

*Chor.* Epaphus, so named with truth from the laying on of his hands.

[*King.* And who was born of Epaphus?]

*Chor.* Libya, who reaps the fruit of the largest share of earth.

*King.* What offshoot of hers hast thou yet further to name?

*Chor.* Belos, who had two sons and was this my father's father.

*King.* Tell me now this your sire's most sapient name.

*Chor.* Danaus: and he hath a brother with fifty sons.

*King.* Tire not to disclose to me the name of him also.

*Chor.* Aegyptus. And now that thou knowest my olden stock, I pray thee deal so as to champion a company which is Argive.

*King.* Verily meseemeth that of old ye have part in this land. Yet how did ye tear yourselves from the house of your fathers? What blow of fortune befel?

*Chor.* King of the Pelasgians, of shifting hue are human woes, and nowhere might'st thou find sorrow of the self-same plume. For who e'er thought to come in this sudden flight to Argos, our kith and kin of old, through loathing unblest wedlock there in Egypt?

*King.* Tell me what prayer ye make by these gods of festival, holding those white-wreathed fresh-plucked boughs.

*Chor.* That I may not be made a thrall to the house of Aegyptus.

*King.* And what thy reason? Hate? Or the unholiness of the thing?

*Chor.* Nay who would buy their lords among their kin?

*King.* By such a choice men's strength waxeth greater.

*Chor.* Aye; and when things fare ill, 'tis but a trifle to put away a wife.

*King.* What then can I? How can I be conscience-clear toward you?

*Chor.* By surrendering us not again at the demand of Aegyptus' sons.

*King.* A serious charge i' faith! to take upon us the peril of a war.

*Chor.* But Justice—she protects her champions.

*King.* True, if I had borne a part in the matter from the first.

*Chor.* Let the helm of thy state thus bewreathed awe thee!

*King.* I shudder to behold this sanctuary thus shaded o'er.

*Chor.* Aye: heavy indeed is the wrath of Zeus, the suppliant's friend.

Son of Palaechthon, hearken to me with kindly heart, lord of the Pelasgians. Look upon me, the suppliant outcast, running to and fro like a heifer hunted of wolves upon a precipice, where, trustful in his aid, she lows to tell the herdsman of her grief.