

Nikolai Karetnikov

Till Eulenspiegel

Opera in two acts

Libretto by the composer and

Pavel Longin, based on the novel

by Charles De Coster

SUNG TEXTS

ACT I

PROLOG

1. THE CHRISTENING

PRIEST

What shall we be this infant's baptised name?

GODFATHER

Tylbert!

PRIEST

What do you expect from baptism?
(Whispering to the godfather) Faith...

GODFATHER

Faith!

PRIEST

Henceforth let the Baptised infant be called Tylbert. Tylbert! Do you renounce the devil? *(Whispering to the Godfather)* I renounce him...

GODFATHER

I renounce him!

PRIEST

And all his works? *(Whispering to the godfather)* I renounce them...

GODFATHER

I renounce them!

PRIEST

And all his vain pomp?

GODFATHER

I renounce it!

PRIEST

Do you believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth? *(Whispering to the godfather)* I believe...

GODFATHER

I believe!

PRIEST

(Whispering to the godfather) Very good...

GODFATHER

(Aloud) Very good!...

(Klaas draws Katline outside)

KATLINE

(Speaking) Evil omens, Godfather... Last night... the stone sweated blood...

KLAAS

Oh... you must have seen it in a dream?

KATLINE

With my own eyes...

2. THE BIRTH OF PHILIP AND KATLINE'S PROPHECY

(In an out of the way place the tenor sits on a chair with a crown on his head, waering a ruff and gloves. The baritone is lying on his lap with a bib tied around his neck and a dummy in his mouth. The bass is standing by the table, a crown on his head and the Order of the Golden Fleece around his neck).

PHILIP II

(Taking the dummy out of his mouth) Wa-a, wa-a! *(Puts the dummy back into his mouth)*

CHARLES V

(Singing, turned towards the toner) Madame, I am happy. You have given Spain a new king, and me a son!

EMPRESS

(Singing the baritone to sleep) You're welcome. Your Imerial Majesty!

CHARLES V

(Speaks, taking a flask from the front of his coat) We should have a swig of something to that!

EMPRESS

(Drops the baritone onto the flore and pulls out two glasses) There couldn't be a better time for it!

PHILIP II

(Singing angrily) Wa-a, wa-a!

CHARLES V

(Singing) The infant wants something to drink! *(Fills a glass and holds it to the bariton's mouth. He pushes the hand and the glass away).*

EMPRESS

(Sings) Our little monk!

CHARLES V

(Sings) Struth, a Catholic Higness *(tenor and bass clink glasses and drink)*

EMPRESS

(Speaks) And what shall we have to eat, Your Imperial Majesty?

CHARLES V

(Speaks, rummaning in his pockets) I had a roast chicken in here... *(Draws out a handful of gold coins)*

PHILIP II

(Crawling up to the table) Wa-a, wa-a! *(Stares at the table)*

EMPRESS

(Speaks) Where did that money come from?

CHARLES V

(Sings) The blessed Flemish, all of them without exception, voluntarily sent us three hundred thousand to buy the baby napkins!

EMPRESS

(Sings) Doubloons! Thalers! Ducats!!! *(Speaks)* This should be repeated *(Drinks again)*

PHILIP II

(Steals the money from the table)

CHARLES V

(Pulls a rost chicken out his breast, sings) Not bad, this chicken, no less crisply roasted than a heretic!

EMPRESS

(Sings) Crunchy!

CHARLES V

(Speaks, tearing the chicken apart) And where's the money?

EMPRESS

(Speaks) I didn't take it!

CHARLES V

You're lying! *(Seizes the tenor by the collar, speaks)* Where is the money?

EMPRESS

(Speaks, pointing to the floor) He pinched it!

CHARLES V

(Speaks) Who?

EMPRESS

(Sings) Our infant!

CHARLES V

(Sings) And has made the shape of a cross... *(Joyfully)* My son! *(All three, holding hands, step forward and sing to the auditorium)*

TRIO

His Highness will become famous for burning heretics... *(They vanish. Klaas and Katline are standing on the stage)*

KATLINE

Ghosts move people down like Grass...
Bury young girls alive,
and the hangman dances on the
corpses...

A stone sweats blood for nine months—
Last night it burst —
Philip of Spain is born
To increase evil and drench the earth
in blood!
On top — the hangman; underneath —
the victims.
and in heaven Christ's wounds bleed!

KLAAS

Great God! Save and protect us!

3. THE MARKET

VOICES

Pigs' ears with horse-radish! Pigs' ears
with horse-radish! Spices! Spices!
Unions, Pepper, Thyme!

MONK

Indulgences! (*Accompanied by an old,
blind piper, a little beggar-girls sings*)

GIRL

Richard, the King of England,
went to war,
but he lost the battle,
and is now in captivity...

VOICES

Pancakes with ham!

MONK

Coals of Saint Bartholomew for sale!

GIRL

The poor queen,
waits for him,
and wets her pillow,
with bitter tears...

VOICES

Ghent sausages! Oxtail soup!

GIRL

His brother John lays snares,
around the throne,
and Richard languishes in a dungeon;
the queen waits for him...

VOICES

Dried sausage! She's only making one
feel miserable!

MONK

Chase her away! (*During the last
interpretations the old man and the
beggar-maid are chased away, while
the crowd stands with its back to the
audience. Above it a fat man is seen, a
beermug in one hand and a sausage in
the other*)

FAT MAN

Drink, boon companions of holy
gluttony!

CROWD

Drink, boon companions of hole
gluttony!

VOICES

Pigs' ears with horse-radish! Pigs' ears
with horse-radish!

MONK

Indulgences! Indulgences!

VOICES

Stop tempting folks with the load of
muck, you swindler! Oxtail soup! What
is that gnawed up bone there?

MONK

Saint Sebastian's rib, my son!

VOICES

Pigs' ears with horse-radish! Spices,
spices! Unions, pepper, thy-y-me!

MONK

Tears of the martyr Saint Barbara!

CROWD

Drink, boon companions of holy
gluttony!

VOICES

Pancakes with ham, this way! Snipe
rosaries! "Paternoster" pheasant!
"Credo" capon! (*During the last cries
Tyl and Nele appear. Tyl adroitly sets
up a frame, gathers several pots, a dish
and saucers together, beats upon
them, calls and whistles.*)

NELE

This way, this way! Hurry up! Step up!
Step!

TYL

Olay-ay, hoi-ya, prim-prim, pi-pi-pim!

NELE

Eulenspiegel, the speaking mirror, will
show you your portrait, the present
and the future ones!

TYL

Olay-ay, hoi-ya, prim-prim, pi-pi-pim!

NELE

A portrait for half a florin! This way,
this way!

TYL

Prim-prim, pi-pi-pim (*Stops
hammering*). It's an honour, Sir
Bachelor!

SCHOLAR

Well then, you rogue, show me what I
look like.

TYL

(*Jumps onto a stool and thrusts his
lean buttocks through the frame*)
There you see the seat of your
learning; pay half a florin!

SCHOLAR

Ugh! Not on your life! Not a penny!
(*Leaves*)

NELE

Step up, soldier, sir!

SOLDIER

I want to know my faith!

TYL

(*Thrusting a leg of mutton through the
frame*) When the battle begins, you're
done for! Pay for the prophecy, you
cannon fodder!

SOLDIER

Lightening strike your mother! (*Off*)

TYL

(*Pulls a hat over the leg of mutton and
calls after the soldier*) Have courage,
little lamb, you'll be a lieutenant yet!

NELE

Tyl, the fishmonger!

TYL

(*To the fishmonger*) When are you
wriggling to, your eely honour? Your
portrait at a reduced price

FISHMONGER

Oh, you cheeky rascal, thought up
another trick, have you!

TYL

Hey, everybody just look at the
fisherman! (*Pushes a stick with a noose
through the frame*) This is his rod!
(*Holds up an inkwell and a pen*) And
this is his bait! He fishes in the pockets
of condemned men, and never misses
a catch!

FISHMONGER

Ha-ha.., you really are a wag! Here,
take your florin! (*Steps aside and
listens*)

NELE

Step up, step, you newly-weds! (*An old
man approaches with his young bride*)

TYL

(*Holding up a stag's antlers*) This is the
crown that your bald head will soon be
wearing!

OLD MAN

Disgusting buffoon! I hope you kick the bucket like a dog! May the ravens dig out your eyes! May the worms crawl out of your ears! May the devil hang you by the tongue and pour stinking lead down your gullet...

TYL

Oh! You're making me scared! He'll soon be goring me with his horns!!!

OLD MAN

Fie, fie, fie, you devil! (*Off. A fat monk steps forward*)

MONK

And what can you tell a humble servant of God, my son?

TYL

That you are now a ham cupboard and will become a wine cellar, because salty food makes one thirsty. You owe me half a florin, because I told the thruth, after all! (*The fishmonger is spying on them*)

MONK

People like me never have money on them, my son...

TYL

Well, they pay me with the secrets of confessions; after all, you betray them to the Holy Inquisition for nothing!

MONK

You sinner! You grievously insulted our mother, the Church!!!

FISHMONGER

Guards! Guards! (*The guards come running forward*) The Holy Church is being outrageously insulted here! Seize him! Seize him! (*The guards seize Tyl and drag him away*)

NELE

Tyl! Tyl! He is innocent! Let him go! What has he done to you? (*Drumroll. The herald steps forwards, reads*)

HERALD

Tylbert, son of Klaas, called Eulenspiegel, is condemned to do penance and to three years' exile from the town of Damme for malicious jests on servants of the Church. Should the aforementioned Tylbert, son of Klaas, show himself in the town before the stipulated period, he shall be subjected to a flogging or be branded on the forehead.

4. DEPARTURE FROM DAMME

(*Town gate guarded by two sentinels. At the side Nele stands and sings her song about the "Little Lamb"*).

NELE

My little white lamb,
is grazing by the stream,
it excels everything in beauty,
and is tender as the dawn.
Daisies bloom around it,
the stream shimmers through the grass,
and a nimble little beetle,
runs up a leaf.
But my little whit lamb,
does not listen to the bagpipe,
or to what I am singing,
and plucks out sorrel, too...

TYL

Mea culpa! Mea culpa! Mea culpa!

NELE

(*Rushes towards him*) You are still playing the fool; will you stop hopping about!

TYL

(*Skipping around her*) In honour of the Holy Inquisition! Half of the way I hop, the other half I crawl! I'll enter Rome on all fours!... Are you crying, Nele? (*Stands still, tries to embrace her*)

NELE

(*Pushing him away*) I am angry with you, angry, angry!

TYL

You look like the fountain in the market square! (*Embraces her*) I'll dry you off!

NELE

(*Pushing him away from her again*) I am left alone, alone! What shall I do?

TYL

You shall wait... wait...

GUARD

Ho there! You heretic! Away with you! (*Tyl takes Nele's hand and they leave closely side by side*)

NELE

You are seventeen, Tyl! You will not be back for three years!

TYL

Then you'll be seventeen...

NELE

You go away and I wait for you, you return and I welcome you back... And then you'll go away again... That's how it will always be. Oh, Tyl, how soon our lives will have passed!

TYL

We are immortal, Nele...

NELE

Be careful! They'll burn you at the stake!

TYL

I love you, Nele!

NELE

There are so many pretty ladies in the world!...

TYL

I love you, Nele!

NELE

You're going away...

TYL

Farewell!

NELE

I love you, Tyl! (*Nele remains behind while Tyl continues on his way alone. Sound of bagpipes. By the side of the road Lamme sits singing his "Lament". Tyl stops and listens*)

LAMME

Ah, my poor belly,
you are never satisfied,
And so I suffer in vain,
I must eat and drink!...
But the more I eat and drink,
the hungrier I am...
I cannot quench my thirst.
I howl with thirst!...

TYL

Just look at him! How miserable he is!...

LAMME

I am haunted like a curse,
in my dreams and in reality.
By a fat goose and gravy,
and rabbit stew...
If only my wife,
could appear just once,
she would cook me a soup. For an hour.
I'd be full, in my dream!...
O-o-oh! My wife!

TYL

(*Speaks*) Fatty, I reckon you're unsinkable.

LAMME

(*Speaks*) You must be right, since I haven't been drwoned in black beer yet. (Sings) O-o-oh! My wife!

TYL

(*Speaks*) And I am fireproof! If we stick together, even the devil can't harm us...

LAMME

(*Speaks*) What's your name?

TYL

(*Speaks*) Eulenspiegel, Klaas's son. And yours?

LAMME

I'm Lamme Goedzak. *(Sings)* Where are you, my wife? My little white partridge?

TYL

(Speaks, handing Lamme the sausage) This sausage has been a silent and faithful companion to me.

LAMME

(Speaks with his mouth crammed full) Doesn't matter. Now you've got me. *(They walk along the road, Tyl blowing his pipe, Lamme chewing the sausage).*

LAMME

My wife, where are you? Where are the tender little hands that embraced me? Why aren't you dead!

TYL

And why did she desert you?

LAMME

(Sings) How should I know! *(Speaks)* Is this ghent sausage? *(Sings)* I have lost everything, everything! She used to warble like a bird on a branch! I swept, did the laundry, washed the dishes, even ironed... And never, never did I reproach her! O-o-oh! That plump, round little neck! *(Speaks)* Sausage is very good for my stomach.

TYL

(Speaks) For mine, too

LAMME

Where are thos little eyes... that little mouth... that back... the knees that were so comfortable... that little belly?... Tyl, we'll go and look for my wife!

TYL

Let's go *(Tyl and Lamme continue on their way)*

5. PILGRIMS OF SAINT MARTIN

(The sound of bells. A procession of men and women in couples comes towards Tyl and Lamme. The women carry burning candles, the men budding twigs. The monk preceding them stops and turns to face the procession. The women move into the background. The men put coins into the monk's purse; he sprinkles them with holy water, and they compose themselves in two rows facing each other in the foreground. The women continue singing).

WOMEN

Dominus virtutum nibiscum
Susceptor noster Deus Jacob, venite et videte.

Opera domini quae posuit prodigia
super terram.

Auferent bella usque ad finem terrae,
Dominus virtutum nobiscum
Susceptor, noster Deus Jacob.

JOOST

(Pushes off his cowl and raises his hands) Brothers, let us remember the miracle of Saint Martin, who changed two oxen into bulls, by causing them to butt each other with their horns!

TYL

Lamme, look there, that's my father's brother, Uncle Joost!

JOOST

Look down, O Saint Martin, upon thy men! Shall we begin brothers! The harder you strike, the better you'll love! *(The pilgrims do not move)* Women like brawling men! Have courage, after all, you're not in your own beds! What are the sticks for, if they aren't going to serve their purpose? Forward, bravely set to! *(The pilgrims do not move)*

TYL

Lamme, here's an opportunity to strengthen our virility!

JOOST

Eunuchs! Geldings! Bastards!

TYL

Go on, prove that you're a man! *(Gives Lamme a shove. He collides with the rows of pilgrims. A shuffle begins. The women extinguish their candles, throw them on the ground and start dancing. The monk blesses the brawl).*

TYL

Forward! Lamme! Give him a punch! Bite his ear off! Lamme, you lion!... Kick him in the guts! That's it, again!... You're a real fighter!... She'll regret it, you wait and see, that she left you!... Lamme, you bull, Lamme, you tiger!... Give him a whack on the head!... Mind you don't kill him, Lamme! *(One after another the pilgrims fall down and the fighting comes to a stop. The last pilgrim, his helmet pushed down over his face, drags himself across the stage and waves his fists about. Finally he falls down, too. Lamme crawls out from the heap of bodies on all fours).*

LAMME

O-o-oh, my wife! What torments I have to suffer on your account. *(The women drag their battered men into the wings)*

JOOST

The matter is settled... Go in peace! And in nine months bring your newborn babes to be christened.

LAMME

O-o-oh, my poor neck! *(The pilgrims disappear)*

JOOST

(Speaks to Tyl) Thanks for your help, nephew!

TYL

(Speaks) A jolly trade you have there, Uncle Joost!

LAMME

O-o-oh, my back!...

JOOST

People are completely crazy. They all want to be treated for something... Tell somebody that you can heal him and he becomes your slave...

TYL

You tax foolishness. Even the Emperor hasn't thought of that one!

JOOST

We have a lot in common...

LAMME

O-o-oh! You infamous wretch! What can you have in common with the Emeror?

JOOST

He has killed, and I only let them beat each other up, but we do it only to our own asvantage! *(Tyl picks up the tambourine)*

TYL

Fools are the pillars of the state! *(Starts beating the tambourine)*

1. Ever since time began, the world has been filled with foolishness: Farmhouses and castles, are full of fools! But there would be no wise men, if there weren't any blockheads!

2. While the clever man mournfully and irritably, sits sunk in contemplation. All around him audacious fools, do as they please. But there would be no wise men, if there weren't any blockheads!

3. Many a numskull entices into his bed. Hundreds of women, and then complains to his friends, that he has become totally impotent! But there would be no wise men, if there weren't any blockheads!

4. Without the nit-wits the world would be a sad place, and we must pray to God, that as many fools as possible, be born into the world!

Because there would be no wise men, if there weren't any blockheads! *(Speaks as soon as he has finished singing)* Just mind out that you don't overstep the mark...

JOOST

(Moved) You are really grown up, Tyl!

TYL

They say that the fools on the coast don't want to be regarded as foolish any longer! They have driven out the Spaniards!

JOOST

The coast is a long way from here, my son!

TYL

I wouldn't mind going a long way to see that!

LAMME

He's going on about the Gueux again! He might have asked about my wife even once!

JOOST

You can be hanged for that sort of inquisitiveness.

TYL

We'll, then I'll be hanging closer to heaven!

JOOST

Joking apart! Go to Ghent, to the inn called "The Rainbow"...

LAMME

Ah, what a rabbit stew they make there! The Ghent as fast as we can!

JOOST

Crow like a rooster and you'll be answered. *(Gives Tyl the purse)* Give the Gueux my fool's money.

LAMME

Tyl, the main thing – there's no hurry! Pancakes with sausage come first...

TYL

(crows) Cockadoodle-do! I'll be the rooster that lays golden egg's! Fare you well!

JOOST

Fare you well! *(they separate)*

6. THE NOBLEMEN

(With wine goblets in their hands: Tenor, Baritone, Bass – Hoorn, The Prince of Orange, Egmont)

EGMONT

Prince! To the Emperor's health!

PRINCE

Our Charles is completely crazy!

EGMONT

That's exactly why I drink to his health!

HOORN

It would be better to give him an enema!... *(They all drink)*

PRINCE

In the old days they cut off the hands of thieves – that was a very effective remedy! But all the thieves of Flanders together have stolen less than the Emperor has pinched from us...

EGMONT

Quiet, Organe! Do you want to cut off the hands of God's anointed!

HOORN

(Casting dice) Senores, Senores...

PRINCE

He has troops invade Flanders! We have a big bloodbath ahead of us!

EGMONT

Only because of your Gueux!

PRINCE

They are just as Flemish as the Counts Hoorn and Egmont; that is why we should muster our troops!

EGMONT

I detest rebellions!

HOORN

(Casting dice) Senores, Senores...

PRINCE

And would you watch indifferently while your nation drowns in blood?

EGMONT

I trust the Emperor...

PRINCE

Would you trust your head to him, too?

EGMONT

Brother, my head! I entrust my honour to him!

PRINCE

Hoorn, and you?

HOORN

As the dice fall *(Casts dice)*. Alas, my Prince! I am with you, heart and soul, but I am not destined...

EGMONT

Farewell, Prince without a country!

PRINCE

Farewell, Count without a head... *(Exit)*

7. ON THE WAY TO GHENT

(Tyla and Lamme stroll along, punch each other in the stomach and sing their first "Wayfaring Duet").

TYL

1. The belly feels plump, and rumbles like a drum, when you strike it...

LAMME

The belly feels empty, and sounds like hell, when you strike it...

TOGETHER

Like rabbits in the boot, we bang away each other; The rain doesn't scare us!...

TYL

2. The fat belly rumbles, sticks out like a round pumpkin, when we fill it up...

LAMME

The empty belly is silent, and makes no sound, when we fill it up...

TOGETHER

As soon as we get to the inn, we'll eat our fill like pythons, crawl into our feather-beds, and sleep as soundly, as the bears!... *(At the end of the song Tyl and Lamme are standing before the towngate of Ghent. They speak).*

TYL

Here's Ghent! A pretty little town! Give me four pence.

LAMME

But you have them.

TYL

Joking aside, Fatty! We will not be allowed into the town without money!

LAMME

You have a bag full of gold coins!

TYL

(Gives him a kick) Forget that! Turn out your pockets.

LAMME

(Turning out his pockets) This one's empty, this one, too... Hey, what's this? *(Pulls a sausage from his trouser-pocket)*

TYL

(Kicks him again) Sausage, you greedy-guts! Could it be a present from Saint Martin? *(Another kick)*

LAMME

Only four pence for a sausage like this!...

TYL

You sneak! We won't get into the town! *(Throws him onto the ground and sits astride him)* Good night, Lamme!

LAMME

Do you intend sitting on me all night?

TYL

All night, all morning and all day tomorrow, until we enter Ghent!

LAMME

Oh God, why do I suffer such torments? Since I got involved with this madman I have been drenched in the rain, spent the night in puddles, never had enough to eat! What's happened to justice, O God?... Tyl, you're hurting me! *(The music for "The Song of the Blind Man" is heard)*

TYL

(Catches sight of something behind the wings and releases Lamme) Silence... Get up!... You're in luck, beerbelly! Not for the first time will the seeing be led by the blind. *(A procession of the blind, holding on to each other, staggers forward. Tyl and Lamme begin to sing with them and join the procession, slowly passing through the towngate.)* Egyptian darkness reigns all around, and praising the name of the Lord, we roam about the world... Ou empty purses dangle like nooses, and have walked our feet bloody, Putting our hope in God alone. We beg for food and shelter! We have to answer for Adam's sin, and cannot receive Communion, when we die and are cast at break of day, into a common grave. *(The music of the blind fades away)*

8. "THE RAINBOW" INN

(A couple of bored whores. One plays the flute, another accompanies her on harpsichord. To one side four men sit at the table, with the hostess beside them. Tyl and Lamme enter.)

TYL

(Standing on the threshold) Cock-a-doodle-doo!

HOSTESS

(To the men) Another little rooster has appeared! *(Goes up to Tyl; the girls surround Lamme)*

LAMME

It's no use, my beauties! We don't have a blue farthing!

HOSTESS

Forget about the money!

1ST GIRL

Today we love whoever we want!

2ND GIRL

And for nothing!

3RD GIRL

Isn't the plump one sweet, couldn't you eat him!

4TH GIRL

Tell us, Fatty, are you virile, too?

LAMME

Leave me alone, I'm married!

GILRS

(In chorus) He's married! Married! Isn't that a miracle, he's married!

HOSTESS

(To Tyl) Look at you, you're full of dust... Where do you come from?

TYL

From where I am no longer.

HOSTESS

And where are you going?

TYL

To where I shall be *(Embraces her)*

1ST GIRL

Only geldings stay faithful to their wives!

LAMME

I'm no gelding!

GIRLS

(In chorus) No gelding! No gelding! Isn't that a miracle, no gelding! *(They become importunate, Lamme giggles)*

HOSTESS

(To Tyl) Are you one of the simple folks, or one of the grand ones?

TYL

I am Eulenspiegel!

3RD GIRL

Which one of us do you love?

LAMME

(Tearing himself away) None of you! *(Furious)* Don't touch me! I'll get angry! Leave me alone! Let me go! O-o-oh, my trousers!

GIRLS

(In chorus) Oh, his trouwers! Oh, his trousers! What wonderful trousers!

HOSTESS

(To Tyl) Who are you looking for in Ghent?

TYL

You, my dear.

HOSTESS

You're a close one.

TYL

I'm hungry.

HOSTESS

Hang on, I'll get you something to eat.

TYL

I'd like to have a taste of you. *(Squeezes her tighter)*

2ND GIRL

Would you like to have me?

LAMME

I don't like ginger-bread!

1ST GIRL

And me?

LAMME

I don't like raw meat!

4TH GIRL

Take me, Fatty, you'll lose weight with me!

LAMME

I don't like any of you! Hands off! O-o-oh, my wife! What torments I suffer because of you!... Ouch! You're tickling!... *(The girls kiss him)*

HOSTESS

(To Tyl) Whoever takes a fancy to me will not forget me till his dying day!...

TYL

Do you want to kiss me to death!

HOSTESS

Are the Gueux afraid of death?

TYL

Gueux? You're mistaken me for someone else...

LAMME

I don't need your kisses... I'm keeping myself for my wife!

GIRLS

(In chorus) Beat him! Beat, beat, beat him! *(Throw him onto the table)*

LAMME

Damned hussies! Help! Tyl, help me!

GIRLS

(Continuing) Beat him! *(One of them slaps his behind)*

LAMME

Ouch! All right! I agree to love all of you! Without stint or stay! Just don't hit me anymore!

4TH GIRL

You should have said that right right away!

1ST GIRL

Drag him away!

3RD GIRL

Oh, my sweet little Fatty!

2ND GIRL

Mine, too! Mine, too! Mine, too!

4TH GIRL

Well, that's not very likely!

LAMME

Saint Martin, help me! *(He is carried away)*

HOSTESS

(Speaks) So you're not a Gueux?... Let me go and I'll sing something for you... *(Tyl releases her)*

Satan invented me:

I'm lecherous and pretty,
and now, without the slightest shame,
I subject men to my charms...
Soldier, nobleman and monk,
all want to go to bed with me.
But only with a full money-bag,
do they succeed in getting near me...
Like flies on a dungheap,
they whirl around in carefree circles.
But when a tattered Gueux comes by,
I send him to his death!

HOSTESS

(Speaks to the four men at the table)
The bird's in the cage! *(They stand up and approach Tyl. She sings).* You will kiss the hangman, my sweetheart!
Duke Alba pays twenty florins for each Gueux!

TYL

So you prefer corpses? *(He is seized)*

HOSTESS

You clown! What little ditty will you be singing at the stake? *(Several townsmen rush into the inn)*

1ST TOWNSMAN

(From the threshold) Cock-a-doodle-doo!

TYL

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

1ST TOWNSMAN

They have caught a Gueux! Forward, men, thrash Alba's spies!

TOWNSMEN

(In chorus) Thrash Alba's spies! Thrash Alba's spies! *(As they exclaim this phrase with increasing loudness, they begin to smash everything they can lay their hands on. Tyl is released, the spies are tied up).*

TYL

I owe you twenty florins, my beauty!

HOSTESS

(Rushing at him) I hate you!

1ST TOWNSMAN

(Holding her back) What a devil! She bites, too... Where shall we take her?

TYL

Into the cellar, together with her cronies! Let them catch rats and sell them to Alba.

1ST TOWNSMAN

Let them be eaten by the rats! *(They are taken away)*

TYL

I was looking for you. Here is money for the Prince of Orange's men.

1ST TOWNSMAN

This purse is welcome: it contains spears, guns, powder. Everything needed for freedom!

TYL

Freedom loves money... *(Lamme rushes in dresses in a shirt and a woman's bonnet)*

LAMME

Tyl, Tyl, I'm a real brick! I really gave it to them! Cursed tribe of women! They won't forget me! While you were chatting and crowing in here, I gave them a royal battle!

TYL

Just look at the brave warrior! He has conquered, and we have been passing the time agreeably!

LAMME

(Looking around him) What's going on here, Tyl?

TYL

We've been playing cat and mouse. *(Another townsman runs in)*

2ND TOWNSMAN

The nightwatch is coming!

1ST TOWNSMAN

Let us disperse without a sound.

TYL

Hurry up, Lamme! *(Seizes Lamme by the hand and pulls him towards the door)*

LAMME

My trousers!!!

TYL

Leave them as a souvenir... *(They all hurry away)*

9. KLAAS'S HOUSE

(Sootkin and Katline are trying a Carnival dress on Nele. They speak)

NELE

(Smoothing the dress) Have I grown? I am quite grown up now!

KATLINE

What's put you in such a good mood today?

NELE

I have the feeling that he is coming back today.

SOOTKIN

Of course, wherever there's a Carnival, you'll find my son.

NELE

He is coming back, isn't he? Tell me, mother!

KATLINE

Anything's possible...

KLAAS

Just like woman! They have completely forgotten that the Carnival has been announced on the occasion of the abdicating in favour of Philip.

SOOTKIN

You're constantly speaking about politics. Watch your tongue.

KLAAS

(Sings) And yet he was a good King! *(Speaks)* How I should have liked to be present at the abdication, even for a moment... Why don't you prophesy, Katline?

NELE

Please, mother, prophesy!

KATLINE

Oh, very well, then, I shall... *(Pours the magic potion into a glass and drinks it)* I see... see... *(The trio appear in the stage: Bass, Baritone, Tenor – Charles, Courtier, Philip. Charles and Philip sit, while the Courtier stands before them and reads from a scroll).*

COURTIER

...After which the Duke of Alba begs the Emperor with a tearful voice not to leave the throne. Everyone present weeps.

CHARLES

I shall offer the world an exalted spectacle, my son! I shall speak, although I have a cough and the hiccups. It will be a hard-hearted man who will be able to keep back his tears at my words.

PHILIP

I shall weep, my father.

COURTIER

Whereupon the Emperor Charles turns to the courtiers with a farewell speech.

CHARLES

My children, I have worn the crown for forty years. I have fought many battles for the honour of God and the welfare of nations. But now I am weary and it is therefore my will to confer the power upon my son, Philip. I have made many mistakes, and was often the cause of evil deeds. If I have been unjust to anyone, I beg him to forgive me, to forget the wrong: I committed it in ignorance.

COURTIER

Prince Philip kneels down: the Emperor removes the crown from his head and places it on Philip's. Sobs are heard in the ball, and exclamations: "Long live King Philip!"

CHARLES

Have you remembered everything?

PHILIP

Everything, my father.

CHARLES

Then remember one more thing: the more we mob them, the more they love us. In Flanders alone I had ten thousand sent to the stake, and now that I am abdicating, they weep. Be kind in word but harsh in deed. And when your time has passed, they will sigh and say, "Ah, but that was a good King!"

10. MOURNFUL CARNIVAL FOR THE CORONATION

(Festively arrayed townsfolk in masks trip dancingly through the streets of Damme. Meeting one another, they exchange affected words).

1ST TOWNSMAN

Congratulations! A happy festival to you!

2ND TOWNSMAN

The same to you.

3RD TOWNSMAN

Joy! Joy! It is so easy to breathe! I should like to fly like a little bird!

2ND TOWNSMAN

Fly, fly! We'll see where you perch yourself... *(They separate, walk about several times, and meet one another again)*

2ND TOWNSMAN

Congratulations! A happy festival to you!

1ST TOWNSMAN

The same to you.

3RD TOWNSMAN

Charming! Charming! A day of new, enlightened life! One would like to sing like a little bird!

1ST TOWNSMAN

Sing, little bird, sing!

2ND TOWNSMAN

When you pluck out your feathers, you'll dance! *(Klaas and Nele appear. Nele rushes up to a figure in disguise).*

NELE

Tyl! Tyl! *(She lifts his mask, but it is the Scholar)*

SCHOLAR

Honour to the King! The patron of the sciences! Vivat! Vivat!

NELE

(Dashes up to another masked figure) Tyl, is this you? *(Pulls off the mask – it is the soldier)*

SOLDIER

With king like him all we march to victory!

ALL

(Softly) Vivat!

NELE

(Stamps her feet) Tyl, where are you? *(Pulls off another's mask)*

OLD MAN

(Squeezing his wife against his side) Long live the King! The protector of the heart... of domesticity...

ALL

(Quietly) Vivat! Vivat!

NELE

There! There he is! *(Runs off. Joost, in a monk's habit, goes up to the fishmonger)*

JOOST

Tell me, where is the charcoal-burner's house?

FISHMONGER

Where it used to be... There he comes himself... Hey, Klaas, somebody's looking for you! *(Klaas and Joost approach each other. The fishmonger follows Joost, hiding behind the backs of the townspeople).*

JOOST

Good day, brother!

KLAAS

Good day, brother Joost! *(They embrace)*

JOOST

Don't mention my name. Alba's spies are after me.

KLAAS

Come indoors and tell me about it.

JOOST

The walls have ears. In the crowd nobody will notice us. *(The fishmonger is listening)* By the way, where is the good man who brought us together? *(Joost looks about him. The fishmonger immediately pulls down his mask).*

JOOST

Disappeared...

KLAAS

Thank God... *(Klaas and Joost also begin hopping about)*

JOOST

Brother, I'm leaving Flanders. I've been condemned to be burned alive.

KLAAS

I don't believe you're guilty.

JOOST

I am confiding the only treasure I have left to you. *(After these words the fishmonger hurries away. Joost takes a book from beneath his cloak).* This is a Flemish Bible. I copied it myself. Take it, if you are not afraid. *(Gives him the book)*

KLAAS

I'm not afraid.

JOOST

Since you were a child you were never afraid of anything. May God protect you! *(The fishmonger hurries forward with guards)*

FISHMONGER

There! There he is, the heretic! Catch him!

KLAAS

Flee, brother! I'll hold them off.
(Plunges at the guards. Joost vanishes into the crowd).

FISHMONGER

Arrest him! He is a traitor to the state.
He has embezzled the King's money!

KLAAS

(Seizing the fishmonger) Don't be in such a hurry, neighbour! It's a holiday today *(Claps him powerfully)*, and we have not yet embraced each other!

GUARDS

Who should we arrest? Who-o are-e-st?

FISHMONGER

Ah! Help! He's broken my ribs! *(Falls down)*

GUARDS

Arre-e-st who-o? *(Everyone freezes in confusion)*

11. KLAAS'S EXECUTION

(The town square. Crowds of onlookers. In the background the herald on a raised platform. In the foreground, with their backs to the audience, Sootkin, Nele, Katline, the Godfather. Tyl appears and goes towards Sootkin and Nele).

TYL

Someone is going to be burned here, too. Who is it? *(Nele, Sootkin, Katline and the Godfather turn around and silently look at Tyl)* Why don't you say anything?... What's going on?... Who is being burned?

GODFATHER

He will see soon enough! Let's tie him up! *(The Godfather and several men overpower Tyl and tie him up)*

TYL

What are you doing? *(The Godfather muzzles him. The crowd slowly gives way. Tyl is laid on the ground. Sootkin, Nele and Katline kneel beside him. In the passage through the crowd Klaas is seen holding a burning candle in his manacled hands. He is led on a rope by the executioner. Behind him a priest, then the herald and two guards. Klaas is slowly led to the stake in the background, bound to the stake, and the priest stretches out a crucifix for him to kiss. The pyre begins to burn and the crowd falls to its knees. Symphonic scene of the burning. The fire dies down, the crowd goes up to prostrate Tyl).*

GODFATHER

He is dead... *(Removes Tyl's bonds)*
Pray!

SOOTKIN

There is the informer!

TYL

(In a loud whisper) The fishmonger!

FISHMONGER

(Speaks) Tyl, my boy, I only did my duty as a faithful subject. And I shall continue doing it until the end! *(To the guards)* Here are the widow and the son of the executed heretic. Arrest them! *(The guards seize Tyl and Sootkin)*

12. THE TRIAL OF TYL AND SOOTKIN

(Torture-chamber. Tyl and Sootkin are tied to the rack. Before them stand the executioner and the judge).

JUDGE

The witness has testified that he escaped heretic gave his most precious treasure to the executed man. By law it belongs to the King. Answer me, where is the money?

SOOTKIN

We have no money, Judge sir!

TYL

I know where the money is!

JUDGE

Speak!

TYL

Last year I lost four pence in front of the gates of Ghent. Send the hangman to fetch them, they're still lying there!

HANGMAN

You make pretty jokes; I... like folk like that.

TYL

Is the King so poor then, that he has to swindle even the dead?!

SOOTKIN

Don't listen to him; he doesn't know what he is saying!

JUDGE

Let us begin with the woman, because there is no son so cruel that he can see his mother suffer without confessing his crime...

HANGMAN

Mother's don't like it either, when their dear little children...

JUDGE

Get on with it! *(The hangman stretched Sootkin on the rack)*

TYL

Have pity on the widow. Take me instead!

SOOTKIN

Think of the fishmonger! *(The hangman shakes Sootkin)*

TYL

You are tearing her skin off! Have pity! Have pity!

SOOTKIN

The fishmonger!

JUDGE

Where is the money hidden?

SOOTKIN

We have no money! *(The hangman shakes her)*

TYL

You have broken her arms! Me, take me!

SOOTKIN

The fishmonger!

TYL

It hurts! Have pity, your honours! *(Sootkin's head drops forward)*

JUDGE

Since this woman possesses the toughness of a man, let her courage be tested before the torture of her son. *(The hangman stretches Tyl on the rack)* Confess.

TYL

We have no money! *(Sootkin raises her head. The hangman shakes Tyl)*

SOOTKIN

Let him go! Do not torment him!

JUDGE

Where is the money?

TYL

The fishmonger

SOOTKIN

Don't touch him! Don't touch him!

JUDGE

Bring the glowing coals closer.

SOOTKIN

Have mercy on the boy!

JUDGE

Closer.

TYL

The fishmonger!

SOOTKIN

Take away the coals!

JUDGE

Even closer!

SOOTKIN

Take them away!

TYL

The fishmonger!!

JUDGE

Mention the place where the money is hidden!

TYL

Fishmonger, fishmonger, fishmonger!

SOOTKIN

You have burnt his feet. Have mercy, your honours! *(Tyl sinks his head)*

HANGMAN

Mother, confess in his stead, come along!

SOOTKIN

The fire, take the fire away! *(Collapses)*

HANGMAN

I've grown tired of this.

JUDGE

I am tired too. *(Tyl comes to)*

TYL

God will reward your mercy, Sir Hangman.

HANGMAN

The woman has... died... yes... *(Releases Tyl from the rack and lays him beside Sootkin)*

TYL

(Groans) Mother... Mother... Mother!... *(The light gradually brightens. Tyl is lying on the stage. Two figures are dimly seen: the baritone - Christ, clothes in sack-cloth, and the Virgin Mary, in a long robe with a crown on her head).*

1. CHRIST

Stand up...

TYL

My feet have been burnt...

CHRIST

Stand up, man! *(Tyl raises himself, walks a few steps)*

TYL

It doesn't hurt! And my arms have been healed! O God, am I dreaming? *(At the side, and less tall than the baritone and the Virgin, the bass [Satan] is seen in a beam of light, dressed in a red garment)*

SATAN

You have been dreaming all your life and have just woken up...

VIRGIN

Be comforted: your mother and your father now dwell among the righteous, for they suffered torments on earth although they were innocent.

TYL

O God, why is there so much suffering and untruth on earth?

SATAN

The world is still ignorant and wallows in evil like a swine in a stinking mud-hole.

TYL

Must it always be like that?

VIRGIN

Be comforted: the day will come when the world becomes a land of milk and honey, and there will be no more suffering and falsehood.

TYL

I will not live to see it. I have committed many sins and shall not be among the righteous. *(To Satan)* I suppose I shall have to go with you, your honour.

SATAN

I do not need you *(Vanishes)*

TYL

Neither in Hell, not in Paradise, and there's no way back to earth, either.

CHRIST

And what do you intend to do on earth?

TYL

I shall wreak vengeance!

CHRIST

Poor man! Evil breeds evil, and whoever sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind... You wish to kill...

TYL

O God, I have lived as I could, darkly and uncleanly: I knew neither truth nor mercy. Here I stand before you... what shall I do?

CHRIST

Your world is filled with blood and tears. In my name men are tortured and executed. The world has forgotten what goodness and joy are, justice and light-heartedness. It waits for you!

TYL

Klaas's ashes choke my heart!

CHRIST

Keep your eyes open and go... go! *(Curtain)*

END OF ACT I

ACT II

(Tyl and Lamme are sitting beside the road, Lamme sings a song, accompanying it by playing on his lips)

2. LAMME

Beyond the far, warm sea,
Lies a blissful land;
Rivers of beer flow there,
And food lies about in heaps.
Roast geese walk about,
And fly into your mouth by themselves.
Trout ripen on the branches.
And the ponds are filled with stewed fruit.
Cakes lie on the roofs,
Like fallen leaves.
And an egg walks about on little legs,
According to the laws of nature;
And wine rains from the sky,
Instead of the wet rain,
And with their faces turned Heavenward,
Spongers lie, as if they were princes...

TYL

You're grousing again!

LAMME

I can't bear it any longer! O God, why, why? Why are you angry with me?

TYL

You eat too much...

LAMME

I ache with hunger, I freeze, spend the night in puddles. I let bullets whizz past my head... what for?

TYL

Get up, come!

LAMME

And what, what are we really looking for?

TYL

The Prince of Orange and freedom...

LAMME

We're looking for the Prince, but what we'll find will be the gallows or the stake!

TYL

Well, then you can warm yourself...

LAMME

Everybody is crying, "Freedom, freedom!" But where is this damned freedom? Have you seen it?

TYL

Quiet!...

LAMME

O God, I need so little – a warm lodging, a dinner, a bed... where are you, my wife, my little partridge! I'll go no further!

TYL

You are lucky fellow, Lamme. You were not tortured, your house has not been plundered, your father wasn't burnt at the stake and your mother didn't die on the rack. You are deaf and blind. Go home, you walking belly...

LAMME

And you, Tyl?

TYL

Klaas's ashes choke my heart...

LAMME

Forgive me, Tyl! *(Sobs)* I'm a pig! *(Speaks)* Let's have something to eat. I have become so sad. *(Starts preparing something to eat. Military drums are heard)* Tyl, what is that?

TYL

The Spaniards!... *(A squad of Spanish soldiers comes down the road. Tyl and Lamme are subjected to a rain of kicks and blows that are meted out to them without any trace of emotion. They are both robbed of everything they have. The soldiers leave them lying by the roadside).*

LAMME

(Stands up, rubs his hips and speaks) You're right, Tyl! We need freedom! There is absolutely no respect for people. What are you lolling about for, come, let's go and look for the Gueux.

TYL

(Gets up, speaks) How quickly you have been healed of blindness and deafness; this remedy should have been prescribed for half of Flanders.

LAMME

Lead the way! *(They stride forward, beating their bellies).*

TYL

Duke Alba is a lousy dog –
May the devil take him,
he feeds on carrion!

LAMME

Philip of Spain is a lousy dog –
May Satan take him,
he feeds on carrion...

BOTH

Their predatory dregs,
Imperial offspring,
Will roast in Hell!...

TYL

The Spanish Cardinak is cruel,
he burns and flays the poor people.
The noose is impatiently awaiting him!

LAMME

The Roman Pope, the old fool,
Permits debauchery in the churches.
The noos is impatiently awaiting him!

BOTH

Their holy Fathers,
Catholic abortions,
who bring Philip together with the devil,
will roat in Hell!... *(Exit)*

3. KATLINE'S HOUSE

(Nele alone. She opens a chest, rummages in it, does not find what she is looking for and slams the lid down. Places a stool before the cupboard and looks into the top drawer. Finds Katline's phial. Katline appears, and Nele quickly replaces the phial).

KATLINE

Nele, what are you looking for?

NELE

The grinder. I want to bake some buns.
We still have some barley left...

KATLINE

It's right before your eyes!... *(Nele takes the grinder; looks through the window).*

NELE

The mills look as if they have all gone to sleep. They stand sterc like crucifixes... *(Shakes the grain into the hand-mill and sit by the hearth).*

KATLINE

Why should they beat their sails to no purpose. Because of the war no one has sown. There'll be a famine this winter... *(Nele start grinding).*

NELE

The windmills' sails don't move,
and the fields lie forgotten...
Breathing the bitter smell of dust,
I await you by the roadside...

KATLINE

You cannot lie...

NELE

The sluggish canals stop flowing,
time stops moving on,
spring and autumn pass by again,
but I have been waiting for many years...

KATLINE

As long as I am alive, don't you touch the magic potion!

NELE

Yet your roving has no end!
I look into the distance with longing,
and bless my waiting,
wishing no other fate...

KATLINE

Poor girl! Your youth will pass, and that madman will be wondering about God knows where!...

NELE

Mother, I shall die if I cannot know how he is. I don't even know whether he is alive.

KATLINE

Very well, I'll prophecy... Lock the door...

NELE

Hurry, hurry Mother! *(Katline takes down the little flask. Sound of muffled mourning drums)*

KATLINE

I see... see... A big square... A crowd of people... And there's Tyl, too... And the fatguts beside him...

NELE

What are they doing?

KATLINE

Looking at the scaffold... Counts Egmont and Hoorn are being executed... *(The lights go down. The trio appears on the stage: Tenor – Hoorn; Baritone – executioner with a sword; Bass – Egmont).*

EXECUTIONER

Who's first?

HOORN

Toss a coin and you'll find out!

EGMONT

I am indebted to Hoorn. Let me go first. *(The executioner binds his eyes).*

EXECUTIONER

Egmont, on your knees! *(Egmont kneels)*

HOORN

This is the reward for loyalty!... *(The executioner raises the sword. The lights dim... Return to Katline's house. Katline and Nele are sitting, as before, by the hearth. The fishmonger is standing in the doorway).*

FISHMONGER

Katline, would you lend me a little salt... as a neighbour? *(They vanish)*

4. THE BATTLE

(The deck of a ship. Among the Gueux, the Admiral, and Tyl and Lamme with cooks' caps on their heads).

GUEUX
Senor, hypocrite and judge,
informer and thieves,
flaying the common man alive,
like plunderers rob the dead!

SAILOR
(From the mast) Spaniards, the
Spaniards are coming! *(A Spanish ship
comes into sight)*

ADMIRAL
Alarm! Half sail! Veer to the right! *(The
ships come alongside one another)*

GUEUX
Murderers searching in corners,
rummaging in farmyards,
and leave only tattered trousers,
hanging on behinds!

LAMME
The roast is burning again!

ADMIRAL
Light the fuse!

TYL
Lamme, get below deck! Or else you'll
serve as bacon!

GUEUX
Let us raise the tattered breeches,
like flags over our heads!
All the bridges have been torn down,
let the battle rage.
let the battle rage!

LAMME
On no account! I'll fight!

TYL
Lamme, you lion! Lamme, you tiger!
(Gives him a ladle) Here's your sword!
(Puts a saucepan on his head) And
here's your helmet!

ADMIRAL
Board her! Forward, Gueux! *(The ships
collide)*

GUEUX
Strike, strike hard, strike!

SPANIARDS
Matalos!

TYL
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

GUEUX
Board!

SPANIARDS
Jota la bana!

ADMIRAL
Forward, Gueux!

GUEUX
Strike!

SPANIARDS
Vamos! Vamos!

ADMIRAL
Orange and freedom!

SPANIARDS
Viva Espana!

GUEUX
Orange and freedom!

SPANIARDS
Matalos!

TYL
Cock-a-doodle-doo! *(He is the first to
leap onto the yard of the Spanish
vessel)*

I had a vision of you in God's hands,
Even before time, in the darkness of
creation,
and in the birth-shriek, and in the first
swallow,
Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!
I hallowed hope, in bloody vapour,
defying death, I shall seek you all my
life,
and when I fall I shall rise again,
Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!

SPANIARDS
Matalos!

GUEUX
Kill them! Rather the Sultan than the
Pope!

SPANIARDS
La Cruz and San-lago!

ADMIRAL
Forward, Gueux!

SPANIARDS
Viva Espana!

GUEUX
Orange and freedom!

SPANIARDS
(Speaking in chorus) Rej-papa, rej-
papa, rej-papa...

GUEUX
(Speaking in chorus) Fland-ers, Fland-
ers, Fland-ers!!! *(The Spaniards fall
silent. They are defeated).* Fland-ers,
Fland-ers, Fland-ers... Strike them
down!

SPANIARDS
*(Throwing down their arms and
surrendering)* No remidos!...

TYL
(Shouts) Victory!

ADMIRAL
(Shouts) Victory!

LAMME
(Shouts) Victory!

GUEUX
(Shouts) Victory! *(the battle is over).*

5. THE DEATH OF KATLINE

*(Procession. At the head, Katline in a
sack-cloth shift and with a candle in
her hand. She is led by the hangman,
followed by the judge, the fishmonger,
several guardsmen, Nele, the
Godfather and a group of monks. In
the foreground three townsmen – the
ones from the Carnival-Scene).*

1ST TOWNSMAN
That villainous fishmonger. He has
informed one someone again.

2ND TOWNSMAN
Klaas's money give's him no peace!

3RD TOWNSMAN
Oh, get along with you! He caught her
practising witchcraft! Any one of us, as
good churchgoers and citizens,
would...

1ST TOWNSMAN
Speak for yourself, my friend!

2ND TOWNSMAN
Come now, please! She isn't a witch!
Have you ever heard that Katline
bewitched a child, destroyed livestock
or dried up a nurse's milk?

3RD TOWNSMAN
God's court will decide! An honest
Christian will drown!

1ST TOWNSMAN
Yes, because he's honest!

3RD TOWNSMAN
Witches are difficult to kill. You can tie
their hands, throw them into the
water, and they'll swim!

2ND TOWNSMAN
And when they come up, they're
burnt... *(The hangman ties Katline's
hands and throws her into the canal.
Everyone waits attentively for a while).*

NELE
She is drowning, drowning! Help! Help!

GODFATHER
She is not a witch!

TOWNSMAN

Not a witch! Not a witch! *(Some of them rush to the canal and pull Katline out. She is laid on the ground. Nele sits beside her. Everyone else leaves. Katline does not move, then she turns her head).*

KATLINE

Nele, what is the time?

NELE

It has just struck eight...

KATLINE

I cannot see anything. Lift my head. *(Nele raises her head)* Have they gone?

NELE

Yes, Mother, they have gone. We are alone...

KATLINE

And what is around us? I see nothing!...

NELE

A boy is driving some geese before him...

KATLINE

What else?

NELE

A boat is sailing on the canal...

KATLINE

What else? Speak, Nele!...

NELE

A monk has just ridden by on a donkey...

KATLINE

What else, what else, Nele?

NELE

A swarm of ravens is circling over the wood...

KATLINE

And away in the distance?

NELE

The sun is setting, it is big, red...

KATLINE

I see! It's my life that is fleeing away, Nele...

NELE

Don't leave me, don't leave me!... Look, there are some fishermen coming with their nets, the herd is coming home... and the first star is shining! Look, look, Mother!!

KATLINE

Sell the silver chandelier, lock up the house and go in search of Tyl! *(She dies. The lights slowly dim).*

6. THE GALLOWES

(The liberated town is celebrating the victory of the Gueux with dancing, drinking and merry-making. Lamme circles about with a leg of mutton on his arm; beside him Tyl with a flask coveted with wickerwork; Gueux from the ship. A group of captive monks is led in, tied together with a large noose. Tyl goes up to them and holds out the flask and the leg of mutton he has snatched from Lamme).

1ST GUEUX

Why are you giving them food, Tyl? They're going to be hanged, any way.

LAMME

Right! We can use it ourselves!

TYL

What do you mean, hanged? The Admiral gave his word that all prisoners would be freed.

2ND GUEUX

Monks aren't prisoners. I would strangle them all with my own hands!

1ST GUEUX

Into the canal with them! Let them eat herrings!

TYL

One does not kill prisoners!

2ND GUEUX

If you were their prisoner, they'd roast you alive!

LAMME

Enough of that, come, let's have a drink!

1ST GUEUX

And I say, throw the monks into the canal!

LAMME

Tyl, Tyl! Let's go and find my wife!

GUEUX

Into the canal with the monks! Into the canal!

TYL

The Admiral gave his word!!

GUEUX

Hang them! Hang them! *(They hurl themselves at the monks)*

TYL

(Drawing his dagger) Get back!! A Gueux's word is as good as gold! *(The Admiral enters)* A Gueux's word is no longer as good as gold!

ADMIRAL

Dammit! The people demand it!

TYL

A Gueux's word is no longer as good as gold!

ADMIRAL

You really are a traitor!

TYL

A Gueux's word is no longer as good as gold!

ADMIRAL

Enough! Strangle the monks in the barn and hang this villain in the market place! *(The monks are led away. Tyl is bound. The Gueux hastily erect a gallows).*

LAMME

Your honour! Forgive him! He took possession of the Spanish ship!

ADMIRAL

He is a traitor!

LAMME

He was the first one to enter the town!

ADMIRAL

Traitor!

LAMME

His mother and father were executed.

ADMIRAL

Is that true? *(Tyl is silent)*... Let him make a confession and admit that I am right.

TYL

A Gueux's word is no longer as good as gold! *(He is placed beneath the gallows)*

LAMME

(Kneeling before Tyl) Confess, Tyl, confess! What does it matter to you, anyway?

TYL

A Gueux's word is no longer as good as gold!

LAMME

Blockhead! Stupid fool! You're going to be hanged in a minute! Confess, you accursed ass! Confess, I beg you!

ADMIRAL

Give me some wine! *(He is handed a goblet. He flings his purse to the ground. Without putting his lips to the goblet, he throws it down).* Hang him! *(Tyl is placed on a stool and a noose is put around his neck. Nele breaks free from the crowd, runs up to Tyl and throws her arms round his legs).*

NELE

Stop! This person belongs to me!

ADMIRAL

What is that you said?

NELE

I take him for my husband!

ADMIRAL

Hang him!...

GUEUX

Mercy! Mercy!

1ST GUEUX

According to ancient law and usage, a girl saves a condemned man if she takes him for her husband!

GUEUX

Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!

ADMIRAL

Very well then, may God be his witness! Untie him! *(Exit. Lamme picks up the purse. Tyl is released. Tyl, Lamme and Nele dance around the gallows).*

TYL

Everyone hunts him down,
and wants to impale him.
But he escaped into a brothel,
and contributed his share...
There is no point in fearing death –
You'll stay alive if you're lucky!
Now the hangman cast the noose
around his neck,
and skilfully hoisted him up high.
But he tweaked fate's nose,
and the rope broke...
Hack, choke, draw the quarter,
boil in oil –
We have wnough masters in that;
The stakes go on burning unceasingly...
There is no point in fearing death –
You'll stay alive if you're lucky!
(During the last strophe the crowd slowly disperses).

TYL

You're all invited to the wedding!

LAMME

We'll treat you all to food and drink.
After all, I picked up the purse!
(Throws the Admiral's purse into the air)

HANGMAN

(Handing Tyl the noose) Here, take this. My wedding gift! *(About to leave)*

TYL

Wait a minute! Where are you going? I am not angry with you!

HANGMAN

I would stay with pleasure, but the monks are impatiently waiting for me. And I don't drink on duty! *(Exit)*

2ND GUEUX

Come, let's go and watch the monks being hanged! *(Runs off)*

1ST GUEUX

I'm coming, too! *(Also runs off)*

3RD GUEUX

(Comes running up with a pail)
Brothers, the wine-cellars in the monastery have been broken into! There's plenty of wine there! Enough to last for a year! Bring buckets, barrels! *(Runs off, followed by several others)*

TYL

Where are you going? I invite you all to the wedding!

4TH GUEUX

(Comes running in with a mirror in a precious frame) Why are you standing around here? The Spaniards' houses are all empty! *(Runs off)*

5TH GUEUX

Tyl, you begin, we'll come later! *(Runs off)*

6TH GUEUX

Ah, what a lovely frame! I'd like to have one like this, too! Let's go move on! *(Tyl, Nele and Lamme are left alone on the stage)*

LAMME

Can you believe it! They've all gone running off... *(Tyl stand motionless)*

NELE

Tyl, you are here, I am here, your friend Lamme is here: I don't need anyone else.

LAMME

Don't be upset; we'll celebrate it as it should be, quietly and peacefully. And as for the eats, leave that to me! Come. Let's find a tavern! *(Tyl is silent)*

NELE

Tyl, Ty-y-! Snap out of it! Just look at yourself! *(She takes his head between her hands, looks into his eyes, thrusts him away)* And this is supposed to be Eulenspiegel? A disgrace! *(Tears the rope from his shoulder and strikes him on the back)* Come to your senses! *(The next part is spoken)*

TYL

Ha-ha! Just imagine, he can't live without a frame! Ha-ha-ha! *(Lets himself drop to the ground)*

LAMME

(To Nele) Look at him, he is his old self again! Hurrah!

NELE

Hurrah! *(Tyl seizes Nele's and Lamme's legs. They fall on top of him. A scuffle begins)*

TYL

I want something to eat!

LAMME

Let's go to the taverns!

TYL

I want to get drunk!

NELE

Hurrah! I want some Burgundy!

TYL

And I want love!

NELE

Tyl, give me a kiss!

LAMME

I want love, too. Fat old Lamme also wants to kiss! *(Sings)* Where are you, my wife?... My little partridge!... *(The sounds of a lute are heard in the distance)* What is that?

WOMAN'S VOICE

The Holy Virgin has
a marvellous garden in heaven;
Six angels protect this garden,
from stormy weather.
Ah, my sins do not allow me,
to frolic in the garden.

LAMME

That's her song!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Only the souls of the just.
flutter about among the flowers,
and smell the violets,
and roses without thorns.
Ah, my sins do not allow me,
to frolic in the garden.

LAMME

It's her voice, too!

WOMAN'S VOICE

God's creatures,
sing of rest and peace.
They never fade or wilt,
and never grow old.
Ah, my sins do not allow me,
to frolic in the garden.

LAMME

It is her, my wife! Ka-a-le-e-ken!
(Dashes into the house from which the song came. Tyl and Nele wait for a while)

NELE

Let's go Tyl...

TYL

Lamme will be back soon!

NELE
He'll be back only to go away for good...

TYL
Perhaps... *(Lamme comes bounding out of the house)*

LAMME
Huraah! I have found her! The hour for lawful love has come! *(Notices Tyl's sadness)* Forgive me, Tyl. I leave you in God's hands. And I leave the fight for freedom in God's hands, too – I can't do anything more for it. Forgive me, Tyl. I grumbled a lot, and ate even more. I was a coward, I snored in my sleep... But I always loved you... *(Tyl is silent)* Look, I'm old, bold. I have been with you for twenty years. You don't change, but I grow older for both of us... I am tired, I can't go on. Farewell, Tyl... I will always remember you. *(Takes a sausage from his shirt and hands it to Tyl, then hurries off)*

TYL
Now I have your wedding-present, too... Let's go, Nele...

NELE
Let's go...

7. PHILIP'S DREAM

(The tenor – Philip – asleep in an armchair. Baritone and bass – Public Prosecutor and Judge – dressed in full array).

BARITONE
A ruler who has ruined his people! A ruler who has drowned his subjects in blood! A wolf on the throne!

BASS
He should be dethroned!

TENOR
(Suddenly awaking) Curse it! They are here again, the devils!

BARITONE
The King is a perjurer, hypocrite, blackmailer!

BASS
He should be dethroned!

TENOR
The same dream, the same torment as when I'm awake!

BARITONE
The King – a hangman! The King – an infanticide, a vulture!

BASS
He should be dethroned!

TENOR
Away! Begone, offspring of Satan! I do not fear you!

BARITONE
Let him be dethroned!

BASS
Let him be dethroned! *(The phrase is repeated, growing gradually softer. They all vanish).*

8. ON THE SEASHORE

(Dawn. The cry of seagulls. Tyl and Nele asleep on the sand. Nele is the first to awaken).

NELE
Dawn is breaking already, Tyl!

TYL
The first dawn, Nele... not a soul about, and the seagulls cry...

NELE
I am happy! Our wedding-bells...

TYL
The sea!...

NELE
Our bed!...

TYL
The earth!

NELE
Our roof...

TYL
The sky!

NELE
Yesterday, I had hardly arrived in the town when I heard, "A Gueux is being hanged, a Gueux is being hanged!". If anyone is being hanged, it must be Eulenspiegel. I ran as fast as I could!

TYL
And you came just in time!

NELE
Could I have come too late?

TYL
No, you couldn't have...

NELE
You have remained the same. You were just like this when you first went away...

TYL
You haven't changed either...

NELE
How old are you, Tyl?

TYL
Seventeen, and you?

NELE
Fourteen... I have been fourteen for years!...

TYL
Let us go, my wife.

NELE
Let us go... Farewell, seagulls! Farewell, ships! Farewell, sea! *(They go. Tyl whistles)* I want us to grow old together. I want us to have a house and hearth, a table, and bread on the table... I am tired of my youth. *(Tyl stops whistling)*

TYL
(Speaks) We're going to Damme, my wife...
For centuries the river has borne, its waters to the dark Ocean, and eternity, timelessly moving on, expects neither happiness nor care... But we scurry by like a dream, and no one remembers us.

NELE
I can already see the belfry!

TYL
A stone has lain on the road, for thousands of years... The footsteps of countless travellers, have left no mark on it. But we scurry by like a dream, and no one remembers us.

NELE
The towngate; here we said goodbye.

TYL
The great open sky shines, slowly the clouds sail on, and the sun feeds the fields and the woods, with warmth, as if it were bread. But we scurry by like a dream, and no one remembers us. *(As the end of the verse Tyl and Nele are standing in Klaas's courtyard. Twilight).*

9. KLAAS'S COURTYARD

(The house is destroyed. Heaps of earth are everywhere. Tyl and Nele gaze at the ruins for a while).

TYL
There's the house you longed for... You will never have a roof over your head, a table and bread on the table. Everything is destroyed.

NELE

The hearth is undamaged. And so is the well. We'll begin all over again... hearth and well...

TYL

The whole yard has been dug up. Someone was looking for something here! *(Enter the fishmonger, who has gone incane, with a spade in his hand)*

NELE

Tyl, look... A person!...

FISHMONGER

Where, where, where did he bury the money? I can smell it! Here, close by!... Dig, dig! I'll start again!... *(Digs)* Cursed money, there's blood on it – it has been hiding from me for twenty years!... Dig, dig!...

NELE

But it's the fishmonger! *(The fishmonger turns round and hurls himself at them)*

FISHMONGER

(Swinging his spade) Bandits! Thieves! Away, away! It is my money! Mine by law! The King gave it to me! Away! *(Tyl tears the spade away from him)* I recognize you – you are the son of a man who was executed! *(Shrinks from Tyl who approaches him threateningly)* Don't kill me! I haven't found the money yet... It hides itself! Wait, don't kill me!

NELE

Tyl, he is out of his mind! *(Tyl throws the spade aside)*

FISHMONGER

(Shrinking farther away from Tyl) I am not guilty! I did my duty! Spare me... I'll give you half of it!! *(Falls into the well)*

NELE

(Running to the well) He has drowned!

TYL

That is what I intended... Now there is no more well! Now there is nothing left, not even an enemy! What shall we do?

NELE

I'll prophesy... *(Takes out the phial of Katline's magic potion. Drinks)*

TYL

Give me some, too... I want to see with my own eyes... *(Drinks. They both lie down on the ground and go to sleep. Pantomime of a "spent life")*

10 FINALE

(Spacious, open country. Tyl and Nele are lying as before. Nele awakens, looks about her, speaks).

NELE

Wake up! *(Tries to awaken him)* Wake up, now!... Why are you so silent?... Enough of this! You have given me a fright!... Get up quickly, embrace me! I'm afraid!... *(Shakes Tyl)* Your hands are so cold!... Wake up, wake up!... Could it be that cursed magic drink?... O God, what is the matter?! Tyl!!! *(Organ music. Nele falls on Tyl's body. The organ dies away. Nele is sitting motionless with the dead Tyl in her arms).*

NELE

(Groans) Tyl, wake up... Wake up... Tyl... Wake up. *(She falls silent. The tenor, baritone and bass, all dressed as townsmen. They are pulling a cart on which the stage properties from former scenes are heaped. They stop not far from Tyl and Nele. They take Tyl out Nele's arms and lay him on the ground).*

BASS

(To the baritone) Fetch the spade. *(To the tenor)* You be the priest. *(The tenor puts on the priest's vestments, the baritone takes a spade from the cart and begins to dig a grave)*

BARITONE

(To the tenor) Say the prayer for the dead...

TENOR

(Monotonously) Requiem qeternam dona eis, et lux prepetua dona eis... etc.

BARITONE

(Continuing to dig, singing) Latin again. Eulenspiegel could not hear it. Speak in our own language! *(The tenor continues)*

BASS

What is the baptiste name of the diseased?

NELE

(Totally motionless) Tylbert...

BASS

Tylbert, do you renounce the devil and all his works?

NELE

I renounce him.

BASS

Do you renounce wrath and enmity?

Nele

I renounce them.

BASS

Do you renounce evil and blood?

Nele

I renounce them.

BASS

Do you renounce death?

TYL

(Motionless) I renounce it! *(The baritone stops digging the grave, the tenor stops intoning the prayer)*

BASS

Tylbert, do you believe in good?

TYL

(Lying on the ground) I believe!

BASS

Do you believe in love?

TYL

(Sitting up) I believe!

BASS

Do you believe in joy and freedom?

TYL

(Stands up) I believe!

BASS

Do you believe in life?

TYL

(Leaping up) I believe! I believ! I, Eulenspiegel, believe in good! Believe in joy and love! Believe in freedom! Life and faith! *(All five take hands, start dancing and leave the stage dancing).*

THE END