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ORPHEUS IN UNDERLAND

A Parody-Opera Show in Six Languages

1996

CHARACTERS

**Carroll-Orpheus,
Nagual**

Countertenor (able to sing with an unquavering
masculine voice).

**The Caterpillar,
The March Hare,
The Duchess,
The Queen,
The Third Fury**

First Voice, Afro-Brazilian Pop singer.

**The Cat,
The Gryphon,
The Judge,
The Second Fury**

Second Voice, Anglo-Cuban Pop singer.

**The Mouse,
The King,
The Hatter,
The First Fury**

Third Voice, European Folk singer.

**Flowers,
Cards,
Soldiers**

Afro-Brazilian Percussion group.

Eurydalice

2 Stagehands

MUSICIANS

String quartet

Guitar

Bass

Percussion

Clarinet

Trumpet

Saxophone

Some scenes: Dodgson's opening monologue, the appearances of the Stagehands, and the dialogue between the Hatter and the Duchess (No. 26, on page 28) are to be performed in the language of the country where the play is being staged and should be translated to suit the corresponding linguistic environment. The rest of the play is to be performed as it appears in the libretto.

ACT I

SCENE 1 - ORPHEUS

Black curtain.

Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known by his pen-name Lewis Carroll, wearing a black frock coat (as in Rejlander's famous photograph of the author of Alice), is gazing at his reflection in a full-length mirror as the stage lights come on; Dodgson worriedly feels his face and straightens out his hair with a hand before turning to face the audience, whom he addresses as if possessed with an urgent need to offer explanations.

No. 1 - RECITATIVE. Rap and string quartet.

Dodgson-Orpheus

Ladies and gentlemen, see me. Look at me well. Do I look like someone who has returned from hell? I don't, do I? No doubt, if you look hard, if you observe fixedly, you may perhaps discover some trace, something, in my face, or maybe in my hands, the slightest sign of decomposition. Some detail that has changed, a stain, perhaps a scar, a scratch... (He feels his neck.) No. You see nothing? Nothing. No, then. And do you know why? Quite simply because there is nothing, absolutely nothing to be seen. Nothing. I have not turned gray, nor lost a single hair, nor... And some people say that little girls drove me mad! I have stood before the infernal powers! I have seen the face of the god -- of the goddess -- of Avernus, I have touched the walls of the eternal sepulcher, and nothing! (He explores his neck insistently, moving the fingers of both hands.) A lack of flexibility, a certain rigidity perhaps, but that is all. Not even my camera, which I call Chimera, that marvelous and doubtlessly incredible invention, registered a thing. Nothing, not a single image. And I thought I could use it to capture -- mental faculties, let's call them. (He moves back and forth, as if searching for something.) Maybe you want to know what it's like there, to have some more exact information... I let the wind carry me -- anyway... Didn't I say so? No? I went in search of Eurydalice. Of Eurydice or Alice, it makes no difference. Of her. I went in search of her. I lost her. Suddenly she was no longer with me! The Serpent, yes, it took her from me. It wanted to take her away. As if it hadn't already taken so very many. Thousands of beauties have descended into Avernus; it could easily have allowed one to stay up here with us. Anyway, I went and I came back. And as that insidious ophidian says: the woman, the serpent, hell, the return to paradise, skirting around hell, infernus, the nether regions -- it's not a bad story, don't you know? What? What are you saying? How did I get there? What road did I take? It's a little long to relate and I don't think this is the right place. As for the rest... (A Stagehand

carrying a ladder enters; Dodgson watches him cross the stage in silence; Stagehand exits.) It's too late. There's no reason for it... I don't know. What? Ah! Who stands firm? Well.. crossed through the looking-glass. What?

Yes, yes. It was pouring down with rain, an icy rain. (The lights flash.) I sank into the mud, I was soaked like a shaggy dog...

As Dodgson-Orpheus speaks, the lighting changes, growing darker. A storm is brewing. The wind rises. Dodgson moves towards the mirror. For a moment he hesitates before his reflected image. The storm grows stronger. Murmurs and incomprehensible voices are heard. A brilliant silver steam appears to emanate from the mirror. Dodgson makes as to cross it. Dark.)

SCENE 2 - ORPHEUS AND BACKING VOCALS

No. 2 - Syncopated. Quartet and Afro-percussion.

Dodgson-Orpheus is crossing through the mirror. The music beats a syncopated rhythm as a series of images -- the ruins of huge buildings, factories, and power stations, vast breakers' yards full of cars, a war-ravaged city -- are projected behind him. Dodgson-Orpheus, motionless, mimes a forward advance into a strong wind blowing against him. (Homage à Cocteau.) The voices and murmurs from the previous scene are becoming clearer. The string quartet joins in with the syncopated rhythm.

Backing vocals

Abajo, abajo, abajo.

Down, down, down.

Would the fall never come to an end?

Down, down, down.

Would the fall never come to an end?

Orpheus, falsetto

¡Dadme una genciana, una antorcha!

Backing vocals

Reach me a gentian, give me a torch!

Orpheus

A gentian, a torch!
Let me guide myself with the blue,
forked torch of a flower
down the darker and darker stairs,
where blue is darkened on blueness,
down the way Eurydalice goes, just now, as bride,
a gloom enfolded in the deeper dark.

Backing vocals

Down, down, down,
to the living dark,
to the sightless realm
where darkness is married to dark.

Orpheus

Among the splendour of black-blue torches,
shedding fathomless darkness on the nuptials.

Backing vocals

Down, down, down.
Down the way Eurydalice goes.
Down, down, down,
where the dark is gloom
and the gloom is night.
Nacht, nacht, nacht.
To the living dark,
where the fire is water
and the water is dark.
And to cross that water will be the first trial...

The first, incisive rhythms of the candomblé (ritual dances and percussion rhythms of African origin, found in Bahia, Brazil), are heard in the distance.

SCENE 3 - THE MOUSE AND ORPHEUS

The stage lights rise. Orpheus stands beside a wood of palm-trees on the shore of a dark lake. His hair is disheveled and his frock coat is torn.

The Stagehand with the ladder who crossed the stage comes back in the opposite direction; he is wearing a waistcoat and a checked jacket, like the White Rabbit in John Tenniel's illustrations (Alice in Wonderland); he walks hastily; he stops, takes a watch from his waistcoat pocket, looks at the time, and says:

First Stagehand

Oh Gosh, it shall be too late!

and exits.

Orpheus makes to follow him but is stopped by Mouse-Charon, who enters with a long pole, as if sailing a gondola or punt.

No. 3 - Third Voice. Rap with percussion off stage: the candomblé continues to play.

Mouse

Who are you?

Wer ist der Vermessene,

der dieser Finsternis

zu nahen sich erkühnt,

der selbst dem Tode

frevelnd trotzt?

Anima viva,

partiti da cotesti che son morti.

The candomblé -- which, off-stage, has not stopped -- grows louder, sounding ever closer.

No. 4 - RECITATIVE, in falsetto. Orpheus and quartet.

Orpheus

Ratón, non ti crucciare!

¡Eurídalice no es más, y yo respiro!

Where is her death?

O will you yet invent

this theme before your song consumes itself?

SCENE 4 - CANDOMBLÉ

The batucada now enters, playing and dancing. It comprises eight Bahia percussionists. With them comes the Black Rabbit. Ignoring Orpheus, whom they nevertheless surround with their evolving dance, they strike up a Yoruba rhythm, invoking the water-gods Yemanjá and Oxum. They finally leave the stage.

SCENE 5 - ORPHEUS AND THE MOUSE

Orpheus, who looks exhausted as if he had been dancing himself, tries to follow and exit with the group, but is stopped once again by the Mouse.

No. 5 - RECITATIVE.

Mouse

Pon freno al foll'ardir!
Der Augen Verlangen,
des Herzens Bangen
halt standhaft zurück!
Nur kurz ist die Prüfung,
dann lacht dir das Glück!

No. 6 - RECITATIVE, in falsetto. Guitar.

Orpheus

¡Ratón, no te interpongas!
Era casi una niña, y despuntaba
en la dicha armoniosa del canto y de la lira,
and she slept in me,
and all things were her sleep...

You singing Love, how
did you so perfect her?
Everything is gone, her body is gone.
Almost a girl...
Rescataré su sombra, daré de nuevo vida
al alma más amada. Gesang ist Dasein.

No. 7 - ARIA. Quartet and guitar.

Orpheus

Possente spirto, e formidabil nume,
senza cui far passaggio a l'altra riva
alma da corpo sciolta in van presume.
Non viv'io, no che poi di vita è priva
mia cara Euridalice, il cor non è più meco,
e senza cor com'esser può ch'io viva?

No. 8 - RECITATIVE.

Mouse

Welcher Gesang, mild und betörend!
Alles weicht der Sanftmut
deiner Zauberkunst.
Ben mi lusinga alquanto
il tuo canto.
Traversa l'acqua.
Der Weg sei frei.

The Mouse lets him pass. Orpheus climbs into the invisible punt and both characters move away until they leave the stage. Dark. The Mouse is heard to say:

Mouse

O.K. I leave you here.
You know?
I don't like katz.
Katzerberus, you know?

SCENE 6 - ORPHEUS AND THE CAT

Orpheus arrives at the mouth of an enormous cave: a wild place, lit by an intense garnet-colored light. Next to the cave entrance grows a full-bodied tree with bare branches. He stops in silence beside the cave and looks in every direction, trying to determine what path to follow. He then

discovers, crouched motionless at the cave mouth, Katzerberus, Cat-Cerberus, with long claws and huge teeth that he displays in a smile -- or rather a convulsive grin -- as Orpheus approaches. Only then does the Cat move.

No. 9 - RECITATIVE. Orpheus and Second Voice. Quartet and guitar.

Orpheus

Tú, quienquiera que seas,
¿querrás decirme qué camino debo seguir?

Cat

That depends a good deal
on where you want to get to.

Orpheus

Emprendo un largo viaje hacia el olvido...

No. 10 - RECITATIVE.

Cat

If you don't much care
where you want to get to,
then it doesn't matter
which way you go.
And, in that case,
perhaps you want to hear my history.
Mine is a long tale...

No. 11 - ARIA. Second Voice. Bolero-danzón. Guitar, bass, bongos, cello.

Cat

Este era un gato
con los pies de trapo
y los ojos al revés.
¿Quieres que te lo cuente otra vez?

Este era un trapo
con los pies de gato
y los ojos otra vez.
¿Quieres que te lo cuente al revés?

Esta era una vez
con los pies al revés
y los ojos de trapo.
¿Quieres que te lo cuente otro gato
en inglés?...

The Cat (perhaps by means of a projection effect) has "magically" moved to a new position.

"T was a cat
with a brilliant hat
and an empty thought.
Would you like to hear more about the plot?

"T was a hat
with a brilliant cat
and an empty plot.
Would you like to hear more about the thought?

"T was a plot
with a brilliant thought
and an empty hat.
Would you like to hear more about the cat?
what...?

¿que te lo cuente en español,
o al revés?, ¿en francés?

Orpheus, caught up in the unpredictable movements of the Cat, finally confronts him face to face.

No. 12 - RECITATIVE. Quartet.

Orpheus

No ordeal, O Cat,
that you can imagine
would ever surprise me
for I have already foreseen
and foresuffered them all.
But one thing I pray for especially:
since they say it is here
that the King of the Underworld's
gateway is to be found,
among these shadowy marshes
where Acheron comes flooding through,
I pray for one look,
one face-to-face meeting
with my dear Eurydalice.
Show me the way and open the holy doors wide.

The Cat is now sitting in the tree. At the same time, however, his magnified face can be seen in two different areas of the stage.

No. 13 - ARIA. Second Voice. Son. Trumpet, sax, guitar, bass, strings, percussion.

Cat

Oye mis cantos, son el arrullo,
sí, son el eco de mi canción,
notas perdidas, frases, murmullos,
tristes recuerdos, tristes recuerdos de un triste amor.

Oye mis cantos, son el arrullo,
sí, son el eco del corazón.
Un corazón amante que fue tuyo
y que hoy te sueña, y que hoy te sueña con este son.
Son, son del corazón,

son, mi inspiración,
son que es mi pasión.
Son, son que es un arrullo,
un suave murmullo,
un tierno capullo
de mi corazón.

IMPROVISATION. Vocal jazz.

Cat

O.K. Está bien.
You must go down into the cave.
You'll see me there!

The Cat disappears. The son continues.

The First Stagehand, carrying his ladder, enters along with another Stagehand; both are carrying cables and spotlights.

Second Stagehand

Where's the other ladder?

First Stagehand

Why, I hadn't to bring but one.
Bill's got the other.

Second Stagehand

Bill! Fetch it here, lad.

The First Stagehand exits, only to return with another ladder.

Second Stagehand

Here, put 'em up at this corner.
No, tie 'em together first, they don't reach
half high enough yet...

First Stagehand

Oh, they'll do well enough.
Don't be particular.

Second Stagehand

Here! Catch hold of this rope.

First Stagehand

Will the roof bear?

Second Stagehand

Mind that loose light!
Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!

The First Stagehand falls, together with the ladder, making a loud racket.

First Stagehand

Now, who did that?

Second Stagehand

It was Bill, I fancy...

The Second Stagehand helps his fallen companion up; both exit, carrying their things.

Orpheus -- who has been watching the previous scene hidden behind the tree -- emerges and, after a moment's hesitation, enters the cave.

The Cat reappears.

Cat

Oye mis cantos, son el arrullo,
sí, son el eco de mi canción,
notas perdidas, frases, murmullos,
tristes recuerdos, tristes recuerdos de un triste amor.

And he disappears for good.

SCENE 7 - THE CATERPILLAR, THE CAT

Enter the Caterpillar, smoking with a long cigarette-holder.

No. 14 - ARIA. First Voice. Morna. Guitar, violin, percussion, bass.

Caterpillar

O amor é o essencial.

O corpo é so um acidente.

Pode ser igual

ou diferente.

O amor é o capital.

O corpo é so um alliciente.

Pode ser cabal

ou deficiente.

O amor é o zenithal.

O corpo é so um affluente.

Pode ser central

ou divergente.

O amor é o principal.

O corpo é so um excedente.

Pode ser mortal

ou viviente.

O amor é o essencial.

Insurgente, convergente,

esplendente, effervescente.

O amor é o essencial.

The Cat -- or rather just his face -- reappears.

No. 15 - ARIA. Second Voice. Bolero. Guitar, bass, percussion.

Cat

Nadie puede vivir muchas vidas
(como yo),
nadie puede volver a vivir
las alegrías perdidas
(como tú).

Vivir es partir,
ay, sí, sí, sí, vivir
es volverse a ir.

Ya se despide de ti la que te amaba
sin recordar todo este tiempo que pasó.
Era un ángel que tu pecho iluminaba
y que al partir despedazó tu corazón.

Vivir sin sus caricias es mucho desamparo,
vivir sin sus palabras es mucha soledad,
vivir sin su amoroso mirar, tranquilo y claro,
es mucha obscuridad.

Tú mismo no comprendes por qué la querías tanto,
e ignoras cuál ha sido la causa de este amor.
Ella llegó a tu vida llenándola de encanto;
ahora que la has perdido en ti anidó el dolor.

Ya se despide de ti la que te amaba
sin recordar todo este tiempo que pasó.
Era un ángel que tu pecho iluminaba
y que al partir despedazó tu corazón.

Dark.

SCENE 8 - CAT, ORPHEUS, FURIES

In the middle of a storm, Orpheus arrives at the desolate plains of the other world. The strong winds hinder his progress. Yellow steam rises from the open cracks in the ground and fill the stage with a thick fog. Through the fog the Cat's voice is heard humming an echo of the bolero

that has just been sung.

Cat

Eurídalice, Eurídalice: tu nombre
dulcemente resuena
en esta selva lúgubre, estas rocas,
este valle sombrío.

The wind rises, blowing strongly. Suddenly, the three Furies appear before Orpheus, blocking his path. The First Fury moves forward; she sings as she follows Orpheus' movements like a reflection.

No. 16 - ARIA. Third Voice. Chanson franHaise. String quartet, clarinet, guitar, bass, and percussion.

First Fury, Third Voice

Ah! Dans ce lieu lugubre et sombre,
Eurydalice, si ton ombre nous entend
sois sensible à nos alarmes,
vois nos peines, vois les larmes,
vois les larmes que pour toi l'on répand.

Objet de mon amour,
je te demande au jour
avant l'aurore,
et quand le jour s'enfuit
ma voix pendant la nuit
t'appelle encore.
Eurydalice, Eurydalice.

RECITATIVE. Rap, in falsetto.

Orpheus

Sorrow, sorrow, stay!
O do not my poor heart affright.
Eurídalice, ¿me escuchas?

Tu sei morta, mia vita,
tu sei di me partita.
Down, down, down I fall,
and arise I never shall.

ARIA. Tango-habanera. Quartet, clarinet, guitar, bass, percussion. The Second and Third Furies dance.

First Fury

Quel est l'audacieux
qui dans ces sombres lieux
ose porter ses pas
et devant le trépas
ne frémit pas?

Who is the daring youth
who faces death
undaunted?
What brings you to these haunts,
presumptuous mortal?

Hier ist der Ort
ewiger Gewissensqualen,
ewigen Klagens
und ewiger Foltern!

The three Furies confront Orpheus.

No. 17 - CONCERTANTE. First, Second, and Third Voices. Mambo cha-cha-cha. Tutti, back vocals.

Second Fury, Second Voice

Detente, quienquiera que seas.
¿Por qué visitas, di,
este lugar de sombras,
de sueño y noche inalcanzables?

Third Fury, First Voice

You'll never see the forest of Styx,
realms that are barred to the living.

First Fury, Third Voice

Que la peur, la terreur
s'emparent de ton coeur.

Orpheus

Espectros, larvas...
Sombras terribles,
oh, sed sensibles
a mi inmenso dolor.

Furies

Non, nein, no!

Orpheus

Con el menor acento de mi lira
puedo afectar su horrenda, inútil ira,
escilas, quimeras,
tenebrosas fieras...
Sol di corde soavi armo le dita.

Furies

No, nein, non!

Orpheus

De Eurídalice constante
soy el dolido, el fervoroso amante.
Sentid mi voz, pues con piadoso espanto
vais a rendir admiración al canto.

Third Fury

Por qué potente acorde...

First Fury

Welch machtvolle Akkorde...

Second Fury

By what compelling harmonies...

Third Fury

Qué inaudita armonía...

First Fury

... malgré nos vains efforts
dans le séjour des morts,
an diesem Ort der Toten...

Second Fury

... in the abode of the dead...

Third Fury

... en el reino mortal...

First Fury

... bannen unsren starren...

Third Fury

... despite all our efforts...

Second Fury

... pese al furor que nos regía...

First Fury

... unbezähmbaren Grimm?

Third Fury

... does he quench the fury of our transports?

Second Fury

... apacigua nuestro encono infernal?

First Fury

... malgré nos vains efforts

il calme la fureur de nos transports?

Orpheus

Armado de armonía

he de traerte, Eurídalice mía,

de nuevo hasta las márgenes del día...

The Furies let him pass.

The three Furies

Olas de voz inundan el Erebo,

la negra noche cede a la belleza,

triunfan las notas de un acento nuevo

y a ser glorioso lo infernal empieza.

First Fury

Welch Gesang, mild und betörend!

Third Fury

Ont su nous désarmer

et nous charmer.

Second Fury

Let him descend into the underworld!

The three Furies

Has vencido mortal.

The way is open.

Tout cede à la douceur

de son art enchanteur.

Er ist Sieger.

He has conquered.

Il est vainqueur.

DANCE of the Furies.

Orpheus disappears into the darkness.

SCENE 9 - AFRO-BRAZILIAN PERCUSSION GROUP, PERCUSSION SOLOIST, MARCH HARE,
AND CAT

An Afro-Brazilian carnival number starts up. A group of musicians and dancers dressed as playing cards that are also flowers appear on the stage.

No. 18 - Samba-reggae. Afro-percussion, trumpet and trombone; percussion soloist.

March Hare enters.

No. 19 - ARIA. First Voice. Reggae. Afro-percussion, electric guitar, bass.

March Hare

Velada ou revelada
a poesia
é um jogo de espelhos,
um circuito reversível,
uma tentativa irreversível
livre da escuridão da língua.

A poesia
é ótica,
a cústica
e léxico.

I física
e vívida
e lúdica:
é mágica.

A poesia é mística
velada ou revelada.

I jogo de espelhos,
reversível
irreversível.
Velada ou revelada.

Versível,
irrevelada.

E já seja
épica,
lírica
ou erótica,
sua música
livra a língua da escuridão.

Reversível e velada.
Versível.
Irrevelada.

The Cat appears again, with a book in his hand.

No. 20 - ARIA. Second Voice. Merengue. Trumpet, saxophone, guitar, bass, Afro-percussion.

Cat

¿En qué libro te leí,
en qué sueño te soñé,
en qué planeta te ví
antes de encontrarte aquí?
No lo sé, no, no lo sé.

¿Acaso tienes prisa
de partir?
Acaso tu pasión, como la brisa
se adelgaza, se desliza

y ya se quiere ir?

¿Por qué no vienes?

¿Qué te detiene?

¿Por qué te ocultas de tal modo?

¿Dónde, dónde estás?

¿Por qué te olvidas así

de mí, de tí,

de todo?

Quizá ya nunca volverás.

¿En qué libro te leí,

en qué sueño te soñé,

en qué planeta te ví

antes de encontrarte aquí?

No lo sé, no, no lo sé.

The March Hare and Cat sing together.

No. 21 - DUO. First and Second Voices. Funky blues. Trumpet, saxophone, guitar, bass, and drums.

March Hare and Cat

You're alive,

yeah, alive.

You're alive.

What have you done?

The sound of music is gone.

The soul of music is past.

Moving fast

let them talk

as you walk.

Let them talk.

You hear them as you walk,

yeah, you hear them talk.

Can you hear how they say?:

"You're alive".

But you know that some day
you must die.

You're alive.

You must die.

But you're alive.

The March Hare and the Flowers begin a promenade.

No. 22 - First Voice. Samba-reggae maracutú (homage to Caetano Veloso). Tutti; amplified quartet,
Afro-percussion.

March Hare

Querias querer
cantar.

Querias ser,
hacer

o desaparecer.

Querias volver.

Querias querer
gritar.

E nada mais?

Queria cantar.

Queria querer
hacer.

Queria ser.

Queria gritar
querer.

Queria hacer,
querer

o desaparecer.

E nada mais?

Queria volver.

Queria cantar.

Queria hacer

querer.

E nada mais?

Querias gritar.

Querias querer.

Querias cantar.

Querias cantar.

Querias cantar.

Exit the March Hare.

INSTRUMENTAL TRANSITION. Afro-percussion, quartet.

Dark.

*When the lights come back on, the Second Stagehand is about to finish placing a spotlight on the scaffold at the front of the stage. He adjusts it, switches it on, aims it at a specific point, tightens it, climbs down the stepladder he was using and, whistling a pop version of Gluck's **Dance of the Blessed Spirits**, exits.*

Stumbling breathlessly, Orpheus arrives before the walls of the city of Pluto, King of Avernus. In the air the wails of tormented shadows resound and, as a continuous background noise, the intense crackling of flames can be heard. At the gates of Hell -- which cannot but evoke Rodin's -- stand two guards: the Hatter and the Duchess, both dressed in a fashion that recalls the uniforms of orderlies in a madhouse. They hurry to block his way, threatening him with pencils the size of spears.

Afro-percussion, simulated by the amplified quartet.

No. 23 - QUASI-RECITATIVE. First and Third Voices. Quartet (fortissimo).

Hatter, Third Voice

No room!

Duchess, First Voice

No room! Pas de place!

Hatter

Go away!

Duchess

¡No hay lugar!

Fora!

Hatter

Fora daqui!

SINGING RECITAL. Quartet (pianissimo) and electric guitar. The music from before the transition continues to play.

Orpheus

Deh placatevi con me,
ombre sdegnose.
Vi renda almen
pietosi el mio dolor!

Duchess

De que serve uma sensação
se tem uma razão exterior pela ela?
Ah, pobre vaidade de carne e osso.
Não ves que não tens importância
absolutamente nenhuma?

No. 24 - Third Voice. Argentinean song, rhythmically interlaced. Quartet, bass, and clarinet.

Hatter

Fragen möcht' ich,

woher er ist?

Vocal jazz.

Duchess

Encara-te a frio, e encara a frio o que somos..

Se queres matar-te, mata-te...

INTERRUPTION. Singing recital.

Orpheus

Euridalice, ombra bella,

odi i pianti, i lamenti

che dollenti

si spargon per te!

The song continues.

Hatter

Er fleht die Götter an

in seinem unsäglichen Leid,

aber das Echo antwortet

ohne Mitleid auf sein Gebet.

Vocal jazz.

Duchess

Escrúpulos!

Não tenhas escrúpulos!

Que escrúpulos tem o impulso que gera

a circulação do sangue, e o amor?

The Duchess closes in on Orpheus as she sings.

No. 25 - First and Third Voices. Lambada. Tutti.

Duchess

Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love,
that makes the world go round,
go round, go round, go round.

Hatter

Die allvergessende Liebe.

Both characters hold hands and dance around Orpheus.

Duchess

Sim, sim, sim!

Hatter

Nein!, nein!, nein!

Duchess

Não, não, não!

Hatter

Also ist wahr, was einst wir in der Jugend gehört?
Wo tönet das grosse Geschick?
Wo ist das schnelle?
Es ertrug keiner das Leben allein.

Duchess

Fogo, fogo, fogo,
fogo dentro de ti!

Hatter

Feuer!, Feuer!, Feuer!

Duchess

Sangue! sangue! sangue! sangue!

Hatter

Blut!, blut!, blut, blut!

Duchess

Parte-se o mundo em vermelho!

SINGING RECITAL. First and Third Voices. Quartet.

Orpheus

Cara Euridalice,

ove sei?

Sólo pido

que al mundo, por espacio breve,

vuelva a animar dos cuerpos una vida.

Duchess

Faze falta?

Ninguém faz falta;

não fazes falta a ninguém...

Sem ti acontecerá tudo mesmo sem ti.

Hatter

Wie Vögel langsam ziehn

es blicket voraus

der Fürst und kühl wehn

an die Brust ihm die Begegnisse wenn

es um ihn schweiget, hoch

in der Luft, I suppose.

The Hatter and the Duchess embark on a delirious dialogue.

No. 26 - DUO. First and Third Voices. Back vocals. Merengue-salsa. Tutti.

Duchess

What do you mean?

Hatter

I mean what I say.

Duchess

Then you should say
what you mean.

Hatter

I do.
I mean what I say
--that's the same thing.

Duchess

Not the same thing a bit.
Ah, onde estou ou onde passo,
ou onde não estou nem passo.

Hatter

Why, you might just as well say
that 'I am where I pass',
is the same thing as
'I pass where I am'.

Duchess

You might as well say
that 'I love what I get',
is the same thing as
'I get what I love'.

Hatter

And that is not the same at all!...

No. 27 - First and Third Voices. Rock-disco. Electric guitar, electric bass, amplified quartet, drums.

Hatter

Twinkle, twinkle little bat.
How I wonder what you're at!
(To Orpheus). Do you sing?
Frei wie Schwalben
ist der Gesang,
sie fliegen und wandern
fröhlich von Land zu Land.
Up under the world you fly
like a swallow in the sky,
fröhlich fliegen von Land zu Land.
How I wonder where you are!

Intervention with rap.

Duchess

Tens o pavor do desconhecido?
Tens o amor da vida?

Hatter

Die Linien des Lebens
sind verschieden,
wie Wege sind
und wie der Berge Grenzen.
Heute ist immer noch.

Rap.

Duchess

Se assim a amas
ama-a ainda mais,
materialmente.

Hatter

Frei wie die Schwalben,

ist der Gesang.

Like a swallow in the sky,
up above the world so high.

Duchess

Se assim a amas
ama-a ainda mais
corporalmente.

An audible silence follows.

Orpheus

Where she is, it is dark.

The Duchess and the Hatter each take one of Orpheus' arms and, almost carrying him, lead him towards the gates of hell.

Hatter

Does he still sing?

Duchess

Com esforço, mas será para bom fim.
Necessita ar.
O ar é a segunda prova.

Hatter

Viel tuet die gute Stunde.

Duchess

Tenho loucura exactamente na cabeça.

Hatter

Me too.

The pair, carrying Orpheus, cross the threshold of the tall gates.

Dark.

No. 28 - Transitional music. March. Afro-Brazilian percussion, off stage.

End of First Act.

ACT II

SCENE 10 - PERCUSSION GROUP, THE GRYPHON, THE KING AND THE QUEEN

The Afro-Brazilian march is heard off stage.

*The curtain opens on the magical ball-game field: a space shaped like a capital "I", with fantastic illumination and bright beams of cutting blue light shining away in every direction. The playing field proper, which essentially reflects the shape of the ancient Meso-American ball game called **tlachtli**, is located between two sloping side walls, in the middle of which stands the goal: a vertically placed hoop through which the ball must be put.*

Enter the members of the Afro-Brazilian percussion group, dressed as playing-card soldiers, guarding Orpheus. The Gryphon, wearing a striking metal suit, comes out to meet them.

No. 28 (cont.) - RECITATIVE, while marching.

Gryphon

¿Quién es éste?

Hatter, off stage

How should we know?

Gryphon

¿Qué quiere?

Duchess, off stage

Não falar alto!

Um amigo do escuro.

No. 29 - ARIA. Second Voice. Danzón. Guitar, wind instruments, percussion.

Gryphon

Tú que ya te vas.

Mira: las nieves cayeron.

Ay, la, la, ya las nieves vinieron

y el gorrión no canta más.

¿Adónde irás, adónde irás?

Se agita tu corazón
cuando escucha mi canción,
ay, la, la la, y se entristece aún más.

Si así sufre tu pasión
cuando te canto, quizás
algún día regresarás.
Quizás, quizás.

Para el que sufre
como tú has sufrido,
para el que llora
como tú has llorado,
para el que pierde
como tú has perdido,
corazón herido.
todo ha terminado.

Tú que ya te vas.
Mira: las nieves cayeron.
Ay, la, la, ya las nieves vinieron
y el gorrión no canta más.
¿Adónde irás, adónde irás?

Two soldiers approach Orpheus, pick him up between them, and carry him to the center of the playing field; meanwhile, the other soldiers prepare to receive the Lords of Hell.

No. 30 - Chorus. Tutti, percussion group, and back vocals; all the musicians sing without instruments.

Soldiers

Le Roi et la Reine!
The King and the Queen!
O Rei e a Rainha!

Moments later, the King and Queen of Hearts, Lords of Avernus, make their entrance. They are splendidly dressed and both have towering hair-dos with thick, curly hair. Everyone dances around them; only Orpheus remains standing, motionless in the center of the playin field.

No. 31 - First Voice. Afro-Bahian music. Tutti, plus the percussion group.

The Queen makes the audience sing.

Queen, First Voice

O, o, o, o, o, o.

E, e, e, e, e, e.

A, a, a, a, a, a.

Oé, oé, oé, oé, oé.

Eá, eá, eá, eá, eá.

Off, off, off, off.

Heads, heads, heads!

Off with their heads!

Off with their heads!

Off with their heads!

Off with your head!

Off with his head!

Que lhe cortem a cabeça!

The King and Queen make their way over to the their imposing thrones. Once they are seated, the Gryphon makes a sign and the ball game begins.

Gryphon

¡Todos listos!

¡Ocupen sus lugares!

PANTOMIME. The Afro-Brazilian percussion group, with acrobatic solos.

The playing-card soldiers begin running in all directions, bumping into each other. All rush into action at the same time; they jump, throw the imaginary ball, and return it. Orpheus, not really

knowing what to do, wanders from side to side as if sleepwalking.

The players crash into each other and fall to the floor. Furious, the Queen kicks and shouts.

Queen

Off with his head!

Off with his head!

(She has noticed Orpheus.)

Quem é este?

King, Third Voice

Who is that man?

Everybody stands still. The percussion group stops playing.

SCENE 11 - THE KING, THE QUEEN, ORPHEUS, AND THE GRYPHON

Orpheus is stopped and, with violence, is taken by the soldiers of hell to the King and Queen, who angrily look down on him from their thrones. Orpheus prostrates himself before them; the King shouts.

No. 32 - Repetitive music. Quartet, wind instruments, and percussion. (From this piece up to No. 44, all the songs will be constructed and developed on the same musical unit, using the repetitive technique of minimalist music.)

King

Wer ist dieser Mann?

Queen

Could you explain to us
what have you been doing here?

Que lhe cortem a cabeça!

Ah, a carne rasgada,
a carne aberta e estripada,
o sangue correndo! Ah!

Orpheus

Majestades poderosísimas,
Señor y Señora del Inframundo,
Señor dual, Señora dual,
fair Persephone and Pluto,
rendeteme il mio ben Tartarei Numi.
Je suis le Ténébreux, le Veuf,
l'Inconsolé.

King

Ist er ein Hiesiger?

Orpheus stands.

Orpheus

Oh Plutón implacable,
bellísima Perséfone.
Me llamo Orfeo, el desdichado.

Queen

Quem disse?...

Orpheus

Orfeo son io, che d'Euridalice i passi
segue per queste tenebrose arene,
ove già mai per uom mortal non vassi.
Yo soy el Tenebroso, el viudo inconsolable.

No. 33 - ARIA. Mambo (homage to Pérez Prado). Tutti.

Orpheus

Yo soy, yo soy el Tenebroso...

Gryphon

Que sí, señor, el Tenebroso.

Orpheus

Yo soy, yo soy el Viudo...

Gryphon

Que sí, señor, él es el Viudo.

Orpheus

Yo soy, yo soy, el Sin consuelo...

Gryphon

Que sí, señor, el Sin consuelo.

Orpheus

Príncipe de la Tracia de la novia perdida...

Gryphon

Que sí, señor, el Sin consuelo.

SLOW INTERMEZZO. Quartet.

Orpheus

Ma seule Etoile est morte,
et mon luth constellé porte
le Soleil noir de la Mélancolie...

Gryphon

Que sí, señor, el Desdichado.

Orpheus

Triste.

Gryphon

Viudo.

Orpheus

Triste.

Gryphon

Viudo.

Orpheus

¡Aaaah!

SILENZIO.

The First Stagehand, carrying a bucket of paint, enters and hurriedly crosses the stage; he is accompanied by the Second Stagehand, who carries a long ladder.

Second Stagehand

Look out now, Floyd!

Don't go splashing paint over me like that!

First Stagehand

I couldn't help it. Sam jogged my elbow.

Second Stagehand

That's right, Floyd! Always lay the blame on others!

First Stagehand

You'd better not talk.

I heard the Queen say only yesterday
you deserved to be beheaded.

Exeunt. Everyone watches them go by. The Gryphon follows them.

No. 34 - RECITATIVE, FAST. First Voice. Quartet plays batucada.

Queen

Is his head off?

King

His head is gone, if it please you, my dear.

Queen

Good. O ar que os cutelos atravessam
antes de caírem sobre as cabeças e os ombros!

Silence.

No. 35 - CANTO. Voce sola.

Orpheus

Divinités de l'Acheron,
souverains redoutés de l'empire des ombres,
fair Persephone, dur Pluton,
you, who are insensible
alike to beauty and to youth,
vous qui regnez dans les demeures sombres,
por los lazos eternos del Orco invencible
que no admite el sosiego,
prestad oídos a mi blando ruego:
devolvedme la parte más amada
de mi alma, su belleza y juventud.
No muera un alma en partes desatada.

Enter the members of the Afro-Brazilian percussion group, carrying torches.

No. 36 - Batucada. Afro-Brazilian percussion group. (This is the same music as No. 34, played by the percussion group alone.)

Queen

Off with his head!
Cortem-lhe a cabeça!
Sohno com um gosto de qualquer coisa

a respirar sobre a nuca.

Orpheus approaches the King and Queen.

No. 37 - Ballad. Guitar, bass, strings, percussion.

Orpheus

Here let thy clemency, Persephone, hold firm,
do thou, Pluto, bring here no greater harshness.
So many thousand fair are gone down to Avernus,
ye might let one remain above with us.
So therefore, oh Queen, I beseech you take pity,
you, who have power to do everything,
sol tu puoi darmi aita.

No. 38 - First Voice. Rock song. Guitar, bass, drums.

Queen

Dilettami il core,
sconsolato cantore,
il tuo pianto
e'l tuo canto.
The way down to Avernus is easy.
Day and night black Pluto's door stands open.
But to retrace your steps
and get back to open air,
this is the real task
and the real undertaking.

No. 39 - Third Voice. Rock song II. Tutti.

King

Consider, my dear.

The Queen, who had stood up, parsimoniously sits down again.

King

Du kennst die Toten,
und du erschrickst vor
dem Zauberspruch.

Hörst du das Neue?
Wo ist ihr Tod?
The trial's beginning!

Enter the Judge-Rhadamanthys: an owl, wearing a long wig and followed by a pair of underworld creatures that resemble bats and carry heavy legal briefs.

King

That's the jury-box.
And they are the jurors.

The Judge takes his place, in front of the King and Queen.

King

Silence in the court! Silence.
La séance est ouverte!

The Judge stands.

No. 40 - Disco-mambo. Tutti.

Judge, Second Voice

¡Heraldo, leed la sentencia!
¡Considerad el veredicto!

The Musicians

Not yet, not yet!

King

You ought to have finished!

Judge

¡Considerad la sentencia!

¡Leed el veredicto!

The Musicians

Not yet, not yet!

Judge

Write that down! (*To Orpheus.*)

Da tu testimonio.

Orpheus

Oh, that I could call back the shade of a wife
in the loudly plucked string of my lyre!

The Jurors make notes in their briefs.

No. 41 - Second Voice. Salsa-disco. Afro-march. Tutti.

Judge

When you find yourself in love
there's nothing more to think of.

That's why people say love is blind.
We may judge of matter by the mind.

It touches you a small part, not the whole.
But in your great mood
you did the best you could,
with things not very subject to control.

You see upon the leaves and on the flowers,
you missed the pathway, you forgot the hours, and then,
when you looked upon your watch again,
you found how much old Time had been a winner.
You also found that you had lost your dinner.

That's why people say love is blind.
We may judge of matter by the mind.

What's the matter? What's on your mind?
No matter, my dear, no matter.
No matter, never mind.
When you are yourself in love
there's nothing more to think of.

No. 42 - Canzone. Tutti.

King

Well, if I must, I must.
Amor, gib meiner Seele
wieder ihre heisseste Glut.
Für die Geliebte brauche ich Mut
und trotze dem Tod.

Die Hölle kann uns nicht trennen,
die Ungeheuer des Orkus
schrecken mich nicht.
Ich fasse wieder Mut
und trotze dem Tod.

The Judge unrolls a parchment and reads.

At that time incense is lit; its aroma spreads through the theater. (The development of the scene evokes the initiation rites of Orphic mysteries.)

No. 43 - The Afro-Brazilian march recommences, as in No. 28. Tutti, plus Afro-Brazilian percussion group.

Judge

Atended a las letras del edicto.
Señores, escuchad mi veredicto:
Ya que las sombras dominó infernales

el sonoro milagro de la lira,
vuelva el paso el amante a los umbrales
del alto alcázar, que al empíreo aspira.

The Jurors frenetically make notes.

Queen

Ti si concede la pigre onde di Lete vivo varcar.
Del tenebroso abisso sei sulla via.
Euridalice farà teco ritorno.

Orpheus

Objet de mon amour,
je vais te rendre au jour.

Queen

Tu la rameneras du ténébreux empire.
Ma, avrai valor che basti a questa prova estrema?

Orpheus

¿Me prometes a Eurídalice
y pretendes que tema?

Queen

O.K. But this venture binds you to a pact.
Euridalice ti si vieta il mirar finche
non sei fuor dagli antri di Stige!
And should you break this dread decree,
you will lose her again and forever:
di nuovo e per sempre.
Ponder this. Farewell!

The King issues an order with a gesture.

King

Traigam a Euridalice.

SCENE 12 - ORPHEUS, THE KING AND THE QUEEN

Eurydalice -- dressed in white, veiled, and silent -- is brought before Orpheus by a pair of soldiers. Another soldier binds Orpheus' eyes and forces him to turn his back on the girl, who stands motionless and appears distant.

No. 44 - Samba reggae. Strings, percussion group. (Voice and melodious strings.)

Orpheus

¡Eurídalice, Eurídalice!
¡Eres tú! ¿Me escuchas?
Te reconozco entre la sombras,
como si viera a la luna cruzar
débilmente las nubes...

Queen

Eurydalice! Erwache!
Volverá a hablar
tan pronto llegue arriba.

Eurydalice reacts -- very slowly, as if awakening from a deep sleep; she moves her head and opens her eyes.

Queen

Remember, Olorpheus. It is forbidden
that you look upon Eurydalice
until you are fora daqui.
Ella marchará detrás de ti,
pero ¡guay! si la miras.
¿Entendiste?
Remember, Olorphéotl.
Es la última prueba,
la tercera, la vencida...

And if not, off with his head!

Que lhe cortem a cabeça!

A light picks out the King's head.

No. 45 - German march. Wind instruments, strings, percussion.

King

Du, mein Freund, bist einsam.

Souviens-toi:

auf deine teure Geliebte

einen drängenden Blick zu werfen, hüte dich!

Tu vas retourner à la terre.

Qui pourrait expliquer ce mystère?

Tout le monde dut se taire.

Led by one of the soldiers, Orpheus moves to the back of the stage.

INTERMEZZO. March trio. Quartet solo.

Orpheus

Ven, ven, Eurídalice. Segui i mei passi.

¡Amor mío! Fra poco il nostro cielo,

il nostro sole, il mondo di bel nuovo vé vedrai!

Eurydalice makes no reply; she seems unaware of Orpheus' presence. She nevertheless begins to walk after him as he moves to leave the stage. Eurydalice follows him like a shadow.

Reprise: German march/cabaret.

King

Nur wer die Leier schon hob

auch unter Schatten,

darf das unendliche Lob

ahnend erstatten.

Mag auch die Spiegung Teich
oft uns verschwimmen:
Wisse das Bild.

Erst in dem Doppelbereich
werden die Stimmen
ewig und mild.

Dark.

SCENE 13 - ORPHEUS AND VOICES

A dark and winding path that meanders between cliffs and ravines. Orpheus, who has removed his blindfold, moves forward with difficulty, using the rough walls to hold himself up. Eurydalice mechanically follows him.

No. 46 - ARIA, in falsetto, 1st part. Quartet. (March trio.)

Orpheus

Eurídalice, ¿me sigues?
¿Ves, mi inocente bella?
Retrocedemos la triunfante huella.

Muffled murmurs, almost mutterings at first, then turning to clear voices, appear to fill the entire cavern. Small points of blue light, like fast-moving fireflies, circle around Orpheus and Eurydalice.

Enter four dancers from the Afro-Brazilian percussion group who, like four bacchantes or depictions of nymphs at Dionysian rites, dance around the couple.

Interruptions. Strings and guitar.

Second Voice, off stage

Ya la luna se niega a bajar
tantas veces del cielo,
y su funesto augurio
el ave negra canta.

ARIA, 2nd part.

Orpheus

Ma mentre io canto
chi mi'assicura
ch'ella mi segua?
Bella Euridalice,
inoltra i passi tuoi!

First Voice, off stage

Euridalice não existe!
E uma doença das tuas ideias,
lira nas mãos dos ventos!

Increasingly disturbed, Orpheus advances into the midst of the threatening murmurs, followed by the inanimate Eurydalice. In the distance a weak light seems to indicate the end of the road. The poet takes heart.

ARIA, 3rd part.

Orpheus

Euridalice, segui i mei passi.
Fra poco il nostro cielo,
il nostro sole,
il mondo di bel nuovo vé vedrai!
Ma che teme, mio core?
Cio che vieta Pluton, comanda Amore.

Third Voice, off stage

Death is on the air
like a smell of ashes!
Ah! Can you smell it?
And the frightened soul
finds itself shrinking,

wincing from the cold
that blows upon it
through the orifices!

ARIA, 4th part.

Orpheus

Eurídalice, ¿estás ahí, me sigues?
¿Me escuchas? Cosí vuol empia sorte
ch'in quest'orror di morte
da te, cor mio lontano,
clame tu nombre en vano.

No. 47 - A carnival march is heard over the three singers' melody, plus back vocals. Electric guitar solo.

Suddenly, a flock of birds -- doves or quail -- rises noisily from the ground alongside where Orpheus is passing. Startled, he stumbles and falls. As he falls, he glances back to make sure that Eurydalice is still following him. A terrible wailing is heard, the wind begins to blow fiercely, moaning and whistling, and Eurydalice is dragged towards the back of the stage until she disappears among the shadows.

No. 48 - ARIA. Cello, electric bass.

Orpheus

¡Eurídalice! ¡Deténte!
¿De quién estás huyendo?
Dove, ah dove ten vai,
qual eclissi v'oscura?
¡Eurídalice! ¡Nooo!

A squall of dry leaves falls over Orpheus as he collapses.

SCENE 14 - BACKING VOCALS, ORPHEUS, NAGUAL

*Opheus slowly recovers consciousness. From his side emerges his **Nagual** -- his shadow: an*

incorporeal presence projected onto the stage -- who helps him get up. (The same singer performs both voices, in two different tones: Orpheus continues to sing countertenor, while the Nagual sings with a deeper, more masculine voice.)

No. 49 - Solo chorus, following the rhythm of the cello and bass, susurrato.

Backing vocals

Death is here and death is there,
death is busy everywhere,
all around, within, beneath,
above is death --and we are death.

Falsetto solo.

Orpheus

¡Ay, mísero de mí,
ay, infelice!
Y ahora, ¿qué hacemos, nagual mío?

Bass solo.

Nagual

Puesto que la cosa salió así,
que resulte como sea.

RECITATIVE.

Orpheus

Bajé, y en un momento estaba
en un lugar abyecto.

The Nagual hums.

No. 50 - ARIA. Melodious song. Bass solo and other solos aperiodici.

Nagual

¿A dónde irás?, ¿a dónde irás?
Ya la luna va saliendo,
ya es hora de caminar.

Orpheus recites, the Nagual sings; intertwined.

Orpheus

There is no port, there is nowhere to go,
only the deepening blackness darkening still,
blacker upon the soundless, ungurgling flood,
darkness at one with darkness, up and down.

Nagual

¿A dónde irás?, ¿a dónde irás?
¡Ay-ay-ay-ay-ay!
Se cumplió lo que un tiempo temía.
¿Qué haré con la desdicha mía?

Orpheus

Utterly dark, so there is no direction any more,
and she is gone. She is not seen,
for there is nothing to see her by.
She is gone! gone! and yet
somewhere she is there.
Nowhere!

Nagual

¡Ay-ay-ay-ay-ay!
Ya no hay remedio,
¿qué me gano con llorar?
¡Ay-ay-ay-ay-ay!

Orpheus

And everything is gone, my love is gone

completely under, gone, entirely gone.
The upper darkness is heavy as the lower.
It is the end, it is oblivion...

Nagual

Ya la luna va saliendo,
ya es hora de caminar.
¿a dónde irás?, ¿a dónde irás?

Orpheus casts a final, heartbroken glance at the kingdom of the underworld and makes his belabored way to the exit, followed by the Nagual. Then, distant but clear, the voice of the Queen is heard.

Queen, off stage

Que lhe cortem a cabeça!
Off with his head!

SCENE 15 - ORPHEUS

Dark. The tinkling of glass breaking is heard. A harsh light illuminates the stage. We are in Dodgson's room. The looking-glass mirror is smashed. On the floor, his throat cut, amidst a pool of blood and surrounded by slivers of broken glass, is Orpheus -- or rather, his head. After a few moments in which the music appears to indicate the end, the head begins to sing.

Quartet.

No. 51 - ARIA. Rock song (the same melody as No. 38, the Queen's song when she agrees to free Eurydalice).

Orpheus

Und fast ein Mädchen wars und ging hervor
aus diesem einigen Glück von Sang und Leier
und glänzte klar durch ihre Frühlingsschleier.
Und schlief in mir. Und alles war ihr Schlaf...

The Second Stagehand crosses the stage. On the floor he finds and picks up a black and white

photograph of Eurydalice gazing dreamily at the camera. The Stagehand looks at the head for a moment; the head has fallen silent but is still alive, its eyes open.

Second Stagehand

The gaze of Orpheus.

And he exits, staring at the photograph.

Afro-mambo. Tutti, plus Afro-Brazilian percussion group, plus back vocals.

Enter the three Furies.

First Fury, Third Voice

Elle s'endormit en toi.
Et tout fut son sommeil;
les arbres dont jadis
tu étais émerveillé,
le sensible lointain,
la prairie éprouvée,
et chaque étonnement
qui venait te frapper.

Sie schlief die Welt.
Singender Gott, wie hast
du sie vollendet,
dass sie nicht begehrte
erst wach zu sein?
Sieh, sie erstand und schlief.

Wo ist ihr Tod?
O, wirst du dies Motiv
erfinden noch,
eh sich dein Lied verzehrte?
Wo sinkt sie hin aus mir?...
Ein Mädchen fast...

Third Fury, First Voice

Nasce, morre, nasce,
morre, nasce, morre,
renasce, remorre, renasce,
remorre, renasce,
remorre,
morre
re
nasce.

O meu canto é de palavras
que só estremecem ao rumor
do amor.

O meu canto desconhece
qualquer das formas de folgar
somnar?

O meu canto é de saber
morrer, de nos espelhos gravar:
passar.

Su alegria é de um minuto
e nada pode compensar
cantar.

Second Fury, Second Voice

Mi canto es como la espuma
de encaje bajo la bruma
matinal, o acaso como la suma
de átomos que en el crisol
del cielo refulgen con su arrebol.

Nada nuevo hay bajo el sol.

Mi canto es como la luna,
la rueda de la fortuna,

que gira desde la cuna.

Nada nuevo hay bajo el sol.

Mi canto es un caracol
afinado en si bemol,
casi fuera de control.

Nada hay nuevo bajo la luna.
Nada nuevo hay bajo el sol.
Nada hay nuevo bajo la luna.

Ni la espuma, ni la bruma,
ni el cielo con su arrebol.

Nada nuevo hay bajo el sol.

The three Furies, plus backing vocals

Below and above,
above and below,
'tis a secret
and so let us
whisper it low.
And the name of the secret is Love.

Nobody knows how it comes,
how it goes,
but the name of the secret is Love.

Above and below,
below and above,
'tis a secret
untold to hearts,
cruel and cold.

And the name of the secret is Love.

It's time to say good bye,
no matter how or why.

That is to say
O.K.

So let us go
to end the show.

Curtain.

THE END