

She leaves the earth alone to wander down
 Where Pluto holds a universal sway,
 Or to lie down amid the Elysian vales,
 Whose inmates spend their time the weary day
 Longing to see once more earth's pleasant scene.
 Weep, weep oh heart, with many bitter tears,
 Thou never more shalt know Eurydice.

(Gazes round and sees the harp lying on the ground.)

What charm hath music now? How can I sooth
 I who aye charmed from other's breasts all woe
 With the sweet power of song. How can I soothe
 Myself, and kill this chilling gloom that lays
 Deep shadowing o'er my mind? Woe, woe is me,
 Had ye no pity, gods, that ye should doom
 So bright a one to die?

(Eyes the harp doubtingly, then with more joy)

Apollo thanks,

For hope comes glistening through my breast again.

(Picks up lyre.)

This, shall win back my lost Eurydice.
 With mortal steps I'll wend me surely down
 Deep through the dark'ning ways that lead to hell,
 The path the mournful shadows ever take.
 And when I come to Pluto's fiery throne
 I'll play with floods of tears such melting strains
 As shall perchance touch even his stern heart.
 And so my lyre shall win me back my love,
 And there midst shadows I shall gladly greet
 My lost, my found, my love Eurydice.

ACT II.

Scene I.

A broken rugged promontory, stretching out into a calm
 blue sea, interspersed with islands. On the seaward
 side of the cliffs a dark rift on the rocks, from which
 pours forth an unbroken cloud of smoke; near the
 entrance Orpheus standing.

Orpheus—

For many and many a long and weary day
 Now have I traversed all the Hellenic coast,
 And now my goal arrived at, stand to take
 My last farewell of earth and sky and sea,