

During Reading



Line By Line

Focus Reading and Viewing Strategies

Learning Intention Consider the impact of the chorus and its language on the overall tone of the play

Success Criteria By the end of the lesson the students will have read and engaged with the text to extract and comprehend its meaning.

Activity

Before the class**

1. Print out copies of the speech on the next pages. Print one extra copy.
2. Cut one of the copies of the speech into strips of one line each -you just need as many lines as you have kids in the class. You can always do the activity a few more times.

During the class**

3. Give one strip to each student as they enter the room.
4. Ask the students to mingle and see if they can put the speech together in order of how they think it fits together. (Hint: you might put one mark on each strip to indicate three or four lines that go together to speed this part up)
5. Have students sit in a circle in the order of their strips.
6. Have the student read the speech out loud, one line at a time, in order.
7. Ask the students to stand and read it again – with feeling!
8. The last time, have the students perform their line, from memory if they can. Encourage them to step forward, or stand on their chair (mind OHS regulations) and use gestures.

Discuss Discuss how the speech comes alive when read aloud. This was Sophocles' intention for the play – not for it to be read in a classroom, or silently from a book.

Discuss how language is used in the speech. What about the word choices – how do they impact what we understand from the speech?

Read have the students read the rest of the chorus section – 168 to 244 – together or individually

Discuss the imagery and techniques used here. Have the student make notes on their sheets.

Some of the literary techniques here include – allusion, metaphor, anaphora, alliteration, personification, hyperbole, irony, symbolism, oxymoron, assonance, onomatopoeia, foreshadowing, juxtaposition.

Write Have students write a one paragraph response on the feelings of the citizens of Thebes. How does Sophocles make the audience feel the fear of the people and the challenge that is facing Oedipus? Have students share their responses with the group and add any new ideas they get from their peers to their own notes.

Next Have the students make a collage – using whatever digital tool they choose (and that they can access within school policy) to make an artistic representation of the horrors described by the citizens of Thebes. Maybe consider applying a PG rating to the final images.



Educational resources for *Oedipus The King* prepared by Brandi Galpin for Smart Artz Theatre Inc. Copyright is held by Smart Artz Theatre Inc.

	PARADOS	NOTES
	<p><i>The chorus enters and chants a plea to the gods describing the people's sufferings</i></p>	
	<p><i>(Enter a Chorus, the citizens of Thebes, who have not heard the news that Creon brings. They march around the altar, chanting.)</i></p>	
168	<p>Zeus!</p>	
	<p>Great welcome voice of Zeus, what do you bring?</p>	
170	<p>What word from the gold vaults of Delphi comes to brilliant Thebes? Racked with terror—terror shakes my heart</p>	
	<p>and I cry your wild cries, Apollo, Healer of Delos</p>	
	<p>I worship you in dread . . . what now, what is your price?</p>	
175	<p>some new sacrifice? some ancient rite from the past come round again each spring?—</p>	
	<p>what will you bring to birth?</p>	
	<p>Tell me, child of golden Hope</p>	
	<p>warm voice that never dies!</p>	
180	<p>You are the first I call, daughter of Zeus</p>	
	<p>deathless Athena—I call your sister Artemis,</p>	
	<p>heart of the market place enthroned in glory,</p>	
	<p>guardian of our earth—</p>	
	<p>I call Apollo, Archer astride the thunderheads of heaven—</p>	
185	<p>O triple shield against death, shine before me now!</p>	
	<p>If ever, once in the past, you stopped some ruin</p>	
	<p>launched against our walls</p>	
	<p>you hurled the flame of pain</p>	
	<p>far, far from Thebes—you gods</p>	
190	<p>come now, come down once more!</p>	
	<p>No, no the miseries numberless, grief on grief, no end—</p>	
	<p>too much to bear, we are all dying</p>	
	<p>O my people . . .</p>	
	<p>Thebes like a great army dying</p>	
195	<p>and there is no sword of thought to save us, no</p>	
	<p>and the fruits of our famous earth, they will not ripen</p>	
	<p>no and the women cannot scream their pangs to birth—</p>	
	<p>screams for the Healer, children dead in the womb</p>	
	<p>and life on life goes down</p>	
200	<p>you can watch them go</p>	
	<p>like seabirds winging west, outracing the day's fire</p>	
	<p>down the horizon, irresistibly</p>	
	<p>streaking on to the shores of Evening</p>	
	<p>Death</p>	
	<p>so many deaths, numberless deaths on deaths, no end—</p>	

205	Thebes is dying, look, her children stripped of pity . . . generations strewn on the ground unburied, unwept, the dead spreading death and the young wives and gray-haired mothers with them	
210	cling to the altars, trailing in from all over the city— Thebes, city of death, one long cortege and the suffering rises wails for mercy rise and the wild hymn for the Healer blazes out	
215	clashing with our sobs our cries of mourning— O golden daughter of god, send rescue radiant as the kindness in your eyes! Drive him back!—the fever, the god of death that raging god of war	
220	not armoured in bronze, not shielded now, he burns me, battle cries in the onslaught burning on— O rout him from our borders! Sail him, blast him out to the Sea-queen’s chamber the black Atlantic gulfs	
225	or the northern harbor, death to all where the Thracian surf comes crashing. Now what the night spares he comes by day and kills — the god of death. O lord of the stormcloud, you who twirl the lightning, Zeus, Father,	
230	thunder Death to nothing! Apollo, lord of the light, I beg you — whip your longbow’s golden cord showering arrows on our enemies—shafts of power champions strong before us rushing on!	
235	Artemis, Huntress, torches flaring over the eastern ridges— ride Death down in pain! God of the headdress gleaming gold, I cry to you— your name and ours are one, Dionysus—	
240	come with your face aflame with wine your raving women’s cries your army on the march! Come with the lightning come with torches blazing, eyes ablaze with glory!	
244	Burn that god of death that all gods hate!	