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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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The death of Pentheus.

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" Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 " And in the tortures of the rack expire.
 Th' officious servants hurry him away,
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
 At liberty th' unfetter'd Captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high *Cithæron* echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery War-horse paws the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpeter's sound;
 Transported thus he heard the frantick rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
 Here the rash *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystick *Orgies* spies.
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:
 Her leafy Jav'lin at her son she cast,
 And cries, " The Boar that lays our country waste!
 " The Boar, my Sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 " And strike the brindled monster to the heart.

Pentheus

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
 " Help, help! my aunt *Autonoe*, he cry'd;
 " Remember how your own *Actæon* dy'd.
 Deaf to his cries, the frantick matron crops
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other *Ino* lops.
 In vain does *Pentheus* to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
 His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his prayer,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
 " And this, she cry'd, shall be *Agave's* share.
 When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
 Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
 With such a sudden death lay *Pentheus* slain,
 And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.

By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
 The *Thebans* tremble, and confess the God.

The