

Agamemnon (Murray 1920).djvu/66



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CASSANDRA.
(*whispering*).

Nay, nay. This is the house that God hateth.
There be many things that know its secret; sore
And evil things; murders and strangling death.
'Tis here they slaughter men . . . A splashing floor.

SECOND ELDER.

Keen-sensed the strange maid seemeth, like a hound
For blood.—And what she seeks can sure be found!

CASSANDRA.

The witnesses . . . I follow where they lead.
The crying . . . of little children . . . near the gate:
Crying for wounds that bleed:
And the smell of the baked meats their father ate.

SECOND ELDER.
(recognizing her vision, and repelled).

Word of thy mystic power had reached our ear
Long since. Howbeit we need no prophets here.

CASSANDRA.

Ah, ah! What would they? A new dreadful thing.
A great great sin plots in the house this day;
Too strong for the faithful, beyond medicining . . .
And help stands far away.

LEADER.

This warning I can read not, though I knew
That other tale. It rings the city through.

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