Electra

SOPHOCLES

c. 497–406 BC

Electra

Ἠλέκτρα

Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited

FORAGE
forage.com

Electra · Sophocles (c. 497–406 BC)

Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited. Parallel-text edition, Forage, October 2026. forage.com/sophocles/electra

Greek text: Francis Storr (ed.), *Sophocles*, vol. 2: *Ajax, Electra, Trachiniae, Philoctetes* (Loeb Classical Library; London: William Heinemann; New York: Macmillan, 1913); editor Francis Storr (1839–1919), via the Perseus Digital Library (github.com/PerseusDL/canonical-greekLit) (canonical-greekLit, tlg0011.tlg005.perseus-grc2), CC BY-SA 4.0. English: translated from the Greek with AI (Claude), then edited for accuracy and consistency. Not reviewed by a human specialist. Free to reuse under CC BY-SA 4.0. Margin numbers are line numbers.

The original text is in the public domain. This translation is free to share and adapt under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International license (CC BY-SA 4.0): creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0

Set in Source Serif 4, with Gentium Book Plus.

CONTENTS

Introduction vii

Electra 1

Prologue 1
Parodos 4
First Episode 7
First Stasimon 13
Second Episode 14
Second Stasimon 22
Third Episode 23
Third Stasimon 29
Fourth Episode 30
Fourth Stasimon 39
Exodos 40

INTRODUCTION

Years ago King Agamemnon came home from Troy and was murdered by his wife Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthus, who now rule Mycenae. His daughter Electra has never stopped mourning him, or hating them. Her one hope is her brother Orestes, smuggled away as a child, who she believes will come back to take revenge.

Orestes has in fact come back, with a plan: his old tutor will announce that Orestes is dead. The trick works on everyone, including Electra, and the heart of the play is her grief and then her resolve—quarrels with her cautious sister Chrysothemis and her mother, a desperate decision to act alone, and one of the most moving recognition scenes in Greek drama.

The same story was dramatized by Aeschylus and Euripides, but Sophocles' version, probably from the 410s BC, keeps the spotlight on Electra herself: a portrait of a woman worn down by grief and humiliation who refuses to give in.

Electra

Before the palace of the house of Atreus at Mycenae, at dawn.
Orestes returns in secret to avenge his father, and Electra waits.

PROLOGUE

Orestes, his old Tutor and Pylades arrive and plan a trick; Electra mourns her father at dawn.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1	**TUTOR** ὦ τοῦ στρατηγήσαντος ἐν Τροίᾳ ποτὲ Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ, νῦν ἐκεῖν' ἔξεστί σοι παρόντι λεύσσειν, ὧν πρόθυμος ἦσθ' ἀεί. τὸ γὰρ παλαιὸν Ἄργος οὐπόθεις τόδε, τῆς οἰστροπλῆγος ἄλσος Ἰνάχου κόρης· αὕτη δ', Ὀρέστα, τοῦ λυκοκτόνου θεοῦ ἀγορὰ Λύκειος· οὐξ ἀριστερᾶς δ' ὅδε Ἥρας ὁ κλεινὸς ναός· οἷ δ' ἱκάνομεν, φάσκειν Μυκήνας τὰς πολυχρύσους ὁρᾶν πολύφθορόν τε δῶμα Πελοπιδῶν τόδε, ὅθεν σε πατρὸς ἐκ φονῶν ἐγώ ποτε πρὸς σῆς ὁμαίμου καὶ κασιγνήτης λαβὼν ἤνεγκα κἀξέσωσα κἀξεθρεψάμην τοσόνδ' ἐς ἥβης, πατρὶ τιμωρὸν φόνου.	**TUTOR** Son of Agamemnon, who once commanded the army at Troy, now you can see with your own eyes what you've always longed for. Here is the ancient Argos you yearned for, the sacred grove of Inachus' daughter, whom the gadfly drove mad. And this, Orestes, is the Lycean marketplace of the wolf-killing god; and here on the left is Hera's famous temple. As for the place we've come to, you can say you're looking at Mycenae, rich in gold, and at this house of the line of Pelops, rich in death. It was from here, after your father was murdered, that I once took you from the hands of your sister, your own blood. I carried you off and saved you and raised you to this age, to avenge your father's murder.[1]
15	νῦν οὖν, Ὀρέστα καὶ σὺ φίλτατε ξένων Πυλάδη, τί χρὴ δρᾶν ἐν τάχει βουλευτέον· ὡς ἡμὶν ἤδη λαμπρὸν ἡλίου σέλας ἑῷα κινεῖ φθέγματ' ὀρνίθων σαφῆ μέλαινά τ' ἄστρων ἐκλέλοιπεν εὐφρόνη. πρὶν οὖν τιν' ἀνδρῶν ἐξοδοιπορεῖν στέγης, ξυνάπτετον λόγοισιν· ὡς ἐνταῦθ' ἐμέν, ἵν' οὐκέτ' ὀκνεῖν καιρός, ἀλλ' ἔργων ἀκμή.	So now, Orestes, and you, Pylades, dearest of our hosts, we have to decide quickly what to do. The sun's bright light is already waking the birds' clear morning songs, and the black night of the stars has gone. So before anyone comes out of the house, put your heads together. We've reached the point where there's no more time for hesitating. It's the moment for action.[2]
23	**ORESTES** ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν προσπόλων, ὥς μοι σαφῆ σημεῖα φαίνεις ἐσθλὸς εἰς ἡμᾶς γεγώς. ὥσπερ γὰρ ἵππος εὐγενής, κἂν ᾖ γέρων, ἐν τοῖσι δεινοῖς θυμὸν οὐκ ἀπώλεσεν, ἀλλ' ὀρθὸν οὖς ἵστησιν, ὡσαύτως δὲ σὺ ἡμᾶς τ' ὀτρύνεις καὐτὸς ἐν πρώτοις ἔπει. τοιγὰρ τὰ μὲν δόξαντα δηλώσω, σὺ δὲ ὀξεῖαν ἀκοὴν τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις διδούς, εἰ μή τι καιροῦ τυγχάνω, μεθάρμοσον. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἡνίχ' ἱκόμην τὸ Πυθικὸν	**ORESTES** Dearest of servants, what clear signs you give me of how good you've been to us! A well-bred horse, even when it's old, doesn't lose its spirit in danger but pricks up its ears. In just the same way you urge us on and follow among the first yourself. So I'll explain what we've decided. Listen sharply to what I say, and if I miss the mark anywhere, set me right. When I went to the Pythian oracle to learn how I might win justice for my

1 Io, daughter of the river-god Inachus, was turned into a cow and driven across the world by a gadfly. The "wolf-killing god" is Apollo Lyceus.
2 Pylades is the son of Strophius of Phocis, in whose house Orestes was raised.

GREEK	ENGLISH
μαντεῖον, ὡς μάθοιμ’ ὅτῳ τρόπῳ πατρὶ δίκας ἀροίμην τῶν φονευσάντων πάρα, χρῇ μοι τοιαῦθ’ ὁ Φοῖβος ὧν πεύσει τάχα·	father from the men who murdered him, Phoebus gave me an answer you’ll hear in a moment:[3]
36 ἄσκευον αὐτὸν ἀσπίδων τε καὶ στρατοῦ δόλοισι κλέψαι χειρὸς ἐνδίκους σφαγάς. ὅτ’ οὖν τοιόνδε χρησμὸν εἰσηκούσαμεν, σὺ μὲν μολών, ὅταν σε καιρὸς εἰσάγῃ, δόμων ἔσω τῶνδ’, ἴσθι πᾶν τὸ δρώμενον, ὅπως ἂν εἰδὼς ἡμὶν ἀγγείλῃς σαφῆ. οὐ γάρ σε μὴ γήρᾳ τε καὶ χρόνῳ μακρῷ γνῶσ’, οὐδ’ ὑποπτεύσουσιν ὧδ’ ἠνθισμένον. λόγῳ δὲ χρῶ τοιῷδ’, ὅτι ξένος μὲν εἶ Φωκέως παρ’ ἀνδρὸς Φανοτέως ἥκων· ὃ γὰρ μέγιστος αὐτοῖς τυγχάνει δορυξένων.	that I should go myself, with no shields and no army, and by trickery steal the slaughter my hand is owed in justice. Since that’s the oracle we heard, you go into this house when the chance lets you in, and find out everything that’s going on, so that you can bring us clear news. With your age and all these years, they’ll never recognize you; with that gray hair they won’t suspect you. Use this story: that you’re a stranger, come from Phanoteus, a man of Phocis. He happens to be their most important ally.
47 ἄγγελλε δ’ ὅρκον προστιθεὶς ὀθούνεκα τέθνηκ’ Ὀρέστης ἐξ ἀναγκαίας τύχης, ἅθλοισι Πυθικοῖσιν ἐκ τροχηλάτων δίφρων κυλισθείς· ὧδ’ ὁ μῦθος ἑστάτω.	And tell them, adding an oath, that Orestes is dead by a fate he couldn’t escape: that he was thrown from his speeding chariot at the Pythian Games. Let that be the story.
51 ἡμεῖς δὲ πατρὸς τύμβον, ὡς ἐφίετο, λοιβαῖσι πρῶτον καὶ καρατόμοις χλιδαῖς στέψαντες εἶτ’ ἄψορρον ἥξομεν πάλιν, τύπωμα χαλκόπλευρον ἠρμένοι χεροῖν, ὃ καὶ σὺ θάμνοις οἶσθά που κεκρυμμένον, ὅπως λόγῳ κλέπτοντες ἡδεῖαν φάτιν φέρωμεν αὐτοῖς, τοὐμὸν ὡς ἔρρει δέμας φλογιστὸν ἤδη καὶ κατηνθρακωμένον. τί γάρ με λυπεῖ τοῦθ’, ὅταν λόγῳ θανὼν ἔργοισι σωθῶ κἀξενέγκωμαι κλέος; δοκῶ μέν, οὐδὲν ῥῆμα σὺν κέρδει κακόν.	Meanwhile we’ll go to my father’s tomb, as the god commanded, and honor it first with libations and locks of hair cut from our heads. Then we’ll come back again, carrying in our hands the bronze-sided urn that, as you know, is hidden somewhere in the bushes. That way we can deceive them with our story and bring them the welcome news that my body is gone, already burned and turned to ash. Why should it hurt me to die in word if in deed I survive and win glory? In my view, no word that brings profit is bad.
62 ἤδη γὰρ εἶδον πολλάκις καὶ τοὺς σοφοὺς λόγῳ μάτην θνῄσκοντας· εἶθ’, ὅταν δόμους ἔλθωσιν αὖθις, ἐκτετίμηνται πλέον· ὡς κἄμ’ ἐπαυχῶ τῆσδε τῆς φήμης ἄπο δεδορκότ’ ἐχθροῖς ἄστρον ὡς λάμψειν ἔτι. ἀλλ’, ὦ πατρῴα γῆ θεοί τ’ ἐγχώριοι, δέξασθέ μ’ εὐτυχοῦντα ταῖσδε ταῖς ὁδοῖς, σύ τ’, ὦ πατρῷον δῶμα· σοῦ γὰρ ἔρχομαι δίκῃ καθαρτὴς πρὸς θεῶν ὡρμημένος· καὶ μή μ’ ἄτιμον τῆσδ’ ἀποστείλητε γῆς, ἀλλ’ ἀρχέπλουτον καὶ καταστάτην δόμων.	I’ve often seen even wise men falsely reported dead; then, when they come home again, they’re honored all the more. So I’m confident that I too will come out of this rumor alive and shine on my enemies like a star. Land of my fathers, and gods of this place, receive me with good fortune on this journey. And you, house of my fathers: I come as your purifier, in justice, sent by the gods. Don’t send me away from this land dishonored, but make me master of its wealth and restorer of the house.
73 εἴρηκα μέν νυν ταῦτα· σοὶ δ’ ἤδη, γέρον, τὸ σὸν μελέσθω βάντι φρουρῆσαι χρέος. νὼ δ’ ἔξιμεν· καιρὸς γάρ, ὅσπερ ἀνδράσιν μέγιστος ἔργου παντός ἐστ’ ἐπιστάτης.	That’s what I have to say. Now, old man, go and see to your task. We two will be on our way. It’s time, and the right time is the greatest master of everything men undertake.
77 **ELECTRA** ἰώ μοί μοι δύστηνος.	**ELECTRA** Oh! Oh, how wretched I am!

3 Phoebus is Apollo, whose oracle was at Delphi, also called Pytho.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
78	**TUTOR** καὶ μὴν θυρῶν ἔδοξα προσπόλων τινὸς / ὑποστενούσης ἔνδον αἰσθέσθαι, τέκνον.	**TUTOR** Wait—I thought I heard one of the servant women inside the door, moaning, son.
80	**ORESTES** ἆρ' ἐστὶν ἡ δύστηνος Ἠλέκτρα· θέλεις / μείνωμεν αὐτοῦ κἀπακούσωμεν γόων;	**ORESTES** Could that be unhappy Electra? Do you want us to stay here and listen to her wailing?
82	**TUTOR** ἥκιστα· μηδὲν πρόσθεν ἢ τὰ Λοξίου πειρώμεθ' ἔρδειν κἀπὸ τῶνδ' ἀρχηγετεῖν, πατρὸς χέοντες λουτρά· ταῦτα γὰρ φέρει νίκην τ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν καὶ κράτος τῶν δρωμένων.	**TUTOR** Certainly not. Let's not try to do anything before we've carried out Loxias' orders. We start with those, pouring offerings for your father. That's what will bring us victory and mastery in what we do.[4]
86	**ELECTRA** ὦ φάος ἁγνὸν καὶ γῆς ἰσόμοιρ' ἀήρ, ὥς μοι πολλὰς μὲν θρήνων ᾠδάς, πολλὰς δ' ἀντήρεις ἴσθου στέρνων πληγὰς αἱμασσομένων, ὁπόταν δνοφερὰ νὺξ ὑπολειφθῇ· τὰ δὲ παννυχίδων ἤδη στυγεραὶ ξυνίσασ' εὐναὶ μογερῶν οἴκων, ὅσα τὸν δύστηνον ἐμὸν θρηνῶ πατέρ', ὃν κατὰ μὲν βάρβαρον αἶαν φοίνιος Ἄρης οὐκ ἐξένισεν, μήτηρ δ' ἡμὴ χὠ κοινολεχὴς Αἴγισθος ὅπως δρῦν ὑλοτόμοι σχίζουσι κάρα φονίῳ πελέκει, κοὐδεὶς τούτων οἶκτος ἀπ' ἄλλης ἢ 'μοῦ φέρεται, σοῦ, πάτερ, οὕτως αἰκῶς οἰκτρῶς τε θανόντος.	**ELECTRA** Pure light, and air, sharer with earth of an equal portion, how many songs of lament you have heard from me, how many blows struck at my bleeding breast, whenever dark night gives way. And my hateful bed in this house of pain already knows my all-night vigils, how I lament my wretched father, whom bloody Ares never made his guest in a foreign land; no, my mother and her bedfellow Aegisthus split his head with a murderous axe, the way woodcutters split an oak. And no pity for this comes from anyone but me, Father, though you died so cruelly, so pitiably.
103	ἀλλ' οὐ μὲν δὴ λήξω θρήνων στυγερῶν τε γόων, ἔστ' ἂν παμφεγγεῖς ἄστρων ῥιπάς, λεύσσω δὲ τόδ' ἦμαρ, μὴ οὐ τεκνολέτειρ' ὥς τις ἀηδὼν ἐπὶ κωκυτῷ τῶνδε πατρῴων πρὸ θυρῶν ἠχὼ πᾶσι προφωνεῖν. ὦ δῶμ' Ἄΐδου καὶ Περσεφόνης, ὦ χθόνι' Ἑρμῆ καὶ πότνι' Ἀρὰ σεμναί τε θεῶν παῖδες Ἐρινύες, αἳ τοὺς ἀδίκως θνῄσκοντας ὁρᾶθ', αἳ τοὺς εὐνὰς ὑποκλεπτομένους, ἔλθετ', ἀρήξατε, τίσασθε πατρὸς φόνον ἡμετέρου, καί μοι τὸν ἐμὸν πέμψατ' ἀδελφόν· μούνη γὰρ ἄγειν οὐκέτι σωκῶ λύπης ἀντίρροπον ἄχθος.	But no, I will not stop my laments and my hateful wailing as long as I look on the stars' bright flashing and look on this daylight; like a nightingale who killed her young I will cry out my wailing here before my father's doors for all to hear. House of Hades and Persephone, Hermes of the world below, and holy Curse, and you, revered Furies, children of the gods, who watch those who die unjustly, who watch those whose marriage beds are stolen, come, help me, avenge our father's murder, and send my brother to me. Alone I no longer have the strength to bear the weight of grief that pulls against me.[5]

4 Loxias is a cult title of Apollo, the god of the Delphic oracle.
5 In myth Procne killed her son Itys and was turned into a nightingale, forever mourning him.

PARODOS

The women of Mycenae urge Electra to restrain her grief, and she refuses to stop mourning.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
121	**CHORUS** ὦ παῖ, παῖ δυστανοτάτας Ἠλέκτρα ματρός, τίν' ἀεὶ τάκεις ὧδ' ἀκόρεστον οἰμωγὰν τὸν πάλαι ἐκ δολερᾶς ἀθεώτατα ματρὸς ἁλόντ' ἀπάταις Ἀγαμέμνονα κακᾷ τε χειρὶ πρόδοτον; ὡς ὁ τάδε πορὼν ὄλοιτ', εἴ μοι θέμις τάδ' αὐδᾶν.	**CHORUS** Child, Electra, child of a most wretched mother, why do you always waste away like this in endless lament for Agamemnon, caught long ago in the godless snares of your treacherous mother, betrayed by a vile hand? May whoever did this perish, if it is right for me to say so.
128	**ELECTRA** ὦ γενέθλα γενναίων, ἥκετ' ἐμῶν καμάτων παραμύθιον. οἶδά τε καὶ ξυνίημι τάδ', οὔ τί με φυγγάνει, οὐδ' ἐθέλω προλιπεῖν τόδε, μὴ οὐ τὸν ἐμὸν στενάχειν πατέρ' ἄθλιον. ἀλλ' ὦ παντοίας φιλότητος ἀμειβόμεναι χάριν, ἐᾶτέ μ' ὧδ' ἀλύειν, αἰαῖ, ἱκνοῦμαι.	**ELECTRA** Daughters of noble fathers, you've come to comfort me in my troubles. I know, I understand all this, nothing escapes me; but I won't give this up, I won't stop mourning my unhappy father. You who repay me with friendship of every kind, let me wander in my grief like this—/ ah, ah, I beg you.
137	**CHORUS** ἀλλ' οὗτοι τόν γ' ἐξ Ἀΐδα παγκοίνου λίμνας πατέρ' ἀν- στάσεις οὔτε γόοισιν οὔτ' εὐχαῖς. ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τῶν μετρίων ἐπ' ἀμήχανον ἄλγος ἀεὶ στενάχουσα διόλλυσαι, ἐν οἷς ἀνάλυσίς ἐστιν οὐδεμία κακῶν. τί μοι τῶν δυσφόρων ἐφίει;	**CHORUS** But you will never raise your father from the marsh of Hades that receives us all, not with wailing, not with prayers. Leaving moderation behind for grief past all rem- edy, forever lamenting, you are destroying yourself, in troubles from which there is no release. Why do you long for what is so hard to bear?
144	**ELECTRA** νήπιος ὃς τῶν οἰκτρῶς οἰχομένων γονέων ἐπιλάθεται. ἀλλ' ἐμέ γ' ἃ στονόεσσ' ἄραρεν φρένας, ἃ Ἴτυν, αἰὲν Ἴτυν ὀλοφύρεται, ὄρνις ἀτυζομένα, Διὸς ἄγγελος. ἰὼ παντλάμων Νιόβα, σὲ δ' ἔγωγε νέμω θεόν, ἅτ' ἐν τάφῳ πετραίῳ αἰεὶ δακρύεις.	**ELECTRA** Foolish is the one who forgets parents who died pitiably. No, my heart is one with the grieving bird who cries for Itys, always Itys, the frantic bird, Zeus' messenger. Oh, all-suffering Niobe, I count you a goddess, you who in your tomb of stone weep forever.[6]
153	**CHORUS** οὗτοι σοὶ μούνᾳ, τέκνον, ἄχος ἐφάνη βροτῶν, πρὸς ὅ τι σὺ τῶν ἔνδον εἶ περισσά, οἷς ὁμόθεν εἶ καὶ γονᾷ ξύναιμος, οἵα Χρυσόθεμις ζώει καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα, κρυπτᾷ τ' ἀχέων ἐν ἥβᾳ, ὄλβιος, ὃν ἁ κλεινὰ γᾶ ποτε Μυκηναίων	**CHORUS** Not to you alone, child, of all mortals has grief come, that you should go so far beyond those indoors, your kin from the same father, of the same blood: see how Chrysothemis lives, and Iphianassa, and he who grieves through a youth spent in hid- ing, and yet is blessed—he whom the famous land of Mycenae will one day

6 Niobe, whose children were killed by Apollo and Artemis, was turned to stone and weeps forever.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	δέξεται εὐπατρίδαν, Διὸς εὔφρονι βήματι μολόντα τάνδε γᾶν Ὀρέσταν.	welcome, nobly born, when he comes to this land with Zeus' kindly guidance: Orestes.[7]
164	**ELECTRA** ὅν γ' ἐγὼ ἀκάματα προσμένουσ', ἄτεκνος, τάλαιν', ἀνύμφευτος αἰὲν οἰχνῶ, δάκρυσι μυδαλέα, τὸν ἀνήνυτον οἶτον ἔχουσα κακῶν· ὁ δὲ λάθεται ὧν τ' ἔπαθ' ὧν τ' ἐδάη. τί γὰρ οὐκ ἐμοὶ ἔρχεται ἀγγελίας ἀπατώμενον; ἀεὶ μὲν γὰρ ποθεῖ, ποθῶν δ' οὐκ ἀξιοῖ φανῆναι.	**ELECTRA** Yes, him I wait for tirelessly, childless, miserable, unmarried, I go on and on, soaked in tears, bearing my endless doom of troubles. But he forgets what he suffered and what he learned. What message ever reaches me that isn't proved false? He is always longing to come, but longing, he doesn't see fit to appear.
173	**CHORUS** θάρσει μοι, θάρσει, τέκνον. ἔτι μέγας οὐρανῷ Ζεύς, ὃς ἐφορᾷ πάντα καὶ κρατύνει· ᾧ τὸν ὑπεραλγῆ χόλον νέμουσα μήθ' οἷς ἐχθαίρεις ὑπεράχθεο μήτ' ἐπιλάθου· χρόνος γὰρ εὐμαρὴς θεός. οὔτε γὰρ ὁ τὰν Κρῖσαν βούνομον ἔχων ἀκτὰν παῖς Ἀγαμεμνονίδας ἀπερίτροπος οὔθ' ὁ παρὰ τὸν Ἀχέροντα θεὸς ἀνάσσων.	**CHORUS** Take heart, child, take heart. Zeus is still great in heaven, who watches over all things and rules them. Leave to him your anger that grieves too much; don't rage too far against those you hate, and don't forget them. Time is a god who makes things easy. For the son of Agamemnon, who lives by Crisa's shore where the cattle graze, is not heedless, nor is the god who reigns beside Acheron.[8]
185	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν ὁ πολὺς ἀπολέλοιπεν ἤδη βίοτος ἀνέλπιστος, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἀρκῶ· ἄτις ἄνευ τεκέων κατατάκομαι, ἅς φίλος οὔτις ἀνὴρ ὑπερίσταται, ἀλλ' ἀπερεί τις ἔποικος ἀναξία οἰκονομῶ θαλάμους πατρός, ὧδε μὲν ἀεικεῖ σὺν στολᾷ, κεναῖς δ' ἀμφίσταμαι τραπέζαις.	**ELECTRA** But most of my life has already gone by without hope, and I can't hold out any longer. I waste away without children, with no man who loves me to stand by me; like some lowly foreigner I serve in my father's rooms, dressed in shabby clothes like these, and I stand by tables that are bare.
193	**CHORUS** οἰκτρὰ μὲν νόστοις αὐδά, οἰκτρὰ δ' ἐν κοίταις πατρῴαις ὅτε οἱ παγχάλκων ἀνταία γενύων ὡρμάθη πλαγά. δόλος ἦν ὁ φράσας, ἔρος ὁ κτείνας, δεινὰν δεινῶς προφυτεύσαντες μορφάν, εἴτ' οὖν θεὸς εἴτε βροτῶν ἦν ὁ ταῦτα πράσσων.	**CHORUS** Pitiful was the cry at his homecoming, pitiful on your father's couch, when the blow of the axe's bronze jaws was launched straight at him. Deceit planned it, desire killed him; together they dreadfully bred a dreadful shape, whether it was a god or a mortal who did this.
201	**ELECTRA** ὦ πασᾶν κείνα πλέον ἀμέρα ἐλθοῦσ' ἐχθίστα δή μοι· ὦ νύξ, ὦ δείπνων ἀρρήτων ἔκπαγλ' ἄχθη,	**ELECTRA** That day, more hateful to me than any day that ever came! That night, the monstrous horror of that unspeakable feast,

7 Chrysothemis and Iphianassa are Electra's sisters; Iphianassa is not the sacrificed Iphigenia.
8 Crisa lies near Delphi in Phocis, where Orestes is living; Acheron is a river of the underworld, where Hades rules.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	τοὺς ἐμὸς ἵδε πατὴρ θανάτους αἰκεῖς διδύμαιν χειροῖν, αἳ τὸν ἐμὸν εἷλον βίον πρόδοτον, αἵ μ' ἀπώλεσαν· οἷς θεὸς ὁ μέγας Ὀλύμπιος ποίνιμα πάθεα παθεῖν πόροι, μηδέ ποτ' ἀγλαΐας ἀπονaίατο τοιάδ' ἀνύσαντες ἔργα.	when my father saw shameful death from two hands, the hands that seized my life and betrayed it, the hands that destroyed me! May the great god of Olympus give them sufferings in retribution, and may they never enjoy their splendor after doing such deeds.
213	**CHORUS** φράζου μὴ πόρσω φωνεῖν. οὐ γνώμαν ἴσχεις ἐξ οἵων τὰ παρόντ' οἰκείας εἰς ἄτας ἐμπίπτεις οὕτως αἰκῶς; πολὺ γάρ τι κακῶν ὑπερεκτήσω, σᾷ δυσθύμῳ τίκτουσ' ἀεὶ ψυχᾷ πολέμους· τὰ δὲ τοῖς δυνατοῖς οὐκ ἐριστὰ πλάθειν.	**CHORUS** Take care not to say any more. Don't you understand how, from where you stand now, you are falling into ruin of your own making, so miserably? You have piled up far more trouble for yourself, forever breeding wars in your sullen soul. But with those in power there's no picking a fight.
221	**ELECTRA** δεινοῖς ἠναγκάσθην, δεινοῖς· ἔξοιδ', οὐ λάθει μ' ὀργά. ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ δεινοῖς οὐ σχήσω ταύτας ἄτας, ὄφρα με βίος ἔχῃ. τίνι γάρ ποτ' ἄν, ὦ φιλία γενέθλα, πρόσφορον ἀκούσαιμ' ἔπος, τίνι φρονοῦντι καίρια; ἄνετέ μ' ἄνετε, παράγοροι· τάδε γὰρ ἄλυτα κεκλήσεται, οὐδέ ποτ' ἐκ καμάτων ἀποπαύσομαι ἀνάριθμος ὧδε θρήνων.	**ELECTRA** Terrible things forced me to it, terrible things. I know it, my anger doesn't escape me. But even among terrible things I won't hold back this ruin of mine as long as life is in me. Dear friends, from whom could I ever hear a fitting word, from whom with any sense of what is right? Let me be, let me be, you who would comfort me. These troubles will be called past all release, and I will never rest from my sorrows or my laments without number.
232	**CHORUS** ἀλλ' οὖν εὐνοίᾳ γ' αὐδῶ, μάτηρ ὡσεί τις πιστά, μὴ τίκτειν σ' ἄταν ἄταις.	**CHORUS** Still, I speak out of kindness, like a mother you can trust: don't breed ruin upon ruin.
236	**ELECTRA** καὶ τί μέτρον κακότατος ἔφυ; φέρε, πῶς ἐπὶ τοῖς φθιμένοις ἀμελεῖν καλόν; ἐν τίνι τοῦτ' ἔβλαστ' ἀνθρώπων; μήτ' εἴην ἔντιμος τούτοις μήτ', εἴ τῳ πρόσκειμαι χρηστῷ, ξυνναίοιμ' εὔκηλος, γονέων ἐκτίμους ἴσχουσα πτέρυγας ὀξυτόνων γόων. εἰ γὰρ ὁ μὲν θανὼν γᾶ τε καὶ οὐδὲν ὢν κείσεται τάλας, οἱ δὲ μὴ πάλιν δώσουσ' ἀντιφόνους δίκας, ἔρροι τ' ἂν αἰδὼς ἁπάντων τ' εὐσέβεια θνατῶν.	**ELECTRA** And what limit can there be to misery? Tell me, how can it be right to neglect the dead? In what human being was that ever born? May I never be honored by such people, and if I have any blessing, may I never live with it at ease, clipping the wings of my shrill wailing and so dishonoring my father. For if the dead man, earth and nothing, is to lie there in his misery, and they don't pay in turn the justice of death for death,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		then shame is gone, and all reverence among mortals.

FIRST EPISODE

Electra describes her life; Chrysothemis brings offerings their mother sent after a frightening dream.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
251	**CHORUS** ἐγὼ μέν, ὦ παῖ, καὶ τὸ σὸν σπεύδουσ' ἅμα καὶ τοὐμὸν αὐτῆς ἦλθον· εἰ δὲ μὴ καλῶς λέγω, σὺ νίκα· σοὶ γὰρ ἑψόμεσθ' ἅμα.	**CHORUS** Child, I came here out of concern for you and for myself as well. If what I say isn't right, have it your way; we'll follow you.
254	**ELECTRA** αἰσχύνομαι μέν, ὦ γυναῖκες, εἰ δοκῶ πολλοῖσι θρήνοις δυσφορεῖν ὑμῖν ἄγαν. ἀλλ' ἡ βία γὰρ ταῦτ' ἀναγκάζει με δρᾶν, σύγγνωτε· πῶς γὰρ ἥτις εὐγενὴς γυνή, πατρῷ' ὁρῶσα πήματ', οὐ δρῴη τάδ' ἄν; ἀγὼ κατ' ἦμαρ καὶ κατ' εὐφρόνην ἀεὶ θάλλοντα μᾶλλον ἢ καταφθίνονθ' ὁρῶ· ᾗ πρῶτα μὲν τὰ μητρός, ἥ μ' ἐγείνατο, ἔχθιστα συμβέβηκεν· εἶτα δώμασιν ἐν τοῖς ἐμαυτῆς τοῖς φονεῦσι τοῦ πατρὸς ξύνειμι, κἀκ τῶνδ' ἄρχομαι κἀκ τῶνδέ μοι λαβεῖν θ' ὁμοίως καὶ τὸ τητᾶσθαι πέλει.	**ELECTRA** Women, I'm ashamed if you think I take things too hard with all my laments. But I'm forced to do this; forgive me. How could any woman of noble birth not do what I'm doing, when she sees the sufferings of her father's house? And I see them day and night, always growing rather than fading. First of all, things between me and my mother, the woman who gave birth to me, have turned into the bitterest hatred. Then I live in my own house with my father's murderers. They rule me, and it's up to them whether I get anything or go without.
266	ἔπειτα ποίας ἡμέρας δοκεῖς μ' ἄγειν, ὅταν θρόνοις Αἴγισθον ἐνθακοῦντ' ἴδω τοῖσιν πατρῴοις, εἰσίδω δ' ἐσθήματα φοροῦντ' ἐκείνῳ ταὐτὰ καὶ παρεστίους σπένδοντα λοιβὰς ἔνθ' ἐκεῖνον ὤλεσεν, ἴδω δὲ τούτων τὴν τελευταίαν ὕβριν, τὸν αὐτοέντην ἡμὶν ἐν κοίτῃ πατρὸς ξὺν τῇ ταλαίνῃ μητρί, μητέρ' εἰ χρεὼν ταύτην προσαυδᾶν τῷδε συγκοιμωμένην· ἡ δ' ὧδε τλήμων ὥστε τῷ μιάστορι ξύνεστ', ἐρινὺν οὔτιν' ἐκφοβουμένη· ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἐγγελῶσα τοῖς ποιουμένοις, εὑροῦσ' ἐκείνην ἡμέραν, ἐν ᾗ τότε πατέρα τὸν ἀμὸν ἐκ δόλου κατέκτανεν, ταύτῃ χοροὺς ἵστησι καὶ μηλοσφαγεῖ θεοῖσιν ἔμμην' ἱερὰ τοῖς σωτηρίοις.	And then what kind of days do you think I spend, when I see Aegisthus sitting on my father's throne, when I see him wearing the very clothes my father wore and pouring libations at the hearth where he killed him? And when I see the crowning outrage of all: the murderer in my father's bed with my wretched mother—if I should call her mother, the woman who sleeps with him. She's so brazen that she lives with that polluted man and fears no Fury at all. No—as if she were laughing at what she did, she has marked the day on which she killed my father by treachery, and on that day every month she holds dances and sacrifices sheep to the gods who saved her.
282	ἐγὼ δ' ὁρῶσ' ἡ δύσμορος κατὰ στέγας κλαίω, τέτηκα, κἀπικωκύω πατρὸς τὴν δυστάλαιναν δαῖτ' ἐπωνομασμένην αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτήν. οὐδὲ γὰρ κλαῦσαι πάρα τοσόνδ' ὅσον μοι θυμὸς ἡδονὴν φέρει. αὕτη γὰρ ἡ λόγοισι γενναία γυνὴ φωνοῦσα τοιάδ' ἐξονειδίζει κακά· ὦ δύσθεον μίσημα, σοὶ μόνῃ πατὴρ τέθνηκεν; ἄλλος δ' οὔτις ἐν πένθει βροτῶν;	And I see it, and in my misery I weep in the house, and waste away, and wail over the wretched feast named after my father—alone, to myself. I'm not even allowed to cry as much as my heart would like. For this woman, so noble in her talk, shouts abuse at me like this: "You godforsaken, hateful thing, are you the only one whose father has died? Is no one else in the world in mourning? May you die a miserable death, and may the gods below

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	κακῶς ὄλοιο, μηδέ σ' ἐκ γόων ποτὲ τῶν νῦν ἀπαλλάξειαν οἱ κάτω θεοί.	never free you from the wailing you're doing now!"
293	τάδ' ἐξυβρίζει· πλὴν ὅταν κλύῃ τινὸς ἥξοντ' Ὀρέστην· τηνικαῦτα δ' ἐμμανὴς βοᾷ παραστᾶσ'· οὐ σύ μοι τῶνδ' αἰτία; οὐ σὸν τόδ' ἐστὶ τοὔργον, ἥτις ἐκ χερῶν κλέψασ' Ὀρέστην τῶν ἐμῶν ὑπεξέθου; ἀλλ' ἴσθι τοι τίσουσά γ' ἀξίαν δίκην. τοιαῦθ' ὑλακτεῖ, σὺν δ' ἐποτρύνει πέλας ὁ κλεινὸς αὐτῇ ταὐτὰ νυμφίος παρών, ὁ πάντ' ἄναλκις οὗτος, ἡ πᾶσα βλάβη, ὁ σὺν γυναιξὶ τὰς μάχας ποιούμενος. ἐγὼ δ' Ὀρέστην τῶνδε προσμένουσ' ἀεὶ παυστῆρ' ἐφήξειν ἡ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυμαι.	That's how she insults me—except when she hears from someone that Orestes is coming. Then she comes up to me in a frenzy and screams: "Isn't this your fault? Isn't this your doing—you who stole Orestes out of my hands and smuggled him away? Well, you can be sure you'll pay the punishment you deserve." That's how she barks, and beside her that famous bridegroom of hers eggs her on in the same way, that complete coward, that walking disaster, who fights his battles with women's help. And I, forever waiting for Orestes to come and put an end to this, am dying in my misery.
305	μέλλων γὰρ ἀεὶ δρᾶν τι τὰς οὔσας τέ μου καὶ τὰς ἀπούσας ἐλπίδας διέφθορεν. ἐν οὖν τοιούτοις οὔτε σωφρονεῖν, φίλαι, οὔτ' εὐσεβεῖν πάρεστιν· ἀλλ' ἔν τοι κακοῖς πολλή 'στ' ἀνάγκη κἀπιτηδεύειν κακά.	He's always about to do something, and so he has destroyed every hope I had and every hope I might have had. In a situation like this, friends, there's no room for being sensible or reverent. When you're surrounded by evil, you're forced to practice evil too.
310	**CHORUS** φέρ' εἰπέ, πότερον ὄντος Αἰγίσθου πέλας / λέγεις τάδ' ἡμῖν ἢ βεβῶτος ἐκ δόμων;	**CHORUS** Tell me, is Aegisthus nearby while you're saying this to us, or has he left the house?
312	**ELECTRA** ἦ κάρτα· μὴ δόκει μ' ἄν, εἴπερ ἦν πέλας, / θυραῖον οἰχνεῖν· νῦν δ' ἀγροῖσι τυγχάνει.	**ELECTRA** He's gone, of course. Don't imagine I'd be wandering outside if he were near. As it is, he happens to be out in the country.
314	**CHORUS** ἦ κἂν ἐγὼ θαρσοῦσα μᾶλλον ἐς λόγους / τοὺς σοὺς ἱκοίμην, εἴπερ ὧδε ταῦτ' ἔχει;	**CHORUS** Then could I talk with you more freely, if that's how things are?
316	**ELECTRA** ὡς νῦν ἀπόντος ἱστόρει· τί σοι φίλον;	**ELECTRA** He's away now, so ask. What would you like to know?
317	**CHORUS** καὶ δή σ' ἐρωτῶ· τοῦ κασιγνήτου τί φής, / ἥξοντος ἢ μέλλοντος; εἰδέναι θέλω.	**CHORUS** All right, I'm asking. What do you say about your brother—is he coming, or putting it off? I want to know.
319	**ELECTRA** φησίν γε· φάσκων δ' οὐδὲν ὧν λέγει ποεῖ.	**ELECTRA** He says he is. But for all his saying, he does nothing he says.
320	**CHORUS** φιλεῖ γὰρ ὀκνεῖν πρᾶγμ' ἀνὴρ πράσσων μέγα.	**CHORUS** A man undertaking something great tends to hold back.
321	**ELECTRA** καὶ μὴν ἔγωγ' ἔσωσ' ἐκεῖνον οὐκ ὄκνῳ.	**ELECTRA** Well, I didn't hold back when I saved him.
322	**CHORUS** θάρσει· πέφυκεν ἐσθλός, ὥστ' ἀρκεῖν φίλοις.	**CHORUS** Take heart. He's noble by nature; he'll stand by his own.
323	**ELECTRA** πέποιθ', ἐπεί τἂν οὐ μακρὰν ἔζων ἐγώ.	**ELECTRA** I believe it. Otherwise I wouldn't have lived this long.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
324	**CHORUS** μὴ νῦν ἔτ' εἴπῃς μηδέν· ὡς δόμων ὁρῶ τὴν σὴν ὅμαιμον ἐκ πατρὸς ταὐτοῦ φύσιν, Χρυσόθεμιν, ἔκ τε μητρός, ἐντάφια χεροῖν φέρουσαν, οἷα τοῖς κάτω νομίζεται.	**CHORUS** Say nothing more now. I see your sister coming out of the house, born of the same father and the same mother—Chrysothemis—carrying grave offerings in her hands, the kind that are customary for the dead below.
328	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** τίν' αὖ σὺ τήνδε πρὸς θυρῶνος ἐξόδοις ἐλθοῦσα φωνεῖς, ὦ κασιγνήτη, φάτιν, κοὐδ' ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ διδαχθῆναι θέλεις θυμῷ ματαίῳ μὴ χαρίζεσθαι κενά; καίτοι τοσοῦτόν γ' οἶδα κἀμαυτήν, ὅτι ἀλγῶ 'πὶ τοῖς παροῦσιν· ὥστ' ἄν, εἰ σθένος λάβοιμι, δηλώσαιμ' ἂν οἷ' αὐτοῖς φρονῶ. νῦν δ' ἐν κακοῖς μοι πλεῖν ὑφειμένῃ δοκεῖ, καὶ μὴ δοκεῖν μὲν δρᾶν τι, πημαίνειν δὲ μή· τοιαῦτα δ' ἄλλα καὶ σὲ βούλομαι ποεῖν. καίτοι τὸ μὲν δίκαιον οὐχ ᾗ 'γὼ λέγω, ἀλλ' ᾗ σὺ κρίνεις· εἰ δ' ἐλευθέραν με δεῖ ζῆν, τῶν κρατούντων ἐστὶ πάντ' ἀκουστέα.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** What's this you're saying now, sister, coming out here to the doorway to say it? Even after all this time, won't you learn not to indulge your useless anger in empty gestures? Look, I know this much about myself too: I'm pained by the way things are, so much that if I had the strength, I'd show them what I think of them. But as it is, I think it's best in hard times to sail with lowered sails, and not to look as if I'm doing something when I can do no real harm. I want you to do the same. And yet justice lies not where I say, but where you judge. Still, if I'm to live free, I have to obey those in power in everything.
341	**ELECTRA** δεινόν γέ σ' οὖσαν πατρὸς οὗ σὺ παῖς ἔφυς, κείνου λελῆσθαι, τῆς δὲ τικτούσης μέλειν. ἅπαντα γάρ σοι τἀμὰ νουθετήματα κείνης διδακτά, κοὐδὲν ἐκ σαυτῆς λέγεις. ἔπειθ' ἑλοῦ γε θάτερ', ἢ φρονεῖν κακῶς ἢ τῶν φίλων φρονοῦσα μὴ μνήμην ἔχειν· ἥτις λέγεις μὲν ἀρτίως ὡς, εἰ λάβοις σθένος, τὸ τούτων μῖσος ἐκδείξειας ἄν, ἐμοῦ δὲ πατρὶ πάντα τιμωρουμένης οὔτε ξυνέρδεις τήν τε δρῶσαν ἐκτρέπεις.	**ELECTRA** It's shocking that you, the daughter of the father you were born to, should forget him and care for your mother. All these lectures you give me were taught you by her; you say nothing of your own. So choose one or the other: either you have no sense, or, having sense, you've forgotten your own flesh and blood. You just said that if you had the strength, you'd show how you hate them. Yet when I do everything to avenge our father, you don't help, and you try to turn me aside from doing it.
351	οὐ ταῦτα πρὸς κακοῖσι δειλίαν ἔχει; ἐπεὶ δίδαξον, ἢ μάθ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ, τί μοι κέρδος γένοιτ' ἂν τῶνδε ληξάσῃ γόων. οὐ ζῶ; κακῶς μέν, οἶδ', ἐπαρκούντως δ' ἐμοί. λυπῶ δὲ τούτους, ὥστε τῷ τεθνηκότι τιμὰς προσάπτειν, εἴ τις ἔστ' ἐκεῖ χάρις. σὺ δ' ἡμὶν ἡ μισοῦσα μισεῖς μὲν λόγῳ, ἔργῳ δὲ τοῖς φονεῦσι τοῦ πατρὸς ξύνει.	Doesn't that add cowardice to our miseries? Teach me—or learn from me—what I'd gain by ending these laments. Am I not alive? Badly, I know, but well enough for me. And I hurt them, and so I pay honor to the dead, if anything pleases them down there. But you, who hate them, hate them in word, while in deed you live with our father's murderers.
359	ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἄν ποτ', οὐδ' εἴ μοι τὰ σὰ μέλλοι τις οἴσειν δῶρ', ἐφ' οἷσι νῦν χλιδᾷς, τούτοις ὑπεικάθοιμι· σοὶ δὲ πλουσία τράπεζα κείσθω καὶ περιρρείτω βίος. ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔστω τοὐμὲ μὴ λυπεῖν μόνον βόσκημα· τῆς σῆς δ' οὐκ ἐρῶ τιμῆς τυχεῖν, οὐδ' ἂν σύ, σώφρων γ' οὖσα. νῦν δ' ἐξὸν πατρὸς πάντων ἀρίστου παῖδα κεκλῆσθαι, καλοῦ τῆς μητρός· οὕτω γὰρ φανεῖ πλείστοις κακή, θανόντα πατέρα καὶ φίλους προδοῦσα σούς.	As for me, I would never give in to them, not even if someone offered me the gifts you now pride yourself on. Let the rich table be laid for you, and let life overflow around you. My only nourishment, let it be this: not to wound my own self. I have no wish to win your privileges—and neither would you, if you had any sense. As it is, when you could be called the daughter of the finest of all fathers, go ahead and be called your mother's. That way most people will see how vile you are,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		betraying your dead father and your own flesh and blood.
369	CHORUS μηδὲν πρὸς ὀργήν, πρὸς θεῶν· ὡς τοῖς λόγοις ἔνεστιν ἀμφοῖν κέρδος, εἰ σὺ μὲν μάθοις τοῖς τῆσδε χρῆσθαι, τοῖς δὲ σοῖς αὖτη πάλιν.	CHORUS No anger, for the gods' sake! There's something to be gained from what both of you say, if you would learn to take her advice, and she in turn yours.
372	CHRYSOTHEMIS ἐγὼ μέν, ὦ γυναῖκες, ἠθάς εἰμί πως τῶν τῆσδε μύθων· οὐδ' ἂν ἐμνήσθην ποτέ, εἰ μὴ κακὸν μέγιστον εἰς αὐτὴν ἰὸν ἤκουσ', ὃ ταύτην τῶν μακρῶν σχήσει γόων.	CHRYSOTHEMIS Women, I'm more or less used to her speeches. I wouldn't even have brought it up if I hadn't heard that a very great evil is coming her way, one that will put a stop to her long laments.
376	ELECTRA φέρ' εἰπὲ δὴ τὸ δεινόν· εἰ γὰρ τῶνδέ μοι / μεῖζόν τι λέξεις, οὐκ ἂν ἀντείποιμ' ἔτι.	ELECTRA Go on, then, tell me this dreadful thing. If you can tell me of something worse than what I have now, I won't argue any more.
378	CHRYSOTHEMIS ἀλλ' ἐξερῶ σοι πᾶν ὅσον κάτοιδ' ἐγώ. μέλλουσι γάρ σ', εἰ τῶνδε μὴ λήξεις γόων, ἐνταῦθα πέμψειν ἔνθα μή ποθ' ἡλίου φέγγος προσόψει, ζῶσα δ' ἐν κατηρεφεῖ στέγῃ χθονὸς τῆσδ' ἐκτὸς ὑμνήσεις κακά. πρὸς ταῦτα φράζου καί με μή ποθ' ὕστερον παθοῦσα μέμψῃ· νῦν γὰρ ἐν καλῷ φρονεῖν.	CHRYSOTHEMIS Well, I'll tell you everything I know. If you don't stop these laments, they intend to send you somewhere you'll never see the light of the sun again. You'll live in a chamber roofed over beneath the earth, outside this land, singing of your troubles. So think it over, and don't blame me later when you've suffered for it. Now is the time to show some sense.
385	ELECTRA ἦ ταῦτα δή με καὶ βεβούλευνται ποεῖν;	ELECTRA So they've really decided to do this to me?
386	CHRYSOTHEMIS μάλισθ'· ὅταν περ οἴκαδ' Αἴγισθος μόλῃ.	CHRYSOTHEMIS Yes—as soon as Aegisthus comes home.
387	ELECTRA ἀλλ' ἐξίκοιτο τοῦδέ γ' οὕνεκ' ἐν τάχει.	ELECTRA Then as far as that goes, let him come soon!
388	CHRYSOTHEMIS τίν', ὦ τάλαινα, τόνδ' ἐπηράσω λόγον;	CHRYSOTHEMIS What are you praying for, you poor thing?
389	ELECTRA ἐλθεῖν ἐκεῖνον, εἴ τι τῶνδε δρᾶν νοεῖ.	ELECTRA That he should come, if he means to do any of this.
390	CHRYSOTHEMIS ὅπως πάθῃς τί χρῆμα; ποῦ ποτ' εἶ φρενῶν;	CHRYSOTHEMIS So that you can suffer what? Have you lost your wits?
391	ELECTRA ὅπως ἀφ' ὑμῶν ὡς προσωτάτω φύγω.	ELECTRA So that I can get as far away from all of you as possible.
392	CHRYSOTHEMIS βίου δὲ τοῦ παρόντος οὐ μνείαν ἔχεις;	CHRYSOTHEMIS Have you no thought for the life you have now?
393	ELECTRA καλὸς γὰρ οὑμὸς βίοτος ὥστε θαυμάσαι.	ELECTRA Oh yes, my life is so fine, it's a marvel.
394	CHRYSOTHEMIS ἀλλ' ἦν ἄν, εἰ σύ γ' εὖ φρονεῖν ἠπίστασο.	CHRYSOTHEMIS It would be, if you knew how to be sensible.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
395	**ELECTRA** μή μ’ ἐκδίδασκε τοῖς φίλοις εἶναι κακήν.	**ELECTRA** Don’t teach me to betray my own.
396	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἀλλ’ οὐ διδάσκω· τοῖς κρατοῦσι δ’ εἰκαθεῖν.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** I’m not teaching you that. I’m teaching you to give way to those in power.
397	**ELECTRA** σὺ ταῦτα θώπευ’· οὐκ ἐμοὺς τρόπους λέγεις.	**ELECTRA** You fawn on them, then. What you describe isn’t my way.
398	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** καλόν γε μέντοι μὴ ’ξ ἀβουλίας πεσεῖν.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Still, it’s a fine thing not to fall through foolishness.
399	**ELECTRA** πεσούμεθ’, εἰ χρή, πατρὶ τιμωρούμενοι.	**ELECTRA** If I must fall, I’ll fall avenging my father.
400	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** πατὴρ δὲ τούτων, οἶδα, συγγνώμην ἔχει.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** But Father, I know, will forgive us for all this.
401	**ELECTRA** ταῦτ’ ἐστὶ τἄπη πρὸς κακῶν ἐπαινέσαι.	**ELECTRA** That’s the kind of talk cowards applaud.
402	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** σὺ δ’ οὐχὶ πείσει καὶ συναινέσεις ἐμοί;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Won’t you be persuaded, then, and agree with me?
403	**ELECTRA** οὐ δῆτα· μή πω νοῦ τοσόνδ’ εἴην κενή.	**ELECTRA** Certainly not. May I never be that empty of sense.
404	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** χωρήσομαί τἄρ’ οἷπερ ἐστάλην ὁδοῦ.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Then I’ll go on my way, where I was sent.
405	**ELECTRA** ποῖ δ’ ἐμπορεύει; τῷ φέρεις τάδ’ ἔμπυρα;	**ELECTRA** Where are you going? Who are these burnt offerings for?
406	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** μήτηρ με πέμπει πατρὶ τυμβεῦσαι χοάς.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Mother is sending me to pour libations on Father’s tomb.
407	**ELECTRA** πῶς εἶπας; ἦ τῷ δυσμενεστάτῳ βροτῶν;	**ELECTRA** What did you say? To the man she hated most in the world?
408	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ὃν ἔκταν’ αὐτή· τοῦτο γὰρ λέξαι θέλεις.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** The man she killed with her own hands—that’s what you want to say.
409	**ELECTRA** ἐκ τοῦ φίλων πεισθεῖσα; τῷ τοῦτ’ ἤρεσεν;	**ELECTRA** Which of her friends talked her into this? Whose idea was it?
410	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἐκ δείματός του νυκτέρου, δοκεῖν ἐμοί;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Some terror in the night, I think.
411	**ELECTRA** ὦ θεοὶ πατρῷοι, συγγένεσθέ γ’ ἀλλὰ νῦν.	**ELECTRA** Gods of our fathers, stand with us—now, at last!
412	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἔχεις τι θάρσος τοῦδε τοῦ τάρβους πέρι;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Does her fear give you some hope?
413	**ELECTRA** εἴ μοι λέγοις τὴν ὄψιν, εἴποιμ’ ἂν τότε.	**ELECTRA** Tell me the dream, and then I could say.
414	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἀλλ’ οὐ κάτοιδα πλὴν ἐπὶ σμικρὸν φράσαι.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** I don’t know enough to tell you more than a little.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
415	**ELECTRA** λέγ’ ἀλλὰ τοῦτο· πολλά τοι σμικροὶ λόγοι / ἔσφηλαν ἤδη καὶ κατώρθωσαν βροτούς.	**ELECTRA** Tell me that little, then. Small words have often brought people down before now, and set them up again.
417	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** λόγος τις αὐτήν ἐστιν εἰσιδεῖν πατρὸς τοῦ σοῦ τε κἀμοῦ δευτέραν ὁμιλίαν ἐλθόντος ἐς φῶς· εἶτα τόνδ’ ἐφέστιον πῆξαι λαβόντα σκῆπτρον οὑφόρει ποτὲ αὐτός, τανῦν δ’ Αἴγισθος· ἐκ δὲ τοῦδ’ ἄνω βλαστεῖν βρύοντα θαλλόν, ᾧ κατάσκιον πᾶσαν γενέσθαι τὴν Μυκηναίων χθόνα. τοιαῦτά του παρόντος, ἡνίχ’ Ἡλίῳ δείκνυσι τοὔναρ, ἔκλυον ἐξηγουμένου. πλείω δὲ τούτων οὐ κάτοιδα, πλὴν ὅτι πέμπει με κείνη τοῦδε τοῦ φόβου χάριν. πρός νυν θεῶν σε λίσσομαι τῶν ἐγγενῶν ἐμοὶ πιθέσθαι μηδ’ ἀβουλίᾳ πεσεῖν· εἰ γάρ μ’ ἀπώσει, σὺν κακῷ μέτει πάλιν.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** The story is that she saw our father—yours and mine—keeping company with her a second time, come back into the light. Then he took the scepter he once carried himself, and Aegisthus carries now, and planted it at the hearth. And from it sprang up a flourishing branch that cast its shade over the whole land of Mycenae. That’s what I heard from someone who was there when she told her dream to the Sun. More than that I don’t know, except that she’s sending me because of this fear. So I beg you, by the gods of our family, listen to me, and don’t fall through foolishness. If you push me away now, you’ll come looking for me again when you’re in trouble.
431	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ’, ὦ φίλη, τούτων μὲν ὧν ἔχεις χεροῖν τύμβῳ προσάψῃς μηδέν· οὐ γάρ σοι θέμις οὐδ’ ὅσιον ἐχθρᾶς ἀπὸ γυναικὸς ἱστάναι κτερίσματ’ οὐδὲ λουτρὰ προσφέρειν πατρί· ἀλλ’ ἢ πνοαῖσιν ἢ βαθυσκαφεῖ κόνει κρύψον νιν, ἔνθα μή ποτ’ εἰς εὐνὴν πατρὸς τούτων πρόσεισι μηδέν· ἀλλ’ ὅταν θάνῃ κειμήλι’ αὐτῇ ταῦτα σῳζέσθω κάτω.	**ELECTRA** No, my dear—don’t put any of what you’re holding on the tomb. It isn’t lawful, it isn’t right in the gods’ eyes, for you to set up offerings from a hateful woman or bring libations to our father. Throw them to the winds, or bury them deep in the dust, where none of it will ever come near our father’s resting place. Let them be kept safe below for her, as treasures, for when she dies.
439	ἀρχὴν δ’ ἄν, εἰ μὴ τλημονεστάτη γυνὴ πασῶν ἔβλαστε, τάσδε δυσμενεῖς χοὰς οὐκ ἄν ποθ’ ὅν γ’ ἔκτεινε, τῷδ’ ἐπέστεφε. σκέψαι γὰρ εἴ σοι προσφιλῶς αὐτῇ δοκεῖ γέρα τάδ’ οὐν τάφοισι δέξεσθαι νέκυς, ὑφ’ ἧς θανὼν ἄτιμος, ὥστε δυσμενής, ἐμασχαλίσθη, κἀπὶ λουτροῖσιν κάρᾳ κηλῖδας ἐξέμαξεν. ἆρα μὴ δοκεῖς λυτήρι’ αὐτῇ ταῦτα τοῦ φόνου φέρειν;	If she weren’t the most brazen woman ever born, she would never have tried to crown the man she killed with these hostile libations. Just think: do you suppose the dead man in his grave will take these honors kindly from her—from her, who killed him without honor, mutilated him like an enemy, and wiped her bloodstains off on his head to wash herself clean? You don’t really think these offerings will free her from the murder?
448	οὐχ ἔστιν. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν μέθες· σὺ δὲ τεμοῦσα κρατὸς βοστρύχων ἄκρας φόβας κἀμοῦ ταλαίνης, σμικρὰ μὲν τάδ’, ἀλλ’ ὅμως ἄχω, δὸς αὐτῷ, τήνδ’ ἀλιπαρῆ τρίχα καὶ ζῶμα τοὐμὸν οὐ χλιδαῖς ἠσκημένον. αἰτοῦ δὲ προσπίτνουσα γῆθεν εὐμενῆ ἡμῖν ἀρωγὸν αὐτὸν εἰς ἐχθροὺς μολεῖν, καὶ παῖδ’ Ὀρέστην ἐξ ὑπερτέρας χερὸς ἐχθροῖσιν αὐτοῦ ζῶντ’ ἐπεμβῆναι ποδί, ὅπως τὸ λοιπὸν αὐτὸν ἀφνεωτέραις χερσὶν στέφωμεν ἢ τανῦν δωρούμεθα.	They can’t. Let them go. Instead, cut the tips of the locks from your head, and from mine too—poor me, it’s little, but it’s all I have—and give him this hair, though it shines with no oil, and my sash, which has no finery on it. Kneel and pray that he come up from the earth, kindly, to help us against our enemies; and that his son Orestes may live to get the upper hand and trample his enemies underfoot, so that from now on we may crown his grave with richer hands than the gifts we bring today.
459		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	οἶμαι μὲν οὖν, οἶμαί τι κἀκείνῳ μέλον πέμψαι τάδ' αὐτῇ δυσπρόσοπτ' ὀνείρατα· ὅμως δ', ἀδελφή, σοί θ' ὑπούργησον τάδε ἐμοί τ' ἀρωγὰ τῷ τε φιλτάτῳ βροτῶν πάντων, ἐν Ἅιδου κειμένῳ κοινῷ πατρί.	I think—yes, I think he had a part in sending her these dreams that are so terrible to see. All the same, sister, do this service, to help yourself and me and the one we love most of all people, our father, who lies in Hades, father to us both.
464	**CHORUS** πρὸς εὐσέβειαν ἡ κόρη λέγει· σὺ δέ, / εἰ σωφρονήσεις, ὦ φίλη, δράσεις τάδε.	**CHORUS** The girl speaks with reverence. And you, my dear, if you have any sense, will do it.
466	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** δράσω· τὸ γὰρ δίκαιον οὐχ ἔχει λόγον δυοῖν ἐρίζειν, ἀλλ' ἐπισπεύδειν τὸ δρᾶν. πειρωμένῃ δὲ τῶνδε τῶν ἔργων ἐμοὶ σιγὴ παρ' ὑμῶν, πρὸς θεῶν, ἔστω, φίλαι· ὡς εἰ τάδ' ἡ τεκοῦσα πεύσεται, πικρὰν δοκῶ με πεῖραν τήνδε τολμήσειν ἔτι.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** I will. When something is right, there's no reason for two people to argue over it; one should hurry to do it. But while I'm attempt- ing this, my friends, for the gods' sake, keep silent. If my mother finds out, I think I'll come to find this venture bitter.

FIRST STASIMON

The chorus predict that Justice and the Fury will come, and recall the curse on Pelops' line.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
472	**CHORUS** εἰ μὴ 'γὼ παράφρων μάντις ἔφυν καὶ γνώμας λειπομένα σοφᾶς, εἶσιν ἁ πρόμαντις Δίκα δίκαια φερομένα χεροῖν κράτη· μέτεισιν, ὦ τέκνον, οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου. ὕπεστί μοι θάρσος, ἀδυπνόων κλύουσαν ἀρτίως ὀνειράτων. οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἀμναστεῖ γ' ὁ φύσας σ' Ἑλλάνων ἄναξ, οὐδ' ἁ παλαιὰ χαλκόπλακτος ἀμφάκης γένυς, ἅ νιν κατέπεφνεν αἰσχίσταις ἐν αἰκίαις.	**CHORUS** Unless I am a prophet out of my wits and wanting in wise judgment, Justice, who sent this omen ahead, will come, bearing just power in her hands; she will come after them, child, before much time has passed. Courage steals into me since I heard just now of these sweet-breathing dreams. For the lord of the Greeks who fathered you never forgets, nor does the ancient axe, bronze-beaten, double- edged, that cut him down in the foulest outrage.
487	ἥξει καὶ πολύπους καὶ πολύχειρ ἁ δεινοῖς κρυπτομένα λόχοις χαλκόπους Ἐρινύς. ἄλεκτρ' ἄνυμφα γὰρ ἐπέβα μιαιφόνων γάμων ἁμιλλήμαθ' οἷσιν οὐ θέμις. πρὸ τῶνδέ τοί μ' ἔχει μή ποτε μή ποθ' ἡμῖν ἀψεγὲς πελᾶν τέρας τοῖς δρῶσι καὶ συνδρῶσιν. ἦ τοι μαντεῖαι βροτῶν οὐκ εἰσὶν ἐν δεινοῖς ὀνείροις οὐδ' ἐν θεσφάτοις, εἰ μὴ τόδε φάσμα νυκτὸς εὖ κατασχήσει.	She will come, with many feet and many hands, she who lies hidden in dreadful ambush, the bronze-footed Fury. For a bed that was no bed, a wedding no wedding — the lust for a blood-defiled marriage— came upon those who had no right to it. So I am sure that never, never will this portent come to us and spare those who did the deed and those who helped. Truly there are no prophecies for mortals in dreadful dreams or in oracles if this vision of the night does not come true.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
503	ὦ Πέλοπος ἀ πρόσθεν πολύπονος ἱππεία, ὡς ἔμολες αἰανὴς τᾷδε γᾷ. εὖτε γὰρ ὁ ποντισθεὶς Μυρτίλος ἐκοιμάθη, παγχρύσων δίφρων δυστάνοις αἰκίαις πρόρριζος ἐκριφθείς, οὔ τί πω ἔλειπεν ἐκ τοῦδ' οἴκου πολύπονος αἰκία.	Chariot race of Pelops long ago, full of toil, how sorrowful you were for this land! For ever since Myrtilus sank to sleep in the sea, hurled root and all from the golden chariot in wretched outrage, never yet has toil-laden outrage left this house.[9]

SECOND EPISODE

Electra and Clytemnestra argue over Agamemnon's murder; the Tutor reports Orestes' death in a chariot race.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
516	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ἀνειμένη μέν, ὡς ἔοικας, αὖ στρέφει· οὐ γὰρ πάρεστ' Αἴγισθος, ὅς σ' ἐπεῖχ' ἀεὶ μή τοι θυραίαν γ' οὖσαν αἰσχύνειν φίλους· νῦν δ' ὡς ἄπεστ' ἐκεῖνος, οὐδὲν ἐντρέπει ἐμοῦ γε· καίτοι πολλὰ πρὸς πολλούς με δὴ ἐξεῖπας ὡς θρασεῖα καὶ πέρα δίκης ἄρχω, καθυβρίζουσα καὶ σὲ καὶ τὰ σά· ἐγὼ δ' ὕβριν μὲν οὐκ ἔχω, κακῶς δέ σε λέγω κακῶς κλύουσα πρὸς σέθεν θαμά.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** So you're roaming loose again, it seems, since Aegisthus isn't here. He always kept you from going outside and shaming your family, at least. But now that he's away, you pay no attention to me. And yet you've told many people, many times, that I'm insolent and rule beyond what's just, outraging you and yours. I'm not guilty of outrage. I speak ill of you because I hear ill from you so often.
525	πατὴρ γάρ, οὐδὲν ἄλλο, σοὶ πρόσχημ' ἀεὶ ὡς ἐξ ἐμοῦ τέθνηκεν. ἐξ ἐμοῦ· καλῶς ἔξοιδα· τῶνδ' ἄρνησις οὐκ ἔνεστί μοι· ἡ γὰρ Δίκη νιν εἶλεν, οὐκ ἐγὼ μόνη, ᾗ χρῆν σ' ἀρήγειν, εἰ φρονοῦσ' ἐτύγχανες· ἐπεὶ πατὴρ σὸς οὗτος, ὃν θρηνεῖς ἀεί, τὴν σὴν ὅμαιμον μοῦνος Ἑλλήνων ἔτλη θῦσαι θεοῖσιν, οὐκ ἴσον καμὼν ἐμοὶ λύπης, ὅς ἔσπειρ', ὥσπερ ἡ τίκτουσ' ἐγώ. εἶεν, δίδαξον δή με τοῦ χάριν, τίνων ἔθυσεν αὐτήν· πότερον Ἀργείων ἐρεῖς;	Your father—nothing else—is always your pretext: that he died at my hands. At my hands, yes; I know that well, I can't deny it. For Justice took him, not I alone, and you ought to have helped her, if you had any sense. Because this father of yours, whom you're forever mourning, alone of all the Greeks had the heart to sacrifice your sister to the gods—though he didn't suffer the pain I did; he only sowed her, while I gave birth to her. Well then, tell me this: for whose sake did he sacrifice her? For the Argives', will you say?
536	ἀλλ' οὐ μετῆν αὐτοῖσι τήν γ' ἐμὴν κτανεῖν. ἀλλ' ἀντ' ἀδελφοῦ δῆτα Μενέλεω κτανὼν τἄμ', οὐκ ἔμελλε τῶνδέ μοι δώσειν δίκην; πότερον ἐκείνῳ παῖδες οὐκ ἦσαν διπλοῖ, οὓς τῆσδε μᾶλλον εἰκὸς ἦν θνῄσκειν, πατρὸς καὶ μητρὸς ὄντας, ἧς ὁ πλοῦς ὅδ' ἦν χάριν; ἢ τῶν ἐμῶν Ἅιδης τιν' ἵμερον τέκνων ἢ τῶν ἐκείνης ἔσχε δαίσασθαι πλέον;	But they had no right to kill my daughter. Or will you say he killed my child for his brother Menelaus? Then wasn't he bound to pay me for it? Didn't Menelaus have two children, who should have died rather than she—children of the very father and mother this voyage was made for? Or did Hades have some special craving to feast on my children rather than hers? Or had that damned

9 Pelops won his bride by bribing the charioteer Myrtilus to wreck her father's chariot, then threw Myrtilus into the sea; his dying curse fell on Pelops' descendants.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἢ τῷ πανώλει πατρὶ τῶν μὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ παίδων πόθος παρεῖτο, Μενέλεω δ' ἐνῆν;	father lost all love for the children I bore him, but still felt it for Menelaus'?
546	οὐ ταῦτ' ἀβούλου καὶ κακοῦ γνώμην πατρός; δοκῶ μέν, εἰ καὶ σῆς δίχα γνώμης λέγω· φαίη δ' ἂν ἡ θανοῦσά γ', εἰ φωνὴν λάβοι. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὐκ εἰμὶ τοῖς πεπραγμένοις δύσθυμος· εἰ δὲ σοὶ δοκῶ φρονεῖν κακῶς, γνώμην δικαίαν σχοῦσα τοὺς πέλας ψέγε.	Aren't these the marks of a thoughtless, wicked father? I think so, even if you disagree; and the dead girl would say so too, if she found a voice. For my part, then, I'm not troubled by what's been done. If you think I'm wrong-headed, get your own judgment straight before you blame others.
552	**ELECTRA** ἐρεῖς μὲν οὐχὶ νῦν γέ μ' ὡς ἄρξασά τι λυπηρὸν εἶτα σοῦ τάδ' ἐξήκουσ' ὕπο· ἀλλ' ἢν ἐφῇς μοι, τοῦ τεθνηκότος θ' ὕπερ λέξαιμ' ἂν ὀρθῶς τῆς κασιγνήτης θ' ὁμοῦ.	**ELECTRA** This time, at least, you can't say I started something hurtful and then heard this from you. But if you'll allow me, I would speak properly on behalf of the dead man, and of my sister too.
556	**CLYTEMNESTRA** καὶ μὴν ἐφίημ'· εἰ δέ μ' ὧδ' ἀεὶ λόγους / ἐξῆρχες, οὐκ ἂν ἦσθα λυπηρὰ κλύειν.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Of course I allow it. If you always began your speeches like this, you wouldn't be so painful to listen to.
558	**ELECTRA** καὶ δὴ λέγω σοι. πατέρα φῂς κτεῖναι. τίς ἂν τούτου λόγος γένοιτ' ἂν αἰσχίων ἔτι, εἴτ' οὖν δικαίως εἴτε μή; λέξω δέ σοι ὡς οὐ δίκῃ γ' ἔκτεινας, ἀλλά σ' ἔσπασεν πειθὼ κακοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, ᾧ τανῦν ξύνει. ἐροῦ δὲ τὴν κυναγὸν Ἄρτεμιν, τίνος ποινὰς τὰ πολλὰ πνεύματ' ἔσχ' ἐν Αὐλίδι· ἢ 'γὼ φράσω· κείνης γὰρ οὐ θέμις μαθεῖν. πατήρ ποθ' οὑμός, ὡς ἐγὼ κλύω, θεᾶς παίζων κατ' ἄλσος ἐξεκίνησεν ποδοῖν στικτὸν κεράστην ἔλαφον, οὗ κατὰ σφαγὰς ἐκκομπάσας ἔπος τι τυγχάνει βαλών.	**ELECTRA** Then here I go. You say you killed our father. What could be more shameful to say than that, whether it was just or not? But I'll tell you that you didn't kill him justly: you were dragged into it by the persuasion of a bad man, the one you live with now. Ask Artemis the huntress what she was punishing when she held back all those winds at Aulis—or I'll tell you, since it isn't lawful to learn it from her. My father, as I've heard, was once amusing himself in the goddess's grove, and his footsteps startled a dappled, antlered stag. He shot it, and as he killed it he happened to let fall some boast.[10]
570	κἀκ τοῦδε μηνίσασα Λητῴα κόρη κατεῖχ' Ἀχαιούς, ὡς πατὴρ ἀντίσταθμον τοῦ θηρὸς ἐκθύσειε τὴν αὐτοῦ κόρην. ὧδ' ἦν τὰ κείνης θύματ'· οὐ γὰρ ἦν λύσις ἄλλη στρατῷ πρὸς οἶκον οὐδ' εἰς Ἴλιον. ἀνθ' ὧν, βιασθεὶς πολλὰ κἀντιβάς, μόλις ἔθυσεν αὐτήν, οὐχὶ Μενέλεω χάριν. εἰ δ' οὖν, ἐρῶ γὰρ καὶ τὸ σόν, κεῖνον θέλων ἐπωφελῆσαι ταῦτ' ἔδρα, τούτου θανεῖν χρῆν αὐτὸν οὕνεκ' ἐκ σέθεν; ποίῳ νόμῳ;	Angered at this, Leto's daughter held the Achaeans back, until my father should sacrifice his own daughter in return for the beast. That's how her sacrifice came about: there was no other release for the army, either homeward or to Troy. So under great pressure, resisting hard, he sacrificed her at last—and not for Menelaus' sake. But even if —I'll put your case too—he did it wanting to help him, should he have died at your hands for that? By what law?
580	ὅρα τιθεῖσα τόνδε τὸν νόμον βροτοῖς μὴ πῆμα σαυτῇ καὶ μετάγνοιαν τιθῇς. εἰ γὰρ κτενοῦμεν ἄλλον ἀντ' ἄλλου, σύ τοι πρώτη θάνοις ἄν, εἰ δίκης γε τυγχάνοις. ἀλλ' εἰσόρα μὴ σκῆψιν οὐκ οὖσαν τίθης. εἰ γὰρ θέλεις, δίδαξον ἀνθ' ὅτου τανῦν αἴσχιστα πάντων ἔργα δρῶσα τυγχάνεις,	Be careful that in laying down this law for people, you're not laying down grief and regret for yourself. If we are to kill one person in return for another, you'd be the first to die, if you got justice. No —watch that you're not putting forward a pretext that doesn't exist. Tell me, if you will, why you are now doing the most shameful thing of all: sleeping

10 Aulis was the harbor in Boeotia where the Greek fleet gathered before sailing to Troy.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἥτις ξυνεύδεις τῷ παλαμναίῳ, μεθ' οὗ πατέρα τὸν ἀμὸν πρόσθεν ἐξαπώλεσας, καὶ παιδοποιεῖς, τοὺς δὲ πρόσθεν εὐσεβεῖς κἀξ εὐσεβῶν βλαστόντας ἐκβαλοῦσ' ἔχεις.	with the murderer you helped destroy my father with, and having children by him, while the children you had before, reverent and born of reverent parents, you've driven out.
591	πῶς ταῦτ' ἐπαινέσαιμ' ἄν; ἢ καὶ ταῦτ' ἐρεῖς ὡς τῆς θυγατρὸς ἀντίποινα λαμβάνεις; αἰσχρῶς δ', ἐάν περ καὶ λέγῃς· οὐ γὰρ καλὸν ἐχθροῖς γαμεῖσθαι τῆς θυγατρὸς οὕνεκα. ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ οὐδὲ νουθετεῖν ἔξεστί σε, ἣ πᾶσαν ἵης γλῶσσαν ὡς τὴν μητέρα κακοστομοῦμεν. καί σ' ἔγωγε δεσπότιν ἢ μητέρ' οὐκ ἔλασσον εἰς ἡμᾶς νέμω, ἢ ζῶ βίον μοχθηρόν, ἔκ τε σοῦ κακοῖς πολλοῖς ἀεὶ ξυνοῦσα τοῦ τε συννόμου·	How could I approve of that? Or will you say this too is retribution for your daughter? It's shameful if you do say it; it isn't right to marry your enemies for a daughter's sake. But no—one can't even give you advice, since you let your tongue loose in every way, saying we abuse our mother. I, for one, think of you as no less a slave-owner to us than a mother. I live a miserable life, always surrounded by a host of troubles from you and your partner.
601	ὃ δ' ἄλλος ἔξω, χεῖρα σὴν μόλις φυγών, τλήμων Ὀρέστης δυστυχῆ τρίβει βίον· ὃν πολλὰ δή με σοὶ τρέφειν μιάστορα ἐπῃτιάσω· καὶ τόδ', εἴπερ ἔσθενον, ἔδρων ἄν, εὖ τοῦτ' ἴσθι· τοῦδέ γ' οὕνεκα κήρυσσέ μ' εἰς ἅπαντας, εἴτε χρῇς κακὴν εἴτε στόμαργον εἴτ' ἀναιδείας πλέαν. εἰ γὰρ πέφυκα τῶνδε τῶν ἔργων ἴδρις, σχεδόν τι τὴν σὴν οὐ καταισχύνω φύσιν.	And the other one, abroad, who barely escaped your hand, poor Orestes, is wearing out an unhappy life. You've often accused me of raising him to be your avenger—and I would, if I had the strength, be sure of that. For that matter, proclaim me to all the world as wicked, or loud-mouthed, or full of shamelessness, whatever you like. If I have a talent for such things, I'm hardly a disgrace to your nature.
610	**CHORUS** ὁρῶ μένος πνέουσαν· εἰ δὲ σὺν δίκῃ / ξύνεστι, τοῦδε φροντίδ' οὐκέτ' εἰσορῶ.	**CHORUS** I see her breathing rage. But whether justice is on her side—I no longer see her giving any thought to that.
612	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ποίας δ' ἐμοὶ δεῖ πρός γε τήνδε φροντίδος, ἥτις τοιαῦτα τὴν τεκοῦσαν ὕβρισεν, καὶ ταῦτα τηλικοῦτος; ἆρά σοι δοκεῖ χωρεῖν ἂν εἰς πᾶν ἔργον αἰσχύνης ἄτερ;	**CLYTEMNESTRA** And what thought do I need to give to her, when she has outraged her own mother like this, and at her age? Don't you think she'd go to any length, without shame?
616	**ELECTRA** εὖ νυν ἐπίστω τῶνδέ μ' αἰσχύνην ἔχειν, κεἰ μὴ δοκῶ σοι· μανθάνω δ' ὀθούνεκα ἔξωρα πράσσω κοὐκ ἐμοὶ προσεικότα. ἀλλ' ἡ γὰρ ἐκ σοῦ δυσμένεια καὶ τὰ σὰ ἔργ' ἐξαναγκάζει με ταῦτα δρᾶν βίᾳ· αἰσχροῖς γὰρ αἰσχρὰ πράγματ' ἐκδιδάσκεται.	**ELECTRA** You can be sure I am ashamed of it, even if you don't think so. I understand that what I do is out of season and unbecoming to me. But your hostility and your deeds force me to it. Shameful things are learned from shameful ones.
622	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ὦ θρέμμ' ἀναιδές, ἦ σ' ἐγὼ καὶ τἄμ' ἔπη / καὶ τἄργα τἀμὰ πόλλ' ἄγαν λέγειν ποεῖ.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** You shameless creature! So it's I, my words and my deeds, that make you say far too much?
624	**ELECTRA** σύ τοι λέγεις νιν, οὐκ ἐγώ· σὺ γὰρ ποεῖς / τοὔργον· τὰ δ' ἔργα τοὺς λόγους εὑρίσκεται.	**ELECTRA** You're the one saying it, not I. You do the deeds, and deeds find their own words.
626	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ἀλλ' οὐ μὰ τὴν δέσποιναν Ἄρτεμιν θράσους / τοῦδ' οὐκ ἀλύξεις, εὖτ' ἂν Αἴγισθος μόλῃ.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** By our lady Artemis, you won't escape paying for this insolence once Aegisthus comes.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
628	**ELECTRA** ὁρᾷς; πρὸς ὀργὴν ἐκφέρει, μεθεῖσά μοι / λέγειν ἃ χρῄζοιμ', οὐδ' ἐπίστασαι κλύειν.	**ELECTRA** You see? You fly into a rage, after giving me leave to say what I liked. You don't know how to listen.
630	**CLYTEMNESTRA** οὔκουν ἐάσεις οὐδ' ὑπ' εὐφήμου βοῆς / θῦσαί μ', ἐπειδὴ σοί γ' ἐφῆκα πᾶν λέγειν;	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Won't you let me sacrifice in peace, without your noise, now that I've let you say everything?
632	**ELECTRA** ἐῶ, κελεύω, θῦε· μηδ' ἐπαιτιῶ / τοὐμὸν στόμ', ὡς οὐκ ἂν πέρα λέξαιμ' ἔτι.	**ELECTRA** I let you, I urge you: sacrifice. Don't blame my mouth. I won't say another word.
634	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ἔπαιρε δὴ σὺ θύμαθ' ἡ παροῦσά μοι πάγκαρπ', ἄνακτι τῷδ' ὅπως λυτηρίους εὐχὰς ἀνάσχω δειμάτων, ἃ νῦν ἔχω. κλύοις ἂν ἤδη, Φοῖβε προστατήριε, κεκρυμμένην μου βάξιν· οὐ γὰρ ἐν φίλοις ὁ μῦθος, οὐδὲ πᾶν ἀναπτύξαι πρέπει πρὸς φῶς παρούσης τῆσδε πλησίας ἐμοί, μὴ σὺν φθόνῳ τε καὶ πολυγλώσσῳ βοῇ σπείρῃ ματαίαν βάξιν εἰς πᾶσαν πόλιν. ἀλλ' ὦδ' ἄκουε· τῇδε γὰρ κἀγὼ φράσω.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** You there, attending me, lift up the offerings of every fruit, so that I may raise my prayers to this lord here, to free me from the fears I have now. Hear now, Phoebus, our protector, my hidden words. I'm not speaking among friends, and it isn't fitting to unfold everything to the light while she stands near me, or she'll spread empty rumors through the whole city with her spite and her ready tongue. So hear me this way; this is how I'll speak.[11]
644	ἃ γὰρ προσεῖδον νυκτὶ τῇδε φάσματα δισσῶν ὀνείρων, ταῦτά μοι, Λύκει' ἄναξ, εἰ μὲν πέφηνεν ἐσθλά, δὸς τελεσφόρα, εἰ δ' ἐχθρά, τοῖς ἐχθροῖσιν ἔμπαλιν μέθες· καὶ μή με πλούτου τοῦ παρόντος εἴ τινες δόλοισι βουλεύουσιν ἐκβαλεῖν, ἐφῇς, ἀλλ' ὦδέ μ' αἰεὶ ζῶσαν ἀβλαβεῖ βίῳ δόμους Ἀτρειδῶν σκῆπτρά τ' ἀμφέπειν τάδε, φίλοισί τε ξυνοῦσαν οἷς ξύνειμι νῦν εὐημεροῦσαν καὶ τέκνων ὅσων ἐμοὶ δύσνοια μὴ πρόσεστιν ἢ λύπη πικρά.	The visions I saw this night, in double-edged dreams—if they've appeared for good, Lycean lord, grant that they come true; if for harm, turn them back on my enemies. And if anyone is plotting by trickery to throw me out of the wealth I have, don't allow it. Let me always live like this, unharmed, ruling the house of Atreus and this scepter, sharing my days with the loved ones I live with now, prospering, and with those of my children who bear me no ill will or bitter grief.
655	ταῦτ', ὦ Λύκει' Ἄπολλον, ἵλεως κλύων δὸς πᾶσιν ἡμῖν ὥσπερ ἐξαιτούμεθα. τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα καὶ σιωπώσης ἐμοῦ ἐπαξιῶ σε δαίμον' ὄντ' ἐξειδέναι· τοὺς ἐκ Διὸς γὰρ εἰκός ἐστι πάνθ' ὁρᾶν.	Hear these things graciously, Lycean Apollo, and grant them to all of us, as we ask. All the rest, though I keep silent, I believe you know, since you are a god. It's natural that the children of Zeus see everything.
660	**TUTOR** ξέναι γυναῖκες, πῶς ἂν εἰδείην σαφῶς / εἰ τοῦ τυράννου δώματ' Αἰγίσθου τάδε;	**TUTOR** Ladies, I'm a stranger here. How can I find out for sure whether this is the house of Aegisthus, the king?
662	**CHORUS** τάδ' ἐστίν, ὦ ξέν'· αὐτὸς ᾔκασας καλῶς.	**CHORUS** It is, stranger. You've guessed right yourself.
663	**TUTOR** ἦ καὶ δάμαρτα τήνδ' ἐπεικάζων κυρῶ / κείνου; πρέπει γὰρ ὡς τύραννος εἰσορᾶν.	**TUTOR** And am I right in guessing that this is his wife? She has a royal look.
665	**CHORUS** μάλιστα πάντων· ἥδε σοι κείνη πάρα.	**CHORUS** Quite right. Here she is.

11 An image of Apollo stands before the palace door.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
666	**TUTOR** ὦ χαῖρ', ἄνασσα· σοὶ φέρων ἥκω λόγους / ἡδεῖς φίλου παρ' ἀνδρὸς Αἰγίσθῳ θ' ὁμοῦ.	**TUTOR** Greetings, my lady. I've come with pleasant news from a friend, for you and for Aegisthus too.
668	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ἐδεξάμην τὸ ῥηθέν· εἰδέναι δέ σου / πρώτιστα χρῄζω τίς σ' ἀπέστειλεν βροτῶν.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** I welcome the omen of your words. But first of all I want to know who sent you.
670	**TUTOR** Φανοτεὺς ὁ Φωκεύς, πρᾶγμα πορσύνων μέγα.	**TUTOR** Phanoteus the Phocian, on a matter of great importance.
671	**CLYTEMNESTRA** τὸ ποῖον, ὦ ξέν'; εἰπέ· παρὰ φίλου γὰρ ὢν / ἀνδρός, σάφ' οἶδα, προσφιλεῖς λέξεις λόγους.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** What matter, stranger? Tell me. Coming from a friend, I'm sure you'll bring friendly words.
673	**TUTOR** τέθνηκ' Ὀρέστης· ἐν βραχεῖ ξυνθεὶς λέγω.	**TUTOR** Orestes is dead. That's all of it, in a word.
674	**ELECTRA** οἲ 'γὼ τάλαιν', ὄλωλα τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ.	**ELECTRA** Oh, no, I'm wretched—this day has destroyed me.
675	**CLYTEMNESTRA** τί φής, τί φής, ὦ ξεῖνε; μὴ ταύτης κλύε.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** What are you saying, stranger, what? Don't listen to her.
676	**TUTOR** θανόντ' Ὀρέστην νῦν τε καὶ πάλαι λέγω.	**TUTOR** Orestes is dead—I say it now, as I said it before.
677	**ELECTRA** ἀπωλόμην δύστηνος, οὐδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.	**ELECTRA** I'm lost, I'm wretched, I'm nothing anymore.
678	**CLYTEMNESTRA** σὺ μὲν τὰ σαυτῆς πρᾶσσ', ἐμοὶ δὲ σύ, ξένε, / τἀληθὲς εἰπέ, τῷ τρόπῳ διόλλυται;	**CLYTEMNESTRA** You mind your own business. And you, stranger, tell me the truth: how did he die?
680	**TUTOR** κἀπεμπόμην πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ τὸ πᾶν φράσω. κεῖνος γὰρ ἐλθὼν εἰς τὸ κλεινὸν Ἑλλάδος πρόσχημ' ἀγῶνος Δελφικῶν ἄθλων χάριν, ὅτ' ᾔσθετ' ἀνδρὸς ὀρθίων κηρυγμάτων δρόμον προκηρύξαντος, οὗ πρώτη κρίσις, εἰσῆλθε λαμπρός, πᾶσι τοῖς ἐκεῖ σέβας· δρόμου δ' ἰσώσας τἀφέσει τὰ τέρματα νίκης ἔχων ἐξῆλθε πάντιμον γέρας. χὤπως μὲν ἐν πολλοῖσι παῦρά σοι λέγω οὐκ οἶδα τοιοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς ἔργα καὶ κράτη·	**TUTOR** That's what I was sent for, and I'll tell you everything. He went to the great festival that is the glory of Greece, for the contests at Delphi. When he heard the herald's ringing voice announce the footrace, which was the first event, he stepped in, radiant, the wonder of everyone there. He ran the course from start to finish and came away with victory, the prize all men honor. To tell you a little out of so much: I've never known a man to match his feats and triumphs.
690	ἓν δ' ἴσθ'· ὅσων γὰρ εἰσεκήρυξαν βραβῆς τούτων ἐνεγκὼν πάντα τἀπινίκια ὠλβίζετ', Ἀργεῖος μὲν ἀνακαλούμενος, ὄνομα δ' Ὀρέστης, τοῦ τὸ κλεινὸν Ἑλλάδος Ἀγαμέμνονος στράτευμ' ἀγείραντός ποτε. καὶ ταῦτα μὲν τοιαῦθ'· ὅταν δέ τις θεῶν βλάπτῃ, δύναιτ' ἂν οὐδ' ἂν ἰσχύων φυγεῖν. κεῖνος γὰρ ἄλλης ἡμέρας, ὅθ' ἱππικῶν ἦν ἡλίου τέλλοντος ὠκύπους ἀγών, εἰσῆλθε πολλῶν ἁρματηλατῶν μέτα.	Just know this one thing: in every event the judges announced, he carried off the victor's prize, and was hailed as blessed, proclaimed an Argive, by name Orestes, son of Agamemnon, who once mustered the famous army of Greece. So much for that. But when some god means harm, not even a strong man can escape. On another day, at sunrise, when the swift contest of the horses was held, he entered along with many charioteers.
701		

GREEK	ENGLISH
εἷς ἦν Ἀχαιός, εἷς ἀπὸ Σπάρτης, δύο Λίβυες ζυγωτῶν ἁρμάτων ἐπιστάται· κἀκεῖνος ἐν τούτοισι, Θεσσαλὰς ἔχων ἵππους, ὁ πέμπτος· ἕκτος ἐξ Αἰτωλίας ξανθαῖσι πώλοις· ἕβδομος Μάγνης ἀνήρ· ὁ δ' ὄγδοος λεύκιππος, Αἰνιὰν γένος· ἔνατος Ἀθηνῶν τῶν θεοδμήτων ἄπο· Βοιωτὸς ἄλλος, δέκατον ἐκπληρῶν ὄχον.	One was an Achaean, one from Sparta, two were Libyans, masters of yoked chariots; and he among them, with Thessalian mares, was the fifth. Sixth came one from Aetolia with chestnut colts; seventh, a man from Magnesia; eighth, with white horses, an Aenianian by birth; ninth, one from Athens, the city the gods built; and another, a Boeotian, made the tenth chariot.
709 στάντες δ' ἵν' αὐτοὺς οἱ τεταγμένοι βραβῆς κλήροις ἔπηλαν καὶ κατέστησαν δίφρους, χαλκῆς ὑπαὶ σάλπιγγος ᾖξαν· οἱ δ' ἅμα ἵπποις ὁμοκλήσαντες ἡνίας χεροῖν ἔσεισαν· ἐν δὲ πᾶς ἐμεστώθη δρόμος κτύπου κροτητῶν ἁρμάτων· κόνις δ' ἄνω φορεῖθ'· ὁμοῦ δὲ πάντες ἀναμεμιγμένοι φείδοντο κέντρων οὐδέν, ὡς ὑπερβάλοι χνόας τις αὐτῶν καὶ φρυάγμαθ' ἱππικά. ὁμοῦ γὰρ ἀμφὶ νῶτα καὶ τροχῶν βάσεις ἤφριζον, εἰσέβαλλον ἱππικαὶ πνοαί.	They took their places where the appointed judges had drawn their lots and set the chariots in line, and at the blast of the bronze trumpet they shot away. All at once they shouted to their horses and shook the reins in their hands. The whole course filled with the clatter of rattling chariots; the dust flew up. Bunched together, they spared no goad, each trying to get past the others' wheel hubs and snorting horses. All around, the horses' breath fell foaming on the drivers' backs and the turning wheels.
720 κεῖνος δ' ὑπ' αὐτὴν ἐσχάτην στήλην ἔχων ἔχριμπτ' ἀεὶ σύριγγα, δεξιὸν δ' ἀνεὶς σειραῖον ἵππον εἶργε τὸν προσκείμενον. καὶ πρὶν μὲν ὀρθοὶ πάντες ἕστασαν δίφροι· ἔπειτα δ' Αἰνιᾶνος ἀνδρὸς ἄστομοι πῶλοι βίᾳ φέρουσιν· ἐκ δ' ὑποστροφῆς τελοῦντες ἕκτον ἕβδομόν τ' ἤδη δρόμον μέτωπα συμπαίουσι Βαρκαίοις ὄχοις· κἀντεῦθεν ἄλλος ἄλλον ἐξ ἑνὸς κακοῦ ἔθραυε κἀνέπιπτε, πᾶν δ' ἐπίμπλατο ναυαγίων Κρισαῖον ἱππικῶν πέδον.	He kept close in under the turning post every time, grazing it with his hub, and giving the right-hand trace horse its head, he held back the inside one. At first all the chariots stayed upright. But then the Aenianian's hard-mouthed colts bolted, and as they came round from the turn, finishing the sixth lap and starting the seventh, they smashed head-on into the Barcaean chariot. From that one mishap, one driver crashed into another and went down, and the whole plain of Crisa was filled with the shipwreck of chariots.[12]
731 γνοὺς δ' οὐξ Ἀθηνῶν δεινὸς ἡνιοστρόφος ἔξω παρασπᾷ κἀνακωχεύει παρὲς κλύδων' ἔφιππον ἐν μέσῳ κυκώμενον. ἦλαυνε δ' ἔσχατος μέν, ὑστέρας δ' ἔχων πώλους Ὀρέστης, τῷ τέλει πίστιν φέρων· ὅπως δ' ὁρᾷ μόνον νιν ἐλλελειμμένον, ὀξὺν δι' ὤτων κέλαδον ἐνσείσας θοαῖς πώλοις διώκει, κἀξισώσαντε ζυγὰ ἠλαυνέτην, τότ' ἄλλος, ἄλλοθ' ἅτερος κάρα προβάλλων ἱππικῶν ὀχημάτων.	The skilled driver from Athens saw it, pulled out to the side and reined in, letting the surge of horses churning in the middle go by. Orestes was driving last, holding his colts back, trusting to the finish. But when he saw the Athenian was the only one left, he sent a shrill cry ringing through his swift colts' ears and gave chase. The two of them drove with their teams level, first one, then the other, pushing his head out in front.
741 καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἄλλους πάντας ἀσφαλεῖς δρόμους ὡρμᾶθ' ὁ τλήμων ὀρθὸς ἐξ ὀρθῶν δίφρων· ἔπειτα λύων ἡνίαν ἀριστερὰν κάμπτοντος ἵππου λανθάνει στήλην ἄκραν παίσας· ἔθραυσε δ' ἄξονος μέσας χνόας κἀξ ἀντύγων ὤλισθεν· ἐν δ' ἑλίσσεται	Through all the other laps the poor boy had stood safe and upright in an upright chariot. Then, slackening his left rein as his horse made the turn, he struck the edge of the post without realizing it. He snapped the axle at the hub and was thrown over the chariot rail, tangled in the leather reins; and as

12 Barca was a Greek city in Libya; Crisa is the plain below Delphi where the chariot races were run.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	τμητοῖς ἰμᾶσι· τοῦ δὲ πίπτοντος πέδῳ πῶλοι διεσπάρησαν ἐς μέσον δρόμον.	he fell to the ground, his colts scattered across the middle of the track.
749	στρατὸς δ' ὅπως ὁρᾷ νιν ἐκπεπτωκότα δίφρων, ἀνωλόλυξε τὸν νεανίαν, οἷ' ἔργα δράσας οἷα λαγχάνει κακά, φορούμενος πρὸς οὐδας, ἄλλοτ' οὐρανῷ σκέλη προφαίνων, ἕς τέ νιν διφρηλάται, μόλις κατασχεθόντες ἱππικὸν δρόμον, ἔλυσαν αἱματηρόν, ὥστε μηδένα γνῶναι φίλων ἰδόντ' ἂν ἄθλιον δέμας. καί νιν πυρᾷ κέαντες εὐθὺς ἐν βραχεῖ χαλκῷ μέγιστον σῶμα δειλαίας σποδοῦ φέρουσιν ἄνδρες Φωκέων τεταγμένοι, ὅπως πατρῴας τύμβον ἐκλάχῃ χθονός.	When the crowd saw him thrown from the chariot, they cried out for the young man—after such feats, what a disaster was his lot—dragged along the ground, now flinging his legs up to the sky, until the charioteers, barely stopping his runaway horses, cut him loose, so bloody that none of his own people, had they seen it, would have known his wretched body. They burned him on a pyre at once, and men of Phocis, chosen for the task, are bringing that great body, now a little bronze urn of pitiful ashes, so that he may have his share of a grave in his father's land.
761	τοιαῦτά σοι ταῦτ' ἐστίν, ὡς μὲν ἐν λόγῳ ἀλγεινά, τοῖς δ' ἰδοῦσιν, οἵπερ εἴδομεν, μέγιστα πάντων ὧν ὅπωπ' ἐγὼ κακῶν.	That's how it was. Painful to hear told; but for those of us who saw it, the worst of all the disasters I have ever seen.
764	**CHORUS** φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ πᾶν δὴ δεσπόταισι τοῖς πάλαι / πρόρριζον, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἔφθαρται γένος.	**CHORUS** Ah, ah. So the whole house of our masters of old has been destroyed, it seems, root and all.
766	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ὦ Ζεῦ, τί ταῦτα, πότερον εὐτυχῆ λέγω, ἢ δεινὰ μέν, κέρδη δέ; λυπηρῶς δ' ἔχει, εἰ τοῖς ἐμαυτῆς τὸν βίον σῴζω κακοῖς.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Zeus, what am I to call this? Good fortune? Or terrible, but to my profit? It's a painful thing, to save my life through my own misfortunes.
769	**TUTOR** τί δ' ὧδ' ἀθυμεῖς, ὦ γύναι, τῷ νῦν λόγῳ;	**TUTOR** Why are you so downcast at this news, my lady?
770	**CLYTEMNESTRA** δεινὸν τὸ τίκτειν ἐστίν· οὐδὲ γὰρ κακῶς / πάσχοντι μῖσος ὧν τέκῃ προσγίγνεται.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Giving birth is a strange and powerful thing. Even when a mother is badly treated, she can't come to hate the children she bore.
772	**TUTOR** μάτην ἄρ' ἡμεῖς, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἥκομεν.	**TUTOR** Then it seems I've come for nothing.
773	**CLYTEMNESTRA** οὔτοι μάτην γε· πῶς γὰρ ἂν μάτην λέγοις, εἴ μοι θανόντος πίστ' ἔχων τεκμήρια προσῆλθες, ὅστις τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς γεγώς, μαστῶν ἀποστὰς καὶ τροφῆς ἐμῆς, φυγὰς ἀπεξενοῦτο καί μ', ἐπεὶ τῆσδε χθονὸς ἐξῆλθεν, οὐκέτ' εἶδεν, ἐγκαλῶν δέ μοι φόνους πατρῴους δείν' ἐπηπείλει τελεῖν;	**CLYTEMNESTRA** No, not for nothing. How could you call it for nothing, when you've come to me with sure proof of his death? He was born of my own life, yet he broke away from my breast and my care and lived in exile in a foreign land. Once he'd left this country he never saw me again. He accused me of his father's murder and threatened to do terrible things.
780	ὥστ' οὔτε νυκτὸς ὕπνον οὔτ' ἐξ ἡμέρας ἐμὲ στεγάζειν ἡδύν, ἀλλ' ὁ προστατῶν χρόνος διῆγέ μ' αἰὲν ὡς θανουμένην. νῦν δ'—ἡμέρᾳ γὰρ τῇδ' ἀπήλλαγμαι φόβου πρὸς τῆσδ' ἐκείνου θ'· ἦδε γὰρ μείζων βλάβη ξύνοικος ἦν μοι, τοὐμὸν ἐκπίνουσ' ἀεὶ	So neither by night nor by day could sweet sleep cover me. Each passing hour kept me living like a woman about to die. But now—since today I'm free of fear, both of her and of him; she was the greater harm, living under my roof, forever drinking the

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ψυχῆς ἄκρατον αἷμα—νῦν δ' ἔκηλά που τῶν τῆσδ' ἀπειλῶν οὕνεχ' ἡμερεύσομεν.	undiluted blood of my life—now, I think, as far as her threats go, I'll pass my days in peace.
788	**ELECTRA** οἴμοι τάλαινα· νῦν γὰρ οἰμῶξαι πάρα, Ὀρέστα, τὴν σὴν ξυμφοράν, ὅθ' ὧδ' ἔχων πρὸς τῆσδ' ὑβρίζει μητρός. ἆρ' ἔχει καλῶς;	**ELECTRA** Oh, no, poor me! Now I can truly wail over your fate, Orestes, when even in this state you're insulted by this mother of yours. Isn't that fine?
791	**CLYTEMNESTRA** οὗτοι σύ· κεῖνος δ' ὡς ἔχει καλῶς ἔχει.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Not for you. But for him, just as he is, it's fine.
792	**ELECTRA** ἄκουε, Νέμεσι τοῦ θανόντος ἀρτίως.	**ELECTRA** Hear her, Nemesis of the one who's just died![13]
793	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ἤκουσεν ὧν δεῖ κἀπεκύρωσεν καλῶς.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** She's heard what she should, and she's settled it well.
794	**ELECTRA** ὕβριζε· νῦν γὰρ εὐτυχοῦσα τυγχάνεις.	**ELECTRA** Go on, gloat. Fortune happens to be on your side now.
795	**CLYTEMNESTRA** οὔκουν Ὀρέστης καὶ σὺ παύσετον τάδε.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** So Orestes and you won't be putting a stop to it, will you?
796	**ELECTRA** πεπαύμεθ' ἡμεῖς, οὐχ ὅπως σὲ παύσομεν.	**ELECTRA** We're the ones who've been stopped—far from stopping you.
797	**CLYTEMNESTRA** πολλῶν ἂν ἥκοις, ὦ ξέν', ἄξιος τυχεῖν, / εἰ τήνδ' ἔπαυσας τῆς πολυγλώσσου βοῆς.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Stranger, you'd deserve a rich reward if you've put a stop to her endless shouting.
799	**TUTOR** οὐκοῦν ἀποστείχοιμ' ἄν, εἰ τάδ' εὖ κυρεῖ.	**TUTOR** Then I may as well go, if all is well.
800	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ἥκιστ'· ἐπείπερ οὔτ' ἐμοῦ κατάξι' ἂν πράξειας οὔτε τοῦ πορεύσαντος ξένου. ἀλλ' εἴσιθ' εἴσω· τήνδε δ' ἔκτοθεν βοᾶν ἔα τά θ' αὑτῆς καὶ τὰ τῶν φίλων κακά.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Not at all. That would be treatment unworthy of me, and of the friend who sent you on your way. No, come inside. Leave her out here to shout about her own troubles and her loved ones'.
804	**ELECTRA** ἆρ' ὑμὶν ὡς ἀλγοῦσα κὠδυνωμένη δεινῶς δακρῦσαι κἀπικωκῦσαι δοκεῖ τὸν υἱὸν ἡ δύστηνος ὧδ' ὀλωλότα; ἀλλ' ἐγγελῶσα φροῦδος· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ. Ὀρέστα φίλταθ', ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας θανών. ἀποσπάσας γὰρ τῆς ἐμῆς οἴχει φρενὸς αἵ μοι μόναι παρῆσαν ἐλπίδων ἔτι, σὲ πατρὸς ἥξειν ζῶντα τιμωρόν ποτε κἀμοῦ ταλαίνης. νῦν δὲ ποῖ με χρὴ μολεῖν;	**ELECTRA** Did she look to you like a woman in pain and anguish, the wretch, weeping terribly and wailing over her son who's died like this? No—she's gone off laughing. Oh, poor me. Orestes, my dearest, how you've destroyed me by dying! You've gone, and torn from my heart the only hopes I still had left: that someday you'd come back alive to avenge our father, and me in my misery. Where am I to go now?
813	μόνη γάρ εἰμι, σοῦ τ' ἀπεστερημένη καὶ πατρός. ἤδη δεῖ με δουλεύειν πάλιν ἐν τοῖσιν ἐχθίστοισιν ἀνθρώπων ἐμοὶ φονεῦσι πατρός. ἆρά μοι καλῶς ἔχει; ἀλλ' οὔ τι μὴν ἔγωγε τοῦ λοιποῦ χρόνου	I'm alone, robbed of you and of my father. Now I must be a slave again, among the people I hate most in the world, my father's murderers. Isn't that fine for me? No—from now on I will not go in

13 Nemesis is the goddess of retribution, who punishes arrogance and wrongs done to the dead.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ξύνοικος, εἴσειμ', ἀλλὰ τῇδε πρὸς πύλῃ παρεῖσ' ἐμαυτὴν ἄφιλος αὐανῶ βίον. πρὸς ταῦτα καινέτω τις, εἰ βαρύνεται, τῶν ἔνδον ὄντων· ὡς χάρις μέν, ἢν κτάνῃ, λύπη δ', ἐὰν ζῶ· τοῦ βίου δ' οὐδεὶς πόθος.	and live with them. I'll throw myself down here by the gate, with no one to love me, and let my life wither away. So if any of those inside resent it, let them kill me. It will be a kindness if they kill me, and a pain if I live. I have no desire for life.

SECOND STASIMON

Electra and the chorus lament together; she rejects every hope now that Orestes is dead.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
823	**CHORUS** ποῦ ποτε κεραυνοὶ Διὸς ἢ ποῦ φαέθων / Ἅλιος, εἰ ταῦτ' ἐφορῶντες κρύπτουσιν ἔκηλοι;	**CHORUS** Where are the thunderbolts of Zeus, where is the blazing Sun, if they look on this and calmly keep it hidden?
826	**ELECTRA** ἔ ἔ, αἰαῖ.	**ELECTRA** Ah, ah! Oh, no!
827	**CHORUS** ὦ παῖ, τί δακρύεις;	**CHORUS** Child, why are you weeping?
828	**ELECTRA** φεῦ.	**ELECTRA** Ah!
830	**CHORUS** μηδὲν μέγ' ἀΰσῃς.	**CHORUS** Don't cry out anything too bold.
831	**ELECTRA** ἀπολεῖς.	**ELECTRA** You'll destroy me.
832	**CHORUS** πῶς;	**CHORUS** How?
833	**ELECTRA** εἰ τῶν φανερῶς οἰχομένων εἰς Ἄϊδαν ἐλπίδ' ὑποίσεις, κατ' ἐμοῦ τακομένας μᾶλλον ἐπεμβάσει.	**ELECTRA** If you hold out hope for those who have plainly gone down to Hades, you'll trample all the harder on me as I waste away.
836	**CHORUS** οἶδα γὰρ ἄνακτ' Ἀμφιάρεων χρυσοδέτοις / ἕρκεσι κρυφθέντα γυναικῶν· καὶ νῦν ὑπὸ γαίας	**CHORUS** I know that lord Amphiaraus was hidden away by a woman's gold-linked snare; and now beneath the earth—[14]
840	**ELECTRA** ἔ ἔ, ἰώ.	**ELECTRA** Ah, ah! Oh!
841	**CHORUS** πάμψυχος ἀνάσσει.	**CHORUS** —he reigns, his soul alive and whole.
842	**ELECTRA** φεῦ.	**ELECTRA** Ah!
843	**CHORUS** φεῦ δῆτ'· ὀλοὰ γὰρ	**CHORUS** Ah, yes. For that deadly woman—
844	**ELECTRA** ἐδάμη.	**ELECTRA** —was struck down.
845	**CHORUS** ναί.	**CHORUS** Yes.
846	**ELECTRA** οἶδ' οἶδ'· ἐφάνη γὰρ μελέτωρ ἀμφὶ τὸν ἐν πένθει· ἐμοὶ δ' οὔτις ἔτ' ἔσθ'· ὃς γὰρ ἔτ' ἦν, φροῦδος ἀναρπασθείς.	**ELECTRA** I know, I know. An avenger came forward for the one they mourned.

14 Amphiaraus, a seer, was betrayed by his wife Eriphyle for a golden necklace and swallowed by the earth at Thebes; he lived on below as an oracle, and their son Alcmaeon avenged him.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		But I have no one left: the one I still had is gone, snatched away.
849	**CHORUS** δειλαία δειλαίων κυρεῖς.	**CHORUS** Poor girl, your lot is cruel.
850	**ELECTRA** κἀγὼ τοῦδ' ἴστωρ, ὑπερίστωρ, πανσύρτῳ παμμήνῳ πολλῶν δεινῶν στυγνῶν τ' αἰῶνι.	**ELECTRA** I know it, too well I know it, in a life swept along, month after month, by a flood of dreadful, hateful things.
853	**CHORUS** εἴδομεν ἀθρήνεις.	**CHORUS** We have seen what you lament.
855	**ELECTRA** μή μέ νυν μηκέτι / παραγάγῃς, ἵν' οὐ	**ELECTRA** Then don't try any more / to lead me on, to where no—
857	**CHORUS** τί φής;	**CHORUS** What do you mean?
858	**ELECTRA** πάρεισιν ἐλπίδων ἔτι κοινοτόκων / εὐπατριδᾶν ἀρωγαί.	**ELECTRA** —no comfort is left from hopes / in a nobly born brother of my own blood.
860	**CHORUS** πᾶσι θνατοῖς ἔφυ μόρος.	**CHORUS** Death is the lot of every mortal.
861	**ELECTRA** ἦ καὶ χαλάργοις ἐν ἁμίλλαις οὕτως, ὡς κείνῳ δυστάνῳ, τμητοῖς ὁλκοῖς ἐγκῦρσαι;	**ELECTRA** What, and to meet it like that, like him, poor man, in a race of pounding hooves, caught in the cut reins dragging him?
864	**CHORUS** ἄσκοπος ἁ λώβα.	**CHORUS** A cruel ruin past all foreseeing.
865	**ELECTRA** πῶς γὰρ οὔκ; εἰ ξένος / ἄτερ ἐμᾶν χερῶν	**ELECTRA** Of course it was—if, a stranger far from home, / with no hands of mine to tend him—
867	**CHORUS** παπαῖ.	**CHORUS** Oh, no!
868	**ELECTRA** κέκευθεν, οὔτε του τάφου ἀντιάσας / οὔτε γόων παρ' ἡμῶν.	**ELECTRA** —he lies hidden away, given no burial and no wailing from us.

THIRD EPISODE

Chrysothemis reports a lock of hair on the tomb; Electra resolves to kill Aegisthus herself.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
871	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ὑφ' ἡδονῆς τοι, φιλτάτη, διώκομαι τὸ κόσμιον μεθεῖσα σὺν τάχει μολεῖν· φέρω γὰρ ἡδονάς τε κἀνάπαυλαν ὧν πάροιθεν εἶχες καὶ κατέστενες κακῶν	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Dearest, I'm so happy I've come running here, all decorum forgotten. I bring you joy, and relief from the troubles you had before and groaned over.
875	**ELECTRA** πόθεν δ' ἂν εὕροις τῶν ἐμῶν σὺ πημάτων / ἄρηξιν, οἷς ἴασιν οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἰδεῖν;	**ELECTRA** And where would you find help for my sorrows, when there's no cure for them in sight?
877	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** πάρεστ' Ὀρέστης ἡμίν, ἴσθι τοῦτ' ἐμοῦ / κλύουσ', ἐναργῶς, ὥσπερ εἰσορᾷς ἐμέ.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Orestes is here with us—take it from me—as plainly as you see me.
879	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' ἦ μέμηνας, ὦ τάλαινα, κἀπὶ τοῖς / σαυτῆς κακοῖσι κἀπὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς γελᾷς;	**ELECTRA** Have you gone mad, you poor thing? Are you laughing at your own troubles and at mine?

	GREEK	ENGLISH
881	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** μὰ τὴν πατρῴαν ἑστίαν, ἀλλ' οὐχ ὕβρει / λέγω τάδ', ἀλλ' ἐκεῖνον ὡς παρόντα νῷν.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** By our father's hearth, I'm not saying it to mock you. I'm telling you he's here with us.
883	**ELECTRA** οἴμοι τάλαινα· καὶ τίνος βροτῶν λόγον / τόνδ' εἰσακούσασ' ὧδε πιστεύεις ἄγαν;	**ELECTRA** Oh, poor me. Who told you this story, that you believe it so completely?
885	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἐγὼ μὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ τε κοὐκ ἄλλης, σαφῆ / σημεῖ' ἰδοῦσα, τῷδε πιστεύω λόγῳ.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** I believe it on my own evidence, no one else's. I saw clear signs.
887	**ELECTRA** τίν', ὦ τάλαιν', ἔχουσα πίστιν; ἐς τί μοι / βλέψασα θάλπει τῷδ' ἀνηκέστῳ πυρί;	**ELECTRA** What proof have you got, poor thing? What did you see that's set you burning with this fever no one can cure?
889	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** πρός νυν θεῶν ἄκουσον, ὡς μαθοῦσά μου / τὸ λοιπὸν ἢ φρονοῦσαν ἢ μωρὰν λέγῃς.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** For the gods' sake, listen. Then, once you've heard me out, you can call me sensible or foolish.
891	**ELECTRA** σὺ δ' οὖν λέγ', εἴ σοι τῷ λόγῳ τις ἡδονή.	**ELECTRA** Well, go on, if you take any pleasure in talking.
892	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** καὶ δὴ λέγω σοι πᾶν ὅσον κατειδόμην. ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦλθον πατρὸς ἀρχαῖον τάφον, ὁρῶ κολώνης ἐξ ἄκρας νεορρύτους πηγὰς γάλακτος καὶ περιστεφῆ κύκλῳ πάντων ὅσ' ἐστὶν ἀνθέων θήκην πατρός. ἰδοῦσα δ' ἔσχον θαῦμα, καὶ περισκοπῶ μή πού τις ἡμῖν ἐγγὺς ἐγχρίμπτῃ βροτῶν. ὡς δ' ἐν γαλήνῃ πάντ' ἐδερκόμην τόπον, τύμβου προσεῖρπον ἆσσον· ἐσχάτης δ' ὁρῶ πυρᾶς νεώρη βόστρυχον τετμημένον· κεὐθὺς τάλαιν' ὡς εἶδον, ἐμπαίει τί μοι ψυχῇ σύνηθες ὄμμα, φιλτάτου βροτῶν πάντων Ὀρέστου τοῦθ' ὁρᾶν τεκμήριον·	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** All right, I'll tell you everything I saw. When I came to our father's ancient tomb, I saw streams of milk freshly poured from the top of the mound, and our father's resting place ringed all round with every kind of flower there is. I was amazed when I saw it, and I looked around in case someone was close by. When I saw the whole place was quiet, I crept nearer the tomb. And at the edge of the mound I saw a lock of hair, newly cut. The moment I saw it—poor me—a familiar image struck my soul: I was looking at a token of Orestes, dearest of all people on earth.
905	καὶ χερσὶ βαστάσασα δυσφημῶ μὲν οὔ, χαρᾷ δὲ πίμπλημ' εὐθὺς ὄμμα δακρύων. καὶ νῦν θ' ὁμοίως καὶ τότ' ἐξεπίσταμαι μή του τόδ' ἀγλάϊσμα πλὴν κείνου μολεῖν· τῷ γὰρ προσήκει πλήν γ' ἐμοῦ καὶ σοῦ τόδε; κἀγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔδρασα, τοῦτ' ἐπίσταμαι, οὐδ' αὖ σύ· πῶς γάρ; ᾗ γε μηδὲ πρὸς θεοὺς ἔξεστ' ἀκλαύστῳ τῆσδ' ἀποστῆναι στέγης. ἀλλ' οὐδὲ μὲν δὴ μητρὸς οὔθ' ὁ νοῦς φιλεῖ τοιαῦτα πράσσειν οὔτε δρῶσ' ἐλάνθαν' ἄν·	I picked it up in my hands, and I kept from any ill-omened word, but at once my eyes filled with tears of joy. And now, just as then, I'm certain this offering came from no one but him. Who else would care about it, apart from you and me? And I didn't do it, I know that, and neither did you—how could you? You can't even leave this house to go to the gods without paying for it in tears. And as for our mother, it's not her way to do things like that, and if she did, she wouldn't have gone unnoticed.
915	ἀλλ' ἔστ' Ὀρέστου ταῦτα τἀπιτύμβια. ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη, θάρσυνε· τοῖς αὐτοῖσί τοι οὐχ αὐτὸς αἰεὶ δαιμόνων παραστατεῖ. νῷν ἦν τὰ πρόσθεν στυγνός· ἡ δὲ νῦν ἴσως πολλῶν ὑπάρξει κῦρος ἡμέρα καλῶν.	No, these offerings at the tomb are Orestes'. So cheer up, dear. The same god doesn't always stand beside the same people. Ours was a hateful one before; but today, perhaps, will set the seal on many good things.
920		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ELECTRA φεῦ, τῆς ἀνοίας ὥς σ' ἐποικτίρω πάλαι.	**ELECTRA** Ah—how I've pitied your foolishness all along!
921	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** τί δ' ἔστιν; οὐ πρὸς ἡδονὴν λέγω τάδε;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** What's wrong? Isn't this something to be glad about?
922	**ELECTRA** οὐκ οἶσθ' ὅποι γῆς οὐδ' ὅποι γνώμης φέρει.	**ELECTRA** You don't know where in the world you're going, or where in your mind.
923	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** πῶς δ' οὐκ ἐγὼ κάτοιδ' ἃ γ' εἶδον ἐμφανῶς;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** How could I not know what I saw with my own eyes?
924	**ELECTRA** τέθνηκεν, ὦ τάλαινα, τἀκείνου δέ σοι / σωτήρι' ἔρρει· μηδὲν εἰς κεῖνόν γ' ὅρα.	**ELECTRA** He's dead, poor thing. Any rescue you hoped for from him is gone. Don't look to him.
926	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** οἴμοι τάλαινα· τοῦ τάδ' ἤκουσας βροτῶν;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Oh, no, poor me! Who told you that?
927	**ELECTRA** τοῦ πλησίον παρόντος, ἡνίκ' ὤλλυτο.	**ELECTRA** A man who was right there when he died.
928	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** καὶ ποῦ 'στιν οὗτος; θαῦμά τοί μ' ὑπέρχεται.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** And where is he? I can hardly believe it.
929	**ELECTRA** κατ' οἶκον, ἡδὺς οὐδὲ μητρὶ δυσχερής.	**ELECTRA** In the house—a welcome guest, and far from unwelcome to Mother.
930	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** οἴμοι τάλαινα· τοῦ γὰρ ἀνθρώπων ποτ' ἦν / τὰ πολλὰ πατρὸς πρὸς τάφον κτερίσματα;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Oh, no, poor me! Then whose were all those offerings at our father's tomb?
932	**ELECTRA** οἶμαι μάλιστ' ἔγωγε τοῦ τεθνηκότος / μνημεῖ' Ὀρέστου ταῦτα προσθεῖναί τινα.	**ELECTRA** I'd say most likely someone put them there as memorials to Orestes, now that he's dead.
934	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ὦ δυστυχής· ἐγὼ δὲ σὺν χαρᾷ λόγους τοιούσδ' ἔχουσ' ἔσπευδον, οὐκ εἰδυῖ' ἄρα ἵν' ἦμεν ἄτης· ἀλλὰ νῦν, ὅθ' ἱκόμην, τά τ' ὄντα πρόσθεν ἄλλα θ' εὑρίσκω κακά.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** How unlucky I am! And I came rushing here so happily with my news, not knowing what ruin we were in. And now that I'm here, I find the troubles we had before, and new ones too.
938	**ELECTRA** οὕτως ἔχει σοι ταῦτ'· ἐὰν δέ μοι πίθῃ, / τῆς νῦν παρούσης πημονῆς λύσεις βάρος.	**ELECTRA** That's how things stand for you. But if you listen to me, you'll lift the weight of the misery we're in now.
940	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἦ τοὺς θανόντας ἐξαναστήσω ποτέ;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** What, am I going to raise the dead?
941	**ELECTRA** οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅ γ' εἶπον· οὐ γὰρ ὧδ' ἄφρων ἔφυν.	**ELECTRA** That's not what I meant. I'm not such a fool.
942	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** τί γὰρ κελεύεις ὧν ἐγὼ φερέγγυος;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Then what are you asking that I'm able to do?
943	**ELECTRA** τλῆναί σε δρῶσαν ἃν ἐγὼ παραινέσω.	**ELECTRA** To have the courage to do what I'm going to urge.
944	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἀλλ' εἴ τις ὠφέλειά γ', οὐκ ἀπώσομαι.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Well, if there's any good in it, I won't refuse.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
945	**ELECTRA** ὅρα, πόνου τοι χωρὶς οὐδὲν εὐτυχεῖ.	**ELECTRA** Look—nothing succeeds without hard work.
946	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ὁρῶ. ξυνοίσω πᾶν ὅσονπερ ἂν σθένω.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** I see. I'll help with all the strength I have.
947	**ELECTRA** ἄκουε δή νυν ᾗ βεβούλευμαι ποεῖν. παρουσίαν μὲν οἶσθα καὶ σύ που φίλων ὡς οὔτις ἡμῖν ἔστιν, ἀλλ' Ἅιδης λαβὼν ἀπεστέρηκε καὶ μόνα λελείμμεθον. ἐγὼ δ' ἕως μὲν τὸν κασίγνητον βίῳ θάλλοντ' ἔτ' εἰσήκουον, εἶχον ἐλπίδας φόνου ποτ' αὐτὸν πράκτορ' ἵξεσθαι πατρός· νῦν δ' ἡνίκ' οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, εἰς σὲ δὴ βλέπω, ὅπως τὸν αὐτόχειρα πατρῴου φόνου ξὺν τῇδ' ἀδελφῇ μὴ κατοκνήσεις κτανεῖν Αἴγισθον· οὐδὲν γάρ σε δεῖ κρύπτειν μ' ἔτι.	**ELECTRA** Then listen to what I've decided to do. You know yourself, I think, that we have no loved ones by our side. Hades has taken them and robbed us, and we two are left alone. As long as I still heard that our brother was alive and thriving, I had hopes that he'd come someday to avenge our father's murder. But now that he's gone, I'm looking to you. Don't shrink from killing, with me, your sister, the man whose own hand murdered our father—Aegisthus. There's no reason for me to hide anything from you anymore.
958	ποῖ γὰρ μενεῖς ῥᾴθυμος, εἰς τίν' ἐλπίδων βλέψασ' ἔτ' ὀρθήν; ᾗ πάρεστι μὲν στένειν πλούτου πατρῴου κτῆσιν ἐστερημένῃ, πάρεστι δ' ἀλγεῖν ἐς τοσόνδε τοῦ χρόνου ἄλεκτρα γηράσκουσαν ἀνυμέναιά τε. καὶ τῶνδε μέντοι μηκέτ' ἐλπίσῃς ὅπως τεύξει ποτ'· οὐ γὰρ ὧδ' ἄβουλός ἐστ' ἀνὴρ Αἴγισθος ὥστε σόν ποτ' ἢ κἀμὸν γένος βλαστεῖν ἐᾶσαι, πημονὴν αὑτῷ σαφῆ. ἀλλ' ἢν ἐπίσπῃ τοῖς ἐμοῖς βουλεύμασιν, πρῶτον μὲν εὐσέβειαν ἐκ πατρὸς κάτω θανόντος οἴσει τοῦ κασιγνήτου θ' ἅμα·	How long will you sit back and wait? What hope still standing is left for you to look to? You have every reason to groan at being robbed of our father's wealth, and every reason to grieve at growing old, all this time, unmarried, with no wedding song. And don't go hoping you'll ever have those things. Aegisthus isn't so foolish as to let children of yours or mine ever be born—that would mean certain disaster for him. But if you follow my plan, first you'll win praise for your reverence from our dead father below, and from our brother too.
970	ἔπειτα δ', ὥσπερ ἐξέφυς, ἐλευθέρα καλεῖ τὸ λοιπὸν καὶ γάμων ἐπαξίων τεύξει· φιλεῖ γὰρ πρὸς τὰ χρηστὰ πᾶς ὁρᾶν. λόγων γε μὴν εὔκλειαν οὐχ ὁρᾷς ὅσην σαυτῇ τε κἀμοὶ προσβαλεῖς πεισθεῖσ' ἐμοί; τίς γάρ ποτ' ἀστῶν ἢ ξένων ἡμᾶς ἰδὼν τοιοῖσδ' ἐπαίνοις οὐχὶ δεξιώσεται· ἴδεσθε τώδε τὼ κασιγνήτω, φίλοι, ὦ τὸν πατρῷον οἶκον ἐξεσωσάτην, ὦ τοῖσιν ἐχθροῖς εὖ βεβηκόσιν ποτὲ ψυχῆς ἀφειδήσαντε προὐστήτην φόνου· τούτω φιλεῖν χρή, τώδε χρὴ πάντας σέβειν, τώδ' ἔν θ' ἑορταῖς ἔν τε πανδήμῳ πόλει τιμᾶν ἅπαντας οὕνεκ' ἀνδρείας χρεών.	Then you'll be called free from now on, just as you were born, and you'll find a marriage worthy of you; everyone likes to look to what's noble. And don't you see how much glory you'll win for yourself and for me if you do what I say? What citizen or stranger who sees us won't greet us with praise like this: "Look at these two sisters, friends. They saved their father's house. When their enemies stood firm in power, they gave no thought to their own lives and took the killing into their hands. These two we should love, these two we should all revere; at festivals and whenever the whole city gathers, all of us should honor these two for their courage."
984	τοιαῦτά τοι νὼ πᾶς τις ἐξερεῖ βροτῶν, ζώσαιν θανούσαιν θ' ὥστε μὴ 'κλιπεῖν κλέος. ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη, πείσθητι, συμπόνει πατρί, σύγκαμν' ἀδελφῷ, παῦσον ἐκ κακῶν ἐμέ, παῦσον δὲ σαυτήν, τοῦτο γιγνώσκουσ' ὅτι ζῆν αἰσχρὸν αἰσχρῶς τοῖς καλῶς πεφυκόσιν.	That's what everyone will say about us, so that in life and in death our fame will never fail. Please, dear, do as I say. Take up our father's cause, share the struggle with our brother, set me free from these troubles, and set yourself free. Know this:

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		for those born noble, to live shamefully is a shame.
990	**CHORUS** ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις ἐστὶν ἡ προμηθία / καὶ τῷ λέγοντι καὶ κλύοντι σύμμαχος.	**CHORUS** In matters like these, forethought is an ally to the one who speaks and the one who listens.
992	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** καὶ πρίν γε φωνεῖν, ὦ γυναῖκες, εἰ φρενῶν ἐτύγχαν' αὕτη μὴ κακῶν, ἐσῴζετ' ἂν τὴν εὐλάβειαν, ὥσπερ οὐχὶ σῴζεται. ποῖ γάρ ποτ' ἐμβλέψασα τοιοῦτον θράσος αὐτή θ' ὁπλίζει κἄμ' ὑπηρετεῖν καλεῖς; οὐκ εἰσορᾷς; γυνὴ μὲν οὐδ' ἀνὴρ ἔφυς, σθένεις δ' ἔλασσον τῶν ἐναντίων χερί. δαίμων δὲ τοῖς μὲν εὐτυχεῖ καθ' ἡμέραν, ἡμῖν δ' ἀπορρεῖ κἀπὶ μηδὲν ἔρχεται.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** And before she said a word, women, if she'd had any sense she'd have held on to caution—which she isn't doing. What in the world are you looking to, that you arm yourself with such daring and call on me to help you? Don't you see? You were born a woman, not a man, and your hand is weaker than your enemies'. Their fortune flourishes day by day, while ours is ebbing away and coming to nothing.
1001	τίς οὖν τοιοῦτον ἄνδρα βουλεύων ἑλεῖν ἄλυπος ἄτης ἐξαπαλλαχθήσεται; ὅρα κακῶς πράσσοντε μὴ μείζω κακὰ κτησώμεθ', εἴ τις τούσδ' ἀκούσεται λόγους. λύει γὰρ ἡμῖν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἐπωφελεῖ βάξιν καλὴν λαβόντε δυσκλεῶς θανεῖν. οὐ γὰρ θανεῖν ἔχθιστον, ἀλλ' ὅταν θανεῖν χρῄζων τις εἶτα μηδὲ τοῦτ' ἔχῃ λαβεῖν. ἀλλ' ἀντιάζω, πρὶν πανωλέθρους τὸ πᾶν ἡμᾶς τ' ὀλέσθαι κἀξερημῶσαι γένος, κατάσχες ὀργήν. καὶ τὰ μὲν λελεγμένα ἄρρητ' ἐγώ σοι κἀτελῆ φυλάξομαι, αὐτὴ δὲ νοῦν σχὲς ἀλλὰ τῷ χρόνῳ ποτέ, σθένουσα μηδὲν τοῖς κρατοῦσιν εἰκαθεῖν.	So who could plot to take down a man like that and get clear of ruin unharmed? Watch out, or, faring badly as we are, we'll bring worse trouble on ourselves if anyone hears what you've been saying. It does us no good, no help at all, to win a fine name and then die in disgrace. Death isn't the worst thing. The worst is when someone longs to die and can't even have that. No, I beg you, before we're utterly destroyed and our family wiped out, hold back your anger. I'll keep what you've said unspoken and unfulfilled. As for you, have some sense—at last, after all this time—and since you have no strength, give way to those in power.
1015	**CHORUS** πείθου· προνοίας οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις ἔφυ / κέρδος λαβεῖν ἄμεινον οὐδὲ νοῦ σοφοῦ.	**CHORUS** Listen to her. There's no gain people can win that's better than forethought and a wise mind.
1017	**ELECTRA** ἀπροσδόκητον οὐδὲν εἴρηκας· καλῶς δ' ᾔδη σ' ἀπορρίψουσαν ἀπηγγελλόμην. ἀλλ' αὐτόχειρί μοι μόνῃ τε δραστέον τοὔργον τόδ'· οὐ γὰρ δὴ κενόν γ' ἀφήσομεν.	**ELECTRA** You've said nothing I didn't expect. I knew perfectly well you'd throw away what I offered. Well then, I must do this deed with my own hand, alone. I won't leave it undone.
1021	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** φεῦ· εἴθ' ὤφελες τοιάδε τὴν γνώμην πατρὸς θνῄσκοντος εἶναι· πᾶν γὰρ ἂν κατειργάσω.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Ah! I wish you'd had this kind of resolve when our father was being killed. You'd have accomplished everything.
1023	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' ἥ φύσιν γε, τὸν δὲ νοῦν ἥσσων τότε.	**ELECTRA** I had the nature then. It was my mind that was weaker.
1024	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἄσκει τοιαύτη νοῦν δι' αἰῶνος μένειν.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Then try to keep your mind like that for the rest of your life.
1025	**ELECTRA** ὡς οὐχὶ συνδράσουσα νουθετεῖς τάδε.	**ELECTRA** You're lecturing me like this because you won't help.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1026	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** εἰκὸς γὰρ ἐγχειροῦντα καὶ πράσσειν κακῶς.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Yes—whoever tries such things is likely to come to grief.
1027	**ELECTRA** ζηλῶ σε τοῦ νοῦ, τῆς δὲ δειλίας στυγῶ.	**ELECTRA** I envy your good sense; I hate your cowardice.
1028	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἀνέξομαι κλύουσα χὤταν εὖ λέγῃς.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** I'll put up with hearing that—as I will when you praise me.
1029	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' οὔ ποτ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ γε μὴ πάθῃς τόδε.	**ELECTRA** Well, that you'll never get from me.
1030	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** μακρὸς τὸ κρῖναι ταῦτα χὠ λοιπὸς χρόνος.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** There's a long time ahead to judge that.
1031	**ELECTRA** ἄπελθε· σοὶ γὰρ ὠφέλησις οὐκ ἔνι.	**ELECTRA** Go away. There's no help in you.
1032	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἔνεστιν· ἀλλὰ σοὶ μάθησις οὐ πάρα.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** There is. But there's no learning in you.
1033	**ELECTRA** ἐλθοῦσα μητρὶ ταῦτα πάντ' ἔξειπε σῇ.	**ELECTRA** Go and tell all this to your mother.
1034	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** οὐδ' αὖ τοσοῦτον ἔχθος ἐχθαίρω σ' ἐγώ.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** No—I don't hate you that much.
1035	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' οὖν ἐπίστω γ' οἵ μ' ἀτιμίας ἄγεις.	**ELECTRA** Then at least understand what dishonor you're leading me into.
1036	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἀτιμίας μὲν οὔ, προμηθίας δὲ σοῦ.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Not dishonor. I'm looking out for you.
1037	**ELECTRA** τῷ σῷ δικαίῳ δῆτ' ἐπισπέσθαι με δεῖ;	**ELECTRA** So I'm supposed to follow your idea of what's just?
1038	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ὅταν γὰρ εὖ φρονῇς, τόθ' ἡγήσει σὺ νῷν.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** When you're thinking straight, then you can lead us both.
1039	**ELECTRA** ἦ δεινὸν εὖ λέγουσαν ἐξαμαρτάνειν.	**ELECTRA** It's terrible to speak so well and be so wrong.
1040	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** εἴρηκας ὀρθῶς ᾧ σὺ πρόσκεισαι κακῷ.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** You've described exactly the fault you're wedded to.
1041	**ELECTRA** τί δ'; οὐ δοκῶ σοι ταῦτα σὺν δίκῃ λέγειν;	**ELECTRA** What? Don't you think what I'm saying is just?
1042	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἔνθα χἡ δίκη βλάβην φέρει.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** There are times when even justice does harm.
1043	**ELECTRA** τούτοις ἐγὼ ζῆν τοῖς νόμοις οὐ βούλομαι.	**ELECTRA** I don't want to live by those laws.
1044	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἀλλ' εἰ ποήσεις ταῦτ', ἐπαινέσεις ἐμέ.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Well, if you do this, you'll come round to praising me.
1045	**ELECTRA** καὶ μὴν ποήσω γ' οὐδὲν ἐκπλαγεῖσά σε.	**ELECTRA** Oh, I'll do it, and you won't scare me off.
1046		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	CHRYSOTHEMIS καὶ τοῦτ' ἀληθές, οὐδὲ βουλεύσει πάλιν;	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Do you really mean it? You won't think again?
1047	**ELECTRA** βουλῆς γὰρ οὐδέν ἐστιν ἔχθιον κακῆς.	**ELECTRA** Nothing is more hateful than a bad plan.
1048	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** φρονεῖν ἔοικας οὐδὲν ὧν ἐγὼ λέγω.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** You don't seem to take in a word I say.
1049	**ELECTRA** πάλαι δέδοκται ταῦτα κοὐ νεωστί μοι.	**ELECTRA** I made up my mind long ago, not just now.
1050	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἄπειμι τοίνυν· οὔτε γὰρ σὺ τἄμ' ἔπη / τολμᾷς ἐπαινεῖν οὔτ' ἐγὼ τοὺς σοὺς τρόπους.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Then I'll go. You can't bring yourself to approve of my words, and I can't approve of your ways.
1052	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' εἴσιθ'. οὔ σοι μὴ μεθέψομαί ποτε, οὐδ' ἢν σφόδρ' ἱμείρουσα τυγχάνῃς· ἐπεὶ πολλῆς ἀνοίας καὶ τὸ θηρᾶσθαι κενά.	**ELECTRA** Go on in. I'll never follow you—not even if you want it desperately. It's sheer folly to chase after empty things.
1055	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** ἀλλ' εἰ σεαυτῇ τυγχάνεις δοκοῦσά τι φρονεῖν, φρόνει τοιαῦθ'. ὅταν γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς ἤδη βεβήκῃς, τἄμ' ἐπαινέσεις ἔπη.	**CHRYSOTHEMIS** Well, if you think you're being sensible, go on thinking that way. When you're already deep in trouble, you'll praise my words.

THIRD STASIMON

The chorus praise Electra's loyalty to her father and pray that she will triumph.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1060	**CHORUS** τί τοὺς ἄνωθεν φρονιμωτάτους οἰωνοὺς ἐσορώμενοι τροφᾶς κηδομένους ἀφ' ὧν τε βλάστωσιν ἀφ' ὧν τ' ὄνασιν εὕρωσι, τάδ' οὐκ ἐπ' ἴσας τελοῦμεν; ἀλλ' οὐ τὰν Διὸς ἀστραπὰν καὶ τὰν οὐρανίαν Θέμιν, δαρὸν οὐκ ἀπόνητοι. ὦ χθονία βροτοῖσι φάμα, κατά μοι βόασον οἰκτρὰν ὅπα τοῖς ἔνερθ' Ἀτρείδαις, ἀχόρευτα φέρουσ' ὀνείδη·	**CHORUS** Why, when we see the birds above, so wise, taking care to feed those who gave them life and those from whom they've had good, do we not pay that debt in equal measure? But by the lightning of Zeus and Themis enthroned in heaven, not for long will they go unpunished. Voice that travels down to mortals under the earth, cry out for me a pitiful cry to the house of Atreus below, carrying joyless news of disgrace:[15]
1070	ὅτι σφὶν ἤδη τὰ μὲν ἐκ δόμων νοσεῖ δή, τὰ δὲ πρὸς τέκνων διπλῆ φύλοπις οὐκέτ' ἐξισοῦται φιλοτασίῳ διαίτᾳ· πρόδοτος δὲ μόνα σαλεύει Ἠλέκτρα, τὸν ἀεὶ πατρὸς δειλαία στενάχουσ', ὅπως ἁ πάνδυρτος ἀηδών,	that their house is sick now, and between their children the strife of two is no longer softened in a loving life together. Betrayed, alone, Electra is tossed on the storm, forever mourning her father, poor girl,

15 Themis is the goddess of right and established order, who sits beside Zeus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	οὔτε τι τοῦ θανεῖν προμηθὴς τό τε μὴ βλέπειν ἑτοίμα, διδύμαν ἑλοῦσ' Ἐρινύν· τίς ἂν εὔπατρις ὧδε βλάστοι;	like the nightingale who grieves without end, with no thought for death, ready to leave the light behind, if only she can bring down the double Fury. Who could be born so worthy of her father?[16]
1081	οὐδεὶς τῶν ἀγαθῶν γὰρ ζῶν κακῶς εὔκλειαν αἰσχῦναι θέλει νώνυμος, ὦ παῖ παῖ. ὡς καὶ σὺ πάγκλαυτον αἰῶνα κοινὸν εἵλου, τὸ μὴ καλὸν καθοπλίσασα, δύο φέρειν ἐν ἑνὶ λόγῳ, σοφά τ' ἀρίστα τε παῖς κεκλῆσθαι.	For no one who is noble would choose to shame his good name by living a base life, without a name, child, my child. So you too have chosen a life of endless tears, shared with your own, taking up arms against what is shameful, to win two prizes in one word: to be called wise, and the best of daughters.
1090	ζώης μοι καθύπερθεν χειρὶ καὶ πλούτῳ τεῶν ἐχθρῶν ὅσον νῦν ὑπόχειρ ναίεις· ἐπεί σ' ἐφηύρηκα μοίρᾳ μὲν οὐκ ἐν ἐσθλᾷ βεβῶσαν, ἃ δὲ μέγιστ' ἔβλαστε νόμιμα, τῶνδε φερομέναν ἄριστα τᾷ Ζηνὸς εὐσεβείᾳ.	May you live as high above your enemies in power and wealth as you now live beneath their hand. For I have found you walking in no happy fortune, and yet in the greatest laws that ever grew among us winning the highest prize through your reverence toward Zeus.

FOURTH EPISODE

Orestes hands Electra the urn; after her lament he reveals himself, and the Tutor hurries them inside.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1097	**ORESTES** ἆρ', ὦ γυναῖκες, ὀρθά τ' εἰσηκούσαμεν / ὀρθῶς θ' ὁδοιποροῦμεν ἔνθα χρῄζομεν;	**ORESTES** Tell me, women: were we given the right directions? Is this the right road to where we want to go?
1100	**CHORUS** τί δ' ἐξερευνᾷς καὶ τί βουληθεὶς πάρει;	**CHORUS** What are you looking for? What brings you here?
1101	**ORESTES** Αἴγισθον ἔνθ' ᾤκηκεν ἱστορῶ πάλαι.	**ORESTES** I've been asking for a while now where Aegisthus lives.
1102	**CHORUS** ἀλλ' εὖ θ' ἱκάνεις χὠ φράσας ἀζήμιος.	**CHORUS** Well, you've come to the right place, and whoever directed you can't be faulted.
1103	**ORESTES** τίς οὖν ἂν ὑμῶν τοῖς ἔσω φράσειεν ἂν / ἡμῶν ποθεινὴν κοινόπουν παρουσίαν;	**ORESTES** Then which of you would tell the people inside that we've come, the two of us together, a visit they've been longing for?
1105	**CHORUS** ἥδ', εἰ τὸν ἄγχιστόν γε κηρύσσειν χρεών.	**CHORUS** She will, if the announcement should come from the nearest of kin.

16 The "double Fury" is the pair of avenging spirits on whom Electra's hatred is fixed: Clytemnestra and Aegisthus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1106	**ORESTES** ἴθ', ὦ γύναι, δήλωσον εἰσελθοῦσ' ὅτι / Φωκῆς ματεύουσ' ἄνδρες Αἴγισθόν τινες,	**ORESTES** Go in, then, lady, and let them know that some men from Phocis are looking for Aegisthus—
1108	**ELECTRA** οἴμοι τάλαιν', οὐ δή ποθ' ἧς ἠκούσαμεν / φήμης φέροντες ἐμφανῆ τεκμήρια;	**ELECTRA** Oh, no, no. You're not bringing clear proof of the rumor we heard, are you?
1110	**ORESTES** οὐκ οἶδα τὴν σὴν κληδόν'· ἀλλά μοι γέρων / ἐφεῖτ' Ὀρέστου Στρόφιος ἀγγεῖλαι πέρι.	**ORESTES** I don't know about your rumor. But old Strophius told me to bring news about Orestes.[17]
1112	**ELECTRA** τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ ξέν'; ὡς μ' ὑπέρχεται φόβος.	**ELECTRA** What is it, stranger? Fear is creeping over me.
1113	**ORESTES** φέροντες αὐτοῦ σμικρὰ λείψαν' ἐν βραχεῖ / τεύχει θανόντος, ὡς ὁρᾷς, κομίζομεν.	**ORESTES** He is dead. We're bringing the little that's left of him in a small urn, as you can see.
1115	**ELECTRA** οἰ 'γὼ τάλαινα, τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' ἤδη σαφὲς / πρόχειρον ἄχθος, ὡς ἔοικε, δέρκομαι.	**ELECTRA** Oh, how wretched I am! So that's it, plain to see now: the burden there in your hands, it seems.
1117	**ORESTES** εἴπερ τι κλαίεις τῶν Ὀρεστείων κακῶν, / τόδ' ἄγγος ἴσθι σῶμα τοὐκείνου στέγον.	**ORESTES** If you weep at all for what has happened to Orestes, know that this vessel holds his body.
1119	**ELECTRA** ὦ ξεῖνε, δός νυν, πρὸς θεῶν, εἴπερ τόδε κέκευθεν αὐτὸν τεῦχος, εἰς χεῖρας λαβεῖν, ὅπως ἐμαυτὴν καὶ γένος τὸ πᾶν ὁμοῦ ξὺν τῇδε κλαύσω κἀποδύρωμαι σποδῷ.	**ELECTRA** Stranger, for the gods' sake, if this urn really holds him, let me take it in my hands, so that I can weep and mourn with these ashes for myself and for our whole house together.
1123	**ORESTES** δόθ', ἥτις ἐστί, προσφέροντες· οὐ γὰρ ὡς ἐν δυσμενείᾳ γ' οὖσ' ἐπαιτεῖται τάδε, ἀλλ' ἢ φίλων τις ἢ πρὸς αἵματος φύσιν.	**ORESTES** Bring it to her, whoever she is, and give it to her. She isn't asking for it as someone who hated him. She must be one of his loved ones, or his own flesh and blood.
1126	**ELECTRA** ὦ φιλτάτου μνημεῖον ἀνθρώπων ἐμοὶ ψυχῆς Ὀρέστου λοιπόν, ὡς σ' ἀπ' ἐλπίδων οὐχ ὧνπερ ἐξέπεμπον εἰσεδεξάμην. νῦν μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ὄντα βαστάζω χεροῖν, δόμων δέ σ', ὦ παῖ, λαμπρὸν ἐξέπεμψ' ἐγώ. ὡς ὤφελον πάροιθεν ἐκλιπεῖν βίον, πρὶν ἐς ξένην σε γαῖαν ἐκπέμψαι χεροῖν κλέψασα ταῖνδε κἀνασώσασθαι φόνου, ὅπως θανὼν ἔκεισο τῇ τόθ' ἡμέρᾳ, τύμβου πατρῴου κοινὸν εἰληχὼς μέρος.	**ELECTRA** You are all that's left to remember the soul of Orestes by, dearest of all people to me. How far from the hopes I sent you out with is the way I've received you back! Now I hold you in my hands, and you are nothing. But you were shining, my boy, when I sent you from this house. I wish I had left this life before I stole you away with these hands, rescued you from murder, and sent you off to a foreign land. Then you would have died that day and lain here, sharing your father's tomb.
1136	νῦν δ' ἐκτὸς οἴκων κἀπὶ γῆς ἄλλης φυγὰς κακῶς ἀπώλου, σῆς κασιγνήτης δίχα, κοὔτ' ἐν φίλαισι χερσὶν ἡ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ λουτροῖς σ' ἐκόσμησ' οὔτε παμφλέκτου πυρὸς ἀνειλόμην, ὡς εἰκός, ἄθλιον βάρος, ἀλλ' ἐν ξέναισι χερσὶ κηδευθεὶς τάλας σμικρὸς προσήκεις ὄγκος ἐν σμικρῷ κύτει.	But as it is, you died miserably, far from home, an exile in another land, without your sister. And I, unhappy as I am, didn't wash you and lay you out with loving hands, or gather from the blazing fire, as was only right, that pitiful weight. No: tended by strangers' hands, poor boy, you come back to me a little weight in a little urn. Oh, how wretched

17 Strophius, king of Phocis, is the ally with whom the young Orestes was sent to be raised.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	οἴμοι τάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς πάλαι τροφῆς ἀνωφελήτου, τὴν ἐγὼ θάμ' ἀμφὶ σοὶ πόνῳ γλυκεῖ παρέσχον· οὔτε γάρ ποτε μητρὸς σύ γ' ἦσθα μᾶλλον ἢ κἀμοῦ φίλος, οὔθ' οἱ κατ' οἶκον ἦσαν, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τροφός, ἐγὼ δ' ἀδελφὴ σοὶ προσηυδώμην ἀεί.	I am! All my nursing long ago, gone for nothing, all the care I gave you so often, a labor that was sweet. You were never your mother's darling more than mine. It wasn't the servants of the house who nursed you. I did. And it was always me you called "sister."
1149	νῦν δ' ἐκλέλοιπε ταῦτ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ θανόντι σὺν σοί· πάντα γὰρ συναρπάσας θύελλ' ὅπως βέβηκας. οἴχεται πατήρ· τέθνηκ' ἐγὼ σοί· φροῦδος αὐτὸς εἶ θανών· γελῶσι δ' ἐχθροί· μαίνεται δ' ὑφ' ἡδονῆς μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ, ἧς ἐμοὶ σὺ πολλάκις φήμας λάθρᾳ προύπεμπες ὡς φανούμενος τιμωρὸς αὐτός. ἀλλὰ ταῦθ' ὁ δυστυχὴς δαίμων ὁ σός τε κἀμὸς ἐξαφείλετο, ὅς σ' ὧδέ μοι προύπεμψεν ἀντὶ φιλτάτης μορφῆς σποδόν τε καὶ σκιὰν ἀνωφελῆ.	Now all of that has vanished in a single day, dead with you. You've swept everything up like a whirlwind and gone. Our father is gone. I am dead along with you. You yourself are dead and gone. Our enemies are laughing. Our mother, who is no mother, is mad with joy. So often you sent me secret word that you would come yourself to take revenge on her. But your unlucky fate, and mine, has snatched all that away, and sent you back to me like this: instead of the form I loved, ashes and a useless shadow.
1160	οἴμοι μοι. ὦ δέμας οἰκτρόν. φεῦ φεῦ. ὦ δεινοτάτας, οἴμοι μοι, πεμφθεὶς κελεύθους, φίλταθ', ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας· ἀπώλεσας δῆτ', ὦ κασίγνητον κάρα. τοιγὰρ σὺ δέξαι μ' ἐς τὸ σὸν τόδε στέγος, τὴν μηδὲν εἰς τὸ μηδέν, ὡς σὺν σοὶ κάτω ναίω τὸ λοιπόν· καὶ γὰρ ἡνίκ' ἦσθ' ἄνω, ξὺν σοὶ μετεῖχον τῶν ἴσων, καὶ νῦν ποθῶ τοῦ σοῦ θανοῦσα μὴ ἀπολείπεσθαι τάφου. τοὺς γὰρ θανόντας οὐχ ὁρῶ λυπουμένους.	Oh, no, no. Pitiful body. Ah, ah. Oh, sent on the most terrible of journeys, oh, no, no, my dearest, how you have destroyed me! Yes, you have destroyed me, my own dear brother. So take me into this house of yours, nothing into nothing, so that I may live with you below for the rest of time. When you were up here, I shared everything equally with you, and now I long to die and not be shut out of your grave. For I don't see the dead in any pain.
1171	**CHORUS** θνητοῦ πέφυκας πατρός, Ἠλέκτρα, φρόνει, θνητὸς δ' Ὀρέστης. ὥστε μὴ λίαν στένε. πᾶσιν γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῦτ' ὀφείλεται παθεῖν.	**CHORUS** Remember, Electra, your father was mortal, and Orestes was mortal. So don't grieve too much. This is a debt all of us have to pay.
1174	**ORESTES** φεῦ φεῦ. τί λέξω; ποῖ λόγων ἀμηχανῶν / ἔλθω; κρατεῖν γὰρ οὐκέτι γλώσσης σθένω.	**ORESTES** Ah, ah. What shall I say? Where can I turn, when I have no words? I can't control my tongue any longer.
1176	**ELECTRA** τί δ' ἔσχες ἄλγος; πρὸς τί τοῦτ' εἰπὼν κυρεῖς;	**ELECTRA** What has hurt you? Why do you say that?
1177	**ORESTES** ἦ σὸν τὸ κλεινὸν εἶδος Ἠλέκτρας τόδε;	**ORESTES** Is this you, the famous Electra I see?
1178	**ELECTRA** τόδ' ἔστ' ἐκεῖνο, καὶ μάλ' ἀθλίως ἔχον.	**ELECTRA** It is, and in a very sorry state.
1179	**ORESTES** οἴμοι ταλαίνης ἆρα τῆσδε συμφορᾶς.	**ORESTES** Oh, no. Then what a wretched misfortune this is.
1180	**ELECTRA** οὐ δή ποτ', ὦ ξέν', ἀμφ' ἐμοὶ στένεις τάδε;	**ELECTRA** Surely, stranger, you're not grieving like this over me?
1181	**ORESTES** ὦ σῶμ' ἀτίμως κἀθέως ἐφθαρμένον.	**ORESTES** Oh, body so shamefully, so godlessly wasted!

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1182	**ELECTRA** οὔτοι ποτ’ ἄλλην ἢ ’μὲ δυσφημεῖς, ξένε.	**ELECTRA** Those ill-omened words are about me, stranger, and no one else.
1183	**ORESTES** φεῦ τῆς ἀνύμφου δυσμόρου τε σῆς τροφῆς,	**ORESTES** Ah, the life you’ve had, unmarried and ill-fated—
1184	**ELECTRA** τί δή ποτ’, ὦ ξέν’, ὧδ’ ἐπισκοπῶν στένεις;	**ELECTRA** Why ever do you look at me like that, stranger, and groan?
1185	**ORESTES** ὡς οὐκ ἄρ’ ᾔδη τῶν ἐμῶν οὐδὲν κακῶν.	**ORESTES** So I knew nothing of my own troubles after all.
1186	**ELECTRA** ἐν τῷ διέγνως τοῦτο τῶν εἰρημένων;	**ELECTRA** What did we say that made you see that?
1187	**ORESTES** ὁρῶν σε πολλοῖς ἐμπρέπουσαν ἄλγεσιν.	**ORESTES** Seeing you so marked by so many sufferings.
1188	**ELECTRA** καὶ μὴν ὁρᾷς γε παῦρα τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν.	**ELECTRA** And yet you’re seeing only a few of my troubles.
1189	**ORESTES** καὶ πῶς γένοιτ’ ἂν τῶνδ’ ἔτ’ ἐχθίω βλέπειν;	**ORESTES** How could there be any more hateful to see than these?
1190	**ELECTRA** ὀθούνεκ’ εἰμὶ τοῖς φονεῦσι σύντροφος	**ELECTRA** Because I live under the same roof as the murderers—
1191	**ORESTES** τοῖς τοῦ; πόθεν τοῦτ’ ἐξεσήμηνας κακόν;	**ORESTES** Whose murderers? What evil are you hinting at?
1192	**ELECTRA** τοῖς πατρός· εἶτα τοῖσδε δουλεύω βίᾳ.	**ELECTRA** My father’s. And on top of that I’m their slave, by force.
1193	**ORESTES** τίς γάρ σ’ ἀνάγκη τῇδε προτρέπει βροτῶν;	**ORESTES** Who on earth forces you into this?
1194	**ELECTRA** μήτηρ καλεῖται, μητρὶ δ’ οὐδὲν ἐξισοῖ.	**ELECTRA** She’s called my mother. She’s nothing like a mother.
1195	**ORESTES** τί δρῶσα; πότερα χερσὶν ἢ λύμῃ βίου;	**ORESTES** Doing what? Using her hands, or making your life a misery?
1196	**ELECTRA** καὶ χερσὶ καὶ λύμαισι καὶ πᾶσιν κακοῖς.	**ELECTRA** Her hands, and misery, and every kind of cruelty.
1197	**ORESTES** οὐδ’ οὐπαρήξων οὐδ’ ὁ κωλύσων πάρα;	**ORESTES** And there’s no one here to help you, no one to stop it?
1198	**ELECTRA** οὐ δῆθ’. ὃς ἦν γάρ μοι σὺ προὔθηκας σποδόν.	**ELECTRA** No. The one I had, you’ve set before me as ashes.
1199	**ORESTES** ὦ δύσποτμ’, ὡς ὁρῶν σ’ ἐποικτίρω πάλαι.	**ORESTES** Poor girl, how I’ve pitied you, watching you all this while.
1200	**ELECTRA** μόνος βροτῶν νυν ἴσθ’ ἐποικτίρας ποτέ.	**ELECTRA** Then you should know you’re the only person who has ever pitied me.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1201	**ORESTES** μόνος γὰρ ἥκω τοῖς ἴσοις ἀλγῶν κακοῖς.	**ORESTES** Because I'm the only one who has come here suffering the same pain as you.
1202	**ELECTRA** οὐ δή ποθ' ἡμῖν ξυγγενὴς ἥκεις ποθέν;	**ELECTRA** You're not some relative of ours, come from somewhere?
1203	**ORESTES** ἐγὼ φράσαιμ' ἄν, εἰ τὸ τῶνδ' εὔνουν πάρα.	**ORESTES** I'd tell you, if these women here are on our side.
1204	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' ἐστὶν εὔνουν, ὥστε πρὸς πιστὰς ἐρεῖς.	**ELECTRA** They are on our side. You'll be speaking to women you can trust.
1205	**ORESTES** μέθες τόδ' ἄγγος νῦν, ὅπως τὸ πᾶν μάθῃς.	**ORESTES** Let go of this urn now, so you can learn the whole truth.
1206	**ELECTRA** μὴ δῆτα πρὸς θεῶν τοῦτό μ' ἐργάσῃ, ξένε.	**ELECTRA** No, by the gods, don't do this to me, stranger!
1207	**ORESTES** πείθου λέγοντι κοὐχ ἁμαρτήσει ποτέ.	**ORESTES** Do as I say and you'll never go wrong.
1208	**ELECTRA** μή, πρὸς γενείου, μὴ 'ξέλῃ τὰ φίλτατα.	**ELECTRA** No, I beg you by your beard, don't take away what I love most!
1209	**ORESTES** οὔ φημ' ἐάσειν.	**ORESTES** I won't let you keep it.
	ELECTRA ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ σέθεν, / Ὀρέστα, τῆς σῆς εἰ στερήσομαι ταφῆς.	**ELECTRA** Oh, Orestes, how wretched I am for you, if I'm to be robbed of burying you!
1211	**ORESTES** εὔφημα φώνει· πρὸς δίκης γὰρ οὐ στένεις.	**ORESTES** Hush, no words of ill omen. You have no right to mourn.
1212	**ELECTRA** πῶς τὸν θανόντ' ἀδελφὸν οὐ δίκῃ στένω;	**ELECTRA** How have I no right to mourn my dead brother?
1213	**ORESTES** οὔ σοι προσήκει τήνδε προσφωνεῖν φάτιν.	**ORESTES** It isn't proper for you to speak of him like that.
1214	**ELECTRA** οὕτως ἄτιμός εἰμι τοῦ τεθνηκότος;	**ELECTRA** Have I so little claim on the dead?
1215	**ORESTES** ἄτιμος οὐδενὸς σύ· τοῦτο δ' οὐχὶ σόν.	**ORESTES** You have a claim on everyone. But this isn't yours.
1216	**ELECTRA** εἴπερ γ' Ὀρέστου σῶμα βαστάζω τόδε;	**ELECTRA** Not if it's Orestes' body I'm holding?
1217	**ORESTES** ἀλλ' οὐκ Ὀρέστου, πλὴν λόγῳ γ' ἠσκημένον.	**ORESTES** It isn't Orestes', except as a story has dressed it up.
1218	**ELECTRA** ποῦ δ' ἔστ' ἐκείνου τοῦ ταλαιπώρου τάφος;	**ELECTRA** Then where is that poor boy's grave?
1219	**ORESTES** οὐκ ἔστι· τοῦ γὰρ ζῶντος οὐκ ἔστιν τάφος.	**ORESTES** There is none. The living have no grave.
1220	**ELECTRA** πῶς εἶπας, ὦ παῖ;	**ELECTRA** What did you say, child?
	ORESTES ψεῦδος οὐδὲν ὧν λέγω.	**ORESTES** Nothing I'm saying is a lie.
1221	**ELECTRA** ἦ ζῇ γὰρ ἀνήρ;	**ELECTRA** He's alive, then?

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ORESTES εἴπερ ἔμψυχός γ' ἐγώ.	**ORESTES** If I am.
1222	**ELECTRA** ἦ γὰρ σὺ κεῖνος;	**ELECTRA** You—you're him?
	ORESTES τήνδε προσβλέψασά μου / σφραγῖδα πατρὸς ἔκμαθ' εἰ σαφῆ λέγω.	**ORESTES** Look at this seal of our father's, and see for yourself whether I'm telling the truth.[18]
1224	**ELECTRA** ὦ φίλτατον φῶς.	**ELECTRA** Oh, dearest light!
	ORESTES φίλτατον, συμμαρτυρῶ.	**ORESTES** Dearest. I agree.
1225	**ELECTRA** ὦ φθέγμ', ἀφίκου;	**ELECTRA** That voice—you've come?
	ORESTES μηκέτ' ἄλλοθεν πύθῃ,	**ORESTES** No need to hear it from anyone else now.
1226	**ELECTRA** ἔχω σε χερσίν;	**ELECTRA** Do I have you in my arms?
	ORESTES ὡς τὰ λοίπ' ἔχοις ἀεί.	**ORESTES** And may you always have me from now on.
1227	**ELECTRA** ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, ὦ πολίτιδες, ὁρᾶτ' Ὀρέστην τόνδε, μηχαναῖσι μὲν θανόντα, νῦν δὲ μηχαναῖς σεσωσμένον.	**ELECTRA** My dearest friends, women of this city, look: here is Orestes, dead by a trick, and now by a trick saved!
1230	**CHORUS** ὁρῶμεν, ὦ παῖ, κἀπὶ συμφοραῖσί μοι / γεγηθὸς ἕρπει δάκρυον ὀμμάτων ἄπο.	**CHORUS** We see him, child, and at this turn of fortune a tear of joy runs from my eyes.
1232	**ELECTRA** ἰὼ γοναί, γοναὶ σωμάτων ἐμοὶ φιλτάτων, ἐμόλετ' ἀρτίως, ἐφηύρετ', ἦλθετ', εἴδεθ' οὓς ἐχρῄζετε.	**ELECTRA** Oh, son, son of the man I loved most, you've come at last, you've found, you've come, you've seen the ones you longed for.
1236	**ORESTES** πάρεσμεν· ἀλλὰ σῖγ' ἔχουσα πρόσμενε.	**ORESTES** We're here. But keep quiet and wait.
1237	**ELECTRA** τί δ' ἔστιν;	**ELECTRA** What's wrong?
1238	**ORESTES** σιγᾶν ἄμεινον, μή τις ἔνδοθεν κλύῃ.	**ORESTES** Better to keep quiet, in case someone inside hears.
1239	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' οὐ μὰ τὴν ἄδμητον αἰὲν Ἄρτεμιν, τόδε μὲν οὔ ποτ' ἀξιώσω τρέσαι, περισσὸν ἄχθος ἔνδον γυναικῶν ὂν αἰεί.	**ELECTRA** No, by Artemis, forever untamed, I'll never think it worth my fear, that useless burden indoors, those women, always there.
1243	**ORESTES** ὅρα γε μὲν δὴ κἀν γυναιξὶν ὡς Ἄρης / ἔνεστιν· εὖ δ' ἔξοισθα πειραθεῖσά που.	**ORESTES** Remember, though, that Ares lives in women too. You know that well enough, I think, from experience.
1245	**ELECTRA** ὀτοτοτοτοῖ τοτοῖ, ἀνέφελον ἐνέβαλες οὔ ποτε καταλύσιμον,	**ELECTRA** Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, no, no! You have touched our sorrow, open as a cloudless sky, never to be undone,

18 A signet ring, used to seal documents and property, which identified its owner and could pass from father to son.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	οὐδέ ποτε λησόμενον ἀμέτερον οἷον ἔφυ κακόν.	never to be forgotten, the evil that is ours.
1251	ORESTES ἔξοιδα, παῖ, ταῦτ'· ἀλλ' ὅταν παρουσία / φράζῃ, τότ' ἔργων τῶνδε μεμνῆσθαι χρεών.	ORESTES I know all that, child. But when the moment calls for it, that's when we must remember those deeds.
1253	ELECTRA ὁ πᾶς ἐμοί, ὁ πᾶς ἂν πρέποι παρὼν ἐννέπειν τάδε δίκᾳ χρόνος· μόλις γὰρ ἔσχον νῦν ἐλεύθερον στόμα.	ELECTRA Every moment, every moment that comes would be the right one to speak of this, and justly, for only now, and barely, is my mouth set free.
1257	ORESTES ξύμφημι κἀγώ· τοιγαροῦν σῴζου τόδε.	ORESTES I agree. So take care to keep it that way.
1258	ELECTRA τί δρῶσα;	ELECTRA By doing what?
1259	ORESTES οὗ μή 'στι καιρὸς μὴ μακρὰν βούλου λέγειν.	ORESTES When it isn't the moment, don't choose to talk at length.
1260	ELECTRA τίς οὖν ἂν ἀξίαν γε σοῦ πεφηνότος μεταβάλοιτ' ἂν ὧδε σιγὰν λόγων; ἐπεί σε νῦν ἀφράστως ἀέλπτως τ' ἐσεῖδον.	ELECTRA Now that you have appeared, who could rightly trade words for silence like this? For now I have seen you, beyond words, beyond hope.
1264	ORESTES τότ' εἶδες, εὖτε θεοί μ' ἐπώτρυναν μολεῖν / ...	ORESTES You saw me when the gods urged me to come ...
1266	ELECTRA ἔφρασας ὑπερτέραν τᾶς πάρος ἔτι χάριτος, εἴ σε θεὸς ἐπόρισεν ἁμέτερα πρὸς μέλαθρα· δαιμόνιον αὐτὸ τίθημ' ἐγώ.	ELECTRA You speak of a joy greater still than the one before, if a god has brought you to our house: I count it the work of heaven.
1271	ORESTES τὰ μέν σ' ὀκνῶ χαίρουσαν εἰργαθεῖν, τὰ δὲ / δέδοικα λίαν ἡδονῇ νικωμένην.	ORESTES On the one hand I hate to hold back your joy. On the other I'm afraid you're being carried away by pleasure.
1273	ELECTRA ἰὼ χρόνῳ μακρῷ φιλτάταν ὁδὸν ἐπαξιώσας ὧδέ μοι φανῆναι, μή τί με, πολύπονον ὧδ' ἰδὼν	ELECTRA Oh, you who after so long have chosen the dearest road and come to me like this, now that you see me so full of suffering, do not—
1276	ORESTES τί μὴ ποήσω;	ORESTES Do not what?
1277	ELECTRA μή μ' ἀποστερήσῃς / τῶν σῶν προσώπων ἁδονὰν μεθέσθαι.	ELECTRA —do not rob me, do not make me let go of the joy of your face.
1279	ORESTES ἦ κάρτα κἂν ἄλλοισι θυμοίμην ἰδών.	ORESTES I'd be very angry if I saw anyone else try.
1280	ELECTRA ξυναινεῖς;	ELECTRA You agree?
1281	ORESTES τί μὴν οὔ;	ORESTES Of course.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1282	**ELECTRA** ὦ φίλαι, ἔκλυον ἂν ἐγὼ οὐδ' ἂν ἤλπισ' αὐδάν, οὐδ' ἂν ἔσχον ὁρμὰν ἄναυδον οὐδὲ σὺν βοᾷ κλύουσα, τάλαινα. νῦν δ' ἔχω σε· προυφάνης δὲ φιλτάταν ἔχων πρόσοψιν, ἃς ἐγὼ οὐδ' ἂν ἐν κακοῖς λαθοίμαν.	**ELECTRA** My friends, I heard a voice I would never have hoped to hear. Hearing it, I could not have held back what I felt, without a word, without a cry, miserable as I am. But now I have you. You have come to me with the face I love most, the face I could never forget, even in my sorrows.
1288	**ORESTES** τὰ μὲν περισσεύοντα τῶν λόγων ἄφες, καὶ μήτε μήτηρ ὡς κακὴ δίδασκέ με, μήθ' ὡς πατρῴαν κτῆσιν Αἴγισθος δόμων ἀντλεῖ, τὰ δ' ἐκχεῖ, τὰ δὲ διασπείρει μάτην· χρόνου γὰρ ἄν σοι καιρὸν ἐξείργοι λόγος. ἃ δ' ἁρμόσει μοι τῷ παρόντι νῦν χρόνῳ σήμαιν', ὅπου φανέντες ἢ κεκρυμμένοι γελῶντας ἐχθροὺς παύσομεν τῇ νῦν ὁδῷ. οὕτω δ' ὅπως μήτηρ σε μὴ 'πιγνώσεται φαιδρῷ προσώπῳ νῷν ἐπελθόντοιν δόμους· ἀλλ' ὡς ἐπ' ἄτῃ τῇ μάτην λελεγμένῃ στέναζ'· ὅταν γὰρ εὐτυχήσωμεν, τότε χαίρειν παρέσται καὶ γελᾶν ἐλευθέρως.	**ORESTES** Leave out the words we don't need. Don't tell me how cruel our mother is, or how Aegisthus is draining our father's wealth from the house, ladling some out, pouring some away, scattering the rest for nothing. Talking would cost you the moment we have. Tell me what fits the present moment: where we should show ourselves or hide on this mission of ours, to stop our enemies' laughter. And see to it that our mother doesn't read it in your beaming face when the two of us go into the house. Groan, as if over the ruin that was falsely reported. When we've succeeded, then there'll be time to rejoice and laugh freely.
1301	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' ὦ κασίγνηθ', ὧδ' ὅπως καὶ σοὶ φίλον καὶ τοὐμὸν ἔσται τῇδ'· ἐπεὶ τὰς ἡδονὰς πρὸς σοῦ λαβοῦσα κοὐκ ἐμὰς ἐκτησάμην, κοὐδ' ἄν σε λυπήσασα δεξαίμην βραχὺ αὐτὴ μέγ' εὑρεῖν κέρδος· οὐ γὰρ ἂν καλῶς ὑπηρετοίην τῷ παρόντι δαίμονι. ἀλλ' οἶσθα μὲν τἀνθένδε, πῶς γὰρ οὔ; κλύων ὀθούνεκ' Αἴγισθος μὲν οὐ κατὰ στέγας, μήτηρ δ' ἐν οἴκοις· ἢν σὺ μὴ δείσῃς ποθ' ὡς γέλωτι τοὐμὸν φαιδρὸν ὄψεται κάρα.	**ELECTRA** Brother, whatever pleases you will please me too. The joys I have, I got from you; they aren't my own. I wouldn't accept a great gain for myself if it meant hurting you even a little. That would be a poor way to serve the power that is with us now. You know how things stand here, of course: you've heard that Aegisthus isn't at home, but our mother is in the house. Don't ever fear that she'll see my face lit up with a smile.
1311	μῖσός τε γὰρ παλαιὸν ἐντέτηκέ μοι, κἀπεί σ' ἐσεῖδον, οὔ ποτ' ἐκλήξω χαρᾷ δακρυρροοῦσα· πῶς γὰρ ἂν λήξαιμ' ἐγώ, ἥτις μιᾷ σε τῇδ' ὁδῷ θανόντα τε καὶ ζῶντ' ἐσεῖδον; εἴργασαι δέ μ' ἄσκοπα· ὥστ' εἰ πατήρ μοι ζῶν ἵκοιτο, μηκέτ' ἂν τέρας νομίζειν αὐτό, πιστεύειν δ' ὁρᾶν. ὅτ' οὖν τοιαύτην ἡμὶν ἐξήκεις ὁδόν, ἄρχ' αὐτὸς ὅς σοι θυμός· ὡς ἐγὼ μόνη οὐκ ἂν δυοῖν ἥμαρτον· ἢ γὰρ ἂν καλῶς ἔσωσ' ἐμαυτὴν ἢ καλῶς ἀπωλόμην.	An old hatred has sunk deep into me, and now that I've seen you, I'll never stop weeping for joy. How could I stop, when on this one journey I've seen you both dead and alive? You've done things to me I never could have foreseen. If my father came back to me alive, I wouldn't think it a portent any more; I'd believe my eyes. So since you've come to us by such a road, take the lead yourself, as your heart tells you. Alone, I wouldn't have failed in one of two things: either I would have saved myself nobly, or nobly died.
1322	**ORESTES** σιγᾶν ἐπῄνεσ' ὡς ἐπ' ἐξόδῳ κλύω τῶν ἔνδοθεν χωροῦντος.	**ORESTES** Quiet, I tell you. I hear someone inside coming out.
1323		**ELECTRA** Go in, strangers, all the more since what you bring is something no one would turn

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ELECTRA εἴσιτ', ὦ ξένοι, ἄλλως τε καὶ φέροντες οἷ' ἂν οὔτε τις δόμων ἀπώσαιτ' οὔτ' ἂν ἡσθείη λαβών.	away from the house, and no one would be glad to receive.
1326	**TUTOR** ὦ πλεῖστα μῶροι καὶ φρενῶν τητώμενοι, πότερα παρ' οὐδὲν τοῦ βίου κήδεσθ' ἔτι ἢ νοῦς ἔνεστιν οὔτις ὑμὶν ἐγγενής, ὅτ' οὐ παρ' αὐτοῖς, ἀλλ' ἐν αὐτοῖσιν κακοῖς τοῖσιν μεγίστοις ὄντες οὐ γιγνώσκετε; ἀλλ' εἰ σταθμοῖσι τοῖσδε μὴ 'κύρουν ἐγὼ πάλαι φυλάσσων, ἦν ἂν ὑμὶν ἐν δόμοις τὰ δρώμεν' ὑμῶν πρόσθεν ἢ τὰ σώματα· νῦν δ' εὐλάβειαν τῶνδε προυθέμην ἐγώ. καὶ νῦν ἀπαλλαχθέντε τῶν μακρῶν λόγων καὶ τῆς ἁπλήστου τῆσδε σὺν χαρᾷ βοῆς εἴσω παρέλθεθ', ὡς τὸ μὲν μέλλειν κακὸν ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις ἔστ', ἀπηλλάχθαι δ' ἀκμή.	**TUTOR** You utter fools, out of your wits! Don't you care about your lives any more? Or were you born without any sense, that you don't see you're not on the edge of the worst danger but right in the middle of it? If I hadn't been standing guard at this door all this time, your plans would have been inside the house before your bodies. As it is, I've taken care to prevent that. Now have done with long speeches and these endless shouts of joy, and go inside. In things like this, delay is dangerous; the moment has come to get it over with.
1339	**ORESTES** πῶς οὖν ἔχει τἀντεῦθεν εἰσιόντι μοι;	**ORESTES** So how do things stand for me when I go in?
1340	**TUTOR** καλῶς· ὑπάρχει γάρ σε μὴ γνῶναί τινα.	**TUTOR** Well. You have this in your favor: nobody will know you.
1341	**ORESTES** ἤγγειλας, ὡς ἔοικεν, ὡς τεθνηκότα.	**ORESTES** You've reported me dead, it seems.
1342	**TUTOR** εἷς τῶν ἐν Ἅιδου μάνθαν' ἐνθάδ' ὢν ἀνήρ.	**TUTOR** Here, believe me, you're one of the dead in Hades.
1343	**ORESTES** χαίρουσιν οὖν τούτοισιν; ἢ τίνες λόγοι;	**ORESTES** Are they glad of it, then? What are they saying?
1344	**TUTOR** τελουμένων εἴποιμ' ἄν· ὡς δὲ νῦν ἔχει, / καλῶς τὰ κείνων πάντα, καὶ τὰ μὴ καλῶς.	**TUTOR** I'll tell you when it's over. As things stand, all is well with them, even what isn't well.
1346	**ELECTRA** τίς οὗτός ἐστ', ἀδελφέ; πρὸς θεῶν φράσον.	**ELECTRA** Who is this, brother? For the gods' sake, tell me.
1347	**ORESTES** οὐχὶ ξυνίης;	**ORESTES** Don't you understand?
	ELECTRA οὐδέ γ' ἐς θυμὸν φέρω.	**ELECTRA** I can't even guess.
1348	**ORESTES** οὐκ οἶσθ' ὅτῳ μ' ἔδωκας εἰς χέρας ποτέ;	**ORESTES** Don't you know whose hands you once put me into?
1349	**ELECTRA** ποίῳ; τί φωνεῖς;	**ELECTRA** Whose? What are you saying?
	ORESTES οὗ τὸ Φωκέων πέδον / ὑπεξεπέμφθην σῇ προμηθίᾳ χεροῖν.	**ORESTES** The man whose hands, thanks to your foresight, smuggled me away to the land of Phocis.
1351	**ELECTRA** ἦ κεῖνος οὗτος, ὅν ποτ' ἐκ πολλῶν ἐγὼ / μόνον προσηῦρον πιστὸν ἐν πατρὸς φόνῳ;	**ELECTRA** Is this him, the one man out of many I found faithful when our father was murdered?
1353	**ORESTES** ὅδ' ἐστί· μή μ' ἔλεγχε πλείοσιν λόγοις.	**ORESTES** That's him. Don't press me with more questions.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1354	**ELECTRA** ὦ φίλτατον φῶς, ὦ μόνος σωτὴρ δόμων Ἀγαμέμνονος, πῶς ἦλθες; ἦ σὺ κεῖνος εἶ, ὃς τόνδε κἄμ' ἔσωσας ἐκ πολλῶν πόνων; ὦ φίλταται μὲν χεῖρες, ἥδιστον δ' ἔχων ποδῶν ὑπηρέτημα, πῶς οὕτω πάλαι ξυνών μ' ἔληθες οὐδ' ἔφαινες, ἀλλά με λόγοις ἀπώλλυς, ἔργ' ἔχων ἥδιστ' ἐμοί; χαῖρ', ὦ πάτερ· πατέρα γὰρ εἰσορᾶν δοκῶ· χαῖρ'· ἴσθι δ' ὡς μάλιστά σ' ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ ἤχθηρα κἀφίλησ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ.	**ELECTRA** Oh, dearest light! The only savior of Agamemnon's house, how did you come? Are you really the one who saved him and me from so much suffering? Oh, dearest hands! And feet that have done such sweet service! How could you be with me so long and keep yourself hidden, and not show yourself, but destroy me with words, when you had deeds that were sweetest of all to me? Welcome, Father, for it's my father I seem to see. Welcome. And know that in a single day I've hated you and loved you more than anyone alive.
1364	**TUTOR** ἀρκεῖν δοκεῖ μοι· τοὺς γὰρ ἐν μέσῳ λόγους πολλαὶ κυκλοῦνται νύκτες ἡμέραι τ' ἴσαι, αἳ ταῦτά σοι δείξουσιν, Ἠλέκτρα, σαφῆ. σφῷν δ' ἐννέπω γε τοῖν παρεστώτοιν ὅτι νῦν καιρὸς ἔρδειν· νῦν Κλυταιμνήστρα μόνη, νῦν οὔτις ἀνδρῶν ἔνδον· εἰ δ' ἐφέξετον, φροντίζεθ' ὡς τούτοις τε καὶ σοφωτέροις ἄλλοισι τούτων πλείοσιν μαχούμενοι.	**TUTOR** I think that's enough. As for the story of what happened in between, many nights and as many days are coming round that will make it all clear to you, Electra. But I tell you two, standing here: now is the time to act. Now Clytemnestra is alone. Now there's no man inside. If you hold back, reckon that you'll be fighting these and others, more of them and cleverer.
1372	**ORESTES** οὐκ ἂν μακρῶν ἔθ' ἡμὶν οὐδὲν ἂν λόγων, Πυλάδη, τόδ' εἴη τοὔργον, ἀλλ' ὅσον τάχος χωρεῖν ἔσω, πατρῷα προσκύσανθ' ἕδη θεῶν, ὅσοιπερ πρόπυλα ναίουσιν τάδε.	**ORESTES** Pylades, this is no longer a job for long speeches. We must go in as fast as we can, once we've bowed to the images of my father's gods, all who dwell here at the gates.
1376	**ELECTRA** ἄναξ Ἄπολλον, ἵλεως αὐτοῖν κλύε ἐμοῦ τε πρὸς τούτοισιν, ἥ σε πολλὰ δὴ ἀφ' ὧν ἔχοιμι λιπαρεῖ προύστην χερί. νῦν δ', ὦ Λύκει' Ἄπολλον, ἐξ οἵων ἔχω αἰτῶ, προπίτνω, λίσσομαι, γενοῦ πρόφρων ἡμῖν ἀρωγὸς τῶνδε τῶν βουλευμάτων, καὶ δεῖξον ἀνθρώποισι τἀπιτίμια τῆς δυσσεβείας οἷα δωροῦνται θεοί.	**ELECTRA** Lord Apollo, hear them graciously, and hear me too, who have so often stood before you with a begging hand, offering what I had. Now, Lycean Apollo, with what I have, I ask you, I fall before you, I beg you: be our willing helper in these plans, and show mankind what wages the gods pay for irreverence.

FOURTH STASIMON

The chorus sing of the avengers entering the house, guided by Hermes.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1384	**CHORUS** ἴδεθ' ὅποι προνέμεται τὸ δυσέριστον αἷμα φυσῶν Ἄρης. βεβᾶσιν ἄρτι δωμάτων ὑπόστεγοι μετάδρομοι κακῶν πανουργημάτων ἄφυκτοι κύνες, ὥστ' οὐ μακρὰν ἔτ' ἀμμενεῖ τοὐμὸν φρενῶν ὄνειρον αἰωρούμενον.	**CHORUS** Look where Ares moves forward, breathing blood that no one can fight. Just now they have passed under the roof of the house, the hounds no one escapes, hunting down wicked crimes. So the dream my mind has held hanging will not wait long now.
1391	παράγεται γὰρ ἐνέρων δολιόπους ἀρωγὸς εἴσω στέγας,	For the champion of the dead below is led with stealthy step into the house,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἀρχαιόπλουτα πατρὸς εἰς ἑδώλια, νεακόνητον αἷμα χειροῖν ἔχων· ὁ Μαίας δὲ παῖς Ἑρμῆς σφ' ἄγει δόλον σκότῳ κρύψας πρὸς αὐτὸ τέρμα κοὐκέτ' ἀμμένει.	into his father's seat of ancient wealth, freshly whetted bloodshed in his hands. And Maia's son, Hermes, leads him on, hiding the trick in darkness, right to the end, and waits no longer.[19]

EXODOS

Orestes kills Clytemnestra inside, then traps Aegisthus and leads him in to die.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1397	**ELECTRA** ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, ἄνδρες αὐτίκα / τελοῦσι τοὔργον· ἀλλὰ σῖγα πρόσμενε.	**ELECTRA** My dearest friends, the men will finish the deed any moment. Just wait in silence.
1399	**CHORUS** πῶς δή; τί νῦν πράσσουσιν;	**CHORUS** How so? What are they doing now?
1400	**ELECTRA** ἡ μὲν ἐς τάφον / λέβητα κοσμεῖ, τὼ δ' ἐφέστατον πέλας.	**ELECTRA** She's dressing the urn for burial, and the two of them are standing close beside her.
1402	**CHORUS** σὺ δ' ἐκτὸς ἦξας πρὸς τί;	**CHORUS** And you—why have you rushed out?
	ELECTRA φρουρήσουσ' ὅπως / Αἴγισθος ἡμᾶς μὴ λάθῃ μολὼν ἔσω.	**ELECTRA** To keep watch, so Aegisthus doesn't get in without our knowing.
1404	**CLYTEMNESTRA** αἰαῖ. ἰὼ στέγαι / φίλων ἔρημοι, τῶν δ' ἀπολλύντων πλέαι.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Ah, ah! Oh, house, empty of loved ones and full of killers!
1406	**ELECTRA** βοᾷ τις ἔνδον· οὐκ ἀκούετ', ὦ φίλαι;	**ELECTRA** Someone's crying out inside. Don't you hear, my friends?
1407	**CHORUS** ἤκουσ' ἀνήκουστα δύστανος, ὥστε φρῖξαι.	**CHORUS** I heard what should never be heard, / poor me, and I shudder.
1408	**CLYTEMNESTRA** οἴμοι τάλαιν'· Αἴγισθε, ποῦ ποτ' ὢν κυρεῖς;	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Oh, no, no! Aegisthus, where are you?
1409	**ELECTRA** ἰδοὺ μάλ' αὖ θροεῖ τις.	**ELECTRA** Listen, someone's shouting again.
1410	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ὦ τέκνον τέκνον, οἴκτιρε τὴν τεκοῦσαν.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** My child, my child, have pity on your mother!
1411	**ELECTRA** ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐκ σέθεν / ᾠκτίρεθ' οὗτος οὐδ' ὁ γεννήσας πατήρ.	**ELECTRA** But you had no pity for him, or for the father who fathered him.
1413	**CHORUS** ὦ πόλις, ὦ γενεὰ τάλαινα, νῦν σοι / μοῖρα καθαμερία φθίνει φθίνει.	**CHORUS** City! Unhappy race! Now the doom that hounded you day after day is dying, dying.
1415	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ὤμοι πέπληγμαι.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Oh, no, I'm struck!
1416	**ELECTRA** παῖσον, εἰ σθένεις, διπλῆν.	**ELECTRA** Strike twice, if you have the strength!
1417	**CLYTEMNESTRA** ὤμοι μάλ' αὖθις.	**CLYTEMNESTRA** Oh, no, again!

19 Hermes, son of Maia, is the god of stealth and trickery, and the guide of the dead.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1418	**ELECTRA** εἰ γὰρ Αἰγίσθῳ θ' ὁμοῦ.	**ELECTRA** If only Aegisthus were getting it too!
1419	**CHORUS** τελοῦσ' ἀραί· ζῶσιν οἱ γᾶς ὑπαὶ κείμενοι. παλίρρυτον γὰρ αἷμ' ὑπεξαιροῦσι τῶν κτανόντων οἱ πάλαι θανόντες.	**CHORUS** The curses are at work. Those who lie beneath the earth are alive. For the long dead are drawing off the killers' blood in a stream that flows back on them.
1422	καὶ μὴν πάρεισιν οἵδε· φοινία δὲ χεὶρ / στάζει θυηλῆς Ἄρεος, οὐδ' ἔχω ψέγειν.	And here they are. His red hand drips with sacrifice to Ares, and I can't find fault.
1424	**ELECTRA** Ὀρέστα, πῶς κυρεῖτε;	**ELECTRA** Orestes, how did it go?
	ORESTES τἀν δόμοισι μὲν / καλῶς, Ἀπόλλων εἰ καλῶς ἐθέσπισεν.	**ORESTES** In the house, all is well, if Apollo prophesied well.
1426	**ELECTRA** τέθνηκεν ἡ τάλαινα;	**ELECTRA** Is she dead, the wretched woman?
1427	**ORESTES** μηκέτ' ἐκφοβοῦ / μητρῷον ὥς σε λῆμ' ἀτιμάσει ποτέ.	**ORESTES** Don't be afraid any more that your mother's arrogance will ever dishonor you.
1429	**CHORUS** παύσασθε· λεύσσω γὰρ Αἴγισθον ἐκ προδήλου.	**CHORUS** Stop! I can see Aegisthus, right there in plain sight.
1430	**ELECTRA** ὦ παῖδες, οὐκ ἄψορρον;	**ELECTRA** Back inside, both of you!
1431	**ORESTES** εἰσορᾶτε ποῦ τὸν ἄνδρ';	**ORESTES** Where do you see the man?
1432	**ELECTRA** ἐφ' ἡμῖν οὗτος ἐκ προαστίου / χωρεῖ γεγηθὼς …	**ELECTRA** He's on his way to us from the outskirts of town, full of glee …
1434	**CHORUS** βᾶτε κατ' ἀντιθύρων ὅσον τάχιστα, / νῦν, τὰ πρὶν εὖ θέμενοι, τάδ' ὡς πάλιν.	**CHORUS** Into the doorway, as fast as you can, now! You handled the first one well; now do it again.
1436	**ORESTES** θάρσει· τελοῦμεν.	**ORESTES** Don't worry. We'll finish it.
1437	**ELECTRA** ᾗ νοεῖς ἔπειγέ νυν.	**ELECTRA** Then hurry where you mean to go.
1438	**ORESTES** καὶ δὴ βέβηκα.	**ORESTES** I'm already gone.
	ELECTRA τἀνθάδ' ἂν μέλοιτ' ἐμοί.	**ELECTRA** I'll take care of things here.
1439	**CHORUS** δι' ὠτὸς ἂν παῦρά γ' ὡς ἠπίως ἐννέπειν πρὸς ἄνδρα τόνδε συμφέροι, λαθραῖον ὡς ὀρούσῃ πρὸς δίκας ἀγῶνα.	**CHORUS** It would help to murmur a few words gently into this man's ear, so he rushes blindly into his hidden contest with justice.
1442	**AEGISTHUS** τίς οἶδεν ὑμῶν ποῦ ποθ' οἱ Φωκῆς ξένοι, οὕς φασ' Ὀρέστην ἡμὶν ἀγγεῖλαι βίον λελοιπόθ' ἱππικοῖσιν ἐν ναυαγίοις; σέ τοι, σὲ κρίνω, ναὶ σέ, τὴν ἐν τῷ πάρος χρόνῳ θρασεῖαν· ὡς μάλιστα σοὶ μέλειν οἶμαι, μάλιστα δ' ἂν κατειδυῖαν φράσαι.	**AEGISTHUS** Which of you knows where the strangers from Phocis are? They say they've brought us word that Orestes lost his life, wrecked among the horses. You, I'm asking you, yes, you, who used to be so bold. I think it matters most to you, and you'd know best what to tell me.
1448		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ELECTRA ἔξοιδα· πῶς γὰρ οὐχί; συμφορᾶς γὰρ ἂν / ἔξωθεν εἴην τῶν ἐμῶν τῆς φιλτάτης.	**ELECTRA** I know. How could I not? Otherwise I'd be a stranger to what has happened to the one I love most.
1450	**AEGISTHUS** ποῦ δῆτ' ἂν εἶεν οἱ ξένοι; δίδασκέ με.	**AEGISTHUS** So where would the strangers be? Tell me.
1451	**ELECTRA** ἔνδον· φίλης γὰρ προξένου κατήνυσαν.	**ELECTRA** Inside. They've found a kind hostess.
1452	**AEGISTHUS** ἦ καὶ θανόντ' ἤγγειλαν ὡς ἐτητύμως;	**AEGISTHUS** And did they really report that he's dead?
1453	**ELECTRA** οὔκ, ἀλλὰ κἀπέδειξαν, οὐ λόγῳ μόνον.	**ELECTRA** No, they've shown him too, not just in words.
1454	**AEGISTHUS** πάρεστ' ἄρ' ἡμῖν ὥστε κἀμφανῆ μαθεῖν;	**AEGISTHUS** Then he's here, so I can see for myself?
1455	**ELECTRA** πάρεστι δῆτα, καὶ μάλ' ἄζηλος θέα.	**ELECTRA** He's here all right, and not a sight to envy.
1456	**AEGISTHUS** ἦ πολλὰ χαίρειν μ' εἶπας οὐκ εἰωθότως.	**AEGISTHUS** You've given me a great deal of joy. That's not like you.
1457	**ELECTRA** χαίροις ἄν, εἴ σοι χαρτὰ τυγχάνοι τάδε.	**ELECTRA** Enjoy it, if this turns out to be a joy for you.
1458	**AEGISTHUS** σιγᾶν ἄνωγα κἀναδεικνύναι πύλας πᾶσιν Μυκηναίοισιν Ἀργείοις θ' ὁρᾶν, ὡς εἴ τις αὐτῶν ἐλπίσιν κεναῖς πάρος ἐξῆρετ' ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, νῦν ὁρῶν νεκρὸν στόμια δέχηται τἀμὰ μηδὲ πρὸς βίαν ἐμοῦ κολαστοῦ προστυχὼν φύσῃ φρένας.	**AEGISTHUS** Silence! I order the doors thrown open for all the Mycenaeans and Argives to see. If any of them was once lifted up by empty hopes in this man, let him see his corpse now and take my bridle, and not wait to meet me as his punisher and have sense forced into him.
1464	**ELECTRA** καὶ δὴ τελεῖται τἀπ' ἐμοῦ· τῷ γὰρ χρόνῳ / νοῦν ἔσχον, ὥστε συμφέρειν τοῖς κρείσσοσιν.	**ELECTRA** My part is done already. Time has taught me sense, enough to go along with those who are stronger.
1466	**AEGISTHUS** ὦ Ζεῦ, δέδορκα φάσμ' ἄνευ φθόνου μὲν οὐ πεπτωκός· εἰ δ' ἔπεστι νέμεσις, οὐ λέγω. χαλᾶτε πᾶν κάλυμμ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν, ὅπως τὸ συγγενές τοι κἀπ' ἐμοῦ θρήνων τύχῃ.	**AEGISTHUS** Zeus! I see a sight that has not come about without the gods' envy. But if that word calls down retribution, I don't say it. Take the whole covering from the face, so that our kinsman may have his lament from me as well.
1470	**ORESTES** αὐτὸς σὺ βάσταζ'· οὐκ ἐμὸν τόδ', ἀλλὰ σόν, / τὸ ταῦθ' ὁρᾶν τε καὶ προσηγορεῖν φίλως.	**ORESTES** Lift it yourself. It isn't for me but for you to look at this and speak to it lovingly.
1472	**AEGISTHUS** ἀλλ' εὖ παραινεῖς κἀπιπείσομαι· σὺ δέ, / εἴ που κατ' οἶκόν μοι Κλυταιμνήστρα, κάλει.	**AEGISTHUS** Good advice; I'll take it. And you, if Clytemnestra is anywhere in the house, call her for me.
1474	**ORESTES** αὕτη πέλας σοῦ· μηκέτ' ἄλλοσε σκόπει.	**ORESTES** She's right beside you. Don't look anywhere else.
1475	**AEGISTHUS** οἴμοι, τί λεύσσω;	**AEGISTHUS** Oh, no, what am I looking at?

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1476	**ORESTES** τίνα φοβεῖ; τίν' ἀγνοεῖς;	**ORESTES** Who frightens you? Who is it you don't recognize?
1477	**AEGISTHUS** τίνων ποτ' ἀνδρῶν ἐν μέσοις ἀρκυστάτοις πέπτωχ' ὁ τλήμων;	**AEGISTHUS** Whose nets have I fallen into, poor wretch that I am?
1478	**ORESTES** οὐ γὰρ αἰσθάνει πάλαι / ζῶντας θανοῦσιν οὕνεκ' ἀνταυδᾷς ἴσα;	**ORESTES** Didn't you realize long ago that you've been talking to the living as if they were dead?
1480	**AEGISTHUS** οἴμοι, ξυνῆκα τοὔπος· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως / ὅδ' οὐκ Ὀρέστης ἔσθ' ὁ προσφωνῶν ἐμέ.	**AEGISTHUS** Oh, no, I understand you. There's no way this can be anyone but Orestes speaking to me.
1482	**ORESTES** καὶ μάντις ὢν ἄριστος ἐσφάλλου πάλαι.	**ORESTES** Such a fine prophet, and you were wrong so long.
1483	**AEGISTHUS** ὄλωλα δὴ δείλαιος. ἀλλά μοι πάρες / κἂν σμικρὸν εἰπεῖν.	**AEGISTHUS** Then I'm finished, wretch that I am. But let me say just a few words.
1484	**ELECTRA** μὴ πέρα λέγειν ἔα πρὸς θεῶν, ἀδελφέ, μηδὲ μηκύνειν λόγους. τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἂν σὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων θνῄσκειν ὁ μέλλων οὐ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι; ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα κτεῖνε καὶ κτανὼν πρόθες ταφεῦσιν, ὧν τόνδ' εἰκός ἐστι τυγχάνειν, ἄποπτον ἡμῶν· ὡς ἐμοὶ τόδ' ἂν κακῶν μόνον γένοιτο τῶν πάλαι λυτήριον.	**ELECTRA** Don't let him say another word, brother, for the gods' sake, or drag out the talk. When men are steeped in wrongdoing, what does a man about to die gain from a little time? Kill him as fast as you can, and once he's dead, throw him out to such buriers as he deserves, out of our sight. That alone could set me free from all I've suffered so long.
1491	**ORESTES** χωροῖς ἂν εἴσω σὺν τάχει· λόγων γὰρ οὐ / νῦν ἐστιν ἀγών, ἀλλὰ σῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.	**ORESTES** Get inside, quickly. This contest isn't about words now. It's about your life.
1493	**AEGISTHUS** τί δ' ἐς δόμους ἄγεις με; πῶς, τόδ' εἰ καλὸν / τοὔργον, σκότου δεῖ κοὐ πρόχειρος εἶ κτανεῖν;	**AEGISTHUS** Why take me into the house? If this deed is so fine, why does it need darkness? Why aren't you ready to kill me here?
1495	**ORESTES** μὴ τάσσε· χώρει δ' ἔνθαπερ κατέκτανες / πατέρα τὸν ἀμόν, ὡς ἂν ἐν ταὐτῷ θάνῃς.	**ORESTES** Don't give orders. Go where you killed my father, so you can die in the same place.
1497	**AEGISTHUS** ἦ πᾶσ' ἀνάγκη τήνδε τὴν στέγην ἰδεῖν / τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα Πελοπιδῶν κακά;	**AEGISTHUS** Must this house really witness all the troubles of the line of Pelops, now and to come?
1499	**ORESTES** τὰ γοῦν σ'· ἐγώ σοι μάντις εἰμὶ τῶνδ' ἄκρος.	**ORESTES** Yours, at any rate. In that I'm a first-rate prophet for you.
1500	**AEGISTHUS** ἀλλ' οὐ πατρῴαν τὴν τέχνην ἐκόμπασας.	**AEGISTHUS** That skill you boast of isn't one you got from your father.
1501	**ORESTES** πόλλ' ἀντιφωνεῖς, ἡ δ' ὁδὸς βραδύνεται. / ἀλλ' ἕρφ'.	**ORESTES** You answer back a great deal, and our walk is getting slower. Move.
1502	**AEGISTHUS** ὑφηγοῦ.	**AEGISTHUS** Lead the way.
	ORESTES σοὶ βαδιστέον πάρος.	**ORESTES** You have to go first.
1503	**AEGISTHUS** ἦ μὴ φύγω σε;	**AEGISTHUS** So I won't escape you?

GREEK	ENGLISH
ORESTES μὴ μὲν οὖν καθ’ ἡδονὴν θάνῃς· φυλάξαι δεῖ με τοῦτό σοι πικρόν. χρῆν δ’ εὐθὺς εἶναι τήνδε τοῖς πᾶσιν δίκην, ὅστις πέρα πράσσειν τι τῶν νόμων θέλει, κτείνειν· τὸ γὰρ πανοῦργον οὐκ ἂν ἦν πολύ.	**ORESTES** No: so you won’t die the way you’d like. I have to make sure it’s bitter for you. And this should be the punishment, straight away, for everyone who wants to act above the laws: death. Then there wouldn’t be much wickedness.
1508 **CHORUS** ὦ σπέρμ’ Ἀτρέως, ὡς πολλὰ παθὸν δι’ ἐλευθερίας μόλις ἐξῆλθες τῇ νῦν ὁρμῇ τελεωθέν.	**CHORUS** Seed of Atreus, after so much suffering you have come out at last, barely, into freedom, made whole by this day’s onslaught.