

ΑΙΣΧΥΛΟΥ
"ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΟΝ"
(Πρωτότυπο κείμενο)
6τ. 1072-1329

AESCHYLUS
"AGAMEMNON"
ver. 1072-1329
translated by Gilbert Murray

- ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ὀτοτοτοῖ πόποι δᾶ
Ἀπόλλων, Ἀπόλλων.
1072 CASSANDRA
Otototoi... Dreams, Dreams.
Apollo, O Apollo!
- ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ
Τί ταῦτ' ἀνωτόρυξας ἀμφὶ Λοξίου;
ὄν γάρ τοιοῦτος ὥστε θερνητοῦ τυχεῖν.
CORYPHEUS
Why sobst thou for Apollo? It is writ,
He loves not grief nor lendeth ear to it.
- ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ὀτοτοτοῖ πόποι δᾶ
Ἀπόλλων, Ἀπόλλων.
CASSANDRA
Otototoi... Dreams, Dreams.
Apollo, O Apollo!
- ΧΟΡΟΣ
Ἢ δ' αὖτε δυσφημοῦσα τὸν θεὸν καλεῖ
οὐδὲν προσήκοντ' ἐν γόοις παρασταεῖν.
CHORUS
still to that god she makes her sobbing cry
Who hath no place where men are sad, or die.
- ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ἀπόλλων, Ἀπόλλων
ἀγχιᾶτ' ἀπόλλων ἔμός·
ἀπώλεσας γάρ σὺ μόλις τό δεύτερον.
1081 CASSANDRA
Apollo, Apollo! Light of the Ways of Men!
Mine enemy.
Hast lighted me to darkness yet again?
- ΧΟΡΟΣ
Χεῖθειν ἔοικεν ἀμφὶ τῶν αὐτῆς κακῶν·
μένει τό θεῖον δουλία περ ἐν φρενί.
CHORUS
How? Will she prophesy about her own
sorrows? That power abides when all is gone!
- ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ἀπόλλων, Ἀπόλλων
ἀγχιᾶτ' ἀπόλλων ἔμός·
ἄ ποῖ ποῦ ἤγαγές με; πρὸς ποίαν οἰκίην;
1086 CASSANDRA
Apollo, Apollo! Light of all that is!
Mine enemy!
Where hast thou led me? Ha! What house
is this?
- ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ
Πρὸς τὴν Ἀτρειδῶν εἰ εἴ μὴ τόδ' ἐννοεῖς,
ἐγὼ λέγω σοι καὶ τὰδ' οὐκ ἐρεῖς ψύθη.
CORYPHEUS
The Atreidae's castle. If thou knowest not, I
am here to help thee, and help faithfully.
- ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ἄᾶ
μιθόθεν μὲν οὖν, πολλά συνίετορα
αὐτόφονα κακὰ κατατόμα,
ἀνδρὸσφαγεῖσιν καὶ πεδερσαντήριον.
1090 CASSANDRA
Nay, Nay. This is the house that God hateth.
There be many things that know its secret;
sore and evil things; murders and strangling death.
'Tis here they slaughter men... A splashing floor.
- ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἔοικεν εὖεις ἢ ξένη κυνὸς δίκην
εἶναι, ματσοῦ δ' ἔν ἀνευρέθει φόνον.
CHORUS
Keen-sensed the strange maid seemeth, like a hound
for blood. And what she seeks can sure be found.
- ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
< Ἄᾶ >
ματτωσίοι γάρ τοῖσδ' ὀπιπείθομαι·
κλαιόμενα τὰδε βεῖφθ' ἐφαγᾶς
ὄππας τε γάεκας πρὸς πατέρος βεβρωμένας.
1095 CASSANDRA
< Ah! > The witnesses... I follow where they lead.
The crying of little children, near the gate:
crying for wounds that bleed,
and the smell of the baked meats their father ate.
- ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ
Τὸ μὲν ἡλέος σου μαντικὸν πεπευμένον
ἦμεν· προφήτας δ' οὐκ εἶναι ματεύομεν.
CORYPHEUS
Word of thy mystic power had reached our ear
long since. Howbeit we need no prophets here.
- ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ὠ πόποι, τί ποτε μύδεσαι;
τί τόδε νέον ἄχος μέγα,
μέγ' ἐν δόμοισι τοῖσδ' ἐμύδεσαι κακόν
ἄφιστον φίλοισιν,
δυσίατον, ἀλγιά δ'
ἐκὰς ἀποσταεῖ.
1101 CASSANDRA
Ah, ah! What would they?
A new dreadful thing
A great great sin plots in the house this day;
Too strong for the faithful,
beyond medicining...
And help stands far away.
- ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ
Τούτων αἰδεῖς εἰμι τῶν μαντευμάτων·
ἐκῆνα δ' ἔργων πᾶσα γάρ πόλις βοᾷ
1105 CORYPHEUS
This warning I can read not, though I knew
that other tale. It rings the city through.

II.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Ἴω τάλαινα, τόδε γάρ τελεῖς·
τόν ὀμοδόμνιον πόσιν
λουτροῖσι φαιδρέναθα—πῶς φράσω τέλος;
τάχος γάρ τόδ' ἔβγαι·
προεῖτα δ' ἐχέει ἐκ
χειρὸς ὀρεζομένα.

1110

CASSANDRA

O Woman, thou! The lord who lay with thee!
Wilt lave with water, and then...
How speak the end?
It comes so quick.

A hand... another hand...
that reach, reach & gropingly...

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ

ὄπῃ ζυγῆκα γόν γάρ ἐξ αἰνιγματῶν
ἔπαρθέμοισι θεοφάτοις ἀμηχανῶ.

CORYPHEUS

I see not yet. These riddles, pierced with blind
gleams of foreboding, but bemuse my mind.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Ἐη, παπαῖ παπαῖ, τί τόδε φαίνεται;
ἢ δικτύον τί γ' Ἄιδου;
ἀλλ' ἄρκυς ἢ ζύνευρος, ἢ ζυναίτια
φόνου· βράβις δ' ἀκόρετος γένει
κατολολυζάσῃ
θύματος λευγίμου.

1115

CASSANDRA

Ah, ah! What is it? There; it is coming clear.
A net... some net of Hell.

Nay, she that lies with him... is she the snare?
And half of his blood upon it. It holds well...

O Crowd of ravening voices, be glad, yea, shout
and cry for the stoning, cry for the casting out!

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ

Ποίαν ἔρινόν τήνδε δώμαθιν κέλη
ἐπροσθιάειν; οὐ μὲ φαιδύει λόγος.

1120

CORYPHEUS

What Fury voices call'st thou to be hot
against this castle? Such words like me not.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἐπι δὲ καρδίαν ἔδραμε κροκοβαφῆς
σταγὴν, ἅτε παῖ δοεῖ πτωγίμοις
ζυτανύτει βίον δύντος ἀγλαῖς,
ταχέια δ' ἄτα πέλει.

CHORUS

And deep within my breast I felt that sick
and saffron drop, which creepeth to the heart
to die as the last rays of life depart.
Misfortune comes so quick.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Ἄα, ἴδού ἴδού, ἀπεχε τῆς βοός·
τόν ταῦρον ἐν πέπλοισιν
μελαζιμεων λαβοῦθα μηχανήματι
τύπτει· πίτνει δ' ἐν ἐνύδρῳ τεύχει·
δοροφόνου λείβητος
τύχαν σοι λέγω.

1126

CASSANDRA

Ah, look! Look! Keep his mate from the Wild Bull!

A tangle of raiment, see;
A black horn, and a blow, and he falleth, full
in the marble amid the water.

I counsel ye.

I speak plain... Blood in the bath and treachery!

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ

Ὁὐ κομπάσαιμ' ἂν θεοφάτων γυνῶν ἄρκυς
εἶναι, κακῶ δὲ τῷ προσεκλήσῃ τῷδε.

1131

CORYPHEUS

No great interpreter of oracles
Am I; but this, I think, some mischief spells.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἀπό δὲ θεοφάτων τίς ἀγαθὰ φάει
βροτοῖς ἐλλεγεται; κακῶν γάρ διαί
πολυπεεῖς τέχναι θεόπιπτόν
φόβον φέρονσιν μαθεῖν.

1135

CHORUS

What springs of good hath seercraft ever made
up from the dark to flow?

'Tis but a weaving of words, a craft of woe,
to make mankind afraid.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Ἴω, Ἴω τάλαινας
κακόποιοι τόχαι· τό γάρ ἐμόν θεῶ
πάθος ἐπεχέασα.
Ποῖ δὴ με δεῦρο τήν τάλαιναν ἤγαγες;
οὐδὲν ποτ' εἰ μὴ ζυνθανοσμένην; τί γάρ;

CASSANDRA

Poor woman! Poor dead woman!.. Yea, it is I,
poured out like water among them. Weep for
me...

Ah! What is this place? Why must I come with thee...
To die, only to die?

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Φεινομανῆς τίς εἴ θεοφύετος, ἀμφί
δ' αὐτῆς θεοῖς
νόμον ἄνομον, οἷά τίς ζουθᾶ
ἀκόρετος βοᾶς, φεῦ, τάλαινας φρεσὶν
Ἰτυν Ἰτυν θετόντο ἀμφιβαλῆ κακοῖς
ἀπδῶν βίον.

1145

CHORUS

Thou art borne on the breath of God, thou spirit wild,
for thine own weird to wail

like to that winged voice, that heart so sore
which, crying alway, hungereth to cry more,

"Itylus, Itylus", till it sing her child
back to the nightingale.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Ἴω Ἴω λιγείας
μόρεσι ἀπδόνος· παρῆβαλον γάρ σι
πτεροφύετον δέμας θεοῖ
γλυκὴν τ' ἄγειν ἀλῶνα κλαυμάτῳ ἄτερο
ἔμοσι δὲ μίμνει σχισμὸς ἀμφήκει δοεῖ.

CASSANDRA

Oh, happy singing bird, so sweet so clear!
Soft wings for her God made,

And an easy passing,
without pain or tear...

For me 'twill be torn flesh and rending blade.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Πόθεν ὑπεσούτους θεοφύετος τ' ἔχουσ

1150

CHORUS

Whence is it sprung, whence wafted of God's breath,

III.

ματαιούς δ' ἄσας,
τὰ δ' ἐπιφοβὰ δυνάτω μλαγγᾶ
μελοτυπείσ ὁμοῦ τ' ὀρθίοις ἐν νόμοις;
πόθεν ὄρους ἔχουσ θεοπέρας ὁδοῦ
κακοεσόμενας;

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Ἰὼ γάμοι, γάμοι Πάριδος
ὀλέθριοι γ' ἴλων.
Ἰὼ Σκαμάνδρου πατρὸς ποτόν.
τότε μὲν ἀμφὶ σᾶς αἰόνας τάλαιν'
ἠνυστόμαν τροφαίς.
νῦν δ' ἀμφὶ Κηκρυόεν τε μάχεσσι δ' ἴουσι 1160
ὄχθους ἔοικα θεοπιωδῆσιν τὰχα.

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ

Τί τόδε τροτόν ἄγαν ἔπος ἔφημίω;
νεογρός ἂν αἰῶν μάθοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέπλημαι δ' ἄπει δῆγματι φοινίω,
δυσχαρῆ τύχα
μινυτά κακὰ θεοσόμενας,
θεσμός ἐμοὶ κλύειν.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Ἰὼ πόνοι, πόνοι πόλεος
ὀλομένης τὸ πᾶν.
Ἰὼ προπυργῶν θυσαί πατρὸς
πολυκανεὶς βοτῶν ποιονόμων. ἄκος δ'
οὐδὲν ἐπῆκεθεν 1170
τό μὴ πόλιν μὲν ἔσπεε σὺν ἔχει παθεῖν.
εἴη δέ θεομόνοισ τὰχ' ἐν πέδω βαλῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἐπόμενα προσέροισι τὰδ' ἔφημίω,
καὶ τίς σε κακοφρονῶν τίθεισι
δαίμων ὑπερβαρῆς ἐμπύκτων
μελίθει πάθῃ
χρεσά θανατιφόρα
ζέεμα δ' ἀμυχανῶ.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Καὶ μὴν ὁ χροσμός οὐκέτ' ἐκ καλυμμάτων
ἔσται δεδορκῶς νεογάμον νύμφης δίκην.
λαμπρός δ' ἔοικεν ἠλίος πρὸς ἀνατολᾶς 1180
πνέων θεάξειν, ὥστε κύματος δίκην
κλύθειν πρὸς αὐγὰς τοῦδε πῆματος ποχῆ
μείλων φετιώσω δ' οὐκέτ' ἐξ ἀνιγμάτων.
καὶ μαρτυρεῖτε θυδροόμωσ ἴχθυσ κακῶν
εἰνηλατοῦσιν τῶν πάλαι πεπεσμένων. 1185
τὴν γὰρ θεῖην τὴνδ' οὐποτ' ὀκλείπει χορός
ξυμφόρητος, οὐκ εὐσῆνος. οὐ γὰρ εὐ λέγει.
καὶ μὴν πεπυκῶσ γ', ὡς θρασυνεσθαι πλέον,
φροσσιον αἶμα κῶμος ἐν ὁμοίσι μένει,
δύσπερτος ἔξω, θυγγόνων Ἑρινύων. 1190

ὑμνοῦσι δ' ὕμνον δώμασιν προσήμεναι
πεπύταρον αἶτην, ἐν μέλει δ' ἀπῆπυσαν
εὐνάσ ἀδελφοῦ τῷ πατοῦντι δυσμενεῖς.

Ἡμαρτον, ἢ κρυῖν τι τοσότῃσ τίς ἦσ;
ἢ φευδόμαντίς εἶμι θυροκόπος φλέδων; 1195
ἢ κμαρτυρεῖσθον προῦμόσας τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι
λόγῳ παλαιᾶσ τῶνδ' ἁμαρτίας ὁμῶν.

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ

Καὶ πῶσ ἂν ὄκεον πῆγμα γενναίωσ παρῆν

this anguish reasonless?

This throbbing of terror shaped to melody,
moaning of evil blent with music high?
Who hath marked out for thee that mystic path
1155 through thy woe's wilderness?

CASSANDRA

Alas for the Kiss, the Kiss of Paris,
his people's bane!
Alas for Scamander Water, the water my fathers drank!
Long, long ago, I played about thy bank,
and was cherished and grew strong;
1160 Now by a River of Wailing, by shores of Pain,
soon shall I make my song.

CORYPHAEUS

How sayst thou? All too clear, this ill word thou
[hast laid upon thy mouth!
A babe could read thee plain.

CHORUS

It stabs within me like a serpent's tooth,
1165 the bitter thrilling
music of her pain;
I marvel as I hear.

CASSANDRA

Alas for the toil, the toil of a City,
worn unto death!
Alas for my father's worship before the citadel,
the flocks that bled and the tumult of their breath!
1170 But no help from them came
to save Troy Towers from falling as they fell!...
And I on the earth shall writhe, my heart aflame.

CHORUS

Dark upon dark, new ominous words of ill!
Sure there hath swept on thee some evil thing,
1175 crushing, which makes thee bleed
and in the torment of thy vision sing
these plaining death-fraught oracles. Yet still,
still their end I cannot cad!

CASSANDRA

Fore God, mine oracle shall no more hide
with veils his visage, like a new-wed bride!
1180 A shining wind out of this dark shall blow,
piercing the dawn, growing as great waves grow,
to burst in the heart of sunrise... stronger far
than this poor pain of mine. I will not mar with
mists my wisdom. Be near me as I go, tracking
the evil things of long ago, and bear me witness.
For this roof, there clings music about it, like a
choir which sings one-voiced, but not well-sounding
[for not good the words are.

1185 Drunken, drunken, and with blood, to make them
dare the more, a revelling rout is in the rooms,
which no man shall cast out, of sister Furies.
And they weave to song, haunting the house, its
first blind deed of wrong, spurning in turn that
king's bed desecrate, defiled, which paid a
[brother's sin with hate...

Hath it missed or struck mine arrow? Am I a poor
1195 dreamer, that begs and babbles at the door?
Give first thine oath in witness, that I know
of this great dome the sins wrought long ago.

CORYPHAEUS

And how should oath of mine, though bravely sworn,

IV.

παιώνιον γένοιτο; θαυμάζω δέ σε
πόντος πέραν τραφεΐσαν ἀλλόθρονον τόπαν
Κυεῖν λόγισσαν, ὡς περ εἰ παρθεγάταις 1201
ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Μάντις μ' Ἀπόλλων τῷδ' ἐπέστησεν τάλει.

Appease thee? Yet I marvel that one born
far over seas, of alien speech, should fall
so apt, as though she had lived here and seen all.
CASSANDRA
The Seer Apollo made me too to see.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ἰού ἰού, ὦ ὦ κακά
ὑπ' αὐτὸν μὲ δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος 1215
στεροβή ταρασσῶν φρεσὶμοῖς <ίου ἰού>
ὄρατε τοῦδε τοὺς δόμοις ἐφημένους
γέους, ὄνειρων προσφύεις μορφώμασιν;
παῖδες θανόντες ὡς περ εἰς φίλων,
χῆρας κειῶν πλήθοντες, οἰκείας βοῆας, 1220
ὄν ἐντέροις τε σπλάχν', ἐπὶ κτεῖνον γέμος,
πέπυσσ' ἔχοντες, ὧν πατὴρ ἐρέυδατο.

CASSANDRA
Oh, oh! Aghony, aghony!
Again the awful pains of prophecy
are on me, maddening as they fall.. Oh, oh!
Ye see them there... beating against the wall?
So young... like shapes that gather in a dream...
slain by a hand they loved. Children they seem,
murdered, and in their hands they bear baked meat;
I think it is themselves. Yea, flesh; I see it; And
inward parts... Oh, what a horrible load to carry!

Ἐκ τῶνδε ποινὰς φημι βουλεύειν τινα
λέοντ' ἀναγκιν ἐν λέχῃ στωφώμενον
οἰκουρὸν, οἴμοι, τῷ μολύνει δειπότη 1225
ἔμψ' ἔφειν γὰρ χεὶρ τὸ δούλιον ἰγμόν.

[And their father drank their blood,
From these, I warn ye, vengeance broodeth still,
a lion's rage, which does not forth to kill
but lurketh in his lair, watching the high hall of my
war-gone master... Master? Aye; Mine, mine! the
[yoke is nailed about my neck...]

νεῶν τ' ἀπασχος ἰλίου τ' ἀναβράτης
οὐκ οἶδεν οἷα γλῶσσα μιμητῆς κυνός
λέξασα κάκτεινα φαίδρονους, δίκην
ἄτης λαθραίου, τεύξεται κακῆ τύχη. 1230
Τοιαῖδε τόλμα· θῆλυς ἄρθενός φορεῖς
ἔστιν - τί νιν καλοῦσα δυσφίλης δάκος
τύχοιμ' ἄν - ἀμφίβραιναι, ἢ ἔκωλλαν τινα
οἰκοῦσαν ἐν πύλαισι, ναυτίλων βλάβην -
θύσσασα Ἄιδου μητέρα ἄσπονδον τ' Ἄετι 235
φίλοις πνέουσιν; Ὅσο δ' ἐπὶ πολὺ λύξατο
ἢ παντότολμος, ὡς περ ἐν μάχῃς τροπῆ·
δοκεῖ δὲ χαίρειν νοστήμῳ σωτηρία.

Oh, lord of ships and trampler on the wreck
of Ilium, knows he not this she-wolf's tongue,
which licks and fawns, and laughs with ear up-sprung,
to bite in the end like secret death?

Καὶ τῶνδ' ὁμοῖον εἴ τι μὴ πείθω· τί γὰρ;
τὸ μέλλον ἦξει· καὶ σὺ μ' ἐν τάχει παρών 1240
ἄβαν ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτίρας ἔρεῖς.

And can the woman? Slay a strong and armed man?..
What fanged reptile like to her doth creep?
Some serpent amphisbene, some Skylla, deep
housed in the rock, where sailors shriek and die,
mother of Hell blood-raging, which doth cry
on her own flesh war, war without alloy...
God! And she shouted in his face her joy,
like men in battle when the foe doth break.
And feigns thanksgiving for his safety's sake!
What if no man believe me? 'Tis all one.
The thing which must be shall be; aye, and soon
thou too shalt sorrow for these things, and here
standing confess me all too true a seer.

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ
Τὴν μὲν θυέστων δαῖτα παιδείων κειῶν
ζυγῆκα καὶ πέφεικα, καὶ φόβος μ' ἔχει
κλύοντ' ἀληθῶς, οὐδὲν ἐξηνασμένα·
τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἀκούσας ἐκ δρόμου πρῶν τρέχω. 1245

CORYPHEUS
The Thyestean feast of children slain
I understood, and tremble. Aye, my brain
reels at these visions, beyond guesswork true.
But after, though I heard, I had lost the clue.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ἀγαμέμνονός γέ φημι ἐπὶ φεσθαι μόρον.

CASSANDRA
Man, thou shalt look on Agamemnon dead.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
Εὐφημον, ὦ τάλαινα, κοίμισθον στόμα.

CHORUS
Peace, Mouth of Evil! Be those words unsaid!

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ἄλλ' οὐτι παιῶν τῷδ' ἐπιβρατεῖ λόγῳ.

CASSANDRA
No god of peace hath watch upon that hour.

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ
Ὅκ, εἴπερ ἔσται γ'· ἀλλὰ μὴ γένοιτό πως.

CORYPHEUS
If it must come. Forefend it, Heavenly Power!

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ἔν μὲν κατεύχη, τοῖς δ' ἀποκτείνειν μέλει. 1250

CASSANDRA
They do not think of prayer; they think of death.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
Τίνος πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦτ' ἄχος προεύνεται;

CHORUS
They? Say, what man this foul deed compasseth?

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Ἦ ἡ πᾶσα λίαν παρεκόπησ χειρομῶν ἐμῶν.

CASSANDRA
Alas, thou art indeed fallen far astray!

ΧΟΡΟΣ
Τοῦ γὰρ τελοῦντος οὐ ζυγῆκα μηχανήν.

CHORUS
How could such deed be done? I see no way.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ
Καὶ μὴν ἄβαν γ' ἑλλην' ἐπιβραμαι φάτιν.

CASSANDRA
Yet know I not the Greek tongue all too well?

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ

Καὶ γὰρ τὰ πηθόκεαντα δύσμαθ' ὄμωσ.

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Παπαῖ· οἶον τὸ πῦρ· ἐπέεχεται δ' ἔμοι·

ὅσοι Λύκει' Ἀπόλλων, σὶ ἐγὼ ἐγώ.

Ἄσπερ δὲ πικρὸν λέαινα συγκοιμημένη

λύκῳ, λόντος ἐρχενοῦς ἀποσεία,

κτενεῖ με τὴν τάλαιναν· ὡς δὲ φάρμακον

ζεύχουσα κάμου' μισθὸν ἐνθήσει κότῳ·

ἐπεύχεται, θήγουσα φωνὴ φάβηανον,

ἔμης ἀγῶνις ἀντιτεῖεσθαι φόνον.

Τί δ' ἔτι ἔμαντις καταβόλω' ἔχω τάδε,

καὶ κτήπτεα καὶ μαντεῖα περὶ δέσφ' ἀέφης;

ὅε μὲν πρό μοίρας τῆς ἔμης διαφθεῖω·

ἴε' ἐς φθόρον· περόνεα γ' ἴω' ἀμείβομαι

ἄλλην τιν' ἄτης ἀντ' ἔμοι' πλουσίετε.

Ἴδον δ' Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸς ἐκδύων ἔμέ

χρηστειάν ἐβθῆν', ἐποπτέουσα δέ με

κἂν τοῦδε κόσμοις καταβλωμένη μίτρα

φίλων ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν τ' οὐ δίχουροῦσ' μάτην

καλουμένη δέ φοιτᾶς, ὡς ἀγνέστεια

πτωχὸς τάλαινα λιμοθῆς, ἠνεχόμην·

καὶ νῦν ὁ μάντις μάντιν ἐκπεᾶσας ἔμέ

ἀπῆλθ' ἐς τοιάδ' ἐθανάτιμους τύχας·

βωμοῦ πατρῶου δ' ἀντ' ἐπίσηνον μένει,

θεεμῶ κοπιέσθης φοῖνιον προσφάσματι.

Ὀὐ μὲν ἄτιμοί γ' ἐκ θεῶν τεθνήσκουσιν·

ἦξει γὰρ ἡμῶν ἄλλος αὖ τιμάροσ,

μυτεοκτόνον φέτυμα, ποιναῖτε πατερός·

φυγᾶς δ' ἀλήτης τῆσδε γῆς ἀπόξενος

κατεῖσιν, ἄτας τάδε βειηκώσων φίλοις·

ἄξει νιν, ὑπείαθμα κικμένου πατερός.

Τί δ' ἔτι ἐγὼ κατοικτος ἴω' ἀναβένω;

ἔπει τὸ πρῶτον εἶδον Ἰλίου πόλιν

πράξαντι ὡς ἔπραξεν, σὶ δ' εἶλον πόλιν

οὕτως ἀπαλλάσσουσιν ἐν θεῶν κρείβῃ,

ζῶσα, πρᾶξω, γλήθομαι τὸ καθανεῖν·

οὐκ ἔστι γὰρ ἄρκος ἐκ θεῶν μέγας.

Ἄιδου πύλας δὲ τὰδ' ἐγὼ προσενέπω·

ἐπεύχομαι δὲ καί τ' ἐπ' ἀφ' ἡμῶν τυχεῖν,

ὡς ἀφάδατος, αἱμάτων ἐθνησίμων

ἀπορροέντων, ὄμμα συμβάλω τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ὅτι πολλά μὲν τάλαιανα, πολλὰ δ' ἀῖσθη

γῶναι, μακρὰν ἔχεισας· εἰ δ' ἐπιτύμως

μόρον, τὸν αὐτῆς οἶσθα, πῶς θεηλάτου

βόου δίκην πρὸς βωμόν εὐτόλμως πατεῖς;

ΚΑΣΣΑΝΔΡΑ

Ὅκ ἔστ' ἀλύξις, οὐ, ζῆνοι, χερόνῳ πλέον.

Ἦκει τὸδ' ἡμᾶρ·

φεῦ φεῦ·

φόνον δόμοι πρέουσιν αἷμα τοσσηῖ

.

CORYPHAEUS

Greek are the Delphic dooms, but hard to spell.

CASSANDRA

Ah! At! There! What a strange fire! It moves, it comes

O (Lykeios) Apollo, mercy! O agony!...

Why lies she with a wolf, this lioness lone,

two-handed, when the royal lion is gone?

God, she will kill me! Like to them that brew

poison, I see her mingle for me too

a separate vial in her wrath, and swear,

whetting her blade for him, that I must share

his death... because, because he hath dragged me here!

Oh, why these mockers at my throat? "This bere

of wreathed bands, this staff of prophecy?"

I mean to kill you first, before I die.

Be gone! Down to perdition!... Lie ye so?

So I requite you! Now make rich in woe

some other Bird of Evil, me no more!

Ah, see! It is Apollo's self, hath tore

his crown from me! Who watched me long ago

in this same prophet's robe, by friend, by foe,

all with one voice, all blinded, mocked to scorn:

"A thing of dreams," "a veegar-maid outworn,"

prur, starring and reviled, I endured all;

And now the Seer, who called me till my call

was perfect, leads me to this last dismay...

'Tis not the altar-stone where men did slay

my father; 'tis a block, a block with gore

yet hot, that waits me, of one slain before.

Yet not of God unheeded shall we lie.

There cometh after, one who lifteth high

the downfallen; a branch where blossometh

a sire's evening and a mother's death.

Exiled and wandering, from this land outcast,

one day He shall return, and set the last

crown on these sins that have his house duntrod.

His father's upturned face shall guide him home.

Why should I priere? Why pity these men's doom?

I who have seen the City of Iliou

pass as she passed; and they who cast her down

have thus their end, as God fires judgement sure...

I go to drink my cup. I will endure 'to die.

For lo, there is a great oath sworn of God.

O Gates, Death-Gates, all hail to you!

Only, pray God the blow be stricken true!

Pray God, unagorixed, with blood that flows

quick unto friendly death, these eyes may close!

CHORUS

O full of sorrows, full of wisdom great,

Woman, thy speech is a long anguish; yet,

knowing thy doom, why walkest thou with clear eyes,

like some god-blinded beast, to sacrifice?

CASSANDRA

There is no escape, friends; only vain delay.

The day is come.

Ah, faugh! Faugh!

Death drifting from the doors, and blood like rain!

.

1255
1260
1270
1275
1280
1285
1290
1295
1300
1310

VI.

Ὅμοιος ἀτμός ὡς περ ἐκ τάφου πέπει.

Ἄλλ' εἶμι κἀν θανάτῳ κινύσασθ' ἐμὴν
Ἀγαμέμνονός τε μοῖραν ἀσκεῖτο βίος.

ΚΟΡΥΦΑΙΟΣ

ὦ γλῆμον, οἴκτιεω σε θεοφάτου μόρου.

1315

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ βροτεία πᾶν ματ' εὐτυχοῦντα μὲν
εὐκταίης ἂν πέφθειεν· εἰ δέ οὐδ' εὐχοί,
βροταῖς ὑγρώδων σπόγγος ὠλεεβεν γεαφῆν.

And vapours from a charnel house

So be it! I will go, in yonder room
to weep mine own and Agamemnon's doom.
My death be all

CORYPHÆUS

Alas, I pity thee thy mystic fate!

CHORUS

O world of men! A painted show
is all thy glory; and when life is low
the touch of a wet sponge out-blotteth all.

Σ Η Μ Ε Ι Ο Σ Η

Τὸ ἔργον αὐτὸ ἀεχί καὶ σχεδιάσθηκε γιὰ τὰ
παίξεται ὀλίγη, χωρίς ἐνδιάμεσες
παύσεις.

Ὡστόσο, μὴ οὐκ ἐπίσης καὶ χωρισθῶν ἑ
πέντε μέρη:

Α' μέρος ἀείθ. 1 - 202

Β' " " 203 - 476

Γ' " " 477 - 590

Δ' " " 590 - 807

Ε' " " 807 - τέλος,

ὅπου οἱ σύντομες παύσεις μεταξύ
μερῶν εἶναι ἀναγκαῖες.

Ὁ χωρισμὸς ὅμως δὲ περιβόητα μέρη
ἀπαιτεῖ εἰσβιβάσεις ἀλλαγῆς ἐπὶ
παρτιτούρα, ποῦ εἶναι οἱ ἀκολουθεῖ:

NOTICE

This work was originally conceived
to be played without interruption.

Nevertheless, it can be divided
in five movements:

First movement bars 1 - 202

Second " " 203 - 476

Third " " 477 - 590

Fourth " " 590 - 807

Fifth " " 807 to end.

In such a case short pauses between
movements are necessary.

Necessary are, also, some small
changes into the score, which run as
follows:

VIII.

ORCHESTRA



3 Flauti (il 3° anche Ottavino II)

Ottavino

4 Oboi (il 3° anche Corno Inglese)

2 Clarinetti in Bb

Clarinetto piccolo in Eb (anche Clar. III in Bb)

Clarino Basso in Bb (anche Clar. IV in Bb)

3 Fagotti

Contrafagotto

6 Corni in F

4 Trombe in Bb

3 Tromboni (il 3° Tenore-Basso)

Tuba

Arpa

Timpani

Percussione

[2 esecutori: Glockenspiel (effetto 2 ottave sopra), Xilofono (effetto 1 ottava sopra), Vibrafono, Cymbale antique (effetto 1 ottava sopra), Piatti, Tam-Tam (grande), 2 Cow-bells (piccolo-grande), Triangolo, Bamburo con corda, Gran-Cassa.]

Archi



Durata approssimativa : 55' min.