

WENDLA:

All the same,
They whisper: "All forgiven."

Still, your heart says:
The shadows bring the starlight,
And everything you've ever been is still there in the dark
night.

MORITZ:

Though you know
You've left them far behind—
You walk on by yourself, and
not with them,

Still you know,
They fill your heart and mind,
When they say: "There's a way
through this . . ."

WENDLA:

When the northern
wind blows,
The sorrows
Your heart holds,

There are those who
still know—
They're still home;
We're still home.

(Melchior is tempted by his blade, but Moritz and Wendla
gently intercede.)

MORITZ AND WENDLA:

Those you've known,
And lost, still walk behind you.
All alone,
Their song still seems to find you.

They call you,
As if you knew their longing—

They whistle through the lonely wind, the long blue
shadows falling . . .

(Melchior rises in the moonlight, resolved. He closes the razor.)

MELCHIOR:

All alone,
But still I hear their yearning;
Through the dark, the moon, alone there, burning.

The stars, too,
They tell of spring returning—
And summer with another wind that no one yet has
known . . .

They call me—
Through all things—
Night's falling,
But somehow on I go.

You watch me,
Just watch me—
I'm calling
From longing . . .

MORITZ:

Still you know
There's so much more to
find—
Another dream, another
love you'll hold.

Still you know
To trust your own true mind
On your way—you are not
alone.

There are those who still
know—

(Melchior draws the ghosts of Wendla and Moritz to him,
holds them.)

WENDLA:

When the northern wind
blows,
The sorrows
Your heart's known—

I believe . . .

MELCHIOR:

Now they'll walk on my arm through the distant night,
And I won't let them stray from my heart.
Through the wind, through the dark, through the winter
light,
I will read all their dreams to the stars.