

## ANDROMACHE

Andromache:

Hail, glorious Thebes, whence I, Andromache,

Came with a dowry of gold luxury

To Priam's royal house, for I was wed

To Hector and thus children would be bred.

I had been envied once, but now I'm thought

The paragon of grief. Achilles fought

And killed my husband: then the son I bore,

Astyanax, was thrown from the ramparts, for

The Greeks had taken Troy. I saw that done!

I had been noble, just like everyone 10

In my household, but now I've been dragged here

To Greece, a slave, spoil of the Grecian spear,

For Neoptolemus. Near Phthia I dwell,

Where Thetis, goddess of the ocean swell,

As wife of Peleus lived, far, far away

From haunts of mortal men. In Thessaly they

Call it Thetideion. Achilles' son

Lives here, acknowledging dominion

To Perseus, loath to take the sceptre when

The old man yet was still alive. Since then, 20

I've borne a boy to Neoptolemus.

Though my conditions were calamitous,

I hoped that, if he lived, my family

Would find me some help and security.

But ever since Hermione was wed

To the lad's father, who has spurned my bed,  
 Being my master, I have cruelly  
 Been used and bullied by Hermione.  
 She tells me that she hasn't borne a child  
 Because of secret poisons I've beguiled                      30  
 Her with and why she's hated by her spouse  
 And that I want to live here in this house  
 And take her place here most injuriously.  
 This union I took unwillingly,  
 And now I've let it go. Great Zeus, I swear  
 It was against my will I had a share  
 In it. I am unable to persuade  
 Her, and she wants to kill me, with the aid  
 Of Menelaus, who's her father. He  
 Is here, having arrived intentionally                      40  
 From Sparta. At this shrine of Thetis near  
 The house I took my seat in abject fear:  
 This shrine has been set up in memory  
 Of Peleus and of Peleus' progeny  
 To laud his marriage with a sea-goddess.  
 My only child, with all secretiveness,  
 For safety I've sent off. To shelter me  
 His father is not here beside me. He  
 Means nothing to my son, for he's away  
 In Delphi where he's offering to pay                      50  
 Amends to Phoebus, for he, quite insane,  
 Had asked Apollo that he might attain  
 Requit for his father's death, for he,  
 The god, has killed him, for he hoped to be

Pardoned his previous sins and circumvent

In this way any future punishment. [enter a servant]

Servant:

Mistress (for that's the name I won't refuse

To call you by, thinking it right to use

When we both lived in Troy), I liked you well,

You and your husband, but I'm here to tell 60

Bad news, but I am terrified I will

Be noticed by our masters here, yet still

I pity you. Menelaus plans to do,

With his own child, horrendous things to you.

Take care!

Andromache:

Dear fellow-slave (for misery

Makes both of us sisters in slavery),

What plans are these that they now fabricate,

Hoping to slay a woman crushed by Fate?

Servant:

To kill the son that you in secret sent

Away from here. To fetch him back he went. 70

Andromache:

He's found where he was hidden? How could he

Have done that? I am steeped in misery.

Servant:

I do not know but what I have been told

By them.

Andromache:

My son, two vultures will unfold

Their wings and fly away and slaughter you,

While out in Delphi is the fellow who  
Is called your father.

Servant:

                                This I will allow –  
If he were here you'd be less troubled now.  
But you are desolate.

Andromache:,

                                But did you hear  
Of Peleus' coming?

Servant:

                                He's too old, I fear,                     80  
To help you.

Andromache:

                                But I sent a message more  
Than once.

Servant:

                                No herald cares a scruple for  
Your case.

Andromache:

                                Of course you're right – that's very true.  
So, in that case, can I depend on you  
To take a message?

Servant:

                                But what will I say  
To them why I have been so long away?

Andromache:

So many dodges you are bound to find,  
For you're a woman.

Servant:

There's a danger, mind.

His child's no mean guard.

Andromache:

Aha, now I see!

You fail your comrades in calamity. 90

Servant:

Not true at all! I'll go: in any case

What is it for a slave if she should face

Disaster? [exit servant]

Andromache:

Go, then. Meanwhile I'll lament

My whole life's grief up to the firmament.

For women love to speak their misery,

And many things that have befallen me

I must lament – the land in which I dwelt,

The death of Hector and the pain I felt

When I became a slave, an unearned state.

No mortal's ever happy till his fate 100

Leads him to death. That time that Paris brought

Helen to lofty Troy because he sought

To live with her, she went not as a bride

But ruin. For her sake, upon the tide

Came Greece's thousand ships, whose warriors warred

Against the Trojans with both fire and sword,

Took Troy and slaughtered Hector whom I'd wed.

The son of Thetis on his chariot sped,

Dragging his corpse around the walls. But me

They led off from my chamber to the sea, 110

Beneath the yoke of bondage. Many a tear

Rolled down my cheeks when I was conveyed here,  
My husband dead. Why look upon the light  
Of day in thralldom? In my dreadful plight  
At the goddess's monument I throw  
My arms about it, shedding tears of woe  
In which I'm liquefied just like a spring  
From high up on a cliff-side plummeting.

Chorus:

Woman, so long sat at this monument,  
Though I'm a Phthian, it is my intent                      120  
To succour you, an Asian, so you'll feel  
Relieved of all those struggles hard to heal:  
You're in a quarrel with Hermione  
Since you both share Achilles' progeny.  
Think of the ill luck to which you've come.  
Will you, a citizen of Ilium,  
Fight with your Spartan masters? So depart  
And leave this altar! Why weep out your heart,  
Bewildered at the ills that you withstand?  
For you'll be met with their compelling hand,              130  
And you are weak. Why labour pointlessly?  
So leave this seat! Admit your slavery!  
You're friendless, luckless and on foreign ground.  
When you, a Trojan, hither came, I found  
You piteous. But my anxiety  
Kept still my tongue in case Hermione  
Learned that I wished you well. [enter Hermione]

Hermione:

About my hair

You notice golden finery. I wear  
A multi-coloured cloth, given me by  
My father Menelaus, when first I 140  
Came here – not from the glorious treasury  
Of Peleus or his warrior-progeny –  
As dowry. I will speak my mind. Although  
You are a slave, won by the spear, you'd throw  
Me out and take possession of the house,  
And you have, through your poisons, caused my spouse  
To hate me, and my womb's unfruitful, too:  
Yes, I can't bear a child because of you.  
Women from Asia have an aptitude  
For things like that. However, I'll preclude 150  
The ruse you plan, and you won't profit by  
The sea-goddess's shrine. No, you will die.  
Now if some god or mortal should intend  
To save your life, you must bring to an end  
Your haughty thoughts and learn humility,  
Fall at my feet and sweep the house for me  
With Achelous' water you'll have brought  
In golden jugs, and thus you'll know you're nought  
To me. No Hector's here, no Priam nor  
His gold. This city's Greek. You wretch, though, you're 160  
So foolish that you bring yourself to lie  
With your husband's killer's son and bear thereby  
A tainted breed. Such is barbarity –  
For fathers lie with daughters, equally  
Mothers with sons, brothers with sisters. They  
Murder each other, with no law to say

That it is wrong. Do not initiate  
Such customs here! No man should dominate  
Two women in his home. No, rather he  
Who wants a happy life is pleased to be 170  
Monogamous.

Chorus:

A woman's jealous mind  
Is to her sexual rivals ill-inclined.

Andromache:

The young, where there's injustice, are a bane.  
My being your slave, I fear, could well restrain  
My speaking, even though my case is strong,  
And if I win it, I may suffer wrong.  
The proud and mighty people do not take  
It well to hearing their inferiors make  
A winning argument. I'll not betray  
Myself, however. Let me hear you say 180  
What clever words persuaded me to mar  
Your lawful marriage. Is, then, Sparta far  
Inferior to Troy? Do you see me  
As a free woman? Was it that I, maybe,  
Might breed instead of you, discovering  
My brood becoming slaves, a wretched thing  
For me? Or could it be, emboldened by  
My youth, friends and my city's greatness, I  
Intend to take your house? Will folk abide  
My tots as royalty if you're denied 190

Children yourself? Yes, for the Greeks are sure  
To love dead Hector's wife. Am I obscure,



Not Trojan royalty? Your husband's hate  
 Is not through drugs of mine: I'll tell you straight –  
 You are not fit to live with. There it lies –  
 Your problem! Know that virtue satisfies  
 A man, not looks. Once angry, "Sparta's great,"  
 You say to me, and furthermore you state  
 That Scyros is but paltry. You possess  
 Riches among the poor, and you profess                      200  
 That Menelaus is much greater than  
 Achilles. That's the reason why the man  
 Hates you. Wed to a poor man, nonetheless  
 A woman must always show thoughtfulness  
 To him and curb her pride. If you were wed  
 To a king of Thrace, where husbands share their bed  
 With many women, would you then have slain  
 Them all? If so, it shows that you maintain  
 That sexual insatiability  
 Exists in every woman. That would be                      210  
 A shameful view. Though this disease indeed  
 Is in us more than men, we should take heed  
 To screen it. Dearest Hector, when you strayed  
 To other beds, I even gave you aid,  
 And many times I gave suck to your brood  
 Of bastards, never in a bitter mood.  
 And thus I charmed him with my probity.  
 However, you have such timidity  
 That you will not allow one drop of rain  
 To fall upon your husband. Do nor strain                      220  
 To top your mother's sexual excess,

For children who possess clear-headedness  
Should shun their mother's own iniquity.

Chorus:

Lady, if you can do it painlessly,  
Be ruled by me and hear the lady out..

Hermione:

Why take this lofty tenor in a bout  
Of words with me, maintaining you are chaste  
While I am not?

Andromache:

Well, surely it is based  
On your own arguments!

Hermione:

May I not see  
Your way of thinking dwelling here with me! 230

Andromache:

Ach, you are young! The words you speak are packed  
With shameful things.

Hermione:

Such shameful things in fact  
You do, not merely speak, and forcibly.

Andromache:

Suffer your marital troubles silently!

Hermione:

And yet such troubles women everywhere

Are most concerned about. I will not bear

Such things in silence!

Andromache:

And yet I surmise

Yours is a *mad* concern.

Hermione:

But in your eyes

Are Aphrodite's gifts not good?

Andromache:

Not so,

Unless used honourably.

Hermione:

You surely know 240

That this is Greece? We Grecians do not share

Such things with foreigners.

Andromache:

But everywhere

Shame's shame.

Hermione:

You're clever but you're doomed.

Andromache:

Do you

See Thetis looking at you?

Hermione:

Yes, I do,

For she detests your country for the slaughter  
Of our Achilles.

Andromache:

                    You, though, are the daughter  
Of her who ruined her.

Hermione:

                                Ah, there you go  
Again – alluding to my constant woe.                      250

Andromache:

See, then, I'm silent!

Hermione:

                                Tell me what I came  
To hear!

Andromache:

                    You ought to have more sense, I claim.

Hermione:

Quit Thetis' sacred shrine!

Andromache:

                                Never, unless  
You vow to spare me.

Hermione:

                                My relentlessness  
Remains. Indeed for Neoptolemus  
I shall not wait.

Andromache:

                                Until he comes to us  
I won't surrender.

Hermione:

                    I'll pay you no heed

But burn you up.

Andromache:

Burn on! The gods indeed

Will know your guilt.

Hermione:

Ah, I'll inflict such pain

Upon your flesh.

Andromache:

If you should ever stain 260

Her altar, she'd pursue you.

Hermione:

Barbarous thing,

So bold, do you hold out against the sting

Of death? But I will oust you presently

From where you're sitting now – effortlessly!

I have a lure... But no more will say,

For all will soon be plain. And therefore stay.

Should molten lead hold you, I'll see it done

That you are gone before Achilles' son,

In whom you trust, is here. [exit Hermione]

Andromache:

Oh yes, that's sure –

I trust him. Though a god gave us a cure 270

For snake-bites, yet there's no-one who can find

A cure for evil women, to mankind

A bane. How monstrous!

Chorus:

Ah, the pain I see

That was inflicted on mankind when three

Goddesses came to Ida's valley, brought  
 By Hermes, for the beauty prize they sought.  
 Under a golden yoke, well-armed, they came  
 To battle with each other for the fame  
 That beauty brings, where Paris's pastures lay:  
 Tending his cows, he lived alone. When they        280  
 Came to the shady glen they bathed before  
 Paris, and the contest became a war  
 Of spiteful words. Finally victory  
 Was won by Cypris's cajolery,  
 Pleasing to hear but to the citadel  
 Of Troy destruction, lucklessness and hell.  
 Would that his mother had cast far away  
 The dreadful curse before he came to stay  
 In rocky Ida's haunts! Prophetically  
 Cassandra shouted orders that he be        290  
 Murdered for he'd bring misery to Troy.  
 She begged all elders that they slay the boy,  
 For then our womenfolk would not have been  
 Enslaved and, lady, you'd have been a queen,  
 And Greece would have avoided ten long years  
 Of grievous toil the young men with their spears  
 Suffered, and marriage-beds would not now be  
 Empty nor old men of their progeny  
 Bereft. [enter Menelaus]  
 Menelaus;  
       I've brought the son you sent to dwell  
 In someone else's house, failing to tell        300  
 My daughter. You thought that this monument

Would save your life and you rested content  
That those who hid him, too, would be secure.  
But, woman, it is manifestly sure  
That you have much less intellect than he  
Who stands before you. If you do not flee  
This precinct, I will kill this boy instead  
Of you. And so get this into your head –  
Do you prefer to die or would you see  
This lad here killed for your iniquity                      310  
Against us?

Andromache:

High renown, you've surely brought  
Blessings on countless mortals who are nought!  
The men of truth who've earned a goodly name  
I think are blessed, but I've nothing but blame  
For liars, though by chance they can be bright.  
Were you a general – you, who seem so slight –  
Over Greek troops to capture Ilium?  
And have you in your haughtiness now come,  
Urged by your little daughter, to contend  
With a poor slave. I can't even pretend                      320  
That you're worthy of Troy or she of you.  
It's on their outer side that people who  
Desire to seem intelligent are thus.  
But inside they're just like the populus,  
Except in wealth. But wealth has a great force.  
So, Menelaus, let's have a discourse.  
Suppose your daughter killed me: how could she  
Escape pollution? The majority,

However, would say you'd stand trial as well  
Since your part in the business would compel 330  
You to the courtroom. Tell me, will you kill  
My son if I yet live? And then how will  
His father stomach it? Troy does not say  
That he's a coward. He'll go on his way  
Wherever he must and show undoubtedly  
That he is worthy of his pedigree  
In war and drive your daughter from the house.  
And if you try to find another spouse  
For her, what will you say? She's virtuous  
And moderate and fled a villainous 340  
Husband? He won't believe you. But who will  
Then marry her? Or will you keep her still,  
Greying and single? Poor man, can't you see  
Awaiting you a storm of misery?  
So many evil husbands? Don't requite  
Small harms with great. Though we be full of spite,  
We women, you men should not try to be  
Like us. For I'll stand trial willingly,  
Seeking no refuge at a goddess' shrine,  
To find out whether any drugs of mine 350  
Poisoned your daughter so she may not be  
Fertile, as she asserts. And judging me  
Shall be her husband's role, and in that case  
I'll have no less a penalty to face  
If he'll be childless, too. I fear one thing  
In you – you ruined Troy through quarrelling  
About a woman.



Chorus:

Too much have you said  
As woman to a man – anger instead  
Of sense has stormed your mind and shot away  
Your sober judgment.

Menelaus:

Woman, as you say, 380  
These things that have been said are trifling  
And don't deserve the heeding of a king  
Who wields the power in Greece. But know this well –  
A man's wish is much greater than the quell  
Of Troy. I'm the staunch ally of my child  
And know how sad it is to be beguiled  
Of a husband. Any other misery  
A woman bears is merely secondary,  
But she has lost her life if she is left  
Without a husband, totally bereft. 370  
My spouse must rule my slaves: my family  
And I rule his. No private property  
Exists for friends. So if I choose to wait  
Till he returns before I operate  
As I desire, I'm far from wise. So fly  
From Thetis' shrine because, if you should die,  
This boy will live: if you refuse, you'll see  
Him die. One must be killed – which will it be?

Andromache:

A bitter choice! If I should live, then I  
Will live in misery, while, if I die...! 380  
You make too much of trifling things. Why do

You want me dead? What have I done to you?  
What city have I harmed by treachery?  
Which of your children has been killed by me?  
What house of yours have I burned down? I went  
Into my master's bed, though my consent  
Was absent. Will you choose to kill *me*, though,  
And not the guilty one? Will you let go  
The cause and then attack the aftermath?  
Unhappy fatherland, behold my path 390  
Of misery, the ills I have to bear!  
Why must I have a child, a double share  
Of burdens? Why do I shed lamentation  
On that, yet not total consideration  
Of my ensuing woes? My vivid mind  
Remembers Hector's body dragged behind  
A chariot and Troy put to the flame.  
And then to me a Grecian warrior came  
And pulled me by the hair, compelling me  
To be a slave of the Greek argosy. 400  
In Phthia I became the concubine  
Of Hector's killer. Such a life is mine!  
Where can I look? My past or present? Now  
I have one darling son, but these folks vow  
To kill him. No, I do not contemplate  
Saving my wretched life so that his fate  
Will then be sealed. For if he should survive,  
He'd bear our hopes, but if I stay alive  
That he may die, then that would place a stain  
On me. Therefore I'm leaving to be slain, 410

Hanged, have my throat cut or be gaoled. [to Molossus] Goodbye,

My darling one, your mother is to die.

Recall my woes and how I died, my son!

And kiss your father! Tell him what I've done!

Our children are our souls. The man who, through

His lack of children, says this isn't true,

Although he feels more agony than we,

Will live his life much more unhappily.

Chorus:

I pity you. Ill luck is woeful in

The eyes of men, even if they are not kin. 420

But, Menelaus, bring Hermione

That with this woman solidarity

May be achieved and she may find release

From this adversity and find some peace.

Menelaus:

Slaves, seize her! Hah, I've caught you! You will hear

Out of my mouth words that will be severe.

I threatened, so that you might go away,

That I would kill your son, and in that way

I have persuaded you to yield to me.

Now you'll be killed. Know that thus will it be. 430

About your son, my daughter will decide

Whether he dies or not. Now go inside

And learn that you, a slave, must never do

More harm against all freeborn men.

Andromache:

Ah, you

Have tricked me!

Menelaus:

Tell the world! I'll not deny

That it is true.

Andromache:

Do you who live close by

The Eurotas find this smart?

Menelaus:

Yes, as the nation

Of Trojans do – it's called retaliation.

Andromache:

But do you think the gods are not divine?

Won't they send punishment?

Menelaus:

Well, I'll resign      440

Myself to that when it is sent. You, though,

I'll kill.

Andromache:

Tear this young fledgling from below

My wings as well?

Menelaus:

Oh no! Hermione

Will do that.

Andromache:

Dear one, hear my threnody

Before you die!

Menelaus:

His hopes are far from good.

Andromache:

Spartans, most hateful in the brotherhood

Of man, sly liars, tricksters, pondering  
Thoughts that are devious and mouldering,  
Your riches are unjust. What felonies  
Have you committed? Ah, what butcheries! 450  
Your greed for gain and your duplicity  
Often unmasked! Receive this curse from me!  
Your verdict's hardly harsh, for long ago  
I was already well-supplied with woe,  
Troy fallen and my glorious husband slain,  
Who with his spear has again and again  
Proved you a coward on both land and sea.  
Now look at you, ready to slaughter me,  
A woman, in grim warrior garb bedecked.  
On with your slaughter! But do not expect 460  
Base flattery for either of you. Though  
You have been great in Sparta, you should know  
That I was great in Troy. My life is hell,  
But do not boast, for yours may be as well. [exeunt all but Chorus]

Chorus:

A double marriage never will be praised  
By me: I don't approve sons should be raised  
By two mothers: it brings both pain and strife.  
May I with just one husband live my life!  
Two monarchs are much worse to undergo  
Than one. For citizens woe's piled on woe. 470  
When two bards write a hymn, the amuses bring  
Between the two of them much quarrelling.  
When a swift breeze drives mariners along,  
With two men at the helm and a large throng

Of wise men, one of lesser mind will be

More competent with full authority.

In house and city, if men hope to find

True sway, it must be through a single mind.

The Spartan woman proves this – she's aflame

Against her rival, and it is her aim 480

To kill the Trojan woman and her son,

And thus a lawless murder will be done,

Ungodly, loveless. Lady, you will pay

For all of your atrocities some day. [enter Andromache, Molossus and Menelaus]

And here are mother and son, the sentenced pair.

What misery the two of you shall share!

My child, the product of your mother's bed,

Thus you'll be killed and lie among the dead,

Though innocent.

Andromache:

See how I have been tied

With binding manacles, my hands both dyed 490

With blood, condemned to death!

Molossus:

Under your wing,

Mother, I go as well.

Andromache:

An offering

Most cruel!

Molossus:

Father, help us!

Andromache:

Oh, my dear,

My child, you will lie with your mother, near  
Her breast.

Molossus:

Ah, grief! What will become of me?

Menelaus:

Now die! For you've come from the enemy.

I sentence you to death – your progeny

Is sentenced by my child Hermione.

One's foes must not stay living, for to kill

Them takes away a house's fear, its ill. 500

Andromache:

Husband, would you could ameliorate

My ill luck with your spear!

Molossus:

Oh, dreadful fate!

Mother, what hymn am I to sing to spare

My life and shed this fate?

Andromache:

Our master's there.

Go to him! Touch his knees and plead with him!

Molossus:

O spare my life, dear friend!

Andromache:

My eyes are dim

With tears, for I weep like a sunless spring

On a smooth cliff.

Molossus:

When will my suffering

Be over?

Menelaus:

Why do you fall at my knees,  
When I am like a wave upon the seas 510  
Or like a rock? It is my kin I aid,  
But I've no cause to love you since I made  
Great efforts to take Troy – your mother, too.  
And so it is your mother who caused you  
To go below the earth. [enter Peleus]

Chorus:

But look! I see  
Old Peleus, coming hither hastily.

Peleus:

You who preside over this offering  
And, women, you as well, what's happening?  
What caused this plague? What secret artifice  
Are you devising? Put a stop to this 520  
Injustice! [to his servant] Lead me on more speedily!  
We must be quick: now is the time for me  
To show my youthful vigour. Like a breeze  
I'll blow upon her sails. ]to Andromache] Tell me why these  
Men bind your hands and lead you and your son  
Away? Like two poor sheep you're being done  
To death while your own master was not here,  
Nor I.

Andromache:

Old prince, you'll see it's very clear.  
We're going to our deaths, my son and I.  
To all my fervent letters no reply 530  
Have you sent back. But you undoubtedly



Must know by hearsay of the enmity  
Between that woman and me and are aware  
Why I am doomed. Now they're about to bear  
Me off from Thetis' shrine – she bore to you  
Your noble son, whom you revere. They knew  
Our weaknesses: not looking for a way  
To charge me, they did not even delay  
And wait for absent ones. No, they're about  
To execute my son, though he's without                      540  
All sin, and me. Before your knees I fall  
(For I can't reach your chin while bound) and call  
Upon the gods. Save me! For otherwise  
I'll die, sir, and in everybody's eyes  
You'll be disgraced.

Peleus:

On pain of punishment

Release her bonds!

Menelaus:

No, I will not consent.

I am your peer, with more authority

Over her.

Peleus:

What? Control my family,

Would you? Is Sparta not enough?

Menelaus:

In Troy

I captured her.

Peleus:

Yes, and Achilles' boy

550

Received her as a prize for bravery.

Menelaus:

And do we not share *all* our property?

Peleus:

Oh yes, to treat benignly, not to kill

By a sword's blow.

Menelaus:

Hear this! – you never will

Take her from me.

Peleus:

This will I surely do

Once with this sceptre I have bloodied you.

Menelaus:

Not one step closer!

Peleus:

Hah! Are you a man?

How cowardly you are! A Phrygian

Took Helen. You were lax and really thought

That she was chaste and not a thing of nought, 560

A whore! For Spartan women cannot be

Chaste – that is not their personality.

They leave their homes and flirt with youths, their thighs

Through flimsy clothes revealed to all men's eyes.

The running-tracks and wrestling-grounds they share

With men – a thing I really cannot bear.

It's not surprising, then, that you don't breed

Your Spartan women to be chaste. Indeed,

Ask Helen this! She left behind the God

Of Friendship in your house, then off she trod 570

To revel with a youth in a foreign land.  
Was it for her sake, then, the Argives spanned  
The seas to fight in Troy, with hordes of men?  
You should have spat the woman out back then  
Nor moved one spear once treachery was found  
In her; she should have stayed on Trojan ground,  
And you should have decided, too, to pay  
A wage to her to make her stay away.  
But this was not your way – rather you left  
Old mothers and fathers of their sons bereft.        580  
And of those fathers, sadly, I am one,  
For you're the foul destroyer of my son.  
Alone unhurt, you came back, in its case  
Your armour with each detail still in place.  
I said to Neoptolemus, when he  
Was just about to wed, he should not be  
Married to you nor should he welcome to  
His house the young of a base mother – you!  
Their mothers' faults such daughters recreate.  
And therefore, suitors, searching for a mate,        590  
Be sure the woman has a virtuous mother!  
Think of your outrage, too, against your brother  
When foolishly you ordered him to slay  
His daughter! Were you filled with such dismay  
That you might lose your worthless wife? Once you  
Took Troy (this argument I'll bring up, too),  
You did not execute your wife, although  
You had the capability to do so.  
No, once you saw her breasts, you tossed aside

Your sword and fawned upon your treacherous bride 600

And kissed her, proving you're no rival for

Cypris for you're a coward. Furthermore,

You raid my grandson's house while he's away

And try to kill these two. Ah, you will pay!

This boy whom you condemn will bring much woe

To you and to Hermione, although

He be three times a bastard. Stony ground

Often exceeds deep soil, it has been found,

In produce: bastards, too, similarly

Top other sons begotten honestly. 610

But take your child away. One should possess

Relations who are poor but nonetheless

Honest, not those who have prosperity

And yet are base. But you're a nullity!

Chorus:

From trivial things come brawls. Mortals who are

Prudent don't with their loved ones ever spar.

Menelaus:

Old men are wise, you claim, though you, the son

Of a famous father, by a union

Of marriage bound to one who had great fame

In Greece for wisdom, utter words that shame 620

Yourself, upbraiding me as well, about

This foreign woman. You should drive her out

Beyond the Nile, the Phasis – and you ought

To crave my help at it – for she was brought

From Asia where so many Argives fell

Before the spear and has a share as well

In your Achilles' death. For Paris slew  
Your son and is the brother of Hector, who  
Wed her, and yet you think it fair to share  
A roof with her and eat the self-same fare 630  
At the same table, granting her the right  
To bear her brood which are a toxic slight  
To you within your house. Then when I meant  
To kill her for our sakes, the wench was rent  
Out of my grasp. But listen now to me  
(To touch on this brings no ignominy) –  
Although my daughter's barren, *she* is not,  
So tell me if you have some fiendish plot  
To make her children monarchs of the land  
Of Phthia and will they thus hold command 640  
In Greece as well? So how can you declare  
That I, who hate all things unjust, am bare  
Of judgment while it's actually you  
Who's logical? Consider this point, too:  
If a child of yours were treated shamefully  
By him who'd wed her, would you silently  
Accept it? No, I do not think that's true!  
Yet, speaking for a foreign woman, you  
Shout out such nonsense to your family.  
A woman groans just like a man when she 650  
Is injured by her spouse; he groans as well  
When with a wayward wife he's forced to dwell.  
The man is strong; the woman's interests lie  
In safeguarding her kin. Then, should not I  
Defend my own? You are an old, old man,

And you have been more helpful to me than  
If you'd stayed mum when you spoke of my time  
As general. What Helen went through was no crime  
On her part. No, it was her destiny  
And Hellas gained from it eventually. 660  
For Greeks knew nought of weaponry and war  
But made progress in martial courage, for  
Cooperation teaches much to men.  
If I forbore to kill my Helen when  
I met her, that was self-control. Would you  
Had not killed Phocus, your half-brother, too!  
But it is with goodwill, not out of rage,  
That I attack you, but if you engage  
In ardent wrangling, you merely swell  
Your prattle, while my foresight serves me well. 670

Chorus:

Cease all this nonsense, both of you, in case  
You're proven to be wrong and in disgrace.

Peleus:

Greek customs are perverse, for when the foe  
Is routed, all the honours do not go  
To those who did the actual work: no, he  
Who led the troops gains the celebrity.  
He brandishes his spear, a single man  
Among so many, and does no more than  
One soldier. Mighty politicians, too,  
Think grander thoughts than common people do, 680  
Though they are worthless. Common people are  
Better and more intelligent by far

But simply lack the guts. It is you two,  
You and your brother, who did this. For you  
Boast of your leadership in Ilium,  
Made glorious by those beneath your thumb  
Who toiled for you. It will be very hard  
For you if you continue to regard  
Paris to be a greater enemy  
Than Peleus is unless you do not flee, 690  
You and your barren daughter. This offspring  
Of my own loins will oust her, grappling  
Her by the hair, if she will not allow  
That others breed, though she's a sterile cow.  
Because she can't bear children, should we lack  
Children ourselves? Women and slaves, stand back!  
For someone may prevent me when I try  
To free her hands. [to Andromache] Rise to your feet! Though I  
Tremble with age, I'll free her. [to Menelaus] Villainous  
Coward, did you her hands disfigure thus? 700  
Was it a bull or lion that you thought  
That you were dealing with or were you fraught  
With fear that she'd revenge? [to Molossus] My child, draw nigh  
Beneath my arm and help me to untie  
These bonds! To manhood I'll rear you, my boy,  
In Phthia so that you'll bring great annoy  
To these Greek foes. Spartans, maybe your spear  
Is non-pareil, but elsewhere you should fear  
You're not superior.

Chorus:

Old men possess

No self-control, and their hot-headedness 710

Is hard to curb.

Menelaus:

You fly too readily

Into abusive talk. But as for me,

I'm here unwillingly, but I'll not do

Anything base and I'll make sure that you

Won't do the same to me. For now my time

Is not unlimited, and therefore I'm

Intent on going home. Not far away

From Sparta there's a city that one day

Was friendly but now shows hostility.

I'll lead my troops and take this enemy 720

And rule them. Then, back here, I'll call to me

My son-in-law, then in all honesty

We'll counsel back and forth – if he intends

To punish her [indicating Aphrodite] and freely make amends

And shows respect, we'll show respect as well

To him. However, if his wrath should swell,

That wrath shall we return. *Your* words I'll bear

With patience. Like a shadow in the air

You do nothing but talk.

Peleus:

Son, come below

My arm and, woman, you, so full of woe, 730

Lead on. Storm-beaten, now you have been fanned



By cloudless breezes to a friendly land.

Andromache:

God bless you, sir – you’ve saved my child and me.

Take care, though, lest, crouching clandestinely

Somewhere in some deserted spot, they may

Take me by force, since you are old and grey,

I weak, my son a little child. So see

That though we may escape we will not be

Caught later.

Peleus:

Ah, your talk is timorous

And woman-like. Let’s go! Who’ll mess with us? 740

That man will pay the price who lays a hand

On us. By the gods’ grace I hold command

Of many troops in Phthia. I stand straight,

I am no dotard, as you’d doubtless state.

One look at men like him and I would send

Them packing, old or not. Grit, in the end,

Is all that matters, not how old you are.

A brave old man is worthier by far

Than scads of cowardly youths. If hearts are weak,

What use is bodily strength?

Chorus:

Then one should seek 750

Inherited riches or nobility –

Or not be born. When there’s adversity

Among the nobles, they’ve abundant aid.

Those who are nobly born are always paid

Honour, because they're famed. Time won't efface  
What's left behind by men of a noble race –  
Their virtue will live on. Better to gain  
An honest victory than to attain  
It by the use of base ferocity  
Against injustice. For such victory 760  
Brings short-lived happiness. I'd rather win  
A life in which I hold no power within  
City or house that is unjust. O son  
Of Aeacus, I know that you have done  
Great deeds of battle on the Lapiths' side  
Against the Centaurs, and upon the tide,  
Aboard the *Argo*, the Symplegades  
You traversed with their inhospitable seas –  
A famous voyage – and when Zeus's son  
Heracles sacked the city of Troy, you won 770  
Your share of high distinction and great fame,  
And then across the sea back home you came. [enter Nurse]

Nurse:

Dear ladies, tragedy on tragedy!  
The lady of the house, Hermione,  
Deserted by her father and aware  
Of her appalling purpose not to spare  
Andromache and her son, intends to kill  
Herself in terror that her husband will  
Send her away in deep ignominy  
For what she's done and kill her because she 780  
Had tried to kill those whom it is not right  
To murder. She attempted from a height

To hang herself. The slaves could barely stay  
Her action, and they took a sword away  
From her right hand. Through pain she now can tell  
That what she did before was not done well.  
But I am tired with struggling to cope  
In keeping her, dear ladies, from the rope.  
Go in! Save her! For if new friends arrive  
They may be able to keep her alive. 790

Chorus:

The servants shout about what you've come here  
To tell. But she herself will make it clear,  
I think, how she laments the things she's done,  
For they are dire offences, every one.  
Look there, she flees the servants, coming nigh  
Out of the house, determined now to die. [enter Hermione]

Hermione:

Alas, I'll scratch my cheeks! I'll tear my hair!

Nurse:

What, darling? Hurt yourself?

Hermione:

Into the air

With you, fine threads!

Nurse:

Cover your breasts, child!

Hermione:

Why?

What I've committed is clear to the eye – 800

Those sins against my husband. Everyone  
May see the dreadful things that I have done.

Nurse:

Do you lament because Andromache

You planned to murder?

Hermione:

My iniquity,

My gory daring! That's what I lament.

I'm cursed! I'm cursed!

Nurse:

Your husband will relent,

Forgiving you.

Hermione:

Why did you take away

My sword? Return it, friend, so that I may

Impale my heart! Why keep the noose from me?

Nurse:

But if I should allow you frantically 810

To take your life...?

Hermione:

Where is the flame that I

Long to leap into? Where's the cliff on high

Above the forests or along the sea

That I may jump from it precipitately?

Nurse:

Why do you grieve this way? Adversity

Sooner or later plagues humanity.

Hermione:

O Father, you have left me on the shore,

Alone, abandoned and without an oar.

He'll kill me. In this bridal house I'll dwell

No more. A suppliant, I must run pell-mell 820

To some god's shrine – but which one shall it be?

Shall I fall at my slave's knees pleadingly?

O that I might soar up into the air

Away from Phthia to the sea-surge where

The ship of pine crossed the Symplegades,

The very first that sailed upon the seas!

Nurse:

My child, I did not extol your excess

When I found out about your lawlessness

Against the Trojan woman, and likewise

Your excess fear I cannot eulogize. 830

Your spouse won't leave you, having listened to

A foreign woman's paltry words. For you

Have not been taken as a captive – he

Has a large dowry and you're the progeny

Of an important man and you were bred

In a most wealthy city. Do not dread

That he'll abandon you. Go in and do

Not show yourself before the house lest you

Fall in disgrace. [enter Orestes]

Chorus:

A stranger urgently

Is coming here.

Orestes:

You foreign maids, tell me – 840

Is this the house of Neoptolemus?

Chorus:

It is. But who are you to ask of us?

Orestes:

Orestes, Agamemnon's son. I'm here  
Upon my way to hear Dodona's seer  
Of Zeus. But since I'm here, I wish to be  
Told if my kinswoman Hermione  
Of Sparta thrives, enjoying happiness.  
For though she lives far off, she nonetheless  
Is dear to me.

Hermione:

Cousin - like a retreat  
For storm-tossed sailors – at your feet                      850  
I beg you to have pity for the grief  
You see me suffer. Bring me some relief!  
And let my arms, now wrapped around your knees,  
Act as a suppliant's wreaths and hear my pleas!

Orestes:

Do I make some mistake or do I see  
In truth Menelaus' child Hermione?

Hermione:

You do – I am the only daughter whom  
Helen conceived by him within her womb.

Orestes:

Phoebus, relieve us! Who's upsetting you?  
A god or human?

Hermione:

Partly blame is due                      860  
To me, partly my husband, partly one  
Of all the gods. I'm totally undone!

Orestes:

Since you're yet childless, what else could it be  
But husband trouble?

Hermione:

There's my misery –

You have it.

Orestes:

There's another in your stead?

Hermione:

There is – the spear-won girl whom Hector wed.

Orestes:

Two women for one man! A dreadful thing!

Hermione:

Yes, then I took revenge.

Orestes:

Maneuvering

With female wiles?

Hermione:

Oh, yes, I had a plot

To kill her and her bastard son.

Orestes:

But what 870

Mischance checked you? Or did you actually

Murder them?

Hermione:

No, Peleus prevented me

Because he pitied those who weren't born to

Nobility.

Orestes:

Did someone else help you?

Hermione:

My father, yes. From Sparta with that plan

He came.

Orestes:

Defeated, though, by the old man?

Hermione:

Through shame, yes. Then he went away.

Orestes:

I see.

For what you've done has he caused you to be

Afraid of him?

Hermione:

Yes. If he were to slay

Me, he'd be justified. What can one say? 880

Orestes:

I, in the name of Zeus, who's of our race,

Beg you to take me to some distant place

Or to my father's. This house seems to take

Upon itself a voice and in its wake

Would drive me forth. I'm hated here. My spouse,

If he comes from Dodona, to this house

Before then, he'll kill me in great disgrace

And I'll become a slave and take the place

Of her who has been mine.

Orestes:

Why did you, though,

Commit those dreadful things you speak of?

Hermione:

Oh, 890



Bad women came and, speaking in this vein,  
Puffed up my folly: "How can you sustain  
The wretch within your house who's come to share  
A man with you? By the goddess, should she dare  
To dally with *my* husband, she would see  
The light no more." I listened foolishly.  
I have all that I need – why should I spy  
Upon my husband jealously since I  
Am rich, the mistress of my house and blessed  
With lawful babes, while she would have possessed 900  
Bastards to serve my children. Never, never  
(I must repeat the word) should wise men ever  
Let women visit their wives, for they will teach  
Them evil – one will generate a breach  
Within their marriage with an eye to gain,  
Another, bare of virtue, would obtain  
A fellow-felon, others merely act  
Out of lewdness. Considering this fact,  
Guard well your houses, put both bolt and bar  
Upon your gates. Those female visits are                      910  
Nothing but trouble.

Chorus:

Ah, how violently

You castigate your sex! And certainly  
It's understandable, and yet it's still  
Fitting that women should conceal the ill  
That their own sex have undergone. For those  
Who've taught men tales proceeding from their foes  
Are wise. Once I'd heard of the disarray

Within the house as well as your affray  
With Hector's wife, I stood watch, waiting here  
To see if you'd remain or, in your fear 920  
Caused by the close call that Andromache  
Has undergone, you'd wish instead to flee.  
I have arrived here not out of respect  
Of your commands but that I might expect  
To speak with you, as I now clearly do,  
And take you hence. At the beginning you  
Were mine, but by your father's villainy  
Neoptolemus married you. But before he  
Stormed Troy, we were betrothed – then he gave you  
To Neoptolemus as fitting due 930  
If he should sack the city. But when he  
Came back, I begged him to give you to me,  
Renouncing you (your father I forgave).  
I said my situation then was grave.  
I detailed everything for him and said  
That, as an exile, I could not be wed  
To anyone outside the family.  
But he refused my plea, insulting me  
For matricide. And then he spoke about  
The goddesses that drip gout after gout 940  
Of blood, the Furies. The humiliation  
I felt for my domestic situation  
Caused me to brook the pain and misery  
And so I went away unwillingly,  
Deprived of you. Now in your wretchedness,  
Your ruination and your helplessness

I'll take you to your father – family  
Is strangely strong, and in calamity  
There's nothing better than a close-knit friend.

Hermione:

It is my father's business to attend 950  
To whom I wed, not mine. Take me away  
Quickly in order that my husband may  
Not catch me here, nor that Peleus may know  
That I'm abandoning the house and go  
In hot pursuit.

Orestes:

Don't be concerned about  
The old man's interference. Be without  
Concern about your husband, too. To free  
You from this fear, there is a cunningly  
Wrought trap – a noose that he can't circumvent.  
But presently it is not my intent 960  
To tell of it: but Delphi's rocky height  
Shall know all when my plans are brought to light.  
Then if my allies in the Pythian land  
Don't break their oath to me, he'll understand,  
Though I'm a matricide, he cannot be  
Allowed to wed her who belongs to me.  
His plea to Phoebus that he may be paid  
Requital for his father's death will aid  
Him not at all but prove a bitter pill.  
The fact of his changed inclination will 970  
Do him no good – hell pay the penalty  
From Lord Apollo and my calumny.

He'll die in pain and thereby learn the hate  
Of Lord Apollo who his enemies' fate  
Transforms from good to bad – they're not allowed,  
By reason of his orders, to be proud.

Chorus:

Phoebus, who built high-walled Troy's promontory,  
And you, Lord of the Deep, who ride the sea  
Upon your chariot, why did you strip  
Your hands of all your cunning craftsmanship      980  
And put it in the hands of Lord Ares  
And thereby multiply Troy's miseries?  
Many fair chariot-steeds you yoked along  
The Simois, and there was such a throng  
Of deadly contests where, lamentably,  
No wreaths were granted for each victory.  
The heirs of Ilus are all dead and gone  
And no more does the fire gleam upon  
Troy's scentless altars. Agamemnon's wife  
Slaughtered him, and for that she lost her life      990  
At her own children's hands. The curse that fell  
On Atreus is once more alive and well –  
For here from Argos comes Agamemnon's son,  
And on Apollo's inmost shrine he's won  
The god as his ally, although he slew  
His mother. Phoebus, can this yet be true?  
So many women sing out their lament  
That tells of wretched men whose spouses went  
In search of other men. Not you alone  
Or your close kin for cruel grief make moan.      1000



Chorus:

No, she went

With Orestes.

Peleus:

Why is that? You mean he meant

To marry her?

Chorus:

That's right, he did, and he

Planned Neoptolemus' death.

Peleus:

Clandestinely                      1020

Or in an open battle?

Chorus:

With divine

Support in Delphi at Apollo's shrine.

Peleus:

How terrible! Go speedily, someone,

And bring back news before Achilles' son

Is killed. [enter Messenger]

Messenger:

I have such dreadful news to tell

To you, old sir, and to your kin as well.

Peleus:

O my prophetic soul! I guess what you

Must say.

Messenger:

Your grandson's dead, stabbed by those who

Aided Orestes. [Peleus staggers back]

Chorus:

Oh, sir, stand up tall!

Peleus:

I'm dead, destroyed, I have lost all

Power of speech! My limbs have failed me, too!

Messenger:

You must avenge your family, but you

Must stand and listen.

Peleus:

Beneath fate I sink,

A wretched man upon the farthest brink

Of old age. But how did he die? Although

The news is past all hearing, even so

I wish to hear.

Messenger:

When to the glorious land

Of Phoebus we had come, three days we spanned

In gazing on it. But suspiciously

The people gathered round. The progeny 1040

Of Agamemnon spoke in each man's ear

Throughout the town these words, hostile to hear:

"Do you observe that fellow wandering through

Apollo's shrine filled full of gold? Do you

See him around the people's treasury?

Well, this is now the second time that he

Has come here, for he means to rake away

Apollo's treasures." And upon that day

All hell broke loose. The elders flocked into

The council-chamber, and those people who 1050

Were in charge of the deity's property

Agreed to post a sentry there. But we  
Knew nothing of these things, but, borrowing  
Some sheep from Mt. Parnassus pasturing  
Upon the grass, went to the shrine nearby  
The prophets and officials there. Then I  
Heard someone ask Achilles' progeny,  
"What would you have us ask the deity  
That you would like? Why are you here, young man?"  
He answered, "I am hoping that I can                      1060  
Atone for something that I did some time  
Ago against the god – it was the crime  
Of seeking redress for my father's death."  
Immediately, the people with one breath  
Said that he lied and had been scandalous.  
Then up the steps went Neoptolemus  
To pray to Phoebus. But in ambush lay  
Armed men, screened by some shaded boughs of bay.  
Orestes was the kingpin of these men.  
Before those people Neoptolemus then                      1070  
Was praying to the god when they emerged  
From where they lay and with their sharp swords surged  
Forward and wounded him, because he wore  
No armour, and therefore he gave ground (for  
The wounds weren't fatal), drew his sword and took  
His armour which was hanging on a hook  
Upon the temple-wall, and made his stance  
Upon the shrine, fearsome even to glance  
Upon, and yelled: "Why try to murder me?  
I'm on a mission of great piety."                      1080



They pelted him with stones, their sole reply,  
And, battered by the missiles they let fly  
Every which way, his armour he applied  
To ward off their attack on every side.  
In their assault his enemies had no luck –  
Darts, spears, two-pointed spits that they'd once stuck  
Into an ox fell at his feet. Then you  
Would then have seen the weapons that they threw  
Repulsed as in a pyrrhic dance display  
By the youth in his zeal. However, when they      1090  
Encircled him and barely gave him space  
To breathe, he left the sacrificial place  
With his famed Trojan leap and charged them. They,  
Like doves spying a hawk, scampered away.  
Many from wounds he had inflicted, fell,  
But many gave each other wounds as well  
The gate being narrow. An unholy cry  
Came from those holy halls, and way up high  
It smote the rocky cliffs. Once the melee  
Had passed, he stood bathed in the gleaming ray    1100  
Of armour till out of the shrine there rang  
The dreadful, chilling voice that roused the clang  
Of battle. Then the son of Achilles fell,  
Struck in his side, but many more as well  
Were laid low. As he lay upon the ground,  
Those who were standing yet gathered around  
With stones or rocks to strike him. Hideously  
His handsome form was rent apart. When he  
Lay dead next to the altar, they all flung

Him from that holy place where incense hung 1110

Upon the air. We took him hastily

Into our arms and brought him here to be

Mourned and interred. The son of Achilles

Thus treated by the god of prophecies,

Who judges justice for all men, although

He craved amends! Those feuds from long ago

He still recalls, just like a wicked man.

Can this be wise? I do not think it can. [enter cortege]

Chorus:

Here is our lord, from Delphi carried here,

So luckless. Luckless, too, are you, I fear, 1120

Old sir. Not as you hoped, take your grandson.

You bear the selfsame fate as those who've done

Foul deeds.

Peleus:

Oh, what disaster do I see

That meets me now! City of Thessaly,

I'm dead – no children, no-one of my race

Is left. What wretched misery do I face!

Who shall console me? Son, whom I shall miss,

Would you had died beside the Simois!

Chorus:

Ah, yes, for thus in death he would have been

Honoured, and more good fortune you'd have seen. 1130

Peleus:

Marriage has crushed my house, my city – all!

For Neoptolemus has caused to fall

A burden on his children's lives, for he

Unfortunately wed Hermione.

Would he were struck by lightning! And indeed

I wish that he, a man, had felt no need

For archer Lord Apollo who had slain

Your god-born father.

Chorus:

Ah, the loss, the pain!

I shall begin my dirge.

Peleus:

Similarly

I'll take up the lament. Ah, misery! 1140

Chorus:

This was a deity's doing.

Peleus:

You have left

The house deprived. Dear son, I am bereft

Of children.

Chorus:

It was right for you to die,

Old man, before your children.

Peleus:

Shall not I

Tear at my hair and strike upon my head

A blow to end it all? Two sons, both dead!

Chorus:

Unlucky man, you've felt such misery

In your old age. What, then, will your life be

Hereafter?

Peleus:

My misfortune has no rein –  
Until my death unhappiness will I drain 1150  
Down to the dregs.

Chorus:

Your marriage fruitlessly  
The gods have blessed.

Peleus:

All that felicity  
Is gone, beyond high-flying boasts.

Chorus:

You dwell  
In loneliness.

Peleus:

I'm dead. City, farewell!  
Farewell, my sceptre! Thetis, you see me  
Fallen into the utmost misery  
From your dark cave. [enter Thetis]

Chorus:

Alas, what's happening?  
Look, there's a deity – I see her wing  
Her way through the bright air. I see her tread  
On Phthia's pastures.

Thetis:

Once we shared a bed, 1160  
Peleus, and so I've come. I counsel you  
To bear up in your troubles, for I, too,  
Who ought not to have borne our progeny

To make me weep, since I'm a deity,  
Begotten by a god, have lost the boy  
I had of you – Achilles, slain in Troy,  
The swiftest, noblest of the Argive force.  
But listen, and I'll tell to you the source  
Of my arrival here. For you must bear  
His son to Delphi's shrine. Inter him there,           1170  
To all the Delphian folk a calumny.  
His grave will claim Orestes violently  
Slew him. Andromache I must demand  
Must go to dwell in the Molossian land,  
Wed Helenus and take her son, for he  
Is last of the Aeacan family.  
It's fated that his heirs will rule that place  
In wealth, creating a perpetual race.  
Our race is safe, and that of Troy as well,  
Because the gods safeguard it, though it fell           1180  
By Pallas' will. Since we were wed, let me  
Release you from a mortal's misery  
And deify you – as god and goddess  
We'll live together in unendingness,  
And there you'll see your darling son and mine  
Living on the inhospitable brine  
On Leuke, though you'll be dry-shod. Repair  
To holy Delphi. Bury this man there,  
And then go to Leucas's promontory  
And sit there in the cave and wait for me           1190  
And my escort of fifty Nereids, who  
Will guide you. For it's Zeus's will that you

Should carry out his course. So cease your woe  
Over the dead, for death is what men owe  
To the gods.

Peleus:

Farewell to my respected wife,  
Worthy of those to whom you've given life,  
And of yourself as well. Now I'll desist  
From all my misery, as you insist.  
Once he's interred, to Pelion I'll go  
Where you fair form I clasped so long ago. 1200

Chorus:

There are so many shapes of divinity  
And many things have unexpectedly  
Be given us by the gods. And it was thus  
The story went that you've now heard from us.

