

Polynices.

Time will tell.*

Jocasta

The curse broods o'er the house.

Eteocles.

Then let it fall !

Polynices.

(*defiantly*) No more my sword, now blood-
less in its sheath,

Shall idle. But my country and her gods

I call to witness how he drives me forth

Wronged and dishonored ; as a very slave

And not begotten of the self-same sire.

And Thebes, if aught befall thee, blame
not me

Who came unwilling and unwilling go.

Farewell, comrades and homes of Thebes,
and thou

Phoebus, her highways' guardian, and
ye shrines

Of the great gods, laden with offerings.

Good-bye, for I may never see you more !

Not that my hope is drooping by God's aid

To slay the usurper and to rule the land.

*Soon afterwards the brothers fall in single combat.