

Talthybius:

Had Apollo not maddened you, you would not
Send out my commanders from the land
With such a prophecy without paying a price.
But those thought grand and wise
Are no better than nothing at all:
For the great lord of the Pan-Hellenes,
Atreus' dear son, subjugated himself
And chose the love of this maenad. I'm a poor man
But I wouldn't have asked for her bed.

You don't have a sound mind.
Your reproaches to the Argives and praises of the Phrygians
I toss to the winds. Follow me to the ship
—A great match for the general!—And you,
When the son of Laertes wants to take you,
Follow him. You will be a slave to a virtuous woman,
So those who came to Troy say.