freely, as a recitative

For herself she often wonders what her life had been without that

voice for channel to her soul, she says, it must have

leaped through all her limbs, made a Mae-nad made her snatch a brand and fire, fire some

for-est that her rage might mount in crashing roaring flames through

half a land. Leaving her still and patient for a-

while For a while "Poor wretch!" she says of

an y, an y mur-der-essss sss "The world was cru-el, cru-el and she could not sing
I carry my revenge in my throat

I love to sing

and am loved again
loved again