

ISOLDE'S LETTER

Tristan I cannot go today because
A fever has attacked my little son
Our boy for almost surely he is yours
He cries and I must stay now dearest one

Tomorrow is Mark's customary night
He takes a bath and sprays expensive scents
Should I neglect my duty then he might
Have further doubts about my innocence

Next day we'll see the envoy of the king
Of Burgundy it's whispered that he bears
A matchless ruby as an offering
I must be careful with foreign affairs

In three days time we'll give a ball we must
Receive the Cornish aristocracy
- Those decked-out wives - then hiding my disgust
I'll take their homage with due courtesy

I cannot go I'm busy as you see
But heaven knows your wound torments me too
I'll fly to you as soon as I am free
And then my darling I will die with you.