

# Orpheus and Eurydice

---



Scene—A garden. In the foreground a clump of shrubs, which, overhanging, form a small arbour

Enter Eurydice holding boughs of the bay tree in her hand.

Eurydice—

Not long the sun is up, and yet the dew  
Shines like a thousand diamonds from the grass,  
Or bosomed in some purple flower its light  
Excels the brilliant ruby's crimson rays.  
The morning breeze low whispers o'er the earth,  
And courts the nodding flowers that with the night  
Have gained more glorious beauty. O'er the banks  
Of fragrant violets light it hovers now,  
Then heavy with their scent it wanders on,  
Bequeathing joy to all. Among the trees  
Lo! all the summer birds exult in song;  
Sweet song; and yet not one of all their notes  
Can equal Orpheus' silver stringed lyre.  
My Orpheus, whom so late I left asleep,  
One hand upon his lyre, that half himself,  
And until now the other clasped in mine.

(Seats herself in arbour.)

Here in this myrtle bower, I'll sit me now,  
And twine from this Apollo's sacred bay  
A glorious wreath with which to deck his brows.  
Then having crowned, I'll hail him, music's king,  
The favorite of the gods, Apollo's friend,  
And pray for one sweet tune. For when he sweeps  
His fingers through the swift vibrating chords  
All sounds of earth, in all her various moods,  
The violent thunderstorm when crash on crash  
Zeus from his canopy of inky clouds  
Sends down his bolts to blast the trembling earth,  
When torrents from the mountains echoing roar,  
And riven trees fall with a deadened thud,  
When the great avalanche of earth and stones  
Leaps from the hill towards the level plain,  
And mocks the voice of Heaven's artillery,