

*Eld.* What is this word thou hast spoken, only too plain? A man new-born might understand. I bleed beneath the wound of the piteous singer's breaking misery, which shatters me to hear it.

*Cass.* Alas, for the labour of Troy, Troy destroyed utterly! Alas, for my father's sacrifices in her behalf, so many grazing victims slain! They served not at all to save the town from such fate as now it hath; and I, the sick-brained, I shall soon be sent after the wise.

*Eld.* Thy latter words go along with those before. Some power there is who with over-bearing press maddens thee to sing of sorrows tending to death, though the end I cannot see.

*Cass.* See now, my prophecy shall not any more be like a bride new-wed looking forth from a veil. It shall come in bright as a fresh wind blowing toward sunrise and rolling wave-like against the light a woe far higher than this now. My teaching shall be by riddles no longer. And be ye witnesses with how close a scent I run in the track of the crimes done long ago.

For out of that house there never departs a choir of voices in unison not sweet, for the words are not fair. Aye, and they have drunk, to be the bolder, of human blood, and in the house they abide, hard to be turned away, a rout of sister-fiends. They besiege the chambers and sing their song, with still-repeated burden denouncing the hated sin of him who defiled a brother's bed.

Have I missed? Or do I at all take observation like one that aimeth a shot? Or am I a false prophet, who babbles from door to door? Bear witness, swearing first, that I do verily know the ancient sins in the story of this house.

*Eld.* And how could an oath do good, being framed in its nature to hurt? But I find it strange in thee, that bred beyond the sea thou should'st be as right about an alien city, as if thou hadst been there present.

*Cass.* The prophet-god it was who gave me this power, for...The time hath been when I dared not speak of it.

*Eld.* For Apollo's self desired thee. Was it so? We are all more delicate in prosperity.

*Cass.* Yea, then, he wrought with me, and mighty was his charm.

*Eld.* And came ye too to the deed of kind in natural course?

*Cass.* I promised, but kept not faith with Loxias.

*Eld.* And had he won thee with inspiration already given?

*Cass.* Yes, already I prophesied to my people all that befell them.

*Eld.* And how could the wrath of Loxias reach thee then?