

Hecuba:

Fallen, let me lie here. Unwanted help is not
At all welcome, my women. Falling is right
For what I suffer and have suffered and still will suffer.
O you gods! I summon evil allies,
But to call on the gods means something,
 When one of us suffers disaster.

So first I want to sing of joy.
That way I get more pity for my misfortunes.
I was royal, and I married royalty.
I bore the greatest children,
Not mere nothings, but the finest Phrygians,
Whom no Trojan nor Greek nor barbarian
Woman could boast of giving birth to.

I saw them fall under the Greek spear.
I had my hair cut at their tombs.
I did not hear it from others: screaming
At Father Priam and with my own eyes, I saw
Him butchered at Zeus' altar fire,
And the city taken. The virgins I raised
For the honor of choice bridegrooms,
I have them taken from my hands, raised for others,
No hoping that they shall see me,
And I will see them no more.
And the last, the capstone of my pitiful disasters,
I go off to Greece, an old woman slave.