

Andromache:

Mother, mother of children, hear my great words,

So I may put delight in your heart.

I say to die is like not having been born,

And to die is better than to live in misery.

The dead no longer feel pain at all.

The fortunate man falling into misfortune

Misses in his mind his former success.

Polyxena, just as she had not seen the light,

Is dead and knows nothing of her torture,

And though I hit the target of good reputation,

I missed the greatest mark, that of good fortune.