Aeschylus
Libation Bearers
[Choephoroi]

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Note that in the following translation the numbers in square brackets refer to the Greek text and the numbers without brackets refer to the English text.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORESTES: son of Agamemnon and Clytaemnestra, brother of Electra.
CHORUS: slave women captured at Troy and serving the royal palace at Argos.
ELECTRA: daughter of Agamemnon and Clytaemnestra, sister of Orestes.
SERVANT: house slave serving in the royal palace.
CLYTAEMNESTRA: widow of Agamemnon, lover of Aegisthus, mother of Orestes and Electra.
PYLADES: friend of Orestes.
CILISSA: Orestes’ old nurse, a servant in the palace.
AEGISTHUS: son of Thyestes, lover of Clytaemnestra.¹
ATTENDANTS: on Orestes and Pylades and Aegisthus.

[Scene: Argos, the tomb of Agamemnon some years after his murder by Clytaemnestra and Aegisthus. Behind the tomb stands the royal palace of the sons of Atreus. Enter Orestes and Pylades. They have just arrived in Argos]

ORESTES

Hermes, messenger to the dead, guardian of your father’s powers, help rescue me—work with me, I beg you, now I’ve come back, returned to this land from exile.² On this grave, on this heaped-up earth, I call my father, imploring him to listen, to hear me . . .

[Orestes cuts two locks of his hair and sets them one by one on the tomb]

Here’s a lock of hair, offering to Inachus, the stream where I was raised. Here’s another, a token of my grief. I was not there, my father, to mourn your death. I couldn’t stretch my hand out to you, when they carried off your corpse for burial.

¹Thyestes, the father of Aegisthus, was the brother of Atreus, the father of Agamemnon and Menelaus.
²Hermes, a divine son of Zeus, accompanied the dead down to Hades.
[Enter Electra and the Chorus, dressed in black. They do not see Orestes and Pylades]

What’s this I see? What’s this crowd of women coming here, all wearing black in public? What does it mean? What new turn of fate? Has some fresh sorrow struck the house? Or am I right to think they bring libations here to honour you, my father, to appease the dead below? That must be it. I see my sister there, Electra. That’s her approaching with them. She’s grieving—in great pain—that’s obvious. O Zeus, let me avenge my father’s death. Support me as my ally in this fight. Pylades, let’s stand over there and hide, so I can find out what’s taking place, what brings these suppliant women here.

[Orestes and Pylades conceal themselves from the sight of Electra and the Chorus]

CHORUS
I’ve been sent here from the palace, to bring libations for the dead, to clap out the hands’ sharp beat. Blood flows down my cheeks from cuts my nails have scratched. As life drags on and on, my heart feeds itself on my laments, to the sound of garments torn apart, the sound of sorrow in our clothes, as we rip the woven linen covering our breasts. No laughter any more. Our fortune beats us down.

With hair-raising shrieks, Fear, dream-prophet in this house, breathed a furious cry of terror, at night, while people were asleep.
Deep within the inner house
the heavy scream re-echoed, all the way
to rooms where women slept.
Those who read our dreams,
who speak by heaven’s will,
declared, “The dead beneath the ground
are discontent—their anger grows
against the ones who killed them.”

O Earth, my mother Earth,
to protect herself from harm
that godless woman sends me here
with gifts, with loveless gifts.
But I’m too scared to speak her words,
the prayer she wishes me to say.
What can atone for blood
once fallen on the ground?
Alas for the grief-filled hearth,
Alas for the buried home!
Sunless darkness grips the house
which all men hate, for now
their master’s murdered.

It’s gone—that ancient splendour
no man could resist or fight,
no man could overcome.
Its glory rang in every ear,
echoed in every heart.
Now it’s been thrown away.
But each man feels the fear.
For now, in all men’s eyes,
success is worshipped,
more so than god himself.
But Justice is vigilant—
she tips the scales.
With some she’s quick,
striking by light of day,
for others sorrows wait,
delaying until their lives
are half way sunk in twilight,
while others are embraced
by night that never ends.

The nurturing earth drinks blood,
she drinks her fill. That gore,
which cries out for revenge,
will not dissolve or seep away.
The guilty live in utter desperation—
madness preys upon their minds
infecting them completely.

The man who violates a virgin’s bed
cannot be redeemed. All rivers flow
into one stream to cleanse his hand
of black blood which defiles him.
Such waters flow in vain.

As for me—gods set a fatal noose
around my city, so I was led
out of my father’s house a slave.
Now I do what I have to do—
beat down my bitter rage.
Against my inclinations,
I follow what my masters say,
whether right or wrong.
Still, behind our veils
we weep for her, this girl,
her senseless suffering,
as grief, concealed and cold,
congeals our hearts to ice.

ELECTRA
You women who keep our house in order,
now you’re here attending me in prayers,
in supplication, give me your advice.
What should I say as I pour out these cups,
my offering to grief? How frame my words
to make my prayer a tribute to my father?
Shall I say I bring these gifts with love,
from doting wife to her beloved husband,
from my mother? I have no strength for that.
I don’t know what to say, as I pour out this oil and honey on my father’s tomb. Shall I recite the words men often use, “May those who send this noble tribute get back the same.” No, let him give them a gift their treachery deserves! Or should I stand here in silence and dishonour, the way my father died, empty out these cups, with eyes averted as I toss the gift, let the earth drink, and then retrace my steps, like someone sent to carry out the trash left over from some purifying rite? Help me, my friends, with your advice. We share a common hatred in the house. Don’t hide what’s in your hearts. Don’t be afraid of anyone. Fate waits for each of us—the free and those in bondage to another. Speak up, if you can think of something better.

CHORUS LEADER
I respect your father’s tomb, as if it were an altar. So I’ll speak straight from my heart, as you have asked.

ELECTRA
Then talk to me, out of your reverence for my father’s grave.

CHORUS LEADER
As you pour, bless those who are your friends.

ELECTRA
Of those close to me, whom shall I call friends?

CHORUS LEADER
First, name yourself—then anyone who hates Aegisthus.

ELECTRA
Then I’ll make this prayer on my own behalf. Shall I include you too?
CHORUS LEADER
   That’s your decision. In this ritual
   you must let your judgment guide you.

ELECTRA
   Who else should I then add to join with us?

CHORUS LEADER
   He may be far from home, but don’t forget Orestes.

ELECTRA
   That’s good. You give me excellent advice.

CHORUS LEADER
   Remember, too, the guilty murderers.

ELECTRA
   What do I say? I’ve never practised this.
   Teach me what I should say.

CHORUS LEADER
   Let some god
   or mortal man come down on them.

ELECTRA
   You mean as judge or as avenger? Which?

CHORUS LEADER
   Pronounce these words—and clearly—
   “Someone who’ll pay back life by taking life.”

ELECTRA
   Is it a righteous thing for me to do,
   to petition gods like that?

CHORUS
   Why not?
   How can it not be a righteous thing to pray
   to pay back one’s enemies for evil?

ELECTRA
   O Hermes, mighty herald, moving
   between earth above and earth below,
   messenger to the dead, assist me now—
   summon the spirits there beneath the ground
who guard my father’s house, to hear my prayers. And call on Earth herself, who, giving birth and nurturing all things, in due course takes back the swollen tide of their increasing store. As I pour out these offering to the dead, I call upon my father, “Pity me—and dear Orestes, too! How can we rule in our own home? We’re beggars now, as if our mother traded us away, exchanged us for her mate, Aegisthus, her partner in your murder. For now I live just like a slave. Orestes lives in exile, far from his estates. In their arrogance, those two squander all the wealth you worked for. And so I pray to you—dear father, let good fortune bring Orestes home! Father, hear me. Make me more self-controlled, than mother, my hand more righteous! Those are my prayers for us. Our enemies—for them, my father, I pray someone will come as your avenger, then kill your killers, in retribution, as is just. As I pray for our well being, I include this curse—may they be caught by their own evil. Bring us your blessing to the earth above, with help from gods, and Earth, and Justice, all combined to bring us victory.”

[Electra pours out her libation on the tomb]

Those are my prayers, and over them I pour libations. Your duty now is to lament, to crown my prayers with flowers, chanting your mournful chorus for the dead.

CHORUS

Come, let our tears begin, fall, and die, as our master died. Let them guard us from evil, preserve the good, and keep away with our outpoured libations
the polluting curse.
Hear me, O hear me,
my honoured master.
May your disembodied spirit
hear my prayer.

Alas, alas . . . ohhhhhhhhh!
Let him come now,
some forceful man,
a power with the spear.
May he restore this house,
bent Scythian bow in hand,
a fist around his sword hilt.
Like Ares, god of war,
let him begin the slaughter!

ELECTRA
My father’s now received his offerings.
The earth has drunk them up. But look—
here’s something new. Come, look at it with me.

CHORUS
Speak up. My heart’s afraid. It’s dancing.

ELECTRA
I see a lock of hair, an offering . . . on the tomb.

CHORUS
Whose is it? A man’s? A full-grown girl’s?

ELECTRA
It shouldn’t be too difficult to guess,
to sort out what this indicates.

CHORUS
How so? Let your youth instruct your elders.

ELECTRA
No one but me could have cut this off.

CHORUS
You’re right. Those who should make offerings,
cutting their hair in grief, are enemies.
ELECTRA
   Look at this . . . It looks just like . . .

CHORUS
   Like whose?
   I want to know.

ELECTRA
   Like mine. It looks identical.

CHORUS
   Perhaps Orestes? Did he place it here,
   a secret offering?

ELECTRA
   It really looks like his . . .
   these curls . . .

CHORUS
   But how could he come back?

ELECTRA
   He sent it here, a token of respect
   for his dead father.

CHORUS
   Those words of yours
   give us fresh cause for tears, if there’s no chance
   Orestes will set foot in this land again.

ELECTRA
   Over my heart, too, breaks a bitter wave.
   I feel as if a sword had sliced right through me.
   Seeing this hair, my eyes weep thirsty drops—
   I can’t hold back my flood of grief. There’s no way
   I would expect one of the citizens,
   someone in Argos, to own this lock.
   It’s clearly not that murderess’ hair,
   my mother’s—her treatment of her children
   profanes the very name of mother.
   But how can I accept without a doubt
   this offering’s from the man I love the most,
   Orestes? I’m just clinging to a hope.
Alas. If only, like a messenger, 
this hair possessed a friendly human voice, 
my thoughts would not be so distracted. 
It would tell me clearly what to do. 
If someone I detest had cut it off, 
I’d throw this lock away, but if it’s his, 
my brother’s, it could share my sorrow, 
adorn this tomb, a tribute to my father. 
I call upon the gods who understand 
how storms whirl us off course, like sailors. 
But if we’re fated to come safely home, 
then mighty trees can spring from tiny seeds.

[Electra notices footprints in the dirt around the tomb]
Here are some footprints—more evidence—
tracks of feet, just like my own—in pairs—
two sets of footprints, his own and others, 
some companion’s. The heels, the arches—
these prints are shaped just like my own . . .

[Electra traces the tracks from the tomb towards Orestes’ hiding place. 
Orestes emerges to meet her as she follows the footprints]
The pain of this . . . my mind grows dizzy . . .

ORESTES
Pray for what must still be done. Thank the gods 
for answering your prayers. Pray to them 
that all will work out well.

ELECTRA                     
What? The gods? 
What have they given me?

ORESTES                     
You’ve come to see 
the person you’ve been praying for all this time.

ELECTRA                     
Then you know the man I was calling for?

ORESTES                     
I know your sympathies are with Orestes.
ELECTRA
Yes, but how have my prayers been answered now?

ORESTES
I’m here. You need look no more for friends.
I’m the dearest one you have.

ELECTRA
No, stranger.
You’re weaving a net, a trick to trap me.

ORESTES
If so, I plot against myself as well.

ELECTRA
You just want to laugh at my distress.

ORESTES
If I laugh at you, I’m laughing at myself.

ELECTRA
Orestes . . . is it truly you? Can I call you Orestes?

ORESTES
Yes, you can.
You’re looking at Orestes in the flesh.
Why take so long to recognize the truth?
When you saw the lock of hair, that token of my grief, and traced my footprints in the dust,
your imagination flew—you thought you saw me. Look. Put this hair in place.
It’s your brother’s. And it matches yours.
See this weaving here—that’s your handiwork.
You worked the loom. Look at this design,
these animals . . .

[Electra is finally convinced. She almost breaks down with joy]

Control yourself. Calm down.
Don’t get too overjoyed. Remember this—our closest family is our enemy.
ELECTRA  
You dearest member of your father’s house.
the seed of hope through all our weeping—
trust to your own strength and win back again
your father’s home. How my eyes rejoice!
To me you are four different loves—fate
declares that I must call you father,
and on you falls the love I ought to feel
towards my mother, who’s earned my hate.
Then there’s the love I bore my sister,
Iphigeneia, that cruel sacrifice—
and you’re my faithful brother. You alone
sustained my sense of honour. May Power
and Justice stand with us now, our allies—
and may almighty Zeus make up the third.

ORESTES  
O Zeus, Zeus, look down on what we do!
See the abandoned fledglings of the eagle,
whose father perished in the viper’s coils,
that deadly net. Orphans now, we bear
the pangs of hunger, not yet mature enough
to bring our father’s quarry to the nest.
See us like this—I mean me and Electra—
children without a father, both outcasts,
banished from our home. If you wipe out
these fledglings, what respect will you receive
at feasts from hands like his, their father’s,
who offered you such wealthy sacrifice?
Kill off the eagle’s brood, then who will trust
the signs you send? If this royal stock decays,
it cannot consecrate your altars
with sacrificial oxen in the morning.
Stand by us. You can elevate our house
from its debased condition, make it great,
though now it seems completely ruined.

CHORUS LEADER  
Children, saviours of your father’s home,
don’t speak too loud. Someone may hear you,
my children, and to hear his tongue run on report to those in charge. O how I wish I see them dead one day, roasting in flames, sizzling like pitch.

ORESTES

Apollo’s great oracle surely will defend me. Its orders were that I should undertake this danger. It cried out in prophecy, foretelling many winters of calamity would chill my hot heart, if I did not take revenge on those who killed my father. It ordered me to murder them the way they murdered him, insisting they could not pay the penalty with their possessions. The oracle declared, “If not, you’ll pay the debt with your own life, a life of troubles.” It spoke a revelation, making known to men the wrath of blood guilt—from underneath the earth, infectious plagues, leprous sores which gnaw the flesh, fangs chewing living tissue, festering white rot in the sores. It mentioned other miseries as well—attacks by vengeful Furies, stemming from a slaughtered father’s blood, dark bolts from gods below, aroused by murdered kinsmen calling for revenge, frenzied night fits.¹ Such terrors plague the man—he sees them all so clearly, eyeballs rolling in the dark. Then he’s chased in exile from the city, his body scourged by bronze-tipped whips. A man like this can never share the wine bowl, no libations mixed with love. We don’t see his father’s anger, but it casts him out—no access to an altar. There’s no relief, and no one takes him in, until at last,

¹The Furies are the goddesses of blood revenge, particularly within the family.
universally despised, without a friend, 
he wastes in all-consuming pain and dies. 
Am I not right to trust such oracles? 
Even if I don’t, the work must still be done. 
Many feelings lead to one conclusion— 
the gods’ decree, my keen paternal grief, 
the weight of poverty I bear. Besides, 
my countrymen, most glorious of men, 
whose courageous spirit brought down Troy, 
should not be subject to a pair of women. 
For Aegisthus is at heart a woman— 
if not, we’ll learn about it soon enough.

CHORUS
Oh mighty Fates, bring all this to pass. 
Through Zeus’ power, make all things right. 
For Justice, as she turns the scales 
exact retribution, cries aloud, 
“Hostile words for hostile words— 
let it be done. One murderous stroke 
is paid off by another lethal blow. 
The one who acts must suffer.”
So runs the ancient saying, 
now three generations old.

ORESTES
Oh my unhappy father, 
what can I say for you or do, 
to send you, where you rest 
so far away, some light 
to drive away your darkness? 
But nonetheless some joy 
comes from a funeral lament 
for glorious sons of Atreus, 
who once possessed the house.¹

¹Atreus was the father of Agamemnon and Menelaus.
CHORUS

My child, among the dead
the savage jaws of fire
cannot destroy the spirit.
He’ll show his rage in time.
Dead men receive their dirge—
the guilty stand revealed.
A father’s funeral lament,
strong and clear and just,
searches far and wide,
confounding those who killed.

ELECTRA

Hear us now, my father,
as, in turn, we mourn and weep.
Your two children at your tomb
now sing your death song.
Your tomb has welcomed us,
two suppliants and outcasts.
What in this is good?
What free from trouble?
Who wrestles death and wins?

CHORUS

But if god wills it, he can turn
our dirges into joyful songs—
instead of funeral laments
around this monument
chants of triumph ringing out
throughout the palace halls,
a welcome celebration
for reunion with a friend.

ORESTES

My father, if only you had died
hit by some Lycian spear at Troy!
You’d have left your glory
with your children in their home.
In their dealings with the world
men would now honour them.
You’d have won a tomb raised high
in lands across the seas, a death
your home could bear with ease.

CHORUS
Dear to the men you loved,
the ones who died so bravely,
you’d stand out under earth,
as a majestic lord, minister
of the mightiest gods below,
who rule the dead. In life,
you were a king of men—
the ones who hold the staff
that every man obeys,
those with authority
to sentence men to die.

ELECTRA
I don’t want you dead, my father,
not even under Trojan walls,
with all those other men
who perished by the spear,
where the Scamander flows.¹
No. I’d much prefer
your killers had been killed
by their own families,
just as they murdered you.
People then in far-off lands
would hear about their deaths
and not our present trouble.

CHORUS
Children, these things you say
are merely your desires,
finer than gold, greater still
than the great happiness
of those who live in bliss
beyond the northern wind.

¹The Scamander was the river near Troy, the site of many battles in the Trojan War.
But wishing is an easy thing.
Still, now it’s striking home,
that double whip—for now
460
protectors underneath the earth
are helping us. Our masters
are unholy creatures
with polluted hands.
The children win the day!

ORESTES
Our words, like arrows,
470
pierce down into the earth
straight to my father’s ear.
O Zeus, Zeus, send us
from the world below
your long-delayed revenge,
pay back the wickedness
brought on by human hands.
O let that come to pass—
and thus avenge all fathers.

CHORUS
Let my heart cry out in triumph
when that man is stabbed,
when that woman dies.
Why should my spirit hide
what hovers here before me,
when driving hatred, like a storm,
a biting headwind,
breaks across my heart?

ELECTRA
O when will mighty Zeus
480
strike them with his fist—
split their skulls apart!
Alas, alas! Give our land
some sign—confirm our faith.
From these crimes I seek
the rights of justice.
O Earth, hear me, and you,
blessed gods in earth below.
LIBATION BEARERS

CHORUS
It's the law—once drops of blood are shed upon the ground they cry out for still more blood. Slaughter calls upon the Furies of those who have been killed. Thus, hard on murder's heels destruction comes again. [400]

ORESTES
Lords of the world below, alas, see the mighty curses of the dead. See survivors of the line of Atreus, here in our helplessness, cast out from home, dishonoured. O Zeus, where can we turn? 500

CHORUS
My fond heart races once again to hear your pitiful lament. But as I listen to your words I lose my hope. My heart grows dark. But then again hope comes to make me strong—all my unhappiness is gone. I see a bright new dawn. [410]

ELECTRA
To what can we appeal? What else but to the agonies we suffer, anguish from the one who bore us, our mother. So let her grovel. She'll not appease our pain. We're bred from her, like wolves, whose savage hearts do not relent. [420]

CHORUS
Like some Asian wailing woman, I beat out my lament, my fists keep pounding out the blows in quick succession. You see 520
my hands—I stretch them out, 
then strike down from above. 
My torment beats upon my head 
until it breaks for sorrow.

**ELECTRA**

O cruel and reckless mother, 
that savage burial, our king, 
no fellow citizens around, 
no suffering procession— 
you dared place him in the tomb 
without the rites of mourning.

**ORESTES**

Alas! As you say, totally disgraced. 
But she'll pay for his dishonour, 
by the gods, by my own hands. 
Let me kill her. Then let me die.

**CHORUS**

And let me tell you this— 
she first hacked off his limbs, 
then hung them round his neck. 
That's how she buried him, 
to make that slaughter 
a burden on your life— 
a thing you couldn't bear. 
You hear me? Your father's death— 
she made it an abomination.

**ELECTRA**

You describe my father's death, 
but I too was utterly disgraced, 
worth nothing, set apart, 
inside a cell, as if I were 
some rabid dog. I wept. 
What had I to laugh about, 
as I shed all those tears in hiding? 
Hear that. Carve that on your heart.

**CHORUS**

Let your ears pick up her story,
but keep your spirit firm.  
Things now stand as they stand.  
You’re keen to know what’s next,  
but you must wait, prepared  
to fight on with no turning back.  

ORESTES  
Father, I call on you. Stand by your children.  

ELECTRA  
Through these tears I join his call.  

CHORUS  
In unison, our voices blend as one—  
hear us. Return into the light.  
Join us against our enemies.  

ORESTES  
Now war god Ares goes to meet  
the war god Ares. Right fights with right.  

ELECTRA  
Dear gods, let justice choose what’s right.  

CHORUS  
I hear these prayers and shudder.  
This doom’s been long delayed,  
but it does come for those who pray.  

O family bred for torments,  
for the bloody strokes  
of harsh discordant ruin,  
for pains beyond enduring,  
grief that can’t be staunched.  

For all this evil there’s a remedy,  
not from some stranger,  
someone outside the house,  
but from within, the cure  
that blood strife brings,  
their savage bloody fight.  
To gods beneath the ground  
we sing this hymn.
Hear us, you blessed gods of earth, hear this supplication, and assist with your good will these children. Give them the victory!

ORESTES  
Father, you may not have perished like a king, but, in answer to my prayer, make me the master of your house.

ELECTRA  
I, too, father, have a request of you—let me escape, once I’ve accomplished this enormous task, once Aegisthus is destroyed.

ORESTES  
Yes. Then men would set up on your behalf those feasts of honour our laws demand. But otherwise, when people sacrifice burnt offering to Earth at solemn banquets they will not honour you.

ELECTRA  
And I, too, at my marriage feast, from the full store of what I inherit in my father’s house, will pour libations to you. And your tomb I’ll honour above all other shrines.

ORESTES  
O Earth, send my father up to see our fight.

ELECTRA  
O Persephone, grant us glorious power.¹

¹Persephone is the queen of the underworld, wife of Hades.
ORESTES
   My father, remember that bath
   where you were slaughtered.

ELECTRA
   Remember the net in which they killed you.

ORESTES
   My father, you were trapped in fetters,
   but they weren’t forged in bronze.

ELECTRA
   They covered you
   with their deceit and shame.

ORESTES
   Father, these taunts—
   do they not stir your spirit?

ELECTRA
   Will you raise
   that beloved head of yours upright?

ORESTES
   Either send Justice here to stand with us,
   the ones you love, or let us, in our turn,
   catch them in our grip, as they caught you—
   that is, if you want to beat them down,
   after the way they overpowered you.

ELECTRA
   Father, listen to my last appeal—
   see your children huddled at your tomb.
   Take pity on them, your son and daughter.

ORESTES
   Don’t let the seed of Pelops disappear.¹
   With us alive, in death you cannot die.

ELECTRA
   For to a man that’s dead his children

¹Pelops was the original founder of the royal family of Argos.
are saving testament—like corks,  
they hold up the net and keep the mesh  
from sinking deep into the sea.

ORESTES
Hear us!  
We’re making our lament on your behalf.  
Honour our request and save yourself.

CHORUS LEADER
There’s nothing wrong expanding your lament.  
For that will honour this neglected tomb.  
But since your heart is rightly set to act,  
it’s time to test your fortune, time to start.

ORESTES
You’re right. But first we might ask this question:  
Why did that woman send out these libations?  
What did she have in mind, trying so late  
to heal a crime which cannot be forgiven?  
What she sent here was paltry tribute  
to the unforgiving dead. I don’t see  
what she intends. The gift’s too trivial  
for her offence. As the old saying runs,  
“Pour out all you’ve got to make amends  
for bloodshed, your work is all in vain.”  
If you know her reason, tell me now.  
I’d like to hear.

CHORUS LEADER
My child, I know—I was there.  
She had bad dreams. Vague terrors in the night  
upset her. So that godless woman sent these gifts.

ORESTES
Do you know the nature of her dreams?  
Can you give me details?

CHORUS LEADER
She’d given birth,  
but to a snake. That’s what she told me.
ORESTES
   How did the dream end up? What happened?

CHORUS LEADER
   She set it in bed wrapped in swaddling clothes,
       just like a child.

ORESTES
   And that newborn snake,
       what did it want for nourishment?

CHORUS LEADER
   She dreamt she offered it her breasts.

ORESTES
   Didn’t the monster bite her nipple?

CHORUS LEADER
   No. But with her milk it sucked out clots of blood.

ORESTES
   It’s an omen. Her vision means a man.

CHORUS LEADER
   She woke up with a scream, quite terrified.
   Many torches which stay unlit at night
   were set ablaze throughout the house
   to calm our mistress. Then she sent out
   libations for the dead—in the hope
   they’d work like medicine for her distress.

ORESTES
   I pray to Earth and to my father’s tomb
   that this dream will fulfill itself in me.
   I think it matches me in every point.
   If that snake came from the same womb as me,
   if it was wrapped up in my swaddling clothes
   and opened up its jaws to suck the milk
   that nourished me, mixing sweet milk with blood,
   so she cried out in terror at the sight,
   then that must mean she’ll die by violence,
   from nursing such a violent beast.
I am that snake. And I will kill her. That’s the meaning of this dream.

CHORUS LEADER
Your reading of her dream seems right to me. So let it come. Tell your friends the rest—what they must do or take care not to do.

ORESTES
My plan is simple. First, Electra here must go inside. I’m instructing her to keep this bond with me a secret. The two in there deceived a noble man, then killed him. So we’ll use deceit on them. They’ll die in the same net. Lord Apollo, who’s never wrong in what he prophesies, has ordered this. I’ll approach the outer gates, pretending I’m a stranger, prepared for anything. Pylades goes with me, as guest and ally of the house. We two will speak Parnassian dialect of Phocis. If no one at the gate is in the mood to let us in, alleging that the house is haunted by some evil demon, we’ll wait there so any passer-by will be intrigued and say, “What’s going on? Why does Aegisthus shut his doors like this against a suppliant? Is he at home? Is he aware of this?” If I get past the gate, across the outer threshold, then find that man seated on my father’s throne or meet him face to face, his eyes will shift and fall, I promise you. Before he’s had time to ask, “Stranger, what country are you from?” I’ll kill him quickly with my sword. Our Fury never lacked for blood—for her third draught she’ll drink his pure. Now, Electra, keep a close watch in there, check what’s going on inside the house. We’ll need to work on this together.
LIBATION BEARERS

You women, be careful what you say—
keep quiet—speak only when you have to.
As for the rest, I invoke Apollo
to cast his eyes down here and be my guide
when the time comes to fight it out with swords.

[Orestes, Pylades, and Electra leave together]

CHORUS
Earth brings forth many horrors—
terrors and agonies—the sea’s arms
hold monsters, savage beasts.
Between the earth and heaven
hang fiery lights, suspended high.
Winged birds and beasts
that walk along the ground
can also speak of storms,
the whirlwind’s power.

But who of us can speak
about the arrogance of men
or women’s reckless passion
beyond all self-control,
so they become conspirators
in all our lethal woes?
Passionate desire wins out—
it gains a fatal victory
in every woman.
It ends all married love
in men and beasts.

A man with any sense
should recognize these things,
once he recalls Althaea,
ruthless child of Thestius,
who planned her own son’s ruin.
She burned the fatal torch,
knowing that Meleager’s life,
from the time he first appeared
howling from his mother’s womb, 
depended on that wood.¹  
And so it was—he stayed alive 
until her fire doomed him.  

Another story of a hateful girl 
tells of that murderous Scylla,  
who killed her father, 
brought to it by his enemies. 
Tempted by a gift from Minos, 
a golden necklace made in Crete, 
she plucked out her father’s hair, 
the one which made Nisus immortal. 
As he lay peacefully asleep, 
then died, murdered by that bitch, 
and Hermes led him off.²  

As I recall these stories 
of savagery without remorse, 
it’s time to speak of marriages 
in which there was no love, 
which laid a curse upon the house, 
schemes devised by woman’s cunning 
against her warrior lord, a man 
his enemies have cause to honour. 
I value hearth and home 
where passions do not rule, 
where women’s spirits 
rein in their waywardness.  

Of all such tales of crime, the worst 
concerns the isle of Lemnos, 

¹Althaea was the mother of Meleager. When he was born, the Fates told her that Meleager would live as long as a log in the fireplace. Althaea removed the log and preserved it to keep Meleager alive. However, when Meleager, in an angry fit, killed Althaea’s two brothers, she threw the log in the fire and killed her son.

²Nisus had a purple lock of hair on which the safety of his kingdom depended. When Minos, king of Crete, besieged their city, Scylla, daughter of the king, cut off her father’s lock and presented it to Minos, who promptly abandoned her.
where all the women killed their men.¹
At that story people moan—
they weep for that abomination.
When some new troubles come
men measure them by Lemnos.
Horror at that deed brought on
the hatred of the gods, and thus,
cast out by humankind and in disgrace,
that women’s race dies out.
No man can hold in reverence
what gods abhor. So of these tales
which one can I not justly cite?
Justice wields her sword.
She thrusts it home—
hungry and sharp, 790
it slices deep,
right by the lungs—
and so the lawlessness
of those who flout what’s right,
who violate the majesty of Zeus,
lies trampled underfoot.
The anvil of Justice now holds firm.
Fate hammers out her sword—
she forges it in time.
At last the brooding Fury comes,
famous spirit of revenge—
leading a child inside the house, 800
to cleanse the stain of blood,
the family curse from long ago.

[Enter Orestes and Pylades, with a couple of attendants. They move up to
the front doors of the royal palace. Orestes knocks loudly on the door]
ORESTES
Hey, in there! You hear this knocking on the door?

¹The women of Lemnos offended the goddess Aphrodite, who, in revenge gave them all a dreadful smell. When the men of Lemnos started sleeping with other women, the wives on the island killed their husbands.
I’ll try again. Anyone in there?  
All right, a third attempt. I’m knocking here—  
are you coming out? Anyone in there?  
Hello! Does Aegisthus welcome strangers?

SERVANT [from within]  
All right. All right. I hear you. Stranger,  
what country are you from? Who are you?

ORESTES  
Announce me to the masters of the house.  
I’ve come to bring them news. And hurry!  
Night’s black chariot is speeding overhead.  
It’s time for people on the road to rest—  
drop anchor where all strangers feel at home.  
Tell someone to come out who’s in control—  
the mistress would be fine, the master  
even better. We could speak our minds.  
After all, politeness can obscure the sense.  
When we talk man to man, we get the point—  
we say just what we mean without reserve.

[Clytaemnestra and Electra enter through the palace doors]

CLYTAEMNESTRA  
Stranger, welcome. Just ask for what you need.  
Inside we have all luxuries of home—  
warm baths and beds to charm away your pains.  
We live under the eyes of Justice here.  
But if your business is more serious,  
men’s work, then we’ll send for Aegisthus.

ORESTES  
I’m a stranger—a Daulian from Phocis—  
coming to Argos on private business,  
carrying this pack. I need to pause and rest.  
On my way here I ran into a man—  
we’d never met before. He told me  
where he was going and asked my route.  
As we talked, I learned his name—Strophius.  
He came from Phocis, too. And he said this,  
“Well, friend, since you’re heading off to Argos,
here’s a message for Orestes’ parents, something they’ve a right to know, so please remember it: Orestes is dead. Don’t forget. Then, when you return, you can tell me whether his family wants to bring him back or have him buried here in Phocis, where he’s a stranger, forever outcast. Right now his ashes sit in a bronze urn. The man was truly mourned.” That’s my message. That’s what I heard. At this point I’m not sure whether I’m telling this to anyone who cares, but Orestes’ parent ought to be informed.

CLYTAEMNESTRA

I . . . this news . . . what you just said . . . it’s shattering . . . that curse we can’t repress. It haunts the house, ranges everywhere . . . Someone kept safe and far away from here the curse seeks out. Its arrow strikes and kills. It takes those I love, drives me to desperation. And now Orestes. He was well prepared. He kept his feet well clear of muddy ground where hidden danger lurks. He offered hope the Furies’ striking revels in this house might find a cure. Now, from what you say, we’ve lost that hope.

ORESTES

As far as I’m concerned, with hosts as prosperous as you, I wish you’d seen me as the bearer of good news and welcomed me for that. What’s kinder than the link between a stranger and his host? But to my mind, it would have been profane if I’d not told his loved ones, as I promised, as hospitality demands.

CLYTAEMNESTRA

Don’t worry. You’ll receive what you deserve. In this house you’re no less welcome for your news,
which, in any case, someone else would bring.
But now’s the time when strangers on the road
get entertained once their long journey’s done.

[Clytaemnestra turns to Electra, ordering her as if she were a servant]

You there—take this traveller to the rooms
we use to entertain our guests—and with him
these fellow travellers, his attendants.
Look after them the way this house requires.
Those are my orders. See you follow them.
I’m holding you responsible. Meanwhile,
I’ll go find the master of the house,
tell him the news. We don’t lack friends—
from them we’ll seek advice about this death.

[Electra escorts Orestes, Pylades, and their attendants into the palace. Clytaemnestra enters the palace. The Chorus is left alone on stage]

CHORUS LEADER
Dear fellow slaves who serve this house,
how long before our words can demonstrate
just how strongly we support Orestes?

CHORUS
O sacred Earth,
heaped-up burial mound,
lying above that noble corpse,
commander of the ships,
hear me now,
help me now.
Now’s the moment
for Persuasion to come in
with her deceit,
for that stealthy god,
Hermes of the lower world,
to guide the fight,
the fatal clash of swords.

[Enter Orestes’ Nurse, Cilissa, in tears]

CHORUS LEADER
It seems the stranger’s mischief is at work.
Here comes Orestes’ nurse. I see she’s crying. Cilissa, why are you walking by the gates, with your unpaid companion Sorrow?

NURSE
My mistress ordered me to fetch Aegisthus to meet the strangers—and to hurry up—so he can find out clearly, man to man, the news that’s just arrived. With servants she puts on her gloomy face, but deep down her eyes are laughing at how well all this has ended up for her. But for this house the stranger’s news is simply a disaster. Once Aegisthus hears, gets the full report, he’ll jump for joy. How miserable I feel! The old troubles of the house of Atreus, so hard to bear, how they’ve hurt my heart. I get these chest pains. But a blow like this—I’ve never had to bear such sorrow. Other troubles I’ve endured with patience, but dear Orestes, how it breaks my heart! When he was born, I got him from his mother. I nursed him. I spent all night on my feet, answering his cries. So much tiring work—all for nothing. A helpless child like that one has to nurse as if he were a beast. How’d I do that? By following his moods. A child in swaddling clothes can’t speak at all. So if he needed something to eat or drink, or had just wet himself, his one response came from his instincts. So I had to use a prophet’s skill. But often I was wrong. I had to launder linen. Yes, I was wet nurse and washerwoman, all in one, two special skills. I received Orestes from his own father’s hands. Now he’s dead. That’s what I’ve been told. It makes me cry. Well, I must go. I have to fetch Aegisthus, the man who brought this house to ruin. He’ll be glad enough to hear my words.
CHORUS LEADER
  Did she tell him how to come and what to bring?

NURSE
  How’s that? Say it again. I need a clearer sense of what you’re asking.

CHORUS LEADER
  Did she tell him to come with guards or unattended?

NURSE
  She said he should bring his spearmen with him.

CHORUS LEADER
  Don’t give that message to Aegisthus, that hateful tyrant. Tell him to come alone, with a joyous heart, as quickly as he can. He won’t suspect a thing. The messenger can straighten out a crooked message.

NURSE
  What? Does your heart feel good about this news?

CHORUS LEADER
  Why not, if Zeus turns evil into good?

NURSE
  How’s that to happen? Orestes, the house’s hope, is gone.

CHORUS LEADER
  Not so fast. A prophet who claimed that would be a bad one.

NURSE
  What are you saying? Do you know something more than what I’ve heard?

CHORUS LEADER
  Go on then. Relay your message. Do what you’ve been told. Let the gods care about what most concerns them.
NURSE
    All right, I’ll go and do what you suggest.
    With blessings from the gods, I pray all this
    will work out for the best.

[Exit Nurse, off in search of Aegisthus, who is not in the palace]

CHORUS
    Now, in answer to my prayers,
    I implore you, Zeus,
    father of Olympian gods,
    restore this house,
    give it good fortune, so those
    who rightly love due order
    may witness it right here.
    In every word we cry,
    we plead for justice.
    O Zeus, protect what’s right.

Zeus, Zeus,
    inside that palace
    place him face to face
    before his enemies.
    If you exalt him
    he’ll willingly repay you,
    three or four times over.

You know that orphan colt,
    child of a man you cherish,
    stands now in harness,
    yoked to a chariot of pain.
    Control the way he runs,
    preserve his pace,
    so he will last the course,
    and we may see him surge,
    as he races to his goal.

You gods inside the house,
    in those inner chambers,
    where you celebrate its wealth,
    hear me, you gods
    who sympathize with us.
Cleanse that ancient blood
of crimes committed long ago.
Let old murder cease to breed.

And Apollo, you who dwell
in that massive well-built cavern,
grant that this man’s house
may raise its head once more,
so with loving eyes we see
the veil of darkness yield
to freedom’s light.

May Hermes, Maia’s son,
support him in what’s right.
He sends the finest winds
to hold an enterprise on course,
when that’s his will—
and when he so desires,
he will make known
much hidden from our view,
or speak in riddles in the night,
darkening men’s eyes,
which see no better by the light of day.

Soon at last we’ll shout in song
of the deliverance of this house—
no shrill lament of those who mourn,
but robust songs the sea wives sing
when the wind sits fair,
“Good sailing now—for me,
for me this means more riches—
no dangers for the ones I love.”

But you, Orestes, do your part—
when your moment comes, be brave.
When she cries out “My son!”
cry in return “My father’s son!”
Then murder her in innocence.
In your heart maintain
the heart of Perseus.¹
Satisfy the rage
of those you love
under the earth,
and here above.
With blood murder
inside the house
eradicate the cause
of all our blood-guilt.

[Enter Aegisthus]

AEGISTHUS
A stranger’s story called me here—
I’m told that travellers have arrived
with startling and unwelcome news—
Orestes is dead—yet one more burden
laid upon this house, a terrifying load,
while it still bears raw festering wounds
from earlier murder. But is what they saw
the living truth? That’s what I must confirm.
Or is it some fearful women’s gossip,
which blazes up, then dies away to nothing?
Can you clear my mind? What do you know?

CHORUS LEADER
Well, we heard the news. But go inside.
You can learn it from the guests themselves.
The power in a messenger’s report
is not like hearing what he has to say
when you confront him face to face.

AEGISTHUS
I want to see this messenger and check
if he was present at Orestes’ death,
or if he’s just repeating what he heard

¹Perseus, a son of Zeus, was a famous hero, who, among other things, killed the Gorgon Medusa, whose gaze turned people to stone.
from some vague rumours. I’ll see through him. These keen eyes of mine won’t be deceived.

[Exit Aegisthus into the palace]

CHORUS

Zeus, O Zeus,
what do I say? How do I start
appealing to the gods in prayer?
How from a loyal heart
can I find what to say,
matching words with deeds?
Now blood-stained blades
are slicing men to death
and totally destroy forever
Agamemnon’s house, or else
with freedom’s blazing light
Orestes wins the throne,
and all his father’s riches.
The ambush now is set—
noble Orestes by himself
must face two enemies.
Let him emerge the victor!

[Aegisthus screams in pain from inside the palace]

CHORUS MEMBERS [speaking separately]

Listen!

What was that?
What’s going on,
in there, inside the palace?

[Some members of the chorus start to move towards the palace doors]

CHORUS LEADER

Stay back. Until this work is finished,
we won’t get involved in all the bloodshed.
That way no one can blame us.

[A servant emerges through the palace doors]

It’s over.
Whatever the result, the fighting’s over.
SERVANT
Oh, it’s horrible—my master’s killed!
He’s dead. Alas! I’ll cry it out again,
a third time, Aegisthus is no more!

[The servant moves to a side door and tries desperately to pull it open]

Come on! Come on! Open this door! Hurry!
Unbolt the women’s doors! A strong right arm
is all it takes! Not to help Aegisthus—
he’s already dead. No point in trying.
Come on! Am I shouting to the deaf,
or are you all asleep?

[The servant gives up pounding on the side door]

A waste of time.
Where’s Clytaemnestra gone? What’s she doing?
Her own neck’s resting on the razor’s edge—
this justice could strike her down as well.

[Enter Clytaemnestra through the main palace doors]

CLYTAEMNESTRA
What’s happening? Why are you shouting
all around the house?

SERVANT
I’m telling you
the dead are murdering the living!

CLYTAEMNESTRA
I see. I understand your paradox.
We’re being destroyed by someone’s trickery,
just as we destroyed. All right, then,
get me a man-killing axe—and quickly!

[Exit servant into the palace]

Let’s see now if we win through or lose.
The wretched business brings me down to this.

[The palace doors open to reveal the dead body of Aegisthus with Orestes
standing over it. Pylades is beside Orestes]
ORESTES
The very one I seek. This fellow here has had enough.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
No, not Aegisthus, not my love, my power . . . dead.

ORESTES
You loved this man? Then you’ll find your rest in a common grave with him—he’s one man you won’t abandon when he dies.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
Hold off, my son, my child. Take pity on these breasts. Here you often lay asleep. Your toothless gums sucked out the milk that made you strong.

ORESTES
Pylades, what do I do?
It’s a dreadful act to kill my mother.

PYLADES
What then becomes of what Apollo said, what he foretold at Delphi? We made an oath. Make all men your enemies but not the gods.

ORESTES
That’s good advice. As judge in this debate I say you prevail.

[Orestes turns on Clytaemnestra, pulls her towards the body of Aegisthus]

Over here.
I want to kill you right beside this man.
When he was alive, you considered him better than my father, so once you’re dead you can sleep on by his side. You loved him. The man you should have loved you hated.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
I brought you up. Let me grow old with you.
ORESTES
   What? Kill my father and then live with me?

CLYTAEMNESTRA
   My child, in this our fate’s to blame.

ORESTES
   Then, in the same way, Fate brings on your death.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
   My son, do you not fear your mother’s curse?

ORESTES
   You bore me, then threw me out to misery.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
   No, no—I sent you to live with a friend.

ORESTES
   You sold me in disgrace—a free man’s son.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
   What’s the price I charged for you?

ORESTES
   That’s too shameful to declare in public.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
   Don’t forget to name your father’s failings, too.

ORESTES
   Don’t charge him with anything—he worked hard while you sat here at home.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
   My son, it’s painful for women to go on without their men.

ORESTES
   Maybe, but while they stay safely in the home their men look after them.

CLYTAEMNESTRA
   My son, you really mean to do this—to slaughter your own mother?
ORESTES

You kill yourself.
I’ll not be the murderer. You will.

CLYTAEMNESTRA

Take care.
The vicious hounds which avenge all mothers
will hunt you down.

ORESTES

What about my father’s?
If I don’t kill you, there’s no escaping them.

CLYTAEMNESTRA

It seems as if, while still alive, I waste
my useless tears at my own tomb.

ORESTES

My father’s destiny has marked you out.
It states that you must die.

CLYTAEMNESTRA

Alas for me!
You are the snake I bore and nourished.

ORESTES

Yes. That terror in your dream foretold the truth.
You killed the man you should not kill, and now
you’ll suffer what no one should ever see.

[Orestes pushes Clytaemnestra inside the palace doors. Pylades goes with them. The doors close behind them]

CHORUS LEADER

The fate of these two victims makes me grieve.
But long-suffering Orestes rides the crest
of so much bloodshed, we’d prefer he triumph—
the bright eyes of this house must never fade.

CHORUS

Just as justice came at last
to Priam and his sons,
a crushing retribution,
so a double lion comes
to Agamemnon’s house,
a two-fold slaughter.¹
Apollo’s suppliant, the exile,
sees his action through,
driven on by justice
sent from gods above.

Raise now a shout of triumph
above our master’s house,
free of misery at last,
free of that tainted couple
squandering its wealth,
and free of its unhappy fate.

He came back with a secret plan,
fighting to win crafty vengeance.
The goddess took him by the hand,
true daughter of great Zeus,
his guide throughout the fight.

Men call her rightful Justice—
who destroys her enemies
once she breathes in anger.

Raise a shout of triumph now
above our master’s house,
free of misery at last,
free of that tainted couple
squandering its wealth,
free of its unhappy destiny.

From his shrine deep within the earth,
Parnassian Apollo spoke in prophecy—
“Well intentioned stealthy trickery
will conquer long-entrenched deceit.”
I pray his words somehow prevail,
so I never am a slave to wickedness.
True reverence should worship heaven’s rule.

¹Priam was king of Troy, killed when the city was ransacked at the end of the Trojan War.
Look now, dawn is coming!
Great chains on the home are falling off.
Let this house rise up! For far too long
it’s lain in pieces on the ground.

Time, which brings all things to pass,
will soon move through these doors,
once purifying rites expel
polluting evil. That will change
the roll of fortune’s dice—they’ll fall
so all can see the fair result,
a happy destiny once more
for all who live within the house.

Look now, dawn is coming!
Great chains on the home are falling off.
Let this house rise up! For far too long
it’s lain in pieces on the ground.

[The palace doors are thrown open, revealing Orestes standing above the bodies of Aegisthus and Clytaemnestra. Pylades stands beside Orestes. With them are attendants holding the bloodstained robes of Agamemnon]

ORESTES
Here you see them—this pair of tyrants.
They killed my father, then robbed my home.
Once they sat enthroned in regal splendour.
They’re lovers still, as you can witness here
by how they died, true to the oaths they swore.
They made a pact to murder my poor father,
then die together. Well, they’ve kept their word.

[Orestes starts unfurling the robes in which Agamemnon was killed]
Look at this again, all those of you
who pay attention to this house’s troubles.
This robe they used to trap my helpless father.
With it they tied his hands and lashed his feet.
Spread it out. Stand round here in a group—
put it on display, my father’s death shroud,
so that the Father (not mine—the one
who sees everything, the Sun) can see
my mother’s sacrilege. Then he will come on the day when I am judged, to testify that I pursued and even killed my mother in a just cause. About Aegisthus’ death there’s nothing I need say. As an adulterer, he dies—our law’s just punishment. But as for her who planned this evil act against her husband, a man whose children she carried in her womb—I loved her once, but she became my bitter enemy, as you can see. What do you make of her? If she’d been born a viper or sea snake, she wouldn’t need to bite—her very touch would make men rot, so evil is her heart, so reckless.

[Orestes stoops and picks up the bloody robe]

What do I call this? What fine words will do? A snare for some wild beast? A corpse’s shroud? The curtain from a bath wrapped round his legs? No. It’s a hunting net. That name sounds right—robes to trap a man, entangling his feet, something a highway thief might use to trick and rob a stranger. With such a net he’d take so many lives, his pleasure in the work would warm his heart. May I never live with such a woman. Before that, let the gods destroy me—let me die without a child.

CHORUS

Alas for this horrific act, the monstrous way she died. But woe on the survivor, too—his suffering begins to flower.

ORESTES

Did she commit the crime or not? Come here. This clothing is my witness, dyed with blood. It’s from Aegisthus’ blade. These bloody stains
with time have blotted out the fine embroidery. 
But I can praise my father. Now at last 
I’m here to mourn him, as I hold this robe, 
the net that brought about my father’s death. 
But I lament my act, my suffering. 
I mourn the entire race, for though I’ve won, 
I can’t avoid the guilt which now pollutes me.

CHORUS

No mortal goes through life unscathed, 
free from pain until the end. 
One trouble comes today, 
yet another comes tomorrow.

ORESTES [starting to break down]

But still, you need to understand . . .
I don’t know how this will end . . . I feel like
some chariot racer lashing on my team, 
but we’re way off track . . . My mind is racing . . .
it’s lost control. Something’s overpowering me . . .
carrying me off . . . Deep in my heart, fear
prepares its furious song and dance.
So while I still have my wits about me,
to all my friends I publicly proclaim
I killed my mother not without just cause.
She was guilty of my father’s murder,
a woman gods despised. What drove me on?
I cite as my chief cause the Delphic prophet, 
Apollo’s priest, who said this to me,
“If you carry out this act, you’ll go free—
no charge of evil. But if you refuse . . .”
I won’t describe the punishment—
no arrow fired from a bow could reach
the top of so much pain.

[Pylades hands Orestes an olive branch, the mark of a suppliant to Apollo’s oracle at Delphi]

Look at me now—
armed with this branch and wreath, I go
a suppliant to earth’s central navel stone,
Apollo’s realm, to that sacred flame
which, people say, never dies away,
an exile who murdered his own blood.
Apollo’s prophet gave me his orders—
I’m to go to his shrine, no other place.
As to how I did this brutal act,
I call all men of Argos—be my witnesses
[1300]
to Menelaus when he comes back home.
Remember me in years to come. Now I go,
wandering in exile from my country.
Whether I live or die, I leave with you
your memory of me.

CHORUS LEADER
But you’ve done great things.
Why depress your spirit with such talk,
ominous predictions, evil omens?
You’ve freed the city, all of Argos,
hacking off the heads of those two serpents,
a healing blow.

[Orestes is suddenly overpowered with fear by a vision of his mother’s Furies
coming after him]

ORESTES
No . . . They’re here . . .
Look, you women . . . over there . . .
like Gorgons draped in black . . . their heads
hundreds of writhing snakes . . .
I can’t stand it here . . .

CHORUS LEADER
What’s wrong? What are you looking at?
Of all men you have a father’s strongest love,
so stay calm. Don’t give in to fear

ORESTES
It’s no imagined horror, no!
It’s real. Out there my mother’s blood hounds wait.
They want revenge.
CHORUS LEADER

Your hands are still blood stained—
that’s made your mind disordered.

ORESTES

Lord Apollo!

They come at me! Hordes of them! Their eyes
drip blood . . . it’s horrible!

CHORUS LEADER

There’s just one cure—
Apollo’s touch will cleanse you, set you free
of these hallucinations.

ORESTES

You don’t see them. I do.
They’re coming for me. I have to leave . . .

[Orestes runs off. Pylades follows him]

CHORUS LEADER

Good fortune go with you. And may god
watch over you, protect you with his favours.

CHORUS

The third storm has broken on the palace,
then run its course across the royal clan.
First, came the torments of those children
slaughtered for Thyestes’ food.¹ Next came
the suffering of a man, our warrior lord,
Achaea’s king. And now the third—
do I call him our saviour or our doom?
When will all this cease? When will murder,
its fury spent, rest at last in sleep?

¹Thyestes, father of Aegisthus, was a brother of Atreus and thus uncle of Agamemnon. Atreus
had killed ‘Thyestes’ two sons and served them to him at what was supposed to be a feast of
reconciliation. Aegisthus’ murder of Agamemnon is his revenge for those killings.
LIBATION BEARERS

A NOTE ON THE TRANSLATOR

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