

Hermes and Orestes Callback Scene

Chorus;(Hermes)

Death called to her and she is gone.

But for you, the survivor,

Suffering is just about to bloom.

Orestes;

Did she do it or did she not? My witness is this great robe. It was here my mother stained Aegisthus' sword. *(He puts his fingers through the holes in the robe.)*

Dip it and dip it again. Look the blood ran here, conspired

With time to spoil the beauty of this precious thing.

(Clutches Agammemnon's robes, burying his face in them and weeping.)

Now I can praise my father, now I am here to mourn.

You were my father's death, great robe.

I grieve for the thing done, the death. I have won, but the victory is soiled, and has no pride.

Chorus;

There has been trouble here, there is more to come.

Orestes;

While I still hold some grip on my wits, I say to my friends in public,

I killed my mother.

She was stained with my father's murder.

The prophetess at Delphi, at Apollo's temple,

She declared, "Go through with this and you will go free of guilt.

Fail and—"

I can't repeat the punishment.

I must escape this blood—it is my own.

Must turn towards Apollo's hearth.

He has promised—

(Orestes turns and sees the Furies (offstage)

No! The women- Look!

Their faces shrouded, their hands swarming serpents.

I must move now!

Chorus

Orestes, dearest to your father,

Do not give way to fear.

Orestes;

These are no fancies of affliction. They are clear,

And real, and here. The bloodhounds of my mother's hate.

Chorus;

It is the blood still wet upon your hands—

Orestes;

Lord Apollo, here they come, they grow and multiply!

Chorus; (Hermes)

Apollo's touch will set you free.