

Dion. (*Pretending to be much concerned.*)

While he was at it? Where were the police?

Eur. Never mind *them*. Answer this once again—

(1) "Zeus as the words of all true men maintain"—

Dion. (*Interrupting him.*)

Oh stop! He'll say "he lost his flask" and do you.

That wretched flask sticks just as closely to you

As any styce sticks on an eyelid! Take

The Lyrics for a change for goodness' sake!

[*A short interval ensues during which Aeschylus walk round exultant, while Dionysus consoles the crestfallen Euripides.*]

[*The lyric contest begins. Euripides sings a parody of one of Aeschylus' chorus songs, which fails to make sense, and is marked by a pointless refrain. Aeschylus replies by singing a supposed "Monody," or solo, of Euripides' composition which also is fantastic and muddled. Dionysus, Pluto and the Chorus listen in sorrow.*]

Eur. Mighty fine songs indeed! I'll show you soon;

I'll cut them all down to a single tune.

(*Sings.*) (2) "How the two throned might of
Achaea, of Hellas' offspring,

(3) Tophlatothrat! Tophlatothrat!

Sendeth the Sphinx as a shameless ordainer of evil

Tophlatothrat! Tophlatothrat!

Furious birds with the spear and the hand of
avengers,

Tophlatothrat! Tophlatothrat!

Giving a meal to the ravening hounds of the heavens,

Tophlatothrat! Tophlatothrat!

And the host that is riding with Ajax.

Tophlatothrat! Tophlatothrat!"

(1) From the *Melanippe* of Euripides (lost).

(2) These lines are put together from different plays of Aeschylus the *Agamemnon*, *Sphinx*, *Thracian women*.

(3) Supposed to be an imitation of the harp.