

## Chorus Monologue

From of old the children of Erechtheus are  
Splendid, the sons of blessed gods. They dwell  
In Athens' holy and unconquered land,  
Where famous Wisdom feeds them and they pass gaily  
Always through that most brilliant air where once they say,  
That golden Harmony gave birth to the nine  
Pure Muses of Pieria.

And beside the sweet flow of Cephisus' stream,  
Where Cypris sailed, they say, to draw the water,  
And mild soft breezes breathed along her path,  
And on her hair were flung the sweet-smelling garlands  
Of flowers of roses by the Lovers, the companions  
Of Wisdom, her escort, the helpers of men  
IN every kind of excellence.

How then can these holy rivers  
Or this holy land love you,  
Or the city find you a home,  
You who will kill your children,  
You, not pure with the rest?  
O think of the blow at your children  
And think of the blood that you shed.  
O, over and over I bed you,  
By your knees I beg you do not  
Be the murderess of your babes!

O where will you find the courage  
Or the skill of hand and heart,  
When you set yourself to attempt  
A deed so dreadful to do?  
How, when you look up on them,  
Can you tearlessly hold the decision  
For murder? You will not be able,  
When your children fall down and implore you,  
You will not be able to dip  
Steadfast your hand in their blood.

