

AQUILEIA A CAPELLA

Knots in a Mosaic

The five songs

(Each has its own melody which nevertheless dovetails with each of the other melodies. Each song is written to be sung from the first line to the last or from the last line to the first. All possible configurations of solo, duet, trio, quartet and quintet are explored by the libretto):

The Martyr

Why must we all sound off at once?
How can we hear what each other is saying?
Seriously.
I can't catch a single word.

Why can't we just speak one at a time?
This, well, it's a cacophony.
I can't get a word in edgeways.
What?

What, what did you say?
Why do you hold forth so much?
Let me have my way.
Let me have my say and then.

Then you may reply.
I'm quite prepared to listen.
But no one ever listens here.
No one takes anything in.

No one ever attends to what I have to say.
If I had my way.
I would have your tongues cut out.
I would slit your larynxes.



The Knot

I am all knotted up inside.
Life just seems an endless knot.
Give me a knot with its own ends anytime.
A knot with ends can be undone.

The endless knot, the endless knot.
You follow it through all its twists back to where you began.
You set out on a relationship and find yourself tied up.
Horribly.

You form a team and the team becomes a knot.
I know there are lots and lots of knots.
Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches
Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.

I'll noose me a knot for my neck or for yours.
There's nothing good to be said for a knot.
A knot such as that in which I find myself.
It's a maze in which I'm lost of course.

Stop, it's no use tugging
Tugging only makes it tighter.
Get me a Gordian knife, I say.
I've got to slice this knot.



The Willow

I love to undo my hair.
Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.
Away with responsibilities.
I just want to travel.

Darling, let's loosen our stays. Dance in a loose and rootless way. Let's just touch,
engage, depart.
Keep things light and gay.

Disentangle all your sad entanglements.
Ask for an open embrace.
Don't get in too deep.
Don't allow yourself to get tied down.

Come to me, I'll give you a massage.
Let me release your knotted flesh.
Let me just steal up on you.
Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers.

I can undo you better than she can.
Let me get you to unwind.
Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.
First, let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.



The Tower

So let me now hold forth.
I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.
I speak with justification.
I speak with a certain resonance.

Reverberate, I reverberate.
It makes what I say sound significant.
There is a certain timbre to my tone.
Of course I speak for myself alone.

There's a quality to what I have to say.
People choose to echo my views.
Even when I speak in riddles.
Speak in riddles just to tease.

People repeat what I say.
They try to describe the way I sound.
My voice has a certain character.
My voice assumes I stand my ground.

I stand my ground, I take the stage.
They heed my voice with bated breath.
My voice overwhelms all others.
I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.



The Cypress

The road takes its toll.
And the bell tolls.
The road seeks my shade.
As it goes from bell to bell

From bell to bell I go.
Spirit of the road.
Hear the bell toll.
I know what you know.

The bell takes its toll.
The bell tolls for the road.
The one road we know.
For whom the bell must toll.

I mark you your road.
I bring you your next bell.
The road brings you nearer.
Nearer to the bell.

A long straight road.
A deep dark bell.
Mark you the bell.
As you lie beneath my shade.

The mosaics constitute hypothetical floor movement plans for duets, trios and quartets.

The cast:

The Martyr:

The Knot:

The Willow

The Tower

The Cypress

When singing in duets, trios or quartets, each performer (except for the *Tower*) should imagine walking a path delineated by the mosaic knots.

The Martyr: Soprano – Aeolian mode

The Knot: Tenor – Phrygian mode

The Willow: Alto – Mixolydian mode

The Tower: Bass – Lydian mode

The Cypress: Countertenor – Locrian mode

Originally floor patterns were devised so that while singing the singers would walk the patterns of the knots, a duet walking the two strand pattern, a trio walking the three strand pattern, and so on. However, it proved far too difficult for the singers both to keep to the script and its notation and to perform these complex patterns – so an audio-visual accompaniment has been devised, while the singers give a concert performance. The libretto still retains instructions for the walking patterns in certain places.

ACT 1

The Cypress (as he/she sings, the Knot lays out the five coins needed for a duet):

C: The road takes its toll.
And the bell tolls.
The road seeks my shade.
As it goes from bell to bell.

The Martyr and the Knot:

Together - M: Why must we all sound off at once?

K: I am all knotted up inside.

Together - M: How can we hear what each other is saying?

K: Life just seems an endless knot.

Together - M: Seriously.

K: Give me a knot with its own ends anytime.

Together - M: I can't catch a single word.

K: A knot with ends can be undone.

M: Why must we all sound off at once?

How can we hear what each other is saying?

Seriously.

I can't catch a single word.

K: The endless knot, the endless knot.

M: Why can't we just speak one at a time?

K: You follow it through all its twists back to where you began.

M: This, well, it's a cacophony.

K: You set out on a relationship and find yourself tied up.

M: I can't get a word in edgeways.

K: Horribly.

M: What?

K: The endless knot, the endless knot.
You follow it through all its twists back to where you began.
You set out on a relationship and find yourself tied up.
Horribly.

Together - M: What, what did you say?

K: You form a team and the team becomes a knot.

Together - M: Why do you hold forth so much?

K: I know there are lots and lots of knots.

Together - M: Let me have my way.

K: Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches

Together - M: Let me have my say and then.

K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.

M: What, what did you say?

Why do you hold forth so much?

Let me have my way.

Let me have my say and then.

K: I'll noose me a knot for my neck or for yours.

M: Then you may reply.

K: There's nothing good to be said for a knot.

M: I'm quite prepared to listen.

K: A knot such as that in which I find myself.

M: But no one ever listens here.

K: It's a maze in which I'm lost of course.

M: No one takes anything in.

K: I'll noose me a knot for my neck or for yours.

There's nothing good to be said for a knot.

A knot such as that in which I find myself.

It's a maze in which I'm lost of course.

Together - M: No one ever attends to what I have to say.

K: Stop, it's no use tugging

Together - M: If I had my way.

K: Tugging only makes it tighter.

Together - M: I would have your tongues cut out.

K: Get me a Gordian knife, I say.

Together - M: I would slit your larynxes.

K: I've got to slice this knot.

M: No one ever attends to what I have to say.

If I had my way.

I would have your tongues cut out.

I would slit your larynxes.

The Cypress:

C: From bell to bell I go.

Spirit of the road.

Hear the bell toll.

I know what you know.

The Tower

So let me now hold forth.

I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

I speak with justification.

I speak with a certain resonance.

Reverberate, I reverberate.

It makes what I say sound significant.

There is a certain timbre to my tone.

Of course I speak for myself alone.

There's a quality to what I have to say.

People choose to echo my views.

Even when I speak in riddles.

Speak in riddles just to tease.

People repeat what I say.
They try to describe the way I sound.
My voice has a certain character.
My voice assumes I stand my ground.

I stand my ground, I take the stage.
They heed my voice with bated breath.
My voice overwhelms all others.
I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

The Cypress

C: The bell takes its toll.
The bell tolls for the road.
The one road we know.
For whom the bell must toll.

The knot, the willow and the Tower

Together – K: Stop, it's no use tugging
W: I love to undo my hair.
T: I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

Together – K: Tugging only makes it tighter.
W: Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.
T: My voice overwhelms all others.

Together – K: Get me a Gordian knife, I say.
W: Away with responsibilities.
T: They heed my voice with bated breath.

Together – K: I've got to slice this knot.
W: I just want to travel.
T: I stand my ground, I take the stage.

The Willow:

Darlings, let's loosen our stays.
Dance in a loose and rootless way.

Let's just touch, engage, depart.
Keep things light and gay.

Together – K: You form a team and the team becomes a knot.
W: Disentangle all your sad entanglements.
T: Speak in riddles just to tease.

Together – K: I know there are lots and lots of knots.
W: Ask for an open embrace.
T: Even when I speak in riddles.

Together – K: Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches
W: Don't get in too deep.
T: People choose to echo my views.

Together – K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.
W: Don't allow yourself to get tied down.
T: There's a quality to what I have to say.

The Tower:

Reverberate, I reverberate.
It makes what I say sound significant.
There is a certain timbre to my tone.
Of course I speak for myself alone.

Together – K: Stop, it's no use tugging
W: I can undo you better than she can.
T: I speak with a certain resonance.

Together – K: Tugging only makes it tighter.
W: Let me get you to unwind.
T: I speak with justification.

Together – K: Get me a Gordian knife, I say.
W: Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.
T: I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

Together – K: I've got to slice this knot.

W: First, let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

T: So let me now hold forth.

The Cypress:

I mark you your road.

I bring you your next bell.

The road brings you nearer.

Nearer to the bell.

The Tower and the Knot:

Together - T: So let me now hold forth.

K: I am all knotted up inside.

Together - T: I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

K: Life just seems an endless knot.

Together - T: I speak with justification.

K: Give me a knot with its own ends anytime.

Together - T: I speak with a certain resonance.

K: A knot with ends can be undone.

T: Reverberate, I reverberate.

It makes what I say sound significant.

There is a certain timbre to my tone.

Of course I speak for myself alone.

K: The endless knot, the endless knot.

T: Reverberate, I reverberate.

K: You follow it through all its twists back to where you began.

T: It makes what I say sound significant.

K: You set out on a relationship and find yourself tied up.

T: There is a certain timbre to my tone.

K: Horribly.

T: Of course I speak for myself alone.

K: The endless knot, the endless knot.
You follow it through all its twists back to where you began.
You set out on a relationship and find yourself tied up.
Horribly.

Together - T: There's a quality to what I have to say.
K: You form a team and the team becomes a knot.

Together - T: People choose to echo my views.
K: I know there are lots and lots of knots.

Together - M: Even when I speak in riddles.
K: Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches

Together - M: Speak in riddles just to tease.
K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.

T: There's a quality to what I have to say.
People choose to echo my views.
Even when I speak in riddles.
Speak in riddles just to tease.

K: You form a team and the team becomes a knot.
T: People repeat what I say.

K: I know there are lots and lots of knots
T: They try to describe the way I sound.

K: Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches
T: My voice has a certain character.

K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.
T: My voice assumes I stand my ground.

K: I'll noose me a knot for my neck or for yours.
There's nothing good to be said for a knot.
A knot such as that in which I find myself.
It's a maze in which I'm lost of course.

Together - T: I stand my ground, I take the stage.

K: Stop, it's no use tugging

Together - T: They heed my voice with bated breath.

K: Tugging only makes it tighter.

Together - M: My voice overwhelms all others.

K: Get me a Gordian knife, I say.

Together - M: I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

K: I've got to slice this knot.

T: I stand my ground, I take the stage.

They heed my voice with bated breath.

My voice overwhelms all others.

I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

The Cypress:

A long straight road.

A deep dark bell.

Mark you the bell.

As you lie beneath my shade.

The Martyr, the Knot and the Tower

Together - M: I would slit your larynxes.

K: I am all knotted up inside.

D: I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

Together - M: I would have your tongues cut out.

K: Life just seems an endless knot.

T: My voice overwhelms all others.

Together - M: If I had my way.

K: Give me a knot with its own ends anytime.

T: They heed my voice with bated breath.

Together - M: No one ever attends to what I have to say.

W: A knot with ends can be undone.

T: I stand my ground, I take the stage.

The Knot:

It's a maze in which I'm lost of course.
A knot such as that in which I find myself.
There's nothing good to be said for a knot.
I'll noose me a knot for my neck or for yours.

Together – M: Let me have my say and then..

K: You form a team and the team becomes a knot.

D: Speak in riddles just to tease.

Together – M: Let me have my way.

K: I know there are lots and lots of knots.

T: Even when I speak in riddles.

Together – M: Why do you hold forth so much?

K: Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches.

T: People choose to echo my views.

Together – M: What, what did you say?

K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.

T: There's a quality to what I have to say.

The Martyr:

What?

I can't get a word in edgeways.

This, well, it's a cacophony

Why can't we just speak one at a time?

Together – M: I can't catch a single word.

K: Look it's no use tugging,

T: I speak with a certain resonance.

Together – M: Seriously

K: Tugging only makes it tighter.

T: I speak with justification.

Together – M: How can we hear what each other is saying?.

K: Get me a Gordian knife, I say.

T: I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

Together – M: Why must we all sound off at once?.

K: I've got to slice this knot.

T: So let me now hold forth.

The Cypress:

The road takes its toll.

And the bell tolls.

The road seeks my shade.

As it goes from bell to bell.

One complete move in silence around the knot.

ACT 2

The Cypress

From bell to bell I go.
Spirit of the road.
Hear the bell toll.
I know what you know.

The Willow

I love to undo my hair.
Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.
Away with responsibilities.
I just want to travel.

Darlings, let's loosen our stays.
Dance in a loose and rootless way.
Let's just touch, engage, depart.
Keep things light and gay.

Disentangle all your sad entanglements.
Ask for an open embrace.
Don't get in too deep.
Don't allow yourself to get tied down.

Come to me, I'll give you a massage.
Let me release your knotted flesh.
Let me just steal up on you.
Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers.

I can undo you better than she can.
Let me get you to unwind.
Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.
First, let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

The Cypress

The bell takes its toll.
The bell tolls for the road.

The one road we know.
For whom the bell must toll.

The Martyr, the Willow and the Tower

Together – M: Why must we all sound off at once?

W: First let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

D: So let me now hold forth.

Together – M: How can we hear what each other is saying?

W: Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.

T: I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

Together – M: Seriously.

W: Let me get you to unwind.

T: I speak with justification.

Together – M: I can't catch a single word.

W: I can undo you better than she can.

T: I speak with a certain resonance.

The Willow:

Come to me, I'll give you a massage.

Let me release your knotted flesh.

Let me just steal up on you.

Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers.

Together – M: What, what did you say?

W: Don't allow yourself to get tied down.

T: There's a quality to what I have to say.

Together – M: This, well, it's a cacophony.

K: Don't get in too deep.

D: People choose to echo my views.

Together – M: I can't get a word in edgeways.

W: Ask for an open embrace.

D: Even when I speak in riddles.

Together – M: What?

W: Disentangle all your sad entanglements.

D: Speak in riddles just to tease.

The Martyr:

Then you may reply.

I'm quite prepared to listen.

But no one ever listens here.

No one takes anything in.

Together – M: No one ever attends to what I have to say.

W: I just want to travel

T: I stand my ground, I take the stage.

Together – M: If I had my way.

W: Away with responsibilities.

D: They heed my voice with bated breath.

Together – M: I would have your tongues cut out.

W: Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.

T: My voice overwhelms all others.

Together – M: I would slit your larynxes.

W: I love to undo my hair.

T: I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

The Cypress:

I mark you your road.

I bring you your next bell.

The road brings you nearer.

Nearer to the bell.

The Tower and the Martyr

Together – T: I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

M: I would slit their larynxes.

Together – T: My voice overwhelms all others.

M: I would have their ears cut off.

Together - T: They heed my voice with bated breath.

M: If I had my way.

Together - T: I stand my ground, I take the stage.

M: No one ever attends to what I have to say.

The Tower:

I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

My voice overwhelms all others.

They heed my voice with bated breath.

I stand my ground, I take the stage.

M: No one takes anything in.

T: My voice assumes I stand my ground.

M: But no one ever listens here.

T: My voice has a certain character.

M: I'm quite prepared to listen.

T: They try to describe the way I sound.

M: Then you may reply:

T: People repeat what I say.

The Martyr:

No one takes anything in.

No one ever listens here.

I'm quite prepared to listen.

But then you may reply.

Together - T: Speak in riddles just to tease

M: Let me have my say and then.

Together - T: Even when I speak in riddles.

M: Let me have my way.

Together - T: People choose to echo my views.

M: But why do you hold forth so much?

Together - T: There's a quality to what I have to say.

M: What, what did you say?

The Tower:

Speak in riddles just to tease.

Even when I speak in riddles.

People choose to echo my views.

There's a quality to what I have to say.

M: What?

T: Of course I speak for myself alone

M: I can't get a word in edgeways.

T: There is a certain timbre to my tone.

M: This, well, it's a cacophony.

T: It makes what I say sound magnificent.

M: Why can't we just speak one at a time?

T: Reverberate, I reverberate.

The Martyr:

What?

I can't get a word in edgeways.

This, well, it's a cacophony.

Why can't we just speak one at a time?

Together - T: I speak with a certain resonance.

M: I can't catch a single word

Together - T: I speak with justification.

M: Seriously.

Together - T: I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

M: How can we hear what each other is saying?

Together - T: Let me now hold forth.

M: Why must we all sound off at once?

The Tower:

I speak with a certain resonance.

I speak with justification.

I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

So let me now hold forth.

The Cypress:

A long straight road.

A deep dark bell.

Mark you the bell.

As you lie beneath my shade.

The Martyr, The Knot and the Willow

Together - M: I would slit your larynxes

K: I am all knotted up inside.

W: First let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

Together - M: I would have your tongues cut out.

K: Life just seems an endless knot.

W: Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen

Together - M: If I had my way.

K: Give me a knot with its own ends any time.

W: Let me get you to unwind.

Together - M: No one ever attends to what I have to say.

K: A knot with ends can be undone.

W: I can undo you better than she can.

The Knot:

Horribly.

You set up a relationship and find yourself tied up.

You follow it through all its twists back to where you began.
The endless knot, the endless knot.

Together – M: Let me have my say and then.

K: You form a team and the team becomes a knot.

W: Don't allow yourself to get tied down.

Together – M: Let me have my way.

K: I know there are lots and lots of knots.

W: Don't get in too deep.

Together – M: Why do you hold forth so much?

K: Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches.

W: Ask for an open embrace.

Together – M: What, what did you say?

K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.

W: Disentangle all your sad entanglements.

The Willow:

Keep things light and gay.

Let's just touch, engage, depart.

Dance in a loose and rootless way.

Darlings, lets loosen our stays..

Together – M: I can't catch a single word.

K: Stop, it's no use tugging

W: I just want to travel.

Together – M: Seriously

K: Tugging only makes it tighter.

W: Away with responsibilities.

Together – M: How can we hear what each other is saying?

K: Give me a Gordian knife, I say.

W: Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.

Together – M: Why must we all sound off at once?

K: I've got to slice this knot.

W:I love to undo my hair.

The Cypress:

The road takes its toll.
And the bell tolls.
The road seeks my shade.
As it goes from bell to bell.

The Martyr:

Why must we all sound off at once?
How can we hear what each other is saying?
Seriously.
I can't catch a single word.

Why can't we just speak one at a time?
This, well, it's a cacophony.
I can't get a word in edgeways.
What?

What, what did you say?
Why do you hold forth so much?
Let me have my way.
Let me have my say and then.

Then you may reply.
I'm quite prepared to listen.
But no one ever listens here.
No one takes anything in.

No one ever attends to what I have to say.
If I had my way.
I would have your tongues cut out.
I would slit your larynxes.

The Cypress:

From bell to bell I go.
Spirit of the road.

Hear the bell toll.
I know what you know.

The Martyr and the Willow:

Together - M: I would slit your larynxes.
W: First let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

Together - M: I would have your tongues cut out.
W: Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.

Together - M: If I had my way.
W: Let me get you to unwind.

Together - M: No one ever attends to what I have to say.
W: I can undo you better than he can.

M: I would slit their larynxes.
I would have their tongues cut out.
If I had my way.
No one ever attends to what I have to say.

W: Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers.
M: No one takes anything in.

W: Let me just steal up on you
M: But no one ever listens here.

W: Let me release your knotted flesh.
M: I'm quite prepared to listen.

W: Come to me, I'll give you a massage.
M: Then you may reply.

W: Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers.
Let me just steal up on you.
Let me release your knotted flesh.
I can undo you better than they can.

Together - M: Let me have my say and then

W: Don't allow yourself to get tied down.

Together - M: Let me have my way.

W: Don't get in too deep.

Together - M: Why does he hold forth so much?

W: Ask for an open embrace.

Together - M: What, what did you say?

W: Disentangle all your sad entanglements.

M: Let me have my say and then

Let me have my way.

Why does he hold forth so much?

What, what did you say?

W: Keep things light and gay

M: What?

W: Let's just touch, engage, depart.

M: I can't get a word in edgeways.

W: Dance in a loose and rootless way.

M: This, well, it's a cacophony.

W: Darling, let's loosen our stays.

M: Why can't we just speak one at a time?

W: Keep things light and gay.

Let's just touch, engage, depart.

Dance in a loose and rootless way.

Darling, let's loosen our stays.

Together - W: I just want to travel

M: I can't catch a single word

Together - W: Away with responsibilities

M: Seriously

Together - W: Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.

M: How can we hear what each other is saying?

Together - W: I love to undo my hair.

M: Why must we all sound off at once?

M: I can't catch a single word.

Seriously.

How can we hear what each other is saying?

Why must we all sound off at once?

The Cypress:

The bell takes its toll.

The bell tolls for the road.

The one road we know.

For whom the bell must toll.

One complete move in silence around the knot.

ACT 3

The Cypress:

I mark you your road.
I bring you your next bell.
The road brings you nearer.
Nearer to the bell

The Willow and the Tower:

Together - W: I love to undo my hair.

T: I'm pretty sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers.

Together - W: Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.

T: My voice overwhelms all others.

Together - W: Away with responsibilities.

T: They heed my voice with bated breath.

Together - W: I just want to travel.

T: I stand my ground, I take the stage.

W: I love to undo my hair.

Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.

Away with responsibilities.

I just want to travel

T: My voice assumes I stand my ground.

W: Darling, lets loosen our stays.

T: My voice has a certain character.

W: Dance in a loose and rootless way.

T: They try to describe the way I sound.

W: Let's just touch, engage, depart.

T: People repeat what I say.

W: Keep things light and gay.

T: My voice assumes I stand my ground.
My voice has a certain character.
They try to describe the way I sound.
People repeat what I say.

Together - W: Disentangle all your sad entanglements
T: Speak in riddles just to tease

Together - W: Ask for an open embrace.
T: Even when I speak in riddles?

Together - W: Don't go in too deep.
T: People choose to echo my views.

Together - W: Don't allow yourself to get tied down
T: There's a quality to what I have to say.

W: Disentangle all your sad entanglements.
Ask for an open embrace.
Don't get in too deep.
Don't allow yourself to get tied down.

T: Of course I speak for myself alone.
W: Come to me, I'll give you a massage.

T: But there is a certain timbre to my tone.
W: Let me release your knotted flesh.

T: It makes what I say sound significant.
W: Let me just steal up on you.

T: Reverberate, I reverberate.
W: Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers.

T: Of course I speak for myself alone.
But there is a certain timbre to my tone.
It makes what I say sound magnificent.
Reverberate, I reverberate

Together - W: I can undo you better than she can

T: I speak with a certain resonance.

Together - W: Let me get you to unwind.

T: I speak with justification

Together - W: Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.

T: I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

Together - W: First let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

T: Ah, and let me now hold forth.

W: I can undo you better than she can.

Let me get you to unwind.

Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.

First let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

The Cypress:

A long straight road.

A deep dark bell.

Mark you the bell.

As you lie beneath my shade.

The Knot and the Willow:

Together - K: I've got to slice this knot.

W: I love to undo my hair.

Together - K: Get me a Gordian Knife, I say.

W: Oh, its bliss to let it all unravel.

Together - K: Tugging only makes it tighter.

W: Away with responsibilities.

Together - K: Stop, it's no use tugging

W: I just want to travel.

K: Got to slice this knot.

Get me a Gordian knife, I say.

Tugging only makes it tighter.

Stop, it's no use tugging.

W: Darling, lets loosen our stays.

K: It's a maze in which I'm lost of course

W: Dance in a loose and rootless way.

K: A knot such as that in which I find myself.

W: Let's just touch, engage, depart.

K: There's nothing good to be said for a knot.

W: Keep things light and gay.

K: I'll noose me a knot for my neck and for yours.

W: Darling, let's loosen our stays.

Dance in a loose and rootless way.

Let's just touch, engage, depart.

Keep things light and gay.

Together - K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.

W: Disentangle all your sad entanglements.

Together - K: Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches.

W: Ask for an open embrace.

Together - K: I know there are lots and lots of knots.

W: Don't go in too deep.

Together - K: You form a team and the team becomes a knot.

W: Don't allow yourself to get tied down.

K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.

Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches

I know there are lots and lots of knots.

You form a team and the team becomes a knot.

W: Come to me, I'll give you a massage.

K: Horribly.

W: Let me release your knotted flesh.

K: You set out on a relationship and you get yourself tied up

W: Let me just steal up on you.

K: You follow it through all its twists back to where you began.

W: Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers..

K: The endless knot, the endless knot.

W: Come to me, I'll give you a massage.

Let me release your knotted flesh.

Let me just steal up on you.

Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers.

Together - K: A knot with ends can be undone.

W: I can undo you better than she can.

Together - K: Give me a knot with its own ends anytime.

W: Let me get you to unwind.

Together - K: Life just seems an endless knot.

W: Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.

Together - K: I am all knotted up inside.

W: First let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

K: A knot with ends can be undone.

Give me a knot with its own ends anytime.

Life just seems an endless knot.

I am all knotted up inside.

The Cypress:

The road takes its toll.

And the bell tolls.

The road seeks my shade

As it goes from bell to bell.

In silence, every performer busies themselves with their actions. The Martyr pours herself a drink, then returns it to the bottle, as the Willow, with her pool finally inflated, moves it to the centre of the stage, strips to her bikini, places her saffron dress over the back of the

Tower's chair, and steps into the pool to show off her body to the Tower. The Tower raises his hat to her. Meanwhile the Knot is busily creating the coin pattern for the quartet. The Martyr pours her full bottle of red wine over the Willow as the Tower loses his balance and begins to topple off his chair, and as he topples backwards, he is saved from a fall by the Knot.

The Martyr then hands bottle and glass to the Willow who stands motionless in her pool at the centre of the stage looking down at her wine-stained bikini. The Tower offers the Willow his chair, and she sits on it, her legs spread, centre stage inside the swimming-pool, bottle in one hand, wine glass in the other, while the Tower takes up her position on the walking pattern for the quartet which has now been completed by the Knot.

The Cypress:

From bell to bell I go.
Spirit of the road.
Hear the bell toll.
I know what you know.

The Martyr, the Knot, the Willow and the Tower (with the Cypress completing the walking patten for this quartet – in which the Tower sounds distressed):

Together - M: Why must we all sound off at once?

K: I am all knotted up inside.

W: I love to undo my hair.

T: So let me now hold forth.

M: How can we hear what each other is saying?

K: Life just seems an endless knot.

W: Oh, it's bliss to let it all unravel.

T: I must say I enjoy the sound of my own voice.

Together - M: Seriously.

K: Give me a knot with its own ends anytime.

W: Away with responsibilities.

T: I speak with justification.

Together - M: I can't catch a single word.

K: A knot with ends can be undone.

W: I just want to travel.

T: I speak with a certain resonance.

M: Why can't we just speak one at a time?

K: The endless knot, the endless knot.

W: Darling, let's loosen our stays.

T: Reverberate, I reverberate.

Together - M: This, well, it's a cacophony.

K: You follow it through all its twists back to where you began.

Together - W: Dance in a loose and rootless way.

T: It makes what I say sound significant.

Together - M: I can't get a word in edgeways.

K: You set out on a relationship and find yourself tied up.

Together - W: Let's just touch, engage, depart.

T: There is a certain timbre to my tone.

M: What?

K: Horribly.

W: Keep things light and gay.

T: Of course I speak for myself alone.

Together - M: What, what did you say?

K: You form a team and the team becomes a knot.

W: Disentangle all your sad entanglements.

T: There's a quality to what I have to say.

Together - M: Why do you have to hold forth so much?

K: I know there are lots and lots of knots.

W: Ask for an open embrace.

T: People choose to echo my views.

Together – M: Let me have my way.

K: Reef knots and grannies, sheet bends, half hitches

W: Don't get in too deep.

T: Even when I speak in riddles.

Together – M: Let me have my say and then.

K: Square knots and slip knots, lots and lots.

W: Don't allow yourself to get tied down.

T: Speak in riddles just to tease.

Together – M: Then you may reply.

K: I'll noose me a knot for my neck or for yours.

W: Come to me, I'll give you a massage.

T: People repeat what I say.

Together – M: I'm quite prepared to listen.

K: There's nothing good to be said for a knot.

W: Let me release your knotted flesh.

T: They try to describe the way I sound.

Together – M: But no one ever listens here.

K: A knot such as that in which I find myself.

W: Let me just steal up on you.

T: My voice has a certain character.

Together – M: No one takes anything in.

K: It's a maze in which I'm lost of course.

W: Just enjoy the lingering of my fingers.

T: My voice assumes I stand my ground.

The knot:

I am all knotted up inside.

Life just seems an endless knot.

Give me a knot with its own ends anytime.

A knot with ends can be undone.

Together – M: No one ever attends to what I have to say.

K: Stop, it's no use tugging.

W: I can undo you better than she can.

T: I stand my ground, I take the stage.

Together – M: If I had my way.

K: Tugging only makes it tighter.

W: Let me get you to unwind.

T: They heed my voice with bated breath.

M: (*speaking*) I would have your tongues cut out.

K: (*speaking*) Get me a Gordian knife, I say.

W: (*speaking*) Speak your mind, I'll sit and listen.

T: (*Speaking*) My voice overwhelms all others.

M: (*speaking*) I would slit your larynxes.

K: (*speaking*) I've got to slice this knot.

W: (*speaking*) First, let me get you undressed, unstressed, undone.

T: (*speaking*) Can I be sure this voice of mine satisfies its ardent lovers?

The cypress (speaking):

One for the Road?

The road takes its toll.

The one road we know

For whom the bell must toll.

