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THE AGAMEMNON

OF

AESCHYLUS
Cambridge:
PRINTED BY J. AND C. F. CLAY,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
THE AGAMEMNON

OF

AESCHYLUS

AS PERFORMED AT CAMBRIDGE

NOVEMBER 16—21, 1900.

WITH THE VERSE TRANSLATION

BY

MISS ANNA SWANWICK.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
AND SOLD BY
MACMILLAN AND BOWES.

1900

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ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ
ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ
ΑΙΓΙΣΘΟΣ
ΦΥΛΑΞ
ΚΗΡΥΞ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
CHARACTERS.

Agamemnon ... .. Mr H. H. King, Pembroke College.
Clytaemnestra ... Mr F. H. Lucas, Trinity College.
Cassandra ... ... Mr J. F. Crace, King's College.
Aegisthus ... ... Mr I. G. Back, Trinity Hall.
A Watchman ... ... Mr E. S. Montagu, Trinity College.
A Herald ... ... Mr E. L. Watt, Trinity Hall.
Leader of the Chorus Mr F. Sidgwick, Trinity College.

Chorus of Argive Elders, Attendants on Clytaemnestra, Guards, Citizens of Argos.
The three plays dealing with the story of Agamemnon, viz. the *Agamemnon*, the *Choëphoroc*, and the *Eumenides*, were represented at Athens B.C. 458. The poet won the first prize.
ARGUMENT.

Clytaemnestra, in the absence of her husband Agamemnon at the siege of Troy, has been ruling Argos for ten years with her paramour Aegisthus, and is expecting the news of the fall of Troy, which is to be announced by beacon-fires.

Act I. The first scene is on the roof of the palace, where the watchman awaits the signal. The beacon-fire flares up, and he goes to tell the queen. In the second scene the Chorus sing the story of the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, the daughter of Clytaemnestra. The queen appears, and announces the news of the fall of Troy to the Chorus, who sing first a thanksgiving, and then the fate of Paris. A Herald enters, and after describing the sufferings at Troy, and the storm which has shattered the fleet, is sent by the queen to greet Agamemnon. Another choric song concludes the Act.

Act II. The Chorus sing a welcome to Agamemnon, who enters in triumph with Cassandra crouching at his feet. He is met by Clytaemnestra,
who greets him and lures him into the palace. Soon the queen returns, orders Cassandra to follow her, and retires. Cassandra breaks into cries of inspiration, and at length utters a prophecy, foretelling death to Agamemnon and herself, and enters the palace.

*Act III.* After a short choric song of doubt, the death-cry of Agamemnon is heard. The Chorus are hurriedly consulting, when the palace-doors are suddenly thrown open, and Clytaemnestra, with a weapon in her hand, is seen standing over the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra. The queen justifies her deed; it is the avenging of Iphigeneia. Aegisthus enters and defies the Chorus, who upbraid him for cowardice; the strife is quelled at length by the queen, who leads Aegisthus into the palace.
THE AGAMEMNON

OF

AESCHYLUS
ACT I.

Scene I. The roof of the palace of Agamemnon at Argos. A Watchman is discovered. Night.

Watchman.

I pray the gods deliverance from these toils,
Release from year-long watch, which, couch'd aloft
On these Atreidan roofs, dog-like, I keep,
Marking the stars which nightly congregate;
And those bright potentates who bring to mortals
Winter and summer, signal in the sky,
What time they wane I note, their risings too.
And for the beacon's token now I watch,
The blaze of fire, bearing from Troy a tale,
Tidings of capture; for so proudly hopes
A woman's heart, with manly counsel fraught.
Dew-drenched and restless is my nightly couch,
By dreams unvisited, for at my side,
Fear stands, in place of sleep, nor suffers me
Soundly, in slumberous rest, my lids to close.
Then when I think to chant a strain, or hum,
(Such against sleep may tuneful counter-charm,)
ACT I.

Scene I. The roof of the palace of Agamemnon at Argos. A Watchman is discovered. Night.

ΦΥΛΑΞ.

Θεοὺς μὲν αὖτῷ τῶν ἀπαλλαγὴν πόνων, φρονῶς ἐτείας μῆκος, ἤν κοιμώμενος στέγαις 'Ατρείδῶν ἄγκαθεν, κυνὸς δίκην, ἄστρων κάτοικα νυκτέρων ὀμήγυριν, καὶ τοὺς φέροντας χεῖμα καὶ θέρος βροτοῖς λάμπροις δυνάστας, ἐμπρέποντας αἰϑέρι. καὶ νῦν φυλάσσω λαμπάδος τὸ σύμβολον, αὐγὴν πυρὸς φέρουσαν ἐκ Τροίας φάτιν ἀλώσιμόν τε βάξιν· ὅδε γὰρ κρατεῖ γυναικὸς ἀνδρόβουλον ἐλπίζον κέαρ. εὖτε ἄν δὲ νυκτίπλαγκτον ἐνδροσόν τ' ἔχω ἐνυπνὴν ὀνείροις οὖν ἐπισκοπούμενην ἐμὴν· φόβος γὰρ ἄνθρυπνοι παραστατέοι, τὸ μὴ βεβαιῶσα βλέφαρα συμβαλεῖν ὑπνῶ· ὅταν δ' ἄείδειν ἢ μνύρέσθαι δοκῶ, ὑπνοῦ τόδε ἀντίμολπον ἐντέμνων άκος,
Moaning, I wail the sorrows of this house,
Not wisely governed as in days of old.
But may glad respite from these toils be mine,
When fire, joy's herald, through the darkness gleams.

A beacon-fire appears in the distance.

Hail lamp of night, forth shining like the day,
Of many a festive dance in Argos' land,
Through joy at this event, the harbinger.
Hurrah! Hurrah! To Agamemnon's queen,
Thus with shrill cry I give th' appointed sign,
That from her couch up-rising with all speed,
She in the palace jubilant may lift
The joyous shout, to gratulate this torch,
If Ilion's citadel in truth is ta'en,
As, shining forth, this beacon-fire proclaims.
The joyous prelude I myself will dance,
For to my lords good fortune I shall score,
Now that this torch hath cast me triple six.
Well! be it mine, when comes this mansion's lord,
In this my hand his much-loved hand to hold!
The rest I speak not; o'er my tongue hath passed
An ox with heavy tread: the house itself,
Had it a voice, would tell the tale full clear;
And I, with those who know, am fain to speak,
With others, who know nothing, I forget.

[Exit.]
κλαῖω τὸτὲ οἰκον τοῦδε συμφορᾶν στένων, οὐχ ὡς τὰ πρόσθ' ἀριστα διαπονομένου. νῦν δ' εὐτυχῆς γένοιτ' ἀπαλλαγῇ πόνων εὐαγγέλου φανέντως ὀρφιαίου πυρός.

Α δεασών-φιρε ἀπειρεῖν τοῖς ὀνείρεσιν 

καὶ κράτοι τὸν χαῖρε λαμπτήρ νυκτὸς, ἡμερήσιον 

φῖλοι πιθαύνκοι καὶ χορῶν κατάστασιν 

πολλῶν ἐν ᾁ Ἀργεῖ, τῇδε συμφορᾶς χάριν. 

ιὸν ἵστράκεως γυναικῆς σημαίνων 

τορώς εὐνής ἐπαντείλασαν ὡς τάχος δόμοις 

ὁλολυγμών εὐφημοῦντα τῇδε λαμπτάδι 

ἐπορθιάζειν, εἶπερ Ἰλίου πόλις 

ἐϊλοκεν, ὡς οἱ φρυκτῶν ἀγγέλλων πρέπειν, 

αὐτὸς τ' ἔγωγε φροίμου χορεύσομαι. 

τα δὲ διεσποτῶν γὰρ εὖ πεσόντα θήσομαι 

τρίς ἐξ βαλούσης τῆσδε μοι φρυκτορίας. 

γένοιτο δ' οὖν μολόντος εὐφιλῆ χέρα 

ἀνακτὸς οἴκων τῇδε βαστάσαι χερι. 

τὰ δ' ἀλλα συγῳβοῦς ἐπὶ γυλώσῃ μέγας 

βέβηκεν' οἴκος δ' αὐτὸς; εἶ φθοργήν λάβοι, 

σαφέστατ' ἂν λέξειεν ὡς ἐκὼν ἐγὼ 

μαθοῦσιν αὐδῶ κοὐ μαθοῦσι λήθομαι.
Scene II. *The court of the palace of Agamemnon at Argos.*

*It is night, but daybreak is at hand.*

*Enter the Chorus of Argive Elders.*

*Cho.* Lo, the tenth year rolls apace
Since Priam's mighty challenger,
Lord Menelas and Atreus' heir,
Stalwart Atridae,—by heaven's grace
Twin-throned, twin-sceptred,—from this land
A thousand sail, with Argives manned,
Unmoor'd,—a martial armament,
Warriors on just reprisal bent,
Fierce battle clanging from their breast,
Like vultures of their young bereaved,
Who, for their nestlings sorely grieved,
Wheel, eddying high above their nest,
By oarage of strong pennons driven,
Missing the eyrie-watching care
Of callow fledglings; but from heaven,
Some guilt-avenging deity,
Of all-retrieving Zeus, doth lend
An ear attentive to the cry
Of birds, shrill-wailing, sore-distrest,
And doth upon the guilty send
Erinys, late-avenging pest.
So for the dame, by many wooed,
Doth mighty Zeus, who shields the guest,
'Gainst Paris send th' Atridan brood;
Struggles limb-wearing, knees earth-pressed
Scene II. The court of the palace of Agamemnon at Argos.

It is night, but daybreak is at hand.

Enter the Chorus of Argive Elders.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

dékaton mèn étos tód' épei Πριάμου μέγας ἀντίδικος,
Μενέλαος ἄναξ ᾳ Αγαμέμνων,
diðronon Dióthev kai diσképtrov
τιμής όχυρον ζέυγος 'Ατρειῶν
στόλον 'Αργείων χιλιοναύτην
ti's òpto χώρας

ηραν, στρατιώτων ἀρωγήν,
μέγαν εκ θυμοῦ κλαξοντες 'Αρη,
τρόπων αἰγυπτιῶν, οὔτ' ἐκπατίοις
ἀλγει παίδων ὑπατοι λεχέων
στροφοδινοῦνται

πτερύγων ἐρετμοίσιν ἐρεσσόμενοι,

δεμνοτήρη

πόνον ὀρταλίχων ὀλέσαντες·

ὑπατος δ' αῖων ἦ τις 'Απόλλων

ἡ Πάν ἦ Ζεὺς οὐφώβθροον

γόνον ὀξυβόαν τῶνδε μετοίκων

ὑπερόποιον

πέμπτει παραβάσιν Ἐρμήν.

οὐτω δ' Ἀτρέως παῖδας ὁ κρείσσων

ἐπ' 'Αλεξάνδρῳ πέμπτει ξένως

Ζεὺς πολυάνορος ἀμφὶ γυναικὸς,

πολλὰ παλαίσματα καί γυοβαρῆ,
The spear-shaft, rudely snapt in twain
In war's initial battle,—these
For Danaï as for Trojans he decrees.
As matters stand, they stand; the yet to be
Must issue as ordained by destiny.
Nor altar fires, nor lustral rain
Poured forth, nor tear-drops shed in vain,
The wrath relentless can appease
Of violated sanctities.

Enter Clytaemnestra from the Palace attended. She offers incense on the altar in front of the Palace.

But we, unhonoured, weak of frame,
Excluded from that proud array,
Tarry at home, and, age-oppressed,
On staves our child-like strength we lean;
In tender years and age, the same,
Life's current feebly sways the breast;
His station Ares holds no more;
Decrepit Eld, with leafage hoar,
No stronger than a child for war,
Treadeth his triple-footed way,
Like dream in daylight seen.
But Clytaemnestra, thou,
Tyndareus' daughter, Argos' queen,
What hath befallen? What hast heard?
Confiding in what tidings now
Sendest thou round the altar-kindling word?
Of all the gods who guard the state,
Supernal, or of realms below,
In heaven, or in the mart who wait,
With gifts the altars glow.
Enter Clytaemnestra from the Palace attended. She offers incense on the altar in front of the Palace.
Now here, now yonder, doth a torch arise,
Streaming aloft to reach the skies,
Charmed with pure unguent's soothing spell,
Guileless and suasive, from the royal cell.

What here 'tis lawful to declare,
What may be told proclaim;
Be healer of this care
Which now a lowering form doth wear,
Till fawning Hope, from out the flame
Of sacrifice, with gentle smile
Doth sateless grief's soul-gnawing pang beguile.

Exit Clytaemnestra.

The way-side omen mine it is to sing,
The leaders' prosperous might fore-shadowing,
For still my age, unquenched its natal power,
Doth suasive song inspire, a heaven-sent dower,
How the rapacious bird, the feathered king,
   Sends forth against the Teucrid land,
   With spear and with avenging hand,
   Achaia's double-thronéd Might,
Accordant chiefs of Hellas' martial flower.
Toward spear-poising hand, the palace near,
On lofty station, manifest to sight,
The bird-kings to the navy-kings appear,
One black, and one with hinder plumage white;
A hare with embryo young, in evil hour,
Amerced of future courses, they devour.
   Chant the dirge, uplift the wail!
   But may the right prevail!
Exit Clytaemnestra.

κύριος είμι θρόειν οδίον κράτος αίσιον ἀνδρῶν ἐκτελέων· ἔτι γὰρ θεόθεν καταπνείει \[στρ. α'.\] πειθοὶ μολπᾶν ἀλκὰν σύμφυτος αἰῶν· ὁπως Ἀχαιῶν δίθρονον κράτος, Ἑλλάδος ἡβας ξύμφρονε ταγώ, πέμπει σὺν δορὶ καὶ χερὶ πράκτορι θεόνι οἱ νεῖ γενικό τίνι αἰς, οἰωνῶν βασιλέων σαλάλεωσι νεων ὁ κελαιός, ὁ τε ἔξοπεν ἀργας, φαιέντες ἵκταρ μελὰθρων χερὸς ἐκ δοριπάλτου παμπρέπτοις ἐν ἔδρασι, βοσκόμενοι λαγίναν, ἔρμοιμονα φέρματα, γένναν, βλαβέντα λοισθίων δρόμων. αἰλινον αἰλινον εὔπε, τὸ δὲ εὖ νικάτω.
Then the sagacious army-seer, aware
How diverse-minded the Atridan kings,
In the hare-renders sees the martial pair,
And thus, the augury expounding, sings;—
"Priam's stronghold in time this martial raid
Captures, but first the city's store,
The people's wealth, shall fate destroy;
Now from no god may jealous ire
O'ercloud the mighty curb forged against Troy,
Marshalled for battle; for the holy Maid
Is angered at the house, since of her sire
The winged hounds the wretched trembler tare,
Mother and young unborn, her special care;
Therefore doth she the eagles' meal abhor.
Chant the dirge, uplift the wail!
But may the right prevail!

For she, the beauteous goddess, loves
The tender whelps, new-dropped, of creatures rude,
Sparing the udder-loving brood
Of every beast through field or wood that roves,—
Hence with Apollo pleads the seer that he
From these events fair omens will fulfil,
Judging the way-side augury,
Partly auspicious, partly fraught with ill.
Oh! God of healing! thee I supplicate,
Let not the Huntress on the Danaï bring
Dire ship-detaining blasts and adverse skies,
Preluding other sacrifice,
Lawless, unfestive, natal spring
Of feudal jar and mortal hate,
By husband-fear unawed;
κεφὼς δὲ στρατόμαντις ἴδὼν δύο λήμμασιν ἵσους Ἀτρείδας μαχώμους ἐδάνη λαγοδαίτας ἀντ. α′. πομπούς τ' ἀρχάς.
οὔτω δ' εἶπε τεράζων.
χρύνῳ μὲν ἀγρεῖ
Πριάμοι πόλιν ἀδέ κέλευθος,
pάντα δὲ πύργων
κτήμη πρόσθε τὰ δημιουπληθῆ
Μοῖρ' ἀλαπάξει πρὸς τὸ βίαιον
οὖν μὴ τίς ἄγα θεόθεν κνεφά-
ση προτυπεῖν στόμιον μέγα Τροίας
στρατωθέν. οὐκτῶ γὰρ ἐπὶ-
φθονος Ἀρτέμις ἀγνὰ
πτανοῦσιν κυσὶ πατρῶς,
αὐτότοκοι πρὸ λόχου μογερὰν πτάκα θυομένουις
στυγεὶ δὲ δεῖπνοιν αἰετῶν.
αιλινον αἰλινον εἶπε, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

τόσον περ εὐφρων, καλά,

δρόσουσι λεπτοῖς μαλερῶν λεόντων
πάντων τ' ἀγρονόμων φιλομάστοις
θηρῶν ὄβρικάλοιςι τερτνά,
toῦτων αἶνει ξύμβολα κράναι,
δεξιὰ μὲν, κατάμομφα δὲ φάσματα.
iῆνον δὲ καλέω Παιᾶνα,
μή τινας ἀντιπνόους
Δαναὸς χρονίας ἑκενήδας
ἀπλοίας τεῦξῃ,
σπευδομένα θυσίαν ἑτέραν ἀνομοῦν τιν', ἅδαιτον,
νεικέων τέκτωνα σύμφυτον,
For child-avenging wrath, with fear and fraud,
Dread palace-warden, doth untiring wait."

Such woes, with high successes blent,
By Fate on the twain royal houses sent,
Did Calchas from the way-side auguries
Bodeful proclaim:—Then consonant with these,
Chant the dirge, uplift the wail!
But may the right prevail!

Zeus, whoe'er he be, this name
If it pleaseth him to claim,
This to him will I address;
Weighing all, no power I know
Save only Zeus, if I aside would throw
In sooth as vain this burthen of distress.

Nor doth he so great of yore,
With all-defying boldness rise,
Longer avail; his reign is o'er.
The next, thrice vanquished in the strife,
Hath also passed; but who the victor-strain
To Zeus uplifts, true wisdom shall obtain.

To sober thought Zeus paves the way,
And wisdom links with pain.
In sleep the anguish of remembered ill
Drops on the troubled heart; against their will
Rebellious men are tutored to be wise;
A grace I ween of the divinities,
Who mortals from their holy seats arraign.

E'en so the elder of the twain,
Achaia's fleet who swayed,
οὐ δεισήνορα. μὴν μεν ἄργερα παλίνορτος
οἰκονόμος δολία μνάμων μηνις τεκνώτοινος.
τοιάδε Κάλχας ξύν μεγάλοις ἀγαθοῖς ἀπέκλαγξεν
μόρσιμ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὄρνθων ὄδίων οἶκοις βασιλείοις·
τοῖς δ᾽ ὀμόφωνον
αἰλινον αἰλινον εἰπέ, τὸ δ᾽ εὐ νικάτω.

Ζεύς, ὡς τις ποτ᾽ ἐστίν, εἰ τόδ᾽ αὖ-
τῷ φίλου κεκλημένῳ,
τούτῳ νῦν προσενεκτὼ.
οὐκ ἔχω προσεκόσαι
πάντ᾽ ἐπισταθρόμενος
πλὴν Διός, εἰ τὸ μάταν
ἀπὸ φροντίδος ἅχθος
χρὴ βαλεῖν ἐπητύμως.

οὐδ᾽ ὡς τις πάροιδεν ἣν μέγας,
παμμάχῳ θράσει βρύων,
οὐδὲ λέξει πρὶν ὄν·
ὅς δ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ ἔφυ, τρια-
κτήρος οἶχεται τυχόν.
Ζήνα δὲ τὶς προφρόνως
ἐπινίκια κλάζων
τεῦξεται φρενῶν τὸ πᾶν·
τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὄδώ-
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

στάξει δ ἐν θ᾽ ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας
μυθιστήμων πόνοσ· καὶ παρ᾽ ἀ-
κοντας ἤλθε σωφρονεῖν.
δαμόνον δὲ που χάρις βίαιος
σέλμα σεμνὸν ἦμεῖνον.
καὶ τὸθ᾽ ἡγεμόνον ὁ πρέσ-
βυς νεῶν Ἀχαικῶν,
No seer upbraiding, bowed, with grief suppressed,
His soul to fortune's stroke; what time the host,
In front of Chalcis, tossing off the coast
Of wave-vexed Aulis, lingered, sore-distressed,
While store-exhausting gales their progress stayed.

Blasts, dire delay and famine in their train,
And evil-anchorage, from Strymon sweep,—
Ruin to mortals; with malignant power,
   Ruthless to ships and cordage, they
Doubling the sojourn on the deep
   Wither the Argive flower.

But to the chiefs of that array,
When, than the bitter storm, the seer
A cure shrieked forth, weighted with deadlier bane,—
In name of Artemis,—the Atridan twain,
Smiting on earth their sceptres, strove in vain
   To quell the rising tear.

Then thus aloud the elder chieftain cried:—
"Grievous, in sooth, the doom to disobey,
But grievous too if I my child must slay,
   My home's fair ornament, my pride,
Defiling these paternal hands,
   E'en at the altar's side,
With virgin-slaughter's gory tide.
What course exempt from evil? Say,
The fleet can I desert, the leagued bands
Failing? With hot desire to crave the spell
Of virgin blood, the storm that shall allay,
   Is just. May all be well!"

Then harnessed in Necessity's stern yoke
An impious change-wind in his bosom woke,
μάντιν οὕτων ψέγων,
ἐμπαίοις τύχαισι συμπνέων,
εὕτ' ἀπλοίᾳ κεναγγεῖ βαρύνουτ᾽ Ἀχαικὸς λεώς,
Χαλκίδος πέραν ἔχων παλιρρόχθοις ἐν Αὐλίδοις τόποις.

πνοαὶ δ' ἀπὸ Στρυμόνος μολοῦσαι στρ. δ'.
κακόσχολοι, νήστιδες, δύσορμοι,
βροτῶν ἄλαι,
νεῶν τε καὶ πεισμάτων ἄφειδεῖς,
παλιμμῆκη χρόνον τιδεῖσαι
tρίβω κατέξαιον ἄνθος Ἀργοὺς.
ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ πικροῦ
χείματος ἀλλο μῆχαρ
βριθύτερον πρόμοισιν
μάντις ἐκλαγξεῖν, προφέρων "Ἀρτεμιν, ὡστε
χθόνα βάκτροις ἐπικρούσαντας Ἀτρείδας δάκρυ μή κατα-
χεῖν.

ἀνάξ δ' ὁ πρέσβυς τοῦτ' εἶπε φωνῶν. ἀντ. δ'.
'Βαρεία μὲν κήρ τὸ μὴ πιθέσθαι,
βαρεία δ', εἰ
tέκνον δαίξω, δόμων ἄγαλμα,
μιαίνων παρθενοσφάγοις
ρείθροις πατρίων χέρας πρὸ βωμοῦ.
tι τῶν' ἄνευ κακῶν;
πῶς λυπόναις γένωμαι
ξυμμαχίας ἀμαρτῶν;
πανσαμένου γὰρ θυσίας παρθενίου θ' αἴματος ὀρ-
γα περιόργανο σφ' ἐπιθυμεῖν θέμις. εὖ γὰρ εἶη.'

ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνάγκας ἐδυ λέπαδνον στρ. ε'.
φρενὸς πυέων δυσσεβῆ τροπαίαν,
λ.
Profane, unhallowed, with dire evil fraught,
His soul perverting to all daring thought.
For frenzy, that from primal guilt doth spring,
Emboldens mortals, prompting deeds of ill;
Thus, armed a woman to avenge, the king
In sacrifice his daughter dared to kill;
The fleet's initial rite accomplishing.

Her prayers, her cries of "Father," her young life
Were nought to those stern umpires, breathing strife:
So, after prayer, her sire the servants bade,
Stooping, with steelèd hearts, to lift the maid
Robe-tangled, kid-like, as for sacrifice,
High o'er the altar; them he also bade,
Guarding her lovely mouth, her bodeful cries,
Stern curse entailing on their houses twain,
With voiceless muzzles forceful to restrain.

Then letting fall her veil of saffron dye,
She smote, with piteous arrow from her eye,
Each murderer: while, passing fair,
Like to a pictured image, voiceless there,
Strove she to speak; for oft in other days,
She in her father's hospitable halls,
With her chaste voice had carolled forth his praise,
What time the walls
Rang to the Paean's sound,
Gracing her sire, with third libation crowned.

What next befel I know not, nor relate;
Not unfulfill'd were Calchas' words of fate.
For justice doth for sufferers ordain
To purchase wisdom at the cost of pain.
[block:Greek text]
Why seek to read the future? Let it go! Since dawns the issue clear with dawning day, What boots it to forestal our date of woe? Come weal at last!

So prays, these mischiefs past, Of Apia's land this one sole guard and stay.

Enter Clytaemnestra from the palace, c.

Hail Clytaemnestra! Hither am I come Thy majesty revering. For 'tis meet When the male throne is empty, that we pay To our high captain's consort honour due. If thou hast heard auspicious news, or not, That with joy-vouching hope thou lightest up The altar fires, I, as a friend, would know,— Yet shall thy silence nought unkind be deemed.

Cly. Joy's harbinger, be radiant Morning born From kindly mother Night! So runs the saw. But thou of joy beyond all hope shalt hear, For Priam's city have the Argives won.

Cho. How, queen! through unbelief I miss thy word.

Cly. Troy is in Argive hands; now speak I plain?

Cho. Joy, stealing o'er my heart, calls forth the tear.

Cly. 'Tis true, thine eye thy loyalty bewrays.

Cho. Of these great tidings what the certain proof?

Cly. Warrant I have;—how not? or Heaven deceives me.

Cho. Trusting the suasive augury of dreams?

Cly. The fancies of the sleep-bound soul I heed not.

Cho. But hath some wingless rumour buoy'd thee up?

Cly. Thou chidest me as were I a young girl.
Enter Clytemnestra from the palace, c.

Enter Clytemnestra from the palace, c.

Enter Clytemnestra from the palace, c.
Cho. But since what time was Priam's city spoiled?
Cly. This very night now bringing forth the day.
Cho. What messenger could travel with such speed?
Cly. Hephaestos, a bright flash from Ida sending.
Hither through swift relays of courier-flame,
Beacon transmitted beacon. Ida first
To the Hermaean rock on Lemnos' Isle:
Thence Athos' summit, dedicate to Zeus,
The third in order, caught the mighty glow.
Upsoaring, bridging in its might the sea,
With gathered strength, the onward speeding torch,
In golden splendour, like another sun,
Its message to Makistos' watch-tower sends,
Who, nor delaying, nor by Sleep o'erpowered,
The courier's duty faithfully discharged.
The torch, far-gleaming to Euripos' stream,
Gives signal to Messapios' sentinels.
Firing of withered heath a giant pile,
With answering blaze, they pass the message on.
The stalwart flame, unwearied and undimm'd,
Like a bright moon, o'erleaps Asopos' plain,
And wakens, on Cithaerion's lofty crag,
Another speeder of the fiery post.
The warder hailing the far-journeying fire,
Kindles a beacon of surpassing glow;
Bounded the radiance o'er Gorgopis' lake,
And reaching Aegiplanctos' mountain peak
Urged on without delay the fiery chain.
With vigour unimpaired they onward send,
Kindled anew, a mighty beard of flame,
That, flaring from afar, the headland crossed
Χο. ποίου χρόνου δὲ καὶ πεπόρθηται πόλις;
Κλ. τῆς νῦν τεκούσης φῶς τὸ δ' εὐφρόνης λέγω.
Χο. καὶ τίς τὸδ' ἐξίκοιτ' ἄν ἀγγέλων τάχος;
Κλ. "Ἡφαιστος Ἰδης λαμπρὸν ἐκτέμπων σέλας.
φρυκτὸς δὲ φρυκτὸν δεῦρ' ἀπ' ἀγγάρου πυρὸς
ἐπεμπενν'. Ἰδη μὲν πρὸς Ἐρμαίον λέπας
Λήμνου' μέγαν δὲ πανῦ ἐκ νήσου τρίτον
'Αθήνων αἴπος Ζηνὸς ἐξεδέξατο,
ὑπερτελῆς τε, πόντον ὡστε νωτίσαι,
ισχὺς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος πρὸς ἡδονὴν
πέμπει τὸ χρυσοφεγγές, ὡς τις ἠλιος,
σέλας παραγγείλασα Μακίστου σκοπαῖς:
ὁ δ' οὕτι μέλλων οὐδ' ἀφρασμόνως ὑπνῷ
νικώμενος παρῆκεν ἀγγέλου μέρος:
ἐκας δὲ φρυκτοῦ φῶς ἐπ' Εὐρίπου ροάς
Μεσσαπίου φύλαξι σημαίνει μολόν.
οἱ δ' ἄντελαμψαν καὶ παρήγγειλαν πρόσω
γραίας ἔρείκης θωμὸν ἄψαντες πυρὶ.
σθένουσα λαμπάς δ' οὐδέπω μαυρουμένη,
ὑπερθοροῦσα πεδίον 'Ασσωποῦ, δίκην
φαιδρᾶς σελήνης, πρὸς Κιθαιρώνος λέπας
ήγερεν ἄλλην ἐκδοχὴν πομποῦ πυρὸς.
φάος δὲ τηλέπομπον οὐκ ἦραίνετο
φρουρὰ προσαιθρίζουσα πόμπιμον φλόγα,
λιμνὴν δ' ὑπὲρ Γοργῶτων ἐσκηνεὶν φάος·
ὁρος τ' ἐπ' Αἰγίπλαγκτον ἐξικνούμενον
ὡτρυνε θεσμὸν μηχανήσασθαι πυρὸς.
πέμπουσι δ' ἀνδαίοντες ἀφθόνω μένει
φλογὸς μέγαν πῶγμα, καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ
πορθμοῦ κάτοπτον πρῶν' ὑπερβάλλειν πρόσω
O'erlooking Saron's gulf. Down shooting then,  
The blaze, alighting on Arachnae's height,  
The city's nearest watch-tower, reached its goal;  
Thence to the roof of Atreus' son this light  
Darted,—true scion of Idaian fire.  
Thus in succession, flame awakening flame  
Fulfilled the order of the fiery course:  
The first and last are victors in the race.  
Such is the proof, the warrant that I give  
Of tidings sent me by my Lord from Troy.  

Cho. The gods, O queen, will I invoke hereafter.  
But now I fain would marvel at thy words,  
Heard more at large so thou wouldst speak again.  

Cly. Troy on this very day th' Achaians hold.  
I ween ill-blending clamour fills the town:  
Pour in one vessel vinegar and oil,  
They will not lovingly consort, I trow;  
So now from captives and from captors rise  
Two voices, telling of their two-fold fate.  
For those, flung prostrate on the lifeless forms  
Of husbands and of brothers, children too,  
Prone on their aged sires, lamenting wail;  
While these, night-stragglers after toilsome fight,  
Keen for all viands that the city yields,  
Upon no order standing, but as each  
Hath snatched the lot of fortune, take their fill.  
At length from frost and skiey dews set free,  
They dwell in Ilion's spear-won halls, and sleep  
The live-long night, unsentinelled like gods.  
If now the tutelary powers they fear,
ϕλέγονσαν, ἑστ' ἔσκηψεν, εὕτ' ἀφίκετο ᾿Αραχναίον αἴτος, ἀστυγείτονας σκοπάς· κἀπεῖτ’ ᾿Ατρειδῶν ἐς τόδε σκῆπτει στέγος φάος τόδ’ οὐκ ἀπατπού ᾿Ιδαίον πυρός. τοιοίδε τοί μοι λαμπαδηφόρων νόμοι, ἀλλος παρ’ ἀλλου διαδοχαῖς πληρούμενοι· νικὰ δ’ ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμῶν. τέκμαρ τοιοῦτο σύμβολον τε σοὶ λέγω ἀνδρός παραγγείλαντος ἐκ Τροίας ἐμοί. Χο. θεοῖς μὲν αὕτης, ὡ γυναῖ, προσεύξομαι. λόγους δ’ ἀκούσαι τούσδε κἀποθαυμάσαι διηνεκῶς θέλοιμ’ ἂν ὡς λέγοις πάλιν. Κλ. Τροίαν ᾿Αχαίοι τῆδ’ ἔχουσ’ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ. οἵμαι βοὴν ἀμικτον ἐν πόλει πρέπειν. ὅξος τ’ ἀλειφά τ’ ἐγχέας ταυτῷ κύτει διχοστατοῦντ’ ἃν οὐ φίλως προσευνέτοις. καὶ τῶν ᾿Ἀλόντων καὶ κρατησάντων δίχα φθογγάς ἀκούειν ἐστὶ συμφορᾶς διπλῆς. οἰ μὲν γὰρ ἀμφὶ σώμασιν πεπτωκότες ἀνδρῶν κασινητῶν τε καὶ φυτάλμιν παῖδες γερόντων οὐκέτ’ ἐξ ἐλευθέρου δέρης ἀπομφόξουσι φιλτάτων μόρον· τοὺς δ’ αὕτε νυκτὶπλαγιτος ἐκ μάχης πόνος νῆστεις πρὸς ἀρίστοτιν ὃν ἔχει πόλις τάσσει, πρὸς οὐδὲν ἐν μέρει τεκμήριον, ἄλλ’ ὡς ἔκαστος ἔσπασεν τύχης πάλιν. ἐν δ’ αἰχμαλώτοις Τρωίκων οἰκήμασιν ναίουσιν ἦδη, τῶν ὑπαιθρίων πάγων δρόσων τ’ ἀπαλλαγέντες, ὡς δ’ εὐδαίμονες ἀφύλακτον εὐδήσουσι πᾶσαν εὐφρόνην. εἰ δ’ εὑ σέβουσι τοὺς πολισσούχους θεοὺς
Who hold the conquered land, and spare their shrines,
Captors, they shall not captured be in turn.
But may no greedy passion seize the host
To plunder things unlawful, smit with gain.
A safe return has yet to be secured,
And half the double course is yet to run.
But guilty to the gods if come the host,
Wakeful may rise the sorrows of the slain
For vengeance, though no sudden ill befal.
These words from me, a woman thou hast befall;
But may the good in overpoise prevail!
For I of many blessings choose this joy.

_Cho._ Like prudent man well hast thou spoken, lady.—

But I, on hearing of thy certain proofs,
Forthwith prepare me to salute the gods,
For no unworthy meed requites our toil.

_Exit Clytaemnestra into palace._ The Chorus _sing first a thanksgiving, then the Doom of Paris._

Hail, sovereign Zeus, and friendly Night,
Mistress of mighty glories, hail!
Thou who o'er Troia's tower-crowned height,
A snare so closely meshed has flung,
That none, or fully grown or young,
Thraldom's huge drag-net may avail
To overleap. Vast ruin captures all.
Great guardian of the guest,
    Thee I adore:—
Wrought were those deeds at thy behest:
Exit Clytaemnestra into palace. The Chorus sing first a thanksgiving, then the Doom of Paris.

ον Ζεὺς βασιλεῦ καὶ νῦς φιλία
μεγάλων κόσμων κτεάτειρα,
ητ' ἐπὶ Τροίας πύργοις ἐβάλες
στεγανῶν δίκτυοι, ὡς μήτε μέγαν
μήτ' οὖν νεαρῶν τιν' ὑπερτελέσαι
μέγα δουλείας

γάγγαμοι, ἀτῆς παναλώτων.

Διά τοι ξένοιν μέγαν αἴδοιμαι
τὸν τάδε πράξαντ' ἐπὶ Ὁλεξάινδρῳ
The bow thou didst of yore
'Gainst Alexander strain,
That nor the destined hour before,
Nor shooting o'er the stars, in vain
The shaft might fall.

'Tis Zeus who smote them, this we may aver,
For easy 'tis to trace;
The end he shaped as he decreed.
Yet gods supernal, some declare,
To sinful mortals give no heed
Who trample under foot the grace
Of sacred things. But such are reprobate;—
Kindred they claim with those, in heaven's despite,
Who rebel war breathe forth, transgressing right.
Wealth in excess breeds mischief, and o'erturns
The balance of the constant mind;
No bulwark 'gainst destructive fate
In riches shall that mortal find
Who Justice' mighty altar rudely spurns.

Frenzy's unhappy suasion, fraught with bane
To hapless children, sways the will;
Against the mischief cure is vain;
Not hidden is the flagrant ill;
Baleful it bursts upon the sight;
Like spurious coin, his metal base
Use and the touchstone bring to light,
Who, boy-like, to a wingèd bird gives chase,
And whelms his native soil in hopeless night.
His orisons the heavenly powers disclaim,
But sweep to doom the sinful wight
Practised in guile;—thus Paris came
τείνοντα πάλαι τόξον, ὅπως ἂν μῆτε πρὸ καιροῦ μήθ' ὑπὲρ ἀστρῶν
βέλους ἥλιθιον σκῆψειν.

Διὸς πλαγὰν ἔχουσιν εἰπεῖν, πάρεστιν τοῦτό γ' ἐξιχνεύσαι.
ἐπραξάν ὡς ἔκρανεν. οὐκ ἐφα τὶς θεοὺς βροτῶν ἥξιοῦσθαι μέλειν ὅσοις ἀθίκτων χάρις
πατοίθ'. ὦ δ' οὗκ εὐσεβῆς.

πέφανται δ' ἐκτίνου-


αυτὸ τὸν Ἀρη


πνεόντων μεῖζον ἡ δικαίως,

φλεόντων δωμάτων ὑπέρφειυ

ὑπὲρ τὸ βέλτιστον. ἔστω δ' ἀπή-


μαντον, ὦστ' ἀπαρκεῖν


ἐν πραπίδων λαχόντα.

οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν ἐπαλξίς


πλούτου πρὸς κόρον ἀνδρὶ


λακτίσαντι μέγαν Δίκας


βωμὸν εἰς ἅφανειαν.

βιάται δ' ἀ τάλαινα πειθῶ,


προβούλου παῖς ἀφερτος ἀτας.


ἄκος δὲ πάν μάταιον. οὐκ ἐκρύφθη,


πρέπει δὲ, φῶς αἰνολαμπές, σίνος·


κακοῦ δὲ χαλκοῦ τρόπον


τρίβω τε καὶ προσβολαῖς


μελαμπαγῆς πέλει


dikaiowthes, ἔπει


diōkei paίς ποτανόν ὄρνιν,


tολεὶ πρόστρεμμ' ἀφερτον ἐνθείας.


λυτῶν δ' ἀκούει μὲν οὕτως θεῶν.


tον δ' ἐπίστροφον τῶν


φῶτ' ἄδικον καθαιρεῖ.


οἴος καὶ Πάρις ἔλθονν
To Atreus' halls;—the friendly board
He shamed, the consort luring from her lord.

Bequeathing to her people deadly stour
Of shielded hosts, of spears, and ships' array,
And Ilion's ruin bearing as her dower,
She through the portal swiftly took her way,
Daring what none may dare;—with many a wail,
The palace seers peal'd forth the tale.

"Woe for the house, the house and chieftains, woe!
Woe for the couch, the trace of her once true!"
Wronged, yet without reproach, in speechless woe
There stands he, yearning still her form to view
Lost o'er the far sea-wave: his dreamy pain
Conjures her phantom in his home to reign.

He loathes the sculptor's plastic skill
Which living grace belies;
Not Aphrodite's self can still
The hunger of his eyes.

And dreamy fancies, coinage of the brain,
Come o'er the troubled heart with vain delight;
For vain the rapture, the illusion vain,
When forms beloved in visions of the night,
With changeful aspect, mock our grasp, and sweep
On noiseless wing adown the paths of sleep.
Such sorrows o'er the hearth brood evermore,
And woes o'ertowering these. The warrior train,
Comrades in danger, steered from Hellas' shore,
Leaving in Hellas' homes heart-withering pain;
Full many sorrows at the corc.

Those whom he sent each holds in ken.
But to their homes return
ής ὁδοὺν τὸν 'Ατρειδᾶν ἤσχυνε ξενίαν τράπε- ξαν κλοπαίσι γυναικός.

λιποῦσα δ' ἀστοίςιν ἀσπίστοράς τε καὶ κλόνους λογχίμους ναυβάτας θ' ὀπλισμοὺς, ἀγουσά τ' ἀντίφερον 'Ηλίῳ φθοράν, βέβακεν ρίμφα δία πυλᾶν ἀτλητα τλάσα· πολλὰ δ' ἔστενον τόδ' ἐννέποντες δόμων προφῆται· ἰῶ ἰῶ δῶμα δῶμα καὶ πρόμοι, ἰῶ λέχος καὶ στῖβοι φιλάνορες. πᾶρεστι σιγᾶς ἀτίμους ἀλοιδόρους ἀλγιστ' αὐθημένων ἴδεῖν. πόθῳ δ' ὑπερποντίας φάσμα δόξει δόμων ἀνάσσειν. εὐμόρφων δὲ κολοσσών ἔχθεται χάρις ἀνδρί· ὄμματων δ' ἐν ἀχνημίαις ἔρρει πᾶσ' 'Αφροδίτα.

ὄνειρόφαινοι δὲ πενθῆμονες πάρεισι δόξαι φέρουσαι χάριν ματαίαν. μάταιν γὰρ, εὑρ' ἄν ἐσθλά τις δοκῶν ὁρᾶ, παραλλάξασα διὰ χερῶν, βέβακεν ὄψις οὐ μεθύστερον πτεροῖς ὀπαδοῦσ' ὑπίνου κελεύθοις. τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους ἐφ' ἐστίας ἀχή τάδ' ἐστὶ καὶ τῶν ὑπερβατώτερα. τὸ πᾶν δ' ἂφ' Ἡλλανος αἰαὶς συνορμένοις πένθεια τλησικάρδιοις δόμων ἐκάστου πρέπει. πολλὰ γοῦν θυγγάνει πρὸς ἦπαρ· οὐς μὲν γάρ τις ἐπεμψεν οἴδεν· ἂντὶ δὲ φωτῶν
Armour and in the funeral urn,
Ashes instead of men.

For Ares, bartering for gold
The flesh of men, the scales doth hold
In battle of the spear.
From Ilion, back to sorrowing friends,
Rich dust, fire-purified, he sends,
Wash’d with full many a tear.
No living warriors greet them, but instead
Urgs filled with ashes smoothly spread.
Groaning, each hero’s praise they tell;
How this excelled in martial strife;
And that in fields of carnage fell,
Right nobly for another’s wife.
Breathing such murmurs, jealous hate
Doth on the Atridan champions wait.
Achaians, cast in fairest mould,
Ensépulchred ‘neath Ilion’s wall,
The foughten shore now firmly hold,
The hostile sod their pall.

Direful the people’s voice, to hate
Attuned, which worketh soon or late
As ban of public doom.
Now o’er my spirit anxious fear
Broodeth, lest tidings I should hear
That night still shrouds in gloom;
For blind to deeds of blood the gods are not.
In Time the swarthy brood of Night
With slow eclipse reverse his lot,
Who Fortune reareth in despite
Of Justice. Rest of succour lies
τείχη καὶ σποδῶς εἰς ἐκάστον δόμος ἀφικνεῖται.

ὁ χρυσαμοῖβος ὦ Ἀρης σωμάτων καὶ ταλαντοῦχος ἐν μάχῃ δορὸς πυρωθέν ἐξ Ἰλίου
φίλουσι πέμπει βραχὺ ψήγμα δυσδάκρυτον ἄντήνορος σποδοῦ γεμίζων λέβητας εὐθέτους.

στένουσι δ' εὖ λέγοντες ἄνδρα τὸν μὲν ὡς μάχης ἔδρις, τὸν δ' ἐν φοναίς καλῶς πεσοῦντ'
ἀλλοτρίας διαὶ γναι-κός· τὰ δὲ σίγα τις βαῦζει. φθονερὸν δ' ὑπ' ἄλγος ἔρπει προδίκοις Ἀτρείδαις.

οἱ δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τείχος θήκας Ἰλιάδος γὰς εὐμορφοι κατέχουσιν· ἐ-χθρα δ' ἐχοντας ἐκρυψεν.

βαρεῖα δ' ἀστῶν φάτις ξὺν κότῳ·

dημοκράτου δ' ἄρας τίνει χρέος.

μένει δ' ἀκοῦσαι τί μου μέριμμα νυκτηρεῖσες.

τῶν πολυκτόνων γὰρ οὐκ ἄσκοποι θεοὶ. κελαι


ναὶ δ' Ἐρινύες χρόνῳ

τυχηρὸν ὄντ' ἀνευ δίκας

παλιντυχεῖ τριβᾶ βίου

τιθεῖσ' ἄμαυρον, ἐν δ' αἰ-

λ.
The wretch once prone. Excessive praise
Is bodeful ever; 'gainst men's eyes
Zeus hurls his blinding rays.
But may ungrudging success be mine!
No city-spoiler let me be!
Nor, subject to another, pine
  Myself in slavery.
Borne by the joy-announcing flame
Swift through the town the tidings fly;
But whether true who may proclaim,
  Or not a heavenly lie?
For who so childish, so distraught,
To warm his spirit at the beacon's glow,
  When other news, with evil fraught,
  His joy may change to woe?
'Tis woman's way the boon, ere seen, to prize;
Too credulous, her fancy open lies
To rumour's rapid inroad, but the fame
Published by women quickly dies.

*The Chorus Leader speaks.*

Soon shall we know whether the signal fires,
The swift relays of courier-light be true,
Or whether, dreamlike, they beguiled our minds
With grateful splendour:—Yonder, from the coast,
A herald comes, shaded with laurel boughs;
While Clay's twin-brother, thirsty Dust attests
That neither voiceless, nor of mountain wood
Kindling the blaze, will he report in smoke;
No,—either will his voice announce more joy,
Or,—but ill-omened words I deprecate.
Be omens fair with fair assurance crown'd!
στοις τελέθοντος οὔτις ἄλκα· τὸ δ᾽ ὑπερκόπτως κλύειν εὗ βαρύ· βάλλεται γὰρ ὁσ-σοις Διὸθεν κεραυνός.
κρίνω δ' ἀφθονον ὀλβον· μήτ' εἶν πτολιπόρθης μήτ' οὖν αὖτὸς ἄλον ὑπ᾽ ἄλ-λων βίον κατίδοιμι.
πυρὸς δ' ὑπ᾽ εὐαγγέλου πόλιν διήκει θοὰ βαξις· εἰ δ' ἐτήτυμος, 

tis οἶδεν, ἢ τι θείον ἔστι πὴ ψύθος.—
tis ὁδε παίδνος ἢ φρενῶν κεκομμένος,

φλογος παραγγέλμασιν νέοις πυρωθείτα καρδίαν ἐπειτ' ἀλλαγὴ λόγου καμεὶν;—
γυαικὸς αἰχμὴ πρέπει πρὸ τοῦ φανέντος χάριν ξυναινέσαι.—
πιθανὸς ἀγαν ὁ θῆλυς ὁρὸς ἐπινέμεται ταχύπορος· ἀλλὰ ταχύμορον

gυαικογίρυτον ὀλλυται κλέος.—

tάχ' εἰσόμεσθα λαμπάδων φαεσφόρων

φρυκτωριῶν τε καὶ πυρὸς παραλλαγάς, εἴτ' οὖν ἀλήθεις εἴτ' ὀνειράτων δίκην
tερπνὸν τὸδ' ἐλθὼν φῶς ἐφήλωσεν φρένας.
κήρυκ' ἀπ' ἀκτής τόνδ' ὀρὸ κατάσκιον

κλάδοις ἐλαίας· μαρτυρεὶ δὲ μοι κάσις

πηλοῦ ξύνουρος διψία κώνις τάδε,
ὡς οὔτ' ἀναυδὸς οὔτε σοι δαίων φλόγα

ὔλης ὀρέωσι σημανεὶ κατηφὶ πυρός,

ἄλλα ἢ τὸ χαίρειν μᾶλλον ἐκβάξει λέγων·
tῶν ἀντίων δὲ τοῖσιν ἀποστέργῳ λόγον·
eὗ γὰρ πρὸς εὗ φανεῖσι προσβήκη πέλοι.—

3—2
May he who 'gainst the state breathes other prayer,
First reap the fruit of his malignant thought.

Enter a Herald, l.

Her. Oh soil of Argos, oh my native land,
In light of this tenth year to thee I come;
While many a hope hath snapt, this one still holds,
For ne'er I counted, dying here, to share
Beloved sepulture in Argive soil.
Now hail, O earth, bright sunlight hail, and Zeus,
Supreme o'er Argos. Thou too, Pythian king,
With thy fell darts assailing us no more;
Let it suffice that on Scamander's banks
Thy mien was hostile;—now, Apollo, lord,
Be thou the Saviour,—be the Healer thou!
Ye Gods of Council, all I now invoke,
Thee, my protector Hermes, Herald dear,
Whom Heralds venerate,—and Heroes, ye
Who sent us forth, now kindly welcome back
The Argive host, poor remnant of the spear.
Hail royal palace! roofs beloved, hail!
Ye seats august, ye powers that front the sun,
If e'er of yore, now, with those cheerful eyes
Receive in state the monarch absent long,
For he returns bringing in darkness light
Common to you and all assembled here,
King Agamemnon. Welcome, as beseems,
Him who with mattock of avenging Zeus
Hath Ilion razed, her under-soil uptorn.
०στὶς ταῦδ' ἀλλὼς τῇδ' ἐπεύχεται πόλει,
αὐτὸς φρενῶν καρποῦτο τὴν ἁμαρτίαν.

Enter a Herald, L.

Κη. ἰδὶ πατρίδων οὖδας Ἀργείας χθονός,
δεκάτῳ σε φέγγει τῷδ’ ἀφικόμην ἔτους,
πολλῶν ῥαγεισῶν ἐλπίδων μιᾶς τυχών.
οὐ γὰρ ποτ’ ἥνιχοιν τῇδ’ ἐν Ἀργεία χθονὶ
θανῶν μεθέξειν φιλτάτου τάφου μέρος.

νῦν χαῖρε μὲν χθών, χαῖρε δ’ ἡλίου φῶς,
ὕπατὸς τε χώρας Ζεὺς; ὁ Πυθιός τ’ ἀναξ,
τόξοις ἱάπτων μηκέτ’ εἰς ἡμᾶς βέλη.

Ἄλις παρὰ Σκάμανδρον ἤσθ’ ἀνάρσιος.
νῦν δ’ αὔτε σωτήρ ἵσθι καὶ παιώνιος,

Ἀπολλον. τοὺς τ’ ἀγωνίους θεοῦς
πάντας προσαυδώ, τὸν τ’ ἐμὸν τιμάρον
Ἑρμῆν, φίλον κήρυκα, κηρύκων σέβας,

ηρως τε τοὺς πέμψαντας, εὖμενεῖς πάλιν
στρατὸν δέχεσθαι τὸν λελειμμένον δορός.

ἰδω μέλαθρα βασιλέων, φίλαι στέγαι,

σεμνοί τε θάκοι, δαίμονες τ’ ἀντήλιοι,
εἰ που πάλαι, φαιδροῖσι τοισίδ’ ὤμμασι
δέξασθε κόσμῳ βασιλέα πολλῷ χρόνῳ.

ἡκε γὰρ ύμῖν φῶς ἐν εὐφρόνῃ φέρων
καὶ τοῖς ἄπασι κοινῶν Ἀγαμέμνον ἀνάξ.

Ἀλλ’ εὐ νιν ἰσπάσασθε, καὶ γὰρ οὐν πρέπει,
Τροίαν κατασκάψαντα τοῦ δικηφόρου
Διὸς μακέλλη, τῇ κατείργασται πέδον.
Quenched are the fanes, the altars of the gods, 
And of the land entire the seed is crushed. 
Such yoke round Troy hath Atreus' elder son 
Fastened: and lo! blest by the gods, he comes 
Of living men most worthy of renown. 
Nor Paris now nor his associate town 
Their deed may vaunt as greater than their woe 
Cast in a suit for rapine and for theft, 
His surety forfeit, he to utter doom 
Hath mowed his natal home. Thus Priam's sons 
With twofold forfeit have atoned their crime. 

Cho. Hail, herald of Achaia's host! 

Her. All hail! 
So please the gods, I grudge not now to die. 

Cho. Love for thy father-land thy heart hath wrung! 

Her. So wrung that from mine eyes fall tears of joy. 

Cho. Sweet the heart-sickness that o'ercame you thus. 

Her. The key I lack which may thy words unlock. 

Cho. Smit with desire for those who longed for you. 

Her. Hath Argos yearned then for the yearning host? 

Cho. Ay, so that oft from darken'd soul I groaned. 

Her. Whence this sad gloom, abhorrent to the host? 

Cho. Silence I long have held bale's safest cure. 

Her. How! Aught didst fear in absence of thy lords? 

Cho. To die was oft my wish as whilom thine. 

Her. Well ended, all is well, But, in long years, 
Some chances, one might say, fell happily, 
While others adverse were. For who, save gods, 
Lives through the whole of life by grief unscathed? 
For should I tell of toils, of lodgment rude,
βωμοὶ δ' ἄιστοι καὶ θεῶν ἱδρύματα, καὶ σπέρμα πάσης ἐξαπολλυται χθονός. τοιύδε Τροία περιβάλων ξενκτηρίων ἄναξ Ἀτρείδης πρέσβυς εὐδαίμων ἄνηρ ἦκει, τίεσθαι δ' ἀξιώτατος βροτῶν τῶν νῦν. Πάρις γὰρ οὕτε συντελής πόλις ἐξεύχεται τὸ δράμα τοῦ πάθους πλέον. ὀφλῶν γὰρ ἀρπαγῆς τε καὶ κλοπῆς δίκην τοῦ ῥυσίου θ' ἡμαρτε καὶ πανόλεθρον αὐτόχθονον πατρῷον ἐθρισεν ὄμον. διπλὰ δ' ἐτίσαν Πριαμίδαι θὰμάρτια.

Χο. κήρυξ Ἀχαιῶν χαίρε τῶν ἀπὸ στρατοῦ. Κη. χαίρω γε' τεθνάναι δ' οὐκέτ' ἀντερῶ θεοῖ. Χο. ἔρως πατρόφας τήσδε γῆς σ' ἐγύμνασεν. Κη. ὁστ' ἐνδακρύειν γ' ὁμμασίν χαρᾶς ύπο. Χο. τερπνῆς ἄρ' ἦτε τήσδ' ἐπήβολοι νόσου. Κη. πῶς δή; διδαχθεῖς τούδε δεσπόσω λόγου. Χο. τῶν ἀντερώντων ἵμέρῳ πεπληγμένου. Κη. ποθεῖν ποθοῦντα τήσδε γῆν στρατὸν λέγεις. Χο. ὡς πόλλ' ἀμαυρᾶς ἐκ φρενός μ' ἀναστένειν. Κη. πόθεν τὸ δύσφρον τοῦτ' ἐπὴν στύγος φρενῶν; Χο. πάλαι τὸ συγὰν φάρμακον βλάβης ἔχω. Κη. καὶ πῶς; ἀπόντων κοιράνων ἔτρεις τινάς; Χο. ὡς νῦν τὸ σὸν δῆ, καὶ θανεῖν πολλὴ χάρις. Κη. εὖ γὰρ πέπρακται. ταῦτα δ' ἐν πολλῷ χρόνῳ τὰ μὲν τις ἄν λέξειν εὐπετῶς ἔχειν, τὰ δ' αὕτε καπίμομφα. τῖς δὲ πλήν θεῶν ἀπαντ' ἀπήμων τῶν δ' αἰώνος χρόνον; μόχθους γὰρ εἰ λέγοιμι καὶ δυσαυλίας,
Infrequent landings, vexed by dangerous surf,
What portion of the day exempt from groans?
Still more abhorrent was our life ashore;—
For close to hostile walls our beds were strewn;
Dank vapours fell from heaven, while from the earth
Drizzled the meadow dews,—our raiment's canker,
Matting, like savage beast's, our shaggy hair.
Or spake I of bird-killing winter's cold,
Unbearable, from snows of Ida born;
Or summer's heat, when, stretched on noonday couch,
By breeze unruffled, slept the waveless sea?
But why lament these hardships? Past the toil!
Past now and gone,—past also for the dead,
Who ne'er will trouble them again to rise.
Why call the spectral army-roll? and why,
Living, bemoan reverses? Nay, I claim
With many a farewell to salute mischance.
For us, the remnant of the Argive host,
Joy triumphs, nor can Sorrow tilt the scale.
Winging o'er land and sea our homeward flight.
We to the sun-light well may make this boast,
"The Argive host, captors at length of Troy,
These spoils, an offer'ing to Achaia's gods,
Hang up, bright glory of their ancient shrines."
Whoso these tidings hears must needs extol
The city and the leaders of the host;
Also the consummating grace of Zeus
Due honour shall attain. My tale is told.

Cho. Ungrudged surrender yield I to thy words.
σπαρνᾶς παρίζεις καὶ κακοστρώτους, τί δ' οὖ στένοντες, οὐ λαχόντες ἦματος μέρος;
tὰ δ' αὐτὲ χέρσῳ καὶ προσῆν πλέον στύγος·
eύναι γὰρ ἦσαν δαῖων πρὸς τεῖχεσιν.
ἐξ οὖρανοῦ δὲ καὶ γῆς λειμώνιαι δρόσου κατεψάκαζον, ἐμπεδον σῖνος ἐσθημάτων τιθέντες ἐνθηρον τρίχα.
χειμῶνα δ' εἰ λέγοι τις οὐσοκτόνων, ὦν παρείχ' ἀφερτον Ἰδαία χείων,
ὑ θάλπος, εὕτε πώντος ἐν μεσημβριναῖς κοίταις ἀκύμων υπνέμους εὐδοὶ πεσῶν—
tὶ ταύτα πενθεὶν δει; παροίχεται πόνος· παροίχεται δὲ, τοῖσι μὲν τεθυκόσιν τὸ μῆποτ' αὖθις μηδ' ἀναστήναι μέλειν.
tὶ τοὺς ἀναλωθέντας ἐν ψῆφῳ λέγειν, τὸν ξόντα δ' ἀλγεῖν χρὴ τύχης παλιγκότου;
καὶ πολλά χαίρειν ξυμφορᾶς καταξίω.
ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς λοιποῖσιν Ἀργείων στρατὸν
υκὰ τὸ κέρδος, πῆμα δ' οὐκ ἄντιρρεπει·
ὡς κομπάσαι τὸδ' εἴκος ἡλίου φάει ὑπὲρ θαλάσσης καὶ χθονὸς ποταμένοις·
'Τροίαν ἐλόντες δῆποτ' Ἀργείων στόλος
θεοῖς λάφυρα ταύτα τοῖς καθ' Ἐλλάδα
dόμων ἐπασσάλευσαν ἀρχαιῶν γάνος.'
τοιαῦτα χρὴ κλύοντας εὐλογείν πόλιν καὶ τοὺς στρατηγοὺς· καὶ χάρις τιμήσεται Δίος τὸδ' ἐκπρίξασα. πάντ' ἔχεις λόγον.
Χο. νικώμενος λόγοισιν οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.
Age still is young enough for grateful lore.
But Atreus' halls and Clytemnestra most
These news concern; me also they enrich.

Enter Clytemnestra from the palace.

Cly. The shout of jubilee erewhile I raised,
When first by night the fiery herald came,
Telling of Ilion captured and o'erthrown.
Then some one spake and taunting asked,
"Dost think, Trusting the beacon-light, that Troy is sacked? 'Tis woman's way to be elate of heart."
By such bold utt'rance was my wit misprised:
Yet still I sacrificed: and through the town
With woman's note they tuned the joyous trill,
Paean's uplifting in the gods' abodes,
The while they lulled the fragrant incense-flames.
And now, what need that thou shouldst tell
me more?
I from the king himself the tale shall hear.
With honour due, my venerated lord
To welcome home, myself will hasten: for—
What sight for woman sweeter than the day
Which to her spouse, Heaven-shielded from the
fight,
Throws wide the gates? Then hither bid my
lord,
Beloved of Argos, to return with speed.
Arriving, may he find a faithful wife,
Such as he left her, watch-dog of his house,
Enter Clytaemnestra from the palace.
To him devoted, hostile to his foes,
In all points like herself, no single seal
Through these long years invaded by her hand.
Pleasure, or blameful word from other man,
Foreign to me as dyer's hue to brass.
A boast like this, fraught as it is with truth,
The lip misseems not of a high-born dame.

Exeunt Clytaemnestra.

Cho. Behold! The queen herself hath tutored thee;
Decorous words her clear interpreters.
But tell me, Herald, touching Menelas,
Doth he in safety homeward with the host
Hither return, prince to his country dear?

Her. False news were I to tell, in flatt'ring terms,
Not long would friends enjoy the fair deceit.

Cho. Oh, could'st thou speak auspicious words yet true!
That here they sundered are is all too plain.

Her. The man is vanished from th' Achaian host;
Himself and galley. No untruth I tell.

Cho. Steering ahead from Troy? or hath a storm,
A common terror, snatched him from the host?

Her. Like skilful archer thou hast hit the mark;
And hast in brief a mighty woe declared.

Cho. Say, doth the voice of other mariners
Report of him as living, or as dead?

Her. No one so knoweth as to speak his doom,
Save the bright Sun, feeder of teeming earth.

Cho. How! Burst the tempest on the naval host.
Through anger of the gods? say, what the end?

Her. Auspicious day with ill-announcing tongue
ἐσθλην ἐκεῖνω, πολεμίαν τοὺς δύσφροσιν,
καὶ τάλλι ὀμοίαν πάντα, σημαντήριου
οὐδὲν διαφθείρασαν ἐν μήκει χρόνου.
οὐδ’ οἶδα τέρψιν οὐδ’ ἐπίψογον φάτιν
ἀλλοι πρὸς ἀνδρὸς μᾶλλον ἢ χαλκοῦ βαφᾶς.
τοιόσοδ’ ὁ κόμπος τῆς ἀληθείας γέμων
οὐκ αἰσχρός ὡς γυναικὶ γενναίᾳ λακεῖν.

Exit Clytaemnestra.

Χο. αὐτῇ μὲν ὦτῶς εἴπε μανθάνοντι σοι
τοροῦσιν ἐρμηνεύσιν εὐπρεπῶς λόγον.
σὺ δ’ εἰπὲ, κήρυξ, Μενέλεων δὲ πεῦθομαι,
εἰ νόστιμος τε καὶ σεσωσμένος πάλιν
ἳξει σὺν ὑμῖν, τήσδε γῆς φίλον κράτος.

ΚΗ. οὐκ ἐσθ’ ὅπως λέξαιμι τὰ ψευδὴ καλὰ
ἐς τὸν πολὺν φίλοισι καρποῦσθαι χρόνον.

Χο. πῶς δὴ τ’ ἄν εἰπὼν κερία τάληθ᾽ τῦχοις;
σχισθέντα δ’ οὐκ εὐκρυπτα γίγνεται τάδε.

ΚΗ. ἀνὴρ ἄφαντος εξ Ἰλιοῦ στρατοῦ,
ἀυτὸς τε καὶ τὸ πλοῖον. οὐ ψευδῆ λέγω.

Χο. πότερον ἀναχθεὶς ἐμφανῶς εξ Ἰλιοῦ,
ἣ χείμα, κοινὸν ἄχθος, ἢρπασε στρατοῦ;

ΚΗ. ἐκυρσαὶ ὡς τε τοξότης ἄκρος σκοποῦ,
μακρὸν δὲ πῆμα συντόμως ἐφημίσω.

Χο. πότερα γὰρ αὐτοῦ ξώντος ἢ τεθνηκότος
φάτις πρὸς ἄλλων ναυτίλων ἐκλάξετο;

ΚΗ. οὐκ οἴδεν οὐδεὶς ὡςτ’ ἀπαγγελλαί τορῶς,
πλὴν τοῦ τρέφοντος Ἰλίου χθονὸς φύσιν.

Χο. πῶς γὰρ λέγεις χειμῶνα ναυτικὸ στρατῷ
ἐλθεῖν τελευτήσαι τε δαιμόνων κότῳ;

ΚΗ. εὐφημον ἦμαρ οὐ πρέπει κακαγγέλω
THE AGAMEMNON

ACT I

Beseems not to defile. In weal and woe
Diverse the honour due unto the gods.
When messenger, sad-visaged, tidings dire
Of routed armies to the city bears,
A common wound inflicting on the state,
While many men from many homes are banned,
Smit by the twofold scourge which Ares loves,
Twin-speared Calamity, a gory pair;—
Whoso is laden with such woes as these
The pæan of the Furies well may raise.
But coming to a town in jubilee,
Glad messenger of safety and success,
How shall I tidings mingle fair and foul,
The tale unfolding of the storm that smote
The Achaian host, not without wrath of Heaven?
For fire and ocean, bitter foes of yore,
Sware true alliance and redeemed their pledge,
Whelming Achaia's luckless armament.
Then in the night foul-surging mischiefs rose:
Beneath the Thracian blasts ship against ship
Dashed wildly; they, sore-butted by the storm,
With furious wind and stress of pelting rain,
Vanished from sight, 'neath whirl of shepherd dire.
And when uprose the sun's fair light, behold,
The Aegean sea with flowerage overstrewn,—
Corpses of Grecian men and wrecks of ships.
Us, and our vessel with undamaged hull,
Some god, I ween, (not mortal was the power,)
Ruling the helm, hath saved, by stealth or prayer.
But Saviour Fortune lighting on our ship,
At moorage she nor felt the billows' strain,
Nor drave against the iron-girded coast.
γλώσση μιαίνειν· χωρίς ἡ τιμή θεῶν. ὅταν δ' ἀπευκτά τίματ' ἀγγελος πόλει στυγνῷ προσώπῳ πτωσίμου στρατοῦ φέρῃ, πόλει μὲν ἐλκος ἐν τὸ δήμουν τυχεῖν, πολλοὺς δὲ πολλὰν ἐξαγισθέντας δόμων ἀνδρας διπλῆ μάστηγι, τὴν Ἄρης φίλει, διλογχον ἄτην, φοινίαν ξυνωρίδα·

τοιῶνδε μέντοι πημάτων σεσαγμένον πρέπει λέγειν παίανα τόνδ' Ἠρμινόν. σωτηρίων δὲ πραγμάτων εὐάγγελον ἥκοντα πρὸς χαίρουσαν εὐεστοῖ πόλιν, πῶς κεδνα τοῖς κακοῖς συμμίξω, λέγων χειμῶν Ὑξαιοίδ' οὐκ ἀμήνιτον θεῶν; ἥσυχομοσαν γάρ, ὡντες ἐχθιστοι τὸ πρίν, πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα, καὶ τὰ πίστ' ἐδειξάτην φθείροντε τὸν δύστην Ἄργειῶν στρατόν. ἐν νυκτὶ δυσκύμαντα δ' ὀφρώει κακά.

ναῖς γὰρ πρὸς ἀλλήλαισι Θηρίκαι πυναὶ ἤρεικοι· αἰ δὲ κεροτυπούμεναι βίας χειμῶν τυφώ σὺν ζύλη τ' ὀμβροκτύπῳ, φόχουν ἄφαντοι, ποιμένοι κακοῦ στρόβῳ. ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνήλθε λαμπρὸν ἥλιον φῶς, ὀρῶμεν ἀνθοῦν πέλαγος Λήγαίων νεκρώις ἀνδρῶν Ὑξαιοί ναυτικοῖς τ' ἐρειπίοις. ἦμας γε μὲν δὴ ναῦν τ' ἀκήρατον σκάφος ἦτοι τις ἐξέκλεψειν ἡ ἄρητή αὐτος θεὸς τίς, οὐκ ἀνθρωπος, οὐάκος θεγὼν. τύχη δὲ σωτηρ ναῦν θέλουσ' ἐφέξετο, ὡς μῆτ' ἐν ὀρμῷ κύματος ζύλην ἐχειν μῆτ' ἐξοκείλαι πρὸς κραταίλεων χθόνα.
Then safe at last, from watery Hades snatch'd,
In genial daylight, still mistrusting chance,
With anxious thought o'er this new grief we
brooded,—
Our host sore wearied, and in evil plight.
And doubtless now, if any still survive,
They speak of us as dead. Why should they not?
As we imagine a like fate for them.
But may the best befall! For Menelas,
Foremost and chief, expect him to arrive;
If any sunbeam knows of him as safe,
Rejoicing in the light, (through the device
Of Zeus, not willing yet the race to whelm,)
Good hope there is that he may yet return.
Hearing this tale, know, thou the truth hast heard.

Exit Herald.

Cho. Who, oh who, with truest aim,
Did the battle-wedded dame,
Prize of conflict, Helen name?
Was it not one, unseen, in happy hour,
Guiding his tongue with Fate-presaging power?
Helen, the captor;—titled fittingly,—
Captor of ships, of men, of cities, she
From dainty curtained bower hath fled,
By Titan zephyr borne along;
Straight in her quarrel mustered strong
The shielded hunters' mighty throng,
Marshalled for battle;—forth they sped,
Swift on their track whose viewless oar
Harbour had found on Simois' leafy shore.
ἐπείτα δ' Ἡλείη πόντιοι πεφευγότες,
λευκὸν κατ' ἰμαρ, οὐ πεποιθότες τύχη,
εὐβουκολοῦμεν φροντίσσων νέον πάθος,
στρατοὺ καμάντος καὶ κακῶς σποδομένου.
καὶ νῦν ἐκείνων εἰ τις ἐστίν ἐμπνεῶν,
λέγουσιν ἡμᾶς ὡς ὀλωλότας, τί μήν;
ἡμεῖς τ' ἐκείνους ταύτ' ἔχειν δοξάζομεν.
γένοιτο δ' ὡς ἁριστά. Μενέλεων γὰρ οὖν
πρὸς τε καὶ μάλιστα προσδόκα μολεῖν.
εἰ δ' οὖν τις ἀκτίς ἡλίου νῦν ἱστορεῖ
καὶ ξύντα καὶ βλέποντα, μηχαναίς Δίος,
οὔπω θέλοντος ἐξαναλώσας γένος,
ἐλπίς τις αὐτὸν πρὸς δόμους ἤξειν πάλιν.
tοσαυτ' ἀκούσας ἵσθι τάληθη κλύων.

Exit Herald.

Χο. τίς ποτ' ὄνομαζεν ὡδ' στρ. α'.
ἐς τὸ πᾶν ἐτητύμωσ—
μή τις ὀντιν' οὐχ ὀροῦ-
μεν προνοίασι τοῦ πεπρωμένου
γλῶσσαν ἐν τύχα νέμων;—
tὰν δορίγαμβρον ἀμφινει-
κή θ' Ἐλέναν; ἐπεὶ πρεπόντως
ἐλένας. ἐλανδρος, ἐλέπτολις,
ἐκ τῶν ἀβροτίμων
προκαλυμμάτων ἐπλευσε
ζεφύρου γήγαντος αὖρα,
πολυαινδροὶ τε φερείσπιδες
κυναγοὶ κατ' ἱχνος πλατῶν ἁφαντον
κελσάντων Σεμόεντος
ἀκτὰς ἐπ' ἀεξιφύλλους
δι' ἔριν αἰματόεσσαν.

Λ. 4
Wrath, with direful issue fraught,
Thus to hapless Ilion brought
Dear alliance, dearly bought:
Requiter of the outraged festal board,
And of high Zeus, the hearth's presiding Lord;
Late vengeance wreaking on the guilty throng,
Who carol jubilant the bridal song,
Which, fate-impelled, the bridegroom's kin prolong.

But aged Priam's city hoar
A novel hymn doth now intone,
From many a voice; with mighty groan,
Woe upon Paris' bridal bed
She utters;—she who long before
A dirgeful life, alas! had led,
Weeping her sons in wretched slaughter sped.

So once did wight incautious rear
A suckling lion, for the breast
Still yearning, to the house a pest.
Tame in life's early morning, dear
To childhood, and by Eld caressed.
Carried full oft in fondling play,
Like to a babe in arms he lay;
The hand with winning glances wooed,
And, smit with pangs of hunger, fawned for food.

But time the temper doth bewray
Inherent in his race. Due meed
Of gentle nurture to repay,
Rending the flocks with cruel greed,
Unbidden he prepares the feast,
And mars with gory stain the halls.
'Ιλίω δε κήδος ὀρθ-
όνυμον τελεσσίφρων
μῆνις ἡλασεν, τραπέ-
ζας ἀτίμωσιν ύστερῳ χρόνῳ
καὶ ξυνεστίοι Δίδω
πρασσομένα τὸ νυμφότι-
μον μέλος ἐκφάτως τίοντας,
ὑμέναιον, ὃς τότε ἐπέρρεπεν
γαμβροῖσιν ἀείδειν.
μεταμανθάνουσα δ’ ὕμνοι
Πριμύμον πόλις γεραιὰ
πολύθρηνον μέγα ποὺ στένει
κικλήσκουσα Πάριν τὸν αἰνόλεκτρον,
παμπορθῆ πολύθρηνον
ἀιώνα διὰ τοὺς πολιτῶν
μέλεοι αἱρ’ ἀνατλάσα.

ἐθρεψεν δὲ λέοντος ἦ-
νει δόμοις ἀγάλακτον οὐ-
τως ἀνήρ φιλόμαστον,
ἐν βιότου προτελείους
ἐμερον, εὐφιλόπαιδα
καὶ γεραροῖς ἐπίχαρτον.
πολέα δ’ ἔσκ’ ἐν ἀγκάλαις
νεστρόφου τέκνου δίκαιν,
φαιδρωπός ποτὶ χεῖρα σαί-
νων τε γαστρὸς ἀνάγκαις.

χρωνισθεὶς δ’ ἀπέδειξεν ἦ-
θος τὸ πρὸς τοκέων· χάριν
γάρ τροφεύσων ἀμείβων
μηλοφόνοισι σὺν ἀταῖς
δαίτ’ ἀκέλευστος ἐτευξὲν·
αἵματι δ’ οἴκος ἐφύρθη,
Resistless, dire, athirst for prey,
The pest the menial train appals,
Reared for the house by Heaven, fell Atè's priest.

So came to Troia's walls, in evil hour,
Spirit of breathless calm, fair pride
Of riches, love's soul-piercing flower,
The eyes' soft dart; but from the course aside
Swerving, to wedlock bitter end she wrought.
To Priam's offspring came she, mischief fraught,
Evil companion, bringing evil dower.
By Zeus escorted, guardian of the guest,
She sped, dire Fury, bridal pest.

Lives among men this saw, voiced long ago;
"Success consummate breeds apace,
Nor childless dies, but to the race
From prosperous Fortune springeth cureless Woe."
Apart I hold my solitary creed.
Prolific truly is the impious deed;
Like to the evil stock, the evil seed;
But fate ordains that righteous homes shall aye
Rejoice in goodly progeny.

But ancient Arrogance, or soon or late,
When strikes the hour ordained by Fate,
Breedeth new Arrogance, which still
Revels, wild wantoner in human ill;
And the new birth another brood
Unhallowed, in the house doth bear;—
Gorged Insolence, and, not to be withstood,
Defiant Boldness, demon unsubdued;—
Swart curses twain, their parents' mien that wear.
άμαχον ἄλγος οἰκέταις 
μέγα σίνος πολύκτονοιν.
ἐκ θεοῦ δ' ἱερεὺς τις ἅ-
τας δόμοις προσεθερέφθη.
πάραυτα δ' ἐλθεῖν ἐς Ίλίων πόλιν 
λέγοιμ' ἄν φρόνημα μὲν 
νηνέμου γαλάνας,
ακασκαῖον δ' ἀγαλμα πλοῦτον,
μαλθακὸν ὀμμάτων βέλος,
δῆξιθυμοι ἔρωτος ἄνθος.
παρακλίναι ἐπέκρανεν 
δὲ γύμου πικρᾶς τελευτᾶς,
δίσεδρος καὶ δυσόμιλος 
συμένα Πριαμίδαισιν,
πομπᾶ Δίος ξενίου,
νυμφόκλαυτος Ἑρμύς.

παλαιφατος δ' ἐν βροτοὶς γέρων λόγος 
τέτυκται, μέγαν τελε-
σθένα φωτὸς ἀλβον 
τεκνούσθαι μηδ' ἀπαίδα θυῆσκειν,
ἐκ δ' ἀγαθᾶς τιχας ἑνει 
βλαστάνειν ἀκόρεστον οἶζιν.
δια χά ἄλλων μονόφρων εἰ-
μι, τὸ δυσσεβὲς γάρ ἔργον 
μετὰ μὲν πλείονα τίκτει,
σφετέρα δ' εἰκότα γέννα.
οἰκων δ' ἄρ' εὐθυδίκων 
καλλῖπαίς πότμοι ἀεί.
φίλει δὲ τίκτειν ὑβρὶς 
μὲν παλαιὰ νεἰ-
ξουσαν ἐν κακοῖς βροτῶν 
ὑβριν τότ' ἡ τόθ', ὅτε τὸ κύριον μόλη 
φῶς τοικον,
δαίμονα τε τὼν ἄμαχον, ἄπολεμον, 
ἀνίερον θράσος, μελαί-
νας μελάθροισιν "Ατας, 
eἰδομένας τοκεύσιν.
But Justice doth the smoke-begrimèd cell
   Illumine with celestial sheen,
     And loves with honest worth to dwell.
Gold-spangled palaces with hands unclean,
   Forsaking with averted eyes,
     To holy Innocence she flies.
The power of wealth, if falsely stamped with praise,
With homage she disdains to recognize,
And to their fated issue all things sways.

End of Act I.
Δίκα δὲ λάμπει μὲν ἐν ἀντ. ὦ.
δυσκάπνοις δώμασιν,
τὸν δ' ἐναίσιμον τίει.
τὰ χρυσόπαστα δ' ἐδεθλα σὺν πίνῳ χερῶν
παλιντρόποις
ὀμμασὶ λιποῦσ', ὁσια προσέμολε
δύναμιν οὐ σέβουσα πλού-
τον παράσημον αὖν.
πᾶν δ' ἐπὶ τέρμα νομᾶ.

End of Act I.
ACT II.

Scene. The court of the palace of Agamemnon, as before.

Enter the Chorus.

Cho. Hail, royal lord! Stormer of Ilion, hail! Scion of Atreus! How compose my speech, How due obeisance render thee, Yet neither overshoot the mark, nor fail The goal of fitting compliment to reach? For many men, transgressing right, there be Semblance who place above reality. To him who groans beneath affliction's smart, All men have prompt condolence; but the sting Of feigned sorrow reaches not the heart. So men with others' joy rejoicing, bring Over their visage an enforced smile: But the discerning shepherd knows his flock, And his unerring glance detects their guile, Who simulating love, with glozing art And watery kindness fawn, but inly mock. But thou, O King, (I speak without disguise,) In Helen's quarrel busking war's array, A mien didst wear unseemly in mine eyes, Guiding not well the rudder of thy mind, Who didst, on death-devoted men, essay
ACT II.

Scene. The court of the palace of Agamemnon, as before.

Enter the Chorus.

Χο. ἀγε δή, βασιλεῦ, Τροίας πτολίπορθ', Ἀτρέως γένεθλον, πῶς σε προσεῖπω; πῶς σε σεβίζω μηθ' ὑπεράρας μηθ' ὑποκάμψας καιρὸν χάριτος; πολλοὶ δὲ βροτῶν τὸ δοκεῖν εἶναι προτίουσι δίκην παραβάντες. τῶ δυσπραγοῦντι δ' ἐπιστενάχειν πᾶς τις ἑτοίμος· δὴγμα δὲ λύπης οὐδὲν εῇ ἡπαρ προσικνεῖται· καὶ ἔνυχαιροσθεν ὀμοιοπρεπεῖς ἀγέλαστα πρὸσωπα βιωζόμενοι. ὁστὶς δ' ἄγαθὸς προβατογνώμων, οὐκ ἔστι λαθεῖν ὅμματα φωτός, τὰ δοκοῦντ' εὐφρονος ἐκ διανοίας ὑδαρεῖ σαίνειν φιλότητι. σὺ δὲ μοι τότε μὲν στέλλων στρατιῶν 'Ελένης ἐνεκ', οὐ γάρ σ' ἐπικεύσω, κἀρτ' ἀπομονύσως ἦσθα γεγραμμένος, οὐδ' εὖ πραπίδων οἰακα νέμων
Courage to urge, by sacrifice.
But those who have achieved the great emprize,
Not from the surface of my mind alone,
I welcome now, with feelings not unkind;
And inquest made, in time shall it be known,
Who of thy citizens at home the while
Guarded thy state with truth, and who with guile.

Enter in triumph, L, Agamemnon. He is in a chariot
drawn by slaves. Cassandra is seated at his feet.
Clytaemnestra, attended, enters from the palace.

Ag. First Argos and her tutelary gods,
Who with me wrought to compass my return,
And visit Priam's town with vengeance due,
Justly I hail. For in this cause the gods,
Swayed by no hearsay, in the bloody urn
Without dissentient voice the pebbles cast,
Sealing the doom of Ilion and her sons.
But to the rival urn, by no hand filled,
Hope only came. Smoke still uprising marks
The captured city; Atê's incense-fires
Are living still, but, dying as they die,
The ash sends upward costly fumes of wealth.
Wherefore 'tis meet to render to the gods
Memorial thanks; since round them we have cast
Our vengeful toils, and in a woman's cause
The Argive monster, offspring of the horse,
Host shield-accoutred, made its deadly leap,
And Priam's city levelled to the dust,
What time the Pleiades in ocean waned;
So, bounding o'er the towers, of princely blood
The raw-devouring lion lapped his fill.
Enter in triumph, \( L, \) Agamemnon. He is in a chariot drawn by slaves. Cassandra is seated at his feet. Clytemnestra, attended, enters from the palace.

Enter in triumph, \( L, \) Agamemnon. He is in a chariot drawn by slaves. Cassandra is seated at his feet. Clytemnestra, attended, enters from the palace.
This lengthened prelude to the gods! and now
Weighing the judgment ye ere while expressed,
I say the same, and am with you agreed.
To few is it congenial, envy-free,
To venerate the friend whom Fortune crowns.
The jealous poison, lodged within the heart,
Tortures with twofold pang whom it infects;
By his own griefs oppressed, the envious man
Groans also to behold another's joy.
Out of my proof I speak, for, well I wot,
Who friendship most pretended, only were
Its mirrored image, shadow of a shade.
None but Odysseus, who unwilling sailed,
Once harnessed, was my trusty yoke-fellow;
This I affirm, be he alive or dead.
But for the rest, what to the state pertains,
And to the gods, a full assembly called,
We'll weigh in free debate. Counsel we need,
That where the state is sound, we keep it so;
But where disease the healer's art requires,
By kind excision, or by cautery,
We shall attempt to remedy the harm.
Now to my palace and my household hearth
Returning, first will I the gods salute,
Who forward sped me, and who lead me home;
Since victory so far hath followed me,
Here may she henceforth stedfastly abide!

Cly. Men of our city, Argive elders here,
I shame not in your presence to avow
My wifely temper; bashful Fear in time
From mortals dieth: not by others taught,
But from myself, the wretched life I'll tell
θεοίς μὲν ἔξετεινα φροίμιον τόδε·
tὰ δ᾽ ἐς τὸ σὸν φρόνημα, μέμνημαι κλῖνον,
καὶ φημὶ ταύτα καὶ συνήγορον μ᾽ ἔχεις.
παύροις γὰρ ἄνδρὼν ἔστι συγγενεῖς τόδε,
φίλοι τὸν εὐνυχοῦντ’ ἀνευ φθόνου σέβειν.
δύσφροις γὰρ ἱδὲ καρδίαν προσήμενος ἄχθος διπλοίζει τῷ πεπαμένῳ νόσον,
τοῖς τ᾽ αὐτοῖς αὐτοῖ πήμασιν βαρύνεται καὶ τὸν θυραῖον ὀλβον εἰσορὸν στένει.
εἰδὼς λέγομι' ἂν, εὖ γὰρ ἐξεπίσταμαι,
ὀμιλίας κάτοπτρον, ἐέδωλον σκιᾶς,
δοκοῦντας εἶναι κάρτα πρεμυμενεῖς ἐμοὶ.
μόνος δ᾽ Ἄδυσσεύς, ὀσπερ οὐχ ἔκὼν ἐπλειε,
ζευχθεὶς ἐτοιμος ἢν ἐμοὶ σειραφόρος·
εἰτ᾽ οὐν θανόντος εἴτε καὶ ξόντος πέρι λέγων. 
τὰ δ᾽ ἄλλα πρὸς πόλιν τε καὶ θεοὺς κοινοῖς ἀγονας θέντες εἰν πανηγύρει
βουλευσόμεσθα. καὶ τὸ μὲν καλῶς ἔχον ὀπὼς χρονιζον εὖ μενεί βουλευτέον·
οτὼ δὲ καὶ δεὶ φαρμάκων παιωνίων,
ῆτοι κέαντες ἢ τεμόντες εὐφρόνως πειρασόμεσθα τῇ' ἀποστρέψαι νόσον.
νῦν δὲ ἐς μέλαθρα καὶ δόμους εὐφρόνους ἐλθὼν θεοίς πρῶτα δεξιώσομαι,
οἵπερ πρόσω πέμψαντες ἥγαγον πάλιν.
νίκη δ᾽ ἐπείπερ ἔσσετ', ἐμπέδως μένοι.

ΚΛ. ἄνδρες πολίται, πρέσβεος Ἀρχείων τόδε,
οὐκ αἰσχυνοῦμαι τοὺς φιλάνορας τρόπους
λέξαι πρὸς ὑμᾶς· ἐν χρόνῳ δ᾽ ἀποθέωνε
τὸ τύρβος ἄνθρωποισιν. οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα
μαθοῦσ', ἐμαυτῆς δύσφορον λέξω βίου.
'Twas mine to lead while this man was at Troy. First, for a woman severed from her mate, To sit forlorn at home is grievous woe, Hearing malignant murmurs manifold. One courier comes, another in his train Worse tidings brings to echo through the house; And as for wounds, had my dear lord received As many as report kept pouring in, A net methinks had not been more transpierced. Or had he died oft as reported then, A second triple-bodied Geryon, Enduring death in every form he wore. Thus harassed by these ever-rife reports, Full often from my neck have forceful hands Seized and untied the beam-suspended noose. And for this cause our son, pledge of our troth, Of mine and thine, stands not beside me now, As stand he should, Orestes. Marvel not, For him thy trusty spear-guest nourisheth; Strophius, the Phocian, who hath me forewarned Of twofold peril, thine 'neath Ilion's wall, And next lest clamour-fostered Anarchy Hazard the plot, for 'tis with men inborn To trample further him already down. This pretext, trust me, carries no deceit. But for myself the gushing founts of grief Are all dried up, no single tear is left; Sore with late watching are my weary eyes, Weeping the fiery beacons set for thee Neglected ever. Often from my dreams Was I awakened by the tiny hum Of buzzing gnat, seeing, endured by thee,
τοσοῦδ’ ὁσοῦπερ οὕτως ἦν ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ. 
τὸ μὲν γυναῖκα πρῶτον ἀρσενὸς δίχα ἦσθαι δόμωις ἐρήμου ἐκπαγλον κακῶν, 
pολλὰς κλύουσαν κληδόνας παλιγκότους· 
καὶ τὸν μὲν ἥκειν, τὸν δ’ ἐπεσφέρειν κακοῦ 
κάκιον ἄλλο πῆμα, λάσκοντας δόμοις. 
καὶ τραυμάτων μὲν εἰ τόσων ἐτύχχανεν ἀνήρ ὁδ’, ὥς πρὸς οἶκον ὁχετεύετο 
φάτις, τέτρηται δικτύου πλέου λέγειν. 
εἰ δ’ ἤμν τεθνηκός, ὡς ἐπλήθυνον λόγοι, 
τρισώματος τὰν Γηρμοῦ ὁ δεύτερος 
χθονός τρίμοιρον χλαίναν ἐξηύχει λαβεῖν, 
アップέ ἐκάστῳ καθανόν μορφώματι. 
τοιώδε ἐκατὶ κληδόνων παλιγκότων 
pολλὰς ἀνωθεὶ ἀρτάνας ἔμης δέρης 
ἐλυσαν ἄλλοι πρὸς βίαν λελημμένης. 
ἐκ τῶνδε τοι παῖς ἐνθάδ’ οὐ παραστατεῖ, 
ἔμων τε καὶ σῶν κύριος πιστωμίτων, 
ὡς χρήν, ὃ Ὀρέστης· μηδὲ θαυμάσῃς τόδε. 
τρέφει γὰρ αὐτὸν εὐμενῆς δορύξενος 
Στρώφιος ὁ Φωκεύς, ἀμφίλεκτα πῆματα 
ἔμοι προφωνῶν, τὸν θ’ ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ σέθεν 
kώδυνον, εἰ τε δημόθρους ἄναρχία 
βουλὴν καταρρίψεις, ὃςτε σύγγονον 
βροτοῖς τὸν πεσόντα λακτίσαι πλέον. 
τοιάδε μέντοι σκῆψις οὐ δόλοι φέρει. 
ἔμοιγε μὲν δὴ κλαυμάτων ἐπίσσυτο 
πῆγαί κατεσβήκασιν, οὐδ’ ἐνι σταγών. 
ἐν όψικοιτοι δ’ ὀμμασιν βλάβας ἐχω 
tάς ἁμφὶ σοι κλαϊωσα λαμπτηρουχίας 
ἀτμελῆτους αἴέν. ἐν δ’ ὀνειρασιν 
λεπταῖς υπαὶ κώνωπος ἐξηγειρόμην 
ῥυπαίσθε θωάσοντος, ἁμφὶ σοι πάθη
More woes than could have filled mine hour of sleep.
These sorrows past, now with a heart unwrung
I hail my husband, watchdog of the fold,
Sure forestay of the ship; of lofty roof
Pillar firm based; Sire's sole-begotten child;
Land beyond hope looming to mariners;
Day after storm most brilliant to behold;
To thirsty wayfarer clear gushing spring.
Sooth, sweet it is to 'scape from harsh con-
straint;
With such addresses do I honour him.
Let Envy stand aloof! for we have borne
Ere this full many a woe. Now dear my lord
Come from thy car; but on the ground, O King,
Plant not the foot that trampled Ilion.

Slaves advance from the palace, bringing with them a
purple carpet which they spread from the doors of
the palace to the chariot of Agamemnon.

Maidens, why tarry ye, whose duty 'tis
With carpets to bespread his stepping-floor?
Swift, purple-strew his passage to a home
Unlooked for, e'en as Justice may conduct;
What further she decreeth with the gods,
Thought, not by sleep o'ermastered, shall
dispose.

Ag. Daughter of Leda! Guardian of my home!
Such as my absence was, is now thy speech,
Drawn out to ample length. With better grace
My praise had come from others than from thee.
Slaves advance from the palace, bringing with them a purple carpet which they spread from the doors of the palace to the chariot of Agamemnon.

δουραί, τι μέλλεθ', αϊς ἐπέσταλται τέλος πέδουν κελεύθου στρωννύναι πετάμαισιν; εὐθὺς γενέσθων πορφυρόστρωτος πόρος ἐς δόμῃ άελπτον ὡς ἄν ἤγηται δίκη. τὰ δ' ἄλλα φροντίς οὐχ ὑπνο ἰκομένη θήσει δικαίως σὺν θεοῖς εἰμαιμένα.

Ἀρ. Ἀδός γένεθλον, δωμάτων ἐμῶν ψύλαξ, ἀποστιά μὲν εἴπας εἰκόνως ἐμὴ. μακρὰν γὰρ ἐξέτεινας· ἀλλ' ἐναισίμως άινεῖν, παρ' ἀλλων χρή τὸδ' ἐρχεσθαί γέρας· Ἀρ.
And for the rest, seek not in woman's guise
To pamper me, nor, gaping forth loud cries,
Bow down to me, as to barbaric wight.
Make not my path with tapestries bestrewn
A mark for envy. To the gods belong
Such signal honours; but for mortal man,
On bright-hued broidery to plant his foot,
I own it, is to me not free from dread;
As mortal honour me, but not as god;
Without foot-carpeting or gorgeous web,
Glory resounds; a constant mind to keep
Is Heaven's best gift; him only call we blest
Who ends in fair prosperity his days.
If thus I bear myself I need not fear.

**Cly.** Against my settled purpose speak not thus.
**Ag.** Deem not my sober purpose I will mar.
**Cly.** Haply thou thus to act hast vowed in fear.
**Ag.** Final and sure my word as man e'er spake.
**Cly.** What, thinkest thou, had Priam done if victor?
**Ag.** Purples, I ween, he verily had trod.
**Cly.** Then stand not thou in fear of human blame.
**Ag.** Yet hath the people's rumour mighty power.
**Cly.** Life envy-free is life unenviable.
**Ag.** 'Tis not for woman to be fond of strife.
**Cly.** But it becomes the fortunate to yield.
**Ag.** Does conquest in this struggle rate so high?
**Cly.** Yield thee; thy will bend willingly to mine.
**Ag.** If thou wilt have it so, let one with speed
These buskins loosen, vassals of the foot;
Lest, if with them sea-tinctured robes I tread,
Some jealous eye of gods smite me from far.
For much it shameth me, with wanton feet
καὶ τάλλα μὴ γυναικὸς ἐν τρόποις ἐμὲ ἀβρυννε, μηδὲ βαρβάρου φωτὸς δίκην χαμαιπτετὲς βόαμα προσχάνης ἐμοί, μηδ᾽ εἰμασὶ στρώσασ᾽ ἐπίθφθουν πόρον τίθειν θεοὺς τοῦ τοίσδε τιμαλφεῖν χρεῶν· ἐν ποικίλοις δὲ θυντὸν ὡντα κάλλεσιν βαίνειν ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδαμῶς ἄνευ φόβου. λέγω κατ᾽ ἄνδρα, μὴ θεοῦ, σέβειν ἐμέ. χωρίς ποδοψήστρων τε καὶ τῶν ποικίλων κληδῶν αὐτεί· καὶ τὸ μὴ κακῶς φρονεῖν θεοῦ μέγιστον δόρον. ὀλβίσαι δὲ χρὴ βίον τελευτήσαντ᾽ ἐν εὐεστοὶ φίλη. εἰ πάντα δ᾽ ὃς πράσσοιμι ἄν, εὐθαρσῆς ἐγώ. Κλ. καὶ μὴν τόδ᾽ εἰπὲ μὴ παρὰ γνώμην ἐμοί. ΑΓ. γνώμην μὲν ἵσθι μὴ διαφθεροῦντ᾽ ἐμέ. Κλ. ηὐξὸ θεοῖς δεῖσας ἀν ὅδε ἐρδεῖν τάδε; ΑΓ. εἴπερ τις, εἰδῶς γ᾽ εὑ τόδ᾽ ἐξεῖπον τέλος. Κλ. τι δ᾽ ἄν δοκεῖ σοι Πρίαμος, εἰ τάδ᾽ ἡνυσεν; ΑΓ. ἐν ποικίλοις ἄν κάρτα μοι βὴναι δοκεῖ. Κλ. μὴ νυν τὸν ἀνθρώπειον αἱδεσθῆς ψόγου. ΑΓ. φήμη γε μέντοι δημόθρους μέγα σθένει. Κλ. ὁ δ᾽ ἄφθονητος γ᾽ οὐκ ἐπίξηλος πέλει. ΑΓ. οὕτω γυναικὸς ἐστίν ἱμείρειν μάχης. Κλ. τοῖς δ᾽ ὀλβίοις γε καὶ τὸ νικᾶσθαι πρέπει. ΑΓ. ἦ καὶ σὺ νίκην τὴν δήριος τίεις; Κλ. πιθοῦ· κράτος μέντοι πάρες γ᾽ ἔκών ἐμοί. ΑΓ. ἀλλ᾽ εἰ δοκεῖ σοι ταῦθ᾽, ὑπαί τις ἀρβύλας λύοι τάχος, πρόδουλον ἐμβασιν ποδὸς. καὶ τοίσδε μ᾽ ἐμβαίνονθ᾽ ἀλουργεύσιν θεῶν μὴ τις πρόσωθεν ὄμματος βίλοι φθόνος. πολλὴ γὰρ αἰδῶς δωματοφθορεῖν ποσίν

5—2
To mar this wealth of silver-purchased web. Of this enough. This stranger damsel now Kindly receive. Zeus, with propitious eye, Beholds the victor's sway with mercy crowned. For willingly none bears the captive yoke; But she, the chosen flower of many a spoil, Fair present from the host, hath followed me. But since herein I yield me to thy will, Treading on purple to my halls I go.

Slaves take off the sandals of Agamemnon.

Cly. A sea there is (which who may drain?) that breeds
Abundant purple, fresh from many a shell,
Precious as silver, brilliant dye of robes,
Whereof, through favour of the gods, these halls
May boast, O King, a store right plentiful;
And poverty is stranger to our house.
Trampling of many garments had I vowed,
Had thus the oracles our house enjoined,
Ransom devising for this precious life.
For while the root lives on, the leafage spreads,
Screening the mansion from the dog-star's ray.
So now, returning to thy household hearth,
As warmth in winter doth thy presence show.
And when Zeus breweth from the acrid grape
Rich wine, then coolness thro' the halls is shed,
Where, crown'er of the home, the husband dwells.

Agamemnon descends from the chariot assisted by Clytaemnestra, and enters the palace.
οικος δ' υπάρχει τώνδε σὺν θεοΐς, ἀναξ, ἔχειν· πένεσθαι δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται δόμος. 

Agamemnon descends from the chariot assisted by Clytaemnestra, and enters the palace.
Zeus, Zeus, all-crowner, my petitions crown: Thine be the care of that which crown thou wilt.

Clytaemenestra follows him into the palace.

Cho. Whence this dread portent, that untired Before my bodeful spirit floats? Wherefore, unbidden and unhired, Waken these dark prophetic notes? Why sits not on my bosom's throne The direful presage to disown As riddling dream, assurance strong? Time's youth hath flown Since the stern-cables from the boats Were flung, what time the ship-borne host Marched on to Ilion from the sandy coast.

After long absence their return With self-informing eyes I learn; Yet in its depths my soul, self-taught, Chanteth Erinys' lyreless strains; My hopes, of courage reft, depart; Not vainly throb my inmost reins; Whirlleth on eddies of dark thought My bodeful heart; Yet, against hope, the gods I pray, That, false to augury, my lay Futile may fall, with vain foreboding fraught.

Never will perfect health confess Her limit sated; though disease, Neighbour, with party-wall, against her press. Sailing with prosperous course elate,
Zeû Zeû têleïe, tâς èmâs euχâs têlei:
méloû dé tòi soû tòwter òn méllhûs têleîn.

Clytaemnestra follows him into the palace.

Χo. tîppet mou tôd' emppêdôs str. a'.
dêima proostatûriou
carádâs terasaKôpou potâtai,
mantispoleî d' âkêleuostos ámûsthos ãôidâ,
oûd' àpoptîsai ðîkâv
duûkrrîtou ânêirâtou
thârâsos euûthêâs 'i'zi e
phrênôs filôn ðrôonou; chrônôs d' èpî
prûmînhîsîwon xînemboîlaiûs
phamûiûs âkátas parî-
BHôs, euû' ùp' "Iliou
ôrto nauûbâtas strarîs.
pèûthomai d' âpî ôûûmîtouv
ûûston, au tôûmarûs ònû
 tôd' âûnev lîrâs ôûmôs ùmûph'deî
ðrônon 'Erimûûs au tôûdîdaktoûs èssôdheu
thumûs, ou tô pûn èxôv
èltûdûs filôn ðrôûsos.
splâyçhîa d' ðûti mâtâzêî
prôs èûdîkoiûs phrèÛûs têlêsfôrûs
dînâs kûkloûmeneûn kêar.
eûxômâi d' âpî èmûs toûaût'
èltûdûs phûth peûsêu
ês tô ìû têlêsfôrû.

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mâlâ ñû tôî tôî megûlakas ùgûneûas str. b'.
ákôrêstou têrûma. nûûsos ùâûr ìêî
geîtòn ôûû tôîchûs êreîdei,
kaî pûtûmos euûthûporôûn
Strikes on the hidden reef man's proud estate.
Then if reluctant Fear, with well-poised sling,
His bales doth into the ocean fling,
Riseth once more the bark; and though
With evil freighted to the full,
Floateth secure the lightened hull.
So likewise, gift of ample worth
   From Zeus, the year's increase,
Whose teeming harvests in the furrows grow,
   Quells the disease of dearth.

But when on earth the crimson gore
Of man hath fallen, never more
May charm or spell the vanished life evoke;
   Hence he of old, whose mystic lore
Was skilled the dead from Hades to restore,
Fell, blasted by the Thunderer's warning stroke.
   Now did not Fate—a heaven-sent Fate—
Baffle my impulse, ere too late,
Leaving behind the lagging tongue,
   My heart its bodeful strain had sung.
But now it raves; no cheering rays
   My anguished spirit knows,
And hopeless to unravel Fate's dark maze
   With fiery ardour glows.

_Clytaemnestra returns and addresses Cassandra,
   who is still crouching in the chariot._

_Cly._ Come thou too in, Cassandra, thee I mean;
For not in wrath Zeus placed thee in our house
A sharer in our lustral rites to stand,
With many slaves beside his household altar,
ἀνδρὸς ἐπαισευν ἀφαντον ἔρμα.
καὶ τὸ μὲν πρὸ χρημάτων κτησίων οίκνος βαλὼν
σφενδόνας ἀπ’ εὐμέτρου,
οὐκ ἐδύν πρόπας δόμος
πημονᾶς γέμων ἄγαν,
οὐδ’ ἐπόντισε σκάφος.
πολλά τοι δόσις ἐκ Δίως ἀμ-
φιλαφής τε καὶ ἐξ ἀλόκων ἐπετειαν
ῆστιν ὠλεσεν νόσον.
τὸ δ’ ἐπὶ γὰρ πεσὸν ἀπαξ θανάσιμων ἀντ. β’.
προπάροιθ’ ἀνδρὸς μέλαν ἄμα τις ἄν
πάλιν ἀγκαλέσαι ἐπαείδων;
οὐδὲ τὸν ὅρθοδαθ’
τῶν φθιμέων ἀνώγειν
Ζεὺς ἀπέπαυσεν ἐπ’ εὐλαβεία;
εἰ δὲ μὴ τεταγμένα
μοῖρα μοίραν ἐκ θεῶν
εἰργη μὴ πλέον φέρειν,
προφθάσασα καρδία
γλῶσσαν ἄν τὰδ’ ἐξέχει.
νῦν δ’ ὑπὸ σκότως βρέμει
θυμαλγής τε καὶ οὐδὲν ἐπελ-
pομένα ποτὲ καίριον ἐκτολυπεύσεῖν
ζωπυρουμένας φρενός.

Clytaemnestra returns and addresses Cassandra, who is still crouching in the chariot.

Κα. εἰσω κομίζου καὶ σὺ, Κασάνδραν λέγω,
ἐπεὶ σ’ ἔθηκε Ζεὺς ἀμηνίτως δόμοις
κοινωνῶν εἶναι χερνίβων, πολλῶν μετὰ
dούλων σταθείςαν κτησίου βωμοῦ πέλας.
Now from this car descend; be not too proud,
For e'en Alcmena's son,—so runs the tale,—
Sold as a slave, endured the forceful yoke;
But if such fate befall thee, great the boon
Heirs of ancestral wealth to own as lords;
For upstarts, beyond hope who fortune reap,—
These reckless are and cruel to their slaves.
From us thou hast what usage warranteth.

Cho. Thee in clear words she hath addressed, and thou,
Meshed as thou art within the toils of Fate,
Yield if thou canst; mayhap thou wilt not yield.

Cly. Nay, and she be not, swallow-like, possessed
Of an unknown, barbaric tongue, my words,
Reaching her mind, must move her to comply.

Cho. Follow! She counsels for thy need the best:
Be thou persuaded;—leave thy chariot-seat.

Cly. No leisure have I here before the gates
To linger; for, beside the central hearth,
The victims wait the sacrificial fire;
A favour that our fondest hope transcends.
But thou, if aught wilt do of what I say,
Make no delay; but if, of sense bereft,
Thou canst not catch the meaning of my words,
In lieu of voice, speak with barbarian hand.

Cho. A clear interpreter the stranger needs:
Distraught she seems, like creature newly caught.

Cly. Nay, she is mad; to her distempered thoughts
She listens; from a newly-captured town
She cometh here, nor knows the yoke to bear,
ἐκβαίν' ἀπῆνης τῆσδε, μηδ' ὑπερφρόνει.
καὶ παιδα γάρ τοι φασίν Ἀλκμήνης ποτὲ πραθέντα τλήμαι δουλίας μάζης τυχεῖν.
ei ὃ' σύν ἀνάγκη τῆσδ' ἐπιρρέτου τύχης,
ἀρχαιοπλούτων δεσποτῶν πολλῆς χάρις.
οὐ ὃ' οὐποτ' ἐλπίςαντες ἠμησαν καλῶς,
ὡμοί τε δούλους πάντα καὶ παρὰ στάθμην.
ἐξεις παρ' Ἦμων οἰάπερ νομίζεται.

Χο. σοὶ τοι λέγουσα παντεῖ σαφῆ λόγον.
ἐντὸς δ' ἁλοῦσα μορσίμων ἀγρευμάτων
πείθοι ἀν', ei πείθοι'. ἀπειθοίης δ' ἰσως.

Κλ. ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἐστὶ μὴ χελιδόνος δίκην
ἀγνώτα φοινὴν βάρβαρον κεκτημένη,
ἔσω φρενῶν λέγουσα πείθω νυν λόγω.

Χο. ἔπου. τὰ λώστα τῶν παρεστῶτων λέγει.
πιθοῦ λυποῦσα τόνδ' ἀμαξήρηθα θρόνον.

Κλ. οὕτωι θυραία τῇδ' ἐμοὶ σχολὴ πάρα
τρίβειν' τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐστίας μεσομφάλου
ἐστηκεν ἦδη μῆλα πρὸς σφαγὰς πυρός,
ὡς οὕποτ' ἐλπίσασι τῆνδ' ἐξειν χάριν.
σὺ δ' εἰ τι δράσεις τῶιδε, μὴ σχολὴν τίθει.
ei δ' ἀξινημῶν οὕσα μὴ δέχει λόγον,
σὺ δ' ἀντὶ φωνῆς φρύζε καρβάνῳ χερί.

Χο. ἐρμηνεύοις ἐοικεῖν ἣ ξένη τοροῦ
δεῖσθαι τρόπους δὲ θηρὸς ὡς νεαίρετον.

Κλ. ἦ μαίνεταί γε καὶ κακῶν κλύει φρενῶν,
ἡτίς λυποῦσα μὲν πόλιν νεαιρετοῦν
ήκει, χαλινών δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται φέρειν,
Till quelled in foam the passion of her blood. 
But words I'll waste no more, thus to be scorned.

*Exit Clytaemnestra into palace.*

*Cassandra leaves the chariot, restless with growing inspiration.*

**Cass.** Ah me! alas! Gods, Earth! 
Apollo, O Apollo!

**Cho.** Why raise for Loxias these cries of bale? 
Not he the god to need the mourner's wail.

**Cass.** Ah me! alas! Gods, Earth! 
Apollo, O Apollo!

**Cho.** Once more she calleth with ill-omened cry, 
The god who hath no part in misery.

**Cass.** Apollo, O Apollo! 
Thou way-god! my destroyer! 
Once more thou hast destroyed me utterly.

**Cho.** She seems about to augur her own ills; 
Heaven's breathing e'en in bonds her spirit fills.

**Cass.** Apollo, O Apollo! 
Thou way-god! my destroyer! 
Ah, whither hast thou led me? to what roof?

**Cho.** To the Atreidan; an thou dost not know 
I tell thee; thou'lt not say it is not so.

**Cass.** Ah! Ah! 
A heaven-detested house, whose walls of yore.
πρὶν αἱματηρὸν ἐξαφρίζεσθαι μένος.
οὐ μὴν πλέω ῥήψας' ἀτιμασθήσομαι.

Exit Clytaemnestra into palace.

Χο. ἐγὼ δ', ἐποικτείρω γὰρ, οὐ θυμώσομαι.
ἳθ', ὥ τάλαυνα, τόνδ' ἐρημώσας' ὄχον,
εἴκουσ' ἀνάγκη τῆς καίνισον ξυγόν.

CASSANDRA leaves the chariot, restless with growing inspiration.

Κα. ὁτοτοτοῖοι πῶποι δὰ. 
ἀπολλοῦν ἀπολλοῦν.

Χο. τί ταῦτ' ἀυωτότυξας ἀμφὶ Λοξίου;
οὐ γὰρ τοιοῦτος ὡστε θρηνητοῦ τυχεῖν.

Κα. ὁτοτοτοῖοι πῶποι δὰ. 
ἀπολλοῦν ἀπολλοῦν.

Χο. ἡ δ' αὕτε δυσφημοῦσα τὸν θεὸν καλεῖ
οὐδέν προσήκουν' ἐν γόοις παραστατεῖν.

Κα. 'Ἀπολλοῦν 'Ἀπολλοῦν 
ἀγναίτ' ἀπόλλων ἐμός.
ἀπώλεσας γὰρ οὐ μόλις τὸ δεύτερον.

Χο. χρήσεων ἔοικεν ἀμφὶ τῶν αὐτῆς κακῶν.
μένει τὸ θεῖον δουλία περ ἐν φρενί.

Κα. 'Ἀπολλοῦν 'Ἀπολλοῦν 
ἀγναίτ' ἀπόλλων ἐμός.
ἀ ποὶ ποτ' ἥγαγές με; πρὸς ποίαν στέγην;

Χο. πρὸς τὴν Ἀτρειδῶν' εἰ σὺ μὴ τόδ' ἐννοεῖς,
ἐγὼ λέγω σοι· καὶ τάδ' οὐκ ἔρεις ψύθη.

Κα. μισόθεον μὲν οὖν, πολλὰ συνύστορα 
αὐτόφωνα κακὰ καὶ ἀρτάνας,

STR. A'.

STR. B'.

STR. G'.
Halters have seen, and streams of kindred gore;  
A human shambles with blood-reeking floor.

Cho. Keen scented seems the stranger, like a hound;  
Ay, and the blood she’s tracking will be found.

Cass. Ah! Ah!  
Lo! witnesses trust-worthy! Vouchers dire! 
These babes, who weep their death-wound,  
faith inspire,  
Their roasted members eaten by their sire!

Cass. Alas! ye gods!  
What is she plotting? what new blow?  
A mighty mischief plots she ’neath this roof;  
An unimaginable cureless woe,  
Unbearable to friends. Help stands aloof.

Cho. Thy fame oracular hath reached our ear;  
But certes seek we now no prophet here.

Cass. Ah wretched one!  
The deed wilt consummate? With guile  
Wilt in the bath thy wedded consort cheer?  
How speak the issue? Soon it will be here;—  
Hand after hand is lifted. Woe the while!

Cho. I comprehend her not; this mystic lore,  
These bleary-eyed oracles perplex me sore.

Cass. Woe! woe! Look! look! What see I there?  
Is it, ye gods, a net of hell?  
The wife herself, joint-slayer, is the snare,
ἀνδρὸς σφαγεῖον καὶ πέδουν ῥαντήριον.
Χο. ἔοικεν εὐρίς ἡ ξένη κυνὸς δίκην εἶναι, ματεύει δ’ ὄν ἀνευρήσει φόνον.
Κα. μαρτυρίοις γὰρ τοῖς’ ἐπιπείθομαι· ἀντ. γ’.
κλαίομενα τάδε βρέφη σφαγάς,
ὄπτας τε σάρκας πρὸς πατρὸς βεβρωμένας.
Χο. ἰμεν κλέος σοῦ μαντικὸν πεπυγμένοιν.
τούτων προφήτας δ’ οὐτινας ματεύομεν.
Κα. Ἰῶ πόποι, τί ποτε μηδεταί; στρ. δ’.
τί τόδε νέον ἄχος μέγα
μέγ’ ἐν δόμωισι τοῖςδε μηδεταί κακὸν
ἀφερτον φίλοισιν, δυσίατοιν; ἀλλὰ δ’
ἐκάς ἀποστατεῖ.
Χο. τούτων άιδρὶς εἰμι τῶν μαντευμάτων.
ἐκεῖνα δ’ ἕγνων; πᾶσα γὰρ πόλις βοῦ.
Κα. Ἰῶ τάλανα, τόδε γὰρ τελεῖς, ἀντ. δ’.
τὸν ὅμωδεμνον πόσιν
λουτροῖσι φαιδρύνασα—πῶς φράσω τέλος;
τάχος γὰρ τόδ’ ἔσται. προτείνει δὲ χείρ ἐκ
χερὸς ὅργανα.
Χο. οὕτω ξυνήκα· νῦν γὰρ ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων
ἐπαργέμοις θεσφάτοις ἀμηχανῶ.
Κα. ἐ ε’, παπαὶ παπαὶ, τί τόδε φαίνεται; στρ. ε’.
ἡ δίκτυόν τι Ἁιδοῦ;
ἀλλ’ ἀρκυς ἡ ξύνευνος, ἡ ἅνωιτία
Now o'er the accursèd rite
Let the dread brood of Night,
Unhallowed with the race, their chorus swell!

Cho. What Fury 'gainst this house doth summon?
What,
The shriek to raise? Such uttr'rance cheers me not.
Pallid through every vein
Blood to my heart doth run,
Which to the battle-slain
Queneth life's sun;
But Atè comes amain.

Cass. Hold! hold! Woe! woe! The heifer there
Keep from the bull. In meshes fell
Of black-woofed garb entangled,—guileful snare,—
Catching,—she smites him dead;—
Prone to his watery bed
He falls. The laver's guileful doom I tell.

Cho. I boast not to be skilled in auguries,
Yet mischief here I cannot but surmise,
Through spells, say, if ye know,
To mortals here below,
What grateful cheer is sent?
Their wordy arts from human woe
Breed dark presentiment.

Cass. Woe! woe! my wretched ill-starred lot!
Wailing another's fate mine own I mourn;
Why hast thou led me hither, all forlorn,
Unless with thee to perish? Wherefore not?

Cho. Thou'rt frenzied, by some god possest,
φόνου. στάσις δ' ἁκόρετος γένει κατολολυξάτω θύματος λευσίμου.

Χο. ποιαν Ἑρινύν τήνδε δόμασιν κέλει ἐπορθιάζειν; οὖ με φαιδρύνει λόγος. ἐπὶ δὲ καρδίαν ἔδραμε κροκοβαφής σταγών, ἀτε καιρία πτώσιμος ξυνανύτει βίον δύντος αὐγαῖς. ταχεία δ' ἀτα πέλει.

Κα. ἂ ἂ, ἰδοὺ ἰδοὺ· ἀπέχε τῆς βοὸς τὸν ταύρον· ἐν πέπλοισι μελαγκέρῳ λαβοῦσα μηχανήματι τύπτει· πίτνει δ' ἐν ἐνύδρῳ τεύχει. δολοφόνου λέβητος τύχαν σοι λέγω.

Χο. οὐ κομπάσαιμι ἐν θεσφάτων γνώμων ἄκρος εἶναι, κακῷ δὲ τῷ προσεικάζῳ τίδε. ἀπὸ δὲ θεσφάτων τίς ἁγαθὰ φάτις βροτοῖς στέλλεται; κακῶν γὰρ διὰ πολυεπείς τέχναι θεσπιροῦν φόβον φέρουσιν μαθεῖν.

Κα. ἵω ἵω ταλαίνας κακόποτοι τύχαι· στρ. 5'. τὸ γὰρ ἐμὸν θρωὸ πάθος ἐπεγχέαι. ποῖ δὴ με δεύρο τῆν τάλαιναν ἡγάγες; οὐδὲν ποτ' εἰ μὴ ξυνθανομένην. τί γὰρ;

Χο. φρενομανής τις εἰ θεοφόρητος, ἀμη-
And tuneless quirest forth thy doom,
Like nightingale, with dusky plume
Sateless of song. From heart opprest,
Ceaseless her Itys, Itys, flows,
Her life bewailing, rich alone in woes.

*Cass.* Woe! woe! Clear-voicèd bird, arrayed
In plumèd shape, by powers divine;
Sweet life, unmarred by tears, is thine:
But me awaits the double-edged blade.

*Cho.* Whence hast thou these prophetic throes,
Rushing athwart thy soul, in vain?
Why body forth in dismal strain,
Blent with shrill cries, these direful woes?
Whence cometh thus to vex thy soul
Of prophecy the dark, ill-omened goal?

*Cass.* Oh, nuptial rite, oh, nuptial rite,
Of Paris, fraught with doom!
Scamander! whence my fathers drank,
Nourished of yore upon thy bank,
I throve in youthful bloom.
Me now Cocytos and the streams of night
To augur on their dismal shores invite.

*Cho.* What thought hast uttered all too clear?
An infant might interpret here.
Smitten within am I with gory sting,
The while thy bird-like cry to hear
My heart doth wring.

*Cass.* Oh deadly coil, oh, deadly coil
Of Ilion, doomed to fall!
Alas, the flower-cropping kine
Slain by my father at the shrine
καὶ δ’ αὐτὰς θροεῖς
νόμον ἀνομοῦ, οἵ τις ἔσουθά
ἀκόρετος βοῶς, φεῦ, ταλαίνας φρεσίν
'Ἰτυν 'Ιτυν στένουσ’ ἀμφιθαλῆ κακοῖς
ἀηδῶν βίων.

Κα. ἰὼ ἰὼ λυγείας μόρον ἀηδόνος·
περίβαλον γὰρ οἱ πτεροφόροι δέμας
θεοὶ γλυκῶν τ’ αἰώνα κλαυμάτων ἀτερ’
ἐμοὶ δὲ μίμνει σχισμὸς ἀμφήκει δορί.

Χο. πόθεν ἑπισσύτους θεοφόρους τ’ ἔχεις
ματαίους δύας,
τὰ δὲ ἐπίφοβα δυσφήτω κλαγγα"
μελοτυπεῖς ὁμοῦ τ’ ὀρθίους ἐν νόμοις;
πόθεν ὁρους ἔχεις θεσπεσίας ὀδοῦ
κακορρήμονας;

Κα. ἰὼ γάμοι γάμοι Πάριδος ὀλέθριοι φίλων. στρ. 3
ἰὼ Σκαμάνδρου πάτριον ποτόν.
τότε μὲν ἀμφὶ σὰς αἰώνας τάλαυ’
ἡντόμαι τροφαίς·
νῦν δ’ ἀμφὶ Κωκυτὸν τε κάχερονείοις
ὅχθας έοικα θεσπιφδήσειν τάχα.

Χο. τί τίδε τορὸν ἀγαν ἑπός ἐξημίσω;
νεόγονος ἄν αἰών μάθοι.
πεπληγμαί δ’ ὑπαὶ δάκει φοινίῳ
δυσαλγεὶ τῦχα μινυρὰ θρεομένας,
θραύματ’ ἐμοὶ κλύειν.

Κα. ἰὼ πόνοι πόνοι πόλεος ὀλομένας τὸ πᾶν. ἀντ. 5’.
ἰὼ πρόπυργοι θυσίαι πατρός
πολυκανεῖς βοτὸν ποιονόμων: ἀκος δ’
To save her sacred wall!
But cure was none: she perished; vain the toil!
I too, soul-kindled, soon shall press the soil.

Cho. This tallies with thy former strain;
Sure some ill demon smites thy brain,
And falling on thee moves thee thus to tell
In piteous chant thy doleful pain.
The end I cannot spell.

**Cassandra's prophecy begins.**

Cass. In sooth the oracle no more shall peer
Forth from a veil, like newly wedded bride;
But flashing on the soul, like wind that blows
Sunward, it dasheth 'gainst the orient beams
A mighty surge that doth this grief o'ertop.
No more through dark enigmas will I teach!
And bear me witness, how in eager chase
The track I scent of crimes wrought long ago.
For from this roof departeth never more
A choir, concordant but unmusical,
To evil tuned. Ay, drunk with human blood,
And by the draught made bold, within these halls
Abides a rout, not easy to eject,
Of sister Furies; lodged within these walls
They chant in chorus the primeval curse.
Hostile to him his brother's couch who trod,
In turn they tell their loathing. Have I missed,
Or, like true archer, have I hit the mark?
Or strolling cheat, or lying prophet am I?
Before I die, attest ye now on oath
That of these halls the hoary crimes I know.
οὐδὲν ἐπήρκεσαν
τὸ μὴ πόλιν μὲν ὢσπερ οὖν ἔχει παθεῖν.
ἔγω δὲ θερμὴν οὐ στάγ’ ἐν πέδω βαλὼ;
Χο. ἐπόμενα προτέροισι τάδ’ ἐφημίσω.
καὶ τίς σε κακοφρονῶν τίθη-
σι δαίμων ὑπερβαρῆς ἐμπίτυων
μελίζειν πάθη γοερὰ θανατοφόρα.
τέρμα δ’ ἁμηχανω.

Cassandra’s prophecy begins.

Κα. καὶ μὴν ὁ χρησμὸς οὐκέτ’ ἐκ καλυμμάτων
ἔσται δεδορκὼς νεογάμου νύμφης δίκην·
λαμπρός δ’ ἔοικεν ἥλιον πρὸς αὐτολάς
πνεῶν ἐσύξει, ἀστε κύματος δίκην
κλύξειν πρὸς αὐγάς τούδε τίματος πολὺ
μεῖζον· φρενώσω δ’ οὐκέτ’ ἐξ αἰνυμάτων.
καὶ μαρτυρεῖτε συνδρόμως ἰχνός κακῶν
ῥινηλατούσῃ τῶν πάλαι πεπραγμένων.
τὴν γὰρ στέγην τηνδ’ οὕποτ’ εκλείπει χορὸς
σύμφθεις οὐκ εὐφωνος· οὐ γὰρ εὐ λέγει.
καὶ μὴν πεπωκός γ’ ὡς θρασύνεσθαι πλέον,
βρότειον αἴμα κῶμος ἐν δόμοις μένει,
δύσπεμπτος ἐξω, συγγόνων Ἐρινύων.
ὕμνοὺσι δ’ ὑμνὸν δῶμαιν προσήμειαι
πρωτοχον ἅτην’ ἐν μέρει δ’ ἑπτυςαν
εὐνᾶς ἀδελφοῦ τῷ πατοῦντι δυσμενῖς.
ήμαρτον, ἢ θηρὼ τι τοξότης τις ὡς;
ἡ ψευδόμαντις εἰμι ϑυροκόπος φλέδων;
ἐκμαρτύρησον προμόσας τὸ μ’ ἐιδέναι
λόγῳ παλαιᾶς τῶνδ’ ἁμαρτίαις δόμων.
Cho. And how can oath be healer of a woe
Inherent in the race? Yet marvel I
That, nurtured o'er the sea, thou know'st to speak
Of foreign city as though native there.

Cass. Loxias, the seer, me with this grace endowed.

Cho. How! passion-smitten was he, though a god?

Cass. Till now it shamèd me to speak of this.

Cho. True; for who fareth well grows over-nice.

Cass. Love-wrestler was he, warm his favour breathed.

Cho. Came ye in course to rite conjugal?

Cass. Consent I gave, but cheated Loxias.

Cho. Mistress already of presaging art?

Cass. Ay, to the townsmen all their woes I spelled.

Cho. How then by wrath of Loxias unharmed?

Cass. No credence won I after this offence.

Cho. To us thy oracles seem too true.

Cass. Woe! woe! alas! alas! ye miseries!

Of faithful augury the direful toil
Racks me once more, with bodeful preludings
Vexing my soul.—Seated within these halls,
See, tender boys, like dreamy phantoms;
children,
As by their dear ones done to death, their hands
Filled with their proper flesh, for nutriment;
Their hearts and vitals,—loathsome, piteous, meal.—
Look, how they hold,—their sire has tasted, look!

For these, I say, vengeance devising, waits
A dastard lion, wallowing in bed;
Χο. καὶ πῶς ἂν ὅρκος, τῆγμα γενναίως παγέν, παιώνιος γένοιτο; θαυμάζω δέ σε πόντου πέραν τραφείσαν ἀλλόθρουν πόλιν κυρεῖν λέγουσαν, ὦσπερ εἰ παρεστάτεις.

Κα. μάντις μ᾽ Ἀπόλλων τῷ ἐπέστησεν τέλει. Χο. μῶν καὶ θεὸς περ ἰμέρῳ πεπληγμένος;

Κα. προτοῦ μὲν αἶδος ἢν ἔμοι λέγειν τάδε. Χο. ἀβρύνεται γὰρ πᾶς τις εὖ πράσσον πλέων.

Κα. ἀλλ᾿ ἢν παλαιστής κάρτ᾿ ἐμοὶ πνέων χάριν. Χο. ἢ καὶ τέκνων εἰς ἔργον ἥλθέτην νόμῳ;

Κα. ξυναινέσασα Δοξίαν ἐψευσάμην. Χο. ἡδη τέχναισιν ἐνθέοις ἡρμένῃ;

Κα. ἡδη πολίταις πάντ᾿ ἑθέσπικοι πάθη. Χο. πῶς δὴτ᾿ ἄνατος ἡσθα Δοξίου κότῳ;

Κα. ἐπειθοὺν ουδένι ουδένι, ὡς τάδ᾿ ἦμπλακον. Χο. ἡμῖν γε μὲν δὴ πιστὰ θεσπίζειν δοκεῖς.

Κα. ἰοῦ ἰοῦ, ὦ ὦ κακά.

ὑπ’ αὐ μὲ δεινὸς ὄρθομαντείας πόνος στροβεῖ ταράσσων φροιμίοις δυσφροιμίοις. ὀρᾶτε τοῦσδε τοὺς δόμοις ἐφημένους νέους, ὀνείρων προσφερεῖς μορφώμασί; παῖδες θανόντες ὦσπερει πρὸς τῶν φίλων, χείρας κρεών πλήθοντες οἰκείας βορὰς, σὺν ἐντέροις τε σπλάγχνῳ, ἐποικίστοιν γέμος, πρέπουσ᾿ ἐχοντες, ὡν πατὴρ ἐγεύσατο. ἐκ τῶνδε ποινὰς φημὶ βουλεύειν τινὰ λέουτ᾽ ἀναλκιν ἐν λέχει στροφόμενου
House-warden, sooth, to him that's come, my master,
For the slave's yoke, alas! I needs must bear.
The naval leader, leveller of Troy,
He knows not that the fell she-dog, whose tongue
Spoke words of guileful welcome, long drawn out,
Like lurking Aë, will achieve his doom.
Such things she dares; the female slays the male!
Her,—what detested monster may I name
And hit the mark?—Some basilisk, or Scylla
Housing in rocks, deadly to mariners,
Infuriate dam of Hades, breathing forth,
Against her dearest, curse implacable?
What triumph-notes exultantly she raised,
All daring one, as in the turn of fight,
Feigning to gratulate his safe return!
What boots it whether I persuade or no?
The doomed must come; ere long to pity moved,
Me thou wilt own a prophet all too true.

_Cho._ Thyestes' banquet of his children's flesh
I knew and shudder at; fear takes my soul,
Hearing the truth, no imaged counterfeit.
The rest I heard, but follow not the track.

_Cass._ On Agamemnon dead, I say, thou'lt look.

_Cho._ Lull, poor forlorn one, thy ill-omened tongue.

_Cass._ Yet o'er this speech no healing god presides.

_Cho._ If be it must; but may it never be;

_Cass._ The while thou prayest, theirs it is to slay.

_Cho._ What man deviseth this accursed deed?
οἰκουρόν, οὔμοι, τῷ μολόντι δεσπότη ἐμῷ· φέρειν γὰρ χρῆ τὸ δούλιον ζυγόν· νεῶν δ' ἐπαρχὸς ᾽Ιλίου τ' ἀναστάτης οὐκ οἴδεν οῖα γλῶσσα μισητῆς κυνὸς λείξασα κάκτεινασα φαιδρόν οὐς, δίκην ἀτης λαθραίου, τεῦξεται κακὴ τύχη. τοιῷδε τόλμῃ θῆλυς ἂρσενος φονεὺς ἐστιν. τί νων καλοῦσα δυσφιλεῖς δίκως τύχοιμ' ἄν; ἀμφίσβαινοι, ἢ Σκύλλαν τινα οἰκοῦσαν ἐν πέτραισι, ναυτίλοις βλάβην, θύουσαν ᾽Αἰδον μητέρ' ἀσπονδόν τ' Ὁρη φίλους πνεοὺσαν; ὡς δὲ ἐπωλολύξατο ἢ παντότολμος, ὡσπερ ἐν μάχης τροπῇ. δακεὶ δὲ χαίρειν νοστιμῷ σωτηρίᾳ. καὶ τῶνδ' ὀμοιου εἰ τι μῆ πείθω· τί γάρ; τὸ μέλλον ἰξει. καὶ σὺ μ' ἐν τάχει παρῶν ἀγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντι ωίκτείρας ἐρείς.

Χο. τήν μὲν Θυέστου δαίτα παιδείων κρεῶν ξυνήκα καὶ πέφρικα, καὶ φόβοις μ' ἔχει κλύνοτ' ἀληθῶς οὐδὲν ἐξηκασμένα. τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἀκούσας ἐκ δρόμου πεσῶν τρέχω.

Κα. Ἄγαμέμνονος σὲ φημ' ἐπώγεσθαι μόρον.
Χο. εὐφήμων, ὃ τάλαινα, κοίμησουν στόμα.
Κα. ἄλλ' οὔτι παιῶν τῶδ' ἐπιστατεῖ λόγῳ.
Χο. οὐκ, εἰπερ ἔσται γ'. ἄλλα μὴ γένοιτό πως.
Κα. σὺ μὲν κατεύχει, τοῖς δ' ἀποκτείνειν μέλει.
Χο. τίνος πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τούτ' ἄχος πορφύνεται;
Cass. Widely thy glance hath missed mine oracles.
Cho. Ay, for the plotter’s scheme to me is dark.
Cass. Yet in Hellenic speech my words are couched.
Cho. So too are Pythian chants, yet hard to spell.
Cass. Alas! what fire is this! It seizes me.
Woe! woe! Lykeian god! Apollo! Woe!
The biped lioness, that with the wolf
In absence of the noble lion couched,
Will me, her victim, slaughter, and as one
Poison who mixeth, she my doom will add
To crown her vengeance; whetting ’gainst her
lord
The murderous knife, she boasteth to exact
His death, as payment for escorting me.
Why longer wear this scorn-provoking gear,
This wand, these wreaths prophetic round my
neck?
Thee I will shatter ere myself am doomed.
Hence to destruction: I will follow soon;
Another, in my place, enrich with woes.
Behold, Apollo’s self doth strip me bare
Of the prophetic robe; coldly he gazed,
What time, in these adornments vainly tricked,
To friends and enemies, with one consent,
All undeserved, a laughter I became:
Vagrant yclept, poor hunger-stricken wretch,
A strolling mountebank, I bare it all;
And now the seer (his vengeance wreaked on me
The seeress) calls me to this deadly fate.
My father at the altar fell, but me
The slaughter-block awaiteth, smitten down
By stroke relentless, reeking with hot gore.
Κα. ἧ κάρτα τὰρ ἀν παρεκόπης χρησμῶν ἐμὼν.
Χο. τούς γὰρ τελοῦντας οὐ ξυνῆκα μηχανῆν.
Κα. καὶ μὴν ἀγαν γ' "Ελλην' ἐπίσταμαι φάτιν.
Χο. καὶ γὰρ τὰ πυθόκραντα· δυσμαθή δ' ὀμοι.
Κα. παπαί, οίον τὸ πῦρ· ἐπέρχεται δὲ μοι.
ὅτοτε, Λύκει' Ἀπόλλων, οἱ ἐγὼ ἐγὼ.
αὐτή δίπους λέαινα συγκοιμωμένη
λύκη, λέοντος εὐγενοῦς ἀπουσία,
κτενεὶ με τὴν τάλαιναν· ὡς δὲ φάρμακον
τεύχουσα κάμοι μισθὸν ἐνθίσειν κότῳ
ἐπεύχεται θήγουσα φωτὶ φάσγανον
ἐμῆς ἀγωγῆς ἀντιτίσασθαι φόνου.
τὶ δὴ δὴ ἐμαυτῆς καταγέλωτ' ἔχω τάδε,
καὶ σκῆπτρα καὶ μαντεία περὶ δέρη στέφη;
σὲ μὲν πρὸ μοῖρας τῆς ἐμῆς διαφθερῶ.
ἳτ' ἐς φθόρον· πεσόντα θ' ὁδ' ἀμείψομαι.
Ἅλλην τιν' ἄτης ἀντ' ἐμοῖ πλουτίζετε.
ἵδον δ' Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸς ἐκδύουν ἐμὲ
χρηστηρίας ἐσθῆτ', ἐποπτεύσας δὲ με
καὶ τοῦς κόσμους καταγελωμένην μέγα
φίλων ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οὐ διχορρόπως, μάτην—
καλομενή δὲ φοιτᾶς οἷς ἀγύρτρια
πτωχὸς τάλαινα λιμοθνής ἤνεχχόμην—
καὶ νῦν ὁ μάντις μάντιν ἐκπράξας ἐμὲ
ἀπήγαγ' ἐς τοιάσδε θανασίμους τύχας.
βωμοῦ πατρῶν δ' ἀντ' ἐπίξηνον μένει,
θερμῶς κοπείσης φοινίῳ προσφάγματi.
Yet not unhonoured of the gods we fall;
For other champion of our cause shall come,
Seed matricidal, venger of his sire.
An exiled wanderer, from this land estranged,
Returns, this vengeance for his friends to crown.
For, lo, the gods a mighty oath have sworn,
His father's prostrate form shall lead him home.
But why, an alien here, pour I my wail?
When that I first have seen my Ilion fare
As fared, it hath, and they who won the town
In sorry plight, through judgment of the gods.
I'll do! I'll suffer! I will dare to die.
These gates, as gates of Hades, I adjure,
One prayer I offer, "mortal be the stroke;"
Free from convulsive throes, in easy death,
While ebbs my life-blood, may I close mine eyes.

Cho. Oh woman, thou most wretched and most wise;
Lengthy thy speech hath been; but if thou knowest
Truly thine own sad doom, how walkest thou
Like heaven-led victim, boldly to the altar?

Cass. There's no escape; brief respite, nothing more.

Cho. Yet to be last is gain at least of time.

Cass. The day is come, small were my gain by flight.

Cho. Enduring art thou, and of dauntless mind.

Cass. Such words none heareth from the fortunate.

Cho. Yet dear to mortals is a glorious death.

Cass. Alas, my sire, for thee and thy brave sons!

Cho. What may this mean? What terror drives thee back?

Cass. Alas! alas!

Χο. ο̣δ’ πολλὰ μὲν τάλαινα, πολλὰ δ’ αὐτ σοφὴ γύναι, μακράν ἔτεινας. εἰ δ’ ἐτητύμως μόρον τὸν αὐτῆς οἴσθα, πῶς θεηλάτου βοῶς δίκην πρὸς βωμὸν εὐτόλμως πατεῖς;
Κα. οὐκ ἔστι άλυξις, οὐ, ξένοι, χρόνον πλέω.
Χο. ο̣ δ’ ὠστατὸς γε ταῦ χρόνου πρεσβεύεται.
Κα. ἢκει τὸδ’ ἢμαρ: σμικρά κερδανῶ φυγῆ.
Χο. ἀλλ’ ἵσθι τλήμων οὔσ’ ἀπ’ εὐτόλμου φρενῶς.
Κα. οὐδεὶς ἀκούει ταῦτα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.
Χο. ἀλλ’ εὐκλεῶς τοι καθανεῖν χάρις βροτῷ.
Κα. ἵώ πάτερ σοῦ τῶν τε γενναίων τέκνων.
Χο. τί δ’ ἔστι χρῆμα; τῖς σ’ ἀποστρέφει φόβος;
Κα. φεῦ φεῦ.
Cho. Why this alas, unless some horror scare thee?
Cass. Blood-reeking murder breatheth from these halls.

Cho. 'Tis but the scent of victims at the hearth.
Cass. Nay, but such breath as issues from a tomb.
Cho. No Syrian odour tell'st thou for the house.
Cass. Well! I will go, within these palace halls
To wail mine own and Agamemnon's doom.
Enough of life! Strangers! Alas! Alas!
Yet quail I not, as birdé at the brake,
Idly; in death my vouchers be in this,
When, in my place, woman for woman dies,
And when for man ill-wedded, man shall fall.
Dying, this hospitable grace I crave.

Cho. Poor wretch; Thy fateful doom my pity moves.
Cass. Once more I fain would speak, but not to pour
Mine own funereal wail; but to the Sun,
Looking my last upon his beams, I pray
That my avengers pay my murderers back,
Requiting me, poor slave, their easy prey.
Alas, for man's estate! If Fortune smile,
A shadow may o'erturn it; should she frown,
A moistened sponge the picture doth destroy.
More than the first this doom my pity moves.

Cassandra goes up the steps of the palace, and enters.

End of Act II.
Cassandra goes up the steps of the palace, and enters.
ACT III.

_The Chorus express in song their doubts for the future._

Cho. All are of boundless weal insatiate;—

None warneth from his halls

Him at whom Envy points, as rich or great,

Saying, “Come here no more.”—

So to this man the Blessed Ones have given

To capture Priam’s walls;—

Home he returns, beloved of Heaven;—

But must he now the blood repay

Of ancient murder; must he die,

And dying expiate,

With his own death, their deaths who died of yore;

Who, being mortal, this can hear, nor pray,

That he were born to scathless destiny?

_A groan is heard from the interior of the palace._

Ag. (from within). Woe’s me! I’m smitten with a deadly blow!

Cho. Hush! Wounded unto death who lifts this cry?

Ag. Woe’s me! Again! a second time I’m struck.
ACT III.

The Chorus express in song their doubts for the future.

Χο. τὸ μὲν εὖ πρᾶσσειν ἀκόρεστον ἔφυ πᾶσι βροτοῖσιν· δακτυλοδείκτων δ’ οὕτις ἄπειπων εἴργει μελάθρων,

μηκὴτ’ ἐσέλθης, τάδε φωνῶν.

καὶ τῶδε πόλιν μὲν ἐλεῖν ἐδοσαν μάκαρες Πριάμου·

θεοτίμητος δ’ οἶκαδ’ ἰκάνει.

νῦν δ’ εἰ προτέρων αἴμ’ ἀποτίσῃ καὶ τοῖσι θανοῦσι θανῶν ἀλλῶν

ποινᾶς θανάτων ἐπικράνη,

τὸς ἄν εὔξαιτο βροτὸς ὅν ἀσίνει

daiμον φῦναι τάδ’ ἀκούσων;

A groan is heard from the interior of the palace.

Λρ. όµοι, πεπληγμαί καιρίαν πληγήν ἔσω.

Χο. σίγα: τῖς πληγήν αὐτεῖ καιρίως οὔτασμένος;

Λρ. όµοι μάλ’ αὐθίς, δευτέραν πεπληγμένος.

Λ.
The Chorus advise one another confusedly.

Cho. By the groaning of the monarch, wrought methinks is now the deed; But together taking counsel, weave we now some prudent scheme.

I. To you my counsel is to raise the cry, And to the palace call the citizens.

II. To me seems best, at quickest, breaking in, To prove the deed by newly-dripping blade.

III. I, this opinion sharing, give my vote For action;—not to dally is the point.

IV. 'Tis manifest; for they, thus preluding, Give to the city the signs of tyranny.

V. Ay, we delay;—they, treading under foot All thoughts of dalliance, sleep not with the hand.

VI. No plan I know to fashion or propose; Against the guilty doer we must plot.

VII. That view I share, for no device I know, By words, the dead man to restore to life.

VIII. What! dragging on our lives, shall we obey These home-polluters? Them our leaders make?

IX. That were past hearing, better far to die; For milder doom were death than tyranny.

X. How! may we not on evidence of groans Augur full surely that the man is dead?
The Chorus advise one another confusedly.

Χο. τούργον εἰργάσθαι δοκεῖ μοι βασιλέως οἴμώγ-ματι.

ἀλλὰ κοινωσώμεθ’ ἣν πως ἀσφαλῆ βουλεύ-ματ’ ἢ.—

1. ἐγὼ μὲν ὑμῖν τὴν ἐμὴν γνώμην λέγω, πρὸς δῶμα δεύρ’ ἀστοῖσι κηρύσσειν βοήν.—

2. ἐμοί δ’ ὅπως τάχιστα γ’ ἐμπεσεῖν δοκεῖ καὶ πράγμ’ ἐλέγχειν σὺν νεορρύτῳ ξίφει.—

3. καγὼ τοιούτων γνώματος κοινωνός ὅν ψηφίζομαι τι δράν’ τὸ μὴ μέλλειν δ’ ἀκμή.—

4. ὀρὰν πάρεστι φρομμιάζονται γὰρ ὡς τυραννίδος σημεία πράσσοντες πόλει.—

5. χρονίζομεν γὰρ. οἱ δὲ τῆς μελλοῦσ κλέος πέδοι πατοῦντες οὐ καθεύδουσιν χερὶ.—

6. οὐκ οἶδα βουλῆς ἥστινος τυχὼν λέγω. τοῦ δρῶντός ἐστι καὶ τὸ βουλεύσαι πέρι.—

7. καγὼ τοιοῦτός εἶμ’ ἐπεὶ δυσμηχανῶ λόγοις τὸν βανόντ’ ἀνιστάναι πάλιν.—

8. ἦ καὶ βίον τείνοντες ὁδ’ ὑπείξομεν δόμων καταίσχυντῆροι τοῖσδ’ ἡγομένους;—

9. ἄλλ’ οὐκ ἀνεκτόν, ἄλλὰ καθδανεῖν κρατεῖν πεπαίτερα γὰρ μοῦρα τῆς τυραννίδος.—

10. ἦ γὰρ τεκμηρίοιςιν ἐξ οἰμωγμάτων μαντευσόμεσθα τάνδρος ὡς ὀλωλότος;—

7—2
xi. Ere we can argue, we must know the facts; Assurance differs widely from surmise.
This I commend, taking the general vote, Plainly to know how fareth Atreus' son.

The doors of the palace are suddenly opened, and Clytaemnestra is seen standing beside the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra.

She comes slowly forward.

Cly. Though much to suit the times before was said, It shames me not the opposite to speak: For, plotting against foes,—our seeming friends,—
How else contrive with Ruin's wily snare, Too high to overleap, to fence them round? To me, not mindless of an ancient feud, Hath come at last this contest;—late indeed. The deed achieved, here stand I, where I slew. So was it wrought (and this I'll not deny), That he could neither 'scape, nor ward his doom; Around him, like a fish-encircling net, This garment's deadly splendour did I cast;— Him twice I smote, and he, with twofold groan, His limbs relaxed:—then, prostrate where he lay, Him with third blow I dowered, votive gift To nether Hades, saviour of the dead. Thus as he fell he chafed his soul away; And gurgling forth the swift death-tide of blood, He smites me with black drops of gory dew,
The doors of the palace are suddenly opened, and Clytaemnestra is seen standing beside the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra.

She comes slowly forward.
Not less exultant than, with heaven-sent joy
The corn-sown land, in birth-hour of the ear.
For this great issue, Argive Senators,
Joy ye, if joy ye can, but I exult.
Nay, o'er the slain were off'rings meet,—with right
Here were they poured,—with emphasis of right.
Such goblet having filled with cursed ills
At home,—himself on his return drains off.

Cho. We marvel at thy tongue, how bold thy speech,
Who o'er thy husband makest so thy vaunt.

Cly. As witless woman are ye proving me;
But I with stedfast heart, to you who know,
Proclaim,—and whether ye will praise or blame,
It recks me not,—this man is Agamemnon,—
My husband, dead, the work of this right hand,
Doer of righteous deed;—so stands the case.

Cho. O woman, what earth-nurtured bane,
What potion, upsent from the wind-ruffled sea,
Hast tasted, that on thine own head dost heap
Curses, for incense, folk-mutter'd and deep!

Hast cast off, hast slain;—
Outcast, uncitied, thyself shalt be,
Huge hate of the townsmen blasting thee.

Cly. Me thou dost doom to exile,—to endure
The people's hate, their curse deep-muttered,—
thou,
Who 'gainst this man of yore hadst naught
 to urge.
He, all unmoved, as though brute life he quenched,
χαίρονσαν οὔδεν ἦσσον ἢ διοσδότῳ
gάνει σπορητὸς κάλυκος ἐν λοχεύμασιν.
ώς ὦδ᾽ ἐχόντων, πρέσβεος Ἀργεῖων τόδε,
χαίροιτ' ἄν, εἰ χαίροιτ', ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἐπεύχομαι.
eἰ δ᾽ ἦν πρεπόντων ὡστ᾽ ἐπισπένδειν νεκρῶ,
tῶδ᾽ ἄν δικαίως ἦν, ὑπερδίκως μὲν οὐν.
tοσόνδε κρατηρ' ἐν δόμοις κακῶν ὦδε
πλήσας ἀραίων αὐτῶς ἐκπίνει μολῶν.
Χο. θαυμάζομέν σου γλώσσαν, ὡς θρασύστομος,
ητὶς τοιώνδ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀνδρὶ κομπάξεις λόγον.
Κλ. πειρᾶσθε μον γνυαίκος ὡς ἀφράσμονος·
ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἀπερίστω καρδία πρὸς εἰδόταις
λέγω· σὺ δ᾽ αἰνεῖν εἴτε με ψέγειν θέλεις
ὀμοιον. οὗτος ἑστὶν Ἀγαμέμνων, ἐμὸς
πόσις, νεκρὸς δὲ, τῆςδε δεξιᾶς χερὸς
ἔργον, δικαίας τέκτονος. τῶδ᾽ ὦδ᾽ ἐχεῖ.
Χο. τί κακὸν, ὡ γύναι, χθονοτρεφὲς ἐδανὸν
ἡ ποτῶν πασαμένα ῥυτᾶς ἐξ ἀλὸς ὀρμενον
τῶδ᾽ ἐπέθουσθοι ϑοὺς, δημοθρόους τ᾽ ἀρᾶς;
ἀπέδικες ἀπέταμὲς τ᾽· ἀπόπολις δ᾽ ἐσεὶ
μίσος ὀβρίμοιν ἀστοῖς.
Κλ. νῦν μὲν δικᾶζεις ἐκ πόλεως φυγῇν ἐμοὶ
καὶ μίσος ἀστῶν δημόθρους τ᾽ ἐχεῖν ἀρᾶς,
οὔδεν τότ᾽ ἀνδρὶ τῶδ᾽ ἐναντίον φέρων·
ὅς οὐ προτιμῶν, ὀσπερεὶ βοτοῦ μόρον,
The while his fleecy pastures teem'd with flocks,  
His own child slaughtered,—of my travail throes  
To me the dearest,—charm for Thracian blasts.  
Him shouldst thou not have chased from land and home  
Just guerdon for foul deed? Stern judge thou art  
When me thou dost arraign;—but, mark my words,  
(Nerved as I am to threat on equal terms,)  
If with strong hand ye conquer me, then rule;—  
But should the god decree the opposite,  
Though late, to sober sense shalt thou be schooled.

_Cho._ O haughty of counsel art thou;—  
And haughtily-minded thou vauntest amain,  
As raveth thy mind 'neath blood-reeking fate.  
Calling for vengeance, glares forth on thy brow  
Of blood the foul stain;—  
Forsaken of friends, the common hate,  
Death-blow with death-blow shalt expiate.

_Cly._ This solemn sanction of mine oaths thou hearest;  
By the accomplished vengeance of my child,  
By Até, by Erinyes, unto whom  
I slew this man,—Expectancy for me  
Treads not the halls of Fear, while on my hearth,  
Ægisthos, kind as heretofore, burns fire;  
For he of boldness is no puny shield.  
There prostrate lies this woman's outrager,
μήλων φλεόντων εὐπόκους νομεύμασιν,
ἐθυσεν αὐτοῦ παιδα, φιλτάτην ἐμοὶ
ωδίν', ἐπώδιν Ἐρηκίων ἀγμάτων.
oύ τούτον ἐκ γῆς τῆςδε χρῆν σ' ἀνδρηλατεῖν,
μιασμάτων ἀποι', ἐπήκοος δ' ἐμῶν
ἐργῶν δικαστὴς τραχὺς εἰ. λέγω δὲ σοι
τοιαύτ' ἀπειλεῖν, ὡς πυρεσκεναισμένης
ἐκ τῶν ὁμοίων χειρὶ νικήσαντ' ἐμοῦ
ἀρχεῖν' ἑαν δὲ τοῦμπαλιν κραίνῃ θεός,
γνώσει διδαχθεῖσ 'ὑπ' γοῦν τὸ σωφρονεῖν.

Χο. μεγαλόμητις εἰ, περίφρονα δ' ἔλακες•
osterone οὐν φουνολιβέι τύχα φρήν ἐπιμαίνεταί•
λίβος ἐπ' ὁμμάτων αἳματος ἐμπρέπει•
ἀτίτον ἑτι σὲ χρῆ στερομέναν φίλων
τύμμα τύμματι τίσαί.

Κλ. καὶ τήνδ' ἀκούεις ὁρκίων ἐμῶν θέμιν•
μᾶ τὴν τέλειου τῆς ἐμῆς παιδὸς Δύκην,
"Ἄτην Ἐρινῶν θ', αἶσι τόνδ' ἐσφαξ' ἑγώ,
οὐ μοι φόβου μέλαθρου ἐλπὶς ἐμπατεῖ,
ἐὼς ἀν αἰθῃ πῦρ ἐφ' ἐστίας ἐμῆς
Λύμισθος, ὡς τὸ πρόσθεν εὐ φρονὼν ἐμοί.
οὗτος γὰρ ἡμῖν ἀσπίς οὐ σμικρὰ θράσους.
κεῖται γυναικὸς τῆςδε λυμαντήριος,
Minion to each Chryseis under Troy.
There too, this captive slave, this auguress,
And this man's concubine,—this prophetess,
His faithful bedfellow, who shared with him
The sailor's bench. Not unrequited wrought they;
For he lies—thus. While she, in swan-like
fashion,
Having breathed forth her last, her dying wail,
Lies here, to him a paramour, and so
Adds keener relish to my sweet revenge.

*The Lament of the Chorus, broken by the retorts
of Clytaemnestra.*

*Cho.* Oh might some sudden Fate
Not tethered to a weight
Of couch-enchaining anguish, hither waft
The boon of endless sleep!
For our most gracious guardian slain we weep,
In woman's cause of yore
Full many a pang who bore,
And now lies smitten by a woman's craft.

Woe! frenzied Helen, woe!
Through thee alone, through one,
How many souls, how many, were undone;
Whathavoc dire 'neath Troia thou hast wrought.
And now the cureless woe,
Heirloom of blood, shed long ago,
Through thee hath blossomed, causing
strife
Unquenchable, with husband-murder rise.
Χρυσηίδων μειλίγμα τῶν ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ.
η τ’ αἰχμάλωτος ἦδε καὶ τερασκόπος
καὶ κοινόλεκτρος τοῦδε, θεσφατηλόγος
πιστῇ ξύνευνος, ναυτίλων δὲ σελμάτων
ἰσοτριβής. ἀτιμα δ’ οὐκ ἐπραξάτην.
ὁ μὲν γὰρ οὕτως, ἢ δὲ τοι κύκνου δίκην
τὸν ὑστατον μέλψασα θανάσιμον γόον
κεῖται φιλήτωρ τῷδ’, ἐμοὶ δ’ ἐπήγαγεν
ἐνυής παροψώνημα τῆς ἐμῆς χλιδῆς.

The Lament of the Chorus, broken by the retorts
of Clytaemnestra.

Χο. φεῦ, τίς ἂν ἐν τάχει, μὴ περιώδυνος, ὅτε α’.
μηδὲ δεμιουτήρις,
μόλοι τὸν ἀεὶ φέρονσ’ ἐν ἡμῖν
Μοῖρ’ ἀπέλευσον ὑπνον, δαμέντος
φύλακος εὐμενεστάτου
πολέα τλάντος γυναικὸς διαί;
πρὸς γυναικὸς δ’ ἀπέφθισεν βίον.

ἰδ’ ἢ ἰδ’ παράνους ‘Ελένα ἐφύμν. α’ (ὅτε β’).
μία τὰς πολλὰς, τὰς πάνυ πολλὰς
ψυχᾶς ὀλέσασ’ ὑπὸ Τροία.

νῦν δὲ τελείαν . .
πολύμναστον ἐπηρθίσω δι’ αἱμ’ ἀνηπτοῦν,
ἡτις ἢν τότ’ ἐν δόμοις
ἐρίς ἐρίδματος ἀνδρὸς οἰζύς.
Cly. Bowed beneath sorrow's weight,
   Invoke not deadly Fate,
Nor in thine anger Helen thus arraign,
   As though through her, through one,
Fell many a Danaan son;—
She-man-destroyer, working cureless bane!

Cho. Demon, who now dost fall
   Ruthless on Atreus' hall
Making the twin Tantalidae thy prey,
   Through women's haughty reign,
Gnawing my heart, thou dost confirm thy sway.
   Like bodeful raven hoarse,
She standeth o'er the corse,
   And chants exulting her discordant strain.

Cly. Ay now thy speech in sooth
   Runs even with the truth,
Calling the thrice-dread demon of this race;
   For in their veins is nursed,
By him, the quenchless thirst
   For blood; ere pales the trace
Of ancient pang, new ichor flows apace.

Cho. Mighty the demon, dire his hate,
   Whom here thou boastest to preside;
Woe! woe! ill-omened praise of Fate,
   Baneful and still unsatisfied!
Alas! 'Tis Zeus, in will, in deed,
   Sole cause, sole fashioner; for say
What comes to mortals undecreed
By Zeus, what here, that owneth not his sway?
   Woe! woe!
King! King! how thee shall I bewail?
Κλ. μηδὲν θανάτου μοίραν ἐπεύχου τοῦσδε βαρυνθείς:

μηδ’ εἰς Ἑλένην κότον ἐκτρέψῃς,

ὡς ἄνδρολέτειρ’, ὡς μία πολλῶν ἄνδρῶν ἴππας Δαναῶν ὀλέσας’

ἀξιότατον ἄλγος ἔπραξε.

Χο. δαίμον, ὃς ἐμπίνεις δόμασι καὶ
dιφυίωσι Ταυταλίδαισι,
kράτος τ’ ἵσοψιχον ἐκ γυναικῶν
cαρδιόδηκτον ἐμοὶ κρατύνεις.

ἐπὶ δὲ σῶματος δίκαιοι μοι
κόρακος ἐχθροῦ σταθείσ’ ἐκνόμως
ўμνον ῥυμεῖν ἐπεύχεται [δόμοις].

Κλ. νῦν δ’ ὀρθώσας στόματος γνώμην,

τὸν τριπάχυντον
daίμονα γέννης τῆςδε κικλῆσκων.

ἐκ τοῦ γὰρ ἔρως αἴματολοιχὸς

νείρη τρέφεται, πρὶν καταλῆξαι
tὸ παλαιῶν ἄχος, νέος ἰχώρ.

Χο. ἢ μέγαν οἰκονόμου

daίμονα καὶ βαρύμηνιν αἰνεῖς,

φεῦ φεῦ, κακὸν αἶνον ἀτη-

ῥᾶς τῦχας ἀκορέστου.

ἰὴ ἢ διὰ Δίὸς

παναιτίων πανεργέτα:

τί γὰρ βροτοῖς ἀνεψ Δίὸς τελεῖται;

τί τῶν’ ὡς θεόκρατόν ἔστιν;

ἰῶ ἢ βασιλεὺ βασιλεύ,

πῶς σέ δακρύσω;
How voice my heartfelt grief? Thou liest there
Entangled in the spider's guileful snare;
In impious death thy life thou dost exhale.
   Ah me! ah me! to death betrayed,
   Sped by the two-edged blade,
On servile couch now ignominious laid.

_Cly._
Dost boast as mine this deed?
Then wrongly thou dost read,
To count me Agamemnon's wife;—not so;
   Appearing in the mien
   Of this dead monarch's queen,
The ancient fiend of Atreus dealt the blow;—
   Requiting his grim feast,
   For the slain babes, as priest,
The full-grown victim now he layeth low.

_Cho._
That thou art guiltless of this blood
Who will attest? Yet by thy side,
Haply, as thy accomplice, stood
   The Fury who doth here preside.
   Through streams of kindred gore
   Presseth grim Ares on to claim
Requital for the deed of shame;—
The clotted blood of babes devoured of yore.

   Woe! woe!
   King! King! thee how shall I bewail?
How voice my heartfelt grief? Thou liest there
Entangled in the spider's guileful snare,
In impious death thy life thou dost exhale.
   Ah me! ah me! to death betrayed,
   Sped by the two-edged blade,
On servile couch now ignominious laid.
φρενὸς ἐκ φιλίας τί ποτ’ εἴπω; 
κεῖσαι δ’ ἀράχνης εὖ υφάσματι τῷδ’ 
ἀσεβεῖ θανάτῳ βίον ἐκπνέων. 
όμοι μοι κοίταν τάνδ’ ἀνελεύθερον 
δολίῳ μόρῳ δαμεὶς δάμαρτος 
ἐκ χερὸς ἀμφιτόμω βελέμνῳ.

Κλ. αὐχεῖς εἶναι τόδε τούργον ἐμόν’ 
μηδ’ ἐπιλεκθῆ 
’ Ἀγαμεμνονίαν εἶναι μ’ ἄλοχον. 
φανταζόμενος δὲ γυναικῆς νεκρῷ 
τοῦδ’ ὁ παλαιὸς δριμὺς ἀλάστωρ 
’ Ἀτρέως χαλεποῦ θουατήρος 
τόνδ’ ἀπέτισεν, 
τέλεον νεαροὶς ἐπιθύσας.

Χ. ὃς μὲν ἀναίτιος εἴ 
τοῦδε φῶνυ τίς ὁ μαρτυρήσων; 
πὼ πῶ; πατρόθεν δὲ συλλή- 
πτωρ γένοιτ’ ἄν ἀλάστωρ. 
βιάζεται δ’ ὁμοσπόρους 
ἐπιρροαίαν αἰμάτων 
μέλας ’ Ἀρης, ὥποι δίκαν προβαίνον 
πάχυν κουροβόρῳ παρέξει.

ιὼ ιὼ βασιλεῦ βασιλεῦ, 
πῶς σε δακρύσω; 
φρενὸς ἐκ φιλίας τί ποτ’ εἴπω; 
κεῖσαι δ’ ἀράχνης εὖ υφάσματι τῷδ’ 
ἀσεβεῖ θανάτῳ βίον ἐκπνέων. 
όμοι μοι κοίταν τάνδ’ ἀνελεύθερον 
δολίῳ μόρῳ δαμεὶς δάμαρτος 
ἐκ χερὸς ἀμφιτόμω βελέμνῳ.
By no unjust decree
Perished this man, for he
Through guile hath household death enacted here:—
His proper child he slew,
Sweet bud from me that grew,
Iphigenia, wept with many a tear.
Foul quittance for foul deed;—
He reaped the sword's due meed,
Hence no proud boast from him let Hades hear!

Perplexed I am, bewildered sore
Which way to turn; escape is vain
Totters the house; I dread the crimson rain
That with loud plashing shakes these walls;
no more
Falleth in niggard droppings now the gore.
And bent on deed of mischief, Fate anew
On other whetstones, whetteth vengeance due.

Earth! Earth! oh hadst thou been
My shroud ere I my king
Prone in the silver-sided bath hath seen!
Who will inter him? Who his dirge shall sing?
So hardy thou? Wilt thou who didst assail
Thy husband's life, thyself uplift the wail?
Wilt to his shade, for the great deeds he wrought,
Render a graceless grace, with malice fraught?
With tears of honest grief
Weeping the godlike chief,
Above the tomb who now shall raise
The funeral hymn? Who speak the hero's praise?
Κλ. ούδε γὰρ οὗτος δολίαν ἀτην ἀντ. ε'.
oύκοισιν ἔθηκ'.
ἀλλ' ἐμὸν ἐκ τοῦδ' ἔρνος ἀερθέν,
tὴν πολυκλαύτην Ἰφιγενείαν,
ἀξια δράσας αξια πάσχων
μηδὲν ἐν "Αἰδοὺ μεγαλαυχεῖτω,
ξιφοδηλήτω
θανάτῳ τίσας ἀπέρ ἢρξεν.

Χο. ἀμηχανῶ φροντίδος στερηθείς στρ. 5'.
eὐπάλαμον μέριμναν
ὅπα τράπωμαι, πίτυντος οὐκοῦ.
δέδοικα δ' ὃμβρου κτύπον δομοσφαλῆ
tῶν αἱματηρών· ψακᾶς δὲ λήγει.
δίκην δ' ἐπ' ἀλλο πράγμα θηγάνει βλάβης
πρὸς ἄλλας θηγάναισι Μοῖρα.

iosis ἐν μάρτφ ἐφ' ἐμ' ἐδέξω,
φρότας κατέχοντα χαμεύ̑νην.
τίς ο θάψων νυν; τίς ο θρηνήσων;
η σὺ τὸδ' ἔρξαι τλήσει, κτείνας'
ἀνδρα τὸν αὐτῆς ἀποκωκύσαι,
ψυχὴ τ' ἄχαριν χάριν ἀντ' ἔργων
μεγάλων ἄδικως ἐπικρᾶναι;
τίς δ' ἐπιτύμβιον αἰνοῦν ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ θείω
σὺν δακρύως ἰάπτων
ἀλαθείᾳ φρενῶν πονήσει;

Λ.
Not thine the task to counsel here.
By us he fell: this man we slew;
Ours be it to inurn him too;
Borne from the palace, o'er the bier
Shall sound no notes of wailing;—no,
But him, with blandishments, shall meet

Iphigenia; by the rapid streams
Of Acheron, his daughter, as beseems,
Facing her father, shall around him throw
Her loving arms, and him with kisses greet.

That taunt still answers taunt we see.
Here to adjudge is hard indeed.
Spoiled be the spoiler; who sheds blood must bleed.
While Zeus surviveth shall this law survive.
Doer must suffer; 'tis the Fates' decree;
Who from the house the fated curse may drive?
The race is welded to calamity.

Ay! now on Truth thou dost alight!
I with the demon of this race—
The Pleisthenid—an oath will plight.
My doom, though grievous, I embrace.
But for the rest, hence let him haste!
Leaving this house, let him another race
Harass with kindred murders. For myself,
When from these halls blood-frenzy I have chased,
Small pittance shall I crave of worldly pelf.

Exit Clytaemnestra.
Κ. οὖ σὲ προσήκει τὸ μελήμα ἀλέγειν στρ. 5.  
ποτός ἡμῶν  
κάππεσε, κάτθανε, καὶ καταθάψομεν  
οὐχ ὑπὸ κλαυθμῶν τῶν ἐξ οὐκῶν, . .  
ἀλλ' Ἰφιγένειά μεν ἀσπασίως  
θυγάτηρ, ὡς χρῆ,  
πατέρ' ἀντιάσασα πρὸς ὥκυπορον  
πόρθμευμι ἀχέων  
περὶ χείρε βαλοῦσα φιλήσει.

Χ. ὧνειδος ἥκει τὸδ' ἀντ' ὧνείδους. ἀντ. 5'.  
δύσμαχα δ' ἔστι κρίναι.  
φέρει φέροντ' ἐκτίνει δ' ὁ καίνων.  
μίμνει δὲ μίμνοντος ἐν θρόνῳ Δίως  
παθεῖν τὸν ἔρξαντα: θέσμιον γαρ.  
τὸς ἂν γονᾶν ἀράιον ἐκβάλοι δόμων;  
κεκόλληται γένους πρὸς ἅτα.

Κ. ἐς τὸνδ' ἐνέβη ξὺν ἄληθεία  
χρησμός. ἐγὼ δ' οὖν  
ἐθέλω δαίμον τῷ Πλεισθενίδών  
ὁρκοὺς θεμένη τάδε μὲν στέργειν,  
δύστηπτα περ ὀνθ' ὃ δὲ λοιπὸν, ἵοντ'  
ἐκ τῶνδε δόμων ἄλλην γενεὰν  
τρίβειν θειάτοις αὐθέντασι:  
κτεῖνών τε μέρος  
βαιῶν ἐχοῦσῃ πᾶν ἀπόχρη μοι  
μανίας μελάθρων  
ἀλληλοφόνως ἀφελοῦση.

Exit Clytemnestra.
Enter Aegisthus.

Aeg. Hail, joyous light of justice-bearing day! At length I can aver that gods supernal, Judges of men, look down on earthly woes, Beholding, in the Erinyes' woven robes, This man, thus prostrate, welcome sight to me, The wiles atoning compassed by his sire. For Atreus, Argos' ruler, this man's father, Did from the city and his home expel Thyestes, rival in the sovereignty,— My father, to be plain, and his own brother. But coming back, a suppliant of the hearth, Wretched Thyestes found a lot secure, Not doomed his natal soil with blood to stain, Here in his home: but this man's godless sire, Atreus, with zeal officious more than kind, Feigning a joyous banquet-day to hold, Served to my sire, for food, his children's flesh. Their feet indeed, the members of their hands,—

Seated aloof, in higher place, he hides. Partaking of the undistinguished parts, In ignorance, Thyestes eats the food, Curse-laden, as thou seest, to the race. Discerning then the impious deed, he shrieked, And back recoiling the foul slaughter spewed. Spurning, with righteous curse, th' insulted board

Dread doom he vows to the Pelopidæ;— "So perish the whole race of Pleisthenes." Hence is it that ye see this man laid low
Enter Aegisthus.

Aê. ὦ φέγγος εὐφρον ἡμέρας δικηφόρου.
φαίην ἄν ὡδη νῦν βροτῶν τιμαῖρονς
θεοὺς ἀνωθεν γῆς ἐποπτεύειν ἀχή,
ἰδὼν ύφαντοῖς ἐν πέπλοις Ἑρμύων
τὸν ἄνδρα τόνδε κείμενον φίλως ἐμοῖ,
χερῶς πατρῶς ἑκτίνοντα μηχανᾶς.

Ἄτρεύς γὰρ ἄρχων τῆσδε γῆς, τοῦτο πατήρ,
patera Θυέστην τὸν ἐμόν, ὥς τορῶς φράσαι,
αὐτοῦ δὴ ἄδελφον, ἀμφίλεκτος ὃν κράτει,
ἥδρημάτησεν ἐκ πόλεως τε καὶ δόμων.
καὶ προστρόπαιος ἐστὶς μολὼν πάλιν
τλήμων Θυέστης μοιραν ἡὔρετ' ἀσφαλῆ,
τὸ μὴ θανὼν πατρῷον αἰμάξαι πέδον.

ξένια δὲ τούδε δύσθεος πατήρ, πατρὶ
tówον. κρεούργον ἕμαρ εὐθύμως ἄγειν
δοκῶν, παρέσχε δαίτα παιδείων κρεῶν.

τὰ μὲν ποδήρη καὶ χερῶν ἄκρους κτένας
ἐθρυπτ' ἀνωθεν ἄνδρακας καθῆμενος
ἀσῆμο- ὃ δ' αὐτῶν αὐτίκ' ἀγνοίᾳ λαβῶν
ἐσθεὶ βορὰν ἄσωτον, ὡς ὀρᾶς, γένει.

κάπετ' ἐπιγνοὺς ἔργον οὐ καταίσιον
ὁμοζεν, ἀμπίπτει δ' ἀπὸ σφαγῆν ἔρων,
μόρον δ' ἀφερτῶν Πελοπίδαις ἐπεύχεται,
λάκτισμα δεῖπνυν ξυνδικώς τιθεῖς ἄρῃ,
οὔτως ὀλέσθαι πάν τοῦ Πλεισθένους γένος.

ἐκ τούδε σοι πεσόντα τόνδ' ἱδεῖν πάρα.
The righteous planner of his death am I.
For me, the thirteenth child, in swathing clothes,
He with my wretched sire, to exile drove.
But, grown to manhood, Justice led me back,
And I, although aloof, have reached this man,
The threads combining of the fatal plot.
Now for myself 'twere glorious to die,
Seeing this man entrapped in Justice' toils.

Cho. To honour insolence in guilt, Ægisthos,
I know not;—that with purpose thou didst kill
This man, thou boastest; of his piteous doom
Sole author thou:—I tell thee thine own head
To Justice brought, be sure shall not escape
The curse of stoning by the people's hand.

Aeg. Plying the lowest oar, dost menace us
Who from the upper benches sway the helm?
Being old thou know'st how bitter at thy years
Wisdom by stern necessity to learn.
But bonds and hunger-pangs, to cure the mind
Of stubborn eld, are skilful leeches found.
Hast eyes, yet seest not this? Against the pricks
Kick not, [for fear thou strike them to thy hurt.

Cho. Woman, in watch for men who warred afar!
Home-keeping stainer of a warrior's bed!
Plotter of death for him who led the host!]*

Aeg. These words will fountains be of bitter tears.
Thy tongue the opposite to Orpheus is;
For he drew all by rapture of his voice,
While thou, by idle bark, dost all things stir

* Altered from Miss Swanwick's version, in accordance with the revised text.
κάγιω δίκαιος τούδε τοῦ φόνου ῥαφεύς.
τρίτον γὰρ ὄντα μ’ ἐπὶ δυσαθλίῳ πατρὶ
συνεξελαύνει τυτθὸν ὄντ’ ἐν σπαργάνοις
τραφέντα δ’ αὕθις ἡ δίκη κατήγαγεν.
καὶ τούδε τάνδρος ἡψάμην θυραῖος ὦν,
πᾶσαν συνάψας μηχανήν δυσβουλίας.
οὔτω καλὸν δὴ καὶ τὸ καθανεῖν ἐμοὶ,
ἰδόντα τούτον τῆς δίκης ἐν ἔρκεσιν.

Χο. Ἀγισθ’, ὑβρίζειν ἐν κακοίσιν οὐ σέβω.
σὺ δ’ ἄνδρα τόνδε φης ἐκὼν κατακτανεῖν,
μόνος δ’ ἐποικτὸν τόνδε Βουλεύσαι φόνον·
οὐ φημ’ ἀλυξεὶν ἐν δίκῃ τὸ σοῦ κάρα
δημορριφεῖς, σάφ’ ἵσθι, λευσίμους ἅρας.

Αἰ. σὺ ταῦτα φωνεῖς νερτέρα προσήμενος
κώπη, κρατοῦντων τῶν ἐπὶ ξυγῷ ὁρὸς;
γνώσει γέρων ὦν ὡς διδάσκεσθαι βαρὺ
tῷ τηλικοῦτῳ, σωφρονεῖν εἰρημένον.
δεσμὸς δὲ καὶ τὸ γῆρας α’ τε νήστιδες
dύαι διδάσκειν ἐξοχώταται φρενῶν
ιατρομάντεις. οὐχ ὀρᾶς ὀρῶν τάδε;
πρὸς κέντρα µὴ λάκτιξε, µὴ παίσας µογῆς.

Χο. γύναι, σὺ τοὺς ἵκουτας ἐκ μάχης µένων
οἰκουρὸς εὐνὴν ἄνδρος αἰσχύνας ἀµα
ἄνδρι στρατηγῷ τὸν ἐβοῦλευσας µόρον;

Αἰ. καὶ ταῦτα τάπη κλαυμάτων ἄρχηγενῆ.
’Ὀρφεὶ δὲ γῆλωσαν τὴν ἐναντίαν ἕχεις.
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἤγε πάντ’ ἀπὸ φθογγῆς χαρᾶ,
σὺ δ’ ἐξορίνας νηπίοις ὑλάγμασιν
To hate:—when conquered, thou wilt tamer show.

Cho. Shalt thou be ruler of the Argives, thou, 
Who, when that thou hadst plotted this man's death,
Didst courage lack to strike the blow thyself?

Aeg. To spread the snare was plainly woman's part, 
For I, his ancient foeman, was suspect; 
But armed with this man's treasure, be it mine 
To rule the citizens. Th' unruly colt 
That, barley-fed, turns restive, I will bind 
With heavier thong than yokes the trace-horse;—him,
Darkness' grim comrade, Famine, shall see tamed.

Cho. This man why didst thou not, O base of soul, 
Slaughter thyself? But him his wife, with thee, 
The land polluting, and her country's gods, 
Hath slain. Orestes, sees he still the light, 
That, home-returning with auspicious Fate, 
He may, with mighty stroke, deal death to both?

Aeg. Since thou art minded thus to act, not talk alone, know quickly. 
Come on, my faithful body-guard, the fray is not far distant.

Cho. Come on then, and with hand on hilt, his sword let each make ready.

Aeg. Be well assured, with hand on hilt, to die I too refuse not.

Cho. To die,—thine utterance we accept, and take as thy death-omen.
άξει· κρατηθείς δ' ἰμερώτερος φανεῖ.
Χο. ὦς δὴ σὺ μοι τύραννος Ἀργείων ἔσει, ὃς οὐκ, ἐπειδὴ ταῦτα ἐβούλευσας μόρον, δρᾶσαι τὸν ἔργον οὐκ ἐτλις αὐτοκτόνως.
Αἱ. τὸ γὰρ δολῶσαι πρὸς γυναικός ἢν σαφῶς· ἐγὼ δ' ὑποπτὸς ἐχθρὸς ἢ παλαιγενής.
ἐκ τῶν δὲ τούτων χρημάτων πειρᾶσομαι ἄρχειν πολιτῶν· τὸν δὲ μὴ πειθάνορα ζεύξω βαρείαις οὔτε μοι σειραφόρον κριθῶντα πῶλον· ἀλλ' ὁ δυσφιλεῖ σκότῳ λιμὸς ἡυνοικὸς μαλθακόν σφ' ἐπόφεται.
Χο. τί δὴ τὸν ἀνδρα τόνδ' ἀπὸ ψυχῆς κακῆς οὐκ αὐτὸς ἰνάριζες, ἀλλὰ νῦν γυνῆς χώρας μίασμα καὶ θεῶν ἐγχωρίων ἐκτειν'; Ὁρέστης ἀρὰ που βλέπει φάος, ὅπως κατελθὼν δεῦρο πρεμενεῖ τύχη ἀμφοῖν γένηται τούτῳ παγκρατίης φονεύς;
Αἱ. ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ δοκεῖς τάδ' ἔρδειν καὶ λέγειν, ἑνώσει τάχα.
Χο. . . . . . . . . . . . .
Αἱ. εἰς δὴ, φίλοι λοχίται, τούργον οὐχ ἐκας τόδε.
Χο. εἰς δὴ, ξίφος πρόκωπων πᾶς τις εὔτρεπτιζέτω.
Αἱ. ἀλλὰ μὴν καγὼ πρόκωπος οὐκ ἰναίνομαι θανεῖν.
Χο. δεχομένοις λέγεις θανεῖν σφ' τὴν τύχην δ' αἰ-ροῦμεθα.
Clytaemnestra re-enters.

Cly. Dearest of husbands let us not, I pray, work further mischief.

Already in our many woes reaped have we wretched harvests.

Of sorrow there hath been enough; let us forbear more bloodshed.

Go thou, and ye too aged men, seek your appointed mansions,

Ere aught ye do to work mischance. As fate enjoined we've acted.

If trouble is the lot of man, enough have we encountered;

Sore smitten by the heavy hoof of some avenging demon.

Thus ye a woman's counsel have, if any deign to hearken.

Aeg. To think that their vain tongue 'gainst me into such speech should blossom;—

That they should hurl forth words like these, their proper doom thus tempting:

They against sober reason err, thus to insult their ruler.

Cho. Upon the evil man to fawn is not the wont of Argives.

Aeg. But, be assured, some future day, I yet shall overtake you.

Cho. Not so if hither to return some god should guide Orestes.

Aeg. Full well I know that exiles still on hopes are wont to batten.
Clytaemnestra re-enters.

Κλ. μηδαμῶς ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, ἄλλα δρᾶσωμεν κακά.

ἄλλα καὶ τάδ' ἐξαμῆσαι πολλὰ δύστηνοι θέρος· πημονῆς δ' ἄλις γ' ύπάρχει· μηδὲν αἵματόμεθα. στείχε καὶ σὺ χοί γέροντες πρὸς δόμους πεπρωμένους,

πρὶν παθεῖν ἐρξαντες· ἀρκεῖν χρήν τάδ' ὡς ἐπράξαιμεν.

εἰ δὲ τοι μόχθων γένοιτο τῶνδ' ἄλις, δεχοίμεθ' ἂν, δαίμονος χηλὴ βαρεία δυστυχῶς πεπληγμένοι. ὡδ' ἔχει λόγος γυναικός, εἴ τις ἄξιοὶ μαθεῖν.

Αἱ. ἄλλα τούσδ' ἐμοὶ ματαίαν γλώσσαν ὃδ' ἀπανθίσαι

κακβαλεῖν ἐπη τοιαῦτα δαίμονος πειρωμένους, σώφρονος γυνώμης δ' ἀμαρτεῖν τὸν κρατοῦντα· θ' ὑβρίσαι.

Χο. οὐκ ἂν Ἄργείων τῶν εἰη, φῶτα προσσαίνειν κακόν.

Αἱ. ἄλλ' ἐγὼ σ' ἐν ὑστέραισιν ἡμέραις μέτειμ' ἔτι.

Χο. οὐκ, ἔαν δαίμων Ὁρέστην δεύρ' ὑπενθύμη μολεῖν.

Αἱ. οἶδ' ἐγὼ φεύγοντας ἄνδρας ἐλπίδας σιτουμένους.

Aeg. Be sure that thou to me shalt pay the forfeit of thy folly.

Cho. Be boastful and be bold, like cock beside his partner strutting.

Cly. These senseless barkings heed not thou; thyself and I together,

Ruling within these royal halls, will all things wisely order.

_Exeunt Clytaemnestra and Aegisthus into palace._

_The Chorus cross the stage slowly and disappear through the Lion Gate._

_End of Act III._
Χό. πράσσε, πιαίνου, μιαίνων τὴν δίκην, ἐπεὶ πάρα.
Αło. ἵσθι μοι δῶσων ἀποινα τήσδε μωρίας χάριν.
Χο. κόμπασον θαρσῶν, ἀλέκτωρ ὡστε θηλείας πέλας.
Κλ. μὴ προτιμήσῃς ματαίων τῶν ὑλαχμάτων· ἐγὼ καὶ σὺ θήσομεν κρατοῦντε τῶν ὁμότων καλῶς.

Exeunt Clytemnestra and Aegisthus into palace. The Chorus cross the stage slowly and disappear through the Lion Gate.

End of Act III.