

THE PIROMIDES, A TRAGEDY

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The Piromides, a Tragedy by T. G. Hake

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T. G. HAKE

**THE PIROMIDES,
A TRAGEDY**

THE PIROMIDES.

A TRAGEDY.



LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1839.

936.

DEDICATED

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELGIN.

THE PIROMIS.

INAROS.

HOROS.

PSAMMENITOS, KING OF THE EGYPTIANS.

SIUPHIS.

CHILON.

LADICE.

CAMBYSES, KING OF THE PERSIANS.

NITETIS.

PRIESTS OF ISIS, EGYPTIANS, PERSIANS, ETC.

THE PIROMIDES,

ACT I.

PIROMIS.

Yon star, the oldest prophet of the dawn,
Fulfils its task and quits a gloomy world.
Deep strikes the chill into the dusky morn,
As now she draws her twilight mantle round,
And hails yon streaks of feeble light which burst
The eastern sky and scatter roseate tints
Along the tract of day. And indistinct
This crowded pile of dome and column frowns,
As if lugubrious night still clung around
Enamour'd of the grandeur. Dreadful fane,
Which hides so vast a portion of the heaven
Encentering grace in the surrounding æther,
And thou unsleeping Isis, still within
Fix'd in eternal presence, how my years
'Neath ye have glided into latest age !
Tho' it be pride in me to haunt thy shrine,
O grant this intellect may not decay ;
O grant my prayer that I may breathe my last
Within thy sanctuary !

PIROMIS, INAROS.

INAROS.

Name an hour
When shall commence the sacrifice.

PIROMIS.

The sun

Not yet along the gilded avenue
Unfolding now before his car, appears :
Let sunrise be the signal to commence,
Thou to the daughter of our monarch hie,
And learn the latest news. The virgin loves
Thy presence, and may render to thine ear
What she hath gather'd from th' ensanguin'd field.
She hath the earliest speech of messenger.
Besides 'tis said that with prophetic sight
She gazes at the future : this perchance,
Though but the tale of ignorance, may draw
For its foundation on a watchful mind,
And prove her fit to hold her sire's command.
Should King Cambyses conquer, soon his threats
Would be fulfilled to desecrate our fane.
Chiefly for this Nitatis lures him hither
Gall'd at the loss of empire, and convinced
That I dictated her long banishment.
And yet at large is left the early cause
Of all our fears, all Egypt's miseries,
Even Horos, whose impiety hath call'd
These pending sorrows o'er our fated heads.

The priests enter and prepare the sacrifice in the presence of a large concourse of people, and during the ceremony the choruses are chaunted.

Before the column'd glory of thy fane
 Our voices sink, humbled by conscious woe.
 O Isis, save our thoughts from wandering !
 In inspiration pour on every heart
 A knowledge of thy attributes divine ;
 Impress deep awe of that beneath the veil.
 O Isis ! horned queen, earth's mystery !
 Suppliant we raise the choral hymn on high.
 Our king and all his host, thy worshippers,
 Now meet the Persian armies in the field :
 Award the victory to thy righteous land.

CHORUS.

Isis, horned Isis, hail !
 Let twilight gleam beneath the veil,
 And shed a momentary ray along
 The choral throng,
 To show the penetrating thrill of love
 Is heard above.

Ancient-statued Destiny,
 Whose godhead moves the starry sky !
 O cast a look of deity below
 Upon the foe ;
 And will that the invading hordes may meet
 A swift defeat.

The king, 'midst terrors and the shafts of death,
 Fill with thy breath.