

# Incantation to Oedipus

By John Dryden

Choose the darkest part o' the grove,  
Such as ghosts at noon-day love.  
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh  
Where the bones of Laius lie;  
Altars raised of turf or stone,  
Will th' infernal powers have none.  
Answer me, if this be done?

*'Tis done.*

Is the sacrifice made fit?  
Draw her backward to the pit:  
Draw the barren heifer back;  
Barren let her be, and black.  
Cut the curled hair that grows  
Full betwixt her horns and brows:  
And turn your faces from the sun;  
Answer me, if this be done?

*'Tis done.*

Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,  
To Mother Earth and Proserpine:  
Mingle milk into the stream:  
Feasts the ghosts that love the steam;  
Snatch a brand from the funeral pile:  
Toss it in, to make them boil:  
And turn your faces from the sun;  
Answer me, if this be done?

*'Tis done.*