

Theoclymenus: Hail to Proteus, my progenitor!

So I greet your tomb, each time I leave  
and return to the palace.

I've left the hunt, 1540

for I hear some Greek has slipped through my net  
to steal my Helen. If he's caught, he dies.

What's this! I've come too late. She's already gone,  
spirited away somehow! Open the stables!

Prepare the chariots! I will stop anyone  
who tries to take from me the wife I want.

**[Helen enters from the palace, dressed in mourning]**

Wait, my quarry hasn't fled, she's here!

Helen, why have you changed your lovely robes  
to mournful black? And your gorgeous hair,

you've taken a sword to it! Why? Your cheeks 1550  
drenched with tears, your soft skin scarred.

Has some horrible dream driven you to this,  
or news from home that tears your heart with grief? Tell me.