

## **IPHIGENIA**

“I was cut off from hope in that sad place,  
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears  
My father held his hand upon his face;  
I, blinded by my tears,

Still strove to speak; my voice was thick with sighs,  
As in a dream. Dimly I could decry  
The stern black-bearded kings, with wolfish eyes,  
Waiting to see me die.

The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,  
The temples and the people and the shore;  
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat  
Slowly, and--nothing more.”

**ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)**