

Menelaus:

I have come to take the Laconian woman—it's not sweet
To speak the name of the wife who was mine once.
She is counted in this tent of captives
With the other Trojan women.
Those who fought hard for her with their spears
Gave her to me to kill or, if I wish,
To bring her back unkilld to the Argive land.
It seems best to me to forget Helen's fate
In Troy and take her with rapid oar
Into Greece and put her to death there,
Payment for so many friends dying at Troy.

But, go into the tent, my men,
Escort her out, dragging her
By her blood-soaked hair.
When fair winds blow, we shall take her to Greece.