

I am an angel.

IIIIII, yi yi yi.

IIII am the Bird of Greek Tragedy.

Do not kill your children. Do not sleep with your brother
Rein in your rage, and thank Zeus. I come with glad tid-
ings. Debbie is no more a threat. She's been cast in a series.
She has a running part on *Home Improvements*.

CHORUS (*in unison*):

Home Improvements.

ANGEL: Jason will return to you. He sees the error of his ways.
He has been lobotomized.

CHORUS (*in unison*):

O fortunate woman, to whom Zeus has awarded a docile husband.

MEDEA: O, deus ex machina, o angel:

O Hecuba, oh, looms of Ida.

CHORUS (*in unison*):

Ida Ida Ida Ida.

MEDEA: I am eternally grateful to you.

CHORUS (*in unison*):

The things we thought would happen do not happen.
The unexpected, God makes possible.

(*Spoken, not sung*)

The camptown races sing a song.

Do da, do da.

CHORUS AND MEDEA (*switch to singing now*):

Medea's happy the whole day long.

Oh the do da day!

Things will be just fine.

Things will be just great

No need to kill her children now,

Oh the do da . . .

(big musical coda:)

Oh the do da,

Zeus and Buddha,

They're as nice as

Dionysus,

Oh the do da

Work it through da

Oh the do da, do da, do da Day!

(Medea and the Chorus and the Angel strike a happy and triumphant
pose.)