Passage A. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* 720 ff:
Chorus. (strophe 2) Even so [bou̱dē] a man reared in his house a lion’s whelp, robbed of its mother’s milk yet still desiring the breast. Gentle it was [720] in the prelude [= before the time of telos] of its life, kindly to children, and a delight to the old. Much did it get, held in arms like a nursing child, with its [725] bright eye turned toward his hand, and fawning under compulsion of its belly’s need. (antistrophe 2) But brought to full growth by time it demonstrated the nature it had from its parents. Unbidden, in return [khaurî] for its fostering, [730] it prepared a feast with a slaughter of destruction [atē] inflicted on the flocks; so that the house was defiled with blood, and they that lived there could not control their anguish, and great was the carnage far and wide. [735] A priest of Derangement [atē], by order of a god, it was reared in the house.

Passage B. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* 1ff:
Watchman. I ask the gods for release from these ordeals [pono] of mine, throughout this long year’s watch, in which, lying upon the palace roof of the descendants of Atreus, upon my bent arm, like a dog, I have learned to know well the gathering of the night’s stars, those radiant potentates conspicuous in the firmament. [5] bringers of winter and summer to mankind. So now I am still watching for the signal [zumbolon] of the flame, the gleaming fire that is to bring news from Troy [10] and tidings of its capture. … [20] But tonight may there come a happy release from these ordeals [pono] of mine! May the fire with its glad tidings flash through the gloom! Oh welcome, you blaze in the night, a light as if of day, you harbinger of many khōrōi in Argos in thanksgiving for this glad event! [25] Iou! Iou! To Agamemnon’s Queen I thus make a signal [eμαινω] to rise from her bed, and as quickly as she can to utter in a proper way [ευθυμω] in her palace halls a shout of αλοά in welcome of this fire, if the city of Ilion [30] truly is taken, as this beacon unmistakably announces. And I will join the khōrōi in a prelude upon my own account. … [35] For the rest I stay silent; a great ox stands upon my tongue - yet the house itself, could it but speak, might tell a plain enough tale; since, for my part, by my own choice I have words for those who know, and to those who do not know, I am without memory.

Passage C. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* 40ff:
Chorus. This is now the tenth year since Priam’s mighty adversary, King Menelaos, and with him King Agamemnon, the mighty pair of Atreus’ sons, joined in honor of throne and scepter by Zeus, [45] set forth from this land with an army of a thousand ships manned by Argives, a warrior force to champion their cause. Loud rang the battle-cry they uttered in their rage, just as eagles scream which, [50] in lonely grief for their brood, rowing with the oars of their wings, wheel high over their nests, because they have wasted the toll [pono] of guarding their nurslings’ nest. [55] But some one of the powers supreme - Apollo perhaps or Pan, or Zeus - hears the shrill wailing scream of the clamorous birds, these sojourners in his realm, and against the transgressors sends an Erinys at last though late. [60] Even so Zeus, whose power is over all, Zeus lord of xenoi, sends the sons of Atreus against Alexander, so that for the sake of a woman with many a husband he may inflict many and wearying struggles - when the knee is pressed in the dust and [65] the spear is splintered in the onset - on Danaans and on Trojans alike. The case now stands where it stands - it moves to fulfillment [telos] at its destined end. Not by offerings burned in secret, not by secret libations, [70] not by tears, shall man soften the stubborn wrath of unsanctified sacrifices.

Note: An Erinys (pl. Erinyses) is a Fury, a superhuman personification of the vengeful anger stored up in those who died. The Erinys represent a collectivized way of imagining the angry spirits of the dead. When someone dies angry, there is unfinished business to be processed after death.

Passage D. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* 105ff:
Chorus. (strophe 1) I have the authority to proclaim the augury of power [kra̱hō] given on their way to [105] princely men - since my age still breathes Persuasion upon me from the gods, the strength of song - how the
twin-throned power [kratos] of the Achaeans, [110] the single-minded captains of Hellas’ youth, with avenging spear and arm against the Teucrian land, was sent off by the inspiring omen appearing to the kings of the ships - kingly birds, [115] one black, one white of tail, near the palace, on the spear-hand, in a conspicuous place, devouring a hare with offspring unborn caught in the last effort to escape.

Sing the song of woe, the song of woe, but may the good prevail!

(antistrope 1) Then the wise seer of the host, noticing how the two warlike sons of Atreus were two in temper, recognized the devourers of the hare as the leaders of the army, and [125] thus interpreted the portent and spoke: “In time those who here issue forth shall seize Priam’s town, and fate shall violently ravage before its towered walls all the public store of cattle. [130] Only may no jealous god-send wrath glory upon the embattled host, the mighty bit forged for Troy’s mouth, and strike it before it reaches its goal! [135] For, in her pity, holy Artemis is angry at the winged hounds of her father, for they sacrifice a wretched timorous thing, together with her young, before she has brought them forth. An abomination to her is the eagles’ feast.”

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(epode) [140] “Although, O Lovely One, you are so gracious to the tender whelps of fierce lions, and take delight in the suckling young of every wild creature that roams the field, promise that the issue be brought to pass in accordance with these signs [ravmula], portents [145] auspicious yet filled with ill. And I implore Paean, the healer, that she may not raise adverse gales with long delay to stay the Danaan fleet from putting forth, urging another sacrifice, one that knows no law, unsuited for feast, worker of family strife, dissolving wife’s reverence for husband. For there abides mènis - [155] terrible, not to be suppressed, a treacherous guardian of the home, a wrath that never forgets and that exacts vengeance for a child.” Such utterances of doom, derived from auguries on the march, together with many blessings, did Kalkhas proclaim to the royal house; and in accord with this,

Sing the song of woe, the song of woe, but may the good prevail!

(strophe 2) [160] Zeus, whoever he may be - if by this name it pleases him to be invoked, by this name I call to him - as I weigh all things in the balance, I have nothing to compare [165] except “Zeus,” if in truth I must cast aside this vain burden from my heart. ...But whenever, heartily taking thought beforehand, sings a victory song for Zeus, [175] he shall gain wisdom altogether. Zeus, who sets mortals on the path to understanding, Zeus, who has established this as a fixed law: “Learning comes by suffering [pathos].” But even as the ordeal [pons], bringing memory of pain, drips over the mind in sleep, [180] so equilibrium [being ἀληθῶς] comes to men, whether they want it or not. Violent, it seems to me, is the khurus of daimones enthroned upon their awesome seats.

Passage E. Aeschylus, Agamemnon 960ff:
Clytemnestra: There is the sea - and who shall drain it dry? - producing stain of abundant purple, costly as silver [960] and ever fresh, with which to dye our clothes; and of these our house, through the gods, has ample store; it knows no poverty. Vestments enough I would have devoted to be trampled underfoot had it been so ordered in the seat of oracles [965] when I was devising a ransom for your life [psukhē]. For if the root still lives, leaves come again to the house and spread their over-reaching shade against the scorching dog star Sirius; so, now that you have come to hearth and home, it signals [ἀληθῶς] that warmth has come in wintertime; [970] and again, when Zeus makes wine from the bitter grape, then immediately there is coolness in the house when its rightful lord occupies his halls.

Passage F. Aeschylus, Agamemnon 1179ff:.
Cassandra: And now, no more shall my prophecy peer forth from behind a veil like a new-wedded bride; [1180] but it will rush upon me clear as a fresh wind blowing against the sun’s uprising so as to dash against its rays, like a wave, a woe far mightier than mine. No more by riddles [ainigma pl.] will I put knowledge in your phrenes.

Passage G. Agamemnon 1309ff:.
This house stinks of blood-dripping slaughter. ... [1310] It is like a breath from a charnel house.
... Yet once more I would like to speak, but not a dirge. I pray to the sun, in the presence of his latest light, that my enemies may at the same time pay to my avengers a bloody penalty for 1325 slaughtering a slave, an easy prey. Alas for human fortune! When prosperous, a mere shadow can overturn it; if misfortune strikes, the dash of a wet sponge blots out the drawing, 1330 And this last I deem far more pitable.