

Side for SILVIA

Silvia, the young lover, addresses the audience at the finale about the play and its characters.

Silvia: (*To the public.*) And in it you've seen, as in the farces of life, that these puppets, like humans, are moved by coarse strings, the strings of their self-interest, their petty passions, their deceptions, and all the miseries of their condition: pulling some by their feet and leading them on sad trails; pulling others by their hands to toil with pain, 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 to our brow the splendour of dawn 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 cannot end when the farce comes to an end. (*The curtain falls.*)