

Castor:

Theoclymenus, stop! We are the Dioscuroi,
sons of Zeus and Leda, Helen's twin-brothers.
Your sister, Theonoe, did no wrong
by honoring the gods and the spirit
of your noble father. No more threats or anger;
she acted wisely, and well.

1830

To our sister we say,
"Sail home with your husband! The breezes blow fair.
We will skim the waves beside you, divine escorts
all the way to Sparta. After you have run
the last lap of your life, you'll join us in the stars,
honored by Zeus and men.

Menelaus,

a blissful death awaits you on the Isle of the Blest.
In spite of all your wanderings, the gods
don't hate your ancestral line.
But those born to nobility
owe the world much – much more than the poor –
so you and your kin must pay that debt, somehow.

1840