

Eld. An interpreter, and a plain one, the strange lady doth indeed seem to want. She hath the air of a beast new-taken.

Cl. Aye, mad she is, and listens to her folly. She comes here from a new-taken town, and yet she has not the sense to bear the bridle, until she foam her humour away in blood! But I will waste words no more, to be so scorned! [*Exit.*]

Eld. And I, for I pity her, will not be angry. Come now, unhappy, come down from where thou ridest and take on thee willingly the new yoke of hard fate.

Cassandra. Ah!...O God!...Apollo, O Apollo!

Eld. What means this sad cry on the name of Loxias? It suits him not to meet a singer so melancholy.

Cass. Ah!...O God!...Apollo, O Apollo!

Eld. Once more the ill-omened cry, and upon that¹ god, one all unfit for a scene of lamentation!

Cass. Apollo, God of the Gate, a very Apollo to me! Thou hast more than proved thy name, before and now again.

Eld. She will prophesy, methinks, upon her own miseries. The soul retains that gift, when all but that is slave.

Cass. Apollo, God of the Gate, a very Apollo to me! Ah, where, where hast thou led me? Oh, what house should this be²?

Eld. The palace of Atreus sure it is. That, if thou conceivest it not, I tell to thee: and thou canst not say it is false.

Cass. Ah no, ah no, an abominable place, full of guilty secrets...yea, of unnatural murderers...aye verily, a place of human sacrifice, sprinkled with blood of babes!

Eld. The strange woman doth indeed seem keen as a hound upon a scent. She is on a track of murder where she will find.

Cass. Yes, there is the evidence that I trust upon! See yonder babes, weeping their sacrifice, their flesh roasted and eaten by their sire!

Eld. We had heard of thy fame as prophetess, had heard of it: we seek none to speak for thee.

Cass. Oh God!...What is this, what purpose of strange woe, horrible, horrible, that she purposeth here within? The fate of her nearest, fate beyond remedy, and no help nigh!

Eld. This prophesying is beyond my knowledge. The other I knew, for all the town is loud with it.

Cass. O cruel! Wilt thou do it? The partner of thy bed, wilt

¹ τὸν is demonstrative.

² It is hard, if not impossible, to preserve perfectly the ambiguity of the Greek

between *To what a house?*, as the words are meant, and *To what house?*, as the hearers understand them.