

cast off¹: and cast from communion shalt thou be, as a load on the people's hate.

Cl. Yes, now thou would'st award to me exile from my country, the hate of the people and their loud curses to bear. Thou dost not join in laying that reproach against him who lies here, against him who, caring no more than for the death of a beast, though his fleecy herds had sheep enough, sacrificed his own child, the darling born of my pains, to charm the winds of Thrace. Is it not he whom thou should'st banish from Argive soil for his foul crime? No, it is in judgment of me that thou art an auditor severe! But I warn thee, threatening thus, to think that I am prepared, ready that he who conquers me in fair fight should rule me; but if fate intends the contrary, thou wilt be taught, too late, the lesson of prudence.

Eld. Thou art proud of thought, and presumptuous is thy note, for indeed the murderous stroke is maddening thee. The blood-fleck in thine eyes is right natural. For all this, thou shalt find thyself friendless and pay retaliatory stroke for stroke.

Cl. This also for thy hearing I solemnly swear. By the accomplished Justice for my child, by Doom and Revenge, to whom I offered this dead man up, my hope doth not set foot in the house of fear, so long as fire be kindled for the lighting of my hearths by Aegisthus, still devoted as ever to me.

For there, as our broad shield of confidence, lies, outraging his wife, my husband—the darling of each Chryseis in the Trojan camp!—and with him his captive, his augress, his oracle-monger mistress, who shared with him faithfully even the ship's bench and the canvas! But they did it not unpunished! For he lies as ye see, and she, having sung swan-like her last sad song of death, lies by him loveably, adding to the sweet of my triumph a spice of sex.

Eld. Ah, could some death come quick, which without agony, without pillowed watch, might bring to us endless sleep, now that our kindest protector is laid low, who having much endured for a woman's sin², hath by a woman lost his life!

Oh...Helen, who didst alone destroy that multitude, that great multitude of lives at Troy, now, for thy final crown, thou hast destroyed one, the stain of whose murder shall not be washed away! Surely there hath been in this house a hard-fought rivalry of fatal wives.

¹ The conjecture of Wieseler, ἀπέδικε σ', ἀπέταμεν σ', should perhaps have been mentioned in the note, as a simple restoration of the syllabic correspondence.

But I think it injurious and (for reasons explained in Appendix II.) unnecessary.

² To be accurate, the word should be ambiguous between *woman* and *wife*.