

*Cl.* Nay, pray not for death in indignation at this. Nor turn thine anger on Helen, as if alone in destruction she had destroyed that multitude of Argive lives and wrought incomparable woe.

*Eld.* Oh Curse, how hast thou fallen on Tantalus' house in either branch, and shared between two women a life-destroying victory for which my heart is sore! Lo, on the body, methinks, like a foul bird of prey he stands, boasting to celebrate a triumph lawful and just.

Oh...Helen, who didst alone etc.

*Cl.* Nay, now thou hast mended the judgment of thy lips, in that thou callest upon the fat-fed Curse of this race. For therefrom is bred this craving of the maw for blood to lick, ever new gore, ere the old woe be done.

*Eld.* Verily mighty he is and malignant, the Curse of this house, of whose never-sated cruelty thou dost, alas, so grievously testify. And oh, and oh, it cometh by Zeus, the cause of all, the doer of all! For what without Him is accomplished upon men? What of all this is not of divine appointment?

Oh king, oh king, how shall I weep for thee? Out of my heart's love what shall I say? And thou didst lie in this spider-web, dying by a wicked death, ah me, on this couch of slavery, struck down by a crafty arm with a weapon of double edge!

*Cl.* Darest thou say this deed was mine? Imagine not that I am Agamemnon's spouse. No, in the shape of this dead man's wife, the bitter fiend, long since provoked by Atreus the cruel feaster, hath made by this full-grown victim payment for those slain babes.

*Eld.* That thou art guiltless of this murder, who shall aver? It cannot, cannot be: though perchance the fiend of his sire might be thy helper. He riots in fresh streams of kindred blood, the red Man-slayer, drawn to the infant blood-slot of the child-flesh served for meat.

Oh king, oh king, how etc.

*A Conspirator.* His death, methinks, is not a death of slavery, nor—

*Cl.* And did he not then himself do a crafty crime against his house? Nay, for the thing he did to the blossom born of me and him, my long-wept Iphigenia, justice is done upon him! Let him not boast in Hades, for he hath paid, as he sinned, with death.

*Eld.* My mind is blank and I find no ready thought, which way to fly from the tottering house. The storm will strike it, I fear, and wreck it quite, the storm of blood. The rain is ceasing, yet Justice is but whetting once more on the whet-stone of hindrance her sword to punish again.