

A classical painting of a woman, likely a Greek or Roman figure, standing next to a column and a vase of flowers. She is wearing a black robe and has her arms raised, holding her head. The background features a tree and a wall with a painting of a figure.

**Global Grey Ebooks**

# **AGAMEMNON**

**AESCHYLUS**

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Agamemnon by Aeschylus.

This translation by E. D. A. Morshead was first published in 1909.

This ebook edition was created and published by Global Grey on the 23rd February 2020,  
and updated on the 7th August 2022.

The artwork used for the cover is '*Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon*'  
painted by Frederic Leighton.

This book can be found on the site here:

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# Contents

Dramatis Personae

Agamemnon

# Dramatis Personae

A WATCHMAN

A HERALD

CHORUS

AGAMEMNON

AEGISTHUS

CLYTEMNESTRA

CASSANDRA

*The Scene is the Palace of Atreus at Mycenae. In front of the Palace stand statues of the gods, and altars prepared for sacrifices.*

# Agamemnon

## A 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.

*Exit. The chorus of old men of Mycenae enter, each leaning on a staff. During their song Clytemnestra appears in the background, kindling the altars.*

### **Chorus:**

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 bereavèd 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 gray 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, Hope--to scare  
 From our rent hearts the vulture Care.

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.

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 ill.

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

"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!)

"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!)

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.

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.  
 '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!

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;  
 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 Atridae smote their sceptres on the plain,  
 And, striving hard, could not their tears restrain!  
 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 Hood 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!"

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!

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,

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!"  
 And then--but I beheld not, nor can tell,

What further fate befel:  
 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.*

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!

**Chorus:**

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

**Clytemnestra:**

Hear then again, and plainly--Troy is ours!

**Chorus:**

Thrills thro' my heart such joy as wakens tears.

**Clytemnestra:**

Ay, thro' those tears thine eye looks loyalty.

**Chorus:**

But hast thou proof, to make assurance sure?

**Clymemnestra:**

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

**Chorus:**

Hath some night-vision won thee to belief?

**Clymemnestra:**

Out on all presage of a slumb'rous soul!

**Chorus:**

But wert thou cheered by Rumour's wingless word?

**Clymemnestra:**

Peace--thou dost chide me as a credulous girl.

**Chorus:**

Say then, how long ago the city fell?

**Clymemnestra:**

Even in this night that now brings forth the dawn.

**Chorus:**

Yet who so swift could speed the message here?

**Clymemnestra:**

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' Atrides' 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.

**Chorus:**

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.

**Clymemnestra:**

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."

**Chorus:**

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.

*Exit Clytemnestra.*

Zeus, Lord of heaven! and welcome night  
 Of victory, that hast our might  
 With all the glories crowned!  
 On towers of Ilion, 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.

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 whensoever 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.  
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 Atrides' home,  
And thence, with sin and shame his welcome to repay,  
Ravished the wife away--  
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, a while ago!  
 And woe! for him who stands  
 Shamed, silent, unreproachful, 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!  
 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!  
 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 hand, 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' Atrides' 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.

Therefore for each and all the city's breast  
 Is heavy with a wrath suppress,  
 As deep 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 slave's estate beneath another's heel!

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

That fences female credence round,  
But, lightly born, as lightly dies  
The tale that springs of her surmise.

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!

*Enter 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! 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.

**Chorus:**

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

**Herald:**

All hail! not death itself can fright me now.

**Chorus:**

Was thine heart wrung with longing for thy land?

**Herald:**

So that this joy doth brim mine eyes with tears.

**Chorus:**

On you too then this sweet distress did fall--

**Herald:**

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

**Chorus:**

You longed for us who pined for you again.

**Herald:**

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

**Chorus:**

Yea till my brooding heart moaned out with pain.

**Herald:**

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

**Chorus:**

"Sole cure of wrong is silence," saith the saw.

**Herald:**

Thy kings afar, couldst thou fear other men?

**Chorus:**

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 Ida'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.

**Chorus:**

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.

*Re-enter 'Clymemnestra:*

Last 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.

*Exit Clytemnestra.*

**Chorus:**

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!

**Chorus:**

Speak joy, if truth be joy, but truth, at worst--  
 loo 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.

**Chorus:**

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.

**Chorus:**

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,

**Chorus:**

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  
How the gods' anger smote the Greeks in storm?  
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.

**Chorus:**

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 o'er  
 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.

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 befel  
 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!

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 gray.

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 time, 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.

Even so to Ilion'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!

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.

Some past impiety, some gray 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 Atè holds her sway--  
 Sin's child and Woe's, that wears its parents' face;  
 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.

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.

*Enter Agamemnon in a chariot, accompanied by Cassandra. He speaks without descending.*

**Agamemnon:**

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 Atè'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.

**Agamemnon:**

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!

*Enter Clytemnestra, followed by maidens bearing purple 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' hail 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.  
 For what remains,  
 Zeal unsubdued by sleep shall nerve my hand  
 To work as right and as the gods command.

**Agamemnon:**

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.

**Clymemnestra:**

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

**Agamemnon:**

He surely would have walked on broidered robes.

**Clymemnestra:**

Then fear not thou the voice of human blame.

**Agamemnon:**

Yet mighty is the murmur of a crowd.

**Clymemnestra:**

Shrink not from envy, appanage of bliss.

**Agamemnon:**

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

**Clymemnestra:**

Yet happy victors well may yield therein.

**Agamemnon:**

Dost crave for triumph in this petty strife?

**Clymemnestra:**

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.

**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 whatsoe'er it be, work forth thy will!

*Exeunt all but Cassandra and the Chorus.*

**Chorus:**

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 gray long since the time has grown,  
 Which saw the linked cables moor  
 The fleet, when erst it came to Ilion's sandy shore;  
 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.

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 all 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!  
 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.

*Re-enter 'Clymemnestra:*

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.

**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.

**Chorus:**

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.

**Chorus:**

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.

*Exit Clytemnestra.*

**Chorus:**

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:**

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

**Chorus:**

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

**Cassandra:**

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

**Chorus:**

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

**Cassandra:**

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!

**Chorus:**

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

**Cassandra:**

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?

**Chorus:**

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

**Cassandra:**

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!

**Chorus:**

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

**Cassandra:**

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!

**Chorus:**

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

**Cassandra:**

God! 'tis another crime--  
 Worse than the storied woe of olden time,  
 Curelessabhorred, 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!

**Chorus:**

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

**Cassandra:**

O wretch, O purpose fell!  
 Thou for thy wedded lord  
 The cleansing wave hast poured--  
 A treacherous welcome!  
 How the sequel tell?  
 Too soon 'twill come, too soon, for now, even now,  
 She smites him, blow on blow!

**Chorus:**

Riddles beyond my rede--I peer in vain  
 Thro' the dim films that screen the prophecy.

**Cassandra:**

God! a new sight! a net, a snare of hell,  
 Set by her hand--herself a snare more fell!  
 A wedded wife, she slays her lord,  
 Helped by another hand!  
 Ye powers, whose hate  
 Of Atreus' home no blood can satiate,  
 Raise the wild cry above the sacrifice abhorred!

**Chorus:**

Why biddest thou some fiend, I know not whom,  
 Shriek o'er the house? Thine is no cheering word.  
 Back to my heart in frozen fear I feel  
 My waning life-blood run--  
 The blood that round the wounding steel  
 Ebbs slow, as sinks life's parting sun--  
 Swift, swift and sure, some woe comes pressing on!

**Cassandra:**

Away, away--keep him away--  
 The monarch of the herd, the pasture's pride,  
 Far from his mate! In treach'rous wrath,  
 Muffling his swarthy horns, with secret scathe  
 She gores his fenceless side!  
 Hark! in the brimming bath,  
 The heavy splash--the dying cry--  
 Hark--in the laver--hark, he falls by treachery!

**Chorus:**

I read amiss dark sayings such as thine,  
 Yet something warns me that they tell of ill.  
 O dark prophetic speech,

Ill tidings dost thou teach  
 Ever, to mortals here below!  
 Ever some tale of awe and woe  
 Thro' all thy windings manifold  
 Do we unriddle and unfold!

**Cassandra:**

Ah well-a-day! the cup of agony,  
 Whereof I chant, foams with a draught for me.  
 Ah lord, ah leader, thou hast led me here--  
 Was't but to die with thee whose doom is near?

**Chorus:**

Distraught thou art, divinely stirred,  
 And wailest for thyself a tuneless lay,  
 As piteous as the ceaseless tale  
 Wherewith the brown melodious bird  
 Doth ever Itys! Itys! wail,  
 Deep-bowered in sorrow, all its little life-time's day!

**Cassandra:**

Ah for thy fate, O shrill-voiced nightingale!  
 Some solace for thy woes did Heaven afford,  
 Clothed thee with soft brown plumes, and life apart from wail?  
 But for my death is edged the double-biting sword!

**Chorus:**

What pangs are these, what fruitless pain,  
 Sent on thee from on high?  
 Thou chantest terror's frantic strain,  
 Yet in shrill measured melody.  
 How thus unerring canst thou sweep along  
 The prophet's path of boding song?

**Cassandra:**

Woe, Paris, woe on thee! thy bridal joy  
 Was death and fire upon thy race and Troy!  
 And woe for thee, Scamander's flood!  
 Beside thy banks, O river fair,  
 I grew in tender nursing care  
 From childhood unto maidenhood!  
 Now not by thine, but by Cocytus' stream  
 And Acheron's banks shall ring my boding scream.

**Chorus:**



Too plain is all, too plain!  
 A child might read aright thy fateful strain.  
 Deep in my heart their piercing fang  
 Terror and sorrow set, the while I heard  
 That piteous, low, tender word,  
 Yet to mine ear and heart a crushing pang.

**Cassandra:**

Woe for my city, woe for Ilion's fall!  
 Father, how oft with sanguine stain  
 Streamed on thine altar-stone the blood of cattle, slain  
 That heaven might guard our wall!  
 But all was shed in vain.  
 Low lie the shattered towers whereas they fell,  
 And I--ah burning heart!--shall soon lie low as well.

**Chorus:**

Of sorrow is thy song, of sorrow still!  
 Alas, what power of ill  
 Sits heavy on thy heart and bids thee tell  
 In tears of perfect moan thy deadly tale?  
 Some woe--I know not what--must close thy piteous wail.

**Cassandra:**

List! for no more the presage of my soul,  
 Bride-like, shall peer from its secluding veil;  
 But as the morning wind blows clear the east,  
 More bright shall blow the wind of prophecy,  
 And as against the low bright line of dawn  
 Heaves high and higher yet the rolling wave,  
 So in the clearing skies of prescience  
 Dawns on my soul a further, deadlier woe,  
 And I will speak, but in dark speech no more.  
 Bear witness, ye, and follow at my side--  
 I scent the trail of blood, shed long ago.  
 Within this house a choir abidingly  
 Chants in harsh unison the chant of ill;  
 Yea, and they drink, for more enhardened joy,  
 Man's blood for wine, and revel in the halls,  
 Departing never, Furies of the home.  
 They sit within, they chant the primal curse,  
 Each spitting hatred on that crime of old,  
 The brother's couch, the love incestuous  
 That brought forth hatred to the ravisher.  
 Say, is my speech or wild and erring now,  
 Or doth its arrow cleave the mark indeed?  
 They called me once, "The prophetess of lies,

The wandering hag, the pest of every door--"  
 Attest ye now, She knows in very sooth  
 "The house's curse, the storied infamy."

**Chorus:**

Yet how should oath--how loyally soe'er  
 I swear it--aught avail thee? In good sooth,

**Agamemnon:**

My wonder meets thy claim: I stand amazed  
 That thou, a maiden born beyond the seas,  
 Dost as a native know and tell aright  
 Tales of a city of an alien tongue.

**Cassandra:**

That is my power--a boon Apollo gave.

**Chorus:**

God though he were, yearning for mortal maid?

**Cassandra:**

Ay! what seemed shame of old is shame no more.

**Chorus:**

Such finer sense suits not with slavery.

**Cassandra:**

He strove to win me, panting for my love.

**Chorus:**

Came ye by compact unto bridal joys?

**Cassandra:**

Nay--for I plighted troth, then foiled the god.

**Chorus:**

Wert thou already dowered with prescience?

**Cassandra:**

Yea--prophetess to Troy of all her doom.

**Chorus:**

How left thee then Apollo's wrath unscathed?

**Cassandra:**

I, false to him, seemed prophet false to all.

**Chorus:**

Not so--to us at least thy words seem sooth.

**Cassandra:**

Woe for me, woe! Again the agony--  
 Dread pain that sees the future all too well  
 With ghastly preludes whirls and racks my soul.  
 Behold ye--yonder on the palace roof  
 The spectre-children sitting--look, such things  
 As dreams are made on, phantoms as of babes,  
 Horrible shadows, that a kinsman's hand  
 Hath marked with murder, and their arms are full--  
 A rueful burden--see, they hold them up,  
 The entrails upon which their father fed!

For this, for this, I say there plots revenge  
 A coward lion, couching in the lair--  
 Guarding the gate against my master's foot--  
 My master--mine--I bear the slave's yoke now,  
 And he, the lord of ships, who trod down Troy,  
 Knows not the fawning treachery of tongue  
 Of this thing false and dog-like--how her speech  
 Glozes and sleeks her purpose, till she win  
 By ill fate's favour the desired chance,  
 Moving like Atè to a secret end.  
 O aweless soul! the woman slays her lord--  
 Woman? what loathsome monster of the earth  
 Were fit comparison? The double snake--  
 Or Scylla, where she dwells, the seaman's bane,  
 Girt round about with rocks? some hag of hell,  
 Raving a truceless curse upon her kin?  
 Hark--even now she cries exultingly  
 The vengeful cry that tells of battle turned--  
 How fain, forsooth, to greet her chief restored!  
 Nay then, believe me not: what skills belief  
 Or disbelief? Fate works its will--and thou

Wilt see and say in ruth, "Her tale was true."

**Chorus:**

Ah--'tis Thyestes' feast on kindred flesh--  
I guess her meaning and with horror thrill,  
Hearing no shadow'd hint of th' o'er-true tale,  
But its full hatefulness: yet, for the rest,  
Far from the track I roam, and know no more.

**Cassandra:**

'Tis Agamemnon's doom thou shalt behold.

**Chorus:**

Peace, hapless woman, to thy boding words!

**Cassandra:**

Far from my speech stands he who sains and saves.

**Chorus:**

Ay--were such doom at hand--which God forbid!

**Cassandra:**

Thou prayest idly--these move swift to slay.

**Chorus:**

What man prepares a deed of such despite?

**Cassandra:**

Fool! thus to read amiss mine oracles.

**Chorus:**

Deviser and device are dark to me.

**Cassandra:**

Dark! all too well I speak the Grecian tongue.

**Chorus:**

Ay--but in thine, as in Apollo's strains,  
Familiar is the tongue, but dark the thought.

**Cassandra:**

Ah ah the fire! it waxes, nears me now--  
 Woe, woe for me, Apollo of the dawn!

Lo, how the woman-thing, the lioness  
 Couched with the wolf--her noble mate afar--  
 Will slay me, slave forlorn! Yea, like some witch  
 She drugs the cup of wrath, that slays her lord  
 With double death--his recompense for me!  
 Ay, 'tis for me, the prey he bore from Troy,  
 That she hath sworn his death, and edged the steel!  
 Ye wands, ye wreaths that cling around my neck,  
 Ye showed me prophetess yet scorned of all--  
 I stamp you into death, or e'er I die--  
 Down, to destruction!  
 Thus I stand revenged--  
 Go, crown some other with a prophet's woe.  
 Look! it is he, it is Apollo's self  
 Rending from me the prophet-robe he gave  
 God! while I wore it yet, thou saw'st me mocked  
 There at my home by each malicious mouth--  
 To all and each, an undivided scorn.  
 The name alike and fate of witch and cheat--  
 Woe, poverty, and famine--all I bore;  
 And at this last the god hath brought me here  
 Into death's toils, and what his love had made  
 His hate unmakes me now: and I shall stand  
 Not now before the altar of my home,  
 But me a slaughter-house and block of blood  
 Shall see hewn down, a reeking sacrifice.  
 Yet shall the gods have heed of me who die,  
 For by their will shall one requite my doom.  
 He, to avenge his father's blood outpoured,  
 Shall smite and slay with matricidal hand.  
 Ay, he shall come--tho' far away he roam,  
 A banished wanderer in a stranger's land--  
 To crown his kindred's edifice of ill,  
 Called home to vengeance by his father's fall:  
 Thus have the high gods sworn, and shall fulfil.

And now why mourn I, tarrying on earth,  
 Since first mine Ilion has found its fate  
 And I beheld, and those who won the wall  
 Pass to such issue as the gods ordain?  
 I too will pass and like them dare to die!

*Turns and looks upon the palace door.*

Portal of Hades, thus I bid thee hail!  
 Grant me one boon--a swift and mortal stroke,  
 That all unwrung by pain, with ebbing blood  
 Shed forth in quiet death, I close mine eyes.

**Chorus:**

Maid of mysterious woes, mysterious lore,  
 Long was thy prophecy: but if aright  
 Thou readest all thy fate, how, thus unscared,  
 Dost thou approach the altar of thy doom,  
 As fronts the knife some victim, heaven-controlled?

**Cassandra:**

Friends, there is no avoidance in delay.

**Chorus:**

Yet who delays the longest, his the gain.

**Cassandra:**

The day is come--flight were small gain to me!

**Chorus:**

O brave endurance of a soul resolved!

**Cassandra:**

That were ill praise, for those of happier doom.

**Chorus:**

All fame is happy, even famous death.

**Cassandra:**

Ah sire, ah brethren, famous once were ye!

*She moves to enter the house, then starts back.*

**Chorus:**

What fear is this that scares thee from the house?

**Cassandra:**

Pah!

**Chorus:**

What is this cry? some dark despair of soul?

**Cassandra:**

Pah! the house fumes with stench and spilth of blood.

**Chorus:**

How? 'tis the smell of household offerings.

**Cassandra:**

'Tis rank as charnel-scent from open graves.

**Chorus:**

Thou canst not mean this scented Syrian nard?

**Cassandra:**

Nay, let me pass within to cry aloud  
 The monarch's fate and mine--enough of life.  
 Ah friends!  
 Bear to me witness, since I fall in death,  
 That not as birds that shun the bush and scream  
 I moan in idle terror. This attest  
 When for my death's revenge another dies,  
 A woman for a woman, and a man  
 Falls, for a man ill-wedded to his curse.  
 Grant me this boon--the last before I die.

**Chorus:**

Brave to the last! I mourn thy doom foreseen.

**Cassandra:**

Once more one utterance, but not of wail,  
 Though for my death--and then I speak no more.

I thou whose beam I shall not see again,  
 To thee I cry, Let those whom vengeance calls  
 To slay their kindred's slayers, quit withal  
 The death of me, the slave, the fenceless prey.

Ah state of mortal man! in time of weal,

A line, a shadow! and if ill fate fall,  
 One wet sponge-sweep wipes all our trace away--  
 And this I deem less piteous, of the twain.

*Exit into the palace.*

**Chorus:**

Too true it is! our mortal state  
 With bliss is never satiate,  
 And none, before the palace high  
 And stately of prosperity,  
 Cries to us with a voice of fear,  
 "Away! 'tis ill to enter here!"

Lo! this our lord hath trodden down,  
 By grace of heaven, old Priam's town,  
 And praised as god he stands once more  
 On Argos' shore!  
 Yet now--if blood shed long ago  
 Cries out that other blood shall flow--  
 His life-blood, his, to pay again  
 The stern requital of the slain--  
 Peace to that braggart's vaunting vain,  
 Who, having heard the chieftain's tale,  
 Yet boasts of bliss untouched by bale!

*A loud cry from within.*

**Voice of Agamemnon:**

O I am sped--a deep, a mortal blow.

**Chorus:**

Listen, listen! who is screaming as in mortal agony?

**Voice of Agamemnon:**

O! O! again, another, another blow!

**Chorus:**

The bloody act is over--I have heard the monarch cry--  
 Let us swiftly take some counsel, lest we too be doomed to die.

**One of the Chorus:**

'Tis best, I judge, aloud for aid to call,  
 Ho! loyal Argives! to the palace, all!



**Another:**

Better, I deem, ourselves to bear the aid,  
And drag the deed to light, while drips the blade.

**Another:**

Such will is mine, and what thou say'st I say:  
Swiftly to act! the time brooks no delay.

**Another:**

Ay, for 'tis plain, this prelude of their song  
Foretells its close in tyranny and wrong.

**Another:**

Behold, we tarry--but thy name, Delay,  
They spurn, and press with sleepless hand to slay.

**Another:**

I know not what 'twere well to counsel now--  
Who wills to act, 'tis his to counsel how.

**Another:**

Thy doubt is mine: for when a man is slain,  
I have no words to bring his life again.

**Another:**

What? e'en for life's sake, bow us to obey  
These house-defilers and their tyrant sway?

**Another:**

Unmanly doom! 'twere better far to die--  
Death is a gentler lord than tyranny.

**Another:**

Think well--must cry or sign of woe or pain  
Fix our conclusion that the chief is slain?

**Another:**

Such talk befits us when the deed we see--  
Conjecture dwells afar from certainty.

**Leader of the Chorus:**

I read one will from many a diverse word,  
To know aright, how stands it with our lord!

*The scene opens, disclosing Clytemnestra, who comes forward. The body of Agamemnon lies, muffled in a long robe, within a silver-sided laver; the corpse of Cassandra is laid beside him.*

**Clytemnestra:**

Ho, ye who heard me speak so long and oft  
The glozing word that led me to my will?  
Hear how I shrink not to unsay it all!  
How else should one who willeth to requite  
Evil for evil to an enemy  
Disguised as friend, weave the mesh straitly round him,  
Not to be overleaped, a net of doom?  
This is the sum and issue of old strife,  
Of me deep-pondered and at length fulfilled.  
All is avowed, and as I smote I stand  
With foot set firm upon a finished thing!  
I turn not to denial: thus I wrought  
So that he could nor flee nor ward his doom,  
Even as the trammel hems the scaly shoal,  
I trapped him with inextricable toils,  
The ill abundance of a baffling robe;  
Then smote him, once, again--and at each wound  
He cried aloud, then as in death relaxed  
Each limb and sank to earth; and as he lay,  
Once more I smote him, with the last third blow,  
Sacred to Hades, saviour of the dead.  
And thus he fell, and as he passed away,  
Spirit with body chafed; each dying breath  
Flung from his breast swift bubbling jets of gore,  
And the dark sprinklings of the rain of blood  
Fell upon me; and I was fain to feel  
That dew--not sweeter is the rain of heaven  
To cornland, when the green sheath teems with grain,

Elders of Argos--since the thing stands so,  
I bid you to rejoice, if such your will:  
Rejoice or not, I vaunt and praise the deed,  
And well I ween, if seemly it could be,  
'Twere not ill done to pour libations here,  
Justly--ay, more than justly--on his corpse  
Who filled his home with curses as with wine,  
And thus returned to drain the cup he filled.

**Chorus:**

I marvel at thy tongue's audacity,  
To vaunt thus loudly o'er a husband slain.

**Clymemnestra:**

Ye hold me as a woman, weak of will,  
And strive to sway me: but my heart is stout,  
Nor fears to speak its uttermost to you,  
Albeit ye know its message. Praise or blame,  
Even as ye list,--I reckon not of your words.  
Lo! at my feet lies Agamemnon slain,  
My husband once--and him this hand of mine,  
A right contriver, fashioned for his death.  
Behold the deed!

**Chorus:**

Woman, what deadly birth,  
What venom'd essence of the earth  
Or dark distilment of the wave,  
To thee such passion gave,  
Nerving thine hand  
To set upon thy brow this burning crown,  
The curses of thy land?  
"Our king by thee cut off, hewn down!  
Go forth--they cry--accurs'd and forlorn,  
To hate and scorn!"

**Clymemnestra:**

O ye just men, who speak my sentence now,  
The city's hate, the ban of all my realm!  
Ye had no voice of old to launch such doom  
On him, my husband, when he held as light  
My daughter's life as that of sheep or goat,  
One victim from the thronging fleecy fold!  
Yea, slew in sacrifice his child and mine,  
The well-loved issue of my travail-pangs,  
To lull and lay the gales that blew from Thrace.  
That deed of his, I say, that stain and shame,  
Had rightly been atoned by banishment;  
But ye, who then were dumb, are stern to judge  
This deed of mine that doth affront your ears.  
Storm out your threats, yet knowing this for sooth,  
That I am ready, if your hand prevail  
As mine now doth, to bow beneath your sway:  
If God say nay, it shall be yours to learn  
By chastisement a late humility.

**Chorus:**

Bold is thy craft, and proud  
 Thy confidence, thy vaunting loud;  
 Thy soul, that chose a murd'ress' fate,  
 Is all with blood elate--  
 Maddened to know  
 The blood not yet avenged, the damnèd spot  
 Crimson upon thy brow.  
 But Fate prepares for thee thy lot--  
 Smitten as thou didst smite, without a friend,  
 To meet thine end!

**Clymemnestra:**

Hear then the sanction of the oath I swear?  
 By the great vengeance for my murdered child,  
 By Atè, by the Fury unto whom  
 This man lies sacrificed by hand of mine,  
 I do not look to tread the hall of Fear,  
 While in this hearth and home of mine there burns  
 The light of love--Aegisthus--as of old  
 Loyal, a stalwart shield of confidence--  
 As true to me as this slain man was false,  
 Wronging his wife with paramours at Troy,  
 Fresh from the kiss of each Chryseis there!  
 Behold him dead--behold his captive prize,  
 Seeress and harlot--comfort of his bed,  
 True prophetess, true paramour--I wot  
 The sea-bench was not closer to the flesh,  
 Full oft, of every rower, than was she.  
 See, ill they did, and ill requites them now.  
 His death ye know: she as a dying swan  
 Sang her last dirge, and lies, as erst she lay,  
 Close to his side, and to my couch has left  
 A sweet new taste of joys that know no fear.

**Chorus:**

Ah woe and well-a-day! I would that Fate--  
 Not bearing agony too great,  
 Nor stretching me too long on couch of pain--  
 Would bid mine eyelids keep  
 The morningless and unawakening sleep!  
 For life is weary, now my lord is slain,  
 The gracious among kings!  
 Hard fate of old he bore and many grievous things,  
 And for a woman's sake, on Ilian land--  
 Now is his life hewn down, and by a woman's hand.

O Helen, O infatuate soul,  
 Who bad'st the tides of battle roll,  
 Overwhelming thousands, life on life,  
 Neath Ilion's wall!  
 And now lies dead the lord of all.  
 The blossom of thy storied sin  
 Bears blood's inextinguishable stain,  
 O thou that erst, these halls within,  
 Wert unto all a rock of strife,  
 A husband's bane!

**Clytemnestra:**

Peace! pray not thou for death as though  
 Thine heart was whelmed beneath this woe,  
 Nor turn thy wrath aside to ban  
 The name of Helen, nor recall  
 How she, one bane of many a man,  
 Sent down to death the Danaan lords,  
 To sleep at Troy the sleep of swords,  
 And wrought the woe that shattered all.

**Chorus:**

Fiend of the race! that swoopest fell  
 Upon the double stock of Tantalus,  
 Lording it o'er me by a woman's will,  
 Stern, manful, and imperious?  
 A bitter sway to me!  
 Thy very form I see,  
 Like some grim raven, perched upon the slain,  
 Exulting o'er the crime, aloud, in tuneless strain!

**Clytemnestra:**

Right was that word--thou namest well  
 The brooding race-fiend, triply fell!  
 From him it is that murder's thirst,  
 Blood-lapping, inwardly is nursed--  
 Ere time the ancient scar can sain,  
 New blood comes welling forth again.

**Chorus:**

Grim is his wrath and heavy on our home,  
 That fiend of whom thy voice has cried,  
 Alas, an omened cry of woe unsatisfied,  
 An all-devouring doom!

Ah woe, ah Zeus! from Zeus all things befall--

Zeus the high cause and finisher of all!--  
 Lord of our mortal state, by him are willed  
 All things, by him fulfilled!

Yet ah my king, my king no more!  
 What words to say, what tears to pour  
 Can tell my love for thee?  
 The spider-web of treachery  
 She wove and wound, thy life around,  
 And lo! I see thee lie,  
 And thro' a coward, impious wound  
 Pant forth thy life and die!  
 A death of shame--ah woe on woe!  
 A treach'rous hand, a cleaving blow!

**Clymemnestra:**

My guilt thou harpest, o'er and o'er!  
 I bid thee reckon me no more  
 As Agamemnon's spouse.  
 The old Avenger, stern of mood  
 For Atreus and his feast of blood,  
 Hath struck the lord of Atreus' house,  
 And in the semblance of his wife  
 The king hath slain.--  
 Yea, for the murdered children's life,  
 A chieftain's in requital ta'en.

**Chorus:**

Thou guiltless of this murder, thou!  
 Who dares such thought avow?  
 Yet it may be, wroth for the parent's deed,  
 The fiend hath holpen thee to slay the son.  
 Dark Ares, god of death, is pressing on  
 Thro' streams of blood by kindred shed,  
 Exacting the accompt for children dead,  
 For clotted blood, for flesh on which their sire did feed.

Yet ah my king, my king no more!  
 What words to say, what tears to pour  
 Can tell my love for thee?  
 The spider-web of treachery  
 She wove and wound, thy life around,  
 And lo! I see thee lie,  
 And thro' a coward, impious wound  
 Pant forth thy life and die!  
 A death of shame--ah woe on woe!  
 A treach'rous hand, a cleaving blow!

**Clymemnestra:**

I deem not that the death he died  
 Had overmuch of shame:  
 For this was he who did provide  
 Foul wrong unto his house and name:  
 His daughter, blossom of my womb,  
 He gave unto a deadly doom,  
 Iphigenia, child of tears!  
 And as he wrought, even so he fares.  
 Nor be his vaunt too loud in hell;  
 For by the sword his sin he wrought,  
 And by the sword himself is brought  
 Among the dead to dwell.

**Chorus:**

Ah whither shall I fly?  
 For all in ruin sinks the kingly hall;  
 Nor swift device nor shift of thought have I,  
 To 'scape its fall.  
 A little while the gentler rain-drops fail;  
 I stand distraught--a ghastly interval,  
 Till on the roof-tree rings the bursting hail  
 Of blood and doom. Even now fate whets the steel  
 On whetstones new and deadlier than of old,  
 The steel that smites, in Justice' hold,  
 Another death to deal.  
 O Earth! that I had lain at rest  
 And lapped for ever in thy breast,  
 Ere I had seen my chieftain fall  
 Within the laver's silver wall,  
 Low-lying on dishonoured bier!  
 And who shall give him sepulchre,  
 And who the wail of sorrow pour?  
 Woman, 'tis thine no more!  
 A graceless gift unto his shade  
 Such tribute, by his murd'ress paid!  
 Strive not thus wrongly to atone  
 The impious deed thy hand hath done.  
 Ah who above the god-like chief  
 Shall weep the tears of loyal grief?  
 Who speak above his lowly grave  
 The last sad praises of the brave?

**Clymemnestra:**

Peace! for such task is none of thine.  
 By me he fell, by me he died,  
 And now his burial rites be mine!

Yet from these halls no mourners' train  
 Shall celebrate his obsequies;  
 Only by Acheron's rolling tide  
 His child shall spring unto his side,  
 And in a daughter's loving wise  
 Shall clasp and kiss him once again!

**Chorus:**

Lo! sin by sin and sorrow dogg'd by sorrow--  
 And who the end can know?  
 The slayer of to-day shall die to-morrow--  
 The wage of wrong is woe.  
 While Time shall be, while Zeus in heaven is lord,  
 His law is fixed and stern;  
 On him that wrought shall vengeance be outpoured--  
 The tides of doom return.  
 The children of the curse abide within  
 These halls of high estate--  
 And none can wrench from off the home of sin  
 The clinging grasp of fate.

**Clymemnestra:**

Now walks thy word aright, to tell  
 This ancient truth of oracle;  
 But I with vows of sooth will pray  
 To him, the power that holdeth sway  
 O'er all the race of Pleisthenes--  
 "Tho' dark the deed and deep the guilt,  
 With this last blood, my hands have spilt,  
 I pray thee let thine anger cease!  
 I pray thee pass from us away  
 To some new race in other lands,  
 There, if thou wilt, to wrong and slay  
 The lives of men by kindred hands."

For me 'tis all sufficient meed,  
 Tho' little wealth or power were won,  
 So I can say, "'Tis past and done.  
 The bloody lust and murderous,  
 The inborn frenzy of our house,  
 Is ended, by my deed!"

*Enter Aegisthus.*

**Aegisthus:**

Dawn of the day of rightful vengeance, hail!  
 I dare at length avenger that gods above



Have care of men and heed of earthly wrongs.  
 I, I who stand and thus exult to see  
 This man lie wound in robes the Furies wove,  
 Slain in requital of his father's craft.  
 Take ye the truth, that Atreus, this man's sire,  
 The lord and monarch of this land of old,  
 Held with my sire Thyestes deep dispute,  
 Brother with brother, for the prize of sway,  
 And drave him from his home to banishment.  
 Thereafter, the lorn exile homeward stole  
 And clung a suppliant to the hearth divine,  
 And for himself won this immunity?  
 Not with his own blood to defile the land  
 That gave him birth. But Atreus, godless sire  
 Of him who here lies dead, this welcome planned--  
 With zeal that was not love he feigned to hold  
 In loyal joy a day of festal cheer,  
 And bade my father to his board, and set  
 Before him flesh that was his children once.  
 First, sitting at the upper board alone,  
 He hid the fingers and the feet, but gave  
 The rest--and readily Thyestes took  
 What to his ignorance no semblance wore  
 Of human flesh, and ate: behold what curse  
 That eating brought upon our race and name!  
 For when he knew what all unhallowed thing  
 He thus had wrought, with horror's bitter cry  
 Back-starting, spewing forth the fragments foul,  
 On Pelops' house a deadly curse he spake?  
 "As darkly as I spurn this damned food,  
 So perish all the race of Pleisthenes!"  
 Thus by that curse fell he whom here ye see,  
 And I--who else?--this murder wove and planned;  
 For me, an infant yet in swaddling bands,  
 Of the three children youngest, Atreus sent  
 To banishment by my sad father's side:  
 But Justice brought me home once more, grown now  
 To manhood's years; and stranger tho' I was,  
 My right hand reached unto the chieftain's life,  
 Plotting and planning all that malice bade.  
 And death itself were honour now to me,  
 Beholding him in Justice' ambush ta'en.

**Chorus:**

Aegisthus, for this insolence of thine  
 That vaunts itself in evil, take my scorn.  
 Of thine own will, thou sayest, thou hast slain  
 The chieftain, by thine own unaided plot  
 Devised the piteous death: I rede thee well,  
 Think not thy head shall 'scape, when right prevails,

The people's ban, the stones of death and doom.

**Aegisthus:**

This word from thee, this word from one who rows  
 Low at the oars beneath, what time we rule,  
 We of the upper tier? Thou'lt know anon,  
 'Tis bitter to be taught again in age,  
 By one so young, submission at the word.  
 But iron of the chain and hunger's throes  
 Can minister unto an o'ersworn pride  
 Marvellous well, ay, even in the old.  
 Hast eyes, and seest not this? Peace--kick not thus  
 Against the pricks, unto thy proper pain!

**Chorus:**

Thou womanish man, waiting till war did cease,  
 Home-watcher and defiler of the couch,  
 And arch-deviser of the chieftain's doom!

**Aegisthus:**

Bold words again! but they shall end in tears.  
 The very converse, thine, of Orpheus' tongue:  
 He roused and led in ecstasy of joy  
 All things that heard his voice melodious;  
 But thou as with the futile cry of curs  
 Wilt draw men wrathfully upon thee. Peace!  
 Or strong subjection soon shall tame thy tongue.

**Chorus:**

Ay, thou art one to hold an Argive down--  
 Thou, skilled to plan the murder of the king,  
 But not with thine own hand to smite the blow!

**Aegisthus:**

That fraudulent force was woman's very part,  
 Not mine, whom deep suspicion from of old  
 Would have debarred. Now by his treasure's aid  
 My purpose holds to rule the citizens.  
 But whoso will not bear my guiding hand,  
 Him for his corn-fed mettle I will drive  
 Not as a trace-horse, light-caparisoned,  
 But to the shafts with heaviest harness bound.  
 Famine, the grim mate of the dungeon dark,  
 Shall look on him and shall behold him tame.

**Chorus:**

Thou losel soul, was then thy strength too slight  
 To deal in murder, while a woman's hand,  
 Staining and shaming Argos and its gods,  
 Availed to slay him? Ho, if anywhere  
 The light of life smite on Orestes' eyes,  
 Let him, returning by some guardian fate,  
 Hew down with force her paramour and her!

**Aegisthus:**

How thy word and act shall issue, thou shalt shortly understand.

**Chorus:**

Up to action, O my comrades! for the fight is hard at hand  
 Swift, your right hands to the sword hilt! bare the weapon as for  
 strife--

**Aegisthus:**

Lo! I too am standing ready, hand on hilt for death or life.

**Chorus:**

'Twas thy word and we accept it: onward to the chance of war!

**Clymemnestra:**

Nay, enough, enough, my champion! we will smite and slay  
 no more.  
 Already have we reaped enough the harvest-field of guilt:  
 Enough of wrong and murder, let no other blood be spilt.  
 Peace, old men! and pass away unto the homes by Fate decreed,  
 Lest ill valour meet our vengeance--'twas a necessary deed.  
 But enough of toils and troubles--be the end, if ever, now,  
 Ere thy talon, O Avenger, deal another deadly blow.  
 Tis a woman's word of warning, and let who will list thereto.

**Aegisthus:**

But that these should loose and lavish reckless blossoms of the tongue,  
 And in hazard of their fortune cast upon me words of wrong,

And forget the law of subjects, and revile their ruler's word--

**Chorus:**

Ruler? but 'tis not for Argives, thus to own a dastard lord!

**Aegisthus:**

I will follow to chastise thee in my coming days of sway.

**Chorus:**

Not if Fortune guide Orestes safely on his homeward way.

**Aegisthus:**

Ah, well I know how exiles feed on hopes of their return.

**Chorus:**

Fare and batten on pollution of the right, while 'tis thy turn.

**Aegisthus:**

Thou shalt pay, be well assured, heavy quittance for thy pride

**Chorus:**

Crow and strut, with her to watch thee, like a cock, his mate beside!

**Clymemnestra:**

Heed not thou too highly of them--let the cur-pack growl and yell:  
I and thou will rule the palace and will order all things well.

*Exeunt.*

\*\*\*\*\*

**I'm Julie, the woman who runs [Global Grey](#) - the website where this ebook was published. These are my own formatted editions, and I hope you enjoyed reading this particular one.**

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