

CHORUS

Come, let's link our arms and dance—
 Furies determined to display
 our fearful art, to demonstrate
 collective power we
 possess
 to guide all mortals' lives.

[310]

We claim we represent true justice.
 Our anger never works against
 a man whose hands are clean—
 all his life he stays
 unharmed.

380

But those men guilty of some crime,
 as this one is, who hide away,
 concealing blood-stained hands—
 we harass them as testament
 to those they've murdered.
 Blood avengers, always in pursuit,
 we chase them to the
 end.

[320]

Hear me, Mother Night,
 mother who gave birth to me
 so I could

avenge

390

the living and the dead.

Leto's child, Apollo,
 dishonours me—he tears
 that man out of my hands,
 the hare who cowers there,
 who by rights must expiate
 his mother's blood.

END HERE

Let this frenzied song of ours
 fall upon our victim's head,
 our sacrifice—our
 frenzy
 driving him to madness—
 obliterate his
 mind.

400

[330]

This is our Furies' chant
 It chains up the soul,