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Rainald and the Red Wolf

being a mediæval masque
by Thomas Wood Stevens
and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman
produced by the
Art Students League
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1914

A. C. H. S. Co.

STAGE GUILD MASQUES
RAINALD AND THE RED
WOLF

Rainald and the Red Wolf

BEING THE MASQUE OF THE
PILGRIMS AND THE TOWNS-
FOLK OF LAVAYNE, AND HOW
THEY PLAYED THEIR SHROVE
TIDE MIRACLE BEFORE THE
LORD WALDEMAR

AS WRITTEN BY KENNETH
SAWYER GOODMAN AND
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS, FOR
THE ANNUAL MARDI GRAS
FESTIVAL OF THE ART STU-
DENTS' LEAGUE, CHICAGO, 1914

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MAR 13 1914
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201

CAST OF CHARACTERS

OF LAVAYNE

RAINALD—Count of Lavayne.

YSOBEL—His wife, Countess of Lavayne.

FLORINO—Equerry to the Countess.

The Bishop of Lavayne.

The Crier of Lavayne.

The Guild Master of the Armorors.

The Guild Master of the Wool-Merchants.

The Guild Master of the Bakers.

First Burgher's Wife.

Second Burgher's Wife.

Third Burgher's Wife.

An Old Woman.

Citizens of Lavayne, Ladies in Waiting, Courtiers, etc.

THE BLACK COMPANY

WALDEMAR—Baron of Ludoc and Degramour.

His Captain.

His Herald.

Comrades of the Black Company.

OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF PILGRIMS

The Crier of the Pilgrims.

An Old Gleeman.

A Young Gleeman.

A Jongleur.

IN THE MIRACLE PLAY.

A Lady—Representing the City.

Fear—Greed—Sloth—Her Councilors.

Church.

Angel.

Wolf.

A Crusader.

Pilgrims and Beggars—Monks.

RAINALD AND THE RED WOLF

[*The scene is a square before the great cathedral doors. At the right is a booth with steps leading up to it. A brotherhood of pilgrims is about to give a Shrove-tide miracle play. The Square is filled with townsfolk of various sorts. Florino, a young man in the dress of an equerry, sits upon the cathedral steps. The three Guild Masters stand chatting together at the left. Rainald, completely shrouded in a dark cloak, stands at the right of the miracle booth, leaning upon a pilgrim's staff. Two gleemen and the jongleur, with lutes, sit upon the steps of the booth. The three burghers' wives are near the Guild Masters. The old woman is crouched near Florino, telling her beads.*]

(*The Crier enters.*)

THE CRIER OF LAVAYNE.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

We command that no man go ^{armed} ~~around~~ in this town,
Neither with swords nor with carlill-axes in distur-
bance of the Shrove-tide festival and of this play.

We command that all men leave their harness within
doors,

Saving knights and squires of worship that should
have their swords borne after them.

Oyez, Oyez!

(*He goes out.*)

(*A band of beggars enters in procession and take their
places around the steps of the booth. The curtains
of the booth are parted and the Crier of the Pilgrims
addresses the crowd.*)

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS.

Hear ye all! Hear ye all! Hear ye all!
Worshipful burghers and sweet folk of Lavayne,
I give you greeting in the name of the brothers of this
pilgrimage!

We have trodden with naked feet the stony way to
Jordan.
We have kissed the sacred dust upon the tombs of
God's saints.
We have stood in the place of the agony of our Lord
Christ, Captain of the World.
We have faced the infidel and unfolded the cunning
of Egypt.
Hear ye all!
We bring you a precious essence seven times distilled
from the grapes of true wisdom,
Globed in a vessel of pure gold, encrusted with abun-
dant rubies
The wine whereof I speak is the miracle play my Mas-
ter hath made
The vase of gold is our illustrious company.
The rubies are the drops of blood shed upon our glori-
ous pilgrimage.
We offer them freely for your pleasure and instruction.
Hear ye all!

THE JONGLEUR.
(*Striking the lute.*)

Friends and masters, one and all,
Hear! And if ye so incline,
From our chalice magical
Golden lipped and bright as dew,
Presently shall pour for you
Precious gifts of starry wine.

THE TWO GLEEMAN.

Noble gifts to satisfy
Thirst of soul and thirst of eye.

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS.

Hear ye all, hear ye all, hear ye all!
Our Shrove-tide miracle is of quaint and meritorious
conceit.
It will bring hearts ease to them that are sore afflicted,
And the stout of heart will kindle new faith therefrom.
Hear ye all!

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE.

Hey, Master Pilgrim, of what sort is thy play?

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS.

That ye shall hear in good time,
If thou be but patient and lend us thine ears, dame.

SECOND BURGHER'S WIFE.

'Tis not to thy speaking the folk will harken this day,
Master Pilgrim.

THIRD BURGHER'S WIFE.

Aye, who would be watching a mystery,
Whether of saints or kings or the passion of God,
This day in Lavayne!
We are come to see the Lady of our city wed to a
new lord.
We have eyes for naught else beside.

THE OLD WOMAN.

Ye speak the truth.
It is ill for a fair town when its rightful lord is lost.
It is ill when the burghers speak not and the guild men
are silent.
When strong men sell their swords, and give their
honor to the buying of peace.

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE.

Yet, peace is good.

SECOND BURGHER'S WIFE.

Ye may well say that,

THIRD BURGHER'S WIFE.

Aye, though it cost us dear, we must bide content with
the price of it.

THE OLD WOMAN.

No peace is good that rides through our gates in a
saddle of shame.
Today the Black Company darkens the high cathedral
door.

The bells of our watch towers are shattered and still.
Waldemar the Wolf hath set his heel upon our hearts.
He hath taken from us our lady—our city.
And our glory goes out in treason and shame.
Ah, woe is me, woe is Lavayne!

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE ARMORERS.

Cease thy wailing, beldam,
The Baron Waldemar hath long ears and a heavy hand.

FLORINO.

(Rising.)

Let her alone, Master Armorer,
She at least hath courage.
*(He comes down from the Church steps, and going to
the steps of the Players' booth addresses the Crier
of the Pilgrims.)*
Tell me, good Pilgrim,
Thou art lately come out of Palestine,
Knowest thou aught of my master?
Did no man speak there of Count Rainald of Lavayne?

THE OLD GLEEMAN.

(Speaking behind Florino.)

It is a wide land from which we come.
An hundred dukes have gone thither in the long years,
Kings and brothers of kings with great blue swords;
A thousand princes in coats of purple and red gold;
Captains in fine mail with bright flags upon their spears,
Who was thy master that men should mark him among
the like of these?

(Turning upon him.)

FLORINO.

My master was such that had he risen with God's angels
against the Prince Satan,
Michael himself had marked him to bear a standard.

THE OLD GLEEMAN.

A rare master, surely.

FLORINO.

My master was lord of this place where ye stand
He was the stone of our walls.
He was the water of our moat.
He was the flame that spread our banner in war.
Without him we are as bodies without breath,
Without courage,
Without shame,
Without hope.

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS.

Yet I have heard no man speak his name in Lavayne.

FLORINO.

They have forgotten what he was.
A vision of the holy sepulchre came to him at mass
yonder ;
His city became as nothing.

THE OLD GLEEMAN.

God's life, but thou speakest with a bitter heart, young
sir.
Tell me, art thou too a poet ?

FLORINO.

I am Florino, equerry to the Countess Ysobel,
She that was the white lily of Lavayne,
She that was the most precious gem in a goodly treasure
house of laughter and fair report.

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS.

And what of her now that thou speakest as of one
dead ?

FLORINO.

She must become what cowards would make of her,
A thing for barter and exchange.
A ransom to buy the safety of fat necks and greasy
moneybags.
My master's wife—
A plaything for the black wolf Waldemar.

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE ARMORERS.

Be still, Master Florino,
Guard thy tongue, in God's name.

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE BAKERS.

Look you, good Pilgrim,
Give him no heed.
He knows naught of policy and the need that drives us.
The lad is a fool.

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE WOOL MERCHANTS.

We are men of grave responsibility, young sir.
Weighty men and burghers of a fair town.
It is our place to deal in patience and wisdom.
Necks that bear a city's life must needs bend lest they
be broken,
And the treasure shattered past mending.

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE ARMORERS.

We have but chosen a new lord and the Countess a
new husband
As befits the needs of Lavayne. Naught else beside.

FLORINO.

(Passionately.)

They lie, good pilgrims,
The true life of the city is naught to these men.
The Red Wolf fawned at our gates and they flung
them wide for him to enter.
He asked our honor and they gave it him freely.
He asks more and they are still ready to give,
Lest he rend their bolts of cloth, forsooth,
And trade be marred.

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE.

Go to, Master Florino.
Must ye ever be railing at honest folk?
The Bishop himself hath blessed today's work.

THE OLD WOMAN.

He hath blessed an iniquity in sight of God.
New blood is springing from the wounds of Christ.
They have set new banners of scarlet in the brazen
porches of Hell.
Our Shrove-tide feast is become a banquet of fiends.
Ah, woe is me! Woe is Lavayne!

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE ARMORERS.

Stop the hag's mouth!
Master Florino, go back to the Countess.
Look that she come not late to the church.

FLORINO.

Ah, if Count Rainald were but here!

THE OLD GLEEMAN.

What wouldst thou do, young sir, in such a case?

FLORINO.

I would kiss his cloak.
I would ride with him through the streets.
The city would rise behind us like an April storm.
The young men with steel pikes in their hands.
And the women with black stones plucked from the
bed of the road.
We would ride over Waldemar and his wolves.
We would break them, as the great sea breaks down
a rotten dyke.

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE WOOL MERCHANTS.

That is a mad speech, young sir.
If thy lord were here alone, what would it profit him?
He would hang by his neck in the town gates
And thou with him—
Yea, and other fools beside—

FIRST BURGHER'S WIFE.

And Count Rainald be not dead, he were better so.

SECOND BURGHER'S WIFE.

If he be not dead, where is he?
Let him come back with a stout army at his heels,
Aye, and let him come within the hour.

THIRD BURGHER'S WIFE.

He is no help to us else.

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE BAKERS.

The women speak truly.

Get thee gone, Master Florino.

'Tis an ill thing crying names of dead men to the empty air.

And thou, Pilgrim,

I warn thee ask no more of things which concern thee not.

(The Guild Masters turn their backs and move toward the church steps. Florino starts to leave and Reinald stops him.)

RAINALD.

A moment, Master Florino!

(Florino hesitates.)

Come hither!

FLORINO.

I give thee warning, stranger.

I am in ill mood for further mockery.

RAINALD.

It is not in my mind to mock thee.

FLORINO.

What else?

RAINALD.

Bear my greeting to the Countess Ysobel.

Before she enters the great door of the church, bid her stop yonder.

She must hear the play I have made.

She must see these curtains withdrawn.

She must heed the miracle I shall set forth.

Hast thou marked me well?

FLORINO.

I have marked thee too well.

What art thou and thy mummers to me or my lady?

RAINALD.

Mark then my face.

(He draws aside his hood facing Florino and the audience.)

FLORINO.

God's life! Master! My lord Rainald!

RAINALD.

Go! do as I bade thee.

No word to my wife save those I have spoken.

FLORINO.

I go.

(Florino goes out hurriedly in the direction of the Palace. Enter a group of girls who give a festival dance. In the midst of the dance, the Captain of Waldemar's guard enters, followed by four men-at-arms, and scatters the dancers.)

THE CAPTAIN.

Stand back! Make way!

Must I bid my men toss ye into the river?

Make way, I tell ye,

Make way for my lord Waldemar.

THE MEN-AT-ARMS.

(Pushing back the dancers and the crowd.)

Way for my lord Waldemar! Make way!

(There is a flourish of trumpets and Waldemar enters, followed by his herald and a company of spearmen. Waldemar and the herald mount the Church steps. There is a shout from the crowd.)

THE HERALD.

(Lifting his hand.)

Silence!

I command ye all to silence in the name of my liege,
the Count Waldemar,

Baron of Ludoc and Degramour.

Captain of the Black Company.

Hear ye all!

My lord hath become, by the grace of God and the strength of his own hand, master of this town.
It is his to revoke all charters and renew all rights.
It is his to spare or to destroy.
Therefore, heed ye all what is proclaimed this day for the third time and the last.
By sanction of your Bishop and special grant of God's most holy church.
My master may wed with your Countess Ysobel,
Her that is widow of your late lord Rainald, God rest his soul.
My master may become Count of Lavayne.
Hear ye all!
It lieth with the Countess Ysobel to accede to the demands of my lord,
But as yet she hath made no answer.
Let her appear at the Cathedral of Lavayne.
Let her appear before the High Mass of the Shrove Tuesday of this year.
Let her bring a favor that shall be a token of her dignities.
Let her wed with my master,
Else will your town be laid waste
And not one stone of it left upon another.
Thus it is spoken!

(There is another shout.)

WALDEMAR.

Ye have heard the voice of my herald.
Ye know me for a driver of hard bargains and a man of my word also.
There is left to your town scarce a quarter hour of grace.
I will not be gentle beyond the allotted time.
I am no loutish bridegroom that will await his bride in patience.
I have wrung gold from your city as I would wring juice from a ripe fruit.
See that your countess be not late in coming.
Lest I wring blood from you also.

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE ARMORERS.

(Stepping forward and kneeling at the foot of the church steps. He has in his hands a sword and a rolled parchment which he has taken from an apprentice who stands beside him.)

Most gracious and powerful lord!

In whose august hand lie the strength and prosperity of Lavayne,

Accept this sword.

It is the token of the loyalty and obedience of my guild,

The Guild of Armorers.

Accept also this roll of parchment—

It setteth forth in fair words the sweet will of thy people.

It petitioneth also the renewal of my guild's charter, From this day forth.

(He lays the sword and scroll upon the church steps. The Guild Master of the Bakers advances with a scroll in his hand and kneels beside him.)

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE BAKERS.

Accept also the Petition of the Bakers' Guild of Lavayne,

In token of our loyalty, we have made a feast.

Our guild house is open this day to my lord's men.

We ask only that our chartered rights be restored to us.

(He lays the scroll upon the church steps.)

(The Guild Master of the Wool Merchants takes a robe from his apprentice and kneels beside the Baker and Armorer.)

THE GUILD MASTER OF THE WOOL MERCHANTS.

My lord, I am Master of the Guild of Wool Merchants.

It is the most ancient guild of our city.

We deal also in silks and velvets and all fair merchandise that is woven upon looms.

I have brought thee a furred cloak of the rarest workmanship.

It is seeded with pearls and garnished over with goodly
feats of strange embroidery.
Deign to accept it as a gauge of our good will.

(He lays down the cloak.)

WALDEMAR.

(To his herald.)

Take this litter out of my sight.
Cast their filthy parchments into the river.
I will have none of them.

(To the Guild Masters.)

Look ye now.
Ye are forehanded with your whining pleas for favor.
Think not of your charters and your rights till your
roofs and necks be saved,
I am weary of waiting for your countess.
A moment longer and I loose my wolves upon you.

(The burghers rise and draw aside sullenly. There is another flourish of trumpets and cries of "She is coming, she is coming at last." The Countess enters escorted by the Bishop of Lavayne and followed by Florino and several ladies in waiting. They advance to the church steps.)

THE BISHOP.

(Raising his hand.)

My lord Waldemar, I give thee greeting in the name
of Holy Church.

(He turns to the crowd.)

Folk of Lavayne, I give you my blessing and the blessing
of Rome.

I speak also for the Countess Ysobel, rightful lady of
your city.

She hath come hither of her own will to wed with this
man.

Be advised that what she doth is with the full sanction
of her confessor

And under the seal of God's Vicar

For your good only and for the preservation of peace.

WALDEMAR.

My lord Bishop, thou hast spoken well.
Come, we will go into the church.

(The countess ascends the steps slowly. There is a menacing murmur from the crowd and cries of "Shame! Shame!")

YSOBEL.

(Turning upon the crowd.)

Why do ye cry shame to me?

Is it because I would have died gayly with the meanest of you?

Is it because none would stand with me in the gates and give blood for the keeping of them?

Is it because ye fawned upon me to live for your sake?

Look upon me well.

Men have named me the White Lily of Lavayne.

Poets have made songs of me to sing in far countries and beyond the green seas.

Sculptors have graven my hands in pale stone.

Painters have wrought my face upon ivory to be shrined in soft gold as the likeness of a saint.

Priests have called me pure and honest of heart.

I tell you I am more.

I am as dry and cold and hard as a carven gem.

Aye and my price is greater.

It is well for you that this is so.

It is well for Lavayne that my lips are worth a city's ransom,

That the touch of my hands is like the softness of sunlight upon silver damask.

I was yours and ye have sold me.

I must needs be content.

But, mark me well,

I am neither meek nor humble with the shame ye have put upon me;

The wells of my weeping are run out,

And the flame of compassion hath gone from me utterly.

Ye have chosen me a new lord. Lo, I bring him my favor.

Ye shall find that ye have made a new mistress also,
One that is proud and unashamed and pitiless.

WALDEMAR.

(Putting on her favor.)

Madonna, thou hast spoken well.

These men are surly dogs, needing the lash.

I do repent me of my bargain to spare their mangy
hides and greasy kennels,

Yet will I hold to mine oath as thou holdest to thine;
So long but no longer.

Thou art become my own by sanction of Holy Church
itself.

I am thy lord.

I will make for thee a court that queens may well
envy thee,

I will sheathe thy silver body in the wonder of Vene-
tian looms,

Thou shalt sit high above the revels of princes,
In a chair of ebony.

Thou shalt have a bed of sandal-wood with angels of
amber at the four corners.

None may do thee despite or cry shame upon thy
choice.

But I will be thy lord.

Gainsay my lightest whim, withhold aught that is
mine,

Loose me once from the golden web of thine hair
And I become again the Wolf of Death.

This city shall flame about us like the pit of Hell:
I will have all or destroy all.

YSOBEL.

(To the people, contemptuously.)

Ye have heard my lord Waldemar.

Ye know well the truth of what he speaks,

Yet there is time,

The doors of the church have not yet closed behind
me.

Dare ye not, in this moment of grace, revoke your
bargain?

Dare ye not snatch me back?

THE BISHOP.

My daughter, thou dost ill to set new flame to an old
anger.

Thou dost ill to speak in contempt of simple and hon-
est folk.

By God's grace we are spared the spilling of blood
this day.

Patience and meekness are worth more in his holy
sight than the clattering of swords or the tossing
of vain and bloody hands.

Thou art chosen by his wisdom to be the saving of
thy people in their sore distress.

Mock them not.

Be not bitter of heart.

I have prayed long and earnestly,

The counsel I have given is but the voice of Heaven,
spoken with these poor lips,

For the good of all.

YSOBEL.

Since it is the will of Heaven, and no man lifteth his
hand,

And no miracle hath befallen to stay my doom,

I will go into the church.

I will stand at the high altar and wed the enemy of
our town,

Knowing not if my true lord be alive or dead.

THE BISHOP.

My daughter, Heaven hath absolved thee of all sin.

YSOBEL.

I know it not,

Neither care I so much,

Since there is no help.

THE BISHOP.

Thou shalt have thy just deserts of God's generous
hands.

YSOBEL.

Doubtless that is so,
But I will also take my toll of this earth.
Come, let us go in.

(She gives her hand to Waldemar.)

Stay. I mind me of a promise and an ancient custom of our city.
We will hear first the play,
The miracle play, made by the brothers of the Pilgrimage.

WALDEMAR.

God's blood! But this is an ill time for such mummeries!
Bid them wait!
We will hear them later.

YSOBEL.

I will not bid them wait!

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS.

'Tis an ancient right of our brotherhood not lightly to be taken from us.
We may play before the church steps of all free towns.
We may play before the high mass at the cathedral door.
He who breaketh our right at Shrove Tuesday feast doeth an ill thing
At the peril of his soul.

WALDEMAR.

Enough! I am not to be frightened with words,
But I will hear thy play.
Look well that it be brief.
Look well that it contains naught against my interest and fair name,
Nothing scurrilous or of ill intent;
Else shall thy booth be torn to splinters,
And thou and thy companions be flogged naked from the town gates.

THE CRIER OF THE PILGRIMS.

Gracious lord, we have no fear.
The miracle which we present is the meritorious conceit of my master.
It containeth naught which may offend an honest man,
Or affright an honest woman.

WALDEMAR.

Have done with thine apology.
Go! Let the play begin!

(The Crier bows and withdraws through the curtains of the booth. The crowd seats itself before the booth, muttering and talking. Presently there are three taps upon the floor of the booth. The crowd becomes silent, the curtain parts, and the miracle play begins.)

(Enter, on the stage of the booth, a lady, wondrously clad, with a mural crown on her head.)

LADY.

Lo, I am lost of home and kin,
And wander here this realm within.
My love, his hand that cherished well
Is riven away. Some holy spell
Doth bind his body far and lone;
I know not whither he has gone.
I know not who may do me ill,
Since I am left upon this hill,
And so I call my counselors
And bid them come. . . . O Counselors!
(She calls, and Greed, Sloth, and Fear enter.)

GREED.

A call we heard and we are here,
Thy Counselors, Greed, Sloth and Fear.

SLOTH.

Why so great haste? There is no need.

FEAR.

What danger threatens? Caution, Greed.

GREED.

This lady called. She glisters so
I came hot foot. Where wilt thou go?
Whence dost thou flee? What perils follow?
Is thy crown massy gold—or hollow?

LADY.

My footsteps some dark fate doth track.
I may not stand, nor yet turn back.
I ask your counsel. You are wise.

FEAR.

Yea, Lady, we are wise, we three.

SLOTH.

We'll counsel, but our rest we prize;
We hope for peace and dignity.

GREED.

And some reward for counselling well.

FEAR.

Lady, if thou dost shudder here
And some dark fate doth follow, hide.
Conceal thyself. My word. I'm Fear.

LADY.

I cannot hide. My sovereign crown
Gleams like the wall of a fair town,
That, high aloft in sunset gold,
Is seen afar from moor and wold.

FEAR.

And this same crown may bring thy foes.
Pray take it off. For there be those
Who seek such crowns across the world.

GREED.

Yea, take it off. I'll keep it here.

(She takes it off and Greed puts it in the capacious front of his jacket.)

Thy mantle, too, were better furled ;
It glitters bright, and seen afar
Might bring on us a ruthless war.

(He takes off her mantle and she is seen in a dress which has the arms of the city embroidered on the breast; she wears a great chain around her neck.)

HERALD.

My lord, here is an ill seeming.
She weareth the 'scutcheon of this town.
These knaves are bold.

WALDEMAR.

I look for them to decree their own dooms.
Still, it is Shrove-tide. I will see their play.

LADY.

So stand I unadorned, and still
I feel the beat of coming ill.

(Enter an Angel.)

ANGEL.

Lady, I bring thee warning. I,
From the bright battlements on high
Beheld thy peril, and struck wings in air ;
Headlong across the starry stream
That flows between thy world and ours
I flew as one who flies in dream
To warn thee of this fateful snare.
Who are these three? This one who cowers,
This one who blinks, and this great paunch?

LADY.

These are my Counselors, these three.

GREED.

Yea, thou wilt find us wise and staunch,
Sloth, Fear and Greed, her ministry.

ANGEL.

Where is thy flashing turret crown
And where thy robe of saffron sheen?

GREED.

I hold them safe, lest they bring down
Some robber on her, being seen.

ANGEL.

Lady, thou standest on a hill,
Thy locks gleam gold. From all the moors
Red eyes look up to covet thee,
And evil feet draw near.

(Turns to Counselors.)

Now ill
Can she be served by words like yours,
And hiding of her majesty.

LADY.

Where may I flee? My lord is lost.

ANGEL.

Lo, I will call one to thy side
To keep thee safe from tyranny.

(He beckons and Church enters.)

With high and holy Church abide
And fear not fire, and fear not frost.
O, Church, I give into thy hands
This Lady. Let no harm befall.

CHURCH.

O Messenger, I take of thee
This Lady, and my steeples tall
Shall give her shelter, and the bands
Of mine old laws shall bind her round.
Peace in her heart shall dwell, and we
Will guard with prayers her destiny.

ANGEL.

I hear thy holy music sound.
I leave her in thy charge, and fly
Back to the midmost reach of sky.

(Exit Angel, walking.)

GREED.

O Church, we'll also counsel thee.

CHURCH.

A moment, friends. I first must see
What danger threatens. Lady, tell
What is thy station, state and name.

LADY.

O Holy Church, thou askest well,
And I to all myself proclaim:
My station, sovereign; my state
Forlorn, pursued and desolate;
Know by these blazonings, this chain—
I am the city of Lavayne!

*(There is a start of fear among the burghers, and a
murmur from the men of the Black Company. Wal-
demar's Captain leans forward.)*

THE CAPTAIN.

They mock the, my lord.
We will hold our fingers from their throats no longer.
Comrades of the Company—to work!

WALDEMAR.

Peace! Let their play go on.
It likes me well. I will not have them flogged
Till it be done.

CHURCH.

Peace and a quiet heart, Lavayne,
And all God's ordinances upheld;
These would I give thee; these are thine.

SLOTH.

Now are thy grievous cares dispelled,
Mistress, and I may sleep again.

GREED.

O Church, thy counsel chimes with mine.
I welcome thee. We two shall stand
Together in this heavenly trust.

FEAR.

I still do tremble. Let no rust,
O Church, bedim thy guardian blade.

GREED.

Moreover, since the dame hath land,
Thou'lt need administrative aid.
Call thou on me. And let me bear
Thy crozier, Church, as on we fare,
(*The four start to go out.*)

LADY.

What, wilt thou leave me without guard
Here on the moor? What ravening beast
Prowls yonder, and with scarlet eyes
Threatens me? You who swore to ward
All peril from me, have ye ceased
To cherish me, that I am prize
To his vast hunger—I—Lavayne?

WALDEMAR.

Why now, you knaves, bring on the Wolf,
And see that he be worthy of my name.
Let him not howl without, but show his claws, his
teeth, his hate;
How he shall take this city, and crush her with his
paw,
How he shall laugh when all of you are dead. Go on!

FEAR.

It is the Wolf, the Wolf of Death.
(*Greed falls on his knees over his spoils, Fear
and Sloth crouching beside him.*)

CHURCH.

Lady, bethink thee on thy sins.
Be patient. All may yet be well.
(*Enter the Wolf; the Counselors flee off.*)

LADY.

All may be well when I am slain.
Skies, look your last upon Lavayne!

(She kneels, the Wolf bends over her. She sobs aloud, then cries out.)

Rainald! Rainald, my lord, return!

(As she speaks, Rainald comes forth with a crusader's sword, and beats off the Wolf; Rainald's face is muffled. The Wolf crouches to spring upon him, turning Rainald's face toward the audience. Suddenly he flings off his hood, shouting:)

RAINALD.

Lavayne, I am come home!

THE CROWD.

(In amazement.)

Count Rainald—our lord Rainald!

(The burghers shrink away from the stage. The curtains are swiftly drawn shut.)

WALDEMAR.

Break down their play and bring me yonder man.
Spare none who bar you. Forward!

(Waldemar's guard starts forward. The beggars close in and bar the way with their staffs. There is a mighty uproar. The Captain of the Guard fights his way up the steps of the booth, and throws open the curtains. There is a hush and on the stage Count Rainald is seen lying as if dead, having fallen on his sword. Florino goes up the steps crying out:)

FLORINO.

Our master—our master has slain himself!

WALDEMAR.

He lies. I am your master.
I would have killed him when his play was done.
Go now, and strip this rogue. Drag his body to the
bridge. Cast it into the stream.

FLORINO.

No, no, I say!
He has given his life because we dared not stand to
the storm of battle.
We were his people, and we failed him.
We gave up his house, his honor, his love.
He has taught us, men of Lavayne, he has taught us
how to die.
Let his winging soul look down on no new shame.
His body is ours—ours—ours!

*(Tumult breaks forth anew. Beggars and people force
the soldiers back to the church steps. The Bishop
raises his staff.)*

BISHOP.

Silence, my people. Let there be no shedding of dark
blood,
No staining of these porches to cry hatred up to you
in the days to come.
Lord Rainald is dead, and his cause rests now with
God and the Church.
These will not fail him.

FLORINO.

Look you, my friends—how few are the swords of
our foes;
Stand aside, my lord Bishop.
Stand aside, my Lord Bishop.
The folk of Lavayne are afire to take back their city.

(Threatening shouts from below.)

WALDEMAR.

If thou wouldst not have me sweep clean this mar-
ket-place, my lord Bishop,
And wash out the sedition of your city in a flood of
death,
Thou wilt obey me now.
Open the doors, I command you.
Open the church and give me what is mine: the
woman; the town; sanctuary; the law.

FLORINO.

There is no sanctuary there—no law to shield the
Red Wolf.

WALDEMAR.

Open the church, or I will tread you down as I would
those others.

BISHOP.

No man shall profane with swords the house of God,
Nor command his servants with arrogant words.
These doors are locked. I hold the key.
I give them into your keeping—men of Lavayne.

*(He hurls the key from him over the crowd and
Florino catches it. There is a great shout from be-
low. The Bishop plants himself between Walde-
mar and Ysobel, his cross raised aloft.)*

FLORINO.

The Vicar of God has given our enemy into our
hands.
Tear him down.

WALDEMAR.

I have waited for this.
What do I want with sanctuary—with law?
I make mine own law, and when I have done there is
no need for sanctuary.

(Shouts of defiance from below.)

Bay your last, hounds of Lavayne.
Comrades of the Black Company, strike hard
For Ludoc—for Degramour.
Here is your pasture, my stallions. Feed full.
For Ludoc—for Degramour—strike home!

*(Battle begins, and through it Waldemar and his men
shout triumphantly. They drive back the townsfolk
and beggars, clearing a space before the church
and the steps to the players' booth. Waldemar goes
up the steps of the booth and turns, his hand on the
curtains.)*

WALDEMAR.

Hold you, my brothers. They break. They yield. We shall finish anon.

But now I go to give thanks to my lord Rainald—
Gramercy for his city—his church—his white lily of Lavayne.

(He kisses his hand mockingly to Ysobel and goes into the booth. There is a pause. Then a loud mocking laugh is heard from within. The men of the Black Company shrink back together. Florino goes up the steps and lays his hand on the curtains as if to part them, hesitates, desists, and stands gazing, with hand still upraised, at the curtains. They part and Rainald steps forth, showing on the stage the dead body of Waldemar.)

FLORINO.

My master—alive—home!

(The beggars and townsfolk sweep the Black Company off the stage in a rout. Rainald tosses the favor to Ysobel and speaks to the people.)

RAINALD.

And so our Shrove-tide play is done.
The darkened dream goes by, and I proclaim
Here is my city, joy, and the year's sweet festival.

THE JONGLEUR.

(Singing.)

Friends and masters, one and all,
Hear, and if ye so incline,
From our chalice magical
Golden lipped and bright with dew,
Presently shall pour for you
Precious gifts of starry wine.

GLEEMAN AND CHORUS.

Noble gifts to satisfy
Thirst of sou! and thirst of eye.
(The people form themselves into the
FESTIVAL PROCESSION.)

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