

[SCENE]

8

fl *pp*

cl *p solo*

vln *pp*

vc *pp*

pc

TANTALUS: [toasting] My... friends, if I may be so bold. What a joy to share with you this boundless feast of wine, bread, and song!

APOLLO: So far it seems nothing has gone wrong! [The GODS laugh.]

TANTALUS: Touché, good Apollo.

HERA: For Zeus's sake, I hope for more erelong! [The GODS laugh.]

TANTALUS: Ha! And a laurel to you as well, fair Hera. Indeed, father, what say ye?

ZEUS: Well... if the wine of the fruit prolong, and the breads are baked headlong,
perhaps soon we can smell, if no one will tell, the perfume of the great Olympian bong! [The GODS laugh.]

TANTALUS: ...of course, never to be outdone, he continues the pong... [More laughter.]

ZEUS: All night long. [Much laughter.]