

ORPHEUS AND EURIDICE

When Orpheus went down to the regions below
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Euridice free.

All hell was astonished a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far, but how vast their surprise
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault
Old Pluto had puzzl'd his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquished his heart,
And pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art:
Such power had music in hell.

O PODER DA MÚSICA (ou Orfeu e Eurídice)

Aos infernos desceu um Orfeu infeliz,
viagem a humanos vedada.
Afinou sua lira – a lenda assim diz –
em busca da Eurídice amada.

Todo o inferno, assombrado diante da empresa
sem ver um motivo qualquer,
aumentou inda mais o espanto e a surpresa:
buscava sua própria mulher!

Quis achar punição à altura da falta
Plutão, essa velha raposa,
mas não tinha no inferno tortura mais alta
e assim... devolveu-lhe a esposa.

Mas a arte de Orfeu acabou por vencer.
O velho Plutão ficou terno.
E tomou-a de volta. Tão grande é o poder
da música, mesmo no inferno.