

*Polynices.* O hear—  
*Eteocles.* The yearnings of his country's foe !  
*Polynices.* Fane of the white-horsed gods !  
*Eteocles.* Who hate thy name.  
*Polynices.* Forced from my native land—  
*Eteocles.* Which thou would'st spoil.  
*Polynices.* Foully, ye gods—  
*Eteocles.* Invoke Mycenæ's gods.  
*Polynices.* Impious,  
*Eteocles.* But not a traitor such as thou.  
*Polynices.* To cast me out despoiled !  
*Eteocles.* And soon to slay !  
*Polynices.* My wrongs thou hearest, father ?  
*Eteocles.* And thy deeds.  
*Polynices.* And mother ?  
*Eteocles.* Why, thy lips profane the name.  
*Polynices.* O Thebes !  
*Eteocles.* At Argos Lerne's fount adjure.  
*Polynices.* I go. But thee, mother, I bless.  
*Eteocles.* Haste forth.  
*Polynices.* Anon, but let me see my sire.  
*Eteocles.* Denied.  
*Polynices.* At least my virgin sisters.  
*Eteocles.* Nevermore.  
*Polynices.* Oh sisters !  
*Eteocles.* Hear the fondness of their foe !  
*Polynices.* Farewell, my mother.  
*Jocasta.* Well fare I forsooth !  
*Polynices.* No more thy son,  
*Jocasta.* To anguish was I born !  
*Polynices.* Through his rude violence—  
*Eteocles.* Well matched by thine.  
*Polynices.* Where is thy post outside the forts ?  
*Eteocles.* Why ask ?  
*Polynices.* I would confront thee.  
*Eteocles.* Thy desire is mine.  
*Jocasta.* Ah, sons, what horror mean you ?