The Anvil of Clytemnestra
(Final speech from ‘Agamemnon’)

Singer (mezzo/ countertenor)

Anvil (Bz)
(played by Singer)

Piano

For Barbara Touburg

Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

Nay, peace,

O best-be-lov-ed

(Open-mouthed hum)
And let us work no evil more.

Surely the reaping of the past is a full harvest, and not good,
and wounds enough are everywhere. Let us not stain ourselves with blood. Yes, reverend Elders, go your ways, to
his own dwelling every one,

Ere things be wrought for which men suffer,

What we did must needs be done.
And praise God, bruised though we be beneath the Daemons heavy heel. This is the word a woman speaks to hear if any.