

(*More stricken.*)

Moritz, not that I'm saying I *myself* have ever—

MORITZ: Not that I'm saying I wouldn't want . . . Would ever want to *not*— Would ever *not* want . . .

MELCHIOR: Moritz?

MORITZ: I have to go!

(*Moritz abruptly rushes out.*)

MELCHIOR: Moritz, wait—

(*But he's gone.*)

(*More to himself*) Moritz . . .

(*Frau Gabor enters, and clears the tea.*)

FRAU GABOR: Melchior, what is it?

MELCHIOR: Nothing, Mama.

FRAU GABOR: Has Moritz gone?

MELCHIOR: Yes.

FRAU GABOR: Well, he does look awfully pale, don't you think?  
I wonder, is that *Faust* really the best thing for him?

(*Frau Gabor exits. Melchior shakes his head, incredulous. The world recedes. All reenter the song.*)

OTTO:

*Where I go, when I go there,  
No more shadows anymore—  
Only you there in the kiss;  
And nothing missing, as you're drifting, to shore . . .*

GEORG:

*Where I go, when I go there,  
No more weeping anymore—  
Only in and out your lips;  
The broken wishes, washing with them, to shore . . .*

MELCHIOR AND MORITZ:

*Touch me—all silent.  
Tell me—please—all is forgiven.  
Consume my wine.  
Consume my mind.  
I'll tell you how, how the winds sigh . . .*

BOYS AND GIRLS:

*Touch me—*

GEORG:

*—just try it.  
Now, there—that's it—God, that's heaven.  
I'll love your light.  
I'll love you right . . .  
We'll wander down where the sins cry . . .*

BOYS AND GIRLS:

*Touch me—just like that.  
Now lower down, where the sins lie . . .*

*Love me—just for a bit . . .  
We'll wander down, where the winds sigh . . .*

*Where the winds sigh . . .  
Where the winds sigh . . .*

## SCENE 5

*Afternoon. Melchior and Wendla discover each other in the woods.*

WENDLA: Melchior Gabor?

MELCHIOR (*In disbelief*): Wendla Bergman?! Like a tree-nymph fallen from the branches. What are you doing—alone up here?

WENDLA: Mama's making May wine. I thought I'd surprise her with some woodruff. And you?