

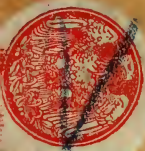
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BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

ENDYMION

Price, 25 Cents



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BOSTON

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Endymion

A Comedy in Three Acts

By

MARIE JOSEPHINE WARREN

*Author of "The Elopement of Ellen," "Tommy's
Wife," "The Substance of Ambition," etc.*

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Endymion

CHARACTERS

(Mortals)

ENDYMION, *a prince.*

PHRYNIA, *with whom Endymion is in love.*

EUMENIDES, *the bond-friend of Endymion.*

KALLISTHENE, *Eumenides' betrothed.*

KING ÆOLUS

QUEEN HERMIA

} *Endymion's parents.*

ERITHOË

DORIS

CALYCE

THALEIA

} *Greek maidens.*

PHÆON

ADMETIS

TIMON

ALCIDES

DIOMED

} *Greek youths.*

THREE PRIESTS *of the Temple of Zeus.*

A PAGE.

Ladies-in-waiting to Queen Hermia.

Royal guards, etc.

(Immortals)

ARTEMIS, *goddess of the chase and of the moon, and special guardian of maidens.*

MORPHEUS, *god of sleep.*

HERMES, *a tricky messenger of the gods.*

PAN, *ruler over the creatures of the forest.*

DRYADS.

NOTE

If it is desirable to shorten the cast, Pan and the Dryads may easily double with the Greek youths and maidens, and the ladies-in-waiting and royal guards be omitted entirely.



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INTRODUCTION

The play may be most effectively given out-of-doors, either by daylight, or in the evening when calcium lights may be used. If these cannot be obtained easily, automobile search-lights, or even ordinary lamps with reflectors may be effectively used. A green light for the second act may be easily arranged with a sheet of isinglass or even tissue paper.

Indoors the setting is not difficult to arrange. One wood-set throughout is all that is needed, and if regular scenery cannot be obtained, dark green screens or curtains make a very pretty background.

The costumes should of course be Greek, of a carefully chosen color-scheme and gracefully draped. Correct costume-plates may be found in any good reference library.

The Greek dancing suggested here and there is very easily arranged, but effective because of its extreme simplicity. It may be left out entirely, if desired, without any loss to the play proper.

Endymion

ACT I

SCENE.—*The outskirts of a forest at the foot of Mt. Olympus.*

Enter ARTEMIS, with three maidens, garbed for hunting and carrying silver bows. There is a brief dance in pantomime representing the stalking of the deer in the forest, and ending with the shooting of arrows after imaginary game. In the midst of the shower of arrows HERMES appears, as if just alighted. ARTEMIS' followers exeunt, as if running to pick up the arrows.

HER. Hail to thee, Goddess of the Silver Bow! Well for me that I go upon wings instead of hoofs, else had I been the trophy of thy hunt.

ARTEMIS. Nay, then, what dost thou in my forest at the dawn? What prank's afoot, saucy Hermes? Hast thou scattered the flocks of my brother, playing at shepherd on the grassy hills, or is it some hapless mortal thou'rt bent on plaguing, that thou wanderest on earth while the east is yet silver?

HER. All the fair spring night, bright Artemis, have I wandered hither and thither in the mortal world in search of mirth. Now crept I down city streets in likeness of an ancient beggar-crone; now as a simple shepherd, piped beneath the window of a village beauty; now strutted palace halls, a doughty captain of the guard; and ever have I laughed at mortal follies—aye, and immortal too, for I heard the lyre of thy brother upon the hills, and the call of Pan in the forest where I danced in the round of nymphs and satyrs. In the white city yonder there was dancing too, and feasting, for Eumenides, the bond-friend of the Prince Endymion, is betrothed to the fair Kallisthene.

ARTEMIS (*scornfully*). Another maiden caught blindfold in Aphrodite's web!

HER. (*laughing*). Thou'rt jealous, Artemis!

ARTEMIS (*vexed*). Nay, saucy boy! There be few maids among mortals who may enter my service—for in my train there be only those who are fleet and strong of limb to track the light-treading doe through forest-ways,—those who are bold and pure of heart and free of spirit, to scorn the mastery of man and dwell apart. Such followers I love, but not such weak and vacillating mortals as give over life and freedom and beauty of sun-bright hill and dusky forest glade, to sigh and sing of love and peak and pine all for the favor of some other silly wight!

HER. (*gleefully*). Aye, so it is! And so say they doth Endymion for Phrynia, who smiles on all alike, and will not heed him more than another despite his beauty and his princely state.

ARTEMIS. Endymion, King Æolus' son? Oft have I heard the baying of his hounds in the forest, but him have I never encountered, caring naught for mortal man. But of late he hath not followed the hunt.

HER. Nay, nor taken part in any exercise or merrymaking, but gazes upon Phrynia, and sighs and sighs again!

ARTEMIS. 'Tis pity. Haply the youth may be won from his folly. His name hath been ever sweet in mine ears. Is he strong and goodly?

HER. Aye, beautiful indeed, kingly of port, and a hunter mighty among mortals.

ARTEMIS (*musings*). Sayst thou so? Endymion—Endymion! (*Rouses herself.*) Nay, but I waste the fragrant dawn in this idle chatter. (*Calls.*) Oho! Oho! O-ho! Hither, my maidens!

Enter ARTEMIS' followers, running.

HER. Dost thou hunt in these woods to-day?

ARTEMIS. Aye, that do we. 'Tis ever my custom in spring.

HER. Anon will every glade be filled with the sound of mortal laughter. A score of youths and maidens from the white city are even now coming hither across the plain, to celebrate with games and dances Persephone's return.

ARTEMIS (*vexed*). 'Twill spoil our sport! Their empty chatter and foolish shouting will fright every deer to deep cover. (*Turns imperiously to HER.*) Thy task be it, crafty Hermes, to prevent their penetrating beyond this first shade.

The method be thy own so thou fulfil my behest. Hast wit enough for the task?

HER. Aye, trust me, goddess—for thrice the task!

ARTEMIS. Obey me, then. Hither, maidens! To the chase!

(ARTEMIS and her followers resume the pantomime of the hunt and exeunt, dancing. HER. watches them quietly until they disappear, then bounds and twirls lightly, chuckling with delight.)

HER. Oh, ho! Here's a task to my mind! Never fear, scornful Artemis, they'll not enter thy wood! (*Stops suddenly on tiptoe, mischief incarnate.*) None but one! 'Thou shalt see the love-sick prince whom thou so scornest, yet whose name is sweet in thine ears. "Endymion! Endymion!" quoth she! (*He chuckles, then stops, listening intently.*) Already I hear the laughter of the merrymakers on the plain. Anon they'll rest in this first sweet shade. To my task! I'll fool and plague them from thy wood, bright Artemis—all but Endymion!

Sure, if thou meet him not to-day
Then's Hermes' cunning gone astray!

[*Exit HER., leaping and bounding.*

(*Voices and merry laughter and song are heard outside.*)

Enter ERITHOË, CALYCE, DORIS and THALEIA, their hands full of flowers, and leading KALLISTHENE, about whom they have wound a long garland.)

SONG

Garlands and song for the maid who a bride will be,
Crown her with primroses, bring her in joyfully;
In her light footprints forget-me-nots springing,
Honor the maiden sweet; greet her with singing.

(*They break off the song in laughter, leading KAL. to a bank of turf, where she sits.*)

ERITHOË. Sit thou here in the shade, sweet Kallisthene.

DORIS. Aye, and let me crown thee with the flowers of the song. But first must I weave thy garland.

(Sits at her feet weaving primrose crown.)

THALEIA *(leaning lovingly over her shoulder)*. Tell us, Kallisthene, what it is like to be betrothed.

CALYCE. Aye, tell us! Thou'rt the first of us to have a lover. *(Sits at her feet.)*

KAL. Nay, thou forgettest! Phrynia hath many lovers!

ERITHOË *(disapprovingly)*. Phrynia hath no true lover like thy Eumenides. The youths do but seek her favor, because she grants it to none more than another. She flatters all alike, and mocks at all.

KAL. Let Phrynia take heed! The gods will be angry if she makes light of their gift. For surely love is the sweetest gift may be bestowed upon a maid!

THALEIA. Yea, tell us more! What's it like to serve fair Aphrodite? I shall serve her ever!

CALYCE. Thou'rt a child, Thaleia! What dost thou know of love?

THALEIA. As much as thou, vain Calyce, and that is just as much as Kallisthene will tell us!

KAL. I cannot tell what you would know, sweet friends! 'Tis a sweet pain—sad and happy at once,—and to me Eumenides seemeth a god!

ERITHOË. Will not the Immortal Ones be angry at that?

KAL. Nay, Aphrodite, Mother of Love, will protect me ever.

DORIS *(rising, the primrose crown in her hand)*. Here's thy garland, sweet Kallisthene, and I'll crown thee withal, despite thy blushes.

(Places the primrose crown on her head. The four maidens take hands and circle about her repeating the song, "Garlands and song for the maid who a bride will be." They break off in laughter as before.)

KAL. *(untwisting the long garland from about her shoulders)*. Thou hast twined me like a shrine, Calyce! What wilt thou do with thy flower chain?

THALEIA. 'Tis a fair long garland for skipping the rope!

CALYCE. Here, then,—I'll turn it for thee!

DORIS. And I

(A dance is interpolated here, in which THALEIA dances over, under, and about the garland swung by CALYCE and DORIS. ERITHOË sits at the feet of KAL., and both watch,

occasionally calling "bravo" to the laughing trio. At the end of the dance CALYCE and DORIS catch THALEIA in the garland and bind her arms to her sides.)

CALYCE. That's to hold thee down to earth, Thistledown !

DORIS. Aye, or thou'lt go floating off up Mount Olympus to the very presence of Aphrodite, whom thou wishest to serve.

THALEIA. Thou may'st laugh, Doris, and thou, Calyce, but when I do serve her, 'twill be as Kallisthene here, meekly and truly, and not flouting at love as Phrynia does the Prince Endymion's !

ERITHOË. What means the child ? Endymion !

THALEIA. Yea,—why lags he else so slowly, with his arm on the shoulder of Eumenides, watching Phrynia's glances and smiles on others, instead of taking part in our sport as was his wont !

KAL. 'Tis true he seemeth sad. Look where she comes, and how far he yet lags behind in the plain ! Haply thou'rt right, Thaleia !

Enter PHRYNIA driving PHÆON, ADMETIS, TIMON, ALCIDES, and DIOMED abreast with garlands of flowers. They prance and curvet like horses, and she flourishes a branch of green for whip.

PHRY. So, boy ! There Steady, steady all ! (*Drops reins, laughing, and flings herself on the turf beside KAL.*) This shade is sweet ! Oh, my breath ! (*Laughs at herself.*)

ADMETIS. I'll find a spring and bring thee water.

ALCIDES. Nay, let me go ! I will go !

TIMON. No, I ! (*They push each other about.*)

PHRY. Stay, all of you ! What, to quarrel on our holiday ! For shame ! (*They cease sulkily.*)

DIOMED (*kneeling*). Here are thy flowers, Phrynia.

PHRY. Thanks, Diomed ! (*Takes them carelessly.*)

DIOMED (*still kneeling*). An thou'dst give me but one to keep —

PHRY. (*very softly and sweetly*). To thee, Diomed. (*Selects one flower and gives it to him. DIOMED springs up gladly, presses the flower to his lips, and hides it in his chiton.*

PHRY., *laughing gaily, calls.*) Phæon, a flower for thee ! For thee, Alcides !—Timon !—Admetis ! (*Throws a flower to each, and sinks back laughing, as they scramble for her gifts.*

DIOMED *walks away sulkily ; the other maidens watch and whis-*

per together disapprovingly. PHRY., *lightly to KAL.*) Hast quarreled already with thy Eumenides? Why walks he apart with the prince, on this our holiday?

KAL. (*gently but coldly*). To comfort him, perchance, for the hurt that others have wrought. (*She turns away.*)

PHRY. (*laughing and arranging a flower in her hair*). Is't so? Alas, poor prince!

THALEIA (*indignantly to DORIS and CALYCE*). She hath no heart! (*They walk apart.*)

ADMETIS. Here's a fine level glade to hurl the discus. I challenge thee, Diomed—thee, Timon!

DIOMED. Nay, give it me! (*Takes discus and hurls it.*)

THE REST (*quickly forming a half-circle about him*). Diomed!

PHÆON. I'll mark where it falls. (*Runs off.*)

TIMON. Give me room! (*Hurls discus.*)

THE REST. Good! Good! Well thrown!

ALCIDES. Bring me the discus, Phæon. I will throw!

THE REST. Alcides! Win, Alcides!

(PHÆON returns, bringing the discus, and ALCIDES throws.)

TIMON. Mine was the better cast!

ADMETIS (*boastfully*). Mark me! (*Hurls the discus.*)

PHÆON. Timon wins!

THE REST. Timon! Hail, Timon!

ADMETIS. I'll hurl no more to-day. (*Walks away.*)

PHRY. (*rising and coming forward*). Nay, here's no place for our games and dances. Let's further into the forest shade. Come! Who will go with me?

DIOMED. That will I, wherever thou lead!

PHÆON. And I!

(*The rest rise and prepare to go on.*)

CALYCE. But Eumenides and the prince still linger in the plain. How will they find us among the wooded paths?

PHRY. (*indifferently*). Our voices will lead them an they care for our company, as, by my truth, they seem not to do! Come, friends!

(*With the youths about her she makes as if to lead the way into the wood, when suddenly HER. appears directly in her path, disguised as an old crone gathering fagots.*)

HER. (*scattering the fagots which he carries*). Alas ! Alas ! How shall I gather them again ! My back is near to breaking with the toil, while the young dance and caper and care naught for an old woman's pains.

KAL. (*running to help him*). Let me help thee, mother !

DORIS (*with CALYCE, taking him by the arm and leading him to the bank of turf*). Sit here, good mother. We'll gather thy fagots.

(*They go to help KAL. and the youths who aid her.*)

PHRY. (*gently*). In truth I'm sorry, aged one ! I saw thee not before me—and lo !—Thou wert there in my path.

HER. The young are thoughtless, and those that love are blind.

PHRY. I love no one !

HER. Eh ? Eh ? Mine eyes are old ! I took thee for one called Phrynia. She loveth one in secret.

PHRY. (*startled*). How knowest thou my name, old crone ?

HER. Eh ? I know not ! I know not !

(*Falls to mumbling and shaking his head, like a very old woman, half childish.*)

PHRY. (*to ERITHOË*). Heardst thou, Erithoë ? She called my name. Thinkest thou she can read the invisible and spell out future happenings ?

ERITHOË. Nay, I know not ! Would she be angry, thinkest thou, if we questioned her ? Belike she's but old and foolish.

PHRY. But she called my name and—and told me somewhat concerning my thought !

CALYCE (*going to HER. with the bundle of fagots which she and DORIS have wrapped about with part of the garland*). Here are thy fagots, mother, wrapped about so thou mayst carry them with ease.

HER. (*taking fagots and peering into CALYCE'S eyes*). Thou'rt like a moon-flower, and thy lover, a silly moth, blinded by the torch. Nay, but he'll back to his moon-flower when the torch is taken to light the prince's eyes. (*Nods and mumbles as before. All crowd about curiously ; CALYCE and PHRY., after staring at each other for a moment, turn away consciously. HER. suddenly points to KAL.*) Ho, Primrose-crowned ! Thy lover's brave and true. The vow he whispered thee in the dance last night he'll keep to life's end !

KAL. (*aside to ERITHOË*). 'Tis true, he whispered in the dance! How could she know!

HER. (*to THALEIA*). And thou'dst serve lady Aphrodite, little one? Aye, so thou shalt, in time.

THALEIA. Mother, tell me more!

HER. (*rising painfully*). Nay, I must to my labor. (*Lifts his arm warningly*). I charge ye, go not in the forest to-day! Harm's abroad. Go not in the forest to-day! (*Limps away.*)

ADMETIS (*gently detaining him*). Stay, good mother! Shall I win my heart's desire? Only tell me that, good mother!

HER. Harm's abroad in the forest! Harm's abroad!

ADMETIS. Then if I'm not to win my heart's desire, what care I? I'll brave the danger!

(*The others turn to him, leaving HER. in the background unobserved. He straightens his back and peeps out from his hood, laughing gleefully.*)

DORIS. Nay, be not over bold, Admetis!

ADMETIS. Thou shalt not stop me. (*Makes to enter wood.*

HER. *rising tiptoe, stretches his hand toward him, and he stumbles, falling forward. ADMETIS rises furiously.*) Who tripped me? Who tripped me, I say? Nay, I'll go no further till I punish him who tripped me!

(*PHÆON and TIMON, on either side, soothe him.*)

ALCIDES. He is afraid! I'll venture. There's naught to fear.

CALYCE. Prythee, venture not. In truth, harm's abroad.

ALCIDES. An old crone's whimsy! I'll go, I say. (*Starts forward as ADMETIS did. HER. again rises tiptoe and stretches out his hand. ALCIDES covers his eyes with his hands and staggers blindly back. Rubs his eyes.*) Who blinded me? Some one brushed a leafy branch across mine eyes and blinded me. Where is the coward who tricked me so?

DIOMED. No one touched thee, friend.

THALEIA. In truth, I'm afraid! (*Points into the forest.*) See yonder light! No, 'tis gone!

ERITHOË. Heard'st thou the sound of bells?

(*HER. leaps and prances in the background.*)

PHRY. Some one plucked me by the robe.

DORIS. And me!

THALEIA (*pointing*). The light again!

(*HER. dances off. They stand staring foolishly at each other, then rouse themselves and brighten.*)

ALCIDES. In truth, methinks this is a cheerless place for merrymaking.

ERITHOË. Let's to the broad green bank of the river. There's shade there, and glad light, and sweet flowers for our garlands.

THALEIA. Aye, let us go.

DORIS. Thinkest thou the old woman was a god?

PHRY. Sure she had more than mortal knowledge.

DORIS. Let's take her counsel, and be gone forthwith.

PHRY. A dance! Let us go to the river bank.

ALL. A dance! A dance!

(*The youths form a circle, the maidens in the centre. They raise their arms, and as the maidens rush under, each catches a partner. KAL. is left alone in the centre. They circle about her repeating the song,—“Garlands and song for the maid who a bride will be,” etc. Dancing, they gradually exeunt, the first couple catching KAL. in a garland and leading her between them. As they disappear HER., without his disguise, bounds in triumphantly, and stands tiptoe, looking after them.*)

HER. Thy task, oh, Artemis, is finished quite.

Now to mine own—to bring him to thy sight!

Lo, hither fares he, lingering on the plain—

Here shall he stay till thou dost come again!

[*Exit HER., dancing and leaping.*]

Enter ENDYMION in earnest conversation with EUMENIDES.

EUMEN. Prythee put off thy heavy cheer, my prince, and look smilingly as was thy wont. No maid in all thy realm will be won by so sorry a countenance, least of all the merry-hearted Phrynia.

ENDYM. I thank thee for thy good counsel, good Eumenides. Truly I know thou art right and in very faith, 'tis not alone Phrynia's merry mockery that doth make me so mournful. The wise men tell us well that a maid would not be won too easily, and by thy long faithfulness to gentle Kallisthene thou mayst bring example.

EUMEN. Spoken like thy very self, sweet prince! Nay then, take courage and a light heart to thy wooing.

ENDYM. Sit here, Eumenides, and I'll tell thee all my heaviness, for thou'rt the truest friend ever man had.

(*They sit on the bank of turf.*)

EUMEN. Thanks, lord; indeed I love thee truly.

ENDYM. Listen then, and I'll tell thee what even the king my father doth not know, for I have kept it in my heart lest his gray head be troubled for the kingdom. When first I came to man's estate, secretly I journeyed to the oracle of the hills, where, in a great dark cleft in the rock, a priest of Zeus, filled with the mighty god, doth speak his words.

EUMEN. In sooth, I knew it not! What said the god?

ENDYM. Even that which now lies heavy on my heart, sweet friend. For the prophecy foretold that ere I should win my deep desire, temptation should assail me.

EUMEN. That's naught to fear, my lord!

ENDYM. Nay, I know not! For to win Phrynia is my deep desire, and through what troubled waters must I pass ere she is won?

EUMEN. Nay, read the oracle in more cheerful wise. To rule thy father's kingdom wisely is thy deep desire, and the lightness and mirth of youth be ever temptation to folly!

ENDYM. If so thou read the prophecy, then may my love for Phrynia be the ordeal foretold! Nay, thinkest thou that, in very sooth, Eumenides?

EUMEN. I think thou sittest in the gloom out of perversity, lord, when the sun shines without! Courage, sweet prince! Bear thyself joyously; so shalt thou meet trial strongly when the gods send it.

ENDYM. Nay, thou knowest not, Eumenides! Thou hast thy Kallisthene safe — But look who comes! (*Enter ADMETIS and CALYCE.*) Welcome, friends! Where are thy merry comrades? Was it not planned that thy games should be held in the shadow of this grove?

ADMETIS. Yea, my prince. But a gloom came over our spirits in the forest dusk, and we hastened to the sunny river bank. Thence come we, to lead thee to our feast.

CALYCE. Served upon couches of bluest violets, sweet my lord.

ADMETIS. There sits Kallisthene, crowned with primroses.

CALYCE. And there the youths run and wrestle, their prize a garland of Phrynia's weaving.

EUMEN. Let us go with them, lord.

ENDYM. Nay, go thou, Eumenides, to thy Kallisthene, and anon I'll come. I would be alone a while.

ADMETIS (*timidly*). In truth, my prince—I cannot now tell why—I fear to leave thee in this lonely grove.

CALYCE (*looking about, apprehensively*). An old crone told us there is harm abroad for any in the wood. Come with us!

EUMEN. Aye, come with us!

ENDYM. Nay, when art thou grown so fearful? Yonder's the smiling plain, and faintly I can hear thy merry calling on the river bank. Often have I hunted in this friendly wood which thou callest gloomy. Get thee gone to thy feasting. Anon I'll come.

(*Reluctantly, EUMEN., ADMETIS and CALYCE bow and exeunt.*)

(ENDYM. *sits lost in mournful thought. After a moment ARTEMIS and her followers enter dancing. They see ENDYM. and start back angrily. Then ARTEMIS tiptoes forward and regards him steadfastly for a moment, after which she, in pantomime, commands her followers to leave her. They reluctantly do so, and when they are gone, ARTEMIS takes an arrow from her quiver and places it under a bush at some distance. Then she advances to ENDYM. and assumes a timid attitude.*)

ARTEMIS. Pardon, good sir! Hast seen an arrow fall hereabout? One of mine I let fly, and know not where it fell.

ENDYM. (*rising, startled*). Thy pardon, maiden! I did not hear thy light step on the moss. Whence comest thou?

ARTEMIS. From hunting in the wood.

ENDYM. Dost thou dwell hereabout? I do not know thy face.

ARTEMIS (*pointing vaguely*). I dwell yonder—or mayhap 'tis another direction. I follow in the train of the mighty huntress, and where her desire leads, there go I.

ENDYM. Art thou, in very sooth, one of those maidens, rare among mortals, who forswear the company of man to follow the bright goddess? Thou art strong of courage, maiden.

ARTEMIS. Nay, I care not to parley, but to find mine arrow. An thou'lt not help me, I must e'en help myself.

ENDYM. Pardon, sweet maid! My surprise at thy silent coming maketh my wits to lag. Sit here; I'll find thine arrow presently. (*ARTEMIS seats herself, watching ENDYM. as he searches about here and there for the arrow. After a moment or two he spies it and carries it to her. She rises and holds out her hand without speaking. Awed by her majesty ENDYM. drops to his knee. Spot light on ARTEMIS as she rises is very effective.*) Thou art the goddess!

ARTEMIS. I am Artemis of the Silver Bow.

ENDYM. Why dost thou come to me, bright goddess? How has Endymion deserved thy favor?

ARTEMIS. Thou art a mighty hunter, and such love I! Moreover, thou hast shown gentle courtesy to a strange maiden in thy wood, and for that I will reward thee. What is thy heart's desire? (*ENDYM. raises his head eagerly, but before he can answer the goddess interrupts.*) Nay, answer not, for what I give thee is happiness far beyond thy present power to know or guess at. Happiness thou shalt taste, Endymion, even to the measure of the immortal gods!

(*There is a crash, followed by alternating flashes of light and darkness, during which ARTEMIS vanishes. ENDYM. finding himself alone, springs joyfully to his feet.*)

ENDYM. Bright goddess! A shrine shalt thou have in my city, and eternal fires burning to thy honor, while my life lasts! Perfect happiness dost thou promise me? Then what avail is any rhyming prophecy against my joy? I may win Phrynia—and win her I shall without delay, if there's aught in man's true love to win sweet maid. Phrynia! Phrynia!

(*ENDYM. rushes joyfully out in the direction of the river brink. As he goes ARTEMIS and HER. appear simultaneously.*)

HER. Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Well promised, by my winged cap! Thou'st send him to his lady-love post-haste, and anon will they hand in hand to deck Aphrodite's shrine. Thou'rt generous, Artemis.

ARTEMIS (*vexed*). Silence thy chattering tongue! Thou'rt overbold, godling! Ill hast thou fulfilled thy task!

HER. Nay, I crave pardon! I have fulfilled it to the letter, since no mortal has penetrated beyond this first shade of the grove. Say, is it not so?

ARTEMIS. Thou art a saucy fellow!

HER. Since I vex thee, I go. (*Turns as if to go.*)

ARTEMIS. Stay. I have work for thee. Knowest thou that shadowy cave in the mountainside beyond the field of nodding silver poppies? Near by, a little stream, falling down the rocks, murmurs continuously; and ever from the field the drowsy hum of bees arises with the breath of the poppies.

HER. Yea, that cave I know. There dwells Morpheus, ruler over all the realm of sleep.

ARTEMIS. Thou speakest aright. Then get thou thither, swift as thy winged heels may carry thee, and bring from Morpheus a charmed dream to take a mortal captive. Haste!—but ere thou go, send hither the headstrong youth Endymion.

HER. As for the dream, thou shalt have it in the drawing of a breath. As for Endymion, look where he even now leads Phrynia to the grove, telling his love-tale to her willing ears!

Swift, swift I go,
As arrow from thy bow!

[*Exit* HER.]

ARTEMIS. I will be invisible to mortal eyes, and hear this wooing,—and if need be I will take a part therein, for if Endymion is to serve me truly, and haply be my comrade in the hunt, now must he fail to win a mortal love.

Enter ENDYM. and PHRY.; *he following her with protestations of love.* ARTEMIS *is invisible to them.*

ENDYM. Hear me, sweet Phrynia. Why wilt thou mock me so? Long have I loved thee truly, long sought thy favor, as thou very well dost know, and yet thou mockest me ever.

PHRY. My grandmother told me—oh, and a very wise woman she was!—that every youth would think himself in love a thousand times before blind Eros truly pricked his inmost heart.

ENDYM. So it may be with some, Phrynia. In truth I know not! I only know my love for thee which holds me all in bonds, that I see no smile but thine, hear no voice but thine. Say, canst thou love me?

PHRY. (*yielding*). Art thou true, in very faith?

ENDYM. By what oath shall I swear?

PHRY. By Eros' golden arrow—that selfsame arrow which, if I love thee too, hath pricked us both!

ENDYM. I swear! Dost love me, Phrynia?

PHRY. In very truth —

(ARTEMIS *approaching whispers in her ear.* PHRY. *breaks off as if pondering.*)

ENDYM. In very truth—what, sweet lady? Nay, answer, love!

PHRY. I—I know not. Even now I thought —

(*Again ARTEMIS whispers, and she breaks off as before.*)

ENDYM. Answer, I pray thee!

PHRY. Nay, then! As I do consider it, I love thee not! I'd rather live a maid and free to wander the forest paths with Artemis. I'm weary of the vows of men. I'll hear thee no further! (*She turns to leave him.*)

ENDYM. Cruel! Thou art cruel, Phrynia!

PHRY. I'll listen no longer, I say! My ears are weary of thy pleading! Let me go. [Exit.

ENDYM. Nay, thou shalt hear! (*Follows her.*)

ARTEMIS. All's safe there. She will not yield to-day, though almost had he won her. (*HER. enters with MORPHEUS, veiled in gray and poppy-crowned.*) Well done, fleet messenger! In good time thou dost return. Now go, lure back the love-sick youth that follows Phrynia. (*HER. starts as if to go, but remains in the back-ground, listening curiously, unobserved.*) Welcome, god of sleep.

MOR. Myself I come at thy behest, bright Artemis. What's thy will?

ARTEMIS. I thank thee, Morpheus. There is a noble youth who, for his good, must listen to my counsel, but so are his waking thoughts bound to a mortal maid, he'll not hear me; therefore must I take him sleeping. It is my will then, that thou snare him in a sleep of such depth and potency that he may not waken save at my will. Canst thou do this?

MOR. Truly, goddess of night! Where is the youth?

ARTEMIS. Hermes will lead him to thee here. Endymion he is, prince of this region. Thou mayst know him by his purple chiton.

MOR. A circle of the earth will I so fill with charmed slumber, that while he stands thereon, his will to sleep or wake will be subject to thy wish.

ARTEMIS. I thank thee, and with an equal favor will repay thee, when thou dost ask. Farewell.

(*Exit ARTEMIS. HER. starts forward and stands before MOR.*)

MOR. Where is the youth Endymion? Hast fetched him?

HER. Anon—anon! First I would parley with thee.

MOR. Make haste then, for I would sleep!

HER. Change me the spell thou weavest for the goddess—

MOR. Nay! Fetch thou Endymion.

HER. As thou hear me not, and favor me when thou hast heard, thou shalt not sleep in peace till my wrath be appeased! I'll dog thee with tumult! I'll plague thee with noise! Thy drowsy cave shall resound with uproar!

MOR. Peace! Peace! Speak thy will quickly. I'll do it if I may, in obedience to Artemis.

HER. I ask but little. Only so far change thy magic spell that one beside the goddess may wake Endymion, and that one a mortal who loves him with such unselfish loyalty, that he will gladly resign his dearest possession for the power to wake his friend.

MOR. Aye, that I'll do without fear of offense to the goddess, for no such friendship exists among mortals.

HER. (*gleefully*). Mayhap thou art right! Yet there'll be a fine searching of consciences—a hurly-burly of excuses too, I'll warrant,—if thy condition come to the ears of his comrades! May I be there to see! Well, I'll bring the youth presently. Wind up thy charm.

(*Exit HER., leaping and dancing. MOR. traces a circle on the ground and marks it off with strewn poppy-leaves, then weaves a drowsy spell above it. Soft music. Dance pantomime as he chants.*)

MOR.

Poppies from the meadows white,
Lying silent 'neath the moon,
Drowsy blossoms, wield thy might,
Weave thy slumbrous spell full soon.

Let no touch

However dear,

Wake the mortal

Sleeping here!

Hush! within this sleepy ring,
Let no sound, for good or harm,
Cry of love or sorrowing,
Come to break thy magic charm.

Let no voice
 However dear,
 Wake the mortal
 Sleeping here !
 Goddess of the Silver Bow,
 Thine alone this power to quell,
 'Less a mortal friendship show
 True enough to break this spell.
 Let none else
 However dear,
 Wake the mortal
 Sleeping here !

(MOR. moves back softly and slowly, and stands motionless as HER., again in the guise of the old crone, leads in ENDYM.)

HER. Wait thou here. I'll bring thee the herb thou desirest.

ENDYM. Nay, good mother, tell me again and truly. Will this wonderful herb of which thou speakest indeed turn Phrynia's heart to me ?

HER. 'Tis the most potent of all love charms. A drop of its dew in her drink, or laid on her eyelid sleeping, will snare her heart as truly as her bright eyes have snared thee !

[Exit HER., chuckling.]

ENDYM. In truth if some magic aid me not, I fear me I shall never win her, despite the goddess' favor, for never saw I a maid so contrary ! (He steps into the magic circle. Immediately he stops and his head droops forward. He rubs his eyes and takes another step, then stops and sinks down.) In truth, I'm very sleepy ! So great a drowsiness hath come upon me that I can go no further. I'll e'en rest here till the good old woman returns. The charm—Phrynia—Phrynia——

(He falls asleep.)

(MOR. advances softly and moves about him in a slow rythmical dance, chanting softly. Soft music.)

MOR.

Round about ! Round about !
 Web of sleep, closely cling !
 Weave the spell, in and out !
 Hum of bees, trickling spring,

Drowsy noises, fill his ear
 That none other he may hear!
 Spells are wound
 Charms are bound
 Till they're broken, sleep thou sound!

(MOR. *retreats slowly backward till he disappears. There is a moment of silence. Then laughter and merry voices are heard approaching and the merrymakers enter, their hands filled with flowers.*)

EUMEN. (*calling*). Where art thou, laggard Endymion?
 Thou didst promise to join our games.

KAL. Truly, I saw him enter this grove.

DORIS. Yea, marry, that did I.

ALCIDES. Sweet prince, hide not from us.

PHRYNIA. Let us all call his name.

DIOMED. Together now!

ALL. Endymion! Endymion!

THALEIA (*spying ENDYM. asleep*). Look! Look here upon
 the ground!

PHÆON. Upon my life—he is asleep!

(*All make the sign of silence to each other and tiptoe about him in a semicircle, those on the outside peering over the others' shoulders at him.*)

PHRY. Let us shower our flowers upon him to waken him.

CALYCE. Yes—yes! Come, gather closer.

PHRY. (*to EUMEN.*). Give thou the signal.

EUMEN. Ready then! Now!

(*They scatter their flowers, laughingly; then as they see ENDYM. does not wake, they tiptoe back, whispering to each other.*)

DIOMED. How sound he sleeps!

TIMON. How shall we waken him?

THALEIA. I have it! I have it!

PHRY. Tell us, then.

THALEIA. Thou shalt kiss him, Phrynia! That will waken
 him without a doubt.

ALL. Good! Good!

PHRY. I will not!

(*She tries to escape, but a laughing ring is made about her.*)

KAL. Nay, force her not !

ERITHOË. Aye, she shall ! Come, Phrynia ! Touch but his forehead with thy lips.

PHRY. Nay, I will not !

ALL. Yes, yes !

PHRY. (*laughing and protesting, is led to ENDYM. She kneels beside him timidly*). There, there ! Have thy way, foolish ones !

(*She kisses ENDYM.'s forehead lightly, then starts back, prepared for flight.*)

ALL. Brava, Phrynia !

(*When they see that again he has not wakened, there is consternation. They gather in little groups, retreating from ENDYM., but eyeing him closely.*)

EUMEN. 'Tis no natural sleep, thus to resist all means of rousing.

KAL. Come away, dear, my lord. Belike 'tis some spell ! I am afraid !

ERITHOË. Listen all ! Remember the words of the old crone ! "Harm's afoot," quoth she,—“go not into the forest to-day.”

ADMETIS. Erithoë speaks true ! 'Tis an evil spell. Come away ere we be caught thereby.

ALL. A spell ! A spell ! Come away !

(*All exeunt, murmuring and looking back fearfully over their shoulders, except PHRY., KAL. and EUMEN., who remain near ENDYM.*)

PHRY. In sooth, I cannot bear to leave him in the wood alone, prey to an evil spell !

KAL. (*turning upon her angrily*). Thou hast no right to grieve for him. Hadst thou not driven him from thee with thy silly coquetries, all would now be well.

PHRY. Mayhap thou art right, Kallisthene, but prythee, chide me not, for indeed I love him truly, despite my mockeries. I know not why I vexed him so ! (*Bursts into tears.*)

KAL. (*soothing her*). Weep not. Belike an thou love him, good may yet come of it.

EUMEN. (*kneeling by ENDYM., bends above him ; he rubs his eyes sleepily*). Faith, what a desire for sleep creeps over me.

KAL. It is the spell. Oh, an thou lovest me, come away.
It will seize on thee also.

EUMEN. (*reluctantly rising*). We'll to the city for aid.
Endymion, sweet prince, what man may do to restore thee,
that will I! Come, my Kallisthene! Come, Phrynia!

(*They go out together.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same place in the forest after nightfall. By the dim light ENDYM. is seen sleeping, still surrounded by the flowers strewn over him by his comrades of the day before. For a moment after the rise of the curtain all is still; then a DRYAD peeps out from behind a tree, listens and softly withdraws. From another tree another DRYAD peeps, then takes a few steps forward, listening. The first DRYAD again appears. They greet each other in soft, high voices.*

1ST DRYAD. Greeting, sister!

2D DRYAD. Greeting, sister!

1ST DRYAD (*calling*). O-e-e-e-e-e!

INVISIBLE DRYADS (*echoing*). O-e-e-e-e-e!

2D DRYAD (*beckoning*). Hither! Hither!

(*Three more DRYADS creep out stealthily, stopping now and then to listen.*)

1ST DRYAD. Hail to thee!

3D, 4TH, 5TH DRYADS. Hail! Hail! Hail!

3D DRYAD. Dance with me, sisters!

(*They dance in little, light, running steps. Suddenly all bend low to listen.*)

1ST DRYAD. Hush! (*They rush quickly and noiselessly to their trees, and stand poised, ready to disappear. Then gaining confidence, they creep forward again, being joined by four other DRYADS. In their light dancing they come upon ENDYM. They stop instantly and stand poised, utterly motionless and silent for a moment. Then they tiptoe about him curiously, pointing him out to each other.*) Sh!

5TH DRYAD. Behold! Behold!

4TH DRYAD. A mortal!

OTHERS (*like soft echoes*). A mortal! Mortal! Mortal!

1ST DRYAD. Step softly, sisters! He sleeps!

(*They take hands and circle around ENDYM., then resume their dancing, singly or in groups, no longer heeding him.*)

There is a stir as of wind in the forest, and the DRYADS bend low, listening.)

2D DRYAD. Hush!

4TH DRYAD. Pan comes! The mighty Pan!

5TH DRYAD. Joy, sisters! Hail the mighty Pan!

OTHERS (*like soft echoes*). Pan! Pan! Pan!

(The rushing sound increases. The DRYADS sweep forward and back in irregular groups as if blown by a strong wind. Finally all rush forward to meet PAN, who sweeps dancing in, as the DRYADS part to make a path for him.)

PAN. Hail, comrades!

DRYADS. Hail, Pan! Hail, mighty Pan! Hail! Hail!

(They form a circle about him and dance to his piping, while he leaps and gambols grotesquely among them.)

1ST DRYAD (*stopping suddenly*). Hush! Hush!

ALL (*stopping and bending to listen*). Hush! Hush!

PAN. The tread of mortal foot I hear. Disperse, comrades!

DRYADS (*running hither and thither*). Disperse! Disperse!

(They retreat to their trees and PAN leaps into the darkness, remaining dimly visible. From time to time in the scene that follows the DRYADS peep out, beckon to each other, and again vanish. For a moment after their disappearance all is silent. Then PHRY. appears, evidently much frightened. She stops and looks fearfully about her.)

PHRY. I am afraid! I did not know I should be so afraid! The dark is full of strange rustlings and whisperings; voices call about me and when I question them, are silent; shadowy forms dance and beckon. Oh, Endymion! Endymion! *(She runs to the sleeping ENDYM. and kneels beside him, touching lightly his hand and brow.)* Truly I did fear thee dead, my lord, but thy brow is moist with sweet sleep, and thy hand is warm. Oh, what aileth thee, my love? Kallisthene saith 'tis I who have wrought this evil upon thee by my mockery! Is it so? In very truth I know not why I mocked. Ever I loved thee! *(She touches his hand again, timidly.)* Canst thou not move or speak to me—thy Phrynia? Indeed I thought,

if thy misfortune were my fault and I came alone to thee, thus, through the fearsome wood and lonely dark, and told my love, the charm haply would break and thou be free! But no! (*She shrinks, looking about her in terror.*) Thou art so still, and 'tis so very dark and lonely! Even the moon doth not shine. I am afraid!

(*She hides her face and is still, cowering beside ENDYM. PAN advances from the darkness and peers curiously at her. He beckons and the DRYADS creep out, one by one, and surround her, peering curiously. PHRY. lifts her head and sees them. She springs up in terror and stands shrinking, not daring to run.*)

PAN. Who art thou, mortal?

DRYADS (*echoing*). Mortal! Mortal!

PHRY. Oh, harm me not! I am afraid.

PAN (*mocking*). She is afraid!

DRYADS (*laughing in soft, high notes, pointing their fingers at her*). Afraid!

(*They take hands and circle about her, uttering strange little cries.*)

PAN. Be merry, pretty mortal. Fear not! Join our dance.

DRYADS. Come to us—come! Come!

(*They sweep toward her in a circle, then away, breaking the ring and dancing singly to PAN'S fluting as before.*)

PHRY. (*falling on her knees*). Aphrodite, Mother of Love, do thou protect me, since 'twas in thy service I came hither. I am afraid!

DRYADS (*laughing mockingly*). Afraid! Afraid!

(*The dance becomes wilder. They sweep about her, leaping and laughing, led by PAN, who gambols grotesquely as he flutes.*)

PHRY. (*covering her eyes with her hands; then gathering courage*). I will be gone! Sleep safe, my love, since I may not wake thee! Farewell! (*Runs out toward the city.*)

DRYADS (*echoing as they dance*). Farewell! Farewell!

(*They dance lightly and softly again. A glimmering of light shines faintly through the trees.*)

1ST DRYAD. Behold! Behold!

8TH DRYAD. Artemis comes!

PAN. Artemis, Queen of Night! Do her honor, comrades. *(The light increases, growing gradually into a broad pathway through the trees to where ENDYM. lies. In this pathway ARTEMIS appears, majestic in filmy pale gold drapery, a crescent on her forehead. She moves imperiously forward down the path of light.)* Hail to thee, radiant Artemis!

9TH DRYAD. Hail, Queen of Night!

DRYADS. Hail! Hail! Hail!

(The DRYADS circle about ARTEMIS, bending low in token of homage.)

ARTEMIS. Greeting, friends! *(To PAN.)* Now, mighty Pan, lead thou thy comrades off to dance their measures in another grove. Here it pleaseth me to walk alone.

PAN. The goddess speaks. Obey, my comrades. Follow!

DRYADS. We follow, Pan! Pan!

(PAN leads the way, piping, and DRYADS dance out. ARTEMIS advances down the ray of light to ENDYM.)

ARTEMIS. Endymion! I call thee to awake!

ENDYM. *(stirring drowsily, then sitting up, shading his eyes with his hand)*. Aye me! I must have slept. Hasten with thy herbs, good mother! Phrynia — *(He breaks off, looking amazedly about him.)* I dream!

ARTEMIS. Nay, Endymion! All else is but a dream. Now thou hast awakened truly.

ENDYM. *(rising to his knee)*. Most beautiful vision! Why dost thou come to me? What do I here? 'Tis night! Where are my comrades? Where is Phrynia? Oh, tell me thy will!

ARTEMIS. 'Tis quickly told—that thou forget these mortals and resign thy mortal place. Then thou shalt live forever as the gods live. Wilt thou do this and receive my gift?

ENDYM. Nay, I understand thee not, great Artemis. 'Tis past believing! What dost thou ask,—what offer me?

ARTEMIS. Immortality, I offer, and eternal youth!

ENDYM. Eternal youth!

ARTEMIS. Aye, and eternal happiness! Bethink thee, Endymion! Endless freedom to roam the sun-bright hills and fragrant forest glades; at the rosy dawn to join the merry hunt; at noon to rest in beds of violets; at night to feast with the

Immortal Ones on high Olympus! All this shalt thou do if thou wilt be my comrade of the hunt.

ENDYM. (*springing up and turning away, pressing his hands over his eyes*). 'Tis not true! I dream! Surely I dream!

ARTEMIS. Nay, Endymion, thou dost not dream. Touch my hand. Is it not real? (*She graciously extends her hand, which he, kneeling, reverently touches with his forehead.*) Remember how I met thee this morning, and did promise thee greater happiness than thou couldst guess!

ENDYM. Phrynia! Methought thou meantest Phrynia's love, and when I fell asleep, 'twas in the hope of winning her. My dreams have been all of her—and now it seems that through my very sleep I heard her voice in fear. Haply 'twas truth and no dream! Bright Artemis! I do crave thy leave to go and see that all is well with her.

ARTEMIS. Foolish boy! Think not of Phrynia; she is safe. Think of the gift I promise thee. Canst not forget thy little mortal joys, to win the bliss of the very gods?

ENDYM. Nay, mighty Artemis—how can I forget Phrynia who has all my heart? (*Rises.*) Sooner might I forget my life itself than Phrynia!

ARTEMIS. Phrynia will grow old. Her chestnut hair will turn to silver, her limbs lose their vigor and lightsome motion.

ENDYM. Aye, so it is with the gentle Queen, my mother, yet doth my father love her ever. Moreover my father himself waxeth old, sweet goddess, and doth look to me to govern wisely in his stead. How may I do this, following the hunt with thee?

ARTEMIS. Foolish Endymion! Almost dost thou vex me! Behold, I offer thee immortal joys and dost thou choose to bind thyself to age and care and death?

ENDYM. Phrynia and my kingdom I must choose!

ARTEMIS. Take then thy choice, blind youth! Sleep on, and better wisdom come to thee in dreams!

(*She turns from him and glides majestically away, along her path of light.*)

ENDYM. (*struggling to follow her*). What bands hold me—soft as cobweb but strong as steel! (*He falls to his knees.*) Bright goddess, turn again and hear me! Be not angry, Artemis!

ARTEMIS (*turning just before she vanishes*). Farewell, En-

dymion! I would thou hadst chosen otherwise, but thou must abide thy choice. Sleep and forget my coming! Farewell!

(She disappears, and the light fades gradually.)

ENDYM. A hateful drowsiness creeps on me, stealing the strength from my limbs. *(He sinks down.)* Beautiful Artemis, I meant not to offend thee, but Phrynia — *(He struggles against sleep which gradually overcomes him.)* Phrynia and my kingdom—I must—choose!

(He sleeps. There is silence and semi-darkness as at the beginning of the act. Then DRYADS creep back, one by one, and gradually resume their interrupted dance.)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*The same place in the forest the following morning.*

ENDYM. *is seen sleeping as before.*

Enter, as if just alighted, HER. He dances, tiptoe, to ENDYM., and stands over him, chuckling mischievously.

HER. Still here, sleeper? In faith, thou takest a long nap! Up, sluggard! Up! The sun is high in heaven! (*Laughs gleefully.*) What? Wilt not obey me? Sure, 'tis a good charm—and who's to break it! (*He leaps over ENDYM. and seats himself calmly on the sleeping prince.*) All night the city hummed like a hive of angry bees. There were tramps of guard and chanting of priest, and a fine running to and fro in the palace. Crones gossiped in corners; youths and maids forgot to speak of love. 'Twas "Alas, poor prince! Surely the gods be vexed with us, thus to enchant our sweet Endymion!" (*Sighs with mock mournfulness, then springs up and prances about the stage.*) Anon will they hither to gaze upon him curiously, whispering each other strange tales of old charms until all nod and wisely say—"Aye, so it is with our prince! We understand—we understand." (*Stops short to look curiously at ENDYM.*) Would that I understood, thou sleeping secret! Why art thou not joyously tracking the antlered stag, this gracious morning, with the train of Artemis? Faith, there's that in a mortal's heart that Hermes may not know! (*Lightly once more.*) But I'll to the city—and anon when time is, they shall know the key to unlock thy sleepy charm. Lo, here is he that boasts himself thy friend. I'll leave him to his gazing.

[*Exit HER., leaping and running.*]

Enter, by another path, EUMEN. with KAL.

KAL. Nay, love, I will stay close to thee. An thou risk the sleepy charm by coming hither, I must e'en risk it too, for life is nought to me without thee.

EUMEN. (*putting his arm about her and leading her forward*). And to me, sweet, life without thee were worse than death. Faith, how lived I so long and held thee not mine own?

KAL. Dost not think the mighty fates have ever twined our life-threads, though we knew it not?

EUMEN. Truly 'tis a sweet thought, and thou the sweetest maid the world boasts. I know not how thou canst love me!

KAL. I am thy very own, Eumenides!

EUMEN. And my most precious of possessions!

(Kisses her.)

KAL. In faith, 'tis wicked to be so happy, love, when our poor prince lies yonder, bound by a power we may not understand.

(They approach ENDYM. and stand looking pityingly down on him.)

EUMEN. But yesterday it was he walked and talked with me, and trusted me even with his most secret thought.

KAL. But yesterday it was that he wooed Phrynia and she did mock at him. Alas, poor maid, her heart is sore enough to-day!

EUMEN. Does she in truth love Endymion?

KAL. Even as I love thee!

EUMEN. Unhappy prince! What fate binds up thine ears that these tidings thou hast so long yearned to hear may not reach thee! Oh, that the strength of my friendship might avail against this curst enchantment! What would I not do, if by the doing I might bring thee back to love and happiness!

KAL. Dear, my lord! I do love thee for thy true friendship to thy prince, and if thou might'st do aught, I would not hinder thee, e'en if the task were perilous and my heart ached with the fear of losing thee!

EUMEN. That is my brave Kallisthene!

KAL. Let us go comfort Phrynia. Truly our happiness seems selfish else.

EUMEN. As ever, thou art right. But look, who's here!
(Enter a PAGE running.) What's thy tidings, boy?

PAGE. The King and Queen come hither across the plain, with priests from the Temple of Zeus. They will ask the gods whether the prince may not awake. *(Spies ENDYM.)* Lo! How he sleeps!

EUMEN. Aye—too sound! Come, Kallisthene! Go we to meet the King!

(Exeunt EUMEN. and KAL., followed by the PAGE, who looks back curiously at ENDYM. asleep.)

Enter HER. leaping.

HER. Lo, the bees swarm out of their hive and bring their buzzing into the forest. Now there will be sport! What shall the oracle answer? Haply Artemis will relent, and spoil this my pretty plan! I'll listen near by.

What's to come the Fates decree.
We shall see what we shall see!

(*HER. skips out of sight just as the KING'S procession enters. First come royal guards bearing shields and spears; then the KING leading the QUEEN; then ladies of the court, and a PAGE; then EUMEN. and KAL. leading PHRY.; and last, the youths and maidens who were ENDYM.'s comrades in the holiday. The last-named form a semicircular background.*)

QUEEN (*hurrying forward, kneels beside ENDYM.*). Alas, sweet son! what aileth thee? Canst not wake for thy mother, dear lad? (*To the KING, who has followed her and stands beside ENDYM.*) Look—look here, my lord! See how he sleeps, sweetly as in childhood. Sure, the gods cannot be wroth with so noble a youth as our son!

KING. There be councils among the Immortal Ones that we may not know or understand, sweet life. Nevertheless I do hope that the Priests of Zeus the Mighty, who even now make sacrifice in the temple, may find our son guiltless in the sight of the gods, and may haply learn how to restore him to his wonted self. Meanwhile, stay not too near the prince lest thou provoke the gods to wrath and turn their favor from us.

(*Gives the QUEEN his hand and leads her to her ladies.*)

QUEEN. Will it be long, lord, ere we may know the auspices of the sacrifice?

KING. Go, one of ye, and see if the priests be yet within the city gates.

PAGE (*bowing*). I go! (*Runs out.*)

KING. Tell me again, Eumenides. The prince was well and in his wonted spirits when he talked with thee yesterday.

EUMEN. (*bowing*). Two troubled thoughts, oh, King, harbored in Endymion's mind when last we spoke together: fear lest he should not prove a worthy successor to thy

throne in days to come, and doubt that he might win the hand of Phrynia whom he long hath sought,—but naught of evil omen!

PHRY. (*kneeling at the KING's feet*). Good, my lord, I do repent me that I mocked him! 'Thinkest thou that I worked him evil? Alas, the day!

KING (*kindly*). Nay, sweet maid. Thy mocking was but the lightness of happy youth. Fear nothing.

PHRY. I thank thee for thy comfort.

(*She goes back to KAL.*)

Enter the PAGE running. He kneels before the KING.

KING. Be the priests come?

PAGE. Yea, lord. Even now they enter the grove.

KING. Thanks for thy tidings. (*Turns to the QUEEN.*)
Courage, sweet Queen! Soon shall we know the gods' will.
(*To EUMEN.*) Stay thou near to us. Thou wert his bond-
friend and close in his love.

(*The KING, QUEEN and EUMEN. advance to meet the PRIESTS, who enter with slow, solemn step, bearing lighted torches. They do not bow before the KING, but show an assurance and majesty equal to his own.*)

KING. Greeting, servants of great Zeus! What tidings of thy sacrifice? Were the omens favorable?

1ST PRIEST (*lifting his hand majestically*). Live, oh, King!

QUEEN. Nay, delay not, good sirs! 'Tell thy tidings!

1ST PRIEST. The omens showed displeasure among the gods. The smoke of the sacrifice ascended not to Zeus' nostrils, but was blown hither and thither upon the face of the earth.

QUEEN. Alas, my son!

(*Covers her face with her mantle. The others, who have crowded as close as may be to hear the tidings of the PRIESTS, show fear and pity, and all cast troubled looks upon ENDYM.*)

KING. Hast thou done all that may be done in this matter?

1ST PRIEST. One trial more may we make, though I do truly think, oh, King, 'twill prove fruitless.

KING. Nevertheless, let nothing remain undone.

(*He leads the QUEEN back to her ladies, and remains be-*

side her watching the ceremony of the PRIESTS. The PRIESTS surround ENDYM. They raise their torches high above him and wave them slowly to and fro.)

2D PRIEST. If the spell that holds thee here
Be not of Immortals' making,
I command this truth appear
In thy instant waking.

(The PRIESTS march slowly about ENDYM. to their original stations, there raising their torches and waving them as before.)

3D PRIEST. If the spell that holds thee here
Be Immortals' mandate keeping,
I command this truth appear
In thine endless sleeping.

(The PRIESTS march slowly about ENDYM. in the other direction to their original stations.)

1ST PRIEST. If thou mayest, Endymion, awake !

2D PRIEST. Awake !

3D PRIEST. Awake !

(There is a moment's deep silence, then the PRIESTS turn away and approach the KING.)

1ST PRIEST. Thou seest, oh, King, 'tis fruitless. The gods have decreed, and who are we to avail against them ?

KING. I thank thee, servants of mighty Zeus.

QUEEN. Oh, wise ones, what must we do ? Must our son lie alone in the forest ? May none watch by him or tend him ? Or may he not haply be carried to the city and there placed in a state befitting the King's son ?

1ST PRIEST. Whoso guards him or tends him risks the right displeasure of the gods. Whoso touches him risks death : and haply to bring him into the city were to bring ruin upon the whole people.

QUEEN. Alas, sweet son !

(Hides her face in her mantle. The PRIESTS march solemnly out to return to the city. As each passes the KING he raises his hand in silent farewell. When they have gone, the KING and QUEEN turn to ENDYM.)

KING. We must not linger here, sweet wife, but bearing patiently what the Immortals send, leave our son in their good keeping. Farewell, Endymion !

QUEEN. Farewell, sweet Endymion !

KING. Come with us, friends. He who lingers here does so on his own grave peril.

(The guards lead the way as before, the KING and QUEEN, ladies, PAGE, youths and maidens following, all avoiding the spot where ENDYM. lies, peering back at him curiously or sadly and talking together in low tones. EUMEN., KAL. and PHRY. remain.)

KAL. Why dost thou linger, dear my lord ? If thou couldst do aught I would not hinder thee, but the wise men of the temple did send us hence. Come then with me !

EUMEN. Aye, thou art right. Yet would I could give my happiness for his ! Come, Phrynia.

PHRY. *(kneeling beside him and clasping his hand in hers)*. I fear nothing the gods may send. Here will I stay.

HER. *enters, once again disguised as the old crone. He approaches PHRY. and peers at her curiously.*

HER. In truth I am very old, and hear not well ; methought the maid called Phrynia loved no one !

PHRY. Chide me not for my foolish jesting, good mother ! Nay, rather put forth thy power to help us who would do only good to thee. *(Rises.)* See, Kallisthene ! See, Eumenides ! 'Tis the ancient dame who yesterday foretold us harm.

EUMEN. Good mother, here is one would give all that he hath to serve Endymion. If thou canst read the future, look, forthwith, and tell us if there is any waking for our prince. All that I have, I'll give thee an thou wilt.

KAL. Prythee, mother ! What dost thou see ?

HER. Thou, too, pretty one ? Wouldst urge on thy boastful lover to his doom ?

KAL. If there be doom, I shall share it. Eumenides boasts naught but the truth.

HER. Then listen all ! I'll read ye the charm. *(Traces mystic signs with his stick and feigns to read them.)* Whoso loveth the sleeper with such unselfish truth that he will give, for the power to waken him, his dearest possession—that power is his !

(*They stare at each other in silence for a moment. Then*
 PHRY. *kneels again, impulsively, by ENDYM.*)

PHRY. There is naught I would not give! My dearest possession—aye, a thousand times!

HER. (*craftily*). What is this dear possession that thou offerest so generously, foolish maid?

PHRY. (*shrinking back, hiding her face*). Alas, alas! I cannot!

KAL. What's thy sorrow, then?

PHRY. That which I hold dearest is the gift of his very love. An I give that, unhappy will be his waking. I cannot! I cannot! (*Hides her face, sobbing.*)

HER. (*to EUMEN.*). Youth is thoughtless ever, and those that love are blind. What's thy dearest, oh, faithful friend of princes?

KAL. (*clinging to him in terror*). Nay, say it not, my sweet lord! Say it not, Eumenides!

EUMEN. Nay, Kallisthene—thou hast e'en said it for me. 'Tis thee I hold dearest, and 'tis thee I must e'en give to appease the gods. Thou wouldst not have me fail in loyalty, sweet!

KAL. Nay, I'll be brave. And ever in the heart, I'll know, thou'lt keep my heart, though thou must not tell me of it, nor I, thee! Farewell!

EUMEN. One kiss. (*Kisses her tenderly.*) Farewell! Now go we to the priests with our tidings.

HER. Nay—there's no need. The charm's broken! Look, where he stirs! He wakes!

PHRY. Endymion, my love!

ENDYM. (*raising his head*). Who calls! Phrynia! (*Rises to his knee.*) Nay, I but dreamed again—and yet—love, what dost thou here?

PHRY. (*moving back timidly*). I did but call to wake thee, prince.

ENDYM. But not thus thou calledst. What didst thou say? (*Rises; goes to her.*) Can I believe what echoes in mine ear? Repeat it, Phrynia!

PHRY. I did say "my love."

ENDYM. (*catching her in his arms*). Then am I a god truly, as in my dream I was, for thou hast given me immortal joy!

(*KAL. turns away and hides her face.*)

HER. (*unobserved by the rest who are bound up in their own affairs, straightens his back and throws back his disguise*). Nay, Hermes will turn shepherd! Mayhap among the silly sheep he'll find a brother. Sure there's that in mortal heart is beyond him! (*Lightly*.) I'll carry strange tidings. [*Exit*.

ENDYM. Here's my Eumenides, most true of friends. Thou hast come to give me joy—is it not so?

EUMEN. Indeed, my prince, I give thee joy with all my heart.

(*Kisses ENDYM.'s hand.*)

ENDYM. And thy Kallisthene! 'Tis our best omen, Phrynia, that these love-birds should give first greeting to our joy. Nay, here's a merry thought. Our wedding day shall be one. Two matings in a single hour. How sayst thou, sweet? Is it not well thought on? (*Looks in surprise at their downcast faces.*) Why, what's the matter?

PHRY. My lord, it may not be! Our friends——

KAL. Nay, let me speak. 'Tis only that——

EUMEN. Sweet friend, the honor thou dost offer——

ENDYM. What? All silent? (*Laughs.*) Oh, by my faith! I smell a lovers' quarrel! Give me thy hands, dear friends, and let me join them. Pleasure me thus! What—you will not?

EUMEN. (*kneeling*). Listen, Endymion, and I'll tell thee all. Thou didst fall into a sleep of such depth and potency that thy loyal friends did fear for thee. And so—in sooth 'twas naught——

PHRY. Nay, lord, I'll tell thee true. They did forswear for thy sake! 'Tis true!

ENDYM. Eumenides! What can I say to thee? Kallisthene! Thy happiness for mine! Nay, it cannot be——

Enter PHÆON, running. He looks at the group, then turns and beckons wildly.

PHÆON. 'Tis true! 'Tis true! The prince hath waked!

(*Other youths and maidens rush in and surround ENDYM. joyously, shouting, kissing his hand, etc.*)

ALL. Hail, Endymion! Hail! Hail!

Enter the guards.

1ST. GUARD. Room! Make room for the King!

(A pathway is made and the KING leads in the QUEEN, followed by her ladies-in-waiting, etc.)

QUEEN *(embracing ENDYM.)*. Oh, sweet son! How happy is thy mother.

KING. Indeed, this sudden joy hath made holiday of mourning. Endymion, in very sooth, I'm glad thou art recovered.

ALL *(shouting)*. Long live our gracious King! Long live Endymion!

ENDYM. I am as yet confused, scarce knowing if I dream or am awake. I thank thee, friends, though yet I know not truly why you welcome me.

Enter the PRIESTS, hastily. They stop short on seeing ENDYM., regarding him with awe.

1ST PRIEST. Mighty Zeus! A miracle in thy name!

THE OTHERS. A miracle! A miracle in the name of Zeus!

PHRY. *(stepping forward)*. Nay, in the name of truest friendship was this miracle wrought, since 'twas Eumenides gave up his love Kallisthene for power to wake his friend.

ENDYM. *(holding out his hand to EUMEN.)*. Words are too poor and small, true friend, to tell thee half my love. But what of Kallisthene? Alas, sweet maid, that thou should suffer this for me!

KAL. To Artemis, goddess of maidens, I vow myself while my life lasts!

(There is a crash and alternating flashes of light and darkness, in the midst of which ARTEMIS appears, garbed for hunting and carrying her silver bow. All kneel.)

ARTEMIS. Hear me! And first to thee, Kallisthene, I speak, since 'twas thou summoned me! Sweet maid thou art and true, yet in thy heart my sister Aphrodite hath her shrine. Serve her, therefore, with thy Eumenides. None in my train may serve with an unwilling heart! I give thee back thy vow. To thee, Endymion, I have a message too. Strange dreams haunt thee now, but thou'lt forget them soon and remember only thy joy of Phrynia. I have proved thee loyal and steadfast, and here do promise thee my favor through all thy life. Joy to thee—the purest joy a mortal heart may know. Farewell!

(As before there are flashes of light and darkness, in the midst of which ARTEMIS vanishes.)

ALL *(springing to their feet)*. Honor and praise to Artemis !
Service to Artemis ! All hail Artemis !

KING. Come to the city, friends, where we may sit and patiently knit up the strands of all this marvelous happening. We do declare a general holiday ! Let there be feast and dance and revelry.

ALL. A holiday ! A holiday !

(The KING, QUEEN, ladies-in-waiting and PRIESTS form a semicircle in the background. ENDYM. and PHRY. lead, and EUMEN. and KAL. and the other youths and maidens in pairs join the dance ; while they are dancing, the curtain falls.)

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