

# Enrico Garzilli, Virgin Of Light

Archbishop  
Peter Abelard, I have summoned you here to respond to Canon  
Fulbert's charges  
He accuses you of  
Blasphemy and heresy  
Fulbert  
And lechery with my niece  
Archbishop  
That's past, Fulbert  
They're married now  
Though they choose to live apart  
He can't deny  
They're married now  
Fulbert  
It's lechery with my niece  
Archbishop  
What else, Fulbert? What else?  
Fulbert  
He called the Holy Mother religion ...  
Archbishop  
A what, Fulbert?  
Fulbert  
He called the Holy Mother religion a ...  
Archbishop  
A what, Fulbert?  
Fulbert  
A whore, Archbishop. A whore!  
Archbishop  
Did you? Well, did you?

Abelard  
I saw a virgin of light  
A celestial, beautiful bride  
Stained and abused in the night  
By her many lovers  
Who are people like you, Archbishop  
You parade around in silk and ermine, turning your eyes from the  
naked in the street, turning your noses from the stench of their sores  
while you perfume your bodies with oriental incense, while you erect  
vast treasures in your banks, and lie, and lie, and lie! It is you who  
abuse the virgin of light and turn her into a whore!

Whispers  
Heresy, blasphemy, lechery

Abelard  
I saw a virgin of light  
A celestial, beautiful bride