

Cassandra:

Mother, crown my head with victory
And rejoice in my royal marriage.
Escort me, and, even if I am unwilling,
Drag me. If Apollo exists,
The famed lord of the Achaeans, Agamemnon,
Marries into a more troublesome marriage than Helen's.
For I will kill him and plunder his house
In return, avenging my brothers and father.
But I will stop. I will not sing of the axe
That will enter my neck and other beheadings
And the matricidal agonies that my marriage brings
And the overthrow of the House of Atreus.
I shall show this city more fortunate than the Achaeans,
And, though possessed, I shall stand
That much outside my bacchic madness.

For one woman and one love,
They hunted Helen and destroyed thousands.
The *wise* general killed his beloved child
On behalf of the hateful and gave up
The pleasures of children at home for his brother,
For a woman willing, and not taken by force.