

PARODOS: Metrical Translation

Strophe A (167–178)

Feathery-winged women young
maidens of the underworld
Sirens I pray you might
come together with Li-
byan flute and panpipe
for all my “Ah Linus!” woes.
Send me tears to answer my tears,
pains for my pains, melodies for my melodies
musics in harmony
with threnodic droning
so in her halls of night Persephone
after these tears from me will welcome a
murderous, favorless paian for
all of my friends who are dead and gone!

Antistrophe A (179–190)

Going along the water blue,
Making my way in a tangle of green,
I happened to be dry-
ing royal purple robes
in the sun’s golden rays
on the stalks of bull-rushes;
then I heard a piteous warbling,
lyreless elegy, just what a nymph would have
cried out with many a
groaning once on a time,
let’s say a naiad fleeing in mountains,
sobbing a sorrowing song at the bottom of
rocky gullies she cries out and
wails the unwanted love of Pan.

Strophe B (191–210)

O captives of barbarian oar,
O maidens of Hellas!
Some Achaean sailor
came to me, came to me, bringing me tears upon tears
and tears;
overthrow of lofty Troy,
was the work of blazing fire
all on account of deadly me,
thanks to my name of many toils.

Leda, my mother, too
took her life in a noose, crushed by
grief at my apparent shame;
and my lord in the sea wandering much
Menelaus is now dead and gone;
Kastor and my other brother—
double-begotten delight to fatherland—
vanished vanished have abandoned the
steed-struck riding ground and gymnasias
of the bullrushy Euro-
tas, the labors of young men.

Antistrophe B (211–228)

Ai! Ai! Fortune worthy of lament!
Woman—your lot in life!
Some age of misfortunes
came to you, came to you, when Zeus begot you in
mother's womb
like the snow-white wing of swan
blazing through the upper air.
Is there a trouble you've not had?
What in your life were you ever spared?
Your mother is now gone,
and the beloved twin offspring
of Zeus are no longer there;
land of your ancestors out of sight,
all through the cities is going a
reputation that betrays you
to a barbarian's bed, O Potnia,
and Menelaus in salt and surges has now
forsaken his life, and never again
will he bless his fathers'
halls and famous House of Bronze.

Epode (229–252)

Pheu! Pheu! What Phrygian—
or was it someone from Hellenic land—
who felled the tree, evergreen tears for
Ilium to cry?
Then the son of Priam—Paris—
assembling a ruinous ship
went sailing with barbaric oar
after me in hearth and home
after my most unfortunate

beauty, so to take to and wed;
With him murderous crafty Aphrodite sailed,
driving on death for sons of Danaos;
O wretched in misfortune!
Then she-of-the-golden-throne, the
holy embrace of father Zeus, queen
Hera, sent for the swift-
foot Hermes, Maia's progeny.
Hermes, as I was gathering in my mantle fresh
petals of roses to take them to A-
thena's great House of Bronze,
abducted me across the sky
into this forsaken land de-
positing me, a wretched quarrel, a
quarrel of Greece for Priam's sons.
My name, however, meanwhile along the backs of the Sim-
ois gathers a false report.