

## 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 gymnasia  
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 n  
ow forsaken his life, and never a-  
gain 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.