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GODEFROI AND YOLANDE.

A MEDIÆVAL PLAY IN ONE ACT.

BY

LAURENCE IRVING.



NEW YORK.

1894.

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BY LAURENCE IRVING.

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CHARACTERS.

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. [Upon platform, gazing out of window, a bundle of rushes on her arm.]

WHAT a night! What snow! What a wind! How 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?

Iza. Come from the window!

[*A faint far cry, followed by the sound as of a bell.*]

Nimue. Hark! What was that?

Iza. [*Busying herself about the room.*] Nothing! If you see not quickly to the—we are behindhand as it is.

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

Iza. Never mind Godefroi; none but a frantic fool would go on such a night on such an errand.

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

Iza. Come from the window.

Nimue. [*Same cry and sound of ringing repeated as before.*] Hark!—There was something!

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

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

Cla. [*Answering YOLANDE.*] My fair lady. [*Faint far long cry heard 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.

Cla. Insupportable!

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

Cla. I come! [*Exit CLARISIN.*]

Elaine. What was that cry just now? Yolande would know. Go thou inquire, Izabeau.

Iza. There nothing will be ready if my lady——

Elaine. Do as she bids you; hers the fault!

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

[*Exit* IZABEAU.]

Elaine. Nimue, thou shouldst but hear our beautiful lady how she doth sit and rail at Master Godfrey for that he cometh not.

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 favors 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!—she 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 as before.

Enter into gallery CLARISIN.

Cla. What cry was that? But where is Izabeau? But where is Godefroi?

[Cry and bell as before. A knock heard.

Here is Godefroi, my lady. [Exit CLARISIN.

Yol. [Voice.] A doctor with him?

Re-enter IZABEAU.

Iza. It is not Godefroi!

Elaine. [Leaping up steps leading to gallery.] It is not Godefroi!

Re-enter CLARISIN.

Cla. It is not Godefroi!

Elaine. It is not he!

[Exit CLARISIN and ELAINE. Sound of YOLANDE'S voice from within.

Nimue. Who is it, then?

Iza. Some old blind woman.

Nimue. Is it she has been crying so outside?

Iza. Why, she is coming hither.

Nimue. Led by a child.

Iza. Take thou a torch, inspect her.

Nimue. Do so thyself!

Iza. [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 a basket on her arm.

What want you here?

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

Iza. Thy son?

Nimue. Is he thy son?

Meg. He is my son.

Nimue. Come, sit you here, then.

[*Draws MEGARDE towards the fire.*]

Meg. Is one of you the lady of the house?

Nimue. Indeed not we!

Meg. I wish to see the lady of the house; I have a present for her.

Iza. A present! Why, what present?

Meg. These few cakes.

Iza. Offer her that? 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.

Meg. 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.*]

Meg. He has done well then.

Nimue. Why?

Meg. 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.*]

That is your son.

Cla. and *Eluine.* [*Entering above.*] *Nimue!*

Nimue. I run—run!

[*Exeunt NIMUE and CLARISIN.*

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

Elaine. Who is that there?

Meg. Who am I? Godefroi's mother.

Elaine. Godefroi's mother!

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.

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

Meg. Where is my son?

Cla. 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.

Cla. 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?

Gode. My lady is in her room?

Meg. [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.*

Gode. Mother! what, you!

[*Slowly descending steps.*

Meg. 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.*

Gode. Mother, what are you come here for?

Meg. To take you away with me, my son.

Gode. To take me away with you?

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

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

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

Gode. 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!

Cla. Master Doctor!

Elaine, Cla., 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 must needs 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 the 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!

Meg. A courtezan!

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

Meg. But ye do not gainsay him!

Nimue. If he says true.

Meg. 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.

Meg. It cannot be!

Doctor. She is a courtezan!

Meg. It cannot be!

Doctor. It is.

Nimue. He loves her, too.

Meg. Godefroi deceive me?—but he loves her not. He must away from here. [MEGARDE rises.

Doctor. Keep still! Keep still!

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

Enter GODEFROI.

Gode. 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?

Meg. 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! I had hope of a tumor; this is a mere matter of complexion.

Nimue. Until at last this night on which of all nights——

Doctor. Why this night more nor any other night?

Nimue. Because this night, in honor 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?

Meg. No, no!

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

Meg. 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? [Exit DOCTOR and CLARISIN.]

Nimue. Strange things are creeping in by stealth.

Meg. 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.]

Meg. Come to me, Godefroi, come to me.

Gode. [Approaching MEGARDE.] Mother, mother!

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

Gode. How is my brother?

Meg. 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.

Gode. And all the neighbors?

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

Gode. What, is Jacob dead?

Meg. Why, Godefroi, are you listless?

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

Meg. My son, my son!

Gode. —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.

Meg. O son, your words are wild!

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

Meg. Thou hast lied to me.

Gode. I know it. I have lied to thee.

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

Gode. Insisted? What on, mother?

Meg. To go and earn us bread.

Gode. That have I done.

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

Gode. Ah, mother!

Meg. 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.

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

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

[*Exit CLARISIN.*]

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

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

Meg. Thy father poor he was, but he was proud!

Gode. Sad am I here, sadder were I elsewhere.

Meg. Come hence, come hence!

Gode. No, leave me, mother, here!

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

Gode. I cannot hence.

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

Gode. Not I—I hate this life!

Meg. What is it, then?

Gode. Oh, leave me, ask me not!

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

Gode. Ay, ay, I love one here.

Meg. One of these—women?

Gode. One—the one! Yolande!—I love Yolande!

Meg. Ah, no, you cannot love—a courtezan!

Gode. A courtezan! I love a courtezan. [MEGARDE *makes a movement.*] Where art thou going?

Meg. Unto her.

Gode. Not so; she would but scoff at thee.

Meg. She scoffs at me—a wretched——

Gode. 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.

Meg. 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.

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

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

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

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

Gode. But memory will go with her—with her!

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

Gode. My love you guess not at. You judge of mine by those you see around you. I love her—
[LISETTE heard calling mother]—as she loves you!

[LISETTE stands in the doorway.]

Meg. Blasphemer! [MEGARDE crosses to LISETTE.]
Look thou, Godefroi, upon us!

Gode. God, oh, God!

Meg. Wilt thou stay here? [YOLANDE'S voice.]

Gode. I cannot, cannot hence!

Meg. Son, I am blind and I take one to guide me. Son, thou art blind, and take thou one to lead thee.

Gode. Mother! . . . Lisette! . . . my home!

Meg. Lisette shall lead us both. She—me; I—
thee.

Gode. She shall. [YOLANDE'S voice.

Meg. Out, out of earshot of that fatal voice!

Gode. Mother, Lisette, I will away, I will away!

Meg. You will? You will?

Gode. I will, I will away, though my heart breaks.

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

Gode. If not to-night, to-morrow early.

Meg. But this wicked masque?

Gode. It will not be, I know it will not be. Now,
mother, sleep, go, sleep!

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

Gode. Pray, lest I enter into heaven!

Meg. Godefroi!

Gode. Take mother to her room! Good night!
Good night! [*Exeunt MEGARDE and LISETTE.* YO-
LANDE 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 that put there!—Yolande! Gar-
lands! festoon! goblets! oh, rejoice! I go out of my
sun, my universe! She is a courtesan; and I—
one made to yearn and suffer, and eat out mine heart in
hopeless hope!—Rain snow! howl wind!—Yo-
lande! Yolande! Yolande!—She will not dream
that ever I did love her. Can one man's soul so fold
another's round and she reckon nothing? Oh, Yo-
lande! Yolande!

Enter DOCTOR above, IZABEAU, CLARISIN, and ELAINE clustering round him.

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

Iza., Cla., and 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 blanchèd 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 savory dish, served with white sauce! [*Pause.*

[*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.

Gode. 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.*

Gode. What is it ails Yolande?

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

Cla. 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?

Gode. 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?

Iza. Ay, well nigh!

Nimue. But is all ready?

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

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

Enter Servants carrying thrones and tripod.

The tripod there, the thrones up here, come.

Yol. [*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.

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

Gode. Here are your flowers.

Yol. There you are—you sluggard; nothing is ready!

Gode. I will give orders.

Yol. Needs must you take them first. [*Looks at him.*] Give me my glass!

Iza. You have it in your hand.

[*YOLANDE puts snowdrops to her hair.*

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

Doctor. What of that? Your hair is not white.

Yol. My hair is streaming gold.

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

Yol. You will restore my color?

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

Yol. Fie, sir!

[*DOCTOR reseats himself over the fire.*

Gode. My lady, were it not better——

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

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

Yol. Am I so very white?

Gode. To put this business off?

Yol. 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?

Gode. I fear, my lady——

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

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

Yol. 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.

Yol. 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 color 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.

Yol. [*To GODEFROI.*] I bade you gather roses.

Gode. There are no roses.

Yol. 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.

Yol. What are you, an ape?

Doctor. By my skeleton.

Yol. But will you make me pink again?

Doctor. By slapping of your fair face for you.

Gode. [*Looking intently upon YOLANDE.*] Yolande!

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

Gode. [*Still looking intently.*] I had forgot, I am your menial, lady. I must away from you to-night.

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

Gode. My mother is come to take me from thy service.

Yol. Where is thy mother? Is thy mother here?

Gode. She is here.

Yol. Set her before me.

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

Yol. I did not ask thee to make her see me.

Gode. She is my mother.

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

Gode. Into the snow and wind?

Yol. 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 gray figures—what they be I know not—stand jibbering, shuddering in the dark near to the gate. They ask for alms.

Yol. [*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.

Yol. But be they human?

[*All shudder. Horses heard.*

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

Doctor. Curse them and scourge them!

Yol. Drive them hence with bolts! [*Erit 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 Courtesan. 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 other 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.

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.

Yol. [*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.

Gode. [*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.

Gode. Get up into the gallery. [*Musicians do so.*]

Enter one like a Chamberlain.

Chamb. Jupiter's train is preparing.

Gode. Venus's train is preparing.

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

Sir S. May I not see Yolande before the masque commences?

Doctor. Not yet, not yet!

Sir S. 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 S. Who knows it not? I have done mightily. [*To GODEFROL.*]

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

Sir S. That I have.

Doctor. You stand in fear of a leper?

Sir S. Sir, not I.

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

Sir S. 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?

Gode. Sir Sagramour.

Doctor. Ha! ha! When does he take her hand?

Gode. Wait, watch and see!

Enter Chamberlain.

Chamb. Jupiter's train is marshalled!

Gode. My lady's train is marshalled!

Chamb. 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 representing 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!

Gode. Ay, ay!

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

Doctor. The Archbishop, the lascivious cleric, is it not? [Nudges GODEFROL.] Here is a merrymaking!

Gode. 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 throne 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?

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

Doctor. Here he comes!

[*SIR SAGRAMOUR comes down from the plat-
form holding in his hand a carcanet.*]

Sir S. [*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.*

Arch. [*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 S. 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—purple 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 S. [*Starting up off his knees and preventing the KING.*] My King!

King. Fool, lower! [*The ARCHBISHOP comes down.*

Arch. [*Seeking to put SIR SAGRAMOUR roughly aside.*]

Out of the way!

Sir S. No—no! My liege, my Lord!

People. [*Murmur.*] “Liege,” “Lord.”

Sir S. [*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 S. No, no! you must not! [*Forcibly restrains KING and ARCHBISHOP.*] Oh, 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 S. Then art thou stricken——

Sir S. and *Doctor.* With the leprosy!

[*A hush falls on all. A shudder runs through YOLANDE’S frame.*]

Gode. [*Leaping up suddenly.*] Liar, Sir Knight!

Doctor. Why, this is April Fool’s Day!

[*Some laugh, YOLANDE laughs.*]

Sir S. 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.

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

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

King. Off with your mask!

Arch. 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.*

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

Gode. [*Driving the DOCTOR forth.*] Fiend, out of here! Away! away! away! [*GODEFROI signs to the Musicians to stop playing; they do not hear him—he goes up into the gallery.*] Cease! cease!

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

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

Many. It is not true!

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

Sir S. [*As YOLANDE approaches him.*] Only touch me not!

Yol. [*Crawling towards 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!

Arch. 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.]

Arch. 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!

Arch. 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!

Arch. [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. Exit KING, ARCHBISHOP, and

others ; many are still left lingering about. Horses heard galloping over stone-paved courtyard.

Gode. [*Rushing in amongst the remnant and driving them away.*] Out of here, all of ye! What do ye here? This is a temple: out of here, away! [*When all are gone, in a great exaltation.*] Have pity on me, Lord, have pity on me! And help me further forward, O my God!

[*The snow has ceased falling, the moon is shining out.*

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

Gode. [*In a low voice.*] My lady——

Yol. The leprosy! the leprosy! the leprosy! the leprosy!

Gode. Yolande, my Lady Yolaude!

Yol. [*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! [*Tears at her arms, tries, so to say, to hide herself within herself.*] All—all over me. . . . Oh, oh, oh, oh! face, arms, legs, head! [*She rolls on the floor.*] Within me, it is within me, it is within me and without me! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! [*Rolls again in the rushes.*] Wake me, wake me! [*She is sitting on the floor. GODEFROI stretches out his hand.*] No—no!

Gode. What! not your fair, bright, little hand?

[*YOLANDE takes GODEFROI'S hand, springs up from the ground and kisses him once, twice, and again.*

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

Gode. Lady, alas, alas!

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

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

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

Gode. My lady——

Yol. 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.*

[*As she takes the cup from him.*] Ganymede, 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?

Gode. My lady, Sir Sagramour is run away.

Yol. Where are my servants? [*IZABEAU is looking 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?

Gode. 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.

Yol. From us! From me?

Gode. From us!

Yol. From us . . . from us. . . . No, 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?

Gode. I will attend you, lady!

Yol. You will attend me? Who will undress me?

Gode. I will undress you.

Yol. 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 cowering before* GODEFROI.] Ah, do not harm me!

Gode. Lady, I harm you!

Yol. You hate me. I have slighted you; you hate me.

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

Yol. 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!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gode. 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.

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

Gode. Let me touch your hand.

Yol. No. Then you would become—

Gode. The liker you!

Yol. 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!

Gode. Not longer than it was.

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

Gode. None but me!

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

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

Yol. [*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!

Gode. 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.

Yol. 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.*]

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

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

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

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

Gode. No, lady, not thy body, but thy sweet soul. That is the thing I love with all my being! My pilgrimage is over, and I kneel, I kneel before the shrine, Yolande! Yolande!

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

Gode. I am but one that loveth, that is all! But one that loveth.

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

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

Yol. 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.*]

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

Yol. 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 forgiveness. Only, as thou dost love me, never let me look upon a mirror; never let me see the horror of my countenance. God hath laid hold upon my body, and He will rend it peacemeal joint from joint, and He will tear it up and scatter it, and cast it from Him. The hairs from my head, the nails from my fingers, the toes from my feet. This will be done! Splotch 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.

Gode. No, lady, never!

Yol. Thou wilt stay with me?

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

Meg. [*Calling off.*] Godefroi! Godefroi!

Yol. There is one calling thee.

[*Lepers heard calling off.*]

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

Gode. Cling close to me and I will cleave to you.

Yol. They are calling you to heaven and me to hell.

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

Enter MEGARDE led by LISETTE.

Meg. Godefroi!

Gode. Oh, God, my mother!

[*Withdraws into the shade. Silence.*]

Lis. There is Godefroi.

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

Lis. There is a lady hanging round his neck.

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

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

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

Gode. Mother, dear mother!

Meg. Or she or me, mother or courtesan?

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

Meg. Oh, my God, my son!

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

Yol. Keep them away; keep them away!

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

Meg. I stretch out mine arms in the darkness.

Gode. Mother! you do not know.

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

Yol. Keep them off!

Gode. Away! away!

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

Gode. She is not for thee.

Lepers. Clean art thou?

Gode. 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.

Meg. 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 gray garment, and in his hand a clapper, other Monks chanting.

Hermit. [*Seeing YOLANDE.*] Here is the foul thing! [*To GODE.*] 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!

Gode. 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.

Gode. Some pity, priest!

Hermit. What man would touch her now?

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

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

Meg. That is my son.

Hermit. Why doth he cling to her?

Gode. Because I love her!

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

Gode. Have you no pity?

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

Gode. 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?

Gode. 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.

Gode. What is thine Archbishop, that he should excommunicate?

Hermit. Dost thou dispute the thunders of the Church?

Gode. 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?

Meg. My son, my son!

Hermit. And thou, blaspheming, filthy paramour!

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

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

Hermit. At the sword's point, if need be.

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

Hermit. Give her the bell.

Gode. [*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!

Gode. 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.

Gode. 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 outlookers.*] Unclean—*ye* are unclean!

[*GODEFROI appears to drag YOLANDE.*

Hermit. She hath bewitched him.

King's Off. Tear him from her!

[*Several men-at-arms draw their swords.*

Yol. [*Clinging wildly to GODEFROI.*] Ah, no, no, no, no, no!

Gode. [*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!

Gode. 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!

Meg. 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.

Gode. Away, away!

Yol. But they are waiting for us.

Gode. 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. You hear redoubled cries of “Unclean.”]

CURTAIN FALLS.

GODEFROI AND YOLANDE.

A MEDIÆVAL PLAY IN ONE ACT.

BY

LAURENCE IRVING.



NEW YORK.
1894.

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WERT BOOKBINDING
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