

## **Acts In Scene**

### **"Medea"**

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Oh, unfortunate one! Oh cruel!  
Where will you turn? Who will help you?  
What house or land to preserve you  
From ill can you find?  
Medea, a god has thrown suffering  
Upon you in waves of despair  
"I have many ways of death  
Which I might suit to them  
Even though death is certain,  
I will take the sword myself  
And kill and steadfastly advance to crime"  
"I know indeed what evil I intend to do,  
But stronger than all my afterthoughts is my fury,  
Fury that brings upon mortals the greatest evils"

#### CHORUS:

"Ah wretch! Ah, lost in my sufferings  
I wish, I wish I might die!"

Oh, your heart must have been made of rock or steel,  
You who can kill with your own hand  
The fruit of your womb  
Banished one! Shattered one! I see your wounds  
In stained hands - all the blood's shed  
It is your raw destiny  
Leaving hateful existence behind you  
There's no woman who would dare such deeds

Go, worker in evil,  
Stained with your children's blood  
In a chariot drawn by dragons I see you  
Not agreeing you're really a "worker in evil"  
All of your love was anyhow unfold

(And yet they say we live secure  
at home,  
While they do the fight in war  
How wrong they are!  
For I would gladly take my stand in battle  
Array three times over,  
Than bear one child.)

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