

Thy longed-for face, nor hear thy loving voice,
More dear to me than all the moving tones
Drawn by thy fingers from the lyre. To die!
O husband, 'tis a fearful thing to die.

Orpheus—

What ails thee, O my darling, why dost call
with such o'erwhelming bitterness, "to die,
To die," surely thou wilt not die.
What thing affrights thee?

Eurydice—

The deadly serpent,

Saw'st not how he did rear him from the grass
And strike me on the hand? Woe's me, my love,
The dream, the dream, I soon must follow now,
Him with the winged staff beneath the earth,
And join myself to clouds of fluttering ghosts
Bound for the realm of Hades. Woe is me,
I see him now, beside me there he stands,
Waving the mystic wand, and I must go
To follow him, and leave thee all alone,
Never to see thee more. Ah, woe is me,
Farewell my lord, my love.

(Dies.)

Orpheus—

Ye gods, ye gods,

She is not dead? She cannot yet be dead.
Awake my love, Eurydice, awake,
Speak to me once again, look up at me,
Why dost thou lie so still? Greet me once more
With loving words. Why tremblest so my heart.
She is not dead. Eurydice, awake,
Cold, cold, cold, no longer beats the heart,
No more the breath comes surging from her mouth;
The life is gone. The body with the dust
Full soon must join itself.

(Flings himself down beside the body, remaining
silent for a while, then raising himself)—

O fearful death,

Dark grisly king, why didst thou strike her down
And leave me here unhurt, though stronger far,
Alone amid the darkening wilderness.
Pale Shadow with thy deadly dart come near
And strike me senseless too. I fear thee not.