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Aeschylus, *The Lyrical Dramas of Aeschylus* [1906]

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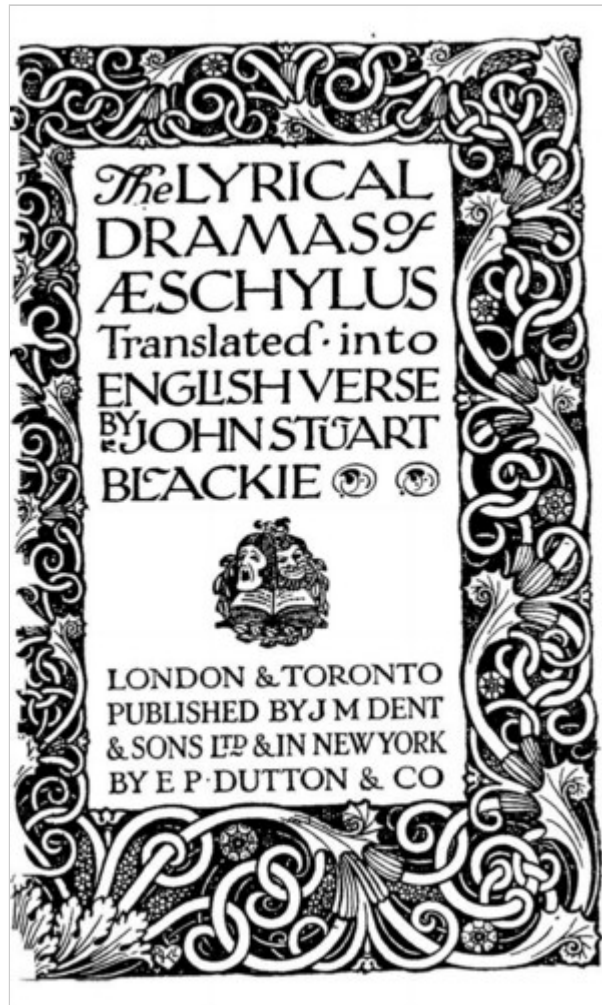
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### Edition Used:

*The Lyrical Dramas of Aeschylus*, translated into English Verse by John Stuart Blackie (London: J.M. Dent, 1906).

Author: [Aeschylus](#)

Translator: [John Stuart Blackie](#)

### About This Title:

A collection of the major plays of the great Athenian playwright Aeschylus.

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

The following is a list of the chief English translators of Æschylus:—

The Tragedies translated into English Verse; R. Potter, 1777, 1779.

The Seven Tragedies literally translated into English Prose, from the Text of Blomfield and Schütz, 1822, 1827.

Literal translation by T. A. Buckley, 1849.

The Lyrical Dramas . . . into English Verse; J. S. Blackie, 1850: into English Prose, F. A. Paley, 1864, 1891; E. H. Plumptre, 1868, 1873; Anna Swanwick, 1873; from a revised Text, W. Headlam, 1900, etc.

The Seven Plays in English Verse; L. Campbell, 1890.

The Agamemnon was translated by Dean Milman, 1865; and “transcribed” by Robert Browning, 1877. A. W. Verrall’s edition of the text, with commentary and translation, appeared in 1889.

The most important of the earlier editions of the text was that by Stanley; of the more recent, that by Schütz, Wellauer, and Hermann.

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## PREFACE

Some men of literary note, in the present day, observing the great difficulties with which poetical translators have to contend, especially when using a language of inferior compass, have been of opinion that the task ought not to be attempted at all—that all poetical translations, from Greek at least into English, should be done in prose; and, in confirmation of this opinion, they point to the English translation of the Hebrew Bible as a model. But if, as Southey says, “a translation is good precisely as it faithfully represents the matter, manner, and spirit of the original,”\* it is difficult to see how this doctrine can be entertained. Poetry is distinguished from prose more by the manner than by the matter; and rhythmical regularity or verse is precisely that quality which distinguishes the manner of poetry from that of prose. In one sense, and in the best sense, Plato and Richter and Jeremy Taylor are poets; in another sense, and in the best sense, Æschylus and Dante and Shakespere are philosophers; but that which a poet as a poet has, and a philosopher as a philosopher has not, is verse; and this element the advocates of a prose translation of poetical works are content to miss out! That the argument from the English translation of the Bible is not applicable to every case, will appear plain to any one who will figure to himself Robert Burns or Horace or Beranger in a prose dress. In the Bible we seek for the simplicity of religious inculcation or devout meditation, and would consider the finest rhythmical decorations out of place. Besides, the style of the Hebrew poetry is eminently simple; and the rhythmical element of language, so far as I can learn, was never highly cultivated by the Jews, whose mission on earth was of a different kind. The Greeks, on the other hand, were eminently a poetical people; the poetry of their drama, though not without its own simplicity, is, in respect of mere linguistic organism, of a highly decorated order; and by nothing is that decoration so marked as by a systematic attention to rhythm. I consider, therefore, that prose translations of the Greek dramatists will never satisfy the just demands of a cultivated taste, for the plain reason that they omit that element which is most characteristic of the manner of the original.

I am persuaded that the demand for prose translations of poets had arisen, in this country, more from a sort of desperate reaction against certain vicious principles of the old English school of translation, than from a serious consideration either of the nature of the thing, or of the capacity of our noble language. In Germany, I do not find that this notion has ever been entertained; plainly because the German poetical translations did not err, like our English ones, in conspiring, by every sort of fine flourishing and delicate furbishment, to obscure or to blot out what was most characteristic in their originals. The proper problem of an English translator is not *how to say a thing as the author would have said it, had he been an Englishman*; but *how, through the medium of the English language, to make the English reader feel both what he said and how he said it, being a Greek*. Now, any one who is familiar with the general run of English rhythmical translations, of which Pope’s Iliad is the pattern, must be aware that they have too often been executed under the influence of the former of these principles rather than the latter. In Pope’s Homer, and in Sotheby’s also, I must add, we find many, perhaps all the finest passages very finely done; but so as Pope or Sotheby might have done themselves in an original poem

written at the present day, while that which is most peculiarly Homeric, a certain blunt naturalness and a talkative simplicity, we do not find in these translators at all. The very things which most strike the eye of the accomplished connoisseur, and feed the meditations of the student of human nature, are omitted.

Now, I at once admit that a good prose translation—that is to say, a prose translation done by a poet or a man of poetical culture—of such an author as Homer, is preferable, for many purposes, to a poetical translation so elegantly defaced as that of Pope. A prose translation, also, of any poet, done accurately in a prosaic style by a proser, however much of a parody or a caricature in point of taste, may not be without its use, if in no other way, as a ready check on the free licence of omission or inoculation which rhythmical translators are so fond to usurp. But it is a mistake to suppose, because Pope, under the influence of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne, could not write a good poetical translation of Homer, that therefore such a work is beyond the compass of the English language.\* I believe that, if Alfred Tennyson were to give the world a translation of the Iliad in the measure of *Locksley Hall*, he would cut Pope out of the market of the million, even at this eleventh hour. We are, in the present epoch of our literary history, arrived at a very favourable moment for producing good translations. A band of highly-original and richly-furnished minds has just left the stage, leaving us the legacy of a poetical language which, under their hand, received a degree of rhythmical culture, of which it had been before considered incapable. The example of the Germans, also, now no longer confined to the knowledge of a few, stands forth to show us how excellent poetical translations may be made, free, at least, from those faults from which we have suffered. There is no reason why we should despair of producing poetical versions of the Classics which shall be at once graceful as English compositions, and characteristic as productions of the Greek or Roman mind. I, for one, have already passed this judgment on my own attempt, that if I have failed in these pages to bring out what is Greek and what is Æschylean prominently, in combination with force, grace, and clearness of English expression, it is for lack of skill in the workman, not for want of edge in the tool.

The next question that calls for answer is: it being admitted that a rhythmical translation of a Greek poem is preferable to a prose one, should we content ourselves with a blank rhythm (such as Shelley has used in *Queen Mab*, and Southey in *Thalaba*), or should we adopt also the sonorous ornament of rhyme. On this subject, when I first commenced this translation, about twelve years ago, I confess my feelings were strongly against the use of rhyme in translations from the antique; but experience and reflection have taught me considerably to modify, and, in some points of view, altogether to abandon this opinion. With regard to this matter, Southey has expressed himself thus:—“Rhyme is to passages of no inherent merit what rouge and candle-light are to ordinary faces. Merely ornamental passages, also, are aided by it, as foil sets off paste. But when there is either passion or power, the plainer and more straightforward the language can be made, the better.”† This is the lowest ground on which the plea for rhyme can be put; but even thus, it will be impossible for a discriminating translator to ward off its application to the Greek tragedy. In all poetry written for music, there will occur, even from the best poets, not a few passages on which the mere reader will pronounce, in the language of Horace, that they are comparatively

“Inopes rerum nugaeque canorae.”

With regard to the proper choral odes—the most difficult, and, in my view, the most important part of my task—I have allowed myself a licence, which some may think too large, but which, if I were to do the work over again, I scarcely think I should contract. In very few cases have I given anything like a curious imitation of the original; and, when I have done so—as in the Trochaic Chaunt of the Furies, Vol. I. p. 212, and in the Cretics mingled with Trochees, in the short ode of the Suppliants, Vol. II. p. 107‡—it was more to humour the whim of the moment than from any fixed principle. For, to speak truth, rhyming men will have their whim; and I do not think it politic or judicious to deprive the translator altogether of that rhythmical freedom which is the great delight of the original composer. But another, and the principal reason with me for not attempting a systematic imitation of the choral measures, was, that many of them failed to produce, on my ear, an intelligible musical effect, which I could set myself to reproduce; while, in other cases, though I clearly saw the *rhythmical principle* on which they were constructed (for I do not speak of the blind jargon of inherited *metrical terminology*), I saw with equal clearness *that in our English poetry written to be read, systematic imitation of ancient metres written on musical principles, and with a view to musical exhibition, is, in the majority of cases, altogether absurd and impertinent*. I confined myself, therefore, to the selection of such English metres as to my ear seemed most dramatically to represent the feeling of the original, making a marked contrast everywhere between the rhythmical movement of joy and sorrow, and always distinguishing carefully between what was piled up with a stable continuity of sublime emotion, and what was ejaculated in a hurried and broken style, where the Dochmiac verse prevails.\*

So much for metres With regard to the more strictly linguistic part of my task, I have only to say that I thought it proper to assume Wellauer’s cautiously edited text as a safe general foundation, with the liberty, of course, to deviate from it whenever I saw distinct and clearly made out grounds. The other editions, old and new, which I have used are enumerated in an Appendix at the end of the second volume. There also will be found those Commentaries and Translations which I have consulted on all the difficult passages; my obligations to which are, of course, great, and are here gratefully acknowledged. I desire specially to name, as having been of most service to me, Linwood, Peile, and Paley among the English; Wellauer, Welcker, Müller, and Schoemann among the German scholars. My manner of proceeding with previous English translations was to borrow from them an occasional phrase or hint, only after I had finished and carefully revised my own. But my obligations in respect of poetical diction to my fellow-labourers in the same field are very few, and are for the most part specially acknowledged.

The introductory remarks to each play are intended to supply the English reader with that particular mythological or historical knowledge, and to inspire him with those Hellenic views and feelings, which are necessary to the enjoyment of the different dramas. The appended notes proceed on the principle, generally understood in this country, though apparently neglected in erudite Germany, that translations are made, not for the learned mainly, but for the unlearned. I have, therefore, not assumed even the most common points of mythological and antiquarian lore. Some of the notes,



especially those on moral and religious points, have a higher view than mere explanation. They are intended to stir those human feelings, and suggest those trains of moral reflection without which the most profound scholarship issues only in a multitudinous cracking of empty nut-shells, and a ghastly exhibition of gilded bones. The few notes of a strictly hermeneutical character that are mingled with these, are mere jottings to preserve for my own use, and that of my fellow-students of the Greek text, the grounds of decision which have moved me in some of the more difficult passages, where I have either departed from Wellauer's text, or where something appeared to lie in the various renderings fraught with a more than common poetical significance. In the general case, however, the translation must serve as its own commentary; and, though I do not pretend to have read every thing that has been written on the disputed passages of this most difficult, and, in many places, sadly corrupt author, I hope there is evidence enough in every page of my work to show that I have conscientiously grappled with all real difficulties in any way affecting the meaning of the text, and not leapt to a conclusion merely because it was the most obvious and most convenient one. If here and there I have made a rapid dash, a headlong plunge, or a bold sweep, beyond the rules of a strict philology, it was because these were the only tactics that the desperation of the case allowed.\*

In conclusion, I am glad to take this opportunity of publicly returning my thanks to two gentlemen of well-known literary taste and discernment, who took the trouble to read my sheets as they went through the press, and favour me with their valuable suggestions.

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## ON THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF THE GREEK TRAGEDY

“In der Beurtheilung des Hellenischen Alterthums soll der Scharfsinnige nicht aus sich herauszuspinnen suchen, was nur aus der Verbindung mannichfacher Ueberlieferungen gewonnen werden kann.”

—Bockh.

Let us inquire, therefore, setting aside alike Shaksperian examples and Aristotelian canons, what the τραγῳδία, or “tragedy,” was to the ancient Greeks. Nor have we far to seek. The name, when the modern paint is rubbed off, declares its own history; and we find that the main idea of the old word τραγῳδία—as, by the way, the *only* idea of the modern word τραγουδι\*—is a song. Of the second part of this word, we have preserved the root in our English words *ode*, *melody*, *monody*, *thenody*, and the other half of the word means *goat*; whether that descriptive addition to the principal substantive came from the circumstance that the song was originally sung by persons habited like goats,† or from other circumstances connected with the worship of Dionysus, to whom this animal was sacred, is of no importance for our present purpose. The main fact to which we have to direct attention, is that the word *tragedy*, when analysed, bears upon its face, and in the living Greek tongue proclaims loudly to the present hour, that the essential character of this species of poetry—when the name was originally given to it—was lyrical, and not at all dramatic or tragic, in the modern sense of these words. A drama, in modern language, means an action represented by acting persons; and a tragedy is such a represented action, having a sad issue; but neither of these elements belonged to the original Greek tragedy, as inherited from his rude predecessors by Æschylus, nor (as we shall immediately show) do they form the prominent or characteristic part of that exhibition, as transmitted by him to his successors. With regard to the origin of the Greek “goat-song,” and its condition previous to the age of Æschylus, there is but one uncontradicted voice of tradition on the subject; the curious discussions and investigations of the learned affecting only certain minute points of detail in the progress, which have no interest for the general student. That tradition is to the effect that the Greek lyrical drama, as we find it in the extant works of Æschylus, arose out of the Dithyrambic hymns sung at the sacred festivals of the ancient Hellenes in honour of their god Dionysus, or, as he is vulgarly called, Bacchus; hymns which were first extemporized under the influence of the stimulating juice of the grape,\* and then sung by a regularly trained Chorus, under the direction of the famous Methymnean minstrel, Arion.† The simplest form which such hymns, under such conditions, could assume, was that of a circular dance by a band of choristers round the statue or the altar of the god in whose honour the hymn was sung. This is not a matter peculiar to Greece, but to be found at all times, and all over the world, wherever there are men who are not mere brutes. So in the description of the religious practices of the ancient Mexicans, our erudite poet Southey has the following beautiful passage, picturing a sacred choral dance round the altar of sacrifice:—

Round the choral band  
The circling nobles gay, with gorgeous plumes,  
And gems which sparkled to the midnight fire,  
Moved in the solemn dance, each in his hand,  
In measured movements, lifts the feathery shield,  
And shakes a rattling ball to measured sounds;  
With quicker steps, the inferior chiefs without,  
Equal in number, but in just array,  
The spreading radii of the mystic wheel  
Revolved; and outermost, the youths roll round,  
In motions rapid as their quickened blood.

The academic student, who is familiar with these matters, is aware that what has been here constructed hypothetically, as a natural result of the circumstances, is the real historical account of the origin and progress of the Greek tragedy, as it is shortly given in a well-known passage of Diogenes Laertius. "In the oldest times," says that biographer of the philosophers, "the Chorus alone went through the dramatic exhibition (διδραματ[Editor: illegible character]ζεν) in tragedy; afterwards Thespis, to give rest to the Chorus, added one actor distinct from the singers; then Æschylus added a second, and Sophocles a third; which gave to tragedy its complete development."\* The reason mentioned here for the addition of the first actor by Thespis, is a very probable one. The convenience or ease of the singers contributed, along with the lively wit of the Greeks, and a due regard for the entertainment of the spectators, to raise the dramatized ode, step by step, into the lyrical drama.

In the above account, two secondary circumstances connected with this transition, have not been mentioned. The *first* is, that the jocund and sometimes boisterous hymn, in honour of the wine-god, should have passed into the lyrical representation of an action generally not at all connected with the worship or history of that divinity; and, *secondly*, that this action should have changed its tone from light to grave, from jocular to sad, and become, in fact, what we, in the popular language of modern times, call *tragic*. Now, for the first of these circumstances, I know nothing that can be said in the way of historical philosophy, except that man is fond of variety, that the Greek genius was fertile, and that accident often plays strange tricks with the usages and institutions of mortal men. For the other point, there can be no doubt that the worship of the god of physical and animal joy, being violent in its character, had its ebb as well as its flow, its broad-gleaming sunshine not without the cloud, its wail as well as its rejoicing. Whether Dionysus meant the sun, or only wine, which is the produce of the solar heat, or both, it is plain that his worshippers would have to lament his departure, at least as often as they hailed his advent; and, in this natural alternation, a foundation was laid for the separation of the original Dithyrambic Chorus into a wild, sportive element, represented by the Aristophanic comedy, and a deeply serious, meditative element represented by tragedy. But we must beware, in reference to Æschylus at least, of supposing that the lyrical drama, as exhibited by him, however solemn and awe-inspiring, was necessarily sad, or, as we say, tragic in its issue. Aristotle indeed, in his famous treatise, lays down the doctrine that the main object of tragic composition is to excite pity and terror, and that Euripides, "though in other respects he manages badly, is in this respect the most tragic of the tragedians, that the

most of his pieces end unfortunately.”\* But there is not the slightest reason, in the nature of things, why a solemn dramatic representation, any more than a high-toned epical narrative, should end unfortunately. The Hindoo drama, for one, never does;† and, in the case of our poet, it is plain that the great trilogy, of which the Orestes is the middle piece, is constructed upon the principle of leading the sympathizing spectator through scenes of pity and terror, as stations in a journey, but finally to a goal of moral peace and harmonious reconciliation. That the great trilogy of the Prometheus, of which only one part remains, had an equally fortunate termination, is not to be doubted. Here, therefore, we see another impertinence in that modern word *tragedy*, which, in the superscriptions of these plays, I have been so careful to eschew.

We shall now examine one or two of the Æschylean pieces by a simple arithmetical process, and see how essentially the lyrical element predominates in their construction. Taking Wellauer’s edition, and turning up the Suppliants, I find that that play, consisting altogether of 1055 lines, is opened by a continuous lyric strain of 172 lines. Then we have dialogue, in part of which the Chorus uses lyric measures to the extent of 22 lines. Then follows a short choral song of only 20 lines. The next Chorus comprises 76 lines, and the next 70. After this follows another dialogue, in which the Chorus, being in great mental agitation, uses, according to the uniform practice of Æschylus, lyric measures to the extent altogether of 20 verses. Then follows another regular choral hymn of 47 lines. After that a violent lyrical altercation between the Chorus and a new actor, to the amount of 74 lines, in the most impassioned lyrical rhythm. Then follow 14 lines of anapæsts; and the whole concludes with a grand lyrical finale of 65 lines: altogether 580—considerably more than the half of the piece by bare arithmetic, and equal to two-thirds of it fully, if we consider how much more time the singing, with the musical accompaniments, must have occupied than the simple declamation. No more distinct proof could be required how essentially the account of Diogenes Laertius is right; how true it is that the choral part of the Æschylean drama is both its body and its soul, while the dialogic part, to use the technical language of Aristotle’s days, was, in fact, only an *ἡ περισσόδιον* (from which our English word *Episode*) or thing thrown in between the main choral acts of the representation, for the sake of variety to the spectators, and, as the writer says, of rest to the singers. We thus see, also, what an incorrect and indefinite idea of the Æschylean drama Aristotle had when he says—so far as we can gather his meaning—that “Æschylus first added a second actor; he also abridged the chorus, and made the dialogue the principal part of tragedy.”\* The last article, so far as the play of the Suppliants is concerned, is simply not true. Let us make trial of another play. The Agamemnon, which, for many reasons, is one of the best for testing the mature genius of the bard, contains about 1600 lines; and, without troubling the reader with details, it will be found that about the half of this number is written in lyric measures. When we consider, further, that the most splendid imaginative pictures, and the wildest bursts of passion, all the interest, the doubt, and the anxiety, the fear, the terror, the surprise, and the final issue, are, according to the practice of Æschylus, regularly thrown into lyric measures, we shall be convinced that Aristotle (if we rightly apprehend him) was altogether mistaken when he led the moderns to imagine that the father of tragedy had really given such a preponderance to the dialogic element, that the lyric part is to be looked on, in his productions, as in any way subordinate. Unless it be the Prometheus, I do not know a single extant play of Æschylus in which the

lyric element occupies a position which, in actual representation, would justify the dictum of the Stagyrite. And even in this play, let it be observed, how grandly the poet makes his anapæsts swell and billow with sonorous thunder in the finale; as if to make amends for the somewhat prolix epic recitals with which he had occupied the spectator, and to prove that a Greek tragedy could never be true to itself, unless it left upon the ear, in its last echoes, the permanent impression of its original character as a Song

Three observations strike me, that may conveniently be stated as corollaries from the above remarks. *First*, That those translators have erred who, whether from carelessness, or from ignorance, or from a desire to accommodate the ancient tragedy as much as possible to the modern, have given an undue predominance to blank verse in their versions, making it appear as if the spoken part of the Æschylean tragedy bore a much larger proportion, than it really does, to the sung. *Second*, Those critics have erred who, applying the principles of modern theatrical criticism to the chaunted parts of the ancient lyrical drama, have found many parts dull or wearisome, extravagant, and even ridiculous, which, there can be no doubt, with their proper musical accompaniment, were the most impressive, and the most popular parts of the representation. *Third*, We err altogether, when we judge of the excellence of an ancient Greek drama as a composition, by its effect on us when reading it. The Suppliants, for instance, is generally considered a stupid play; because it wants grand contrasts of character and striking dramatic situations, and contains so much of mere reiterated supplication. But this reiteration, though wearisome to us who read the text-book of the lost opera, was, in all probability, that on which the ravished ears of the devout ancient auditors dwelt with most voluptuous delight. In general, without re-creating some musical accompaniment, and dwelling with ear and heart on the frequent variations of the lyric burden of the piece, a man is utterly incapable of passing any sane judgment on an Æschylean drama. Such a piece may contain in abundance everything that the auditors desired and enjoyed, and yet be very stupid now to us who merely read and criticise.

The fact of the matter is, that the marshalled band of singers, however satisfactory to an ancient audience, who looked principally for musical excitement in their tragedies, and not for an interesting plot, was not at all calculated for allowing a dramatic genius to bring out those tragic situations in which the modern reader delights; but rather stood directly in the way of such an effect. The fine development of character under the influence of various delicate situations, and in collision with different persons, all acting their part in some complex knot of various-coloured life, could not be exhibited in a performance where a band of singers on whom the eye of the spectators principally rested, and who formed the great attraction for the masses,\* constantly occupied the central ground, and constantly interfered with every thing that was either said or done, whether it was convenient for them to do so or not. For a perfect tragedy, as conceived scientifically by Aristotle, and executed with a grand practical instinct by Shakespere, the Chorus was, in the very nature of the thing, an incumbrance and an impediment. It was only very seldom that the persons of that body could form such an important part of the action, and come forward with such a startling dramatic effect as in the Eumenides. Too often they were obliged to hang round the action as an atmosphere, or look at it as spectators; spectators either

impartial altogether, and then too wise for dramatic sympathy, or half-partial, and then, by indecision of utterance, often making themselves ridiculous, as in a noted scene of the Agamemnon (Vol I p. 79), or contemptible, as in the Antigone\* The proper position of the Chorus in a regularly constructed drama, is, like the witches in Macbeth, to form a mysterious musical background (not a *fore-ground*, as in the Greek tragedy), or to circle, as in the opera of Masaniello, the principal character with a band of associates naturally situated to assist and cheer him on to his grand enterprise. But the Greek Chorus, even in the time of Sophocles and Euripides, who enlarged the spoken part, was too independent, too stationary, too central a nucleus of the representation, not to impede the movements of the acting persons who performed the principal parts. As a form of art, therefore, the Greek tragedy, so soon as it attempted to assume the scientific ground so acutely seized on by the subtle analysis of Aristotle, was necessarily clumsy and incongruous. The lyric element, which was always the most popular element, refused to be incorporated with the acting element, and yet could not be altogether displaced, a position of scenic affairs which has strangely perplexed not a few modern critics, looking for a dramatic plot with all the dramatic proprieties in a composition where the old Hellenic spectator only felt a hymn to Jove; and curiously tasking their wits to find excuses for a poet like Euripides, who, with blossoming lyrics and sonorous rhetoric, might gain the prize of the “goat-song,” even over the head of a Sophocles, and yet, in point of dramatic propriety, as we demand it in our modern plays, be constantly perpetrating enormities which a clever schoolboy at Westminster or Eton might avoid.†

So much for the artistic form of the Æschylean drama. As for the matter, it was essentially a combination of mythological, legendary, and devotional elements, such as naturally belonged to a people whose religion was intimately blended with every passion of the human heart, and every chance of human life, and whose gods were only a sort of glorified men, as their men sometimes were nothing less than mortal gods The Greek lyrical dramas were part of the great public exhibitions at the great feasts of Bacchus, which took place, some in the winter season, and some in the spring of the year;\* and in this respect they bear a striking resemblance both to the Hindoo dramas (for which see Wilson), to the so-called mysteries and moralities of mediæval piety, and to the sacred dramas of Metastasio, exhibited to the court at Vienna. And what sort of an aspect does ancient polytheistic piety present, what sort of an attitude does it maintain, in these compositions? An aspect surprisingly fair, considering what motley confusion it sprang from, an attitude singularly noble, seeing how nearly it was allied to mere animal enjoyment, and how prone was its degeneration into the mire of the grossest sensuality. The pictured pages of Livy, and brazen tablets of the grave Roman senate still extant, tell only too true a tale into what a fearful mire of brutishness the fervent worship of Dionysus might plunge its votaries. And yet out of this Bacchantic worship, so wild, so animal, and so sensual, arose the Greek tragedy, confessedly amongst the most high-toned moral compositions that the history of literature knows. Our modern Puritans, who look upon the door of a theatre (according to the phrase of a famous Edinburgh preacher) as the gate of hell, might take any one of these seven plays which are here presented in an English dress, and with the simple substitution of a few Bible designations for Heathen ones, find, so far as moral and religious doctrine is concerned, that, with the smallest possible exercise of the pruning-knife, they might be exhibited in a Christian

Church, and be made to subserve the purposes of practical piety, as usefully as many a sermon The following passage from the Agamemnon is not a solitary gem from a heap of rubbish, but the very soul and significance of the Æschylean drama:—

“For Jove doth teach men wisdom, sternly wins  
To virtue by the tutoring of their sins;  
Yea! drops of torturing recollection chill  
The sleeper’s heart; ’gainst man’s rebellious will  
Jove works the wise remorse:  
Dread Powers, on awful seats enthroned, compel  
Our hearts with gracious force.”

The only serious charge that, to my knowledge, has ever been made against the morality of the Greek drama, is that in it “an innocent person, one in the main of a virtuous character, through no crime of his own, nay not by the vices of others, but through mere Fatality and Blind Chance, is involved in the greatest of all human miseries.” This is the critical judgment of Dr. Blair (lecture xlvi.) in reference to the famous Labdacidan story of Œdipus.\* Now, though the personal history of Œdipus contains many incidents that expose it justly to criticism, especially when brought upon the stage in a modernized dress by modern French or other poets (which abuse the learned Doctor no doubt had principally in view); yet, as applied to the whole Labdacidan story, or to the subjects of the Greek drama generally, the allegation is either extremely shallow, or altogether false, There is no destiny or fatality of any kind in the Æschylean drama, other than that which, according to the Mosaic record, drove Adam out of Paradise; that destiny which a divine decree, seeing the end in the beginning, has prepared, and that fatality which makes a guilty man not merely the necessary architect of his own misery, but the propagator of a moral contagion, more or less, to the offspring that inherits his pollution and his curse. On this subject I need make no lengthened observations here, as I have brought it and other points of moral and religious feeling prominently forward, both in the introductory observations to the separate plays, and in various places of the notes. I shall only say that the reader who does not find a high moral purpose and a deep religious meaning in the specimens of ancient Greek worship now submitted to his inspection, has no eye for what is best in these pages, and had better throw the book down. The Germans, who look deeper into these matters than we have either time, inclination, or, in the general case, capacity to do, have written volumes on the subject.† To me it has seemed more suitable to the genius of the English reader merely to hint the existence of this rich mine of moral wealth, leaving to the quiet thinker where, amid our various political and ecclesiastical clamour, he may have found a corner, to work out the vein with devout spade and mattock for himself.

A few words must now be said on the Dance, as an essential part of the lyrical element of the Greek tragedy. Our sober British, stern Protestant, and precise Presbyterian notions, make it very difficult for us to realize this peculiarity. Even the old Heathen Roman could say, “Nemo fere saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit”;\* much more must it be hard for a modern Presbyterian Christian to recognise, in the twinkling-footed celerity of the merry dance, an exercise which a pious old Dorian could look upon as an indispensable part of an act of public worship. To read the

weighty moral sentences of a solemn Æschylean Chorus, and then figure to ourselves their author as a dancing-master, is an unnatural and almost painful transition of thought to a Christian man in these times; and yet Athenæus tells us, that the author of the Prometheus really was a professor of the orchestric art, and a very cunning one too.† The fundamental truth of the case is, that the religion of the Greeks was not, like ours, a religion only of moral emotions and theological principles, but a religion of the whole man, with rather too decided a tendency, in some parts, it must be confessed, towards a disturbance of the equipoise on the side of the senses. But, whatever may be thought of Bacchic orgies and other associate rites, with regard to dancing, there is plainly nothing in the exercise, when decorously conducted, inconsistent either with dignity, or with piety; and the feelings of ancient Romans and modern Presbyterians on the subject, must be regarded as the mere products of arbitrary association. Certain it is, that all the Greek philosophers looked upon dancing as an essential element, not only in the education of a gentleman, but in the performance of public worship; nay, even among the severe Jews, we read that David, on occasion of a great religious festival, danced before the Lord; and only an idle woman called him an idle fellow for doing so. We need not be surprised, therefore, if among the merry Greeks, professing a religion fully as much of physical enjoyment as of moral culture, orchestric evolutions, along with sacred hymns, formed an essential part of the tragic exhibitions belonging to the feasts of the great god Dionysus. On the details of this matter, we are sadly wanting in satisfactory information; but that the fact was so, there can be no doubt.‡ The only point with regard to which there is room for a serious difference of opinion is, whether every performance of the Chorus in full band included dancing, or whether it was only introduced occasionally, as the ballet in our modern operas. On this point, the greatest authority in Greek Literature at present living has declared strongly in favour of the latter view; and, in doing so, he has been followed by one of the first philologers of our own country;\* and as I have not been led, in the course of my studies, to make any particular examination of this subject, I am loath to contradict anything proceeding from such an authoritative quarter. One great branch of the evidence, I presume, on which this view is supported, lies in the words of the old Scholiast to the choral chaunt in the Phœnissæ of Euripides, beginning with these words, Τύριον διδμα λιπον [Editor: illegible character] ?βαν. “This chaunt,” says the annotator, “is what is called a στάσιμον, or *standing* chorus; for when the Chorus, after the πάροδος, remaining motionless, sings a hymn arising out of the subject of the play, this song is called a στάσιμον. A πάροδος, on the other hand, is a song sung as they are marching into the orchestra on the first entrance.”† Now, no doubt, if this matter be taken with a literal exactitude, the expression, ?κίνητος, or *without moving*, will exclude dancing; but if we merely take it generally, as opposed to the great sweeping evolutions of the Chorus, and as implying only a permanent occupation of the same ground in the centre of the orchestra, by the band, as a whole, while the individual members might change their places in the most graceful and beautiful variety of forms, we are thus saved from the harshness of giving to the orchestric element, in many plays, a subordinate position, equally at variance with the original character of the Chorus, and with the place which the dance held as a prominent part of Greek social life.‡ With regard to Æschylus, in particular, I do not see how I should be acting in consistency with the testimony of Athenæus just quoted, if I were to assign such a small proportion of the choric performances to orchestric accompaniment, as Boeckh and Donaldson have done in their editions of the play of



Sophocles, which the genius of Miss Faucit has rendered so dear to the friends of the drama in this country. It would be easy to show, from internal evidence such as Boeckh finds in what he calls the Orchestric Chorus, or ῥυμέλεια of the *Antigone*, that certain choruses of Æschylus are more adapted for violent and extensive orchestric movements than others. But I have thought it more prudent, considering the general uncertainty that surrounds this matter, not to make any allusion to dancing in any one performance of the Chorus more than another; contenting myself with carefully distinguishing everywhere between the anapæstic parts where the Chorus is plainly making extensive movements, and the Choral Hymn with regular Strophe and Antistrophe, which is sung when they are placed in their proper position in a square band round the *Thymele* (θυμέλη), or Bacchic altar, in the centre of the orchestra.\*

Having said so much with regard both to the form and substance of the lyric portion of the Æschylean drama, I have said almost all that I was anxious to say; for, in stating this matter clearly, I have brushed out of the way the principal part of that host of modern associations which is so apt to disturb our sympathetic enjoyment of the great masterpieces of Hellenic art. Anything that might be said in detail on the Iambic or dialogic part of ancient tragedy would only serve to set in a yet stronger light the grand fact which has been urged, that the strength of the Greek drama lies in the singing, and not in the acting. It were easy to show by an extensive analysis, that the classical “goat-singers” had but very imperfect notions on the subject of stage dialogue; and that it was a light thing for them to deal at large in mere epic description, or rhetorical declamation, without offending the taste of a fastidious audience, or sinning grossly against the understood laws of the sort of composition which they exhibited.† Notwithstanding Aristotle’s nicely-drawn distinction, the narrated, or purely epic parts of the Greek tragedy, are often the best This is the case not seldom even with Æschylus, whose native dramatic power the voice of a master has judged to be first-rate.‡ But with him the infant state of the art, and the insufficient supply of actors,§ combined with a radical faultiness of structure, produced, in not a few instances, the same anti-dramatic results as the want of dramatic genius in Euripides. Further, to use the language of Mr. Donaldson—“the narrowness and distance of the stage rendered any (free and complex) grouping inadvisable. The arrangement of the actors was that of a processional bas relief. Their movements were slow, their gesticulations abrupt and angular, and their delivery a sort of loud and deep-drawn sing-song, which resounded throughout the immense theatre. They probably neglected everything like *by-play* and *making points*, which are so effective on the English stage. The distance at which the spectators were placed would prevent them from seeing those little movements and hearing those low tones which have made the fortune of many a modern actor. The mask, too, precluded all attempts at varied expression, and it is probable that nothing more was expected from the performer than was looked for from his predecessor, the rhapsode—viz., good recitation.” These observations, flowing from a realization of the known circumstances of the case, will sufficiently explain to the modern reader the extreme stiffness and formality which distinguishes the tragic dialogue of the Greeks from that dexterous and various play of verbal interchange which delights us so much in Shakespere and the other masters of English tragedy. Every view, in short, that we can take, tends to fix our attention on the musical and the religious elements, as on the life-blood and vital soul of the Hellenic τραγῳδία; forces us to the conclusion that,

with a due regard to organic principle, its proper designation is sacred opera,\* and not tragedy, in the modern sense of the word at all; and leads us to look on the dramatic art altogether in the hands of Æschylus, not as an infant Hercules strangling serpents, but as a Titan, like his own Prometheus, chained to a rock, whom only, after many ages, a strong Saxon Shakespere could unbind.

To conclude. If these observations shall seem to any conceived in a style too depreciatory of the masterpieces of Hellenic art, such persons will observe, that what has been here said of a negative character has reference only to the form of these productions as works of art, and not to their poetic contents. An unfortunate external arrangement is often, as in the case of the German writer Richter, united in intimate amalgamation with the richest and most exuberant energy of intellectual and moral life. However imperfect the Greek “tragedies” are as forms of artistic exhibition, they are not the less admirable, for the mass of healthy poetic life of which they are the embodiment, and the grand combination of artistic elements which they present As among the world’s notable men there are some who are great rather by a harmonious combination of the great healthy elements of humanity, than by the gigantic development of any one faculty, so in literature there are phenomena which must be measured by the mass of inward life which they concentrate, not by the structural perfection of form which they exhibit. The lyrical tragedy of the Greeks presents, in a combination elsewhere unexampled, the best elements of our serious drama, our opera, our oratorio, our public worship, and our festal recreations. The people who prepared and enjoyed such an intellectual banquet were not base-minded. Had their stability been equal to their susceptibility, the world had never seen their equal. As it is, they are like to remain for ages the great Hierophants of the intellectual world, whose influence will always be felt even by those who are ignorant or impudent enough to despise them; and among the various branches of art and science which owed a felicitous culture to their dexterous and subtle genius, there is certainly no phenomenon in the wide history of imaginative manifestation more imposing and more significant than that which bears on its face the signature of the rude god of wine, and his band of shaggy and goat-footed revellers.

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## THE LIFE OF ÆSCHYLUS

τοῦτον τὸν βακχεῖον ἴνακτα.

—Aristophanes.

. . . personæ pallæque repertor honestæ.

—Horace

After his death the Athenians testified their esteem for his character by decreeing—what was quite an extraordinary privilege according to their stage practice—that his dramas might be exhibited at the great Dionysiac festivals, when their author could be no longer a competitor for the prize\* The people of Gela, justly proud that the bones of so great a man should repose in their soil, erected a monument to his memory with the following inscription:—

“Here Æschylus lies, from his Athenian home  
Remote, ’neath Gola’s wheat-producing loam.  
How brave in battle was Euphorion’s son  
The long-haired Mede can tell that fled from Marathon.”

With regard to the great merits of Æschylus both as a poet and as the creator of the tragic stage, there is but one testimony among the writers of antiquity. He not only introduced, as we have elsewhere stated, a second, and afterwards a third actor—without which there was no scope for the proper representation of an action—but he made the greatest improvements in the whole machinery and decorations of the stage, gave dignity to the actors by a minute attention to their masks, dresses, and buskins, † besides attending specially to the graceful culture of the dance, according to the testimony of Athenæus above quoted. As a dramatist he is distinguished by peculiar loftiness of conception and grandeur of phraseology. His style is sometimes harsh and abrupt, but it is always manly and vigorous; his metaphors are bold and striking, with something at times almost oriental in their cast; and, though not free from the offence of mixing incongruous metaphors—the natural sin of an imagination at once fearless and fertile—I do not think he can be fairly charged with turgidity and bombast; for, as Aristophanes remarks, in the *Frogs*, there is a superhuman grandeur about his characters which demands a more than common elevation of phrase. ‡ As to the obscurity with which he has been charged, the comparative clearness of those plays which have been most frequently transcribed is a plain indication that this fault proceeds more from the carelessness of stupid copyists, than from confusion of thought or inadequate power of expression in the writer. In some cases, as in the prophecy of Calchas in the opening scene of the *Agamemnon*, the obscurity is studied and most appropriate Poetry, like painting, will have its shade. But the great excellence of Æschylus, as a poet, is the bracing tone of thorough manhood, noble morality, and profound piety which pervades his works Among those

who are celebrated by Virgil as walking with Orpheus and Musæus in blissful Elysium—

“Quique pii vates et Phoebæ digna locuti,”

“Ἰ Τρώων μὲν ἠπεξέφυγον στονόεσσαν ἠτῶν

ἠν νόστῳ δ’ ἀπόλοντο κακῆς ἠότητι γυναιλός”

“Greeks that ’scaped the Trojan war-cry, and the wailing battle-field,

But home returning basely perished by a wicked woman’s guile”

Homer, *Odys.* xi 383-4.

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## PERSONS

Watchman.

Chorus of Argive Elders.

Clytemnestra, Wife of Agamemnon.

Herald.

Agamemnon, King of Argos and Mycenæ.

Cassandra, a Trojan Prophetess, Daughter of Priam.

Ægisthus, Son of Thyestes.

Scene—*The Royal Palace in Argos.*

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

The last sentence of this curious notice contains the Epic germ of which the famous trilogy—the Agamemnon, the Choephorœ, and the Eumenides of Æschylus—the three plays contained in the present volume, present the dramatic expansion. The celebrity of the legends with regard to the return of the mighty Atridan arose naturally from the prominent situation in which he stood as the admiral of the famous thousand-masted fleet; and, besides, the passage from the old Troezenian minstrel just quoted, is sufficiently attested by various passages—some of considerable length—in the Odyssey, which will readily present themselves to the memory of those who are familiar with the productions of the great Ionic Epopœist. In the very opening of that poem, for instance, occur the following remarkable lines:—

“Strange, O strange, that mortal men immortal gods will still be blaming,  
Saying that the source of evil lies with us; while they, in sooth,  
More than Fate would have infatuate with sharp sorrows pierce themselves!  
Thus even now Ægisthus, working sorrow more than Fate would have,  
The Atridan’s wife hath wedded, and himself returning slain,  
Knowing well the steep destruction that awaits him, for ourselves  
Sent the sharp-eyed Argus-slayer, Hermes, to proclaim our will,  
That nor him he dare to murder, nor his wedded wife to woo.  
Thus spoke Hermes well and wisely; but thy reckless wit, Ægisthus,  
Moved he not; full richly therefore now thy folly’s fine thou payest.”

Agamemnon, the son, or, according to a less common account (for which see Schol. ad Iliad II. 249), the grandson of Atreus, being distinguished above the other Hellenic princes for wealth and power, was either by special election appointed, or by that sort of irregular kingship common among half-civilized nations, allowed to conduct the

famous expedition against Troy that in early times foreshadowed the conquests of Alexander the Great, and the influence of the Greek language and letters in the East. Such a distant expedition as this, like the crusades in the middle ages, was not only a natural living Epos in itself, but would necessarily give rise to that intense glow of popular sympathy, and that excited state of the popular imagination, which enable the wandering poets of the people to make the best poetic use of the various dramatic incidents that the realities of a highly potentiated history present. Accordingly we find, in the very outset of the expedition, the fleet, storm-bound in the harbour of Aulis, opposite Eubœa, enabled to pursue its course, under good omens, only by the sacrifice of the fairest daughter of the chief. This event—a sad memorial of the barbarous practice of human sacrifice, even among the polished Greeks—formed the subject of a special play, perhaps a trilogic series of plays,\* by Æschylus. This performance, however, has been unfortunately lost; and we can only imagine what it may have been by the description in the opening chorus of the present play, and by the beautiful, though certainly far from Æschylean, tragedy of Euripides. For our present purpose, it is sufficient to note that, in the Agamemnon, special reference is made to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, both as an unrighteous deed on the part of the father, for which some retribution was naturally to be expected, and as the origin of a special grudge in the mind of the mother, which she afterwards gratifies by the murder of her husband

As to that deed of blood itself, and its special adaptation for dramatic purposes, there can be no doubt; as little that Æschylus has used his materials in the present play in a fashion that satisfies the highest demands both of lyric and dramatic poetry, as executed by the first masters of both. The calm majesty and modest dignity of the much-tried monarch; the cool self-possession, and the smooth front of specious politeness that mark the character of the royal murderess the obstreperous bullying of the cowardly braggart, who does the deed with his heart, not with his hand; the half-wild, half-tender ravings of the horror-haunted Trojan prophetess; these together contain a combination of highly wrought dramatic elements, such as is scarcely excelled even in the all-embracing pages of our own Shakespere As far removed from common-place are the lyrical—in Æschylus never the secondary—elements of the piece The sublime outbreak of Cassandra's prophetic horror is, as the case demanded, made to exhibit itself as much under the lyric as in the declamatory form; while the other choral parts, remarkable for length and variety, are marked not only by that mighty power of intense moral feeling which is so peculiarly Æschylean, but by the pictorial beauty and dramatic reality that distinguish the workmanship of a great lyric master from that of the vulgar dealer in inflated sentiment and sonorous sentences.

## AGAMEMNON

WATCH.

I pray the gods a respite from these toils,  
This long year's watch that, dog-like, I have kept,  
High on the Atridan's battlements,1 beholding  
The nightly council of the stars, the circling  
Of the celestial signs, and those bright regents,

High-swung in ether, that bring mortal men  
Summer and winter. Here I watch the torch,  
The appointed flame that wings a voice from Troy,  
Telling of capture; thus I serve her hopes,  
The masculine-minded who is sovereign here<sup>2</sup>  
And when night-wandering shades encompass round  
My dew-sprent dreamless couch (for fear doth sit  
In slumber's chair, and holds my lids apart),  
I chaunt some dolorous ditty, making song,  
Sleep's substitute, surgeon my nightly care,  
And the misfortunes of this house I weep,  
Not now, as erst, by prudent counsels swayed.  
Oh! soon may the wished for sign relieve my toils,  
Thrice-welcome herald, gleaming through the night!

[*The beacon is seen shining.*]

All hail thou cresset of the dark! fair gleam  
Of day through midnight shed, all hail! bright father  
Of joy and dance, in Argos, hail! all hail!  
Hillo! hilloa!  
I will go tell the wife of Agamemnon  
To shake dull sleep away, and lift high-voiced,<sup>3</sup>  
The jubilant shout well-omened, to salute  
This welcome beacon, if, indeed, old Troy  
Hath fallen—as flames this courier torch to tell.  
Myself will dance the prelude to this joy.  
My master's house hath had a lucky throw,  
And thrice six falls to me,<sup>4</sup> thanks to the flame!  
Soon may he see his home; and soon may I  
Carry my dear-loved master's hand in mine!  
The rest I whisper not, for on my tongue  
Is laid a seal.<sup>5</sup> These walls, if they could speak,  
Would say strange things Myself to those that know  
Am free of speech, to whoso knows not dumb.

[*Exit*

*Enter* Chorus in procession. *March time.*

CHORUS.

Nine years have rolled, the tenth is rolling,  
Since the strong Atridan pair,  
Menelaus and Agamemnon,  
Sceptied kings by Jove's high grace,<sup>6</sup>  
With a host of sworn alliance,  
With a thousand triremes rare,

With a righteous strong defiance,  
Sailed for Troy From furious breast  
Loud they clanged the peal of battle;  
Like the cry of vultures wild  
O'er the lone paths fitful-wheeling,<sup>7</sup>  
With their plummy oarage oaring  
Over the nest by the spoiler spoiled,  
The nest dispeopled now and bare,  
Their long but fruitless care.  
But the gods see it: some Apollo,  
Pan or Jove, the wrong hath noted,  
Heard the sharp and piercing cry  
Of the startled birds, shrill-throated  
Tenants of the sky;  
And the late-chastising Fury<sup>8</sup>  
Sent from above to track the spoiler,  
Hovers vengeful nigh.  
Thus great Jove, the high protector  
Of the hospitable laws,<sup>9</sup>  
'Gainst Alexander sends the Atridans,  
Harnessed in a woman's cause,  
The many-lorded fair.  
Toils on toils shall come uncounted,  
(Jove hath willed it so);  
Limb-outwearying hard endeavour,  
Where the strong knees press the dust,  
Where the spear-shafts split and shiver,  
Trojan and Greek shall know.  
But things are as they are: the chain  
Of Fate doth bind them; sighs are vain,  
Tears, libations, fruitless flow,  
To divert from purposed ire  
The powers whose altars know no fire.<sup>10</sup>  
But we behind that martial train  
Inglorious left remain,  
Old and frail, and feebly leaning  
Strength as of childhood on a staff.  
Yea! even as life's first unripe marrow  
In the tender bones are we,  
From war's harsh service free.  
For hoary Eld, life's leaf up-shrunken,  
Totters, his three-footed way  
Feebly feeling, weak as childhood,  
Like a dream that walks by day.  
But what is this? what wandering word,  
Clytemnestra queen, hath reached thee?  
What hast seen? or what hast heard  
That from street to street swift flies



Thy word, commanding sacrifice?  
All the altars of all the gods  
That keep the city, gods supernal,  
Gods Olympian, gods infernal,  
Gods of the Forum, blaze with gifts;  
Right and left the flame mounts high,  
Spiring to the sky,  
With the gentle soothings cherished  
Of the oil that knows no malice,<sup>11</sup>  
And the sacred cake that smokes  
From the queen's chamber in the palace.  
What thou canst and may'st, declare,  
Be the healer of the care  
That bodes black harm within me; change it  
To the bright and hopeful ray,  
Which from the altar riseth, chasing  
From the heart the sateless sorrow  
That eats vexed life away.

*The Chorus, having now arranged themselves into a regular band in the middle of the Orchestra, sing the First Choral Hymn.*

## STROPHE.

I'll voice the strain.<sup>12</sup> What though the arm be weak  
That once was strong,  
The suasive breath of Heaven-sent memories stirs  
The old man's breast with song.  
My age hath virtue left  
To sing what fateful omens strangely beckoned  
The twin kings to the fray,  
What time to Troy concentuous marched  
The embattled Greek array.  
Jove's swooping bird, king of all birds,\* led on  
The kings of the fleet with spear and vengeful hand:  
By the way-side from shining seats serene,  
Close by the palace, on the spear-hand seen,<sup>†</sup>  
Two eagles flapped the air,  
One black, the other silver-tipt behind,  
And with keen talons seized a timorous hare,  
Whose strength could run no more,  
Itself, and the live burden which it bore.  
Sing woe and well-a-day! But still  
May the good omens shame the ill.

## ANTISTROPHE.

The wise diviner of the host † beheld,  
And knew the sign;  
The hare-devouring birds with diverse wings  
Typed the Atridan pair,  
The diverse-minded kings, [13](#)  
And thus the fate he chaunted:—Not in vain  
Ye march this march to-day;  
Old Troy shall surely fall, but not  
Till moons on moons away  
Have lingering rolled. Rich stores by labour massed  
Clean-sweeping Fate shall plunder. Grant the gods,  
While this strong bit for Troy we forge with gladness,  
No heavenly might in jealous wrath o'ercast  
Our mounting hope with sadness.  
For the chaste Artemis § a sore grudge nurses  
Against the kings: Jove's winged hounds she curses, [14](#)  
The fierce war-birds that tore  
The fearful hare, with the young brood it bore.  
Sing woe and well-a-day! but still  
May the good omens shame the ill.

## EPODE.

The lion's fresh-dropt younglings, and each whelp  
That sucks wild milk, and through the forest roves,  
Live not unfriended; them the fair goddess loves, [15](#)  
And lends her ready help.  
The vision of the birds shall work its end  
In bliss, but dashed not lightly with black bane; \*  
I pray thee, Pæan, may she never send [16](#)  
Contrarious blasts dark-lowering, to detain  
The Argive fleet.  
Ah! ne'er may she desire to feast her eyes  
On an unblest unholy sacrifice,  
From festal use abhorrent, mother of strife,  
And sundering from her lawful lord the wife. †  
Stern-purposed waits the child-avenging wrath [17](#)  
About the fore-doomed halls,  
Weaving dark wiles, while with sure-memored sting  
Fury to Fury calls.  
Thus hymned the seer, the doom, in dubious chaunt  
Bliss to the chiefs dark-mingling with the bane,  
From the way-haunting birds; and we  
Respondent to the strain,  
Sing woe and well-a-day! but still

May the good omens shame the ill.

### STROPHE I.

Jove, or what other name<sup>18</sup>  
The god that reigns supreme delights to claim,  
Him I invoke; him of all powers that be,  
Alone I find,  
Who from this bootless load of doubt can free  
My labouring mind.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Who was so great of yore,  
With all-defiant valour brimming o'er,<sup>19</sup>  
Is mute; and who came next by a stronger arm  
Thrice-vanquished fell;  
But thou hymn victor Jove: so in thy heart  
His truth shall dwell.

### STROPHE II.

For Jove doth teach men wisdom, sternly wins  
To virtue by the tutoring of their sins,  
Yea! drops of torturing recollection chill  
The sleeper's heart, 'gainst man's rebellious will  
Jove works the wise remorse:  
Dread Powers, on awful seats enthroned, compel  
Our hearts with gracious force.<sup>20</sup>

### ANTISTROPHE II.

The elder chief, the leader of the ships,  
Heard the dire doom, nor dared to ope his lips  
Against the seer, and feared alone to stand  
'Gainst buffeting fate, what time the Chalcian strand\*  
Saw the vexed Argive masts  
In Aulis tides hoarse-refluent,<sup>21</sup> idly chained  
By the fierce Borean blasts;

### STROPHE III.

Blasts from Strymon† adverse braying,  
Harbour-vexing, ship-delaying,  
Snapping cables, shattering oars,  
Wasting time, consuming stores,  
With vain-wandering expectation,

And with long-drawn slow vexation  
Wasting Argive bloom.  
At length the seer forth-clanged the doom,  
A remedy strong to sway the breeze,  
And direful Artemis to appease,  
But to the chiefs severe:  
The Atridans with their sceptres struck the ground,  
Nor could restrain the tear.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Then spake the elder. To deny,  
How hard! still harder to comply!  
My daughter dear, my joy, my life,  
To slay with sacrificial knife,  
And with life's purple-gushing tide,  
Imbrue a father's hand, beside  
The altar of the gods.  
This way or that is ill: for how  
Shall I despise my federate vow?  
How leave the ships? That all conspire  
Thus hotly to desire  
The virgin's blood—wind-soothing sacrifice—  
Is the gods' right. So be it<sup>22</sup>

### STROPHE IV.

Thus to necessity's harsh yoke he bared  
His patient neck. Unblissful blew the gale  
That turned the father's heart<sup>23</sup>  
To horrid thoughts unholy, thoughts that dared  
The extreme of daring. Sin from its primal spring  
Mads the ill-counsell'd heart, and arms the hand  
With reckless strength. Thus he  
Gave his own daughter's blood, his life, his joy,  
To speed a woman's war, and consecrate<sup>24</sup>  
His ships for Troy.

### ANTISTROPHE IV.

In vain with prayers, in vain she beats dull ears  
With a father's name; the war-delighting chiefs  
Heed not her virgin years.  
The father stood; and when the priests had prayed  
Take her, he said; in her loose robes enfolden,  
Where prone and spent she lies,<sup>25</sup> so lift the maid.  
Even as a kid is laid,

So lay her on the altar; with dumb force  
Her beauteous\* mouth gag, lest it breathe a voice  
Of curse to Argos.

### STROPHE V.

And as they led the maid, her saffron robe<sup>26</sup>  
Sweeping the ground, with pity-moving dart  
She smote each from her eye,  
Even as a picture beautiful, fain to speak,  
But could not. Well that voice they knew of yore;  
Oft at her father's festive board,  
With gallant banqueters ringed cheerly round,  
The virgin strain they heard<sup>27</sup>  
That did so sweetly pour  
Her father's praise, whom Heaven had richly crowned  
With bounty brimming o'er.

### ANTISTROPHE V.

The rest I know not, nor will vainly pry;  
But Calchas was a seer not wont to lie.  
Justice doth wait to teach  
Wisdom by suffering. Fate will have its way.  
The quickest ear is pricked in vain to-day,  
To catch to-morrow's note. What boots  
To forecast woe, which, on no wavering wing,<sup>28</sup>  
The burthen'd hour shall bring.  
But we, a chosen band,  
Left here sole guardians of the Apian land,\*  
Pray Heaven, all good betide!

*Enter* Clytemnestra.

CHORUS.

Hail Clytemnestra! honour to thy sceptre!  
When her lord's throne is vacant, the wife claims  
His honour meetly. Queen, if thou hast heard  
Good news, or to the hope of good that shall be,  
With festal sacrifice dost fill the city,  
I fain would know; but nothing grudge thy silence.

CLYTEM.

Bearing blithe tidings, saith the ancient saw,  
Fair Morn be gendered from boon mother Night!

News thou shalt hear beyond thy topmost hope;  
The Greeks have ta'en old Priam's city.

CHORUS.

How!  
Troy taken! the word drops from my faithless ear.

CLYTEM.

The Greeks have taken Troy. Can I speak plainer?

CHORUS.

Joy o'er my heart creeps, and provokes the tear.

CLYTEM.

Thine eye accuses thee that thou art kind.

CHORUS.

What warrant of such news? What certain sign?

CLYTEM

Both sign and seal, unless some god deceive me.

CHORUS.

Dreams sometimes speak; did suasive visions move thee?

CLYTEM.

Where the soul sleeps, and the sense slumbers, there Shall the wise ask for reasons?

CHORUS.

Ever swift  
Though wingless, Fame,<sup>29</sup> with tidings fair hath cheered thee.

CLYTEM

Thou speak'st as one who mocks a simple girl.

CHORUS.

Old Troy is taken? how?—when did it fall?

CLYTEM.

The self-same night that mothers this to-day.

CHORUS

But how? what stalwart herald ran so fleetly?

CLYTEM.

Hephæstus.\* He from Ida shot the spark,<sup>30</sup>  
And flaming straightway leapt the courier fire  
From height to height; to the Hermæan rock  
Of Lemnos, first from Ida; from the isle  
The Athóan steep of mighty Jove received  
The beaming beacon; thence the forward strength  
Of the far-travelling lamp strode gallantly<sup>31</sup>  
Athwart the broad sea's back. The flaming pine  
Rayed out a golden glory like the sun,  
And winged the message to Macistus' watch-tower.  
There the wise watchman, guiltless of delay,  
Lent to the sleepless courier further speed,  
And the Messapian station hailed the torch  
Far-beaming o'er the floods of the Eurípus.  
There the grey heath lit the responsive fire,  
Speeding the portioned message; waxing strong,  
And nothing dulled across Asopus' plain  
The flame swift darted like the twinkling moon,  
And on Cithæron's rocky heights awaked  
A new receiver of the wandering light.  
The far-sent ray, by the faithful watch not spurned,  
With bright addition journeying, bounded o'er  
Gorgópus' lake and Ægiplanctus' mount,  
Weaving the chain unbroken.<sup>32</sup> Hence it spread  
Not scant in strength, a mighty beard of flame,<sup>33</sup>  
Flaring across the headlands that look down  
On the Saronic gulf.<sup>34</sup> Speeding its march,  
It reached the neighbour-station of our city,  
Arachne's rocky steep; and thence the halls  
Of the Atridæ recognised the signal,  
Light not unfathered by Idæan fire.  
Such the bright train of my torch-bearing heralds,  
Each from the other fired with happy news,  
And last and first was victor in the race<sup>35</sup>

Such the fair tidings that my lord hath sent,  
A sign that Troy hath fallen.

CHORUS.

And for its fall  
Our voice shall hymn the gods anon: meanwhile  
I'm fain to drink more wonder from thy words.

CLYTEM.

This day Troy fell. Methinks I see't; a host  
Of jarring voices stirs the startled city,  
Like oil and acid, sounds that will not mingle,  
By natural hatred sundered. Thou may'st hear  
Shouts of the victor, with the dying groan,  
Battling, and captives' cry, upon the dead—  
Fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, wives—  
The living fall—the young upon the old;  
And from enthralled necks wail out their woe  
Fresh from the fight, through the dark night the spoilers  
Tumultuous rush where hunger spurs them on,  
To feast on banquets never spread for them.  
The homes of captive Trojan chiefs they share  
As chance decides the lodgment; there secure  
From the cold night-dews and the biting frosts,  
Beneath the lordly roof, to their hearts' content<sup>36</sup>  
They live, and through the watchless night prolong  
Sound slumbers Happy if the native gods  
They reverence, and the captured altars spare,<sup>37</sup>  
Themselves not captive led by their own folly!  
May no unbridled lust of unjust gain  
Master their hearts, no reckless rash desire!  
Much toil yet waits them. Having turned the goal,<sup>38</sup>  
The course's other half they must mete out,  
Ere home receive them safe Their ships must brook  
The chances of the sea; and, these being scaped,  
If they have sinned<sup>39</sup> the gods their own will claim,  
And vengeance wakes till blood shall be atoned.  
I am a woman; but mark thou well my words;  
I hint the harm; but with no wavering scale,  
Prevail the good! I thank the gods who gave me  
Rich store of blessings, richly to enjoy.

CHORUS.

Woman, thou speakest wisely as a man,  
And kindly as thyself. But having heard



The certain signs of Agamemnon's coming,  
Prepare we now to hymn the gods; for surely  
With their strong help we have not toiled in vain.

O regal Jove! O blessed Night!  
Thou hast won thee rich adornments,  
Thou hast spread thy shrouding meshes  
O'er the towers of Priam Ruin  
Whelms the young, the old. In vain  
Shall they strive to o'erleap the snare,  
And snap the bondsman's galling chain,  
In woe retrieveless lost.  
Jove, I fear thee, just protector  
Of the wrong'd host's sacred rights;  
Thou didst keep thy bow sure bent  
'Gainst Alexander; not before  
The fate-predestined hour, and not  
Beyond the stars, with idle aim,  
Thy cunning shaft was shot.

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

The hand of Jove hath smote them; thou  
May'st trace it plainly,  
What the god willed, behold it now  
Not purposed vainly!  
The gods are blind,<sup>40</sup> and little caring,  
So one hath said, to mark the daring  
Of men, whose graceless foot hath ridden  
O'er things to human touch forbidden.  
Godless who said so; sons shall rue  
Their parents' folly,  
Who flushed with wealth, with insolence flown,  
The sober bliss of man outgrown,  
The trump of Mars unchastened blew,  
And stirred red strife without the hue  
Of justice wholly.  
Live wiselier thou, not waxing gross  
With gain, thou shalt be free from loss.  
Weak is his tower, with pampering wealth  
In brief alliance  
Who spurns great Justice' altar dread  
With damned defiance,  
Him the deep hell shall claim, and shame  
His vain reliance.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

Self-will fell Até's daughter,[41](#) still  
Fore-counselling ruin,  
Shall spur him on resistless borne  
To his undoing.  
Fined with sharp loss beyond repairing,  
His misery like a beacon flaring,  
Shall shine to all. Like evil brass,  
That tested shows a coarse black mass,  
His deep distemper he shall show  
By dints of trial.  
Even as a boy in wanton sport,[42](#)  
Chasing a bird to his own hurt,  
And to the state's redeemless loss,  
Whom, when he prays, the gods shall cross  
With sheer denial,  
And sweep the lewd and lawless liver  
From earth's fair memory for ever;  
Thus to the Atridans' palace came  
False Alexander,  
And shared the hospitable board,  
A bold offender,  
Filching his host's fair wife away  
To far Scamander.

## STROPHE II.

She went, and to the Argive city left  
Squadrons shield-bearing,  
Battle preparing,  
Swords many-flashing,  
Oars many-plashing;  
She went, destruction for her dowry bearing,  
To the Sigeon shore;  
Light with swift foot she brushed the doorstep, daring  
A deed undared before.  
The prophets of the house loud wailing,[43](#)  
Cried with sorrow unavailing,  
"Woe to the Atridans! woe!  
The lofty palaces fallen low!  
The marriage and the marriage bed,  
The steps once faithful, fond to follow  
There where the faithful husband led!"  
He silent stood in sadness, not in wrath,[44](#)  
His own eye scarce believing,  
As he followed her flight beyond the path

Of the sea-wave broadly heaving.  
And phantoms sway each haunt well known,  
Which the lost loved one wont to own,  
And the statued forms that look from their seats  
With a cold smile serenely,  
He loathes to look on; in his eye  
Pines Aphrodité\* leanly.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

In vain he sleeps; for in the fretful night  
Shapes of fair seeming  
Flit through his dreaming,  
Soothing him sweetly,  
Leaving him fleetly  
Of bliss all barren. The shape fond fancy weaves him  
His eager grasp would keep,  
In vain; it cheats the hand; and leaves him, sweeping  
Swift o'er the paths of sleep.  
These sorrows pierce the Atridan chiefs,  
And, worse than these, their private griefs,  
But general Greece that to the fray  
Sent her thousands, mourns to-day;  
And Grief stout-hearted at each door  
Sits to bear the burden sore  
Of deathful news from the Trojan shore.  
Ah! many an Argive heart to-day  
Is pricked with wail and mourning,  
Knowing how many went to Troy,  
From Troy how few returning!  
The mothers of each house shall wait  
To greet their sons at every gate,  
But, alas! not men, but dust of men  
Each sorrowing house receiveth,  
The urn in which the fleshly case  
Its cindered ruin leaveth.

## STROPHE III.

For Mars doth market bodies, and for gold  
Gives dust, and in the battle of the bold  
Holds the dread scales of Fate.  
Burnt cinders, a light burden, but to friends  
A heavy freight,  
He sends from Troy; the beautiful vase he sends  
With dust, for hearts, well lined, on which descends  
The frequent tear.

And friends do wail their praise; this here  
Expert to wield the pointed spear,  
And this who cast his life away,  
Nobly in ignoble fray,  
For a strange woman's sake.  
And in their silent hearts hate burns;  
Against the kings  
The moody-muttered grudge creeps forth,  
And points its stings.  
Others they mourn who 'neath Troy's wall  
Entombed, dark sleep prolong,  
Low pressed beneath the hostile sod,  
The beautiful, the strong!

### ANTISTROPHE III.

O hard to bear, when evil murmurs fly,  
Is a nation's hate; unblest on whom doth lie  
A people's curse!  
My heart is dark, in my fear-procreant brain  
Bad begets worse.  
For not from heaven the gods behold in vain  
Hands red with slaughter. The black-mantled train\*  
Who watch and wait,  
In their own hour shall turn to bane  
The bliss that grew from godless gain.  
The mighty man with heart elate  
Shall fall; even as the sightless shades,  
The great man's glory fades.  
Sweet to the ear is the popular cheer  
Forth billowed loudly;  
But the bolt from on high shall blast his eye<sup>45</sup>  
That looketh proudly.  
Be mine the sober bliss, and far  
From fortune's high-strung rapture,  
Not capturing others, may I never  
See my own city's capture!

### EPODE.

Swift-winged with thrilling note it came,  
The blithe news from the courier-flame;  
But whether true and witnessed well,  
Or if some god hath forged a lie,  
What tongue can tell?  
Who is so young, so green of wit,  
That his heart should blaze with a fever fit,

At a tale of this fire-courier's telling,  
When a new rumour swiftly swelling,  
May turn him back to dole? To lift the note  
Of clamorous triumph ere the fight be fought,  
Is a light chance may fitly fall,  
Where women wield the spear.[46](#)  
A wandering word by woman's fond faith sped  
Swells and increases,  
But with dispersion swift a woman's tale  
Is lost and ceases.

*Enter*Clytemnestra.

Soon shall we know if the light-bearing lamps  
And the bright signals of the fiery changes  
Spake true or, dream-like, have deceived our sense  
With smiling semblance. For, behold, where comes,  
Beneath the outspread olive's branchy shade,  
A herald from the beach; and thirsty dust,  
Twin-sister of the clay, attests his speed.  
Not voiceless he, nor with the smoking flame  
Of mountain pine will bring uncertain news.  
His heraldry gives increase to our joy,  
Or—but to speak ill-omened words I shun;—  
May fair addition fair beginning follow!

CHORUS.

Whoso fears evil where no harm appears,  
Reap first himself the fruit of his own fears.

*Enter*Herald.

Hail Argive land! dear fatherland, all hail!  
This tenth year's light doth shine on my return!  
And now this one heart's hope from countless wrecks  
I save! Scarce hoped I e'er to lay my bones  
Within the tomb where dearest dust is stored.  
I greet thee, native land! thee, shining sun!  
Thee, the land's Sovereign, Jove! thee, Pythian King,  
Shooting no more thy swift-winged shafts against us.  
Enough on red Scamander's banks we knew  
Thee hostile; now our saviour-god be thou,  
Apollo, and our healer from much harm![47](#)  
And you, all gods that guide the chance of fight,  
I here invoke; and thee, my high protector,  
Loved Hermes, of all heralds most revered.  
And you, all heroes that sent forth our hosts,

Bring back, I pray, our remnant with good omens.  
O kingly halls! O venerated seats!  
O dear-loved roofs, and ye sun-fronting gods,<sup>48</sup>  
If ever erst, now on this happy day,  
With these bright-beaming eyes, duly receive  
Your late returning king; for Agamemnon  
Comes, like the sun, a common joy to all.  
Greet him with triumph, as beseems the man,  
Who with the mattock of justice-bringing Jove  
Hath dug the roots of Troy, hath made its altars  
Things seen no more, its towering temples razed,  
And caused the seed of the whole land to perish.  
Such yoke on Ilium's haughty neck the elder  
Atridan threw, a king whom gods have blessed  
And men revere, 'mongst mortals worthy most  
Of honour; now nor Paris, nor in the bond  
Partner'd with him, old Troy more crime may boast  
Than penalty; duly in the court of fight,  
In the just doom of rape and robbery damned,  
His pledge is forfeited,<sup>49</sup> his hand hath reaped  
Clean bare the harvest of all bliss from Troy.  
Doubly they suffer for a double crime.

CHORUS.

Hail soldier herald, how farest thou?

HERALD.

Right well!  
So well that I could bless the gods and die.

CHORUS.

Doubtless thy love of country tried thy heart?

HERALD.

To see these shores I weep for very joy.

CHORUS.

And that soul-sickness sweetly held thee?

HERALD.

How?

Instruct my wit to comprehend thy words.

CHORUS.

Smitten with love of them that much loved thee.

HERALD.

Say'st thou? loved Argos us as we loved Argos?

CHORUS.

Oftimes we sorrowed from a sunless soul.

HERALD.

How so? Why should the thought of the host have clouded  
Thy soul with sadness?

CHORUS.

Sorrow not causeless came;  
But I have learned to drug all woes by silence.

HERALD.

Whom should'st thou quail before, the chiefs away?

CHORUS.

I could have used thy phrase, and wished to die.

HERALD.

Die now, an' thou wilt, for joy! The rolling years  
Have given all things a prosperous end, though some  
Were hard to bear; for who, not being a god,  
Can hope to live long years of bliss unbroken?  
A weary tale it were to tell the tithe  
Of all our hardships; toils by day, by night,  
Harsh harbourage, hard hammocks, and scant sleep.  
No sun without new troubles, and new groans,  
Shone on our voyage; and when at length we landed,  
Our woes were doubled; 'neath the hostile walls,  
On marshy meads night-sprinkled by the dews,  
We slept, our clothes rotted with drenching rain,  
And like wild beasts with shaggy-knotted hair.

Why should I tell bird-killing winter's sorrows,  
Long months of suffering from Idéan snows,  
Then summer's scorching heat, when noon beheld  
The waveless sea beneath the windless air  
In sleep diffused; these toils have run their hour.  
The dead care not to rise; their roll our grief  
Would muster o'er in vain; and we who live  
Vainly shall fret at the cross strokes of fate.  
Henceforth to each harsh memory of the past  
Farewell! we who survive this long-drawn war  
Have gains to count that far outweigh the loss.  
Well may we boast in the face of the shining sun,  
O'er land and sea our winged tidings wafting,  
The Achæan host hath captured Troy; and now  
On the high temples of the gods we hang  
These spoils, a shining grace, there to remain  
An heritage for ever.<sup>50</sup> These things to hear  
Shall men rejoice, and with fair praises laud  
The state and its great generals, laud the grace  
Of Jove the Consummator. I have said.

CHORUS.

I own thy speech the conqueror; for a man  
Can never be too old to learn good news,  
And though thy words touch Clytemnestra most,  
Joy to the Atridan's halls is wealth to me.

CLYTEM.

I lifted first the shout of jubilee,  
Then when the midnight sign of the courier fire  
Told the deep downfall of the captured Troy,  
But one then mocked my faith, that I believed  
The fire-spiced message in so true a tale.  
'Tis a light thing to buoy a woman's heart  
With hopeful news, they cried; and with these words  
They wildered my weak wit. And yet I sped  
The sacrifice, and raised the welcoming shout  
In woman's wise, and at a woman's word  
Forthwith from street to street uprose to the gods  
Well-omened salutations, and glad hymns,  
Lulling the fragrant incense-feeding flame.  
What needs there more? The event has proved me right,  
Himself—my lord—with his own lips shall speak  
The weighty tale; myself will go make ready  
With well-earned honour to receive the honoured.  
What brighter bliss on woman's lot may beam,



Than when a god gives back her spouse from war,  
To ope the gates of welcome. Tell my husband,  
To his loved home, desired of all, to haste.  
A faithful wife, even as he left her, here  
He'll find expectant, like a watch-dog, gentle  
To him and his, to all that hate him harsh.  
The seals that knew his stamp, when hence he sailed,  
Unharm'd remain, untouched: and for myself  
Nor praise nor blame from other man I know,  
No more than dyer's art can tincture brass.[51](#)

HERALD.

A boast like this, instinct with very truth,  
Comes from a noble lady without blame.

CHORUS.

Wise words she spake, and words that need no comment  
To ears that understand. But say, good Herald,  
Comes Menelaus safe back from the wars,  
His kindly sway in Argos to resume?

HERALD.

I cannot gloss a lie with fair pretence;  
The best told lie bears but a short-lived fruit.

CHORUS.

Speak the truth plainly, if thou canst not pleasantly;  
These twain be seldom wedded; and here, alas!  
They stand out sundered with too clear a mark.

HERALD

The man is vanished from the Achæan host,  
He and his vessel. Thou hast heard the truth.

CHORUS.

Sailed he from Ilium separate from the fleet?  
Or did the tempest part him from his friends!

HERALD.

Like a good marksman thou hast hit the mark,

In one short sentence summing many sorrows.

CHORUS.

Alive is he or dead? What word hath reached you?  
What wandering rumour from sea-faring men?

HERALD.

This none can tell, save yon bright sun aloft,  
That cherishes all things with his friendly light.

CHORUS.

How came the storm on the fleet? or how was ended  
The wrath of the gods?

HERALD.

Not well it suits to blot  
With black rehearsal this auspicious day.  
Far from the honors of the blissful gods<sup>52</sup>  
Be grief's recital. When with gloomy visage  
An ugly tale the herald's voice unfolds,  
At once a general wound, and private grief,  
An army lost, the sons of countless houses  
Death-doomed by the double scourge so dear to Ares,<sup>\*</sup>  
A twin-speared harm, a yoke of crimson slaughter:  
A herald saddled with such woes may sing  
A pæan to the Erinnyes. But I,  
Who to this city blithe and prosperous  
Brought the fair news of Agamemnon's safety,  
How shall I mingle bad with good, rehearsing  
The wintry wrath sent by the gods to overwhelm us?  
Fire and the sea, sworn enemies of old,<sup>53</sup>  
Made friendly league to sweep the Achæan host  
With swift destruction pitiless. Forth rushed  
The tyrannous Thracian blasts, and wave chased wave,  
Fierce 'neath the starless night, and ship on ship  
Struck clashing; beak on butting beak was driven;  
The puffing blast, the beat of boiling billows,  
The whirling gulph (an evil pilot) wrapt them  
In sightless death. And when the shining sun  
Shone forth again, we see the Ægean tide  
Strewn with the purple blossoms of the dead,  
And wrecks of shattered ships. Us and our bark  
Some god, no man, the storm-tost hull directing,  
Hath rescued scathless, stealing us from the fray,

Or with a prayer begging our life from Fate.  
Kind Fortune helmed us further, safely kept  
From yeasty ferment in the billowy bay,  
Nor dashed on far-ledged rocks. Thus having 'scaped  
That ocean hell,[54](#) scarce trusting our fair fortune,  
We hailed the lucid day; but could we hope,  
The chance that saved ourselves had saved our friends?  
Our fearful hearts with thoughts of them we fed,  
Far-labouring o'er the loosely-driving main.[55](#)  
And doubtless they, if yet live breath they breathe,  
Deem so of us, as we must fear of them,  
That they have perished. But I hope the best.  
And first and chief expect ye the return  
Of Menelaus. If the sun's blest ray  
Yet looks on him, where he beholds the day  
By Jove's devising,[56](#) not yet willing wholly  
To uproot the race of Atreus, hope may be  
He yet returns. Thou hast my tale; and I  
Have told the truth untinged with a lie.

[*Exit.*

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

Who gave her a name  
So true to her fame?  
Does a Providence rule in the fate of a word?  
Sways there in heaven a viewless power  
O'er the chance of the tongue in the naming hour?  
Who gave her a name,  
This daughter of strife, this daughter of shame,  
The spear-wooded maid of Greece?  
Helen the taker![57](#) 'tis plain to see  
A taker of ships, a taker of men,  
A taker of cities is she.  
From the soft-curtained chamber of Hymen she fled,  
By the breath of giant[58](#) Zephyr sped,  
And shield-bearing throngs in marshalled array  
Hounded her flight o'er the printless way,  
Where the swift-plashing oar  
The fair booty bore  
To swirling Simois' leafy shore,  
And stirred the crimson fray.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

For the gods sent a bride,  
Kin but not kind,<sup>59</sup>  
Ripe with the counsel of wrath to Troy,  
In the fulness of years, the offender to prove,  
And assert the justice of Jove;  
For great Jove is lord  
Of the rights of the hearth and the festal board.  
The sons of Priam sang  
A song to the praise of the bride:  
From jubilant throats they praised her then,  
The bride from Hellas brought;  
But now the ancient city hath changed  
Her hymn to a doleful note.  
She weeps bitter tears; she curses the head  
Of the woe-wedded Paris; she curses the bed  
Of the beautiful bride  
That crossed the flood,  
And filched the life of her sons, and washed  
Her wide-paved streets with blood.

## STROPHE II.

Whoso nurseth the cub of a lion  
Weaned from the dugs of its dam, where the draught  
Of its mountain-milk was free,  
Finds it gentle at first and tame.  
It frisks with the children in innocent game,  
And the old man smiles to see;  
It is dandled about like a babe in the arm,  
It licketh the hand that fears no harm,  
And when hunger pinches its fretful maw,  
It fawns with an eager glee.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

But it grows with the years; and soon reveals  
The fount of fierceness whence it came:  
And, loathing the food of the tame,  
It roams abroad, and feasts in the fold,  
On feasts forbidden, and stains the floor  
Of the house that nursed it with gore.  
A curse they nursed for their own undoing,  
A mouth by which their own friends shall perish;  
A servant of Até, a priest of Ruin,<sup>60</sup>  
Some god hath taught them to cherish.

### STROPHE III.

Thus to Troy came a bride of the Spartan race,  
With a beauty as bland as a windless calm,  
Prosperity's gentlest grace;  
And mild was love's blossom that rayed from her eye,  
The soft-winged dart that with pleasing pain  
Thrills heart and brain.  
But anon she changed: herself fulfilled  
Her wedlock's bitter end;  
A fatal sister, a fatal bride,  
Her fateful head she rears;  
Herself the Erinnys from Jove to avenge  
The right of the injured host, and change  
The bridal joy to tears.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

'Twas said of old, and 'tis said to-day,  
That wealth to prosperous stature grown  
Begets a birth of its own:  
That a surfeit of evil by good is prepared,  
And sons must bear what allotment of woe  
Their sires were spared.  
But this I rebel to believe: I know  
That impious deeds conspire  
To beget an offspring of impious deeds  
Too like their ugly sire.  
But whoso is just, though his wealth like a river  
Flow down, shall be scathless his house shall rejoice  
In an offspring of beauty for ever.

### STROPHE IV.

The heart of the haughty delights to beget  
A haughty heart.<sup>61</sup> From time to time  
In children's children recurrent appears  
The ancestral crime.  
When the dark hour comes that the gods have decreed,  
And the Fury burns with wrathful fires,  
A demon unholy, with ire unabated,  
Lies like black night on the halls of the fated:  
And the recreant son plunges guiltily on  
To perfect the guilt of his sires.

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

But Justice shines in a lowly cell;  
In the homes of poverty, smoke-begrimed,  
With the sober-minded she loves to dwell.  
But she turns aside  
From the rich man's house with averted eye,  
The golden-fretted halls of pride  
Where hands with lucre are foul, and the praise  
Of counterfeit goodness smoothly sways:  
And wisely she guides in the strong man's despite  
All things to an issue of right.

CHORUS.

But, hail the king! the city-taking  
Seed of Atreus' race.  
How shall I accost thee! How  
With beseeching reverence greet thee?  
Nor above the mark, nor sinking  
Beneath the line of grace?  
Many of mortal men there be,  
'Gainst the rule of right preferring  
Seeming to substance; tears are free  
In the eye when woe its tale rehearseth,  
But the sting of sorrow pierceth  
No man's liver; many force  
Lack-laughter faces to relax  
Into the soft lines traced by joy.  
But the shepherd true and wise  
Knows the faithless man, whose eyes,  
With a forward friendship twinkling,  
Fawn with watery love.<sup>62</sup>  
For me, I nothing hide. O King,  
In my fancy's picturing,  
From the Muses far I deemed thee,  
And thy soul not wisely helming  
When thou drew'st the knife  
For Helen's sake, a woman, whelming  
Thousands in ruin, rushing rashly  
On unwelcome strife.  
But now all's well. No shallow smiles  
We wear for thee, thy weary toils  
All finished. Thou shalt know anon  
What friends do serve thee truly,  
And who in thy long absence used  
Their stewardship unduly.

*Enter Agamemnon with attendants; Cassandra behind.*

AGA.

First Argos hail! and ye, my country's gods,  
Who worked my safe return, and nerved my arm  
With vengeance against Priam! for the gods,  
Taught by no glozing tongue, but by the sight  
Of their own eyes knew justice; voting ruin  
And men-destroying death to ancient Troy,  
Their fatal pebbles in the bloody urn  
Not doubtingly they dropt; the other vase,  
Unfed with hope of suffrage-bearing hand,  
Stood empty. Now the captured city's smoke  
Points where it fell. Raves Ruin's storm; the winds  
With crumbled dust and dissipated gold  
Float grossly laden. To the immortal gods  
These thanks, fraught with rich memory of much good,  
We pay; they taught our hands to spread the net  
With anger-whetted wit, a woman's frailty  
Laid bare old Ilium to the Argive bite,  
And with the setting Pleiads outleapt a birth  
Of strong shield-bearers from the fateful horse.  
A fierce flesh-tearing lion leapt their walls,  
And licked a surfeit of tyrannic blood.  
This prelude to the gods. As for thy words  
Of friendly welcome, I return thy greeting,  
And as your thought, so mine; for few are gifted  
With such rich store of love, to see a friend  
Preferred and feel no envy; 'tis a disease  
Possessing mortal men, a poison lodged  
Close by the heart, eating all joy away  
With double barb—his own mischance who suffers  
And bliss of others sitting at his gate,  
Which when he sees he groans. I know it well;  
They who seemed most my friends, and many seemed,  
Were but the mirrored show, the shadowy ghost  
Of something like to friendship, substanceless.  
Ulysses only, most averse to sail,  
Was still most ready in the yoke with me  
To bear the harness; living now or dead,  
This praise I frankly give him. For the rest,  
The city and the gods, we will take counsel  
In full assembly freely. What is good  
We will give heed that it be lasting; where  
Disease the cutting or the caustic cure  
Demands, we will apply it. I, meanwhile,  
My hearth and home salute, and greet the gods,

Who, as they sent me to the distant fray,  
Have brought me safely back. Fair victory,  
Once mine, may she dwell with me evermore!

CLYTEM.

Men! Citizens! ye reverend Argive seniors,  
No shame feel I, even in your face, to tell  
My husband-loving ways. Long converse lends  
Boldness to bashfulness. No foreign griefs,  
Mine own self-suffered woes I tell. While he  
Was camping far at Ilium, I at home  
Sat all forlorn, uncherished by the mate  
Whom I had chosen; this was woe enough  
Without enforcement; but, to try me further,  
A host of jarring rumours stormed my doors,  
Each fresh recital with a murkier hue  
Than its precedent; and I must hear all.  
If this my lord, had borne as many wounds  
In battle as the bloody fame recounted,  
He had been pierced throughout even as a net;  
And had he died as oft as Rumour slew him,  
He might have boasted of a triple coil<sup>63</sup>  
Like the three-bodied Geryon, while on earth  
(Of him below I speak not), and like him  
Been three times heaped with a cloak of funeral dust.  
Thus fretted by cross-grained reports, oft-times  
The knotted rope high-swung had held my neck,  
But that my friends with forceful aid prevented.  
Add that my son, pledge of our mutual vows,  
Orestes is not here; nor think it strange.  
Thy Phocian spear-guest,<sup>64</sup> the most trusty Strophius,  
Took him in charge, a twofold danger urging  
First thine beneath the walls of Troy, and further  
The evil likelihood that, should the Greeks  
Be worsted in the strife, at home the voice  
Of many-babbling anarchy might cast  
The council down, and as man's baseness is,  
At fallen greatness insolently spurn.  
Moved by these thoughts I parted with my boy,  
And for no other cause. Myself the while  
So woe-worn lived, the fountains of my grief  
To their last drop were with much weeping drained;  
And far into the night my watch I've kept  
With weary eyes, while in my lonely room  
The night-torch faintly glimmered. In my dream  
The buzzing gnat, with its light-brushing wing,  
Startled the fretful sleeper; thou hast been



In waking hours, as in sleep's fitful turns  
My only thought. But having bravely borne  
This weight of woe, now with blithe heart I greet  
Thee, my heart's lord, the watch-dog of the fold,  
The ship's sure mainstay, pillared shaft whereon  
Rests the high roof, fond parent's only child,  
Land seen by sailors past all hope, a day  
Lovely to look on when the storm hath broken,  
And to the thirsty wayfarer the flow  
Of gushing rill. O sweet it is, how sweet  
To see an end of the harsh yoke that galled us!  
These greetings to my lord; nor grudge me, friends,  
This breadth of welcome; sorrows we have known  
Ample enough. And now, thou precious head,  
Come from thy car, nay, do not set thy foot,  
The foot that trampled Troy, on common clay.  
What ho! ye laggard maids! why lags your task  
Behind the hour? Spread purple where he treads.  
Fitably the brodered foot-cloth marks his path,  
Whom Justice leadeth to his long-lost home  
With unexpected train. What else remains  
Our sleepless zeal, with favour of the gods,  
Shall order as befits.

AGA.

Daughter of Leda, guardian of my house!  
Almost thou seem'st to have spun thy welcome out  
To match my lengthened absence; but I pray thee  
Praise with discretion, and let other mouths  
Proclaim my pæans. For the rest, abstain  
From delicate tendance that would turn my manhood  
To woman's temper. Not in barbaric wise  
With prostrate reverence base, kissing the ground,  
Mouth sounding salutations; not with purple,  
Breeder of envy, spread my path. Such honors  
Suit the immortal gods; me, being mortal,  
To tread on rich-flowered carpetings wise fear  
Prohibits. As a man, not as a god,  
Let me be honored. Not the less my fame  
Shall be far blazoned, that on common earth  
I tread untapestried. A sober heart  
Is the best gift of God; call no man happy  
Till death hath found him prosperous to the close.  
For me, if what awaits me fall not worse  
Than what hath fallen, I have good cause to look  
Bravely on fate.

CLYTEM.

Nay, but my good lord will not  
In this gainsay my heart's most warm desire.

AGA.

My wish and will thou shalt not lightly mar.

CLYTEM.

Hast thou a vow belike, and fear'st the gods?

AGA.

If e'er man knew, I know my will in this.

CLYTEM.

Had Priam conquered, what had Priam done?

AGA.

His feet had trod the purple; doubt it not.

CLYTEM.

What Priam would, thou may'st, unless the fear  
Of popular blame make Agamemnon quail.

AGA.

But popular babble strengthens Envy's wing.

CLYTEM.

Thou must be envied if thou wilt be great.

AGA.

Is it a woman's part to hatch contention?

CLYTEM.

For once be conquered; they who conquer may Yield with a grace.

AGA.

And thou in this vain strife  
Must be perforce the conqueror; is it so?

CLYTEM.

'Tis even so: for once give me the reins.

AGA.

Thou hast thy will. Come, boy, unbind these sandals,[65](#)  
That are the prostrate subjects to my feet,  
When I do tread; for with shod feet I never  
May leave my print on the sea-purple, lest  
Some god with jealous eye look from afar  
And mark me. Much I fear with insolent foot  
To trample wealth, and rudely soil the web  
Whose precious threads the pure-veined silver buys.  
So much for this. As for this maid, receive  
The stranger kindly: the far-seeing gods  
Look down with love on him who mildly sways.  
For never yet was yoke of slavery borne  
By willing neck; of all the captive maids  
The choicest flower she to my portion fell.  
And now, since thou art victor o'er my will,  
I tread the purple to my father's hall.

CLYTEM.

The wide sea flows; and who shall dry it up?  
The ocean flows, and in its vasty depths  
Is brewed the purple's die, as silver precious,  
A tincture ever-fresh for countless robes.  
But Agamemnon's house is not a beggar;  
With this, and with much more the gods provide us;  
And purple I had vowed enough to spread  
The path of many triumphs, had a god  
Given me such 'hest oracular to buy  
The ransom of thy life. We have thee now,  
Both root and trunk, a tree rich leafage spreading  
To shade this mansion from the Sirian dog.  
Welcome, thou double blessing [Editor: illegible character] to this hearth  
That bringest heat against keen winter's cold,  
And coolness when the sweltering Jove prepares  
Wine from the crudeness of the bitter grape;  
Enter the house, made perfect by thy presence.  
Jove, Jove, the perfecter! perfect thou my vow,[66](#)

And thine own counsels quickly perfect thou!

[*Exeunt.*

## CHORAL HYMN.

### STROPHE I.

Whence these shapes of fear that haunt me?  
These hovering portents why?  
Is my heart a seer inspired,  
To chaunt unbidden and unhired<sup>67</sup>  
Notes of dark prophecy?  
Blithe confidence, my bosom's lord,<sup>\*</sup>  
That swayed the doubtful theme,  
Arise, and with thy clear command  
Chase the vain-vexing dream!  
Long years have rolled; and still I fear,  
As when the Argive band  
Unloosed their cables from the shore,<sup>68</sup>  
And eager plied the frequent oar  
To the far Ilian strand.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Now they return: my vouching eyes  
To prop my faith conspire,  
And yet my heart, in self-taught hymns,  
As with a Fury's burden brims,  
And will not own the lyre.  
I fear, I fear: the bold-faced Hope  
Hath left my heart all drear;  
And my thought, not idly tossed within,  
Feels evil creeping near.  
For the heart hath scent of things to come  
And prophesies by fear;  
And yet I pray, may all conspire  
To prove my boding heart a liar,  
And me a foolish seer.

### STROPHE II.

Full-blooded health, that in the veins  
With lusty pulses hotly wells,  
Shall soon have check. Disease beside it  
Wall to wall, ill-sundered, dwells.  
The proud trireme, with sudden shock,  
In its mid career, on a sunken rock

Strikes, and all is lost.  
Yet there is hope; the ship may rein  
Its plunge, from whelming ruin free,  
If with wise sling the merchant fling  
Into the greedy sea  
A part to save the whole. And thus  
Jove, that two-handed stores for us,  
In our mid woe may pause,  
Heap gifts on gifts from yearly furrows,  
And save the house from swamping sorrows,  
And lean starvation's jaws.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

But, oh! when black blood stains the ground,  
And the mortal mortal lies,  
Shall the dead hear when thou chauntest?  
To thy charming shall he rise?  
Once there was a leech so wise  
Could raise the dead,\* but, from the skies,  
Struck by Jove, he ceased.  
But cease my song. Were link with link  
In the chain of things not bound together<sup>69</sup>  
That each event must wait its time,  
Nor one dare trip the other,  
My tongue had played the prophet's part,  
And rolled the burden from my heart;  
But now, to doubt resigned,  
With smothered fears, all dumb I wait  
The unravelling hour; while sparks of fate  
Flit through my darksome mind.

*Enter* Clytemnestra.

CLYTEM.

Come thou, too, in; this maid, I mean; Cassandra!  
For not in wrath Jove sent thee here to share  
Our family lustrations, and to stand,  
With many slaves, beside the household altar.<sup>70</sup>  
Step from this car, nor bear thy spirit proudly  
Above thy fate, for even Alcmena's son,  
To slavery sold, once bore the hated yoke.  
What must be, must be; rather thank the chance  
That gave thee to an old and wealthy house;  
For they who reap an unexpected growth  
Of wealth, are harsh to slaves beyond the line  
Of a well-tempered rule. Here thou shalt find

The common use of bondage.

CHORUS.

Plainly she speaks;  
And thou within Fate's iron toils once caught  
Wert wise to go—if go thou wilt—but, soothly,  
Thou hast no willing look.

CLYTEM.

Nay! an' she be not  
Barbarian to the bone, and speaking nought  
Save swallow jabber,\* she shall hear my voice.  
I'll pierce her marrow with it.

CHORUS

Captive maid,  
Obey! thou shouldst; 'tis best; be thou persuaded  
To leave thy chariot-seat and follow her.

CLYTEM.

No time have I to stand without the gate  
Prating with her. Within, on the central hearth,  
The fire burns bright, the sheep's fat slaughter waiting,  
To furnish forth a banquet that transcends  
The topmost of our hopes. Wilt thou obey,  
Obey me quickly! If with stubborn sense  
Thou hast nor ear to hear, nor voice to speak,  
Answer my sign with thy barbarian hand.

CHORUS.

A wise interpreter the maid demands;  
Like a wild beast new caught, even so she stands.

CLYTEM.

Ay! she is mad; her wit to sober counsels  
Is deaf; she comes from the new-captured city,  
Untaught to bear the Argive bit with patience,  
But foams and dashes bloody froth. I will not  
Make myself base by wasting words on her.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Poor maid, I may not blame; I pity thee.  
Come, leave thy seat, for, though the yoke be strange,  
Necessity compels, and thou must bear it.

## STROPHE I.

CASS.

Ah! ah! woes me! woe! woe!  
Apollo! O Apollo!

CHORUS.

Why dost thou wail to Loxias?<sup>†</sup> is he  
A gloomy god that he should list sad tales?

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CASS.

Ah! ah! woes me! woe! woe!  
Apollo! O Apollo!

CHORUS.

Again with evil-omened voice she cries  
Upon the god least fit to wait on woe.

## STROPHE II.

CASS.

Apollo! Apollo!  
My way-god, my leader Apollo!<sup>71</sup>  
Apollo the destroyer!  
Thou with light labour hast destroyed me quite.

CHORUS.

Strange oracles against herself she speaks;  
Ev'n in the bondsman's bosom dwells the god.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CASS.

Apollo! Apollo!  
Apollo, my leader, whither hast thou led me?<sup>72</sup>  
My way-god, Apollo?  
What homes receive thy captive prophetess?

CHORUS.

The Atridæ's homes. This, an' thou knowst it not,  
I tell thee, and the words I speak are true.

## STROPHE III.

CASS.

Ha! the house of the Atridæ! \*  
Well the godless house I know,  
With the dagger and the rope,  
And the self-inflicted blow!  
Where red blood is on the floor,  
And black murder at the door—  
This house—this house I know.

CHORUS.

She scents out slaughter, mark me, like a hound,  
And tracks the spot where she shall feast on blood.

## ANTISTROPHE III.

CASS.

Ay! I scent a truthful scent,  
And the thing I say I know.  
See! see! these weeping children,  
How they vouch the monstrous woe!  
Their red wounds are bleeding fresh,  
And their father eats their flesh,  
This bloody house I know.

CHORUS.

The fame of thy divinings far renowned



Have reached us, but we wish no prophets here.

## STROPHE IV.

CASS.

Ha! ha! what plots she now!  
A new sorrow, a new snare  
To the house of the Atridæ,  
And a burden none may bear!  
A black harm to all and each,  
A disease that none may leech,  
And the evil plot to mar  
All help and hope is far.

CHORUS.

Nay now I'm lost and mazed in vain surmise.  
What first she said I knew—the common rumour.

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

CASS.

Ha! woman wilt thou dare?  
Thy bed's partner and thy mate  
In the warm refreshing bath  
Shall he find his bloody fate?  
How shall I dare to say  
What comes and will not stay?  
See, to do her heart's command  
Where she stretches her red hand!

CHORUS.

Not yet I understand: through riddles dark  
And cloudy oracles my wits are wandering.

## STROPHE V.

CASS.

Ha! what bloody sight is this!  
'Tis a net of Hades spread—  
'Tis a snare to snare her lord,  
The fond sharer of her bed.  
The black chorus of the place\*

Shout for vengeance o'er the race,  
Whose offence cries for atoning,  
With a heavy death of stoning!

## STROPHE VI.

CHORUS.

What black Fury of the place  
Shall shout vengeance o'er the race?  
Such strange words I hate to hear.  
The blithe blood, that crimson ran<sup>73</sup>  
In my veins, runs pale and wan  
With the taint of yellow fear,  
As when in the mortal anguish,<sup>74</sup>  
Life's last fitful glimpses languish  
And Fate, as now, is near!

## ANTISTROPHE V.

CASS.

Ha! ha! the work proceeds!  
From the bull keep back the cow!  
Lo! now she seizes him  
By the strong black horn,<sup>75</sup> and now  
She hath wrapt him round with slaughter;  
She strikes! and in the water  
Of the bath he falls. Mark well,  
In the bath doth murder dwell.

## ANTISTROPHE VI.

CHORUS.

No prophetic gift is mine  
The dark saying to divine,  
But this sounds like evil quite;  
For to mortal man was never  
The diviner's voice the giver  
Of a message of delight,  
But in words of mazy mourning,  
Comes the prophet's voice of warning,  
With a lesson of affright.

## STROPHE VII.

CASS.

Fill the cup, and brim the woe!  
'Tis my own heart's blood must flow  
Me! miserable me!  
From old Troy why didst thou bring me  
Poor captive maid, to sing thee  
Thy dirge, and die with thee?

## STROPHE VIII.

CHORUS.

By a god thou art possessed,  
And he raveth in thy breast,  
And he sings a song of thee  
That hath music, but no glee.  
Like a dun-plumed nightingale,\*  
That, with never-sated wail,  
Crieth Itys! Itys! aye,[76](#)  
As it scatters, in sweet flow,  
The thick blossoms of its woe,[77](#)  
So singest thou to-day.

## ANTISTROPHE VII.

CASS.

Ah! the clear-toned nightingale!  
Mellow bird, thou dost not wail,[†](#)  
For the good gods gave to thee  
A light shape of fleetest winging,  
A bright life of sweetest singing,  
But a sharp-edged death to me.

## ANTISTROPHE VIII.

CHORUS.

By a god thou art possessed,  
And he goads thee without rest,  
And he racks thy throbbing brain  
With a busy-beating pain,  
And he presses from thy throat

The heavy struggling note,  
And the cry that rends the air.  
Who bade her tread this path,  
With the prophecy of wiath,  
And the burden of despair?

## STROPHE IX.

CASS.

O the wedlock and the woe  
Of the evil Alexander,  
To his chiefest friends a foe!  
O my native stream Scamander,  
Where in youth I wont to wander,  
And was nursed for future woes,  
Where thy swirling current flows!  
But now on sluggish shore  
Of Cocytus I shall pour,  
'Mid the Acherusian glades,  
My divinings to the shades.

## STROPHE X.

CHORUS.

Nothing doubtful is the token;  
For the words the maid hath spoken  
To a very child are clear.  
She hath pierced me to the marrow;  
And her cry of shrieking sorrow  
Ah! it crushes me to hear.

## ANTISTROPHE IX.

CASS.

The proud city lieth lowly,  
Nevermore to rise again!  
It is lost and ruined wholly;  
And before the walls in vain  
Hath my pious father slain  
Many meadow-cropping kine,  
To appease the wrath divine.  
Where it lieth it shall lie,  
Ancient Ilium: and I  
On the ground, when all is past,

Soon my reeking heart shall cast. [78](#)

## ANTISTROPHE X.

CHORUS.

Ah! the mighty god, wrath-laden,  
He hath smote the burdened maiden  
With a weighty doom severe.  
From her heart sharp cries he wringeth,  
Dismal, deathful strains she singeth,  
And I wait the end in fear.

CASS.

No more my prophecy, like a young bride  
Shall from a veil peep forth, but like a wind  
Waves shall it dash from the west in the sun's face, [79](#)  
And curl high-crested surges of fierce woes,  
That far outbillow mine. I'll speak no more  
In dark enigmas. Ye my vouchers be,  
While with keen scent I snuff the breath of the past,  
And point the track of monstrous crimes of eld.  
There is a choir, to destiny well-tuned,  
Haunts these doomed halls, no mellow-throated choir,  
And they of human blood have largely drunk:  
And by that wine made bold, the Bacchanals  
Cling to their place of revels. The sister'd Furies  
Sit on these roofs, and hymn the prime offence  
Of this crime-burthened race; the brother's sin  
That trod the brother's bed. \* Speak! do I hit  
The mark, a marksman true? or do I beat  
Your doors, a babbling beggar prophesying  
False dooms for hire? Be ye my witnesses,  
And with an oath avouch, how well I know  
The hoary sins that hang upon these walls

CHORUS.

Would oaths make whole our ills, though I should wedge them  
As stark as ice? [80](#) But I do marvel much  
That thou, a stranger born, from distant seas,  
Dost know our city as it were thine own.

CASS.

Even this to know, Apollo stirred my breast.

CHORUS.

Apollo! didst thou strike the god with love?

CASS.

Till now I was ashamed to hint the tale.

CHORUS.

The dainty lips of nice prosperity  
Misfortune opens.

CASS.

Like a wrestler he  
Strove for my love; he breathed his grace upon me.

CHORUS.

And hast thou children from divine embrace?

CASS.

I gave the word to Loxias, not the deed

CHORUS.

Hadst thou before received the gift divine?

CASS.

I had foretold my countrymen all their woes

CHORUS.

Did not the anger of the god pursue thee?

CASS.

It did; I warned, but none believed my warning.

CHORUS

To us thou seem'st to utter things that look  
Only too like the truth.

CASS.

Ah me! woe! woe!  
Again strong divination's troublous whirl  
Seizes my soul, and stirs my labouring breast  
With presages of doom. Lo! where they sit,  
These pitiful young ones on the fated roof,  
Like to the shapes of dreams! The innocent babes,  
Butchered by friends that should have blessed them, and  
In their own hands their proper bowels they bear,  
Banquet abhorred, and their own father eats it.\*  
This deed a lion, not a lion-hearted  
Shall punish; wantonly in her bed, whose lord  
Shall pay the heavy forfeit, he shall roll,  
And snare my master—woe's me, even *my* master,  
For slavery's yoke my neck must learn to own.  
Ah! little weens the leader of the ships,  
Troy's leveller, how a hateful bitch's tongue,  
With long-drawn phrase, and broad-sown smile, doth weave  
His secret ruin. This a woman dares;  
The female mars the male. Where shall I find  
A name to name such monster? dragon dire,  
Rock-lurking Scylla, the vexed seaman's harm,  
Mother of Hades, murder's Mænad, breathing  
Implacable breath of curses on her kin.<sup>81</sup>  
All-daring woman! shouting in her heart,  
As o'er the foe, when backward rolls the fight,  
Yet hymning kindest welcome with her tongue.  
Ye look mistrustful; I am used to that.  
That comes which is to come; and ye shall know  
Full soon, with piteous witness in your eyes,  
How true, and very true, Cassandra spake.

CHORUS.

Thyestes' banquet, and his children's flesh  
I know, and shudder; strange that she should know  
The horrors of that tale; but for the rest  
She runs beyond my following.

CASS.

Thus I said;  
Thine eyes shall witness Agamemnon's death

CHORUS.

Hush, wretched maiden! lull thy tongue to rest,

And cease from evil-boding words!

CASS.

Alas!  
The gods that heal all evil, heal not this.

CHORUS

If it must be, but may the gods forefend!

CASS.

Pray thou, and they will have more time to kill.

CHORUS.

What man will dare to do such bloody deed?

CASS.

I spake not of a *man*: thy thoughts shoot wide

CHORUS.

The deed I heard, but not whose hand should do it.

CASS.

And yet I spake good Greek with a good Greek tongue.

CHORUS.

Thou speakest Apollo's words: true, but obscure.

CASS.

Ah me! the god! like fire within my breast  
Burns the Lycéan god.\* Ah me! pain! pain!  
A lioness two-footed with a wolf  
Is bedded, when the noble lion roamed  
Far from his den; and she will murder me.  
She crowns the cup of wrath; she whets the knife  
Against the neck of the man, and he must pay  
The price of capture, I of being captive.  
Vain gauds, that do but mock my grief, farewell!  
This laurel-rod, and this diviner's wreath



About my neck, should they outlive the wearer?  
Away! As ye have paid me, I repay.  
Make rich some other prophetess with woe!  
Lo! where Apollo looks, and sees me now  
Doff this diviner's garb, the self-same weeds  
He tricked me erst withal, to live for him,  
The public scorn, the scoff of friends and foes,  
The mark of every ribald jester's tongue,  
The homeless girl, the raving mountebank,  
The beggar'd, wretched, starving maniac.  
And now who made the prophetess unmakes her,  
And leads me to my doom—ah! not beside  
My father's altar doomed to die! the block  
From my hot life shall drink the purple stain.  
But we shall fall not unavenged: the gods  
A mother-murdering shoot shall send from far  
To avenge his sire; the wanderer shall return  
To pile the cope-stone on these towering woes.  
The gods in heaven a mighty oath have sworn,  
To raise anew the father's prostrate fate  
By the son's arm.—But why stand here, and beat  
The air with cries, seeing what I have seen;  
When Troy hath fallen, suffering what it suffered,  
And they who took the city by the doom  
Of righteous gods faring as they shall fare?  
I will endure to die, and greet these gates  
Of Hades gaping for me Grant me, ye gods,  
A mortal stroke well-aimed, and a light fall  
From cramped convulsion free! Let the red blood  
Flow smoothly from its fount, that I may close  
These eyes in peaceful death.

CHORUS.

O hapless maid!  
And wise as hapless! thou hast spoken long!  
But if thou see'st the harm, why rush on fate  
Even as an ox, whom favouring gods inspire  
To stand by the altar's steps, and woo the knife.

CASS.

I'm in the net. Time will not break the meshes.

CHORUS.

But the last moment of sweet life is honoured.

CASS.

My hour is come, what should I gain by flight?

CHORUS.

Thou with a stout heart bravely look'st on fate.

CASS.

Bravely thou praisest: but the happy hear not Such commendations.[82](#)

CHORUS.

Yet if death must come,  
His fame is fair who nobly fronts the foe.

CASS.

Woe's me, the father and his noble children!

CHORUS.

Whither now? What father and what children? Speak.

CASS.

*[Approaching and starting back from the house.]*  
Woe! woe!

CHORUS.

What means this woe? What horrid fancy scares thee?

CASS.

Blood-dripping murder reeks from yonder house.

CHORUS.

How? 'Tis the scent of festal sacrifice.

CASS.

The scent of death—a fragrance from the grave.

CHORUS.

Soothly no breath of Syrian nard she names.

CASS.

But now the time is come. I go within  
To wail for Agamemnon and myself.  
I've done with life. Farewell! My vouchers ye,  
Not with vain screaming, like a fluttering bird,[83](#)  
Above the bush I cry. Yourselves shall know it  
Then when, for me a woman, a woman dies,  
And for a man ill-wived a man shall fall  
Trust me in this. Your honest faith is all  
The Trojan guest, the dying woman, craves.

CHORUS.

O wretched maid! O luckless prophetess

CASS.

Yet will I speak one other word, before  
I leave this light. Hear thou my vows, bright sun,  
And, though a slave's death be a little thing,  
Send thou the avenging hand with full requital,  
To pay my murderers back, as they have paid.  
Alas! the fates of men! their brightest bloom  
A shadow blights; and, in their evil day,  
An oozy sponge blots out their fleeting prints,  
And they are seen no more. From bad to worse  
Our changes run, and with the worst we end.[84](#)

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Men crave increase of riches ever  
With insatiate craving. Never  
From the finger-pointed halls  
Of envied wealth their owner calls,  
"Enter no more! I have enough!"  
This man the gods with honour crowned;  
He hath levelled with the ground  
Priam's city, and in triumph  
Glorious home returns;  
But if doomed the fine to pay  
Of ancient guilt, and death with death

To guerdon in the end,  
Who of mortals will not pray,<sup>85</sup>  
From high-perched Fortune's favour far,  
A blameless life to spend.

AGA.

[*From within.*] O I am struck! struck with a mortal blow!

CHORUS.

Hush! what painful voice is speaking there of strokes and mortal blows?

AGA.

O struck again! struck with a mortal blow!

CHORUS.

'Tis the king that groans; the work, the bloody work, I fear, is doing.  
Weave we counsel now together, and concert a sure design.<sup>86</sup>

1ST CHORUS.

I give my voice to lift the loud alarm,  
And rouse the city to besiege the doors.

2ND CHORUS.

Rather forthwith go in ourselves, and prove  
The murderer with the freshly-dripping blade.

3RD CHORUS.

I add my pebble to thine. It is not well  
That we delay. Fate hangs upon the moment.

4TH CHORUS.

The event is plain, with this prelusive blood  
They hang out signs of tyranny to Argos.

5TH CHORUS.

Then why stay we? Procrastination they  
Tramp underfoot; they sleep not with their hands.

6TH CHORUS.

Not so. When all is dark, shall we unwisely  
Rush blindfold on an unconsulted deed?

7TH CHORUS.

Thou speakest well. If he indeed be dead,  
Our words are vain to bring him back from Hades.

8TH CHORUS.

Shall we submit to drag a weary life  
Beneath the shameless tyrants of this house?

9TH CHORUS.

Unbearable! and better far to die!  
Death is a gentler lord than tyranny.

10TH CHORUS.

First ask we this, if to have heard a groan  
Gives a sure augury that the man is dead.

11TH CHORUS.

Wisdom requires to probe the matter well:  
To guess is one thing, and to know another.

12TH CHORUS.

So wisely spoken<sup>87</sup> With full-voiced assent  
Inquire we first how Agamemnon fares.

*[The scene opens from behind, and discovers Clytemnestra standing over the dead bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra.]*

CLYTEM.

I spoke to you before; and what I spoke  
Suited the time; nor shames me now to speak  
Mine own refutation. For how shall we entrap  
Our foe, our seeming friend, in scapeless ruin,  
Save that we fence him round with nets too high  
For his o'erleaping? What I did, I did  
Not with a random inconsiderate blow,

But from old Hate, and with maturing Time.  
Here, where I struck, I take my rooted stand,  
Upon the finished deed: [88](#) the blow so given,  
And with wise forethought so by me devised,  
That flight was hopeless, and to ward it vain.  
With many-folding net, as fish are caught,  
I drew the lines about him, mantled round  
With bountiful destruction; twice I struck him,  
And twice he groaning fell with limbs diffused  
Upon the ground; and as he fell, I gave  
The third blow, sealing him a votive gift  
To gloomy Hades, saviour of the dead.  
And thus he spouted forth his angry soul,  
Bubbling a bitter stream of frothy slaughter,  
And with the dark drops of the gory dew  
Bedashed me; I delighted nothing less  
Than doth the flowery calix, full surcharged  
With fruity promise, when Jove's welkin down  
Distils the rainy blessing. Men of Argos,  
Rejoice with me in this, or, if ye will not,  
Then do I boast alone. If e'er 'twas meet  
To pour libations to the dead, he hath them  
In justest measure. By most righteous doom,  
Who drugged the cup with curses to the brim,  
Himself hath drunk damnation to the dregs.

CHORUS.

Thou art a bold-mouthed woman. Much we marvel  
To hear thee boast thy husband's murder thus.

CLYTEM.

Ye tempt me as a woman, weak, unschooled.  
But what I say, ye know, or ought to know,  
I say with fearless heart. Your praise or blame  
Is one to me. Here Agamemnon lies,  
My husband, dead, the work of this right hand—  
The hand of a true workman. Thus it stands.

STROPHE.

CHORUS.

Woman! what food on wide earth growing  
Hast thou eaten of? What draught  
From the briny ocean quaffed,

That for such deed the popular breath  
Of Argos should with curses crown thee,  
As a victim crowned for death?  
Thou hast cast off: thou hast cut off  
Thine own husband:[89](#) thou shalt be  
From the city of the free  
Thyself a cast-off: justly hated  
With staunch hatred unabated.

CLYTEM.

My sentence thou hast spoken; shameful flight,  
The citizens' hate, the people's vengeful curse:  
For him thou hast no curse, the bloody man  
Who, when the fleecy flocks innumerable pastured,  
Passed the brute by, and sacrificed my child,  
My best-beloved, fruit of my throes, to lull  
The Thracian blasts asleep. Why did thy wrath,  
In righteous guerdon of this foulest crime,  
Not chase this man from Greece? A greedy ear  
And a harsh tongue thou hast for me alone.  
But mark my words,[90](#) threats I repay with threats;  
If that thou canst subdue me in fair fight,  
Subdue me; but if Jove for me decide,  
Thou shalt be wise, when wisdom comes too late.

## ANTISTROPHE.

CHORUS.

Thou art high and haughty-hearted,  
And from lofty thoughts within thee  
Mighty words are brimming o'er:  
For thy sober sense is maddened  
With the purple-dripping gore;  
And thine eyes with fatness swell[91](#)  
From bloody feasts: but mark me well,  
Time shall come, avenging Time,  
And hunt thee out, and track thy crime:  
Then thou, when friends are far, shalt know  
Stroke for stroke, and blow for blow.

CLYTEM.

Hear thou this oath, that seals my cause with right:  
By sacred Justice, perfecting revenge,  
By Até, and the Erinnys of my child,

To whom I slew this man, I shall not tread  
The threshold of pale Fear, the while doth live  
Ægisthus, now, as he hath been, my friend,  
Stirring the flame that blazes on my hearth,  
My shield of strong assurance. For the slain,  
Here lieth he that wronged a much-wronged woman,  
Sweet honey-lord of Trojan Chryseids.  
And for this spear-won maid, this prophetess,  
This wise diviner, well-beloved bed-fellow,  
And trusty messmate of great Agamemnon,  
She shares his fate, paying with him the fee  
Of her own sin, and like a swan hath sung  
Her mortal song beside him. She hath been  
Rare seasoning added to my banquet rare.

## STROPHE I. [92](#)

CHORUS.

O would some stroke of Fate—no dull disease  
Life's strings slow-rending,  
No bed-bound pain—might bring, my smart to soothe,  
The sleep unending!  
For he, my gracious lord, my guide, is gone,  
Beyond recalling;  
Slain for a woman's cause, and by the hands  
Of woman falling.

## STROPHE II.

O Helen! Helen! phrenzied Helen,  
Many hearts of thee are telling  
Damned destruction thou hast done,  
There where thousands fell for one  
'Neath the walls of Troy

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Bloomed from thee the blossom gory  
Of famous Agamemnon's glory;  
Thou hast roused the slumbering strife,  
From age to age, with eager knife,  
Watching to destroy.



### STROPHE III.

CLYTEM.

Death invoke not to relieve thee  
From the ills that vainly grieve thee!  
Nor, with ire indignant swelling,  
Blame the many-murdering Helen!  
Damned destruction did she none,  
There, where thousands fell for one,  
'Neath the walls of Troy.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

O god that o'er the doomed Atridan halls<sup>93</sup>  
With might prevailest,  
Weak woman's breast to do thy headlong will  
With murder mailest!  
O'er his dead body, like a boding raven,  
Thou tak'st thy station,  
Piercing my marrow with thy savage hymn  
Of exultation.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

CLYTEM.

Nay, but now thou speakest wisely;  
This thrice-potent god precisely  
Works our woe, and weaves our sorrow.  
He with madness stings the marrow,  
And with greed that thirsts for blood;  
Ere to-day's is dry, the flood  
Flows afresh to-morrow.

### STROPHE IV.

CHORUS.

Him, even him, this terrible god, to bear  
These walls are fated;  
From age to age he worketh wildly there  
With wrath unsated.  
Not without Jove, Jove cause and end of all,  
Nor working vainly.  
Comes no event but with high sway the gods

Have ruled it plainly.

## STROPHE V.

CHORUS.

O the king! the king! for thee  
Tears in vain my cheek shall furrow,  
Words in vain shall voice my sorrow!  
As in a spider's web thou liest;  
Godless meshes spread for thee,  
An unworthy death thou diest!

## STROPHE VI.

CHORUS.

There, even there thou liest, woe's me, outstretched  
On couch inglorious;  
O'er thee the knife prevailed, keen-edged, by damned  
Deceit victorious.

## STROPHE VII.

CLYTEM.

Nay, be wise, and understand;  
Say not Agamemnon's wife  
Wielded in this human hand  
The fateful knife.  
But a god, my spirit's master,  
The unrelenting old Alastor<sup>94</sup>  
Chose this wife, his incarnation,  
To avenge the desecration  
Of foul-feasting Atreus, he  
Gave, to work his wrath's completion  
To the babes this grown addition.

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

CHORUS.

Thy crime is plain: bear thou what thou hast merited,  
Guilt's heavy lading;  
But that fell Spirit, from sire to son inherited,  
Perchance was aiding.

Black-mantled Mars through consanguineous gore  
Borne onwards blindly,  
Old horrors to atone, fresh Murder's store  
Upheaps unkindly.

### ANTISTROPHE V.

O the king! the king! for thee  
Tears in vain my cheek shall furrow,  
Words in vain shall voice my sorrow!  
As in a spider's web thou liest;  
Godless meshes spread for thee,  
An unworthy death thou diest.

### ANTISTROPHE VI.

CHORUS.

There, even there, thou liest, woe's me, outstretched  
On couch inglorious!  
O'er thee the knife prevailed, keen-edged, by damned  
Decent victorious.

### ANTISTROPHE VII.

CLYTEM.

Say not thou that he did die  
By unworthy death inglorious,  
Erst himself prevailed by damned  
Deceit victorious,  
Then when he killed the deep-lamented  
Iphigenía, nor relented  
When for my body's fruit with weeping  
I besought him. Springs his reaping  
From what seed he sowed. Not he  
In Hades housed shall boast to-day;  
So slain by steel as he did slay.

### STROPHE VIII.

CHORUS.

I'm tossed with doubt, on no sure counsel grounded,  
With fear confounded.  
No drizzling drops, a red ensanguined shower,

Upon the crazy house, that was my tower,  
Comes wildly sweeping,  
On a new whetstone whets her blade the Fate  
With eyes unweeping.

## STROPHE IX.

CHORUS.

O Earth, O Earth, would thou hadst yawned,  
And in thy black pit whelmed me wholly,  
Ere I had seen my dear-loved lord  
In the silver bath thus bedded lowly!  
Who will bury him? and for him  
With salt tears what eyes shall brim?  
Wilt thou do it—thou, the wife  
That slew thy husband with the knife?  
Wilt thou dare, with blushless face,  
Thus to offer a graceless grace?  
With false show of pious moaning,  
Thine own damned deed atoning?

## STROPHE X.

CHORUS.

What voice the praises of the godlike man  
Shall publish clearly?  
And o'er his tomb the tear from eyelids wan  
Shall drop sincerely?

## STROPHE XI.

CLYTEM.

In vain thy doubtful heart is tried  
With many sorrows. By my hand  
Falling he fell, and dying died.<sup>95</sup>  
I too will bury him; but no train  
Of mourning men for him shall plain  
In our Argive streets; but rather  
In the land of sunless cheer  
She shall be his convoy; she,  
Iphigenía, his daughter dear.  
By the stream of woes\* swift-flowing,  
Round his neck her white arms throwing,  
She shall meet her gentle father,

And greet him with a kiss.

## ANTISTROPHE VIII.

CHORUS.

Crime quitting crime, and which the more profanely  
Were questioned vainly;  
'Tis robber robbed, and slayer slain, for, though  
Oft-times it lag, with measured blow for blow  
Vengeance prevaieth,  
While great Jove lives. [96](#) Who breaks the close-linked woe  
Which Heaven entaileth?

## ANTISTROPHE IX.

CHORUS.

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And in thy black pit whelmed me wholly,  
Ere I had seen my dear-loved lord  
In the silver bath thus bedded lowly!  
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And o'er his tomb the tear from eyelids wan  
Shall drop sincerely?

## ANTISTROPHE XI.

CLYTEM.

Cease thy cries. Where Heaven entaileth,  
Thyself didst say, woe there prevaieth.

But for this tide enough hath been  
Of bloody work. My score is clean.  
Now to the ancient stern Alastor,  
That crowns the Pleisthenids\* with disaster,  
I vow, having reaped his crop of woe  
From me, to others let him go,  
And hold with them his bloody bridal,  
Of horrid murders suicidal!  
Myself, my little store amassed  
Shall freely use, while it may last,  
From murdering madness healed.

*Enter Ægisthus.*

ÆGIS.

O blessed light! O happy day proclaiming  
The justice of the gods! Now may I say  
The Olympians look from heaven sublime, to note  
Our woes, and right our wrongs, seeing as I see  
In the close meshes of the Erinnyes tangled  
This man—sweet sight to see!—prostrate before me,  
Having paid the forfeit of his father's crime.  
For Atreus, ruler of this Argive land,  
This dead man's father—to be plain—contending  
About the mastery, banished from the city  
Thyestes, his own brother and my father.  
In suppliant guise back to his hearth again  
The unhappy prince returned, content if he  
Might tread his native acres, not besprent  
With his own blood. Him with a formal show  
Of hospitality—not love—received  
The father of this dead, the godless Atreus;  
And to my father for the savoury use  
Of festive viands gave his children's flesh  
To feed on; in a separate dish concealed  
Were legs and arms, and the fingers' pointed tips,<sup>97</sup>  
Broke from the body. These my father saw not;  
But what remained, the undistinguished flesh,  
He with unwitting greed devoured, and ate  
A curse to Argos. Soon as known, his heart  
Disowned the unholy feast, and with a groan  
Back-falling he disgorged it. Then he vowed  
Dark doom to the Pelopidae, and woes  
Intolerable, while with his heel he spurned<sup>98</sup>  
The supper, and thus voiced the righteous curse:  
Thus perish all the race of Pleisthenes!  
See here the cause why Agamemnon died,

And why his death most righteous was devised  
By me; for I, Thyestes' thirteenth son,  
While yet a swaddled babe, was driven away  
To houseless exile with my hapless sire.  
But me avenging Justice nursed, and taught me,  
Safer by distance, with invisible hand  
To reach this man, and weave the brooded plot,  
That worked his sure destruction. Now 'tis done;  
And gladly might I die, beholding him,  
There as he lies where Vengeance trapped his crimes.

CHORUS.

Ægisthus, that thou wantonest in the woe  
Worked by thy crime I praise not. Thou alone  
Didst slay this man, and planned the piteous slaughter  
With willing heart. So say'st thou: but mark well,  
Justice upon thy head the stony curse  
Shall bring avoidless from the people's hand.

ÆGIS.

How? Thou who sittest on the neathmost bench,  
Speak'st thus to me who ply the upper oar?  
'Tis a hard task to teach an old man wisdom,  
And dullness at thy years is doubly dull;  
But chains and hunger's pangs sure leeches are,  
And no diviner vends more potent balms  
To drug a doting wit.<sup>99</sup> Have eyes, and see,  
Kick not against the pricks, nor vainly beat  
Thy head on rocks.

CHORUS[*TO*CLYTEMNESTRA].

Woman, how couldst thou dare,  
On thine own hearth to plot thy husband's death;  
First having shamed his bed, to welcome him  
With murder from the wars?

ÆGIS.

Speak on; each word shall be a fount of tears,  
I'll make thy tongue old Orpheus' opposite.  
He with sweet sounds led wild beasts where he would,  
Thou where thou wilt not shalt be led, confounding  
The woods with baby cries. Thou barkest now,  
But, being bound, the old man shall be tame.

CHORUS.

A comely king wert thou to rule the Argives!  
Whose wit had wickedness to plan the deed,  
But failed the nerve in thy weak hand to do it.

ÆGIS.

'Twas wisely schemed with woman's cunning wit  
To snare him. I, from ancient date his foe,  
Stood in most just suspicion. Now, 'tis done;  
And I, succeeding to his wealth, shall know  
To hold the reins full tightly. Who rebels  
Shall not with corn be fattened for my traces,  
But, stiffly haltered, he shall lodge secure  
In darkness, with starvation for his mate.

CHORUS.

Hear me yet once. Why did thy dastard hand  
Shrink from the deed? But now his wife hath done it,  
Tainting this land with murder most abhorred,  
Polluting Argive gods. But still Orestes  
Looks on the light; him favouring Fortune shall  
Nerve with one stroke to smite this guilty pair.

ÆGIS.

Nay, if thou for brawls art eager, and for battle, thou shalt know—

CHORUS.

Ho! my gallant co-mates, rouse ye! [100](#) 'tis an earnest business now!  
Quick, each hand with sure embracement hold the dagger by the hilt!

ÆGIS.

I can also hold a hilted dagger—not afraid to die.

CHORUS.

Die!—we catch the word thou droppest, lucky chance, if thou wert dead!

CLYTEM.

Not so, best-beloved! there needeth no enlargement to our ills.  
We have reaped a liberal harvest, gleaned a crop of fruitful woes,



Gained a loss in brimming measure: blood's been shed enough to-day.  
Peacefully, ye hoary Elders, enter now your destined homes,  
Ere mischance o'ertake you, deeming what is done hath so been done,  
As it behoved to be, contented if the dread god add no more,  
He that now the house of Pelops smiteth in his anger dire.  
Thus a woman's word doth warn ye, if that ye have wit to hear.

ÆGIS.

Babbling fools are they; and I forsooth must meekly bear the shower,  
Flowers of contumely cast from dotting drivellers, tempting fate!  
O! if length of hoary winters brought discretion, ye should know  
Where the power is; wisely subject you the weak to me the strong.

CHORUS.

Ill beseems our Argive mettle to court a coward on a throne.

ÆGIS.

Shielded now, be brave with words; my deeds expect some future day.

CHORUS.

Ere that day belike some god shall bring Orestes to his home.

ÆGIS.

Feed, for thou hast nothing better, thou and he, on empty hope.

CHORUS.

Glut thy soul, a lusty sinner, with sin's fatness, while thou may'st.

ÆGIS.

Thou shalt pay the forfeit, greybeard, of thy braggart tongue anon.

CHORUS.

Oh, the cock beside its partlet now may crow right valiantly!

CLYTEM.

Heed not thou these brainless barkings. While to folly folly calls,  
Thou and I with wise command shall surely sway these Argive halls.

## NOTES TO THE AGAMEMNON

πάρεστι σιγῆς (σιγηλός) ἥτιμος ἠλίοδορος  
ἠληστος ἠἠεμένων ἠοἠἠἠ;

modified thus by Orelli—

ἠπιστος ἠἠεμένων ἠδεἠἠν

—(*See Wellauer*)

With a reference to Menelaus and not to Helen. In doing so, I am not at all moved by any merely philological consideration; but I may observe that the remark made by Well., Peile, and Con., that the words cannot refer to Menelaus, because he has not yet been mentioned, can have little weight in the present chorus, in the first antistrophe of which Paris is first alluded to, by dim indications, and afterwards distinctly by name. This method of merely hinting at a person, before naming him, is common in all poetry, but peculiarly characteristic of Æschylus. Besides, it is impossible to deny that the πόθος in the next line refers to Menelaus, and can refer to no other. Con., who refers the words to Helen, translates thus—

“She stands in silence, scorned, yet unrebuking,  
Most sweetly sorrowfully looking  
Of brides that have from wedlock fled,”

to which I have this further objection, that it is contrary to the poet’s intention and to the moral tone of the piece, to paint the fair fugitive with such an engaging look of reluctance to leave her husband; on the contrary, he blames her in the strongest language, ἠτλητα τλαἠσα, and represents her as leaving Argos with all the hurry of a common elopement, where both parties are equally willing for the amorous flight, βέβακε ρίμἠα διἠ πυλαἠν. After which our fancy has nothing to do but imagine her giving her sails to the wind as swiftly as possible, and bounding gaily over the broad back of ocean with her gay paramour. In this connection, to say “*she stands*,” appears quite out of place. In my view of this “very difficult and all but desperate passage” (Peile) I am supported by Sym. in an able note, which every student ought to read, by Med. and Sew., Buck., Humb., and Droys. Neither is Fr. against me, because, though following a new reading of Hermann,

πάρεστι σιγῆς ἠτίμους ἠλοιδόρους  
ἠαισχροἠς ἠἠειμένων ιδειν,

he avoids all special allusions to Menelaus, it is evident that the picture of solitary desolation given in his translation can have no reference but to the palace of the king of Sparta—

“Ein Schweigen, sieh! voll von Schmach, nicht gebrochen church  
Vorwurf, beherrscht die Einsamkeit”

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## CHOEPHORÆ OR, THE LIBATION-BEARERS

### A LYRICO-DRAMATIC SPECTACLE

ἴκ γ' ἴρ ἴρέσται τίσις [Editor: illegible character]σσεται ἴτρείδαο  
ἴπποτ [Editor: illegible character]ν ἴηβήσ[Editor: illegible character] τε κ' ἴ  
ἴς ἴμείρεται ἴης.

Homer.

Think upon our father,  
Give the sword scope—think what a man was he

Landoe.

### PERSONS

Orestes, Son of Agamemnon.

Pylades, Friend of Orestes

Chorus of Captive Women.

Electra, Sister of Orestes.

Nurse of Orestes.

Clytemnestra, Mother of Orestes.

Ægisthus.

Servant.

*Sceneas in the preceding piece. The Tomb of Agamemnon in the centre of the Stage.*

### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

“Good, how good, when one who dies unjustly leaves a son behind him To avenge his death!”

—Odys. iii. 196,

As a composition, the Choephoræ is decidedly inferior both to the Agamemnon which precedes, and the Eumenides which follows it; and the poet, as if sensible of this weakness, following the approved tactics of rhetoricians and warriors, has dexterously

placed it in a position where its deficiencies are least observed. At the same time, in passing a critical judgment on this piece we must bear in mind two things—*first*, that some parts of this play that appear languid, long-drawn, and ineffective to us who read, may have been overflowing with the richest emotional power in their living musical exhibition; and, *secondly*, that many parts, especially of the choral chaunts, have been so maimed and shattered by time that the modern commentator is perhaps as much chargeable with the faults of the translation as the ancient tragedian.

*Enter Orestes and Pylades.*

OREST.

Hermes, that wieldest underneath the ground  
What power thy father lent,<sup>1</sup> be thou my saviour  
And my strong help, and grant his heart's request  
To the returning exile! On this mound,  
My father's tomb, my father I invoke,  
To hear my cry!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* My early growth of hair  
To Inachus I vowed;<sup>2</sup> this later lock  
The right of grief for my great sire demands.

\* \* \* \* \*

But what is this? what sad procession comes  
Of marshalled maids in sable mantles clad?  
What mission brings them? Some new woe that breaks  
Upon our fated house? Or, do they come  
To soothe the ancient anger of the dead  
With sweet libations for my father's tomb?  
'Tis even so for lo! Electra comes—  
My sister—with them in unblissful grief  
Pre-eminent. O Jove, be thou mine aid,<sup>3</sup>  
And nerve my hand to avenge my father's wrong!  
Stand we aside, my Pylades, that we  
May learn the purpose of the murky pomp.

*[They go aside.]*

Chorus, *dressed in sable vestments, bearing vessels with libations.*

## STROPHE I.

Missioned from these halls I come  
In the sable pomp of woe,  
Here to wail and pour libations,  
with the bosom-beating blow;  
And my cheeks, that herald sorrow,<sup>4</sup>  
With the fresh-cut nail-ploughed furrow,

Grief's vocation show.  
See! my rent and ragged stole  
Speaks the conflict of my soul;  
My vex'd heart on grief is feeding,  
Night and day withouten rest;  
Riven with the ruthless mourning,  
Hangs the linen vest, adorning  
Woefully my breast.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Breathing wrath through nightly slumbers,  
By a dream-encompassed lair,  
Prophet of the house of Pelops,  
Terror stands with bristling hair.  
Through the dark night fitful yelling,  
He within our inmost dwelling  
Did the sleeper scare.  
Heavily, heavily terror falls  
On the woman-governed halls!  
And, instinct with high assurance,  
Speak the wise diviners all;  
"The dead, the earth-hid dead are fretful,  
And for vengeance unforgetful,  
From their graves they call."

### STROPHE II.

This graceless grace to do, to ward  
What ill the dream portendeth  
This pomp—O mother Earth!—and me  
The godless woman sendeth.  
Thankless office! Can I dare,  
Naming thee, to mock the air?  
Blood that stains with purple track  
The ground, what price can purchase back?  
O the hearth beset with mourning!  
O the proud halls' overturning!  
Darkness, blithe sight's detestation,  
Sunless sorrow spread  
Round the house of desolation,  
Whence the lord is fled.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

The kingly majesty that was  
The mighty, warlike-hearted,

That swayed the general ear and will,  
The unconquered, hath departed.  
And now fear rules,<sup>5</sup> and we obey,  
Unwillingly, a loveless sway.  
Who holds the key of plenty's portals  
Is god, and more than god to mortals;  
But justice from her watchful station,  
With a sure-winged visitation  
Swoops; and some in blazing noon  
She for doom doth mark,  
Some in lingering eve, and some  
In the deedless dark.

### EPODE.

When mother Earth hath drunk black gore,  
Printed on the faithful floor,  
The staring blot remaineth;  
There the deep disease is lurking;  
There thrice double-guilt is working  
Woes that none restraineth.  
As virgin-chambers once polluted  
Never may be pure again,  
So filthy hands with blood bedabbled<sup>6</sup>  
All the streams of all the rivers  
Flow to wash in vain  
For me I suffer what I must;  
By ordinance divine,  
Since Troy was levelled with the dust  
The bondman's fate is mine.  
What the masters of my fate  
In their strength decree,<sup>7</sup>  
Just or unjust, matters not,  
Is the law to me.  
I must look content; and chain  
Strongest hate with tightest rein;  
I for my mistress' woes must wail,  
And for my own, beneath the veil;<sup>8</sup>  
I must sit apart,  
And thaw with tears my frozen heart,  
When no eye may see.

*Enter* Electra.

ELECT.

Ye ministering maids with dexterous heed  
That tend this household, as with me ye share

This pomp of supplication, let me share  
In your good counsel. Speak, and tell me how,  
This flood funereal pouring on the tomb,  
I shall find utterance in well-omened words?  
Shall I declare me bearer of sweet gifts  
From a dear wife to her dear lord? I fear  
To mingle falsehood with libations pure,  
Poured on my father's tomb.<sup>9</sup> Or shall I pray,  
As mortals wont to pray, that he may send  
Just retribution, and a worthy gift  
Of ill for ill to them that sent these garlands?  
Or shall I silent stand, nor with my tongue  
Give honour, as in dumb dishonoured death  
My father died, and give the Earth to drink  
A joyless stream, as who throws lustral ashes<sup>10</sup>  
With eyes averse, and flings the vase away?  
Your counsel here I crave; ye are my friends,  
And bear with me, within these fated halls  
A common burden. Speak, and no craven fear  
Lurk in your breasts! The man that lives most free,  
And him to sternest masterdom enthralled,  
One fate abides Lend me your wisdom, friends.

CHORUS.

Thy father's tomb shall be to me an altar;  
As before God I'll speak the truth to thee.

ELECT.

Speak thus devoutly, and thou'lt answer well.

CHORUS

Give words of seemly honour, as thou pourest,  
To all that love thy father.

ELECT.

Who are they?

CHORUS.

Thyself the first, and whoso hates Ægisthus.

ELECT.

That is myself and thou.

CHORUS.

Thyself may'st judge.

ELECT.

Hast thou none else to swell the scanty roll?

CHORUS.

One far away, thy brother, add—Orestes.

ELECT.

'Tis well remembered, very well remembered.

CHORUS.

Nor them forget that worked the deed of guilt.

ELECT.

Ha! what of them? I'd hear of this more nearly.

CHORUS.

Pray that some god may come, or mortal man.

ELECT.

Judge or avenger?

CHORUS.

Roundly pray the prayer,  
Some god or man may come to slay the slayer.

ELECT.

And may I pray the gods such boon as this?



CHORUS.

Why not? What other quittance to a foe  
Than hate repaid with hate, and blow with blow?[11](#)

ELECT.

[*approaching to the tomb of Agamemnon*]. Hermes, that  
swayest underneath the ground,[\\*12](#)  
Of powers divine, Infernal and Supernal,  
Most weighty herald, herald me in this,  
That every subterranean god, and earth,  
Even mother earth, who gave all things their birth,  
And nurseth the reviving germs of all,  
May hear my prayer, and with their sleepless eyes  
Watch my parental halls. And while I dew  
Thy tomb with purifying stream, O father,  
Pity thou me, and on thy loved Orestes  
With pity look, and to our long lost home  
Restore us!—us, poor friendless outcasts both,  
Bartered by her who bore us, and exchanged  
Thy love for his who was thy murderer.  
Myself do menial service in this house;  
Orestes lives in exile; and they twain  
In riot waste the fruits of thy great toils.  
Hear thou my prayers, and quickly send Orestes  
With happy chance to claim his father's sceptre!  
And give thou me a wiser heart, and hand  
More holy-functioned than the mother's was  
That bore thy daughter. Thus much for myself,  
And for my friends. To those that hate my father,  
Rise thou with vengeance mantled-dark to smite  
Those justly that unjustly smote the just.  
These words of evil imprecation dire,[13](#)  
Marring the pious tenor of my prayer,  
I speak constrained: but thou for me and mine  
Send good, and only good, to the upper air,  
The gods being with thee, mother Earth, and Justice  
With triumph in her train. This prayer receive  
And these libations. Ye, my friends, the while  
Let your grief blossom in luxuriant wail,  
Lifting the solemn pæan of the dead.

*CHORUS.*

[14](#)

Flow! in plashing torrents flow!

Wretched grief for wretched master!  
O'er this heaped mound freely flow,  
Refuge of my heart's disaster!  
O thou dark majestic shade,  
Hear, O hear me! While anear thee  
Pours this sorrow-stricken maid  
The pure libation,  
May the solemn wail we lift  
Atone the guilt that taints the gift  
With desecration!  
O that some god from Scythia far,  
To my imploring,  
Might send a spearman strong in war,  
Our house restoring!  
Come Mars, with back-bent bow, thy hail  
Of arrows pouring,  
Or with the hilted sword assail,  
And in the grapple close prevail,  
Of battle roaring!

*ELECT.*

[15](#)

These mild libations, earth-imbibed, my father  
Hath now received. Thy further counsel lend.

CHORUS

In what? Within me leaps my heart for fear.

ELECT

Seest thou this lock of hair upon the tomb?

CHORUS.

A man's hair is it, or a low-zoned maid's? [16](#)

ELECT.

Few points there are to hit. 'Tis light divining

CHORUS.

I am thine elder, yet I fain would reap Instruction from young lips

ELECT.

If it was clipt  
From head in Argos, it should be my own.[17](#)

CHORUS.

For they that should have shorn the mourning lock  
Are foes, not friends.

ELECT.

'Tis like, O strange! how like!

CHORUS.

Like what? What strange conception stirs thy brain?

ELECT

'Tis like—O strange!—to these same locks I wear.  
And yet—

CHORUS.

Not being yours, there's none, I know,  
Can claim it but Orestes.

ELECT.

In sooth, 'tis like  
Trimmed with one plume Orestes was and I

CHORUS.

But how should he have dared to tread this ground?

ELECT.

Belike, he sent it by another's hand,  
A votive lock to grace his father's tomb.

CHORUS.

Small solace to my grief, if that he lives,  
Yet never more may touch his native soil.

ELECT.

I, too, as with a bitter wave was lashed,  
And pierced, as with an arrow, at the sight  
Of this loved lock; and from my thirsty eyne  
With troubled overflowings unrestrained  
The full tide gushes: for none here would dare  
To gift a lock to Agamemnon's grave;  
No citizen, much less the wife that slew him.  
My mother most unmotherly, her own children  
With godless hate pursuing, evil-minded:  
And though to think this wandering lock have graced  
My brother's head—even his—my loved Orestes,  
Were bliss too great, yet will I hold the hope.  
O that this lock might with articulate voice  
Pronounce a herald's tale, and I no more  
This way and that with dubious thought be swayed!  
That I might know if from a hostile head  
'Twas shorn, and hate it as it hate deserves,  
Or, if from friends, my sorrows' fellow make it,  
The dearest grace of my dear father's tomb!  
But the gods know our woes; them we invoke,  
Whirled to and fro in eddies of dark doubt,  
Like vessels tempest-tossed. If they will save us,  
They have the power from smallest seed to raise  
The goodliest tree. But lo! a further proof<sup>18</sup> —  
Footsteps, a perfect print, that seem to bear  
A brotherhood with mine! Nay, there are two—  
This claimed by him, and that by some true friend  
That shares his wanderings. See, the heel, the sole,  
Thus measured with my own, prove that they were  
Both fashioned in one mould 'Tis very strange!  
I'm racked with doubt, my wits are wandering.

OREST.

[*coming forward*]. Nay, rather thank the gods! Thy first prayer granted,  
Pray that fair end may fair beginning follow.<sup>19</sup>

ELECT.

Sayest thou? What cause have I to thank the gods?

OREST.

Even here before thee stands thine answered prayer.

ELECT.

One man I wish to see: dost know him—thou?

OREST.

Thy wish of wishes is to see Orestes.

ELECT.

Even so: but wishing answers no man's prayer.

OREST.

I am the man. No dearer one expect  
That wears that name.

ELECT.

Nay, but this is some plot?

OREST.

That were to frame a plot against myself.

ELECT.

Unkind, to scoff at my calamities!

OREST.

To scoff at thine, were scoffing at mine own.

ELECT.

And can it be? Art thou indeed Orestes?

OREST.

My bodily self thou seest, and dost not know!  
And yet the votive lock shorn from my head,  
Being to thine, my sister's hair, conform,  
And my foot's print with curious ardour scanned,  
Could wing thy faith beyond the reach of sense,  
That thou didst seem to see me! Take the lock,  
And match it nicely with this mother crop  
That bore it. More; behold this web,<sup>20</sup> the fruit

Of thine own toil, the strokes of thine own shuttle,  
The wild beasts of the woods by thine own hand  
Empictured! Nay, be calm, and keep thy joy  
Within wise bounds Too well I know that they  
Who should be friends here are our bitterest foes.

ELECT.

O of my father's house the chiefest care!  
Seed of salvation, hope with many tears  
Bewept, with thy strong arm thou shalt restore  
Thy father's house. O my life's eye, thou dost  
Four several functions corporate in one  
Discharge for me! My father thou, and thine  
The gentler love that should have been my mother's,  
My justly hated mother; and in her place,  
Who died by merciless immolation,\* thou  
Must be my sister, so even as thou art  
My faithful brother, loved much and revered.  
May Power and Justice aid thee, mighty Twain,<sup>21</sup>  
And a third mightier, Jove supremely great.

OREST.

O Jove, great Jove, of all these things be thou  
Spectator! And behold the orphan'd brood,  
Of eagle father strangled in the folds  
And deadly coil of loathly basilisk!  
Them sireless see in dire starvation's gripe,  
Too weak of wing to bear unto the nest  
Their father's prey. So we before thee stand,  
Myself and this Electra, sire-bereaved,  
And exiles both from our paternal roof.  
If we, the chickens of the pious father  
That crowned thee with much sacrifice, shall fail,  
Where shalt thou find a hand like his, to offer  
Gifts from the steaming banquet? If the brood  
Of the eagle perish, where shall be thy signs,  
That speak from Heaven persuasive to mankind?  
If all this royal trunk shall rot, say who,  
When blood of oxen flows on holidays,  
Shall stand beside thine altar? O give ear,  
And of this house so little now, and fallen  
So low, rebuild the fortunes!

CHORUS.

Hush, my children!

If ye would save your father's house, speak softly,  
Lest some one hear, and, with swift babblement,  
Inform their ears who rule; whom may I see  
Flayed on a fire, with streaming pitch well fed!

OREST.

Fear not. The mighty oracle of Loxias,  
By whose commands I dare the thing I dare,  
Will not deceive me. He, with shrill-voiced warning,  
Foretold that freezing pains through my warm liver  
Should torturing shoot, if backward to avenge  
My father's death, and even as he was slain,  
To slay the slayers, exasperate at the loss<sup>22</sup>  
Of my so fair possessions. Thus to do  
He gave me strict injunction: else myself  
With terrible pains, of filial zeal remiss,  
Should pay the fine. The evil-minded Powers  
Beneath the Earth<sup>23</sup> would visit me in wrath,  
A leprous tetter with corrosive tooth  
Creep o'er my skin, and fasten on my flesh,  
And with white scales the white hair grow, defacing  
My bloom of health; and from my father's tomb  
Ripe with avenging ire the Erinnyes  
Should ruthlessly invade me. Thus he spake,  
And through the dark his prescient eyebrow arched.<sup>24</sup>  
Sharp arrows through the subterranean night,  
Shot by dear Shades that through the Infernal halls  
Roam peaceless, madness, and vain fear o' nights,  
Prick with sharp goads, and chase from street to street,  
With iron scourge, the meagre-wasted form  
Of the Fury-hunted sinner; him no share  
In festal cup awaits, or hallowed drop  
Of pure libation;<sup>25</sup> the paternal wrath,  
Hovering unseen, shall drive him from the altar;  
Him shall no home receive, no lodgment hold,  
Unhonoured and unfriended he shall die,  
Withered and mummied with the hot dry plague.  
Such oracle divine behoves me trust  
With single faith, or, be I faithless, still  
The vengeance must be done. All things concur  
To point my purpose; the divine command  
My sore heart-grief for a loved father's death,  
The press of want, the spoiling of my goods,  
The shame to see these noble citizens,  
Proud Troy's destroyers, basely bent beneath  
The yoke of two weak women: for he hath  
A woman's soul: if not, the proof is near.

CHORUS.

Mighty Fates, divinely guiding  
Human fortunes to their end,  
Send this man, with Jove presiding,  
Whither Justice points the way.  
Words of bitter hatred duly  
Pay with bitter words for thus  
With loud cry triumphant shouting  
Justice pays the sinner's debt.  
Blood for blood and blow for blow,  
Thou shalt reap as thou didst sow;  
Age to age with hoary wisdom  
Speaketh thus to men.[26](#)

## STROPHE I.

OREST.

O father, wretched father, with what air  
Of word or deed impelling,  
Shall I be strong to waft the filial prayer  
To thy dim distant dwelling?  
There where in dark, the dead-man's day, thou liest,[27](#)  
Be our sharp wailing  
(Grace of the dead, and Hades' honour highest),  
With thee prevailing!

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Son, the strong-jawed funeral fire  
Burns not the mind in the smoky pyre;  
Sleeps, but not forgets the dead  
To show betimes his anger dread.  
For the dead the living moan,  
That the murderer may be known.  
They who mourn for parent slain  
Shall not pour the wail in vain,  
Bright disclosure shall not lack  
Who through darkness hunts the track.



## ANTISTROPHE I.

ELECT.

Hear thou our cries, O father, when for thee  
The frequent tear is falling;  
The wailing pair o'er thy dear tomb to thee  
From their hearts' depths are calling;  
The suppliant and the exile at one tomb  
Their sorrow showering,  
Helpless and hopeless; mantled round with gloom,  
Woe overpouring!

CHORUS.

Nay, be calm; the god that speaks  
With voice oracular shall attune  
Thy throat to happier notes;  
Instead the voice of wail funereal,  
Soon the jubilant shout shall shake  
His father's halls with joy, and welcome  
The new friend to his home.

## STROPHE III.

OREST.

If but some Lycian spear, 'neath Ilium's walls,  
Had lowly laid thee,  
A mighty name in the Atridan halls  
Thou wouldst have made thee!  
Then hadst thou pitched thy fortune like a star,  
To son and grandson shining from afar;  
Beyond the wide-waved sea, the high-heaped mound  
Had told for ever  
Thy feats of battle, and with glory crowned  
Thy high endeavour.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Ah! would that thou hadst found thy end  
There, where dear friend fell with friend,  
And marched with them to Hades dread,  
The monarch of the awful dead,[28](#)  
Sitting beside the throne with might

Of them that rule the realms of night;  
For thou in life wert monarch true,  
Expert each kingly deed to do,  
Leading, with thy persuasive rod,  
Submissive mortals like a god.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

ELECT.

Thou wert a king, no fate it was for thee  
To die as others  
'Neath Ilium's walls, far, far beyond the sea,  
With many brothers.  
Unworthy was the spear to drink thy blood,  
Where far Scamander rolls his swirling flood.  
Justly who slew had drawn themselves thy lot,  
And perished rather,  
And thou their timeless fate had welcomed, not  
They thine, my father.

CHORUS.

Child, thy grief begetteth visions  
Brighter than gold, and overtopping  
Hyperborean bliss.[29](#)  
Ah, here the misery rudely riots,  
With double lash. These twins, their help  
Sleeps beneath the ground; and they  
Who hold dominion here, alas!  
With unholy sceptre sway.  
Woe is me! but chiefly woe  
Children dear to you!

### STROPHE IV.

ELECT.

Chiefly to me! Thy words shoot like an arrow,  
And pierce my marrow.  
O Jove, O Jove! that sendest from below[30](#)  
The retribution slow,  
Against the stout heart and bold hand,  
That dared defy thy high command.  
Even though a parent feel the woe,  
Prepare, prepare the finished blow.

## STROPHE V.

CHORUS.

Mine be soon to lift the strain,  
O'er the treacherous slayer slain,  
To shout with bitter exultation,  
O'er the murderous wife's prostration!  
Why should I the hate conceal,  
That spurs my heart with promptest zeal,  
Bitter thoughts, that gathering grow,  
Like blustering winds, that beat the plunging vessel's prow?

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

OREST.

O thou that flourishest, and mak'st to flourish,  
By thy hands perish  
All they that hate me! Cleave the heads of those,  
That are Orestes' foes!  
Pledge the land in peace to live,  
For injustice justice give;  
Ye that honoured reign below,[31](#)  
Furies! prepare the crowning blow.

CHORUS.

Wont hath been, and shall be ever,  
That when purple gouts bedash  
The guilty ground, then blood doth blood  
Demand, and blood for blood shall flow.  
Fury to Havoc cries, and Havoc,  
The tainted track of blood pursuing,  
From age to age works woe.

## STROPHE VI.

ELECT.

Ye powers of Hades dread!  
Fell Curses of the Dead,  
Hear me when I call!  
Behold! The Atridan hall,  
Dashed in dishonoured fall,  
Lies low and graceless all.  
O mighty Jove, I see

Mine only help in thee!

## ANTISTROPHE V.

CHORUS.

Thy piteous tale doth make my heart  
From its central hold back start;  
Hope departs, and blackening Fear  
Rules my fancy, while I hear.  
And if blithe confidence awhile<sup>32</sup>  
Lends my dull faith the feeble smile,  
Soon, soon departs that glimpse of cheer,  
And all my map of things is desolate and drear.

## ANTISTROPHE VI.

OREST.

For why! our tale of wrong  
In hate of parents strong,  
Spurneth the flatterer's arm,  
Mocketh the soothing charm.  
The mother gave her child<sup>33</sup>  
This wolfish nature wild;  
And I from her shall learn  
To be thus harsh and stern.

## STROPHE VII.

CHORUS.

Like a Persian mourner<sup>34</sup>  
Singing sorrow's tale,  
Like a Cissian wailer,  
I did weep and wail.  
O'er my head swift-oaring  
Came arm on arm amain,  
The voice of my deploring  
Like the lashing rain!  
Sorrow's rushing river  
O'er me flooding spread,  
Black misfortune's quiver  
Emptied on my head!

ELECT.

Mother bold, all-daring,  
On a bloody bier  
Thine own lord forth bearing  
Slain without a tear.  
Alone, unfriended he did go  
Down to the sunless homes below.

### STROPHE VIII.

OREST.

Thou hast named the dire dishonor;  
The gods shall send swift judgment on her.  
By Heaven's command,  
By her own son's hand,  
Slain she shall lie;  
And I, having dealt the fated death,  
Myself shall die!

### ANTISTROPHE VII.

ELECT.

Be the butcher's work remembered,  
Mangled was he, and dismembered;  
Like vilest clay,  
She cast him away,  
With burial base;  
Mocking the son, the father branding  
With dark disgrace.

### ANTISTROPHE VIII.

OREST.

Thou dost tell too truly  
All my father's woe.

ELECT.

I, the while, accounted  
Lower than most low,<sup>35</sup>  
Like a dog, was sundered  
From my father's hearth,  
An evil dog, and wandered

Far from seats of mirth;  
In my chamber weeping  
Tears of silent woe,  
From rude gazers keeping  
Grief too great for show.  
Hear these words; and hearing  
Nail them in thy soul,  
With steady purpose nearing,  
And noiseless pace, thy goal.  
Go where just wrath leads the way,  
With stout heart tread the lists to-day.

### STROPHE IX.

OREST.

O father, help thy friends, when helping thee!

ELECT.

My tears, if they can help, shall flow for thee.

CHORUS.

And this whole mingled choir shall raise for thee  
The sistered cry: O hear!  
In light of day appear,  
And help thy banded friends, to avenge thy foes for thee!

### ANTISTROPHE IX.

OREST.

Now might with might engage, and right with right!

ELECT.

And the gods justly the unjust shall smite.

*CHORUS.*

36

The tremulous fear creeps o'er my frame to hear  
Thy words; for, though long-dated,  
The thing divinely fated  
Shall surely come at last, our cloudy prayers to clear.

## STROPHE X.

ELECT.

O home-bred pain,  
Stroke of perdition that refuses  
Concord with the holy Muses!  
O burden more than heart can bear,  
Disease that no physician's care  
Makes sound again!

## ANTISTROPHE X.

OREST.

So; even so.  
No far-sent leech this tetter uses;  
A home-bred surgery it chooses.  
I the red strife myself pursue,  
Pouring this dismal hymn to you,  
Ye gods below!

CHORUS.

Blessed powers, propitious dwelling,  
Deep in subterranean darkness,  
Hear this pious prayer;  
May all trials end in triumph  
To the suppliant pair!

OREST.

Father, who died not as a king should die,  
Give me to rule, as thou didst rule, these halls.

ELECT.

My supplication hear, thy strong help lend me,  
Scathless myself<sup>37</sup> to work Ægisthus' harm.

OREST.

Thus of the rightful feasts that soothe the Shades  
Thou too shalt taste,<sup>38</sup> and not dishonoured lie,  
When savoury fumes mount to our country's dead.

ELECT.

And I my whole of heritage will offer,  
The blithe libations of my marriage feast.  
Thy tomb before all tombs I will revere.

OREST.

O Earth, relax thy hold, and give my father  
To see the fight!

ELECT.

O Persephassa,\* send  
The Atridan forth, in beauty clad and strength.

OREST.

The bath that drank thy life remember, father.

ELECT.

The close-drawn meshes of thy death remember.

OREST.

The chain, not iron-linked, that bound thee, then  
When to the death the kingly game was hunted.

ELECT.

Then when with treacherous folds they curtained thee.

OREST.

Wake, father, wake to avenge thy speechless wrongs!

ELECT.

Lift, father, lift thy dear-loved head sublime!

OREST.

Send justice forth to work the just revenge,  
Like quit with like, and harm with harm repay;  
Thou wert the conquered then, rise now to conquer.



ELECT.

And hear this last request, my father, looking  
On thy twin chickens nestling by thy tomb;  
Pity the daughter, the male seed protect,  
Nor let the name revered of ancient Pelops  
Be blotted from the Earth! Thou art not dead,  
Though housed in Hades, while thy children live,  
For children are as echoes that prolong  
Their parents' fame; the floating cork are they  
That buoyant bear the net deep sunk in the sea.  
Hear, father—when we weep, we weep for thee,  
And, saving us, thou savest thine own honour.

CHORUS.

Well spoken both:[39](#) and worthily fall the tears  
On this dear tomb, too long without them. Now,  
If to the deed thy purpose thou hast buckled,  
Orestes, try what speed the gods may give thee.[40](#)

OREST.

I'll do the deed. Meanwhile not idly this  
I ask of thee—what moved her soul to send  
These late libations, limping remedy  
For wounds that cannot heal? A sorry grace  
To feed the senseless dead with sacrifice,  
When we have killed the living. What she means  
I scarce may guess, but the amend is less  
Than the offence. All ocean poured in offering  
For the warm life-drops of one innocent man  
Is labour lost. Old truth thus speaks to all.  
How was it?

CHORUS.

That I well may tell, for I  
Was with her. Hideous dreams did haunt her sleep;  
Night-wandering terrors scared her godless breast,  
That she did send these gifts to soothe the Shades.

OREST.

What saw she in her dream?

CHORUS.

She dreamt, she said,  
She had brought forth a serpent.

OREST.

A serpent, say'st thou?

CHORUS.

Ay! and the dragon birth portentous moved,  
All swaddled like a boy.

OREST.

Eager for food, doubtless, the new-born monster?

CHORUS.

The nurturing nipple herself did fearless bare.

OREST.

How then? escaped the nipple from the bite?

CHORUS.

The gouted blood did taint the milk, that flowed  
From the wounded paps.

OREST.

No idle dream was this.  
And he who sent it was my father.

CHORUS.

Then  
She from her sleep up started, and cried out,  
And many lamps, whose splendour night had blinded,  
Rushed forth, to wait upon their mistress' word.  
Straightway she sends us with funereal gifts,  
A medicinal charm, if medicine be  
For griefs like hers!

OREST.

Now hear me, Earth profound,  
And my dear father's tomb, that so this dream  
May find in me completion! Thus I read it—  
As left the snake the womb that once hid me,  
And in the clothes was swathed that once swathed me  
And as it sucked the breast that suckled me,  
And mingled blood with milk once sucked by me,  
And as she groaned with horror at the sight,  
Thus it beseems who bore a monstrous birth  
No common death to die. I am the serpent  
Shall bite her breast. It is a truthful dream.  
My seer be thou. Say have I read it well?

CHORUS.

Bravely. Now, for the rest, thy friends instruct  
What things to do, and what things to refrain.

OREST.

'Tis said in few. Electra, go within,  
And keep my counsels in wise secrecy;  
For, as they killed an honourable man  
Deceitfully, by cunning and deceit  
Themselves shall find the halter. Thus Apollo,  
A prophet never known to lie, foretold.  
Myself will come, like a wayfaring man  
Accoutred, guest and spear-guest of this house,\*  
With Pylades, my friend, to the court gates.  
We both will speak with a Parnassian voice,  
Aping the Phocian tongue. If then it chance  
(As seems most like, for this whole house with ills  
Is sheer possessed)<sup>41</sup> that with a welcome greeting  
No servant shall receive us, we will wait  
Till some one pass, and for their churlish ways  
Rate them thus sharply. "Sirs, why dare ye shut  
Inhospitable doors against the stranger,<sup>42</sup>  
Making Ægisthus sin against the gods?"  
When thus I pass the threshold of his courts,  
And see him sitting on my father's throne,  
When he shall scan me face to face, and seek  
To hear my tale; ere he may say the word,  
*Whence is the stranger?* I will lay him dead,  
Dressing him trimly o'er with points of steel.  
The Fury thus, not scanted of her banquet,  
Shall drink unmingled blood from Pelops' veins,

The third and crowning cup.[43](#) Now, sister, see to 't  
That all within be ordered, as shall serve  
My end most fitly. Ye, when ye shall speak,  
Speak words of happy omen; teach your tongue  
Both to be silent, and to speak in season.  
For what remains, his present aid I ask,  
Who laid on my poor wits this bloody task.[44](#)

[*Exeunt.*

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

Earth breeds a fearful progeny,[45](#)  
To man a hostile band,  
With finny monsters teems the sea,  
With creeping plagues the land;  
And winged portents scour mid-air,  
And flaring lightnings fly,  
And storms, sublimely coursing, scare  
The fields of the silent sky.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

But Earth begets no monster dire  
Than man's own heart more dreaded,  
All-venturing woman's dreadful ire,[46](#)  
When love to woe is wedded.  
No mate with mate there gently dwells,  
There peace and joy depart,  
Where loveless love triumphant swells,  
In fearless woman's heart.

## STROPHE II.

This the light-witted may not know,  
The wise shall understand,  
Who hear the tale from age to age,  
How Thestios' daughter, wild with rage,[47](#)  
Lighted the fatal brand,  
The brand that burned with conscious flashes  
At the cry of her new-born son;  
And, when the brand had burned to ashes,  
His measured course was run.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

And yet a tale of bloody love  
From hoary eld I know,  
How Scylla gay, in gold arrayed,[48](#)  
The gift of Minos old, betrayed  
Her father to the foe.  
Sleeping all careless as he lay,  
She cut the immortal hair,  
And Hermes bore his life away,  
From the bold and blushless fair.

## STROPHE III.

Ah me! not far needs fancy range  
For tales of harshest wrong:  
Here, even here, damned wedlock thrives,  
And lawless loves are strong.  
Within these halls, where blazes now  
No holy hearth, a bloody vow  
Against her liege lord's life  
She vowed; and he, the king divine,  
Whose look back-drove the bristling line,  
Bled by a woman's knife.

## ANTISTROPHE III.

O woman! woman! Lemnos saw[49](#)  
Your jealous fountains flow,  
And, when the worst of woes is named,  
It is a Lemnian woe.  
From age to age the infected tale,  
Far echoed by a wandering wail,  
To East and West shall go;  
And honor from the threshold hies,  
On which the doom god-spoken lies;[50](#)  
Speak I not wisely so?

## STROPHE IV.

Right through the heart shall pierce the blow,  
When Justice is the sinner's foe,  
With the avenging steel;  
In vain with brief success they strove,  
Who trampled on the law of Jove,  
With unregarding heel.

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

Firm is the base of Justice. Fate,  
With whetted knife, doth eager wait  
At hoary Murder's door;  
The Fury, with dark-bosomed ire,  
Doth send the son a mission dire,  
To clear the parent's score.

*Enter*Orestes.

OREST.

What, ho! dost hear no knocking? boy! within!  
Is none within, boy? ho! dost hear me call  
The third time at thy portal? Is Ægisthus  
A man, whose ears are deaf to the strangers' cry?

SER.

[*appearing at the door*]. Enough I hear thee. Who art thou, and whence?

OREST.

Tell those within that a poor stranger waits  
Before the gate, bearer of weighty news.  
Speed thee; night's dusky chariot swoopeth down,  
And the dark hour invites the travelling man  
To fix his anchor 'neath some friendly roof.  
Thy mistress I would see, if here a mistress  
Rules, or thy master rather, if a master.  
For with a man a man may plainly deal,  
But nice regard for the fine feeling ear<sup>51</sup>  
Oft mars the teller's tale, when women hear.

*Enter*Clytemnestra.

CLYTEM

Strangers, speak your desire. Whate'er becomes  
This house to give is free to you to share.  
Hot baths,<sup>52</sup> a couch to soothe your travelled toil,  
Blithe welcoming eyes, and gentle tendance; these  
I freely give. If aught beyond ye crave,  
There's counsel with my lord. I'll speak to him.

OREST.

I am a stranger come from Phocian Daulis.  
When I, my burden to my back well saddled,  
Stood for the road accoutred, lo! a man  
To me not known, nor of me knowing more,  
But seeing only that my feet were bound  
For Argos, thus accosted me (his name,  
I learned, was Strophius the Phocian): Stranger,  
If Argos be thy purpose, bear this message  
From me to whom it touches near. Orestes  
Is dead; charge well thy memory with the tale,  
And bring me mandate back, if so his friends  
Would have him carried to his native home,  
Or he with us due sepulture shall find,  
A sojourner for ever. A brazen urn  
Holds all the remnant of the much-wept man,  
The ashes of his clay. Thus Strophius spake:  
And if ye are the friends, whom chiefly grief  
Pricks for his loss, my mission's done; at least  
His parents will be grieved to hear 't.

*ELECT.*

[53](#)

Woe's me!  
Sheer down we topple from proud height; harsh fate  
Is ours to wrestle with. O jealous Curse,  
How dost thou eye us fatal from afar,  
And with thy well-trimmed bow shoot chiefly there  
Where thou wert least suspect! Thou hast me now  
A helpless captive lorn, and reft of all  
My trustiest friends. Orestes also gone,  
Whose feet above the miry slough most sure  
Seemed planted! Now our revelry of hope,  
The fair account that should have surgeoned woe,  
Is audited at nothing![54](#)

OREST.

Would the gods,  
Where happy hosts give welcome, I were guest  
On a more pleasant tale! The entertained  
No greater joy can know than with good news  
To recreate his entertainer's ears;  
But piety forbade, nor faith allowed  
To lop the head of truth.

CLYTEM.

Thou shalt not fare the worse for thy bad news,  
Nor be less dear to us. Hadst thou been dumb,  
Some other tongue had vented the sad tale.  
But ye have travelled weary leagues to-day,  
And doubtless need restoring. Take him, boy,  
With the attendant sharers of his travel,  
To the men's chambers. See them well bestowed,  
And do all things as one, that for neglect  
Shall give account. Meanwhile, our lord shall know  
What fate hath chanced, his wit and mine shall find  
What solace may be for these news unkind.

*[Exeunt into the house.]*

CHORUS.

When, O when, shall we, my sisters,  
Lift the strong full-throated hymn,  
To greet Orestes' triumph? Thou,  
O sacred Earth, and verge revered  
Of this lofty mound, where sleeps  
The kingly helmsman of our State,  
Hear thou, and help! prevail the hour  
Of suasive wile, and smooth deceit!<sup>55</sup>  
Herald him Hermes—lead him, thou  
The nightly courier of the dead,<sup>56</sup>  
Through this black business of the sword!  
In sooth the host hath housed a grievous guest;  
For see where comes Orestes' nurse, all tears!  
Where goest thou, nurse, beyond our gates to walk,  
And why walks Grief, an unfee'd page, with thee!

*Enter Nurse.*

NURSE.

My mistress bids me bring Ægisthus quickly,  
To see the strangers face to face, that he  
May of their sad tale more assurance win  
From their own mouths. Herself to us doth show  
A murky-visaged grief; but in her eye  
Twinkles a secret joy, that time hath brought  
The consummation most devoutly wished  
By her—to us and Agamemnon's house  
Most fatal issue, if these news be true.  
Ægisthus, too, with a light heart will hear



These Phocian tidings. O wretched me! what weight  
Of mingled woes from sire to son bequeathed,  
Have the gods burdened us withal! Myself,  
How many griefs have shaken my old heart;  
But this o'ertops them all! The rest I bore,  
As best I might, with patience: but Orestes,  
My own dear boy, my daily, hourly care,  
Whom from his mother's womb these breasts did suckle—  
How often did I rise o' nights, and walked  
From room to room, to soothe his baby cries;  
But all my nursing now, and all my cares  
Fall fruitless. 'Tis a pithless thing a child,  
No forest whelp so helpless; one must even  
Wait on its humour, as the hour may bring.  
No voice it has to speak its fitful wants,  
When hunger, thirst, or Nature's need commands.  
The infant's belly asks no counsel. I  
Was a wise prophetess to all his wants,  
Though sometimes false, as others are. I was  
Nurse to the child, and fuller to its clothes,  
And both to one sad end. Alack the day!  
This double trade with little fruit I plied,  
What time I nursed Orestes for his father;  
For he is dead, and I must live to hear it.  
But I must go, and glad his heart, who lives  
Plague of this house, with news that make me weep.

CHORUS.

What say'st thou, Nurse? *how* shall thy master come?

NURSE.

*How* say'st thou? how shall I receive the question?

CHORUS.

Alone, I mean, or with his guards?

NURSE.

She says  
His spearmen shall attend him.

CHORUS.

Not so, Nurse!

If thou dost hate our most hate-worthy master,  
Tell him to come alone, without delay,  
To hear glad tidings with exulting heart.  
The bearer of a tale can make it wear  
What face he pleases. [57](#)

NURSE.

Well! if thou mean'st well,  
Perhaps—

CHORUS.

Perhaps that Jove may make the breeze  
Yet veer to us.

NURSE.

How so? Our only hope,  
Orestes, is no more.

CHORUS.

Softly, good Nurse;  
Thou art an evil prophet, if thou say'st so.

NURSE.

How? hast thou news to a different tune?

CHORUS.

Go! go!  
Mind thine own business, and the gods will do  
What thing they will do.

NURSE.

Well! I'll do thy bidding!  
The gods lead all things to a fair conclusion!

**CHORAL HYMN.** [58](#)

**STROPHE I.**

O thou, o'er all Olympian gods that be,  
Supremely swaying,  
With words of wisdom, when I pray to thee,

Inspire my praying.  
We can but pray; to do, O Jove, is thine,  
Thou great director;  
Of him within, who works thy will divine,  
Be thou protector!  
Him raise, the orphaned son whom thou dost see  
In sheer prostration;  
Twofold and threefold he shall find from thee  
Just compensation.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

But hard the toil. Yoked to the car of Fate,  
When harshly driven,  
O rein him thou! his goaded speed abate  
Wisely from Heaven!  
Jove tempers all, steadies all things that reel;  
When wildly swerveth  
From the safe line life's burning chariot wheel,  
His hand preserveth.  
Ye gods, that guard these gold-stored halls, this day  
Receive the claimant,  
Who comes, that old Wrong to young Right may pay  
A purple payment.

### STROPHE II.

Blood begets blood; but, when this blow shall fall,  
O thou, whose dwelling  
Is Delphi's fuming throat, may this be all!  
Of red blood, welling  
From guilty veins, enough. Henceforth may joy  
Look from the eyes of the Atridan boy,  
Discerning clearly  
From his ancestral halls the clouds unrolled,  
That hung so drearily.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

And thou, O Maia's son,\* fair breezes blow,  
The full sail swelling!  
Cunning art thou through murky ways to go,  
To Death's dim dwelling;  
Dark are the doings of the gods; and we,  
When they are clearest shown, but dimly see;  
Yet faith will follow  
Where Hermes leads, the leader of the dead,

And thou, Apollo.

## EPODE.

Crown ye the deed; then will I freely pour  
The blithe libation,  
And, with pure offerings, cleanse the Atridan floor  
From desecration!  
Then with my prosperous hymn the lyre shall blend  
Its kindly chorus,  
And Argos shall be glad, and every friend  
Rejoice before us!  
Gird thee with manhood, boy; though hard to do,  
It is thy father's work; to him be true.  
And, when she cries—*Son, wilt thou kill thy Mother?*  
Cry—Father, Father! and with that name smother  
The rising ruth. As Perseus, when he slew  
The stony Dread,\* was stony-hearted, do  
Thy mission stoutly;  
For him below, and her above,† pursue  
This work devoutly.  
The gods by thee, in righteous judgment, show  
Their grace untender!  
Thou to the man, that dealt the deathful blow,  
Like death shalt render.

*Enter Ægisthus.*

ÆGIS.

Not uninvited come I, having heard  
A rumour strange, by certain strangers brought,  
No pleasant tale—Orestes' death. In sooth,  
A heavy fear-distilling sorrow this,  
More than a house may bear, whose wounds yet bleed,  
And ulcerate from the fangs of fate. But say,  
Is this a fact that looks us in the face,  
Or startling words of woman's fears begotten,  
That shoot like meteors through the air, and die?  
What proof, ye maids, what proof?

CHORUS.

Our ears have heard.  
But go within; thyself shalt see the man;  
Try well the teller, e'er thou trust the tale.

ÆGIS.

I'll scan him well, and prove him close, if he  
Himself was at the death, or but repeat  
From blind report the news another told.  
It will go hard, if idle breath cheat me.  
My eyes are in my head, and I can see.

[*Exit into the house.*]

CHORUS.

Jove! great Jove! What shall I say?  
How with pious fervour pray,  
That from thee the answer fair  
Be wafted to my friendly prayer?  
Now the keen-edged axe shall strike,  
With a life-destroying blow;  
Now, or, plunged in deep perdition,  
Agamemnon's house sinks low,  
Or the hearth with hope this day  
Shall blaze, through all the ransomed halls,  
And the son his father's wealth  
Shall win, and with his sceptre sway.  
In the bloody combat fresh,  
He shall risk it, one with two;  
Hand to hand the fight shall be.  
Godlike son of Agamemnon,  
Jove give strength to thee!

ÆGIS.

[*from within*]. Ah me! I fall. Ah! Ah!

CHORUS.

Hear'st thou that cry? How is't? Whose was that groan?  
Let's go aside, the deed being done, that we  
Seem not partakers of the bloody work.[59](#)  
'Tis ended now.

*Enter* Servant.

SERV.

Woe's me! my murdered master!  
Thrice woeful deed! Ægisthus lives no more.  
Open the women's gates! uncase the bolts!

Were needed here a Titan's strength—though that  
Would nothing boot the dead. Ho! hillo! ho!  
Are all here deaf? or do I babble breath  
In sleepers' ears? Where, where is Clytemnestra?  
What keeps my mistress? On a razor's edge  
Her fate now lies; the blow's already poised,  
That falls on her too—nor unjustly falls.

*Enter* Clytemnestra.

CLYTEM.

Well! what's the matter? why this clamorous cry?

SERV.

He, who was dead, has slain the quick. 'Tis so.

CLYTEM.

Ha! Thou speak'st riddles; but I understand thee.  
We die by guile, as guilefully we slew.  
Bring me an axe! an axe to kill a man!  
Quickly!—or conqueror or conquered, I  
Will fight it out. To this 'tis come at last.

*Enter* Orestes, *dragging in the dead body of* Ægisthus; *with him* Pylades.

OREST.

Thee next I seek. For him, he hath enough.

CLYTEM.

Ah me! my lord, my loved Ægisthus dead!

OREST.

Dost love this man? then thou shalt sleep with him,  
In the same tomb. He was thy bedmate living,  
Be thou his comrade, dead.

CLYTEM.

Hold thee, my son!  
Look on this breast, to which with slumbrous eyes  
Thou oft hast clung, the while thy baby gum

Sucked the nutritious milk.

OREST.

What say'st thou, Pylades?  
Shall I curtail the work, and spare my mother?

PYL.

Bethink thee well; the Loxian oracles,  
Thy sure-pledged vows, where are they, if she live?  
Make every man thy foe, but fear the gods.

OREST.

Thy voice shall rule in this; thou judgest wisely.  
Follow this man, here, side by side with him,  
I'll butcher thee. Seemed he a fairer man  
Than was my father when my father lived?  
Sleep thou, where he sleeps; him thou lovest well,  
And whom thou chiefly shouldst have loved thou hatedst.

CLYTEM.

I nursed thy childhood, and in peace would die.[60](#)

OREST.

Spare thee to live with me—my father's murderer?

CLYTEM.

Not I; say rather Fate ordained his death.

OREST.

The self-same Fate ordains thee now to die.

CLYTEM.

My curse beware, the mother's curse that bore thee.

OREST

That cast me homeless from my father's house.

CLYTEM.

Nay; to a friendly house I lent thee, boy.

OREST.

Being free-born, I like a slave was sold.

CLYTEM.

I trafficked not with thee. I gat no gold.

OREST.

Worse—worse than gold—a thing too foul to name!

CLYTEM.

Name all my faults; but had thy father none?

OREST.

Thou art a woman sitting in thy chamber.[61](#)  
Judge not the man that goes abroad, and labours.

CLYTEM.

Hard was my lot, my child, alone, uncherished.

OREST.

Alone by the fire, while for thy gentle ease  
The husband toiled.

CLYTEM.

Thou wilt not kill me, son?

OREST.

I kill thee not. Thyself dost kill thyself.

CLYTEM.

Beware thy mother's anger-whetted hounds.\*[\\_](#)



OREST.

My father's hounds have hunted me to thee.

CLYTEM.

The stone that sepulchres the dead art thou,  
And I the tear on't.

OREST.

Cease: I voyaged here,  
With a fair breeze; my father's murder brought me.

CLYTEM.

Ah me! I nursed a serpent on my breast.

**OREST.**

[62](#)

Thou hadst a prophet in thy dream, last night;  
And since thou kill'd the man thou shouldst have spared,  
The man, that now should spare thee, can but kill.

*[He drives her into the house, and there murders her.]*

CHORUS.

There's food for sorrow here; but rather, since  
Orestes could not choose but scale the height  
Of bloody enterprise, our prayer is this:  
That he, the eye of this great house, may live.[63](#)

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

Hall of old Priam, with sorrow unbearable,  
Vengeance hath come on the Argive thy foe;  
A pair of grim lions, a double Mars terrible,[64](#)  
Comes to his palace, that levelled thee low.  
Chanced hath the doom of the guilty precisely,  
Even as Phœbus foretold it, and wisely  
Where the god pointed, was levelled the blow.  
Lift up the hymn of rejoicing; the lecherous,  
Sin-laden tyrant shall lord it no more;

No more shall the mistress so bloody and treacherous  
Lavish the plundered Pelopidan store.

## STROPHE II.

Sore chastisement<sup>65</sup> came on the doomed and devoted,  
With dark-brooding purpose and fair-smiling show;  
And the daughter of Jove the eternal was noted,  
Guiding the hand that inflicted the blow—  
Bright Justice, of Jove, the Olympian daughter;  
But blasted they fell with the breath of her slaughter  
Whose deeds of injustice made Justice their foe.  
Her from his shrine sent the rock-throned Apollo,<sup>66</sup>  
The will of her high-purposed sire to obey,  
The track of the blood-stained remorseless to follow,  
Winged with sure death, though she lag by the way.

## EPODE.

Ye rulers on Earth, fear the rulers in Heaven,  
No aid by the gods to the froward is given;  
For the bonds of our thralldom asunder are riven,  
And the day dawns clear.  
Lift up your heads; from prostration untimely  
Ye halls of the mighty be lifted sublimely!  
All-perfecting Time shall bring swift restitution,  
And cleanse the hearth pure from the gory pollution,  
Now the day dawns clear.  
And blithely shall welcome them Fortune the fairest,<sup>67</sup>  
The brother and sister, with omens the rarest;  
Each friend of this house show the warm love thou bearest,  
Now the day dawns clear!

*Enter Orestes, with the body of Clytemnestra.*

OREST.

Behold this tyrant pair, my father's murderers,  
Usurpers of this land, and of this house  
Destroyers. They this throne did use in pride,  
And now in love, as whoso looks may guess,  
They lie together, all their vows fulfilled.  
Death to my hapless father, and to lie  
Themselves on a common bier—this was their vow;  
And they have vowed it well. Behold these toils,  
Wherewith they worked destruction to my father,  
Chained his free feet, and manacled his hands.

There—spread it forth—approach—peruse it nicely.  
This mortal vest, that so the father—not  
My father, but the Sun that fathers all  
With light<sup>68</sup>—may see what godless deed was done  
Here by my mother. Let him witness duly,  
That not unjustly I have spilt this blood—  
My mother's; for Ægisthus recks me not;  
As an adulterer should, he died: but she,  
That did devise such foul detested wrong  
Against the lord, to whom beneath her zone  
She bore a burden, once so valued, now  
A weight that damns her; what was she?—a viper  
Or a torpedo—that with biteless touch  
Strikes numb who handles.<sup>69</sup> Harsh the smoothest phrase  
To name the bold unrighteous will she used.  
And for this fowler's net—this snare—this trap—  
This cloth to wrap the dead<sup>70</sup>—this veil to curtain  
A bloody bath—teach me a name for it!  
Such murderous toils the ruffians use, who spill  
Their neighbour's blood, that they may seize his gold,  
And warm their heart with plenty not their own.  
Lodge no such mate with me! Sooner may I  
Live by high Heaven accursed, and childless die.

CHORUS.

A sorry work—alas! alas!  
A dismal death she found.  
Nor sorrow quite from man may pass  
That lives above the ground.

OREST.

A speaking proof! Behold, Ægisthus' sword  
Hath left its witness on this robe; the time  
Hath paled the murtherous spot, but where it was  
The sumptuous stole hath lost its radiant dye.  
Alas! I know not, when mine eyes behold  
This father-murdering web, if I should own  
Joy lord, or grief. Let grief prevail. I grieve  
Our crimes, our woes, our generation doomed,  
Our tearful trophies blazoned with a curse.

CHORUS.

The gods so will that, soon or late,  
Each mortal taste of sorrow;  
A frown to-day from surly Fate,

A biting blast to-morrow.

OREST.

Others 'twixt hope and fear may sway, my fate  
Is fixed and scapeless.<sup>71</sup> Like a charioteer,  
Dragged from his course by steeds that spurned the rein,  
Thoughts past control usurp me. Terror lifts,  
Even now, the prelude to her savage hymn,  
Within my heart exultant. But, while yet  
My sober mind remains, witness ye all  
My friends, this solemn abjuration! Not  
Unjustly, when I slew, I slew my mother—  
That mother, with my father's blood polluted,  
Of every god abhorred. And I protest  
The god that charmed me to the daring point  
Was Loxias, with his Pythian oracles,  
Pledging me blameless, this harsh work once done,  
Not done, foredooming what I will not say;  
All thoughts most horrible undershoot the mark.  
And now behold me, as a suppliant goes,  
With soft-wreathed wool, and precatory branch,<sup>72</sup>  
Addressed for Delphi, the firm-seated shrine  
Of Loxias, navel of earth, where burns the flame  
Of fire immortal named.<sup>73</sup> For I must flee  
This kindred blood, and hie me where the god  
Forespoke me refuge. Once again I call  
On you, and Argive men of every time,  
To witness my great griefs. I go an exile  
From this dear soil. Living, or dead, I leave  
These words, the one sad memory of my name.

CHORUS.

Thou hast done well; yoke not thy mouth this day  
To evil words. Thou art the liberator  
Of universal Argos, justly greeted,  
Who from the dragon pair the head hath lopped.

*[The Furies appear in the background.]*

OREST.

Ah, me! see there! like Gorgons! look! look there!  
All dusky-vested, and their locks entwined  
With knotted snakes. Away! I may not stay.

CHORUS.

O son, loved of thy sire, be calm, nor let  
Vain phantoms fret thy soul, in triumph's hour.

OREST.

These are no phantoms, but substantial horrors;  
Too like themselves they show, the infernal hounds  
Sent from my mother!

CHORUS.

'Tis the fresh-gouted blood  
Upon thy hand, that breeds thy brain's distraction.

OREST.

Ha! how they swarm! Apollo! more—yet more!  
And from their fell eyes droppeth murderous gore.

CHORUS.

There is atonement.[74](#) Touch but Loxias' altar,  
And he from bloody stain shall wash thee clean.

OREST.

Ye see them not. I see them.[75](#) There!—Away!  
The hell-hounds hunt me: here I may not stay.

CHORUS.

Nay, but with blessing go. From fatal harm  
Guard thee the god whose eyes in love behold thee![76](#)  
Blown hath now the third harsh tempest,  
O'er the proud Atridan palace,  
Floods of family woe!  
First thy damned feast, Thyestes,  
On thy children's flesh abhorrent;  
Then the kingly man's prostration,  
And thy warlike pride, Achaia,  
Butchered in a bath,  
Now he, too, our greeted Saviour  
Red with this new woe!  
When shall Fate's stern work be ended,  
When shall cease the boisterous vengeance,

Hushed in slumbers low?

## NOTES TO THE CHOEPHORÆ

Here we have a notable example of the terms of that sort of excommunication which the religious and social feeling of the ancients passed against the perpetrators of atrocious crimes. See Introductory Remarks to the Eumenides.

“προς γὰρ Δίος ἦσιν ἅπαντες  
ξεινοὶ τε πτωχοὶ τε.”  
ἦλγεα  
Πολλὴ μὲν δόσσα τε μητρὸς ἠριννύες ἠκτελέουσιν.

*Odyssey* xi. 289.

My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the Furies

Byron.

## PERSONS

The Pythoness of the Temple of Apollo in Delphi.

Apollo.

Hermes (Mute).

The Shade of Clytemnestra.

Chorus of Furies.

Pallas Athena.

Judges of the Court of Areopagus (Mute).

Convoy of the Furies.

Scene—*First at Delphi in the Temple of Apollo; then on the Hill of Mars, Athens.*

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

Πολλὴ κατηρατο, στυγερὸς δ' ἠπίκεκλετ Ἐριννῶς,

In order to understand thoroughly the situation of the matricide Orestes, in the present play, we must consider further the ancient doctrine of pollution attaching to an act of murder, and the consequent necessity of purification to the offender. The nature of

this is distinctly set forth by Orestes himself in a reply to his sister Iphigenia, put into his mouth by Euripides. "Loxias," he says, "first sent me to Athens, and

There first arrived, no host would entertain me,  
As being hated of the immortal gods,  
And some, who pitied me, before me placed  
Cold entertainment on a separate board;  
Beneath the same roof though I lodged with them,  
No interchange of living voice I knew,  
But sat apart and ate my food alone."

Iphig. Taur. 954.

Like an unclean leper among the Jews, the man polluted with human blood wandered from land to land, as with a Cain's mark upon his brow, and every fellow-being shrank from his touch as from a living plague.

"For wisely thus our ancestors ordained,  
That the blood-tainted man should know no joy  
From sight of fellow-mortal or from touch,  
But with an horrid sanctitude protected  
Range the wide earth an exile."

Eurip. Orest. 512.

But Æschylus is not a patriot only, and a pious worshipper of his country's gods in this play, he is also, to some small extent at least, manifestly a politician. The main feature of the constitutional history of Athens in the period immediately following the great Persian war, to which period our trilogy belongs, was the enlargement and the systematic completion of those democratic forms, of which the timocratic legislation of Solon, about a century and a-half before, had planted the first germs. Of these changes, Pericles, the man above all others who knew both to understand and to control his age, was the chief promoter; and in a policy whose main tendency was the substitution of a numerous popular for a narrow professional control of public business, it could not fail to be a main feature, that the authority of the judges of the old aristocratic courts was curtailed in favour of those bodies of paid jurymen, the institution of which is specially attributed to Pericles and his coadjutor Ephialtes.<sup>†</sup> Whether these changes were politic or not, in the large sense of that word, need not be inquired here; Mr. Grote has done much to lengthen the focus of those short-sighted national spectacles, through which the English eye has been accustomed to view the classic democracies; but let it be that Pericles kept within the bounds of a wise liberty in giving a fair and a large trial to the action of democratic principles at that time and place; or let it be, on the other hand, that he overstepped the line

"Which whoso passes, or who reaches not,  
Misses the mark of right"—

in either case, where decision was so difficult, and discretion so delicate, no one can accuse the thoughtful tragic poet of a stolid conservatism, when he comes forward, in this play, as the advocate of the only court of high jurisdiction in Athens, now left unshaken by the great surge of those popular billows, that were yet swelling everywhere with the eager inspiration of Marathon and Salamis.\* The court of Areopagus was not now, since the legislation of Solon, and the further democratic movement of Cleisthenes, in any invidious or exclusive sense an aristocratic assembly, such as the close corporations of the old Roman aristocracy before the series of popular changes introduced by Licinius Stolo; it was a council, in fact, altogether without that family and hereditary element, in which the principal offence of aristocracy has always lain; its members were composed entirely (not recruited merely like our House of Lords) of those superior magistrates—archons annually elected by the people—who had retired from office. To magnify the authority of such a body, and maintain intact the few privileges that had now been left it, was, when an obvious opportunity offered, not only excusable in a great national tragedian, but imperative. One thing his political attitude in this matter certainly proves, that he was not a vulgar hunter after popularity, delighting to swell to the point of insane exaggeration the cry of the hour, but one of those men of high purpose, who prove a greater strength of patriotism by stemming the popular stream, than by swimming with it.

Besides the championship of the Court of the Areopagus, there is another political element in this rich drama, which, though of less consequence, must not be omitted. No sooner had the Persian invaders been fairly driven back from the Hellenic shore, than that old spirit of narrow local jealousy, which was the worm at the heart of Grecian political existence, broke out with renewed vigour, and gave ominous indications in the untoward affair of Tanagra, of that terrible collision which shook the two great rival powers a few years afterwards in the famous Peloponnesian war. Sparta and Athens, opposed as they were by race, by geographical position, and by political character, after some public attempts at co-operation, in which Cimon was the principal actor, shrunk back, as in quiet preparation for the great trial of strength, into a state of isolated antagonism. But, though open hostility was deferred, wise precaution could not sleep; and, accordingly, we find the Athenians, about this time, anxious to secure a base of operations, so to speak, against Sparta in the Peloponnesus, by entering into an alliance with Argos. As a genuine Athenian, Æschylus, whatever his political feelings might be towards Cimon and the Spartan party, could not but look with pleasure on the additional strength which this Argive connection gave to Athens in the general council of Greece; and, accordingly, he dexterously takes advantage of the circumstance of Orestes being an Argive, to trace back the now historical union of the two countries to a period where Fancy is free to add what links she pleases to the brittle bonds of international association

Such is a rapid sketch of the principal religious and political relations, some notion of which is necessary to enable the general English reader to enter with sympathy on the perusal of the very powerful and singular drama of the Eumenides. The professional student, of course, will not content himself with what he finds here, but will seek for complete satisfaction in the luminous pages of Thirlwall and Grote—in the learned articles of Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities, in the notes of Schoemann, and,



above all, in the rare Dissertations of Ottfried Muller, accompanying his edition of the Eumenides—a work which I have read once and again with mingled admiration and delight—from which I have necessarily drawn with no stinted hand in my endeavours to comprehend the Orestean trilogy for myself, and to make it comprehensible to others; and which I most earnestly recommend to all classical students as a pattern-specimen of erudite architecture raised by the hand of a master, from whom, even in his points of most baseless speculation (as what German is without such?), more is to be learned than from the triple-fanged certainties of vulgar commentators.

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## THE EUMENIDES

Scene.—*In front of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi.*

THE PYTHONESS.

Old Earth, primeval prophetess, I first  
With these my prayers invoke; and Themis<sup>1</sup> next,  
Who doth her mother's throne and temple both  
Inherit, as the legend runs; and third  
In lot's due course, another Earth-born maid  
The unforced homage of the land received,  
Titanian Phœbe;<sup>\*</sup> she in natal gift  
With her own name her hoary right bequeathed  
To Phœbus: he from rocky Delos' lake<sup>2</sup>  
To Attica's ship-cruised bays was wafted, whence  
He in Parnassus fixed his sure abode.  
Hither with pious escort they attend him:  
The Sons of Vulcan pioneer his path,<sup>3</sup>  
Smoothing the rugged desert where he comes:  
The thronging people own him, and king Delphos,  
The land's high helmsman, flings his portals wide.  
Jove with divinest skill his heart inspires,  
And now the fourth on this dread seat enthroned  
Sits Loxias,<sup>†</sup> prophet of his father Jove.<sup>4</sup>  
These be the gods, whom chiefly I invoke:  
But thee, likewise, who 'fore this temple dwellest,<sup>5</sup>  
Pallas, I pray, and you, ye Nymphs that love  
The hollow Corycian rock,<sup>6</sup> the frequent haunt  
Of pleasant birds, the home of awful gods.  
Thee, Bromius, too, I worship,<sup>7</sup> not unweeting  
How, led by thee, the furious Thyads rushed  
To seize the godless Pentheus,<sup>8</sup> ev'n as a hare  
Is dogged to death. And you, the fountains pure  
Of Pleistus,<sup>‡</sup> and Poseidon's<sup>§</sup> mighty power<sup>9</sup>  
I pray, and Jove most high, that crowns all things  
With consummation. These the gods that lead me  
To the prophetic seat, and may they grant me  
Best-omened entrance; may consulting Greeks,  
If any be, by custom'd lot approach;  
For as the gods my bosom stir, I pour  
The fateful answer.

*[She goes into the Temple, but suddenly returns.*

O horrid tale to tell! O sight to see

Most horrible! that drives me from the halls  
Of Loxias, so that I nor stand nor run,  
But, like a beast fourfooted stumble on,  
Losing the gait and station of my kind,  
A gray-haired woman, weaker than a child!<sup>10</sup>  
Up to the garlanded recess I walked,  
And on the navel-stone\* behold! a man  
With crime polluted to the altar clinging,  
And in his bloody hand he held a sword  
Dripping with recent murder, and a branch  
Of breezy olive, with flocks of fleecy wool  
All nicely tipt. Even thus I saw the man;  
And stretched before him an unearthly host  
Of strangest women, on the sacred seats  
Sleeping—not women, but a Gorgon brood,  
And worse than Gorgons, or the ravenous crew  
That filched the feast of Phineus<sup>11</sup> (such I've seen  
In painted terror); but these are wingless, black,  
Incarnate horrors, and with breathings dire  
Snort unapproachable, and from their eyes  
Pestiferous beads of poison they distil.  
Such uncouth sisterhood, apparel'd so,<sup>12</sup>  
From all affinity of gods or men  
Divorced, from me and from the gods be far,  
And from all human homes! Nor can the land,  
That lends these unblest hags a home, remain  
Uncursed by fearful scourges. But the god,  
Thrice-potent Loxias himself will ward  
His holiest shrine from lawless outrage. Him  
Physician, prophet, soothsayer, we call,  
Cleansing from guilt the blood-polluted hall.

[Exit.

*The interior of the Delphic Temple is now presented to view. Orestes is seen clinging to the navel-stone; the Eumenides lie sleeping on the seats around. In the background Hermes beside Orestes. Enter Apollo.*

**APOLLO**[TO ORESTES].

Trust me, I'll not betray thee. Far or near,  
Thy guardian I, and to thine every foe  
No gentle god. Thy maddened persecutors  
Sleep-captured lie: the hideous host is bound.  
Primeval virgins, hoary maids, with whom  
Nor god, nor man, nor beast hath known communion.  
For evil's sake they are: in evil depth  
Of rayless Tartarus, underneath the ground,

They dwell, of men and of Olympian gods  
Abhorred. But hence! nor faint thy heart, though they  
Are mighty to pursue from land to land  
O'er measureless tracks, from rolling sea to sea,  
And sea-swept cities. A bitter pasture truly  
Was thine from Fate;<sup>13</sup> but bear all stoutly. Hie thee  
Away to Pallas' city, and embrace  
Her ancient image<sup>14</sup> with close-clinging arms.  
Just Judges there we will appoint to judge  
Thy cause, and with soft-soothing pleas will pluck  
The sting from thy offence, and free thee quite  
From all thy troubles. Thou know'st that I, the god,  
When thou didst strike, myself the blow directed.

OREST.

Liege lord Apollo, justice to the gods  
Belongs; in justice, O remember me.  
Thy power divine assurance gives that thou  
Can'st make thy will a deed.

APOLLO.

Fear nought. Trust me.  
[To *Hermes*] And thou, true brother's blood, true father's son,  
*Hermes*, attend, and to this mission gird thee.  
Fulfil the happy omen of thy name,  
The Guide,\* and guide this suppliant on his way.  
For *Jove* respects thy function and thy pride,  
The prosperous convoy, and the faithful guide.

[*Exit Hermes, leading Orestes. Apollo retires.*

*Enter the Shade of Clytemnestra.*

CLYTEM.

Sleeping? All sleeping! Ho! What need of sleepers?  
While I roam restless, of my fellow-dead  
Dishonoured and reproached, by fault of you,  
That when I slew swift vengeance overtook me.  
But being slain myself, my avengers sleep  
And leave my cause to drift! Hear me, sleepers!  
Such taunts I bear, such contumelious gibes,  
Yet not one god is touched with wrath to avenge  
My death, who died by matricidal hands.  
Behold these wounds!<sup>15</sup> look through thy sleep, and see!  
Read with thy heart; some things the soul may scan

More clearly, when the sensuous lid hath dropt,  
Nor garish day confounds.[16](#) Full oft have ye  
Of my libations sipped the wineless streams,  
The soothing of my sober sacrifice,  
The silent supper from the solemn altar,  
At midnight hour when only ye are worshipped.  
But now all this beneath your feet lies trampled.  
The man is gone; fled like a hind! he snaps  
The meshes of your toils, and makes—O shame!  
Your Deity a mark for scoffers' eyes  
To wink at! Hear me, ye infernal hags,  
Unhoused from hell! For my soul's peace I plead,  
Once Clytemnestra famous, now a dream.[17](#)

[*TheChorusmoans.*

Ye moan! the while the man hath fled, and seeks  
For help from those that are no friends to me.[18](#)

[*TheChorusmoans again.*

Sleep-bound art thou. Hast thou no bowels for me?  
My Furies sleep, and let my murderer flee.

[*TheChorusgroans.*

Groaning and sleeping! Up! What work hast thou  
To do, but thine own work of sorrow? Rouse thee!

[*TheChorusgroans again.*

Sleep and fatigue have sworn a league to bind  
The fearful dragon with strong mastery.

CHORUS

[*with redoubled groans and shrill cries.*]

Hold! seize him! seize him! seize there! there! there! hold!

CLYTEM.

Thy dream scents blood, and, like a dog that doth  
In dreams pursue the chase, even so dost thou  
At phantasms bark and howl. To work! to work!  
Let not fatigue o'ermaster thus thy strength,  
Nor slumber soothe the sense of sharpest wrong.  
Torture thy liver with reproachful thoughts;

Reproaches are the pricks that goad the wise.  
Up! blow a blast of bloody breath behind him!  
Dry up his marrow with the fiery vengeance!  
Follow! give chase! pursue him to the death!

Chorus, [19](#) *starting up in hurry and confusion.*

*VOICE 1.*

Awake! awake! rouse her as I rouse thee!

*VOICE 2.*

Dost sleep? arise! dash drowsy sleep away!  
Brave dreams be prelude to brave deed! Ho, sisters!

## STROPHE I.

*VOICE 1.*

Shame, sisters, shame!  
Insult and injury!  
Shame, O shame!

*VOICE 2.*

Shame on me, too: a bootless, fruitless shame!

*VOICE 1.*

Insult and injury,  
Sorrow and shame!  
Burden unbearable,  
Shame! O shame!

*VOICE 2.*

The snare hath sprung: flown is the goodly game.

*VOICE 3.*

I slept, and when sleeping  
He sprang from my keeping;  
Shame, O shame!

## ANTISTROPHE I.

*VOICE 1.*

O son of Jove, in sooth,  
If thou wilt hear the truth,  
Robber's thy name!

*VOICE 2.*

Thou being young dost overleap the old.[20](#)

*VOICE 1.*

A suppliant, godless,  
And bloodstained, I see,  
And bitter to parents,  
Harboured by thee.

*VOICE 2.*

Apollo's shrine a mother-murderer's hold!

*VOICE 3.*

Apollo rewardeth  
Whom Justice discardeth,  
And robber's his name!

## STROPHE II.

*VOICE 1.*

A voice of reproach  
Came through my sleeping,  
Like a charioteer  
With his swift lash sweeping.

*VOICE 2.*

Thorough my heart,  
Thorough my liver,  
Keen as the cold ice  
Shot through the river.

*VOICE 3.*

Harsh as the headsman,  
Ruthless exacter,  
When tearless he scourges  
The doomed malefactor.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

*VOICE 1.*

All blushless and bold  
The gods that are younger  
Would rule o'er the old,  
With the right of the stronger.

*VOICE 2.*

The Earth's navel-stone  
So holy reputed,  
All gouted with blood,  
With fresh murder polluted,  
Behold, O behold!

*VOICE 3.*

By the fault of the younger,  
The holiest holy  
Is holy no longer.

## STROPHE III.

*VOICE 1.*

Thyself thy hearth with this pollution stained  
Thyself, a prophet, free and unconstrained

*VOICE 2.*

O'er the laws of the gods  
Thou hast recklessly ridden,  
Dispensing to men  
Gifts to mortals forbidden;

*VOICE 3.*

Us thou hast reft



Of our name and our glory,  
Us and the Fates,  
The primeval, the hoary.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

*VOICE 1.*

I hate the god. Though underneath the ground  
He hide my prey, there, too, he shall be found.

*VOICE 2.*

I at each shrine  
Where the mortal shall bend him,  
Will jealously watch,  
That no god may defend him.

*VOICE 3.*

Go where he will,  
A blood-guilty ranger,  
Hotly will hound him still  
I, the Avenger!

APOLLO.

Begone! I charge thee, leave these sacred halls!  
From this prophetic cell avaunt! lest thou  
A feathered serpent in thy breast receive,  
Shot from my golden bow; and, inly pained,  
Thou vomit forth black froth of murdered men,  
Belching the clotted slaughter by thy maw  
Insatiate sucked. These halls suit not for thee;  
But where beheading, eye-out-digging dooms,[21](#)  
Abortions, butcheries, barrenness abound,  
Where mutilations, flayings, torturings,  
Make wretches groan, on pointed stakes impaled,  
There fix your seats; there hold the horrid feasts,  
In which your savage hearts exultant revel,  
Of gods abominate—maids whose features foul  
Speak your foul tempers plainly. Find a home  
In some grim lion's den sanguinolent, not  
In holy temples which your breath pollutes.  
Depart, ye sheep unshepherded, whom none  
Of all the gods may own!

CHORUS.

Liege lord, Apollo,  
Ours now to speak, and thine to hear: thyself  
Not aided only, but the single cause  
Wert thou of all thou blamest.

APOLLO.

How so? Speak!

CHORUS.

Thine was the voice that bade him kill his mother.

APOLLO.

Mine was the voice bade him avenge his father.

CHORUS.

All reeking red with gore thou didst receive him.

APOLLO.

Not uninvited to these halls he came.

CHORUS.

And we come with him. Wheresoe'er he goes,  
His convoy we. Our function is to follow.

APOLLO.

Follow! but from this holy threshold keep  
Unholy feet.

CHORUS.

We, where we must go, go  
By virtue of our office.

APOLLO.

A goodly vaunt!  
Your office what?

CHORUS.

From hearth and home we chase  
All mother-murderers.

APOLLO.

She was murdered here,  
That murdered first her husband.[22](#)

CHORUS.

Yet should she  
By her own body's fruitage have been slain?

APOLLO.

Thus speaking, ye mispraise the sacred rites  
Of matrimonial Hera[23](#) and of Jove,  
Unvalued make fair Aphrodite's grace,  
Whence dearest joys to mortal man descend.  
The nuptial bed, to man and woman fated,[24](#)  
Hath obligation stronger than an oath,  
And Justice guards it. Ye who watch our crimes,  
If that loose reins to nuptial sins ye yield,  
Offend, and grossly. If the murtherous wife  
Escape your sharp-set vengeance, how can ye  
Pursue Orestes justly? I can read  
No even judgment in your partial scales,  
In this more wrathful, and in that more mild.  
She who is wise shall judge between us, Pallas.

CHORUS.

The man is mine already. I will keep him.

APOLLO.

He's gone; and thou'lt but waste thy toil to follow.

CHORUS.

Thy words shall not be swords, to cut my honors.

APOLLO.

Crowned with such honors, I would tear them from me!

CHORUS.

A mighty god beside thy father's throne  
Art thou, Apollo. Me this mother's blood  
Goads on to hound this culprit to his doom.

APOLLO.

And I will help this man, champion and save him,  
My suppliant, my client; should I not,  
Both gods and men would brand the treachery.

*The scene changes to the Temple of Pallas in Athens. A considerable interval of time is supposed to have elapsed between the two parts of the Play.*

*Enter Orestes.*

OREST.

Athena queen, at Loxias' hest I come.  
Receive the suppliant with propitious grace.  
Not now polluted, nor unwashed from guilt  
I cling to the first altar; time hath mellowed  
My hue of crime, and friendly men receive  
The curse-beladen wanderer to their homes.  
True to the god's oracular command,  
O'er land and sea with weary foot I fare,  
To find thy shrine, O goddess, and clasp thine image;  
And now redemption from thy doom I wait.

*Enter Chorus.*

CHORUS.

'Tis well. The man is here. His track I know.  
The sure advisal of our voiceless guide  
Follow; as hound a wounded stag pursues,  
We track the blood, and snuff the coming death.  
Soothly we pant, with life-outwearying toils  
Sore overburdened! O'er the wide sea far  
I came, and with my wingless flight outstripped  
The couriers of the deep. Here he must lie,  
In some pent corner skulking. In my nostrils  
The scent of mortal blood doth laugh me welcome.

## Chorus.[25](#)

*VOICE 1.*

Look, sisters, look!

*VOICE 2.*

On the right, on the left, and round about,  
Search every nook!

*VOICE 3.*

Warily watch him,  
The blood-guilty ranger,  
That Fraud may not snatch him,  
From me the Avenger!

*VOICE 1.*

At the shrine of the goddess,  
He bendeth him lowly,  
Embracing her image,  
The ancient the holy.

*VOICE 2.*

With hands crimson-reeking,  
He clingeth profanely,  
A free pardon seeking  
From Pallas—how vainly!

*VOICE 3.*

For blood, when it floweth,  
For once and for ever  
It sinks, and it knoweth  
To mount again never.

*VOICE 1.*

Thou shalt pay me with pain;  
From thy heart, from thy liver  
I will suck, I will drain  
Thy life's crimson river.

*VOICE 2.*

The cup from thy veins  
I will quaff it, how rarely!  
I will wither thy brains,  
Thou shalt pine late and early.

*VOICE 3.*

I will drag thee alive,  
For thy guilt matricidal,  
To the dens of the damned,  
For thy lasting abidal.

EPODE.

TUTTI.

There imprisoned thou shalt see  
All who living sinned with thee,  
'Gainst the gods whom men revere,  
'Gainst honoured guest, or parents dear;  
All the guilty who inherited  
Woe, even as their guilt had merited.  
For Hades,\* in his halls of gloom,  
With a justly portioned doom,26  
Binds them down securely:  
All the crimes of human kind,  
In the tablet of his mind,  
He hath graven surely.

OREST.

By manifold ills I have been taught to know  
All expiations; and the time to speak  
I know, and to be silent. In this matter  
As a wise master taught me, so my tongue  
Shapes utterance. The curse that bound me sleeps,  
My harsh-grained guilt is finer worn, the deep  
Ensanguined stain washed to a softer hue;  
Still reeking fresh with gore, on Phœbus' hearth,  
The blood of swine hath now wrought my lustration,\*  
And I have held communings with my kind  
Once and again unharmed. Time, that smooths  
All things, hath smoothed the front of my offence.  
With unpolluted lips I now implore  
Thy aid, Athena, of this land the queen.

Myself, a firm ally, I pledge to thee,  
Myself, the Argive people, and their land,  
Thy bloodless prize. And whether distant far  
On Libyan plains beside Tritonian pools,  
Thy natal flood, with forward foot firm planted,  
Erect, or with decorous stole high-seated,[27](#)  
Thy friends thou aidest, or with practised eye  
The ordered battle on Phlegrean fields  
Thou musterest[28](#) —come!—for gods can hear from far—  
And from these woes complete deliverance send!

CHORUS.

Not all Apollo's, all Athena's power  
Shall aid thee. Thou, of gods and men forsook,  
Shalt pine and dwindle, stranger to the name  
Of joy, a wasted shadow, bloodless sucked  
To fatten wrathful gods. Thou dost not speak,  
But, as a thing devoted, standest dumb,  
My prey, even mine! my living banquet thou,  
My fireless victim. List, and thou shalt hear  
My song, that binds thee with its viewless chain.

CHORUS.

Deftly, deftly weave the dance!  
Sisters lift the dismal strain!  
Sing the Furies, justly dealing  
Dooms deserved to guilty mortals;  
Deftly, deftly lift the strain!  
Whoso lifted hands untainted  
Him no Furies' wrath shall follow,  
He shall live unharmed by me;  
But who sinned, as this offender,  
Hiding foul ensanguined hands,  
We with him are present, bearing  
Unhired witness for the dead;  
We will tread his heels, exacting  
Blood for blood, even to the end.

## CHORAL HYMN.[29](#) STROPHE I.

Mother Night that bore me,  
A scourge, to go before thee,  
To scourge, with stripes delightless,  
The seeing and the sightless,[30](#)

Hear me, I implore thee,  
O Mother Night!  
Mother Night that bore me,  
The son of Leto o'er me  
Rough rides, in thy despite.  
From me, the just pursuer,  
He shields the evil-doer,  
The son to me devoted,  
For mother-murder noted,  
He claims against the right.  
Where the victim lies,  
Let the death-hymn rise!  
Lift ye the hymn of the Furies amain!  
The gleeless song, and the lyreless strain,<sup>31</sup>  
That bindeth the heart with a viewless chain,  
With notes of distraction and maddening sorrow,  
Blighting the brain, and burning the marrow!  
Where the victim lies,  
Let the death-hymn rise,  
The hymn that binds with a viewless chain!

## ANTISTROPHE I.

Mother Night that bore me,  
The Fate that was before me,  
This portion gave me surely,  
This lot for mine securely,  
To bear the scourge before thee,  
O Mother Night!  
And, in embrace untender  
To hold the red offender,  
That sinned in gods' despite,  
And wheresoe'er he wend him,  
His keepers close we tend him.  
In living or in dying,  
From us there is no flying,  
The daughters of the Night.  
Where the victim lies,  
Let the death-hymn rise!  
Lift ye the hymn of the Furies amain!  
The gleeless song, and the lyreless strain,  
That bindeth the heart with a viewless chain,  
With notes of distraction and maddening sorrow,  
Blighting the brain, and burning the marrow!  
Where the victim lies,  
Let the death-hymn rise,  
The hymn that binds with a viewless chain!



## STROPHE II.

From primal ages hoary,  
This lot, our pride and glory,  
Appointed was to us,  
To Hades' gloomy portal,  
To chase the guilty mortal,  
But from Olympians, reigning  
In lucid seats,\* abstaining,  
Their nectared feasts we taste not,  
Their sun-white robes invest not  
The maids of Erebus.  
But, with scourge and with ban,  
We prostrate the man,  
Who with smooth-woven wile,  
And a fair-faced smile,  
Hath planted a snare for his friend;  
Though fleet, we shall find him,  
Though strong, we shall bind him,  
Who planted a snare for his friend.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

This work of labour earnest,<sup>32</sup>  
This task severest, sternest,  
Let none remove from us.  
To all their due we render,  
Each deeply-marked offender  
Our searching eye reproveth,  
Though blissful Jove removeth,  
From his Olympian glory,  
Abhorr'd of all and gory,  
The maids of Erebus.  
But, swift as the wind,  
We follow and find,  
Till he stumbles apace,  
Who had hoped in the race,  
To escape from the grasp of the Furies!  
And we trample him low,  
Till he writhe in his woe,  
Who had fled from the chase of the Furies.

## STROPHE III.

The thoughts heaven-scaling  
Of men haughty-hearted,  
At our breath, unavailing

Like smoke they departed.  
Our jealous foot hearing,  
They stumble before us,  
And bite the ground, fearing  
Our dark-vested chorus.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

They fall, and perceive not  
The foe that hath found them;  
They are blind and believe not,  
Thick darkness hath bound them.  
From the halls of the fated,  
A many-voiced wailing  
Of sorrow unsated  
Ascends unavailing.

### STROPHE IV.

For the Furies work readily  
Vengeance unsparing,  
Surely and steadily  
Ruin preparing.  
Dark crimes strictly noted,  
Sure-remembered they store them;  
And, judgment once voted,  
Prayers vainly implore them.  
For they know no communion  
With the bright-throned union  
Of the gods of the day;  
Where the living appear not,  
Where the pale Shades near not,  
In regions delightless,  
All sunless and sightless,  
They dwell far away.

### ANTISTROPHE IV.

What mortal reveres not  
Our deity awful?  
When he names us, who fears not  
To work deeds unlawful?  
From times hoary-dated,  
This statute for ever  
Divinely was fated;  
Time takes from it never.  
For dishonour we bear not,

Though the bright thrones we share not  
With the gods of the day.  
Our right hoary-dated  
We claim unabated,  
Though we dwell, where delightless  
No sun cheers the sightless,  
'Neath the ground far away.

*Enter Athena.*

ATHENA.

The cry that called me from Scamander's banks<sup>33</sup>  
I heard afar, even as I hied to claim  
The land for mine which the Achæan chiefs  
Assigned me, root and branch, my portion fair  
Of the conquered roods, a goodly heritage  
To Theseus' sons. Thence, with unwearied foot,  
I journeyed here by these high-mettled steeds  
Car-borne, my wingless ægis in the gale  
Full-bosomed whirring. And now, who are ye,  
A strange assembly, though I fear you not,  
Here gathered at my gates? I speak to both,  
To thee the stranger, that with suppliant arms  
Enclasps my statue—Whence art thou? And you,  
Like to no generation seed-begotten,  
Like to no goddess ever known of gods,  
Like to no breathing forms of mortal kind;  
But to reproach with contumelious phrase  
Who wrong not us, nor courtesy allows,  
Nor Themis wills. Whence are ye?

CHORUS.

Daughter of Jove,  
'Tis shortly said: of the most ancient Night  
The tristful daughters we, and our dread name,  
Even from the fearful Curse we bear, we borrow.\*

ATHENA.

I know you, and the dreaded name ye bear.

CHORUS.

Our sacred office, too—

ATHENA.

That I would hear.

CHORUS.

The guilty murderer from his home we hunt.

ATHENA.

And the hot chase, where ends it?

CHORUS.

There, where joy  
Is never named.

ATHENA.

And is this man the quarry,  
That, with hoarse-throated whoop, thou now pursuest?

CHORUS.

He slew his mother—dared the worst of crimes.

ATHENA.

What mightier fear, what strong necessity  
Spurred him to this?

CHORUS.

What fear so strong that it  
Should prompt a mother's murder?

ATHENA.

There are two parties. Only one hath spoken.

CHORUS.

He'll neither swear himself, nor take my oath.[34](#)

ATHENA.

The show of justice, not fair Justice self,

Thou lovest.

CHORUS.

How? Speak—thou so rich in wisdom.

ATHENA.

Oaths are no proof, to make the wrong the right.

CHORUS.

Prove thou. A true and righteous judgment judge.

ATHENA.

I shall be judge, betwixt this man and thee  
To speak the doom.

CHORUS.

Even thou. Thy worthy deeds  
Give thee the worth in this high strife to judge.

ATHENA.

Now, stranger, 'tis thy part to speak. Whence come,  
Thy lineage what, and what thy fortunes, say,  
And then refute this charge against thee brought.  
For well I note the sacredness about thee,  
That marks the suppliant who atonement seeks,  
In old Ixíon's guise;<sup>35</sup> and thou hast fled  
For refuge, to my holy altar clinging.  
Answer me this, and plainly tell thy tale.

OREST.

Sovran Athena, first from these last words  
A cause of much concernment be removed.  
I seek for no atonement; no pollution  
Cleaves to thy sacred image from my touch.  
Of this receive a proof. Thou know'st a murderer  
Being unatoned a voiceless penance bears,  
Till, from the hand of friendly man, the blood  
Of a young beast from lusty veins hath spent him,  
Cleansing from guiltiness. These sacred rites  
Have been performed: the blood of beasts hath spent me,

The lucent lymph hath purged the filthy stain.  
For this enough. As for my race, I am  
An Argive born: and for my father, he  
Was Agamemnon, king of men, by whom  
The chosen admiral of the masted fleet,  
The ancient city of famous Priam thou  
Didst sheer uncitey.<sup>36</sup> Sad was his return;  
For, with dark-bosomed guile, my mother killed him,  
Snared in the meshes of a tangled net,  
And of the bloody deed the bath was witness.  
I then, returning to my father's house  
After long exile—I confess the deed—  
Slew her who bore me, a dear father's murder  
With murder quitting. The blame—what blame may be—  
I share with Loxias, who fore-augured griefs  
To goad my heart if, by my fault, such guilt  
Should go unpunished. I have spoken. Thou  
What I have done, if justly or unjustly,  
Decide. Thy doom, howe'er it fall, contents me.

ATHENA.

In this high cause to judge, no mortal man  
May venture; nor may I divide the law  
Of right and wrong, in such keen strife of blood.  
For thee, in that thou comest to my halls,<sup>37</sup>  
In holy preparation perfected,  
A pure and harmless suppliant, I, as pledged  
Already thy protector, may not judge thee.  
For these, 'tis no light thing to slight their office.  
For, should I send them hence uncrowned with triumph,  
Dripping fell poison from their wrathful breasts,  
They'd leave a noisome pestilence in the land  
Behind them. Thus both ways I'm sore perplexed;  
Absent or present, they do bring a curse.  
But since this business needs a swift decision,  
Sworn judges I'll appoint, and they shall judge  
Of blood in every age. Your testimonies  
And proofs meanwhile, and all that clears the truth,  
Provide. Myself, to try this weighty cause,  
My choicest citizens will choose, and bind them  
By solemn oath to judge a righteous judgment.

CHORAL HYMN.<sup>38</sup>

STROPHE I.

Ancient rights and hoary uses

Now shall yield to young abuses,  
Right and wrong together chime,  
If the vote  
Fail to note  
Mother-murder for a crime.  
Murder now, made nimble-handed,  
Wide shall rage without control;  
Sons against their parents banded  
Deeds abhorred  
With the sword  
Now shall work, while ages roll.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Now no more, o'er deeds unlawful,  
Shall the sleeping Mænads\* awful  
Watch, with jealous eyes to scan;  
Free and chainless,  
Wild and reinless,  
Stalks o'er Earth each murtherous plan.  
Friend to friend his loss deploreth,  
Lawless rapine, treacherous wound,  
But in vain his plaint he poureth;  
To his bruises  
Earth refuses  
Balm; no balm on Earth is found.

### STROPHE II.

Now no more, from grief's prostration,  
Cries and groans  
Heaven shall scale with invocation—  
“Justice hear my supplication,  
Hear me, Furies, from your thrones!”  
From the recent sorrow bleeding,  
Father thus or mother calls,  
Vainly with a piteous pleading,  
For the House of Justice falls.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

Blest the man in whose heart reigneth  
Holy Fear;  
Fear his heart severely traineth;  
Blest, from troublous woe who gaineth  
Ripest fruits of wisdom clear;\*  
But who sports, a careless liver,39

In the sunshine's flaunting show,  
Holy Justice, he shall never  
Thy severest virtue know.

### STROPHE III.

Lordless life, or despot-ridden,  
Be they both from me forbidden.  
To the wise mean strength is given,<sup>40</sup>  
Thus the gods have ruled in heaven;  
Gods, that gently or severely  
Judge, discerning all things clearly.  
Mark my word, I tell thee truly,  
Pride, that lifts itself unduly,<sup>41</sup>  
Had a godless heart for sire.  
Healthy-minded moderation  
Wins the wealthy consummation,  
Every heart's desire.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Yet, again, I tell thee truly,  
At Justice' altar bend thee duly.  
Wean thine eye from lawless yearning  
After gain; with godless spurning  
Smite not thou that shrine most holy.  
Punishment, that travels slowly,  
Comes at last, when least thou fearest.  
Yet, once more; with truth sincerest,  
Love thy parents and revere,  
And the guest, that to protect him,  
Claims thy guardian roof, respect him,  
With an holy fear.\*

### STROPHE IV.

Whoso, with no forced endeavour,  
Sin-eschewing liveth,  
Him to hopeless ruin never  
Jove the Saviour giveth.  
But whose hand, with greed rapacious,  
Draggeth all things for his prey,  
He shall strike his flag audacious,  
When the god-sent storm shall bray,  
Winged with fate at last;  
When the stayless sail is flapping,  
When the sail-yard swings, and, snapping,



Crashes to the blast.

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

He shall call, but none shall hear him,  
When dark ocean surges;  
None with saving hand shall near him,  
When his prayer he urges.  
Laughs the god, to see him vainly  
Grasping at the crested rock;  
Fool, who boasted once profanely  
Firm to stand in Fortune's shock;  
Who so great had been  
His freighted wealth with fearful crashing,  
On the rock of Justice dashing,  
Dies, unwept, unseen.

*Enter Athena, behind a Herald.*

ATHENA.

Herald, proclaim the diet, and command  
The people to attention; with strong breath  
Give the air-shattering Tyrrhene trump free voice,[42](#)  
To speak shrill-throated to the assembled throngs;  
And, while the judges take their solemn seats,  
In hushed submission, let the city hear  
My laws that shall endure for aye; and these,  
In hushed submission, wait the righteous doom.

*Enter Apollo.*[43](#)

CHORUS.

Sovran Apollo, rule where thou art lord;  
But here what business brings the prophet? Speak.

APOLLO.

I come a witness of the truth; this man  
Is suppliant to me, he on my hearth  
Found refuge, him I purified from blood.  
I, too, am patron of his cause, I share  
The blame, if blame there be, in that he slew  
His mother. Pallas, order thou the trial.

ATHENA [*TO THE FURIES*].

Speak ye the first, 'tis wiseliest ordered thus,  
That, who complains, his plaint set forth in order,  
Point after point, articulately clear.

CHORUS.

Though we be many, yet our words are few.  
Answer thou singly, as we singly ask;  
This first—art thou the murderer of thy mother?

OREST.

I did the deed. This fact hath no denial.

CHORUS.

Once worsted! With three fits I gain the trial.

OREST.

Boast, when thou seest me fall. As yet I stand.

CHORUS.

This answer now—how didst thou do the deed.

OREST.

Thus; with my pointed dagger, in the neck  
I smote her.

CHORUS.

Who the bloody deed advised?

OREST.

The god of oracles. Here he stands to witness.

CHORUS.

Commanding murder with prophetic nod?

OREST.

Ay! and even now I do not blame the god.

CHORUS.

Soon, soon, thou'lt blame him, when the pebble drops  
Into the urn of justice with thy doom.

OREST.

My murdered sire will aid me from the tomb.

CHORUS.

Trust in the dead; in thy dead mother trust.

OREST.

She died, with two foul blots well marked for vengeance.

CHORUS.

How so? This let the judges understand

OREST.

The hand that killed her husband killed my father.

CHORUS.

If she for her crimes died, why livest thou?

OREST.

If her thou didst not vex, why vex me now?

CHORUS.

She slew a man, but not of kindred blood.

OREST.

Is the son's blood all to the mother kin,  
None to the father?

CHORUS.

Peace, thou sin-stained monster!  
Dost thou abjure the dearest blood, the mother's  
That bore thee 'neath her zone?

OREST. [*TO APOLLO*].

Be witness thou.  
Apollo, speak for me, if by the rule  
Of Justice she was murdered. That the deed  
Was done, and by these hands, I not deny;  
If justly or unjustly blood was spilt,  
Thou knowest. Teach me how to make reply.

APOLLO.

I speak to you, Athena's mighty council;  
And what I speak is truth: the prophet lies not.  
From my oracular seat was published never  
To man, to woman, or to city aught  
By my Olympian sire unfathered\* Ye  
How Justice sways the scale will wisely weigh;  
But this remember—what my father wills  
Is law. Jove's will is stronger than an oath.

CHORUS.

Jove, say'st thou, touched thy tongue with inspiration,  
To teach Orestes that he might avenge  
A father's death by murdering a mother?

APOLLO.

His was no common father—Agamemnon,  
Honoured the kingly sceptre god-bestowed  
To bear—he slain by a weak woman, not  
By furious Amazon with far-darting bow,  
But in such wise as I shall now set forth  
To thee, Athena, and to these that sit  
On this grave bench of judgment. Him returning  
All prosperous from the wars, with fairest welcome  
She hailed her lord, and in the freshening bath  
Bestowed him; there, ev'n while he laved, she came  
Spreading death's mantle out, and, in a web  
Of curious craft entangled, stabbed him. Such  
Was the sad fate of this most kingly man,  
Of all revered, the fleet's high admiral.

A tale it is to prick your heart with pity,  
Even yours that seal the judgment.

CHORUS.

Jove, thou sayest,  
Prefers the father: yet himself did bind  
With bonds his hoary-dated father Kronos.[44](#)  
Make this with that to square, and thou art wise.  
Ye judges, mark me, if I reason well.

APOLLO.

O odious monsters, of all gods abhorred!  
A chain made fast may be untied again.  
This ill hath many cures; but, when the dust  
Hath once drunk blood, no power can raise it. Jove  
Himself doth know no charm to disenchant  
Death; other things he turns both up and down,  
At his good pleasure, fainting not in strength.

CHORUS.

Consider well whereto thy words will lead thee.  
How shall this man, who spilt his mother's blood,  
Dwell in his father's halls at Argos? How  
Devoutly kneel at the public altar? How  
With any clanship share lustration?[45](#)

APOLLO.

This  
Likewise I'll answer. Mark me! whom we call  
The mother begets not;[46](#) she is but the nurse,  
Whose fostering breast the new-sown seed receives.  
The father truly gets; the dam but cherishes  
A stranger-bud, that, if the gods be kind,  
May blossom soon, and bear. Behold a proof!  
Without a mother may a child be born,  
Not so without a father. Which to witness  
Here is this daughter of Olympian Jove,  
Not nursed in darkness, in the womb, and yet  
She stands a goddess, heavenly mother ne'er  
Bore greater. Pallas, here I plight my faith  
To magnify thy city and thy people;  
And I this suppliant to thy hearth hath sent,  
Thy faithful ally ever. May the league  
Here sworn to-day their children's children bind!

ATHENA

Now judges, as your judgment is, I charge you, So vote the doom. Words we have had enough.

CHORUS.

Our quiver's emptied. We await the doom.

ATHENA

How should the sentence fall to keep me free Of your displeasure?

CHORUS.

What we said we said.  
Even as your heart informs you, nothing fearing,  
So judges justly vote, the oath revering.

ATHENA.

Now, hear my ordinance, Athenians!<sup>47</sup> Ye,  
In this first strife of blood, umpires elect,  
While age on age shall roll, the sons of Aegeus  
This Council shall revere. Here, on this hill,  
The embattled Amazons pitched their tents of yore,<sup>48</sup>  
What time with Theseus striving, they their tents  
Against these high-towered infant walls uptowered.  
To Mars they sacrificed, and, to this day,  
This Mars' Hill speaks their story. Here, Athenians,  
Shall reverence of the gods, and holy fear,  
That shrinks from wrong, both night and day possess.  
A place apart, so long as fickle change  
Your ancient laws disturbs not; but, if this  
Pure fount with muddy streams ye trouble, ye  
Shall draw the draught in vain From anarchy  
And slavish masterdom alike my ordinance  
Preserve my people! Cast not from your walls  
All high authority; for where no fear  
Awful remains, what mortal will be just?  
This holy reverence use, and ye possess  
A bulwark, and a safeguard of the land,  
Such as no race of mortals vaunteth, far  
In Borean Scythia, or the land of Pelops.\*  
This council I appoint intact to stand  
From gain, a venerated conclave, quick  
In pointed indignation, when all sleep  
A sleepless watch These words of warning hear,

My citizens for ever. Now ye judges  
Rise, take your pebbles, and by vote decide,  
The sacred oath revering. I have spoken.

*The Aeropagites advance; and, as each puts his pebble into the urn,  
the Chorus and Apollo alternately address them as follows:*

CHORUS.

I warn ye well: the sisterhood beware,  
Whose wrath hangs heavier than the land may bear.

APOLLO.

I warn ye well: Jove is my father; fear  
To turn to nought the words of me, his seer.

CHORUS.

If thou dost plead, where thou hast no vocation,  
For blood, will men respect thy divination?

APOLLO.

Must then my father share thy condemnation,  
When first he heard Ixion's supplication?

CHORUS.

Thou say'st. [49](#) But I, if justice be denied me,  
Will sorely smite the land that so defied me.

APOLLO.

Among the gods the elder, and the younger,  
Thou hast no favour; I shall prove the stronger.

CHORUS.

Such were thy deeds in Pheres' house, [50](#) deceiving  
The Fates, and mortal men from death relieving.

APOLLO.

Was it a crime to help a host? to lend  
A friendly hand to raise a sinking friend?

CHORUS.

Thou the primeval Power didst undermine,  
Mocking the hoary goddesses with wine.

APOLLO.

Soon, very soon, when I the cause shall gain,  
Thou'lt spit thy venom on the ground in vain.

CHORUS.

Thou being young, dost jeer my ancient years  
With youthful insolence; till the doom appears,  
I'll patient wait; my hot-spurred wrath I'll stay,  
And even-poised betwixt two tempers sway.

ATHENA.

My part remains; and I this crowning pebble  
Drop to Orestes; for I never knew  
The mother's womb that bore me.\* I give honor,  
Save in my virgin nature, to the male  
In all things; all my father lives in me.<sup>51</sup>  
Not blameless be the wife, who dared to slay  
Her husband, lord and ruler of her home.  
My voice is for Orestes; though the votes  
Fall equal from the urn, my voice shall save him.  
Now shake the urn, to whom this duty falls,  
And tell the votes.

OREST.

O Phœbus, how shall end  
This doubtful issue?

CHORUS.

O dark Night, my mother,  
Behold these things!

OREST.

One moment blinds me quite,  
Or to a blaze of glory opes my eyes.



CHORUS.

We sink to shame, or to more honor rise.

*APOLLO.*

52

Judges, count well the pebbles as they fall,  
And with just jealousy divide them. One  
Being falsely counted works no simple harm.  
One little pebble saves a mighty house.

ATHENA.

Hear now the doom. This man from blood is free.  
The votes are equal; he escapes by me.

OREST.

O Pallas, Saviour of my father's house,  
Restorer of the exile's hope, Athena,  
I praise thee! Now belike some Greek will say,  
The Argive man revisiteth the homes  
And fortunes of his father, by the aid  
Of Pallas, Loxias, and Jove the Saviour  
All-perfecting, who pled the father's cause,  
Fronting the wrathful Furies of the mother!  
I now depart: and to this land I leave,  
And to this people, through all future time,  
An oath behind me, that no lord of Argos  
Shall ever brandish the well-pointed spear  
Against this friendly land. † When, from the tomb,  
I shall perceive who disregards this oath  
Of my sons' sons, I will perplex that man  
With sore perplexities inextricable;  
Ways of despair, and evil-birded paths\*  
Shall be his portion, cursing his own choice.  
But if my vows be duly kept, with those  
That in the closely-banded league shall aid  
Athena's city, I am present ever.  
Then fare thee well, thou and thy people! Never  
May foe escape thy grasp! When thou dost struggle,  
Safety and victory attend thy spear!

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Curse on your cause,  
Ye gods that are younger!  
O'er the time-hallowed laws  
Rough ye ride as the stronger.  
Of the prey that was ours  
Ye with rude hands bereave us,  
'Mid the dark-dreaded Powers  
Shorn of honor ye leave us.  
Behold, on the ground  
From a heart of hostility,  
I sprinkle around  
Black gouts of sterility!  
A plague I will bring,  
With a dry lichen spreading;  
No green blade shall spring  
Where the Fury is treading.  
To abortion I turn  
The birth of the blooming,  
Where the plague-spot shall burn  
Of my wrath, life-consuming.  
I am mocked,† but in vain  
They rejoice at my moaning;  
They shall pay for my pain,  
With a fearful atoning,  
Who seized on my right,  
And, with wrong unexampled,  
On the daughters of Night  
High scornfully trampled.

ATHENA

Be ruled by me your heavy-bosomed groans  
Refrain Not vanquished thou, but the fair vote  
Leapt equal from the urn, with no disgrace  
To thee. From Jove himself clear witness came;  
The oracular god that urged the deed, the same  
Stood here to vouch it, that Orestes might not  
Reap harm from his obedience. Soothe ye, therefore;  
Cast not your bolted vengeance on this land,  
Your gouts of wrath divine distil not, stings  
Of pointed venom, with keen corrosive power  
Eating life's seeds, all barrenness and blight.  
A home within this land I pledge you, here  
A shrine, a refuge, and a hearth secure,  
Where ye on shining thrones shall sit, my city  
Yielding devoutest homage to your power.

CHORUS.

Curse on your cause,  
Ye gods that are younger!  
O'er the time-hallowed laws  
Rough ye ride, as the stronger.  
Of the prey that was ours  
Ye with rude hands bereave us,  
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They shall pay for my pain,  
With a fearful atoning,  
Who seized on my right,  
And, with wrong unexampled,  
On the daughters of Night  
High scornfully trampled.

ATHENA.

Dishonoured are ye not: Spit not your rancour  
On this fair land remediless. Rests my trust  
On Jove, the mighty, I of all the gods  
Sharing alone the strong keys that unlock  
His thunder-halls:[53](#) but this I name not here.  
Yield thou: cast not the seed of reckless speech  
To crop the land with woe Soothing the waves  
Of bitter anger darkling in thy breast,  
Dwell in this land, thy dreadful deity  
Sistered with me. When thronging worshippers .  
Henceforth shall cull choice firstlings for thine altars,  
Praying thy grace to bless the wedded rite,  
And the child-bearing womb—then honoured so,  
How wise my present counsel thou shalt know.

## Chorus.

### *VOICE 1.*

I to dwell 'neath the Earth  
All clipt of my glory,  
In the dark-chambered Earth,  
I, the ancient, the hoary!

### *VOICE 2.*

I breathe on thee curses,  
I cut through thy marrow,  
For the insult that pierces  
My heart like an arrow.

### *VOICE 3.*

Hear my cry, mother Night,  
'Gainst the gods that deceived me!  
With their harsh-handed might  
Of my right they bereaved me.

### *ATHENA.*

Thy anger I forgive; for thou'rt the elder  
But though thy years bring wisdom, to me also  
Jove gave a heart, not undiscerning. You—  
Mark well my words—if now some foreign land  
Ye choose, will rue your choice, and long for Athens.  
The years to be shall float more richly fraught  
With honor to my citizens; thou shalt hold  
An honoured seat beside Erectheus' home,[54](#)  
Where men and women in marshalled pomp shall pay thee  
Such homage, as no land on Earth may render.  
But cast not ye on this my chosen land  
Whetstones of fury, teaching knives to drink  
The blood of tender bowels, madding the heart  
With wineless drunkenness, that men shall swell  
Like game cocks for the battle; save my city  
From brothered strife, and from domestic brawls.[55](#)  
Without the walls, and far from kindred hearths  
Rage war, where honor calls, and glory crowns.  
A bird of blood within the house I love not.  
Use thine election; wisely use it; give  
A blessing, and a blessing take; with me  
May this land dear to the gods be dear to thee!

## Chorus.

*VOICE 1.*

I to dwell 'neath the Earth  
All clipt of my glory,  
In the dark-chambered Earth  
I, the ancient, the hoary!

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I breathe on thee curses,  
I cut through thy marrow,  
For the insult that pierces  
My heart like an arrow.

*VOICE 3.*

Hear my cry, mother Night,  
'Gainst the gods that deceived me!  
With their harsh-handed might  
Of my right they bereaved me.

ATHENA

To advise thee well I faint not. Never more  
Shalt thou, a hoary-dated power, complain  
That I, a younger, or my citizens,  
From our inhospitable gates expelled thee  
Of thy due honors shortened. If respect  
For sacred Peitho's\* godhead, for the honey  
And charming of the tongue may move thee, stay;  
But, if ye will go, show of justice none  
Remains, with rancour, wrath, and scathe to smite  
This land and people. Stands your honoured lot  
With me for ever, so ye scorn it not.

CHORUS.

Sovran Athena, what sure home receives me?

ATHENA.

A home from sorrow free. Receive it freely.

CHORUS.

And when received, what honors wait me then?

ATHENA.

No house shall prosper where thy blessing fails.

CHORUS.

This by thy grace is sure?

ATHENA.

I will upbuild  
His house who honours thee.

CHORUS.

This pledged for ever?

ATHENA.

I cannot promise what I not perform

CHORUS.

Thy words have soothed me, and my wrath relents.

ATHENA.

Here harboured thou wilt number many friends.

CHORUS

Say, then, how shall my hymn uprise to bless thee?

ATHENA

Hymn things that strike fair victory's mark: from Earth,  
From the sea's briny dew, and from the sky  
Bring blessings, the benignly-breathing gales  
On summer wings be wafted to this land,  
Let the Earth swell with the exuberant flow  
Of fruits and flowers, that want may be unknown.  
Bless human seed with increase, but cast out  
The impious man; even as a gardener, I

Would tend the flowers, the briars and the thorns  
Heaped for the burning. This thy province I  
In feats of Mars conspicuous will not fail  
To plant this city 'fore all eyes triumphant.

## STROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Pallas, thy welcome so kindly compelling  
Hath moved me; I scorn not to mingle my dwelling  
With thine, and with Jove's, the all-ruling, thy sire.  
The city I scorn not, where Mars guards the portals,  
The fortress of gods,[56](#) the fair grace of Immortals.  
I bless thee prophetic; to work thy desire  
To the Sun, when he shines in his full-flooded splendour,  
Her tribute to thee may the swelling Earth render,  
And bounty with bounty conspire!

ATHENA.

Athens, no trifling gain I've won thee.  
With rich blessing thou shalt harbour,  
Through my grace, these much-prevailing  
Sternest-hearted Powers. For they  
Rule, o'er human fates appointed,  
With far-reaching sway.  
Woe to the wretch, by their wrath smitten![57](#)  
With strokes he knows not whence descending,  
Not for his own, for guilt inherited,[58](#)  
They with silent-footed vengeance  
Shall o'ertake him: in the dust,  
Heaven with piercing cries imploring,  
Crushed the sinner lies.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Far from thy dwelling, and far from thy border,  
By the grace of my godhead benignant I order  
The blight that may blacken the bloom of thy trees.  
Far from thy border, and far from thy dwelling  
Be the hot blast that shrivels the bud in its swelling,  
The seed-rotting taint, and the creeping disease!  
Thy flocks still be doubled, thy seasons be steady,  
And, when Hermes is near thee,[59](#) thy hand still be ready

The Heaven-dropt bounty to seize!

ATHENA.

Hear her words, my city's warders,  
Fraught with blessing; she prevaieth  
With Olympians and Infernals,  
Dread Erinnys much revered.  
Mortal fates she guideth plainly  
To what goal she pleaseth, sending  
Songs to some, to others days  
With tearful sorrows dulled.

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Far from your dwelling  
Be death's early knelling,  
When falls in his green strength the strong  
Your virgins, the fairest,  
To brave youths the rarest  
Be mated, glad life to prolong!  
Ye Fates, high-presiding,[60](#)  
The right well dividing,  
Dread powers darkly mothered with me;  
Our firm favour sharing,  
From judgment unsparing  
The homes of the just man be free!  
But the guilty shall fear them,  
When in terror shall near them  
The Fates, sternly sistered with me.

ATHENA.

Work your perfect will, dread maidens,  
O'er my land benignly watching!  
I rejoice. Blest be the eyes  
Of Peitho, that with strong persuasion  
Armed my tongue, to soothe the fierce  
Refusal of these awful maids.  
Jove, that rules the forum, nobly  
In the high debate hath conquered.[61](#)  
In the strife of blessing now,  
You with me shall vie for ever.



## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS

Far from thy border  
The lawless disorder,  
That sateless of evil shall reign!  
Far from thy dwelling  
The dear blood welling,  
That taints thy own hearth with the stain,  
When slaughter from slaughter  
Shall flow, like the water,  
And rancour from rancour shall grow!  
But joy with joy blending  
Live, each to all lending,  
And hating one-hearted the foe!  
When bliss hath departed,  
From will single-hearted,  
A fountain of healing shall flow.

ATHENA.

Wisely now the tongue of kindness  
Thou hast found, the way of love;  
And these terror-speaking faces  
Now look wealth to me and mine.  
Her so willing, ye more willing  
Now receive, this land and city,  
On ancient right securely throned,  
Shall shine for evermore

## STROPHE III

CHORUS.

Hail, and all hail! mighty people be greeted!  
On the sons of Athena shine sunshine the clearest!  
Blest people, near Jove the Olympian seated,  
And dear to the virgin his daughter the dearest.  
Timely wise 'neath the wings of the daughter ye gather;  
And mildly looks down on her children the father.

ATHENA.

Hail, all hail to you! but chiefly  
Me behoves it now to lead you  
To your fore-appointed homes.

Go, with holy train attendant,  
With sacrifice, and torch resplendent.  
Underneath the ground.  
Go, and with your potent godhead  
Quell the ill that threatens the city,  
Spur the good to victory's goal.  
Lead the way ye sons of Cranaus,\*  
To these strangers, strange no more;  
Their kindly thoughts to you remember,  
Grateful evermore.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

CHORUS.

Hail, yet again, with this last salutation,  
Ye sons of Athena, ye citizens all!  
On gods, and on mortals, in high congregation  
Assembled, my blessing not vainly shall fall.  
O city of Pallas, while thou shalt revere me,  
Thy walls hold the pledge that no harm shall come near thee.

ATHENA.

Well hymned. My heart chimes with you, and I send  
The beamy-twinkling torches to conduct you  
To your dark-vaulted chambers 'neath the ground.  
They who attend my shrine, with pious homage,  
Shall be your convoy. The fair eye of the land,  
The marshalled host of Theseus' sons shall march  
In festive train with you, both man and woman,  
Matron and maid, green youth and hoary age.  
Honor the awful maids, clad with the grace  
Of purple-tinctured robes; and let the flame  
March 'fore their path bright-rayed; and, evermore,  
With populous wealth smile every Attic rood  
Blessed by this gracious-minded sisterhood.[62](#)

*Convoy, conducting the Eumenides in festal pomp to their subterranean temple, with torches in their hands:*

### STROPHE I.

Go with honor crowned and glory,  
Of hoary Night the daughters hoary,  
To your destined hall.  
Where our sacred train is wending,

Stand, ye pious throngs attending,  
Hushed in silence all.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Go to hallowed habitations,  
'Neath Ogygian\* Earth's foundations:  
In that darksome hall  
Sacrifice and supplication  
Shall not fail. In adoration  
Silent worship all.

### STROPHE II.

Here, in caverned halls, abiding,  
High on awful thrones presiding,  
Gracious ye shall reign.  
March in torches' glare rejoicing!  
Sing, ye throngs, their praises, voicing  
Loud the exultant strain!

### ANTISTROPHE II.

Blazing torch, and pure libation  
From age to age this pious nation  
Shall not use in vain.  
Thus hath willed it Jove all-seeing,  
Thus the Fate. To their decreeing  
Shout the responsive strain!

## NOTES TO THE EUMENIDES

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## PROMETHEUS BOUND

### A LYRICO-DRAMATIC SPECTACLE

Δη?σε δ' ?λυκτοπέδ[Editor: illegible character]σι Προμηθέα ποικιλόβουλην  
Δεσμο??ς ?ργαλέοισι.

Hesiod.

Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent.

Shelley.

### PERSONS

Might and Force, Ministers of Jove.

Hephaestus or Vulcan, the God of Fire.

Prometheus, Son of Iapetus, a Titan.

Chorus of Oceanides.

Oceanus.

Io, Daughter of Inachus, King of Argos.

Hermes, Messenger of the Gods.

Scene—*A Rocky Desert in European Scythia.*

### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

Vain the wit is of the wisest to deceive the mind of Jove;  
Not Prometheus, son of Iapetus, though his heart was moved by love,  
Might escape the heavy anger of the god that rules the skies,  
But, despite of all his cunning, with a strong chain bound he lies.

Theog. 613.

Those who are acquainted with the philological learning on this subject, which I have discussed elsewhere,\* or even with the common ideas on the legend of Prometheus brought into circulation by the productions of modern poetry, are aware that the view just given of the moral significance of this weighty old myth, is not the current one, and that we are rather accustomed to look upon Prometheus as a sort of proto-martyr

of liberty, bearing up with the strength of a god against the punishment unjustly inflicted on him by the celestial usurper and tyrant, Jove. But Hesiod, we have just seen, looks on the matter with very different eyes, and the unquestioned supremacy of Jove that stands out everywhere, from the otherwise not always consistent theological system of the Iliad, leads plainly to the conclusion that Homer also, had he had occasion to introduce this legend, would have handled it in a spirit altogether different from our Shelleys and Byrons, and other earth-shaking and heaven-scaling poets of the modern revolutionary school. As little is there any ground (see the life of Æschylus, vol. I.) for the supposition that our tragedian has taken up different theological ground in reference to this myth, from that which belonged to the two great expositors of the popular creed, not to mention the staring absurdity of the idea, that a grave tragic poet in a serious composition, at a public religious festival, should have dared, or daring, should have been allowed, to hold up their supreme deity to a nation of freemen in the character of a cruel and unjust tyrant. Thrown back, therefore, on the original Hesiodic conception of the myth, we are led to observe that the imperfect and unsatisfactory ideas so current on this subject in modern times, have taken their rise from the practice (so natural under the circumstances) of looking on the extant piece as a complete whole, whereas nothing is more certain than that it is only a fragment; the second part, in fact, of a dramatic trilogy similar in conception and execution to that, of which we have endeavoured to present a reflection in the preceding pages. Potter, in his translation published a hundred years ago, prefaced his version of the present piece with the well-known fact, that Æschylus wrote three plays on this subject—the *Fire-bringing Prometheus*, the *Prometheus Bound*, and the *Prometheus Unbound*—but this intimation was not sufficient to prevent his readers, with the usual hastiness of human logic, from judging of what they saw, as if it were an organic whole, containing within itself every element necessary for forming a true conception of its character. The consequence was, that the hero of the piece, who, of course, tells his own story in the most favourable way for himself, was considered as having passed a final judgment on the case, as the friend and representative of man, he naturally seemed entitled to the gratitude of men; while Jove, being now only an idol in the world (perhaps a devil), and having no advocate in the heart of the modern reader, was made to stand—on the representation of the same Prometheus—as the type of heartless tyranny, and the impersonation of absolute power combined with absolute selfishness. This is Shelley's view; but that such was not the view of Æschylus we may be assured, both from the consideration already mentioned, and from the poet's method of reconciling apparently incompatible claims of opposite celestial powers, so curiously exhibited in the *Eumenides*. In the trilogy of the preceding pages, Orestes stands in a situation, so far as the development of the plot is concerned, precisely analogous to that of Prometheus in the present piece. His conduct, as submitted to the moral judgment of the spectator, produces the same conflict of contrary emotions of which his own bosom is the victim. With the one-half of our heart we approve of his avenging his father's murder; with the other half, we plead that a son shall, on no ground of offence, allow his indignation to proceed so far as to imbrue his hands in the blood of her whose milk he had sucked. This contrariety of emotions excited in the second piece of the trilogy, produces the tragic knot, which it is the business of the poet to unloose, by the worthy interposition of a god. "*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*"—Exactly so in the second piece of the Promethean trilogy, our moral judgment praises the benevolence of the god, who, to

elevate our human race from brutish degradation, dared to defy omnipotent power, and to deceive the wisdom of the omniscient; while, at the same time, we cannot but condemn the spirit of unreined independence that would shake itself free from the great centre of moral cohesion, and the reckless boldness that casts reproach in the face of the great Ruler of the universe. In this state of suspense, represented by the doubtful attitude of the Chorus\* through the whole play, the present fragment of the great Æschylean Promethiad leaves the well-instructed modern reader; and it admits not, in my view, of a doubt that, in the concluding piece, it remained for the poet to effect a reconciliation between the contending interests and clashing emotions, somewhat after the fashion of which we possess a specimen in the Eumenides. By what agency of individuals or of arguments this was done, it is hopeless now to inquire; the fragmentary notices that remain are too meagre to justify a scientific restoration of the lost drama; they who wish to see what erudite imagination can do in this direction may consult Welcker and Schoemann—Welcker, in the shape of prose dissertation in his *Trilogie*, p. 28; and Schoemann, in the shape of a poetical restoration of the lost poem, in the Appendix to his very valuable edition of this play. About one thing only can we be certain, that, in the ultimate settlement of disputed claims, neither will Prometheus, on the one hand, be degraded from the high position on which the poet has planted him as a sort of umpire between gods and men, nor will Jove yield one whit of his supreme right to exact the bitterest penalties from man or god who presumes to act independently of, and even in opposition to his will. The tragic poet will duly exercise his grand function of keeping the powers of the celestial world—as he does the contending emotions of the human mind—in due equipoise and subordination.\*

The plot of the Prometheus Bound is the simplest possible, being not so much the dramatic progression of a course of events, as a single dramatic situation presented through the whole piece under different aspects. The theft of fire from Heaven, or (as the notice of Cicero seems to indicate) from the Lemnian volcano of Mosychlos,† having been perpetrated in the previous piece, *Might and Force*, two allegorical personages, the ministers of Jove's vengeance, are now introduced, along with Hephaestus, the forger of celestial chains, nailing the benevolent offender to a cold craggy rock in the wastes of European Scythia. In this condition when, after a long silence, he at length gives vent to his complaint, certain kindred divine persons—first, the Oceanides, or daughters of Ocean, and then their hoary sire himself, are brought on the scene, with words of solace and friendly exhortation to the sufferer.‡ When all the arguments that these parties have to advance are exhausted in vain, another mythic personage, of a different character, and for a different purpose, appears. This is Io, the daughter of Inachus, the primeval king of Argos, who, having enjoyed the unblissful distinction of stirring the heart of Jove with love, is, by the jealous wrath of Hera, transmuted into the likeness of a cow,\* and sent wandering to the ends of the Earth, fretted into restless distraction by the stings of a malignant insect. This character serves a threefold purpose. First, as a sufferer, tracing the origin of all her misery from Jove, she both sympathizes strongly with Prometheus, and exhibits the character of Jove in another unfavourable aspect; secondly, with her wild maniac cries and reless fits of distraction, she presents a fine contrast to the calm self-possession with which the stout-hearted Titan endures the penalty of his pride; and, in the third place, as the progenitrix of the Argive Hercules, the destined instrument of the delivery of

Prometheus, she connects the middle with the concluding piece of the trilogy. Last of all, when this strange apparition has vanished, appears on the scene the great Olympian negotiator, Hermes; who, with the eloquence peculiar to himself, and the threatened terrors of his supreme master, endeavours to break the pride and to bend the will of the lofty-minded offender. In vain. The threatened terrors of the Thunderer now suddenly start into reality; and, amid the roar of contending elements, the pealing Heaven and the quaking Earth, the Jove-defying son of Iapetus descends into Hell.

The superhuman grandeur and high tragic sublimity which belongs to the very conception of this subject, has suffered nothing in respect of treatment from the genius of the bard who dared to handle it. The Prometheus Bound, though inferior in point of lyric richness and variety to the Agamemnon, and though somewhat overloaded with narrative in one place, is nevertheless felt throughout to be one of the most powerful productions of one of the most powerful minds that the history of literature knows. No work of a similar lofty character certainly has ever been so extensively popular. The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley, and Lord Byron's Manfred, bear ample witness, of which we may well be proud, to the relationship which exists between the severe Melpomene of ancient Greece, and the lofty British Muse.

## PROMETHEUS BOUND

*Enter Might and Force, leading in Prometheus; Hephaestus, with chains.*

MIGHT.

At length the utmost bound of Earth we've reached,  
This Scythian soil, this wild untrodden waste.<sup>1</sup>  
Hephaestus now Jove's high behests demand  
Thy care; to these steep cliffy rocks bind down  
With close-linked chains of durian adamant  
This daring wretch<sup>2</sup> For he the bright-rayed fire,  
Mother of arts, flower of thy potency,  
Filched from the gods, and gave to mortals. Here,  
Just guerdon of his sin shall find him; here  
Let his pride learn to bow to Jove supreme,  
And love men well, but love them not too much.

HEPH.

Ye twain, rude Might and Force, have done your work  
To the perfect end; but I—my heart shrinks back  
From the harsh task to nail a kindred god<sup>3</sup>  
To this storm-battered crag. Yet dare I must.  
Where Jove commands, whoso neglects rebels,  
And pays the traitor's fine. High-counselled son  
Of right-decreeing Themis,<sup>4</sup> I force myself  
No less than thee, when to this friendless rock

With iron bonds I chain thee, where nor shape  
Nor voice of wandering mortal shall relieve  
Thy lonely watch; but the fierce-burning sun  
Shall parch and bleach thy fresh complexion. Thou,  
When motley-mantled Night\* hath hid the day,  
Shalt greet the darkness, with how short a joy!  
For the morn's sun the nightly dew shall scatter,  
And thou be pierced again with the same pricks  
Of endless woe—and saviour shall be none.<sup>5</sup>  
Such fruits thy forward love to men hath wrought thee.  
Thyself a god, the wrath of gods to thee  
Seemed little, and to men thou didst dispense  
Forbidden gifts. For this thou shalt keep watch  
On this delightless rock, fixed and erect,  
With lid unsleeping, and with knee unbent.  
Alas! what groans and wails shalt thou pour forth,  
Fruitless. Jove is not weak that he should bend,<sup>6</sup>  
For young authority must ever be  
Harsh and severe.

MIGHT

Enough of words and tears.  
This god, whom all the gods detest, wilt thou  
Not hate, thou, whom his impious larceny  
Did chiefly injure?

HEPH.

But, my friend, my kinsman—

MIGHT.

True, that respect; but the dread father's word  
Respect much more. Jove's word respect and fear.

HEPH.

Harsh is thy nature, and thy heart is full  
Of pitiless daring.

MIGHT.

Tears were wasted here,  
And labour lost is all concern for him



HEPH.

O thrice-cursed trade, that e'er my hand should use it!

MIGHT.

Curse not thy craft; the cunning of thy hand  
Makes not his woes; he made them for himself.

HEPH.

Would that some other hand had drawn the lot  
To do this deed!

MIGHT.

All things may be, but this  
To dictate to the gods. [7](#) There's one that's free,  
One only, Jove.

HEPH

I know it, and am dumb.

MIGHT

Then gird thee to the work, chain down the culprit,  
Lest Jove thy laggard zeal behold, and blame.

HEPH.

The irons here are ready.

MIGHT.

Take them, and strike  
Stout blows with the hammer; nail him to the rock.

HEPH.

The work speeds well, and lingers not.

MIGHT.

Strike! strike!  
With ring, and clamp, and wedge make sure the work.  
He hath a subtle wit will find itself

A way where way is none.

HEPH.

This arm is fast.

MIGHT.

Then clasp this other. Let the sophist know,  
Against great Jove how dull a thing is wit.

HEPH

None but the victim can reprove my zeal.

MIGHT.

Now take this adamantine bolt, and force  
Its point resistless through his rebel breast.

HEPH.

Alas! alas! Prometheus, but I pity thee!

MIGHT.

Dost lag again, and for Jove's enemies weep  
Fond tears? Beware thou have no cause to weep  
Tears for thyself.

HEPH.

Thou see'st no sightly sight  
For eyes to look on.

MIGHT.

I behold a sower  
Reaping what thing he sowed. But take these thongs,  
And bind his sides withal.

HEPH.

I must! I must!  
Nor needs thy urging.

MIGHT.

Nay, but I will urge,  
Command, and bellow in thine ear! Proceed,  
Lower—yet lower—and with these iron rings  
Enclasp his legs.

HEPH.

'Tis done, and quickly done.

MIGHT.

Now pierce his feet through with these nails. Strike hard!  
There's one will sternly prove thy work, and thee.

HEPH.

Harsh is thy tongue, and, like thy nature, hard.

MIGHT.

Art thou a weakling, do not therefore blame  
The firm harsh-fronted will that suits my office.

HEPH.

Let us away. He's fettered limb and thew.

MIGHT.

There lie, and feed thy pride on this bare rock,  
Filching gods' gifts for mortal men. What man  
Shall free thee from these woes? Thou hast been called  
In vain the Provident:[8](#) had thy soul possessed  
The virtue of thy name, thou hadst foreseen  
These cunning toils, and hadst unwound thee from them.

*[Exeunt all, except Prometheus, who is left chained.]*

**PROM.**

[9](#)

O divine ether, and swift-winged winds,  
And river-fountains, and of ocean waves  
The multitudinous laughter,[10](#) and thou Earth,

Boon mother of us all, and thou bright round  
Of the all-seeing Sun, you I invoke!  
Behold what ignominy of causeless wrongs  
I suffer from the gods, myself a god.  
See what piercing pains shall goad me  
Through long ages myraid-numbered!  
With such wrongful chains hath bound me  
This new leader of the gods.  
Ah me! present woes and future  
I bemoan. O! when, O! when  
Shall the just redemption dawn.  
Yet why thus prate? I know what ills await me.  
No unexpected torture can surprise  
My soul prophetic; and with quiet mind  
We all must bear our portioned fate, nor idly  
Court battle with a strong necessity.  
Alas! alas! 'tis hard to speak to the winds;  
Still harder to be dumb! my well-deservings  
To mortal men are all the offence that bowed me  
Beneath this yoke. The secret fount of fire  
I sought, and found, and in a reed concealed it;[11](#)  
Whence arts have sprung to man, and life hath drawn  
Rich store of comforts For such deed I suffer  
These bonds, in the broad eye of gracious day,  
Here crucified Ah me! ah me! who comes?[12](#)  
What sound, what viewless breath, thus taints the air,  
God sent, or mortal, or of mingled kind?  
What errant traveller ill-spiced comes to view  
This naked ridge of extreme Earth, and me?  
Whoe'er thou art, a hapless god thou see'st  
Nailed to this crag, the foe of Jove thou seest.  
Him thou see'st, whom all the Immortals  
Whoso tread the Olympian threshold,  
Name with hatred; thou beholdest  
Man's best friend, and, therefore, hated  
For excess of love.  
Hark, again! I hear the whirring  
As of winged birds approaching;  
With the light strokes of their pinions  
Ether pipes ill-boding whispers!—  
Alas! alas! that I should fear  
Each breath that nears me.

*The Oceanides approach, borne through the air in a winged car.*

## STROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Fear nothing; for a friendly band approaches;  
Fleet rivalry of wings  
Oar'd us to this far height, with hard consent  
Wrung from our careful sire  
The winds swift-sweeping bore me: for I heard  
The harsh hammer's note deep deep in ocean caves,  
And, throwing virgin shame aside, unshod  
The winged car I mounted.

PROM.

Ah! ah!  
Daughters of prolific Tethys,[13](#)  
And of ancient father Ocean,  
With his sleepless current whirling  
Round the firm ball of the globe  
Look! with rueful eyes behold me  
Nailed by adamantine rivets,  
Keeping weary watch unenvied  
On this tempest-rifted rock!

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CHORUS.

I look, Prometheus, and a tearful cloud  
My woeful sight bedims,  
To see thy goodliest form with insult chained,  
In adamantine bonds,  
To this bare crag, where pinching airs shall blast thee.  
New gods now hold the helm of Heaven; new laws  
Mark Jove's unrighteous rule; the giant trace  
Of Titan times hath vanished.[14](#)

PROM.

Deep in death-receiving Hades  
Had he bound me, had he whelmed me  
In Tartarean pit, unfathomed,  
Fettered with unyielding bonds!  
Then nor god nor man had feasted  
Eyes of triumph on my wrongs,  
Nor I, thus swung in middle ether,[\\*](#)

Moved the laughter of my foes.

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Which of the gods hath heart so hard  
To mock thy woes? Who will withhold  
The fellow-feeling and the tear,  
Save only Jove But he doth nurse  
Strong wrath within his stubborn breast,  
And holds all Heaven in awe.  
Nor will he cease till his hot rage is glutted,  
Or some new venture shakes his stable throne.

PROM.

By my Titan soul, I swear it!  
Though with harsh chains now he mocks me,  
Even now the hour is ripening,  
When this haughty lord of Heaven  
Shall embrace my knees, beseeching  
Me to unveil the new-forged counsels  
That shall hurl him from his throne.<sup>15</sup>  
But no honey-tongued persuasion,  
No smooth words of artful charming,  
No stout threats shall loose my tongue,  
Till he loose these bonds of insult,  
And himself make just atonement  
For injustice done to me.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Thou art a bold man, and defiest  
The keenest pangs to force thy will.  
With a most unreined tongue thou speakest;  
But me—sharp fear hath pierced my heart.  
I fear for thee: and of thy woes  
The distant, doubtful end  
I see not. O, 'tis hard, most hard to reach  
The heart of Jove!<sup>16</sup> prayer beats his ear in vain.

PROM

Harsh is Jove, I know—he frameth

Justice for himself; but soon,  
When the destined arm o'ertakes him,  
He shall tremble as a child.  
He shall smooth his bristling anger,  
Courting friendship shunned before,  
More importunate to unbind me  
Than impatient I of bonds.

CHORUS

Speak now, and let us know the whole offence  
Jove charges thee withal, for which he seized,  
And with dishonor and dire insult loads thee.  
Unfold the tale, unless, perhaps, such sorrow  
Irks thee to tell.

PROM.

To tell or not to tell  
Irks me the same; which way I turn is pain.  
When first the gods their fatal strife began,  
And insurrection raged in Heaven—some striving  
To cast old Kronos from his hoary throne,  
That Jove might reign, and others to crush i' the bud  
His swelling mastery—I wise counsel gave  
To the Titans, sons of primal Heaven and Earth;  
But gave in vain Their dauntless stubborn souls  
Spurned gentle ways, and patient-working wiles,  
Weening swift triumph with a blow. But me,  
My mother Themis, not once but oft, and Earth  
(One shape of various names),<sup>17</sup> prophetic told  
That violence and rude strength in such a strife  
Were vain—craft haply might prevail. This lesson  
I taught the haughty Titans, but they deigned  
Scarce with contempt to hear my prudent words.  
Thus baffled in my plans, I deemed it best,  
As things then were, leagued with my mother Themis,  
To accept Jove's proffered friendship. By my counsels  
From his primeval throne was Kronos\* hurled  
Into the pit Tartarean, dark, profound,  
With all his troop of friends. Such was the kindness  
From me received by him who now doth hold  
The masterdom of Heaven; these the rewards  
Of my great zeal: for so it hath been ever.  
Suspicion's a disease that cleaves to tyrants,  
And they who love most are the first suspected.<sup>18</sup>  
As for your question, for what present fault  
I bear the wrong that now afflicts me, hear.

Soon as he sat on his ancestral throne  
He called the gods together, and assigned  
To each his fair allotment, and his sphere  
Of sway supreme; but, ah! for wretched man!  
To him nor part nor portion fell: Jove vowed  
To blot his memory from the Earth, and mould  
The race anew. † I only of the gods  
Thwarted his will; [19](#) and, but for my strong aid,  
Hades had whelmed, and hopeless ruin swamped  
All men that breathe. Such were my crimes: these pains  
Grievous to suffer, pitiful to behold,  
Were purchased thus; and mercy's now denied  
To him whose crime was mercy to mankind:  
And here I lie, in cunning torment stretched, [20](#)  
A spectacle inglorious to Jove.

CHORUS.

An iron-heart were his, and flinty hard,  
Who on thy woes could look without a tear,  
Prometheus; I had liefer not so seen thee,  
And seeing thee fain would call mine eyesight liar.

PROM.

Certes no sight am I for friends to look on.

CHORUS.

Was this thy sole offence?

PROM.

I taught weak mortals  
Not to foresee harm, and forestall the Fates.

CHORUS.

A sore disease to anticipate mischance:  
How didst thou cure it?

PROM.

Blind hopes of good I planted  
In their dark breasts. [21](#)



CHORUS.

That was a boon indeed,  
To ephemeral man.

PROM.

Nay more, I gave them fire.

CHORUS.

And flame-faced fire is now enjoyed by mortals?[22](#)

PROM.

Enjoyed, and of all arts the destined mother.

CHORUS.

And is this all the roll of thy offendings  
That he should rage so fierce? Hath he not set  
Bounds to his vengeance?

PROM.

None, but his own pleasure.

CHORUS.

And when shall he please? Vain the hope; thou see'st  
That thou hast erred, and that thou hast to us  
No pleasure brings, to thee excess of pain.  
Of this enough. Seek now to cure the evil.

PROM.

'Tis a light thing for him whose foot's unwarped  
By misadventure's meshes to advise  
And counsel the unfortunate. But I  
Foreknew my fate, and if I erred, I erred  
With conscious purpose, purchasing man's weal  
With mine own grief. I knew I should offend  
The Thunderer, though deeming not that he  
Would perch me thus to pine 'twixt Earth and Sky,  
Of this wild wintry waste sole habitant.  
But cease to weep for ills that weeping mends not;  
Descend, and I'll discourse to thee at length

Of chances yet to come. Nay, do not doubt;  
But leave thy car, nor be ashamed to share  
The afflictions of the afflicted; for Mishap,  
Of things that lawless wander, wanders most;  
With me to-day it is with you to-morrow.

CHORUS.

Not to sluggish ears, Prometheus,  
Hast thou spoken thy desire,  
From our breeze-borne car descending,  
With light foot we greet the ground.  
Leaving ether chaste, smooth pathway  
Of the gently-winnowing wing,  
On this craggy rock I stand,  
To hear the tale, while thou mayst tell it,  
Of thy sorrows to the end.

*Enter* Ocean. [23](#)

OCEAN.

From my distant caves cerulean [24](#)  
This fleet-pinioned bird hath borne me;  
Needed neither bit nor bridle,  
Thought instinctive reined the creature;  
Thus, to know thy griefs, Prometheus,  
And to grieve with thee I come  
Soothly strong the tie of kindred  
Binds the heart of man and god;  
But, though no such tie had bound me,  
I had wept for thee the same.  
Well thou know'st not mine the cunning  
To discourse with glozing phrase:  
Tell me how I may relieve thee,  
I am ready to relieve;  
Friend thou boastest none than Ocean  
Surer, in the hour of need.

PROM.

How now, old Ocean? thou too come to view  
My dire disasters?—how shouldst thou have dared,  
Leaving the billowy stream whose name thou bearest,  
Thy rock-roofed halls, and self-built palaces,  
To visit this Scythian land, stern mother of iron,  
To know my sorrows, and to grieve with me?  
Look on this sight—thy friend, the friend of Jove,

Who helped him to the sway which now he bears,  
Crushed by the self-same god himself exalted.

OCEAN.

I see, Prometheus; and I come to speak  
A wise word to the wise; receive it wisely.  
Know what thou art, and make thy manners new;  
For a new king doth rule the subject gods.  
Compose thy speech, nor cast such whetted words  
'Gainst Jove, who, though he sits apart sublime,  
Hath ears, and with new pains may smite his victim,  
To which his present wrath shall seem a toy.  
Listen to me, slack thy fierce ire, and seek  
Speedy deliverance from these woes. Trite wisdom  
Belike I speak, Prometheus; but thou knowest  
A lofty-sounding tongue with passionate phrase  
Buys its own ruin. Proud art thou, unyielding,  
And heap'st new woes tenfold on thine own head.  
Why should'st thou kick against the pricks? Jove reigns  
A lord severe, and of his acts need give  
Account to none. I go to plead for thee,  
And, what I can, will try to save my kinsman;  
But be thou calm the while, curb thy rash speech,  
And let not fame report, that one so wise  
Fell by the forfeit of a foolish tongue.

PROM.

Count thyself happy, Ocean, being free  
From blame, who shared and dared with me. Be wise,  
And what thy meddling aids not, let alone.  
In vain thou plead'st with him; his ears are deaf.  
Look to thyself: thy errand is not safe.

OCEAN.

Wise art thou, passing wise, for others' weal,  
For thine own good most foolish. Prithee do not  
So stretch thy stubborn whim to pull against  
The friends that pull for thee. 'Tis no vain boast;  
I know that Jove will hear me.

PROM.

Thou art kind;  
And for thy kind intent and friendly feeling  
Have my best thanks. But do not, I beseech thee,

Waste labour upon me. If thou wilt labour,  
Seek a more hopeful subject. Thou wert wiser,  
Being safe, to keep thee safe. I, when I suffer,  
Wish not that all my friends should suffer with me.  
Enough my brother Atlas' miseries grieve me.<sup>25</sup>  
Who in the extreme West stands, stoutly bearing  
The pillars of Heaven and Earth upon his shoulders,<sup>26</sup>  
No lightsome burden. Him too, I bewail,  
That made his home in dark Cilician caverns.  
The hostile portent, Earth-born, hundred-headed  
Impetuous Typhon,<sup>27</sup> quelled by force, who stood  
Alone, against the embattled host of gods,  
Hissing out murder from his monstrous jaws;  
And from his eyes there flashed a Gorgon glare,  
As he would smite the tyranny of great Jove  
Clean down; but he, with sleepless thunder watching,  
Hurl'd headlong a flame-breathing bolt, and laid  
The big-mouthed vaunter low. Struck to the heart  
With blasted strength, and shrunk to ashes, there  
A huge and helpless hulk, outstretched he lies,  
Beside the salt sea's strait, pressed down beneath  
The roots of Ætna, on whose peaks Hephaestus  
Sits hammering the hot metal. Thence, one day,  
Shall streams of liquid fire, swift passage forcing,  
With savage jaws the wide-spread plains devour  
Of the fair-fruited Sicilly. Such hot shafts,  
From the flame-breathing ferment of the deep,  
Shall Typhon cast with sateless wrath, though now  
All scorched and cindered by the Thunderer's stroke,  
Moveless he lies. But why should I teach thee?  
Thou art a wise man, thine own wisdom use  
To save thyself. For me, I'll even endure  
These pains, till Jove shall please to slack his ire.

OCEAN.

Know'st thou not this, Prometheus, that mild words  
Are medicines of fierce wrath?<sup>28</sup>

PROM

They are, when spoken  
In a mild hour; but the high-swelling heart  
They do but fret the more.

OCEAN.

But, in the attempt

To ward the threatened harm, what evil see'st thou?

PROM.

Most bootless toil, and folly most inane.

OCEAN.

Be it so; but yet 'tis sometimes well, believe me,  
That a wise man should seem to be a fool.

PROM.

Seem fool, seem wise, I, in the end, am blamed.

OCEAN.

Thy reckless words reluctant send me home.

PROM.

Beware, lest love for me make thyself hated.

OCEAN.

Of whom? Of him, who, on the all-powerful throne  
Sits, a new lord?

PROM.

Even him. Beware thou vex not  
Jove's jealous heart.

OCEAN.

In this, thy fate shall warn me.

PROM.

Away! farewell; and may the prudent thoughts,  
That sway thy bosom now, direct thee ever.

OCEAN.

I go, and quickly. My four-footed bird  
Brushes the broad path of the limpid air  
With forward wing: right gladly will he bend

The wearied knee on his familiar stall.

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

Thy dire disasters, unexampled wrongs,  
I weep, Prometheus.  
From its soft founts distilled the flowing tear  
My cheek bedashes.  
'Tis hard, most hard! By self-made laws Jove rules,  
And 'gainst the host of primal gods he points  
The lordly spear.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

With echoing groans the ambient waste bewails  
Thy fate, Prometheus;  
The neighbouring tribes of holy Asia weep  
For thee, Prometheus;[29](#)  
For thee and thine! names mighty and revered  
Of yore, now shamed, dishonoured, and cast down,  
And chained with thee.

## STROPHE II.

And Colchis, with her belted daughters, weeps  
For thee, Prometheus,  
And Scythian tribes, on Earth's remotest verge,  
Where lone Mæotis\* spreads her wintry waters,  
Do weep for thee.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

The flower of Araby's wandering warriors weep  
For thee, Prometheus;[30](#)  
And they who high their airy holds have perched  
On Caucasus' ridge, with pointed lances bristling,  
Do weep for thee.

## EPODE.

One only vexed like thee, and even as thou,  
In adamant bound,  
A Titan, and a god scorned by the gods,  
Atlas I knew.  
He on his shoulders the surpassing weight

Of the celestial pole stoutly upbore,  
And groaned beneath.  
Roars billowy Ocean, and the Deep sucks back  
Its waters when he sobs; from Earth's dark caves  
Deep hell resounds,  
The fountains of the holy-streaming rivers  
Do moan with him.

PROM.

Deem me not self-willed, nor with pride high-strung,  
That I am dumb, my heart is gnawed to see  
Myself thus mocked and jeered. These gods, to whom  
Owe they their green advancement but to me?  
But this ye know, and, not to teach the taught,  
I'll speak of it no more. Of human kind,  
My great offence in aiding them, in teaching  
The babe to speak, and rousing torpid mind  
To take the grasp of itself—of this I'll talk;  
Meaning to mortal men no blame, but only  
The true recital of mine own deserts.  
For, soothly, having eyes to see they saw not,<sup>31</sup>  
And hearing heard not, but like dreamy phantoms,  
A random life they led from year to year,  
All blindly floundering on. No craft they knew  
With woven brick or jointed beam to pile  
The sunward porch; but in the dark earth burrowed  
And housed, like tiny ants in sunless caves.  
No signs they knew to mark the wintry year.  
The flower-strewn Spring, and the fruit-laden Summer,  
Uncalendared, unregistered, returned—  
Till I the difficult art of the stars revealed,  
Their risings and their settings Numbers, too,  
I taught them (a most choice device)<sup>32</sup> and how  
By marshalled signs to fix their shifting thoughts,  
That Memory, mother of Muses, might achieve  
Her wondrous works. I first slaved to the yoke  
Both ox and ass. I, the rein-loving steeds  
(Of wealth's gay-flaunting pomp the chiefest pride)  
Joined to the car; and bade them ease the toils  
Of labouring men vicarious. I the first  
Upon the lint-winged car of mariner  
Was launched, sea-wandering. Such wise arts I found  
To soothe the ills of man's ephemeral life;  
But for myself, plunged in this depth of woe,  
No prop I find.

CHORUS.

Sad chance! Thy wit hath slipt  
From its firm footing then when needed most,  
Like some unlearned leech who many healed,  
But being sick himself, from all his store,  
Cannot cull out one medicinal drug.

PROM.

Hear me yet farther, and in hearing marvel,  
What arts and curious shifts my wit devised.  
Chiefest of all, the cure of dire disease  
Men owe to me. Nor healing food, nor drink,  
Nor unguent knew they, but did slowly wither  
And waste away for lack of pharmacy,  
Till taught by me to mix the soothing drug,  
And check corruption's march. I fixed the art  
Of divination with its various phase  
Of dim revealings, making dreams speak truth,  
Stray voices, and encounters by the way  
Significant; the flight of taloned birds  
On right and left I marked—these fraught with ban,  
With blissful augury those; their way of life,  
Their mutual loves and enmities, their flocks,  
And friendly gatherings; the entrails' smoothness,  
The hue best liked by the gods, the gall, the liver  
With all its just proportions. I first wrapped  
In the smooth fat the thighs; first burnt the loins,  
And from the flickering flame taught men to spell  
No easy lore, and cleared the fire-faced signs<sup>33</sup>  
Obscure before. Yet more: I probed the Earth,  
To yield its hidden wealth to help man's weakness—  
Iron, copper, silver, gold None but a fool,  
A prating fool, will stint me of this praise.  
And thus, with one short word to sum the tale,  
Prometheus taught all arts to mortal men.

CHORUS.

Do good to men, but do it with discretion.  
Why shouldst thou harm thyself? Good hope I nurse  
To see thee soon from these harsh chains unbound,  
As free, as mighty, as great Jove himself.

PROM.

This may not be; the destined course of things



Fate must accomplish; I must bend me yet  
'Neath wrongs on wrongs, ere I may 'scape these bonds.  
Though Art be strong, Necessity is stronger.

CHORUS.

And who is lord of strong Necessity?[34](#)

PROM.

The triform Fates, and the sure-remembered Furies.

CHORUS.

And mighty Jove himself must yield to them?

PROM.

No more than others Jove can 'scape his doom.[35](#)

CHORUS.

What doom?—No doom hath he but endless sway.

PROM.

'Tis not for thee to know: tempt not the question.

CHORUS.

There's some dread mystery in thy chary speech,  
Close-veiled.

PROM.

Urge this no more: the truth thou'lt know  
In fitting season; now it lies concealed  
In deepest darkness! for relenting Jove  
Himself must woo this secret from my breast.

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

Never, O never may Jove,  
Who in Olympus reigns omnipotent lord,  
Plant his high will against my weak opinion![36](#)  
Let me approach the gods

With blood of oxen and with holy feasts,  
By father Ocean's quenchless stream, and pay  
No backward vows:  
Nor let my tongue offend; but in my heart  
Be lowly wisdom graven.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

For thus old Wisdom speaks:  
Thy life 'tis sweet to cherish, and while the length  
Of years is thine, thy heart with cheerful hopes  
And lightsome joys to feed.  
But thee—ah me! my blood runs cold to see thee,  
Pierced to the marrow with a thousand pains.  
Not fearing Jove,  
Self-willed thou hast respect to man, Prometheus,  
Much more than man deserveth.

### STROPHE II.

For what is man? \* behold!  
Can he requite thy love—child of a day—  
Or help thy extreme need? Hast thou not seen  
The blind and aimless strivings,  
The barren blank endeavour,  
The pithless deeds, of the fleeting dreamlike race?  
Never, O nevermore,  
May mortal wit Jove's ordered plan deceive.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

This lore my heart hath learned  
From sight of thee, and thy sharp pains, Prometheus.  
Alas! what diverse strain I sang thee then,  
Around the bridal chamber,  
And around the bridal bath,  
When thou my sister fair, Hesione,  
Won by rich gifts didst lead [37](#)  
From Ocean's caves thy spousal bed to share.

*Enter Io.* [38](#)

What land is this?—what race of mortals  
Owns this desert? who art thou,  
Rock-bound with these wintry fetters,  
And for what crime tortured thus?  
Worn and weary with far travel,

Tell me where my feet have borne me!  
O pain! pain! pain! it stings and goads me again,  
The fateful brize!—save me, O Earth![39](#)—Avaunt  
Thou horrible shadow of the Earth-born Argus!  
Could not the grave close up thy hundred eyes,  
But thou must come,  
Haunting my path with thy suspicious look,  
Unhoused from Hades?  
Avaunt! avaunt!—why wilt thou hound my track,  
The famished wanderer on the waste sea-shore?

### STROPHE.

Pipe not thy sounding wax-compacted reed  
With drowsy drone at me! Ah wretched me!  
Wandering, still wandering o'er wide Earth, and driven  
Where? where? O tell me where?  
O Son of Kronos, in what damned sin  
Being caught hast thou to misery yoked me thus,  
Pricked me to desperation, and my heart  
Pierced with thy furious goads?  
Blast me with lightnings! bury me in Earth! To the gape  
Of greedy sea-monsters give me! Hear, O hear  
My prayer, O King!  
Enough, enough, these errant toils have tried me;  
And yet no rest I find: nor when, nor where  
These woes shall cease may know.

*CHORUS.*

[40](#)

Dost hear the plaint of the ox-horned maid?

PROM

How should I not? the Inachian maid who knows not,  
Stung by the god-sent brize? the maid who smote  
Jove's lustful heart with love: and his harsh spouse  
Hounds her o'er Earth with chase interminable.

### ANTISTROPHE.

IO

My father's name thou know'st, and my descent!  
Who art thou? god or mortal? Speak! what charm

Gives wretch like thee, the certain clue to know  
My lamentable fate?  
Aye, and the god-sent plague thou know'st; the sting  
That spurs me o'er the far-stretched Earth; the goad  
That mads me sheer, wastes, withers, and consumes,  
A worn and famished maid,  
Whipt by the scourge of jealous Hera's wrath!  
Ah me! ah me! Misery has many shapes,  
But none like mine.  
O thou, who named my Argive home, declare  
What ills await me yet; what end, what hope?  
If hope there be for Io

CHORUS.

I pray thee speak to the weary way-worn maid.

PROM.

I'll tell thee all thy wish, not in enigmas  
Tangled and dark, but in plain phrase, as friend  
Should speak to friend Thou see'st Prometheus, who  
To mortal men gifted immortal fire.

IO

O thou, to man a common blessing given,  
What crime hath bound thee to this wintry rock?

PROM.

I have but ceased rehearsing all my wrongs.

IO.

And dost thou then refuse the boon I ask?

PROM.

What boon? ask what thou wilt, and I will answer.

IO.

Say, then, who bound thee to this ragged cliff?

PROM.

Stern Jove's decree, and harsh Hephaestus' hand.

IO

And for what crime?

PROM.

Let what I've said suffice.

IO.

This, too, I ask—what bound hath fate appointed  
To my far-wandering toils?

PROM.

This not to know  
Were better than to learn

IO.

Nay, do not hide  
This thing from me!

PROM.

If 'tis a boon, believe me,  
I grudge it not.

IO.

Then why so slow to answer?

PROM.

I would not crush thee with the cruel truth.

IO

Fear not; I choose to hear it.

PROM.

Listen then.

CHORUS.

Nay, hear me rather. With her own mouth this maid  
Shall first her bygone woes rehearse; next thou  
What yet remains shalt tell.

PROM.

Even so. [*To Io.*] Speak thou;  
They are the sisters of thy father, Io;<sup>41</sup>  
And to wail out our griefs, when they who listen  
Our troubles with a willing tear requite,  
Is not without its use.

IO

I will obey,  
And in plain speech my chanceful story tell;  
Though much it grieves me to retrace the source,  
Whence sprung this god-sent pest, and of my shape  
Disfigurement abhorred. Night after night  
Strange dreams around my maiden pillow hovering  
Whispered soft temptings. "*O thrice-blessed maid,  
Why pin'st thou thus in virgin loneliness,  
When highest wedlock courts thee? Struck by the shaft  
Of fond desire for thee Jove burns, and pants  
To twine his loves with thine. Spurn not, O maid,  
The proffered bed of Jove, but hie thee straight  
To Lerne's bosomed mead,<sup>42</sup> where are the sheep-folds  
And ox-stalls of thy sire, that so the eye  
Of Jove, being filled with thee, may cease from craving.*"  
Such nightly dreams my restless couch possessed  
Till I, all tears, did force me to unfold  
The portent to my father. He to Pytho\*  
Sent frequent messengers, and to Dodona,  
Searching the pleasure of the gods, but they  
With various-woven phrase came back, and answers  
More doubtful than the quest. At length, a clear  
And unambiguous voice came to my father,  
Enjoining, with most strict command, to send me  
Far from my home, and from my country far,  
To the extreme bounds of Earth an outcast wanderer,  
Else that the fire-faced bolt of Jove should smite  
Our universal race. By such responses,  
Moved of oracular Loxias, my father  
Reluctant me reluctant drove from home,  
And shut the door against me. What he did  
He did perforce; Jove's bit was in his mouth.

Forthwith my wit was frenzied, and my form  
Assumed the brute. With maniac bound I rushed,  
Horned as thou see'st, and with the sharp-mouthed sting  
Of gad-fly pricked infuriate to the cliff  
Of Lerne, and Cenchréa's limpid wave;  
While Argus, Earth-born cow-herd, hundred-eyed,  
Followed the winding traces of my path  
With sharp observance. Him swift-swooping Fate  
Snatched unexpected from his sleepless guard;  
But I from land to land still wander on,  
Scourged by the wrath of Heaven's relentless Queen.  
Thou hast my tale; the sequel, if thou know'st it,  
Is thine to tell; but do not seek, I pray thee,  
In pity for me, to drop soft lies, for nothing  
Is worse than the smooth craft of practised phrase.

CHORUS.

Enough, enough! Woe's me that ever  
Such voices of strange grief should rend my ear!  
That such a tale of woe,  
Insults, and wrongs, and horrors, should freeze me through,  
As with a two-edged sword!  
O destiny! destiny! woes most hard to see,  
More hard to bear! Alas! poor maid for thee!

PROM.

Thy wails anticipate her woes; restrain  
Thy trembling tears till thou hast heard the whole.

CHORUS.

Proceed: to know the worst some solace brings  
To the vexed heart.

PROM.

Your first request I granted,  
And lightly; from her own mouth, ye have heard  
The spring of harm, the stream expect from me,  
How Hera shall draw out her slow revenge.  
Meanwhile, thou seed of Inachus, lend an ear  
And learn thy future travel. First to the east<sup>43</sup>  
Turn thee, and traverse the unploughed Scythian fields,  
Whose wandering tribes their wattled homes transport  
Aloft on well-wheeled wains, themselves well slung  
With the far-darting bow. These pass, and, holding

Thy course by the salt sea's sounding surge, pass through  
The land; next, on thy left, thou'lt reach the Chalybs,  
Workers in iron. These too avoid—for they  
Are savage, and harsh to strangers. Thence proceeding,  
Thou to a stream shalt come, not falsely named  
Hubristes: but the fierce ill-forded wave  
Pass not till Caucasus, hugest hill, receives thee,  
There where the flood its gushing strength foams forth  
Fresh from the rocky brow. Cross then the peaks  
That neighbour with the stars, and thence direct  
Southward thy path to where the Amazons  
Dwell, husband-hated, who shall one day people  
Thermódon's bank, and Themiscyre, and where  
Harsh Salmydessus whets his ravening jaws,  
The sailor's foe, stepmother to the ships.  
These maids shall give thee escort. Next thou'lt reach  
The narrow Cimmerian isthmus, skirting bleak  
The waters of Mæotis. Here delay not,  
But with bold breast cross thou the strait Thy passage  
Linked with the storied name of Bosphorus  
Shall live through endless time. Here, leaving Europe,  
The Asian soil receives thee. Now, answer me,  
Daughters of Ocean, doth not Jove in all things  
Prove his despotic will?—In lawless love  
Longing to mingle with this mortal maid,  
He heaps her with these woes A bitter suitor,  
Poor maid, was thine, and I have told thee scarce  
The prelude of thy griefs

IO

Ah! wretched me!

PROM.

Alas, thy cries and groans!—What wilt thou do,  
When the full measure of thy woes is told thee?

CHORUS.

What! more? her cup of woes not full?

PROM

'Twill flow  
And overflow, a sea of whelming woes.



IO.

Why do I live? Why not embrace the gain  
That, with one cast, this toppling cliff secures,  
And dash me headlong on the ground, to end  
Life and life's sorrows? Once to die is better  
Than thus to drag sick life.

PROM.

Thou'rt happy, Io,  
That death from all thy living wrongs may free thee;  
But I, whom Fate hath made immortal, see  
No end to my long-lingering pains appointed,  
Till Jove from his usurping sway be hurled.

IO.

Jove from his tyranny hurled—can such thing be?

PROM.

Doubtless 'twould feast thine eyes to see't?

IO.

Ay, truly,  
Wronged as I am by him.

PROM

Then, learn from me  
That ne is doomed to fall.

IO.

What hand shall wrest  
Jove's sceptre?

PROM.

Jove's own empty wit.

IO.

How so?

PROM.

From evil marriage reaping evil fruit.

IO.

Marriage! of mortal lineage or divine?

PROM.

Ask me no further. This I may not answer.

IO.

Shall his spouse thrust him from his ancient throne?

PROM.

The son that she brings forth shall wound his father.

IO.

And hath he no redemption from this doom?

PROM.

None, till he loose me from these hated bonds.

IO.

But who, in Jove's despite, shall loose thee?

PROM.

One  
From thine own womb descended.

IO.

How? My Son?  
One born of me shall be thy Saviour!—When?

PROM.

When generations ten have passed, the third. [44](#)

IO.

Thou speak'st ambiguous oracles.

PROM.

I have spoken  
Enough for thee. Pry not into the Fates.

IO.

Wilt thou hold forth a hope to cheat my grasp?

PROM.

I give thee choice of two things: choose thou one.

IO.

What things? Speak, and I'll choose

PROM

Thou hast the choice  
To hear thy toils to the end, or learn his name  
Who comes to save me.

CHORUS.

Nay, divide the choice;  
One half to her concede, to me the other,  
Thus doubly gracious: to the maid her toils,  
To me thy destined Saviour tell.

PROM

So be it!  
Being thus whetted in desire, I would not  
Oppose your wills. First Io, what remains  
Of thy far-sweeping wanderings hear, and grave  
My words on the sure tablets of thy mind.  
When thou hast crossed the narrow stream that parts [45](#)  
The continents, to the far flame-faced East  
Thou shalt proceed, the highway of the Sun;  
Then cross the sounding Ocean, till thou reach  
Cisthené and the Gorgon plains, where dwell  
Phorcys' three daughters, maids with frosty eld

Hoar as the swan, with one eye and one tooth  
Shared by the three; them Phœbus beamy-bright  
Beholds not, nor the nightly Moon. Near them  
Their winged sisters dwell, the Gorgons dire,  
Man-hating monsters, snaky-locked, whom eye  
Of mortal ne'er might look upon and live  
This for thy warning. One more sight remains,  
That fills the eye with horror: mark me well;  
The sharp-beaked Griffins, hounds of Jove, avoid.  
Fell dogs that bark not; and the one-eyed host  
Of Arimasian horsemen with swift hoofs  
Beating the banks of golden-rolling Pluto.  
A distant land, a swarthy people next  
Receives thee: near the fountains of the Sun  
They dwell by Aethiops' wave. This river trace  
Until thy weary feet shall reach the pass  
Whence from the Bybline heights the sacred Nile  
Pours his salubrious flood<sup>46</sup> The winding wave  
Thence to triangled Egypt guides thee, where  
A distant home awaits thee, fated mother  
Of no unstoried race And now, if aught  
That I have spoken doubtful seem or dark,  
Repeat the question, and in plainer speech  
Expect reply. I feel no lack of leisure.

CHORUS.

If thou hast more to speak to her, speak on;  
Or aught omitted to supply, supply it;  
But if her tale is finished, as thou say'st,  
Remember our request

PROM.

Her tale is told,  
But for the more assurance of my words  
The path of toils through which her feet had struggled  
Before she reached this coast I will declare,  
Lightly, and with no cumbrous comment, touching  
Thy latest travel only, wandering Io.  
When thou hadst trod the Molossian plains, and reached  
Steep-ridged Dodona, where Thesprotian Jove  
In council sits, and from the articulate oaks  
(Strange wonder!) speaks prophetic, there thine ears  
This salutation with no doubtful phrase  
Received: "*All hail, great spouse of mighty Jove  
That shall be!*"—say, was it a pleasing sound?  
Thence by the sting of jealous Hera goaded,

Along the coast of Rhea's bosomed sea\*  
Thy steps were driven thence with mazy course  
Tossed hither;47 gaining, if a gain, this solace,  
That future times, by famous Io's name,  
Shall know that sea† These things may be a sign  
That I, beyond the outward show, can pierce  
To the heart of truth What yet remains, I tell  
To thee and them in common, tracing back  
My speech to whence it came There is a city  
In extreme Egypt, where with outspread loam  
Nile breasts the sea, its name Canopus. There  
Jove to thy sober sense shall bring thee back,  
Soft with no fearful touch, and thou shalt bear  
A son, dark Epaphus, whose name shall tell  
The wonder of his birth,48 he shall possess  
What fruitful fields fat Nile broad-streaming laves.  
Four generations then shall pass; the fifth  
In fifty daughters\* glorying shall return  
To ancient Argos, fatal wedlock shunning  
With fathers' brothers' sons; these, their wild hearts  
Fooled with blind lust, as hawks the gentle doves,  
Shall track the fugitive virgins; but a god  
Shall disappoint their chase, and the fair prey  
Save from their lawless touch, the Apian soil  
Shall welcome them to death, and woman's hands  
Shall dare the deed amid the nuptial watches.  
Each bride shall rob her lord of life, and dip  
The sharp steel in his throat. Such nuptial bliss  
May all my enemies know! Only one maid  
Of all the fifty, with a blunted will,  
Shall own the charm of love, and spare her mate,  
And of two adverse reputations choose  
The coward, not the murderess. She shall be  
The mother of a royal race in Argos.  
To tell what follows, with minute remark,  
Were irksome; but from this same root shall spring  
A hero, strong in the archer's craft, whose hand  
Shall free me from these bonds. Such oracle spake  
Titanian Themis, my time-honoured mother,  
But how and why were a long tale to tell,  
Nor being told would boot thine ear to hear it.

IO.

Ah me! pain! pain! ah me!  
Again the fevered spasm hath seized me,  
And the stroke of madness smites!  
Again that fiery sting torments me,

And my heart doth knock my ribs!  
My aching eyes in dizziness roll,  
And my helmless feet are driven  
Whither gusty frenzy blows!  
And my tongue with thick words struggling  
Like a sinking swimmer plashes  
'Gainst the whelming waves of woe!

[*Exit.*

CHORAL HYMN.  
STROPHE.

Wise was the man, most wise,  
Who in deep-thoughted mood conceived, and first  
In pictured speech and pregnant phrase declared  
That marriage, if the Fates shall bless the bond,  
Must be of like with like;  
And that the daughters of an humble house  
Shun tempting union with the pomp of wealth  
And with the pride of birth.

ANTISTROPHE.

Never, O! never may Fate,  
All-powerful Fate which rules both gods and men,  
See me approaching the dread Thunderer's bed,  
And sharing marriage with the Olympian king,  
An humble Ocean-maid!  
May wretched Io, chased by Hera's wrath,  
Unhusbanded, unfriended, fill my sense  
With profitable fear.

EPODE.

Me may an equal bond  
Bind with my equal: never may the eye  
Of a celestial suitor fix the gaze  
Of forceful love on me.  
This were against all odds of war to war,  
And in such strife entangled I were lost;  
For how should humble maid resist the embrace,  
Against great Jove's decree?

PROM

Nay, but this Jove, though insolent now, shall soon

Be humbled low. Such wedlock even now  
He blindly broods, as shall uprear his kingdom,  
And leave no trace behind; then shall the curse,  
Which Kronos heaped upon his ingrate son,  
When hurled unjustly from his hoary throne,  
Be all fulfilled. What remedy remains  
For that dread ruin I alone can tell;  
I only know. Then let him sit aloft,  
Rolling his thunder, his fire-breathing bolt  
Far-brandishing; his arts are vain; his fall,  
Unless my aid prevent, his shameful fall,  
Is doomed. Against himself to life he brings  
A champion fierce, a portent of grim war,  
Who shall invent a fiercer flame than lightning,  
And peals to outpeal the thunder, who shall shiver  
The trident mace that stirs the sea, and shakes  
The solid Earth, the spear of strong Poseidon.  
Thus shall the tyrant learn how much to serve  
Is different from to sway.

CHORUS.

Thou dost but make  
Thy wishes father to thy slanderous phrase.

PROM.

I both speak truth and wish the truth to be.

CHORUS.

But who can think that Jove shall find a master?

PROM.

He shall be mastered! Ay, and worse endure.

CHORUS.

Dost thou not blench to cast such words about thee?

PROM.

How should I fear, being a god and deathless?

CHORUS.

But he can scourge with something worse than death.

PROM.

Even let him scourge! I'm armed for all conclusions.

CHORUS.

Yet they are wise who worship Adrastéa<sup>49</sup>

PROM.

Worship, and pray, fawn on the powers that be;  
But Jove to me is less than very nothing.  
Let him command, and rule his little hour  
To please himself; long time he cannot sway.  
But lo! where comes the courier of this Jove,  
The obsequious minion of this upstart King,  
Doubtless the bearer of some weighty news.

*Enter* Hermes.

HERMES

Thee, cunning sophist, dealing bitter words  
Most bitterly against the gods, the friend  
Of ephemeral man, the thief of sacred fire,  
Thee, Father Jove commands to curb thy boasts,  
And say what marriage threatens his stable throne.  
Answer this question in plain phrase, no dark  
Tangled enigmas; do not add, Prometheus,  
A second journey to my first: and, mark me!  
Thy obduracy cannot soften Jove

PROM.

This solemn mouthing, this proud pomp of phrase  
Beseems the lackey of the gods. New gods  
Ye are, and, being new, ye ween to hold  
Unshaken citadels. Have I not seen  
Two Monarchs ousted from that throne? the third  
I yet shall see precipitate hurled from Heaven  
With baser, speedier, ruin. Do I seem  
To quail before this new-forged dynasty?  
Fear is my farthest thought. I pray thee go  
Turn up the dust again upon the road



Thou cam'st. Reply from me thou shalt have none.

HERMES.

This haughty tone hath been thy sin before:  
Thy pride will strand thee on a worser woe.

PROM.

And were my woe tenfold what now it is,  
I would not barter it for thy sweet chains;  
For liefer would I lackey this bare rock  
Than trip the messages of Father Jove.  
The insolent thus with insolence I repay.

HERMES.

Thou dost delight in miseries; thou art wanton.

PROM.

Wanton! delighted! would my worst enemies  
Might wanton in these bonds, thyself the first!

HERMES.

Must I, too, share the blame of thy distress?

PROM.

In one round sentence, every god I hate  
That injures me who never injured him.

HERMES.

Thou'rt mad, clean mad, thy wit's diseased, Prometheus.

PROM.

Most mad! if madness 'tis to hate our foes.

HERMES.

Prosperity's too good for thee: thy temper  
Could not endure't.

PROM.

Alas! this piercing pang!

HERMES.

“Alas!”—this word Jove does not understand.

PROM,

As Time grows old he teaches many things.

HERMES.

Yet Time that teaches all leaves thee untaught.

PROM.

Untaught in sooth, thus parleying with a slave!

HERMES.

It seems thou wilt not grant great Jove’s demand.

PROM.

Such love as his to me should be repaid  
With like!

HERMES.

Dost beard me like a boy? Beware.

PROM.

Art not a boy, and something yet more witless,  
If thou expectest answer from my mouth?  
Nor insult harsh, nor cunning craft of Jove  
Shall force this tale from me, till he unloose  
These bonds. Yea! let him dart his levin bolts,  
With white-winged snaws and subterranean thunders  
Mix and confound the elements of things!  
No threat, no fear, shall move me to reveal  
The hand that hurls him from his tyrant’s throne.

HERMES.

Bethink thee well: thy vaunts can help thee nothing.

PROM.

I speak not rashly: what I said I said.

HERMES.

If thou art not the bought and sold of folly,  
Dare to learn wisdom from thy present ills.

PROM.

Speak to the waves: thou speak'st to me as vainly!  
Deem not that I, to win a smile from Jove,  
Will spread a maiden smoothness o'er my soul,  
And importune the foe whom most I hate  
With womanish upliftings of the hands.  
Thou'lt see the deathless die first!

HERMES.

I have said  
Much, but that much is vain: thy rigid nature  
To thaw with prayer is hopeless. A young colt  
That frets the bit, and fights against the reins,  
Art thou, fierce-champing with most impotent rage;  
For wilful strength that hath no wisdom in it  
Is less than nothing.<sup>50</sup> But bethink thee well;  
If thou despise my words of timely warning,  
What wintry storm, what threefold surge of woes  
Whelms thee inevitable. Jove shall split  
These craggy cliffs with his cloud-bosomed bolt,  
And sink thee deep: the cold rock shall embrace thee;  
There thou shalt lie, till he shall please to bring thee  
Back to the day, to find new pains prepared:  
For he will send his Eagle-messenger,  
His winged hound,\* in crimson food delighting,  
To tear thy rags of flesh with bloody beak,  
And daily come an uninvited guest  
To banquet on thy gory liver. This,  
And worse expect, unless some god endure  
Vicarious thy tortures,<sup>51</sup> and exchange  
His sunny ether for the rayless homes  
Of gloomy Hades, and deep Tartarus.  
Consider well. No empty boast I speak,

But weighty words well weighed: the mouth of Jove  
Hath never known a lie, and speech with him  
Is prophet of its deed. Ponder and weigh,  
Close not thy stubborn ears to good advice.

CHORUS.

If we may speak, what Hermes says is wise,  
And fitting the occasion. He advises  
That stubborn will should yield to prudent counsel.  
Obey: thy wisdom should not league with folly.

PROM.

Nothing new this preacher preaches:  
Seems it strange that foe should suffer  
From the vengeance of his foe?  
I am ready. Let him wreath  
Curls of scorching flame around me;  
Let him fret the air with thunder,  
And the savage-blustering winds!  
Let the deep abysmal tempest  
Wrench the firm roots of the Earth!  
Let the sea upheave her billows,  
Mingling the fierce rush of waters  
With the pathway of the stars!  
Let the harsh-winged hurricane sweep me  
In its whirls, and fling me down  
To black Tartarus: there to lie  
Bound in the iron folds of Fate.  
I will bear . but cannot die.

HERMES.

Whom the nymphs have struck with madness  
Raves as this loud blusterer raves;  
Seems he not a willing madman,  
Let him reap the fruits he sowed![52](#)  
But ye maids, who share his sorrows,  
Not his crimes, with quick removal  
Hie from this devoted spot,  
Lest with idiocy the thunder  
Harshly blast your maundering wits.

CHORUS.

Wouldst thou with thy words persuade us,  
Use a more persuasive speech;

Urge no reasons to convince me  
That an honest heart must hate.  
With his sorrows I will sorrow:  
I will hate a traitor's name,  
Earth has plagues, but none more noisome  
Than a faithless friend in need.

HERMES.

Ponder well my prudent counsel,  
Nor, when evil hunts thee out,  
Blame great Jove that he doth smite thee  
With an unexpected stroke.  
Not the gods; thy proper folly  
Is the parent of thy woes.\*  
Jove hath laid no trap to snare thee,  
But the scapeless net of ruin  
Thou hast woven for thyself.

PROM.

Now his threats walk forth in action,  
And the firm Earth quakes indeed.  
Deep and loud the ambient Thunder  
Bellows, and the flaring Lightning  
Wreathes his fiery curls around me,  
And the Whirlwind rolls his dust;  
And the Winds from rival regions  
Rush in elemental strife,  
And the Ocean's storm-vexed billows  
Mingle with the startled stars!  
Doubtless now the tyrant gathers  
All his hoarded wrath to overwhelm me.  
Mighty Mother, worshipped Themis,  
Circling Ether that diffusest  
Light, a common joy to all,  
Thou beholdest these my wrongs!

## NOTES TO PROMETHEUS BOUND

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## THE SUPPLIANTS

### A LYRICO-DRAMATIC SPECTACLE

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby  
Some have entertained angels unawares.

St. Paul.

πρὸς γὰρ Διὸς ἴσιν ἅπαντες  
Ξεῖνοί τε πτωχοί τε.

Homer.

## PERSONS

Chorus of Danaides.

Danaus.

Pelagus, King of Argos, and Attendants.

Herald.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

Considered by itself, the action of this piece is the most meagre that can be conceived, and, as the poet has handled it, contains little that can stir the deeper feelings of the heart, or strike the imagination strongly. That the king of the Argives should feel serious doubts as to the propriety of receiving such a band of foreigners into his kingdom, formidable not in their own strength, indeed, but in respect of the pursuing party, by whom they were claimed, was most natural; equally natural, however, and, in a poetic point of view, necessary, that his political fears should finally be outweighed by his benevolent regard for the rights of unprotected virgins, and his pious fear of the wrath of Jove, the protector of suppliants. The alternation of mind between these contending feelings, till a final resolve is taken on the side of the right, affords no field for the higher faculty of the dramatist to display itself. As we have it, accordingly, the *Suppliants* is, perhaps, the weakest performance of Æschylus. But the fact is, there is the best reason to believe that the great father of tragedy never meant this piece to stand alone, but wrote it merely to usher in the main action, which followed in the other pieces of a trilogy; the names of which pieces—*Ἰγύπτιοι*, and *Δαναίδες*—are preserved in the list of the author's pieces still extant. Of this, the whole conclusion of the present piece, and especially the latter half of the last choral chaunt, furnishes the most conclusive evidence.

The remainder of the story, which formed the main action of the trilogy, is well known. Immediately after the reception of the fugitives, by the Argives, their pursuers arrive, and land on the coast. This arrival is announced in the last scene of the present piece. On this, Danaus, unwilling to lead his kind host into a war, pretends to yield to the suit still as eagerly pressed, and the marriage is agreed on. But a terrible revenge had been devised. At the very moment that he hands over his unwilling but obedient daughters to the subjection of their hated cousins, he gives them secret instructions to furnish themselves each with a dagger, and, during the watches of the nuptial night, to dip the steel in the throats of their unsuspecting lords. The bloody deed was completed. Only one of all the fifty daughters, preferring the fame of true womanhood to the claims of filial homage, spared her mate Hypermnestra saved her husband Lynceus. This conduct, of course, brought the daughter into collision with her father and her father's family; and one of those strifes of our mysterious moral nature was educed, which, as we have seen in the trilogy of the Orestiad, it was one great purpose of the Æschylean drama to reconcile. If the murder occupied the second piece, as the progress of the story naturally brings with it, a third piece, according to the analogy of the Eumenides, would be necessary to bring about the reconciliation, and effect that purifying of the passions which Aristotle points out as the great moral result of tragic composition. That Aphrodite was the great celestial agent employed in the finale of the Suppliants, as Pallas Athena is in the Furies, has been well divined; a beautiful fragment in celebration of love, and in favour of Hypermnestra remains; but to attempt a reconstruction of these lost pieces at the present day, though an amusement of which the learned Germans are fond, is foreign to the habits of the British mind. Those who feel inclined to see what ingenuity may achieve in this region, are referred to Welcker's Trilogie, and Gruppe's Ariadne.

The moral tone and character of this piece is in the highest degree pleasing and satisfactory. The Supreme Jove, whose prominent attribute is power, here receives a glorification as the protector of the persecuted, and the refuge of the distressed. On the duty of hospitality, under the sanction of Ζεὺς ξένιος and ἡκεστος, as practised among the ancient Greeks, I refer the reader with pleasure to Grote's History of Greece, Vol. II., p. 114.

“The scene,” says Potter, “is near the shore, in an open grove, close to the altar and images of the gods presiding over the sacred games, with a view of the sea and ships of Egyptus on one side, and of the town of Argos on the other, with hills, and woods, and vales, a river flowing between them: all, together with the persons of the drama, forming a picture that would have well employed the united pencils of Poussin and Claude.”

*Chorus, entering the stage in procession. March time.*

CHORUS

Jove, the suppliant's high protector,<sup>1</sup>  
 Look from Heaven, benignly favouring  
 Us the suppliant band, swift-oared  
 Hither sailing, from the seven mouths

Of the fat fine-sanded Nile!<sup>2</sup>  
From the land that fringes Syria,  
Land divine, in flight we came,  
Not by public vote forth-driven,  
Not by taint of blood divorced  
From our native state,\* but chastely  
Our abhorrent foot withdrawing  
From impure ungodly wedlock  
With Ægyptus' sons, too nearly  
Cousined with ourselves. For wisely,  
This our threatened harm well-weighing,  
Danaus, our sire, prime counsellor,  
And leader of our sistered band,  
Timely chose this least of sorrows  
O'er the salt-sea wave to flee;  
And here on Argive soil to plant us,  
Whence our race its vaunted spring  
Drew divinely, when great Jove  
Gently thrilled the brize-stung heifer<sup>3</sup>  
With his procreant touch, and breathed  
Godlike virtue on her womb.  
Where on Earth should we hope refuge  
On more friendly ground than this,  
In our hands these green boughs bearing  
Wreathed with precatory wool?<sup>†</sup>  
Ye blissful gods supremely swaying<sup>4</sup>  
Land and city, and lucid streams;  
And ye in sepulchres dark, severely  
Worshipped 'neath the sunless ground;  
And thou, the third, great Jove the Saviour,  
Guardian of all holy homes,  
With your spirit gracious-wafted,  
Breathe fair welcome on this band  
Of suppliant maids But in the depth  
Of whirling waves engulf the swarm  
Of insolent youths, Ægyptus' sons,  
Them, and their sea-cars swiftly oared,  
Ere this slimy shore receive  
Their hated footprint. Let them labour,  
With wrath-spitting seas confronted.  
By the wild storm wintry-beating,  
Thunder-crashing, lightning flashing,  
By the tyrannous blast shower-laden  
Let them perish, ere they mount  
Marriage beds which right refuses,<sup>5</sup>  
Us, their father's brother's daughters  
To their lawless yoke enthralling!



*The Chorus assemble in a band round the centre of the Orchestra, and sing the Choral Hymn.*

### STROPHE I.

Give ear to our prayer, we implore thee,  
Thou son, and the mother that bore thee—  
The calf and the heifer divine! \*  
From afar be thine offspring's avenger,  
Even thou, once a beautiful ranger  
O'er these meads with the grass-cropping kine!  
And thou, whom she bore to her honor,  
When the breath of the Highest was on her,  
And the touch of the finger divine;  
Thine ear, mighty god, we implore thee  
To the prayer of thine offspring incline!

### ANTISTROPHE I.

O Thou who with blessing anointed,  
Wert born when by Fate 'twas appointed,  
With thy name to all ages a sign! †  
In this land of the mother that bore thee,  
Her toils we remember before thee,  
Where she cropped the green mead with the kine.  
O strange were her fortunes, and stranger  
The fate that hath chased me from danger  
To the home of the heifer divine.  
O son, with the mother that bore thee,  
Stamp my tale with thy truth for a sign!

### STROPHE AND ANTISTROPHE II.

While we cry, should there haply be near us  
An Argive, an augur, \* to hear us,  
When our shrill-piercing wail  
His ear shall assail,  
'Tis the cry he will deem, and none other,  
Of Procne, the woe-wedded mother,  
The hawk-hunted nightingale; †  
Sad bird, when its known streams it leaveth,  
And with fresh-bleeding grief lonely grieveth,  
And telleth the tale,  
With a shrill-voiced wail,  
How the son that she loved, and none other,  
Was slain by his fell-purposed mother,  
The woe-wedded nightingale!

### STROPHE III.

Even so from the Nile summer-tinted,  
With Ionian wailings unstinted,<sup>6</sup>  
My cheek with the keen nail I tear;  
And I pluck, where it bloweth,  
Grief's blossom that groweth  
In this heart first acquainted with care;  
And I fear the fierce band,  
From the far misty land,<sup>7</sup>  
Whom the swift ships to Argos may bear.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Ye gods of my race, seeing clearly  
The right which ye cherish so dearly,  
To the haughty your hatred declare!  
'Gainst the right ye will never  
Chaste virgins deliver,  
The bed of the lawless to share;  
From the god-fenced altar  
Each awe-struck assaulter  
Back shrinks. Our sure bulwark is there.

### STROPHE IV.

O would that Jove might show to men  
His counsel as he planned it,  
But ah! he darkly weaves the scheme,  
No mortal eye hath scanned it.  
It burns through darkness brightly clear  
To whom the god shall show it;  
But mortal man, through cloudy fear,  
Shall search in vain to know it.

### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Firm to the goal his purpose treads,  
His will knows no frustration;  
When with his brow the mighty god  
Hath nodded consummation  
But strangely, strangely weave their maze  
His counsels, dusky wending,  
Concealed in densely-tangled ways  
From human comprehending.

## STROPHE V.

From their high-towering hopes the proud  
In wretched rout he casteth.  
No force he wields; his simple will,  
His quiet sentence blasteth.  
All godlike power is calm;<sup>8</sup> and high  
On thrones of glory seated,  
Jove looks from Heaven with tranquil eye,  
And sees his will completed.

## ANTISTROPHE V.

Look down, O mighty god, and see  
How this harsh wedlock planning,  
That dry old tree in saplings green,  
The insolent lust is fanning!  
Madly he hugs the frenzied plan  
With perverse heart unbending,  
Hot-spurred, till Ruin seize the man,  
Too late to think of mending.

## STROPHE VI.

Ah! well-a-day! ah! well-a-day!<sup>9</sup>  
Thus sadly I hymn the sorrowful lay,  
With a shrill-voiced cry,  
With a sorrow-streaming eye,  
Well-a-day, woe's me!  
Thus I grace my own tomb with the wail pouring free,  
Thus I sing my own dirge, ah me!<sup>\*</sup>  
Ye Apian hills, be kind to me,  
And throw not back the stranger's note,  
But know the Libyan wail.  
Behold how, rent to sorrow's note,  
My linen robes all loosely float,  
And my Sidonian veil.

## ANTISTROPHE VI.

Ah! well-a-day! ah! well-a-day!  
My plighted vows I'll duly pay,  
Ye gods, if ye will save  
From the foe, and from the grave  
My trembling life set free!  
Surges high, surges high, sorrow's many-billowed sea,  
And woe towers on woe. Ah me!

Ye Apian hills, [10](#) be kind to me,  
And throw not back the stranger's note  
But know the Libyan wail!  
Behold how, rent to sorrow's note,  
My linen robes all loosely float,  
And my Sidonian veil!

### STROPHE VII.

And yet, in that slight timbered house, well-armed  
With frequent-plashing oar,  
Stiff sail and cordage straining, all unharmed  
By winter's stormy roar,  
We reached this Argive shore.  
Safely so far. May Jove, the all-seeing, send  
As the beginning, so the prosperous end.  
And may he grant, indeed,  
That we, a gracious mother's gracious seed,  
By no harsh kindred wooed,  
May live on Apian ground unyoked and unsubdued!

### ANTISTROPHE VII.

May she, the virgin daughter of high Jove, [\\*](#)  
Our virgin litany hear,  
Our loving homage answering with more love!  
She that, with face severe,  
Repelled, in awful fear,  
Each rude aggressor, in firm virtue cased,  
Nor knew the lustful touch divinely chaste.  
And may she grant, indeed,  
That we, a gracious mother's gracious seed,  
By no harsh kindred wooed,  
May live on Apian ground unyoked and unsubdued.

### STROPHE VIII.

But if no aid to us may be,  
Libya's swart sun-beaten daughters,  
The rope shall end our toils; and we,  
Beneath the ground, shall fare to thee,  
Thou many-guested Jove, [†](#)  
To thee our suppliant boughs we'll spread,  
Thou Saviour of the weary Dead,  
Far from the shining thrones of blissful gods above.  
Ah, Jove too well we know  
What wrath divine scourged ancient Io, wailing

Beneath thy consort's anger heaven-scaling;  
And even so,  
On Io's seed may blow  
A buffeting blast from her of black despairful woe.

### ANTISTROPHE VIII.

O Jove, how then wilt thou be free  
From just reproach of Libya's daughters,  
If thou in us dishonoured see  
Him whom the heifer bore to thee  
Whom thou didst chiefly love.  
If thou from us shalt turn thy face,  
What suppliant then shall seek thy grace?  
O hear my prayer enthroned in loftiest state above!  
For well, too well, we know  
What wrath divine scourged ancient Io, wailing  
Beneath thy consort's anger heaven-scaling;  
And even so,  
On Io's seed may blow  
A buffeting blast from her of black despairful woe

*Enter Danaus.*

DANAUS.

Be wise, my daughters. In no rash flight with me,  
A hoary father, and a faithful pilot,  
Ye crossed the seas; nor less is wisdom needful  
Ashore; be wise, and on your heart's true tablet  
Engrave my words. For lo! where mounts the dust,  
A voiceless herald of their coming; hear  
Their distant-rumbling wheels! A host I see  
Of bright shield-bearing and spear-shaking men,  
Swift steeds, and rounded cars.<sup>11</sup> Of our here landing,  
Timely apprised, the chiefs that rule this country  
Come with their eyes to read us. But be their coming  
Harmless, or harsh with fell displeasure, here  
On this high-seat of the Agonian gods<sup>12</sup>  
Is safety for my daughters; for an altar  
Is a sure tower of strength, a shield that bears  
The rattling terror dintless. Go ye, therefore,  
Embrace these altars, in your sistered hands<sup>13</sup>  
These white-wreathed precatory boughs presenting,  
Which awful Jove reveres; and with choice phrase  
Wisely your pity-moving tale-commend  
When they shall ask you; as becomes the stranger,  
The bloodless motive of your flight declaring

With clear recital The bold tongue eschewing,  
With sober-fronted face and quiet eye  
Your tale unfold. The garrulous prate, the length  
Of slow-drawn speech beware. Such fault offends  
This people sorely. Chiefly know to yield:  
Thou art the weaker—a poor helpless stranger—  
The bold-mouthed phrase suits ill with thy condition.

CHORUS.

Father, thou speakest wisely: nor unwisely  
Thy words would we receive, in memory's ward  
Storing thy hests; ancestral Jove be witness!

DANAUS.

Even so; and with benignant eye look down![14](#)

CHORUS.

\* \* \* \*

DANAUS.

Delay not. In performance show thy strength.

CHORUS.

Even there where thou dost sit, I'd sit beside thee!

DANAUS

O Jove show pity ere pity come too late!

CHORUS.

Jove willing, all is well.

DANAUS.

Him, therefore, pray,  
There where his bird the altar decorates:[15](#) pray  
Apollo, too, the pure, the exiled once[16](#)  
From bright Olympus.

CHORUS.

The sun's restoring rays  
We pray: the god what fate he knew will pity.

DANAUS.

May he with pity and with aid be near!

CHORUS.

Whom next shall I invoke?

DANAUS.

Thou see'st this trident  
And know'st of whom the symbol?

CHORUS.

May the same  
That sent us hither kindly now receive us!

DANAUS.

Here's Hermes likewise, as Greece knows the god.[17](#)

CHORUS.

Be he my herald, heralding the free!

DANAUS.

This common altar of these mighty gods  
Adore: within these holy precincts lodged,  
Pure doves from hawks of kindred plumage fleeing,  
Foes of your blood, polluters of your race.  
Can bird eat bird and be an holy thing?[18](#)  
Can man be pure, from an unwilling father  
Robbing unwilling brides? Who does these deeds  
Will find no refuge from lewd guilt in Hades;  
For there, as we have heard, another Jove  
Holds final judgment on the guilty shades.  
But now be ready. Here await their coming;  
May the gods grant a victory to our prayers!

*Enter King.*

KING.

Whom speak we here? Whence come? Certes no Greeks.  
Your tire rich-flaunting with barbaric pride  
Bespeaks you strangers. Argos knows you not,  
Nor any part of Greece. Strange surely 'tis  
That all unheralded, unattended all,  
And of no host the acknowledged guest, unfearing  
Ye tread this land.<sup>19</sup> If these boughs, woolly-wreathed,  
That grace the altars of the Agonian gods  
Speak what to Greeks they should speak, ye are suppliants.  
Thus much I see: what more remains to guess  
I spare; yourselves have tongues to speak the truth.

CHORUS.

That we are strangers is most true; but whom  
See we in thee? a citizen? a priest?  
A temple warder with his sacred wand?  
The ruler of the state?

KING.

Speak with a fearless tongue, and plainly. I  
Of old earth-born Palæcthon am the son,<sup>20</sup>  
My name Pelasgus, ruler of this land;  
And fathered with my name the men who reap  
Earth's fruits beneath my sway are called Pelasgi;  
And all the land where Algos flows, and Strymon,<sup>21</sup>  
Toward the westering sun my sceptre holds.  
My kingdom the Perrhæbians bound, and those  
Beyond high Pindus, by Pæonia, and  
The Dodonéan heights; the briny wave  
Completes the circling line; within these bounds  
I rule; but here, where now thy foot is planted,  
The land is Apia, from a wise physician  
Of hoary date so called. He, from Naupactus,  
Apollo's son, by double right, physician  
And prophet both,<sup>22</sup> crossed to this coast, and freed it  
By holy purifyings, from the plague  
Of man-destroying monsters, which the ground  
With ancient taint of blood polluted bore.  
This plague his virtue medicinal healed,  
That we no more unfriendly fellowship  
Hold with the dragon-brood. Such worthy service  
With thankful heart the Argive land received,  
And Apis lives remembered in her prayers.  
Of this from me assured, now let me hear



Your whence, and what your purpose. Briefly speak;  
This people hates much phrase.

CHORUS.

Our tale is short.  
We by descent are Argives, from the seed  
Of the heifer sprung, whose womb was blest in bearing;  
And this in every word we can confirm  
By manifest proofs.

KING.

That ye are Argives, this  
My ear receives not; an unlikely tale!  
Like Libyan women rather; not a line  
I trace in you that marks our native race.  
Nile might produce such daughters; ye do bear  
A Cyprian character in your female features,  
The impressed likeness of some plastic male.\*  
Of wandering Indians I have heard, that harness  
Camels for mules, huge-striding, dwelling near  
The swarthy Æthiop land; ye may be such;  
Or, had ye war's accoutrement, the bow,  
Ye might be Amazons, stern, husband-hating,  
Flesh-eating maids. But speak, that I may know  
The truth. How vouch ye your descent from Argos?

CHORUS.

They say that Io, on this Argive ground,  
Erst bore the keys to Hera,<sup>23</sup> then 'tis said,  
So runs the general rumour—<sup>24</sup>

KING.

I have heard.  
Was it not so, Jove with the mortal maid  
Mingled in love?

CHORUS.

Even so; in love they mingled,  
Deceiving Hera's bed.

KING.

And how then ended  
The Olympian strife?

CHORUS.

Enraged, the Argive goddess  
To a heifer changed the maid.

KING.

And the god came  
To the fair horned heifer?

CHORUS.

Like a leaping bull,  
Transformed he came,<sup>25</sup> so the hoar legend tells.

KING.

And what did then the potent spouse of Jove?

CHORUS.

She sent a watchman ringed with eyes to watch.

KING.

This all-beholding herdsman, who was he?

CHORUS.

Argus the son of Earth, by Hermes slain.

KING.

How further fared the ill-fated heifer, say?

CHORUS.

A persecuting brize was sent to sting her.

KING.

And o'er the wide earth goaded her the brize?

CHORUS.

Just so, thy tale with mine accordant chimes.

KING.

Then to Canopus, and to Memphis came she?

CHORUS.

There, touched by Jove's boon hand, she bore a son.

KING.

The heifer's boasted offspring, who was he?

CHORUS.

Epaphus, who plainly with his name declares  
His mother's safety wrought by touch of Jove.

KING.

\* \* \* \* [26](#)

CHORUS.

Libya, dowered with a fair land's goodly name.

KING.

And from this root divine what other shoots?

CHORUS.

Belus, my father's father, and my uncle's.

KING.

Who is thy honoured father?

CHORUS.

Danaus;  
And fifty sons his brother hath, my uncle.

KING.

This brother who? Spare not to tell the whole.

CHORUS.

Ægyptus. Now, O king, our ancient race  
Thou knowest. Us from our prostration raising,  
Thou raisest Argos

KING.

Argives in sooth ye seem,  
By old descent participant of the soil;  
But by what stroke of sore mischance harsh-smitten,  
Dared ye to wander from your native seats?

CHORUS.

Pelasgian prince, a motley-threaded web  
Is human woe; a wing of dappled plumes.  
Past hope and faith it was that we, whose blood  
From Argive Io flows, to Io's city,  
In startled flight, should measure back our way,  
To escape from hated marriage.

KING.

How say'st thou?  
To escape from marriage thou art here, displaying  
These fresh-cropt branches, snowy-wreathed, before  
The Agonian gods?

CHORUS

Ay! Never, never may we  
Be thrall'd to Ægyptus' sons!

KING.

Speak'st thou of hate  
To them, or of a bond your laws forbid?

CHORUS.

Both this and that.<sup>27</sup> Who should be friends were foes,  
And blood with blood near-mingled basely flows

KING.

But branch on branch well grafted goodlier grows

CHORUS.

Urge not this point; but rather think one word  
From thee the wretched rescues.

KING.

How then shall I  
My friendly disposition show?

CHORUS.

We ask  
But this—from our pursuers save us.

KING.

What!  
Shall I for unknown exiles breed a war?

CHORUS.

Justice will fight for him who fights for us.

KING.

Doubtless; if Justice from the first hath stamped  
Your cause for hers.

*CHORUS[POINTING TO THE ALTAR].*

The state's high poop here crowned Revere.

KING.

This green environment of shade,  
Mantling the seats of the gods I see, and shudder.

CHORUS.

The wrath of suppliant Jove<sup>28</sup> is hard to bear.

## STROPHE I.

O hear my cry, benignly hear!  
Thou son of Palæcthon, hear me!  
The fugitive wandering suppliant hear!  
Thou king of Pelasgians, hear me!  
Like a heifer young by the wolf pursued<sup>29</sup>  
O'er the rocks so clifty and lonely,  
And loudly it lows to the herdsman good,  
Whose strength can save it only.

KING

My eyes are tasked; there, 'neath the shielding shade  
Of fresh-lopt branches I behold you clinging  
To these Agonian gods; but what I do  
Must spare the state from harm. I must provide  
That no unlooked-for unprepared event  
Beget new strife; of this we have enough.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Great Jove that allotteth their lot to all,  
By his sentence of right shall clear thee,  
Dread Themis that heareth the suppliants' call,  
No harm shall allow to come near thee.  
Though I speak to the old with the voice of the young,  
Do the will of the gods, and surely  
Their favour to thee justly weighed shall belong,  
When thy gifts thou offerest purely.

KING.

Not at my hearth with precatory boughs  
Ye lie. The state, if guilty taint from you  
Affect the general weal, will for the state  
Take counsel. I nor pledge nor promise give,  
Till all the citizens hear what thou shalt say.

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Thou art the state, and the people art thou,<sup>30</sup>  
The deed that thou doest who judges?

The hearth and the altar before thee bow,  
The grace that thou grantest who grudges?  
Thou noddest, the will that thou willest is thine,  
Thy vote with no voter thou sharest;  
The throne is all thine, and the sceptre divine,  
And thy guilt, when thou sinnest, thou bearest.

KING

Guilt lie on those that hate me! but your prayers  
Harmless I may not hear; and to reject them  
Were harsh. To do, and not to do alike  
Perplex me; on the edge of choice I tremble.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Him worship who sitteth a watchman in Heaven,  
And looks on this life of our labour;  
Nor looketh in vain, when the wretched is driven  
From the gate of his pitiless neighbour.  
On our knees when we fall, and for mercy we call,  
If his right thou deny to the stranger,  
Jove shall look on thy home, from his thunder dome,  
Sternly wrathful, the suppliants' avenger.

KING.

But if Ægyptus' sons shall claim you, pleading  
Their country's laws, and their near kinship, who  
Shall dare to stand respondent? You must plead  
Your native laws, so the laws plead for you,  
And speak you free from who would force your love.

## STROPHE III.

CHORUS.

Ah ne'er to the rough-handed youth let me yield,  
But rather alone, 'neath the wide starry field,  
Let me wander, an outcast, a stranger!  
The ill-sorted yoke I abhor: and do thou,  
With Justice to second thee, judge for me now,  
And fear Him above, the Avenger!

KING.

Not I shall judge: it is no easy judgment.  
What I have said, I said. Without the people  
I cannot do this thing; [31](#) being absolute king,  
I would not. Justly, if mischance shall follow,  
The popular tongue will blame the ruler, who,  
To save the stranger, ruined his own flock.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

CHORUS.

Where kindred with kindred contendeth in war,  
Jove looks on the strife, and decides from afar,  
Where he holdeth the scales even-handed, [\\*](#)  
O why wilt thou doubt to declare for the right?  
He blesseth the good, but in anger will smite,  
Where the sons of the wicked are banded.

KING.

To advise for you in such confounding depths,  
My soul should be a diver, to plunge down  
Far in the pool profound with seeing eye,  
And feel no dizziness. 'Tis no light matter  
Here to unite your safety and the state's.  
If that your kindred claim you as their right,  
And we withstand, a bloody strife ensues.  
If from these altars of the gods we tear you,  
Your chosen refuge, we shall surely bring  
The all-destroying god, the stern Alastor, [\\*](#)  
To house with us, whom not the dead in Hades  
Can flee. Is here no cause to ponder well?

### STROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Ponder well,  
With thee to dwell,  
A righteous-minded host receive us!  
Weary-worn,  
Exiles lorn,  
From the godless men that grieve us  
Save to-day;  
Nor cast-a-way



Homeless, houseless, hopeless leave us!

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Shall rash assaulters  
From these altars  
Rudely drag the friendless stranger?  
Thou art king,  
'Neath thy wing  
Cowers in vain the weak from danger?  
Thy terror show  
To our fierce foe,  
Fear, O fear our High Avenger!

### STROPHE II.

Where they see  
The gods and thee,  
Shall their lawless will not falter?  
Shall they tear  
My floating hair,  
As a horse dragged by the halter?  
Wilt thou bear  
Him to tear  
My frontlets fair,  
My linen robes—the bold assaulter?

### ANTISTROPHE II.

One the danger,  
If the stranger  
Thou reject, or welcome wisely;  
For thee and thine  
To Mars a fine  
Thou shalt pay the same precisely:  
From Egypt far  
Fearing war,  
Thou shalt mar  
Thy peace with mighty Jove, not wisely.

KING.

Both ways I'm marred. Even here my wits are stranded.  
With these or those harsh war to make, strong Force  
Compels my will. Nailed am I like a vessel  
Screwed to the dock, beneath the shipwright's tool.  
Which way I turn is woe. A plundered house

By grace of possessory Jove<sup>32</sup> may freight  
New ships with bales that far outweigh the loss;  
And a rash tongue that overshoots the mark  
With barbéd phrase that harshly frets the heart,  
With one smooth word, may charm the offence away.  
But ere the sluice of kindred blood be opened,  
With vows and victims we must pray the gods  
Importunate, if perchance such fateful harm  
They may avert. Myself were little wise  
To mingle in this strife: of such a war  
Most ignorant is most blest: but may the gods  
Deceive my fears, and crown your hopes with blessing!

CHORUS.

Now hear the end of my respectful prayers.

KING.

I hear. Speak on. Thy words shall not escape me.

CHORUS.

Thou see'st this sash, this zone my stole begirding.

KING.

Fit garniture of women. Yes; I see it.

CHORUS.

This zone well-used may serve us well.

KING.

How so?

CHORUS.

If thou refuse to pledge our safety, then—

KING.

Thy zone shall pledge it how?

CHORUS.

Thou shalt behold  
These ancient altars with new tablets hung.

KING.

Thou speak'st in riddles. Explain.

CHORUS.

These gods shall see me  
Here hanging from their shrines.

KING.

Hush, maiden! Hush!  
Thy words pierce through my marrow!

CHORUS.

Thou hast heard  
No blind enigma now. I gave it eyes.

KING.

Alas! with vast environment of ills  
I'm hedged all round. Misfortune, like a sea,  
Comes rushing in: the deep unfathomed flood  
I fear to cross, and find no harbour nigh.  
Thy prayer if I refuse, black horror rises  
Before me, that no highest-pointed aim  
May overshoot. If posted fore these walls  
I give thy kindred battle, I shall be  
Amerced with bitter loss, who reckless dared  
For woman's sake to incarnadine the plain  
With brave men's blood. Yet I perforce must fear  
The wrath of suppliant Jove, than which no terror  
Awes human hearts more strongly. Take these branches,  
Thou aged father of these maids, and place them  
On other altars of the native gods,  
Where they may speak, true heralds of thy mission,  
To all the citizens: and, mark me, keep  
My words within thy breast: for still the people  
To spy a fault in whoso bears authority  
Have a most subtle sight. Trust your good cause.  
Thy pitiful tale may move their righteous ire

Against your haughty-hearted persecutors,  
And 'neath their wings they'll shield you. The afflicted  
Plead for themselves: their natural due is kindness.

DANAUS.

Your worth we know to prize, and at their weight  
Our high protector's friendly words we value.  
But send, we pray, attendant guides to show us  
The pillar-compassed seats divine,<sup>33</sup> the altars  
That stand before their temples, who protect  
This city and this land, and to insure  
Our safety mid the people: for our coming  
(Being strangers from the distant Nile, and not  
Like you that drink the stream of Inachus  
In features or in bearing) might seem strange.  
Too bold an air might rouse suspicion; men  
Oft-times have slain their best friends unawares.

*KING[TO THE ATTENDANTS].*

See him escorted well! conduct him  
hence  
To the altars of the city, to the shrines  
Of the protecting gods, wasting no speech  
On whom you meet. Attend the suppliant stranger!

*[Exeunt Attendants with Danaus.]*

CHORUS.

These words to him: and, with his sails well trimmed,  
Fair be his voyage! But I, what shall I do,  
My anchor where?

KING.

Here leave these boughs that prove  
Thy sorrows.

CHORUS.

Here at thy rever'd command  
I leave them.

KING.

This ample wood shall shade thee; wait thou here!

CHORUS.

No sacred grove is this how should it shield me?

KING.

We will not yield thee to the vultures' claws.

CHORUS.

But worse than vultures, worse than dragons threat us.

KING.

Gently. To fair words give a fair reply.

CHORUS.

I'm terror-struck. Small marvel that I fret.

KING.

Fear should be far, when I the king am near.\*

CHORUS.

With kind words cheer me, and kind actions too.

KING.

Thy father will return anon, meanwhile  
I go to call the assembly of the people,<sup>34</sup>  
And in thy favour move them, if I can.  
Thy father, too, I'll aptly train, how he  
Should woo their favour. Wait ye here, and pray  
The native gods to crown your heart's desire  
I go to speed the business; may Persuasion  
And Chance, with happy issue pregnant, guide me!

CHORAL HYMN.

STROPHE I.

King of all kings, high-blest above

Each blest celestial nature,  
Strength of the strong, all-glorious Jove,  
All crowning Consummator![35](#)  
Hear thou our prayer: the proud confound;  
With hate pursue the hateful,  
And plunge in purpling pools profound  
The black-bench'd bark, the fateful!

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Our ancient line from thee we trace  
Our root divinely planted;  
Look on these sisters with the grace  
To that loved maid once granted,  
Our mother Io; and renew  
Sweet memory in the daughters  
Of her thy gentle touch who knew  
By Nile's deep-rolling waters.

### STROPHE II.

Here, even here, where 'mid the browsing kine,  
My Argive mother fed her eye divine,  
With rich mead's flowery store,  
My Libyan foot I've planted; hence by the brize[36](#)  
Divinely fretted with fitful oar she hies[37](#)  
From various shore to shore,  
God-maddened wanderer. Twice the billowy wave  
She crossed; and twice her fated name she gave  
To the wide sea's straitened roar.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

Spurred through the Asian land with swiftest speed  
She fled, where Phrygian flocks far-pasturing feed  
Then restless travelled o'er  
Mysia, where Teuthras holds his fortress high,  
Cilician and Pamphylian heights, and nigh  
Where roaring waters pour  
From fountains ever fresh their torrent floods,  
And Aphrodite's land whose loamy roods  
Swell with the wheaten store.\*

### STROPHE III.

Thence by her wingéd keeper stung, she speeds  
To the land divine, the many-nurturing meads,

And to the snow-fed stream,  
Which like impetuous Typhon,<sup>†</sup> vasty pours  
Its purest waves, that the salubrious shores  
From pestilent taint redeem.<sup>‡</sup>  
Here from harsh Hera's madly-goading pest,  
From hattering chase of undeserved unrest,  
At length by the holy stream

### ANTISTROPHE III.

She rests. Pale terror smote their hearts who saw  
The unwonted sight beheld with startled awe  
The thronging sons of Nile;  
Nor dared to approach this thing of human face,<sup>38</sup>  
Portentous-mingled with the lowing race,  
Treading the Libyan soil.  
Who then was he, the brize-stung Io's friend,  
With charms of soothing virtue strong to end  
Her weary-wandering toil?

### STROPHE IV.

Jove, mighty Jove, Heaven's everlasting king,  
He soft-inspiring came,  
And with fond force innocuous heals her ills;  
She from her eyes in lucent drops distils  
The stream of sorrowful shame,  
And in her womb from Jove a burden bore,  
A son of blameless fame,  
Who with his prosperous life long blessed the Libyan shore

### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Far-pealed the land with jubilant shout—from Jove,  
From Jove it surely came,  
This living root of a far-branching line!  
For who but Jove prevailed, with power divine,  
Harsh Hera's wrath to tame?  
Such the great work of Jove; and we are such,  
O Jove, our race who claim  
From him whose name declares the virtue of thy touch.

### STROPHE V.

For whom more justly shall my hymn be chaunted  
Than thee, above all gods that be, high-vaunted,  
Root of my race, great Jove;

Prime moulder from whose plastic-touching hand  
Life leaps: thine ancient-minded counsels stand,  
Thou all-devising Jove.

### ANTISTROPHE V.

High-throned above the highest as the lowest,  
Beyond thee none, and mightier none thou knowest,  
The unfearing, all-feared one.  
When his deep thought takes counsel to fulfil,  
No dull delays clog Jove's decided will,<sup>39</sup>  
He speaks, and it is done.

*Enter Danaus.*

DANAUS.

Be of good cheer, my daughters! All is well,  
The popular voice hath perfected our prayers.

CHORUS.

Hail father, bearer of good news: but say,  
How was the matter stablished? and how far  
Prevailed the people's uplifted hands to save us?

DANAUS.

Not doubtingly, but with a bold decision,  
That made my old heart young again to see't.  
With one acclaim, a forest of right hands  
Rose through the hurtled air. These Libyan exiles—  
So ran the popular will—shall find a home  
In Argos, free, and from each robber hand  
Inviolate, the native or the stranger,  
And, whoso holding Argive land refuses  
To shield these virgins from the threatened force,  
Disgrace shall brand him, and the popular vote  
Oust him from Argos. Such response the king  
Persuasive forced, with wise admonishment;  
Urging the wrath of Jove, which else provoked  
Would fatten on our woes, and the twin wrong  
To you the stranger, and to them the city,  
Pollution at their gate, a fuel to feed  
Ills without end. These words the Argive people  
Answered with suffragating hands, nor waited  
The herald's call to register their votes:



Just eloquence ruled their willing ear, and Jove  
Crowned their fair purpose with the perfect deed.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Come then, sisters, pour we freely  
Grateful prayers for Argive kindness;  
Jove, the stranger's friend, befriend us,  
While from stranger's mouth sincerest  
Here we voice the hymn,  
To a blameless issue, surely,  
Jove will guide the fate.

### CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

Jove-born gods, benignly bending,  
Look, we pray, with eyes befriending,  
On these Argive halls!  
Ne'er may Mars, the wanton daring,  
With his shrill trump, joyless-blaring,  
Wrap, in wild flames, fiercely flaring,  
These Pelasgian walls!  
Go! thy gory harvest reaping  
Far from us: thy bloody weeping  
Distant tribes may know.  
Bless, O Jove, this Argive nation!  
They have heard the supplication  
Of thy suppliants low;  
Where the swooping Fate abased us,  
They with Mercy's vote upraised us  
From the prostrate woe!

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Not with the male, the stronger, erring,  
But, woman's weaker cause preferring,  
Stood their virtue proof:  
Wisely Jove, the Avenger, fearing,  
To the chastened eye appearing,  
High his front of wrath up-rearing  
'Gainst the guilty roof.  
For heavily, heavily weighs the Alastor,  
Scapeless, and, with sore disaster,  
Sinks the sinner low.

Bless, O Jove, this Argive nation,  
That knew their kindred's supplication,  
And saved them from the foe:  
And when their vows they pay, then surely  
Gifts from clean hands offered purely  
Thou in grace shalt know.

## STROPHE II.

High these suppliant branches raising,  
Sisters, ancient Argos praising,  
Pour the grateful strain!  
Far from thy Pelasgian portals  
Dwell black Plague, from drooping mortals  
Ebbing life to drain!  
May'st thou see the crimson river  
From fierce home-bred slaughter, never  
Flowing o'er thy plain!  
Far from thee the youth-consuming  
Blossom-plucking strife!  
The harsh spouse of Aphrodite,  
Furious Mars in murder mighty,  
Where he sees thy beauty blooming,  
Spare his blood-smear'd knife!

## ANTISTROPHE II

May a reverend priesthood hoary  
Belt thy shrines, their chiefest glory,  
With an holy band!  
By the bountiful libation,  
By the blazing pile, this nation  
Shall securely stand.  
Jove, the great All-ruler, fearing,  
Jove, the stranger's stay, revering,  
Ye shall save the land;  
Jove, sure-throned above all cavil,  
Rules by ancient right,  
May just rulers never fail thee!  
Holy Hecate's aid avail thee,[40](#)  
To thy mothers when in travail  
Sending labours light!

## STROPHE III.

May no wasting march of ruin  
Work, O Argos, thine undoing!

Never may'st thou hear  
Cries of Mars, the shrill, the lyreless!  
Ne'er may tearful moans, and quireless,  
Wake the sleeper's ear!  
Far from thee the shapes black-trooping  
Of disease, delightless-drooping!  
May the blazing death-winged arrow  
Of the Sun-god spare the marrow  
Of thy children dear!

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Mighty Jove, the gracious giver,  
With his full-sheaved bounty ever  
Crown the fruited year!  
Flocks that graze before thy dwelling  
With rich increase yearly swelling  
The prosperous ploughman cheer!  
May the gods no grace deny thee,  
And the tuneful Muses nigh thee,  
With exuberant raptures brimming,  
From virgin throats thy praises hymning  
Hold the charmed ear!

### STROPHE IV.

O'er the general weal presiding,  
They that rule with far-providing  
Wisdom sway, and stably-guiding,  
Changeful counsels mar!  
Timely with each foreign nation  
Leagues of wise conciliation  
Let them join, fierce wars avoiding,  
From sharp losses far!

### ANTISTROPHE IV.

The native gods, strong to deliver,  
With blood of oxen free-poured ever,  
With laurel-branches failing never,  
Piously adore!  
Honour thy parents: spurn not lightly  
This prime statute sanctioned rightly,  
Cling to this, a holy liver,  
Steadfast evermore!

*Re-enter Danaus.*

DANAUS.

Well hymned, my daughters! I commend your prayers;  
But brace your hearts, nor fear, though I, your father,  
Approach the bearer of unlooked-for news.  
For from this consecrated hold of gods  
I spy the ship; too gallantly it peers  
To cheat mine eye. The sinuous sail I see,  
The bulging fence-work on each side,<sup>41</sup> the prow  
Fronted with eyes to track its watery way,<sup>42</sup>  
True to the steerman's hint that sits behind,  
And with no friendly bearing On the deck  
Appear the crew, their swarthy limbs more swart  
By snow-white vests revealed: a goodly line  
Of succour in the rear: but in the van  
The admiral ship, with low-furled sail makes way  
By the swift strokes of measured-beating oars.  
Wait calmly ye, and with well-counselled awe  
Cling to the gods; the while ye watch their coming,  
Myself will hence, and straight return with aid  
To champion our need.<sup>43</sup> For I must look for  
Some herald or ambassador claiming you,  
Their rightful prey, forthwith; but fear ye not,  
Their harsh will may not be. This warning take  
Should we with help be slow, remain you here  
Nor leave these gods, your strength. Faint not: for surely  
Comes the appointed hour, and will not stay,  
When godless men to Jove just fine shall pay.

## STROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Father, I tremble, lest the fleet-winged ships,  
Ere thou return, shall land—soon—very soon!  
O father, I tremble to stay, and not flee,  
When the bands of the ruthless are near!  
My flight to foreclose from the chase of my foes!  
O father, I faint for fear!

DANAUS.

Fear not, my children. The accomplished vote  
Of Argos saves you. They are champions sworn.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CHORUS.

They come—destruction's minions mad with hate,  
Of fight insatiate: well thou know'st the men.  
With their host many-counted, their ships dark-fronted,[44](#)  
They are near, O father, how near!  
Their ships stoutly-timbered, their crews swarthy-membered,  
Triumphant in wrath I fear!

DANAUS.

Even let them come. They'll find their match in Argos;  
A strong-limbed race with noon-day sweats well hardened.[45](#)

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Only not leave me! Pray thee, father, stay!  
Weak is a lonely woman. No Mars is in her.[46](#)  
Dark-counselled, false, cunning-hearted are they,  
Unholy, as obscene crows  
On the feast of the altar that filthily prey;  
They fear not the gods, my foes!

DANAUS.

'Twill make our cause the stronger, daughters, if  
Their crime be sacrilege, and their foes the gods.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS.

The trident and the sacred blazonry  
Will not repel their violent hands, O father!  
They are proud, haughty-hearted, a high-blown race;  
They are hot, they are mad for the fray!  
With the hound in their heart, and the dog in their face,  
They will tear from the altar their prey.

DANAUS.

Dogs let them be, the world has wolves to master them!

And good Greek corn is better than papyrus.[47](#)

CHORUS.

Being reasonless as brutes, unholy monsters,  
And spurred with wrath we must beware their fury.

DANAUS.

'Tis no light work to land a fleet. To find  
Safe roads, sure anchorage, and to make fast  
The cables, this not with mere thought is done.  
The shepherds of the ships[48](#) are slow to feel  
Full confidence, the more that on this coast  
Harbours are few.[49](#) Besides, thou see'st the sun  
Slants to the night; and still a prudent pilot  
Fears in the dark. No man will disembark,  
Trust me, till all are firmly anchored. Thou  
Through all thy terrors still cling to the gods,  
Thy most sure stay. Thy safety's pledged. For me  
I'm old, but with the tongue of fluent youth  
I'll speak for thee, a pleader without blame.

[*Exit.*

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

O hilly land, high-honoured land,  
What wait we now, poor fugitive band?  
Some dark, dark cave  
Show me, within thy winding strand,  
To hide and save!  
Would I might vanish in smoke, ascending  
To Heaven, with Jove's light clouds dim-blending  
In misty air,  
Like wingless, viewless dust, and ending  
In nothing there!

## ANTISTROPHE I.

'Tis more than heart may bear. Quick Fear  
My quaking life with dusky drear  
Alarm surroundeth!  
My father spied my ruin: sheer  
Despair confoundeth.  
Sooner, high-swung from fatal rope,

Here may I end both life and hope,  
And strong Death bind me,  
Than hated hearts shall reach their scope,  
And shame shall find me!

## STROPHE II.

Would I were throned in ether high,  
Where snows are born, and through the sky  
The white rack skurries! Would that I  
Might sit sublime  
On a hanging cliff where lone winds sigh,<sup>50</sup>  
Where human finger never showed  
The far-perched vultures' drear abode,  
Nor goat may climb!  
Thence sheer to leap, and end for ever  
My life and name,  
Ere forceful hands this heart deliver  
To married shame!

## ANTISTROPHE II.

There, where no friendly foot may stray,  
There let me lie, my limbs a prey  
To dogs and birds: I not gainsay:  
'Twas wisely said,  
Free from much woe who dies to-day  
Shall be to-morrow. Rather than wedded  
To whom I hate, let me be bedded  
Now with the dead!  
Or if there be, my life to free,  
A way, declare it,  
Ye gods!—a surgeon's cut for me,  
My heart shall bear it!

## STROPHE III.

Voice ye your sorrow! with the cry  
Of doleful litany pierce the sky!  
For freedom, for quick rescue cry  
To him above!  
Ruler of Earth, look from thy throne,  
With eyes of love!  
These deeds of violence wilt thou own,  
Nor know thy prostrate suppliant's groan,  
Almighty Jove?

## ANTISTROPHE III.

Ægyptus' sons, a haughty race,  
Follow my flight with sleepless chase,  
With whoop and bay they scent my trace  
To force my love  
Thy beam is true; both good and ill  
Thy sure scales prove,  
Thou even-handed! Mortals still  
Reap fair fulfilment from thy will,  
All-crowning Jove.

Chorus,*in separate voices, and short hurried exclamations:*[51](#)

*VOICE 1.*

Ah me! he lands! he leaps ashore!  
He strides with ruffian hands to hale us!

*VOICE 2.*

Cry, sisters, cry! swift help implore!  
If here to cry may aught avail us!

*VOICE 3.*

Ah me! 'tis but the muffled roar  
Of forceful storms soon to assail us!

*VOICE 1.*

Flee to the gods! to the altars cling!

*VOICE 2.*

By sea, by land, the ruthless foe  
Grimly wantons in our woe!

*VOICE 3.*

Beneath thy wing shield us, O king!

*Enter Herald.*

HERALD.

Hence to the ships! to the good ships fare ye![52](#)



Swiftly as your feet may bear ye!

CHORUS.

Tear us! tear us!  
Rend us rather,  
Torture and tear us!  
From this body  
Cut the head!  
Gorily gather  
Us to the dead!

HERALD.

Hence to the ships, away! away!  
A curse on you, and your delay!  
O'er the briny billowy way  
Thou shalt go to-day, to-day!  
Wilt thou stand, a mulish striver,  
I can spur, a forceful driver;  
Deftly, deftly, thou shalt trip  
To the stoutly-timbered ship!  
If to yield thou wilt not know,  
Gorily, gorily thou shalt go!  
An' thou be not madded wholly,  
Know thy state, and quit thy folly!

CHORUS.

Help, ho! help, ho! help!

HERALD.

To the ships! to the ships away with me!  
These gods of Argos what reck we?

CHORUS.

Never, O never  
The nurturing river,  
Of life the giver,  
The healthful flood  
That quickens the blood  
Let me behold!  
An Argive am I,\*  
From Inachus old,  
These gods deny

Thy claim. Withhold!

HERALD.

To the ships, to the ships, with march not slow,  
Will ye, nill ye, ye must go!  
Quickly, quickly, hence away!  
Know thy master and obey!  
Ere a worse thing thou shalt know—  
Blows and beating—gently go!

## STROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Worse than worstest  
May'st thou know!  
As thou cursest,  
Curst be so!  
The briny billow  
O'er thee flow!  
On sandy pillow  
Bedded low,  
'Neath Sarpedon's breezy brow,\*  
With the shifting sands shift thou!

HERALD.

Scream—rend your robes in rags!—call on the gods!  
The Egyptian bark thou shalt not overleap.  
Pour ye the bitter bootless wail at will!

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CHORUS.

With fierce heart swelling  
To work my woe,  
With keen hate yelling  
Barks the foe.  
Broad Nile welling  
O'er thee flow!  
Find thy dwelling  
Bedded low,  
'Neath the towering Libyan waters,  
Towering thou 'gainst Libya's daughters!

HERALD.

To the ships! to the ships! the swift ships even-oared!  
Quickly! no laggard shifts! the hand that drags thee  
Will lord it o'er thy locks, not gently handled!

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

O father, oh!  
From the altar  
The assaulter  
Drags me to my woe!  
Step by step, a torturing guider,  
Like the slowly-dragging spider,  
Cruel-minded so  
Like a dream,  
A dusky dream,  
My hope away doth go!  
O Earth, O Earth,  
From death redeem!  
O Earth, O Jove deliver!

HERALD.

Your Argive gods I know not; they nor nursed  
My infant life, nor reared my riper age.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS.

O father, oh!  
From the altar  
The assaulter  
Drags me to my woe!  
A snake two-footed fiercely fretted  
Swells beside me! from his whetted  
Fangs, black death doth flow!  
Like a dream,  
A dusky dream,  
My hope is vanished so!  
O Earth, O Earth,  
From death redeem!  
O Earth, O Jove deliver!

HERALD.

To the ships! to the ships! Obey! I say, obey!  
Pity thy robes, if not thy flesh—away!

### STROPHE III.

CHORUS.

Ye chiefs of the city,  
By force they subdue me!

HERALD.

Well! I must drag thee by the hair! come! come!  
Point thy dull ears, and hear me!—come! come! come!

### ANTISTROPHE III.

CHORUS.

I'm lost! I'm ruined!  
O king, they undo me!

HERALD.

Thou shalt see kings enough anon, believe me,  
Ægyptus' sons—kingless thou shalt not die.

*Enter King with Attendants.*

KING.

Fellow, what wouldst thou? With what purpose here  
Dost flout this land of brave Pelasgian men?  
Deem'st thou us women? A barbarian truly  
Art thou, if o'er the Greek to sport it thus  
The fancy tempts thee. Nay, but thou art wrong  
Both root and branch in this

HERALD.

How wrong? Speak plainly.

KING.

Thou art a stranger here, and dost not know

As a stranger how to bear thee.

HERALD.

This I know,  
I lost my own, and what I lost I found.

KING.

Thy patrons\* who, on this Pelasgian ground?

HERALD.

To find stray goods the world all over, Hermes  
Is prince of patrons<sup>53</sup>

KING.

Hermes is a god,  
Thou, therefore, fear the gods

HERALD.

And I do fear  
The gods of the Nile.

KING.

We too have gods in Argos.

HERALD.

So be it: but, in Argos or in Africk,  
My own's my own

KING.

Who touches these reaps harm,  
And that right soon

HERALD.

No friendly word thou speak'st,  
To welcome strangers.

KING.

Strangers are welcome here;  
But not to spoil the gods.

HERALD.

These words of thine  
To Ægyptus' sons be spoken, not to me

KING.

I take no counsel, or from them, or thee.

HERALD.

Thou—who art thou? for I must plainly make  
Rehearsal to my masters—this my office  
Enforces—both by whom, and why, unjustly  
I of this kindred company of women  
Am robbed. A serious strife it is; no bandying  
Of words from witnesses, no silver passed  
From hand to hand will lay such ugly strife;  
But man for man must fall, and noblest souls  
Must dash their lives away.

KING.

For what I am,  
You, and your shipmates, soon enough shall know me  
These maids, if with the softly suasive word  
Thou canst prevail, are thine; to force we never  
Will yield the suppliant sisters; thus the people  
With one acclaim have voted; 'tis nailed down  
Thus to the letter. So it must remain.  
Thou hast my answer, not in tablets graven,  
Or in the volumed scroll, all stamped and sealed,  
But from a free Greek mouth. Dost understand me?  
Hence quickly from my sight!

HERALD.

Of this be sure,  
A war thou stirrest, in which, when once begun,  
The males will be the stronger.

KING.

We, too, have males  
In Argos, lusty-blooded men, who drink  
Good wine, not brewed from barley.\* As for you,  
Ye virgins, fearless follow where these guides  
Shall lead. Our city strongly girt with wall,  
And high-reared tower receives you. We can boast  
Full many a stately mansion; stateliest piled  
My palace stands, work of no feeble hands.  
Right pleasant 'tis in populous floors to lodge  
With many a fellow-tenant: some will find  
A greater good in closely severed homes,  
That have no common gates: of these thou hast  
The ample choice: take what shall like thee most  
Know me thy patron, and in all things know  
My citizens thy shield, whose vote hath pledged  
Thy safety; surer guarantee what wouldst thou?

CHORUS.

Blessing for thy blessing given,  
Flow to thee, divine Pelasgian!  
But for our advisal forthwith  
Send, we pray thee, for our father;  
He the firm, the far foreseeing,  
How to live, and where to lodge us,  
Duly shall direct. For ever  
Quick to note the faults of strangers  
Sways the general tongue; though we  
Hope all that's good and best from thee.

*KING[TO THE ATTENDANT MAIDS]:*

Likewise you, ye maids attendant  
For his daughters' service, wisely  
Portioned by the father, here  
Be your home secure,  
Far from idle-bruited babblings,  
'Neath my wing to dwell!

*Enter Danaus, attended by an Argive guard.*

DANAUS.

Daughters! if so the Olympian gods deserve  
Your sacrifices, your libations, surely  
Argos no less may claim them! Argos truly

Your Saviour in worst need! With eager ears  
They drank my tale, indignant the foul deeds  
Of our fell-purposed cousinship they heard,  
And for my guard this goodly band they set me  
Of strong spear-bearing men, lest being slain  
By the lurking lance of some insidious foe  
My death bring shame to Argos. Such high honor,  
From hearts where kindness moves the friendly deed,  
They heaped the sire withal, that you, the daughters,  
In father's stead should own them. For the rest,  
To the chaste precepts graven on your heart  
That oft I gave, one timely warning add,  
That time, which proveth all, approve your lives  
Before this people; for 'gainst the stranger, calumny  
Flows deftly from the tongue, and cheap traducement  
Costs not a thought. I charge ye, therefore, daughters,  
Your age being such that turns the eyes of men  
To ready gaze, in all ye do consult  
Your father's honor: such ripe bloom as yours  
No careless watch demands: so fair a flower  
Wild beasts and men, monsters of all degrees,  
Winged and four-footed, wantonly will tear.  
Her luscious-dropping fruits the Cyprian\* hangs  
In the general view, and publishes their praise;[54](#)  
That whoso passes, and beholds the pomp  
Of shapeliest beauty, feels the charmed dart  
That shoots from eye to eye, and vanquished falls  
By strong desire. Give, therefore, jealous heed  
That our long toils, and ploughing the deep sea  
Not fruitless fall; but be your portment such  
As breeds no shame to us, nor to our enemies  
Laughter. A double lodgment for our use,  
One from the state, the other from the king,  
Rentless we hold. All things look bright. This only,  
Your father's word, remember. More than life  
Hold a chaste heart in honor.

CHORUS.

The high Olympians  
Grant all thy wish! For us and our young bloom,  
Fear nothing, father: for unless the gods  
Have forged new counsels, we ev'n to the end  
Will tread the trodden path, and will not bend.



CHORAL HYMN. [55](#)  
STROPHE I.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Lift ye the solemn hymn!  
High let your pæans brim!  
Praise in your strain  
Gods that in glory reign  
High o'er the Argive plain,  
High o'er each castled hold,  
Where Erasinus old\*  
Winds to the main!

*SEMI-CHORUS 2 [TO THE ATTENDANT MAIDS]:*

Sing, happy maids, with me!  
Loud with responsive glee  
Voice ye the strain!  
Praise ye the Argive shore,  
Praise holy Nile no more,  
Wide where his waters roar,  
Mixed with the main!

ANTISTROPHE I.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Lift ye the solemn hymn!  
High let your pæans brim!  
Praise in your strain  
Torrents that bravely swell  
Fresh through each Argive dell,  
Broad streams that lazily  
Wander, and mazily  
Fatten the plain.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

Sing, sisters, sing with me  
Artemis chaste! may she  
List to the strain!  
Never, O never may  
Marriage with fearful sway  
Bind me; nor I obey  
Hatefullest chain!

## STROPHE II.

### *SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Yet, mighty praise be thine<sup>56</sup>  
Cyprian queen divine!  
Hera, with thee I join,  
Nearest to Jove.  
Subtly conceiving all,  
Wiseliest weaving all,  
Thy will achieving all  
Nobly by love!

### *SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

With thee Desire doth go;  
Peitho,\* with suasive flow  
Bending the willing foe,  
Marches with thee.  
Lovely Harmonia<sup>57</sup>  
Knows thee, and, smote with awe,  
Strong kings obey the law  
Whispered by thee.

## STROPHE IV.

### *SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Yet must I fear the chase,<sup>58</sup>  
Sail spread in evil race,  
War with a bloody pace  
Spurred after me.  
Why to this Argive shore  
Came they with plashing oar,  
If not with sorrow's store  
Treasured for me?

### *SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

Comes fated good or ill,  
Wait we in patience still!  
No power may thwart his will  
Jove, mighty Jove.  
Laden with sorrow's store  
Virgins in days of yore  
Praised, when their grief was o'er,  
Jove, mighty Jove.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Jove, mighty Jove, may he  
From wedded force for me  
Rescue prepare!

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

Fair fall our maiden lot!  
But mighty Jove may not  
Yield to thy prayer.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Know'st thou what woes may be  
Stored yet by Fate for me?

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

Jove and his hidden plan  
Sight of the sharpest man  
Searcheth in vain;  
Thou in thy narrow span  
Wisely remain!

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Wisely my thought may fare  
Tell me, O tell me where?

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

'Gainst what the gods ordain  
Fret not thy heart in vain

## STROPHE

*SEMI-CHORUS 1*

Save me, thou chief of gods, great Jove,  
From violent bonds of hated love,  
Even as the Inachian maid of yore  
Thy hand set free from labour sore,  
What time thou soothed with touch divine  
Her weary frame,  
And with a friendly force benign  
Thy healing came.

## ANTISTROPHE.

### *SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

May the woman's cause prevail!  
And, when two certain ills assail,  
Be ours the less: and Justice fair  
For the just shall still declare.  
Ye mighty gods o'er human fates  
Supremely swaying,  
On you my prayer, my fortune waits,  
Your will obeying.

## NOTES TO THE SUPPLIANTS

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## THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

### A LYRICO-DRAMATIC SPECTACLE

I cannot think but curses climb the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

Shakespere.

Alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

Goethe.

### PERSONS

Eteocles, Son of Oedipus.

Messenger.

Chorus of Theban Virgins.

Ismene, } Sisters of Eteocles.

Antigone, } Sisters of Eteocles.

Herald.

Scene—*The Acropolis of Thebes.*

### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

Sow not the seed of children, in despite  
Of the gods: for if thou shalt beget a son,  
Him who begat shall the begotten slay,  
And all thy house in bloody ruin perish.\*

With regard to the merits of the present piece, while its structure exhibits, in the most striking manner, the deficient skill of the early dramatists, its spirit is everywhere manly and noble, and instinct with the soul of the warlike actions which it describes. The best parts are epic, not dramatic—namely, those in which the Messenger describes the different characters and appearance of the seven chiefs posted each at a separate gate of the Cadmean city. The drama concludes with a Theban coronach or wall over the dead bodies of the self-slain brothers; for the proper relishing of which, the imaginative reproduction of some appropriate music is indispensable. The introduction after this of the Herald, announcing the decree of the Theban senate,

whereby burial is denied to the body of Polynices, and the heroic display of sisterly affection on the part of Antigone, are—if this really was the last piece of a trilogy—altogether foreign both to the action and to the tone of the tragedy, and must be regarded as a blunder. If Schiller, and even Shakespeare, on occasions, could err in such matters, much more Æschylus.

## THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES

ETEOCLES.

Ye citizens of Cadmus! he who sits  
Holding the helm in the high poop of state,  
Watchful, with sleepless eyes, must, when he speaks,  
Speak words that suit the time. If we succeed,  
The gods will have the praise; but should we fail  
(Which may averting Jove from me avert,<sup>1</sup>  
And from this Theban city!), I alone  
Must bear the up-heaped murmurings of the whole,  
A motley-voiced lament. Ye men of Thebes,  
Not manhood's vigour only, but ye also  
Who lack ripe years, and ye whose green old age  
Nurses unwithered strength,<sup>\*</sup> arm, and redeem  
Your country's honor from a cruel blot.  
Let not the citadel of your ancient sires,  
The altars of your native gods, your children,  
Nor the dear mother Earth, that nursed you, blame  
The slackness of your love—the nurse who bore  
Your creeping childhood on her fostering soil,  
And through your slow growth up to firmer years,  
Toiled that the strong arms of her faithful sons,  
Might shield her need. Up to this hour the god  
Inclines to us; though close hedged in by the foe,  
The vantage hath been ours. But now the seer,  
The shepherd of prophetic birds' revolving  
In his ear and inward sense deep-pondered truths,<sup>2</sup>  
By no false art, though without help from fire,  
Even he soothsaying sings that the Argive camp  
Holds midnight council to attack the city.  
Therefore be ready; mount the battlements;  
Top every tower; crown every parapet;  
Fence every gate with valiant-hearted men,  
Well harnessed for the fight: and never fear  
This trooping alien foe. The gods will give  
A happy issue. Myself have sent out scouts,  
Sure men, not wont to linger. Their advice  
Shall shield us from surprise.

*Enter Messenger.*

MESS.

Eteocles,  
Most excellent lord of Thebes! what I have seen  
With mine own eyes, no idle unvouched tale,  
I bring thee from the camp Seven warlike chiefs  
I saw, in solemn sacrifice assembled:  
Holding the head of the devoted ox,  
Over the shield with iron rimmed they dipped  
Their hands in the steaming blood, and swore an oath,  
By Mars, Enýo, and blood-loving Terror,<sup>3</sup>  
Either to raze the walls of Thebes, and plunder  
The citadel of Cadmus, or else drench  
This soil with Argive blood. Then, as for death  
Prepared, they decked the chariot of Adrastus<sup>4</sup>  
With choice love-tokens to their Argive kin,  
Dropping a tear, but with their mouths they gave  
No voice. An iron-hearted band are they,  
Breathing hot war, like lions when their eye  
Looks instant battle. Such my news; nor I  
Slow to report; for in the camp I left them  
Eager to share among their several bands  
Our gates by lot. Therefore, bestir thee; fence  
Each gate with the choicest men: dash all delay;  
For now the Argive host, near and more near,  
All panoplied comes on; the dark-wreathed dust  
Rolls, and the snowy foam of snorting chargers  
Stains the pure Theban soil. Like a wise pilot  
That scents the coming gale, hold thou the city  
Tight, ere the storm of Ares on our heads  
Burst pitiless. Loud the mainland wave is roaring.  
This charge be thine: myself, a sleepless spy,  
Will bring thee sure word from the hostile camp:  
Safe from without, so ye be strong within

[*Exit.*

ETEOCLES.

O Jove! O Earth! O Gods that keep the city!  
And thou fell Fury of my father's curse! \*  
Destroy not utterly this Cadméan seat  
Rent, razed, deracinated by the foe!  
Yield not our pious hearths, where the loved speech  
Of Hellas echoes, to a stranger host!  
Let not the free-born Theban bend the neck,  
To slavery thrall'd, beneath a tyrant's yoke!  
Be ye our strength! our common cause we plead;

A prosperous state hath cause to bless the gods.

[Exit.

I.

*The Chorus enter the scene in great hurry and agitation.*

O wailing and sorrow, O wailing and woe!  
Their tents they have left, many-banded they ride,  
And onward they tramp with the prance of pride,  
The horsemen of the foe.  
The dark-volumed dust-cloud that rides on the gale,  
Though voiceless, declares a true messenger's tale;  
With clattering hoofs, on and on still they ride,<sup>6</sup>  
It swells on my ear, loud it rusheth and roareth,  
As a fierce wintry torrent precipitous poureth,  
Rapidly lashing the mountain side.  
Hear me ye gods, and ye goddesses hear me!  
The black harm prevent that swells near and more near me!  
As a wave on the shore when the blast beats the coast,  
So breaks o'er the walls, from the white-shielded host,<sup>7</sup>  
The eager war-cry, the sharp cry of fear,  
As near still it rolls, and more near.

II.

*The Chorus become more and more agitated. They speak one to another in short hurried exclamations, and in great confusion.*

**CHORUS 1.**

To which of the gods and the goddesses now  
Shall I pay my vow?

**CHORUS 2.**

Shall I cling to the altar, and kneeling embrace  
The guardian gods of the Theban race?

**TUTTI.**

Ye blissful Olympians, throned sublime,  
In the hour of need, in the urgent time,  
May the deep drawn sigh,  
And the heart's strong cry  
Ascend not in vain to your seats sublime!



*CHORUS 1.*

Heard ye the shields rattle, heard ye the spear?  
In this dark day of dole,  
With chaplet and stole<sup>8</sup>  
Let us march to the temples, and worship in fear!

*CHORUS 2.*

I heard the shield's rattle, and spear clashed on spear  
Came stunning my ear.

TUTTI.

O Ares, that shines in the helmet of gold,<sup>9</sup>  
Thine own chosen city wilt thou behold  
To slavery sold?  
O Ares, Ares, wilt thou betray  
Thy Theban home to-day?

III.

*The Chorus crown the altars of the gods, and then, falling on their knees, sing the following Theban Litany, in one continuous chaunt.*

Patron gods that keep the city,  
Look, look down upon our woe,  
Save this band of suppliant virgins  
From the harsh-enslaving foe!  
For a rush of high-plumed warriors  
Round the city of the free,  
By the blast of Ares driven,  
Roars, like billows of the sea.  
Father Jove the consummator,<sup>\*</sup>  
Save us from the Argive spear;  
For their bristling ranks enclose us,  
And our hearts do quake with fear,  
And their steeds with ringing bridles<sup>10</sup>  
Knell destruction o'er the land;  
And seven chiefs, with lance in hand,  
Fixed by lot to share the slaughter,  
At the seventh gate proudly stand.  
Save us, Pallas, war-delighting  
Daughter of immortal Jove!  
Save us, lord of billowy ocean!  
God of pawing steeds, Poseidon,<sup>11</sup>  
Join thine aid to his above,

And with thy fish-piercing trident  
Still our hearts, our fears remove.  
Save us Ares! father Ares,  
Father now thy children's need!  
Save us Cypris, mother of Thebans,[12](#)  
For we are thy blood indeed!  
Save us, save us, Wolf-Apollo,[13](#)  
Be a wolf against the foe!  
Whet thine arrows, born of Leto,  
Leto's daughter bend thy bow!

#### IV.

*The Litany is here interrupted by the noise of the besiegers storming the city, and is continued in a hurried irregular manner.*

CHORUS 1.

I hear the dread roll of the chariots of war!

TUTTI.

O holy Hera!

*CHORUS 2.*

And the axles harsh-creaking with dissonant jar!

TUTTI.

O Artemis dear!

*CHORUS 1.*

And the vexed air is maddened with quick-branished spears.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

To Thebes, our loved city, what hope now appears?

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

And when shall the gods bring an end of our fears?

*CHORUS 1.*

Hark! hark! stony hail the near rampart is lashing!

TUTTI.

O blest Apollo!

*CHORUS 2.*

And iron-bound shield against shield is clashing!

TUTTI.

The issue of war with the gods abideth,  
The doubtful struggle great Jove decideth.  
O Onca, blest Onca, [14](#) whose worshippers ever  
Invoke thee, the queen of the Oncan gate,  
The seven-gated city deliver, deliver, [15](#)  
Thou guardian queen of the gate.

V.

*The Chorus unite again into a full band, and sing the Finale of the Litany in regular Strophe and Antistrophe.*

STROPHE.

Gods and goddesses almighty!  
Earthly and celestial powers!  
Of all good things consummators,  
Guardians of the Theban towers!  
Save the spear-encompassed city  
From a foreign-speaking foe! [16](#)  
Hear the virgin band, that prays thee  
With the out-stretched arms of woe!

ANTISTROPHE.

Gods and demigods! the city  
Aid that on your aid depends,  
Watch around us, and defend us;  
He is strong whom God defends.  
Bear the incense in remembrance  
Of our public sacrifice;  
From a people rich in offerings  
Let no prayer unanswered rise!

*Re-enter Eteocles.*

ETEOCLES.

Answer me this, insufferable brood!  
Is this your wisdom, this your safety-note  
To Theban soldiers, this your war-cry, thus  
In prostrate woe clasping the guardian gods,  
To scream and wail the vain lament of fools?  
I pray the gods, in good or evil days,  
May never fate be mine to lodge with women.  
When fortune's brave, their pride's unbearable,  
But, comes a thought of fear, both hall and forum  
Must ring with their laments. Why run ye thus  
From street to street, into the hearts of men  
Scattering dastardy, and bruited fear?  
Nay, but ye chiefly help the enemy's cause  
Without the gate, and we by friends within  
Are more besieged; such aid expect from women!  
Thebans give ear; whoso shall disobey  
My word in Thebes, man, woman, old, or young,  
Whoe'er he be, against himself he writes  
Black sentence to be stoned by the public hand.  
Without the gates let brave men fight; within  
Let women tend their children, and their webs.  
Hear ye, or hear ye not? or do I speak  
To the deaf?

## STROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Son of Oedipus be witness!  
Should not terror rob our wits,  
When we hear the roll of chariots,  
Whirling wheels, and creaking axles,  
And the unresting tramp of horses  
Champing fierce their fire-forged bits?

ETEOCLES.

What then? when with the storm the good ship labours,  
Shall the wise helmsman leave his proper post,  
To clasp the painted gods upon the prow?[17](#)

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CHORUS.

When we heard war's rattling hail-drift  
Round our ramparts wildly rave,  
Trusting to the gods of Cadmus,  
Spurred by fear, we hither hurried,  
Here to pray, and clasp the statues  
Of the good gods strong to save.

ETEOCLES.

Pray that our well-manned walls be strong to save us,  
Else will the gods help little. Who knows not  
That, when a city falls, they pass to the Victor?[18](#)

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Never, never may the council  
Of the assembled gods desert us,  
While I live, and look on day!  
Never, never may the stranger  
Rush through the streets, while midnight burning  
Lights the robber to his prey!

ETEOCLES.

Weak prayers confound wise counsel. Know ye not  
Obedience is the mother of success,  
And pledge of victory. So the wise have spoken.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS.

But the gods are strong. When mortals  
Stretch the arm in vain to save us,  
Help is waiting from above.  
When dark night enveils the welkin,  
And thick-mantled ruin gathers,  
They enclasp us round with love.

ETEOCLES.

Leave sacrifice and oracles to men,  
And 'gainst the imminent foe pray to the gods.  
Women should hold their tongues, and keep their homes.

### STROPHE III.

CHORUS.

By the strength of gods the city  
Each rude tide hath learnt to stem;  
Who shall charge us with offending,  
When we make our vows to them?

ETEOCLES.

Your vows I grudge not, nor would stint your prayers;  
But this I say, blow not your fears about,  
Nor taint the general heart with apprehension.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

CHORUS.

Startled by the blare of battle,  
Hearing clash of combat fell,  
With a quaking heart I hied me  
To this sacred citadel.

ETEOCLES.

And when ye hear that some are dead or wounded,  
Drag not the news with wailings through the town;  
For blood of mortals is the common food<sup>19</sup>  
Of the war god.

CHORUS.

Hark! the angry steeds are snorting.

ETEOCLES.

Hear what thou wilt; but do not hear aloud

CHORUS.

The Earth beneath me groans, the wall is shaking.

ETEOCLES.

The walls are mine to uphold. Pray you, be silent.

CHORUS.

Woe's me, the clash of arms, loud and more loud,  
Rings at the gate!

ETEOCLES.

And thou the loudest!—Peace!

CHORUS.

Great council of the gods, O save us! save us!

ETEOCLES

Perdition seize thee! thy words flow like water.

CHORUS.

O patron gods, save me from captive chains!

ETEOCLES.

Thy fear makes captive me, and thee, and all.

CHORUS.

O mighty Jove, fix with thy dart the foe!

ETEOCLES.

O Jove, of what strange stuff hast thou made women!

CHORUS.

Men are no better, when their city's captured.

ETEOCLES.

Dost clasp the gods again, and scream and howl?

CHORUS.

Fear hurries on my overmastered tongue

ETEOCLES.

One small request I have; beseech you hear me.

CHORUS.

Speak: I am willing, if I can, to please thee

ETEOCLES.

Please me by silence; do not fright thy friends.

CHORUS.

I speak no more: and wait my doom with them.

ETEOCLES.

This word is wiser than a host of wails.  
And now, instead of running to and fro,  
Clinging to every image as you pass,  
Pray to the gods with sober supplication,  
To aid the Theban cause: and, when ye hear  
My vow, lift up a blithe auspicious shout,  
A sacred hymn, a sacrificial cry,  
As brave Greek hearts are wont, whose voice shall speak  
Sure confidence to friends, and to the foe  
Dismay. Now, hear my vow. If they who keep  
The city, keep it now from the Argive spear,  
I vow to them, and to the patron gods  
Of field and forum, and the holy fount  
Of Dirce and Ismenus' sacred stream,<sup>20</sup>  
That blood of lambs and bulls shall wash their altars,  
And spear-pierced trophies, Argive harnesses,  
Bedeck their holy halls. Such be your prayers;  
Not sighs and sobs, and frantic screams, that shake  
The hearts of men, but not the will of gods.  
Meanwhile, with six choice men, myself the seventh,  
I'll gallantly oppose these boastful chiefs



That block our outlets. Timely thus I'll gag  
The swift-winged rush of various-bruited news,  
That in the hour of danger blazes fear.

[*Exit.*

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

Well thou speakest; but unsleeping  
Terrors shake my virgin frame,  
And the blasts of war around me  
Fan my fears into a flame.  
As the dove her dovelets nursing,  
Fears the tree-encircling serpent,  
Fatal neighbour of her nest;  
Thus the foe, our walls enclosing,  
Thrills with ceaseless fears my breast.  
Hark! in hurrying throngs careering  
Rude they beat our Theban towers,  
And a rain of rock-torn fragments  
On the roofs of Cadmus showers!  
Save us, gods that keep the city,  
Save us, Jove-begotten Powers!

## ANTISTROPHE I.

Say what region shall receive ye,  
When the Theban soil is waste?  
When pure Dirce's fount is troubled,  
From what waters shall ye taste?  
Theban soil, the deepest, richest,  
That with fruits of joy is pregnant,  
Dirce, sweetest fount that runs,  
From Poseidon earth-embracing,  
And from Tethys' winding sons.[21](#)  
Patron-gods maintain your glory,  
Sit in might enthroned to-day:  
Smite the foe with fear; fear stricken  
Let them fling their arms away:  
Hear our sharp shrill-piercing wailings,  
When for Cadmus' weal we pray!

## STROPHE II.

Sad it were, and food for weeping,  
To behold these walls Ogygian,

By the stranger spearman mounted,  
Levelled by the Argive foe,  
And these towers by god-sent vengeance  
Laid in crumbling ashes low.  
Sad it were to see the daughters,  
And the sonless mothers grey,  
Of old Thebes, with hair dishevelled,  
And rent vestments, even as horses  
Dragged by the mane, a helpless prey;  
Sad to hear the victors' clamour  
Mingling with the captive's moan,  
And the frequent-clanking fetter  
Struggling with the dying groan.

### ANTISTROPHE II.

Sad, most sad, should hands unlicensed  
Rudely pluck our opening blossom;  
Sad—yea better far to die!  
Changing nuptial torch and chamber  
For dark homes of slavery.  
Ah! my soul within me trembles,  
When it shapes the sight of shame,  
Swift the chase of lawless murder,  
And the swifter chase of flame;  
Black the surly smoke upwreathing,  
Cries, confusion, choking heat;  
Shrine-polluting, man-subduing  
Mars, wild borne from street to street!

### STROPHE III.

Towers and catapults surrounding,  
And the greedy spear upswallowing  
Man by man, its gory food:  
And the sucking infants clinging  
To the breasts that cannot bear them,  
Cries to ears that cannot hear them  
Mingle with their mother's blood.  
Plunder, daughter of Confusion,  
Startles Plenty from his lair,  
And the robber with the robber  
Bargains for an equal share;  
Gods! in such a night of terrors  
How shall helpless maidens fare?

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Planless is the strife of Plunder.  
Fruits of patient years are trampled  
Reckless in the moment's grave;  
And the maids that tend the household,  
With a bitter eye of weeping,  
See the treasured store of summers  
Hurried by the barren wave.  
Woe, deep woe, waits captive maidens,  
To an untried thraldom led,  
Bound, by chains of forced affection,  
To some haughty husband's bed:  
Sooner, sooner may I wander  
Sister of the sunless dead!

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Methinks I see the scout sent by the king:  
Doubtless he brings us news; his tripping feet  
Come swift as wheels that turn on willing axles.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

The king himself, the son of Oedipus,  
Comes in the exact nick to hear his tidings:  
With rapid and unequal steps he too  
Urges the way.

*Enter Messenger and Eteocles from opposite sides*

MESS.

What I have seen I come  
To tell; the movements of the foe, the station  
That lot hath given each champion at the gates.  
First at the Præcian portal Tydeus stands,<sup>22</sup>  
Storming against the seer, who wise forbids  
To pass Ismenus' wave, before the sacrifice  
Auspicious smiles. But he, for battle burning,  
Fumes like a fretful snake in the sultry noon,  
Lashing with gibes the wise Oiclidan seer,<sup>23</sup>  
Whose prudence he interprets dastardy,  
Cajoling death away. Thus fierce he raves,  
And shakes the overshadowing crest sublime,  
His helmet's triple mane, while 'neath his shield  
The brazen bells ring fear.<sup>24</sup> On his shield's face

A sign he bears as haughty as himself,  
The welkin flaming with a thousand lights,  
And in its centre the full moon shines forth,  
Eye of the night, and regent of the stars.  
So speaks his vaunting shield: on the stream's bank  
He stands, loud-roaring, eager for the fight,  
As some fierce steed that frets against the bit,  
And waits with ruffling neck, and ears erect,  
To catch the trumpet's blare. Who will oppose  
This man? what champion, when the bolts are broken,  
Shall plant his body in the Prætian gate?

ETEOCLES.

No blows I fear from the trim dress of war,  
No wounds from blazoned terrors. Triple crests  
And ringing bells bite not without the spear;  
And for this braggart shield, with starry night  
Studded, too soon for the fool's wit that owns it  
The scutcheon may prove seer. When death's dark night  
Shall settle on his eyes, and the blithe day  
Beams joy on him no more, hath not the shield  
Spoken significant, and pictured borne  
A boast against its bearer? I, to match  
This Tydeus, will set forth the son of Astacus,  
A noble youth not rich in boasts, who bows  
Before the sacred throne of Modesty,  
In base things cowardly, in high virtue bold.  
His race from those whom Ares spared he draws,<sup>25</sup>  
Born from the sown field of the dragon's teeth,  
His name Melanippus. Mars shall throw the dice  
Bravely for him, and Justice call him brother,  
While girt he goes from his loved Theban mother  
To ward the Argive spear.

## STROPHE I.

CHORUS.

May the gods protect our champion!  
Be the cause of Right his shield!  
But I fear to see the breathless  
Bleeding bodies of true warriors  
Strewn upon the battle field.

MESS.

Speed well your pious prayers! The lot hath placed  
Proud Capaneus before the Electran gate,<sup>26</sup>  
A giant warrior mightier than the first,  
And boasting more than mortal. His high threats  
May never Chance\* fulfil! for with the aid  
Of gods, or in the gods' despite, he vows  
To sack the city, and sets the bolted wrath  
Of Jove at nought, his lightnings and his thunders  
Recking no more—so speaks the vauntful tongue—  
Than vulgar noonday heat. His orbéd shield  
The blazon of a naked man displays,  
Shaking a flaring torch with lofty threat  
In golden letters—i will burn the city.  
Such is the man: who shall not quail before  
A pride that flings defiance to the gods?

ETEOCLES.

Here, too, we meet the strong with something stronger.  
When men are proud beyond the mark of right,  
They do proclaim with forward tongue their folly,  
Themselves their own accuser. This brave Capaneus  
With empty threats and wordy exercise,  
Fights mortal 'gainst immortals, and upcasts  
Loud billowy boasts in Jove's high face But I  
In Jove have faith that he will smite this boaster  
With flaming bolts, to vulgar heat of noon  
In no wise like. The gallant Polyphontus,  
A man of glowing heart, against this blusterer  
I'll send, himself a garrison to pledge  
Our safety, by the grace of Artemis,  
And the protecting gods. Name now the others.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CHORUS.

Perish, with his boasts, the boaster,  
By strong thunder prostrate laid!  
Never, never may I see him  
Into holy homes of virgins  
Rushing, with his godless blade!

MESS.

Hear more. The third lot to Eteocles  
Leapt from the upturned brazen helm,<sup>27</sup> and fixed him  
At the Netaean gate.<sup>28</sup> His eager steeds,  
Their frontlets tossed in the breeze, their swelling nostrils  
High-snorting with the impatient blast of war,  
Their bridles flapping with barbaric clang,  
He curbs, and furious 'gainst the city wheels them,  
Even as a whirling storm. His breadth of shield,  
Superbly rounded, shows an armed man  
Scaling a city, with this proud device,  
Not Mars himself shall hurl me from these towers.  
Choose thou a champion worthy to oppose  
This haughty chief, and pledge his country's weal.

ETEOCLES.

Fear not: with happy omen, I will send,  
Have sent already, one to meet this foe,  
Whose boasts are deeds, brave Megareus, a son  
Of the dragon's race, a warrior recking nothing  
The snortings of impatient steeds. This man  
Will, with his heart's blood, pay the nursing fee  
Due to his Theban mother,\* or come back—  
Which grant the gods!—bearing on that proud shield  
Rich spoil to garnish forth his father's halls,  
The painted champion, and the painted city,  
And him that living bore the false-faced sign.  
Now name the fourth, and spare me not your boasts.

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

May the gods protect my champion!  
Ruin seize the ruthless foe!  
As they boast to raze the city,  
So may Jove with wrathful vengeance  
Lay their frenzied babblings low!

MESS.

The fourth's Hippomedon Before the gate  
He stands of Onca Pallas, clamouring on  
With lordly port. His shield's huge round he waved,  
(Fearful to view), a halo not a shield

No vulgar cunning did his hand possess  
Who carved the dread device upon its face,  
Typhon, forth-belching, from fire-breathing mouth,  
Black smoke, the volumed sister of the flame,<sup>29</sup>  
And round its hollow belly was embossed<sup>30</sup>  
A ring of knotted snakes. Himself did rage,  
Shouting for battle, by the god of war  
Indwelt,<sup>31</sup> and, like a Maenad, his dark eyes  
Look fear. Against this man be doubly armed,  
For, where he is, grim Fear is with him.

ETEOCLES.

Onca  
Herself will guard the gate that bears her name,  
From her own ramparts hurl the proud assailer,  
And shield her nurslings from this crested snake.  
Hyperbius, the right valiant son of Oenops,  
Shall stand against this foe, casting his life  
Into the chance of war; in lordly port,  
In courage, in all the accoutrements of fight  
Hippomedon's counterpart—a hostile pair  
Well matched by Hermes.<sup>32</sup> But no equal match  
Their shields display—two hostile gods—the one  
Fire-breathing Typhon, father Jove the other,  
Erect, firm-planted, in his flaming hand  
Grasping red thunder, an unvanquished god.  
Such are the gods beneath whose wing they fight,  
For us the strong, for them the weaker power.  
And as the gods are, so the men shall be  
That on their aid depend. If Jove hath worsted  
This Typhon in the fight, we too shall worst  
Our adverse. Shall the king of gods not save  
The man whose shield doth bear the Saviour Jove.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Earth-born Typhon, hateful monster,  
Sight that men and gods appals,  
Whoso bears in godless blazon  
Great Jove's foe, shall Jove almighty  
Dash his head against the walls.

MESS.

So grant the gods! The fifth proud foe is stationed  
Before the Borean gate, hard by the tomb  
Of the Jove-born Amphion. By his spear  
He swears, his spear more dear to him than gods,  
Or light of day, that he will sack the city  
In Jove's despite: thus speaks half-man, half-boy.  
The fair-faced scion of a mountain mother.  
The manly down, luxuriant, bushy, sprouts  
Full from his blooming cheek no virgin he  
In aspect, though most virgin-like his name.\*  
Keen are his looks, and fierce his soul; he too  
Comes not without a boast against the gates;  
For on his shield, stout forgery of brass,  
A broad circumference of sure defence,  
He shows, in mockery of Cadméan Thebes,  
The terrible Sphynx, in gory food delighting,  
Hugely embossed, with terror brightly studded,  
And in her mortal paw the monster rends  
A Theban man: for which reproachful sign  
Thick-showered the bearer bears the keenest darts,—  
Parthenopæus, bold Arcadian chief.  
No man seems he to shame the leagues he travelled  
By petty war's detail. Not born an Argive,  
In Argos nursed, he now her love repays,  
By fighting 'gainst her foes. His threats—the god  
Grant they be only threats!

ETEOCLES.

Did they receive  
What punishment their impious vaunts deserve,  
Ruin with one wide swoop should swamp them all.  
This braggart stripling, fresh from Arcady,  
The brother of Hyperbius shall confront,  
Actor, a man whose hand pursues its deed,  
Not brandishing vain boasts No enemy,  
Whose strength is in his tongue, shall sap these walls,  
While Actor has a spear: nor shall the man  
Who bears the hated portent on his shield  
Enter our gate, but rather the grim sign  
Frown on its bearer, when thick-rattling hail  
Showered from our walls shall dint it. If the gods  
Are just, the words I speak are prophecy.



## STROPHE III.

CHORUS.

The eager cry doth rend my breast,  
And on end stands every hair,  
When I hear the godless vaunting  
Of unholy men! May Até  
Fang them in her hopeless snare!

MESS.

The sixth a sober man, a seer of might,  
Before the Homoloidian gate stands forth,<sup>33</sup>  
And speaks harsh words against the might of Tydeus  
Rating him murderer, teacher of all ill  
To Argos, troubler of the city's peace,  
The Furies' herald, crimson slaughter's minion,  
And councillor of folly to Adrastus.  
Thy brother too, the might of Polynices,  
He whips with keen reproaches, and upcasts  
With bitter taunts his evil-omened name,  
Making it spell his ugly sin that owns it.<sup>34</sup>  
O fair and pious deed, even thus he cries,  
To blot thy native soil with war, and lead  
A foreign host against thy country's gods!  
Soothly a worthy deed, a pleasant tale  
For future years to tell! Most specious right,  
To stop the sacred fountain up whence sprung  
Thy traitor life! How canst thou hope to live  
A ruler well acknowledged in the land,  
That thou hast wounded with invading spear?  
Myself this foreign soil, on which I tread,  
Shall feed with prophet's blood. I hope to die,  
Since die I must, an undishonoured death.  
Thus spake the seer, and waved his full-orb'd shield  
Of solid brass, but plain, without device.  
Of substance studious, careless of the show,  
The wise man is what fools but seem to be,<sup>35</sup>  
Reaping rich harvest from the mellow soil  
Of quiet thought, the mother of great deeds  
Choose thou a wise and virtuous man to meet  
The wise and virtuous. Whoso fears the gods  
Is fearful to oppose.

ETEOCLES.

Alas! the fate  
That mingles up the godless and the just  
In one companionship! wise was the man  
Who taught that evil converse is the worst  
Of evils, that death's unblest fruit is reaped  
By him who sows in Até's fields.\* The man  
Who, being godly, with ungodly men  
And hot-brained sailors mounts the brittle bark,  
He, when the god-detested crew goes down,  
Shall with the guilty guiltless perish. When  
One righteous man is common citizen  
With godless and unhospitable men,  
One god-sent scourge must smite the whole, one net  
Snare bad and good. Even so, Oicleus' son,  
This sober, just, and good, and pious man,  
This mighty prophet and soothsayer, he,  
Leagued with the cause of bad and bold-mouthed men  
In his own despite—so Jove hath willed—shall lead  
Down to the distant city of the dead  
The murky march with them. He will not even  
Approach the walls, so I may justly judge.  
No dastard soul is his, no wavering will;  
But well he knows, if Loxias' words bear fruit,  
(And, when he speaks not true, the god is dumb)  
Amphiaraus dies by Theban spear.  
Yet to oppose this man I will dispatch  
The valiant Lasthenes, a Theban true,  
Who wastes no love on strangers; swift his eye,  
Nor slow his hand to make the eager spear  
Leap from behind the shield. The gods be with him!

### ANTISTROPHE III.

CHORUS.

May the gods our just entreaties  
For the cause of Cadmus hear!  
Jove! when the sharp spear approaches,  
Sit enthroned upon our rampires,  
Darting bolts, and darting fear!

MESS.

Against the seventh gate the seventh chief  
Leads on the foe, thy brother Polynices;

And fearful vows he makes, and fearful doom  
His prayers invoke. Mounted upon our walls,  
By herald's voice Thebes' rightful prince proclaimed,  
Shouting loud hymns of capture, hand to hand  
He vows to encounter thee, and either die  
Himself in killing thee, or should he live  
And spare thy recreant life, he will repay  
Like deed with like, and thou in turn shalt know  
Dishonouring exile. Thus he speaks and prays  
The family gods, and all the gods of Thebes,  
To aid his traitor suit. Upon his shield,  
New-forged, and nicely fitted to the hand,  
He bears this double blazonry—a woman  
Leading with sober pace an armed man  
All bossed in gold, and thus the superscription,  
“I, Justice, bring this injured exile back,  
To claim his portion in his father's hall.”  
Such are the strange inventions of the foe.  
Choose thou a man that's fit to meet thy brother;  
Nor blame thy servant: what he saw he says:  
To helm the state through such rude storm be thine!

ETEOCLES.

O god-detested! god-bemaddened race!<sup>36</sup>  
Woe-worthy sons of woe-worn Oedipus!  
Your father's curse is ripe! but tears are vain,  
And weeping might but mother worsen woe.  
O Polynices! thy prophetic name  
Speaks more than all the emblems of thy shield;  
Soon shall we see if gold-bossed words can save thee,  
Babbling vain madness in a proud device.  
If Jove-born Justice, maid divine, might be  
Of thoughts and deeds like thine participant,  
Thou mightst have hope; but, Polynices, never,  
Or when the darkness of the mother's womb  
Thou first didst leave, or in thy nursling prime,  
Or in thy bloom of youth, or in the gathering  
Of beard on manhood's chin, hath Justice owned thee,  
Or known thy name; and shall she know thee now  
Thou leadst a stranger host against thy country?  
Her nature were a mockery of her name  
If she could fight for knaves, and still be Justice.  
In this faith strong, this traitor I will meet  
Myself: the cause is mine, and I will fight it.  
For equal prince to prince, to brother brother,  
Fell foe to foe, suits well. And now to arms!  
Bring me my spear and shield, hauberk and greaves!

[*Exit* Messenger.

CHORUS.

Dear son of Oedipus! let not thy wrath  
Wax hot as his whom thou dost chiefly chide!  
Let the Cadméans with the Argives fight;  
This is enough: their blood may be atoned.  
But, when a brother falls by brother's hands,  
Age may not mellow such dark due of guilt.

ETEOCLES.

If thou canst bear an ill, and fear no shame,  
Bear it: but if to bear is to be base,  
Choose death, thy only refuge from disgrace.

## STROPHE IV.

CHORUS.

Whither wouldst thou? calm thy bosom,  
Tame the madness of thy blood;  
Ere it bear a crimson blossom,  
Pluck thy passion in the bud.

ETEOCLES.

Fate urges on; the god will have it so.<sup>37</sup>  
Now drift the race of Laius, with full sail,  
Abhorred by Phœbus, down Cocytus' stream!

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

CHORUS.

Let not ravening rage consume thee!  
Bitter fruit thy wrath will bear;  
Sate thy hunger with the thousands,  
But of brother's blood beware!

ETEOCLES.

The Curse must work its will: and thus it speaks,  
Watching beside me with dry tearless eyes,  
*Death is thy only gain, and death to-day  
Is better than to-morrow!*<sup>38</sup>

## STROPHE V.

CHORUS.

Save thy life: the wise will praise thee;  
To the gods with incense come,  
And the storm-clad black Erinnys  
Passes by thy holy home.

ETEOCLES.

The gods will reck the curse, but not the prayers  
Of Laius' race. Our doom is their delight.  
'Tis now too late to fawn the Fate away.

## ANTISTROPHE V.

CHORUS.

Nay! but yet thou mayst: the god,  
That long hath raged, and burneth now,  
With a gentler sway soft-wafted,  
Soon may fan thy fevered brow.

ETEOCLES.

The Curse must sway, my father's burning curse.  
The visions of the night were true, that showed me  
His heritage twin-portioned by the sword.

CHORUS.

We are but women: yet we pray thee hear us.

ETEOCLES.

Speak things that may be, and I'll hear. Be brief.

CHORUS.

Fight not before the seventh gate, we pray thee.

ETEOCLES.

My whetted will thy words may never blunt.

CHORUS.

Why rush on danger? Victory's sure without thee.

ETEOCLES.

So speak to slaves; a soldier may not hear thee.

CHORUS.

But brother's blood—pluck not the bloody blossom.

ETEOCLES.

If gods are just, he shall not 'scape from harm.

[*Exit.*

## CHORAL HYMN. STROPHE I.

I fear the house-destroying power; I fear  
The goddess most ungodlike,<sup>39</sup>  
The all-truth-speaking seer  
Of evil things, whose sleepless wrath doth nurse  
Fulfilment of the frenzied father's curse.  
The time doth darkly lower;  
This strife of brother's blood with brother's blood  
Spurs the dread hour.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

O son of Scythia, must we ask thine aid?  
Chalybian stranger thine,<sup>40</sup>  
Here with the keen unsparing blade  
To part our fair possessions? thou dost deal  
A bitter lot, O savage-minded steel!  
Much loss is all the gain,  
When mighty lords with their stark corpses measure  
Their whole domain.

## STROPHE II.

When the slain shall slay the slayer,  
And kindred blood with blood  
Shall mingle, when the thirsty Theban soil  
Drinks eager the black-clotting sanguine flood,

Who then shall purge the murderous stain,  
Who wash it clean again?  
When ancient guilt and new shall burst,  
In one dire flood of woe?

### ANTISTROPHE II.

With urgent pace the Fury treadeth,  
To generations three  
Avenging Laius' sin on Laius' race;  
What time he sinned against the gods' decree,  
When Phœbus from Earth's central shrine\*  
Thrice sent the word divine—  
Live childless, Laius, for thy seed  
Shall work thy country's woe.

### STROPHE III.

But he to foolish words gave ear,  
And ruin to himself begot,  
The parricidal Oedipus, who joined  
A frenzied bond in most unholy kind,  
Sowing where he was sown; whence sprung a bud  
Of bitterness and blood.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

The city tosses to and fro,  
Like a drifted ship; wave after wave,  
Now high, now low, with triple-crested flow  
Now reared sublime, brays round the plunging prow  
These walls are but a plank: if the kings fall  
'Tis ruin to us all.

### STROPHE IV.

The ancestral curse, the hoary doom is ripe.  
Who now shall smooth such hate?  
What hand shall stay, when it hath willed to strike,  
The uplifted arm of Fate?  
When the ship creaks beneath the straining gale,  
The wealthy merchant† flings the well-stowed bale  
Into the gulf below.‡

### ANTISTROPHE IV.

When the enigma of the baleful Sphynx

By Oedipus was read,  
And the man-rending monster on a stone  
Despairful dashed her head;  
What mortal man by herd-possessing men,  
What god by gods above was honoured then,  
Like Oedipus below!

### STROPHE V.

But when his soul was conscious, and he saw  
The monstrous wedlock made 'gainst Nature's law,  
Him struck dismay,  
In wild deray,  
He from their socket roots uptore  
His eyes, more dear than children, worthy no more  
To look upon the day.

### ANTISTROPHE V.

And he, for sorry tendance wrathful,<sup>41</sup> flung  
Curses against his sons with bitter tongue,  
“They shall dispute  
A dire dispute,  
And share their land with steel.” I fear  
The threatened harm; with boding heart I hear  
The Fury's sleepless foot.

*Re-enter* Messenger.

MESS.

Fear not, fair maids of Theban mothers nursed!  
The city hath 'scaped the yoke; the insolent boasts  
Of violent men hath fallen; the ship o' the state  
Is safe, in sunshine calm we float; in vain  
Hath wave on wave lashed our sure-jointed beams,  
No leaky gap our close-lipped timbers knew,  
Our champions with safety hedged us round,  
Our towers stand firm. Six of the seven gates  
Show all things prosperous, the seventh Phœbus  
Chose for his own (for still in four and three  
The god delights),<sup>42</sup> he led the seventh pair,  
Crowning the doom of evil-counselled Laius.

CHORUS.

What sayst thou? What new ills to ancient Thebes?



MESS.

Two men are dead—by mutual slaughter slain.

CHORUS.

Who?—what?—my wit doth crack with apprehension.

MESS

Hear soberly: the sons of Oedipus—

CHORUS.

O wretched me! true prophet of true woe.

MESS.

Too true. They lie stretched in the dust.

CHORUS.

Sayst so?  
Sad tale! yet must I school mine ears to hear it.

MESS.

Brother by brother's hand untimely slain.

CHORUS.

The impartial god smote equally the twain.

MESS.

A wrathful god the luckless race destroys,  
And I for plaints no less than pæans bring thee<sup>43</sup>  
Plentiful food. The state now stands secure,  
But the twin rulers, with hard-hammered steel,  
Have sharply portioned all their heritage,  
By the dire curse to sheer destruction hurried  
What land they sought they find it in the grave,  
The hostile kings in one red woe are brothered;  
The soil that called them lord hath drunk their blood.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

O Jove almighty! gods of Cadmus,  
By whose keeping Thebes is strong,  
Shall I sing a joyful pæan,  
Thee the god full-throated hymning  
That saved the state from instant harm?  
Or shall drops of swelling pity  
To a wail invert my ditty?  
O wretched, hapless, childless princes!  
Truly, truly was his name  
Prophet of your mutual shame! \*  
Godless was the strife ye cherished,  
And in godless strife ye perished!

CHORAL HYMN.  
STROPHE I.

The curse that rides on sable wing,  
Hath done its part,  
And horror, like a creeping thing,  
Freezes my heart.  
Their ghastly death in kindred blood  
Doth pierce me thorough,  
And deeply stirs the Thyad flood †  
Of wail and sorrow.  
An evil bird on boding wing  
Did darkly sway,  
When steel on steel did sternly ring  
In strife to-day.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The voice that from the blind old king  
With cursing came,  
In rank fulfilment forth doth bring  
Its fruit of shame.  
O Laius, thou didst work our woe  
With faithless heart;  
Nor Phœbus with a half-dealt blow  
Will now depart.  
His word is sure, or pacing slow,  
Or winged with speed,  
And now the burthened cloud of woe,  
Bursts black indeed.

*[The bodies of Eteocles and Polynices are brought on the stage.]*

## EPODE.

Lo! where it comes the murky pomp,  
No wandering voice, but clear, too clear  
The visible body of our fear!  
Twin-faced sorrow, twin-faced slaughter,  
And twin-fated woe is here.  
Ills on ill of monstrous birth  
Rush on Laius' god-doom'd hearth.  
Sisters raise the shrill lament,  
Let your lifted arms be oars!  
Let your sighs be breezes lent,  
Down the wailing stream to float  
The black-sail'd Stygian boat;  
Down to the home which all receiveth,  
Down to the land which no man leaveth,  
By Apollo's foot untrodden,  
Sullen, silent, sunless shores!  
But I see the fair Ismene,  
And Antigone the fair,  
Moving to this place of mourning,  
Slow, a sorrow-guided pair.  
We shall see a sight for weeping  
(They obey a doleful hest)  
Lovely maids deep-bosomed pouring  
Wails from heavy-laden breast.  
Chaunts of sorrow, dismal prelude  
Of their grief, to us belong:  
Let us hymn the dread Erinnys!  
To the gloomy might of Hades,  
Let us lift the sombre song.

*Enter Antigone and Ismene in sorrowful silence.*

Hapless sisters! maids more hapless  
Ne'er were girded with a zone:  
I weep, and wail, and mine, believe me,  
Is a heart's sigh, no hireling moan\*

*[Here commences the Funeral Wail over the dead bodies of Eteocles and Polynices with mournful music.]*

## STROPHE I.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Alas! alas! the hapless pair.

To friendly voice and warning Fate  
They stopped the ear: and now too late  
Dear bought with blood their father's wealth  
In death they share.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

Outstretched in death, and prostrate low  
Them and their house the iron Woe  
Hath sternly crushed.

ANTISTROPHE I.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Alas! alas! the old thrones reel,  
The lofty palace topples down;  
And Death hath won a bloody crown,  
And thou sure end of strife hast made,  
O keen cold steel!

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

And, with fulfilment on her wing,  
Curse-laden from the blind old king  
The Fury rushed.

STROPHE II.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Pierced through the left, with gaping gashes  
Gory they lie.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

All gashed and gored, by fratricidal  
Wounds they die.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

\* \* \* \*  
\* \* \*

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

A god, a god doth rule the hour,

Slaughter meets slaughter, and the curse  
Doth reign with power.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

See where the steel clean through hath cut  
Their bleeding life,  
Even to the marrow deep hath pierced  
The ruthless knife.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

Deep in their silent hearts they cherished  
The fateful curse,  
And, with fell purpose sternly hating,  
Defied remorse.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

From street to street shrill speeds the cry  
Of wail and woe.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

And towers and peopled plains reply  
With wail and woe.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

And all their wealth a stranger heir  
Shall rightly share.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

The wealth that waked the deadly strife,  
The strife that raged till rage and strife  
Ceased with their life.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

With whetted heart, and whetted glaive,  
They shared the lot;  
Victor and vanquished each in the grave  
Six feet hath got.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

A harsh allotment! who shall praise it,  
Friend or foe?  
Harsh strife in pride begun, and ending  
In wail and woe.

STROPHE III.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Sword-stricken here they lie, they lie  
A breathless pair.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

Sword-stricken here they find, they find  
What home, and where?

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

A lonely home, a home of gloom  
In their fathers' tomb.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

And wailing follows from the halls  
The dismal bier;  
Wailing and woe the heart-strings breaking,  
And sorrow from its own self taking  
The food it feeds on, moody sadness,  
Shunning all sights and sounds of gladness,  
And from the eye spontaneous bringing  
No practised tear;  
My heart within me wastes, beholding  
This dismal bier.

ANTISTROPHE III.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

And on the bier we drop the tear  
And justly say,

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

To friend and foe, they purchased woe

And wail to-day.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

And to Hades showed full many the road  
In the deadly fray.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

O ill-starred she!—there hath not been  
Nor will be more,  
Of sore-tried women children-bearing,  
One like her, like sorrow sharing.  
With her own body's fruit she joined  
Wedlock in most unholy kind,  
And to her son, twin sons the mother,  
O monstrous! bore:  
And here they lie, by brother brother  
Now drenched in gore.

STROPHE IV.

*SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

Ay, drenched in gore, in brothered gore,[44](#)  
Weltering they lie;  
Mad was the strife, and sharp the knife  
That bade them die.

*SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

The strife hath ceased: life's purple flood  
The dry Earth drinks;  
And kinsman's now to kinsman's blood  
Keen slaughter links.  
The far sea stranger forged i' the fire  
The pointed iron soothed their ire.  
A bitter soother! Mars hath made  
A keen division  
Of all their lands, and lent swift wing  
To the curse that came from the blind old king  
With harsh completion.

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

### *SEMI-CHORUS 1.*

They strove for land, and did demand  
An equal share;  
In the ground deep, deep, where now they sleep,  
There's land to spare.

### *SEMI-CHORUS 2.*

A goodly crop to you hath grown  
Of woe and wailing;  
Ye reaped the seed by Laius sown,  
The god prevailing.  
Shrill yelled the curse, a deathful shout,  
And scattered sheer in hopeless rout  
The kingly race did fall; and lo!  
Fell Até planteth  
Her trophy at the gate; and there  
Triumphant o'er the princely pair  
Her banner flaunteth.

*[Antigone and Ismene now come forward, and standing beside the dead bodies, pointing now to the one, and now to the other, finish the Wail as chief mourners.]*

## PRELUDE.

ANTIG.

Wounded, thou didst wound again.

ISMENE.

Thou didst slay, and yet wert slain.

ANTIG.

Thou didst pierce him with the spear.

ISMENE.

Deadly-pierced thou liest here.

ANTIG.

Sons of sorrow!



ISMENE.

Sons of pain!

ANTIG.

Break out grief!

ISMENE.

Flow tears amain!

ANTIG.

Weep the slayer.

ISMENE.

And the slain.

**STROPHE.**

ANTIG.

Ah! my soul is mad with moaning.

ISMENE.

And my heart within is groaning.

ANTIG.

O thrice-wretched, wretched brother!

ISMENE.

Thou more wretched than the other!

ANTIG.

Thine own kindred pierced thee thorough.

ISMENE.

And thy kin was pierced by thee.

ANTIG.

Sight of sadness!

ISMENE.

Tale of sorrow!

ANTIG.

Deadly to say!

ISMENE.

Deadly to see!

ANTIG.

We with you the sorrow bear.

ISMENE.

And twin woes twin sisters share.

CHORUS.

Alas! alas!

Moera, baneful gifts dispensing<sup>45</sup>  
To the toilsome race of mortals,  
Now prevails thy murky hour:  
Shade of Oedipus thrice sacred,  
Night-clad Fury, dread Erinnys,  
Mighty, mighty is thy power!

ANTISTROPHE.

ANTIG.

Food to feed the eyes with mourning,

ISMENE.

Exile sad, more sad returning!

ANTIG.

Slain wert thou, when thou hadst slain

ISMENE.

Found wert thou and lost again

ANTIG.

Lost, in sooth, beyond reprieving.

ISMENE.

Life-bereft and life-bereaving.

ANTIG.

Race of Laius, woe is thee!

ISMENE.

Woe, and wail, and misery!

ANTIG.

Woe, woe, thy fatal name!

ISMENE.

Prophet of our triple shame.

ANTIG.

Deadly to say!

ISMENE.

Deadly to see!

CHORUS.

Alas! alas!

Moera, baneful gifts dispensing  
To the toilsome race of mortals,  
Now prevails thy murky hour;

Shade of Oedipus thrice sacred,  
Night-clad Fury, dread Erinnys,  
Mighty, mighty is thy power.

EPODE.

ANTIG.

Thou hast marched a distant road.

ISMENE.

Thou hast gone to the dark abode.

ANTIG.

Cruel welcome met thee here.

ISMENE.

Falling by thy brother's spear.

ANTIG.

Deadly to say!

ISMENE.

Deadly to see!

ANTIG.

Woe and wailing.

ISMENE.

Wail and woe!

ANTIG.

To my home and to my country.

ISMENE.

And to me much wail and woe.

ANTIG.

Chief woe to me!

ISMENE.

Weeping and woe!

ANTIG.

Alas! Eteocles, laid thus low!

ISMENE.

O thrice woe-worthy pair!

ANTIG.

A god, a god, hath dealt the blow!

ISMENE.

Where shall they find their clay-cold lair?

ANTIG.

An honoured place their bones shall keep.

ISMENE.

With their fathers they shall sleep.

*Enter Herald.*

HERALD.

Hear ye my words—my herald's voice declaring  
What seemed and seems good to the Theban senate  
Eteocles, his country's friend, shall find  
Due burial in its friendly bosom.<sup>46</sup> He  
Is free from sin against the gods of Cadmus,  
And died, the champion of his country's cause,  
As generous youths should die. Severer doom  
Falls on his brother Polynices. He  
Shall lie in the breeze unburied, food for dogs,  
Most fit bestowal of a traitor's corpse;  
For, had some god not stepped between to save us,

And turned the spear aside, Cadméan Thebes  
Had stood no more. His country's gods demand  
Such stern atonement of the impious will  
That led a hireling host against their shrines.  
On him shall vultures banquet, ravening birds  
His flesh shall tear; no pious hand shall pile  
The fresh green mound, no wailing notes for him  
Be lifted shrill, no tearful friends attend  
His funeral march. Thus they who rule in Thebes  
Have strictly ordered.

ANTIG.

Go thou back, and give  
This message to the rulers.—If none other  
Will grant the just interment to my brother  
Myself will bury him. The risk I reckon not,  
Nor blush to call rebellion's self a virtue,  
Where I rebel, being kind to my own kin.  
Our common source of life, a mother doomed  
To matchless woes, nor less the father doomed,  
Demand no vulgar reverence. I will share  
Reproach with the reproached, and with my kin  
Know kindred grief, the living with the dead.  
For his dear flesh, no hollow-stomach'd wolves  
Shall tear it—no! myself, though I'm but woman,  
Will make his tomb, and do the sacred office.  
Even in this bosom's linen folds, I'll bear  
Enough of earth to cover him withal  
This thing I'll do I will. For bold resolves  
Still find bold hands; the purpose makes the plan.[47](#)

HERALD.

When Thebes commands, 'tis duty to obey.

ANTIG.

When ears are deaf, 'tis wisdom to be dumb.

HERALD

Fierce is a people with young victory flushed.

ANTIG.

Fierce let them be; he shall not go unburied.

HERALD.

What? wilt thou honour whom the city hates?

ANTIG.

And did the gods not honour whom I honour?

HERALD.

Once: ere he led the spear against his country.

ANTIG.

Evil entreatment he repaid with evil.

HERALD.

Should thousands suffer for the fault of one?

ANTIG

Strife is the last of gods to end her tale;  
My brother I will bury. Make no more talk.

HERALD.

Be wilful, if thou wilt. I counsel wisdom.

CHORUS.

Mighty Furies that triumphant  
Ride on ruin's baleful wings,  
Crushed ye have and clean uprooted  
This great race of Theban kings.  
Who shall help me? Who shall give me,  
Sure advice, and counsel clear?  
Shall mine eyes freeze up their weeping?  
Shall my feet refuse to follow  
Thy loved remnant? but I fear  
Much the rulers, and their mandate  
Sternly sanctioned. Shall it be?  
Him shall many mourners follow?  
Thee, rejected by thy country,  
Thee no voice of wailing hears,  
All thy funeral march a sister  
Weeping solitary tears?

*[The Chorus now divides itself into two parts, of which one attaches itself to Antigone and the corpse of Polynices; the other to Ismene and the corpse of Eteocles.]*

SEMI-CHORUS.

Let them threaten, or not threaten,  
We will drop the friendly tear,  
With the pious-minded sister,  
We will tend the brother's bier.  
And though public law forbids  
These tears, free-shed for public sorrow,  
Laws oft will change, and in one state  
What's right to-day is wrong to-morrow.

SEMI-CHORUS.

For us we'll follow, where the city  
And the law of Cadmus leads us,  
To the funeral of the brave.  
By the aid of Jove Supernal,  
And the gods that keep the city,  
Mighty hath he been to save;  
He hath smote the proud invader,  
He hath rolled the ruin backward  
Of the whelming Argive wave.

## NOTES TO THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES



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## THE PERSIANS

### A HISTORICAL CANTATA

“Why should calamity be full of words?  
Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries!  
Let them have scope; though what they do in part  
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.”

Shakespeare.

Ἠθεῖη Σαλαμῆς . ἠπολεῖς δὲ σὺ τέκνα γυναικῶν.

Delphic Oracle

## PERSONS

Chorus of Persian Elders.

Atossa, Mother of Xerxes.

Messenger.

Shade of Darius, Father of Xerxes.

Xerxes, King of Persia.

Scene—*Before the Palace at Susa. Tomb of Darius in the background.*

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

Of the battle of Salamis and the expedition of Xerxes, as an historical event, it must be unnecessary for me to say a single word here, entitled, as I am, to presume that no reader of the plays of Æschylus can be ignorant of the main facts, and the tremendous moral significance of that event. I shall only mention, for the sake of those whose memory is not well exercised in chronology, that it took place in the autumn of the year 480 before Christ, ten years after the battle of Marathon, thirty years after the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, and eighty years after the foundation of the great Persian empire by Cyrus the great. Those who wish to read the descriptions of the poet with complete interest and satisfaction should peruse the 38th, 39th, 40th, and 41st chapters (Vol. V.), of Mr. Grote’s great work, and, if possible, also, the 7th and 8th books of Herodotus.†

On the poetical merit of the *Persians*, as a work of art, a great authority, Schlegel, has pronounced that it is “undoubtedly the most imperfect of all the extant tragedies of this poet;” but, unless the historical theme be the stumbling-block, I really cannot see on what ground this judgment proceeds. As for the descriptive parts, the battle of Salamis, and the retreat of the routed monarch, are pictured with a vividness and a power to which nothing in this massive and manly author is superior; the interest to the reader being increased tenfold by the fact, that he is here dealing with a real event of the most important character, and recited by one of the best qualified of eye-witnesses. The moral of the piece, as already stated, is, in every respect, what in a great drama or epos could be desired; and, with respect to the lyrics, the Anapæstic march, and the choral chaunt in Ionic measure, with which it opens, has about it a breadth, a magnificence, and a solemnity surpassed only in the choral hymns of the *Agamemnon*. Not less effective, to an ancient audience, I am sure, must have been the grand antiphonal chaunt with which (as in *The Seven against Thebes*) the variously repeated wail of this tragedy is brought to a climax; and if the Bishop of London, and some other scholars, have thought this sad exhibition of national lamentation ridiculous, we ought to believe that these critics have forgot the difference between a modern reader and an ancient spectator, rather than that so great a master as Æschylus did not know how to distinguish between a tragedy and a farce

In common with other historical poems, the *Persians* of Æschylus is not altogether free from the fault of bringing our imaginative faculty into collision with our understanding, by a partial suppression or exaggeration of historical truth. In the way of suppression, the most noticable thing is, that the slave of Themistocles, who is described as having, by a false report to Xerxes, brought on the battle of Salamis, appears, according to the poet, to have cheated the Persians only; whereas, according to the real story, he cheated his countrymen also, and forced them to fight in that place against the will of the non-Athenian members of the confederation. In the way of exaggeration, again, Grote, in an able note,\* has shown what appear to me valid reasons for disbelieving the fact of the freezing of the Strymon, and its sudden thaw, described so piteously by our poet; while the very nature of the case plainly shows that the whole circumstances of the retreat, coming to us through Greek reporters, were very liable to exaggeration. This, however, in a poetical description, is a small matter. What appears to me much worse, and, indeed, the weakest point in the structure of the whole drama, is that the contrast between the character and conduct of Darius and that of his son is drawn in colours much too strong; the fact being that the son, in following the advice of Mardonius to attack Athens, was only carrying into execution the design of the father, and making use of his preparations.† All that I have to say in defence of this misrepresentation is, that the poet wrote with a glowing patriotic heat what we now contemplate with a cold historical criticism. The greatest works of the greatest masters can, as human nature is constituted, seldom be altogether free from inconsistencies of this kind

I have only further to add, that I have carefully read what Welcker and Gruppe\* have written on the supposed ideal connection between the four pieces of the tetralogy, among which the *Persians* stands second, in the extant Greek argument;† but that, while I admire exceedingly the learning and ingenuity of these writers, I doubt much the utility of attempting to restore the palaces of ancient art out of those few loose

bricks which Time has spared us from the once compact mass Poetry may be benefited by such speculations; Philology, I rather fear, has been injured.

*Chorus, entering the Orchestra in procession. March time.*

CHORUS

We are the Persian watchmen old,  
The guardians true of the palace of gold,  
Left to defend the Asian land,  
When the army marched to Hellas' strand;  
Elders chosen by Xerxes the king,  
The son of Darius, to hold the reins,  
Till he the conquering host shall bring  
Back to Susa's sunny plains.  
But the spirit within me is troubled and tossed,  
When I think of the King and the Persian host;  
And my soul, dark-stirred with the prophet's mood,  
Bodes nothing good  
For the strength of the Asian land went forth,  
And my heart cries out for the young king's worth  
That marshalled them on to the war.\*  
Nor herald, nor horseman, nor wandering fame,  
Since then to the towers of the Persian came.  
From Susa and from Ecbatana far,  
And from the Cissian fortress old,†  
Strong in the ordered ranks of war  
Forth they went, the warriors bold;  
Horseman and footman and seaman went,  
A vast and various armament.  
Amistres, Artaphrenes, led the van,  
Megabátes, Astaspes, obeyed the ban;  
Persian leaders, kings from afar  
Followed the great King's call to the war.  
Forth they went with arrow and bow,‡  
And in clattering turms with chivalrous show;  
To the eye of the dastard a terrible sight,  
And with constancy mailed for the fight.  
Artembáres in steeds delighting,  
Imaeus the foe with the sure arrow smiting,  
Pharandáces, Masistres, Sosthánes in war  
Who lashes the steed, and drives the car.  
The mighty and many-nurturing Nile  
Sent forth many a swarthy file;  
Susiscánes and Egypt's son  
Pegastágon lead them on.  
Arsámes the mighty, whose word commands  
The strength of the sacred Memphian bands,

And Ariomardus brave, whose sway  
The sons of Ogygian\* Thebes obey.  
And the countless host with sturdy oar  
That plough the lagoons of the slimy shore.†  
And the Lydians march in luxurious pride,  
And the tribes of the continent far and wide  
Whom Arcteus and valiant Metragathes lead,  
Kings that serve the great King's need,  
And the men who fight from the sharp-scythed car,  
Whom golden Sardes‡ sends to the war;  
Some with two yoke, some with three,  
A terrible sight to see.  
And the sons of sacred Tmolus appear‡  
On free-necked Hellas to lay the yoke,  
Mardon and Tharybis, stiff to the spear  
As the anvil is stiff to the hammer's stroke.  
And the men of Mysia skilful to throw  
The well-poised dart,§ and they who ride  
On wide Ocean's swelling tide,  
A mingled people with motley show  
From golden Babylon, men who know  
To point the arrow and bend the bow.  
The Asian tribes that wear the sword¶  
From far and near  
The summons hear,  
And follow the hest of their mighty Lord.  
All the flower of the Persian youth hath gone,  
And the land that nursed them is left alone  
To pine with love's delay;  
And wives and mothers from day to day,  
Fearing what birth  
The time shall bring forth,  
Fret the long-drawn hours away.

## CHORAL HYMN.

### STROPHE I.

Proudly the kingly host,  
City-destroying, crossed  
Hence to the neighbouring  
Contrary coast;  
Paving the sea with planks,  
Marched he his serried ranks  
Hellè's swift-rushing stream,\*  
Binding with cord and chain,  
Forging a yoke  
For the neck of the main.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

King of a countless host,  
Asia's warlike boast,  
Shepherd of many sheep,<sup>5</sup>  
Conquering crossed.  
Trusting to men of might,  
Footman and harnessed knight;  
Son of a golden race,  
Strong both by land and sea,  
Equal to gods,  
Though a mortal was he.

## STROPHE II.

His eyes like the dragon's dire  
Flashing with dark blue fire,<sup>‡</sup>  
See him appear!  
Through the long lines of war  
Driving the Syrian car,<sup>‡</sup>  
Ares in arrows strong  
Leading against the strong  
Men of the spear!

## ANTISTROPHE II.

When wave upon wave of men  
Breaks through each Grecian glen,  
Whelming the land,  
War like wild Ocean's tide,  
What arm shall turn aside?  
Persia's stout-hearted race,  
Hand to hand, face to face,  
Who shall withstand?

## MESODE.

But, when the gods deceive,<sup>6</sup>  
Wiles which immortals weave  
Who shall beware?  
Who, when their nets surround,  
Breaks with a nimble bound  
Out of the snare?  
First they approach with smiles  
Wreathing their hidden wiles:  
Then with surprise,  
Seize they their prey; and lo!

Writhing in toils of woe  
Tangled he lies.

### STROPHE III.

Fate hath decreed it so,  
Peace, peace, is not for thee!  
Persia, hear and know,  
War is the lot for thee!  
Spake the supernal powers,  
Charging of steeds shall be,  
Taking of towns and towers,  
Persia, to thee!

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Where the sea, hoar with wrath,  
Roars to the roaring blast,  
Daring a doubtful path,  
Persian hosts have passed;  
Where wave on wave cresting on  
Bristles with angry breath,  
Cable and plank alone  
Part them from death!

### STROPHE IV

Therefore is my soul within me  
Murky-mantled, pricked with fear:  
Alas! the Persian army! Never  
May such cry invade my ear!  
Susa, emptied of her children,  
Desolate and drear!

### ANTISTROPHE IV.

Never may the Cissian fortress  
With such echo split the air;  
Spare mine ears the shrieks of women,  
And mine eyes the sad sight spare,  
When fair hands the costly linen  
From gentle bosoms tear!

### STROPHE V.

For all our horse with frequent tramp,  
And our footmen from the camp,

Even as bees on busy wing,  
Swarmed out with the king:  
And they paved their briny way,  
Where beats the many-mingling spray  
The bridge that joins the Thracian strand  
To Asian land.\*

## ANTISTROPHE V.

Wives bedew with many a tear  
The couches where the partner dear  
Hath been, and is not; Persian wives  
Fret with desire their lives.  
Far, far, he roams from land to land,  
Her restless lord with lance in hand;  
She in unmated grief to moan  
Is left alone.  
But come, ye Persian elders all,  
Let us seat us beside this ancient hall;  
Wise counsel to-day let us honestly frame,  
Touching the fate of the kingly one,  
Race of our race, and name of our name,  
Darius' godlike son:  
For much it concerns us to know  
Whether the winged shaft shot from the bow,  
Or the strength of the pointed spear hath won.  
But lo! where she comes, a moving light,  
Like the eyes of the god so bright,  
The mother of Xerxes, my queen.  
Let us fall down before her with humble prostration,<sup>7</sup>  
And greet her to-day with a fair salutation,  
The mother of Xerxes, my queen.  
[*To Atossa, entering.*] Mistress of the low-zoned women, queen of Persia's  
daughters, hail!  
Aged mother of King Xerxes, wife of great Darius, hail!  
Spouse of him who was a god, and of a present god the mother,  
If the ancient bliss that crowned it hath not left the Persian host.

*Enter Atossa, drawn with royal pomp in a chariot.*

ATOSSA.

Even this hath moved me, leaving these proud golden-garnished halls,  
And the common sleeping chamber of Darius and myself,  
Here to come. Sharp fear within me pricks my heart; I will declare  
All the thoughts that deep perplex me to my friends; the secret fear  
Lest our pride of ramping riches kick our sober weal in the dust,  
Scattering wide what wealth Darius gathered, not without a god.

Twofold apprehension moves me, when I ponder this old truth;  
Without men much riches profit little; without wealth the state,  
Though in numbers much abounding, may not look on joyous light.  
Riches are a thing not evil; but I tremble for the eye,  
And the eye I call the presence of the master in the house.\*  
Ye have heard my sorrows; make me sharer of your counsel now,  
In what matter I shall tell you, ancient, trusty Persian men;  
For with you my whole of wisdom, all my healthy counsels dwell.

CHORUS.

Mistress of this land, believe it, never shalt thou ask a kindness,  
Be it word from us or action, twice, while power shall aid the will;  
We are willing to advise thee in this matter, what we may.

ATOSSA.

Since when my son departed with the army,  
To bring destruction on Ionia,\* scarcely  
One night hath been that did not bring me dreams;  
But yesternight, with figurement most clear,  
I dreamt; hear thou the theme. Methought I saw  
Two women richly dight, in Persian robes  
The one, the other in a Dorian dress,  
Both tall above the vulgar stature, both  
Of beauty blameless, and descended both  
From the same race. The one on Hellas dwelt,  
The other on fair Asia's continent.  
Between these twain some strife there seemed to rise;  
Which when my son beheld, forthwith he seized them,  
And joined them to his car, and made their necks  
Submissive to the yoke. The one uptowered  
In pride of harness, as rejoiced to follow  
The kingly rein. The other kicked and plunged,  
And tossed the gear away, and broke the traces,  
The yoke in sunder snapt, and from the car  
Ran reinless. On the ground my son was thrown,  
And to his aid Darius pitying came,  
Whom when he saw, my Xerxes rent his robes.  
Such was my vision of the night; the morn  
Brought a new portent with it. When I rose,  
And dipped my hands in the fair-flowing fount,<sup>8</sup>  
And to the altar of the averting gods,  
To whom such right pertains, with sacred cake  
In sacrificial ministry advanced,  
I saw an eagle flying to the altar<sup>9</sup>  
Of Phœbus; there all mute with fear I stood;  
And after it in swiftest flight I saw



A hawk that darted on the eagle's head,  
And tore it with his claws, the royal bird  
Yielding his glory meekly to be plucked.  
These things I saw in fear, as ye in fear  
Must hear them. Ye know well, my son commands  
Supreme in Persia. Should success attend him,  
'Tis well; but should mischance o'ertake him, he  
Will rule in Susa as he ruled before;  
No power is here to whom he owes account.

CHORUS.

We advise thee, mother, neither with the feeble words of fear,  
Nor with boastful courage. Turn thee to the gods in supplication:  
Theirs it is to ward fulfilment of all evil-omened sights,  
Bringing good to full fruition for thyself and for thy children,  
For the city and all that love thee. Then a pure libation pour  
To the Earth and to the Manes; with especial honor pray  
The dread Shade of thy Darius whom thou sawest in the night,  
To send blessings on thy Xerxes in the gladness of the day,  
Keeping back unblissful sorrows in the sightless gloom of death.  
Thus my soul its own diviner\* with a friendly kind concern  
Counsels. Doubtless time will perfect happy fates for thee and thine.

ATOSSA.

Truly, with a friendly reading thou hast read my midnight dreams,  
Words of strengthening solace speaking to my son and to my house.  
May the gods all blessing perfect. I to them, as thou hast said,  
And the Shades, the well-beloved, will perform befitting rites,  
In the palace; meanwhile tell me this, for I would gladly know  
Where, O friends, is famous Athens on the broad face of the Earth?[10](#)

CHORUS.

Far in the west: beside the setting of the lord of light the sun.

ATOSSA.

This same Athens, my son Xerxes longed with much desire to take.

CHORUS.

Wisely: for all Greece submissive, when this city falls, will fall.

ATOSSA.

Are they many? do they number men enough to meet my son?

CHORUS.

What they number was sufficient once to work the Medes much harm.

ATOSSA.

Other strength than numbers have they? wealth enough within themselves?

CHORUS.

They can boast a fount of silver, native treasure to the land.†

ATOSSA.

Are they bowmen good? sure-feathered do their pointed arrows fly?

CHORUS.

Not so. Stable spears they carry, massy armature of shields.

ATOSSA.

Who is shepherd of this people? lord of the Athenian host?

CHORUS.

Slaves are they to no man living, subject to no earthly name.[11](#)

ATOSSA.

How can such repel the onset of a strong united host?

CHORUS.

*How* Darius knew in Hellas, when he lost vast armies there.

ATOSSA.

Things of deep concern thou speakest to all mothers in this land.

CHORUS.

Thou shalt know anon exactly more than I can guess, for lo!

Here comes one—a hasty runner—he should be a Persian man  
News, I wis, this herald bringeth of deep import, good or bad.

*Enter* Messenger.

MESS.

O towns and cities of wide Asia,  
O Persian land, wide harbour of much wealth,  
How hath one stroke laid all thy grandeur low,  
One frost nipt all thy bloom! Woe's me that I  
Should be first bearer of bad news! but strong  
Necessity commands to speak the truth.  
Persians, the whole barbaric host hath perished.

## STROPHE I.

CHORUS.

O misery! misery, dark and deep!  
Dole and sorrow and woe!  
Weep, ye Persians! wail and weep,  
For wounds that freshly flow!

MESS.

All, all is ruined: not a remnant left.  
Myself, against all hope, see Persia's sun.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

CHORUS.

O long, too long, through creeping years  
Hath the life of the old man lasted,  
To see—and nurse his griefs with tears—  
The hopes of Persia blasted!

MESS.

I speak no hearsay: what these eyes beheld  
Of blackest evil, Persians, I declare.

## STROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Ah me! all in vain against Hellas divine  
Were the twanging bow and whizzing reed,  
All vainly mustered the thickly clustered  
Armies of the Mede!

MESS.

The shores of Salamis, and all around  
With the thick bodies of our dead are peopled.

## ANTISTROPHE II.

CHORUS.

Alas! the wreck of the countless host!  
The Sundered planks, and the drifted dead,<sup>12</sup>  
Rocked to and fro, with the ebb and the flow  
On a wavy-wandering bed!

MESS.

Vain were our shafts; our mighty multitude  
Vanished before their brazen-beaked attack.

## STROPHE III.

CHORUS.

Sing ye, sing ye a sorrowful song,  
Lift ye, lift ye a piercing cry!  
Our harnessed throng and armies strong  
Lost and ruined utterly!

MESS.

O hated name to hear, sad Salamis!  
O Athens, I remember thee with groans.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

CHORUS.

O Athens, Athens, thou hast reft us  
Of our all we did possess!  
Sonless mothers thou hast left us,  
Weeping wives and husbandless!

ATOSSA.

Thou see'st I have kept silence. this sad stroke  
Hath struck me dumb, as powerless to give voice  
To my own sorrows, as to ask another's.  
Yet when the gods send trouble, mortal men  
Must learn to bear it. Therefore be thou calm;  
Unfold the perfect volume of our woes,  
And, though the memory grieve thee, let us hear  
Thy tale to the end, what loss demands our tears,  
Which of the baton-bearing chiefs\* hath left  
An army to march home without a head.

MESS.

Xerxes yet lives, and looks on the light.

ATOSSA.

Much light  
In this to me, and to my house thou speakest,  
A shining day from out a pitchy night.

MESS.

Artembares, captain of ten thousand horse,  
Upon the rough Silenian shores\* lies dead,  
And Dadaces, the chiliarch, spear-struck fell  
Precipitate from his ship—an easy leap;  
And noble Tenagon, a pure Bactrian born,  
Around the sea-lashed isle of Ajax floats.  
Lilaeus, Arsames, Argestes, these  
The waves have made their battering ram, to beat  
The hard rocks of the turtle-nurturing isle.  
Pharnuchus, Pheresseues, and Adeues,  
And Arcteus from their native Nile-spring far  
Fell from one ship into one grave. Matallus,  
The Chrysiar myriontarch, who led to Hellas

Full thrice ten thousand sable cavalry,  
His thick and bushy beard's long tawny pride  
Hath dyed in purple gore. The Magian Arabus  
The Bactrian Artames on the self-same shore  
Have found no cushioned lodgment.† There Amestris,[13](#)  
And there Amphistreus, wielder of the spear,  
And there Metragathes lies, for whom the Sardians  
Weep well-earned tears; and Sersames, the Mysian.  
With them, of five times fifty ships commander,  
Lyrnaean Tharybis, a goodly man,  
Lies hopeless stretched on the unfriendly strand.  
Syennesis, the brave Cilician chief  
Who singly wrought more trouble to the foe  
Than thousands, died with a brave man's report.  
These names I tell thee of the chiefs that fell,  
A few selecting out of many losses.

ATOSSA.

Alas! alas! more than enough I hear;  
Shame to the Persians and shrill wails. But say,  
Retracing thy discourse, what was the number  
Of the Greek ships that dared with Persia's fleet  
To engage, and grapple beak to beak.

MESS.

If number  
Of ships might gain the fight, believe me, queen,  
The victory had been ours. The Greeks could tell  
But ten times thirty ships, with other ten,  
Of most select equipment. Xerxes numbered  
A thousand ships, two hundred sail and seven  
Of rapid wing beside. Of this be assured,  
What might of man could do was done to save us,  
Some god hath ruined us, not weighing justly  
An equal measure. Pallas saves her city.[14](#)

ATOSSA.

The city? is it safe? does Athens stand?

MESS.

It stands without the fence of walls. Men wall it

ATOSSA.

But say, who first commenced the fight—the Greeks  
Or, in his numbers strong, my kingly son.

MESS.

Some evil god, or an avenging spirit,\*  
Began the fray. From the Athenian fleet  
There came a Greek,<sup>15</sup> and thus thy son bespoke.  
“Soon as the gloom of night shall fall, the Greeks  
No more will wait, but, rushing to their oars,  
Each man will seek his safety where he may,  
By secret flight.” This Xerxes heard, but knew not  
The guile of Greece, nor yet the jealous gods,  
And to his captains straightway gave command  
That, when the sun withdrew his burning beams,  
And darkness filled the temple of the sky,<sup>16</sup>  
In triple lines their ships they should dispose,  
Each wave-plashed outlet guarding, fencing round  
The isle of Ajax surely. Should the Greeks  
Deceive this guard, or with their ships escape  
In secret flight, each captain with his head  
Should pay for his remissness. These commands  
With lofty heart, thy son gave forth, nor thought  
What harm the gods were weaving. They obeyed.  
Each man prepared his supper, and the sailors  
Bound the lithe oar to its familiar block.  
Then, when the sun his shining glory paled,  
And night swooped down, each master of the oar,  
Each marshaller of arms, embarked; and then  
Line called on line to take its ordered place.  
All night they cruised, and, with a moving belt,  
Prisoned the frith, till day ’gan peep, and still  
No stealthy Greek the expected flight essayed.  
But when at length the snowy-steeded Day  
Burst o’er the main, all beautiful to see,  
First from the Greeks a tuneful shout uprose,  
Well-omened, and, with replication loud,  
Leapt the blithe echo from the rocky shore.  
Fear seized the Persian host, no longer tricked  
By vain opinion; not like wavering flight  
Billowed the solemn pæan of the Greeks,  
But like the shout of men to battle urging,  
With lusty cheer. Then the fierce trumpet’s voice  
Blazed\* o’er the main; and on the salt sea flood  
Forthwith the oars, with measured plash, descended,  
And all their lines, with dexterous speed displayed,

Stood with opposing front. The right wing first,  
Then the whole fleet bore down, and straight uprose  
A mighty shout. "Sons of the Greeks, advance!  
Your country free, your children free, your wives!  
The altars of your native gods deliver,  
And your ancestral tombs—all's now at stake!"  
A like salute from our whole line back-rolled  
In Persian speech. Nor more delay, but straight  
Trireme on trireme, brazen beak on beak  
Dashed furious. A Greek ship led on the attack,<sup>†</sup>  
And from the prow of a Phœnician struck  
The figure-head; and now the grapple closed  
Of each ship with his adverse desperate.  
At first the main line of the Persian fleet  
Stood the harsh shock; but soon their multitude  
Became their ruin; in the narrow frith  
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,  
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other,  
And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks  
Stroke after stroke dealt dexterous all around,  
Till our ships showed their keels, and the blue sea  
Was seen no more, with multitude of ships  
And corpses covered. All the shores were strewn,  
And the rough rocks, with dead, till, in the end,  
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet  
Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.  
As men that fish for tunnies, so the Greeks,  
With broken booms, and fragments of the wreck,  
Struck our snared men, and hacked them, that the sea,  
With wail and moaning, was possessed around,  
Till black-eyed Night shot darkness o'er the fray.<sup>‡</sup>  
These ills thou hearest: to rehearse the whole,  
Ten days were few; but this my queen, believe,  
No day yet shone on Earth whose brightness looked  
On such a tale of death.

ATOSSA.

A sea of woes  
On Persia bursts, and all the Persian name!

MESS.

Thou hast not heard the half: another woe  
Remains, that twice outweighs what I have told



ATOSSA

What worse than this? Say what mischance so strong  
To hurt us more, being already ruined?

MESS

The bloom of all the Persian youth, in spirit  
The bravest, and in birth the noblest, princes  
In whom thy son placed his especial trust,  
All by a most inglorious doom have perished.

ATOSSA.

O wretched me, that I should live to hear it!  
But by what death did Persia's princes die?

MESS

There is an islet, fronting Salamis,  
To ships unfriendly, of dance-loving Pan<sup>17</sup>  
The chosen haunt, and near the Attic coast.  
Here Xerxes placed his chiefest men, that when  
The routed Greeks should seek this strand, our troops  
Might both aid friends, where friends their aid required,  
And kill the scattered Greeks, an easy prey;  
Ill-auguring what should hap! for when the gods  
Gave to the Greeks the glory of the day,<sup>\*</sup>  
Straightway well-cased in mail from their triremes  
They leapt, rushed on the isle, and hedged it round,  
That neither right nor left our men might turn,  
But fell in heaps, some struck by rattling stones,  
Some pierced by arrows from the twanging bow.  
Then, in one onslaught fiercely massed, the Greeks  
Our fenceless chiefs in slashing butchery  
Mowed down, till not one breath remained to groan.  
But Xerxes groaned: for from a height that rose  
From the sea-shore conspicuous,<sup>†</sup> with clear view  
He mustered the black fortune of the fight.  
His stole he rent, and lifting a shrill wail  
Gave the poor remnant of his host command  
To flee, and fled with them. Lament with me,  
This second sorrow heaped upon the first.

ATOSSA.

O dismal god! how has thy hate deceived  
The mind of the Mede! A bitter vengeance truly

Hath famous Athens wreaked on my poor son,  
To all the dead that fell at Marathon  
Adding this slaughter!—O my son! my son!  
Thyself hast paid the penalty that thou  
Went to inflict on others!—But let me hear  
Where hast thou left the few ships that escaped?

MESS.

The remnant of the fleet with full sail sped  
Swift in disordered flight from Salamis  
The wreck of the army through Bœotia trailed  
Its sickly line: there some of thirst fell dead  
Even in the water's view; some with fatigue  
Panting toiled on through Phocian land, and Doris,  
And passed the Melian gulf, where through the plain  
Spercheius rolls his fructifying flood  
Then faint and famished the Achaean land  
Received us, and fair Thessaly's city, there  
The most of hunger died and thirst; for with  
This double plague we struggled Next Magnesia  
And Macedonian ground we traversed, then  
The stream of Axius, reedy Bolbe's mere,  
The Edonian fields, and the Pangaeian hills.  
But here some god\* stirred winter premature,  
And in the night froze Strymon's holy stream.  
Then men who never worshipped gods before  
Called on the heavens and on the Earth to save them,  
With many prayers, in vain. A few escaped,  
What few had crossed the ice-compacted flood  
Ere the strong god of light shot forth his rays.  
For soon the lustrous orb of day shone out  
With blazing beams, unbound the stream, and oped  
Inevitable fate beneath them: then  
Man upon man in crowded ruin fell,  
And he was happiest who the soonest died.  
We who survived, a miserable wreck,  
Struggled through Thrace slowly with much hard toil,<sup>18</sup>  
And stand again on Persian ground, and see  
Our native hearths. Much cause the city has  
To weep the loss of her selectest youth.  
These words are true: much I omit to tell  
Of all the woes a god hath smote withal  
Our Persian land.

CHORUS.

O sorely-vexing god,

How hast thou trampled 'neath no gentle foot  
The Persian race!

ATOSSA.

Woe's me! the army's lost  
O dreamy shapes night wandering, too clearly  
Your prophecy spoke truth! But you, good Seniors,  
Sorry expounders though ye be, in one thing  
I will obey. I will go pray the gods,  
As ye advised; then gifts I will present  
To Earth and to the Manes. I will offer,  
The sacred cake to appease them For the past,  
'Tis past beyond all change; but hope may be  
To make the gods propitious for the future.  
Meanwhile your counsel in this need I crave;  
A faithful man is mighty in mischance  
My son, if he shall come ere I return,  
Cheer him with friendly words, and see him safe,  
Lest to this ill some worser woe be added

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

O Jove, king Jove destroyed hast thou  
Our high-vaunting countless hosts!  
Our high-vaunting countless hosts  
Where be they now?  
Susa's glory, Ecbatana's pride,  
In murky sorrow thou didst hide,  
And with delicate hands the virgins fair  
Their white veils tear,  
And salt streams flow from bright fountains of woe,  
And rain on the bosoms of snow.  
They whose love was fresh and young,  
Where are now their husbands strong?  
The soft delights of the nuptial bed  
With purple spread,  
Where, where be they?  
They have lost the joy of their jocund years,  
And they weep with insatiate tears:  
And I will reply with my heart's strong cry,  
And lift the doleful lay.

CHORAL HYMN.  
STROPHE I

Asia from each furthest corner  
Weeps her woes, a sonless mourner,  
Xerxes a wild chase pursuing,  
Xerxes led thee to thy ruin;  
Xerxes, luckless fancies wooing,  
Trimmed vain fleets for thy undoing.  
Not like him the old Darius  
Shattered thus from Hellas came;  
Rightly he is honoured by us,  
Susa's Bowman without blame.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Dark-prowed ships that plough wide ocean  
With well-poised wings through waves' commotion,  
Ships, the countless crews that carried,  
In briny death ye saw them buried,  
Where the Ionian beaks were dashing,  
Where the Persian booms were crashing!  
And our monarch scarcely scaping,  
Left with life the deathful fray,  
Through the plains of Thracia shaping  
Sad his bleak and wintry way.

STROPHE II.

But the firstlings of our losses  
The Ionian billow tosses,  
And Cychrean waves are hurried,  
O'er the stranded dead unburied.  
Let the sharp grief bite thy marrow,  
With thy wailing smite the sky!  
Freely voice thy heaving sorrow,  
With a weighty burden cry!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Woe's me! by the wild waves driven,  
By the mute sea-monsters riven,<sup>19</sup>  
The untainted ocean's creatures  
Battening on their traceless features!  
Heirless homes are lorn and lonely,  
Childless parents weep and wail,

Old men weep, with weeping only  
They receive the woeful tale.

### STROPHE III.

Ah me! even now while we are mourning  
Some rebel hearts belike are spurning  
The Persian rule; some serf refuses  
The gold due to his master's uses.  
And some are slow with reverence low  
To kiss the ground and adore,  
For the power that long was fresh and strong  
Is found no more.

### ANTISTROPHE III.

The tongues of men, free from wise reining,  
Will now break forth with loud complaining;  
Unmuzzled now, unyoked, the rabble  
Will blaze abroad licentious babble.  
For the blood-drenched soil of the sea-swept isle  
Its prey restoreth never.  
And the thing that hath been henceforth shall be seen  
No more for ever.

*Enter Atossa.*

ATOSSA.

Good friends, whoso hath knowledge of mishap,  
Knows this, that men, when swelling ills surge o'er them,  
Brood o'er the harm till all things catch the hue  
Of apprehension; but, when Fortune's stream  
Runs smooth, the same, with confidence elate,  
Hope the boon god will blow fair breezes ever.  
Thus to my soul all things are full of fear,  
The adverse gods from all sides strike my eye,  
And in my ear, with ominous-ringing peal,  
Fate prophesies. Such terror scares my wits.  
No royal car to-day, no queenly pomp  
Is mine, the broidered stole would ill become  
My present mission, bringing as thou see'st,  
These simple offerings to appease the Shades;  
From the chaste cow, this white and healthful milk,  
This clearest juice, by the flower-working bee  
Distilled, this pure wave from the virgin spring,  
This draught of joyaunce from the unmingled grape,

Of a wild mother born; this fragrant fruit  
Of the pale green olive, ever leafy-fair,[20](#)  
And these wreathed flowers, of all-producing Earth  
Fair children. But, my dear lov'd friends, I pray you,  
With pious supplication, now invoke,  
The god Darius[21](#) while on the earth I pour  
These pure libations to the honour'd dead.

CHORUS.

O queen, much-revered of the Persian nation,  
To the chambers below pour thou the libation,  
While we shall uplift the holy hymn,  
That the gods who reign in the regions dim,  
May graciously hear when we pray.  
O holy powers that darkly sway  
In the subterranean night,  
O Earth, and Hermes, and thou who art king  
Of the Shades that float on bodiless wing,  
Send, O send him back to the light!  
For, if remedy be to our burden of woes,  
He surely knows.

## CHORAL HYMN.

### STROPHE I.

And dost thou hear me, blessed Shade, imploring  
Thy aid divine, and freely pouring  
Of plaintive grief  
The various flow?  
I will cry out, till Persia's godlike chief  
Shall hear below.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

O Earth, and ye that rule the shadowy homes,  
Send from your sunless domes  
The mighty god  
Of Susan birth,  
Than whom no greater yet was pressed by the sod  
Of Persian earth.

### STROPHE II.

O dear-loved man! dear tomb! and dearer dust  
That in thee lies!  
O Aidóneus, thy charge release,[22](#)

O stern Aidóneus, and, in peace,  
Let king Darius rise!

### ANTISTROPHE II.

He was a king no myriads vast he lost  
In wars inglorious.  
Persia, a counsellor was he,  
A counsellor of god to thee,  
He with his hosts victorious.

### STROPHE III.

Come, dread lord!<sup>23</sup> Appear! Appear!  
O'er the sepulchre's topmost tier;  
The disc of thy regal tiara showing,<sup>24</sup>  
With thy sandals saffron-glowing,  
Come, good father Darius, come!

### ANTISTROPHE III.

Fresh and unstaunched woes to hear,  
Lord of a mighty lord appear!  
For the clouds of Stygian night o'ercome us,  
And all our youth are perished from us,  
Come, good father Darius, come!

### EPODE.

O woe! and woe! and yet again  
Woe, and misery, and pain!  
Why should'st thou die, and leave the land  
Thou master of the mighty hand?  
Why should thy son with foolish venture  
Shake thy sure Empire to its centre?<sup>25</sup>  
And why must we deplore  
The countless triremes on the sea-swept shore  
Triremes no more?<sup>26</sup>

*The Shade of Darius rises from the Tomb.*

DARIUS.

O faithfulest of my faithful friends, compeers  
Of my fair youth, elders of Persia, say  
With what sore labour labours now the state?  
Pierced is the Earth, and rent with sounds of woe!

And I my spouse beholding near the tomb  
Am troubled, and her offerings I receive  
Propitious. Ye with her this cry have raised  
Of shrill lament to bring the dead from Hades,  
No easy climb; the gods beneath the ground  
Are readier to receive than to dismiss;\*  
But I was lord above them. I am come  
To meet your questioning. Ask, while yet the time  
Chides not my stay. What ill weighs Persia down?

## STROPHE

CHORUS.

I cannot speak before thee;  
I tremble to behold thee;  
The ancient awe subdues me.

DARIUS.

Not to hold a long discourse, but swift to grant a short reply,  
I have left the homes of Hades, by your wailings deeply moved.  
What thou hast to ask me, therefore ask, and throw all fear aside.

## ANTISTROPHE.

CHORUS.

I tremble to obey thee.  
Such sorrows to unfold thee,  
My powerless lips refuse me.

DARIUS.

Since the ancient reverence holds thee, and enchains thy mind, to thee  
I will speak, the aged partner of my bed, my high-born spouse.  
Cease thy weepings and thy wailings; tell me what mischance hath hapt  
'Tis most human that mischances come to mortal man, not few  
Woes by seas, not few by land, if the Fates prolong his span.

ATOSSA.

O all men in bliss surpassing while thine eyes beheld the day,  
Of all Persians envied, living like a god on earth, no less  
Happy wert thou in thy dying, ere thou didst behold the depth  
Of this present woe, Darius. Thou, in short phrase shalt hear all.  
Persia's strength is gone: the army lost: all ruined. I have said.



DARIUS.

How? Did pestilence smite the city, or did foul sedition rise?

ATOSSA.

Neither. Near far Athens routed was the Persian host.

DARIUS.

Who marched?  
Which of my children marched the host to Athens?

ATOSSA.

Thy impetuous son  
Xerxes. Xerxes of her children drained wide Asia's plains.

DARIUS.

On foot,  
Or with triremes did he risk this foolish venture?

ATOSSA.

With two fronts,  
One by sea, by land the other.

DARIUS.

But so vast an army how?

ATOSSA.

With rare bonds of wood and iron, Helle's streaming frith they crossed.

DARIUS.

Wood and iron! Could these fetter billowy Bosphorus in his flow?

ATOSSA.

So it was. Some god had lent him wit to plan his own perdition.

DARIUS.

Alas! a mighty god full surely robbed him of his sober mind.

ATOSSA.

And the fruit of his great folly we behold in matchless woes

DARIUS.

I have heard your wailings: tell me more exact the dismal chance

ATOSSA.

First the whole sea host being ruined brought like ruin on the foot

DARIUS.

By the hostile spear of Hellas they have perished one and all?

ATOSSA.

Ay. The citadel of Susa, emptied of her children, moans.

DARIUS.

Alas! the faithful army!

ATOSSA.

All the flower of Bactria's youth are slain.

DARIUS.

Woe, my hapless son! What myriads of our faithful friends he ruined!

ATOSSA.

Xerxes, stripped of all his glory, with a stragglings few they say—

DARIUS.

What of him? Speak! Speak! I pray thee; is there safety, is there hope?

ATOSSA.

Fainly comes, with life scarce rescued, to the bridge that links the lands.

DARIUS.

And has crossed to Asia?

ATOSSA.

Even so, most surely, ran the news.

DARIUS.

Ah! on wings how swift the issue of the ancient doom hath sped!  
Thee, my son, great Jove hath smitten. Long-drawn years I hoped would roll,  
Ere fulfilment of the dread prophetic burden should be known.  
But when man to run is eager, swift is the god to add a spur.<sup>27</sup>  
Opened flows a fount of sorrow to ourselves and to our friends.  
This my son knew not: he acted with green youth's presumptuous daring,  
Weening Helle's sacred current, Bosphorus' flood divine to bind  
Like a slave with hammered fetters, damming its unconquered tide,  
Forcing passage against Nature for a host unwisely great.  
Being mortal with immortals, with Poseidon's power he dared  
To contend fool-hardy. Did not strong distemper hold the soul  
Of my hapless son? The riches stored by me with mickle care  
Now, I fear, will be the booty of the swiftest-seizing hand.

ATOSSA.

Converse with the sons of folly taught thy eager son to err,<sup>28</sup>  
Thou wert great they said, and mighty, winning riches with thy spear,  
He, unmanly, chamber-fighting, adding nothing to thy store.  
With these taunts the ears assailing of thy warlike son, bad men  
Planned at length the march to Hellas—planned his ruin and our woe

DARIUS.

And, doing this, my son hath done a deed  
Whose heavy memory shall not die. For never  
Fell such mischance on Susa's halls, since when  
Jove gave his honor that one sceptre sways  
Sheep-pasturing Asia. First the Mede was King  
Of the vast host of people.<sup>29</sup> Him his son  
Succeeded, ending well things well begun;  
For wisdom still was rudder to his valour.  
Cyrus, the third from him, a prosperous man,  
Brought peace to all his friends. The Lydian people,  
The Phrygians, the Ionians, he subdued:  
With him no god was wroth; for he was wise.  
The fourth was Cyrus' son: he was a leader  
Of mighty hosts. Him, the fifth, Mardus followed,  
A blot to Persia, and the ancestral throne;  
Whom in the palace slew Artaphrenes,  
Sworn, with a chosen band of faithful friends,  
To give him secret riddance. Maraphis next,

And seventh Artaphrenes: myself  
Then won the lot I coveted. I marched  
My hosts to many wars, but never brought  
Mishap like this on Susa. My son, Xerxes,  
Being young hath young conceits; and takes no note  
Of my advisement. Ye, who were my friends,  
And fellows in the government, can witness,  
We suffered loss, but we preserved the state.

CHORUS.

Liege lord Darius, to what issue tend  
Thy words? With greedy ears we wait to hear  
How Persia henceforth may her strength repair.

DARIUS.

Learn from your loss, and never march your armies  
Again to Hellas, were they twice as strong.  
Not man alone, the land fights for the foe.

CHORUS.

How mean'st thou this? how fights the land for them?

DARIUS.

Our mighty multitudes their barren coast  
Kills by sheer famine.

CHORUS.

But with a moderate host?

DARIUS.

A moderate host remains, but, of that few,  
Few shall see Persian land.

CHORUS.

How? Shall the army  
Not all from Europe cross by Helle's frith?

DARIUS.

Few out of many, if the prophecies,

That are in part fulfilled by what we see,  
(And the gods lie not) speak the future true.  
It is an empty hope that bids him leave  
A select force behind him: they remain,  
Where with fat streams Asopus feeds the plain,  
Themselves to feed it fatter: in Bœotia  
Much woe awaits them justly, the fair price  
Of their own godless pride, that did not fear  
When first they entered Greece, to rob the altars  
Of the eternal gods, to fire their temples,  
Uproot the old foundations of their shrines,  
And from their basements in commingled wreck  
Dash down the images. Much harm they worked,  
And much shall suffer. From no shallow bed  
Their woes shall flow, but like a spring gush forth,  
Still fresh enforced. With such gore-streaming death  
The Dorian spear shall daub Plataea's soil;  
And the piled dead to generations three  
Speak this mute wisdom to the thoughtful eye—  
Proud thoughts were never made for mortal man;  
A haughty spirit\* blossoming bears a crop  
Of woe, and reaps a harvest of despair.  
Look on these things, pride's just avengement; think  
On Athens and on Hellas; fear to slight  
The present bounty of the gods, lest they  
Rob you of much, while greed still gapes for more.  
Jove is chastiser of high-vaunting thoughts,  
And heavily falls his judgment on the proud;  
Therefore, my foolish son, when he shall come,  
With friendly warnings teach, that he may cease  
From rash imaginings that offend the gods.  
And thou, his aged mother, go within,  
And bring a seemly robe with thee, to meet  
Thy son withal: for thou shalt see him soon,  
His broidered vestments torn in many a shred,  
Grief's blazonry. Thou only with kind words  
Canst soothe his sorrow, deaf to all beside.  
But now I go hence to the gloom below.  
Ye aged friends, farewell. Though ills surround,  
Yet give your souls to joyaunce, while ye may,  
For riches profit nothing to the dead.

[*The Shade of Darius descends.*

CHORUS.

O many woes, both present and to come,  
On the barbaric race I weep to hear!

ATOSSA.

O god, how many sorrows hast thou sent  
To weigh me down: but this doth gnaw my heart,  
That I should live to see my kingly son  
Come in grief's tattered weeds to Susa's halls;  
But I will go and bring a seemly robe  
To meet him, if I may. I will not leave  
My dear-loved son unsoled in his woe.

*[Exit into the palace.]*

CHORAL HYMN.  
STROPHE I.

O glorious and great was the Persian land!  
To the cities of Susa that owned his command  
How blest was the day!  
Defeat came not nigh us when good old Darius  
With invincible, godlike, victorious hand  
Held fortunate sway.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Sure-fenced were his cities with law, and no fear  
The Persian knew when his armies were near;  
They came from the fight,  
Not weary and worn, and of glory shorn,  
But trophied with spoils, and with costliest gear  
All proudly bedight.

STROPHE II.

What cities of splendour  
To him did surrender,  
Though he crossed not the border that Halys prescribes  
To the Median tribes!  
From Susa far  
Thrace feared his war,  
And the islanded cities of Strymon the river  
Covered at the clang of his sounding quiver.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And cities of power,  
Girt with wall and with tower,  
Far inland away from the frith and the bay,

Rejoiced in his sway,  
The proud roofs that gleam  
O'er Helle's broad stream,  
That fringe Propontis' bosomed shores,  
And where the mouth of hoarse Pontus roars.

### STROPHE III.

And the sea-swept isles that like sentinels stand  
Breasting the ports of the Asian land,  
Lesbos and Chios, with bright wine glowing,  
And Samos, where groves of green olive are growing  
Myconos, Paros, and Naxos together,  
Studding the main like brother with brother,  
And Andros that neighbourly lies in the sea,  
Tenos to thee

### ANTISTROPHE III.

And Lemnos that looks with a doubtful face  
Half to Asia, half to Thrace,  
And where Daedalean Icarus fell,  
And Rhodes and Cnidos of him can tell,  
And the cities of Cyprus great and small,  
Paphos and Soli obeyed his call,  
And the mother whose name the daughter borrows,  
That caused our sorrows.\*

### EPODE.

And the towns of the Greeks, well peopled and wealthy,  
He swayed with counsels wise and healthy;  
And the mustered strength of the East stood by us,  
A harnessed array,  
Many-mingled were they,  
Made one at the call of the mighty Darius.  
But now the tide hath turned indeed,  
The gods have worked our woe,  
By the spear, and the glaive,  
And the fierce-lashing wave  
Low lies the might of the Mede!

*Enter Xerxes.*

XERXES.

Ah wretched me! even so, even so;

Suddenly, suddenly came the blow,  
And strong was the rod of the merciless god  
That struck the Persian low!  
Ah me! Ah me!  
My knees beneath me shake, to see  
These seniors reverend and grey,  
Gathered to meet me on such a day.  
O would that I had been fated to die  
With the brave where destiny found them,  
When they stained with gore the stranger's shore,  
And the darkness of death came round them!

CHORUS

O king of the goodly army, for thee  
We weep, and the princes that went with thee,  
Of Persian nobles the glory and crown,  
Whom a god with his scythe mowed down!  
For the halls of Hades, dark and wide,  
Xerxes hath plenished with Persia's pride,  
And the land laments her sons.  
Hundreds have trodden the path of gloom,  
Thousands of Asia's choicest bloom;  
Tens of thousands, that wielded the bow,  
Are gone to the chambers of death below  
Ah me! ah me! these strong-limbed men,  
Where be they now that were lusty then?  
All Asia mourns, O King, with thee,  
And bends the feeble knee.

*Here commences, with mournful Oriental music, and with violent gesticulations, a great National Wail over the misfortunes of the Persian people.*

## STROPHE I.

XERXES.

I am the man! I am the man!  
The father of shame! the fount of disgrace!  
Weep me! weep me! once a king,  
Now to my country an evil thing,  
A curse to my race!

CHORUS

To meet thy returning,  
A voice of deep mourning,



A tune evil-aboding,  
A cry spirit-goading,  
Of a Maryandine wailer,[30](#)  
Thou shalt hear, thou shalt hear,  
O King, with many a tear!

## ANTISTROPHE I.

XERXES.

Lift ye, lift ye, the piercing cry!  
Tune ye, tune ye, the doleful lay!  
For the ancient god of the Persian race,  
That bless'd our fathers, hath turned his face  
From Xerxes away!

CHORUS.

A cry spirit-piercing,  
The dark tale rehearsing,  
Of ocean red-heaving,  
The slaughtered receiving,  
The cry of a city that wails for her children  
Thou shalt hear, thou shalt hear,  
O King, with many a tear!

## STROPHE II.

XERXES.

Ares was strong on the side of the foe,  
The Ionian foe!  
Bristling with ships he worked our woe.  
His scythe did mow,  
The sea, the land,  
And laid us low  
On the dismal strand.

*LEADER OF CHORUS.*

[31](#)

Lift, O lift, the earnest cry!  
Ask, and he will make reply.

CHORUS.

Where is all thy troop of friends,  
That marched with thee away, away?  
Where is the might of Pharandaces,  
Susas and Pelagon, where be they?  
Where is Datamas, where Agdabatus,  
Psammis, and Susiscánes, say?  
All that marched from Ecbatana's halls,  
Where be they? where be they?

## ANTISTROPHE II.

XERXES.

From a Tyrian ship they leapt on shore,  
To leap no more.  
On the shore of Salamis drenched in gore,  
The stony shore,  
They made their bed,  
To rise no more,  
The dead! the dead!

LEADER OF CHORUS.

Lift, O lift the earnest cry,  
Ask, and he will make reply!

CHORUS.

Ah! say, where is Pharnúchus, where?  
Cariomardus, where is he?  
Where the chief Seualces, where  
Aelæus of noble degree?  
Memphis, Tharybis, and Masistris,  
Hystæchmas, and Artembares, say?  
All the brave that journeyed to Hellas,  
Where be they? where be they?

## STROPHE III.

XERXES.

Ah me! ah me!  
They looked on Ogygian Athens,\* and straight  
With one fell swoop down came the Fate,  
And we left them there with gasp and groan,

On the shore of the stranger strewn.

CHORUS.

Didst thou leave him there to lie,  
Batanóchus' son, thy faithful eye?†  
Him didst thou leave on Salamis' shores  
Who counted thy thousands by tens and by scores?  
The strong Oebáres and Parthus, were they  
Left to be lashed by the hostile spray?  
The Persian princes—woe! woe! woe!  
Hast thou left to the flood and the foe?

### ANTISTROPHE III.

XERXES.

Ah me! ah me!  
Balefully, balefully with sharp sorrow,  
Thou dost pierce my inmost marrow;  
My heart, my heart cries out to hear thee  
Name the lost friends I loved so dearly!

CHORUS.

One other name compels my grief,  
Xanthus, of Mardian men the chief;  
Ancháres the warlike, and lords of the steed  
Diaaxis, Arsáces that ride with speed?  
Lythimnas, Kygdabatas, where be they,  
And Tolmos eager for the fray?  
Not, I wis, where they wont to be,  
Behind the tented car with thee.

### STROPHE IV.

XERXES.

They are gone, the generals, gone for ever!

CHORUS.

Lost, and to be heard of never!

XERXES.

Woe worth the day!

CHORUS.

Ye gods! on a public place of woe  
Ye set us high;  
And Até on the sorrowful show  
Doth feast her eye.

#### ANTISTROPHE IV.

XERXES.

We are stricken, beyond redemption stricken!

CHORUS.

Stricken of Heaven! with vengeance stricken!

XERXES.

And sore dismay!

CHORUS.

On an evil day we joined the fray,  
With the brave Greek name;  
From Ionian ships a sheer eclipse  
On Persia came.

#### STROPHE V.

XERXES.

With such an army, struck so dire a blow!

CHORUS.

So great a power, the Persian power, laid low!

XERXES.

These rags, the rest of all my state, behold!

CHORUS.

Ay! we behold.

XERXES.

This arrow-case thou see'st, this quiver alone—

CHORUS.

What say'st thou? this alone?

XERXES.

This arrow-case my all.

CHORUS.

From store how great, remnant how small!

XERXES.

With no friends near, abandoned sheer.

CHORUS.

The Ionian people shrinks not from the spear.

## ANTISTROPHE V.

XERXES.

They face it well. I saw the deadly fight.

CHORUS.

The sea-encounter saw'st thou, and the flight?

XERXES.

Ay! and beholding it I tore my stole.

CHORUS

O dole! O dole!

XERXES.

More dolorous than dole! and worse than worst!

CHORUS

O doubly, trebly curst!

XERXES.

To us annoy, to Athens joy!

CHORUS

Our sinews lamed, our vigour maimed!

XERXES.

Unministered and unattended!

CHORUS

Alas! thy friends on Salamis were stranded!

## STROPHE VI.

XERXES.

Weep, and while the salt tears flow,  
To the palace let us go!

CHORUS

We weep, and, while the salt tears flow,  
To the palace with thee go.

XERXES.

Ring the peal both loud and shrill!

CHORUS.

An ill addition is ill to ill.

XERXES.

Swell the echo!—high and higher  
Lift the wail to my desire!

CHORUS.

With echoing sorrow, high and higher,  
We lift the wail to thy desire.

XERXES.

Heavy came the blow, and stunning.

CHORUS.

From my eyes the tears are running.

## ANTISTROPHE VI.

XERXES.

Lift thine arms and sink them low,  
Oaring with the oars of woe![32](#)

CHORUS.

Our arms we lift, dark woes deploring,  
With the oars of sorrow oaring.

XERXES.

Ring the peal both loud and shrill!

CHORUS.

Grief to grief, and ill to ill.

XERXES.

With shrill melody, high and higher,  
Lift the wail to my desire!

CHORUS.

With thrilling melody, high and higher,  
We lift the wail to thy desire.

XERXES.

Mingle, mingle sigh with sigh!

CHORUS.

Wail for wail, and cry for cry.

## STROPHE VII.

XERXES.

Beat your breasts; let sorrow surge,  
Like a Mysian wailer's dirge!

CHORUS.

Even as a dirge; a Mysian dirge.

XERXES.

From thy chin the honor tear,  
Pluck thy beard of snowy hair!\*

CHORUS.

We tear, we tear, the snowy hair.

XERXES.

Lift again the thrilling strain!

CHORUS.

Again, again, ascends the strain.

## ANTISTROPHE VII.

XERXES.

From thy breast the white robe tear,  
Make thy wounded bosom bare!

CHORUS.

The purpled linen, lo! I tear.

XERXES.

Pluck the honor from thy head,



Weep in baldness for the dead!

CHORUS.

I pluck my locks, and weep the dead

XERXES.

Weep, weep! till thine eyes be dim!

CHORUS.

With streaming woe, they swim, they swim.

EPODE.

XERXES.

Ring the peal both loud and shrill!

CHORUS.

Grief to grief, and ill to ill!

XERXES

Go to the palace: go in sadness!

CHORUS.

I tread the ground sure not with gladness

XERXES.

Let sorrow echo through the city!

CHORUS.

From street to street the wailing ditty.

XERXES.

Sons of Susa, with delicate feet,[33](#)  
Gently, gently tread the street!

CHORUS.

Gently we tread the grief-sown soil.

XERXES.

The ships, the ships by Ajax isle,  
The triremes worked our ruin sheer.

CHORUS.

Go. Thy convoy be a tear.

*[Exeunt.]*

## NOTES TO THE PERSIANS

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## LIST OF EDITIONS COMMENTARIES AND TRANSLATIONS

### USED BY THE TRANSLATOR

#### *Editions Of The Whole Plays.*

Aldus: Venet., 1518

Victorius: ex officina Stephani; 1557.

Foulis: Glasguæ; 1746.

Schütz: 2 vols. Oxon.; 1810.

Butler: Cantab.; 1809-16, ex editione Stanleii; 4 vols. 4to.

Wellauer: cum. Lexico. Lipsiæ; 1823-31.

Scholefield: Cantab.; 1828.

Paley: Cantab.; 1844-47. 2 vols. 8vo.

#### *Editions Of The Separate Plays.*

### THE AGAMEMNON.

Blomfield: Cantab.; 1822.

Kennedy (with an English version, and Voss, German one). Dublin; 1829.

Klausen: Gothæ et Erfordiæ; 1833.

Peile. London Murray; 1839.

Connington (with an English poetical version). London; 1848.

Franz: with the Choephoræ and the Eumenides, and a German metrical translation.  
Leipzig; 1849.

### CHOEPHORÆ.

Schwenk: Trajecti ad Rhenum; 1819.

Klausen: Gothæ et Erfordia; 1835.

Peile. London: Murray; 1844.

## EUMENIDES.

K. O. Müller (with a German translation). Gottingen; 1833: and Anhang; 1834.

Linwood: Oxon.; 1844.

## PROMETHEUS.

Bothe: Lipsiæ; 1830.

G C W. Schneider. Weimar; 1834.

Schoemann (with a German translation). Greifswald; 1844.

## THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES.

Blomfield. Cantab.; 1817.

G. C. W. Schneider. Weimar; 1834.

Griffith. Oxford.

## THE PERSIANS.

Blomfield. Cantab; 1815.

G. C. W. Schneider. Weimar; 1837.

## *Commentaries, Dissertations, Monographs, &C.*

Apparatus Criticus et Exegeticus in Æschyli tragædias; continens Stanleii commentarium, Abreschii animadersiones, et Reisigii emendationes in Prometheum. 2 vols. 8vo. Halis Saxonum; 1832.

Linwood: lexicon to Æschylus, 2nd edition. London; 1847.

Blumner: Weber die Idee des Schicksals in den Tragoedien des Æschylus. Leipzig; 1814.

Welcker: Die Æschyleische Trilogie. Darmstadt; 1824.

Hermanni Opuscula: 6 vols. 8vo., Latin and German. Leipzig; 1827-35.

Unger: Thebana Paradoxa. Halis; 1839.

Klausen: Theologoumena Æschyli. Berolini; 1829.

Toepelmann: Commentatio de Æschyli Prometheo (with a German translation). Lipsiæ, 1829.

B. G. Weiske: Prometheus und sein Mythenkreis. Leipzig; 1842.

Schoemann: Vindiciæ Jovis Æeschylei. Gryphiswaldiæ; 1846.

### ***Translations.***

Potter: English verse, 4to. Norwich; 1777.

Anon.: English prose (marked in my notes E. P. Oxon), 3rd edition. Oxford; 1840.

Droysen: German verse, 2nd edition. Berlin; 1842.

T. A. Buckley: English prose. London: 1849.

Wilhelm von Humboldt: Agamemnon metrisch ubersetzt. Leipzig; 1816.

Symmons: the Agamemnon in English verse. London; 1824.

Harford: the Agamemnon in English verse. London; 1831.

Th Medwyn: the Agamemnon in English verse. London; 1832.

Sewell: the Agamemnon in English verse. London; 1846.

Schoemann: die Eumeniden, German verse. Greifswald; 1845.

Th. Medwyn: the Prometheus, in English verse. London; 1832.

Prowett: the Prometheus, in English verse. Cambridge; 1846.

Swayne: the Prometheus, in English verse. London; 1846.

C. P. Conz: die Perser, and die Sieben vor Tuebae. Tübingen; 1817.

### **EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY By ERNEST RHYS**

[\*]Life, Vol. I. p. 192.

[\*]Southey requested a Frenchman ambitious of translating his Roderick, to do so in prose, not because he preferred that method in general, but because he believed that “*poetry of the higher order is as impossible in French, as it is in Chinese!*”—Life, Vol. IV. p. 100.

[†] Life, Vol. III. p. 44.

[\*] Southey—Preface to *A Vision of Judgment*.

[†] As for Klopstock's Odes, written mostly in classical metres, Zelter, the Berlin musician, said significantly that, when reading them, *he felt as if he were eating stones!*—See *Briefwechsel mit Goethe*.

[‡] Τ? με?ν γ?ρ πρῶτον τετραμετρ? εχρῶντο δι? τ? σατυρικ?ν κα? ?ρηστικωτέραν  
[Editor: illegible character]ἵνα τ?ν ποιήσιν.

Port. 4.

[§] As in the conclusion of the *Agamemnon*, when the passion of the interested parties has wrought itself up to a climax. So in the passionate dialogue between Eteocles and Polynices, in Eurip. *Phœnis*. 591. The use of the Trochees in these passages is thus precisely the same as that of the Anapæsts in the finale of the *Prometheus* In the *Persians*, they serve to give an increased dignity to the person of Atossa, and the Shade of the royal Darius.

[?] “Take our blank verse for all in all, in all its gradations from the elaborate rhythm of Milton, down to its lowest structure in the early dramatists, and I believe that there is no measure comparable to it, either in our own or in any other language, for might and majesty, flexibility and compass.”—Southey, Preface to the *Vision of Judgment*. What Bulwek says to the contrary (*Athens and the Athenians*, vol. II. p. 43), was crudely thought, or idly spoken, and unworthy of so great a genius.

[\*] *Eumenides*, sect. 16.

[†] See Aristides and the musical writers; also Dionysius. Consider, also, what a solemnity Plutarch attributes to the ?μβατηριος παιων of the Spartans (Lycurg. 22), which, of course, was either Dactylic or Anapæstic verse. Altogether, there can be no greater mistake than to imagine that our Dactylic and Anapæstic verse are the æsthetical equivalents of the ancient measures from which their names are borrowed. They are, in many parts of my translation, rather the equivalent of Dochmiac verse, and this, in obedience to the uniform practice of our highest poets, in passages of high passion and excitement.

[‡] Mitchell (*Aristoph. Ran.* v. 1083) has remarked, with justice, that *Æschylus* is particularly fond of this verse. I was prevented from using it so often as might have been desirable in the choric odes, from having made it the representative of the Anapæsts.

[\*] On the Dochmiacs, Ionic a minori, and other rhythmical details, the reader will find occasional observations in the Notes; and those who are curious in those matters will find my views on some points more fully stated in *Classical Museum*, No III. p. 338; No. XIII. p. 319, and No. XXII p. 432. The Dochmiac verse was, in fact, equivalent to a bar of [Editor: illegible character] in modern music.—See *Apel's Metrik*.

[\*] The corrupt state of the Æschylean text is no doubt to be attributed mainly to the rhetorical taste which, in the ages of the decadence, prevailed so long at Rome, Athens, Alexandria, and Byzantium, and which naturally directed the attention of transcribers to the text of Euripides, the great master of tongue-fence and the model-poet of the schools.—See Quintil. X. 1.

[\*] There is a prevalent idea that the modern Greek language, or Romaic, as it is called, is a different language from the ancient Greek, pretty much in the same way that Italian is different from Latin. But this is a gross mistake Greek was and is one unbroken living language, and ought to be taught as such.

[†] Whiston, Article Tragedy in Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities, Second Edition; and Donaldson in the Greek Theatre, Sixth Edition London: 1849. P. 30.

[\*] Γενομένη π ρχης υτοσχεδιαστικ τ τραγδία π τω ν ξαρχόντων τν διθύραμβον κατ μικρον υξήθη.—Aristot. poet. 4.—Compare the words of the old Iambic poet Archilochus, given by Athenaeus (XIV. p. 628)—“*I know well how to dance the Dithyramb when the wine thunders dissily through my brain!*” The word *Dithyramb*, according to the best etymology which has come in my way (Donaldson & Hartung), means *the revel of the god*.

[†] Ἀρίον τν Μηθυμναον πρωτον νθρώπων τω ν μες [Editor: illegible character] δμεν ποιήσαντα τε κα [Editor: illegible character] νομάσαντα και διδάξαντα τν διθύραμβον ν Κορίνθ.—Herod. I. 23. Compare Suidasin voce Arion, and ScholPindar, Olymp. XIII 25.

[\*] Διθύραμβος ος [Editor: illegible character] ν κύκλιος χορός.—Schol., Pindar, as above.

[†] χορς εστς κυκλικως.—Tzetzes Proleg. to Lycophron

[†] Hartung, on the Dithyramb —Classical Museum, No XVIII p. 373. Mure's literature of ancient Greece.—Vol III., p 85

[§] The number fifty is mentioned in the Epigram of Simonides, beginning ρχεν Αδείμαντος, in the above-mentioned prologue of Tzetzes, and in Pollux, Lib iv., 15, who says that this number of the Chorus was used even by Æschylus up to the time when the Eumenides was represented The number *twelve* is commonly mentioned by other authorities as having been used by Æschylus, while Sophocles is said to have increased it to fifteen, which afterwards became the standard number Müller (Eumenides) ingeniously supposes that the tragic poets, so long as the exhibition by tetralogies lasted, got the original number of *fifty* from the public authorities, and divided it among the different pieces of the tetralogy Blomfield's notion (Preface to the Persae) that the Chorus to the Eumenides consisted of only three persons, though a kind word has been said in its favour lately (Mason in Smith's Dict of Antiq. voce Chorus), deserves, in my opinion, not a moment's consideration, either on philological or æsthetical grounds I may mention here further, for the sake of those to whom these matters are strange, that the Chorus holds communication with the other

characters in a Greek play generally by means of its Coryphaeus or Leader, which is the reason why it is often addressed in the singular and not in the plural number.

[\*] *Vit. Philos* III 34 It will be observed that, if a third actor appears on the stage in some parts of the Oresteian trilogy, this is to be accounted for by the supposition that, in his later plays, the poet adopted the improvements which his young rival had first introduced. The number of actors here spoken of does not, of course, take into account mutes or supernumeraries, such as we find in great numbers in the *Eumenides*, and more or less almost in every extant piece of Aeschylus.

[\*] *Poetics*, c. xiii.

[†] Wilson, Vol. I. p. xxvi.

[\*] Twining; but the meaning of the Greek is disputed.

[\*] “? μελοποιία, μέγιστον τῶν ἁδυσμάτων.”—*Poetics*, c. vi. The success of the modern *Italian* opera in England, proves this in a style of which Aristotle could have had no conception.

[\*] The position of the old Theban senators, who form the Chorus in this play, has called forth not a little learned gladiatorship lately, Böckh (whose opinion on all such matters is entitled to the profoundest respect) maintaining that the Chorus is the impersonated wisdom of the play as conceived in the poet's mind, while some of his critics (*Dyer* in *Class Mus* Vol II p 69) represent them as a pack of cowardly sneaking Thebans, whom it was the express object of the poet to make ridiculous. This latter opinion is no more tenable than it would be to say that it was the object of Aeschylus to make his Chorus of old men in that noted scene of the Agamemnon ridiculous; but so much truth there certainly is in it, that from the inherent defect of structure in the Greek tragedy, consisting in the constant presence of the Chorus in the double capacity of impartial moralizers and actors after a sort, there could not but arise this awkwardness to the poet that, while he always contrived to make them speak wisely, he sometimes could not prevent them from acting weakly, and even contemptibly.

[†] On the dramatic imbecility of Euripides, see my article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. XLVII. His success as a dramatist is the strongest possible proof of the undramatic nature of the stage for which he wrote.

[\*] See the article *Dionysia*, by Dr. Schmitz, in Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities.

[\*] The same doctrine, I am sorry to see, has been repeated with special reference to Aeschylus, and with very little qualification, by Whiston in the article *Tragædia* in Dr. Smith's Dict. Antiquities, 2d Edit, p 1146. Schlegel is quite wrong, when he says “the Greek gods are mere *Naturmächte*”—physical or elemental powers. Conington, however, in the preface to his *Agamemnon*, expresses exactly my sentiments, when he protests against a “crystallization of destiny” being set up “as the presiding genius of the national dramatic literature of the Greeks.”



[†] See the works of Klausen and Blumner at the end of Vol. II And our English Sewell recognizes, in the works of Æschylus, “the voice of a self-constituted Heathen Church protesting against the vices and follies that surrounded her.”—Preface to the *Agamemnon*, p. 15.

[\*] Cicero pro Muræna, 13.

[†] Αισχύλος πολλὰ σχήματα ῥηρηστικῶν ἡτοιοῦν ἐξευρίσκων, ἡνεδίδου τοῦτο χορευταῖς.—Lib I. p. 22.

[‡] See Dyer, on the Choral Dancing of the Greeks.—*Classical Museum*, No. IX. p. 229.

[\*] Boeckh and Donaldson, in their editions of the *Antigone*. Berlin, 1843, p. 280 London, 1848 Introduction, p xxix.

[†] I read ἡισόδῶ, not ἐξόδῶ, as it is in Matthiae, which is either a misprint, or a mistake in the writer, as the quotation immediately following proves

[‡] This is Muller’s view in *Eumenides*, § 21

[\*] It may be as well here, for the sake of some readers, to remark that the orchestra, or *dancing place* (for so the word means), was that part of the ancient theatre which corresponds to the modern Pit For a minute description of the ancient stage, the reader must consult Donaldson’s *Greek Theatre*, c. VII

[†] One of the most striking proofs of this is the many instances that occur in the tragedians of that most undramatic of all mannerisms—*self-description*—as when a sorrowful Chorus describes the tears on its cheek, the beating on its breast, and such like True grief never paints itself

[‡] Bulwer, in *Athens and the Athenians*

[§] From the limited number of actors arose necessarily this evil, that the persons in a Greek dramatic fable appear not contemporaneously, but in succession, one actor necessarily playing several parts Now, the commonest fabricator of a novel for the circulating library knows how necessary it is to keep up a sustained interest, that the character, when once introduced, shall not be allowed to drop out of view, but be dexterously intermingled with the whole complex progress of the story, and be felt as necessary or at least as agreeable, to the very end.

[\*] Writers on Belles Lettres, from Trapp down to Schlegel, have been very severe on the modern opera, and indignantly repudiated all comparison between it and the Greek tragedy It is a common illusion of mental optics with the learned to magnify the defects of what is near and before their nose, while the peculiar excellencies of what is far distant in time or space are in a corresponding degree exalted So Schlegel, in his sublime German zeal against certain shallow judgments of Voltaire and other French critics, worked himself up into an idealized enthusiasm for some of the most glaring imperfections of the Greek stage, while in the modern opera he only sees the

absurdities of the real. In assuming this tone he has, of course, been imitated by certain persons of little speculation in this country, who have thought it necessary slavishly to worship the Germans in all things, merely because certain other persons of no speculation ignorantly despised them. With regard to the opera, it is plain enough that it differs from the ancient tragedy in the following points:—(1) In not being essentially of a religious character; (2) in not varying the musical with the declamatory element; (3) in dealing more in monody, and less in choral singing, (4) in using the Chorus freely, according to the nature of the action, and not being always encumbered with it; (5) in making the mere musical element so predominate that poets of the first order seldom condescend to employ their talents in writing the text for an opera. All these special differences, however, do not mar the propriety of the general comparison between an ancient “goat-song” and a modern opera, justified, as it is, plainly by the common musical element which both contain in different degrees of prominence. In point of high moral tone, high poetic diction, and noble conception, the ancient lyrical drama is no doubt vastly superior to the modern opera; but in some other points, as in the more free and adroit use of the Chorus, the opera is as much superior to the goat-song. With respect to the Chorus in particular, Schlegel has said many things that look very wise, but are simply not true. The Chorus is only half described (see above, p 20), when it is called the “ideal spectator.” What he says about *publicity* is mere talk. There is no other reason for the presence of the Chorus than because it was originally the essential part of the performance, and could not but be to the end the most popular.

[\*]“Æschylus used to say that his tragedies were only slices cut from the great banquet of Homeric dainties.”—Athenæus, VIII p. 348

[†]In the *Frogs* (v 886), Aristophanes makes him show at once the religiousness of his character, and its source, in the two lines of invocation—

“O, thou that nourished my young soul, Demeter,  
Make thou me worthy of thy mysteries!”

[\*]From the *διδασκαλία*, or note of the year of representation with the name of the author, in the argument to that play. On the arguments from internal evidence brought forward to prove that the *Suppliants* is the oldest extant play, I place no value whatever. The simplicity of structure proves nothing, because it proves too much. Several of the extant plays are equally simple. For aught we know, it may have been the practice of Æschylus to the very last, as we see in the case of the *Choephoræ*, to give the middle piece of his trilogies less breadth and variety than the opening and concluding ones, and it is almost certain that the *Suppliants* was either the second or the first play of a trilogy.

[\*]Schol, Aristoph. *Ran.* 1060, Welcker’s *Tril.* p. 475, and the *Vit. Robortel* (which, however, I have not seen).

[†]Mar Par ep 53. Welcker’s *Tril.* p. 116.

[‡]See Introduction to that piece

[\*]Scholiast, Aristoph Acharn v 10

[†]Philostratus, Vit Soph I. 9; Vit Apollon VI. 11, p. 244.

[†]The great comedian is particularly amusing in the contrast which he draws between the rude instinctive grandeur of the Æschylean diction and the elegant rhetorical decorations of Euripides —

“With high-sounding words he will make such a pother,  
With helmeted speeches he bravely will spout;  
With chippings and shavings of rhetoric the other  
All whirling and dancing about  
Will stand at bay; but the deep-thoughted bard,  
With equestrian harmonies, galloping hard,  
Will floor in the fight  
The glib-tongued wight.  
The stiff hair of his mane all alive for the fray,  
Bristling and big from the roots he will ruffle,  
His black brows he will knit, and terribly bray,  
Like a lion that roars for the scuffle.  
Huge words by rivets and spike-nails bound,  
Like plank on plank he will fling on the ground,  
Blasting so bold  
Like a Titan of old.”

[\*]Aristotle, Ethic. Nicom. III. 1. Clemen Alex., Strom II. 14, p. 461. Pott. Aelian, V.H.V. 19, and Welcker, Trilog p. 106.

[1]The primary authorities for the life of Æschylus are the Parian Marble, the Βίος Αἰσχύλου [Editor: illegible character]λου, the Frogs of Aristophanes, the arguments of the extant plays, and various incidental notices in Athenæus and other ancient authors, most of whom have been quoted or mentioned in the text With regard to secondary sources of information, the present writer has been much assisted, and had his labour essentially curtailed, by Petersen's *Vita Æschyli*, Havniae, 1812, the article Æschylus, by Whiston, in Dr Smith's Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, the admirable condensed summary in Bernhardt's *Grundriss der Griechischen Litteratur, 2ter, Theil*, Halle, 1845, and Donaldson's Greek Theatre In Chronology, I have followed Clinton.

[\*]Welcker, in the introductory remarks to his *Epischer Cyclus* (sect. 1), has given what appear to me sufficient reasons for not confounding this Proclus with the famous Platonist of the same name.

[†]This and other curious fragments from the wreck of the old Hellenic epos, will be found in Becker's Scholia to Homer (Berlin, 1825), or in the second volume of Welcker's Epic Cycle (Bonn, 1849), in the Appendix

[\*]See Thucydides, I. [Editor: illegible character].

[\*] See Welcker's *Trilogie*, Darmstadt, 1824, p. 408, who, however, here, as in other parts of the same learned work, expends much superfluity of ingenious conjecture on subjects which, from their very nature, are necessarily barren of any certain result.

[\*] Jove to Priam sent the eagle, of all flying things that be

Noblest made, his dark-winged hunter

[†] *i e* The right hand—the hand which brandishes the spear, χερς κ δοριπάλτου; the right being the lucky side in Greek augury —Iliad, xxiv 320

[‡] Calchas, the famous soothsayer of the Iliad.

[§] Diana

[\*] This excellent version I took from an article in the *Quarterly Review*.—Vol. lxx. p. 340

[†] The sacrifice of Iphigenia displeasing to Clytemnestra.

[\*] Chalcis a city in Eubœa, opposite Aulis.

[†] A river in Macedonia.

[\*] The epithet καλλιπρόρον, *beautiful fronted*, applied to στόματος, being contrary to the genius of the English language, the translator must content himself with the simple epithet.

[\*] An old name for the Peloponnesus

[\*] Vulcan.

[\*] Venus.

[\*] The Furies.

[\*] Mars

[\*] “My bosom’s lord sits lightly on his throne.”

Shakespeare, quoted by Symmons.

[\*] Æsculapius.

[\*] *Swallow jabber*.—“Barbarians are called swallows because their speech cannot be understood any more than the twitter of swallows.”—*Stanley, from Hesychius*.

[†] An epithet of Apollo, from λοξῶς oblique, for which Macrobius (Sat. I. 17) gives astronomical reasons; but it seems more obvious to say that the god is so called from the obliqueness or obscurity of his oracles

[\*] From the looseness of the laws of quantity in English versification, it may be as well to state here that I wish these lines of seven syllables to be read as υ υ —', υ —', υ —', not —' υ, —' υ, —' υ, —'.

[\*] The Furies.

[\*] Dun-plumed. ξουθῶ?

“Because the poor brown bird, alas  
Sings in the garden sweet and true.”  
Miss Barbett

[†]

“Most musical, most melancholy bird!”  
A melancholy bird? O idle thought!  
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.  
Coleridge

[\*] See Introductory Remarks.

[\*] The banquet of his own children, which Atreus offered to Thyestes.—See Introductory Remarks.

[\*] Apollo.

[\*] πόρθμευμ ἀχέων, whence Acheron, so familiar to English ears; as in the same way *Cocytus*, from κωκυω, to avail, and the other infernal streams, with a like appropriateness.

[\*] The house of Atreus, so called from Pleisthenes, one of the ancestry of Agamemnon.

[Note 1 (p 43).]

“High on the Atridan’s battlements.”

Dunbar, Sewell, and Connington plead strongly for translating ἄνω here as in Eumen. v. 80, thus—

“As I lie propped on my arm  
Upon the Atridan housetop, like a dog”

But this idea has always appeared to be more like the curious conceit of an ingenious philologist, than the natural conception of a great poet. Supposing the original reading to have been ἀνωθεν, the mere accidental lengthening of the leg of the ν by a hurried transcriber, would give the word the appearance of γ to a careless scrutinizer; and that this blunder was actually made the metre proves in Eumen. 361, in which passage, whatever Sew. may ingeniously force into it, the meaning *from above* is that which is

most in harmony with the context. Besides, in such matters, I am conservative enough to have a certain respect for tradition

[\[Note 2 \(p. 43\).\]](#)

“The masculine-minded who is sovereign here.”

“?νδρόβουλον seems to be used here ambiguously, and to be the first hint of lurking mischief. The gradual development of the coming evil from these casual hints is one of the chief dramatic beauties of the Agamemnon.”—Sew.

[\[Note 3 \(p. 43\)\]](#)

“ . . and lift high-voiced  
The jubilant shout”

I have strongly rendered the strong term, ?πορθιάζειν, which would necessarily suggest to the Greek the high-keyed notes of the νόμος ?ρθιος mentioned by Herod I. 22, as sung by Arion to the sailors. I think, however, it is going beyond the mark to say, with Symmons, “With loud acclaim, and Orthian minstrelsy,” retaining the word ?ρθιος, which is only suggested, not expressed in the text, and printing it with a capital letter, as if it were a sort of music as distinct as the Mysian and Maryandine wailing, mentioned in the Persians. Thus, ?ρθίων κωκυμάτων ?ωνή, in Soph. Antigone, 1206, means nothing but the voice of shrill wails, or, as Donaldson well translates the whole passage,

“The voice of lamentation treble-toned,  
Peals from the porch of that unhallowed cell.’

[\[Note 4 \(p. 43\).\]](#)

“Thrice six falls to me.”

That is, the highest throw in the dice. “The dice (*tessera*, κύβοι), in games of chance among the ancients, were numbered on all the six sides, like the dice now in use; and three were used in playing Hence arose the proverb, ? τρ?ς [Editor: illegible character]ξ ? τρε??ς κύβοι, *either three sixes or three aces*, all or none.”—Dr. Smith’s Antiq. Dict *vocetessera*.

[\[Note 5 \(p. 43\).\]](#)

“Is laid a seal.”

Literally, *a hugc ox hath gone*, an expression supposed to be derived from the figure of an ox, as the symbol of wealth, expressed on an old coin; in which case, to put the ox on a man’s tongue, would be equivalent to tipping it with silver, that is to say, giving money with injunction of secrecy. After the expression became proverbial, it might be used generally to express secrecy without any idea of bribery, which, as Con. remarks, is quite foreign to this place, and therefore Franz is wrong to translate

“*mir verschliesst ein golden Schloss den Mund.*” I follow here, however, Humboldt and Sym. in not introducing the ox into the text, as it is apt to appear ludicrous; and, besides, the origin of the expression seems only conjectural.

[[Note 6 \(p. 44\).](#)]

“Sceptred kings by Jove’s high grace.”

Διόθεν. “?κ δε Διός βασιλη?ες,” says the theogony. Homer also considers the kingly office as having a divine sanction, and Agamemnon on Earth represents Jupiter in Heaven.—Iliad I. 279; II. 197. And there can be no doubt that the highest authority in a commonwealth, whether regal or democratic, has a divine sanction, so long as it is exercised within its own bounds, and according to the laws of natural justice.

[[Note 7 \(p. 44\).](#)]

“O’er the lone paths fitful-wheeling.”

I have endeavoured to combine both the meanings of ?κπατιός which have any poetical value; that of Sym.*lonely*, and that of Klausen,*wandering*, and therefore excessive, which Con. well gives “*with a wandering grief.*” The same beautiful image is used by Shelley in his Adonais.

[[Note 8 \(p. 44\).](#)]

“... The late-chastising Fury.”

That the divine vengeance for evil deeds comes not immediately, but slowly, at a predestined season, is a doctrine as true in Christian theology as it is familiar to the Heathen dramatists Therefore, Tiresias, in the Antigone, prophesies to Creon that “the avenging spirits of Hades and of Heaven, storing up mischief for a future day (?στερο?θόροι), would punish him for his crimes. But when the sword of Olympian justice is once drawn, then the execution of the divine judgment comes swiftly and by a short way, and no mortal can stay it.” As the same Sophocles says—

συντέμνουσι γ?ρ  
Θεω^ν ποδώκεις τ?υς κακ??ρονας βλάβαι.  
Antig. V. 1104.

[[Note 9 \(p. 44\).](#)]

“... Jove, the high protector  
Of the hospitable laws.”

As he is the supreme ruler of the physical, so Jove has a providential supervision of the moral world, and in this capacity is the special punisher of those who sin (where human laws are weak to reach), by treachery or ingratitude, as was the case with Paris. This function of the Hellenic Supreme Deity is often piously recognized by Homer, as in Odys. XIV. 283—

“But he feared the wrath of Jove, lord of the hospitable board,  
Jove who looks from Heaven in anger on the evil deeds of men”

[\[Note 10 \(p 44\).\]](#)

“The powers whose altars know no fire.”

ἄπυρων ἑρωῶν, “fireless holy things” By “fireless” is here meant, so far as I can see, not to be propitiated by fire, persons to whom all sacrificial appeals are vain. Whether the Fates or the Furies are meant there are no means of ascertaining; for both agree with the tone of feeling, and with the context; and as they are, in fact, fundamentally the same, as powers that always act in unison (Eumen, 165 and 949), the reader need not much care. It is possible, however, that the whole passage may bear the translation of “powers wroth for fireless altars,” *i.e.* neglected sacrifices.—So Humb and Fr. Nor are we bound to explain what sacrifices, or by whom neglected; for omission of religious rites, known or unknown, was a cause, always at hand, with the ancients, to explain any outpouring of divine wrath. Buckley, following Bamberger and Dindorf, considers that the sacrifice of Iphigenia is alluded to; which is also probable enough. No commentary can make clear what the poet has purposely left dark.

[\[Note. 11 \(p 45\).\]](#)

“The oil that knows no malice.”

We see in this passage the religious significancy, as it were, of the oil used in their sacred rites by the ancients; and we may further remark, with Sew., that “the oil used in religious rites was of great value. Compare the directions given in the Scriptures for making that which was used in the service of the Tabernacle,” and, generally—see Leviticus c ii. for a description of the various kinds of sacred cakes made of fine flour and oil used in the sacrificial offerings of the Jews.

[\[Note 12 \(p. 45\).\]](#)

“I’ll voice the strain.”

I have carefully read all that has been written on this difficult passage, and conclude that it is better to rest contented with the natural reference of ἦτις to the old age of the singer, indicated by ἦτι, and the previous tone of the Anapests, than to venture with Fr., Hum., and Linwood, on a reference which I cannot but think is more far-fetched. The line ἦλκεν σύμυτος ἦτων is corrupt, and no rigid rendering of it ought to be attempted. Buckley in a note almost disclaims his own version.

[\[Note 13 \(p. 46\).\]](#)

“The diverse-minded kings.”

δύο λήμασι δισσοῦς. Surely this expression is too distinct and prominent to be slurred over lightly, as Con seems inclined to do. I follow my own feeling of a passage so



strongly marked by a peculiar phraseology, and Linwood. It will be observed that, in the Iliad, while Agamemnon behaves in a high and haughty style to Achilles, Menelaus conducts himself everywhere, and especially in the case of Antilochus (xxiii. 612), with mildness and moderation, so as justly to allow himself the boast,

“?ς ?μ?ς ?ύποτε θυμ?ς ν^περ?ιάλος κ?ι ?τηνής.”

[\[Note 14 \(p. 46\).\]](#)

“Winged hounds.”

“This is one of those extravagances of expression in which the wild fancy of Æschylus often indulged, and for which he is rallied by Aristophanes.”—Harford. I cannot allow this to pass without remark. No expression could be more appropriate to picture that singular combination of the celerity of the bird nature, with the ferocity of the quadruped, which is described here, and in the Prometheus, in the speech of Mercury. Besides, in the present case the prophetic style would well excuse the boldness of the phrase, were any excuse required Harford has put the tame expression, “Eagles,” into his text, but Shelley in his “Prometheus Unbound,” had not the least hesitation to adopt the Greek phrase.

[\[Note 15 \(p. 47\).\]](#)

“The fair goddess.”

? καλ?, “the beauteous one.”—Sew. An epithet which Con. was surely wrong to omit, for it is characteristic. To this Muller has called attention in his *Prolegomena zu ciner wissenschaft, Mythologie* (p 75; edit. 1825) noting the expressions of Sappho, ?ρίστη κα? καλλίστη, *the best and the fairest*, as applied to Artemis, according to the testimony of Pausanias, I. 29. The prominence given by Æschylus here to that function of Artemis, by which, as the goddess of beauty, she is protectress of the wild beasts of the forest, is quite Homeric; as we may see from these three lines of the Odyssey:—

“Even as Artemis, dart-rejoicing, o’er the mountains walks sublime,  
O’er the lofty ridge of Taygetus, o’er the Erymanthian steep,  
And with gladsome heart beholds the wild boar and the nimble stag”  
VI 102.

According to the elemental origin of mythology, this superintendence naturally arose from the fact, that Artemis was the Moon, and that the wild beasts go abroad to seek for prey in the night time.

[\[Note 16 \(p. 47\).\]](#)

“I pray thee, Pæan, may she never send.”

In the original *Ιή?ον παια?να*, a well-known epithet of Apollo, as in the opening chorus of the *Œdipus Tyrannos*, *Ιήτέ δάλιε παιάν*, containing an invocation of the Delphic god, quoted by Peile. From the practice of frequently invoking the name of the gods in the public hymns, as in the modern Litanies, the name of the divine person

passed over to the song that voiced his praises—(Iliad I. 473)—and thence became the appellation—as in the modern word *pæan*—for a hymn generally—(Proclus Chrestom. Gaisford. Hephaest., p. 419)—or at least a hymn of jubilee, sadness and sorrow of every kind being naturally abhorrent from the worship of the beneficent sun god (p. 72, above).

[\[Note 17 \(p. 47\).\]](#)

“Stern-purposed waits the child-avenging wrath.”

This passage is obscure in the original, and, no doubt, purposely so, as became the prophetic style. I do not, therefore, think we are bound, with Sym., to give the

Child-avenging wrath

a special and distinctly pronounced reference to Clytemnestra, displeased with Agamemnon for allowing the sacrifice of Iphigenia—

“Homeward returning see her go,  
And sit alone in sullen woe;  
While child-avenging anger waits  
Guileful and horrid at the palace gates.”

Though I have no doubt she is alluded to among other Furies that haunt the house of Atreus, and the poet very wisely supplies here a motive. So Well, and Lin.; and my version, though free, I hope does nothing more than express this idea of a retributive wrath brooding through long years over a doomed family, and ever and anon, when apparently laid, breaking out with new manifestations—an idea, however, so expressed in the present passage that, as Dr. Peile says, “No translation can adequately set it forth.”

[\[Note 18 \(p. 47\).\]](#)

“Jove, or what other name.”

After the above sublime introduction follows the Invocation of Jove, as the supreme over-ruling Deity, who alone, by his infinite power and wisdom, is able to lead the believing worshipper through the intricacies of a seemingly perplexed Providence. The passage is one of the finest in ancient poetry, and deserves to be specially considered by theological students. The reader will note carefully the reverential awe with which the Chorus names the god invoked—a feeling quite akin to that anxiety which takes possession of inexperienced people when they are called on to address written or spoken words to persons of high rank. Many instances of this kind are quoted from the ancients by Victorius, in Stanley’s notes, by Sym., and by Peile. The most familiar instance to which I can refer the general reader is in the second chapter of Livy’s first book:— “Situs est Æneas, quemcumque eum dici jus fasque est, super Numicium flumen. Jovem indigetem appellant.” If in so obvious a matter a profound mythologist like Welcker—(Tril., p. 104)—should have found in this language of deepest reverence signs of free-thinking and irony, we have only another instance of the tyrannous power of a favourite idea to draw facts from their natural coheston, that they may circle round the nucleus of an artificial crystallization. Sewell has also taken

up the same idea with regard to the scepticism of this passage, and in him, no less, must we attribute this notion to the influence of a general theory with regard to the religious opinions of Æschylus, rather than to any criticism which the present passage could possibly warrant.

[\[Note 19 \(p. 47\).\]](#)

“With all-defiant valour brimming o’er.”

A very literal rendering of the short, but significant, original *παμμαχῶ θρῶσει βρύων*, on which Sym. remarks that “it presents the magnificent and, to us, incongruous image of a giant all-steeled for battle, and bearing his boldness like a tree bearing its blossoms.” But there is no reason that I know for confining *βρύων* here to its special use in *Iliad* XVII. 56 (*βρύει* [Editor: illegible character] *υθει λευκῶ*) and other such passages. It rather suggests generally, as Sew. says, “ideas of violence, exuberance, and uproar,” like *βρυάζων* in *Suppl.* 856. He has accordingly given

“With all-defying spirit, like a boiling torrent roaring,”

from which I have borrowed one word, with a slight alteration, but consider myself safer in not tying down the general word *βρύων*, to the special case of a *torrent* any more than of a *tree*. The recent Germans—“*Im Gefuhle stolzer Kraft*” (Fr.), and “*allbewahrteu Trotzes hehr*”—are miserably tame after Humboldt’s admirable “*strotzend kampfbegierig frech*.” As to the meaning of the passage, the three celestial dynasties of Uranus, Saturn, and Jove are plainly indicated, though who first threw this light on a passage certainly obscure, I cannot say. So far as I can see, it was Shutz. The Scholiast (A in Butler) talks of the Titans and Typhon, which is, at all events, on the right scent Neither Abresch nor Stan. seem to have understood the passage; and Potter, disdainingly to take a hint from the old Scholiast, generalises away about humanity.

[\[Note 20 \(p 48\).\]](#)

“Our hearts with gracious force.”

The *βιαίως* certainly refers to the *χάρις*, and not to the *ημένων*, with the diluted sense of *pollenter* given it by Well.; and in this view I have no objection, with Blomfield and Con., to read *βίαιος*. I am not, however, so sure as Con. that the common reading is wrong. *βιαίως* may be an abrupt imperfectly enunciated expression (and there are not a few such in Æschylus) for *exercising* or *using compulsion*. Poets are not always the most accurate of grammarians.

[\[Note 21 \(p. 48\).\]](#)

“In Aulis tides hoarse refluent.”

The harbour of Aulis, opposite Euboea the district still called *Ulike*—(Wordsworth’s Athens and Attica, c I.). In narrow passages of the sea, as at Corryvreckan, on the west coast of Scotland, there are apt to be strong eddies and currents; and this is

specially noted of the channel between Aulis and Chalcis, by Livy (XXVIII. 6. *haud facile aita infestior classi statio est*) and other passages adduced by But. in Peile.

[\[Note 22 \(p. 49\).\]](#)

“Is the gods’ right. So be it.”

I am unable to see how the translation of this passage, given by Sym. agrees with the context and with the spirit of Agamemnon’s conduct, and the view of it taken by the poet. Sym. says—

“They’re not her parents, they may call aloud  
For the dire rite to smoothe the stormy flood  
All fierce and thirsty for a virgin’s blood.”

And Droysen, though more literally, says the same thing—“*Dass sie das windstillende Suhnopfer, das jungfrauliche Blut heischen und schreien, ist es denn recht? Nein, sieg das Gute!*” and Fr. also takes θέμις out of Agamemnon’s mouth, and gives it to the Greeks. “*Finden sie recht. Zum Heil sey’s!*” Perhaps the reason for preferring this version with the Germans lies in giving too great a force and prominence to the μετέγνω in the following strophe. But this may refer only to the change of a father’s instinctive feelings (expressed by silence only in this ode) to the open resolution of making common cause with the diviner and the chieftain.

[\[Note 23 \(p. 49\).\]](#)

“ . . . Unblissful blew the gale  
That turned the father’s heart.”

These words include both the τροπαίαν and the μετέγνω of the original. I join βρότους or βρότοις with the following clause, the sense being the same according to either reading. The verb θρασύνει, according to Con.’s very just reasoning, seems grammatically to require βρότους, though Fr. says, with a reference to Bernhardt, that βρότοις may be defended. Sym. has given a translation altogether different; though he admits that the sense given in my version, and in all the modern versions, is the most obvious one. His objection to connecting βρότους with the following sentence I do not understand.

[\[Note 24 \(p 49\).\]](#)

“ . . . consecrate  
His ships for Troy.”

προτέλεια ναῶν, *First fruits*, literally, as Sew. has it, will scarcely do here; “first piation of the wind-bound fleet” of Sym. is very good. Humb., Droy., and Fr. all use *Weihe* in different combinations; a word which seems to suit the present passage very well, and I have accordingly adopted the corresponding English term.

[\[Note 25 \(p. 49\)\]](#)

“Where prone and spent she lies.”

παντ? θυμ? προνωπη?, literally “*prone with her whole soul;*” “*body and soul,*” as Con. has it. The words are so arranged that it is impossible to determine to what παντ? θυμ? refers, whether to the general action λαβε??ν, or to the special position προνωπη? Sewell’s remark that “there is far more intensity of thought in applying παντ? θυμ? to λαβε??ν,” may be turned the other way. The phrase certainly must give additional intensity to whichever word it is joined with. The act itself is sufficiently cruel, without adding any needless traits of ferocity.

[\[Note 26 \(p 49\).\]](#)

“ . . . her saffron robe  
Sweeping the ground.”

κρόκου βα??ς εις πέδον χέουσα; “dropping her saffron veil,” says Sym.; perhaps rightly, but I see no ground for certainty. The application of κρόκου βα??ς to the drops of blood seems a modern idea, which has proceeded from some critic who had not poetry enough to understand the application of χέουσα to anything but a liquid. Except in peculiar circumstances, the word κρόκος, as Con. justly observes (see note 73 below), cannot be applied to the blood; and, in the present passage, it is plain the final work of the knife is left purposely undescribed.

[\[Note 27 \(p. 49\).\]](#)

“The virgin strain they heard.”

I cannot sufficiently express my astonishment that Humb., Droy., and Fr., as if it were a point of Germanism, have all conspired to wrench the ?τίμα out of its natural connection in this beautiful passage, and to apply the whole concluding clause to the self-devotion of Iphigenia at the altar, rather than to her dutiful obedience at the festal scene just described. The fine poetical feeling of Sym protested against this piece of tastelessness. “These commentators,” says he, “seem to have been ignorant of the poet’s intention, who raises interest, pity, and honor to the height, by presenting Iphigenia at the altar, and unveiling herself preparatory to her barbarous execution, on which point of the picture he dwells, contrasting her present situation with her former happiness, her cheerfulness, her songs, and the festivities in her father’s house.” It is strange that the Germans do not see that ?υποτμον ?ω^να is the most unfortunate of all terms to apply to the condition of Agamemnon, as a sacrificer; while it is most pertinent to his previous fortunes, before his evil destiny began to be revealed in the sacrifice of his beloved daughter.

[\[Note 28 \(p. 50\).\]](#)

“ . . . What boots  
To forecast woe, which, on no wavering wing.”

It is both mortifying and consoling to think that all the learning which has been

expended on this corrupt passage from Δίκα down to ὑγαῖς, brings out nothing more than what already lies in the old Scholiast. As to the details of the text, I wish I could say, with the same confidence as Con., that Well. and Her's σύννοθρον ὑγαῖς is a bit more certain than Fr.'s σύννοθρον ῥταις, which, however, I am inclined to prefer, from its agreeing better with the general sombre hue of the ode.

[\[Note 29 \(p. 50\).\]](#)

“Ever swift  
Though wingless, Fame.”

ῥπτερος is an epithet by negation after a fashion not at all uncommon in the Greek drama; the meaning being, *though fame is not a bird, and has no wings, yet it flies as fast as if it had*. The idea that ῥπτερος is the same as πτερωτῆς I agree with Con. is the mere expedient of despair. I have not the slightest doubt that Rumour is called a *wingless* messenger, just as Dust is called a *voiceless* messenger in the Seven against Thebes. Sym. is too subtle in explaining ῥπτερος after the analogy of the beautiful simile in Virgil, *Æneid V. 215, so swift as not to appear to move its wings*.

[\[Note 30 \(p. 51\).\]](#)

“ . . . He from Ida shot the spark.”

The geographical mountain points in the following famous descriptive passages are as follows: (1) Mount Ida, near Troy, (2) the Island of Lemnos, in the *Ægean*, half-way between Asia and Europe, due West; (3) Mount Athos, the South point of the most Easterly of the three peninsulas that form the South part of Macedonia; (4) a station somewhere betwixt Athos and Bœotia, which the poet has characterised only by the name of the Watchman Macistus; (5) the Messapian Mount, West of Anthedon in the North of Bœotia; (6) Mount Cithæron, in the South of Bœotia; (7) Mount Aegiplanctus, between Megara and Corinth; (8) Mount Arachne, in Argolis, between Tiryns and Epidaurus, not far from Argos.

[\[Note 31 \(p. 51\).\]](#)

“ . . . the forward strength  
Of the far-travelling lamp strode gallantly.”

I have not had the courage with Sym. to reject the πρῆς ῥδονῶν and supply a verb The phrase is not colloquial, as he says, but occurs, as Well. points out, in Prom. 492. Medwyn has “crossing the breast of ocean with a speed plumed by its joy” That there is some blunder in the passage the want of a verb seems to indicate, but, with our present means, it appears wise to let it alone; not, like Fr., from a mere conjecture, to introduce ῥχθῶς for ῥσχύς, and translate—

“Und fern hin dass der Wanderflamme heller Schein,  
In lust die Fische auf des Meeres Rücken trieb”

Are we never to see an end of these extremely ingenious, but very useless conjectures?

[\[Note 32 \(p 51\).\]](#)

“Weaving the chain unbroken.”

μη κατιζεσθαι—Heath. The true reading not to be discovered.

[\[Note 33 \(p. 51\).\]](#)

“ . . . a mighty beard of flame”

The Hindoos in their description of the primeval male who, with a thousand heads and a thousand faces, issued from the mundane egg, use the same image—“the hairs of his body are trees and plants, of his head the clouds, *of his beard, lightning*, and his nails are rocks.”—Colonel Vans Kennedy, Ch. VIII. Our translators generally (except Sew. and Con.) have eschewed transplanting this image literally into English; and even the Germans have stumbled, Fr. giving *Feuersaule* most unhappily. Droy., when he says “*Schweife*,” gives the true idea, but I am not afraid to let the original stand.

[\[Note 34 \(p 51\).\]](#)

“ . . . the headlands that look down  
On the Saronic gulf.”

I see no proof that πρῶν ever means anything but a promontory, and so cannot follow Con. in reading κάτοπτρον.

[\[Note 35 \(p. 51\).\]](#)

“Each from the other fired with happy news,” etc.

An allusion to the famous λαμπαδηφορία, or torch race, practised by the Greeks at the Parthenon and other festivals. In this race a burning torch was passed from hand to hand, so that, notwithstanding the extreme celerity of the movement, the flame might not go out. See the article by Liddell in the *Dict. Antiq.* where difficulties in the detail are explained.

[\[Note 36 \(p. 52\).\]](#)

“To their hearts’ content.”

The reading of Well. and the MS ἡ δυσδαίμονες will never do, though Med. certainly has shown genius by striking out of it

“Soundly as mariners when the danger’s past  
They sleep”

The connection decidedly requires ὡς εὐδαίμονες, neither more nor less than “to their hearts’ content,” as I have rendered it. But one would almost be reconciled to the sad state of the text of Aeschylus, if every difficulty were cleared with such a masterly bound as Med. here displays. The Germans, Fr. and Dr., incapable, or not liking such

capers, adhere to the simple εὐδαίμονες. Humb., according to his general practice, follows the captainship of Hermann, and gives “*Gotternleich* (?ς δε δαίμονες).”

[\[Note 37 \(p. 52\)\]](#)

“. . . Happy if the native gods  
They reverence.”

This sober fear of the evil consequences of excess in the hour of triumph, so characteristic a trait of ancient poetry, and purposely introduced here by Clytemnestra to serve her own purpose, finds an apt illustration in the conduct of Camillus at the siege of Veii, as reported by Livy (V. 21)—

“Ad prædam miles permissu dictatoris discurrit Quæ quum ante oculos ejus aliquantum spe atque opinione major majorisque pretii rerum ferretur, dicitur, manus ad cælum tollens precatus esse, ut si cui deorum hominumque nimia sua fortuna populique Romani videretur, ut eam invidiam lenire quam minimo suo privato incommodo, publicoque populo Romano liceret

[\[Note 38 \(p. 52\).\]](#)

“Having turned the goal.”

The reader is aware that in the ancient racecourse there was a *meta*, or goal, at each end of the course, round which the racers turned round (*metaque fervidis evitata rotis*.—Hor. Carm I. 1; and Æneid V. 129).

[\[Note 39 \(p. 52\).\]](#)

“If they have sinned.”

ἡμπλακτητος. In defence of this reading, which, with Well., I prefer, Con. has a very excellent note, to which I refer the critical reader. Fr., following Ahrens (as he often does), makes a bold transposition of the lines, but the sense remains pretty much the same. As to the guilt incurred by the Greeks, spoken of here and in the previous lines, the poet has put it, as some palliation of her own contemplated deed, into the mouth of Clytemnestra, but in perfect conformity also with the Homeric theology, which supposes that suffering must always imply guilt. Thus in the *Odys.* III. 130-135, old Nestor explains to Telemachus.—

“But when Priam’s high-perched city by the Greeks was captured, then  
In their swift ships homeward sailing, they were scattered by a god,  
To the Greeks great Jove had purposed in his heart a black return,  
For not all bad understanding, and not all observant lived  
Of Justice”

[\[Note 40 \(p. 53\).\]](#)

“The gods are blind.”



I cannot here forbear recalling to the reader's recollection a similar passage in Milton:—

“Just are the ways of God  
And justifiable to men,  
Unless there be who think not God at all.  
If any be, they walk obscure  
For of such doctrine never was there school,  
But the heart of the fool,  
And no man therein doctor but himself.”  
—Samson Agonistes.

[\[Note 41 \(p. 53\).\]](#)

“Self-will fell Até's daughter.”

I have here paraphrased a little the two lines—

βιαῖται δ' ἢ τάλαινα πειθῶ  
προβουλόπαις ἢ ἔρτος ἦτας—

in which two evil powers are personified—*Ate*, destruction, and *Peitho*, persuasion, which here must be understood of that evil self-persuasion, by which, in the pride of self-will and vain confidence, a man justifies his worst deeds to himself, and is driven recklessly on to destruction. The case of Napoleon, in his Russian expedition, is in point. What follows shows that Paris is meant As to the strange, truly Æschylean compound, *προβουλόπαις*, Con says well, that the simple *πρόβουλος* means “one who joins in a preliminary vote,” and, of course, the compound is, as Lin has it, a “forecounselling child”

[\[Note 42 \(p. 54\).\]](#)

“Even as a boy in wanton sport.”

There is a great upheaping of incongruous images in this passage for which, perhaps, the poet may be blamed; as the one prevents the other from coming with a vivid and distinct impression on the mind. This image of the boy chasing the butterfly is, however, the one which places the inconsiderate love of Paris and Helen most distinctly before us, and it comes, therefore, with peculiar propriety, preceded by the more general and vague images, and immediately before the mention of the offender.

[\[Note 43 \(p. 54\)\]](#)

“The prophets of the house loud wailing.”

δόμων προῆται. I have retained the original word here, because it appears most appropriate to the passage; but the reader must be warned, by a reference to the familiar example in Epist Tit I 12, that with the ancients the characters of poet and prophet were confounded in a way that belongs not at all to our modern usage of the

same words. Epimenides of Crete, in fact, to whom the Apostle Paul alludes, was not only a prophet, but also a physician, like Apollo (Ἰατρός, Eumen. v. 62). In the same way the Hebrew word *Nabah*, prophetess, is applied to Miriam, Exod. xv. 20; and it may well be, that Aeschylus, in the true spirit of these old times, and also following the deep religious inspiration of his Muse, alludes here to a character more sacred than the Homeric ἰδοῖς, *Minstrel* or *Bard*, and this distinction should, of course, be preserved in the translation. Sew. with great happiness, in my opinion, has given “the bards of fate;” but it were useless to press any such nice matter in this passage, especially when we call to mind the high estimation in which the Homeric ἰδοῖς stands in the *Odyssey*, and the remarkable passage, III. 267, where a minstrel is represented as appointed by Agamemnon to counsel and control Clytemnestra in his absence, pretty much as a family confessor would do in a modern Roman Catholic family.

[\[Note 44 \(p. 54\)\]](#)

“He silent stood in sadness, not in wrath.”

Here commences one of the most difficult, and at the same time one of the most beautiful passages in the *Agamemnon*. The words,

πάρεστι σιγαῖς, ἴτιμος, ἰλόιδος  
ἰδιστος ἰἰμένων ἰδεῖν,

are so corrupt, that a translator is quite justified in striking that sense out of them which is most fit on grounds of taste, and in this view I have little hesitation in adopting Hermann’s reading,

[\[Note 45 \(p. 56\).\]](#)

“The bolt from on high shall blast his eye.”

“Peile greatly admires Klausen’s interpretation”—

“Jacitur oculis a Jove fulmen,”

but the passages which the latter adduce are not to the point. The Greeks do not attribute any governing virtue to the eyes of the gods, further than this, that the immortal beings who are supposed to govern human affairs must see, and take cognizance of them. Jupiter’s eye may glare like lightning, but the real lightning is always hurled from his hand. Compare *Soph. Antigone* 157. The words βάλλεται ἰσοῖς Λιόθεν can bear no other sense naturally than “is flashed in the eyes from Jove.”—Con.

[\[Note 46 \(p. 57\)\]](#)

“Where women wield the spear.”

The spear (δόρυ) is with the Greeks the regular emblem of war, as the sword is with us; so a famous warrior in Homer is δουρικλυτῆς, a famous spearman, and a warrior generally ἰχημῆς. Further, as in the heroic or semi-civilized age, authority presents itself, not under the form of law and peaceful order, so much as under that of force

and war, the spear comes to be a general emblem of authority; so in the present passage. St. Paul's language, Rom xiii. 4, *the magistrate weareth not the sword* (μάχαιραν) *in vain*, gives the modern counterpart of the Æschylean phraseology.

[[Note 47 \(p 57\).](#)]

“ . . . our healer from much harm.”

παιώνιος. I have no hesitation whatever in leaving Well. here, much as I generally admire his judicious caution. “?γώνιους in the next line,” says Con, “at once convicts the old reading of tautology, and accounts for its introduction.” When a clear cause for a corrupt reading is shown by a natural wandering of the eye, I see no wisdom in obstinately adhering to a less appropriate reading. The emendation originated, according to Peile, with a writer in the *Classical Journal*; and was thence adopted by Scholefield, Peile, Con., and Franz, who names Ahrens as its author. Linw. also calls it “very probable.”

[[Note 48 \(p. 57\).](#)]

“ . . . ye sun-fronting gods.”

δαίμονες ?ντήλιος. Med. has given the words a special application—

“Ye images of our gods that stand  
Before the eastern gate.”

But I suppose the reference may be only to the general custom of placing the statues of the gods in open public places, and in positions where they might front the sun.—See Hesychius and Tertullian, quoted by Stan.

[[Note 49 \(p. 58\).](#)]

“His pledge is forfeited.”

I agree with Con. that the juridical language used in the previous line fixes down the meaning of ρυσίου here beyond dispute; which meaning, indeed—?νέχυρον, a *pledge* or *gage*, is that given by the Scholiast on Iliad XI. 674. Stan. enounces this clearly in his Notes; only there is no need of supposing, with him, that the gage means Helen, or any one else. 'Tis merely a juridical way of saying that Paris was worsted in battle—he has forfeited his caution-money.

[[Note 50 \(p. 59\).](#)]

“These spoils, a shining grace, there to remain  
An heritage for ever.”

The word ?ρχα??ov in this version seems most naturally to have a prospective reference, to express which a paraphrase seems necessary in English; but a similar use of *Vetustas* is common in Latin.—Cic. Attic. XIV. 9, pro-Mil. 35. Virgil's Æneid X. 792. Sew. takes it retrospectively; thus

“Unto their ancient homes in Hellas land  
A pride and joy.”

[\[Note 51 \(p. 60\).\]](#)

“No more than dyer’s art can tincture brass.”

χαλκον^ βα??ς. One cannot dye a hard impenetrable substance, like copper or brass, by the mere process of steeping, as may be done with a soft substance like cloth. Clytemnestra seems to say that her ears are impenetrable in the same way. So Sym., Con., Sew.; and I have little doubt as to this being the true meaning—but should we not read χαλκ?ς *more than the brass knows dyeing?*

[\[Note 52 \(p. 60\).\]](#)

“Far from the honors of the blissful gods.”

χωρ?ς ? τιμ? θεω^ν. I translate so, simply because this rendering seems to lie most naturally in the words, when interpreted by the immediately preceding context. The other translation which I originally had here,

“To every god his separate hour belongs  
Of rightful honor,”

seems to spring from the contrast of the “pæan to the Furies” mentioned below, with the hymns of joyful thanksgivings to the gods that suit the present occasion. But when the term “gods” is used generally on a joyful occasion, it seems more agreeable to Greek feeling to interpret it as excluding than as including the Furies. The hymns in the Eumenides show that they were considered as a dreadful power in the background, rather than prominent figures in the foreground of Hellenic polytheism. But, however this be, the more obvious key to such a doubtful passage is surely that of the train of thought which immediately precedes.

[\[Note 53 \(p. 61\).\]](#)

“Fire and the sea, sworn enemies of old,” etc.

This passage, in the original, boils with a series of high-sounding words, δυσλύμαντα, κεροτοπούμεναι, [Editor: illegible character]μβροκτύπ?, extremely characteristic both of the general genius of the poet and the special subject of poetic description. I have endeavoured, according to the best of my ability, not to lose a single line of this powerful painting; but, as it is more than likely I may have missed some point, or brought it feebly out, I would refer the reader to the able versions of Sym. and Med., which are very good in this place. About the κακ?ς ποιμ?ν, whether it refer to the whole tempest, as Sym. makes it, or to a part of it (στροφής) as in my version, there can be no doubt, I think, that here ποιμ?ν can mean nothing but “pilot,” as in the Persian ποιμάνωρ means a commander. There can be no objection to retaining the word “shepherd,” but I do not like Con.’s “demon-swain” at all. It seems to me to bring in a foreign, and somewhat of a Gothic idea.

[\[Note 54 \(p. 61\).\]](#)

“That ocean hell.”

ῥδην πόντιον, I took this from Med. and give him a thousand thanks for supplying me with so literal, and yet so admirable a translation. Sym. is also excellent here, though, as usual, too fine—

“O how the day looked lovely, when ashore  
We crawled, escaped from the watery jaws  
Of a sea death.”

[\[Note 55 \(p. 61\).\]](#)

“Far-labouring o’er the loosely-driving main.”

There is a fine word in the original here, σποδομένου, easily and admirably rendered by Fr.—*serstaubt*—but to express which I have found myself forced to have recourse to a cognate idea. The main idea is dispersion and diffusion, *to drive about like dust*, or, perhaps, the meaning may be, *to rub down to dust*—See Passow. In the present passage the context makes the former meaning preferable.

[\[Note 56 \(p. 61\).\]](#)

“By Jove’s devising.”

The reader will note here the supreme controlling power of Jove, forming, as it were, a sort of monotheistic keystone to the many-stoned arch of Hellenic Polytheism. Μηχανα??ς Δι?ς here is just equivalent to our phrase *by Divine interposition*, or, *by the interposition of Divine Providence*, or the supreme moral superintendence of Jove.

[\[Note 57 \(p. 62\).\]](#)

“Helen the taker!”

There is an etymological allusion in the original here, concerning which see the Notes to the Prometheus Bound, v 85. The first syllable of Helen’s name in Greek means to take, from ῥρέω 2 aor [Editor: illegible character]λον. “No one who understands the deep philosophy of Æschylus and his oriental turn of thought will suspect the play upon the name of Helen to be a frigid exercise of wit,” says Sew., who has transmuted the pun into English in no bad fashion thus—

“Helen, since as suited well  
Hell of nations, heroes’ hell,  
Hell of cities, from the tissued  
Harem-chamber veils she issued”

[\[Note 58 \(p 62\).\]](#)

“ . . . giant Zephyr”

I see no reason why so many translators, from Stan downward, should have been so fond to render γίγαντος “*earth-born*” here, as if there were any proof that any such genealogical idea was hovering before the mind of the poet when he used the word. I entirely agree with Con. that the notion of *strength* may have been all that was intended (as, indeed, we find in Homer the Zephyr always the strongest wind), and, therefore, I retain the original word. Sym Anglicising, after his fashion, says, not inaptly—

“Fanned by Zephyr’s buxom gales,”

and Con. changes *giant* into *Titan*, perhaps wisely, to avoid certain ludicrous associations.

[\[Note 59 \(p 62\).\]](#)

“Kin but not kind.”

Another etymological allusion; κ[Editor: illegible character]δος meaning both *kin* and *care*. Sew. has turned it differently—

“And a marriage truly hight,  
A marjoy,” etc

Harf, does not relish this “absurd punning” at all, and misses it out in this place; so also Potter; but I agree altogether with Sew. that “there is nothing more fatal to any poet than to generalize his particularities.” Shakespere also puts puns into his most serious passages; a peculiarity which we must even tolerate like an affected way of walking or talking in a beautiful woman; though, for the reason stated in the note to the Prometheus, above referred to, the ancient, when he puns upon proper names, is by no means to be considered as an offender against the laws of good taste, in the same way as the modern.

[\[Note 60 \(p 63\).\]](#)

“A servant of Até, a priest of Ruin.”

Até the goddess of destruction, already mentioned (p 53), and whose name has been naturalized in English by the authority of Shakespere. In Homer ατη appears (1) as an infatuation of mind leading to perdition; (2) as that perdition effected; (3) as an allegorical personage, eldest born of Jove, the cause of that infatuation of mind and consequent perdition (II. XIX. v. 91). In the tragedians, [Editor: illegible character]τη is more habitually clothed with a distinct and prominent personality.

[\[Note 61 \(p 64\).\]](#)

“A haughty heart.”

In a passage hopelessly corrupt, and where no two editors agree in the reading, I have necessarily been reduced to the expedient of translating with a certain degree of looseness from the text of the MSS. as given by Well. Through this text, broken and

disjointed as it is, the meaning glimmers with a light sufficient to guide the reader, who wishes only to arrive at the idea, without aspiring at the reconstitution of the lost grammatical form of the text, and it is a satisfaction to think that all the translators, from Pot. to Con, however they may vary in single phrases, give substantially the same idea, and in a great measure the same phrase. This idea, a most important one in the Greek system of morals, is well expressed by Sym. in his note on this place—"The Chorus here moralizes and dwells on the consequences to succeeding generations of the crimes of their predecessors. He traces, as it were, a moral succession, handed down from father to son, where one transgression begets another as its inevitable result. The first parent stock was '[Editor: illegible character]βρις' a spirit of insolence or insubordination, breaking out into acts of outrage, the forerunner of every calamity in a Grecian republic, against which the philosophers and tragedians largely declaimed. They denounced it as well from a principle of policy as a sentiment of religion. In short, the poet treats here of the moral concatenation of cause and effect, the consequence to the descendants of their progenitors' misconduct, operating either by the force of example or of hereditary disposition, which in the mind of the Chorus produces the effect of an irresistible fatality."—I may mention that I have retained the original word δάμων in its English form "demon," this being, according to my feeling, one of the few places where the one can be used for the other without substituting a modern, and, therefore, a false idea.

[\[Note 62 \(p. 65\).\]](#)

"Fawn with watery love."

νᾶραε?? σάινειν ?ιλότητι. This is one of those bold dramatic touches which mark the hand of a Shakespere, or an Æschylus, and, by transmuting or diluting which, the translator, in my opinion, commits a capital sin. Harf., with his squeamish sensibility, has slurred over the whole passage, and even Fr., like all Germans, an advocate for close translation, gives the rapid generality of "*trugend*," Med., from carelessness, I hope, and not from principle, has sinned in the same way, and Kennedy likewise; but I am happy in having both Con. and Sym. for my companions, when I retain a simile which is as characteristic of my author as a crooked beak is of an eagle. This note may serve for not a few similar cases, where the nice critic will do well to consult the Greek author before he blames the English translator.

[\[Note 63 \(p. 67\).\]](#)

"He might have boasted of a triple coil."

I consider it quite legitimate in a translator, where critical doctors differ, and where decision is difficult or impossible, to embody in his version the ideas of both parties, where that can be done naturally, and without forcing, as in the present instance. It seems to me on the one hand that την κάτω γῆρ ου λέγω has more pregnancy of expression when applied to the dead Geryon, than when interpreted of the earth; and, on the other hand, I cannot think with Sym. that the expression τρίμοιρον χλα??ναν, when applied to the earth, is "rank nonsense" There are many phrases in Æschylus that, if translated literally, sound very like nonsense in English The parenthetic clause

“*of him below I speak not,*” is added from a superstitious feeling, to avoid the bad omen of speaking of a living person as dead. So Well. and Sym., and this appears the most natural qualification in the circumstances.

[\[Note 64 \(p. 7\).\]](#)

“Thy Phocian spear-guest”

Speaking of the era of the great Doric migration with regard to Megara, Bishop Thirlwall (Hist. Greece, c. VII.) writes as follows:—“Megara itself was, at this time, only one, though probably the principal, among five little townships which were independent of each other, and were not unfrequently engaged in hostilities, which, however, were so mitigated and regulated by local usage as to present rather the image than the reality of war. They were never allowed to interrupt the labours of the husbandman. The captive taken in these feuds was entertained as a guest in his enemy’s house, and when his ransom was fixed, was dismissed before it was paid. If he discharged his debt of honour he became, under a peculiar name (*δορῦξενος*), the friend of his host; a breach of the compact dishonoured him for life both among the strangers and his neighbours—a picture of society which we could scarcely believe to have been drawn from life, if it did not agree with other institutions which we find described upon the best authority as prevailing at the same period in other parts of Greece.”

[\[Note 65 \(p 69\).\]](#)

“Come, boy, unbind these sandals”

This passage will at once suggest to the Christian reader the well-known passage in Exod. iii. 5, “take off thy shoes from thy feet, for the ground where thou standest is holy ground,” which Ken. aptly adduces, and compares it with Lev. xxx. 19, and Juvenal Sat. VI. 159—

“*Observant ubi festis mero pede Sabbata reges,*”

and other passages. In the same way the hand held up in attestation before a bench of grave judges, according to our modern usage, must be ungloved.

[\[Note 66 \(p 69\)\]](#)

“*Jove, Jove the perfecter! perfect thou my vow.*”

*Ζενῆ τέλειε* I see no reason in the connection of this passage to give the epithet of *τέλειος* a special allusion to Jove, as along with Juno, the patron of marriage. Blom., Peile, and among the translators, Med and Ken. take this view. But Pot., Sym., Con., Fr., Voss., and Droys content themselves with the more obvious and general meaning. It is not contended, I presume, by any one that the epithet *τέλειος*, when applied to Jove, *necessarily* refers to marriage, independently of the context, as for instance in Eumen. 28. The origin of the epithet may be seen in Homer, Il. IV. 160-168, etc.

[\[Note 67 \(p. 69\).\]](#)



“. . . unbidden and unhired”

“Poor Louis! With them it is a hollow phantasmagoria, where, like mimes, they mope and mow, and *utter false sounds for hire*, but with thee it is frightful earnest.”—Carlyle’s French Revolution, the ancient and the modern, with equal felicity, alluding to the custom prevalent in ancient times of hiring women to mourn for the dead. We must also note, however, that there is an example here of that spontaneous prophecy of the heart by god-given presentiment, which is so often mentioned in Homer. The ancients, indeed, were the furthest possible removed from that narrow conception of a certain modern theology, which confines the higher influences of inspiration to a privileged sacerdotal order. In St. Paul’s writings, the whole Church prophesies; and so in Homer the fair Helen, who had no pretensions to the character of a professional soothsayer, pre faces her interpretation of an omen by saying,

“Hear my word, as in my heart the immortal gods suggest the thought,  
I will read the omen rightly, as the sure event shall show”  
Odys. XV. 172

The words used by Homer to express this action of the divine on the human mind are βάλλειν ἢ ποτίθεσθαι, and such like, to *throw into*, and to *put under*, or *suggest*.

[\[Note 68 \(p. 70\).\]](#)

“Unloosed their cables from the shore.”

I have not been curious in rendering this passage, as the word παρήβησεν is hopelessly corrupt; but the general notion of my translation is taken from Sym.’s note.

[\[Note 69 \(p 71\).\]](#)

“. . . Were link with link  
In the chain of things not bound together.”

ἢ δὲ μὲν τεταγμένα μοῖρα κ. τ. λ. In my opinion, Sym., Con., and Peile, are wrong in giving a different meaning to μοῖραν from that which they assign to μοῖρα immediately preceding. In such phrases as “*truditur dies die*” (Horace) and “*Day uttereth speech unto day*,” the reader naturally attaches the same idea to the same word immediately repeated. The literal translation of this passage, “if by the ordinance of the gods ordered Fate did not hinder Fate,” seems merely to express the concatenation of things by divine decree as given in my version. Sym’s version is—

“I pause Some Fate from Heaven forbids  
The Fate within to utter more,  
Else had my heart outrun my tongue,  
And poured the torrent o’er.”

Med. gives three lines substantially identical with mine—

“Nor would I counteract the laws of Heaven,  
My heart would chain my tongue, e’en were it given  
To drag the secret of the Fates to the day”

[\[Note 70 \(p. 71\).\]](#)

“. . . the household altar.”

κτησίου βωμον̂. Literally, *the altar of our family wealth or possession*. In the same way, Jove, the supreme disposer of all human wealth, is called Ζεῦς κτήσιος, possessory Jove. See the Suppliants, v. 440—my translation.

[\[Note 71 \(p. 72\).\]](#)

“My way-god, my leader Apollo!”

“Agyieus (from ἄγυι?, a way), a surname of Apollo, describing him as the protector of the streets and public places As such he was worshipped at Acharnæ, Mycenæ, and Tegea”—Dr. Schmitz, in the Mythol. Dict. In the same way, by ενοδιον θεῖν (Soph. Antig. 1200), or “the way goddess,” is understood Hecate The Hindoos make their god *Pollear* perform a similar function, placing his image in all temples, streets, highways, and, in the country, at the foot of some tree, that travellers may make their adorations and offerings to him before they pursue their journey.—Sonnerat in notes to the Curse of Kehama, Canto V.

[\[Note 72 \(p. 73\).\]](#)

“Apollo, my leader, whither hast thou led me?”

In this Antistrophe, and the preceding Strophe, there is one of those plays on the name of the god addressed, which appear inappropriate to us, but were meant earnestly enough by the ancients, accustomed to deal with an original language from which the significancy of proper names had not been rubbed away.—See note on Prometheus, v. 85. Besides this, there was naturally a peculiar significancy attached to the names of the gods—See note 18, p. 338, above. In the present passage the first pun is on the name Απόλλων, Apollo, and the verb ἠπόλλυμι, which signifies to *destroy*) so the Hebrew Abaddon from Abad, he *perished*.—Apoc. ix. 11), a function of the Sun god familiar enough to the Greek mind, from the description of the pestilence in the opening scene of the Iliad. The second pun is on the title ἄγυιεύς, leader, or way-god, concerning which see previous note. I have here, as in the case of Helen and Prometheus (v. 85), taken the simple plan of explaining the epithet in the text. The translator who will not do this must either, like Con. and Sym, leave the play on the words altogether unperceptible to the English reader, or, like Sew, be driven to the necessity of inventing a new pun, which may not always be happy English, and is certainly not Greek, thus—

“Apollo! Apollo!  
Leader! appaller mine!  
Yea! for the second time thou hast with ease  
Appalled me, and destroyed me.”

[\[Note 73 \(p 74\).\]](#)

“The blithe blood, that crimson ran

In my veins, runs pale and wan”

With this Sym aptly compares a passage from the speech of Theodosius in Massinger’s Emperor of the East—

“What an earthquake I feel in me!  
And on the sudden my whole fabric totters;  
My blood within me turns, and through my veins  
Parting with natural redness, I discern it  
Changed to a fatal yellow”

Even more strongly expressed than in our Greek poet, perhaps a little too strongly, the words, *I discern it*, certainly not improving the passage. Harf., as is his fashion, fears to follow the boldness of his author, and translates—

“The ruddy drop is curdling at my heart.”  
And in the same spirit Fr. gives *dunkelroth*.

[\[Note 74 \(p 74\).\]](#)

“As when in the mortal anguish.”

Sym. takes his stand too confidently on a corrupt text, when he says, “Pot. has entirely omitted the fallen warrior bleeding drop by drop, which is, as it were, introduced into the background by the poet to aggravate the gloom of the picture.” I read *καίρῖα* with Dind., Con., Linw., and Fr., with which single word the fallen warrior disappears, who comes in, even in Sym.’s version, rather abruptly.

[\[Note 75 \(p. 74\).\]](#)

“ . . . she seizes him  
By the strong black horn.”

Harf. finds this rough Homeric trait too strong for him. Med. has—

“With her black horn she butts him  
What is that wrapt round his head?”

But, though there is some colour for this translation in the old Scholiast, I think the reader will scarcely judge very favourably of it, after considering what Peile and Con. have judiciously said on the point. As for authority, all the translators, except Med. and Hume, from Pot. downwards, English and German, are with me. It is scarcely necessary to remark against Harford’s squeamishness, that the bull in ancient symbolical language (see poets and coins, *passim*) was an animal in every respect as noble and kingly as the lion and the eagle still remain.

[\[Note 76 \(p. 75\).\]](#)

“Crieth Itys! Itys! aye.”

Procne and Philomele, according to one of the most familiar of old Greek legends,

were daughters of Pandion, king of Athens; and one of them having been given in marriage to Tereus, a king of the Thracians, in Daulis, who, after the marriage, offered violence to her sister—the result was, that the wife, in a fit of mad revenge, murdered her own son Itys, and gave his flesh to her husband to eat, and, being afterwards changed into a nightingale, was supposed in her melodious wail continually to repeat the name of this her luckless offspring.

[[Note 77 \(p. 75\).](#)]

“The thick blossoms of its woe”

μηθιθαλη? κακο??ς βίον. I hope this expression will not be considered too strong by those who consider as well the general style of our poet, as the ῥω̂μεν ἄνθου πέλαιος ἰγαῖον νεκροῖς, v. 645 of this play (see my translation, *supra*, p. 61), and the μανιας δεινὸν ἰποστᾶζει ἀνθηρόν τε μένος of Sophocles.—Antig. v. 960.

[[Note 78 \(p. 77\).](#)]

“Soon my reeking heart shall cast.”

If the reader thinks this a bold phrase, he must bear in mind that it is Cassandra who speaks, and Æschylus who writes. The translation, indeed, is not literal, but the word “θερμόνους,” as Con. says, “has all the marks of genuineness,” and I was more afraid of weakening it in translation than of exaggerating it. Other translations are—

“And I my warm blood soon on earth shall pour.”

—Sym

“But I shall soon press my hot heart to Earth”

—Con

“Ich aber stürze bald zur Erd im heissen Kampf”

—Fr.

“Ich aber sinke bald im heissen Todeskampf”

—Droys.

[[Note 79 \(p. 77\).](#)]

“Waves shall it dash from the west in the sun’s face”

“The beauty of this image can only be properly appreciated by those who have observed the extraordinary way in which the waves of the sea appear to rush towards the rising sun.”—English Prose Tr. Oxon.

[[Note 80 \(p. 77\).](#)]

“ . . . though I should wedge them  
As stark as ice?”

I read πηγῦμα with Well and the majority of editors and translators. Sym., who is sometimes a little too imperative in his style, calls this to “obtrude an unnecessary

piece of frigidity or fustian on Æschylus.” The reader, of course, will judge for himself; but there are many things in our poet more worthy of the term “fustian” than the word *πηγυμα*, applied to *πρκος*.

[\[Note 81 \(p. 78\).\]](#)

“Implacable breath of curses on her kin.”

Well. forgets his usual caution, when he receives *ρην* into his text, and rejects *ρην*, the reading of the MS. It is paltry to object to the phrase *σπονδον ρην* in an author like Æschylus. Franz receives the emendation of Lobeck, modified into *Λρη*.

[\[Note 82 \(p. 80\).\]](#)

“Bravely thou praisest; but the happy hear not  
Such commendations”

I have here, in opposition to Fr., Sym., Med., and even the cautious Well., reverted to the original order of this and the next line, as they appear in the MSS, being chiefly moved by what is said by Con. “The words *λλ υκλεωζ τοι καθανεην χάρις βροτ?* could never have been put by Æschylus into the mouth of Cassandra, who is as far as possible from cherishing the common view of a glorious death, and, indeed, shows in her next speech very plainly what feelings such a thought suggests to her.”

[\[Note 83 \(p. 80\)\]](#)

“Not with vain screaming, like a fluttering bird.”

“Fearing a wild beast about its nest,” says the Scholiast; fearing the fowler with “its limed wings,” says Med. The original is short and obscure; but there is no need of being definite; nothing is more common than to see a bird fruitlessly fluttering about a bush, and uttering piteous cries. A fit image of vain lamentation without purpose or result.

[\[Note 84 \(p. 81\).\]](#)

“. . . From bad to worse  
Our changes run, and with the worst we end.”

This translation is free, because it did not occur to me that the laconism of the Greek, if literally translated, would be sufficiently intelligible. I have no doubt as to the correctness of this version of a passage which is certainly not a little puzzling at first sight. Two phases of human life are spoken of in the previous lines; one is the change from prosperity to adversity, the other, from adversity down to utter ruin and death. The preference expressed in the line *κα? ταντ? κείνων κ τ.λ.* can refer to nothing but these two. So Peile and Con.; and there is a terrible darkness of despair about Cassandra’s whole tone and manner, which renders this account of human life peculiarly natural in her parting words.

[\[Note 85 \(p. 81\).\]](#)

“Who of mortals will not pray.”

The line τίς ἄν ἄξαιτο βροτῶν ἄσινεσι, being deficient in metre, one may either supply ἄκ, with Canter, which gives the meaning expressed in the text, or, retaining the affirmative form, read βροτός, ἄν, with Both. and Fr., which gives an equally good sense thus—

“Who of mortals then may hope  
To live an unharmed life, when he  
Fell from such height of honor?”

so Pot., Med., Humb., Droys., Fr., and Voss.

[\[Note 86 \(p 81\).\]](#)

“Weave we counsel now together, and concert a sure design.”

I follow Müller here in dividing the Chorus among twelve, not fifteen speakers. The internal evidence plainly points to this; and for any external evidence of scholiasts and others in such matters, even if it were uncontradicted, I must confess that I think it is worth very little.

[\[Note 87 \(p 82\).\]](#)

“So wisely spoken.”

Most lame and impotent conclusion!—so the reader has no doubt been all the while exclaiming. Our great poet has here contrived to make one of the most tragic moments of the play consummately ridiculous; and it is in vain to defend him. No doubt, old men are apt enough to be irresolute, and to deliberate, while the decisive moment for action slips through their fingers. So far in character. But why does the poet bring this vacillation so laboriously forward, that it necessarily appears ludicrous? This formal argumentation turns the character of the Chorus into caricature. Nor will it do to say with Con. that this impotent scene was “forced on Æschylus, by the fact of the existence of a Chorus, and the nature of the work he had to do.” A short lyrical ode might have covered worthily that irresolution, which a formal argumentation only exposes. No one blames the Chorus for doing nothing; that is all right enough; but every one must blame the poet for making them talk with such a show of solemn gravity and earnest loyalty about doing nothing.

[\[Note 88 \(p 82\).\]](#)

“Here, where I struck, I take my rooted stand  
Upon the finished deed.”

The natural attitude of decision. So when Brutus administered the famous oath to the Roman people, “*neminem Romæ regnare passuros*,” he and his colleagues are described by Dionysius (V. 1) as *σταντες ἄπι των τομίων*.

[\[Note 89 \(p. 83\).\]](#)

“Thou hast cast off thou hast cut off  
Thine own husband.”

I have endeavoured to express the repetition of the *off* three times as in the original; but the Greek is far more emphatic, the repetition taking place in the same line, *ῥπέδικες, ῥπέταμες ῥπόπολις δ ῥσῥ*.

[\[Note 90 \(p. 83\).\]](#)

“But mark my words.”

There is much difficulty in settling the reading and the construction of the Greek here; but having compared all the translations, I find that, from Pot. down to Mrd and Fr, substantially the same sentiment is educed. Sym. who praises Blom’s arrangement, gives—

“Threaten away, for I too am prepared  
In the like manner Rule me if thou canst,  
Get by thy band the mastery—rule me then.  
But if,” etc.

Well. whom I follow, and who objects to Blom.’s construction, gives— “Jubeo antem te, quum et ego ad similes minas paratas sim, victoria vi reportata, mihi imperare, sin minus, et si contraria Dii perfecerint, damno edoctus sero sapere disces.”

[\[Note 91 \(p. 84\).\]](#)

“And thine eyes with fatness swell.”

I do not know whether I may not have gone too far in retaining the original force of *λίπος* in this passage I perceive that few of the translators, not even Sew, so curious in etymological translation, keep me in countenance However, I am always very loath to smooth down a strong phrase in *Æschylus*, merely because the modern ear may think it gross. In this case, I am glad to find that I am supported by Droys.

“Ueber dem Auge glänzt fett Dir das Tropfenblüt.”

though my rendering is a little more free.

[\[Note 92 \(p. 84\).\]](#)

Strophe i. In the arrangement of the following lyric dialogue, I have followed But, Blom., and Peile, in opposition to that given by Herm., Well, and Fr., not for any metrical reasons sufficiently strong to influence me either one way or other in constituting the text; but because I find the sense complete and continuous after *vv̂v δετελειάν*, and this alone is a sufficient reason why I, in my subordinate function of a translator, should not suppose anything to have fallen out of the text in this place. How much, however, we are all in the dark about the matter appears from this, that in the place where Blom. and Peile suppose an immense *lacuna*, the sense in the mouth of Clytemnestra *vv̂v δῖ ῥρθωσας* runs on with a continuous allusion to the preceding

words of the Chorus. For which reason I have not hinted the existence of an omission, nor is it at all likely that the reader has lost much. These are matters which belonged to the ancient symmetrical arrangement of the Chorus before the eyes and ears of the spectators, and which I much fear it is impossible for us, readers of a dry MS., to revive at this time of day.

[\[Note 93 \(p. 85\)\]](#)

“O god that o’er the doomed Atridan halls.”

I am afraid I stand alone, among the translators, in translating δαίμων in this and similar places, by the English word *god*; but persuaded as I am that the English words *Fiend* and *Demon* are steeped in modern partly Gothic, partly Christian associations of a character essentially opposed to the character and genius of the Greek theology, I choose rather to offend the taste than to confound the judgment of my reader in so important a matter. The Greeks habitually attributed to their *gods* actions and sentiments, which we attribute only to devils and demons. Such beings (in the English sense) were, in fact, altogether unknown to the Greeks. Their gods, as occasion required, performed all the functions of our Devil; so that, to use a familiar illustration, instead of the phrase, *what the devil are you about?* so familiar to a genuine English ear, the Athenians would have said, *what the god are you about?* Hence the use of δαίμονι in Homer.

[\[Note 94 \(p. 86\).\]](#)

“The unrelenting old Alastor.”

Along with Sym. and Con. I retain the Greek word here, partly from the reason given in the previous note with regard to δαίμων, partly because the word is familiar to many poetical ears from Shelley’s poetry, partly, also, because I take care so to explain it in the context, that it cannot be misunderstood by the English reader. The Greek word ἄστωρ means an *evil genius*. Clement of Alexandria, in a passage quoted by Sym. (Protrept. c. II.) classes the Alastors of the ancient tragedy with the Furies and other terrible ministers of heaven’s avenging justice. About the etymology of the word the lexicographers and critics are not agreed. Would there be any harm in connecting it with ἄστέω (Il. XII. 163), and παλαστέω (Odys. I. 252), so that it should signify *an angry or wrathful spirit*.

[\[Note 95 \(p. 88\).\]](#)

“Falling he fell, and dying died.”

I have here taken advantage of a Hebraism familiar, through the pages of the Bible, to the English ear, in order to give somewhat of the force of the fine alliteration in the original κάπεσε, κάθανε .κα? καταθάγομεν. In the next three lines I have filled up a blank in the text, by what must obviously have been the import of the lost lines, if, indeed, Paley, Klausen, and Con. are not rather right in not insisting on an exact response of stanza to stanza in the anapaestic systems of the musical dialogue.



[\[Note 96 \(p. 88\).\]](#)

“While great Jove lives.”

μίμωντος ἐν χρόνῳ Διὸς “The meaning is sufficiently plain, if we do not disturb it by any philosophical notions about the difference between time and eternity.”—Con. The reader will note here the grand idea of retributive justice pursuing a devoted family from generation to generation, and, as it were, entailing misery upon them, concerning which see Sewell’s remarks above, p. 349. Sophocles strikes the same keynote in the choric chaunt of the *Antigone*, ῥχατῶα τα Δαβδακιδαῶν ῥικων ῥωῶμαι.

[\[Note 97 \(p. 90\).\]](#)

“ . . . in a separate dish concealed  
Were legs and arms, and the fingers’ pointed tips”

Editors have a great difficulty in settling the text here; but there is enough of the meaning visible—especially when the passage is compared with Herod. I. 119, referred to by Schutz—to enable the translator to proceed on the assumption of a text substantially the same as that given by Fr., where the second line is supplied—

Τῷ μεῶν ποδήρη και χεῖρων ῥκρους κτένας  
[ῥθετο κάτωθεν πῶντα συγκρύψας τῷ δ ῥυ]  
ῥθρυπῶν ῥνωθεν ῥνδρακῶς καθημένοις  
ῥσήμῳ ῥ δ ῥυτωῶν ῥυτικῶ ἀγνόη λαβῶν.

The reader will observe that in these and such like passages, where, after all the labours of the learned, an uncertainty hangs over the text, I think myself safer in giving only the general undoubted meaning that shines through the passage, without venturing on the slippery ground of translating words of which the proper connection may be lost, or which, perhaps, were not written at all by the poet.

[\[Note 98 \(p. 90\).\]](#)

“ . . . while with his heel he spurned  
The supper.”

I quite agree with Con. that there is not the slightest reason for rejecting the natural meaning of λακτίσμα δείπνου in this passage. Such expressions are quite Æschylean in their character, and the analogy of the feast of Tereus in Ovid, *Met* VI. 661,

“Thracius ingenti mensas clamore repellit,”

adduced by Con. is very happy. To push the table away, whether with hand or heel, or with both, in such a case, is the most natural action in the world.

[\[Note 99 \(p. 90\).\]](#)

“And no diviner vends more potent balms  
To drug a doting wit”

I have here expanded the text a little, to express the whole force of the Greek word ἄτρομάντεις, concerning which see Note to the Eumen. v. 62, below.

[\[Note 100 \(p. 91\).\]](#)

“Ho! my gallant co-mates, rouse ye!”

These two lines in the mouth of the Chorus make a good consecutive sense; but the symmetrical response of line to line, so characteristic of Greek tragedy, has led Herm., Well., and the other editors of note, to suppose that a line from Ægisthus has fallen out between these lines of the Chorus. Blanks of this kind, however, the translator will wisely overlook, so long as they do not seriously disturb the sense.

[\*] See Niebuhr’s Travels (§ 25, c 4), Michaelis’ Commentaries on the Laws of Moses (Art, 135); and Southey’s Thalaba.

[\*] *Dictionary*—voce Goel, and Commentaries, § 131

[\*] Die Thymele in der Orchestra ist durch ein Aschenkrug als Agamemnon’s Grab bezeichnet.—Droysen.

[\*] Hermes, or Mercury, in his capacity of guide of the dead (ψυχοπομπός) is here called Χθόνιος, or subterranean.

[\*] Iphigenia.

[\*] Proserpine.

[\*] See Note 64 to Agamemnon.

[\*] Hermes or Mercury. See Notes 55 and 56 above.

[\*] The Gorgon Medusa.

[†] Agamemnon and Electra.

[\*] The Furies.—See next piece.

[\[Note 1 \(p 99\)\]](#)

“What power thy father lent.”

Jove was regarded as the grand source of the power exercised by all the other gods, even Apollo receiving the gift of prophecy from him. There is a peculiar propriety in the allusion to the father Zeus, as Mercury is requested to perform the same office of σωτήρ or Saviour to Orestes that Jove in a peculiar manner performs to all mankind—See Muller on *Zeus Soter*. (Eumenides, § 94), whose observations, however, on this particular passage, seem to force an artificial accent on the epithet σώτηρ. The opening

lines of this piece are wanting in the MSS. and were supplied by Stan. from the Frogs of Aristophanes.

[\[Note 2 \(p 99\)\]](#)

“\* \* My early growth of hair  
To Inachus I vowed.”

These words will recall to the student of Homer a passage from the twenty-third book of the Iliad, where an account is given of the funeral ceremonies of Patroclus.

“First the horsemen came, and then a cloud of infantry behind,  
Tens of thousands, his companions bore Patroclus in the midst,  
And the corpse they sadly covered with the locks which grief had shorn”  
v. 133-5.

And again—

“Then another deed devised Achilles godlike, swift of foot,  
Stationed sad behind the pyre he clipt his locks of yellow hair,  
Which, luxuriant shed, he cherished to Spercheius’ flowing stream.”  
v 140-3

Compare the beautiful passage on the Greek mythology in Wordsworth’s Excursion, Book IV.

[\[Note 3 \(p 99\).\]](#)

“O Jove, be thou mine aid”

Of the high functions which belong to the supreme god of the Greeks, that of *avenger* is not the least notable, and is alluded to with special frequency in the Odyssey, of which poem, *retribution in this life for wicked works* is the great moral—whence the frequent line—

ἦ κε πόθι Ζεῦσι παλίντιτα [Editor: illegible character]ργα γενέσθαι.

[\[Note 4 \(p. 99\)\]](#)

“And my cheeks, that herald sorrow.”

“As these violent manifestations of grief were forbidden by Solon (Plut. 21), we are to look upon them in this place as peculiarly characteristic of the foreign captive maidens who compose the chorus”—Kl.; though the epithet of ἠμῆδρυς ἠλοχος applied to the wife of Protesilaus by Homer (Il. ii. 700, xi. 393), shows that, in the heroic times, at least, the expression of sorrow was almost as violent on the west as on the east side of the Hellespont.

[\[Note 5 \(p. 101\).\]](#)

“And now fear rules.”

φοβεῖταις δέ τις. “*People are afraid, and dare not speak out*”—Peile. The abruptness of this passage renders it difficult to see the allusion. Paley gives it quite a different turn. “*Sunt qui ob commissi sceleris quo adepti sint magnam fortunam (το ἄτυχεῖν) conscientiam torqueantur.*” But I do not think that this rendering agrees so well with the words that follow. The thought seems to be—*the world judges by results, and men are content, even in fear, to obey a usurper, who shows his right by his success.* This brings out a beautiful contrast to the σέβας, or feeling of loyal reverence that filled the public mind towards Agamemnon, who is alluded to in the first words of the Antistrophe.

[\[Note 6 \(p 101\)\]](#)

“So filthy hands with blood bedabbled.”

I do not see why Well and Kl. should object to πόροι being taken, as the Scholiast hints, for an equivalent to ποταμοί. The word simply means “*channels,*” and in the present connection of purification would naturally explain itself to a Greek ear, as *channels of water.* Kl.’s rendering of πόρος, *ratio expiandae caedis,* has no merit but being unpoetical. The ὄνσαν τὴν holds concealed some hopeless blunder; but for the need the κλύσειαν ἀνμάτην of Fr. may be adopted.

[\[Note 7 \(p. 101\).\]](#)

“What the masters of my fate  
In their strength decree.”

“There is a proverb, Δοῦλε δεσποτῶν ἴκουε καὶ δίκαια καὶ ἀδικα. *Slave hear thy master whether right or wrong.*” —Scholiast.

[\[Note 8 \(p 101\).\]](#)

“ . . . beneath the veil.”

?? εἰμάτων. Stan quotes the beautiful picture of Telemachus (Odyssey IV. 114), endeavouring to conceal his filial sorrow from the eyes of Menelaus at Sparta—

“From his eye the tear-drop fell when he heard his father’s name,  
And with both his hands before his eyes he held the purple cloak.”

[\[Note 9 \(p. 102\)\]](#)

“ . . . libations pure,  
Poured on my father’s tomb.”

These libations are described in various passages of the Classics, of which the following may suffice.—

“Then to all the dead I poured libations, first with honied milk,  
Then with sweetest wine, and then with water, and I strewed the grains  
Of whitest meal.”

—Odyssey XI. 26

“Go, my Hermione, without the door,

And these libations take, and take my hair,  
And, standing over Clytemnestra's tomb,  
Milk-mingled honey and the winy foam  
Pour, and thus speak"  
—Eurip, Orest 112.  
“And with the due libation's triple flow  
She crowns the corpse”  
—Soph. Antig, 429.

The *χοαῖσι* *πρισπόνδαισι*, being the *wine*, *water*, and *milk*, particularised in the above extract from Homer. Compare Virgil's *Æn.* V. 78, and St. Augustine's *Confessions* vi. 2, with regard to his mother's offering at the tombs of the martyrs—*pultes et panem et merum*.

[\[Note 10 \(p 102\)\]](#)

“. . . as who throws lustral ashes.”

καθάρματα. “Ashes of lustral offerings”—Peile. “Alluding to the custom of the Athenians, who, after purifying their houses with incense in an earthen vessel, threw the vessel into the streets, and retired with averted eyes.”—Scholiast.

[\[Note 11 \(p. 102\).\]](#)

“What other quittance to a foe  
Than hate repaid with hate, and blow with blow?”

Why not? *πῶς δ' οὐ*; how should it be otherwise? Observe, here, how far the Christian rule, *love thine enemies*, was from the Heathen mind. It is very far yet from our practice; though it is difficult to over-estimate the value of having such ideal moral maxims as those of the New Testament to refer to as a generally recognized standard.

[\[Note 12 \(p. 103\).\]](#)

“Hermes, that swayest underneath the ground”  
All the recent editors agree in bringing up the line—  
*κήρυξ μέγιστε των άνω τε κα? κάτω*,  
from v. 162 to this place, where the initial words are plainly wanting. “Hermes is invoked here as the great mediator between the living and the dead.”—Kl. “*Herald me in this*”—*κηρύξας 'εμοι*—*perform a herald's function to me in this*, the verb chosen with special reference to the name *κήρυξ*, according to the common practice of the Greek writers. In the second line below, I can have no hesitation in adopting Stan.'s emendation of *ῥωμάτων* for *ομμάτων*. Ahrens (in Fr) has tried to make the passage more pregnant by reading *ῥιμάτων*, but this scarcely seems such an obvious emendation.

[\[Note 13 \(p 103\)\]](#)

“These words of evil imprecation dire.”

This is said to avoid the bad omen of mingling a curse with a blessing. The ancients were very scrupulous as to the use of evil words in religious services, and, when such were either necessary, or had accidentally crept in, they always made a formal apology. This I have expressed more largely than my text warrants in the next line, where I follow Schutz in reading *καλη?* for *κακη?*; a correction which, though not absolutely necessary, is sufficiently plausible to justify Blom., Schol., and Pal. in their adoption of it.

[\[Note 14 \(p. 103\)\]](#)

*Chorus.* This chorus seems hopelessly botched in the first half, and all the attempts to mend it are more or less unsatisfactory. If any one think “plashing torrents” a strong phrase, he must know that it is no stronger than *καναχε?* in the original, a word familiar to every student of Homerr The *?*ρυμα (or *?*ρμα—Herm.), I agree with every interpreter, except Klausen, in applying to the tomb of Agamemnon; of the *κακω^ν κεδνω^ν τε*, I can make nothing, beyond incorporating the Scholiast’s gloss, *?*πότροπον των *?*μετέρων *κακω^ν*.

[\[Note 15 \(p. 104\)\]](#)

*Electra* The reader will find in Pot. a somewhat amplified translation of the line here—

κήρυξ μεγιστε των άνω τε κα? κάτω,  
mentioned above as having been thrown back by Hermann to the commencement of Electra’s address over the tomb of her father, immediately preceding the short choral ode. It is literally translated by E. P., Oxon.—

“O mightiest herald of the powers above and below,”  
but comes in quite awkwardly, and manifestly out of place.

[\[Note 16 \(p. 104\).\]](#)

“ . . . a low-zoned maid’s.”

*βαθυζώνου.* “High-bosomed,” Potter; “hochgeschurzt,” Droysen; “deep-bosomed,” E. P., Oxon; “Weib im Festgewand,” Franz. Not having a distinct idea of what is meant by this epithet, I have contented myself with a literal rendering.

[\[Note 17 \(p. 104\).\]](#)

“If it was clipt  
From head in Argos, it should be my own.”

This passage has given great trouble to commentators, who cannot see how Electra should say that no person but herself could have owned this lock, which yet she knew was not her own. They have, accordingly, at least Lin., Peile, and Pal., adopted

Dobrees' emendation of ἑνός (one person, *i e.*, *Orestes*), instead of ἑμου, mine, which, though ingenious, does not appear to me at all necessary. Electra means to say, *nobody here could have done it but me, and yet it is not mine (this implied); therefore, of course, the conclusion to be made is clear, ἑυξμβολον τῶδ ἑστι δοξάσαι, it must have been Orestes!*

[\[Note 18 \(p 105\).\]](#)

“ . . . But lo! a further proof”

Imagine such evidence produced as a step in the chain of circumstantial evidence before a court of justice! Even the perturbed state of Electra's mind may not redeem it from the charge of being grossly ludicrous. Well. and Fr., with that solemn conscientious gravity for which the Germans are notable, have, however, taken it under their wing, followed here, strangely enough, by Peile If the circumstance is to be defended at all, we had better suppose that Æschylus has given the details of the recognition exactly as he had received them from the old popular legend in the mouth of some story-teller. But why should not the father of tragedy, as well as the father of Epos, sometimes nod?

[\[Note 19 \(p. 105\).\]](#)

“Pray that fair end may fair beginning follow”

This seems to have been a sort of proverbial prayer among the Greeks, used for the sake of a good omen, as we find Clytemnestra, in the Agamemnon (p. 57 above), saying the same thing.

[Editor: illegible character]υ γῆρ πρῶς ἐν ἑανεῖσι προσθήκη πελοί.  
v. 486.

[\[Note 20 \(p 106\)\]](#)

“ . . . behold this web”

“The ladies, in the simplicity of ancient times, valued themselves much and, indeed, were highly esteemed, for their skill in embroidery; those rich wrought vests made great part of the wealth of noble houses. Andromache, Helen, and Penelope, were celebrated for their fine work, of which Minerva herself was the patroness, and Dido was as excellent as the best of them.”—Pot. The student will recall a familiar instance from Virgil—

“Munera practrea Iliacis crepta ruinis  
Ferre jubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem  
Et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho  
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ.”  
—Æneid I 651.

evidently modelled on Odys. xix. 225.

[\[Note 21 \(p. 106\).\]](#)

“May Power and Justice and thee, mighty Twain.”

The reader will note this theological triad as very characteristic of the Greeks. Power (Κράτος) is coupled with Jove, as being his most peculiar physical attribute. Personified, this attribute appears in the Prometheus; and in Homer,

“Jove, the lofty pealing Thunderer, and in power the chiefest god,” answers to the opening words of our own solemn addresses to the Supreme Being—Almighty God Justice, again, belongs to Jove as the highest moral attribute; and this conjunction we find also very distinctly expressed in Homer.

“By Olympian Jove I charge you, and by Themis who presides  
O’er the assemblies of the people”  
—Odyssey II 68

[[Note 22 \(p. 107\)](#)]

“ . . . exasperate at the loss  
Of my so fair possessions.”

ἡποχρημάτοισι ζημιάς ταυρούμενον. Kl. has made sad havoc of this line; but his objections to the old translation are weak, and his transpositions, so far as I can see, only make confusion more confounded. I stick by Stan. ἡποχρήματος ζημιά est *damnum bonorum omnium*. Huc facit illud quod sequitur v. 299. και προσπιέζει χρημάτων ἡχηνία.

[[Note 23 \(p. 107\).](#)]

“ . . The evil-minded Powers  
Beneath the Earth.”

I am quite at a loss to explain the original of this passage further than that I see nothing harsh (as Lin. does) in referring the general term δυσῆρων to the Furies, who are specially mentioned afterwards. It is quite common with Æschylus to give a general description first, and then specialise, and, moreover, in the present instance the λιχῆνος which the δυσῆρονες are to send on the flesh of the sinner, are strictly analogous to the λιχῆν ἡυλλος (Eumen. v. 788), with which, in the Eumenides, they threaten to curse the Athenian soil. For the rest I should have little objection, in the present state of the MSS., to adopt Lobeck’s suggestion, μηνίματα, into the text, and have in effect so translated.

[[Note 24 \(p 107\)](#)]

“And through the dark his prescient eyebrow arched.”

The reference of this impracticable line to Apollo comes from Pauw, and has been adopted by Schwenck, who reads—

ῆρων τε λαμπρῆν ἐν σκότῃ νωμῶν τ’ ἡδῆρον.



Another way of squeezing a meaning from the line is to refer it to Agamemnon—

“With trains of heavier woes  
Raised by the Furies from my father’s blood,  
Who in the realms of night sees this, and bends  
His gloomy brows”  
—Pot.

The other translations proposed are meagre and unpoetical.

[\[Note 25 \(p. 107\).\]](#)

“ . . . him no share  
In festal cup awaits, or hallowed drop  
Of pure libation.”

[\[Note 26 \(p 108\)\]](#)

“Age to age with hoary wisdom  
Speaketh thus to men.”

The old Jewish maxim of *an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth*, will here recur to every one; and, indeed, it is, to the present day, an instinctive dictate of social justice, however insufficient it may be as a general motive for individual conduct. In this spirit, wise old Nestor, in the Iliad (II. 354), considers that it would be disgraceful for the Greeks to think of returning home “before some Greek had slept with the wife of some Trojan,” as a retaliation for the woes that Paris had inflicted on Greek social life, in the matter of Helen. In Dante’s *Inferno* there are many instances, sometimes ingenious, sometimes only ridiculous, of the application of this principle to retributive punishment in a future life.

[\[Note 27 \(p. 108\)\]](#)

“There where in dark, the dead-man’s day, thou liest.”

Kl. appears to me to have supplied the true key to σκότω ἄος ἰσόμοιρον, by comparing the exclamation of Ajax in Sophocles, v. 394—

ὼ σκότος ἔμην ἄος  
[Editor: illegible character]ερεβος ? ἄεννότατον ?ς ἐμὸ!

The gloomy state of the dead in Hades is pictured yet more darkly, by saying that the night, which covers them, is all that serves them for day

[\[Note 28 \(p. 109\).\]](#)

“The monarch of the awful dead.”

The Hades of the ancients was, as is well remarked by Kl on this place, in all things an image of this upper world; an observation to be made on the surface of Virgil—

“Quae gratia currum  
Armorumque fuit viris, quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos”

Æneid VI 653.

But the parallel most striking to the present passage occurs in the address of Ulysses to Achilles, Odyssey XI 482—

“Achilles,  
Never man before was happier, nor shall ever be, than thou,  
When thou wert among the living all the Argives honoured thee  
Like a god, and now amid the dead thou sway’st with mighty power”

To which address the hero gave the well-known reply, a reply characteristic at once of his own tremendous energy, and of the Greek views of a future state:—

“Noble Ulysses, praise me not the state of death; for I would rather  
Be a serf, and break the clods to him that owneth acres few  
On Earth, than reign the mighty lord of millions of the shadowy dead.’

[\[Note 29 \(p. 110\)\]](#)

“Hyperborean bliss.”

“Fair birds have fair feathers;” so the Greeks, who had sent no voyages of discovery to the Arctic seas, were free, without contradiction, to place Utopia at the North Pole. (See Herodot. III. 106, quoted by *Nitzsh* in his comments on the Phœacians, Od. VII. 201-6) Schutz quotes Pomp. Mela. III. 5—“*diutius quam ulli mortalium et beatius vivunt.*” Some of these Hyperboreans drank nothing but milk (γαλακτοῦάγοι, Hom. II. XIII. 6), and from this practice the alleged purity of their manners, according to certain modern theories of dietetics, may have arisen.

[\[Note 30 \(p 110\).\]](#)

“O Jove, O Jove! that sendest from below.”

“Zeus, though his proper region is above, yet, by reason of his perfect concord with his brother in the moral government of the world, exercises authority also in Hades”—K1 This is one of the many instances to be found in Homer and Æschylus of the Monotheistic principle of an enlightened Deism controlling and overruling the apparent confusion and anarchy of Polytheism

[\[Note 31 \(p. 111\).\]](#)

“Ye that honoured reign below.”

What the true reading of the corrupt original here is, no one can know; but it may be some satisfaction to the student to note that the different readings of all the emendators bring out substantially the same sense. I give the various translations as follows:—

*You, whose dreaded power  
The infernal realms revere, ye Furies, hear me!*  
—Pot.

O ye powers that are honoured among the dead, listen to my prayer.

—E. P., Oxon.

Höret ihr Herrscher der Tiefe, hört mich.

—Droy.

Höret mich Erd, und des Abgrund's mächte!

—Fr

Neither this "Earth," nor my "Furies," can be looked on as part of the text. They are only put in to fill up a gap, where nothing better can be done.

[\[Note 32 \(p 111\).\]](#)

"And if blithe confidence awhile."

This passage is desperate. I follow Peile in the translation; though, if I were editing the Greek, I should prefer to follow Well and Pal. in doing nothing.

[\[Note 33 \(p. 111\).\]](#)

"The mother gave her child  
This wolfish nature wild."

This translation, which is supported by Peile, and Pal., and Lin., seems to me to give θυμῶς that reference to Orestes which connects it best with the previous lines, while it, at the same time, gives the least forced explanation of ἑκ μάτρος.

[\[Note 34 \(p. 112\)\]](#)

"Like a Persian mourner."

The student will find a very remarkable difference between this version and that in Pot. and E P. Oxon., arising from the conversion of the word πολεμιστρίας into ἡλεμιστρίας, a conjectural emendation which we owe to Hermann and Ahrens, and which appears to me to be one of the most satisfactory that has ever been made on the text of Aeschylus. It has, accordingly, been adopted by Kl., Peile, Pal., Fr., and Droy. The oriental wailers were famous, and the "Maryandine and Mysian wailers" are especially mentioned by our poet in the final chorus of "the Persians;" which will be the best commentary on the exaggerated tone of the present passage. I have followed the recent German editors and translators in giving the first part of this Strophe to the Chorus. There seems to be a natural division at the words ??, ?? δαία.

[\[Note 35 \(p 112\)\]](#)

*Orestes* Well. has certainly made a great oversight in running on continuously with these two Strophes. However the division be made, a new person must commence with Αἰγείρι πατρώιον μόρον.

[\[Note 36 \(p. 113\)\]](#)

*Chorus.* Here again I follow the later editors and translators in dividing the part given to the Chorus by Well. There is a sort of natural partition of the style and sentiment palpable to any reader. It may also be remarked in general, that the broken and exclamatory style of the lamentation in this Chorus is quite incompatible with long continuous speeches (such as Pot. has given), out of one mouth. The order of persons I give as in Peile.

[\[Note 37 \(p. 114\).\]](#)

“Scathless myself”

τυχε??ν. Fr. has unnecessarily changed this into τυχε??ν. In *Odyssey* XX. 43, Ulysses uses the same language to Athena.

[\[Note 38 \(p. 114\).\]](#)

“Thou too shalt taste”

That the dead were believed actually to eat the meat and drink that was prepared for them at the funeral feast is evident from the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, where they come up in fluttering swarms and sip the pool of blood from the victim which he had sacrificed.

[\[Note 39 \(p. 115\).\]](#)

“Well spoken both.”

With Kl., Peile, Fr., and Pal., I adopt Hermann’s emendation—

κα? μ?ν ?μεμ?η? τον δ ?τεινατον λόγον.

and with him give the four lines to the Chorus. A very obvious and natural sense is thus brought out, besides that κα? μ?ν naturally indicates a change of person

[\[Note 40 \(p. 115\).\]](#)

“ . . . try what speed the gods may give thee.”

δαίμονος πειρω^μενος. Literally *trying your god*—the dependence of fortune upon God being a truth so vividly before the Greek mind that the term δαίμων came to be used for both in a manner quite foreign to the use of the English language, and which can only be fully expressed by giving both the elements of the word in a sort of paraphrase.

[\[Note 41 \(p 116\).\]](#)

“ . . . this whole house with ills  
Is sheer possessed.”

δα?μον[Editor: illegible character] δόμος κακο??ς. Literally, “the house is *godded*

with ills,” that is, so beset with evil that we can attribute it only to a special superhuman power—to a god, as the Greeks expressed it, to the devil, as we say.

[\[Note 42 \(p. 116\).\]](#)

“ . . . Sirs, why dare ye shut  
Inhospitable doors against the stranger?”

To shut the door upon a stranger or a beggar, seems, in Homer’s days, to have been accounted as great a sin, as it is now, from change of circumstances, necessarily looked on as almost a virtue. Every book of the *Odyssey* has some testimony to this; suffice it to quote the maxim—

[\[Note 43 \(p 116\).\]](#)

“The third and crowning cup.

“Alluding first to the slaughter of the children of Thyestes by Atreus, then to the murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra, and thirdly, that of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus presently to take place.”—Kl.

[\[Note 44 \(p. 116\).\]](#)

“ . . . his present aid I ask”  
Who laid on my poor wits this bloody task.”

I am inclined with Schutz, Kl, and Peile, to think that there is more propriety in referring this to Apollo than to Pylades. It is true, also, as Schutz remarks, that Æschylus generally, if not invariably, applies the word *ῥοπτεῦω* to the notice taken of anything by a god.

[\[Note 45 \(p. 117\).\]](#)

“Earth breeds a fearful progeny”

The sentiment of this chorus was familiar to the ancients, and was suggested with peculiar force to the minds of the tragedians, from the contemplation of those terrible deeds of old traditional crime, which so often formed the subject of their most popular and most powerful efforts. Sophocles had a famous chorus in the *Antigone*, beginning in the same strain, though ranging over a wider and a more ennobling field—“*πολλὰ τα δεινὰ κ’ οὐδεῖν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει*”

“Things of might hath Nature many  
In her various plan,  
But of daring powers who dareth  
Most on Earth is man”

In imitation of which, the

“Audax omnia perpeti

Gens humana ruit in vetitum nefas”

of Horace has become proverbial. In modern times, the pages of the *Times* newspaper will supply more ample and various illustrations of the same great truth than the most learned ancient could have collected. In England especially, the strong nature of the Saxon shows something Titanic, both in feats of mechanical enterprise and in crime.

[\[Note 46 \(p. 117\).\]](#)

“All-venturing woman’s dreadful ire.”

Kl. quotes here the Homeric

ἄς ἄκ ἰνότερον καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο γυναικῶς.

“Woman like a dog unblushing deeds of terrible name will do.”

So a friend who was in Paris, at the time of the Revolution in 1848, wrote to me—“With the men I can easily manage, but *the women are tigers.*”

[\[Note 47 \(p 117\).\]](#)

“Thestios’ daughter, wild with rage.”

Althea, the mother of the famous Calydonian boar-hunter, Meleager, who is so often seen on the sides of ancient sarcophagi. “When Meleager was seven days old, it is said the Fates appeared, declaring that the boy would die, as soon as the piece of wood that was burning on the hearth should be consumed. When Althea heard this, she extinguished the fire-brand, and concealed it in a chest. Meleager himself became invulnerable; but when—in the war between the Calydonians and the Curetes—he had unfortunately killed his mother’s brother, she lighted the piece of wood, and Meleager died”—*Dict. Biog.*

[\[Note 48 \(p 117\)\]](#)

“How Scylla, gay, in gold arrayed.”

The daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, who, when Minos, in his expedition against Athens, took Megara, betrayed the city to the enemy, by cutting off the purple or golden hair which grew on the top of her father’s head, and on which his life and the preservation of the city depended —*Dict., Biog., voce*Nisus, and Virgil Georg. I. 404, and Ovid. Met. VIII. 90, quoted here by Sian

[\[Note 49 \(p. 118\)\]](#)

“O woman! woman! Lemnos saw”

The Lemnian women, as Apollodorus relates (I. 9, 17), having neglected to pay due honor to Venus, were, by that goddess, made so ill-favoured and intolerable to consort with (αυτῶν ἑμβάλλη δόσσομίαν), that their husbands, abandoning them, took themselves other wives from among the captive women that they had brought over from Thrace The Lemnian women, in revenge, murdered both their fathers and their

husbands; from which atrocious act, and another bloody deed mentioned by Herodotus (VI. 138), “it hath been the custom,” says the historian, “to call by the name Lemnian any monstrous and inhuman action.”

[\[Note 50 \(p. 118\).\]](#)

“And honor from the threshold hies,  
On which the doom god-spoken lies”

We are not always sufficiently alive to the deep moral power which lay concealed beneath the harlequin dress of the old Greek Polytheism. What Æschylus puts into the mouth of a theatrical chorus in sounding rhythm, Xenophon, in plain prose, teaches from the mouth of a Greek captain thus—“Whosoever violates an oath to which the gods are witness, him I can never be brought to look on as a happy man. For, when the gods are once hostile, no one can escape their anger—not by hiding himself in darkness—not by fencing himself within a strong place. For all things are subject to the gods.”—*Anab.* II 5. Think on some of the Psalms!

[\[Note 51 \(p. 119\).\]](#)

“But nice regard for the fine feeling ear.”

I have here with a certain freedom of version expressed Kl.’s idea, that the preference expressed by Orestes for a male ear to receive his message arose from the nature of his news; but I do not think it is “inept” to believe, with Bl. and Peiie, that we have here merely an instance of the general secluded state in which Greek women lived, so that it was esteemed not proper to talk with them, in public—as Achilles says, in Euripides—

ἤσχαρ' ἔνδ' ἐμὸν γυναιξίν' συμβῆλλειν λόγους.  
“For me to hold exchange of words with women  
Were most improper”  
—Iphig Aulid 830.

[\[Note 52 \(p. 119\).\]](#)

“Hot baths.”

To an English ear this sounds more like the apparatus of modern luxury than the accompaniment of travel in the stout heroic times. It is a fact, however, as Kl. well notes, that of nothing is there more frequent mention in Homer than of warm baths. This is especially frequent in the *Odyssey*, where so many journeys are made. Telemachus, for instance, at Pylus, is washed by the beautiful Polycaste, the youngest daughter of his venerable host; and the poet records with pleasure how “out of the bath he came in appearance like to the immortal gods” (III. 468), a verse which might serve as a very suitable motto to a modern work on Hydropathy.

[\[Note 53 \(p. 119\)\]](#)

*Electra* Well. is very imperative in taking these words out of Electra's mouth, and giving them to some other person, he does not exactly know who; but, though she left the stage before, there is no reason why she should not come back; and, in fact, she is just doing what she ought to do in appearing here, and carrying on the deception.

[\[Note 54 \(p. 120\).\]](#)

“Is audited at nothing.”

The passage is corrupt. I read παρ' ὕδέν, with Blomfield. 'Tis certainly difficult to say whether βακχείας καλής should be made to depend on ἴλη, as I have made it, or being changed into κακής, be referred to Clytemnestra.

[\[Note 55 \(p. 120\).\]](#)

“ . . . suasive wile, and smooth deceit!”

The reader need hardly be reminded that these qualities, so necessary to the present transaction, render the invocation (in the next line) peculiarly necessary of the god, who was the recognised patron of thieves, and of whom the Roman lyrist, in a well-known ode sings—

“Te boves olim nisi reddidisses  
Per dolum amotas puerum minaci  
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra  
Risit Apollo’

[\[Note 56 \(p. 120\).\]](#)

“The nightly courier of the dead.”

τῆν νύχτιον. That there is a great propriety in the epithet *nightly*, as applied to Mercury, both in respect of his general function as πομπᾶριος, or leader of the dead through the realms of night, and in respect of the particular business now in hand, and the particular time of the action, is obvious. In spite of some grammatical objections, therefore, I cannot but think it far-fetched in Blom. and Peile to refer the epithet to Orestes. Were I editing the text I should be very much inclined to follow Herm. and Pal. in putting καὶ τῆν νύχτιον within brackets, as perhaps a gloss.

[\[Note 57 \(p. 122\).\]](#)

“The bearer of a tale can make it wear  
What face he pleases.”

I translate thus generally, in order to avoid the necessity of settling the point whether κῦπτῆς or κρυπτῆς is the proper reading—a point, however, of little consequence to the translator of Æschylus, as the Venetian Scholiast to Il. O. 207 has been triumphantly brought forward to prove the real meaning of this otherwise corrupt and



unintelligible verse. Pot. was not in a condition to get hold of the true text—so he has given the best version he could of what he had—

*“For the mind catches from the messenger  
A secret elevation and bold swell,”*

evidently from the reading of Paw.—

[\[Note 58 \(p. 122\).\]](#)

Choral Hymn. The text of this Chorus is a ruin, with here a pillar and there a pillar, some fragments of a broken cornice, and something like the cell of a god, but the rubbish is so thick, and the excavations so meagre, that perfect recovery of the original scheme is in some places impossible, and restoration in a great measure conjectural. Under these circumstances, with the help of the Commentators (chiefly Peilr and Lin.), I have endeavoured to piece out a connection between the few fragments that are intelligible; but I have been guided throughout more by a sort of poetical instinct than by any philological science, and have allowed myself all manner of liberties, convinced that in this case the most accurate translation is sure to be the worst. In the metre, I follow Peile.

[\[Note 59 \(p. 125\).\]](#)

*“Let’s go aside, the deed being done, that we  
Seem not partakers of the bloody work.”*

’Tis a misfortune, arising from having such a body as a Chorus always on the stage, that they are often found to be spectators, where they cannot be partakers of a great work, and thus their attitude as secret sympathisers, afraid to show their real sentiments, becomes on many occasions the very reverse of heroic. This strikes us moderns very strongly, apt as we are, from previous associations, to take the Chorus along with the other characters of the play, and judge it accordingly; but to the Greeks, who felt that the Chorus was there only for the purpose of singing, criticisms of this kind were not likely to occur.

[\[Note 60 \(p. 126\).\]](#)

*“I nursed thy childhood, and in peace would die.”*

Clytemnestra says only that she wished to be allowed to spend her old age in peace; but she implies further, according to a natural feeling strongly expressed by Greek writers, that it was the special duty of her son to support her old age, and thus pay the fee of his nursing. Thus, in Homer, it is a constant lament over one who dies young in battle—

*“Not to his parents  
The nursing fee (θρέπτρα) he paid”  
—Il. IV. 478.*

“In general it was accounted a great misfortune by the Greeks to die childless (?παῖδα γηράσκειν, Eurip Ion 621). And at Athens there was a law making it imperative on an heir to afford aliment to his mother.”—Klausen.

[\[Note 61 \(p. 126\).\]](#)

“Thou art a woman sitting in thy chamber.”

“Go to thy chamber, mother, and mind the business that suits thee;

Tend the loom and the spindle, and give thy maidens the order

Each to her separate work; but leave the bow and the arrows

To the men and to me—for the man in the house is the master”

Odyssey XXI. 350.

So Telemachus says to his mother; and on other occasions he uses what we should think, rather sharp and undutiful language—but in Greece a woman who left the woman’s chamber without a special and exceptional call subjected herself to just rebuke. With regard to the matter here at issue between Orestes and Clytemnestra, Kl. notes that, though the wandering Ulysses is allowed without blame to form an amorous alliance with Calypso, the same excuse is not allowed for the female sitting quietly in her “upper chamber” (?περώιον, Il. II. 514) as Homer has it. For “in ancient times,” says the Scholiast to that passage, “the Greeks shut up their women in garrets (?περ τον̂ δυσεντεύκτους ἑστᾶς [Editor: illegible character]ῖναι) *that they might be difficult to get at.*”—How Turkish!

[\[Note 62 \(p 126\)\]](#)

*Orestes.* I have little doubt that Kl., Peile, Fr., Well., and Pal., are right in giving the line ?? κάρτα μάντις to Orestes. I should be inclined to agree with Well. and Pal. also, that after this line a verse has dropt out—“*in quo instantem sibi mortem deprecata sit Clytemnestra;*” but there is no need of indicating the supposed blank in the translation, as the sense runs on smoothly enough without it.

[\[Note 63 \(p. 127\)\]](#)

“ . . the eye of this great house, may live.”

An Oriental expression, to which the magnificent phraseology of our Celestial brother who sells tea, has made the English ear sufficiently familiar. He calls our king, or our consul, I forget which, “the Barbarian eye.” Other examples of this style occur in the Persians and the Eumenides.—See p. 172 above.

[\[Note 64 \(p. 127\).\]](#)

“A pair of grim lions, a double Mars terrible.”

Klausen, who, like other Germans, has a trick, sometimes, of preferring what is far-fetched to what is obvious, considers that this double Mars is the double death, first of Agamemnon in the previous piece, then of Clytemnestra in this; but notwithstanding what he says, the best comment on this passage is that given by the old Scholiast, when he writes “Pylades and Orestes.”

[\[Note 65 \(p 127\).\]](#)

“Sore chastisement.”

ποιῶν. Ahrens, with great boldness, changes this into ῥωμαῖος, which reading has been rashly thrown into the text by Fr. If any special allusion is needed, I agree with Pal. that Orestes is indicated, who is mentioned in the next clause as inflicting the blow, under the guidance of celestial Justice.

[\[Note 66 \(p. 127\).\]](#)

“Her from his shrine sent the rock-throned Apollo.”

In this corrupt passage I adopt Hermann’s correction of τάν περ for τάπερ. How much the whole meaning is guesswork, the reader may see, by comparing my translation with Pot. and the E. P. Oxon, in this place, who follow the old Scholiast in referring χρονησθεῖσασα to Clytemnestra.

[\[Note 67 \(p. 127\).\]](#)

“And blithely shall welcome them Fortune the fairest.”

This passage being very corrupt, is rendered freely. I adopt Stan.’s conjecture [Editor: illegible character]δεῖν ῥικονᾶσαι θ’ [Editor: illegible character]εμενοις, and suppose μέτοικοι to refer to Orestes and Electra.

[\[Note 68 \(p. 128\).\]](#)

“. . . not  
My father, but the Sun that fathers all  
With light.”

There is a certain mannerism in this description of a thing by the negation of what is similar, to which the tragedians were much addicted. As to the invocation of the sun, see the note in the Prometheus to the speech beginning

O divine ether and swift-winged winds.

[\[Note 69 \(p. 128\)\]](#)

“Or a torpedo, that with biteless touch  
Strikes numb who handles.”

Literally, *a lamprey*, μύραινα; but to translate so would have been ludicrous; and besides, as Blom. has noted from Athenaeus, it was not a common lamprey that, in the imagination of the Greeks, was coupled with a viper, but “a sort of monstrous reptile begotten between a viper and a lamprey.”

[\[Note 70 \(p. 128\).\]](#)

“This cloth to wrap the dead.”

'Tis difficult to say whether δρόιτη, in this place, means the bath in which Agamemnon was murdered, or the bier on which any dead body is laid after death. Kl. supports this latter interpretation. I have incorporated a reference to both versions.

[\[Note 71 \(p. 129\).\]](#)

“Others ’twixt hope and fear may sway, my fate  
Is fixed and scapeless.”

I read—

ἄλλοις ἢ ἡ δὴ. τοῦτ’ ἢ διδὸν τελεῖται.  
Peile.

[\[Note 72 \(p 129\)\]](#)

“With soft-wreathed wool, and precatory branch.”

These insignia of suppliants are familiar to every reader of the Classics. I shall only recall two of the most familiar instances In the opening scene of the Iliad the priest of Apollo appears before Agamemnon, and

“In his hand he held the chaplet of the distant-darting Phœbus  
On a golden rod”

And in the opening lines of the Œdipus Tyrannus, the old King asks the Chorus—

“Why swarm ye here around the seats of the gods,  
With branches furnished such as suppliants bear?”

[\[Note 73 \(p 129\).\]](#)

“ . . . navel of earth, where burns the flame  
Of fire immortal”

As the old astronomers made Earth the centre of the planetary system, and as men are everywhere, and at all times, apt to consider their own position and point of view as of more importance in the great whole of things than it really is; so the Greeks, in their ignorant vanity, considered their own Delphi to be the navel, or central point of Earth. As to the immortal fire, Stan. quotes here from Plutarch, who, in his life of Numa (c. ix.), describing the institution of the Vestal Virgins, takes occasion to mention the sacred fire kept alive in Greece at two places, Delphi and Athens, which, if extinguished, was always rekindled from no earthly spark, but from the Sun.

[\[Note 74 \(p. 130\).\]](#)

“There is atonement.”

ἴσιν καθαρμοί, Schutz, Pal.; [Editor: illegible character] σται καθαρμός, Bothe.

Either of these seems preferable to the vulgate ἴσω. Franz has [Editor: illegible character] ἴς σοι καθαυμῶς. *Eins bleibt Dir Suhnung.*

[[Note 75 \(p. 130\).](#)]

“Ye see them not. I see them”

Ghosts and gods are never visible to the bystander, but only to the person or persons who may be under their special influence at the moment of their appearance—so in the *Iliad* (I. 197), Pallas Athena—

“There behind him stood, and by the yellow hair she seized Pelides,

Seen to him alone, the others saw not where the goddess stood”

and so in a thousand places of the poet To the spectator, however, in the theatre, spiritual beings must be visible, because (as Muller, *Eumen* 3, properly remarks) they are the very persons from before whose eyes it is the business of the poet to remove the veil that interposes between our everyday life and the spiritual world. That the Furies of the following piece were seen bodily at this part of the present play, and are not supposed to exist merely in the brain of Orestes, is only what a decent regard for common poetical consistency on the part of a great tragic poet seems to imply.

[[Note 76 \(p. 130\).](#)]

“ . . the god whose eyes in love behold thee!”

What god is not said, but the word θεός is used indefinitely without the article. The Greeks had an indefinite style when talking of the divine providence—a *god*, or *some god*, or *the god*, or *the gods*—a style which arose naturally out of the Polytheistic form of celestial government. Examples of all the different kinds of phraseology are frequent in Homer. Sometimes, in that author, the expression, though indefinite in itself, has a special allusion, plain enough from the context; and in the present passage I see no harm in supposing an allusion to Apollo, under whose immediate patronage Orestes acts through the whole of this piece and that which follows.

[\*] This original germ of the Furies is mentioned frequently in these plays, as πολυκρατεῶς ῥῆι ῥθιμενων, *Fell Curses of the Dead*, in the *Chocphoræ*, p. 111 above. See also the words of Clytemnestra, *My curse beware*, p. 126 above.

[\*] Wordsworth’s “Athens and Attica,” London, 1836, c. 11

[†] “Καὶ τὴν μὲν ἦν ῥεῖ? πάγ? βουλῆν ῥῥιάλτης ῥκόλουσ[Editor: illegible character] καὶ Περικληῶς. τ? δε? δικαστήρια μισθοῶρα κατέστησε Περικληῶς.”—Aristotle, *Pol.* II. 9. 3.

[\*] “Τηῶς ναναρχίας γῆρ ἦν τοῶς Μηδικοῶς ῥ δηῶμος ῥτιος γενόμενος ῥῥονηματίσθη.”—Aristotle, *ibid.*

[\*] The progeny of Earth and Heaven were called Titans, among whom Phœbe is numbered by Hesiod — *Theog.* 136.

[†] Apollo.

[‡] One of the waters that descend from Parnassus.

[§] Neptune.

[\*] See note to Choephoræ, No. 73

[\*] πομπαιος. Of the dead specially, but also of the living: as of Ulysses in the Odyssey, Book X.

[\*] Literally the unseen world. Sometimes used for the King of the unsoon world—Pluto.

[\*] See Introductory Remarks.

[\*] *Lucidæ sedes.* - Horace III. 3

[\*] See Introductory Remarks. They designate themselves here from their origin '*Apal* or *imprecations*.

[\*] That is, the Furies themselves.

[\*] Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,

Und durch die kummervollen Nächte

Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,

Er kennt Euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!—Goethe.

[\*] “For strangers and the poor are from Jove.”—Homer.

[\*] See above, p. 141, Note 4.

[\*] That is, *Asia*. See Introduction to the Agamemnon.

[\*] Alluding to the well-known and beautiful allegoric myth that the goddess of wisdom sprang, full-armed, into birth from the brain of the all-wise Omipotent, without the intervention of a mother.

[†] See the Preliminary Remarks.

[\*] παρόρνιθας, as we say ill-starred—that is, *unfortunate*, *unlucky*, the metaphor being varied, according to the changes of fashions in the practice of divination.

[†] Αλῖ γελωμαι—“fortasse non male”—Paley

[\*] The goddess of Persuasion—πειθ?.

[\*] Like Erectheus (p. 167 above), one of the most ancient Earth-born kings of Attica

[\*] So the Greeks called anything very ancient, from Ogyges, an old Bœotian king.

[Note 1 (p. 141)]

“Old earth, primeval prophetess, I first  
With these my prayers invoke; and Themis next.”

Earth, or Gaea, as the Greeks name her, is described here, and in Pausanias (X. 5), as the most ancient prophetess of Delphi, for two reasons; *first*, because out of the earth came those intoxicating fumes or vapours, by the inspiration of which the oracles were given forth (see Diodorus XVI. 26); *second*, because, as Schoemann well observes, Gaea, as the aboriginal divine mother, out of whose womb all the future celestial genealogies were developed, necessarily contained in herself the law of their development, and is accordingly represented by Hesiod as exercising a prophetic power with regard to the fates of the other gods —(Theog 463, 494, 625) The same writer remarks with equal ingenuity and truth, that Themis, her successor in the prophetic office, is only a personification of that law of development which, by necessity of her divine nature, originally lay in Gaea, and I would remark, further, how admirable the instinct was of those old mythologists, who placed Love and Right, and other ineradicable feelings or notions of the human mind, among the very oldest of the gods It is notable also, that previous to Apollo, all the presidents of prophecy at Delphi—including the famous Phemonoe, not mentioned here but by Pausanias I[Editor: illegible character]c, were women, and even Loxias himself could not give forth oracles without the help of a Pythoness. There is a great fitness in this, as women are naturally both more pious and more emotional than men. Hence their peculiar fitness for exercising prophetic functions, of which ancient Germany was witness—(see Cæsar b.c I. 50).

[Note 2 (p 141)]

“ . . . rocky Delos’ lake.”

There can be no question that Schutz was right in translating λίμνη, in this passage, *lake* (and not *sea*, as Abresch did), it being impossible that a well-informed Athenian, on hearing this passage in the theatre, should not understand the poet to refer to the circular lake in Delos, described by Herodotus in II. 170.

[Note 3 (p. 141).]

“The Sons of Vulcan pioneer his path”

*i.e.* “The Athenians”—Scholiast—“who,” adds Stan., “were called the sons of Vulcan, because they were skilled in all the arts of which Vulcan and Pallas were patrons; or, because Erichthonius, from whom the Athenians were descended, was the son of Vulcan;” with which latter view Muller and Schoemann concur; and it appears to me sufficiently reasonable. There is no reason, however, for not receiving, along with this

explanation, another which has been given, that the sons of the fire-god mean “smiths.” Artificers of this kind were necessary to pioneer the path for the procession of the god in the manner here described, and would naturally form, at least, a part of the convoy.

[\[Note 4 \(p. 141\).\]](#)

“ . . . Loxias, prophet of his father Jove.”

’Tis plain from the whole language of Homer, both in the Iliad and Odyssey, that the fountain of the whole moral government of the world is Jove, and, of course, that all divination and inspiration comes originally from him. Even Phœbus Apollo acts only as his instrument (Nagelsbach Homerische Theologie, p. 105). Stan. compares Virgil Æneid III. 250.

[\[Note 5 \(p. 141\)\]](#)

“ . . . thee, likewise, who ’fore this temple dwellest”

The reading *προνάια* (or *προνῶα*), which I translate, is that of Well. and all the MSS.; but Lin has put *πρόνοια*, *providential* or *foreseeing*, into the text, following out a criticism of Lennep on Phalaris, which has been stoutly defended by Hermann, in his remarks on Müller’s Eumenides (Opusc. VI. v. 2, p. 17). This, however, in the face of an express passage of Herodotus (I. 92), as Pal. well observes, has been done rashly; and now Fr. and Schoe. bring forward inscriptions which prove that there is not the slightest cause for tampering with the text. I have not been able to learn the substance of Lennep’s remarks otherwise than from the account of them by Muller in the Anhang, p. 14, but, taken at their highest value, they seem only to prove that a vagueness had taken hold of the ancients themselves in respect to the designation of this temple, not certainly that Æschylus and Herodotus both made a mistake in calling it *προνῶα*, or that all the transcribers of their texts made a blunder.

[\[Note 6 \(p. 141\).\]](#)

“ . . . ye Nymphs that love  
The hollow Corycian rock.”

“From Delphi, which lies pretty high, the traveller ascended about 60 stadia, or two hours’ travel, till he arrived at the Corycian cave, dedicated to Pan and the Nymphs, in which there were many stalactites and live fountains.”—Sickler. *alte geog.* II. 134.

[\[Note 7 \(p. 141\).\]](#)

“Thee, Bromius, too, I worship.”

Bacchus, so called from *βρέμω*, *fremo*—the roaring or boisterous god. His connection with Apollo (though drinking songs are not so common now as they were last century) is obvious enough; and some places of the ancient poets where the close



connection of these two gods is described, may be seen in Stan. The Scholiast to Euripides *Phœnissai* (v. 227, Matthiae) says expressly that Apollo and Artemis were worshipped on the one peak of Parnassus, and Bacchus on the other.

[\[Note 8 \(p. 141\).\]](#)

“ . . . the godless Pentheus.”

“A son of Echion and Agave, the daughter of Cadmus. He was the successor of Cadmus as king of Thebes, and being opposed to the introduction of the worship of Dionysus in his kingdom, was torn to pieces by his own mother and two other Mænads, Ino and Autonoe, who in their Bacchic frenzy believed him to be a wild beast The place where Pentheus suffered death is said to have been Mount Cithæron; but, according to some, it was Mount Parnassus.”—*Myth. Dict.*

[\[Note 9 \(p. 141\).\]](#)

“Poseidon’s mighty power.”

Next to Jove, Poseidon is the strongest of the gods, as the element which he rules demands; and this strength, in works of art, is generally indicated by the breadth of chest given to this god. So Homer, also, wishing to magnify Agamemnon, says—

“Like to Jove that rules the thunder were his kingly head and eyes;  
Belted round the loins like Ares, like Poseidon was his breast.”

Il. II. 478.

The connection of the god of the waters with Delphi is given by Pausanias x. 5, where it is said, that originally Poseidon possessed the oracle in common with Gaea; a legend easily explained by the fact, that all high mountains necessarily produce copious streams of water of which, no less than of the waves of ocean, Poseidon is lord.

[\[Note 10 \(p. 142\).\]](#)

“A gray-haired woman, weaker than a child.”

Stan. refers here to the account given by Diodorus of the origin of the Delphic oracle, c. xvi. 26, where he relates, that in the most ancient times the prophetess was a young woman; but that, afterwards, one Echecrates, a Spartan, being smitten with the beauty of a prophetess, had offered violence to her, in consequence of which an edict was published by the Delphians, forbidding any female to assume the office of Pythoness till she was fifty years old.

[\[Note 11 \(p. 142\)\]](#)

“ . . . the ravenous crew  
That filched the feast of Phineus.”

The Harpies; who, from the names given to them in Homer and Hesiod (and specially

from Odyssey xx 66 and 77 compared) seem to have been impersonations of sudden and tempestuous gusts of wind; though, again, it is not impossible that these winds may be symbolical of the rapacious power of swift and sudden death—

“Venit Mors velociter

Rapit nos atrociter,”

as suggested by Braun. See the article by Dr Schmitz in the Biographical Dictionary.

[\[Note 12 \(p. 142\).\]](#)

“Such uncouth sisterhood, apparel’d so”

With regard to the dress of the Furies, Stan. quotes a curious passage from Diogenes Laertius, which I shall translate:—“Menedemus, the Cynic,” says he, “went to such fantastic excess as to go about in the dress of the Furies, saying, that he was sent as a visitant of human iniquity from Hades, that he might descend again, and report to the Infernal powers. His garb was as follows—a dun-coloured tunic (χιτων) reaching down to the feet, girt with a crimson sash, on his head an Arcadian cap, with the twelve signs of the Zodiac inwoven; tragic buskins, a very long beard, and an ashen rod in his hand.”—VI. 9. 2 The Romans were once put to flight by the Gauls, dressed in the terrible garb of the Furies, with burning torches in their hands.—Livy VII. 17.

[\[Note 13 \(p. 143\)\]](#)

“ . . A bitter pasture truly

Was thine from Fate.”

So I have thought it best to translate somewhat freely τ?νδε βουκολούμενος πόνον in order to express the original meaning of the verb βουκολουμαι. In this I have followed Müller—*diese Schmerzentrift zu weiden* This is surely more pregnant and poetical than to say with Fr. “*Diese Lebensbahn durcheilend.*” The idea of *soothing* and *beguiling*, the only one given by Hesychius, cannot apply to this place Pal, who agrees with me in this, translates the word in both places of our author where it occurs (here and in Agam 655) by “*brooding over,*” which differs little from my idea of *feeding on.*

[\[Note 14 \(p. 143\).\]](#)

“Her ancient image.”

“The image of Athena Pallas, on the citadel, which existed in the days of Pausanias, and had maintained for ages its place here by a sort of inviolable holiness In the narrow area of the temple, on the north-east slope of the Acropolis, Erechtheus had placed a carved image, either first made by himself, or, perhaps, fallen from Heaven; and round this, as a centre, the most ancient groups of Attic religion and legend assembled themselves.”—Gerhard, “*uber die Minerven Idole Athen’s,*” quoted by Schoe.

[\[Note 15 \(p. 144\).\]](#)

“Behold these wounds.”

I am not able to see what objection lies against the literal rendering of

ῥά δε πλῆγῶς τάσδε καρδίῃ σέθεν,

as I read with Fr. and Linw. Pal and Schoe. take πλῆγῶς metaphorically to signify the contumelious language used by Clytemnestra to the Furies; but this is surely rather going out of the way. If there were any necessity for deserting the literal meaning, I would rather take Hermann’s way of turning it (Opusc VI. v. 2, p. 28), and read—

ῥα δε πλῆγῶς τάσδε καρδιάς δθεν.

*Siehe diese Wunden meines Herzens woher sie kommen!*

[\[Note 16 \(p. 144\)\]](#)

“Read with thy heart; some things the soul may scan  
More clearly, when the sensuous lid hath dropt,  
Nor garish day confounds”

This method of speaking is quite in keeping with ancient ideas on the nature of the connection ’twixt mind and body, as Schoe. has proved from Galen (Kuhn Med gr V. 301) As to the sentiment which follows, Stan. has quoted—“*Quum ergo est somno sevocatus animus a societate et a contagione corporis, tum meminit praeteritorum, praesentia cernit, futura providet*”—Cic. Divinat. I 30 According to Aelian (var. hist. III. 11). the Peripatetics held the same opinion.

[\[Note 17 \(p 144\).\]](#)

“Once Clytemnestra famous, now a dream.”

There is another translation of this passage—the old one in Stan —

*In somno enim vos nunc Clytemnestra voco,*”

to which Pot., E P Oxon., and Mul. adhere; but I cannot help thinking with Hermann (Opusc. VI. p ii. 30), that it is rather flat (*matt*) when compared with the other. Which of the two the poet meant cannot perhaps be settled now, as the meaning might depend on the rhetorical accent which the player was taught to give by the poet; but I am certain that the version in the text, sanctioned as it is by Wakefield, Schütz, Herm., Lin., and Pal. does not deserve to be stigmatised (in E. P.’s language) as “fanciful nonsense.” When Clytemnestra calls herself “a dream,” she uses the same sort of language which Achilles does to Ulysses regarding his own unsubstantial state as a Shade.—Odys XI.

[\[Note 18 \(p. 144\)\]](#)

“ . . . and seeks  
For help from those that are no friends to me.”

I have thought it better to retain the old and most obvious interpretation of this passage; not seeing any proof that προσίκτορες can be used in this general way as

applied to the gods who are supplicated, without being affixed as an epithet to some special god; as when we say Ζεῦς ἰκτῶρ (Suppl. 1.)

[\[Note 19 \(p. 144\)\]](#)

Chorus. Whether Hermann in his “*Dissertatio de Choro Eumenidum*” (Leipzig, 1816) was the first that directed special attention to the peculiar character of this Chorus as indicated by the Scholiast, I do not know (Wellauer says so, and I presume he knew). Certain it is that Pot., by neglecting this indication, has lost a great deal of the dramatic effect of this part of the tragedy. The style of the chorus is decidedly fitful and exclamatory throughout, and must have formed a beautiful contrast to the steady stability of the solemn hymn that follows, beginning, “*Mother night that bore me.*” As to the particular distribution of the parts of this chorus, that is a matter on which, as Schoe. remarks, no two critics are likely to agree; nor is minute accuracy in this respect, even if it were attainable, a matter of any importance to the dramatic effect of the composition as now read. The only thing to be taken care of is, that we do not blend in a false continuity what was evidently spoken fitfully, and by different speakers, with a sort of *staccato* movement, as the musicians express it. This is Pot.’s grand error, not only here, but in many other of the choral parts of our poet; and, in this view, some of Hermann’s remarks (Opusc. VI. 2, 38) on Muller’s division are perfectly just. As for myself, by distributing the parts of the chorus among three voices, I mean nothing more than that these parts were likely spoken by separate voices. Scholefield and Dyer’s view (Classical Museum, Vol. I. p 281), that there were three principal Furies prominent above the rest in this piece, is not improbable, but admits of no proof. In my versification I have endeavoured to imitate the rapid Dochmiacs of the original.

[\[Note 20 \(p. 145\)\]](#)

“Thou being young dost overleap the old.”

The idea of a succession of celestial dynasties proceeding on a system of “development,” as a certain class of modern philosophers are fond to express it, is characteristic of the Greek mythology.—(See p. 47 above, Antistrophe I.) The Furies, according to all the genealogies given of them, were more ancient gods than Apollo, with whom they are here brought into collision. Our poet, as we shall see in the opening invocation of the first grand choral hymn of this piece, makes them the daughters of most ancient Night, who, according to the Theogony (v. 123), proceeded immediately from the aboriginal Chaos. Hesiod himself makes the Errinyes, along with the giants, to be produced from the blood of Uranus, when his genitals were cut off by Kronos (Theog. 185); a genealogy, by the way, quite in consistency with the Homeric representation given in the Introductory Remarks, of the origin of the Furies from the curses uttered by injured persons, worthy of special veneration, on those by whom their sacrosanct character had been violated.

[\[Note 21 \(p. 147\).\]](#)

“But where beheading, eye-out-digging dooms.”

In this enumeration of horrors I have omitted κακὸν ἔχλοῦνις, concerning which Lin. says, “*Omnino de hoc loco maximis in tenebris versamur; nam neque de lectione, neque de verborum significatione certi quidquam constat.*”

[\[Note 22 \(p. 147\).\]](#)

“She was murdered here,  
That murdered first her husband.”

The reasons given by Well. and Her. (Opusc. vi. 2. 42) why the two lines, 203-4 W., should not both be given with Stan., Schutz, and Mul., to Apollo, have satisfied Lin., Pal., Fr., Schoe., Dr., E. P. Oxon., and But. Certainly the epithets ἡμαιοσ and αὐθέντης (which latter the Scholiast interprets μαιῶς) sound anything but natural in the mouth of Apollo. The emphasis put on δμαιοσ in this very connection by the Furies, in v. 575, *infra*, noted by Hermann, should decide the question.

[\[Note 23 \(p. 147\).\]](#)

“... matrimonial Hera.”

Literally the *perfect* Hera, the *perfecting* or *consummating* Hera, ἡρα τελεια, marriage being considered the sacred consummating ceremony of social life, and, therefore, designated among the Greeks by the same term, τέλος, which they used to express initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. As Jove presides over all important turns in human fate, there is also necessarily a Ζεῦς τελειος. See Blom Agam. 946, and Passow *in voce* τέλειος. Conf. Æn. iii. 605, *Juno pronuba*.

[\[Note 24 \(p. 147\).\]](#)

“The nuptial bed, to man and woman fated.”

Stan. has remarked that this word *fated*, μορσίμη, so applied, is Homeric (Od. XVI. 392); and, indeed, though we seem to choose our wives, we choose them oft-times so strangely, that a man may be said, without exaggeration, to have as little to do with his marriage as with his birth or his death—but all the three in a peculiar sense belong to that Μοῖρα, or divine lot, which distributes all the good and evil of which human life is made up.

[\[Note 25 \(p. 149\)\]](#)

Chorus. For the arrangement of this Chorus I refer the reader back to what I said on the previous one. The concluding part I have here arranged as an Epode, because it seems more continuous in its idea than what precedes—less violent and exclamatory.

[\[Note 26 \(p. 150\).\]](#)

“On Libyan plains beside Tritonian pools.”

Aeschylus here follows the tradition of Apollodorus (I. 3, § 6), that the epithet Τριτογένεια, given by Homer to Pallas, was derived from the lake Tritonis in Libya, near which she is said to have been born. Compare Virgil *Æn.* IV. 480.

[\[Note 27 \(p. 150\).\]](#)

“ . . . with forward foot firm planted,  
Erect, or with decorous stole high-seated.”

I have not the slightest doubt that τίθησιν·οἰ·ῥῆθῶν πόδα in this passage can only mean to *plant the foot down firmly and stand erect*; if so, τίθησι κατηρεῖη? πόδα can only mean to *sit*, “the feet being covered by the robes while sitting”—Lin.; so also Pal. and Schoe. Sitting statues of the gods were very common in ancient times, as we see in the Egyptian statues, and in the common representations of the Greek and Roman Jupiter (see Thirlwall’s *History of Greece*, c. VI.). I am sorry that Hermann (p. 57) should have thrown out the idea that κατηρεῖη?ς in this passage may mean “enveloped in clouds,” which has been taken up by Franz—

“Sichtbar sic jetzt herschreitet, oder Wolkumhüllt,”

because manifestly κατηρεῖη?ς, in this sense, forms no natural contrast to ῥῆθῶς. The “*forward foot firm-planted*,” I have taken from Muller’s note, p. 112, as, perhaps, pointing out more fully what may have been in the poet’s eye, without, however, meaning to assert seriously against a severe critic like Hermann, that the words of the text necessarily imply anything of the kind.

[\[Note 28 \(p. 150\).\]](#)

“The ordered battle on Phlegrean fields  
Thou musterest”

The peninsula of Pallene in Macedonia, as also the district of Campania about Baiæ and Cumæ, were called Phlegraean, or *fire-fields* (?λέγω), in all likelihood from the volcanic nature of the country, to which Strabo (*Lib.* V. p. 245) alludes. These volcanic movements in the religious symbolism of early Greece became giants; and against these the Supreme Wisdom and his wise daughter had to carry on a war worthy of gods.

[\[Note 29 \(p. 151\)\]](#)

Choral Hymn. “This sublime hymn is of a character, in some respects, kindred to the καταδέσεις, or incantations of antiquity, which were directed to Hermes, the Earth, and other infernal Deities for the purpose of *binding down* certain hated persons to destruction. For this reason it is called ῥυμος δέσμιος This character is specially indicated by the refrain or burden, which occurs in the first pair of Strophes; such repetitions containing the emphatic words of the incantation being common in all magical odes. So in Theocritus (*Idyll.* 2), we have constantly repeated, ‘*lungx, bring me the man, the man whom I mean, to my dwelling*,’ and, in the song of the Fates at

the marriage of Thetis in Catullus, the line—‘*Currite ducentes subtemina, currite fusi!*’ and there can be no question, the movements and gestures of the Furies while singing this hymn were such as to indicate the scapeless net of woe with which they were now encompassing their victim.”—Mül The reader will observe how impressively the metre changes on the recurrence of this burden, the rhythm in the original being Pæonic υ υ υ—, the agitated nature of which foot, when several times repeated, is sufficiently obvious. I have done what I could to make the transition and contrast sensible to the modern ear.

[\[Note 30 \(p. 151\).\]](#)

“The seeing and the sightless”

αλαοῖσι καὶ δεδορκόσι, *i.e.* the living and the dead, an expression familiar to the Greeks, and characteristic of a people who delighted to live in the sun. βλέπειν ἥλιος—*to look on the light*, is the most common phrase in the tragedians for to live; and wisely so—

“Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,  
The soul in every part.”

—Milton

Pot. has allowed himself to be led quite astray here by a petulant criticism of De Pauw.

[\[Note 31 \(p. 151\).\]](#)

“The gleeless song, and the lyreless strain.”

ἄρμος ἁόρμιγκτος. “The musical character of this Choral Hymn must be imagined as working upon the feelings with a certain solemn grandeur. The κιθάρα or lyre is silent; an instrument which, as the Greeks used it, always exercised a soothing power, restorative of the equipoise of the mind: only the flute is heard, whose notes, according to the unanimous testimony of antiquity, excited feelings, now of thrilling excitement, now of mute awe; always, however, disturbing the just emotional tenor of the soul. Assuredly the ἄρμος ἁόρμιγκτος in this place is no mere phrase.”—Muller.

[\[Note 32 \(p 152\).\]](#)

“This work of labour earnest”

I have paraphrased, or rather interpolated, in this Antistrophe, a little, because I do not see much in it that is either translatable or worth translating. A meaning has been squeezed out of the two lines beginning σπυδόμενοι; but one cannot help feeling, after all, that there is something wrong, and saying with honest Wellauer, “*certi nihil video.*” The main idea, shimmering through the first three lines, is plain enough—*that the Furies exercise a function, the legitimacy of which no one is entitled to question*

This the words, μηδ ες ἴγκρισιν ἔλθεῖν, plainly indicate; and it is upon this, and Schoe.'s conjectural emendation of the first line—

σπευδομένος ἴπέχειν τινὶ ταῖσδε μερίμνας,

“Diesem Geschäft das wir treiben verbleibe man ferne,”

that my paraphrase proceeds. With regard to the second part of this Strophe, beginning with Μάλα γὰρ δυν, I follow Well. and all the later editors, except Schoe., in retaining it for metrical reasons, in the place to which Heath transposed it. Schoe.'s observations, however, are worthy of serious consideration, as it is manifest that, if these Pæonic lines be replaced to where they stand in all the old editions, viz.:—between ῥηρησμοῦ τ' ἐπιθόνοις ποδός and ππτων δ' οὐκ ἴδεν, their connection with what precedes, and also with what follows, will be more obvious than what it is now. Fr.'s observation, however, in answer to this, is not to be kept out of view—that this second part of the Antistrophe takes up the idea, as it takes up the measure, with which the corresponding part of the Strophe, as now arranged, ends, viz.—διόμενάι κρατερῶν ἴνθ, which the reader will find clearly brought out in my version—the concluding lines of the Pæonic section of the Strophe—

“Though fleet we shall find him,”

being taken up in the opening lines of the Pæonic section of the Antistrophe—

“But swift as the wind,

We follow and find.”

[\[Note 33 \(p. 154\).\]](#)

“The cry that called me from Scamander's banks.”

The Sigean territory in the Troad was disputed between the Athenians and the people of Mitylene; which strife Herodotus informs us (V. 94) ended, by the activity of Pisistratus, in favour of the Athenians—b. c. 606. In that same territory, continues the historian, there was a temple of Pallas, where the Athenians hung up the arms of the poet Alcæus, who, though “*ferox bello*,” had been obliged to flee from the battle which decided the matter in favour of the Athenians Æschylus, like a true patriot and poet, throws the claim of the Athenians to this territory as far back into the heroic times as possible; and, by the words put into the mouth of Athena, makes the claim on the part of the Lesbians tantamount to sacrilege.—See Scholiast and Stan.

[\[Note 34 \(p. 155\).\]](#)

“He'll neither swear himself, nor take my oath.”

“The Greek words, ἴλλ ἴρκων ἴν δεξαίτ [Editor: illegible character]ν, ἴν δονῆναι θέλει, have, in the juridical language of Athens, decidedly only this meaning; and, in the present passage, there is no reasonable ground for taking them in any other sense, though it is perfectly true that in some passages, ἴρκου διδόναι signifies simply to *swear*, and ἴρκων δέχεσθαι, to *accept an attestation on oath*.”—Schoemann.

[\[Note 35 \(p. 155\).\]](#)

“In old Ixíon's guise.”



“Ixíon was the son of Phlegyas, his mother Dia, a daughter of Deioneus. He was king of the Lapithæ, or Phlegyes, and the father of Peirithous. When Deioneus demanded of Ixíon the bridal gifts he had promised, Ixíon treacherously invited him as though to a banquet, and then contrived to make him fall into a pit filled with fire. As no one purified Ixíon from this treacherous murder, and all the gods were indignant at him, Zeus took pity on him, purified him, and invited him to his table.”—*Mythol. Dict.*

[\[Note 36 \(p. 156\).\]](#)

“The ancient city of famous Priam thou  
Didst sheer uncity.”

The original ?πολιν Ιλίου πόλιν [Editor: illegible character]θηκας, contains a mannerism of the tragedians too characteristic to be omitted ’Tis one of the many tricks of that wisdom of words which the curious Greeklings sought, and did not find, in the rough Gospel of St. Paul.

[\[Note 37 \(p. 156\).\]](#)

“For thee, in that thou comest to my halls.”

The best exposition that I have seen of the various difficulties of this speech, is that of Schoe., unfortunately too long for extract. As to κατηρτ?κ?ς, Lin. has, in the notes to his edition, justly characterised his own translation of it, in the Dictionary as *durissimum*. The first δμως, of course, must go; and there is nothing better than changing it with Pauw, Müll., and Schoe., into ’εμο?ις. The second δμως must likewise go; say ?σι?ς with Müll. or ?υτως with Schoe. There is then no difficulty.

[\[Note 38 \(p. 157\).\]](#)

Choral Hymn. This chorus contains a solemn enumeration of some of the main texts of Greek morality, and is in that view very important. The leading measure is the heptasyllabic trochaic verse so common in English, varied with cretics and dactyles. I have amused myself with giving a sort of imitation of the rhythm, so far as the trochees and cretics are concerned; to introduce the dactyles in the places where they occur, would produce—as I found by experiment—a tripping effect altogether out of keeping with the general solemnity of the piece

[\[Note 39 \(p. 158\).\]](#)

“But who sports, a careless liver.”

’Tis impossible not to agree with Schoe. that these two lines are corrupt beyond the hope of emendation. He proposes to read—

τίς δε? μηδε?ν ?υσεβε??  
καρδίας ?γ? τρεων.

A very ingenious restoration; and one which, as matters now stand, I should have little scruple in introducing into the text; but, for poetical purposes, I have not been willing to lose the image with which the present reading, ἄνθρωποι, supplies me and Fr.—

“Wer der nicht bei Wonneglanz  
Trauer auch im Herzen hegt,” etc.

[\[Note 40 \(p. 158\).\]](#)

“To the wise mean strength is given,  
Thus the gods have ruled in heaven.”

This is one of those current common-places of ancient wisdom, which are now so cheap to the ear, but are still as remote from the general temper and the public heart as they were some thousands of years ago, when first promulgated by some prophetic Phemonoe of the Primeval Pelasgi. The great philosopher of common sense, Aristotle, seized this maxim, as the groundwork of practical ethics, some three hundred years before Christ—‘Φθείρεται γὰρ, says he, ἡ σωφροσύνη καὶ ἡ νδρεία πρὸς τῆς περβολῆς καὶ τῆς ἐλλειψεως, ἢ πρὸς τῆς μεσότητος σώζεται; and Horace, the poet of common sense, preached many a quiet, tuneful sermon to the same ancient text—

“Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aula.”

[\[Note 41 \(p. 158\).\]](#)

“Pride, that lifts itself unduly”

I will not multiply citations here to show the reader how this pride or insolence of disposition, [Editor: illegible character]βρις (the German *Uebermuth*), is marked by the Greek moralists as the great source of all the darker crimes with which the annals of our floundering race are stained (See Note, p. 349 above). They are wrong who tell us that Humility is a Christian and not a Heathen virtue: no doubt the name ταπεινοφροσύνη, used in the New Testament, was not the fashionable one among the Greeks: but that they had the thing, every page of their poetry testifies, with this difference, however, to be carefully noted, that while Heathen humility is founded solely on a sense of dependence, Christian humility proceeds also, and perhaps more decidedly, from a sense of guilt. Neither does the phraseology of Heathen and Christian writers on this subject differ always so much as people seem to imagine; between the μη περὶ ροῦν παρ [Editor: illegible character] δεῖν ροῦν of St. Paul (Rom. xii. 3), and the ὑδεπώποτε περ ἄνθρωπον ἠρόνησα of Xenophon (Cyropaed. VIII), it were a foolish subtlety that should attempt to make a distinction.

[\[Note 42 \(p. 159\).\]](#)

“Give the air-shattering Tyrrhene trump free voice.”

“It is a correct and significant observation made by the Scholiast on Iliad XVIII. 219, that Homer never mentions the trumpet (σάλπιγξ) in the narrative part of his poem, but only for a comparison: familiar as he was with the instrument, he was not ignorant that the use of it was new, and not native in Greece. Indeed, it was never universally adopted in that country: the Spartans and Cretans marching into battle, first to the accompaniment of the lyre, and afterwards of the flute. The tragedians again are quite familiar with the Tuscan origin of the trumpet, though they make no scruple of introducing it into their descriptions of the Hellenic heroic age”—Müll.; Etrusker I. p. 286.

[\[Note 43 \(p. 160\)\]](#)

*Enter Apollo* Here commences a debate between the daughters of Night and the god accusing and defending, which, as Grote (History of Greece, I. 512) remarks, is “eminently curious.” And not only curious, but unfortunately, to our modern sense at least, not a little ludicrous in some places. The fact is, that the strange moral contradictions and inconsistencies so common in the Greek mythology, so long as they are concealed or palliated under a fair imaginative show, give small offence; but when placed before the understanding, in order to be interrogated by the strict forms of judicial logic, they necessarily produce a collision with our practical reason and a smile is the result.

[\[Note 44 \(p 161\).\]](#)

“ . . . himself did bind  
With bonds his hoary-dated father Kronos.”

“In the fable of the binding of Kronos by his son Jove, Æschylus saw nothing disrespectful to the character of the supreme ruler, but only the imaginative embodiment of the fact, that one celestial dynasty had been succeeded by another. The image of binding, and of the battles of the Titans generally, might seem to his mind not the most appropriate; but the offence that lay in them was softened not a little by the consideration that the enchainment of Kronos and the Titans was only a temporary affair, leading to a reconciliation. The result was, that the Titans themselves at last acknowledged the justice of their punishment, and submitted themselves to Jove, as the alone legitimate ruler of Earth; and Herr Welcker is quite wrong in supposing that either here, or in the Agamemnon, or the Prometheus, there is any indication that the mind of Æschylus was fundamentally at war with his age in regard to the celestial dynasties.”—Schoemann’s Prometheus, p. 97.

[\[Note 45 \(p. 162\).\]](#)

“ . . . How  
With any clanship share lustration?”

Or, with Buck., “what laver of his tribe shall receive him?”—the word in the original being ῥατόρων. The ancient Hellenic tribes ῥάτραι were social unions, founded originally in the family tie, and afterwards extended. These unions had certain

religious ceremonies which they performed in common, and to which allusion is here made. (Compare Livy VI. 40, 41, *nos privatim auspicia habemus* of the Patrician families.) To be ἄρῃτων, or *excluded from a tribe* (Il. IX. 63), was among the Greeks of the heroic ages a penalty half-civil, half-religious, similar in character to the *excommunication* of the middle ages. Of this extremely interesting subject, the English reader will find a most luminous exposition in Grote's *Greece*, vol. iii. p. 74.

[\[Note 46 \(p. 162\).\]](#)

“ . . . whom we call  
The mother begets not.”

Strange as this doctrine may seem to our modern physiologists, it seems founded on a very natural notion; and to the Greeks, who had such a low estimate of women, must have appeared perfectly orthodox. The same doctrine is enunciated by the poet in the *Suppliants*, v. 279, when he says, “the male artist has imprinted a Cyprian character on your female features”—the image being borrowed from the art of coining. And this, like many fancies cherished by the Greeks, seems to have had its home originally in Egypt. Stan. quotes from Diodorus I. 80, who says—“The Egyptians count none of their sons bastards, not even the sons of a bought slave. For they are of opinion that the father is the only author of generation; the mother but supplieth space and nourishment to the foetus.” In the play of Euripides, Orestes uses the same argument (*Orest.* 543).

[\[Note 47 \(p 162\)\]](#)

“Now, hear my ordinance, Athenians!”

This address of the goddess, of practical wisdom, in constituting the Court of the Areopagus, was pointed by the poet directly against the democratic spirit, in his day beginning to become rampant in Athens; and is applicable not less to all times in which great and, perhaps, necessary social changes take place. The poet states, with the most solemn distinctness, that the mere love of liberty will never protect liberty from degenerating into licentiousness; but that a religious reverence for law is as essential to society as a religious jealousy of despotism. Only he who profoundly fears God can dispense with the fear of man; and he who fears both God and man is the only good citizen.

[\[Note 48 \(p. 162\)\]](#)

“ . . . Here, on this hill,  
The embattled Amazons pitched their tents of yore.”

The Amazons, “as strong as men” (αντιάνεια, Il. III. 189), are famous in the history of the Trojan war; and their expedition against Athens, mentioned here, was familiar to every Athenian eye, from the painting in the *Stoa Pæcile*, described by Pausanias (I. 15). As to the historical reality of these hardy females, the sober Arrian (VII. 13) is by no means inclined (after the modern German fashion) to brush them, with a stroke

of his pen, out of the world of realities; and, considering what a strange and strangely adaptable creature man is, I see no reason why we should be sceptical as to their historical existence.

[[Note 49 \(p. 163\).](#)]

“Thou say’st.”

“This is an ancient way of replying to a captious question, as we see in the Gospel (Matth. xxvii.), where, when Pilate asks, ‘art thou the king of the Jews,’ our Lord, Jesus Christ, answers in these very words Συ λέγεις—‘*Thou say’st.*’ ”—Stan.

[[Note 50 \(p. 163\).](#)]

“Such were thy deeds in Pheres’ house.”

“Alluding to Admetus, son of Pheres, whom Apollo raised from the dead, having obtained this boon from the Fates, on condition that some one should die in his stead.—See the well-known play of Euripides, the *Alcestes*.”—Stan. The Scholiast on that play, v. 12, as Dindorf notes, remarks that, on this occasion, Apollo moved the inflexible goddesses by the potent influence of wine. This is alluded to a few lines below.

[[Note 51 \(p. 164\).](#)]

“. . . all my father lives in me.”

κάρτα δ’ εἰμι τὸν ἄπατρος; specially wisdom and energy.—So Milton—

“All my father shines in me.”

—Paradise Lost, VII.

Compare the Homeric epithet of Pallas ἠβριμοπάτρη with Nagelsbach’s Comprehensive Commentary—Hom. Theologie, p. 100.

[[Note 52 \(p. 164\).](#)]

*Apollo*. Fr., who examined the Medicean Codex, says that there is here discernible the mark which introduces a new speaker. Who that speaker is, however, the sense does not allow us to decide; but Orestes and the Chorus having spoken, I do not see why Apollo, who showed such eagerness before, should not now also, put in his word; and, therefore, deserting Well., I follow the old arrangement of Vict. and Stan.

[[Note 53 \(p. 167\).](#)]

“Sharing alone the strong keys that unlock  
His thunder-halls.”

As Pallas possesses all her father’s characteristic qualities of wisdom and strength, so she is entitled to wield all his instruments, and even the thunder. Stan quotes—

“Ipsa (Pallas) Jovis rapidum jaculata e nubibus ignem.”

—Virgil, *Æn* I. 46

And Wakefield compares Callim, *Lavac. Pall*, 132. So the *aegis*, or *shield of dark-rushing storms* (?ἰσσω), belongs to Pallas no less than to Zeus (*Il.* V. 738).

[\[Note 54 \(p. 167\).\]](#)

“ . . . thou shalt hold

An honoured seat beside Erectheus’ home.”

Erectheus, who, as his name signifies ([Editor: illegible character]ραζε, *Eretz*, Heb, *Erde*, Teut., *Earth*), was the earth-born, or Adam of Attic legend, had a temple on the Acropolis, beside the temple of the city-protecting (πολιάς) Pallas, of which the ruins yet remain. The cave of the Furies was on the Hill of Mars, directly opposite.—See Introductory Remarks.

[\[Note 55 \(p. 168\).\]](#)

“ . . . save my city

From brothered strife, and from domestic brawls.”

It was a principle with the Romans that no victory in a civil war should be followed by a triumph; and, accordingly, in the famous triumph of Julius Cæsar, which lasted three days, there was nothing to remind the Roman eye that the conqueror of Pharsalia had ever plucked a leaf from Pompey’s laurels. In v. 826, I read with Mul. ’ου δόμοις παρων, the present reading, μόλις, being clumsy any way that I have seen it translated.

[\[Note 56 \(p. 169\).\]](#)

“The fortress of gods.”

This designation is given to Athens with special reference to the Persian wars; for the Persians destroyed everywhere the temples of the Greek gods (only in the single case of Delos are they said to have made an exception), and the Athenians, in conquering the Persians, saved not only their own lives, but the temples of the gods from destruction.

[\[Note 57 \(p. 169\).\]](#)

“Woe to the wretch, by their wrath smitten.”

Well., as usual, is too cautious in not changing μ? κύρσας into δ? κύρσας with Pauw and Mül., or μ?v with Lin. and Schoe.

[\[Note 58 \(p. 169\)\]](#)

“Not for his own, for guilt inherited.”

“The sins of the fathers, as in the Old Testament, so also among the Greeks, are visited on the children even to the third and fourth generation; nay, even the idea of original sin, derived from the Titanic men of the early ages, and exhibiting itself as a rebellious inclination against the gods more or less in all—this essentially Christian idea was not altogether unknown to the ancient Greeks.”—Schoemann.

[\[Note 59 \(p. 170\)\]](#)

“And, when Hermes is near thee.”

What we call a “god-send,” or a “wind-fall,” was called by the Greeks [Editor: illegible character] ρυμαιον, or a thing given by the grace of Hermes. In his original capacity as the patron god of Arcadian shepherds, Hermes was, in like manner, looked on as the giver of patriarchal wealth in the shape of flocks.—II. xiv. 490.

[\[Note 60 \(p 170\).\]](#)

“Ye Fates, high-presiding.”

There is no small difficulty in this passage, from the state of the text; but, unless it be the Furies themselves that are spoken of, as Kl imagines (Theol. p. 45), I cannot think there are any celestial powers to whom the strong language of the Strophe will apply but the Fates If the former supposition be adopted, we must interrupt the chaunt between Athena and the Furies, putting this Strophe into the mouth of the Areopagites, as, indeed, Kl. proposes; but this seems rather a bold measure, and has found no favour. It remains, therefore, only to make such changes in the text as will admit of the application of the whole passage to the Fates, who stand in the closest relation to the Furies, as is evident from Strophe III. of the chorus (p. 146 above). This Müll. has done; and I follow him, not, however, without desiring some more distinct proof that ματροκασιγνηται, in Greek, can possibly mean sisters.—See Schoe.’s note.

[\[Note 61 \(p. 170\).\]](#)

“Jove, that rules the forum, nobly  
In the high debate hath conquered.”

Ζεῦς ἡγοραῖος. The students of Homer may recollect the appeal of Telemachus to the Ithacans in council assembled (Odys. II. 68). Jove, as we have already had occasion to remark, has a peculiar right of presidency over every grand event of human life, and every important social institution; so that, on certain occasions, the Greek Polytheism becomes, for the need, a Monotheism—somewhat after the same fashion as the aristocratic Government of the old Roman Republic had the power of suddenly changing itself, on important occasions, into an absolute monarchy, by the creation of a Dictator.

[\[Note 62 \(p. 172\).\]](#)

“Gracious-minded sisterhood.”

The Furies were called Εὐμενίδες, or gracious, to propitiate their stern deity by complimentary language. Suidas says (*voc.* Εὐμενίδες) that Athena, in this play, calls the Furies expressly by this name; but the fact is, that it does not occur in the whole play. Either, therefore, the word ἠϋφρον, which I have translated “gracious-minded” in the play, must be considered to have given occasion to the remark of the lexicographer (which seems sufficient), or, with Hermann and Schoe., we must suppose something to have fallen out of the present speech.

note

On p. 132, after the *dramatis persona*, I perceive that I have stated that the scene of this piece changes from Delphi to the *Hill of Mars*, Athens. This is either inaccurate, or, at least, imperfect; for the first change of scene is manifestly (as stated p. 148), to the temple of Athena Pallas, on the Acropolis; and, though the imagination naturally desires that the institution of the Court of the Areopagus should take place on the exact seat of its future labours, yet the construction of the drama by no means necessitates another change of scene, and the allusion to the Hill of Mars in p 162 is easily explicable on the supposition that it lies directly opposite the Acropolis, and that Pallas points to it with her finger.

[\*] Classical Museum, No. XV. p. 1.

[\*] Buck (Introduction, p. xiii.) has very aptly compared here the position of Antigone, in the well-known play of that name, and the half-approving, half-condemning tone of the Chorus in that play

[\*] The most remarkable passages of the ancients where reference is made to the *Prometheus Unbound* of Æschylus are.—Cicero, Tusc II. 10, Arrian. Periplus Pont. Eux. p. 19; Strabo, Lib I p. 33 and IV. 182-3; Plutarchus vit Pompeii, init.; Athenæus. XV p 672, Cas.

[†] “Veniat Æschylus non poeta solum, sed etiam Pythagoreus. Sic enim accepimus. Quo modo fert apud eum Prometheus dolorem, quem excipit *ob furtum Lemnium*”—*Tusc Quast.* II. 10, *Welcker, Prilogie*, p. 7.

[‡] “*Chorus consiliatur amicis.*”—Horace.

[\*] On the stage, of course, her transmutation can only be indicated by the presence of a pair of ox horns on her virgin forehead.

[\*] ? ποικιλείμων νόξ. *Buntgewandige*—Schoe. “*Various-vested Night.*”—Coleridge, in a Sonnet to the Autumnal Moon.

[\*] ?ιθέριον κίνυγμα.

[\*] Saturn the father of Jove.



[†] “And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth, both man and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air: for it repenteth me that I have made him”—Gen. vi. 7.

[\*] The Sea of Azof

[\*]

“Of all the things that breathe the air, and creep upon the Earth,  
The weakest thing that breathes and creeps on nurturing Earth is Man.”  
Homer’s *Odvs.* xviii. 130.

[\*] *i.e.* Delphi —See Schol. to *Iliad* II. 519.

[\*] Rhea’s bosomed sea—the Hadriatic.

[†] The Ionian sea.

[\*] The Danaids, daughters of Danaus, who colonized Argos from Egypt This forms the subject of the next play—the Suppliants.

[\*] See the *Agamemnon*, Note 15

[\*] Compare *Odyssey*, I. 32.

[[Note 1 \(p. 183\).](#)]

“This Scythian soil, this wild untrodden waste”

“The ancient Greek writers called all the Northern tribes (*i.e.* all who dwelt in the Northern parts of Europe and Asia) generally by the name of Scythians and Celto-Scythians; while some even more ancient than these make a division, calling those beyond the Euxine, Ister, and Adria, Hyperboreans, Sarmatians, and Arimaspi; but those beyond the Caspian Sea, Sacæ and Massagetæ.” Strabo, *Lib. XI.* p. 507.—Stan.

[[Note 2 \(p 183\).](#)]

“This daring wretch”

λεωργῶν, a difficult word; “evil-doer”—*Med.* and *Prow.*; *Bosewicht*—*Toelp.*; *Freveler*—*Schoe.* The other translation of this word—“artificer of man” (*Potter*)—given in the *Etym.* was very likely an invention of Lexicographers to explain this very passage. But the expounders did not consider that *Aeschylus* through the whole play makes no allusion to this function of the fire-worker. It was, I believe, altogether a recent form of the myth.—See *Weiske.* “The precise etymology of the word is uncertain.”—*Lin.*

[[Note 3 \(p 183\).](#)]

“ . . . a kindred god”

“A fellow deity”—Med. But this is not enough. Vulcan, as a smith, and Prometheus were kindred in their divine functions, for which reason they were often confounded in the popular legends, as in the case of the birth of Pallas from the brain of Jove, effected by the axe, some say of Hephaestus, some of Prometheus—Apollodor. I. 3-6. Euripid. Ion. 455; from which passage of the tragedian Welcker is of opinion that Prometheus, not Hephaetus, must have a place in the pediment of the Parthenon representing the birth of Pallas.—*Class. Museum*, Vol. II. p. 385.

[\[Note 4 \(p. 183\).\]](#)

“High-counselled son  
Of right-decreeing Themis”

Not Clymene according to the Theogony (V. 508) or Asia, one of the Oceanides according to Apollodorus (I. 2), which parentage has been adopted by Shelley in his *Prometheus Unbound*. That Æschylus in preferring this maternity meant to represent the Titan as suffering in the cause of Right against Might, as Welcker will have it (*Trilog* p. 42), is more than doubtful. One advantage, however, is certainly gained, viz., that Prometheus is thus brought one degree further up the line of ascent in direct progress from the two original divinities of the Theogony—Uranus or Heaven, and Gee or the Earth; for, according to Hesiod, Themis is the daughter, Clymene only the grand-daughter, of these primeval powers (Theog. 135, 315). Thus, Prometheus is invested with more dignity, and becomes a more worthy rival of Jove.

[\[Note 5 \(p 183\).\]](#)

“ . . . saviour shall be none.”

I entirely agree with Schoe. that in the indefinite expression—ο? λω?ήσων γ?ρ ?υ πέ?υκέ πω any allusion, such as the Scholiast suggests, to Hercules, the person by whom salvation did at length come, would be in the worst possible taste here, and quite foreign to the tone of the passage.

[\[Note 6 \(p. 184\).\]](#)

“Jove is not weak that he should bend.”

This character of harshness and inexorability belongs as essentially to Jove as to the Fates. Pallas, in the *Iliad*, makes the same complaint—

“But my father, harsh and cruel, with no gentle humour raging,  
Thwarts my will in all things”  
*Iliad* VIII 360

We must bear in mind that Jove represents three things—(1) that iron firmness of purpose which is so essential to the character of a great ruler; (2) the impetuous violence and resistless power of the heavenly elements when in commotion; (3) the immutability of the laws of Nature.

[\[Note 7 \(p 184\).\]](#)

“All things may be, but this  
To dictate to the gods.”

ἅπαντ' ἠπράχθη πλὴν θεοῖσι κοιρανέων—literally, *all things have been done, save commanding the gods*. I do not know whether there is any philological difficulty in the way of this translation. It certainly agrees perfectly well with the context, and has the advantage of not changing the received text. Schoe., however, adopting Herm.'s emendation of ἠπαχθη translates—

“Last trägt ein jeder, nur der Götter König nicht.”

“All have their burdens save the king of the gods.”

On the theological sentiment, I would compare that of Seneca—“*In regno nati sumus; Deo parere libertas est*” (*Vit. Beat.* 15)—and that of Euripides, where the captive Trojan queen, finding the king of men, Agamemnon, willing to assist her, but afraid of the opinion of the Greeks, speaks as follows:—

“Οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν [Editor: illegible character]στις ἐστ' ἐλεύθερος,  
[Editor: illegible character] χρημάτων γὰρ δοῦλος ἐστὶν ἡ τύχης  
ἠπληθοῦς αὐτῶν πόλεως, [Editor: illegible character] νόμων γράφαι  
[Editor: illegible character] ἰργουσι χρηθῆσαι μὲ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις.”  
Hec. 864.

[\[Note 8 \(p. 185\).\]](#)

“Thou hast been called  
In vain the Provident.”

This is merely translating Prometheus (from προ before, and μητις counsel) into English. These allusions to names are very frequent in Æschylus—so much so as to amount to a *mannerism*; but we who use a language, the heritage of years, a coinage from which the signature has been mostly rubbed off, must bear in mind that originally all words, and especially names, were significant. See the Old Testament everywhere (particularly Gen. c. xxix. and xli., with which compare Homer, *Odyssey* xix. 407). And, indeed, in all original languages, like Greek or German, which declare their own etymology publicly to the most unlearned, no taunt is more natural and more obvious than that derived from a name. Even in Scotland, a man who is called *Bairnsfather* will be apt to feel rather awkward if he has no children. “In the oldest Greek legend,” says Welcker (*Tril.* p. 356), “names were frequently invented, in order to fix down the character or main feature of the story”—(so Bunyan in the *Pilgrim's Progress*)—a true principle, which many German writers abuse, to evaporate all tradition into mere fictitious allegory. But the practice of the Old Testament patriarchs shows that the significancy of a name affords of itself no presumption against its historical reality.

[\[Note 9 \(p. 185\)\]](#)

*Prometheus*. The critics remark with good reason the propriety of the stout-hearted sufferer observing complete silence up to this point. It is natural for pain to find a vent

in words, but a proud man will not complain in the presence of his adversary. Compare the similar silence of Cassandra in the Agamemnon; and for reasons equally wise, that of Faust in the Auerbach cellar scene. So true is it that a great poet, like a wise man, is often best known, not by what he says, but by what he does *not* say—(και τη?ς ?γαν γάρ ἐστὶ που σιγη?ς βάρος, as Sophocles has it). As to the subject of the beautiful invocation here made by the Titan sufferer, the reader will observe not merely its poetical beauty (to which there is something analogous in Manfred, act I. sc. 2—

“My mother Earth,  
And thou fresh-breaking day, and you, ye mountains,  
And thou the bright eye of the Universe,”)

but also its mythological propriety in the person of the speaker, as in the early times the original elementary theology common to the Greeks with all polytheists, had not been superseded by those often sadly disguised impersonations which are represented by the dynasty of Jove. Ocean and Hyperion (?περίων—he that walks aloft) are named in the Theogony, along with Themis and Iapetus, as the first generation of gods, directly begotten from Heaven and Earth.—(Theog. 133-4.) In the natural progress of religious opinion, this original cosmical meaning of the Greek gods, though lost by anthropomorphism to the vulgar, was afterwards brought out by the natural philosophers, and by the philosophical poets; of which examples occur everywhere among the later classics. Indeed, the elemental worship seems never to have been altogether exploded, but continued to exist in strange confusion along with the congregation of fictitious persons to which it had given birth. So in Homer, Agamemnon prays—

“Father Jove from Ida swaying, god most glorious and great,  
And thou Sun, the all-perceiving and all-hearing power, and ye  
Rivers and Earth,” etc.  
—Il III 277

[\[Note 10 \(p. 185\).\]](#)

“The multitudinous laughter.”

?νήριθμον γέλασμα. I must offer an apology here for myself, Mr. Swayne, and Captain Medwyn, because I find we are in a minority. The Captain, indeed, has paraphrased it a little—

“With long loud laughs, exulting to be free,”

but he retains the laugh, which is the stumbling-block. Swayne has

“Ye ocean waves  
That with incessant laughter bound and swell  
Countless,”

also a little paraphrased, but giving due prominence to the characteristic idea. E. P. Oxon. has

“Ocean smiling with its countless waves,”

with a reference to Stanley’s note, “Refertur ad levem sonum undarum ventis exagitarum qui etiam aliquantulum *crispant* maris dorsum quasi amabili quadam

γελασι?,” in which words we see the origin of Pot.’s—

“Ye waves  
That o’er the interminable ocean wreath  
Your crisped smiles.”

Prow. has—

“*Dimpled in multitudinous smiles.*”

And Schoe.’s—

“*Zahllosses Blinken*”

And so Blom. in a note, emphatically—

“*Lenis fluctuum agitatio*”

But why all this gentleness? Does it agree either with the strength of the poet’s genius, or with the desolation of the wild scene around his hero? I at once admit that γελάω is often used in Greek, where, according to our usage, *smile* would be the word; but in the Old Testament we find the broad strong word *laugh* often retained in descriptions of nature; and I see not the least reason for walking in satin shoes here.

[\[Note 11 \(p. 186\).\]](#)

“... in a reed concealed it.”

νάρθηξ—“still used for this purpose in Cyprus, where the reed still retains the old Greek name”—Welcker, *Tril.* p. 8, who quotes Walpole’s *Memoirs* relative to Turkey, p. 284, and Tournefort, Letter 6. I recollect at school smoking a bit of bamboo cane for a cigar.

[\[Note 12 \(p 186\).\]](#)

“... Ah me! ah me! who comes?”

The increased agitation of mind is here expressed in the original by the abandonment of the Iambic verse, and the adoption of the Bacchic—τίς ?χ?, etc., which speedily passes into the anapæst, as imitated by my Trochees. Milton was so steeped in Greek, that I think he must have had this passage in his mind when he wrote the lines of *Samson Agonistes*, v. 110, beginning “*But who are these?*” Altogether, the *Samson* is, in its general tone and character, quite a sort of Jewish Prometheus.

[\[Note 13 \(p. 187\).\]](#)

“Daughters of prolific Tethys.”

The ancient sea-goddess, sister and wife of Oceanus, daughter of Heaven and Earth. The reader will observe that the mythology of this drama preserves a primeval or, according to our phrase, antediluvian character throughout. The mythic personages are true contemporaries belonging to the most ancient dynasty of the gods. For this

reason Ocean appears in a future stage of the play, not *Poseidon*. Tethys, with the other Titans and Titanesses are enumerated by Hesiod, Theog. 132-7, as follows—

“Earth to Uranus wedded bore Ocean deep with whirling currents,  
Coeus, Creios, Hyperion, Theia, Rhea, Iapetus,  
Themis, Mnemosyne, lovely Tethys, likewise Phœbe golden-crowned,  
Then the youngest of them all, deep-designing Kronos”

As for the epithet *prolific* applied to *Tethys*, the fecundity of fish is a proverb in natural history; but I suppose it is rather the infinite succession of waves on the expanded surface of Ocean that makes his daughters so numerous in the Theogony (362)—

“Thrice ten hundred they are counted delicate-anchled Ocean maids.”

[\[Note 14 \(p 187\).\]](#)

“ . . . the giant trace  
Of Titan times hath vanished.”

Here we have distinctly indicated that contrast between the *old* and the *new* gods, which Æschylus makes so prominent, not only in this play, but also in the Furies. The conclusion has been drawn by various scholars that Æschylus was secretly unfavourable to the recognised dynasty of Jove, and that his real allegiance was to these elder gods. But the inference is hasty and unauthorised. His taste for the sublime led him into these primeval ages, as it also did Milton: that is all we can say.

[\[Note 15 \(p. 188\).\]](#)

“ . . . the new-forged counsels  
That shall hurl him from his throne.”

The new-forged counsels were of Jove’s own devising—viz., that he should marry Thetis; of which marriage, if it should take place, the son was destined to usurp his father’s throne.—Scholiast.

[\[Note 16 \(p 188\)\]](#)

“O, ’tis hard, most hard to reach  
The heart of Jove!”

Inexorability is a grand characteristic of the gods.

“Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando”  
—Virg, *Æn.* VI.

And so Homer makes Nestor say of Agamemnon, vainly hoping to appease the wrath of Pallas Athena, by hecatombs—

“Witless in his heart he knew not what dire sufferings he must bear,  
For not lightly from their purposed counsel swerve the eternal gods”  
Odys III. 147.

And of Jove, in particular, Hera says to Themis, in the council of the gods—

“Well thou knowest  
How the Olympian’s heart is haughty, and his temper how severe.”  
—Iliad XV. 94.

[\[Note 17 \(p. 188\).\]](#)

“My mother Themis, not once but oft, and Earth  
(One shape of various names).”

Æschylus does not and could not confound these two distinct persons, as Pot. will have it.—See Eumenides, 2. Schoe. has stated the whole case very clearly. Pot. remarks with great justice, that a multiplicity of names “is a mark of dignity;” it by no means follows, however, that *Themis*, in this passage, is one of those many names which Earth receives. In illustration we may quote a passage from the *Kurma Ouran* (Kennedy’s Researches on Hindoo Mythology; London, 1831; p. 208)—“That,” says Vishnu, pointing to Siva, “is the great god of gods, shining in his own refulgence, eternal, devoid of thought, who produced thee (Brahma), and gave to thee the Vedas, and who likewise originated me, and gave me various names.” Southey, in the roll of celestial *dramatis personæ* prefixed to the Curse of Kehama, says “that Siva boasts as many as *one thousand and eight names*.”

[\[Note 18 \(p 189\).\]](#)

“Suspicion’s a disease that cleaves to tyrants,  
And they who love most are the first suspected.”

“*Nam regibus boni quam mali suspiciores sunt, semperque his aliena virtus formidolosa est.*”—Sall. Cat VII. “In princes fear is stronger than love; therefore it is often more difficult for them to tear themselves from persons whom they hate than to cast off persons whom they love.”—Richter (Titan).

[\[Note 19 \(p. 189\).\]](#)

“I only of the gods  
Thwarted his will.”

This is one of the passages which has suggested to many minds a comparison between the mythical tortures of the Caucasus and the real agonies of Calvary. The analogy is just so far; only the Greek imagination never could look on Prometheus as suffering altogether without just cause; he suffered for his own sins. This Toepel. p. 71, has well expressed thus—“*Prometheus deos laesit ut homines bearet: Christus homines beavit ut suae, Deique patris obsecundaret voluntati.*”

[\[Note 20 \(p. 189\).\]](#)

“... in cunning torment stretched.”

ἄνηλεως ἄθμισμα—“*so bin ich sugerichtet*”—Passow. A sort of studious

malignity is here indicated. So we say allegorically to *trim* one handsomely, to *dress* him, when we mean to *punish*. The frequent use of this verb ρυθμίζω is characteristic of the Greeks, than whom no people, as has been frequently remarked, seem to have possessed a nicer sense of the beauty of measure and the propriety of limitation in their poetry and works of art. So Sophocles, *Antig.* 318, has ρυθμίζειν λύπην.

[\[Note 21 \(p 190\)\]](#)

“Blind hopes of good I planted  
In their dark breasts”

A striking phrase, meaning, however, nothing more, I imagine, according to the use of the Greek writers (and also of the Latins with *caecus*) than *dim*, *indistinct*; neither, indeed, is the phrase foreign to our colloquial English idiom—“The swearing to a *blind* etcetera they (the Puritans) looked upon as intolerable.”—Calamy’s *Life of Baxter*. In the well-known story of Pandora, Hesiod relates that, when the lid of the fatal box was opened, innumerable plagues flew out, only Hope remained within.—*Works and Days*, 84.

[\[Note 22 \(p. 190\).\]](#)

“And flame-faced fire is now enjoyed by mortals?”

Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, in his account of New South Wales (London, 1804), mentions that the wild natives produced fire with much difficulty, and preserved it with the greatest care. The original inhabitants of New Holland, and the wild African bushmen described by Moffat, the missionary, are among the lowest specimens of human nature with which we are acquainted. As for Æschylus, it is evident he follows in this whole piece the notion of primitive humanity given in his introductory chapters by Diodorus, and generally received amongst the ancients, viz., that the fathers of our race were the most weak and helpless creatures imaginable, like the famous Egyptian frogs, as it were, only half developed from the primeval slime

[\[Note 23 \(p. 191\)\]](#)

*Enter Ocean*. “This sea god enters,” says Brunoy, quoted by Pot., on “I know not what winged animal—*bizarrierie inexplicable*.” Very inexplicable certainly; and yet, as the tragedian expressly calls the animal a *bird*, I do not see why so many translators, both English and German, should insist on making it a *steed*. The bird certainly was a little anomalous, having, as we learn below, four feet (τετρασκελῆς ἰωνός, v. 395—a *four-footed bira*); but it was a bird for all that, and the air was its element. If the creature must have a name, we must even call it a griffin, or a hippogriff, notwithstanding Welcker’s remarks (*Tril.* p. 26). Those who wish to see its physiognomy more minutely described may consult Aelian. *hist. animal.* IV. 27, in an apt passage quoted from Jacobs by Both. There is an ambiguity in the passage which I have translated—

“Thought instinctive reined the creature,”

some applying γνώμη? not to the animal, but to the will of the rider. So Prow.—



“Following still  
Each impulse of my guiding will.”

But for the poetical propriety of my translation I can plead the authority of Southey—

“The ship of Heaven instinct with thought displayed  
Its living sail, and glides along the sky”  
Curse of Kehama, VII. 1

and of Milton—

“The chariot of paternal Deity  
Instinct with spirit”  
—VI 750

and what is much more conclusive in the present instance, that of Homer, whose  $\tau\tau\upsilon\sigma\kappa\acute{o}\mu\epsilon\nu\alpha\iota \ \rho\epsilon\sigma\ \nu\eta\ \nu\epsilon\varsigma$  (Odyssey VIII. 556), or self-piloted ships of the Phœnicians, belong clearly to the same mythical family as the self-reined griffin of old Ocean.

[\[Note 24 \(p. 191\).\]](#)

“From my distant caves cerulean.”

*i.e.*, in the far West, extreme Atlantic, or “ends of the earth,” according to the Homeric phrase.

“To the ends I make my journey of the many-nurturing Earth,  
There where Ocean, sire of gods, and ancient mother Tethys dwells,  
They who nursed me in their palace, and my infant strength sustained,”  
says *Hera* in the *Iliad* (XIV. 200).

[\[Note 25 \(p. 192\).\]](#)

“Enough my brother Atlas’ miseries grieve me”

The reader will see by referring to the old editions and to Pot. that the following description of the miseries of Atlas and Typhon is, in the MS., given to Ocean; and, it must be confessed, there seems a peculiar dramatic propriety in making the old sea god hold up the fate of the Cilician Blaster as a warning to the son of Iapetus, whom he saw embarked in a similar career of hopeless rebellion against the Thunderer. But philological considerations, well stated by Schoe., have weighed with that editor, as with his predecessors Blom. and Well., whose authority and arguments I am for the present willing to follow, though not without some lingering doubts. The alteration of the text originally proceeded from Elmsley, and the original order of the dialogue is stoutly defended by Toepel. in his notes.

[\[Note 26 \(p. 192\)\]](#)

“The pillars of Heaven and Earth upon his shoulders.”

If the reader is a curious person, he will ask how Atlas when standing on the

Earth—in the extreme west of the Earth—could bear the pillars of *Heaven and Earth?* and the question will be a very proper one; for the fact is that, as Hesiod distinctly states the case, he bore the pillars of *Heaven only* (Theog. 517). This is, indeed, the only possible idea that could be admitted into a mythology which proceeded on the old principle that the Earth was a flat solid platform in the centre of the Universe, round which the celestial pole (πόλος) wheeled. The phrase “*pillars of Heaven and Earth*” is, therefore, to a certain extent an improper one; for the Earth, being the stable base of all things, required no pillars to support it. In one sense it is true that the pillars of Atlas are the pillars of Heaven and Earth, viz., in so far as they have Heaven at one end and Earth at the other, which is what Homer means when he says (Odyssey I. 54), that these pillars “γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἰχουσιν.” And that this is the idea of Aeschylus, also, is plain, both from the present passage, and from the Epode of the next following Chorus, where, unless we force in one conjecture of Schutz, or another of Hermann into the text, there is no mention of anything but the *celestial pole*. In all this I but express in my own words, and with a very decided conviction, the substance of the admirable note in Schoe. to v. 426, Well.

[\[Note 27 \(p. 192\).\]](#)

“ . . . Typhon.”

The idea of Typhon is that of a strong windy power, δεινὸν ἄβριστὴν τὸν ἄνεμον, according to the express statement of Hesiod (Theog 307). The Greek word *Typhon*, with which our *typhus fever* is identical, expresses the state of being *swollen* or *blown up*, with this, the other idea of *heat*, which belongs also to Typhon (Sallust, περὶ θεῶν, c. 4), is naturally connected. According to the elementary or physical system of mythology, therefore, Typhon is neither more nor less than a *simoom* or *hot wind*.

[\[Note 28 \(p. 193\).\]](#)

“Knowest thou not this, Prometheus, that mild words  
Are medicines of fierce wrath?”

The reader may like to see Cicero’s version of these four lines—

“*Oceanus* Atqui Prometheu te hoc, tenere existimo  
Mederi posse rationem iracundiæ.”  
“*Prom* Si quidem qui tempestivam medicinam admovens  
Non ad gravescens vulnus illidat manus.”  
Tusc. Q., III. 31.

[\[Note 29 \(p 194\).\]](#)

“ . . . holy Asia weep  
For thee, Prometheus”

Here, and in the epithet of the rivers in the Epode (compare Homer’s Odyssey X 351, ἑρῶν ποταμῶν, and *Nagelsbach*, Homer, Theologie, p. 85), the original word is ἄγνος, a term to be particularly noted, both in the heathen writers and in the Old

Testament, as denoting that religious purity in connection with external objects and outward ceremonies which the Christian sentiment confines exclusively to the moral state of the soul. I have thought it important, in all cases, to retain the Greek phrase, and not by modernizing to dilute it. The religious sentiment in connection with external nature is what the moderns generally do not understand, and least of all the English, whose piety does not readily exhibit itself beyond the precincts of the church porch. The Germans, in this regard, have a much more profound sympathy with the Greek mind.

[\[Note 30 \(p. 194\).\]](#)

“ . . . Araby’s wandering warriors weep  
For thee, Prometheus.”

Arabia certainly comes in, to a modern ear, not a little strangely here, between the Sea of Azof and the Caucasus; but the Greeks, we must remember, were a people whose notions of *barbarian* geography (as they would call it) were anything but distinct; and, in this play, the poet seems wisely to court vagueness in these matters rather than to study accuracy.

[\[Note 31 \(p 195\).\]](#)

“For, soothly, having eyes to see, they saw not.”

With regard to the origin of the human race there are two principal opinions, which have in all times prevailed. One is, that man was originally created perfect, or in a state of dignity far transcending what he now exhibits; that the state in which the earliest historical records present him is a state of declension and aberration from the primeval source; and that the whole progress of what is called civilization is only a series of attempts, for the most part sufficiently clumsy, and always painful, whereby we endeavour to reinstate ourselves in our lost position. This philosophy of history—for so it may most fitly be called—is that which has always been received in the general Christian world, and, indeed, it seems to flow necessarily from the reception of the Mosaic records, not merely as authentic Hebrew documents, but as veritable cosmogony and primeval history—as containing a historical exposition of the creation of the world, and the early history of man. The other doctrine is, that man was originally created in a condition extremely feeble and imperfect; very little removed from vegetable dulness and brutish stupidity; and that he gradually raised himself by slow steps to the exercise of the higher moral and intellectual faculties, by virtue of which he claims successful mastery over the brute, and affinity with the angel. This doctrine was very common, I think I may safely say the current and generally received doctrine, among the educated Greeks and Romans; though the poets certainly did not omit, as they so often do, to contradict themselves by their famous tradition of a golden age, which it was their delight to trick out and embellish. In modern times, this theory of *progressive development*, as it may be called, has, as might have been expected, found little favour, except with philosophers of the French school; and those who have broached it in this country latterly have met with a most hot reception from scientific men, principally, we may presume, from the general

conviction that such ideas go directly to undermine the authority of the Mosaic record. It has been thought, also, that there is something debasing and contrary to the dignity of human nature in the supposition that the great-grandfather of the primeval father of our race may have been a monkey, or not far removed from that species; but, however this be, with regard to Æschylus, it is plain he did not find it inconsistent with the loftiest views of human duty and destiny to adopt the then commonly received theory of a gradual development; and, in illustration, I cannot do better than translate a few sentences from Diodorus, where the same doctrine is stated in prose. “Men, as originally generated, lived in a confused and brutish condition, preserving existence by feeding on herbs and fruits that grew spontaneously. \* \* \* Their speech was quite indistinct and confused, but by degrees they invented articulate speech. \* \* \* They lived without any of the comforts and conveniences of life, without clothing, without habitations, *without fire* (Prometheus!), and without cooked victuals; and not knowing to lay up stores for future need, great numbers of them died during the winter from the effects of cold and starvation. By which sad experience taught, they learned to lodge themselves in caves, and laid up stores there. By-and-by, they discovered fire and other things pertaining to a comfortable existence. The arts were then invented, and man became in every respect such as a highly-gifted animal might well be, having hands and speech, and a devising mind ever present to work out his purposes.” Thus far the Sicilian (I. 8); and the intelligent reader need not be informed that, to a certain extent, many obvious and patent facts seemed to give a high probability to his doctrine. “Dwellers in caves,” for instance, or “troglodytes,” were well known to the ancients, and the modern reader will find a historical account of them in Strabo, and other obvious places. The Horites (Gen. xiv. 6) were so called from the Hebrew word Hor, a cave—(see Gesenius and Jahn, I. 2-26). But it is needless to accumulate learned references in a matter patent to the most modern observation.—Moffat’s “African Missions” will supply instances of human beings in a state as degraded as anything here described by the poet; and with regard to the aboriginal Australians, I have preserved in my notes the following passage from Collins: “The Australians dwell in miserable huts of bark, all huddled together promiscuously (??ὑρον εικη? πάντα!) amid much smoke and dirt. *Some also live in caves.*” I do by no means assert, however, that these creatures are remnants of primeval humanity, according to the development theory; I only say they afford that theory a historic analogy; while, on the other hand, they are equally consistent with the commonly received Christian doctrine, as man is a creature who degenerates from excellence much more readily in all circumstances than he attains to it. These Australians and Africans may be mere imbecile stragglers who have been dropt from the great army of humanity in its march.

[\[Note 32 \(p. 195\).\]](#)

“Numbers, too,  
I taught them (a most choice device)”

“The Pythagorean tenets of Æschylus here display themselves. It was one of the doctrines attributed to this mysterious sect that they professed to find in numbers, and their combinations, the primordial types of everything cognisable by the mind, whether of a physical or moral nature. They even spoke of the soul as a

number.”—Prow. But, apart from all Pythagorean notions, we may safely say—from observation of travellers indeed certainly affirm—that there is nothing in which the civilized man so remarkably distinguishes himself from the savage, as in the power to grasp and handle relations of number. The special reference to Pythagoras in this passage is, I perceive, decidedly rejected by Schoe.; Bergk. and Haupt., according to his statement, admitting it. Of course, such a reference in the mind of the poet can never be *proved*, only it does no harm to suppose it.

[\[Note 33 \(p. 196\).\]](#)

“. . . the fire-faced signs.”

(?λογωπ? σήματα). Prowett refers this to *lightning*; but surely, in the present connection, the obvious reference is to the sacrificial flame, from which, as from most parts of the sacrificial ceremony, omens were wont to be taken. When the flame burned bright it was a good omen; when with a smoky and troublous flame, the omen was bad. See a well-known description of this in Sophocles’ *Antigone*, from the mouth of the blind old diviner Tiresias, when he first enters the stage, v. 1005; and another curious passage in Euripides’ *Phœniss* 1261.

[\[Note 34 \(p. 196\).\]](#)

“And who is lord of strong Necessity?”

Necessity (?νάγκη), a favourite power to which reference is made by the Greek dramatists, is merely an impersonation of the fact patent to all, that the world is governed by a system of strict and inexorable law, from the operation of which no man can escape. That the gods themselves are subject to this ?νάγκη, is a method of expression not seldom used by Heathen writers, but that they had any distinct idea, or fixed theological notion of Necessity or Fate, as a power separate from and superior to the gods I see no reason to believe.—See my observations on the Homeric μω??ρα in *Clas. Mus.*, No. XXVI., p. 437. And in the same way that Homer talks of the *fate from the gods*, so the tragedians talk of *necessity from or imposed by the gods*—τ?ς γ?ρ ἐκ θεω?ν ?νάγκας θνητων ?ντα δε?? ?έρειν. With regard to Æschylus, certainly one must beware of drawing any hasty inference with regard to his theological creed from this insulated passage. For here the poet adopts the notion of the strict subjection of Jove to an external Fate, principally, one may suppose, from dramatic propriety; it suits the person and the occasion. Otherwise, the Æschylean theology is very favourable to the absolute supremacy of Jove; and, accordingly, in the *Eumenides*, those very Furies, who are here called his superiors, though they dispute with Apollo, are careful not to be provoked into a single expression which shall seem to throw a doubt on the infallibility of “the Father.” For the rest, the Fates and Furies, both here and in the *Eumenides*, are aptly coupled, and, in signification, indeed, are identical; because a man’s *fate* in this world can never be separated from his *conduct*, nor his conduct from his *conscience*, of which the Furies are the impersonation.

[\[Note 35 \(p. 196\).\]](#)

“No more than others Jove can ’scape his doom.”

The idea that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe can ever be dethroned is foreign to every closely reasoned system of monotheism; but in polytheistic systems it is not unnatural (for gods who had a beginning may have an end); and in the Hindoo theology receives an especial prominence. Southey accordingly makes Indra, the Hindoo Jove, say—

“A stronger hand  
May wrest my sceptre, and unparadise  
The Swerga.”  
—Curse of Kehama, VII.

We must bear in mind, however, that it is not Æschylus in the present passage, but Prometheus who says this.

[\[Note 36 \(p. 197\)\]](#)

“Plant his high will against my weak opinion!”

The original of these words, “μηδ’άμ θεῖτ’ ἐμῷ γνώμαῳ κράτος ὑντίπαλον Ζεῖς,” has been otherwise translated “*Minime Jupiter indat animo meo vim rebellem,*” but, apart altogether from theological considerations, I entirely agree with Schoe. that this rendering puts a force upon the word κράτος, which is by no means called for, and which it will not easily bear.

[\[Note 37 \(p. 197\).\]](#)

“Won by rich gifts didst lead.”

Observe here the primitive practice according to which the bridegroom purchased his wife, by rich presents made to the father. In Iliad IX. 288, Agamemnon promises, as a particular favour, to give his daughter in marriage to Achilles ὑνάεδνον, that is, without any consideration in the shape of a marriage gift.

[\[Note 38 \(p. 197\)\]](#)

*Enter Io.* Io is one of those mysterious characters on the border-land between history and fable, concerning which it is difficult to say whether they are to be looked on as personal realities, or as impersonated ideas. According to the historical view of ancient legends, Io is the daughter of Inachus, a primeval king of Argos; and, from this fact as a root, the extravagant legends about her, sprouting from the ever active inoculation of human fancy, branched out. Interpreted by the principles of early theological allegory, however, she is, according to the witness of Suidas, the Moon, and her wanderings the revolutions of that satellite. In either view, the immense extent of these wanderings is well explained by mythological writers (1) from the influence of Argive colonies at Byzantium and elsewhere; and (2) from the vain desire of the Greeks to connect their horned virgin Io, with the horned Isis of the Egyptians. It need scarcely be remarked that, if Io means the moon, her horns are as naturally explained as her wanderings. But, in reading Æschylus, all these considerations are most wisely

left out of view, the Athenians, no doubt, who introduced this play, believing in the historical reality of the Inachian maid, as firmly as we believe in that of Adam or Methuselah. As little can I agree with Both. that we are called upon to rationalize away the reality of the persecuting insect, whether under the name of ὄϊστρος or μύωψ. In popular legends the sublime is ever apt to be associated with circumstances that either are, or, to the cultivated imagination, necessarily appear to be ridiculous.

[\[Note 39 \(p. 198\)\]](#)

“ . . . save me, O Earth!”

I have here given the received traditional rendering of Ἀλεν̂ [Editor: illegible character] δα?; but I must confess the appeal to Earth here in this passage always appeared to me something unexpected; and it is, accordingly, with pleasure that I submit the following observations of Schoe. to the consideration of the scholar—“Δα? is generally looked on as a dialectic variation of γα?; and, in conformity with this opinion, Theocritus has used the accusation Δα?v. I consider this erroneous, and am of opinion that in Δημητηρ we are rather to understand Δεαμητηρ than Γημητηρ; and δα? is to be taken only as an interjection. This is not the place to discuss this matter fully; but, in the meantime, I may mention that Ahrensde *dialecta Doricâ*, p. 80, has refuted the traditional notion with regard to δα?

[\[Note 40 \(p 198\)\]](#)

*Chorus.* With Well., and Schoe, and the MSS., I give this verse to the Chorus, though certainly it is not to be denied that the continuation of the lyrical metre of the Strophe pleads strongly in favour of giving it to Io. It is also certain that, for the sake of symmetry, the last line of the Antistrophe must also be given to the Chorus, as Schoe. has done.

[\[Note 41 \(p. 199\).\]](#)

“ . . . the sisters of thy father, Io.”

Inachus, the Argive river, was, like all other rivers, the son of Ocean, and, of course, the brother of the Ocean-maids, the Chorus of the present play. Afterwards, according to the historical method of conception, characteristic of the early legends, the elementary god became a human person—the river was metamorphosed into a king.

[\[Note 42 \(p. 200\)\]](#)

“ . . . Lerne’s bosomed mead.”

We most commonly read of the *water* or *fountain* of Lerne; this implies a meadow—and this, again, implies high overhanging grounds, or cliffs, of which mention is made in the twenty-third line below. In that place, however, the reading ?κρηνη is not at all certain; and, were I editing the text. I should have no objection to

follow Pal. in reading Λέρνης τε κρήνην, with Canter. In fixing this point, something will depend upon the actual landscape.

[[Note 43 \(p. 201\).](#)]

“First to the east.”

Here begins the narration of the mythical wanderings of Io—a strange matter, and of a piece with the whole fable, which, however, with all its perplexities, Æschylus, no doubt, and his audience, following the old minstrels, took very lightly. In such matters, the less curious a man is, the greater chance is there of his not going far wrong; and to be superficial is safer than to be profound. The following causes may be stated as presumptive grounds why we ought not to be surprised at any startling inaccuracy in geographical detail in legends of this kind.—(1) The Greeks, as stated above, even in their most scientific days, had the vaguest possible ideas of the geography of the extreme circumference of the habitable globe and the parts nearest to it which are spoken of in the passage (2) The geographical ideas of Æschylus must be assumed as more kindred to those of Homer than of the best informed later Greeks. (3) Even supposing Æschylus to have had the most accurate geographical ideas, he had no reasons in handling a Titanic myth to make his geographical scenery particularly tangible; on the contrary, as a skilful artist, the more misty and indefinite he could keep it the better. (4) He may have taken the wanderings of Io, as Welcker still suggests (*Trilog* 137), literally from the old Epic poem “Aigimius,” or some other traditionary lay as old as Homer, leaving to himself no more discretion in the matter, and caring as little to do so as Shakespeare did about the geographical localities in *Macbeth*, which he borrowed from Hollinshed. For all these reasons I am of opinion that any attempt to explain the geographical difficulties of the following wanderings would be labour lost to myself no less than to the reader; and shall, therefore, content myself with noting *seriatim* the different points of the progress, and explaining, for the sake of the general reader, what is or is not known in the learned world about the matter:—

(1) The starting-point is not from Mount Caucasus, according to the common representation, but from some indefinite point in the Northern parts of Europe. So the Scholiast on v. 1, arguing from the present passage, clearly concludes; and with him agree Her. and Schoe.; Welcker whimsically, I think, maintaining a contrary opinion.

(2) The Scythian nomads, *vid.* note on v. 2, *supra*, their particular customs alluded to here are well known, presenting a familiar ancient analogy to the gipsy life of the present day. The reader of Horace will recall the lines—

“Campestres melius Scythae  
Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos”  
—Ode III 24-9.

and the same poet (III. 4-35) mentions the “quiver-bearing Geloni”; for the bow is the most convenient weapon to all wandering and semi-civilized warriors.

(3) The Chalybs, or Chaldaei, are properly a people in Pontus, at the north-east corner of Asia Minor; but Æschylus, in his primeval Titanic geography, takes the liberty of



planting them to the north of the Euxine.

(4) The river Hubristes. The Araxes, says the Scholiast; the Tanais, say others; or the Cuban (Dr. Schmitz in Smith's Dict.) The word means *boisterous* or *outrageous*, and recalls the Virgilian

“*pontem indignatus Araxes.*”

(5) The Caucasus, as in modern geography.

(6) The Amazons; placed here in the country about Colchis to the northward of their final settlement in Themiscyre, on the Thermodon, in Pontus, east of the Halys.

(7) Salmydessus, on the Euxine, *west* of the Symplegades and the Thracian Bosphorus; of course a violent jump in the geography.

(8) The Cimmerian Bosphorus, between the Euxine and the Sea of Azof. Puzzling enough that this should come in here, and no mention be made of the Thracian Bosphorus in the whole flight! The word *Bosporus* means in Greek the *passage of the Cow*.

(9) The Asian continent; from the beginning a strange wheel! For the rest see below.

[\[Note 44 \(p. 203\).\]](#)

“When generations ten have passed, the third”

This mythical genealogy is thus given by Schutz from Apollodorus. 1. Epaphus; 2. Libya, 3. Belus (see Suppliants, p. 228, above); 4. Danaus, 5. Hypermnestra; 6. Abas; 7. Proetus; 8. Acrisias; 9. Danae; 10. Perseus; 11. Electryon, 12. Alcmena; 13. Heracles.

[\[Note 45 \(p 203\).\]](#)

“When thou hast crossed the narrow stream that parts.”

I now proceed with the mythical wanderings of the “ox-horned maid,” naming the different points, and continuing the numbers, from the former Note—

(10) The Sounding Ocean.—Before these words, something seems to have dropt out of the text, what the “sounding sea” (πόντου ᾠοῖσβος) is, no man can say; but, as a southward direction is clearly indicated in what follows, we may suppose the Caspian, with Her.; or the Persian Gulf, with Schoe.

(11) The Gorgonian Plains.—“The Gorgons are conceived by Hesiod to live in the Western Ocean, in the neighbourhood of Night, and the Hesperides; but later traditions place them in Libya.”—Dr. Schmitz, in Smith's Dict.: but Schoe., in his note, quotes a scholiast to Pindar, *Pyth.* X. 72, which places them near the Red Sea,

and in Ethiopia. This latter habitation, of course, agrees best with the present passage of Æschylus.

With regard to Cisthene, the same writer (Schoe.) has an ingenious conjecture, that it may be a mistake of the old copyists, for the Cissians, a Persian people, mentioned in the opening chorus to the play of the Persians.

(12) The country of the Griffins, the Arimaspi, and the river Pluto. The Griffins and the Arimaspi are well known from Herodotus and Strabo, which latter, we have seen above (Note 1), places them to the north of the Euxine Sea, as a sub-division of the Scythians. Æschylus, however, either meant to confound all geographical distinctions, or followed a different tradition, which placed the Arimaspi in the south, as to which see Schoe. “The river Pluto is easily explained, from the accounts of golden-sanded rivers in the East which had reached Greece.”—Schoe.

(13) The river Aethiops seems altogether fabulous.

(14) The “Bybline Heights,” meaning the *κατάδουπα* (Herod. II. 17), or place where the Nile falls from the mountains.—Lin. *in voce καταβασμός*, which is translated *pass*. No such place as Byblus is mentioned here by the geographers, in want of which Pot. has allowed himself to be led, by the Scholiast, into rather a curious error. The old annotator, having nothing geographical to say about this *Byblus*, thought he might try what etymology could do; so he tells us that the Bybline Mountains were so called from the *Byblos* or *Papyrus* that grew on them. This Potter took up and gave—  
 “Where from the *mountains with papyrus crowned*  
 The venerable Nile impetuous pours,”  
 overlooking the fact that the papyrus is a sedge, and grows in flat, moist places.

[\[Note 46 \(p. 204\).\]](#)

“. . . the sacred Nile  
 Pours his salubrious flood”

ὑποτον ρέος, literally, *good for drinking* The medicinal qualities of the Nile were famous in ancient times. In the Suppliants, v. 556, our poet calls the Nile water, νόσοις ἠθικτον, *not to be reached by diseases*; and in v 835, *the nurturing river that makes the blood flow more buoyantly*. On this subject, the celebrated Venetian physician, Prosper Alpin, in his *Rerum Ægyptiarum*, Lib. IV. (Lugd. Bat. 1735) writes as follows: “Nili aqua merito omnibus aliis præfertur quod ipsa alvum subducit, menses pellat ut propterea raro mensium suppressio in Ægypti mulieribus reperiatur. Potui suavis est, et dulcis; sitim promptissime extinguit; frigida tuto bibitur, concoctionem juvat, ac distributioni auxilio est, minime hypochondriis gravis corpus firmum et coloratum reddit,” etc.—Lib. I. c. 3. If the water of the Nile really be not only pleasant to drink, but, strictly speaking, of medicinal virtue, it has a companion in the Ness, at Inverness, the waters of which are said to possess such a drastic power, that they cannot be drunk with safety by strangers.

[\[Note 47 \(p 204\).\]](#)

“ . . . thence with mazy course  
Tossed hither.”

I quite agree with Schoe. that, in the word *παλιμπλάγκτος*, in this passage, we must understand *πάλιν* to mean *to and fro*, not *backwards*. With a backward or reverted course from the Adriatic, Io could never have been brought northward to Scythia. The maziess of Io’s course arises naturally from the fitful attacks of the persecuting insect of which she was the victim. A direct course is followed by sane reason, a zigzag course by insane impulse.

[\[Note 48 \(p. 204\).\]](#)

“ . . . Epaphus, whose name shall tell  
The wonder of his birth.”

As Io was identified with Isis, so Epaphus seems merely a Greek term for the famous bull-god Apis.—(Herod. III. 27, and Muller’s Prolegom. myth.) The etymology, like many others given by the ancients, is ridiculous enough; *ε?πα??*, *touch*. This derivation is often alluded to in the next play, *The Suppliants*. With regard to the idea of a virgin mother so prominent in this legend of Io, Prow. has remarked that it occurs in the Hindoo and in the Mexican mythology; but nothing can be more purile than the attempt which he mentions as made by Faber to connect this idea with the “promise respecting the seed of the woman made to man at the fall.” Sound philosophy will never seek a distant reason for a phenomenon, when a near one is ready. When an object of worship or admiration is once acknowledged as superhuman, it is the most natural thing in the world for the imagination to supply a superhuman birth. A miraculous life flows most fitly from a miraculous generation. The mother of the great type of Roman warriors is a vestal, and his father is the god of war. Romans and Greeks will wisely be left to settle such matters for themselves, without the aid of “patriarchal traditions” or “the prophecy of Isaiah.” The ancient Hellenes were not so barren, either of fancy or feeling, as that they required to borrow matters of this kind from the Hebrews. On the idea of “generation by a god” generally, see the admirable note in Grote’s History of Greece, P. I c. 16 (Vol. I. p 471).

[\[Note 49 \(p. 207\).\]](#)

“ . . . they are wise who worship Adrastéa”

“A surname of Nemesis, derived by some writers from Adrastus, who is said to have built the first sanctuary of Nemesis on the river Asopus (Strabo XIII p 588), and by others from the verb *διδράσκειν*, according to which it would signify the goddess whom none could escape.”—Dr. Schmitz. On this subject, Stan. has a long note, where the student will find various illustrative references.

[\[Note 50 \(p. 209\).\]](#)

“For wilful strength that hath no wisdom in it  
Is less than nothing.”

The word in the original, ὑθαδιά, literally “self-pleasing,” expresses a state of mind which the Greeks, with no shallow ethical discernment, were accustomed to denounce as the great source of all those sins whose consequences are the most fearful to the individual and to society. St. Paul, in his epistle to Titus (i. 7), uses the same word emphatically to express what a Christian bishop should *not* be (ὑθῶδη, self-willed). The same word is used by the blind old soothsayer Tiresias in the *Antigone*, when preaching repentance to the passionate and self-willed tyrant of Thebes, ὑθαδιά τοι σκαιότητ ἠλίσκάνει, where Donaldson gives the whole passage as follows:—

“Then take these things to heart, my son; for error  
Is as the universal lot of man,  
But, whensoever he errs, that man no longer  
Is witless, or unblest, who, having fallen  
Into misfortune, seeks to mend his ways,  
And is not obstinate: *the stiff-necked temper*  
Must oft plead guilty to the charge of folly.”  
Sophocles, *Antig.* v. 1028.

[\[Note 51 \(p. 209\).\]](#)

“ . . . unless some god endure  
Vicarious thy tortures.”

The idea of vicarious sacrifice, or punishment by substitution of one person for another, does not seem to have been very familiar to the Greek mind; at least, I do not trace it in Homer. It occurs, however, most distinctly in the well-known case of Menœceus, in Euripides’ play of the *Phænissæ*. In this passage, also, it is plainly implied, though the word διάδοχος, strictly translated, means only a *successor*, and not a *substitute*. Welck. (*Trilog.* p 47) has pointed out that the person here alluded to is the centaur Chiron, of whom Apollodorus (II. 5-11-12) says that “Hercules, after freeing Prometheus, who had assumed the olive chaplet (Welck. reads ἐλόμενον), delivered up Chiron to Jove willing, though immortal, to die in his room (θνήσκειν ὑτ’ ὑτου). This is literally the Christian idea of vicarious death. The Druids, according to Cæsar (b. c. VI. 16), held the doctrine strictly—“*pro vita hominis nisi hominis vita reddatur non posse aliter deorum immortalium numen placari.*” Of existing heathens practising human sacrifice, the religious rites of the Khonds in Orissa present the idea of vicarious sacrifice in the most distinct outline. See the interesting memoir of Captain M’Pherson in *Blackwood’s Magazine* for August, 1842.

[\[Note 52 \(p. 210\).\]](#)

“Seems he not a willing madman,  
Let him reap the fruits he sowed.”

I have translated these lines quite freely, as the text is corrupt, and the emendations proposed do not contain any idea worth the translator’s adopting. Schoe. reads—

Τί γ' ὅρ' ἄλλείπει μ' παραπάειν  
ἢ τὰ δ' ἄπαυχε?? τί χαλ[Editor: illegible character] μανιωῶν;  
and translates

*Was fehlet ihm noch wahnwitzig zu seyn,  
Wenn also er pocht? Wie zahmt er die Wuth?*  
Prow. from a different reading, has  
To thee, if this resolve seems good,  
Why shouldst thou check thy frenzied mood.

[\*] Vol I., c. 3.

[†] Fast., Hellen., Introduc. pp. 6, 7.

[\*] See Introductory Remarks to the Eumenides.

[†] The usual insignia of Suppliants Wool was commonly used in the adornment of insignia hallowed by religion — See Dict Antiq, *voc. infula* and *apex*; and Note 72 to the Choephoræ, and Clem. Alex Prot. § 10

[\*] Epaphus and Io

[†] Epaphus, from ἑπαφῆ?. See Note 3 immediately above.

[\*] This is explained by what follows An augur, of course, was the proper person to recognise the notes of birds, or what resembled them.

[†] See Note 76 to Agamemnon.

[\*] Pal quotes from Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, "To a sad tune I sing my own dirge," which I have adopted.

[\*] Artemis, or Diana.

[†] τὸν πολυξενώτατον Ζηῆνα, that is, Pluto.

[\*] See Note 46 to the Eumenides

[\*] See Iliad viii. 69, and other passages, describing the "golden scales of Jove," in which the fates of men are weighed.

[\*] See the Agamemnon, Note 94.

[\*] See Paley.

[\*] Cyprus.

[†] See Prometheus Bound, p. 192 above.

[‡] See Prometheus Bound, p 204 and Note 46.

[\*] In this very perplexed passage I follow Pal. Bothe's conjecture, Ἀργεῖος, is very happy.

[\*] A promontory in Cilicia —Strabo, p. 670. Pal.

[\*] πρόξενoi.—See Note 19 to page 226 above.

[\*] “Potui humor ex hordeo aut frumento in quendam similitudinem vini corruptus.”—Tacitus de mor. Geom. c. 23.

[\*] Venus.

[\*] This river and the Inachus flow into the Argolic gulf, both near the city of Argos, taking their rise in the mountain ridge that separates Argos from Arcadia.

[\*] The goddess of Persuasion.

[Note 1 (p. 219).]

“Jove the suppliant's high protector.”

Ζεῦς ἰκτῶρ, literally *suppliant Jove*, the epithet which properly belongs to the worshipper being transferred to the object of worship. The reader will note here another instance of the monotheistic element in Polytheism, so often alluded to in these Notes. Jove, as the supreme moral governor of the universe, has a general supervision of the whole social system of gods and men; and specially where there is no inferior protector, as in the case of fugitives and suppliants—there he presses with all the weight of his high authority. In such cases, religion presents a generous and truly humanizing aspect, and the “*primus in orbe Deos fecit timor*” of the philosophers loses its sting.

[Note 2 (p 219).]

“Of the fat fine-sanded Nile!”

Wellauer, in his usual over-cautious way, has not received Pauw's emendation λεπτοψαμάθων into his text, though he calls it *certissimum* in his notes. Pal., whom I follow, acts in these matters with a more manly decision. Even without the authority of Pliny (XXXV. 13), I should adopt so natural an emendation, where the text is plainly corrupt.

[Note 3 (p. 219).]

“Gently thrilled the brize-stung heifer  
With his procreant touch.”

See p. 204 above, and Note 48 to Prometheus. There prevails throughout this play a

constant allusion to the divine significance of the name Epaphus, meaning, as it does, *touch*. To the Greeks, as already remarked (p. 388), this was no mere punning; and the names of the gods (Note 17, p. 391 above) were one of the strongest instruments of Heathen devotion. That there is an allusion to this in Matthew vi. 7, I have no doubt.

[\[Note 4 \(p. 219\).\]](#)

“Ye blissful gods supremely swaying.”

I see no necessity here, with Pal., for changing [Editor: illegible character]  $\nu$  πολις into [Editor: illegible character] πολις—but it is a matter of small importance to the translator. *Jove, the third*, is a method of designating the supreme power of which we have frequent examples in Æschylus—see the *Eumenides*, p. 164, where *Jove the Saviour all-perfecting* is mentioned after *Pallas* and *Loxias*, as it were, to crown the invocation with the greatest of all names. In that passage τρίτου occurs in the original, which I was wrong to omit.

[\[Note 5 \(p. 220\)\]](#)

“Marriage beds which right refuses.”

In what countries are first cousins forbidden to marry? Welcker does not know. “*Das Eherecht worauf diese Weigerung beruht ist nicht bekannt.*”—Welcker (*Trilog.* 391).

[\[Note 6 \(p. 221\).\]](#)

“With Ionian wailings unstinted.”

“Perhaps *Ionian* is put in this place antithetically to *Νειλοθερη?*, *from the Nile*, in the next line, and the sense is, ‘though coming from Egypt, yet, being of Greek extraction, I speak Greek.’”—Paley. This appears to me the simplest and most satisfactory comment on the passage.

[\[Note 7 \(p. 221\).\]](#)

“From the far misty land.”

That is Egypt. So called according to the *Etymol. M.* quoted by Stan., from the cloudy appearance which the low-lying Delta district presents to the stranger approaching it from the sea.

[\[Note 8 \(p. 222\).\]](#)

“All godlike power is calm.”

It would be unfair not to advertise the English reader that this fine sentiment is a translation from a conjectural reading,  $\pi\alpha\acute{\nu}\nu\ \eta\ \pi\omicron\nu\omicron\nu\ \delta\alpha\iota\mu\omicron\nu\iota\omega\nu$ , of Well., which, however, is in beautiful harmony with the context. The text generally in this part of

the play is extremely corrupt. In the present stanza, Well.'s correction of δε ἡπιδῶν into ἡπιδῶν deserves to be celebrated as one of the few grand triumphs of verbal criticism that have a genuine poetical value.

[\[Note 9 \(p. 222\).\]](#)

“Ah! well-a-day! ah! well-a-day!”

The reader must imagine here a complete change in the style of the music—say from the major to the minor key. In the whole Chorus, the mind of the singer sways fitfully between a hopeful confidence and a dark despair. The faith in the counsel of Jove, and in the sure destruction of the wicked, so finely expressed in the preceding stanzas, supports the sinking soul but weakly in this closing part of the hymn. These alterations of feeling exhibited under such circumstances will appear strange to no one who is acquainted with the human, and especially with the female heart.

[\[Note 10 \(p. 223\).\]](#)

“Ye Apian hills.”

“Apia, an old name for Peloponnesus, which remains still a mystery, even after the attempt of Butmann to throw light upon it.”—Grote, *Hist. of Greece*, Part I. c. 4. Æschylus' own account of Apis, the supposed originator of the name Apia, will be found in this play a few lines below. I have consulted Butmann, and find nothing but a conglomeration of vague and slippery etymologies.

[\[Note 11 \(p. 225\).\]](#)

“ . . rounded cars.”

καμπύλος, *with a bend* or *sweep*; alluding to the form of the rim of the ancient chariot, between the charioteer and the horses. See the figure in Smith's *Dict. Antiq.*, Articles ἡντιξ and *currus*.

[\[Note 12 \(p. 225\).\]](#)

“ . . the Agonian gods.”

The common meaning that a Greek scholar would naturally give to the phrase θεῶν ἡγωνιοί is that given by Hesych, viz., *gods that preside over public games*, or, as I have rendered it in the *Agamemnon* (p. 57 above), *gods that rule the chance of combat*. For persons who, like the Herald in that play, had just escaped from a great struggle, or, like the fugitive Virgins in this piece, were going through one, there does not appear to be any great impropriety (notwithstanding Pal.'s *inepte*) in an appeal to the gods of combat. Opposed to this interpretation, however, we have the common practice of Homer, with whom the substantive ἡγών generally means an assembly; and the testimony of Eustathius, who, in his notes to that poet, *Iliad*, Ω 1335, 58, says, “παρ Αἰσχύλου ἡγωνιοί θεῶν ἡ ἡγοραῖοι;” *i.e. gods that preside over assemblies*.



[\[Note 13 \(p. 225\).\]](#)

“ . . . your sistered hands.”

δι? χειρων συνωνύμων. I am inclined to think with Pal. that ὁμωνύμων may be the true reading; *i e. in your left hands*. And yet, so fond is Æschylus of quaint phrases that I do not think myself at liberty to reject the vulgate, so long as it is susceptible of the very appropriate meaning given in the text. “*Hands of the same name*” may very well be tolerated for “*hands of the same race*”—“hands of sisters.”

[\[Note 14 \(p. 225\).\]](#)

“Even so; and with benignant eye look down!”

I have here departed from Well.’s arrangement of this short colloquy between Danaus and his daughters, and adopted Pal.’s, which appears to me to satisfy the demands both of sense and metrical symmetry. That there is something wrong in the received text Well. admits.

[\[Note 15 \(p. 226\).\]](#)

“There where his bird the altar decorates.”

I have here incorporated into the text the natural and unembarrassed meaning of this passage given by Pal. The bird of Jove, of course, is the eagle. What the Scholiast and Stan. say about the cock appears to be pure nonsense, which would never have been invented but for the confused order of the dialogue in the received text.

[\[Note 16 \(p. 226\).\]](#)

“Apollo, too, the pure, the exiled once.”

“They invoke Apollo to help them, strangers and fugitives, because that god himself had once been banished from heaven by Jove, and kept the herds of Admetus.

‘Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.’ ”

—Stan.

[\[Note 17 \(p. 226\).\]](#)

“Here, Hermes Likewise, as Greece knows the god.”

This plainly points out a distinction between the Greek and the famous Egyptian Hermes. So the Scholiast, and Stan. who quotes Cic., Nat. Deor. III. 22.

[\[Note 18 \(p 226\).\]](#)

“Can bird eat bird and be an holy thing?”

This seems to have been a common-place among the ancients. Pliny, in the following passage, draws a contrast between man and the inferior animals, not much to the honor of the former:—“*Cætera animalia in suo genere probe degunt; congregari videmus et stare contra dissimilia; leonum feritas inter se non dimicat; serpentum morsus non petit serpentes; ne maris quidem belluæ ac pisces nisi in diversa genera sæviunt. At hercule homini plarima ex homine sunt mala.*”—Nat. Hist. VII. proem. This custom of blackening human nature (which is bad enough, without being made worse) has been common enough also in modern times, especially among a certain school of theologians, very far, indeed, in other respects, from claiming kindred with the Roman polyhistor; but the fact is, one great general law over-rides both man and the brute, viz. this—Like herds with like—the only difference being that human beings, with a great outward similarity, are characterized by a more various inward diversity than the lower animals. There are, in fact, men of all various kinds represented in the moral world—all those varieties which different races and species exhibit in the physical. There are lamb-men, tiger-men, serpent-men, pigeon-men, and hawk-men. That such discordant natures should sometimes, nay always in a certain sense, strive, is a necessary consequence of their existing.

[\[Note 19 \(p. 226\).\]](#)

“And of no host the acknowledged guest, unfearing  
Ye tread this land.”

?πρόξενος, without a πρόξενος, or a *public host* or *entertainer*—one who occupied the same position on the part of the state towards a stranger that a ξάνοος or landlord, did to his private guest. In some respects “the office of proxenus bears great resemblance to that of a modern consul or minister resident.”—Dr. Schmitz, in Smith’s Dict., article *Hospitium*. Compare Southey, Notes to Madoc. I. 5, *The Stranger’s House*.

[\[Note 20 \(p. 227\).\]](#)

“Of old earth-born Palæcthon am the son,  
My name Pelasgus.”

Here we have an example of those names of the earliest progenitors of an ancient race that seem to bear fiction on their face; Palaecthon meaning merely the *ancient son of the land*, and Pelasgus being the name-father of the famous ante-Homeric wandering Greeks, whom we call Pelasgi.

[\[Note 21 \(p. 227\).\]](#)

“All the land where Algos flows, and Strymon.”

The geography here is very confused. I shall content myself with noting the different points from Muller’s map (*Dorians*)—

- (1) Algos; unknown.
- (2) Strymon; a well-known river in Thrace.
- (3) Perrhæbians; in Thessaly, North of the Peneus (Homer, II. II. 749).

- (4) Pindus; the well-known mountain ridge in the centre of Northern Greece, separating the great rivers which descend on the one hand through Epirus into the Ionian sea and the Adriatic, on the other, into the Ægean.
- (5) Pæonia; in the North of Macedonia (Iliad II. 848).
- (6) Dodona; in Epirus.

[\[Note 22 \(p. 227\).\]](#)

“Apollo’s son, by double right, physician  
And prophet both.”

This is somewhat of a circumlocution for the single Greek phrase, ἰατρομαντις, *physician-prophet*; a name applied to Apollo himself by the Pythoness, in the prologue to the Eumenides (p. 142 above). The original conjunction of the two offices of prophet and leech in the person of Melampus, Apis, Chiron, etc. and their patron Apollo, is a remarkable fact in the history of civilization. The multiplication and isolation of professions originally combined and confounded is a natural enough consequence of the progress of society, of which examples occur in every sphere of human activity; but there is, besides, a peculiar fitness in the conjunction of medicine and theology, arising from the intimate connexion of mind with bodily ailment, too much neglected by some modern drug-minglers, and also, from the fact that, in ancient times, nothing was more common than to refer diseases, especially those of a striking kind, to the immediate interference of the Divine chastiser—(see Hippocrates περὶ ἑρῆς νόσου *init.*). Men are never more disposed to acknowledge divine power than when under the influence of severe affliction; and accordingly we find that, in some savage or semi-savage tribes, the “medicine-man” is the only priest. It would be well, indeed, if, in the present state of advanced science, professional men would more frequently attempt to restore the original oneness of the healing science—(see Max Tyr. πῶς ἀν τις ἰατρος [Editor: illegible character]η)—if all medical men would, like the late Dr. Abercrombie, bear in mind that man has a soul as well as a body, and all theologians more distinctly know that human bodies enclose a stomach as well as a conscience, with which latter the operations of the former are often strangely confounded.

[\[Note 23 \(p. 228\).\]](#)

“ . . . Io, on this Argive ground,  
Erst bore the keys to Hera.”

*i.e.* was priestess of the Argive goddess. The keys are the sign of custodiary authority in modern as in ancient times. See various instances in Stan.

[\[Note 24 \(p. 228\).\]](#)

“So runs the general rumour.”

After this, Well. supposes something has fallen out of the text; but to me a break in

the narration of the Chorus, caused by the eagerness of the royal questioner, seems sufficiently to explain the state of the text. Pal. agrees.

[\[Note 25 \(p. 228\).\]](#)

“Like a leaping bull,  
Transformed he came.”

Βουθόρ? τάρρ?. I have softened this expression a little; so modern delicacy compels. The original is quite Homeric—“σωῶν ἠπιβήτορα κάπρον.”—Odyssey XI. 131. Homer and the author of the Book of Genesis agree in expressing natural things in a natural way, equally remote (as healthy nature always is) from fastidiousness and from prudery.

[\[Note 26 \(p. 228\)\]](#)

*King.* A question has evidently dropt here; but it is of no consequence. The answer supplies the first link in the genealogical chain deducing the Danaides from Io and Epaphus. See above, p. 400, Note 44.

[\[Note 27 \(p. 229\).\]](#)

“Both this and that.”

I have translated this difficult passage freely, according to the note of Schutz., as being most comprehensive, and excluding neither the one ground of objection nor the other, both of which seem to have occupied the mind of the virgins. I am not, however, by any means sure what the passage really means E. P. Oxon has—

“Who would seek to obtain kindred as masters?”

Pot.—

“And who would wish to make their friends their lord.”

Where the real ground of objection is so darkly indicated, a translator is at liberty to smuggle a sort of commentary into the text.

[\[Note 28 \(p. 229\).\]](#)

“The wrath of suppliant Jove.”

*i.e.* Jove the protector of suppliants. See above, Note 1.

[\[Note 29 \(p. 230\).\]](#)

“Like a heifer young by the wolf pursued.”

The scholar will recognize here a deviation from Well.’s text λευκόστικτον, and the adoption of Hermann’s admirable emendation, λυκοδίωκτον. Pal. has received this

into his text, and Lin., generally a severe censor, approves.—*Class Museum*, No. VII. p. 31. Both on metrical and philological grounds, the reading demands reception.

[\[Note 30 \(p 230\).\]](#)

“Thou art the state, and the people art thou.”

This is a very interesting passage in reference to the political constitution—if the term constitution be here allowable—of the loose political aggregates of the heroic ages. The Chorus, of course, speak only their own feelings; but their feelings, in this case, are in remarkable consistency with the usages of the ancient Greeks, as described by Homer. The government of the heroic ages, as it appears in the *Iliad*, was a monarchy, on common occasions absolute, but liable to be limited by a circumambient atmosphere of oligarchy, and the prospective possibility of resistance on the part of a people habitually passive. Another remarkable circumstance, is the identity of church and state, well indicated by Virgil, in that line—

Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phœbique sacerdos  
Æneid III.

and concerning which, Ottfried Muller says—“In ancient Greece it may be said, with almost equal truth, that the kings were priests, as that the priests were kings” (*Mythology*, Leitch, p. 187). On this identity of church and state were founded those laws against the worship of strange gods, which formed so remarkable an exception to the comprehensive spirit of toleration that Hume and Gibbon have not unjustly lauded as one of the advantageous concomitants of Polytheism. The intolerance, which is the necessary consequence of such an identity, has found its thorough and consistent champions only among the Mahomedan and Christian monotheists of modern times. Even the large-hearted and liberal-minded Dr. Arnold was so far possessed by the ancient doctrine of the identity of church and state, that he could not conceive of the possibility of admitting Jews to deliberate in the senate of a Christian state. In modern times, also, we have witnessed with wonder the full development of a doctrine most characteristically Homeric, that the absolute power of kings, whether in civil or in ecclesiastical matters, is equally *of divine right*.

Τῆμ' τ' ἦκ Διός ἔστι, ἠλεῖ δέ ἢ μητίετα Ζεός.  
Il. II. 197

“For from Jove the honor cometh, him the counsellor Jove doth love.” On this very interesting subject every page of Homer is pregnant with instruction; but those who are not familiar with that bible of classical scholars will find a bright reflection of the most important truths in Grote, *Hist. Greece*, P. I. c. XX.

[\[Note 31 \(p. 231\).\]](#)

“Without the people  
I cannot do this thing.”

Æschylus makes the monarch of the heroic ages speak here with a strong tincture of the democracy of the latter times of Greece, no doubt securing to himself thereby immense billows of applause from his Athenian auditors, as the tragedians were fond

of doing, by giving utterance to liberal sentiments like that of Æmon in Sophocles—“πόλις γὰρ ἄνθρωπος [Editor: illegible character]σθ ἄνδρός ἑσθ’ ἐβνός.” But how little the people had to say in the government of the heroic ages appears strikingly in that most dramatic scene described in the second book of the Iliad, which Grote (II. 94) has, with admirable judgment, brought prominently forward in his remarks on the power of the ἄγορά, or popular assembly, in the heroic ages. Ulysses holds forth the orthodox doctrine in these terms—

“Sit thee down, and cease thy murmurings sit, and hear thy betters speak,  
Thou unwarlike, not in battle known, in council all unheard!  
Soothly all who are Achæans are not kings, and cannot be,  
Evil is the sway of many, only one may bear the rule,  
One be king, to whom the deep-designing Kronos’ mighty son  
Gave the sceptre and the right.”  
—II II 200

[\[Note 32 \(p. 233\).\]](#)

“ . . . possessory Jove.”

Ζεὺς κτήσιος —An epithet characteristic of Jove, as the supreme disposer of human affairs. Klausen (Theolog. II. 15) compares the epithet κλαριος from κληῖρος, *a lot*, which I have paraphrased in p. 230 above.

“*The Jove that allotteth their lot to all.*”

Klausen quotes Pausanias (I. 31-4) to the effect that Ζεὺς κτησιος was worshipped in Attica along with Ceres, Minerva, Cora, and the awful Maids or Furies.

[\[Note 33 \(p. 234\).\]](#)

“The pillar-compassed seats divine.”

From a conjecture of Pal., περιστύλους; the πωλισσούχων being evidently repeated by a wandering of the eye or ear of the transcriber. Sophocles, I recollect, in the Antigone, has ἄμικτιονας ναοῦς. Of course, in the case of such blunders, where the true reading cannot be restored, the best that can be done is to substitute an appropriate one.

[\[Note 34 \(p. 235\).\]](#)

“ . . . the assembly of the people.”

The word ἄγορά, *popular assembly*, does not occur here; but it is plainly implied. It is to be distinguished from the βουλή, or *council of the chiefs*.—See Grote as above, and *Homerpassim*.

[\[Note 35 \(p. 235\).\]](#)

“All crowning Consummator.”

As the opening words of this prayer generally are one of the finest testimonies to the sovereignty of Jove to be found in the poet, so the conjunction of words τελέων τελειῶτατον, κράτος is particularly to be noted. The adjectives τέλειος, τελεος, παντελής, and the verb τελέω, are often applied with a peculiar significancy to the king of the gods, as he who alone can conduct to a happy end every undertaking, under whatever auspices commenced. This doctrine is most reverently announced by the Chorus of this play towards the end (p. 244), in these comprehensive terms—

τι δε ἴνευ σέθεν  
θνατοισι τελειον εστι.

“What thing to mortal men is completed without thee.” And in this sense Clytemnestra, in the *Agamemnon* (p. 69), prays—

Ζενᾶ Ζενᾶ τέλειε τῶς ἐμῶς ἴσχυῶς τεῶλει.

On the over-ruling special providence of Jove generally the scholar should read Klausen, *Theol.* II., 15, and *Class. Mus.* No. XXVI. pp. 429-433.

[\[Note 36 \(p. 236\).\]](#)

“ . . . hence by the brize.”

The reader will observe that the course of Io’s wanderings here sketched is something very different from that given in the *Prometheus*, and much more intelligible. The geography is so familiar to the general reader from the Acts of the Apostles, that comment is unnecessary.

[\[Note 37 \(p. 236\).\]](#)

“Divinely fretted with fitful oar she hies.”

The partiality of Æschylus for sea-phrases has been often observed. Here, however, Paley for the ῥεσσομένα of the vulgate has proposed ῥεθομένα, aptly for the sense and the metre; but Lin. (*Class. Mus.* No. VII. 30) seems right in allowing the text to remain. I have taken up both readings into my rendering.

[\[Note 38 \(p. 236\).\]](#)

“Nor dared to approach this thing of human face”

It is difficult to know what δυσχερεῶς in the text refers. Pot. refers it to the mind of the maid—

“Disdaining to be touched”

To me it seems more natural to refer the difficulty of touching to the superstitious fears of the Egyptians; and to translate “*not safely to be meddled with.*” This is the feeling that my translation has attempted to bring out.

[\[Note 39 \(p. 237\).\]](#)

“Jove’s decided will”

I adopt Heath’s emendation βούλιος for δούλιος. Well., with superstitious reverence for the most corrupt text extant, retaining the δούλιος, is forced to explain δούλιος ῥην, “*dictum videtur de hominibus qui Jovis auxilium imploraverunt,*” but this will never do. The reader is requested to observe what a pious interpretation is, in this passage, given to the connection of Jove and Io—how different from that given by Prometheus, p. 202 above. We may be assured that the orthodox Heathen view of this and other such matters lies in the present beautifully-toned hymn, and not in the hostile taunts which the poet, for purely dramatic purposes, puts into the mouth of the enemy of Jove.

[\[Note 40 \(p. 240\).\]](#)

“Holy Hecate’s aid avail thee.”

Hecate is an epithet of Artemis, as Hecatos of Apollo, meaning *far* or *distant* (ῥακος). According to the prevalent opinion among mythologists, both ancient and modern, this goddess is merely an impersonation of the Moon, as Phoebus of the Sun. The term “far-darting” applies to both equally; the rays of the great luminaries being fitly represented as arrows of a far-shooting deity. In the Strophe which follows, Phoebus, under the name of Λυκεῖος, is called upon to be gracious to the youth of Argos.

ῥυμενῥς δ’ οῦ Λύκειος

ῥστω πάσῥ νεολαίῥ,

and in the translation I have taken the liberty, *pro hac vice*, as the lawyers say, to suppose that this epithet, as some modern scholars suggest, has nothing to do etymologically with λύκος, *a wolf*, but rather with the root λυκ, which we find in the substantive λυκάβας, and in the Latin *luceo*. Æschylus, however, in the Seven against Thebes (p. 266 above), adopts the derivation from λύκος, as will be seen from my version. I have only to add that, if Artemis be the Moon, her function as the patroness of parturition, alluded to in the present passage, is the most natural thing in the world. On this whole subject, Keightley, c. viii. is very sensible.

[\[Note 41 \(p. 241\).\]](#)

“The bulging fence-work on each side”

(παράῥῥυσεις, more commonly παραῥῥύματα) “The ancients, as early as the time of Homer, had various preparations raised above the edge of a vessel, made of skins and wicker-work, which were intended as a protection against high waves, and also to serve as a kind of breast-work behind which the men might be safe from the attacks of the enemy.”—Dict. Antiq. voce Ships.

[\[Note 42 \(p. 241\).\]](#)

“ . . . the prow

Fronted with eyes to track its watery way.”



“It is very common to represent an eye on each side of the prow of ancient ships”—Do. Do., and woodcuts there from Montfaucon. This custom, Pal. remarks, still continues in the Mediterranean.

[\[Note 43 \(p 241\).\]](#)

“To champion our need.”

Wellauer says that the “sense demands” a distribution of the concluding part of this speech between Danaus and the Chorus; but I can see no reason for disturbing the ancient order, which is retained by But., though not by Pal. That the sense requires no change, the translation should make evident.

[\[Note 44 \(p. 242\).\]](#)

“ . . . their ships dark-fronted.”

(κυανώπιδες.) The reader will call to mind the νη?ες μέλαιναι, the black ships in Homer.—See Dict. Antiq.*voce*Ships.

[\[Note 45 \(p. 242\).\]](#)

“A strong-limbed race with noon-day sweats well hardened.”

This sentiment must have awakened a hearty response in the minds of the Greeks, who were superior to the moderns in nothing so much as in the promineny which they gave to gymnastic exercises, and their contempt for all sorts of σκιτρο?ια—*rearing in the shade*—which our modern bookish system tends to foster.

[\[Note 46 \(p. 242\).\]](#)

“No Mars is in her.”

?υκ ?νεστ ?ρης, a proverbial expression for *pithless, nerveless*. The same expression is used in the initiatory anapæsts of the Agamemnon. ?ρης δ ?υκ [Editor: illegible character]νι χώρ?.

[\[Note 47 \(p. 242\).\]](#)

“Good Greek corn is better than papyrus.”

“Præter alios plurimos usus etiam in cibus recepta fuit papyrus”—Abul. Fadi—“radix ejus pulcis est, quapropter eam masticant et sugunt Ægyptii.”—Olaus Celsius, *Hierozoicon, Upsal*, 1745. I consulted this valuable work myself, but owe the original reference to an excellent “Essay on the Papyrus of the Ancients, by W. H. de Vriese,” translated from the Dutch by W. B. Macdonald, Esq. of Rammerscales, in the

*Class. Mus.* No. XVI. p. 202. In that article it is stated that “when Guilandinus was in Egypt in the year 1559-60, the pith was then used as food” Herodotus (Euterp. 92) says that they eat the lower part, roasting it in an oven (κλιβάν? πνίξαντες). Pliny (XIII. 11) says, “mandunt quoque, crudum decoctumque succum tantum devorantes” In the text, of course, the allusion is a sort of proverbial ground of superiority, on the part of the Greeks, over the sons of the Nile, pretty much in the spirit of Dr. Johnston’s famous definition of oats—“*food for horses in England, and for men in Scotland*” I have only further to add, that the papyrus belongs to the natural family of the *Cyperaceæ* or *Sedges*, and, though not now common in Egypt, is a well-known plant, and to be seen in most of our botanical gardens.

[\[Note 48 \(p. 242\).\]](#)

“The shepherds of the ships.”

I have retained this phrase scrupulously—ποιμένες ναων—as an interesting relique of the patriarchal age. So in the opening choral chaunt of the Persians, Xerxes is “shepherd of many sheep,” and a little farther on in the same play, *Atossa* asks the Chorus, “who is shepherd of this (the Athenian) people?” It is in such small peculiarities that the whole character and expression of a language lies.

[\[Note 49 \(p 242\)\]](#)

“. . . on this coast  
Harbours are few”

“Nauplia was almost the only harbour on the coast of Argolis.”—Pal., from Both. I am not topographer enough to be able to confirm this.

[\[Note 50 \(p 243\).\]](#)

“On a hanging cliff where lone winds sigh.”

κρημνός. *Robertellus*: which Well. might surely have adopted. The description of wild mountain loneliness is here very fine. Let the reader imagine such a region as that of Ben-Macdhui in Aberdeenshire, so well described in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, August, 1847. ἰσόρρων is more than ἴτος; and I have ventured on a periphrasis. Hermann’s Latin translation given by Pal is—“*saxum praeruptum, capris inaccessum, incommonstrabile, solitudine vastum, propendens, vulturibus habitatum*”

[\[Note 51 \(p 244\)\]](#)

Chorus (*in separate voices, and short hurried exclamations*). I most cordially agree with Well. in attaching the ten verses 805-15 to what follows, rather than making it stand as an Epode to what precedes. A change of style is distinctly felt at the conclusion of the third Antistrophe; the dim apprehension of approaching harm becomes a distinct perception, and the choral music more turbid, sudden, and

exclamatory. This I have indicated by breaking up the general chaunt into individual voices.—See p. 377, Note 19.

[\[Note 52 \(p. 245\).\]](#)

“Hence to the ships! to the good ships fare ye!”

“What follows is most corrupt, but so made up of short sentences, commands, and exclamations, that if the whole passage were wanting, it would not be much missed. It is very tasteless, and full of turgid phraseology”—Paley. All this is very true, if we look on the Suppliants as a play written to be read; but, being an opera composed for music, what appears to us tasteless and extravagant, without that stimulating emotional atmosphere, might have been, to the Athenians who heard it, the grand floodtide and tempestuous triumph of the piece. Compare, especially, the passionate Oriental coronach with which “The Persians” concludes. We must never forget that we possess only the skeleton of the sacred opera of the Greeks.

[\[Note 53 \(p. 248\).\]](#)

“To find stray goods the world all over, Hermes  
Is prince of patrons.”

“*Rei furtivae*,” as the civil law says, “*acterna est auctoritas*”; and the Herald, being sent out on a mission to reclaim what was abstracted, requires no credentials but the fact of the heraldship, which he exercises under the patronage of the herald-god Hermes. It may be also, as the commentators suggest—though I recollect no passage to prove it—that Hermes, being a thief himself, and the patron of thieves, was the most apt deity to whose intervention might be referred the recovery of stolen goods. Something of this kind seems implied in the epithet *μαστηρι*?, *the searcher*, here given to Hermes

[\[Note 54 \(p. 250\).\]](#)

“In the general view, and publishes their praise.”

After these words I have missed out a line, of which I can make nothing satisfactory—

κ?λωρα κωλύουσιν ?ς μένειν ?ρω^.

A few lines below, for [Editor: illegible character]υν ?κληρώθη δορ?, I have followed Pal. in adopting Heath’s ε[Editor: illegible character]νεκ’ ?ηρόθη ο?ορ?.

[\[Note 55 \(p. 251\)\]](#)

Choral Hymn. This final Chorus of the Suppliants and the opening one of the Persians are remarkable for the use of that peculiar rhythm, technically called the *Ionic a minore*, of which a familiar example exists in Horace, Ode III. 12. What the æsthetical or moral effect of this measure was on an Athenian ear it is perhaps impossible for us, at the present day, to know; but I have thought it right, in both cases, when it occurs,

to mark the peculiarity by the adoption of an English rhythm, in some similar degree removed from the vulgar use, and not without a certain cognate character. In modern music, at least, the Ionic of the Greek text and the measure used in my translation are mere varieties of the same rhythmical genus marked musically by  $\frac{3}{4}$  As for the structure of the Chorus, its division into two semi-choruses is anticipative of the division of feeling among the sisters, which afterwards arose when the conduct of their stern father forced them to choose between filial and connubial duty. One thing also is plain, that there is nothing of a real moral finale in this Chorus Regarded as a concluding ode, it were a most weak and impotent performance. The tone of grateful jubilee with which it sets out, is, after the second Strophe, suddenly changed into the original note of apprehension, evil-foreboding, doubt, and anxiety, plainly pointing to the terrible catastrophe to be unveiled in the immediately succeeding play.

[[Note 56 \(p. 251\).](#)]

“Yet, mighty praise be thine,  
Cyprian queen divine!”

The Chorus here are evidently moved by a religious apprehension that, in placing themselves under the patronage of the goddess of chastity, they may have treated lightly the power and the functions of the great goddess of love. To reconcile the claims of opposing deities was a great problem of practical piety with all devout polytheists. The introduction of Aphrodite here, as has been remarked, is also plainly prophetic of the part which Hypermnestra is to play in the subsequent piece, under the influence of the great Cyprian goddess preferring the love of a husband to the command of a father.

[[Note 57 \(p 252\).](#)]

“Lovely Harmonia.”

“Hesiod says that Harmonia (ἁρμονία—order or arrangement) was the daughter of Ares and Aphrodite. This has evidently all the appearance of a physical myth; for from love and strife—*i. e.* attraction and repulsion—arises the order or harmony of the universe.”—Keightley.

[[Note 58 \(p. 252\).](#)]

“Yet must I fear the chase.”

ἡγάδεσσιν δ [Editor: illegible character]πιπλίας. Haupt adopted by Pal. An excellent conjecture.

[\*]Eurip Phœnissæ. Prolog, and Argument to the same from the Cod. Guelpherbyt. in Matthiæ

[†]πρωτὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποις τὴν ἐνοθηρίαν ἡρώων —Compare Romans i. 27.

[\*] M? σπεῖρε τέκνων ῥλοκα δαιμόνων βί?, κ τ λ.—[Editor: illegible character]  
Phœnis. 19

[†] ῥιδέω to swell, and πονῆς a foot; literally *swell-foot*. Welcker remarks that there is a peculiar significancy in the appellations connected with this legend; even Λάιος being connected with λαικάζω, λαιδικαπρος, and other similar words—(*Trilog.* p. 355)—but this is dangerous ground

[‡] The σχιστή ῥδος.—See Wordsworth’s Greece, p 21.

[\*] It is particularly mentioned in the oldest form of the legend, that he considered his sons had not sent him his due share of the flesh offered in the family sacrifice—Scholiast Soph. O C 1375 This is alluded to in the fifth antistrophe of the third great choral chaunt of this play, v 768. Well See my Note

[\*] The subject of “The Eleusinians” was the burial of the dead bodies of the chiefs who had fallen before Thebes, through the mediation of Theseus.—See Plutarch, Life of that hero, c 29

[†] See Welcker’s Triologie, p 359, etc

[‡] Classical Museum, No XXV. p 312.

[\*] See Palky’s Note.

[\*] See Introductory Remarks.

[\*] See Note 35 to the Suppliants, p 235 above.

[\*] Chance (Τύχη), it must be recollected, was a divine power among the ancients.

[\*] See Note 60 to the Choephoræ.

[\*] The name Parthenopaus, from παρθένος, a virgin, and ῥψ, the countenance.

[\*] See Note 60 to Agamemnon.

[\*] See Note 73 to the Choephoræ.

[†] See Papkin *voce* αλῆσστής.

[‡] Maritime similes are very common in Æschylus, and specially this.—Compare Agamemnon, p. 70, Strophe II

[\*] Another pun on Polynicks, see above, p 278.

[†] *i.e.* Raging flood, *Thyad*, from θύω, to rage

[\*] See Note 67 to Agamemnon

[\[Note 1 \(p. 263\)\]](#)

“Which may averting Jove from me avert.”

The epithet ἄλεξητήριος or ἄλεξίκακος (Pausan. Att. III.) or the averter, applied to the gods (see Odys. III 346, is to be noted), as characteristic of the grand fact in the history of mind, that with rude nations the fear of evil is the dominant religious motive; so much so, that in the accounts which we read of some savage, or semi-savage nations, religion seems to consist altogether in a vague, dim fear of some unknown power, either without moral attributes altogether, or even positively malignant. In this historical sense, the famous maxim, *primus in orbe deos fecit timor*—however insufficient as a principle of general theology—is quite true. In the present passage, the phraseology is remarkable.

[Editor: illegible character]ν Ζεῦς ἄλεξητήριος  
ἄπώνυμος γένοιτο—

literally, *of which evils may Jove be the averter, and in being so, answer to his name.* This allusion to the names and epithets of the gods occurs in Æschylus with a frequency which marks it as a point of devotional propriety in the worship of the Greeks. I have expressed the same thing in the text by the repetition of *avert*. So in the *Choephoræ*, p. 103, *Herald Hermes, herald me in this, &c.*

[\[Note 2 \(p. 263\).\]](#)

“In his ear and inward sense deep-pondered truths,  
By no false art, though without help from fire.”

“Tiresias, the Theban seer, was blind, and could not divine by fire or other visible signs; but he had received from Pallas a remarkably acute hearing, and the faculty of understanding the voices of birds.”—*Apollodor.* III. 6.—Stan. Well. objects to this, but surely without good reason. Why are the ears—εν [Editor: illegible character]σι—mentioned so expressly, if not to make some contrast to the common method of divining by the eye?

[\[Note 3 \(p. 264\).\]](#)

“By Mars, Enýo, and blood-loving Terror.”

With Mars in Homer (II IV. 440) are coupled Φόβος and Δεῦμος, *Fear* and *Terror*, as in this passage of Æschylus, and ἄρις, *Strife*.

“Fear and Terror went with him, and Strife that rages without bound,  
Strife of Mars the man-destroyer, sister and companion dear.”

And in Livy (I. 27), Tullus Hostilius being pressed in battle, “*duodecim vovit Salios, fanaque PallorietPavori.*”—Compare Cic. de Nat. Deor. III. c 25. Enýo is coupled in Homer as a war-goddess with Athena—

“Well Tydides knew that Venus was no goddess made for war,  
Not Athena, not Eýno city-sacking.”

In our language, we have naturalized her Roman counterpart Bellona.

[\[Note 4 \(p. 264\).\]](#)

“. . . the chariot of Adrastus.”

“Because it had been predicted that Adrastus alone should survive the war.”—Scholiast.

[\[Note 5 \(p. 265\)\]](#)

Chorus. This Chorus, Schneider remarks, naturally divides itself into four, or, as I think, rather into five distinct parts. (1) The Chorus enter the stage in great hurry and agitation, indicated by the Dochmiac verse—σποράδην, according to the analogy of the Eumenides—(see the βιος Αισχύλου)—in scattered array, and, perhaps in the person of their Coryphæus, describe generally the arrival of the Theban host, and their march against the walls of Thebes. (2) But as the agitation increases, continuity of description becomes impossible, and a series of broken and irregular exclamations and invocations by individual voices follows (3) Then a more regular prayer, or the chanting of the Theban litany begins, in which we must suppose the whole band to join. (4) This is interrupted, however, by the near terror of the assault, and the chaunt is again broken into hurried exclamations of individual voices. (5) The litany is then wound up by the whole band. Of course no absolute external proof of matters of this kind can be offered; but the internal evidence is sufficiently strong to warrant the translator in marking the peculiar character of the Chorus in some such manner as I have done. For dramatic effect, this is of the utmost consequence. Nothing has more hurt the dramatic character of Æschylus, than the practice of throwing into the form of a continuous ode what was written for a series of well-arranged individual voices. Whoever he was among more recent scholars that first analyzed the Choruses with a special view to separate the exclamatory parts from the continuous chaunt deserves my best thanks.—See Note 19 to the Eumenides, p. 377.

[\[Note 6 \(p. 265\).\]](#)

“With clattering hoofs, on and on still they ride.”

πεδιοπλόκτυπος. Before this word, another epithet ελεδεμνας occurs, which the intelligent scholar will readily excuse me for having omitted altogether.

[\[Note 7 \(p. 265\).\]](#)

“ the white-shielded host.”

The epithet λεύκασπις seems characteristic of the Argive host in the Bœotian legend. Sophocles, in the beautiful opening Chorus of the *Antigone*, and Euripides in the *Phænissæ*, has it. Such traits were of course adopted by the tragedians from the old local legends always with conscientious fidelity. Stan. refers it to the general white or shining aspect of the shields of the common soldiers, distinguished by no various-coloured blazonry; which may be the true explanation.

[\[Note 8 \(p. 265\).\]](#)

“With chaplet and stole.”

In modern times, the mightiest monarchs have not thought it beneath their dignity to present, and sometimes, even, to work a petticoat to the Virgin Mary. In ancient times, the presentation of a πέπλος to the maiden goddess of Athens was no less famous—

“Take the largest and the finest robe that in thy chamber lies—  
Take the robe to thee so dear, and place it duly on the knees  
Of the beautiful-haired Athena.”

—II. VI. 273.

Virgil has not forgotten this—*Aeneid* I. 480. The *peplos* was a large upper dress, often reaching to the feet. Yates, in the *Dict. Antiq.*, translates it “shawl,” which may be the most accurate word, but, from its modern associations, of course, unsuitable for poetry.—See the article.

[\[Note 9 \(p. 265\)\]](#)

“O Ares, that shines in the helmet of gold.”

Mars was one of the native εἰπιχώριοι gods of Thebes, as the old legend of the dragon and the sown-teeth sufficiently testifies. The dragon was the offspring of Mars; and the fountain which it guarded, when it was slain by the Phœnician wanderer, was sacred to that god. Apollodor. III. 4; Unger. *de fonte Aret.* p. 103.

[\[Note 10 \(p 266\)\]](#)

“And their steeds with ringing bridles.”

Bells were often used on the harness of horses, and on different parts of the armour, to increase the war-alarm—the κλαγγή τε ἠνοπή τε (II. III. 2), which is so essential a part of the instinct of assault. See the description of Tydeus below, and *Dict. Antiq. tintinnabulum*, where is represented a fragment of ancient sculpture, showing the manner in which bells were attached to the collars of war-horses. Dio Cassius (Lib. LXXVI. 12) mentions that “the arms of the Britons are a shield and short spear, in the upper part whereof is an apple of brass, which, being shaken, terrifies the enemy with the sound.” Compare κωδωνο, ἠαλαραπωλους. *Aristoph. Ran.* 963.

[\[Note 11 \(p. 266\).\]](#)

“God of pawing steeds, Poseidon.”

Neptune is called equestrian or ἠπίος, no doubt, from the analogy of the swift waves, over which his car rides, to the fleet ambling of horses. In the mythical contest with Pallas, accordingly, while the Athenian maid produces the olive tree, the god of waves sends forth a war-horse.



[\[Note 12 \(p. 266\).\]](#)

“Save us, Cypris, mother of Thebans.”

“Harmonia, whom Cadmus married, was the daughter of Mars and Aphrodite.”—Scholiast.

[\[Note 13 \(p. 266\).\]](#)

“Save us, save us, Wolf-Apollo.”

Here is one of those pious puns upon the epithets of the gods, which were alluded to in Note 1 above. With regard to this epithet of Apollo, who, in the *Electra* of Sophocles, v. 6, is called distinctly *wolf-slayer* (λυκοκτόνος), there seems to me little doubt that the Scholiast on that passage is right in referring this function to Apollo, as the god of a pastoral people (νῆμιος). Passow (*Dict. in voce*), compare *Pausan.* (Cor. II. 19).

[\[Note 14 \(p 267\).\]](#)

“O Onca, blest Onca.”

Onca, says the Scholiast, was a name of Athena, a Phœnician epithet, brought by Cadmus from his native country. The Oncan gate was the same as the Ogygian gate of Thebes mentioned by other writers, and the most ancient of all the seven.—Unger. p. 267; *Pausan.* IX. 8

[\[Note 15 \(p. 267\).\]](#)

“The seven-gated city deliver, deliver.”

The current traditional epithet of Thebes, whose seven gates were as famous as the seven mouths of the Nile—

“Rari quippe boni, numerus vix est totidem quot

Thebarum portæ vel divitis ostia Nili”

—*Juv Sat XIII.* 26.

And *Homer*, in the *Odyssey XI.* 263, talks of—

“Amphion and Zethus,

First who founded and uptowered the seat of seven-gated Thebes”

These may suffice from a whole host of citations in Unger. Vol. I. p. 254-6, and *Pausan IX.* 8. 3

[\[Note 16 \(p. 267\).\]](#)

“ . . . a foreign-speaking foe!”

This appears strange, as both besieged and besiegers were Greeks, differing no more

in dialect than the Prussians and the Austrians, or we Scotch from our English neighbours. I agree with E. P. that it is better not to be over-curious in such matters, and that Butler is right when he says that ἐρεπό?ωνος is only *paullo gravius dictum ad miserationem*—that is, only a little tragic exaggeration for *hostile* or *foreign*.

[\[Note 17 \(p 268\).\]](#)

“ . . . the painted gods upon the prow.”

The general practice was, that the tutelary gods were on the poop, and only the figure-head on the prow (Dict. Antiq., *Ships* and *Insigne*), but, as there was nothing to prevent the figure-head being itself a god, the case alluded to by Æschylus might often occur.—See the long note in Stan.

[\[Note 18 \(p 268\).\]](#)

“Who knows not  
That, when a city falls, they pass to the Victor”

The Roman custom of evoking the gods of a conquered city to come out of the subject shrines, and take up their dwelling with the conqueror, is well known. In Livy, V 21, there is a remarkable instance of this in the case of Veii—“Tuo ductu,” says Camillus, “Pythice Apollo, tuoque numine instinctus pergo ad delendam urbem Veios: tibi que hinc decumam partem prædæ voveo. Te simul, Juno regina, quæ nunc Veios colis, precor ut nos victores in nostram tuamque mox futuram urbem sequare; ubi te dignum amplitudine tua templum accipiat.”

[\[Note 19 \(p. 269\).\]](#)

“For blood of mortals is the common food.”

I read ?όν?, not ?όβ?, principally for the sake of the sentiment, as the other idea which ?οβ? gives, has been already expressed. Certainly Well. is too positive in saying that ?όβ? is “*prorsus necessarium*” Both readings give an equally appropriate sense: that in the text, which Pot. also gives; or this other—

“Your fear but heaps the fuel of hot war  
I’ the hearts o’ the foe.”

[\[Note 20 \(p. 270\)\]](#)

“Dirce and Ismenus’ sacred stream.”

These were waters in Theban legend no less famous than Inachus and Erasinus in that of Argos The waters of Dirce, in particular, were famous for their clearness and pleasantness to drink. “Dirce, flowing with a pure and sweet stream,” says Aelian, *Var. Hist.* XII. 57, quoted by Unger. p. 187, and Æschylus in the Chorus immediately following, equals its praise to that of the Nile, sung so magnificently in the Suppliants.”

[\[Note 21 \(p. 271\).\]](#)

“From Poseidon earth-embracing,  
And from Tethys’ winding sons.”

Γαίηχος—the “*Earth-holder*” or “*Earth-embracer*,” is a designation of Poseidon, stamped to the Greek ear with the familiar authority of Homer. According to Hesiod, and the Greek mythology generally, the fountains were the sons of Ocean either directly or indirectly, through the rivers, who owned the same fatherhood. Tethys is the primeval Amphitrite.—See Note 13 to Prometheus, p 390 above.

[\[Note 22 \(p. 273\).\]](#)

“ . . . at the Præcian portal Tydeus stands.”

“A gate of doubtful parentage, from which the road went out from Thebes direct to Chalcis in Eubœa.”—Unger. p. 297. “Here, by the wayside, was the tomb of Melanippus, the champion of this gate, who slew his adversary Tydeus” —Pausan. IX. 8 This Tydeus is the father of Diomedes, whose exploits against men and gods are so nobly sung in Iliad V. From the frequency of the words βραχῦν, βραχῦν, βρέμειν, etc. in this fine description, one might almost think that Æschylus had wished to paint the father after the Homeric likeness of the son, who, like Menelaus, was βραχῦν ἡγαθός. In the heroic ages, a pair of brazen lungs was not the least useful accomplishment of a warrior. The great fame of the father of Diomedes as a warrior appears strikingly from that passage of the Iliad (IV. 370), where Agamemnon uses it as a strong goad to prick the valorous purpose of the son.

[\[Note 23 \(p. 273\).\]](#)

“ . . . the wise Oiclidan seer.”

“Amphiaraus, the son of Oicles, being a prophet, and foreseeing that all who should join in the expedition against Thebes would perish, refused to go himself, and dissuaded others. Polynices, however, coming to Iphis, the son of Alector, inquired how Amphiaraus might be forced to join the expedition, and was told that this would take place if his wife Eriphyle should obtain the necklace of Harmonia. This, accordingly, Polynices gave her, she receiving the gift in the face of an interdict in that matter laid on her by her husband. Induced by this bribe, she persuaded her husband to march against his will, he having beforehand promised to refer any matter in dispute between him and Adrastus to the decision of his wife.—Apollodor. III. 6; Confr. Hor. III. 16, 11.

[\[Note 24 \(p. 273\).\]](#)

“The brazen bells ring fear.”

A Scottish knight, in an old ballad, has these warlike bells on his horse’s mane—

“At ilk tail o’ his horse’s mane,

There hung a siller bell:  
The wind was loud, the steed was proud,  
And they gied a sindry knell.”  
—Young Waters.

And one of Southey’s Mexican heroes has them on his helmet—  
“Bells of gold  
Embossed his glittering helmet, and where’er  
Their sound was heard, there lay the press of war,  
And Death was busiest there.”  
—Madoc. II 18.

[\[Note 25 \(p. 274\).\]](#)

“His race from those whom Ares spared he draws.”

That is to say, he belonged to one of the oldest originally Theban families—was one of the children of the soil, sprung from the teeth of the old Theban dragon, which Cadmus, by the advice of Athena, sowed in the Earth; and from that act, the old race of Thebans were called *σπαρτι*, or the *Sown*. See Stan.’s note.

[\[Note 26 \(p. 274\).\]](#)

“Proud Capaneus before the Electran gate.”

This gate was so called from Electra, the sister of Cadmus *Pausan IX. 8-3*. And was the gate which led to Plataea and Athens. *Unger. p. 274*

[\[Note 27 \(p. 275\)\]](#)

“ . . . The third lot to Eteocles  
Leapt from the upturned brazen helm.”

The custom of using the helmet, for the *situla* or urn, when lots were taken in war, must have been noted by the most superficial student of Homer. Stan. has collected many instances, of which one may suffice—

“Quickly, in the braren helm, we shake the lot, and first of all,  
Of Eurylochus, mighty-hearted, leapt the lot.”  
—Odyssey X. 206.

[\[Note 28 \(p. 275\).\]](#)

“At the Netaean gate.”

So called from Neis, a son of Zethus, the brother of Amphion. *Pausan. IX. 8; Unger. p 313.*

[\[Note 29 \(p. 276\).\]](#)

“Black smoke, the volumed sister of the flame.”

Just as Homer, in a familiar passage, calls “sleep the mother of death” (Il. XIV. 231), adopted by Shelley in the exquisite exordium of Queen Mab—

“How beautiful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep!”

Mitchell, in a note on the metaphors of Aeschylus (Aristoph. Ran. 871), mentions this as being one of those tropes, where the high-vaulting tragedian has jerked himself over from the sublime into the closely-bordering territory of the ridiculous; but neither here nor in διαδρομα?ν ο?μαίμονες, which he quarrels with, is there anything offensive to the laws of good taste. It sounds, indeed, a little queer to translate literally, *Rapine near akin to running hither and thither*, but, as a matter of plain fact, it is true that, when in the confusion of the taking of a city, men run hither and thither, rapine is the result. In my version, *Plunder, daughter of Confusion* (p 272 above), expresses the idea intelligibly enough, I hope, to an English ear.

[\[Note 30 \(p. 276\).\]](#)

“Round its hollow belly was embossed  
A ring of knotted snakes.”

The old Argolic shield, round as the sun—

“Argolici clypei aut Phœbææ lampadis instar.”

See Dict. Antiq. *Clypeus*. The kind described in the text finds its modern counterpart in those hollow Burmese shields often found in our museums, only larger.

[\[Note 31 \(p. 276\)\]](#)

“ . . . by the god of war  
Indwelt.”

[Editor: illegible character]νθεος δ’ Αρει, literally, “ingodded by Mars,” or having the god of war dwelling in him. This phrase shows the meaning of that reproach cast by the Pharisees in the teeth of Christ—[Editor: illegible character]χει δαιμ?νιον—*he hath a devil*, or, as the Greeks would have said, *a god*—*i.e.* he is possessed by a moral power so far removed from the common, that we must attribute it to the indwelling might of a god or devil.

[\[Note 32 \(p. 276\).\]](#)

“ . . . a hostile pair  
Well matched by Hermes.”

The Greeks ascribed to Hermes every thing that they met with on the road, and every thing accidentally found, and whatever happens by chance—and so two adversaries well matched in battle were said to have been brought together by the happy contrivance of that god.”—Schol.; and see Note 59 to the Eumenides, p. 386.

[\[Note 33 \(p. 278\).\]](#)

“The sixth a sober man, a seer of might,  
Before the Homoloidian gate stands forth.”

*i e.* Amphiaraus—see above, Note 23, p. 420. Homer (Odys. XV. 244) speaks of him as beloved by Jove and Apollo. The Homoloidian gates were so called either from mount Homole in Thessaly (Pausan IX 8), or from Homolois, a daughter of Niobe and Amphion.—Unger. p. 324.

[\[Note 34 \(p. 278\).\]](#)

“With bitter taunts his evil-omened name,  
Making it spell his ugly sin that owns it.”

The name *Polynices* means literally *much strife*; and there can be no question that the prophet in this place is described as taunting the Son of Oedipus with the evil omen of his name after the fashion so familiar with the Greek writers. See *Prometheus*, Note 8, p. 388 The text, however, is in more places than one extremely corrupt; and, in present circumstances, I quite agree with Well. and Lin that we are not warranted in introducing the conjectural reading of ῥμμᾶ for ῥνομᾶ, though there can be no question that the reading ῥμμᾶ admits of a sufficiently appropriate sense.—See Dunbar, *Class. Museum*, No. XII. p 206.

[\[Note 35 \(p 278\).\]](#)

“The wise man is what fools but seem to be.”

“When this tragedy was first acted, Aristides, surnamed the Just, was present. At the declamation of these words—

ῥυ γῥ δοκεῖτν ῥριστος ῥλλ’ [Editor: illegible character]ῥναι θέλει,

the whole audience, by an instantaneous instinct, directed their eyes to him.”—Plutarch, *Apoth. Reg. et duc.* Sallust describes Cato in the same language—“*Esse quam videri bonus malebat.*”—Stan.

[\[Note 36 \(p 280\).\]](#)

“O god-detested! god-bemaddened race!”

In modern theological language we are not accustomed to impute mental infatuation, insanity, or desperate impulses of any kind to the Supreme Being; but in the olden time such language as that of the text was familiarly in the mouth of Jew and Gentile. “*The Lord hardened Pharaoh’s heart,*” is a sentence which we all remember, perhaps with a strange sensation of mysterious terror, from our juvenile lessons; and “*quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat,*” is a common maxim in our mouths, though we scarcely half believe it. In Homer and the tragedians instances of this kind occur

everywhere; and in the Persians of our author the gods are addressed in a style of the most unmitigated accusation. In such cases, modern translators are often inclined to soften down the apparent impiety of the expression into some polite modern generality; but I have scrupulously retained the original phraseology. I leave it to the intelligent reader to work out the philosophy of this matter for himself.

[\[Note 37 \(p 281\).\]](#)

“ . . . the god will have it so.”

This is one of the cases so frequent in the ancient poets (Note 76 to Choephoræ, p 372) where θεός is used in the singular without the article. In the present case the translators seem agreed in supplying the definite particle, as Phœbus, mentioned in the next line, may naturally be understood. In modern language, where a man is urged on to his destruction by a violent unreasoning passion, reference is generally made to an overruling decree or destiny, rather than directly to the author of all destiny. “But my ill-fate pushed me on with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and, though I had several times loud calls from my reason and my more composed judgment to go home, yet I had no power to do it. *I know not what to call this, nor will I urge that it is a secret overruling decree that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, even though it be before us, and that we rush upon as with our eyes open.* Certainly nothing but some such decreed unavoidable misery attending, and which it was impossible for me to escape, could have pushed me forward against the calm reasonings and persuasions of my most retired thoughts”—*Robinson Crusoe*. On this subject see my *Homeric Theology*. *Class. Mus.* No. XXVI. Propositions 5, 12, and 18 compared.

[\[Note 38 \(p. 281\).\]](#)

“Death is thy only gain, and death to-day  
Is better than to-morrow!”

λέγουσα [Editor: illegible character]έρδος πρότερον ὄστερου μέρου—*mentioning to me an advantage* (viz, in my dying now) *preferable to a death at a later period*, as his good genius might have whispered to Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo. In translating thus a confessedly difficult passage I have Welcker (Trilog. 363), Butler, Blom., and Schutz, and E. P. Oxon., on my side, also the simple comment of Scholiast II.—κερδοῦς, *i.e.* τῆς νῦν τεθναίνειν πρότερον, *i.e.* τιμώτερον. Lin. agreeing with Well. translates “urging the glory of the victory which precedes the death which follows after it.” Conz. is singular, and certainly not to be imitated in translating with Schol. I.—

“*Wer der erste tödlet gewinnt den Sieg*”

“He who inflicts the first lethal blow gains the victory.”

Pot. has not grappled with the passage. If Lin.’s interpretation be preferred, I should render—

“Beside me sits  
The Fury with dry tearless eye, and points to

One glimpse of glory heralding black death.”

or—

“The glorious gain that shall precede the death’

It will be observed that if πρότερον be taken in the sense of τιμιώτερον, with the Scholiast, and το νῦν τεθνᾶναι understood to κέρδος, Wellauer’s objection falls that μάλλον or μείζον must be understood to render the rendering in my text admissible.

[\[Note 39 \(p. 282\).\]](#)

“ . . . goddess most ungodlike.”

I have remarked, in a Note above, that the Greeks, so far from having any objection to the idea that the gods were the authors of evil, rather encouraged it; and accordingly, in their theology, they had no need for a devil or devils in any shape. This truth, however, must be received with the qualification, arising from the general preponderating character of the Greek deities, which was unquestionably benign, and coloured more from the sunshine than the cloud; in reference to which general character, it might well be said that certain deities, whose function was purely to induce misery, were ἴθι θεοῖς ὅμοιοι—*nothing like the gods*.

[\[Note 40 \(p. 282\).\]](#)

“O son of Scythia, must we ask thine aid?  
Chalybian stranger thine.”

We see here how loosely the ancients used certain geographical terms, and especially this word Scythia; for the Chalybes or Chaldaei, as they were afterwards called, were a people of Pontus. Their country produced, in the most ancient times, silver also; but, in the days of Strabo, iron only.—Strabo, Lib. XII. p. 549.

[\[Note 41 \(p. 284\).\]](#)

“ . . . for sorry tendance wrathful.”

I read ἄπικος τροφός with Heath., Blom, and Pal. For the common reading, ἄπικόνους τροφός, Well., with his usual conservative ingenuity, finds a sort of meaning; but the change which the new reading requires is very slight, and gives a much more obvious sense; besides that it enables us to understand the allusion to Æschylus in Schol. Oedip. Col. 1375.—See Introductory Remarks, Welcker’s *Trilogie*, p. 358, and Pal.’s Note.

[\[Note 42 \(p. 284\).\]](#)

“ . . . (for still in four and three  
The god delights).”

These words are a sort of comment on the epithet ἑβδομαγέτας given to Apollo in the



text, of which Pape, in his Dictionary, gives the following account: "Surname of Apollo, because sacrifice was offered to him on the seventh day of every month, or as Lobeck says (Aglaoph. p. 434), because seven boys and seven girls led the procession at his feasts.—Herod. VI. 57. The ancients were not agreed in the interpretation of this epithet." It is not *necessary*, however, I must admit with Schneider, to suppose any reference to this religious arithmetic here. Phoebus receives the seventh gate, because, as the prophet of the doom, it was his special business to see it fulfilled; and this he could do only there, where the devoted heads of Eteocles and Polynices stood.

[\[Note 43 \(p. 285\).\]](#)

"And I for plaints no less than pæans bring thee."

I see no sufficient case made out for giving these words from τῶντα down to ὁποῦμενοι to the Chorus. The Messenger, surely, may be allowed his moral reflections without stint in the first place, as the Chorus is to enlarge on the same theme in the chaunt which immediately follows. It strikes me also, that the tone of the passage is not sufficiently passionate for the Chorus.

[\[Note 44 \(p. 289\).\]](#)

"Ay, drenched in gore, in brothered gore."

In the old editions, and in Pot. and Glasg. these words are given to Ismene; but never was a scenic change made with greater propriety than that of Brunck, when he continued these speeches down to the end of Antistrophe IV. to the Chorus. Nothing could be more unnatural than that the afflicted sisters, under such a load of woe, should open their mouths with long speeches—long, assuredly, in comparison of what they afterwards say. They are properly silent, till the Chorus has finished the wail; and then they speak only in short exclamations—articulated sobs—nothing more. For the same reason, deserting Well., I have given the repeated burden ?? Μοῖρα, etc. to the Chorus. The principal mourners in this dirge should sing only in short and broken cries.

[\[Note 45 \(p 290\).\]](#)

"Moera, baneful gifts dispensing."

The word μῶρα originally means *lot, portion, part, that which is dealt or divided out to one*. In this sense it occurs frequently in Homer, and is there regarded as proceeding from the gods, and specially from Jove. But with an inconsistency natural enough in popular poetry, we sometimes find μῶρα in Homer, like Ἥρη, elevated to the rank of a separate divine personage. "Not I," says Agamemnon, in the Iliad (XIX 86), "was to blame for the quarrel with Achilles,

*But Jove and Moera and the Fury, walking through the darkness dread.'*

The three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, like the three Furies, were a post-Homeric birth. We thus see how, under the influence of the Polytheistic system, new

gods were continually created from what were originally mere functions of the divine mind, or results of the divine activity.

[\[Note 46 \(p. 292\).\]](#)

“Due burial in its friendly bosom.”

θάπτειν [Editor: illegible character]δοξε γη?ς ?λαις κατασκα?α??ς. The words here used seem to imply interment in the modern fashion, without burning, but they may also refer to the depositing of the urns in subterranean chambers. Ancient remains, as well as the testimony of classical authors, prove that both practices existed among the ancients, though cremation was latterly the more common. The reader will be instructed by the following extract on this subject from Dr. Smith’s admirable Dictionary of Antiquities, article *Funus* “The body was either buried or burnt. Lucian, *de luctu*, says that the Greeks burn, and the Persians bury, their dead; but modern writers are greatly divided in opinion as to which was the usual practice. Wachsmuth (*Hell. Alt.* II. 2, p. 79) says that, in historical times, the dead were always buried; but this statement is not strictly correct. Thus we find that Socrates (Plut. Phædon) speaks of his body being either burnt or buried; the body of Timoleon was burnt; and so was that of Philopæmon (Plutarch). The word θάπτειν is used in connection with either mode; it is applied to the collection of the ashes after burning; and accordingly we find the words κάειν and θάπτειν used together (Dionys. Archæolog. Rom V. 48). The proper expression for interment in the earth is κατορύττειν; whereas we find Socrates speaking of το σῶμα η καόμενον, ? κατορυττόμενον. In Homer, the bodies of the dead are burnt; but interment was also used in very ancient times. Cicero (*de leg.* II. 25) says that the dead were buried at Athens in the time of Cecrops; and we also read of the bones of Orestes being found in a coffin at Tegea (Herod. I. 68). The dead were commonly buried among the Spartans (Plut. Lycurg. 27) and the Sicyonians (Paus. II. 7); and the prevalence of this practice is proved by the great number of skeletons found in coffins in modern times, which have evidently not been exposed to the action of fire. Both burning and burying appear to have been always used, to a greater or less extent, at different periods; till the spread of Christianity at length put an end to the former practice.”

[\[Note 47 \(p. 293\).\]](#)

“Mighty Furies that triumphant  
Ride on ruin’s baleful wings.”

I have here, by a paraphrase, endeavoured to express the remarkably pregnant expression of the original κη?ρες Ερινύες—combining, as it does, in grammatical apposition, two terrible divine powers, that the ancient poets generally keep separate. The κη?ρες, or goddesses of destruction and violent death, occur frequently in Homer. Strictly speaking, they represent only one of the methods by which the retributive Furies may operate; but, in a loose way of talking, they are sometimes identified with them. Schoemann, in a note to the Eumenides, p. 62, has quoted to this effect, Hesiod v. 217, and Eurip. Elect. v. 1252:—

“The terrible Kerés, blushless persecutors,

Will chase thee wandering frenzied o'er the earth.”

[\*]The play of Phrynichus, which celebrated the defeat of Xerxes, was called *Phœnissæ*, from the Phœnician virgins who composed the chorus How far Æschylus may have borrowed from this work is now impossible to know Nothing certainly can be gained by pressing curiously the word παραπεποιησθαι in the mouth of an old grammarian.

[\*]Chœrilus was a Samian, contemporary of Herodotus, but younger. His poem, entitled περσικά, included the expedition of Darius as well as that of Xerxes

[†]By the praiseworthy exertions of Mr. Bohn, the English reader is now supplied with translations of this, and other Classical writers, at a very cheap rate.

[\*]Vol V p 191. Thirlwall had defended the statement of Æschylus.

[†]Herodotus VII. 1-4.

[\*]Trilogie, p 470, Ariadne, p. 81

[†]These plays were Phineus, the Persians, Glaucus, and Prometheus The last was a satiric piece, having no connection with the Prometheus Bound, or the trilogy to which it belonged.

[\*]See Linwood—*voce βαυζω*.

[†]“The people of Susa are also called Cissians”—Strabo, p. 728.

[\*]See p 172, Note

[†]“They who dwell in the marshes are the most warlike of the Egyptians.”—Thucyd. I. 110 Abresch

[†]“Tmolus, a hill overhanging Sardes, from which the famous golden flooded Pactolus flows”—Strabo, p 625. “Called sacred from Bacchus worshipped there.”—Eurip. Bacch. 65 Pal

[\*]The Hellespont; so called from Helle, the daughter of Athamas, a character famous in the Argonautic legend

[†]

“As a dragon in a hollow fiercely waiteth for a man,  
Eating venomed herbs, and darkly nursing anger in his breast,  
Glaring with fierce looks of terror, as he winds him in his den.”  
Iliad

[†]“They who are called by the Greeks Syrians, are called Assyrians by the Barbarians”—Herodot. VII. 63.

[\*] The bridge of boats built by Xerxes. The original *ἡμίζευκτον ἀλιον πρῶνα ἡμῶτεραις κοινῶν ἡίας* seems intelligible no other way So Blom, Pal., and Buck., and Linw.—Compare Note 34 to the Eumenides.

[\*] See Note 63 to the Choephoræ.

[\*] Attica.

[\*] *θυμόμαντις*.—See Note 67 to Agamemnon.

[†] The mines of Laurium, near the Sunian promontory. On their importance to the Athenians during this great struggle with Persia, see Grote, V. p 71.

[\*] *ἐπι σκηπτουχίῳ ταχθεῖς*. So the *σκηπτουχοι βασιλεῖς* of Homer.

[\*] Part of the shore of Salamis, called *τροπία ἡκρα*.—Schol.

[†] *σκληραῖς μέτοικος γηῖς*: *inest amara ironia*.—Blom.

[\*] *ἀλάστωρ*.

[\*] *ἡπέλεγεν*.

[†] The captain of this ship was Ameinias, brother of Aeschylus.—See Grote, V. 178.

[‡] A bold expression, but used also by Euripides.—*νοκτῆς ἡμμα λυγῆιας*—(Iphig. Taur., 110) To Polytheists such terms were the most natural things in language.

[\*] “As soon as the Persian fleet was put to flight, Aristides arrived with some Grecian hoplites at the island of Psyttaleia, overpowered the enemy, and put them to death to a man”—Grote

[†] “Having caused the land force to be drawn up along the shore opposite to Salamis, Xerxes had erected for himself a lofty seat or throne upon one of the projecting declivities of Mount Aegaleos, near the Heracleion, immediately overhanging the sea.”—Grote

[\*] *θεῖς* indefinitely; a common way of talking in Homer.

[\*] *Facilis descensus Averni*, etc.—Virgil, *Æneid* VI.

[\*] [Editor: illegible character] *βρις*—See Note 61 to Agamemnon, and Note 41 Eumenides.

[\*] Salamis in Cyprus, from which the Grecian Salamis was a colony.

[\*] See p 172, and compare p 271

[†] See Note 63 to the Choephoræ.

[\*] See Ezra ix. 3.

[Note 1 (p. 301).]

“Forth they went with arrow and bow.”

The bow was as characteristic of Persian as the spear of Hellenic warfare; and, accordingly, they are contrasted below, p. 305 The Persian Darics bore the figure of an archer. Dict. Antiquo*vici*Daric. “The army of Xerxes, generally,” says Grote, “was armed with missile weapons, and light shields, or no shield at all; not properly equipped either for fighting in regular order, or for resisting the line of spears and shields which the Grecian heavy-armed infantry brought to bear upon them.”—Vol V. p. 43. This was seen with striking evidence when an engagement took place on confined ground as at Thermopylæ, Do. p. 117.

[Note 2 (p 302).]

“ . . . golden Sardes”

So Creon, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, in wrathful suspicion that Tiresias is in conspiracy to prophesy against him for filthy lucre, is made to exclaim (v. 1037)—

“Traffic as ye will  
In the amber-ore that opulent Sardes sends.  
And Indian gold”

So also, “golden Babylon,” below; which will recall to the Christian reader the famous words, “Thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and sav How hath the oppressor ceased, the golden city ceased!”—Isaiah xiv. 4. In the same way Xerxes is called “the god-like son of a golden race,” in the choral hymn which immediately follows the present introductory chaunt. Southey, the most learned of our poets, has not forgotten this orientalism when he says—

“Hark! at the golden palaces  
The Brahmin strikes the hour.”  
—Curse of Kehama V.

where see the note.

[Note 3 (p. 302)]

“The well-poised dart.”

The Mysians had on their heads a peculiar sort of helmet belonging to the country, small shields, and javelins burnt at the point.—Herodot. VII. 74.—Stan.

[Note 4 (p. 302)]

“The Asian tribes that wear the sword”

The μάχαιρα here is the *acinaces*, or short scimitar, of which the fashion may be seen in the *Dict. Antiq.* under that word.

[\[Note 5 \(p. 303\).\]](#)

“Shepherd of many sheep.”

A phraseology inherited from the times when “Mesha, king of Moab, was a *sheepmaster*, and rendered unto the king of Israel 100,000 lambs, and 100,000 rams, with the wool.”—2 Kings iii. 4. So Agamemnon, in Homer (*Od.* III. 156), is called ποιμήν λάων—the shepherd of the people. See above, p. 413, Note 48.

[\[Note 6 \(p. 304\).\]](#)

“But, when the gods deceive.”

The sudden change of tone here from unlimited confidence in the strength of their own armament, to a pious doubt arising from the consideration that the gods often disappoint “the best laid schemes of men and mice,” and that “the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong”; this is at once extremely characteristic of ancient Hellenic piety (see the Note on ἄβρις, p. 348), and serves here the dramatic purpose of making the over-weening pride of Xerxes, by contrast, appear more sinful. With regard to the style of religious conception here, and the general doctrine that the gods deceive mortal men, especially at moments of extraordinary prosperity and on the point of some sudden reversal, the student will read *Grote’s Greece*, Vol. V. p. 13.

[\[Note 7 \(p. 306\).\]](#)

“Let us fall down before her with humble prostration.”

This very humble way of expressing respect was quite oriental, and altogether abhorrent to the feelings of the erect Greek, boasting of his liberty. The reader of history may call to mind how this was one of the points of oriental court state, the mooting of which in his later years caused a breach between Alexander the Great and his captains. For references, see Stan.

[\[Note 8 \(p. 307\).\]](#)

“And dipped my hands in the fair-flowing fount.”

This purification, as Stan. has noted, was customary among the ancients, after an ill-omened dream. He quotes Aristophanes, *Ran.* 1338.

“But come, attendants, light a lamp  
And take a pail, and from the stream  
Water bring, and warm it well,  
To wash away the god-sent dream”—

and other passages.

[\[Note 9 \(p 307\)\]](#)

“I saw an eagle flying to the altar.”

The sight in reality, or in vision, of one bird plucking another under various modifications, was familiar to the ancient divination, as the natural expression of conquest and subjugation. So in the *Odyssey* shortly before the opening of the catastrophe—

“Thus as he spake, on his right hand a bird of omen flew,  
A hawk, Apollo’s messenger swift, and held within its claws  
A pigeon, which it rudely plucked, and scattered on the ground  
Its feathery plumes, between the skies and where Telemachus stood”  
—XV 525

In such matters, the ancients did not strain after originality, as a modern would do, but held closely by the most natural, obvious, and most significant types.

[\[Note 10 \(p 308\).\]](#)

“Where, O friends, is famous Athens on the broad face of the earth?”

Here commences a series of questions with regard to Attic geography, topography, and statistics, which to the most inexperienced reader will appear to come in here not in the most natural way. That the mother of Xerxes should have actually been so ignorant of the state of Athens, as she is here dramatically represented, seems scarcely supposable. But that she and the mighty persons of the East generally were grossly ignorant of, and greatly underrated the resources of the small state that was rising in the West, is plain, both from the general habit of the oriental mind, and from what Herodotus (V. 105, quoted by Pal) narrates of Darius, that, when he heard of the burning of Sardes by the Athenians and the Ionians, he asked “*who the Athenians were.*” On this foundation, a dramatic poet, willing “to pay a pleasant compliment to Athenian vanity” (Buck.), might well erect such a series of interrogatories as we have in the text, though it may be doubted whether he has done it with that tact which a more perfect master of the dramatic art—Shakespeare, for instance—would have displayed. There are not a few other passages in the Greek drama where this formal style of questioning *ab ovo* assumes somewhat of a ludicrous aspect.

[\[Note 11 \(p. 309\).\]](#)

“Slaves are they to no man living, subject to no earthly name.”

As in the quickness of their spirits, the sharpness of their wits, and their love of glory, so particularly in the forward boast of freedom, the ancient Hellenes were very like the modern French. ’Twere a curious parallel to carry out; and that other one also, which would prove even more fertile in curious results, between the ancient Romans and the modern English.

[\[Note 12 \(p. 310\).\]](#)

“The sundered planks, and the drifted dead.”

I do not think there can be any doubt as to the meaning of the original here, *πλαγκτοῦς ἐν διπλάκεσσιν*—*among the wandering planks*—*δίπλαξ* can mean nothing but a double or very strong *plank, plate*, or (if applied to a dress, as in Homer) *fold*. There is no need of supposing any “clinging to the planks,” as Lin., following Butler, does. Nevertheless, I have given, likewise, in my translation, the full force of Blom.’s idea that *δίπλαξ* means the *ebb and flow of the sea*. This, indeed, lies already in *ἔρεσθαι*. Conz. agrees with my version. “*Wie treiben sturmend umher sie die Planken!*”

[\[Note 13 \(p. 311\).\]](#)

“ . . . There Amestris.”

Pal. asserts confidently that the three following verses are corrupt. One of them sins against Porson’s canon of the Cretic ending, and (what is of much more consequence) connects the name of Ariomardus with Sardes, which we found above (p. 302), connected with Thebes. For the sake of consistency, I have taken Porson’s hint, and introduced Metragathus here, from v. 43.

[\[Note 14 \(p. 312\).\]](#)

“ . . . Pallas saves her city.”

The apportionment of the last clause of this, and the whole of the following lines, I give according to Well. and Pal., which Buck. also approves in his note. The translation, in such a case, is its own best vindication.

[\[Note 15 \(p. 312\).\]](#)

“There came a Greek.”

The sending of this person was a device of Themistocles, to hasten on a battle, and keep the Greeks from quarrelling amongst themselves. The person sent was Sicinnus his slave, “seemingly an Asiatic Greek, who understood Persian, and had perhaps been sold during the late Ionic revolt, but whose superior qualities are marked by the fact, that he had the care and teaching of the children of his master.”—Grote.

[\[Note 16 \(p. 312\).\]](#)

“And darkness filled the temple of the sky.”

The word *τέμενος*, says Passow, in the post-Homeric writers of the classical age was used almost exclusively in reference to sacred, or, as we should say, consecrated property. I do not think, therefore, that Lin. does full justice to this word when he translates it merely “the *region of the air*”, as little can I be content with Conz.’s “*Hallen*.” Droysen preserves the religious association to well-instructed readers, by



using the word *Hain*, but surely *tempte* is better in the present connection and to a modern ear. Lucretius (Lib. I. near the end) has "*Coeli tonitralia templa.*"

[\[Note 17 \(p. 314\).\]](#)

"... dance-loving Pan."

Pan, "the simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god" (Wordsworth, Exc IV.), was in the mind of the Athenians intimately associated with the glory of the Persian wars, and regarded as one of their chief patrons at Marathon (Herod. VI. 105). This god was the natural patron of all wild and solitary places, such as are seldom disturbed by any human foot save that of the Arcadian shepherds, whose imagination first produced this half-solemn half-freakish creation; and in this view no place could be more appropriate to him than "the barren and rocky Psyttaleia" (Strabo, 395). That he was actually worshipped there, we have, besides the present passage of our poet, the express testimony of Pausanias (I. 36)—"What are called Panic terrors were ascribed to Pan; for loud noises whose cause could not be easily traced were not unfrequently heard in mountainous regions; and the gloom and loneliness of forests and mountains fill the mind with a secret horror, and dispose it to superstitious apprehensions."—Keightlev.

[\[Note 18 \(p. 315\).\]](#)

"... slowly with much hard toil."

The verse in the original—

Θρῆκην περάσαντες μόγις πολλῶ πονῶ

—is remarkable for being divided into two equal halves, in violation of the common cæsuras, the laws of which Porson has pointed out so curiously. Whether there was a special cause for this in the present case—the wish, namely, on the part of the poet to make a harsh line suit a harsh subject, I shall not assert, as the line does not fall particularly harsh on my ear; I have at least done something, by the help of rough consonants and monosyllables, to make my English line come up to the great metrician's idea of the Greek.

[\[Note 19 \(p. 317\).\]](#)

"By the mute sea-monsters riven."

It needs hardly be mentioned here that the restless state of the dead body in death by drowning, implied, according to the sensuous metaphysics of the vulgar Greeks, an equally restless condition of the soul in Hades. Hence the point of Achilles' wrath against Lycaon, in Iliad XXI. 122—

"Go, and with the fishes lay thee, they shall lick thy bloody wound  
With a greedy unconcern, thy mother shall not weep for thee  
There, nor dew thy bier with sorrow, but Scamander's whirling flood  
To the bosom deep shall bear thee of the broad and briny sea."

And, in the same book, of another victim of the same inexorable wrath it is said—

“To the eels and to the fishes, occupation meet he gave,  
As they gnawed his flesh, and nicely picked the fat from off his bones”  
—v 203.

[\[Note 20 \(p 318\).\]](#)

“Of the pale green olive, ever leafy-fair.”

I think it right so to translate, because such is actually the colour of the olive, but I must state, at the same time, that the word in the original is ξανθη?ς, which has been imitated by Virgil, *Æn.* V. 309. How the same word should mean both *yellow* and *green*, I cannot understand. No doubt the light green of many trees, when the leafage first comes out in spring, has a yellowish appearance; but the ever-green olive is always γλαυκός, as Sophocles has it (*O. C.* 701). What we call *olive-coloured* is a mixture of green and yellow; does this come from the colour of the fruit or the oil?

[\[Note 21 \(p 318\).\]](#)

“The god Darius.”

The word δαίμονα here used is that by which both Homer and *Æschylus* designate the highest celestial beings, from which practice we see what an easy transition there was in the minds of the early Christians to the deification of the martyrs, and the canonization of the saints. Compare *Æn.* V. v. 47. There is nothing in Popery which is not seated in the deepest roots of human nature.

[\[Note 22 \(p. 319\).\]](#)

“O Aidóneus, thy charge release.”

*i.e.* Pluto. The reader must not be surprised to see *Æschylus* putting the names of Greek gods and Greek feelings and ideas generally into the mouths of Persian characters. His excuse lies partly in the fact, that these divine powers and human feelings, though in a Greek form, belonged to the universal heart of man, and partly in the extreme nationality of the old Hellenic culture, which was not apt to go abroad with curiously inquiring eyes into the regions of the barbarian. A national poet, moreover, addressing the masses, must beware of being too learned. Shakespeare, in his foreign dramas, though less erudite, is much more effective than Southey in his Epics.

[\[Note 23 \(p. 319\).\]](#)

“Come, dread lord!”

The word in the original here is βαλ?ν, a Phœnician word, the same as *Baal* and *Belus*, meaning *lord*—See Gesenius, *voce Baal*. This root appears significantly in some Carthaginian names, as Hannibal, Hasdrubal, etc.

[\[Note 24 \(p 319\).\]](#)

“The disc of thy regal tiara showing.”

This word belongs as characteristically to the ancient kings of the East, in respect of their head-gear, as the *triregno* or triple crown, in modern language, belongs to the Pope, and the iron crown to the sovereigns of Lombardy. Accordingly we find Virgil giving it to Priam—

“Sceptrumque sacerque tiaras.”  
—Æneid VII 247

See further, Dr. Smith’s Dict. Antiq. *in voce tiara*, and also ἄλαρον, which I translate *disc*. As for the *sandals*, the reader will observe that *saffron* is a colour, like *purple*, peculiarly regal and luxurious—στολίδα κροκόεσσαν ἴνεσσα τρυαῖς.—Eurip. Phæniss. 1491.—*Matth.*

[\[Note 25 \(p. 320\).\]](#)

“Why should’st thou die, and leave the land,  
Thou master of the mighty hand?  
Why should thy son with foolish venture  
Shake thy sure Empire to its centre?”

Here I may say with Buck., “I have given the best sense I can to the text, but nothing is here certain but the uncertainty of the reading” For a translator, δι’ ἰνοῖαν, proposed by Blom., is convenient enough.

[\[Note 26 \(p 320\).\]](#)

“Triremes no more?”

ναεῖς ἴναεῖς [Editor: illegible character]ναεῖς—A phraseology of which we have found many instances, and of which the Greeks are very fond. So in Homer, before the fight between Ulysses and Irus, one of the spectators foreseeing the discomfiture of the latter, says—

ἴταχα [Editor: illegible character]ρος αἰρος ἴπισπαστον κακὸν ἴξει  
ἴην ἴκ ρακέων ἴ γέρων ἴπιγουνίδα ἴαινει.  
“Irus soon shall be no Irus, crushed by such dire weight of woes,  
Self incurred, beneath his tatters what a thigh the old man shows!”

[\[Note 27 \(p. 322\).\]](#)

“But when man to run is eager, swift is the god to add a spur.”

This is sound morality and orthodox theology, even at the present hour. *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. Observe here how high Æschylus rises in moral tone above Herodotus, who, in the style that offends us so much in Homer, represents Xerxes, after yielding to the sensible advice of his father’s counsellor Artabanus, as urged on to his ruin by a god-sent vision thrice repeated (VII. 12-18). The whole

expedition, according to the historian, is as much a matter of divine planning as the death of Hector by Athena's cruel deceit in Iliad XXII. 299. Even Artabanus is carried along by the stream of evil counsel, confessing that δαίμωνι τις γίνεται ῥημ?, *there is an impulse from the gods* in the matter which a man may not resist.—See Grote.

[\[Note 28 \(p. 323\).\]](#)

“Converse with the sons of folly taught thy eager son to err.”

The original word for *eager* here is the same as that translated above *impetuous*—θούριος, and had a peculiar significancy to a Greek ear, as being that epithet by which Mars is constantly designated in the Iliad; and this god, as the readers of that poem well know, signifies only the wild, unreasoning hurricane power of battle, as distinguished from the calmly-calculated, surely-guided hostility of the wise Athena. With regard to the matter of fact asserted in this line, it is literally true that the son of Darius was not of himself originally much inclined to the Greek expedition (εἴπερ μὲν τὴν ἑλλάδα ῥοῦαμῶς πρόθυμος [Editor: illegible character]ν κατ' ῥχῆς στρατεύεσθαι.—Herod. VII. 5), but, like all weaklings in high places, was wrought upon by others; in this case, specially, by his cousin Mardonius, according to the account of Herodotus.—See Grote, Vol. V. p. 4.

[\[Note 29 \(p. 323\).\]](#)

“ . . . First the Mede was king  
Of the vast host of people.”

Two peculiarities in this enumeration of the early Persian kings will strike the reader. *First*, Two of the Median kings—Astyages and Cyaxares, according to the common account, are named before Cyrus the Great, who, as being the first native Persian sovereign, is commonly regarded as the founder of the later Persian empire. *Second*, Between Mardus (commonly called Smerdis), and Darius, the father of Xerxes, two intermediate names—contrary to common account—are introduced. I do not believe our historical materials are such as entitle us curiously to scrutinize these matters.

[\[Note 30 \(p. 328\).\]](#)

“A Maryandine wailer.”

The *Maryandini* were a Bithynian people, near the Greek city of Heraclea, Xenoph. Anab. vi. 2; Strabo xii. p. 542. The peasants in that quarter were famous for singing a rustic wail, which is alluded to in the text. See Pollux, Lib. iv. περ? [Editor: illegible character]σμάτων ῥθνικῶν. The *Mysians* mentioned, p. 331, below, were their next door neighbours; and the Phrygians generally, who in a large sense include the Mysians and Bithynians, were famous for their violent and passionate music, displayed principally in the worship of Cybele. So the Phrygian in Euripides (Orest. 1384) is introduced wailing ῥρμάτειον μέλος βαρβαρῶ βο?. The critics who have considered this last scene of the cantata ridiculous, have not attended either to human

nature or to the customs of the Persians, as Stan. quotes them from Herod. ix. 24, and Curtius iii. 12.

[\[Note 31 \(p. 328\)\]](#)

*Leader of the Chorus.* I have here adopted Lin.'s view, that the Leader of the Chorus here addresses the whole body; and, for the sake of symmetry, have repeated the couplet in the Antistrophe. No violence is thus done to the meaning of ἠκεύθου. Another way is, with Pal., to put the line into the mouth of Xerxes—"Cry out and ask me!"

[\[Note 32 \(p. 331\).\]](#)

"Oaring with the oars of woe!"

I have carefully retained the original phraseology here, as being characteristic of the Greek tragedians, perhaps of the maritime propensities of the Athenians. See in Seven against Thebes, p. 286 above, and Chæophoræ, p. 112, Strophe VII. Euripides, in Iphig. Aul. 131, applies the same verb to the lower extremities, making Agamemnon say to his old servant ἐρέσσον σὲν πόδα—as if one of our jolly tars should say in his pleasant slang, "*Come along, my boy, put the oars to your old hull, and move off!*"

[\[Note 33 \(p. 332\).\]](#)

"Sons of Susa, with delicate feet."

I should be most happy for the sake of Æschylus, and my translation, to think there was nothing in the ἠβροβάται of this passage but the natural expression of grief so simply given in the scriptural narrative, 1 Kings xxi. 27; and in that stanza of one of Mr. Tennyson's most beautiful poems—

“Full knee-deep lies the wintry snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;  
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,  
And *tread softly*, and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.”

But there is more in ἠβρός than mere *gentleness*, and to the Greek ear it would no doubt speak of the general luxuriance and effeminacy of the Persian manners. To put such an allusion into the mouth of Xerxes on the present occasion is no doubt in the worst possible taste; but the Greeks were too intensely national in their feelings to take a curious account of such matters.