

Theoclymenus: Men, follow this foreigner's orders exactly,  
and take these things to the ship for the funeral at sea.

Helen, I implore you. Please stay here with me.

I fear your passionate grief will take control, 1690  
and you will hurl yourself into the waves  
to drown your memories. You grieve beyond all measure.

Now, go prepare a great wedding feast!

Deck the palace with roses, and let the countryside  
ring with wedding hymns. My marriage to Helen  
will be like nothing anyone has ever seen! 1710

Stranger, deliver these ritual offerings

to the sea's embrace, then hurry back to the palace  
with my wife. You'll be my guest at the wedding  
and then sail home, or stay with us and share our bliss.