

MURMURS OF THE NIGHT

There are sounds at night
only those hear
who cannot sleep.
Sounds we expect
or have grown so used to
that they have lost their power
to disturb us.
They stir us into consciousness
for a moment
troubling our imagination
and perhaps.....
following us into our dreams.

I ly and listen to the night.

Watching the sky
tonight I feel like crying
and I don't know why...

I don't know exactly why

Perhaps
the scent of roses
long ago... far away....
in a garden... a gate...

How dark the sky is
on the Tapanahony river.
Night drops a curtain
over day's pretense.

I am alone
I am Bethsabee
and I know I am alone.
... one does not know
what made one
nor who one is.

I ly
and listen to the night.

Who goes there?

Who can tell?

Far of
through the hour
I hear the sounds
of a lonely step.

Bethsabee!
 Bethsabee is my name
 I know myself by a given name,
 by the memory
 of what others have told me
 about myself.
 By the things
 I remember vaguely
 ...or again... too clearly...

Who goes there ?

Who can tell ?

In the darkness
 there is no promise
 of the new day.

.....Footsteps....

Night is still again.

I have to learn what to forget
 I have to learn
 what to remember
 ... the scent of roses
 in a garden
 ... near the gate

.....Who goes there ?

Loneliness is mute
 and unable
 to communicate

.....But those footsteps
 pounding in my ears !

.....coming closer....and closer....!

In the way these steps sound
 is there a phrase ?
 a sentence?
 as there are in all sounds?

In all sounds
there are words,
there are meanings

In the dripping of water
in the murmurs of the breeze
the wavering leaves of trees
the wind.....

Who am I ?
I am Bethsabee !
Bethsabee, who are you
I do not know

These steps I hear....
....Who goes there !
....Answer me: who goes there!

ANSWER ME !!

I am Bethsabee
who goes there,
I am Bethsabee
and I am alone

.....alone
.....not alone.....
.....those steps coming nearer
and nearer !

This is not loneliness
this is DEATH!
This is death
walking towards me

INTERMEZZO: ORCHESTRE

VOIX

- Le Prince

Indeed.
I am Death.
Death sounds my step
How could you have failed
to recognize me?
I have walked here before
I walk here every night.

I am the shadow behind all loneliness.
I am death.

I am walking night after night
sometimes slowly
for I too
am lonely and need
company and understanding.

I walk slowly
sometimes hurriedly
on the heels of those
who are impatient
to join me.

But tonight
I take time,
I take time
to be near you,
Bethsabee

suivi par Raga du Prince