Trojan Women

EURIPIDES

c. 480–406 BC

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Τρῳάδες

Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited



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Trojan Women · Euripides (c. 480–406 BC)

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INTRODUCTION

Troy has fallen. Its men are dead, and its women wait in the Greek camp to learn which of the victors will take each of them home as a slave. At the center is Hecuba, the old queen, who has lost her husband, her sons and her city, and who stays on stage from beginning to end as one blow after another falls.

One by one the women are brought before her: her daughter Cassandra, the prophetess, who has been given to Agamemnon and foresees the ruin she will bring on his house; her daughter-in-law Andromache, widow of Hector; and Helen, whom Hecuba confronts in front of Menelaus in a formal debate about who is to blame for the war. The Greek herald Talthybius, a decent man doing a hateful job, carries the victors' orders.

The play was staged in 415 BC, months after Athens had killed the men and enslaved the women and children of the island of Melos, and as it prepared its great expedition against Sicily. It remains one of the most powerful works ever written about what war does to those who survive it.

Trojan Women

Before the Greek tents outside the ruins of Troy.
The captive women of Troy wait to be shipped away as slaves.

PROLOGUE

Poseidon mourns fallen Troy, and Athena wins his help to wreck the Greek fleet on its way home.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1	**POSEIDON** Ἥκω λιπὼν Αἰγαιον ἁλμυρὸν βάθος πόντοι· Ποσειδῶν, ἔνθα Νηρῄδων χοροὶ κάλλιστον ἴχνος ἐξελίσσουσιν ποδός. ἐξ οὗ γὰρ ἀμφὶ τήνδε Τρωικὴν χθόνα Φοῖβός τε κἀγὼ λαΐνους πύργους πέριξ ὀρθοῖσιν ἔθεμεν κανόσιν, οὔποτ' ἐκ φρενῶν εὔνοι' ἀπέστη τῶν ἐμῶν Φρυγῶν πόλει, ἣ νῦν καπνοῦται καὶ πρὸς Ἀργείου δορὸς ὄλωλε πορθηθεῖσ'. ὁ γὰρ Παρνάσιος Φωκεὺς Ἐπειὸς μηχαναῖσι Παλλάδος ἐγκύμον' ἵππον τευχέων συναρμόσας πύργων ἔπεμψεν ἐντὸς ὀλέθριον βρέτας·	**POSEIDON** I have come, I, Poseidon, from the salt depths of the Aegean sea, where the choirs of Nereids weave the loveliest steps of their dancing feet. Phoebus and I once set towers of stone around this land of Troy, built true with straight measuring lines, and ever since, my heart has never lost its goodwill toward the city of my Phrygians. Now it smolders; the Argive spear has sacked it and it is gone. Epeius, the Phocian from Parnassus, used the devices of Pallas to fit together a horse big with weapons, and he sent that deadly image inside the walls.[1]
13	ὅθεν πρὸς ἀνδρῶν ὑστέρων κεκλήσεται δούρειος ἵππος, κρυπτὸν ἀμπισχὼν δόρυ. ἔρημα δ' ἄλση καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα φόνῳ καταρρεῖ· πρὸς δὲ κρηπίδων βάθροις πέπτωκε Πρίαμος Ζηνὸς ἑρκείου θανών. πολὺς δὲ χρυσὸς Φρύγιά τε σκυλεύματα πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν πέμπεται· μένουσι δὲ πρύμνηθεν οὖρον, ὡς δεκασπόρῳ χρόνῳ ἁλόχους τε καὶ τέκν' εἰσίδωσιν ἄσμενοι, οἳ τήνδ' ἐπεστράτευσαν Ἕλληνες πόλιν.	That is why men in later days will call it the Wooden Horse, the horse that wrapped hidden spears inside it. The groves are deserted, and the gods' sanctuaries run with slaughter. At the foot of the altar steps of Zeus of the Courtyard, Priam has fallen dead. Gold in plenty and Phrygian spoils are being carried off to the Achaean ships. The Greeks who marched against this city are waiting for a wind astern, so that in the tenth season of sowing they may have the joy of seeing their wives and children.
23	ἐγὼ δέ, νικῶμαι γὰρ Ἀργείας θεᾶς Ἥρας Ἀθάνας θ', αἳ συνεξεῖλον Φρύγας, λείπω τὸ κλεινὸν Ἴλιον βωμούς τ' ἐμούς· ἐρημία γὰρ πόλιν ὅταν λάβῃ κακή, νοσεῖ τὰ τῶν θεῶν οὐδὲ τιμᾶσθαι θέλει. πολλοῖς δὲ κωκυτοῖσιν αἰχμαλωτίδων βοᾷ Σκάμανδρος δεσπότας κληρουμένων. καὶ τὰς μὲν Ἀρκάς, τὰς δὲ Θεσσαλὸς λεὼς εἵληχ' Ἀθηναίων τε Θησεῖδαι πρόμοι.	As for me, I am beaten by the Argive goddess Hera and by Athena, who joined in destroying the Phrygians, and so I am leaving famous Ilium and my altars. When cruel desolation seizes a city, the worship of the gods falls sick, and they are honored no more. The Scamander echoes with the many shrieks of the captive women as their masters are assigned by lot. Some have fallen by lot to the Arcadian people, some to the Thessalian, and some to the sons of Theseus, the leaders of the Athenians.

1 Euripides often calls the Trojans "Phrygians," after the region of Asia Minor. The Greeks appear under several names: Argives, Achaeans, Danaans.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
32	ὅσαι δ' ἄκληροι Τρῳάδων, ὑπὸ στέγαις ταῖσδ' εἰσὶ τοῖς πρώτοισιν ἐξῃρημέναι στρατοῦ, σὺν αὐταῖς δ' ἡ Λάκαινα Τυνδαρὶς Ἑλένη, νομισθεῖσ' αἰχμάλωτος ἐνδίκως. τὴν δ' ἀθλίαν τήνδ' εἴ τις εἰσορᾶν θέλει, πάρεστιν Ἑκάβη κειμένη πυλῶν πάρος δάκρυα χέουσα πολλὰ καὶ πολλῶν ὕπερ· ᾗ παῖς μὲν ἀμφὶ μνῆμ' Ἀχιλλείου τάφου οἰκτρὰ τέθνηκε τλημόνως Πολυξένη, φροῦδος δὲ Πρίαμος καὶ τέκν'· ἣν δὲ παρθένον μεθῆκ' Ἀπόλλων δρομάδα Κασάνδραν ἄναξ, τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ τε παραλιπὼν τό τ' εὐσεβὲς γαμεῖ βιαίως σκότιον Ἀγαμέμνων λέχος.	The Trojan women not yet allotted are in these tents, picked out for the leading men of the army. With them is the Spartan, Tyndareus' daughter Helen, and she is rightly counted a captive. And if anyone wants to see this poor woman, here she is: Hecuba, lying before the gates, shedding many tears for many losses. Her daughter Polyxena has died a pitiful, cruel death at the tomb of Achilles. Priam is gone, and her sons. And the maiden whom lord Apollo let run free in her frenzy, Cassandra, Agamemnon is taking by force to a secret bed, setting aside what is owed to the god and to piety.
45	ἀλλ' ὦ ποτ' εὐτυχοῦσα, χαῖρέ μοι, πόλις ξεστόν τε πύργωμ'· εἴ σε μὴ διώλεσε Παλλὰς Διὸς παῖς, ἦσθ' ἂν ἐν βάθροις ἔτι.	So farewell, city that once was fortunate, and you, towers of dressed stone. If Pallas, daughter of Zeus, had not destroyed you, you would still be standing on your foundations.
48	ATHENA ἔξεστι τὸν γένει μὲν ἄγχιστον πατρὸς μέγαν δὲ δαίμον' ἐν θεοῖς τε τίμιον λύσασαν ἔχθραν τὴν πάρος προσεννέπειν;	ATHENA May I speak to the one who is my father's nearest kin, a great power, honored among the gods, and put our old enmity aside?
51	POSEIDON ἔξεστιν· αἱ γὰρ συγγενεῖς ὁμιλίαι, / ἄνασσ' Ἀθάνα, φίλτρον οὐ σμικρὸν φρενῶν.	POSEIDON You may. Lady Athena, meetings between kin are no small charm for the heart.
53	ATHENA ἐπῄνεσ' ὀργὰς ἠπίους· φέρω δὲ σοὶ / κοινοὺς ἐμαυτῇ τ' εἰς μέσον λόγους, ἄναξ.	ATHENA I'm glad of your gentle mood. My lord, I bring a proposal to lay before us both, a matter for you and for me.
55	POSEIDON μῶν ἐκ θεῶν του καινὸν ἀγγελεῖς ἔπος, / ἢ Ζηνὸς ἢ καὶ δαιμόνων τινὸς πάρα;	POSEIDON You're not bringing some new message from one of the gods, are you? From Zeus, or from one of the other powers?
57	ATHENA οὔκ, ἀλλὰ Τροίας εἵνεκ', ἔνθα βαίνομεν, / πρὸς σὴν ἀφῖγμαι δύναμιν, ὡς κοινὴν λάβω.	ATHENA No. It's for Troy, where we are standing, that I've come to you and your power, to make it an ally of mine.
59	POSEIDON ἦ πού νιν ἔχθραν τὴν πρὶν ἐκβαλοῦσα νῦν / εἰς οἶκτον ἦλθες πυρὶ κατῃθαλωμένης;	POSEIDON Can it be that you've thrown off your old hatred, and now that Troy is burned to ashes you've come to pity it?
61	ATHENA ἐκεῖσε πρῶτ' ἄνελθε· κοινώσει λόγους / καὶ συμπονήσεις ἂν ἐγὼ πρᾶξαι θέλω;	ATHENA Go back to my first point. Will you share counsel with me and help me do what I mean to do?
63	POSEIDON μάλιστ'· ἀτὰρ δὴ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν· / πότερον Ἀχαιῶν ἦλθες εἵνεκ' ἢ Φρυγῶν;	POSEIDON Certainly. But I do want to know your side of it too. Have you come for the Achaeans' sake or for the Phrygians'?
65	ATHENA τοὺς μὲν πρὶν ἐχθροὺς Τρῶας εὐφρᾶναι θέλω, / στρατῷ δ' Ἀχαιῶν νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν πικρόν.	ATHENA I want to bring joy to the Trojans, my former enemies, and to give the Achaean army a bitter homecoming.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
67	**POSEIDON** τί δ' ὦδε πηδᾷς ἄλλοτ' εἰς ἄλλους τρόπους / μισεῖς τε λίαν καὶ φιλεῖς ὃν ἂν τύχῃς;	**POSEIDON** Why do you leap like this from one mood to another, hating too hard and loving whoever you happen to?
69	**ATHENA** οὐκ οἶσθ' ὑβρισθεῖσάν με καὶ ναοὺς ἐμούς;	**ATHENA** Don't you know how I was outraged, and my temple with me?
70	**POSEIDON** οἶδ', ἡνίκ' Αἴας εἵλκε Κασάνδραν βίᾳ.	**POSEIDON** I know: when Ajax dragged Cassandra off by force.[2]
71	**ATHENA** κοὐδέν γ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔπαθεν οὐδ' ἤκουσ' ὕπο.	**ATHENA** And the Achaeans did nothing to him. They didn't even reproach him.
72	**POSEIDON** καὶ μὴν ἔπερσάν γ' Ἴλιον τῷ σῷ σθένει.	**POSEIDON** And yet it was your strength they used to sack Ilium.
73	**ATHENA** τοιγάρ σφε σὺν σοὶ βούλομαι δρᾶσαι κακῶς.	**ATHENA** That's exactly why I want to harm them, with your help.
74	**POSEIDON** ἕτοιμ' ἃ βούλει τἀπ' ἐμοῦ. δράσεις δὲ τί;	**POSEIDON** Whatever you want from me is ready. What will you do?
75	**ATHENA** δύστηνον αὐτοῖς νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν θέλω.	**ATHENA** I want to give them a miserable homecoming.
76	**POSEIDON** ἐν γῇ μενόντων ἢ καθ' ἁλμυρὰν ἅλα;	**POSEIDON** While they stay on land, or out on the salt sea?
77	**ATHENA** ὅταν πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολῶσ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου. καὶ Ζεὺς μὲν ὄμβρον καὶ χάλαζαν ἄσπετον πέμψει γνοφώδη τ' αἰθέρος φυσήματα, ἐμοὶ δὲ δώσειν φησὶ πῦρ κεραύνιον, βάλλειν Ἀχαιοὺς ναῦς τε πιμπράναι πυρί. σὺ δ' αὖ τὸ σὸν παράσχες Αἴγαιον πόρον τρικυμίαις βρέμοντα καὶ δίναις ἁλός, πλῆσον δὲ νεκρῶν κοῖλον Εὐβοίας μυχόν, ὡς ἂν τὸ λοιπὸν τἄμ' ἀνάκτορ' εὐσεβεῖν εἰδῶσ' Ἀχαιοὶ θεούς τε τοὺς ἄλλους σέβειν.	**ATHENA** When they sail home from Ilium. Zeus will send rain, hail beyond telling, and black blasts of wind from the sky. He says he'll give me his thunderbolt fire, to strike the Achaeans and set their ships ablaze. You, for your part, make your Aegean crossing roar with towering waves and whirlpools, and fill the hollow gulf of Euboea with corpses. Then from now on the Achaeans will know to revere my shrines and to honor the other gods.
87	**POSEIDON** ἔσται τάδ'· ἡ χάρις γὰρ οὐ μακρῶν λόγων δεῖται· ταράξω πέλαγος Αἰγαίας ἁλός. ἀκταὶ δὲ Μυκόνου Δήλιοί τε χοιράδες Σκῦρός τε Λῆμνός θ' αἱ Καφήρειοί τ' ἄκραι πολλῶν θανόντων σώματ' ἕξουσιν νεκρῶν. ἀλλ' ἕρπ' Ὄλυμπον καὶ κεραυνίους βολὰς λαβοῦσα πατρὸς ἐκ χερῶν καραδόκει, ὅταν στράτευμ' Ἀργεῖον ἐξίῃ κάλως. μῶρος δὲ θνητῶν ὅστις ἐκπορθεῖ πόλεις, ναούς τε τύμβους θ', ἱερὰ τῶν κεκμηκότων, ἐρημίᾳ δοὺς αὐτὸς ὤλεθ' ὕστερον.	**POSEIDON** It will be done. A favor needs no long speeches. I'll churn up the open waters of the Aegean. The shores of Mykonos, the reefs of Delos, Scyros and Lemnos and the headlands of Caphareus will hold the bodies of many dead. Now go to Olympus, take the thunderbolts from your father's hands, and watch for the moment the Argive army casts off its cables. The mortal who sacks cities is a fool. He gives temples and tombs, the sanctuaries of the dead, over to desolation, and then he perishes himself.

2 This is the lesser Ajax, son of Oileus, who dragged Cassandra away from Athena's image, where she had taken refuge.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
98	**HECUBA** ἄνα δύσδαιμον πεδόθεν κεφαλήν, ἐπάειρε δέρην· οὐκέτι Τροία τάδε καὶ βασιλῆς ἐσμεν Τροίας. μεταβαλλομένου δαίμονος ἀνέχου. πλεῖ κατὰ πορθμόν, πλεῖ κατὰ δαίμονα, μηδὲ προσίστω πρῷραν βιότου πρὸς κῦμα πλέουσα τύχαισιν. αἰαῖ αἰαῖ. τί γὰρ οὐ πάρα μοι μελέᾳ στενάχειν, ᾗ πατρὶς ἔρρει καὶ τέκνα καὶ πόσις; ὦ πολὺς ὄγκος συστελλόμενος προγόνων, ὡς οὐδὲν ἄρ' ἦσθα. τί με χρὴ σιγᾶν; τί δὲ μὴ σιγᾶν;	**HECUBA** Up, ill-fated woman, lift your head from the ground, raise your neck. This is Troy no longer, and we are no longer Troy's royal house. Fortune is changing: bear it. Sail with the current, sail with your fate. Don't turn the prow of your life against the wave, as chance carries you on. Ah, ah. What is there not for me to groan at, poor wretch, whose country is gone, my children, my husband? You vast swelling pride of my forefathers, furled up now, so you were nothing after all. What should I hold back? What should I not hold back?
111	τί δὲ θρηνῆσαι; δύστηνος ἐγὼ τῆς βαρυδαίμονος ἄρθρων κλίσεως, ὡς διάκειμαι, νῶτ' ἐν στερροῖς λέκτροισι ταθεῖσ'. οἴμοι κεφαλῆς, οἴμοι κροτάφων πλευρῶν θ', ὥς μοι πόθος εἰλίξαι καὶ διαδοῦναι νῶτον ἄκανθάν τ' εἰς ἀμφοτέρους τοίχους μελέων ἐπὶ τοὺς αἰεὶ δακρύων ἐλέγους. μοῦσα δὲ χαὔτη τοῖς δυστήνοις ἄτας κελαδεῖν ἀχορεύτους.	What should I mourn? Wretched me, how ill-fated is this posture of my bent limbs as I lie here, my back stretched out on this hard bed. Oh, my head, oh, my temples, my sides! How I long to roll over, to shift my back and spine from one side of my body to the other, in time with my endless elegies of tears. But this too is music for the wretched: to cry out their ruin, with no dance.
122	πρῷραι ναῶν ὠκεῖαι, Ἴλιον ἱερὸν αἳ κώπαις δι' ἅλα πορφυροειδέα καὶ λιμένας Ἑλλάδος εὐόρμους αὐλῶν παιᾶνι στυγνῷ συρίγγων τ' εὐφθόγγων φωναῖς βαίνουσαι πλεκτὰν Αἰγύπτου παιδείαν ἐξηρτήσασθ', αἰαῖ, Τροίας ἐν κόλποις τὰν Μενελάου μετανισσόμεναι στυγνὰν ἄλοχον, Κάστορι λώβαν τῷ τ' Εὐρώτᾳ δυσκλείαν, ἃ σφάζει μὲν τὸν πεντήκοντ' ἀροτῆρα τέκνων Πρίαμον, ἐμέ τε μελέαν Ἑκάβαν εἰς τάνδ' ἐξώκειλ' ἄταν.	Swift prows of ships, you came with oars to holy Ilium over the purple sea from the fine harbors of Greece, to the hateful paean of pipes and the voices of sweet-sounding reeds, and you made fast the plaited craft of Egypt, ah, in the bays of Troy, in pursuit of Menelaus' hateful wife, an outrage to Castor, a disgrace to the Eurotas. She has slaughtered Priam, who sowed fifty children, and run me, wretched Hecuba, aground on this ruin.[3]
138	ὤμοι θάκους οἵους θάσσω σκηναῖς ἔφεδρος Ἀγαμεμνονίαις. δούλα δ' ἄγομαι γραῦς ἐξ οἴκων, κουρᾷ ξυρήκει πενθήρη	Oh, what a seat is this where I sit, settled by Agamemnon's tents! I am led from my home, an old woman, a slave, my head pitifully ravaged,

3 The "plaited craft of Egypt" is rope of papyrus, the ships' mooring cables. Castor was Helen's brother; the Eurotas is the river of Sparta.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	κρᾶτ’ ἐκπορθηθεῖσ’ οἰκτρῶς.	shorn with the razor in mourning.
	ἀλλ’ ὦ τῶν χαλκεγχέων Τρώων	You wretched wives of the bronze-speared Tro-
	ἄλοχοι μέλεαι καὶ δύσνυμφοι,	jans,
	τύφεται Ἴλιον, αἰάζωμεν·	brides ill-wed,
	μάτηρ δ’ ὡσεὶ πτανοῖς κλαγγὰν	Ilium is smoldering: let us wail.
	ὄρνισιν ὅπως ἐξάρξω ’γὼ	Like a mother bird over her winged young,
	μολπὰν οὐ τὰν αὐτὰν	I will lead off the shrieking cry,
	οἵαν ποτὲ δὴ	a song not the same
	σκήπτρῳ Πριάμου διερειδομένα	as the one I once
	ποδὸς ἀρχεχόρου πλαγαῖς Φρυγίαις	led off for the gods,
	εὐκόμποις ἐξῆρχον θεούς.	leaning on Priam’s scepter,
		with the proud Phrygian beat
		of the lead dancer’s foot.

PARODOS

The captive women gather around Hecuba, fearing which Greek master and which land they will be sent to.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
153	**HALF-CHORUS** Ἑκάβη, τί θροεῖς; τί δὲ θωΰσσεις;	**HALF-CHORUS** Hecuba, what are you crying out?
	ποῖ λόγος ἥκει; διὰ γὰρ μελάθρων	Why this shouting?
	ἄϊον οἴκτους οὓς οἰκτίζει.	What is it you mean? Through the tent walls
	διὰ δὲ στέρνων φόβος ἀίσσει	I heard the laments you were crying.
	Τρῳάσιν, αἳ τῶνδ’ οἴκων εἴσω	And fear darts through the hearts
	δουλείαν αἰάζουσιν.	of the Trojan women inside these tents
		who wail for their slavery.
159	**HECUBA** ὦ τέκν’, Ἀργείων πρὸς ναῦς ἤδη / κινεῖται	**HECUBA** My child, already at the Argive ships /
	κωπήρης χείρ.	the hands are moving to the oars.
161	**HALF-CHORUS** οἳ ’γὼ τλάμων, τί θέλουσ’; ἦ πού μ’	**HALF-CHORUS** Oh, poor me, what do they want?
	ἤδη / ναυσθλώσουσιν πατρίας ἐκ γᾶς;	Can it be / they’re about to ship me off from my
		homeland?
163	**HECUBA** οὐκ οἶδ’, εἰκάζω δ’ ἄταν.	**HECUBA** I don’t know, but I can guess at ruin.
164	**HALF-CHORUS** ἰὼ ἰώ.	**HALF-CHORUS** Oh, oh!
	μέλεαι μόχθων ἐπακουσόμεναι	Poor Trojan women, come out of the tents
	Τρῳάδες, ἔξω κομίσασθ’ οἴκων·	to hear what you must suffer:
	στέλλουσ’ Ἀργεῖοι νόστον.	the Argives are making ready to sail home.
168	**HECUBA** ἔ ἔ.	**HECUBA** No, no!
	μή νύν μοι τὰν	Don’t send her out to me,
	ἐκβακχεύουσαν Κασάνδραν	Cassandra in her Bacchic frenzy,
	πέμψητ’ ἔξω,	a disgrace before the Argives,
	αἰσχύναν Ἀργείοισιν,	a maenad, to bring me pain on pain.
	μαινάδ’, ἐπ’ ἄλγει δ’ ἀλγυνθῶ.	Oh,
	ἰὼ	Troy, Troy, unhappy Troy, you are gone,
	Τροία Τροία δύσταν’, ἔρρεις,	and unhappy those who are leaving you,
	δύστανοι δ’ οἵ σ’ ἐκλείποντες	the living and the slain.
	καὶ ζῶντες καὶ δμαθέντες.	
176		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	HALF-CHORUS οἴμοι. τρομερὰ σκηνὰς ἔλιπον τάσδ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἐπακουσομένα, βασίλεια, σέθεν, μή με κτείνειν δόξ' Ἀργείων κεῖται μελέαν, ἢ κατὰ πρύμνας ἤδη ναῦται στέλλονται κινεῖν κώπας.	**HALF-CHORUS** Oh, no. Trembling, I left these tents of Agamemnon to hear from you, my queen: have the Argives decided to kill me, poor wretch, or are the sailors at the sterns already making ready to ply their oars?
182	**HECUBA** ὦ τέκνον, ὀρθρεύου σὰν ψυχάν, / ἐκπληχθεῖσ' ἦλθον φρίκᾳ.	**HECUBA** My child, rouse your soul at this dawn. / I came out struck with dread.
184	**HALF-CHORUS** ἤδη τις ἔβα Δαναῶν κῆρυξ; / τῷ πρόσκειμαι δούλα τλάμων;	**HALF-CHORUS** Has some herald of the Danaans come already? / To whom am I given, a wretched slave?
186	**HECUBA** ἐγγύς που κεῖσαι κλήρου.	**HECUBA** You must be close to the drawing of the lot.
187	**HALF-CHORUS** ἰὼ ἰώ. τίς μ' Ἀργείων ἢ Φθιωτᾶν ἢ νησαίαν μ' ἄξει χώραν δύστανον πόρσω Τροίας;	**HALF-CHORUS** Oh, oh! Which man from Argos or from Phthia or from some island land will carry me off, poor wretch, far from Troy?[4]
190	**HECUBA** φεῦ φεῦ. τῷ δ' ἁ τλάμων ποῦ πᾷ γαίας δουλεύσω γραῦς, ὡς κηφήν, ἁ δειλαία νεκροῦ μορφά, νεκύων ἀμενηνὸν ἄγαλμ', ἢ τὰν παρὰ προθύροις φυλακὰν κατέχουσ' ἢ παίδων θρέπτειρ', ἃ Τροίας ἀρχαγοὺς εἶχον τιμάς;	**HECUBA** Ah, ah. Whose slave will I be, poor old woman, where, in what corner of the earth, like a drone, a miserable shape of a corpse, a strengthless image of the dead, keeping watch at someone's door or nursing his children, I who held the first honors in Troy?
197	**CHORUS** αἰαῖ αἰαῖ. ποίοις δ' οἴκτοις τὰν σὰν λύμαν ἐξαιάζεις· οὐκ Ἰδαίοις ἱστοῖς κερκίδα δινεύουσ' ἐξαλλάξω. νέατον τεκέων σώματα λεύσσω, νέατον· μόχθους ἔξω κρείσσους, ἢ λέκτροις πλαθεῖσ' Ἑλλάνων· ἔρροι νὺξ αὕτα καὶ δαίμων· ἢ Πειρήνας ὑδρευσομένα πρόπολος σεμνῶν ὑδάτων ἔσομαι. τὰν κλεινὰν εἴθ' ἔλθοιμεν Θησέως εὐδαίμονα χώραν. μὴ γὰρ δὴ δίναν γ' Εὐρώτα, τὰν ἐχθίσταν θεράπναν Ἑλένας, ἔνθ' ἀντάσω Μενέλᾳ δούλα, τῷ τᾶς Τροίας πορθητᾷ.	**CHORUS** Ah, ah! With what laments you wail for your outrage! No more at the looms of Ida will I send the shuttle whirling to and fro. For the last time I see my children's bodies, the last time. Worse toils will be mine: either brought to the bed of some Greek (curse that night, and that fate!) or drawing water from Peirene, a servant at its holy spring. Oh, may we come to the famous, happy land of Theseus! But never to the eddies of the Eurotas, Helen's most hateful home, where I would face Menelaus as a slave, the sacker of Troy.[5]
214	τὰν Πηνειοῦ σεμνὰν χώραν, κρηπῖδ' Οὐλύμπου καλλίσταν,	The holy land of the Peneus, the lovely foot of Olympus,

4 Phthia, in Thessaly, was the home of Achilles and his son Neoptolemus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ὄλβῳ βρίθειν φάμαν ἥκουσ’ εὐθαλεῖ τ’ εὐκαρπείᾳ· τάδε δεύτερά μοι μετὰ τὰν ἱερὰν Θησέως ζαθέαν ἐλθεῖν χώραν. καὶ τὰν Αἰτναίαν Ἡφαίστου Φοινίκας ἀντήρη χώραν, Σικελῶν ὀρέων ματέρ’, ἀκούω καρύσσεσθαι στεφάνοις ἀρετᾶς. τάν τ’ ἀγχιστεύουσαν γᾶν Ἰονίῳ … πόντῳ, ἃν ὑγραίνει καλλιστεύων ὁ ξανθὰν χαίταν πυρσαίνων Κρᾶθις ζαθέαις παγαῖσι τρέφων εὔανδρόν τ’ ὀλβίζων γᾶν.	is loaded with wealth, I have heard it said, and with the bloom of rich harvests. That would be my second choice, after the holy, sacred land of Theseus. And the land of Etna, Hephaestus’ land, that faces Phoenicia, mother of Sicily’s mountains: I hear it is proclaimed with crowns for its excellence. And the land that lies close to the Ionian … sea, watered by the loveliest of rivers, the Crathis that turns hair to golden flame, nourishing it with holy springs and blessing a land of fine men.[6]
230	καὶ μὴν Δαναῶν ὅδ’ ἀπὸ στρατιᾶς κῆρυξ νεοχμῶν μύθων ταμίας στείχει ταχύπουν ἴχνος ἐξανύων. τί φέρει; τί λέγει; δοῦλαι γὰρ δὴ Δωρίδος ἐσμὲν χθονὸς ἤδη.	But look, here comes a herald from the Danaan army, steward of fresh news, covering the ground with rapid strides. What does he bring? What does he say? For we are slaves of the Dorian land already.

FIRST EPISODE

Talthybius announces the lots; Cassandra sings her own wedding song and foretells the ruin of Agamemnon and Odysseus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
235	**TALTHYBIUS** Ἑκάβη, πυκνὰς γὰρ οἶσθά μ’ εἰς Τροίαν ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα κήρυκ’ ἐξ Ἀχαϊκοῦ στρατοῦ, ἐγνωσμένος δὲ καὶ πάροιθέ σοι, γύναι, Ταλθύβιος ἥκω καινὸν ἀγγελῶν λόγον.	**TALTHYBIUS** Hecuba, you know I’ve often made the journey to Troy as herald of the Achaean army, and you’ve known me before, lady. I am Talthybius, and I’ve come to bring you news.
239	**HECUBA** τόδε, φίλαι Τρῳάδες, ὃ φόβος ἦν πάλαι.	**HECUBA** This is it, my dear Trojan women, the thing we have long dreaded.
240	**TALTHYBIUS** ἤδη κεκλήρωσθ’, εἰ τόδ’ ἦν ὑμῖν φόβος.	**TALTHYBIUS** You’ve already been allotted, if that’s what you were afraid of.
241	**HECUBA** αἰαῖ, τίν’ ἢ Θεσσαλίας πόλιν / Φθιάδος εἶπας ἢ Καδμείας χθονός;	**HECUBA** Ah! To what city, did you say? / In Thessaly, in Phthia, or in the land of Cadmus?[7]
243	**TALTHYBIUS** κατ’ ἄνδρ’ ἑκάστη κοὐχ ὁμοῦ λελόγχατε.	**TALTHYBIUS** You’ve each been allotted to a different man, not all together.
244	**HECUBA** τίν’ ἄρα τίς ἔλαχε; τίνα πότμος εὐτυχὴς / Ἰλιάδων μένει;	**HECUBA** Then who has drawn whom? Which of the women of Ilium / has a happy fate waiting for her?

5 Peirene was the famous spring of Corinth; “the land of Theseus” is Athens.
6 Sicily faces Carthage, a Phoenician colony. The Crathis is a river in southern Italy whose water was said to make hair blond.
7 The land of Cadmus is Thebes.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
246	**TALTHYBIUS** οἶδ'· ἀλλ' ἕκαστα πυνθάνου, μὴ πάνθ' ὁμοῦ.	**TALTHYBIUS** I know. But ask one thing at a time, not everything at once.
247	**HECUBA** τοὐμὸν τίς τίς ἔλαχε τέκος, ἔννεπε, / τλάμονα Κασάνδραν;	**HECUBA** My child, who, who has drawn her? Tell me, / my poor Cassandra?
249	**TALTHYBIUS** ἐξαίρετόν νιν ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.	**TALTHYBIUS** Lord Agamemnon took her as his special prize.
250	**HECUBA** ἦ τᾷ Λακεδαιμονίᾳ νύμφᾳ δούλαν; / ἰώ μοί μοι.	**HECUBA** To be a slave to his Spartan bride? / Oh, no, no!
252	**TALTHYBIUS** οὔκ, ἀλλὰ λέκτρων σκότια νυμφευτήρια.	**TALTHYBIUS** No. To be the secret bride of his bed.
253	**HECUBA** ἦ τὰν τοῦ Φοίβου παρθένον, ᾗ γέρας ὁ / χρυσοκόμας ἔδωκ' ἄλεκτρον ζωάν;	**HECUBA** What, Phoebus' maiden, to whom the god / with golden hair gave the gift of a life unwed?
255	**TALTHYBIUS** ἔρως ἐτόξευσ' αὐτὸν ἐνθέου κόρης.	**TALTHYBIUS** Desire for the inspired girl shot him with its arrow.
256	**HECUBA** ῥῖπτε, τέκνον, ζαθέους κλῆδας, ἀπὸ χροὸς ἐνδυτῶν στεφέων ἱεροὺς στολμούς.	**HECUBA** Throw them away, my child, the sacred keys; strip from your body the holy trappings of your garlands.
259	**TALTHYBIUS** οὐ γὰρ μέγ' αὐτῇ βασιλικῶν λέκτρων τυχεῖν;	**TALTHYBIUS** Well, isn't it a great thing for her to win a king's bed?
261	**HECUBA** τί δ' ὃ νεοχμὸν ἀπ' ἐμέθεν ἐλάβετε τέκος ποῦ μοι;	**HECUBA** And my child you took from me just now, where is she?
262	**TALTHYBIUS** Πολυξένην ἔλεξας, ἢ τίν' ἱστορεῖς;	**TALTHYBIUS** You mean Polyxena? Or who is it you're asking about?
263	**HECUBA** ταύταν τῷ πάλος ἔζευξεν;	**HECUBA** Her. To whom has the lot yoked her?
264	**TALTHYBIUS** τύμβῳ τέτακται προσπολεῖν Ἀχιλλέως.	**TALTHYBIUS** She's been assigned to serve at Achilles' tomb.
265	**HECUBA** οἴμοι ἐγώ· τάφῳ πρόσπολον ἐτεκόμαν. ἀτὰρ τίς ὅδ' ἢ νόμος ἢ τί θέσμιον, ὦ φίλος, Ἑλλάνων;	**HECUBA** Oh, no! I bore a servant for a grave. But what custom is this, what law of the Greeks, my friend?
268	**TALTHYBIUS** εὐδαιμόνιζε παῖδα σήν· ἔχει καλῶς.	**TALTHYBIUS** Count your daughter happy. All is well with her.
269	**HECUBA** τί τόδ' ἔλακες; ἆρά μοι ἀέλιον λεύσσει;	**HECUBA** What did you say? Tell me, does she still see the sun?
270	**TALTHYBIUS** ἔχει πότμος νιν, ὥστ' ἀπηλλάχθαι πόνων.	**TALTHYBIUS** Fate has her, so she is free of her troubles.
272	**HECUBA** τί δ' ἁ τοῦ χαλκεομήστορος Ἕκτορος δάμαρ, / Ἀνδρομάχα τάλαινα, τίν' ἔχει τύχαν;	**HECUBA** And the wife of bronze-minded Hector, / poor Andromache, what fortune is hers?
274		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	TALTHYBIUS καὶ τήνδ' Ἀχιλλέως ἔλαβε παῖς ἐξαίρετον.	**TALTHYBIUS** Achilles' son took her too, as his special prize.[8]
275	**HECUBA** ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ πρόσπολος ἁ τριτοβάμονος χερὶ / δευομένα βάκτρου γεραιῷ κάρᾳ;	**HECUBA** And I, whose servant am I, an old head that needs a staff in my hand for a third foot?
277	**TALTHYBIUS** Ἴθακος Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔλαχ' ἄναξ δούλην σ' ἔχειν.	**TALTHYBIUS** Odysseus, lord of Ithaca, has drawn you as his slave.
278	**HECUBA** ἔ ἔ. ἄρασσε κρᾶτα κούριμον, ἕλκ' ὀνύχεσσι δίπτυχον παρειάν. ἰώ μοί μοι. μυσαρῷ δολίῳ λέλογχα φωτὶ δουλεύειν, πολεμίῳ δίκας, παρανόμῳ δάκει, ὃς πάντα τἀκεῖθεν ἐνθάδ' ἀντίπαλ' αὖθις ἐκεῖσε διπτύχῳ γλώσσᾳ φίλα τὰ πρότερ' ἄφιλα τιθέμενος. πάντως γοᾶσθ', ὦ Τρῳάδες, με. βέβακα δύσποτμος, οἴχομαι ἁ τάλαινα, δυστυχεστάτῳ προσέπεσον κλήρῳ.	**HECUBA** No, no! Beat your shorn head, tear both your cheeks with your nails. Oh, no, no! I have drawn a loathsome, treacherous man to be slave to, an enemy of justice, a lawless beast, who twists everything from there to here and back again to there with his double tongue, turning what was friendly once to hatred. Mourn for me, women of Troy, mourn with all your hearts. I am gone, ill-starred, I am finished, wretched me. I have fallen to the unluckiest lot of all.
292	**CHORUS** τὸ μὲν σὸν οἶσθα, πότνια, τὰς δ' ἐμὰς τύχας / τίς ἆρ' Ἀχαιῶν ἢ τίς Ἑλλήνων ἔχει;	**CHORUS** You know your own fate, my lady. But mine, who has it? Which of the Achaeans, which of the Greeks?
294	**TALTHYBIUS** ἴτ', ἐκκομίζειν δεῦρο Κασάνδραν χρεὼν ὅσον τάχιστα, δμῶες, ὡς στρατηλάτῃ εἰς χεῖρα δῶμεν· εἶτα τὰς εἰληγμένας καὶ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις αἰχμαλωτίδων ἄγω. ἔα, τί πεύκης ἔνδον ἵσταται σέλας; πιμπρᾶσιν ἢ τί δρῶσι Τρῳάδες μυχούς, ὡς ἐξάγεσθαι τῆσδε μέλλουσαι χθονὸς πρὸς Ἄργος, αὑτῶν τ' ἐκπυροῦσι σώματα θανεῖν θέλουσαι; κάρτα τοι τοὐλεύθερον ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δυσλόφως φέρει κακά. ἄνοιγ' ἄνοιγε, μὴ τὸ ταῖσδε πρόσφορον, ἐχθρὸν δ' Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰς ἔμ' αἰτίαν βάλῃ.	**TALTHYBIUS** Go, men. You must bring Cassandra out here as fast as you can, so we can put her into the commander's hands. After that I'll take the women allotted to the others too. Hey! Why is there a blaze of pine torches inside? Are the Trojan women setting fire to the inner rooms? What are they doing, now that they're about to be taken from this land to Argos? Are they burning their own bodies, wanting to die? It's true that in situations like this a free spirit takes its troubles very hard. Open up, open up, or what suits these women and is hateful to the Achaeans will bring the blame down on me.
306	**HECUBA** οὐκ ἔστιν, οὐ πιμπρᾶσιν, ἀλλὰ παῖς ἐμὴ / μαινὰς θοάζει δεῦρο Κασάνδρα δρόμῳ.	**HECUBA** It's not that, they're not setting fires. It's my daughter Cassandra, running wild like a maenad, rushing out here.
308	**CASSANDRA** ἄνεχε, πάρεχε, φῶς φέρε· σέβω, φλέγω λαμπάσι τόδ' ἱερόν.	**CASSANDRA** Hold it up, hand it here, bring the light! I honor, I set ablaze

8 Achilles' son is Neoptolemus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	Ὑμήν, ὦ Ὑμέναι' ἄναξ, ἰοὺ ἰού.	this shrine with torches.
	μακάριος ὁ γαμέτας,	Hymen, O Hymenaeus, lord! Oh, joy, oh, joy!
	μακαρία δ' ἐγὼ βασιλικοῖς λέκτροις	Blessed is the bridegroom,
	κατ' Ἄργος ἁ γαμουμένα.	and blessed am I, to be married
	Ὑμήν, ὦ Ὑμέναι' ἄναξ.	to a royal bed in Argos.
	ἐπεὶ σύ, μᾶτερ, ἐπὶ δάκρυσι καὶ	Hymen, O Hymenaeus, lord!
	γόοισι τὸν θανόντα πατέρα πατρίδα τε	Since you, Mother, with tears
	φίλαν καταστένουσ' ἔχεις,	and with groans keep mourning
	ἐγὼ τόδ' ἐπὶ γάμοις ἐμοῖς	my dead father and our dear country,
	ἀναφλέγω πυρὸς φῶς	I myself for my wedding
	ἐς αὐγάν, ἐς αἴγλαν,	light up the fire's blaze,
	διδοῦσ' ὦ Ὑμέναιε σοί,	to brilliance, to gleaming,
	διδοῦσ' ὦ Ἑκάτα φάος,	giving it to you, Hymenaeus,
	παρθένων ἐπὶ λέκτροις ἃ νόμος ἔχει.	giving you light, Hecate,
		for the beds of maidens, as custom has it.[9]
325	πάλλε πόδ' αἰθέριον, ἄνεχε χορόν, εὐὰν εὐοῖ,	Kick your foot high, lead the dance, euhan, euhoi!
	ὡς ἐπὶ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ	as in my father's
	μακαριωτάταις τύχαις.	most blessed days.
	ὁ χορὸς ὅσιος,	The dance is holy.
	ἄγε σὺ Φοῖβέ νυν· κατὰ σὸν ἐν δάφναις	Lead it now, Phoebus: in your temple among the laurels
	ἀνάκτορον θυηπολῶ,	I serve as your priestess.
	Ὑμήν, ὦ Ὑμέναι', Ὑμήν.	Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen!
	χόρευε, μᾶτερ, ἄναγε, πόδα σὸν	Dance, Mother, lead off, whirl your foot
	ἕλισσε τᾷδ' ἐκεῖσε μετ' ἐμέθεν ποδῶν	this way and that with mine,
	φέρουσα φιλτάταν βάσιν.	step the dearest step.
	βοᾶτε τὸν Ὑμέναιον, ὤ,	Shout out the Hymenaeus, oh,
	μακαρίαις ἀοιδαῖς	shout for the bride
	ἰαχαῖς τε νύμφαν.	with blessed songs and cries.
338	ἴτ', ὦ καλλίπεπλοι Φρυγῶν	Come, Phrygian girls in your lovely robes,
	κόραι, μέλπετ' ἐμῶν γάμων	sing for my wedding
	τὸν πεπρωμένον εὐνᾷ πόσιν ἐμέθεν.	the husband fated for my bed.
341	**CHORUS** βασίλεια, βακχεύουσαν οὐ λήψει κόρην,	**CHORUS** My queen, won't you hold on to the girl in her frenzy,
342	μὴ κοῦφον αἴρῃ βῆμ' ἐς Ἀργείων στρατόν;	so she doesn't go dancing lightly off to the Argive army?
343	**HECUBA** Ἥφαιστε, δᾳδουχεῖς μὲν ἐν γάμοις βροτῶν,	**HECUBA** Hephaestus, you carry the torch at mortals' weddings, but this flame you're flashing up is a grim one, far from our great hopes. Oh, my child, I never imagined you would be married like this, at the point of the spear, at the point of an Argive spear. Give me the light. You're not carrying the fire straight, rushing about in your madness, and your misfortunes haven't brought you to your
	ἀτὰρ λυγράν γε τήνδ' ἀναιθύσσεις φλόγα	
	ἔξω τε μεγάλων ἐλπίδων. οἴμοι, τέκνον,	
	ὡς οὐχ ὑπ' αἰχμῆς σ' οὐδ' ὑπ' Ἀργείου δορὸς	
	γάμους γαμεῖσθαι τούσδ' ἐδόξαζόν ποτε.	
	παράδος ἐμοὶ φῶς· οὐ γὰρ ὀρθὰ πυρφορεῖς	
	μαινὰς θοάζουσ', οὐδέ σ' αἱ τύχαι, τέκνον,	
	ἐσωφρονήκασ', ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐν ταὐτῷ μένεις.	

9 Cassandra sings a wedding hymn as if leading her own bridal procession; Hymen or Hymenaeus is the god of marriage, invoked in the refrain.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	εἰσφέρετε πεύκας δάκρυά τ' ἀνταλλάσσετε τοῖς τῆσδε μέλεσι, Τρῳάδες, γαμηλίοις.	senses, child. You're still just as you were. Take the pine torches inside, women of Troy, and answer her wedding songs with your tears.
353	**CASSANDRA** μῆτερ, πύκαζε κρᾶτ' ἐμὸν νικηφόρον καὶ χαῖρε τοῖς ἐμοῖσι βασιλικοῖς γάμοις καὶ πέμπε, κἂν μὴ τἀμά σοι πρόθυμά γ' ᾖ. ὤθει βιαίως· εἰ γὰρ ἔστι Λοξίας, Ἑλένης γαμεῖ με δυσχερέστερον γάμον ὁ τῶν Ἀχαιῶν κλεινὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ. κτενῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν κἀντιπορθήσω δόμους ποινὰς ἀδελφῶν καὶ πατρὸς λαβοῦσ' ἐμοῦ. ἀλλ' αὖτ' ἐάσω· πέλεκυν οὐχ ὑμνήσομεν, ὃς εἰς τράχηλον τὸν ἐμὸν εἶσι χἀτέρων, μητροκτόνους τ' ἀγῶνας, οὓς οὐμοὶ γάμοι θήσουσιν, οἴκων τ' Ἀτρέως ἀνάστασιν·	**CASSANDRA** Mother, crown my victorious head, and rejoice at my royal marriage. Send me on my way, and if I seem less than eager to you, push me by force. For if Loxias exists, the famous lord of the Achaeans, Agamemnon, will find his marriage to me more bitter than Helen's. I will kill him, and sack his house in return, and take vengeance for my brothers and my father. But I'll let that be. I won't sing of the axe that will come down on my neck and on others', or of the struggles of a matricide that my marriage will set in motion, or of the overthrow of the house of Atreus.[10]
365	πόλιν δὲ δείξω τήνδε μακαριωτέραν ἢ τοὺς Ἀχαιούς, ἔνθεος μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως τοσόνδε γ' ἔξω στήσομαι βακχευμάτων· οἳ διὰ μίαν γυναῖκα καὶ μίαν Κύπριν θηρῶντες Ἑλένην μυρίους ἀπώλεσαν. ὁ δὲ στρατηγὸς ὁ σοφὸς ἐχθίστων ὕπερ τὰ φίλτατ' ὤλεσ', ἡδονὰς τὰς οἴκοθεν τέκνων ἀδελφῷ δοὺς γυναικὸς εἵνεκα, καὶ ταῦθ' ἑκούσης κοὐ βίᾳ λελῃσμένης. ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς ἦλυθον Σκαμανδρίους, ἔθνησκον, οὐ γῆς ὅρι' ἀποστερούμενοι οὐδ' ὑψιπύργου πατρίδος· οὓς δ' Ἄρης ἔλοι, οὐ παῖδας εἶδον, οὐ δάμαρτος ἐν χεροῖν πέπλοις συνεστάλησαν, ἐν ξένῃ δὲ γῇ κεῖνται. τὰ δ' οἴκοι τοῖσδ' ὅμοι' ἐγίγνετο·	But I will show that this city is more blessed than the Achaeans. I am possessed by the god, yes, but even so I will stand outside my frenzy this far. For the sake of one woman and one passion, hunting down Helen, they lost thousands. And their clever general destroyed what he loved most for the sake of what he hated most: he gave up his joy in his own children at home as a favor to his brother, for a woman's sake, and a woman who went willingly, not one carried off by force. When they reached the shores of the Scamander, they died, though no one was robbing them of their borders or their high-towered country. Those whom Ares took never saw their children again. No wife's hands wrapped them in their shrouds. They lie in a foreign land. And things at home were just as bad:[11]
380	χῆραί τ' ἔθνησκον, οἳ δ' ἄπαιδες ἐν δόμοις ἄλλως τέκν' ἐκθρέψαντες, οὐδὲ πρὸς τάφους ἔσθ' ὅστις αὐτοῖς αἷμα γῇ δωρήσεται. ἦ τοῦδ' ἐπαίνου τὸ στράτευμ' ἐπάξιον. σιγᾶν ἄμεινον τἀσχρά, μηδὲ μοῦσά μοι γένοιτ' ἀοιδὸς ἥτις ὑμνήσει κακά. Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτον μέν, τὸ κάλλιστον κλέος, ὑπὲρ πάτρας ἔθνησκον· οὓς δ' ἔλοι δόρυ, νεκροί γ' ἐς οἴκους φερόμενοι φίλων ὕπο ἐν γῇ πατρῴᾳ περιβολὰς εἶχον χθονός, χερσὶν περισταλέντες ὧν ἐχρῆν ὕπο·	women died widows, and men died childless in their homes, having raised children for nothing, and there is no one to pour an offering of blood on the ground at their graves. Truly the army deserves this praise! Shameful things are better left unsaid; let my Muse not be a singer who hymns evils. The Trojans, first of all, died for their country, the finest glory there is. Those whom the spear took were carried home as corpses by their loved ones, and the earth of their fathers' land embraced them, laid out by the hands that ought to do it.
391	ὅσοι δὲ μὴ θάνοιεν ἐν μάχῃ Φρυγῶν, ἀεὶ κατ' ἦμαρ σὺν δάμαρτι καὶ τέκνοις ᾤκουν, Ἀχαιοῖς ὧν ἀπῆσαν ἡδοναί.	And those Phrygians who did not die in battle lived day after day with their wives and children, joys the Achaeans went without. And Hector's fate,

10 Loxias is a title of Apollo. Cassandra foresees Agamemnon's murder by his wife Clytemnestra and their son Orestes' revenge on his mother.

11 Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia at Aulis to win a wind for the fleet.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	τὰ δ' Ἕκτορός σοι λύπρ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει· δόξας ἀνὴρ ἄριστος οἴχεται θανών, καὶ ταῦτ' Ἀχαιῶν ἦξις ἐξεργάζεται· εἰ δ' ἦσαν οἴκοι, χρηστὸς ἔλαθεν ἂν γεγώς. Πάρις τ' ἔγημε τὴν Διός· γήμας δὲ μή, σιγώμενον τὸ κῦδος εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις. φεύγειν μὲν οὖν χρὴ πόλεμον ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖ·	which grieves you, hear how it really stands. He has died and is gone, but proved the best of men, and it was the Achaeans' coming that achieved this. If they had stayed at home, his worth would have gone unnoticed. And Paris married the daughter of Zeus; if he hadn't, no one would ever have spoken of the glory in his house. So whoever has sense should avoid war.
401	εἰ δ' εἰς τόδ' ἔλθοι, στέφανος οὐκ αἰσχρὸς πόλει καλῶς ὀλέσθαι, μὴ καλῶς δὲ δυσκλεές. ὧν εἵνεκ' οὐ χρή, μῆτερ, οἰκτείρειν σε γῆν, οὐ τἀμὰ λέκτρα· τοὺς γὰρ ἐχθίστους ἐμοὶ καὶ σοὶ γάμοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς διαφθερῶ.	But if it comes to that, to die nobly is no shameful crown for a city, and to die ignobly is a disgrace. That is why, Mother, you shouldn't pity our land, or my marriage bed. Through my marriage I will destroy the ones you and I hate most.
406	CHORUS ὡς ἡδέως κακοῖσιν οἰκείοις γελᾷς / μέλπεις θ' ἃ μέλπουσ' οὐ σαφῆ δείξεις ἴσως.	CHORUS How sweetly you laugh at your own family's troubles, and sing what your singing may not prove true.
408	TALTHYBIUS εἰ μή σ' Ἀπόλλων ἐξεβάκχευσεν φρένας, οὔ τἂν ἀμισθὶ τοὺς ἐμοὺς στρατηλάτας τοιαῖσδε φήμαις ἐξέπεμπες ἂν χθονός. ἀτὰρ τὰ σεμνὰ καὶ δοκήμασιν σοφὰ οὐδέν τι κρείσσω τῶν τὸ μηδὲν ἦν ἄρα. ὁ γὰρ μέγιστος τῶν Πανελλήνων ἄναξ, Ἀτρέως φίλος παῖς, τῆσδ' ἔρωτ' ἐξαίρετον μαινάδος ὑπέστη· καὶ πένης μέν εἰμ' ἐγώ, ἀτὰρ λέχος γε τῆσδ' ἂν οὐκ ἐκτησάμην.	TALTHYBIUS If Apollo hadn't driven your wits to frenzy, you wouldn't get away with sending my generals off from this land with words like these. But it turns out the grand, the ones reputed wise, are no better than nobodies. The greatest lord of all the Greeks, the dear son of Atreus, has given in to a special passion for this mad girl. I'm a poor man myself, but I wouldn't have taken her to my bed.
417	καὶ σοὶ μέν, οὐ γὰρ ἀρτίας ἔχεις φρένας, Ἀργεῖ' ὀνείδη καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐπαινέσεις ἀνέμοις φέρεσθαι παραδίδωμ'· ἕπου δέ μοι πρὸς ναῦς, καλὸν νύμφευμα τῷ στρατηλάτῃ. σὺ δ', ἡνίκ' ἄν σε Λαρτίου χρῄζῃ τόκος ἄγειν, ἕπεσθαι· σώφρονος δ' ἔσει λάτρις γυναικός, ὥς φασ' οἱ μολόντες Ἴλιον.	As for you, since your wits aren't sound, I hand your insults against the Argives and your praise of the Phrygians over to the winds to carry off. Follow me to the ships, a fine bride for the general. And you, when Laertes' son wants to take you away, follow him. You'll be the servant of a sensible woman, so say those who came to Ilium.[12]
424	CASSANDRA ἦ δεινὸς ὁ λάτρις. τί ποτ' ἔχουσι τοὔνομα κήρυκες; ἓν ἀπέχθημα πάγκοινον βροτοῖς οἱ περὶ τυράννους καὶ πόλεις ὑπηρέται. σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν φὴς μητέρ' εἰς Ὀδυσσέως ἥξειν μέλαθρα; ποῦ δ' Ἀπόλλωνος λόγοι, οἵ φασιν αὐτὴν εἰς ἔμ' ἡρμηνευμένοι αὐτοῦ θανεῖσθαι; τἄλλα δ' οὐκ ὀνειδιῶ. δύστηνος, οὐκ οἶδ' οἷά νιν μένει πάθη· ὡς χρυσὸς αὐτῷ τἀμὰ καὶ Φρυγῶν κακὰ δόξει ποτ' εἶναι. δέκα γὰρ ἐκπλήσας ἔτη πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐνθάδ', ἵξεται μόνος πάτραν.	CASSANDRA What a clever fellow this lackey is! Why do heralds have that name at all? They're one thing all mortals hate alike, these underlings who hang around kings and cities. You say my mother will go to Odysseus' halls? Then what about Apollo's words, revealed to me, which say she will die here? The rest I won't throw in her face. Poor wretch, he doesn't know what sufferings are waiting for him. Some day my troubles and the Phrygians' will look like gold to him. When he has filled out ten years on top of those he spent here, he will reach his homeland alone,
435	οὗ δὴ στενὸν δίαυλον ᾤκισται πέτρας δεινὴ Χάρυβδις, ὠμοβρώς τ' ὀρειβάτης	passing where dread Charybdis has her home in the narrow channel of rock, and the mountain-

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	Κύκλωψ, Λιγυστίς θ' ἡ συῶν μορφώτρια Κίρκη, θαλάσσης θ' ἁλμυρᾶς ναυάγια, λωτοῦ τ' ἔρωτες, Ἡλίου θ' ἁγναὶ βόες, αἳ σάρκα φωνήεσσαν ἥσουσίν ποτε, πικρὰν Ὀδυσσεῖ γῆρυν. ὡς δὲ συντέμω, ζῶν εἶσ' ἐς Ἅιδου κἀκφυγὼν λίμνης ὕδωρ κάκ' ἐν δόμοισι μυρί' εὑρήσει μολών. ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί τοὺς Ὀδυσσέως ἐξακοντίζω πόνους; στεῖχ' ὅπως τάχιστ'· ἐς Ἅιδου νυμφίῳ γαμώμεθα.	roaming Cyclops who eats raw flesh, and Ligurian Circe who turns men into swine, and wrecks on the salt sea, and longing for the lotus, and the holy cattle of the Sun, whose flesh will one day find a voice, a voice bitter to Odysseus. To cut it short, he will go down alive to Hades, and when he has escaped the sea's waters he will come home and find countless troubles in his house. But why do I keep hurling out Odysseus' labors? Go, as fast as you can. Let me be married to my bridegroom in Hades.
446	ἦ κακὸς κακῶς ταφήσει νυκτός, οὐκ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ, ὦ δοκῶν σεμνόν τι πράσσειν, Δαναϊδῶν ἀρχηγέτα. κἀμέ τοι νεκρὸν φάραγγες γυμνάδ' ἐκβεβλημένην ὕδατι χειμάρρῳ ῥέουσαι νυμφίου πέλας τάφου θηρσὶ δώσουσιν δάσασθαι, τὴν Ἀπόλλωνος λάτριν. ὦ στέφη τοῦ φιλτάτου μοι θεῶν, ἀγάλματ' εὔια, χαίρετ'· ἐκλέλοιφ' ἑορτάς, αἷς πάροιθ' ἡγαλλόμην. ἴτ' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ χρωτὸς σπαραγμοῖς, ὡς ἔτ' οὖσ' ἁγνὴ χρόα δῶ θοαῖς αὔραις φέρεσθαί σοι τάδ', ὦ μαντεῖ' ἄναξ.	Vile man, you'll have a vile burial, at night, not by day, you who think you're doing something grand, leader of the Danaans! And as for me, my corpse will be thrown out naked, and the ravines flowing with winter torrents near my bridegroom's grave will give it to wild beasts to tear apart—me, Apollo's servant. Garlands of the god I love most, ornaments of my ecstasy, farewell. I have left the festivals I once delighted in. Go, torn from my skin, so that while my body is still pure I may give them to the swift winds to carry to you, lord of prophecy.
455	ποῦ σκάφος τὸ τοῦ στρατηγοῦ; ποῖ ποτ' ἐμβαίνειν με χρή; οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοις ἂν αὔραν ἱστίοις καραδοκῶν, ὡς μίαν τριῶν Ἐρινὺν τῆσδέ μ' ἐξάξων χθονός. χαῖρέ μοι, μῆτερ, δακρύσῃς μηδέν, ὦ φίλη πατρίς· οἵ τε γῆς ἔνερθ' ἀδελφοὶ χὠ τεκὼν ἡμᾶς πατήρ, οὐ μακρὰν δέξεσθέ μ'· ἥκω δ' εἰς νεκροὺς νικηφόρος καὶ δόμους πέρσας' Ἀτρειδῶν, ὧν ἀπωλόμεσθ' ὕπο.	Where is the general's ship? Where do I go aboard? Waste no more time watching for a wind to fill your sails: you'll be taking me from this land as one of the three Furies. Farewell, Mother; don't cry at all. Dear country, and my brothers under the earth, and the father who begot us, you won't wait long to welcome me. I will come to the dead in triumph, having sacked the house of the sons of Atreus, who destroyed us.
462	**CHORUS** Ἑκάβης γεραιᾶς φύλακες, οὐ δεδόρκατε δέσποιναν ὡς ἄναυδος εἰς πέδον πίτνει; οὐκ ἀντιλήψεσθ'; ἢ μεθήσετ', ὦ κακαί, γραῖαν πεσοῦσαν; αἴρετ' εἰς ὀρθὸν δέμας.	**CHORUS** You who look after old Hecuba, don't you see your mistress falling to the ground without a word? Won't you catch hold of her? Or will you leave an old woman lying where she fell, you useless women? Lift her up, get her upright.
466	**HECUBA** ἐᾶτέ μ', οὗτοι φίλα τὰ μὴ φίλ', ὦ κόραι, κεῖσθαι πεσοῦσαν· πτωμάτων γὰρ ἄξια πάσχω τε καὶ πέπονθα κἄτι πείσομαι. ὦ θεοί· κακοὺς μὲν ἀνακαλῶ τοὺς συμμάχους, ὅμως δ' ἔχει τι σχῆμα κικλήσκειν θεούς, ὅταν τις ἡμῶν δυστυχῆ λάβῃ τύχην. πρῶτον μὲν οὖν μοι τἀγάθ' ἐξᾶσαι φίλον· τοῖς γὰρ κακοῖσι πλείον' οἶκτον ἐμβαλῶ. ἦμην τύραννος κεἰς τύρανν' ἐγημάμην,	**HECUBA** Let me be, girls. Kindness nobody wants is no kindness. Let me lie where I've fallen. What I suffer, what I have suffered, and what I have still to suffer are worth falling down for. Gods! I know I'm calling on poor allies. Still, there's something fitting in calling on the gods when one of us meets with misfortune. So first I want to sing out the good things I've had, because that way I'll stir more pity for my troubles. I was royal, and I mar-

12 The sensible woman is Penelope, wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes.

GREEK	ENGLISH
κἀνταῦθ' ἀριστεύοντ' ἐγεινάμην τέκνα, οὐκ ἀριθμὸν ἄλλως, ἀλλ' ὑπερτάτους Φρυγῶν·	ried into royalty, and there I bore sons who were the best. They weren't just a number, either; they were the finest of the Phrygians.
οὐ Τρῳὰς οὐδ' Ἑλληνὶς οὐδὲ βάρβαρος γυνὴ τεκοῦσα κομπάσειεν ἄν ποτε. κἀκεῖνά τ' εἶδον δορὶ πεσόνθ' Ἑλληνικῷ, τρίχας δ' ἐτμήθην τάσδε πρὸς τύμβοις νεκρῶν, καὶ τὸν φυτουργὸν Πρίαμον οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα κλύουσ' ἔκλαυσα, τοῖσδε δ' εἶδον ὄμμασιν αὐτὴ κατασφαγέντ' ἐφ' ἑρκείῳ πυρᾷ, πόλιν θ' ἁλοῦσαν. ἃς δ' ἔθρεψα παρθένους εἰς ἀξίωμα νυμφίων ἐξαίρετον, ἄλλοισι θρέψασ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀφῃρέθην. κοὔτ' ἐξ ἐκείνων ἐλπὶς ὡς ὀφθήσομαι, αὐτή τ' ἐκείνας οὐκέτ' ὄψομαί ποτε.	No woman, Trojan or Greek or foreign, could ever boast of bearing sons like them. And I saw them fall to the Greek spear, and I cut off this hair of mine at the graves of the dead. And Priam, who fathered them, I didn't weep for because others told me of it. I saw him with these eyes of mine, slaughtered at the altar fire of our own courtyard, and I saw the city taken. The daughters I raised to be worthy of the choicest bridegrooms, I raised for others: they were torn from my hands. There's no hope they'll ever see me again, and I'll never see them again either.
τὸ λοίσθιον δὲ θριγκὸς ἀθλίων κακῶν, δούλη γυνὴ γραῦς Ἑλλάδ' εἰσαφίξομαι. ἃ δ' ἐστὶ γήρᾳ τῷδ' ἀσυμφορώτατα, τούτοις με προσθήσουσιν, ἢ θυρῶν λάτριν κλῆδας φυλάσσειν, τὴν τεκοῦσαν Ἕκτορα, ἢ σιτοποιεῖν, κἀν πέδῳ κοίτας ἔχειν ῥυσοῖσι νώτοις βασιλικῶν ἐκ δεμνίων, τρυχηρὰ περὶ τρυχηρὸν εἱμένην χρόα πέπλων λακίσματ', ἀδόκιμ' ὀλβίοις ἔχειν. οἲ 'γὼ τάλαινα, διὰ γάμον μιᾶς ἄρα γυναικὸς οἵων ἔτυχον ὧν τε τεύξομαι. ὦ τέκνον, ὦ σύμβακχε Κασάνδρα θεοῖς, οἵαις ἔλυσας συμφοραῖς ἄγνευμα σόν.	And last of all, the capstone of my miserable troubles: I'll go to Greece an old woman and a slave. They'll set me to the tasks least suited to my age. I, who bore Hector, will be a servant at the door keeping the keys, or I'll bake bread. I'll lay my wrinkled back on the ground after a royal bed, and wrap my worn-out body in worn-out rags of robes, clothes the prosperous would be ashamed to wear. Oh, no, how wretched I am! Look what I've met with, and what I've yet to meet with, all because of one woman's marriage! My child, Cassandra, you who shared the gods' Bacchic frenzy, what a disaster has ended your purity!
σύ τ' ὦ τάλαινα, ποῦ ποτ' εἶ, Πολυξένη; ὡς οὔτε μ' ἄρσην οὔτε θήλεια σπορὰ πολλῶν γενομένων τὴν τάλαιναν ὠφελεῖ. τί δῆτά μ' ὀρθοῦτ'; ἐλπίδων ποίων ὕπο; ἄγετε τὸν ἁβρὸν δήποτ' ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα, νῦν δ' ὄντα δοῦλον, στιβάδα πρὸς χαμαιπετῆ πέτρινά τε κρήδεμν', ὡς πεσοῦσ' ἀποφθαρῶ δακρύοις καταξανθεῖσα. τῶν δ' εὐδαιμόνων μηδένα νομίζετ' εὐτυχεῖν πρὶν ἂν θάνῃ.	And you, poor girl, Polyxena, where are you? I had many children, sons and daughters, and not one of them is any help to me in my misery. So why are you lifting me up? What hope is there? This foot was once so delicate in Troy and is now a slave's. Lead it to a bed of straw on the ground and a pillow of stone, so I can fall there and waste away, worn down by tears. Of those who prosper, don't count any of them fortunate until he's dead.

FIRST STASIMON

The chorus sings of the night the Trojans brought the wooden horse into their city.

GREEK	ENGLISH
CHORUS ἀμφί μοι Ἴλιον, ὦ Μοῦσα, καινῶν ὕμνων ἄεισον ἐν δακρύοις ᾠδὰν ἐπικήδειον· νῦν γὰρ μέλος εἰς Τροίαν ἰαχήσω, τετραβάμονος ὡς ὑπ' ἀπήνας	**CHORUS** Sing to me of Ilium, Muse, a funeral song of new hymns, sung through tears. For now I'll cry out a song for Troy: how I was destroyed, a wretched captive of the spear,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	Ἀργείων ὀλόμαν τάλαινα δοριάλωτος, ὅτ' ἔλιπον ἵππον οὐράνια βρέμοντα χρυσεοφάλαρον ἔνοπλον ἐν πύλαις Ἀχαιοί· ἀνὰ δ' ἐβόασεν λεὼς Τρῳάδος ἀπὸ πέτρας σταθείς· ἴτ' ὦ πεπαυμένοι πόνων, τόδ' ἱερὸν ἀνάγετε ξόανον Ἰλιάδι Διογενεῖ κόρᾳ.	by the Argives' four-footed wagon, when the Achaeans left the horse at our gates, roaring to the sky, gold-trapped, full of armed men. And the people shouted out, standing on the Trojan rock: "Come, your labors are over, bring this holy image up for the Zeus-born maiden of Ilium!"
527	τίς οὐκ ἔβα νεανίδων, τίς οὐ γεραιὸς ἐκ δόμων; κεχαρμένοι δ' ἀοιδαῖς δόλιον ἔσχον ἄταν. πᾶσα δὲ γέννα Φρυγῶν πρὸς πύλας ὡρμάθη, πεύκᾳ ἐν οὐρείᾳ ξεστὸν λόχον Ἀργείων καὶ Δαρδανίας ἄταν θεᾷ δώσων χάριν ἄζυγος ἀμβροτοπώλου· κλωστοῦ δ' ἀμφιβόλοις λίνοιο, ναὸς ὡσεὶ σκάφος κελαινὸν εἰς ἕδρανα λάινα δάπεδά τε φόνια πατρίδι Παλλάδος θέσαν θεᾶς.	Which young woman didn't go, which old man stayed at home? Delighting in songs, they took in their ruin, a trick. The whole race of Phrygians rushed to the gates to give the goddess the polished ambush of the Argives in mountain pine, the ruin of Dardania, a gift for the unwedded goddess of the immortal horses. With ropes of spun flax, as if it were a ship's dark hull, they hauled it to the stone seat of the goddess Pallas, to the floor that would mean slaughter for our country.
542	ἐν δὲ πόνῳ καὶ χαρᾷ νύχιον ἐπὶ κνέφας παρῆν, Λίβυς τε λωτὸς ἐκτύπει Φρύγιά τε μέλεα, παρθένοι δ' ἀέριον ἀνὰ κρότον ποδῶν βοὰν ἔμελπον εὔφρον'· ἐν δόμοις δὲ παμφαὲς σέλας πυρὸς μέλαιναν αἴγλαν ... ἔδωκεν ὕπνῳ. ἐγὼ δὲ τὰν ὀρεστέραν τότ' ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα παρθένον, Διὸς κόραν ἐμελπόμαν χοροῖσι· φοινία δ' ἀνὰ πτόλιν βοὰ κατεῖχε Περγάμων ἕδρας· βρέφη δὲ φίλια περὶ πέπλους ἔβαλλε ματρὶ χεῖρας ἐπτοημένας·	Over the toil and the joy the darkness of night came on. The Libyan pipe was sounding, and Phrygian songs, and girls lifting their feet high to the beat sang a happy shout. In the houses the blaze of fire shone everywhere, ... gave a dark gleam to sleep. And I was singing then in the dances about the halls of the mountain maiden, Zeus' daughter, when a murderous cry through the city took hold of Pergamum's dwellings. Dear little children threw their frightened hands around their mothers' robes.[13]
560	λόχου δ' ἐξέβαιν' Ἄρης, κόρας ἔργα Παλλάδος. σφαγαὶ δ' ἀμφιβώμιοι	Out of the ambush came Ares, the work of the maiden Pallas. Phrygians were slaughtered around the altars,

13 The mountain maiden, daughter of Zeus, is Artemis; Pergamum is the citadel of Troy.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	Φρυγῶν, ἔν τε δεμνίοις καράτομος ἐρημία νεανίδων στέφανον ἔφερεν Ἑλλάδι κουροτρόφον, Φρυγῶν δὲ πατρίδι πένθος.	and in the beds, the desolation of men beheaded brought a crown of young women to Greece, to raise its children, and grief to the Phrygians' homeland.

SECOND EPISODE

Andromache reports Polyxena's death, and the Greeks decide to throw her son Astyanax from the walls.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
568	**CHORUS** Ἑκάβη, λεύσσεις τήνδ' Ἀνδρομάχην ξενικοῖς ἐπ' ὄχοις πορθμευομένην; παρὰ δ' εἰρεσίᾳ μαστῶν ἔπεται φίλος Ἀστυάναξ, Ἕκτορος ἶνις. ποῖ ποτ' ἀπήνης νώτοισι φέρει, δύστηνε γύναι, πάρεδρος χαλκέοις Ἕκτορος ὅπλοις σκύλοις τε Φρυγῶν δοριθηράτοις, οἷσιν Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Φθιώτης στέψει ναοὺς ἀπὸ Τροίας;	**CHORUS** Hecuba, do you see Andromache here, carried off on a foreign cart? Beside her heaving breast goes her dear Astyanax, Hector's son. Where are you being taken on the wagon's back, unhappy lady, sitting beside Hector's bronze armor and the Phrygians' spoils, hunted down with the spear, with which Achilles' son from Phthia will crown his temples, trophies from Troy?
577	**ANDROMACHE** Ἀχαιοὶ δεσπόται μ' ἄγουσιν.	**ANDROMACHE** My masters, the Achaeans, are taking me away.
578	**HECUBA** ὤμοι.	**HECUBA** Oh, no.
	ANDROMACHE τί παιᾶν' ἐμὸν στενάξεις	**ANDROMACHE** Why groan out my victory song
579	**HECUBA** αἰαῖ.	**HECUBA** Ah, ah.
	ANDROMACHE τῶνδ' ἀλγέων	**ANDROMACHE** of these pains
580	**HECUBA** ὦ Ζεῦ.	**HECUBA** Zeus!
	ANDROMACHE καὶ συμφορᾶς;	**ANDROMACHE** and this disaster?
581	**HECUBA** τέκεα,	**HECUBA** My children—
	ANDROMACHE πρίν ποτ' ἦμεν.	**ANDROMACHE** we were, once.
582	**HECUBA** βέβακ' ὄλβος, βέβακε Τροία	**HECUBA** Gone, our prosperity, gone is Troy—
583	**ANDROMACHE** τλάμων.	**ANDROMACHE** poor Troy.
	HECUBA ἐμῶν τ' εὐγένεια παίδων.	**HECUBA** and my children's noble birth.
584	**ANDROMACHE** φεῦ φεῦ.	**ANDROMACHE** Ah, ah.
	HECUBA φεῦ δῆτ' ἐμῶν	**HECUBA** Ah, yes, for my
585	**ANDROMACHE** κακῶν.	**ANDROMACHE** troubles.
	HECUBA οἰκτρὰ τύχα	**HECUBA** Pitiful, the fate
586		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ANDROMACHE πόλεος,	**ANDROMACHE** of the city
	HECUBA ἃ καπνοῦται.	**HECUBA** going up in smoke.
587	**ANDROMACHE** μόλοις ὦ πόσις μοι,	**ANDROMACHE** Come to me, my husband,
588	**HECUBA** βοᾷς τὸν παρ' Ἅιδᾳ / παῖδ' ἐμόν, ὦ μελέα.	**HECUBA** You're calling my son, / who is with Hades, poor thing.
590	**ANDROMACHE** σᾶς δάμαρτος ἄλκαρ.	**ANDROMACHE** your wife's defender!
591	**HECUBA** σύ τ' ὦ λῦμ' Ἀχαιῶν,	**HECUBA** And you, the Achaeans' bane,
592	**ANDROMACHE** τέκνων δέσποθ' ἁμῶν / πρεσβυγενὲς Πρίαμε.	**ANDROMACHE** master of our children, / aged Priam,
594	**HECUBA** κοίμισαί μ' ἐς Ἅιδου.	**HECUBA** lull me to sleep in Hades.
595	**ANDROMACHE** οἵδε πόθοι μεγάλοι· σχετλία, τάδε πάσχομεν ἄλγη, οἰχομένας πόλεως, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγεα κεῖνται δυσφροσύναισι θεῶν, ὅτε σὸς γόνος ἔκφυγεν Ἅιδαν, ὃς λεχέων στυγερῶν χάριν ὤλεσε πέργαμα Τροίας. αἱματόεντα δὲ θεᾷ παρὰ Παλλάδι σώματα νεκρῶν γυψὶ φέρειν τέταται· ζυγὰ δ' ἦνεσε δούλια Τροία.	**ANDROMACHE** Such is our great longing. Poor woman, these are the pains we suffer. The city is gone, and pain is heaped on pain by the gods' ill will, ever since your son escaped Hades, the one who destroyed Troy's citadel for a hateful bed. Bloodied bodies of the dead lie stretched beside the goddess Pallas for the vultures to carry off, and Troy has accepted the yoke of slavery.[14]
601	**HECUBA** ὦ πατρὶς ὦ μελέα, καταλειπομέναν σε δακρύω, νῦν τέλος οἰκτρὸν ὁρᾷς, καὶ ἐμὸν δόμον ἔνθ' ἐλοχεύθην. ὦ τέκν', ἔρημος πόλις μάτηρ ἀπολείπεται ὑμῶν οἷος ἰάλεμος οἷά τε πένθη … δάκρυά τ' ἐκ δακρύων καταλείβεται … ἀμετέροισι δόμοις. ὁ θανὼν δ' ἐπιλάθεται … ἀλγέων ἀδάκρυτος.	**HECUBA** My country, my poor country, I weep for you as you're left behind. Now you see your pitiful end, and my house, where I gave birth. Children, your mother, the city, is left desolate without you. What wailing, what grief … tears upon tears pour down … for our house. The dead forget … their pains and shed no tears.
608	**CHORUS** ὡς ἡδὺ δάκρυα τοῖς κακῶς πεπραγόσι / θρήνων τ' ὀδυρμοὶ μοῦσά θ' ἡ λύπας ἔχει.	**CHORUS** How sweet tears are to those who have fared badly, and the wailing of laments, and the song that holds grief.
610	**ANDROMACHE** ὦ μῆτερ ἀνδρός, ὅς ποτ' Ἀργείων δορὶ / πλείστους διώλεσ', Ἕκτορος, τάδ' εἰσορᾷς;	**ANDROMACHE** Mother of Hector, the man whose spear once killed so many Argives, do you see this?
612	**HECUBA** ὁρῶ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, ὡς τὰ μὲν πυργοῦσ' ἄνω / τὰ μηδὲν ὄντα, τὰ δὲ δοκοῦντ' ἀπώλεσαν.	

14 Before Paris was born, Hecuba dreamed she gave birth to a firebrand; the baby was exposed on the mountain to die, but he survived.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		HECUBA I see the gods' work: how they tower up what is nothing, and destroy what seems to be something.
614	**ANDROMACHE** ἀγόμεθα λεία σὺν τέκνῳ, τὸ δ' εὐγενὲς / εἰς δοῦλον ἥκει, μεταβολὰς τοιάσδ' ἔχον.	**ANDROMACHE** We're being carried off as plunder, my child and I. Nobility has come to slavery. That's the kind of reversal it suffers.
616	**HECUBA** τὸ τῆς ἀνάγκης δεινόν· ἄρτι κἀπ' ἐμοῦ / βέβηκ' ἀποσπασθεῖσα Κασάνδρα βίᾳ.	**HECUBA** Necessity is a terrible thing. Just now Cassandra too was torn away from me by force and taken off.
617	**ANDROMACHE** φεῦ φεῦ· ἄλλος τις Αἴας, ὡς ἔοικε, δεύτερος παιδὸς πέφηνε σῆς· νοσεῖς δὲ χἄτερα.	**ANDROMACHE** Ah, ah. It seems another Ajax has turned up for your daughter, a second one. But you have other troubles too.
620	**HECUBA** ὧν γ' οὔτε μέτρον οὔτ' ἀριθμὸς ἔστι μοι· / κακῷ κακὸν γὰρ εἰς ἅμιλλαν ἔρχεται.	**HECUBA** I have troubles beyond measure and beyond counting. One trouble comes to compete with another.
622	**ANDROMACHE** τέθνηκέ σοι παῖς πρὸς τάφῳ Πολυξένη / σφαγεῖσ' Ἀχιλλέως, δῶρον ἀψύχῳ νεκρῷ.	**ANDROMACHE** Your daughter Polyxena is dead. They slaughtered her at Achilles' grave, a gift to a lifeless corpse.
624	**HECUBA** οἵ 'γὼ τάλαινα. τοῦτ' ἐκεῖνό μοι πάλαι / Ταλθύβιος αἴνιγμ' οὐ σαφῶς εἶπεν σαφές.	**HECUBA** Oh, no, how wretched I am! So that was the riddle Talthybius told me a while ago. The truth was plain, but he didn't put it plainly.
626	**ANDROMACHE** εἶδόν νιν αὐτὴ κἀποβᾶσα τῶνδ' ὄχων / ἔκρυψα πέπλοις κἀπεκλαυσάμην νεκρόν.	**ANDROMACHE** I saw her myself. I got down from this cart, covered her with robes, and mourned over the body.
628	**HECUBA** αἰαῖ, τέκνον, σῶν ἀνοσίων προσφαγμάτων· / αἰαῖ μάλ' αὖθις, ὡς κακῶς διόλλυσαι.	**HECUBA** Ah, ah, my child, for your unholy sacrifice! Ah, ah, and again, how cruelly you've died!
630	**ANDROMACHE** ὄλωλεν ὡς ὄλωλεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐμοῦ / ζώσης γ' ὄλωλεν εὐτυχεστέρῳ πότμῳ.	**ANDROMACHE** She has died the way she died. Still, her death is a happier lot than my life.
632	**HECUBA** οὐ ταὐτόν, ὦ παῖ, τῷ βλέπειν τὸ κατθανεῖν· / τὸ μὲν γὰρ οὐδέν, τῷ δ' ἔνεισιν ἐλπίδες.	**HECUBA** Seeing the light and being dead aren't the same, child. Death is nothing, but in life there are hopes.
634	**ANDROMACHE** ὦ μῆτερ ὦ τεκοῦσα, κάλλιστον λόγον ἄκουσον, ὥς σοι τέρψιν ἐμβάλω φρενί. τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι τῷ θανεῖν ἴσον λέγω, τοῦ ζῆν δὲ λυπρῶς κρεῖσσόν ἐστι κατθανεῖν. ἀλγεῖ γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν κακῶν ᾐσθημένος· ὁ δ' εὐτυχήσας εἰς τὸ δυστυχὲς πεσὼν ψυχὴν ἀλᾶται τῆς πάροιθ' εὐπραξίας. κείνη δ' ὁμοίως ὥσπερ οὐκ ἰδοῦσα φῶς τέθνηκε κοὐδὲν οἶδε τῶν αὑτῆς κακῶν.	**ANDROMACHE** Mother, you who bore him, listen to an argument, a very fine one, so I can bring some comfort to your heart. I say that never being born is the same as being dead, and being dead is better than living in misery. Someone who has never felt his troubles feels no pain. But someone who has fared well and then falls into misfortune wanders in his soul, cut off from his former happiness. She is dead as if she had never seen the light, and she knows nothing of her own troubles.
643		

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἐγὼ δὲ τοξεύσασα τῆς εὐδοξίας λαχοῦσα πλεῖστον τῆς τύχης ἡμάρτανον. ἃ γὰρ γυναιξὶ σώφρον' ἔσθ' ηὑρημένα, ταῦτ' ἐξεμόχθουν Ἕκτορος κατὰ στέγας. πρῶτον μέν, ἔνθα κἂν προσῇ κἂν μὴ προσῇ ψόγος γυναιξίν, αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐφέλκεται κακῶς ἀκούειν, ἥτις οὐκ ἔνδον μένει, τούτου παρεῖσα πόθον ἔμιμνον ἐν δόμοις εἴσω μελάθρων· κομψὰ θηλειῶν ἔπη οὐκ εἰσεφριέμην, τὸν δὲ νοῦν διδάσκαλον οἴκοθεν ἔχουσα χρηστὸν ἐξήρκουν ἐμοί.	As for me, I aimed at a good name, and I won the greatest share of it, but I missed good fortune. All the conduct that has been found sensible in women, I worked hard to practice in Hector's house. First, a woman draws ill report on herself simply by not staying at home, whether there's anything else to blame her for or not. So I gave up any wish to go out and stayed in the house, inside its halls. I didn't let the clever talk of women in. I had my own good mind as my teacher, from home, and that was enough for me.
654 γλώσσης τε σιγὴν ὄμμα θ' ἥσυχον πόσει παρεῖχον· ᾔδη δ' ἁμὲ χρῆν νικᾶν πόσιν, κείνῳ τε νίκην ὧν ἐχρῆν παριέναι. καὶ τῶνδε κληδὼν εἰς στράτευμ' Ἀχαϊκὸν ἐλθοῦσ' ἀπώλεσέν μ'· ἐπεὶ γὰρ ᾑρέθην, Ἀχιλλέως με παῖς ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν δάμαρτα· δουλεύσω δ' ἐν αὐθεντῶν δόμοις. κεἰ μὲν παρώσασ' Ἕκτορος φίλον κάρα πρὸς τὸν παρόντα πόσιν ἀναπτύξω φρένα, κακὴ φανοῦμαι τῷ θανόντι· τόνδε δ' αὖ στέργουσ' ἐμαυτῆς δεσπόταις μισήσομαι.	I offered my husband a silent tongue and a quiet face. I knew where I ought to win against my husband, and where I ought to let him win. And the report of all this reached the Achaean army and destroyed me. When I was captured, Achilles' son wanted to take me as his wife. I'll be a slave in the house of the very men who killed my husband. If I push aside Hector's dear face and open my heart to the husband I have now, I'll look false to the dead. But if I hold on to my love for him instead, I'll be hated by my own masters.
665 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς μί' εὐφρόνη χαλᾷ τὸ δυσμενὲς γυναικὸς εἰς ἀνδρὸς λέχος· ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτήν, ἥτις ἄνδρα τὸν πάρος καινοῖσι λέκτροις ἀποβαλοῦσ' ἄλλον φιλεῖ. ἀλλ' οὐδὲ πῶλος ἥτις ἂν διαζυγῇ τῆς συντραφείσης, ῥᾳδίως ἕλξει ζυγόν. καίτοι τὸ θηριῶδες ἄφθογγόν τ' ἔφυ ξυνέσει τ' ἄχρηστον τῇ φύσει τε λείπεται. σὲ δ', ὦ φίλ' Ἕκτορ, εἶχον ἄνδρ' ἀρκοῦντά μοι ξυνέσει γένει πλούτῳ τε κἀνδρείᾳ μέγαν·	And yet they say one night is enough to soften a woman's hostility to a man's bed. I spit on any woman who throws over her former husband for a new bed and loves another. Why, not even a filly will easily pull the yoke once she's been unyoked from the mare she was raised with. And yet a beast is born without speech, has no use for reason, and is inferior by nature. But you, dear Hector, I had as a husband who was all I needed, great in understanding, birth, wealth and courage.
675 ἀκήρατον δέ μ' ἐκ πατρὸς λαβὼν δόμων πρῶτος τὸ παρθένειον ἐξεύξω λέχος. καὶ νῦν ὄλωλας μὲν σύ, ναυσθλοῦμαι δ' ἐγὼ πρὸς Ἑλλάδ' αἰχμάλωτος εἰς δοῦλον ζυγόν. ἆρ' οὐκ ἐλάσσω τῶν ἐμῶν ἡγεῖ κακῶν Πολυξένης ὄλεθρον, ἣν καταστένεις; ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ὃ πᾶσι λείπεται βροτοῖς ξύνεστιν ἐλπίς, οὐδὲ κλέπτομαι φρένας πράξειν τι κεδνόν· ἡδὺ δ' ἐστὶ καὶ δοκεῖν.	You took me untouched from my father's house, and you were the first to yoke my virgin bed. And now you are dead, and I'm being shipped to Greece as a captive, to the yoke of slavery. Don't you think Polyxena's death, which you're lamenting, is a smaller thing than my troubles? I don't even have what's left to all mortals, hope. I don't fool myself that I'll ever have any good luck, though even imagining it is sweet.
684 **CHORUS** εἰς ταὐτὸν ἥκεις συμφορᾶς· θρηνοῦσα δὲ / τὸ σὸν διδάσκεις μ' ἔνθα πημάτων κυρῶ.	**CHORUS** You've come to the same disaster as I have. In lamenting your own lot, you teach me where I stand in my sufferings.
686 **HECUBA** αὐτὴ μὲν οὔπω ναὸς εἰσέβην σκάφος, γραφῇ δ' ἰδοῦσα καὶ κλύουσ' ἐπίσταμαι. ναύταις γὰρ ἢν μὲν μέτριος ᾖ χειμὼν φέρειν, προθυμίαν ἔχουσι σωθῆναι πόνων,	**HECUBA** I've never set foot on a ship myself, but I know about them from pictures I've seen and stories I've heard. If a storm is moderate enough to bear, sailors are eager to get safely out of trouble.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ο μὲν παρ᾽ οἴαχ᾽, ὃ δ᾽ ἐπὶ λαίφεσιν βεβώς, ὃ δ᾽ ἄντλον εἴργων ναός· ἢν δ᾽ ὑπερβάλῃ πολὺς ταραχθεὶς πόντος, ἐνδόντες τύχῃ παρεῖσαν αὐτοὺς κυμάτων δρομήμασιν. οὕτω δὲ κἀγὼ πόλλ᾽ ἔχουσα πήματα ἄφθογγός εἰμι καὶ παρεῖσ᾽ ἐῶ στόμα·	One takes the tiller, one stands at the sails, one keeps the bilge-water out of the ship. But if a high, churning sea overwhelms them, they give in to fortune and let themselves go with the running of the waves. In the same way I, with all my sufferings, am speechless; I give up and let my mouth be still.
696	νικᾷ γὰρ οὐκ θεῶν με δύστηνος κλύδων. ἀλλ᾽ ὦ φίλη παῖ, τὰς μὲν Ἕκτορος τύχας ἔασον· οὐ γὰρ δάκρυά νιν σώσει τὰ σά· τίμα δὲ τὸν παρόντα δεσπότην σέθεν, φίλον διδοῦσα δέλεαρ ἀνδρὶ σῶν τρόπων. κἂν δρᾷς τάδ᾽, εἰς τὸ κοινὸν εὐφρανεῖς φίλους καὶ παῖδα τόνδε παιδὸς ἐκθρέψειας ἂν Τροίᾳ μέγιστον ὠφέλημ᾽, ἢν ἄν ποτε ἐκ σοῦ γενόμενοι παῖδες ὕστερον πάλιν κατοικίσειαν, καὶ πόλις γένοιτ᾽ ἔτι.	The wretched surge the gods have sent overpowers me. But, my dear child, let Hector's fate be. Your tears won't save him. Honor your present master, and give the man the sweet bait of your ways. If you do this, you'll cheer all of us who love you, and you might raise this child of my child to be the greatest help to Troy. Children born of you might someday settle it again, and there might still be a city.
706	ἀλλ᾽ ἐκ λόγου γὰρ ἄλλος ἐκβαίνει λόγος, τίν᾽ αὖ δέδορκα τόνδ᾽ Ἀχαϊκὸν λάτριν στείχοντα καινῶν ἄγγελον βουλευμάτων;	But one word leads to another. Who's this I see, the Achaeans' servant, coming as messenger of new decisions?
709	**TALTHYBIUS** Φρυγῶν ἀρίστου πρίν ποθ᾽ Ἕκτορος δάμαρ, μὴ ᾽μὲ στυγήσῃς· οὐχ ἑκὼν γὰρ ἀγγελῶ Δαναῶν τε κοινὰ Πελοπιδῶν τ᾽ ἀγγέλματα.	**TALTHYBIUS** Wife of Hector, once the best of the Phrygians, don't hate me. It's not by my choice that I announce the joint decision of the Danaans and the sons of Pelops.[15]
712	**ANDROMACHE** τί δ᾽ ἔστιν; ὥς μοι φροιμίων ἄρχει κακῶν.	**ANDROMACHE** What is it? You open with a prelude to bad news.
713	**TALTHYBIUS** ἔδοξε τόνδε παῖδα — πῶς εἴπω λόγον;	**TALTHYBIUS** It's been decided that this boy—how can I say it?
714	**ANDROMACHE** μῶν οὐ τὸν αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἡμῖν ἔχειν;	**ANDROMACHE** Surely not that he's to have a different master from me?
715	**TALTHYBIUS** οὐδεὶς Ἀχαιῶν τοῦδε δεσπόσει ποτέ.	**TALTHYBIUS** No Achaean will ever be his master.
716	**ANDROMACHE** ἀλλ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ αὐτοῦ λείψανον Φρυγῶν λιπεῖν;	**ANDROMACHE** Then he's to be left here, all that's left of the Phrygians?
717	**TALTHYBIUS** οὐκ οἶδ᾽ ὅπως σοι ῥᾳδίως εἴπω κακά.	**TALTHYBIUS** I don't know how to tell you bad news gently.
718	**ANDROMACHE** ἐπήνεσ᾽ αἰδῶ, πλὴν ἐὰν λέγῃς καλά.	**ANDROMACHE** I commend your reluctance, unless your news is good.
719	**TALTHYBIUS** κτενοῦσι σὸν παῖδ᾽, ὡς πύθῃ κακὸν μέγα.	**TALTHYBIUS** They're going to kill your son. There, now you know the whole terrible thing.
720	**ANDROMACHE** οἴμοι, κακῶν τόδ᾽ ὡς κλύω μεῖζον κακόν.	**ANDROMACHE** Oh, no! What I'm hearing is a greater evil than all my evils.

15 The sons of Pelops are the royal house of Agamemnon and Menelaus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
721	**TALTHYBIUS** νικᾷ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐν Πανέλλησιν λέγων.	**TALTHYBIUS** Odysseus carried the day, speaking before all the Greeks.
722	**ANDROMACHE** αἰαῖ μάλ', οὐ γὰρ μέτρια πάσχομεν κακά.	**ANDROMACHE** Ah, ah, ah! What we suffer is beyond all measure.
723	**TALTHYBIUS** λέξας ἀρίστου παῖδα μὴ τρέφειν πατρός,	**TALTHYBIUS** He said they mustn't raise the son of so great a father—
724	**ANDROMACHE** τοιαῦτα νικήσειε τῶν αὐτοῦ πέρι.	**ANDROMACHE** May he carry a vote like that about his own son!
725	**TALTHYBIUS** ῥῖψαι δὲ πύργων δεῖν σφε Τρωικῶν ἄπο. ἀλλ' ὡς γενέσθω, καὶ σοφωτέρα φανεῖ· μήτ' ἀντέχου τοῦδ', εὐγενῶς δ' ἄλγει κακοῖς, μήτε σθένουσα μηδὲν ἰσχύσειν δόκει. ἔχεις γὰρ ἀλκὴν οὐδαμῇ· σκοπεῖν δὲ χρή· πόλις τ' ὄλωλε καὶ πόσις, κρατεῖ δὲ σύ, ἡμῖν τε πῶς γυναῖκα μάρνασθαι μίαν οἷόν τε; τούτων εἵνεκ' οὐ μάχης ἐρᾶν οὐδ' αἰσχρὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἐπίφθονόν σε δρᾶν, οὐδ' αὖ σ' Ἀχαιῶν βούλομαι ῥίπτειν ἀράς.	**TALTHYBIUS** —and that he must be thrown from the towers of Troy. Let it happen; you'll show yourself wiser that way. Don't cling to him. Bear the pain of your troubles nobly. And don't imagine you have any strength when you have none. You have no defense anywhere. You must look at the facts: your city is gone, and your husband, and you are in our power. How could one woman fight against us? So I don't want you to be eager for a fight, or to do anything shameful or anything that will provoke resentment. Nor do I want you hurling curses at the Achaeans.
735	εἰ γάρ τι λέξεις ᾧ χολώσεται στρατός, οὔτ' ἂν ταφείη παῖς ὅδ' οὔτ' οἴκτου τύχοι. σιγῶσα δ' εὖ τε ταῖς τύχαις κεχρημένη τὸν τοῦδε νεκρὸν οὐκ ἄθαπτον ἂν λίποις αὐτή τ' Ἀχαιῶν πρευμενεστέρων τύχοις.	If you say anything that angers the army, this boy won't be buried, and he won't get any pity. But if you keep quiet and make the best of your fortunes, you won't leave his body unburied, and you yourself will find the Achaeans kinder.
740	**ANDROMACHE** ὦ φίλτατ', ὦ περισσὰ τιμηθεὶς τέκνον, θανεῖ πρὸς ἐχθρῶν μητέρ' ἀθλίαν λιπών, ἡ τοῦ πατρὸς δέ σ' εὐγένει' ἀπώλεσεν, ἢ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις γίγνεται σωτηρία, τὸ δ' ἐσθλὸν οὐκ εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε σοὶ πατρός. ὦ λέκτρα τἀμὰ δυστυχῆ τε καὶ γάμοι, οἷς ἦλθον εἰς μέλαθρον Ἕκτορός ποτε, οὐ σφάγιον υἱὸν Δαναΐδαις τέξουσ' ἐμόν, ἀλλ' ὡς τύραννον Ἀσιάδος πολυσπόρου. ὦ παῖ, δακρύεις; αἰσθάνει κακῶν σέθεν;	**ANDROMACHE** My dearest, my child, too highly prized, you'll die at your enemies' hands and leave your poor mother behind. Your father's nobility has killed you, though it brings other children safety. Your father's greatness came at the wrong time for you. My bed, my marriage, how unlucky you were! You brought me once to Hector's house, not to bear my son as a victim for the Danaans to slaughter, but to be king of fertile Asia. My boy, are you crying? Do you sense what's happening to you?
750	τί μου δέδραξαι χερσὶ κἀντέχει πέπλων, νεοσσὸς ὡσεὶ πτέρυγας εἰσπίτνων ἐμάς; οὐκ εἶσιν Ἕκτωρ κλεινὸν ἀρπάσας δόρυ γῆς ἐξανελθὼν σοὶ φέρων σωτηρίαν, οὐ συγγένεια πατρός, οὐκ ἰσχὺς Φρυγῶν· λυγρὸν δὲ πήδημ' εἰς τράχηλον ὑψόθεν πεσὼν ἀνοίκτως, πνεῦμ' ἀπορρήξεις σέθεν. ὦ νέον ὑπαγκάλισμα μητρὶ φίλτατον, ὦ χρωτὸς ἡδὺ πνεῦμα· διὰ κενῆς ἄρα	Why do you clutch me with your hands and hold on to my robes, nestling under my wings like a chick? Hector won't come back up from the earth with his famous spear in his hand to bring you safety, nor will your father's kin, nor the strength of the Phrygians. You'll fall from on high, a horrible leap, and land on your neck without pity, and break the breath out of your body. Little one, so dear to your mother's arms, sweet smell of your

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἐν σπαργάνοις σε μαστὸς ἐξέθρεψ' ὅδε, μάτην δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις.	skin! So it was all for nothing that this breast nursed you in your swaddling clothes. I toiled in vain, worn out with the labor.
761	νῦν, οὔποτ' αὖθις, μητέρ' ἀσπάζου σέθεν, πρόσπιτνε τὴν τεκοῦσαν, ἀμφὶ δ' ὠλένας ἕλισσ' ἐμοῖς νώτοισι καὶ στόμ' ἅρμοσον. ὦ βάρβαρ' ἐξευρόντες Ἕλληνες κακά, τί τόνδε παῖδα κτείνετ' οὐδὲν αἴτιον; ὦ Τυνδάρειον ἔρνος, οὔποτ' εἶ Διός, πολλῶν δὲ πατέρων φημί σ' ἐκπεφυκέναι, Ἀλάστορος μὲν πρῶτον, εἶτα δὲ Φθόνου, Φόνου τε Θανάτου θ' ὅσα τε γῆ τρέφει κακά. οὐ γάρ ποτ' αὐχῶ Ζῆνά γ' ἐκφῦσαί σ' ἐγώ, πολλοῖσι κῆρα βαρβάροις Ἕλλησί τε.	Now, and never again, kiss your mother. Throw yourself on me, the one who bore you, wind your arms around my back and press your lips to mine. You Greeks, inventors of foreign cruelties, why are you killing this child? He's guilty of nothing. Daughter of Tyndareus, you are no child of Zeus. I say you were born of many fathers: first the Spirit of Vengeance, then Envy, Murder, Death, and every evil the earth breeds. I will never claim that Zeus fathered you, a doom to so many foreigners and Greeks.[16]
772	ὄλοιο· καλλίστων γὰρ ὀμμάτων ἄπο αἰσχρῶς τὰ κλεινὰ πεδί' ἀπώλεσας Φρυγῶν. ἀλλ' ἄγετε φέρετε ῥίπτετ', εἰ ῥίπτειν δοκεῖ· δαίνυσθε τοῦδε σάρκας. ἔκ τε γὰρ θεῶν διολλύμεσθα παιδί τ' οὐ δυναίμεθ' ἂν θάνατον ἀρῆξαι. κρύπτετ' ἄθλιον δέμας καὶ ῥίπτετ' εἰς ναῦς· ἐπὶ καλὸν γὰρ ἔρχομαι ὑμέναιον, ἀπολέσασα τοὐμαυτῆς τέκνον.	Death take you! With those most beautiful eyes you've shamefully destroyed the famous plains of the Phrygians. Go on: take him, carry him, throw him, if you've decided to throw him. Feast on his flesh. The gods are destroying us, and I couldn't keep death from my child. Cover my miserable body and throw me into the ships. It's a fine wedding I'm going to, now that I've lost my own child.
780	**CHORUS** τάλαινα Τροία, μυρίους ἀπώλεσας / μιᾶς γυναικὸς καὶ λέχους στυγνοῦ χάριν.	**CHORUS** Poor Troy, you've lost thousands for the sake of one woman and her hateful bed.
782	**TALTHYBIUS** ἄγε παῖ, φίλιον πρόσπτυγμα μεθεὶς μητρὸς μογερᾶς, βαῖνε πατρῴων πύργων ἐπ' ἄκρας στεφάνας, ὅθι σοι πνεῦμα μεθεῖναι ψῆφος ἐκράνθη. λαμβάνετ' αὐτόν. τὰ δὲ τοιάδε χρὴ κηρυκεύειν, ὅστις ἄνοικτος καὶ ἀναιδείᾳ τῆς ἡμετέρας γνώμης μᾶλλον φίλος ἐστίν.	**TALTHYBIUS** Come, child, let go of your loving embrace of your miserable mother, and climb to the topmost crown of your fathers' towers, where the vote has decreed that you breathe your last. Take him. Messages like these ought to be carried by someone pitiless, someone fonder of shamelessness than my mind is.
790	**HECUBA** ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ παιδὸς μογεροῦ, συλώμεθα σὴν ψυχὴν ἀδίκως μήτηρ κἀγώ. τί πάθω; τί σ' ἐγώ, δύσμορε, δράσω; τάδε σοι δίδομεν πλήγματα κρατὸς στέρνων τε κόπους· τῶνδε γὰρ ἄρχομεν· οἳ 'γὼ πόλεως, οἴμοι δὲ σέθεν· τί γὰρ οὐκ ἔχομεν, τίνος ἐνδέομεν μὴ οὐ πανσυδίᾳ χωρεῖν ὀλέθρου διὰ παντός;	**HECUBA** Child, son of my unhappy son, we are robbed of your life unjustly, your mother and I. What will become of me? What can I do for you, poor boy? We give you these, blows to the head and the beating of breasts; these are what we still have power over. Oh, no, my city! Oh, no, for you! What don't we have? What do we lack to go headlong to utter ruin?

16 Helen was the daughter of Leda, wife of Tyndareus; Zeus was said to be her real father.

SECOND STASIMON

The chorus recalls Troy's earlier sack by Heracles and how the gods' love for Troy has come to nothing.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
799	**CHORUS** μελισσοτρόφου Σαλαμῖνος ὦ βασιλεῦ Τελαμών, νάσου περικύμονος οἰκήσας ἕδραν τᾶς ἐπικεκλιμένας ὄχθοις ἱεροῖς, ἵν' ἐλαίας πρῶτον ἔδειξε κλάδον γλαυκᾶς Ἀθάνα, οὐράνιον στέφανον λιπαραῖσί τε κόσμον Ἀθήναις, ἔβας ἔβας τῷ τοξοφόρῳ συναριστεύων ἅμ' Ἀλκμήνας γόνῳ Ἴλιον Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσων πόλιν ἀμετέραν τὸ πάροιθεν ὅτ' ἔβας ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος·	**CHORUS** Telamon, king of Salamis, where the bees are fed, you who made your home on the wave-washed island that lies facing the holy hills where Athena first showed the branch of the gray-green olive, a heavenly crown and an ornament for shining Athens— you came, you came, with the archer, Alcmene's son, to win glory together, to sack Ilium, Ilium, our city, long ago, when you came from Greece.[17]
809	ὅθ' Ἑλλάδος ἄγαγε πρῶτον ἄνθος ἀτυζόμενος πώλων, Σιμόεντι δ' ἐπ' εὐρείτᾳ πλάταν ἔσχασε ποντοπόρον καὶ ναύδετ' ἀνήψατο πρυμνᾶν καὶ χερὸς εὐστοχίαν ἐξεῖλε ναῶν, Λαομέδοντι φόνον· κανόνων δὲ τυκίσματα Φοίβου … πυρὸς φοίνικι πνοᾷ καθελὼν Τροίας ἐπόρθησε χθόνα, δὶς δὲ δυοῖν πιτύλοιν τείχη περὶ Δαρδανίας φονία κατέλυσεν αἰχμά. μάταν ἄρ', ὦ χρυσέαις ἐν οἰνοχόαις ἁβρὰ βαίνων, Λαομεδόντιε παῖ, Ζανὸς ἔχεις κυλίκων πλήρωμα, καλλίσταν λατρείαν·	Then he led the flower of Greece, furious over the horses, and at the fair-flowing Simois he rested his sea-going oar and fastened the cables to the stern, and took from the ships the sure aim of his hand, death for Laomedon. The walls built true to Phoebus' rule … he brought down with fire's red blast and ravaged the land of Troy. Twice, in two onslaughts, the murderous spear brought down the walls around Dardania. In vain, then, son of Laomedon, you who step so delicately among golden wine-jugs, you have the task of filling Zeus' cups, the finest of services.[18]
825	ἃ δέ σε γειναμένα πυρὶ δαίεται· ἠιόνες δ' ἅλιαι ἴαχον· οἷον οἰωνὸς … ὑπὲρ τεκέων βοᾷ, αἳ μὲν ἄορας, αἳ δὲ παῖδας, αἳ δὲ ματέρας γεραιάς. τὰ δὲ σὰ δροσόεντα λουτρὰ γυμνασίων τε δρόμοι βεβᾶσι· σὺ δὲ πρόσωπα νεαρὰ χάρισι παρὰ Διὸς θρόνοις καλλιγάλανα τρέφεις· Πριάμοιο δὲ γαῖαν Ἑλλὰς ὤλεσ' αἰχμά.	The land that bore you is burning in fire. The seashores cried out, as a bird … cries over its young: some for husbands, some for children, some for their aged mothers. Your dewy bathing places and the running tracks of the gymnasium are gone. But you keep your young face beside the throne of Zeus, calm and lovely in its grace, while the Greek spear

17 A generation earlier, Heracles (son of Alcmene) and Telamon sacked Troy after its king Laomedon cheated Heracles of promised horses.

18 The son of Laomedon is Ganymede, whom Zeus carried off to be his cupbearer.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Ἔρως Ἔρως, ὃς τὰ Δαρδάνεια μέλαθρά ποτ' ἦλθες οὐρανίδαισι μέλων·	has destroyed the land of Priam. Love, Love, who once came to the halls of Dardanus, dear to the heavenly gods,
843 ὡς τότε μὲν μεγάλως Τροίαν ἐπύργωσας, θεοῖσιν κῆδος ἀναψάμενος. τὸ μὲν οὖν Διὸς οὐκέτ' ὄνειδος ἐρῶ· τὸ τᾶς δὲ λευκοπτέρου ἁμέρας φίλιον βροτοῖς φέγγος ὁλοὸν εἶδε γαῖαν, εἶδε περγάμων ὄλεθρον, τεκνοποιὸν ἔχουσα τᾶσδε γᾶς πόσιν ἐν θαλάμοις, ὃν ἀστέρων τέθριππος ἔλαβε χρύσεος ὄχος ἀναρπάσας, ἐλπίδα γᾷ πατρίᾳ μεγάλαν· τὰ θεῶν δὲ φίλτρα φροῦδα Τροίᾳ.	how high you raised Troy's towers then, binding her to the gods by marriage! As for Zeus, I'll speak no more of his disgrace. But the light of white-winged Day, so dear to mortals, saw the land destroyed, saw the ruin of the citadel, though in her bedchamber she had a husband from this land, the father of her children, whom the golden four-horsed chariot of the stars snatched up and carried away, a great hope for his native land. But the gods' love for Troy is gone.[19]

THIRD EPISODE

Menelaus comes for Helen, who pleads her case, and Hecuba answers her point by point.

GREEK	ENGLISH
860 **MENELAUS** ὦ καλλιφεγγὲς ἡλίου σέλας τόδε, ἐν ᾧ δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν χειρώσομαι Ἑλένην· ὁ γὰρ δὴ πολλὰ μοχθήσας ἐγὼ Μενέλαός εἰμι καὶ στράτευμ' Ἀχαϊκόν. ἦλθον δὲ Τροίαν οὐχ ὅσον δοκοῦσί με γυναικὸς εἵνεκ', ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἄνδρ' ὃς ἐξ ἐμῶν δόμων δάμαρτα ξεναπάτης ἐλήσατο. κεῖνος μὲν οὖν ἔδωκε σὺν θεοῖς δίκην αὐτός τε καὶ γῆ δορὶ πεσοῦσ' Ἑλληνικῷ.	**MENELAUS** How beautifully the sunlight shines today, the day I'll get my hands on my wife, Helen! For I am Menelaus, the man who has toiled so much, I and the Achaean army. I came to Troy not so much for a woman's sake, as people think, but against the man who deceived his host and stole my wife from my house. Well, with the gods' help he has paid the penalty, he and his land, fallen to the Greek spear.
869 ἥκω δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν, οὐ γὰρ ἡδέως ὄνομα δάμαρτος ἥ ποτ' ἦν ἐμὴ λέγω, ἄξων· δόμοις γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἐν αἰχμαλωτικοῖς κατηρίθμηται Τρῳάδων ἄλλων μέτα. οἵπερ γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐξεμόχθησαν δορί, κτανεῖν ἐμοί νιν ἔδοσαν, εἴτε μὴ κτανὼν θέλοιμ' ἄγεσθαι πάλιν ἐς Ἀργείων χθόνα. ἐμοὶ δ' ἔδοξε τὸν μὲν ἐν Τροίᾳ μόρον Ἑλένης ἐᾶσαι, ναυπόρῳ δ' ἄγειν πλάτῃ Ἑλληνίδ' εἰς γῆν κᾆτ' ἐκεῖ δοῦναι κτανεῖν, ποινὰς ὅσοι τεθνᾶσ' ἐν Ἰλίῳ φίλοι.	I've come to take away the wretch—I don't like to say the name of the woman who was once my wife. She's been counted with the other Trojan women here in the captives' quarters. The men who won her back with the toil of the spear have given her to me to kill, or, if I prefer not to kill her, to take back to the land of the Argives. I've decided not to put Helen to death here in Troy, but to take her by ship to Greek soil and there hand her over to be killed, as atonement for all my friends who died at Ilium.
880 ἀλλ' εἶα χωρεῖτ' εἰς δόμους, ὀπάονες, κομίζετ' αὐτὴν τῆς μιαιφονωτάτης	Come on, men, go into the quarters and bring her out. Drag her by that bloodstained hair. When the

19 Day, or Dawn, carried off the Trojan prince Tithonus to be her husband.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	κόμης ἐπισπάσαντες· οὔριοι δ' ὅταν πνοαὶ μόλωσι, πέμψομέν νιν Ἑλλάδα.	winds come round in our favor, we'll send her to Greece.
884	**HECUBA** ὦ γῆς ὄχημα κἀπὶ γῆς ἔχων ἕδραν, ὅστις ποτ' εἶ σύ, δυστόπαστος εἰδέναι, Ζεύς, εἴτ' ἀνάγκη φύσεος εἴτε νοῦς βροτῶν, προσηυξάμην σε· πάντα γὰρ δι' ἀψόφου βαίνων κελεύθου κατὰ δίκην τὰ θνήτ' ἄγεις.	**HECUBA** You who carry the earth and have your seat upon the earth, whoever you are, so hard to guess and to know, Zeus, whether you're the necessity of nature or the mind of mortals, I pray to you. For you move along a silent path and guide all mortal affairs with justice.
889	**MENELAUS** τί δ' ἔστιν; εὐχὰς ὡς ἐκαίνισας θεῶν.	**MENELAUS** What's this? What a strange new prayer to the gods!
890	**HECUBA** αἰνῶ σε, Μενέλα', εἰ κτενεῖς δάμαρτα σήν. ὁρῶν δὲ τήνδε φεῦγε, μή σ' ἕλῃ πόθῳ. αἱρεῖ γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ὄμματ', ἐξαιρεῖ πόλεις, πίμπρησι δ' οἴκους· ὧδ' ἔχει κηλήματα. ἐγώ νιν οἶδα καὶ σὺ χοἱ πεπονθότες.	**HECUBA** I commend you, Menelaus, if you'll kill your wife. But steer clear of seeing her, or she'll take you captive with longing. She takes men's eyes captive, takes cities, burns houses to the ground. That's how her spells work. I know her, and so do you, and so do all who've suffered for her.
895	**HELEN** Μενέλαε, φροίμιον μὲν ἄξιον φόβου τόδ' ἐστίν· ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ προσπόλων σέθεν βίᾳ πρὸ τῶνδε δωμάτων ἐκπέμπομαι. ἀτὰρ σχεδὸν μὲν οἶδά σοι στυγουμένη, ὅμως δ' ἐρέσθαι βούλομαι· γνῶμαι τίνες Ἕλλησι καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι;	**HELEN** Menelaus, this prelude is enough to frighten me. Your servants have laid hands on me and forced me out in front of these quarters. I'm fairly sure you hate me, but still I want to ask: what have the Greeks and you decided about my life?
901	**MENELAUS** οὐκ εἰς ἀκριβὲς ἦλθες, ἀλλὰ πᾶς στρατὸς / κτανεῖν ἐμοί σ' ἔδωκεν, ὅνπερ ἠδίκεις.	**MENELAUS** It never came to a careful vote. The whole army, the army you wronged, handed you over to me to kill.
903	**HELEN** ἔξεστιν οὖν πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀμείψασθαι λόγῳ, / ὡς οὐ δικαίως, ἢν θάνω, θανούμεθα;	**HELEN** Then may I answer that with a speech, and show that if I die, I'll die unjustly?
905	**MENELAUS** οὐκ εἰς λόγους ἐλήλυθ', ἀλλά σε κτενῶν.	**MENELAUS** I didn't come here to talk. I came to kill you.
906	**HECUBA** ἄκουσον αὐτῆς, μὴ θάνῃ τοῦδ' ἐνδεής, Μενέλαε, καὶ δὸς τοὺς ἐναντίους λόγους ἡμῖν κατ' αὐτῆς· τῶν γὰρ ἐν Τροίᾳ κακῶν οὐδὲν κάτοισθα. συντεθεὶς δ' ὁ πᾶς λόγος κτενεῖ νιν οὕτως ὥστε μηδαμῶς φυγεῖν.	**HECUBA** Listen to her, Menelaus, so she doesn't die without having this. And let me speak the case against her. You know nothing of the wrongs she did in Troy. Once the whole case is put together, it will kill her so surely that she can't possibly escape.
911	**MENELAUS** σχολῆς τὸ δῶρον· εἰ δὲ βούλεται λέγειν, ἔξεστι. τῶν σῶν δ' εἵνεχ', ὡς μάθῃ, λόγων δώσω τόδ' αὐτῇ, τῆσδε δ' οὐ δώσω χάριν.	**MENELAUS** It's a gift of time I can spare. If she wants to speak, she may. But understand: I'll grant her this because of your arguments, so she can learn from them. I won't grant it as a favor to her.
914	**HELEN** ἴσως με, κἂν εὖ κἂν κακῶς δόξω λέγειν, οὐκ ἀνταμείψει πολεμίαν ἡγούμενος. ἐγὼ δ', ἅ σ' οἶμαι διὰ λόγων ἰόντ' ἐμοῦ	**HELEN** Whether I seem to you to speak well or badly, perhaps you won't answer me, since you think of me as an enemy. But I'll answer the

GREEK	ENGLISH
κατηγορήσειν, ἀντιθεῖσ' ἀμείψομαι τοῖς σοῖσι τἀμὰ καὶ τὰ σ' αἰτιάματα. πρῶτον μὲν ἀρχὰς ἔτεκεν ἥδε τῶν κακῶν Πάριν τεκοῦσα· δεύτερον δ' ἀπώλεσε Τροίαν τε κἄμ' ὁ πρέσβυς οὐ κτανὼν βρέφος, δαλοῦ πικρὸν μίμημ', Ἀλέξανδρόν ποτε. ἐνθένδε τἀπίλοιπ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει. ἔκρινε τρισσὸν ζεῦγος ὅδε τριῶν θεῶν·	charges I expect you to make as you go through your case, setting my accusations against yours. First: this woman gave birth to the beginning of our troubles when she gave birth to Paris. Second: the old man destroyed Troy, and me, when he didn't kill the baby—that bitter likeness of a firebrand—Alexander, as he was then. Now hear how the rest of it goes. This man judged a team of three goddesses.[20]
925 καὶ Παλλάδος μὲν ἦν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ δόσις Φρυξὶ στρατηγοῦνθ' Ἑλλάδ' ἐξανιστάναι, Ἥρα δ' ὑπέσχετ' Ἀσιάδ' Εὐρώπης θ' ὅρους τυραννίδ' ἕξειν, εἴ σφε κρίνειεν Πάρις· Κύπρις δὲ τοὐμὸν εἶδος ἐκπαγλουμένη δώσειν ὑπέσχετ', εἰ θεὰς ὑπερδράμοι κάλλει. τὸν ἐνθένδ' ὡς ἔχει σκέψαι λόγον· νικᾷ Κύπρις θεά, καὶ τοσόνδ' οὑμοὶ γάμοι ὤνησαν Ἑλλάδ', οὐ κρατεῖσθ' ἐκ βαρβάρων, οὔτ' εἰς δόρυ σταθέντες, οὐ τυραννίδι. ἃ δ' ηὐτύχησεν Ἑλλάς, ὠλόμην ἐγὼ εὐμορφίᾳ πραθεῖσα κὠνειδίζομαι ἐξ ὧν ἐχρῆν με στέφανον ἐπὶ κάρᾳ λαβεῖν.	Pallas' offer to Alexander was that he would lead the Phrygians and overthrow Greece. Hera promised he would rule over Asia and the farthest bounds of Europe, if Paris judged in her favor. Cypris, marveling at my beauty, promised to give me to him, if she outran the other goddesses in beauty. Now consider how the story goes from there. Cypris wins—and this is how much my marriage benefited Greece: you aren't ruled by foreigners, you didn't face them in battle, you aren't under a tyrant. But what was good fortune for Greece was my ruin. I was sold for my beauty, and I'm reproached for what should have earned me a crown on my head.
938 οὔπω με φήσεις αὐτὰ τἀν ποσὶν λέγειν, ὅπως ἀφώρμησ' ἐκ δόμων τῶν σῶν λάθρᾳ. ἦλθ' οὐχὶ μικρὰν θεὸν ἔχων αὐτοῦ μέτα ὁ τῆσδ' ἀλάστωρ, εἴτ' Ἀλέξανδρον θέλεις ὀνόματι προσφωνεῖν νιν εἴτε καὶ Πάριν· ὅν, ὦ κάκιστε, σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις λιπὼν Σπάρτης ἀπῆρας νηὶ Κρησίαν χθόνα. εἶεν. οὐ σ', ἀλλ' ἐμαυτὴν τοὐπὶ τῷδ' ἐρήσομαι· τί δὴ φρονήσασ' ἐκ δόμων ἅμ' ἐσπόμην ξένῳ, προδοῦσα πατρίδα καὶ δόμους ἐμούς;	You'll say I haven't yet come to the point right in front of us: how I slipped away from your house in secret. He came with no small goddess at his side, this woman's avenging spirit—call him by the name Alexander, if you like, or Paris. And you, you worst of men, left him in your house and sailed off from Sparta to Crete. Well then. The next question I'll put not to you but to myself: what was I thinking, that I followed a guest out of the house, betraying my country and my home?
948 τὴν θεὸν κόλαζε καὶ Διὸς κρείσσων γενοῦ, ὃς τῶν μὲν ἄλλων δαιμόνων ἔχει κράτος, κείνης δὲ δοῦλός ἐστι· συγγνώμη δ' ἐμοί. ἔνθεν δ' ἔχοις ἂν εἰς ἔμ' εὐπρεπῆ λόγον· ἐπεὶ θανὼν γῆς ἦλθ' Ἀλέξανδρος μυχούς, χρῆν μ', ἡνίκ' οὐκ ἦν θεοπόνητά μου λέχη, λιποῦσαν οἴκους ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν. ἔσπευδον αὐτὸ τοῦτο· μάρτυρες δέ μοι πύργων πυλωροὶ κἀπὸ τειχέων σκοποί, οἳ πολλάκις μ' ἐφηῦρον ἐξ ἐπάλξεων πλεκταῖσιν εἰς γῆν σῶμα κλέπτουσαν τόδε.	Punish the goddess, and be stronger than Zeus, who has power over all the other gods but is her slave. I deserve to be forgiven. Here, though, you might have a plausible argument against me: once Alexander was dead and gone to the depths of the earth, and my marriage was no longer the gods' work, I ought to have left the house and gone over to the Argive ships. That is exactly what I was trying to do. My witnesses are the gatekeepers on the towers and the lookouts on the walls, who caught me again and again letting myself down from the battlements by ropes, trying to steal this body of mine away to the ground.

20 Paris was also called Alexander.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
959	βίᾳ δ' ὁ καινός μ' οὗτος ἁρπάσας πόσις Δηίφοβος ἄλοχον εἶχεν ἀκόντων Φρυγῶν. πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἂν θνήσκοιμ' ἂν ἐνδίκως, πόσι, πρὸς σοῦ δικαίως, ἢν ὃ μὲν βίᾳ γαμεῖ, τὰ δ' οἴκοθεν κεῖν' ἀντὶ νικητηρίων πικρῶς ἐδούλευσ'; εἰ δὲ τῶν θεῶν κρατεῖν βούλει, τὸ χρῄζειν ἀμαθές ἐστί σοι τόδε.	But this new husband, Deiphobus, seized me by force and kept me as his wife, against the Phrygians' will. So how could I justly die, husband—and die rightly at your hands—when he married me by force, and when what I brought from home, instead of winning me a victor's prize, has made me a bitter slave? If you want to overpower the gods, that wish of yours is folly.[21]
966	**CHORUS** βασίλει', ἄμυνον σοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ πάτρᾳ πειθὼ διαφθείρουσα τῆσδ', ἐπεὶ λέγει καλῶς κακοῦργος οὖσα· δεινὸν οὖν τόδε.	**CHORUS** My queen, defend your children and your country, and destroy her persuasion. She speaks well, and she's a criminal. That's what makes it dangerous.
969	**HECUBA** τοῖς θεοῖσι πρῶτα σύμμαχος γενήσομαι καὶ τήνδε δείξω μὴ λέγουσαν ἔνδικα. ἐγὼ γὰρ Ἥραν παρθένον τε Παλλάδα οὐκ εἰς τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἐλθεῖν δοκῶ, ὥσθ' ἡ μὲν Ἄργος βαρβάροις ἀπημπόλα, Παλλὰς δ' Ἀθήνας Φρυξὶ δουλεύειν ποτέ. αἳ παιδιαῖσι καὶ χλιδῇ μορφῆς πέρι ἦλυθον ἐπ' Ἴδην. τοῦ γὰρ εἵνεκ' ἂν θεὰ Ἥρα τοσοῦτον ἔσχ' ἔρωτα καλλονῆς; πότερον ἀμείνον' ὡς λάβοι Διὸς πόσιν, ἢ γάμον Ἀθάνα θεῶν τινος θηρωμένη, ἡ παρθενείαν πατρὸς ἐξῃτήσατο φεύγουσα λέκτρα; μὴ ἀμαθεῖς ποίει θεὰς τὸ σὸν κακὸν κοσμοῦσα· μὴ οὐ πείσῃς σοφούς.	**HECUBA** First I'll stand as the goddesses' ally and show that she isn't speaking justly. I don't believe Hera and the virgin Pallas ever sank to such folly that one would sell Argos to foreigners, and Pallas would someday make Athens a slave to the Phrygians—goddesses going off to Ida for a game, preening over their looks! Why would the goddess Hera have had such a passion for beauty? To get a better husband than Zeus? Or was Athena hunting for a marriage with one of the gods—she who begged her father to let her stay a virgin, running from the marriage bed? Don't make fools of the goddesses to dress up your own wickedness. I don't think you'll persuade the wise.
983	Κύπριν δ' ἔλεξας, ταῦτα γὰρ γέλως πολύς, ἐλθεῖν ἐμῷ ξὺν παιδὶ Μενέλεω δόμους. οὐκ ἂν μένουσ' ἂν ἥσυχός σ' ἐν οὐρανῷ αὐταῖς Ἀμύκλαις ἤγαγεν πρὸς Ἴλιον; ἦν οὑμὸς υἱὸς κάλλος ἐκπρεπέστατος, ὁ σὸς δ' ἰδών νιν νοῦς ἐποιήθη Κύπρις· τὰ μῶρα γὰρ πάντ' ἐστὶν Ἀφροδίτη βροτοῖς, καὶ τοὔνομ' ὀρθῶς ἀφροσύνης ἄρχει θεᾶς. σὺ γοῦν ἰδοῦσα βαρβάροις ἐσθήμασι χρυσῷ τε λαμπρὸν ἐξεμαργώθης φρένας.	And Cypris—this is a fine joke—you say she came with my son to Menelaus' house. Couldn't she have stayed quietly in heaven and brought you to Ilium, Amyclae and all? My son was outstandingly handsome, and your own mind, when it saw him, turned itself into Cypris. Every folly men commit is Aphrodite to them, and the goddess's name rightly begins like *aphrosynē*, "folly." You, at least, saw him in his foreign clothes, gleaming with gold, and went out of your mind with lust.[22]
993	ἐν μὲν γὰρ Ἄργει μίκρ' ἔχουσ' ἀνεστρέφου, Σπάρτης δ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τὴν Φρυγῶν πόλιν χρυσῷ ῥέουσαν ἤλπισας κατακλύσειν δαπάναισιν· οὐδ' ἦν ἱκανά σοι τὰ Μενέλεω μέλαθρα ταῖς σαῖς ἐγκαθυβρίζειν τρυφαῖς. εἶεν, βίᾳ γὰρ παῖδα φής σ' ἄγειν ἐμόν· τίς Σπαρτιατῶν ᾔσθετ', ἢ ποίαν βοὴν ἀνωλόλυξας, Κάστορος νεανίου τοῦ συζύγου τ' ἔτ' ὄντος οὐ κατ' ἄστρα πω;	In Argos you lived with little to spend. Once you were rid of Sparta you hoped to flood the Phrygians' city, flowing with gold, with your extravagance. Menelaus' halls weren't enough for you to run riot in with your luxuries. Well then: you say my son carried you off by force. Which Spartan noticed? What scream did you raise—when young Castor was there, and his twin, not yet among the stars? And when you came to Troy, with the Ar-

21 Deiphobus was a brother of Paris.
22 Amyclae was a town near Sparta, home of Helen's family.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίαν ἦλθες Ἀργεῖοί τέ σου κατ' ἴχνος, ἦν δὲ δοριπετὴς ἀγωνία, εἰ μὲν τὰ τοῦδε κρείσσον' ἀγγέλλοιτό σοι, Μενέλαον ᾔνεις, παῖς ὅπως λυποῖτ' ἐμὸς ἔχων ἔρωτος ἀνταγωνιστὴν μέγαν·	gives on your trail, and the struggle of spears began, if news came that this man was winning, you'd praise Menelaus, to hurt my son with the thought of a great rival in love;[23]
1007	εἰ δ' εὐτυχοῖεν Τρῶες, οὐδὲν ἦν ὅδε. εἰς τὴν τύχην δ' ὁρῶσα τοῦτ' ἤσκεις ὅπως ἕποι' ἅμ' αὐτῇ, τἀρετῆ δ' οὐκ ἤθελες. κἄπειτα πλεκταῖς σῶμα σὸν κλέπτειν λέγεις πύργων καθιεῖσ' ὡς μένουσ' ἀκουσίως; ποῦ δῆτ' ἐλήφθης ἢ βρόχους ἀρτωμένη ἢ φάσγανον θήγουσ', ἃ γενναία γυνὴ δράσειεν ἂν ποθοῦσα τὸν πάρος πόσιν; καίτοι γ' ἐνουθέτουν σε πολλὰ πολλάκις· ὦ θύγατερ ἔξελθ', οἱ δ' ἐμοὶ παῖδες γάμους ἄλλους γαμοῦσι, σὲ δ' ἐπὶ ναῦς Ἀχαϊκὰς πέμψω συνεκκλέψασα, καὶ παῦσον μάχης Ἕλληνας ἡμᾶς τ'. ἀλλὰ σοὶ τόδ' ἦν πικρόν.	but if the Trojans were lucky, he was nothing. You kept your eye on fortune and made a practice of following wherever it went; you had no wish to follow excellence. And then you say you tried to steal yourself away, letting yourself down from the towers by rope, as if you stayed against your will? Where were you ever caught tying a noose or sharpening a sword, as a noble woman would have done, longing for her former husband? And yet I warned you, over and over: "Daughter, leave. My sons will make other marriages. I'll help you slip out and send you to the Achaean ships. Stop the war between the Greeks and us." But you hated that.
1020	ἐν τοῖς Ἀλεξάνδρου γὰρ ὕβριζες δόμοις καὶ προσκυνεῖσθαι βαρβάρων ὕπ' ἤθελες· μεγάλα γὰρ ἦν σοι. κἀπὶ τοῖσδε σὸν δέμας ἐξῆλθες ἀσκήσασα κἄβλεψας πόσει τὸν αὐτὸν αἰθέρ', ὦ κατάπτυστον κάρα· ἦν χρῆν ταπεινὴν ἐν πέπλων ἐρειπίοις φρίκῃ τρέμουσαν κρᾶτ' ἀπεσκυθισμένην ἐλθεῖν, τὸ σῶφρον τῆς ἀναιδείας πλέον ἔχουσαν ἐπὶ τοῖς πρόσθεν ἡμαρτημένοις. Μενέλα', ἵν' εἰδῇς οἶ τελευτήσω λόγον, στεφάνωσον Ἑλλάδ' ἀξίως τήνδε κτανὼν σαυτοῦ, νόμον δὲ τόνδε ταῖς ἄλλαισι θὲς γυναιξί, θνήσκειν ἥτις ἂν προδῷ πόσιν.	You were living in arrogance in Alexander's house, and you wanted foreigners bowing down to you. That meant a great deal to you. And on top of all this you've come out with your body dressed up, breathing the same air as your husband, you loathsome creature. You should have come humbly, in ragged clothes, shivering with fear, your head shorn like a Scythian's, showing more modesty than shamelessness after the wrongs you've done. Menelaus, so you know where I'll end my speech: crown Greece by killing her, as befits you, and set this law for all other women: death for any woman who betrays her husband.
1033	**CHORUS** Μενέλαε, προγόνων ἀξίως δόμων τε σῶν τῖσαι δάμαρτα κἀφελοῦ πρὸς Ἑλλάδος ψόγον τὸ θῆλύ τ', εὐγενὴς ἐχθροῖς φανείς.	**CHORUS** Menelaus, punish your wife in a way worthy of your ancestors and your house, and rid yourself of Greece's reproach that you're weak. Show yourself noble before your enemies.
1036	**MENELAUS** ἐμοὶ σὺ συμπέπτωκας εἰς ταὐτὸν λόγου, ἑκουσίως τήνδ' ἐκ δόμων ἐλθεῖν ἐμῶν ξένας ἐς εὐνάς, χἡ Κύπρις κόμπου χάριν λόγοις ἐνεῖται. βαῖνε λευστήρων πέλας πόνους τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἀπόδος ἐν μικρῷ μακροὺς θανοῦσ', ἵν' εἰδῇς μὴ καταισχύνειν ἐμέ.	**MENELAUS** You and I have arrived at the same conclusion: she left my house of her own free will for a stranger's bed, and Cypris has been dragged into her speech for show. Go to the men who'll stone you, and pay for the Achaeans' long labors with a short death, so you'll learn not to disgrace me.
1042	**HELEN** μή, πρός σε γονάτων, τὴν νόσον τὴν τῶν θεῶν / προσθεὶς ἐμοὶ κτάνῃς με, συγγίγνωσκε δέ.	**HELEN** No, I beg you by your knees, don't lay the gods' sickness at my door and kill me. Forgive me.

23 Castor and his twin Polydeuces were later placed among the stars as the constellation of the Twins.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1044	**HECUBA** μηδ' οὓς ἀπέκτειν' ἥδε συμμάχους προδῷς· / ἐγὼ πρὸ κείνων καὶ τέκνων σε λίσσομαι.	**HECUBA** And don't betray your allies, the men she killed. I beg you, for them and for their children.
1046	**MENELAUS** παῦσαι, γεραιά· τῆσδε δ' οὐκ ἐφρόντισα. λέγω δὲ προσπόλοισι πρὸς πρύμνας νεῶν τήνδ' ἐκκομίζειν, ἔνθα ναυστολήσεται.	**MENELAUS** Enough, old woman. I haven't given her a thought. I'm telling my servants to take her off to the ships' sterns, where she'll sail.
1049	**HECUBA** μή νυν νεὼς σοὶ ταὐτὸν εἰσβήτω σκάφος.	**HECUBA** Then don't let her board the same ship as you.
1050	**MENELAUS** τί δ' ἔστι; μεῖζον βρῖθος ἢ πάροιθ' ἔχει;	**MENELAUS** Why? Does she weigh more than she used to?
1051	**HECUBA** οὐκ ἔστ' ἐραστὴς ὅστις οὐκ ἀεὶ φιλεῖ.	**HECUBA** There's no lover who doesn't love forever.
1052	**MENELAUS** ὅπως ἂν ἐκβῇ τῶν ἐρωμένων ὁ νοῦς. ἔσται δ' ἃ βούλει· ναῦν γὰρ οὐκ εἰσβήσεται εἰς ἥνπερ ἡμεῖς· καὶ γὰρ οὐ κακῶς λέγεις· ἐλθοῦσα δ' Ἄργος ὥσπερ ἀξία κακῶς κακὴ θανεῖται καὶ γυναιξὶ σωφρονεῖν πάσαισι φήσει. ῥᾴδιον μὲν οὐ τόδε· ὅμως δ' ὁ τῆσδ' ὄλεθρος εἰς φόβον βαλεῖ τὸ μῶρον αὐτῶν, κἂν ἔτ' ὦσ' αἰσχίονες.	**MENELAUS** That depends on how the beloved's mind turns out. But you'll have what you want: she won't board the ship I'm on—you've made a good point. And when she gets to Argos she'll die a bad death, as a bad woman deserves, and teach all women to be chaste. That's not easy. Still, her death will frighten their folly, even if they're worse than she is.

THIRD STASIMON

The chorus reproaches Zeus for abandoning Troy and prays that lightning strike Menelaus' ship.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1060	**CHORUS** οὕτω δὴ τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ ναὸν καὶ θυόεντα βωμὸν προύδωκας Ἀχαιοῖς, ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ πελάνων φλόγα σμύρνης αἰθερίας τε καπνὸν καὶ Πέργαμον ἱρὰν Ἰδαῖά τ' Ἰδαῖα κισσοφόρα νάπη χιόνι κατάρυτα ποταμίᾳ τέρμονά τε πρωτόβολον ἁλίῳ τὰν καταλαμπομέναν ζαθέαν θεράπναν. φροῦδαί σοι θυσίαι χορῶν τ' εὔφημοι κέλαδοι κατ' ὄρφναν τε παννυχίδες θεῶν χρυσέων τε ξοάνων τύποι Φρυγῶν τε ζάθεοι σελᾶναι συνδώδεκα πλήθει.	**CHORUS** So then, Zeus, you have betrayed to the Achaeans your temple in Ilium and your fragrant altar, the flame of the offering cakes, the smoke of myrrh rising to the sky, and holy Pergamum, and Ida's ivy-hung glens, the glens of Ida, streaming with snow-fed rivers, and the peak first struck by the sun, the radiant, sacred dwelling. Gone are your sacrifices, the glad songs of dancing choruses, the gods' night-long festivals in the dark, the forms of golden statues, and the Phrygians' sacred moon-feasts, twelve in number.
1077	μέλει μέλει μοι τάδ' εἰ φρονεῖς, ἄναξ, οὐράνιον ἕδρανον ἐπιβεβὼς αἰθέρα τ' ἐμᾶς πόλεος ὀλομένας, ἂν πυρὸς αἰθομένα κατέλυσεν ὁρμά.	I wonder, I wonder, my lord, whether you heed this, seated on your heavenly throne high in the air, while my city is destroyed,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ὦ φίλος ὦ πόσι μοι, σὺ μὲν φθίμενος ἀλαίνεις ἄθαπτος ἄνυδρος, ἐμὲ δὲ πόντιον σκάφος ἀίσσον πτεροῖσι πορεύσει ἱππόβοτον Ἄργος, ἵνα τείχεα λάινα Κυκλώπι' οὐράνια νέμονται. τέκνων δὲ πλῆθος ἐν πύλαις δάκρυσι κατάορα στένει, βοᾷ βοᾷ·	brought down by the blazing rush of fire. My love, my husband, you are dead and wander unburied, unwashed, and me a seagoing ship, darting on its wings, will carry to horse-grazing Argos, where the walls of Cyclopean stone rise to the sky. And at the gates a crowd of children clings to us in tears and cries, cries out:
1092	μᾶτερ, ὤμοι, μόναν δή μ' Ἀχαιοὶ κομίζουσι σέθεν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων κυανέαν ἐπὶ ναῦν εἰναλίαισι πλάταις ἢ Σαλαμῖν' ἱερὰν ἢ δίπορον κορυφὰν Ἴσθμιον, ἔνθα πύλας Πέλοπος ἔχουσιν ἕδραι. εἴθ' ἀκάτου Μενέλα μέσον πέλαγος ἰούσας, δίπαλτον ἱερὸν ἀνὰ μέσον πλάταν πέσοι Αἰγαίου κεραυνοφαὲς πῦρ, Ἰλιόθεν ὅς με πολύδακρυν Ἑλλάδι λάτρευμα γᾶθεν ἐξορίζει· χρύσεα δ' ἔνοπτρα, παρθένων χάριτας, ἔχουσα τυγχάνει Διὸς κόρα·	"Mother, oh no, the Achaeans are taking me away alone, out of your sight, onto a dark ship, with oars that ply the sea, to holy Salamis, or the peak of the Isthmus between two seas, where the halls of Pelops hold the gates." If only, as Menelaus' boat goes out into the open sea, the holy fire of the Aegean, flashing with lightning, hurled with both hands, would fall right among his oars, since he drives me from Ilium, from my land, in tears, to be a slave in Greece, while the daughter of Zeus holds her golden mirrors, the delight of girls.[24]
1110	μηδὲ γαῖάν ποτ' ἔλθοι Λάκαιναν πατρῷόν τε θάλαμον ἑστίας, μηδὲ πόλιν Πιτάνας χαλκόπυλόν τε θεάν, δύσγαμον αἶσχος ἑλὼν Ἑλλάδι τᾷ μεγάλᾳ καὶ Σιμοεντιάσιν μέλεα πάθη ῥοαῖσιν.	May he never reach the land of Laconia, or the bedroom and hearth of his fathers, or the city of Pitane, or the goddess of the bronze gates, now that he has taken back the bride of the evil marriage, a disgrace to great Greece and bitter suffering to the streams of Simois.[25]

EXODOS

Hecuba buries Astyanax on Hector's shield, Troy is set on fire, and the women are led to the ships.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1118	**CHORUS** ἰὼ ἰώ, καιναὶ καινῶν μεταβάλλουσαι χθονὶ συντυχίαι. λεύσσετε Τρώων	**CHORUS** Oh, oh! New fortunes on this land give way to newer still. Look,

24 The Isthmus of Corinth, between two seas, is the gateway to the Peloponnese, the "island of Pelops." The daughter of Zeus is Helen.

25 Pitane was a district of Sparta; the goddess of the bronze gates is Athena of the Bronze House, worshiped at Sparta.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	τόνδ' Ἀστυάνακτ' ἄλοχοι μέλεαι νεκρόν, ὃν πύργων δίσκημα πικρὸν Δαναοὶ κτείναντες ἔχουσιν.	poor wives of the Trojans, at Astyanax, dead, whom the Danaans flung from the towers, a bitter cast, and killed, and carry here.
1123	**TALTHYBIUS** Ἑκάβη, νεὼς μὲν πίτυλος εἷς λελειμμένος λάφυρα τἀπίλοιπ' Ἀχιλλείου τόκου μέλλει πρὸς ἀκτὰς ναυστολεῖν Φθιώτιδας· αὐτὸς δ' ἀνῆκται Νεοπτόλεμος, καινάς τινας Πηλέως ἀκούσας συμφοράς, ὥς νιν χθονὸς Ἄκαστος ἐκβέβληκεν ὁ Πελίου γόνος.	**TALTHYBIUS** Hecuba, one ship's crew of oarsmen is left, about to sail for the shores of Phthia with the rest of the spoils of Achilles' son. Neoptolemus himself has already put out to sea. He heard of some new troubles of Peleus: that Acastus, son of Pelias, has driven him out of his land.[26]
1129	οὗ θᾶσσον εἵνεκ', οὐ χάριν μονῆς ἔχων, φροῦδος, μετ' αὐτοῦ δ' Ἀνδρομάχη, πολλῶν ἐμοὶ δακρύων ἀγωγός, ἡνίκ' ἐξώρμα χθονὸς πάτραν τ' ἀναστένουσα καὶ τὸν Ἕκτορος τύμβον προσεννέπουσα. καί σφ' ᾐτήσατο θάψαι νεκρὸν τόνδ', ὃς πεσὼν ἐκ τειχέων ψυχὴν ἀφῆκεν Ἕκτορος τοῦ σοῦ γόνος, φόβον τ' Ἀχαιῶν, χαλκόνωτον ἀσπίδα τήνδ', ἣν πατὴρ τοῦδ' ἀμφὶ πλεύρ' ἐβάλλετο, μή νιν πορεῦσαι Πηλέως ἐφ' ἑστίαν, μηδ' εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν θάλαμον, οὗ νυμφεύσεται μήτηρ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' Ἀνδρομάχη, λύπας ὁρᾶν,	That's why he's gone in such haste, with no time to spare for staying, and Andromache with him. She brought many tears to my eyes when she set out from this land, mourning her country and calling farewell to Hector's tomb. And she asked him to bury this body, Hector's son, who fell from the walls and gave up his life; and not to take this bronze-backed shield, the Achaeans' terror, which the boy's father used to hold around his side, to Peleus' hearth, nor into the same bedroom where Andromache, the dead boy's mother, will be made a bride—a grief for her to look at—
1141	ἀλλ' ἀντὶ κέδρου περιβόλων τε λαΐνων ἐν τῇδε θάψαι παῖδα· σὰς δ' ἐς ὠλένας δοῦναι, πέπλοισιν ὡς περιστείλῃς νεκρὸν στεφάνοις θ', ὅση σοι δύναμις, ὡς ἔχει τὰ σά, ἐπεὶ βέβηκε καὶ τὸ δεσπότου τάχος ἀφείλετ' αὐτὴν παῖδα μὴ δοῦναι τάφῳ. ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν, ὅταν σὺ κοσμήσῃς νέκυν, γῆν τῷδ' ἐπαμπισχόντες ἀροῦμεν δόρυ·	but to bury the boy in it, instead of a cedar coffin and a tomb of stone; and to give him into your arms, so that you could wrap the body in robes and garlands, as far as you can, given your state. For she has gone, and her master's haste kept her from laying her child in his grave herself. So when you've dressed the body, we'll cover him with earth and raise our mast.
1149	σὺ δ' ὡς τάχιστα πρᾶσσε τἀπεσταλμένα. ἑνὸς μὲν οὖν μόχθου σ' ἀπαλλάξας ἔχω· Σκαμανδρίους γὰρ τάσδε διαπερῶν ροὰς ἔλουσα νεκρὸν κἀπένιψα τραύματα. ἀλλ' εἶμ' ὀρυκτὸν τῷδ' ἀναρρήξων τάφον, ὡς σύντομ' ἡμῖν τἀπ' ἐμοῦ τε κἀπὸ σοῦ εἰς ἓν ξυνελθόντ' οἴκαδ' ὁρμήσῃ πλάτην.	You, do what you've been asked as quickly as you can. I've already spared you one task: as I crossed the streams of Scamander here, I bathed the body and washed his wounds. Now I'll go and break open the ground to dig his grave, so that your work and mine, done together quickly, can speed our oars homeward.
1156	**HECUBA** θέσθ' ἀμφίτορνον ἀσπίδ' Ἕκτορος πέδῳ, λυπρὸν θέαμα κοὐ φίλον λεύσσειν ἐμοί. ὦ μείζον' ὄγκον δορὸς ἔχοντες ἢ φρενῶν, τί τόνδ', Ἀχαιοί, παῖδα δείσαντες φόνον καινὸν διειργάσασθε; μὴ Τροίαν ποτὲ πεσοῦσαν ὀρθώσειεν; οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἄρα· ὅθ' Ἕκτορος μὲν εὐτυχοῦντος εἰς δόρυ	**HECUBA** Set Hector's round shield on the ground —a painful sight, and no joy for me to look at. You Achaeans, with more weight in your spears than in your wits, why were you so afraid of this child that you carried out a murder never seen before? Afraid he might someday raise up fallen Troy? Then you were nothing after all. When Hector was

26 Peleus, father of Achilles and grandfather of Neoptolemus, ruled Phthia in Thessaly.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	διολλύμεσθα μυρίου τ' ἄλλης χερός· πόλεως δ' ἁλούσης καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐφθαρμένων βρέφος τοσόνδ' ἐδείσατ'; οὐκ αἰνῶ φόβον, ὅστις φοβεῖται μὴ διεξελθὼν λόγῳ.	winning with his spear, and countless other hands were with him, we were still being destroyed. Now the city's taken, the Phrygians wiped out, and you were afraid of a baby this small? I have no praise for fear, when someone fears without thinking it through.
1167	ὦ φίλταθ', ὥς σοι θάνατος ἦλθε δυστυχής. εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔθανες πρὸ πόλεως, ἥβης τυχὼν γάμων τε καὶ τῆς ἰσοθέου τυραννίδος, μακάριος ἦσθ' ἄν, εἴ τι τῶνδε μακάριον. νῦν δ' αὖτ' ἰδὼν μὲν γνούς τε τῇ ψυχῇ, τέκνον, οὐκ οἶσθ', ἐχρήσω δ' οὐδὲν ἐν δόμοις ἔχων. δύστηνε, κρατὸς ὥς σ' ἔκειρεν ἀθλίως τείχη πατρῷα, Λοξίου πυργώματα, ὃν πόλλ' ἐκήπευσ' ἡ τεκοῦσα βόστρυχον φιλήμασίν τ' ἔδωκεν, ἔνθεν ἐκγελᾷ ὀστέων ῥαγέντων φόνος, ἵν' αἰσχρὰ μὴ λέγω.	Dearest, what an unhappy death came to you. If you had died for your city, after you'd reached manhood, and marriage, and the godlike power of a king, you'd have been blessed—if any of that is blessed. As it is, child, you glimpsed those things and your soul knew of them, but you never knew them; they were in your house, and you never had the use of them. Poor boy, how cruelly your father's walls, the towers Loxias built, have shorn your head—your curls, which your mother so often tended and kissed. There, the murder grins out from the broken bones, not to speak of uglier things.
1178	ὦ χεῖρες, ὡς εἰκοὺς μὲν ἡδείας πατρὸς κέκτησθ', ἐν ἄρθροις δ' ἔκλυτοι πρόκεισθε νῦν. ὦ πολλὰ κόμπους ἐκβαλὸν φίλον στόμα, ὄλωλας, ἐψεύσω μ', ὅτ' εἰσπίπτων λέχος, ὦ μῆτερ, ηὔδας, ἦ πολύν σοι βοστρύχων πλόκαμον κεροῦμαι πρὸς τάφον θ' ὁμηλίκων κώμους ἐπάξω, φίλα διδοὺς προσφθέγματα. σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σὲ τὸν νεώτερον γραῦς ἄπολις ἄτεκνος ἄθλιον θάπτω νεκρόν. οἴμοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἀσπάσμαθ' αἵ τ' ἐμαὶ τροφαὶ πόνοι τ' ἐκεῖνοι φροῦδά μοι. τί καί ποτε γράψειεν ἂν σῷ μουσοποιὸς ἐν τάφῳ;	Hands—what a sweet likeness of your father's you have, and now you lie in front of me, limp at the joints. Dear mouth that made so many proud promises, you're gone. You lied to me, when you used to tumble into my bed and say, "Grandmother, I'll cut off a great lock of my hair for you, and bring my friends to your grave, and speak loving words to you." But you aren't burying me. I, an old woman without a city, without children, am burying you, the younger one, a wretched corpse. Oh, no—all those embraces, my nursing, all that care for you, gone. What could a poet ever write on your grave?
1190	τὸν παῖδα τόνδ' ἔκτειναν Ἀργεῖοί ποτε δείσαντες; αἰσχρὸν τοὐπίγραμμά γ' Ἑλλάδι. ἀλλ' οὖν πατρῴων οὐ λαχὼν ἕξεις ὅμως ἐν ᾗ ταφήσει χαλκόνωτον ἰτέαν. ὦ καλλίπηχυν Ἕκτορος βραχίονα σώζουσ', ἄριστον φύλακ' ἀπώλεσας σέθεν. ὡς ἡδὺς ἐν πόρπακι σὸς κεῖται τύπος ἴτυός τ' ἐν εὐτόρνοισι περιδρόμοις ἱδρώς, ὃν ἐκ μετώπου πολλάκις πόνους ἔχων ἔσταζεν Ἕκτωρ προστιθεὶς γενειάδι. φέρετε, κομίζετ' ἀθλίῳ κόσμον νεκρῷ ἐκ τῶν παρόντων· οὐ γὰρ εἰς κάλλος τύχας δαίμων δίδωσιν· ὧν δ' ἔχω, λήψει τάδε.	"This boy the Argives once killed because they were afraid of him"? That inscription would shame Greece. Still, though you didn't inherit what was your father's, you'll have his bronze-backed willow shield to be buried in. Shield, you kept safe Hector's well-made arm, and you've lost your best guardian. How sweet his print lies on your armstrap, and the sweat on your well-turned rim, which Hector often dripped from his forehead in the thick of his labors, pressing you to his chin. Come, bring what adornment we have for the poor body. Fate doesn't give us fortunes that allow for beauty. But what I have, you'll have.
1203	θνητῶν δὲ μῶρος ὅστις εὖ πράσσειν δοκῶν βέβαια χαίρει· τοῖς τρόποις γὰρ αἱ τύχαι, ἔμπληκτος ὡς ἄνθρωπος, ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε πηδῶσι, κοὐδεὶς αὐτὸς εὐτυχεῖ ποτε.	The mortal who thinks he's doing well and rejoices as if it were secure is a fool. Fortune, in its ways, like a man out of his mind, leaps now this way, now that, and no one stays fortunate forever.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1207	**CHORUS** καὶ μὴν πρὸ χειρῶν αἵδε σοι σκυλευμάτων / Φρυγίων φέρουσι κόσμον ἐξάπτειν νεκρῷ.	**CHORUS** Look, these women are bringing you finery in their hands, from the Phrygian spoils, to put on the body.
1209	**HECUBA** ὦ τέκνον, οὐχ ἵπποισι νικήσαντά σε οὐδ' ἥλικας τόξοισιν, οὓς Φρύγες νόμους τιμῶσιν, οὐκ εἰς πλησμονὰς θηρώμενοι, μήτηρ πατρός σοι προστίθησ' ἀγάλματα τῶν σῶν ποτ' ὄντων, νῦν δέ σ' ἡ θεοστυγὴς ἀφείλεθ' Ἑλένη, πρὸς δὲ καὶ ψυχὴν σέθεν ἔκτεινε καὶ πάντ' οἶκον ἐξαπώλεσεν.	**HECUBA** Child, it isn't for beating your friends at racing horses, or with the bow—customs the Phrygians honor without pursuing them to excess—that your father's mother lays these ornaments on you, from what was once yours. Now Helen, whom the gods hate, has robbed you of them; and besides, she has taken your life and destroyed your whole house.
1216	**CHORUS** ἔ ἔ, φρενῶν ἔθιγες ἔθιγες· ὦ μέγας ἐμοί ποτ' ὢν ἀνάκτωρ πόλεως.	**CHORUS** Ah, ah, my heart— you've touched it, touched it! You who were once a great lord of my city.
1219	**HECUBA** ἃ δ' ἐν γάμοις ἐχρῆν σε προσθέσθαι χροΐ Ἀσιατίδων γήμαντα τὴν ὑπερτάτην, Φρύγια πέπλων ἀγάλματ' ἐξάπτω χροός. σύ τ' ὦ ποτ' οὖσα καλλίνικε μυρίων μῆτερ τροπαίων, Ἕκτορος φίλον σάκος, στεφανοῦ· θανεῖ γὰρ οὐ θανοῦσα σὺν νεκρῷ· ἐπεὶ σὲ πολλῷ μᾶλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦ σοφοῦ κακοῦ τ' Ὀδυσσέως ἄξιον τιμᾶν ὅπλα.	**HECUBA** The Phrygian finery you should have worn on your body at your wedding, when you married the highest princess of Asia, I now fasten on your skin. And you, Hector's beloved shield, once glorious in victory, mother of countless trophies, take your garland. You'll die, though you're not dying, with the dead. You deserve honor far more than the arms of clever, wicked Odysseus.[27]
1226	**CHORUS** αἰαῖ αἰαῖ, πικρὸν ὄδυρμα γαῖά σ', ὦ τέκνον, δέξεται. στέναξον, μᾶτερ,	**CHORUS** Ah, ah! With bitter lament the earth will receive you, child. Groan, Mother,
1229	**HECUBA** αἰαῖ.	**HECUBA** Ah!
1230	**CHORUS** νεκρῶν ἴακχον.	**CHORUS** the wail for the dead.
	HECUBA οἴμοι μοι.	**HECUBA** Oh, no, no!
1231	**CHORUS** οἴμοι δῆτα σῶν ἀλάστων κακῶν.	**CHORUS** Oh, no, for your sorrows that can't be forgotten.
1232	**HECUBA** τελαμῶσιν ἕλκη τὰ μὲν ἐγώ σ' ἰάσομαι, τλήμων ἰατρὸς ὄνομ' ἔχουσα, τἄργα δ' οὔ· τὰ δ' ἐν νεκροῖσι φροντιεῖ πατὴρ σέθεν.	**HECUBA** Some of your wounds I'll heal with bandages—a poor doctor, with the name but not the skill. The rest your father will tend among the dead.
1235	**CHORUS** ἄρασσ' ἄρασσε κρᾶτα / πιτύλους διδοῦσα χειρός, ἰώ μοί μοι.	**CHORUS** Strike, strike your head, beating it with the stroke of your hand. Oh, no, no!
1238	**HECUBA** ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες.	**HECUBA** Dearest women!

27 After Achilles' death his armor was awarded to Odysseus over Ajax.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1239	**CHORUS** ... ἔννεπε, τίνα θροεῖς αυδάν;	**CHORUS** ... Speak—what is this cry you're raising?
1240	**HECUBA** οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' ἐν θεοῖσι πλὴν οὑμοὶ πόνοι Τροία τε πόλεων ἔκκριτον μισουμένη, μάτην δ' ἐβουθυτοῦμεν. εἰ δ' ἡμᾶς θεὸς ἔστρεψε τἄνω περιβαλὼν κάτω χθονός, ἀφανεῖς ἂν ὄντες οὐκ ἂν ὑμνηθεῖμεν ἂν μούσαις ἀοιδὰς δόντες ἀφθίτους βροτῶν. χωρεῖτε, θάπτετ' ἀθλίῳ τύμβῳ νεκρόν· ἔχει γὰρ οἷα δεῖ γε νερτέρων στέφη. δοκῶ δὲ τοῖς θανοῦσι διαφέρειν βραχύ, εἰ πλουσίων τις τεύξεται κτερισμάτων· κενὸν δὲ γαύρωμ' ἐστὶ τῶν ζώντων τόδε.	**HECUBA** So there was nothing in the gods' minds but my sufferings, and Troy, hated above all cities. We sacrificed oxen for nothing. Yet if the god had overturned us and flung all that was on top down beneath the earth, we would have vanished and never been sung of; we would never have given the Muses undying songs for mortals to come. Go, bury the body in its poor grave. It has the garlands the dead below must have. I think it makes little difference to the dead whether they get rich funeral offerings. That's an empty show for the living.
1251	**CHORUS** ἰὼ ἰώ· μελέα μήτηρ, ἣ τὰς μεγάλας ἐλπίδας ἐν σοὶ κατέκαμψε βίου. μέγα δ' ὀλβισθεὶς ὡς ἐκ πατέρων ἀγαθῶν ἐγένου, δεινῷ θανάτῳ διόλωλας. ἔα ἔα· τίνας Ἰλιάσιν ταῖσδ' ἐν κορυφαῖς λεύσσω φλογέας δαλοῖσι χέρας διερέσσοντας; μέλλει Τροίᾳ	**CHORUS** Oh, oh! Unhappy mother, who saw the great hopes of her life in you broken. You were counted greatly blessed for your noble fathers, and you've perished by a terrible death. Ah, ah! Who are these I see on the heights of Ilium, waving hands that blaze with torches? Upon Troy
1260	καινόν τι κακὸν προσέσεσθαι.	some new evil is about to fall.
	TALTHYBIUS αὐδῶ λοχαγοῖς, οἳ τέταχθ' ἐμπιμπράναι Πριάμου τόδ' ἄστυ, μηκέτ' ἀργοῦσαν φλόγα ἐν χερσὶ σώζειν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ ἐνιέναι, ὡς ἂν κατασκάψαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν στελλώμεθ' οἴκαδ' ἄσμενοι Τροίας ἄπο. ὑμεῖς δ', ἵν' αὐτὸς λόγος ἔχῃ μορφὰς δύο, χωρεῖτε Τρώων παῖδες, ὀρθίαν ὅταν σάλπιγγος ἠχὴν δῶσιν ἀρχηγοὶ στρατοῦ, πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν, ὡς ἀποστέλλησθε γῆς. σύ τ', ὦ γεραιὰ δυστυχεστάτη γύναι, ἕπου. μεθήκουσίν σ' Ὀδυσσέως πάρα οἵδ', ᾧ σε δούλην κλῆρος ἐκπέμπει χθονός.	**TALTHYBIUS** I call on the captains assigned to burn this city of Priam: don't keep the flame idle in your hands any longer. Set the fire, so that once we've razed the city of Ilium we can set off home from Troy, glad to go. And you—so the same order has two parts—daughters of Troy, when the army's leaders sound the high blast of the trumpet, go to the Achaeans' ships, to be taken away from this land. And you, old woman, unhappiest of all, follow. These men have come for you from Odysseus, whose slave the lot sends you from this land to be.
1272	**HECUBA** οἲ 'γὼ τάλαινα· τοῦτο δὴ τὸ λοίσθιον καὶ τέρμα πάντων ἦλθε τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν· ἔξειμι πατρίδος, πόλις ὑφάπτεται πυρί. ἀλλ' ὦ γεραιὲ πούς, ἐπίσπευσον μόλις, ὡς ἀσπάσωμαι τὴν ταλαίπωρον πόλιν. ὦ μεγάλα δή ποτ' ἐμπρέπουσ' ἐν βαρβάροις Τροία, τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομ' ἀφαιρήσει τάχα. πιμπρᾶσί σ', ἡμᾶς δ' ἐξάγουσ' ἤδη χθονὸς δούλας· ἰὼ θεοί. καὶ τί τοὺς θεοὺς καλῶ; καὶ πρὶν γὰρ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἀνακαλούμενοι.	**HECUBA** Oh, no, poor me. This is the last, the very end of all my sorrows. I'm leaving my country; my city is being set on fire. Old feet, hurry, hard as it is, so I can say goodbye to my wretched city. Troy, once so great, so splendid among the foreign nations, soon you'll lose your famous name. They're burning you, and already they're leading us out of the land as slaves. Oh, gods! But why do I call on the gods? Before this, too, they didn't listen when they were called. Come, let's run into the fire. It

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	φέρ' εἰς πυρὰν δράμωμεν, ὡς κάλλιστά μοι σὺν τῇδε πατρίδι κατθανεῖν πυρουμένῃ.	would be the finest thing for me to die with this country of mine as it burns.
1284	**TALTHYBIUS** ἐνθουσιᾷς, δύστηνε, τοῖς σαυτῆς κακοῖς· ἀλλ' ἄγετε, μὴ φείδεσθ'· Ὀδυσσέως δὲ χρὴ εἰς χεῖρα δοῦναι τήνδε καὶ πέμπειν γέρας.	**TALTHYBIUS** Your sorrows have driven you out of your mind, poor woman. Come, take her, don't be gentle. She has to be handed over to Odysseus and delivered as his prize.
1287	**HECUBA** ὀτοτοτοτοῖ. Κρόνιε, πρύτανι Φρύγιε, γενέτα πάτερ, ἀνάξια τᾶς Δαρδάνου γονᾶς τάδ' οἷα πάσχομεν δέδορκας;	**HECUBA** Oh—oh—oh—oh! Son of Cronus, lord of Phrygia, father who begot us, do you see what we suffer, unworthy of the race of Dardanus?[28]
1292	**CHORUS** δέδορκεν, ἁ δὲ μεγαλόπολις / ἄπολις ὄλωλεν οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστι Τροία.	**CHORUS** He sees. And the great city / is a city no more; it has perished; Troy is no more.
1294	**HECUBA** ὀτοτοτοτοῖ. λέλαμπεν Ἴλιος περγάμων τε πυρὶ καταίθεται τέραμνα καὶ πόλις ἄκρα τε τειχέων.	**HECUBA** Oh—oh—oh—oh! Ilium is ablaze, the roofs of Pergamum burn with fire, and the city, and the tops of the walls.
1298	**CHORUS** πτέρυγι δὲ καπνὸς ὥς τις οὐρανίᾳ πεσοῦσα δορὶ καταφθίνει γᾶ. μαλερὰ μέλαθρα πυρὶ κατάδρομα δαΐῳ τε λόγχᾳ.	**CHORUS** Like smoke on the wing to the sky, our land, fallen to the spear, fades away. The halls rage with fire, overrun by flame and the enemy spear.
1302	**HECUBA** ἰὼ γᾶ τρόφιμε τῶν ἐμῶν τέκνων.	**HECUBA** Oh, land that nursed my children!
1303	**CHORUS** ἔ ἔ.	**CHORUS** Ah, ah!
1304	**HECUBA** ὦ τέκνα, κλύετε, μάθετε ματρὸς αὐδάν.	**HECUBA** Children, hear me, listen to your mother's voice!
1305	**CHORUS** ἰαλέμῳ τοὺς θανόντας ἀπύεις.	**CHORUS** With a dirge you call to the dead.
	HECUBA γεραιά τ' εἰς πέδον τιθεῖσα μέλεα, / καὶ χερσὶ γαῖαν κτυποῦσα δισσαῖς.	**HECUBA** Old as I am, I lay my limbs on the ground, / and beat the earth with both my hands.
1307	**CHORUS** διάδοχά σοι γόνυ τίθημι γαίᾳ τοὺς ἐμοὺς καλοῦσα νέρθεν ἀθλίους ἀκοίτας.	**CHORUS** After you, I set my knee on the earth, calling up from below my own poor husbands.
1310	**HECUBA** ἀγόμεθα φερόμεθ'	**HECUBA** We're led away, carried off—
	CHORUS ἄλγος ἄλγος βοᾷς.	**CHORUS** It's pain, pain you cry.
1311	**HECUBA** δούλειον ὑπὸ μέλαθρον ἐκ πάτρας γ' ἐμᾶς. ἰὼ ἰώ. Πρίαμε Πρίαμε, σὺ μὲν ὀλόμενος ἄταφος ἄφιλος ἄτας ἐμᾶς ἄϊστος εἶ.	**HECUBA** under a slave's roof, from my own country! Oh, oh! Priam, Priam, you're dead, unburied, with none of your own to mourn you, and you know nothing of my ruin.

28 Dardanus, a son of Zeus, was the ancestor of the Trojan kings.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1315	**CHORUS** μέλας γὰρ ὅσσε κατακαλύπτει / θάνατος ὅσιον ἀνοσίαις σφαγαῖσιν.	**CHORUS** For black death has covered his eyes, / a holy man, by unholy slaughter.
1317	**HECUBA** ἰὼ θεῶν μέλαθρα καὶ πόλις φίλα.	**HECUBA** Oh, temples of the gods, and my beloved city!
1318	**CHORUS** ἔ ἔ.	**CHORUS** Ah, ah!
1319	**HECUBA** τὰν φόνιον ἔχετε φλόγα δορός τε λόγχαν.	**HECUBA** You have the murderous flame and the spearpoint.
1320	**CHORUS** τάχ' εἰς φίλαν γᾶν πεσεῖσθ' ἀνώνυμοι.	**CHORUS** Soon you'll fall to the dear earth, without a name.
	HECUBA κόνις δ' ἴσα καπνῷ πτέρυγι πρὸς αἰθέρ' / ἄιστον οἴκων ἐμῶν με θήσει.	**HECUBA** And the dust, like smoke on the wing to the sky, / will hide my home from my sight.
1322	**CHORUS** ὄνομα δὲ γᾶς ἀφανὲς εἶσιν· ἄλλᾳ δ' ἄλλο φροῦδον, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστιν ἃ τάλαινα Τροία.	**CHORUS** The land's name will pass into darkness. One thing here, another there, is gone. Wretched Troy is no more.
1325	**HECUBA** ἐμάθετ', ἐκλύετε;	**HECUBA** Did you hear? Did you understand?
	CHORUS Περγάμων κτύπον.	**CHORUS** The crash of Pergamum.
1326	**HECUBA** ἔνοσις ἅπασαν ἔνοσις ἐπικλύσει πόλιν. ἰὼ ἰώ, τρομερὰ τρομερὰ μέλεα, φέρετ' ἐμὸν ἴχνος. ἴτ' ἐπὶ τάλαιναν δούλειον ἁμέραν βίου.	**HECUBA** A quake, a quake will flood over the whole city! Oh, oh! Trembling, trembling limbs, carry my steps. Go on to the wretched day of a slave's life.
1331	**CHORUS** ἰὼ τάλαινα πόλις· ὅμως δὲ / πρόφερε πόδα σὸν ἐπὶ πλάτας Ἀχαιῶν.	**CHORUS** Oh, wretched city! But still, / move your feet forward to the Achaeans' ships.