

PARADOS (STROPHE 1) ANTISTROPHE 1)

S. [START ON D] Chorus

Oh sweet prophecy of Zeus which comest from the oracle to Thebes

A. First I invoke you daughter of Zeus, -im-

S. What really are you? My tortured soul is in despair

A. mortal at A-The-na And then your pation sister Artemis

S. And she has with fright, oh Delos Pan, because I fear you

A. Who sits upon the golden throne in Thebes and you Phobus th' archer.

S. What is this obligation To fulfill now or in the time to come?

A. Oh you three protect us and repel the death As once before you quenched the flames of strife

S. Tell me o child of golden hope Divine proph-e-cy

A. Alleviating misery from this our Thebes, so come again and now - -

after
ole 1 strophe 2 beat
proph 2 first passage

PARADOS

STROPHE / ANTISTROPHE 2.

Be-cause I am suffering Ab poor me Innumerable mis- fortunes
From these countless evils There is doomed / For there is no compassion for the dead,

That means we all the people Are suffering And there is no one who
For there is no compassion for the dead children lie upon unquivering ground

has the mind To rid us of these misfortunes Nor can the crops grow in the fertile land
and spread the death wives and mothers old / amidst their sor-rows Near the altar steps, some here, some there

Nor can women overcome the agonizing pains of child birth You can see the people running one after the other
Begging for redemption from their sor-row Hymns of expiation agonized groans

To the horizon ~~line~~ of the setting sun Like plumed birds whose impetus is greater
Rebound from all mouths, re- pell ing these our woes / O Zeus' golden daughter

Thana ra-ig-ing fire.)

Help — us please

PARODOS STrophe/Antistrophe 3

Athena aid us so that vident Ares Who undaunted comes to ^{to} my ^{See}
 Ah Appolo King of Ly-cia I hope your diamond arrows will sh^{ake}

Followed by his victims voices If forcibly pushed back Far from the frontiers of my ^{land}
 From golden bows in ranks preceding us. And Artemis will / Lycian peaks Traverse

Onto the vast Atlantic's chamber Or in the Black Sea waves / near ^{wild} Thrac^e
 Hurling flaming torches as she goes / And Theban Bacchus golden dia dem^{on}

For if in the night should pass / Something untouched (By day it shall be seen)
 Wine colored name sake of this ci-ty is to travel with the Mar^{ion}

OK you Father Zeus who guides the strength of the flaming Thunderbol^{ts}
 will at-tack near by with his flam-ing pine Torch on high, our ally

Destroy him underneath your blows of power.
 A-geinst the rajm of Ares / who is estranged from every /

Cde 11 Strophe & Antistrophe I (Coda)

Gerard play phrase

S. ① (I hope that For-tune will help me have / Chaste purity in my words and deeds
A. ① It is Pride that breeds the ty-rant. and if led with empty things
A. ② No longer to the sacred shrine to the nav'el of the earth I'll go

There are ~~figures~~ ^{figures} which are borne on heavenly air whose Father is O-lympus.
things of wrong and things dis-cordant it will reach great heights, heights
Nor to A-ba's shrine nor to Olympia if their prophecies of fame should prove untrue

They were not born by human will Nor will they be for got
But then will fall in-to deep ruin where no foot can avail
But - if Thou art all-mighty Zeus, At-tend Thine ancient rule

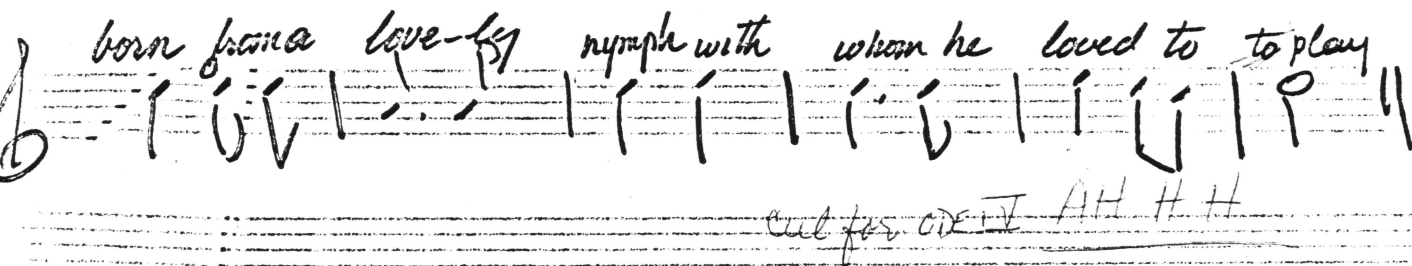
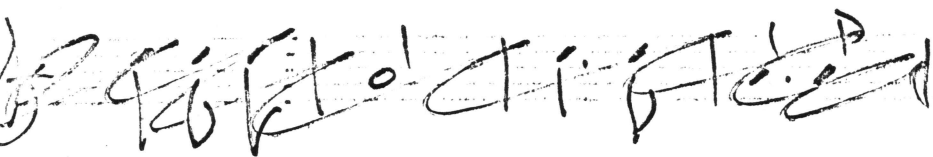
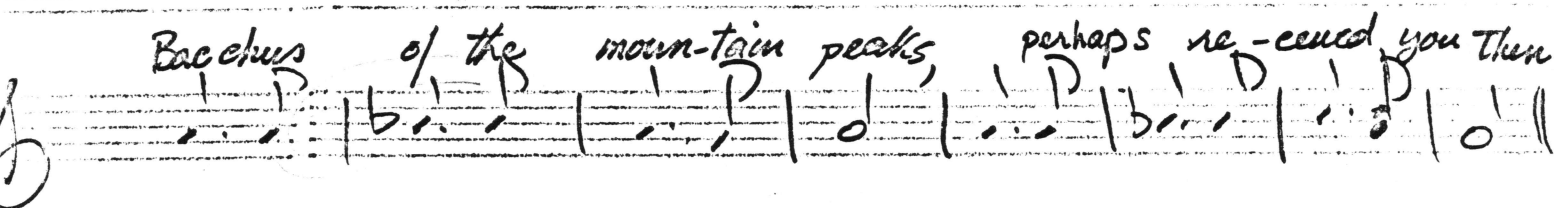
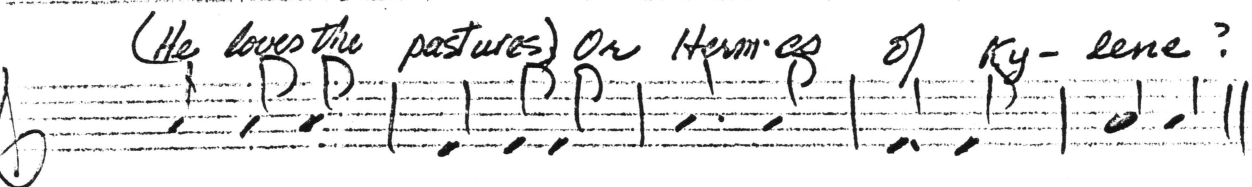
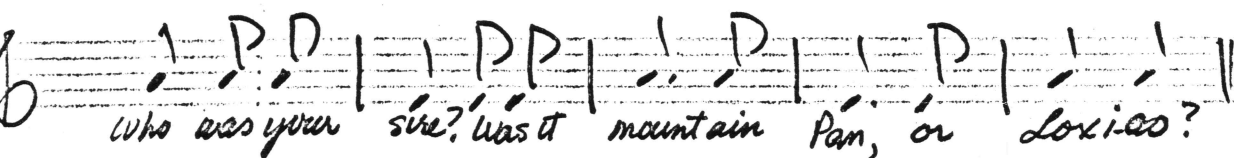
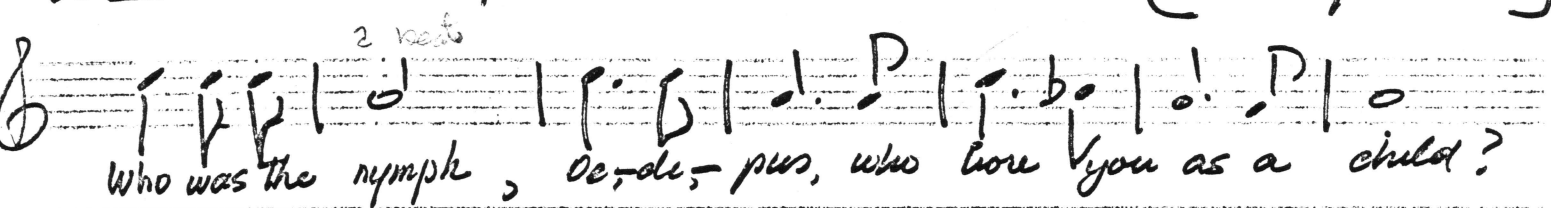
(They have a godly strength in them) and never will grow old.)
repent I pray God cease not to serve the state. Our Pro-tec-tor he will be. Echo
Men have lost their faith in prophecy and A-po-ll'o's worship fades

play last phrase which takes chorus into strophe 2

in [unclear]

9
Ode III Antistrophe 1

US 100
Full Chorus (Lively Dance)



ODE IV Strophe Antistrophe I, Antistrophe II

Slow *Cymbals* *gong*

S. O' race of mortal men do count you as equal to those who never have been!

A.1 You who have aimed so high [hit the tar-get and won the ~~prize~~ ^{glory} of hon-or so great.

A.2. All seeing Time reveals you at last, yet a- gainst you will as a sin-ner so vile.

Pose

For who wins some hap-pi- ness that ~~is not~~ ^{in truth a mere} ~~is not~~ ^{trough} but seeming?

1. For you met the Sphinx, the maid with the claws and the ridd-ling sing-ing

2. And Ju-dges as cursed the un-lawful marriage as son and husband

Fall

E'en this seeming too does fade! ?

1. and brought her, O Zeus, to death!

2. by which you were borne and bore!

Keening

S. With your fate as a para-digm, Oe-di-pus, wretched Oed-i-pus!

1. So you raised up a mighty tower for my land 'gainst threat of death,

2. O w-las, wretched Oe-di-pus, would I never ^{the} said eyes on you!

I count

S. ~~all~~ ^{I count} all of your hap-pi- ness but a dream, As it ne-ver was,

1. Thus you came to be called my King and re-ceived every glo-rious name.

2. From my mouth, I la-ment in tears. It was from you that I took my breath,

S. and I call no one hap-py!

1. as in Thebes you were rul-ing

2. and my eyes close in sleep-ing

Strophe 2 - Spoken