ἑλλάδος.  
εὐ δ' ἴσθ', ὅτου τις τυγχάνει χρείαν ἔχων,  
τοῦτ' ἔσθ' ἐκάστω μείζον ἢ Τροίαν ἐλεῖν.  
καὶ γὰρ θυγατρί, μεγάλα γὰρ κρίνω τάδε,  
λέχους στέρεσθαι, σύμμαχος καθίσταμαι.  
τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλα δεύτερ' ἂν πάσχη γυνή·  
ἄνδρὸς δ' ἁμαρτάνουσ' ἁμαρτάνει βίου.

380

δούλων δ' ἐκείνων τῶν ἐμῶν ἄρχειν χρεῶν  
καὶ τῶν ἐκείνου τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἡμᾶς τε πρὸς·  
φίλων γὰρ οὐδὲν ἴδιον οἵτινες φίλοι  
ὀρθῶς πεφύκασ', ἀλλὰ κοινὰ χρήματα.  
μένων δὲ τοὺς ἀπόντας, εἰ μὴ θήσομαι  
τὰ μ' ὡς ἄριστα, φαῦλός εἰμι κοῦ σοφός.  
ἀλλ' ἐξανίστω τῶνδ' ἀνακτόρων θεᾶς·  
ὡς, ἣν θάνης σύ, παῖς ὄδ' ἐκφεύγει μόρον,  
σοῦ δ' οὐ θελούσης καταθανεῖν, τόνδε κτενῶ.  
δυοῖν δ' ἀνάγκη θατέρῳ λιπεῖν βίου.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

390

οἴμοι, πικρὰν κλήρωσιν αἴρεσίν τέ μοι  
βίου καθίστης, καὶ λαχοῦσά γ' ἀθλία  
καὶ μὴ λαχοῦσα δυστυχῆς καθίσταμαι.  
ὦ μεγάλα πράσσων αἰτίας μικρᾶς πέρι,  
πιθοῦ· τί καίνεις μ'; ἀντὶ τοῦ; ποίαν πόλιν  
προὔδωκα; τίνα σῶν ἔκτανον παίδων ἐγώ;  
ποιὸν δ' ἔπρησα δῶμ'; ἐκοιμήθην βία  
σὺν δεσπότησιν· κατ' ἔμ', οὐ κείνον κτενεῖς  
τὸν αἴτιον τῶνδ', ἀλλὰ τὴν ἀρχὴν ἀφείς

## ANDROMACHE

### CHORUS

Thou hast said too much, as woman against man :  
Yea, and thy soul's discretion hath shot wide.

### MENE LAUS

Woman, these are but trifles, all unworthy  
Of my state royal,—thou say'st it,—and of Greece.  
Yet know, when one hath set his heart on aught,  
More than to take a Troy is this to him.

I stand my daughter's champion, for I count 370  
No trifle robbery of marriage-right.

Nought else a wife may suffer matcheth this.  
Losing her husband, she doth lose her life.

Over my thralls her lord hath claim to rule,  
And over his like right have I and mine :

For nought that friends have, if true friends  
they be,

Is private ; held in common is all wealth.

Waiting the absent, if I order not

Mine own things well, weak am I, and not wise.

But I will make thee leave the Goddess' shrine. 380

For, if thou die, this boy escapeth doom ;

But, if thou wilt not die, him will I slay.

One of you twain must needs bid life farewell.

### ANDROMACHE

Woe ! Dire lot-drawing, bitter choice of life,

Thou giv'st me ! If I draw, I am wretched made ;

And if I draw not, all unblest I am.

O thou for paltry cause that dost great wrong,

Hearken : why slay me ?—for what crime ?—what  
town

Have I betrayed ?—have slain what child of thine ?—

Have fired what home ? Beside my lord I couched 390

Perforce—and lo, thou wilt slay me, not him,

The culprit ; but thou passest by the cause,

πρὸς τὴν τελευταίαν ὑστέραυ οὔσαν φέρει ;  
 οἶμοι κακῶν τῶνδ', ὦ τάλαιν' ἐμὴ πατρίς,  
 ὡς δεινὰ πάσχω· τί δέ με καὶ τεκεῖν ἐχρῆν  
 ἄχθος τ' ἐπ' ἄχθει τῶδε προσθέσθαι διπλοῦν ;  
 [ἀτὰρ τί ταῦτα δύρομαι, τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶν  
 οὐκ ἐξικμάζω καὶ λογίζομαι κακά ;] <sup>1</sup>  
 400 ἦτις σφαγὰς μὲν Ἐκτορος τροχηλάτους  
 κατεῖδον οἰκτρῶς τ' Ἴλιον πυρούμενον,  
 αὐτὴ δὲ δούλη ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων ἔβην  
 κόμης ἐπισπασθεῖς· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην  
 Φθίαν, φονεῦσιν Ἐκτορος νυμφεύομαι.  
 τί δῆτ' ἐμοὶ ζῆν ἠδύ ; πρὸς τί χρῆ βλέπειν ;  
 πρὸς τὰς παρούσας ἢ παρελθούσας τύχας ;  
 εἰς παῖς ὄδ' ἦν μοι λοιπὸς ὀφθαλμὸς βίου·  
 τοῦτον κτανεῖν μέλλουσιν οἷς δοκεῖ τάδε.  
 οὐ δῆτα τοῦμοῦ γ' εἴνεκ' ἀθλίου βίου·  
 410 ἐν τῶδε μὲν γὰρ ἐλπίς, εἰ σωθήσεται·  
 ἐμοὶ δ' ὄνειδος μὴ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ τέκνου.  
 ἰδοὺ προλείπω βωμὸν ἠδὲ χειρῖα  
 σφάζειν, φονεύειν, δεῖν, ἀπαρτῆσαι δέρην.  
 ὦ τέκνον, ἢ τεκοῦσά σ', ὡς σὺ μὴ θάνης,  
 στείχω πρὸς Αἰδην· ἦν δ' ὑπεκδράμης μόρον,  
 μέμνησο μητρός, οἶα τλᾶσ' ἀπωλόμην,  
 καὶ πατρὶ τῶ σῶ διὰ φιλημάτων ἰὼν  
 δάκρυνά τε λείβων καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρας  
 λέγ' οἷ ἔπραξα. πᾶσι δ' ἀνθρώποις ἄρ' ἦν  
 420 ψυχὴ τέκν'· ὅστις δ' αὐτ' ἀπειρος ὦν ψέγει,  
 ἦσσον μὲν ἀλγεῖ, δυστυχῶν δ' εὐδαιμονεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾠκτειρ' ἀκούσασ'· οἰκτρὰ γὰρ τὰ δυστυχή

<sup>1</sup> These two lines seem out of place. Various transpositions in the whole passage 397-410 have been proposed.

## ANDROMACHE

And to the after-issue hurriest.  
 Woe for these ills! O hapless fatherland,  
 What wrongs I bear! Why must I be a mother,  
 And add a double burden to my load?  
 [Why wail the past, and o'er the present woes  
 Shed not a tear, nor take account thereof?]  
 Hector by those wheels trailed to death I saw,  
 Saw Ilium piteously enwrapped in flame. 400

I passed aboard the Argive ships, a slave  
 Haled by mine hair, and when to Phthia-land  
 I came, to Hector's murderers was I wed.  
 What joy hath life for me?—what thing to look to?  
 Unto my present fortune, or the past?  
 This one child had I left, light of my life:  
 Him will these slay who count this righteousness.  
 No, never!—if my wretched life can save!  
 For him, for him, hope lives, if he be saved;  
 And mine were shame to die not for my child. 410

Lo, I forsake the altar—yours I am  
 To hack, bind, murder, strangle with the cord! [*Rises.*  
 O child, thy mother, that thou mayst not die,  
 Passeth to Hades. If thou 'scape the doom,  
 Think on thy mother—how I suffered—died!  
 And to thy sire with kisses and with tears  
 Streaming, and little arms about his neck,  
 Tell how I fared! To all mankind, I wot,  
 Children are life. Who scoffs at joys unproved,  
 Though less his grief, a void is in his bliss. 420

### CHORUS

Pitying I hear: for pitiful is woe

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

βροτοῖς ἅπασι, κἄν θυραῖος ὦν κυρῆ.  
 εἰς ξύμβασιν δὲ χρῆν σε παῖδα σὴν ἄγειν,  
 Μενέλαε, καὶ τήνδ', ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῆ πόνων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λάβεσθέ μοι τῆσδ', ἀμφελίξαντες χέρας,  
 δμῶες· λόγους γὰρ οὐ φίλους ἀκούσεται.  
 ἔγωγ', ἵν' ἀγνὸν βωμὸν ἐκλίποις θεᾶς,  
 προὔτεινα παιδὸς θάνατον, ᾧ σ' ὑπήγαγον  
 εἰς χεῖρας ἐλθεῖν τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπὶ σφαγῆν.  
 430 καὶ τὰμφὶ σοῦ μὲν ὦδ' ἔχοντ' ἐπίστασο·  
 τὰ δ' ἀμφὶ παιδὸς τοῦδε παῖς ἐμὴ κρινεῖ,  
 ἦν τε κτανεῖν νιν ἦν τε μὴ κτανεῖν θέλη.  
 ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἐς οἴκους τούσδ', ἵν' εἰς ἐλευθέρους  
 δούλη γεγῶσα μήποθ' ὑβρίζειν μάθης.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι· δόλω μ' ὑπήλθες, ἠπατήμεθα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κῆρυσσ' ἅπασιν· οὐ γὰρ ἐξαρνούμεθα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἦ ταυτ' ἐν ὑμῖν τοῖς παρ' Εὐρώτῃ σοφά;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ τοῖς γε Τροία, τοὺς παθόντας ἀντιδρᾶν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τὰ θεῖα δ' οὐ θεῖ' οὐδ' ἔχειν ἠγεῖ δίκην;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

440 ὅταν τάδ' ἦ τοτ' οἴσομεν· σὲ δὲ κτενῶ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἦ καὶ νεοσσὸν τόνδ', ὑπὸ πτερῶν σπασας;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ δῆτα· θυγατρὶ δ', ἦν θέλη, δώσω κτανεῖν.

ANDROMACHE

To all men, alien though the afflicted be.  
 Thou shouldest, Menelaus, reconcile  
 Her and thy child, that she may rest from pain.

[ANDROMACHE leaves the altar.

MENELAUS

Seize me this woman!—round her coil your arms,  
 My thralls! No words of friendship shall she hear.  
 I, that thou mightest leave the holy altar, [thee  
 Held forth the lure of thy child's death, and drew  
 To slip into mine hands for slaughtering.  
 And, for thy fate, know thou that this is so: 430  
 But, for thy son, my child shall be his judge,  
 Whether her pleasure be to slay or spare.  
 Hence to the house, that thou, slave as thou art,  
 Mayst learn no more to rail against the free.

ANDROMACHE

Woe's me! By guile thou hast stoln on me!—  
 betrayed!

MENELAUS

Publish it to the world! Not I deny it.

ANDROMACHE

Count ye this wisdom, dwellers by Eurotas?

MENELAUS

Ay, Trojans too—that wronged ones should revenge.

ANDROMACHE

Is there no God, think'st thou, nor reckoning-day?

MENELAUS

I'll meet it when it comes. Thee will I kill. 440

ANDROMACHE

And this my birdie, torn from 'neath my wings?

MENELAUS

O nay—I yield him to my daughter's mercy. 449

449

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι· τί δῆτά σ' οὐ καταστένω, τέκνον;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκουν θρασεῖά γ' αὐτὸν ἐλπὶς ἀμμένει.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔχθιστοι βροτῶν  
 Σπάρτης ἔνοικοι, δόλια βουλευτήρια,  
 ψευδῶν ἄνακτες, μηχανορράφοι κακῶν,  
 ἐλικτὰ κούδεν ὑγιές, ἀλλὰ πᾶν πέριξ  
 φρονοῦντες, ἀδίκως εὐτυχεῖτ' ἀν' Ἑλλάδα.  
 450 τί δ' οὐκ ἐν ὑμῖν ἐστίν; οὐ πλείστοι φόνοι;  
 οὐκ αἰσχροκερδεῖς; οὐ λέγοντες ἄλλα μὲν  
 γλώσση, φρονοῦντες δ' ἄλλ' ἐφευρίσκεσθ' αἰεὶ;  
 ὄλοισθ'. ἐμοὶ δὲ θάνατος οὐχ οὕτω βαρὺς  
 ὡς σοὶ δέδοκται· κεῖνα γάρ μ' ἀπώλεσεν,  
 ὅθ' ἢ τάλαινα πόλις ἀναλώθη Φρυγῶν  
 πόσις θ' ὁ κλεινός, ὅς σε πολλακίς δορὶ  
 ναύτην ἔθηκεν ἀντὶ χερσαίου κακόν.  
 νῦν δ' εἰς γυναῖκα γοργὸς ὀπλίτης φανείς  
 κτείνεις μ'; ἀπόκτειν'· ὡς ἀθώπευτόν γέ σε  
 460 γλώσσης ἀφήσω τῆς ἐμῆς καὶ παῖδα σὴν.  
 ἐπεὶ σὺ μὲν πέφυκας ἐν Σπάρτῃ μέγας,  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ Τροία γ'. εἰ δ' ἐγὼ πρᾶσσω κακῶς,  
 μηδὲν τόδ' αὐχέει καὶ σὺ γὰρ πράξειας ἄν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδέποτε δίδυμα στρ. α  
 λέκτρ' ἐπαινέσω βροτῶν  
 οὐδ' ἀμφιμάτορας κόρους,  
 ἔριδας οἴκων δυσμενεῖς τε λύπας.  
 470 μίαν μοι στεργέτω πόσις γάμοις  
 ἀκοινώνητον ἀνδρὸς εὐνάν.



## ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

Well may I wail at once thy death, my child!

MENELAUS

Good sooth, but sorry hope remains for him.

ANDROMACHE

O ye in all folk's eyes most loathed of men,  
 Dwellers in Sparta, senates of treachery,  
 Princes of lies, weavers of webs of guile,  
 Thoughts crooked, wholesome never, devious all,—  
 A crime is your supremacy in Greece! [murders?  
 What vileness lives not with you?—swarming 450  
 Covetousness? Convicted liars, saying [that,  
 This with the tongue, while still your hearts mean  
 Now ruin seize ye! . . . . Yet to me is death  
 Not grievous as thou think'st. That was my death  
 When Phrygia's hapless city was destroyed,  
 And my renowned lord, whose spear full oft  
 Made thee a seaman, dastard, from a landsman.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou meet'st a woman, soul-appalling hero, [fawn  
 Now,—and wouldst slay! Slay on! My tongue shall  
 In flattery never on thy child or thee. 460  
 What if thou be in Sparta some great one?  
 Even so in Troy was I. Am I brought low?  
 Boast not herein:—thine hour shall haply come.

[Exit, led by MENELAUS.

CHORUS

Never rival brides blessed marriage-estate, (Str. 1)  
 Neither sons not born of one mother:  
 They were strife to the home, they were anguish of  
 hate.  
 For the couch of the husband suffice one mate:  
 Be it shared of none other. 470

<sup>1</sup> Drove thee to seek refuge in the ships. See *Iliad*, bk. xv.

οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν πόλεσι ἀντ. α'  
 δίπτυχοι τυραννίδες  
 μιᾶς ἀμείνονες φέρειν,  
 ἄχθος ἐπ' ἄχθει καὶ στάσις πολίταις·  
 τεκόντων θ' ὕμνον ἐργάταιν δυοῖν  
 ἔριν Μοῦσαι φιλοῦσι κραίνειν·

480 πνοαὶ δ' ὅταν φέρωσι ναυτίλους θοαί, στρ. β  
 κατὰ πηδαλίων δίδυμαι πραπίδων γνώμαι  
 σοφῶν τε πληθὸς ἀθρόον ἀσθενέστερον  
 φαυλοτέρας φρενὸς αὐτοκρατοῦς  
 ἑνός, ἃ δύνασις ἀνά τε μέλαθρα κατὰ τε πόλιας,  
 ὀπόταν εὐρέϊν θέλωσι καιρόν.

ἔδειξεν ἡ Λάκαινα τοῦ στρατηλάτα ἀντ. β  
 Μενέλα· διὰ γὰρ πυρὸς ἦλθ' ἑτέρῳ λέχει,  
 κτείνει δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν Ἰλιάδα κόραν  
 490 παιδά τε δύσφρονος ἔριδος ὕπερ.  
 ἄθεος ἄνομος ἄχαρις ὁ φόνος· ἔτι σε, πότνια,  
 μετατροπὰ τῶνδ' ἔπεισιν ἔργων.

καὶ μὴν ἐσορῶ  
 τόδε σύγκρατον ζεῦγος πρὸ δόμων,  
 ψήφῳ θανάτου κατακεκριμένον.  
 δύστηνε γύναι, τλήμον δὲ σὺ παῖ,  
 μητρὸς λεχέων ὅς ὑπερθνήσκεις  
 οὐδὲν μετέχων  
 500 οὐδ' αἴτιος ὢν βασιλευσιν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἄδ' ἐγὼ χέρας αἵματη- στρ.  
 ρὰς βρόχοισι κεκλημένα  
 πέμπομαι κατὰ γαίας.

## ANDROMACHE

Never land but hath borne a twofold yoke (Ant. 1)  
 Of kings with wearier straining:

There is burden on burden, and feud mid her  
 folk:

And 'twixt rival lyres ever discord broke  
 By the Muses' ordaining.

(Str. 2)

When the blasts hurl onward the staggering sail,  
 Shall the galley by helmsmen twain be guided? 480  
 Wise counsellors many far less shall avail  
 Than the simple one's purpose and power undivided.  
 Even this in the home, in the city, is power  
 Unto such as have wit to discern the hour.

The child of the chieftain of Sparta's array (Ant. 2)

Hath proved it. As fire is her jealousy burning:  
 Troy's hapless daughter she lusteth to slay,  
 And her son, in her hatred's vengeance-yearning. 490  
 Godless and lawless and heartless it is!—  
 Queen, thou shalt yet be requited for this.

*Enter MENELAUS and SERVANTS leading ANDROMACHE and  
 CHILD.*

Lo, these I behold, twain yoked as one  
 In love, in sorrow, afront of the hall:  
 For the vote is cast and the doom forth gone.  
 O woeful mother, O hapless son,  
 Who must die, since her master hath humbled his  
 thrall,  
 Though naught death-worthy hast thou, child, done, 500  
 That in condemnation of kings thou shouldst fall!

ANDROMACHE

Lo, blood my wrists red-staining (Str.)  
 From cruel bonds hard-straining,  
 Lo, feet the grave's brink gaining!

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

μᾶτερ μᾶτερ, ἐγὼ δὲ σᾶ  
πτέρυγι συγκαταβαίνω.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

θῦμα δάιον, ὦ χθονὸς  
Φθίας κράντορες.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦ πάτερ,  
μόλε φίλοις ἐπίκουρος.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

510

κείσει δῆ, τέκνον, ὦ φίλος,  
μαστοῖς ματέρος ἀμφὶ σᾶς  
νεκρὸς ὑπὸ χθονὶ σὺν νεκρῷ.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦμοι μοι, τί πάθω τάλας  
δῆτ' ἐγὼ σύ τε, μᾶτερ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

520

ἴθ' ὑποχθόνιοι· καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐχθρῶν  
ἤκετε πύργων· δύο δ' ἐκ δισσαῖν  
θνήσκειτ' ἀνάγκαιν σὲ μὲν ἡμετέρα  
ψῆφος ἀναιρεῖ, παῖδα δ' ἐμὴ παῖς  
τόνδ' Ἑρμῖονη· καὶ γὰρ ἀνοία  
μεγάλῃ λείπειν ἐχθροὺς ἐχθρῶν,  
ἐξὸν κτείνειν  
καὶ φόβον οἴκων ἀφελέσθαι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πόσις πόσις, εἴθε σὰν  
χεῖρα καὶ δόρυ σύμμαχον  
κτησαίμαν, Πριάμου παῖ.

ἀντ.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

δύστανος, τί δ' ἐγὼ μόρου  
παράτροπον μέλος εὔρω ;

## ANDROMACHE

MOLOSSUS

O mother, 'neath thy wing  
I crouch where death-shades gather.

ANDROMACHE

Death!—Phthians, name it rather  
Butchery!

MOLOSSUS

O my father,  
Help to thy loved ones bring!

ANDROMACHE

There, darling, shalt thou rest  
Pillowed upon my breast,  
Where corpse to corpse shall cling.

510

MOLOSSUS

Ah me, the torture looming  
O'er me, o'er thee!—the coming,  
Mother, of what dread thing?

MENELAUS

Down, down to the grave!—from our foemen's towers  
Ye came: and for several cause unto slaughter  
Ye twain be constrained. The sentence is ours  
That condemneth thee, woman: this boy my  
daughter

Hermione dooms. Utter folly it were  
For our foemen's avenging their offspring to spare,  
When into our hands they be given to slay,  
That fear from our house may be banished for aye.

520

ANDROMACHE

Oh for that hand I cry on! (Ant.)  
Ah husband, to rely on  
Thy spear, O Priam's scion!

MOLOSSUS

Ah woe is me! What spell  
Find I for doom's undoing?

455

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λίσσου, γούνασι δεσπότητου  
 χρίμπτων, ὦ τέκνον.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

530

ὦ φίλος,  
 φίλος, ἄνες θάνατόν μοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λείβομαι δάκρυσιν κόρας,  
 στάζω λισσάδος ὡς πέτρας  
 λιβὰς ἀνήλιος, ἅ τάλαιν'.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦμοι μοι, τί δ' ἐγὼ κακῶν  
 μῆχος ἐξανύσωμαι ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

540

τί με προσπίτνεις, ἄλιαν πέτραν  
 ἢ κῦμα λιταῖς ὡς ἰκετεύων ;  
 τοῖς γὰρ ἐμοῖσιν γέγον' ὠφελία,  
 σοὶ δ' οὐδέν ἔχω φίλτρον, ἐπεὶ τοι  
 μέγ' ἀναλώσας ψυχῆς μόριον  
 Τροίαν εἶλον καὶ μητέρα σὴν  
 ἧς ἀπολαύων  
 "Αἰδὴν χθόνιον καταβήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν δέδορκα τόνδε Πηλέα πέλας,  
 σπουδῆ τιθέντα δεῦρο γηραιὸν πόδα.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

550

ὕμᾱς ἐρωτῶ τόν τ' ἐφεστῶτα σφαγῆ,  
 τί ταῦτα καὶ πῶς ; ἐκ τίνος λόγου νοσεῖ  
 δόμος ; τί πράσσειτ' ἄκριτα μηχανώμενοι ;  
 Μενέλα', ἐπίσχεσ' μὴ τάχυν' ἄνευ δίκης.  
 ἡγοῦ σὺ θᾶσσον· οὐ γὰρ ὡς ἔοικέ μοι,

## ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

Pray, at thy lord's knees suing,  
Child!

MOLOSSUS (*kneceling to MENELAUS*).

Friend, in mercy ruing  
My death, of pardon tell!

ANDROMACHE

My streaming eyelids weep,  
As from a sheer crag's steep  
The sunless waters well.

MOLOSSUS

Woe's me! O might revealing  
But come of help, of healing,  
Our darkness to dispel!

MENELAUS

What dost thou to fall at my feet, making moan  
To a rock of the sea, to a wave doom-crested?

True helper am I, good sooth, to mine own:

No love-spell from thee on my spirit hath rested. 540

Too deeply it drained my life-blood away

To win yon Troy and thy dam for a prey.

Herein be thy joy and be this thy crown

When thou passest to Hades' earth-dens down!

CHORUS

Lo, lo, I see yon Peleus drawing nigh!

In haste his agèd foot strides hitherward.

*Enter PELEUS, attended.*

PELEUS

Ho ye! ho thou, the overseer of slaughter!

What meaneth this?—how is the house, and why,

In evil case? What lawless plots weave ye?

Menelaus, hold! Press not where justice bars. 550

[*To attendant*] Lead the way faster! 'Tis a strait,  
methinks,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σχολῆς τόδ' ἔργον, ἀλλ' ἀνηβητηρίαν  
 ῥώμην μ' ἐπαινῶ λαμβάνειν, εἴπερ ποτέ.  
 πρῶτον μὲν οὖν κατ' οὖρον ὡσπερ ἰστίοις  
 ἐμπνεύσομαι τῆδ'· εἰπέ, τίμη δίκη χέρας  
 βρόχοισιν ἐκδήσαντες οἶδ' ἄγουσί σε  
 καὶ παῖδ' ; ὕπαρνος γάρ τις ὡς ἀπόλλυσαι,  
 ἡμῶν ἀπόντων τοῦ τε κυρίου σέθεν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

560 οἶδ', ὦ γεραιέ, σὺν τέκνῳ θανουμένην  
 ἄγουσί μ' οὕτως ὡς ὄρας. τί σοι λέγω ;  
 οὐ γὰρ μιᾶς σε κληδόνος προθυμία  
 μετήλθον, ἀλλὰ μυρίων ὑπ' ἀγγέλων.  
 ἔριν δὲ τὴν κατ' οἶκον οἰσθά που κλύων  
 τῆς τοῦδε θυγατρὸς, ὣν τ' ἀπόλλυμαι χάριν.  
 καὶ νῦν με βωμοῦ Θέτιδος, ἢ τὸν εὐγενῆ  
 ἔτικτέ σοι παῖδ', ἦν σὺ θαυμαστὴν σέβεις,  
 ἄγουσ' ἀποσπάσαντες, οὔτε τῷ δίκη  
 κρίναντες οὔτε τοὺς ἀπόντας ἐκ δόμων  
 570 μείναντες, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἐμὴν ἐρημίαν  
 γνόντες τέκνου τε τοῦδ', ὃν οὐδὲν αἴτιον  
 μέλλουσι σὺν ἐμοὶ τῇ τάλαιπώρῳ κτανεῖν.  
 ἀλλ' ἀντιάζω σ', ὦ γέρον, τῶν σῶν πάρος  
 πίτνουσα γονάτων, χειρὶ δ' οὐκ ἔξεστί μοι  
 τῆς σῆς λαβέσθαι φιλτάτης γενειάδος,  
 ῥῦσαί με πρὸς θεῶν· εἰ δὲ μή, θανούμεθα  
 αἰσχυρῶς μὲν ὑμῖν, δυστυχῶς δ' ἐμοί, γέρον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

χαλᾶν κελεύω δεσμὰ πρὶν κλαίειν τινά,  
 καὶ τῆσδε χεῖρας διπτύχους ἀνιέναι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

580 ἐγὼ δ' ἀπαυδῶ γ' ἄλλος οὐχ ἦσσω σέθεν  
 καὶ τῆσδε πολλῶ κυριώτερος γεγώς.



## ANDROMACHE

Brooks no delay; but now, if ever, fain  
 Would I renew the vigour of my youth.  
 But first, like breeze that fills the sails, will I  
 Breathe life through her:—say, by what right have  
 these

Pinioned thine hands in bonds, and with thy son  
 Hale—for like ewe with lamb thou goest to death—  
 Whilst I and thy true lord be far away?

### ANDROMACHE

These, ancient, deathward hale me with my child,  
 As thou dost see. Why should I tell it thee? 560  
 Seeing not once I sent thee instant summons,  
 But by the mouth of messengers untold.  
 Thou know'st, hast heard, I trow, the household strife  
 Of yon man's daughter, that means death to me.  
 And now from Thetis' altars,—hers who bare  
 Thy noble son, hers whom thou reverencest,—  
 They tear, they hale me, with no form of trial  
 Condemning, for the absent waiting not,  
 My lord, but knowing my defencelessness,  
 And this poor child's, the utter-innocent, 570  
 Whom they would slay along with hapless me.  
 But I beseech thee, ancient, falling low  
 Before thy knees—I cannot stretch my hand  
 Unto thy beard, O dear, O kindly face!—  
 In God's name save, else I shall surely die,  
 To your shame, ancient, and my misery.

### PELEUS

Loose, I command, her bonds, ere some one rue,  
 And set ye free this captive's pinioned hands.

### MENELAUS

This I forbid, who am no less than thou, 580  
 And have more right of lordship over her.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

πῶς; ἢ σὺ τὸν ἐμὸν οἶκον οἰκήσεις μολῶν  
δεῦρ'; οὐχ ἄλλῃ σοι τῶν κατὰ Σπάρτην κρατεῖν;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εἰλὸν νιν αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ Τροίας ἐγώ.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐμὸς δέ γ' αὐτὴν ἔλαβε παῖς παιδὸς γέρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκουν ἐκείνου τὰμὰ τὰκείνου τ' ἐμά;

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

δρᾶν εὖ, κακῶς δ' οὐ, μηδ' ἀποκτείνειν βία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς τήνδ' ἀπάξεις οὐποτ' ἐξ ἐμῆς χερός.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

σκήπτρω δὲ τῷδε σὸν καθαιμάξω κάρα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ψαῦσόν γ', ἴν' εἰδῆς, καὶ πέλας πρόσσελθέ μου.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

590 σὺ γὰρ μετ' ἀνδρῶν, ᾧ κάκιστε κάκ κακῶν;  
σοὶ ποῦ μέτεστιν ὡς ἐν ἀνδράσιν λόγου;  
ὅστις πρὸς ἀνδρὸς Φρυγὸς ἀπηλλάγῃς λέχος,  
ἄκληστ' ἄφρουρα<sup>1</sup> δώμαθ' ἐστίας λιπῶν,  
ὡς δὴ γυναῖκα σῶφρον' ἐν δόμοις ἔχων  
πασῶν κακίστην. οὐδ' ἂν εἰ βούλοιτό τις  
σῶφρον γένοιτο Σπαρτιατίδων κόρη,  
αἰ' ξὺν νέοισιν ἐξερημοῦσαι δόμους  
γυμνοῖσι μηροῖς καὶ πέπλοις ἀνειμένοις  
600 δρόμους παλαίστρας τ' οὐκ ἀνασχετοὺς ἐμοὶ  
κοινὰς ἔχουσι. κατὰ θανμάζειν χρεῶν  
εἰ μὴ γυναῖκας σῶφρονας παιδεύετε;

<sup>1</sup> Lenting: or MSS. ἄδουλα.

## ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

How?—hither wilt thou come to rule mine house?  
Sufficeth not thy sway of Sparta's folk?

MENE LAUS

'Twas I that took her captive out of Troy.

PELEUS

Ay, but my son's son gained her, prize of war.

MENE LAUS

All mine are his, his mine—is this not so?

PELEUS

For good, not evil dealing, nor for murder.

MENE LAUS

Her shalt thou rescue never from mine hand.

PELEUS

This staff shall make thine head to stream with blood.

MENE LAUS

Touch me, and thou shalt see!—ay, draw but near!

PELEUS

Thou, thou a man?—Coward, of cowards bred! 590

What part or lot hast thou amongst true men?

Thou, by a Phrygian from thy wife divorced,  
Who leftest hearth and home unbarred, unwarded,

As who kept in his halls a virtuous wife,—

And she the vilest! Though one should essay,

Virtuous could daughter of Sparta never be.

They gad abroad with young men from their  
homes,

And with bare thighs and loose disgirdled vesture

Race, wrestle with them,—things intolerable

To me! And is it wonder-worthy then 600

That ye train not your women to be chaste?

Ἑλένην ἐρέσθαι χρῆν τάδ', ἥτις ἐκ δόμων  
 τὸν σὸν λιποῦσα Φίλιον<sup>1</sup> ἐξεκώμασε  
 νεανίου μετ' ἀνδρὸς εἰς ἄλλην χθόνα.  
 κᾶπειτ' ἐκείνης εἶνεχ' Ἑλλήνων ὄχλου  
 τοσόνδ' ἀθροίσας ἤγαγες πρὸς Ἴλιον·  
 ἦν χρῆν σ' ἀποπτύσαντα μὴ κινεῖν δόρυ  
 κακὴν ἐφευρόντ', ἀλλ' ἔαν αὐτοῦ μένειν  
 μισθόν τε δόντα μήποτ' εἰς οἴκους λαβεῖν.  
 610 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτῃ σὸν φρόνημ' ἐπούρισας·  
 ψυχὰς δὲ πολλὰς κἀγαθὰς ἀπώλεσας  
 παίδων τ' ἀπαιδας γραῦς ἔθηκας ἐν δόμοις  
 πολιοῦς τ' ἀφείλου πατέρας εὐγενῆ τέκνα.  
 ὧν εἰς ἐγὼ δύστηνος· αὐθέντην δὲ σέ  
 μιάστορ' ὥς τιν' εἰσδέδορκ' Ἀχιλλέως.  
 ὃς οὐδὲ τρωθεὶς ἦλθες ἐκ Τροίας μόνος,  
 κάλλιστα τεύχη δ' ἐν καλοῖσι σάγμασιν  
 ὅμοι' ἐκείσε δευρό τ' ἤγαγες πάλιν.  
 620 κἀγὼ μὲν ἠῦδων τῷ γαμοῦντι μήτε σοὶ  
 κῆδος συνάψαι μήτε δώμασιν λαβεῖν  
 κακῆς γυναικὸς πῶλον· ἐκφέρουσι γὰρ  
 μητρῷ ὀνειδίη. τοῦτο καὶ σκοπεῖτέ μοι,  
 μνηστῆρες, ἐσθλῆς θυγατέρ' ἐκ μητρὸς λαβεῖν.  
 πρὸς τοῖσδε δ' εἰς ἀδελφὸν οἷ' ἐφύβρισας,  
 σφάξαι κελεύσας θυγατέρ' εὐνηθέστατον.  
 οὔτως ἔδεισας μὴ οὐ κακὴν δάμαρτ' ἔχῃς.  
 ἐλὼν δὲ Τροίαν, εἴμι γὰρ κἀνταυθά σοι,  
 οὐκ ἔκτανες γυναῖκα χειρίαν λαβών·  
 630 ἀλλ' ὡς ἐσείδες μαστόν, ἐκβαλὼν ξίφος  
 φίλημ' ἐδέξω, προδότιν αἰκάλλων κύνα,  
 ἥσσων πεφυκῶς Κύπριδος, ὧ κάκιστε σύ.

<sup>1</sup> Sc. Δία, under his attribute as Zeus Ἐρκεῖος.

## ANDROMACHE

This well might Helen have asked thee, who forsook  
Thine hearth, and from thine halls went revelling forth  
With a young gallant to an alien land.

Yet for her sake thou gatheredst that huge host  
Of Greeks, and leddest them to Ilium.

Thou shouldst have spued her forth, have stirred no  
spear,

Who hadst found her vile, but let her there abide.

Yea, paid a price to take her never back.

But nowise thus the wind of thine heart blew. 610

Nay, many a gallant life hast thou destroyed,

And childless made grey mothers in their halls,

And white-haired sires hast robbed of noble sons ;—

My wretched self am one, who see in thee,

Like some foul fiend, Achilles' murderer ;—

Thou who alone unwounded cam'st from Troy,

And daintiest arms in dainty sheaths unstained,

Borne thither, hither back didst bring again !

I warned my bridegroom-grandson not to make

Affinity with thee, nor to receive 620

In his halls a wanton's child : such bear abroad

Their mothers' shame. Give heed to this my rede,

Wooers,—a virtuous mother's daughter choose.

Nay more—how didst thou outrage thine own brother,

Bidding him sacrifice his child—poor fool !

Such was thy dread to lose thy worthless wife.

And, when Troy fell,—ay, thither too I trace thee,—

Thy wife thou slew'st not when thou hadst her

trapped.

Thou saw'st her bosom, didst let fall the sword,

Didst kiss her, that bold traitress, fondling her, 630

By Cypris overborne, O recreant wretch !

κάπειτ' ἐς οἴκους τῶν ἐμῶν ἐλθὼν τέκνων  
 πορθεῖς ἀπόντων καὶ γυναῖκα δυστυχῆ  
 κτείνεις ἀτίμως παῖδά θ', ὃς κλαίοντά σε  
 καὶ τὴν ἐν οἴκοις σὴν καταστήσει κόρην,  
 κεῖ τρίς νόθος πέφυκε. πολλάκις δέ τοι  
 ξηρὰ βαθεῖαν γῆν ἐνίκησε σπορά,  
 νόθοι τε πολλοὶ γνησίων ἀμείνονες.  
 ἀλλ' ἐκκομίζου παῖδα. κύδιον βροτοῖς  
 640 πένητα χρηστὸν ἢ κακὸν καὶ πλούσιον  
 γαμβρὸν πεπᾶσθαι καὶ φίλον· σὺ δ' οὐδὲν εἶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σμικρὰς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς νεῖκος ἀνθρώποις μέγα  
 γλῶσσ' ἐκπορίζει· τοῦτο δ' οἱ σοφοὶ βροτῶν  
 ἐξευλαβοῦνται, μὴ φίλοις τεύχειν ἔριν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δῆτ' ἂν εἶποις τοὺς γέροντας ὡς σοφοὶ  
 καὶ τοὺς φρονεῖν δοκοῦντας Ἑλλησὶν ποτε ;  
 ὅτ' ὦν σὺ Πηλεὺς καὶ πατὴρ κλεινοῦ γεγῶς,  
 κῆδος ξυνάψας, αἰσχυρὰ μὲν σαυτῷ λέγεις  
 650 ἡμῖν δ' ὀνειδίη διὰ γυναῖκα βάρβαρον,  
 ἦν χρῆν σ' ἐλαύνειν τήνδ' ὑπὲρ Νείλου ῥοὰς  
 ὑπὲρ τε Φᾶσιν καμὲ παρακαλεῖν αἰεὶ  
 οὔσαν μὲν Ἑπειῶτιν, οὐ πεσήματα  
 πλείσθ' Ἑλλάδος πέπτωκε δοριπετῆ νεκρῶν,  
 τοῦ σοῦ δὲ παιδὸς αἵματος κοινουμένην.  
 Πάρις γάρ, ὃς σὸν παῖδ' ἔπεφν' Ἀχιλλέα,  
 Ἐκτορος ἀδελφὸς ἦν, δάμαρ δ' ἦδ' Ἐκτορος.  
 καὶ τῆδέ γ' εἰσέρχει σὺ ταῦτόν εἰς στέγος  
 καὶ ξυντράπεζον ἀξιοῖς ἔχειν βίον,  
 660 τίκτειν δ' ἐν οἴκοις παῖδας ἐχθίστους ἑᾶς.  
 ἀγῶ προνοία τῇ τε σῇ καμῇ, γέρον,  
 κτανεῖν θέλων τήνδ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀρπάζομαι.

## ANDROMACHE

And to my son's house com'st thou, he afar,  
 And ravagest, wouldst slay a hapless woman  
 Shamefully, and her boy?—this boy shall make  
 Thee, and that daughter in thine halls, yet rue,  
 Though he were thrice a bastard. Oft the yield  
 Of barren ground o'erpasseth deep rich soil;  
 And better are bastards oft than sons true-born.  
 Take hence thy daughter! Better 'tis to have  
 The poor and upright, or for marriage-kin,  
 Or friend, than the vile rich:—thou, thou art  
 naught!

640

### CHORUS

From small beginnings bitter feuds the tongue  
 Brings forth: for this cause wise men take good heed  
 That with their friends they bring not strife to pass.

### MENE LAUS

Now wherefore should ye call the greybeards wise,  
 And them which Greece accounted prudent once?  
 When thou, thou Peleus, son of sire renowned,  
 Speakest, my marriage-kinsman, thine own shame,  
 Rail'st on me for a foreign woman's sake,  
 Whom thou shouldst chase beyond the streams of  
 Nile,

650

And beyond Phasis, yea, and cheer me on,—  
 This dame of Asia's mainland, wherein fell  
 Unnumbered sons of Hellas slain with spears,—  
 This woman who had part in thy son's blood;  
 For Paris, he that slew thy son Achilles,  
 Was Hector's brother, and she Hector's wife.  
 And thou wouldst pass beneath one roof with her,  
 Wouldst stoop to break bread with her at thy board,  
 In thine house let her bear our bitterest foes,  
 Whom I, of forethought for thyself and me,  
 Would slay!—and lo, from mine hands is she torn.

660

465

καίτοι φέρ', ἄψασθαι γὰρ οὐκ αἰσχρὸν λόγου,  
 ἦν παῖς μὲν ἡμῆ μὴ τέκη, ταύτης δ' ἄπο  
 βλάστῳσι παῖδες, τῆσδε γῆς Φθιώτιδος  
 στήσεις τυράννους, βάρβαροι δ' ὄντες γένος  
 "Ἐλλησιν ἄρξουσ' ; εἴτ' ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ φρονῶ  
 μισῶν τὰ μὴ δίκαια, σοὶ δ' ἔνεστι νοῦς ;  
 670 κακείνο νῦν ἄθρησον· εἰ σὺ παῖδα σὴν  
 δούς τῷ πολιτῶν, εἴτ' ἔπασχε τοιάδε,  
 σιγῇ καθῆσ' ἄν ; οὐ δοκῶ· ξένης δ' ὕπερ  
 τοιαῦτα λάσκεις τοὺς ἀναγκαίους φίλους ;  
 καὶ μὴν ἴσον γ' ἀνὴρ τε καὶ γυνὴ σθένει  
 ἀδικουμένη πρὸς ἀνδρός· ὡς δ' αὐτῶς ἀνὴρ  
 γυναῖκα μωραίνουσαν ἐν δόμοις ἔχων.  
 καὶ τῷ μὲν ἔστιν ἐν χεροῖν μέγα σθένος,  
 τῇ δ' ἐν γονεῦσι καὶ φίλοις τὰ πράγματα.  
 οὐκ οὐν δίκαιον τοῖς γ' ἐμοῖς ἐπωφελεῖν ;

γέρων γέρων εἶ· τὴν δ' ἐμὴν στρατηγίαν  
 λέγων ἔμ' ὠφελοῖς ἄν ἢ σιγῶν πλέον.  
 680 Ἐλένη δ' ἐμόχθησ' οὐχ ἔκουσ', ἀλλ' ἐκ θεῶν,  
 καὶ τοῦτο πλείστον ὠφέλησεν Ἑλλάδα·  
 ὄπλων γὰρ ὄντες καὶ μάχης ἀίστορες  
 ἔβησαν εἰς τάνδρειον· ἢ δ' ὀμιλία  
 πάντων βροτοῖσι γίγνεται διδάσκαλος.  
 εἰ δ' εἰς πρόσοψιν τῆς ἐμῆς ἐλθὼν ἐγὼ  
 γυναικὸς ἔσχον μὴ κτανεῖν, ἐσωφρόνου.  
 οὐδ' ἄν σε Φῶκον ἤθελον κατακτανεῖν.  
 ταῦτ' εὖ φρονῶν σ' ἐπήλθον, οὐκ ὀργῆς χάριν  
 690 ἦν δ' ὀξυθυμῆς, σοὶ μὲν ἢ γλωσσαλγία  
 μείζων, ἐμοὶ δὲ κέρδος ἢ πρᾶμηθία.



## ANDROMACHE

Come, reason we together—no shame this :—  
 If my child bear no sons, this woman's brood  
 Grow up, wilt thou establish these as lords  
 Of Phthia-land?—shall they, barbarians born,  
 Rule Greeks? And I, forsooth, am all unwise,  
 Who hate the wrong, but wisdom dwells with thee!  
 Consider this, too—hadst thou given thy daughter,  
 To a citizen, and she were thus misused,  
 Hadst thou sat still? I trow not. Yet thou railest 679  
 Thus for an alien's sake on friends, on kin!  
 "Yet husband's cause"—say'st thou—"and wife's  
 alike

Are strong, if she be wronged of him, or he  
 Find her committing folly in his halls."  
 Yea, but in his hands is o'er-mastering strength,  
 But upon friends and parents leans her cause.  
 Do I not justly then to aid mine own?

Dotard—thou dotard!—thou wouldst help me more  
 By praise than slurring of my leadership!  
 Not of her will, but Heaven's, came Helen's  
 trouble, 680

And a great boon bestowed she thus on Greece;  
 For they which were unschooled to arms and war  
 Turned them to brave deeds: fellowship in fight  
 Is the great teacher of all things to men.  
 And if I, soon as I beheld my wife,  
 Forbore to slay her, wise was I herein.  
 'Twere well had Phocus ne'er been slain by thee.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus have I met thee in goodwill, not wrath.  
 If thou wax passionate, thou shalt but win  
 An aching tongue: my gain in forethought lies. 690

<sup>1</sup> Half-brother of Peleus and Telamon, murdered because he surpassed them in heroic exercises.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθον ἤδη, λῶστα γὰρ μακρῶ τάδε,  
λόγων ματαίων, μὴ δύο σφαλῆθ' ἅμα.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οἴμοι, καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὡς κακῶς νομίζεται  
ὄταν τροπαῖα πολεμίων στήσῃ στρατός,  
οὐ τῶν πονούντων τοῦργον ἠγοῦνται τόδε,  
ἀλλ' ὁ στρατηγὸς τὴν δόκησιν ἄρυνται,  
ὃς εἰς μετ' ἄλλων μυρίων πάλλων δόρυ,  
οὐδὲν πλέον δρῶν ἐνὸς ἔχει πλειῶ λόγον.  
σεμνοὶ δ' ἐν ἀρχαῖς ἡμενοὶ κατὰ πτόλιν  
700 φρουροῦσι δήμου μείζον, ὄντες οὐδένες·  
οἱ δ' εἰσὶν αὐτῶν μυρίῳ σοφώτεροι,  
εἰ τόλμα προσγένοιτο βούλησίς θ' ἅμα.  
ὡς καὶ σὺ σὸς τ' ἀδελφὸς ἐξωγκωμένοι  
Τροία κάθησθε τῇ τ' ἐκεῖ στρατηγία,  
μόχθοισιν ἄλλων καὶ πόνοις ἐπηρμένοι.  
δείξω δ' ἐγὼ σοι μὴ τὸν Ἰδαῖον Πάριν  
ἦσσω νομίζειν Πηλέως ἐχθρόν ποτε,  
εἰ μὴ φθереῖ τῆσδ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἀπὸ στέγης  
καὶ παῖς ἄτεκνος, ἦν ὄδ' ἐξ ἡμῶν γεγῶς  
710 ἐλᾶ δι' οἴκων τῶνδ' ἐπισπάσας κόμης·  
ἢ στερρὸς οὔσα μόσχος οὐκ ἀνέξεται  
τίκτοντας ἄλλους, οὐκ ἔχουσ' αὐτὴ τέκνα.  
ἀλλ' εἰ τὸ κείνης δυστυχεῖ παίδων πέρι,  
ἄπαιδας ἡμᾶς δεῖ καταστῆναι τέκνων ;  
φθείρεσθε τῆσδε, δμῶες, ὡς ἂν ἐκμάθω  
εἰ τίς με λύειν τῆσδε κωλύσει χέρας.  
ἔπαιρε σαυτήν· ὡς ἐγὼ καίπερ τρέμων  
πλεκτὰς ἰμάντων στροφίδας ἐξανήσομαι.  
ὦδ', ὦ κάκιστε, τῆσδ' ἐλυμήνω χέρας ;  
720 βουὴν ἢ λέοντ' ἠλπιζες ἐντείνειν βρόχοις ;

## ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

Refrain, refrain you—better far were this—  
From such wild words, lest both together err.

PELEUS

Ah me, what evil customs hold in Greece!  
When hosts rear trophies over vanquished foes,  
Men count not this the battle-toiler's work;  
Nay, but their captain filcheth the renown:  
Amidst ten thousand one, he raised a spear,  
Wrought one man's work—no more; yet hath more  
praise.

In proud authority's pomp men sit, and scorn  
The city's common folk, though they be naught. 700  
Yet are those others wiser a thousandfold,  
Had wisdom but audacity for ally.

Even so thou and thy brother sit enthroned,  
Puffed up by Troy's fall, and your generalship,  
By others' toils and pains exalted high.  
But I will teach thee nevermore to count  
Paris of Ida foe more stern than Peleus,  
Except thou vanish from this roof with speed,  
Thou and thy childless daughter, whom my son  
By the hair shall grasp and hale her through these  
halls,— 710

The barren heifer, who will not endure  
The fruitful, seeing herself hath children none!  
What, if her womb from bearing is shut up,  
Childless of issue must mine house abide?  
Hence from her, thralls! E'en let me see the man  
Will let me from unmanacled her wrists!  
Uplift thee, that the trembling hands of old  
May now unravel these thongs' twisted knots.  
Thus, O thou dastard, hast thou galled her wrists?  
Didst think to enmesh a bull or lion here? 720

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἢ μὴ ξίφος λαβοῦσ' ἀμυνάθοιτό σε  
 ἔδεισας ; ἔρπε δεῦρ' ὑπ' ἀγκάλας, βρέφος,  
 ξύλλυε δεσμὰ μητρός· ἐν Φθίᾳ σ' ἐγὼ  
 θρέψω μέγαν τοῖσδ' ἐχθρόν. εἰ δ' ἀπὴν δορὸς  
 τοῖς Σπαρτιάταις δόξα καὶ μάχης ἀγών,  
 τᾶλλ' ὄντες ἴστε μηδεὶνὸς βελτίονες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνειμένον τι χρῆμα πρεσβυτῶν γένος  
 καὶ δυσφύλακτον ὄξυθυμίας ὑπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

730

ἀγαν προνωπῆς εἰς τὸ λοιδορεῖν φέρει·  
 ἐγὼ δὲ πρὸς βίαν μὲν, εἰς Φθίαν μολῶν,  
 οὔτ' οὔν τι δράσω φλαῦρον οὔτε πείσομαι.  
 καὶ νῦν μὲν, οὐ γὰρ ἄφθονον σχολὴν ἔχω,  
 ἄπειμ' ἐς οἴκους· ἔστι γὰρ τις οὐ πρόσω  
 Σπάρτης πόλις τις, ἢ πρὸ τοῦ μὲν ἦν φίλη,  
 νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ ποιεῖ· τήνδ' ἐπεξελθεῖν θέλω  
 στρατηλατήσας χυποχείριον λαβεῖν.

740

ὅταν δὲ τάκεῖ θῶ κατὰ γνώμην ἐμήν,  
 ἦξω· παρὼν δὲ πρὸς παρόντας ἐμφανῶς  
 γαμβροὺς διδάξω καὶ διδάξομαι λόγους.  
 κἂν μὲν κολάζῃ τήνδε καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν ἢ  
 σῶφρων καθ' ἡμᾶς, σῶφρον' ἀντιληψεται.  
 θυμούμενος δὲ τεύξεται θυμουμένων,  
 ἔργοισι δ' ἔργα διάδοχ' ἀντιλήψεται.  
 τοὺς σοὺς δὲ μύθους ραδίως ἐγὼ φέρω·  
 σκιᾶ γὰρ ἀντίστοιχος ὦν<sup>1</sup> φωνὴν ἔχεις,  
 ἀδύνατος οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν λέγειν μόνον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἠγοῦ τέκνον μοι δεῦρ' ὑπ' ἀγκάλαις σταθείς.

<sup>1</sup> Reiske, Hermann, and Dindorf: for MSS. σκιὰ . . . ὦν.

## ANDROMACHE

Didst fear lest she should snatch a sword, and chase  
Thee hence? Steal hither 'neath mine arms, my  
bairn :

Help loose thy mother's bonds. I'll rear thee yet  
In Phthia, their grim foe. If spear-renown  
And battle-fame be ta'en from Sparta's sons,  
In all else are ye meanest of mankind.

### CHORUS

This race of old men may no man restrain,  
Nor guard him 'gainst their sudden fiery mood.

### MENE LAUS

O'erhastily thou rushest into railing.  
I came to Phthia not for violent deeds, 730  
And will do naught unkingly, nor endure.  
Now, seeing that my leisure serveth not,  
Home will I go ; for not from Sparta far  
Some certain town there is, our friend, time was,  
But now our foe : against her will I march,  
Leading mine host, and bow her 'neath my sway.  
Soon as things there be ordered to my mind,  
I will return, will meet my marriage-kin  
Openly, speak my mind, and hear reply.  
And, if he punish her, and be henceforth 740  
Temperate, he shall find me temperate too,  
But, if he rage, shall meet his match in rage,  
Yea, shall find deeds of mine to match his own.  
But, for thy words, nothing I reckon of them ;  
Thou art like a creeping shadow, voice thine all,  
Impotent to do anything save talk.

[Exit.

### PELEUS

Pass on, my child, sheltered beneath mine arms,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα· χείματος γὰρ ἀγρίου  
 τυχοῦσα λιμένας ἤλθες εἰς εὐηνέμους.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

750 ὦ πρέσβυ, θεοί σοι δοίεν εὖ καὶ τοῖσι σοῖς,  
 σώσαντι παῖδα κάμει τὴν δυσδαίμονα.  
 ὄρα δὲ μὴ νῶν εἰς ἐρημίαν ὁδοῦ  
 πτήξαντες οἶδε πρὸς βίαν ἄγωσί με,  
 γέροντα μὲν σ' ὀρώντες, ἀσθενῆ δ' ἐμέ  
 καὶ παῖδα τόνδε νήπιον· σκόπει τάδε,  
 μὴ νῦν φυγόντες εἶθ' ἀλώμεν ὕστερον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐ μὴ γυναικῶν δειλὸν εἰσοίσεις λόγον ;  
 760 χῶρει· τίς ὑμῶν ἄψεται ; κλαίων ἄρα  
 ψάσσει. θεῶν γὰρ εἶνεχ' ἵππικου τ' ὄχλου  
 πολλῶν θ' ὀπλιτῶν ἄρχομεν Φθίαν κάτα·  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἔτ' ὀρθοὶ κοῦ γέροντες, ὡς δοκεῖς,  
 ἀλλ' εἷς γε τοιόνδ' ἄνδρ' ἀποβλέψας μόνον  
 τροπαῖον αὐτοῦ στήσομαι, πρέσβυς περ ὦν.  
 πολλῶν νέων γὰρ κἂν γέρον εὐψυχος ἢ  
 κρείσσω· τί γὰρ δεῖ δειλὸν ὄντ' εὐσωματεῖν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἢ μὴ γενοίμαν ἢ πατέρων ἀγαθῶν στρ.  
 εἶην πολυκτῆτων τε δόμων μέτοχος.  
 770 εἶ τι γὰρ πάσχοι τις ἀμήχανον, ἀλκᾶς  
 οὐ σπάνις εὐγενέταις,  
 κηρυσσομένοισι δ' ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν δωμάτων  
 τιμὰ καὶ κλέος· οὔτοι  
 λείψανα τῶν ἀγαθῶν  
 ἀνδρῶν ἀφαιρεῖται χρόνος· ἅ δ' ἀρετὰ  
 καὶ θανοῦσι λάμπει.

## ANDROMACHE

And, hapless, thou. Caught in a raging storm,  
Thou hast come into a windless haven's calm.

ANDROMACHE

The gods reward thee, ancient, thee and thine,  
Who hast saved my son and me the evil-starred !  
Yet see to it, lest, where loneliest is the way,  
These fall on us, and hale me thence by force,  
Marking how thou art old, how I am weak,  
This boy a babe : give thou heed unto this,  
Lest, though we 'scape now, we be taken yet.

750

PELEUS

Out on thy words—a woman's faint-heart speech !  
Pass on : whose hand shall stay you ? At his peril  
He toucheth. By heaven's grace o'er hosts of horse-  
men

And countless men-at-arms I rule in Phthia,  
I am yet unbowed, not old as thou dost think.  
Yea, if I flash but a glance on such an one,  
Shall I put him to rout, old though I be.  
Stronger a stout-heart greybeard is than youths  
Many : what boots a coward's burly bulk ?

760

[*Exeunt* PELEUS, ANDROMACHE, MOLOSSUS,  
and Attendants.

CHORUS

Thou wert better unborn, save of noble fathers (*Str.*)  
Descended, in halls of the rich thou abide.  
If the high-born have wrong, for his championing  
gathers

770

A host that shall strike on his side.  
There is honour for them that be published the scions  
Of princely houses : the tide  
Of time never drowneth the story  
Of fathers heroic : it flasheth defiance  
To death from its deathless glory.

473

780 κρείσσον δὲ νίκαν μὴ κακόδοξον ἔχειν ἀντ.  
 ἢ ξὺν φθόνῳ σφάλλειν δυνάμει τε δίκαν.  
 ἦδὺν μὲν γὰρ αὐτίκα τοῦτο βροτοῖσιν,  
 ἐν δὲ χρόνῳ τελέθει  
 ξηρὸν καὶ ὀνείδεσιν ἔγκειται δόμων.  
 ταύταν ἦνεσα ταύταν  
 καὶ φέρομαι βιοτάν,  
 μηδὲν δίκας ἔξω κράτος ἐν θαλάμοις  
 καὶ πόλει δύνασθαι.

790 ὦ γέρον Λιακίδα, ἐπφδ.  
 πείθομαι καὶ σὺν Λαπίθαισί σε Κενταύροις  
 ὀμιλήσαι δορὶ κλεινοτάτῳ  
 καὶ ἐπ' Ἀργίου δορὸς ἄξενον ὑγρὰν  
 ἐκπερᾶσαι ποντιᾶν Ξυμπληγάδων  
 κλεινὰν ἐπὶ ναυστολίαν,  
 Ἴλιάδα τε πόλιν ὅτε πάρος  
 εὐδόκιμος Διὸς ἱνις  
 ἀμφέβαλεν φόνῳ,  
 800 κοινὰν τὰν εὐκλειαν ἔχοντ'  
 Εὐρώπαν ἀφικέσθαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, ὡς κακὸν κακῶν  
 διάδοχον ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ πορσύνεται.  
 δέσποινα γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, Ἑρμιόνην λέγω,  
 πατρός τ' ἐρημωθεῖσα συννοία θ' ἄμα  
 οἶον δέδρακεν ἔργον Ἀνδρομάχην κτανεῖν  
 καὶ παῖδα βουλεύσασα, κατθανεῖν θέλει,  
 πόσιν τρέμουσα, μὴ ἀντὶ τῶν δεδραμένων  
 810 ἐκ τῶνδ' ἀτίμως δωμάτων ἀποσταλῆ,  
 ἢ κατθάνῃ κτείνουσα τοὺς οὐ χρῆ κτανεῖν.  
 μόλις δέ νιν θέλουσαν ἀρτῆσαι δέρην



ANDROMACHE

But a victory stained—ah, best forgo it, (Aut.)  
 If thy triumph must wrest to thy shame the right: 780  
 Yea, 'tis sweet at the first unto mortals, I know it;  
 But barren in time's long flight  
 Doth it wax: 'tis as infamy's cloud o'er thy towers.  
 Nay, this be my song, the delight  
 Of my days, and the prize worth winning,—  
 That I wield no dominion, in home's bride-bowers,  
 Nor o'er men, that I may not unsinning.

O ancient of Aeacus' line, (Epode) 790  
 Now know I, when Lapithans dashing on Centaurs  
 charged victorious,  
 There did thy world-famed war-spear shine,—  
 That, on Argo riding the havenless brine,  
 Thou didst burst through the gates of the Clashing  
 Rocks on the sea-quest glorious; [past  
 And when great Zeus' son in the days over-  
 Round Ilium the meshes of slaughter had cast,  
 As ye sped unto Europe returning, there too was thy  
 fame's star burning, 800  
 For the half of the glory was thine.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE

O dear my friends, how evil in the steps  
 Of evil on this day still followeth!  
 For now my lady Hermione within,  
 Deserted by her father, conscience-stricken  
 For that her plotted crime of slaughtering  
 Andromache and her son, is fain to die,  
 Dreading her husband, lest for these her deeds  
 He drive her from yon halls with infamy,  
 Or slay her, who would fain have slain the guiltless. 810  
 And scarce, when she essayed to hang herself,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἵργουσι φύλακες δμῶες ἔκ τε δεξιᾶς  
 ξίφη καθαρπάζουσιν ἐξαιρούμενοι.  
 οὕτω μεταλγεί καὶ τὰ πρὶν δεδραμένα  
 ἔγνωκε πράξασ' οὐ καλῶς. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν  
 δέσποιναν εἵργουσ' ἀγχόνης κάμνω, φίλαι  
 ὑμεῖς δὲ βᾶσαι τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω  
 θανάτου νιν ἐκλύσασθε· τῶν γὰρ ἠθάδων  
 φίλων νέοι μολόντες εὐπιθέστεροι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

820 καὶ μὴν ἐν οἴκοις προσπόλων ἀκούομεν  
 βοὴν ἐφ' οἷσιν ἦλθες ἀγγέλλουσα σύ.  
 δείξειν δ' ἔοικεν ἢ τάλαιν' ὅσον στένει  
 πράξασα δεινά· δωμάτων γὰρ ἐκπερᾶ  
 φεύγουσα χεῖρας προσπόλων πόθῳ θανεῖν.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἰὼ μοί μοι στρ. α'  
 σπάραγμα κόμας ὀνύχων τε δαί' ἀ-  
 μύγματα θήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί δράσεις ; σῶμα σὸν καταικιεῖ ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ· ἀντ. α'  
 830 ἔρρ' αἰθέριον πλοκάμων ἐμῶν ἄπο,  
 λεπτόμιτον φάρος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τέκνον, κάλυπτε στέρνα, σύνδησαι πέπλους.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί δέ με δεῖ στέρνα καλύπτειν πέπλοις ; στρ. β'  
 δῆλα καὶ ἀμφιφανῆ καὶ ἄκρυπτα  
 δεδράκαμεν πόσιν.

## ANDROMACHE

Her watching servants stayed her, from her hand  
 Catching the sword and wresting it away;  
 With such fierce anguish seeth she her sins  
 Already wrought. O friends, my strength is spent  
 Dragging my mistress from the noose of death!  
 Oh, enter ye yon halls, deliver her  
 From death: for oft new-comers more prevail  
 In such an hour than one's familiar friends.

CHORUS

Lo, in the palace hear we servants' cries 829  
 Touching that thing whereof thou hast made report.  
 Hapless!—she is like to prove how bitterly  
 She mourns her crimes: for, fleeing forth the house  
 Eager to die, she hath 'scaped her servants' hands.

HERMIONE *rushes on to the stage.*

HERMIONE

Woe's me! with shriek on shriek *(Str. 1)*  
 I will make of mine hair a rending, will tear with  
 ruining fingers my red-furrowed cheek!

NURSE

Daughter, what wilt thou do?—wilt mar thy form?

HERMIONE

Alas, and well-a-day! *(Ant. 1)*  
 Hence from mine head, thou gossamer-thread of my  
 wimple!—float on the wind away! 830

NURSE

Child, veil thy bosom, gird thy vesture-folds!

HERMIONE

*(Str. 2)*  
 What have I to do, with my vesture to veil  
 My bosom, when bared are the crimes I have dared  
 against my lord, bared naked to light?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀλγείς, φόνον ῥάψασα συγγάμῳ σέθεν ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

κατὰ μὲν οὖν στένω δαΐας τόλμας, ἂν ἔρεξ' αὐτ. β'  
 ἂ κατάρατος ἐγὼ κατάρατος  
 ἀνθρώποις.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

840 συγγνώσεταιί σοι τήνδ' ἀμαρτίαν πόσις.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί μοι ξίφος ἐκ χερὸς ἠγρεύσω ;  
 ἀπόδος, ὦ φίλ', ἀπόδος, ἴν' ἀνταίαν  
 ἐρείσω πλαγάν· τί με βρόχων εὔργεις ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀλλ' εἴ σ' ἀφείην μὴ φρονούσαν, ὡς θάνοις ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

οἴμοι πότμον.  
 ποῦ μοι πυρὸς φίλα φλόξ ;  
 ποῦ δ' εἰς πέτρας ἀερθῶ,  
 850 ἢ κατὰ πόντον ἢ καθ' ὕλαν ὀρέων,  
 ἵνα θανοῦσα νερτέροισιν μέλω ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί ταῦτα μοχθεῖς ; συμφοραὶ θεήλατοι  
 πᾶσιν βροτοῖσιν ἢ τότε ἦλθον ἢ τότε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἔλιπες ἔλιπες, ὦ πάτερ, ἐπακτίαν  
 ὡσεὶ μονάδ' ἔρημον οὔσαν ἐνάλου κώπας.  
 ἰλεῖ ὀλεῖ με· τᾶδ' οὐκέτ' ἐνοικήσω  
 νυμφιδίῳ στέγᾳ.

## ANDROMACHE

NURSE

Griev'st thou to have contrived thy rival's death?

HERMIONE

(Ant. 2)

O yea, for my murderous daring I wail,  
For my fury-burst, O woman accurst!—O woman  
accurst in all men's sight!

NURSE

Thy lord shall yet forgive thee this thy sin.

840

HERMIONE

O why didst thou wrest that sword from mine hand?  
Give it back, give it back, dear friend; be the brand  
Thrust home!—mine hanging why didst thou with-  
stand?

NURSE

What, should I leave thee thus distraught to die?

HERMIONE

Woe's me for my destiny.

O for the fire!—I would hail it my friend!

O to the height of a scour to ascend—

To crash through the trees of the mountain, to plunge  
mid the sea, [me!

To die, that the nethergloom shadows may welcome 850

NURSE

Why fret thyself for this? Heaven's visitation  
Sooner or later cometh on all men.

HERMIONE

Thou hast left me, my father, hast left, as a bark by  
the tide

Left stranded and stripped of the last sea-plashing oar!  
He shall slay me, shall slay! 'Neath the roof that  
knew me a bride

Shall I dwell never more!

479

860 τίνος ἀγαλμάτων ἰκέτις ὄρμαθῶ,  
 ἢ δούλα δούλας γόνασι προσπέσω ;  
 Φθιάδος ἐκ γᾶς  
 κυανόπτερος ὄρνις εἴθ' εἶην,  
 ἢ πευκᾶεν σκάφος, ἃ  
 διὰ Κυανέας ἐπέρασεν ἄκτας  
 πρωτόπλοος πλάτα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

870 ὦ παῖ, τὸ λίαν οὐτ' ἐκείν' ἐπήνεσα,  
 ὅτ' εἰς γυναῖκα Τρωάδ' ἐξημάρτανες,  
 οὐτ' αὖ τὸ νῦν σου δεῖμ' ὃ δειμαίνεις ἄγαν.  
 οὐχ ὦδε κῆδος σὸν διώσεται πόσις  
 φαύλοισι γυναικὸς βαρβάρου πεισθεὶς λόγοις.  
 οὐ γάρ τί σ' αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ Τροίας ἔχει,  
 ἀλλ' ἀνδρὸς ἐσθλοῦ παῖδα σὺν πολλοῖς λαβῶν  
 ἔδνοισι, πόλεώς τ' οὐ μέσως εὐδαίμονος.  
 πατήρ δέ σ' οὐχ ὦδ' ὡς σὺ δειμαίνεις, τέκνον,  
 προδοὺς ἐάσει δωμάτων τῶνδ' ἐκπεσεῖν.  
 ἀλλ' εἴσιθ' εἴσω μηδὲ φαντάζου δόμων  
 πάροιθε τῶνδε, μή τιν' αἰσχύνην λάβῃς  
 πρόσθεν μελάθρων τῶνδ' ὀρωμένη, τέκνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

880 καὶ μὴν ὄδ' ἀλλόχρως τις ἔκδημος ξένος  
 σπουδῇ πρὸς ἡμᾶς βημάτων πορευέται.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ξένοι γυναῖκες, ἢ τάδ' ἔστ' Ἀχιλλέως  
 παιδὸς μέλαθρα καὶ τυραννικαὶ στέγαι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔγνωσ' ἀτὰρ τίς ὢν σὺ πυνθάνει τάδε ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Ἀγαμέμνονός τε καὶ Κλυταιμνήστρας τόκος,  
 ὄνομα δ' Ὀρέστης. ἔρχομαι δὲ πρὸς Διὸς

ANDROMACHE

To the feet of what statue of Gods shall the suppliant  
 fly? [shall I lie? 860  
 Or crouched at the bondwoman's knees like a slave  
 O that from Phthia, a bird dark-winged, I were soaring,  
 Or were such as the pine-wrought galley, that flew  
 The first of the ships of earth her swift course oaring  
 Through the Crag Dark-blue!

NURSE

My child, thy frenzy of rage I praised not then  
 When thou against the Trojan dame didst sin,  
 Nor praise the frenzy of dread that shakes thee now.  
 Not thus thy lord will thrust his wife away  
 By weak words of barbarian woman swayed. 870  
 In thee he wed no captive torn from Troy,  
 Nay, but a prince's child, and gat with thee  
 Rich dowry from a city of golden weal.  
 Nor will thy father, as thou fearest, child,  
 Forsake and let thee from these halls be driven.  
 Nay, pass within; make not thyself a show  
 Before this house, lest thou shouldst get thee shame,  
 Before this palace seen of men, my child.

CHORUS

But lo, an outland stranger, alien-seeming,  
 With hasty steps to usward journeyeth. 880

*Enter ORESTES.*

ORESTES

Dames of a foreign land, be these the halls  
 And royal palace of Achilles' son?

CHORUS

Thou sayest: but who art thou that askest this?

ORESTES

Agamemnon's son and Clytemnestra's I,  
 My name Orestes: to Zeus' oracle

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μαντεῖα Δωδωναί· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην  
 Φθίαν, δοκεῖ μοι ξυγγενοῦς μαθεῖν περὶ  
 γυναικός, εἰ ζῆ κεύτυχοῦσα τυγχάνει  
 ἢ Σπαρτιάτις Ἑρμιόνη· τηλουρὰ γὰρ  
 890 ναίουσ' ἀφ' ἡμῶν πεδί' ὅμως ἐστὶν φίλη.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὦ ναυτίλοισι χεῖματος λιμὴν φανείς  
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ, πρὸς σε τῶνδε γουνάτων,  
 οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς ὦν ἐπισκοπεῖς τύχας,  
 πράσσοντας οὐκ εὔ. στεμμάτων δ' οὐχ ἥσσονας  
 σοῖς προστίθημι γόνασιν ὠλένας ἐμάς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα·

τί χρῆμα; μῶν ἐσφάλμεθ' ἢ σαφῶς ὄρω  
 δόμων ἀνασσαν τήνδε Μενέλεω κόρην;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦνπερ μόνην γε Τυνδαρίς τίκτει γυνή  
 Ἑλένη κατ' οἴκους πατρί· μηδὲν ἀγνοεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

900 ὦ Φοῖβ' ἀκέστορ, πημάτων δοίης λύσιν.  
 τί χρῆμα; πρὸς θεῶν ἢ βροτῶν πάσχεις κακά;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τὰ μὲν πρὸς ἡμῶν, τὰ δὲ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ὅς μ' ἔχει,  
 τὰ δ' ἐκ θεῶν του· πανταχῆ δ' ὀλώλαμεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίς οὖν ἂν εἶη μὴ πεφυκότων γέ πω  
 παίδων γυναικὶ συμφορὰ πλὴν εἰς λέχος;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ καὶ νοσοῦμεν· εὔ μ' ὑπηγάγου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλην τί' εὐνήν ἀντὶ σοῦ στέργει πόσις;



## ANDROMACHE

Bound, at Dodona. Seeing I am come  
 To Phthia, good it seems that I inquire  
 Of my kinswoman, if she lives and thrives,  
 Hermione of Sparta. Though she dwell  
 In a far land from us, she is all as dear.

890

HERMIONE

O haven in a storm by shipmen seen,  
 Agamemnon's son, by these thy knees I pray,  
 Pity me of whose lot thou questionest,  
 Afflicted me! With arms, as suppliant wreaths  
 Strong to constrain, I clasp thy very knees.

ORESTES

What ails thee? Have I erred, or see I clear  
 Menelaus' daughter here, this household's queen?

HERMIONE

Yea, the one daughter Helen Tyndarus' child  
 Bare in his halls unto my sire: doubt not.

ORESTES

O Healer Phoebus, grant from woes release!  
 What ails thee? Art thou wronged of Gods or men?

900

HERMIONE

Of myself partly, partly of my lord,  
 In part of some God: ruin is everywhere!

ORESTES

Now what affliction to a childless wife  
 Could hap, except as touching wedlock-right?

HERMIONE

That mine affliction is: thou promptest well.

ORESTES

What leman in thy stead doth thy lord love?

483

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τὴν αἰχμάλωτον Ἔκτορος ξυνευνέτιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κακόν γ' ἔλεξας, ἄνδρα δίσσ' ἔχειν λέχη.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

910

τοιαῦτα ταῦτα· κᾶτ' ἔγωγ' ἠμυνάμην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μῶν εἰς γυναῖκ' ἔραψας οἶα δὴ γυνή;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

φόνου γ' ἐκείνη καὶ τέκνω νοθαγενεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κᾶκτεινας, ἢ τις συμφορὰ σ' ἀφείλετο;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

γέρων γε Πηλεύς, τοὺς κακίονας σέβων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοὶ δ' ἦν τις ὅστις τοῦδ' ἐκοινώνει φόνου;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

πατήρ γ' ἐπ' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀπὸ Σπάρτης μολών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κᾶπειτα τοῦ γέροντος ἠσσήθη χερί;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

αἰδοῖ γε· καί μ' ἔρημον οἴχεται λιπών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

συνήκα· ταρβεῖς τοῖς δεδραμένοις πόσιν.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

920

ἔγνωσ· ὀλεῖ γάρ μ' ἐνδίκως. τί δεῖ λέγειν;  
 ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σε Δία καλοῦσ' ὁμόγμιον,  
 πέμψου με χώρας τῆσδ' ὅποι προσωτάτω  
 ἢ πρὸς πατρῶον μέλαθρον· ὡς δοκοῦσί γε  
 δόμοι τ' ἐλαύνειν φθέγμ' ἔχοντες οἶδε με,  
 μισεῖ τε γαῖα Φθιάς· εἰ δ' ἤξει πάρος

## ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

The captive woman that was Hector's wife.

ORESTES

An ill tale, that a man should have two wives!

HERMIONE

Even so it was, and I against it fought.

910

ORESTES

Didst thou for her devise a woman's vengeance?

HERMIONE

Ay, death for her and for her base-born child.

ORESTES

And slewest them?—or some mischance hath foiled thee?

HERMIONE

Old Peleus, championing the baser cause.

ORESTES

Did none in this blood-shedding take thy part?

HERMIONE

My father came from Sparta even for this.

ORESTES

How?—overmastered by the old man's hand?

HERMIONE

Nay, but by reverence;—and forsakes me now.

ORESTES

I see it: for thy deeds thou fear'st thy lord.

HERMIONE

Death is within his right. What can I plead?  
 But I beseech thee by our Kin-god Zeus,  
 Help me from this land far as I may flee,  
 Or to my father's home. These very halls  
 Seem now to have a voice to hoot me forth:  
 The land of Phthia hates me. If my lord

920

Φοίβου λιπὼν μαντεῖον εἰς δόμους πόσις,  
 κτερεῖ μ' ἐπ' αἰσχίστοισιν, ἧ δουλεύσομεν  
 νόθοισι λέκτροις ὧν ἐδέσποζον πρὸ τοῦ.  
 πῶς οὖν τάδ', ὡς εἶποι τις, ἐξημάρτανες;  
 930 κακῶν γυναικῶν εἴσοδοί μ' ἀπώλεσαν,  
 αἷ μοι λέγουσαι τούσδ' ἐχαύνωσαν λόγους·  
 σὺ τὴν κακίστην αἰχμάλωτον ἐν δόμοις  
 δούλην ἀνέξει σοὶ λέχους κοινουμένην;  
 μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν, οὐκ ἂν ἐν γ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις  
 βλέπουσ' ἂν αὐγὰς τᾶμ' ἐκαρπούτ' ἂν λέχη.  
 κἀγὼ κλύουσα τούσδε Σειρήνων λόγους  
 σοφῶν, πανούργων, ποικίλων λαλημάτων,  
 ἐξηνεμώθη μωρία. τί γάρ μ' ἐχρήν  
 940 πόσιν φυλάσσειν, ἧ παρῆν ὅσων ἔδει;  
 πολὺς μὲν ὄλβος, δωμάτων δ' ἠνάσσομεν,  
 παῖδας δ' ἐγὼ μὲν γνησίους ἔτικτον ἂν,  
 ἧ δ' ἠμιδούλους τοῖς ἐμοῖς νοθαγενεῖς.  
 ἀλλ' οὔποτ' οὔποτ', οὐ γὰρ εἰσάπαξ ἐρῶ,  
 χρῆ τοὺς γε νοῦν ἔχοντας οἷς ἔστιν γυνή,  
 πρὸς τὴν ἐν οἴκοις ἄλοχον εἰσφοιτᾶν εἶν  
 γυναῖκας· αὐταὶ γὰρ διδάσκαλοι κακῶν·  
 ἧ μὲν τι κερδαίνουσα συμφθείρει λέχος,  
 ἧ δ' ἀμπλακοῦσα συννοσεῖν αὐτῇ θέλει,  
 950 πολλαὶ δὲ μαργότητι κἀντεῦθεν δόμοι  
 νοσοῦσιν ἀνδρῶν. πρὸς τάδ' εὖ φυλάσσετε  
 κλήθροισι καὶ μοχλοῖσι δωμάτων πύλας·  
 ἰγιές γὰρ οὐδὲν αἰ θύραθεν εἴσοδοι  
 δρῶσιν γυναικῶν, ἀλλὰ πολλὰ καὶ κακά.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄγαν ἐφῆκας γλώσσαν εἰς τὸ σύμφυτον.  
 συγγνωστὰ μὲν νυν σοὶ τάδ', ἀλλ' ὅμως χρεῶν  
 κοσμεῖν γυναῖκας τὰς γυναικείας νόσους.

## ANDROMACHE

Come home from Phoebus' oracle ere my flight,  
 On shamefullest charge I die, or shall be thrall  
 Unto his paramour, till now my slave.

"How then," shall one ask, "cam'st thou so to err?"  
 'Twas pestilent women sought to me, and ruined, 930  
 Which spake and puffed me up with words like  
 these :

"Thou, wilt thou suffer yon base captive thrall  
 Within thine halls to share thy bridal couch?  
 By Heaven's Queen, were it in mine halls, she should  
 not

See light and reap the harvest of my bed!"  
 And I gave ear unto these sirens' words,  
 These crafty, knavish, subtle gossip-mongers,  
 And swelled with wind of folly. Why behoved  
 To spy upon my lord? I had all my need,—  
 Great riches; in his palace was I queen; 940  
 The children I might bear should be true-born;  
 But hers, the bastards, half-thrall unto mine.  
 But never, never—yea, twice o'er I say it,—  
 Ought men of wisdom, such as have a wife,  
 Suffer that women visit in their halls  
 The wife: they are teachers of iniquity.  
 One, for her own ends, beckons on to sin;  
 One, that hath fallen, craves fellowship in shame;  
 And of sheer wantonness many tempt. And so  
 Men's homes are poisoned Therefore guard ye well 950  
 With bolts and bars the portals of your halls;  
 For nothing wholesome comes when enter in  
 Strange women, nay, but mischief manifold.

### CHORUS

Thou hast loosed a reinless tongue against thy sisters.  
 In thee might one forgive it; yet behoves  
 Woman with woman's frailty gently deal.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοφόν τι χρήμα τοῦ διδάξαντος βροτοὺς  
 λόγους ἀκούειν τῶν ἐναντίων πάρα.  
 960 ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰδὼς τῶνδε σύγχυσιν δόμων  
 ἔριν τε τὴν σὴν καὶ γυναικὸς Ἔκτορος,  
 φυλακὰς ἔχων ἔμιμνον, εἴτ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖς  
 εἴτ' ἐκφοβηθεῖς αἰχμαλωτίδος φόβῳ  
 γυναικὸς οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀπηλλάχθαι θέλεις.

ἦλθον δὲ σὰς μὲν οὐ σέβων ἐπιστολάς,  
 εἰ δ' ἐνδιδοίης, ὥσπερ ἐνδίδως, λόγον,  
 πέμψων σ' ἀπ' οἴκων τῶνδ'. ἐμὴ γὰρ οὔσα πρὶν  
 σὺν τῷδε ναίεις ἀνδρὶ σοῦ πατρὸς κάκη,  
 970 ὃς πρὶν τὰ Τροίας εἰσβαλεῖν ὀρίσματα  
 γυναῖκ' ἐμοί σε δοὺς ὑπέσχεθ' ὕστερον  
 τῷ νῦν σ' ἔχοντι, Τρωάδ' εἰ πέρσοι πόλιν.  
 ἐπεὶ δ' Ἀχιλλέως δεῦρ' ἐνόστησεν γόνος,  
 σῶ μὲν συνέγνων πατρί, τὸν δ' ἐλισσόμην  
 γάμους ἀφεῖναι σοὺς, ἐμὰς λέγων τύχας  
 καὶ τὸν παρόντα δαίμον', ὡς φίλων μὲν ἂν  
 γήμαιμ' ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν, ἔκτοθεν δ' οὐ ραδίως,  
 φεύγων ἀπ' οἴκων ἃς ἐγὼ φεύγω φυγὰς.  
 ὁ δ' ἦν ὑβριστὴς εἰς τ' ἐμῆς μητρὸς φόνου  
 τὰς θ' αἵματωποὺς θεὰς ὄνειδίζων ἐμοί.

καγὼ ταπεινὸς ὢν τύχαις ταῖς οἴκοθεν  
 980 ἦλθον μὲν ἦλθον, ξυμφορὰς δ' ἠνειχόμεν,  
 σῶν δὲ στερηθεὶς ὠχόμεν ἄκων γάμων.  
 νῦν οὖν ἐπειδὴ περιπετεῖς ἔχεις τύχας  
 καὶ ξυμφορὰν τήνδ' εἰσπεσοῦς ἀμηχανεῖς,  
 ἄξω σ' ἀπ' οἴκων καὶ πατρὸς δώσω χερί.  
 τὸ συγγενὲς γὰρ δεινόν, ἔν τε τοῖς κακοῖς  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κρεῖσσον οἰκείου φίλου.

## ANDROMACHE

ORESTES

Wise was the rede of him who taught that men  
 Should hear the reasonings of the other side.  
 I, knowing what confusions vexed this house,  
 And of the feud 'twixt thee and Hector's wife,  
 Kept watch and waited, whether thou wouldst stay  
 Here, or, dismayed with dread of that spear-thrall,  
 Out of these halls were minded to avoid.

960

I came, not by thy message drawn so much,  
 As from this house to help thee, shouldst thou grant  
 me  
 Speech of thee, as thou dost. Mine wast thou once,  
 But liv'st with this man through thy father's  
 baseness,

Who, ere he marched unto the coasts of Troy,  
 Betrothed thee mine, thereafter promised thee  
 To him that hath thee now, if he smote Troy.  
 Soon as to Greece returned Achilles' son,  
 Thy father I forgave : thy lord I prayed  
 To set thee free. I pleaded mine hard lot,  
 The fate so haunting me, that I might wed  
 From friends indeed, but scarce of stranger folk,  
 Banished as I am banished from mine home.  
 Then he with insolent scorn cast in my teeth  
 My mother's blood, the gory-visaged fiends.

970

And I—my pride fell with mine house's fortunes—  
 Was heart-wrung, heart-wrung, yet endured my lot,  
 And loth departed, of thy love bereft,  
 But, now thy fortune's dice have fallen awry,  
 And in affliction plunged dost thou despair,  
 Hence will I lead and give thee to thy sire ;  
 For mighty is kinship, and in evil days  
 There is naught better than the bond of blood.

980

## ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

### ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

990 νυμφευμάτων μὲν τῶν ἐμῶν πατὴρ ἐμὸς  
 μέριμναν ἔξει, κοῦκ ἐμὸν κρίνειν τόδε.  
 ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα τῶνδ' ἐμ' ἔκπεμψον δόμων,  
 μὴ φθῆ με προσβάς δῶμα καὶ μολῶν πόσις,  
 ἧ παιδὸς οἴκους μ' ἔξερημοῦσαν μαθῶν  
 Πηλεὺς μετέλθη πωλικοῖς διώγμασιν.

### ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1000 θάρσει γέροντος χεῖρα· τὸν δ' Ἀχιλλέως  
 μηδὲν φοβηθῆς παιδ', ὅσ' εἰς ἐμ' ὕβρισε.  
 τοῖα γὰρ αὐτῷ μηχανὴ πεπλεγμένη  
 βρόχοις ἀκινήτοισιν ἔστηκεν φόνου  
 πρὸς τῆσδε χειρός· ἦν πάρος μὲν οὐκ ἐρῶ,  
 τέλουμένων δὲ Δελφίς εἴσεται πέτρα.  
 ὁ μητροφόντης δ', ἦν δορυξένων ἐμῶν.  
 μείνωσιν ὄρκοι Πυθικὴν ἀνὰ χθόνα,  
 δείξει γαμῆν σε μηδέν', ἦν<sup>1</sup> ἐχρῆν ἐμέ.  
 πικρῶς δὲ πατὴρ φόνοιον αἰτήσῃ δίκην  
 ἄνακτα Φοῖβον· οὐδέ νιν μετάστασις  
 γνώμης ὀνήσῃ θεῷ διδόντα νῦν δίκας,  
 ἀλλ' ἐκ τ' ἐκείνου διαβολαῖς τε ταῖς ἐμαῖς  
 κακῶς ὀλεῖται· γνώσεται δ' ἐχθρὰν ἐμήν.  
 ἐχθρῶν γὰρ ἀνδρῶν μοῖραν εἰς ἀναστροφὴν  
 δαίμων δίδωσι κοῦκ ἐὰ φρονεῖν μέγα.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

1010 ὦ Φοῖβε πυργώσας στρ. α'  
 τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ εὐτειχῆ πάγον,  
 καὶ πόντιε κυανέαις  
 ἵπποις διφρεῦων ἄλιον πέλαγος,  
 τίνος εἶνεκ' ἄτιμον ὀργά-  
 ναν χέρα τεκτοσύνας Ἐ-

<sup>1</sup> Paley : for MSS. σφε μηδέν' ὄν.



## ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

My marriage—'tis my father shall take thought  
 Thereof: herein decision is not mine.  
 But help thou me with all speed forth this house,  
 Lest my lord coming home prevent me yet,  
 Or Peleus learn my flight from his son's halls,  
 And follow in our track with chasing steeds.

990

ORESTES

Fear not the greybeard's hand: yea, nowise fear  
 Achilles' son: his insolence-cup is full;  
 Such toils of doom by this hand woven for him  
 With murder-meshes round him steadfast-staked  
 Are drawn: thereof I speak not ere the time;  
 But, when I strike, the Delphian rock shall know.  
 This mother-murderer—if the oaths be kept  
 Of spear-confederates in the Delphian land—  
 Shall prove none else shall wed thee, mine of right.  
 To his sorrow shall he ask redress of Phoebus  
 For a sire's blood! Nor shall repentance now  
 Avail him, who would make the God amend.  
 By that God's wrath, and slanders sown of me,  
 Die shall he foully, and shall know mine hate:  
 For the God turns the fortune of his foes  
 To overthrow, nor suffereth their high thoughts.

1000

[*Exeunt* ORESTES and HERMIONE,

CHORUS

O Phoebus, who gavest to Ilium a glory (Str. 1)  
 Of diadem-towers on her heights,—and O Master  
 Of Sea-depths, whose grey-gleaming steeds o'er the  
 hoary  
 Surf-ridges speed,—to the War-god, the Waster  
 With spears, for what cause for a spoil did ye cast  
 her,

1010

ἠναλίῳ δοριμήστορι προσθέντες τάλαιναν  
τάλαιναν μεθεῖτε Τροίαν ;

πλείστους δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖσιν ἀντ. α'

Σιμοεντίσιν εὐίππους ὄχους

1020 ἐξεύξατε καὶ φονίους

ἀνδρῶν ἀμίλλας ἔθετ' ἀστεφάνους·

ἀπὸ δὲ φθίμενοι βεβᾶσιν

Ἰλιάδαι βασιλῆες,

οὐδ' ἔτι πῦρ ἐπιβώμιον ἐν Τροίᾳ θεοῖσιν

λέλαμπεν καπνῶ θυώδει.

βέβακε δ' Ἀτρείδας ἀλόχου παλάμαις· στρ. β'

αὐτά τ' ἐναλλάξασα φόνον θανάτῳ

1030 πρὸς τέκνων ἀπηύρα·

θεοῦ θεοῦ νιν κέλευσμ' ἐπεστράφη

μαντόσυνον, ὅτε νιν Ἀργόθεν πορευθεῖς

Ἀγαμεμνόνιος κέλῳρ

ἀδύτων ἐπιβὰς κτάνεν ματρὸς φονεύς·

ὦ δαῖμον, ὦ Φοῖβε, πῶς πείθομαι ;

πολλαὶ δ' ἀν' Ἑλλάνων ἀγόρους στοναχὰς ἀντ. β'

μέλποντο δυστάνων τεκέων, ἄλοχοι δ'

1040 ἐξέλειπον οἴκους

πρὸς ἄλλον εὐνάτορ'. οὐχὶ σοὶ μόνα

δύσφρονες ἐπέπεσον, οὐ φίλοισι, λῦπαι·

νοσον Ἑλλὰς ἔτλα, νόσον·

ANDROMACHE

Whom your own hands had fashioned, dishonoured to  
lie

In wretchedness, wretchedness—her that was Troy?

(*Ant.* 1)

And by Simois ye yoked to the chariots fleet horses  
Unnumbered, in races of blood which contended,  
Whose lords for no wreaths ran their terrible courses, 1020  
Where the princes of Ilium to Hades descended,  
Where upstreameth no more with the altar-flames  
blended

The odour of incense to dream through the sky  
Round the feet of Immortals—from her that was Troy!

(*Str.* 2)

And Atreides hath passed; for on him lighted slaughter  
At the hands of a wife: and with murder she bought  
her

Death, at the hands of her child to receive it:  
For a God's, O a God's hest levin-wise glared 1030  
Bodings of death on her, doomings declared  
In the hour Agamemnon's son forth fared  
To his temple from Argos; then thundered it o'er him;  
And he slew her, he murdered the mother that bore  
him!

God, Phoebus!—ah must I, ah must I believe it?

(*Ant.* 2)

And wherever the Hellenes were gathered was  
mourning

Of wives for their lost ones, the sons unreturning,  
And of brides from their bowers of espousal  
departing 1040

To another lord's couch:—O, not only on thee  
Down swooping fell anguish of misery,  
Nor alone on thy loved ones; but Hellas must be

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

διέβα δὲ Φρυγῶν πρὸς εὐκάρπους γύας  
σκηπτὸς σταλάσσων τὸν Ἄϊδα φόνον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

1050

Φθιώτιδες γυναῖκες, ἱστοροῦντί μοι  
σημήνατ' ἠσθόμην γὰρ οὐ σαφῆ λόγον  
ὡς δώματ' ἐκλιπούσα Μενέλεω κόρη  
φρούδη τάδ' ἤκω δ' ἐκμαθεῖν σπουδὴν ἔχων  
εἰ ταῦτ' ἀληθῆ· τῶν γὰρ ἐκδήμων φίλων  
δεῖ τοὺς κατ' οἶκον ὄντας ἐκπονεῖν τύχας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Πηλεῦ, σαφῶς ἤκουσας· οὐδ' ἐμοὶ καλὸν  
κρύπτειν ἐν οἴσπερ οὔσα τυγχάνω κακοῖς.  
Βασίλεια γὰρ τῶνδ' οἴχεται φυγὰς δόμων.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

τίνος φόβου τυχοῦσα ; διαπέραινε μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πόσιν τρέμουσα, μὴ δόμων νιν ἐκβάλλη.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

μῶν ἀντὶ παιδὸς θανασίμων βουλευμάτων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ναί, καὶ γυναικὸς αἰχμαλωτίδος φόβῳ.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

1060

σὺν πατρὶ δ' οἴκους ἢ τίνος λείπει μέτα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄγαμέμνονός νιν παῖς βέβηκ' ἄγων χθονός.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ποῖαν περαίνων ἐλπίδ' ; ἢ γῆμαι θέλων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ σοῦ γε παιδὸς παιδὶ πορσύνων μόρον.

ANDROMACHE

Bowed 'neath the plague, 'neath the plague; and on-  
 sweeping [dripping,  
 Like a cloud whence the death-rain of Hades was  
 Passed the scourge, o'er the Phrygians' fair harvest-  
 fields darting.

*Enter PELEUS, attended.*

PELEUS

Women of Phthia, unto that I ask  
 Make answer, for a rumour have I heard  
 That Menelaus' child hath left these halls  
 And fled away. In haste I come to learn  
 If this be sooth; for we which bide at home  
 Should bear the burdens of our absent friends.

1050

CHORUS

Peleus, truth hast thou heard: 'twere for my shame  
 To hide the ills wherein my lot is cast.  
 O yea, the queen is gone—fled from these halls.

PELEUS

With what fear stricken? Tell me all the tale.

CHORUS

Dreading her lord, lest forth the home he cast her.

PELEUS

For that her murder-plot against his son?

CHORUS

Yea: of the captive dame adread withal.

PELEUS

Forth with her father went she, or with whom?

1060

CHORUS

Agamemnon's son hath led her from the land.

PELEUS

Yea?—furthering what hope? Would he wed her?

CHORUS

Yea: and for thy son's son he plotteth death.

495

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

κρυπτός καταστάς ἢ κατ' ὄμμ' ἐλθὼν μάχη;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀγνοῖς ἐν ἱεροῖς Λοξίου Δελφῶν μέτα.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οἴμοι · τόδ' ἤδη δεινόν. οὐχ ὅσον τάχος  
χωρήσεται τις Πυθικὴν πρὸς ἐστίαν  
καὶ τὰνθάδ' ὄντα τοῖς ἐκεῖ λέξει φίλοις  
πρὶν παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως κατθανεῖν ἐχθρῶν ὕπο;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1070

ὦμοι μοι ·  
οἴας ὁ τλήμων ἀγγελῶν ἤκω τύχας  
σοί τ', ὦ γεραιέ, καὶ φίλοισι δεσπότου.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

αἰαῖ · πρόμαντις θυμὸς ὥς τι προσδοκᾷ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐχ ἔστι σοι παῖς παιδός, ὡς μάθης, γέρον  
Πηλεῦ · τοιάσδε φασγάνων πληγὰς ἔχει  
Δελφῶν ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ Μυκηναίου ξένου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾶ ᾶ, τί δράσεις, ὦ γεραιέ ; μὴ πέσης ·  
ἔπαιρε σαυτόν.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐδέν εἰμ' · ἀπωλόμην.  
φρούδη μὲν αὐδή, φρούδα δ' ἄρθρα μου κάτω.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1080

ἄκουσον, εἰ καὶ σοῖς φίλοις ἀμυναθεῖν  
χρήξεις, τὸ πραχθέν, σὸν κατορθώσας δέμας.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ μοῖρα, γήρως ἐσχάτοις πρὸς τέρμασιν  
οἴα με τὸν δύστηνον ἀμφιβᾶσ' ἔχεις.

## ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

Lying in wait, or face to face in fight?

CHORUS

With Delphians, in Loxias' holy place.

PELEUS

Ah me! grim peril this! Away with speed  
Let one depart unto the Pythian hearth,  
And to our friends there tell the deeds here done,  
Or ever Achilles' son be slain of foes.

*Enter* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Woe's me, woe's me!  
Bearing what tidings of mischance to thee,  
Ancient, and all that love my lord, I come!

1070

PELEUS

O my prophetic soul, what ill it bodes!

MESSENGER

Thy son's son, ancient Peleus, is no more,  
Such dagger-thrusts hath he received of men  
Of Delphi, and that stranger of Mycenae.

CHORUS

Ah, what wilt do, O ancient?—fall not thou!  
Uplift thee!

PELEUS

I am naught: it is my death.  
Faiileth my voice, my limbs beneath me fail.

MESSENGER

Hearken, if thou wouldst also avenge thy friends.  
Upraise thy body, hear what deed was done.

1080

PELEUS

O Fate, how hast thou compassed me about,  
The hapless, upon eld's extremest verge!

497

πῶς δ' οἴχεται μοι παῖς μόνου παιδὸς μόνος;  
σήμαιν'· ἀκούσαι δ' οὐκ ἀκούσθ' ὅμως θέλω.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1090 ἐπεὶ τὸ κλεινὸν ἤλθομεν Φοῖβου πέδον,  
τρῆς μὲν φαεινὰς ἡλίου διεξόδους  
θέα διδόντες ὄμματ' ἐξεπίμπλαμεν.  
καὶ τοῦθ' ὑποπτον ἦν ἄρ'· εἰς δὲ συστάσεις  
κύκλους τ' ἐχώρει λαὸς οἰκήτωρ θεοῦ.  
Ἀγαμέμνονος δὲ παῖς διαστείχων πόλιν  
εἰς οὓς ἐκάστῳ δυσμενεῖς ἠῦδα λόγους·  
ὄρατε τοῦτον, ὃς διαστείχει θεοῦ  
χρυσοῦ γέμοντα γύαλα, θησαυροὺς βροτῶν,  
τὸ δεύτερον παρόντ' ἐφ' οἷσι καὶ πάρος  
δεῦρ' ἦλθε Φοῖβου ναὸν ἐκπέρσαι θέλων;  
καὶ τοῦδ' ἐχώρει ῥόθιον ἐν πόλει κακόν,  
ἀρχαί τ' ἐπληροῦντ' εἰς τε βουλευτήρια  
ἰδίᾳ θ' ὅσοι θεοῦ χρημάτων ἐφέστασαν  
φρουρὰν ἐτάξαντ' ἐν περιστύλοις δόμοις.  
1100 ἡμεῖς δὲ μῆλα, φυλλάδος Παρνασίας  
παιδεύματ', οὐδὲν τῶνδέ πω πεπυσμένοι,  
λαβόντες ἡμεν ἐσχάrais τ' ἐφέσταμεν  
σὺν προξένοισι μάντεσίν τε Πυθικοῖς.  
καὶ τις τόδ' εἶπεν· ὦ νεανία, τί σοι  
θεῶ κατευξώμεσθα; τίνος ἦκεις χάριν;  
ὁ δ' εἶπε· Φοῖβῳ τῆς πάροισ' ἀμαρτίας  
δίκας παρασχεῖν βουλόμεσθ'· ἤτησα γὰρ  
πατρός ποτ' αὐτὸν αἵματος δοῦναι δίκην.  
1110 κἀνταῦθ' Ὀρέστου μῦθος ἰσχύων μέγα  
ἐφαίνεθ', ὡς ψεύδοιτο δεσποτῆς ἐμὸς  
ἦκων ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς. ἔρχεται δ' ἀνακτόρων  
κρηπίδος ἐντός, ὡς πάρος χρηστηρίων  
εὐξαιτο Φοῖβῳ, τυγχάνει δ' ἐν ἐμπύροις·



## ANDROMACHE

How perished he, my one son's only son?  
 Tell: though it blast mine ears, fain would I hear.

### MESSENGER

When unto Phoebus' world-famed land we came,  
 Three radiant courses of the sun we gave  
 To gazing, and with beauty filled our eyes.  
 This bred mistrust: the folk in the God's close  
 That dwelt, drew into knots and muttering rings,  
 While Agamemnon's son passed through the town, 1090  
 And whispered deadly hints in each man's ear:—  
 "See ye yon man who prowls the God's shrines  
 through,

Shrines full of gold, the nations' treasures,  
 Who on the selfsame mission comes again  
 As erst he came, to rifle Phoebus' shrine?"  
 Therefrom ill rumour surged the city through:  
 Their magistrates the halls of council thronged;  
 And the God's treasure-warders, of their part,  
 Set guards along the temple colonnades.  
 But we, yet knowing nought of this, took sheep, 1100  
 The nurslings of the glades Parnassian,  
 And went and stood beside the holy hearths  
 With public-hosts and Pythian oracle-seers.  
 And one spake thus: "Prince, what request for thee  
 Shall we make to the God? For what com'st  
 thou?"

"To Phoebus," said he, "would I make amends  
 For my past sin: for I required of him  
 Once satisfaction for my father's blood."  
 Then was Orestes' slander proved of might  
 In the hoarse murmur from the throng, "He lies! 1110  
 He hath come for felony!" On he passed, within  
 The temple-fence, before the oracle  
 To pray, and was in act to sacrifice:—

- τῷ δὲ ξιφήρης ἄρ' ὑφειστήκει λόχος  
 δάφνη σκιασθείς· ὦν Κλυταιμνήστρας τόκος  
 εἰς ἦν ἀπάντων τῶνδε μηχανορράφος.  
 χῶ μὲν κατ' ὄμμα στὰς προσεύχεται θεῶ·  
 οἱ δ' ὄξυθήκτοις φασγάνοις ὀπλισμένοι  
 κεντοῦσ' ἀτευχῆ παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως λάθρα.  
 1120 χωρεῖ δὲ πρύμναν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς καιρὸν τυπεῖς  
 ἐτύγχαν', ἐξέλκει δέ, καὶ παραστάδος  
 κρεμαστὰ τεύχη πασσάλων καθαρπάσας  
 ἔστη πῖ βωμοῦ γοργὸς ὀπλίτης ἰδεῖν,  
 βοᾷ δὲ Δελφῶν παῖδας ἱστορῶν τάδε·  
 τίνοσ μ' ἕκατι κτείνειτ' εὐσεβεῖς ὁδοὺς  
 ἦκοντα; ποίας ὄλλυμαι πρὸς αἰτίας;  
 τῶν δ' οὐδὲν οὐδεὶς μυρίων ὄντων πέλας  
 ἐφθέγγεατ', ἀλλ' ἔβαλλον ἐκ χειρῶν πέτροις.  
 1130 πυκνῆ δὲ νιφάδι πάντοθεν σποδοῦμενος  
 προὔτεινε τεύχη κάφυλάσσειτ' ἐμβολὰς  
 ἐκείσε κάκεισ' ἀσπίδ' ἐκτείνων χερί.  
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἦνευ· ἀλλὰ πόλλ' ὁμοῦ βέλη,  
 οἰστοί, μεσάγκυλ' ἔκλυτοί τ' ἀμφώβολοι,  
 σφαγῆς ἐχώρουν βουπόροι ποδῶν πάρος·  
 δεινὰς δ' ἂν εἶδες πυρρίχας φρουρουμένου  
 βέλεμνα παιδός. ὥς δὲ νιν περισταδὸν  
 κύκλῳ κατεῖχον οὐ διδόντες ἀμπνοάς,  
 βωμοῦ κενώσας δεξιμήλον ἐσχάραν,  
 τὸ Τρωικὸν πήδημα πηδήσας ποδοῖν  
 1140 χωρεῖ πρὸς αὐτούς· οἱ δ' ὅπως πελειάδες  
 ἰέρακ' ἰδοῦσαι πρὸς φυγὴν ἐνώτισαν.  
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐπιπτον μιγάδες ἐκ τε τραυμάτων  
 αὐτοῖ θ' ὑφ' αὐτῶν στενοπόρους κατ' ἐξόδους,  
 κραυγῆ δ' ἐν εὐφήμοισι δύσφημος δόμοις  
 πέτραισιν ἀντέκλαγξ'· ἐν εὐδία δέ πως

## ANDROMACHE

Then rose with swords from ambush screened by bays  
 A troop against him : Clytemnestra's son  
 Was of them, weaver of this treason-web.  
 Full in view standing, still to the God he prayed,—  
 When lo, with swords keen-whetted unawares  
 They stab Achilles' son, a man unarmed !  
 Back drew he, stricken, yet not mortally ; 1120  
 He drew his sword, and, snatching helm and shield  
 Upon a column's nails uphung, he stood  
 On the altar-steps, a warrior grim to see ;  
 And cried to Delphi's sons, and this he asked :  
 " Why would ye slay me, who on holy mission  
 Have come ?—on what charge am I doomed to die ?"  
 But of the multitude that surged around  
 None answered word, but ever their hands hurled  
 stones.

Then, by that hail-storm battered from all sides,  
 With shield outstretched he warded him therefrom, 1130  
 To this, to that side turning still the targe ;  
 But naught availed, for in one storm the darts,  
 The arrows, javelins, twy-point spits outlaunched,  
 And slaughter-knives, came hurtling to his feet.  
 Dread war-dance hadst thou seen of thy son's son  
 From darts swift-swerving ! Now they hemmed him  
 round

On all sides, giving him no breathing space.  
 Then from the altar's hearth of sacrifice  
 Leaping with that leap which the Trojans knew,  
 He dashed upon them. They, like doves that spy 1140  
 The hawk high-wheeling, turned their backs in flight.  
 Many in mingled turmoil fell, by wounds,  
 Or trampled of others in strait corridors.  
 Unhallowed clamour broke the temple hush,  
 And far cliffs echoed. As in a calm mid storm,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

1150 ἔστη φαεινοῖς δεσπότης στίλβων ὄπλοις,  
 πρὶν δὴ τις ἀδύτων ἐκ μέσων ἐφθέγγετο  
 δεινόν τε καὶ φρικῶδες, ὦρσε δὲ στρατὸν  
 στρέψας πρὸς ἀλκὴν. ἔνθ' Ἀχιλλέως πίτνει  
 παῖς ὀξυθήκτω πλευρὰ φασγάνῳ τυπεῖς  
 Δελφοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, ὅσπερ αὐτὸν ὤλεσε  
 πολλῶν μετ' ἄλλων ὡς δὲ πρὸς γαῖαν πίτνει,  
 τίς οὐ σίδηρον προσφέρει, τίς οὐ πέτρον,  
 βάλλων ἀράσσω; πᾶν δ' ἀνάλωται δέμας  
 τὸ καλλίμορφον τραυμάτων ὑπ' ἀγρίων.  
 νεκρὸν δὲ δὴ νιν κείμενον βωμοῦ πέλας  
 ἐξέβαλον ἐκτὸς θυοδόκων ἀνακτόρων.  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀναρπάσαντες ὡς τάχος χεροῖν  
 κομίζομέν νιν σοὶ κατοιμῶξαι γόοις  
 1160 κλαῦσαί τε, πρέσβυ, γῆς τε κοσμήσαι τάφῳ.  
 τοιαῦθ' ὁ τοῖς ἄλλοισι θεσπίζων ἀναξ,  
 ὁ τῶν δικαίων πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις κριτής,  
 δίκας διδόντα παῖδ' ἔδρασ' Ἀχιλλέως.  
 ἐμνημόνευσε δ' ὅσπερ ἀνθρωπος κακὸς  
 παλαιὰ νείκη· πῶς ἂν οὖν εἴη σοφός;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδ' ἀναξ ἤδη φοράδην  
 Δελφίδος ἐκ γῆς δῶμα πελάζει.  
 τλήμων ὁ παθῶν, τλήμων δέ, γέρον,  
 καὶ σύ· δέχει γὰρ τὸν Ἀχιλλεῖον  
 1170 σκύμνον ἐς οἴκους, οὐχ ὡς σύ θέλεις·  
 αὐτός τε κακοῖς [πήμασι κύρσας]  
 εἰς ἐν μοίρας συνέκυρσας.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ μοι ἐγώ, κακὸν οἶον ὀρώ τόδε  
 καὶ δέχομαι χερὶ δῶμασί τ' ἀμοῖς.  
 ἰὼ μοί μοι, αἰαῖ,

στρ. α'

## ANDROMACHE

My lord stood flashing in his gleaming arms,  
 Till from the inmost shrine there pealed a voice  
 Awful and thrilling, kindling that array  
 And battleward turning. Then Achilles' son [side  
 Fell, stabbed with a brand keen-whetted through the 1150  
 By a man of Delphi, one that laid him low  
 With helpers many : but, when he was down,  
 Who did not thrust the steel, or cast the stone,  
 Hurling and battering? All his form was marred,  
 So goodly-moulded, by their wild-beast wounds.  
 Then him, beside the altar lying dead,  
 They cast forth from the incense-breathing shrine.  
 But with all speed our hands uplifted him,  
 And to thee bear him, to lament with wail  
 And weeping, ancient, and to ensepulchre. 1100  
 Thus he that giveth oracles to the world,  
 He that is judge to all men of the right,  
 Hath wreaked revenge upon Achilles' son,—  
 Yea, hath remembered, like some evil man,  
 An old, old feud! How then shall he be wise?  
*Enter bearers with corpse of* NEOPTOLEMUS.

### CHORUS

Lo, lo, where the prince, high borne on the bier,  
 From the Delphian land to his home draweth near!  
 Alas for the strong death-quelled! Alas for thee,  
 stricken with eld!

Not as thou wouldest, Achilles' scion 1170  
 To his home dost thou welcome, the whelp of the lion.  
 In oneness of weird, in affliction drear,  
 Art thou linked with the dead lying here.

### PELEUS

Woe for the sight breaking on me, (Str. 1)  
 That mine hands usher in at my door!  
 Ah me, 'tis my death! ah me,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πόλι Θεσσαλία, διολώλαμεν,  
οἰχόμεθ'· οὐκέτι μοι γένος, οὐκέτι  
λείπεται οἴκοις.

1180 ὦ σχέτλιος παθέων ἐγώ· εἰς τίνα  
δὴ φίλον ἀνγὰς βάλλων τέρψομαι ;  
ὦ φίλιον στόμα καὶ γένυ καὶ χέρες,  
εἶθε σ' ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ ἦναρε δαίμων  
Σιμοεντίδα παρ' ἀκτίαν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗτός τ' ἂν ὡς ἐκ τῶνδ' ἐτιμᾶτ' ἄν, γέρον,  
θανών, τὸ σὸν δ' ἦν ὧδ' ἂν εὐτυχέστερον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ γάμος, ὦ γάμος, ὃς τάδε δώματα ἀντ. α'  
καὶ πόλιν ὤλεσας ὤλεσας ἀμάν,

† αἰαῖ αἰαῖ. ὦ παῖ,

1190 μῆποτε σῶν λεχέων τὸ δυσώνυμον  
ὄφελ', ἐμὸν γένος, εἰς τέκνα καὶ δόμον  
ἀμφιβαλέσθαι

Ἐρμιόνας Ἄϊδαν ἐπὶ σοί, τέκνον,†<sup>1</sup>

ἀλλὰ κεραυνῶ πρόσθεν ὀλέσθαι,

μηδ' ἐπὶ τοξοσύνα φονίῳ πατρὸς

† αἷμα τὸ διογενές ποτε Φοῖβον

βροτὸς εἰς θεὸν ἀνάψαι.†

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄτοτοῖ ὄτοτοῖ·

στρ. β'

θανόντα δεσπόταν γόοις

νόμῳ τῷ νερτέρων κατάρξω.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

1200 ὄτοτοῖ ὄτοτοῖ·

ἀντ. β'

διάδοχα δ', ὦ τάλας ἐγώ,

γέρων καὶ δυστυχῆς δακρῦω.

<sup>1</sup> 1188-1192 corrupt : no satisfactory reading ascertained.

## ANDROMACHE

Oh city of Thessaly,  
 No child have I,—this hath undone me,—  
 Neither seed in mine halls any more.  
 Woe for me!—whitherward turning  
 Shall mine eyes see the gladness of yore?  
 O lips, cheek, and hands of my yearning!  
 O had a God but o'erthrown thee  
 'Neath Ilium on Simois' shore!

1180

### CHORUS

Yea, he had fallen with honour, had he died  
 Thus, ancient, and thy lot were happier so.

### PELEUS

Woe's me for the deadly alliance (*Ant. 1*)  
 That hath blasted my city, mine home!  
 Ah my son, that the curse-haunted line  
 Of thy bride,—unto me, unto mine  
 Evil-boding,—had trapped not my scion's 1190  
 Dear limbs in the toils of the tomb,  
 In the net of Hermione's flinging!  
 O that lightning had first dealt her doom!  
 And alas that the arrow, death-bringing  
 To thy sire, stirred a man, for defiance  
 Of a God, against Phoebus to come!

### CHORUS

With a wail ringing up to the sky (*Str. 2*)  
 In the measures of Hades' abider will I  
 Uplift for my lord stricken low lamentation's outcry.

### PELEUS

With a wail to the heavens upborne (*Ant. 2*)  
1200  
 I take up the strain, ah me, and I mourn  
 And I weep, the unblest, the ill-fated, the eld-forlorn.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θεοῦ γὰρ αἶσα, θεὸς ἔκρανε συμφοράν. στρ. γ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ φίλος, ἔλειπες ἐν δόμῳ μ' ἔρημον,<sup>1</sup>  
[ὥμοι μοι, ταλαίπωρον ἐμέ]<sup>2</sup>  
γέροντ' ἄπαιδα νοσφίσας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θανεῖν θανεῖν σε, πρέσβυ, χρῆν πάρος τέκνων. στρ. δ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐ σπαράξομαι κόμαν,  
1210 οὐκ ἐπιθήσομαι δ' ἐμῷ  
κάρα κτύπημα χειρὸς ὀλοοῦν ; ὦ πολισ,  
διπλῶν τέκνων μ' ἐστέρησε Φοῖβος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ κακὰ παθὼν ἰδῶν τε δυστυχήs γέρων, στρ. ε'  
τίν' αἰῶν' εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν ἔξεις ;

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἄτεκνος, ἔρημος, οὐκ ἔχων πέρας κακῶν ἀντ. ε'  
διαντλήσω πόνους ἐς Αἶδαν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μάτην δέ σ' ἐν γάμοισιν ὄλβισαν θεοί. ἀντ. γ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἄμπτάμενα φροῦδα τὰμὰ πάντα κεῖται  
1220 κόμπων μεταρσίων πρόσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μόνος μόνθισιν ἐν δόμοις ἀναστρέφει. ἀντ. δ'

<sup>1</sup> Paley : for δόμον ἔλειπες ἔρημον.

<sup>2</sup> Rejected by Matthiae.



## ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

'Tis God's doom : thine affliction God hath wrought. (Str. 3)

PELEUS

O my belovèd one, lone in his halls hast thou left,  
An old, old man of his children bereft.

CHORUS

Before thy sons shouldst thou have died, have died ! (Str. 4)

PELEUS

And shall I not rend mine hair?  
And shall I from smiting spare 1210  
Mine head, from the ruining hand? O city, see  
How P'hoebus of children twain hath despoiled me !

CHORUS

Ill-starred, who hast seen and suffered evil's stress,  
What life through the rest of thy days shalt thou  
have ? (Str. 5)

PELEUS

Childless, forlorn, my woes are limitless : (Ant. 5)  
I shall drain sorrow's dregs till I sink to the grave.

CHORUS

Gods crowned with joy thy spousals all for naught. (Ant. 3)

PELEUS

Fleeted and vanished and fallen my glories are,  
Far from my boasts high-soaring, O far ! 1220

CHORUS

Lone in the lonely halls must thou abide. (Ant. 4)

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐκέτ' ἔστι μοι πόλις,  
σκῆπτρά τάδ' ἔρρέτω 'πὶ γᾶν,  
σύ τ', ὦ κατ' ἄντρα νύχια Νηρέως κόρη,  
πανώλεθρον γὰ πίτνοντά μ' ὄψει.<sup>1</sup>

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ·  
τί κεκίνηται; τίνος αἰσθάνομαι  
θείου; κοῦραι, λεύσσετ' ἀθρήσατε·  
δαίμων ὄδε τις λευκὴν αἰθέρα  
πορθμεύομενος τῶν ἵπποβότων  
1230 Φθίας πεδίων ἐπιβαίνει.

ΘΕΤΙΣ

Πηλεῦ, χάριν σῶν τῶν πάρος νυμφευμάτων  
ἤκω Θέτις λιποῦσα Νηρέως δόμους.  
καὶ πρῶτα μὲν σοι τοῖς παρεστῶσιν κακοῖς  
μηδέν τι λίαν δυσφορεῖν παρήνεσα·  
καγὼ γάρ, ἦν ἄκλαυστ' ἐχρῆν τίκτειν τέκνα,  
ἀπώλεσ' ἐκ σοῦ παῖδα τὸν ταχὺν πόδας  
'Αχιλλέα τεκοῦσα πρῶτον Ἑλλάδος.  
ὦν δ' εἶνεκ' ἦλθον σημανῶ, σὺ δ' ἐνδέχου.  
1240 τὸν μὲν θανόντα τόνδ' Ἀχιλλέως γόνον  
θάψον πορεύσας Πυθικὴν πρὸς ἐσχάραν,  
Δελφοῖς ὄνειδος, ὡς ἀπαγγέλλη τάφος  
φόνον βίαιον τῆς Ὀρεστείας χερός·  
γυναῖκα δ' αἰχμάλωτον, Ἀνδρομάχην λεγῶ,  
Μολοσσίαν γῆν χρὴ κατοικῆσαι, γέρον,  
'Ελένω συναλλαχθεῖσαν εὐναίοις γάμοις,  
καὶ παῖδα τόνδε τῶν ἀπ' Αἰακοῦ μόνον  
λελειμμένον δῆ· βασιλέα δ' ἐκ τοῦδε χρὴ  
ἄλλον δι' ἄλλου διαπερᾶν Μολοσσίας

<sup>1</sup> Hermann: for MSS. μ' ὄψει πίτνοντα πρὸς γᾶν.

## ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

No city is mine—none now !  
 Down, sceptre, in dust lie thou !  
 Thou, daughter of Nereus, from twilight of thy sea-hall  
 Shalt behold me, in ruin and wrack to the earth as I  
 fall.

CHORUS

What ho ! what ho !  
 What stir in the air, what fragrance divine ?  
 Look yonder !—O mark it, companions mine !  
 Some God through the stainless sky doth speed ;  
 And the car swings low  
 To the plains of Phthia the nurse of the steed. 1230  
*THETIS descends to the stage.*

THETIS

Peleus, for mine espousals' sake of old  
 To thee, I Thetis come from Nereus' halls.  
 And, first, I counsel thee, repine not thou  
 Overmuch for the woes that compass thee.  
 I too, who ought to have borne no child of sorrow,  
 Lost him I bare to thee, my fleetfoot son,  
 Achilles, who in Hellas had no peer.  
 Now hearken while I tell my coming's cause :  
 Thou to the Pythian temple journey ; there  
 Bury thou this thy dead, Achilles' seed, 1240  
 Delphi's reproach, that his tomb may proclaim  
 His death, his murder, by Orestes' hand.  
 And that war-captive dame, Andromache,  
 In the Molossian land must find a home  
 In lawful wedlock joined to Helenus,  
 With that child, who alone is left alive  
 Of Aeacus' line. And kings Molossian  
 From him one after other long shall reign

- 1250 εὐδαιμονοῦντας· οὐ γὰρ ὧδ' ἀνάστατον  
γένος γενέσθαι δεῖ τὸ σὸν κἄμῶν, γέρον,  
Τροίας τε· καὶ γὰρ θεοῖσι κἀκείνης μέλει,  
καίπερ πεσοῦσης Παλλάδος προθυμία.  
σὲ δ', ὡς ἂν εἰδῆς τῆς ἐμῆς εὐνῆς χάριν,  
[θεὰ γεγῶσα καὶ θεοῦ πατρὸς τέκος,]  
κακῶν ἀπαλλάξασα τῶν βροτησίων  
ἀθάνατον ἄφθιτόν τε ποιήσω θεόν.  
κἄπειτα Νηρέως ἐν δόμοις ἐμοῦ μέτα  
τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη θεὸς συνοικήσεις θεᾶ·  
1260 ἔνθεν κομίζων ξηρὸν ἐκ πόντου πόδα  
τὸν φίλτατον σοὶ παῖδ' ἐμοί τ' Ἀχιλλέα  
ὄψει δόμους ναίοντα νησιωτικούς  
Λευκὴν κατ' ἀκτὴν ἐντὸς Εὐξείνου πόρου.  
ἀλλ' ἔρπε Δελφῶν εἰς θεόδμητον πόλιν  
νεκρὸν κομίζων τόνδε, καὶ κρύψας χθονὶ  
ἐλθὼν παλαιᾶς χοιράδος κοῖλον μυχόν  
Σηπιάδος ἴζου· μίμνε δ', ἔστ' ἂν ἐξ ἁλὸς  
λαβοῦσά πεντήκοντα Νηρηίδων χορὸν  
ἔλθω κομιστήν σου· τὸ γὰρ πεπρωμένον  
1270 δεῖ σ' ἐκκομίζειν· Ζηνὶ γὰρ δοκεῖ τάδε.  
παῦσαι δὲ λύπης τῶν τεθνηκότων ὑπερ-  
πᾶσιν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἤδε πρὸς θεῶν  
ψῆφος κέκρανται κατθανεῖν τ' ὀφείλεται.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ πότνι', ὦ γενναῖα συγκοιμήματα,  
Νηρέως γένεθλον, χαίρει ταῦτα δ' ἀξίως  
σαντῆς τε ποιεῖς καὶ τέκνων τῶν ἐκ σέθεν.  
παύσω δὲ λύπην σοῦ κελευούσης, θεά,  
καὶ τόνδε θάψας εἶμι Πηλίου πτυχάς,  
οὔπερ σὸν εἶλον χερσὶ κάλλιστον δέμας.  
κἄτ' οὐ γαμεῖν δῆτ' ἐκ τε γενναίων χρεῶν

## ANDROMACHE

In bliss ; for, ancient, nowise thus thy line  
 And mine is destined to be brought to naught : 1250  
 No, neither Troy ; the Gods yet hold her dear,  
 Albeit by Pallas' eager hate she fell.  
 Thee too—so learn what grace comes of my couch ;  
 A Goddess I, whose father was a God—  
 Will I deliver from all mortal ills,  
 And set thee above decay and death, a God.  
 Henceforth in Nereus' palace thou with me,  
 As God with Goddess, shalt for ever dwell.  
 Thence rising dry-shod from the sea, shalt thou  
 Behold Achilles, thy beloved son 1260  
 And mine, abiding in his island home  
 On the White Strand, within the Euxine Sea.  
 Now fare thou to the Delphians' God-built burg  
 Bearing this corpse, and hide it in the ground ;  
 Then seek the deep cave 'neath the ancient rock  
 Sepias ; abide there : tarry till I rise  
 With fifty chanting Nereids from the sea,  
 To lead thee thence ; for all the doom of fate  
 Must thou accomplish : Zeus's will is this.  
 Refrain thou then from grieving for the dead : 1270  
 For unto all men is this lot ordained  
 Of heaven : from all the debt of death is due.

### PELEUS

O couch-mate mine, O high-born Majesty,  
 Offspring of Nereus, hail thou ! Worthy thee,  
 Worthy thy children, are the things thou dost.  
 Goddess, at thy command my grief shall cease.  
 Him will I bury, and go to Pelion's glens,  
 Where in mine arms I clasped thy loveliest form.  
[Exit THETIS.]  
 Now, shall not whoso is prudent choose his wife,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

1280

δοῦναί τ' ἐς ἐσθλοῦς, ὅστις εὖ βουλευέται,  
κακῶν δὲ λέκτρων μὴ ἴπιθυμίαν ἔχειν,  
μηδ' εἰ ζαπλοῦτους οἴσεται φερνὰς δόμοις;  
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν πράξειαν ἐκ θεῶν κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,  
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραινοῦσι θεοί·  
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,  
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον εὔρε θεός.  
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

## ANDROMACHE

And for his children mates, of noble strain,  
And nurse no longing for an evil bride,  
Not though she bring his house a regal dower?  
So should men ne'er receive ill of the Gods.

1280

### CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they  
  reveal them:  
  Manifold things unhopèd-for the Gods to accom-  
  plishment bring.  
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign  
  not to fulfil them;  
And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods  
  unseal them.  
  So fell this marvellous thing.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*

and the first part of the book is devoted to a description of the various forms of the language as they are spoken in different parts of the country.

The second part of the book is devoted to a description of the various forms of the language as they are spoken in different parts of the country. The third part of the book is devoted to a description of the various forms of the language as they are spoken in different parts of the country.



CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS

## INTRODUCTION

THE Satyric Drama, of which the Cyclops is the solitary example extant, is especially interesting as being a survival in literature. The Greek drama originally, as being designed for representation at the great annual festival of Dionysus or Bacchus, had for its subject some incident in the adventures of that god or his followers. When, early in the fifth century B.C., it became the rule that each dramatic poet should present a trilogy of tragedies at the Greater Dionysia, it was required that to these should be added a fourth play, founded on the ancient theme, as a concession to the popular feeling connected with the Wine-god's festival, and as a recognition of his presence. As the chorus in such plays was invariably composed of Satyrs, the peculiar attendants of Bacchus, such plays were called Satyric Dramas. In these, incidents in the legends of gods and heroes were treated with an approach to burlesque, the high style of tragedy was abandoned at pleasure, the vocabulary contained many words which were beneath the dignity of the serious drama, the dances were wild, and not always decent, the versification was more irregular, broad and wanton jests were not only admitted, but perhaps even prescribed: in short, the unrestrained licence of the original Dionysia found here its literary expression.

The subject of the Cyclops is taken from that adventure of Odysseus which is related with Epic dignity by Homer in the Odyssey, Bk. IX. The divergences, rendered inevitable by the special character of the Satyric Drama, are so great that it cannot be affirmed with certainty that this play was really based on Homer.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΣΑΤΥΡΩΝ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SILENUS, *an old attendant of Bacchus.*

ODYSSEUS, *king of Ithaca.*

CYCLOPS, *a one-eyed giant.*

CHORUS, *consisting of Satyrs.*

*Men of Odysseus' crew.*

SCENE: At the entrance to a great cave at the foot of  
Mount Etna.

## ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

### ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ὦ Βρόμιε, διὰ σὲ μυρίους ἔχω πόνους  
 νῦν χῶτ' ἐν ἤβῃ τοῦμόν εὐσθένει δέμας·  
 πρῶτον μὲν, ἠνίκ' ἐμμανῆς Ἡρας ὑπο  
 Νύμφας ὀρείας ἐκλιπὼν ὄχου τροφούς·  
 ἔπειθ' ὅτ' ἀμφὶ γηγενῆ μάχην δορός  
 ἐνδέξιος σῶ ποδὶ παρασπιστῆς γεγῶς  
 Ἐγκέλαδον ἰτέαν εἰς μέσην θενῶν δορὶ  
 ἔκτεινα—φέρ' ἴδω, τοῦτ' ἴδων ὄναρ λέγω·  
 οὐ μὰ Δί', ἐπεὶ καὶ σκῦλ' ἔδειξα Βακχίῳ.  
 10 καὶ νῦν ἐκείνων μείζον' ἐξαντλῶ πόνον.  
 ἐπεὶ γὰρ Ἡρα σοι γένος Τυρσηρικὸν  
 ληστῶν ἐπῶρσεν, ὡς ὀδηθείης μακράν,  
 ἐγὼ πυθόμενος σὺν τέκνοισι ναυστολῶ  
 σέθεν κατὰ ζήτησιν. ἐν πρύμνῃ δ' ἄκρα  
 αὐτὸς λαβὼν ἠϋθυνον ἀμφῆρες δόρυ,  
 παῖδες τ' ἐρετμοῖς ἤμενοι, γλαυκὴν ἄλα  
 ῥοθίοισι λευκαίνοντες, ἐζήτηον σ', ἀναξ.  
 ἤδη δὲ Μαλέας πλησίον πεπλευκότας  
 ἀπηλιώτης ἄνεμος ἐμπνεύσας δορὶ  
 20 ἐξέβαλεν ἡμᾶς τήνδ' ἐς Αἰτναίαν πέτραν,  
 ἵν' οἱ μονῶπες ποντίου παῖδες θεοῦ  
 Κύκλωπες οἰκοῦσ' ἄντρ' ἔρημ' ἀνδροκτόνοι.

## CYCLOPS

*Enter from the cave SILENUS, dragging after him a rusty iron rake.*

SILENUS

O Bacchus!—oh the back-aches that I got  
In your cause, when my youthful blood was hot:  
First, when, with addled brains through Hera's  
curses,

You bolted from the Mountain-maids, your nurses;  
Next time, when, in the Battle o' Phlegra Field,  
I was your right-hand man, and through the shield  
Of Giant Whatshisname I neatly put  
A yard of spear—what, dreamed all this? Tut, tut!  
Did Bacchus dream I showed the monster's spoils  
To him? Ah, that was play beside these toils!  
For, O my Bacchus, Hera set on you

10

A gang of thieves, a Tuscan pirate-crew,  
To take you on a very distant trip.  
I heard of it, and promptly manned a ship  
With my wild boys, and sailed upon the quest.  
I took the helm, and—well, I did my best;  
And the boys rowed—at least, made shift to fling  
Some foam about; and so we sought our king.  
But, just as on our quarter Malca lay,  
An east wind blew, and cast our ship away  
Upon this rocky shore by Etna's roots,  
Home of the Cyclops (Neptune's amours' fruits),  
One-eyed, cave-kennelled, man-devouring brutes.

20

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τούτων ἐνὸς ληφθέντες ἔσμεν ἐν δόμοις  
 δούλοι· καλοῦσι δ' αὐτὸν ᾧ λατρεύομεν  
 Πολύφημον. ἀντὶ δ' εὐίων βακχευμάτων  
 ποιίμνας Κύκλωπος ἀνοσίου ποιμαίνομεν.  
 παῖδες μὲν οὖν μοι κλιτύων ἐν ἐσχάτοις  
 νέμουσι μῆλα νέα νέοι πεφυκότες,  
 30 ἐγὼ δὲ πληροῦν πίστρα καὶ σαίρειν στέγας  
 μένων τέταγμαί τάσδε, τῷ τε δυσσεβεῖ  
 Κύκλωπι δείπνων ἀνοσίων διάκονος.  
 καὶ νῦν, τὰ προσταχθέντ', ἀναγκαίως ἔχει  
 σαίρειν σιδηρᾷ τῆδέ μ' ἀρπάγῃ δόμους,  
 ὡς τόν τ' ἀπόντα δεσπότην Κύκλωπ' ἐμὸν  
 καθαροῖσιν ἄντροις μῆλά τ' εἰσδεχόμεθα.  
 ἤδη δὲ παῖδας προσνέμοντας εἰσορῶ  
 ποιίμνας. τί ταῦτα; μῶν κρότος σικινίδων  
 ὁμοιος ὑμῖν νῦν τε χῶτε Βακχίῳ  
 κώμοις συνασπίζοντες Ἀλθαίας δόμους  
 40 προσῆτ' ἀοιδαῖς βαρβίτων σαυλούμενοι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πᾶ μοι γενναίων πατέρων στρ.  
 γενναίων τ' ἐκ τοκάδων,  
 πᾶ δὴ μοι νίσει σκοπέλους;  
 οὐ τᾶδ' ὑπήνεμος αὔρα  
 καὶ ποιηρὰ βοτάνα,  
 δινᾶέν θ' ὕδωρ ποταμῶν  
 ἐν πίστραις κεῖται πέλας ἄν-  
 τρων; οὔ σοι βλαχαὶ τεκέων;



## CYCLOPS

One of them caught us, so that we became  
 Slaves in his den ; and this slave-driver's name  
 Is Polyphemus. No more Bacchanal song  
 And dance for us ! We've got to herd a throng  
 Of this ungodly villain's goats and sheep :  
 Yes, my poor boys on far-off hill-sides steep—  
 My tender ones—are tending flocks for him !  
 And I'm a prisoner here, must fill to the brim  
 His sheep-troughs : I must sweep this stinking den  
 For godless Goggle-eye, must turn cook then, 30  
 And serve his cursèd dinners up—fried men !  
 Now with this clumsiest of iron rakes *(licks it.)*  
 I must needs clear up all the mess *he* makes,  
 To welcome home my lord, old Saucer-eye,  
 And his sheep with him, into a clean—sty.  
 Ah, here my boys come, driving home the bleating  
 Flocks ; yes, I see them—what, is that the beating  
 Of dancing feet ? It's like old times, when round  
 Althaea's house, with Bacchus, to the sound  
 Of song and harp, your toes scarce touched the  
 ground. 40

*Enter* CHORUS, *driving goats and sheep.*

A SATYR *(to a he-goat)*

O come along, Sir Billy ! If your father *rears* a king,  
 And your mother queen of Nannies, still you needn't  
 go and spring  
 Over cliff and crag up yonder : it's good enough for  
 you  
 Down here, where winds are sleeping, and where  
 green as ever grew  
     Is the grass that waits the cropping ;  
     And the rippling water, slopping  
 Out of all the troughs full-brimming by the cave, is  
 full in view ;

50 ψύττα, σὺ τὰδ' οὔ, κοῦ τάδε νεμεῖ,  
 \* \* κλιτὺν δροσεράν;  
 ὦή, ρίψω πέτρον τάχα σου  
 ὕπαγ' ὦ ὕπαγ' ὦ κεράστα,  
 μηλοβότα στασιωρὸν  
 Κύκλωπος ἀγροβάτα.

σπαργῶντας μαστοὺς χάλασον ἀντ.  
 δέξαι θηλαῖσι σποράς,  
 ἄς λείπεις ἀρνῶν θαλάμοις.  
 ποθοῦσί σ' ἀμερόκοιτοι  
 βλαχαὶ σμικρῶν τεκέων.  
 60 εἰς αὐλάν ποτ' ἀμφιβαλεῖς  
 ποιηροὺς λείπουσα νομούς,  
 Αἰτναίων εἴσω σκοπέλων;<sup>1</sup>  
 οὐ τάδε Βρόμιος, οὐ τάδε χοροὶ  
 Βάκχαι τε θυρσοφόροι,  
 οὐ τυμπάνων ἀλαλαγμοί,  
 οὐκ οἴνου χλωραὶ σταγόνες  
 κρήναις παρ' ὑδροχύτοις,  
 οὐ δινεύματα<sup>2</sup> Νυμφᾶν.

70 ἱακχον ἱακχον ᾠδᾶν  
 μέλπω πρὸς τὰν Ἀφροδίταν,  
 ἂν θηρεύων πετόμαν

<sup>1</sup> After v. 62 Kirchoff, followed by Murray, repeats vv. 49-54.

<sup>2</sup> Nauck: for MSS. οὐδ' ἐννύσσα and οὐ νύσσα. Portus, οὐδ' ἐν Νύσσα μετὰ Νυμφᾶν . . . μέλπω.

## CYCLOPS

And your little kids are pleading  
 "Come you down!"—and never heeding 50  
 From the steep you still are hanging, all bedraggled  
 with the dew. [rascal! Shoo!  
 Here goes a stone to stir you! Shoo, you wilful  
 Come you down, and come this minute, you nasty  
 hornèd thing! [underling?  
 Don't you hear your keeper calling, farmer Giant's

ANOTHER SATYR (to a *she-goat*)

Come, my pretty, to the milking; then away you  
 skip, to meet  
 Your little babies, hungry to nose the heavy teat;  
 For you left them at the dawning, on the rushes  
 where they lay, [the day.  
 And they sorely need refreshment, after sleeping all  
 Don't you see your little sweeting?  
 Can't you hear his hungry bleating?  
 O leave the grassy pasture, to the folding come away! 60  
 Enter here, your cave is ready  
 Under Etna, clean and shady:—  
 O dear! no sign of Bacchus nor his Bacchanal array!  
 There's no clashing of the cymbals, no dances reel  
 and sway, [sweet,  
 Nothing trickling from a wine-jar in droppings honey-  
 Nor beside the gushing fountains trip the Mountain-  
 maidens' feet.

CHORUS OF ALL THE SATYRS

O Aphrodite! and O the mighty 70  
 Spell of the chant that thrilled the air,  
 When to its cadence I chased the maidens,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Βάκχαις σὺν λευκόποσιν.  
 ὦ φίλος, ὦ φίλε Βακχεῖε, ποῖ οἰοπολῶν  
 ξανθὰν χαίταν σείεις;  
 ἐγὼ δ' ὁ σὸς πρόπολος  
 θητεύω Κύκλωπι  
 τῷ μονοδέρκτα, δούλος ἀλαίνων  
 80 σὺν τᾶδε τράγου χλαίνα μελέα  
 σᾶς χωρὶς φιλίας.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

σιγήσατ', ὦ τέκν', ἄντρα δ' εἰς πετρηρεφῆ  
 ποιμένας ἀθροῖσαι προσπόλους κελεύσατε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χωρεῖτ'· ἀτὰρ δὴ τίνα, πάτερ, σπουδὴν ἔχεις;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ὀρῶ πρὸς ἀκταῖς ναὸς Ἑλλάδος σκάφος  
 κώπης τ' ἄνακτας σὺν στρατηλάτῃ τινὶ  
 στείχοντας εἰς τόδ' ἄντρον, ἀμφὶ δ' αὐχέσι  
 τεύχη φέρονται κενά, βορᾶς κεχρημένοι,  
 κρωσσούς θ' ὑδρηλούς. ὦ ταλαίπωροι ξένοι.  
 90 τίνες ποτ' εἰσίν; οὐκ ἴσασι δεσπότην  
 Πολύφημον οἶός ἐστιν, ἄξενον στέγην  
 τήνδ' ἐμβεβῶτες καὶ Κυκλωπίαν γνάθου  
 τὴν ἀνδροβρῶτα δυστυχῶς ἀφιγμένοι.  
 ἀλλ' ἦσυχοι γίγνεσθ', ἵν' ἐκπυθώμεθα  
 πόθεν πάρεισι Σικελὸν Αἰτναῖον πάγον.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ξένοι, φράσαιτ' ἂν νᾶμα ποτάμιον πόθεν  
 δίψης ἄκος λάβοιμεν, εἴ τε τις θέλει

## CYCLOPS

The Bacchanal girls, and the feet snow-fair!  
 O Bacchus, only-beloved, all lonely  
 Now, you are wandering where, ah where,  
 Of me un beholden, tossing the golden  
 Nectar-breathing cloud of your hair?  
 And I, your vassal, a slave in the castle-  
 Dungeon of one-eyed Giant Despair,  
 A slave sheep-drover, with naught to cover  
 My limbs but a foul goat's skin worn bare,  
 I wander, breaking my heart with aching  
 For my lost love far from the voice of my prayer.

SILENUS

Hush, boys! Quick, tell the lads to get the flock  
 In haste beneath the cavern's roof of rock.

CHORUS

Look sharp there! Where's the hurry, father, now?

SILENUS

Down on the beach I spy a Greek ship's prow;  
 I see the kings o' the oar—their captain's there—  
 Come tramping towards this cave. Aha, they bear  
 Slung round their necks some baskets. Come to beg  
 For food, of course—and water; there's the keg.  
 O you poor wretches! Who on earth are these?  
 Little they dream what hospitalities  
 Are by the master of this house bestowed,  
 Who tread this strangely hospitable road  
 Up to the doors of—Goggle-eyes's jaw,  
 For right warm welcome to his cannibal maw!  
 Now we shall learn—if you will just keep still—  
 Whence come these to Sicilian Etna's hill.

*Enter ODYSSEUS and crew.*

ODYSSEUS

Friends, can you tell us whereabouts to find  
 Some running water? If you'd be so kind,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

βορὰν ὁδηῆσαι ναυτίλοις κεχρημένοις;  
 τί χρῆμα; Βρομίου πόλιν εἰσιγμεν εἰσβαλεῖν.  
 100 Σατύρων πρὸς ἄντροις τόνδ' ὄμιλον εἰσορῶ.  
 χαίρειν προσεῖπα πρῶτα τὸν γεραίτατον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ ξέν', ὅστις δ' εἰ φράσον πάτραν τε σῆν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Ἴθακος Ὀδυσσεύς, γῆς Κεφαλλήνων ἀναξ.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οἶδ' ἄνδρα, κρόταλον δριμύ, Σισύφου γένος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐκεῖνος οὗτός εἰμι· λαιδύρει δὲ μή.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

πόθεν Σικελίαν τήνδε ναυστολῶν πάρει;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐξ Ἴλίου γε κἀπὸ Τρωικῶν πόνων.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

πῶς; πορθμὸν οὐκ ἤδησθα πατρώας χθονός;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀνέμων θύελλαι δευρό μ' ἤρπασαν βία.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

110 παπαῖ· τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἐξαντλεῖς ἐμοί.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦ καὶ σὺ δεῦρο πρὸς βίαν ἀπεστάλης;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ληστὰς διώκων, οἷ Βρόμιον ἀνήρπασαν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίς δ' ἦδε χώρα, καὶ τίνες ναίουσιν;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

Αἰτναῖος ἕχθος Σικελίας ὑπέρτατος.

## CYCLOPS

Moreover, as to sell us hungry tars  
 Something to eat—but what, what? O my stars!  
 Is this the City of Bacchus that we've found?  
 Here's quite a crowd of Satyrs standing round 100  
 A cave! A fatherly old party, too,  
 A patriarch quite—good morning, Sir, to you!

SILENUS

Good morning. What's your name and whence d'you  
 come?

ODYSSEUS

Odysseus—Isle-king—Ithaca's my home.

SILENUS

Ah, Sisyphus' son! Sharp rogue, a sight too clever!

ODYSSEUS

That's me. You needn't call hard names, however.

SILENUS

And whence do you come to Sicily, may I ask?

ODYSSEUS

From taking Troy—tough job, a ten years' task.

SILENUS

What, didn't you know the way back to your door?

ODYSSEUS

A hurricane caught us, cast us on this shore 110

SILENUS

Heavens! You and I are in one boat together!

ODYSSEUS

What? you too driven here by stress of weather?

SILENUS

Pirates had kidnapped Bacchus: we gave chase.

ODYSSEUS

H'm—what's the land called? Who live in this place?

SILENUS

That's Etna—highest point of Sicily.

529

M M

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τείχη δὲ ποῦ' στι καὶ πόλεως πυργώματα;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ εἶσ' ἔρημοι πρῶνες ἀνθρώπων, ξένε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίνες δ' ἔχουσι γαῖαν; ἢ θηρῶν γένος;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

Κύκλωπες, ἄντρ' οἰκοῦντες, οὐ στέγας δόμων.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίνος κλύοντες; ἢ δεδήμευται κράτος;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

120 νομάδες· ἀκούει δ' οὐδὲν οὐδεὶς οὐδενός.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

σπείρουσι δ'—ἢ τῷ ζῶσι;—Δήμητρος στάχυν;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

γάλακτι καὶ τυροῖσι καὶ μήλων βορᾶ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Βρομίου δὲ πῶμ' ἔχουσιν, ἀμπέλου ροάς;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἦκιστα· τοιγὰρ ἄχορον οἰκοῦσι χθόνα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

φιλόξενοι δὲ χῶσιοι περὶ ξένους;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

γλυκύτατά φασι τὰ κρέα τοὺς ξένους φορεῖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί φής; βορᾶ χαίρουσιν ἀνθρωποκτόνῳ·

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οὐδεὶς μολὼν δεῦρ' ὅστις οὐ κατεσφάγη.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

αὐτὸς δὲ Κύκλωψ ποῦ' στιν; ἢ δόμων ἔσω;



## CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

But—where's the city? Never a tower I see.

SILENUS

There's none, nor any men—waste hills and lonely.

ODYSSEUS

What, no inhabitants?—the wild beasts only?

SILENUS

Cyclops—no houses—burrow in caves, like rats.

ODYSSEUS

Who is their king?—or are they democrats?

SILENUS

Shepherds—and not for nobody they don't care. 120

ODYSSEUS

Do they sow corn?—or what's their daily fare?

SILENUS

Milk, cheese—and the eternal mutton-chop.

ODYSSEUS

Do they grow vines, make wine? (*sees Silenus' expression.*) What, never a drop?

SILENUS (*with bitter emphasis*)

Not—one—least—drop! No songs or dances here!

ODYSSEUS

Hospitable? Do strangers get good cheer?

SILENUS

Their special dainty is—the flesh of strangers!

ODYSSEUS

What, what?—they're cannibals, these desert-rangers?

SILENUS

So far, they've butchered every man who's come.

ODYSSEUS

And where's this Cyclops?—don't say he's at home!

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

130

φρούδος πρὸς Αἴτην, θήρας ἰχνεύων κυσίν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οἴσθ' οὖν ὁ δρᾶσον, ὡς ἀπαίρωμεν χθονός;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ', Ὀδυσσεῦ· πᾶν δέ σοι δρῶημεν ἄν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ᾄδησον ἡμῖν σῖτον, οὐ σπανίζομεν.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ὥσπερ εἶπον, ἄλλο πλὴν κρέας.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄλλ' ἠδὲ λιμοῦ καὶ τόδε σχετήριον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καὶ τυρὸς ὁπίας ἔστι καὶ βοὸς γάλα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐκφέρετε· φῶς γὰρ ἐμπολήμασιν πρέπει.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἀντιδώσεις, εἶπέ μοι, χρυσὸν πόσον;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὐ χρυσόν, ἀλλὰ πῶμα Διονύσου φέρω.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

140 ὦ φίλτατ' εἰπών, οὐ σπανίζομεν πάλαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ μὴν Μάρων μοι πῶμ' ἔδωκε, παῖς θεοῦ.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὄν ἐξέθρεψα ταῖσδ' ἐγὼ ποτ' ἀγκάλαις;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὁ Βακχίου παῖς, ὡς σαφέστερον μάθης.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἐν σέλμασι νεῶς ἔστιν, ἧ φέρεις σύ νιν;

## CYCLOPS

SILENUS

No, gone to Etna with his hounds to-day.

130

ODYSSEUS

Do something for us : then we'll get away.

SILENUS

What is it? (*unctuously*) I'd do anything for you.

ODYSSEUS

Sell us some food. They're famished, are my crew.

SILENUS

There's nothing, as I said, save only meat.

ODYSSEUS

Tough mutton?—h'm : well, starving men must eat.

SILENUS

Cream-cheeses too, and milk—a very sea.

ODYSSEUS

Let's see 'em first—no pig-in-a-poke for me!

SILENUS

You show your money—pay before you dine!

ODYSSEUS

Better than money : what I've got here—wine!

SILENUS

Wine? Blessèd word—last tasted long ago!

140

ODYSSEUS

'Twas Maron gave it me, your Wine-god's son.

SILENUS

Dear boy!—these arms have nursed you, and here I  
find you!

ODYSSEUS

Yes, Bacchus' best brew, from his own son, mind you.

SILENUS

Got the wine with you?—*not* in yon ship's hold?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὄδ' ἄσκος, ὃς κεύθει νιν· ὡς ὄρα̃ς, γέρον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὔτος μὲν οὐδ' ἂν τὴν γνάθον πλήσειέ μου.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ναὶ δις τόσον πῶμ' ὅσον ἂν ἐξ ἄσκοῦ ῥυῆ.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καλὴν γε κρήνην εἶπας ἠδεϊάν τ' ἐμοί.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

βούλει σε γεύσω πρῶτον ἄκρατον μέθυ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

150 δίκαιον· ἦ γὰρ γεῦμα τὴν ὠνὴν καλεῖ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐφέλω καὶ ποτῆρ' ἄσκοῦ μέτα.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

φέρ' ἐκπάταξον, ὡς ἀναμνησθῶ πιών.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἰδοῦ.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

παπαιάξ, ὡς καλὴν ὄσμην ἔχει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

εἶδες γὰρ αὐτήν;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐ μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ὀσφραίνομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

γεῦσαί νυν, ὡς ἂν μὴ λόγῳ 'παινῆς μόνον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

βαβαί· χορεῦσαι παρακαλεῖ μ' ὁ Βάκχιος.  
ᾗ ᾗ ᾗ.

## CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Old man, it's in this very skin—behold!

*[Shows corner of skin.]*

SILENUS

*That!*—why there's not a toothful in't, I swear!

ODYSSEUS

There's twice as much as *you* can hold in there.

*[Shows whole skin.]*

SILENUS

Oh—h! what a fountain of delight! O sweet!

ODYSSEUS

Have a small taste? No water in it—neat.

SILENUS

Right! “Wet a bargain with a glass,” you know. 150

ODYSSEUS

Here then:—his skinship's got his boat in tow.

*[Shows cup hanging from wine-skin.]*

SILENUS

Quick! Trot him out: revive my memory.

I've clean forgot the taste of it.

ODYSSEUS (*pouring*)

There—see?

SILENUS

Oh—oh! I say! What a bouquet!—divine!

ODYSSEUS

Bouquet?—d'ye see one?

SILENUS

No; this nose of mine,  
By Jove, can answer for it right enough.

ODYSSEUS

Try if it's worth your praise—just taste the stuff.

SILENUS (*drinks*)

Oh! oh! I *must* dance! Bacchus sounds the note!

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

μῶν τὸν λάρυγγα διεκάναξέ σου καλῶς ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὥστ' εἰς ἄκρους γε τοὺς ὄνυχας ἀφίκετο.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

160

πρὸς τῷδε μέντοι καὶ νόμισμα δώσομεν.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

χάλα τὸν ἄσκον μόνον· ἕα τὸ χρυσίον.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἐκφέρετέ νυν τύρευμα καὶ<sup>1</sup> μήλων τόκον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

δράσω τάδ', ὀλίγον φροντίσας γε δεσποτῶν.

ὡς ἐκπιεῖν γ' ἂν κύλिका μαινοίμην μίαν,

πάντων Κυκλώπων ἀντιδούς βοσκήματα,

ῥῖψαί τ' ἐς ἄλμην λισσάδος πέτρας ἄπο,

ἅπαξ μεθυσθεὶς καταβαλὼν τε τὰς ὀφρῦς.

ὡς ὅς γε πίνων μὴ γέγηθε μαινεται·

ἴν' ἔστι τουτί τ' ὀρθὸν ἐξαιστάναι

170

μαστοῦ τε δραγμὸς καὶ παρεσκευασμένου

ψαῦσαι χεροῖν λειμῶνος, ὀρχηστὺς θ' ἅμα

κακῶν τε λῆστις. εἴτ' ἐγὼ οὐ κυνήσομαι

τοιόνδε πῶμα, τὴν Κύκλωπος ἀμαθίαν

κλαίειν κελεύων καὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν μέσον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄκου', Ὀδυσσεῦ, διαλαλήσωμέν τί σοι.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

καὶ μὴν φίλοι γε προσφέρεσθε πρὸς φίλον.

<sup>1</sup> Wilamowitz: for MSS. τυρέυματ' ἦ.

## CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Did it slip *very* sweetly down your throat?

SILENUS

*Throat*, man?—to my very toes! I feel 'em tingling.

ODYSSEUS

I'll pay cash too: I've got it ready-jingling.

160

SILENUS

Wine! wine!—for money I don't care a button.

ODYSSEUS

All right. Fetch out your cheeses and your mutton.

SILENUS

I will! For master I don't care one fig!

So mad I am for just another swig,

That I'd sell for it all the giants' flocks—

Ay, chuck them in the sea from yonder rocks,

If once I get well drunk, and smooth my brow

Clear of the wrinkles drawn by trouble's plough.

The man that isn't jolly after drinking

Is just a drivelling idiot, to my thinking.

Jolly's no word for it!—I see a vision

Of snowy bosoms, of delights Elysian;

170

Of fingers fondling silken hair, of dancing,

Oblivion of all care!—O dream entrancing!

And shall my lips not kiss the cup whence come

Such raptures? And shall I not snap my thumb

At Goggle-eye, the blockhead, and the horrid

One eye stuck in the middle of his forehead?

*[Goes off to collect the goods.]*

A SATYR

Look here, Odysseus; let me ask some questions.

ODYSSEUS

Of course: from friends I welcome all suggestions.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλάβετε Τροίαν τὴν Ἑλένην τε χειρίαν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ πάντα γ' οἶκον Πριαμιδῶν ἐπέρσαμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

180

οὐκουν ἐπειδὴ τὴν νεᾶνιν εἴλετε,  
ἅπαντες αὐτὴν διεκροτήσατ' ἐν μέρει,  
ἐπεὶ γε πολλοῖς ἤδεται γαμουμένη ;  
τὴν προδότιν, ἣ τοὺς θυλάκους τοὺς ποικίλους  
περὶ τοῖν σκελοῖν ἰδοῦσα καὶ τὸν χρύσειον  
κλωὸν φοροῦντα περὶ μέσον τὸν αὐχένα  
ἐξεπτοίηθη, Μενέλεων, ἀνθρώπιον  
λῶστον, λιπούσα. μηδαμοῦ γένος ποτὲ  
φῦναι γυναικῶν ὄφελ'—εἰ μὴ 'μοὶ μόνω.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

190

ἰδὸν τάδ' ὑμῖν ποιμνίων βοσκήματα,  
ἄναξ Ὀδυσσεῦ, μηκάδων ἀρνῶν τροφαί,  
πηκτοῦ γάλακτός τ' οὐ σπάνια τυρεύματα.  
φέρεσθε, χωρεῖθ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἀντρων ἄπο,  
βότρυς ἐμοὶ πῶμ' ἀντιδόντες εὐίου.  
οἴμοι· Κύκλωψ ὄδ' ἔρχεται· τί δράσομεν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀπολώλαμεν γάρ, ὦ γέρον· ποῖ χρὴ φυγεῖν ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἔσω πέτρας τῆσδ', οὐπερ ἂν λάθοιτέ γε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δεινὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ἀρκύων μολεῖν ἔσω.



## CYCLOPS

SATYR

Did you take Troy, and capture Helen too?

ODYSSEUS

O yes: all Priam's house we overthrew.

SATYR

Well, when you'd caught the naughty little jade,  
Didn't each man whip out his vorpal blade,  
And thrust her through, one after another, then,  
And let her have for once her fill of men!  
The baggage!—fell in love, all in a twinkle,  
With Paris's gaudy bags,<sup>1</sup> without a wrinkle  
Fitted to his fine legs, and lost her heart  
To his gold necklace! And she must depart,  
And leave the best of little chaps all lonely,  
Menelaus! 'Tell you what it is—if only  
No woman lived, a good thing would it be—  
Not one on earth—except a few for me.

180

*Enter SILENUS with SATYRS bringing bowls and lambs.*

SILENUS

Here, king Odysseus, here they come, the lambs,  
Warranted tender babes of bleating dams;  
Here are the curds, and cheeses too galore.  
Catch hold, and hurry 'em down from cave to shore.  
Now for the grape's pure soul, for Bacchus' brew!—  
O lor!—the Cyclops! Oh, what shall we do?

190

ODYSSEUS

Done for, old man! Where can we run to?—where?

SILENUS

Into the cave—good hiding-places there.

ODYSSEUS

Not likely!—to walk straight into the snare!

<sup>1</sup> Here Greek and English slang are identical.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐ δεινόν· εἰσὶ καταφυγαὶ πολλαὶ πέτρας.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

200

οὐ δῆτ'· ἐπεὶ τὰν μεγάλα γ' ἡ Τροία στένοι,  
εἰ φευξόμεσθ' ἔν' ἄνδρα· μυρίον δ' ὄχλον  
Φρυγῶν ὑπέστην πολλάκις σὺν Ἀσπίδι.  
ἄλλ' εἰ θανεῖν δεῖ, καταθνούμεθ' εὐγενῶς,  
ἢ ζῶντες αἶνον τὸν πάρος γ' εὖ σώσομεν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

210

ἄνεχε, παρέχε, τί τάδε ; τίς ἢ ῥαθυμία ;  
τί βακχιάζετ' ; οὐχὶ Διόνυσος τάδε,  
οὐ κρόταλα χαλκοῦ τυμπάνων τ' ἀράγματα.  
πῶς μοι κατ' ἄντρα νεόγονα βλαστήματα ;  
ἢ πρὸς τε μαστοῖς εἰσι χυτὸ μητέρων  
πλευρὰς τρέχουσι, σχοινίοις τ' ἐν τεύχεσι  
πλήρωμα τυρῶν ἔστιν ἐξημελγμένον ;  
τί φατε ; τί λέγετε ; τάχα τις ὑμῶν τῷ ξύλῳ  
δάκρυα μεθήσει· βλέπετ' ἄνω καὶ μὴ κάτω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδοῦ, πρὸς αὐτὸν τὸν Δί' ἀνακεκύφामεν,  
τά τ' ἄστρα καὶ τὸν Ὀρίωνα δέρκομαι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἄριστόν ἐστιν εὖ παρεσκευασμένον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάρεστιν. ὁ φάρυγξ εὐτρεπῆς ἔστω μόνου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἢ καὶ γάλακτός εἰσι κρατῆρες πλέω ;

## CYCLOPS

SILENUS

Quite likely. Plenty of rat-holes there, my boy.

ODYSSEUS

Never! 'twould stain my laurels won at Troy  
To run from one man. I stood under shield  
Against a host of Trojans in the field.  
If I must die, I'll die in a blaze of glory,  
Or live, and be yet more renowned in story.

200

*Enter CYCLOPS. ODYSSEUS and his men shrink away to one side. SILENUS slips into cave.*

CYCLOPS

Now then! Come, come! What's this? What,  
standing round

All idle, revelling! Don't think you have found  
Your Bacchus here! No brazen clashing comes  
Of cymbals here, nor thump of silly drums.

Here, how about those kids of mine, those lambs?  
Are they all sucking, nuzzling at their dams?

What have you done with all the milk you drew  
For cheese? Are those rush-crates brim-full?—  
speak, you!

Why don't you answer? Where's that stick?—I'll <sup>[drown</sup> 210  
Your eyes with tears! Look up, and don't look  
down!

CHORUS (*pointing their noses at the sky*)

Oh, please! I'm looking at great Zeus this minute:  
I see Orion's belt, and seven stars in it.

CYCLOPS

And where's my breakfast? What, not ready yet?

CHORUS

Quite ready. Hope your gullet's quite sharp-set.

CYCLOPS

Are the bowls ready yet for me to swig?

541

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄστ' ἐκπιεῖν γέ σ', ἦν θέλῃς, ὅλον πίθον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

μήλειον ἢ βόειον ἢ μεμιγμένον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄν ἂν θέλῃς σύ· μὴ 'μὲ καταπίης μόνου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

220 ἦκιστ'· ἐπεὶ μ' ἂν ἐν μέσῃ τῇ γαστέρι  
 πηδῶντες ἀπολέσαιτ' ἂν ὑπὸ τῶν σχημάτων.  
 ἔα· τίν' ὄχλον τόνδ' ὀρώ πρὸς αὐλίοις ;  
 λησταί τινες κατέσχον ἢ κλῶπες χθόνα ;  
 ὀρώ γέ τοι τούσδ' ἄρνας ἐξ ἄντρων ἐμῶν  
 στρεπταῖς λύγοισι σῶμα συμπεπλεγμένους,  
 τεύχη τε τυρῶν συμμιγῆ, γέροντά τε  
 πληγαῖς πρόσωπον φαλακρὸν ἐξωδηκότα.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ὦμοι, πυρέσσω συγκεκομμένος τάλας.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὑπὸ τοῦ ; τίς εἰς σὸν κρᾶτ' ἐπύκτευσεν, γέρον ;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

230 ὑπὸ τῶνδε, Κύκλωψ, ὅτι τὰ σ' οὐκ εἶων φέρειν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐκ ἦσαν ὄντα θεόν με καὶ θεῶν ἄπο ;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἔλεγον ἐγὼ τὰδ'· οἱ δ' ἐφόρουν τὰ χρήματα·  
 καὶ τόν γε τυρὸν οὐκ ἐῶντος ἦσθιον  
 τούς τ' ἄρνας ἐξεφοροῦντο· δήσαντες δὲ σὲ

## CYCLOPS

CHORUS

Drink, if you like, a hog'shead—(*aside*) like a pig!

CYCLOPS (*looks at bowls*)

Ewes' milk, or cows', or half-and-half, are these?

CHORUS

Whichever you like—but don't swig me up, please?

CYCLOPS

Not I! Fine rumpus would my belly feel—  
You capering there, and going toe-and-heel! (*sees* 220  
*ODYSSEUS and his men.*)

Hullo! what's this here rabble at my door?  
Have thieves or pirates run their ship ashore?  
And what?—these lambs—they're *my* lambs, taken  
out

From *my* caves, and with plaited withs about  
Their bodies coiled!—what, bowls with cheeses  
packed?

And here's my old man with his bald pate cracked!  
SILENUS *comes out of cave, artistically made up as victim*  
*of assault and battery.*

SILENUS

Oh! oh! They've pummelled me into a fever!

CYCLOPS

Who? Who has punched your head, you old  
deceiver?

SILENUS

These rogues. I tried to stop their robbing you. 230

CYCLOPS

What? I'm a God, a God's son! Sure, they knew?

SILENUS

Yes, I kept telling them; but still they hauled  
The goods out; and they gobbled—though I bawled  
“You mustn't!”—gobbled up your cheese, and stole

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κλωφῆ τριπήχει κατὰ τὸν ὀμφαλὸν<sup>1</sup> μέσον  
 τὰ σπλάγχχ' ἔφασκον ἑξαμήσεσθαι βία,  
 μάστιγι τ' εὖ τὸ νῶτον ἀπολέψειν<sup>2</sup> σέθεν,  
 κᾶπειτα συνδήσαντες εἰς θάδῶλια  
 τῆς νηὸς ἐμβαλόντες ἀποδώσειν τινὶ  
 240 πέτρους μοχλεύειν, ἧ' ἴς μυλῶνα καταβαλεῖν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἄληθες ; οὐκουν κοπίδας ὡς τάχιστ' ἰὼν  
 θήξεις μαχαίρας καὶ μέγαν φάκελον ξύλων  
 ἐπιθεὶς ἀνάψεις ; ὡς σφαγέντες αὐτίκα  
 πλήσουσι νηδὺν τὴν ἐμὴν ἀπ' ἄνθρακος  
 θερμὴν ἔδοντος δαιτ' ἄτερ κρεανόμων,<sup>3</sup>  
 τὰ δ' ἐκ λέβητος ἐφθὰ καὶ τετηκότα  
 ὡς ἔκπλεῶς γε δαιτός εἰμ' ὄρεσκούου  
 ἄλις λεόντων ἐστὶ μοι θοινωμένῳ  
 ἐλάφῳν τε, χρόνιος δ' εἴμ' ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων βορᾶς.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

250 τὰ καινά γ' ἐκ τῶν ἠθάδων, ᾧ δέσποτα,  
 ἠδίων' ἐστίν, οὐ γὰρ αὖ νεωστί γε  
 ἄλλοι πρὸς ἄντρα τὰ σά γ' ἀφίκοντο ξένοι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Κύκλωψ, ἄκουσον ἐν μέρει καὶ τῶν ξένων.  
 ἡμεῖς βορᾶς χρήζοντες ἐμπολὴν λαβεῖν  
 σῶν ἄσσον ἄντρων ἤλθομεν νεὸς ἄπο.

<sup>1</sup> Scaliger : for MSS. ὀφθαλμόν.

<sup>2</sup> Ruhnken : for MSS. ἀποθλίψειν.

<sup>3</sup> Dobree : for MSS. τῶ κρεανόμῳ.

## CYCLOPS

All these dear little lambs ; and, on my soul,  
 They swore they'd tie a long rope round your waist,  
 And rip your noble guts out, give you a taste  
 Of whip-lash, flay your royal back, my lord,  
 Of all the skin, then bind you, drag you aboard  
 Their ship, and tumble you into the hold,  
 And take you overseas, Sir, to be sold  
 There to some quarryman, to heave big stones,  
 Or grind in some corn-mill with weary bones.

249

### CYCLOPS

Oh, did they ? Just you look sharp, then, and set  
 A fine edge on my carving-knives, and get  
 A good big faggot on the hearth, and start  
 The fire ; and these shall promptly do their part  
 Of filling up my crop. Hot from the embers  
 I'll eat them. I'm the carver who dismembers  
 My game, and I'm the cook who does the boiling  
 And stewing here ! My appetite's been spoiling  
 For something of a change from one long run  
 Of mountain-game : my stomach's overdone  
 With lion-steaks and venison. Now for a taste  
 Of man !—I don't know when I ate one last.

### SILENUS

Yes, Master ; the same dishes every day  
 Do pall, and change is pleasant, as you say ;  
 Yes, and it's quite an age since guests like these  
 Have sought your cave's fine hospitalities.

250

### ODYSSEUS

Cyclops, do let the strangers make reply.  
 We wanted food, and so we came to buy  
 Some at your cave : we came from yonder ship.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τοὺς δ' ἄρνας ἡμῖν οὗτος ἀντ' οἴνου σκύφου  
 ἀπημπόλα τε κὰδίδου πιεῖν λαβὼν  
 ἔκων ἔκουσι, κούδεν ἦν τούτων βία.  
 ἀλλ' οὗτος ὑγιὲς οὐδὲν ὦν φησιν λέγει,  
 260 ἐπεὶ κατελήφθη σοῦ λάθρα πωλῶν τὰ σά.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἐγὼ ; κακῶς γὰρ ἐξόλοι'.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

εἰ ψεύδομαι.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ τὸν τεκόντα σ', ὦ Κύκλωψ,  
 μὰ τὸν μέγαν Τρίτωνα καὶ τὸν Νηρέα,  
 μὰ τὴν Καλυψὸ τὰς τε Νηρέως κόρας,  
 μά θ' ἱερά κύματ' ἰχθύων τε πᾶν γένος,  
 ἀπῶμος, ὦ κάλλιστον, ὦ Κυκλώπιον,  
 ὦ δεσποτίσκε, μὴ τὰ σ' ἐξοδᾶν ἐγὼ  
 ξένοισι χρήματ'. ἢ κακῶς οὔτοι κακοὶ  
 οἱ παῖδες ἀπόλινθ', οὓς μάλιστ' ἐγὼ φιλῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

270 αὐτὸς ἔχ'. ἔγωγε τοῖς ξένοις τὰ χρήματα  
 περνάντα σ' εἶδον· εἰ δ' ἐγὼ ψευδῆ λέγω,  
 ἀπόλοιθ' ὁ πατήρ μου· τοὺς ξένους δὲ μὴ ἀδίκει.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ψεύδεσθ'. ἔγωγε τῷδε τοῦ Ῥαδαμάνθυος  
 μᾶλλον πέποιθα καὶ δικαιότερον λέγω.  
 θέλω δ' ἐρέσθαι· πόθεν ἐπλεύσατ', ὦ ξένοι ;  
 ποδαποί, τίς ὑμᾶς ἐξεπαίδευσεν πόλις ;



## CYCLOPS

And this fat rogue was ready, for a sip  
 Of wine, to sell these lambs: he got one drink  
 As earnest money, and straightway, in a wink,  
 He offered us the lot, of his own accord.  
 We never laid a finger on him, my lord.  
 All that he's said to you was one big lie  
 To excuse his selling your goods on the sly.

260

SILENUS

I?—devil take you!

ODYSSEUS

If I'm lying now,

SILENUS

By the Sea-god your father, Sir, I vow,  
 By mighty Triton, Nereus, Lord of Waters,  
 Calypso, and all Nereus' pretty daughters,  
 By every holy wave that swings and swishes—  
 In short, by all the gods and little fishes  
 I swear—my beautiful! my Cyclops sweet!  
 My lordykin! I never sold one bleat  
 Of all your flocks! Else—may they go to hell,  
 These bad boys, whom their father loves so well!

CHORUS

Go there yourself! I saw you with these eyes  
 Trading with them. And if I'm telling lies,  
 May father burn for ever and a day!  
 Sir, don't you do the strangers wrong, I pray!

270

CYCLOPS

You're liars! As for me, I'd sooner credit  
 What he says, than if Rhadamanthus said it;  
 I call him the more righteous of the two.  
 But now I'll question this same stranger-crew:—  
 Where did you sail from, strangers? What's your  
 nation?  
 In what town did you get your education?

547

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Ἴθακῆσιοι μὲν τὸ γένος, Ἰλίου δ' ἄπο,  
πέρσαντες ἄστν, πνεύμασιν θαλασσίοις  
σὴν γαίαν ἐξωσθέντες ἤκομεν, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

280

ἢ τῆς κακίστης οὐ μετήλθεθ' ἀρπαγὰς  
Ἑλένης Σκαμάνδρου γείτον' Ἰλίου πόλιν;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὔτοι, πόνον τὸν δεινὸν ἐξηντληκότες.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

αἰσchrὸν στρύτευμά γ', οὔτινες μιᾶς χάριν  
γυναικὸς ἐξεπλεύσατ' εἰς γαίαν Φρυγῶν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

290

θεοῦ τὸ πρᾶγμα· μηδέν' αἰτιῶ βροτῶν.  
ἡμεῖς δέ σ', ὦ θεοῦ ποντίου γενναῖε παῖ,  
ἵκετεύομέν τε καὶ λέγομεν ἐλευθέρως,  
μὴ τλῆς πρὸς ἄντρα σοὺς ἀφιγμένους ξένους  
κτανεῖν βορὰν τε δυσσεβῆ θέσθαι γνάθοις·  
οὐ τὸν σόν, ὦναξ, πατέρ' ἔχειν ναῶν ἔδρας  
ἐρρυσάμεσθα γῆς ἐν Ἑλλάδος μυχοῖς.  
ἱερός τ' ἄθραυστος Ταινάρου μένει λιμῆν,  
Μαλέας τ' ἄκροι κευθμῶνες, ἣ τε Σουνίου  
δίας Ἀθάνας σῶς ὑπάργυρος πέτρα,  
Γεραίστιοί τε καταφυγαί, τά θ' Ἑλλάδος  
δύσφορά γ' ὀνειδίη Φρυξὶν οὐκ ἐδώκαμεν·  
ὦν καὶ σὺ κοινοῖ· γῆς γὰρ Ἑλλάδος μυχοῦς

## CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

We're Ithacans born and bred : from Ilium—  
After destroying the city—we have come  
To this your land, being driven tempest-tossed  
Out of our course, Sir Cyclops, to your coast.

CYCLOPS

Oho ! then you're the men who went in search  
Of Helen, who left her husband in the lurch,  
And ran away to Ilium by Scamander ?

ODYSSEUS

Yes : slippery fish—hard work to hook and land her.

CYCLOPS (*with air of virtuous indignation*)

Yes—and a most disgraceful exhibition  
You made of your own selves !—an expedition  
To Phrygia, for one petticoat !—disgusting !

ODYSSEUS

Don't blame us men : it was the Gods' on-thrusting.  
But, noble son of the great Lord of Sea,  
We beg you, we beseech you earnestly,—  
Don't be so cruel as to kill and feast,  
With cannibal jawbones, like a godless beast,  
On guests, whose claims you surely will not spurn !  
Lord king, we've done your father a good turn :  
We've saved his temples for him in every corner  
Of all Greece : after this, no pirate scorner  
Of holy things will smash his temple-doors  
On the Taenarian haven's peaceful shores ;  
And upon Malea's height his holy fane  
Is safe now, and the rocks of silver vein  
On Sunium—Athena's property,—  
And on Geraestus his great sanctuary.  
In fact, we put our foot down—wouldn't stand  
The intolerable reproach on Hellas-land  
Brought by those Phrygian thieves. And in the fruits

280

290

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οἰκέϊς ὑπ' Αἴτνη τῇ πυριστάκτῳ πέτρα.  
 νόμος δὲ θνητοῖς, εἰ λόγους ἐπιστρέφει,  
 300 ἰκέτας δέχεσθαι ποντίους ἐφθαρμένους  
 ξενία τε δοῦναι καὶ πέπλοις ἐπαρκέσαι,  
 οὐκ ἄμφι βουπόροισι πηχθέντας μέλη  
 ὀβελοῖσι νηδὺν καὶ γνάθον πλήσαι σέθεν.  
 ἄλις δὲ Πριάμου γαί' ἐχρήρωσ' Ἑλλάδα,  
 πολλῶν νεκρῶν πιούσα δοριπετηὴ φόνον,  
 ἀλόχους τ' ἀνάδρους γραῦς τ' ἄπαιδας ὄλεσε  
 πολιοῦς τε πατέρας. εἰ δὲ τοὺς λελειμμένους  
 σὺ συμπυρώσας δαῖτ' ἀναλώσεις πικράν,  
 310 ποῖ τρέφεταιί τις; ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ, Κύκλωψ,  
 πάρες τὸ μάργον σῆς γνάθου, τὸ δ' εὐσεβὲς  
 τῆς δυσσεβείας ἀνθελουῦ· πολλοῖσι γὰρ  
 κέρδη πονηρὰ ζημίαν ἡμείψατο.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

παραινέσαι σοι βούλομαι· τῶν γὰρ κρεῶν  
 μηδὲν λίπης τοῦδ'· ἦν δὲ τὴν γλῶσσαν δάκης,  
 κομψὸς γενήσει καὶ λαλίστατος, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ πλοῦτος, ἀνθρωπίσκε, τοῖς σοφοῖς θεός·  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα κόμπτοι καὶ λόγων εὐμορφίαι.  
 ἄκρας δ' ἐναλίας ἄς καθίδρυται πατῆρ  
 χαίρειν κελεύω· τί τάδε προὔστησω λόγῳ;  
 320 Ζηνὸς δ' ἐγὼ κεραυνὸν οὐ φρίσσω, ξένη,  
 οὐδ' οἶδ' ὅ τι Ζεὺς ἐστ' ἐμοῦ κρείστων θεός.  
 οὐ μοι μέλει τὸ λοιπόν· ὡς δ' οὐ μοι μέλει  
 ἄκουσον. ὅταν ἄνωθεν ὄμβρον ἐκχέη,

## CYCLOPS

Of this you share ; for here by Etna's roots,  
 Below his rocky lava-welling dome,  
 Just on the skirts of Greece you have your home.  
 And 'tis the law of nations (*Cyclops yawns*)—if I may  
 Ask your attention to the words I say—  
 To welcome suppliant castaways—indeed, 300  
 To give them gifts, and fresh rig-outs at need,  
 Not stick their limbs on great ox-roasting spits  
 To cram your jaws and belly with tit-bits.  
 Enough has Priam's land bereaved our Hellas  
 By drinking blood of thousands slain, as well as  
 By widowing wives, and robbing grey-haired mothers  
 And fathers of their sons. Now, if the others,  
 The few survivors, are to be by you  
 Roasted for horrible feastings, whereunto  
 Shall one for justice look? Hear reason and right,  
 Cyclops ; restrain your savage appetite : 310  
 Choose fear of God for godlessness ! A host  
 Of men, in making sinful gains, have lost.

### SILENUS

Now just take my advice :—of this chap's meat  
 Don't leave one scrap. And if you also eat  
 His nice long tongue, you'll grow as smart as he  
 In making speeches, and in repartee.

### CYCLOPS

Wealth, master Shrimp, is to the truly wise  
 The one true god ; the rest are mockeries  
 Of tall talk, naught but mere word-pageantries.  
 As for my father's fanes by various seas,  
*That* for them !—why d'ye talk to me of these ?  
 And as for Zeus's thunder—I've no fear 320  
 Of that, sir stranger ! it's by no means clear  
 To me that he's a mightier god than I ;  
 So I don't care for *him* ; I'll tell you why :—

ἐν τῇδε πέτρα στέγν' ἔχω σκηνώματα,  
 ἧ μύσχον ὀπτὸν ἧ τι θήρειον δάκος  
 δαινύμενος, εὖ τέγγων τε γαστέρ' ὑπτίαν,  
 ἐπεκπιὼν γάλακτος ἀμφορέα, πέπλον  
 κρούω, Διὸς βρονταῖσιν εἰς ἔριν κτυπῶν.  
 330 ὅταν δὲ βορρᾶς χιόνα Θρήκιος χέη,  
 δοραῖσι θηρῶν σῶμα περιβαλὼν ἐμὸν  
 καὶ πῦρ ἀναίθων, χιόνος οὐδέν μοι μέλει.  
 ἧ γῆ δ' ἀνάγκη, κἂν θέλη κἂν μὴ θέλη,  
 τίκτουσα ποίαν τὰμὰ πιαίνει βοτά.  
 ἀγὼ οὔτινι θύω πλὴν ἐμοί, θεοῖσι δ' οὔ,  
 καὶ τῇ μεγίστῃ γαστρὶ τῇδε δαιμόνων  
 ὡς τοῦμπιεῖν γε καὶ φαγεῖν τοῦφ' ἡμέραν,  
 Ζεὺς οὔτος ἀνθρώποισι τοῖσι σώφροσι,  
 λυπεῖν δὲ μηδὲν αὐτόν· οἱ δὲ τοὺς νόμους  
 ἔθεντο ποικίλλουτες ἀνθρώπων βίον,  
 340 κλαίειν ἄνωγα· τὴν δ' ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ἐγὼ  
 οὐ παύσομαι δρῶν εὖ—κατεσθίων τε σέ.  
 ξένια δὲ λήψει τοιάδ', ὡς ἄμεμπτος ὦ,  
 πῦρ καὶ πατρῶον τόδε,<sup>1</sup> λέβητά θ', ὅς ζέσας  
 σὴν σάρκα διαφόρητον ἀμφέξει καλῶς.  
 ἀλλ' ἔρπετ' εἴσω, τῷ κατ' αὐλιον θεῷ  
 ἵν' ἀμφὶ βωμὸν στάντες εὐωχῆτέ με.

## ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

αἰαί, πόνοὺς μὲν Τρωικοὺς ὑπεξέδυν  
 θαλασσίους τε, νῦν δ' ἐς ἀνδρὸς ἀνοσίου

<sup>1</sup> Sc. ὕδωρ. Hermann: for MSS. τόνδε λέβητά γ'.

## CYCLOPS

When he pours down his rain from yonder sky,  
 I have snug lodgings in this cave of mine.  
 On roasted veal or some wild game I dine,  
 Then drench my belly, sprawling on my back,  
 With a whole butt of milk. His thunder-crack—  
 I answer it, when he splits the clouds asunder,  
 With boomings of my cavern-shaking thunder.  
 And when the north-east wind pours down the snow,  
 I wrap my body round with furs, and so 330  
 I light my fire, and naught for snow I care.  
 And, willy-nilly, earth has got to bear  
 The grass that makes my sheep and cattle fat.  
 I sacrifice to my great Self, sir Sprat,  
 And to no god beside—except, that is,  
 My belly, greatest of all deities.  
 Eat plenty and drink plenty every day,  
 And never worry—*that* is, so I say,  
 The Zeus that suits a level-headed man;  
 But as for those who framed an artful plan  
 Of laws, to puzzle plain men's lives with these—  
 I snap my thumb at them. I'll never cease 340  
 Seeking my own soul's good—by eating you.  
 And, as for guest-gifts, you shall have your due—  
 Oh no, I won't be niggard!—a hot fire,  
 And yonder caldron, which my Sea-god sire  
 Will fill up with his special private brew  
 To make your chop-steaks into a savoury stew  
 Now, toddle in, and all stand ready near  
 The Paunch-god's altar, and make your host good  
 cheer. [*Begins to drive the crew in.*]

ODYSSEUS

Alas! through Trojan conflicts have I won  
 And perils of the sea, only to run

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

350 γνώμην κατέσχον ἀλίμενόν τε καρδίαν.  
 ὦ Παλλάς, ὦ δέσποινα Διογενὲς θεά,  
 νῦν νῦν ἄρηξον· κρείσσονας γὰρ Ἴλίου  
 πόνους ἀφίγμαι καπὶ κινδύνου βάθρα.  
 σύ τ', ὦ φαεινῶν ἀστέρων οἰκῶν ἔδρας  
 Ζεῦ ξένι', ὄρα τάδ'· εἰ γὰρ αὐτὰ μὴ βλέπεις,  
 ἄλλως νομίζει Ζεὺς, τὸ μηδὲν ὢν, θεός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 εὐρείας φάρυγγος, ὦ Κύκλωψ,  
 ἀναστόμου τὸ χεῖλος· ὡς ἔτοιμά σοι  
 ἐφθὰ καὶ ὀπτὰ καὶ ἀνθρακιᾶς ἄπο χναύειν,  
 βρύκειν, κρεοκοπεῖν μέλη ξένων,  
 δασυμάλλῳ ἐν αἰγίδι κλινομένῳ.

μή μοι μὴ προσδίδου·  
 μόνος μόνῳ κόμιζε<sup>1</sup> πορθμίδος σκάφος.  
 χαιρέτω μὲν αὖλις ἄδε,  
 χαιρέτω δὲ θυμάτων  
 ἀποβώμιος ἂν ἔχει θυσίαν  
 Κύκλωψ Αἰτναῖος ξενικῶν  
 κρεῶν κεχαρμένος βορᾶ·

370 νηλής, ὦ τλᾶμον, ὅστις  
 δωμάτων ἐφεστίους ξενικοὺς  
 ἰκτῆρας ἐκθύει δόμων,

<sup>1</sup> So MSS. Wecklein would read γέμιζε.



## CYCLOPS

Aground on a godless villain's evil will,  
 And on his iron-bound heart my life to spill !  
 O Pallas, Child of Zeus, O Heavenly Queen, 350  
 Help, help me now, for never have I been,  
 Mid all Troy's travail, in such strait as this !  
 Oh, this is peril's bottomless abyss !  
 O Dweller in the starry Halls of Light,  
 Zeus, thou Guest-champion, look upon my plight !  
 If thou regard not, vainly we confess  
 Thy godhead, Zeus, who art mere nothingness !

*[Follows his men into the cave, followed by CYCLOPS.]*

### CHORUS

Gape wide your jaws, you one-eyed beast,  
 Your tiger-fangs, an' a' that ;  
 Hot from the coals to make your feast  
 Here's roast, an' boiled, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His guid fur-rug, an' a' that,  
 He's tearin', champin' flesh o' guests !  
 So nane for me, for a' that. 360

Ay, paddle your ain canoe, One-eye,  
 Wi' bluidy oars, an' a' that ;  
 Your impious hall, I pass it by !  
 I cry "avaunt !" for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Your "Etna Halls," an' a' that,  
 You joy in gorgin' strangers' flesh '  
 Awa' wi' ye, for a' that !

A heartless wretch is he, whoe'er,  
 When shipwrecked men, an' a' that,  
 Draw nigh his hearth wi' suppliant prayer, 370  
 Slays, eats them up, an' a' that.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κόπτων βρύκων,  
 ἐφθά τε δαινύμενος μυσαιοῖσί τ' ὀδοῦσιν  
 ἀνθρώπων θέρμ' ἀπ' ἀνθράκων κρέα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω, δεῖν' ἰδὼν ἀντρων ἔσω  
 κού πιστά, μύθοις εἰκότ', οὐδ' ἔργοις βροτῶν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστ', Ὀδυσσεῦ ; μῶν τεθόιναιται σέθεν  
 φίλους ἐταίρους ἀνοσιώτατος Κύκλωψ ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

380

δισσοὺς γ' ἀθρήσας κἀπιβαστάσας χεροῖν,  
 οἷ σαρκὸς εἶχον εὐτρεφέστατον πάχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς, ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ἦτε πάσχοντες τάδε ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

390

ἐπεὶ πετραίαν τήνδ' ἐσήλθομεν στέγην,<sup>1</sup>  
 ἀνέκαυσε μὲν πῦρ πρῶτον, ὑψηλῆς δρυὸς  
 κορμούς πλατείας ἐσχάρας βαλὼν ἔπι,  
 τρισσῶν ἀμαξῶν ὡς ἀγώγιμον βάρος.  
 ἔπειτα φύλλων ἐλατίνων χαμαιπετῆ  
 ἔστρωσεν εὐνήν πλησίον πυρὸς φλογί.  
 κρατῆρα δ' ἐξέπλησεν ὡς δεκάμφορον,  
 μύσχους ἀμέλξας, λευκὸν εἰσχέας γάλα.  
 σκύφος τε κισσοῦ παρέθετ' εἰς εὖρος τριῶν  
 πήχεων, βάθος δὲ τεσσάρων ἐφαίνετο.

<sup>1</sup> For (corrupt) MSS. χθόνα. Other proposed emendations are πτύχα, γνάθον.

## CYCLOPS

For a' that, an' a' that,  
His stews an' steaks, an' a' that,  
His teeth are foul wi' flesh o' man !  
He's damned to hell, for a' that !

*Enter ODYSSEUS from cave.*

ODYSSEUS

Oh God, that cave !—that mine eyes should behold  
Horrors incredible, things that might be told  
In nightmare demon-legends, never found  
In acts of men !

CHORUS

What is it ? Has that hound  
Of hell yet feasted on your friends, poor man ?

ODYSSEUS

Yes, two. He glared on all ; then he began  
To weigh them in his hands, to find out who  
Were fattest and best-nourished of my crew !

380

CHORUS

Poor soul ! How did your sufferings befall ?

ODYSSEUS

When in yon dungeon he had herded all,  
He kindled first a fire, and then hurled down  
On that broad hearth a tall oak's branching crown,  
A mass of wood three waggons scarce could bear ;  
Then he spread out, hard by the red flame's glare,  
A deep broad bed of fallen leaves of pine.  
Next, with the milk he drew from all his kine  
He filled a ninety-gallon cask : beside  
This tank he set a bowl some five feet wide,  
And, by the looks, 'twas more than two yards deep ;  
Then round his brazen caldron made flames leap,

390

καὶ χάλκεον λέβητ' ἐπέζεσεν πυρί,  
 ὀβελούς τ', ἄκρους μὲν ἐγκεκαυμένους πυρί,  
 ξεστοὺς δὲ δρεπάνῳ τᾶλλα, παλιούρου κλάδων,  
 Αἰτναῖά τε σφαγεῖα πελέκεων γνάθοις. †  
 ὡς δ' ἦν ἔτοιμα πάντα τῷ θεοστρυγεῖ  
 "Αἶδου μαγείρω, φῶτε συμμάρψας δύο  
 ἔσφαζ' ἑταίρων τῶν ἐμῶν ῥυθμῷ τινι  
 τὸν μὲν λέβητος εἰς κύτος χαλκήλατου,  
 400 τὸν δ' αὖ, τένοντος ἀρπάσας ἄκρου ποδός,  
 παίων πρὸς ὄξυν στόνυχα πετραίου λίθου,  
 ἐγκέφαλον ἐξέρρανε, καὶ καθαρπάσας  
 λάβρω μαχαίρα σάρκας ἐξώπτα πυρί,  
 τὰ δ' εἰς λέβητ' ἐφήκεν ἔψεσθαι μέλη.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ὁ τλήμων δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέων  
 ἐχριμπτόμην Κύκλωπι κἀδιακόνουν·  
 ἄλλοι δ' ὅπως ὄρνιθες ἐν μυχοῖς πέτρας  
 πτήξαντες εἶχον, αἶμα δ' οὐκ ἐνήν χροῖ.  
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἑταίρων τῶν ἐμῶν πλησθεὶς βορᾶς  
 410 ἀνέπεσε, φάρυγος αἰθέρ' ἐξιεὶς βαρύν,  
 εἰσῆλθέ μοί τι θεῖον· ἐμπλήσας σκύφος  
 Μάρωνος αὐτῷ τοῦδε προσφέρω πιεῖν,  
 λέγων τάδ'· ὦ παῖ ποντίου θεοῦ, Κύκλωψ,  
 σκέψαι τόδ' οἶον Ἑλλὰς ἀμπέλων ἄπο  
 θεῖον κομίζει πῶμα, Διούσου γάνος.  
 ὁ δ' ἐκπλεως ὦν τῆς ἀναισχύντου βορᾶς  
 ἐδέξατ' ἔσπασέν τ' ἄμυστιν ἐλκύσας,  
 κἀπήνεσ' ἄρας χεῖρα· φίλτατε ξένων,  
 καλὸν τὸ πῶμα δαιτὶ πρὸς καλῆ δίδως.

## CYCLOPS

Next, got his spits out, limbs of blackthorn roughly  
Trimmed with a bill, the points fire-hardened toughly ;  
Then, bowls to hold the blood made forth to well  
By cleavers of this fiend of Etna's hell.

When all was ready for this devil-cook  
God-hated, with a sudden snatch he took  
Two of my comrades, and, as one might beat  
A hideous music out, so did he treat  
These in the killing : one man's head he swung  
Against the caldron's brass that hollow rung ;  
By the heel-sinew he gripped the other, dashed 400  
The wretch against a sharp rock-spur, and splashed  
His brains all round : then with swift savage knife  
Sliced off the flesh yet quivering with life :  
He set some o'er the fire on spits to broil,  
And into his caldron flung whole limbs to boil,  
Then I—oh misery !—shedding tear on tear  
To wait upon this Cyclop fiend drew near ;  
While all the rest in crannies of the rock  
With bloodless faces cover'd, like a flock  
Of scared birds. When he had gorged himself at last  
With my friends' flesh, he flung him down ; a blast  
Of foul breath from his throat burst loathsomely. 410

Then a great inspiration came to me :  
With Maron's mighty wine I filled a cup,  
And offered it, saying, as I held it up,  
“ Son of the Sea-king, Cyclops, taste and know  
What heavenly draughts from vines of Hellas flow.  
This is the glory of our Vineyard-lord.”  
And he, gorged with that banqueting abhorred,  
Took it, and swilled it all down at one draught.  
Up went his praising hands : “ Dear guest,” he  
laughed,  
“ With glorious drink you crown a glorious feast !”

- 420 ἤσθέντα δ' αὐτὸν ὡς ἐπησθόμην ἐγώ,  
 ἄλλην ἔδωκα κύλικα, γιγνώσκων ὅτι  
 τρώσει νιν οἶνος καὶ δίκην δώσει τάχα.  
 καὶ δὴ πρὸς ῥῥὰς εἶρπ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεγχεῶν  
 ἄλλην ἐπ' ἄλλη σπλάγχν' ἐθέρμαινον ποτῶ.  
 ἄδει δὲ παρὰ κλαίουσι συνναύταις ἐμοῖς  
 ἄμουσ', ἐπήχει δ' ἄντρον. ἐξελθὼν δ' ἐγὼ  
 σιγῇ, σὲ σῶσαι κἄμ', ἐὰν βούλη, θέλω.  
 ἀλλ' εἶπατ' εἶτε χρήζετε εἶτ' οὐ χρήζετε  
 φεύγειν ἄμικτον ἄνδρα καὶ τὰ Βακχίου  
 430 ναίειν μέλαθρα Ναϊδῶν<sup>1</sup> νυμφῶν μέτα.  
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον σὸς πατὴρ τάδ' ἦνεσεν.  
 ἀλλ' ἀσθενὴς γὰρ κάποκερδαίνων ποτοῦ,  
 ὥσπερ πρὸς ἰξῶ τῇ κύλικι λελημμένος  
 πτέρυγας ἀλύει· σὺ δέ, νεανίας γὰρ εἶ,  
 σώθητι μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸν ἀρχαῖον φίλον  
 Διόνυσον ἀνάλαβ', οὐ Κύκλωπι προσφερῆ.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

- ὦ φίλτατ', εἰ γὰρ τήνδ' ἴδοιμεν ἡμέραν,  
 Κύκλωπος ἐκφυγόντες ἀνόσιοι κἄρα.  
 ὡς διὰ μακροῦ γε † τὸν σίφωνα τὸν φίλον  
 440 χηρεύομεν, τὸν δ' οὐκ ἔχομεν καταφαγεῖν.†

## ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν ἦν ἔχω τιμωρίαν  
 θηρὸς πανούργου σῆς τε δουλείας φυγῆν.

<sup>1</sup> Casaubon : for MSS. Δαναίδων.

## CYCLOPS

So, when I saw how much it pleased the beast, 420  
 I filled his cup again, for well I knew  
 The wine would trip him up, and full soon too  
 Would give me my revenge. And now he roared  
 Forth into singing : still I poured and poured  
 Cup after cup, till glowed his villain bowels  
 With that good liquor. Dissonant rang his howls  
 By my men's moans and sobs, and all about  
 The cavern echoed. I have stolen out,  
 And mean, if you are willing, to rescue you  
 And myself too. Say, what d'you mean to do ?  
 Do you, or do you not, consent to flee  
 From this inhospitable brute, and be  
 Dwellers henceforth in Bacchus' halls afar—  
 Where also the sweet Fountain-maidens are ? 430  
 Your father in there—well, he did approve ;  
 But he's too weak to help : he's fallen in love,  
 Moreover, with the wine, can think of naught  
 But trying to get his share. His wings are caught,  
 As if with birdlime, by the cup : his wit  
 Is all abroad. But you are young and fit :  
 Escape with me, and meet your dear old lord  
 Dionysus—how unlike yon brute abhorred !

## CHORUS

O dearest friend, that I might flee away  
 From godless Goggle-eye, and see that day !  
 The pipe of pleasure has for long been pining,  
 For on no dainty things have I been dining. 440

## ODYSSEUS

Hear then, the vengeance that it's in my mind  
 To wreak upon that scoundrel beast, and find  
 Therein your own escape from slavery.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς Ἀσιάδος οὐκ ἂν ἦδιον ψόφον  
κιθάρας κλύοιμεν ἢ Κύκλωπ' ὀλωλότα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐπὶ κῶμον ἔρπειν πρὸς κασιγνήτους θέλει  
Κύκλωπας ἤσθεις τῷδε Βακχίου ποτῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ξυνῆκ', ἔρημον ξυλλαβῶν δρυμοῖσιν  
σφάζαι μενοινᾶς ἢ πετρῶν ὦσαι κάτα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὐδὲν τοιοῦτον, δόλιος ἢ πιθυμία.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

450 πῶς δαί; σοφόν τοί σ' οὐτ' ἀκούομεν πάλαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

κῶμον μὲν αὐτὸν τοῦδ' ἀπαλλάξω, λέγων  
ὡς οὐ Κύκλωψι πῶμα χρῆ δοῦναι τόδε,  
μόνον δ' ἔχοντα βίοτον ἠδέως ἄγειν.  
ὅταν δ' ὑπνώσῃ Βακχίου νικώμενος,  
ἀκρεμῶν ἐλαίας ἔστιν ἐν δόμοισί τις,  
ὄν φασγάνῳ τῷδ' ἔξαποξύνας ἄκρον,  
εἰς πῦρ καθήσω· κᾶθ', ὅταν κεκαυμένον  
ἴδω νιν, ἄρας θερμὸν εἰς μέσσην βαλὼν  
Κύκλωπος ὄψιν ὄμματ' ἐκτήξω πυρί.  
460 ναυπηγίαν δ' ὡσεὶ τις ἀρμόζων ἀνήρ  
διπλοῖν χαλινοῖν τρύπανον κωπηλατεῖ,  
οὕτω κυκλώσω δαλὸν ἐν φαεσφορῶ  
Κύκλωπος ὄψει καὶ συναναυῶ κόρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιοὺν ἰού,  
γέγηθα, μαινόμεσθα τοῖς εὐρήμασιν.



## CYCLOPS

CHORUS

O speak ! Not more delightfully to me  
The music of an Indian harp would sound  
Than tidings of his death—the Cyclop hound !

ODYSSEUS

He wants to go forth, full of wine and glee,  
To his brother Cyclops for wild revelry.

CHORUS

I see—you ambush him in some lone copse,  
Or,—one sly push, and over the cliff he drops.

ODYSSEUS

No, no ; my trick is artfuller by far.

CHORUS

What ? Long ago I heard how 'cute you are.

450

ODYSSEUS

I'll put him off this revel-game ; I'll say  
He shouldn't give such wine as this away  
To his fellow-beasts, but keep it, only thinking  
Of having a high old time of private drinking.  
And, when he's sleeping, Bacchus' captive, then—  
A stake of olive lies in yonder den :  
My sword shall shape to a point yon bit of tree ;  
I'll thrust it in the fire ; and when I see  
That it is well ablaze, I'll whip the thing  
Out, and all glowing-red I'll slip the thing  
Into the middle of Master Cyclops' eye,  
And melt his vision out with fire thereby.  
And, just as shipwrights fitting beams together  
Will twirl the big drill with long straps of leather,  
So in this fellow's eye I'll twirl about  
My firebrand till I scorch his eyeball out.

460

CHORUS

Callooh ! Callay !  
I'm glad—I'm mad with joy at your invention !

563

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

κάπειτα καὶ σὲ καὶ φίλους γέροντά τε  
νεὼς μελαίνης κοῖλλον ἐμβήσας σκάφος  
διπλαῖσι κώπαις τῆσδ' ἀποστελῶ χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

470 ἔστ' οὖν ὅπως ἂν ὡσπερὶ σπονδῆς θεοῦ  
καγὼ λαβοίμην τοῦ τυφλοῦντος ὄμματα  
δαλοῦ; πόνου γὰρ τοῦδε κοινωνεῖν θέλω.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δεῖ γοῦν· μέγας γὰρ δαλός, ὃν ξυλληπτέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς κἂν ἀμαξῶν ἑκατὸν ἀραίμην βάρους,  
εἰ τοῦ Κύκλωπος τοῦ κακῶς ὄλουμένου  
ὀφθαλμὸν ὡσπερ σφηκιὰν ἐκθύψομεν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

480 σιγᾶτε νῦν. δόλον γὰρ ἐξεπίστασαι·  
χῶταν κελεύω, τοῖσιν ἀρχιτέκτοσι  
πείθεσθ'· ἐγὼ γὰρ ἄνδρας ἀπολιπὼν φίλους  
τοὺς ἔνδον ὄντας οὐ μόνος σωθήσομαι.  
καίτοι φύγοιμ' ἄν, κάκβέβηκ' ἄντρον μυχῶν·  
ἀλλ' οὐ δίκαιον ἀπολιπόντ' ἐμοὺς φίλους,  
ξὺν οἷσπερ ἦλθον δεῦρο, σωθῆναι μόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄγε, τίς πρῶτος, τίς δ' ἐπὶ πρώτῳ  
ταχθεὶς δαλοῦ κώπην ὀχμάσας  
Κύκλωπος ἔσω βλεφάρων ὥσας  
λαμπρὰν ὄψιν διακναίσει;

[ὦδὴ ἔνδοθεν]

## CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Then in my black ship it is my intention  
To put your father, you, and my friends freed :  
Then with oars double-manned away we speed.

CHORUS

And in the handling of this burning brand  
That scoops his eye out, can't I bear a hand,  
Just as in sacrifices all have part ?  
I'll take my little share with all my heart.

470

ODYSSEUS

O yes, you *must* : the brand is monstrous great,  
And all must help at it.

CHORUS

I'd lift a weight  
Enough for a hundred carts, if so I might,  
As one burns out a wasps' nest, quench the light  
Of One-eye—damn him down to lowest hell !

ODYSSEUS

Now, mum's the word ! You know the trick right  
well ;

So, when I call on you, do you obey  
The master-mind—that's me. No running away  
For me, to save myself, and leave my crew  
Inside ! I *might* escape : I got clear through  
A tunnel in the rock with small ado,  
But—give my friends the slip, with whom I came  
Here, and escape alone !—'twould be a shame !

480

[*Exit into cave.*]

CHORUS

O who, and O who will come and take his stand,  
And grip the shaft and plunge beneath his brow the  
glowing brand ?

And it's O, but a Cyclop with eye on fire is grand !

[*Sound of singing in cave*]

565

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

490 σίγα σίγα. καὶ δὴ μεθύων  
 ἄχαριν κέλαδον μουσιζόμενος  
 σκαιὸς ἀπῶδὸς καὶ κλαυσόμενος  
 χωρεῖ πετρίνων ἔξω μελάθρων.  
 φέρε νιν κώμοις παιδεύσωμεν  
 τὸν ἀπαίδευτον.  
 πάντως μέλλει τυφλὸς εἶναι.

500 μάκαρ ὅστις εὐιάζει  
 βοτρυῶν φίλαισι πηγαῖς  
 ἐπὶ κῶμον ἐκπετασθεῖς,  
 φίλον ἄνδρ' ὑπαγκαλίζων,  
 ἐπὶ δεμνίοισι τε ξανθὸν  
 χλιδανῆς ἔχων ἑταίρας  
 μυρόχριστος λιπαρὸν βό-  
 στρυχον, αὐδᾶ δέ· θύραν τίς οἴξει μοι;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

510 παπαπαῖ, πλέως μὲν οἴνου,  
 γάννυμαι δὲ δαιτὸς ἦβη,  
 σκάφος ὄλκας ὧς γεμισθεῖς  
 ποτὶ σέλμα γαστρὸς ἄκρας.  
 ὑπάγει μ' ὁ χόρτος εὐφρων  
 ἐπὶ κῶμον ἦρος ὦραις,  
 ἐπὶ Κύκλωπας ἀδελφούς.  
 φέρε μοι, ξεῖνε, φέρ', ἀσκὸν ἔνδος μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλὸν ὄμμασιν δεδορκῶς  
 καλὸς ἐκπερᾶ μελάθρων.  
 [φίλος ὦν]<sup>1</sup> φίλεῖ τις ἡμᾶς.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann, to supply lacuna in MSS.

## CYCLOPS

O hush, and O hush ! for he howls a drunken song,  
A hideous discord bellowed by an unmelodious  
tongue.

And it's O, but his music shall turn to wails ere long ! 490  
He comes, O he comes ; he has left his cave behind.  
Some revel-song adapted to his thick head let us find.  
And it's O, but for certain he'll very soon be blind.

*Enter CYCLOPS with ODYSSEUS and SILENUS.*

O bliss to be chanting the Song of the Wine,  
When the cluster's fountain is flowing,  
When your soul floats forth on the revel divine,  
And your love in your arms is glowing,  
When you play with the odorous golden hair  
Of a fairy-like sweet wee love, 500  
And you murmur through shining curls the  
prayer—  
“Unlock love's door unto me, love !”

### CYCLOPS

Oho ! Oho ! I am full of good drink,  
Full of glee from a good feast's revel !  
I'm a ship that is laden till ready to sink  
Right up to my crop's deck-level !  
The jolly spring season is tempting me out  
To dance on the meadow-clover  
With my Cyclop brothers in revel-rout !—  
Here, hand the wine-skin over ! 510

### CHORUS<sup>1</sup>

With eyes lit up with the love-light's spell  
From his halls is the bridegroom pacing,—  
“O, somebody loves me, but I won't tell !”—

<sup>1</sup> This verse is full of veiled ironic reference to the fiery stake, and its expected effect on the appearance of his forehead.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

λύχνα δ' ἀμμένει δάϊα σὸν  
 χροα, χῆ τέρεινα νύμφα  
 δροσερῶν ἔσωθεν ἄντρων.  
 στεφάνων δ' οὐ μία χροιά  
 περὶ σὸν κράτα τάχ' ἐξομιλήσει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

520

Κύκλωψ, ἄκουσον, ὡς ἐγὼ τοῦ Βακχίου  
 τούτου τρίβων εἶμ', ὃν πιεῖν ἔδωκά σοι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ Βάκχιος δὲ τίς; θεὸς νομίζεται;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μέγιστος ἀνθρώποισιν εἰς τέρψιν βίου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἐρυγγάνω γοῦν αὐτὸν ἠδέως ἐγώ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τοιόσδ' ὁ δαίμων· οὐδένα βλάπτει βροτῶν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

θεὸς δ' ἐν ἀσκῷ πῶς γέγηθ' οἴκουσ ἔχων;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὅπου τιθῆ τις, ἐνθάδ' ἐστὶν εὐπετής.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ τοὺς θεοὺς χρῆν σῶμ' ἔχειν ἐν δέρμασιν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί δ', εἴ σε τέρπει γ'; ἢ τὸ δέρμα σοι πικρόν;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

μισῶ τὸν ἀσκόν· τὸ δὲ ποτὸν φιλῶ τόδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

530

μένων νυν αὐτοῦ πῖνε κεύθμει, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ χρή μ' ἀδελφοῖς τοῦδε προσδοῦναι ποτοῦ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔχων γὰρ αὐτὸς τιμώτερος φανεῖ.

## CYCLOPS

And the bridal-torch is blazing.  
O the warm warm clasp of a glowing bride  
In the cave, and the fervid bosom !  
O the garland of roses and paeonies pied  
That around thy brows shall blossom !

ODYSSEUS

Cyclops, heed me, for I know all about  
This Wine-god in the cup that you've drained out. 520

CYCLOPS

Who is this Bacchus ?—not a real god, is he ?

ODYSSEUS

In giving men good times there's none so busy.

CYCLOPS

I belch him out, and find that very pleasant.

ODYSSEUS

That's him—hurts nobody—it shows he's present.

CYCLOPS

How does this god like lodging in a skin ?

ODYSSEUS

He's all serene, wherever you stick him in.

CYCLOPS

Gods shouldn't wear hide-jackets : that's my view.

ODYSSEUS

Pho ! if you like him, what's his coat to you ?

CYCLOPS

Can't say I like the skin : the drink is prime.

ODYSSEUS

Now just stop here, and have a high old time. 530

CYCLOPS

What ?—give my brethren none of this rich hoard ?

ODYSSEUS

Keep it for your own drinking, like a lord.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

διδούς δὲ τοῖς φίλοισι χρησιμώτερος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πυγμαῖς ὁ κῶμος λοιδόρον τ' ἔριν φιλεῖ.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

μεθύω μὲν ἔμπας δ' οὔτις ἂν ψαύσειέ μου.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὦ τᾶν, πεπωκότ' ἐν δόμοισι χρῆ μένειν.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἠλίθιος ὅστις μὴ πιὼν κῶμον φιλεῖ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὅς δ' ἂν μεθυσθεῖς γ' ἐν δόμοις μείνη, σοφός.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

τί δρῶμεν, ὦ Σειληνέ; σοὶ μένειν δοκεῖ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

540

δοκεῖ. τί γὰρ δεῖ συμποτῶν ἄλλων, Κύκλωψ;

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

καὶ μὴν λαχνῶδές γ' οὔδας ἀνθηρᾶ χλόη.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καὶ πρὸς γε θάλπος ἠλίου πίνειν καλόν.  
κλίθητί νῦν μοι πλευρὰ θεῖς ἐπὶ χθονός.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

τί δῆτα τὸν κρατῆρ' ὄπισθέ μου τίθης;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὡς μὴ παριῶν τις καταβάλλη.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

πίνειν μὲν οὔν  
κλέπτων σὺ βούλει κάτθες αὐτὸν εἰς μέσον.  
σὺ δ', ὦ ξέν', εἰπέ τοῦνομ' ὅ τι σε χρῆ καλεῖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Οὔτιν' χάριν δὲ τίνα λαβὼν σ' ἐπαινέσω;



## CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS

But it's more neighbourly to share with friends.

ODYSSEUS

Well, revelling in blows and brawling ends.

CYCLOPS

I'm drunk ; but none dare touch me ! I'm all right.

ODYSSEUS

My dear Sir, home's the place when one is tight.

CYCLOPS

Not revel after a booze ?—that's silly, very !

ODYSSEUS

Wise men stay indoors when wine makes them merry.

CYCLOPS

Shall I stay in, Silenus ? What d'ye think ?

SILENUS

Stay. Why have other noses in your drink ?

540

CYCLOPS

Well, to be sure, this long thick grass is fine.

SILENUS

Yes, and it's nice to drink in warm sunshine.

Down with you then, in lordly ease to lie.

*[Slides wine-bowl behind cyclops' back.]*

CYCLOPS

Now then, you've put that bowl behind me !—why ?

SILENUS

Lest some one passing by us might upset it.

CYCLOPS

Ha, I know better ! You are trying to get it

For stolen drinks. Just set it in full view.

Now, stranger, what's to be my name for you ?

ODYSSEUS

Nobody. Haven't you a gift for me

To bless you for ?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

550

πάντων δ' ἑταίρων ὕστατον θοινάσομαι.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καλὸν γε τὸ γέρας τῷ ξένῳ δίδως, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὔτος, τί δρᾶς; τὸν οἶνον ἐκπίνεις λάθρα;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἔμ' οὔτος ἔκυσει, ὅτι καλὸν βλέπω.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κλαύσει, φιλῶν τὸν οἶνον οὐ φιλοῦντά σε.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ναὶ μὰ Δί', ἐπεὶ μού φησ' ἐρᾶν ὄντος καλοῦ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἔγχει, πλέων δὲ τὸν σκύφον. δίδου μόνον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

πῶς οὖν κέκραται; φέρε διασκεψώμεθα.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἀπολεῖς· δος οὔτως.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ναὶ μὰ Δί' οὐ πρὶν ἂν γε σὲ  
στέφανον ἴδω λαβόντα, γεύσωμαί τέ τι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦ οἰνοχόος ἄδικος.

## CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS

Of all your company  
I'll feast on you the last.

SILENUS

O Cyclops, best 550  
Of hosts, a noble gift you give your guest!  
*(stealthily drinks.)*

CYCLOPS

Ah! what are you up to?—drinking on the sly!

SILENUS

No, no: the wine kissed me, so fair am I.

CYCLOPS

I'll teach you, if you make love to the wine  
Which loves you not!

SILENUS

It does: these charms of mine,  
It says, have won its heart.

CYCLOPS

Here, fill the cup.  
Pour in—up to the brim. Now, hand it up.

SILENUS

Is it the proper mixture?—let me see.  
*(stoops his face to bowl.)*

CYCLOPS

You'll be the death of me! Quick, hand it me  
Just as it is!

SILENUS *(puts wreath on CYCLOPS'*  
*head, so as to cover his eye.)*

By Jove, no! I must first  
Crown with this wreath your brow, and—quench my  
thirst. *(drinks.)*

CYCLOPS

You thieving cupbearer!

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

560

οὐ μὰ Δῖ', ἀλλ' ὦ οἶνος γλυκύς.  
ἀπομυκτέου δέ σοί γ', ὅπως λήψει πιεῖν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἰδοῦ, καθαρὸν τὸ χεῖλος αἰ τρίχες τέ μου.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

θές νυν τὸν ἀγκῶν' εὐρύθμως, κατ' ἔκπτε,  
ὥσπερ μ' ὀρᾶς πίνοντα—χῶσπερ οὐκ ἐμέ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ᾶ ᾶ, τί δράσεις;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἠδέως ἠμύστισα.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

λάβ', ὦ ξέν', αὐτὸς οἰνοχόος τέ μοι γενοῦ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

γιγνώσκεται γοῦν ἄμπελος τῆμῃ χερσί.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

φέρ' ἔγχεόν νυν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐγχείω, σίγα μόνον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

χαλεπὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ὅστις ἂν πῖη πολύν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

570

ἰδοῦ λαβὼν ἔκπιθι καὶ μηδὲν λίπης.  
συνεκθανεῖν δὲ σπῶντα χρῆ τῷ πώματι.

## CYCLOPS

SILENUS

Good heavens ! not so.

560

You *should* say, " You delicious wine ! " you know.  
Now let me wipe your nose, that you may sip  
Your wine genteelly.

CYCLOPS

Go along ! my lip

And my moustache are clean enough for me.

SILENUS

Now sink down on your elbow gracefully ;

(*Cyclops rolls on his back.*)

Then drain the cup, just as you see me do—  
I mean, just as you don't. (*takes a big drink.*)

CYCLOPS (*sitting up*)

Hi ! stop there, you !

What are you up to ?

SILENUS

A bumper ! Joys untold

CYCLOPS

Here, stranger, be my cupbearer. Catch hold !

ODYSSEUS

The wine knows me : my hand brings out its savour.

CYCLOPS

Fill up.

ODYSSEUS

All right. Don't talk—you'll miss the flavour.

CYCLOPS

Can't help but talk, with a pailful in one's crop.

ODYSSEUS

Here, tip it off. Mind, don't you leave one drop.

570

The rule is, don't give in until the wine  
Gives out.

575

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

παπαῖ, σοφόν γε τὸ ξύλον τῆς ἀμπέλου.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

κᾶν μὲν σπάσης γε δαιτὶ πρὸς πολλῇ πολύν,  
τέγξας ἄδιψον νηδύν, εἰς ὕπνον βαλεῖ·  
ἦν δ' ἐκλίπης τι, ξηρανεῖ σ' ὁ Βάκχιος.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ιοῦ ἰού,  
ὡς ἐξένευσα μόγις· ἄκρατος ἢ χάρις·  
ὁ δ' οὐρανός μοι συμμεμιγμένος δοκεῖ  
τῇ γῆ φέρεσθαι, τοῦ Διός τε τὸν θρόνου  
580 λεύσσω, τὸ πᾶν τε δαιμόνων ἀγνὸν σέβας.  
οὐκ ἂν φιλήσαιμ'—αἱ Χάριτες πειρῶσί με—  
ἄλις Γανυμήδην τόνδ' ἔχων ἀναπαύσομαι  
κάλλιστα, νῆ τὰς Χάριτας, ἦδομαι δέ πως  
τοῖς παιδικοῖσι μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς θήλεσιν.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἐγὼ γὰρ ὁ Διός εἰμι Γανυμήδης, Κύκλωψ;

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ναὶ μὰ Δί', ὄν ἀρπάζω γ' ἐγὼ 'κ τοῦ Δαρδάνου.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἀπόλωλα, παῖδες· σχέτλια πείσομαι κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέμφει τὸν ἐραστὴν κᾶντρυφᾶς πεπωκότα;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οἴμοι· πικρότατον οἶνον ὄψομαι τάχα.

## CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS (*drinks.*)

Oh my! a clever tree that vine  
Must be!

ODYSSEUS

And if you pour full bumpers down  
On top of a full meal, and fairly drown  
The thirst out of your paunch, 'twill veil your eye  
With sweet sleep. If the cup be not drained dry,  
Bacchus will parch your throat most damnably.

CYCLOPS (*buries his face in bowl.*)

Oho! oho! I've dived deep into this,  
And just come up again! Unmingled bliss!  
I see heaven floating down, blended in one  
With earth below! I see Zeus on his throne,  
And all the Gods, the holy heavenly faces! 580  
No, I won't kiss you!—that's the naughty Graces  
Tempting me. Ganymede will do for me! (*seizes SIL.*)  
I've got him here; and, by the Graces Three,  
I'll have a lovely time with him: I care  
Never a straw for all the female fair.

SILENUS

What? what? Are you Zeus, and I Ganymede?

CYCLOPS (*catching him up*)

Yes!—up from Troy I snatch you—yes indeed!

SILENUS

Boys! murder! help! I'm in an awful plight!

CHORUS

What?—scorn your lover?—snub him 'cause he's tight?

SILENUS

This wine is bitter beer!—O cursèd spite!

[CYCLOPS *staggers into cave, with SILENUS under his arm.*]

577

## ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

## ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

590

ἄγε δῆ, Διονύσου παῖδες, εὐγενῆ τέκνα,  
 εἶδον μὲν ἀνὴρ· τῷ δ' ὕπνω παρειμένος  
 τάχ' ἐξ ἀναιδοῦς φάρυγος ὠθήσει κρέα,  
 δαλὸς δ' ἔσωθεν αὐλίων ὠθεῖ καπνόν.  
 παρευτρέπιστα δ' οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν πυροῦν  
 Κύκλωπος ὄψιν· ἄλλ' ὅπως ἀνὴρ ἔσει.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέτρας τὸ λῆμα κἀδάμαντος ἔξομεν.  
 χώρει δ' ἐς οἴκους, πρὶν τι τὸν πατέρα παθεῖν  
 ἀπάλαμνον, ὡς σοι τάνθάδ' ἐστὶν εὐτρεπῆ.

## ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

600

Ἥφαιστ', ἀναξ Αἰτναῖε, γείτονος κακοῦ  
 λαμπρὸν πυρώσας ὄμμ' ἀπαλλάχθηθ' ἄπαξ,  
 σύ τ' ὦ μελαίνης Νυκτὸς ἐκπαίδευσ', Ὑπνε,  
 ἄκρατος ἐλθὲ θηρὶ τῷ θεοστυγεί,  
 καὶ μὴ πὶ καλλίστοισι Ἰρωικοῖς πόνοις  
 αὐτόν τε ναύτας τ' ἀπολέσητ' Ὀδυσσέα  
 ὑπ' ἀνδρός, ᾧ θεῶν οὐδὲν ἠ βροτῶν μέλει.  
 ἢ τὴν τύχην μὲν δαίμον' ἠγείσθαι χρεῶν,  
 τὰ δαιμόνων δὲ τῆς τύχης ἐλάσσονα.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

610

λήψεται τὸν τράχηλον  
 ἐντόνος ὁ καρκίνος  
 τοῦ ξένων δαιτυμόνος· πυρὶ γὰρ τάχα  
 φωσφόρους ὀλεῖ κόρας·  
 ἤδη δαλὸς ἠνθρακωμένος  
 κρύπτεται εἰς σποδιάν, δρυὸς ἄσπετου ἔρνος.  
 ἀλλ' ἴτω Μάρων, πρασσέτω·  
 μαινομένου ἕξελέτω βλέφαρον



## CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Come, Bacchus' children, brave lads, up, be doing! 590  
 Our foe's in there! Right soon will he be spewing  
 Gobbets of flesh from a shameless gullet deep,  
 Sprawling upon his back in drunken sleep.  
 The stake in there jets forth a fiery fume.  
 All's ready for the last act, to consume  
 The Cyclops' eye with fire. Be men!

CHORUS

We pant

To show a soul of rock, of adamant!  
 In then, before our father come to grief.  
 We're ready all to follow you, our chief.

ODYSSEUS

O Fire-god, king of Etna, burn away  
 The eye of thy vile neighbour, and for aye 600  
 Rid thee of him! O child of black Night, Sleep,  
 On this god-hated brute in full power leap!  
 Bring not Odysseus and his crew to naught,  
 After those glorious toils in Ilium wrought,  
 Through one who gives to God nor man a thought!  
 Else must we think that Chance bears rule in heaven,  
 That lordship over Gods to her is given.

*[Exit into cave.]*

CHORUS

As I cam' through a cave's gate,  
 A slaves' gate, a knave's gate,  
 A "Shipwrecked Sailors' Grave's" gate, 610  
 I heard a caldron sing—  
 "O weel may the fire glow, the reek blow, the  
 stake go! [are in!]"  
 O weel may his throat crow for the eye that flames  
 And it's O for my Lord's shout ringing,  
 For the singing, the swinging

579

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

620

Κύκλωπος, ὡς πῆ κακῶς.  
 καὶ γὰρ τὸν φιλοκισσοφόρον Βρόμιον  
 πσθεινὸν εἰσιδεῖν θέλω,  
 Κύκλωπος λιπὼν ἐρημίαν.  
 ἄρ' ἐς τοσούτ' ἀφίξομαι ;

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

σιγᾶτε πρὸς θεῶν, θῆρες, ἡσυχάζετε,  
 συνθέντες ἄρθρα στόματος· οὐδὲ πνεῖν ἐῶ,  
 οὐ σκαρδαμύσσειν οὐδὲ χρέμπτεσθαί τινα,  
 ὡς μὴ ἕξεγερθῆ τὸ κακόν, ἔστ' ἂν ὄμματος  
 ὄψις Κύκλωπος ἐξαμιλληθῆ πυρί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σιγῶμεν ἐγκάψαντες αἰθέρα γνάθοις.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

630

ἄγε νυν ὅπως ἄψεσθε τοῦ δαλοῦ χεροῖν  
 ἔσω μολόντες· διάπυρος δ' ἐστὶν καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

οὐκουν σὺ τάξεις οὔστινας πρώτους χρεῶν  
 καυτὸν μοχλὸν λαβόντας ἐκκάειν τὸ φῶς  
 Κύκλωπος, ὡς ἂν τῆς τύχης κοινώμεθα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐσμεν μακρότερον πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν  
 ἐστῶτες ὠθεῖν ἐς τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν τὸ πῦρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'

ἡμεῖς δὲ χωλοὶ γ' ἀρτίως γεγενήμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'

ταῦτὸν πεπόνθατ' ἄρ' ἐμοί· τοὺς γὰρ πόδας  
 ἐστῶτες ἐσπάσθημεν οὐκ οἶδ' ἐξ ὅτου.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἐστῶτες ἐσπάσθητε ;

## CYCLOPS

Dance, for the ivy clinging!

And good-bye to the desolate shore!

620

So weel may the wine flow, and lay low our brute  
foe,

To wake up in mad throe, in darkness evermore!

*Re-enter ODYSSEUS from cave.*

ODYSSEUS

Hush, you wild things, for Heaven's sake!—still as  
death!

Shut your lips tight together!—not a breath!

Don't wink, don't cough, for fear the beast should  
wake

Ere we twist out his eye with that red stake.

CHORUS

We are mum: we clench our teeth tight on the air.

ODYSSEUS

Now then, in with you! Grasp the brand in there 630  
With brave hands: glowing red-hot is the tip.

CHORUS (*edging away*)

You, please, appoint who must be first to grip  
The burning stake, and scorch out Cyclops' eye,  
That all may share the grand chance equally.

A SATYR

Oh, we—too far outside the door we are!—  
Can't reach his eye—can't poke the fire so far.

ANOTHER SATYR

And we—O dear, we've fallen lame just now!

ANOTHER SATYR

And so have we: we've sprained—I can't tell how—  
Our ankles, standing here. Oh my poor foot!

ODYSSEUS

Sprained standing still?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

640

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'

καὶ τὰ γ' ὄμματα  
μέστ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν κόνεος ἢ τέφρας ποθέν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄνδρες πονηροὶ κοῦδὲν οἶδε σύμμαχοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅτι ἡ τὸ νῶτον τὴν ῥάχιν τ' οἰκτείρομεν  
καὶ τοὺς ὀδόντας ἐκβαλεῖν οὐ βούλομαι  
τυπτόμενος, αὕτη γίγνεται πονηρία ;  
ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἐπώδην Ὀρφέως ἀγαθὴν πάνυ,  
ὡς αὐτόματον τὸν δαλὸν εἰς τὸ κρανίου  
στείχουθ' ὑφάπτειν τὸν μονῶπα παῖδα γῆς.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

650

πάλαι μὲν ἤδη σ' ὄντα τοιοῦτον φύσει,  
νῦν δ' οἶδ' ἄμεινον. τοῖσι δ' οἰκείοις φίλοις  
χρηῆσθαί μ' ἀνάγκη. χεῖρι δ' εἰ μηδὲν σθένεις,  
ἀλλ' οὖν ἐπεγκέλευέ γ', ὡς εὐψυχίαν  
φίλων κέλευσμοῖς τοῖσι σοῖς κτησώμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δράσω τάδ'. ἐν τῷ Καρὶ κινδυνεύσομεν.  
κέλευσμάτων δ' ἕκατι τυφέσθω Κύκλωψ.  
ἰὼ ἰώ,  
γενναιότατ' ὠθεῖτε, σπεύδετε.  
ἐκκαίετε τὴν ὀφρὺν  
θηρὸς τοῦ ξενοδαίτα.  
τύφετ' ὦ, καίετ' ὦ  
τὸν Αἴτνας μηλονόμον.

660

## CYCLOPS

ANOTHER SATYR

640

Oh dear! a lot of soot,  
Or dust, into our eyes the wind has brought!

ODYSSEUS

The cowards! At a pinch they're good for naught!

CHORUS

Because I have compassion on my back,  
And don't want all my teeth by one big smack  
Knocked down my throat, d'ye call that cowardice?  
Look here—I know a song of Orpheus's,  
A lovely incantation! 'twill constrain  
The stake to plunge itself into his brain,  
And burn the giant's eye out—a grand song!

ODYSSEUS

650

Poor chicken-hearts! I knew you all along.  
I'll do what's better, use my trusty crew—  
Indeed I've no choice. There's no fight in you:  
Still, cheer us on with some good rousing chanty,  
And screw to the sticking-point our courage, can't  
ye? [Enters cave.]

CHORUS

Instead of the tongs, sir, dear pussy's paw, sir, will  
get *my* chestnuts out very well;  
But, as far as a song, sir, can go, old Saucer-eye shall  
frizzle in flames of hell.

So yeo-heave-ho! and in she'll go!

Give way, my hearties! Put your backs to it! Stick  
to the work!— [a shirk!  
A brave tar's part is to stick like wax to it—never  
Burn out his eye, sir, the gormandizer,  
Who goes and fries, sir, the trustful stranger!  
With a red-hot poker make him a smoker  
Like Etna—the soaker, the sheepwalk-ranger! 660

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τόρνεν', ἔλκε, μή σ' ἐξοδυνηθεῖς  
δράση τι μάταιον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦμοι, κατηνθρακώμεθ' ὀφθαλμοῦ σέλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλός γ' ὁ παιάν' μέλπε μοι τόνδ', ὦ Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦμοι μάλ', ὡς ὑβρίσμεθ', ὡς ὀλώλαμεν.  
ἀλλ' οὔτι μὴ φύγητε τῆσδ' ἔξω πέτρας  
χαίροντες, οὐδὲν ὄντες· ἐν πύλαισι γὰρ  
σταθεῖς φάραγγος τῆσδ' ἐναρμόσω χέρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί χρῆμ' αὐτεῖς, ὦ Κύκλωψ ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἀπωλόμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰσχρὸς γε φαίνει.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κάπὶ τοῖσδέ γ' ἄθλιος.

670

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μεθύων κατέπεσες εἰς μέσους τοὺς ἄνθρακας ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Οὔτις μ' ἀπόλεσ'.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' οὐδεῖς σ' ἠδίκει ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Οὔτις με τυφλοῖ βλέφαρον.

## CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS *and his men bring the burning stake, and plunge it into the CYCLOPS' eye.*

In you go quick with it!—twirl it about!  
You've done the trick with it!—now whip it out  
Ere he catch you a lick with it, a terrible clout;  
For he feels pretty sick with it—of that there's  
no doubt.

CYCLOPS (*starting up*)

Ah-h! my eye's turned to a red-hot coal! Oh my!

CHORUS

Well sung! Encore! Encore, old Saucer-eye!

CYCLOPS

Oh! blackguard villains! Oh! They've done for me!  
Don't think to escape, you paltry rascalry,  
Out of this cave, and laugh at me! I'll stand  
Here, barring the only door with either hand.

CHORUS

Why bawl so, Goggle-eye?

CYCLOPS

I'm kilt intirely!

CHORUS

You do look bad.

CYCLOPS

What's more, I feel so—direly! 670

CHORUS

You fell face down in the fire when you were tight?

CYCLOPS

No!—Nobody's killed me!

CHORUS

No?—then you're all right.

CYCLOPS

Nobody's blinded me!

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' εἶ τυφλός ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὡς δὴ σύ—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πῶς σ' οὐτίς ἂν θείῃ τυφλόν ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

σκώπτεις. ὁ δ' Οὐτίς ποῦ 'στιν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδαμοῦ, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ ξένος, ἴν' ὀρθῶς ἐκμάθῃς, μ' ἀπόλεσεν,  
ὁ μιαρός, ὅς μοι δούς τὸ πῶμα κατέκλυσε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸς γὰρ οἶνος καὶ παλαίεσθαι βαρύς.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πρὸς θεῶν, πεφεύγασ' ἢ μένουσ' εἴσω δόμων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680 οὗτοι σιωπῇ τὴν πέτραν ἐπήλυγα  
λαβόντες ἐστήκασι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ποτέρας τῆς χερός ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν δεξιᾷ σου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ποῦ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρὸς αὐτῇ τῇ πέτρα.

ἔχεις ;



## CYCLOPS

CHORUS

Then you can't be blind.

CYCLOPS

I wish you were!

CHORUS

Please make it to my mind  
Quite clear, how nobody could poke your eye out.

CYCLOPS

You're chaffing me! Where's Nobody?

CHORUS

Don't cry out,  
Because he's nowhere, Blunderbore—don't you see?

CYCLOPS

I tell you again, that stranger's murdered me,  
The dirty spalpeen, who drenched me with drink!

CHORUS

Ah, wine's the chap to trip your legs, I think.

CYCLOPS

For Heaven's sake tell me—are they still inside?  
Or have they got away?

CHORUS

They're trying to hide  
Under that rock-ledge: they stand silent there.

680

CYCLOPS

On which side of me?

CHORUS

On your right.

CYCLOPS

Oh where?

CHORUS

Close up against the rock. Ha!—got the lot?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κακόν γε πρὸς κακῶ· τὸ κρανίου  
παίσας κατέαγα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καί σε διαφεύγουσί γε ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ τῆδ'· ἐπεὶ τῆδ' εἶπας ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔ, ταύτη λέγω.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πῆ γάρ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

περιάγου, κείσε, πρὸς τὰριστερά.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οἴμοι γελῶμαι· κερτομεῖτέ μ' ἐν κακοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄλλ' οὐκέτ', ἀλλὰ πρόσθεν Οὔτις ἐστί σου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦ παγκάκιστε, ποῦ ποτ' εἶ ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τηλοῦ σέθεν

690

φυλακαῖσι φρουρῶ σῶμ' Ὀδυσσέως τόδε.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πῶς εἶπας ; ὄνομα μεταβαλὼν καινὸν λέγεις ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὅπερ μ' ὁ φύσας ὠνόμαζ' Ὀδυσσέα.

δώσειν δ' ἔμελλες ἀνοσίου δαιτὸς δίκας·

## CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS *makes a wild plunge, and dashes his head against the rock. Some of the crew slip out.*

CYCLOPS

Oh misery on misery! I've caught  
My head a bang that's split it!

CHORUS

What?—slipped clear  
Between your fingers?

CYCLOPS (*groping with his hands*)

I can't find them here!

You said they *were* here?

CHORUS

No, *this* side, I told you.

CYCLOPS

Where? where?

CHORUS

Whisk round!—to your left! Aha!  
they've sold you!

[*The last of the crew slip by.*]

CYCLOPS

You're laughing at me!—jeering at my woes!

CHORUS

No, no! Look! Nobody's right before your nose!

CYCLOPS (*making plunge at nothing*)

Villain! where are you?

ODYSSEUS

Out of reach, I assure ye,  
I ward Odysseus' body from your fury.

690

CYCLOPS

What?—a new name?—that doesn't sound the same!

ODYSSEUS

My father called me Odysseus: that's my name.  
And so you thought that you'd get off scot-free

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κακῶς γὰρ ἂν Τροίαν γε διεπυρρώσαμεν,  
εἰ μὴ σ' ἑταίρων φόνον ἐτιμωρησάμην.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

αἰαί· παλαιὸς χρησμὸς ἐκπεραίνεται.  
τυφλὴν γὰρ ὄψιν ἐκ σέθεν σχήσειν μ' ἔφη  
Τροίας ἀφορμηθέντος. ἀλλὰ καὶ σέ τοι  
δίκας ὑφέξειν ἀντὶ τῶνδ' ἐθέσπισε,  
πολὺν θαλάσση χρόνον ἐναιωρούμενον.

700

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

κλαίειν σ' ἄνωγα· καὶ δέδραχ' ὄπερ λέγεις.  
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς εἶμι καὶ νεῶς σκάφος  
ἦσω ἔπι πόντον Σικελὸν ἔς τ' ἐμὴν πάτραν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σε τῆσδ' ἀπορρήξας πέτρας  
αὐτοῖσι συνναῦταισι συντρίψω βαλὼν.  
ἄνω δ' ἐπ' ὄχθον εἶμι, καίπερ ὦν τυφλός,  
δι' ἀμφιτρήτος τῆσδε προσβαίνων ποδί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμεῖς δὲ συνναῦταί γε τοῦδ' Ὀδυσσεῶς  
όντες τὸ λοιπὸν Βακχίῳ δουλεύσομεν.

## CYCLOPS

For your unhallowed feast! A shame 'twould be  
If, after burning Troy, I took on you  
No vengeance for the murder of my crew!

CYCLOPS

Woe's me! the ancient prophecy comes true  
Which said that you would blind me on your way  
Homeward from Troy. Ha! this too did it say,  
That you'd be punished for this wrong to me,  
Tossed through long years about the homeless sea. 700

ODYSSEUS

I laugh to scorn your bodings. I have done  
All that your prophet said. Now will I run  
My good ship's keel adown the sloping strand;  
Then, ho for Sicily's sea and fatherland!

CYCLOPS

Not you! I'll tear this rock up, hurl, and smash  
You and your men all to a bloody mash!  
I'll climb a crag, and do it. Though I'm blind,  
My way out through this rifted rock I'll find.

CHORUS

We will sail with Odysseus from this shore,  
And serve Lord Bacchus henceforth evermore.

*Exeunt OMNES, leaving CYCLOPS groping and stumbling  
amongst the rocks.*

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*DESCRIPTIVE PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.*

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