

AESCHYLUS,
AGAMEMNON 855-1398:
THE ARRIVAL AND DEATH OF
AGAMEMNON

Translated by Eugenio Benitez

Clytemnestra: Men! Citizens! Elect of Argos gathered:	855
I am not ashamed to tell you my affectionate ways.	856
In time the opprobrium wears off.	857
It's not from others that <i>I</i> learned,	858
I'll tell you <i>myself</i> the hard life I endured	859
While my husband was in Troy.	860
In the first place, a woman parted	861
From her man is monstrous evil,	862
Left alone, listening to malignant rumours.	863
First one, then another, and another, until	864
Woe after woe arrives at the door.	865
And as for wounds, if my husband took	866
As many as were reported here,	867
He'd have more holes than a net.	868
And if his deaths were as numerous as the stories,	869
He might have compared himself to Geryon	870
Wearing a triple cloak of earth,	872
At least that much above, and plenty more below him,	871
Though he died each time as it were once.	873
And because of these malignant rumours	874
Many ropes had to be loosed from my neck,	875
From above, while others held me up.	876
That's why my son does not stand beside me,	877
Who justly holds our pledges, Agamemnon,	878

Yours and mine. Our son, Orestes —	
Don't look surprised,	879
He's being raised by Strophios the Phokian,	880
Our friend and ally, since I was foretold	881
Two woes: the one at Troy, where you were in danger,	882
And the other, should the lawless rabble here	883
Overwhelm the council, —well, it's only human	884
Nature to kick a man when he's down.	885
So there is pretext, but no guile in my actions.	886
And as for me, the gushing streams of tears	887
Have dried up: there is not one drop left,	888
And my sleepless eyes are sore	889
From staring at the beacons that were	890
Never lit. From my dreams	891
I'd be awoken by the delicate fluttering	892
Of a gnat, who saw worries	893
Far too great for sleep.	894
But now that all's done, without grief	895
I'd call this man the 'dog o' the stables',	896
'Saviour of ships', "pillar of the lofty roof',	897
'eldest son of the father',	898
'Land to sailors past all hope' —	899
For the sight of day is loveliest after a storm	900
<to the thirsty wayfarer a gushing stream>	901
And pleasant is escape from need.	902
I think him worthy to be so described.	903
Grudges be gone!—We endured those ills	904
Long ago. Now come to me dear lord,	905
Step down from this car, but do not set your foot	906
Aground, O king, sacker of Troy.	907
Servants! Why do you wait? Your task was	908
To strew the road with carpets—	909
Straightaway spread his path in purple cloth.	910
Let justice bring him to the home he never hoped to see.	911
As for the rest, perhaps someone not overcome by sleep	912
Shall accomplish, with God's help, what's duly fated.	913
Agamemnon: Child of Leda, Guard of my house,	914
You spoke appropriately of my absence,	915
Though you stretched it out at length. But really	916

The praise ought to come from others.	917
As for the rest, don't coddle me, as women do.	918
Don't grovel and clamour before me,	919
Like some barbarian, mouth agape.	920
Don't make me the object of envy, by strewing my path	921
With vestments—the gods you should honour so—	922
But for a mortal to tread on such elaborate	923
Beauty ... I am filled with fear.	924
So revere me as a man, not a god.	925
Away with these fancy foot-mats!	926
Fame speaks loud enough. And not to be conceited	927
Is God's greatest gift—For he should be happy	928
Who lives out his days well-loved and prosperous.	929
If I could but live this way, I'd be safe.	930
Clytemnestra: Come now, don't oppose me.	931
Agamemnon: You must know my resolve.	932
Clytemnestra: Wouldn't you have promised the gods, in fear, to do this?	933
Agamemnon: Only if someone wise had declared it my duty.	934
Clytemnestra: What do you think Priam would do, had <i>he</i> won?	935
Agamemnon: Doubtless he'd have walked on tapestries.	936
Clytemnestra: Then do not fear the reproach of men.	937
Agamemnon: But the voice of the people is very powerful.	938
Clytemnestra: But without spite you won't be envied.	939
Agamemnon: Such arguments don't become a woman.	940
Clytemnestra: But it becomes a winner to surrender.	941
Agamemnon: Do you really want to win this battle?	942
Clytemnestra: Yield to me—You show yourself king if you do so willingly.	943

Agamemnon:	Then if it seems so to you ... Quick! Have someone	944
	Loosen these shoes, the good servants of my feet;	945
	And I'll stride forth upon these godly sea-rich dyeings.	946
	May no eye's distant envy strike me.	947
	What a shame to soil these expensive tapestries	948
	By treading them underfoot	949
(re: <i>Cassandra</i>)	But let it be so. —My consort here, kindly	950
	Escort her. Whoever rules with gentle hand,	951
	God watches over from afar.	952
	For no one willingly takes on the yoke of slavery,	953
	But she accompanies me as the pick of flowers,	954
	Of many rich spoils, the army's gift to me.	955
(to <i>Clytemnestra</i>)	But since I have your word on it,	956
	I'll follow this purple path into the house.	957
Clytemnestra:	There is the sea—who will drain it?	958
	Our cloth is fed on fresh porphyrian dye	959
	Worth its weight in silver.	960
	We have a palace, lord, and gods who provide;	961
	We have never known shortage.	962
	I would have vowed to tread these vestments,	963
	If oracles had demanded it	964
	As the price for procuring you.	965
	So long as the root lives, leaves cover the house,	966
	Spreading shade under Sirius.	967
	Now you've returned to hearth and home,	968
	You bring warmth in Winter	969
	And, when Zeus makes wine from bitter grapes,	970
	You bring coolness to the house	971
	Husband, where you walk at will.	972
	Zeus, Zeus, Lord of all, fulfill my prayer;	973
	Remember what you intend to do.	974
Chorus	Oh why does this persistent fear	975
<i>strophe</i>	Loom and hover	976
	Before my heart's eye?	977
	It sings prophetic, unbidden, unhired,	978-9
	Vomiting forth	980
	Dreams of doubtful worth.	981
	While assurance, so hard won,	982

	Still won't sit atop my heart's throne.	983
	But time has passed	984
	Since ruin cast	985
	Ship cables in the Trojan sand,	986
	When the army rushed upon the land	987
<i>antistrophe</i>	With my own eyes I ascertain,	988
	For I'm a witness, his return.	989
	Yet without a harp it sings, my breast,	990
	Taught from within, unimpressed,	991
	The Furies' dirge, not at all possessed	992
	Of hope, or love, or boldness.	993/4
	But my inward feelings are not idle.	995
	My thoughts dwell on justice all the while	996
	My heart reels round and round.	997
	Yet I pray my dread's unsound	998
	And falls out false	999
	And unfulfilled.	1000
<i>strophe</i>	Of health, so great, there is no limit,	1001/2
	Though neighbour to it there is sickness.	1003
	They lean against a common wall,	1004
	While destiny, inflexible,	1005
	Strikes a hidden shoal.	1006
	And one's acquired wealth of gold,	1007
	That caution keeps by flinging	1008/9
	Part from well aimed slings ...	1010
	It does not founder the whole estate,	1011
	Though she's loaded down with freight,	1012
	Nor plunge her 'neath the sea.	1013
	The fulsome gift of Zeus exceeds,	1015
	And from his yearly ploughshares,	1016
	Destroys the ill of hunger.	1017
<i>antistrophe</i>	But once in death a man's black blood	1018/9
	Has spilt upon the ground,	1020
	Who can call it back with charms?	1021
	Not even him with knowledge sound	1022
	How to raise men from the dead	1023
	Did Zeus neglect to harm.	1024

But had not one appointed fate,	1025
By God's will, stopped another	1026
From having more than c'er it ought,	1027
My heart, outstripping tongue,	1028
Would pour all these things forth.	1029
Yet now she mutters in the darkness.	1030
She aches, expecting never more	1031
A timely action to accomplish	1032
While my head's on fire.	1033/4
Clytemnestra: Take yourself inside Cassandra,	1035
Since Zeus placed you so hospitably among us	1036
To share a common basin with all those	1037
Slaves stationed around his altar.	1038
Step down from the car and don't be haughty,	1039
For it is said even Heracles once	1040
Endured being sold, and lived on slave's bread.	1041
So if necessity casts your lot our way,	1042
We must be grateful, your old-wealth masters.	1043
For those who are but newly rich	1044
Are cruel complete to slaves, beyond measure.	1045
So now you know how <i>we</i> regard things here.	1046
Chorus: It's <i>you</i> she addressed, with such cold candour.	1047
(to <i>Cassandra</i>) You are caught in fatal snares.	1048
Obey if you can—but perhaps you won't ...	1049
Clytemnestra: Unless she is possessed, like a swallow,	1050
(to <i>Chorus</i>) Of an obscure and foreign tongue,	1051
I will persuade her.	1052
Chorus: Follow her command. It's for the best, she says.	1053
(to <i>Cassandra</i>) Depart this car and its throne.	1054
Clytemnestra: With <i>her</i> at my door I can't bide time,	1055
They should be 'round the hearth already,	1056
Like sheep set for fire and slaughter	1057
By those who never expected any	1058
(to <i>Cassandra</i>) Such boon. If you will obey me, don't delay.	1059
But if you don't understand a word I say	1060

	Then tell me, Speechless, with your foreign hand.	1061
Chorus:	It seems plain our guest needs an interpreter. She has the manners of a newly captured beast.	1062 1063
Clytemnestra:	She is mad! She heeds only wicked thoughts! She comes here from a captured city, And before she even tastes the bit She's foaming blood. I won't shame myself by saying more.	1064 1065 1066 1067 1068
Chorus: (to Cassandra)	But <i>I'm</i> compassionate. <i>I</i> won't be angry Come, poor thing, leave this carriage. Accept what must be; take up your new yoke.	1069 1070 1071
Cassandra: <i>strophe 1</i>	Oh! Aaagh! Aaagh! Apollo! Apollo!	1072 1073
Chorus:	Why these wailings unto Loxias? Mourning ill befits the god of healing.	1074 1075
Cassandra: <i>antistrophe 1</i>	Oh! Aaagh! Aaagh! Apollo! Apollo!	1076 1077
Chorus:	Again, ill-omened, she invokes the god. It suits him not to abide such woe.	1078 1079
Cassandra: <i>strophe 2</i>	Apollo! Apollo! My guide and destroyer— You have destroyed me once again.	1080 1081 1082
Chorus:	She foretells her own doom— The mind of a slave, yet still divine.	1083 1084
Cassandra: <i>antistrophe 2</i>	Apollo! Apollo! My guide and destroyer— Where have you led me? What house is this?	1085 1086 1087
Chorus:	The house of Atreides, if you didn't know. I tell you plain and truly.	1088 1089

Cassandra:	Ah! Ah! It hates the gods! So many crimes it knows!	1090
<i>strophe 3</i>	It lent a hand with binding ropes and murders of kin.	1091
	A human slaughterhouse with a reeking floor.	1092
Chorus:	She's keen-scented, this stranger, like a dog.	1093
	She sniffs the blood of victims.	1094
Cassandra:	By these ghosts I am convinced;	1095
<i>antistrophe 3</i>	The infants screaming of their slaughter;	1096
	Roasted flesh, devoured by the father.	1097
Chorus:	We've heard of your fame as a divine,	1098
	But we aren't seeking a prophet now.	1099
Cassandra:	Oh god! What is she scheming	1100
<i>strophe 4</i>	What is this new pain? Vast,	1101
	Vast evil in this house she plots;	1102
	Unbearable evil, impossible to stop,	1103
	While help stands off, far removed.	1104
Chorus:	These divinations are new and strange. But those others	1105
	I recognised, the whole city cries out with them.	1106
Cassandra:	O wretched girl, to have reached this end!	1107
<i>antistrophe 4</i>	Your mate, who shares your bed,	1108
	Bathed and washed and then—how can I say it?	1109
	How soon it will happen! She's stretching out hand	1110
	After outstretched hand.	1111
Chorus:	I don't understand, child. You pass	1112
	From enigma to oracle; I am at a loss.	1113
Cassandra:	Aaa! Aaa! Oh God! What's this appears?	1114
<i>strophe 5</i>	Is it the net of Death?	1115
	But <i>she</i> is the net, the wife, the murderous	1116
	Accomplice. O let unslaked Faction come	1117
	Crying out for a stoning.	1118
Chorus:	What sort of fury are you calling down	1119
	On this house? Your words disturb me.	1120
	That fatal terror creeps upon my heart,	1121

	Which ends life in a yellow hour,	1122
	Falling like the last rays of the sun.	1123
	How swiftly ruin comes!	1124
Cassandra:	Oh! Oh! See? See? Hold back the bull	1125
<i>antistrophe 5</i>	From the cow. She catches him up in robes	1126
	And gores him with a black-horned weapon.	1127
	He falls into the bath,	1128
	The murderous cauldron ... Listen to me!	1129
Chorus:	I wouldn't claim any skill in the art,	1130
	But I would say she augers evil.	1131
	Indeed, what good is ever prophesied?	1132
	For it is through ills	1133
	That the verbiage arts of the prophets	1134
	Teach men terror.	1135
Cassandra:	O wretched girl, beset with an evil fate!	1136
<i>strophe 6</i>	For I will cry out my suffering on top of his.	1137
<i>(to Apollo)</i>	Why have you brought me to this wretched place?	1138
	For no reason but to die with him. Why else?	1139
Chorus:	You are possessed. Frenzied.	1140
	All around you you sing out this	1141
	Unmusical song, crying like that	1142
	Insatiable nightingale—fly!—who	1143
	From her miserable heart kept calling "Itus! Itus!"	1144
	Mourning her son's murder by his parents.	1145
Cassandra:	Oh, for the life of the clear-voiced nightingale!	1146
<i>antistrophe 6</i>	The gods threw <i>wings</i> around <i>her</i> ,	1147
	And gave her sweet, untroubled life.	1148
	But all that awaits me is the slice of a two-edged sword.	1149
Chorus:	Where did you get these vehement	1150
	Foolish, otherworldly woes?	1151
	Why do you make such a terrible clang,	1152
	Chanting these shrill refrains?	1153
	Who set you on this prophetic path	1154
	That bodes only ill?	1155

Cassandra:	Oh! The wedding, the wedding of Paris, our bane!	1156
<i>strophe 7</i>	O Scamander, water of my fathers!	1157
	Long ago, about your banks, headstrong	1158
	I was nourished and grew.	1159
	Now, by Cocytus and the shores of Acheron	1160
	It seems I'll soon be making prophecies.	1161
Chorus:	Why do you say such excessive things?	1162
	A newborn babe could tell that	1163
	they shatter us. I 'm stung	1164
	To hear you moan and whimper so	1165
	At your painful fate.	1166
Cassandra:	O the grief, the grief of a city utterly laid waste.	1167
<i>antistrophe 7</i>	O the sacrifices and offerings my father made	1168
	In the slaughter-fields.	1169
	And that was not remedy enough	1170
	That Troy would not suffer as she must ...	1171
	But <i>I</i> shall soon fall, a-fevered, to the ground.	1172
Chorus:	It's all the same as before, what you've just said;	1173
	Some malevolent power moves you,	1174
	Falling freshly from above,	1175
	To cry these pitiful, fatal sufferings.	1176
	And as to their end ... I am helpless.	1177
Cassandra:	Then my oracle-gleam I'll no longer hide,	1178
	A-veiled, like the eye of a newlywed bride.	1179
	But just as the winds blow bright at sunrise,	1180
	A far greater woe surges, like a tide,	1181
	Towards the light.	1182
	I'll no longer teach in riddles.	1183
	Mark me! With me now! Sniff out the track of evil	1184
	Laid down long ago!	1185
	For this house never stops singing discord	1186
	And cacophony. It tells no good,	1187
	And once blood's been drunk, to make more courage,	1188
	It keeps the feast inside the village—	1189
	It can't escape—of the kindred Furies.	1190
	They hymn the Unbegotten Curse	1191

	Right here in the house, while each man in turn	1192
	Spits upon his brother's bed, and spurns	1193
	Him for defiling it. Have I missed the mark?	1194
	A false prophet? Do you think I bark	1195
	At doors? Bear witness, you, with an oath	1196
	That the ancient sins of this house I know.	1197
Chorus:	But how could our oath, if we swear it true,	1198
	Give comfort? I am amazed that you,	1199
	Brought up across the sea, should be able to	1200
	Describe this foreign city, as if you'd been here.	1201
Cassandra:	Divine Apollo set me at this task.	1202
Chorus:	What? Was he in love with you, though he's a god?	1204
Cassandra:	I once was ashamed to admit it.	1203
Chorus:	Anyone is proud, when she's faring well.	1205
Cassandra:	He was a vigorous lover, he breathed into me such joy ...	1206
Chorus:	So you were betrothed?	1207
Cassandra:	I consented, but I betrayed him.	1208
Chorus:	Even though you had a god inside you?	1209
Cassandra:	Even when I foretold the fate of Troy.	1210
Chorus:	How did you escape Apollo's wrath?	1211
Cassandra:	I've not convinced a soul of anything since I failed him.	1212
Chorus:	Your prophesy seems true to us, at least.	1213
Cassandra:	Aicc! Horrible!	1214
	Again the pain of prophecy comes upon me.	1215
	Compelling me with new overtures.	1216
	Do you see them sitting by the house,	1217

Chorus:	For whom is this death prepared?	1251
Cassandra:	How blind you are! I've told you.	1252
Chorus:	But I haven't grasped how it is to be done.	1253
Cassandra:	Even though I speak perfect Greek?	1254
Chorus:	So do the Pythian oracles, but they are hard to follow.	1255
Cassandra:	Oh God! Such fire! It consumes me!	1256
	Oh God! Lucian Apollo! Ai! I ...	1257
	She is a two-footed lioness, who sleeps with a wolf!	1258
	And when the noble lion at last is gone,	1259
	She's going to kill <i>me</i> —ah!—and she concocts	1260
	A poison for me; she'll mix my punishment well.	1261
	For she promises first, sharpening bright steel,	1262
	To pay him back with murder, for bringing me here.	1263
	Why then do I cling to these ridiculous things—	1264
	These priestly wands and necklaces?	1265
(to Apollo)	Before my own death comes I'll corrupt <i>You</i> .	1266
	Be gone! With Your downfall, thus, I requite You.	1267
	Enrich someone else with ruin, not me.	1268
	Look! Apollo himself strips me of my vestments.	1269
	He watched me even when, arrayed in	1270
	Costume, I was ridiculed by my own kin,	1271
	As though by enemies; obviously in vain.	1272
	They said I was mad; called me "waif"	1273
	And "vagabond" and "listless" and I took it.	1274
	Now <i>He</i> has undone me— <i>His</i> prophet!—	1275
	And carries me off to this deadly fate;	1276
	Instead of an altar, the block awaits,	1277
	Where I'm to be struck down in warm-blooded sacrifice.	1278
	But not dishonoured by the gods shall I die:	1279
	For another will come to avenge us hereafter—	1280
	The matricidal son, revenge of his father;	1281
	An exile he wanders, cast out from the land,	1282
	Now he'll return as the capstone of ruin.	1283
	For it has been sworn by the gods, a great oath,	1290
	"The death of the father will issue him home."	1284

	Why then do I groan?	1285
	From the start I saw Troy suffer	1286
	And suffer, but now those who took her—	1287
	They'll be gone, thus, by the gods' decree.	1288
	And I'll lead the way, I'm ready to die.	1289
	I offer these words at the gates of Hell:	1291
	May the blow come timely and well,	1292
	Without a struggle, so my blood flows	1293
	Out in swift death, and my eyes close.	1294
Chorus:	O wise, unhappy woman. You belabour	1295
	The point. If you really know your own death,	1296
	How is it you go so bravely to the block,	1297
	Like a sacrificial bull?	1298
Cassandra:	I can't avoid it, my hosts, there is no more time.	1299
Chorus:	But the last bit of time is the most precious.	1300
Cassandra:	The day has come, I gain little by fleeing.	1301
Chorus:	Then take courage from your brave spirit.	1302
Cassandra:	No one with any luck has to suffer so.	1303
Chorus:	But a glorious death, at least, is a boon.	1304
Cassandra:	O father! For you and your noble children!	1305
Chorus:	What is the matter? What fear still turns you back?	1306
Cassandra:	Fie! Fie!	1307
Chorus:	What's all this for? Some hatred still left in you?	1308
Cassandra:	This house reeks of bloody murder ...	1309
Chorus	But that is only the smell of the recent sacrifices ...	1310
Cassandra:	... Like vapour from a tomb ...	1311

Chorus:	... Fine Syrian incense, don't you mean?	1312
Cassandra:	But I go. Even as this house cries out my death,	1313
	And Agamemnon's. Enough of Life!	1314
	Oh my hosts:	1315
	I don't hold back from fear, like a bird	1316
	Fluttering in the bush. Witness this when I've died:	1317
	A woman shall die in answer to <i>this</i> woman's death	1318
	And a man shall fall in answer to my king, ill-wed.	1319
	This last courtesy I beg before I die.	1320
Chorus:	O brave child! How I pity you!	1321
Cassandra:	I have but one last speech, a dirge, my own:	1322
	"I pray to the sun, and to his last light	1323
	And to my avengers, that they shall requite	1324
	My hateful slayers one and the same —	1325
	The facile subduction of a dead slave."	1326
	Oh, the ways of men! Even the lucky ones	1327
	Resemble but a shadow; but if they are unlucky,	1328
	"The wet sponge wipes out the picture."	1329
	And these I pity even more.	1330
Chorus	Want of prosperity insatiably grows	1331
	in all men, there are none who refuse it;	1332
	No one points a finger at his house and says,	1333
	"Come no more, happiness! No more!"	1334
	Just so the gods bestowed it on our king	1335
	To take the city of Priam.	1336
	And now honoured by god he comes home.	1337
	But if he shall have to pay for first blood	1338
	With his own, and by dying himself,	1339
	Bring on more deaths still—	1340
	Who, seeing this, would feel so sure	1341
that anyone has a guardian angel.	1342	
Agamemnon: (<i>off stage</i>)	Oh god! I'm stabbed.	1343
Chorus:	Quiet! Did you hear something?	1344
Agamemnon: (<i>Groans a second time</i>)		1345

Chorus:	It's happened, that was the king!	1346
	We must convene, and see if there's a safe way to ...	1347
voice 1—	I'll tell you my opinion: Raise the alarm!	1348
	Let's call the people to the house.	1349
voice 2—	I think we ought to seize the killers immediately	1350
	And convict them while the sword's still wet.	1351
voice 3—	I'm of much the same opinion. I say	1352
	We <i>do</i> something; the point is: not to wait.	1353
voice 4—	It's plain to see;	1354
	Their acts betoken tyranny.	1355
voice 5—	Then we're wasting time deliberating,	1356
	While they don't rest a finger.	1357
voice 6—	I don't know what to say. I don't have a plan.	1358
	And before we do anything we must have a plan.	1359
voice 7—	I too urge caution; I'm ill equipped	1360
	To raise the dead with mere speeches.	1361
voice 8—	What, then: do we stretch out our own lives	1362
	And yield to shameless usurpers?	1363
voice 9—	Unbearable! Better to die!	1364
	Death is less bitter than tyranny.	1365
voice 10—	But wait! Must we preclude from the mere groan	1366
	That the king is in fact dead?	1367
voice 11—	Yes, we must know the facts of the matter.	1368
	All we have so far is conjecture.	1369
voice 12—	It prevails upon me to praise this view from all sides.	1370
	We must know clearly how Agamemnon is.	1371
Clytemnestra:	Although I said many things before, to suit the moment,	1372
<i>(standing over</i>	I won't be ashamed to say the opposite now.	1373
<i>the bodies of</i>	For how else should I have treated my enemies—	1374

<i>Agamemnon</i>	They pretended to be friends—than to enclose them	1375
<i>and Cassandra</i>	In a net of sorrows too high to overleap.	1376
	When this contest fell to me long ago, I was not	1377
	Heedless of the ancient feud; but all in good time.	1378
	I stand on the spot; my attack accomplished.	1379
	Thus I have done, I won't disown these deeds,	1380
	Since he could not flee, nor ward off death.	1381
<i>(reenacting)</i>	You see? Just like catching fish, I threw the net	1382
	Around him, one with no exit, a splendidly evil robe.	1383
	And then I stabbed twice, and twice he shouted.	1384
	He loosed his limbs on the spot, and fell,	1385
	And I put a third blow in as a prayer of thanks	1386
	To Zeus of the underworld, keeper of the dead.	1387
	Then, like this, he fell, gasping for breath,	1388
	And, sharply spitting out his slaughter-blood,	1389
	He struck me with a black spatter of the	
	murderous dew.	1390
	And I rejoiced, just as the crops rejoice	1391
	When they burst from the calyx, in the splash	
	of Spring rain.	1392
	And that's how things stand, my reverend Argives.	1393
	Rejoice too, if you can, but regardless, I exult.	1394
	If it were seemly to pour a libation on the corpse,	1395
	That had been right, or rather more than right,	1396
	For in this very house he fill the cup with accursed evil,	1397
	And he drained it himself, upon his return.	1398