

# **The Butterfly's Spell**

**Chamber Opera by Edward Lambert**

after the play *El maleficio de la mariposa*

by **Federico Garcia Lorca**

## **Characters**

**Sylvia**, *a young lady beetle* & **The Butterfly** - soprano (& dancer)

**Two Young Fireflies**, *girl & boy* - soprano & mezzo-soprano

**Mother Beetle**, *an elderly lady* - contralto

**The Poet Beetle**, *Mother Beetle's son* - tenor

**Doctor Cockroach**, *healer and teacher* - baritone

**The Old Scorpion**, *a forester* - bass

## **Instruments**

Violin, viola, cello, flute (+ piccolo, alto flute), bassoon, marimba, harp

Duration: 70 minutes - Act One 40 minutes, Act Two 30 minutes (interval optional)

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## **Synopsis**

The philosophising Doctor tells the audience that it will hear a tale about a young Poet Beetle who fell in love with a Butterfly and came to a sorry end. As the stage is transformed into the insects' village and the sun rises in a brilliant dawn, he meets the Poet's Mother to whom he expresses some foreboding at the signs he has seen. He makes his way home and the Mother goes about her chores, while Two Young Fireflies introduce Sylvia, a wealthy young lady who is threatening to drown herself for love. The Mother knows full well that the object of her infatuation is her son, the Poet, and when he enters she resolves to see the couple married. He, however, is pre-occupied with writing a poem and there follows a lively trio. When the young pair is finally left alone, he cannot bring himself to propose and Sylvia departs broken-hearted.

In the heat of the day, the Old Scorpion enters the scene. He is rough and rude and constantly drunk. He teases and chases the young Fireflies, who are rescued when the Mother rushes in, brandishing her broom. Just at that moment, an injured Butterfly is brought in (played by the same singer as Sylvia). Everyone gathers round, concerned for her fate and awe-struck by her beauty. Her wounds are tended to, and she sings of strange things in far-off places. It quickly becomes obvious that the Poet has fallen deeply in love with her. The act ends in fear and sorrow as the sun sets.

By way of an interlude, in the cool of the evening the insects sing a ballad about the moon who, disguised as a lady, came to the gypsy's forge and abducted a young lad.

The Doctor resumes the story. The Butterfly is brought to a forest clearing bathed in the moonlight which will help cure her wounds. Her song becomes more melodious as she recovers and the glowing Fireflies - who drink sweet dew-drops and sing of love - appear in her dreams. The Poet enters, filled with longing for the beautiful Butterfly and for a few moments their voices intertwine. They know, however, that her destiny is to fly away.

The Scorpion is now very hungry and, coming across the Butterfly, decides to make her into a meal. The Poet protects her, but the Scorpion's tail lashes out at him and he is stung by its deadly venom. Once again, the Mother's broom prevents further catastrophe, but she is too late to save her son who dies as the dawn breaks and the Butterfly takes flight. As the Fireflies cover the Poet in rose petals, the cast reminds us that the Poet's songs will live forever.

**edwardlambert.co.uk**

*version 08/11/2017*

# The Butterfly's Spell

a chamber opera

Edward Lambert

words after Federico Garcia Lorca

## Prologue

$\text{♩} = 66$

*p*

6

*p*

3

3

Detailed description: This block contains the piano accompaniment for the Prologue. It consists of two systems of music. The first system covers measures 1 through 5, and the second system covers measures 6 through 10. The music is written for piano with a tempo marking of quarter note = 66. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature changes from 4/4 to 3/4 and back to 4/4. The first system features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the piece, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and includes triplet markings in both hands.

## 12 DOCTOR COCKROACH (to the audience)

10

Dr. My friends, we will per-form for you

*p*

Detailed description: This block contains the vocal and piano accompaniment for the character Doctor Cockroach. It starts at measure 10. The vocal line is written in bass clef and includes the lyrics "My friends, we will per-form for you". The piano accompaniment is written for piano with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The music is in 4/4 time and features a complex harmonic structure with many accidentals.

13

Dr. now \_\_\_\_\_ the sad tale \_\_\_\_\_ of a crea- ture who reached \_\_\_\_\_ for the

6

3

*f*

3

Detailed description: This block continues the vocal and piano accompaniment for Doctor Cockroach. It starts at measure 13. The vocal line includes the lyrics "now \_\_\_\_\_ the sad tale \_\_\_\_\_ of a crea- ture who reached \_\_\_\_\_ for the". The piano accompaniment features a piano (*f*) dynamic marking and includes a sextuplet (6) and a triplet (3) in the right hand, and a triplet (3) in the left hand. The music is in 4/4 time and continues the complex harmonic style.

15

Dr. stars and dis - covered on - ly a bro - ken heart.

18

Dr.

19

20

Dr. Once u - pon a time, when life was peace -

22

Dr. - ful and se - rene, there was a dis - tant mea -



24

Dr. *-* dow where in - sects lived \_\_\_\_\_ be - neath the shade of a

26

Dr. great \_\_\_\_\_ cy - press tree. \_\_\_\_\_ They were hap - py;

29

Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ they drank dew - drops, in-stilled in their chil-dren a fear of their gods.

31

Dr. and gave them - selves to the plea - sures, to the plea -

33

Dr. 

- sures, to the plea - sures of love in the



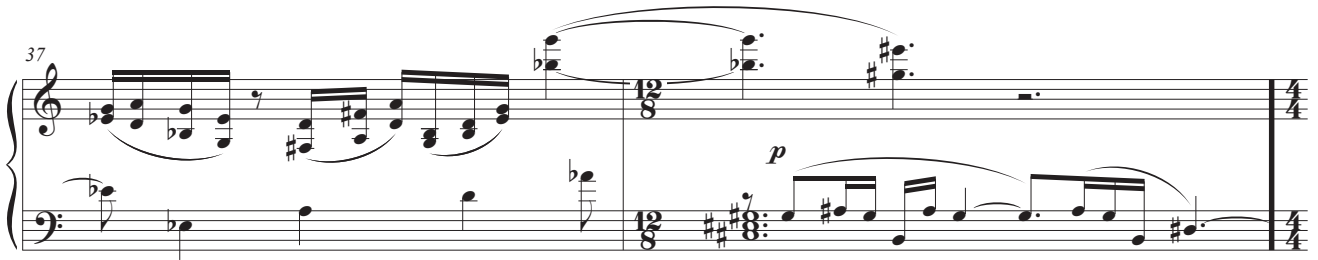
35

Dr. 


lush green grass.



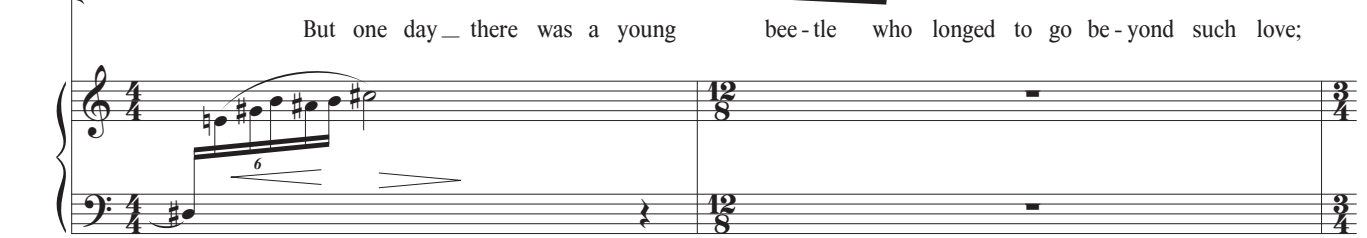
37



39  $\text{♩} = 80$

Dr. 

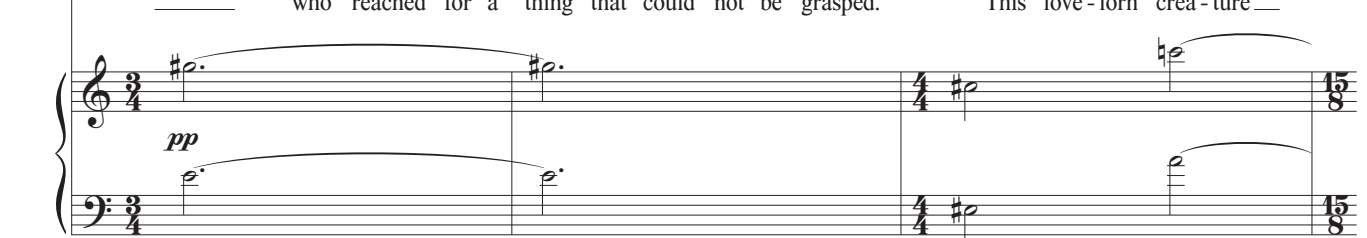
But one day there was a young bee-tle who longed to go be-yond such love;



41

Dr. 

who reached for a thing that could not be grasped. This love-lorn crea-ture




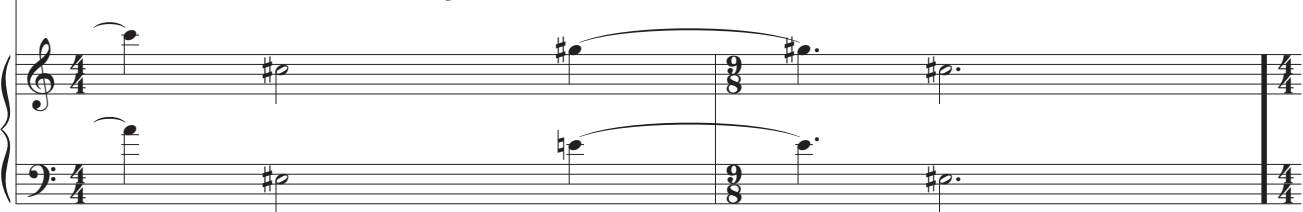
44

Dr.  pe-rished in po-e-try, — pe - rished — in po - e-try — when love, when love —





47

Dr.  — came dis - guised as Death. —




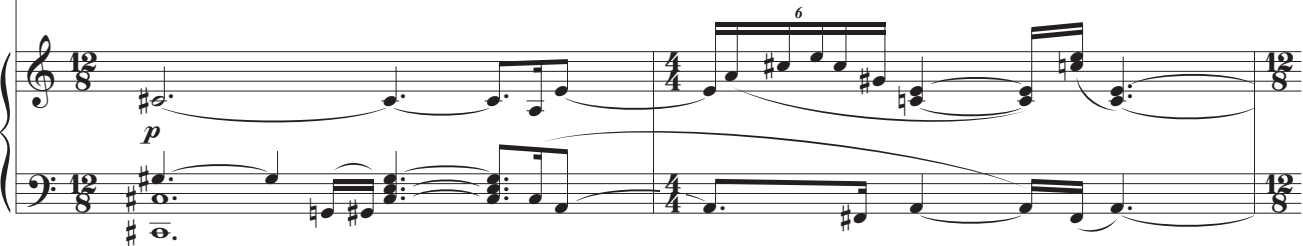
49  $\text{♩} = 66$

Dr.  An old wood-nymph from a play by Shake-speare told me this tale one au-tumn eve-ning, say-ing:



51

Dr.  "We must re - mem - ber — that the rhy - thm of a leaf — stirred by the wind




53

Dr.  is the same as that of a dis - tant star, — that the



54

Dr. 

words that the sha - dy foun - tain speaks \_\_\_\_\_ are heard in the



56

Dr. 

waves that cry them a - gain. \_\_\_\_\_ We have no



59

Dr. 

right to scorn the low - li - est crea - tures. We must all be hum - ble;



63

Dr. 

in Na - ture all things are e - qual." The old wood - nymph said no - thing more."



66

Dr. 

So now the play: \_\_\_\_\_ when it is o -



71

Dr. 

- ver go to the fo - rest and give your thanks to the

74

Dr. 

old wood - nymph, some qui - et eve - ning when the flocks have been

80 **Act One** *The sun rises on the insects' village*

78

Dr. 

ga - thered in.

82

Dr. 

Look! the stage is that dis - tant mea-dow where the in-sects lived un-der the

86

Dr. 

shade of the great cy - press tree.

91

Dr. 

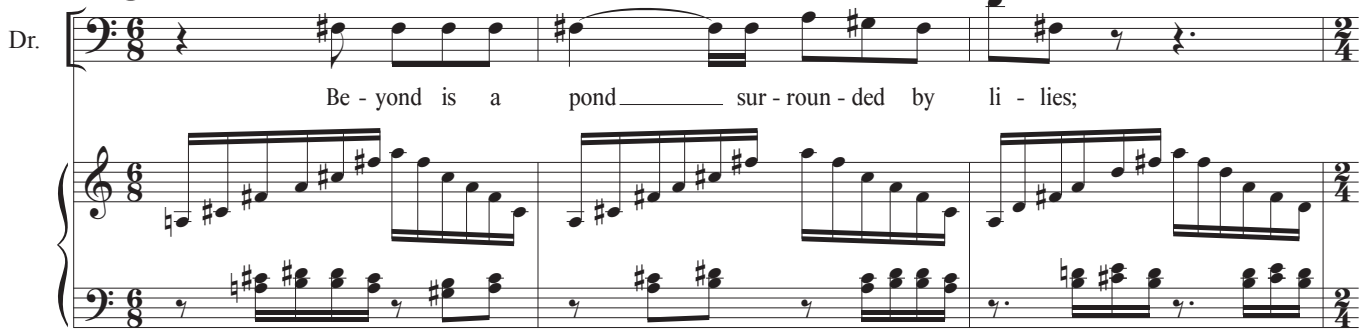
See the ti-ny path that weaves an a-ra-besque a-cross the

95

Dr. 

grass and the in-sect's bur-rows clu-stered a-long it!

99

Dr. 

Be-yond is a pond sur-roun-ded by li-lies;

102

Dr. 

it is a bril-liant dawn

105

Dr. 

and the mea-dow is co-vered in

MOTHER BEETLE comes from her house with a handful of grass that serves as a broom.  
She is very old with one leg missing.

109

MOTHER BEETLE (looking out)

M.

Dr.

dew. \_\_\_\_\_

M.

What a fine mor - - - ning! \_\_\_\_\_ The dawn \_\_\_\_\_

M.

of a new \_\_\_\_\_ day, a

M.

new \_\_\_\_\_ day. \_\_\_\_\_

M. 123

Musical score for measures 123-126. It features a vocal line (M.) and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 6/8. Measure 123 starts with a vocal note on a whole note.

Musical score for measures 127-130. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat) at measure 129. The time signature changes to 3/4 at measure 129.

(130) **DOCTOR** *(donning a cone-shaped hat embroidered with stars and a robe of dry moss)*

Dr. God's bles - sings, \_\_\_\_\_ God's bles - sings on you

Musical score for the Doctor's entrance at measure 130. It includes a vocal line (Dr.) and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "God's bles - sings, \_\_\_\_\_ God's bles - sings on you".

**MOTHER**

M. Now where are you off to?

Dr. too! In - to a dream

Musical score for the Mother's entrance at measure 133. It includes a vocal line (M.) and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Now where are you off to?". The Dr. line has the lyrics "too! In - to a dream".



136

Dr. *that I, a flower \_\_\_\_\_ in the grass, am kissed by the*

140

Dr. *lips \_\_\_\_\_ of dew - - - drops which*

143

Dr. *sprin - - - kle, which spin - kle my*

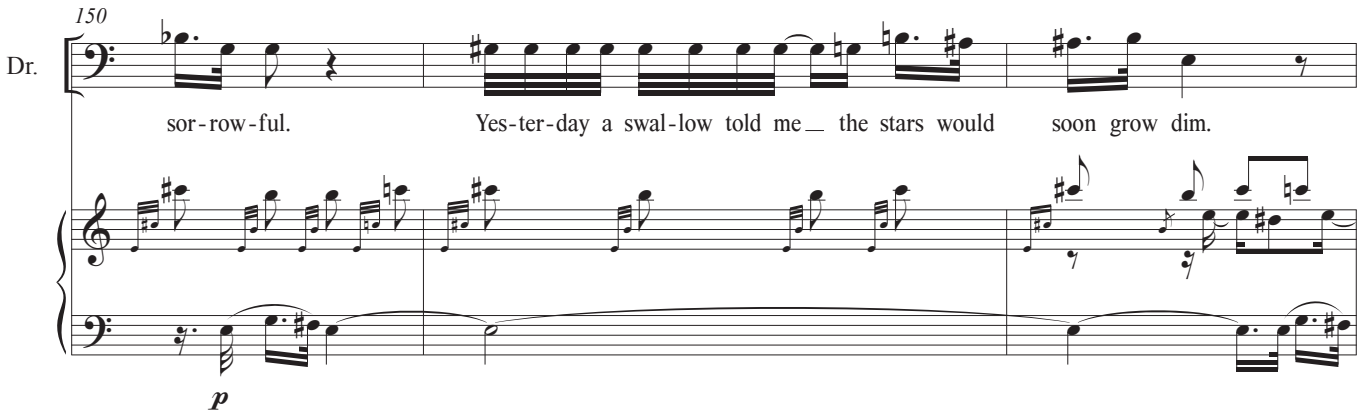
146

M. *Ah! wri-ting poe-try can ea-si-ly make you ill.*

Dr. *robe with stars. In - deed! My heart is*

147  $\text{♩} = 80$  (*grumbling*)

150

Dr. 

sor-row-ful. Yes-ter-day a swal-low told me \_ the stars would soon grow dim.

*p*

153

Dr. 

And in the wood I saw a star \_\_\_\_ pale and trem - bling, its pe-tals fal-ling like rain. I \_

157

Dr. 

\_ watched it fade. In - side my heart a sha - dow fell.

160

Dr. 

"My friend", I cried, where are the stars?" "A fai - - -

(162)

163

Dr. *ry has died", \_\_\_\_\_ the swal-low re - plied.*

166

Dr. *And sure e-nough, by the trunk of the great oak, \_\_\_\_\_ the fai - ry \_\_\_\_\_ of land and sea*

(171)

170

M. *Who killed her?*

Dr. *lay dead. Love of course.*

175

M. *Mad - ly in love.*

Dr. *And how is your son? I thought he looked sad yes - ter - day. With*

*pp*

178

M. It is all a mys - tery to him.

Dr. Syl - via? Well, he is a po-et, just like his fa-ther, and char-ming

182

M. Good friend, may the Good Lord Cock-roach bless you, and make your dream of the

Dr. too.

185

M. flower come true. For - get sad - ness and me - lan - cho - ly! Life is too

188

M. plea-sant and its days too few: this is the on-ly time we have to en - joy it. (as though dreaming)

Dr. The stars are

192  $\text{♩} = 80$ *(He leaves; his singing fades into the distance)*

191

Dr. *fa-ding... the fai-ry by the oak... El pra-do e-stá si-len-*

197

Dr. *cio-so. Ya par-te el ro-í-o a su cie-lo i-gno ra-do,*

203

M. *I've work to do!*

Dr. *El vien-to, el vien-to ru-mo-ro - so Ha-*

209

M. *May the light guide you!*

Dr. *sta no-so-tros lle-ga per-fu-ma-do.*

215 (sweeping)

M. Un gu - sa - ni - to me di - jo

*p*

221 **TWO FIREFLIES** (entering, to the AUDIENCE)

SYLVIA follows. A small daisy serves as a parasol.  
On her head she wears the golden shell of a ladybug.

F.1 Syl - via, Syl - via is en - chan - ting,

F.2 Syl - via, Syl - via is en - chan - ting,

M. Ayer

*pp* *p*

227

F.1 en - chan - ting, en chan - ting, en -

F.2 en - chan - ting, en chan - ting, en -

M. tar - de su que - rer; No lo quie - ro ha - sta que tan - ga Dos a - las y cua - tro

*p*

238 SYLVIA (anguished - and seeking attention)

235

S. ¿Dón - de e - stá el a - gua Tran - qui - la y

F.1 chan - ting. en - chan -

F.2 chan - ting. en - chan -

M. pies.

241

S. fres - ca ah! Pa - ra

F.1 ting! She gleams like jet and her slen - der legs are nim - ble.

F.2 ting! She gleams like jet and her slen - der legs are nim - ble.

249

246

Sy. que cal - me Mi sed in - quie - ta? ah! Por qué sen - de -

F.1 Grace - - - - ful,

F.2 Grace - - - - ful,

252

Sy. - ro De la pra - de - ra ah! — Me i - ré ah! — a o -

F.1 grace - - - ful and pert,

F.2 grace - - - ful and pert,

257

Sy. - tro - ah! — mun - do ah! — Don - de me

F.1 she is the best match in

F.2 she is the best match in

260

Sy. ah! — quie - ran? ah! — ah! —

F.1 town.

F.2 town.

M. **MOTHER** (*finally looking up from her chores*)  
So young and yet so sad?

rit.



263

Sy. My trou - bles are as deep as the

F.1 But though she has ri - sen ear - ly, she seems

F.2 But though she has ri - sen ear - ly, she seems

266

Sy. lake.

F.1 down - - - cast...

F.2 down - - - cast...

M. Don't be sil - ly! You're just deep in love...

269  $\text{♩} = 96$

M. When I was young we were in - no - cent, we did - n't give in - to lo - vers: there is a

*(wiping away a tear)*

*p*

a tempo ♩. = 116

272 *(intrigued)*

Sy. What is it?

M. cure for love - sick - ness. Clout the lo - vers twice a day and keep them

*f*

275 *(aside)*

Sy. You're mock-ing me! If on-ly she knew it's her son I'm in love with.

M. out of the grass! I know it's my son she's in love with.

*(aside)*

278 *(fainting at the sight of POET BEETLE)*

Sy. Ah!

F.1 TWO FIREFLIES *(to the audience)*  
Syl - via

F.2 Syl - via

*f*

280

F.1 swoons: \_\_\_\_\_ for she is in sea - son and her love has ap -

F.2 swoons: \_\_\_\_\_ for she is in sea - son and her love has ap -

282

F.1 proached. See - ing her, the

F.2 proached. See - ing her, the

284

F.1 Young Po - et is in - spired to fi - nish his new

F.2 Young Po - et is in - spired to fi - nish his new

286  $\text{♩} = 63$

The Poet Beetle enters. In one of his feet – hands – he carries a piece of bark on which he has been writing a poem. It is not quite finished, and he improvises somewhat as he performs it with great gusto. SYLVIA keeps the sun off her with the daisy and sighs longingly.

F.1 & 2 poem. **POET BEETLE** (singing his new poem and completing it as he goes)

P. Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ pop - - - py so red, stan - ding tall \_\_\_\_\_ in the

**MOTHER** (to SYLVIA)

289

M.

P.

mea - dow, \_\_\_\_\_ tall in the mea - dow, \_\_\_\_\_ the

**SYLVIA**

291

Sy.

M.

P.

mea - dow, \_\_\_\_\_ Would I were

293

Sy.

P.

love - ly, love - ly like you! \_\_\_\_\_ You

296

Sy. he, he lives so near I

P. paint the heavens with your rosy tears

299

Sy. feel his breath u-pon the breeze. his breath

M. (aside) (She's rich

P. wept at dawn, your rosy tears

302

303

Sy. u - pon the-

M. and cra - zy too,

P. would I were love - ly like you - ro - sy

*p cresc.*

305  
P.

308  
P.

311  
Sy.

314  
Sy.   
M.   
P.

317

Sy. His bo -

P. — that shines, that shines, the star that

*p*

320

Sy. - dy, his bo - dy thrills me, it thrills me, it thrills me, it thrills me, it

M. (I'll force my son to

P. shines on this vil - - - - - lage,

*f*

323

Sy. thrills me, it thrills me,

M. woo her, to woo her, to woo her).

P. The warmth to the glo - worms, the

*p*

325

Sy. his po - et's drea - my eyes,

P. glow - worms, the glow - worms at night. I want you

328

Sy. his po - et's drea - my eyes, his eyes, his eyes.

P. al - - - ways to be by my

330

Sy. his eyes, his po - et's drea - my eyes, his eyes, his eyes, his eyes,

P. side To - to be by my side To...

333

Sy. they thrill me, they thrill me, they

P. guide my way as I write!



335

Sy. thrill me, they thrill me,

M. *(pretending)* Poor child, how you must *(aside)* suf - fer! (I'll force my son to woo her, to

P.

338

Sy. his eyes, his eyes, his eyes, they

M. woo her, to woo her). Poor child, how you must suf - fer! (I'll

P.

341

Sy. thrill me, they thrill me, they thrill me, thrill me, thrill me, his

M. force my son to woo her, to woo her, to woo her).

P.

343

Sy. eyes, his eyes, his eyes, they thrill me, they thrill me, they

M. Poor child, how you must suf - fer! (I'll force my son to woo her, to

P. May

346

Sy. thrill me, thrill me, thrill me, and heaven -

M. woo her, woo her, woo her).

P. I not see these pe -

347

348

Sy. ly

P. tals, these pe - tals fade a -

351

Sy. gol - den whis - kers, gol - den whis - kers,

M. *p* (aside)  
(She's a splen -

P. way; I

354

Sy. gol - den whis - kers, gol - den whis - kers, gol - den

M. di - fe - rous hei - res,

P. kiss them, I kiss them, I

356

Sy. whis - kers, gol - den whis - kers, gol - den and heaven -

M. a mag - ni - fi - cent hei - res,

P. kiss them with,

359

Sy. *ly* gol - den whis - kers,

M. a splen - di - fe - rous hei - res,

P. with pas - sion, with

362

Sy. gol - den whis - kers, gol - den whis - kers, gol - den

M. a mag - ni - fi - cent hei -

P. pas - sion's bur - ning, pas - sion's bur - ning, pas - sion's

364

Sy. whis - kers, gol - den whis - kers... **365**

M. res!) *f* Child

P. bur - ning, pas - sion's bur - ning.

M. 366

of my own flesh

M. 368

and blood, you shall

M. 370

mar-ry my son, mar-ry my son, mar-ry my son, mar-ry my son!

(MOTHER & SYLVIA embrace)

M. 373

M. 376

381

378

Sy.   
P. 

382

Sy.   
M.   
P. 

385

Sy.   
M.   
P. 

390

388

Sy. whis-kers, they thrill me, his bo - dy, it thrills me,

M. the thought of this wed-ding thrills me, it thrills me,

P. And when at the end

392

P. I am sent to my grave, I am sent to my

*pp*

398

396

P. grave For you my

*f*

399

P. heart, my

402

Sy. \_\_\_\_\_

M. \_\_\_\_\_

P. heart \_\_\_\_\_ will \_\_\_\_\_ be

I  
it

405

Sy. shall be queen of this green meadow, and love and

M. thrills me, it thrills me, it thrills me, it thrills me, it thrills me, it thrills me, it

P. year - - - - - ning,

408

Sy. hap - pi - ness shall be mine, and love and

M. thrills me, it thrills me, thrills me, it thrills me, thrills me, it thrills me, it

P. \_\_\_\_\_ year - - - - -



411

Sy. hap - pi - ness shall be mine,

M. thrills me, it thrills me, thrills me, it thrills me! Wait,

P. ning.

414

Sy. mine!

M. wait, wait, wait

417

Sy.

M. here! I'll go and knock some sense in-to him,

*freely*

M. *and he'll do what he's*

M. *told, he'll*

*(MOTHER BEETLE storms to the other side of the stage and jostles her son. During the FIREFLIES' narration they argue demonstratively)*

M. *do what he's told!*

**TWO FIREFLIES**

431

$\text{♩} = 72$

*(to the audience)*

F.1 *Mo-ther Bee-tle prai-ses Syl-via's beau-ty, charm and for-tune,*

F.2 *Mo-ther Bee-tle prai-ses Syl-via's beau-ty, charm and for-tune,*

M.

433

F.1 while Syl-via \_ her-self flirts with her lit-tle paw, sigh-ing \_ in rap-ture. As you see, our

F.2 while Syl-via \_ her-self flirts with her lit-tle paw, sigh-ing \_ in rap-ture. As you see, our

*pp*

437

F.1 young po-et \_ is a trim and re-fined youth, dis-tin-guished by his gol-den, his gol - den

F.2 young po-et \_ is a trim and re-fined youth, dis-tin-guished by his gol - den, his gol - den

441

F.1 \_ an - ten - nae. \_ A vi-sio-nary a pu-pil of the fa-mous Doc-tor, he a-

F.2 \_ an - ten - nae. \_ A vi-sio-nary a pu-pil of the fa-mous Doc-tor, he a-

444

F.1 waits a re-ve-la-tion which will change his life. The sun

F.2 waits a re-ve-la-tion which will change his life. The sun

446

F.1 is warm al - rea - dy...

F.2 is warm al - rea - dy...

M. **MOTHER**  
Lis - ten to me! Show some

449

M. sense for once! **POET** She has a pre - cious jewel,

P. I've told you mo - ther, I shan't get mar - ried!

451

M. a piece of the sky; a spa - cious house and all you could wish for. She's a beau - ty, a rose!

455

M. Tell her you love her star - ry face, that you spend all hours thin - king on - ly of her!

(beside herself)

458

M. You must! Do — it for me now! I'll go and cook; you get en-gaged!  
She leaves

P. I've told you a thou-sand times. I shan't mar-ry!

462

Sy. Mi co - ra -

**SYLVIA**

During the following SYLVIA & POET  
move slowly and tantalisingly closer

466

Sy. zón bu - sca los be - - - - sos.

468

Sy. My heart needs kis - ses.

## POET

P. 470

Mi i - lu - sión E - sta pren - di - da

P. 472

en la e - strel - la

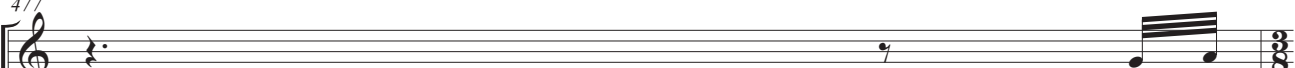
P. 474


Que pa-re - ce u - na


P. 476

flor. My dream

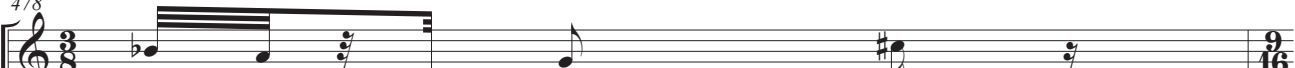
477

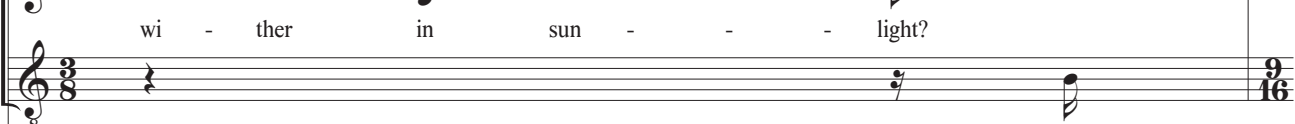
Sy.  Won't it


P.  shines \_\_\_\_\_ in the star...



478

Sy.  wi - ther in sun - - - light? 9/16

P.  Clear 9/16




479

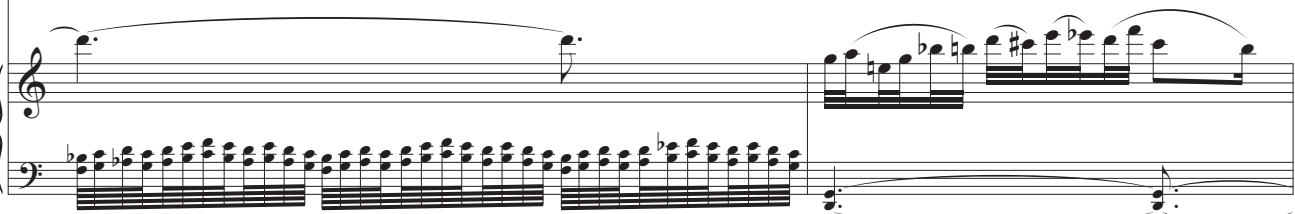
Sy.  9/16

P.  wa - ter will quench its ar - dour. 9/16



480

Sy.  dón - de \_\_\_\_\_ e - stá tu e - strel - - - la? Where (481)



482

Sy. is your star? \_\_\_\_\_ One

P. \_\_\_\_\_ In \_\_\_\_\_ my \_\_\_\_\_ dreams. \_\_\_\_\_

484

Sy. day they will come true. \_\_\_\_\_ He does - n't love me. Mi

P. \_\_\_\_\_ Then I will sing ma - dri - gals, \_\_\_\_\_

*(aside)*

486

Sy. co - ra - zón bu - sca \_\_\_\_\_ los be - sos. \_\_\_\_\_

P. \_\_\_\_\_ sing \_\_\_\_\_ ma - - - - dri - gals \_\_\_\_\_



489

Sy. My heart aches.

P. to the sweet sound of the breeze. Please don't cry!

492 (to the AUDIENCE)

Sy. For some moments, and pi

P. For some moments, and pi

494

Sy. teous - ly, we stand so

P. teous - ly, we stand so

496

Sy. *close.*

F.1

F.2

P. *close.*

**TWO FIREFLIES**  
*(entering playfully)*

Then we,  
Then we,

498

F.1  
the Fire - flies, come a - long the path

F.2  
the Fire - flies, come a - long the path

500

F.1  
— which weaves an a - ra - besque, which weaves an a - ra - besque a - cross the

F.2  
— which weaves an a - ra - besque, which weaves an a - ra - besque a - cross the

502

F.1  
grass, play - ing ping - pong with

F.2  
grass, play - ing ping - pong with

504

F.1  
balls of straw... *El no - vio y la*

F.2  
balls of straw... *El no - vio y la*

506

F.1  
*no - via, je - o! je - o! joh!*

F.2  
*no - via, je - o! je - o! joh!*

509

S  
If on - ly

F.1  
*je - o! je - o! joh!...*

F.2  
*je - o! je - o! joh!...*

512

S  
we were wed!

F.1  
El no - vio y la

F.2  
El no - vio y la

(SYLVIA and POET go their separate ways)

514

S  
My heart hurts so.

F.1  
no - via, ¡E o! je - o!

F.2  
no - via, ¡E o! je - o!

P.  
8 Don't cry, Syl - - - via.

516

F.1  
F.2

*¡oh!* *je - o! je - o!* *¡oh!...*

*¡oh!* *je - o! je - o!* *¡oh!...*

520

**SYLVIA** (*in the distance*)

S

*¡Ay* *de*

F.1  
F.2

*¡oh!...*

*¡oh!...*

*p*

521

S

*mí, des - di - cha - - - da!* *I'm so*

**POET** (*in the distance*)

P

*¡Qué tri - ste si - tu - a - ción!* *What a*

S  
mi - - - - - sera - ble!

P.  
sor - - - - - ry af - fair!

*pp*

The FIREFLIES hide as they hear the SCORPION approach

527

(528)  $\text{♩} = 84$

*f*

533

539

The SCORPION enters and sniffs around... he is a rough character.  
Besides enjoying the sound of his own voice he also belches and farts noisily.

544

(547)

549

552

556 SCORPION

Sc. *p*

A lit - tle co-coon, so tas - - - - - ty

561

Sc. and sweet to eat, \_\_\_\_\_ will nice -

566

Sc. - - ly gar - - - nish a joint-

574

571

Sc. of meat \_\_\_\_\_ to eat, \_\_\_\_\_ Ta-ta - rá, ta-ta-rá, \_\_\_\_\_ ta-ta-rá, ta-ta-

576

Sc. *rá, ta-ta - rá, ta-ta-rá. ta-ta-rá, ta - rá.*

*ff*

580

Sc. *Ta-ta - rá, ta-ta - rá, ta-ta - rá, ta-ta - rá, ta-ta-*

*ff*

584

Sc. *rá, ta-ta-rá. ta-ta-rá, ta - rá.*

*ff*

588

Sc. *Smells like a*

*ff*



**TWO FIREFLIES**

592

*(from their hiding place, to the audience)*

F.1  
This is the ter - ri - fy - ing Mis - ter Scor - pion,

F.2  
This is the ter - ri - fy - ing Mis - ter Scor - pion,

Sc.  
pig sty!

F.1  
an old wood - cut - ter li - ving in the fo - rest; he

F.2  
an old wood - cut - ter li - ving in the fo - rest; he comes to the

F.1  
comes to the vil - lage as he al - ways does, to get drunk, to

F.2  
vil - lage as he al - ways does, to get drunk, to get drunk

602

F.1  
get drunk to get drunk pissed. A

F.2  
to get drunk to get pissed. A glut-ton, a

605

F.1  
glut-ton, a scum-bag, a gang-ster, a thug, he's drugged by

F.2  
scum-bag, a gang-ster, a thug, he's drugged by

608

F.1  
booze and smoke.

F.2  
booze and smoke.

Sc.  
I smell live-stock! Yes, \_\_\_\_\_

612 (looking for the FIREFLIES)

611

Sc. a lit - tle co-coon will gar -

615

Sc. - nish a joint of meat to eat! Ta-ta-

620

Sc. rá, ta-ta-rá, ta-ta-rá, ta-ta-rá, ta-ta-rá, ta-ta-rá, ta-ta-rá, ta-

624

Sc. rá.

(he finds the FIREFLIES)

631

628

Sc.

56

632

Sc. *Am I in the way? Nudge, nudge... am I in the way?*

635

Sc. *You two, in this fine mea - dow,*

637

Sc. *ma - king a love - nest...*

639

*(Winks maliciously and pokes one of the fireflies in the stomach with his pincer)*

Sc. *nudge nudge, wink, wink, nudge nudge, wink, wink...*

641

Sc. *Love's the thing in the spring they say,*

### TWO FIREFLIES (indignant)

643

F.1

F.2

Sc.

The cheek of the fel - low, the cheek of the

The cheek of the fel - low, the cheek of the

nudge nudge, wink, wink, nudge nudge, wink, wink...

645

F.1

F.2

Sc.

fel - low!

fel - low!

Love's \_\_\_\_\_ the thing in the spring they say,

647

F.1

F.2

Sc.

The cheek of the fel - low, the cheek of the fel - low!

The cheek of the fel - low, the cheek of the fel - low!

nudge nudge, wink, wink, nudge nudge, wink, wink... Love's the thing in the

651

650

Sc. *spring* \_\_\_\_\_ *You, my dears, will*

652

Sc. *know a thing or two* \_\_\_\_\_ *a - bout spring,*

654

Sc. \_\_\_\_\_ *a - bout spring!* \_\_\_\_\_ *Nudge,*

656

F.1 *Be quiet, be quiet, be quiet! You're a rogue and a*

F.2 *Be quiet, be quiet, be quiet! You're a rogue and a*

Sc. *nudge, wink, wink, nudge, nudge, wink, wink...*

658

F.1 vil - lain!

F.2 vil - lain!

Sc. Par - tial to food, in - deed!

660

F.1 A gree - dy glut - ton!

F.2 A gree - dy glut - ton!

Sc. But fear not, I've just had

(661)

662

Sc. din - ner: a jui - cy

664

(horrified) 3

F.1 Ho - ly Saint

F.2 Ho - ly Saint

Sc. worm, so ten - der and sweet.

666

F.1 Cock - roach!

F.2 Cock - roach!

Sc. Ah, the taste of suc - cu - lent

668

F.1 Ho - ly Saint Cock - roach!

F.2 Ho - ly Saint Cock - roach!

Sc. worms, suc - cu - lent



670

F.1

F.2

Sc.

worms! \_\_\_\_\_

You hor - rid mon - - -

You hor - rid mon - - -

suc - cu - - lent

672

F.1

F.2

Sc.

ster! You na - sty crea - ture!

ster! You na - sty crea - ture!

worms! Shut up or I'll eat you too!

674

675

Sc.

You'd bet-ter watch out! For my phi-lo-so-phy is sim-ple: to

678

Sc. 

682

Sc. 

687

Sc. 

691

Sc. 

697 (698) (he chases the Fireflies)

Sc. 

No - thing es - capes me, I've eyes all a -

700

Sc. 

round, no - thing es - capes me, I've eyes all a - round,

703

Sc. 

no - thing es - capes me, I've eyes all a - round, I've eyes all a -

706

Sc. 

round. I'll poke fun with my pin - cers;

709

Sc.

poke, poke fun with my

712

Sc.

pin - cers, poke, poke fun with my pin - cers,

715

F.1

F.2

Sc.

Help, help! Help, help!

Help, help! Help, help!

nudge nudge, wink, wink, nudge nudge, wink, wink...

718

Sc.

No - thing e - scapes me: I've eyes all a - round. nudge nudge, wink, wink,

720

Sc.  nudge nudge, wink, wink... No - thing e - scapes me: I've eyes all a - round.

722

Sc.  No - thing e - scapes me: I've eyes all a - round. \_\_\_\_\_ and there's a <sup>3</sup>

724

Sc.  sting in my tail, \_\_\_\_\_ a sting in my tail, yes, there's a

727

Sc.  sting in my tail, \_\_\_\_\_ a sting in my tail, \_\_\_\_\_ a sting \_\_\_\_\_

730

Sc.  \_\_\_\_\_ in my tail! \_\_\_\_\_

MOTHER emerges from her little cave, angry and limping

733

F.1

F.2

Sc.

Help, help!

Help, help!

nudge nudge, wink, wink,

736

F.1

F.2

M.

Sc.

Help, help!

Help, help!

Help, **MOTHER**  
(brandishing her broom)

You scound - rel! You wretch!

help!

You de - vil! You brute!

nudge nudge, wink, wink... and there's a

739

M.

Sc.

Take that! And that!

And that! And that!

sting in my - Ow! a sting in my - Ow, ow!

Suddenly, distant voices expressing concern and sympathy which grow quickly nearer

741  $\text{♩} = 56$

### MOTHER

M. 

Sc. 

What's go-ing on? *Enter POET & DOCTOR carrying a white BUTTERFLY with a broken wing. She is unconscious. All gather round. SCORPION is flat out on the ground, dizzy, drunk and sore. The scene is full of light in the heat of the afternoon.*




### DOCTOR


Dr. 

Nice and slow-ly... care-ful with those wings!



Dr. 

She's hurt, the poor lit-tle crea - ture.



### TWO FIREFLIES

756

F.1 

Do you think she'll die?

F.2 

Do you think she'll die?

M. 

There's no sign of life.

P. 

POET

Oh, oh,



757

P. *where do you come from in your white dress?*

Dr. *She comes from the dawn,*

760

Dr. *a flower that flies. She fell from the great oak and broke her*

*MOTHER fetches some long and delicate leaves which are used by the DOCTOR to clean the BUTTERFLY's wounds.*

**MOTHER**

764

M. *Such*

Dr. *wing, but there's life left in her, and she'll soon fly a - gain.*

768

M. *crea - ture knows the se - crets of flowers and wa - ter.*



## TWO FIREFLIES

775

772

F.1  
Look! she gave a sigh... she's o-pening her eyes.

F.2  
Look! she gave a sigh... she's o-pening her eyes.

*p*

BUTTERFLY (*quietly, half-awake*)

777

B.  
I want to fly, so far spins the

*p*

781

B.  
silk thread!

F.1  
We are blessed to breathe the per-fume of her soul.

F.2  
We are blessed to breathe the per-fume of her soul.

*p*

785

B.  
It reaches to the

*p*

B. <sup>789</sup>

stars \_\_\_\_\_ where they keep

B. <sup>792</sup>

my trea - sure. My wings are of sil - ver, my heart

B. <sup>796</sup> 798 *(gradually coming round)*

is of gold. \_\_\_\_\_ The

B. <sup>799</sup>

thread \_\_\_\_\_ is drea - - - - - ming

B. <sup>803</sup>

with the sound - - - of its spi -

807

806

B.

ning!

P.

**POET**

This fal-len star has tas - ted the bit - ter-ness of dawn; the nigh-tin-gale

*f*

810

P.

wept as she laid still on the ground, **DOCTOR** the nigh - tin - gale

Dr.

(to MOTHER) Treat her with care:

814

P.

wept as she laid still on the ground.

Dr.

wash the wound with dew, then ap - ply pol - len of li - ly.

818

P.

What my - - - ste - ry are you,

822

P. 

what my - - - ste-ry are you? The i - mage of a fai-ry

Sc. 

(829)

827

P. 


or a flower from a - no - ther world? Are you a

Sc. 

**SCORPION**

Tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut,

831

P. 

mes - sen - ger from the world of dreams

Sc. 

tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, the

(836)

834

P. 

where love ne - ver ends, or an en - voy from

Sc. 

po - et is drea - ming all day,

837

P. *8* him who cre - a - ted us, a song

Sc. the po - et is drea - ming all

840

P. *8* of the stars, a song

Sc. day, tut, tut, tut, the po - et is drea - ming all day,

843

P. *8* of the stars?

Sc. tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, a va - grant that

846

847 *sotto voce*

P. *8* Yet my heart has come a - live, it burns so

Sc. don't earn his keep!

*p*

851 **MOTHER** *sotto voce*

M. She's a de - li - cate crea - ture, and she's beau - ti - ful too! and she's

P. fierce - ly with love,

Dr. **DOCTOR** *sotto voce (to POET)*  
My boy, take

856

M. beau - ti - ful too!

P.

Dr. care. Don't pine for the wings of a but - ter - fly or else all hope

864

M. I can

P. my heart has come a - live, it burns so fierce - ly with love!

Dr. will be lost, take care, don't pine for the

867

M. see my son is smit - ten, smit - ten, smit - ten with love: \_\_\_\_\_

P. \_\_\_\_\_ What \_\_\_\_\_ were once pure, \_\_\_\_\_ are

Dr. wings \_\_\_\_\_ of a but - - - - - ter -

870

M. I can see my son is smit - ten, his fra - gile heart \_\_\_\_\_

P. now the en - tan - gled threads \_\_\_\_\_ of my thoughts, the en - tan - gled threads \_\_\_\_\_ of my thoughts.

Dr. fly \_\_\_\_\_ or else all hope \_\_\_\_\_ wil be lost;

874

M. sings of her with pas - - - - - sion.

Dr. a ca - ring friend tells you this.

# TWO FIREFLIES

(to the audience)

877

F.1  
F.2  
M.

As the  
As the

*ff*

F.1  
F.2

mea - dow glows crim - son in the set - ting sun,  
mea - dow glows crim - son in the set - ting sun,

*p*

889

F.1  
F.2

the But - ter - fly finds shel - ter, finds shel - ter with kind  
the But - ter - fly finds shel - ter, finds shel - ter with kind

*pp*



890

F.1 folk.

F.2 folk.

Sc. **SCORPION** *(by now, flat out, almost senseless...)*

Tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut, he's drea-ming all day, tut, tut,

894

Sc. tut, tut!

900 **TWO FIREFLIES**

F.1 The po-et weeps, the po-et weeps,

F.2 The po-et weeps, the po-et weeps,

M. **MOTHER**  
His love is

905

F.1

F.2

M.

the po-et \_\_\_\_\_ weeps, the po - et

the po-et \_\_\_\_\_ weeps, the po - et

an - guish and year - ning, his love is

910

BUTTERFLY

B.

F.1

F.2

M.

Vo - - - la -

weeps;

weeps;

an - guish and year - ning, Dark -

912

B.

M.

- - ré \_\_\_\_\_ por el hi - - -

- - - ness lies in store, \_\_\_\_\_ end -

915

B.

M.

Dr.

919

B.

F.1

F.2

M.

P.

Dr.

Sc.

921

B. ta. **TWO FIREFLIES**

F.1 What has hap - pened to

F.2 What has hap - pened to

M. I fear no good will come of it, no

P. **POET**  
If on-ly I were, if on - ly I were

Dr. for her is fa - - -

Sc. ply him-self to work, he'll die, if he does-n't ap-ply him-self to work,

924

B. him, so sud - den - ly?

F.1 him, so sud - den - ly?

F.2 him, so sud - den - ly?

M. good will come of it,

P. as the pop - - - pies of the mea - dow,

Dr. - - tal, is fa - - -

Sc. he'll die, for sure, he'll die of hun - ger, he'll die, no mat - ter

927

B.

F.1

F.2

M.

P.

Dr.

Sc.

tal,

how good and fa - mous he is! In love with a but - ter - fly? He's cra -

929

B.

F.1

F.2

M.

P.

Dr.

Sc.

el soy - - - el e - I if on - ly I were as the love for her is zy! He'll die of

932

B. *spí - ri - tu,*

F.1 *What has*

F.2 *What has*

M. *fear no good will*

P. *pop - ics of the mea - dow,*

Dr. *fa - tal,*

Sc. *hun - ger, he'll die of hun - ger, no mat - ter how good and fa - mous he is!*

*p*

934

B. *yo soy el e -*

F.1 *hap - pened to him, so*

F.2 *hap - pened to him, so*

M. *come of it,*

P. *then dawn and*

Dr. *dark - ness lies in*

Sc. *Tut, -*

936

B. spi - ri - tu De la

F.1 sud - den - ly? Does he

F.2 sud - den - ly? Does he

M. dark - ness lies in store,

P. dew would cool and calm

Dr. store, end - less star - less

Sc. tut, tut, tut, a great dead poet, dead poet,

938

B. se - da, la se - da, la

F.1 know what love can be?

F.2 know what love can be?

M. end - less star - less night,

P. this ten - der

Dr. night.

Sc. a great dead poet!

942

941

B. se - da. Ven -

F.1

F.2

M.

P. love I feel. (He runs off)

Dr.

Sc.

*p*

945

B. - go de un ar - ca, un ar - ca

F.1 Does he know what love can be?

F.2 Does he know what love can be?

M. and my house shall soon be wit - ness



949

B. mi - ste - ri - o - sa Y voy ha - ci - a la

F.1

F.2

M. to pain and death, to pain

*p*

953

B. nieb - - - la. Hi - lé mi co - ra -

F.1

F.2

M. and death.

The beau - ti - ful

956

B. zon so - - -

F.1

F.2

M. But - ter - fly The beau - ti - ful But - ter - fly

958

B. bre mi car - - - ne

F.1 The beau - ti - ful But - ter - fly

F.2 The beau - ti - ful

960

B. Pa - ra re - zar en las ti -

F.1 The beau - ti - ful

F.2 But - ter - fly

962

B. nie - blas, Y la Muer - te

F.1 But - ter - fly is be -

F.2 The beau - ti - ful But - ter - fly

964

B. mi di - - - o

F.1 yond his reach

F.2 is be -

*cresc.*

965

B. dos a - las blan - cas Pe -

F.1 and, oh, the de - sire is hard to bear!

F.2 yond his reach and, oh, the de - sire is hard

*ff*

968

B. ro ce - gó la fuen - te de la se - da.

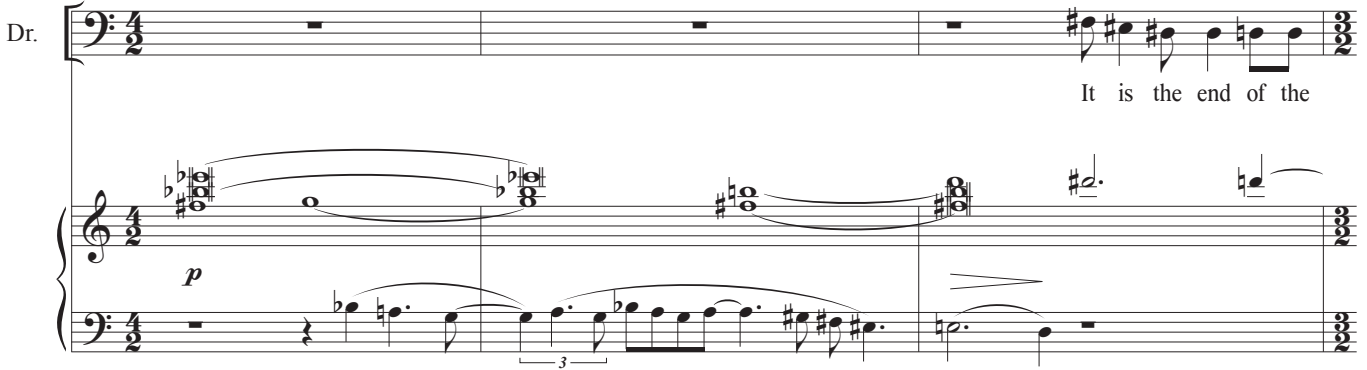
F.1

F.2 to bear!

*sfz*

972  $\text{♩} = 48$

### DOCTOR

Dr. 

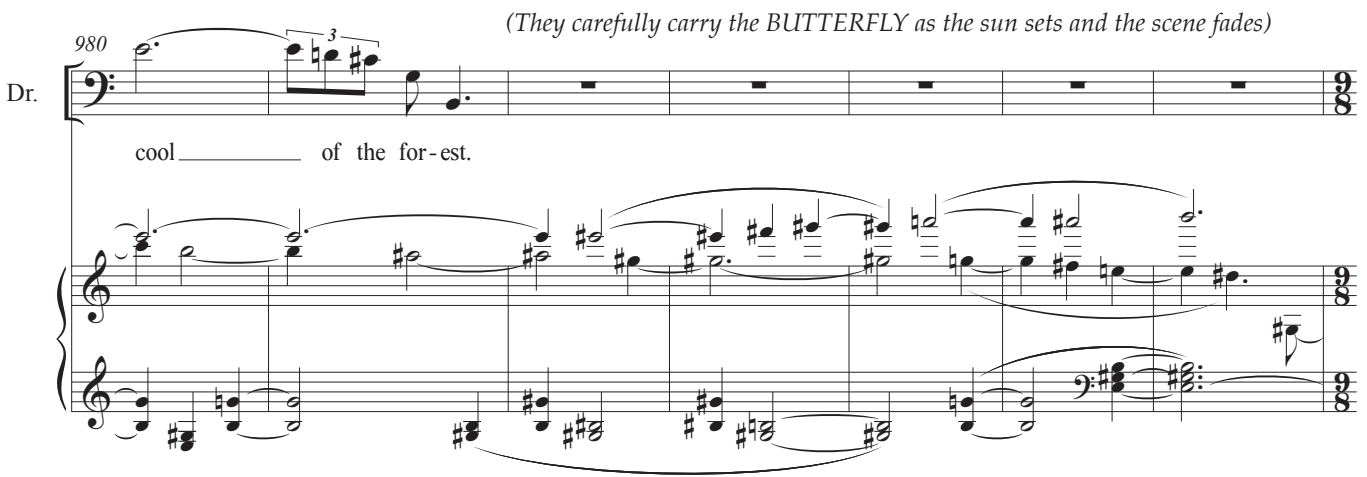
It is the end of the

975 *(to MOTHER)*

Dr. 

day. \_\_\_\_\_ Let's take her\_ to bathe\_ in the moon - light in the

980 *(They carefully carry the BUTTERFLY as the sun sets and the scene fades)*

Dr. 

cool \_\_\_\_\_ of the for-est.

987 *(aside)*

Dr. 

I can still hear that voice \_\_\_\_\_ that spoke so sad - ly:

990 *col canto* (he leaves and the stage is empty)

Dr. "She \_\_\_\_\_ has died, the fai - ry of land — and — sea."

993

996 **SCORPION** (in the distance, yawning)

Sc. Ta - ta - rá, ta - ta - rá, ta - ta - rá, ta - ta -

End of Act One

Sc. rá, ta - ta - rá, ta - ta - rá. ta - ta - rá, ta - rá.

$\text{♩} = 84$  **Interlude**

Musical notation for measures 1-3. The piece is in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests, while the left hand provides a simple accompaniment of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning.

Musical notation for measures 4-7. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand maintains a steady accompaniment.

Musical notation for measures 8-10. Measure 8 is in 6/8 time. Measure 9 changes to 4/4 time. Measure 10 changes to 6/8 time. The right hand has eighth-note patterns, and the left hand has block chords.

Musical notation for measures 11-13. Measure 11 is in 6/8 time. Measure 12 changes to 4/4 time. Measure 13 changes to 6/8 time. The right hand has eighth-note patterns, and the left hand has block chords.

Musical notation for measures 14-16. Measure 14 is in 4/4 time. Measure 15 changes to 6/8 time. Measure 16 changes to 6/8 time. The right hand has eighth-note patterns, and the left hand has block chords.

Musical notation for measures 17-20. Measure 17 is in 6/8 time. Measure 18 changes to 4/4 time. Measure 19 changes to 6/8 time. Measure 20 is the final measure, in 6/8 time, featuring a melodic flourish in the right hand. A circled measure number 20 is shown above the staff.

21

25

28

31 **FIREFLY 1** 32 *It is the evening of the same day. There is a bright moon.  
The villagers sing and dance.*

F.1 **FIREFLY 2** The Moon came to the forge,—

F.2 The Moon came to the forge,—

M. **MOTHER** The Moon came to the forge,—

Dr. **DOCTOR** The Moon came to the forge,—

Sc. **SCORPION** The Moon came to the forge,—

The Moon came to the forge,—

34

F.1 to the forge, came to the

F.2 to the forge, came to the

M. to the forge, came to the

Dr. to the forge, came to the

Sc. to the forge, came to the

36

F.1 forge, the moon came to the

F.2 forge, the Moon came to the

M. forge, the Moon came to the

Dr. forge, the Moon came to the

Sc. forge, the Moon came to the



39

F.1  
forge dressed in her bus - tle gown, bus - tle gown,

F.2  
forge dressed in her bus - tle gown, bus - tle gown,

M.  
forge dressed in her bus - tle gown, bus - tle gown,

Dr.  
forge dressed in her bus - tle gown, bus - tle gown,

Sc.  
forge dressed in her bus - tle gown, bus - tle gown,

44

(45)

F.1  
in her bus - tle gown,

F.2  
in her bus - tle gown,

M.  
in her bus - tle gown,

Dr.  
in her bus - tle gown,

Sc.  
in her bus - tle gown,

48

F.1  
dressed in her bus - tle gown.

F.2  
dressed in her bus - tle gown.

M.  
dressed in her bus - tle gown.

Dr.  
dressed in her bus - tle gown.

Sc.  
dressed in her bus - tle gown.

51

F.1  
The boy

F.2  
The boy

M.  
The boy

Dr.  
The boy

Sc.  
The boy

54

F.1 looks and he stares. The

F.2 looks and he stares. The

M. looks and he stares. The

Dr. looks and he stares. The

Sc. looks and he stares. The

57

(59)

F.1 boy keeps sta - ring hard.

F.2 boy keeps sta - ring hard.

M. boy keeps sta - ring hard.

Dr. boy keeps sta - ring hard.

Sc. boy keeps sta - ring hard.

60

F.1

F.2

M.

Dr.

Sc.

The moon moves

The moon moves

The moon moves

The moon moves

The moon moves her arms,

63

F.1

F.2

M.

Dr.

Sc.

her arms in the breeze,

her arms in the breeze

her arms in the breeze, in the

her arms in the breeze, the

her arms in the breeze, the

65

F.1  
in the breeze, in the breeze, in the breeze, in the breeze,

F.2  
in the breeze, in the breeze, in the breeze, in the

M.  
breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Dr.  
breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Sc.  
breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

67

F.1  
breeze, \_\_\_\_\_

F.2  
breeze, \_\_\_\_\_

M.  
breeze, \_\_\_\_\_

Dr.  
breeze, \_\_\_\_\_

Sc.  
breeze, \_\_\_\_\_

Score for measures 70-71. The score includes five vocal parts (F.1, F.2, M., Dr., Sc.), a drum part (Dr.), and a piano accompaniment (Sc.). The lyrics for the vocal parts are:

F.1: The moon moves her arms in the

F.2: The moon moves her arms in the

M.: The moon moves her arms in the

Dr.: The moon moves her arms, moves her arms in the

Sc.: The moon moves her arms in the breeze,



Score for measures 72-75. The score includes five vocal parts (F.1, F.2, M., Dr., Sc.), a drum part (Dr.), and a piano accompaniment (Sc.). The lyrics for the vocal parts are:

F.1: breeze, in the breeze, in the breeze,

F.2: breeze in the breeze, in the

M.: breeze, in the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Dr.: breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Sc.: the breeze, the breeze, the



74

F.1 re - vea - - ling her breasts

F.2 breeze, re - vea - ling her breasts

M. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Dr. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Sc. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

76

F.1 of bright, bright - bronze,

F.2 of bright bronze,

M. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Dr. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Sc. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

78

F.1  
which en - trance and en -

F.2  
which en - trance and en -

M.  
breeze, re - vea - ling her breasts of bright bronze which en - trance and en -

Dr.  
breeze, re - vea - ling her breasts of bright bronze which en - trance and en -

Sc.  
breeze, re - vea - ling her breasts of bright bronze which en - trance and en -

81

F.1  
tice him.

F.2  
tice him.

M.  
tice him.

Dr.  
tice him.

Sc.  
tice him.



84

F.1 "Run, oh  
F.2 "Run, oh  
M. "Run, oh  
Dr. "Run, oh  
Sc. "Run, oh

87

F.1 moon, moon, moon. If the gyp-sies come, moon, moon, moon, they will turn your heart,  
F.2 moon, moon, moon. If the gyp-sies come, moon, moon, moon, they will turn your heart,  
M. moon, moon, moon. If the gyp-sies come, moon, moon, moon, they will turn your heart,  
Dr. moon, moon, moon. If the gyp-sies come, moon, moon, moon, they will turn your heart,  
Sc. moon, moon, moon. If the gyp-sies come, moon, moon, moon, they will turn your heart,

*p*

91

F.1  
moon, moon, moon, in - to shi - ning trin - kets, moon, moon, moon."

F.2  
moon, moon, moon, in - to shi - ning trin - kets, moon, moon, moon."

M.  
moon, moon, moon, in - to shi - ning trin - kets, moon, moon, moon."

Dr.  
moon, moon, moon, in - to shi - ning trin - kets, moon, moon, moon."

Sc.  
moon, moon, moon, in - to shi - ning trin - kets, moon, moon, moon."



96

F.1  
"Boy, boy, boy, let me dance! Boy, boy, boy, when the gyp - sies come,

F.2  
"Boy, boy, boy, let me dance! Boy, boy, boy, when the gyp - sies come,

M.  
"Boy, boy, boy, let me dance! Boy, boy, boy, when the gyp - sies come,

Dr.  
"Boy, boy, boy, let me dance! Boy, boy, boy, when the gyp - sies come,

Sc.  
"Boy, boy, boy, let me dance! Boy, boy, boy, when the gyp - sies come,

*p*



101

F.1  
boy, boy, boy, they will find you — on the an - vil, boy, boy, boy, with your lit - tle eyes

F.2  
boy, boy, boy, they will find you — on the an - vil, boy, boy, boy, with your lit - tle eyes

M.  
boy, boy, boy, they will find you — on the an - vil, boy, boy, boy, with your lit - tle eyes

Dr.  
boy, boy, boy, they will find you — on the an - vil, boy, boy, boy, with your lit - tle eyes

Sc.  
boy, boy, boy, they will find you — on the an - vil, boy, boy, boy, with your lit - tle eyes

110

106

F.1  
closed, — boy, boy, boy." "Run, oh

F.2  
closed, — boy, boy, boy." "Run, oh

M.  
closed, — boy, boy, boy." "Run, oh

Dr.  
closed, — boy, boy, boy." "Run, oh

Sc.  
closed, — boy, boy, boy." "Run, oh

112

F.1 moon, moon, moon. for I hear their, moon, moon, moon, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon,  
F.2 moon, moon, moon. for I hear their, moon, moon, moon, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon,  
M. moon, moon, moon. for I hear their, moon, moon, moon, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon,  
Dr. moon, moon, moon. for I hear their, moon, moon, moon, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon,  
Sc. moon, moon, moon. for I hear their, moon, moon, moon, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon,

117

F.1 hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon, for I hear their,  
F.2 hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon, for I hear their,  
M. hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon, for I hear their,  
Dr. hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon, for I hear their,  
Sc. hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon, for I hear their,

121

F.1  
hor - ses now, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon."

F.2  
hor - ses now, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon."

M.  
hor - ses now, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon."

Dr.  
hor - ses now, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon."

Sc.  
hor - ses now, hor - ses now, moon, moon, moon."



126

125

F.1  
"Boy, boy, boy, do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy,

F.2  
"Boy, boy, boy, do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy,

M.  
"Boy, boy, boy, do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy,

Dr.  
"Boy, boy, boy, do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy,

Sc.  
"Boy, boy, boy, do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy,

*f* *p* *f*



131

F.1  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy,

F.2  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy,

M.  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy,

Dr.  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy,

Sc.  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy,

*p* *f* *p* *f*

137

F.1  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy."

F.2  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy."

M.  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy."

Dr.  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy."

Sc.  
do not tram - ple, boy, boy, boy, my — gau - dy gar - ments, boy, boy, boy."

*p* *f* *p* *f*

143

F.1

F.2

M.

Dr.

Sc.

146

F.1

F.2

M.

Dr.

Sc.

The ri - ders come

149

F.1  
clo - ser, they hear their drum, they hear

F.2  
The ri - ders come clo - ser, they hear their drum,

M.  
The ri - ders come clo - ser, they

Dr.  
The ri - ders come clo - ser,

Sc.  
The ri - ders come clo - ser, they hear their

152

F.1  
their drum on the plain, they hear

F.2  
they hear their drum they hear

M.  
hear their drum, they hear their drum

Dr.  
they hear their drum, they hear their

Sc.  
drum, they hear their drum on the



156

155

F.1  
— their drum on the plain.

F.2  
— their drum on the plain.

M.  
on the plain, on the plain.

Dr.  
drum on the plain, on the plain.

Sc.  
plain, on the plain.

158

F.1

F.2

M.

Dr.

Sc.

161

F.1  
F.2  
M.  
Dr.  
Sc.

In - side the forge

In - side the forge

In - side the forge

In - side the forge

In - side the forge

In - side the forge

165

167

F.1  
F.2  
M.  
Dr.  
Sc.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

the boy's eyes shut tight.

169

F.1 Through the grove come the gyp - sies, \_\_\_\_\_ bra - zen or drea -

F.2 \_\_\_\_\_ Through the grove come the gyp - sies, \_\_\_\_\_

M. \_\_\_\_\_ Through the grove come the \_\_\_\_\_

Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ Through the

Sc. \_\_\_\_\_ Through the grove come the gyp - sies, \_\_\_\_\_

172

F.1 \_\_\_\_\_ my, \_\_\_\_\_ heads high or eyes

F.2 bra - zen or drea - \_\_\_\_\_ my, \_\_\_\_\_ heads

M. gyp - sies, \_\_\_\_\_ bra - zen or drea - \_\_\_\_\_ my, \_\_\_\_\_

Dr. grove come the \_\_\_\_\_ gyp - sies, \_\_\_\_\_ bra - zen or drea - \_\_\_\_\_

Sc. \_\_\_\_\_ bra - zen or drea - my, bra - zen or drea - my,

175

F.1  
slee - py, heads high or eyes slee - py.

F.2  
high or eyes slee - py, heads high or eyes

M.  
heads high or eyes slee - py.

Dr.  
- my, heads high or eyes slee - py.

Sc.  
heads high or eyes slee - py.

179

178

F.1  
How the owl, the owl,

F.2  
slee - py. How the owl, the owl,

M.  
How the owl, the owl,

Dr.  
How the owl, the owl,

Sc.  
How the owl, the owl,

182

F.1  
F.2  
M.  
Dr.  
Sc.

the owl, yea, the owl cries, how it

186

F.1  
F.2  
M.  
Dr.  
Sc.

cries, yea, how it cries, how it cries, how it

(191)

190

F.1  
F.2  
M.  
Dr.  
Sc.

cries in the tree!  
cries in the tree!  
cries in the tree!  
cries in the tree!  
cries in the tree!

193

F.1  
F.2  
M.  
Dr.  
Sc.

197

196

F.1 The moon, moon, moon. cros-ses, cros-ses the

F.2 The moon, moon, moon. cros-ses, cros-ses the

M. The moon, moon, moon. cros-ses, cros-ses the

Dr. The moon, moon, moon. cros-ses, cros-ses the

Sc. The moon, moon, moon. cros-ses, cros-ses the

200

F.1 sky lea-ding, lea-ding a

F.2 sky lea-ding, lea-ding a

M. sky lea-ding, lea-ding a

Dr. sky lea-ding, lea-ding a

Sc. sky lea-ding, lea-ding a

*ff*

204

F.1  
boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy by the hand, by the hand,

F.2  
boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy by the hand, by the hand,

M.  
boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy by the hand, by the hand,

Dr.  
boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy by the hand, by the hand,

Sc.  
boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy by the hand, by the hand,

209

F.1  
cros-ses, cros-ses the sky

F.2  
cros-ses, cros-ses the sky

M.  
cros-ses, cros-ses the sky

Dr.  
cros-ses, cros-ses the sky

Sc.  
cros-ses, cros-ses the sky



213

F.1  
lea - ding, lea - ding a boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy

F.2  
lea - ding, lea - ding a boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy

M.  
lea - ding, lea - ding a boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy

Dr.  
lea - ding, lea - ding a boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy

Sc.  
lea - ding, lea - ding a boy, boy, boy, lea - ding a boy

217

F.1  
by the hand, by the hand, moon, moon, moon."

F.2  
by the hand, by the hand, moon, moon, moon."

M.  
by the hand, by the hand, moon, moon, moon."

Dr.  
by the hand, by the hand, moon, moon, moon."

Sc.  
by the hand, by the hand, moon, moon, moon."

222

Musical score for measures 222-224. The score is for five vocal parts (F.1, F.2, M., Dr., Sc.) and piano accompaniment. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "In - side the forge the gyp - sies". The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

225

Musical score for measures 225-227. The score is for five vocal parts (F.1, F.2, M., Dr., Sc.) and piano accompaniment. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "weep, weep and they". The piano part continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

228

F.1  
wail, \_\_\_\_\_ weep, \_\_\_\_\_

F.2  
wail, \_\_\_\_\_ weep, \_\_\_\_\_

M.  
wail, \_\_\_\_\_ weep, \_\_\_\_\_

Dr.  
wail, \_\_\_\_\_ weep, \_\_\_\_\_

Sc.  
wail, \_\_\_\_\_ weep, \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

232

F.1  
weep \_\_\_\_\_ and wail, \_\_\_\_\_

F.2  
weep \_\_\_\_\_ and wail, \_\_\_\_\_

M.  
weep \_\_\_\_\_ and wail, \_\_\_\_\_

Dr.  
weep \_\_\_\_\_ and wail, \_\_\_\_\_

Sc.  
weep \_\_\_\_\_ and wail, \_\_\_\_\_



239 *f*

F.1 weep, weep, weep

F.2 weep, weep and

M. weep, weep and

Dr. weep, weep and

Sc. weep, weep and

242

F.1 and wail, wail, wail, wail, wail, wail

F.2 and wail, wail, wail, wail, wail, wail

M. and wail, wail, wail, wail, wail, wail

Dr. and wail, wail, wail, wail, wail, wail

Sc. and wail, wail, wail, wail, wail, wail



248 *f*

F.1 weep and wail, weep

F.2 weep and wail, weep

M. weep and wail, weep

Dr. weep and wail, weep

Sc. weep and wail, weep

251

F.1 and wail,

F.2 and wail,

M. and wail,

Dr. and wail,

Sc. and wail,

253

\_\_\_\_\_ the breeze is kee-ping watch, the breeze is kee-ping watch, the breeze, \_\_\_\_\_ the breeze, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ the breeze is kee-ping watch, the breeze is kee-ping watch, in \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ breeze, in \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ the breeze is kee-ping watch, the breeze is kee-ping breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

\_\_\_\_\_ the breeze, the breeze, the

\_\_\_\_\_ the breeze, the breeze, the

\_\_\_\_\_ the breeze, the breeze, the

255

\_\_\_\_\_ the breeze, \_\_\_\_\_ the breeze, \_\_\_\_\_ the breeze, \_\_\_\_\_

breeze, in \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ breeze, in \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ breeze, \_\_\_\_\_ the breeze, \_\_\_\_\_

breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

breeze, the breeze, the

breeze, the breeze, the

breeze, the breeze, the

*pp*



257

F.1 the breeze, the breeze,

F.2 the breeze, the breeze,

M. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Dr. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

Sc. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the

259 *pp*

F.1 the breeze.

F.2 the breeze.

M. breeze, the breeze, the breeze, the breeze. breeze.

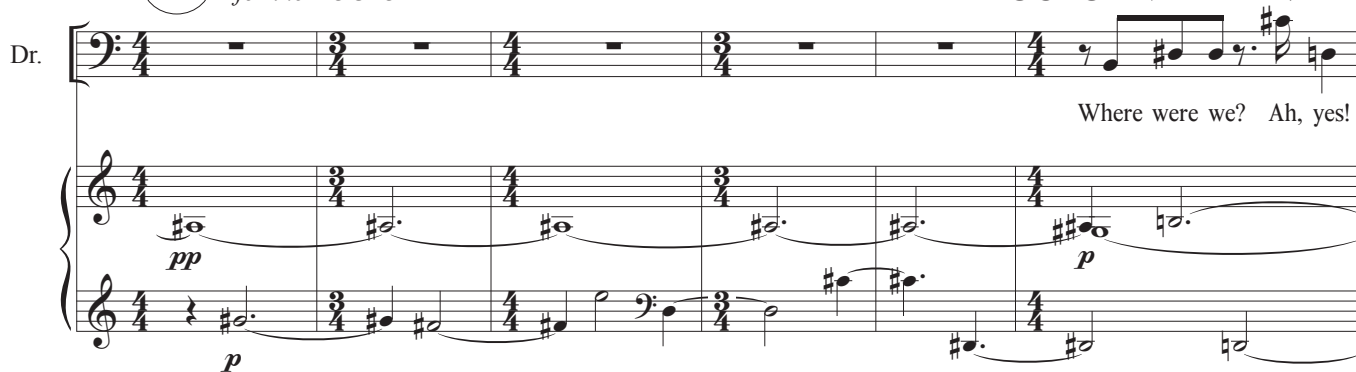
Dr. breeze, the breeze, the breeze. breeze.

Sc. breeze, the breeze, the breeze. breeze.

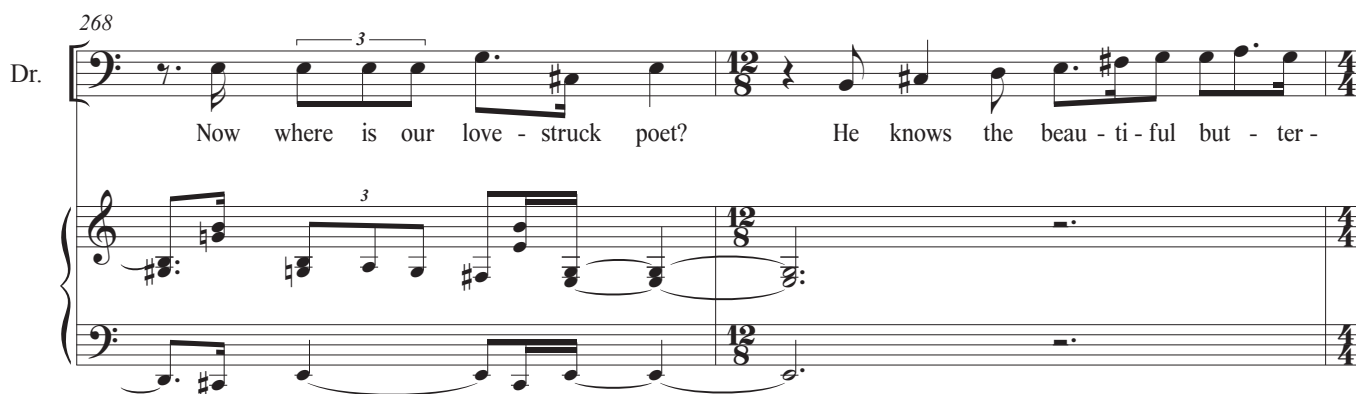
*pp*

262  $\text{♩} = 72$  *They disperse, except  
for the DOCTOR*

**DOCTOR** *(to the audience)*

Dr. 

Where were we? Ah, yes!

268 

Now where is our love - struck poet? He knows the beau - ti - ful but - ter -

270 

fly is be - yond his reach. For sure, he has

273 

tra - velled the path that weaves an a - ra - besque a - cross the mea - dow, be - yond the

275 *col canto*

Dr. shade of the great cy - press tree, — to the lake sur - roun - ded by li - lies, and there to

279

Dr. taste the se - crets of flowers and wa - ter... —

## Act Two

(284)  $\text{♩} = 96$  The scene is a forest clearing. It is now night.  
The YOUNG FIREFLIES and MOTHER carry in THE BUTTERFLY

283

Dr. But here, with - in this cool fo - rest clea - ring, is a gar - den whose

287

Dr. walls are a cas - cade of i - vy, whose floor — is co - vered

290

Dr. — in dai - sies; the glint of spring wa - ter trick - les

MOTHER

293

M.  This

Dr.  by, and there is the scent of night - time...



295

M.  meadow is perfect for her moonlight



TWO FIREFLIES

298

F.1  Her little wings will be as good as new,

F.2  Her little wings will be as good as new,

M.  bath.



300

F.1  
just as they were when she first flew in the sun - light.

F.2  
just as they were when she first flew in the sun - light.

M.

302

F.1

F.2

M.  
There's no sign of life yet. *col canto* With da-maged wings and a bro-ken heart she comes to the

*p*

305

M.  
place where love dies. The light of the stars, the light of the

M. 309

stars will soon fade. I'm going to find my

M. 312  $\text{♩} = 66$

son: I'll pray that his soul will find peace.

M. 314

Oh, to be a po-et is such a mis-for-tune!

*She leaves with THE DOCTOR.*

**FIREFLY 2**

F.2 316

The But-ter-fly stirs!

*The BUTTERFLY bathes in the glow of moonlight. She moves her wings slowly, and through the course of this scene becomes more animated.*

**FIREFLY 1**

F.1 318

She's wa-king up!

**BUTTERFLY** (waking)

321

B.

A - ho - ra com - pren - do el

*p*

323

B.

la - men - tar del a - - - gua,

325

B.

Y el la - - - men -

327

B.

tar - - - de las e - stel - - -

328

B.

- - - las,

B. 329

Y el

B. 337

la - - men - tar del vien - to en la mon - ta - ña,

333

S. 335

Y el zum - bi - do pun - zan - te De la a - be - ja. Por -

*cresc.*

S. 337

que soy la muer - - - te Y



339 (♩. = 88)

S  
la bel-le - - - - - za.

*It is now the dead of night. The FIREFLIES are glowing brightly*

*pp*

**FIREFLY 1**

(to each other)

F.1  
The li - lies in the lake qui-ver with

F.1  
dew, qui-ver with dew, the li lies in the lake

**FIREFLY 2**

F.2  
The li - lies qui-ver with dew, pure and

F.1  
qui-ver with dew, pure and clear.

F.2  
clear, qui-ver with dew, pure and clear.

*pp*

353

F.1  
Soon — it will bathe the grass — and we can drink it, soon

F.2  
Soon — it will bathe the grass — and we can drink it, soon

356

F.1  
we can drink it. A wise old man once said:

F.2  
we can drink it. A wise old man once said:

*pp*

361

F.1  
"En - joy the sweet dew - drops, but ne - ver ask from whence they come. For

F.2  
"En - joy the sweet dew - drops, but ne - ver ask from whence they come. For

365

F.1  
mo - ments they glis - ten in the grass and then are gone,

F.2  
mo - ments they glis - ten in the grass and then are gone,

369

F.1  
gone, gone." Dew - drops make love swee - ter,

F.2  
gone, gone." Dew - drops make love swee - ter,

375

F.1  
and in search of love \_\_\_\_\_ we are come \_\_\_ to this place.

F.2  
and in search of love \_\_\_\_\_ we are come \_\_\_ to this place.

380

**BUTTERFLY** *The BUTTERFLY hears them and speaks, as though dreaming.*

B.  
I hear the dew drops speak to - me \_\_\_\_\_ of dis -

*p*

382

B.  
- tant fields \_\_\_\_\_ and far - off \_\_\_\_\_ my - ste - ries.

**TWO FIREFLIES** (turning sharply)

384

F.1  
Dew - drops don't speak, they ne - ver say a word!

F.2  
Dew - drops don't speak, they ne - ver say a word!

**386 BUTTERFLY** (with vision)

B.  
The grain of sand, \_\_\_\_\_ the grain of sand \_\_\_\_\_

389

B.  
\_\_\_\_\_ can speak, \_\_\_\_\_ can \_\_\_\_\_

392

B.  
speak, \_\_\_\_\_ can \_\_\_\_\_

394

B. speak, so can a leaf,

396

B. each in its own way.

398

B. each in

400

B. its own way.

401

B.

But all the voi -

403

B.

ces in the world com - bine

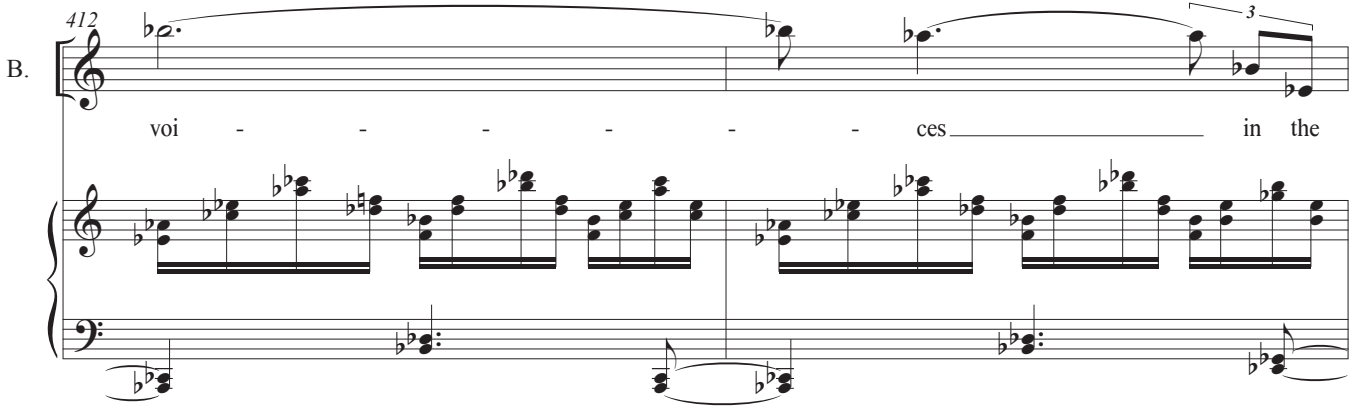
406

B.

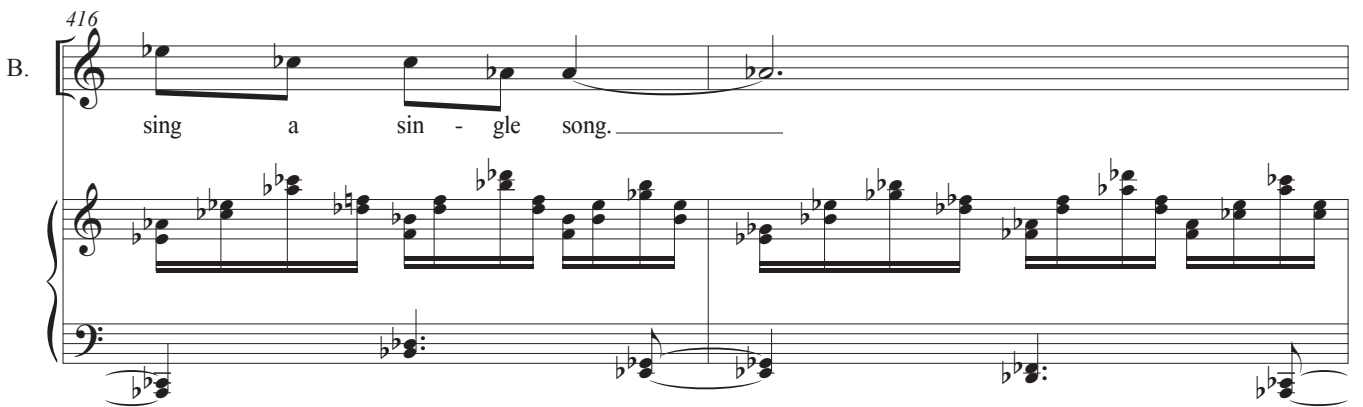
to sing a sin - gle song, all the

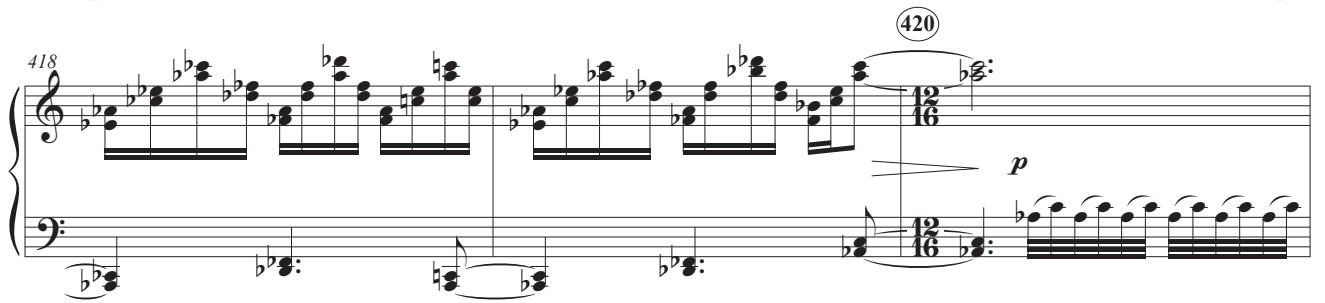
409

B.

412  
B.   
voi - - - ces in the

414  
B.   
world com - bine to

416  
B.   
sing a sin - gle song.

418 

421  
B.   
Who are you? Ti - ny

423

B. stars? \_\_\_\_\_

**TWO FIREFLIES**

F.1 No, tra - vel - lers in search of love. \_\_\_\_\_

F.2 No, tra - vel - lers in search of love. \_\_\_\_\_

425

427

B. I know not \_\_\_\_\_ what

429

B. love \_\_\_\_\_ is, \_\_\_\_\_ nor \_\_\_\_\_

431

B. \_\_\_\_\_ shall \_\_\_\_\_ I e - ver \_\_\_\_\_ know, \_\_\_\_\_



433

B.

nor shall I e - ver know.

435

F.1

F.2

Why it's a gen -

Why it's a gen -

437

F.1

F.2

tle kiss, like trem bling leaves,

tle kiss, like trem - bling leaves,

439

B. 

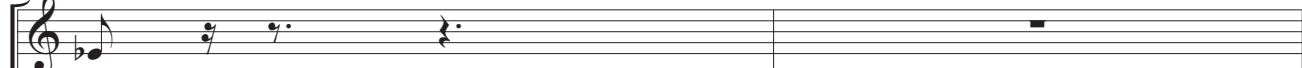
F.1   
like the trem - - - bling leaves,

F.2   
like the trem - - - bling leaves,


I do not un-der-

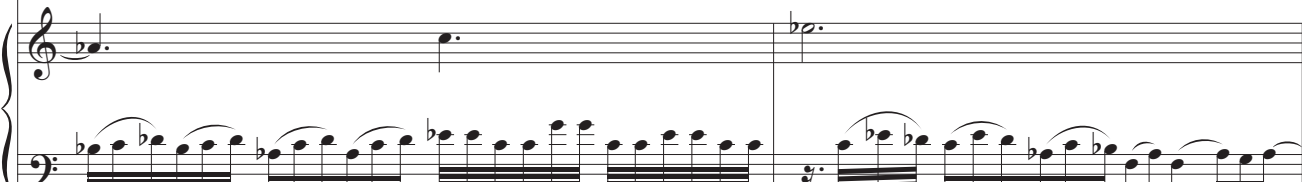


441 *(she sleeps)*

B.   
stand.

F.1   
a gen - tle kiss, like trem - bling leaves.

F.2   
a gen - tle kiss, like trem - bling leaves.



443

F.1   
She's cer - tain - ly a my - ste - ry!

F.2   
She's cer - tain - ly a my - ste - ry!



445

F.1  
Let's re - turn to our mea - dow and

F.2  
Let's re - turn to our mea - dow and

(They leave)

447

F.1  
pas - sion's plea - - - - - sure!

F.2  
pas - sion's plea - - - - - sure!

449

450

*pp*

451

453

455

457

459

461

(462)

463

465

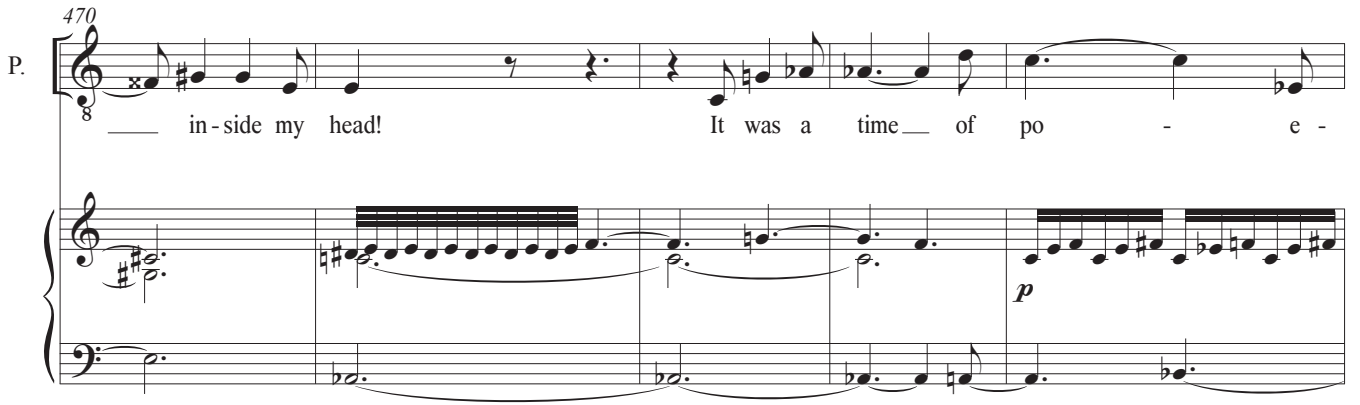
The POET appears. His expression is one of pain and anguish.


P.

467

(469) POET

What thoughts —

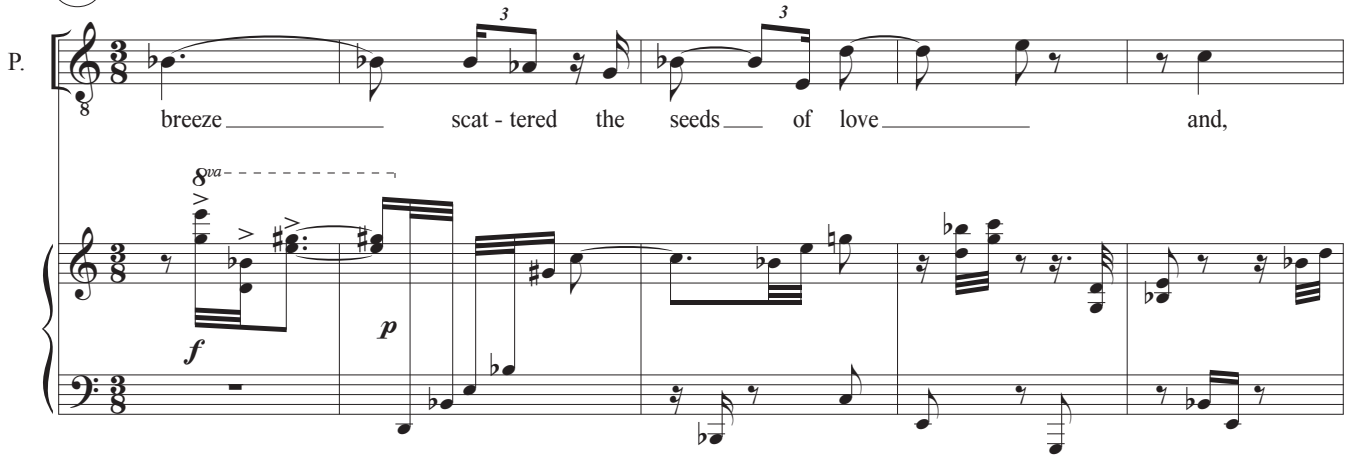
470  
P.   
in-side my head! It was a time of po - e -

475  
P.   
try un - til, un - til she stole

478  
P.   
my soul.

481  
P.   
As if the

484

P. 

breeze scat - tered the seeds of love and,

P. 

by pure chance, one lan - ded in my i -

496 (The BUTTERFLY stirs)

P. 

ma - gi - na - tion. Is the chaste

P. 

queen of this mea - dow a - wake?

505 **BUTTERFLY**

B. I shall fly a-way, — fly a-way, by — this sil - ver

P. *p* *f* *p*

510

B. thread, — this sil - ver thread, I

P. 8 She — whom the dew set - tles on?

*f* *p*

514

B. — shall fly — a-way, — shall fly, — fly, — fly, — on the sounds of the

P. 8 She who knows — the se - crets of the

*f*

518

B. mor - - - - - ning mist. \_\_\_\_\_

P. grass and the song \_\_\_\_\_ of the wa - - - - - ters?

*p*

(The BUTTERFLY attempts to fly)

(♩ = ♩.) (525) (♩. = 132)

522

B. Lis - ten! The

P. You wish to fly? \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

526

B. spi - - - - - der, the spi - - - - - der \_\_\_\_\_

P.



530

B. *chants* \_\_\_\_\_ in its

P. \_\_\_\_\_ I shall cure your wounds with kis - ses

*f*

(534)

533

B. cave, \_\_\_\_\_

P. \_\_\_\_\_ and a great \_\_\_\_\_ migh - tin - gale, \_\_\_\_\_

*f*

535

B. \_\_\_\_\_ while the nigh - nigh -

P. \_\_\_\_\_ and a great nigh - tin-gale, the nigh -

*p*

538

B. *tin - gale, the nigh - tin - gale, the nigh - tin - gale*

P. *tin - gale will help you fly,*

*f*

540

B. *sings*

P. *will help you fly,*

*p*

543

B. *his* *sto -*

P. *will help you fly,*

545

B. *ry, sings his sto-ry, sings*

P. *a nigh - tin-gale will help you fly,*

548

B. *his sto - ry, sings his sto - ry,*

P. *will help you fly! Let our*

(551)

552

B. *and trick - ling rain - drops,*

P. *souls en - joy the light of*

555

B. trick - ling, trick - ling rain - drops are

P. love, en - joy the light of love, en - joy, en - joy the light of love,

559

B. daz - - - zled, are

P. and share the dew - drops,

562

B. daz - - - zled by these wings of death,

P. share the dew - drops

565

B. wings of death, wings of death, of

P. on the li - lies, share the dew - drops on the

568 (The BUTTERFLY falls to the ground)

B. death.

P. li - lies!

*pp*

570

(The POET embraces the BUTTERFLY who unconsciously surrenders to him)

573

P. Feel how dark - ness fills the bran -

577

P. 

- ches and the night en - ve - lopes our sleep!

580

P. 

Who is she

(581)

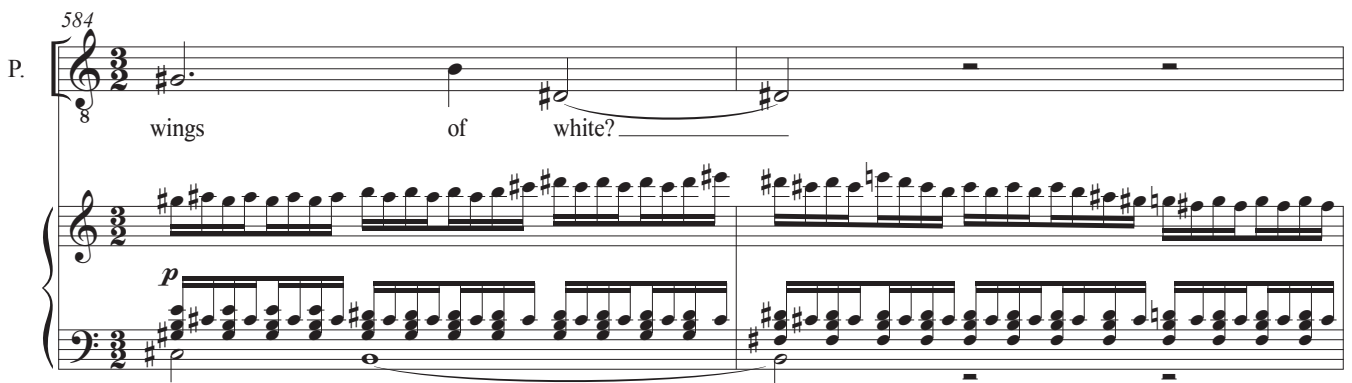
*pp* *leggiero*

582

P. 

who brings me sad - ness with these tremb - ling

584

P. 

wings of white?

*p*

586

P. 

588 (590) *(The SCORPION enters)*

591 **SCORPION** *(slower, and more menacing than before)*

Sc. Ta - ta - rá, ta - ta - rá, \_\_\_\_\_

594

Sc. ta - ta - rá, ta - ta - rá, ta - ta - rá, ta - ta - rá, ta - ta - rá, ta -

*moving forward* ♩ = 80

597

Sc. rá, ta - ta - rá.

598

Sc. ta - ta - rá!

(♩ = ♪ = 60)

(in raptures, particularly over the sound of his own voice)

599

Sc. *b<sub>e</sub>*

In the cool \_\_\_\_\_ of the night, \_\_\_\_\_

601

Sc. \_\_\_\_\_ in the cool of the night the fo - rest \_\_\_\_\_ is en-

604

Sc. ti - - - - -

606

Sc. - cing and e - very-thing seems still, \_\_\_\_\_ e - very-thing



609 610

Sc. \_\_\_\_\_ seems still. \_\_\_\_\_

*pp*

611

Sc. \_\_\_\_\_ But, \_\_\_\_\_ be - neath the dai - sies, \_\_\_\_\_ the

613

Sc. \_\_\_\_\_ ground \_\_\_\_\_ is tee-ming with life, is tee - ming, tee-ming, tee - ming with life and,

616

Sc. \_\_\_\_\_ while the world \_\_\_\_\_ sleeps, \_\_\_\_\_ while the

618

Sc. 

620

Sc. 

622

Sc. 

625 Recitative

624

Sc. 

626

Sc. 
  
My thirst has been quenched with

*p*

627

Sc. 
  
li- quor but the sto- mach cries out for flesh, for flesh!

*ff*

629

(seeing the BUTTERFLY)

Sc. 
  
What do I see here?

*ff* *p*

632

Sc. 
  
Is this a rea- dy- made meal I find laid out be- fore me?

*p* *f* *f*

634

*p* *f* *p*

637

Sc. I've had flies, li-zards,

639

Sc. bees, and worms, but, but, but, but, but, but, but I've

641

Sc. ne-ver had a but-ter-fly! Ah! what a feast, what a

(642) ♩ = 108

*ff*

644

Sc. feast for my sen - ses! I pounce, in - ten - ding to

(to the AUDIENCE)

He moves quickly towards the BUTTERFLY, threatening to eat her. **POET** (to the BUTTERFLY)

647

P. *8*

Sc.

A - wake, there's dan - ger! The scor -

eat her!

649

P. *8*

Sc.

- pion's hun - gry, he wants to eat you! I'll pro - tect you,

652

P. *8*

Sc.

(to the BUTTERFLY, shielding her) you're safe with me! (to the AUDIENCE) I stand my

654

P. *8*

Sc.

guard! **SCORPION** *(aside)*

She's al - most too nice to eat... a ve - ry tas - ty

*(to POET BEETLE, who stands in his way)*

656

Sc.

mor - sel, for sure! You'll do for star - ters!

659 **BUTTERFLY** *(to the AUDIENCE, as she moves her wings)*

658

B.

Sc.

*They fight* I will fly on the breeze of the mis -  
 Out of my way, po-et!

*(to POET BEETLE)*

661

B.

- ty dawn... Run a - way! Be - ware of the scor - pion! Po-et, es -

664

B.

cape!

P.

**POET** *(to BUTTERFLY, distracted from the fight)*

Sha-dows sur-round me when you move your wings.

667 (to the AUDIENCE)

P. With - out her, life is en - ded...

Sc. **SCORPION** (to the AUDIENCE)  
I at - tack him with my

*SCORPION's venomous tail lashes out at POET BEETLE,  
who is mortally injured*

669 (dying)

P. life is en - ded...

Sc. tail... soon the ve - nom will do its

(672) (to POET) (He makes for the BUTTERFLY again)

Sc. worst. Off with you to the world of dreams!

675 **MOTHER** (to the AUDIENCE)

M. I charge in and at - tack with my stick...

(to SCORPION, dealing him a blow which renders him unconscious)

677

M. Stop, you mon - ster, you — beast!

(losing consciousness)

(to the AUDIENCE)

Sc. I'm thwar - ted! De-priv'd of a

680

(weeping)

(to the AUDIENCE)

M. Oh, my poor boy! — I was too late to save — him. —

Sc. meal!



**BUTTERFLY**

683

B. He dies—

M. He dies for the sake of his but - ter -

**DOCTOR**

Dr. He dies for the

*As dawn breaks, POET BEETLE dies. The FIREFLIES enter.  
Slowly, and with great ceremony and solemnity, they shower the POET in flower petals.*

686

B. for the sake of his but - ter -

M. fly, his but - ter - fly.

Dr. sake of his but - ter - fly.

**BUTTERFLY**

689

(addressing the AUDIENCE, as the stage is lit by the rosy hues of dawn)

688

B. fly. **FIREFLY 1** A new day dawns in

F.1 **FIREFLY 2** A new day dawns in

F.2 **MOTHER** A new day dawns in

M. **POET** A new day dawns in

P. **DOCTOR** A new day dawns in

Dr. **SCORPION** A new day dawns in

Sc. A new day dawns in

691

B. sad - ness: the light of the stars will soon be gone.

F.1 sad - ness: the light of the stars will soon be gone.

F.2 sad - ness: the light of the stars will soon be gone.

M. sad - ness: the light of the stars will soon be gone.

P. sad - ness: the light of the stars will soon be gone.

Dr. sad - ness: the light of the stars will soon be gone.

Sc. sad - ness: the light of the stars will soon be gone.

694

B. The but - ter - fly has bathed in the moon - light

F.1 The but - ter - fly has bathed in the moon - light

F.2 The but - ter - fly has bathed in the moon - light

M. The but - ter - fly has bathed in the moon - light

P. The but - ter - fly has bathed in the moon - light

Dr. The but - ter - fly has bathed in the moon - light

Sc. The but - ter - fly has bathed in the moon - light

699

697

B. — and flies a - way on the sounds of the mist in the mor - ning breeze.

F.1 — and flies a - way on the sounds of the mist in the mor - ning breeze.

F.2 — and flies a - way on the sounds of the mist in the mor - ning breeze.

M. — and flies a - way on the sounds of the mist in the mor - ning breeze.

P. — and flies a - way on the sounds of the mist in the mor - ning breeze.

Dr. — and flies a - way on the sounds of the mist in the mor - ning breeze.

Sc. — and flies a - way on the sounds of the mist in the mor - ning breeze.

700

B. Our wing-less po - et could not en - joy the flight of love: he clings to his

F.1 Our wing-less po - et could not en - joy the flight of love: he clings to his

F.2 Our wing-less po - et could not en - joy the flight of love: he clings to his

M. Our wing-less po - et could not en - joy the flight of love: he clings to his

P. Our wing-less po - et could not en - joy the flight of love: he clings to his

Dr. Our wing-less po - et could not en - joy the flight of love: he clings to his

Sc. Our wing-less po - et could not en - joy the flight of love: he clings to his

703

B. dreams, where flowers and the dew are more dis - tant than

F.1 dreams, where flowers and the dew are more dis - tant than

F.2 dreams, where flowers and the dew are more dis - tant than

M. dreams, where flowers and the dew are more dis - tant than

P. dreams, where flowers and the dew are more dis - tant than

Dr. dreams, where flowers and the dew are more dis - tant than

Sc. dreams, where flowers and the dew are more dis - tant than

705

B. a - - - ny star, more sor - row - ful

F.1 a - - - ny star, more sor - row - ful

F.2 a - - - ny star, more sor - row - ful

M. a - - - ny star, more sor - row - ful

P. a - - - ny star, more sor - row - ful

Dr. a - - - ny star, more sor - row - ful

Sc. a - - - ny star, more sor - row - ful

707

B. — than the gen - tle rain, than the

F.1 — than the gen - tle rain, than the

F.2 — than the gen - tle rain, than the

M. — than the gen - tle rain, than the

P. — than the gen - tle rain, than the

Dr. — than the gen - tle rain, than the

Sc. — than the gen - tle rain, than the

709

B. gen - tle rain. But his songs live on for a -

F.1 gen - tle rain. But his songs live on for a -

F.2 gen - tle rain. But his songs live on for a -

M. gen - tle rain. But his songs live on for a -

P. gen - tle rain. But his songs live on for a -

Dr. gen - tle rain. But his songs live on for a -

Sc. gen - tle rain. But his songs live on for a -

*f*

712

B. no - ther day: this king - dom's for those who sing

F.1 no - ther day: this king - dom's for those who sing

F.2 no - ther day: this king - dom's for those who sing

M. no - ther day: this king - dom's for those who sing

P. no - ther day: this king - dom's for those who sing

Dr. no - ther day: this king - dom's for those who sing

Sc. no - ther day: this king - dom's for those who sing

715

B. — and play. Earth and wa - ter, land and sea,

F.1 — and play. Earth and wa - ter, land and sea,

F.2 — and play. Earth and wa - ter, land and sea,

M. — and play. Earth and wa - ter, land and sea,

P. — and play. Earth and wa - ter, land and sea,

Dr. — and play. Earth and wa - ter, land and sea,

Sc. — and play. Earth and wa - ter, land and sea,

718

B. Pe - tals and ro - ses, bark on the tree.

F.1 Pe - tals and ro - ses, bark on the tree.

F.2 Pe - tals and ro - ses, bark on the tree.

M. Pe - tals and ro - ses, bark on the tree.

P. Pe - tals and ro - ses, bark on the tree.

Dr. Pe - tals and ro - ses, bark on the tree.

Sc. Pe - tals and ro - ses, bark on the tree.

721

(The BUTTERFLY flies away and the cast leave the stage)

720

B. Fare - well!

F.1

F.2

M.

P. 8

Dr.

Sc.

722

B.

F.1

F.2

M.

P. 8  
Fare - well!

Dr.

Sc.

**MOTHER**  
Fare - well!

**POET**  
Fare - well!



**TWO FIREFLIES**

724

F.1

F.2

Sc.

**SCORPION**

Fare - well!

Fare -

Fare -

726

F.1

F.2

Dr.

**DOCTOR**

well!

well!

Fare - well! \_\_\_\_

729

Dr.

**The End**

*"When the caterpillar is fully grown, it spins a button of silk which it uses to fasten its body to a leaf or a twig. However, if the chrysalis was near the ground (such as if it fell off from its silk pad), the butterfly would find another vertical surface to rest upon and harden its wings..." (Wikipedia)*

# The Butterfly's Spell

## Chamber Opera by Edward Lambert

after the play *El maleficio de la mariposa* by Federico Garcia Lorca

*"When the caterpillar is fully grown, it spins a button of silk which it uses to fasten its body to a leaf or a twig. However, if the chrysalis was near the ground (such as if it fell off from its silk pad), the butterfly would find another vertical surface to rest upon and harden its wings..."* (Wikipedia)

### Overview

*The Butterfly's Spell* is a chamber opera based on an early play by Federico Garcia Lorca (1898-1936). An expressionist or symbolist drama arising from the writer's identity issues, it depicts the world of insects - giving fine opportunities for exotic costumes and staging.

It tells how a Poet Beetle rejects the love of the devoted Sylvia in favour of an impossible infatuation with a fragile Butterfly whose destiny it is to fly away, leaving the Poet to die of a broken heart. A sad tale, but a comic opera which also features a drunken Scorpion, an overbearing Mother and Two Fireflies which glow in the dark.

Suitable for all ages.

Duration: 70 minutes - Act One 40 minutes, Act Two 30 minutes (interval optional)

### Characters

<b>Two Young Fireflies</b> , <i>girl &amp; boy</i>	soprano & mezzo-soprano
<b>Sylvia</b> , <i>a young lady beetle</i> &	soprano (& dancer)
<b>The Butterfly</b>	
<b>Mother Beetle</b> , <i>an elderly lady</i>	contralto
<b>The Poet Beetle</b> , <i>Mother Beetle's son</i>	tenor
<b>Doctor Cockroach</b> , <i>healer and teacher</i>	baritone
<b>The Old Scorpion</b> , <i>a forester</i>	bass

### Instruments

Violin, viola, cello, flute (+ piccolo, alto flute), bassoon, marimba, harp

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## Synopsis

The philosophising Doctor tells the audience that it will hear a tale about a young Poet Beetle who fell in love with a Butterfly and came to a sorry end. As the stage is transformed into the insects' village and the sun rises in a brilliant dawn, he meets the Poet's Mother to whom he expresses some foreboding at the signs he has seen. He makes his way home and the Mother goes about her chores, while Two Young Fireflies introduce Sylvia, a wealthy young lady who is threatening to drown herself for love. The Mother knows full well that the object of her infatuation is her son, the Poet, and when he enters she resolves to see the couple married. He, however, is pre-occupied with writing a masterpiece and there follows a lively trio. When the young pair is finally left alone, he cannot bring himself to propose and Sylvia departs broken-hearted.

In the heat of the day, the Old Scorpion enters the scene. He is rough and rude and constantly drunk. He teases and chases the young Fireflies, who are rescued when the Mother rushes in, brandishing her broom. Just at that moment, an injured Butterfly is brought in (played by the same singer as Sylvia). Everyone gathers round, concerned for her fate and awe-struck by her beauty. Her wounds are tended to, and she sings of strange things in far-off places. It quickly becomes obvious that the Poet has fallen deeply in love with her. The act ends in fear and sorrow as the sun sets.

By way of an interlude, in the cool of the evening the insects sing a ballad about the moon who, disguised as a lady, came to the gypsy's forge and abducted a young lad.

The Doctor resumes the story. The Butterfly is brought to a forest clearing bathed in the moonlight which will help cure her wounds. Her song becomes more melodious as she recovers and the glowing Fireflies - who drink sweet dew-drops and sing of love - appear in her dreams. The Poet enters, filled with longing for the beautiful Butterfly and for a few moments their voices intertwine. They know, however, that her destiny is to fly away.

The Scorpion is now hungry and, coming across the Butterfly, decides to make her into a meal. The Poet protects her, but the Scorpion's tail lashes out at him and he is stung by its deadly venom. Once again, the Mother's broom prevents further catastrophe, but she is too late to save her son who dies as the dawn breaks and the Butterfly takes flight. As the Fireflies cover the Poet in rose petals, the cast reminds us that the Poet's songs will live forever.

# The Butterfly's Spell

## Prologue

**DOCTOR COCKROACH**

*(to the AUDIENCE)*

My friends, we will perform for you now  
a sad tale of a creature who reached for the stars  
and discovered only a broken heart.

Once upon a time, when life was peaceful and serene,  
there was a distant meadow where insects lived  
beneath the shade of a great cypress-tree.

They were happy; they drank dewdrops,  
 instilled in their children a fear of their gods  
 and gave themselves to the pleasures of love in the lush, green grass.  
 But one day there was a young beetle  
 who longed to go beyond such love;  
 who reached for a thing that could not be grasped.  
 This lovelorn creature perished in poetry  
 when Love came disguised as Death.  
 An old wood-nymph from a play by Shakespeare  
 told me this tale one autumn evening, saying:  
 "We must remember that the rhythm of a leaf  
 stirred by the wind is the same as that of a distant star;  
 that the words which the shady fountain speaks  
 are heard in the waves which cry them again.  
 We have no right to scorn the lowliest creatures.  
 We must all be humble: in Nature all things are equal."  
 The old wood nymph said nothing more.  
 So now the play: when it is over, go to the forest  
 and give your thanks to the old wood-nymph,  
 some quiet evening when the flocks have been gathered in.

## Act One

*The sun rises on the insects' village.*

### **DOCTOR**

Look! the stage is that distant meadow where the insects lived  
 beneath the shade of the great cypress tree.  
 See the tiny path that weaves an arabesque across the grass  
 and the insects' burrows clustered along it!  
 Beyond is a pond surrounded by lilies;  
 it is a brilliant dawn and the meadow is covered in dew.

*MOTHER comes from her house with a handful of grass that serves as a broom. She is very old with one leg missing.*

**MOTHER** (*looking out*)

What a fine morning! The dawn of a new day.

**DOCTOR** (*donning a cone-shaped hat embroidered with stars and a robe of dry moss*)

God's blessings on you too!

**MOTHER**

Now where are you off to?

**DOCTOR**

Into a dream that I, a flower in the grass,

am kissed by the lips of the dew-drops  
which sprinkle my robe with stars.

**MOTHER** (*grumbling*)  
Ah, writing poetry...

**DOCTOR**  
Indeed!

**MOTHER**  
... can easily make you ill.

**DOCTOR**  
My heart is sorrowful. Yesterday a swallow told me  
the stars would soon grow dim. And in the wood I saw a star,  
pale and trembling, its petals falling like rain;  
I watched it fade. Inside my heart a shadow fell.  
'My friend', I cried, 'Where are the stars?'  
'A fairy has died,' the swallow replied.  
And, sure enough, by the trunk of the great oak,  
the fairy of land and sea lay dead.

**MOTHER**  
Who killed her?

**DOCTOR**  
Love, for sure. And what about your son?  
I thought he looked sad yesterday.

**MOTHER**  
Madly in love.

**DOCTOR**  
With Sylvia?

**MOTHER**  
It is all a mystery to him.

**DOCTOR**  
Well, he is a poet, just like his father: and charming, too.

**MOTHER**  
Good friend, may the Good Lord Cockroach bless you  
and make your dream of the flower come true.  
Forget sadness and melancholy!  
Life is too pleasant and its days too few:  
this is the only time we have to enjoy it.

**DOCTOR** (*as though dreaming*)  
The stars are fading...the fairy by the oak...

*(He leaves; he is heard singing in the distance)*

El prado está silencioso.  
Ya parte el rocío a su cielo ignorado,  
El viento rumoroso  
Hasta nosotros llega perfumado.<sup>1</sup>

**MOTHER** (*sweeping*)

I have enough to do! May the light guide you!

Un gusanito me dijo  
Ayer tarde su querer;  
No lo quiero hasta que tanga  
Dos alas y cuatro pies.<sup>2</sup>

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** (*entering, to the AUDIENCE*)

Sylvia is enchanting. She gleams like jet  
and her slender legs are nimble.  
Graceful and pert, she is the best match in town.  
But though she has risen early, she seems downcast...

*SYLVIA enters. She carries a parasol.  
On her head she wears the golden shell of a ladybug.*

**SYLVIA** (*anguished*)

¿Dónde está el agua  
Tranquila y fresca  
Para que calme  
Mi sed inquieta?

¿Por qué sendero  
De la pradera  
Me iré a otro mundo  
Donde me quieran? <sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>(*The fields are silent.  
The dew departs to heavens unknown.  
The murmuring breeze  
brings us perfume.*)

<sup>2</sup>(*Last night a little worm  
to me of love did sing.  
I shan't love him until  
he has four feet and tiny wings.*)

<sup>3</sup>(*Where are the waters  
tranquil and serene  
where I can quench  
my restless thirst?  
Which path can I take  
from this meadow  
that leads to another world  
where I shall love?*)

**MOTHER** (*looking up from her chores*)

So young and yet so sad?

**SYLVIA**

My troubles are as deep as the lake.

**MOTHER**

Don't be silly! You're just deep in love...

When I was young we were innocent,  
we didn't give in to lovers - (*wiping away a tear*)  
there is a cure for lovesickness.

**SYLVIA** (*intrigued*)

What is it?

**MOTHER**

Clout the lovers twice a day  
and keep them out of the grass!

**SYLVIA**

You're mocking me!

(*aside*) If only she knew it's her son I'm in love with.

**MOTHER**

(*aside*) I know it's my son she's in love with.

(*to Sylvia*) Tell me who he is!

**SYLVIA** (*swooning as she sees POET BEETLE approaching*)

Ah!

*The Poet Beetle enters. In one of his feet – hands – he carries a piece of bark on which he has been writing a poem. SYLVIA sighs longingly.*

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** (*to the AUDIENCE*)

Sylvia swoons: for she is in season and her love has approached.

Seeing her, the Young Poet is inspired to finish his new poem:

**POET BEETLE** (*singing his new poem, and completing it as he goes*)

Oh, poppy so red, standing tall in the meadow,

Would I were lovely like you!

You paint the heavens with your rosy tears

Wept at dawn in the dew.

You are the star that shines on this village,

The warmth to the glow worms at night.

I want you always to be by my side

To guide my way as I write.

May I not see these petals fade;

I kiss them with passion's burning.

And when at the end I am sent to my grave

For you my heart will be yearning.



**SYLVIA**

Ah! I feel his breath upon the breeze.  
His body thrills me, his poet's dreamy eyes,  
and heavenly golden whiskers...

**MOTHER**

*(aside)* She's rich and crazy too.  
I'll force my son to woo her.  
*(pretending)* Poor child, how you must suffer!  
*(aside)* She is a splendiferous heiress!  
*(aloud)* Child of my own flesh and blood,  
you shall marry my son!  
Wait here under the lilies; I'll talk some sense into him  
and he'll do what he's told!

**SYLIA**

I shall be queen of this green meadow,  
and love and happiness will be mine!

*(MOTHER BEETLE storms to the other side of the stage and jostles her son.  
During the FIREFLIES' narration MOTHER & POET argue demonstratively)*

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** *(to the AUDIENCE)*

Mother Beetle praises Sylvia's beauty, charm and fortune,  
while Sylvia herself sighs in rapture.  
As you see, our young poet is a trim and refined youth,  
distinguished by his golden antennae.  
A visionary, a pupil of the famous Doctor,  
he awaits a revelation which will change his life.  
The sun is warm already...

**POET BEETLE**

I've told you, mother, I shan't get married.

**MOTHER**

Listen to me. Show some sense for once!  
She has a priceless jewel, a piece of the sky;  
a spacious house and all you could wish for.  
She's a beauty, a rose! Tell her you love  
her starry face, that you spend all hours  
thinking only of her.

**POET BEETLE**

I've told you a thousand times, I shan't marry!

**MOTHER** *(raising her voice)*

You must! Do it for me - now!  
I'll go and cook; you get engaged!

*She leaves.*

*During the following SYLVIA & POET move slowly and tantalisingly closer together*

**SYLVIA**

My heart needs kisses.

**POET BEETLE**

My dream shines in the star  
that looks like a flower.

**SYLVIA**

Won't it wither in sunlight?

**POET BEETLE**

Clear water will quench its ardour.

**SYLVIA**

Where is your star?

**POET BEETLE**

In my dreams.

**SYLVIA** (*sadly*)

One day they will come true.

**POET BEETLE**

Then I will sing and recite madrigals  
to the sweet sound of the breeze.

**SYLVIA** (*aside*)

My heart aches.  
He doesn't love me.

**POET BEETLE** (*consoling*)

Please don't cry!

**SYLVIA & POET** (*to the AUDIENCE*)

For some moments, and piteously, we stand so close...

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** (*to the AUDIENCE*)

Then we, the Fireflies, come along the path  
which weaves an arabesque across the grass,  
playing ping-pong with balls of straw...

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** (*running up to SYLVIA*)

El novio y la novia,<sup>4</sup>  
¡Eo! ¡eo! ¡oh!...

---

<sup>4</sup> A boy and a girl!...

**SYLVIA**

If only we were wed!

**POET BEETLE**

Don't cry, Sylvia!

**SYLVIA**

My heart hurts so.

**YOUNG FIREFLIES**

El novio y la novia,  
¡Eo! ¡eo! ¡oh!...

**SYLVIA**

¡Ay de mí, desdichada! I'm so miserable!

**POET BEETLE**

¡Qué triste situación! What a sorry affair!

*SYLVIA and POET go their separate ways.*

*The FIREFLIES take cover as they hear the OLD SCORPION approach.*

**SCORPION** (*drunk and singing*)

A little cocoon, so tasty and sweet to eat,  
will nicely garnish a joint of meat to eat!  
Tatará, tatará, tatará.

*(The SCORPION enters and sniffs around. He is a rough character:  
besides enjoying the sound of his own voice, he also belches and farts noisily)*

Smells like a pig sty here! There must be livestock!

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** (*to the AUDIENCE, from their hiding place*)

This is the terrifying Mr Scorpion, an old woodcutter living in the forest;  
he comes to the village, in the heat of the day, to get drunk...  
A glutton, a scumbag, a gangster, a thug, he's drugged by booze and smoke.

**SCORPION** (*seeing the FIREFLIES*)

Am I in the way? Nudge, nudge...  
you two, in this fine meadow, making a love-nest...  
*(Winks maliciously and pokes one of the fireflies in the stomach with his pincer)*  
nudge, nudge...wink, wink...

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** (*indignant*)

The cheek of the fellow!

**SCORPION**

Love's the thing in the spring, they say.  
You, my dears, will know a thing or two about spring,  
nudge, nudge... wink, wink...

**YOUNG FIREFLIES**

Be quiet! You're a rogue and a villain! A greedy glutton!

**SCORPION**

Partial to food, indeed! But fear not, I've just had dinner:  
a juicy worm, so tender and sweet. Ah, the taste of succulent worms!

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** (*horrified*)

Holy Saint Cockroach! You horrid monster! You nasty creature!

**SCORPION**

Shut up or I'll eat you too! You'd better watch out!  
My philosophy's simple: to grasp life as it comes!  
Nothing escapes me: I've eyes all around.  
I'll poke fun - with my pincers; but - there's a sting in my tail!  
nudge, nudge...wink, wink...

*(he chases them)*

**YOUNG FIREFLIES**

Help!

*MOTHER emerges from her little cave, angry and limping*

**MOTHER** (*brandishing her broom*)

You scoundrel! You wretch! You brute!

**SCORPION**

Ow! Ow!

*Suddenly, distant voices expressing concern and sympathy which grow quickly nearer*

**MOTHER**

What's going on?

*Enter POET & DOCTOR carrying a white BUTTERFLY with a broken wing. She is unconscious.  
All gather round. SCORPION is flat out on the ground, dizzy, drunk and sore.  
The scene is full of light in the heat of the afternoon.*

**DOCTOR**

Nice and slowly... careful with those wings!  
She's hurt, the poor little creature.

**YOUNG FIREFLIES**

What's happened? Do you think she'll die?

**MOTHER** (*examining the butterfly*)

There's no sign of life.

**POET BEETLE**

Oh, where do you come from in your white dress?

**DOCTOR**

She comes from the dawn, a flower that flies.  
She fell from the great oak and broke her wing.  
But there's life left in her, and she'll soon fly again.

*MOTHER fetches some long and delicate leaves which are used by the DOCTOR to clean the BUTTERFLY's wounds.*

**MOTHER**

Such a creature knows the secrets of flowers and water.

**YOUNG FIREFLIES**

Look! she gave a sigh... she's opening her eyes.

**BUTTERFLY** (*quietly, half-awake*)

I want to fly, so far spins the silk thread...

**YOUNG FIREFLIES**

We are blessed to breathe the perfume of her soul.

**BUTTERFLY** (*coming round*)

...It reaches to the stars  
where they keep my treasure.  
My wings are of silver  
my heart is of gold,  
the thread is dreaming  
with the sound of its spinning!

**POET BEETLE**

This fallen star has tasted the bitterness of dawn;  
the nightingale wept as she laid still on the ground.

**DOCTOR** (*to MOTHER*)

Treat her with care. Wash the wound with dew,  
then apply pollen of lily.

**POET BEETLE**

What mystery are you?  
The image of a fairy, or a flower from another world?  
Are you a messenger from the world of dreams  
where love never ends; or an envoy from him  
who created us, a song of the stars?  
Whose are those wings trembling with whiteness?  
My heart has come alive, it burns so fiercely with love!  
What were once pure, are now the entangled threads of my thoughts.  
Oh, if only I were as the poppies of the meadow,  
then dawn and dew would cool and calm this tender love I feel.  
(*he runs off*)

**MOTHER**

She's a delicate creature, and she's beautiful too!  
 I can see my son's smitten with love,  
 his fragile heart sings of her with passion.  
 I fear no good will come of it,  
 and my house shall soon be witness to pain and death,  
 since his love is all anguish and yearning:  
 darkness lies in store, endless starless night.

**BUTTERFLY**

Volaré por el hilo de plata.  
 Yo soy el espíritu  
 De la seda.  
 Vengo de un arca misteriosa  
 Y voy hacia la niebla.  
 Hilé mi corazón sobre mi carne  
 Para rezar en las tinieblas,  
 Y la Muerte me dio dos alas blancas,  
 Pero cegó la fuente de mi seda.<sup>5</sup>

**DOCTOR** (to POET)

My boy, take care.  
 Don't pine for the wings of a butterfly  
 or else will all hope be lost; a caring friend tells you this.  
 Love for her is fatal.  
 Darkness lies in store, endless starless night.  
 The light will soon fade: so be on your guard!

**SCORPION** (*drunk*)

Tut, tut! The poets are dreaming again!  
 No thought of work:  
 a vagrant who can't earn his keep!  
 If he doesn't apply himself to work, he'll die of hunger,  
 no matter how good and famous he is: a great, dead poet!  
 This plague of idle folk! Tut, tut - in love with a butterfly?  
 Doesn't he know they can never marry? He's crazy!

**YOUNG FIREFLIES** (*to the audience*)

As the meadow glows crimson in the setting sun,  
 the Butterfly finds shelter with kind folk.  
 Our Poet weeps; what has happened to him so suddenly?  
 Does he now know what love can be?  
 The beautiful butterfly is beyond his reach,

---

<sup>5</sup> *I shall fly by this thread of silver.  
 I am the spirit of silk.  
 I come from a strange home, born of the mist.  
 My heart was spun from my flesh  
 While praying alone in darkness;  
 Death bequeathed these wings of whiteness,  
 Yet destroyed the source of my silk.*

and, oh, the desire is hard to bear!

**DOCTOR**

*(to MOTHER)* It is the end of the day.

Let's take her to bathe in the moonlight in the cool of the forest.

*(aside)* I can still hear that voice that spoke so sadly:

'She has died - the fairy of land and sea.'

*(They carefully carry the BUTTERFLY as the sun sets and the scene fades)*

**SCORPION** *(in the distance, yawning)*

Tatará, tatará, tatará.

## Interlude

*It is the evening of the same day. There is a bright moon.*

*The villagers sing and dance.*

**FIREFLIES, MOTHER, DOCTOR and SCORPION** *(singing The Ballad of the Moon)*

The moon came to the forge

dressed in her bustle gown.

The boy looks and he stares.

The boy keeps staring hard.

The moon moves her arms in the breeze

revealing her breasts of bright bronze,

which entrance and entice him.

"Run, oh moon, moon, moon.

If the gypsies come

they will turn your heart

into shining trinkets."

"Boy, let me dance.

When the gypsies come

they will find you on the anvil

with your little eyes closed."

"Run, oh moon, moon, moon,

for I hear their horses now."

"Boy, let me be,

don't trample my gaudy garments".

The riders come closer,

they hear their drum on the plain.

Inside the forge the boy's eyes shut tight.

Through the grove come the gypsies,

brazen or dreamy, heads high or eyes sleepy.

How the owl cries,

yea, how it cries in the tree!

The moon crosses the sky

leading a boy by the hand.

Inside the forge the gypsies weep and they wail.

The breeze keeps watch.

The breeze is keeping watch.

*(They disperse, except for the DOCTOR)*

## **Act Two**

**DOCTOR** (*to the AUDIENCE*)

Where were we? And where is our love-struck poet?  
He knows the beautiful butterfly is beyond his reach.  
For sure, he has travelled the path  
that weaves an arabesque across the meadow,  
beyond the shade of the great cypress tree,  
to the lake surrounded by lilies,  
and there to taste the secrets of flowers and water....  
But here, within this cool forest clearing, is a garden  
whose walls are a cascade of ivy,  
whose floor is covered in daisies;  
the glint of spring water trickles by,  
and there is the scent of night-time...

*The scene is a forest clearing. It is now night.*

*The YOUNG FIREFLIES and MOTHER carry in THE BUTTERFLY*

**MOTHER**

This meadow is perfect for her moonlight bath.

**FIREFLIES**

Her little wings will be as good as new,  
just as they were when she first flew in the sunlight.

**MOTHER**

There's no sign of life yet.  
With damaged wings and broken heart  
she comes to the place where love dies.  
The light of the stars will soon fade.  
I'm going to find my son:  
I'll pray that his soul will find peace.  
Oh, to be a poet is such a misfortune!

*She leaves with THE DOCTOR.*

*The BUTTERFLY bathes in the glow of moonlight.*

*She moves her wings slowly, and through the course of this scene becomes more animated.*

**BUTTERFLY** (*waking*)

Ahora comprendo el lamentar del agua, <sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> *I have understood the cry of the water,  
and the lament of the stars,  
and the moan of the wind over the mountain,  
and the angry buzzing of the bee.  
For I am death and beauty too.*



Y el lamentar de las estrellas,  
Y el lamentar del viento en la montaña,  
Y el zumbido punzante  
De la abeja.  
Porque soy la muerte  
Y la belleza.

*It is now the dead of night. The FIREFLIES are glowing brightly*

**FIREFLIES** *(to each other)*

The lilies in the lake quiver with dew, pure and clear.  
Soon it will bathe the grass and we can drink it.  
A wise old man once said: 'Enjoy the sweet dewdrops  
but never ask from whence they come.'  
For moments, they glisten in the grass and then are gone.'  
Dew drops make love sweeter, and in search of love  
we are come to this place.

*The BUTTERFLY hears them and speaks, as though dreaming.*

**BUTTERFLY**

I hear the dewdrops speak to me  
Of distant fields and far-off mysteries.

**FIREFLIES** *(turning sharply)*

Dewdrops don't speak, they never say a word!

**BUTTERFLY** *(with vision)*

The grain of sand can speak,  
so can a leaf, each in its own way.  
But all the voices in the world  
combine to sing a single song.  
Who are you? Tiny stars?

**FIREFLIES**

No, travellers in search of love.

**BUTTERFLY**

I know not what love is, nor shall I ever know.

**FIREFLIES**

Why, it's a gentle kiss like the trembling leaves.

**BUTTERFLY**

I do not understand.

*(she sleeps)*

*The FIREFLIES leave, still chatting*

**FIREFLIES**

So pretty yet so lonely...  
Why did she say dewdrops speak?

She's certainly a mystery!  
Let's return to our meadow - and passion's pleasure!

*The POET appears. His expression is one of pain and anguish.*

**POET BEETLE**

What thoughts inside my head!  
It was a time of poetry until she stole my soul.  
As if the breeze scattered the seeds of love which,  
by pure chance, landed in my imagination.

*(The BUTTERFLY stirs)*

Is the chaste queen of this meadow awake?  
She whom the dew settles on?  
She who knows the secrets of the grass  
and the song of the waters?

**BUTTERFLY**

I shall fly by this thread of silver  
on the sounds of the morning mist.  
Listen! The spider chants in its cave,  
the nightingale sings his story,  
and trickling raindrops are dazzled by my wings of death.

*(The BUTTERFLY attempts to fly)*

**POET BEETLE**

You wish to fly? I can cure your wounds with kisses  
if you stay with me, and a great nightingale will help you fly.  
Let our souls enjoy the light of love  
and share the dewdrops on the lilies!

*(The BUTTERFLY falls to the ground)*

Feel how darkness fills the branches  
and the night envelopes our sleep.  
Who is she who brings me sadness  
with these trembling wings of white?

*(The POET embraces the BUTTERFLY who unconsciously surrenders to him)*

**SCORPION** *(entering, more slowly and menacing than before)*

*Tatará, tatará, tatará.*

In the cool of the night the forest is enticing  
and everything seems still.  
But, beneath the daisies, the ground bristles with life  
and, while the world sleeps, I reap a harvest by the light of the moon.

My thirst has been quenched with liquor but the stomach cries out for flesh!

*(seeing the BUTTERFLY)*

Wait! Is this a ready-made meal I see laid out for me?  
I've had flies, lizards, bees and worms but I've never had a butterfly!  
Ah! what a feast for my senses!

*(to the AUDIENCE)*

I pounce, intending to eat her.

*He moves quickly towards the BUTTERFLY, threatening her*

**POET BEETLE**

*(to the BUTTERFLY, protecting her)*

Awake, there's danger!  
The scorpion's hungry, he wants to eat you!  
I'll protect you, you're safe with me!  
*(to the AUDIENCE)*  
I stand my guard.

**SCORPION**

*(to the AUDIENCE)*

She's almost too nice to eat... a very tasty morsel, for sure!  
*(To POET BEETLE, who's in his way)*  
You'll do for starters! Out of my way, poet!

*They fight*

**BUTTERFLY**

*(to the AUDIENCE, as she moves her wings)*

I will fly on the sounds of the misty dawn...  
*(to POET BEETLE)*  
Run away! Beware of the scorpion! Poet, escape!

**POET BEETLE**

*(to BUTTERFLY)*

Shadows surround me when you move your wings.  
*(to the AUDIENCE)*  
Without her, life is ended.

*SCORPION's deadly tail lashes out at POET BEETLE who stands in his way*

**SCORPION**

*(to the AUDIENCE)*

I attack him with my tail...  
... soon the venom will do its worst.

*POET BEETLE is mortally injured*

*(to the POET)*

Off with you to the land of dreams!

*MOTHER BEETLE hobbles in with the DOCTOR, as the SCORPION grabs the BUTTERFLY*

**MOTHER**

*(to the AUDIENCE)*

I charge in and attack with my stick...

*(to SCORPION)*

Stop, you monster... you beast!

*She deals SCORPION a blow which renders him unconscious*

**SCORPION**

*(to the AUDIENCE, losing consciousness)*

I'm thwarted! Deprived of a meal!

**MOTHER** *(weeping)*

Oh, my poor boy! I was too late to save him.

**BUTTERFLY, MOTHER & DOCTOR**

He dies for the sake of his butterfly.

*As dawn breaks, POET BEETLE dies. The FIREFLIES enter.*

*Slowly, and with great ceremony and solemnity, they shower the POET in flower petals.*

**ALL**

*(addressing the AUDIENCE, as the stage is lit by the rosy hues of dawn)*

A new day dawns in sadness:

the light of the stars will soon be gone.

The butterfly has bathed in the moonlight and flies away

on the sounds of the mist in the morning breeze.

Our wingless poet could not enjoy the flight of love;

he clings to his dreams, where flowers and the dew

are more distant than any star,

more sorrowful than the gentle rain.

But his songs live on for another day:

this kingdom's for those who sing and play.

Earth and water, land and sea,

Petals on roses, bark on the tree.

*(The BUTTERFLY flies away and the cast leave the stage)*

Farewell!

**The End**