THE
ORESTEIA OF AESCHYLUS
The Oresteia of Aeschylus
Agamemnon, Choephori, Eumenides

THE GREEK TEXT
as arranged for performance at Cambridge

WITH

AN ENGLISH VERSE TRANSLATION

BY

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CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
AND PUBLISHED FOR THE GREEK PLAY COMMITTEE BY
BOWES & BOWES
1920
EDITOR'S NOTE

In arranging the text of the Oresteia for performance, the editor has endeavoured to preserve the balance of the composition, due regard being had to the fact that the modern orchestra enables the producer to obtain his lyrical effects more rapidly than was possible with the simpler ancient music. Though much has inevitably been sacrificed which he would have been glad to retain, he hopes that the Trilogy, as now arranged, will not appear to the reader to have become a series of disjointed episodes.

The text owes much to the critical work of the late Dr Walter Headlam. For two choral odes in the Eumenides (pp. 134 ff. and 140 ff.), the verse translation composed by the late Dr A. W. Verrall for an earlier performance of the Eumenides has been retained.

Mr R. C. Trevelyan’s verse translation, which, by his generous permission, is now printed for the first time, follows the original line for line, and aims at reproducing the metrical pattern of Greek in the lyrical parts.

The music for the Cambridge performance has been composed by Mr C. Armstrong Gibbs. The vocal score will shortly be published by Messrs Goodwin and Tabb, Ltd.

J. T. S.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Agamemnon, King of Argos, son of Atreus.
Clytaemnestra, his wife.
Orestes, his son.
Electra, his daughter.
Aegisthus, his cousin and enemy, paramour of Clytaemnestra.
Pylades, son of Strophius, friend of Orestes.
Cassandra, daughter of Priam, King of Troy.
A Watchman, loyal to Agamemnon.
Herald of Agamemnon.
Nurse of Orestes.
Servant of Aegisthus.
Pythian Prophetess.
Apollo.
Athena.
Hermes.
Chorus of Argive Elders, Trojan Bondwomen, and Furies.
Retinue of Agamemnon, Women attendant on Clytaemnestra, Bodyguard of Aegisthus, Areopagites, Athenian Women, etc.
THE AGAMEMNON

OF

AESCHYLUSS
The Gods have I besought for my release
This whole long year of vigil, wherein couched
On the Atreidae’s roof on bent arms, dogwise,
I have learnt the nightly sessions of the stars,
Those chiefly that bring storm and heat to men,
The bright conspicuous dynasts of the sky.
Still am I watching for the signal flame,
A beam of fire carrying news from Troy
And tidings of its capture: so dictates
A woman’s sanguine heart to a man’s will joined.
Now when upon my restless dew-damp couch
I have laid me down, this bed of mine where dreams
Haunt not: for fear instead of sleep stands by—
Oft as I have a mind to sing or hum,
A tune in slumber’s stead by way of salve,
Then do I weep the fortunes of this house
No more so wisely managed as of old.
But now blessed release from toil be mine,
And the fire’s happy tidings shine through gloom.

Oh hail, thou lamp, that dawnest on the night
Like daybreak, heralding in Argos many
A choral dance for joy at this good hap!
Ioû! Ioû!
Before the royal palace at Argos. Night.

ΦΥΛΑΞ

Θεοὺς μὲν αἰτῶ τῶν ἀπαλλαγήν πόνων φρουρᾶς ἐτείας μήκος, ἣν κοιμώμενος στέγαις Ἀτρείδῶν ἀγκαθεῖν, κυνὸς δίκην, ἀστρων κάτωιδα νυκτέρων ὀμήγυρων, καὶ τοὺς φέροντας χείμα καὶ θέρος βροτοῖς λαμπροὺς δυνάστας, ἐμπρέποντας αἰθέρι· καὶ νῦν φυλάσσω λαμπάδας τὸ σύμβολον, αὐγὴν τυρὸς φέρουσαν ἐκ Τροίας φάτων ἀλώσιμον τε βάξιν· δὲς γὰρ κρατεῖ γυναικὸς ἀνδρόβουλον ἐλπίζον κέαρ. εὖτ' ἄν δὲ νυκτίπλαγκτον ἐνδροσόν τ' ἔχω εὐνήν ὄνειροις οὐκ ἐπισκοπουμένην ἐμήν· φόβοι γὰρ ἀνθ' ὑπνοῦ παραστατεῖ· ὅταν δ' ἀείδειν ἢ μινύρεσθαι δοκῶ, ὑπνοῦ τόδ' ἀντίμοντον ἐντέμνων ἀκός, κλαίω τὸτ' οἰκον τοὺδε συμφορὰν στένων οὐχ ὥς τὰ πρόσθ' ἀριστα διαπονομένου. νῦν δ' εὐτυχεῖς γένοιτ' ἀπαλλαγὴ πόνων εὐαγγέλου διώντος ὀρφναίον πυρὸς.

ὁ χαῖρε λαμπτήρ, νυκτὸς ἁμερήσιον φάος πιθαύνκων καὶ χορῶν κατάστασιν πολλῶν ἐν Ἀργεῖ, τῆςδε συμφόρας χάριν. ιοῦ ιοῦ.
Agamemnon's queen thus loudly do I summon
To arise from her couch and lift within
The house forthwith a shout of holy joy
To greet yon light, if verily Ilium's town
Be captured, as the announcing beacon boasts.
For the rest I keep silence: on my tongue
A great ox treads: though, had it speech, this house
Might tell a plain tale. I, for folk who know,
Speak gladly: for know-nothings I forget.

[Exit Watchman. Clytaemnestra's cry of triumph
is heard within. Enter Chorus of Elders.]

CHORUS
'Tis the tenth year now since Priam's mighty
Avenging foe,
Meneläus, and king Agamemnon too,
From the shores of Greece launched forth with a
Argive crews [thousand
United in armed federation.
Loud rang their wrathful warcry forth,
As the scream of vultures robbed of their young,
When in mountain solitudes over their eyrie
They wheel and circle
With endless beating of oarlike wings,
Reft of the nestlings
Their watchful labour had tended.
But above there is one, be it Apollo,
Or Pan, or Zeus, who hearing the shrill
Sad cry of those birds, his suppliant wards,
Shall one day send
Retribution upon the offenders.
Unsolved the event
Still waiteth: and yet to an issue is moving.
Άγαμέμνονος γυναικὶ σημαίνω τορώς
eυνης ἔπαντείλασαν ὡς τάχος δόμους
ὀλολυγμὸν εὐφημοῦντα τῇδε λαμπάδι
ἐπορθιάζειν, εἴπερ Ἰλιόν πόλις
ἐάλωκεν, ὡς ὁ φρυκτὸς ἀγγέλλων πρέπει·
tὰ δ’ ἀλλα σιγῶ· βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ μέγας
βέβηκεν· οἶκος δ’ αὐτός, εἰ φθογγὴν λάβοι,
σαφέστατ’ ἀν λέξειν· ὡς ἐκὼν ἐγὼ
μαθοῦσιν αὐτῷ καὶ μαθοῦσι λήθομαι.

[Exit Watchman. Clytaemnestra’s cry of triumph
is heard within. Enter Chorus of Elders.]

ΧΟΡΟΣ
δέκατον μὲν ἔτος τὸδ’ ἐπεὶ Πριάμου
μέγας ἀντίδικος,
Μενέλαος ἄναξ ἡδ’ Ἀγαμέμνοιν,
στόλον Ἀργείων χιλιοναύτην
τῆσδ’ ἀπὸ χώρας
ἡραν, στρατιωτῶν ἀρωγην,
μέγαν ἐκ θυμοῦ κλάζοντες Ἀρη
τρόπον αἰγυπτιῶν, οὗτ’ ἐκπατίοις
ἀλγεσὶ παίδων ὑπατεχέων
στροφοδινοῦνται
πτερύγων ἐρετμοῦν ἐρεσσόμενοι,
δεμιουτήρη
τόνον ὑπατιλίχων ὁλέσαντες·
ὕπατος δ’ αἰών ἣ τις Ἀπόλλων
ἡ Παύν ἡ Ζεὺς οἰωνάθροον
γόον ἐξυβόλαν τόνδε μετοίκων,
ὕστεροποιοῦν
τέμπει παραβάσιν Ἐρινῶν.
ἔστι δ’ ἀπῆ νῦν
ἔστι· τελεῖται δ’ ἐς τὸ πεπρωμένον·
Neither oil poured over nor fire lit beneath
Shall temper the stubborn
Wrath for the sacrifice unburnt.

[Enter Clytemnestra.]

But thou, O daughter
Of Tyndareus, Clytemnestra, Queen,
What hath chanced? What tidings have reached
That at every shrine [thine ears,
Thou commandest ritual oblations?
And of all those Gods that frequent our town,
From on high, from beneath,
Whether heavenly sublime, or of earthlier power,
Glowing with gifts are the altars.
And on all sides one by one bright flames
Skyward are leaping,
Medicined and nursed by the innocent spell
And soft persuasion of hallowed gums,
Rich unguent stored for a King's use.
Hereof what can and may be revealed
Deign thou to declare,
And so be the healer of this my doubt.
Which now to an evil boding sinks,
But anon from the sacrifice Hope grown kind
Drives back from the soul those ravening thoughts,
That grief that gnaws at the heart-roots.

I am come, Clytemnestra, reverencing
Thy will; for it is just that we should honour
The sovereign's wife, when the throne lacks its lord.
Now whether certified, or but in hope
Of happy news, thou makest sacrifice,
Fain would I know; yet shall not grudge thee silence.
οὐθ’ ὑποκαίων οὐτ’ ἐπιλείβων
ἀπύρων ἱερῶν
ὁργὰς ἀτενεῖς παραθέλξει.

[Enter Clytaemnestra.]

σὺ δὲ, Τυνδάρεω
θύγατερ, βασίλεια Κλυταιμήστρα,
tί χρέος; τί νέον; τί δ’ ἔπαισθομένη,
tίνος ἀγγελίας

πευθοὶ περὶπεμπτα θυοσκεῖς;
πάντων δὲ θεῶν τῶν ἀστυνόμων,
ὑπάτων, χθονίων,
tῶν τ’ οὐρανίων τῶν τ’ ἀγοραίων,
βωμοὶ δόροις φλέγονται:

ἄλλη δ’ Ἀλλοθεῦ οὐρανομῆκης
λαμπὰς ἀνίσχει,

φαρμασσομένη χρίματος ἀγνὸν
μαλακῶς ἁδόλοις παρηγορίαις,

παῖδων λέξασ’ ὅ τι καὶ δυνατόν
καὶ θέμις αἰνεῖν,

παιῶν τε γενοῦ τῇσδε μερίμνης,
ἡ γὰρ τοῦτο μὲν κακόφρον τελέθει,
τότε δ’ ἐκ θυσίων τὴν θυμοβόρον
φροντίδ’ ἀπληστον

φαίνουσ’ ἀγάν’ ἐλπὶς ἀμύνει.

ηκὼ σεβίξων σὸν, Κλυταιμήστρα, κράτος·

δίκη γὰρ ἐστὶ φωτὸς ἁρχηγοῦ τίειν
γυναῖκ’ ἐρημωθέντος ἄρσενος θρόνου.
σὺ δ’ εἰ τε κεδυόν εἴτε μὴ πεπυσμένη
eὐαγγέλοισιν ἐλπίστιν θυηπολεῖσι,

κλύοιμ’ ἄν εὐφρων’ οὐδὲ σιγώσῃ φθόνος.
CLYTAEMNESTRA

With happy tidings, so the proverb runs,
May the dawn issue from her mother night.
But hear now joy greater than any hope:
For the Argives have captured Priam’s town.

Ch. How sayst thou? I scarce heard through unbelief.
Cl. The Achaeans now hold Troy. Do I speak plain?
Ch. Joy overwhelms me, calling forth a tear.
Cl. Thine eye convicts thee of a loyal joy.
Ch. But where’s thy warrant? Hast thou proof of this?
Cl. I have. Why not? Unless a God deceives me.
Ch. Dost thou respect a dream’s delusive phantoms?
Cl. A drowsing mind’s fancy I should not utter.
Ch. Hath some vague unwinged rumour cheered thy soul?
Cl. My wits thou wouldst disparage like a girl’s.
Ch. How long then is it since the town was sacked?
Cl. This very night that gives birth to yon dawn.

Ch. And what messenger could arrive so speedily?
Cl. Hephaestus, from Ida flinging the bright glare.
Then beacon hitherward with posting flame
Sped beacon; Ida first to Hermes’ rock
On Lemnos; from whose isle Athos, the peak
Of Zeus, was third to accept the mighty brand;
Nor did the watch deny the far-spied glow,
But made their bonfire higher than was enjoined.
Then over lake Gorgopis the beam shot,
And having reached mount Aigiplanctus, there
Urged swift performance of the fiery rite.
Kindling they launch with generous energy
A mighty beard of flame which could o’erpass
ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ

ευάγγελος μέν, ὁσπερ ἡ παροιμία,
ἐὼς γένοιτο μητρὸς εὐφρόνης πάρα.
πεῦσε δὲ χάρμα μείζων ἐλπίδος κλύειν·
Πριάμου γὰρ ἦρήκασιν Ἀργεῖοι πόλιν.
Χο. πῶς φῆς; πέφευγε τοῦτος ἐξ ἀπιστίας.
Κλ. Τροίαν Ἀχαιῶν οὖσαν ἡ τορώς λέγω;
Χο. χαρά μ’ ὑφέρπει δάκρυν ἐκκαλουμένη.
Kλ. εὐ γὰρ φρονοῦντος ὃμα σοῦ κατηγορεῖ.
Χο. τί γὰρ τὸ πιστὸν; ἔστι τῶντι σοι τέκμαρ;
Κλ. Εὐκαθήμερος ὃν ἄν δύξῃι μὴ δολοφαντός θεοῦ.
Χο. πότερα δ’ ὀνείρων φάσματ’ εὐπιθή σέβεις;
Κλ. οὐ δόξῃι τὸν λάκομμι βριξοῦσης φρενός.
Χο. ἀλλ’ ὃς ἐπιθανειν τις ἀπτερος φάτις;
Κλ. παιδὸς νέας ως κάρτ εμωμησω φρένας.
Χο. ποιοῦ χρόνου δὲ καὶ πεπόρθηται πόλις;
Κλ. τῆς νῦν τεκούσης φῶς τὸτ’ εὐφρόνης λέγω.
Χο. καὶ τίς τοῦτ’ ἐξίκουσ’ ἄν ἀγγέλων τάχος;
Κλ. Ἡφαίστος Ἰδῆς λαμπρὸν ἐκπέμπτων σέλας. ἐκ
φρυκτὸς δὲ φρυκτὸν δεύρ’ ἀπ’ ἀγγάρου πυρὸς
ἐπεμπεν. Ἰδὴ μὲν πρὸς Ἐρμαιόν λέπας
Δήμουν’ μέγαν δὲ πανὸν ἐκ νήσου τρίτον
Ἀθωνοὶ αἰτεῖ Ζηνὸς ἐξεδέξατο.
φάος δὲ τηλέστημπον οὐκ ἴμανετο
φουρὰ πλέον καίουσα τῶν εἰρημένων,
λίμνῃ δ’ ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἐνσκηηθὲν φάος.
ὁρος τ’ ἐπ’ Αἰγίπλαγκτον εξικνούμενον
ὀτρυνε θεσμὸν μὴ χρονίζεσθαι πυρὸς.
πέμπουσι δ’ ἀνδάιοντες ἀφθόνῳ μένει
φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα, καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ

THE AGAMEMNON
The cliff that frowns o’er the Saronic gulf
Far flaring: then it alighted, then it reached
Arachne’s sentinel peak, our city’s neighbour.
And last here on the Atreidae’s roof comes home
This light, true-fathered heir of Ida’s fire.

These are the stages of my torch-racers,
Thus in succession each from each fulfilled.
But he’s the winner who ran from first to last.
Such is the proof and token that I give thee,
This message sped to me by my lord from Troy.

Ch. Lady, the Gods hereafter would I praise.
But first would I fain satisfy my wonder
Hearing thy tale from point to point retold.

Cl. This day do the Achaeans possess Troy.
’Tis loud, I ween, with cries that blend not well.
Pour vinegar and oil in the same cruse,
And you would say they sundered without love.
Even so the cries of conquerors and captives
Sound distinct as their differing fortunes are.
These falling around the bodies of their husbands
And brothers slain, children it may be clasping
Gray-headed sires, from throats no longer free
Bewail the fate of those whom most they loved;
While these a weary night of roving sends
Hungry from battle to whatever fare
The town affords, not marshalled orderly,
Rather, as each has snatched his lot of luck,
Within the captured palaces of Troy
They are housing now, delivered from the frosts
And dews of the bare sky; and blessedly
Without watch will they sleep the whole night long.
Now if they show due reverence to the Gods
πορθμού κάτοπτον πρών ύπερβάλλειν πρόσω
φλέγουσαν: εἰτ' ἐςκῆψεν, εἰτ' ἀφίκετο
'Ἀραχναίων αἰπος, ἀστυγείτονας σκοπάς·
κάπευτ' Ἀτρειδών ἐς τόδε σκῆπτει στέγος
φάος τόδ' οὐκ ἀπαπποῦν Ἰδαίου πυρός.
tοιοίδε τοῖ μοι λαμπαδηφόρων νόμοι,
ἄλλος παρ' ἄλλου διαδοχαὶς πληρούμενοι·
nικά δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμῶν.
tέκμαρ τοιοῦτο σύμβολον τε σοὶ λέγω
ἀνδρός παραγγείλαντος ἐκ Τροίας ἐμοί.

Χο. θεοῖς μὲν αὕθις, ὡ γύναι, προσεύξομαι.
λόγους δ' ἀκούσαι τούσδε κἀποθαυμάσαι
dιηνέκως θέλουμ' ἂν ὡς λέγοις πάλιν.

Κλ. Τροίαν Ἀχαιοὶ τῇδ' ἐχούσεν εἰς ἡμέρα.
οἶμαι βοήν ἀμικτον ἐν πόλει πρέπειν.
ἀξίον τ' ἀλειφά τ' ἐγχέας ταυτῷ κύτει
dιχοστατοῦντι ἂν, οὐ φίλῳ, προσευνέτοις.
καὶ τῶν ἀλόντων καὶ κρατησάντων δίχα
φθογγὰς ἀκούειν ἐστι συμφορᾶς διπλῆς.

οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἀμφὶ σῴμασιν πεπτωκότες
ἀνδρῶν κασιγνήτων τε καὶ φυταλίων
παῖδες γερόντων οὐκέτ' ἐξ ἐλευθέρου
dέρης ἀποιμώξουσι φιλτάτων μόρον·
tοῦς δ' αὐτὲ νυκτίπλαγκτος ἐκ μάχης πόλος

νήστεις πρὸς ἀρίστοισιν ὅπως ἔχει τόλι
τάσσει, πρὸς οὐδὲν ἐν μέρει τεκμήριον,
ἀλλ' ὡς ἐκαστὸς ἐσπασεν τόχης πάλον,
ἐν αἰχμαλώτοις Τρωικῶς οἰκήμασιν
ναιοῦσιν ἥδη, τῶν ὑπαιθρίων πάγων
δρόσουν τ' ἀπαλλαχθέντες, ὡς δ' εὐδαίμονες
ἀφύλακτον εὐδήσουσι πᾶσαν εὐφρόνην.
eἰ δ' εὔ σέβουσι τοὺς πολισσούχους θεοὺς
That guard the conquered land, and spare their shrines,
Then may the spoilers not in turn be spoiled.
But let no ill-timed lust assail the host
Mastered by greed to plunder what they ought not.
For they have need to win safe passage home.
And if the returning host escape Heaven's wrath,
The hatred of the dead might haply grow
Less hostile—if no sudden ill befall.
To such fears I, a woman, must give voice.
Yet may good triumph manifestly past doubt;
Of many blessings now would I taste the fruit.

Ch. Lady, sober like a wise man's is thy speech.
Now, having heard proof so trustworthy from thee,
I will address myself to thank the Gods.
Their grace is recompense for all our toils.

[Exit Clytaemnestra.]

O sovereign Zeus! O gracious Night,
Who hast won so measureless a glory!
Who over the towers of Troy didst cast
Such a close-drawn net, that none of the great,
Nor yet of the young should escape the immense
Ensnaring mesh
Of thraldom and doom universal.
Zeus, God of guest-right, great I confess him,
Who hath wrought this vengeance; against Alexander
His bow did he hold long bent, that neither
Short of the mark his bolt should alight,
Nor beyond the stars speed idly.

From Zeus came the stroke that felled them: yea that
Is sure truth: clearly may we trace it.
As He determined, so they fared. The fool said,
τοὺς τῆς ἀλούσης γῆς θεῶν θʹ ἱδρύματα, οὐ τάν ἐλόντες αὐθῖς ἀνθαλοῦεν ἃν.

ἐρως δὲ μή τις πρότερον ἐμπίπτῃ στρατῷ πορθεῖν ἀ μή χρῆ, κέρδεσιν νικομένους.
δεὶ γὰρ πρὸς ἁίκους νοστίμου σοτηρίας· θεοῖς δ᾽ ἀναμπλάκητος εἰ μόλις στρατός,
εὐήγορον τὸ πῆμα τῶν ὀλολότων
gένοντ᾽ ἄν—εἰ πρόσπαια μὴ τύχοι κακά.
τοιαύτα τοι γυναικὸς ἔξ ἔμοι κλύεις·
tὸ δ᾽ εὖ κρατοῦ, μὴ διχορρόπως ἰδεῖν.
πολλῶν γὰρ ἐσθλῶν τὴν ὀψιν εἰλόμην.

Χο. γύναι, κατ᾽ ἄνδρα σώφρον᾽ εὐφρόνως λέγεις.

οὐκ ἀκούσας πιστὰ σου τεκμήρια
θεοὺς προσειπεῖν αὐτοὶ παρασκευάζομαι.
χάρις γὰρ ὅσοι ἀτιμοὶ εἰργασταί πόνων.

[Exit Clytaemnestra.]
"The Gods above heed not when the loveliness
Of sanctity is trampled down
By mortals." Oh blasphemy!
'Tis plain now and manifest
The wage paid for reckless sin,
The doom due to insolent presumption,
Whene'er in kings' houses wealth superfluous
Beyond the mean teemeth. Yea, let there be
What contents without want
Soberly minded wisdom.
   No strong fortress against fate
   Hath that man who in wealth's pride
   Spurns from sight as a thing of naught
   The mighty altar of Justice.

Yet strong is that obstinate Temptation,
The dire child of fore-designing Ate.
Then all in vain is remedy: unhidden
The mischief glows: baleful is the gleam thereof.
Like metal base, touched and rubbed
By a testing stone, even so
In him too trial reveals
A black stain. Like a child
A winged bird vainly he pursueth.
A dire taint lays he on all his people.
To prayers the Gods' ears are deaf. Whoso'er
Even consorts with such men,
Shares in their guilt and ruin.
   Even so Paris, a house-guest
Honoured by the Atreidae,
Did foul wrong to his host's board
By his theft of a woman.
θεοὺς βροτῶν ἀξιοῦσθαι μέλειν
όσοις ἀθίκτων χάρις
πατοῦθ᾽ ὁ δ᾽ οὐκ εὐσεβῆς.
πέφανται δ᾽ ἐκτίνου-
σ᾽ ἀτολμήτων ἄρα,
πνεόντων μεξόν ἢ δικαῖως,
φλεόντων δωμάτων ὑπέρφευ
ὑπὲρ τὸ βέλτιστον. ἔστω δ᾽ ἄπη-
μαντον, ὡστ᾽ ἄπαρκεῖν
εὗ πραπίδων λαχώντα.
οὐ ἐστὶν γὰρ ἐπαλξίσ
πλούτου πρὸς κόρον ἀνδρὶ
λακτίσας μέγαν Δίκας
βωμὸν εἰς ἀφάνειαν.

βιὰται δ᾽ ἀ τάλαινα Πειθώ,
προβούλου παῖς ἄφερτος "Ατας.
άκος δὲ παμμάταιον. οὐκ ἐκρύφθη,
πρέπει δὲ, φῶς αἰνολαμπές, σίνος·
κακοὶ δὲ χάλκοι τρόπον
τρίβω τε καὶ προσβολαῖς
μελαμπαγής πέλει
δικαιωθεῖς, ἐπεὶ
διόκει παῖς ποτανὸν ἀρνιν,
πόλει πρόστριμμ' ἄφερτον ἐρθεῖς.
λυτὰν δ᾽ ἀκοῦει μὲν οὕτε θεῶν·
tὸν δ᾽ ἐπίστροφον τῶν
φῶτ᾽ ἅδικον καθαρεῖ.

οἷος καὶ Πάρις ἔλθον
ἐς δόμον τὸν Ἀτρείδαν
ὑσχυνε ξενίαν τράπε-
ζαν κλοπαίσι γυναικός.
Bequeathing to her countrymen noise of shields
Together clashed, thronging spears, stir of vessels arming,
And bearing death instead of dower to Ilium,
With light step through the gates she is flown
On reckless venture. Sore the wailing then
Throughout the halls, doleful voices crying:
"Ah home of woe! Home and woeful princes, wail!
Ah woeful bed, printed yet with love's embrace!
Behold the spouse! Bowed with shame, there he sits
In silent unreviling grief.
For her beyond seas he yearns:
Pined with dreams sits he, a sceptred phantom.
    Hateful now to his mood seems
    The grace of loveliest statues.
    Lost the light of her eyes, and lost
    Now the love they enkindled.

Anon there come dream-revealed semblances,
Beguiling shapes. Brief the joy, vain the sweet delusion.
For vainly, when he seems to view the phantom bliss,
Between his arms, lo! the vision is flown
And vanishes away beyond recall
On shadowy wings down the paths of slumber."
Beside the hearth, within the royal palace, such
The grief that haunts, yea and woes transcending these.
But for the host, all who once launched from Hellas’
Some woman now with suffering heart [shore,
In every house mourning sits.
Wounds enough pierce them to the soul's core.
    Whom they sent to the war, them
λυπόσα δ' ἀστοϊσιν ἀσπιστορας [στρ. β. 205
κλόνους τε καὶ λογχίμους
ναυβάτας θ’ ὀπλισμοῦς,
ἀγουσα τ’ ἀντίφερον Ἰλίῳ φθορὰν
βέβακεν ρίμφα διὰ πυλάν
ἀτλητα τλᾶσα· πολλὰ δ’ ἐστενον
τόδ’ ἐνεποντες δόμων προφήται·
’ιδὼ ’ιδω δόμα δόμα καὶ πρόμοι,
’ιδὼ λέχος καὶ στίβοι φιλάνορες.
πάρεστι σιγας ἀτίμους ἀλοιδόρους
ἀλγιστ’ ἀφημένων ἰδεῖν.
πόθῳ δ’ ὑπερποντίας
φάσμα δόξει δόμων ἀνάσσειν.
εὐμόρφων δὲ κολοσσῶν
ἐχθεται χάρις ἀνδρί·
ὀμμάτων δ’ ἐν ἀχνήλαις
ἐρρει πᾶς’ ‘Αφροδίτα.

όνειροφάντοι δὲ πειθήμονες [ἀντ. β.
pάρεισι δόξαι φέρουσαι χάριν ματαιαν.
μάταιν γάρ, εὐτ’ ἀν ἐσθλά τις δοκῶν ὀράν— 225
παραλλάξασα διὰ χερῶν,
βέβακεν όψις οὐ μεθύστερον
πτεροΰσ’ ύπνου κελεύθοις.
τὰ μὲν καὶ οὐκοὺς ἐφ’ ἐστίας ἀχι
τάδ’ ἐστὶ καὶ τώνδ’ ύπερβατώτερα.
τὸ πάν δ’ ἄφ’ Ἑλλάνος άιας συνορμένοις
πενθεὶ ἀτλησκάρδιος
δόμων ἐκάστου πρέπει.
πολλὰ γαὖν θυγανεί πρὸς ἡπαρ.
οὔς μὲν γάρ τις ἐπεμψεν 235

Α. 2.
They know: but now in the man's stead
Naught comes back to the home of each
Save an urn and some ashes.

The merchant Ares—dead men's bodies are his gold—
He whose scales weigh the poising fate of war,
From pyres beneath Ilium
To those that loved them sendeth home
Heavy sore-lamented dust,
Stowing ash that once was man
Into the compass of a jar.
Then mourning each they tell his praise,
How one in craft of war was skilled,
How that one nobly shed his blood,—
"All for a woman, wife to another,"
So an angry whisper snarls forth;
And against the sons of Atreus
An accusing grief spreads.
    Others under the wall, slain
    In their beauty, possess graves
    There 'neath Ilian earth, that now
    Hides in hate her possessors.

A people's talk, charged with wrath, is perilous.
Oft 'tis proved potent as a public curse.
My boding heart waits to hear
Some news that night shroudeth still.
For on men of blood the Gods'
Eyes are fixed; and late or soon
Will the dark Erinues doom
The man who thrives unrighteously
To waste and dwindle luckless down,
Until his light be quenched: and once
οἶδεν, ἀντὶ δὲ φωτῶν
τεύχη καὶ σποδὸς εἰς ἐκά-
στοι δόμους ἀφικνεῖται.

ὁ χρυσαμοιβὸς δ' ἠρης σωμάτων
καὶ ταλαντοῦχος ἐν μάχη δορὸς
πυρωθὲν ἐξ Ἰλίου
φίλοισι πέμπτε βαρὺ
ψήγμα δυσδάκρυτον ἀν-
τίφορος σποδοῦ γεμί-
ζων λέβητας εὐθέτους.

στένουσι δ' εὖ λέγοντες ἀν-
δρα τὸν μὲν ὡς μάχης ἵδρις,
tὸν δ' ἐν φωναὶς καλῶς πεσόντ᾽ —
'ἀλλοτρίας διὰ γυναικὸς.'
tάδε σῶγα τις βαἄξει
φθονερὸν δ' ὑπ' ἀλγοὺς ἔρπει
προδίκοις Ἀτρείδαις.

οἱ δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τείχος
θήκας Ἰλιάδος γὰς
eὐμορφοι κατέχοντες ἐ-
χρὰ δ' ἔχονται ἐκρυψέν.

βαρεία δ' ἀστῶν φάτις ἐξυν κότφ.

dημοκράντου δ' ἀρᾶς τίνει χρέος.

μένει δ' ἀκούσαὶ τί μου
μέριμνα νυκτηρέφες.
tῶν πολυκτόνων γὰρ ὅūk

ἀσκοποὶ θεοὶ. κελαι-


ναὶ δ' Ἕρινυὲς χρόνῳ

τυχὴρὸν ὅντ᾽ ἄνευ δίκας

παλιντυχεῖ τριβὰ βίον

τιθεῖον ἀμαυρὸν, ἐν δ' ἀι-
Lost in the darkness, who shall help him?
In excess of glory is peril.
For on mortals overweening
Are the bolts of Zeus sped.
Mine be fortune unenvied.
No walled towns would I conquer,
Nor yet live to behold my age
Slave to alien masters.

[Enter a Herald.]

Herald

O land of Argos, thou my native soil,
To thee this tenth-born year do I return,
Of many broken hopes still grasping one.
Ne'er could I dream here in this Argive earth
Dying to share that burial I so longed for.
O palace of our kings, beloved abode,
Ye solemn seats, and ye, dawn-fronting Deities,
If e'er of old, with radiant eyes this day
Welcome with pomp our king so long time gone.
For to you and to all these alike returns
Prince Agamemnon, bringing light in gloom.
Come, ye must greet him joyfully, as beseems,
Who with the mattock of Avenging Zeus
Hath digged down Troy, and ploughed her soil to dust.
Having laid on Troy so fell a yoke, the elder
Of Atreus' children, fortunate among princes,
Returns, of all men living worthiest praise.

Ch. Joy to thee, herald of the Achaean host!
Her. Joy is mine. Now let me die, if heaven so wills.
Ch. Hath longing for thy fatherland so tortured thee?
Her. So that for joy mine eyes weep tears upon it.
στοις τελέθοντος ούτις ἀλκά·
τὸ δ" ὑπερκόπτως κλύειν εὖ
βαρύ· βάλλεται γὰρ ὅσοισ
Διώθειν κεραυνός.
κρίνω δ" ἀφθονὸν ὦλβον·
μήτ' εἰην πτολυτόρθης
μήτ' οὖν αὐτὸς ἀλοὺς ὑπ' ἀλ-
λω βίον κατίδοιμι.

[Enter a Herald.]

ΚΗΡΥΞ

ἰὸν πατρῴου ὠδας 'Αργείας χθονός,
δεκάτῳ σε φέγγει τῷ ἀφικόμην ἐτοὺς,
πολλῶν ῥαγεισῶν ἐλπίδων μᾶς τυχῶν.
οὐ γὰρ ποτ' ἑύχοντας τῇ ἐν Ἰαγοῦ ἤθοι
θανῶν μεθέξειν φιλτάτου τάφου μέρος.
ὶον μέλαθρα βασιλεῶν, φίλαι στέγαι,
σεμνοί τε θάκοι, δαίμονες τ' ἀντῆλιοι,
εἰ πον πάλαι, φαίνοντες τοισίδ' Ὀμμάσι
δέξασθε κόσμῳ βασιλέα πολλῶ πρόνοι.
ἡκει γὰρ ὑμῖν φόδον ἐν εὐφρόνῃ φέρω
καὶ τοιοῦ ἀπασι κοινὸν Ἰαγαμέμνων ἄναξ.

ἀλλ' εὐν ὦν ἀσπάσασθε, καὶ γὰρ οὖν πρέπει,
Τροίαν κατασκάψαντα τοῦ δικηφόρου
Δίως μακέλλη, τῇ κατείργασται πέδων.
τοιόντιον Ἰαρία περιβαλὼν ξευκτήριον
ἀναξ Ἀτρείδης πρέσβυς εὐδαιμών ἄνηρ
ἡκει, τίεσθαι δ' ἀξιωτάτος βροτῶν.
Χο. κῆρυξ Ἀχαιῶν χαϊρε τῶν ἀπὸ στρατοῦ.
Κη. χαϊρω. τεθναίην. οὐκέτι ἀντερῶθεοῖς.
Χο. ἔρως πατρῶας τῆςδε γῆς σ' ἐγύμωσεν.
Κη. ὥστε ἐνδαικρύειν γ' ὁμμάσιν χαρὰς ὑπο.
Ch. Sweet then was the disease with which you languished.
Her. How so? Not yet do I understand your words.
Ch. Not unreturned was this thy yearning love.
Her. Our country pined then for its pining host?
Ch. Full oft with desolate heart we sighed for you.
Her. Whence came this gloom, clouding the host's return?
Ch. Silence I have long used, as harm's best cure.
Her. How so? The kings being gone, didst thou fear someone?
Ch. As thou didst say but now, 'twere joy to die.
Her. Because the event is well: though in all those years
Much may we reckon prosperously sped,
And much deplorably. Who save a God
May abide scathless everlastingly?
Were I to cite our hardships and ill-lodgings,
Comfortless berths on narrow decks—and what
Did we not lack by day, poor groaning wretches?
And then on land—there it was worse distress,
Bivouacked close beneath the enemy's walls:
Down from the sky, and from the fenny ground
Rained drizzling dews, a never-ceasing plague,
Making our hairy garments full of vermin.
Or should I tell of that bird-killing cold,
Unbearable winter gusts from Ida's snows,
Or of the heat, when in his noontide couch
Windless and waveless the sea sank to rest—
But what need to complain? Past is that misery.
Past is it for the dead, that nevermore
Will they take trouble even to rise again.
For us, the relics of the Argive host,
The gain prevails, the injury is outweighed.
Ch. Cheerfully I accept defeat in argument.
Χο. τερπνῆς ἂρ’ ἦτε τῆς ἐπήβολοι νόσου.
Κη. τῶς δὴ; διδαχθεὶς τοῦδε δεσπόσω λόγου.
Χο. τῶν ἀντερόντων ἰμέρῳ πεπληγμένου.
Κη. ποθεὶν ποιοῦντα τήν θίνε γῆν στρατοῦ λέγεις.
Χο. ός πόλλ’ ἀμαυράς ἐκ φρενός μ’ ἀναστένειν.
Κη. πόθεν τὸ δύσφρον τούτ’ ἐπῆ, στύγος στράτῳ;
Χο. πάλαι τὸ συγάν φάρμακον βλάβης ἔχω.
Κη. καὶ πῶς; ἀπόντων κοιράνων έτρεις τινάς;
Χο. ός νῦν, τὸ σὸν δὴ, καὶ θανεῖν πολλή χάρις.
Κη. εὖ γὰρ πέπρακται. ταῦτα δ’ ἐν πολλῷ χρόνῳ
305 τὰ μὲν τις ἀν λέξειεν εὐτετοί ἓχειν,
tὰ δ’ αὕτε κάτιμομφα. τίς δὲ πλὴν θεών ἀπαντ’ ἀπήμων τὸν δι’ αἰώνος χρόνον;
μόχθους γὰρ εἰ λέγοιμι καὶ δυσαλίας
σταρναίς παρεύξεις καὶ κακοστρώτοις, τί δ’ οὐ 310
στένουτες οὐ λαχόντες ἡματίς μέρος;
tὰ δ’ αὕτε χέρσῳ καὶ προσήν πλέον στύγος·
eὐναὶ γὰρ ἦσαν δαιῶν πρὸς τείχεσιν,
εξ οὐρανοῦ δὲ κατ’ ὅγης λειμώνιαι
315 δρόσου κατεψάκαζον, ἐμπεδον σίνος,
ἔσθημάτων τιθέντες ἐνθηρον τρίχα.
χειμώνα δ’ εἰ λέγοι τις οἰωνοκτόνων,
οἶνον παρεῖχ’ ἀφερτόν Ίδαία χιών,
ἡ βάλτος, εὔτε πόντος ἐν μεσημβριναῖς
κοίταις ἀκύμων νυνέμοις εὔδοι πεσών—
320 τί ταῦτα πενθεῖν δεῖ; παροίχεται πόνος,
παροίχεται δὲ, τούσ ἀν θενήκοσιν
τὸ μήποτ’ αὕτης μηδ’ ἀναστήναι μέλειν.
ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς λοιποῖς ἑι Ἀργεῖων στρατοῦ
νικά τὸ κέρδος, πήμα δ’ οὐκ ἀντιρρέτει.
Χο. νικώμενος λόγοισιν οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.
Old age is always young enough to learn. But the house and Clytaemnestra this news most Should interest, and make me too rich in joy.

Cl. I lifted up a jubilant cry long since, When first by night came that fire-messenger Telling of Ilium's capture and destruction. But thou, why tell the full tale now to me? Soon from the king's self shall I learn it all. Rather, that I may best make speed to welcome My revered husband to his home, (for what More sweet to a wife's eyes than that day's light, When to her spouse, whom heaven has saved from war, She unbars the gate?) this to my lord declare: Let him speed hither to meet his people's love; And at home may he find a faithful wife, Even such as he left her, a house-dog kind To him she loves, to ill-wishers a foe, And in all else unchanged, ne'er having yet Broken one seal in all that length of time. No more of dalliance, (no, nor of scandal's breath,) With another man do I know, than of dipping bronze.

[Exit.]

Her. Big is the boast, though weighted well with truth, Scarce seemly for a noble wife to utter.

Ch. Thus to thine understanding hath she spoken, Most—speciously—to shrewd interpreters.

[A triumphal march. Enter Agamemnon, Kassandra, etc.]

Come now, O king, despoiler of Troy, Offspring of Atreus! How shall I hail thee? How pay thee homage,
Δει γάρ ήβα τοῖς γέρουσιν εύμαθεΐν.
δόμοις δὲ ταῦτα καὶ Κλυταιμήστρα μέλειν
εἰκός μάλιστα, σὺν δὲ πλουτίζειν εμὲ.

Κλ. ἀνωλόλυξα μὲν πάλαι χαρᾶς ὑπο,
οτ’ ἠλθ’ ο πρῶτος νύχιος ἀγγελος πυρός,
φράξων ἄλωσιν Ὑλίω τ’ ἀνάστασιν.
καὶ νῦν τὰ μάσσω μὲν τί δεῖ σέ μοι λέγειν;
ἀνακτος αὐτοῦ πάντα πεύσομαι λόγον.
ὁποι δ’ ἀριστα τὸν ἐμὸν αἰδοίον πόσιν
σπεύσω πάλιν μολόντα δέξασθαι—τί γὰρ
γυναικὶ τοῦτον φέγγος ἡδιον δρακεῖν,
ἀπὸ στρατείας ἀνδρὶ σφοταυτος θεοῦ
πύλας ἀνοίξας;—ταῦτ’ ἀπάγγειλουν πόσει·
ηκειν ὅπως τάχιστ εράσμιον πόλει·
γυναίκα πιστὴν δ’ ἐν δόμοις εὕροι μολὼν
οίιντερ ὁυν ἔλειπε, δωμάτων κύνα
ἔσθλήν έκείνω, πολεμίαν τοῖς δύσφροσιν,
καὶ τάλλ’ ὅμοιαν πάντα, σημαντήριον
ονδεν διαφθείρασαν εν μήκει χρόνου.
οῦδ’ οἶδα τέρψιν οὐδ’ ἐπίψογον φάτιν
ἀλλον πρὸς ἀνδρὸς μᾶλλον ἡ χαλκού βαφάς.

[Exit.]

Κη. τοιοσδ’ ο κόμπος τῆς ἀληθείας γέμων
οὐκ αἰσχρός ὅσ γυναικὶ γενναίος λακείν.
Χο. αὕτη μὲν οὕτως εἶπε μανθάνοντι σοι
τοροῖσιν ἐρμηνεύσιν εὐπρεπῶς λόγον.

[A triumphal march. Enter Agamemnon,
Kassandra, etc.]

ἄγε δή, βασιλεύ, Τροίας πτολίπορθ’,
Ἄτρεώς γένεθλον,
pῶς σε προσεῖπω; τῶς σε σεβίξω
Neither o’ershooting, nor yet scanting
Due gratulation?
For most men practising outward shows
Hide thoughts perverse and unrighteous.
Sighs prompt and apt for another’s mischance
Each hath in plenty; yet ne’er doth an unfeigned
Sting of anguish pierce to the heart-strings:
And copying the looks of those that rejoice
They compel their lips to a counterfeit smile.
Yet should the wisely discerning shepherd
Ne’er be deceived by the eyes of fawners,
That dissembling a loyal and cordial love
Flatter him with watery affection.
And of old when thou wast levying war
For Helen’s sake, then, I deny not,
Graceless indeed was the image I formed of thee;
Ill-steered did thy wits seem thus to be spending
The life-blood of heroes
To redeem a consenting adulteress.
But now we greet thee with heart-deep love.
Happy endings make happy labours.

[Enter Clytaemnestra.]
Thou by inquisition erelong shalt learn
Whose stewardship of thy state is now
Proved faithful, and whose unfaithful.

AGAMEMNON
First to Argos and her native Gods my prayers
Are due, since they have aided my return,
And the Justice I have wreaked upon the town
Of Priam. For the Gods, when they had heard
Our voiceless plea, into the vase of blood
μήθ' ὑπεράρας μήθ' ὑποκάμψας
cαιρὸν χάριτος;
pολλοὶ δὲ βροτῶν τὸ δοκεῖν ἐναι
προτίουσι δίκην παραβάντες.
tῷ δυσπραγούντι δὲ ἐπιστενάχειν
πᾶς τις ἔτοιμος· δήγμα δὲ λύπης
οὐδὲν ἐφ' ἣπαρ προσικνεῖται·
cαὶ ἐνυγχαίρουσιν ὀμοιοπρεπεῖς
ἀγέλαστα πρόσωπα βιαζόμενοι.
ὀστὶς δ' ἀγαθὸς προβατογνώμων,
oὐκ ἐστὶ λαθεῖν ὄμματα φωτός,
tά δοκοῦντ' εὐφρονος ἐκ διανοίας
ὑδαρεῖ σαίνειν φιλότητι.
σὺ δὲ μοι τότε μὲν στέλλων στρατιῶν
'Ελένης ἕνεκ', οὖκ ἐπικεύσῳ,
cάρτ' ἀπομούσως ἤσθα γεγραμμένος,
oὐδ' εὐ πραπίδων οἰακα νέμων
θάρσος ἐκούσιον
ἀνδράσι θυήσκουσι κομίζων.
νῦν δ' οὖκ ἄπτ' ἀκρας φρενὸς οὐδ' ἀφίλως
εὐφρον πόνος εὐ τελέσασιν.

[Enter Clytaemnestra.]

γνώσει δὲ χρόνοφ διαπευθόμενος
tὸν τε δικαίως καὶ τὸν ἀκαίρως
πόλιν οἰκουροῦντα πολιτῶν.

ἈΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πρώτον μὲν Ἀργος καὶ θεοὺς ἐγχωρίους
dίκη προσεπεῖν, τοὺς ἔμοι μετατίως
νόστου δικαίων θ' δὲν ἐπραξάμην πόλιν
Πριάμον· δίκας γὰρ οὖκ ἀπὸ γλώσσης θεοὶ
κλύουτες ἀνδροκμήτας Ἡλίου φθορὰς
For Ilium's overthrowing cast their votes
With one consent; while to the opposite urn
Hope of the hand came nigh, yet filled it not.
Her smoke still witnesseth the city's fall.
The coils of doom yet live, and dying with them
The ashes pant forth opulent breaths of richness.
For this a memorable return we now
Must pay the Gods, since we have woven high
Our wrathful toils, and for one woman stolen
A town has been laid low by the Argive monster,
The horse's brood, the grim shield-bearing folk,
Rousing to spring what time the Pleiads set.
Yea leaping o'er the wall like a fleshed lion
It lapped its fill of proud and princely blood.
This ample prelude to the Gods is due.
Now for thy hinting—I heard and bear in mind.
I say the same, and share in thy suspicions.
I speak with knowledge, having throughly learned
How friendship is a mirror, a shadow's ghost,
The hypocrite's pretence to wish me well.
But where we find need of medicinal cure,
By wise use of the knife or cautery
We will endeavour to expel disease.
Now to my palace and domestic hearth
I pass within, there first to greet the Gods,
Who sent me forth and thus have brought me home.
May victory still bide with me to the end.

Cl. Townsmen of Argos, reverend counsellors,
I blush not to confess to you my love
And woman's fondness. As years pass, timidity
Wanes in us all. No witness but my own
I need to tell what grievous life was mine
εἰς αἰματηρὸν τεῦχος οὖ διχορρόπως
ψήφους ἔθεντο· τῷ δ' ἐναντίῳ κύτει
ἐπὶς προσήηει χείρος οὐ πληρουμένῳ.
κατωὶ δ' ἀλοῦσα νῦν ἐτ' εὔσημος πόλις.
ἀτης θύελλα ξῦσι· συνθυήσκουσα δὲ
σποδὸς προπέμπει πίνακα πλούτου πνοάς.
τούτων θεοίς χρή πολύμνηστον χάριν
tίνεπ, ἐπείπερ καὶ πάγας ὑπερκότους
ἐφραζάμεσθα καὶ γυναικὸς οὐνεκα
πόλιν διημάθυνεν Ἄργειον δίακος,
ἵππον νεοσσὸς, ἀστιδοστρόφος λεός,
πόθημ' ὅρουσας ἀμφὶ Πλειάδων δύσιν·
ὑπερθοροῖ δὲ πύργον ὃμηστῆς λέων
ἀδην ἔλειξεν αἰματος τυραννικῶν.
θεοίς μὲν ἐξέτεινα φροίμιου τόδε·
tὰ δ' ἐς τὸ σὸν φρόνημα, μέμηνμαι κλύων,
καὶ φημὶ ταῦτα καὶ συνήγορον μ' ἔχεις.
εἰδὼς λέγοιμ' ἂν, εὐ γὰρ ἐξέπιστάμαι,
ομίλιας κάτοπτρον, εἴδωλον σκιᾶς,
δοκοῦντας εἶναι κάρτα πρεμυνεῖς ἐμοὶ.
ὅτῳ δὲ καὶ δεὶ φαρμάκων παλωνίων,
ἢτοι κέαντες ἢ τεμόντες εὐφρόνως
πειρασόμεσθα πήματος πρέψαι νόσον.
νῦν δ' ἐς μέλαθρα καὶ δόμους ἔφεστίους
ἐλθὼν θεοίς πρώτα δεξιωσομαι,
οἴπερ πρόσω τέμψαντες ἦγαγον πάλιν.
νίκη δ' ἐπείπερ ἐσπετ', ἐμπέδως μένοι.

Κλ. ἄνδρες πολίται, πρέσβος Ἄργειον τόδε,
οὐκ αἰσχυνοῦμαι τοὺς φιλάνορας τρόπους
λέξαι πρὸς ὑμᾶς· ἐν χρόνῳ δ' ἀποφθίνει
tὸ τάρβος ἄνθρωποις. οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα
μαθοῦσ', ἐμαυτῆς δύσφορον λέξω βίον
All that long while my lord lay beneath Ilium.
First for a woman 'tis a woeful trial
To sit at home forlorn, her husband far,
Her ears filled ever with persistent tales,
One close upon the other's heels with news
Each of some worse disaster than the last.
And as for wounds, if my lord had received
As many as rumour deluged us withal,
No net had been more full of holes than he.
And had he died oft as report declared,
A second Geryon with triple body
A threefold vest of earth he might have boasted,
Dying once for each several shape anew.
By reason of such persistent rumours, oft
Have others loosened from my neck perforce
The hanging noose, foiling my fond desire.
Hence too the boy Orestes, the true bond
Of confidence between us, stands not here
Beside me, as he should. Nor think it strange.
He is in safe keeping with our good ally,
Strophius the Phocian, who has warned me oft
Of double mischief, thine own peril first
Before Troy, and the fear lest turbulent anarchy
Might risk some plot against us, as men's wont
Is to spurn him the more who has been cast down.
Such were my reasons, honest and without guile.
But as for me, the fountains of my tears
Have run themselves quite dry. No drop is left.
And my late-watching eyes have suffered hurt
Weeping thy nightly pomp of torch-bearers
Neglected ever. And the wailing gnat
With faintest pulse of wing would startle me
τοσόνδ’ ὅσοντερ οὔτος ἦν ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ.
τὸ μὲν γυναῖκα πρῶτον ἀρσενὸς δίχα ἤσθαι δόμοις ἔρημον ἐκπαγύλον κακῶν,
pολλάς κλύουσαν κληδόνας ταλαγκότους:
καὶ τὸν μὲν ἰκεῖν, τὸν δ’ ἐπεσφέρειν κακοῦ κάκιον ἄλλο πῆμα, λάσκοντας δόμοις.
καὶ τραυμάτων μὲν εἰ τόσων ἐτύγχανεν ἀνήρ ὦδ’, ὡς πρὸς οἶκον ὀχετεύετο
φάτις, τέτρηται διεκτύον πλέον λέγειν.
eἰ δ’ ᾐ τεθυκώδ’, ὡς ἐπλῆθυν λόγοι,
τρισώματος τὰν Γηρυῶν ὁ δεότερος
χθονὸς τρίμοιρον χλαίναν ἐξηύχει λαβεῖν,
ἄπαξ ἐκάστω κατθανώτων μορφώματι.
τοιῶνδ’ ἔκατε κληδόνων παλιγκότων
πολλάς ἄνωθεν ἀρτάνας ἐμῆς δέρης
ἐλυσαν ἄλλου πρὸς βίαν λελιμμένης.
ἐκ τῶνδέ τοι παῖσιν ἐνθάδ’ οὐ παραστατεὶ,
ἐμὸν τε καὶ σῶν κύριος πιστωμάτων,
ὡς χρήν, Ὄρεστης· μηδὲ θαυμάσῃς τόδε.
τρέφει γὰρ αὐτὸν εὐμενὴς δορύξενος
Στρόφιος ὁ Φωκεύς, ἀμφίλεκτα πῆματα
ἐμοῦ προφωνῶν, τὸν δ’ ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ σέθην
κάνδυνον, εἰ τε δημόθρους ἀναρχία
βουλὴν καταρράψειειν, ὡςτε σύγγοιν
βροτοῖσι τὸν πεσόντα λακτίσαι πλέον.
τοιῶνδε μέντοι σκῆψις οὐ δόλον φέρει.
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βροτοῖσι τὸν πεσόντα λακτίσαι πλέον.
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βουλὴν καταρράψειειν, ὡςτε σύγγοιν
βροτοῖσι τὸν πεσόντα λακτίσαι πλέον.
τοιῶνδε μέντοι σκῆψις οὐ δόλον φέρει.
From dreams wherein I saw thee pass through more
Than could befall within the time I slept.
Now after all these trials, with heart unpined,
I hail my husband watch-dog of the fold,
The ship's securing stay, the lofty roof's
Firm-grounded pillar, the father's sole-born child,
Or as land espied by seamen beyond hope,
Daylight as it looks fairest after storm,
A fresh spring to the thirsty wayfarer.
Such are the terms I choose to praise him fitly.
Let envy keep afar, since woes in plenty
We endured before. Now, most dear lord, descend
From yonder car; but set not upon earth
That foot, O king, wherewith thou hast trampled Troy.
Women, delay not. Know ye not your task?
Strew ye the path he treads with tapestries.
Straight let his way be carpeted with purple,
That Justice lead him to a home scarce hoped for.
For the rest a never-slumbering vigilance
Shall order justly as fate, I trust, intends.

Ag. Offspring of Leda, guardian of my home,
Lengthily, to the measure of my absence,
Hast thou stretched out thy speech: but seemly praise,
That tribute should proceed from other lips.
Moreover shame not me with womanish fopperies,
Nor grovel before me with loud-mouthed clamour,
As though I were some oriental king;
Nor with strown garments make my steps the gaze
Of envy. To the Gods such pomp belongs.
To tread, a mortal, over broidered fineries,
That to my conscience were a thing of fear.
As man, not God, I bid you reverence me.
ρυπαίσι θωύσσοντος, ἀμφί σοι πάθη ὀρῶσα πλεώ τοῦ ξυνεύδοντος χρόνου. 450
νῦν ταύτα πάντα τλάς’ ἀπευθήτω φρενί λέγομι’ ἂν ἄνδρα τόνδε τῶν σταθμῶν κύνα, σωτήρα ναὸς πρότονον, ὑψηλής στέγης στῦλον ποδήρη, μονογενὲς τέκνου πατρί, καὶ γῆν φανεῖσαν ναυτίλιοι παρ’ ἐλπίδα, κάλλιστοι ήμαρ εἰσίδειν ἐκ χείματος, ὁδοιπόρῳ διψώντι πηγαίον ρέος,
tοιοῦδε τοῖς νῦν ἀξίω προσφέγμασιν. 455
φθόνοι δ’ ἀπέστω· πολλὰ γὰρ τὰ πρὶν κακὰ ἁνεχόμεσθα. νῦν δὲ μοι, φίλον κάρα, ἐκβαίνε’ ἀπήδης τῆς διε, μή χαμαί τιθεῖς τὸν σὺν πόδ’, οὐαξ’, Ἡλίου πορθήτορα. δμοραί, τί μέλλεθ’, αἰς ἐπέσταλται τέλος πέδου κελεύθου στροφῆναι πετάσμασιν; εὐθὺς γενέσθω πορφυρόστρωτος πόρος εὶς δώμ’ ἀέλπτον ὡς ἂν ἡγῆται δίκη. 460
τὰ δ’ ἀλλα φροντίς οὐ ψηφιν νικομένη θῆσαι δικαίως σὺν θεοίς εἰμαρμένα.

Ἀγ. Δῆδας γένεθλον, δωμάτων ἐμῶν φύλαξ, ἀπουσία μὲν ἐπαῖσα εἰκότως ἐμῇ· μακρὰν γὰρ ἐξέτεινας· ἀλλ’ ἐναισίμοις αἰνείς, παρ’ ἀλλων χρῆ τὸδ’ ἐρχεσθαι γέρας· καὶ τᾶλα μη γυναικός ἐν τρόποις ἐμὲ ἅβρυνε, μηδὲ βαρβάρου φωτὸς δίκην χαμαπτετές βόαμα προσχάνης ἐμοί, μηδ’ εἴμαι στρώσας’ ἔπιθονον πόρον τίθει· θεοίς τοι τοίσδε τιμαλφεῖν χρεῶν· ἐν ποικίλοις δὲ θυντὸν ἄντα κάλλεσιν βαίνειν ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδαμῶς ἂνεν φόβου. λέγω κατ’ ἄνδρα, μη θεόν, σέβεστε ἐμέ.

Α. 3
No need of foot-cloths and embroideries:
Fame's voice rings loud enough. Heaven's greatest
Is a sane mind. Happy let him be called [gift
Whose life has ended in felicity.
Acting in all things thus, naught need I fear.

Cl. Come now, if judgment sanction, tell me this—
Ag. My judgment, be assured, I shall not change.

Cl. Would you in peril's hour have vowed this ritual?
Ag. Yes, had advised authority prescribed it.

Cl. What think you Priam had done, were his this triumph?
Ag. On broidered robes he doubtless would have trod.
Cl. Then let not human censure make thee ashamed.
Ag. Yet mighty is the people's murmuring voice.
Cl. Who stirs no jealousy, neither is he envied.
Ag. 'Tis not a woman's part to thirst for strife.
Cl. The fortunate may yield victory with grace.
Ag. Dost thou too deem this victory worth a contest?
Cl. Yield; victor still, since vanquished willingly.
Ag. Well, if it please thee, quick, let one unloose
My shoes, these insolent slaves beneath my feet;
Lest, as with these I walk the sacred purples,
Some evil glance should strike me from afar.
'Tis shame enough to waste our wealth by trampling
And spoiling silver-purchased tapestries.
Of that enough. This stranger damsel now
Receive with kindness. A gentle master wins
Approving glances from God's distant eye.
And she, the chosen flower of our rich spoil,
The army's gift, hath followed in my train.
Since then I am reduced herein to obey thee,
To the palace will I go trampling on purples.
χωρίς ποδοψήστρων τε καὶ τῶν ποικίλων κλαδών ἀντεῖ· καὶ τὸ μῆ κακῶς φρονεῖν θεοῦ μέγιστον δόρον. ἀλβίσαι δὲ χρῆ βίου τελευτήσαντ' ἐν εὐεστοῖ φίλη. ἐιπτον τάδ' ὥς πράσσομι· ἀν εὐθαρασῆ ἐγώ.

Κλ. καὶ μῆν τόδ' εἰπὲ μῆ παρὰ γυνώμην ἐμοί. Αγ. γυνώμην μὲν ἵσθι μῆ διαφθεροῦντ' ἐμέ.

Κλ. ηὔξω θεοῖς δείσας ἂν ὁδ' έρδειν τάδε; Αγ. εἰπέρ τις, εἰδῶς γ' εὖ, τόδ' ἔξειπνεν τέλος.

Κλ. τί δ' ἂν δοκεῖ σοι Πρίαμος, εἰ τάδ' ἦνυσεν; Αγ. ἐν ποικίλωις ἂν κάρτα μοι βῆναι δοκεῖ.

Κλ. μή νυν τὸν ἀνθρώπειον αἰδεσθῆς ψόγον. Αγ. φήμη γε μέντοι δημόθρους μέγα σθένει.

Κλ. ο δ' αἰφθόνητός γ' οὐκ ἐπίξηλος πέλει. Αγ. οὐτοί γυναικὸς ἐστίν ἰμεῖρειν μάχης.

Κλ. τοῖς δ' ἄλβοις γε καὶ τὸ νικάσθαι πρέπει. Αγ. ἦ καὶ σὺ νίκην τήνυτε δήριος τίεις;

Κλ. πιθοῦ· κρατεῖσ μέντοι παρεῖς γ' ἐκὼν ἐμοί. Αγ. ἄλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι ταῦθ', ὑπαί τις ἀρβύλας λύοι τάχος, πρόδουλον ἐμβασιν ποδός, σύν ταῖς ἑιάδε μ' ἐμβαίνουθ' ἀλουργέσιν θεών μή τις πρόσωθεν ὧμιας βάλοι φθόνο.  

πολλὴ γάρ αἰδώς δωματοφθορεῖ ποιν ἄφθορον ἄργυρον ματίν θεός προσωθεν εὐμενώς προδέρκεται. αὐτὴ δὲ πολλῶν χρημάτων ἐξαίρεσιν ἄνθος, στρατοῦ δώρημ', ἐμοί ξυνέσπετο. ἐπεὶ δ' ἀκούειν σοῦ κατέστραμμα τάδε, εἰμ' ἐς δόμων μέλαθρα πορφύρας πατῶν.
Cl. There is the sea, (and who shall drain it dry?)
Breeding abundant purple, costly as silver,
Forever oozing fresh to dip robes in.
And of such, Heaven be thanked, good store, my king,
Is ours. This house knows naught of penury.
Full many a robe for trampling had I vowed,
Had the oracles enjoined it, when I sought
Some means to ransom home so dear a life.
Thou art the living root whence springs the foliage
That screens our house against the dog-star’s glare.
So thou returning to thy home and hearth
Betokenest warmth in winter’s midst returned.
And when Zeus from the unripe grape’s virginity
Matures wine, then like coolness in the house
Is the advent of the crowned and perfect lord.

[As Agamemnon goes in.]

Zeus, Zeus, who crownest all, crown now my prayers!
Thereafter as thou wilt mayst thou dispose.

[Clytaemnestra follows Agamemnon, but immediately returns.]

Cl. Thou too, get thee within, Kassandra, thou.
Ch. To thee she speaks, plain words, and pauses for thee.
Snared as thou art within the toils of fate,
If so thou canst, yield; or perchance thou canst not.
Cl. Nay, unless her speech be like a twittering swallow’s,
Some barbarous, unintelligible tongue,
She will understand my reasoning and obey.
Ch. Go with her. As things stand, she counsels best.
Cl. I have no leisure to stand trifling here
Outside, when round the central hearth already
Κλ. ἐστιν θάλασσα, τίς δὲ νυν κατασβέσει; τρέφουσα πολλῆς πορφύρας ἰσάργυρον κηκίδα παγκαίνιστον, εἰμάτων βαφάς. οἰκὸς δ' ὑπάρχει τῶνδε σὺν θεοῖς, ἀναξ, ἐχειν· πένευσθαι δ' οὐκ ἐπισταται δόμος. πολλῶν πατησμῶν δ' εἰμάτων ἀν ηὐξάμην, δόμοισι προνεχθέντος ἐν χρυστηρίοις, ψυχής κόμιστρα τῆς ῥησίδε μηχανωμένη. ρίζης γὰρ οὕς φυλλᾶς ἑκετ' ἐς δόμους, σκιάν ὑπερτείνασα σειρίον κυνός, καὶ σοῦ μολόντος δωματίτων ἐστιάν, θάλπος μὲν ἐν χειμώνι σημαίνεις μολὼν· ὅταν δὲ τεῦχη Ζεὺς ἀπ' ὀμφακος πικρᾶς οἰνον, τότ' ἱδῇ ψύχος ἐν δόμοις πέλει, ἀνδρὸς τελείοι δωμὰ ἐπιστροφωμένου.  

[As Agamemnon goes in.]  

Ζεὺς Ζεὺς τέλειε, τὰς ἐμὰς εὐχὰς τέλει· μέλοι δὲ τοι σοὶ τῶντερ ἄν μέλλῃς τελεῖν.  

[Clytaemnestra follows Agamemnon, but immediately returns.]  

Κλ. εἴςω κομίζου καὶ σὺ, Κασάνδραν λέγω.  
Χο. σοὶ τοι λέγουσα παῦται σαφῆ λόγον. ἐντὸς δ' ἀλοῦσα μορσίμων ἀγρευμάτων πείθοι' ἀν, εἰ πείθοι· ἄπειθοις δ' ἵςως.  
Κλ. ἄλλ' εὑπτε ἐστὶ μὴ χελιδόνος δίκην ἀγνώτα φωνή βάρβαρον κεκτημένη, ἐσω φρενῶν λέγουσα πείθω νυν λόγῳ.  
Χο. ἔπου. τὰ λύστα τῶν παρεστῶτων λέγει.  
Κλ. οὕτοι θυραία τῇ δ' ἐμοὶ σχολὴ πάρα τρίβειν· τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐστίας μεσομφάλου  

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THE AGAMEMNON
The victims wait the sacrifice of fire.
No more will I waste words to be so served.

[Exit Clytemnestra.]

Ch. And I, for I feel pity, will not chide.

Kassandra

Otototoi O Earth! Earth!
O Apollo! O Apollo!

Ch. Why upon Loxias callest thou thus woefully?
He is not one who needeth dirgelike litanies.

Ka. Otototoi O Earth! Earth!
O Apollo! O Apollo!

Ch. Once more with ill-omened cries she calls that God
Whose ears by lamentations are profaned.

Ka. Apollo! Apollo!
God of Ways, Apollo indeed to me!
For me thou hast this second time in truth destroyed.

Ch. Of her own woes it seems that she will prophesy.
Heaven still inspires her mind, a slave's though it be.

Ka. Apollo! Apollo!
God of Ways, Apollo indeed to me!
Ah whither hast thou led me? yea, to what abode?

Ch. The Atreidae's palace. If thou knowest not that,
Take my assurance: thou shalt not find it false.

Ka. Nay, 'tis abhorred of Heaven: much is it privy to,
Unnatural murders and butcheries,
A human shambles, sprinkled are the floors with blood.

Ch. Keen as a hound upon the scent she seems.
This trail shall lead her soon where murder lies.

Ka. There are the witnesses—there am I certified!
έστηκεν ήδη μήλα πρὸς σφαγὰς πυρὸς,
οὐ μὴν πλέω ῥίψασ’ ἀτιμασθήσομαι.

[Exit Clytaemnestra.]

Χο. ἐγὼ δ’, ἐποικτείρω γάρ, οὐ θυμώσομαι. 540

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ὁτοτοι πόποι δᾶ.  [στρ. α.]

ἀπόλλον ὀπολλον.

Χο. τί ταῦτ’ ἀνωτότυξας ἀμφὶ Λοξίου;
οὐ γὰρ τοιοῦτος ὡστε θρηνητοῦ τυχεῖν.

Κα. ὁτοτοι πόποι δᾶ.  [ἀντ. α. 545]

ἀπολλον ὀπολλον.

Χο. η δ’ αύτε δυσφημοῦσα τὸν θεὸν καλεῖ
οὐδὲν προσήκοντ’ ἐν γόοις παραστατεῖν.

Κα. "Ἀπολλον Ἀπολλον  [στρ. β.]

ἀγνιάτ’ ἀπόλλον ἐμός.

ἀπώλεσας γὰρ οὐ μόλις τὸ δεύτερον.

Χο. χρήσειν ἐοικεν ἀμφὶ τῶν αὐτῆς κακῶν.
μένει τὸ θεῖον δουλία περ ἐν φρενί.

Κα. "Ἀπολλον Ἀπολλον  [ἀντ. β.]

ἀγνιάτ’ ἀπόλλον ἐμός.

ἀ ποὶ ποτ’ ἡγαγές με; πρὸς ποῖαν στέγην;

Χο. πρὸς τὴν Ἀτρειδῶν· εἰ σὺ μὴ τόδ’ ἐννοεῖς,
ἐγὼ λέγω σοι· καὶ τάδ’ οὐκ ἐρεῖς ψύθῃ.

Κα. μισόθεον μὲν οὖν, πολλὰ συνίστορα  [στρ. γ.]

αὐτοφόνα κακὰ καὶ ἄρταμα,
ἀνδροσφαγεῖον καὶ πέδον ραντήριον.

Χο. έοικεν εὕρις η ξένη κυνὸς δίκην
εἶναι, ματεύει δ’ οὖν ἀνευρήσει φόνον.

Κα. μαρτυρίοιςι γὰρ τοῦσδ’ ἐπιπείθομαι.  [ἀντ. γ.
Babes yonder bewailing their sacrifice!
Wailing their flesh by a father roasted and devoured!

Ch. We were acquainted with thy mantic fame:
But of these things we seek no prophet here.

Ka. Alas! Ye Gods! What is she purposing?
What is this new and monstrous deed,
This deed of woe she purposes within this house,
Beyond love's enduring,
Beyond cure? and aloof stands
Succouring strength afar.

Ch. I know not what these prophesyings mean.
The first I guessed: with them the whole city is loud.

Ka. Oh cruel, cruel! Verily wilt thou so?
Him who hath shared thy nuptial bed,
When thou hast laved and cleansed him—how shall
Apace, see, the deed nears! [I tell the end?
With a swift reach she shoots forth
Murderous hand upon hand.

Ch. Not yet do I understand. Dark riddles first,
Dim-visioned oracles perplex me now.

Ka. Ey! Ey! Papai, papai!
What is this now I see?
Some net of death 'tis surely? [the crime
But she's the snare, who shared the bed, who shares
Of blood. Let Strife, ravening against the race,
Utter a jubilant cry
O'er the abhorred sacrifice.

Ch. What fiend is this thou bidst lift o'er the house
A cry of triumph? Thy words bring me no cheer.
Back to my heart the drops yellow and pale have run,
As when o'er the face of one fallen in fight
κλαιόμενα τάδε βρέφη σφαγάς,
ὅπτας τε σάρκας πρὸς πατρὸς βεβρωμένας.

Χο. ἦμεν κλέος σοῦ μαντικὸν πεπυσμένοι·
tούτων προφήτας δ' οὔτινας ματεύομεν.

Κα. ἵω πότοι, τί ποτε μήδεται;
τί τόδε νέον ἄχος μέγα
μέγ' ἐν δόμοισι τοίσδε μήδεται κακὸν
ἀφετρον φίλοισι, δυσίατον; ἀλκὰ δ' ἔκας ἀποστατεῖ.

Χο. τούτων ἀιδρίς εἰμι τῶν μαντευμάτων.
ἐκείνα δ' ἔγνων πᾶσα γὰρ πόλις βοᾷ.

Κα. ἵω τάλαινα, τόδε γὰρ τελεῖς,
tὸν ὀμοδέμνινον πόσιν
λουτροίσι φαιδρύνασα—πῶς φράσω τέλος;
tάχος γὰρ τόδ' ἐσται· προτείνει δὲ χειρ' ἐκ
χερὸς ὅρεγμεν.

Χο. οὔπω ξυνῆκα· νῦν γὰρ ἐξ αἰνιγμάτων
ἐπαργέμοισι θεσφάτοις ἀμηχανῶ.

Κα. ἐ ἐ, παπαὶ παπαῖ, τί τόδε φαίνεται;
ἡ δίκτυν τί γ' "Αἰδοῦ;
ἀλλ' ἄρκυς ἡ ξύνευνος, ἡ ξυναίτια
φόνου. στάσις δ' ἀκόρετος γένει
κατολολυξάτω θύματος λευσίμου.

Χο. ποίαν 'Ερυθρών τήνδε δόμασιν κέλει
ἐπορθιάζει; οὐ με φαιδρύνει λόγος.
ἐπὶ δὲ καρδίαν ἐδραμε κροκοβαφής
σταγών, ἀτέ καὶ δορὶ πτωσίμοις
Pallor of death is spread
Timed with life's sinking rays;
And the end neareth swift.

**Ka.** Ah! Ah! Beware! Beware!
From his accursed mate
Keep far the bull. In vestments
She entangles him, and with her black and crafty horn
Gores him. He falls into the cauldron's steam.

*Treacherous murdering bath,
Thus thy dark story is told.*

**Ch.** *I cannot boast to be a skilful judge*
Of oracles; but 'tis woe I spell from these.
When from a prophet's mouth ever to mortal ears
Have good tidings sped? 'Tis naught else but woe
Volubly chanted forth,
Teaching fear, fear alone,
In skilled monotone.

**Ka.** Alas, alas! *What hapless sorrowful doom is mine!*
For of my own sad fate, mingled with his, I tell.
Ah whither hast thou brought me now, the hapless one?
For naught save only to share death with thee? What

**Ch.** Frenzied and heaven-possessed, ever thine own
In wild, lawless strains
Thou art uttering, even as doth heart-sore,
Never with wailing satiate,
Some brown nightingale.
**Ityn, Ityn** she sighs, mourning in anguish all
Her woe-plenished life.

**Ka.** Alas, alas! *The doom of the musical nightingale!*
For with a winged and soft-featherèd form the Gods
ξυνανύτει βίου δύντος αύγαίς. ταχεία δ' ἄτα πέλει.

Κα. ἄ, ἰδο τετελεῖ τὴν βοῶς τοῦ ταύρον· ἐν πέπλοισι
μελαγκέρω λαβοῦσα μηχανήματι
tύπτει· πίνει δ' ἐν ἐνύδρῳ κύτει.
δολοφόνον λέβητος τύχαν σοι λέγω.

Χο. οὐ κομπάσαιμι ἂν θεσφάτων γρώμων ἀκρος εἶναι, κακῷ δὲ τῷ προσεικάζῳ τίδε.
ἀπὸ δὲ θεσφάτων τῖς ἄγαθὰ φάτις
βροτοῖς στέλλεται; κακῶν γὰρ διὰ
πολυπεῖδες τέχναι θεσπιρὸν φόβον
φέρουσιν μαθέιν.

Κα. ἰδο ἰδο ταλαίνας κακόποτμοι τύχαι.
τὸ γὰρ ἐμὸν θρῶ πάθος ἐπεγχύδαν.
ποὶ δὴ μὲ δεύρο τὴν τάλαιναν ἧγαγες;
οὐδὲν ποτ' εἶ μὴ ἐμπθαλνομένην. τἴ γάρ;

Χο. φρενομανής τις εἶ θεοφόρητος, ἀμφί
d' αὐτᾶς θροεῖς
νόμον ἀνομον, οἷα τὶς ξουθὰ
ἀκόρετος βοῶς, φεῦ, ταλαίναις φρεῖν
'Ἰτυν 'Ἰτυν στένουσα ἀμφιθαλὴ κακοῖς
ἀηδῶν βιον.

Κα. ἰδο ἰδο λυγείας μόρον ἀηδόνος·
περὶβαλῶν γε οἰ πτεροφόρον δέμας
Arrayed her, a gentle suffering a tearless change.
But me awaits the cleaving of a two-edged blade.

**Ch.** Agony fierce and vain, passionate mantic throes,
Oh whence hast thou these,
Such a terrible chant in wild harsh cries
Fashioning forth, yet clear-voiced
In loud rhythmic strains?
What may it be that thus guides and inspires thy word
On its ill-boding path?

**Ka.** Lo now my oracle no more through a veil
Shall look forth dimly, like a bride new-wed;
But clear and strong towards the rising sun
Shall it come blowing, and before it roll
Wave-like against the light a woe than this
More huge. No longer in riddles will I monish you.
This house is ever haunted by a quire
Of hideous concord, for the song is foul.
Lo, drunken with human blood till they wax bold
And insolent, they abide within, a rout,
Hard to expel, of revelling kindred fiends.
They infest the chamber-doors chanting their chant
Of that first sin: anon they execrate
The abhorred defiler of a brother’s bed.
Say, have I missed, or was my shaft aimed home?
Or am I a false seer, a prating vagabond?
Bear witness with an oath that well I know
The ancient tale of the sins of this house.

**Ch.** How should an oath, though ne’er so truly plighted,
Bring remedy? But I much admire that thou,
Though bred beyond the sea, shouldst speak as cer-
tainly
Of a strange land as though thou hadst sojourned
θεοὶ γηλυκῶν τ’ ἄγωνα κλαυμάτων ἄτερ·
ἐμοὶ δὲ μίμησι σχισμὸς αμφήκει δορί.
Χο. τόθεν ἐπισκόπους θεοφόρους τ’ ἐχεις
ματαίους δύας,
τὰ δ’ ἐπίφοβα δυσφάτῳ κλαγγά
μελοτυπεῖς ὅμοι τ’ ὀρθίοις ἐν νύμοις;
πόθεν ὅρους ἐχεις θεσπεσίας ὀδοῦ
κακορρήμονας;

Κα. καὶ μὴν ὁ χρησμὸς οὐκέτ’ ἐκ καλυμμάτων
ἐσται δεδομένος νεογάμου νύμφης δίκην·
λαμπρός δ’ έουκεν ἕλιον πρὸς ἀυτόλας
πνέων ἐσάξειν, ὡστε κύματος δίκην
κλύζειν πρὸς αὐγάς τούδε πῆματος πολὺ
μεῖξον· φρενώσω δ’ οὐκέτ’ ἐξ αἰνηγμάτων.

τὴν γὰρ στέγην τὴν ὑπὸ πρὸς ἐκλείπει χορὸς
σύμφθεν δύο εὐφώνως· οὐ γὰρ ἐν λέγει.
καὶ μὴν πεπωκός γ’, ὡς θρασύνεσθαι πλέον,
βρότειν αἴμα κώμος ἐν δόμοις μένει,
δίσπεμπτος ἐξώ, συγγόνων Ἑρυνύων.

ὑμνοῦσι δ’ ὠμοῦ δύομασίν προσήμεναι
πρώταρχον ἄτην· ἐν μέρει δ’ ἀπέπτυσαν
ἐνιαίος ἀδέλφοι τῷ πατοῦντι δυσμενεῖς.

ημαρτόν, ἡ θηρώ τ’ εἶκος τῆς ὄς;
ἡ ψευδομαντίς εἰμι θυροκόπος φλέδων;

ἐκμαρτύρησον προσίμεναι τ’ εἰδέναι
λόγῳ παλαιὰς τὼν ἀμαρτίας δόμων.

Χο. καὶ πῶς ἀν ὁρκοῖς, πὴγάμα γενναῖος παγέν,
παιῶνος γένοιτο; θαυμάξω δὲ σὲ
πόντου πέραν τραφεῖσαν ἀλλόθρουν πόλιν
κυρεῖν λέγουσαν, ὡσπερ εἰ παρεστάτεις.
Ka. The seer Apollo endowed me with this skill.
Ch. Smitten with love perchance, God though he be?
Ka. Hitherto shame forbade me to confess it.
Ch. Yes, we are all more delicate in prosperity.
Ka. Vehement and mighty was the love he breathed.
Ch. And in due course came you to child-bearing?
Ka. I gave consent, then kept not faith with Loxias.
Ch. Already wast thou possessed by power of prophecy?
Ka. Already Troy's whole agony I foretold.
Ch. How then! Couldst thou escape the wrath of Loxias?
Ka. None would believe my words: so was I punished.
Ch. Yet to us thy words seem worthy of belief.
Ka. Ioû! Ioû! Oh agony!
Again dire pangs of clear vision whirl
And rack my soul with awful preludings.
Behold them there, sitting before the house,
Young children, like to phantom shapes in dream!
Boys slain by their own kindred they appear.
Their hands are filled with flesh, yea 'tis their own.
The heart, the inward parts, see, they are holding,
(Oh piteous burden,) whereof their father tasted.
For this, I tell you, vengeance is devised
By a recreant lion who lurking in the bed
Keeps watch, ah me! for the returning lord;
My lord; for the slave's yoke I must endure.
The fleet's high captain, Ilium's ravager,
He knows not what the abhorred she-hound's tongue
After long-drawn fawning welcome—what accurst
Treacherous stroke she aims with deadly stealth,
O wickedness horrible! Of her lord the wife
Κα. μάντις μ' Ἀπόλλων τοῦ ἐπέστησεν τέλει.
Χο. μόν καὶ θεός περ ἰμέρῳ πεπληγμένος;
Κα. προτοῦ μὲν αἵδος ἦν ἐμοὶ λέγειν τάδε.
Χο. ἀβρύνεται γὰρ πᾶς τις εὗ πράσσον πλέον. 650
Κα. ἀλλ' ἦν παλαιστής κάρτ' ἐμοὶ πτωχὸν χάριν.
Χο. ή καὶ τέκνων εἰς ἐργον ἠλθήτην νόμῳ:
Κα. ξυναινέσασα Δοξίαν ἐψευσάμην.
Χο. ὑδή τεχναισιν ἐνθέους ἀρημένη;
Κα. ὑδή πολίταις πάντ' ἐθέσπιζον πάθη.
Χο. πῶς δήτ; ἀνατο ήσθα Γοξίου κότῳ;
Κα. ἐπειθον οὐδέν' οὐδέν', ὡς τάδ' ἡμπλακόν.
Χο. ἡμίν γε μὲν δή πιστὰ θεσπίζειν δοκεῖς.
Κα. ιοῦ ιοῦ, ὡ ὡ κακά.

υπ' αὐ μὲ δεινός ὀρθομαντεῖας πόνος
στροβεῖ ταράσσων φροιμίους δυσφροιμίους. 660
όρατε τούσδε τοὺς δόμους ἐφημένους
νέους, ὀνείρων προσφερεῖς μορφώμασί;
παιδεῖς θανόντες ὡσπερεὶ πρὸς τὸν φίλον,
χειρὰς κρεὸν πλήθοντες οἰκείας θεράς,
σὺν ἑντέροις τε σπλάγχνις, ἐποίκισον γέμος,
πρέπουσ' ἔχουσες, ὅπι πατήρ ἑγέρσατο.
ἐκ τῶν δὲ ποιῶς φημι βουλεύουσιν τινὰ
λέουτ' ἀναλκίν ἐν λέχει στρωφώμενον
οἰκουρὸν, οἷομοι, τῷ μολόντι δεσπότη
ἐμῷ· φέρειν γὰρ χρῆ τὸ δούλιον ζυγόν
νεῶν δ' ἔπαρχος Ἀλίου τ' ἀναστάτης
οὐκ οἴδεν οἷα γλώσσα μισήτης κυνός
λέξασε κακτείνασα φαιδρόνοις, δίκην
ἀτῆς λαβραῖον, τεῦξεται κακῆ τύχη.
τοιάδε τὸλμη θῆλν ἄρσενος φονεῖς 675
Is murderess. By what loathsome monster's name
Should I describe her fitly? An amphisbaena?
Or some cliff-lairing Scylla, bane of mariners,
A raging demon mother, breathing havoc
Against her dearest? And how she cried in triumph,
The all-shameless fiend, as when a battle breaks,
Feigning to glory in his safe return!
Herein though I gain no credence, 'tis all one.
What must be, shall be; and thou beholding soon
Shalt call me in pity a prophet all too true.

Ch. Thyestes' banquet of his own children's flesh
Shuddering I understood. Yea horror seized me
Hearing the true tale without fabling told.
But in all else I wander far astray.

Ka. Agamemnon's death I say thou shalt behold.

Ch. Peace, wretched woman! Hush thy ill-omened lips.

Ka. This word no Healing God can remedy.

Ch. Not if it must be so: but Heaven avert it!

Ka. While thou prayest, the slayers are making ready.

Ch. What man is the contriver of this woe?

Ka. Wide indeed of my warning must thou have looked.

Ch. For I perceive not how the deed is possible.

Ka. See now, I know the Greek tongue all too well.

Ch. So doth the Pythoness: yet her words are dark.

Ka. Papai! What is this fire! It surges upon me!

Ototoi! Lycean Apollo! Ay me, me!

Yonder two-footed lioness, who shares
The wolf's couch, while the noble lion is far,
Shall slay me, hapless woman. A vengeful charm
She is brewing, and therein will mix my recompense.
εστιν. τί νιν καλούσα δυσφιλές δάκος
tύχοιμ' ἂν; ἀμφισβαίναν, ἢ Σκύλλαν τινὰ
οἰκούσαν ἐν πέτραισι, ναυτίλων βλάβην,
θύουσαν" Λιδου μυτέρ' ἀσπονδόν τ' ἄρην
φίλοις πνέουσαν; ὡς δ' ἐπωλολύξατο
ἡ παντότολμος, ὃσπερ ἐν μάχης τροπῆ.
dοκεῖ δὲ χαίρειν νοστίμω σωτηρία,
καὶ τῶν ὅμοιοιν εἴ τι μὴ πείθω, τί γάρ;
tὸ μέλλον ἥξει. καὶ σὺ μ' ἐν τάχει παρῶν
ἀγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτείρας ἐρεῖ.
Χο. τὴν μὲν Θυεστὸν δαίτα παιδείων κρεών
ξυνήκα καὶ πέφρικα, καὶ φόβος μ' ἔχει
κλώουτ' ἅληθῶς οὐδὲν ἐξηκασμένα.
tὰ δ' ἀλλ' ἀκούσας ἐκ δρόμον πεσὼν τρέχω. 690
Κα. Ἀγαμέμνονός σὲ φημ' ἐπόψεσθαι μόρον.
Χο. εὐφήμον, ὥ τάλαινα, κοίμησον στόμα.
Κα. ἀλλ' οὕτως Παιδὼν τῶδ' ἐπιστατεῖ λόγῳ.
Χο. οὐκ, εἴπερ ἔσται γ' ἀλλὰ μὴ γένοιτό πως.
Κα. σὺ μὲν κατεύχει, τοῖς δ' ἀποκτείνει μέλει.
Χο. τίνος πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τούτ' ἄχος πορεύεσθαι;
Κα. ἡ κάρτα τὰρ' ἀν παρεκόπης χρησμῶν ἐμῶν.
Χο. τοὺ γὰρ τελοῦντος οὐ ξυνήκα μηχανήν.
Κα. καὶ μὴν ἀγαν γ' "Ελλη' ἐπίσταται φάτιν.
Χο. καὶ γὰρ τὰ πυθόκραντα. δυσμαθῆ δ' ὄμως. 700
Κα. παπαῖ, οἶνον τὸ πῦρ ἐπέρχεται δὲ μοι.
ὁτοτοῖ, Δύκει' Ἀπολλοῦ, οἱ ἐγώ ἐγώ.
αὐτὴ δίπους λέανα συγκοιμομένη
λύκῳ, λέοντος εὐγενοῦς ἀπονείσια,
kτενεῖ με τὴν τάλαιναν· ὡς δὲ φάρμακον
τεύχουσα κάμοι μισθόν ἐνθήσει κότῳ
Α.
Sharpening her man-slaying sword, she vows
Bloodily to repay my bringing hither.
Why then to my own derision bear I these—
This wand, these mantic fillets round my neck?
Thee at least, ere I perish, will I destroy.
Down to the ground I cast you, and thus requite you.
Enrich some other, as ye did me, with doom.
But lo, Apollo himself strips off from me,
My prophet's robe, now the spectacle grows stale
Of his victim in these vestments laughed to scorn
By friends and foes alike, and all in vain—
And like a vagabond mountebank such names
As beggar, wretch or starveling I endured—
And now this seer, being finished with my seership,
Has brought me to be murdered in this place,
Where awaiteth me no altar of my home,
But a block whereon the last blood yet is warm.
Yet not forgotten of Heaven shall we die.
There shall come one to vindicate us, born
To slay his mother and avenge his sire.
A wandering homeless outlaw shall he return
To cope the fabric of ancestral sin.
For with a mighty oath the Gods have sworn,
His father's outstretched corpse shall draw him home.
Why then do I stand thus wailing piteously?
I will meet my fate: I will endure to die.
These gates, as they were Hades' gates, I hail
And that the stroke be mortal is my prayer:
So swiftly and easily shall my blood gush forth,
And without struggle shall I close my eyes.

Ch. Woman, so hapless, yet withal so wise,
Long hast thou held us listening; yet if verily
καπεύχεται βήγουσα φωτι φάσγανον
εμής ἀγογής ἀντιτίσασθαι φύον.
τὸ δὴ ἐμαυτῆς καταγέλωτ’ ἐχὼ τάδε,
καὶ σκῆπτρα καὶ μαντεία περὶ δέρῃ στέφῃ; 710
σὲ μὲν πρὸ μοίρας τῆς ἐμῆς διαφθερῶ.
Ἀτ’ ἐς φθόρου’ πεσόντα θ’ ὀδ’ ἀμείψομαι.
Ἀλλην τιν’ ἀτῆς ἀντ’ ἐμοῦ πλουτίζετε.
Ἅδου ὑ’ Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸς ἐκδύων ἐμὲ
χροστηρίαν ἐσθῆτ’, ἐποπτεύσας δὲ με
κάν τοῖσδε κόσμοις καταγελωμένην μέγα
φίλων ὑπ’ ἐκθρῶν οὐ διχορρότως, μάτῃν—
καλουμένη δὲ φοιτάς ὡς ἀγύρτριαι
πτοχὸς τάλασα λιμοθήνην ἱνευχύμην—
καὶ νῦν ὁ μάντις μάντιν ἐκπράξας ἐμὲ
ἀπῆγαγ’ ἐς τοιάδε θανασίμους τύχας.
βωμοὶ πατρὸς δ’ ἀντ’ ἐπίξηνον μένει,
θερμοὶ κοπέντος φοινίῳ προσφάγματι.
οὐ μὴν ἀτίμων γ’ ἐκ θεῶν τεθνήξομεν.
Ἄξιοι γὰρ ἡμῶν ἄλλος αὐ τιμάρος,
μυτροκτόνοις φίλω, ποινάτωρ πατρός·
φυγάς δ’ ἀλήτης τῆς ἔκσεις γῆς ἀπόξενοι
κάτεισιν, ἄτας τάσδε θριγκώσων φίλοις.
ὁμώμοται γὰρ ὁρκὸς ἐκ θεῶν μέγας,
ἀξίων νυν ὑπτίασμα κειμένου πατρός.
τὸ δὴ ἐγὼ κάτοικτος ώδ’ ἀναστένω;
ἸΟΥΣΑ ΠΡΑΞΩ: ΤΛΗΣΟΜΑΙ ΤΟ ΚΑΤΘΑΝΕΙΝ.
"Ἀδοὺ πύλας δὲ τάσδ’ ἐγὼ προσεννέπω·
ἐπεύχομαι δὲ καρίας πληγῆς τυχεῖν,
ὡς ἀσφάδαστος, αἰμάτων εὐθυνήμου
ἀπορρεύσων, ὄμμα συμβάλω τόδε.
Χο. ὡ πολλὰ μὲν τάλασα, πολλὰ δ’ αὐθ’ σοφῆ
γύναι, μακρὰν ἔτεινας. εἰ δ’ ἐπητύμωι
Thou knowest thine own doom, how, as some heaven-led victim, 
Patiently to the altar canst thou move?

*Ka.* There is no escape, friends, none, when time is full.

*Ch.* Yes, but time’s last hour still is found the best.

*Ka.* The day is come. Little were gained by flight.

*Ch.* Truly a patient fortitude is thine.

*Ka.* Such praise none heareth to whom fate is kind.

*Ch.* Yet is there comfort in a glorious death.

*Ka.* Alas my father! thou and thy noble children!

*Ch.* Why dost thou start? What terror turns thee back?

*Ka.* Foul! Foul!

*Ch.* Why criest thou foul? Is it some brainsick loathing?

*Ka.* Horror this house exhales from blood-dript walls.

*Ch.* Nay, nay, 'tis naught but odours of hearth-sacrifice.

*Ka.* 'Tis such a reek as riseth from a sepulchre.
    Yet will I enter, and there bewail my fate
    And Agamemnon's. I have lived long enough.
    Alas, my friends!
    I clamour not like a bird that dreads a bush
    Idly. When I am dead confirm my words,
    When another woman for my death shall die,
    And for a man ill-mated a man falls.
    I claim this office as at point to die.

*Ch.* Poor wretch, I pity thy prophetic doom.

*Ka.* Yet once more would I speak—or is not this
    My own dirge rather? To the sun I pray,
    This last seen by me, that when my champions come,
    My foes may pay murder's price for me too,
    For this poor slave's death, their inglorious prey.
THE AGAMEMNON

μόρον τὸν αὐτῆς οίσθα, πῶς θεηλάτου
βοός δίκην πρὸς βομὸν ευτόλμως πατεῖς;
Κα. οὐκ ἐστ' ἄλυξις, οὐ, ξένου, χρόνου πλέω.
Χο. οὐ δ' ὅστατος γε τοῦ χρόνου πρεσβεύεται.
Κα. ἤκει τὸδ' ἦμαρ· σμικρὰ κερδανῶ φυγῆ.
Χο. ἀλλ' ἰσθι τλήμων οὖσ' ἀπ' ευτόλμου φρενός.
Κα. οὐδὲίς ἀκούει ταῦτα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.
Χο. ἀλλ' εὐκλεῶς τοῖς κατθανεῖν χάρις βροτῷ.
Κα. ἰώ πάτερ σοῦ τῶν τε γενναίων τέκνων.
Χο. τί δ' ἐστὶ χρῆμα; τίς σ' ἀποστρέφει φόβοι;
Κα. φεῦ φεῦ.
Χο. τί τούτ' ἐφευξάς; εἰ τι μὴ φρενῶν στύγοις.
Κα. φόνου δόμοι πνέουσιν αἰματοσταγῆ.
Χο. καὶ πῶς; τόδ' ὅξει θυμάτων ἐφεστιῶν.
Κα. ὁμοίως ἀτμὸς ἀσπέρ ἐκ τάφου πρέπει.
Τοῖς εὐδαίμονοις τε μοῖραν. ἀρκεῖτω βίος.
Κα. οὐτοί δυσοίζῳ θάμνον ὡς ὅρνις φόβῳ
ἄλλως· θανοῦσθα ματηρεῖτε μου τόδε,
οὐταν γυνῃ γυναικὸς ἄνΤ' ἐμοῦ θάνη,
ἄνηρ τε δυσδάμαρτος ἄντ' ἀνδρός πέση.
ἐπιξενοῦμαι ταῦτα δ' ὡς θανομένη.
Χο. οὕ τλήμον, οἴκτείρω σε θεσφάτου μόρου.
Κα. ἀπαξ μ' ἐπείραν ῥῆτιν ἡ θρήνον θέλω
ἐμὸν τὸν αὐτῆς. ἦλιον δ' ἐπεύχομαι
πρὸς ὅστατον φῶς τοὺς ἐμοὺς τιμαόροις
ἐχθροὺς φόνευσιν τοὺς ἐμοὺς τίνειν ὡμοῦ
δούλης θανοῦσθης, εὐμαροὺς χειρόματος.
Alas for man's estate! His happiness
Shows like a sketch, a shadow: but his misery—
'Tis a picture by a wet sponge dashed clean out.
And this is the more pitiable by far.

[Exit.]

Ag. [within]. Ah me! I am smitten—to the heart, a
mortal stroke!

Ch. Silence! Who is that cries out as smitten by a
mortal wound?

Ag. Ah me! Again! A second time, a murderous
stroke!

Ch. 1. Done is now the deed, I fear me. That is the death-
groan of the king.
Come let us consult, if haply some safe counsel we
may find.

2. This is my counsel, that we summon hither
A rescue of the townsfolk to the palace.

3. And I say, with all speed let us burst in,
And prove the foul deed while the sword yet drips.

[As they are about to enter the palace, the scene opens
and discloses CLYTAEMNESTRA standing over the
bodies of AGAMEMNON and KASSANDRA.]

Cl. All that I spoke before to serve the time,
I shall feel no shame now to contradict.
For how by avowing open hate to enemies,
Presumed to be our friends, could we build up
Destruction's toils too high to be overleapt?
By me long since against victory long-deferred
Was planned this duel, yet at last it came.
Here stand I where I struck, my work achieved.
ιδ’ βρότεια πράγματ’· ευτυχοῦντα μὲν σκιά τις δ’ αν πρέψειεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχι,
βολαῖς ύγρώσσων στόχγγος ὠλεσεν γραφὴν. 770 καὶ ταῦτ’ ἐκεῖνων μᾶλλον οἰκτείρω πολὺ.

[Exit.]

Αγ. ὡμοί, πέπληγμαι καιρίαν πληγὴν ἔσω.
Χο. σίγα· τίς πληγὴν ἀντεὶ καιρίως οὔτασμένος;
Αγ. ὡμοί μᾶλ’ αὖθις, δευτέραν πεπληγμένος.
Χο. τούργον εἰργάσθαι δοκεὶ μοι βασιλέως οἰμώ-γματι.

775 ἀλλὰ κοινωσώμεθ’ ἢν πως ἀσφαλῆ βουλεύματ’ ἢ—
2. ἐγὼ μὲν ὑμῖν τὴν ἐμὴν γνώμην λέγω,
πρὸς δόμαι δεῦρ’ ἀστοίσι κηρύσσειν βοήν.—
3. ἐμοὶ δ’ ὅπως τὰχιστά γ’ ἐμπεσεῖν δοκεῖ
καὶ πράγμ’ ἐλέγχειν σὺν νεορρύτῳ ξίφει.— 780

[As they are about to enter the palace, the scene opens and discloses CLYTAEMNESTRA standing over the bodies of AGAMEMNON and KASSANDRA.]
Even so I wrought—this too will I not deny—
That neither should he escape nor ward his doom.
A blind entanglement, like a net for fish,
I swathe around him, an evil wealth of robe.
And twice do I smite him, till at the second groan
There did his limbs sink down; and as he lies,
A third stroke do I deal him, unto Hades,
Safe-keeper of dead men, a votive gift.
Therewith he lies still, gasping out his life:
And spouting forth a vehement jet of blood
 Strikes me with a dark splash of murderous dew,
No less rejoicing than in Heaven's sweet rain
The corn doth at the birth-throes of the ear.
The truth being such, ye grave elders of Argos,
Rejoice, if so ye may; but I exult.

Ch. We marvel at thine audacity of tongue
To glory in such terms over thy slain lord.

Cl. Ye assail me as though I were a witless woman.
But I with heart unshaken what all know
Declare—whether thou praise me or condemn,
'Tis all one—this is Agamemnon, mine
Own husband, done to death by this right hand's
Most righteous workmanship. The case stands so.

Ch. Woman, what earth-engendered
Venomous herb, or what evil drug,
Scum of the restless sea, canst thou have tasted of,
Thus to incur the loud fury of a people's curse?
Away thou hast cast, away thou hast cleft, away shall
the city fling thee,
A monstrous burden of loathing.

Cl. Yes, now for me thou doomest banishment,
A city's loathing and a people's curses:
οὔτω δ' ἔπραξα, καὶ τάδ' οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι·

ώς μήτε φεύγειν μήτ' ἀμώνεσθαι μόρον,

ἀπειρον ἀμφίβληστρον, ὡσπερ ἱχθύων,

περιστιχίζω, πλοῦτον εἴματος κακῶν.

παῖω δὲ νῦν δίς· κἂν δυοῖν οἰμώγμασιν

μεθήκην αὐτοῦ κόλα· καὶ πεπτωκότι

τρίτην ἐπενδίδωμι, τοῦ κατὰ χθονὸς

"Αἰδοῦ νεκρῶν σωτῆρος εὐκταίαν χάριν.

οὔτω τὸν αὐτοῦ θυμὸν ὅρμαινε πεσῶν·

κάκφυσίων ὃξείαν αἴματος σφαγήν

βάλλει μ' ἔρεμην γυακάδι φοινιὰς δρόσου,

χαίρονσαν οὐδὲν ἱσσον ἢ διωδότω

γάνει στοργῆς κάλυκος ἐν λοχεύμασιν.

ὡς λα' ἐχόντων, πρέσβεσι 'Αργείων τόδε,

χαίροιτ' ἢν, εἰ χαίροιτ', ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεύχομαι.

Χο. θαυμάζομέν σου γλώσσαν, ὡς θρασύστομος,

'Ητις τοιόνδ' ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ κομπάξεις λόγον.

Κλ. πειράσθε μου γυναικὸς ὡς ἀφράσμονος·

ἐγὼ δ' ἀτρέστω καρδία πρὸς εἰδότας

λέγω· σὺ δ' αἰνεῖν εἴτε μὲ φέγγειν θέλεις

ὁμοίοιον. οὔτος ἐστιν 'Αγαμέμνων, ἐμὸς

πόσεσ, νεκρὸς δὲ, τῆς δεξιὰς χερὸς

ἐργον, δικαίας τέκτονος. τάδ' ἀδ' ἐχει.

Χο. τί κακῶν, ὦ γυναί, χθονοτρεφὲς ἔδανον ἢ ποτὸν

πασαμένα ῥυτᾶς ἐξ ἄλος ὄρμενον

τόδ' ἐπέθου θύος, δημοθρόους τ' ἀράς;

ἀπέδικες τ' ἀπέταμες τ' ἀπόπολις δ' ἐσει

μῖσος ὃβριμον ἀστοῖς.

Κλ. νῦν μὲν δικάξεις ἐκ τούτως φυγῆν ἐμοὶ

καὶ μῖσος ἀστῶν δημόθρους τ' ἐχειν ἀράς,
Yet once no whit didst thou withstand this man,
Who recking not, as 'twere a beast that died,
Although his woolly flocks bare sheep enough,
Sacrificed his own child, that dear delight
Born of my pangs, to charm the winds of Thrace.

Ch. Insolent is thy mood,
Thine utterance arrogant. Therefore even
As with the deed of blood frenzied is now thy soul,
So doth a gory smear fitly adorn thy brow.
With none to avenge, none to befriend, verily yet shall
Stroke for stroke in reprisal. [you pay

Cl. This likewise shalt thou hear, my solemn oath:
By the Justice here accomplished for my child,
By the Sin and Doom, whose victim here I have slain,
Not for me doth Hope tread the halls of Fear,
While yet fire on my hearth is kindled by
Aegisthus, my kind friend as heretofore.
For yonder, no small shield for our assurance,
Lies low the man who outraged his own wife,
Darling of each Chryseis under Troy,
And by him this bond-slave and auguress,
His oracle-delivering concubine,
Who, as his faithful couch-mate, shared with him
The mariners’ bench. But punished are they now.
For he fare thus: and she, now she has wailed
Swan-like her last lamenting song of death,
Lies there, his lover, adding a delicate
New seasoning to the luxury of my couch.

Ch. Oh for a speedy death, painless without a throe,
No lingering bedridden sickness,
A gentle death, bearing sleep eternal,
οὐδὲν τότε ἀνδρὶ τῷ δὲ ἐναντίον φέρων· δὲ οὐ προτιμῶν, ὡσπερεὶ βοστοῦ μόρον, μῆλων φλεόντων εὐπόκοις νομεύμασιν, ἔθυνεν αὐτοῦ παίδα, φιλτάτην ἐμοί ὁδίν’, ἐπροδὸν Ὀρηκίων ἄημάτων.

Χο. μεγαλόμητις εἰ, περίφρονα δ’ ἐλάκες· ὡσπερ οὖν φωνολιβεῖ τύχᾳ φρην ἐπιμαίνεται: λίπος ἐπ’ ὀμμάτων αἰματος ἐμπρέπει· ἀτίετον δ’ ἐτι σε χρή στερομέναν φίλων τύμμα τύμματι τίσαι.

Κλ. καὶ τήνδ’ ἀκούεις ὀρκίων ἐμῶν θέμεν· μᾶ τὴν τέλειον τῆς ἐμῆς παιδὸς Δίκην, "Ατην Ἐρινύν θ’, αἰσεὶ τὸνδ’ ἐσφαξ’ ἐγώ, οὐ μοι φόβου μέλαθρον ελπίς εμπατεῖ, ἐως ἂν αὐθη πῦρ ἐφ’ ἐστίας ἐμῆς Ἀγισθοῦς, ὡς τὸ πρόσθεν εὐ φρονῶν ἐμῶι. οὕτως γὰρ ἡμῖν ἄστις οὐ σμικρὰ θράσους. κεῖται γυναικὸς τῆςδε λυμαντήριος, Χρυσηίδων μείλιγμα τῶν ὑπ’ Ἰλίῳ· ἥ τ’ ἀιχμάλωτος ἠδε καὶ τερασκόπος καὶ κοινολεκτρὸς τοῦδε, θεσφατηλόγος πιστή ξύνευνος, ναυτίλων δὲ σελμάτων ἵσοτριβῆς. ἄτιμα δ’ οὐκ ἐπτάξατην. οἱ μὲν γὰρ οὕτως, η δὲ τοι κύκνου δίκην τὸν ὑστατον μέλψασα θανάσιμον γόον κεῖται φιλήτωρ τῷδ’, ἐμοὶ δ’ ἐπήγαγεν εὐνῆς παροψώνημα τῆς ἐμῆς χλιδῆν.

Χο. φεῦ, τῖς ἄν ἐν τάχει, μη περιώδυνοι, μηδὲ δεμνισύνης, μόλοι τῶν ἂεὶ φέρουσ’ ἐν ἡμῖν

THE AGAMEMNON 59
Sleep without end, for to us the kindest,
Truest of guardians is lost,
Who for a woman’s sin endured toils untold;
Yea, and by a woman’s hand he fell.

Demon, who o’er the house broodest, and o’er the twi-
Branching Tantalid offspring,
And through the wives, equals in destruction,
Wieldest a power, to my heart an anguish!
Now on the carcase like a loathed
Carrion crow perched he stands, and glorying
Chanting forth croaks his tuneless hymn.

Cl. Now thy judgment hast thou amended,
Since thou accusest
   The thrice-gorged demon of this whole lineage.
For from him is bred this lust of the heart
For blood to be lapped—ere yet the old woe
Is over and gone, ever fresh gore.

Ch. Ay me! Ay me! My king, my king!
   How shall I weep thee?
What word shall I speak from a loving heart?
In this spider’s web to be lying thus caught,
By a foul death gasping thy soul forth!
Ah me, me! couched thus shamefully like a slave,
Stricken down by a deadly hand
Craftily armed with a cleaving sword-blade!

Cl. Do you dare to avouch this deed to be mine?
Nay, fancy not even
That in me Agamemnon’s spouse you behold:
But disguised as the wife of the man who is slain
Yonder, the ancient wrathful Avenger
Of Atreus, that grim feaster, hath found
Μοῖρ' ἀτέλευτον ὕπνον, δαμέντος
φύλακος εὐμενεστάτου
πολέα τλάντος γυναικὸς διαὶ;
πρὸς γυναικὸς δ' ἀπέφθισεν.

dαίμον, ὃς ἐμπίτνεις δώμασι καὶ
dιψύχεις Ταυταλίδαισιν,
κράτος τ' ἰσόψυχον ἐκ γυναικῶν
καρδιώδητον ἐμοὶ κρατώνεις.
ἐπὶ δὲ σώματος δίκαι μοι
κόρακος ἑχθροῦ σταθεῖσ' ἐκνόμως
ὐμνον ὑπνεῖν ἐπεύχεται.

Κλ. νῦν δ' ὀρθώσας στόματος γυνώμην,
tὸν τριπάχυντον
daίμονα γέννης τῆς κικλήσκουν.
ἐκ τοῦ γὰρ ἐρως αἴματοχοσ
νειρίτροφεῖται, πρὶν καταλήξαι
tὸ παλαιὸν ἄχος, νέος ἦχω.

Χο. ἰὼ ἰὼ βασιλεῦ βασιλεῦ,
pῶς σε δακρύσω;

φρενὸς ἐκ φιλίας τί ποτ' ἐπτω;
κεῖσαι δ' ἀράχυνς ἐν ὑφάσματι τῶδ'
ἀσέβει βασιλεὺς τιμήτω βιών ἐκπνέων.

Κλ. αὐξεῖς εἶναι τὸδε τούργον ἐμοῖν·

μηδ' ἐπιλεξθῆς
'Ἀγαμεμνονίαν εἶναι μ' ἄλοχον.

'Ατρέως χαλέπου θοινατήρος
Yonder a full-grown
Victim for the ghosts of the children.

Ch. That thou of the blood here shed
Art innocent, who shall essay to witness?
No, no! Yet the fiend avenging
The father's sin may have aided.
And swept along on floods of gore
From slaughtered kindred by the red
Deity of Strife, he comes where he must pay now
For the caked blood of the mangled infants.

Cl. What, did not he too wreak on his household
As crafty a crime?
Nay but the branch he grafted upon me,
My long-wept-for Iphigeneia,
Even as he dealt with her, so is he faring:
Therefore in Hades let him not boast now.
As he sinned by the sword,
So is death by the sword his atonement.

Ch. In blank amaze, reft of thought's resourceful
Counselling aid, I know not
Which way to turn, now the house is falling.
I dread the fierce, crashing storm that wrecks the home,
The storm of blood. Ceased is now the small rain.
But Justice is but whetting for some other deed
Of bale her sword's edge on other whetstones.

Ay me! Earth, Earth! Would thou hadst covered me,
Or ere in the silver-sided bath
Outstretched in death I had seen him!
Who shall make his grave? Who shall sing his dirge?
Who by the tomb of the deified hero weeping
τόνδ’ ἀπέτισεν,
tέλεον νεαροῖς ἐπιθύσας.

Χο. ὦς μὲν ἀναίτιος εἴ
tούδε φόνον τίς ὁ μαρτυρήσων;
pῶ πῶ; πατρόθεν δὲ συλλή-
πτωρ γένοιτ' ἄν ἀλάστωρ.
βιάζεται δ' ὁμοσπόροις
ἐπιρροαίσσων αἰμάτων
μέλας Ἀρης, ὅποι δίκαιον προβαίνων
πάχνω κουροβόρῳ παρέχει.

Κλ. οὐδὲ γὰρ οὖτος δολίαν ἂτην
οἰκοισιν ἔθηκ';
ἄλλ' ἐμὸν ἐκ τοῦδ' ἔρνος ἀερθέν,
tὴν πολυκλαύτην Ἰφιγενείαν,
ἀξίω δράσας ἀξίω πᾶσχων
μηδὲν ἐν "Αἰδοὺ μεγαλαυχεῖτω,
ξιφοδηλήτω
θανάτῳ τίσας ἄπερ ἦρξεν.

Χο. ἀμηχανῶ φροντίδος στερηθεὶς
eυτάλαμον μέριμναν
ὅπα τράπωμαι, πίτυντος οἴκου.
δέδοικα δ' ὁμβροῦ κτύπον δομοσφαλὴ
tὸν αἰματηρὸν· ψακάς δὲ λήγει.
Δίκη δ' ἐπὶ ἄλλο πρᾶγμα θηγάνει βλάβης
πρὸς ἄλλας θηγάναισιν ἀορ.

ἰῶ γὰρ γὰ, εἴθ' ἐμ' ἐδέξω,
πρὶν τοῦδ' ἐπιδεικνύσων ἀργυροτοῖχον
δρότας κατέχοντα χαμεύνην.
tίς ὁ θάψων νυ; τίς ὁ θρηνήσων;
tίς δ' ἐπετύμβιον αἰνοῦ ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ θείῳ
Shall chant his praise, and bowed down
In unfeigned grief of heart lament him?

Cl. Thee it beseems not herein to concern thee:
No, for beneath us
He bowed, he lay dead, and below shall we bury him,
Not to a mourning household’s dirges,
But Iphigeneia with welcome blithe,
As a daughter should,
Shall encounter her sire at the swift-flowing strait
Of Wailing, and there
Fling around him her arms and shall kiss him.

Ch. Reviling thus answereth reviling.
Hard to adjudge the strife seems.
The spoiler is spoiled, the slayer pays reprisal.
While on his throne Zeus abides, abides the truth:
Who doth the deed, suffereth: so the law stands.
Who from the house shall cast the brood of curses forth?
The whole race is welded fast to ruin.

Cl. When you stumbled upon this saw, 'twas truth
Led thee. But I now
With the fiend of the Pleisthenid race consent
This treaty to swear: what is done, we accept,
Hard be it to bear, if he will but quit
Henceforth this house, and afflict with kindred
Murder some other race instead.
Though mine be a small
Portion of wealth, that in full shall suffice me,
If I thus may cleanse
These halls from the frenzy of blood-feud.
ξῦν δακρύοις ἰάπτων
ἀλαθεία φρενῶν πονήσει;

Κλ. οὐ σὲ προσήκει τὸ μέλημ’ ἀλέγειν
tοῦτο· πρὸς ἢμῶν
κάππεσε, κάτθανε, καὶ καταθάψομεν
σὺχ ὑπὸ κλαυθμῶν τῶν ἥξ οὐκῶν,…
ἀλλ’ Ἰφιγένεια νυν ἀσπασίως
θυγάτηρ, ὡς χρή,
pατέρ’ ἀντιάσασα πρὸς ὁκύπορον
πόρθμευμ’ ἀχέων
περὶ χείρε βαλοῦσα φιλῆσει.

Χο. ὅνειδος ἦκει τὸδ’ ἀντ’ ὅνειδους.
δύσμαχα δ’ ἔστι κρίναι.
φέρει φέροντ’, ἐκτίνει δ’ ὁ καῖνων.
μίμνει δὲ μίμνουτος ἐν θρόνῳ Διὸς
παθεῖν τὸν ἔρξαντα· θέσμοι γαρ.
τίς ἄν γονάν ἀραίον ἐκβάλοι δόμων;
κεκόλληται γένος πρὸς ἀτα.

Κλ. ἐς τόνδ’ ἐνέβης ξῦν ἀληθεία
χρησμόν. ἐγὼ δ’ οὖν
ἐθέλω δαίμονι τῷ Πλεισθενίδων
ὄρκους θεμένη τάδε μὲν στέργειν,
δύστηπτά περ ὅνθ’· δ’ ἰὸντον, ἱὸντ’
ἐκ τόνδε δόμων ἀλλην γενεάν
τρίβειν ἀναταῖς αὐθένταισι·
κτεάνων τε μέρος
βαιὸν ἔχουσῃ πάν ἀπόχρη μοι
μανίας μελάθρων
ἀλληλοφόνους ἀφελοῦσῃ.
[Enter Aegisthus attended by a body-guard of spearmen.]

AEGISTHUS

O glad dawn of the day that brings redress!
Now can I say that from above earth Gods
Look down to avenge the sorrows of mankind,
Now that I see this man in woven robes
Of Retribution stretched dead to my joy,
Paying in full for a father's crafty sin.

For Atreus, lord of Argos, this man's sire,
Atreus, with zeal scarce welcome to my father,
Feigning to hold a joyful feasting day,
Served him a banquet of his children's flesh.
The extremities, the feet and fingered hands,
He kept concealed, the rest disguised he set
Before Thyestes, where he sat apart:
Who at the first unwitting took and ate
That food now proved unwholesome to his race.
Then, recognizing the unhallowed deed,
He groaned, and falls back vomiting the sacrifice,
And calls a fell doom on the sons of Pelops,
Kicking the table away to aid his curse:
That thus might perish all the race of Pleisthenes.
For such cause do you see this man laid low;
And justly so did I contrive this slaughter.
While yet I dwelt abroad I reached my foe,
Weaving this dark conspiracy's whole plot.
Thus glorious were death itself to me,
Now I have seen him caught in toils of Justice.

Ch. Aegisthus, I scorn to insult distress:
But dost thou own wilfully to have slain him,
And alone to have contrived this woeful murder,
[Enter Aegisthus attended by a body-guard of spearmen.]

ΑΙΓΙΣΘΟΣ

ο φέγγος εύφρον ήμέρας δικηφόρου. 940
φαίην αν ἥδη νῦν βροτῶν τιμαόρους
θεοὺς ἄνωθεν γῆς ἔποπτευειν ἄχη,
ιδὼν ὕφαινοις ἐν πέπλοις Ἑρμύνων
τὸν ἄνδρα τόνδε κείμενον φίλως ἐμοί,
χερὸς πατρίδας ἐκτίνουτα μηχανάς.

'Ατρεύς γὰρ ἄρχων τῆς γῆς, τούτου πατήρ
'Ατρεύς, προβύμως μᾶλλον ἡ φίλως, πατρὶ
tῶμῳ, κρεουργὸν ἰμαρ εὐθύμως ἀγεί
δοκὼν, παρέσχε δαίτα παίδειών κρεών.
tὰ μὲν ποδήρη καὶ χερῶν ἀκρούς κτένας
ἐκρυπτῷ ἄνωθεν ἄνδρ' ἐκάς καθήμενον
ἀσημ', ὅ δ' αὐτῶν αὐτίκ' ἀγνοίᾳ λαβῶν
ἐσθεὶ βαρὰν ἄσωτον, ὡς ὀρᾶς, γένει.
κάπετ' ἐπιγνοὺς ἐργον οὗ καταισίων
φύμωξεν, ἀμπίττετε δ' ἀπὸ σφαγῆν ἑρῶν,
μόρον δ' ἀφερτὸν Πελοπίδαις ἐπεύχεται,
λάκτισμα δεῖπνῳ ἠξυγικῶς τίθεις ἀρά,
οὕτως ὀλέσθαι πᾶν τὸ Πλεισθένες γένος.
ἐκ τῶνδε σοι πεσόντα τόνδ' ἰδεῖν πάρα.
κάγῳ δίκαιοι τοῦδε τοῦ φόνου ῥαφεύς.
καὶ τοῦδε τάνδρος ἡξάμην θυραῖος ὡν,
πάσαν συνάψας μηχανὴν δυσβουλίας.
οὕτω καλὸν ὡς καὶ τὸ καθανεῖν ἐμοί,
ἴδοντα τούτοι τῆς δίκης ἐν ἔρκεσιν.

Χο. Αἰγισθ', ὑβρίζειν ἐν κακοῖσιν οὐ σέβω.

σὺ δ' ἄνδρα τόνδε φῆς ἐκὼν κατακτανεῖν,
μόνος δ' ἐποικτον τόνδε βουλεύσαι φόνον.
Know thine own head, judged guilty, shall not scape
The curses of a people flung in stones.

_Ae._ Thou to prate so, benched at the lowest oar,
While those of the upper tier control the ship!
Your old age shall be told how bitter it is
To be schooled in discreetness at your years.
Bonds and the pangs of hunger are supreme
Physicians to instruct even senile minds
In wisdom. Doth not this sight make thee see?
Kick not against the pricks, lest the wound smart.

_Ch._ Thou woman, in wait for returning warriors,
Lurking at home, defiling a man's bed—
For a mighty captain didst thou plot this death?

_Ae._ These words likewise shall prove the source of tears.

_Ch._ Thou to be despot of our Argive folk,
Who durst not, when thou hadst contrived his death,
Durst not achieve the crime with thine own hand.

_Ae._ The beguiling was the wife's part manifestly.
I was suspected, a foe by my birth.
Now with the dead king's treasure will I strive
To rule this people: but the mutinous man
I shall yoke sternly, not like a corn-fed colt
In traces; no, but grim starvation, lodged
With darkness, shall not leave him till he is tamed.

_Ch._ Why, craven soul, didst thou not kill thy foe
Unaided, but must join with thee a woman,
Defilement of our country and its Gods,
To slay him? Oh, is Orestes living yet,
That he by fortune's grace returning home
Victoriously may put both these to death?

_Ae._ Nay, if thus in word and deed you threaten, soon
shall you be taught.
οὐ φημ’ ἀλύξειν ἐν δίκη τὸ σὸν κάρα
dημορριφέως, σάφ’ ἵσθι, λευσίμως ἄρας.

Αἰ. σὺ ταῦτα φωνεῖς νερτέρα προσήμενος
κάτη, κρατοῦντων τῶν ἕπτι ξυγῷ δορός;
γυνόσει γέρων ὦν ὡς διδάσκεσθαι βαρὸς
tῷ τηλικοῦτῳ, σωφρονεῖν εἰρημένον.
δεσμὸς δὲ καὶ τὸ θῆρας αἳ τε νήστιδες
dύαι διδάσκειν ἐξοχώταται φρενῶν
ιατρομάντεις. οὐχ ὂρᾶς ὄρων τάδε;
πρὸς κέντρα μὴ λάκτιζε, μὴ παίσας μογῆς.

Χο. γύναι, σὺ τοὺς ήκοντας ἐκ μάχης μένων
οὐκουρὸς εὐνὴν ἄνδρος αἰσχύνων ἄμα
ἀνδρὶ στρατηγῷ τὸν ἐβούλευσας μόρον;

Αἰ. καὶ ταῦτα τάπη κλαυμάτων ἀρχηγεῖν.

Χο. ὡς δὴ σὺ μοι τῦραννος Ἀργείων ἔσει,
ὅς οὐκ, ἐπειδὴ τῷ ἐβούλευσας μόρον,
δράσαι τῷ ἔργῳ οὐκ ἔτης αὐτοκτόνως.

Αἰ. τὸ γάρ δολῶσαι πρὸς γυναῖκας ἢν σαφῆς·
ἐγὼ δ’ ὑποπτός ἐχθρὸς ἡ παλαιγενῆς.
ἐκ τῶν δὲ τούδε χρημάτων πειράσομαι
ἀρχεῖν πολίτῶν· τὸν δὲ μὴ πειθάνορα
ζεύξῳ βαρείας οὐτὶ μοι σειραφόρον
κριθῶντα πῶλον’ ἀλλ’ ὁ δυσφιλεῖ σκότῳ

Λιμὸς ξύνοικος μαλθακὸν σφ’ ἔτοψεται.

Χο. τί δὴ τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν ἄπο ψυχῆς κακῆς
οὔκ αὐτὸς ἡμάριζες, ἀλλὰ νυν γυνὴ
χώρας μίασμα καὶ θεῶν ἐγχορίων
ἐκτειν’; Ὁρέστης ἄρα που βλέπει φάος,
ὅπως κατελθὼν δεήρο πρεμιμεῖν τύχη
ἀμφότεροι γένηται τοῦδε παγκρατῆς φονεύς;

Αἰ. ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ δοκεῖς τάδ’ ἔρδειν καὶ λέγειν, γνώσει
tάχα.
Forward now, my trusty spearmen! Here is work for us at hand.

SOLDIERS

Forward now! His sword unsheathing, each man stand upon his guard.

Ch. Nay, I too, my sword unsheathing, shrink not back, though I must die.

So. Die, thou sayest. The word is welcome. Ours be now to make it good.

Cl. Nay forbear, my dearest husband. Let us do no further ill.

Miseries are here to reap in plenty, a pitiable crop.

Harm enough is done already: let no blood by us be spilt.

Then if haply these afflications prove enough, there let us stop,

Sorely smitten thus already by the heavy heel of fate.

Sodoth a woman's reason counsel, if so be that any heed.

Ae. But for these to let their foolish tongues thus blossom into speech,

Flinging out such overweening words, as though to tempt their fate!

Ch. Never was it Argive fashion to fawn upon a villainous man.

Ae. Well, I'll visit this upon you soon or late in days to come.

Ch. That thou shalt not, if but Heaven guide Orestes back to his home.

Ae. Yes, I know full well myself how banished men will feed on hopes.

Ch. Do thy worst; wax fat, befouling righteousness, while yet thou mayest.
εἰα δὴ, φίλοι λοχίται, τοῦργον οὐχ έκας τόδε.

ΔΟΞΙΤΑΙ

εἰα δὴ, ξίφος πρόκωπον πάς τις εὔτρεπτιζέτω.

Χο. ἀλλὰ μὴν κάγῳ πρόκωπος οὐκ ἀναίνομαι θανείν.

Λο. δεχομένοις λέγεις θανείν σε· τὴν τύχην δ' αἰρού-

µεθα.

Κλ. μηδαµῶς, ὁ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, ἀλλὰ δράσωμεν

κακά.

ἀλλὰ καὶ τάδ' ἐξαµήσαι πολλὰ δύστηνον θέρος·

πηµονής δ' ἄλις γ' ὑπάρχει· μηδὲν αἰµατόµεθα.

εἰ δὲ τοι µόχθων γένοιτο τῶν ἀλίς, δεχοίµεθ' ἀν,

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δαίµονος χηλή βαρεία δυστυχώς πεπληγµένοι.

οὖτ' ἔχει λόγος γυναικός, εἰ τις αξιοί µαθεῖν.

Αἰ. ἀλλὰ τούσδ' ἐµοὶ µαταίαν γλῶσσαν ὁδ' ἀπαν-

θίσαι

κάκβαλείν ἐπὶ τοιαῦτα δαίµονος πειροµένους.

Χο. οὐκ ἀν 'Αργείων τόδ' εἴη, φῶτα προσσαίνειν

κακόν.

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Αἰ. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σ' ἐν υστέραισιν ἡµέραις µέτεµ' ἔτι.

Χο. οὐκ, ἐὰν δαίµων 'Ορέστην δεύρ' ἀπευθύνη

µολείν.

Αἰ. οἴδ' ἐγὼ φεύγοντας ἄνδρας ἐλπίδας συτοµένους.

Χο. πράσσε, πιαίνου, μιαίνων τὴν δίκην, ἔπει πάρα.
Ae. Take my warning; for this folly thou shalt make amends some day.

Ch. Brag: be valiant like a cock who crows and struts beside his hen.

Cl. Treat with the contempt they merit these vain yelpings. Thou and I,

Now the masters in this palace, will rule all thingsrighteously.
ΘΕ ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΟΝ

Αλ. ἵσθι μοι δῶσον ἀποινα τῆς δε μωρίας χρόνον.  
Χο. κόμπασον θαρσῶν, ἀλέκτωρ ὅστε θηλείας πέλαις.  
Κλ. μὴ προτιμήσῃς ματαίων τῶν ὑλαγμάτων· ἐγὼ καὶ σὺ θήσομεν κρατούντε τῶνδε δωμάτων καλώς.

1019
THE CHOEPHORI

OF

AESCHYLUS
THE CHOEPHORI

[The grave of Agamemnon, near the palace of Argos.]

ORESTES

Nether Hermes, guardian of paternal rights,
Preserve me and fight with me at my prayer.
Over this grave's mound on my sire I call
To hearken, to give heed.
I was not there, father, to wail thy death,
Nor did I stretch my hand towards thy bier.

[Enter Electra and the Chorus.]

What is it I see? What is this troop of women
Approaching in conspicuous black robes
Of mourning? To what cause should I assign it?
Hath some new sorrow fallen upon the house?
Or should I guess they are bringing these libations
To appease my father in the world below?
Naught else? Yonder, it must be, walks Electra,
My sister. By the bitterness of her grief
I know her. O Zeus, grant me now to avenge
My sire's death; on my side deign thou to fight.
Pylades, stand we aside, that I may learn
More surely who these suppliant women are.

CHORUS

"Go," said she, "from the palace bear
Libations forth, with sharp resounding stroke of hand."
Behold, my cheek is newly scarred with crimson,
ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

'Ερμή χθόνιε πατρῷ ἐποπτεύων κράτη,
σωτὴρ γενοῦ μοι ξύμμαχός τ' αἰτουμένῳ·
tύμβω δ' ἐπ' ὄχθῳ τῶδε κηρύσσω πατρὶ
κλέων, ἄκούσαι.
οὐ γὰρ παρὸν ἀμώξα σόν, πάτερ, μόρον
οὐδ' ξέστεινα χεῖρ' ἐπ' ἐκφορῇ νεκροῦ.

[Enter Electra and the Chorus.]

τί χρήμα λεύσω; τίς ποθ' ἢδ' ὀμήγυρις
στείχει γυναικῶν φάρεσιν μελαγχίμοις
πρέπουσα; ποίᾳ ξυμφορᾷ προσεικάσω;
πότερα δόμοις πήμα προσκυρεῖ νέον;
ἡ πατρὶ τῶμῳ τᾶσθ' ἐπεικάσας τύχω
χώας φερούσας νεκροῖς μελαγχίματα;
οὐδὲν ποτ' ἄλλο; καὶ γὰρ Ἡλέκτραν δοκῶ
стеίχειν ἀδελφὴν τήν εμήν πενθεῖ λυγρῷ
πρέπουσαν. ὃ Ζεῦ, δός με τίσασθαι μόρον
πατρός, γενοῦ δὲ σύμμαχος θέλων ἐμοὶ.
Πυλάδη, σταθῶμεν ἐκποδῶν, ως ἂν σαφῶς
μάθω γυναικῶν ἢτις ἢδε προστροφῇ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιαλτὸς ἐκ δόμων ἔβαν
.χώας προπομπῶς ὀξυχειρὶ σὺν κτύπῳ,
πρέπει παρῆς φοινίως ἀμυγμοῖς

[στρ. α.]

THE CHOEPHORI

[The grave of Agamemnon, near the palace of Argos.]
Rent by the bloodily furrowing nail!
At all hours feeds my heart on lamentation ceaselessly.
A scream was heard of linen torn,
As in my agony I ripped it up,
These folds o' er my breast,
Robes cruelly mangled,
Victims of my joyless task.

For thrilling Fear with lifted hair,
Prophetic to the house in dreams, and breathing wrath
From sleep, at dead of night with panic outcry
Uttered a shriek from the inner recess,
A fierce wail, bursting on the chamber where the women
And they who read this dream declared, [slept.
Pledging a verity by heaven revealed,
That ghosts underground,
Souls wrathfully plaintive,
Still against their slayers raged.

To avert such horror, the impious woman who sends
(Alas, Earth, Mother!) [me forth,
Plans a vain appeasement
That can ne'er appease. But I
Fear to speak the words she bade.
For what redemption can there be for blood once
Woe for this miserable hearth! [spilt?
Woe for this house to ruin doomed!
A sunless gloom, abhorred of men,
A shroud of hate broods o' er a house
Death-bereaved of its master.

That venerable, resistless, invincible majesty,
That once found a way through
The ears and hearts of all men,
όνυχος ἄλοκι νεοτόμῳ,
δι’ αἰώνος δ’ ἤγμοίσι βόσκεται κέαρ.
λυνοφθόροι δ’ ὑφασμάτων
λακίδες ἐφλαδον ὑπ’ ἄλγεσιν,
πρόστερνοι στολμοὶ
πέπλων ἄγελάστοις
ξυμφοραῖς πεπληγμένων.

τοῦ ὄρθοβριξ φόβος,
δόμων ὀνειρόματις, ἐξ ὑπνοῦ κότον
πνεῶν, ἀπρόνυκτον ἀμβόαμα
μυχόθεν ἐλακε περὶ φόβῳ,
γυναικείοις εἰς δώμασιν βαρὺς πίτνων.

κριταί τε τῶν ὀνειράτων
θεόθεν ἐλακον ὑπέγγυοι
μέμφεσθαι τοὺς γὰς
νέρθεν περιθύμως
τοῖς κτανοῦσί τ’ ἐγκοτεῖν.

tοῦ νάδων ἀχάριτον ἀπότροπον κακῶν,

ιό γαία μαία,
μωμένα μ’ ἰάλλει
δύσθεος γυνά. φοβοῦ-

μαι δ’ ἐποῦς τόδ’ ἐκβαλεῖν.

τί γὰρ λύτρον πεσόντος αἰματος πέδοι;

ίω πάνοιξις ἐστία,

ιῶ κατασκαφαῖ δόμων.

ἄνηλιοι βροτοστυγεῖς

δυόφοι καλύπτονσι δόμους

dεσποτῶν θανάτοισι.

σέβας δ’ ἁμαχον ἀδάματον ἀπόλεμου τὸ πρῖν [ἄντ. β.

δ’ ὄτων φρενὸς τε

δαμίας περαινοῦ
Now has fallen away. 'Tis Fear
Reigns instead. Prosperity—
That among mortals is a god, and more than god.
But Justice, watching with her scale,
On some by daylight swiftly swoops,
Or in the borderland of dark
Her lingering wrath ripening bides:
Others utterly the night whelms.

ELECTRA
Maidens, who serve our house and give it order,
While I pour forth these funeral offerings,
How must I speak, how pray, to appease my sire?
Shall I say that I bring a gift of love
From wife to loving husband—from my mother?
Nay, that I dare not. I know not what to say.

Ch. While you pour, utter blessings for the loyal.
El. To whom shall I give that name among our friends?
Ch. First to thyself, and all who hate Aegisthus.
El. For myself must I pray then, and for thee?
Ch. You know the truth: 'tis yours now to decide.
El. Whom else then to this company should I add?
Ch. Remember Orestes, banished though he be.
El. 'Tis well said. Wisely have you admonished me.
Ch. Next, mindful of those guilty of that bloodshed—
El. Well, what? Direct me: instruct my ignorance.
Ch. Pray that upon them come some god or mortal—
El. To judge or to avenge? Which do you mean?
Ch. Say simply this: "one to take life for life."
El. Is that a holy prayer for me to utter?
Ch. Why not?—to requite foes with injury!
El. Mighty Herald between worlds above and under,
Aid me, O nether Hermes, summoning
νῦν ἀφίσταται. φοβεῖται δὲ τις. τὸ δ’ εὐτυχεῖν
τὸ δ’ ἐν βροτοῖς θεὸς τε καὶ θεοῦ πλέον.
ροπὴ δ’ ἐπισκοπεῖ δίκας
tαχεία τοὺς μὲν ἐν φάει,
tὰ δ’ ἐν μεταχωμιῷ σκότον
μένει χρονίζοντι βρύει,
tοὺς δ’ ἀκρατοὺς ἔχει νῦξ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ
διώκαι γυναῖκες, δωμάτων εὐθήμονες,
tί φῶ θέου τάδε κηδεῖν εὐδεῖν εἰς θεός τε καὶ θεοῦ πλέον.
ροπή δ’ επισκοπεῖ δίκας
tαχεία τοὺς μὲν ἐν φάει,
tὰ δ’ ἐν μεταχωμιῷ σκότον
μένει χρονίζοντι βρύει,
tοὺς δ’ ἀκρατοὺς ἔχει νῦξ.

Χο. φθέγγουχοι κηδεῖν τοῖς εὐφροσύνῃς.
Ηλ. τίνας δὲ τούτους τῶν φίλων προσενέπως?
Χο. πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὴν χώστις Ἀλκισθοῦν στυγεῖ.
Ηλ. ἐμοὶ τε καὶ σοὶ τάρ’ ἐπεὔξωμαι τάδε;
Χο. αὐτὴν σὺ ταῦτα μανθάνουσ’ ἥδη φράσαι.
Ηλ. τίν’ οὖν ἐτ’ ἄλλον τὴδε προστιθῶ στάσει;
Χο. μέμην’ Ὀρέστου, κεῖ θυραῖος ἐσθ’ ὀμως.
Ηλ. εὗ τούτο, καθρεύωσασ οὖν ἦκιστά με.
Χο. τοῖς αἰτίοις νυν τοῦ φόνου μεμυνήνην
Ηλ. τί φῶ; δίδασκα ἀπειρον εἴηγομενήν.
Χο. ἐλθεῖν τίν’ αὐτοῖς δαίμον’ ἢ βροτῶν τινα
Ηλ. τότερα δικαστήν ἢ δικηφόρον λέγεις?
Χο. ἀπλῶς τι φράξουσ’, ὡστ’ ἀνταποκτενεί.
Ηλ. καὶ ταῦτα μοῦστιν εὐσεβῆ θεῶν πάρα;
Χο. πῶς δ’ οὖ τὸν ἐχθρὸν ἀνταμεῖβεσθαί κακοῖς;
Ηλ. κήρυξ μέγιστε τῶν ἃνω τε καὶ κάτω,
ἀρηξον, Ἕρμην χθόνιε, κηρύξας ἐμοί,
The powers beneath the earth to hear my prayers
Uttered for wrongs done to a father's home.
Pouring this lustral water to dead men,
I call upon my sire: Have pity on me.
With dear Orestes kindle thy dark halls.
And for me grant that I prove chaster far
Than was my mother, more innocent my hand.
For us these prayers. But for our adversaries
One to avenge thee, father, I bid rise,
And that thy slayers justly in turn be slain.

Or. Tell the Gods that thy prayers have been fulfilled,
And pray hereafter for like good success.
El. Why, for what boon have I to thank them now?
Or. The sight of that for which thou hast prayed so long.
El. Whom canst thou know that I was summoning?
Or. Whom but Orestes, the idol of thy soul?
El. And what proof have I that my prayers are answered?
Or. Here am I. Seek no nearer friend than me.
El. O Sir, is this some snare you are weaving round me?
Or. Against myself then am I framing it.
El. I see you wish to mock at my afflictions.
Or. Then at my own too, if indeed at thine.
El. As if thou wert Orestes then I bid thee....
Or. Nay, 'tis himself thou seest and wilt not know.
El. O thou sweet eye, glancing for me with love
Fourfold! To thee must needs be given the name
Of father: to thee falls the love I owe
To a mother—mine has merited utmost hate—
And to a sister, cruelly sacrificed.
Proved now a brother true, I reverence thee.
Only may Power and Justice, and with these
Zeus, mightiest of all, be on thy side.
τούς γῆς ἐνερήθε δαίμονας κλύειν ἐμᾶς 
εὐχὰς, πατρῴων δωμάτων ἐπισκόπους. 
κάγῳ χέουσα τάσδε χέρνιβας βροτοῖς 
λέγω καλοῦσα πατέρ', ἔποικτειρόν τ' ἐμὲ 
φίλων τ' Ὁρέστην φῶς ἀναψον ἐν δόμοις. 
αὐτῇ τέ μοι δῶς σωφρονεστέραν πολὺ 
μητρός γενέσθαι χείρα τ' εὐσεβεστέραν.' 
ἡμῖν μὲν εὐχὰς τάσδε, τοῖς δ' ἐναντίοις 
λέγω φανήναι σου, πάτερ, τιμάορον, 
καὶ τοὺς κτανόντας ἀντικατθανεῖν δίκη. 

Ορ. εὖχον τὰ λοιπά, τοῖς θεοῖς τελεσφόροις 
εὐχὰς ἐπαγγέλλουσα, τυγχάνειν καλῶς.

Ηλ. ἐπεί τί νῦν ἐκατὶ δαίμονων κυρῶ; 
Ορ. εἰς οψιν ἡκεῖς ὠνπερ ἔξην χοῦ πάλαι.

Ηλ. καὶ τίνα σύνοισθά μοι καλουμένη βροτῶν; 
Ορ. σύνοιδ' Ὁρέστην πολλὰ σ' ἐκτητηκατήθην.

Ηλ. καὶ πρὸς τί δῆτα τυγχάνω κατευματῶν; 
Ορ. ὃδ' εἰμὶ· μὴ μάτευ' ἐμοῦ μᾶλλον φίλων. 
Ηλ. ἄλλ' ἢ δόλων τιν', ὁ ξέν', ἀμφὶ μοι πλέκεις; 
Ορ. αὐτὸς καθ' αὐτοῦ τάρα μηχανορραφώ. 
Ηλ. ἄλλ' ἐν κακοῖς τοῖς ἐμοῖς γελάν θέλεις. 
Ορ. καὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἄρ', εἴπερ ἐν γε τοῦτι σοῖς. 
Ηλ. ὡς ὄντ' Ὁρέστην τὰρ' ἐγὼ σε προσφάτων; 
Ορ. αὐτὸν μὲν οὖν ὅρωσα δυσμαθεῖς ἐμὲ. 
Ηλ. ὁ τερπνῶν ὦμμα τεσσάρας μοίρας ἔχον 
ἐμοὶ· προσανθάν δ' ἐστ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχον 
pατέρα τε, καὶ τὸ μήτρος ἐσ' σε μοι ῥέπει 
στέργηθρον· ἡ δὲ πανδίκοις ἐχθαίρεται· 
καὶ τῆς τυθείσῃς νηλεῶς ἰμαλὼς ὡμοστόρου· 
πιστῶς δ' ἀδελφὸς ἡσυ', ἐμοὶ σέβας φέρων· 
μόνον Κράτος τε καὶ Δίκη σὺν τῷ τρίτῳ 
pάντων μεγίστῳ Ζημὶ συγγένοιτό σοι.
Or. Zeus, Zeus, look down; witness what here is done. Behold this orphan brood of an eagle sire That perished in the twines and writhing coils Of a fell viper. Fatherless are they, gripped By hungry want, for strength is not yet theirs To bring home to the nest their father’s prey. Like them mayst thou behold me; and her too, Electra, children fatherless and forlorn, Both suffering the same exile from our home.

Ch. O children, saviours of the ancestral hearth, Silence, I pray, lest someone overhear, And to ease a babbling tongue report all this To those that rule. Ah may I one day watch Their corpses in the spluttering resinous flame!

Or. Never shall Loxias’ mighty oracle Betray us. He it was who bade me endure This peril, threatening oft with voice uplifted Woes to make cold as winter my warm heart, If I avenged not those that slew my sire. The wrath rising from earth of hostile powers His voice proclaimed to men, citing such plagues As leprous ulcers crawling o’er the flesh, Eating its health away with cruel jaws: And how upon this plague a white down grows. Yet other onslaughts of the avenging fiends Sprang from a father’s blood, so he foretold: For the unseen weapon of the nether powers, Stirred by slain kinsmen calling for revenge, Frenzy and causeless terror of the night, Perturb and harass; till by the brazen scourge His marred carcase is chased forth from the town. At last without rites, without friends, he dies,
Op. Ζεύ Ζεύ, θεωρός τώνδε πραγμάτων γενοῦ·
ιδού δὲ γένναν εύνιν αἰετοῦ πατρός,
θανόντος εν πλεκταῖσι καὶ σπειράμασι
δεινής έχίδνης. τοὺς δ’ ἀπωρφανισμένους
νήστις πιέζει λιμός· οὐ γὰρ ἐντελεῖς
θήραν πατρίαν προσφέρειν σκηνήμασιν.
οὔτω δὲ κάμε τήνδε τ’, Ὡλέκτραν λέγω,
ἰδεῖν πάρεστί σοι, πατροστερὴ γόνον,
άμφω φυγῆν ἔχοντε τὴν αὐτὴν δόμων.

Χο. ὦ παιδεῖς, ὦ σωτηρεῖς ἐστίας πατρός,
συγάθ’, ὅπως μὴ πεύσεταί τις, ὦ τέκνα,
γλώσσης χάριν δέ πάντ’ ἀπαγγέλῃ τάδε
πρὸς τοὺς κρατοῦντας· οὔς ἰδομ’ ἐγώ ποτε
θανόντας εν κηκίδι πισσήρει φλογός.

Ορ. οὔτοι προδώσει Δοξίου μεγαθενής,
χρησμὸς κελεύου τώνδε κίνδυνον περάν,
καξορθιάζων πολλὰ καὶ δυσχειμέρους
άτας υψί ήπαρ θερμόν ἐξαυδώμενος,
εἰ μὴ μέτεμι τοῦ πατρός τοὺς αἰτίους·
τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐκ γῆς δυσχρόνων μημίματα
βροτοῖς πιφαυσκὼν εἶπε, τάσδ’ αἰνών νόσους—
σαρκῶν ἐπαμβατήρας ἄγριας γυνάδους
λειχήνας εξέσθοντας ἀρχαῖαν φύσιν,
λευκὰς δὲ κόρσας τήδ’ ἐπαντέλεων νόσῳ·
ἀλλας τ’ ἐφόνει προσβολὰς Ἑρυνύνων
ἐκ τῶν πατρόφων αἰμάτων τελομένας·
τὸ γὰρ σκοτεινόν τῶν ἐνερτέρων βέλος
ἐκ προστροπαίων ἐν γένει πεπτωκότων,
καὶ λύσσα καὶ μάταιος ἐκ νυκτῶν φόβος
κινεῖ, ταράσσει, καὶ διώκεσθαι πόλεως
χαλκηλάτῳ πλάστιγγι λυμανθέν δέμας,
πάντων δ’ ἀτιμὸν κάφιλον θυμίσκειν χρόνῳ.
Utterly wasted to a vile mummied corpse.
Should I not trust such oracles as these?
Though I trust them not, the deed must yet be done.

Ch. O powerful Fates, let Zeus now send
Prosperous fortune
Unto us whom righteousness aideth.
“Enmity of tongue for enmity of tongue
Be paid in requital,” cries Justice aloud,
Exacting the debt that is owed her.
“Murderous blow for murderous blow
Let him take for his payment.” “To the deed its
[reward,”
So speaks immemorial wisdom.

Or. Father, O father of woe, what word
Am I to speak, or what do
To waft this message afar to thee,
Where in the grave thou couchest?
As darkness and light are sundered,
Loving rites cannot reach thee,
The dirge chanted of old to praise
Kings of the house of Atreus.

Ch. My son, the ravening jaw
Of fire subdues not wholly
The spirit of him who is dead.
Someday his mood he revealeth.
When the slain man is bewailed, then
Is the injurer discovered.
And a rightful lamentation
For a parent hunts and ranges
With wide search, till the guilt is tracked down.

El. Hear then, O father, as we in turn
Utter our tearful anguish.
κακῶς ταριχευθέντα παμφθάρτω μόρφ. 
τοιούθεν χρησμοί ἄρα χρῆ πεποιθέναι; 
κεὶ μὴ πέποιθα, τούργον ἔστ’ ἐργαστέον.

Χο. ἀλ’ ὁ μεγάλαι Μοῖραι, Διόθεν 
τήδε τελευτάν,

'*ἀντὶ μὲν ἐχθρᾶς γλώσσης ἑχθρὰ 
γλώσσα τελείσθω· τούφειλόμενον 
πράσσουσα Δίκη μέγ᾽ ἀντεί.*

'ἀντὶ δὲ πληγῆς φονίας φονίαν 
πληγὴν τινέτω. 'δράσαντι παθεῖν,' 
τριγέρων μῦθος τάδε φοινεί.

Ορ. ὁ πάτερ αἰνοπαθές, τί σοι 
φάμενος ἢ τί ρέγας 
τύχοιμ᾽ ἀγκαθεν ὑμρίσας,
ἐνθα σ’ ἔχουσιν εὐναί;

σκότω φάός ἀντίμοι-
ρον. χάριται δ᾽ ὁμοίως 
κέκληνται γόος εὐκλεής 
προσθοδόμοις Ἀτρείδαις.

Χο. τέκνοι, φρόνημα τοῦ 
θανόντος οὐ δαμάξει 
πυρὸς μαλερὰ γνάθος,
φαίνει δ᾽ ὡστερον ὀργάς·

ὄτοτε βλάπτων. 

πατέρων τε καὶ τεκόντων 
γόος ἐνδίκος ματεύει 
τὸ πᾶν ἀμφίλαφης παραχθεῖς.

Ηλ. κλοθή νυν, ὁ πάτερ, ἐν μέρει 
πολυδάκρυτα πένθῃ.
Thy two children are we whose dirge
Wails for thee o'er thy grave-mound.

The suppliant and the exile
To thy tomb we draw near.

What here is well? What is free from woe?
Vain with our doom to wrestle.

Ch. I beat my breast to an Arian dirge, and in the mode
Of Kissan wailing-women slaves,

[hands]

With clutching and bespattering strokes behold my
In quick succession uplifted higher and higher still
To fall in battering blows, until my miserable
Belaboured head resounds beneath the cruel shock.

El. Oh fie on thee! Cruel fiend!
Thou wicked mother! Cruel was that funeral.
Without kinsfolk, him, a king,
Without lament, unbewailed,
Thou hadst the heart so to inter a husband.

Or. No rites at all! Was it so then? Oh shame!
Nay verily, for my father's shaming
By help of heaven she shall pay,
By help of these hands of mine.
And then, when I have slain her, let me perish.

Ch. This also know, his limbs were lopped and mangled.
'Twas her design, hers who so could bury him,
To make his death such that thou
Shouldst not endure still to live.
Thou now hast heard how thy sire was outraged.

Or. On thee I call; father, stand beside thine own.
El. And I to his, all in tears, would add my voice.
Ch. And we too all cry aloud with one accord:
δίπαις τοί σ' ἐπιτύμβιος
θρήνος ἀναστενάζει.
τάφος δ' ἰκέτας δέδεκται
φυγάδας θ' ὀμοίως.
tί τών δ' εὖ, τί δ' ἀτερ κακών;
οὔκ ἀπρίακτος ἄτα;

Χο. ἐκοψα κομμὼν Ἀριον ἐν τε Κισσίας
νόμοις ἤλεμιστρίας,
ἀπρυγκτόπληκτα πολυπάλακτα δ' ἢν ἰδεῖν
ἐπασσυτεροτριβή τὰ χερῶν ὀρέγματα
ἀνωθεν ἀνέκαθεν, κτύπῳ δ' ἐπιρροθεῖ
κροητην ἀμόν πανάθλιουν κάρα.

Ηλ. ἰδ' ἰδ' δαῖα
πάντολμε μάτερ, δαίαις ἐν ἐκφοραῖς
ἀνεύ πολιτῶν ἀνακτ',
ἀνεύ δὲ πενθημάτων
ἔτλας ἀνοίμωκτον ἄνδρα θάψαι.

Ορ. ταφᾶς ἀτίμους ἐλέξας, οἳμοι;
πατρὸς δ' ἀτίμωσιν ἀρα τίσει
ἐκατί μὲν δαιμόνων,
ἐκατί δ' ἀμὰν χερῶν.
ἐπειτ' ἐγὼ νοσφίσας ὀλοίμαν.

Χο. ἐμασχαλίσθη δὲ γ', ὡς τῶδ' εἴδής,
ἐπρασσε δ' ἀτερ νῶ ὢδε θάπτει,
μόρον κτίσαι μωμένα
ἀφρτον αἰῶνι σφ.
κλυεῖς πατρώους δύας ἀτίμους.

Ορ. σε τοὶ λέγω, ἔννοια, πάτερ, φίλοις.
Ηλ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐπιφθέγγομαι κεκλαυμένα.
Χο. στάσις δὲ πάγκοιν ὀδ' ἐπιρροθεῖ.
Or. El. Ch. Oh hearken; visit thou the light:
   Aid us against our foes' hate.

Or. Let sword with sword, right encountering meet with
   right.
El. Ye deities, judge the right with righteousness.
Ch. A shudder steals o'er me, as I hear such prayers.

Or, El. Ch. Though destiny hath bided long,
   Yet shall your prayer reveal it.

Or. O father, who wast so unkingly slain,
   Grant, I implore thee, lordship in thy house.
El. A like boon, father, do I ask of thee:
   Let me escape, and let Aegisthus perish.
Or. O Earth, release my sire to guide me in fight.
El. O Persephassa, grant fair victory.
Or. Remember the bath wherewith they slew thee, father.
El. Remember what strange cloak-net they devised.
Or. In fetters no smith forged thou wast snared, father.
El. Yes, in a wrapping plotted for thy shame.
Or. Art thou not wakened by these taunttings, father?
El. Dost thou not lift up thy beloved head?
Or. Either send Justice to fight beside thine own,
   Or grant us the like grip of them in turn,
   If thou by victory wouldst retrieve defeat.
El. Hearken once more to this last cry, father.
   Behold these nestlings crouching at thy tomb,
   And pity us both, thy daughter and thy son.
Or. And blot not out this seed of Pelops' line:
   For thus, though thou hast died, thou art not dead.
Ch. Come, amply have you lengthened out your dirge,
   Due tribute to the tomb's unwept dishonour.
For the rest, since now thy heart is set on deeds,
   Get thee to work forthwith, and test thy fortune.
Ορ. Ηλ. Χο. άκουσον ἐς φάος μολῶν,
ξὺν δὲ γενοῦ πρὸς ἐχθροῦς.

Ορ. ὁ Άρης Ἀρει ξυμβαλεῖ, Δίκα Δίκα.
Ηλ. ἰδ θεοί, κραίνετ' ἐνδίκως δίκας.
Χο. τρόμος μ' ύφερπει κλύουσαν εὐγμάτων.
Ορ. Ηλ. Χο. τὸ μόρσιμον μένει πάλαι,
eὐχομένοις δ' ἀν ἐλθοί.

Ορ. πάτερ, τρόποισιν οὐ τυραννικοῖς θανῶν,
aἰτομένῳ μοι δὸς κράτος τῶν σῶν δόμων.
Ηλ. κάγω, πάτερ, τοιάνδε σου χρείαν ἔχω,
oίκειν μετ' ἀνδρὸς θείσαν Αὐγήθορ μόρον.
Ορ. ὁ γαί', ἄνες μοι πατέρ' ἐποττέεισαι μάχην.
Ηλ. ὁ Περσέφασσα, δὸς δὲ γ' εὔμορφον κράτος.
Ορ. μέμνησο λουτρῶν οἷς ἐνοσφίσθης, πάτερ.
Ηλ. μέμνησο δ' ἀμφίβληστρον ός ἐκαίνισας—
Ορ. πέδαις γ' ἀχαλκεύτοισι θηρευθείς, πάτερ,—
Ηλ. αἰσχρῶς τε βουλευτοῖσιν εν καλύμμασιν.
Ορ. ἄρ' ἐξεγείρει τοῖσδ' ὀνείδεσιν, πάτερ;
Ηλ. ἄρ' ὀρθόν αἱρεῖς φίλτατον το σον κάρα;
Ορ. ήτοι δίκην ἱλλε σύμμαχον φίλοις,
η τὰς ὁμοίας ἀντίδος λαβάς λαβεῖν,
εἴπερ κρατηθείς γ' ἀντινικήσαι θέλεις.
Ηλ. καί τῆσδ' άκουσον λοιπόν βοῆς, πάτερ,
ἰδὼν νεοσσοῦς τοῦσδ' ἐφημένος τάφος
οἷκτειρε θῆλυν ἄρσενός θ' ὀμοῖ γόον.
Ορ. καί μὴ ἔξαλείψῃς σπέρμα Πελοττίδώζ/ τάδε.
οὕτω γάρ οὐ τέθνηκας οὐδὲ περ θανῶν.
Χο. καί μὴν ἀμεμφῆ τῶν' ἐτεινάτην λόγον,
τίμημα τύμβου τῆς ἀνοιμωκτον τύχης.
τὰ δ' ἄλλ', ἐπειδὴ δρᾶν κατώρθωσαι φρειν, 240
ἔρδοις ἀν ἥδη δαίμονος πειρώμενος.
Or. That will I. Yet first it were well to enquire, 
Wherefore she sent libations; what could move her 
So late to make amends for wrongs past cure?

Ch. I know, my son; for I was there. By dreams 
And prowling terrors of the night perturbed, 
The godless woman sent these offerings.

Or. And did you learn the dream? Then tell it me.

Ch. She gave birth in her dream to a snake, she says, 
And couched it like a babe in swaddling bands.

Or. For what food did it crave, this new-born monster?

Ch. She offered it her own breast in her dream, 
And with the milk it sucked a curd of blood. 
Then she awoke from sleep shrieking for terror; 
And many a lamp, whose light the dark had blinded, 
Flared up throughout the house at the queen's need. 
Therefore these pious offerings she sends, 
In hope to lance and cure the mischief so.

Or. Now to this earth and to my father's grave 
I pray that in me this dream may be fulfilled. 
She who thus nursed so dread a prodigy 
Must die by force, and I, enserpented, 
Shall be her slayer, as this dream foretells.

Ch. I accept thy divination of these signs. 
So may it prove. Teach now thy friends their part, 
Telling what each should do or should not do.

Or. 'Tis simple. Let Electra go within. 
These women I bid keep concealed my plan. 
Then as by craft they slew a noble prince, 
By craft they shall be caught in the same noose, 
And perish, even as Loxias foretold. 
For like a traveller, and in full disguise, 
To the main gate will I come with Pylades here,
Ορ. ἐσται· πυθέσθαι δ' οὐδὲν ἐστ' ἐξω δρόμου, πόθεν χοάς ἔπεμψεν, ἐκ τίνος λόγου μεθύστερον τιμῶν' ἀνήκεστον πάθος;
Χο. οἶδ', ὦ τέκνον, παρῇ γάρ· ἐκ τ' ὀνειράτων καὶ νυκτιπλάγκτων δειμάτων πεπαλμένη χοάς ἐπέμψε τάσδε δύσθεος γυνή.
Ορ. ἦ καὶ πέπυσθε τούναρ, ὡστ' ὀρθῶς φράσαι;
Χο. τεκείν δράκοντ' ἐδοξεν, ὡς αὐτή λέγει. καὶν σπαργάνοις παιδὸς ὀρμίσαι δίκην.
Ορ. τίνος βορᾶς χρήζοντα, νεογενές δάκος;
Χο. αὐτὴ προσέσχε μαξὸν ἐν τῶνείραι ὡστ' ἐν γάλακτι θρόμβος αἴματον σπάσαι. ἦ δ' ἐξ ὕπνου κέκραγεν ἐπειτάλειν. πολλοὶ δ' ἀνῆκουν, ἐκτυφλώθεντας σκότω, παρῄμητρες ἐν δόμωσι δεσποίνης χάριν· πέμπτε τ' ἐπείτα τάσδε κηδείους χοάς, ἀκος τομαίον ἐλπίσασα πημάτων.
Ορ. ἀλλ' εὔχομαι ὑῆ τῆς καὶ πατρὸς τάφῳ τουνείρον εἰναι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ τελεσφόρον. δεῖ τοί νυν, ὡς ἔθρεψεν ἐκπαγλον τέρας, θανεῖν βιαίως· ἐκδρακοντωθεὶς δ' ἐγὼ κτείνω νυν, ὡς τοῦνείρον ἐννέπει τόδε. Χο. τερασκόπον δή τῶνδε στροφῇ, γένοιτο δ' οὕτως, τάλλα δ' έξηγού φίλοις, τοὺς μὲν τι ποιείν, τοὺς δὲ μὴ τί δράν λέγω.
Ορ. ἀπλουης ὁ μύθος· τήνδε μέν στείχειν ἐσώ, αἰνω δὲ κρύπτειν τάσδε συνθήκας ἐμάς, ὡς ἄν δόλῳ κτείναντες ἀνδρα τίμων δόλοισι καὶ ληφθάσιν εν ταῦτῳ βρόχῳ θανάτοντες, ἦ καὶ Δοξίασ ἐφήμισεν. ξένῳ γὰρ εἰκός, παντελῆ σαγῆν ἔχω, ἦνω σὺν ἄνδρι τοῦτ' ἐφ' ἐρκείους πύλας
A guest to the house, aye and its spear-guest too. And both of us will don Parnassian speech, Copying the accent of a Phocian tongue. Then once I have crossed the threshold of the court, And found him seated in my father’s throne, Or if afterwards he meet me face to face And speak—dropping his craven eyes, be sure— Ere he can say, “Whence comes this stranger?” dead, Snared by my nimble weapon, will I smite him. The Avenging Spirit, stinted ne’er of slaughter, Shall drink in blood unmixed her third last draught. Do thou then keep good watch within the house. And you, I charge you, bear a cautious tongue For speech or silence as the moment needs. Last thou, friend, follow me and stand at watch To succour me in the contest of the sword. Ho, slave! open the gates! You hear me knock. Is any there within doors?—Ho, slave, ho! GATE-KEEPER Enough! I hear. Of what land are you? Whence? Or. Announce me to the masters of the house. The tidings I come bringing are for them. And make haste; for night’s dusky chariot Comes on apace. ’Tis time we travellers found Some public guest-house to cast anchor in. CLYTAEMNESTRA Friends, speak your wishes. At your service here Are all such comforts as beseem this house, Warm baths, and to refresh your weariness, Soft couches, and true eyes to attend your wants. But if you have affairs of weightier counsel, That is work for men, to whom we will impart it.
Πυλάδη· ξένος δὲ καὶ δορύξενος δόμων· ἄμφω δὲ φωνὴν ἔσομεν Παρνησίδα, γλώσσης ἀντίχειας δομωμένοι. εἰ δ' οὖν ἀμείβοι Βαλδών ἐρκείων πυλῶν κάκεινον ἐν θρόνοισιν εὐρήσω βατέρος, ἡ καὶ μολὼν ἐπειτὰ μοι κατὰ στόμα ἐρεῖ, σάφειοι, καὶ κατ' ὀφθαλμοὺς Βαλεὶ,

πρὶν αὐτὸν εἰπεῖν 'ποδαπὸς ὁ ξένος;' νεκρὸν θῆσο, ποδώκει περιβάλονταν χαλκεύματα. φόνου δ' Ἐρμύνος οὐχ ὑπεστανιμένη ἀνεφικόταν αἷμα πίετα τρίτην πόσιν.

νῦν οὖν σὺ μὲν φύλασσε τὰν οἶκον καλῶς, ὕμων δ' ἔπαινοι γλώσσαι εὐφημονίαν φέρειν, συγαίθαι ὑπ' ὅπεν δεὶ καὶ λέγειν τὰ καίρια. τὰ δ' ἄλλα τούτῳ δεύρ' ἐποτεύσαι λέγω, ξιφηφόροις ἀγώνιοι ὑμθώσαντι μοι.

παῖ παῖ, θύρας ἄκουσον ἐρκείας κτύπον. τὶς ἐνδοῦν, ὦ παῖ·—παῖ, μᾶλ' αὖ, τὶς ἐν δόμοισι;

ΟΙΚΕΤΗΣ εἰεν, ἄκουω· ποδαπὸς ὁ ξένος; πόθεν;

Ορ. άγγελλε τοίσι κυρίοισι δομάτων, πρὸς οὐστὲρ ἕκὼ καὶ φέρω καινὸς λόγους. τάχυντε δ', ὡς καὶ νυκτὸς ἄρμ' ἐπείγεται σκυτειῶν, ὥρα δ' ἐμπρόσθος καθίειν ἀγκυραν ἐν δόμοισι πανδόκοις ξένων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑ ξένοι, λέγοιτ' ἂν εἰ τι δεῖ· πάρεστι γὰρ ὀποίατέρ δόμοισι τοῖσδ' ἐπεικότα, καὶ θερμὰ λουτρὰ καὶ πῶνων βελττήριος στρωμμή, δικαίων τ' ὀμμάτων παρουσία. εἰ δ' ἄλλο πρᾶξαι δεῖ τι βουλιώτερον, ἀνδρῶν τὸδ' ἐστὶν ἔργον, οἷς κοινώσομεν.
Or. I am a Daulian traveller from Phocis.
As at my own risk I was carrying goods
To Argos, where now my long journey ends,
There met me a man I knew not, nor he me,
Strophius, a Phocean, so I learnt in talk.
Having asked my way and told me his, he said:
"Since anyhow you are bound for Argos, Sir,
Bear heedfully in mind to tell his parents
That Orestes is dead. Do not forget.
So whether his friends resolve to fetch him home,
Or bury him, our denizen and guest
Forever, bring me their injunctions back.
Meanwhile the curved sides of a brazen urn
Enclose his ashes, in due form bewept."
I have told my whole message. Whether now
I am speaking to the rulers, and his kindred,
I know not; but his parent should be told.

Cl. Ah me! we are taken ruthlessly by storm.
O thou all-conquering curse that haunts this house,
How wide thy vision! with sure aim thy shafts
Strike even that we have hidden with care afar,
*Stripping my dear ones from me, unhappy woman!*

Or. For my part certainly I could have wished
With happier tidings to commend myself
To hosts so princely, and earn their entertainment.

Cl. Nay, due reward shall none the less be thine,
Nor shall you find yourself less welcome here.
Some other would have brought this news instead.
But now 'tis the hour when guests, tired by the day's
Long journey, should be tended as befits.
Take him and lodge him well in the men's chambers
With these his fellow-travellers and attendants.
Ορ. ξένος μέν εἰμι Δαυλιεὺς ἐκ Φωκεῶν·
στείχουτα δ’ αὐτόφορτον οἰκεία σαρή
eἰς Ἀργος, ὡσπερ δεύρ’ ἀπεξύγην τόδα,
ἀγνοὶς πρὸς ἄγνωτ’ εἰπε συμβαλῶν ἀνήρ,
ἐξιστορήσας καὶ σαφηνίσας ὁδὸν,
Στρόφιος ὁ Φωκεύς· πεύθομαι γὰρ ἐν λόγῳ·
’ ἐπείπερ ἄλλως, ἦ ξέν’, εἰς Ἀργος κεῖσι,
πρὸς τοὺς τεκόντας παιδίκως μεμυμένος
tεθνεώτ’ Ὄρεστην εἰπέ, μηδαμῶς λάθη.
eἰτ’ οὖν κομίζειν δόξα νικήσει φίλων,
eἰτ’ οὖν μέτοικον, εἰς τὸ πᾶν ἀεὶ ξένον,
θάπτειν, ἑφετμᾶς τάσσε δόρθυμεντον πάλιν.

Κλ. οἷ’ γώ, κατ’ ἀκρας νῆλεός πορθούμεθα.
ὁ δυσπαλαιστε τῶνδε δωμάτων ἀρά,
ὡς πόλλ’ ἐπωπᾶς κάκποδών εὐ κείμενα,
tόξους πρόσωθεν εὐσκόποις χειρουμένη,
φίλοιν ἀποφιλόις με τὴν παναθλίαν.

Ορ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν ξένοις ὁδ’ εὐδαίμοσι
tεκνὴν ἐκατὶ πραγμάτων ἄν ἠθελον
gνωστὸς γενέσθαι καὶ ξενωθήναι· τί γάρ;

Κλ. οὔτα κυρήσεις μείνοι ἄξιῶν σέθεν,
οὐδ’ ἔσεσθαι ἄν γένοις δόμασιν φίλοις.
ἄλλος δ’ ὠμοίως ἤθελεν ἄν τάδ’ ἄγγελον.
ἄλλ’ ἐσθ’ ὁ καιρὸς ἤμερεύοντας ξένους
μακρὰς κελεύθου τυγχάνειν τὰ πρόσφορα.
ἀγ’ αὐτὸν εἰς ἀνδρὸνες εὐξένους δόμων,
ὅπισθοποιος τε τούσδε καὶ ξυνεμπόρους·
THE CHOEPHORI

Let them receive there what beseems our house. I warn you, for their comfort you must answer. This news meanwhile we will impart to those Who bear rule here. Having no lack of friends, We will take counsel on this sad event.

Ch. O reverend Earth, O reverend mound, Thou that beneath thee coverest the outworn Dust of the armed fleet's kingly commander, Deign now to hearken, deign to give succour. Now is the hour when guileful Deceit Must enter to aid us, and Chthonian Hermes, Patron of stealth, stand sentinel over This deadly encounter of sword-blades.

Our traveller, it seems, is working mischief. Yonder I see Orestes' nurse in tears. Where are you going, Kilissa, through the gates, With grief to bear you company unhired?

NURSE

The mistress bids me summon Aegisthus home As quick as may be, to meet these stranger guests, And learn more certainly as man from man This new-told rumour—while before her servants Behind eyes of pretended gloom she hides A laugh at work done excellently well For her, but miserably for this house, Hearing the tale these strangers told so plain. That heart of his I warrant will be glad When he has learnt their story. Wellaway! All other troubles patiently I bore: But dear Orestes, the babe I spent my soul on,
κάκει κυρούντων δώμασιν τα πρόσφορα.
αίνῳ δὲ πράσσειν ὡς υπευθύνῳ τάδε.
ήμεις δὲ ταῦτα τοῖς κρατοῦσι δωμάτων
κοινώσομεν τε κοινός φίλων
βουλευσόμεσθα τήσδε συμφορᾶς πέρι.

Χο. ὡ πότνια χθόνι καὶ πότνι άκτη
χώματος, ἤ νῦν ἐπὶ ναυάρχῳ
σώματι κεῖσαι τῷ βασιλεῖοι,
νῦν ἐπάκουσσιν, νῦν ἐπάρηξον·
νῦν γὰρ ἀκμάζει Πειθῶ δολίων
ξυγκαταβῆναι, χθόνιον δ' Ἐρμῆν
καὶ τὸν νῦχιον τοίδ' ἐφορεύσαι
ξηροθλήτοισιν ἀγάσιν.

ἔοικεν ἀνήρ ὁ ξένος τεῦχειν κακον·
τροφὸν δ' Ὁρέατου τήνδ' ὀρὸ κεκλαμένην.
ποί δὴ πατεῖς, Κίλισσα, δωμάτων πύλας;
λύπη δ' ἄμισθός ἐστὶ σοι ξυνέμπορος.
Whom straight from his mother's womb I took to nurse....
And then those shrill cries summoning me by night,
And all those weary tasks, mere trouble wasted
They were: for a senseless thing one needs must nurse
Like a dumb beast—how else—? by humouring it.
The cry of a boy in swaddlings tells you nothing,
Whether hunger, thirst or wanting to make water
Grips him: a child's young body will have its way.
These wants I would forecast; but often, it may be,
Would guess wrong, and so have to cleanse his linen,
Laundress and nurse reckoning as one office.
Aye, these two handicrafts both fell to me,
When I received Orestes from his father.
Now, woe is me! I learn that he is dead.
So I must fetch the man who has brought this house
to ruin. Glad will he be to hear my tale.

Ch. Tell us, how does she bid him come arrayed?
Nu. "Arrayed?" Speak plain. I understand you not.
Ch. Whether with escort, or may be alone?
Nu. She bids him bring a bodyguard of spearmen.
Ch. Bear no such message then to our hated master,
But bid him come alone, that he may hear
Without alarm, at once, with cheerful heart.
Nu. Can you be looking kindly on these tidings?
Ch. But what if Zeus should change ill winds to fair?
Nu. How, when Orestes, hope of the house, is gone?
Ch. Not yet. A seer of small skill might know that.
Nu. What! Know you aught outside what has been told?
Ch. Go, take thy message. Do as thou wert charged.
That which concerns the Gods is their concern.
Nu. Well, I will go, following thy advice.
May it prove all for the best by the Gods' grace.
ον εξέθρεψα μητρόθεν δεδεγμένη,—
κακ νυκτιπλάγκτων φρενόσ φρενόσ·
ού γάρ τι φωνεὶ ταῖς ἐτ’ ὁν ἐν σπαργάνοις,
ἐξει’ νέα δὲ νηδὺς αὐτάρκης τέκνων.
τούτων πρόμαντις όυσά, πολλᾶ δ’, οὔομαι,
ψευσθείσα, παιδὸς σπαργάνον φαινόμενορια,
κναφεύς τροφεύς τε ταύτὸν εἰχέτην τέλος.
ἐγὼ διπλὰς δὲ τάσδε χειρωναξίας
ἐξουσ’ Ὀρέστην εξεδεχάμην πατρὶ·
tεθυμοκότος δὲ νῦν τάλαινα πεύθομαι.
στείχω δ’ ἐπ’ ἄνδρα τὼν ἐν σπαργάνοις,
κναφεύς τροφεύς τε ταύτὸν εἰχέτην τέλος.

365
καὶ ποιήσας οὐ κελεύει νω μολεῖν ἐσταλμένον;
τρ. τι πῶς; λέγ’ αὐθίς, ὡς μάθω σαφέστερον.
Χο. εἰ ξύλο διοκίται εἰτε καὶ μονοστιβῆ.
Τρ. ἄγεις κελεύει δορυφόρους ὀπάονοι.
Χο. μὴ νῦν σύ ταῦτ’ ἄγγελλε δεστοτόν στύγει;

370
καὶ ποίησ’ ἤ φρονεῖς εὐ τοῖς νων ἀγγελομένοις;
Χο. καὶ ποίησ’ Ὀρέστης ἐλπίς οἱχεται δόμων.
Τρ. τι φῆς; ἤ χεὶς τι τῶν κελεγμένων δίχα;
Χο. ἄγγελλ’ ἰούσα, πρᾶσε τὰ πεσταλμένα.
μέλει θεοῦσιν ὀντον νῦν τῆς πέρι.

375
Τρ. ἄλλ’ εἰμι καὶ σοῖς ταῦτα πείσομαι λόγοις.
γένοιτο δ’ ὡς ἀρίστα σὺν θεῶν δώσει.
Ch. O reverend Earth, O reverend mound,
Thou that beneath thee coverest the outworn
Dust of the armed fleet's kingly commander,
Deign now to hearken, deign to give succour.
Now is the hour when guileful Deceit
Must enter to aid us, and Chthonian Hermes,
Patron of stealth, stand sentinel over
This deadly encounter of sword-blades.

ÆGISTHUS

I am come in answer to a summoning message.
A strange tale has been brought, so I am told,
By travellers, news of no pleasant sort.
Orestes' death—a horror-dripping burden
Would that prove, were it too laid on this house
Already mauled and festering with past bloodshed.
What should I think? Is it the living truth?
Or else mere talk, begotten of women’s fears,
That leaps into the air to die in smoke?
Can you say aught to clear my mind of doubt?

Ch. We heard indeed—But go in to the strangers,
And ask of them. No messenger so sure
As to enquire oneself of him who knows.

Æe. This messenger I must see and question further,
Whether he was present at the death himself,
Or from some phantom rumour learnt his tale.
Be sure they shall not cheat a clear-eyed mind.

Ch. Zeus, Zeus, what speech shall I find? Whence now
Shall begin my fervent prayer to thy Godhead?
How in loyal zeal
Give utterance due to my longing?
For now is the hour when either the blood-stained
Χο. ὁ πότνια χθόνι καὶ πότνι' ἄκτη
χώματος, ἢ νῦν ἐπὶ ναυάρχῳ
σώματι κεῖσαι τῷ βασιλείῳ;
νῦν ἐπάκουσον, νῦν ἐπάρηξον;
νῦν γὰρ ἀκμάζει Πειθῶ δολάν
ζυγιαβῆναι, χθόνιον δὲ 'Ερμῆν
καὶ τὸν νῦχιον τοίοῦτο ἐφορεύσαι
ξιφοθηλτοίσιν ἀγώσιν.

ΑΙΓΙΣΘΟΣ

ἡκῳ μὲν οὐκ ἀκλήτος, ἀλλ' ὑπάγγελος·
νέαν φάτιν δὲ πεύθομαι λέγειν τινὰς
ζένους μολόντας οὐδαμὸς ἐφίμερον,
μόρον δὲ 'Ορέστον. καὶ τὸδ' ἀμφέρειν δόμοις
γένοντ' ἂν ἄχθος αἰματοσταγές φόνῳ
τῷ πρόσθεν ἐλκαίνουσι καὶ δεδηγμένοις.
πῶς ταύτ' ἀληθῇ καὶ βλέποντα δοξάσω;
ἡ πρὸς γυναικῶν δειματούμενοι λόγοι
πεδάρσιοι θρώσκουσιν, θυήσκοντος μάτην;
τί τῶνδ' ἂν εἴποις ὡστε δηλώσαι φρενι;

Χο. ἢκουσαμεν μέν, πυνθάνου δὲ τῶν ξένων
εἰσώ παρελθὼν. οὕδεν ἄγγελων σθένος,
ὡς αὐτόσ αὐτόν ἀνδρα πεύθεσθαι πέρι.

Αι. ἰδεῖν ἐλέγξαι τ' αὐθήλω τὸν ἀγγέλου,
εἴτ' αὐτὸς ἡν θυήσκοντος ἐγγύθεν παρών,
εἴτ' εξ ἀμαυρᾶς κληδόνος λέγει μαθών.
οὗτοι φρένι ἂν κλέψειν ὀμματωμένην.

Χο. Ζεῦ Ζεῦ, τί λέγω, πόθεν ἄρξομαι
ταῦτ' ἐπευχομένη κατιθεάζοσ',
ὑπὸ δ' ἐυνοίας
πῶς ἴσον εἴποισ' ἀνύσωμαι;
νῦν γὰρ μέλλουσι μιανθεῖσαι
Edges of cleaving man-slaying sword-blades
Must utterly whelm in destruction the house
Of great Agamemnon for all time;
Or else he, kindling a fire and a light
For the cause of freedom and lawful rule,
Shall win the great wealth of his fathers.
Such now is the prize for which, one against two,
Our heaven-guided champion Orestes
Must wrestle. Oh yet may he conquer.

_Ae. (within)._ Eh! Eh! Otototoi!

_Ch._ Ah! What is it?

How is it now? How doth Fate crown the event?
Stand we aside while the issue is in doubt,
That so we may seem blameless of these woes.
For 'tis by the sword the verdict must be sealed.

_SERVANT_

Woe is me! Utter woe! My lord is slain.
Woe yet once more, a third last farewell cry!
_Aegisthus is no more. But open, open,
And with all speed. Unbar the women's gates.
Draw the bolts. And right lusty hands are needed—
Though not to help the dead—what use were that?
Ioû! Ioû!
I am shouting to the deaf and wasting words
On idle sleepers. Where is Clytaemnestra?
What doth she? Her own neck is like to fall
Beside the block beneath the stroke of Justice.

_Cl._ What is it now? What clamour are you raising?

_Ser._ The dead, I tell you, are murdering the living.

_Cl._ Ay me! I read the purport of your riddle.

Even as by craft we slew, so must we perish.
Haste, someone, give me a man-destroying axe.
πειραὶ κοπάνων ἀνδροδαίκτων
ἡ πάνω θῆσειν Ἀγαμημονίων
οίκων ὄλθρον διὰ παντὸς,
ἡ πῦρ καὶ φῶς ἐπ᾽ ἐλευθερίᾳ
daἰών ἀρχάς τε πολισσονόμους
πατέρων θ᾽ ἔξει μέγαν ὄλβον.
tοιᾶνδε πάλην μόνον ὃν ἐφεδρὸς
dισσοῖς μέλλει θεῖος Ὀρέστης
ἀψεῖν. εἰῇ δ᾽ ἐπὶ νίκη.

Αἰ. ἐἳ, ὁτοτοῖ.  
Χο. ἕα ἐα μᾶλα·
πῶς ἔχει; πῶς κέκρανται δόμοις;
ἀποσταθώμεν πράγματος τελουμένου,
ὄπως δοκόμεν τῶν' ἀναίτιαι κακῶν
eiναί· μάχης γάρ δὴ κεκύρωται τέλος.

ΟΙΚΕΤΕΣ
οὔμοι, πανοίμοι δεσπότου πεπληγμένου·
oύμοι μάλ' αὖθις ἐν τρίτοις προσφέγμασιν.
Αὐγισθος οὐκέτ' ἔστιν. ἄλλ' ἀνοίξατε
ὄπως τάχιστα, καὶ γυναικείους πύλας
μοχλοῖς χαλάτε· καὶ μάλ' ἡβώντος δὲ δεῖ,
oὐχ οὐστ' ἁρῆξαι διαπεπραγμένω· τί γάρ;  
iοῦ iου.
κωφοῖς ἄντω καὶ καθεύδουσιν μάτην
ἀκραντα βάξω. ποί Κλυταιμήστρα; τί δρα;
δοίη τις ἀνδροκμήτα πέλεκυν ὡς τάχος·

Κλ. τί δ᾽ ἐστὶ χρῆμα; τίνα βοήν ἱστης δόμοις;
Οἰ. τὸν ξύντα καίνειν τοὺς τεθνηκότας λέγω.
Κλ. οἱ ἴο. ξυνήκα τούπος εξ αἰνιγμάτων.
δόλους ὀλούμεθ', ὡσπερ οὖν ἐκτείναμεν.
δοῖῃ τις ἀνδροκμήτα πέλεκυν ὡς τάχος·
Let us know if we are conquerors or conquered.
To such a pass this woeful way has brought me.

**Or.** 'Tis thee I seek. For him, it is enough.

**Cl.** Ah me, beloved Aegisthus! Art thou dead?

**Or.** Thou lovest the man? Why then in the same grave
Shalt thou lie, ne'er to abandon him in death.

**Cl.** Forbear, my son. Reverence this, dear child,
This breast at which thou oft, slumbering the while,
Didst suck with toothless gums the fostering milk.

**Or.** How, Pylades? Should awe make me spare my mother?

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**PYLADES**

Who then will heed henceforth the voice of Loxias,
His Pythian oracles, aye and the faith of oaths?
Rather hold all men enemies than the Gods.

**Or.** I approve thy sentence. Well dost thou exhort me.
Come now. I mean to slay you at yon man's side.
In his life you deemed him better than my sire;
Sleep with him then in death; since he is the man
You love, and him you should have loved, you hate.

**Cl.** I reared thee, and with thee would I grow old.

**Or.** My father's murderess, wouldst thou share my home?

**Cl.** Nay, child, the blame in part must lie with Fate.

**Or.** Then this doom also Fate has brought to pass.

**Cl.** Hast thou no awe, child, of a parent's curse?

**Or.** A mother's, who could cast me forth to misery.

**Cl.** To a friendly house! That was no casting forth.

**Or.** Foully was I sold, I, son of a free sire.

**Cl.** Where is the price then I received for thee?

**Or.** That taunt for shame I cannot plainly utter.

**Cl.** Nay, but speak likewise of thy father's follies.
εἰδώμεν εἰ νικώμεν, ἢ νικώμεθα.
ενταύθα γὰρ δὴ τοῦδ᾽ αἱφικόμην κακοῦ.

Ορ. σὲ καὶ ματεύω· τῶδε δ᾽ ἀρκοῦντως ἐχει.

Κλ. ὁ γὰρ τέθνηκας, φίλτατ᾽ Αἰγίσθου βίᾳ.

Ορ. φιλεῖς τὸν ἄνδρα; τουγὰρ ἐν ταῦτῳ τάφῳ
κεῖσει. θανόντα δ᾽ οὔτε μὴ προδῷς ποτε.

Κλ. ἐπίσχες, ὦ παῖ, τῶν τοῦδ᾽ αἴδεσαι, τέκνου,
μαστῶν, πρὸς φιΧεῖς τῷ πολλὰ δὴ βριζον ἁμα
οὐλοσιν ἐξήμελξας εὐτραφής γάλα.

Ορ. Πυλάδη, τί δράσω; μητέρ᾽ αἰδεσθῶ κτανεῖν;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ποῦ δὴ τὰ λοιπᾶ Λοξίου μαντεύματα
τὰ πυθόχρηστα, πιστὰ τ᾽ ευφρικόματα;
ἄπαντας ἐξχρούς τῶν θεῶν ἥγοι πλέον.

Ορ. κρίνω σὲ νικάν, καὶ παραίνεις μοι καλῶς.
ἐποῦ, πρὸς αὐτὸν τῶντες σὲ σφάξαί θέλω.
καὶ ξόντα γάρ μν κρείσσον᾽ ἡγήσω πατρός·
τοῦτῳ θανοῦσα ἐμφανίζεθαι, ἐπεὶ φιλεῖς
τῶν ἄνδρα τούτων, δυν ἑξερήν φιλεῖν στυγγεῖς.

Κλ. ἐγὼ σ᾽ ἔθρεψα, σὺν δὲ γηράναι θέλω.

Ορ. πατροκτονοῦσα γὰρ ξυνοικήσεις ἑμοὶ;

Κλ. ἡ Μοῖρα τούτων, ὦ τέκνων, παραιτία.

Ορ. καὶ τῶν τῶνν Μοῖρ᾽ ἐπόρσουν μόρον.

Κλ. οὐδὲν σεβίζει γενεθλίους ἀράς, τέκνων;
Ορ. τεκοῦσα γάρ μ᾽ ἔρριψας ἐς τὸ δυστυχές.
Κλ. οὕτωι σ᾽ ἀπέρριψ᾽ ἐς δόμους δορυζένους.
Ορ. αἰσχρῶς ἐπιθύμην ὁν ἐλευθέρου πατρός.

Κλ. τοῦ δῆθ᾽ ὁ τίμως, ὄντιν ἀντεδεξάμην;
Ορ. αἰσχύνομαι σοι τοῦτ᾽ ὑνειδίσαι σαφῶς.

Κλ. ἀλλ᾽ εἴφ᾽ ὁμοίως καὶ πατρός τοῦ σοῦ μάτας.
Or. Idling at home, censure not him who toils.
Cl. 'Tis grief for a woman, child, to lack a mate.
Or. Yet man's labour maintains her in idleness.
Cl. Thou meanest then, my child, to slay thy mother.
Or. 'Tis thou wilt be thine own slayer, not I.
Cl. Look to it! Beware the hounds of a mother's fury.
Or. How escape my father's, if I shirk this task?
Cl. Words then are vain as a dirge to a dead tomb.
Or. Vain, for my sire's fate brings his doom upon thee.
Cl. Aye me! This is the snake I bare and suckled.
Or. Yes, a true prophet was that dream-born terror.
You slew whom you ought not: suffer what you should not.

Ch. As upon Priam's sons punishment came at last,
Heavily fraught with doom,
So to the royal house of Agamemnon came
A twofold lion, a twofold sword;
Yea to the utmost end
The Pytho-crowned fugitive,
Sped by the voice divine, his race now has run.

Utter a cry of joy, now that our master's house
Thus hath escaped its woes, yea and the waste of
By an unclean and guilty pair—[wealth
(A hard, weary road!)

Now upon him who loved treacherous fight, is come
cunningly plotted doom.
And in the strife 'twas she guided aright his hand,
The veritable child of Zeus:
Justice the name whereby
She is called by men truthfully.
Deadly the wrath she breathes against those she hates.
THE CHOEPHORI

Ορ. μή 'λεγχε τὸν πονούντ' ἐσω καθημένη.
Κλ. ἀλγος γυναιξίν ἀνδρὸς εἰργεσθαι, τέκνον.
Ορ. τρέφει δὲ γ' ἀνδρὸς ρόχθος ἡμένας ἐσω. 490
Κλ. κτενεῖν ξοικας, ὡ τέκνου, τήν μητέρα.
Ορ. σὺ τοι σεαυτήν, οὐκ ἐγώ, κατακτενεῖς.
Κλ. ὅρα, φύλαξαι μυτρός ἐγκότους κύνας.
Ορ. τὰς τοῦ πατρὸς δὲ τῶς φύγω, παρεῖς τάδε;
Κλ. ἐοικα θρηνεῖν ζῶσα πρὸς τύμβον μάτην. 495
Ορ. πατρός γὰρ αἶσα τόνδε σφρίζει μόρον.
Κλ. οū 'γα τεκοῦσα τόνδ' ὅθιν ἐθρεψάμην.
Ορ. ἦ κάρτα μάντις οὐξ ὀνειράτων φόβος.

Χο. ἐμολε μὲν δίκα Πριαμίδαις χρόνῳ,
βαρύδικος ποινά· ἐμολε δ' ἐς δόμον τὸν 'Αγαμέμνονος
διπλοὺς λέων, διπλοὺς 'Ἀρης.
ἔλασε δ' ἐς τὸ πᾶν
ὁ πυθόχρηστος φυγας
θεόθεν εὐ φραδαίσιν ὄρμημένος.

ἐπολολύξατ' ὁ δεσποσύνων δόμων
ἀναφυγᾶς κακών καὶ κτεάνων τριβάς
ὑπὸ δυοῖν μιαστόροιν,
δυσοίμου τύχας. 500

ἐμολε δ' ὃ μέλει κρυπταδίου máχας
δολιόφρων ποινά· ἐθίγε δ' ἐν máχα χερὸς ἐτήτυμος
Διὸς κόρα—Δίκαν δὲ νῦν
προσαγορεύομεν βροτοὶ τυχόντες καλῶς—

ολέθριον πνέουν' ἐν ἐχθροῖς κότον.
Kindled is now the light: gone is the mighty curb
Holding the house in thrall.
Up then, arise, ye halls! Grovelling on the ground
Too long have ye been lying.

Or. Behold this twofold tyranny of our land,
They that slew the father and despoiled the house.
Stately they were once, seated on their thrones,
And loving even now, as from their plight
Is manifest. True to its pledge their oath still stands.
Both swore my father’s murder, and to die
Together. That too has been faithfully kept.
Behold too, ye that judge these deeds of woe,
The snare wherewith my unhappy sire was bound,
For his hands a fetter, for his feet a trap.
Open it out, and standing round, display
This man-enwrapping sheet, that so the Father,
Not mine, but he whose eye sees all things here,
The sun, may behold my mother’s unclean work,
And some day at my trial may appear
To witness that I wrought this slaying justly.
My mother’s, (for Aegisthus’ death I count not:
His the seducer’s penalty by law:)
But she who planned this horror against her lord,
Whose children she had borne beneath her girdle,
That once dear burden, proved now a deadly foe,
What think you of her? Were she sea-snake or viper,
Her touch would rot another’s flesh unbitten,
If cruelty and wicked will could do it.
What can I name it, speak I ne’er so mildly?
A trap for a beast? Or else a coffin-cloth
To wrap the feet of a corpse? Nay, ’tis a net:
πάρα τὸ φῶς ἰδεῖν. μέγα τ’ ἀφηρέθη ψάλιον οἰκετῶν,
ἄναγε μᾶν δόμοι· πολὺν ἄγαν χρόνον
χαμαιπτεῖς ἐκείσθε.

Ορ. ἰδεσθε χώρας τὴν διπλῆν τυραννίδα
πατροκτόνους τε δωμάτων πορθήτορας.
σεμνοι μὲν ἦσαν ἐν θρόνοις τὸθ’ ἰμενοι,
φίλοι δὲ καὶ νῦν, ὡς ἐπεικάσαι πάθη
πάρεστιν, ὅρκος τ’ ἐμμένει πιστώμασι.
ξυνόμοσαν μὲν θάνατον άθλίῳ πατρί
καὶ ξυναναίσθαι· καὶ ταῦ’ εὐρόκως ἔχει.
ἰδεσθε δ’ αὐτε, τῶν δ’ ἐπήκουσι κακῶν,
τὸ μηχανήμα, δεσμὸν άθλίῳ πατρί,
πέδας τε χειροῖν καὶ ποδοῖν ξυνωρίδα.
ἐκτείνατ’ αὐτοὶ καὶ κύκλῳ παρασταδὸν
στέγαστρον ἄνδρός δείξαθ, ὡς ἱδη πατήρ,
οὐχ οὐμός, ἀλλ’ ὁ πάντ’ ἐποπτεύουν τάδε
"Ηλιος, ἀναγιγ μητρὸς ἐργα τῆς ἐμῆς,
ὡς ἄν παρῇ μοι μάρτυς ἐν δίκη ποτε,
ὡς τόνδ’ ἐγώ μετῆλθον εὐνίκως μόρον
τὸν μητρὸς· Αἰγίσθου γὰρ οὐ λέγω μόρον
ἐχει γὰρ αἰσχυντήρος, ὡς νόμος, δίκην·
ὕτις δ’ ἐπ’ ἀνδρὶ τοῦτ’ ἐμήσατο στύγος,
ἐξ οὗ τέκνων ἤνεχ’ ὑπὸ ἐκάλψιν βάρος,
φίλον τέως, νῦν δ’ ἐχθρῶν, ὡς φαίνει, κακῶν,
tί σοι δοκεῖ; μνραινά γ’ εἰτ’ ἐχιδν’ ἐφυ
σήπειν θυγοῦσ’ ἄν ἄλλων οὐ δεδηγεσαν
τόλμης ἔκατι κάκδίκου θρονίματος.
tί νυν προσείπω, κὰν τὺχω μάλ’ εὐστομῶν;
ἄγρευμα θηρός, ἢ νεκροῦ ποδενδυτον
δροτῆς κατασκήνωμα; δίκτυον μὲν οὖν,
Toils you might say, or long foot-trammelling robes;  
Just such a thing some cozener might contrive,  
One who tricks travellers, practising the trade  
Of robbery. Many with this knavish snare  
Might he destroy, and his heart often glow.  
With such a woman never may I share  
My home. Sooner let heaven slay me, childless.

Ch. Ah me! Ah me! 'Twas a wicked deed.  
By a terrible death thou art laid low.  
Alas!  
Woe is flowering too for the living.  
Or. Did she the deed, or did she not? I call  
This robe to witness, dyed by Aegisthus' sword.  
'Tis gushing blood that here hath aided time  
In spoiling the embroidery's many hues.  
Now can I praise, now wail him where he fell:  
And as I address this web that slew my sire,  
I grieve for the crime, the penance, the whole race.  
Such victory wins not envy, but pollution.

Ch. No mortal man may pass through his life  
Without scathe, if he pay not in sorrow.  
Alas!  
Woe must be, to-day or hereafter.

Or. Now hear me, for I know not how it will end—  
Yea, like a driver mastered by his steeds,  
My restive wits are whirling me astray  
Far from the course; while Terror fain would sing  
To my heart, and set her dancing to his tune.  
So while I am sane, proclaiming to my friends  
I say, with justice did I slay my mother,  
My sire's foul murderess, abhorred of heaven.
άρκυν τ’ ἀν εἴποις καὶ ποδιστήρας πέπλους.
τοιούτον ἀν κτήσαιτο φηλήτης ἀνήρ,
ξένων ἀπαιόλημα κάργυροστερή
βλον νομίζων, τὸ δὲ τ’ ἀν δολώματι
πολλοὺς ἀναιρῶν πολλὰ θερμαίνοι φρένα.
τοιάδ’ ἐμοὶ ξύνοικος ἐν δόμοις μὴ
γένοιτ· ὀλοίμην πρόσθεν ἐκ θεῶν ἀπαίς.

Χο. αἰαὶ αἰαὶ μελέων ἔργων.
στυγερῷ θανάτῳ διεπράξθης.
ἐ ἐ, μίμνοντι δὲ καὶ πάθος ἀνθεὶ.

Ορ. ἔδρασεν ἡ οὐκ ἔδρασε; μαρτυρεῖ δὲ μοι
φάρος τὸδ’, ὡς ἔβαψεν Λεγίσθουν ξίφος.
φόνου δὲ κηκίς ξὺν χρόνῳ ξυμβάλλεται,
πολλὰς βαφὰς φθείρουσα τοῦ ποικίλματος.
νῦν αὐτὸν αἰνῶ, νῦν ἀποκυκλώξω παρόν,
πατροκτόνον θ’ υφασμα προσφωνών τόδε
ἀλγῶ μὲν ἔργα καὶ πάθος γένος τε πᾶν,
ἀξηλα νίκης τῆς ἐχ’ ἔχων μιάσματα.

Χο. οὔτε μερόπων ἀσινῆ βιοτον
διὰ παντὸς ἄνατος ἀμείψει.
ἐ ἐ, μόχθος δ’ ὅ μὲν αὐτίχ’, ὅ δ’ ἦξει.

Ορ. ἀλλ’ ὃς ἀν εἰδήτ’, οὐ ὡς οἴδ’ ὅτη τελεί—
ὀσπερ ξὺν ὑποῖς ἴμοιστρόφον δρόμου
ἐξωτέρῳ φέρουσι γὰρ νικώμενον
φρένες δύσαρκτοι· πρὸς δὲ καρδία φόβος
ἀδειν ἐτοίμος ἡ δ’ ὑπορχεῖσθαι κότῳ.
ἔως δ’ ἐτ’ ἐμφρων εἰμί, κηρύσσω φίλοισ,
κτανείν τε φημὶ μητέρ’ οὐκ ἀνευ δίκης,
πατροκτόνον μίασμα καὶ θεῶν στύγος.

Α. 8
And for the spells that nerved me to this deed,
I cite the Pythian oracle of Loxias,
That should I act thus, I were clear of blame,
But if I failed to act—how name the penalty?
So now behold me: furnished with this bough
Enwreathed with wool, a suppliant will I go
To the mid-navel shrine, the home of Loxias,
And to that fire-light, famed imperishable,
Exiled for kindred bloodshed. To no hearth
Save his did Loxias bid me turn for refuge.
A wandering, homeless fugitive, I leave
Behind me, in life or death, such fame as this.

Ch. Nay, thou hast done well. Yoke not then thy lips
To ill-omened speech, nor utter boding words.

Or. Ah! Ah!
Bondwomen, see them yonder, Gorgon-like,
In dusky raiment, twined about with coils
Of swarming snakes! I cannot stay here more.

Ch. What fantasies toss thee, dearest of all sons
To a father? Stay: fear nothing. Thou hast vanquished.

Or. To me these horrors are no fantasies,
But indeed the sleuth-hounds of my mother's wrath.

Ch. 'Tis that the blood is yet fresh on thy hands.
Hence the confusion that invades thy soul.

Or. Sovereign Apollo, yonder they come now thronging!
And from their eyes is dripping a loathsome gore.

Ch. In, in! The purge of Loxias with a touch
Shall free thee from such visionary horrors.

Or. Ye do not see these beings, but I see them.
I am hunted by them. I can stay no more.

Ch. Blessings go with thee, and may gracious Gods
Watch over and keep thee safe with happy chance.
καὶ φίλτρα τόλμης τῆς δε πλειστηρίζομαι
τῶν πυθόμαντιν Δοξίαν, χρήσαντ' ἐμοὶ
πράξαντι μὲν ταῦτ' ἐκτὸς αἰτίας κακῆς
ἐναι, παρέντα δ'—οὐκ ἐρώ τὴν ζημίαν·
καὶ νῦν Ὀράτε μ', ὡς παρεσκευασμένος
ξυν τάδ' θαλλὼ καὶ στέφει προσίξομαι
μεσόμφαλον θ' ἱδρυμα, Δοξίου πέδων,
πυρὸς τε φέγγος ἀφθιτον κεκλημένον,
φεύγον τόδ' αἶμα κοινὸν· οὐδ' ἐφ' ἐστίαν
ἀλλην τραπέζασαι Δοξίας ἐφίεσο.
ἔγω δ' ἀλήτης τῆς δε γῆς απὸ ξένος,
ζών καὶ τεθνηκὼς τάδ' κηρήροιας λιπῶν—
Χο. ἀλλ' εὐ' ἐπτραξας, μηδ' ἐπιζευγθῇς στόμα
φήμη πονηρᾶ μην' ἐπιγλώσσῳ κακά.
Ορ. ἀ, ἀ.
δμωάλ γυναῖκες αἶδε Γοργόνων δίκην
φαιοχύτων καὶ πεπλεκτανημέναι
πυκνοὶς δράκουσιν· οὐκέτ' ἀν μείναιμ' ἐγώ.
Χο. τίνες σὲ δόξαι, φίλτατ ανθρώπων πατρί,
στροβούσιν; ἰσχε, μή φοβοῦ, νικῶν πολύ.
Ορ. οὔκ εἰσ' δόξαι τῶν πημάτων ἐμοῖ·
σαφῶς γὰρ αἴδε μητρὸς ἐγκοτοι κύνες.
Χο. ποταίνων γὰρ ἀριαμά σοι χερῶν ἐτί·
ἐκ τῶν δὲ τοι ταραγμὸς ἐς φρένας πίνει.
Ορ. ἀναξ' Ἀπολλὸν, αἶδε πληθύουσι δῆ,
καὶ ὁμάτων στάξουσιν αἶμα δυσφιλῆς.
Χο. εἰς σοι καθαρμός· Δοξίας δὲ προσθιογὼν
ἐλεύθερον σὲ τῶν πημάτων θίσει.
Ορ. ὡμεῖς μὲν οὖν Ὕρατε τάσοι', ἐγὼ δ' ὅρω·
ἐλαύνομαι δὲ κοικέτ' ἀν μείναιμ' ἐγώ.
Χο. ἀλλ' εὐτυχοῖς, καὶ σ' ἐποπτεύων πρόφρων
θεός φυλάσσοι καιρίοις συμφορᾶς.
Thus again for a third time, risen from the race,
Hath a storm swept over
The house of our kings and subsided.
First was the cruel doom of the children
Slain at the banquet.
Next was the anguish of a man, of a king,
When the Achaeans' warrior chieftain
In the bath fell slain.
Now comes yet a third, a deliverer, nay,
Rather destroyer.
What end shall there be? When shall the fury
Of revenge sink lulled into slumber?
οδε τοι μελάθροι τοῖς βασιλείοις
τρίτος αὖ χειμῶν
πνεύσας γονίας ἐτελέσθη.
παιδοβόροι μὲν πρῶτον ὑπῆρξαν
μόχθοι τάλανες·
δεύτερον ἄνδρός βασίλεια πάθη·
λουτροδάικτος δ᾿ ὁλετ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν
πολέμαρχος ἀνήρ·
νῦν δ᾿ αὖ τρίτος ἦλθε ποθεν σωτήρ,
ἡ μόρον εἶπο;]
ποι δήτα κρανεί, ποι καταλῆξει
μετακοιμισθέν μένος ἀτης;
THE EUMENIDES
OF
AESCHYLUS
THE EUMENIDES

[Before the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Enter the
Pythian Prophetess.]

THE PROPHETESS

First of all gods I worship in my prayer
The first diviner Earth; after her Themis,
The second, legend saith, to take her seat
Here in her mother's shrine. Third in succession,
With her consent, no violence done to any,
Another Titan child of Earth took seat,
Phoebe: who as a birthday gift bestowed it
On Phoebus, bearing a name from her derived.
His mind with divine art did Zeus inspire,
And seated him, fourth prophet, on this throne,
As Loxias, spokesman of his father Zeus.
These gods I worship in my opening prayer.
Pallas our neighbour too I name with reverence.
I adore the Nymphs who haunt the caverned rock
Corycis, loved by birds, by gods frequented.
The springs of Pleistos and Poseidon's might
I invoke, and Zeus supreme, the crown of all,
Then seat myself as prophetess on my throne.
May they now bless my entrance more than ever
In past days. Let all Hellenes present here
Approach, as custom bids, by fall of lot.
As the God leads me, so do I give response.

[The Prophetess enters the shrine, but quickly returns.]

Things terrible to speak, terrible to see,
Have driven me forth again from Loxias' house.
Before the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Enter the Pythian Prophetess.

ΠΥΘΙΑΣ

Πρῶτον μὲν εὐχῇ τῇδε πρεσβεύω θεῶν τὴν πρωτόμαντιν Γαίαν· ἐκ δὲ τῆς Θέμιν, ἢ δὲ τὸ μητρός δευτέρα τὸδ' ἔξετο μαντείουν, ὡς λόγος τις· ἐν δὲ τῷ τρίτῳ λάχει, θελούσης, οὐδὲ πρὸς βίαν τινός,

Τυταύις ἄλλη παῖς Χθόνος καθέξετο, Φοίβη· δίδωσι δ' ἡ γενέθλιον δόσιν Φοίβῳ· τὸ Φοίβης δ' ὄνομ' ἔχει παράνυμον.

tέχνης δὲ νῦν Ζεὺς ἐνθεον κτίσας φρένα ὕζει τέταρτον τοίσδε μάντιν ἐν θρόνοις· 

Δώς προφήτης δ' ἐστὶ Λοξίας πατρός. τούτοις ἐν εὐχαῖς φροιμιάζομαι θεοὺς.

Πάλλας προναία δ' ἐν λόγοις πρεσβεύεται, σέβω δὲ νῦμφας, ἐνθα Κωρυκίς πέτρα κοίλη, φίλορνις, δαιμόνων ἀναστροφή· 

Πλειστοὺ τε πηγὰς καὶ Ποσειδόνος κράτος καλοῦσα καὶ τέλειον ὕψιστον Δία, ἔπειτα μάντις ἐς θρόνους καθιζάνω, καὶ νῦν τυχεῖν με τῶν πρὶν εἰσόδουν μακρῷ ἀριστα δοῖεν· κεὶ παρ' 'Ελλήνων τινές, ἵτοι πάλορ λαχόντες, ὡς νομίζεται. 

μαντεύομαι γὰρ ὡς ἂν ἡγηταί θεός.

The Prophetess enters the shrine, but quickly returns.

ἡ δεινὰ λέξαι, δεινὰ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖς δρακεῖν, πάλιν μ' ἐπεμψεν ἐκ δόμων τῶν Δοξίου,
When I drew near the wreath-decked inmost cell,
Upon the navel-stone I saw a man
Polluted, in a suppliant attitude.
With blood his hands were dripping, and he held
A drawn sword and a high-grown branch of olive,
Humbly enwreathed with a broad band of wool.
Between me and this man a fearful troop
Of women slumbered, seated upon chairs.
Yet not women: Gorgons call them rather.
Dusky they are, and loathsome altogether.
They snore with such blasts none may venture near;
And from their eyes a foul rheum oozes forth.
Their garb is neither fit to approach the statues
Of deities, nor to enter homes of men.
For what may ensue, let mightiest Loxias,
Who is master of this house, himself provide.
He is healing seer and judge of prodigies,
And can purge houses other than his own.

[Exit Prophetess. The interior of the shrine is disclosed. Apollo, Hermes, Orestes and the sleeping Furies are discovered.]

Apollo

I shall not fail. To the end will I protect thee.
Near shall I be, even though far away:
Nor will I prove soft to thy enemies.
Awhile thou seest yon raveners subdued.
Lo sunken in sleep the loathly virgins lie,
These hoary ancient maidens, with whom never
Hath any god mingled, nor man, nor beast.

Evil was cause of their creation, evil
The murky pit of Tartarus where they dwell
Abhorred by men and by the Olympian gods.
THE EUMENIDES

εγὼ μὲν ἔρπω πρὸς πολυστεφῆ μυχῶν· ὀρῶ δ’ ἐπ’ ὀμφαλῷ μὲν ἄνδρα θεομυσῆ ἐδραν ἔχοντα προστρόπαιον, αἵματι στάξοντα καὶ νεοσπαδές ξίφος ἔχοντ’ ἐλαιας θ’ ύψηγέννητον κλάδον, λήυει μεγίστῳ σωφρόνοις ἐστεμένου, πρόσθεν δὲ τάνδρος τούδε θαυμαστῶς λόχος εὔδει γυναικῶν ἐν θρόνοις ἡμενος. οὔτοι γυναῖκας, ἀλλὰ Γοργόνας λέγω ταύτας, μέλαινα δ’ ἐς τὸ πᾶν βδελύκτροτοι· βέγκουσι δ’ οὐ πλατοῖσι φυσιάμασιν· εκ δ’ ὀμμάτων λείβουσι δυσφιλῆ λίβα· καί κόσμος οὔτε πρὸς θεῶν ἀγάλματα φέρειν δίκαιος οὔτ’ ἐς ἄνθρωπων στέγας. τάντευθεν ἦδη τῶνδε δεσπότη δόμων ήδη ἀνανεόθη Ἀοξία μεγασθενεί. ἢμεθάντις δ’ ἐστὶ καὶ τερασκόπος καὶ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις δωμάτων καθάρσιος.

[Exit Prophetess. The interior of the shrine is disclosed. Apollo, Hermes, Orestes and the sleeping Furies are discovered.]
Yet do not thou grow faint, but fly far hence:  
For they will chase thee across the long mainland,  
Ever new soil beneath thy wandering tread,  
And beyond seas and past wave-girded towns.  

Let not thy heart faint brooding on thy penance,  
Till thou take refuge in the city of Pallas  
And clasp her ancient image in thy arms.  
There before judges of thy cause, with speech  
Of soothing power, we will discover means  
To set thee free for ever from these woes.  
For I did counsel thee to slay thy mother.

ORESTES

Sovereign Apollo, what is just thou knowest:  
Now therefore study to neglect it not.  
Thy power to succour needs no warranty.

And thou, born of one father, my own brother,  
Hermes, protect him: prove thy title true  
As Guide, by shepherding my suppliant here.  
The sanctity of an outlaw Zeus respects,  
When thus with prosperous escort he is sped.

[APOLLO VANISHES. ORESTES LEAVES THE TEMPLE, GUIDED  
BY HERMES. ENTER THE GHOST OF CLYTAEMNESTRA.]

GHOST OF CLYTAEMNESTRA

Sleep, would you? Shame! What need of sleepers here?  
And I by you thus held in slight regard  
Among the other dead, and followed still  
By the reproach of murder among the shades,  
Yet wronged so fouly by my nearest kin,  
No spirit power shows wrath on my behalf,  
Though slaughtered by the hands of a matricide.)  
Look now upon these wounds; look with thy soul.
όμως δὲ φεύγε, μηδὲ μαλθακός γένη,  
έλωσι γάρ σε καὶ δι’ ἥπειρον μακρᾶς  
βυβώντ’ ἀν’ αἰεὶ τὴν πλανοστιβῆ κηθῶνα  
ὑπέρ τε πόντον καὶ περιρρύτασ πόλεις.  
καὶ μὴ πρόκαμπνε τόνδε βουκολούμενος  
πόνον· μολὼν δὲ Παλλάδος ποτὶ πτόλιν  
ἐξοι παλαιὸν ἄγκαθεν λαβὼν βρέτας.  
κακεῖ δικαστάς τῶνδε καὶ θελκτηρίους  
μύθους ἐχοντες μηχανᾶς εὐρήσομεν  
ἀστ’ ἐς τὸ πᾶν σὲ τῶνδ’ ἀπαλλάξαι πόνων.  
καὶ γὰρ κτανεῖν σε ἐπείσα μητρόφοιν δέμας.  

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀναξ’ Ἀπολλον, οἴσθα μὲν τὸ μὴ 'δικεῖν·  
ἐπεὶ δ’ ἐπίστα, καὶ τὸ μὴ 'μελεῖν μάθε.  
σθένος δὲ ποιεῖν εὐ φερέγγυου τὸ σῶν.

[Ἀπόλλων ἀπεφθάνει καὶ ὁ Ορέστης.]

Αὐτὸν ἄλληλον ἀλλὰ στήνειν ἀλλὰ στήνειν
καὶ κάθεται ἐν τῇ θύρᾳ ἐκ τῆς κατοικίας
καὶ μὴ χωρὶς ἐμφάνισθαι

[Ἀπόλλων ἀπεφθάνει καὶ ὁ Ορέστης.]

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΗΣΤΡΑΣ

εὐδοκεῖν τίν’ ὡς, ὡς, καὶ καθευνοῦσιν τι δεὶ;

[Ἀπόλλων ἀπεφθάνει καὶ ὁ Ορέστης.]

[Ἀπόλλων ἀπεφθάνει καὶ ὁ Ορέστης.]

[Ἀπόλλων ἀπεφθάνει καὶ ὁ Ορέστης.]
For while it sleeps, the mind is lit with eyes.
Oft indeed of my offerings have you lapped,
Wineless libations, sober soothing draughts,
Dread midnight banquets, when no god but you
Is worshipped, on the altar would I sacrifice.
All this, I see, is spurned beneath your feet.
The man is gone, escaping like a fawn,
Ay, from the very snares' midst has he sprung
Lightly, making great mouths at you in scorn.
Hear me. 'Tis for my very soul I plead.
Awake, O goddesses of the nether world.
In dream now do I, Clytaemnestra, call you.

CHORUS

(Mutterings.)
Cl. Yes, whimper! But the man is gone, fled far.
Ch. (Mutterings.)
Cl. Too deep you drowse, and pity not my wrong.
   Fled is Orestes, who slew me, his mother.
Ch. (Moanings.)
Cl. Whining and drowsing! Come, rise up forthwith.
Ch. (Moanings.)
Cl. Sleep and fatigue, puissant conspirators,
   Have spoiled the dreadful dragoness of her might.
Ch. (Mutterings redoubled and louder.)
   Follow, follow, follow, follow! Mark there!
Cl. In dream you hunt your prey, and give tongue like
   A hound, whose fancy never quits the chase.
What dost thou? Arise! Let not fatigue defeat thee.
Let thy heart wince at merited rebuke,
Which to the righteous is a very goad.
Waft thou thy blood-hot breath upon the man:
εύδουσα γὰρ φρήν ὅμμασιν λαμπρύνεται.  
η πολλὰ μὲν δὴ τῶν ἐμῶν ἔλειζατε,  
χοασ τ' ἀοίνους, νηφάλια μειλάμματα,  
καὶ νυκτίσεμνα δὲίπνυ ἐπ' ἐσχάρα πυρὸς  
ἐθνον, ὥραν οὐδένοις κοινῆν θεῶν.  
καὶ πάντα ταῦτα λαξ ὀρῶ πατούμενα.  
ο δ' ἐξαλύζας οἰχεται νεβροῦ δίκην,  
καὶ ταῦτα κούφως ἐκ μέσων ἀρκυστάτων  
ώρουσεν ύμῖν ἑγκατδιλόψας μέγα.  
ἀκούσαθ' ὡς ἔλεξα τῆς ἐμῆς περὶ  
ψυχῆς, φρονήσατ', ὦ κατὰ χθονὸς θεαί.  
ὁναρ γὰρ ὑμᾶς νῦν Κλυταιμῆστρα καλῶ.
Shrivel him with thy belly's fiery blast.
Follow him; wither him with a fresh pursuit.

[Exit the Ghost of Clytaemnestra.]

Ch. Awake!—Do thou wake her—while I wake thee.
Dost thou sleep? Rise; and spurning sleep afar,
Let us see if this warning dream prove false.

Behold! Behold! Oh shame! See, we have suffered wrong!
Much painful toil have I endured, and all in vain.
Bitter indeed the wrong done to us. Oh the shame!
Defeat hard to bear!

Our game has slipped right through the meshes, and
By sleep subdued, lo! I have lost, lost the prey.

[Apollo re-appears.]

Aha, son of Zeus! Thou art a thief, and knave.
Thy youth rides trampling over elder deities.
What is thy suppliant? What but a godless man,
A cruel son? Yet him,
This matricide, thou hast stolen from us, thou, a god.
Who dares pretend—none—that such deeds are just?

Ap. Out, I command you, from these precincts! Hence
With speed! Begone from my prophetic shrine;
Lest smitten by a wingèd glistening snake
Sped from my gold-wrought bow-string, thou in anguish
Shouldst spit forth foam darkened with human blood.
This is no dwelling fit for your approach.
Go rather where doomed heads are lopped, eyes gouged,
Throats cut; where by destruction of the seed
άτμώ κατισχναίνουσα, νηδύος πυρί,
έπου, μάραυε δευτέρους διώγμασιν.

[Exit the Ghost of Clytemnestra.]

Χο. ἔγειρ', ἔγειρε καὶ σὺ τὴνδ', ἐγὼ δὲ σέ.
εὐδεῖς; ἀνίστω, κἀπολακτίσασ' ὕπνον,
ιδώμεθ' ἐ' τι τοῦδε φροιμίου ματά.

ιοῦν οὐ τόπαξ. ἐπάθομεν, φίλαι,—
η τολλᾶ δὴ παθούσα καὶ μάτην ἐγώ,—
ἐπάθομεν πάθος δυσαχές, ὦ πόποι,
ἀφερτον κακόν.

ἐξ' ἀρκύων πέπτωκεν οἰχεταί θ' ὁ θήρ—
ὕπνοι κρατηθείσ' ἀγραν ὥλεσα.

[Apollo re-appears.]

ἰῶ ταῦ Διός, ἐπίκλοπος πέλει,—
νέος δὲ γραίας δαῖμονας καθιππάσω,—
τὸν ἤκεταν σέβων, ἄθεον ἄνδρα καὶ
tικεύσιν πικρόν,
τὸν μητραλοῖν δ' ἐξέκλεψας ὦν θεός.—
τὶ τῶνδ' ἐρεὶ τις δικαίως ἔχειν;

Απ. ἔξω κελεύω, τῶνδε δωμάτων τάχος
χωρεῖτ', ἀπαλλάσσεσθε μαντικῶν μυχῶν,
μή καὶ λαβοῦσα πτηνὸν ἄργηστην ὤφιν,
χρυσηλάτου θάμνους ἐξορμόμενον,
ἀνῆς ὑπ' ἄλγους μέλαν' ἀπ' ἄνθρωπων ἄφοιν.
οὕτω δομοίσι τούδε χρίμπτεσθαι πρέτει:
ἀλλ' οὖ καρανιστήρες οὐθαλμορύχοι
dίκαι σφαγαί τε σπείρματός τ' ἀποφθορα

Α.
The virile strength of boys is maimed, where men
Are sliced or stoned, or wail in long-drawn moans
Impaled beneath the spine. Do you hear me? Go,
Vile flock without a shepherd; get you hence!
For such a herd no god has love to give.

Ch. Sovereign Apollo, hear now our reply.
Thou thyself art not guilty of this in part:
Thou alone didst all; the whole guilt is thine.


Ch. Thy voice enjoined this man to slay his mother.

Ap. I enjoined him to avenge his sire. What then?

Ch. We hunt forth mother-slayers from all homes.

Ap. How deal you then with wives who slay their lords?

Ch. That were no true murder of kindred blood.

Ap. Then of slight honour and no worth you make
The troth-plight between Zeus and crowning Hera.
The fate-sealed marriage bed of man and wife,
Fenced with its rights, is mightier than all oaths.
Then without justice you pursue Orestes.
But Pallas at this trial shall arbitrate.

Ch. And I, drawn by a mother's blood, pursue
This man with vengeance, till I hunt him down.

Ap. And I will aid my suppliant and protect him.
For dreaded among men and gods alike
Is the appealer's wrath, should I forsake him.

[Exeunt omnes. The scene changes to Athens. Enter
Orestes, who takes sanctuary at a shrine of
Athena.]

Or. Goddess Athena, by command of Loxias
I come. Receive this outcast graciously,
No suppliant unabsolved with hand unpurged;
παίδων κακούται χλούνις, ἃδ' ἀκρωνία, λευμός τε, καὶ μύζουσιν οἰκτισμὸν πολὺν ὑπὸ ράχιν παγέντες. ἀρ' ἀκούετε; χωρεῖτ' ἀνευ βοτήρος αἰπτολούμεναι: ποίμνης τοιούτης δ' οὕτε εὔφιλῆς θεῶν.

Χο. ἀναξ' Ἀπολλον, ἀντάκουσον ἐν μέρει. αὐτός σὺ τούτων οὐ μεταίτιος πέλει, ἀλλ' εἰς τὸ πᾶν ἐπραξάς ὁν παναίτιος.

Απ. τῶς δῆ; τοσοῦτο μῆκος ἐκτεινον λόγου.

Χο. ἔχρησας ὡστε τὸν ξένων μητροκτονεῖν. οὐ τοῦτος εὐφιλής θεῶν.

140 Χο. Ἀναξ Άπολλον, ἀντάκουσον ἐν μέρει. αὐτός σὺ τούτων οὐ μεταίτιος πέλει, ἀλλ' εἰς τὸ πᾶν ἐπραξάς ὁν παναίτιος.

Απ. πῶς δῆ; τοσοῦτο μῆκος ἐκτεινον λόγου.

Χο. ἔχρησας ὡστε τὸν ξένων μητροκτονεῖν. τί μῆν;

Χο. τοῦς μητραλοίας ἐκ δόμων ἐλαύνομεν.

Απ. τί γὰρ γυναικὸς ἥτις ἄνδρα νοσφίσῃ;

Χο. οὐκ ἂν γένοιθ' ὁμαίμος ἀθάντης φόνοι.

Απ. ἡ κάρτ' ἄτιμα καὶ παρ' οὐδὲν ἦρκέσω ἠ' Ἡρας τελείας καὶ Δίος πιστώματα. εὐνὴ γὰρ ἄνδρι καὶ γυναικὶ μόρσιμος ἀνδρηλατεῖν. τί γὰρ ἄλαστορα, οὔ προστρόπαιον οὔδ' ἀφοίβων χέρα,

145 Χο. ἔγω δ', ἄγει γὰρ αἴμα μητρόφον, δίκας μέτειμι τόνδε φώτα κάκκυνηγετώ.

Απ. ἔγω δ' ἄρηξώ τὸν ικέτην τε ρύσομαι, δεινή γάρ εν βροτοῖσι καὶ θεοῖς πέλει τοῦ προστροπαίου μῆνις, εἰ προδῷ σφ' ἐκὼν. 150

[Exeunt omnes. The scene changes to Athens. Enter ORESTES, who takes sanctuary at a shrine of ATHENA.]
Long since the stain is dimmed and worn away
By sojournings and journeyings among men.
Obedient now to Loxias' oracles
I approach thy dwelling and thine image, Goddess.
Here clinging, will I wait my trial's end.

[Enter the Furies.]

Ch. Good! Here is a clear trace of the man.
The smell of human blood smiles sweetly upon me.

Again, search again! Spy into every nook,
For fear the matricide stealthily slip from our wrath.
Yes, there again safe he lurks,
Clinging around the image of the deathless god:
Trial he now would claim for his foul handiwork.
But it may not be: a mother's blood, once spilt, is
To gather up; hard indeed.
That which on earth is shed vanishes and is gone.
Now thou in turn must yield me from thy living self,
Ruddy and rich from the heart, liquor to lap: and on
I mean to thrive, evil draught though it be.
I'll wither thee alive and drag thee down below,
There to atone, pang for pang, thy mother's agony.

Or. Schooled by my miseries, I have experience
In purifying rites. Where speech befits
I know, where silence too. But in this case
A wise instructor charges me to speak.
For the blood sleeps and is fading from my hand:
The stain of matricide is washed away.
While yet fresh, at divine Apollo's hearth
It was expelled by purging blood of swine.
THE EUMENIDES

άλλ’ ἀμβλυν ἡδη προστετριμμένον τε πρὸς ἀλλοισιν οἴκους καὶ πορεύμασιν βροτῶν.
σφζων ἐφετμᾶς Λοξίου χρηστηρίους,
πρόσειμι δῶμα καὶ βρετας τὸ σῶν, θεά,
αὐτοῦ φυλάσσων ἁμμενόν τέλος δίκης.

[Enter the Furies.]

Χο. εἰεν· τὸδ’ ἐστὶ τάνδρος ἐκφανὲς τέκμαρ.
ὄσμη βροτείων αἰμάτων με προσγελά.

άρα ὅρα μᾶλ’ αὐξ
λεὐσεὶ τε πάντα, μῆ
λάθῃ φύγδα βᾶς
ματροφόνοις αἰτίας.—
ὁ δ’ αὐτό γ’ ἄλκαν ἕχων
περὶ βρέτει πλεχθείς θέας ἀμβρότον
ὕποδικος θέλει γενέσθαι χερών.—
τὸ δ’ οὐ πάρεστιν· αἶμα μητρὸδου χαμαί
dυσαγκόμιστων, παταί,
τὸ διερὸν πέδοι χύμενον οἴχεται.—

ἄλλ’ ἀντιδοῦναι δει σ’ ἀπὸ ξόντος ῥοφεῖν
ἐρυθρὸν ἐκ μελῶν τέλανον· ἀπὸ δὲ σοῦ
φεροὶμαν βοσκάν πώματος δυσπότου’—
καὶ ξόντα σ’ ἵσχυνανε’ ἀπάξωμι κατώ,
ἀντίποι’ ὡς τίνης ματροφόνου δύας.

Ορ. ἐγὼ διδαχθεὶς ἐν κακοῖς ἐπίσταμαι
πολλοὺς καθαρμούς, καὶ λέγειν ὅπου δίκη
συγάν θ’ ὁμοίως· ἐν δὲ τῷ διαματὶ
φωνεῖν ἐτάχθην πρὸς σοφοῦ διδασκάλου:
βρίζει γὰρ αἶμα καὶ μαραίνεται χερός,
μητροκτόνου μίασμα δ’ ἐκπλητοῦν πέλει.
ποταίνων γὰρ ὄν πρὸς ἐστὶθεοῦ
Φοίβου καθαρμοῖς ἠλάθη χοιροκτόνοις.
Now with pure lips, religiously, I call
On this land's Queen, Athena, that she come
Hither to aid me.
Oh haste—a god hears even from afar—
And bring with thee deliverance from these woes.

Ch. Ne'er shall Apollo nor Athena's might
Protect thee, but abandoned shalt thou perish,
Finding no place for gladness in thy soul.
Wilt thou not answer, wilt thou scorn my words,
Though for me thou art bred and consecrated?
Alive, slain at no altar, shalt thou feed me.
Now shalt thou hear a hymn to bind thee fast.

Let us now\(^1\) with solemn step move in accord,
And show in accord
The enthralling might of our music.
Come now let us preach to the sons of men:
Yea let us tell them of our vengeance:
Yea let us all make mention of justice.
Whoso showeth hands that are undefiled,
Lo he shall suffer nought of us ever,
But shall go unharmed to his ending.
But, if he hath sinned, like unto this man,
And covereth hands that are blood-stained,
Then is our witness true to the slain man;
And we sue for the blood, sue and pursue for it,
So that at the last there is payment.

Mother mine who bare me,
Oh Mother Night,
To be feared of them who see and see not—hear!

\(^1\) This Ode (lines 206-240) was translated by the late Dr A. W. Verrall.
καὶ νῦν ἄφ' ἄγνοιθ στόματος εὐφήμως καλῶ
χώρας ἀνασσαν τῆσθ' Ἀθηναίαν ἐμοὶ
μολεῖν ἄρωγόν.
ἐλθοί,—κλύει δὲ καὶ πρόσωπεν ὅν θεὸς,—
ὅπως γένοιτο τῶν' ἐμοὶ λυτήριος.

Χο. οὗτοι σ' Ἀπόλλων οὐδ' Ἀθηναίας σθένος
ῥύσαι' ἀν ὡςτε μὴ ὅν παρημελημένον
ἐρρειν, τὸ χαίρειν μὴ μαθόνθ' ὅταν φρενῶν
οὐδ' ἀντιφωνεῖς, ἀλλ' ἀποπτύεις λόγους
ἐμοὶ τραφεῖς τε καὶ καθιερωμένοις;
καὶ ζών με δαίσεις οὖν τρῆσ πρὸς βοιμῷ σφαγεῖς:
有色金属 δ' ἀκούσει τόυτες δέσμουν σέθεν.

ἄγε δὴ καὶ χορὸν ἄψωμεν, ἐπει
μοῦσαν στυγερὰν
ἀποφαίνεσθαι δεδόκηκεν,
λέξαι τε λάχη, τὰ κατ' ἀνθρώπους
ὡς ἐπινωμὰ στάσις ἀμά.
ἐνθικαίοι δ' οἰώμεθ' εἰναι·
tὸν μὲν καθαρὰς χεῖρας προσέμοντ'
οὔτε ἐφέρπει μήνυς ἄφ' ἥμῶν,
ἀσινῆς δ' ἀϊδὼν διοιχυέι·
ὀστὶς δ' ἀλιτῶν ὀσπερ ὅδ' ἄνηρ
χεῖρας φωνίας ἐπικρύπτει,
μάρτυρες ὅρθῳ ὅτι θανοῦσιν
παραγιγνόμεναι πράκτορες αἵματος
ἀυτῷ τελέως ἐφάνημεν.

μᾶτερ ἡ μ' ἔτικτες, ὃ μᾶτερ
Νύξ, ἀλαοίσι καὶ δεδορκόσιν ποινάν,
The young god Apollo, he jests at our justice,  
Covers yon cowering culprit, albeit a mother’s blood  
hath marked him mine.  
Sing then the spell, Sisters of Hell;  
Chant him the charm, mighty to harm,  
Binding the blood, madding the mood;  
Such the music that we make:  
Quail, ye sons of men, and quake;  
Bow the heart, and bend, and break.  

Even so ’tis written  
(Oh sentence sure!)  
Upon all that wild in wickedness dip hand  
In the blood of their birth, in the fount of their  
flowing:  
So shall he pine until the grave receive him—to find  
no grace even in the grave.  
Sing then the spell, Sisters of Hell;  
Chant him the charm, mighty to harm,  
Binding the blood, madding the mood;  
Such the music that we make:  
Quail, ye sons of men, and quake;  
Bow the heart, and bend, and break.  

ATHENA  
I heard a supplicant cry from far away  
Beside Scamander’s stream.  
Thence came I speeding with unwearied foot,  
To the wingless rustling of my bellying aegis.  
Beholding these strange visitants in my land,  
The sight dismays me not, though it astounds.  
Who are you? I would question all alike,  
Both him who sits a supplicant at my image,  
And you, so unlike aught begotten of seed.
κλύθ'. ὁ Δατοὺς γὰρ ἰνίς μ’ ἀτιμὸν τίθησι
tόνδ’ ἀφαιρούμενος
πτώκα, ματρὸν ἀγνισμα κύριον φόνου.

ἐπὶ δὲ τῷ τεθυμένῳ
τόδε μέλος, παρακοπά,
παραφορὰ φρενοδαλῆς,
ύμνος ἐξ Ἑρμύων,
dέσμιος φρενῶν, ἀφόρμικτος, αὖνα βροτοῖς.

tοῦτο γὰρ λάχος διανταία
Μοῖρ’ ἐπέκλωσεν ἐμπέδως ἔχειν, θνατῶν
tοῖς αὐτουργίαι ἐξυμπέσωσιν μάταιοι,
tοῖς ὀμαρτείν, ὁφρ’ ἀν
γὰν ὑπέλθη· θανῶν δ’ οὐκ ἅγιαν ἐλεύθερος.

ἐπὶ δὲ τῷ τεθυμένῳ
τόδε μέλος, παρακοπά,
παραφορὰ φρενοδαλῆς,
ύμνος ἐξ Ἑρμύων,
dέσμιος φρενῶν, ἀφόρμικτος, αὖνα βροτοῖς. 240

ΑΘΗΝΑ

πρόσωθεν ἐξήκονσα κληδόνως βοήν
ἀπὸ Σκαμάνδρου·
ἐνθὲν διώκουσ’ ἦλθον ἄτρυτον πόδα,
pτερῶν ἀτερ ροιβδοῦσα κόλπον αἰγίδος.
καὶνὴν δ’ ὦρῶσα τῆνδ’ ὦμιλιαν χθονὸς
ταρβῶ μὲν οὐδὲν, θαύμα δ’ ὦμμασιν πάρα.
tίνες ποτ’ ἐστέ; πᾶσι δ’ ἐς κοινὸν λέγω·
βρέτας τε τοὺμὸν τῶδ’ ἐφημένῳ ξένῳ,
ύμας θ’ ὄμοιας οὐδενὶ σπαρτῶν γένει.
Ch. Thou shalt hear all in brief, daughter of Zeus.
   We are Night's eternal children. In our homes
   Below the earth, the Curses are we called.
   Slayers of men we hunt forth from all homes.

Ath. And the slayer's flight—where is the end of it?
Ch. Where happiness is no more to be found.

Ath. Is the flight such whereon you hound this man?
Ch. Yes, for he dared to be his mother's murderer.

Ath. Was there no other power, whose wrath he feared?
Ch. What goad so strong as to compel matricide?
Ath. There are two parties here, and but one plea.
Ch. Well, question him, then judge with equity.

Ath. What reply, stranger, wouldst thou make to this?
   But tell me first thy country and thy lineage,
   And thy misfortunes; then repel this charge.

Or. Sovereign Athena,
   I seek no absolution, nor with hand
   Polluted to thine image do I cling.
   Long since have I been duly purified
   Elsewhere, with victim and with lustral stream.
   Hear now my race. In Argos was I born.
   My sire, to whom thy question fitly leads,
   Was Agamemnon, chieftain of warrior seamen,
   With whose aid thou didst make the city of Troy
   No more a city. He returning home
   Died shamefuly, by my black-souled mother slain,
   Enveloped in a cunning snare, that still
   Remained as witness of that murderous bath.
   So I slew her who bare me, I deny it not,
   Requiting thus my beloved father's blood.
   And herein Loxias shares the guilt with me.
   If I did right or no, be thou the judge.
   Whate'er my fate, from thee will I accept it.
Χο. πεύσει τὰ πάντα συντόμως, Διώς κόρη.
ήμεις γὰρ ἔσμεν Νυκτὸς αἰανή τέκνα.
‘Αραι δ' ἐν οὐκοίς γῆς ὑπαί κεκλήμεθα.
βροτοκονοῦντας ἐκ δόμων ἑλαύνομεν.
Αθ. καὶ τῷ κτανόντι ποὺ τὸ τέρμα τῆς φυγῆς;
Χο. ὅπου τὸ χαίρειν μηδαμοῦ νομίζεται.
Αθ. ἥ καὶ τοιαύτας τᾶς ἐπιρροίζεις φυγάς;
Χο. φονεύς γὰρ εἶναι μητρὸς ἥξιώσατο.
Αθ. ἄλλαις ἀνάγκαις, ἥ τινος τρέων κότον;
Χο. ποὺ γὰρ τοσοῦτο κέντρον ὡς μητροκτονεῖν;
Αθ. δυοῖν παρόντων ἡμίσις λόγοι πάρα.
Χο. ἀλλ' ἔξελεγχε, κρίνε δ' εὐθείαν δίκην.
Αθ. τί πρὸς τάδ' εἶπείν, ὦ ἔξιν, ἐν μέρει θέλεις;
λέξας δὲ χώραν καὶ γένος καὶ ἔξωμφορὰς
τὰς σάς, ἐπειτὰ τόνδ' ἰμμαναθοῦ ψόγον.
Ορ. ἀνασσ' Ἀθάνα,
οὐκ εἶμι προστρόπαιος, οὐδ' ἔχων μῦσος
πρὸς χειρί τῇμῇ τὸ σὸν ἐφεξόμην βρέτας.
πάλαι πρὸς ἄλλους ταῦτ' ἀφιερώμεθα
οἰκουσι, καὶ βοτοῖς καὶ ρυτοῖς πόροις.
γένος δὲ τούμον ὡς ἔχει πεύσει τάχα.
‘Ἀργείδος εἰμι, πατέρα δ' ἰστορεῖς καλὸς,
‘Αγαμέμνον', ἀνδρὸν ναυβατών ἀρμόστορα·
ἦν ὃ σὺ Τροίαν ἀπολίν 'Ιλίου πόλιν
ἐθηκέ, ἐφθιθ' οὐκ ἐκ τοῦμον ἐξερρήμασι
ἐθηκας. ἐφθιθ' οὖτος οὐ καλὸς, μολὼν
εἰς οἶκον· ἀλλὰ νῦν κελαινόφρων ἐμὴ
μήτηρ κατέκτα, πουκίλους ἀγρεύμασι
κρύψασ, τοιοῦτον ἐξεμαρτύρει φόνον·
ἐκτεινα τὴν τεκοῦσαν, οὐκ ἄρνησομαι,
ἀντικτόνοι ποιναῖσι φιλτάτου πατρός.
καὶ τώνδε κοινὴ Δοξίας μεταίτιοι.
σὺ δ' εἰ δικαιοὶ εἰτε μὴ κρίνον δίκην·
πράξας γὰρ ἐν σοὶ πανταχεῖ τάδ' αἰνέσω.
Ath. The matter is too grave for any mortal
To presume to try it: nor may I myself
Lawfully judge a case of passionate murder.
But since this cause has lighted on our city,
I will appoint judges of murder, bound
By oath, to be an ordinance for all time.
When I have chosen the best among my citizens,
I will return to sift this matter truly.

Ch. Now shall justice wholly fail,
Fade and faint, cease to be,
If the slayer's wrongful plaint,
Here in plea, dare prevail.
Such a deed
Not a sinner but shall find
All too featly to his mind.
Give to fear her proper seat.
Still to watch the wanton thought
Let her sit, as just and meet:
Sigh and tear,
Wisdom must with these be bought.
Praise not thou the slavish lot,
And the lawless, praise it not,
Praise it not.
Blest is the mean; go thou ever between, and God
shall prosper the going.
Wisely sayeth the ancient rede,
"Naughtiness gendereth pride, as the fruit of the
But in the wholesome heart [seed":
Good hopes, good wishes start:
And good rewards the sowing.

1 This Ode (lines 291–341) was translated by the late Dr A. W. Verrall.
Αθ. τὸ πράγμα μείζον, εἰ τις οἴεται τὸδε
μετοτός δικάζειν· οὔτε μὴν ἐμοὶ θέμις
φόνον διαιρεῖν δίκας· ἐπεὶ δὲ πράγμα δεῦρ' ἐπέσκηψεν τὸδε,
φόνον δικαστὰς ὀρκίους αἰρουμένη
διημοῦ τὸν εἰς ἀπαντῆ ἑγὼ θῆςον χρόνον.
κρίνασα δ' ἀστῶν τῶν ἐμῶν τὰ βέλτατα
ὴξω, διαιρεῖν τοῦτο πράγμα ἐτητύμως.

Χο. νῦν καταστροφαὶ νέων
θεσμίων, εἰ κρατή-
σει δίκα τε καὶ βλάβα
tοῦδε ματρόκτονου.
πάντας ἐκ τὸδ' ἔργον εὐχερεῖ-
α συναρμόσει βροτοὺς.
ἐσθ' ὃποι τὸ δειαντον εὐ,
καὶ φρενῶν ἐπίσκοπον
dεὶ μένειν καθήμενον·
ξυμφέρει
σωφρονεῖν ὑπὸ στένει.
μήτ' ἀνάρχετον βίον
μήτε δεσποτοῦμενον
αἰνέσης.
παντὶ μέσῳ τὸ κράτος
θεὸς ὁπασεν, ἄλλοι
ἄλλα δ' ἐφορεύει.
ξύμμετρον δ' ἔπος λέγω,
δυσσεβίας μὲν ὑβρις
tέκος ὃς ἐτήμως;
ἐκ δ' ὑγεῖ-
ας φρενῶν ὁ πάμφιλος
καὶ πολύευκτος ὁλβος.
Then be this thy constant law,  
Throned Right to hold in awe,  
Hold in awe:  
Which if thou spurn for a profit to earn, wait awhile,  
then weep thy deception,  
When the balance stands redest.  
Honour then father and mother, who looks to be  
Give to the stranger too [blest;  
Within the gates his due:  
Let him have large reception.  

Who free of will  
Doeth right, shall prosper still;  
Mercy comes behind him.  
Destroyed quite  
Sure ye shall not find him.  
The bold in sin  
By transgression shall not win;  
Nor gathered heap  
Of guilty spoil shall keep.  
Perforce he scatters bulk and bale.  
When from the tops the halyard drops,  
When sinks the sail,—then mind him!  

He prays—he raves—  
Wrestles—Ah! the grasping waves  
Will not be prevented,  
But laugh, Aha!  
Ha! for spite contented!  
The fool, whose pride  
Wind and waters’ worst defied,  
With helpless hand  
Beating off he beats to land!
ἐς τὸ πᾶν δὲ σοι λέγω,
βωμὸν αἰδεσαι δίκας·
μηδὲ νῦν
κέρδος ἰδὼν ἄθεω
ποδὶ λαξ ἀτίσης·
ποινὰ γὰρ ἐπέσται.
kύριον μένει τέλος.
πρὸς τάδε τις τοκέων
σέβας εὖ προτίων
καὶ ξενοτι-
μοσ δόμων ἐπιστροφᾶς
αἰδόμενός τις ἐστω.

ἐκὼν δ' ἀνάγκας ἀτερ δίκαιος ὁν
οὐκ ἀνολβος ἐσται·
πανόλεθρος δ' οὔποτ' ἄν γένοιτο.
τὸν ἀντίτολον δὲ φαμὶ παρβάδαν
ἀγοντα πολλὰ παντόφυρτ' ἀνευ δίκας
βιαίος ξὺν χρόνῳ καθήσειν
λαῖφος, ὅταν λάβῃ πόνος
θραυμόμενας κεραίας.

καλεῖ δ' ἀκούοντας οὐδὲν ἐν μέσα
δυσπαλεῖ τε δίνα·
γελᾷ δὲ δαίμων ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ θερμῷ,
tὸν οὔποτ' ἀυχοῦντ' ἰδὼν ἀμαχάνοις
dύαις λαπαδύνον οὐδ' ὑπερθέουτ' ἀκραν·
One touch of fate with swift surprise
Wrecks the gay freight; he sinks, he dies,
Lost and of none lamented!

_Ath._ Proclaim now, Herald: bid the folk be still.
And let the Tyrrhene trumpet, with shrill note
Piercing the heavens, filled with breath of man,
Utter its high-pitched message to the throng.
In silence let my ordinance be heard
By this whole city, for all time to come,
And by these, that their suit be rightly judged.
Sovereign Apollo, rule what is thine own.
How in this business, pray, art thou concerned?

_Ap._ I come, first to give witness,—for my house,
My hearth received this man as suppliant,
And it was I who purged him of this murder,—
To plead too for myself: for I was cause
Of his mother's slaying. Open thou the case
In such form as thy wisdom may think best.

_Ath._ The word is now with you. The case is opened.

_Ch._ Many we are, but briefly will we speak.
Sentence for sentence do thou make reply.
Say first, art thou thy mother's murderer?

_Or._ I slew her. That fact there is no denying.

_Ch._ Of the three falls already here is one.
But how it was you slew her, you must say.

_Or._ I will. With a sword I stabbed her in the throat.

_Ch._ And who suggested, who advised the deed?

_Or._ The oracle of this God. He bears me witness.

_Ch._ Did he, the seer, prompt you to matricide?

_Or._ Apollo, be thou witness now: pronounce
Whether it was with justice that I slew her.
δι αἰώνος δὲ τὸν πρὶν ὀλβὸν
ἐρματὶ προσβαλῶν δίκας
ὡλετ’ ἄκλαυτος, ἅστος.

Λ.θ. κήρυσσε, κῆρυξ, καὶ στρατὸν κατειργαθοῦ, ἢ τ’ οὖν διάτορος αἰθέρος Τυρσηνικὴ 
σάλπιγξ βροτείου πυεύματος πληρουμένη 
ὑπέρτοιον γήρυμα φαινέτω στρατῷ.
συγάν ἄριγχει καὶ μαθεῖν θεσμοῦ ἐμοῦς 
πόλει τε πᾶσαν ἐς τῶν αἰανή χρόνων 
καὶ τούσδ’, ὅπως ἄν εὖ διαγνωσθῇ δίκη—
ἀναξ’ Ἀπολλὸν, ὃν ἔχεις αὐτὸς κράτει.
τί τούδε σοι μέσετι πράγματος λέγε.

Λ.π. καὶ μαρτυρῆσων ἣλθον—ἔστι γὰρ νόμῳ 
ἰκέτης ὅδ’ ἄνηρ καὶ δόμων ἑφέστιος 
ἐμῶν, φόνου δὲ τοῦδ’ ἐγὼ καθάρσιος—
καὶ ἐξυνδικήσων αὐτός· αἰτίαν δ’ ἔχω 
τῆς τούδε μητρὸς τοῦ φόνου. σὺ δ’ εἰσάγαγε 
ὅπως τ’ ἐπίστα τήνδε κύρωσον δίκην.

Λ.θ. ύμῶν ὁ μῖθος, εἰσάγω δὲ τὴν δίκην.

Χ. ὁ πολλαί μὲν ἐσμεν, λέξομεν δὲ συντόμως. 
ἐπος δ’ ἄμείβου πρὸς ἐπος ἐν μέρει τιθεὶς. 
τήν μητέρ’ εἰπεπ’ ἐπὶ τῶν τριῶν παλαισμάτων. 

Ο.ρ. ἔκτεινα· τούτου δ’ οὕτις ἄρνησις πέλει.

Χ. ἐν μὲν τοῦδ’ ἦδη τῶν τριῶν παλαισμάτων. 
ἐπὶ τῶν τριῶν παλαισμάτων.

Ο.ρ. λέγω· ξιφούλκω χειρί πρὸς δέρην τεμῶν.

Χ. πρὸς τοῦ δ’ ἐπείσθης καὶ τίνος βουλεύμασι; 

Ο.ρ. τοῖς τούδε θεσφάτοισι· μαρτυρεῖ δὲ μοι.

Χ. ὁ μάντις ἐξηγεῖτό σοι μητροκτονεῖν;
Ο.ρ. ἡδὴ σὺ μαρτύρησον. ἐξηγοῦ δέ μοι,
"Ἀπολλὸν, εἴ σφε σὺν δίκη κατέκτανον.

Α.
Ap. To you, the high court of Athena, honest
Shall be my words. A prophet may not lie.
Never from mantic throne have I said aught
Save by command of Zeus, the Olympian Father.

Ch. So Zeus gave thee this oracle, that bade
This Orestes to avenge his father’s blood
Regardless of a mother’s claim to awe?

Ap. Nay, it was far worse shame that a noble man,
Endowed with god-given royalty, should die,
And that by a woman’s hand.

Ch. So a father’s fate, you say, wins more respect
From Zeus, who himself enchained his old sire Cronos.

Ap. O loathly, brutish monsters, heaven-abhorred!
Fetters he might undo: there is cure for that;
Yea many the means to loosen what is bound.
But when the dust hath swallowed a man’s blood,
Once dead, there is no raising of him then.
No healing charm hath Zeus my father made
For that: all else now high now low he shifts
And turns about with no least breath of toil.

Ch. See what it means, thy plea in his defence.
His mother’s kindred blood he spilt on the earth.
Shall his father’s house in Argos yet be his?
What altar of public worship shall he use?
What brotherhood will admit him to its rites?

Ap. This too will I expound; and mark how justly.
The mother of her so-called child is not
Parent, but nurse of the young life sown in her.
The male is parent: she, but a stranger to him,
Keeps safe his growing plant, unless fate blight it.
Of this truth I will show you evidence.
A sire may beget without a mother. Here
Απ. λέξω πρὸς ὑμᾶς τὸν Ἀθηναίας μέγαν
θεσμοῦ δικαίως, μάντις ᾧν δ’ οὐ ψεύσομαι.
οὐπώποτ’ εἶπον μαντικοῖσιν ἐν θρόνοις,
δ’ μὴ κελεύσαι Ζεὺς Ὄλυμπίων πατήρ.

Χο. Ζεῦς, ὡς λέγεις σὺ, τόνδ’ χρησμὸν ὁπασε,
φράζων Ὄρεστη τῶδε, τὸν πατρὸς φόνον
πράξαντα μητρὸς μηδαμοῦ τιμᾶς νέμειν;

Απ. οὐ γάρ τι ταῦταν ἄνδρα γενναῖον θανεῖν
diosdότοις σκῆπτρους τιμαλφούμενον,
καὶ ταύτα πρὸς γυναικός.

Χο. πατρὸς προτιμᾶ Ζεὺς μόρον τῷ σῷ λόγῳ·
αὐτὸς δ’ ἔδησε πατέρα προσβύτην Κρόνον.

Απ. ο’ παντομαχῆ κινόδαλα, στύγη θεῶν,
πέδαι μὲν ἂν λυθείειν, ἔστι τούτ’ ἄκος,
καὶ κάρτα πόλην μὴ χανὴ λυτήριος.

άνδρος δ’ ἐπειδὰν αἰμ’ ἀναστάσῃ κόνις
ἀπαξ θανόντος, ὡς ἕστ’ ἀνάστασις.
toútnov ἐπωφόρασ εὑκ ἐποίησε πατὴρ
οὔμοις, τὰ δ’ ἀλλα πάντ’ αἰω τε καὶ κάτω
στρέφων τίθησιν οὐδὲν ἀσθμαίνων μένει.

Χο. πώς γὰρ τὸ φεύγειν τοῦδ’ ὑπερδικεῖς ὀρά·
to μητρὸς αἰμ’ ομαίμοιν ἐκχειὰς πέδου
ἔπειτ’ ἐν Ἀργεί δῷματ’ οἴκησε πατρός;
My witness stands, child of Olympian Zeus,  
Who grew not in the darkness of a womb,  
Yet plant so fair no goddess could bring forth.

_Ath._ Has enough now been said; and may I bid  
These judges give their true and honest vote?

_Ch._ For our part, all our shafts have now been shot.  
I wait to hear how the issue shall be judged.

_Ath._ And you? Are you content I order so?

_Ap._ You have heard what you have heard. Friends, give  
your votes;  
And let your hearts pay reverence to your oath.

_Ath._ Hear now my ordinance, people of Athens,  
**Judges of the first trial for shed blood.**  
Here for all time to come shall Aegeus’ folk  
Meet as a jurors’ council on this rock,  
The Hill of Ares. Thereon Reverence,  
And Fear, its kinsman, among my citizens  
Shall check wrong-doing night and day alike.  
Neither ungoverned nor tyrannical,  
Such rule I bid you venerate and maintain.  
Nor wholly from the city banish dread;  
For what mortal is righteous who fears naught?  
Such be your reverence and your righteous awe,  
And you shall have, to guard your land and town,  
A bulwark such as none elsewhere possess,  
Not mid the Scythians, nor in Pelops’ isle.  
Pure from corruption, reverend, quick to wrath,  
Such the tribunal I establish here,  
A vigilant guardian of the land’s repose.  
To exhort my citizens for times to come,  
At such length have I spoken. Now let each rise  
And take his ballot, and decide the cause  
With reverence for his oath. My words are ended.
μάρτυς πάρεστι παῖς Ὀλυμπίου Δίος,
οὐκ ἐν σκότοις νηδύος τεθραμμένη,
ἀλλ’ οἶον ἔρνος αὔτις ἀν τέκοι θεός.

ΔΘ. ἦδη κελεύω τούσδ’ ἀπὸ γνώμης φέρειν
ψήφον δικαίως, ὡς ἅλις λελεγμένων;
Χο. ἦμιν μὲν ἦδη πᾶν τετῶξευται βέλος.
μένω δ’ ἀκόουσαι πῶς ἀγών κριθήσεται.

ΔΘ. τί γὰρ; πρὸς ὑμῶν πῶς τιθεῖσ' ἄμομφος ὁ;
ΑΠ. ἦκούσαθ' ὅν ἦκούσατ', ἐν δὲ καρδία
ψήφον φέροντες ὀρκον αἰδείσθε, ξένοι.

ΔΘ. κλύοιτ' ἂν ἦδη θεσμοῦ, Ἀττικὸς λεῶς,
πρῶτος δικαίας κρίνοντες αἰώνας χυτοῦ.
ἔσται δὲ καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν Ἀγέως στρατῷ
αἰεὶ δικαστῶν τοῦτο βουλευτήριον,
pέτρα, πάγος τ’ Ἀρείου· ὡς δὲ τὸ σέβας
ἀστῶν φόβος τε ξυγγενής τὸ μὴ 'οδείων
σχῆσει τὸ τ’ ἡμαρ καὶ κατ’ εὐφρόνῃν ὀμῶς.
τὸ μὴ ' ἀναρχον μητ' δεσποτούμενον
ἀστοίς περιστελλοῦσι βουλεύσσι σέβειν,
καὶ μὴ τὸ δεισὸν πᾶν πόλεως ἔξω βαλεῖν.
τὸ γὰρ δεδοικὸς μηδὲν ἐνδίκος βροτῶν;
τοιὸδε τοῦ ταρβοῦντες ἐνδίκοις σέβας
ἐρυμά τε χώρας καὶ πόλεως σωτήριον
ἔχοιτ', ἄν, οἶον οὕτις ἀνθρώπων ἔχει,
οὕτ' ἐν Σκύθαισιν οὕτε Πέλοποι ἐν τόποις.
κερδῶν ἀθικτον τοῦτο βουλευτήριον,
αιδοίον, ἐξύθυμον, εὐδότων ὑπὲρ
ἐγγεγοροῦσ φρούρημα γῆς καθόπταμαι.
ταῦτην μὲν ἐξέτειν ἐμοὶς παραίνεσιν
ἀστοίς εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν· ὀρθοῦσθαι δὲ χρή
kαὶ ψήφον αἴρειν καὶ διαρμόναι δίκην
αιδουμένους τὸν ὀρκον. εὑρηται λόγος.
Ch. Dangerous visitants are we to your land.
Do not affront us then, I counsel you.

Ap. And I say, dread my oracles, wherein
Zeus also speaks his will. Foil not their fruit.

Ch. You talk! But I, if I gain not my cause,
Will soon revisit and chastise this land.

Ap. Among the young gods and the elder too
You are despised. The victory shall be mine.

Ch. Since thy young violence over-rides our age,
I wait to hear the verdict, still in doubt
Whether to wreak my wrath against the town.

Ath. Mine shall this task be, to give judgment last;
And this my vote to Orestes will I reckon.
For of no mother was I born: in all,
Save to be wedded, with whole heart I approve
The male. I am strongly of the father's side.
Therefore a wife's fate shall I less esteem,
Who slew her husband, the master of her house.
Orestes wins, even with equal votes.
Forthwith turn out the ballots from the urns,
You judges to whom that function is assigned.

Or. O bright Apollo, how will the judgment go?

Ch. O Night, dark Mother, dost thou behold these things?

Or. For me 'tis now the noose, or life's light still.

Ch. For us, ruin, or worship without end.

Ap. Number aright the votes cast out, my friends.
As you divide them, reverence honesty.

Ath. This man is acquitted of blood-guiltiness;
For equal is the number of the lots.

Or. O Pallas! O thou saviour of my house!
Yea, thus to my lost fatherland hast thou
Restored me: and through Hellas men shall say,
Χο. καὶ μὴν βαρεῖαν τήνδ’ ὀμιλίαν χθονὸς
ζύμβουλὸς εἰμι μηδαμῶς ἀτιμάσαι.

Απ. κάγωγε χρησμοὺς τοὺς ἐμοὺς τε καὶ Δίὸς
ταρβεῖν κελεῦν μηδ’ ἀκαρπῶτος κτίσαι.

Χο. λέγεις· ἐγὼ δὲ μὴ τυχοῦσα τῆς δίκης
βαρεία χώρα τῇδ’ ὀμιλήσω πάλιν.

Απ. ἀλλ’ ἐν τοῖς νέοις καὶ παλαιτέροις
θεοῖς ἀτιμοὶ εἰ σὺ· νικήσω δ’ ἐγὼ.

Χο. ἐπεὶ καθιστάξῃ με πρεσβυτίνιο νέος,
δίκης γενέσθαι τῇσδ’ ἐπήκοος μένων,
ὡς ἀμφίβουλος οὕσα θυμωνθῇ πόλει.

Αθ. ἐμὸν τὸδ’ ἐργον, λοιπόν κρίναι δίκην·
ψήφον δ’ Ὁρέστῃ τήνδ’ ἐγὼ προσθήσομαι.
μήτηρ γὰρ οὕτως ἐστὶν ἢ μ’ ἐγείνατο,
τὸ δ’ ἀρσεν αὐτοῦ πάντα, πλὴν οὐκ οὕτως
ἀπαντᾷ θυμῷ, κἀρτα δ’ εἰμὶ τοῦ πατρός.

Χο. λεγεῖς· εγὼ δὲ μὴ τυχοῦσα τῆς δίκης
βαρεία χώρα τῇδ’ ὀμιλήσω πάλιν.

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ψήφον δ’ Ὁρέστῃ τήνδ’ ἐγὼ προσθήσομαι.
μήτηρ γὰρ οὕτως ἐστὶν ἢ μ’ ἐγείνατο,
τὸ δ’ ἀρσεν αὐτοῦ πάντα, πλὴν οὐκ οὕτως
ἀπαντᾷ θυμῷ, κἀρτα δ’ εἰμὶ τοῦ πατρός.

Χο. λεγεῖς· εγὼ δὲ μὴ τυχοῦσα τῆς δίκης
βαρεία χώρα τῇδ’ ὀμιλήσω πάλιν.

Απ. ἀλλ’ ἐν τοῖς νέοις καὶ παλαιτέροις
θεοῖς ἀτιμοὶ εἰ σὺ· νικήσω δ’ ἐγὼ.
"He is again an Argive, and may dwell
In his sire's heritage, by help of Pallas,
And Loxias, last of Him who ordaineth all,
The Saviour." Pitying my sire's fate, he looked
On these, my mother's advocates, and saved me.
Farewell. May thou and this thy city's people
Grapple your foes in a resistless grip,
Till safety and victorious arms be yours.

[Exit Orestes.]

Ch. Oh shame, ye younger deities! The old, holy laws
Ye have ridden down, and stolen from our hands the prey.
But I, dishonoured, grief-afflicted, heavily wroth,
On this land curse
Poison, poison, woe for woe, drops of sterile influence
Will I drip down to earth, hot from my heart; and thence
Birth-killing blight, bud-withering, (Oh revenge!)
Scattering over the ground,
Shall sow the soil with man-destroying blots of
Oh wail! wail!—How act now?
I am mocked, mocked.—A sore grief
To Athens be my wrongs!
Alas, heavy the wrongs
We bear, Maids of Night,
Mourning our loss of honour.

Ath. I pray you, do not grieve thus bitterly.
You are not vanquished; but in equal votes
The cause ends, fairly, not to your dishonour.
Then be not passionate; hurl no wrathful threats
Against this land, nor cause sterility
"'Αργείος άνήρ αύθις ἐν τε χρήμασιν οἰκεῖ πατρόφοις, Παλλάδος καὶ Δοξίον ἔκατι, καὶ τοῦ πάντα κραίνοντος τρίτον σωτήρος," ὡς πατρφόν αἴδεσθείς μόρον σώζει με, μητρὸς τάσδε συνδίκους ὀρῶν. καὶ χαίρε, καὶ σὺ καὶ πολισσούχος λεώς· πάλαισμ' ἀφυκτός τοῖς ἑναντίοις ἐξοις, σωτηρίων τε καὶ δορὸς νικηφόρον.

[Exit Orestes.]

Χο. ἰὼ θεοὶ νεώτεροι, παλαιοὺς νόμους καθιστάσασθε κάκ χερῶν εἰλεσθέ μον. ἐγώ δ' ἀτίμος ἀ πάλαινα βαρύκοτος ἐν γὰ τὰδε, φεῦ, ἰὸν ἵον ἀντιπενθῆ μεθείσασα καρδίας, σταλαγμοὴν χθονί άφορον· ἐκ δὲ τοῦ λειχήν άφυλλος, άτεκνος, ιὼ δίκα, πέδου ἐπισύμενος βροτοφθόρους κηλίδας ἐν χώρᾳ βαλεῖ. στενάζω; τί ρέξω; γελώμαι· δύσοιστα πολίταις ἐπαθοῦν· ἰὼ μεγάλα τοι κόραι δυστυχεῖς Νυκτὸς ἀτιμοπενθεῖς.

Αθ. ἐμοί πίθεσθε μὴ βαρυστάνον καὶ βαρυστόνως φέρειν. οὐ γὰρ νεβίκησθ' ἀλλ' ἰσόψηφος δίκη εξήλθ' ἀληθῶς, οὐκ ἀτιμία σέθεν· ἵματ' δὲ μὴ θυμοῦσθε μηδὲ τῇδε γῆ βαρὺν κότον σκήψητε, μηδ' ἀκαρπίαν 10—5
By shedding venomous drops of magic dew.
For here I promise you most faithfully
A cavern for your shrine in sacred ground,
Where on bright altars you shall sit enthroned,
Adored and worshipped by my citizens.

Ch. Oh wail! wail!—How act now?
   I am mocked, mocked.—A sore grief
To Athens be my wrongs!
Alas, heavy the wrongs
We bear, Maids of Night,
Mourning our loss of honour.

Ath. Ye are not dishonoured: then restrain your wrath.
   Being gods, plague not with spells a land of mortals.
I put my trust in Zeus: what need to say it?
Alone of gods I know the keys that open
The chamber where the thunder is sealed up.
But of that there is no need. Be counselled by me:
Sow not the earth with fruit of a wild tongue.
Calm the black billowing wave’s fierce violence:
Become the revered partner of my home.

Ch. We to endure such a shame!
   We the primaeval wise! thus domiciled, thus
Dishonouring, shameful thought!
I breathe forth passionate rage, uttermost wrath.
Oh! Oh! Shame! Foul!
What is this agony—this that assails my breast?
Hear my fury, O Mother
Night: for the gods have robbed me by vile crafty
Stolen my ancient honours, brought low my pride.

Ath. I will indulge thy moods, for thou art elder.
But if you pass to a land of other folk,
τεύξητ’, ἀφείσαι δαμύνων σταλάγματα.  
έγῳ γὰρ ὑμῖν πανδίκως ὑπίσχομαι
ἐδρας τε καὶ κευθμῶνας ἐνδίκου χθονὸς
λιπαροθρόνοισιν ἡμένας ἐπ’ ἐσχάραις
ἐξειν ὑπ’ ἀστῶν τῶν τῶν τιμαλφουμένας.

Χο. στενάξω; τί ρέξω;

γελῶμαι· δύσοιστα
πολίταις ἐπαθον·
ió μεγάλα τοι κόραι δυστυχεῖς
Νυκτὸς ἀτιμοπενθεῖς.

Αθ. οὐκ ἐστ’ ἀτιμοί, μηδ’ ὑπερθύμως ἁγαν
θεῖν βροτῶν κτίσθητε δύσκηλον χθόνα.
κάγῳ πέποιθα Ζηνί, καὶ τί δεῖ λέγειν;
καὶ κλήδας οἴδα δώματος κόραις ἐπ’ ἀστῶν τῶνδε τιμαλφουμένοις.
ἐν φ’ κεραυνόν ἐστιν ἐσφραγισμένοις·
ἀλλ’ οὐδὲν αὐτοῦ δεῖ· σὺ δ’ εὐπρεπῆς ἐμοί
γλώσσῃς ματαίας μὴ ’κβάλῃς ἐπὶ χθονὶ,
καρπὸν φέροντα πάντα μὴ πράσσειν καλῶς.
κοίμα κελαινοῦ κύριας πικρῶν μένος
ὡς σεμνότιμος καὶ ξυνοικήτωρ ἐμοὶ.

Χο. ἐμὲ παθεῖν τάδε, φεῦ,
ἀμεταφόροι κατά τε γᾶς οἶκεῖν,
φεῦ, ἀτίετον μύσος.
πνέω τοι μένος ἀπαντά τε κότον.
οὐοὶ δα, φεῦ.
τίς μ’ ὑποδύεται, τίς ὅδυνα πλευράς;
θυμοῦν ἄιε, μάτερ

Νύξ· ἀπὸ γὰρ μὲ τι-μᾶν δαναῖαν θεῶν
δυσπάλαμοι παρ’ οὐδὲν ἦραν δόλοι.

Αθ. ὁργὰς ἕμνοίς σοι· γεραιτέρα γὰρ εἶ.

υμεῖς δ’ ἐς ἄλλοφυλον ἐλθοῦσαι χθόνα
You will regret our Athens, I forewarn you.  
For to her citizens time's stream shall flow  
With larger honour; whilst thou, honourably  
Enshrined by Erechtheus' temple, shalt receive  
From adoring troops of men and women, more  
Than thou couldst hope in the wide world beside.

Ch. We to endure such a shame!  
We the primateally wise! thus domiciled, thus  
Dishonouring, shameful thought! [housed!

Ath. I will not weary of speaking thee fair words.  
No, if divine Persuasion, the soothing charm  
And magic of my tongue, be sacred to thee,  
Then here abide: but if thou wouldst not stay,  
Thou canst not justly afflict this city's folk  
With wrath or hate, or do them any hurt.  
For thou mayst claim thy portion in her soil  
Rightfully, with all honourable worship.

Ch. Athena, what is this home thou offerest me?  
Ath. One from all sorrow free. Accept it now.  
Ch. Say I accept: what privilege shall be mine?  
Ath. That without thee no household shall have increase.

Ch. Canst thou endow me with such power as that?  
Ath. Aye, we will bless thy votaries with good fortune.

Ch. And wilt thou give me warrant for all time?  
Ath. No need to promise what I would not do.

Ch. I feel thy soothing charm: my wrath abates.

We accept.  
Here with Pallas let us dwell.  
Scorn we not her citadel  
By almighty Zeus and Ares cherished  
As the fortress of the gods,
γῆς τῆς' ἐρασθήσεσθε· προωννέπω τάδε.
οὐπιρρέων γὰρ τιμιώτερος χρόνος
ἔσται πολίταις τοῦσδε. καὶ σὺ τιμίαιν
ἐδραν ἔχουσα πρὸς δόμοις 'Ερεχθέως
τεῦξει παρ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ γυναικείων στόλων, 530
όσων παρ' ἄλλων οὐποτ' Ἰν σχέδοις βροτῶν.

Χο. ἐμὲ παθεῖν τάδε, φεῦ,
ἐμὲ παλαιόφρονα κατὰ τε γὰς οἰκεῖν,
φεῦ, ἀτύτετον μύσος.

Α. θ. οὕτοι καμούμαι σοι λέγουσα ταῦτα.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἀγνόν ἐστί σοι Πείθος σέβας,
γλώσσης ἐμῆς μείλιγμα καὶ θελκτήριον,
σὺ δ' οὖν μένους ἄν· εἰ δὲ μὴ θέλεις μένειν,
οῦ τὰν δικαίος τῇδ' ἐπιρρέποις πόλει
μὴνιν τιν' ἢ κότον τιν' ἢ βλάβην στρατῳ.
ἐξεστὶ γάρ σοι τῆσδε γαμόρω χρόνος
ἐίναι δικαίος εἰς τὸ πᾶν τιμωμένην.

Χο. ἀνασσ' Ἀθάνα, τίνα με φῆς ἔχειν ἔδραν;
Α. θ. πάσης ἀπημον ο'ιζύος· δέχου δὲ σύ.
Χο. καὶ δὴ δέδεγμαι· τίς δὲ μοι τιμὴ μένει;
Α. θ. ώς μὴ τιν' οἴκιν εὐθενεῖν ἄνευ σέθεν.
Χο. σὺ τούτο πράξεις, ὡστε με σθενέων τόσον;
Α. θ. τῷ γὰρ σέβομαι συμφοράς ὀρθώσομεν.
Χο. καὶ μοι πρόπαντος ἐργὴν θήσει χρόνον;
Α. θ. εξέστη γάρ μοι μὴ λέγειν ἢ μὴ τελῶ.
Χο. θέλξειν μ' ἔοικας καὶ μεθίσταμαι κότου.

δέξομαι Παλλάδος ξυνοικίαν,
οῦδ' ἀτιμάσω πόλιν,
τὰν καὶ Ζεὺς ὁ παγκρατῆς "Αρης τε
φρούριον θεῶν νέμει,
Crown of Hellas, guarding
The altars of her deities.

Evil breath
Never blow to hurt her trees:
Such to Athens be my grace.
Never trespass hither scorching wind
To nip the budding eyes of plants.
May no blast of sterile
Blighting plague assail her fields.
And with double births let Pan
At the appointed season bless
The mothers of the thriving flock; and may rich
Teem with abundant offspring,
[Earth Gifts to thank the bounteous gods.

_Ath._ Hear with what wise speech into the pathway
Of blessing they enter.
Stern and terrible though they appear, yet
Great gain shall they bring you, people of Athens.
If you repay them for kindness with kindness
And reverent worship, this shall your fame be,
To guide both your land
And city in the straight path of justice.

_Ch._ Joy to you, joy in the wealth that is each man's
Joy be to this city's folk!
Lovers are you, and beloved,
Of the Virgin throned by Zeus.
Timely wisdom now is yours,
Sheltered under Pallas' wings,
Sacred in the Father's eyes.

_Ath._ Joy to you also! But before you I go;
For now will I show you your cavern shrines
ρυσίβωμον Ἐλλάνων ἅγαλμα δαιμόνων.

dευδροτήμων δὲ μὴ πυέοι βλάβα,
tὰν ἐμὰν χάριν λέγω·
φλογμὸς τ’ ὀμματοστερὴς φυτῶν, τὸ
mὴ περάν ὄρων τόπων,
μηδ’ ἀκαρτος αἰανής ἐφερτέτω νόσος,
μῆλα τ’ εὐθενοῦντα Πάν
ξὶν διπλοίσων ἐμβρύωις
τρέφοι χρόνῳ τεταγμένῳ· γόνος δὲ γάς
πλουτόχθων ἐρμαιαν
dαιμόνων δόσιν τίοι.

Αθ. ἀρα φρονοῦσαι γλώσσης ἅγαθῆς
όδὸν εὑρίσκουσ’;
ἐκ τῶν φοβερῶν τῶνδε προσώπων
μέγα κέρδος ὄρῳ τοῖσδε πολίταις·
tάσδε γὰρ εὕφρονοις εὕφρονες ἀεὶ
mέγα τιμώντες καὶ γῆν καὶ πόλιν
ὀρθοδικαιον
πρέψετε πάντως διάγοντες.

Χο. χαίρετε χαίρετ’ ἐν αἰσιμίαιαι πλούτου.
χαίρετ’ ἀστικὸς λέως,
ἰκταρ ἡμένας Διός
παρθένου φίλας φίλοι
σωφρονοῦντες ἐν χρόνῳ.
Παλλάδος δ’ ὑπὸ πτεροῖς
δυνας ἀξεταὶ πατήρ.

Λθ. χαίρετε χύμεις· προτέραν δ’ ἐμὲ χρὴ
στείχειν θαλάμους ἀποδείξουσαν.
By the sacred light of these your conductors.
With solemn sacrifice now let us speed you
To your homes in the earth. What will hurt this city,
Emprison it there; but whate'er bringeth gain,
Send forth to increase her with glory.
Lead now these newcomers on their way,
You my citizens, children of Kranaos:
And still in your hearts
For a kind deed let there be kind thoughts.

Ch. Joy to you, joy yet again with a double blessing,
All ye dwellers in this land
Deities and mortal men!
While in Pallas' town ye dwell,
And our rights as denizens
Reverence still, you shall not find
In your life's lot aught unkind.

Ath. Your prayers of benediction I commend,
And by bright-gleaming torch-light will conduct you
Unto your nether subterraneous homes,
Escorted by these ministrants, who guard
My image, (and with right; for 'tis the eye
Of Theseus' land), a fair-famed company
Of maidens and of wives and aged dames.
Drape now our guests in honourable robes
Of crimson. Let the lights move on before.
Erelong shall these new residents show their love
By prospering the manhood of our land.

CHORUS OF THE ESCORT
Pass on your way in the pride of your worship,
Night's dread Children, with glad-hearted escort.
(Silence now for our sacred song!)
πρὸς φῶς ἱερὸν τῶνδε προπομπῶν.

ιτε καὶ σφαγίων τῶνδ’ ὑπὸ σεμνῶν
κατὰ γῆς σύμεναι τὸ μὲν ἀτρόν
χώρα κατέχειν, τὸ δὲ κερδαλέον
πέμπτειν πόλεως ἐπὶ νίκη.

ὑμεῖς δ’ ἡγεῖσθε, πολισσοῦχοι
παῖδες Κραναοῦ, ταῖσδε μετοίκους.

εἰ ὤ ἀγαθῶν
ἀγαθὴ διάνοια πολίταις.

Χο. χαίρετε, χαίρετε δ’ αὐθίς, ἔπη διπλάξω,
πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλιν,
δαίμονές τε καὶ βροτοί,
Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμον-
tες· μετοίκιαν δ’ ἐμὴν
εὐ σέβοντες οὔτι μέμ-

ψεσθε συμφορᾶς βίου.

Αθ. αἰνῶ τε μύθους τῶνδε τῶν κατευγμάτων
πέμψω τε φέγγει λαμπάδων σελασφόρων
ἐς τοὺς ἐνερθε καὶ κάτω χθονὸς τόπους
ξυν προσπόλοισιν, αἶτε φρουροῦσιν βρέτας
τούμον δικαίως. ὄμμα γὰρ πάσης χθονὸς
Θησήδος. ἐξίκοιτ αὖ εὐκλεῆς λόχος
παῖδων, γυναικῶν, καὶ στόλος πρεσβυτίδων.

φοινικοβάπτοις εσθῆμασί
τιμάτε, καὶ τὸ φέγγος ὁμάσθῳ πάρος,
ὅπως ἃν εὐφρον ἣδ’ ὁμιλία χθονὸς
τὸ λοιπὸν εὐάνδροισι συμφοράς πρέπῃ.

ΠΡΟΠΟΜΠΟΙ

βάθ’ ὁδόν, ὦ μεγάλαι φιλότιμοι
Νυκτὸς παῖδες, ὑπ’ εὐφρονι πομπᾶ,
εὐφαμεῖτε δὲ, χωρίται,
There within Earth's immemorial caverns
Ritual worship and offerings await you.
(Silence all as we wend along!)
Kind and loyal of heart to our land,
Come, ye revered ones, pleased with the festive
Flame-devoured torch, as you pass to your home.
(Cry aloud a refrain to our chorus!)
Let Peace follow with flaring of torches.
Burghers of Pallas, unto this ending
Zeus the all-seeing and Fate have conspired.
(Cry aloud a refrain to our chorus!)
γὰς ὑπὸ κεύθεσιν ὀγυγίοισιν, [ἀντ. α.
τιμαῖς καὶ θυσίαις περίσεπται,
εὐφαμεῖτε δὲ πανδαμεῖ.

ἲλαι δὲ καὶ εὐθύφρονες γὰρ
δεύ' ὅτε, σεμναί, ξύν πυριδάπτῳ
λαμπάδι τερπόμεναι καθ' ὀδόν.
ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς.

σπονδαί δ' εἰσόπτων ἐνδαιδεῖς ἵτων. [ἀντ. β.
Παλλάδος ἀστοῖς Ζεὺς ὁ πανόπτας
οὕτω Μοῖρα τε συγκατέβα.
ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς.