

1-1-2 book 1-1-2 hnd  
Electra  
Francis Fergusson

1-12-123456

Chorus. Strophe 1

Ah Electra Child. Child  
Of godless mother. Will you  
Still waste for Agamemnon, long since  
Guile-snared by that mother, by her delivered  
Into the hand of the killer? So may she be  
To death delivered. This I dare to pray,

Electra

Gentle women  
You come to comfort me.  
This I know, but I can never  
But I will never  
Stop mourning my father dead.  
You in your love  
Abandon me to grief  
Only this I crave.

Chorus. Antistrophe 1

But you shall never bring him back with  
Prayers and weeping from  
The common marsh of death: but in that helpless grief  
You waste away, your evils are  
Unsolved in these tears.  
Why then do you feed your misery?

Electra

Those heads are weak that cannot hold  
The death of parents.  
But I have set my heart ~~in~~  
With that bewildered bird who tells the god  
Crying Ityn, Ityn all night. Ah Niobe  
Unfortunate you are yet blessed  
To weep in stone.

Chorus. Strophe 2

But you are not alone unlucky  
Among mortals, child: your kin  
Chrysothemis and  
Iphianassa are so, and that one  
Whose youth is hidden, whose sufferings covered, whom  
The Mycenean land is to receive  
Then the god sends him, as  
The King: Orestes.

Electra

Him I expect without rest  
Being unwed and childless  
Having my grief, and a fruitlessly evil lot.  
Whatever he hears he forgets, or else  
Why should he not come as he says?  
He longs to, but his longings fall short.



Chorus. Antistrophe 2

Take heart, child, take heart.

Still in the sky

Great Zeus sees everything, and rules.

Give over your anger to him

Neither forgetting, nor hating too much.

Time is an easy god: *rise + lower*Here ~~ix~~ by the pasture

Here by the beach of Krissa

Agamemnon's child will not be iron forever. *return to original level*

No more will the god who rules by Acheron.

Electra① But most of life has slipped by  
And will not come to me again.② As one whom no parents bore  
One whom no man cherishes③ As a stranger and a beggar in my father's house  
Meanly clothed:So I wait here by the empty board. *RL*Chorus. Strophe 3

With a terrible cry

Agamemnon met

The murdering edge

In his own bed.

Figure of horror, the issue  
of pleasure and slyness, whether  
Some god or a mortal the maker.Electra

That was my bitterest day: that night

The unspeakable supper was like death for me:

Feast when my father perished at the hands

That were to take my life away. *Run*

For them O god provide your punishments,

Never enjoyment of their work's fruits.

Chorus. Antistrophe 3

Stop. Stop speaking so.

Can you not think how you distract yourself

Make yourself pitifully fail?

You increase your troubles when you breed

War in your gloomy soul,

There's no fighting the strong.

*I know I am horror forced etc.**(Turn)*