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Me thou dost doom to exile,--to endure The people's hate, their curse deep-muttered,--thou, Who 'gainst this man of yore hadst naught to urge.. So was it wrought (and this I'll not deny), That he could neither 'scape, nor ward his doom; Around him, like a fish-encircling net, This garment's deadly splendour did I cast;-- Him twice I smote, and he, with twofold groan, His limbs relaxed;--then, prostrate where he lay, Him with third blow I dowered, votive gift To nether Hades, saviour of the dead.

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He, all unmoved, as though brute life he quenched, The while his fleecy pastures teem'd with flocks, His own child slaughtered,--of my travail throes To me the dearest,--charm for Thracian blasts.. The deed achieved, here stand I, where I slew  
Download film twilight new moon A monologue from the play by Aeschylus.. Agamemnon Monologue by Aeschylus Character: Clytemnestra Gender: Female Age (range):? Style: Drama Length: 4 minutes CLYTEMNESTRA: Though much to suit the times before was said, It shames me not the opposite to speak: For, plotting against foes,--our seeming friends,-- How else contrive with Ruin's wily snare, Too high to overleap, to fence them round? To me, not mindless of an ancient feud, Hath come at last this contest;--late indeed.. Thus as he fell he chafed his soul away; And gurgling forth the swift death-tide of blood, He smites me with black drops of gory dew, Not less exultant than, with heaven-sent joy The corn-sown land, in birth-hour of the ear.. Credits: Reprinted from The Dramas of Aeschylus Anna Swanwick London: George Bell and Sons, 1907.

## **agamemnon monologues clytemnestra**

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For this great issue, Argive Senators, Joy ye, if joy ye can, but I exult Nay, o'er the slain were off'rings meet,--with right Here were they poured,--with emphasis of right.. London: George Bell and Sons, 1907 last-named category, especially in a play which would unforgivingly have exposed any rustiness: the entire second half is a 30-minute monologue by Jenny as Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife.. Him shouldst thou not have chased from land and home Just guerdon for foul deed? Stern judge thou art When me thou dost arraign;--but, mark my words, (Nerved as I am to threat on equal terms,) If with strong hand ye conquer me, then rule;-- But should the god decree the opposite, Though late, to sober sense shalt thou be schooled.. Such goblets having filled with cursed ills At home,--himself on his return drains off.



NOTE: This monologue is reprinted from The Dramas of Aeschylus Trans Anna Swanwick.

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