

KADMUS

My son, Teiresias gave you good counsel.
Come, join us, and do not fly against the laws.
Your wits are wandering above your head,
And you only think you are thinking.

And even if

This god did not exist – just as you say –
Still, you should be the first to claim he does.
The credit is worth a lie! Think: Semele,
My own daughter, proclaimed mother to a god,
A great honor to both of us and all our race.
And then, do not forget what has happened
To our house already; you saw the fate
Of my poor Actaion, your cousin, torn to pieces
By his own dogs, the hounds he'd raised and fed,
Because he boasted he was a greater hunter
Than Artemis herself.
You never know who hunts the hunter.
Come here, let me crown your head with ivy.
Honor this god with us–