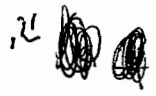


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CLICK TO LINK TO EXAMPLES OF TRADITIONAL ACCENTUAL-SYLLABIC METERS. SOME COMBINATIONS MAY REMAIN PURELY HYPOTHETICAL.

IAMBIC	TROCHAIC	ANAPESTIC	DACTYLIC	OTHER
<u>monometer</u> */	<u>monometer</u> /*	<u>monometer</u> **/	<u>monometer</u> /**	<u>amphimaciac monomtr.</u> /*/
<u>dimeter</u> */ */	<u>dimeter</u> /* /*	<u>dimeter</u> **/ **/	<u>dimeter</u> /** /**	<u>amphimaciac dimeter</u> /* /*
<u>trimeter</u> */ * */	<u>trimeter</u> /* * /*	<u>trimeter</u> **/ **/ **/	<u>trimeter</u> /** /** /**	<u>amphibrachic trimeter</u> */* */* */*
<u>tetrameter</u> */ * * * */	<u>tetrameter</u> /* * * * /*	<u>tetrameter</u> **/ **/ **/ **/	<u>tetrameter</u> /** /** /** /**	tetrameter
<u>pentameter</u> */ * * * * */	<u>pentameter</u> /* * * * * /*	<u>pentameter</u> **/ **/ **/ **/ **/	<u>pentameter</u> /** /** /** /** /**	<u>amphibrachic pentameter</u>
<u>hexameter</u> */ * * * * * */	<u>hexameter</u> /* * * * * * /*	<u>hexameter</u> (six feet)	<u>hexameter</u> (six feet)	hexameter
<u>heptameter</u> */ * * * * * * */	<u>heptameter</u> /* * * * * * * /*	<u>heptameter</u> (seven feet)	<u>heptameter</u> (seven feet)	heptameter (seven feet)
<u>octameter</u> (eight feet)	<u>octameter</u> (eight feet)	<u>octameter</u> (eight feet)	<u>octameter</u> (eight feet)	octameter (eight feet)
<u>alternating iambic tetrameter and dimeter</u>	<u>trochaic tetrameters with one dimeter per stanza</u>	<u>anapestic dimeters and trimeters</u>	<u>dactylic tetrameters and trimeters</u>	
<u>alternating iambic tetrameter and trimeter (common measure, ballad meter)</u>		<u>anapestic tetrameters and trimeters</u>	<u>dactylic tetrameters and dimeters</u>	<u>alternating amphibrachic tetrameter and trimeter (sort of)</u>
<u>iambic trimeter lines 1,2,4; tetrameter in 3 (short measure)</u>				

Please note that the templates above almost never fit an actual poem exactly. If we use this foot-based method to describe poetic meter in English, we have to allow for abundant "substitution," where any iamb (* /) can become a trochee (/ *), a spondee (//), or a pyrrhic (* *). Trochaic rhythm tends to be somewhat more regular, but substitutions occur there as well. Sometimes poets introduce three-syllable feet into a line of iambs or trochees, and three-syllable (or "triple") footed meters often shift from anapests (* * /), to dactyls (/ * *), amphibrachs (* / *), amphimacers (/ * /), and other combinations.

Note that spondaic meters or pyrrhic meters (as opposed to individual feet) in English are impossible because of the constant alternation of stressed and unstressed syllables. Despite this obvious truth, some discussions of English metrics speak of spondaic meter and even attempt to illustrate it with lines isolated from poems written in iambic or anapestic meters.

Catalectic

catalectic / catalexis lacking a syllable at the end of a line (catalectic) or lacking the last foot (catalexis)



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NOTICE



Barriers. The German air attacks continued only until April 1940. The base was finally closed in 1956.

Febbraio (1862). The chief spokesmen were the novelists Giuseppe Rovani and Emilio Praga

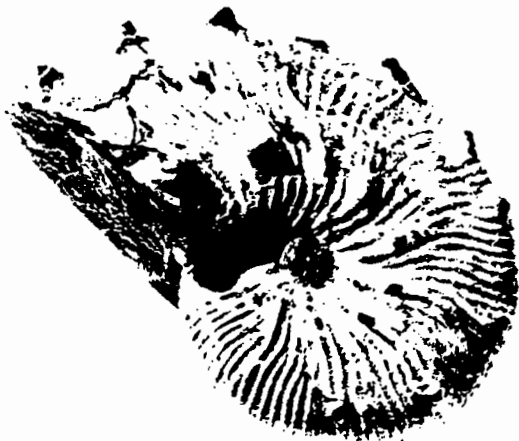
foot (the small- and unstressed per line; and the of scansion is to ity to the ways n a poem con- poem's metrical its meaning. of English scan- and the acous- used in graphic type of scansion, syllable that is present a syllable a vertical line between feet; and show a caesura, use. Using these signs by marking cented syllables nm of speech. It subtle variations a highly simpli-

scapegoat, Hebrew SA'IR LA-'AZA'ZEL ("goat for Azazel"), in the Old Testament ritual of Yom Kippur (Lev. 16:8-10), a goat symbolically burdened with the sins of the Jewish people. Some scholars believe that the animal was chosen by lot to placate Azazel, a wilderness demon, then thrown over a precipice outside Jerusalem to rid the nation of its iniquities. By extension, a scapegoat has come to mean any group or individual that innocently bears the blame of others.

The use of scapegoats has a long and varied history involving many kinds of animals, as well as human beings. In ancient Greece, human scapegoats (*pharmakos*) were used to mitigate a plague or other calamity or even to prevent such ills. The Athenians chose a man and woman for the festival of Thargelia. After being feasted, the couple was led around the town, beaten with green twigs, driven out of the city, and possibly even stoned. In this way the city was supposedly protected from ill fortune for another year.

During the Roman feast of Lupercalia, priests (Luperci) cut thongs from the sacrificial animals (goats and a dog), then raced around the walls of the old Palatine city, striking women (especially) as they passed with the thongs. A blow from the hide of the scapegoat was said to cure sterility. In early Roman law an innocent person was allowed to take upon himself the penalty of another who had confessed his own guilt. Christianity reflects this notion in its doctrine of justification and in its belief that Jesus Christ was the God-man who died to atone for the sins of all mankind.

Scaphites, extinct genus of cephalopods (animals related to the modern octopus, squid, and nautilus) found as fossils in marine deposits. Because *Scaphites* is restricted to certain divisions of Cretaceous time (the Cretaceous Period began 136,000,000 years ago and lasted 71,000,000 years) it is a useful index, or guide, fossil. Its shell form and manner of growth are quite unusual. At first, the shell in *Scaphites* is tightly coiled; later, it grows in



Scaphites. Middle to Upper Cretaceous in age; from Cheyenne River, Wasta, S.D.

By courtesy of the Buffalo Museum of Science, Buffalo, N.Y.



U.S., WW.II

THE ENEMY AS STRANGER

Consensual Paranoia

ulite, greenschist, and skarns. Principal occurrences are Quebec and Ontario, Canada; Kiruna, Swed.; Pennsylvania, United States; and Queensland, Australia. These minerals

scapula, also called one of the shoulder an it is triangular an the back between the eighth ribs. Its po- tiquely by a prom- icht divides the bone e supraspinous and ine and fossae give at act in rotating the e acromion, a proce e clavicle, or collarb- rm the upper part e lateral apex of th id presents a shallow y, which articulates w the upper arm, the oulder joint. Overha a beaklike projectio- hich completes the s- argins of the scapul at aid in moving or- manded by moveme-

ar, mark left on the re or wound; it lacks : tissue that normally itation. Often, scars hy. Most of them y inhibit motion c ur becomes an exce led a keloid (q.v.), : wound's original li- :ially those resulting third-degree burns, ange. Treatment of stic surgeons to be riant problems.

rab, Latin SCARAB, n religion, importan a dung beetle. The ieved that the beetle dung, which it roll isumed; they saw it tle a microcosm of nature, and particula the sun. The scarab enduring human so- s of dead beetles ha- ials of the earliest pe- arabs of various ma- ig most common, fo- Egyptian antiquities e the bases inscrib- gns and are simult- s. First appearing in 686-c. 2160 BC) wi- so-called button sea- l Middle Kingdom. Some were used e others were purel- e large basalt "hear- dom (1567-1085- h were placed in th- nged scarab might- it, and later a numb- placed about the b- : seal type of scar-

most common, and nu- ave been found. Spiral- cials were characterist-

And round that early-laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

(1896)

LOVELIEST OF TREES

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride,
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

10

(1896)

William Butler Yeats 1865–1939

THE SECOND COMING

Turning and turning in the widening gyre¹
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*?²
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,

10

¹A spiral motion, used by Yeats to suggest the cycles of history.

²The Soul of the World, a collective unconscious from which humans draw memories, symbols, dreams.

A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

20

(1921)

LEDA AND THE SWAN

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

10

Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

(1923)

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM¹

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees
—Those dying generations—at their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unaging intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless

10

¹The capital of the Byzantine Empire, the city now called Istanbul; for Yeats, a symbol of life perfected by art.

And retreated, not to affright it;
 And how for a helpless hour, through the crack of the door,
 We watched the sleek, wild, dark
 And iridescent creature
 Batter against the brilliance, drop like a glove
 To the hard floor, or the desk-top,
 And wait then, humped and bloody,
 For the wits to try it again; and how our spirits
 Rose when, suddenly sure,
 It lifted off from a chair-back,
 Beating a smooth course for the right window
 And clearing the sill of the world.

It is always a matter, my darling,
 Of life or death, as I had forgotten. I wish
 What I wished you before, but harder.

(1971)

Mona Van Duyn 1921-

LEDA

*"Did she put on his knowledge with his power
 Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?"*

Not even for a moment. He knew, for one thing, what he was.
 When he saw the swan in her eyes he could let her drop.
 In the first look of love men find their great disguise,
 and collecting these rare pictures of himself was his life.

Her body became the consequence of his juice,
 while her mind closed on a bird and went to sleep.
 Later, with the children in school, she opened her eyes
 and saw her own openness, and felt relief.

In men's stories her life ended with his loss.
 She stiffened under the storm of his wings to a glassy shape,
 stricken and mysterious and immortal. But the fact is,
 she was not, for such an ending, abstract enough.

She tried for a while to understand what it was
 that had happened, and then decided to let it drop.
 She married a smaller man with a beaky nose,
 and melted away in the storm of everyday life.

(1964)

THREE RELIGIOUS LIES

Here are the three most commonly told lies in this world. Unfortunately, they are heard in the majority of churches and most people have heard them for so long that they think them to be the truth.

1. "GOD LOVES EVERYBODY." Who said so? Certainly not God. David wrote the Lord "hateth the workers of iniquity" (Psalms 5:5). God declared, "Jacob have I loved, Esau have I hated" (Romans 9:13). Most preachers preach the love of God as nothing more than a helpless, sentimental passion. Did God love the millions He washed away with a flood in Noah's day? Did God love the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah which were destroyed by fire and brimstone? Does God love all those in hell today who are suffering His wrath? Now to be sure, God does love some people, His elect, those He chose unto salvation before the foundation of the world (II Thes. 2:13). These He loves in Christ with an everlasting love. God loves every sinner for whom His Son died, who come to trust Christ, with a love that will result in their eternal salvation. God doesn't love in word only, but in word and deed and He will save every sinner that is the object of His love.

2. "CHRIST DIED FOR EVERYBODY." Again I ask, "Who said so?" You will not find that heresy in God's Word. Hear our Savior's words. "I lay down my life for the sheep" (John 10:15). To say that, Christ died for everybody when obviously everybody is not saved, is to say that His death was merely an effort to save and that, so far as those who perish are concerned, His death was in vain and therefore a failure. Christ died a successful death and all for whom He died shall receive the salvation purchased for them at Calvary. If some for whom Christ died were going to perish, how could it ever be said, "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied" (Isa. 53:11). He could not be satisfied if He foresaw that some for whom He suffered, bled and died were going to perish in their sins! Christ actually redeemed, reconciled, and saved every sinner for whom He tasted death. This was His purpose for coming into the world (see Matthew 1:21). His death shall never be discovered to have been a wasted effort.

3. "GOD IS TRYING TO SAVE EVERYBODY." You know that cannot be true for everybody is not saved. Stop and think. Do you really think God Almighty could purpose to do something and fail in doing it? And, where in God's Word do you read of the Lord of Glory ever trying to do anything? The Bible says, "Whatsoever the LORD pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places" (Psalm 135:6). God will save every sinner for whom Christ died, who were chosen in the Covenant of grace. Be like the Bereans concerning these things. When Paul preached they "Searched the Scriptures daily to see if these things be so" (Acts 17:11).

(A ministry of the Kitchens Creek Baptist Church, P.O. Box 740, Ball, LA 71405. Jim Byrd is pastor; phone 640-5580.)

PUBLISHED THE FIRST SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH

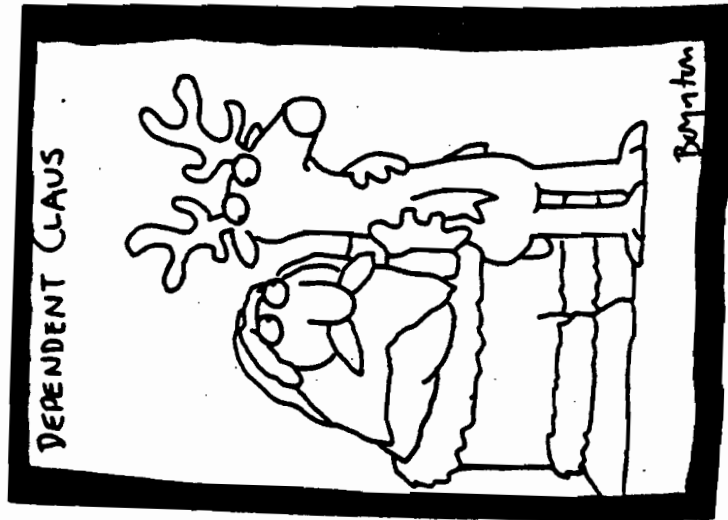
The Persuasive Principle

From:

Writing with a Thesis

by David Skwire.

(New York: Holt, Rinehart, &
Winston), 1982. (3rd ed.)



This book offers you one central piece of advice: Whenever possible, think of your writing as a form of persuasion.

Persuasion is traditionally considered a separate branch of writing. When you write what's usually called a persuasion paper, you pick a controversial issue, tell your readers what side you're on, and try to persuade them that you're correct: the defense budget needs to be increased, handguns should be outlawed, Shakespeare's plays were written by Queen Elizabeth I, required freshman English courses are an insult to human dignity. Persuasion is supposed to be based on different principles from those of other kinds of writing — description, narration, exposition, and so forth. It isn't.

A description of a relative, an account of what you went through to get your first job, a comparison of two makes of television sets — if you can approach such assignments as an effort to persuade your reader of the validity of a particular opinion or major point, you're in business as a writer. Your paper's opinion or major point is called its thesis. Your thesis may be that your relative is the most boring person you have ever met, that getting your first job was easier than you thought it would be, that a Zenith television set is likely to last longer than an RCA. If you have a thesis and if you select and organize your material so that it supports the thesis, a number of basic writing problems begin to solve themselves. You have built-in purpose. You have built-in organization. You have the potential of built-in interest. Aside from a few obvious exceptions like newspaper reports, encyclopedia articles, instruction manuals, recipes, and certain types of stories, poems, and plays, all writing can benefit from a commitment to the persuasive principle: develop a thesis, and then back it up.

There is no better way to demonstrate the effectiveness of the persuasive principle than to take a close look at what goes on, or ought to go on, as a paper is being planned.

General Subject

"Write something worth reading about such and such." In essence, all writing assignments—for students, business executives, Nobel Prize winners, and everyone else—begin in this way, though ordinarily the directions aren't that frank.

Let's start from scratch and assume that your instructor has left the choice of subject mostly up to you. You may be entirely on your own, or you may have a list of general subjects from which you must make your selection. Imagine that you have to write something worth reading about one of the following: education, sports, prejudice, politics, television.

You make your choice, if you're like the majority of people, by deciding what you're most interested in and informed about or what will go over best with your audience. Let's say you pick education. You now have a subject, and your troubles have now begun.

You have to write 500 words or so on a subject to which tens of thousands of books have been devoted. Where do you begin? Where do you stop? Will it ever be possible to stop? What's important? What's not important? Until you limit your subject, you have no way of answering any of these questions. You are at the mercy of every miscellaneous thought and scrap of information that drifts into your mind.

Limited Subject

Narrow down your subject. Then narrow it down some more. Narrow it down until you have a subject that can be treated effectively in the assigned length. In many respects, the narrower your subject, the better off you are, as long as you still have something to say about it. With a properly limited subject, you explore only a small part of your general subject, but you explore it thoroughly.

A paper of 500 words on education is doomed to be superficial at best. It might be possible, however, to write 500 words worth reading on one of your teachers, essay versus objective examinations, reasons for attending college (narrowed down to just one reason if you have enough to say), registration procedures, fraternities, physical education requirements, and so on.

With a sensibly limited subject, you start to have a chance of producing a good paper. You are no longer doomed to superficiality. If you write a description of one of your teachers, for example, you possess immensely more knowledge of your subject than do fellow students who have not taken a course from that teacher. Certainly, you are no longer at the mercy of every thought about education that you have ever had.

General Subject

Education

Sports

Prejudice

Politics

Television

Limited Subject

Professor X

The Olympics

Interracial marriages

Bad influences of the media

Commercials

Your troubles are not over, though. You've limited your subject, and you've done it well, but what now? Look at the most limited of the subjects in the

preceding table. You're writing a description of a teacher—Professor X. Do you tell your reader about the teacher's height, weight, age, marital status, clothing, ethnic background, religious background, educational background? Publications? Grading policy? Attendance policy? Lecture techniques? Sense of humor? Handling of difficult classroom situations? Attitude toward audiovisual aids? Knowledge of field? How, in short, do you determine what belongs in your paper and what doesn't?

The truth is that you're still at the mercy of every thought that occurs to you. This time it's every thought about Professor X, not every thought about education in general. But until you find a thesis, you still have trouble.

Thesis

Your thesis is the basic stand you take, the opinion you express, the point you make about your limited subject. It's your controlling idea, tying together and giving direction to all other separate elements in your paper. Your primary purpose is to persuade the reader that your thesis is a valid one.

You may, and probably should, have secondary purposes; you may want to amuse or alarm or issue a call to action, for instance—but unless the primary purpose is achieved, no secondary purpose stands a chance. If you want to amuse your readers by making fun of inconsistent dress codes at your old high school, there's no way to do it successfully without first convincing them of the validity of your thesis that the dress codes were inconsistent and thus do deserve to be laughed at.

A thesis, of course, is only a vibration in the brain until it is turned into words. The first step in creating a workable thesis is to write a one-sentence version of the thesis, which is called a thesis statement.

Professor X is an incompetent teacher.

Professor X is a classic absentminded professor.

Professor X's sarcasm antagonizes many students.

Professor X's colorful personality has become a campus legend.

Professor X is better at lecturing than at leading discussions.

Professor X's youthful good looks have created awkward problems in class

If you need more than one relatively uncomplicated sentence, chances are either that the thesis isn't as unified as it ought to be or that it's too ambitious for a short paper.

Limited Subject

Professor X

The Olympics

Interracial marriages

Bad influences of the media

Commercials

Thesis Statement

Professor X is an incompetent teacher

The Olympic games are hypocritical nonsense

Hostility to interracial marriages is the prejudice least likely to die.

Newspapers and television have changed American politics for the worse.

Television commercials are great entertainment

Writing with a thesis obviously gives a paper a sense of purpose and eliminates the problem of aimless drift. Your purpose is to back up the thesis. As a

result, writing with a thesis also helps significantly in organizing the paper. You use only what enables you to accomplish your purpose. Weight problems and religion have nothing to do with Professor X's abilities as a teacher; so you don't bother with them. Most of all, writing with a thesis gives a paper an intrinsic dramatic interest. You commit yourself. You have something at stake: "This is what I believe, and this is why I'm right." You say, "Professor X is incompetent." Your reader says, "Tell me why you think so." You say, "I'll be glad to." Your reader says, "I'm listening." And you're ready to roll.

So far, then, it's been established that a thesis is the main idea that all elements in the paper should support and that you should be able to express it in a single sentence. It's been established that a thesis has several important practical benefits. That's the bird's-eye view, but the concept is important enough to demand a closer look.

What a Thesis Isn't

A thesis is not a title. A title can often give the reader some notion of what the thesis is going to be, but it is not the thesis itself. The thesis itself, as presented in the thesis statement, does not suggest the main idea—it is the main idea. Remember, too, that a thesis statement will always be a complete sentence; there's no other way to make a statement.

Titles Not a Thesis Homes and Schools	Thesis Statement Parents ought to participate more in the education of their children.
James Cagney: Hollywood Great	Thesis Statement James Cagney was one of the greatest actors ever to appear in movies.
Inflation and Old Age	Thesis Statement Continuing inflation makes it almost impossible to plan intelligently for one's retirement.
A Shattering Experience The Fad of Divorce	Thesis Statement My first visit to the zoo was a shattering experience. Too many people get divorced for trivial reasons.

A thesis is not an announcement of the subject. A thesis takes a stand. It expresses an attitude toward the subject. It is not the subject itself.

Assessment Not a Thesis My subject is the incompetence of Professor X.	Thesis Statement Professor X is an incompetent teacher.
I want to share some thoughts with you about our space program.	Thesis Statement Our space program is a waste of money.
The many unforeseen problems I encountered when I went camping are the logic of this theme.	Thesis Statement I encountered many unforeseen problems when I went camping.
This paper will attempt to tell you something about the conditions I felt on viewing the Grand Canyon.	Thesis Statement The Grand Canyon was even more magnificent than I had imagined.
The thesis of this paper is the difficulty of solving our environmental problems along our environmental problems	Thesis Statement Solving our environmental problems is more difficult than many environmentalists believe.

A thesis is not a statement of absolute fact. A thesis makes a judgment or interpretation. There's no way to spend a whole paper supporting a statement that needs no support.

Fact Not a Thesis

Jane Austen is the author of *Pride and Prejudice*.
The capital of California is Sacramento.
Suicide is the deliberate taking of one's own life.
President Lincoln's first name was Abraham.
The planet closest to the sun is Mercury.

What a Good Thesis Is

It's possible to have a one-sentence statement of an idea and still not have a thesis that can be supported effectively. What characterizes a good thesis?

A good thesis is restricted. In certain respects, deviating a thesis statement as you plan your paper can sometimes be a way in itself of limiting, or restricting, your subject even further. A paper supporting the thesis that Professor X is incompetent, besides taking a stand on its subject, has far less territory to cover than a paper on Professor X in general. Thesis statements themselves, however, may not always have been sufficiently narrowed down. A good thesis deals with restricted, bite-size issues rather than issues that would require a lifetime to discuss intelligently. The more restricted the thesis, the better the chances are for supporting it fully.

Peer The world is in a terrible mess. People are too selfish. The American steel industry has many problems. Crime must be stopped.	Better Trade barriers contribute to international tensions. Human selfishness is seen at its worst during rush hour. The worst problem of the American steel industry is lack of funds to renovate outdated plants and equipment. Our courts should hand out tougher sentences.
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

A good thesis is unified. The thesis expresses one major idea about its subject. The tight structural strength of your paper depends on its working to support that one idea. A good thesis may sometimes include a secondary idea if it is strictly subordinated to the major one, but without that subordination the writer will have too many important ideas to handle, and the structure of the paper will suffer.

Peer Detective stories are not a high form of literature, but people have always been fascinated by them, and many fine writers have experimented with them.	Better Detective stories appeal to the basic human desire for thrill.
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------

The new health program is excellent, but it has several drawbacks, and it should be run only on an experimental basis for two or three years.

The new health program should be run only on an experimental basis for two or three years.

or

Despite its general excellence, the new health program should be run only on an experimental basis for two or three years.

The Columbus Cavaliers have trouble at the defensive end and linebacker positions, and front-office tensions don't help, but the team should be able to make the play-offs.

The Columbus Cavaliers should be able to make the play-offs.

or

Even granting a few troubles, the Columbus Cavaliers should be able to make the play-offs.

A good thesis is specific. A satisfactorily restricted and unified thesis may be useless if the idea it commits you to is vague. "The new World Trade Center is impressive," for example, could mean anything from impressively beautiful to impressively ugly. With a thesis statement like "Hemingway's war stories are very good," you would probably have to spend so many words defining what on earth "good" means that there would be no room for anything else. Even when there's no likelihood of confusion, vague ideas normally come through as so familiar or dull or universally accepted that the reader sees no point in paying attention to them.

Peer

The new World Trade Center is impressive.

Better

The new World Trade Center is a monument to human folly.

Hemingway's war stories are very good.

Hemingway's war stories helped create a new prose style.

Drug addiction is a big problem.

Drug addiction has caused a huge increase in crimes of violence.

Our vacation was a tremendous experience.

Our vacation enabled us to learn the true meaning of sharing.

My parents are wonderful people.

Everything my parents do is based on their loving concern for the welfare of the family.

Exercises for Review

A. Write T next to each thesis statement below. Write NT if there is no thesis statement.

1. I want to tell you about the many defects in the administration's proposals for restructuring the Social Security program.
2. Al Capone, the Chicago gang leader, was nicknamed "Scar-face."
3. Justice delayed is justice denied.
4. My thesis asks whether affirmative action programs are just a new form of racism.

6. How to Grow Prize-Winning Roses
7. This paper will examine recent proposals to reinstitute the death penalty.
8. My husband is a terrible cook.
9. My husband cooks all the meals for our family.
10. Christmas shopping shows that the law of the jungle is still with us.

B. Write G next to each good thesis statement. Write NG next to each statement that is not sufficiently restricted, unified, or specific, and be prepared to suggest revisions.

1. The history of the United States is dominated by lust for money.
2. Common sense is sometimes the enemy of genius.
3. British and American poets through the centuries have vastly overrated the glories of romantic love.
4. Thirst is harder to endure than hunger.
5. Exercise is a worthwhile activity.
6. Jogging can add years to one's life.
7. Teaching tricks to a dog is easier than most people think.
8. The way people shake hands can reveal something about their characters.
9. Natural beauty must be preserved, but government agencies often make foolish decisions on this matter, and jobs must also be preserved.
10. In *Moby-Dick*, Melville does a very good job.

The Thesis at Work in the Paper

The thesis statement is a tool, not an end in itself. It has two outstanding values. First, it serves as a test of whether your main idea meets the requirements we have just discussed: whether it is a firm concept that can actually be put into words or only a fuzzy notion that is not yet ready for development. Second, the thesis statement is a constant, compact reminder of the point your paper must make, and it is therefore an indispensable means of determining the relevancy or irrelevancy, the logic or lack of logic, of all the material that goes into the paper.

In itself, however, the thesis statement is a deliberately bare-bones presentation of your idea. In your paper you will attempt to deal with the idea in a far more interesting way. The thesis statement, for example, may quite likely never appear word for word in your final paper. There's not even any special rule that in the final paper you must declare the thesis in a single sentence. In some rare cases, the thesis may only be hinted at rather than stated openly. The proper places for the bare bones thesis statement are in your mind with every word you write; on any piece of scratch paper on which you jot down the possible ingredients of your composition; and at the beginning of a formal outline, if you're ever required to construct one.

In most short papers, the thesis is presented in the first paragraph, the introduction. Again, no absolute rule states that this must always be the case — just

as no rule demands that an introduction must always be just one paragraph—but in practice most papers do begin that way. It's simply what seems to work for most people most of the time. As a general guideline, then, it's helpful to think of the first paragraph's job as presenting the thesis in an interesting way.

The word *interesting* is important. The introduction should not ordinarily be a one-sentence paragraph consisting solely of the unadorned thesis statement. The introduction certainly should indicate clearly what the thesis is, but it also should arouse curiosity or stress the importance of the subject or establish a particular tone of humor, anger, solemnity, and so forth.

Thesis Statement

Professor X is an incompetent teacher.

Sample First Paragraph

Any school the size of State is probably going to get its share of incompetent teachers. I'm told that last year an elderly history professor came to class to give a final exam and then realized he'd forgotten to make one up. Professor Z tells jokes nobody understands and keeps chuckling to himself about them through the whole class period. Professor Y doesn't return term papers until the last day of class; so her students never know how they're doing until it's too late. As far as I'm concerned, though, the biggest dud of all is Professor X.

The Olympic games are hypocritical nonsense.

The only civilized part of the Olympic games is the lighting of the flame. After that, the games turn into a tragicomedy of hypocritical nonsense. State-subsidized athletes pass themselves off as noble amateurs; blatantly biased referees and judges make the crucial decisions; international sports in which Americans excel, like golf and tennis, are deemed unworthy of Olympic status. Laugh, cry, or fly into a rage, if you like—just as long as you don't confuse the Olympics with serious athletic competition.

Hostility to interracial marriages is the prejudice least likely to die.

Progress in relations between the races often seems grotesquely slow. Looking at bundles of years instead of days, however, one can see that there has been real progress in jobs, education, and even housing. The most depressing area, the area in which there has been no progress, in which no progress is even likely, in which progress is not even discussed, is the area of interracial marriages.

Newspapers and television have changed American politics for the worse.

When politicians complain about bias in newspapers and television, I don't get too excited. I don't believe in conspiracy, and I know what I've seen; the media try hard to be fair. But fair or not, intentionally or not, the media have affected politics and affected it seriously. And I think they've affected it for the worse.

Television commercials are like television commercials. I know I'm supposed to sneer and brood and write letters to people who want to protect me, but I like commercials. They're great entertainment, and it's time somebody said so.

The function of subsequent paragraphs—paragraphs generally referred to as the body—is to support the thesis. All sorts of paragraph arrangements are possible. The important consideration is that the body paragraphs, individually and as a whole, must persuade your reader that your thesis makes sense.

One of the most common paragraph arrangements is worth studying at this time since it's the easiest to follow and since our concern here is with the essential connection between body paragraphs and thesis, not with fine points. This arrangement gives a separate paragraph to each supporting point and the specific evidence necessary to substantiate it. In sketchy outline form, the progression of paragraphs might look something like this:

11—Presentation of thesis: There are at least three good reasons for abolishing capital punishment.

Start of 12—First, statistics show that capital punishment is not really a deterrent.

Start of 13—Second, with capital punishment it is forever impossible to correct a mistaken conviction.

Start of 14—Third, capital punishment has traditionally been used in a discriminatory fashion against poor people and blacks.

Using the same form of one paragraph for each supporting idea, but abandoning the neatness of numbered points, we might find the following:

11—Presentation of thesis: Dieting can be dangerous.

Start of 12—Some diets can raise cholesterol levels alarmingly.

Start of 13—In other cases, over an extended period, some diets can lead to serious vitamin deficiencies.

Start of 14—One further danger is that already existing medical problems such as high blood pressure can be drastically aggravated.

Most papers also have a distinct conclusion, a last paragraph that provides a needed finishing touch. The conclusion can be a quick summary of your thesis and main supporting points. It can emphasize or reemphasize the importance of your thesis. It can relate a seemingly remote thesis to people's everyday lives. In one way or another, the conclusion reinforces or develops the thesis; it should never introduce a totally unrelated, brand-new idea. There are dozens of possible conclusions, but almost all papers benefit from having one. (For specific examples of different kinds of conclusions, see pages 42–43.)

The group of readings that follows shows the persuasive principle in action by offering contrasting examples of good and not-so-good writing from short thank-you notes to essay exams and freshman English compositions, the results of writing with and without a thesis can be explored in detail. Later chapters will comment on and provide examples of the techniques appropriate for particular

**ODYSSEY
STUDY QUESTIONS¹**

Books 1-6

1. Identify the following characters. What family relationships (e.g., "husband and wife") and political relationships (e.g., "king and subjects" or "allies in war") exist among these characters? Antinoös, Athene, Kalypso, Eurymachos, Helen, Hermes, Menelaos, Nausikaa, Odysseus, Orestes, Penelope, Poseidon, Proteus, Telemachos, and Zeus.
2. What characters in question 1 are gods? How are the gods different from humans in the *Odyssey*?
3. Look up the word 'epithet' in a good English dictionary. What kinds of epithets are applied to characters in book 1?
4. Look up the word 'theodicy'. At what points do people blame the gods for their problems? How does the *Odyssey* answer these charges? What are the similarities between this beginning and the beginning of Job? What are the differences between the explanations of the causes of suffering in Job and the *Odyssey*?

Books 7-12

5. Arrange the events of books 1-24 in chronological order, moving from the fall of Troy to Odysseus' homecoming.
6. Identify Achilles, Aeolus, Agamemnon, Circê, Lotus Eaters, Persephone, Polyphemus, Teiresias, Scylla & Charybdis, Sirens.

Books 13-24

7. What is the significance of the contest with the great bow?
8. Identify Eurycleia, Laertes, Mentor, Penelope's web.
9. Referring to the theodicy question above, describe the similarities and differences between the ending of the *Odyssey* and the ending of Job.
10. How does Odysseus prove his identity to Penelope? To Eurycleia? Laertes?
11. Look up the phrase *deus ex machina*. What does it mean? Where do you find an example of this literary device?

¹These questions are taken or adapted from Fisher 120-124.

INTRODUCTION TO
THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY

Date. These epics are the oldest surviving works of Western literature. They were composed in the 8th century B.C. (750 for the *Iliad*, 720 for the *Odyssey*). They took their present form when Greeks learned to write using the N. Phoenician alphabet. Before that, the Greeks communicated it by oral tradition before that. The Greeks modified N. Phoenician alphabet. related to Heb. alphabet.

550-520. Peisistratus, dictator of Athens, had the official text determined.

Author. Homer. We have little reliable information about him other than that he was blind and may have been from island of Chios. He probably made money singing at festivals. Milman Perry in the 1920s speculated that Homer composed orally. He would not have memorized the epics word for word, but would have generated the story at short notice. It was therefore different every time Homer sang it. Perry got a Turkish singer to sing about 10,000 lines by lavishly praising him.

Homer used traditional material. A scribe probably wrote while Homer dictated, letting him plan as he waited for the scribe to catch up.

Religion & Myth. The Greeks worshipped two types of gods: Olympian and Chthonic. The twelve Olympian gods were Zeus, Hera, Poseidon, Demeter, Apollo, Artemis, Ares, Aphrodite, Hermes, Athena, Hephaestus, Hestia (Guthrie 111).

Children of Kronos & Rhea

1. **Zeus** was the head god, the god of thunder & lightning. He drew lots with Hades & Poseidon, his brothers, to choose territory. He got heaven & the universe; Poseidon got the sea; and Hades got underworld. They shared dominion over Mt. Olympus and the surface of the world.
2. **Hera** was Zeus' sister & wife. She was very jealous of Zeus's affairs. As his wife, she reigned as the queen of heaven. Hera was the patron of marriage.
3. **Poseidon.** God of the sea.
4. **Demeter.** Zeus' sister. Mother of Persephone. Goddess of agriculture.
5. **Hestia.** Zeus' sister. Goddess of family life & city hearth.

Children of Zeus & Hera.

6. **Athena.** The goddess of wisdom & crafts, both women's crafts (sewing) & men's (tool use, war strategy). She was born from Zeus' head after he swallowed Metis (mind). He swallowed Metis after learning of a prophecy that if she had a son, he would displace Zeus (Hesiod 143-147).
7. **Hephaestus (= Vulcan)** was born from Hera alone. He was the god of fire & metallurgy. He was also lame. He made thunderbolts for Zeus, and arms for gods & heroes. He Forged under Mt. Olympus & Mt. Etna, and the Cyclopes worked for him.
8. **Ares (= Mars).** son of Zeus & Hera. god of war. His war frenzy contrasts with Athena's rational approach to war.

Children of Zeus & Leto

9. **Apollo.** God of prophecy, purification, healing, sunlight, music
10. **Artemis.** Sister of Apollo. Goddess of moonlight, hunting, animals. Originally a fertility goddess, she became a virgin goddess in Greece but remained a fertility goddess in Ephesus.

Son of Zeus & Maia (daughter to Atlas, she was one of the stars in the Pleiades constellation (Hesiod 67, 149, 363)

11. **Hermes (= Mercury).** Messenger of the gods. Wings on head & feet. Patron of speed & wits, not strength (Guthrie 91). Currently delivers flowers for FTD.
12. **Aphrodite (= Venus).** Goddess of love & beauty. Married to Hephaestus, had affair w/ Ares. Led Paris to take Helen (Hesiod p. 491). Only Artemis, Athena, & Hestia are immune to her (Hesiod xxxviii). Cronus castrated Uranus (heaven) while Uranus was mating with Gaia (earth). Cronus threw down Uranus' testicles; some of which landed in sea, causing foam. Aphrodite emerged from the foam. Predated other Olympic gods. However, in some versions of the myth, she is daughter of Zeus (Odyssey 8. 305).

Unity. Most now think one person composed most of Iliad & one person composed Odyssey. We do not know if it was the same author who wrote both. If so, there was probably a 30-year gap between Iliad & Odyssey.

Length. *Iliad* 12,000 lines. *Odyssey* 15,000 lines. The division into 24 books was done later, perhaps at Alexandria.

Genre. Epic poem. A long, nationalistic poem in dactylic hexameter. A hexameter has six metrical feet. Dactylic hexameter consists of six dactyls or spondees. A dactyl is a long syllable followed by two short syllables. A spondee is two long syllables. An epic helps form the identity of a people.

Scene. The *Iliad* focuses on an event toward the end of the 10 year Trojan war, but works in references to past & future. Trojan War. Paris Alexandros sparked the war when he took Helen, who was the wife of his host, Menelaos. Menelaos' brother, Agamemnon, led the Greek coalition against Troy. The *Odyssey* picks up 10 years later, when Odysseus is about to return home; it then gives a flashback to the events of the ten-year trip.

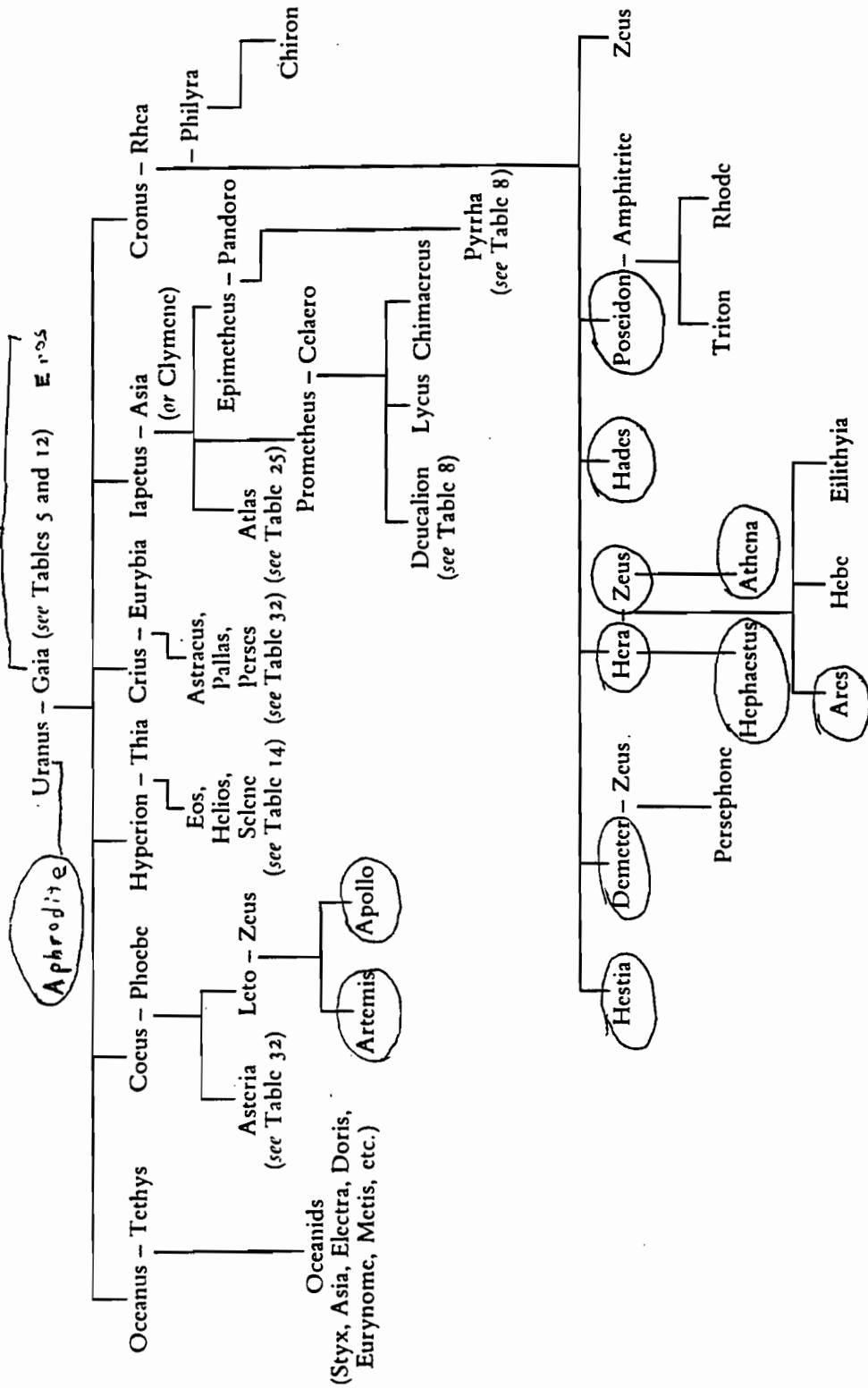
The Trojan Cycle was a series of epic poems that covered the other events in the Trojan War.

1. *Cyprian Lays* by Stasinus of Cyprus or Hegesinus of Salamis. It related the first causes of the war. Zeus wanted to relieve overburdened earth, and Eris threw the apple of discord, leading abduction of Helen. Goes through the quarrel of Achilles & Agamemnon.
2. *Iliad*. The quarrel of Achilles & Agamemnon through the death of Hector.
3. *Aethiopis* by Arctinus of Miletus (776 B.C.). The Amazon Penthesilea comes after Hector's death to help Trojans. Ethiopian Memnon falls. Paris's arrow kills Achilles. Odysseus & Aias fight for Achilles weapons.
4. *Little Iliad* by Lesches (660 B.C.). Elaborates the *Sack*. Odysseus gets Achilles arms. Aias' (Ajax's) madness. Making wooden horse.
5. *Sack of Troy* by Arctinus. The wooden horse, Achaeans return from Tendor, sack Troy, divide spoils, burn city.
6. *Returns* by Agias or Hegias of Troezen. Dispute between Agamemnon & Menelaus, Menelaus' departure from Troy. Death of Agamemnon. Orestes' vengeance on Aegisthus. Menelaus' arrival back home.
7. *Odyssey* by Homer. The return of Odysseus to his home after the Trojan war. 1st travel-adventure story.
8. *Telegony* by Eugammon of Cyrene (568 B.C.) Odysseus adventures in Thesprotis after killing Suitors then returns to Ithaca. Killed by Telegonus, his son by Circe. Telemachus marries Circe; Telegonus marries Penelope; they all appear on the Geraldo show.

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TABLE 38 Chaos



Inferno

Dante (trans. H. F. Cary)

Canto xxvi. 90-149

[Virgil has taken Dante to a section of Hell where the damned are surrounded by flames. He questions one of them, who turns out to be Ulysses.]

When there the flame had come, where time and place
Seem'd fitting to my guide, he thus began:
"O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire!
If living I of you did merit aught,
Whate'er the measure were of that desert,
When in the world my lofty strain I pour'd,
Move ye not on, till one of you unfold
In what climate death o'ertook him self-destroy'd."

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire
That labours with the wind, then to and fro
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,
Threw out its voice, and spake: "When I escap'd
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had held me near Caieta, by her charms,
Ere thus Aeneas yet had nam'd the shore,
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had
T' explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd
Into the deep illimitable main,

With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleav'd to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Morocco either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
Were I and my companions, when we came
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd
The boundries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.
The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the other hand already Ceuta past.
"O brothers!" I began, "who to the west
Through perils without number now have reach'd,
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence we sprang:

130

Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.
With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the' other pole might now beheld,
And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor
It rose not. Five times re-illum'd, as oft
Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon
Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far
Appear'd a mountain dim, loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seiz'd us straight,
But soon to mourning changed. From the new land
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round
With all the waves, the fourth time lifted up
The poop, and sank the prow: so fate decreed:
And over us the booming billow clos'd."

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149

REPRESENTATIVE POETRY ONLINE

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

Ulysses

1 Little profits that an idle king,
 2 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 3 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 4 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 5 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 6 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 7 Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd
 8 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 9 That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
 10 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 11 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 12 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 13 Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 14 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 15 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
 16 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 17 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 18 I am a part of that which I have met,
 19 Yet of all experience is an arch where thro'
 20 Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
 21 For ever and forever when I move.
 22 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 23 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 24 As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
 25 Were all too little, and of one to me
 26 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 27 From that eternal silence, something more,
 28 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 29 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 30 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 31 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 32 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
 33 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 34 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
 35 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 36 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 37 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 38 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 39 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 40 Of common duties, decent not to fail

41 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 42 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 43 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
 44 There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
 45 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
 46 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 47 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 48 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 49 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 50 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
 51 Death closes all; but something ere the end,
 52 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 53 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 54 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 55 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 56 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 57 'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
 58 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 59 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 60 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 61 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 62 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 63 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 64 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 65 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 66 We are not now that strength which in old days
 67 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
 68 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 69 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 70 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Notes

1] "Ulysses was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in *In Memoriam*" (Tennyson). Based on a passage in Dante's *Inferno*, canto XXVI. Hallam had drawn Tennyson to a study of Dante. Tennyson exalts his hero's eternally restless aspiration, whereas Dante condemned his curiosity and presumption. Both poets recalled *Odyseus*, XI, 100-37, where the ghost foretold Ulysses' fortune.

10] Rainy Hyades: a group of stars which rise with the sun in spring at the rainy season.

34] the isle: Ithaca, of which Ulysses was king.

60-61] the baths: the place where the stars seem to plunge into the ocean.

62] wash us down: The ocean was imagined by Homer as a river encompassing the earth, and on the west plunging down a vast chasm where was the entrance of Hades.

63] the Happy Isles: the islands of the blessed, supposed to lie to the west of the Pillars of Hercules, i.e., in the Atlantic.

ENGLISH 102 BIBLIOGRAPHY EXERCISE

Use the following information to construct a bibliography. Refer to model exercises in the text for correct form.

1. "Hemingway and the Critics" by Elliot Paul in Saturday Review on November 6, 1937 pages 3-4.
2. The Vanishing Hero: Studies in Novelist of the Twenties by Sean O'Faolain, published by Little, Brown, Inc. in Boston in 1939.
3. "Notes on Hemingway" by Robert Littell in New Republic, volume 51, 1927, pages 303-306.
4. John Killinger's Hemingway and the Dead Gods: A Study in Existentialism, published by the University of Kentucky Press in Lexington, 1960.
5. Ernest Hemingway's "A Letter from Ernest Hemingway" in Saturday Review on September 6, 1952, page 11.
6. "Observations on the Style of Hemingway" by Harry Levin in Kenyon Review, volume 13, 1952, page 11.
7. "The Old Man and the Sea" by Leo Gurko in College English, volume 17, 1955, pages 11-15.
8. "What I Learned from Hemingway" by W.J. Lederer in Reader's Digest, volume 80, 1962, pages 207-208.
9. Paul Speers' "Seven Deadly Sins of Modern Writers" in Tulsa Times for January 29, 1977, page 5 of section 3.
10. "'The Killers'" by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren from American Prefaces, volume 7, 1942, pages 195-209.
11. Hemingway and His Critics: An International Anthology edited by Carlos Baker, published by Hill and Wang of New York, 1961.

Modern Language Association

The *Modern Language Association (MLA)* has developed standardized methods of citing sources for research. The MLA has also formulated guidelines for citing electronic sources. The list of sources at the end of the text is called Works Cited.

Basic citation format:

Author's Last Name, First Name. "Title of work." *Article's original source* and publication date: page numbers. *Product name*. Publisher. Date researcher visited site. <Electronic Address, or URL, of the source>.

For example:

Tator, Charles, James D. Carson, and Robert Cushman. "Hockey Injuries of the Spine in Canada, 1966-1996." *CMAJ: Canadian Medical Association Journal* 162.6 (2000): 787. Available from *Academic Search Elite EBSCOhost*. 15 November 2000. <<http://search.epnet.com>>.

Instead of footnotes or endnotes, the author's last name and a shortened version of the title are placed in parentheses within the body of the text.

For example: (Tator, Carson, and Cushman, 787).

The examples shown above are basic examples of the MLA style. For more information on electronic reference formats recommended by the Modern Language Association, see the *MLA Handbook for Writers of Research Papers - Sixth Edition* (2003) or the *MLA Style Manual and Guide to Scholarly Publishing - Second Edition* (1998). Basic information on MLA Style is available at <http://www.mla.org>.

Note: When citing *EBSCOhost*, EBSCO is always uppercase, *host* is always lowercase, italics.

Always consult your library resources for the exact formatting and punctuation guidelines.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

1. Let us rejoice, therefore,
While we are young
After delightful youth,
After burdensome age,
The ground will have us.
2. Where are they, who before us
Were in the world?
Go up above,
Pass down below,
If you wish to see them.
3. Our life is brief,
It will shortly be over,
Death comes quickly,
It takes us cruelly,
No one is spared.
4. Long live the college!
Long live the professors!
Long live all students & alumni!
Long live all students & alumnae!
May they always flourish!
5. Long live all virgins,
Facile, beautiful!
Long live women also,
Tender, lovable,
And hardworking!
6. Long live the republic!
And he who rules it!
Long live our country!
And love of the knights
Who protect us here!
7. Let hardship die!
Let haters die!
Let the devil die!
And anyone who is anti-fraternities!
And mockers!
8. Who has gathered today
From our colleges?
They have come from far
And proceeded forward
In the common forum.
9. May the Alma Mater flourish
Which educated us
Beloved friends & comrades in arms
Dispersed in many regions,
She gathered the scattered
[ones].



CRITERIA FOR GRADING

ESSAY 1: FICTION

A. THESIS

1. You did not provide a thesis.
2. You assumed a thesis but did not state it. Or you stated a thesis, but the thesis was vague or too broad.
3. You provided an adequate thesis.
4. You provided an outstanding thesis that vividly sets up your description.

B. DEVELOPMENT

1. You had neither topic sentences nor logical development.
2.
 - a. You had topic sentences, but they were not logical.
 - b. You had logical development, but you did not provide topic sentences.
 - c. You had topic sentences, but they did not support your thesis.
 - d. You had topic sentences, but they were too broad.
3. You had both topic sentences and logical development. These provide a competent but uninspired framework for your description.
4. You had excellent topic sentences and logical development.

C. DETAIL

1.
 - a. You provide no supporting details and quotations from the work you were analyzing.
 - b. You provide details and quotations in an apparently random order.
2.
 - a. You provide some details and quotations, but they are too general and vague.
 - b. You provide some details and quotations, but too many do not belong where you place them.
3. You provide generally provide details and quotations in the proper places and provide a general picture of what you are analyzing.
4. Your use of details and quotations clearly, effectively, and aptly supports your argument.

D. WRITING THE ESSAY

1. Your essay lacks coherence and cohesion. Transitions are ineffective. The paragraphs read like a list, with no connection between the sentences.
2. The paragraphs have a general focus, but some sentences are unrelated. Coherence, cohesion, and transitions need work.
3. Paragraphs are generally well developed with fewer than three problems of focus, unity, or coherence. Transitions may be a bit forced.
4. Paragraphs are focused, unified, and coherent. Transitions are logical and effective.

E. GRAMMAR

1. You exceeded the maximum allowable number of serious grammatical mistakes (10), automatically dropping your grade to an "F."
2. You had 7-9 grammatical errors.
3. You had 4-6 errors.
4. You had 1-3 errors.

CRITERIA FOR GRADING

ESSAY 2: FICTION

A. THESIS

1. You did not provide a thesis.
2. You assumed a thesis but did not state it. Or you stated a thesis, but the thesis was vague or too broad.
3. You provided an adequate thesis.
4. You provided an outstanding thesis that vividly sets up your description.

B. DEVELOPMENT

1. You had neither topic sentences nor logical development.
2.
 - a. You had topic sentences, but they were not logical.
 - b. You had logical development, but you did not provide topic sentences.
 - c. You had topic sentences, but they did not support your thesis.
 - d. You had topic sentences, but they were too broad.
3. You had both topic sentences and logical development. These provide a competent but uninspired framework for your description.
4. You had excellent topic sentences and logical development.

C. DETAIL

1.
 - a. You provide no supporting details and quotations from the work you were analyzing.
 - b. You provide details and quotations in an apparently random order.
2.
 - a. You provide some details and quotations, but they are too general and vague.
 - b. You provide some details and quotations, but too many do not belong where you place them.
3. You provide generally provide details and quotations in the proper places and provide a general picture of what you are analyzing.
4. Your use of details and quotations clearly, effectively, and aptly supports your argument.

D. WRITING THE ESSAY

1. Your essay lacks coherence and cohesion. Transitions are ineffective. The paragraphs read like a list, with no connection between the sentences.
2. The paragraphs have a general focus, but some sentences are unrelated. Coherence, cohesion, and transitions need work.
3. Paragraphs are generally well developed with fewer than three problems of focus, unity, or coherence. Transitions may be a bit forced.
4. Paragraphs are focused, unified, and coherent. Transitions are logical and effective.

E. GRAMMAR

1. You exceeded the maximum allowable number of serious grammatical mistakes (10), automatically dropping your grade to an "F."
2. You had 7-9 grammatical errors.
3. You had 4-6 errors.
4. You had 1-3 errors.

CRITERIA FOR GRADING

ESSAY 3: POETRY

A. THESIS

1. You did not provide a thesis.
2. You assumed a thesis but did not state it. Or you stated a thesis, but the thesis was vague or too broad.
3. You provided an adequate thesis.
4. You provided an outstanding thesis that vividly sets up your description.

B. DEVELOPMENT

1. You had neither topic sentences nor logical development.
2.
 - a. You had topic sentences, but they were not logical.
 - b. You had logical development, but you did not provide topic sentences.
 - c. You had topic sentences, but they did not support your thesis.
 - d. You had topic sentences, but they were too broad.
3. You had both topic sentences and logical development. These provide a competent but uninspired framework for your description.
4. You had excellent topic sentences and logical development.

C. DETAIL

1.
 - a. You provide no supporting details and quotations from the work you were analyzing.
 - b. You provide details and quotations in an apparently random order.
2.
 - a. You provide some details and quotations, but they are too general and vague.
 - b. You provide some details and quotations, but too many do not belong where you place them.
3. You provide generally provide details and quotations in the proper places and provide a general picture of what you are analyzing.
4. Your use of details and quotations clearly, effectively, and aptly supports your argument.

D. WRITING THE ESSAY

1. Your essay lacks coherence and cohesion. Transitions are ineffective. The paragraphs read like a list, with no connection between the sentences.
2. The paragraphs have a general focus, but some sentences are unrelated. Coherence, cohesion, and transitions need work.
3. Paragraphs are generally well developed with fewer than three problems of focus, unity, or coherence. Transitions may be a bit forced.
4. Paragraphs are focused, unified, and coherent. Transitions are logical and effective.

E. GRAMMAR

1. You exceeded the maximum allowable number of serious grammatical mistakes (10), automatically dropping your grade to an "F."
2. You had 7-9 grammatical errors.
3. You had 4-6 errors.
4. You had 1-3 errors.

RESEARCH PAPER**A. THESIS**

1. You did not provide a thesis.
2. You assumed a thesis but did not state it. Or you stated a thesis, but the thesis was vague or too broad.
3. You provided an adequate thesis.
4. You provided an outstanding thesis that vividly sets up your description.

B. DEVELOPMENT

1. You had neither topic sentences nor logical development.
2.
 - a. You had topic sentences, but they were not logical.
 - b. You had logical development, but you did not provide topic sentences.
 - c. You had topic sentences, but they did not support your thesis.
 - d. You had topic sentences, but they were too broad.
3. You had both topic sentences and logical development. These provide a competent but uninspired framework for your description.
4. You had excellent topic sentences and logical development.

C. DETAIL

1.
 - a. You provide no supporting details and quotations from the work you were analyzing.
 - b. You provide details and quotations in an apparently random order.
2.
 - a. You provide some details and quotations, but they are too general and vague.
 - b. You provide some details and quotations, but too many do not belong where you place them.
3. You provide generally provide details and quotations in the proper places and provide a general picture of what you are analyzing.
4. Your use of details and quotations clearly, effectively, and aptly supports your argument.

D. USING RESEARCH MATERIALS

1.
 - a. You did not use research materials in your paper.
 - b. You abused research materials.
2. You used research materials in a manner that demonstrated a lack of mastery of them. Examples of this are quotations that do not support the argument you are trying to make and strings of quotations that run on too long.
3. You use materials in a competent but uninspired way to support your argument.
4. You smoothly integrate the research materials you use into your argument.

E. WRITING THE PAPER

1. Your essay lacks coherence and cohesion. Transitions are ineffective. The paragraphs read like a list, with no connection between the sentences
2. The paragraphs have a general focus, but some sentences are unrelated. Coherence, cohesion, and transitions need work.
3. Paragraphs are generally well developed with fewer than three problems of focus, unity, or coherence. Transitions may be a bit forced.
4. Paragraphs are focused, unified, and coherent. Transitions are logical and effective.

F. GRAMMAR

1. You exceeded the maximum allowable number of serious grammatical mistakes (10), automatically dropping your grade to an "F."
2. 7-9 grammatical errors.
3. 4-6 errors.
4. 1-3 errors.

CRITERIA FOR GRADING

ESSAY 4: DRAMA

A. THESIS

1. You did not provide a thesis.
2. You assumed a thesis but did not state it. Or you stated a thesis, but the thesis was vague or too broad.
3. You provided an adequate thesis.
4. You provided an outstanding thesis that vividly sets up your description.

B. DEVELOPMENT

1. You had neither topic sentences nor logical development.
2.
 - a. You had topic sentences, but they were not logical.
 - b. You had logical development, but you did not provide topic sentences.
 - c. You had topic sentences, but they did not support your thesis.
 - d. You had topic sentences, but they were too broad.
3. You had both topic sentences and logical development. These provide a competent but uninspired framework for your description.
4. You had excellent topic sentences and logical development.

C. DETAIL

1.
 - a. You provide no supporting details and quotations from the work you were analyzing.
 - b. You provide details and quotations in an apparently random order.
2.
 - a. You provide some details and quotations, but they are too general and vague.
 - b. You provide some details and quotations, but too many do not belong where you place them.
3. You provide generally provide details and quotations in the proper places and provide a general picture of what you are analyzing.
4. Your use of details and quotations clearly, effectively, and aptly supports your argument.

D. USING RESEARCH MATERIALS

1.
 - a. You did not use research materials in your paper.
 - b. You abused research materials.
2. You used research materials in a manner that demonstrated a lack of mastery of them. Examples of this are quotations that do not support the argument you are trying to make and strings of quotations that run on too long.
3. You use materials in a competent but uninspired way to support your argument.
4. You smoothly integrate the research materials you use into your argument.

E. WRITING THE PAPER

1. Your essay lacks coherence and cohesion. Transitions are ineffective. The paragraphs read like a list, with no connection between the sentences
2. The paragraphs have a general focus, but some sentences are unrelated. Coherence, cohesion, and transitions need work.
3. Paragraphs are generally well developed with fewer than three problems of focus, unity, or coherence. Transitions may be a bit forced.
4. Paragraphs are focused, unified, and coherent. Transitions are logical and effective.

E. GRAMMAR

1. You exceeded the maximum allowable number of serious grammatical mistakes (10), automatically dropping your grade to an "F."
2. You had 7-9 grammatical errors. 3. You had 4-6 errors. 4. You had 1-3 errors.

10

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
 Fra Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
 Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked what'e'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your Master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck² cast in bronze for me.

(1842)

²Another fictitious artist.

Walt Whitman 1819–1892

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D
ASTRONOMER

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and
 measure them,
 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much
 applause in the lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

(1865)

ONE'S-SELF I SING

One's-Self I sing, a simple separate person,
 Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.
 Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
 Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the Muse, I
 say the Form complete is worthier far,
 The Female equally with the Male I sing.
 Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
 Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,
 The Modern Man I sing.

(1871)

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE
DOORYARD BLOOM'D¹

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
 And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
 I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
 Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
 Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
 And thought of him I love.

¹The poem is an elegy on the death of President Lincoln, from Illinois, on the western frontier.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
 O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
 O great star disappear'd—O the black mark that hides the star!
 O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
 O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,
 Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
 With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong
 I love,
 With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
 With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
 A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
 A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,

The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
 Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
 Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I know,
 If thou was not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
 Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd
 from the ground, spotting the gray debris,
 Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,
 Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the
 dark-brown fields uprisen,
 Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
 Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
 Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
 Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
 With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black,
 With the show of the States themselves as of crepe-veil'd women standing,
 With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
 With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the
 unbarred heads,
 With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
 With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong
 and solemn,

40

With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,
 The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid these
 you journey,
 With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
 Here, coffin that slowly passes,
 I give you my sprig of lilac.

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,
 Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
 For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you O sane
 and sacred death.
 All over bouquets of roses,
 O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
 But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
 Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
 For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

8

O western orb sailing the heaven,
 Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd,
 As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
 As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
 As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side, (while the
 other stars all look'd on,)

As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something I know not
 what kept me from sleep,
 As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full you
 were of woe,

As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool transparent night,
 As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black of
 the night,

As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you sad orb,
 Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
 O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your call,
 I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
 But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
 The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
 And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
 And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

70

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea, till
there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?
Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and
bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun,
burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of
the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a
wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and
shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen
homeward returning.

12

Lo, body and soul—this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides,
and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light,
Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.
Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fullfil'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.
Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!

O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!
You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart,)
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

80

90

100

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the
farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds and the storms,)
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the
voices of children and women.

The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy
with labor.

And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its
meals and minutia of daily usages,
And the streets how their throbbings throbb'd, and the cities pent—lo,
then and there,

Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of
companions,

I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

*Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.*

22c

Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song.
 As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
 Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
 Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
 As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
 Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
 I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

190

I cease from any song for thee,
 From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
 O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
 The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
 And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
 With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe,
 With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the bird,
 Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory even to keep,
 for the dead I loved so well,
 For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and this for his dear sake,
 Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
 There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

200

(1867)

Matthew Arnold 1822-1888

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night,
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the Straits;—on the French coast, the light
 Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

10

22 d

*Approach strong deliveress,
 When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.*

150

*From me to thee glad serenades,
 Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,
 And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
 And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star,
 The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
 And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
 Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the
 prairies wide,*

160

*Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
 I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.*

15

To the tally of my soul,
 Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
 With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.
 Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
 Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
 And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
 As to long panoramas of visions.

170

And I saw askant the armies,
 I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
 Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with missiles I saw
 them,
 And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,
 And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in silence,
 And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
 And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
 I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
 But I saw they were not as was thought,
 They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,
 The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
 And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,
 And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

16

Passing the visions, passing the night,
 Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
 Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,

XCVI

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulcheris
 accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,
 quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores
 atque olim amissas flemus amicitias,
 certe non tanto mors immatura dolorist
 Quintiliae, quantum gaudet amore tuo. 5

CI

MVLTA per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
 advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
 ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
 et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem,
 quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum, 5
 heu miser² indigne frater adempte mihi.
 nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more parentum
 tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
 accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
 atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale. 10

CII

Si quicquam tacito commissumst fido ab amico,
 cuius sit penitus nota fides animi,
 me aequ³ esse invenies illorum iure sacratum,
 Corneli, et factum me esse putum⁴ Harpocraten.

¹ igni tum *Palmer* : igitur *V*
² hei misero *Avantius*
³ me aequ³ *Voss* : meque *V*
⁴ putum *Schwabe* : puta *V*

XCVI

IF the silent grave can receive any pleasure, or sweetness at all from our grief, Calvus, the grief and regret with which we make our old loves live again, and weep for long-lost friendships, surely Quintilia feels less sorrow for her too early death, than pleasure from your love.

CI

WANDERING through many countries and over many seas I come, my brother, to these sorrowful obsequies, to present you with the last guerdon of death, and speak, though in vain, to your silent ashes, since fortune has taken your own self away from me—alas, my brother, so cruelly torn from me! Yet now naught else availing take these offerings, which by the custom of our fathers have been handed down—a sorrowful tribute—for a funeral sacrifice; take them, wet with many tears of a brother, and for ever, O my brother, hail and farewell!

CII

IF ever aught was confined by a trusting to a discreet friend, the loyalty of whose heart was fully known, you will find that I am no less consecrated by their rite, Cornelius, and have turned into a very Harpocrates.¹

¹ An Egyptian sun-god, represented as a boy holding his left forefinger to his lips to enjoin silence (cf LXXIV.4).

56
.94
.k5
A25
1986

A

TESTAMENT OF HOPE

The Essential Writings of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Edited by

James Melvin Washington

1966



1817

Harper & Row, Publishers, San Francisco

Letter from Birmingham City Jail

Dr. King wrote this famous essay (written in the form of an open letter) on 16 April 1963 while in jail. He was serving a sentence for participating in civil rights demonstrations in Birmingham, Alabama. He rarely took time to defend himself against his opponents. But eight prominent "liberal" Alabama clergymen, all white, published an open letter earlier in January that called on King to allow the battle for integration to continue in the local and federal courts, and warned that King's nonviolent resistance would have the effect of inciting civil disturbances. Dr. King wanted Christian ministers to see that the meaning of Christian discipleship was at the heart of the African American struggle for freedom, justice, and equality

My dear Fellow Clergymen,

While confined here in the Birmingham city jail, I came across your recent statement calling our present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom, if ever, do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas. If I sought to answer all of the criticisms that cross my desk, my secretaries would be engaged in little else in the course of the day, and I would have no time for constructive work. But since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I would like to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms.

I think I should give the reason for my being in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the argument of "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every southern state, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some eighty-five affiliate organizations all across the South—one being the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights. Whenever necessary and possible we share staff, educational and financial resources with our affiliates. Several months ago our local affiliate here in Birmingham invited us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct-action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented and when the hour came we lived up to our promises. So I am here, along with several members of

my staff, because we were invited here. I am here because I have basic organizational ties here.

Beyond this, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the eighth century prophets left their little villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their hometowns; and just as the Apostle Paul left his little village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to practically every hamlet and city of the Graeco-Roman world, I too am compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my particular hometown. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.

Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives in the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere in this country.

You deplore the demonstrations that are presently taking place in Birmingham. But I am sorry that your statement did not express a similar concern for the conditions that brought the demonstrations into being. I am sure that each of you would want to go beyond the superficial social analyst who looks merely at effects, and does not grapple with underlying causes. I would not hesitate to say that it is unfortunate that so-called demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham at this time, but I would say in more emphatic terms that it is even more unfortunate that the white power structure of this city left the Negro community with no other alternative.

In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: (1) collection of the facts to determine whether injustices are alive, (2) negotiation, (3) self-purification, and (4) direct action. We have gone through all of these steps in Birmingham. There can be no gainsaying of the fact that racial injustice engulfs this community.

Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of police brutality is known in every section of this country. Its unjust treatment of Negroes in the courts is a notorious reality. There have been more unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than any city in this nation. These are the hard, brutal and unbelievable facts. On the basis of these conditions Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the political leaders consistently refused to engage in good faith negotiation.

Then came the opportunity last September to talk with some of the leaders of the economic community. In these negotiating sessions certain promises were made by the merchants—such as the promise to remove the humiliating racial signs from the stores. On the basis of these

promises Rev. Shuttlesworth and the leaders of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights agreed to call a moratorium on any type of demonstrations. As the weeks and months unfolded we realized that we were the victims of a broken promise. The signs remained. Like so many experiences of the past we were confronted with blasted hopes, and the dark shadow of a deep disappointment settled upon us. So we had no alternative except that of preparing for direct action, whereby we would present our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and national community. We were not unmindful of the difficulties involved. So we decided to go through a process of self-purification. We started having workshops on nonviolence and repeatedly asked ourselves the questions, "Are you able to accept blows without retaliating?" "Are you able to endure the ordeals of jail?" We decided to set our direct-action program around the Easter season, realizing that with the exception of Christmas, this was the largest shopping period of the year. Knowing that a strong economic withdrawal program would be the by-product of direct action, we felt that this was the best time to bring pressure on the merchants for the needed changes. Then it occurred to us that the March election was ahead and so we speedily decided to postpone action until after election day. When we discovered that Mr. Connor was in the run-off, we decided again to postpone action so that the demonstrations could not be used to cloud the issues. At this time we agreed to begin our nonviolent witness the day after the run-off.

This reveals that we did not move irresponsibly into direct action. We too wanted to see Mr. Connor defeated; so we went through postponement after postponement to aid in this community need. After this we felt that direct action could be delayed no longer.

You may well ask, "Why direct action? Why sit-ins, marches, etc.? Isn't negotiation a better path?" You are exactly right in your call for negotiation. Indeed, this is the purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such creative tension that a community that has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored. I just referred to the creation of tension as a part of the work of the nonviolent resister. This may sound rather shocking. But I must confess that I am not afraid of the word tension. I have earnestly worked and preached against violent tension, but there is a type of constructive nonviolent tension that is necessary for growth. Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, we must see the need of having nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men to rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood.

So the purpose of the direct action is to create a situation so crisis-packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation. We, therefore, concur with you in your call for negotiation. Too long has our beloved Southland been bogged down in the tragic attempt to live in monologue rather than dialogue.

One of the basic points in your statement is that our acts are untimely. Some have asked, "Why didn't you give the new administration time to act?" The only answer that I can give to this inquiry is that the new administration must be prodded about as much as the outgoing one before it acts. We will be sadly mistaken if we feel that the election of Mr. Boutwell will bring the millennium to Birmingham. While Mr. Boutwell is much more articulate and gentle than Mr. Connor, they are both segregationists, dedicated to the task of maintaining the status quo. The hope I see in Mr. Boutwell is that he will be reasonable enough to see the futility of massive resistance to desegregation. But he will not see this without pressure from the devotees of civil rights. My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined legal and nonviolent pressure. History is the long and tragic story of the fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up their unjust posture; but as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups are more immoral than individuals.

† We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly, I have never yet engaged in a direct action movement that was "well-timed," according to the timetable of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the words "Wait! It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This "Wait" has almost always meant "Never." It has been a tranquilizing thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration. We must come to see with the distinguished jurist of yesterday that "justice too long delayed is justice denied." We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jetlike speed toward the goal of political independence, and we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter. I guess it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say, "Wait." But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize and even kill your black brothers and sisters with impunity; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six-year-old daughter

why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her little eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority begin to form in her little mental sky, and see her begin to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five-year-old son asking in agonizing pathos: "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?"; when you take a cross-country drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" and "colored"; when your first name becomes "nigger" and your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and when your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs."; when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tiptoe stance never quite knowing what to expect next, and plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"; then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into an abyss of injustice where they experience the blackness of corroding despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.

You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools, it is rather strange and paradoxical to find us consciously breaking laws. One may well ask, "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer is found in the fact that there are two types of laws: there are *just* and there are *unjust* laws. I would agree with Saint Augustine that "An unjust law is no law at all."

Now what is the difference between the two? How does one determine when a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man-made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put it in the terms of Saint Thomas Aquinas, an unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. It gives the segregator a false sense of superiority, and the segregated a false sense of inferiority. To use the words of Martin Buber, the great Jewish philosopher, segregation substitutes an "I-it" relationship for the "I-thou" relationship, and ends up relegating persons to the status of things. So segregation is not only politically, economically and sociologically unsound, but it is morally wrong and sinful. Paul Til-

lich has said that sin is separation. Isn't segregation an existential expression of man's tragic separation, an expression of his awful estrangement, his terrible sinfulness? So I can urge men to disobey segregation ordinances because they are morally wrong.

Let us turn to a more concrete example of just and unjust laws. An unjust law is a code that a majority inflicts on a minority that is not binding on itself. This is difference made legal. On the other hand a just law is a code that a majority compels a minority to follow that it is willing to follow itself. This is sameness made legal.

Let me give another explanation. An unjust law is a code inflicted upon a minority which that minority had no part in enacting or creating because they did not have the unhampered right to vote. Who can say that the legislature of Alabama which set up the segregation laws was democratically elected? Throughout the state of Alabama all types of conniving methods are used to prevent Negroes from becoming registered voters and there are some counties without a single Negro registered to vote despite the fact that the Negro constitutes a majority of the population. Can any law set up in such a state be considered democratically structured?

These are just a few examples of unjust and just laws. There are some instances when a law is just on its face and unjust in its application. For instance, I was arrested Friday on a charge of parading without a permit. Now there is nothing wrong with an ordinance which requires a permit for a parade, but when the ordinance is used to preserve segregation and to deny citizens the First Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and peaceful protest, then it becomes unjust.

I hope you can see the distinction I am trying to point out. In no sense do I advocate evading or defying the law as the rabid segregationist would do. This would lead to anarchy. One who breaks an unjust law must do it *openly, lovingly* (not hatefully as the white mothers did in New Orleans when they were seen on television screaming, "nigger, nigger, nigger"), and with a willingness to accept the penalty. I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and willingly accepts the penalty by staying in jail to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the very highest respect for law.

Of course, there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was seen sublimely in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar because a higher moral law was involved. It was practiced superbly by the early Christians who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks, before submitting to certain unjust laws of the Roman Empire. To a degree academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience.

We can never forget that everything Hitler did in Germany was "le-

gal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. But I am sure that if I had lived in Germany during that time I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers even though it was illegal. If I lived in a Communist country today where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I believe I would openly advocate disobeying these anti-religious laws. I must make two honest confessions to you, my Christian and Jewish brothers. First, I must confess that over the last few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizen's Council or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says, "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I can't agree with your methods of direct action"; who paternalistically feels that he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by the myth of time and who constantly advised the Negro to wait until a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection.

I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that law and order exist for the purpose of establishing justice, and that when they fail to do this they become dangerously structured dams that block the flow of social progress. I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that the present tension of the South is merely a necessary phase of the transition from an obnoxious negative peace, where the Negro passively accepted his unjust plight, to a substance-filled positive peace, where all men will respect the dignity and worth of human personality. Actually, we who engage in nonviolent direct action are not the creators of tension. We merely bring to the surface the hidden tension that is already alive. We bring it out in the open where it can be seen and dealt with. Like a boil that can never be cured as long as it is covered up but must be opened with all its pus-flowing ugliness to the natural medicines of air and light, injustice must likewise be exposed, with all of the tension its exposing creates, to the light of human conscience and the air of national opinion before it can be cured.

In your statement you asserted that our actions, even though peaceful, must be condemned because they precipitate violence. But can this assertion be logically made? Isn't this like condemning the robbed man because his possession of money precipitated the evil act of robbery? Isn't this like condemning Socrates because his unswerving commitment to truth and his philosophical delvings precipitated the misguided popular mind to make him drink the hemlock? Isn't this like condemn-

ing Jesus because His unique God-consciousness and never-ceasing devotion to his will precipitated the evil act of crucifixion? We must come to see, as federal courts have consistently affirmed, that it is immoral to urge an individual to withdraw his efforts to gain his basic constitutional rights because the quest precipitates violence. Society must protect the robbed and punish the robber.

I had also hoped that the white moderate would reject the myth of time. I received a letter this morning from a white brother in Texas which said: "All Christians know that the colored people will receive equal rights eventually, but it is possible that you are in too great of a religious hurry. It has taken Christianity almost two thousand years to accomplish what it has. The teachings of Christ take time to come to earth." All that is said here grows out of a tragic misconception of time. It is the strangely irrational notion that there is something in the very flow of time that will inevitably cure all ills. Actually time is neutral. It can be used either destructively or constructively. I am coming to feel that the people of ill will have used time much more effectively than the people of good will. We will have to repent in this generation not merely for the vitriolic words and actions of the bad people, but for the appalling silence of the good people. We must come to see that human progress never rolls in on wheels of inevitability. It comes through the tireless efforts and persistent work of men willing to be co-workers with God, and without this hard word time itself becomes an ally of the forces of social stagnation. We must use time creatively, and forever realize that the time is always ripe to do right. Now is the time to make real the promise of democracy, and transform our pending national elegy into a creative psalm of brotherhood. Now is the time to lift our national policy from the quicksand of racial injustice to the solid rock of human dignity.

You spoke of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my nonviolent efforts as those of the extremist. I started thinking about the fact that I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community. One is a force of complacency made up of Negroes who, as a result of long years of oppression, have been so completely drained of self-respect and a sense of "somebodiness" that they have adjusted to segregation, and, of a few Negroes in the middle class who, because of a degree of academic and economic security, and because at points they profit by segregation, have unconsciously become insensitive to the problems of the masses. The other force is one of bitterness and hatred, and comes perilously close to advocating violence. It is expressed in the various black nationalist groups that are springing up over the nation, the largest and best known being Elijah Muhammad's Muslim movement. This movement is nourished by the contemporary frustration over the continued existence of racial discrimination. It is made up of people who have lost faith in America, who have absolutely repudiated Christianity,

and who have concluded that the white man is an incurable "devil." I have tried to stand between these two forces, saying that we need not follow the "do-nothingism" of the complacent or the hatred and despair of the black nationalist. There is the more excellent way of love and nonviolent protest. I'm grateful to God that, through the Negro church, the dimension of nonviolence entered our struggle. If this philosophy had not emerged, I am convinced that by now many streets of the South would be flowing with floods of blood. And I am further convinced that if our white brothers dismiss us as "rabble-rousers" and "outside agitators" those of us who are working through the channels of nonviolent direct action and refuse to support our nonviolent efforts, millions of Negroes, out of frustration and despair, will seek solace and security in black nationalist ideologies, a development that will lead inevitably to a frightening racial nightmare.

Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. The urge for freedom will eventually come. This is what happened to the American Negro. Something within has reminded him of his birthright of freedom; something without has reminded him that he can gain it. Consciously and unconsciously, he has been swept in by what the Germans call the *Zeitgeist*, and with his black brothers of Africa, and his brown and yellow brothers of Asia, South America and the Caribbean, he is moving with a sense of cosmic urgency toward the promised land of racial justice. Recognizing this vital urge that has engulfed the Negro community, one should readily understand public demonstrations. The Negro has many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations. He has to get them out. So let him march sometime; let him have his prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; understand why he must have sit-ins and freedom rides. If his repressed emotions do not come out in these nonviolent ways, they will come out in ominous expressions of violence. This is not a threat; it is a fact of history. So I have not said to my people "get rid of your discontent." But I have tried to say that this normal and healthy discontent can be channeled through the creative outlet of nonviolent direct action. Now this approach is being dismissed as extremist. I must admit that I was initially disappointed in being so categorized.

But as I continued to think about the matter I gradually gained a bit of satisfaction from being considered an extremist. Was not Jesus an extremist in love—"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them that spitefully use you." Was not Amos an extremist for justice—"Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream." Was not Paul an extremist for the gospel of Jesus Christ—"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Was not Martin Luther an extremist—"Here I stand; I can do none other so help me God." Was not John Bunyan an extremist—"I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience." Was not Abraham Lincoln an extremist—"This nation cannot survive half slave and half

free." Was not Thomas Jefferson an extremist—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." So the question is not whether we will be extremist but what kind of extremist will we be. Will we be extremists for hate or will we be extremists for love? Will we be extremists for the preservation of injustice—or will we be extremists for the cause of justice? In that dramatic scene on Calvary's hill, three men were crucified. We must not forget that all three were crucified for the same crime—the crime of extremism. Two were extremists for immorality, and thusly fell below their environment. The other, Jesus Christ, was an extremist for love, truth and goodness, and thereby rose above his environment. So, after all, maybe the South, the nation and the world are in dire need of creative extremists.

I had hoped that the white moderate would see this. Maybe I was too optimistic. Maybe I expected too much. I guess I should have realized that few members of a race that has oppressed another race can understand or appreciate the deep groans and passionate yearnings of those that have been oppressed and still fewer have the vision to see that injustice must be rooted out by strong, persistent and determined action. I am thankful, however, that some of our white brothers have grasped the meaning of this social revolution and committed themselves to it. They are still all too small in quantity, but they are big in quality. Some like Ralph McGill, Lillian Smith, Harry Golden and James Dabbs have written about our struggle in eloquent, prophetic and understanding terms. Others have marched with us down nameless streets of the South. They have languished in filthy roach-infested jails, suffering the abuse and brutality of angry policemen who see them as "dirty nigger-lovers." They, unlike so many of their moderate brothers and sisters, have recognized the urgency of the moment and sensed the need for powerful "action" antidotes to combat the disease of segregation.

Let me rush on to mention my other disappointment. I have been so greatly disappointed with the white church and its leadership. Of course, there are some notable exceptions. I am not unmindful of the fact that each of you has taken some significant stands on this issue. I commend you, Rev. Stallings, for your Christian stance on this past Sunday, in welcoming Negroes to your worship service on a non-segregated basis. I commend the Catholic leaders of this state for integrating Springhill College several years ago.

But despite these notable exceptions I must honestly reiterate that I have been disappointed with the church. I do not say that as one of the negative critics who can always find something wrong with the church. I say it as a minister of the gospel, who loves the church; who was nurtured in its bosom; who has been sustained by its spiritual blessings and who will remain true to it as long as the cord of life shall lengthen.

I had the strange feeling when I was suddenly catapulted into the leadership of the bus protest in Montgomery several years ago that we would

have the support of the white church. I felt that the white ministers, priests and rabbis of the South would be some of our strongest allies. Instead, some have been outright opponents, refusing to understand the freedom movement and misrepresenting its leaders; all too many others have been more cautious than courageous and have remained silent behind the anesthetizing security of the stained-glass windows.

In spite of my shattered dreams of the past, I came to Birmingham with the hope that the white religious leadership of this community would see the justice of our cause, and with deep moral concern, serve as the channel through which our just grievances would get to the power structure. I had hoped that each of you would understand. But again I have been disappointed. I have heard numerous religious leaders of the South call upon their worshippers to comply with a desegregation decision because it is the *law*, but I have longed to hear white ministers say, "Follow this decree because integration is morally *right* and the Negro is your brother." In the midst of blatant injustices inflicted upon the Negro, I have watched white churches stand on the sideline and merely mouth pious irrelevancies and sanctimonious trivialities. In the midst of a mighty struggle to rid our nation of racial and economic injustice, I have heard so many ministers say, "Those are social issues with which the gospel has no real concern," and I have watched so many churches commit themselves to a completely otherworldly religion which made a strange distinction between body and soul, the sacred and the secular.

So here we are moving toward the exit of the twentieth century with a religious community largely adjusted to the status quo, standing as a taillight behind other community agencies rather than a headlight leading men to higher levels of justice.

I have traveled the length and breadth of Alabama, Mississippi and all the other southern states. On sweltering summer days and crisp autumn mornings I have looked at her beautiful churches with their lofty spires pointing heavenward. I have beheld the impressive outlay of her massive religious education buildings. Over and over again I have found myself asking: "What kind of people worship here? Who is their God? Where were their voices when the lips of Governor Barnett dripped with words of interposition and nullification? Where were they when Governor Wallace gave the clarion call for defiance and hatred? Where were their voices of support when tired, bruised and weary Negro men and women decided to rise from the dark dungeons of complacency to the bright hills of creative protest?"

Yes, these questions are still in my mind. In deep disappointment, I have wept over the laxity of the church. But be assured that my tears have been tears of love. There can be no deep disappointment where there is not deep love. Yes, I love the church; I love her sacred walls. How could I do otherwise? I am in the rather unique position of being the son, the grandson and the great-grandson of preachers. Yes, I see the church

as the body of Christ. But, oh! How we have blemished and scarred that body through social neglect and fear of being nonconformists.

There was a time when the church was very powerful. It was during that period when the early Christians rejoiced when they were deemed worthy to suffer for what they believed. In those days the church was not merely a thermometer that recorded the ideas and principles of popular opinion; it was a thermostat that transformed the mores of society. Wherever the early Christians entered a town the power structure got disturbed and immediately sought to convict them for being "disturbers of the peace" and "outside agitators." But they went on with the conviction that they were "a colony of heaven," and had to obey God rather than man. They were small in number but big in commitment. They were too God-intoxicated to be "astronomically intimidated." They brought an end to such ancient evils as infanticide and gladiatorial contest.

Things are different now. The contemporary church is often a weak, ineffectual voice with an uncertain sound. It is so often the arch-supporter of the status quo. Far from being disturbed by the presence of the church, the power structure of the average community is consoled by the church's silent and often vocal sanction of things as they are.

But the judgment of God is upon the church as never before. If the church of today does not recapture the sacrificial spirit of the early church, it will lose its authentic ring, forfeit the loyalty of millions, and be dismissed as an irrelevant social club with no meaning for the twentieth century. I am meeting young people every day whose disappointment with the church has risen to outright disgust.

Maybe again, I have been too optimistic. Is organized religion too inextricably bound to the status quo to save our nation and the world? Maybe I must turn my faith to the inner spiritual church, the church within the church, as the true *ecclesia* and the hope of the world. But again I am thankful to God that some noble souls from the ranks of organized religion have broken loose from the paralyzing chains of conformity and joined us as active partners in the struggle for freedom. They have left their secure congregations and walked the streets of Albany, Georgia, with us. They have gone through the highways of the South on tortuous rides for freedom. Yes, they have gone to jail with us. Some have been kicked out of their churches, and lost support of their bishops and fellow ministers. But they have gone with the faith that right defeated is stronger than evil triumphant. These men have been salt in the lump of the race. Their witness has been the spiritual salt that has preserved the true meaning of the gospel in these troubled times. They have carved a tunnel of hope through the dark mountain of disappointment.

I hope the church as a whole will meet the challenge of this decisive hour. But even if the church does not come to the aid of justice, I have

no despair about the future. I have no fear about the outcome of our struggle in Birmingham, even if our motives are presently misunderstood. We will reach the goal of freedom in Birmingham and all over the nation, because the goal of America is freedom. Abused and scorned though we may be, our destiny is tied up with the destiny of America. Before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth we were here. Before the pen of Jefferson etched across the pages of history the majestic words of the Declaration of Independence, we were here. For more than two centuries our foreparents labored in this country without wages; they made cotton king; and they built the homes of their masters in the midst of brutal injustice and shameful humiliation—and yet out of a bottomless vitality they continued to thrive and develop. If the inexpressible cruelties of slavery could not stop us, the opposition we now face will surely fail. We will win our freedom because the sacred heritage of our nation and the eternal will of God are embodied in our echoing demands.

I must close now. But before closing I am impelled to mention one other point in your statement that troubled me profoundly. You warmly commended the Birmingham police force for keeping "order" and "preventing violence." I don't believe you would have so warmly commended the police force if you had seen its angry violent dogs literally biting six unarmed, nonviolent Negroes. I don't believe you would so quickly commend the policemen if you would observe their ugly and inhuman treatment of Negroes here in the city jail; if you would watch them push and curse old Negro women and young Negro girls; if you would see them slap and kick old Negro men and young boys; if you will observe them, as they did on two occasions, refuse to give us food because we wanted to sing our grace together. I'm sorry that I can't join you in your praise for the police department.

It is true that they have been rather disciplined in their public handling of the demonstrators. In this sense they have been rather publicly "nonviolent." But for what purpose? To preserve the evil system of segregation. Over the last few years I have consistently preached that nonviolence demands that the means we use must be as pure as the ends we seek. So I have tried to make it clear that it is wrong to use immoral means to attain moral ends. But now I must affirm that it is just as wrong, or even more so, to use moral means to preserve immoral ends. Maybe Mr. Connor and his policemen have been rather publicly nonviolent, as Chief Pritchett was in Albany, Georgia, but they have used the moral means of nonviolence to maintain the immoral end of flagrant racial injustice. T. S. Eliot has said that there is no greater treason than to do the right deed for the wrong reason.

I wish you had commended the Negro sit-inners and demonstrators of Birmingham for their sublime courage, their willingness to suffer and their amazing discipline in the midst of the most inhuman provocation.

One day the South will recognize its real heroes. They will be the James Merediths, courageously and with a majestic sense of purpose facing jeering and hostile mobs and the agonizing loneliness that characterizes the life of the pioneer. They will be old, oppressed, battered Negro women, symbolized in a seventy-two-year-old woman of Montgomery, Alabama, who rose up with a sense of dignity and with her people decided not to ride the segregated buses, and responded to one who inquired about her tiredness with ungrammatical profundity: "My feet is tired, but my soul is rested." They will be the young high school and college students, young ministers of the gospel and a host of their elders courageously and nonviolently sitting-in at lunch counters and willingly going to jail for conscience's sake. One day the South will know that when these disinherited children of God sat down at lunch counters they were in reality standing up for the best in the American dream and the most sacred values in our Judeo-Christian heritage, and thusly, carrying our whole nation back to those great wells of democracy which were dug deep by the Founding Fathers in the formulation of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.

Never before have I written a letter this long (or should I say a book?). I'm afraid that it is much too long to take your precious time. I can assure you that it would have been much shorter if I had been writing from a comfortable desk, but what else is there to do when you are alone for days in the dull monotony of a narrow jail cell other than write long letters, think strange thoughts, and pray long prayers?

If I have said anything in this letter that is an overstatement of the truth and is indicative of an unreasonable impatience, I beg you to forgive me. If I have said anything in this letter that is an understatement of the truth and is indicative of my having a patience that makes me patient with anything less than brotherhood, I beg God to forgive me.

I hope this letter finds you strong in the faith. I also hope that circumstances will soon make it possible for me to meet each of you, not as an integrationist or a civil rights leader, but as a fellow clergyman and a Christian brother. Let us all hope that the dark clouds of racial prejudice will soon pass away and the deep fog of misunderstanding will be lifted from our fear-drenched communities and in some not too distant tomorrow the radiant stars of love and brotherhood will shine over our great nation with all of their scintillating beauty.
Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood,
Martin Luther King, Jr.

Martin Luther King, Jr., *Why We Can't Wait* (New York: Harper & Row, 1963, 1964). The American Friends Committee first published this essay as a pamphlet. It has probably been reprinted more than anything else Dr. King wrote.

DIALOGUES OF PLATO

Apology • Crito • Phaedo
Symposium • Republic



JOWETT TRANSLATION
EDITED AND WITH INTRODUCTORY
NOTES BY
J. D. KAPLAN

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his friend. "Let me die forthwith," he replies, "and be avenged of my enemy, rather than abide here by the beaked ships, a laughing-stock and a burden of the earth." Had Achilles any thought of death and danger? For wherever a man's place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or of anything but of disgrace. And this, O men of Athens, is a true saying.

Strange, indeed, would be my conduct, O men of Athens, if I, who, when I was ordered by the generals whom you chose to command me at Potidaea and Amphipolis and Delium, remained where they placed me, like any other man, facing death—if now, when, as I conceive and imagine, God orders me to fulfil the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were

to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear; that would indeed be strange, and I might justly be arraigned in court for denying the existence of the gods, if I disobeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death, fancying that I was wise when I was not wise. For the fear of death is indeed the pretence of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being a pretence of knowing the unknown; and no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is not this ignorance of a disgraceful sort, the ignorance which is the conceit that a man knows what he does not know? And in this respect only I believe myself to differ from men in general, and may perhaps claim to be wiser than they are:—that whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that

*Socrates,
who has
often faced
death in
battle, will
not make
any condition
in order to
save his own
life; for he
does not know
whether
death is a
good or an
evil.*

I know: but I do know that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is evil and dishonourable, and I will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil. And therefore if you let me go now, and are not convinced by Anytus, who said that since I had been prosecuted I must be put to death; (or if not that I ought never to have been prosecuted at all); and that if I escape now, your sons will all be utterly ruined by listening to my words—if you say to me, Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and you shall be let off, but upon one condition, that you are not to enquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing so again you shall die;—if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honour and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never

cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet and saying to him after my manner: You, my friend,—a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens,—are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all? And if the person with whom I am arguing, says: Yes, but I do care; then I do not leave him or let him go at once; but I proceed to interrogate and examine and cross-examine him, and if I think that he has no virtue in him, but only says that he has, I reproach him with undervaluing the greater, and overvaluing the less. And I shall repeat the same words to every one whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens, inasmuch as they are my brethren. For know that this is

*He must
always be a
preacher of
philosophy*

And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the God by condemning me, who am his gift to you. For if you kill me you will not easily find a successor to me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the State by God; and the State is a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the State, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. You will not easily find another like me, and therefore I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel out of temper (like a person who is suddenly awakened from sleep), and you think that you might easily strike me dead as Anytus advises, and then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives, unless God in his care of you sent you another gadfly. When I say that I am given to you by God, the proof of my mission is this:—if I had been like other men, I should not have neglected all my own concerns or patiently seen the neglect of them during all these years, and have been doing yours, coming to you individually like a father or elder brother, exhorting you to regard virtue; such conduct, I say, would be unlike human nature. If I had gained anything, or if my exhortations had been paid, there would have been some sense in my doing so; but now, as you will perceive, not even the impudence of my accusers dares to say that I have ever exacted or sought pay of any one; of that they have no witness. And I have a sufficient witness to the truth of what I say—my poverty.

I am the gadfly of the Athenians people, given to them by God, and they will never have another if they kill me.

Some one may wonder why I go about in private giv-

the command of God; and I believe that no greater good has ever happened in the State than my service to the God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue comes money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, I am a mischievous person. But if any one says that this is not my teaching, he is speaking an untruth. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but whichever you do, understand that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times.

Men of Athens, do not interrupt, but hear me; there was an understanding between us that you should hear me to the end: I have something more to say, at which you may be inclined to cry out; but I believe that to hear me will be good for you, and therefore I beg that you will not cry out. I would have you know, that if you kill such an one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. Nothing will injure me, not Meletus nor yet Anytus—they cannot, for a bad man is not permitted to injure a better than himself. I do not deny that Anytus may, perhaps, kill him, or drive him into exile, or deprive him of civil rights; and he may imagine, and others may imagine, that he is inflicting a great injury upon him: but there I do not agree. For the evil of doing as he is doing—the evil of unjustly taking away the life of another—is greater far.

Neither you nor Meletus can ever injure me.

which is improved by health and is deteriorated by disease, would life be worth having? And that which has been destroyed is—the body?

Cr. Yes.

Soc. Could we live, having an evil and corrupted body?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. And will life be worth having, if that higher part of man be destroyed, which is improved by justice and depraved by injustice? Do we suppose that principle, whatever it may be in man, which has to do with justice and injustice, to be inferior to the body?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. More honourable than the body?

Cr. Far more.

Soc. Then, my friend, we must not regard what the many say of us: but what he, the one man who has understanding of just and unjust, will say, and what the truth will say. And therefore you begin in error when you advise that we should regard the opinion of the many about just and unjust, good and evil, honourable and dishonourable.—“Well,” some one will say, “But the many can kill us.”

Cr. Yes, Socrates; that will clearly be the answer.

Soc. And it is true: but still I find with surprise that the old argument is unshaken as ever. And I should like to know whether I may say the same of another proposition—that not life, but a good life, is to be chiefly valued?

Cr. Yes, that also remains unshaken.

Soc. And a good life is equivalent to a just and honourable one—that holds also?

Cr. Yes, it does.

Soc. From these premises I proceed to argue the ques-

tion whether I ought or ought not to try to escape without the consent of the Athenians: and if I am clearly right in escaping, then I will make the attempt; but if not, I will abstain. The other considerations which you mention, of money and loss of character and the duty of educating one's children, are, I fear, only the doctrines of the multitude, who would be as ready to restore people to life, if they were able, as they are to put them to death—and with as little reason. But now, since the argument has thus far prevailed, the only question which remains *Admitting these principles,* to be considered is, whether we shall do *ought I to try* rightly either in escaping or in suffering *and escape or not?* others to aid in our escape and paying them in money and thanks, or whether in reality we shall not do rightly; and if the latter, then death or any other calamity which may ensue on my remaining here must not be allowed to enter into the calculation.

Cr. I think that you are right, Socrates; how then shall we proceed?

Soc. Let us consider the matter together, and do you either refute me if you can, and I will be convinced; or else cease, my dear friend, from repeating to me that I ought to escape against the wishes of the Athenians: for I highly value your attempts to persuade me to do so, but I may not be persuaded against my own better judgment. And now please to consider my first position, and try how you can best answer me.

Cr. I will.

Soc. Are we to say that we are never intentionally to do wrong, or that in one way we ought and in another way we ought not to do wrong, or is doing wrong always evil and dishonourable, as I was just now saying, and as has

May we sometimes do evil that good may come?

been already acknowledged by us? Are all our former admissions which were made within a few days to be thrown away? And have we, at our age, been earnestly discouraging with one another all our life long only to discover that we are no better than children? Or, in spite of the opinion of the many, and in spite of consequences whether better or worse, shall we insist on the truth of what was then said, that injustice is always an evil and dishonour to him who acts unjustly? Shall we say so or not?

Cr. Yes.

Soc. Then we must do no wrong?

Cr. Certainly not.

Soc. Nor when injured injure in return, as the many imagine; for we must injure no one at all?

Cr. Clearly not.

Soc. Again, Crito, may we do evil?

Cr. Surely not, Socrates.

Soc. And what of doing evil in return for evil, which is the morality of the many—is that just or not?

Cr. Not just.

Soc. For doing evil to another is the same as injuring him?

Cr. Very true.

Soc. Then we ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. But I would have you consider, Crito, whether you really mean what you are saying. For this opinion has never been held, and never will be held, by any considerable number of persons; and those who are agreed and those who are not agreed upon this point have no common ground, and can only despise one another when they see how widely they differ. Tell me, then, whether you agree

with and assent to my first principle, that neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by evil is ever right. And shall that be the premise of our argument? Or do you decline and dissent from this? For so I have ever thought, and continue to think; but, if you are of another opinion, let me hear what you have to say. If, however, you remain of the same mind as formerly, I will proceed to the next step.

Cr. You may proceed, for I have not changed my mind.

Soc. Then I will go on to the next point, which may be put in the form of a question:—Ought a man to do what he admits to be right, or ought he to betray the right?

Cr. He ought to do what he thinks right.

Soc. But if this is true, what is the application? In leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians, do I wrong any? or rather do I not wrong those whom I ought least to wrong? Do I not desert the principles which were acknowledged by us to be just—what do you say?

Cr. I cannot tell, Socrates; for I do not know.

Soc. Then consider the matter in this way:

—Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: "Tell

us, Socrates," they say; "what are you about? are you not going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws, and the whole state, as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and trampled upon by individuals?" What will be our answer, Crito, to

Or is evil always to be deemed evil? Are you of the same mind as formerly about all this?

Crito assents.

Then ought Socrates to desert or not?

The Laws come and argue with him.—Can a State exist in which law is set aside?

..... CRITO

have been struck or reviled by him, or received some other evil at his hands?—you would not say this? And because we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? Will you, O professor of true virtue, pretend that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued and higher and holier far than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed, and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and either to be persuaded, or if not persuaded, to be obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she lead us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may any one yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just: and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country." What answer shall we make to this, Crito? Do the laws speak truly, or do they not?

Cr. I think that they do.

Soc. Then the laws will say: "Consider, Socrates, if we are speaking truly that in your present attempt you are going to do us an injury. For, having brought you into the world, and nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good which we had to give, we further proclaim to any Athenian by the liberty which we allow him, that if he does not like us when he has become of age and has seen the ways of the city, and

..... PLATO

these and the like words? Any one, and especially a rhetorician, will have a good deal to say on behalf of the law which requires a sentence to be carried out. He will argue that this law should not be set aside; and shall we reply, "Yes; but the state has injured us and given an unjust sentence." Suppose I say that?

Cr. Very good, Socrates.

Soc. "And was that our agreement with you?" the law would answer; "or were you to abide by the sentence of the state?" And if I were to express my astonishment at their words, the law would probably add: "Answer, Socrates, instead of

Has he any fault to find with them?

opening your eyes—you are in the habit of asking and answering questions. Tell us,—What complaint have you to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the state? In the first place did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against those of us who regulate marriage?" None, I should reply. "Or against those of us who after birth regulate the nurture and education of children, in which you also were trained? Were not the laws, which have the charge of education, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastic?" Right, I should reply. "Well, then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true, you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to your father or your master, if you had one, because you

No man has any right to strike a blow at his country any more than at his father or mother.

any curiosity to know other States or their laws: your affections did not go beyond us and our State; we were your special favourites, and you acquiesced in our government of you; and here in this city you begat your children, which is a proof of your satisfaction. Moreover, you might in the course of the trial, if you had liked, have fixed the penalty at banishment; the State which refuses to let you go now would have let you go then. But you pretended that you preferred death to exile, and that you were not unwilling to die. And now you have forgotten these fine sentiments, and pay no respect to us, the laws, of whom you are the destroyer; and are doing what only a miserable slave would do, running away and turning your back upon the compacts and agreements which you made as a citizen. And, first of all, answer this very question: Are we right in saying that you agreed to be governed according to us in deed, and not in word only? Is that true or not?" How shall we answer, Crito? Must we not assent?

Cr. We cannot help it, Socrates.

Soc. Then will they not say: "You, Socrates, are breaking the covenants and agreements which you made with us at your

*This agreement
he is now going
to break.*

leisure, not in any haste or under any compulsion or deception, but after you have had seventy years to think of them, during which time you were at liberty to leave the city, if we were not to your mind, or if our covenants appeared to you to be unfair. You had your choice, and might have gone either to Lacedaemon or Crete, both which States are often praised by you for their good government, or to some other Hellenic or foreign State. Whereas you, above all other Athenians, seemed to be so fond of the State, or, in other words, of us, her laws (and who would care about

made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him. None of us laws will forbid him or interfere with him. Any one who does not like us and the city, and who wants to emigrate to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, retaining his property. But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the State, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong; first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will duly obey our commands; and he neither obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are unjust; and we do not rudely impose them, but give him the alternative of obeying or convincing us;—that is what we offer, and he does neither.

"These are the sort of accusations to which, as we were saying, you, Socrates, will be exposed if you accomplish your intentions; you, above all other Athenians." Suppose now I ask, why I rather than anybody else? they will justly retort upon me that I above all other men have acknowledged the agreement. "There is clear proof," they will say, "Socrates, that we and the city were not displeasing to you. Of all Athenians you have been the most constant resident in the city, which, as you never leave, you may be supposed to love. For you never went out of the city either to see the games, except once when you went to the Isthmus, or to any other place unless when you were on military service; nor did you travel as other men do. Nor had you

a State which has no laws?), that you never stirred out of her; the halt, the blind, the maimed were not more stationary in her than you were. And now you run away and forsake your agreements. Not so, Socrates, if you will take our advice; do not make yourself ridiculous by escaping out of the city.

"For just consider, if you transgress and err in this sort of way, what good will you do either to yourself or to your friends? That your friends will be driven into exile and deprived of citizenship, or will lose their property, is tolerably certain; and you yourself, if you fly to one of the neighbouring cities, as, for example, Thebes or Megara, both of which are well governed, will come to them as an enemy, Socrates, and their government will be against you, and all patriotic citizens will cast an evil eye upon you as a subverter of the laws, and you will confirm in the minds of the judges the justice of their own condemnation of you. For he who is a corrupter of the laws is more than likely to be a corrupter of the young and foolish portion of mankind. Will you then flee from well-ordered cities and virtuous men and is existence worth having on these terms? Or will you go to them without shame, and talk to them, Socrates? And what will you say to them? What you say here about virtue and justice and institutions and laws being the best things among men? Would that be decent of you? Surely not. But if you go away from well-governed States to Crito's friends in Thessaly, where there is great disorder and licence, they will be charmed to hear the tale of your escape from prison, set off with ludicrous particulars of the manner in which you were wrapped in a goatskin or some other disguise, and metamorphosed as the manner is of runaways; but will

If he does he will injure his friends and will disgrace himself.

there be no one to remind you that in your old age you were not ashamed to violate the most sacred laws from a miserable desire of a little more life? Perhaps not, if you keep them in a good temper; but if they are out of temper you will hear many degrading things; you will live, but how?—as the flatterer of all men, and the servant of all men; and doing what?—eating and drinking in Thessaly, having gone abroad in order that you may get a dinner. And where will be your fine sentiments about justice and virtue? Say that you wish to live for the sake of your children—you want to bring them up and educate them—will you take them into Thessaly and deprive them of Athenian citizenship? Is this the benefit which you will confer upon them? Or are you under the impression that they will be better cared for and educated here if you are still alive, although absent from them; for your friends will take care of them? Do you fancy that if you are an inhabitant of Thessaly they will take care of them, and if you are an inhabitant of the other world that they will not take care of them? Nay; but if they who call themselves friends are good for anything, they will—to be sure they will.

"Listen, then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of *Let him think justice afterwards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below. For neither will you nor any that belong to you be happier or holier or juster in this life, or happier in another, if you do as Crito bids. Now you depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws but of men. But if you go forth, returning evil for evil; and injury for injury, breaking the covenants and agreements which you have made with us,*

and wronging those whom you ought least of all to wrong, that is to say, yourself, your friends, your country, and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brethren, the laws in the world below, will receive you as an enemy; for they will know that you have done your best to destroy us. Listen, then, to us and not to Crito."

This, dear Crito, is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other. And I know that anything more which you may say will be vain. Yet speak, if you have anything to say.

Cr. I have nothing to say, Socrates.
Soc. Leave me then, Crito, to fulfil the will of God, and to follow whither he leads.

PHAEDO



The Conservative Tradition in European Thought

An Anthology Selected and Edited
by Robert Lindsay Schuettenger

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more, a civil and a regal of still more, as if there were no difference between a large family and a small city; and they hold that a regal and political government are the same things; only that in the one, a single person is continually at the head of affairs, while in the other, each individual in his turn becomes a magistrate and again a private person, according to the rules of political science. Now this is not true; and what we say will be evident to any one who will consider this question after the approved method. For as, in every other subject, it is necessary to separate its component nature, till we arrive at its first elements, which are the most minute parts thereof; so by viewing the first elements of which a state is composed, we shall see wherein states differ from each other, and whether it is possible to arrive at any systematic knowledge concerning each of the points above mentioned.

Now if any one would watch the parts of a state from the very first as they rise into existence, as in other matters, so here he would gain the truest view of the subject. In the first place, then, it is requisite that those should be joined together, which cannot exist without each other, as the male and the female, for the business of procreation; and this not through deliberate choice, but by that natural impulse which acts both in plants and in animals, namely, the desire of leaving behind them others like themselves. By nature too some beings command, and others obey, for the sake of mutual safety; for a being endowed with discernment and forethought is by nature the superior and governor; whereas he who is merely able to execute by bodily labour, is the inferior and a natural slave; and hence the interest of master and slave is identical. But there is a natural difference between the female and the slave; for nature does nothing meanly, like artists who make the Delphic swords; but she has one instrument for one end; for thus her instruments are most likely to be brought to perfection, being made to contribute to one end, and not to many. Yet, among Barbarians, the female and the slave are upon a level in the community; the reason for which is, that they are not fitted by nature to rule; and so their relationship becomes merely that between slaves of different sexes. For which reason the poets say,

“Tis meet that barbarous tribes to Greeks should bow,”

as if a barbarian and a slave were by nature one and the same. Now

17 ARISTOTLE

On Mixed Government

Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) was Plato's foremost pupil, the tutor of Alexander the Great, the most persistent student of constitutional arrangements in the ancient Greek world, and the father of the democratic theory. From his study of governmental systems he concluded that a mixed government is most conducive to the development and maintenance of a free society; it is this Aristotelian concept that Montesquieu was to redevelop in the eighteenth century into the theory of checks and balances which became the basis of the American Constitution. Aristotle argued in his *Politics* that the purpose of government is to further the good life of its citizens, and doing this requires that the government include all elements of the society in a predetermined "mixture," not merely an oppressive minority or an oppressive majority. The selection is taken from Books I, III, and IV.*

As we see that every state is a society, and that every society is established for the sake of some good end; (for an apparent good is the spring of all human actions;) it is evident that all societies aim at some good or other: and this is more especially true of that which aims at the highest possible end, and is itself the most excellent, and embraces all the rest. Now this is that which is called a state, and forms a political society. For those are greatly at fault, who think that the principles of a political, a regal, a domestic, and a despotic government are the same; inasmuch as they suppose that each of these differ merely in point of number, and not in kind: so that with them a despotic government is one composed of a very few, a domestic of

* *The Politics of Aristotle*, from the text of I. Bekker (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1855).

of these two societies the domestic tie is the first, and Hesiod is right when he says,

"First house, then wife, then oxen for the plough ;"

for the ox is to the poor man in the place of a household slave. That society, then, which nature has established for daily support, is a family. . . . But the society of many families, which was instituted for lasting and mutual advantage, is called a village . . . and a village is most naturally composed of the emigrant members of one family, . . . the children and the children's children. And hence, by the way, states were originally governed by kings, as the Barbarians now are; for they were composed of those who always were under kingly government. For every family is governed by the elder, as are its branches, on account of their relationship; and this is what Homer

"Then each his wife and child doth rule,"

for in this scattered manner they formerly lived. And the general opinion which makes the gods themselves subject to kingly government, arises from the fact that most men formerly were, and many are so now; and as they hold the gods to be like themselves in form, so they suppose their manner of life must needs be the same. But when many villages join themselves perfectly together into one society, that society is a state, . . . and contains in itself, if I may so speak, the perfection of independence; and it is first founded that men may live, but continued that they may live happily. For which reason every state is the work of nature, since the first social ties are such; for to this they all tend as to an end, and the nature of a thing is judged by its tendency. For what every being is in its perfect state, that certainly is the nature of that being, whether it be a man, a horse, or a house; besides, its own final cause and its end must be the perfection of any thing; but a government complete in itself constitutes a final cause and what is best. Hence it is evident, that a state is one of the works of nature, and that man is naturally a political animal, and that whosoever is naturally, and not accidentally, unfit for society, must be either inferior or superior to man; just as the person reviled in Homer,

"No tribe, nor state, nor home hath he."

For he whose nature is such as this, must needs be a lover of strife, and as solitary as a bird of prey. It is clear, then, that man is truly a more social animal than bees, or any of the herding cattle; for nature, as we say, does nothing in vain, and man is the only animal who has reason. Speech, indeed, as being the token of pleasure and pain, is imparted to other beings also, and thus far their nature extends; they can perceive pleasure and pain, and can impart these sensations to others; but speech is given to us to express what is useful or hurtful to us, and also what is just and unjust; for in this particular man differs from other animals, that he alone has a perception of good and evil, of justice and injustice, and it is the interchange of these common sentiments which forms a family and a city. And further, in the order of nature, the state is prior to the family or the individual; for the whole must necessarily be prior to the parts; for if you take away the whole body, you cannot say a foot or a hand remains, unless by equivocation, as if any one should call a hand made of stone, a hand; for such only can it have when mutilated. But every thing is defined according to its effects and inherent powers, so that when these no longer remain such as they were, it cannot be said to be the same, but something of the same name. It is plain, then, that the state is prior to the individual, for if an individual is not complete in himself, he bears the same relation to the state as other parts do to a whole; but he that is incapable of society, or so complete in himself as not to want it, makes no part of a state, but is either a beast or a god. There is then in all persons a natural impetus to associate with each other in this manner, and he who first established civil society was the cause of the greatest benefit; for as man, thus perfected, is the most excellent of all living beings, so without law and justice he would be the worst of all; for nothing is so savage as injustice in arms; but man is born with a faculty of gaining himself arms by prudence and virtue; arms which yet he may apply to the most opposite purposes. And hence he who is devoid of virtue will be the most wicked and cruel, the most lustful and gluttonous being imaginable. Now justice is a social virtue; for it is the rule of the social state, and the very criterion of what is right.

Having established these particulars, the next point is to consider

how many different kinds of governments there are, and what they are; and first we must review those of them which are correct; for when we have determined this their deflections will be evident enough.

It is evident that every form of government or administration, (for the words are of the same import,) must contain the supreme power over the whole state, and that this supreme power must necessarily be in the hands of one person, or of a few, or of the many; and that when the one, the few, or the many direct their policy to the common good, such states are well governed: but when the interest of the one, the few, or the many who are in office, is alone consulted, a perversion takes place; for we must either affirm that those who share in the community are not citizens, or else let these share in the advantages of government. Now we usually call a state which is governed by one person for the common good, a kingdom; one that is governed by more than one, but by a few only, an aristocracy; either because the government is in the hands of the most worthy citizens, or because it is the best form for the city, and its inhabitants. But when the citizens at large direct their policy to the public good, it is called simply a polity; a name which is common to all other governments. And this distinction is consonant to reason; for it will be easy to find one person, or a very few, of very distinguished abilities, but most difficult to meet with the majority of a people eminent for every virtue; but if there is one common to a whole nation it is valour; for this exists among numbers: for which reason, in this state the military have most power, and those who possess arms will have their share in the government. Now the perversions attending each of these governments are these; a kingdom may degenerate into a tyranny, an aristocracy into an oligarchy, and a state into a democracy. Now a tyranny is a monarchy where the good of one man only is the object of government, an oligarchy considers only the rich, and a democracy only the poor; but neither of them have the common good of all in view.

... It is evident, then, that a state is not a mere community of place, nor established for the sake of mutual safety or traffic; but that these things are the necessary consequences of a state, although they may all exist where there is no state; but a state is a society of people joining together with their families, and their children, to live well, for the sake of a perfect and independent life; and for this purpose it is necessary that they should live in one place, and intermarry with each

other. Hence in all cities there are family meetings, clubs, sacrifices, and public entertainments, to promote friendship; for a love of sociability is friendship itself; so that the end for which a state is established is that the inhabitants of it may live happily; and these things are conducive to that end; for it is a community of families and villages, formed for the sake of a perfect independent life; that is, as we have already said, for the sake of living well and happily. The political state therefore is founded not for the purpose of men's merely living together, but for their living as men ought; for which reason those who contribute most to this end deserve to have greater power in the state than either those who are their equals in family and freedom, but their inferiors in civil virtue, or those who excel them in wealth, but are below them in worth. It is evident from what has been said, that in all disputes upon forms of government each party says something that is just.

There may also be a doubt as to who should possess the supreme power of the state. Shall it be the majority, or the wealthy, or a number of proper persons, or one better than the rest, or a tyrant? But whichever of these we prefer, some difficulty will arise. For what? if the poor, because they are the majority, may divide among themselves what belongs to the rich, is not this unjust? In sooth, by heaven, it will have been judged just enough by the multitude when they gain the supreme power. What therefore is the extremity of injustice, if this is not? Again, if the many seize into their own hands every thing which belongs to the few, it is evident that the state will be at an end. But virtue never tends to destroy what is itself virtuous; nor can what is right be the ruin of the state. Therefore such a law can never be right; nor can the acts of a tyrant ever be wrong, for of necessity they must all be just; for, from his unlimited power, he compels every one to obey his command, as the multitude oppress the rich. Is it right then that the rich and few should have the supreme power? and what if they be guilty of the same rapine, and plunder the possessions of the majority, will this be just? It will be the same as in the other case; but it is evident that all things of this sort are wrong and unjust. Well then, suppose that those of the better sort shall have the supreme power, must not then all the other citizens live unhonoured, without sharing the offices of the state? for the offices of a state we call honours, and if one set of men are always in power, it is evident that

The rest must be without honours. Then, will it be better that the supreme power be in the hands of that one person who is fittest for it? but by this means the power will be still more confined, for a greater number than before will continue unhonoured. But some one may say, that, in short, it is wrong that man should have the supreme power rather than the law, as his soul is subject to so many passions. But if this law appoints an aristocracy, or a democracy, how will it help us in our present doubts? for those things will happen which we have already mentioned.

Of other particulars, then, let us treat hereafter; but as to the fact that the supreme power ought to be lodged with the many, rather than with those of the better sort, who are few, there would seem to be some doubt, though also some truth as well. Now, though each individual of the many may himself be unfit for the supreme power, yet, when these many are joined together, it is possible that they may be better qualified for it, than the others; and this not separately, but as a collective body. So the public suppers exceed those which are given at one person's private expense: for, as they are many, each person brings in his share of virtue and wisdom; and thus, coming together, they are like one man made up of a multitude, with many feet, many hands, and many senses. Thus is it with respect to the character and understanding. And for this reason the many are the best judges of music and poetry; for some understand one part, some another, and all collectively the whole. And in this particular men of consequence differ from each of the many; as they say those who are beautiful differ from those who are not so, and as fine pictures excel any natural objects, by collecting into one the several beautiful parts which were dispersed among different originals, although the separate parts of individuals, as the eye or any other part, may be handsomer than in the picture. But it is not clear whether it is possible that this distinction should exist between every people and general assembly, and some few men of consequence; but, by heaven, doubtless it is clear enough that, with respect to a few, it is impossible; since the same conclusion might be applied even to brutes: and indeed, so to say, wherein do some men differ from brutes? But nothing prevents what I have said being true of the people in some states. The doubt, then, which we have lately proposed, with that which is its consequence, may be settled in this manner; it is necessary that the freemen and the

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 bulk of the people should have absolute power in some things; but these are such as are not men of property, nor have they any reputation for virtue. And so it is not safe to trust them with the first offices in the state, both on account of their injustice and their ignorance; from the one of which they are likely to do what is wrong, from the other to make mistakes. And yet it is dangerous to allow them no power or share in the government; for when there are many poor people who are excluded from office, the state must necessarily have very many enemies in it. It remains, then, that they should have a place in the public assemblies, and in determining causes. And for this reason Socrates and some other legislators give them the power of electing the officers of the state, and also of inquiring into their conduct after their term of office, but do not allow them to act as magistrates by themselves. For the multitude, when they are collected together, have all of them sufficient understanding for these purposes, and by mixing among those of higher rank are serviceable to the state; as some things which alone are improper for food, when mixed with others, make the whole more wholesome than a few of them would be; though each individual is unfit to form a judgment by himself. But there is a difficulty attending this form of government; for it seems that the same person, who himself was capable of curing any one who was then sick, must be the best judge who to employ as a physician; but such a one must be himself a physician. And the same holds true in every other practice and art: and as a physician ought to give an account of his practice to physicians, so ought it to be in other arts. But physicians are of three sorts; the first makes up the medicines; the second prescribes; the third understands the science, but never practises it. Now these three distinctions may be found in those who understand all other arts; and we have no less opinion of their judgment who are only instructed in the principles of the art, than of those who practise it. And with respect to elections the same would seem to hold true; for to elect a proper person in any line, is the business of those who are skilled in it; as in geometry, it is the part of geometers, and of steersmen in the art of steering. But even if some individuals do know something of particular arts and works, they do not know more than the professors of them, so that, even upon this principle, neither the election of magistrates, nor the censure of their conduct, should be intrusted to the many. But possibly much that has been here said may not be right; for, to resume the argument lately

used, if the people are not very brutal indeed, although we allow that each individual knows less of these affairs than those who have given particular attention to them, yet when they come together they will know them better, or at least not worse: besides, in some particular arts it is not the workman only who is the best judge, as in those the works of which are understood by those who do not profess them. Thus he who builds a house is not the only judge of it, (for the master of the family who inhabits it is a better one;) thus also a steersman is a better judge of a tiller than he who made it, and he who gives an entertainment than the cook. What has been said seems a sufficient solution of this difficulty; but there is another that follows it: for it seems absurd that greater power in the state should be lodged with the bad than with the good. Now the power of election and censure are of the very utmost consequence, and this, as has been said, in some states they intrust to the people; for the general assembly is the supreme court of all. And yet they have a voice in this court, and deliberate on all public affairs, and try all causes, without any objection to the meanness of their circumstances, and at any age: but their quartermasters, generals, and other great officers of state are taken from men of high condition. This difficulty, then, may be solved upon the same principle; and here too they may be right. For the power is not in the man who is member of the assembly or council, but in the assembly itself, and in the council and people, of which each individual of the whole community forms a part, as senator, adviser, or judge. And for this reason it is very right that the many should have the greatest powers in their own hands; for the people, the council, and the judges are composed of them, and the property of all these collectively is more than the property of any person, or of a few who fill the great offices of the state: and thus let us determine these points.

But the first question that we stated shows nothing besides so plainly, as that the supreme power should be lodged in laws duly made, and that the magistrate, or magistrates, (either one or more,) should be authorized to determine those cases on which the laws cannot define particularly; as it is impossible for them, in general language, to explain themselves upon every thing that may arise. But what these laws are, which are established upon the best foundations, has not been yet explained, but still remains a matter of some question: but the laws of every state will necessarily be like the state itself, either trifling or excellent, just or unjust; for it is evident, that the laws which are

framed, must correspond to the constitution of the government; and, if so, it is plain, that a well-formed government will have good laws, a bad one, bad ones.

It follows next in order to consider the absolute monarch whom we have just mentioned, who does every thing according to his own will; for a king governing under the direction of laws does not of himself constitute any particular species of government, as we have already said; for in every state whatsoever, whether an aristocracy or a democracy, it is easy to appoint a general for life; and there are many who intrust the administration of affairs to one person only; such is the government at Dyrrachium, and the same at Opus though in a less degree. As for an absolute monarchy, as it is called, (that is to say, when the whole state is wholly subject to the will of one person, namely the king,) it seems to many to be unnatural that one man should have the entire rule over his fellow-citizens, when the state consists of equals; for nature requires that the same right, and the same rank, should necessarily exist amongst all those who are equal by nature; for as it would be hurtful to the body, for those who are of different constitutions to observe the same regimen, either of diet, or clothing; so with respect to the honours of the state, it is as hurtful that those who are equal in merit should be unequal in rank. And for this reason it is as much a man's duty to submit to command, as to assume it, and this also by rotation; for this is law, for order is law; and it is more proper that the law should govern, than any one of the citizens. Upon the same principle, if it is advantageous to place the supreme power in some particular persons, they should be appointed to be only guardians and servants of the laws, for the supreme power must be placed somewhere; but they say, that it is unjust that where all are equal, one person should continually enjoy it. But man would scarcely be able to adjust that which the law cannot determine. It may be replied, that the law having purposely laid down the best rules, leaves the rest to be adjusted by the most fair decision, and to be regulated by the magistrates; besides, it allows any thing to be altered, which experience proves may be better established. Moreover, he who bids the law to be supreme, makes God supreme, [and the laws:] but he who intrusts man with supreme power, gives it to a wild beast, for such his appetites sometimes make him; passion, too, influences those who are in power, even the very best of men; for which reason the law is intel-

lect free from appetite. The instance taken from the arts seems fallacious: wherein it is said to be wrong for a sick person to apply for a remedy to books, but that it would be far more eligible to employ those who are skilful in physic; for these are not biassed by any feeling towards their patient to act contrary to the principles of their art; but when the cure is performed, they receive a pecuniary recompence: whereas those who have the management of public affairs, do many things through hatred or favour. And, as a proof of what we have advanced, it may be observed, that whenever a sick person suspects that his physician has been persuaded by his enemies to be guilty of any foul practice to him in his profession, he then chooses rather to apply to books for his cure. And not only this, but even physicians themselves, when they are ill, call in other physicians: and those who teach others the gymnastic exercises practise with those of the same profession, as being incapable from self-partiality to form a proper judgment of what concerns themselves. From whence it is evident, that those who seek for what is just, seek for a mean; now the law is a mean. Moreover, the moral law is far superior to the written law, and is conversant with far superior objects; for the supreme magistrate is safer to be trusted to than the written one, though he is inferior to the moral law. . . .

We ought not, however, to define a democracy as some do now-a-days, who say simply that it is a government where the supreme power is lodged in the people; for even in oligarchies every where the supreme power is in the majority. Nor should we define an oligarchy as a government where the supreme power is in the hands of a few: for let us suppose the number of a people to be thirteen hundred, and that of these, one thousand were rich, who would not permit the three hundred poor to have any share in the government, although they were free, and their equals in every thing else; no one would say that this government was a democracy. In like manner, if the poor, when few in number, should acquire the power over the rich, though more than themselves, no one would say that this formed an oligarchy; nor would any one call such a state an oligarchy, when the poor, though few in number, are superior in power to the rich, who have a majority. We should rather say that the state is a democracy, when the supreme power is in the hands of the freemen; an oligarchy, when it is in the hands of the rich. It happens indeed that in the one case the many

will possess it, in the other the few; because there are many poor, and few rich. And if the offices of state were to be distributed according to the size of the citizens, as they say it is in Æthiopia, or according to their beauty, then it would be an oligarchy: for the number of those who are tall or beautiful is small. Nor withal are those things which we have already mentioned, alone sufficient to describe these states; for since there are many species both of a democracy and an oligarchy, the matter requires that further distinction be made; as we cannot admit, that if a few freemen possess the supreme power over the many who are not free, this government is a democracy: as in Apollonia upon the Ionian Sea, and in Thera; for in each of these cities the honours of the state were in the hands of some few distinguished families who first founded the colonies. Nor would the rich, because they are superior in numbers, form a democracy, as formerly at Colophon; for there the majority had large possessions before the Lydian war. But a democracy is a state where the freemen and the poor, being the majority, are invested with the power of the state; and an oligarchy is a state where the rich and those of noble family, being few, possess it. We have now proved that there are various forms of government, and we have assigned a reason for it; and shall proceed to show, that there are even more than these, and what they are, and why; starting from the first principle which we have already laid down. We admit that every state consists not of one, but of many parts. For example, if it should be our purpose to comprehend the different species of animals, we should first of all rote those parts which every animal must have, as certain of the organs of sense, as also what is fitted to receive and retain its food, as a mouth and a belly; and besides, certain parts to enable it to move from place to place. If, then, these are the only parts of an animal, and there are differences between them, namely, in their various sorts of mouths, and bellies, and organs of sense, and besides these in their powers of motion; the number of all these combined together must necessarily make up different species of animals. For it is not possible that the same kind of animal should have any very great deal of difference in its mouth or ears; so that when all these possible combinations are collected together, they will make up various species of animals, which will be as many kinds as there are of these general combinations of necessary parts. Now the same thing is true of what are called polities; for a state is not made up of one, but of many parts, as has already

been often said; one of which is those who supply provisions, called husbandmen; another called mechanics, whose employment is in the manual arts, without which the city could not be inhabited; of these some are busied about what is absolutely necessary, others about things which contribute to the elegancies and pleasures of life; the third sort are hucksters, I mean by these buyers, sellers, petty traffickers, and retail dealers; the fourth are hired labourers, or workmen; the fifth are the men-at-arms, a rank not less useful than the other, unless the community choose to be the slaves of every invader. For doubtless a state which is naturally a slave, is unworthy of the name of a city; for a city is self-sufficient, but a slave is not. So that when Socrates says that a city is necessarily composed of four sorts of people, weavers, husbandmen, shoemakers, and builders; he then adds, as if these were not sufficient, smiths, herdsmen for what cattle are necessary, and also merchants and victuallers, and these are by way of appendix to his first list; as if a city was established for necessity, and not for the sake of perfect life, or as if it was equally in need of shoemakers and husbandmen. Also he does not reckon the military as a part of the state, before its territory increases and brings about war, by touching on the borders of the neighbouring powers. And even amongst them who compose his four divisions, or whoever have any connexion with each other, it will be necessary to have some one to distribute justice, and to determine between man and man. Since, then, any one would hold that the mind is more truly a part of man than his body, one would regard such things as more properly belonging to his city than matters of every-day necessity: such things are the portion devoted to war and the administration of forensic justice; to which may be added those who are members of the council, which is the business of political sagacity. Nor is it of any consequence, whether these different employments are filled by different persons, or by one, as the same man is oftentimes both a soldier and a husbandman. So that if both the judge and the senator are parts of the city, it necessarily follows that the soldier must be so also. The seventh sort are those who serve the public in expensive employments at their own charge; and these are called the opulent. The eighth are those who in like manner execute the different offices of the state, and without these it could not possibly subsist: it is therefore necessary that there should be some persons capable of governing and of filling the places in the city; and this either for life, or in rotation. The office

of a senator, and of him who administers justice to litigants, alone now remain; and these we have already sufficiently defined. Since, then, these things are necessary for a state, to the end that it may be happy and just, it follows that citizens who engage in public affairs should be men of abilities therein. Many persons think it possible that different employments may be allotted to the same person, as that of a soldier, a husbandman, and an artificer; as also, that others may be both senators and judges: but all men lay claim to political ability, and think themselves qualified for almost every department in the state. But the same person cannot at once be poor and rich: for which reason the most obvious division of the city is into two parts, the poor and rich. Moreover, since in general the one are few, the other many, they seem of all the parts of a city most clearly contrary to each other; so that as the one or the other prevail, they form different polities, and these two forms of polity are democracy and oligarchy. It has been already mentioned that there are many different states, and from what causes they arise; let us therefore now show that there are also different kinds both of democracy and oligarchy. Though this indeed is evident from what we have already said: for there are many different sorts of common people, and also of those who are called the upper classes. Of the different sorts of the first are the husbandmen, artificers, and hucksters, who are employed in buying and selling; seamen, of whom some are engaged in war, some in traffic, some in carrying goods and passengers, others in fishing;—(and of each of these there are often many, as fishermen at Tarantum and Byzantium, masters of galleys at Athens, merchants at Ægina and Chios, those who carry passengers at Tenedos;)—to these we may add those who live by their manual labour, and have so little property that they cannot live without some employ; and also those who are not free-born from citizens on both sides, and whatever other sort of common people there may be. That which marks the upper classes, is their fortune, their birth, their abilities, or their education, or any such like excellence which is attributed to them. The most pure democracy is that which is called so principally from the equality which prevails in it: for this is what the law in that state directs, that the poor shall be in no greater subjection than the rich; and that the supreme power shall be not lodged with either of these, but that both shall share it alike. For if liberty and equality, as some persons suppose, are chiefly to be found in a democracy, it must be most so, by

every department of government being alike open to all; but as the people are the majority, and what they vote is law, it follows that such a state must be a democracy. This then is one species of a democratic government. Another is, when the magistrates are elected by a certain census, the standard of which is low; and where every one who possesses property ought to have a share in the government, but as soon as he has lost that property, he ought no longer. Another sort is, that in which every man who is not under ban has a share in the government, but where the government is in the law. Another, where every one, provided he be a citizen, has this right, but where the government is in the law. Another is the same with these in other particulars, but allows the people and not the law to be supreme; and this takes place when every thing is determined by a majority of votes, and not by a law; a thing which happens by reason of the demagogues. For where a democracy is governed by stated laws, there is no room for a demagogue, but men of worth fill the first offices in the state; but where the power is not vested in the laws, there demagogues abound. For there the people's voice becomes that of a king, the whole composing one body; for they are supreme, not as individuals, but in their collective capacity. Homer also says,

"Ill fares it, where the multitude hath sway;"

but whether he means this kind of democracy, or one where the many are individually supreme, is uncertain. Now, when the people possess this power, they desire to be altogether absolute, that they may not be under the control of the law, and they grow despotical, so that flatterers are held in repute; and such a people become analogous to tyranny among the forms of monarchy; for their manners are the same, and they both hold a despotic power over better persons than themselves. For their decrees are like the others' edict; and a demagogue with them is like a flatterer among the others; but both these two classes abound with each, flatterers with tyrants, and demagogues among such a people. And to them it is owing that the supreme power is lodged in the votes of the people, and not in written laws; for they bring every thing before them. And this they do because they have influence, on account of the supreme power being lodged in the people; for these are they whom the multitude obey. Besides, those who inveigh against rulers are wont to say that the people ought to be the judges of their

conduct; and the people gladly receive their complaints as the means of destroying all their offices. Any one therefore may with great justice blame such a government by calling it a democracy, and not a free state; for where the government is not vested in the laws, then there is no free state, for the law ought to be supreme over all things; and particular incidents which arise, should be determined by the magistrates or by the state. If, therefore, a democracy is to be reckoned as one among free states, it is evident that any such establishment which centres all power in the votes of the people cannot, properly speaking, be a democracy; for their decrees cannot be general in their extent. Let this, then, be our description of the several species of democracies.

1835

TWICE-TOLD TALES

YOUNG GOODMAN BROWN

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

YOUNG GOODMAN BROWN came forth at sunset, into the street of Salem village, but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the pink ribbons of her cap, while she called to Goodman Brown.

"Dearest heart," whispered she, softly and rather sadly, when her lips were close to his ear, "pr'ythee, put off your journey until sunrise, and sleep in your own bed tonight. A lone woman is troubled with such dreams and such thoughts, that she's afraid of herself, sometimes. Pray, tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the year!"

"My love and my Faith," replied young Goodman Brown, "of all nights in the year, this one night must I tarry away from thee. My journey, as thou callest it, forth and back again, must needs be done 'twixt now and sunrise. What, my sweet, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married!"

"Then God bless you!" said Faith, with the pink ribbons, "and may you find all well, when you come back."

"Amen!" cried Goodman Brown. "Say thy prayers, dear Faith, and go to bed at dusk, and no harm will come to thee."

So they parted; and the young man pursued his way, until, being about to turn the corner by the meeting-house, he looked back and saw the head of Faith still peeping after him, with a melancholy air, in spite of her pink ribbons.

"Poor little Faith!" thought he, for his heart smote him. "What a wretch am I, to leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too. Methought, as she spoke, there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done tonight. But, no, no! 'twould kill her to think it. Well; she's a blessed angel on earth; and after this one night, I'll cling to her skirts and follow her to Heaven."

With this excellent resolve for the future, Goodman Brown felt himself justified in making more haste on his present evil purpose. He had taken a dreary road, darkened by all the gloomiest trees of the forest, which barely stood aside to let the narrow path creep through, and closed immediately behind. It was all as lonely as could be; and there is this peculiarity in such a

solitude, that the traveller knows not who may be concealed by the innumerable trunks and the thick boughs overhead; so that, with lonely footsteps, he may yet be passing through an unseen multitude.

"There may be a devilish Indian behind every tree," said Goodman Brown to himself; and he glanced fearfully behind him, as he added, "What if the devil himself should be at my very elbow!"

His head being turned back, he passed a crook of the road, and looking forward again, beheld the figure of a man, in grave and decent attire, seated at the foot of an old tree. He arose, at Goodman Brown's approach, and walked onward, side by side with him.

"You are late, Goodman Brown," said he. "The clock of the Old South was striking, as I came through Boston; and that is full fifteen minutes ago."

"Faith kept me back awhile," replied the young man, with a tremor in his voice, caused by the sudden appearance of his companion, though not wholly unexpected.

It was now deep dusk in the forest, and deepest in that part of it where these two were journeying. As nearly as could be discerned, the second traveller was about fifty years old, apparently in the same rank of life as Goodman Brown, and bearing a considerable resemblance to him, though perhaps more in expression than features. Still, they might have been taken for father and son. And yet, though the elder person was as simply clad as the younger, and as simple in manner too, he had an indescribable air of one who knew the world, and would not have felt abashed at the governor's dinner-table, or in King William's court, were it possible that his affairs should call him thither. But the only thing about him, that could be fixed upon as remarkable, was his staff, which bore the likeness of a great black snake, so curiously wrought, that it might almost be seen to twist and wriggle itself like a living serpent. This, of course, must have been an ocular deception, assisted by the uncertain light.

"Come, Goodman Brown!" cried his fellow-traveller, "this is a dull pace for the beginning of a journey. Take my staff, if you are so soon weary."

"Friend," said the other, exchanging his slow pace for a full stop, "having kept covenant by meeting thee here, it is my purpose now to return whence I came. I have scruples, touching the matter thou wot'st of."

"Sayest thou so?" replied he of the serpent, smiling apart. "Let us walk on, nevertheless, reasoning as we go, and if I convince thee not, thou shalt turn back. We are but a little way in the forest, yet."

"Too far, too far!" exclaimed the goodman [not capitalized], unconsciously resuming his walk. "My father never went into the woods on such an errand, nor his father before him. We have been a race of honest men and good Christians, since the days of the martyrs. And shall I be the first of the name of Brown, that ever took this path and kept"-

"Such company, thou wouldst say," observed the elder person, interrupting his pause. "Well said, Goodman Brown! I have been as well acquainted with your family as with ever a one among the Puritans; and that's no trifle to say. I helped your grandfather, the constable, when he lashed the Quaker woman so smartly through the streets of Salem. And it was I that brought your father a pitch-pine knot, kindled at my own hearth, to set fire to an Indian village, in King Philip's War. They were my good friends, both; and many a pleasant walk have we had along this path, and returned merrily after midnight. I would fain be friends with you, for their sake."

"If it be as thou sayest," replied Goodman Brown, "I marvel they never spoke of these matters. Or, verily, I marvel not, seeing that the least rumor of the sort would have driven them from New England. We are a people of prayer, and good works to boot, and abide no such wickedness."

"Wickedness or not," said the traveller with the twisted staff, "have a very general acquaintance here in New England. The deacons of many a church have drunk the communion wine with me; the selectmen, of divers towns, make me their chairman; and a majority of the Great and General Court are firm supporters of my interest. The governor and I, too- but these are state-secrets."

"Can this be so!" cried Goodman Brown, with a stare of amazement at his undisturbed companion. "Howbeit, I have nothing to do with the governor and council; they have their own ways, and are no rule for a simple husbandman like me. But, were I to go on with thee, how should I meet the eye of that good old man, our minister, at Salem village? Oh, his voice would make me tremble, both Sabbath-day and lecture-day!"

Thus far, the elder traveller had listened with due gravity, but now burst into a fit of irrepressible mirth, shaking himself so violently that his snake-like staff actually seemed to wriggle in sympathy.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted he, again and again; then composing himself, "Well, go on, Goodman Brown, go on; but, prithee, don't kill me with laughing!"

"Well, then, to end the matter at once," said Goodman Brown, considerably nettled, "there is my wife, Faith. It would break her dear little heart; and I'd rather break my own!"

"Nay, if that be the case," answered the other, "e'en go thy ways, Goodman Brown. I would not, for twenty old women like the one hobbling before us, that Faith should come to any harm."

As he spoke, he pointed his staff at a female figure on the path, in whom Goodman Brown recognized a very pious and exemplary dame, who had taught him his catechism in youth, and was still his moral and spiritual adviser, jointly with the minister and Deacon Gookin.

"A marvel, truly, that Goody Cloyse should be so far in the wilderness, at night-fall!" said he. "But, with your leave, friend, I shall take a cut through the woods, until we have left this

Christian woman behind. Being a stranger to you, she might ask whom I was consorting with, and whither I was going."

"Be it so," said his fellow-traveller. "Betake you to the woods, and let me keep the path."

Accordingly, the young man turned aside, but took care to watch his companion, who advanced softly along the road, until he had come within a staff's length of the old dame. She, meanwhile, was making the best of her way, with singular speed for so aged a woman, and mumbling some indistinct words, a prayer, doubtless, as she went. The traveller put forth his staff, and touched her withered neck with what seemed the serpent's tail.

"The devil!" screamed the pious old lady.

"Then Goody Cloyse knows her old friend?" observed the traveller, confronting her, and leaning on his writhing stick.

"Ah, forsooth, and is it your worship, indeed?" cried the good dame. "Yea, truly is it, and in the very image of my old gossip, Goodman Brown, the grandfather of the silly fellow that now is. But, would your worship believe it? my broomstick hath strangely disappeared, stolen, as I suspect, by that unhangd witch, Goody Cory, and that, too, when I was all anointed with the juice of smallage and cinque-foil and wolf's-bane"-

"Mingled with fine wheat and the fat of a new-born babe," said the shape of old Goodman Brown.

"Ah, your worship knows the recipe," cried the old lady, cackling aloud. "So, as I was saying, being all ready for the meeting, and no horse to ride on, I made up my mind to foot it; for they tell me, there is a nice young man to be taken into communion tonight. But now your good worship will lend me your arm, and we shall be there in a twinkling."

"That can hardly be," answered her friend. "I may not spare you my arm, Goody Cloyse, but here is my staff, if you will."

So saying, he threw it down at her feet, where, perhaps, it assumed life, being one of the rods which its owner had formerly lent to Egyptian Magi. Of this fact, however, Goodman Brown could not take cognizance. He had cast up his eyes in astonishment, and looking down again, beheld neither Goody Cloyse nor the serpentine staff, but his fellow-traveller alone, who waited for him as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"That old woman taught me my catechism!" said the young man; and there was a world of meaning in this simple comment.

They continued to walk onward, while the elder traveller exhorted his companion to make good speed and persevere in the path, discoursing so aptly, that his arguments seemed rather to spring up in the bosom of his auditor, than to be suggested by himself. As they went, he

plucked a branch of maple, to serve for a walking-stick, and began to strip it of the twigs and little boughs, which were wet with evening dew. The moment his fingers touched them, they became strangely withered and dried up, as with a week's sunshine. Thus the pair proceeded, at a good free pace, until suddenly, in a gloomy hollow of the road, Goodman Brown sat himself down on the stump of a tree, and refused to go any farther.

"Friend," said he, stubbornly, "my mind is made up. Not another step will I budge on this errand. What if a wretched old woman do choose to go to the devil, when I thought she was going to Heaven! Is that any reason why I should quit my dear Faith, and go after her?"

"You will think better of this by-and-by," said his acquaintance, composedly. "Sit here and rest yourself awhile; and when you feel like moving again, there is my staff to help you along."

Without more words, he threw his companion the maple stick, and was as speedily out of sight as if he had vanished into the deepening gloom. The young man sat a few moments by the road-side, applauding himself greatly, and thinking with how clear a conscience he should meet the minister, in his morning-walk, nor shrink from the eye of good old Deacon Gookin. And what calm sleep would be his, that very night, which was to have been spent so wickedly, but purely and sweetly now, in the arms of Faith! Amidst these pleasant and praiseworthy meditations, Goodman Brown heard the tramp of horses along the road, and deemed it advisable to conceal himself within the verge of the forest, conscious of the guilty purpose that had brought him thither, though now so happily turned from it.

On came the hoof-tramps and the voices of the riders, two grave old voices, conversing soberly as they drew near. These mingled sounds appeared to pass along the road, within a few yards of the young man's hiding-place; but owing, doubtless, to the depth of the gloom, at that particular spot, neither the travellers nor their steeds were visible. Though their figures brushed the small boughs by the way-side, it could not be seen that they intercepted, even for a moment, the faint gleam from the strip of bright sky, athwart which they must have passed. Goodman Brown alternately crouched and stood on tip-toe, pulling aside the branches, and thrusting forth his head as far as he durst, without discerning so much as a shadow. It vexed him the more, because he could have sworn, were such a thing possible, that he recognized the voices of the minister and Deacon Gookin, jogging along quietly, as they were wont to do, when bound to some ordination or ecclesiastical council. While yet within hearing, one of the riders stopped to pluck a switch.

"Of the two, reverend Sir," said the voice like the deacon's, I had rather miss an ordination-dinner than tonight's meeting. They tell me that some of our community are to be here from Falmouth and beyond, and others from Connecticut and Rhode Island; besides several of the Indian powows, who, after their fashion, know almost as much deviltry as the best of us. Moreover, there is a goodly young woman to be taken into communion."

"Mighty well, Deacon Gookin!" replied the solemn old tones of the minister. "Spur up, or we shall be late. Nothing can be done, you know, until I get on the ground."

The hoofs clattered again, and the voices, talking so strangely in the empty air, passed on through the forest, where no church had ever been gathered, nor solitary Christian prayed. Whither, then, could these holy men be journeying, so deep into the heathen wilderness? Young Goodman Brown caught hold of a tree, for support, being ready to sink down on the ground, faint and overburdened with the heavy sickness of his heart. He looked up to the sky, doubting whether there really was a Heaven above him. Yet, there was the blue arch, and the stars brightening in it.

"With Heaven above, and Faith below, I will yet stand firm against the devil!" cried Goodman Brown.

While he still gazed upward, into the deep arch of the firmament, and had lifted his hands to pray, a cloud, though no wind was stirring, hurried across the zenith, and hid the brightening stars. The blue sky was still visible, except directly overhead, where this black mass of cloud was sweeping swiftly northward. Aloft in the air, as if from the depths of the cloud, came a confused and doubtful sound of voices. Once, the listener fancied that he could distinguish the accent of townspeople of his own, men and women, both pious and ungodly, many of whom he had met at the communion-table, and had seen others rioting at the tavern. The next moment, so indistinct were the sounds, he doubted whether he had heard aught but the murmur of the old forest, whispering without a wind. Then came a stronger swell of those familiar tones, heard daily in the sunshine, at Salem village, but never, until now, from a cloud of night. There was one voice, of a young woman, uttering lamentations, yet with an uncertain sorrow, and entreating for some favor, which, perhaps, it would grieve her to obtain. And all the unseen multitude, both saints and sinners, seemed to encourage her onward.

"Faith!" shouted Goodman Brown, in a voice of agony and desperation; and the echoes of the forest mocked him, crying- "Faith! Faith!" as if bewildered wretches were seeking her, all through the wilderness.

The cry of grief, rage, and terror, was yet piercing the night, when the unhappy husband held his breath for a response. There was a scream, drowned immediately in a louder murmur of voices, fading into far-off laughter, as the dark cloud swept away, leaving the clear and silent sky above Goodman Brown. But something fluttered lightly down through the air, and caught on the branch of a tree. The young man seized it, and beheld a pink ribbon.

"My Faith is gone!" cried he, after one stupefied moment. "There is no good on earth; and sin is but a name. Come, devil! for to thee is this world given."

And maddened with despair, so that he laughed loud and long, did Goodman Brown grasp his staff and set forth again, at such a rate, that he seemed to fly along the forest-path, rather than to walk or run. The road grew wilder and drearier, and more faintly traced, and vanished at length, leaving him in the heart of the dark wilderness, still rushing onward, with the instinct that guides mortal man to evil. The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds; the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while, sometimes the wind tolled like a distant church-bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveller, as if

all Nature were laughing him to scorn. But he was himself the chief horror of the scene, and shrank not from its other horrors.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Goodman Brown, when the wind laughed at him. "Let us hear which will laugh loudest! Think not to frighten me with your deviltry! Come witch, come wizard, come Indian powow, come devil himself! and here comes Goodman Brown. You may as well fear him as he fear you!"

In truth, all through the haunted forest, there could be nothing more frightful than the figure of Goodman Brown. On he flew, among the black pines, brandishing his staff with frenzied gestures, now giving vent to an inspiration of horrid blasphemy, and now shouting forth such laughter, as set all the echoes of the forest laughing like demons around him. The fiend in his own shape is less hideous, than when he rages in the breast of man. Thus sped the demoniac on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of midnight. He paused, in a lull of the tempest that had driven him onward, and heard the swell of what seemed a hymn, rolling solemnly from a distance, with the weight of many voices. He knew the tune; it was a familiar one in the choir of the village meetinghouse. The verse died heavily away, and was lengthened by a chorus, not of human voices, but of all the sounds of the benighted wilderness, pealing in awful harmony together. Goodman Brown cried out; and his cry was lost to his own ear, by its unison with the cry of the desert.

In the interval of silence, he stole forward, until the light glared full upon his eyes. At one extremity of an open space, hemmed in by the dark wall of the forest, arose a rock, bearing some rude, natural resemblance either to an altar or a pulpit, and surrounded by four blazing pines, their tops aflame, their stems untouched, like candles at an evening meeting. The mass of foliage, that had overgrown the summit of the rock, was all on fire, blazing high into the night, and fitfully illuminating the whole field. Each pendant twig and leafy festoon was in a blaze. As the red light arose and fell, a numerous congregation alternately shone forth, then disappeared in shadow, and again grew, as it were, out of the darkness, peopling the heart of the solitary woods at once.

"A grave and dark-clad company!" quoth Goodman Brown.

In truth, they were such. Among them, quivering to and fro, between gloom and splendor, appeared faces that would be seen, next day, at the council-board of the province, and others which, Sabbath after Sabbath, looked devoutly heavenward, and benignantly over the crowded pews, from the holiest pulpits in the land. Some affirm, that the lady of the governor was there. At least, there were high dames well known to her, and wives of honored husbands, and widows, a great multitude, and ancient maidens, all of excellent repute, and fair young girls, who trembled lest their mothers should espy them. Either the sudden gleams of light, flashing over the obscure field, bedazzled Goodman Brown, or he recognized a score of the church-members of Salem village, famous for their especial sanctity. Good old Deacon Gookin had arrived, and waited at the skirts of that venerable saint, his reverend pastor. But, irreverently consorting with these grave, reputable, and pious people, these elders of the church, these chaste

dames and dewy virgins, there were men of dissolute lives and women of spotted fame, wretches given over to all mean and filthy vice, and suspected even of horrid crimes. It was strange to see, that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abashed by the saints. Scattered, also, among their palefaced enemies, were the Indian priests, or powows, who had often scared their native forest with more hideous incantations than any known to English witchcraft.

"But, where is Faith?" [Jesus asked disciples this when calming sea] thought Goodman Brown; and, as hope came into his heart, he trembled.

Another verse of the hymn arose, a slow and mournful strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of fiends. Verse after verse was sung, and still the chorus of the desert swelled between, like the deepest tone of a mighty organ. And, with the final peal of that dreadful anthem, there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other voice of the unconverted wilderness, were mingling and according with the voice of guilty man, in homage to the prince of all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely discovered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke-wreaths, above the impious assembly. At the same moment, the fire on the rock shot redly forth, and formed a glowing arch above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the apparition bore no slight similitude, both in garb and manner, to some grave divine of the New England churches.

"Bring forth the converts!" cried a voice, that echoed through the field and rolled into the forest.

At the word, Goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees, and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood, by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well nigh sworn, that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke-wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old Deacon Gookin seized his arms, and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be queen of hell. A rampant hag was she! And there stood the proselytes, beneath the canopy of fire.

"Welcome, my children," said the dark figure, "to the communion of your race! Ye have found, thus young, your nature and your destiny. My children, look behind you!"

They turned; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend-worshippers were seen; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage.

"There," resumed the sable form, "are all whom ye have revered from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness, and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet, here are they all, in my worshipping

assembly! This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds; how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widow's weeds, has given her husband a drink at bed-time, and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom; how beardless youth have made haste to inherit their father's wealth; and how fair damsels- blush not, sweet ones- have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest, to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of your human hearts for sin, ye shall scent out all the places-whether in church, bed-chamber, street, field, or forest- where crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood-spot. Far more than this! It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked arts, and which inexhaustibly supplies more evil impulses than human power- than my power at its utmost- can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other."

They did so; and, by the blaze of the hell-kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

"Lo! there ye stand, my children," said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad, with its despairing awfulness, as if his once angelic nature could yet mourn for our miserable race. "Depending upon one another's hearts, ye had still hoped that virtue were not all a dream! Now are ye undeceived! Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness. Welcome, again, my children, to the communion of your race!"

"Welcome!" repeated the fiend-worshippers, in one cry of despair and triumph.

And there they stood, the only pair, as it seemed, who were yet hesitating on the verge of wickedness, in this dark world. A basin was hollowed, naturally, in the rock. Did it contain water, reddened by the lurid light? or was it blood? or, perchance, a liquid flame? Herein did the Shape of Evil dip his hand, and prepare to lay the mark of baptism upon their foreheads, that they might be partakers of the mystery of sin, more conscious of the secret guilt of others, both in deed and thought, than they could now be of their own. The husband cast one look at his pale wife, and Faith at him. What polluted wretches would the next glance show them to each other, shuddering alike at what they disclosed and what they saw!

"Faith! Faith!" cried the husband. "Look up to Heaven, and resist the Wicked One!"

Whether Faith obeyed, he knew not. Hardly had he spoken, when he found himself amid calm night and solitude, listening to a roar of the wind, which died heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock, and felt it chill and damp, while a hanging twig, that had been all on fire, besprinkled his cheek with the coldest dew.

The next morning, young Goodman Brown came slowly into the street of Salem village, staring around him like a bewildered man. The good old minister was taking a walk along the graveyard, to get an appetite for breakfast and meditate his sermon, and bestowed a blessing, as he passed, on Goodman Brown. He shrank from the venerable saint, as if to avoid an anathema. Old Deacon Gookin was at domestic worship, and the holy words of his prayer were heard

through the open window. "What God doth the wizard pray to?" quoth Goodman Brown. Goody Cloyse, that excellent old Christian, stood in the early sunshine, at her own lattice, catechising a little girl, who had brought her a pint of morning's milk. Goodman Brown snatched away the child, as from the grasp of the fiend himself. Turning the corner by the meeting-house, he spied the head of Faith, with the pink ribbons, gazing anxiously forth, and bursting into such joy at sight of him, that she skipt along the street, and almost kissed her husband before the whole village. But Goodman Brown looked sternly and sadly into her face, and passed on without a greeting.

Had Goodman Brown fallen asleep in the forest, and only dreamed a wild dream of a witch-meeting?

Be it so, if you will. But, alas! it was a dream of evil omen for young Goodman Brown. A stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man, did he become, from the night of that fearful dream. On the Sabbath-day, when the congregation were singing a holy psalm, he could not listen, because an anthem of sin rushed loudly upon his ear, and drowned all the blessed strain. When the minister spoke from the pulpit, with power and fervid eloquence, and with his hand on the open Bible, of the sacred truths of our religion, and of saint-like lives and triumphant deaths, and of future bliss or misery unutterable, then did Goodman Brown turn pale, dreading lest the roof should thunder down upon the gray blasphemer and his hearers. Often, awaking suddenly at midnight, he shrank from the bosom of Faith, and at morning or eventide, when the family knelt down at prayer, he scowled, and muttered to himself, and gazed sternly at his wife, and turned away. And when he had lived long, and was borne to his grave, a hoary corpse, followed by Faith, an aged woman, and children and grandchildren, a goodly procession, besides neighbors, not a few, they carved no hopeful verse upon his tombstone; for his dying hour was gloom.

THE END .

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Inferno

Dante (trans. H. F. Cary)

Canto xxvi. 90-149

[Virgil has taken Dante to a section of Hell where the damned are surrounded by flames. He questions one of them, who turns out to be Ulysses.]

When there the flame had come, where time and place
Seem'd fitting to my guide, he thus began:
"O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire!
If living I of you did merit aught,
Whate'er the measure were of that desert,
When in the world my lofty strain I pour'd,
Move ye not on, till one of you unfold
In what clime death o'ertook him self-destroy'd."

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire 100
That labours with the wind, then to and fro
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,
Threw out its voice, and spake: "When I escap'd
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had held me near Caieta, by her charms,
Ere thus Aeneas yet had nam'd the shore,
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had 110
T' explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd
Into the deep illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleav'd to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Morocco either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
Were I and my companions, when we came
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd 120
The bound'ries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.
The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the' other hand already Ceuta past.
"O brothers!" I began, "who to the west
Through perils without number now have reach'd,
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phoebus. Call to mind from whence we sprang:
Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes 130
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.
With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the' other pole night now beheld,
And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor
It rose not. Five times re-illum'd, as oft
Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon
Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far
Appear'd a mountain dim, loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seiz'd us straight,
But soon to mourning changed. From the new land
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round
With all the waves, the fourth time lifted up

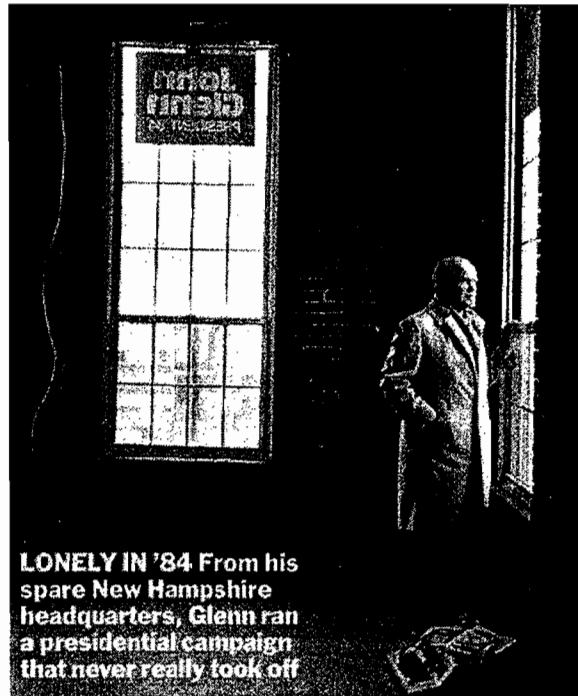
140 → The poop deck, and sank the prow: so fate
decreed:
and over us the booming billow clos'd."

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1998: A Space Ulysses

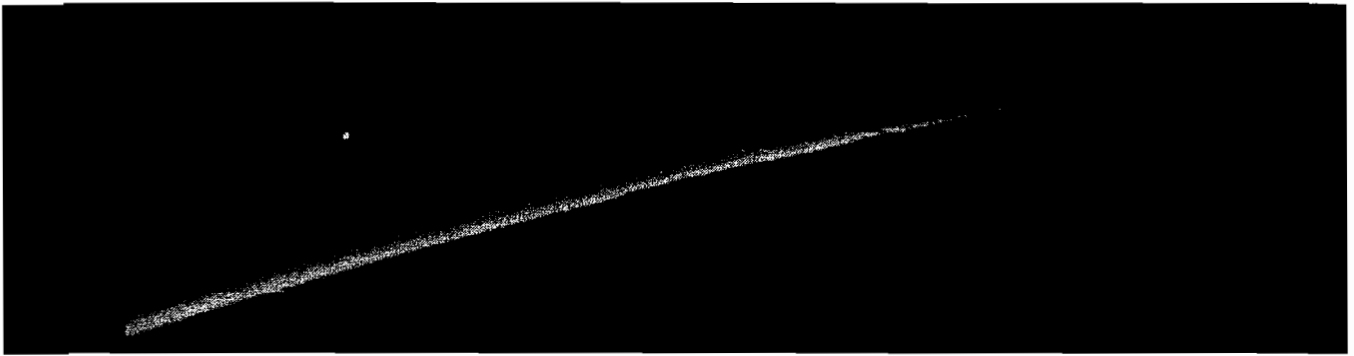
Tennyson

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.



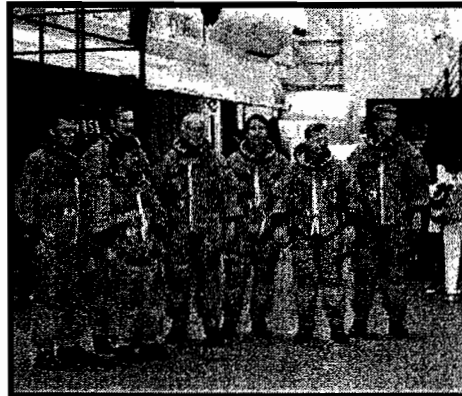
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades¹
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

48 m! 28 a



This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,--
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me -
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads--you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.



"September When It Comes"

There's a cross above the baby's bed,
A saviour in her dreams.
But she was not delivered then,
And the baby became me.
There's a light inside the darkened room,
A footstep on the stair.
A door that I forever close,
To leave those memories there.

So when the shadows link them,
Into an evening sun.
Well first there's summer, then I'll let you in.
September when it comes.

I plan to crawl outside these walls,
Close my eyes and see.
And fall into the heart and arms,
Of those who wait for me.
I cannot move a mountain now;
I can no longer run.
I cannot be who I was then:
In a way, I never was.

I watch the clouds go sailing;
I watch the clock and sun.
Oh, I watch myself, depending on,
September when it comes.

So when the shadows link them,
And burn away the clouds.
They will fly me, like an angel,
To a place where I can rest.
When this begins, I'll let you know,
September when it comes.

INTRODUCTION TO TRAGEDY

Tragedy was a phenomenon of Athens, Greece, in the fifth century B.C.

490 B.C. Persia was defeated at Marathon. This began golden era of democracy & building, as well as flowering of tragedy

404 B.C. Athens surrendered to Sparta, ending the era (McCall 12).

At Dionysian festival, Athens would have competition for best tragedies.. "In nearly every instance the centre of these festivals lay in extravagant sexual licentiousness, the waves of which overwhelmed all family life and its venerable traditions; the very wildest beasts of nature were let loose here, including that detestable mixture of lust and cruelty which has always seemed to me the genuine 'witches' draught" (Nietzsche, *Birth* 30).

Tragedy grew out of songs sung @ Dionysian festival. Started having people act out the songs. Remained musical in form--Words sung rather than spoken.

The Dithyramb was the type of lyric used in Tragedy.

"Gr. Antiq. A Greek choric hymn, originally in honour of Dionysus or Bacchus, vehement and wild in character; a Bacchanalian song" (*Oxford English Dictionary*).

Sung with flutes. Songs about Dionysus & other myths. Tragedy put characters in it.

Rules of tragedy. (McCall 14-15)

1. Length. 1,100-1,700 lines. Took less than 2 hours. Thus few characters, focus on one crisis.
2. Chorus present.
 - a. Sings about the action
 - b. Plays some part in the play--a suitable general role. Not an impersonal group.
 - c. Provides continuity. Present from beginning to end. Everything happens against the backdrop of the chorus.
3. Characters not as personal as in Shakespeare (Hamlet vs Orestes). Aristotle--tragedy is universal. They want to show what can happen to anybody. Focus on human destiny. **Mask** emphasized this. Focus is on what characters do, not who they are, on destinies, not personalities.

According to Friedrich Nietzsche in *The Birth of Tragedy*, Apollo and Dionysus were the two deities of art in Greece. Apollo was the patron of plastic arts (sculpture, etc., and Dionysus of music. Apollo established the *principium individuationis* (the principle of individuation); Dionysus dissolved that principle in his ecstasies, resulting in a primordial unity. Apollo gave intuition (*Anschauung*) through dreams; Dionysus gave ecstasy (*Entzückung*) through drunkenness (*Geburt* 25-26, 28-29, 84, 103-104). Later tragedy, under the influence of Socrates and Euripides, replaced Apollonian intuition with thought and Dionysian ecstasy with passion (83-84).

Tragedy combines the Dionysian music with the Apollonian visual. The Dionysian group with the Apollonian individual.

The noble man does not sin, . . . through his action all law, all natural order, yes, the moral world may fall to the ground, but through this action a higher magic circle will be drawn from its effects, a new world founded from the ruins of the overthrown old one (Nietzsche, *Geburt* 65).

APOLLO	DIONYSUS
Plastic arts (sculpture)	Music
<i>Principium Individuationis</i> (principle of individuation).	Dissolves Individual through ecstasy. Primordial unity.
Man is the artist.	Man is the work of art.
Intuition through dreams.	Ecstasy through drunkenness.
The music of Apollo was Doric architectonics in tones, but in merely suggested tones, such as those of the cithara. (Nietzsche, <i>Birth</i> 32)	The very element which forms the essence of Dionysian music . . . is . . . the thrilling power of the tone, the uniform stream of the melos, and the thoroughly incomparable world of harmony. Music that leads to ecstasy.
Norman Rockwell	Elvis for us, Richard Wagner for Nietzsche

AESCHYLUS

Dates Born 525/524 B.C. Died 456/455 B.C.

Aeschylus fought at the Battle of Marathon when he was 35 years old & at Salamis in the Persian War (Podlecki 4).

Aeschylus started writing circa 500 B.C. Won his first victory in 484 (Podlecki 5).

Aeschylus died when an eagle dropped a tortoise on his head. His epithet said he was a soldier at Marathon, with nothing about his writing.

INTRODUCTION TO PROMETHEUS BOUND

Date: 457/456 B.C. It was his last trilogy (Podlecki 110).

The Romantics felt drawn to the figures of Aeschylus' Prometheus and Milton's Satan, those defiers of divine will and purveyors of proscribed knowledge. By their willful exercise of power and distribution of knowledge, they establish their status as heroic criminals. Nor were they heroes in spite of their crimes; it was their crimes that made them heroes. The "innermost kernel of the Prometheus myth" (*Innersten Kern der Prometheusgeschichte*) is "the necessity of crime impelling the titanically striving individual" (*die dem titanisch strebenden Individuum gebotene Nothwendigkeit des Frevels*) (Nietzsche, *Geburd der Tragödie* 70).

Prometheus is the mythic figure who best suits the uses of Romantic poetry, for no other traditional being has in him the full range of Romantic moral sensibility and the full Romantic capacity for creation and destruction. (Bloom 120)

Problem of play: Zeus has no redeeming traits (Podlecki 101).

The play is directed not against one tyrant but against tyranny (Podlecki 111).

510 B.C. Athens banished tyrant Hippias. Democracy started (Podlecki 116).

490 B.C. Persians invade Greece. They are accompanied by Hippias. Aeschylus fought at Marathon (Podlecki 117).

Here Zeus is a tyrant. Might is a thug, a δορυφόρος (bodyguard to king).

Three aims of tyrant (Podlecki 121)

1. Keep subjects humble.
2. Make them distrust one another.
3. Keep them powerless so they won't try to rebel.

Zeus has the traits of human tyrants identified by Aristotle & others (Podlecki 105).

1. Unaccountable to others--no checks & balances.
2. Ignores traditional laws. Is above the law.
3. Mistrusts those closest to him.
4. Violence, esp. against women. βία. Io was exiled by Zeus' command in this version (lines 667-668) (Podlecki 106).
5. Zeus won't tolerate free speech, others fear to speak freely (line 180) (Podlecki 107).
6. Has spies, like Hermes. Big Brother is watching (Podlecki 109).
7. Lops off outstanding people who might cause opposition. Encourages mediocrity (Podlecki 110).
8. Surrounds self with flatterers & courtiers. Oceanus is one. Both cunning & naive. Thinks he has influence (Podlecki 109).

Herodotus 3. 80-82 discusses three types of government: monarchy, oligarchy, democracy.

Aeschylus influences Herodotus, Plato, & Aristotle. Aristotle *Politics* 5. 8. Tyrant seeks own good only. Tyrant's pride (ὕβρις) leads to subjects' wrath (οργή) (Podlecki 118).

INTRODUCTION TO THE ORESTEIA

The theme of the *Orestea* is Δίκη (Dikê, justice)—cosmic principle of order

"The scales of justice weigh wisdom through suffering" (lines 260-261).

No help for one who ignores justice (lines 381-384) (Podlecki 63).

*Ἄτη (Atê) means "distraction, folly, delusion, judicial blindness sent by the gods, ruin." It is disproportionate. ["A life for a tooth, a life for an eye"]. No balance is sought. Balance important to Greeks. Each act of vengeance is out of balance & leads to further revenge. The punishment of the Trojans is too much for Paris' crime (Lattimore 73).

Cycle of *Ἄτη (Atê) in the *Orestea*

1. Thyestes has an affair with Atreus' wife.
2. Atreus feeds Thyestes' sons to him.
3. Paris takes Helen to Troy.
4. Agamemnon sacrifices his daughter to propitiate Artemis.
5. Clytemnestra has an affair with Aegisthus.
6. The Greeks destroy Troy. Is too much punishment on that city. Is also ruinous to the Greeks. Agamemnon leaves with 1,000 ships & returns with one (Lattimore 73).
7. Clytemnestra and Aegisthus assassinate Agamemnon.
8. Orestes kills Clytemnestra.
9. The Furies hound Orestes.
10. Orestes is freed in the first jury trial.
11. The Furies are pacified, ending the cycle of *Ἄτη by transforming their mode of action to the state & due process.

Each main character kicks down the altar of Δίκη.
Vendetta has blood-logic. Each death calls for another (Lattimore 74).

Problems of public good have been solved through private murder--not a real solution. They must channel these forces in positive ways so they won't be purely destructive (Lattimore 87).
 Ultimately in the play, justice only works in *rule of law*. **Glorifies civil order**.

For Clytemnestra, Δίκη=Vengeance. Aegisthus is the same way. Revenge for crime of Atreus against his father (lines 1605-1616). She thinks she has ended cycle of retribution, as will Orestes. Both are wrong. (Lattimore 71).

Civic virtue ultimately channels the force of Dikê. City (πόλις, polis) replaces household (οἶκος, oikos) (Lattimore 78).

The conflicts are conflicts of right vs right. Each character is operating from several motives (Lattimore 74).

Agamemnon's motives

1. He is simple. Driven by pride. Each act leads to the next. From sacrifice of Iphigenia to persistence at Troy to affair with Cassandra. No single act where a proud king would do otherwise. Ruins the Greeks as well as the Trojans. Both he & wife unfaithful in the long absence (Lattimore 73-74).

Clytemnestra's motives (Lattimore 74-75)

1. Mother-resentment over Iphigenia's death (Lattimore 74). A minor motive--she doesn't seem too upset over her death (Hammond 92). **She sacrifices another child--Orestes** (*Libation Bearers* 13, right column).
2. Jealous of Cassandra
3. Adultery with Aegisthus
4. Desire for power herself. Her own pride--Clytemnestra unlike Cassandra & Briseis, who cling to their conquerors. She smashes codes she doesn't like, like the one where hero has a captive mistress. She protests the double standard (*Libation Bearers* 13, right column). Clytemnestra has a grand manner. She's an aristocrat. Overwhelms chorus (Lattimore 75).

LIBATION BEARERS

Zeus is with Might AND Justice here (lines 244-245)--not in *Prometheus*.

Orestes' motives (Lattimore 85)

1. Outrage over loss of inheritance.
2. Jealous because mom chose Aegisthus over Agamemnon and HIM. She disowned him & sent him away (lines 132-134).
3. Vengeance for Agamemnon's death.

In Agamemnon, vice was alluring. In Libation Bearers, duty is repulsive (Lattimore 86).

EUMENIDES

The sight of the Furies overwhelmed early audiences. Sent pregnant women into labor. The Chorus is the chief character of the drama. Furies clash with Apollo—conflicting divine judgments (Lattimore 87).

Apollo purifies Orestes. The Furies will have none of it. They accuse *Apollo* of injustice (162-163), as he does them (217-222).

Agonistic form of justice. New venue for the contest. Trial by persuading jury rather than by combat. How can both sides agree? Must compete before impartial jury. Δίκη expressed in a court of law (δικαι, dikai). Legal justice.

Levels of struggle in *Eumenides*

1. Struggle between offices. Furies have an office (λόχος) to perform. Apollo interferes.
2. Old order vs new order. New gods (150, 162, 731, 778f) Athena respects their age (848, 882ff).
3. τιμή vs ἀτιμία. Apollo dishonors them (227, 324, 721f). Athena sees it as a new kind of honor (795-796, 824, 833, 854-5, 890-5, 916-7, 992-3).
4. Mutterrecht vs Vaterrecht. Female vs male. (Bachofen)
5. Greek vs barbarian (Lattimore 87).

Furies are older, therefore more childish & barbarian than Apollo and Athena. Furies stand for woman's **right to act**. They represent the Greeks' pre-Hellenic barbarism, archaic strictness & cruelty. The blood on Orestes' hands matters; his reasons don't. Motive irrelevant. (Cf. Oedipus' "crimes") (Lattimore 87-88). They are primeval goddesses, daughters of Night, mercilessly & automatically punish. (Hammond 94).

Apollo stands for Hellenism, civilization, intellect, enlightenment. Is male and young. He's as **ruthless** as the furies, but despises cruelty for its own sake. Olympians are fighting their own past (Lattimore 88). Furies criticize the way Zeus took over (*Eumenides* p. 10 col. 1). Apollo more aesthetically pleasing. Beautiful rather than monstrous in appearance. Concerned with form.

Zeus is not omnipotent. Must rely on more than force to rule. Persuasion & legitimacy (Hammond 94).

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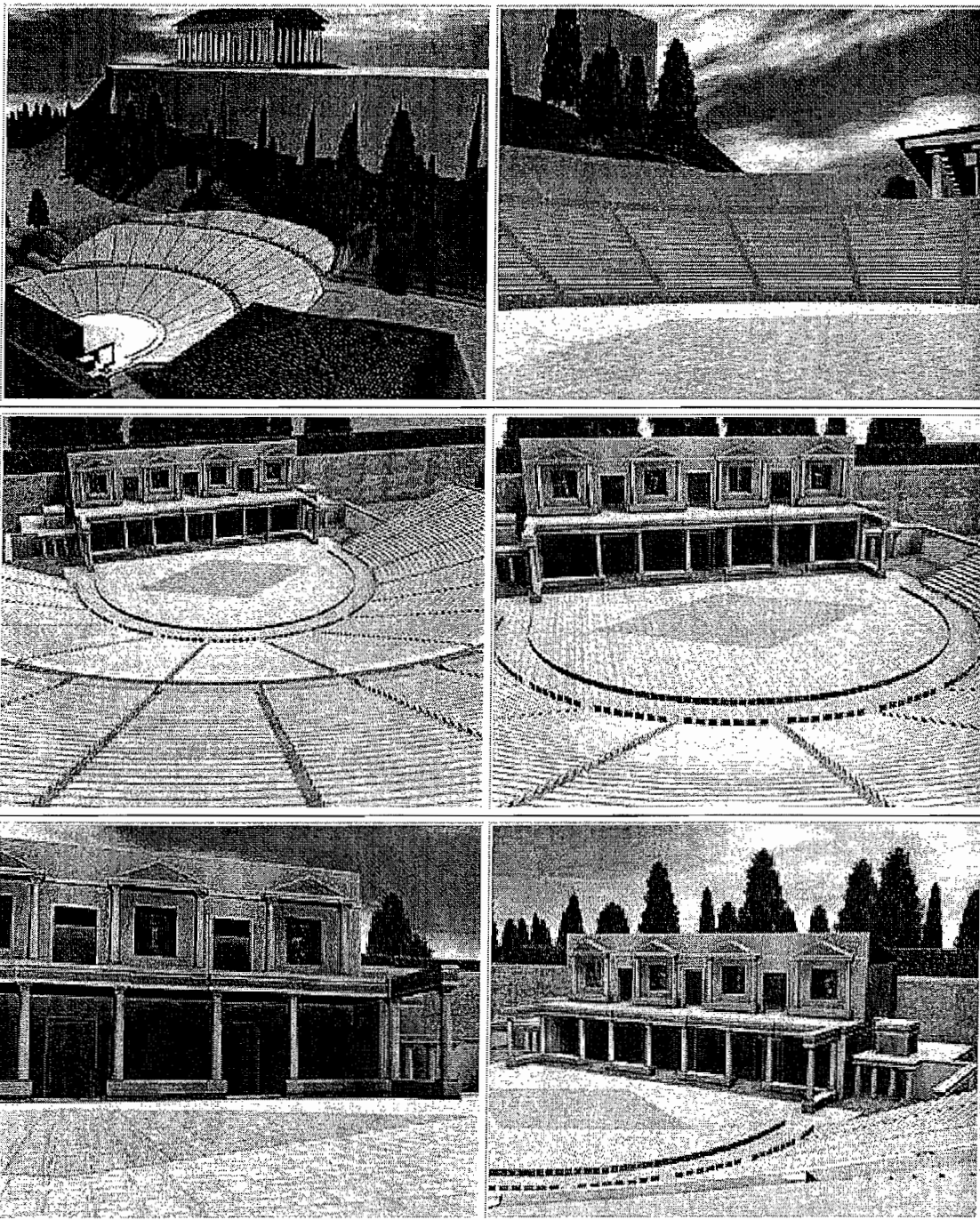
Recreating The Theater of Dionysus in Athens

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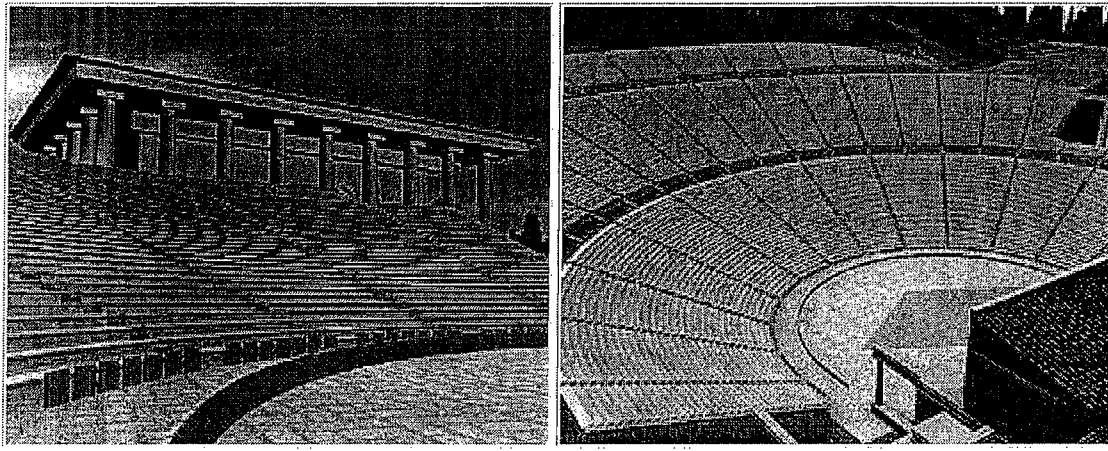
Entrance to the Roman TDA

The restrictions created by our source material convinced us that we needed to begin from the latest phase and work backwards in time. Therefore the images on this page and those following represent the Theatre of Dionysus as remodeled by the Romans during and after the reign of the emperor Nero (54-68 CE).

Click on any of the images to see a higher resolution version



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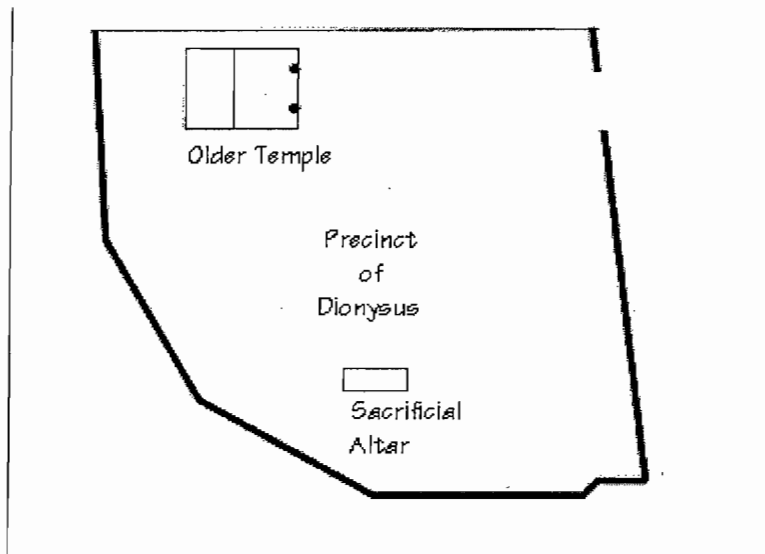
Introduction to Greek Stagecraft



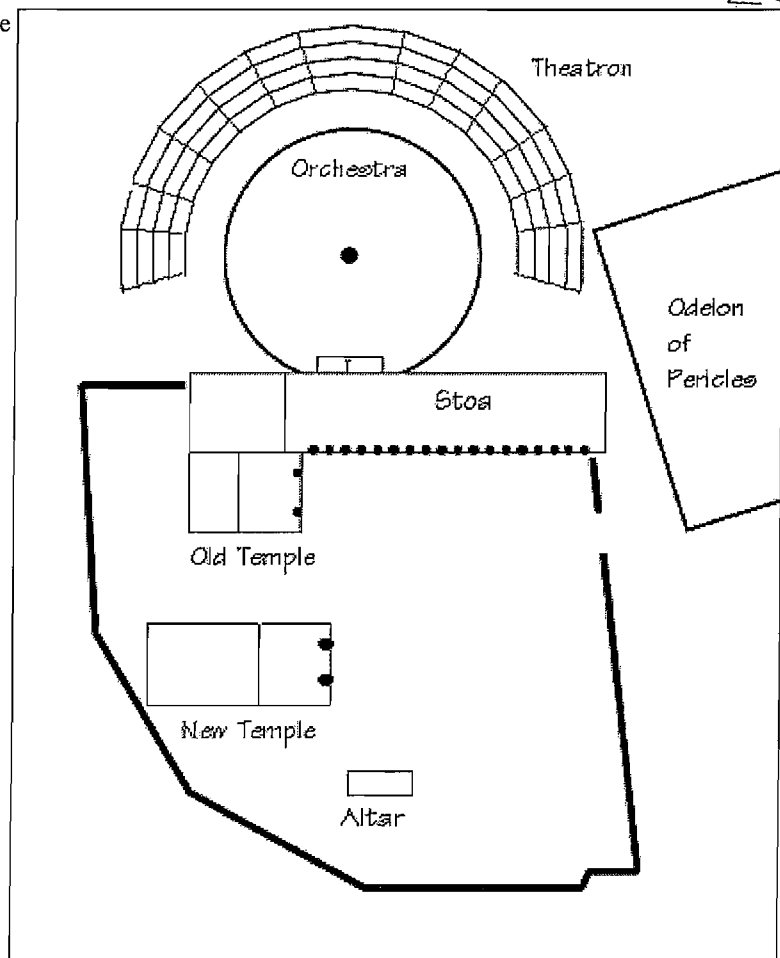
The tragedies and comedies of the fifth and fourth centuries BCE which remain to us today were all written for performance in the Theater of Dionysus at Athens. The TDA was first dug out of the slope beneath the south side of the Acropolis in the late 6th century BCE, possibly while Athens was still under Peisistratid rule. It was rebuilt and expanded many times, and so it is difficult to tell exactly what its original shape was. The illustrations here are reconstructions based on existing evidence and the opinions of the editors.

The Precinct

The TDA was only one part of the precinct, or *temenos* of Dionysus. Initially the precinct contained only the Older Temple of Dionysus and a sacrificial altar. Later a hall, or *stoa*, was added, incorporating or obliterating the Older Temple, and a second temple built further south. The highest row of seats in the TDA was 125 feet above the lowest part of the precinct, and before the construction of the *stoa* and the *skene* the audience could easily see the temples and the sacrificial altars from the theater. More importantly, from the Athenian point of view, Dionysus himself (represented by his cult statue, which was seated in the front row) could observe not only the choral performances being given in his honor but the sacrifices which were made at his altar.



In the mid-fifth century, after rebuilding the ruins of the Acropolis, Pericles built a recital-hall or *odeion* to the east of the TDA. This building was roughly square in shape with a roof described as pyramidal or conical. The Odeion of Pericles was used for many purposes, one being the *proagon*, a ceremony in which the dramatic poets announced the titles of their plays and introduced their actors. Members of the chorus would wait in the Odeion to make their entrance.

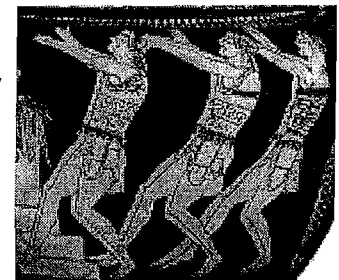


Pericles also introduced the *theoric fund* to subsidize the cost of theater tickets for the poor. The price of a ticket to the Theatre of Dionysus was two obols, as much as a laborer earned in a day.



The Players

Because Greek tragedy and comedy originated with the chorus, the most important part of the performance space was the *orchestra*, which means 'a place for dancing' (*orchesis*). A tragic chorus consisted of 12 or 15 *choreuts* (dancers), who were young men just about to enter military service after some years of training. (Athenians were taught to sing and dance from a very early age.) The effort of dancing and singing through three tragedies and a satyr play was likened to that of competing in the Olympic Games.



In contrast with the chorus of twelve or fifteen, there were only three actors in fifth-century Athenian tragedy. The original word for 'actor' was *hypokrites*, meaning 'answerer,' for the actor answered the chorus. Thespis is said to have introduced (and been) the first actor, later called *protagonistes* (literally 'first competitor'). The introduction of a second actor (*deuteragonistes*) is attributed to Aeschylus and the third (*tritagonistes*) to Sophocles. There are no one-actor plays remaining to us, though Aeschylus' earliest play, *Persians*, requires only two actors.

Ordinarily each actor would undertake to play several different roles, and it is possible to divide the speaking parts in a Greek

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tragedy up by determining which characters were in the same scene. Often the division of roles had some thematic significance relevant to the play. (We know that the audience could tell one actor from another because a prize for the best actor was introduced in 449 BCE.) Very occasionally a single role would be divided between two or more actors, as in Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*.

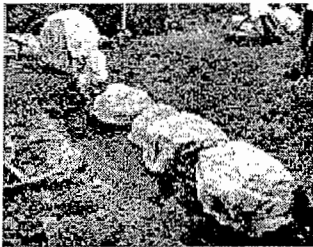
The Dramatists

The tragic poets of the 5th century BCE, most notably Phrynicus and Aeschylus, not only composed the plays but acted in them, directed them, and choreographed them. Because they were said to have 'taught' (*edidaksen*) the chorus, the inscriptions recording the winners of the dramatic contests were called *didaskaliai*. At first there was only one actor, then two, and finally three, to divide among them the roles of the plays. Like the poets themselves, these actors were men of leisure with a passion for theater. Although a substantial cash prize was offered to the winning playwright, and later to the winning actor, playwrights and actors in the 5th century did not earn their living in the theater.

The Mining Company has produced a series of articles about the Greek tragic poets, all written by N.S. Gill:

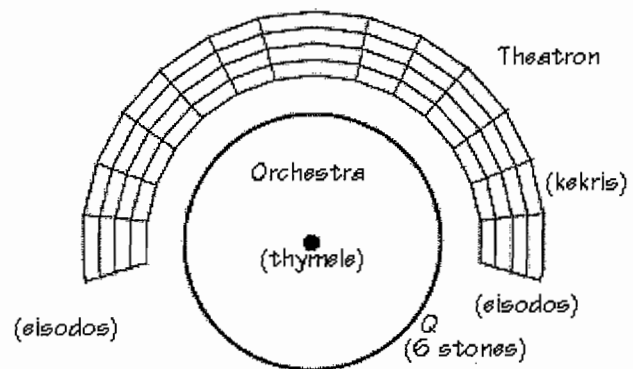
- [Aeschylus](#)
- [Sophocles](#)
- [Euripides](#)

The Stage



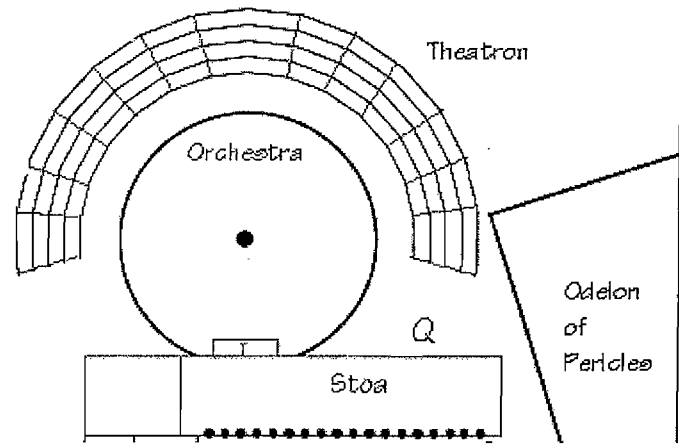
The only remains of this first theater, used by Phrynicus, Aeschylus, and possibly Sophocles, are six of the stones which made up the wall of the *orchestra*. According to the original excavator, Dörpfeld, they once formed part of a circle some 85-88 feet (24-27 meters) in diameter. The stonework is in a rough style known as 'polygonal' which was used in early Greek times. The initial *theatron* may not have required much excavation of the hillside, but it was still necessary to shore up the *orchestra* with retaining walls and to move considerable quantities of earth to make an appropriately level place for the choruses (dithyrambic, tragic, comic, etc) to dance.

There was no stage building until roughly 460 BCE. Aeschylus' *Oresteia* is the earliest extant drama which uses the *skene*, or scene-building. His other four plays (*Persians*, *Seven Against Thebes*, *Suppliants*, *Prometheus Bound*) were meant to be performed in the *orchestra*, with the actors and chorus on the same level. Previous to the invention of the *skene*, entrances could only be made through the two *eisodoi*, or ramps, which led onto the *orchestra*.



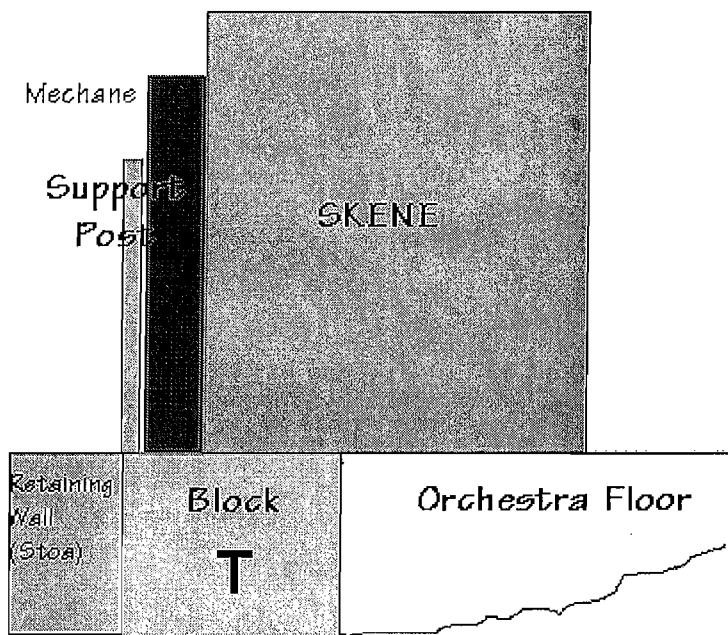
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The archaeological evidence suggests that between 460 and 431 BCE (and probably at the time the Odeion was built) the *orchestra* was shifted north and west of its original position, and the hillside excavated further to make a more secure foundation for the wooden seats. (By this point it is likely that the seats were divided into at least ten different wedges, for the ten 'tribes' which made up the citizens of Attica. By the fourth century BCE, and possibly during the fifth, there were 13 of these wedges, called *kekrides* in Greek.) In front of the new terrace wall, which became the rear wall of the *stoa*, was a projecting rectangle of stone 26 feet long and 23 feet 3 inches wide. The wooden posts which supported the temporary *skene* fit into grooves in the terrace wall.

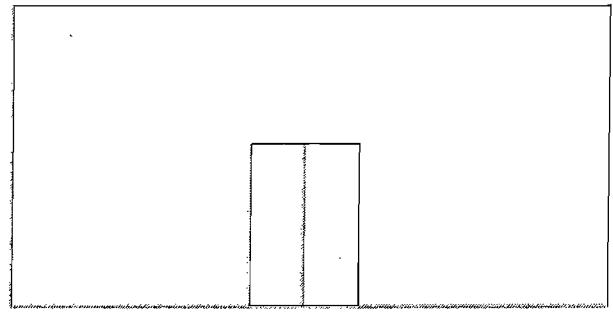


The fifth-century *skene* was not a permanent building, but a temporary construction of wood, placed across the rear of the orchestral circle for the dramatic performances at each year's festival. Nevertheless its invention brought about a massive change in theatrical practice and in the semiotics of space. The interior of this flat-roofed building was the 'backstage' area, but in visual terms it was not so much 'behind' as 'within', an enclosed space which, like a real house, was the dominion of female characters. As a rule, actors could and did step out of the *skene* and join the chorus in the *orchestra*, but the chorus did not enter the *skene*.

Side View of Skene



Skene
Front Elevation



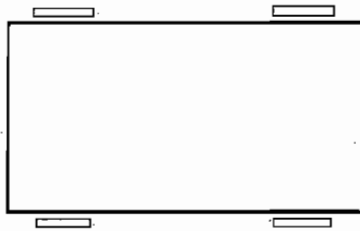
The fifth-century *skene* was a single-storey building with one central door, which could take on the identity of a palace, a temple, a hut, or indeed a cave if necessary. It is probable that some form of perspective painting was used on the front of the building (or on removable flats placed before it) to suggest the type of building required for a particular play, but such properties and scenery as existed were three-dimensional and more symbolic than illusionistic.

Machinery

Divinities could appear suddenly on the roof via a trap door. Characters which were specifically stated to be flying (such as Bellerophon on Pegasus) could be swung into the air above the stage space by means of a simple crane, called the *mechane* or

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geranos. The earliest known use of the *mechane* was in the year 431, when Euripides used it at the end of his *Medea*. Because the *mechane* had to support considerable weights (and counterweights) it was probably supported by the projection of stone which extended into the *orchestra* from the terrace wall, and affixed to one of the posts which supported the *skene*.



Interior scenes could be brought outside by means of a low rolling platform called the *ekkyklema* ('thing which rolls out'). Because performances took place in daylight, and because of the angle at which the productions were seen (at a considerable distance, and usually from above the playing area), it was not possible to see the interior of the *skene*. (This is just as well, because the actors needed to change masks, attributes, and possibly costumes inside the *skene*.) The *ekkyklema* was used to display the bodies of those who had been killed indoors and to wheel out characters who were ill. The Old Comedy of Aristophanes frequently made fun of the stage machinery and drew deliberate attention to it, but it was an accepted convention in performances of tragedy.



Masks

The large size of the theater (in its final form it seated 20,000 people) and the distance of even the nearest spectators from the performers (more than 10 meters) dictated a non-naturalistic approach to acting. All gestures had to be large and definite so as to 'read' from the back rows. Facial expression would have been invisible to all but the closest members of the audience; the masks worn by the actors looked more 'natural' than bare faces in the TDA. The masks of tragedy were of an ordinary, face-fitting size, with wigs attached and open mouths to allow clear speech. Contrary to some later theories, there were no 'megaphones' in the masks, and their decoration and expression was quite subtle, as vase paintings from the 5th and 4th centuries demonstrate.



Theatrical masks were made of wood (like the masks of [Japanese Noh drama](#)), leather (like the masks of the *Commedia dell'arte*, or cloth and flour paste (like many of the masks used at the Carnevale of Venice, and many masks made for modern productions today). Various theories are advanced in favor of each material, but no originals remain, only stone carvings which may have been used as mask-molds and the paintings on pottery.



Interactive Mask Model

Designed by [Animagic](#) for *Didaskalia*, this model will give you a better impression of a Greek tragic mask, inside and out.



Each set of three tragedies was followed by the performance of a satyr play, a short spoof of a myth related to the theme of at least one of the tragedies. The ordinary human characters in these plays wore tragic masks and costumes, but the chorus of half-human satyrs wore pug-nosed, pointy-eared, bearded masks, furry shorts, and normal-sized erect phalluses (probably made of leather.) Satyrs danced a special kind of dance called the *sikinnis*, in which they pranced like horses. The illustration is taken from the Pronomos Vase, which shows the entire cast of a satyr-play.

The masks of Greek Old Comedy were distorted caricatures, sometimes of real people. They were meant to be ugly and silly in keeping with the ludicrous padded costumes worn by comic actors. While tragic actors wore elaborate pattern-woven garments which were similar to the robes of priests and musicians, comic actors wore loose body stockings padded at the breast, buttocks, and stomach, with long floppy phalluses for the male characters. (Except in the case of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, where they were long erect phalluses.)

The chorus of Old Comedy was often composed of non-human creatures, such as wasps, frogs, birds, or even clouds. The 24 choreuts of Old Comedy were adult men, as were the three speaking actors.

Greek New Comedy, which was first performed in the 4th century BCE, was in many ways more similar to Euripidean tragedy than to Greek Old Comedy. The masks were fairly naturalistic, the costumes devoid of padding. The plots went from the fantastical to the domestic. The TDA had been rebuilt in stone by the time Menander began producing New Comedies. The *skene* was more elaborate than before, and now had two or three doors instead of just one. The chorus was divorced from the action of the play and no longer the concern of the playwright at all.

During the Hellenistic era the TDA was again rebuilt, with a *skene* several storeys high. Actors formed a professional union

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called the Artists of Dionysus, and were used as diplomatic couriers. By this time theaters had been built in many parts of Greece, including Epidaurus/Epidavros. After their conquest of Greece in the late second century BCE, the Romans also built or redesigned theaters and other performance spaces in Greece. Many of the theaters which you can see in Greece today are actually Roman.



3D Reconstruction of the Theater of Dionysus in Athens

At present the reconstructions show the latest (Hadrianic) phase of the Theater of Dionysus, not the space as it was used in the Fifth Century.



Greek Theaters (Gaiorama)

A pictorial tour of the remaining Greek and Roman theatrical buildings around Greece, with maps and descriptions. They are hosted by Gaiorama/Georama in Greece.



Ancient Theatres (Istos)

Another set of pictures of ancient Greek theaters, hosted by Istos in Greece. The site also contains information about modern theaters in Greece.

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Roman Stagecraft

AGAMEMNON

450 BC

by Aeschylus
translated by E.D.A. Morshead

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A WATCHMAN

CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS

CLYTEMNESTRA, wife of **AGAMEMNON**

A HERALD

AGAMEMNON, King of Argos

CASSANDRA, daughter of Priam, and slave of **AGAMEMNON**

AEGISTHUS, son of Thyestes, cousin of **AGAMEMNON**

SERVANTS, ATTENDANTS, SOLDIERS

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

(SCENE:-Before the palace of AGAMEMNON in Argos. In front of the palace there are statues of the gods, and altars prepared for sacrifice. It is night. On the roof of the palace can be discerned a WATCHMAN.)

WATCHMAN

I pray the gods to quit me of my toils,
To close the watch I keep, this livelong year;
For as a watch-dog lying, not at rest,
Propped on one arm, upon the palace-roof
Of Atreus' race, too long, too well I know
The starry conclave of the midnight sky,
Too well, the splendours of the firmament,
The lords of light, whose kingly aspect shows-
What time they set or climb the sky in turn-
The year's divisions, bringing frost or fire.

And now, as ever, am I set to mark
When shall stream up the glow of signal-flame,
The bale-fire bright, and tell its Trojan tale-
Troy town is ta'en: such issue holds in hope
She in whose woman's breast beats heart of
man.

Thus upon mine unrestful couch I lie,
Bathed with the dews of night, unvisited
By dreams-ah me!-for in the place of sleep
Stands Fear as my familiar, and repels

The soft repose that would mine eyelids seal.

And if at whiles, for the lost balm of sleep,
I medicine my soul with melody
Of trill or song-anon to tears I turn,
Wailing the woe that broods upon this home,
Not now by honour guided as of old-

But now at last fair fall the welcome hour
That sets me free, whene'er the thick night glow
With beacon-fire of hope deferred no more.
All hail!

(A beacon-light is seen reddening the distant sky.)

Fire of the night, that brings my spirit day,
Shedding on Argos light, and dance, and song,
Greetings to fortune, hail!

Let my loud summons ring within the ears
Of Agamemnon's queen, that she anon
Start from her couch and with a shrill voice cry
A joyous welcome to the beacon-blaze,
For Ilion's fall; such fiery message gleams
From yon high flame; and I, before the rest,
Will foot the lightsome measure of our joy;
For I can say, My master's dice fell fair-
Behold! the triple sice, the lucky flame!
Now be my lot to clasp, in loyal love,
The hand of him restored, who rules our home:
Home-but I say no more: upon my tongue

Treads hard the ox o' the adage.

Had it voice,
The home itself might soothliest tell its tale;
I, of set will, speak words the wise may learn,
To others, nought remember nor discern.

(He withdraws. The CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS enters, each leaning on a staff. During their song CLYTEMNESTRA appears in the background, kindling the altars.)

CHORUS (singing)

Ten livelong years have rolled away,
Since the twin lords of sceptred sway,
By Zeus endowed with pride of place,
The doughty chiefs of Atreus' race,
Went forth of yore,
To plead with Priam, face to face,
Before the judgment-seat of War!

A thousand ships from Argive land
Put forth to bear the martial band,
That with a spirit stern and strong
Went out to right the kingdom's wrong-
Pealed, as they went, the battle-song,
Wild as the vultures' cry;
When o'er the eyrie, soaring high,
In wild bereaved agony,
Around, around, in airy rings,
They wheel with oarage of their wings,
But not the eyas-brood behold,
That called them to the nest of old;
But let Apollo from the sky,
Or Pan, or Zeus, but hear the cry,
The exile cry, the wail forlorn,
Of birds from whom their home is torn-
On those who wrought the rapine fell,

Heaven sends the vengeful fiends of hell.
Even so doth Zeus, the jealous lord
And guardian of the hearth and board,
Speed Atreus' sons, in vengeful ire,
'Gainst Paris-sends them forth on fire,
Her to buy back, in war and blood,
Whom one did wed but many woo'd!
And many, many, by his will,
The last embrace of foes shall feel,
And many a knee in dust be bowed,
And splintered spears on shields ring loud,
Of Trojan and of Greek, before
That iron bridal-feast be o'er!
But as he willed 'tis ordered all,

And woes, by heaven ordained, must fall-
Unsoothed by tears or spilth of wine
Poured forth too late, the wrath divine
Glares vengeance on the flameless shrine.

And we in grey dishonoured eld,
Feeble of frame, unfit were held
To join the warrior array
That then went forth unto the fray:
And here at home we tarry, fain
Our feeble footsteps to sustain,
Each on his staff-so strength doth wane,
And turns to childishness again.
For while the sap of youth is green,
And, yet unripened, leaps within,
The young are weakly as the old,
And each alike unmeet to hold
The vantage post of war!
And ah! when flower and fruit are o'er,
And on life's tree the leaves are sere,
Age wendeth propped its journey drear,
As forceless as a child, as light
And fleeting as a dream of night
Lost in the garish day!
But thou, O child of Tyndareus,
Queen Clytemnestra, speak! and say
What messenger of joy to-day
Hath won thine ear? what welcome news,
That thus in sacrificial wise
E'en to the city's boundaries
Thou biddest altar-fires arise?
Each god who doth our city guard,
And keeps o'er Argos watch and ward
From heaven above, from earth below-
The mighty lords who rule the skies,
The market's lesser deities,
To each and all the altars glow,
Piled for the sacrifice!
And here and there, anear, afar,
Streams skyward many a beacon-star,
Conjur'd and charm'd and kindled well
By pure oil's soft and guileless spell,
Hid now no more
Within the palace' secret store.

O queen, we pray thee, whatsoe'er,
Known unto thee, were well revealed,
That thou wilt trust it to our ear,
And bid our anxious heart be healed!
That waneth now unto despair-
Now, waxing to a presage fair,
Dawns, from the altar, to scare
From our rent hearts the vulture Care.

STROPHE 1

List! for the power is mine, to chant on high
 The chiefs' emprise, the strength that omens
 gave! List! on my soul breathes yet a harmony,
 From realms of ageless powers, and strong to
 save!

How brother kings, twin lords of one command,
 Led forth the youth of Hellas in their flower,
 Urged on their way, with vengeful spear and
 Brand, by warrior-birds, that watched the
 parting hour.

Go forth to Troy, the eagles seemed to cry-
 And the sea-kings obeyed the sky-kings' word,
 When on the right they soared across the sky,
 And one was black, one bore a white tail
 barred.

High o'er the palace were they seen to soar,
 Then lit in sight of all, and rent and tare,
 Far from the fields that she should range no
 more, Big with her unborn brood, a
 mother-hare.

(Ah woe and well-a-day! but be the issue fair!

ANTISTROPHE 1

And one beheld, the soldier-prophet true,
 And the two chiefs, unlike of soul and will,
 In the twy-coloured eagles straight he knew,
 And spake the omen forth, for good and in.

Go forth, he cried, and Priam's town shall fall.
 Yet long the time shall be; and flock and herd,
 The people's wealth, that roam before the wall,
 Shall force hew down, when Fate shall give the
 word,

But O beware! lest wrath in Heaven abide,
 To dim the glowing battle-forge once more,
 And mar the mighty curb of Trojan pride,
 The steel of vengeance, welded as for war!

For virgin Artemis bears jealous hate
 Against the royal house, the eagle-pair,
 Who rend the unborn brood, insatiate-
 Yea, loathes their banquet on the quivering hare.

(Ah woe and well-a-day! but be the issue fair!)

EPODE

For well she loves-the goddess kind and mild-
 The tender new-born cubs of lions bold,
 Too weak to range-and well the sucking child
 Of every beast that roams by wood and wold.

So to the Lord of Heaven she prayeth still,
 "Nay, if it must be, be the omen true!
 Yet do the visioned eagles presage ill;
 The end be well, but crossed with evil too!"

Healer Apollo! be her wrath controll'd
 Nor weave the long delay of thwarting gales,
 To war against the Danaans and withhold
 From the free ocean-waves their eager sails!

She craves, alas! to see a second life
 Shed forth, a curst unhallowed sacrifice-
 'Twixt wedded souls, artificer of strife,
 And hate that knows not fear, and fell device.

At home there tarries like a lurking snake,
 Biding its time, a wrath unreconciled,
 A wily watcher, passionate to slake,
 In blood, resentment for a murdered child.

Such was the mighty warning, pealed of yore-
 Amid good tidings, such the word of fear,
 What time the fateful eagles hovered o'er
 The kings, and Calchas read the omen clear.

(In strains like his, once more,
 Sing woe and well-a-day! but be the issue fair!)

STROPHE 2

Zeus-if to The Unknown

That name of many names seem good-
 Zeus, upon Thee I call.

Thro' the mind's every road

I passed, but vain are all,

Save that which names thee Zeus, the Highest
 One, were it but mine to cast away the load,
 The weary load, that weighs my spirit down.

ANTISTROPHE 2

He that was Lord of old,

In full-blown pride of place and valour bold,

Hath fallen and is gone, even as an old tale told:

And he that next held sway,

By stronger grasp o'erthrown

Hath pass'd away!

And whoso now shall bid the triumph-chant

Arise to Zeus, and Zeus alone,
He shall be found the truly wise.

STROPHE 3

'Tis Zeus alone who shows the perfect way
Of knowledge: He hath ruled,
Men shall learn wisdom, by affliction schooled.

In visions of the night, like dropping rain,
Descend the many memories of pain
Before the spirit's sight: through tears and dole
Comes wisdom o'er the unwilling soul-
A boon, I wot, of all Divinity,
That holds its sacred throne in strength, above
the sky!

ANTISTROPHE 3

And then the elder chief, at whose command
The fleet of Greece was manned,
Cast on the seer no word of hate,
But veered before the sudden breath of Fate-

Ah, weary while! for, ere they put forth sail,
Did every store, each minish'd vessel, fail,
While all the Achaean host
At Aulis anchored lay,
Looking across to Chalcis and the coast
Where reflux waters welter, rock, and sway;

STROPHE 4

And rife with ill delay
From northern Strymon blew the thwarting
blast--Mother of famine fell,
That holds men wand'ring still
Far from the haven where they fain would be!-
And pitiless did waste
Each ship and cable, rotting on the sea,
And, doubling with delay each weary hour,
Withered with hope deferred th' Achaeans'
warlike flower.

But when, for bitter storm, a deadlier relief,
And heavier with ill to either chief,
Pleading the ire of Artemis, the seer avowed,
The two Atreidae smote their sceptres on the
plain,
And, striving hard, could not their tears restrain!

ANTISTROPHE 4

And then the elder monarch spake aloud-
Ill lot were mine, to disobey! And ill,
To smite my child, my household's love and
pride! To stain with virgin blood a father's

hands, and slay my daughter, by the altar's side!
'Twixt woe and woe I dwell-
I dare not like a recreant fly,
And leave the league of ships, and fail each
true ally;
For rightfully they crave, with eager fiery mind,
The virgin's blood, shed forth to lull the
adverse wind--God send the deed be well!

STROPHE 5

Thus on his neck he took
Fate's hard compelling yoke;
Then, in the counter-gale of will abhorr'd,
accursed,
To recklessness his shifting spirit veered-
Alas! that Frenzy, first of ills and worst,
With evil craft men's souls to sin hath ever
stirred!

And so he steeled his heart-ah, well-a-day-
Aiding a war for one false woman's sake,
His child to slay,
And with her spilt blood make
An offering, to speed the ships upon their way!

ANTISTROPHE 5

Lusting for war, the bloody arbiters
Closed heart and ears, and would nor hear nor
Heed the girl-voice plead,
Pity me, Father! nor her prayers,
Nor tender, virgin years.
So, when the chant of sacrifice was done,
Her father bade the youthful priestly train
Raise her, like some poor kid, above the
altar-stone,
From where amid her robes she lay
Sunk all in swoon away-
Bade them, as with the bit that mutely tames
the steed, her fair lips' speech refrain,
Lest she should speak a curse on Atreus' home
and seed,

STROPHE 6

So, trailing on the earth her robe of saffron
Dye, with one last piteous dart from her
beseeching eye.
Those that should smite she smote
Fair, silent, as a pictur'd form, but fain
To plead, Is all forgot? How oft those halls of
old, Wherein my sire high feast did hold,
Rang to the virginal soft strain,
When I, a stainless child,
Sang from pure lips and undefiled,

Sang of my sire, and all
His honoured life, and how on him should fall
Heaven's highest gift and gain!

ANTISTROPHE 6

And then-but I beheld not, nor can tell,
What further fate befell:
But this is sure, that Calchas' boding strain
Can ne'er be void or vain.
This wage from justice' hand do sufferers earn,
The future to discern:
And yet-farewell, O secret of To-morrow!
Fore-knowledge is fore-sorrow.
Clear with the clear beams of the morrow's sun,
The future presseth on.
Now, let the house's tale, how dark soe'er,
Find yet an issue fair!-
So prays the loyal, solitary band
That guards the Apian land.

(They turn to CLYTEMNESTRA, who leaves the altars and comes forward.)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O queen, I come in reverence of thy sway-
For, while the ruler's kingly seat is void,
The loyal heart before his consort bends.
Now-be it sure and certain news of good,
Or the fair tidings of a flatt'ring hope,
That bids thee spread the light from shrine to shrine,
I, fain to hear, yet grudge not if thou hide.

CLYTEMNESTRA

As saith the adage, From the womb of Night
Spring forth, with promise fair, the young child
Light. Ay-fairer even than all hope my news-
By Grecian hands is Priam's city ta'en!

LEADER

What say'st thou? doubtful heart makes
treach'rous ear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hear then again, and plainly-Troy is ours!

LEADER

Thrills thro' heart such joy as wakens tears.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ay, thro' those tears thine eye looks loyalty.

LEADER

But hast thou proof, to make assurance sure?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Go to; I have-unless the god has lied.

LEADER

Hath some night-vision won thee to belief?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Out on all presage of a slumb'rous soul!

LEADER

But wert thou cheered by Rumour's wingless
word?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Peace-thou dost chide me as a credulous girl.

LEADER

Say then, how long ago the city fell?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Even in this night that now brings forth the
dawn.

LEADER

Yet who so swift could speed the message
here?

CLYTEMNESTRA

From Ida's top Hephaestus, lord of fire,
Sent forth his sign; and on, and ever on,
Beacon to beacon sped the courier-flame.
From Ida to the crag, that Hermes loves,
Of Lemnos; thence unto the steep sublime
Of Athos, throne of Zeus, the broad blaze flared.
Thence, raised aloft to shoot across the sea,
The moving light, rejoicing in its strength,
Sped from the pyre of pine, and urged its way,
In golden glory, like some strange new sun,
Onward, and reached Macistus' watching
heights.

There, with no dull delay nor heedless sleep,
The watcher sped the tidings on in turn,
Until the guard upon Messapius' peak
Saw the far flame gleam on Euripus' tide,
And from the high-piled heap of withered furze
Lit the new sign and bade the message on.
Then the strong light, far-flown and yet
undimmed,

Shot thro' the sky above Asopus' plain,
Bright as the moon, and on Cithaeron's crag
Aroused another watch of flying fire.

And there the sentinels no whit disowned,
But sent redoubled on, the hest of flame
Swift shot the light, above Gorgopis' bay,
To Aegiplanctus' mount, and bade the peak
Fail not the onward ordinance of fire.

And like a long beard streaming in the wind,
Full-fed with fuel, roared and rose the blaze,
And onward flaring, gleamed above the cape,
Beneath which shimmers the Saronic bay,
And thence leapt light unto Arachne's peak,
The mountain watch that looks upon our town.
Thence to th' Atreides' roof-in lineage fair,
A bright posterity of Ida's fire.

So sped from stage to stage, fulfilled in turn,
Flame after flame, along the course ordained,

And lo! the last to speed upon its way
Sights the end first, and glows unto the goal.
And Troy is ta'en, and by this sign my lord
Tells me the tale, and ye have learned my word.

LEADER

To heaven, O queen, will I upraise new song:
But, wouldst thou speak once more, I fain would
Hear from first to last the marvel of the tale.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Think you-this very morn-the Greeks in Troy,
And loud therein the voice of utter wail!
Within one cup pour vinegar and oil,
And look! unblent, unreconciled, they war.
So in the twofold issue of the strife
Mingle the victor's shout, the captives' moan.
For all the conquered whom the sword has
spared
Cling weeping-some unto a brother slain,
Some childlike to a nursing father's form,
And wail the loved and lost, the while their neck
Bows down already 'neath the captive's chain.
And lo! the victors, now the fight is done,
Goaded by restless hunger, far and wide
Range all disordered thro' the town, to snatch
Such victual and such rest as chance may give
Within the captive halls that once were Troy-
Joyful to rid them of the frost and dew,
Wherein they couched upon the plain of old-
Joyful to sleep the gracious night all through,
Unsummoned of the watching sentinel.
Yet let them reverence well the city's gods,
The lords of Troy, tho' fallen, and her shrines;
So shall the spoilers not in turn be spoiled.
Yea, let no craving for forbidden gain
Bid conquerors yield before the darts of greed.
For we need yet, before the race be won,
Homewards, unharmed, to round the course
once more.

For should the host wax wanton ere it come,
Then, tho' the sudden blow of fate be spared,
Yet in the sight of gods shall rise once more
The great wrong of the slain, to claim revenge.
Now, hearing from this woman's mouth of mine,
The tale and eke its warning, pray with me,
Luck sway the scale, with no uncertain poise,
For my fair hopes are changed to fairer joys.

LEADER

A gracious word thy woman's lips have told,
Worthy a wise man's utterance, O my queen;
Now with clear trust in thy convincing tale
I set me to salute the gods with song,
Who bring us bliss to counterpoise our pain.

(CLYTEMNESTRA goes into the palace.)

CHORUS (singing)

Zeus, Lord of heaven! and welcome night
Of victory, that hast our might
With all the glories crowned!
On towers of Ilium, free no more,
Hast flung the mighty mesh of war,
And closely girt them round,
Till neither warrior may 'scape,
Nor stripling lightly overleap
The trammels as they close, and close,
Till with the grip of doom our foes
In slavery's coil are bound!

Zeus, Lord of hospitality,
In grateful awe I bend to thee-
'Tis thou hast struck the blow!
At Alexander, long ago,
We marked thee bend thy vengeful bow,
But long and warily withhold
The eager shaft, which, uncontrolled
And loosed too soon or launched too high,
Had wandered bloodless through the sky.

STROPHE 1

Zeus, the high God!-whate'er be dim in doubt,
This can our thought track out-
The blow that fells the sinner is of God,
And as he wills, the rod
Of vengeance smiteth sore. One said of old,
The gods list not to hold
A reckoning with him whose feet oppress
The grace of holiness-
An impious word! for whenso'er the sire
Breathed forth rebellious fire-
What time his household overflowed the
Measure of bliss and health and treasure-
His children's children read the reckoning plain,
At last, in tears and pain.
On me let weal that brings no woe be sent,
And therewithal, content!
Who spurns the shrine of Right, nor wealth nor
power Shall be to him a tower,
To guard him from the gulf: there lies his lot,
Where all things are forgot.

ANTISTROPHE 1

Lust drives him on-lust, desperate and wild,
Fate's sin-contriving child-
And cure is none; beyond concealment clear,
Kindles sin's baleful glare.
As an ill coin beneath the wearing touch

Betrays by stain and smutch
 Its metal false-such is the sinful wight.
 Before, on pinions light,
 Fair Pleasure flits, and lures him childlike on,
 While home and kin make moan
 Beneath the grinding burden of his crime;
 Till, in the end of time,
 Cast down of heaven, he pours forth fruitless
 Prayer to powers that will not hear.

And such did Paris come unto Atreides' home,
 And thence, with sin and shame his welcome to
 Repay, ravished the wife away-

STROPHE 2

And she, unto her country and her kin
 Leaving the clash of shields and spears and
 Arming ships, and bearing unto Troy destruction
 For a dower, and overbold in sin,
 Went fleetly thro' the gates, at midnight hour.
 Oft from the prophets' lips
 Moaned out the warning and the wail-Ah woe!
 Woe for the home, the home! and for the
 chieftains, woe! Woe for the bride-bed, warm
 Yet from the lovely limbs, the impress of the
 Form of her who loved her lord, awhile ago
 And woe! for him who stands
 Shamed, silent, unreprouchful, stretching hands
 That find her not, and sees, yet will not see,
 That she is far away!
 And his sad fancy, yearning o'er the sea,
 Shall summon and recall
 Her wraith, once more to queen it in his hall.
 And sad with many memories,
 The fair cold beauty of each sculptured face-
 And all to hatefulness is turned their grace,
 Seen blankly by forlorn and hungering eyes!

ANTISTROPHE 2

And when the night is deep,
 Come visions, sweet and sad, and bearing pain
 Of hopings vain--Void, void and vain, for scarce
 the sleeping sight Has seen its old delight,
 When thro' the grasps of love that bid it stay
 It vanishes away On silent wings that roam
 adown the ways of sleep.

Such are the sights, the sorrows fell,
 About our hearth-and worse, whereof I may not
 tell. But, all the wide town o'er,
 Each home that sent its master far away
 From Hellas' shore,
 Feels the keen thrill of heart, the pang of loss,

to-day. For, truth to say,
 The touch of bitter death is manifold!
 Familiar was each face, and dear as life,
 That went unto the war,
 But thither, whence a warrior went of old,
 Doth nought return-
 Only a spear and sword, and ashes in an urn!

STROPHE 3

For Ares, lord of strife,
 Who doth the swaying scales of battle hold,
 War's money-changer, giving dust for gold,
 Sends back, to hearts that held them dear,
 Scant ash of warriors, wept with many a tear,
 Light to the band, but heavy to the soul;
 Yea, fills the light urn full
 With what survived the flame-
 Death's dusty measure of a hero's frame!

Alas! one cries, and yet alas again!
 Our chief is gone, the hero of the spear,
 And hath not left his peer!
 Ah woe! another moans-my spouse is slain,
 The death of honour, rolled in dust and blood,
 Slain for a woman's sin, a false wife's shame!
 Such muttered words of bitter mood
 Rise against those who went forth to reclaim;
 Yea, jealous wrath creeps on against th'
 Atreides' name.

And others, far beneath the Ilian wall,
 Sleep their last sleep-the goodly chiefs and tall,
 Couched in the foeman's land, whereon they
 gave their breath, and lords of Troy, each in his
 Trojan grave.

ANTISTROPHE 3

Therefore for each and all the city's breast
 Is heavy with a wrath suppress,
 As deeply and deadly as a curse more loud
 Flung by the common crowd:
 And, brooding deeply, doth my soul await
 Tidings of coming fate,
 Buried as yet in darkness' womb.
 For not forgetful is the high gods' doom
 Against the sons of carnage: all too long
 Seems the unjust to prosper and be strong,
 Till the dark Furies come,
 And smite with stern reversal all his home,
 Down into dim obstruction-he is gone,
 And help and hope, among the lost, is none!
 O'er him who vaunteth an exceeding fame,

Impends a woe condign;
 The vengeful bolt upon his eyes doth flame,
 Sped from the hand divine.
 This bliss be mine, ungrudged of God, to feel-
 To tread no city to the dust,
 Nor see my own life thrust
 Down to a glave's estate beneath another's
 heel!

EPODE

Behold, throughout the city wide
 Have the swift feet of Rumour hied,
 Roused by the joyful flame:
 But is the news they scatter, sooth?
 Or haply do they give for truth
 Some cheat which heaven doth frame?
 A child were he and all unwise,
 Who let his heart with joy be stirred.
 To see the beacon-fires arise,
 And then, beneath some thwarting word,
 Sicken anon with hope deferred.
 The edge of woman's insight still
 Good news from true divideth ill;
 Light rumours leap within the bound
 Then fences female credence round,
 But, lightly born, as lightly dies
 The tale that springs of her surmise.

(Several days are assumed to have elapsed.)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Soon shall we know whereof the bale-fires tell,
 The beacons, kindled with transmitted flame;
 Whether, as well I deem, their tale is true,
 Or whether like some dream delusive came
 The welcome blaze but to befool our soul.
 For lo! I see a herald from the shore
 Draw hither, shadowed with the olive-wreath-
 And thirsty dust, twin-brother of the clay,
 Speaks plain of travel far and truthful news-
 No dumb surmise, nor tongue of flame in smoke,
 Fitfully kindled from the mountain pyre;
 But plainlier shall his voice say, All is well,
 Or-but away, forebodings adverse, now,
 And on fair promise fair fulfilment come!
 And whoso for the state prays otherwise,
 Himself reap harvest of his ill desire!

*(A HERALD enters. He is an advance messenger
 from Agamemnon's forces, which have just
 landed.)*

HERALD

O land of Argos, fatherland of mine!
 To thee at last, beneath the tenth year's sun,
 My feet return; the bark of my emprise,
 Tho' one by one hope's anchors broke away,
 Held by the last, and now rides safely here.
 Long, long my soul despaired to win, in death,
 Its longed-for rest within our Argive land:
 And now all hail, O earth, and hail to thee,
 New-risen sun! and hail our country's God,
 High-ruling Zeus, and thou, the Pythian lord,
 Whose arrows smote us once-smite thou no
 more!
 Was not thy wrath wreaked full upon our heads,
 O king Apollo, by Scamander's side?
 Turn thou, be turned, be saviour, healer, now
 And hail, all gods who rule the street and mart
 And Hermes hail! my patron and my pride,
 Herald of heaven, and lord of heralds here!
 And Heroes, ye who sped us on our way-
 To one and all I cry, Receive again
 With grace such Argives as the spear has
 spared.

Ah, home of royalty, beloved halls,
 And solemn shrines, and gods that front the
 morn!
 Benign as erst, with sun-flushed aspect greet
 The king returning after many days.
 For as from night flash out the beams of day,
 So out of darkness dawns a light, a king,
 On you, on Argos-Agamemnon comes.
 Then hail and greet him well I such meed befits
 Him whose right hand hewed down the towers
 of Troy
 With the great axe of Zeus who righteth wrong-
 And smote the plain, smote down to
 nothingness
 Each altar, every shrine; and far and wide
 Dies from the whole land's face its offspring
 fair.
 Such mighty yoke of fate he set on Troy-
 Our lord and monarch, Atreus' elder son,
 And comes at last with blissful honour home;
 Highest of all who walk on earth to-day-
 Not Paris nor the city's self that paid
 Sin's price with him, can boast, Whate'er befall,
 The guerdon we have won outweighs it all.
 But at Fate's judgment-seat the robber stands
 Condemned of rapine, and his prey is torn
 Forth from his hands, and by his deed is reaped
 A bloody harvest of his home and land
 Gone down to death, and for his guilt and lust

His father's race pays double in the dust.

LEADER

Hail, herald of the Greeks, new-come from war.

HERALD

All hail! not death itself can fright me now.

LEADER

Was thine heart wrung with longing for thy land?

HERALD

So that this joy doth brim mine eyes with tears.

LEADER

On you too then this sweet distress did fall-

HERALD

How say'st thou? make me master of thy word.

LEADER

You longed for us who pined for you again.

HERALD

Craved the land us who craved it, love for love?

LEADER

Yea, till my brooding heart moaned out with pain.

HERALD

Whence thy despair, that mars the army's joy?

LEADER

Sole cure of wrong is silence, saith the saw.

HERALD

Thy kings afar, couldst thou fear other men?

LEADER

Death had been sweet, as thou didst say but now.

HERALD

'Tis true; Fate smiles at last. Throughout our toil,

These many years, some chances issued fair,
And some, I wot, were chequered with a curse.
But who, on earth, hath won the bliss of heaven,

Thro' time's whole tenor an unbroken weal?

I could a tale unfold of toiling oars,
Ill rest, scant landings on a shore rock-strewn,
All pains, all sorrows, for our daily doom.

And worse and hatefuller our woes on land;
For where we couched, close by the foeman's wall,

The river-plain was ever dank with dews,
Dropped from the sky, exuded from the earth,
A curse that clung unto our sodden garb,
And hair as horrent as a wild beast's fell.

Why tell the woes of winter, when the birds
Lay stark and stiff, so stern was Idaeus's snow?
Or summer's scorch, what time the stirless wave

Sank to its sleep beneath the noon-day sun?

Why mourn old woes? their pain has passed away;

And passed away, from those who fell, all care,
For evermore, to rise and live again.

Why sum the count of death, and render thanks
For life by moaning over fate malign?

Farewell, a long farewell to all our woes!

To us, the remnant of the host of Greece,
Comes weal beyond all counterpoise of woe;

Thus boast we rightfully to yonder sun,
Like him far-fleeted over sea and land.

The Argive host prevailed to conquer Troy,

And in the temples of the gods of Greece
Hung up these spoils, a shining sign to Time.

Let those who learn this legend bless aright

The city and its chieftains, and repay

The meed of gratitude to Zeus who willed

And wrought the deed. So stands the tale
fulfilled.

LEADER

Thy words o'erbear my doubt: for news of good,

The ear of age hath ever youth enow:

But those within and Clytemnestra's self

Would fain hear all; glad thou their ears and mine.

(CLYTEMNESTRA enters from the palace.)

CLYTEMNESTRA

That night, when first the fiery courier came,

In sign that Troy is ta'en and razed to earth,
So wild a cry of joy my lips gave out,

That I was chidden-Hath the beacon watch
Made sure unto thy soul the sack of Troy?

A very woman thou, whose heart leaps light

At wandering rumours!-and with words like

These they showed me how I strayed, misled of

Hope. Yet on each shrine I set the sacrifice,

And, in the strain they held for feminine,

Went heralds thro' the city, to and fro,

With voice of loud proclaim, announcing joy;

And in each fane they lit and quenched with

Wine the spicy perfumes fading in the flame.

All is fulfilled: I spare your longer tale-

The king himself anon shall tell me all.

Remains to think what honour best may greet
My lord, the majesty of Argos, home.

What day beams fairer on a woman's eyes

Than this, whereon she flings the portal wide,

To hail her lord, heaven-shielded, home from

war?

This to my husband, that he tarry not,
 But turn the city's longing into joy!
 Yea, let him come, and coming may he find
 A wife no other than he left her, true
 And faithful as a watch-dog to his home,
 His foemen's foe, in all her duties leal,
 Trusty to keep for ten long years unmarred
 The store whereon he set his master-seal.
 Be steel deep-dyed, before ye look to see
 Ill joy, ill fame, from other wight, in me!

HERALD

'Tis fairly said: thus speaks a noble dame,
 Nor speaks amiss, when truth informs the boast.

(CLYTEMNESTRA withdraws again into the palace.)

LEADER

So has she spoken-be it yours to learn
 By clear interpreters her specious word.
 Turn to me, herald-tell me if anon
 The second well-loved lord of Argos comes?
 Hath Menelaus safely sped with you?

HERALD

Alas-brief boon unto my friends it were,
 To flatter them, for truth, with falsehoods fair!

LEADER

Speak joy, if truth be joy, but truth, at worst-
 Too plainly, truth and joy are here divorced.

HERALD

The hero and his bark were rapt away
 Far from the Grecian fleet; 'tis truth I say.

LEADER

Whether in all men's sight from Ilion borne,
 Or from the fleet by stress of weather torn?

HERALD

Full on the mark thy shaft of speech doth light,
 And one short word hath told long woes aright.

LEADER

But say, what now of him each comrade saith?
 What their forebodings, of his life or death?

HERALD

Ask me no more: the truth is known to none,
 Save the earth-fostering, all-surveying Sun.

LEADER

Say, by what doom the fleet of Greece was
 driven? How rose, how sank the storm, the
 wrath of heaven?

HERALD

Nay, ill it were to mar with sorrow's tale
 The day of blissful news. The gods demand
 Thanksgiving sundered from solicitude.
 If one as herald came with rueful face
 To say, The curse has fallen, and the host

Gone down to death; and one wide wound has
 reached

The city's heart, and out of many homes
 Many are cast and consecrate to death,
 Beneath the double scourge, that Ares loves,
 The bloody pair, the fire and sword of doom-
 If such sore burden weighed upon my tongue,
 'Twere fit to speak such words as gladden
 fiends.

But-coming as he comes who bringeth news
 Of safe return from toil, and issues fair,
 To men rejoicing in a weal restored-
 Dare I to dash good words with ill, and say
 For fire and sea, that erst held bitter feud,
 Now swore conspiracy and pledged their faith,
 Wasting the Argives worn with toil and war.
 Night and great horror of the rising wave
 Came o'er us, and the blasts that blow from
 Thrace
 Clashed ship with ship, and some with plunging
 prow
 Thro' scudding drifts of spray and raving storm
 Vanished, as strays by some ill shepherd driven.
 And when at length the sun rose bright, we saw
 Th' Aegaeon sea-field flecked with flowers of
 death,

Corpses of Grecian men and shattered hulls.
 For us indeed, some god, as well I deem,
 No human power, laid hand upon our helm,
 Snatched us or prayed us from the powers of
 air,
 And brought our bark thro'all, unharmed in hull:
 And saving Fortune sat and steered us fair,
 So that no surge should gulf us deep in brine,
 Nor grind our keel upon a rocky shore.

So 'scaped we death that lurks beneath the sea,
 But, under day's white light, mistrustful all
 Of fortune's smile, we sat and brooded deep,
 Shepherds forlorn of thoughts that wandered
 wild

O'er this new woe; for smitten was our host,
 And lost as ashes scattered from the pyre.
 Of whom if any draw his life-breath yet,
 Be well assured, he deems of us as dead,
 As we of him no other fate forebode.
 But heaven save all! If Menelaus live,
 He will not tarry, but will surely come:
 Therefore if anywhere the high sun's ray
 Descries him upon earth, preserved by Zeus,
 Who wills not yet to wipe his race away,
 Hope still there is that homeward he may wend.
 Enough-thou hast the truth unto the end.

(*The HERALD departs.*)

CHORUS (singing)

STROPHE 1

Say, from whose lips the presage fell?
Who read the future all too well,
And named her, in her natal hour,
Helen, the bride with war for dower
'Twas one of the Invisible,
Guiding his tongue with prescient power.
On fleet, and host, and citadel,
War, sprung from her, and death did lour,
When from the bride-bed's fine-spun veil
She to the Zephyr spread her sail.
Strong blew the breeze-the surge closed oer
The cloven track of keel and oar,
But while she fled, there drove along,
Fast in her wake, a mighty throng-
Athirst for blood, athirst for war,
Forward in fell pursuit they sprung,
Then leapt on Simois' bank ashore,
The leafy coppices among-
No rangers, they, of wood and field,
But huntsmen of the sword and shield.

ANTISTROPHE 1

Heaven's jealousy, that works its will,
Sped thus on Troy its destined ill,
Well named, at once, the Bride and Bane;
And loud rang out the bridal strain;
But they to whom that song befell
Did turn anon to tears again;
Zeus tarries, but avenges still
The husband's wrong, the household's stain!
He, the hearth's lord, brooks not to see
Its outraged hospitality.

Even now, and in far other tone,
Troy chants her dirge of mighty moan,
Woe upon Paris, woe and hate!
Who wooed his country's doom for mate-
This is the burthen of the groan,
Wherewith she wails disconsolate
The blood, so many of her own
Have poured in vain, to fend her fate;
Troy! thou hast fed and freed to roam
A lion-cub within thy home!

STROPHE 2

A suckling creature, newly ta'en
From mother's teat, still fully fain
Of nursing care; and oft caressed,
Within the arms, upon the breast,

Even as an infant, has it lain;
Or fawns and licks, by hunger pressed,
The hand that will assuage its pain;
In life's young dawn, a well-loved guest,
A fondling for the children's play,
A joy unto the old and grey.

ANTISTROPHE 2

But waxing time and growth betrays
The blood-thirst of the lion-race,
And, for the house's fostering care,
Unbidden all, it revels there,
And bloody recompense repays-
Rent flesh of kine, its talons tare:
A mighty beast, that slays, and slays,
And mars with blood the household fair,
A God-sent pest invincible,
A minister of fate and hell.

STROPHE 3

Even so to Iliion's city came by stealth
A spirit as of windless seas and skies,
A gentle phantom-form of joy and wealth,
With love's soft arrows speeding from its eyes-
Love's rose, whose thorn doth pierce the soul in
subtle wise.

Ah, well-a-day! the bitter bridal-bed,
When the fair mischief lay by Paris' side!
What curse on palace and on people sped
With her, the Fury sent on Priam's pride,
By angered Zeus! what tears of many a
widowed bride!

ANTISTROPHE 3

Long, long ago to mortals this was told,
How sweet security and blissful state
Have curses for their children-so men hold-
And for the man of all-too prosperous fate
Springs from a bitter seed some woe insatiate.

Alone, alone, I deem far otherwise;
Not bliss nor wealth it is, but impious deed,
From which that after-growth of ill doth rise!
Woe springs from wrong, the plant is like the
seed-
While Right, in honour's house, doth its own
likeness breed.

STROPHE 4

Some past impiety, some grey old crime,
Breeds the young curse, that wantons in our
ill,

Early or late, when haps th'appointed time-
 And out of light brings power of darkness still,
 A master-fiend, a foe, unseen, invincible;

A pride accursed, that broods upon the race
 And home in which dark Ate holds her sway-
 Sin's child and Woe's, that wears its parents'
 face;

ANTISTROPHE 4

While Right in smoky cribs shines clear as day,
 And decks with weal his life, who walks the
 righteous way.

From gilded halls, that hands polluted raise,
 Right turns away with proud averted eyes,
 And of the wealth, men stamp amiss with
 praise,
 Heedless, to poorer, holier temples hies,
 And to Fate's goal guides all, in its appointed
 wise.

*(Agamemnon enters, riding in a chariot and
 accompanied by a great procession. CASSANDRA
 follows in another chariot. The Chorus sings its
 welcome.)*

Hail to thee, chief of Atreus' race,
 Returning proud from Troy subdued!
 How shall I greet thy conquering face?
 How nor a fulsome praise obtrude,
 Nor stint the meed of gratitude?
 For mortal men who fall to ill
 Take little heed of open truth,
 But seek unto its semblance still:
 The show of weeping and of ruth
 To the forlorn will all men pay,
 But, of the grief their eyes display,
 Nought to the heart doth pierce its way.
 And, with the joyous, they beguile
 Their lips unto a feigned smile,
 And force a joy, unfelt the while;
 But he who as a shepherd wise
 Doth know his flock, can ne'er misread
 Truth in the falsehood of his eyes,
 Who veils beneath a kindly guise
 A lukewarm love in deed.
 And thou, our leader-when of yore
 Thou badest Greece go forth to war
 For Helen's sake-I dare avow
 That then I held thee not as now;
 That to my vision thou didst seem
 Dyed in the hues of disesteem.

I held thee for a pilot ill,
 And reckless, of thy proper will,
 Endowing others doomed to die
 With vain and forced audacity!
 Now from my heart, ungrudgingly,
 To those that wrought, this word be said-
 Well fall the labour ye have sped-
 Let time and search, O king, declare
 What men within thy city's bound
 Were loyal to the kingdom's care,
 And who were faithless found.

AGAMEMNON *(still standing in the chariot)*
 First, as is meet, a king's All-hail be said
 To Argos, and the gods that guard the land-
 Gods who with me availed to speed us home,
 With me availed to wring from Priam's town
 The due of justice. In the court of heaven
 The gods in conclave sat and judged the cause,
 Not from a pleader's tongue, and at the close,
 Unanimous into the urn of doom
 This sentence gave, On Ilion and her men,
 Death: and where hope drew nigh to pardon's
 urn
 No hand there was to cast a vote therein.
 And still the smoke of fallen Ilion
 Rises in sight of all men, and the flame
 Of Ate's hecatomb is living yet,
 And where the towers in dusty ashes sink,
 Rise the rich fumes of pomp and wealth
 consumed
 For this must all men pay unto the gods
 The meed of mindful hearts and gratitude:
 For by our hands the meshes of revenge
 Closed on the prey, and for one woman's sake
 Troy trodden by the Argive monster lies-
 The foal, the shielded band that leapt the wall,
 What time with autumn sank the Pleiades.
 Yea, o'er the fencing wall a lion sprang
 Ravening, and lapped his fill of blood of kings.

Such prelude spoken to the gods in full,
 To you I turn, and to the hidden thing
 Whereof ye spake but now: and in that thought
 I am as you, and what ye say, say I.
 For few are they who have such inborn grace,
 As to look up with love, and envy not,
 When stands another on the height of weal.
 Deep in his heart, whom jealousy hath seized,
 Her poison lurking doth enhance his load;
 For now beneath his proper woes he chafes,
 And sighs withal to see another's weal.

I speak not idly, but from knowledge sure-

There be who vaunt an utter loyalty,
That is but as the ghost of friendship dead,
A shadow in a glass, of faith gone by.
One only-he who went reluctant forth
Across the seas with me-Odysseus-he
Was loyal unto me with strength and will,
A trusty trace-horse bound unto my car.
Thus-be he yet beneath the light of day,
Or dead, as well I fear-I speak his praise.
Lastly, whate'er be due to men or gods,

With joint debate, in public council held,
We will decide, and warily contrive
That all which now is well may so abide:
For that which haply needs the healer's art,
That will we medicine, discerning well
If cautery or knife befit the time.

Now, to my palace and the shrines of home,
I will pass in, and greet you first and fair,
Ye gods, who bade me forth, and home again-
And long may Victory tarry in my train!

*(CLYTEMNESTRA enters from the palace, followed
by maidens bearing crimson robes.)*

CLYTEMNESTRA

Old men of Argos, lieges of our realm,
Shame shall not bid me shrink lest ye should see
The love I bear my lord. Such blushing fear
Dies at the last from hearts of human kind.
From mine own soul and from no alien lips,
I know and will reveal the life I bore.
Reluctant, through the lingering livelong years,
The while my lord beleaguered Ilion's wall.

First, that a wife sat sundered from her lord,
In widowed solitude, was utter woe
And woe, to hear how rumour's many tongues
All boded evil-woe, when he who came
And he who followed spake of ill on ill,
Keening Lost, lost, all lost! thro' hall and bower.
Had this my husband met so many wounds,
As by a thousand channels rumour told,
No network e'er was full of holes as he.
Had he been slain, as oft as tidings came
That he was dead, he well might boast him now
A second Geryon of triple frame,
With triple robe of earth above him laid-
For that below, no matter-triply dead,
Dead by one death for every form he bore.
And thus distraught by news of wrath and woe,
Oft for self-slaughter had I slung the noose,

But others wrenched it from my neck away.
Hence haps it that Orestes, thine and mine,
The pledge and symbol of our wedded troth,
Stands not beside us now, as he should stand.
Nor marvel thou at this: he dwells with one
Who guards him loyally; 'tis Phocis' king,
Strophius, who warned me erst, Bethink thee,
queen,
What woes of doubtful issue well may fall
Thy lord in daily jeopardy at Troy,
While here a populace uncurbed may cry,
"Down with the council, down!" bethink thee
too, 'Tis the world's way to set a harder heel
On fallen power.

For thy child's absence then
Such mine excuse, no wily afterthought.
For me, long since the gushing fount of tears
Is wept away; no drop is left to shed.
Dim are the eyes that ever watched till dawn,
Weeping, the bale-fires, piled for thy return,
Night after night unkindled. If I slept,
Each sound-the tiny humming of a gnat,
Roused me again, again, from fitful dreams
Wherein I felt thee smitten, saw thee slain,
Thrice for each moment of mine hour of sleep.

All this I bore, and now, released from woe,
I hail my lord as watch-dog of a fold,
As saving stay-rope of a storm-tossed ship,
As column stout that holds the roof aloft,
As only child unto a sire bereaved,
As land beheld, past hope, by crews forlorn,
As sunshine fair when tempest's wrath is past,
As gushing spring to thirsty wayfarer.
So sweet it is to 'scape the press of pain.
With such salute I bid my husband hail
Nor heaven be wroth therewith! for long and
Hard I bore that ire of old.

Sweet lord, step forth,
Step from thy car, I pray-nay, not on earth
Plant the proud foot, O king, that trod down
Troy! Women! why tarry ye, whose task it is
To spread your monarch's path with tapestry?
Swift, swift, with purple strew his passage fair,
That justice lead him to a home, at last,
He scarcely looked to see.

(The attendant women spread the tapestry.)

For what remains,
Zeal unsubdued by sleep shall nerve my hand

To work as right and as the gods command.

AGAMEMNON (*still in the chariot*)

Daughter of Leda, watcher o'er my home,
Thy greeting well befits mine absence long,
For late and hardly has it reached its end.
Know, that the praise which honour bids us
crave,
Must come from others' lips, not from our own:
See too that not in fashion feminine
Thou make a warrior's pathway delicate;
Not unto me, as to some Eastern lord,
Bowing thyself to earth, make homage loud.
Strew not this purple that shall make each step
An arrogance; such pomp beseems the gods,
Not me. A mortal man to set his foot
On these rich dyes? I hold such pride in fear,
And bid thee honour me as man, not god.
Fear not-such footcloths and all gauds apart,
Loud from the trump of Fame my name is
blown; Best gift of heaven it is, in glory's hour,
To think thereon with soberness: and thou-
Bethink thee of the adage, Call none blest
Till peaceful death have crowned a life of weal.
'Tis said: I fain would fare unvexed by fear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, but unsay it-thwart not thou my will!

AGAMEMNON

Know, I have said, and will not mar my word.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Was it fear made this meekness to the gods?

AGAMEMNON

If cause be cause, 'tis mine for this resolve.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What, think'st thou, in thy place had Priam
done?

AGAMEMNON

He surely would have walked on broidered
robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Then fear not thou the voice of human blame.

AGAMEMNON

Yet mighty is the murmur of a crowd.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Shrink not from envy, appanage of bliss.

AGAMEMNON

War is not woman's part, nor war of words.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yet happy victors well may yield therein.

AGAMEMNON

Dost crave for triumph in this petty strife?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yield; of thy grace permit me to prevail!

AGAMEMNON

Then, if thou wilt, let some one stoop to loose
Swiftly these sandals, slaves beneath my foot;
And stepping thus upon the sea's rich dye,
I pray, Let none among the gods look down
With jealous eye on me-reluctant all,
To trample thus and mar a thing of price,
Wasting the wealth of garments silver-worth.
Enough hereof: and, for the stranger maid,
Lead her within, but gently: God on high
Looks graciously on him whom triumph's hour
Has made not pitiless. None willingly
Wear the slave's yoke-and she, the prize and
flower
Of all we won, comes hither in my train,
Gift of the army to its chief and lord.
-Now, since in this my will bows down to thine,
I will pass in on purples to my home.

(*He descends from the chariot, and moves
towards the palace.*)

CLYTEMNESTRA

A Sea there is-and who shall stay its springs?
And deep within its breast, a mighty store,
Precious as silver, of the purple dye,
Whereby the dipped robe doth its tint renew.
Enough of such, O king, within thy halls
There lies, a store that cannot fail; but I-
I would have gladly vowed unto the gods
Cost of a thousand garments trodden thus,
(Had once the oracle such gift required)
Contriving ransom for thy life preserved.
For while the stock is firm the foliage climbs,
Spreading a shade, what time the dog-star
glows;
And thou, returning to thine hearth and home,
Art as a genial warmth in winter hours,
Or as a coolness, when the lord of heaven
Mellows the juice within the bitter grape.
Such boons and more doth bring into a home
The present footstep of its proper lord.
Zeus, Zeus, Fulfilment's lord! my vows fulfil,
And whatsoever it be, work forth thy will!

(*She follows AGAMEMNON into the palace.*)

CHORUS (singing)

STROPHE 1

Wherefore for ever on the wings of fear
Hovers a vision drear
Before my boding heart? a strain,
Unbidden and unwelcome, thrills mine ear,
Oracular of pain.
Not as of old upon my bosom's throne

Sits Confidence, to spurn
Such fears, like dreams we know not to discern.
Old, old and grey long since the time has grown,
Which saw the linked cables moor
The fleet, when erst it came to Iliion's sandy
shore;

ANTISTROPHE 1

And now mine eyes and not another's see
Their safe return.

Yet none the less in me
The inner spirit sings a boding song,
Self-prompted, sings the Furies' strain-
And seeks, and seeks in vain,
To hope and to be strong!

Ah! to some end of Fate, unseen, unguessed,
Are these wild throbbings of my heart and
breast-

Yea, of some doom they tell-
Each pulse, a knell.
Lief, lief I were, that all
To unfulfilment's hidden realm might fall.

STROPHE 2

Too far, too far our mortal spirits strive,
Grasping at utter weal, unsatisfied-
Till the fell curse, that dwelleth hard beside,
Thrust down the Sundering wall. Too fair they
blow,
The gales that waft our bark on Fortune's tide!
Swiftly we sail, the sooner an to drive
Upon the hidden rock, the reef of woe.
Then if the hand of caution warily
Sling forth into the sea
Part of the freight, lest all should sink below,
From the deep death it saves the bark: even
so,
Doom-laden though it be, once more may rise
His household, who is timely wise.

How oft the famine-stricken field
Is saved by God's large gift, the new year's
yield!

ANTISTROPHE 2

But blood of man once spilled, once at his feet
Shed forth, and darkening the plain,-
Nor chant nor charm can call it back again.
So Zeus hath willed:

Else had he spared the leech Asclepius, skilled

To bring man from the dead: the hand divine
Did smite himself with death-a warning and a
sign-

Ah me! if Fate, ordained of old,
Held not the will of gods constrained, controlled,
Helpless to us-ward, and apart-
Swifter than speech my heart
Had poured its presage out!
Now, fretting, chafing in the dark of doubt,
'Tis hopeless to unfold
Truth, from fear's tangled skein; and, yearning
to proclaim
Its thought, my soul is prophecy and flame.

*(CLYTEMNESTRA comes out of the palace and
addresses CASSANDRA, who has remained
motionless in her chariot.)*

CLYTEMNESTRA

Get thee within thou too, Cassandra, go!
For Zeus to thee in gracious mercy grants
To share the sprinklings of the lustral bowl,
Beside the altar of his guardianship,
Slave among many slaves. What, haughty still?
Step from the car; Alcmena's son, 'tis said,
Was sold perforce and bore the yoke of old.
Ay, hard it is, but, if such fate befall,
'Tis a fair chance to serve within a home
Of ancient wealth and power. An upstart lord,
To whom wealth's harvest came beyond his
hope,
Is as a lion to his slaves, in all
Exceeding fierce, immoderate in sway.
Pass in: thou hearest what our ways will be.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Clear unto thee, O maid, is her command,
But thou-within the toils of Fate thou art-
If such thy will, I urge thee to obey;
Yet I misdoubt thou dost nor hear nor heed.

CLYTEMNESTRA

I wot-unless like swallows she doth use
Some strange barbarian tongue from oversea-
My words must speak persuasion to her soul.

LEADER

Obey: there is no gentler way than this.
Step from the car's high seat and follow her.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Truce to this bootless waiting here without!
I will not stay: beside the central shrine
The victims stand, prepared for knife and fire-
Offerings from hearts beyond all hope made
glad.

Thou-if thou reckest aught of my command,
 'Twere well done soon: but if thy sense be shut
 From these my words, let thy barbarian hand
 Fulfil by gesture the default of speech.

LEADER

No native is she, thus to read thy words
 Unaided: like some wild thing of the wood,
 New-trapped, behold! she shrinks and glares on
 thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA

'Tis madness and the rule of mind distraught,
 Since she beheld her city sink in fire,
 And hither comes, nor brooks the bit, until
 In foam and blood her wrath be champ'd away.
 See ye to her; unqueenly 'tis for me,
 Unheeded thus to cast away my words.

(CLYTEMNESTRA enters the palace.)

LEADER

But with me pity sits in anger's place.
 Poor maiden, come thou from the car; no way
 There is but this-take up thy servitude.

CASSANDRA (chanting)

Woe, woe, alas! Earth, Mother Earth! and thou
 Apollo, Apollo!

LEADER

Peace! shriek not to the bright prophetic god,
 Who will not brook the suppliance of woe.

CASSANDRA (chanting)

Woe, woe, alas! Earth, Mother Earth! and thou
 Apollo, Apollo!

LEADER

Hark, with wild curse she calls anew on him,
 Who stands far off and loathes the voice of
 wail.

CASSANDRA (chanting)

Apollo, Apollo!
 God of all ways, but only Death's to me,
 Once and again, O thou, Destroyer named,
 Thou hast destroyed me, thou, my love of old!

LEADER

She grows presageful of her woes to come,
 Slave tho' she be, instinct with prophecy.

CASSANDRA (chanting)

Apollo, Apollo!
 God of all ways, but only Death's to me,
 O thou Apollo, thou Destroyer named!
 What way hast led me, to what evil home?

LEADER

Know'st thou it not? The home of Atreus' race:
 Take these my words for sooth and ask no
 more.

CASSANDRA (chanting)

Home cursed of God! Bear witness unto me,

Ye visioned woes within-
 The blood-stained hands of them that smite their
 kin-
 The strangling noose, and, spattered o'er
 With human blood, the reeking floor!

LEADER

How like a sleuth-hound questing on the track,
 Keen-scented unto blood and death she hies!

CASSANDRA (chanting)

Ah! can the ghostly guidance fail,
 Whereby my prophet-soul is onwards led?
 Look! for their flesh the spectre-children wail,
 Their sodden limbs on which their father fed!

LEADER

Long since we knew of thy prophetic fame,-
 But for those deeds we seek no prophet's
 tongue-

CASSANDRA (chanting)

God! 'tis another crime-
 Worse than the storied woe of olden time,
 Cureless, abhorred, that one is plotting here-
 A shaming death, for those that should be dear
 Alas! and far away, in foreign land,
 He that should help doth stand!

LEADER

I knew th' old tales, the city rings withal-
 But now thy speech is dark, beyond my ken.

CASSANDRA (chanting)

Ah, damned woman, will you do this thing?
 Your husband, the partner of your bed, when
 you have cheered him with the bath, will you --
 how shall I tell the end? [1110] Soon it will be
 done. Now this hand, now that, she stretches
 forth!

CHORUS

Not yet do I comprehend; for now, after riddles,
 I am bewildered by dark oracles.

CASSANDRA

Ah! Ah! What apparition is this? [1115] Is it a
 net of death? No, it is a snare that shares his
 bed, that shares the guilt of murder. Let the fatal
 pack, insatiable against the race, raise a shout
 of jubilation over a victim accursed!

CHORUS

What Spirit of Vengeance is this that you bid
 [1120] raise its voice over this house? Your
 words do not cheer me. Back to my heart surge
 the drops of my pallid blood, even as when they
 drip from a mortal wound, ebbing away as life's
 beams sink low; and death comes speedily.

CASSANDRA

[1125] Ah, ah, see there, see there! Keep the

bull from his mate! She has caught him in the robe and gores him with the crafty device of her black horn! He falls in a vessel of water! It is of doom wrought by guile in a murderous bath that I am telling you.

CHORUS

[1130] I cannot boast that I am a keen judge of prophecies; but these, I think, spell some evil. But from prophecies what word of good ever comes to mortals? Through terms of evil their wordy arts [1135] bring men to know fear chanted in prophetic strains.

CASSANDRA

Alas, alas, the sorrow of my ill-starred doom! For it is my own affliction, crowning the cup, that I bewail. Ah, to what end did you bring me here, unhappy as I am? For nothing except to die -- and not alone. What else?

CHORUS

[1140] Frenzied in soul you are, by some god possessed, and you wail in wild strains your own fate, like that brown bird that never ceases making lament (ah me!), and in the misery of her heart moans *Itys, Itys*, [1145] throughout all her days abounding in sorrow, the nightingale.

CASSANDRA

Ah, fate of the clear-voiced nightingale! The gods clothed her in a winged form and gave to her a sweet life without tears. But for me waits destruction by the two-edged sword.

CHORUS

[1150] From where come these vain pangs of prophecy that assail you? And why do you mold to melody these terrors with dismal cries blended with piercing strains? How do you know the bounds of the path of your [1155] ill-boding prophecy?

CASSANDRA

Ah, the marriage, the marriage of Paris, that destroyed his friends! Ah me, Scamander, my native stream! Upon your banks in bygone days, unhappy maid, was I nurtured with fostering care; [1160] but now by Cocytus and the banks of Acheron, I think, I soon must chant my prophecies.

CHORUS

What words are these you utter, words all too plain? A new-born child hearing them could understand. I am smitten with a deadly pain, while, [1165] by reason of your cruel fortune, you cry aloud your pitiful moans that break my heart to hear.

CASSANDRA

O the sufferings, the sufferings of my city utterly destroyed! Alas, the sacrifices my father offered, the many pasturing cattle slain to save its towers! [1170] Yet they provided no remedy to save the city from suffering even as it has; and I, my soul on fire, must soon fall to the ground.

CHORUS

Your present speech chimes with your former strain. [1175] Surely some malignant spirit, falling upon you with heavy swoop, moves you to chant your piteous woes fraught with death. But the end I am helpless to discover.

CASSANDRA

And now, no more shall my prophecy peer forth from behind a veil like a new-wedded bride; but [1180] 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 will I instruct you. And bear me witness, as, running close behind, [1185] I scent the track of crimes done long ago. For from this roof never departs a choir chanting in unison, but singing no harmonious tune; for it tells not of good. And so, gorged on human blood, so as to be the more emboldened, a revel-rout of kindred Furies haunts the house, [1190] hard to be drive away. Lodged within its halls they chant their chant, the primal sin; and, each in turn, they spurn with loathing a brother's bed, for they bitterly spurn the one who defiled it. Have I missed the mark, or, like a true archer, do I strike my quarry? [1195] Or am I prophet of lies, a door-to-door babbler? Bear witness upon your oath that I know the deeds of sin, ancient in story, of this house.

CHORUS

How could an oath, a pledge although given in honor, effect any cure? Yet I marvel at you that, [1200] though bred beyond the sea, you speak truth of a foreign city, even as if you had been present there.

CASSANDRA

The seer Apollo appointed me to this office.

CHORUS [1204]

Can it be that he, a god, was smitten with desire?

CASSANDRA

[1203] Before now I was ashamed to speak of this. **CHORUS**

[1205] In prosperity all take on airs.

CASSANDRA

Oh, but he struggled to win me, breathing ardent love for me.

CHORUS

Did you in due course come to the rite of marriage?

CASSANDRA

I consented to Loxias but broke my word.

CHORUS

[1210] Were you already possessed by the art inspired of the god?

CASSANDRA

Already I prophesied to my countrymen all their disasters.

CHORUS

How came it then that you were unharmed by Loxias' wrath?

CASSANDRA

Ever since that fault I could persuade no one of anything.

CHORUS

And yet to us at least the prophecies you utter seem true enough.

CASSANDRA

Ah, ah! Oh, oh, the agony! [1215] Once more the dreadful throes of true prophecy whirl and distract me with their ill-boding onset. Do you see them there -- sitting before the house -- young creatures like phantoms of dreams? Children, they seem, slaughtered by their own kindred, [1220] their hands full of the meat of their own flesh; they are clear to my sight, holding their vitals and their inward parts (piteous burden!), which their father tasted. For this cause I tell you that a strengthless lion, wallowing in his bed, plots vengeance, [1225] a watchman waiting (ah me!) for my master's coming home -- yes, my master, for I must bear the yoke of slavery. The commander of the fleet and the overthrower of Ilium little knows what deeds shall be brought to evil accomplishment by the hateful hound, whose tongue licked his hand, who stretched forth her ears in gladness, [1230] like treacherous Ate. Such boldness has she, a woman to slay a man. What odious monster shall I fitly call her? An Amphisbaena? Or a Scylla, tenanting the rocks, a pest to mariners, [1235] a raging, devil's mother, breathing relentless war against her husband? And how the all-daring woman raised a shout of triumph, as when the battle turns, the while she feigned to joy at his safe return! And yet, it is all one, whether or not I am believed. What does it

matter? [1240] What is to come, will come. And soon you, yourself present here, shall with great pity pronounce me all too true a prophetess.

CHORUS

Thyestes' banquet on his children's flesh I understood, and I tremble. Terror possesses me as I hear the truth, nothing fashioned out of falsehood to resemble truth. [1245] But as for the rest I heard I am thrown off the track.

CASSANDRA

I say you shall look upon Agamemnon dead.

CHORUS

To words propitious, miserable girl, lull your speech.

CASSANDRA

Over what I tell no healing god presides.

CHORUS

No, if it is to be; but may it not be so!

CASSANDRA

[1250] You do but pray; their business is to slay.

CHORUS

What man is he that contrived this wickedness?

CASSANDRA

Surely you must have missed the meaning of my prophecies.

CHORUS

I do not understand the scheme of him who is to do the deed.

CASSANDRA

And yet all too well I understand the Greek language.

CHORUS

[1255] So too do the Pythian oracles; yet they are hard to understand.

CASSANDRA

Oh, oh! What fire! It comes upon me! Woe, woe! Lycean Apollo! Ah me, ah me! This two-footed lioness, who mates with a wolf in the absence of the noble lion, [1260] will slay me, miserable as I am. Brewing as it were a drug, she vows that with her wrath she will mix requital for me too, while she whets her sword against her husband, to take murderous vengeance for bringing me here. Why then do I bear these mockeries of myself, [1265] this wand, these prophetic chaplets on my neck?

[Breaking her wand, she throws it and the other insignia of her prophetic office upon the ground, and tramples them underfoot]

You at least I will destroy before I die myself. To

destruction with you! And fallen there, thus do I repay you. Enrich with doom some other in my place. Look, Apollo himself is stripping me [1270] of my prophetic garb -- he that saw me mocked to bitter scorn, even in this bravery, by friends turned foes, with one accord, in vain -- but, like some vagrant mountebank, called "beggar," "wretch," "starveling," I bore it all. [1275] And now the prophet, having undone me, his prophetess, has brought me to this lethal pass. Instead of my father's altar a block awaits me, where I am to be butchered in a hot and bloody sacrifice. Yet, we shall not die unavenged by the gods; [1280] for there shall come in turn another, our avenger, a scion of the race, to slay his mother and exact requital for his sire; an exile, a wanderer, a stranger from this land, he shall return to put the coping-stone upon these unspeakable iniquities of his house. For the gods have sworn a mighty oath [1285] that his slain father's outstretched corpse shall bring him home. Why then thus raise my voice in pitiful lament? Since first I saw the city of Ilium fare what it has fared, while her captors, by the gods' sentence, are coming to such an end, [1290] I will go in and meet my fate. I will dare to die. This door I greet as the gates of Death. And I pray that, dealt a mortal stroke, without a struggle, my life-blood ebbing away in easy death, I may close these eyes.

CHORUS

[1295] O woman, pitiful exceedingly and exceeding wise, long has been your speech. But if, in truth, you have knowledge of your own death, how can you step with calm courage to the altar like an ox, driven by the god?

CASSANDRA

There is no escape; no, my friends, there is none any more.

CHORUS

[1300] Yet he that is last has the advantage in respect of time.

CASSANDRA

The day has come; flight would profit me but little.

CHORUS

Well, be assured, you brave suffering with a courageous spirit.

CASSANDRA

None who is happy is commended thus.

CHORUS

Yet surely to die nobly is a blessing for mortals.

CASSANDRA

[1305] Alas for you, my father and for your noble children! [*She starts back in horror*]

CHORUS

What ails you? What terror turns you back?

CASSANDRA

Alas, alas!

CHORUS

Why do you cry "alas"? Unless perhaps there is some horror in your soul.

CASSANDRA

This house stinks of blood-dripping slaughter.

CHORUS

[1310] And what of that? It is just the savor of victims at the hearth.

CASSANDRA

It is like a breath from a charnel-house.

CHORUS

You are not speaking of proud Syrian incense for the house.

CASSANDRA

Nay, I will go to bewail also within the palace my own and Agamemnon's fate. Enough of life! [1315] Alas, my friends, not with vain terror do I shrink, as a bird that fears a bush. After I am dead, bear witness for me of this -- when for me, a woman, another woman shall be slain, and for an ill-wedded man another man shall fall. [1320] I claim this favor from you now that my hour is come.

CHORUS

Poor woman, I pity you for your death foretold.

CASSANDRA

Yet once more I would like to speak, but not a dirge. I pray to the sun, in 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 pitiable than that. [*Enters the palace*]

CHORUS

It is the nature of all human kind to be unsatisfied with prosperity. From stately halls none bars it with warning voice that utters the words "Enter no more." [1335] So the Blessed Ones have granted to our prince to capture Priam's town; and, divinely-honored, he returns to his home. Yet if he now must pay the penalty for the blood shed by others before him, and by dying for the dead [1340] he is to bring to pass

retribution of other deaths, what mortal man, on hearing this, can boast that he was born with scatheless destiny?

[A shriek is heard from within]

AGAMEMNON

Alas! I am struck deep with a mortal blow!

CHORUS

Silence! Who is this that cries out, wounded by a mortal blow?

AGAMEMNON

[1345] And once again, alas! I am struck by a second blow.

CHORUS

The deed is done, it seems -- to judge by the groans of the king. But come, let us take counsel together if there is perhaps some safe plan of action.

[The members of the CHORUS discuss their opinions on the course to be taken.]

-- I tell you my advice: summon the townfolk to bring rescue here to the palace. [1350]

-- To my thinking we must burst in and charge them with the deed while the sword is still dripping in their hands.

-- I, too, am for taking part in some such plan, and vote for action of some sort. It is no time to keep on delaying.

-- It is plain. Their opening act [1355] marks a plan to set up a tyranny in the State.

-- Yes, because we are wasting time, while they, trampling underfoot that famous name, Delay, allow their hands no slumber.

-- I know not what plan I could hit on to propose. It is the doer's part likewise to do the planning. [1360]

-- I too am of this mind, for I know no way to bring the dead back to life by mere words.

-- What! To prolong our lives shall we thus submit to the rule of those defilers of the house?

-- No, it is not to be endured. No, death would be better, [1365] for that would be a milder lot than tyranny.

-- And shall we, upon the evidence of mere groans, divine that our lord is dead?

-- We should be sure of the facts before we indulge our wrath. For surmise differs from assurance. [1370]

-- I am supported on all sides to approve this course

-- that we get clear assurance how it stands with Atreus' son.

[The bodies of AGAMEMNON and CASSANDRA are disclosed; the queen stands by their side]

CLYTAEMESTRA

Much have I said before to serve my need and I shall feel no shame to contradict it now. For how else could one, devising hate against a hated foe [1375] who bears the semblance of a friend, fence the snares of ruin too high to be overleaped? This is the contest of an ancient feud, pondered by me of old, and it has come, however long delayed. I stand where I dealt the blow; my purpose is achieved. [1380] Thus have I done the deed; deny it I will not. Round him, as if to catch a haul of fish, I cast an impassable net -- fatal wealth of robe -- so that he should neither escape nor ward off doom. Twice I struck him, and with two groans [1385] his limbs relaxed. Once he had fallen, I dealt him yet a third stroke to grace my prayer to the infernal Zeus, the savior of the dead. Fallen thus, he gasped away his life, and as he breathed forth quick spurts of blood, [1390] he struck me with dark drops of gory dew; while I rejoiced no less than the sown earth is gladdened in heaven's refreshing rain at the birthtime of the flower buds. Since then the case stands thus, old men of Argos, rejoice, if you would rejoice; as for me, I glory in the deed. [1395] And had it been a fitting act to pour libations on the corpse, over him this would have been done justly, more than justly. With so many accursed lies has he filled the mixing-bowl in his own house, and now he has come home and himself drained it to the dregs.

CHORUS

We are shocked at your tongue, how bold-mouthed you are, [1400] that over your husband you can utter such a boastful speech.

CLYTAEMESTRA

You are testing me as if I were a witless woman. But my heart does not quail, and I say to you who know it well -- and whether you wish to praise or to blame me, it is all one -- here is Agamemnon, [1405] my husband, now a corpse, the work of this right hand, a just workman. So stands the case.

CHORUS

Woman, what poisonous herb nourished by the earth have you tasted, what potion drawn from the flowing sea, that you have taken upon yourself this maddened rage and the loud curses voiced by the public? [1410] You have cast him

off; you have cut him off; and out from the land shall you be cast, a burden of hatred to your people.

CLYTAEMESTRA

It's now that you would doom me to exile from the land, to the hatred of my people and the execration of the public voice; though then you had nothing to urge against him that lies here. And yet he, [1415] valuing no more than if it had been a beast that perished -- though sheep were plenty in his fleecy folds -- he sacrificed his own child, she whom I bore with dearest travail, to charm the blasts of Thrace. Is it not he whom you should have banished from this land [1420] in requital for his polluting deed? No! When you arraign what I have done, you are a stern judge. Well, I warn you: threaten me thus on the understanding that I am prepared, conditions equal, to let you lord it over me if you shall vanquish me by force. But if a god shall bring the contrary to pass, [1425] you shall learn discretion though taught the lesson late.

CHORUS

You are proud of spirit, and your speech is overbearing. Even as your mind is maddened by your deed of blood, upon your face a stain of blood shows full plain to behold. Bereft of all honor, forsaken of your friends, [1430] you shall hereafter atone for stroke with stroke,

CLYTAEMESTRA

Listen then to this too, this the righteous sanction on my oath: by Justice, exacted for my child, by Ate, by the Avenging Spirit, to whom I sacrificed that man, hope does not tread for me the halls of fear, [1435] so long as the fire upon my hearth is kindled by Aegisthus, loyal in heart to me as in days gone by. For he is no slight shield of confidence to me. Here lies the man who did me wrong, plaything of each Chryseis at Ilium; [1440] and here she lies, his captive, and augress, and concubine, his oracular faithful whore, yet equally familiar with the seamen's benches. The pair has met no undeserved fate. For he lies thus; while she, who, like a swan, [1445] has sung her last lament in death, lies here, his beloved; but to me she has brought for my bed an added relish of delight.

CHORUS

Alas! Ah that some fate, free from excess of suffering, nor yet with lingering bed of pain, [1450] might come full soon and bring to us everlasting and endless sleep, now that our

most gracious guardian has been laid low, who in a woman's cause had much endured and by a woman's hand has lost his life. [1455] O mad Helen, who did yourself alone destroy these many lives, these lives exceeding many, beneath the walls of Troy. Now you have bedecked yourself with your final crown, that shall long last in memory, [1460] because of blood not to be washed away. Truly in those days strife, an affliction that has subdued its lord, dwelt in the house.

CLYTAEMESTRA

Do not burden yourself with thoughts such as these, nor invoke upon yourself the fate of death. Nor yet turn your wrath upon Helen, [1465] and deem her a slayer of men, as if she alone had destroyed many a Danaan life and had wrought anguish past all cure.

CHORUS

O Fiend who falls upon this house and Tantalus' two descendants, [1470] you who by the hands of women exert a rule matching their temper, a rule bitter to my soul! Perched over his body like a hateful raven, in hoarse notes she chants her song of triumph.

CLYTAEMESTRA

[1475] Now you have corrected the judgment of your lips in that you name the thrice-gorged Fiend of this race. For by him the lust for lapping blood is fostered in the mouth; so before [1480] the ancient wound is healed, fresh blood is spilled.

CHORUS

Truly you speak of a mighty Fiend, haunting the house, and heavy in his wrath (alas, alas!) -- an evil tale of catastrophic fate insatiate; [1485] woe, woe, done by will of Zeus, author of all, worker of all! For what is brought to pass for mortal men save by will of Zeus? What herein is not wrought of god? Alas, alas, my King, my King, [1490] how shall I bewail you? How voice my heartfelt love for you? To lie in this spider's web, breathing forth your life in an impious death! Ah me, to lie on this ignoble bed, struck down in treacherous death wrought [1495] by a weapon of double edge wielded by the hand of your own wife!

CLYTAEMESTRA

Do you affirm this deed is mine? Do not imagine that I am Agamemnon's spouse. [1500] A phantom resembling that corpse's wife, the ancient bitter evil spirit of Atreus, that grim banqueter, has offered him in payment,

sacrificing a full-grown victim in vengeance for those slain babes.

CHORUS

[1505] That you are innocent of this murder -- who will bear you witness? How could anyone do so? And yet the evil genius of his father might well be your accomplice. By force [1510] amid streams of kindred blood black Havoc presses on to where he shall grant vengeance for the gore of children served for meat. Alas, alas, my King, my King, how shall I bewail you? [1515] How voice my heartfelt love for you? To lie in this spider's web, breathing forth your life in impious death! Alas, to lie on this ignoble bed, struck down in treacherous death [1520] wrought by a weapon of double edge wielded by your own wife's hand!

CLYTAEMESTRA

[Neither do I think he met an ignoble death.] And did he not himself by treachery bring ruin on his house? [1525] Yet, as he has suffered -- worthy meed of worthy deed -- for what he did to my sweet flower, shoot sprung from him, the sore-wept Iphigenia, let him make no great boasts in the halls of Hades, since with death dealt him by the sword he has paid for what he first began.

CHORUS

[1530] Bereft of any ready expedient of thought, I am bewildered where to turn now that the house is tottering. I fear the beating storm of bloody rain that shakes the house; no longer does it descend in drops. [1535] Yet on other whetstones Destiny is sharpening justice for another evil deed. O Earth, Earth, if only you had taken me to yourself before ever I had lived to see my lord [1540] occupying a lowly bed of a silver-sided bath! Who shall bury him? Who shall lament him? Will you harden your heart to do this -- you who have slain your own husband -- to lament for him [1545] and crown your unholy work with an uncharitable gift to his spirit, atoning for your monstrous deeds? And who, as with tears he utters praise over the hero's grave, [1550] shall sorrow in sincerity of heart?

CLYTAEMESTRA

To care for that duty is no concern of yours. By your hands down he fell, down to death, and down below shall we bury him -- but not with wailings from his household. [1555] No! Iphigenia, his daughter, as is due, shall meet her father lovingly at the swift-flowing ford of

sorrows, and shall fling her arms around him and kiss him.

CHORUS

[1560] Reproach thus meets reproach in turn -- hard is the struggle to decide. The spoiler is despoiled, the slayer pays penalty. Yet, while Zeus remains on his throne, it remains true that to him who does it shall be done; for it is law. [1565] Who can cast from out the house the seed of the curse? The race is bound fast in calamity.

CLYTAEMESTRA

Upon this divine deliverance have you rightly touched. As for me, however, I am willing to make a sworn compact with the Fiend of the house of Pleisthenes [1570] that I will be content with what is done, hard to endure though it is. Henceforth he shall leave this house and bring tribulation upon some other race by murder of kin. A small part of the wealth is fully enough for me, if I may but rid these halls [1575] of the frenzy of mutual murder. [*Enter AEGISTHUS with armed retainers*]

AEGISTHUS

Hail gracious light of the day of retribution! At last the hour has come when I can say that the gods who avenge mortal men look down from on high upon the crimes of earth. [1580] Now that, to my joy, I behold this man lying here in a robe spun by the Avenging Spirits and making full payment for the deeds contrived in craft by his father's hand. For Atreus, lord of this land, this man's father, challenged in his sovereignty, drove forth, from city and from home, Thyestes, who (to speak it clearly) was my father [1585] and his own brother. And when he had come back as a suppliant to his hearth, unhappy Thyestes secured such safety for his lot as not himself to suffer death and stain with his blood his native soil. [1590] But Atreus, the godless father of this slain man, with welcome more hearty than kind, on the pretence that he was cheerfully celebrating a happy day by serving meat, served up to my father as entertainment a banquet of his own children's flesh. [1595] The toes and fingers he broke off sitting apart. And when all unwittingly my father had quickly taken servings that he did not recognize, he ate a meal which, as you see, has proved fatal to his race. Now, discovering his unhallowed deed, he uttered a great cry, reeled back, vomiting forth the slaughtered flesh, and invoked [1600] an unbearable curse upon the line of Pelops, kicking

the banquet table to aid his curse, "thus perish all the race of Pleisthenes!" This is the reason that you see this man fallen here. I am he who planned this murder and with justice. For together with my hapless father he drove me out, [1605] me his third child, as yet a baby in swaddling-clothes. But grown to manhood, justice has brought me back again. Exile though I was, I laid my hand upon my enemy, compassing every device of cunning to his ruin. [1610] So even death would be sweet to me now that I behold him in justice's net.

CHORUS

Aegisthus, excessive triumph amid distress I do not honor. You say that of your own intent you slew this man and did alone plot this pitiful murder. [1615] I tell you in the hour of justice that you yourself, be sure of that, will not escape the people's curses and death by stoning at their hand.

AEGISTHUS

You speak like that, you who sit at the lower oar when those upon the higher bench control the ship? Old as you are, you shall learn how bitter it is [1620] at your age to be schooled when prudence is the lesson set before you. Bonds and the pangs of hunger are far the best doctors of the spirit when it comes to instructing the old. Do you have eyes and lack understanding? Do not kick against the goads lest you strike to your own hurt.

CHORUS

[1625] Woman that you are! Skulking at home and awaiting the return of the men from war, all the while defiling a hero's bed, did you contrive this death against a warrior chief?

AEGISTHUS

These words of yours likewise shall prove a source of tears. The tongue of Orpheus is quite the opposite of yours. [1630] He led all things by the rapture of his voice; but you, who have stirred our wrath by your silly yelping, shall be led off yourself. You will appear tamer when put down by force.

CHORUS

As if you would ever truly be my master here in Argos, you who did contrive our king's death, and [1635] then had not the courage to do this deed of murder with your own hand!

AEGISTHUS

Because to ensnare him was clearly the woman's part; I was suspect as his enemy of old. However, with his gold I shall endeavor to

control the people; and whoever is unruly, [1640] him I'll yoke with a heavy collar, and in truth he shall be no well-fed trace-horse! No! Loathsome hunger that houses with darkness shall see him gentle.

CHORUS

Why then, in the baseness of your soul, did you not kill him yourself, but leave his slaying to a woman, [1645] a plague to her country and her country's gods? Oh, does Orestes perhaps still behold the light, that, with favoring fortune, he may come home and be the slayer of this pair with victory complete?

AEGISTHUS

Oh well, since you plan to act and speak like that, you shall be taught a lesson soon. [1650] On guard, my trusty guardsmen, your work lies close to hand.

CHORUS

On guard then! Let every one make ready his sword with hand on hilt.

AEGISTHUS

My hand too is laid on my sword hilt, and I do not shrink from death.

CHORUS

"Death for yourself," you say. We hail the omen. We welcome fortune's test.

CLYTAEMESTRA

No, my dearest, let us work no further ills. [1655] Even these are many to reap, a wretched harvest. Of woe we have enough; let us have no bloodshed. Venerable elders, go back to your homes, and yield in time to destiny before you come to harm. What we did had to be done. But should this trouble prove enough, we will accept it, [1660] sorely battered as we are by the heavy hand of fate. Such is a woman's counsel, if any care to learn from it.

AEGISTHUS

But to think that these men should let their wanton tongues thus blossom into speech against me and cast about such insults, putting their fortune to the test! To reject wise counsel and insult their master!

CHORUS

[1665] It would not be like men of Argos to cringe before a man as low as you.

AEGISTHUS

Ha! I will visit you with vengeance yet in days to come.

CHORUS

Not if fate shall guide Orestes to return home.

AEGISTHUS

ÆGISTHUS

From my own experience I know that exiles
feed on hope.

CHORUS

Keep on, grow fat, polluting justice, since you
can.

ÆGISTHUS

[1670] Know that you shall atone to me for
your insolent folly.

CHORUS

Brag in your bravery like a cock beside his hen.

CLYTAEMESTRA

Do no care for their idle yelpings. I and you will
be masters of this house and order it aright.

THE END

AGAMEMNON IN THE STYLE OF DR. SEUSS (DR. ZEUS?)

1. The fair winds did not blow
It was too rough to sail
So they sat on the beach
Like a moribund whale.
The twin-throned Atridae
They sat without joy
And they said, "How we wish we could go burn down Troy!"
So all they could do was to sit! sit! sit! sit!
And they did not like it, not one little bit.
And then something went "eek!"
(But that shriek was in Greek)--
They looked, and they saw something not at all funny,
Two eagles devouring a fat pregnant bunny.

2. Clyt. That Agamemnon! That Agamemnon! I do not like that Agamemnon!

Chorus. Do you want to kill your man?

Clyt. Yes, I would like to kill my man.
Listen, listen, here's my plan.
I will kill him in my wrath,
I will kill him in his bath.
I will wrap him in this rug
and I will get that no-good thug.
I will kill him when he comes near,
and I will kill him and that seer.
I will not hide or run for cover;
I will rule here with my lover.
So there you have it, that's my plan.
I do so want to kill my man!

THE LIBATION BEARERS

450 B.C.
by Aeschylus
translated by E.D.A. Moreshead

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORESTES, son of **AGAMEMNON** and **CLYTEMNESTRA**
CHORUS OF SLAVE WOMEN
ELECTRA, sister of **ORESTES**
A NURSE
CLYTEMNESTRA
AEGISTHUS
AN ATTENDANT
PYLADES, friend of **ORESTES**

ΧΟΗΦΟΡΟΙ

(*SCENE:-By the tomb of Agamemnon near the palace in Argos. ORESTES and PYLADES enter, dressed as travellers. ORESTES carries two locks of hair in his hand.*)

ORESTES

Lord of the shades and patron of the realm
That erst my father swayed, list now my prayer,
Hermes, and save me with thine aiding arm,
Me who from banishment returning stand
On this my country; lo, my foot is set
On this grave-mound, and herald-like, as thou,
Once and again, I bid my father hear.
And these twin locks, from mine head shorn, I
bring,
And one to Inachus the river-god,
My young life's nurturer, I dedicate,
And one in sign of mourning unfulfilled
I lay, though late, on this my father's grave.
For O my father, not beside thy corse
Stood I to wail thy death, nor was my hand
Stretched out to bear thee forth to burial.

What sight is yonder? what this woman-throng
Hitherward coming, by their sable garb
Made manifest as mourners? What hath chanced?
Doth some new sorrow hap within the home?
Or rightly may I deem that they draw near
Bearing libations, such as soothe the ire
Of dead men angered, to my father's grave?
Nay, such they are indeed; for I descry
Electra mine own sister pacing hither,

In moody grief conspicuous. Grant, O Zeus,
Grant me my father's murder to avenge-
Be thou my willing champion!

Pylades,
Pass we aside, till rightly I discern
Wherefore these women throng in suppliance.

(*PYLADES and ORESTES withdraw; the CHORUS enters bearing vessels for libation; ELECTRA follows them; they pace slowly towards the tomb of Agamemnon.*)

CHORUS (singing)

strophe 1

Forth from the royal halls by high command
I bear libations for the dead.
Rings on my smitten breast my smiting hand,
And all my cheek is rent and red,
Fresh-furrowed by my nails, and all my soul
This many a day doth feed on cries of dole.
And trailing tatters of my vest,
In looped and windowed raggedness forlorn,
Hang rent around my breast,
Even as I, by blows of Fate most stern
Saddened and torn.

antistrophe 1

Oracular thro' visions, ghastly clear,
Bearing a blast of wrath from realms below,
And stiffening each rising hair with dread,

Came out of dream-land Fear,
And, loud and awful, bade
The shriek ring out at midnight's witching hour,
And brooded, stern with woe,
Above the inner house, the woman's bower
And seers inspired did read the dream on oath,
Chanting aloud In realms below
The dead are wroth;
Against their slayers yet their ire doth glow.

strophe 2

Therefore to bear this gift of graceless worth-
O Earth, my nursing mother!-
The woman god-accurs'd doth send me forth
Lest one crime bring another.
Ill is the very word to speak, for none
Can ransom or atone
For blood once shed and darkening the plain.
O hearth of woe and bane,
O state that low doth lie!
Sunless, accursed of men, the shadows brood
Above the home of murdered majesty.

antistrophe 2

Rumour of might, unquestioned, unsubdued,
Pervading ears and soul of lesser men,
Is silent now and dead.
Yet rules a viler dread;
For bliss and power, however won,
As gods, and more than gods, dazzle our mortal
ken.

Justice doth mark, with scales that swiftly sway,
Some that are yet in light;
Others in interspace of day and night,
Till Fate arouse them, stay;
And some are lapped in night, where all things are
undone

strophe 3

On the life-giving lap of Earth
Blood hath flowed forth;
And now, the seed of vengeance, clots the plain-
Unmelting, uneffaced the stain.
And Ate tarries long, but at the last
The sinner's heart is cast
Into pervading, waxing pangs of pain.

antistrophe 3

Lo, when man's force doth ope
The virgin doors, there is nor cure nor hope
For what is lost,-even so, I deem,

Though in one channel ran Earth's every stream,
Laving the hand defiled from murder's stain,
It were in vain.

epode

And upon me-ah me!-the gods have laid
The woe that wrapped round Troy,
What time they led me down from home and kin
Unto a slave's employ-
The doom to bow the head
And watch our master's will
Work deeds of good and ill-
To see the headlong sway of force and sin,
And hold restrained the spirit's bitter hate,
Wailing the monarch's fruitless fate,
Hiding my face within my robe, and fain
Of tears, and chilled with frost of hidden pain.

ELECTRA

Handmaidens, orderers of the palace-halls,
Since at my side ye come, a suppliant train,
Companions of this offering, counsel me
As best befits the time: for I, who pour
Upon the grave these streams funereal,
With what fair word can I invoke my sire?
Shall I aver, Behold, I bear these gifts
From well-loved wife unto her well-loved lord,
When 'tis from her, my mother, that they come?
I dare not say it: of all words I fail
Wherewith to consecrate unto my sire
These sacrificial honours on his grave.
Or shall I speak this word, as mortals use-
Give back, to those who send these coronals,
Full recompense-of ills for acts malign?
Or shall I pour this draught for Earth to drink,
Sans word or reverence, as my sire was slain,
And homeward pass with unreverted eyes,
Casting the bowl away, as one who flings
The household cleansings to the common road?
Be art and part, O friends, in this my doubt,
Even as ye are in that one common hate
Whereby we live attended: fear ye not
The wrath of any man, nor hide your word
Within your breast: the day of death and doom
Awaits alike the freeman and the slave.
Speak, then, if you know anything to aid us more.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Thou biddest; I will speak my soul's thought out,
Revering as a shrine thy father's grave.

ELECTRA

Say then thy say, as thou his tomb reverest.

LEADER

Speak solemn words to them that love, and pour.

ELECTRA

And of his kin whom dare I name as kind?

LEADER

Thyself; and next, whoe'er Aegisthus scorns.

ELECTRA

Then 'tis myself and thou, my prayer must name.

LEADER

Whoe'er they be, 'tis thine to know and name them.

ELECTRA

Is there no other we may claim as ours?

LEADER

Think of Orestes, though far-off he be.

ELECTRA

Right well in this too hast thou schooled my thought.

LEADER

Mindfully, next, on those who shed the blood-

ELECTRA

Pray on them what? expound, instruct my doubt.

LEADER

This: Upon them some god or mortal come-

ELECTRA

As judge or as avenger? speak thy thought.

LEADER

Pray in set terms, Who shall the slayer slay.

ELECTRA

Beseemeth it to ask such boon of heaven?

LEADER

How not, to wreak a wrong upon a foe?

ELECTRA (praying at the tomb)

O mighty Hermes, warder of the shades,

Herald of upper and of under world,

Proclaim and usher down my prayer's appeal

Unto the gods below, that they with eyes

Watchful behold these halls. my sire's of old-

And unto Earth, the mother of all things,

And foster-nurse, and womb that takes their seed.

Lo, I that pour these draughts for men now dead,

Call on my father, who yet holds in ruth

Me and mine own Orestes, Father, speak-

How shall thy children rule thine halls again?

Homeless we are and sold; and she who sold

Is she who bore us; and the price she took

Is he who joined with her to work thy death,

Aegisthus, her new lord. Behold me here

Brought down to slave's estate, and far away

Wanders Orestes, banished from the wealth

That once was thine, the profit of thy care,

Whereon these revel in a shameful joy.

Father, my prayer is said; 'tis thine to hear-

Grant that some fair fate bring Orestes home,

And unto me grant these-a purer soul

Than is my mother's, a more stainless hand.

These be my prayers for us; for thee, O sire,

I cry that one may come to smite thy fops,

And that the slayers may in turn be slain.

Cursed is their prayer, and thus I bar its path,

Praying mine own, a counter-curse on them.

And thou, send up to us the righteous boon
For which we pray; thine aids be heaven and
earth,

And justice guide the right to victory.

(To the **CHORUS**)

Thus have I prayed, and thus I shed these
streams,

And follow ye the wont, and as with flowers

Crown ye with many a tear and cry the dirge

Your lips ring out above the dead man's grave.

(She pours the libations.)

CHORUS (chanting)

Woe, woe, woe!

Let the teardrop fall, plashing on the ground

Where our lord lies low:

Fall and cleanse away the cursed libation's stair.,

Shed on this grave-mound,

Fenced wherein together, gifts of good or bane

From the dead are found.

Lord of Argos, hearken!

Though around thee darken

Mist of death and hell, arise and hear

Hearken and awaken to our cry of woe!

Who with might of spear

Shall our home deliver?

Who like Ares bend until it quiver,

Bend the northern bow?

Who with hand upon the hilt himself will thrust with
glave,

Thrust and slay and save?

ELECTRA

Lo! the earth drinks them, to my sire they pass--

(She notices the locks of **ORESTES**.)

Learn ye with me of this thing new and strange.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Speak thou; my breast doth palpitate with fear.

ELECTRA

I see upon the tomb a curl new shorn.

LEADER

Shorn from what man or what deep-girded maid?

ELECTRA

That may he, guess who will; the sign is plain.

LEADER

Let me learn this of thee; let youth prompt age.

ELECTRA

None is there here but I, to clip such gift.

LEADER

For they who thus should mourn him hate him
sore.

ELECTRA

And lo! in truth the hair exceeding like-

LEADER

Like to what locks and whose? instruct me that.

ELECTRA

Like unto those my father's children wear.

LEADER

Then is this lock Orestes' secret gift?

ELECTRA

Most like it is unto the curls he wore.

LEADER

Yet how dared he to come unto his home?

ELECTRA

He hath but sent it, clipt to mourn his sire.

LEADER

It is a sorrow grievous as his death,
That he should live yet never dare return.

ELECTRA

Yea, and my heart o'erflows with gall of grief,
And I am pierced as with a cleaving dart;
Like to the first drops after drought, my tears
Fall down at will, a bitter bursting tide,
As on this lock I gaze; I cannot deem
That any Argive save Orestes' self
Was ever lord thereof; nor, well I wot,
Hath she, the murd'ress, shorn and laid this lock
To mourn him whom she slew-my mother she,
Bearing no mother's heart, but to her race
A loathing spirit, loathed itself of heaven!
Yet to affirm, as utterly made sure,
That this adornment cometh of the hand
Of mine Orestes, brother of my soul,
I may not venture, yet hope flatters fair!
Ah well-a-day, that this dumb hair had voice
To glad mine ears, as might a messenger,
Bidding me sway no more 'twixt fear and hope,
Clearly commanding, Cast me hence away,
Clipped was I from some head thou lovest not;
Or, I am kin to thee, and here, as thou,
I come to weep and deck our father's grave.
Aid me, ye gods! for well indeed ye know
How in the gale and counter-gale of doubt,
Like to the seaman's bark, we whirl and stray.
But, if God will our life, how strong shall spring,
From seed how small, the new tree of our home!-
Lo ye, a second sign-these footsteps, looks-
Like to my own, a corresponsive print;
And look, another footmark,-this his own,
And that the foot of one who walked with him.
Mark, how the heel and tendons' print combine,
Measured exact, with mine coincident!
Alas, for doubt and anguish rack my mind.

(ORESTES and PYLADES enter suddenly.)

ORESTES

Pray thou, in gratitude for prayers fulfilled,
Fair fall the rest of what I ask of heaven.

ELECTRA

Wherefore? what win I from the gods by prayer?

ORESTES

This, that thine eyes behold thy heart's desire.

ELECTRA

On whom of mortals know'st thou that I call?

ORESTES

I know thy yearning for Orestes deep.

ELECTRA

Say then, wherein event hath crowned my prayer?

ORESTES

I, I am he; seek not one more akin.

ELECTRA

Some fraud, O stranger, weavest thou for me?

ORESTES

Against myself I weave it, if I weave.

ELECTRA

Ah, thou hast mind to mock me in my woel

ORESTES

'Tis at mine own I mock then, mocking thine.

ELECTRA

Speak I with thee then as Orestes' self?

ORESTES

My very face thou see'st and know'st me not,
And yet but now, when thou didst see the lock
Shorn for my father's grave, and when thy quest
Was eager on the footprints I had made,
Even I, thy brother, shaped and sized as thou,
Fluttered thy spirit, as at sight of me!
Lay now this ringlet whence 'twas shorn, and
judge,

And look upon this robe, thine own hands' work,
The shuttle-prints, the creature wrought thereon-
refrain thyself, nor prudence lose in joy,
For well I wot, our kin are less than kind.

ELECTRA

O thou that art unto our father's home
Love, grief and hope, for thee the tears ran down,
For thee, the son, the saviour that should be;
Trust thou thine arm and win thy father's halls!
O aspect sweet of fourfold love to me,
Whom upon thee the heart's constraint bids call
As on my father, and the claim of love
From me unto my mother turns to thee,
For she is very hate; to thee too turns
What of my heart went out to her who died
A ruthless death upon the altar-stone;
And for myself I love thee-thee that wast
A brother leal, sole stay of love to me.
Now by thy side be strength and right, and Zeus
Saviour almighty, stand to aid the twain!

ORESTES

Zeus, Zeus! look down on our estate and us,
The orphaned brood of him, our eagle-sire,
Whom to his death a fearful serpent brought,
Enwinding him in coils; and we, bereft
And foodless, sink with famine, all too weak
To bear unto the eyrie, as he bore,
Such quarry as he slew. Lo! I and she,
Electra, stand before thee, fatherless,
And each alike cast out and homeless made.

ELECTRA

And if thou leave to death the brood of him
Whose altar blazed for thee, whose reverence
Was thine, all thine,-whence, in the after years,
Shall any hand like his adorn thy shrine
With sacrifice of flesh? the eaglets slain,
Thou wouldst not have a messenger to bear
Thine omens, once so clear, to mortal men;
So, if this kingly stock be withered all,
None on high festivals will fend thy shrine.
Stoop thou to raise us! strong the race shall grow,
Though puny now it seem, and fallen low.

LEADER

O children, saviours of your father's home,
Beware ye of your words, lest one should hear
And bear them, for the tongue hath lust to tell,
Unto our masters-whom God grant to me
In pitchy reek of fun'ral flame to seel

ORESTES

Nay, mighty is Apollo's oracle
And shall not fail me, whom it bade to pass
Thro' all this peril; clear the voice rang out
With many warnings, sternly threatening
To my hot heart the wintry chill of pain,
Unless upon the slayers of my sire
I pressed for vengeance: this the god's command-
That I, in ire for home and wealth despoiled,
Should with a craft like theirs the slayers slay:
Else with my very life I should atone
This deed undone, in many a ghastly wise.
For he proclaimed unto the ears of men
That offerings, poured to angry powers of death,
Exude again, unless their will be done,
As grim disease on those that poured them forth-
As leprous ulcers mounting on the flesh
And with fell fangs corroding what of old
Wore natural form; and on the brow arise
White poisoned hairs, the crown of this disease.
He spake moreover of assailing fiends
Empowered to quit on me my father's blood,
Wreaking their wrath on me, what time in night
Beneath shut lids the spirit's eye sees clear.
The dart that flies in darkness, sped from hell
By spirits of the murdered dead who call
Unto their kin for vengeance, formless fear,
The night-tide's visitant, and madness' curse
Should drive and rack me; and my tortured frame
Should be chased forth from man's community
As with the brazen scorpions of the scourge.
For me and such as me no lustral bowl
Should stand, no spilt of wine be poured to God
For me, and wrath unseen of my dead sire
Should drive me from the shrine; no man should dare
To take me to his hearth, nor dwell with me:
Slow, friendless, cursed of all should be mine end,

And pitiless horror wind me for the grave.
This spake the god-this dare I disobey?
Yea, though I dared, the deed must yet be done;
For to that end diverse desires combine,-
The god's behest, deep grief for him who died,
And last, the grievous blank of wealth despoiled-
All these weigh on me, urge that Argive men,
Minions of valour, who with soul of fire
Did make of fenced Troy a ruinous heap,
Be not left slaves to two and each a woman!
For he, the man, wears woman's heart; if not,
Soon shall he know, confronted by a man.

(ORESTES, ELECTRA, and the CHORUS gather round the tomb of Agamemnon. The following lines are chanted responsively.)

CHORUS

Mighty Fates, on you we call!
Bid the will of Zeus ordain
Power to those, to whom again
Justice turns with hand and aid!
Grievous was the prayer one made
Grievous let the answer fall!
Where the mighty doom is set,
Justice claims aloud her debt.
Who in blood hath dipped the steel,
Deep in blood her meed shall feel
List an immemorial word-
Whosoe'er shall take the sword
Shall perish by the sword.

ORESTES

Father, unblest in death, O father mine!
What breath of word or deed
Can I waft on thee from this far confine
Unto thy lowly bed,-
Waft upon thee, in midst of darkness lying,
Hope's counter-gleam of fire?
Yet the loud dirge of praise brings grace undying
Unto each parted sire.

CHORUS

O child, the spirit of the dead,
Altho' upon his flesh have fed
The grim teeth of the flame,
Is quelled not; after many days
The sting of wrath his soul shall raise,
A vengeance to reclaim!
To the dead rings loud our cry-
Plain the living's treachery-
Swelling, shrilling, urged on high,
The vengeful dirge, for parents slain,
Shall strive and shall attain.

ELECTRA

Hear me too, even me, O father, hear!
Not by one child alone these groans, these tears
are shed

Upon thy sepulchre.
Each, each, where thou art lowly laid,
Stands, a suppliant, homeless made:
Ah, and all is full of ill,
Comfort is there none to say!
Strive and wrestle as we may,
Still stands doom invincible.

CHORUS

Nay, if so he will, the god
Still our tears to joy can turn.
He can bid a triumph-ode
Drown the dirge beside this urn;
He to kingly halls can greet
The child restored, the homeward-guided feet.

ORESTES

Ah my father! hadst thou lain
Under Ilion's wall,
By some Lycian spearman slain,
Thou hadst left in this thine hall
Honour; thou hadst wrought for us
Fame and life most glorious.
Over-seas if thou hadst died,
Heavily had stood thy tomb,
Heaped on high; but, quenched in pride,
Grief were light unto thy home.

CHORUS

Loved and honoured hadst thou lain
By the dead that nobly fell,
In the under-world again,
Where are throned the kings of hell,
Full of sway, adorable
Thou hadst stood at their right hand-
Thou that wert, in mortal land,
By Fate's ordinance and law,
King of kings who bear the crown
And the staff, to which in awe
Mortal men bow down.

ELECTRA

Nay, O father, I were fain
Other fate had fallen on thee.
Ill it were if thou hadst lain
One among the common slain,
Fallen by Scamander's side-
Those who slew thee there should be!
Then, untouched by slavery,
We had heard as from afar
Deaths of those who should have died
'Mid the chance of war.

CHORUS

O child, forbear! things all too high thou sayest.
Easy, but vain, thy cry!
A boon above all gold is that thou prayest,
An unreach'd destiny,
As of the blessed land that far aloof
Beyond the north wind lies;
Yet doth your double prayer ring loud reproof;

A double scourge of sighs
Awakes the dead; th' avengers rise, though late;
Blood stains the guilty pride
Of the accursed who rule on earth, and Fate
Stands on the children's side.

ELECTRA

That hath sped thro' mine ear, like a shaft from a
bow!
Zeus, Zeus! it is thou who dost send from below
A doom on the desperate ere long
On a mother a father shall visit his wrong.

CHORUS

Be it mine to upraise thro' the reek of the pyre
The chant of delight, while the funeral fire
Devoureth the corpse of a man that is slain
And a woman laid low!
For who bids me conceal it! out-rending control,
Blows ever the stern blast of hate thro' my soul,
And before me a vision of wrath and of bane
Flits and waves to and fro.

ORESTES

Zeus, thou alone to us art parent now.
Smite with a rending blow
Upon their heads, and bid the land be well:
Set right where wrong hath stood; and thou give
ear,

O Earth, unto my prayer-
Yea, hear O mother Earth, and monarchy of hell

CHORUS

Nay, the law is sternly set-
Blood-drops shed upon the ground
Plead for other bloodshed yet;
Loud the call of death doth sound,
Calling guilt of olden time,
A Fury, crowning crime with crime.

ELECTRA

Where, where are ye, avenging powers,
Puisant Furies of the slain?
Behold the relics of the race
Of Atreus, thrust from pride of place!
O Zeus, what borne henceforth is ours,
What refuge to attain?

CHORUS

Lo, at your wail my heart throbs, wildly stirred;
Now am I lorn with sadness,
Darkened in all my soul, to hear your sorrow's
word

Anon to hope, the seat of strength, I rise,-
She, thrusting grief away, lifts up mine eyes
To the new dawn of gladness.

ORESTES

Skills it to tell of aught save wrong on wrong,
Wrought by our mother's deed?
Though now she fawn for pardon, sternly strong
Standeth our wrath, and will nor hear nor heed.
Her children's soul is wolfish, born from hers,

And softens not by prayers.

CHORUS

I dealt upon my breast the blow
That Asian mourning women know;
Wails from-my breast the fun'ral cry,
The Cissian weeping melody;

Stretched rendingly forth, to tatter and tear,
My clenched hands wander, here and there,
From head to breast; distraught with blows
Throb dizzily my brows.

ELECTRA

Aweless in hate, O mother, sternly brave!
As in a foeman's grave
Thou laid'st in earth a king, but to the bier
No citizen drew nears-
Thy husband, thine, yet for his obsequies,
Thou bad'st no wail arise!

ORESTES

Alas, the shameful burial thou dost speak!
Yet I the vengeance of his shame will wreak-
That do the gods command!
That shall achieve mine hand!
Grant me to thrust her life away, and
Will dare to die!

CHORUS

List thou the deed! Hewn down and foully torn,
He to the tomb was borne;
Yea, by her hand, the deed who wrought,
With like dishonour to the grave was brought,
And by her hand she strove, with strong desire,
Thy life to crush, O child, by murder of thy sire:
Bethink thee, hearing, of the shame, the pain
Wherewith that sire was slain!

ELECTRA

Yea, such was the doom of my sire; well-a-day,
I was thrust from his side,-
As a dog from the chamber they thrust me away,
And in place of my laughter rose sobbing and
tears,
As in darkness I lay.

O father, if this word can pass to thine ears,
To thy soul let it reach and abide!

CHORUS

Let it pass, let it pierce, through the sense of thine
ear,
To thy soul, where in silence it waiteth the hour!
The past is accomplished; but rouse thee to hear
What the future prepareth; awake and appear,
Our champion, in wrath and in power!

ORESTES

O father, to thy loved ones come in aid.

ELECTRA

With tears I call on thee.

CHORUS

Listen and rise to light!
Be thou with us, be thou against the foe!

Swiftly this cry arises-even so

Pray we, the loyal band, as we have prayed!

ORESTES

Let their might meet with mine, and their right with
my right.

ELECTRA

O ye Gods, it is yours to decree.

CHORUS

Ye call unto the dead; I quake to hear.
Fate is ordained of old, and shall fulfil your prayer.

ELECTRA

Alas, the inborn curse that haunts our home,
Of Ate's bloodstained scourge the tuneless
sound!

Alas, the deep insufferable doom,
The stanchless wound!

ORESTES

It shall be stanch'd, the task is ours,-
Not by a stranger's, but by kindred hand,
Shall be chased forth the blood-fiend of our land.
Be this our spoken spell, to call Earth's nether
powers!

CHORUS

Lords of a dark eternity,
To you has come the children's cry,
Send up from hell, fulfil your aid
To them who prayed.

(The chant is concluded.)

ORESTES

O father, murdered in unkingly wise,
Fulfil my prayer, grant me thine halls to sway.

ELECTRA

To me, too, grant this boon-dark death to deal
Unto Aegisthus, and to 'scape my doom.

ORESTES

So shall the rightful feasts that mortals pay
Be set for thee; else, not for thee shall rise
The scented reek of altars fed with flesh,
But thou shalt lie dishonoured: hear thou me!

ELECTRA

I too, from my full heritage restored,
Will pour the lustral streams, what time I pass
Forth as a bride from these paternal halls,
And honour first, beyond all graves, thy tomb.

ORESTES

Earth, send my sire to fend me in the fight!

ELECTRA

Give fair-faced fortune, O Persephone!

ORESTES

Bethink thee, father, in the laver slain-

ELECTRA

Bethink thee of the net they handselled for thee!

ORESTES

Bonds not of brass ensnared thee, father mine.

ELECTRA

Yea, the ill craft of an enfolding robe.

ORESTES

By this our bitter speech arise, O sire!

ELECTRA

Raise thou thine head at love's last, dearest call!

ORESTES

Yea, speed forth Right to aid thy kinsmen's cause;
Grip for grip, let them grasp the foe, if thou
Willest in triumph to forget thy fall.

ELECTRA

Hear me, O father, once again hear me.
Lo! at thy tomb, two fledglings of thy brood-
A man-child and a maid; hold them in ruth,
Nor wipe them out, the last of Pelops' line.
For while they live, thou livest from the dead;
Children are memory's voices, and preserve
The dead from wholly dying: as a net
Is ever by the buoyant corks upheld,
Which save the flax-mesh, in the depth
submerged.

Listen, this wail of ours doth rise for thee,
And as thou heeded it thyself art saved.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

In sooth, a blameless prayer ye spake at length-
The tomb's requital for its dirge denied:
Now, for the rest, as thou art fixed to do,
Take fortune by the hand and work thy will.

ORESTES

The doom is set; and yet I fain would ask-
Not swerving from the course of my resolve,-
Wherefore she sent these offerings, and why
She softens all too late her cureless deed?
An idle boon it was, to send them here
Unto the dead who recks not of such gifts.
I cannot guess her thought, but well I ween
Such gifts are skillless to atone such crime.
Be blood once spilled, an idle strife he strives
Who seeks with other wealth or wine outpoured
To atone the deed. So stands the word, nor fails.
Yet would I know her thought; speak, if thou
knowest.

LEADER

I know it, son; for at her side I stood.
'Twas the night-wandering terror of a dream
That flung her shivering from her couch, and bade
her-
Her, the accursed of God-these offerings send.

ORESTES

Heard ye the dream, to tell it forth aright?

LEADER

Yea, from herself; her womb a serpent bare.

ORESTES

What then the sum and issue of the tale?

LEADER

Even as a swaddled child, she lull'd the thing.

ORESTES

What suckling craved the creature, born

full-fanged?

LEADER

Yet in her dreams she proffered it the breast.

ORESTES

How? did the hateful thing not bite her teat?

LEADER

Yea, and sucked forth a blood-gout in the milk.

ORESTES

Not vain this dream-it bodes a man's revenge.

LEADER

Then out of sleep she started with a cry,
And thro' the palace for their mistress' aid
Full many lamps, that erst lay blind with night,
Flared into light; then, even as mourners use,
She sends these offerings, in hope to win
A cure to cleave and sunder sin from doom.

ORESTES

Earth and my father's grave, to you I call-
Give this her dream fulfilment, and thro' me.
I read it in each part coincident
With what shall be; for mark, that serpent sprang
From the same womb as I, in swaddling bands
By the same hands was swathed, lipped the same
breast,
And sucking forth the same sweet mother's-milk
Infused a clot of blood; and in alarm
She cried upon her wound the cry of pain.
The rede is clear: the thing of dread she nursed,
The death of blood she dies; and I, 'tis I,
In semblance of a serpent, that must slay her.
Thou art my seer, and thus I read the dream.

LEADER

So do; yet ere thou doest, speak to us,
Bidding some act, some, by not acting, aid.

ORESTES

Brief my command: I bid my sister pass
In silence to the house, and all I bid
This my design with wariness conceal,
That they who did by craft a chieftain slay
May by like craft and in like noose be taken,
Dying the death which Loxias foretold-
Apollo, king and prophet undisproved.
I with this warrior Pylades will come
In likeness of a stranger, full equipt
As travellers come, and at the palace gates
Will stand, as stranger yet in friendship's bond
Unto this house allied; and each of us
Will speak the tongue that round Parnassus
sounds,
Feigning such speech as Phocian voices use.
And what if none of those that tend the gates
Shall welcome us with gladness, since the house
With ills divine is baunted? If this hap,
We at the gate will bide, till, passing by,
Some townsman make conjecture and proclaim,
How? is Aegisthus here, and knowingly

Keeps suppliants aloof, by bolt and bar?
Then shall I win my way; and if I cross
The threshold of the gate, 'the palace' guard,
And find him throned where once my father sat-
Or if he come anon, and face to face
Confronting, drop his eyes from mine-I swear
He shall not utter, Who art thou and whence?
Ere my steel leap, and compassed round with
death
Low he shall lie: and thus, full-fed with doom,
The Fury of the house shall drain once more
A deep third draught of rich unmingled blood.
But thou, O sister, look that all within
Be well prepared to give these things event.
And ye-I say 'twere well to bear a tongue
Full of fair silence and of fitting speech
As each beseems the time; and last, do thou,
Hermes the warder-god, keep watch and ward,
And guide to victory my striving sword.
(*ORESTES, PYLADES, and ELECTRA depart.*)

CHORUS (singing)

strophe 1

Many and marvellous the things of fear
Earth's breast doth bear;
And the sea's lap with many monsters teems,
And windy levin-bolts and meteor gleams
Breed many deadly things-
Unknown and flying forms, with fear upon their
wings,
And in their tread is death;
And rushing whirlwinds, of whose blasting breath
Man's tongue can tell.

antistrophe 1

But who can tell aright the fiercer thing,
The aweless soul, within man's breast inhabiting?
Who tell how, passion-fraught and love-distraught,
The woman's eager, craving thought
Doth wed mankind to woe and ruin fell?
Yea, how the loveless love that doth posses
The woman, even as the lioness,
Doth rend and wrest apart, with eager strife,
The link of wedded life?

strophe 2

Let him be the witness, whose thought is not borne
on light wings thro' the air,
But abideth with knowledge, what thing was
wrought by Althea's despair;
For she marr'd the life-grace of her son, with ill
counsel rekindled the flame
That was quenched as it glowed on the brand,

what time from his mother he came,
With the cry of a new-born child; and the brand
from the burning she won,
For the Fates had foretold it coeval, in life and in
death, with her son.

antistrophe 2

Yea, and man's hate tells of another, even Scylla
of murderous guile,
Who slew for an enemy's sake her father, won o'er
by the wile
And the gifts of Cretan Minos, the gauds of the
high-wrought gold;
For she clipped from her father's head the lock that
should never wax old,
As he breathed in the silence of sleep, and knew
not her craft and her crime-
But Hermes, the guard of the dead, doth grasp her,
in fulness of time.

strophe 3

And since of the crimes of the cruel I tell, let my
singing record
The bitter wedlock and loveless, the curse on
these halls outpoured,
The crafty device of a woman, whereby did a
chieftain fall,
A warrior stern in his wrath, the fear of his enemies
all,-
A song of dishonour, untimely! and cold is the
hearth that was warm,
And ruled by the cowardly spear, the woman's
unwomanly arm.

antistrophe 3

But the summit and crown of all crimes is that
which in Lemnos befell;
A woe and a mourning it is, a shame and a spitting
to tell;
And he that in after time doth speak of his
deadliest thought,
Doth say, It is like to the deed that of old time in
Lemnos was wrought;
And loathed of men were the doers, and perished,
they and their seed,
For the gods brought hate upon them; none loveth
the impious deed.

strophe 4

It is well of these tales to tell; for the sword in the
grasp of right
With a cleaving, a piercing blow to the innermost

heart doth smite,
And the deed unlawfully done is not trodden down
nor forgot,
When the sinner out-steppeth the law and heedeth
the high God not;

antistrophe 4

But justice hath planted the anvil, and Destiny
forgeth the sword
That shall smite in her chosen time; by her is the
child restored;
And, darkly devising, the Fiend of the house,
world-cursed, will repay
The price of the blood of the slain, that was shed in
the bygone day.

*(The scene now is before the palace. ORESTES and
PYLADES enter, still dressed as travellers.)*

ORESTES (knocking at the palace gate)
What ho! slave, ho! I smite the palace gate
In vain, it seems; what ho, attend within,-
Once more, attend; come forth and ope the halls,
If yet Aegisthus holds them hospitable.

SLAVE (from within)
Anon, anon! *(Opens the door)*
Speak, from what land art thou, and sent from
whom?

ORESTES
Go, tell to them who rule the palace-halls,
Since 'tis to them I come with tidings new--
(Delay not-Night's dark car is speeding on,
And time is now for wayfarers to cast
Anchor in haven, wheresoe'er a house
Doth welcome strangers)--that there now come
forth
Some one who holds authority within--
The queen, or, if some man, more seemly were it;
For when man standeth face to face with man,
No stammering modesty confounds their speech,
But each to each doth tell his meaning clear.

(CLYTEMNESTRA comes out of the palace.)

CLYTEMNESTRA
Speak on, O strangers: have ye need of aught?
Here is whate'er beseems a house like this--
Warm bath and bed, tired Nature's soft restorer,
And courteous eyes to greet you; and if aught
Of graver import needeth act as well,
That, as man's charge, I to a man will tell.

ORESTES
A Daulian man am I, from Phocis bound,
And as with mine own travel-scrip self-laden
I went toward Argos, parting hitherward

With travelling foot, there did encounter me
One whom I knew not and who knew not me,
But asked my purposed way nor hid his own,
And, as we talked together, told his name--
Strophius of Phocis; then he said, "Good sir,
Since in all case thou art to Argos bound,
Forget not this my message, heed it well,
Tell to his own, Orestes is no more.
And-whatsoe'er his kinsfolk shall resolve.
Whether to bear his dust unto his home,
Or lay him here, in death as erst in life
Exiled for aye, a child of banishment--
Bring me their hest, upon thy backward road;
For now in brazen compass of an urn
His ashes lie, their dues of weeping paid."
So much I heard, and so much tell to thee,
Not knowing if I speak unto his kin
Who rule his home; but well, I deem, it were,
Such news should earliest reach a parent's ear.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Ah woe is me! thy word our ruin tells;
From roof-tree unto base are we despoiled.-
O thou whom nevermore we wrestle down,
Thou Fury of this home, how oft and oft
Thou dost descry what far aloof is laid,
Yea, from afar dost bend th' unerring bow
And rendest from my wretchedness its friends;
As now Orestes-who, a brief while since,
Safe from the mire of death stood warily,-
Was the home's hope to cure th' exulting wrong;
Now thou ordainest, Let the ill abide.

ORESTES
To host and hostess thus with fortune blest,
Lief had I come with better news to bear
Unto your greeting and acquaintanceship;
For what goodwill lies deeper than the bond
Of guest and host? and wrong abhorred it were,
As well I deem, if I, who pledged my faith
To one, and greetings from the other had,
Bore not aright the tidings 'twixt the twain.

CLYTEMNESTRA
Whate'er thy news, thou shalt not welcome lack,
Meet and deserved, nor scant our grace shall be.
Hadst thou thyself not come, such tale to tell,
Another, sure, had borne it to our ears.
But lo! the hour is here when travelling guests,
Fresh from the daylong labour of the road,
Should win their rightful due.

(To the slave) Take him within
To the man-chamber's hospitable rest--
Him and these fellow-farers at his side;
Give them such guest-right as beseems our halls;
I bid thee do as thou shalt answer for it,
And I unto the prince who rules our home
Will tell the tale, and, since we lack not friends,
With them will counsel how this hap to bear.

(*CLYTEMNESTRA goes back into the palace. ORESTES and PYLADES are conducted to the guest quarters.*)

CHORUS (singing)

So be it done-
Sister-servants, when draws nigh
Time for us aloud to cry
Orestes and his victory?

O holy earth and holy tomb
Over the grave-pit heaped on high,
Where low doth Agamemnon lie,
The king of ships, the army's lord!
Now is the hour-give ear and come,
For now doth Craft her aid afford,
And Hermes, guard of shades in hell,
Stands o'er their strife, to sentinel
The dooming of the sword.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

I wot the stranger worketh woe within-
For lo! I see come forth, suffused with tears,
Orestes' nurse.

(*The NURSE enters from the palace.*)

What ho, Kilissa-thou

Beyond the doors? Where goest thou? Methinks
Some grief unbidden walketh at thy side.

NURSE

My mistress bids me, with what speed I may,
Call in Aegisthus to the stranger guests,
That he may come, and stinding face to face,
A man with men, way thus more clearly learn
This rumour new. Thus speaking, to her slaves
Laughter for what is wrought-to her desire
Too well; but ill, ill, ill besets the house,
Brought by the tale these guests have told so
clear.

And he, God wot, will gladden all his heart
Hearing this rumour. Woe and well-a-day!
The bitter mingled cup of ancient woes,
Hard to be borne, that here in Atreus' house
Befell, was grievous to mine inmost heart,
But never yet did I endure such pain.
All else I bore with set soul patiently;
But now-alack, alack!--Orestes dear,
The day and night-long travail of my soul
Whom from his mother's womb, a new-born child,
I clasped and cherished! Many a time and oft
Toilsome and profitless my service was,
When his shrill outcry called me from my couch!
For the young child, before the sense is born,
Hath but a dumb thing's life, must needs be nursed
As its own nature bids. The swaddled thing
Hath nought of speech, whate'er discomfort come,-
Hunger or thirst or lower weakling need,-
For the babe's stomach works its own relief.

Which knowing well before, yet oft surprised,
'Twas mine to cleanse the swaddling clothes-poor
Was nurse to tend and fuller to make white:
Two works in one, two handicrafts I took,
When in mine arms the father laid the boy.
And now he's dead-alack and well-a-day!
Yet must I go to him whose wrongful power
Pollutes this house-fair tidings these to him!

LEADER

Say then, with what array she bids him come?

NURSE

What say'st thou! Speak. more clearly for mine ear.

LEADER

Bids she bring henchmen, or to come alone?

NURSE

She bids him bring a spear-armed body-guard.
Nay, tell not that unto our loathed lord,
But speed to him, put on the mien of joy,
Say, Come alone, fear nought, the news is good:
A bearer can tell straight a twisted tale.

NURSE

Does then thy mind in this new tale find joy?

LEADER

What if Zeus bid our ill wind veer to fair?

NURSE

And how? the home's hope with Orestes dies.

LEADER

Not yet-a seer, though feeble, this might see.

NURSE

What say'st thou? Know'st thou aught, this tale
belying?

LEADER

Go, tell the news to him, perform thine hest,-
What the gods will, themselves can well provide.

NURSE

Well, I will go, herein obeying thee;
And luck fall fair, with favour sent from heaven.
(*She goes out.*)

CHORUS (singing)

strophe 1

Zeus, sire of them who on Olympus dwell,
Hear thou, O hear my prayer!
Grant to my rightful lords to prosper well
Even as their zeal is fair!
For right, for right goes up aloud my cry-
Zeus, aid him, stand anigh!

refrain 1

Into his father's hall he goes
To smite his father's foes.
Bid him prevail by thee on throne of triumph set,
Twice, yea and thrice with joy shall he acquit the
debt.

antistrophe 1

Bethink thee, the young steed, the orphan foal
Of sire beloved by thee, unto the car
Of doom is harnessed fast.
Guide him aright, plant firm a lasting goal,
Speed thou his pace,-O that no chance may mar
The homeward course, the last!

strophe 2

And ye who dwell within the inner chamber
Where shines the stored joy of gold-
Gods of one heart, O hear ye, and remember;
Up and avenge the blood shed forth of old,
With sudden rightful blow;
Then let the old curse die, nor be renewed
With progeny of blood,-
Once more, and not again, be latter guilt laid low!

refrain 2

O thou who dwell'st in Delphi's mighty cave,
Grant us to see this home once more restored
Unto its rightful lord!
Let it look forth, from veils of death, with joyous
eye
Unto the dawning light of liberty;

antistrophe 2

And Hermes, Maia's child, lend hand to save,
Willing the right, and guide
Our state with Fortune's breeze adown the
favouring tide.
Whate'er in darkness hidden lies,
He utters at his will;
He at his will throws darkness on our eyes,
By night and eke by day inscrutable.

strophe 3

Then, then shall wealth atone
The ills that here were done.
Then, then will we unbind,
Fling free on wafting wind
Of joy, the woman's voice that wailleth now
In piercing accents for a chief laid low;

refrain 3

And this our song shall be-
Hail to the commonwealth restored!
Hail to the freedom won to me!
All hail! for doom hath passed from him, my
well-loved lord!

antistrophe 3

And thou, O child, when Time and Chance agree,
Up to the deed that for thy sire is done!
And if she wail unto thee, Spare, O son-
Cry, Aid, O father-and achieve the deed,
The horror of man's tongue, the gods' great need!
Hold in thy breast such heart as Perseus had,
The bitter woe work forth,
Appease the summons of the dead,
The wrath of friends on earth;
Yea, set within a sign of blood and doom,
And do to utter death him that pollutes thy home.

(*AEGISTHUS enters alone.*)

AEGISTHUS

Hither and not unsummoned have I come;
For a new rumour, borne by stranger men
Arriving hither, hath attained mine ears,
Of hap unwished-for, even Orestes' death.
This were new sorrow, a blood-bolter'd load
Laid on the house that doth already bow
Beneath a former wound that festers deep.
Dare I opine these words have truth and life?
Or are they tales, of woman's terror born,
That fly in the void air, and die disproved?
Canst thou tell aught, and prove it to my soul?

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

What we have heard, we heard; go thou within
Thyself to ask the strangers of their tale.
Strengthless are tidings, thro' another heard;
Question is his, to whom the tale is brought.

AEGISTHUS

I too will meet and test the messenger,
Whether himself stood witness of the death,
Or tells it merely from dim rumour learnt:
None shall cheat me, whose soul hath watchful
eyes.

(*He goes into the palace.*)

CHORUS (singing)

Zeus, Zeus! what word to me is given?
What cry or prayer, invoking heaven,
Shall first by me be uttered?
What speech of craft-nor all revealing,
Nor all too warily concealing-
Ending my speech, shall aid the deed?
For lo! in readiness is laid
The dark emprise, the rending blade;
Blood-dropping daggers shall achieve
The dateless doom of Atreus' name,
Or-kindling torch and joyful flame
In sign of new-won liberty-
Once more Orestes shall retrieve
His father's wealth, and, throned on high,
Shall hold the city's fealty.
So mighty is the grasp whereby,
Heaven-holpen, he shall trip and throw,

Unseconded, a double foe.
Ho for the victory!
(*A loud cry is heard within.*)

VOICE OF AEGISTHUS

Help, help, alas!

CHORUS

Ho there, ho I how is't within?
Is't done? is't over? Stand we here aloof
While it is wrought, that guiltless we may seem
Of this dark deed; with death is strife fulfilled.
(*An ATTENDANT enters from the palace.*)

ATTENDANT

O woe, O woe, my lord is done to death!
Woe, woe, and woe again, Aegisthus gone!
Hasten, fling wide the doors, unloose the bolts
Of the queen's chamber. O for some young
strength
To match the need! but aid availeth nought
To him laid low for ever. Help, help, help
Sure to deaf ears I shout, and call in vain
To slumber ineffectual. What ho!
The queen! how fareth Clytemnestra's self?
Her neck too, hers, is close upon the steel,
And soon shall sing, hewn thro' as justice wills.
(*CLYTEMNESTRA enters.*)

CLYTEMNESTRA

What ails thee, raising this ado for us?

ATTENDANT

I say the dead are come to slay the living.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Alack, I read thy riddles all too clear-
We slew by craft and by like craft shall die.
Swift, bring the axe that slew my lord of old;
I'll know anon or death or victory-
So stands the curse, so I confront it here.

(*ORESTES rushes from the palace; his sword
dripping with blood. PYLADES is with him.*)

ORESTES

Thee too I seek: for him what's done will serve.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Woe, woe! Aegisthus, spouse and champion, slain!

ORESTES

What, lov'st the man? then in his grave lie down,
Be his in death, desert him nevermore!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Stay, child, and fear to strike. O son, this breast
Pillowed thine head full oft, while, drowsed with
sleep,
Thy toothless mouth drew mother's milk from me.

ORESTES

Can I my mother spare? speak, Pylades.

PYLADES

Where then would fall the hest Apollo gave
At Delphi, where the solemn compact sworn?

Choose thou the hate of all men, not of gods.

ORESTES

Thou dost prevail; I hold thy counsel good.

(*To CLYTEMNESTRA*)

Follow; I will to slay thee at his side.
With him whom in his life thou loved'st more
Than Agamemnon, sleep in death, the meed
For hate where love, and love where hate was
due!

CLYTEMNESTRA

I nursed thee young; must I forego mine eld?

ORESTES

Thou slew'st my father; shalt thou dwell with me?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Fate bore a share in these things, O my child

ORESTES

Fate also doth provide this doom for thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Beware, O child, a parent's dying curse.

ORESTES

A parent who did cast me out to ill!

CLYTEMNESTRA

Not cast thee out, but to a friendly home.

ORESTES

Born free, I was by twofold bargain sold.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Where then the price that I received for thee?

ORESTES

The price of shame; I taunt thee not more plainly.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, but recount thy father's lewdness too.

ORESTES

Home-keeping, chide not him who toils without.

CLYTEMNESTRA

'Tis hard for wives to live as widows, child.

ORESTES

The absent husband toils for them at home.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thou growest fain to slay thy mother, child.

ORESTES

Nay, 'tis thyself wilt slay thyself, not I.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Beware thy mother's vengeful hounds from hell.

ORESTES

How shall I 'scape my father's, sparing thee?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Living, I cry as to a tomb, unheard.

ORESTES

My father's fate ordains this doom for thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah me! this snake it was I bore and nursed.

ORESTES

Ay, right prophetic was thy visioned fear.

Shameful thy deed was—die the death of shame!

(*He drives her into the house before him.*)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Lo, even for these I mourn, a double death:
 Yet since Orestes, driven on by doom,
 Thus crowns the height of murders manifold,
 I say, 'tis well-that not in night and death
 Should sink the eye and light of this our home.

CHORUS (singing)

strophe 1

There came on Priam's race and name
 A vengeance; though it tarried long,
 With heavy doom it came.
 Came, too, on Agamemnon's hall
 A lion-pair, twin swordsmen strong.
 And last, the heritage doth fall
 To him, to whom from Pythian cave
 The god his deepest counsel gave.

refrain 1

Cry out, rejoice! our kingly hall
 Hath 'scaped from ruin-ne'er again
 Its ancient wealth be wasted all
 By two usurpers, sin-defiled-
 An evil path of woe and bane!

antistrophe 1

On him who dealt the dastard blow
 Comes Craft, Revenge's scheming child.
 And hand in hand with him doth go,
 Eager for fight,
 The child of Zeus, whom men below
 Call justice, naming her aright.
 And on her foes her breath
 Is as the blast of death;

strophe 2

For her the god who dwells in deep recess
 Beneath Parnassus' brow,
 Summons with loud acclaim
 To rise, though late and lame,
 And come with craft that worketh righteousness.

For even o'er Powers divine this law is strong-
 Thou shalt not serve the wrong.

refrain 2

To that which ruleth heaven beseems it that we
 bow
 Lo, freedom's light hath come!
 Lo, now is rent away
 The grim and curbing bit that held us dumb.
 Up to the light, ye halls I this many a day
 Too low on earth ye lay.

antistrophe 2

And Time, the great Accomplisher,
 Shall cross the threshold, whensoever
 He choose with purging hand to cleanse
 The palace, driving all pollution thence.
 And fair the cast of Fortune's die
 Before our state's new lords shall lie,
 Not as of old, but bringing fairer doom.
 Lo, freedom's light hath come!

(The central doors of the palace open, disclosing ORESTES standing over the corpses of AEGISTHUS and CLYTEMNESTRA; in one hand he holds his sword, in the other the robe in which AGAMEMNON was entangled and slain.)

ORESTES

There lies our country's twofold tyranny,
 My father's slayers, spoilers of my home.
 Erst were they royal, sitting on the throne,
 And loving are they yet,-their common fate
 Tells the tale truly, shows their trothplight firm.
 They swore to work mine ill-starred father's death,
 They swore to die together; 'tis fulfilled.

O ye who stand, this great doom's witnesses,
 Behold this too, the dark device which bound
 My sire unhappy to his death,-behold
 The mesh which trapped his hands, enwound his
 feet

Stand round, unfold it-'tis the trammel-net
 That wrapped a chieftain; hold it that he see,
 The father-not my sire, but he whose eye
 Is judge of all things, the all-seeing Sun!
 Let him behold my mother's damned deed,
 Then let him stand, when need shall be to me,
 Witness that justly I have sought and slain
 My mother; blameless was Aegisthus' doom-
 He died the death law bids adulterers die.

But she who plotted this accursed thing
 To slay her lord, by whom she bare beneath
 Her girdle once the burden of her babes,
 Beloved erewhile, now turned to hateful foes-
 What deem ye of her? or what venom'd thing,
 Sea-snake or adder, had more power than she
 To poison with a touch the flesh unscarred?
 So great her daring, such her impious will.

How name her, if I may not speak a curse?
 A lion-springe! a laver's swathing cloth,
 Wrapping a dead man, twining round his feet-
 A net, a trammel, an entangling robe?
 Such were the weapon of some strangling thief,
 The terror of the road, a cut-purse hound-
 With such device full many might he kill,
 Full oft exult in heat of villainy.
 Ne'er have my house so cursed an indweller-

Heaven send me, rather, childless to be slain!

CHORUS (chanting)

Woe for each desperate deed!

Woe for the queen, with shame of life bereft!

And ah, for him who still is left,

Madness, dark blossom of a bloody seed!

ORESTES

Did she the deed or not? this robe gives proof,
Imbrued with blood that bathed Aegisthus' sword:

Look, how the spurted stain combines with time

To blur the many dyes that once adorned

Its pattern manifold! I now stand here,

Made glad, made sad with blood, exulting, wailing-

Hear, O thou woven web that slew my sire!

I grieve for deed and death and all my home-

Victor, pollution's damned stain for prize.

CHORUS (chanting)

Alas, that none of mortal men

Can pass his life untouched by pain!

Behold, one woe is here-

Another loometh near.

ORESTES

Hark ye and learn-for what the end shall be

For me I know not: breaking from the curb

My spirit whirls me off, a conquered prey,

Borne as a charioteer by steeds distraught

Far from the course, and madness in my breast

Burneth to chant its song, and leap, and rave-

Hark ye and learn, friends, ere my reason goes!

I say that rightfully I slew my mother,

A thing God-scorned, that foully slew my sire.

And chiefest wizard of the spell that bound me

Unto this deed I name the Pythian seer

Apollo, who foretold that if I slew,

The guilt of murder done should pass from me;

But if I spared, the fate that should be mine

I dare not blazon forth-the bow of speech

Can reach not to the mark, that doom to tell.

And now behold me, how with branch and crown

I pass, a suppliant made meet to go

Unto Earth's midmost shrine, the holy ground

Of Loxias, and that renowned light

Of ever-burning fire, to 'scape the doom

Of kindred murder: to no other shrine

(So Loxias bade) may I for refuge turn.

Bear witness, Argives, in the after time,

How came on me this dread fatality.

Living, I pass a banished wanderer hence,

To leave in death the memory of this cry.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Nay, but the deed is well; link not thy lips

To speech ill-starred, nor vent ill-boding words-

Who hast to Argos her full freedom given,

Lopping two serpents' heads with timely blow.

ORESTES

Look, look, alas!

Handmaidens, see-what Gorgon shapes throng up
Dusky their robes and all their hair enwound-
Snakes coiled with snakes-off, off,-I must away!

LEADER

Most loyal of all sons unto thy sire,

What visions thus distract thee? Hold, abide;

Great was thy victory, and shalt thou fear?

ORESTES

These are no dreams, void shapes of haunting ill,

But clear to sight another's hell-hounds come!

LEADER

Nay, the fresh bloodshed still imbrues thine hands,

And thence distraction sinks into thy soul.

ORESTES

O king Apollo-see, they swarm and throng-

Black blood of hatred dripping from their eyes!

LEADER

One remedy thou hast; go, touch the shrine

Of Loxias, and rid thee of these woes.

ORESTES

Ye can behold them not, but I behold them.

Up and away! I dare abide no more.

(He rushes out.)

LEADER

Farewell then as thou mayst,-the god thy friend

Guard thee and aid with chances favouring.

CHORUS (chanting)

Behold, the storm of woe divine

That raves and beats on Atreus' line

Its great third blast hath blown.

First was Thyestes' loathly woe

The rueful feast of long ago,

On children's flesh, unknown.

And next the kingly chief's despite,

When he who led the Greeks to fight

Was in the bath hewn down.

And now the offspring of the race

Stands in the third, the saviour's place,

To save-or to consume?

O whither, ere it be fulfilled,

Ere its fierce blast be hushed and stilled,

Shall blow the wind of doom?

THE END

THE EUMENIDES

450 BC
by Aeschylus

translated by E. D. A. Morshead

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS
APOLLO
ORESTES
THE GHOST OF CLYTEMNESTRA
CHORUS OF FURIES (THE EUMENIDES)
ATHENA
ATTENDANTS OF ATHENA
JURY OF ATHENIAN CITIZENS

EYΜENIΔΕΣ

[SCENE:-Before the temple of APOLLO at Delphi.
THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS enters and approaches the
doors of the temple.)

THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS
First, in this prayer, of all the gods I name
The prophet-mother Earth; and Themis next,
Second who sat-for so with truth is said-
On this her mother's shrine oracular.
Then by her grace, who unconstrained allowed,
There sat thereon another child of Earth-
Titanian Phoebe. She, in after time,
Gave o'er the throne, as birthgift to a god,
Phoebus, who in his own bears Phoebe's name.
He from the lake and ridge of Delos' isle
Steered to the port of Pallas' Attic shores,
The home of ships; and thence he passed and came
Unto this land and to Pamassus' shrine.
And at his side, with awe revering him,
There went the children of Hephaestus' seed,
The hewers of the sacred way, who tame
The stubborn tract that erst was wilderness.
And all this folk, and Delphos, chieftain-king
Of this their land, with honour gave him home;
And in his breast Zeus set a prophet's soul,
And gave to him this throne, whereon he sits,
Fourth prophet of the shrine, and, Loxias hight,
Gives voice to that which Zeus his sire decrees.

Such gods I name in my preluding prayer,
And after them, I call with honour due
On Pallas, wardress of the fane, and Nymphs
Who dwell around the rock Corycian,
Where in the hollow cave, the wild birds' haunt,
Wander the feet of lesser gods; and there,
Right well I know it, Bromian Bacchus dwells,
Since he in godship led his Maenad host,
Devising death for Pentheus, whom they rent
Piecemeal, as hare among the hounds. And last,
I call on Pleistus' springs, Poseidon's might,
And Zeus most high, the great Accomplisher.
Then as a seeress to the sacred chair
I pass and sit; and may the powers divine
Make this mine entrance fruitful in response
Beyond each former advent, triply blest.
And if there stand without, from Hellas bound,
Men seeking oracles, let each pass in
In order of the lot, as use allows;
For the god guides whate'er my tongue proclaims.

[She goes into the interior of the temple; after a short
interval, she returns in great fear.]

Things fell to speak of, fell for eyes to see,
Have sped me forth again from Loxias' shrine,
With strength unstrung, moving erect no more,
But aiding with my hands my failing feet,
Unnerved by fear. A beldame's force is naught-
Is as a child's, when age and fear combine.

For as I pace towards the inmost fane
 Bay-filleted by many a suppliant's hand,
 Lo, at the central altar I descry
 One crouching as for refuge-yea, a man
 Abhorred of heaven; and from his hands, wherein
 A sword new-drawn he holds, blood reeked and fell:
 A wand he bears, the olive's topmost bough,
 Twined as of purpose with a deep close tuft
 Of whitest wool. This, that I plainly saw,
 Plainly I tell. But lo, in front of him,
 Crouched on the altar-steps, a grisly band
 Of women slumbers-not like women they,
 But Gorgons rather; nay, that word is weak,
 Nor may I match the Gorgons' shape with theirs!
 Such have I seen in painted semblance erst-
 Winged Harpies, snatching food from Phineus'
 board,-
 But these are wingless, black, and all their shape
 The eye's abomination to behold.
 Fell is the breath-let none draw nigh to it-
 Exude the damned drops of poisonous ire:
 And such their garb as none should dare to bring
 To statues of the gods or homes of men.
 I wot not of the tribe wherefrom can come
 So fell a legion, nor in what land Earth
 Could rear, unharmed, such creatures, nor avow
 That she had travailed and had brought forth death.
 But, for the rest, be all these things a carp
 Unto the mighty Loxias, the lord
 Of this our shrine: healer and prophet he,
 Discerner he of portents, and the cleanser
 Of other homes-behold, his own to cleanse!

[She goes out. The central doors open, disclosing the interior of the temple. **ORESTES** clings to the central altar; the **FURIES** lie slumbering at a little distance; **APOLLO** and **HERMES** appear from the innermost shrine.]

APOLLO (to **ORESTES**)
 Lo, I desert thee never: to the end,
 Hard at thy side as now, or sundered far,
 I am thy guard, and to thine enemies
 Implacably oppose me: look on them,
 These greedy fiends, beneath my craft subdued I
 See, they are fallen on sleep, these beldames old,
 Unto whose grim and wizened maidenhood
 Nor god nor man nor beast can e'er draw near.
 Yea, evil were they born, for evil's doom,
 Evil the dark abyss of Tartarus
 Wherein they dwell, and they themselves the hate
 Of men on earth, and of Olympian gods.
 But thou, flee far and with unfaltering speed;
 For they shall hunt thee through the mainland wide
 Where'er throughout the tract of travelled earth
 Thy foot may roam, and o'er and o'er the seas

And island homes of men. Faint not nor fail,
 Too soon and timidly within thy breast
 Shepherding thoughts forlorn of this thy toil;
 But unto Pallas' city go, and there
 Crouch at her shrine, and in thine arms enfold
 Her ancient image: there we well shall find
 Meet judges for this cause and suasive pleas,
 Skilled to contrive for thee deliverance
 For by my hest thou didst thy mother slay.

ORESTES

O king Apollo, since right well thou know'st
 What justice bids, have heed, fulfil the same,-
 Thy strength is all-sufficient to achieve.

APOLLO

Have thou too heed, nor let thy fear prevail
 Above thy will. And do thou guard him, Hermes,
 Whose blood is brother unto mine, whose sire
 The same high God. Men call thee guide and guard,
 Guide therefore thou and guard my suppliant;
 For Zeus himself reveres the outlaw's right,
 Boon of fair escort, upon man conferred.

(**APOLLO**, **HERMES**, and **ORESTES** go out. The **GHOST OF CLYTEMNESTRA** rises.)

GHOST OF CLYTEMNESTRA

Sleep on! awake! what skills your sleep to me-
 Me, among all the dead by you dishonoured-
 Me from whom never, in the world of death,
 Dieth this course, 'Tis she who smote and slew,
 And shamed and scorned I roam? Awake, and hear
 My plaint of dead men's hate intolerable.
 Me, sternly slain by them that should have loved,
 Me doth no god arouse him to avenge,
 Hewn down in blood by matricidal hands.
 Mark ye these wounds from which the heart's blood
 ran,
 And by whose hand, bethink ye! for the sense
 When shut in sleep hath then the spirit-sight,
 But in the day the inward eye is blind.
 List, ye who drank so oft with lapping tongue
 The wineless draught by me outpoured to soothe
 Your vengeful ire! how oft on kindled shrine
 I laid the feast of darkness, at the hour
 Abhorred of every god but you alone!
 Lo, all my service trampled down and scorned!
 And he bath balked your chase, as stag the hounds;
 Yea, lightly bounding from the circling toils,
 Hath wried his face in scorn, and flieth far.
 Awake and hear-for mine own soul I cry-
 Awake, ye powers of hell! the wandering ghost
 That once was Clytemnestra calls-Arise!

(The **FURIES** mutter grimly, as in a dream.)

Mutter and murmur! He hath flown afar-

My kin have gods to guard them, I have none!

(The **FURIES** mutter as before.)

O drowsed in sleep too deep to heed my pain!
Orestes flies, who me, his mother, slew.

(The **FURIES** give a confused cry.)

Yelping, and drowsed again? Up and be doing
That which alone is yours, the deed of hell!

(The **FURIES** give another cry.)

Lo, sleep and toil, the sworn confederates,
Have quelled your dragon-anger, once so fell!

THE FURIES (muttering more fiercely and loudly)
Seize, seize, seize, seize-mark, yonder!

GHOST

In dreams ye chase a prey, and like some hound,
That even in sleep doth ply woodland toil,
Ye bell and bay. What do ye, sleeping here?
Be not o'ercome with toil, nor, sleep-subdued,
Be heedless of my wrong. Up! thrill your heart
With the just chidings of my tongue,-Such words
Are as a spur to purpose firmly held.
Blow forth on him the breath of wrath and blood,
Scorch him with reek of fire that burns in you,
Waste him with new pursuit-swift, hound him down!

(The **GHOST** sinks.)

FIRST FURY (awaking)

Up! rouse another as I rouse thee; up!
Sleep'st thou? Rise up, and spurning sleep away,
See we if false to us this prelude rang.

CHORUS OF EUMENIDES (singing)

STROPHI 1

Alack, alack, O sisters, we have toiled,
O much and vainly have we toiled and borne!
Vainly! and all we wrought the gods have foiled,
And turned us to scorn!
He hath slipped from the net, whom we chased: he
hath 'scaped us
who should be our prey-
O'er-mastered by slumber we sank, and our quarry
hath stolen away!

ANTISTROPHI 1

Thou, child of the high God Zeus, Apollo, hast
robbed us and wronged;
Thou, a youth, hast down-trodden the right that to
godship more ancient belonged;
Thou hast cherished thy suppliant man; the slayer, the
God-forsaken,
The bane of a parent, by craft from out of our grasp
thou hast taken;
A god, thou hast stolen from us the avengers a

matricide son-
And who shall consider thy deed and say, It is
rightfully done?

STROPHI 2

The sound of chiding scorn
Came from the land of dream;
Deep to mine inmost heart I felt it thrill and burn,
Thrust as a strong-grasped goad, to urge
Onward the chariot's team.
Thrilled, chilled with bitter inward pain
I stand as one beneath the doomsman's scourge.

ANTISTROPHI 2

Shame on the younger gods who tread down right,
Sitting on thrones of might!
Woe on the altar of earth's central fane!
Clotted on step and shrine,
Behold, the guilt of blood, the ghastly stain!

STROPHE 3

Woe upon thee, Apollo! uncontrolled,
Unbidden, hast thou, prophet-god, imbrued
The pure prophetic shrine with wrongful blood!
For thou too heinous a respect didst hold
Of man, too little heed of powers divine!
And us the Fates, the ancients of the earth,
Didst deem as nothing worth.

ANTISTROPHI 3

Scornful to me thou art, yet shalt not fend
My wrath from him; though unto hell he flee,
There too are we!
And he the blood-defiled, should feel and rue,
Though I were not, fiend-wrath that shall not end,
Descending on his head who foully slew.

(**APOLLO** enters from the inner shrine.)

APOLLO

Out! I command you. Out from this my home-
Haste, tarry not! Out from the mystic shrine,
Lest thy lot be to take into thy breast
The winged bright dart that from my golden string
Speeds hissing as a snake,-lest, pierced and thrilled
With agony, thou shouldst spew forth again
Black frothy heart's-blood, drawn from mortal men,
Belching the gory clots sucked forth from wounds.
These be no halls where such as you can prow-
Go where men lay on men the doom of blood,
Heads lopped from necks, eyes from their spheres
plucked out,
Hacked flesh, the flower of youthful seed crushed
out,
Feet hewn away, and hands, and death beneath
The smiting stone, low moans and piteous
Of men impaled-Hark, hear ye for what feast

Ye hanker ever, and the loathing gods
Do spit upon your craving? Lo, your shape
Is all too fitted to your greed; the cave
Where lurks some lion, lapping gore, were home
More meet for you. Avaunt from sacred shrines,
Nor bring pollution by your touch on all
That nears yuu. Hence! and roam unshepherded-
No god there is to tend such herd as you.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O king Apollo, in our turn hear us.
Thou hast not only part in these ill things,
But art chief cause and doer of the same.

APOLLO

How? stretch thy speech to tell this, and have done.

LEADER

Thine oracle bade this man slay his mother.

APOLLO

I bade him quit his sire's death,-wherefore not?

LEADER

Then didst thou aid and guard red-handed crime.

APOLLO

Yea, and I bade him to this temple flee.

LEADER

And yet forsooth dost chide us following him!

APOLLO

Ay-not for you it is, to near this fane.

LEADER

Yet is such office ours, imposed by fate.

APOLLO

What office? vaunt the thing ye deem so fair.

LEADER

From home to home we chase the matricide.

APOLLO

What? to avenge a wife who slays her lord?

LEADER

That is not blood outpoured by kindred hands.

APOLLO

How darkly ye dishonour and annul
The troth to which the high accomplishes,
Hera and Zeus, do honour. Yea, and thus
Is Aphrodite to dishonour cast,
The queen of rapture unto mortal men.
Know, that above the marriage-bed ordained
For man and woman staddeth Right as guard,
Enhancing sanctity of trothplight sworn;
Therefore, if thou art placable to those
Who have their consort slain, nor will'st to turn
On them the eye of wrath, unjust art thou
In hounding to his doom the man who slew
His mother. Lo, I know thee full of wrath
Against one deed, but all too placable
Unto the other, minishing the crime.
But in this cause shall Pallas guard the right.

LEADER

Deem not my quest shall ever quit that man.

APOLLO

Follow then, make thee, double toil in vain

LEADER

Think not by speech mine office to curtail.

APOLLO

None hast thou, that I would accept of thee!

LEADER

Yea, high thine honour by the throne of Zeus:
But I, drawn on by scent of mother's blood,
Seek vengeance on this man and hound him down.

(The **CHORUS** goes in pursuit of **ORESTES**.)

APOLLO

But I will stand beside him; 'tis for me
To guard my suppliant: gods and men alike
Do dread the curse of such an one betrayed,
And in me Fear and Will say Leave him not.
(He goes into the temple.)

(The scene changes to Athens. In the foreground is
the Temple of **ATHENA** on the Acropolis; her statue
stands in the centre; **ORESTES** is seen clinging to it.)

ORESTES

Look on me, queen Athena; lo, I come
By Loxias' behest; thou of thy grace
Receive me, driven of avenging powers-
Not now a red-hand slayer unannealed,
But with guilt fading, half-effaced, outworn
On many homes and paths of mortal men.
For to the limit of each land, each sea,
I roamed, obedient to Apollo's best,
And come at last, O Goddess, to thy fane,
And clinging to thine image, bide my doom.

(The **CHORUS OF EUMENIDES** enters, questing like
hounds.)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Ho! clear is here the trace of him we seek:
Follow the track of blood, the silent sign!
Like to some hound that hunts a wounded fawn,
We snuff along the scent of dripping gore,
And inwardly we pant, for many a day
Toiling in chase that shall fordo the man;
For o'er and o'er the wide land have I ranged,
And o'er the wide sea, flying without wings,
Swift as a sail I pressed upon his track,
Who now hard by is crouching, well I wot,
For scent of mortal blood allures me here.

CHORUS (chanting)

Follow, seek him-round and round
Scent and snuff and scan the ground,
Lest unharmed he slip away,
He who did his mother slay!
Hist-he is there! See him his arms entwine
Around the image of the maid divine-

Thus aided, for the deed he wrought
Unto the judgment wills he to be brought.

It may not be! a mother's blood, poured forth
Upon the stained earth,
None gathers up: it lies-bear witness, Hell!-
For aye indelible
And thou who sheddest it shalt give thine own
That shedding to atone!
Yea, from thy living limbs I suck it out,
Red, clotted, gout by gout,-
A draught abhorred of men and gods; but
Will drain it, suck thee dry;
Yea, I will waste thee living, nerve and vein;
Yea, for thy mother slain,
Will drag thee downward, there where thou shalt dree
The weird of agony!
And thou and whosoe'er of men hath sinned-
Hath wronged or God, or friend,
Or parent,-learn ye how to all and each
The arm of doom can reach!
Sternly requiteth, in the world beneath,
The judgment-seat of Death;
Yea, Death, beholding every man's endeavour,
Recordeth it for ever.

ORESTES

I, schooled in many miseries, have learnt
How many refuges of cleansing shrines
And when imposeth silence. Lo, I stand
Fixed now to speak, for he whose word is wise
Commands the same. Look, how the stain of blood
Is dull upon mine hand and wastes away,
And laved and lost therewith is the deep curse
Of matricide; for while the guilt was new,
'Twas banished from me at Apollo's hearth,
Atoned and purified by death of swine.
Long were my word if I should sum the tale,
How oft since then among my fellow-men
I stood and brought no curse. Time cleanses all-
Time, the coeval of all things that are.

Now from pure lips, in words of omen fair,
I call Athena, lady of this land,
To come, my champion: so, in aftertime,
She shall not fail of love and service leal,
Not won by war, from me and from my land
And all the folk of Argos, vowed to her.
Now, be she far away in Libyan land
Where flows from Triton's lake her natal wave,-
Stand she with planted feet, or in some hour
Of rest conceal them, champion of her friends
Where'er she be,-Or whether o'er the plain
Phlegraean she look forth, as warrior bold-
I cry to her to come, where'er she be,
(And she, as goddess, from afar can hear)
And aid and free me, set among my foes.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

Thee not Apollo nor Athena's strength
Can save from perishing, a castaway
Amid the Lost, where no delight shall meet
Thy soul-a bloodless prey of nether powers,
A shadow among shadows. Answerest thou
Nothing? dost cast away my words with scorn,
Thou, prey prepared and dedicate to me?
Not as a victim slain upon the shrine,
But living shalt thou see thy flesh my food.
Hear now the binding chant that makes thee mine.

CHORUS (chanting)

Weave the weird dance,-behold the hour
To utter forth the chant of hell,
Our sway among mankind to tell,
The guidance of our power.
Of justice are we ministers,
And whosoe'er of men may stand
Lifting a pure unsullied hand,
That man no doom of ours incurs,
And walks thro' all his mortal path
Untouched by woe, unharmed by wrath.
But if, as yonder man, he hath
Blood on the hands he strives to hide,
We stand avengers at his side,
Decreeing, Thou hast wronged the dead:
We are doom's witnesses to thee.
The price of blood, his hands have shed,
We wring from him: in life, in death,
Hard at his side are we!

STROPHE 1

Night, Mother Night, who brought me forth, a
torment
To living men and dead,
Hear me, O hear! by Leto's stripling son
I am dishonoured:
He hath ta'en from me him who cowers in refuge,
To me made consecrates-
A rightful victim, him who slew his mother,
Given o'er to me and fate.

REFRAIN 1

Hear the hymn of hell,
O'er the victim sounding,-
Chant of frenzy, chant of ill,
Sense and will confounding!
Round the soul entwining
Without lute or lyre-
Soul in madness pining,
Wasting as with fire!

ANTISTROPHE 1

Fate, all-pervading Fate, this service spun,
commanding
That I should bide therein:

Whosoe'er of mortals, made perverse and lawless,
Is stained with blood of kin,
By his side are we, and hunt him ever onward,
Till to the Silent Land,
The realm of death, he cometh; neither yonder
In freedom shall he stand.

REFRAIN 1

Hear the hymn of hell,
O'er the victim sounding,-
Chant of frenzy, chant of ill,
Sense and will confounding!
Round the soul entwining
Without lute or lyre-
Soul in madness pining,
Wasting as with fire!

STROPHE 2

When from womb of Night we sprang, on us this
labour
Was laid and shall abide.
Gods immortal are ye, yet beware ye touch not
That which is our pride!
None may come beside us gathered round the
blood-feast-
For us no garments white
Gleam on a festal day; for us a darker fate is,
Another darker rite.

REFRAIN 2

That is mine hour when falls an ancient line
When in the household's heart
The God of blood doth slay by kindred hands,-
Then do we bear our part:
On him who slays we sweep with chasing cry:
Though he be triply strong,
We wear and waste him; blood atones for blood,
Yew pain for ancient wrong.

ANTISTROPHE 2

I hold this task-'tis mine, and not another's.
The very gods on high,
Though they can silence and annul the prayers
Of those who on us cry,
They may not strive with us who stand apart,
A race by Zeus abhorred,
Blood-boltered, held unworthy of the council
And converse of Heaven's lord.

STROPHE 3

Therefore the more I leap upon my prey;
Upon their head I bound;
My foot is hard; as one that trips a runner
I cast them to the ground;

Yea, to the depth of doom intolerable;
And they who erst were great,
And upon earth held high their pride and glory,
Are brought to low estate.
In underworld they waste and are diminished,
The while around them fleet
Dark wavings of my robes, and, subtly woven,
The paces of my feet.

ANTISTROPHE 3

Who falls infatuate, he sees not neither knows he
That we are at his side;
So closely round about him, darkly flitting,
The cloud of guilt doth glide.
Heavily 'tis uttered, how around his hearthstone
The mirk of hell doth rise.

STROPHE 4

Stern and fixed the law is; we have hands t' achieve
it,
Cunning to devise.
Queens are we and mindful of our solemn vengeance.
Not by tear or prayer
Shall a man avert it. In unhonoured darkness,
Far from gods, we fare,
Lit unto our task with torch of sunless regions,
And o'er a deadly way-
Deadly to the living as to those who see not
Life and light of day-
Hunt we and press onward.

ANTISTROPHE 4

Who of mortals hearing
Doth not quake for awe,
Hearing all that Fate thro' hand of God hath given us
For ordinance and law?
Yea, this right to us, in dark abyss and backward
Of ages it befell:
None shall wrong mine office, tho' in nether regions
And sunless dark I dwell.

(ATHENA enters.)

ATHENA

Far off I heard the clamour of your cry,
As by Scamander's side I set my foot
Asserting right upon the land given o'er
To me by those who o'er Achaea's host
Held sway and leadership: no scanty part
Of all they won by spear and sword, to me
They gave it, land and all that grew thereon,
As chosen heirloom for my Theseus' clan.
Thence summoned, sped I with a tireless foot,-
Hummed on the wind, instead of wings, the fold
Of this mine aegis, by my feet propelled,
As, linked to mettled horses, speeds a car.
And now, beholding here Earth's nether brood,
I fear it nought, yet are mine eyes amazed

With wonder. Who are ye? of all I ask,
And of this stranger to my statue clinging.
But ye-your shape is like no human form,
Like to no goddess whom the gods behold,
Like to no shape which mortal women wear.
Yet to stand by and chide a monstrous form
Is all unjust-from such words Right revolts.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O child of Zeus, one word shall tell thee all.
We are the children of eternal Night,
And Furies in the underworld are called.

ATHENA

I know your lineage now and eke your name.

LEADER

Yea, and eftsoons indeed my rights shalt know.

ATHENA

Fain would I learn them; speak them clearly forth,

LEADER

We chase from home the murderers of men.

ATHENA

And where at last can he that slew make pause?

LEADER

Where this is law-All joy abandon here.

ATHENA

Say, do ye bay this man to such a flight?

LEADER

Yea, for of choice he did his mother slay.

ATHENA

Urged by no fear of other wrath and doom?

LEADER

What spur can rightly goad to matricide?

ATHENA

Two stand to plead-one only have I heard.

LEADER

He will not swear nor challenge us to oath.

ATHENA

The form of justice, not its deed, thou wiltest.

LEADER

Prove thou that word; thou art not scant of skill.

ATHENA

I say that oaths shall not enforce the wrong.

LEADER

Then test the cause, judge and award the right.

ATHENA

Will ye to me then this decision trust?

LEADER

Yea, reverencing true child of worthy sire.

ATHENA (to ORESTES)

O man unknown, make thou thy plea in turn.
Speak forth thy land, thy lineage, and thy woes;
Then, if thou canst, avert this bitter blame-
If, as I deem, in confidence of right
Thou sittest hard beside my holy place,
Clasping this statue, as Ixion sat,
A sacred suppliant for Zeus to cleanse,-

To all this answer me in words made plain.

ORESTES

O queen Athena, first from thy last words

Will I a great solicitude remove.

Not one blood-guilty am I; no foul stain

Clings to thine image from my clinging hand;

Whereof one potent proof I have to tell.

Lo, the law stands-The slayer shall not plead,

Till by the hand of him who cleanses blood

A suckling creature's blood besprinkle him.

Long since have I this expiation done,-

In many a home, slain beasts and running streams

Have cleansed me. Thus I speak away that fear.

Next, of my lineage quickly thou shalt learn:

An Argive am I, and right well thou know'st

My sire, that Agamemnon who arrayed

The fleet and them that went therein to war-

That chief with whom thy hand combined to crush

To an uncited heap what once was Troy;

That Agamemnon, when he homeward came,

Was brought unto no honourable death,

Slain by the dark-souled wife who brought me forth

To him,-enwound and slain in wily nets,

Blazoned with blood that in the laver ran.

And I, returning from an exiled youth,

Slew her, my mother-lo, it stands avowed!

With blood for blood avenging my loved sire;

And in this deed doth Loxias bear part,

Decreeing agonies, to goad my will,

Unless by me the guilty found their doom.

Do thou decide if right or wrong were done-

Thy dooming, whatsoe'er it be, contents me.

ATHENA

Too mighty is this matter, whoso'er

Of mortals claims to judge hereof aright.

Yea, me, even me, eternal Right forbids

To judge the issues of blood-guilt, and wrath

That follows swift behind. This too gives pause,

That thou as one with all due rites performed

Dost come, unsinning, pure, unto my shrine.

Whate'er thou art, in this my city's name,

As uncondemned, I take thee to my side.-

Yet have these foes of thine such dues by fate,

O'erthrown in judgment of the cause, forthwith

Their anger's poison shall infect the land-

A dropping plague-spot of eternal ill.

Thus stand we with a woe on either hand:

Stay they, or go at my commandment forth,

Perplexity or pain must needs befall.

Yet, as on me Fate hath imposed the cause,

I choose unto me judges that shall be

An ordinance for ever, set to rule

The dues of blood-guilt, upon oath declared.

But ye, call forth your witness and your proof,

Words strong for justice, fortified by oath;

And I, whoe'er are truest in my town,

Them will I choose and bring, and straitly charge,
 Look on this cause, discriminating well,
 And pledge your oath to utter nought of wrong.
 (ATHENA withdraws.)

CHORUS (singing)

STROPHE 1

Now are they all undone, the ancient laws,
 If here the slayer's cause
 Prevail; new wrong for ancient right shall be
 If matricide go free.
 Henceforth a deed like his by all shall stand,
 Too ready to the hand:
 Too oft shall parents in the aftertime
 Rue and lament this crime,-
 Taught, not in false imagining, to feel
 Their children's thrusting steel:
 No more the wrath, that erst on murder fell
 From us, the queens of Hell,
 Shall fall, no more our watching gaze impend-
 Death shall smite unrestrained.

ANTISTROPHE 1

Henceforth shall one unto another cry
 Lo, they are stricken, lo, they fall and die
 Around me! and that other answers him,
 O thou that lookest that thy woes should cease,
 Behold, with dark increase
 They throng and press upon thee; yea, and dim
 Is all the cure, and every comfort vain!

STROPHE 2

Let none henceforth cry out, when falls the blow
 Of sudden-smiting woe,
 Cry out in sad reiterated strain
 O Justice, aid! aid, O ye thrones of Hell!
 So though a father or a mother wail
 New-smitten by a son, it shall no more avail,
 Since, overthrown by wrong, the fane of justice fell!

ANTISTROPHE 2

Know, that a throne there is that may not pass away,
 And one that sitteth on it-even Fear,
 Searching with steadfast eyes man's inner soul:
 Wisdom is child of pain, and born with many a tear;
 But who henceforth,
 What man of mortal men, what nation upon earth,
 That holdeth nought in awe nor in the light
 Of inner reverence, shall worship Right
 As in the older day?

STROPHE 3

Praise not, O man, the life beyond control,

Nor that which bows unto a tyrant's sway.
 Know that the middle way
 Is dearest unto God, and they thereon who wend,
 They shall achieve the end;
 But they who wander or to left or right
 Are sinners in his sight.
 Take to thy heart this one, this soothfast word-
 Of wantonness impiety is sire;
 Only from calm control and sanity unstirred
 Cometh true weal, the goal of every man's desire.

ANTISTROPHE 3

Yea, whatsoever befall, hold thou this word of mine:
 Bow down at Justice' shrine,
 Turn thou thine eyes away from earthly lure,
 Nor with a godless foot that altar spurn.
 For as thou dost shall Fate do in return,
 And the great doom is sure.
 Therefore let each adore a parent's trust,
 And each with loyalty revere the guest
 That in his halls doth rest.

STROPHE 4

For whoso uncompelled doth follow what is just,
 He ne'er shall be unblest;
 Yea, never to the gulf of doom
 That man shall come.

But he whose will is set against the gods,
 Who treads beyond the law with foot impure,
 Till o'er the wreck of Right confusion broods,-
 Know that for him, though now he sail secure,
 The day of storm shall be; then shall he strive and fail
 Down from the shivered yard to furl the sail,

ANTISTROPHE 4

And call on Powers, that heed him nought, to save,
 And vainly wrestle with the whirling wave.
 Hot was his heart with pride-
 I shall not fall, he cried.
 But him with watching scorn
 The god beholds, forlorn,
 Tangled in toils of Fate beyond escape,
 Hopeless of haven safe beyond the cape-
 Till all his wealth and bliss of bygone day
 Upon the reef of Rightful Doom is hurled,
 And he is rapt away
 Unwept, for ever, to the dead forgotten world.

(ATHENA enters, with A JURY OF ATHENIAN
 CITIZENS. A large crowd follows.)

ATHENA

O herald, make proclaim, bid all men come.
 Then let the shrill blast of the Tyrrhene trump,

Fulfilled with mortal breath, thro' the wide air
Peal a loud summons, bidding all men heed.
For, till my judges fill this judgment-seat,
Silence behoves,-that this whole city learn,
What for all time mine ordinance commands,
And these men, that the cause be judged aright.

(**APOLLO** enters.)

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O king Apollo, rule what is thine own,
But in this thing what share pertains to thee?

APOLLO

First, as a witness come I, for this man
Is suppliant of mine by sacred right,
Guest of my holy hearth and cleansed by me
Of blood-guilt: then, to set me at his side
And in his cause bear part, as part I bore
Erst in his deed, whereby his mother fell.
Let whoso knoweth now announce the cause.

ATHENA (to the **CHORUS**)

'Tis I announce the cause-first speech be yours;
For rightfully shall they whose plaint is tried
Tell the tale first and set the matter clear.

LEADER

Though we be many, brief shall be our tale.

(To **ORESTES**)

Answer thou, setting word to match with word;
And first avow-hast thou thy mother slain?

ORESTES

I slew her. I deny no word hereof.

LEADER

Three falls decide the wrestle-this is one.

ORESTES

Thou vauntest thee-but o'er no final fall.

LEADER

Yet must thou tell the manner of thy deed.

ORESTES

Drawn sword in hand, I gashed her neck. 'Tis told.

LEADER

But by whose word, whose craft, wert thou impelled?

ORESTES

By oracles of him who here attests me.

LEADER

The prophet-god bade thee thy mother slay?

ORESTES

Yea, and thro' him less ill I fared, till now.

LEADER

If the vote grip thee, thou shalt change that word.

ORESTES

Strong is my hope; my buried sire shall aid.

LEADER

Go to now, trust the dead, a matricide!

ORESTES

Yea, for in her combined two stains of sin.

LEADER

How? speak this clearly to the judges' mind.

ORESTES

Slaying her husband, she did slay my sire.

LEADER

Therefore thou livest; death assoils her deed.

ORESTES

Then while she lived why didst thou hunt her not?

LEADER

She was not kin by blood to him she slew.

ORESTES

And I, am I by blood my mother's kin?

LEADER

O cursed with murder's guilt, how else wert thou
The burden of her womb? Dost thou forswear
Thy mother's kinship, closest bond of love?

ORESTES

It is thine hour, Apollo-speak the law,
Averting if this deed were justly done;
For done it is, and clear and undenied.
But if to thee this murder's cause seem right
Or wrongful, speak-that I to these may tell.

APOLLO

To you, Athena's mighty council-court,
Justly for justice will I plead, even I,
The prophet-god, nor cheat you by one word.
For never spake I from my prophet-seat
One word, of man, of woman, or of state,
Save what the Father of Olympian gods
Commanded unto me. I rede you then,
Bethink you of my plea, how strong it stands,
And follow the decree of Zeus our sire,-
For oaths prevail not over Zeus' command.

LEADER

Go to; thou sayest that from Zeus befell
The oracle that this Orestes bade
With vengeance quit the slaying of his sire,
And hold as nought his mother's right of kin!

APOLLO

Yea, for it stands not with a common death,
That he should die, a chieftain and a king
Decked with the sceptre which high heaven confers-
Die, and by female hands, not smitten down
By a far-shooting bow, held stalwartly
By some strong Amazon. Another doom
Was his: O Pallas, hear, and ye who sit
In judgment, to discern this thing aright!-
She with a specious voice of welcome true
Hailed him, returning from the mighty mart
Where war for life gives fame, triumphant home;
Then o'er the laver, as he bathed himself,
She spread from head to foot a covering net,
And in the endless mesh of cunning robes
Enwound and trapped her lord, and smote him down.
Lo, ye have heard what doom this chieftain met,
The majesty of Greece, the fleet's high lord:
Such as I tell it, let it gall your ears,

Who stand as judges to decide this cause.

LEADER

Zeus, as thou sayest, holds a father's death
As first of crimes, -yet he of his own act
Cast into chains his father, Cronus old:
How suits that deed with that which now ye tell?
O ye who judge, I bid ye mark my words!

APOLLO

O monsters loathed of all, O scorn of gods,
He that hath bound may loose: a cure there is.
Yea, many a plan that can unbind the chain.
But when the thirsty dust sucks up man's blood
Once shed in death, he shall arise no more.
No chant nor charm for this my Sire hath wrought.
All else there is, he moulds and shifts at will,
Not scant of strength nor breath, whate'er he do.

LEADER

Think yet, for what acquittal thou dost plead:
He who hath shed a mother's kindred blood,
Shall he in Argos dwell, where dwelt his sire?
How shall he stand before the city's shrines,
How share the clansmen's holy lustral bowl?

APOLLO

This too I answer; mark a soothfast word
Not the true parent is the woman's womb
That bears the child; she doth but nurse the seed
New-sown: the male is parent; she for him,
As stranger for a stranger, hoards the germ
Of life, unless the god its promise blight.
And proof hereof before you will I set.
Birth may from fathers, without mothers, be:
See at your side a witness of the same,
Athena, daughter of Olympian Zeus,
Never within the darkness of the womb
Fostered nor fashioned, but a bud more bright
Than any goddess in her breast might bear.
And I, O Pallas, howsoever I may,
Henceforth will glorify thy town, thy clan,
And for this end have sent my suppliant here
Unto thy shrine; that he from this time forth
Be loyal unto thee for evermore,
O goddess-queen, and thou unto thy side
Mayst win and hold him faithful, and his line,
And that for aye this pledge and troth remain
To children's children of Athenia's seed.

ATHENA

Enough is said; I bid the judges now
With pure intent deliver just award.

LEADER

We too have shot our every shaft of speech,
And now abide to hear the doom of law.

ATHENA (to **APOLLO** and **ORESTES**)

Say, how ordaining shall I 'scape your blame?

APOLLO

I spake, ye heard; enough. O stranger men,
Heed well your oath as ye decide the cause.

ATHENA

O men of Athens, ye who first do judge
The law of bloodshed, hear me now ordain.
Here to all time for Aegeus' Attic host
Shall stand this council-court of judges sworn,
Here the tribunal, set on Ares' Hill
Where camped of old the tented Amazons,
What time in hate of Theseus they assailed
Athens, and set against her citadel
A counterwork of new sky-pointing towers,
And there to Ares held their sacrifice,
Where now the rock hath name, even Ares' Hill.
And hence shall Reverence and her kinsman Fear
Pass to each free man's heart, by day and night
Enjoining, Thou shalt do no unjust thing,
So long as law stands as it stood of old
Unmarred by civic change. Look you, the spring
Is pure; but foul it once with influx vile
And muddy clay, and none can drink thereof.
Therefore, O citizens, I bid ye bow
In awe to this command, Let no man live,
Uncurbed by law nor curbed by tyranny;
Nor banish ye the monarchy of Awe
Beyond the walls; untouched by fear divine,
No man doth justice in the world of men.
Therefore in purity and holy dread
Stand and revere; so shall ye have and hold
A saving bulwark of the state and land,
Such as no man hath ever elsewhere known,
Nor in far Scythia, nor in Pelops' realm.
Thus I ordain it now, a council-court
Pure and unsullied by the lust of gain,
Sacred and swift to vengeance, wakeful ever
To champion men who sleep, the country's guard.
Thus have I spoken, thus to mine own clan
Commended it for ever. Ye who judge,
Arise, take each his vote, mete out the right,
Your oath revering. Lo, my word is said.

(The twelve judges come forward, one by one, to the
urns of decision: the first votes; as each of the others
follows, the **LEADER** and **APOLLO** speak alternately.)

LEADER

I rede ye well, beware! nor put to shame,
In aught, this grievous company of hell.

APOLLO

I too would warn you, fear mine oracles-
From Zeus they are, -nor make them void of fruit.

LEADER

Presumptuous is thy claim, blood-guilt to judge,
And false henceforth thine oracles shall be.

APOLLO

Failed then the counsels of my sire, when turned
Ixion, first of slayers, to his side?

LEADER

These are but words; but I, if justice fail me,
Will haunt this land in grim and deadly deed.

APOLLO

Scorn of the younger and the elder gods
Art thou: 'tis I that shall prevail anon.

LEADER

Thus didst thou too of old in Pheres' halls,
O'erreaching Fate to make a mortal deathless.

APOLLO

Was it not well, my worshipper to aid,
Then most of all when hardest was the need?

LEADER

I say thou didst annul the lots of life,
Cheating with wine the deities of eld.

APOLLO

I say thou shalt anon, thy pleadings foiled,
Spit venom vainly on thine enemies.

LEADER

Since this young god o'errides mine ancient right,
I tarry but to claim your law, not knowing
If wrath of mine shall blast your state or spare.

ATHENA

Mine is the right to add the final vote,
And I award it to Orestes' cause.
For me no mother bore within her womb,
And, save for wedlock evermore eschewed,
I vouch myself the champion of the man,
Not of the woman, yea, with all my soul,-
In heart, as birth, a father's child alone.
Thus will I not too heinously regard
A woman's death who did her husband slay,
The guardian of her home; and if the votes
Equal do fall, Orestes shall prevail.
Ye of the judges who are named thereto,
Swiftly shake forth the lots from either urn.

(Two judges come forward, one to each urn.)

ORESTES

O bright Apollo, what shall be the end?

LEADER

O Night, dark mother mine, dost mark these things?

ORESTES

Now shall my doom be life, or strangling cords.

LEADER

And mine, lost honour or a wider sway.

APOLLO

O stranger judges, sum aright the count
Of votes cast forth, and, parting them, take heed
Ye err not in decision. The default
Of one vote only bringeth ruin deep,
One, cast aright, doth stablish house and home.

ATHENA

Behold, this man is free from guilt of blood,
For half the votes condemn him, half set free!

ORESTES

O Pallas, light and safety of my home,
Thou, thou hast given me back to dwell once more
In that my fatherland, amerced of which
I wandered; now shall Grecian lips say this,
The man is Argive once again, and dwells
Again within his father's wealthy hall,
By Pallas saved, by Loxias, and by Him,
The great third saviour, Zeus omnipotent-
Who thus in pity for my father's fate
Doth pluck me from my doom, beholding these,
Confederates of my mother. Lo, I pass
To mine own home, but proffering this vow
Unto thy land and people: Nevermore,
Thro' all the manifold years of Time to be,
Shall any chieftain of mine Argive land
Bear hitherward his spears for fight arrayed.
For we, though lapped in earth we then shall lie,
By thwart adversities will work our will
On them who shall transgress this oath of mine,
Paths of despair and journeyings ill-starred
For them ordaining, till their task they rue.
But if this oath be rightly kept, to them
Will we the dead be full of grace, the while
With loyal league they honour Pallas' town.
And now farewell, thou and thy city's folk-
Firm be thine arms' grasp, closing with thy foes,
And, strong to save, bring victory to thy spear.

(**ORESTES** and **APOLLO** depart.)

CHORUS (chanting)

Woe on you, younger gods! the ancient right
Ye have o'erridden, rent it from my hands.

I am dishonoured of you, thrust to scorn!

But heavily my wrath

Shall on this land fling forth the drops that blast and
burn,

Venom of vengeance, that shall work such scathe
As I have suffered; where that dew shall fall,

Shall leafless blight arise,

Wasting Earth's offspring,-Justice, hear my call!

And thorough all the land in deadly wise

Shall scatter venom, to exude again

In pestilence on men.

What cry avails me now, what deed of blood,

Unto this land what dark despise?

Alack, alack, forlorn

Are we, a bitter injury have borne!

Alack, O sisters, O dishonoured brood

Of mother Night!

ATHENA

Nay, bow ye to my words, chafe not nor moan:

Ye are not worsted nor disgraced; behold,

With balanced vote the cause had issue fair,

Nor in the end did aught dishonour thee.

But thus the will of Zeus shone clearly forth,

And his own prophet-god avouched the same,

Orestes slew: his slaying is atoned.
 Therefore I pray you, not upon this land
 Shoot forth the dart of vengeance; be appeased,
 Nor blast the land with blight, nor loose thereon
 Drops of eternal venom, direful darts
 Wasting and marring nature's seed of growth.
 For I, the queen of Athens' sacred right,
 Do pledge to you a holy sanctuary
 Deep in the heart of this my land, made just
 By your indwelling presence, while ye sit
 Hard by your sacred shrines that gleam with oil
 Of sacrifice, and by this folk adored.

CHORUS (chanting)

Woe on you, younger gods! the ancient right
 Ye have o'erridden, rent it from my hands.

I am dishonoured of you, thrust to scorn!

But heavily my wrath

Shall on this land fling forth the drops that blast and
 burn,

Venom of vengeance, that shall work such scathe

As I have suffered; where that dew shall fall,

Shall leafless blight arise,

Wasting Earth's offspring, -justice, hear my call!-

And thorough all the land in deadly wise

Shall scatter venom, to exude again

In pestilence on men.

What cry avails me now, what deed of blood,

Unto this land what dark despise?

Alack, alack, forlorn

Are we, a bitter injury have borne!

Alack, O sisters, O dishonoured brood

Of mother Night!

ATHENA

Dishonoured are ye not; turn not, I pray,

As goddesses your swelling wrath on men,

Nor make the friendly earth spiteful to them.

I too have Zeus for champion-'tis enough-

I only of all goddesses do know

To ope the chamber where his thunderbolts

Lie stored and sealed; but here is no such need.

Nay, be appeased, nor cast upon the ground

The malice of thy tongue, to blast the world;

Calm thou thy bitter wrath's black inward surge,

For high shall be thine honour, set beside me

For ever in this land, whose fertile lap

Shall pour its teeming firstfruits unto you,

Gifts for fair childbirth and for wedlock's crown:

Thus honoured, praise my spoken pledge for aye.

CHORUS (chanting)

I, I dishonoured in this earth to dwell,-

Ancient of days and wisdom! I breathe forth

Poison and breath of frenzied ire. O Earth,

Woe, woe for thee, for me!

From side to side what pains be these that thrill?

Hearken, O mother Night, my wrath, mine agony!

Whom from mine ancient rights the gods have thrust

And brought me to the dust-

Woe, woe is me!-with craft invincible.

ATHENA

Older art thou than I, and I will bear

With this thy fury. Know, although thou be

More wise in ancient wisdom, yet have

From Zeus no scant measure of the same,

Wherefore take heed unto this prophecy-

If to another land of alien men

Ye go, too late shall ye feel longing dreep

For mine. The rolling tides of time bring round

A day of brighter glory for this town;

And thou, enshrined in honour by the halls

Where dwelt Erechtheus, shalt a worship win

From men and from the train of womankind,

Greater than any tribe elsewhere shall pay.

Cast thou not therefore on this soil of mine

Whetstones that sharpen souls to bloodshedding,

The burning goads of youthful hearts, made hot

With frenzy of the spirit, not of wine.

Nor pluck as 'twere the heart from cocks that strive,

To set it in the breast of citizens

Of mine, a war-god's spirit, keen for fight,

Made stern against their country and their kin.

The man who grievously doth lust for fame,

War, full, immitigable, let him wage

Against the stranger; but of kindred birds

I hold the challenge hateful. Such the boon

I proffer thee-within this land of lands,

Most loved of gods, with me to show and share

Fair mercy, gratitude and grace as fair.

CHORUS (chanting)

I, I dishonoured in this earth to dwell,-

Ancient of days and wisdom! I breathe forth

Poison and breath of frenzied ire. O Earth,

Woe, woe for thee, for me!

From side to side what pains be these that thrill?

Hearken, O mother Night, my wrath, mine agony!

Whom from mine ancient rights the gods have thrust

And brought me to the dust-

Woe, woe is me!-with craft invincible.

ATHENA

I will not weary of soft words to thee,

That never mayst thou say, Behold me spurned,

An elder by a younger deity,

And from this land rejected and forlorn,

Unhonoured by the men who dwell therein.

But, if Persuasion's grace be sacred to thee,

Soft in the soothing accents of my tongue,

Tarry, I Dray thee, yet, if go thou wilt.

Not rightfully wilt thou on this my town

Sway down the scale that beareth wrath and teen

Or wasting plague uport this folk. 'Tis thine,

If so thou wilt, inheritress to be

Of this my land, its utmost grace to win.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

O queen, what refuge dost thou promise me?

ATHENA

Refuge untouched by bale: take thou my boon.

LEADER

What, if I take it, shall mine honour be?

ATHENA

No house shall prosper without grace of thine.

LEADER

Canst thou achieve and grant such power to me?

ATHENA

Yea, for my hand shall bless thy worshippers.

LEADER

And wilt thou pledge me this for time eterne?

ATHENA

Yea: none can bid me pledge beyond my power.

LEADER

Lo, I desist from wrath, appeased by thee.

ATHENA

Then in the land's heart shalt thou win thee friends.

LEADER

What chant dost bid me raise, to greet the land?

ATHENA

Such as aspires towards a victory
Unrued by any: chants from breast of earth,
From wave, from sky; and let the wild winds' breath
Pass with soft sunlight o'er the lap of land,-
Strong wax the fruits of earth, fair teem the kine,
Unfailing, for my town's prosperity,
And constant be the growth of mortal seed.
But more and more root out the impious,
For as a gardener fosters what he sows,
So foster I this race, whom righteousness
Doth fend from sorrow. Such the proffered boon.
But I, if wars must be, and their loud clash
And carnage, for my town, will ne'er endure
That aught but victory shall crown her fame.

CHORUS (chanting)

Lo, I accept it; at her very side
Doth Pallas bid me dwell:
I will not wrong the city of her pride,
Which even Almighty Zeus and Ares hold
Heaven's earthly citadel,
Loved home of Grecian gods, the young, the old,
The sanctuary divine,
The shield of every shrine!
For Athens I say forth a gracious prophecy,-
The glory of the sunlight and the skies
Shall bid from earth arise
Warm wavelets of new life and glad prosperity.

ATHENA (chanting)

Behold, with gracious heart well pleased
I for my citizens do grant
Fulfilment of this covenant:
And here, their wrath at length appeased,
These mighty deities shall stay.

For theirs it is by right to sway
The lot that rules our mortal day,
And he who hath not inly felt
Their stern decree, ere long on him,
Not knowing why and whence, the grim
Life-crushing blow is dealt.
The father's sin upon the child
Descends, and sin is silent death,
And leads him on the downward path,
By stealth beguiled,
Unto the Furies: though his state
On earth were high, and loud his boast,
Victim of silent ire and hate
He dwells among the Lost.

CHORUS (chanting)

To my blessing now give ear -
Scorching blight nor singed air
Never blast thine olives fair!
Drouth, that wasteth bud and plant,
Keep to thine own place. Avaunt,
Famine fell, and come not hither
Stealthily to waste and wither!
Let the land, in season due,
Twice her waxing fruits renew;
Teem the kine in double measure;
Rich in new god-given treasure;
Here let men the powers adore
For sudden gifts unhop'd before!

ATHENA (chanting)

O hearken, warders of the wall
That guards mine Athens, what a dower
Is unto her ordained and given!
For mighty is the Furies' power,
And deep-revered in courts of heaven
And realms of hell; and clear to all
They weave thy doom, mortality!
And some in joy and peace shall sing;
But unto other some they bring
Sad life and tear-dimmed eye.

CHORUS (chanting)

And far away I ban thee and remove,
Untimely death of youths too soon brought low!
And to each maid, O gods, when time is come for
love,
Grant ye a warrior's heart, a wedded life to know.
Ye too, O Fates, children of mother Night,
Whose children too are we, O goddesses
Of just award, of all by sacred right
Queens, who in time and in eternity
Do rule, a present power for righteousness,
Honoured beyond all Gods, hear ye and grant my
cry!

ATHENA (chanting)

And I too, I with joy am fain,
Hearing your voice this gift ordain
Unto my land. High thanks be thine,

Persuasion, who with eyes divine
 Into my tongue didst look thy strength,
 To bend and to appease at length
 Those who would not be comforted.
 Zeus, king of parley, doth prevail,
 And ye and I will strive nor fail,
 That good may stand in evil's stead,
 And lasting bliss for bale.

CHORUS (chanting)

And nevermore these walls within
 Shall echo fierce sedition's din,
 Unslaked with blood and crime;
 The thirsty dust shall nevermore
 Suck up the darkly streaming gore
 Of civic broils, shed out in wrath
 And vengeance, crying death for death!
 But man with man and state with state
 Shall vow The pledge of common hate
 And common friendship, that for man
 Hath oft made blessing, out of ban,
 Be ours unto all time.

ATHENA (chanting)

Skill they, or not, the path to find
 Of favouring speech and presage kind?
 Yea, even from these, who, grim and stern,
 Glared anger upon you of old,
 O citizens, ye now shall earn
 A recompense right manifold.
 Deck them aright, extol them high,
 Be loyal to their loyalty,
 And ye shall make your town and land
 Sure, propped on justice' saving hand,
 And Fame's eternity.

CHORUS (chanting)

Hail ye, all hail! and yet again, all hail,
 O Athens, happy in a weal secured!
 O ye who sit by Zeus' right hand, nor fail
 Of wisdom set among you and assured,
 Loved of the well-loved Goddess-Maid! the King
 Of gods doth reverence you, beneath her guarding
 wing.

ATHENA (chanting)

All hail unto each honoured guest!
 Whom to the chambers of your rest
 'Tis mine to lead, and to provide
 The hallowed torch, the guard and guide.
 Pass down, the while these altars glow
 With sacred fire, to earth below
 And your appointed shrine.
 There dwelling, from the land restrain
 The force of fate, the breath of bane,
 But waft on us the gift and gain
 Of Victory divine!
 And ye, the men of Cranaos' seed,
 I bid you now with reverence lead
 These alien Powers that thus are made

Athenian evermore. To you
 Fair be their will henceforth, to do
 Whate'er may bless and aid!

CHORUS (chanting)

Hail to you all! hail yet again,
 All who love Athens, gods and men,
 Adoring her as Pallas' home!
 And while ye reverence what ye grant-
 My sacred shrine and hidden haunt-
 Blameless and blissful be your doom!

ATHENA

Once more I praise the promise of your vows,
 And now I bid the golden torches' glow
 Pass down before you to the hidden depth
 Of earth, by mine own sacred servants borne,
 My loyal guards of statue and of shrine.
 Come forth, O flower of Attic land,
 O glorious band of children and of wives,
 And ye, O train of matrons crowned with eld!
 Deck you with festal robes of scarlet dye
 In honour of this day: O gleaming torch,
 Lead onward, that these gracious powers of earth
 Henceforth be seen to bless the life of men.

(**ATHENA** leads the procession downwards into the
 Cave of the **FURIES**, now Eumenides, under the
 Areopagus: as they go, the escort of women and
 children chant aloud)

CHANT

With loyalty we lead you; proudly go,
 Night's childless children, to your home below!
 (O citizens, awhile from words forbear!)
 To darkness' deep primeval lair,
 Far in Earth's bosom, downward fare,
 Adored with prayer and sacrifice.
 (O citizens, forbear your cries!)
 Pass hitherward, ye powers of Dread,
 With all your former wrath allayed,
 Into the heart of this loved land;
 With joy unto your temple wend,
 The while upon your steps attend
 The flames that feed upon the brand-
 (Now, now ring out your chant, your joy's acclaim!)
 Behind them, as they downward fare,
 Let holy hands libations bear,
 And torches' sacred flame.
 All-seeing Zeus and Fate come down
 To battle fair for Pallas' town!
 Ring out your chant, ring out your joy's acclaim!

THE END

PROMETHEUS BOUND

by Aeschylus

460 BC

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KRATOS (POWER)
 BIA (FORCE)
 HEPHAESTUS
 PROMETHEUS
 CHORUS OF THE OCEANIDES
 OCEANUS
 IO
 HERMES

ΠΡΟΜΗΘΕΥΣ ΔΕΣΜΩΤΗΣ

(Scene. Mountainous country, and in the middle of a deep gorge a Rock, towards which KRATOS and BIA carry the gigantic form OF PROMETHEUS. HEPHAESTUS follows dejectedly with hammer, nails, chains, etc.)

KRATOS

Now have we journeyed to a spot of earth
 Remote--the Scythian wild, a waste untrod.
 And now, Hephaestus, thou must execute
 The task our father laid on thee, and fetter
 This malefactor to the jagged rocks
 In adamantine bonds infrangible;
 For thine own blossom of all forging fire
 He stole and gave to mortals; trespass grave
 For which the Gods have called him to account,
 That he may learn to bear Zeus' tyranny
 And cease to play the lover of mankind.

HEPHAESTUS

Kratos and Bia, for ye twain the hest
 Of Zeus is done with; nothing lets you further.
 But forcibly to bind a brother God,
 In chains, in this deep chasm raked by all storms
 I have not courage; yet needs must I pluck
 Courage from manifest necessity,
 For woe worth him that slights the Father's word.
 O high-souled son of them is sage in counsel,
 With heavy heart I must make thy heart heavy,
 In bonds of brass not easy to be loosed,
 Nailing thee to this crag where no wight dwells,
 Nor sound of human voice nor shape of man
 Shall visit thee; but the sun-blaze shall roast
 Thy flesh; thy hue, flower-fair, shall suffer change;
 Welcome will Night be when with spangled robe
 She hides the light of day; welcome the sun

Returning to disperse the frosts of dawn.
 And every hour shall bring its weight of woe
 To wear thy heart away; for yet unborn
 Is he who shall release Chee from thy pain.
 This is thy wage for loving humankind.
 For, being a God, thou dared'st the Gods' ill will,
 Preferring, to exceeding honour, Man.
 Wherefore thy long watch shall be comfortless,
 Stretched on this rock, never to close an eye
 Or bend a knee; and vainly shalt thou lift,
 With groanings deep and lamentable cries,
 Thy voice; for Zeus is hard to be entreated,
 As new-born power is ever pitiless.

KRATOS

Enough! Why palter? Why wast idle pity?
 Why don't you hate a God who's the Gods' foe?
 Traitor to man of thy prerogative?

HEPHAESTUS

Kindred and fellowship are dreaded names.

KRATOS

Questionless; but to slight the Father's word--
 How sayest thou? Is not this fraught with more
 dread?

HEPHAESTUS

Thy heart was ever hard and overbold.

KRATOS

But wailing will not ease him! Waste no pains
 Where thy endeavour nothing profiteth.

HEPHAESTUS

Oh execrable work! I handicraft!

KRATOS

Why curse thy trade? For what thou hast to do,
 Troth, smithcraft is in no wise answerable.

HEPHAESTUS

Would that it were another's craft, not mine!

KRATOS

Why, all things are a burden save to rule
Over the Gods; for none is free but Zeus.

HEPHAESTUS

To that I answer not, knowing it true.

KRATOS

Why, then, make haste to cast the chains about
him,

Lest glancing down on thee the Father's eye
Behold a laggard and a loiterer.

HEPHAESTUS

Here are the iron bracelets for his arms.

KRATOS

Fasten them round his arms with all thy strength!
Strike with thy hammer! Nail him to the rocks!

HEPHAESTUS

'Tis done! and would that it were done less well!

KRATOS

Harder-I say-strike harder-screw all tight
And be not in the least particular
Remiss, for unto one of his resource
Bars are but instruments of liberty.

HEPHAESTUS

This forearm's fast: a shackle hard to shift.

KRATOS

Now buckle this! and handsomely! Let him learn
Sharp though he be, he's a dull blade to Zeus.

HEPHAESTUS

None can find fault with this: -save him it tortures.

KRATOS

Now take thine iron spike and drive it in,
Until it gnaw clean through the rebel's breast.

HEPHAESTUS

Woe's me, Prometheus, for thy weight of woe!

KRATOS

Still shirking? still a-groaning for the foes
Of Zeus? Anon thou'lt wail thine own mishap.

HEPHAESTUS

Thou seest what eyes scarce bear to look upon!

KRATOS

I see this fellow getting his deserts!
But strap him with a gelt about his ribs.

HEPHAESTUS

I do what I must do: for thee-less words!

KRATOS

"Words," quotha? Aye, and shout 'em if need be.
Come down and cast a ring-bolt round his legs.

HEPHAESTUS

The thing is featly done; and 'twas quick work.

KRATOS

Now with a sound rap knock the bolt-pins home!
For heavy-handed is thy task-master.

HEPHAESTUS

So villainous a form vile tongue befits.

KRATOS

Be thou the heart of wax, but chide not me

That I am gruffish, stubborn and stiff-willed.

HEPHAESTUS

Oh, come away! The tackle holds him fast.

KRATOS

Now, where thou hang'st insult Plunder the Gods
For creatures of a day! To thee what gift
Will mortals tender to requite thy pains?
The destinies were out miscalling the
Designer: a designer thou wilt need
From trap so well contrived to twist thee free.

(Exeunt.)

PROMETHEUS.

O divine air Breezes on swift bird-wings,
Ye river fountains, and of ocean-waves
The multitudinous laughter Mother Earth!
And thou all-seeing circle of the sun,
Behold what I, a God, from Gods endure!
Look down upon my shame,
The cruel wrong that racks my frame,
The grinding anguish that shall waste my strength,
Till time's ten thousand years have measured out
their length!

He hath devised these chains,
The new throned potentate who reigns,
Chief of the chieftains of the Blest. Ah me!
The woe which is and that which yet shall be
I wail; and question make of these wide skies
When shall the star of my deliverance rise.
And yet-and yet-exactly I foresee
All that shall come to pass; no sharp surprise
Of pain shall overtake me; what's determined
Bear, as I can, I must, knowing the might
Of strong Necessity is unconquerable.
But touching my fate silence and speech alike
Are unsupportable. For boons bestowed
On mortal men I am straitened in these bonds.
I sought the fount of fire in hollow reed
Hid privily, a measureless resource
For man, and mighty teacher of all arts.
This is the crime that I must expiate
Hung here in chains, nailed 'neath the open sky.
Ha! Ha!

What echo, what odour floats by with no sound?
God-wafted or mortal or mingled its strain?
Comes there one to this world's end, this
mountain-girt ground,
To have sight of my torment? Or of what is he fain?
A God ye behold in bondage and pain,
The foe of Zeus and one at feud with all
The deities that find
Submissive entry to the tyrant's hall;
His fault, too great a love of humankind.
Ah me! Ah me! what wafture nigh at hand,
As of great birds of prey, is this I hear?
The bright air fanned

Whistles and shrills with rapid beat of wings.
There cometh nought but to my spirit brings
Horror and fear.

*(The DAUGHTERS OF OCEANUS draw near in
mid-air in their winged chariot.)*

CHORUS

Put thou all fear away!
In kindness cometh this array
On wings of speed to mountain lone,
Our sire's consent not lightly won.
But a fresh breeze our convoy brought,
For loud the din of iron raught
Even to our sea-cave's cold recess,
And scared away the meek-eyed bashfulness.
I tarried not to tic my sandal shoe
But haste, post haste, through air my winged
chariot flew.

PROMETHEUS

Ah me! Ah me!
Fair progeny
That many-childed Tethys brought to birth,
Fathered of Ocean old
Whose sleepless stream is rolled
Round the vast shores of earth
Look on me! Look upon these chains
Wherein I hang fast held
On rocks high-pinnacled,
My dungeon and my tower of dole,
Where o'er the abyss my soul,
Sad warder, her unwearied watch sustains!

CHORUS

Prometheus, I am gazing on thee now!
With the cold breath of fear upon my brow,
Not without mist of dimming tears,
While to my sight thy giant stature rears
Its bulk forpined upon these savage rocks
In shameful bonds the linked adamant locks.
For now new steersmen take the helm
Olympian; now with little thought
Of right, on strange, new laws Zeus stablisheth his
realm,
Bringing the mighty ones of old to naught.

PROMETHEUS

Oh that he had conveyed me
'Neath earth, 'neath hell that swalloweth up the
dead;
In Tartarus, illimitably vast
With adamantine fetters bound me fast-
There his fierce anger on me visited,
Where never mocking laughter could upbraid me
Of God or aught beside!
But now a wretch enskied,
A far-seen vane,
All they that hate me triumph in my pain.

CHORUS

Who of the Gods is there so pitiless
That he can triumph in thy sore distress?
Who doth not inly groan
With every pang of thine save Zeus alone?
But he is ever wroth, not to be bent
From his resolved intent
The sons of heaven to subjugate;
Nor shall he cease until his heart be satiate,
Or one a way devise
To hurl him from the throne where he doth
monarchize.

PROMETHEUS

Yea, of a surety--though he do me wrong,
Loading my limbs with fetters strong--
The president
Of heaven's high parliament
Shall need me yet to show
What new conspiracy with privy blow
Attempts his sceptre and his kingly seat.
Neither shall words with all persuasion sweet,
Not though his tongue drop honey, cheat
Nor charm my knowledge from me; nor duress
Of menace dire, fear of more grievous pains,
Unseal my lips, till he have loosed these chains,
And granted for these injuries redress.

CHORUS

High is the heart of thee,
Thy will no whit by bitter woes unstrung,
And all too free
The licence of thy bold, unshackled tongue.
But fear hath roused my soul with piercing cry!
And for thy fate my heart misgives me! I
Tremble to know when through the breakers' roar
Thy keel shall touch again the friendly shore;
For not by prayer to Zeus is access won;
An unpersuadable heart hath Cronos' son.

PROMETHEUS

I know the heart of Zeus is hard, that he hath tied
Justice to his side;
But he shall be full gentle thus assuaged;
And, the implacable wrath wherewith he raged
Smoothed quite away, nor he nor I
Be loth to seal a bond of peace and amity.

CHORUS

All that thou hast to tell I pray unfold,
That we may hear at large upon what count
Zeus took thee and with bitter wrong affronts:
Instruct us, if the telling hurt thee not.

PROMETHEUS

These things are sorrowful for me to speak,
Yet silence too is sorrow: all ways woe!
When first the Blessed Ones were filled with wrath
And there arose division in their midst,
These instant to hurl Cronos from his throne
That Zeus might be their king, and these, adverse,

Contending that he ne'er should rule the Gods,
 Then I, wise counsel urging to persuade
 The Titans, sons of Ouranos and Chthon,
 Prevailed not: but, all indirect essays
 Despising, they by the strong hand, effortless,
 Yet by main force-supposed that they might seize
 Supremacy. But me my mother Themis
 And Gaia, one form called by many names,
 Not once alone with voice oracular
 Had prophesied how power should be disposed-
 That not by strength neither by violence
 The mighty should be mastered, but by guile.
 Which things by me set forth at large, they scorned,
 Nor graced my motion with the least regard.
 Then, of all ways that offered, I judged best,
 Taking my mother with me, to support,
 No backward friend, the not less cordial Zeus.
 And by my politic counsel Tartarus,
 The bottomless and black, old Cronos hides
 With his confederates. So helped by me,
 The tyrant of the Gods, such service rendered
 With ignominious chastisement requites.
 But 'tis a common malady of power
 Tyrannical never to trust a friend.
 And now, what ye inquired, for what arraigned
 He shamefully entreats me, ye shall know.
 When first upon his high, paternal throne
 He took his seat, forthwith to divers Gods
 Divers good gifts he gave, and parcelled out
 His empire, but of miserable men
 Recked not at all; rather it was his wish
 To wipe out man and rear another race:
 And these designs none contravened but me.
 I risked the bold attempt, and saved mankind
 From stark destruction and the road to hell.
 Therefore with this sore penance am I bowed,
 Grievous to suffer, pitiful to see.
 But, for compassion shown to man, such fate
 I no wise earned; rather in wrath's despite
 Am I to be reformed, and made a show
 Of infamy to Zeus.

CHORUS

He hath a heart
 Of iron, hewn out of unfeeling rock
 Is he, Prometheus, whom thy sufferings
 Rouse not to wrath. Would I had ne'er beheld them,
 For verily the sight hath wrung my heart.

PROMETHEUS

Yea, to my friends a woeful sight am I.

CHORUS

Hast not more boldly in aught else transgressed?

PROMETHEUS

I took from man expectancy of death.

CHORUS

What medicine found'st thou for this malady?

PROMETHEUS

I planted blind hope in the heart of him.

CHORUS

A mighty boon thou gavest there to man.

PROMETHEUS

Moreover, I conferred the gift of fire.

CHORUS

And have frail mortals now the flame-bright fire?

PROMETHEUS

Yea, and shall master many arts thereby.

CHORUS

And Zeus with such misfeasance charging thee-

PROMETHEUS

Torments me with extremity of woe.

CHORUS

And is no end in prospect of thy pains?

PROMETHEUS

None; save when he shall choose to make an end.

CHORUS

How should he choose? What hope is thine? Dost
 Thou not see that thou hast erred? But how thou
 Erredst small pleasure were to me to tell; to the
 Exceeding sorrow. Let it go then: rather
 Seek thou for some deliverance from thy woes.

PROMETHEUS

He who stands free with an untrammelled foot
 Is quick to counsel and exhort a friend
 In trouble. But all these things I know well.
 Of my free will, my own free will, I erred,
 And freely do I here acknowledge it.
 Freeing mankind myself have durance found.
 Ntheless, I looked not for sentence so dread,
 High on this precipice to droop and pine,
 Having no neighbour but the desolate crags.
 And now lament no more the ills I suffer,
 But come to earth and an attentive ear
 Lend to the things that shall befall hereafter.
 Harken, oh harken, suffer as I suffer!
 Who knows, who knows, but on some scatheless
 head,

Another's yet for the like woes reserved,
 The wandering doom will presently alight?

CHORUS

Prometheus, we have heard thy call:
 Not on deaf ears these awful accents fall.
 Lo! lightly leaving at thy words
 My flying car
 And holy air, the pathway of great birds,
 I long to tread this land of peak and scar,
 And certify myself by tidings sure
 Of all thou hast endured and must endure.

*(While the winged chariot of the OCEANIDES
 comes to ground their father OCEANUS enters,
 riding on a griffin.)*

OCEANUS

Now have I traversed the unending plain
 And unto thee, Prometheus, am I come,
 Guiding this winged monster with no rein,
 Nor any bit, but mind's firm masterdom.
 And know that for thy grief my heart is sore;
 The bond of kind, methinks, constraineth me;
 Nor is there any I would honour more,
 Apart from kinship, than I reverence thee.
 And thou shalt learn that I speak verity:
 Mine is no smooth, false tongue; for do but show
 How I can serve thee, grieved and outraged thus,
 Thou ne'er shalt say thou hast, come weal, come

[woe,

A friend more faithful than Oceanus.

PROMETHEUS

How now? Who greets me? What! Art thou too
 [come
 To gaze upon my woes? How could'st thou leave
 The stream that bears thy name, thine antres
 arched
 With native rock, to visit earth that breeds
 The massy iron in her womb? Com'st thou
 To be spectator of my evil lot
 And fellow sympathizer with my woes?
 Behold, a thing indeed to gaze upon
 The friend of Zeus, co-stablisher of his rule,
 See, by this sentence with what pains I am bowed I

OCEANUS

Prometheus, all too plainly I behold:
 And for the best would counsel thee: albeit
 Thy brain is subtle. Learn to know thyself,
 And, as the times, so let thy manners change,
 For by the law of change a new God rules.
 But, if these bitter, savage, sharp-set words
 Thou ventest, it may be, though he sit throned
 Far off and high above thee, Zeus will hear;
 And then thy present multitude of ills
 Will seem the mild correction of a babe.
 Rather, O thou much chastened one, refrain
 Thine anger, and from suffering seek release.
 Stale, peradventure, seem these words of mine:
 Nevertheless, of a too haughty tongue
 Such punishment, Prometheus, is the wage.
 But thou, not yet brought low by suffering,
 To what thou hast of ill would'st add far worse.
 Therefore, while thou hast me for schoolmaster,
 Thou shalt not kick against the pricks; the more
 That an arch-despot who no audit dreads
 Rules by his own rough will. And now I leave thee,
 To strive with what success I may command
 For thy deliv'rance. Keep a quiet mind
 And use not over-vehemence of speech-
 Knowest thou not, being exceeding wise,
 A wanton, idle tongue brings chastisement?

PROMETHEUS

I marvel that thou art not in my case,
 Seeing with me thou did'st adventure all.
 And now, I do entreat thee, spare thyself.
 Thou wilt not move him: he's not easy moved
 Take heed lest thou find trouble by the way.

OCEANUS

Thou art a better counsellor to others
 Than to thyself: I judge by deeds not words.
 Pluck me not back when I would fain set forth.
 My oath upon it, Zeus will grant my prayer
 And free thee from these pangs.

PROMETHEUS

I tender thee much thanks,
 For this my thanks and ever-during praise.
 Certes, no backward friend art thou; and yet
 Trouble not thyself; for at the best thy labour
 Will nothing serve me, if thou mean'st to serve.
 Being thyself untrammelled stand fast.
 For, not to mitigate my own mischance,
 Would I see others hap on evil days.
 The thought be far from me. I feel the weight
 Of Atlas' woes, my brother in the west
 Shouldering the pillar that props heaven and earth,
 No wieldy fardel for his arms to fold.
 The giant dweller in Cilician dens
 I saw and pitied—a terrific shape,
 A hundred-headed monster—when he fell,
 Resistless Typhon who withstood the Gods,
 With fearsome hiss of beak-mouth horrible,
 While lightning from his eyes with Gorgon-glare
 Flashed for the ravage of the realm of Zeus.
 But on him came the bolt that never sleeps,
 Down-crashing thunder, with emitted fire,
 Which shattered him and all his towering hopes
 Dashed into ruin; smitten through the breast,
 His strength as smoking cinder, lightning-charred.
 And now a heap, a helpless, sprawling hulk,
 He lies stretched out beside the narrow seas,
 Pounded and crushed deep under Etna's roots.
 But on the mountain-top Hephaestus sits
 Forging the molten iron, whence shall burst
 Rivers of fire, with red and ravening jaws
 To waste fair-fruited, smooth, Sicilian fields.
 Such bilious up-boiling of his ire
 Shall Typho vent, with slingstone-showers red-hot,
 And unapproachable surge of fiery spray,
 Although combusted by the bolt of Zeus.
 But thou art not unlearned, nor needest me
 To be thy teacher: save thyself the way
 Thou knowest and I will fortify my heart
 Until the wrathfulness of Zeus abate.

OCEANUS

Nay then, Prometheus, art thou ignorant
 Words are physicians to a wrath-sick soul?

PROMETHEUS

Yes, if with skill one soften the ripe core,
Not by rough measures make it obdurate.

OCEANUS

Seest thou in warm affection detriment
Or aught untoward in adventuring?

PROMETHEUS

A load of toil and a light mind withal.

OCEANUS

Then give me leave to call that sickness mine.
Wise men accounted fools attain their ends.

PROMETHEUS

But how if I am galled by thine offence?

OCEANUS

There very palpably thou thrustest home.

PROMETHEUS

Beware lest thou through pity come to broils.

OCEANUS

With one established in Omnipotence?

PROMETHEUS

Of him take heed lest thou find heaviness.

OCEANUS

I am schooled by thy calamity, Prometheus!

PROMETHEUS

Pack then! And, prithee, do not change thy mind!

OCEANUS

Thou criest "On" to one in haste to go.
For look, my dragon with impatient wings
Flaps at the broad, smooth road of level air.
Fain would he kneel him down in his own stall.

Exit OCEANUS.

CHORUS (after alighting)

I mourn for thee, Prometheus,
minished and brought low,
Watering my virgin cheeks with these sad drops,
that flow
From sorrow's rainy fount, to fill soft-lidded eyes
With pure libations for thy fortune's obsequies.
An evil portion that none coveteth hath Zeus
Prepared for thee; by self-made laws established
for his use
Disposing all, the elder Gods he purposeth to show
How strong is that right arm wherewith he smites a
foe.
There hath gone up a cry from earth, a groaning for
the fall
Of things of old renown and shapes majestic,
And for thy passing an exceeding bitter groan;
For thee and for thy brother Gods whose honour
was thine own:
These things all they who dwell in Asia's holy seat,
Time's minions, mourn and with their groans thy
groans repeat.
Yea, and they mourn who dwell beside the

Colchian shore,
The hero maids unwedded that delight in war,
And Scythia's swarming myriads who their dwelling
make

Around the borders of the world, the salt Maeotian
lake.

Mourns Ares' stock, that flowers in desert Araby,
And the strong city mourns, the hill-fort planted
high,

Near neighbour to huge Caucasus, dread
mountaineers

That love the clash of arms, the counter of sharp
spears.

Beforetime of all Gods one have I seen in pain,
One only Titan bound with adamantine chain,
Atlas in strength supreme, who groaning stoops,
downbent

Under the burthen of the earth and heaven's broad
firmament.

Bellows the main of waters, surge with
foam-seethed surge

Clashing tumultuous; for thee the deep seas chant
their dirge;

And Hell's dark under-world a hollow moaning fills;
Thee mourn the sacred streams with all their
fountain-rills.

PROMETHEUS

Think not that I for pride and stubbornness
Am silent: rather is my heart the prey
Of gnawing thoughts, both for the past, and now
Seeing myself by vengeance buffeted.

For to these younger Gods their precedence
Who severally determined if not I?

No more of that: I should but weary you
With things ye know; but listen to the tale
Of human sufferings, and how at first
Senseless as beasts I gave men sense, possessed
them

Of mind. I speak not in contempt of man;
I do but tell of good gifts I conferred.

In the beginning, seeing they saw amiss,
And hearing heard not, but, like phantoms huddled
In dreams, the perplexed story of their days
Confounded; knowing neither timber-work
Nor brick-built dwellings basking in the light,
But dug for themselves holes, wherein like ants,
That hardly may contend against a breath,
They dwelt in burrows of their unsunned caves.
Neither of winter's cold had they fixed sign,
Nor of the spring when she comes decked with
flowers,

Nor yet of summer's heat with melting fruits
Sure token: but utterly without knowledge

Moiled, until I the rising of the stars
Showed them, and when they set, though much
obscure.

Moreover, number, the most excellent
Of all inventions, I for them devised,
And gave them writing that retaineth all,
The serviceable mother of the Muse.
I was the first that yoked unmanaged beasts,
To serve as slaves with collar and with pack,
And take upon themselves, to man's relief,
The heaviest labour of his hands: and
Tamed to the rein and drove in wheeled cars
The horse, of sumptuous pride the ornament.
And those sea-wanderers with the wings of cloth,
The shipman's waggons, none but I contrived.
These manifold inventions for mankind
I perfected, who, out upon't, have none-
No, not one shift-to rid me of this shame.

CHORUS

Thy sufferings have been shameful, and thy mind
Strays at a loss: like to a bad physician
Fallen sick, thou'rt out of heart: nor canst prescribe
For thine own case the draught to make thee
sound.

PROMETHEUS

But hear the sequel and the more admire
What arts, what aids I cleverly evolved.
The chiefest that, if any man fell sick,
There was no help for him, comestible,
Lotion or potion; but for lack of drugs
They dwindled quite away; until I taught them
To compound draughts and mixtures sanative,
Wherewith they now are armed against disease.
I staked the winding path of divination
And was the first distinguisher of dreams,
The true from false; and voices ominous
Of meaning dark interpreted; and tokens
Seen when men take the road; and augury
By flight of all the greater crook-clawed birds
With nice discrimination I defined;
These by their nature fair and favourable,
Those, flattered with fair name. And of each sort
The habits I described; their mutual feuds
And friendships and the assemblages they hold.
And of the plumpness of the inward parts
What colour is acceptable to the Gods,
The well-streaked liver-lobe and gall-bladder.
Also by roasting limbs well wrapped in fat
And the long chine, I led men on the road
Of dark and riddling knowledge; and I purged
The glancing eye of fire, dim before,
And made its meaning plain. These are my works.
Then, things beneath the earth, aids hid from man,
Brass, iron, silver, gold, who dares to say
He was before me in discovering?
None, I wot well, unless he loves to babble.
And in a single word to sum the whole-
All manner of arts men from Prometheus learned.

CHORUS

Shoot not beyond the mark in succouring man
While thou thyself art comfortless: for
Am of good hope that from these bonds escaped
Thou shalt one day be mightier than Zeus.

PROMETHEUS

Fate, that brinks all things to an end, not thus
Apportioneth my lot: ten thousand pangs
Must bow, ten thousand miseries afflict me
Ere from these bonds I freedom find, for Art
Is by much weaker than Necessity.

CHORUS

Who is the pilot of Necessity?

PROMETHEUS

The Fates triform, and the unforgetting Furies.

CHORUS

So then Zeus is of lesser might than these?

PROMETHEUS

Surely he shall not shun the lot apportioned.

CHORUS

What lot for Zeus save world-without-end reign?

PROMETHEUS

Tax me no further with importunate questions.

CHORUS

O deep the mystery thou shroudest there

PROMETHEUS

Of aught but this freely thou may'st discourse;
But touching this I charge thee speak no word;
Nay, veil it utterly: for strictly kept
The secret from these bonds shall set me free.

CHORUS

May Zeus who all things swayeth
Ne'er wreak the might none stayeth
On wayward will of mine;
May I stint not nor waver
With offerings of sweet savour
And feasts of slaughtered kine;
The holy to the holy,
With frequent feet and lowly
At altar, fane and shrine,
Over the Ocean marches,
The deep that no drought parches,
Draw near to the divine.
My tongue the Gods estrange not;
My firm set purpose change not,
As wax melts in fire-shine.
Sweet is the life that lengthens,
While joyous hope still strengthens,
And glad, bright thoughts sustain;
But shuddering I behold thee,
The sorrows that enfold thee
And all thine endless pain.
For Zeus thou hast despised;
Thy fearless heart misprized
All that his vengeance can,
Thy wayward will obeying,

Excess of honour paying,
 Prometheus, unto man.
 And, oh, beloved, for this graceless grace
 What thanks? What prowess for thy bold essay
 Shall champion thee from men of mortal race,
 The petty insects of a passing day?
 Saw'st not how puny is the strength they spend?
 With few, faint steps walking as dreams and blind,
 Nor can the utmost of their lore transcend
 The harmony of the Eternal Mind.
 These things I learned seeing thy glory dimmed,
 Prometheus. Ah, not thus on me was shed
 The rapture of sweet music, when I hymned
 The marriage-song round bath and bridal bed
 At thine espousals, and of thy blood-kin,
 A bride thou chosest, wooing her to thee
 With all good gifts that may a Goddess win,
 Thy father's child, divine Hesione.

(Enter IO, crazed and horned).

Io

What land is this? What people here abide?
 And who is he,
 The prisoner of this windswept mountain-side?
 Speak, speak to me;
 Tell me, poor caitiff, how did'st thou transgress,
 Thus buffeted?
 Whither am I, half-dead with weariness,
 For-wandered?
 Ha! Ha!
 Again the prick, the stab of gadfly-sting!
 O earth, earth, hide,
 The hollow shape-Argus-that evil thing-
 The hundred-eyed-
 Earth-born-herdsman! I see him yet; he stalks
 With stealthy pace
 And crafty watch not all my poor wit baulks!
 From the deep place
 Of earth that hath his bones he breaketh bound,
 And from the pale
 Of Death, the Underworld, a hell-sent hound
 On the blood-trail,
 Fasting and faint he drives me on before,
 With spectral hand,
 Along the windings of the wasteful shore,
 The salt sea-sand!
 List! List! the pipe! how drowsily it shrills!
 A cricket-cry!
 See! See! the wax-webbed reeds! Oh, to these ills
 Ye Gods on high,
 Ye blessed Gods, what bourne? O wandering feet
 When will ye rest?
 O Cronian child, wherein by aught unmeet
 Have I transgressed
 To be yoke-fellow with Calamity?

My mind unstrung,
 A crack-brained lack-wit, frantic mad am I,
 By gad-fly stung,
 Thy scourge, that tarres me on with buzzing wing!
 Plunge me in fire,
 Hide me in earth, to deep-sea monsters fling,
 But my desire-
 Kneeling I pray-grudge not to grant, O King!
 Too long a race
 Stripped for the course have I run to and fro;
 And still I chase
 The vanishing goal, the end of all my woe;
 Enough have I mourned!
 Hear'st thou the lowing of the maid cow-horned?

PROMETHEUS

How should I hear thee not? Thou art the child
 Of Inachus, dazed with the dizzying fly.
 The heart of Zeus thou hast made hot with love
 And Hera's curse even as a runner stripped
 Pursues thee ever on thine endless round.

Io

How dost thou know my father's name? Impart
 To one like thee
 A poor, distressful creature, who thou art.
 Sorrow with me,
 Sorrowful one! Tell me, whose voice proclaims
 Things true and sad,
 Naming by all their old, unhappy names,
 What drove me mad-
 Sick! Sick! ye Gods, with suffering ye have sent,
 That clings and clings;
 Wasting my lamp of life till it be spent!
 Crazed with your stings!
 Famished I come with trampling and with leaping,
 Torment and shame,
 To Hera's cruel wrath, her craft unsleeping,
 Captive and tame
 Of all wights woe-begone and fortune-crossed,
 Oh, in the storm
 Of the world's sorrow is there one so lost?
 Speak, godlike form,
 And be in this dark world my oracle I
 Can'st thou not sift
 The things to come? Hast thou no art to tell
 What subtle shift,
 Or sound of charming song shall make me well?
 Hide naught of ill
 But-if indeed thou knowest-prophecy-
 In words that thrill
 Clear-toned through air-what such a wretch as
 Must yet abide-
 The lost, lost maid that roams earth's kingdoms
 wide?

PROMETHEUS

What thou wouldst learn I will make clear to thee,
 Not weaving subtleties, but simple sooth

Unfolding as the mouth should speak to friends.
I am Prometheus, giver of fire to mortals.

IO

Oh universal succour of mankind,
Sorrowful Prometheus, why art thou punished
thus?

PROMETHEUS

I have but now ceased mourning for my griefs.

IO

Wilt thou not grant me then so small a boon?

PROMETHEUS

What is it thou dost ask? Thou shalt know all.

IO

Declare to me who chained thee in this gorge.

PROMETHEUS

The hest of Zeus, but 'twas Hephaestus' hand.

IO

But what transgression dost thou expiate?

PROMETHEUS

Let this suffice thee: thou shalt know no more.

IO

Nay, but the end of my long wandering
When shall it be? This too thou must declare.

PROMETHEUS

That it is better for thee not to know.

IO

Oh hide not from me what I have to suffer!

PROMETHEUS

Poor child! Poor child! I do not grudge the gift.

IO

Why then, art thou so slow to tell me all?

PROMETHEUS

It is not from unkindness; but I fear
'Twill break thy heart.

IO

Take thou no thought for me

Where thinking thwarteth heart's desire!

PROMETHEUS

So keen

To know thy sorrows! List I and thou shalt learn.

CHORUS

Not till thou hast indulged a wish of mine.

First let us hear the story of her grief

And she herself shall tell the woeful tale.

After, thy wisdom shall impart to her

The conflict yet to come.

PROMETHEUS

So be it, then.

And, IO, thus much courtesy thou owest

These maidens being thine own father's kin.

For with a moving story of our woes

To win a tear from weeping auditors

In nought demeans the teller.

IO

I know not

How fitly to refuse; and at your wish

All ye desire to know I will in plain,
Round terms set forth. And yet the telling of it
Harrows my soul; this winter's tale of wrong,
Of angry Gods and brute deformity,
And how and why on me these horrors swooped.
Always there were dreams visiting by night
The woman's chambers where I slept; and they
With flattering words admonished and cajoled me,
Saying, "O lucky one, so long a maid?
And what a match for thee if thou would'st wed
Why, pretty, here is Zeus as hot as hot-
Love-sick-to have thee! Such a bolt as thou
Hast shot clean through his heart And he won't rest
Till Cypris help him win thee! Lift not then,
My daughter, a proud foot to spurn the bed
Of Zeus: but get thee gone to meadow deep
By Lerna's marsh, where are thy father's flocks
And cattle-folds, that on the eye of Zeus
May fall the balm that shall assuage desire."
Such dreams oppressed me, troubling all my
nights,

Woe's me! till I plucked courage up to tell
My father of these fears that walked in darkness.

And many times to Pytho and Dodona

He sent his sacred missioners, to inquire

How, or by deed or word, he might conform

To the high will and pleasure of the Gods.

And they returned with slippery oracles,

Nought plain, but all to baffle and perplex-

And then at last to Inachus there raught

A saying that flashed clear; the drift, that

Must be put out from home and country, forced

To be a wanderer at the ends of the earth,

A thing devote and dedicate; and if

I would not, there should fall a thunderbolt

From Zeus, with blinding flash, and utterly

Destroy my race. So spake the oracle

Of Loxias. In sorrow he obeyed,

And from beneath his roof drove forth his child

Grieving as he grieved, and from house and home

Bolted and barred me out. But the high hand

Of Zeus bear hardly on the rein of fate.

And, instantly-even in a moment-mind

And body suffered strange distortion. Horned

Even as ye see me now, and with sharp bite

Of gadfly pricked, with high-flung skip, stark-mad,

I bounded, galloping headlong on, until

I came to the sweet and of the stream

Kerchneian, hard by Lerna's spring. And thither

Argus, the giant herdsman, fierce and fell

As a strong wine unmixed, with hateful cast

Of all his cunning eyes upon the trail,

Gave chase and tracked me down. And there he

[perished

By violent and sudden doom surprised.

But I with darting sting-the scorpion whip

Of angry Gods-am lashed from land to land.
 Thou hast my story, and, if thou can'st tell
 What I have still to suffer, speak; but do not,
 Moved by compassion, with a lying tale
 Warm my cold heart; no sickness of the soul
 Is half so shameful as composed falsehoods.

CHORUS

Off! lost one! off! Horror, I cry!
 Horror and misery
 Was this the traveller's tale I craved to hear?
 Oh, that mine eyes should see
 A sight so ill to look upon! Ah me!
 Sorrow, defilement, haunting fear,
 Fan my blood cold,
 Stabbed with a two-edged sting!
 O Fate, Fate, Fate, tremblingly I behold
 The plight of Io, thine apportioning!

PROMETHEUS

Thou dost lament too soon, and art as one
 All fear. Refrain thyself till thou hast heard
 What's yet to be.

CHORUS

Speak and be our instructor:
 There is a kind of balm to the sick soul
 In certain knowledge of the grief to come.

PROMETHEUS

Your former wish I lightly granted ye:
 And ye have heard, even as ye desired,
 From this maid's lips the story of her sorrow.
 Now hear the sequel, the ensuing woes
 The damsel must endure from Hera's hate.
 And thou, O seed of Inachaeon loins,
 Weigh well my words, that thou may'st understand
 Thy journey's end. First towards the rising sun
 Turn hence, and traverse fields that ne'er felt
 [plough
 Until thou reach the country of the Scyths,
 A race of wanderers handling the long-bow
 That shoots afar, and having their habitations
 Under the open sky in wattled cotes
 That move on wheels. Go not thou nigh to them,
 But ever within sound of the breaking waver,
 Pass through their land. And on the left of the
 The Chalybes, workers in iron, dwell.
 Beware of them, for they are savages,
 Who suffer not a stranger to come near.
 And thou shalt reach the river Hybristes,
 Well named. Cross not, for it is ill to cross,
 Until thou come even unto Caucasus,
 Highest of mountains, where the foaming river
 Blows all its volume from the summit ridge
 That o'ertops all. And that star-neighbour'd ridge
 Thy feet must climb; and, following the road
 That runneth south, thou presently shall reach
 The Amazonian hosts that loathe the male,
 And shall one day remove from thence and found

Themiscyra hard by Thermodon's stream,
 Where on the craggy Salmadessian coast
 Waves gnash their teeth, the maw of mariners
 And step-mother of ships. And they shall lead the
 Upon thy way, and with a right good will.
 Then shalt thou come to the Cimmerian Isthmus,
 Even at the pass and portals of the sea,
 And leaving it behind thee, stout of heart,
 Cross o'er the channel of Maeotis' lake.
 For ever famous among men shall be
 The story of thy crossing, and the strait
 Be called by a new name, the Bosphorus,
 In memory of thee. Then having left
 Europa's soil behind thee thou shalt come
 To the main land of Asia. What think ye?
 Is not the only ruler of the Gods
 A complete tyrant, violent to all,
 Respecting none? First, being himself a God,
 He burneth to enjoy a mortal maid,
 And then torments her with these wanderings.
 A sorry suitor for thy love, poor girl,
 A bitter wooing. Yet having heard so much
 Thou art not even in the overture
 And prelude of the song.

Io

Alas! Oh! Oh!

PROMETHEUS

Thou dost cryout, fetching again deep groans:
 What wilt thou do when thou hast heard in full
 The evils yet to come?

CHORUS

And wilt thou tell
 The maiden something further: some fresh sorrow?

PROMETHEUS

A stormy sea of wrong and ruining.

Io

What does it profit me to live! Oh, why
 Do I not throw myself from this rough crag
 And in one leap rid me of all my pain?
 Better to die at once than live, and all
 My days be evil.

PROMETHEUS

Thou would'st find it hard
 To bear what I must bear: for unto me
 It is not given to die,-a dear release
 From pain; but now of suffering there is
 No end in sight till Zeus shall fall.

Io

And shall Zeus fall? His power be taken from him?
 No matter when if true-

PROMETHEUS

'Twould make thee happy methinks,
 If thou could'st see calamity whelm him.

Io

How should it not when all my woes
 Are of his sending? learn how

These things shall be.
The tyrant's rod?
And fond imaginings.

Io

But how? Oh, speak,
If the declaring draw no evil down I

PROMETHEUS

A marriage he shall make shall vex him sore.

Io

A marriage? Whether of gods or mortals?
Speak! If this be utterable!

PROMETHEUS

Why dost thou ask
What I may not declare?

Io

And shall he quit
The throne of all the worlds, by a new spouse
Supplanted?

PROMETHEUS

She will bear to him a child,
And he shall be in might more excellent
Than his progenitor.

Io

And he will find
No way to parry this strong stroke of fate?

PROMETHEUS

None save my own self-when these bonds are
loosed.

Io

And who shall loose them if Zeus wills not?
Of thine own seed.

How say'st thou? Shall a child
Of mine release thee?

PROMETHEUS

Son of thine, but son
The thirteenth generation shall beget.

Io

A prophecy oracularly dark.

PROMETHEUS

Then seek not thou to know thine own fate.

Io

Nay, tender me not a boon to snatch it from me.

PROMETHEUS

Of two gifts thou hast asked one shall be thine.

Io

What gifts? Pronounce and leave to me the choice.

PROMETHEUS

Nay, thou are free to choose. Say, therefore,
Whether I shall declare to thee thy future woes
Or him who shall be my deliverer.

CHORUS

Nay, but let both be granted! Unto her
That which she chooseth, unto me my choice,
That I, too, may have honour from thy lips.
First unto her declare her wanderings,
And unto me him who shall set thee free;

'Tis that I long to know.

PROMETHEUS

I will resist

No further, but to your importunacy
All things which ye-desire to learn reveal.

And, Io, first to thee I will declare
Thy far-driven wanderings; write thou my words
In the retentive tablets of thy heart.

When thou hast crossed the flood that flows
between

And is the boundary of two continents,
Turn to the sun's uprising, where he treads

Printing with fiery steps the eastern surge,
And from the roaring of the Pontic surge

Do thou pass on, until before thee lies
The Gorgonean plain, Kisthene called,

Where dwell the gray-haired three, the Phorcides,
Old, mumbling maids, swan-shaped, having one
Eye betwixt the three, and but a single tooth.

On them the sun with his brightbeams ne'er
glanceth

Nor moon that lamps the night. Not far from them
The sisters three, the Gorgons, have their haunt;

Winged forms, with snaky locks, hateful to man,
Whom nothing mortal looking on can live.

Thus much that thou may'st have a care of these.
Now of another portent thou shalt hear.

Beware the dogs of Zeus that ne'er give tongue,
The sharp-beaked gryphons, and the one-eyed

horde Of Arimaspians, riding upon horses,
Who dwell around the river rolling gold,

The ferry and the frith of Pluto's port.

Go not thou nigh them. After thou shalt come

To a far land, a dark-skinned race, that dwell
Beside the fountains of the sun, whence flows

The river Ethiops: follow its banks

Until thou comest to the steep-down slope

Where from the Bibline mountains Nilus old

Pours the sweet waters of his holy stream.

And thou, the river guiding thee, shalt come

To the three-sided, wedge-shaped land of Nile,

Where for thyself, Io, and for thy children

Long sojourn is appointed. If in aught

My story seems to stammer and to er

From indirectness, ask and ask again

Till all be manifest. I do not lack

For leisure, having more than well contents me

CHORUS

If there be aught that she must suffer yet,

Or aught omitted in the narrative

Of her long wanderings, I pray thee speak.

But if thou hast told all, then grant the boon

We asked and doubtless thou wilt call to mind.

PROMETHEUS

Nay, she has heard the last of her long journey.

But, as some warrant for her patient hearing

I will relate her former sufferings
 Ere she came hither. Much I will omit
 That had detained us else with long discourse
 And touch at once her journey's thus far goal.
 When thou wast come to the Molossian plain
 That lies about the high top of Dodona,
 Where is an oracle and shrine of Zeus
 Thesprotian, and-potent past belief-
 The talking oaks, the same from whom the word
 Flashed clear and nothing questionably hailed the
 The destined spouse-ah! do I touch old wounds?-
 Of Zeus, honoured above thy sex; stung thence
 In torment, where the road runs by the sea,
 Thou cam'st to the broad gulf of Rhea, whence
 Beat back by a strong wind, thou didst retrace
 Most painfully thy course; and it shall be
 That times to come in memory of thy passage
 Shall call that inlet the Ionian Sea.
 Thus much for thee in witness that my mind
 Beholdeth more than that which leaps to light.
 Now for the things to come; what I shall say
 Concerns ye both alike. Return we then
 And follow our old track. There is a city
 Yclept Canobus, built at the land's end,
 Even at the mouth and mounded silt of Nile,
 And there shall Zeus restore to thee thy mind
 With touch benign and laying on of hands.
 And from that touch thou shalt conceive and bear
 Swarth Epaphus, touch-born; and he shall reap
 As much of earth as Nilus watereth
 With his broad-flowing river. In descent
 The fifth from him there shall come back to Argos,
 Thine ancient home, but driven by hard hap,
 Two score and ten maids, daughters of one house,
 Fleeing pollution of unlawful marriage
 With their next kin, who winged with wild desire,
 As hawks that follow hard on cushat-doves,
 Shall harry prey which they should not pursue
 And hunt forbidden brides. But God shall be
 Exceeding jealous for their chastity;
 And old Pelasgia, for the mortal thrust
 Of woman's hands and midnight murder done
 Upon their new-wed lords, shall shelter them;
 For every wife shall strike her husband down
 Dipping a two-edged broadsword in his blood.
 Oh, that mine enemies might wed such wives!
 But of the fifty, one alone desire
 Shall tame, as with the stroke of charming-wand,
 So that she shall not lift her hands to slay
 The partner of her bed; yea, melting love
 Shall blunt her sharp-set will, and she shall choose
 Rather to be called weak and womanly
 Than the dark stain of blood; and she shall be
 Mother of kings in Argos. 'Tis a tale
 Were't told in full, would occupy us long.
 For, of her sowing, there shall spring to fame

The lion's whelp, the archer bold, whose bow
 Shall set me free. This is the oracle
 Themis, my ancient Mother, Titan-born,
 Disclosed to me; but how and in what wise
 Were long to tell, nor would it profit thee.

Io

Again they come, again The fury and the pain!
 The gangrened wound! The ache of pulses dinned
 With raging throes
 It beats upon my brain-the burning wind
 That madness blows!
 It pricks-the barb, the hook not forged with heat,
 The gadfly dart!
 Against my ribs with thud of trampling feet
 Hammers my heart!
 And like a bowling wheel mine eyeballs spin,
 And I am flung
 I am carried out of my course by a fierce blast of
 madness; over my tongue I've lost all mastery; and
 a stream of turbid words beats recklessly against
 the billows of dark destruction.

(Exit raving.)

CHORUS

I hold him wise who first in his own mind
 This canon fixed and taught it to mankind:
 True marriage is the union that mates
 Equal with equal; not where wealth emasculates,
 Or mighty lineage is magnified,
 Should he who earns his bread look for a bride.
 Therefore, grave mistresses of fate, I pray
 That I may never live to see the day
 When Zeus takes me for his bedfellow; or
 Draw near in love to husband from on high.
 For I am full of fear when I behold
 Io, the maid no human love may fold,
 And her virginity disconsolate,
 Homeless and husbandless by Hera's hate.
 For me, when love is level, fear is far.
 May none of all the Gods that greater are
 Eve me with his unshunnable regard;
 For in that warfare victory is hard,
 And of that plenty cometh emptiness.
 What should befall me then I dare not guess;
 Nor whither I should flee that I might shun
 The craft and subtlety of Cronos' Son.

PROMETHEUS

I tell thee that the self-willed pride of Zeus
 Shall surely be abased; that even now
 He plots a marriage that shall hurl him forth
 Far out of sight of his imperial throne
 And kingly dignity. Then, in that hour,
 Shall be fulfilled, nor in one tittle fail,
 The curse wherewith his father Cronos cursed him,
 What time he fell from his majestic place

Established from of old. And such a stroke
None of the Gods save me could turn aside.
I know these things shall be and on what wise.
Therefore let him secure him in his seat,
And put his trust in airy noise, and swing
His bright, two-handed, blazing thunderbolt,
For these shall nothing stead him, nor avert
Fall insupportable and glory humbled.
A wrestler of such might he maketh ready
For his own ruin; yea, a wonder, strong
In strength unmatched; and he shall find
Fire that shall set at naught the burning bolt
And blasts more dreadful that o'er-crow the
thunder.

The pestilence that scourgeth the deep seas
And shaketh solid earth, the three-pronged mace,
Poseidon's spear, a mightier shall scatter;
And when he stumbleth striking there his foot,
Fallen on evil days, the tyrant's pride
Shall measure all the miserable length
That parts rule absolute from servitude.

CHORUS

Methinks the wish is father to the thought
And whets thy railing tongue.

PROMETHEUS

Not so: the wish And the accomplishment go hand
in hand.

CHORUS

Then must we look for one who shall supplant
And reign instead of Zeus?
Far, far more grievous shall bow down his neck.

CHORUS

Hast thou no fear venting such blasphemy?

PROMETHEUS

What should I fear who have no part nor lot
In doom of dying?

CHORUS

But he might afflict the
With agony more dreadful, pain beyond
These pains.

PROMETHEUS

Why let him if he will
All evils I foreknow.

CHORUS

Ah, they are wise
Who do obeisance, prostrate in the dust,
To the implacable, eternal Will.

PROMETHEUS

Go thou and worship; fold thy hands in prayer,
And be the dog that licks the foot of power!
Nothing care I for Zeus; yea, less than naught!
Let him do what he will, and sway the world
His little hour; he has not long to lord it
Among the Gods.

Oh here here runner comes
The upstart tyrant's lacquey! He'll bring news,

A message, never doubt it, from his master.

(Enter HERMES.)

Hermes. You, the sophisticated rogue, the heart of
gall,
The renegade of heaven, to short-lived men
Purveyor of prerogatives and titles,
Fire-thief! Dost hear me? I've a word for thee.
Thou'rt to declare-this is the Father's pleasure
These marriage-feasts of thine, whereof thy tongue
Rattles a-pace, and by the which his greatness
Shall take a fall. And look you rede no riddles,
But tell the truth, in each particular
Exact. I am not to sweat for thee, Prometheus,
Upon a double journey. And thou seest
Zeus by thy dark defiance is not moved.

PROMETHEUS

A very solemn piece of insolence
Spoken like an underling of the Gods! Ye are
young!
Ye are young! New come to power And ye suppose
Your towered citadel Calamity
Can never enter! Ah, and have not
Seen from those pinnacles a two-fold fall
Of tyrants? And the third, who his brief "now"
Of lordship arrogates, I shall see yet
By lapse most swift' most ignominious,
Sink to perdition. And dost thou suppose
I crouch and cower in reverence and awe
To Gods of yesterday? I fail of that
So much, the total all of space and time
Bulks in between. Take thyself hence and count
Thy toiling steps back by the way thou camest,
In nothing wiser for thy questionings.

HERMES

This is that former stubbornness of thine
That brought thee hither to foul anchorage.

PROMETHEUS

Mistake me not; I would not, if I might,
Change my misfortunes for thy vassalage.

HERMES

Oh! better be the vassal of this rock
Than born the trusty messenger of Zeus

PROMETHEUS

I answer insolence, as it deserves,
With insolence. How else should it be answered?

HERMES

Surely; and, being in trouble, it is plain
You revel in your plight.

PROMETHEUS

Revel, forsooth!
I would my enemies might hold such revels
And thou amongst the first.

HERMES

Dost thou blame me

For thy misfortunes?

PROMETHEUS

I hate all the Gods,
Because, having received good at my hands,
They have rewarded me with evil.
Proves thee stark mad!

HERMES

This proves thee stark mad!

PROMETHEUS

Mad as you please, if hating
Your enemies is madness

HERMES

Were all well
With thee, thou'dst be insufferable!

PROMETHEUS

Alas!

HERMES

Alas, that Zeus knows not that word, Alas!

PROMETHEUS

But ageing Time teacheth all knowledge.

HERMES

Time
Hath not yet taught thy rash, imperious will
Over wild impulse to win mastery.

PROMETHEUS

Nay: had Time taught me that, I had not stooped
To bandy words with such a slave as thou.

HERMES

This, then, is all thine answer: thou'lt not
One syllable of what our Father asks.

PROMETHEUS

Oh, that I were a debtor to his kindness!
I would requite him to the uttermost!

HERMES

A cutting speech! You take me for a boy
Whom you may taunt and tease.

PROMETHEUS

Why art thou not
A boy-a very booby-to suppose
Thou wilt get aught from me? There is no wrong
However shameful, nor no shift of malice
Whereby Zeus shall persuade me to unlock
My lips until these shackles be cast loose.
Therefore let lightning leap with smoke and flame,
And all that is be beat and tossed together,
With whirl of feathery snowflakes and loud crack
Of subterranean thunder; none of these
Shall bend my will or force me to disclose
By whom 'tis fated he shall fall from power.

HERMES

What good can come of this? Think yet again!

PROMETHEUS

I long ago have thought and long ago
Determined.

HERMES

Patience! patience! thou rash fool

Have so much patience as to school thy mind
To a right judgment in thy present troubles.

PROMETHEUS

Lo, I am rockfast, and thy words are wave
That weary me in vain. Let not the thought
Enter thy mind, that I in awe of Zeus
Shall change my nature for a girl's, or beg
The Loathed beyond all loathing-with my hands
Spread out in woman's fashion-to cast loose
These bonds; from that I am utterly removed.

HERMES

I have talked much, yet further not my purpose;
For thou art in no whit melted or moved
By my prolonged entreaties: like a colt
New to the harness thou dost back and Plunge.
Snap at thy bit and fight against the rein.
And yet thy confidence is in a straw;
For stubbornness, if one be in the wrong,
Is in itself weaker than naught at all.
See now, if thou wilt not obey my words,
What storm, what triple-crested wave of woe
Unshunnable shall come upon thee. First,
This rocky chasm shall the Father split
With earthquake thunder and his burning bolt,
And he shall hide thy form, and thou shalt hang
Bolt upright, dandled in the rock's rude arms.
Nor till thou hast completed thy long term
Shalt thou come back into the light; and then
The hound of Zeus, the tawny eagle,
Shall violently fall upon thy flesh
And rend it as 'twere rags; and every day
And all day long shall thine unbidden guest
Sit at thy table, feasting on thy liver
Till he hath gnawn it black. Look for no term
To such an agony till there stand forth
Among the Gods one who shall take upon him
Thy sufferings and consent to enter hell
Far from the light of Sun, yea, the deep pit
And mirk of Tartarus, for thee. Be advised;
This is not stuffed speech framed to frighten the
But woeful truth. For Zeus knows not to lie

CHORUS

To our mind
The words of Hermes fail not of the mark.
For he enjoins thee to let self-will go
And follow after prudent counsels. Him
Harken; for error in the wise is shame.

PROMETHEUS

These are stale tidings I foreknew;
Therefore, since suffering is the due
A foe must pay his foes,
Let curled lightnings clasp and clash
And close upon my limbs: loud crash
The thunder, and fierce throes
Of savage winds convulse calm air:
The embowelled blast earth's roots uptear

And toss beyond its bars,
 The rough surge, till the roaring deep
 In one devouring deluge sweep
 The pathway of the stars
 Finally, let him fling my form
 Down whirling gulfs, the central storm
 Of being; let me lie
 Plunged in the black Tartarean gloom;
 Yet-yet-his sentence shall not doom
 This deathless self to die!

HERMES

These are the workings of a brain
 More than a little touched; the vein
 Of voluble ecstasy!
 Surely he wandereth from the way,
 His reason lost, who thus can pray
 A mouthing mad man he!
 Therefore, O ye who court his fate,
 Rash mourners-ere it be too late
 And ye indeed are sad
 For vengeance spurring hither fast-
 Hence! lest the bellowing thunderblast
 Like him should strike you mad!

CHORUS

Words which might work persuasion speak
 If thou must counsel me; nor seek
 Thus, like a stream in spate,
 To uproot mine honour. Dost thou dare
 Urge me to baseness! I will bear
 With him all blows of fate;
 For false forsakers I despise;
 At treachery my gorge doth rise:
 I spew it forth with hate!

HERMES

Only—with ruin on your track--
 Rail not at fortune; but look back
 And these my words recall;
 Neither blame Zeus that he hath sent
 Sorrow no warning word forewent!
 Ye labour for your fall
 With your own hands I Not by surprise
 Nor yet by stealth, but with clear eyes,
 Knowing the thing ye do,
 Ye walk into the yawning net
 That for the feet of is set
 And Ruin spreads for you.

(Exit.)

PROMETHEUS

The time is past for words; earth quakes
 Sensibly; hark! pent thunder rakes
 The depths, with bellowing din
 Of echoes rolling ever nigher:
 Lightnings shake out their locks of fire;
 The dust cones dance and spin;

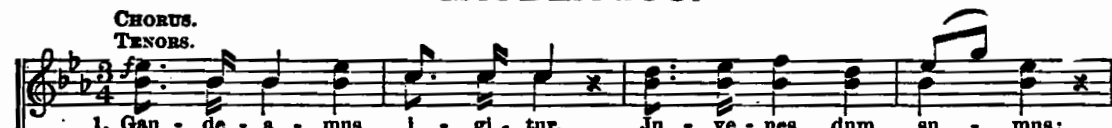
The skipping winds, as if possessed
 By faction-north, south, east and west,
 Puff at each other; sea
 And sky are shook together: Lo
 The swing and fury of the blow
 Wherewith Zeus smiteth me
 Sweepeth apace, and, visibly,
 To strike my heart with fear. See, see,
 Earth, awful Mother! Air,
 That shedd'st from the revolving sky
 On all the light they see thee by,
 What bitter wrongs I bear!

*(The scene closes with earthquake and thunder, in
 the midst of which PROMETHEUS and the
 DAUGHTERS OF OCEANUS sink into the abyss.)*

THE END

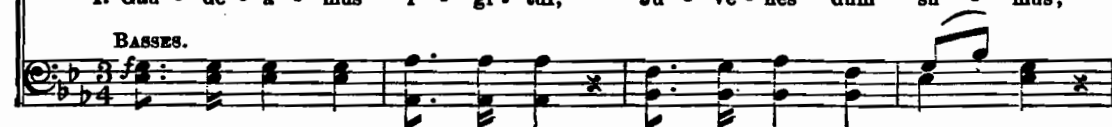
GAUDEAMUS.

**CHORUS.
TENORS.**




1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

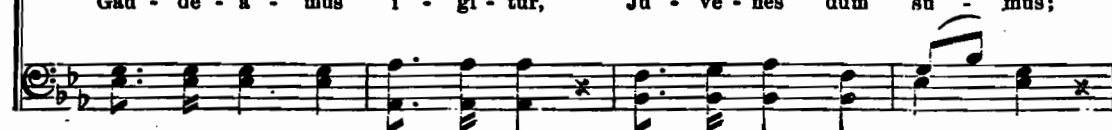
BASSES.




QUARTET.



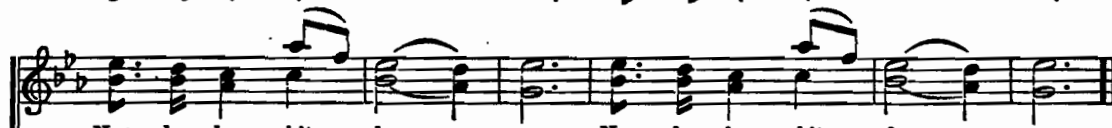
Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;




CHORUS.



Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus.



2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quolibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ

6 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osiores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

8 Quis confusus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Pro: nusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.