

Sylvia – Polichinela's daughter and innocent romantic lover to Leandro

Sylvia: (*To the public.*) And now our farce is over. And in it you have seen, as in the farces of our lives, that these puppets, like humans, are moved by coarse strings, the strings of their own interests, of their petty passions, their deception, and all the miseries of their condition: these strings pull some by the feet and lead them on sad trails; they pull others by the hands, making them work and suffer, fight with rage, steal with cunning, kill with violence. But midst these strings, from time to time a delicate thread descends from heaven to the heart, as if woven from the light of the sun and the light of the moon: the thread of love, which makes humans, like these puppets that look like humans, seem divine, and brings the splendour of dawn to our brow and gives wings to our heart and tells us that not all is farce in farce, that there is something divine in our life that is true and eternal, and it cannot end when the farce comes to an end. (*The curtain falls.*)