

**THE GREAT MAZE: AND  
THE HEART OF YOUTH.  
A POEM AND A PLAY**

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The Great Maze: And the Heart of Youth. A Poem and a Play by Hermann Hagedorn

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**HERMANN HAGEDORN**

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**THE HEART OF YOUTH**

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

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*The Great Mass; The Heart of Youth.* A poem and a play.



THE GREAT MAZE  
AND  
THE HEART OF YOUTH

*A POEM AND A PLAY*

*By*  
*Hermann Hagedorn*

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To  
THE HILL SCHOOL

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Not with swords, not with guns,  
Mother of boys, you arm your sons.  
East and west, south and north,  
With a word in their ears, you send them forth;  
With a word you gird their souls  
For storms and starry goals,  
And send them over the lands  
With a torch, a torch in their hands.



# THE GREAT MAZE

## I

"TEN years of Troy have made my husband dumb,"  
Said Clytæmnestra in her strong, slow voice,  
So full of melody you scarcely heard  
The sharp discordances of mockery  
That rang athwart it, cold as steel on stone.  
The banqueters looked up; the table-talk  
Died in hushed whispers; one man choked and  
    coughed,  
And one man laughed a drunken, quick, quenched  
    laugh;  
But Agamemnon slowly raised his head,  
And strangely dry and destitute of words,  
With grave brow and unhappy, homeless eyes,  
Gazed at his wife. The pale light on her lips  
Perished as though a wind had blown it out.  
But from the bright obscure of her profound,  
Illegible, black eyes, a sudden spark