

## THE SUPPLIANT MAIDS

OF

### ÆSCHYLUS.

*Chorus of Danaids.*

ZEUS, the suppliant's God, look kindly on our company, which took ship from the dunes of finest sand that edge the mouths of Nile. Though we have quit the land of Zeus, whose pastures blend with Syria, yet is our exile no outlawry for deed of blood laid on us by public ban; but ourselves have wrought it, to escape the suit of men, abhorring unblest bridals with Aegyptus' sons.

Danaus our sire, chief in our counsels and leader of our cause, chose for his move herein, as the noblest thing to suffer, to flee amain across the ocean wave and make for Argos' shore. For thence hath grown our race, claiming its line from the caressing of the gnat-tormented cow and from the onbreathing of Zeus.

To what kindlier land than this then could we come, with none but these poor suppliants' weapons in our hands, boughs wreathed with wool?

O realm, O earth and water white : ye gods on high, and ye nether powers of heavy vengeance who fill the tombs; and Zeus, Deliverer over all, house-ward of godly men, welcome with this land's pity a band of suppliant womenkind; but the wanton swarm of males born of Aegyptus drive ye, swift ship and all, to the deep, ere they tread upon this silted strand. And there let them meet with thunder and lightning and rain-fraught winds on a wild sea, and perish through the wintry buffets of the storm, ere ever they lay their grasp on us, their cousins, and ascend unwilling beds whereto Right says them nay.