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CHARLES · WILLIAM · KENNEDY · Ph.D.  
AND  
JAMES · SOUTHALL · WILSON · Ph.D.



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PAUSANIAS



# PAUSANIAS

A DRAMATIC POEM

BY

CHARLES WILLIAM KENNEDY

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

New York and Washington  
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1907

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JUN 28 1907  
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*June 28, 1907*  
CLASS A Xxc., No.  
*180569*  
COPY B.

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PAUSANIAS



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*Pausanias*, a commander of the Grecian forces in Byzantium.

*Lysias*, a Byzantian youth, lover of Cleonice.

*Myron*,  
*Draca*, } Officers under Pausanias.

*Cimon*,  
*Aristeides*, } Commanders of the Athenian forces.

*Pleisanaxus*, young son of Pausanias.

*Phrania*, waiting-maid to Cleonice.

*Mother of Cleonice*.

*Cleonice*, a Byzantian maiden.

*A Persian messenger, officers, guards, attendants and musicians.*

*Scene*.—The Palace of Pausanias in Byzantium.



## ACT I

### SCENE I

*PAUSANIAS' apartments in Byzantium. An audience chamber near PAUSANIAS' sleeping-room. The pillars are of dark green marble and the hangings are of a deep red. At the back are windows looking out on the streets of Byzantium. There are a few heavy state chairs of shining ebony, but for the greater part the room is marked by a military simplicity. It is entered by doors to right and left.*

*Between the windows at the rear is a balcony looking out over the houses of Byzantium toward the distant hills. A divan to the left is of ebony like the chairs.*

*MYRON and DRACA stand by the door at the left, talking.*

*Draca.* Methinks, good Myron, that upon thy brow  
There hangs a darker gloom than huntsmen feel,  
Who straying on Taygetus mountain seek  
For game, but lose, deep in the forest shades,  
Their way. Speak, Myron, wherefore art thou sad?

*Myron.* Ah, would I might put all my grief in words  
So none of it were left within my heart!  
This is a world that changes with the wind,  
And in the affairs of men 'tis ever autumn.

To-day the flowers bloom, the zephyrs stir  
Soft as the breathing of a sleeping maid:  
The air is full of gladness and of song,  
Where leaf-embowered the birds are. Who would think  
The night of such a day could other be  
Than starry-eyed and lit by friendly moon-beams?  
Cold from the north a blasting wind has come,  
And white with hoar-frost are its shimmering wings.  
It hovers like some giant death-moth o'er  
The earth, and sucks its honey-beauty from it.  
The shivering birds are mute, the flowers gone;  
And like the whisper of dead secrets sounds  
The falling of the leaves among the trees.  
Ah, Draca, thou art right. I am most sad.

*Draca.* Hadst thou in death some kinsman lost, yet still  
It would behoove thee to receive it better.  
Or has a mistress been to thee unkind?

*Myron.* Or kinsman or a mistress grieve me not.  
'Tis something nearer, Draca. Has thine eye,  
Dimmed from its olden brightness, not to see  
Cause for a deeper sadness than I show?

*Draca.* Speak not in riddles: what thou dost unfold  
Shall be thrice locked in my heart of hearts.  
Friendship to thee and loyalty to him  
We serve and to the state: may not these bolts  
Secure against all comers? Then be plain.  
Meanst thou Pausanias?

*Myron.* Ay, in sooth, I do.  
We knew him, Draca, when his fame was bright  
As beaten gold beneath an Asian sun,  
Fresh-forged on Plataea's hard-won field.

There like a war-god charging at his foes  
He led his Spartans on. And after that  
His glory like a twilight star yet grew  
And still shone brightest through the clouds of war.  
But now— Oh, Draca, thou hast seen the change.  
A mist has risen and the star grows dim:  
And if it set or rise we scarcely know.  
Doubts and dark apprehensions make us dream  
Of things we dare not speak on. Thou hast noted  
The pleasant smile wax evil and the mouth,  
Wont in Laconic firmness to be set,  
Curl downwards day by day as if 'twere mocking  
And scorning all things. Him we knew of old—  
These snowy locks were black when first I knew him—  
Too kind and modest to a fault, now grows  
Puffed with unsoldier-like, disdainful pride.

*Draca.* Ay, and too oft of late the ruddy wine  
Hath demon-like peered from his o'er-bright eyes.

*Myron.* Thou knowest also how a sudden love  
Hath burnt him with unseemly passionate fire  
For that Byzantian maiden Cleonice:  
Which yet, I fear me, shall lead on to deeds  
He must repent of. Hermione, chaste  
As driven snow, his wife, whom once he deemed  
As dearer than his soul, has he forgot;  
And all that binds him to his nobler self  
Is now his son, the sweet youth, Pleisanaxus,  
The darling of our camp. Would this were all!  
But, Draca, hast thou heard no more than this  
In muttered whisperings hovering o'er the camp,

Like black-winged birds that smell afar the prey,  
And flap their wings in omen of mishap?

*Draca.* True: I have heard the whispers that thou  
nam'st,

And seen a deeper dread within men's eyes:  
But him I serve I trust, and I would spurn  
The man who uttered aught about his name  
That savored of dishonor, as a toad  
E'en viler than the vermin that he feeds on.  
Thou art not one, good Myron, who believest  
The rumors of the camp?

*Myron.* That he hath aught  
In common with King Xerxes? No. Nor shall  
Believe it ever. Yet do I bewail  
The time when such reports as this can spread  
By subtle innuendoes, and yet find  
Men who can e'en believe them. Oh, 'tis base!  
Rumors like this, born of a great mistrust,  
Have sneaked about the camp e'en while we slept,  
Like black-browed thieves, and stolen from men's hearts  
That treasure, dearer than gold or gem,  
Mutual good-will, trust interlinked with trust.  
Athenians and Ionians both are moved  
By vile suspicion of our Spartan hosts,  
Nor Aristides loveth nor our lord,  
Nor Cimon do I rate Pausanias' friend.  
All is awry. I fear me lest— But see!  
Pausanias comes.

*Enter PAUSANIAS.*



*Pausanias.* Myron, take this at once  
To my lieutenant, Bion. Bid him do  
Its mandates quickly. Draca, have spread out  
Within the council chamber charts of Persia.

[*Exeunt MYRON and DRACA.*]

I feel three natures battling in my breast  
And know not which shall conquer. Visions rise,  
Three visions, diverse-faced, and beckon on.  
The man within me, which o'ercomes the rest,  
Shall follow after that which pleases him.  
Ambition, Love, Fidelity—these three—  
Divide my soul. One to the future points;  
The clinging, passion-throbbing arms of one  
Entwine the present; but the other stands  
And coldly bids me to the past be true.  
Oh, has it come to this! That ere I take  
The path, which yet so plainly honor shows,  
I must be racked with questionings? Oh, think,  
Pausanias, on thy past, how men were wont  
To point thee out, a cold and stainless star,  
Still traveling on the road of honor, when  
Mere fire-fly comets blazed themselves to atoms.  
And is it thou who think'st on treason now?  
Ye gods! Tut! How I speak in children's prattle.  
Shall I yet trust in gods—I, who long since,  
Had there been gods, had shamed them with my thoughts  
To nothingness; and yet I prosper still.  
The Past— Oh, haunt me not, ye phantom eyes,  
I have not yet betrayed you. Wait until  
The deed is done—if it indeed be done.

Oh, Hermione, I am true to thee  
 In all save thought— And yet I never loved  
 Thee in my hottest youth as now I love  
 This cold Byzantian maid. Methinks I see  
 Thy mild eyes stare in wonder, and thy hands,  
 That oft I fondled in my playful hours,  
 Clutch in amazement, so to see thy lord,  
 Whom thou hast honored as thy household god,  
 So lost in thought to honor. Ah, 'tis well  
 Thou mayest not read my musings, for mayhap  
 Thou and thy kindred, should I yield and fail,  
 Might save me yet, believing me still true.  
 And yet, thou art the mother of my boy:  
 Him whom I hold e'en as my higher self.  
 If false to thee, then false to him: thy soul  
 Yet looketh on me with his eyes—who knocks?  
[Knocking without.]

*Enter* MYRON.

Well, Myron?

*Myron.* Lord Pausanias, as thou badest,  
 Thy will hath been fulfilled.

*Paus.* Thou hast done well.  
 The Lady Cleonice is attended  
 In state at her apartments?

*Myron.* Yes, my lord.

*Paus.* Eyes half so bright, Myron, have lit the sparks  
 That o'er great cities built tall spires of flame;  
 And crimson billows, fathoms deep, have flowed  
 For lips not half so red: do thou, then, see  
 She be entreated royally, yet guarded,

With little ostentation held secure:  
And charm her senses with delight.

*Myron.* My lord,  
I will.

[*Exit.*]

*Paus.* E'en now the scornful Cleonice,  
Wholly within my power, waits my word,  
To do whate'er I list. Oh, how her eyes  
Yet charm me with their scorn; her burnished hair  
Might be a war-god's fetters. Am I more  
In might than Ares—that I can resist  
A ten times more than Aphrodite?  
I feel the heat of passion melt away  
The armor Faith and Honor clothed me in,  
And leave me naked man;—so weak and frail  
A blind child's dart may prick me through and through.  
But then—should I win Cleonice's love—  
What's then to do? For Hermione waits  
At home, and I unto the Persian king  
Have offered to become his son-in-law,  
And leader of his troops, if he shall grant  
Me worthy them. How slow the time drags on!  
I marvel that no further message comes  
From Cleonice or from Xerxes. All  
The plans are ready for the one; and I  
Am ready for the other. [*He pours out a glass of wine  
and lifts it to the light before drinking it.*] Wine  
grows pale  
Between thy lips, O Cleonice, yet

'Twill make me brave to woo thee, till thy scorn  
 Change into passion, thy repulses faint  
 With weakness and become embraces— Hark!  
 A step; can it be she, at last? Ye gods  
 Of love, I would it were, but fear too much  
 To think it. Who comes, Draca?

*Enter DRACA.*

*Draca.* One, my lord,  
 A helot, sends this feather to my lord.  
 I know not what his humor is, but he  
 Is held in custody without.

*Paus.* Enough.  
 Admit him, Draca, and guard well the door,  
 See thou no other enter while we speak.

*Enter PERSIAN MESSENGER, disguised as a Grecian helot.*

*Messenger.* Greetings, my lord-commander of our  
 troops;  
 From Xerxes, King of Persia.

*Paus.* Well: what says  
 Your lord?

*Messenger.* That to Pausanias he doth send  
 An eagle's pinion, and if he would soar,  
 He grants him strength to soar with: all he asks.

*Paus.* 'Tis well. What I have here gives reason full  
 Unto your lord, to know me honest. Look  
 Thou guardest it well. My soul, my honor 'tis;  
 And it shall prove the victory of thy king.  
 Do thou convey it unto him, and he  
 Most surely shall reward thee greatly. Wait!

Art thou well guarded? Is there aught to fear  
For thee in going? I would fain my troops  
Might to the border guide thee, still unknown.

*Mess.* 'Twere safer, lord, I go even as I came,  
Disguised an humble helot. None shall know,  
Nor harm me.

Fare thee well. [Exit Messenger.]

*Paus.* Farewell. 'Tis done—  
I must go on.—Oh, golden realm of dreams  
That lieth in the East! What is there left  
I may not be, I may not call mine own,  
If I do join, as now I think I can,  
This power of mine with Persia's? Let me wait,  
Then, to adjust all things. For who would dare,  
Or Cleonice or my wife, to spurn  
What I can offer. I may yet be lord  
Of each, when I am lord of Persia's throne.  
I should not then unfaithful be to thee,  
My Pleisanaxus. Thou shalt be mine heir,  
Not son of Xerxes nor another: mine  
Shall be the hand to clear for thee the throne.  
Oh glorious is the vision! I will join  
The Spartan sword unto the Persian gold,  
And nought in Heaven or earth shall be above me.  
If there be gods I scorn them: all things run  
In concord to my glory. There shall be  
One god, and one alone, and he on earth.  
Accept my offerings, O thou God Pausanias!

[He drains the wine-glass as if drinking a health.]



## ACT I

### SCENE II

PAUSANIAS' *apartments as before.* PAUSANIAS *gazing out over balcony to the hills.* PLEISANAXUS *on the divan.*

*Son.* Father.

*Pausanias.* What is it, boy?

*Son.* Shall we not soon

Return again to Sparta? Many months  
Have passed, and I do long to see my mother.  
I dreamed last night that she did come and stand  
Beside my bed and gazed upon me long,  
And kissed my lips.

*Paus.* I cannot tell, my boy,  
How soon my stay may end and we may turn  
Once more unto the shores of Greece.

*Son.* My father,  
Do you not think my mother must be lonely  
With both of us away? She used to say  
She could not live without us. In the night  
I long to feel her kisses, and I wish  
That I were home in Sparta, though I know  
The army is a school where I must learn  
To be a warrior that, when I am grown,  
I, too, may bear a shield and wield a sword  
And fight for Greece as you do.

*Paus.* Ah, my son,  
 What mind may read the riddle of the world?  
 Years vanish with the drifting of dead leaves,  
 And all the voices of the spring of life  
 Die on the winds of autumn. All the gods  
 That ruled us in the summer of the world  
 Have tottered from their thrones, and we must worship  
 The memory of our dreams. While thou art young  
 Choose thee a sword and with it rule thy life.  
 Guard righteousness and justice as a treasure;  
 Cut from thy heart all sores that fester there;  
 Cling to the tender yearning of thy youth:  
 Then in the days to come no memories  
 Will burn their imprint on thy fevered mind,  
 Nor any agony of dull remorse  
 Wail for dead hopes, or curse the hot desires  
 That will not die.

*Son.* My mother oft has told me  
 That I must strive to be in all things noble,  
 So that thy name in Sparta may live on  
 Unstained in after years.

*Paus.* [*Aside.*] Alas! To-night  
 I cannot bear the prattle of the lad.  
 Go, my son, unto the armourer.  
 There you may play until I send for thee.  
 The hours are heavy with affairs of state.

[*Exit* PLEISANAXUS.]

“And fight for Greece as you do”! So, alas,  
 All men do think of me as one who strives



To keep the ancient glory of our state!  
O God, that men should cast away their fame,  
And sell their dearest honor for a price.  
No wounds are like the sorrows of the heart,  
Self-bruised and weary, till the silent nights  
Are turned to endless tortures of remembrance.  
Last night I waked in the cold morning hours,  
As the pale moon sank down behind the hills,  
And all my heart was numb remembering  
That I have put behind me friends and home,  
The rivers and the sunlight in the valleys,  
The winds that sing their message to the sea,  
The friendly smile and whispered word of praise.  
No weary knocking on the doors of life  
Will ever ope the portals I have closed.  
But in the Persian state I still may climb  
Till on the steps I stand before the throne;  
And if the throne be empty, who may say  
I shall not reign? Here do I now begin  
A new existence, using all my power,  
Striving with every might until I coin  
My dreams into realities, my hopes  
Into the very substance that shall make  
My slightest will the ruler of the world.

*Enter* CLEONICE.

*Cleonice.* You sent for me, my lord?

*Paus.* Ah, Cleonice,

I would that thou hadst come without my sending.

I would I might behold the icy scorn

That flashes from your eyes, transformed to gladness,  
And in the dancing sunlight of your smile  
Behold a world new-born.

*Cleon.* Alas, my lord,  
My heart is full of memories of the years  
When all my life was free as is the bird  
That circles from the mountains to the sea.  
My days are stifled in this palace-prison,  
And how may I be glad?

*Paus.* My Cleonice,  
Thou shalt be free. Nay, power beyond dreams  
Shall wait upon thy slightest frown, if thou  
Wilt grant me but thy love. Thou shalt be noble;  
Thy hair shall flash with burning gold and jewels;  
Thy sleep shall come upon thee in the night  
'Neath precious silks and linens softly swaying  
In drowsy clouds of incense, curling up  
In fragrant spirals to the jeweled ceiling.  
Thy chambers shall be paved with curious glass,  
And all the costly carving of the East  
Shall gleam about thee. And unnumbered slaves,  
With eagerness to do thy least command,  
Shall serve thee as their queen. Ah, Cleonice,  
The very winds shall softly blow upon thee.  
No icy blast from out the desolate North  
Shall blow his frozen breath upon thy beauty;  
Thy fair exquisite limbs that softly slumber  
Girt round about in purple. The golden sun  
Shall warmly smile upon thee but to see  
Thy tender answering smile.



Grow pale and fade, till in my arms thou shalt  
 Forget slow time and death and all things else  
 Save my love only.

*Cleon.* Lord Pausanias,  
 Thy words within mine ears do sting and burn  
 Till all my woman's heart cries out on thee.  
 And though I honored thee for what thou wast,  
 I scorn thee and despise thee now and more—  
 For that thou hast compelled me hear thy words  
 I hate thee—hate thee—hate thee!

*Paus.* Even hate  
 Is dearer than the coldness thou wast wont  
 To use me with. My love is as a flame.  
 The silent night with silver light of stars  
 Washing the world with beauty brings no peace.  
 The cool green of the myriad-leaved wood  
 Is passionate with memories of thee.  
 I cannot live without thee, Cleonice.  
 But be my wife and I will turn my sword  
 Against the world, and thou shalt sit at last  
 Upon a golden throne and wield a sceptre  
 So mighty that the shadow of its glory  
 Shall stretch across the world.

*Cleon.* Good my lord,  
 I may not be your wife. My love is given  
 To one who wooed me gently many years.  
 His love more greatly honors me than all  
 The beauty and the splendor of the East,  
 And in this love even now am I a queen.

*Paus.* I would mine eyes had never seen thy face!  
 Thou art a madness burning in my blood;

Provoke me not too far or I may find  
A freedom in thy death.

*Cleon.*

I fear it not.

Indeed, my lord, 'tis but a sleep that knows  
No sad awakening; a land of peace and stillness.  
No cold winds sigh across its leafless plains;  
No weary waters tumbling to the sea;  
No fragrant breath of any spicery,  
But in the silence and the dusky twilight  
Year follows year and centuries steal away  
Into the mist, and hope and doubt and fear,  
Sorrow and joy and hate are past forever,  
And peace is over all. Those that remember  
That I did live and strove to keep my faith,  
To be not all unworthy, for his sake  
Whose love was in my heart, with gentle kindness  
May think of me and I shall be content.

*Paus.* Thou art beyond my power— Go in peace,  
And think not harshly of my burning words.  
Indeed, I love thee madly, and at times  
I know not what I do.

*Cleon.*

Lord Pausanias,

But cast this baser passion from thy heart,  
And in the power of thy manhood thou  
Shalt gain a greater happiness than I  
Could ever bring. Farewell.

[*Exit* CLEONICE.]

*Paus.* Ah, Love, thou art a yearning and a sorrow;  
A frenzy of despair; a star of hope.

All my slow days do wither at the root  
Ere they have life because thou wilt not die.  
Ye Gods! send sleep to heal the aching wounds  
That will not close. If I may sleep, perchance  
The morrow's sun may find me stronger. [*Throws him-  
self on couch.*]

## ACT II

### SCENE I

CLEONICE'S apartments in PAUSANIAS' palace. A large room of white marble entered by a door to the right. A wide, low window at the back of the stage overlooking the sea. On the left is a door leading to CLEONICE'S bedroom. The walls are hung with purple silks,—and quaintly carven gold lamps, standing on high bronze columns, shed a subdued light. The floor is made up of intricate designs in blue mosaic on white ground. High-backed ebony chairs, inlaid with gold, over one of which is thrown an embroidered robe. A low divan in the corner between the door on left and the window at the back, above which are suspended purple hangings and a bronze lamp.

Curtain rises with CLEONICE sitting half turned to the window, looking toward the sea, while PHRANIA arranges her hair.

*Cleonice.* Phrania, do I look pale?

*Phrania.* Indeed, my lady,

Unwonted pallor rests upon thy cheek;  
But yet thine eyes are bright and very fair.

*Cleon.* My heart is sad: a terror weighs upon me.

[*Singing.*]

The joys of Youth are dead to-night;  
The laurel crown, the whispered praise.

The dreams of Youth are dead to-night,  
 And all the un-lived happy days.  
 The years of quietude and peace,  
 The silent noon—the evening light;  
 Years die away and visions cease.  
 The hopes of Youth are dead to-night.

*Phran.* [*Aside. Gathering up the embroidered robe and a scarf.*] I would I might unloose the bonds of sorrow  
 That shadow all the sunshine and the gladness  
 Within my mistress' heart.

*Cleon.* [*Singing.*]

The eyes of Youth are dim to-night,  
 And all the phantoms of the mist.  
 The voice of Youth is still to-night,  
 The songs unsung—the lips un-kissed.  
 The summer's rose hath blown away,  
 And all the paths of Time are white,  
 Ah, Winter whisper it to May—  
 The heart of Youth is dead to-night.

*Phran.* [*Approaching with robe.*]

Wilt thou have on this 'broidered robe, my lady?

*Cleon.* No, Phrania, I will not put it on—  
 I say I will not. [*Snatches the pearls from her hair.*]

These jeweled mockeries  
 I will not wear. Bring me a robe of darkness.  
 Unbind my hair and let it close me in  
 From all the world. Mine eyes are very weary.  
 All night I lie awake and may not sleep;  
 The silent silver arrows of the moon  
 Fall with a slow, remorseless radiance  
 Upon my couch; grow wan and melt away



When the slow flaming of the crimson East  
Proclaims another day. The silent night  
Brings me no peace.

*Phran.* My lady, I have news,  
If good or bad I know not. In the palace  
There's one I think thine eyes have yearned to see.

*Cleon.* Whom dost thou mean?

*Phran.* One of Byzantium  
Who long has held thy friendship, Cleonice.

*Cleon.* Tell me whom thou dost mean.

*Phran.* 'Tis Lysias.

*Cleon.* Lysias? How came he here? He must not  
linger,

For if Pausanias learn he is within  
I fear me for his life. He must be gone.

*Phran.* He has taken service in the guard, my lady,  
And in his Greek disguise his life is safe.  
Even now he is without, and if thou wish  
I'll send him unto thee. But wilt thou not  
First wear the jeweled mantle I laid out?

*Cleon.* This sober sadness better fits my mood.  
But for one moment send him unto me,  
And thou keep guard without. Haste thee away.

[*Exit* PHRANIA.]

He comes. The budding summer's drowsy heat  
Blows like a baleful drug upon my heart  
Till all my sense is numb. I may not strive  
Against the forces that enmesh my life.

*Enter* LYSIAS.

*Lysias.* Cleonice!

*Cleon.* O my Lysias, art thou come?  
Art thou not still a dream even as when  
Thy face did steal upon me in my slumbers,  
Thine arms enfolded me in their embrace,  
And all the whispers of the summer leaves  
Shaped themselves into thy words of love;  
And all the myriad odors of the night  
Commingled with thy kisses?

*Lysias.* My dear love,  
These were but visions. Now reality  
Is come to cast into a golden mould  
Thy dreaming.

*Cleon.* [*In his arms.*] Lysias, my lover!

*Lysias.* Cleonice, let us fly.

*Cleon.* Dear heart, it may not be; the doors are  
guarded—  
And all this sumptuous palace but a prison.  
The effort were but vain.

*Lysias.* A shadow falls  
Across the world where'er the wings of Fate  
Circle and sweep. And when that bitter darkness  
May pass between him and the kindly sun,  
Touching his life with a cold deadly wind,  
No man may know. Therefore we may but strive  
Until the hour of doom. Once past the gate  
In the glad sunlight of the boundless world,  
Together we will fare beyond the borders  
Of Persian power, until in Thessaly

We two shall build a home where whispering trees  
Stir in the fragrance of the summer wind.  
Where never foot may fall or voice may echo  
Save thine or mine, or those the gods may send  
To be a stay unto our later years.  
There slowly we shall pass the happy days.  
And after all the joy and toil of life  
Our sleep shall come upon us as one sees  
From a high mountain ships upon the sea,  
Sailing toward the west where sinks the sun,  
Staining the waves with glory. Sails grow small  
And oars more dimly flash, until at last  
All sight is lost and eye may only see  
A crimson ocean and a dying sun.

*Cleon.* My dearest love, this dream may never be.  
These palace walls do daily grow more narrow,  
Shutting me in until I scarce can breathe,  
And taking from me all save memory.  
Oh, Lysias, my heart has leaped to think  
Of days and nights when still thou mightst be near  
To calm each dread, and comfort me when phantoms  
Steal in from out the darkness; and a dream  
Of little hands entangled in my hair,  
And wondering eyes smiling in innocence,  
Has never long been absent from my heart.  
But now—

*Enter PHRANIA.*

*Phran.* Cleonice, Pausanias comes!

*Cleon.* Hide thee in this closet— Quick!

*Lysias.* Dear heart,  
I will not hide; for thou art still my love,  
And I have done no wrong. [*Enter PAUSANIAS. A  
startled pause.*]

*Pausanias.* What man art thou?

*Lysias.* A guardsman of the palace, lord.

*Paus.* Art thou  
That man who came in Grecian garb and sought  
But yesterday to join the palace guard?

*Lysias.* I am, my lord.

*Paus.* What dost thou here?

*Lysias.* I came  
To speak unto the Lady Cleonice,  
Who is betrothed to me.

*Paus.* [*To Cleonice.*] Does he speak truth?

*Cleon.* He does, my lord.

*Paus.* I see a sudden light.  
I understand why thou dost spurn my suit;  
For, with a lover in the palace guard,  
Thou dost not lack for opportunity,  
Or one to make soft dalliance in thy bed.

*Lysias.* [*Drawing.*] Thou liest!

*Paus.* Ho, guards! [*Enter guards.*]  
Conduct this valiant youth  
Beyond the palace gate. If he be found  
Ever again within the outer wall,  
Kill him.

[*As the guards drag out Lysias, Pausanias turns  
to Cleonice in scorn.*]

And thou, O fairest Cleonice,  
It were a pity that thy lover's place  
Should not be filled, and all these summer nights  
Made lonely for thee. I will think awhile,  
And doubt it not but thou shalt hear again  
Of this affair.

[*Exit PAUSANIAS.*]

*Cleon.* The end—the end has come.  
Oh, all ye gods, whatever gods there be,  
Have pity on me. I do not ask for life;  
'Tis but an endless striving, endless failure,  
And I am weary. Make strong my wavering hand,  
That I may go in triumph to my rest.  
Though roses bloom above me and scented winds  
Caress the yellow grass, and on the shore  
Resounds the endless music of the sea;  
These things I shall not miss. In the cool earth  
Eternal silence steals upon the heart,  
And all the weary fever of my life  
Shall be forgotten.



## ACT II

### SCENE II

PAUSANIAS' apartments. *The audience chamber as in Act I, Scene I. The room is brilliantly lighted and set for a rich banquet.* PAUSANIAS, CIMON, ARISTEIDES, MYRON, and other officers at the feast.

*In the background attendants and lute-players.*

*Pausanias.* Cimon, thou lookest foolish as a babe.  
What was it made thee so?

*Cimon.* The wine, my lord;  
Not nature.

*Paus.* An she had she would not claim you.

*Cimon.* Nature was kind to tell Pausanias so.

*Paus.* Most kind to prattle on so light a theme.

*Cimon.* And with her own fool, too.

*Aristeides.* Fie, fie, my lords,

Ye wax too witty for so young a night.

[*Aside.*] 'Tis but in wine a man unmask himself.

[*To an officer.*] We soon must go. Pausanias grows inflamed.

*Paus.* [*To lute-players.*]

Ye'll play yourselves to Hades with such strumming.

Canst thou not sing? Hast thou no voice to bawl with  
That thou must still be strumming?

*Musician.* Ay, my lord.

*Paus.* Then sing! Let it be tripping-light and mad.  
Or I'll be mad and send you tripping light  
With empty pockets. Sing! Sing!

*Mus.* Ay, my lord.

[*Singing.*]

Hearts be gay, hearts be glad:  
Wine may banish all your troubles.  
Drink and growing winsome mad,  
Griefs shall pass like bursting bubbles.

From golden cups of ruddy wine  
His victim's health young Cupid sips,  
And swears no nectar so divine  
To a lover's or a love-god's lips.  
'Twas long ago he learned its charm,  
When Psyche was disdainful yet.  
Upon a mossy bank and warm,  
Of fragrant violet,

Cupid aweary slept, and there  
Sly Psyche, fearful of his art,  
His magic arrows stole, and where  
Each was, replaced a harmless dart;  
But Cupid guessed the fraud and dipped  
Each arrow into blood-red wine,  
Singing, "My darts are passion-tipped:  
Sweet Psyche shall be mine."



Hearts be gay, hearts be glad:  
Cupid made sweet Psyche woo him;  
For the wine-tipped arrows had  
Magic power to win her to him.

*An Officer.* An excellent song, my lord, and most well sung.

*Paus.* Nay. 'Tis a poor song. Thou shouldst hear me sing.

I have a voice to win cold Artemis  
To be my paramour, an she could hear me.  
Oh, I can sing—

*Cimon.* My lord, we must be going.

*Paus.* Thou scornst to hear me sing! Thou mockst me so?

By Zeus—

*Arist.* Nay, but he means no harm, Pausanias.

Another time we shall delight to hear—

Peace, Cimon, peace—thee sing: but now, my lord,

Pleasure must yield to labor. There is much

That doth demand our speedy care. So then

We still must go. Good night, Pausanias.

[*Exeunt* ARIST., CIMON, and OFFICERS.]

*Paus.* [*To Mus.*] Go, fellows! I am weary of your strumming.

[*Exeunt* MUSICIANS and ATTENDANTS.]

Ye gods! I thought to while away the hours  
With mirth, not wear them out with idle discord.  
Myron, are all the fools gone?

*Myron.* All, my lord,

*Paus.* Thanks to the gods for ridding us of fools.  
Now who shall dare dispute I look a king?  
I'll blot the stars from heaven if they rebel.  
I'll bid the northern lights to take their places,  
And dazzle with their glory. Ay, I will!  
Shall I be king and have my power disputed?  
The winds shall blow but where I list, the waves  
Shall lift themselves like suppliant hands to me.  
Who says I am not king? Who? Who? Was't thou?

*Myron.* I did not speak, my lord.

*Paus.* Then get thee hence!  
Thou'rt drunk and canst not stand. Get hence!

*Myron.* My lord—

*Paus.* Nay, answer not. Do I not see thee drunk?  
Yet wait,—I have somewhat for thee to do,—  
Send thou my Lady Cleonice hither  
Within the hour to me. Dost understand?

[*Exit* MYRON.]

## ACT II

### SCENE III

PAUSANIAS' bedroom. *In the rear to the right PAUSANIAS is lying upon his couch in a dazed slumber. A single bronze lamp burns dimly on the table. Through the window to the left of the couch can be seen the lights of Byzantium glimmering below. On the walls of the room the armor and weapons of PAUSANIAS reflect back very faintly the flickering light, while the scant furniture seems scarcely more than a mass of dark shadows. CLEONICE is led into the room by guards who leave her and withdraw, closing the door, outside of which they take their station.*

*Cleonice.* Pausanias sleeps! Gods make his sleep eternal!

The stars dream on in silver loveliness;  
The waves are hushed to slumber and the winds  
Are still. The world is sunk in peaceful shadow,  
And life scarce stirs in the embrace of night.  
I would drink deep of sleep as of a wine;  
Behold the rush and fever of the world  
Subside and fade and softly pass away,  
Till sight and sound exist no more forever,  
Only a fragrant coolness and a darkness.  
He stirs! Ye gods who far above the world  
Lean from the dimness in pity over man,  
Grant me your strength. A woman is but frail;

Made not to rule or greatly to engage  
 In striving. All her duty is to grow  
 In peacefulness and purity of heart.  
 Yet shall my soul grow brave, my hand grow strong,  
 And with this hidden dagger I will pry  
 The iron gates of Death until they open—  
 If Pausanias do attempt me. Who can tell  
 When Fate may bend and kiss us into sleep?  
 A still, cold wind along remembered paths,  
 A little rustle in familiar leaves—  
 A sudden voice of moaning on the hills,  
 And as we turn there Fate stands close beside,  
 With eyes that we remember or have dreamed;  
 A face we knew but never understood.  
 He stirs again— Oh, Gods, he will awake!  
 I will put out the light and hide in darkness.

*[Cleonice goes to the table and bends to put out the light. As she does so her draperies are blown against the lamp and caught. The lamp falls to the floor with a crash. Darkness. Pausanias is aroused by the noise but is still dazed.]*

*Paus.* What noise is that? Some one has put out the light!

*[He draws his short-sword and advances.]*

What vision of the night in dimness clad?

Who art thou? Speak! No word? Then shalt thou fight.

*[Hurls his short-sword into the shadow and it pierces Cleonice's breast.]*

*Cleon.* My heart! Gods let me not die in pain!

*Paus.* Cleonice's voice! Ho, lights! What deed is this.  
[*Guards rush in bringing torches, which flicker upon Cleonice wounded unto death. Pausanias bends over her.*]

Cleonice, O Cleonice, speak to me!  
Thou art not deeply hurt. Oh, say thou art not!  
Speak to me, speak!

*Cleo.* [*Faintly.*] My Lord Pausanias,  
I do—forgive thee—for thou hast loved me—  
After thy kind. I feel the summer's warmth—  
A fragrance— There are voices in mine ears—  
Sleep comes. [*She dies.*]

*A Guard.* My lord, the Lady Cleonice  
Is dead.

*Paus.* [*Still bending over her.*] Thou art not dead.  
'Tis but a sleep,  
That steals upon thee softly. Speak to me!  
Oh, say thou art not dead! Shake off this dream,  
This evil, torturing dream! Have pity on me!  
Thou art not she; thou art a wild illusion  
Bred in my brain by vapors of the night.  
I'll close mine eyes and straight thou wilt depart.  
Silent? And still? No voice or little movement?  
Then thou art dead. My love hath slain  
The beauty and the music of the world.  
No wind shall ever blow without a moaning;  
No rose shall bloom but in its heart a tear,  
And all the varied thunders of the sea  
Shall be from now an everlasting dirge,  
Through all the empty years. My love hath been

An evil hope, a crimson, deadly flame,  
And I have waked to see the thing I loved  
Fade to eternal silence. Henceforth forever  
There shall be darkness blotting out the sun,  
And evil voices chanting in mine ears.  
Memory shall live and twine about my life,  
Slow days shall grow to years and years shall be  
An agony of hopeless, vain regret.  
But yesterday my life was in the making;  
Now like a fair, unfinished, carven vase  
It lies in broken fragments at my feet.

[*Pausanias bends over Cleonice and kisses her lips.*]

Ah! Beautiful in death! Gods grant thee peace!  
The sleep thou didst not fear hath come upon thee.  
Carry the Lady Cleonice to her chamber,  
And have her decked in splendor for the grave.

[*Guards go out, carrying Cleonice slowly to her apartments.*]

*Paus.* [*Pressing his hands over his eyes.*]  
That measured tread will linger in mine ears  
Above the beat of myriad marching feet.

## ACT III

### SCENE I

PAUSANIAS' apartments as in Act I, Scene I. Morning.  
PAUSANIAS, MYRON, PLEISANAXUS, MESSENGER, ATTENDANTS. Later, DRACA and MOTHER of CLEONICE.

*Paus.* Your master Cimon sends for me?

*Messenger.* He doth,

My lord. Matters of greatest moment wait  
Thy care. He bade me say didst thou not come  
At once, he would attend thee here.

*Paus.* Tell Cimon

When Pausanias takes from him commands,  
Then may he look to see me; not before.

*Enter DRACA, attempting to keep back MOTHER of CLEONICE.*

*Draca.* Back, woman, or I swear I—

*Mother.* Lord Pausanias!

*Draca.* Thou must not enter.

*Mother.* Nay, I will. The power  
That drives me hither stronger is than thou,  
And will not let me stay. Out of my way!  
I seek my Lord Pausanias, not his minion!

*Draca.* Woman, I warn you: enter at your peril!  
Though courtesy and manhood shame me for it,  
Yet movest thou another step, my hand  
Shall force thee back.

*Mother.* Pausanias! Lord Pausanias!  
Help!

*Draca.* Hither, guards! Come and take this woman out.

*Paus.* What is the tumult? *Draca,* what means this?  
Who called upon me now?

*Draca.* A woman, lord,  
Clamors to see thee, calls upon thy name  
With most unseemly uproar.

*Paus.* Let her in.

*Draca.* My lord, she is—

*Paus.* I bade thee let her in!

What wilt thou, woman, that thou breakest thus  
Upon my councils? Knowest thou no seasons?

*Mother.* My lord, a broken reed, whereon the sighs  
Of sorrow play sad strains, recks not of seasons.  
Sorrow seeks not occasion, for all hours  
Are hers.

*Paus.* Sad music 'tis that sorrow makes,  
Methinks, upon a broken reed.

[*To messenger.*] Hast thou  
Aught else to say?

*Mess.* I spoke my message, lord.

*Paus.* Then go. [*Exit MESS.*]

Now, woman, tell me freely, why  
Thy wailing hath disturbed me here.

*Mother.* My lord,  
I had not come untimely thus, had not



Occasion urged it. I did seek all night  
Admittance. None might enter if they wore  
Not festive garments. Yet I weary watched,  
Hoping that chance might lead thee to pass by,  
That I might fall before thee there to ask  
A boon, in pleading for mine own, my daughter,  
The dearest jewel of my heart! My lord,  
Oh grant me back my darling Cleonice!

*Paus.* Art thou her mother?

*Mother.* Ay, twice-told her mother;  
For I have travailed for her with the pangs  
Of spirit sharper than the pains of flesh!  
Oh, Lord Pausanias, hadst thou felt the touch  
Of baby-fingers stealing o'er thy face,  
And soft, warm lips pressed lovingly to thine;  
If prattled whispers ever in thine ears  
Grew sweeter than the honied dew of flowers,  
Thou couldst not now be dumb to my appeal.

*Paus.* Woman, thy pleadings are but vain—

*Mother.* Nay, lord,  
Take not from me the sunlight of my life,  
My little Cleonice, whom I love!

[*She throws herself on her knees before Pausanias.*]

Oh, turn not thou so coldly from my face,  
But look with pity on me! She is yet  
No more than baby in her innocence.  
Oh, sir, thou hast a wife and were she here  
Her heart would bleed with mine! Oh, Lord Pausanias,  
The frenzied fears of things I dread to name  
Drive me to madness! Oh, have pity, lord!  
Spare thou the lily-whiteness of her soul!

*Paus.* Curb thou thy wild and frenzied ravings,  
woman.

I would that I might grant thy prayer; but—

*Mother.* Oh, do not turn away from my entreaties!  
Lord, hast thou never watched thy child at play,  
Followed its flitting figure with thine eyes,  
Or strained thine ears to hear its footsteps fall?  
Or knelt in silence o'er its baby sleep,  
And wept because it seemed so like to death?  
Hast thou not hungered for an absent form,  
And when thou hadst it back again, with arms  
That ached with love didst strain it to thy heart?  
And pressed the little fingers till for pain  
The loved one wept? Oh, how when one is gone  
Whose kisses were the guerdon of our toil,  
All nature cries the name that on our lips  
Slumbers unspoken! Sorrow flies at sunset  
Upon the wings of crimson clouds: at noon  
It rises like a mist and hideth heaven.  
The waves that sob their sorrows on the sand,  
The winds that whisper theirs unto the waves,  
Are myriad tongues that tell the same sad tale.  
Have I not moved thee that thou lookst so pale?  
And wilt thou grant me my unspotted girl,  
As maiden-pure as when thou hadst her from me?

*Paus.* Oh, woman, speak no more! Thy prayer is  
granted.

When thou again shalt clasp to thee thy child,  
Though she may give thee cruel thoughts of me,  
Yet this I swear: I loved her with devotion  
That drove me on to madness. From my hand

She hath received no wilful harm, and I  
Shall reverence her in memory till death.  
Think not too harshly of me, for her sake.  
Go to thy home and I will send her to thee,  
As pure from stain as were her infant dreams.

*Mother.* Oh, my good lord—

*Paus.* Nay, thank me not. Farewell.

[*Exit* MOTHER.]

Too soon thy joy shall change to wild-eyed sorrow,  
And thy poor heart shall bleed and ache like mine.  
Good Myron, thou shalt be my messenger  
In this, and sad thy message is indeed.  
Have thou upon a splendid litter borne  
The Lady Cleonice to her home.  
Her radiant head shall rest as though asleep  
Upon a fragrant pillow of daphne bloom;  
Her bier shall with pale roses all bestrewn  
Rival the snow-white beauty of her soul.  
Let spotless lilies on her bosom lie,  
And let herself by maidens be arrayed  
As rich as though she had been Xerxes' bride.  
Then have thou writ the story of her death,  
And round about it close her maiden fingers.  
So send her to her mother; beautiful  
As goes a queen unto her bridal chamber.



## ACT III

### SCENE II

PAUSANIAS' apartments. An audience chamber as in Act I, Scene I.

In the foreground to the left MYRON and DRACA converse in low tones; opposite to them a group of other officers are seen talking; behind them to the right stand three messengers from Sparta and several attendants. In the rear of the stage there are a number of soldiers of PAUSANIAS' body-guard laughing and talking. Their voices gradually become louder till they are heard above the lower tones of the officers in the foreground.

*Myron.* I fear me Lord Pausanias is not well.  
'Tis not his wont to be so lost in thought  
As he to-day hath been: nor all alone  
To keep his room; save when affairs of state  
Have filled his brooding mind with silent thoughts.

*Draca.* This morn he rose as from a sleepless couch;  
Sad was his mien and o'er his eyes, methought,  
Still hung the darkest shades of midnight's gloom.  
He seemed aweary and his step was slow;  
Mayhap he seeks the sleep he lost last night.

*An Officer.* [*To a Spartan messenger.*] Thou comest  
new from Sparta?

*Messenger.* Ay, my lord.

*Officer.* Then tell us that our city yet is strong  
With all its bulwarks standing as of yore.  
Our ears are hungry for such tales of home  
And will not tire though oft they be retold.

*Another Officer.* Ay, speak. Though all thou tellest  
be well-known,  
Yet shall we joy to hear it more than tales  
Of strange and wondrous note. The very names  
Of things in Sparta fill our ears like soft  
And pleasing echoes of sweet melodies.  
Each Spartan, like Achilles, is but weak  
In one peculiar spot—his love for Sparta.  
Speak, man, and be no mute.

*Mess.* I bring good tidings of good times, my lord,  
For all is well in Sparta. All men long  
To greet again my Lord Pausanias home,  
And pay to him the honor due his fame—

[*There is a shout of laughter from the soldiers at  
the back of the room and the messenger's words  
are lost in their voices.*]

*1st Soldier.* Thou hast him there; see how he tries to  
smile.

Jove blast his simple cunning!

*2nd Soldier.* Nay, but I—

*3rd Soldier.* Tut, man, deny it not! She'd none of  
thee.

*2nd Soldier.* Thou art not just to say so. It was I—

*1st Soldier.* Nay, come, let him confess; and didst  
thou win her?

*2nd Soldier.* I will deny it not: why should I so?  
 She was most fair and could I but be fain?  
 'Tis not a thing for me to brag about;  
 There's many a way to win a maid and I  
 Have learned—

*1st Soldier.* Hush, man, the general comes!

*Myron.* [*To Draca.*] Look thou!  
 A new-born vigor fills his mighty frame,  
 And fresh life darteth from his flashing eye.

*Draca.* Mayhap he rested and is strong. But hush,  
 He comes.

*Enter PAUSANIAS.*

*Paus.* Are messengers from Sparta come?

*Myron.* They wait thy will, my lord.

*Paus.* Then let them speak.

*Mess.* Great leader of our Spartans: Greetings, lord,  
 From all thy fellow-citizens of Sparta.  
 We bring dispatches from the city here;  
 And here a letter from thy noble spouse,  
 The Lady Hermione.

*Paus.* Hast thou seen  
 My wife in person? Is she well? And are all things  
 At Sparta in prosperity and peace?

*Mess.* Thy lady, lord, is still the paragon  
 Of sweet nobility and quiet virtue,  
 And daily grows in beauty and in grace.  
 All is at peace in Sparta and no grief  
 Assails the city's mind save that my lord  
 Must still be absent on these foreign wars.

Nor shall there come of danger or of fear  
While yet so great a soldier is our chief.

*Paus.* I thank you, friends, and while Pausanias lives  
Still shall his word and services remain  
Strong in defense of Sparta and her allies.  
Good Draca, lead thou forth these worthy men,  
Our fellow-citizens, and have prepared  
Entreatment suited to their noble worth.  
Road-weary men, perhaps, they long for rest,  
But after, give them fitting entertainment.

[*Exeunt DRACA and SPARTAN MESSENGERS.*]

Give room, good friends, that I alone may read  
These welcome tidings from our Spartan home.

[*Exeunt save PAUSANIAS and MYRON.*]

Good Myron, stay.

[*He opens and reads the letters.*]

What wouldst thou say to me?

*Myron.* A Persian messenger in Persian garb,  
My lord, awaits thy pleasure, close without.

*Paus.* Let him come in—nay, stay. And call again  
All them who late were in attendance here.

[*Exit MYRON.*]

Even the gods, they say, may not recall  
The spoken word—or make undone the deed  
Accomplished. Yet Pausanias shall—

*Enter MYRON with Persian messenger, officers, attendants, etc., as before.*

[*To Messenger.*] Thou comest from the Persian king  
With messages to Pausanias?



*P. Mess.* Ay, my lord.

*Paus.* Then speak.

*P. Mess.* [*Looks about him questioningly.*] My lord?

*Paus.* Hast thou no message then?

*P. Mess.* I come upon a secret embassy.

My lord, I pray thee have thy men withdraw.

*Paus.* 'Twixt Xerxes and Pausanias there can be  
No secret that my Spartans may not hear.

*P. Mess.* Then I will speak. My lord, the mighty king,  
The glorious Sovereign of Persia,

In fear the messenger whom late he sent

Might fail perchance by some mishap

To reach thee here, hath sent me after him

With that same message wherewith he was charged:

Greetings from Xerxes, mighty King of Persia,

Unto my Lord Commander of his troops

Pausanias, son-to-be unto himself.

This eagle pinion sends he to my lord

That would he soar he may have strength to soar with.

*Paus.* Thy king, methinks, aspires the poet's role  
And speaks in riddles hard to understand.

But take this message to thy king from me:

Tell him thou sawest here a mighty bird,

An eagle proud of flight and fain of prey,

That fixed his war-like eyes on Persia's throne

As on a sheep-fold easy of access,

And in that eagle's mighty wings outspread

Each feather is a Spartan strong to fight,

And every quill a sharp and piercing spear.

Go—speed thou; tell that languorous braggart king

The fire his words enkindle in my breast  
Shall purge with flame the kingdom he pollutes  
And burn to ash the glory of his pride!  
This pinion that he sends yet shall I keep  
Wherewith to trim the arrow that shall give  
Fit answer to his insolence! Depart!

[*Exit* MESSENGER.]

So yet shall Xerxes learn the Spartan mind;  
In time so shall he know the Spartan steel.  
I thank you, friends. Forgive my angry mood.

[*Exeunt save* PAUSANIAS.]

Now must I change the plans which late I sent  
By that first messenger to Persia's king:  
So shall I pluck again my name unstained  
From foul dishonor's hand, and hold it bright  
A beacon to my country and a shrine  
Whereat my people's love may worship still.  
True to my wife and boy and true to thee,  
O glorious city of my hope and dreams,  
Thou Sparta, cradle of my youth, and crown  
To be, throughout my years of honored age.  
One step awry had hurled a lesser man  
To depths of shame and ignominy whence  
Nor strength of arm nor power of will might 'vail  
To draw him forth. But I have plucked from shame  
A stronger strength, and in the fresher might  
Of virtue tried and faith that tempered is  
By great temptation of misfaith, I stand  
Still firm and leal to that I hold most dear;  
And all the splendid dreams of Eastern gain  
Have flashed in flames of seven-times-heated might

And left mine honor forged like fine steel,  
To fight for virtue, love, and Sparta still.

*Enter hurriedly MYRON.*

*Myron.* My lord!

*Paus.* Speak, Myron.

*Myron.* Lord, I scarce know how  
To put in words the tidings that I bring.  
Throughout the camp on wings of rumor swift  
Hath spread abroad a dark report of thee.  
The craven Cimon openly calls thee false,  
And claims to hold a messenger thou sentest  
With letters of betrayal, and to league  
Thyself with Xerxes.

*Paus.* Ho, and doth he so!

*[There is a pause in which Pausanias sits thinking.*

*Then he starts up full of action and energy.]*

Myron, the moment calls for action! Quick!

Bid thou my officers attend me here.

Let not a breath be lost. Haste, Myron, haste!

*[Exit MYRON.]*

Shall I then drink the poison I have brewed?

Or think the silent gods at last to speak

And shame me who have mocked them for their silence?

Nay, I am strong and shall be master still

Of fate. They shall not find me unprepared—

Why comes not Myron? Disaster I defy,

And if my men be true we shall prevail!

Hark! Heard I footsteps? Ay, at last they come!

*Enter MYRON with officers. From time to time other officers, attendants, and messengers come in excitedly.*

My men, the false and crafty Cimon hath aspired  
 To grasp the higher office, and declares  
 A league prepared between your Lord and Xerxes.  
 It needs not that I make to you defense—  
 Yourselves have heard me answer Persia's king.  
 Choose whom you will to be your chief:  
 Pausanias still, or the Athenian, Cimon?

*[Cries and shouts "Pausanias and Sparta!" mingled with others of "Death to Cimon!"]*

I thank you, friends, and shall be still found true.  
 The time is urgent; speed my orders forth!  
 Make all in readiness to guard the palace!  
 There is no need of present fear, so leave  
 No guards about my door, but let all haste  
 With orders to the troops to gather here.  
 Go—go—with speed: each man bring here his force,  
 Where I shall wait the gathering of my troops.  
 They dare not meet the lion in his den!  
 Haste, Spartans, haste! We'll greet them at the gate!

*[Exeunt all save PAUS.]*

Ay, even yet shall I be victor still,  
 While every Spartan stands unfaltering, true!  
 I'll hurl defiance back in Cimon's teeth!  
 The evil day has not yet come. A fool  
 Would call this fate and meekly yield him up,  
 And fondly deem it but the doom presaged  
 In last night's vision, when methought I saw  
 And heard to speak the maiden Cleonice,

With form clad in the garments of the dead,  
 When stern she spoke, "This day shall bring thy doom!"  
 Methought she seemed as fair as when in life,  
 Yet pale as moonlight on a frosted field,  
 And dreadful visaged as an angry Fury.  
 But dreams take color oft from waking thoughts,  
 And waking thoughts are haunted oft by dreams:  
 If dreams can be so like to truth, may truth  
 Not be a dream? Ay, and our lives so too,  
 And we but gods who slumber for a while,  
 Then wake to tell our dreams as curious tales?  
 They come not yet— How restless am I still!  
 Gods! but I long for action! Now at last  
 I shall have cause to lay proud Cimon low.  
 I have cut out the canker from my heart  
 And stand a man untarnished, pure from stain,  
 And in great Sparta's name shall vanquish all.

*Enter* LYSIAS.

What wilt thou here?

*Lysias.* My Lord Pausanias.

*Paus.* Rash and most insolent fool! Guards!

*Lysias.* Nay, but

Thy guards are not without, else might I not  
 Have entered here. Mayhap, my lord, they sleep;  
 Mayhap they seek fresh maidens for my lord.

*Paus.* Com'st thou here to taunt me, madman?

*Lysias.* Ay,

With sword-thrusts, not with words. Draw, or by Heaven  
 Thou shalt not have a hand to draw withal.

*Paus.* Thou shalt not find me slow to fight with thee.

[*They fight.*]

Thou hast it now!

*Lysias.* A scratch, my lord.

*Paus.* And that?

*Lysias.* Another such. [*Lysias drives him steadily back.*] But this shall scarcely fit

The name, my lord. [*He wounds Pausanias, who falls.*]

*Paus.* Thou fightest well. But I— [*He strives to rise but falls back.*] I must—stand—up. [*He falls again.*]

I had not thought to die so soon.

[*He dies.*]

[*As he speaks a great uproar sounds without. In the distance cries of "Down with the traitor!"*]

*Lysias.* And I shall follow thee, Pausanias.

This, rather than a death of infamy. [*Stabs himself.*]

Sweet Cleonice, through immortal groves

Methinks I see thee come. I go to meet thee.

*Enter CIMON, ARISTEIDES, and officers with Persian messenger captive.*

*Cimon.* Where is that gold-bought traitor, Lord Pausanias?

*Lysias.* Gone where the glint of gold no more can reach him.

Art thou old Pluto come to judge the dead?

*Cimon.* And who art thou that speakest so?

*Lysias.* His death.

*Cimon.* Then shalt thou suffer, though he was a traitor.  
He was a lord, nor art thou murderer less.  
Bind him. [*Lysias throws open his breast, revealing the  
death-wound.*]

*Lysias.* Nay, lord, but I have come before,  
And played the judge. Death hastens even now  
To take me out.

[*He sways and is supported by Cimon's attend-  
ants, who gently lay him down. Enter from  
other side Myron, Draca, and other Spartan  
officers.*]

*Cimon.* Let us have peace, good Myron.  
His hand hath slain Pausanias.

*Lysias.* [*Dying.*]

Cleonice!

*Myron.* How like a Spartan doth he go to rest:  
A smile upon his face as if Death's cup  
To him were sweet, and on his dying lips  
The name he loved in life, still softly lingering.

[*He crosses to where Pausanias' body lies.*]

O Lord Pausanias, art thou now so still,  
Before whose august presence late all these  
Were wont to cower? Those lips that should have hurled  
Burning defiance on thy foes are hushed,  
And all thy limbs grow cold. I loved him, lords;  
A little child I rode him on my knee,  
And told him tales of heroes, nymphs, and gods;  
Then as a youth I taught him how to fight,  
And as a man I served him. Now farewell,  
Sweet Lord Pausanias. Peaceful be thy sleep!

*Cimon.* Death hath put out the flickering flame of war  
Which seemed to kindle in the heart of Greece.

What are the lives of single men like these  
If they have bought the safety of a nation?

*[The words of a funeral dirge float in at the window.]*

*Arist.* Whence is this music which so fitly steals  
With cadenced softness on these dying ears?

*An Attendant.* *[From the window.]*

They bear, my lord, with solemn steps and slow,  
The Lady Cleonice to her tomb.

*[The sad strains of music fade gently away and softly die upon the ears as the curtain falls.]*













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