

MOZART

THE MAGIC FLUTE

English Version by Donald Pippin

SYNOPSIS

Strange things are going on in the land of the all-powerful Queen of the Night. A serpent of Jurassic proportions is on the loose, and woe to the hapless wanderer who gets in its way, in this case a young prince -- our hero -- who rushes in crying for help, and unheroically faints. He is rescued in the nick of time by three mysterious ladies who dispatch the serpent with effortless aplomb. The ladies depart, albeit reluctantly -- the unknown Prince lying unconscious on the ground is *exceedingly* good-looking -- to report their success to the Queen, still despondent over the recent kidnapping of her beloved daughter Pamina.

But if the Queen is so all-powerful, how is it that her own daughter has been seized and whisked away from under her nose? Why did she not stop it? Good question. Could it be that the Queen is up against an even more irresistible force? Or is there more to the story than meets the eye?

One may even suspect that she has already spotted the prince, whose name is Tamino, and already chosen him to rescue the helpless girl from the villain who is holding her captive. And now, to inspire him to the task, she promptly sends him, via the three ladies, a picture of Pamina. One look and, needless to say, Tamino falls in love, as who would not? Ready to risk all for the sake of love, called to action, wild horses could not hold him back. But this is an expedition, fraught with danger, that no mortal man should hazard alone. The journey calls for three convoys, the brightest, fairest girls and boys in the realm.

The Queen also provides him -- God knows why -- with a most unlikely companion named Papageno, a simple backwoods fellow whose besetting sin is a loose tongue and a propensity to stretch the truth. A bird-catcher by trade, his one desire is to catch a pretty girl and make her his Papagena.

More to the point, the Queen gives Tamino a magic flute, "a flute whose gentle tone suffices to help one out in time of crisis." And to Papageno she gives a set of silver bells with powers yet to be revealed.

Thus equipped, it would seem that the two are in for a safe journey, and Tamino should have no trouble at all in rescuing Pamina from the clutches of the unscrupulous enemy. But he is in for major surprises. Upon entering this strange new realm, he first encounters no surly jailer, no lustful predator, but a kindly old priest who begins to turn upside down all of his previous assumptions. The man who is holding Pamina is no criminal, but a benevolent philosopher-king, "a

fountain of wisdom, a beacon of light” who has a perfectly valid claim on the girl, and indeed a duty to rescue her from the domineering and destructive woman who brought her up while withholding the truth.

Aided by the silver bells, Tamino and Pamina soon find each other. Their love is instantaneous and mutual. But love so easily come by tends to be undervalued. Before it can be sanctioned, they must first prove themselves worthy of each other by undergoing various trials and ordeals, ultimately by walking fearlessly through fire and water, inspired by the tones of the magic flute.

Their triumph results in the collapse of the defeated Queen and the end of her benighted reign.

The sun bathed in splendor
Has vanquished the night;
The dark cries surrender
To wisdom and light.

And what of Papageno? Does he deserve to find a Papagena? Who are we to judge? But we can hope that this time, just possibly, fate may be a little bit lenient.

ACT ONE

Scene: a rugged landscape. Prince Tamino rushes in, pursued by a serpent.

TAMINO: Oh, help me! The serpent is closer and closer.
Oh, hear me! Oh help me! Or all will be over.
A moment of struggle and all will be over.
To heavenly powers I plead, I implore.
Almighty God, with no recourse, no remedy,
I shall die, for I can go no more.

(He falls to the ground. Three ladies enter with javelins and smite the serpent.)

THREE LADIES: Turn and behold the serpent slain.
Behold! Behold!
The cry for help was not in vain.
From direst need the youth is freed,
As ladies bravely intervene.

(The ladies notice the handsome prince lying unconscious on the ground.)

LADY 1: A finer form I've seldom seen.

LADY 2: His face almost as fair as mine.

LADY 3: A Grecian god --- in short, divine!

**ALL THREE: Were love remotely on my mind,
None sweeter could I hope to find.
Let's go and tell the Queen our story,
The deed for which we claim the glory.
Perhaps the young man can restore
The zest for life she felt before.**

**LADY 1: You both can go ahead;
I'll stay and watch instead.**

**LADY 2: No, that would never do;
I'll stay instead of you.**

**LADY 3: If someone is to stay,
I've nothing on today.**

LADY 1: You both are free to go.

LADY 2: Dear, that would never do.

LADY 3: I'll stay instead of you.

LADY 1: I'm staying.

LADY 2: I'm watching.

LADY 3: I'm guarding.

ALL THREE: I! I! I! Dare I depart, clearing the way?

LADY 1: Dare I depart, letting her stay?

LADY 2: Not I!

LADY 3: Nor I!

LADY 1: Nor I!

**ALL THREE: No, no! They both have motives like my own;
With him they want to be alone.
No, no! No, no!
Of course I might have known;
With him they want to be alone.**

No, no! No, no!
Of course I might have known;
They want him for their own.

For one so handsome, so appealing,
I cannot hide a certain feeling,
A ray of light, an inner glow.
They make no move, they mean to stay.
I fear that I must lead the way.
All three shall go!

O youth so fair, now fast asleep,
My heart and hand are yours to keep.
I go while you remain.
Farewell, farewell for now,
But we shall meet again.
For now farewell,
But we shall meet again. *(The ladies depart)*

TAMINO: *(coming to)* If that wasn't the scariest dream I ever had! A serpent chasing me, closing in on me. . . Hold on! That was no dream! There it is! Seems to be dead. *(hearing Papageno's pipes)* But someone's coming. I'd better lie low and listen.

(He withdraws to observe. Papageno enters.)

2. SONG

PAPAGENO



My service ever in demand,
My fame has spread across the land.

My pipes I play, my snares I set,
Then lure the birds into my net,
And how my eyes light up with pride
To see my feathered friends inside.

A merry man, I earn my pay
By catching birds, hip hip hooray!
My service ever in demand
My fame has spread across the land.

And yet despite my great success,
One secret hope I must confess:

Though birds provide my daily bread,
Pretty girls I'd like to catch instead.

From dozens I would choose the one
To love and share a life of fun.
No squirming captive in a net,
I'd make of her a pampered pet.

My bride-to-be I shall entice
With candied sugarplums and spice.
And then we'll sing a song so sweet
No pair of turtledoves can beat.

TAMINO: Friend, don't go away. Who are you?

PAPAGENO: (*decidedly a backwoods fellow, with a droll, rustic accent*)
Who do you suppose? A man, like anybody else. The name is Papageno. What about you?

TAMINO: Back where I come from, I was a Prince, of noble blood.

PAPAGENO: Noble blood! My, my! I never heard of blood like that.

TAMINO: It means that my father ruled over many lands, as did *his* father, and *his* father.

PAPAGENO: (*incredulously*) You mean that there are other lands?

TAMINO: Beyond the mountains, hundreds, maybe a thousand . . .

PAPAGENO: (*vastly amused*) Ha! Wait till the Queen hears that one!

TAMINO: { The Queen? What land is this?

PAPAGENO: It's where I live. I have a nice straw hut that keeps me warm and dry.

TAMINO: How do you live?

PAPAGENO: You do ask dumb questions. Breathing, eating, drinking . . .

TAMINO: I meant to say, how do you come by your food and drink?

PAPAGENO: I work for the Queen of the Night. I catch birds, deliver them to the Queen, and she gives me wine, bread, sweet figs....

TAMINO: You could almost pass for a bird yourself....

PAPAGENO: A bird? A BIRD? Feel that muscle. Solid rock.

TAMINO: Then it was you who knocked off the serpent?

PAPAGENO: (*terrified*) A serpent? Where? Are you sure it's dead?

TAMINO:: I'm very grateful. You saved my life.

PAPAGENO : (*reassured*) Doan even mention it. Glad to be helpful.

TAMINO: How did you do it? With no weapon but a net?

PAPAGENO: Shucks! I doan need no weapons. Just the naked hand.

TAMINO: You strangled it?

PAPAGENO: Like a field mouse.

TAMINO: But first . . .

PAPAGENO: First I snuck up on the monster, then grabbed that big ugly critter by the tail.

TAMINO: Go on, go on. You wrestled it to the ground?

PAPAGENO: Right. For a minute there I thought it had me. Yes, sirree! I thought old Papageno was a goner. But then . . .

TAMINO: But then you went for the throat . . .

TAMINO: Straight for the throat.

THREE LADIES: (*returning*) Papageno! What are you saying?

PAPAGENO: I . . . I . . . killed a field mouse.

TAMINO: Who are these three ladies?

PAPAGENO: They work for the Queen, same as me. I give'em the birds, they give'em to the Queen, she give'em wine, bread and figs, they give'em to me.

LADY 1: And you expect wine as usual? Today you get vinegar.

LADY 2: Bread? Oh, no! Not for you! Here's a stone. Watch out for your teeth.

And with loving arms around her,
Then claim her evermore my own.
I live to claim her for my own,
Ever, evermore my own.

(The three ladies return amid thunder and flashes of lightning.)

LADY 1: Prince, are you ready to prove your courage?

LADY 2: The Queen has heard you. She has read your heart.

LADY 3: And she has chosen *you* to rescue her daughter.

LADY 1: Poor, poor Pamina!

LADY 2: Kidnapped by Sarastro, the all-powerful wizard.

LADY 3: Stolen, snatched away under the Queen's very eyes.

LADY 1: A helpless, broken hearted mother!

LADY 2: The task is *yours*!

LADY 3: And if you're successful, her daughter will be your reward.

LADY 1: Cover your eyes. The Queen comes. *(a roll of thunder)*

(The mountains part, revealing the Queen of the Night against a starry sky.)

4. ARIA

QUEEN

Be not afraid, O noble youth!
You stand for honor, valor, truth,
And so I turn to you and seek no other
To lift the heavy burden of a mother.

I weep, forlorn and broken hearted;
No one can take a daughter's place.
By brutal force have we been parted.
A cruel man has stolen her from my embrace.

In terror she trembled;
In protest she pleaded.
Despite tears of anguish,
The monster succeeded.

Before my eyes I saw him take her.
O help! O help! She cried and cried again.
But no recourse of mine could save her.
Torn from my arms, she cried in vain.

You, you, you I've chosen to free my daughter.
Go forth as knight with shining sword.
Go! When your assignment is completed,
Her hand and heart are your reward.

(She leaves, with the three ladies. The landscape returns to normal.)

TAMINO: What an honor! What a privilege! Chosen by the Queen to rescue her daughter. I'll save Pamina if it kills me!

(He starts to leave, but is stopped by PAPAGENO, who returns with padlocked mouth, making futile attempts to talk.)

1. QUINTET

PAPAGENO: Hm! hm! hm! hm! hm!

TAMINO: Reduced to silence must he suffer
The consequence of telling lies.
A helping hand I'd like to offer
But can only sympathize.

(The THREE LADIES return.)

LADY 1: Our gracious Queen has ordered me
To remove the lock and set you free.

PAPAGENO: Again to ramble on and chatter.

LADY 2: But lying is another matter.

PAPAGENO: No, no! I'll never lie again.

THREE LADIES: The lock will serve as warning sign,
A constant warning sign.

ALL: If liars all were so reminded
When speaking ill instead of good,
The hate by which the world is blinded
Would turn to love and brotherhood.

**LADY 1: O Prince! I come as go-between
To bring you a present from our Queen,
A magic flute whose tone suffices
To help you out in time of crisis.**

**THREE LADIES: This tone can pacify the devil,
Turn mountain peaks and valleys level;
The sad of heart find fresh delight
And day is born of darkest night.**

**ALL: Ah! A priceless treasure
With soothing tone from heaven sent,
Spreading peace and gentle light
In a world of discontent,
Our world of discontent.**

**PAPAGENO: Warned against deceit and malice,
Ladies, let me out of here.**

**THREE LADIES: You can leave but you'll be sorry,
For the Queen has made it clear:
To Sarastro's stately palace
With the Prince you are to hurry.**

**PAPAGENO: Then I might as well be dead.
Even you yourself have said
That the man's a raving beast,
And with little fuss or flurry
He will turn me into curry,
Tasty curry, tasty curry
For his starving dogs to feast.**

**THREE LADIES: Upon the Prince you shall attend,
And in return he'll be your friend.**

**PAPAGENO: Upon the Prince a thousand curses!
And if you wonder why,
In case of crisis or reverses,
I'll be left out to dry.**

LADY 1: These silver bells we have for you.

PAPAGENO: With bells just what am I to do?

THREE LADIES: The gentle tone deters disaster.

PAPAGENO: Another skill for me to master.

THREE LADIES: When facing danger you can play . . .

ALL: Bells of silver, flute so mellow ---
These will serve in days to follow,
Now farewell! (You/we) must away
We shall meet another day.

(You/we) must be off! For now farewell.
The day's conclusion time will tell.
For now farewell. For now farewell.

(The scene changes to a chamber into which Monostatos, assisted by slaves, is dragging Pamina.)

PAMINA: Kidnapped twice in one day!

MONOSTATOS: Ha ha ha! Sarastro thought he had you, but you'll not get away from *me!*

2. TRIO

MONOSTATOS: My little dove, you'll fly no more.

PAMINA: Though in despair, I must endure.

MONOSTATOS: Prepare to meet your maker.

PAMINA: Death holds for me no terror.
And yet I fear for my mother's sake.
From shock and grief her heart will break.
(She collapses onto a couch.)

MONOSTATOS: You slaves, secure the prisoner!
My work is far from over.

PAMINA: How long am I to suffer
To satisfy a heart made of stone?

MONOSTATOS: *(to slaves)* Be off! Be off! This I can do alone.
(The slaves exit)

PAPAGENO: *(peering in from the window)*
Now where am I? What have we here?

**Aha! Two people present.
Brace up, no need to fear. *(he enters)*
What angel lies asleep,
So pale, but oh so pleasant?**

(Papageno and Monostatos see each other. Each is startled and terrified.)

**BOTH: Hu! The devil's scout has found me out.
The devil's scout has found me out.
O spare me! Just disappear!
Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!**

(They both run off, but Papageno quickly reappears.)

PAMINA: O mother! What a nightmare!

PAPAGENO: Hey, I know you! You're the girl in the picture, the Princess that we've come looking for! Hold still. I've got to check it out. You can't be too careful nowadays. Let's see: two eyes, two ears, two lips, one nose – hey, wait a minute! According to this here picture, you've got no hands and feet.

PAMINA: I'll keep my hands behind me. Is that better? Who gave you my picture?

PAPAGENO: The Prince that your mother sent to rescue you. Well, he didn't exactly give it to me.....Because he fell in love with you the minute he laid eyes on it.

PAMINA: He sounds like the Prince I've always wanted to meet. I like him already.

**PAPAGENO: Some people has all the luck. Now why don't it happen to me?
Shucks! Papageno ain't even got a Papagena.**

PAMINA: Poor man! No wife? No sweetheart? But I can see that you have a warm heart. You won't have long to wait.

3. DUET

**PAMINA: The man who feels what love can offer
Reveals a heart sincere and kind.**

**PAPAGENO: Though high and low I've searched all over
The girl for me I fail to find.**

**BOTH: We thrive when all is said and done
Living for love and love alone.**

PAMINA: It touches every living creature,
And love can lighten every load,

PAPAGENO: A gift bestowed by Mother Nature
Along a rough and rugged road.

BOTH: Love opens wide the doors of life,
Welcoming in the man and wife.
Man and wife or wife and man,
That is how it all began.

(SCENE: a grove with a temple in the background. Tamino enters, led by three spirits.)

4. ACT ONE FINALE

THREE SPIRITS: Along this road you'll reach the goal,
But only if you prove deserving.
Proceed with calm and self control,
Devoted, silent, never swerving.

TAMINO: By persevering, shall I see
Pamina home again and free?

THREE SPIRITS: The answer we cannot reveal.
Be stalwart, silent, never swerving.
Refortified, with heart of steel,
You will succeed and prove deserving.
(The three spirits leave)

TAMINO: The words of wisdom they impart
Will stay engraved upon my heart.
What do I find? Do I behold
A finer realm than I was told?

Exalted by columns, these portals give entry
To a temple unguarded by watchdog or sentry.
Where builders and planners take pride in their work,
True values, not vices, are likely to lurk.

Without further pause I shall open the door,
Perhaps to encounter surprises in store.
Beware, you men of vile intent!
To save Pamina I am sent.

(He tries to enter one of the temple doors.)

VOICE: *(from within)* Go back!

TAMINO: Go back? Go back? *(He tries a second door)*

ANOTHER VOICE: Go back!

TAMINO: Another cries, "Go back!"
The middle door I shall try.
This time the voices may comply.
(An old priest appears at the center door)

PRIEST: Bold stranger, what has brought you here,
A place of peace and holiness?

TAMINO: The cry of virtue in distress.

PRIEST: A noble motive I revere.
And yet I fear you come misguided.
You've come not spreading joy and peace;
On death and vengeance you've decided.

TAMINO: For someone who deserves no less.

PRIEST: Here you will find no man of malice.

TAMINO: But is it not Sarastro's palace?

PRIEST: Indeed, he holds the master key.

TAMINO: Then it's a brothel in disguise.

PRIEST: The Temple of the Wise you see.

TAMINO: I see that you believe in lies. *(He starts to leave)*

PRIEST: So soon you have to go?

TAMINO: With open eyes, I'm off,
Knowing all I need to know.

PRIEST: You speak so scornfully;
Perhaps you could be wrong.

TAMINO: Sarastro here is strong,

And that's enough for me.

PRIEST: Here risking life and limb,
Be patient. Tell me why
You think so ill of him.

TAMINO: Your leader I defy.

PRIEST: Explain your reason if you can.

TAMINO: He is a monster, not a man.

PRIEST: What proof supports this accusation?

TAMINO: A woman's tears of desperation,
A mother's cry of grief and pain.

PRIEST: A lady lashing out again,
Too fond of telling her travails.
And you believe these fairy tales!
Let Sarastro clarify
A deed that he will not deny.

TAMINO: Sir, do I have to spell it out?
Was it not he himself, none other,
That stole Pamina from her mother?

PRIEST: Yes, partly true. Indeed, no doubt.

TAMINO: A daughter! Taken by a thief,
Perhaps already burnt alive.

PRIEST: The day of truth will soon arrive
That will reveal no cause for grief.

TAMINO: What is this riddle all about?

PRIEST: An oath forbids my speaking out.

TAMINO: Am I to live without an answer?

PRIEST: Until you find the sacred grove
Of peace and universal love. *(he leaves)*

TAMINO: Long is the task I've undertaken;
When will I see the dawn awaken?

VOICES: *(from within)* Soon, or never . . . what you will.

TAMINO: “Soon, or never” I hear them say.
You unseen voices, speak again:
Does my Pamina live?

VOICES: Pamina is living . . . living still.

TAMINO: Alive! Alive! Almighty God be thanked!
No spoken words, no pretty phrases
Are adequate to sing thy praises.
To all that live I would impart
A blessing that can speak heart to heart.

(He plays on the flute)

You weave a spell of slender sound,
Yet all-compelling.
To your tone so mild, so tender,
Even beasts of the jungle surrender.

Enchanted by your slender sound,
O gentle flute, so all-compelling,
To your tone so mild, so tender,
Even beasts of the jungle . . .

Yet . . . no Pamina
She alone does not respond.
Pamina! Pamina! Hear me! Hear me!
No use. No use.
Where? Where? Where?
I fear still far away. *(Papageno’s pipes are heard)*

Ha! I hear Papageno play.
Perhaps Pamina has been found.
Perhaps he’s bringing her to me.
If so, if so, my love at last I’ll see!
(He hurries off; Pamina and Papageno enter.)

BOTH: Tip-toe, tip-toe, on nimble feet,
We attempt a safe retreat.
Brave Tamino we must find,
Or to prison and starvation be resigned.

PAMINA: Brave Tamino!

PAPAGENO: Quiet, quiet! This may serve us even better.

(He plays the silver bells; from a distance, Tamino replies on the flute.)

BOTH: Hope is growing ever brighter
For Tamino must have heard.
With his flute he gives the word.
What a vast relief from worry
If we hurry, if we hurry!
What a vast relief from worry
Only hurry, only hurry!

MONOSTATOS: *(entering abruptly)*
In a hurry, in a hurry!
Ha! Caught in the nick of time!
In a cell on bread and water
I will teach you law and order.
Running off was not so clever;
I can lock you up forever.
Come along, you slaves! Attend!

PAMINA & PAPAGENO: Ah! For us I fear the end!

MONOSTATOS: Let them learn the cost of crime.

PAPAGENO: He that dares just might succeed;
Now if ever I'm in need.
Bells of silver, sweetly chiming,
Here's a case of perfect timing. *(he plays)*

MONOSTATOS & CHORUS:
So gentle, celestial and soothing as well;
My fury has faded as under a spell.

PAMINA & PAPAGENO: If to each upon this earth
Bells like these were handed,
Anger would dissolve in mirth,
Armies go disbanded.
With the bells to make amends,
All would be the best of friends.

No more strife and no more pain;
Tears would turn to laughter.
Love and fellowship would reign,
Now and ever after.

CHORUS: *(within)* We bow to Sarastro, a noble spirit!

PAPAGENO: The last thing we needed!
I tremble to hear it.

PAMINA: My friend, my friend, today we die.
Sarastro we have dared defy.

PAPAGENO: Oh, were I but a mouse
And had a hole to hide in,
A cupboard to reside in
While he surveys the house!
O what? O what are we to say?

PAMINA: Be honest and open,
Truthful, come what may.
(Sarastro enters, with Chorus)

CHORUS: We bow to Sarastro, a man of compassion,
A leader with standards untailed by fashion.
A fountain of wisdom, a beacon of light,
To honor and praise him in song we unite.

PAMINA: Sir, please forgive a fugitive
Recaptured while attempting flight.
But I am not the one to blame.
The lustful moor made bold advances;
I had to flee or suffer shame.

SARASTRO: My child! Rise and be of cheer.
No need for further explanation.
Your secret is already clear;
Another person you adore, worship and adore.
Despite the brutal provocation,
It is too soon to let you go.
Despite your plea for liberation,
At least for now, I must say no.

PAMINA: My mother's tears can you ignore?
The call of duty . . .

SARASTRO: Though I sympathize,
To send you home would not be wise.
Your soul would there be starved and stunted.

PAMINA: My loss, I fear, is much lamented.
My mother! . . . My mother! . . .

SARASTRO: Living in the dark,
She wants to keep you unenlightened,
To stop the boat as you embark,
For of the future she is frightened.
(Enter Monostatos, with Tamino in tow)

MONOSTATOS: My proud young Prince, step forth and bow.
Sarastro stands before you now.

PAMINA: *(seeing Tamino)* I've found him!

TAMINO *(seeing Pamina)* I've found her!

PAMINA: Beyond belief!

TAMINO: I've found her!

PAMINA: I've found him!

TAMINO: No wishful dream.

PAMINA: I long to hug and hold him fast.

TAMINO: I long to hug and hold her fast.

BOTH: *(as they embrace)* Though this embrace could be our last.

CHORUS: So they're acquainted!

MONOSTATOS: Remember where you are!
Display in public? You go too far!
(He separates them, then kneels before Sarastro)
Your humble slave to you comes kneeling.
I bring a roguish knave caught stealing.
Conniving with this birdlike man,
To seize Pamina was their plan.
They meant to carry off the lady,
But I suspected something shady.
As ever, keen and vigilant . . .

SARASTRO: Yes, yes! We know you're not inept.
A proper payment I propose.

MONOSTATOS: A modest fortune I'll accept.

SARASTRO: For brutal assault receive forty blows!

MONOSTATOS: Oh, sir! I looked for rich reward.

SARASTRO: Be glad it's all I can afford.

**CHORUS: Hurray for Sarastro, so wise and devoted!
His balance in judgment for long has been noted.**

**SARASTRO: Unto our place of ministry
Conduct these strangers side by side.
Upon them throw the sacred veil,
For they must first be purified.**

**CHORUS: When virtue and benevolence
Allow the clouded light to shine,
They form an earthly paradise
No longer mortal but divine,
And worthy of gods on high,
Great gods on high.**

ACT TWO

SCENE: a forest. Tamino and Sarastro enter, in heated discussion, while priests hover in the background.

TAMINO: But sir, you claim to stand for wisdom, justice, enlightenment and all the other big fine words. So what gives you the right to kidnap a daughter from her own mother and hold her against her will?

SARASTRO: What you describe is not quite accurate. Although she does not yet know it, I am Pamina's father. It was the Queen of the Night who snatched the infant from me and from her real mother, who died shortly afterwards of a broken heart. The Queen wanted to indoctrinate the child into her own darkened world and turn her into a witch like herself. As you can see, this she was not able to accomplish. For many years I have waited for the unguarded moment when I could reclaim her.

TAMINO: Why should I believe you and not the Queen?

SARASTRO: Be patient and observe. Time will persuade you as to which is telling the truth.

TAMINO: Why have you not told Pamina?

SARASTRO: Because she would no doubt ask the same question that you did. I want first to win her trust, her respect, her affection. By that same token, I must order you also to say nothing, When you meet her, you are to maintain strict silence.

TAMINO: The Queen promised that Pamina would be mine.

SARASTRO: I cannot make that promise until I know you better. You will have to prove yourself, perhaps even at the risk of your life. Rewards are seldom valued at their true worth if come by too easily.

10. ARIA and CHORUS

O gods of light and wisdom, render
Your favors on this loving pair,
Guiding their steps when prone to wander,
Granting them calm in face of care.

Seeking within for peace and power,
May their endeavors come to flower.
Long may they prosper, then to die
Worthy of your abode on high.

(Sarastro exits)

(Enter Papageno and Speaker)

SPEAKER: And you? Are you ready to risk all for the sake of love and wisdom?

PAPAGENO: Couldn't we skip the wisdom? That oughta cut the risk by half.
Besides, all I want is a nice pretty girl.

SPEAKER: You will never find her without undergoing certain trials.

PAPAGENO: *(immediately suspicious)* Like what?

SPEAKER: Trials that will lead you to the very gate of death.

PAPAGENO: That don't sound too good. Maybe I better stay single.

SPEAKER: But suppose Sarastro has already chosen a wife for you?

PAPAGENO: *(eagerly)* You think so?

SPEAKER: Beautiful, sweet, the very one you've been looking for.

PAPAGENO: What's her name?

SPEAKER: Let's see . . . ah, here it is . . . Papagena!

PAPAGENO: Papagena! You don't have to test me. I'm dying of curiosity already. When do I see her?

SPEAKER: Very soon. But you must not speak to her. Will you be strong enough for that?

PAPAGENO: *(with affronted dignity)* Sir, my tongue is always under control.

SPEAKER: Papageno! Be careful.

PRIEST: *(entering)* And you also, Prince, are sworn to silence. You will see Pamina, but you must not speak to her. That is the first of your trials.

11. DUET

PRIEST and SPEAKER

With not a word of tender greeting
You will survive the first ordeal.
However touched by tearful pleading,
In silence, naught will you reveal.

Unswayed by passion or temptation,
The man of valor will prevail.
Remorse, decline and desolation
Fall to the faint of heart that fail.

(The Priest and Speaker exit; the Three Ladies enter in great agitation.)

12. QUINTET

THREE LADIES: Why, why, why are you in this place of dread?
Flee, flee, flee from the hazards just ahead.
Tamino stays to be dismembered,
And Papageno's days are numbered.

PAPAGENO: No, no, no! And me so young.

TAMINO: Papageno, hold your tongue.
Better leave the thought unspoken
So the vow remains unbroken.

PAPAGENO: Did you not hear that we're to die?

TAMINO: Quiet, quiet! You know why.

PAPAGENO: Quiet, quiet! Yes, I know
But if I keep the volume low . . .

THREE LADIES: The Queen is at the temple door
And unannounced will soon appear.

PAPAGENO: Our Queen? What is she doing here?

TAMINO: Now remember, say no more.
On your promise much is riding.
There you go again back-sliding.

THREE LADIES: Tamino, flee a place ill-fated!
Unless you listen, it is lost!
Alarming word has circulated
Of what these people do when crossed.

TAMINO: (*to himself*) (No man of principle is stirred
By idle gossip overheard.
All too absurd! All too absurd!)

THREE LADIES: They say new members of the sect
Are bound for hell to burn below.

PAPAGENO: If on the level, to the devil,
To the devil we're to go.
Come on, Tamino! Where's the door?

TAMINO: Mere superstition, nothing more;
A brand of fiction I reject.

PAPAGENO: But if the Queen has spread the word . . .

TAMINO: The fact remains no less absurd.
Too much already we have said;
Come, let us face the task ahead.

THREE LADIES: But why so cold, so unloquacious?
And Papageno, too? Good gracious!

PAPAGENO: You think I like it? Me?

TAMINO: Hush!

PAPAGENO: Alas, my tongue is tied.
A single word can drag me under.

TAMINO: A single word can drag you under.
Oh, what a heavy cross you bear!

THREE LADIES:
Rebuffed and hurt, we leave but wonder
How come they both seem not to care.

TAMINO & PAPAGENO:
Rebuffed and hurt, they leave but wonder
How come we both seem not to care.

ALL: The rule applies to strong or weak:
We all should think before we speak.

VOICES: *(within)* You come to our shrine uninvited.
You burn if again you are sighted,

THREE LADIES: Away! Away! Away!

PAPAGENO: Not I! Not I! Not I!

(The Three Ladies rush out, Papageno collapses, the Priest and Speaker return)

PRIEST: Prince, we commend you on your manly behavior. But your journey has barely started, Come with me. *(Priest exits, with Tamino)*

SPEAKER: What's this? Friend, stand up! It looks like you have fainted.

PAPAGENO: Just resting.

SPEAKER: Pull yourself together. Be a man.

PAPAGENO: Now why do you make it so hard? You said that Papagena's already been found. What are we waiting for?

SPEAKER: The answer you must find for yourself. Let us proceed.

PAPAGENO: Going this way, that way, chances are we'll miss her altogether.

(They leave, Papageno still grumbling. The scene changes to a garden. Pamina is asleep, Monostatos hovering nearby, watches covetously.)

MONOSTATOS: My cold beauty lies sleeping. A burning kiss might warm her up.
And no one is looking.

13. ARIA



Starved for love, yet strong and able,
Why alone am I denied?

Am I not a man of feeling,
Also made of flesh and blood?
When the hope of love comes stealing,
Must I nip it in the bud?

Yes, my waiting game is over;
Now alert and wide awake,
Quite as worthy as another,
What I want I mean to take.

Starry night is made for loving,
Not for caution and delay.
Watchful moon, if disapproving,
Kindly look the other way.

(The Queen of the Night appears amid celestial fireworks)

QUEEN: Arise! Wake up!

PAMINA: *(awakening)* Mother! You've come!

MONOSTATOS: *(slinking away)* And I'd better go.

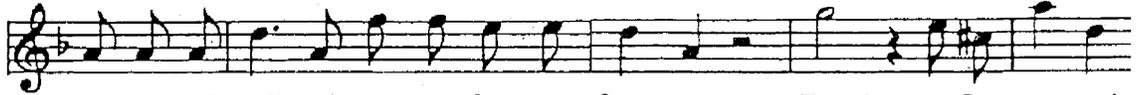
PAMINA: Oh, mother! Mother!

QUEEN: Sarastro wants to destroy me and annihilate my dark kingdom. Are you on his side, or mine?

PAMINA: How can you ask?

QUEEN: Prove that you are my daughter. Take this dagger. Plunge it into his heart. I want him slain by your own hand, or I shall never again call you child of mine. My one and only daughter I shall disown.

14. ARIA



The fire of hell has made my heart a furnace. Death to Sa- ras-tro!

In rage and despair your mother cries.
I want him slain,
And turn to you, my daughter,
To plunge the deadly dagger.
By your own hand, this day Sarastro dies,
Or not again shall I call you child of mine.
Ah! No beloved child of mine.
My one and only daughter I disown.

I cast you off forever.
No more am I your mother,
No more are you my daughter
Till the hated foe is dead.
A stranger, discarded, forsaken,
On the street you'll beg for bread.
Go unwanted, no beloved child of mine,
Until, until Sarastro's life is taken.

Rise! Rise! Rise!
God of vengeance, do as I ordain.

(With a roll of thunder she disappears, leaving Pamina holding the dagger.)

PAMINA: *(stunned)* Murder Sarastro! Or be disowned by my own mother! What am I to do?

MONOSTATOS: *(returning)* Let me take over. *(He quickly takes the dagger)* You must confide in me.

PAMINA: Confide?

MONOSTATOS: But there is no need. I know already, far more than you know yourself. Both you and your mother are doomed to an excruciating death. There is only one alternative.

PAMINA: For heaven's sake, tell me what it is!

MONOSTATOS: Love me. Simple as that.

PAMINA: *(earnestly)* But that would not be simple at all.

MONOSTATOS: I command you to love me!

PAMINA: No, no, no!

MONOSTATOS: Then you will never love another! You will die this instant. (*As he lifts the dagger, Sarastro appears. Monostatos falls to his knees.*) Oh, my Lord! I am not guilty! She and her mother are plotting against you.

SARASTRO: I do not need your protection. Go!

MONOSTATOS: (*slinking off*) Certainly sir, whatever you say. (I'll go, but we'll see what her mother has to say.)

PAMINA: Oh, sir! Don't punish my mother! She is not herself. The shock, the pain, the loss . . . Spare her your vengeance.

SARASTRO: Here in my domain, we have better things to do than seek revenge.

15. ARIA



With- in these halls so hal- lowed we leave no room for wrath.

The lost that blindly wander
Are shown the lighted path.
Here guided by a loving hand,
We journey toward a higher land.

Within these halls of wisdom
Where side by side we strive,
No slave of hate can enter
Nor seed of vengeance thrive.
Until a person longs to learn
The name of man he's yet to earn.

SCENE: a hallway. Tamino and Papageno are led in by Priest and Speaker.

PRIEST: At this point we must leave you to yourselves.

SPEAKER: Wait till the trumpet sounds, then proceed towards it.

PRIEST: And remember, the word is still silence. *(they leave)*

PAPAGENO: Well, if this ain't what I call a barrel of fun! I wish I was back in my cozy little hut in the woods. At least I'd hear a bird sing from time to time. Well, they can't stop me from talking to myself, and nobody said we couldn't talk to each

other. (*sings*) La la la la la . . . Talk about hospitality! Not even a sip of water, not to mention something a little bit tastier.

(A very old black-hooded lady hobbles in, leaning on a cane and carrying a jug of water.)

OLD LADY: Here you are!

PAPAGENO: Is that for me?

OLD LADY: Yes, my love.

PAPAGENO: Now ain't that nice? A jug of water. So this is your idea of entertaining strangers.

OLD LADY: Yes, my sweet.

PAPAGENO: But I don't suppose you get all that many visitors.

OLD LADY: Oh, no, my love! Very, very few.

PAPAGENO: Can't imagine why. Dear old thing, you look mighty frail. Just between me and you, how old *are* you?

OLD LADY: I'm eighteen --- and two minutes.

PAPAGENO: (Eighty two is more like it.) Don't tell me you've got a boy friend.

OLD LADY: Of course I do!

PAPAGENO: Is he as young as yourself?

OLD LADY: Certainly not! I prefer older men. He's ten years older than me.

PAPAGENO: Ten years older than you? My, my! Did you hear that, Tamino? And he can still get around by himself? What's this spry young fellow's name?

OLD LADY: Papageno!

PAPAGENO: (*staggered*) Papageno! (What a coincidence! But I don't like the sound of this one little bit. No, siree!) Where is he, this . . . this Papageno?

OLD LADY: Right here, where you're standing!

PAPAGENO: Good Lord! You mean me!

OLD LADY: But of course. Who else?

PAPAGENO: Who are you, anyhow? What's your name?

OLD LADY: My name is . . . *(She disappears with a sudden thunderclap.)*

PAPAGENO: *(in amazement)* That's one way to shut me up!

(The Three Spirits enter, bringing the magic flute and silver bells, soon followed by a table laden with food and drink,)

16. TRIO

THREE SPIRITS

Here for the second time we enter,
Seeking you where Sarastro dwells.
At his command, again we render
This magic flute, these silver bells.
Fear not this table spread with splendor;
Feast if you will and celebrate.

After the third and last encounter,
Happiness, peace and joy await.
Prince, be of cheer: time's on your side.
You, Papageno, stay tongue-tied.
Still, still stay tongue-tied. *(they leave)*

PAPAGENO

Tamino, look what they brought! You go ahead and play your flute, but I've got better things to do. Hm. Sarastro keeps a mighty good cook.

PAMINA *(entering overjoyed)*

Tamino, I've found you! I heard your flute, and I knew! . . . But aren't you glad to see me? Haven't you anything to say to me? Don't you love me anymore? Papageno! What has happened? Why does Tamino turn away? You, too? What have I done? Tell me, or let me die . . .

17. ARIA

What is left when love is over,
When content and joy are gone,
When the heart has turned to stone?
Nevermore sweet hours of wonder!
Only tears of grief remain,
Only tears, eternal tears of grief remain.

Ah, beloved! I remember
What I thought had just begun.
If this love was but illusion,

From desolation
I shall find release, release in death alone.
If this love was but illusion,
From despair and desolation
I shall find release, release in death alone,
Peace and rest in death alone, in death alone.

The scene changes to another part of the temple. Sarastro enters, followed by priests.

18. PRIEST'S CHORUS

O Isis and Osiris! O unbounded!
To greet the dawn
A wakening call has sounded,
Igniting in this youth new inspiration,
Urging him on
To serve with dedication.

A mind and heart of proven powers,
Soon, soon, soon
We can claim him one of ours,
One of ours.

(The priests leave as Tamino is brought in.)

SARASTRO: Prince, I have to talk to you. I have no wish to punish the Queen of the Night, but she cannot be allowed to continue her violent, destructive ways. No, the Queen must be confronted and disempowered, but it is risky and very dangerous. I don't want you to attempt it unless you feel fully up to it.

TAMINO: Tell me and I'll do it.

SARASTRO: There is one thing that the Queen cannot withstand: the light that shines forth from a fearless mind when put to the supreme test.

TAMINO: The supreme test? Tell me more.

SARASTRO: You are to walk first through fire, then through water. It requires total concentration, total faith, total absence of fear. If you fail, even for a split second, you will be burnt to a crisp or drowned in the sea that will drag you under. I have no secret magic to make it easier for you. You will be on your own.

TAMINO: How can I fail? The magic flute will steer me through fire and flood.

SARASTRO: But please, not a word to Pamina. She would insist on going with you, and this I could not bear. I must hold you to your vow of silence.

PAMINA: (*rushing in*) Where is my Prince? Where are you taking him?

SARASTRO: He waits for you, to say farewell.

PAMINA: His last farewell?

SARASTRO: Possibly.

PAMINA: Tamino!

TAMINO: Stand back! Stay away!

19. TRIO

PAMINA: (*to Sarastro*) Am I to see my love no more?

SARASTRO: A sweet reunion lies in store.

PAMINA: (*to Tamino*) I fear the danger you are facing.

TAMINO & SARASTRO:
The kindly gods will give their blessing.

PAMINA: I feel a chill of dire foreboding;
Upon the ground I see you dead.

TAMINO & SARASTRO:
On shaky ground are mortals trodding
When they foresee what lies ahead.

PAMINA: You would not show so little feeling
If you loved me as I love you.

TAMINO & SARASTRO:
Until the end of time, God willing,
(I shall/He will) remain forever true.

SARASTRO:
No time is left for lamentation.

TAMINO & PAMINA:
O bitter, bitter separation!

SARASTRO: Tamino, brace yourself and go. Bravely go.

TAMINO: Pamina, sadly I must go.

PAMINA: Tamino, stay! Why must you go?

SARASTRO: Be brave and go.

TAMINO: I'm told to go. Pamina!

PAMINA: Tamino!

**SARASTRO: You made a vow, the time is now,
Remember your duty
To honor now a solemn vow.
The time is now, the time is now!
To rise or fall, you must get started.**

**TAMINO & PAMINA:
Love, farewell. When we are parted,
Love, remember! O my love, remember!
So farewell, love, farewell.**

**SARASTRO:
You will be parted, though not forever.**

(The three leave in separate directions. Papageno enters, in bewilderment.)

PAPAGENO: Tamino! Tamino! You can't leave me in the lurch like this! Where are you? Where am I? I thought we were in this thing together.

VOICE: Go back!

**PAPAGENO:
How can I go back? I don't know if I'm coming or going. Why, why did I ever leave home?**

VOICE: Wretched man! You deserve to wander forever in darkness, but the gods are merciful. Your punishment will be never to taste the heavenly delights of the elect.

PAPAGENO: I'll settle for a heavenly glass of wine.

VOICE: You have no other desire?

PAPAGENO: None right now.

VOICE: Then your wish is granted. (*A glass of wine is delivered.*)

PAPAGENO: Now that's what I call first class service. Mighty good wine, too.
But come to think about it, as long as you're handing out wishes, there *is* something else . . .

20. ARIA



A bride of bare-ly twen- ty and Pa- pa- ge- no's wife

Is paradise aplenty
And all I ask of life.

In feasting and dancing we'll revel,
And worries can go to the devil.
A banquet of laughter and mirth
For us will be heaven on earth.
A bride of barely twenty,
And Papageno's wife,
Is paradise aplenty
And all I ask of life.

By batches of beauties surrounded,
A dozen a day I have counted.
But what is the good of it all
If none of them come to my call?

A bride of barely twenty,
And Papageno's wife,
Is paradise aplenty
And all I ask of life.

In pining a person is wasted;
His beer and his beef go untasted.
To go from starvation to bliss,
I need nothing more than a kiss,
No more than a kiss.

OLD LADY: (*eagerly returning*)
Here I am, my angel. I heard you calling.

PAPAGENO:
Not her again! Pardon me, lady, but I was calling for somebody else.

OLD LADY: You poor darling! I know just what you want, and I've decided to make your wish come true.

PAPAGENO: (*dubiously*) Lucky me! Now how are you gonna do that?

OLD LADY: If you promise to be a faithful husband --- I'll marry you!

PAPAGENO: What did you say? No, no, don't say it again.

OLD LADY: I'll be the sweetest little wife in the world, and we'll be as happy as two turtledoves. But first you have to promise.

PAPAGENO: Now hold on a minute! I need some time to think this thing over.

OLD LADY: Papageno, I warn you! Unless you marry me today, within one hour, you will wind up imprisoned here for life.

PAPAGENO: Locked up for life?

OLD LADY: And don't expect any more wine. Just bread and water, day in, day out. With nobody to talk to, no friends, no sweethearts. Year after year,

PAPAGENO:

Bread and water? Nobody to talk to? . . . All right, you win. They say it's better to have an old wife than no wife at all.

OLD LADY: Then the answer is yes?

PAPAGENO: (*most reluctantly*) Hmmmmmmm . . . Yes!

(Lo! A sudden transformation. The cane is thrown away, the black hood is cast aside, and there stands a delightful young lady.)

PAPAGENO: Papagena!!!!

SPEAKER: (*abruptly appearing*) Off with you, young lady! He is not yet worthy of you. (*to Papageno*) And you --- stand back, beware!

PAPAGENO: Before I stand back and let you take her away, the earth will have to open up and swallow me whole. (*The earth does so*) You can't do this to a family man!

21. FINALE

THREE SPIRITS (*entering*)
A rising sun with golden halo
Emerges from the night,
And soon the dark of mist and shadow
Will yield to peace and light.

Upon a straighter path ascending
An age of servitude is ending.
Thus reaching high and searching far
Mere men become the gods they are.

FIRST SPIRIT: But see --- Pamina comes tormented.

OTHERS: Is something wrong?

ALL THREE: Her days are blighted
By pain of passion unrequited.
A helping hand should be extended,
For as a friend we hold her dear.
If only her young man were here!
She comes, so let us stand aside
To see if fear is justified,
To see if what we fear is justified.

(They step aside as Pamina enters, dagger In hand.)

PAMINA: A deadly knife my only friend!
Upon its blade my pain will end.

SPIRITS: A cry of madness and despair!
A mortal blow too great to bear.

PAMINA: (*brandishing the knife*)
To work, and leave me lying dead,
This barren ground my wedding bed.

SPIRITS: Standing by, can we stay idle?
Grief has made her suicidal.
Fair Pamina! Why seek death?

PAMINA: Desperation! Shattered faith!
Though my love remains unshaken,
Death I seek because forsaken.
From my mother came the knife . . .

SPIRITS: Use it not to take your life!

**PAMINA: Till this agony is over
I can only sigh and suffer.
Mother, mother! I struggle in vain
To escape your ball and chain.**

SPIRITS: Friend, turn to us for aid.

**PAMINA: Ah! I've no more tears to shed.
Faithless lover, long farewell!
See, Pamina dies for you.
Why live on when love is dead?**

**SPIRITS: Stop what you're about to do!
Not a false or fickle lover,
Sooner death than see you suffer.
Like your own, his love is true.**

**PAMINA: Why, O why was he concealing
Any sign or hint of feeling?
Not a clue did he convey
When he coldly turned away.**

**SPIRITS: Explanation is forbidden,
But true love cannot stay hidden.
Follow us and never fear,
For his love is so sincere
Even death he dares defy.
He will prove it by and by.**

PAMINA: That is all I need to know.

SPIRITS: We will show and you will see.

**ALL: When love is past the pain and fever
The spark reborn can burn forever.
True love will flourish, fortified
With all that heaven can provide.**

PAMINA: With all the blessings heaven can provide. (exeunt)

SCENE: two mountains, one with a waterfall, the other spitting fire. Tamino, lightly clad, is led in by two men in armor,

TWO MEN: New pilgrims on a path of darkness and disorder

Are tried by fire and earth, by air and water.
Through overcoming fear of death, the soul will soar
From troubled earth to heaven's tranquil shore.
That goal you will attain when purified;
Then to our mysteries the soul will open wide.

TAMINO: In face of death I am no coward;
Because I love, I go empowered.
When I confront the gates of fear
I then shall prove my boast sincere. *(starts to leave)*

PAMINA: *(offstage)* Tamino, wait! I'm coming, too!

TAMINO: Pamina! Pamina calling?

TWO MEN: We, too, can hear Pamina calling.

TAMINO: Praise be! My dearest by my side,
I go prepared to meet my fate,
Though grisly death may lie in wait.
But say, is speech again allowed?

TWO MEN: Your tongue is free; the ban is lifted.

TAMINO: O joy! Together, not alone,
We venture on a path unknown.
A wife that fears not death and night
Is ready to receive the light.

PAMINA: *(entering)* Tamino mine! I'm coming, too!

TAMINO: Pamina mine! Think what you do!
Here gates of terror open
That pose a gruesome threat.

PAMINA: Together facing danger, I go without regret.
To follow where you lead,
Your love is all I need.
Along a path the rose adorns
True love can overlook the thorns.

Your magic flute you then will play
And tame the beast that bars our way,
A flute of wood cut from the center of the forest
When the hour was darkest
From roots of our most ancient oak;

Through storm and lightning, thunder broke.

You play your flute, and in the wild
The snarling dog turns meek and mild.
The power born of living breath
Will take us past the door of death.

(The Queen of the Night enters quietly, furtively, without thunder, ready to challenge.)

QUEEN: Why, why was I such a fool? Why did I give the magic flute to that treacherous Prince? But it is not too late to get it back. All I have to do is distract him even for an instant to see him turn into a cinder under my very own eyes.

(As the two walk through fire, then through water, she engages in silent combat, with them and with Sarastro)

TAMINO & PAMINA: Through fire we emerge undaunted,
Unblistered by the leaping flame.
Led on by melody enchanted,
Through water we shall do the same.

QUEEN: *(after the trial by fire)* I failed, but must not fail again. There is still one more test for them to undergo.

(After the trial by water, the Queen retires in humiliating defeat.)

TAMINO & PAMINA: What glory is the gift of light!
New freedom rises from the night.

CHORUS: Rejoice! Rejoice! You both have won.
The challenge met, the gauntlet run,
Sarastro welcomes you within.
So come! Let the solemn rites begin. *(general exit)*

SCENE: *a garden with a large tree. Papageno, alone, is standing beneath it holding a rope.)*

PAPAGENO: Papagena! Papagena! Papagena!
Sweetheart! Lambkin! One and only!
No answer . . . Gone . . . Ever the loser.
Looking ahead, I'm old and lonely . . .
My chattering . . . blathering . . . a sorry sight!
Though I admit, it serves me right.

Given a taste of sheer delight,

Sugar and spice, a wine so rare,
How to control an appetite
Poking me here, prodding me there?
Papagena, can you hear me?

I give up! If wracked with grieving,
Life's no longer worth the living.
As I've but myself to blame,
With a rope I'll end the game.
First to find a bough that's steady;
Yes, my noose and neck are ready.
Nevermore to see the light,
Cruel world, I say good night.
Why continue, when they carry
Off the girl I mean to marry?
I am to die, so what the hell?

Ladies listening, notice well:
Though remorse and penance drive me,
One of you could still revive me.
Early death I might forego.
Do I hear? Say yes or no.
Yes or no, which will it be?
No response, only quiet,
Not a soul replying.
Who can blame me though for trying?

Papageno, go ahead:
Tie the noose and join the dead.
Yet . . . I may as well delay.
The tree will not go away.

Listen closely: one . . . two . . . three . . .
(*speaking*) One . . . two . . . two and a half . . .
No reply . . . the die is cast.
Very well, I breathe my last.
No one cares that I'm to die,
Cruel world, again goodbye.
Cruel world, again goodbye.

THREE SPIRITS (*returning*)
Hold on! Hold on! Hold on!
O Papageno, think again!
You've only one life;
Soon enough it's gone.

**PAPAGENO: A wiser word was never spoken.
But when your heart like mine is broken
What is the good of sound advice?**

**THREE SPIRITS: You may recall the gift we gave you;
The set of silver bells can save you.**

**PAPAGENO: Oh, what a fool to be forgetting!
Here all the time, and me forgetting!
But no one has to tell me twice
That there is magic in their sound,
Strange magic power in their sound.**

**Gentle tone of silver,
Draw my darling here.
Gentle bells, continue
Chiming sweet and clear.
Bells, play on and draw her near
With gentle tone.**

**THREE SPIRITS:
Now Papageno, turn around!
*(After disclosing Papagena, they leave discreetly)***

PAPAGENO: Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pagena!

PAPAGENA: Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pageno!

PAPAGENO: You've no need to think it over?

PAPAGENA: I've no need to think it over.

PAPAGENO: You will be my own forever?

PAPAGENA: I will be your own forever, your own forever.

**PAPAGENO: My own forever,
Love and laughter rain or shine!**

PAPAGENA: Love and laughter rain or shine!

PAPAGENO: Sweeter yet when we are blessed . . .

PAPAGENA Sweeter yet when we are blessed . . .

BOTH: With additions to our nest,
With additions to our cozy nest.
Little ones, little ones, little ones!
At least a dozen when we're done.

PAPAGENO: Start with a tiny Papageno.

PAPAGENA: Then add a tiny Papagena.

PAPAGENO: Then add another Papageno.

PAPAGENA: Then add another Papagena.

PAPAGENO: Papageno!

PAPAGENA: Papagena!

PAPAGENO: Papageno!

PAPAGENA: Papagena!

BOTH: To all I say no gift is finer
Than yet another Papageno/Papagena.
A place for each and every one. *(They make a merry exit)*

(The Queen of the Night returns, still unvanquished and undaunted, with Monostatos and the Three Ladies.)

MONOSTATOS: Be very quiet, quiet, quiet!
The temple lies not far ahead.

THREE LADIES: If we are quiet, quiet, quiet,
The open door we'll slip inside.

MONOSTATOS: Remember, Queen of the Night, your promise:
Today your child becomes my bride.

QUEEN: I gave my word, I don't deny it.
Today my child is yours to wed.

THREE LADIES: Her child today is yours to wed.

MONOSTATOS: A roll of thunder makes me tremble;
A crashing wave, a waterfall.

THREE LADIES: Ah, faintly heard, a roll of thunder

Upon us all has cast a pall.

MONOSTATOS: Within the temple they assemble.

THREE LADIES: The hated foe we'll tear asunder.
And rid the world of human blight
With hand of steel and flaming sword.
Proud, grieving Queen that rules the night,
May your revenge be our reward. *(thunder, lightning)*

Disaster! Defeated, exposed by the light,
Hereafter we dwell in the caverns of night.

(They sink into the earth and the sun emerges. In triumph, Sarastro embraces Tamino and Pamina and joins their hands together.)

SARASTRO: The sun bathed in splendor
Has vanquished the night.
The dark cries surrender
To wisdom and light.

CHORUS: Hail the pair emerging
Valiant and victorious
From trials undergone.
See, see sunlight rising glorious!
Greet, greet the coming of dawn.

TUTTI: With passion and reason
No longer at war,
May kindness and wisdom
Prevail evermore!

THE END