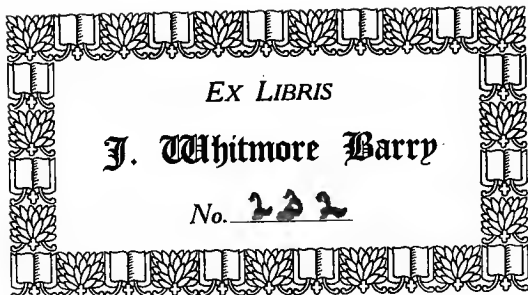


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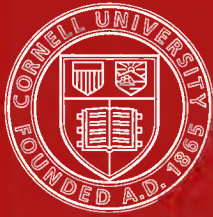
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GODEFROI AND YOLANDE  
A MEDIÆVAL PLAY  
IN ONE ACT  
BY  
LAURENCE IRVING

LONDON AND NEW YORK  
JOHN LANE AT THE SIGN  
OF THE BODLEY HEAD \$  
MDCCCXCVIII \$

# ABBEY'S THEATRE

BROADWAY AND 38TH STREET.

ABBEY, SCHOEFFEL & GRAU, Props. and Mgrs.

Week Beginning Monday, May 4, 1896.

Evenings at 8.

Matinee Saturday at 2.

Engagement for two weeks only of

**HENRY IRVING,**  
**Miss ELLEN TERRY,**

And the LONDON LYCEUM COMPANY

Direction of ABBEY, SCHOEFFEL & GRAU.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 4th,

The Performance will begin with (first time in New York),

## CODEFROI AND YOLANDE

A Mediæval Play in One Act, by Laurence I. ving.

Philippe Le Bel, King of France.....	Mr. Percival
The Archbishop, his brother.....	Mr. S. Macy
Sir Sagramour, a young Paladin.....	Mr. Ben. Webster
Godefroi.....	Mr. F. Cooper
A Doctor.....	Mr. S. Valentine
A Frantic Hermit.....	Mr. F. Tyars
A Porter.....	Mr. G. F. Black
A King's Officer.....	Mr. G. Taylor
A Chamberlain.....	Mr. L. Belmore
Megarde, an old blind woman, mother to Godefroi.	Miss Mary Morke
Lisette, daughter to Megarde, sister to Godefroi.	Miss R. Espinosa
Nimue.....	Miss Julia Arthur
Izabeau.....	Miss Ailsa Craig
Clarisin.....	Miss Foster
Elaine.....	Miss May Whitty
Irene.....	Miss May Munden

AND

Yolande..... Miss Ellen Terry

Servants, Guests, Masquers, Monks, Officers, Executioner,  
en-at Arms, etc.

Scene: A hall in the castle of Yolande.— K. Brunton.



## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

PHILIPPE LE BEL, King of France

THE ARCHBISHOP, his brother

SIR SAGRAMOUR, a young Paladin

GODEFROI

A DOCTOR

A Frantic Hermit

A Porter

A King's Officer

YOLANDE

MEGARDE, an old blind woman, mother to Godefroi

LISETTE, daughter to Megarde, sister to Godefroi

NIMUE,

IZABEAU,

CLARISIN,

ELAINE.

} waiting-women to Yolande

*Servants, Guests, Masquers, Monks, Officers, Executioners,  
Men-at-arms, etc.*







## GODEFROI AND YOLANDE.

SCENE. *A spacious hall in the castle of Yolande. The hall presents the appearance of preparation for a festivity, festoons, garlands, etc. At back of stage a platform, along which are ranged several chairs; behind the platform a large window, above which window runs a gallery, approached by a staircase. In the right wall a door, below which a fireplace, in front of which fireplace two stools, the fire emits a ruddy light. In the left wall another door. Torches wreathed in branches are set all round the room, two only of the torches are alight. The wind is moaning, snow is falling against the large window at back.*

NIMUE

[*With wide-staring eyes and slightly parted lips, standing upon platform, gazing out of window, a bundle of rushes on her arm.*]

What a night! What snow! What a wind!  
The tapestries flap and flutter; the flames of  
the torches stream all one way. The snow—  
the snow—the wind—the snow—the wind!  
How say you, is the snow enwrapping the  
wind, is the wind enwrapping the snow — ?

IZABEAU

Come from the window!

NIMUE

What with the sea dashing along the  
shore, what with the wind howling about the  
house —

IZABEAU

[*Twining garlands and strewing rushes the  
while.*] What with the time being but short,  
—[come from the window!]  
—the preparations being but half completed;  
we are behindhand as it is—, what with  
[come down from the window!] my fair lady,  
sick —

[*A faint, far, indistinguishable cry.*]

NIMUE

[*Lets fall rushes.*] What was that — ?

IZABEAU

[*Shrinking.*] I will not stay with you.  
You try to frighten me.

NIMUE

What with the preparations but half completed,—[What a night!]  
—What with my fair lady, sick —

IZABEAU

Why should you speak in a whisper,  
Nimue ?

NIMUE

Why should you speak in a whis — [*a faint, far, indistinguishable cry.*]  
Now ———!  
[*Both stand intently listening.*]

IZABEAU

I heard nothing. What did you think  
you heard ?

NIMUE

A cry.

IZABEAU

Some ship, belike, in anguish on the seas.  
[*Busying herself about the room.*] Pick up your  
rushes ! If you see not quickly to the —

NIMUE

It is some trouble, methinks, clerk Master Godefroi will be having in his search; he has been long gone now.

IZABEAU

Never mind Godefroi; none but a frantic fool had gone on such a night on such an errand!

NIMUE

Poor fellow! He first might trudge to Paris ere he'd find a doctor hereabouts!

IZABEAU

Come from the window!

CLARISIN

[*Calling from gallery.*] Master Clerk, is not he yet come back?

IZABEAU

[*Running to Clarisin.*] Thank Heaven you be come! here has Nimue ——

YOLANDE

[*Voice heard off.*] Clarisin, wench, Clarisin!



CLARISIN

[*Answering Yolande.*] My fair lady! [*Faint far long cry hear for the third time, followed by sound of ringing. Leaning out of gallery, in a loud whisper.*] Intolerable!

[*Enter Elaine also into gallery.*

ELAINE

[*To Clarisin.*] Go to my lady!

CLARISIN

Insupportable!

YOLANDE

[*Voice.*] Here, wench! here, here!

CLARISIN

I come! [*Exit Clarisin.*

ELAINE

What was that cry just now?

NIMUE

*You heard the cry?—Now!—Hark! [Cry more distinctly heard, followed by a sound of ringing: Nimue comes down from platform with a smile on her face.]*

IZABEAU

*I heard it then.*

NIMUE

Go there enquire, Izabeau, what is it,  
Yolande would know.

IZABEAU

There nothing will be ready if my lady——

ELAINE

Do as she bids you; hers the fault!

IZABEAU

I go. Then be it so! I go, I go!

*[Exit Izabeau.]*

NIMUE

Know you like what it sounded in mine  
ears;—as one-beat upon a bell.

ELAINE

*[Affirmatively.]* A ringing sound.

NIMUE

And then one cried “unclean, unclean,  
unclean.”

ELAINE

Nimue, thou shouldst but hear our beau-  
teous lady how she will sit and rail at  
Master Godefroi for that he cometh not.  
In front of her lie littered on a pile all the

trinkets, damasks, silks ever she owned. There doth she sit—sit, when she does not stand, for she does nothing long,—except to hold her mirror in her hand; she does not want to, but she cannot keep from looking . . . this way—that! . . . She moves: she shifts: she calls. Turns she on me;—“Am not I white?”—And, whatsoever answer I may make, or “Yes” or “No,” she all the same flies out.

NIMUE

Is she white?

ELAINE

Oh ask not me! With such a life as hers one may grow pale!—And then it's ever “Godefroi sluggard! Godefroi!”

NIMUE

Alas, poor youth! Alas! How strange a youth he is, how strange!

ELAINE

Ay, passing strange!

NIMUE

I never yet beheld his countenance.

ELAINE

[*In astonishment.*] You never yet —

NIMUE

That is his face we see, but not his countenance; his face smoulders, but his countenance—that were a flash, a flame, a flickering thing.

ELAINE

Nimue, how curious thou art. Methinks thou own'st some lurking fancy for this sad, sombre youth.

NIMUE

Ay, so you say!

ELAINE

And you gainsay us not.

NIMUE

But he is proud ——

ELAINE

And virtuous ——

NIMUE

And here!—Would he solicit my best favours there is nothing he—he is so curious—might not obtain.

ELAINE

Nay, fly thou higher than a scrivener clerk. But know you what?

NIMUE

What?

ELAINE

I verily believe he languishes—he!—  
mark you, he!!—she; that has kings and  
bishops at her feet!—and a what?—a  
nothing!—I believe ——

NIMUE

And so do I.

ELAINE

What?

NIMUE

That he languishes for love of her.

ELAINE

Hence is his face become so lank and  
gaunt. Who but a foolish, frantic, love-  
sick youth ——?

*[Cry and bell heard still more distinctly.]*

NIMUE

It will emerge, that cry, at last, above  
both wind and sea.

*[Enter into gallery Clarisin.]*

CLARISIN

What cry was that? But where is Iza-  
beau? But where is Godefroi?

*[A knock heard.]*

Here is Godefroi, my lady. *[Exit Clarisin.]*

YOLANDE

*[Voice.]* A doctor with him?

*[Re-enter Izabeau.]*

IZABEAU

Is it not Godefroi?

ELAINE

*[Leaping up steps leading to gallery].* It  
is not Godefroi?

*[Re-enter Clarisin.]*

CLARISIN

It is not Godefroi!

ELAINE

It is not he!

*[Exeunt Clarisin and Elaine. Sound  
of Yolande's voice from within.]*

NIMUE

Who is it then?

IZABEAU

Some old blind woman.

NIMUE

Is it she has been crying so outside ?

IZABEAU

Why, she is coming hither.

NIMUE

Led by a child.

IZABEAU

Take thou a torch, inspect her !

NIMUE

Do so thyself !

IZABEAU

*[Taking down torch, crossing with it to door R.]* Of what are ye afraid ?

*[Takes stand by door.*

*[Enter Megarde led by Lisette, snow upon the garments of both of them. Megarde carries basket on her arm.*

IZABEAU

What want ye here ?

MEGARDE

Go to the fire, Lisette ! *[Lisette goes and crouches by the fire.]* I came to see my son, Godefroi.

IZABEAU

Thy son ?

NIMUE

Is he thy son ?

MEGARDE

He is my son.

NIMUE

Come, sit you here, then.

*[Draws Megarde towards the fire.]*

MEGARDE

Is one of you the lady of the house ?

NIMUE

Not we indeed !

MEGARDE

I wish to see the lady of the house.

IZABEAU

Know you—why, go thy ways ! I must be making ready for the masque. Nimue, see thou . . . to what wants seeing to !

*[Exit Izabeau.]*

NIMUE

My lady is not well.

MEGARDE

She is not well ?



NIMUE

Thy son is gone to find a doctor for her.

[*Lisette has set herself upon her mother's knee and is fallen asleep.*]

MEGARDE

He has done well then.

NIMUE

Why?

MEGARDE

Because to him she has been very kind.

NIMUE

Yolande, our Lady!—kind to him, your son! Who could have told you so?

[*A loud impatient knocking.*]

NIMUE

There is your son.

CLARISIN and ELAINE [*Entering above.*]

Nimue!

NIMUE

I run—run!

[*Exeunt Nimue and Clarisin.*]

MEGARDE

[*Awaking the child.*] Lisette, wake up, Lisette!—Nay, sleep then, sleep.

ELAINE

Who is that there ?

*[Re-enter Nimue hastily.]*

NIMUE

He has brought one with him ! He has brought one with him !

ELAINE

My lady ! My lady ! *[Exit Elaine.]*

*[Re-enter Clarisin.]*

CLARISIN

Mercy on us ! A mighty strange doctor this of Master Godefroi's !

MEGARDE

Where is my son ?

CLARISIN

He will be here.

*[Doctor heard coming singing along the passage. Clarisin and Nimue stand together in some trepidation.]*

DOCTOR'S *song.*

Merry old skeleton, flesh underlying,  
Living or dying,

Laughing or crying . . .  
Merry old skull!  
Flesh may fall in,  
Old skull still doth grin,  
Grin skull, grin skull, grin . . . grin  
skull . . . grin . . . grin . . .

NIMUE

He is singing of death.

*[Enter Doctor. Goes straight to fireplace, draws himself close up to the fire, there remains mumbling to himself, warming his hands and removing the snow from his garments.]*

I cannot see him.

CLARISIN

I scarcely saw him.

NIMUE

Best go fetch Godefroi. He has found him and may know how best to deal with him. *[Crosses, calls in a loud whisper.]*  
Godefroi! Godefroi!

*[Enter Godefroi hastily, snow upon his clothes; he half ascends gallery staircase.]*

[*As Godefroi enters.*] What of the Doctor ?

GODEFROI

My lady is in her room ?

MEGARDE

[*Not rising, so as not to disturb Lisette sleeping.*] Godefroi, I am here. [*Pause. Godefroi stands half way up staircase, all the feverish haste of his entrance seeming suddenly to have deserted him.*]

GODEFROI

Mother ! what, you !

[*Slowly descending steps.*]

MEGARDE

I cannot come to you. Lisette is with me.

[*Godefroi kisses Megarde on the cheek, she takes his head between her hands and kisses him.*]

GODEFROI

Mother, what are you come here for ?

MEGARDE

To take you away with me, my son.

GODEFROI

To take me away with you ?

ELAINE

[*In gallery above.*] Quick, Master Doctor,  
my lady is waiting.

CLARISIN

[*To Godefroi.*] Best you go forewarn our  
lady what manner of doctor this is.

YOLANDE

[*Heard calling off.*] Godefroi, laggard !  
Godefroi, laggard !

GODEFROI

Wait . . . dear mother . . . anon.  
. . . I will . . . come back !

NIMUE

But leave us not with him alone !

[*Exit Godefroi at door in gallery.*]

ELAINE

Now then, Master Doctor ! . . . Master  
Doctor !

CLARISIN

Master Doctor !

ELAINE, CLARISIN, and NIMUE

Master Doctor !

DOCTOR

[*Turning slowly from fire.*] Well? [*Nimue makes a start of repulsion, uttering a sharp little cry. Motioning with his hand at Nimue.*]

Pretty mistress, pretty mistress ! Pah !

[*Spits into the fire.*]

ELAINE

[*Stealing forward to take a look at Doctor.*]  
The fair lady Yolande is waiting, Master Doctor !

DOCTOR

[*Sneeringly.*] Fair Lady Yolande ! [*Turning from fire as before, his appearance has a similar effect on Elaine to what it had on Nimue*] Mine hands are numb. Before I can feel the flesh of others I must needs have some feeling in these bony feelers of my own. [*Holding up his hands. Turning from fire as before.*] What aileth this fair lady of thine that she should send for me, eh ? [*No answer.*] What is it aileth this lady of thine that she should send for me to her on such a night as this, eh ?

ELAINE

That needs must thou tell her. Leave warming of thy hands!

DOCTOR

Fair Lady Yolande! What doth she want of me?—Ye look from one another and say nothing. [*Surveys the hall*] What great matter of tomfoolery have you on here this night? A fool made the days and fools *fête* the days. [*Spits into the fire*] What does thy lady require of me—a philtre, a love potion?

NIMUE

Not so, indeed. Our lady hath both philtre, ay, and potions, more potent far than any thou couldst make, in the fair form and features of her face; she hath more lovers than any lady of the land.

DOCTOR

Ho! ho! Has she so many paramours? Is it, then, the philosopher's secret, the stone? Would she turn all things into gold?

NIMUE

Nor yet that neither. For by the love  
her beauty doth inspire, she turneth all  
things into gold.

DOCTOR

By love she turneth all things into gold !  
Then am I in a love mint, and thy fair lady  
frankly is but a simple courtezan ?

NIMUE

A king's courtezan !

MEGARDE

[*In a great perturbation.*] A courtezan !

DOCTOR

Nay, nay, old wife, I care not. They  
have said it.

MEGARDE

But ye do not gainsay him !

NIMUE

If he says true.

MEGARDE

She *is* a courtezan ; but then, my son——



DOCTOR

Thy son! Was it thy son that dragged me through the snow? No doubt he loves her, too.

MEGARDE

It cannot be!

DOCTOR

She is a courtezan!

MEGARDE

It cannot be!

DOCTOR

It is.

NIMUE

He loves her, too.

MEGARDE

Godefroi deceive me?—but he loves her not.—He must away from here!

*[Megarde rises.]*

DOCTOR

Keep still! Keep still!

MEGARDE

[*Reseating herself.*] I trust him—he will tell me—I do trust him.

[*Enter Godefroi.*

GODEFROI

Master Doctor, go to my lady, she is most impatient. Mother, shall I not take Lisette and put her to sleep on my bed in my room?

MEGARDE

Do so, my son.

[*Godefroi takes Lisette up in his arms and exit carrying her.*]

NIMUE

This it is aileth this fair lady of ours. For some days, day by day, and every day, since many days,—she is waxed pale, and pale, and ever paler.

[*Cry and bell heard faint.*

DOCTOR

Pah! This is a mere matter of complexion.

NIMUE

Until, at last, this night, on which of all nights, ——

DOCTOR

Why this night more than any other night ?

NIMUE

Because this night, in honour of the return from the Holy Land of one of her young lovers ——

[*Megarde makes a movement.*]

DOCTOR

Ay, ay, young lovers! Go on!

NIMUE

There will be held a high festivity, at which are to be present, and in which are to take part—for also there is a pageant, or masque, or action writ by thy son—

DOCTOR

Writ by thy son ?

MEGARDE

No, no!

NIMUE

And the King of France, le Bel King, and the gallant churchman, the king's brother, the Archbishop ——

MEGARDE

The Archbishop?

DOCTOR

The Archbishop!

NIMUE

Both will be here. And as I said, this night of great rejoicing, whereon of all the nights that ever were, my lady she would wish to be most fair—behold, if she be not become quite white!

*[Cry and bell.]*

DOCTOR

Not white? How white?

NIMUE

Well, very pale.

DOCTOR

How white? As white as ivory?

NIMUE

Well, very white.

DOCTOR

As white as milk?

NIMUE

Go thou and see her.

DOCTOR

As white as chalk? Conduct me to thy lady. [*Doctor snatches up torch, goes to staircase, followed by Clarisin.*] Is she so white? Is she so very white?

[*Exeunt Doctor and Clarisin.*]

NIMUE

Strange things are creeping in by stealth.

MEGARDE

A house of sin, a house of lechery!

NIMUE

Come, Master Clerk, I must be getting dressed. Prythee, see to the proper ordering of all this. [*With a vague movement of the hand.*] [*Exit skippingly.*]  
[*Godefroi stands in the middle of the room.*]

MEGARDE

Come to me, Godefroi, come to me.

GODEFROI

[*Approaching Megarde.*] Mother, mother!

MEGARDE

Thy face is burning . . . thy clothes are wet.—Speak to me, Godefroi, speak to me, Godefroi, speak to me!

GODEFROI

How is my brother?

MEGARDE

Well. He greets thee lovingly.—Thy hair is thinner, and thy cheeks are sunken—Speak to me, Godefroi, speak to me; let me hear your voice.

GODEFROI

And all the neighbours?

MEGARDE

Jacob is dead, old Jacob he is dead.—And you say nothing.

GODEFROI

What, is Jacob dead?

MEGARDE

Why, Godefroi, are you listless?

GODEFROI

I am not. How—how does the garden look? [*Godefroi breaks down, buries his head in his hands and sobs.*]

MEGARDE

My son, my son!

GODEFROI

—It dripped from my garment on to hers, the snow I came by on her errand. She chid me.—Why art thou come here, mother? 'Tis but to wring thy heart, to wrench my soul.

MEGARDE

O son, your words are wild!

GODEFROI

I have no hope, mother, I have no hope,— I have deceived thee, mother, I have deceived thee.

MEGARDE

Thou hast lied to me.

GODEFROI

I know it. I have lied to thee.

MEGARDE

I blame thee nothing ; I but blame myself.  
I should have known, but you insisted.

GODEFROI

Insisted? What on, mother?

MEGARDE

To go and earn us bread.

GODEFROI

That have I done.

MEGARDE

Ah, my son, whose bread? A harlot's  
bread!

GODEFROI

Ah, mother!

MEGARDE

What danger hast thou been in? Ah, my  
son! But God hath sent me hither through  
the snow to take thee hence ere worse befall  
thee.

GODEFROI

[*Half aside.*] Worse has befallen me.



CLARISIN

[*In gallery.*] Come from thy mother!  
See to the setting of the thrones upon the  
platform. [*Exit Clarisin.*]

MEGARDE

What art thou here? What unconsidered  
thing art thou, my son?

GODEFROI

What am I here? I am Sir Dolorous!  
Sir Long-visage!

MEGARDE

Thy father poor he was, but he was  
proud!

GODEFROI

Sad am I here, sadder were I elsewhere.  
I am one made to suffer and eat out my  
heart in hopeless hope.

MEGARDE

Come hence, come hence!

GODEFROI

No; leave me, mother, here!

MEGARDE

Son, leave thee here? Thou wouldst not stay here. Then ——

GODEFROI

I cannot hence.

MEGARDE

What can thus keep you here? You love this life?

GODEFROI

Not I—I hate this life!

MEGARDE

What is it then?

GODEFROI

Oh, leave me, ask me not!

MEGARDE

I charge thee, speak! My son, I am thy mother!

GODEFROI

Ay, ay, I love one here.

MEGARDE

One of these—women?

GODEFROI

One—the one! Yolande!—I love Yolande!

MEGARDE

Ah no, you cannot love—a courtesan!

GODEFROI

A courtesan! I love a courtesan. [*Megarde makes a movement.*] Where art thou going?

MEGARDE

Unto her.

GODEFROI

Not so; she would but scoff at thee.

MEGARDE

She scoff at me—a wretched ——

GODEFROI

Mother, say it not! Be she what she may, she still must be the woman I must love. This love is stronger, mightier than myself; I only know 'tis irresistible.

MEGARDE

Because thou hast not striven. Turn thou back, turn back, my son! it is not irresistible. Son, strive!—This current of thy nature, this fierce wind—it has to be resisted; 'tis the fiend! Oh, take it not for God.—Who cannot drift? so sheer is the descent! Tear this weed from thee ere it is too late.

GODEFROI

Mother, it was too late from the first moment I set eyes on her. She has usurped me.

MEGARDE

And deposed thy mother, and thy sister, and thy home. Oh, re-assert thy manhood; be a man!

GODEFROI

More am I, mother, than a man; for men love not as I love!

MEGARDE

Remove from here, and she will fade out of thy memory.

GODEFROI

But memory will go with her—with her!

MEGARDE

You think so now, you see her day by day. Your senses feed your fancy, your fancy fans the ardour of your love. A courtezan! You should have been a priest,—you, erst so virtuous,—what, fallen doting on a courtezan!

GODEFROI

My love you guess not at. You judge of mine by those you see around you. I love her—[*Lisette heard calling her mother.*]  
—as she loves you! [*Lisette stands in the doorway.*]

MEGARDE

Blasphemer! [*Megarde crosses to Lisette.*]  
Look thou, Godefroi, upon us!

GODEFROI

God, oh, God!

MEGARDE

Wilt thou stay here? [*Yolande's voice.*]



GODEFROI

I will, I will away, though my heart break.

MEGARDE

Godefroi, the victory, the victory! Will you away to-night?

GODEFROI

If not to-night, to-morrow early.

MEGARDE

But this wicked masque?

GODEFROI

It will not be, I know it will not be. They shall not ——. Now, mother, sleep, go sleep!

MEGARDE

My son, be firm!—and I will join my hands and pray for you.

GODEFROI

Pray, lest I enter into heaven!

MEGARDE

Godefroi!

GODEFROI

Take mother to her room! Good night!  
Good night! [*Exeunt Megarde and Lisette.*  
*Yolande is heard calling. Godefroi stops*  
*his ears, then opens them and calls loudly.*]  
Mother and brother, sister and myself,  
something I owe myself . . . knave,  
knave thyself. [*Frantically arranging gar-*  
*lands, etc.*] Myself! myself! Put thou that  
here!—Yolande! and put that there!—  
Yolande! Garlands! festoon! goblets! oh,  
rejoice!—Rain snow! howl wind!—Yolande!  
Yolande! Yolande!—She will not dream  
that ever I did love her. Can one man's  
soul so fold another's round and she reck  
nothing? Oh, Yolande! Yolande!

[*Enter Doctor above, Izabeau, Clarisin,*  
*and Elaine clustering round him.*]

DOCTOR

[*Leaning out of gallery.*] Yolande, ho,  
ho, Yolande!

IZABEAU, CLARISIN, ELAINE

[*Crowding round Doctor as he descends*  
*staircase.*] And is she well, and will the  
masque hold good?



DOCTOR

[*More to himself than to them.*] Ay, she is bleached and blanched and milky white. What is it to be white? [*Turning on women who disperse.*] Peace, sea-gulls, peace! [*Stands at foot of staircase gesticulating and fantastically grimacing.*] King and Archbishop, oh, thou savoury dish, served with white sauce! [*Cry and ringing as before.*] What scent they that they cry "unclean, unclean." [*Pause.*]

DOCTOR

[*Gripping hold of Godefroi's wrist.*] I tell thee what;—to-day, Master Clerk, thy lady will have none of thee; to-morrow, maybe, thou wouldst none of her.

GODEFROI

I go from here to-night.

DOCTOR

Stay for this masque. Oh, not for all the world would I forego this masque. I love a merry-making, a masque, a mystery, a miracle play, a morality—mayhap all these, a masque—for she is masked and will be

masked—a mask upon a mask ; a mystery—how the worm gets in the nut, the nut, the very kernel ; a miracle—now courted and now shunned, precipitated by one little word, one little word ; and a morality such things to see.—God of affliction, thou alone art God. [Pause.]

GODEFROI

What is it ails Yolande ?

DOCTOR

She says it should not fall snow in spring season ; and she says truly.

CLARISIN

The weather then it is that vexeth her !

DOCTOR

Ay, to be sure, the weather. [*Has crossed over to window and mounted upon platform.*] Like what does the snow fall ? Come, Master Clerk, up here !—Does it fall like a harsh, cold word ? Does it fall like a kiss withheld ?

GODEFROI

Most like, most like !

DOCTOR

Like what does it lie on the ground? Does it lie like a wedding garment? Does it lie like a winding sheet? But, Master Clerk, one thing there is, one thing like which it falls, and lies liker than these, that is—that is—that is the leprosy!

*[Enter Nimue, above.]*

NIMUE

Here comes my lady, is all ready?

IZABEAU

Ay, well nigh.

NIMUE

But is all ready?

IZABEAU

*[Busying about.]* Nearly, almost, quite.

GODEFROI.

To-morrow, in the morning, not to-night!

*[Enter Servants carrying thrones and a tripod.]*

The tripod there, the thrones up here, come.

YOLANDE

[*Calling off.*] Izabeau! Izabeau! Master Doctor! Master Doctor!

[*Enter Yolande impetuously. She is combing her hair. Izabeau follows her.*

But nought is ready. Bring me my glass!  
[*Exit Izabeau, and returns with glass.*]  
What a foul comb! [*Flings comb from her. Cry and bell.*] What cry is that? I will not have it here! Fetch me the porter! [*Exit Clarisin.*] Here is nothing ready!

[*Enter Godefroi, stands looking on Yolande, flowers in hand and sea-weed on his arm.*

YOLANDE

My glass. [*Izabeau hands glass.*] I am so white!

GODEFROI

Here are your flowers.

YOLANDE

There you are—you sluggard; nothing is ready!

GODEFROI

I will give orders.

YOLANDE

Needs must you take them first.

YOLANDE

[*Looks at him.*] Give me my glass.

IZABEAU

You have it in your hand.

[*Yolande puts snowdrops to her hair.*]

YOLANDE

Ah, no! [*Flings away snowdrops.*] They are so white! I am so white!

DOCTOR

What of that? Your hair is not white.

YOLANDE

My hair is streaming gold.

DOCTOR

Sunset on snow. [*Aside to Godefroi.*]  
Like what does the snow fall?

YOLANDE

You will restore my colour?

DOCTOR

Am I a gardener to replant your roses in your cheeks? Cannot your lovers pinch you pink?

YOLANDE

Fie, sir?

*[Doctor reseats himself over the fire.]*

GODEFROI

My lady, were it not better ——?

YOLANDE

What of you, clerk? We will change nothing now.

GODEFROI

My lady, were it not wise, seeing you are so white ——?

YOLANDE

Am I so very white?

GODEFROI

To put this business off?

YOLANDE

Who says that it were wise? The King, and the Archbishop, and the gay knight, Sir Sagramour. Why were it wise? Who says that it were wise?

GODEFROI

I fear, my lady ——

YOLANDE

What do you fear? Thou art meddlesome to-night.

GODEFROI

Lest Master Doctor—lest Master Doctor does not tell you all.

YOLANDE

Master Doctor, am I ill? I am not ill? Tell me the truth; fear not, I am not ill!

DOCTOR

If now you are ill, you never will be well then,

YOLANDE

Hear what he says. I ne'er was better, knave. I have sat up too late, and I am

white, but in the flash and sparkle of the feast—men always tell me so—my colour rises. [*To Godefroi.*] Go gather roses for my flaming hair.

[*Godefroi is looking at Yolande intently. Doctor has come up to and knelt down beside Yolande.*]

DOCTOR

It should not fall snow in spring season.

YOLANDE

[*To Godefroi.*] I bade you gather roses.

GODEFROI

There are no roses.

YOLANDE

Are there no roses, Sir Glum, Sir Dolorous. Do you sleep with your face betwixt two planks?

DOCTOR

You have a pretty trick of raillery; you believe not in God.

YOLANDE

What are you, an ape?



DOCTOR

By my skeleton.

YOLANDE

But will you make me pink again ?

DOCTOR

By slapping of your fair face for you.

GODEFROI

[*Looking intently upon Yolande*]. Yo-  
lande !

YOLANDE

Do you "Yolande" me, sir ? Take your  
eyes off me !

GODEFROI

[*Still looking intently.*] I had forgot. I  
must away from you to-night.

YOLANDE

Away from me to-night. Will not you  
look so ?

GODEFROI

My mother is come to take me from thy  
service.

YOLANDE

Where is thy mother? Is thy mother here?

GODEFROI

She is here.

YOLANDE

Set her before me.

GODEFROI

[*Hesitates evasively.*] She is old and blind.

YOLANDE

I did not ask thee to make her see me.

GODEFROI

She is my mother.

YOLANDE

I take thy meaning, insolent! Shall she lie 'neath my roof, partake my shelter, yet not obey mine orders? Drive her forth!

GODEFROI

Into the snow and wind?

YOLANDE

Then let her stay. You disputatious clerk, what should you know of love—nay, do not smile—of life—of joy? Silence! maybe a courtesan I am; but you, who eat my bread, it is not you should tell me so.

[*Enter Porter followed by Izabeau.*]

At last! What were those cries and ringing that I heard?

PORTER

They come from two grey figures—what they be I know not—stand jibbering, shuddering in the dark near to the gate. They ask for alms.

YOLANDE

[*To Godefroi.*] This is *thy* doing, thou hast emboldened them with thy faint heart and sickly pity.

PORTER

When I would drive them off they answer back with filth and blasphemies. What they may be I know not, but I know I should not care to touch them.

YOLANDE

But be they human ?

*[All shudder. Horses heard.]*

YOLANDE

I hear the horses. *[To Porter.]* Take thou thy cross-bow, drive them hence with bolts. *[Godefroi expostulates.]* Peace, I say, recalcitrant ! Shall not I be obeyed in mine own house ?

DOCTOR

Curse them and scourge them !

YOLANDE

Drive them hence with bolts ! *[Exit Porter. Servants carrying torches pass over stage.]* The King is coming hither, the Archbishop ! *[Yolande leaps up on to platform, seats herself in the largest of the thrones that are upon the stage.]* I am Queen Courtezan. I cast off care ! I laugh at life ! Of what is life for me ? The produce of their hours of sweat and toil men pour into my lap. O men, blind fools ! ye set each one above the other, but God hath set me high above ye all ! Men shall forsake

homes, wives, faith, duty, hope, dominion, Christ—all, all ye shall forsake and follow me. And that is love. Learn what love is of me. I will have Troy rebuilt and reta'en, and Actium o'er fought for me,—and won. For what is love? The sceptre of the wind, the spear of the frost, the breeze unto the breast, the sun upon the cheek, these all are love! Bow down before me! Homage! Way for me! For such as I—not Solomon in all his glory was!

[*Cry of lepers, "unclean," distinctly heard.*  
*A pause.*]

YOLANDE

Dare such cries pierce my walls. [*Sound of music.*] They come, they come!

[*Enter a throng of Maidens dressed as Naiads.*]

MAIDENS

The masquers are approaching.

YOLANDE

[*Glass in hand, putting on mask.*] Would I were not so white. Come, Naiads, come!

[*Exeunt Yolande and Naiads.*]

DOCTOR.

When next the moon runs out from 'neath  
that cloud, there some will be struck silly.

GODEFROI

[*Anxiously.*] Is she not ill? If she were  
ill, then might they—and I might—be near  
her, with her day long and night through.  
Ah, no, no, no!

DOCTOR

Have you so loved her?  
[*Enter many Musicians.*]

GODEFROI

Get up into the gallery. [*Musicians do so.*]  
[*Enter one like a Chamberlain.*]

CHAMBERLAIN

Jupiter's train is preparing.

GODEFROI

Venus's train is preparing.

[*They salute one another, and exit Chamberlain, simultaneously with whose exit enter Sir Sagramour running.*]

SIR SAGRAMOUR

May I not see Yolande before the masque commences?

DOCTOR

Not yet, not yet!

SIR SAGRAMOUR

Ho, Master Godefroi! Is this good? Does this like you? I am Hermes [*He turns about so as to display his dress.*] This masque that thou hast written, Master Godefroi, it is a knavish pretty piece of work. [*Sir Sagramour sings a snatch of song.*] Oh, let me see Yolande—one kiss, just one!

DOCTOR

Not yet, not yet! Tell me, Sir Sagramour, you come back from the Holy Land——

SIR SAGRAMOUR

Who knows it not? I have done mightily.

DOCTOR

I am a doctor. In the Holy Land have you seen many lepers?

SIR SAGRAMOUR

That I have.

DOCTOR

You stand in fear of a leper ?

SIR SAGRAMOUR

Sir, not I.

DOCTOR

And could you know a leper by the touch  
or look—say of the hand ?

SIR SAGRAMOUR

Indeed I could. I must be getting back  
to the King's masque.

*[The music off has ceased.]*

*[Exit Sir Sagramour.]*

DOCTOR

*[Eagerly.]* Who is the first to take my  
lady's hand ?

GODEFROI

Sir Sagramour.

DOCTOR

Ha! ha! When does he take her hand ?



GODEFROI

Wait, watch and see !

*[Enter Chamberlain.]*

CHAMBERLAIN

Jupiter's train is marshalled !

GODEFROI

My lady's train is marshalled !

CHAMBERLAIN

Then begin. *[Exit Chamberlain.]*

*[Godefroi signs to Musicians in Gallery, to strike up, they do so; during what follows Godefroi and Doctor remain by the fire.]*

#### THE MASQUE.

*[Four Women, respectively representing the Four Seasons, enter singing.]*

The Four Seasons are we ;  
Come down to the brows of the Cyprian sea.  
The gods have decreed at break of dawn  
From foam of the sea the Queen of Love  
shall be born.

*[Enter several Masquers leading the way, then Sir Sagramour as Mercury, with others presenting the other Olympian gods; last of all come King Philippe and the Archbishop as Jupiter and Pluto respectively.]*

KING

I am athirst, brother, to behold this woman.

*[King and Archbishop stand smiling at one another.]*

DOCTOR

The King!

GODEFROI

Ay, ay!

ARCHBISHOP

I am aglow, for by report her beauty ———  
*[They pass along.]*

DOCTOR

The Archbishop, the lascivious cleric, is it not? *[Nudges Godefroi.]* Here is a merry-making!

GODEFROI

Leave me—leave me!

*[During the foregoing, as the procession of the Olympian gods wends its way up to the platform, and ranges itself on the thrones there, they have been singing.]*

High Olympian gods,  
Our mandate it is from froth of the sea,  
To yield to us up the Queen of Love,  
To dwell with us in the heavens above.

*[Pause.*

*All sing.*

White curls of love on the deep blue brows,  
Queen of Love be born!  
Long have we waited for thee;  
Come with the gods to carouse.  
Queen of Love be born!  
The high gods sit waiting for thee.

*[Silence, wind and sea heard, and the cry of the lepers.]*

*[Chorus of Nymphs and Naiads within.]*

The Queen of Love is born.  
The Queen of Beauty and life,  
White as the foam on the sea.

DOCTOR

White as the leprosy.

*[Godefroi is seated, his head buried in his hands. Enter Yolande, representing Venus, masked, escorted by her Nymphs and Naiads. Yolande stands on the threshold; a murmur of admiration runs through the assembled; many get up and crane their necks to obtain a better view.]*

*[All burst out with—*

Queen of Beauty, all hail!  
Queen of Life and of Love!  
Love is born upon earth.

DOCTOR

*[Eagerly to Godefroi.]* Now what? Now what?

GODEFROI

Hermes will bind Venus's waist with the girdle of love.

DOCTOR

Here he comes!

*[Sir Sagramour comes down from the platform holding in his hand a carcanet.]*

SIR SAGRAMOUR

[*Doing obeisance.*] This is the gift of the gods to the most fair. Suffer me, sweet Venus, to gird it round thy girdle. It conferreth everlasting power of love.

[*Yolande raises her arms above her head.*]

ARCHBISHOP

[*To King.*] What a Swan!

[*Sir Sagramour kneels down and proceeds to fasten the girdle round her waist; meanwhile they sing.*]

Power everlasting we confer,  
Upon the sweetest goddess, to inspire  
The hearts of men with love unquenchable.

KING

Would his office were mine.

DOCTOR

Oh, lechery, lechery!

SIR SAGRAMOUR

Lady Venus, may I as guerdon crave to put my lips to thy fair, slight, bright hand.

[*Yolande slowly lowers one hand.*]

DOCTOR

Now they converge! now they converge! lips to hand—wine on white marble—sunset on snow. [*Sir Sagramour takes Yolande's hand; almost puts his lips to it, draws his head suddenly back, lets go the hand; lets his eyes travel fearfully up her body, so as to see under her chin. Coming up to Sir Sagramour.*] On, my lord, on!

[*People take up the cry, "On, Sir Sagramour, on!" The King comes swinging down off the platform.*]

KING

Take your kiss, let us to ours!

SIR SAGRAMOUR

[*Starting up off his knees and preventing the King.*] My king!

KING

Fool, lower! [*The Archbishop comes down.*]

ARCHBISHOP

[*Seeking to put Sir Sagramour roughly aside.*] Out of the way!

SIR SAGRAMOUR

No—no! My liege, my lord!

PEOPLE

[*Murmur.*] “Liege,” “lord.”

SIR SAGRAMOUR

[*Designating Yolande.*] Do not you see?  
Do not you see?

PEOPLE

[*Murmur.*] Is he drunken? What is it?  
Is he mad?

[*Yolande makes a negatory gesture. The music keeps on playing.*]

SOME

[*Cry.*] Out of the way with him!

KING

Out of the way! Are ye grown sudden  
jealous?

SIR SAGRAMOUR

No, no! you must not! [*Forcibly restrains King and Archbishop.*] O, lady, give me  
time! if thy face be as white as is thy hand,  
as is thy chin, then art thou stricken——

PEOPLE

[*Murmur.*] What says he? What says he?

[*A hubbub begins, and goes on increasing until the word "leprosy."*]

SIR SAGRAMOUR

Then art thou stricken——

SIR SAGRAMOUR *and* DOCTOR

With the leprosy!

[*A hush falls on all. A shudder runs through Yolande's frame.*]

GODEFROI

[*Leaping up suddenly.*] Liar sir knight!

DOCTOR

Why, this is April Fool's Day!

[*Some laugh, Yolande laughs.*]

SIR SAGRAMOUR

• No fooling here! Lady, lift off your mask.

KING

[*In a choked voice.*] Off with your mask!



DOCTOR

[*In Yolande's ear.*] Do not; you are so white.

YOLANDE

It is a lie! I am not white, Sir Sagramour!

GODEFROI

[*Wildly.*] It is a lie! It is a lie!

KING

Off with your mask!

ARCHBISHOP

Off with your mask!

MANY

Off with your mask!

[*Yolande raises hand to mask.*]

DOCTOR

[*In her ear.*] Do not!

[*Yolande appears to hesitate, a pause, then suddenly and defiantly she withdraws her mask; a murmur of admiration, then of horror, runs through the assembly. "The leprosy!" Yolande sinks down on the floor.*]

DOCTOR

[*Capering about.*] The leprosy! the leprosy! God hath forestalled; God was there before ye. A miracle, a god, a leprosy!

[*Rushes madly forth.*]

[*Godefroi signs to the Musicians to stop playing; they do not hear him—he goes up into the gallery.*] Cease! cease!

SIR SAGRAMOUR

[*Throwing himself down before Yolande.*] Forgive me, Lady Yolande!

YOLANDE

[*Raising her head and stretching out her arms.*] It is not true?

MANY

It is not true!

GODEFROI

[*On the staircase.*] Is it not true?

SIR SAGRAMOUR

[*As Yolande approaches him.*] Only touch me not!

YOLANDE

[*Crawling toward Sir Sagramour on her knees.*] It is not true, Sir Sagramour.

[*She touches him on the leg, Sir Sagramour draws his dagger and rushes frenziedly through the onlookers, crying out, "Help!" Many take up the cry and fly panic-stricken away. Yolande sinks back on the ground.*

KING

[*To Archbishop.*] Brother!

ARCHBISHOP

Brother, it is God's doing! Brother, I will stand forth and I will curse her. [*Stretches out his arm.*] Before God and before ye I do confess my sin. [*Tearing away his masking gear.*] Know me for the Lord Archbishop!  
[*Consternation.*

KING

[*Tearing away his masking gear.*] Know me for Philippe, King of France!  
[*Further consternation.*

ARCHBISHOP

How dear God hath His Church, behold in me! For in His mercy He hath brought

us out to vindicate His strong arm in our eyes. He would not let us fall. 'Fore Thee, O God, before ye all I swear from this day forth I ne'er more will neglect mine holy charge. Behold your Queen of Love, melted in God's wrath. I cast at thee my stone. Anathema!

KING

I cast at thee my stone. Anathema!

ARCHBISHOP

Flee the unclean thing!

KING

Flee the unclean thing! [*Impulsively kneeling before the Archbishop.*] Brother, oh, bless me!

PEOPLE

[*Kneeling round the Archbishop.*] Bless us, father!

ARCHBISHOP

[*Stretching out his arms.*] Bless ye, and sin no more!

KING

To horse! to horse! Away! away! away!

*[Archbishop and others take up and repeat the several cries; many of them take hold of torches: some, in the general consternation, gather up goblets, plates, etc. Exeunt King, Archbishop, and others; many are still left lingering about: they exeunt gradually, casting tearful glances at Yolande. Horses heard galloping over stone-paved courtyard. The snow has ceased falling, the moon is shining out.]*

GODEFROI

*[In great exultation.]* Have pity on me,  
Lord, have pity on me! And help me farther  
forward, oh my God!

*[A long silence.]*

YOLANDE

*[Rolling in the rushes on the floor.]* Leprosy!  
leprosy! *[Godefroi comes slowly down stage;  
stands over Yolande.]*

GODEFROI

*[In a low voice.]* My lady ——

YOLANDE

The leprosy! the leprosy! the leprosy! the leprosy!

GODEFROI

Yolande, my Lady Yolande!

YOLANDE

*[In a kneeling posture, drawing her hand across her forehead.]* Let me see. . . .  
It is not true! . . . come back! . . .  
come back! . . . *[Crosses to the window.]*  
Come back! . . . come back! . . .  
*[She looks at the disorder in the room.]* Why!  
. . . how! . . . here! . . . Oh,  
wake me, wake me, wake me! *[Her eyes rest on her hands and arms, she seats herself on the platform.]* Ah, the whiteness, the whiteness. *[Rolls again in the rushes.]* Wake me, wake me! *[She is sitting on the floor. Godefroi stretches out his hand.]*

*[Yolande takes Godefroi's hand, springs up from the ground, and kisses him once, twice, and again.]*

YOLANDE

It is not true! I am not—you let me kiss you!

GODEFROI

Lady, alas, alas!

YOLANDE

Yes, it is true! Oh, God! oh, God! [*She sinks helplessly to the ground.*] Ah! ah! ah!

GODEFROI

[*Having brought Yolande a seat, against which she supports her body.*] My lady ——

YOLANDE

I will to bed. The sheets are white, it will not show so much. [*The last words are scarcely audible.*] Wine! Fetch me wine!

GODEFROI

My lady ——

YOLANDE

Fetch me some wine, I said. Do as I bid you! [*Godefroi does so; pours out a gobletful of wine, holds it out to Yolande, who puts out her hand to take the goblet; she suddenly plunges it into the wine and sniggers to herself, saying, "so white, so white!" What remains in the goblet she pours over her dress. Godefroi picks up the goblet, refills it, and hands it to Yolande.*]

YOLANDE

[*As she takes the cup from him.*] Gany-  
mede, Ganymede! More, more! [*Godefroi  
once more refills goblet, which Yolande empties.  
Struggling to her feet.*] I will to bed now, I  
will to bed now. Where is Sir Sagramour?

GODEFROI

My Lady, Sir Sagramour is run away.

YOLANDE

Where are my servants? [*Izabeau is look-  
ing timorously in at one of the doors. Yolande  
sees her.*] Izabeau, slattern, come here!  
[*Izabeau flees away screaming; Yolande sinks  
into the chair; Izabeau's screams die away  
gradually; silence. Beginning to cry.*] But  
my servants? Shall I—oh God! oh, God!  
Where are my servants?

GODEFROI

They are gone, my lady. [*Yolande bursts  
into tears.*] I will fetch them back. [*He  
goes towards the door, then comes back.*] My  
lady, they are fled away from us.

YOLANDE

From us! From me?



GODEFROI

From us !

YOLANDE

From us . . . from us . . . No, no, no ! I do not believe it all. You are her poor clerk ; I am the Lady Yolande. I will sleep, and wake up to-morrow. [*Sinks into chair.*] Who is to do for me ; who is to undress me ?

GODEFROI

I will do for you, lady !

YOLANDE

Who is to undress me ?

GODEFROI

I will undress you.

YOLANDE

Sirrah ! [*Yolande strikes Godefroi, then stands rubbing her hands between her knees and laughing the while. Godefroi stands looking at Yolande, Yolande at Godefroi. Suddenly covering before Godefroi.*] Ah, do not harm me !

GODEFROI

Lady! I harm you!

YOLANDE

You hate me. I have slighted you: you hate me.

GODEFROI

I hate you, lady! Lady, I do love you!

YOLANDE

You love me? How—how your face—seems cleared! I am the Lady Yolande! you are her poor clerk. Are you not that same Godefroi? No, no, you do not love me—you take pity on me!

GODEFROI

Pity, my lady, is it pity that clears up my face? No, it is joy, the joy to be alone—alone with you.

YOLANDE

[*Starting away from Godefroi.*] You—you are glad of—what has befallen me?

GODEFROI

I try to feel, to think, I am not glad!

YOLANDE

Beast, beast, you have no pity—leave me—  
leave me!

GODEFROI

Go from you, lady, leave you all alone?  
For you would be alone should I go from  
you.

YOLANDE

I must bethink me . . . I must bethink  
me. What is it for me to be a leper?

GODEFROI

For me, it is to be alone with you! Alone  
with you, Yolande, to be with you! For you,  
it is to be alone with me.

YOLANDE

Alone—alone with you? Yes. Sit by me,  
Godefroi. [*Moving her skirts, making room  
for Godefroi.*] Here now!

GODEFROI

Let me touch your hand. [*Yolande with-  
draws her hand.*] What, not your fair, bright  
little hand?

YOLANDE

No. Then you would become ——

GODEFROI

The liker you!

YOLANDE

Oh, tell me what I am—and what you are. You seem to know. To be alone with you, always alone with you, oh, my poor heart!—What shall we talk of? For now the time will be so long!

GODEFROI

Not longer than it was.

YOLANDE

Oh, yes, for now will come to me no gallants.

GODEFROI

None but me!

YOLANDE

My poor Godefroi, you are no gallant!  
[*Pause.*] Why do you stay with me?

GODEFROI

Because thou art Yolande, the thing on earth, the thing on earth I love . . .

YOLANDE

[*Sinking her head on her hands.*] Oh, I am very weary. The thing on earth you love. But they all loved me, they are fled from me!

GODEFROI

They did not love thee—not as I love thee—else wherefore are they fled away from thee? You still are you, and you are still the same.

YOLANDE

Oh, not the same! [*Breaking out.*] My beauty, oh, my life! Oh, if you love me, kill me, kill me, kill me! [*On her knees before Godefroi.*]

GODEFROI

Kill you! I love you. What love can do—Yolande, what can it not? What can it not?

YOLANDE

But much of this was in the masque, had it gone on.

GODEFROI

Lady, you said I did not know what love was.

YOLANDE

[*Shrinking suddenly from Godefroi.*] Oh no, no, no! You do not love my body!

GODEFROI

No, lady, not thy body, but thy sweet soul, that is the thing I love! My pilgrimage is over, and I kneel, I kneel before the shrine! Yolande! Yolande!

YOLANDE

[*After looking fixedly at him for some time, in a low voice.*] What art—art one of the saints, art *He*?

GODEFROI

I am but one that loveth, that is all! but one that loveth!

YOLANDE

But with Christ's love. A mighty light is breaking in upon me.

GODEFROI

[*In a sudden great ecstasy.*] Yolande, He hath done this to save thy soul! I see it all now! Perish thy body, so thy soul survive.

YOLANDE

Perish my body, so my soul survive! Oh, Godefroi, Godefroi! Let's down upon our knees and pray to God! [*They kneel down opposite to one another.*]

GODEFROI

Like two stone images above a tomb—of my sorrowing.

YOLANDE

Of my loveliness. [*Writhing.*] It creeps like shoals of flies all through, all through me. Thou canst save me. Lead me—lead me to God! Do not kill me though I ask of you, not though I beg of you. I shall—I shall—but do it not! let me live on and suffer! so that by suffering I may win forgive-

ness. Only, as thou dost love me, let me never look into a mirror ; let me never see the horror of my countenance. God hath laid hold upon my body, and He will rend it piecemeal joint from joint, and He will tear it up and scatter it, and cast it from Him. Thy will be done ! Spotch me and spatter me. Thy will be done ! Only, do never let me see myself.—But you will see me.—But then, ah, Godefroi ! . . . then one day will come . . . when I am hideous to look upon . . . then one will cross thy path as I still am, and thou wilt steal away from me by night.

GODEFROI

No, lady, never !

YOLANDE

Thou wilt stay with me ?

GODEFROI

Through life, through death ; through life beyond the grave ; up to the throne of God !

MEGARDE

[*Calling off.*] Godefroi ! Godefroi !



YOLANDE

There is one calling thee.

*[Lepers heard calling off.]*

YOLANDE

There is one calling me. They are calling you to yours, and me to mine.

GODEFROI

Cling close to me and I will cleave to you.

YOLANDE

They are calling you to heaven and me to hell.

GODEFROI

There were no heaven for me without you, Yolande; and hell were painless were you there.

*[Enter Megarde led by Lisette.]*

MEGARDE

Godefroi!

GODEFROI

Oh, God, my mother! *[Withdraws into the shade. Silence.]*

LISETTE

There is Godefroi.

MEGARDE

Godefroi, come home with us ; we cannot sleep beneath this wicked roof, come home to us. Speak to me, Godefroi.

LISETTE

There is a lady hanging round his neck.

MEGARDE

O, Godefroi, Godefroi ! I stretch out mine arms in the darkness. Easy it is to elude me ; come from her, Godefroi, come to me.

YOLANDE

[*Weakly.*] Godefroi, Godefroi, do not leave me, Godefroi.

MEGARDE

[*Moving off.*] Son, I am going home. Where your home is you know. May God forgive you!

GODEFROI

Mother, dear mother !

MEGARDE

Or she or me, mother or courtezan ?

GODEFROI

She is no courtezan. She hath atoned her sins, she is a leper. I cannot come to you, for I have touched her.

MEGARDE

Oh, my God, my son !

LEPERS

[*Heard calling off.*] Come unto us, sister leper.

YOLANDE

Keep them away ; keep them away !

GODEFROI

[*Calling down the passage.*] Away ! away !

MEGARDE

I stretch out mine arms in the darkness.

GODEFROI

Mother ! you do not know.

LEPERS

[*Nearer and nearer.*] Come unto us, sister  
leper, come unto us.

YOLANDE

Keep them off!

GODEFROI

Away! away!

LEPERS

[*Off.*] We want our sister leper.

GODEFROI

She is not for thee.

LEPERS.

Clean art thou?

GODEFROI

I am clean. [*Lepers heard retreating, calling out "unclean," and beating their clappers.*]  
Mother, God hath so willed it! You have  
my brother, you have Lisette—but she hath  
no one. Mother, in God's sight I am doing  
well! I must go forth and testify to Him!  
There are blind forces driving at my back.

MEGARDE

We stretch out our arms in the darkness.

*[Several demolishers, dressed in red, rush across the stage, smashing up to right and left with huge mallets; they cry as they do so, "Demolish! Demolish!" A sound of chanting. During the remainder of the play, crashings are heard from time to time.]*

*[Enter the Frantic Hermit followed by a King's Officer, an Executioner, hanging on his arm a grey garment, and in his hand a clapper, other Monks chanting.]*

HERMIT

*[Seeing Yolande.]* Here is the foul thing!  
*[To Godefroi.]* Up, and away from her! Go through the house; smash, purge, destroy, and purify! Leave her to me. *[He moves slowly down the stage, then with the most intense ferocity.]* Pollution! Monstrous curse!

GODEFROI

Her fall is recent, and from a great height.

HERMIT

She made a traffic of her flesh, behold what God hath made of her commodity, her

marketable wares ! like a white tent whereof  
the pole is cut ——

GODEFROI

Some pity, priest !

HERMIT

What man would touch her now ?

GODEFROI

Wouldst break the bruised reed ? take some  
Christ's pity, priest !

HERMIT

Who is this—this extenuator of God's  
judgments ?

MEGARDE

That is my son.

HERMIT

Why doth he cling to her ?

GODEFROI

Because I love her !

**HERMIT**

Beetle! wouldst thou lay thine eggs in this  
fair garbage-heap?

**GODEFROI**

Have you no pity?

**HERMIT**

I say stand from her! lest in one common  
ban I comprehend ye both.

**GODEFROI**

Ay, do so! wall us round and fence us off!  
leave us to be with God! . . . Shriek! shriek!  
but learn from me!

**HERMIT**

From thee?

**GODEFROI**

From me!

**HERMIT**

What is this vile blasphemer?

**BYSTANDER**

He is a poor clerk.

HERMIT

One of the profane of Paris? Stand thou accursed, likewise! and hear ye the Archbishop's excommunication.

GODEFROI

What is thine Archbishop, that he should excommunicate?

HERMIT

Dost thou dispute the thunders of the Church?

GODEFROI

I do dispute the Church. I tell thee, God hath cast them out from her . . . King and Archbishop, and not she from them.

HERMIT

[*To the Executioner.*] Then put her on the robe and drive her forth! Thy goods are given over to the King; thy bodies to the leprosy; thy souls to Satan;—Anathema! Shall not man follow in God's footsteps when so clearly one is set aside as she for execration?



MEGARDE

My son, my son !

HERMIT

And thou, blaspheming, filthy paramour !

GODEFROI

[*Taking the grey garment from the Executioner.*] Nay, suffer me !

YOLANDE

Nay, do not drive me out ; this is my house !

HERMIT

At the sword's point, if need be !

GODEFROI

[*Putting the garment over Yolande, who seems to shrink from it.*] Nay, lady, 'tis thy sackcloth ; think of God !

HERMIT

Give her the bell !

GODEFROI

[*Taking the bell from the Executioner. Yolande is half fainting.*] Nay, sir !—Lady, take this ! are not we ready now ?

BYSTANDER

He is lewd ! he is disgusting !

HERMIT

Now get ye forth and wander through the world. And with thy lips, as long as thou hast lips, cry out "unclean, unclean." Ye shall come nigh no human habitation within three miles. Ye shall not wash in any running stream, nor shall ye go in any narrow pathways, but ye shall wander in a wilderness, two voices testifying to God's justice. Oh, God, oh, God ! Thy glorious covenant ! Thy great just dealing ! [*To the bystanders.*] Oh, rejoice, rejoice ! for the ungodly perish 'neath thine eyes. [*Bell, and voice crying "unclean."*] Out to thy brethren !

GODEFROI

Thy message thou hast spoken ;—hear thou mine !

HERMIT

But as for thee,—hast sought pollution out, and clasped corruption to thee,—worse shall be thy fate than hers, at God's great judgment day.

GODEFROI

Thy message thou hast spoken ; hear thou mine ! That there is love on earth we will show God ; we will show man that there is God in heaven. That she might be acceptable to Him, He made her first abhorrent unto men. He cast a seed of love into my heart ; and when that seed had grown up strong and stout (strong to resist God's weather and man's hate), then did this little thicket blossom forth ; and then God said : go forth ! and testify to men before My face ! . . . All ye are misinterpreters of God ! . . . And we will cry "*unclean*"—"unclean," to your *uncleanly* world ! Where is no love, but lust usurping love !—Come forth, Yolande, into the night and wind !—When we appear together at the last, together He must judge us ! *We are one !* Say, we are one ! Out, out into the night ! [*To onlookers.*] Unclean—*ye* are unclean ! [*Godefroi appears to drag Yolande.*]

HERMIT

She hath bewitched him.

KING'S OFFICER

Tear him from her ! [*Several men-at-arms draw their swords.*]

YOLANDE

[*Clinging wildly to Godefroi.*] Ah, no, no,  
no, no, no!

GODEFROI

[*In a great exultation.*] That she should  
have desired me!—Yolande, stretch out thine  
arms! they shall not part us. [*Yolande does  
so, the men-at-arms retreat.*]

HERMIT

Hew her arms off!

GODEFROI

Cowards, ye are afraid! Come, Yolande;  
come, lady, come! . . . Uncleanly world!  
. . . Out—out into the night, into the  
wind! . . . Oh, mother, mother, tell me  
I do well.

MEGARDE

I would not have thee other than thou art!  
That I did bear thee! Oh, my son, my son!  
for thou art surely Christ-like!

GODEFROI

Away, away!

YOLANDE

But they are waiting for us.

GODEFROI

What of that? Oh, better they than these!  
Mother, farewell!—Unclean, unclean, unclean!

*[Exeunt Godefroi and Yolande, crashing and chanting is still going on. Silence falls on all. Redoubled cries of "unclean," "unclean," "unclean!"]*

CURTAIN FALLS.















