



# The Triumph of Horus

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Once upon a time in a land far away... Osiris was king of the Two Lands of Egypt, but his brother Seth envied his position and murdered him, taking the throne for himself. Isis, the wife of Osiris, flees and bears a son, Horus, in exile. Grown up, Horus comes back to the palace to avenge his father's murder and take his rightful place as King of the Two Lands. Seth, a great magician, turns himself into a ferocious Hippo, hoping to defeat the upstart and remain King...

*Dramatis Personae:* **Reader** (a Lector Priest to make the introductions and keep things moving), **Isis** (beautiful and powerful Goddess of motherhood and magic), **Horus** (out for revenge, big time), **Demon Black Bull** (a Nasty Beastie that you would *not* like to run into on a dark night!), **Thoth** (God of writing and wisdom, the God's bookkeeper), **Seth** (only present as a Hippo cake - yummy!), a **Butcher** (to cut up the "dead" Seth and distribute his tasty bits all round), and a **Chorus** of Onlookers (Bloodthirstily cheering Horus on to do much mayhem on Seth's body).

## A C T I : C o n f r o n t a t i o n

*Horus the Behdetite, equipped with rope and harpoon, and Isis enter a boat. Horus mimes the harpooning of a Hippo symbolizing Seth.*

### Reader

Horus the Behdetite, Great God, Lord of the Sky.  
Who on his father's behalf punished the Monster for what he did,  
He turns himself about in his form of Doughty Harpooner  
And tramples on the backs of his foes.

### Horus

The single barbed harpoon is in my left hand,  
The three barbed in my grip,  
Let us slay yon Wicked One with our weapons.

### Reader

Isis the great, the god's mother in Wetjeset-Hor,  
Who protects her son in his war-galley.

### Isis

I fortify your heart, my son Horus.  
Pierce the Hippopotamus, your father's foe!

## Reader

Here begins the bringing to pass of the Triumph of Horus over his enemies when he hastened to slay his foes after going forth to battle. Seth has been judged in the Tribunal of Re and Thoth says:

## Thoth

A happy day on this day which is divided by its minutes!  
A happy day on this day which is divided by its hours!  
A happy day in this month which is divided by his fifteenth day feast!  
A happy day in this year which is divided by its months!  
A happy day in this eternity which is divided by its years!  
A happy day in this Everlasting!  
How pleasant it is when they come to your every year!

## Horus

A happy day! I have cast my harpoon lustily!  
A happy day! My hands have the mastery of his head!  
I have cast at the cows of the hippopotami in water of eight cubits,  
I have cast at the Lower Egyptian Bull in water of twenty cubits,  
A harpoon blade of four cubits, a rope of sixty cubits,  
And a shaft of sixteen cubits in my hands,  
A youth I of eight cubits;  
I have cast standing in a war-galled on water of twenty cubits.  
I have hurled with my right hand, and swung with my left,  
As a bold fen-man does!

## Isis

The pregnant ones among the hippopotami do not give birth,  
Not one of their females conceives  
When they hear the thud of your shaft,  
And the whistling of your blade,  
Like thunder in the east of heaven,  
Like a drum in the hands of a child.

## Chorus and Onlookers

Hold fast, Horus, hold fast!

## ACT II: The Defeat of Seth

## Chorus

Praise to you, Horus the Behdetite, Great God, Lord of the Sky,  
Wall of stone round about Egypt,  
Excellent protector, guardian of the temples,  
Who drives back the Perverse One from the Two Outpourings,  
The goodly Watchman of the Fortress.

## Demon

I am Bull of the Two Lands.  
I assault him who comes to profane your palace;  
I gore with my horns him who plots against it.  
Blood on my horns and dust behind me

For every violator of thy nome.

Make a slaughtering! Let its barb bite into the neck of the Hippopotamus!

**Horus**

The third harpoon is stuck fast in his neck,  
Its barbs, they bite into his flesh.

**Chorus**

Hail to you, the one that sleeps alone,  
That communes with his own heart only,  
A man to seize the mooring post in the water.

**Isis**

Cast your harpoon, I ask you,  
At the mound of the Savage Beast.  
See, you are on a mound clear of bushes,  
A shore free from scrub.  
Fear not his awfulness;  
Flee not because of them that are in the water.  
Let your harpoon fasten on to him,  
My son Horus

Your foes are fallen beneath you,  
So eat the flesh of the neck,  
The abomination of women.  
The noise of lamentation is in the southern sky,  
Wailing is in the northern sky,  
The noise of the lamentation of my brother Seth.  
My son Horus has him held fast.

**Chorus and Onlookers**

Hold fast, Horus, hold fast!

**Demon**

I am Black Bull.  
I eat the flesh, I swallow the gore,  
Of them that cause alarm in your temple.  
I turn my face towards him who comes against your house,  
I drive away the Wicked from the Temples.  
My horn gores the Marauder when he shows himself.  
It has sundered the vessels in the head of the Hippopotamus.

**Horus**

The fourth harpoon is stuck fast in his pate;  
It has cut open the vessels of his head, the back parts in his head.

**Chorus and Onlookers**

Grasp the harpoon which Ptah, the goodly guide,  
Fashioned for the Fen Goddess.  
Which was fashioned in copper for your mother Isis.

**I s i s**

I have made clothes for the Fen-Goddess,  
For the Goddess of Weaving,  
For the Nurse, for Sothis,  
For the Goddess of Raiment  
And for the Lady of the Hunt.  
Be firm on your feet against yon hippopotamus,  
Hold him fast with your hand.

**H o r u s**

I have cast my harpoon at the Lower Egyptian Bull,  
I have sore wounded Terrible Face,  
I plough up the river with my weapons from upon the bank  
I reach the water and approach the river.

**I s i s**

Let your harpoon fasten on to him, my son Horus,  
On to yon enemy of your father.  
Drive your blade into him, my son Horus,  
That your shaft may bite into his skin.  
Let your hands drag yon Wicked One.

**C h o r u s   a n d   O n l o o k e r s**

Hold fast, Horus, hold fast!

You who are in heaven and earth, fear Horus!  
You who are in the Abyss, do him reverence!  
Lo, he has appeared in glory as a mighty king,  
He has taken the throne of his father.  
The right arm of Horus is as those of the young fen-men.  
Eat the flesh of the foe,  
Drink of his gore,  
Swallow them up,  
You who are in the Abyss!

**A C T   I I I :   C e l e b r a t i o n**

**C h o r u s   a n d   O n l o o k e r s**

The noise of rejoicing resounds in Mesen;  
Gladness issues from Behdet.  
Horus has come that he may slay the Nubian  
And his confederates in the place of slaughter.  
He has cut off his head,  
He has cut out his heart,  
He has drenched him in his own blood.  
Wetjestet-Hor and Denderah are in jubilation.  
Alack, alack in Kenset!

**I s i s**

You seize your harpoon and do what you will with it,  
My son Horus, beloved.

**Reader**

Bring in the Hippopotamus in the form of a cake into the presence of Him with the Upraised Arm.

**Butcher**

I am the skilled butcher of the Majesty of Re,  
Who cuts up the hippopotamus, dismembered upon his hide.

*A Hippo cake is cut up by the Butcher*

**Reader**

Be annihilated, Oh Seth, be annihilated!  
You shall not exist and your soul shall not exist!  
You shall not exist and your body shall not exist!  
You shall not exist and your children shall not exist!  
You shall not exist and your flesh shall not exist!  
You shall not exist and your bones shall not exist!  
You shall not exist and your magic shall not exist!  
You shall not exist and your no place where you are shall exist!  
You shall die!

**Chorus and Onlookers**

Die!

**Reader**

May you perish, may your name perish.  
Fall upon your face,  
Be felled!

**Chorus and Onlookers**

Be felled!

**Reader**

Be crushed

**Chorus and Onlookers**

Crushed!

**Reader**

Be annihilated!

**Chorus and Onlookers**

Annihilated!

**Reader**

Be cut to pieces!

**Chorus and Onlookers**

To pieces!

**Reader**

Be cut up!

**Chorus and Onlookers**

Cut up!

**Reader**

The barb of Horus is thrust into your brow;  
Your head is severed from your neck;

You are destroyed on the execution block;  
Your head is cut off and you are cast on your back.  
The prophets, fathers of the god and priests say:  
Be glad, you women of Busiris:  
Horus has overthrown his enemies.  
Rejoice you women of Wetjeset-Hor:  
Horus the Behdetite, Great God, Lord of the Sky, has overthrown yon foe of his father Osiris.  
Oh Onnophris, your strength is restored to you;  
They who are in the Abyss fear you;  
The lords of the thrones shout in joy to you.

### Chorus and Onlookers

This is Horus, the protector of his father Osiris,  
Who fights with his horns,  
Who prevails over the Hippopotamus,  
Who seizes the Perverse One,  
Who smites the foes.

### Reader

Triumphant over his enemies is Horus the Behdetite, Great God, Lord of the Sky!

### Chorus and Onlookers

Triumphant over his enemies is Horus the Behdetite, Great God, Lord of the Sky!

### Isis

Your foes bow down and are destroyed for ever,  
Oh you Avenger of your Father.  
Come that I may instruct you.  
Consign his foreleg to the House of the Prince for you father Osiris, He who awakes safely,  
While his shank remains in Dep for your great father Ipy-sehedj.  
Let his shoulder be taken to Hermopolis for Thoth, the great one in the Valley.  
Give his ribs to Great of Strength  
And his breast to the Hare-goddess.  
Give the great meat portion of him to Knum in the Temple,  
His neck to Edjo of the Two Uraeas Goddesses, for she is your great mother.  
Give his thigh to Horus the Primordial One, the great god who first came into being.  
Give a roast of him to the birds which execute judgement in Djebawet.  
Give his liver to Sepa  
And his fat to the disease demons of Dep.  
Give his bones to the Khemu-iyet,  
His heart to the Lower Egyptian Songstress.  
Mine is his forepart, mine is his hinderpart, for I am your Mother whom he oppressed.  
Give his tongue to the Young Harpooners,  
The best of his inner parts to your followers.  
Take for yourself his heart and so assume the White Crown and the kingly office of your  
father Osiris.  
What remains of him burn in the brazier of the Mistress of the Two Lands.

### Chorus and Onlookers

Re has given to you the strength of Montu  
And for you, Oh Horus, is the jubilation!