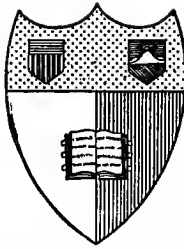


DAUGHTERS OF DAWN

A LYRICAL PAGEANT

BLISS CARMAN AND
MARY PERRY KING



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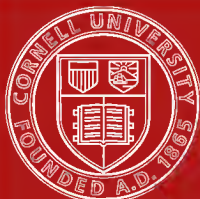
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DAUGHTERS OF DAWN

DAUGHTERS OF DAWN

A LYRICAL PAGEANT
OR SERIES OF HISTORIC SCENES
FOR PRESENTATION WITH
MUSIC AND DANCING

BY
BLISS CARMAN AND
MARY PERRY KING

WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS



*“What cannot be said can be sung,
What cannot be sung can be danced.”*



NEW YORK
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
1913

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Mitchell Kennerley*

The dramatic rights for acting and reading of Daughters of Dawn, together with its music, stage directions and costume specifications for acting and for reading, illustrated by tableaux vivants, may be had of the authors. There are also lantern-slide illustrations that may be used together with music to accompany readings from the Pageant.

*Press of J. J. Little & Ives Company
East Twenty-fourth Street
New York*

*TO HENRIETTA HOVEY
WITH HOMAGE AND AFFECTION
IN HAPPY APPRECIATION OF HER SERVICE
TO THE CAUSE OF ART*

INTRODUCTION

IN rereading one of Edward Carpenter's wise books the other day I came upon the following suggestive passages, which express very well the thought underlying the *Daughters of Dawn*:

"Far back out of the brows of Greek goddess, and Sibyl, and Norse and German seeress and prophetess, over all this petty civilization look the grand untamed eyes of a primal woman the equal and the mate of man; and in sad plight should we be if we might not already, lighting up the horizon from East and West and South and North, discern the answering looks of those newcomers who, as the period of women's enslavement is passing away, send glances of recognition across the ages to their elder sisters."

"The Greek goddesses look down and across the ages to the very outposts beyond civilization; and already from America, Australasia, Africa, Norway,

Russia, as even in our midst from those who have crossed the border-line of all class and caste, glance forth the features of a grander type—fearless and untamed—the primal merging into the future Woman; who * * * will help us to undo the bonds of death which encircle the present society, and open the doors to a new and a wider life.”

Daughters of Dawn, literally written in collaboration, was originally planned by Mrs. King to serve as a series of studies in her new educational movement, in which the three rhythmic arts, poetry, music, and dancing, or interpretive motion, are combined for artistic and cultural purposes. Even if I had originated such a work and been rash enough to begin it alone, I could not unaided have given it anything like its present effectiveness, veracity, and conciseness, nor many of the beauties of thought and expression which I am glad to think it possesses. As there appeared to be no more appropriate name for dances or small motion dramas of this sort, in which the interpretation of the spoken verse is furthered

simultaneously by adapted music and rhythmic motion which may or may not include dancing, we have been calling them Rhythmics.

Of the great company of illustrious women of the ages, many others might also have been chosen for such a work. These Daughters of Dawn were selected as typical chiefly of the liberal and beneficent power of woman's nature in her leadership and ascendancy in the life of the spirit and the destiny of the world. Selection was made of episodes lyrical rather than dramatic in feeling and significance, as most readily lending themselves to lyric treatment in verse, music, and motion.

Our best thanks are due to friends for generous aid in creating the various rôles—to Miss Irmgard von Rottenthal for her poetic study of Eve, to Miss Hedwig Reicher for her masterly studies of Deborah and Balkis, to Miss Mirzah Cheslir for her studies of Sappho and a truly wonderful Mary, to Miss Ray Cohen for her exquisite interpretation of Izevl, to Mrs. Bayard Redfield for her fine conception of Zenobia, to Miss Dorothy Dean for her most adequate Jeanne d'Arc, and to Miss

Gertrude Lynch for her very gracious rendering of Vittoria Colonna. Our grateful acknowledgments belong also to Mr. B. J. Falk, who brought the interest of an old friend and the painstaking skill of an artist to the making of the photographic studies from which the illustrations are taken.

The writing of the various scenes, prologues, and choruses, and the selection and arrangement of the costumes, involved painstaking to insure their historic accuracy and consistency, so far as might be. In the different meters used in the dialogues an attempt has been made to secure in each case a verse form expressionally appropriate to the scene. These are but working considerations, but they may prove of service to students who may wish to use the Pageant at any time.

B. C.

New Canaan, Connecticut,
October, 1912.

OPENING PROLOGUE

AND

CHORUS

I

PERSONS IN THE PROLOGUES AND CHORUSES

TIME
A POET

DAUGHTERS OF DAWN

As the curtain rises on a front scene TIME and A POET enter from the left. TIME walks a little in advance of his companion and moving toward the centre of the stage delivers the prologue.

OPENING PROLOGUE

In the crystal sphere of time that swings
through space

All loveliness survives. Each ardent grace,
Joyance, and noble passion, leaves its trace
Imperishable there.

And he who gazes in that magic glass
May see the pageant of the ages pass,
Vivid and glad and glorious as it was,
In its great hours of flare.

In scarlet tatters and in webs of gold,
Heroic ecstasies and dramas old,
Their core of wisdom and high glamour hold,
To bid men choose and dare.

With the conclusion of his speech, TIME passes on across the stage to exit at the right. Music at once takes up the theme of the prologue and leads into the theme of the lyric chorus. As it ceases, the chorus follows, spoken by the POET, who does not move far from his place of entrance.

OPENING CHORUS

Who are these who pass by
With victorious mien,
Deathless light in the eye,
Fadeless glory and sheen
In their mystical beauty and bearing, their
power to bless or to ban?

These are they who aspired
And were wise in their day,
Daring all they desired
Through din and dismay,
To foster the hope and the vision,—their share
in the infinite plan.

They dreamed and endured
To bring gladness to birth,

That joy might be lured
From the sorrow of earth,
For the making of ever new Edens, to perfect
what creation began.

They cherished the spark;
They protected the flame
From the winds and the dark;
To them the word came;
Their bodies were altars of love, and their
faith was the rapture of man.

Whether beauty and truth
Were the stars of their power,
Or the ardor of youth,
Or the pride of the hour,
They broidered the banners they followed,
while the sands of the hour-glass ran.

So from age unto age
Their beauty shall glow,
To brighten the page
Of earth's warfare and woe,
As the stars in the arches of heaven illumine
the darkness they span.

At the conclusion of this chorus the POET retires, and music follows with a glorification of the general theme of the Pageant.

The same procedure is followed at the beginning of the various scenes, TIME speaking the prologues, and the POET reciting the lyric choruses,—with only this difference, that at the close of each chorus the curtain rises immediately, disclosing a realization of the POET'S vision, while the speaker makes his exit with eyes on the scene or remains half-concealed near his place of entrance, as an onlooker.

I
EVE

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

EVE

ADAM



EVE

EVE

PROLOGUE

Lone in the strangeness of a dim new world,
Untutored, unbefriended, alien, man
Moved to his destiny of perilous power
Between his ecstasies of hope and fear.
And wonder was upon him, and desire.

His strength was spent on rock and tree in
vain;
His running reached no goal but loneliness;
Silent derision waited on his toil;
And ever the world-sorrow bore him down,
His great heart beaten by futility.

Then on a morning after monstrous storm,
A spirit whispered through the great dumb
blue,
And there emerged among the gentle hills,
Loving, humane, mysterious, the form
Of beauty made in likeness of his dream.

Music

CHORUS

Who is this ardor-paled
O'er her blood's coral stain,
Veiled as mountains are veiled
In a mist of blue rain?

She is fair as the great winter moonlight, and
frail as Aprilian flowers.

In her eyes there are gleams
Of the sun and the sea,
And unfathomed dreams
Of the ages to be;

Her beauty and wind-shod exulting take little
account of the hours.

She moves like the drifts
Of fog on the tide,
Or the faint smoke that lifts
From the purple hillside;
And men at her beauty shall wonder, while
wonder and beauty abide.

She fears not the portal
Of life nor of death;

She is tender and mortal
And subtle as breath;
And her voice is the call of the ages that quickens
this substance of ours.

Her love is a thing
Without hate or regret,
Yet in twilights of spring
Will her eyelids be wet
With strange immemorial sorrow. She is EVE
of the mystical powers.

A wooded glade in Paradise. A running stream through a meadow. The sea line in the distance. Birds, butterflies, flowers, and creatures. Morning sunlight. EVE appears among the trees, and accompanies her soliloquy with primitive expressive motion. At its close ADAM is seen through the trees, and speaks.

EVE

Dear life! Earth and sun and sea-line!
Shadowy woods and shining river!
Flowers and meadows fresh with morning,
Calling birds that sway and flutter,
Soaring glad and free!

What is all this wonder round me,
With its ravishing enchantment?
The leaves whisper; the grey water
Murmurs to the blue day; all things
 Promise more and more.

And this mist of gold about me?
*Running and seeing her reflection in the
 stream*

I am swift . . . and light . . . and comely.
Like the birds, I call. Come, wander
Like the creatures! What am I, and
 What are these to me?

Lovely sun, shine warm upon me!
Unseen wind, come and caress me!
Good earth, kiss my feet and take me
On long journeys, day and night-time,
 Gladly everywhere.

Nothing answers to my calling!
Nothing solaces my longing!
Why are all things unresponding?
Why is all my being lonely?
 Is this Paradise?

Through the shadows there's a shadow
Coming. Through the trees I see him . . .
Like me . . . stronger! Ah, his presence
Makes me gladder, gladder, gladder . . .
What am I to thee?

ADAM

Have I not imaged thy face
Out of the sunrise and dreams?
Have I not sought thy trace,
Through the spring woods and streams?
The print in the vanishing dew,
The call that died on the air,
Lured me ever anew,
But never thyself was there.

I stretched forth hands to the sun,
I breathed my prayer through the rain,
I called to the clouds that run;
They answered me not again.
I have heard at the world's far edge
The great winds boom and moan;
I have harked to the whispering sedge;
But they spoke in a tongue unknown.
And ever the throbbing ache
Beat in my throat and side,—

The hunger I could not slake,
The craving that would not bide;
And ever the gleaming choice
Drew me forth on the trail,
Where never a kindred voice
Answered my desolate hail.

Thy glistening bosom swells
In the light of thy wondrous hair,
Like a sunlit hilltop that tells
The watcher day is there.
The croon of thy voice like the wind,
The sway of thy body like fire,
The glory of man shall bind
To the soul of thy desire.

Here let the sun stand still,
The wandering stream be stayed,
The shadow rest on the hill,
The wind play low in the glade!
For I have found Paradise,
And dread has lost its power.
Here let the great moon rise
On an enchanted hour!

Curtain and Music

II

DEBORAH

Twelfth Century B. C.

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

DEBORAH

BARAK

Captains and Chief Men of Israel



"AND GOD SAID, 'I HAVE SEEN THE
OPPRESSION'"

DEBORAH

PROLOGUE

The ages pass, and with enormous wars,
Sorrows and triumphs and enduring toil,
The earth-child Man puts off his savagery,
And with the growing wisdom of the earth
Learns law and artistry and paths to power.

He builds in Egypt mammoth pyramids;
In Babylon his gilded temples rise;
Till strength and beauty fill his heart with
pride.

Then comes a nomad people with their tents,
Dreamers and wanderers with flocks and herds.

Captive, oppressed, arrogant and unsubdued,
Forever cherishing their racial dream,
Out of the desert, seeking pasturage,
To the rich valleys of the West they come,—
The tribes of Israel to their promised land.

Music

CHORUS

What prophetess stands,
With God's fire in her eyes
And His love in her hands,
As she signals and cries
The word that shall summon her people to
turn back a tyrannous might?

In beauty austere,
With her hood half withdrawn,
She is straight as a spear,
Or a shaft of the dawn,
When it flushes the cedars of Kedron, and
floods the dark valleys with light.

Her voice has the spell
Of the wind and the rain,
She sways with the swell
Of the ripe-breasted grain,
When summer is red in the valleys and his
fervors are fierce on the plain.

To the South and the North,
Fleet runners light-shod

At her bidding went forth
With the war-cry of God
That should kindle the hearts of the tribes as
a watch-fire kindles the night.

Let princes give heed
And their kingdoms make way,
When a woman at need
Goes down to the fray!
For Deborah, rousing a nation, the God of her
fathers will fight.

Outside the tent of DEBORAH in Mount Ephraim between Ramah and Bethel. A running brook is near by. Other tents and distant hills are seen. DEBORAH stands under a palm tree in front of her door; before her, chief men of Israel, including BARAK the son of Abinoam from Kedesh-Naphtali in the North.

DEBORAH

O captains and chiefs of Zebulon,
And rulers of Naphtali, hear!
And Barak son of Abinoam,
Thou warrior-leader, draw near!

What the Lord God of Israel speaketh
By the palm tree in Ramah this day,
By the mouth of Deborah His servant,
Ye shall hearken unto and obey.

For the voice of the Lord in the morning,
Before the first sun took the dew
From the valleys and ridges of Hermon,—
While the peaks of the East were still
blue,—

Came to me, as I stood in the tent-door
Thinking on Israel's wrong.
And God said, "I have seen the oppression,
But behold, it shall not be for long.

"Send thou to Kedesh for Barak,
And bid him unsheath the sword
Against the outrage of Jabin.
And I will prosper my word."
Who halted the sun over Gibeon,
The moon above Ajalon's plain?
Who strengthened the ox-goad of Shamgar,
By whom the six hundred were slain?

So shall ye prevail against evil.
Their chariots of iron shall flee.



DEBORAH

The floods shall break them in pieces
And roll them into the sea.
The vineyards and fields of these Gentiles
Shall be added unto your lands,
For the stars in their courses shall aid you
And deliver them into your hands.

Go, get you up to the mountains,
Let ten thousand follow your feet.
And I will make ready the captive,
For the day is at hand. Be fleet.

There is a star in the crowd.

O Barak, who makest the torches
In the temple at Shiloh to shine,
Wilt thou not carry the fire
To free thy people and mine?

Have I stood here for judgment and council,
And prophesied truly, in vain?
Are my words but as wind of the desert,
My talk but as running of rain?
Is there none to accomplish my vision?
Is there none to believe what I see?
Am I a babbler of Baal?
O Barak, what am I to thee?

BARAK

O Deborah, for judgment
The tribes come up to thee,
The tents all know thy wisdom
From Jordan to the sea.
In the hills thy name is spoken,
By the rivers it is heard.
The captains seek thy counsel,
The wayward heed thy word.

And when I set the torches
To light the Holy Place,
They pale as I remember
The glory of thy face.
But three days since at sunrise
Did thy messenger draw nigh
Breathless before the doorway,
To seek me. Here am I.

In the light of this thy counsel,
What shall thy servant do,
But carry the dread summons
To raise the tribes anew?

As thy soul lives, among them
The word of God shall pass,
As fire among the stubble,
As wind among the grass,
Only if thou go with me!
Else here I will abide.
I have nor hope nor portion
That is not by thy side.
Mine is the strength to conquer,
And mine the skill of hand,
But not the inward knowledge
To see and understand.

Then take thy staff and mantle,
Make fast thy sandal-thong,
For thou shalt teach me wisdom,
And I will make thee strong.

DEBORAH *makes a sign of assent.*

O peerless among women,
There is no other way
Since God in the beginning
Breathed spirit into clay.

Here a religious dance begins. The multitude grows, and forms behind DEBORAH and BARAK for final exit.

So go we up before Him
To the hills, ten thousand strong
And I will lead the fighting,
And thou shalt lift the song.
The ages shall remember,
When we are plunged in night,
How Deborah and Barak
Did battle for the Light.

Curtain and Music

III

BALKIS

Tenth Century B. C.

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

BALKIS, Queen of Sheba
SOLOMON, King of Israel
Musicians and Attendants



BALKIS

BALKIS

PROLOGUE

Egypt, 'Assyria, Chaldæa pass
Across the world's great stage from dark to
dark,
With sound of drum and flash of marching
spears,
'Amid the stumbling outcries of the poor,
And all the splendid pomp of barbarous kings;

While Israel, cleaving to her lofty faith
In one pure God of justice and of right,
Is scorned and driven on, beaten and bruised
Under the harrow of the conqueror's hate;
Through centuries of carnage, lust, and gloom.

Till from that turmoil, as from evil dreams,
In Judah rose a king, humanely wise
Above all men. And Rulers of the Dusk,
In their far countries hearing of the Light,
Up to Jerusalem in wonder came.

Music

CHORUS

In crimson and gold
By the ivory throne,
Who is she who makes bold,
With a pride all her own,
To prove with hard questions the wisdom that
fame has made first in the land?

As the twelve lions gaze
And the thurifers swing,
She stands in amaze
Before the great king,
And her strength is as water, beholding his
splendor and knowledge expand.

Her walk has the sway
Of a sea in the wind,—
The strong supple play
Of a panther of Ind,—
The magic of might is about her; her sorcery
who shall withstand!

By the long camel trains
Bearing gifts above price,

All the wealth of the plains,
Silver, algum and spice,
And purple and gold without measure, and
peacocks, and pearls by the strand,—

By her garments all bright,
By her gems from Kanaugh,
Her luxurious height,
And her swarthy low brow,
It is Balkis, dark Queen of Sheba. By the
ring it is Solomon's hand.

Wooded grounds outside of Solomon's palace. The Queen of Sheba's musicians and attendants enter playing, walking backward. As Balkis enters from the palace, after her meeting with Solomon, she beckons them impatiently to precede her. They go off quickly, leaving her alone.

BALKIS

King, I, Balkis, Queen of Sheba, came to greet
thee from afar,—
Feel thy sway and know thy wisdom and thy
splendor as they are.

All the unmatched wealth and glory of thy
House I would behold;

And I brought thee royal treasure, gems and
frankincense and gold.

But an overpowering grandeur and a strange
unearthly lore

That surround thee, have undone me with a
spell unknown before.

Whence are they? And how should any mor-
tal being so outshine

Pomp and pride and power of armies—all
earth's riches—his or mine?

Where is all my strong assurance which the
desert knew in fear?

What befell my proven knowledge keen as a
dividing spear?

Am I a fond girl before him, hand to tremble,
cheek to pale,

That his speech should shake my heartstrings
like a palm grove in a gale?

Great Earth, give me back my courage! Desert
wind and sun, renew

The wild strength of heart that made me as
unquestioning as you!



"GREAT KING, WHAT AM I TO THEE?"

Has that sorcery departed, with its soft relentless skill,

That could sway the blood of princes till they bowed before my will?

No more! For my tyranny is vanquished. All I was, is naught.

Like the play of pampered children seem the ends for which I wrought.

All my trappings and my triumphs are as faggots without flame.

Like a road from night to morning seems the way by which I came.

Life beyond me, take my homage, as the sun drinks from the stream!

Light of God beyond my learning, teach one who has caught thy gleam!

As the day consumes the desert, as the strong wind bends the tree,

Lord of Light, thou hast enslaved me! Great King! What am I to thee?

BALKIS goes out slowly following after her train of attendants and retainers. As she disappears, palace music is heard and SOLOMON'S musicians enter playing, walking backward.

The King enters speaking, and dismisses his attendants with a gesture.

SOLOMON

O Balkis, Queen of thy kind, I must find thee
again.

I have sought in the sound of the flute and the
harpstring in vain

The enchantment that lurks in thy voice for the
stirring of man!

No fire of gems like thine eyes, no dye like thy
tan!

What gives thee thy lustre, like amber aglow
with old wine?

What perfume of cedar, of sunshine and sum-
mer is thine?

The palpitant sense of thy presence is still on
the air.

My fir-trees have caught the blue shadows that
lurk in thy hair.

Who taught thee that sibylline quiet which
teases my power,

As the strength of soft winds the ocean uplifts
in an hour?

Thy leonine courage, thy query that throbs to
the mark,

Are fires of new revelation, enkindling the dark.

Thy gifts hold the glamour of giving that
dwells in thy hand;

Thy tribute no kingship could merit; stay thou
in our land!

My realm is a desert without thee to set it
abloom;

My skill is but dull, since it caught not thy wit
in its loom.

Come, give me thine ardor that leaps from the
lip to the heart!

Come, teach me the tremor of eyelids where
tears wait to start!

Come, tell me the word that was spoken when
Lucifer fell!

There is naught at the source of dominion thou
knowest not well.

*At the end of his soliloquy SOLOMON goes
out, following the direction taken by BALKIS.*

Curtain and Music

IV

SAPPHO

Sixth Century B. C.

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

SAPPHO

PHAON

ATTHIS

ANACTORIA

GYRINNA

GORGO

DICA

TELESIPPA

MNASIDICA

MYRTO

LAIS

MYRTOCLEIA

BACCHIS

CHRYISIS

} Friends of Sappho



SAPPHO

SAPPHO

PROLOGUE

While Israel cringed to dread Omnipotence,
And dwelt in fear of the unspoken name;
While priests of Egypt pondered on the past,
And Nineveh was sinking to her doom;
The day was spreading on the Ægean sea,
Where white-sailed Tyrian coasters plied with
trade,
And glad young Hellas hailed the wakening
light.
There beyond marble cliffs where jonquils
grew,
Were rosy porticos and temples dim
With mellow ivory and dusky gold.
Her gardens odorous with hyacinth,
Her river-beds ablaze with pomegranate,
Her groves of laurel spreading in the sun,—
There like a tulip where the flame of life
Burns quick and clear, bloomed Lesbos of the
Isles.

Music

CHORUS

Who is this with life-thirst
In her luminous eyes,—
Whose rapture unnursed
Burns quickly and dies,
As the dew burned away from the morning
leaves only the color and fire?

She is vibrant and warm
As a meadow at noon;
She is lonely as storm,
Or the cloud-sailing moon;
She is glad as new friendship unbroken, and
sad as old loves that expire.

She is swift as a thrush,
The noiseless of wing,
When the damp woodlands gush
With his lyric of spring.
She dances like small meadow rivers that run
through the twilight and sing.

This is Sappho. Men gave
To new-minted gold

Her image to save
For the peoples untold,
That her beauty might ever companion the
echoing chords of her lyre.

Though all lovely things
To the dust shall be traced,
And the names of great kings
From their tombs be effaced,
Her name shall be fresh through the ages as
Spring rains on the ruins of Tyre.

The garden of SAPPHO'S house in Lesbos, with marble benches, a green space, borders of daffodils, hyacinths, violets and other spring flowers. The sea and the harbor of Mytilene in the distance. A wall at the foot of the garden, with a gate into the street. The house is of white marble, with a low doorstep on a level with the ground. It is afternoon.

Enter from another part of the garden
ATTHIS, ANACTORIA, GYRINNA, GORGO, DICA,
TELESIPPA, MNASIDICA, MYRTO, LAIS, MYR-
TOCLEIA, BACCHIS, and CHRYSIS, friends of
SAPPHO.

ANACTORIA

How warm the new sun is!

CHRYISIS

Surely it is full time
To honor our Adonis!

DICA

Where is Sappho?

ATTHIS

Sappho!

They all call in unison.

Sappho! Sappho! Sappho!

Enter SAPPHO from the house.

SAPPHO

Sweet friends! Has the sunshine
Lit thoughts of Adonis
In your lovely heads?

Bring thy lute, Gyrinna!
Dica, bring thy garlands!
And thy golden jonquils,

Chrysis! Myrtocleia,
Dance here at my left hand!
Thou here, dearest Atthis!
Myrto shall be chorus,
With her silver voice.

Anactoria, thou
Ardentest of lovers—

(ANACTORIA *embraces her*)

Thy sweet call would waken
The sleepest Adonis!
Oh, these happy hours
Of the spring in Lesbos!
Surely he must harken
To our chorus now.

*They dance, joining in the refrain of MYRTO'S
Hymn to Adonis.*

Now the winter is gone by,
And the swallow builds again,
(Lovely Adonis!)
Now the quickening sun is warm,
And the wind is soft with rain.
(Lovely Adonis!)

Now the waking earth is sweet
With the scent of purple flowers.
 (Thou sweet Adonis!)
All the buds are opening wide,
Wasting through the golden hours.
 (Thou fond Adonis!)

Now the nightingales are come,
With their piercing flutes of gold;
 (Beloved Adonis!)
And thy lovers cry to thee,
In their passion, as of old.
 (Cruel Adonis!)

Call him back across the years!
He is fairer than the day.
 (Hear us, Adonis!)
Love, ah, love,—is anything
Half so sweet, for all men say?
 (Harken, Adonis!)

Fling his robe of frost aside,
And his bands of sleep unbind!
 (Waken, Adonis!)

Were they lovelier long ago,
Those who loved thee—or more kind?
(Love us, Adonis!)

Cherish him with tender fire
In the woodlands of the spring,
(Deathless Adonis!)
And with him assuage desire.
Ah, is love so fleet a thing?
(Lovely Adonis!)

Street music is heard.

CHRYSIS

Hark, a tambourine!

ATTHIS

The street musicians!

ANACTORIA

That's the boy from Naxos! O the darling!
Do you love him, Dica,—or the dark one
With the captive woodbird? He is thine.

CHRYSIS

They are moving on now.

ANACTORIA

Let us follow!

*They run off, laughing. When they are gone,
SAPPHO sits on a bench, beginning to be
sad. The afternoon is waning.*

SAPPHO

Ah, me! . . . May Adonis
Find them! . . . This soft spring wind
Makes my fillet heavy.

She loosens her hair.

Thou dear swallow flashing
Over Mytilene,
Art thou never weary
All the blinding day long
In our Northern blue?

She sings

If death be good,
Why do the gods not die?
If life be ill,
Why do the gods still live?

If love be naught,
Why do the gods still love?
If love be all,
What should men do but love?

What a thing is woman
In this world! All music,
Ecstasy, and dreaming,
With her gems and garlands,
Gauze and gold! All dancing,
And bright laughter, bubbling
Like a silver fountain
Out of the dark earth!

And her friendships,—stories
Told to amuse children!
Shadows that fly seaward!
All the while her heart aches
Only with one longing,
One demand . . . O Phaon,
Thou art so long absent
From this empty world!

In just such lovely weather
He would come with evening,
To sit here all happy . . .

I could hear him far off
In the fragrant twilight,
 (A flute is heard in the distance)
Ere he crossed the meadow.

The playing grows more distinct.
O, praise Aphrodite!
Phaon!

Enter PHAON.

 Phaon! Phaon!
What am I to thee?

 PHAON

O my Sappho! Heart of gladness,
What should thy soul do with sorrow?
See, I bring thee gems from Egypt,
Phrygian linen white as sea-foam,
 Scarlet cloth from Tyre;
Eastern perfumes, and a girdle
Of wrought gold from ancient Sidon.
Not a port but has paid tribute
To thy beauty, in the sea-bales
 They unlade for thee.

 SAPPHO

Only one gift have the high gods given
To man, Phaon, without stint or question,
 As my heart knows,—love.

Thou art all my Egypt and my Sidon.
Earth and sea have paid me their full tribute,
If thou love me still.

PHAON

Sappho, not an isle from Rhodes to Imbros,
Not a pine-dark headland where the foam
breaks,
But has heard the prayers and eager vows I
whispered
Day and night for thee.

When I walked through splendid sunlit cities,
My lone heart was traversing a desert,
And the murmuring throngs were but as mov-
ing sand-drifts,
Sappho, without thee.

Nevermore, till the dread hour shall part us,
May I be beyond thy call, thy hand-touch!
Thou art all about me like the sweet dusk
wheeling
Up from the great sea.

They go into the house. Night is falling.

Curtain and Music

V.

IZEYL

Fifth Century B. C.

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

IZEYL

BUDDHA

A MAN-SERVANT OF IZEYL

Two Disciples of Buddha.

Attendants and House Servants of Izeyl



IZEYL

IZEYL

PROLOGUE

The Himalayas, Dwellings of the Snow,
Look down on all the fertile Ganges plain,
Where, spreading like a flood from high Pamir
Seeking new land, the Aryan drift went by,
Singing glad Vedas while the world was young.

Then rose the priestly Brahman over them
With bonds of caste, stern ritual and rule,
The sterile rites and dull formalities,
That would enslave the incarnate soul of man
And blight the progress of a growing world.

Here, having pity for the plight of men
And all their futile agonies of life,
Came Buddha, the Enlightened in the Way,
Preaching Renunciation of Desire,
The only surety of an earthly peace.

Music

CHORUS

Who stands in the dusk
Of the courtesan's square,
With an odor of musk
In her bosom and hair,
With anklets of turquoise and silver that clink
for the passer to hear?

Mysterious as night,
With her hot scarlet mouth,
And a glittering light
In those eyes of the South,
As if all of her exquisite being had never one
hunger to fear!

She moves like the smoke,
As it swoons on still air,
When the censers evoke
Old gods from their lair;
The sway of her body is music more madden-
ing than incense or prayer.

The desire of the heart,
The delight of the eye,

She knows not apart,
To forego nor deny,
For love is the sum of her being, and beauty is
all of her gear.

Ah, fear her not! Hers
Is that passion of soul
Which no height deters,
No terrors control,—
Izeyl, the enamored of Buddha, who waits for
her god to draw near.

The courtyard in front of IZEYL'S house in the Deer Forest north of Benares. A large rug is spread in the centre of the court, a low divan at one side, with small tables or benches near it. On the opposite side, a wall and gateway, the main entrance to the grounds. It is moonlight. Servants enter carrying silver dishes of rice, fruits, and confections, basins and jugs of water, towels, etc., and set them down on the tables and the ground. IZEYL with two attendants enters from the house.

IZEYL

Make all ready. Let there be nothing lacking
nor amiss.

Though we have had many guests, there was
never one like this.

*A man servant enters from the gate, followed
by BUDDHA and two disciples who ap-
proach and bow to IZEYL.*

Welcome, O enlightened one, to this house. A
happy day

Brings thy footsteps to my door, bids thee tarry
on thy way,

Lets me serve thee. That my lord's heart with
gladness may be free,

Rest here in the perfumed dusk of the roses
strewn for thee.

BUDDHA

Thy words are lavish as the wayside stars,
Shedding their bounty for the pilgrim night.
No goodlier seeds than kindness come to blos-
som

In this great world to be faint heart's delight.

Servants wait upon BUDDHA, remove his sandals, wash the dust from his feet, offer him food and drink. He takes a cup of water, but declines to eat. His disciples withdraw to a distant part of the court. The servants go out, except IZEYL'S two personal attendants, who stand back by the house door.

IZEYL

Sit, Lord. I will dance for thee. Here until
the moon grows pale
Thou shalt be the worshipped one, I thy wor-
shipper Izeyl.

She prepares to dance. The dance is one of the ancient dramatic dances of India. It portrays the first glimpse of the beloved, embarrassment, infatuation, coquetry, enticement, and the overtures of love. It then becomes more reckless in its sorceries, while the beloved still seems obdurate. The dance next betrays jealousy, anger, and finally melting sorrow and surrender.

Now the play is Love. It moves like a wind
among the trees,

Woman's drama of the soul, with mysterious
melodies.

Fear as faltering as night, desire imperious as
day,

Hold Love at their mystic height, till wild joy
must have its way.

Love is water for thy thirst, Love is honey for
thy mouth.

Is thy being never faint in a land of parching
drouth?

Loose the girdle from her breast and the lotus
from her hair!

Take her, for sweet life or death! Is there
anyone more fair?

*She dances, and at the conclusion of her dance
falls at BUDDHA'S feet.*

Lo, my beauty at thy feet, and my hand upon
thy knee,

In despair of love I lay. Buddha, what am I
to thee?

*BUDDHA puts out his hand and touches her, as
she remains seated near him on the
ground.*



"SIT, LORD, I WILL DANCE FOR THEE"

BUDDHA

Thou art all beauty, glowing sense and spirit,
The world's supremest splendor and desire.
Thou art the flower-like joy, the flame-like pas-
sion

Whose breath consumes men with relentless
fire.

Thou art the subtle unforgotten fragrance
That haunts this life with an assuaging power,
And would beguile the soul upon her journey,
To deify one perishable hour.

But I, compelled by sorrow for men's warfare
Against their bonds upon the wheel of life,
Through sore compassion found the Great Re-
nouncement

The only strength to stay the ravenous strife.
Crave nothing! But in kindness with rejoicing
Follow the common highway unto peace.
There only can survive the flower of wisdom,
There only can serene love find release.

Whoso is tranquil, diligent, undaunted,
Not overcome with riches nor with cares,
Free from all anger, arrogance, and baseness,

Seeking the truth as one who climbs the stairs
Within a tower of outlook, while in all things
Serving his fellows with illumined mind,—
However slowly, shall escape from darkness,
And all the weight of sorrow leave behind.

For this I waited underneath the Bo-tree,
Keeping stern vigil through the holy night,
Until Truth dawned, as I beheld the snow-peaks
Flushed with a tender glory height on height.

*BUDDHA rises and paces to and fro, while
IZEYL remains seated.*

And yet the doubt comes—what avails the
watching
Above the world in unimpassioned calm?
Do they not sometimes long, those soaring sum-
mits,
To wear the valley's wealth of bloom and
balm?

'Ah, not alone thy beauty moves my senses,
But the fair soul within thee calls my soul.
My manhood strains at touch of joy so tender
To lay aside the austere staff and bowl.

The servant of the gate enters and bows before IZEYL.

SERVANT

Protectress of the weak, the poor in throngs
Are crowding at the gate to lay their wrongs
Before the Holy One, their woes and wants.
Shall I give dole as unto mendicants?

IZEYL, *rising*

Nay, I myself will give, who have this day
Received the wealth that passes not away.
Let them be fed. Take these, and these, and
these,—

*She pulls off her gold and jewelled ornaments
and gives them to the servant, her women
at the same time removing her anklets.*

And all I have for their necessities.
Turn gold and gems to bread that men may
live,
There still is more,—I have my life to give.
Go, tell them that Izeyl became to-night
A follower of Buddha and the light.

*The servant goes out and IZEYL turns to
BUDDHA.*

! Now the undetermined way to perfection waits
us still,—

Thou the sun upon the height, I the mist below
the hill!

So, dear Lord, the play is done, as the moon
begins to fail.

And thy worshipper departs. Thou shalt see
no more Izeyl.

This, that was my house and park, for thy shel-
ter is bestowed,

Love's provision for thy peace when a-weary
of the road.

*She claps her hands, and her attendants come
forward, with the servant of the gate, to
wait upon her departure.*

BUDDHA

Thou wondrous prodigal, no merit worthy
Thy matchless bounty have I, who must pass,
Like a disturbing wind among the palm-leaves,
Like an unresting shadow from the grass.
But thy good deed, like a reviving perfume,



"O BELOVED ONE, FAREWELL"

Within the memories of men shall dwell,—
Inspired abandon! May the Perfect Way
Requite thee!

IZEYL

O beloved one, farewell!

*She goes out, accompanied by her two women,
who cover their faces with their saris in
desolation. BUDDHA is left standing alone
in the growing darkness.*

Curtain and Music

VI
MARY

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

MARY,

THE ANGEL
AT THE TOMB



MARY

MARY

PROLOGUE

In the brief peace of the Augustan Age,
Three trends of human headway checked their
course,

Like currents eddying in a tideless calm.
Eastern magnificence and mystic dream,
Hellenic learning and awakened art,

And Roman discipline, all came to halt.
'As when unbridled revellers at dawn
Look wanly forth on time's expectant hush,
Stilled of a sudden in satiety,
The ancient world of lust and rapine seemed

To pale with prescience of impending doom.
Outside a Syrian rest-house, with no pomp
Save glittering troops of stars relieving guard,
A Prince of the Eternal Light was born,
Whose only ensign was a loving heart.

Music

CHORUS

What spirit so white,
With eyes bent on the ground,
As though lost in the plight
Of a sorrow profound,
That tenderness, faith, and devotion should
founder in death and dismay?

She lifts her worn face,
And the glory is there,—
The mothering grace,
The victorious care,
That have fostered the hope of the ages and
prospered the world on its way.

Her fair mouth is still,
Her hands are at rest,
With that power to thrill,
By the quiet possessed,
When the soul to its lord is surrendered and
divinity swells in the breast.

O all who have prayed
To the glorious son

Of this poor Jewish maid,
Since her travail was done,
Have ye bred in your sons the high courage to
be heroes of truth in their day?

Have ye given brave thought
To bring beauty to birth?
Have ye suffered and wrought
For the welfare of earth?
So your service transfigured to glory, like
Mary's, shall not pass away.

A rocky place before the sepulchre of Christ. The entrance to the tomb is on slightly rising ground at the back, with straight evergreen trees on either side. His mother is seated on a stone near by, clad in white, with a fold of her garment over her head. She scarcely moves until toward the close of her first speech. It is just before dawn on the morning of the 'third day' after the crucifixion.

MARY

Lord of the darkness and the broken heart,
In the still purple hour before the sun,

Upon whose floor our lives are sifted chaff,
And through whose hands the sands of ages
run,
Thy will be done!

Shall there be no compassion in the night,
No heed nor hearing of our grievous doom,
No heart that feels the loneliness of ours,
No hope of tidings from the unknown tomb
To pierce the gloom?

After the anguish of defeat and death,
Through boundless desolation of the years,
Is there no sign to help us live or die,
No touch to wipe away the bitter tears,
And quiet fears?

Knows God the agony of mother pain
For every sorrow of the son she bore?
Can any cry to Heaven bring again
The voice they have entombed, and closed the
door,
For evermore?

If mortal heart can bear the woe and wrong,
And still live on in sorrow day by day,

If broken lute can lift a duteous song,
Or darkened lamp still serve with dying ray,
Show thou the way!

Great God, thou seest the path I tread alone,
Thou knowest all that has been and shall be,
And all my love of Him who was thine own,—
What in thy mighty dream of destiny
Am I to thee?

As she closes her speech, she rises and goes a step or two toward the tomb, lifting imploring arms aloft, the fold of her robe slipping from her head as she does so. She stands thus transfixed for a moment, facing the sepulchre, and then turns with a look of wonder, her arms still upstretched, her whole figure illumined in the first rays of the new sun, and her face transfigured with rapture of revelation. From the slightly higher ground she has taken, she looks taller, too, than her wont; so that passers-by might think they had seen an angel. She speaks in a level tone.

MARY, as THE ANGEL

Hail, Mary of Sorrows, acquainted with woe,
Lift thy grief-shadowed gaze to the light-bearing sun!

Each quivering leaf and the dawn winds that
blow

Breathe solace upon thee; the victory's won;
Weep not!

Thy God holds thy hands as he holds night and
day,

Through the rounds of his service, the ways
to his ends;

When thine arms are weakest, his strength is
thy stay,

Thine eyes shall see clear in the light that he
sends.

Fear not!

Lift up thy soul on the wings of his voice,
Be glad thou wert chosen to play thy great part,
Bid all thy mothering patience rejoice,
Let the world rest on the strength of thy heart!

Faint not!

Conceived of divine love, the rapturous soul,
Stainless as dew and unfearing as fire,



“WEEP NOT!”

From hope unto hope as the quickened years
roll,
Shall arise and live on through dismay and
desire.

Aspire!

The God of all good cannot waver nor sleep.
Receive the sweet truth that shall lighten thine
eyes,
And be thou the Angel earth's courage to keep,
The great Loving-Kindness that lights Para-
dise!

Behold!

Shine on through the ages and arches of
heaven,
For thine is a glorious share in God's plan!
Unto thee from the first to the last has been
given
The illuming, the heartening, the moulding of
man.

Rejoice!

*MARY keeps her prophetic pose until the cur-
tain falls.*

Curtain and Music

VII
ZENOBIA
270 A. D.

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

ZENOBIA, Queen of Palmyra

AURELIAN, Emperor of Rome

A Troupe of Arab Dancing Girls and Musicians

Roman Officers and Soldiers, Litter-bearers, Guards, Attendants, etc.



ZENOBIA

ZENOBIA

PROLOGUE

Hark! To what sound like thunder far away
Do cities tremble and strong men turn pale?
They clutch the sword in Eastern palaces,
They lift the tent-fold on Arabian plains,
And start in forests of wild Gaul, to hear
The tramp of Roman legions through the
world.
Then through the beauty of the star-sown
night
An angry glare upon the sky proclaims
An opulent city given to the torch
Of ruthless conquerors on the march to power.
Where once men trafficked in the crowded
streets,
And women chattered in the bright bazaars,
While children thronged the Temple of the
Sun,—
The wild boar feeds among sad ruined walls
Of great Palmyra in the desert sands.

Music

CHORUS

Who is this come, in haste
From the crowds to be gone,
Through the Palmyrene waste,
While the legions draw on,
With tumult of murderous passions that conquering lust has released?

She sees at her gates
Roman standards unfurled,
Where once vassal states
Brought the trade of the world,—
Where long caravans o'er the desert came in
from the marvellous East.

She stands like a palm
Aloof and unbent,
With the sky's royal calm
For her curtain and tent,
Her loveliness still undefeated, her regal devotion unspent.

Barbaric in splendor,
Heroic at heart,

Undaunted and tender,
She plays her great part,
Though the reins of her power are broken, the
days of her empire have ceased.

Her beauty still reigns,
Though her hopes all have died,
Her fierce grandeur remains,—
The Bedouin pride,—
Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, the coveted pearl
of the East.

In front of AURELIAN'S tent before Palmyra. The Emperor is seated, surrounded by a few of his generals and officers. A troupe of Arab dancing girls and musicians run in to dance for him. Before the close of their dance there is a stir outside and the hasty arrival of two runners followed by a closed litter borne by eight bearers. They set down their burden and, assisted by guards, ZENOBIA alights with one woman in waiting. At sight of her the dancing girls at once stop their dance and, ignoring the Emperor, run to ZENOBIA, kneel before her, and surround her with every mark of loyal

admiration, crying, 'Long life to ZENOBIA!' As AURELIAN rises and approaches ZENOBIA, a trumpet sounds and servants and dancers withdraw.

AURELIAN

Fortunate is this hour, indeed! Happy the day
for Rome,
When here unto Aurelian's tent the Queen of
the East is come!

ZENOBIA

And dark for my country, Emperor!

AURELIAN

Nay, it had darker been,
Had not the gods delivered thee into my
hands, brave Queen.

ZENOBIA

Aurelian, say not the gods preside over a thing
so base
As the treachery which betrayed me here, a
prisoner before thy face.

O, better far, had my luckless star gone down
in the dust of fight,—

Had my glory passed unsoiled at last into eter-
nal night!

And lordlier had thy legions shown above a
broken wall,

Than skulking at a traitor's gate, let in at a
scullion's call.

Since when did the Roman eagles deign to take
a reptile's kill,

Like unclean vultures swooping low and greedy
for their fill?

Had not black treason sold me here, like a
Bithynian slave,

Palmyra should have been my tomb, her cita-
del my grave.

Zenobia would not have lived to be the spoil
of war,—

To be the Forum's spectacle, in chains behind
thy car.

Ye know the creed of the desert breed, whom
none can bind nor bow,

Rovers of earth by right of birth, from the
dawn of time till now.

But even the gods must strive in vain, at war
with treachery.

Their altar fires are but the pyres of the dar-
ing and the free.

AURELIAN

You wrong the sons of the Roman wolf! They
know the desert's way.

And well they know the proudest foe is a lion-
ess at bay.

What evil councillors were thine to move thee
to this war?

Did Rome not give you peace and wealth,—
could liberty give more?

Have not your laden caravans brought all the
world in trade

Up to your gates, with none to bar the roads
that Trajan made?

ZENOBIA

Hear me, my captor! Had there been upon
the Cæsars' throne

One like Aurelian in days past, this discord
had not grown.

While puny tyrants fought like knaves for the
sceptre fallen low,

Was I to be their prize and fee? By the Im-
mortals, No!

Bred to the freedom of the tents, born of a
royal line,

I drew the tribes into a Power. I made it. It
was mine.

Here out of turbulence and strife a sovereign
state I reared,—

Palmyra in the Wilderness, rich, beautiful, and
feared.

Insolent Persia felt my will, even Imperial
Rome

As empire unto empire in peace or war must
come.

Could I lay by this sovereignty at a dictator's
word?

Step lightly down from throne and crown, and
join the driven herd?

Ceasing to reign, I cease to live. Does Aure-
lian wonder why?

Can a Cæsar and a soldier ask? Need Zeno-
bia reply?

Those poor dance girls with matted curls, that
clung about my knee,
Shall grace my lord's triumphal march; but
what am I to thee?

AURELIAN

Thy noble words, Zenobia, prove well thy royal
strain.

I do lament the downfall of one so fit to reign.
Had not ambition duped thee, and thy guides
who counselled ill,
Palmyra had been sovereign, and thou her
ruler still.

Let not ambition lure you, my captains, to your
fall.

Ever the overreaching hand must end by losing
all.

Would that this restless folly which is the
whole world's bane

Might die with me, uprooted never to rise
again!

Yet is thy speech untempered, great leader of
the tribes!

Unfair to Roman justice, thy bitter grief-
wring jibes.

Believe the lonely desert shall forget the morn-
ing star,
When Roman virtue has forgot what truth and
honor are.

I were myself a traitor, had I not seized the
hour
When renegade informers betrayed thee to our
power.

Receive a soldier's tribute! Accept a Roman's
word!

*A tumult is heard outside. A band of unruly
soldiers clamoring for the life of ZENOBIA.
A number of officers hurry out immediately
and quell the disturbance.*

Fear not my wayward legions. Thy guard
shall be my sword.

No safer wert thou ever. Thou shalt go hence
to Rome,—

There with respect and honor be welcome and
at home.

And this thy noble city with its Temple of the
Sun

Shall be preserved from pillage. For thy sake
it is done.

Although thy rash advisers must pay their
folly's cost;
Thou art no less an empress, for an empire's
being lost.
The world awards thee homage!

ZENOBIA

Magnanimous, my foe!

AURELIAN

Thine Emperor attends thee. The lictors,
there! We go.

With her last word ZENOBIA turns away to enter her litter; but as she hears AURELIAN say 'Thine Emperor attends thee,' she turns and looks into his face. Seeing that he is preparing to accompany her on foot, she signals her bearers to follow, and walks out by AURELIAN'S side, bearers and attendants following.

Curtain and Music

VIII
JEANNE D'ARC
1427 A. D.

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

JEANNE D'ARC

JACQUES D'ARC, Her Father



JEANNE D'ARC

JEANNE D'ARC

PROLOGUE

For a thousand years from Rome to Agincourt
Terror and darkness overspread the world
With superstition, bigotry, and crime,
While warring nations and marauding kings
Raven and slay and wither into dust.

Chivalry rides upon its last crusade,
And Learning slumbers in the Church's tomb.
Barons and bishops, emperors and serfs,
Wallow in witchcraft, cruelty, and greed,
As if the angels had forgotten earth.

Hardly a voice to keep God's name alive;
Till on a summer morn in lovely France,
On the shadowy forest border of the Vosges,
In small Domremy of peasant folk is born
A Little Sister of the Nazarene.

Music

CHORUS

Who remembers God's poor
In their humble attire?
Yet in them shall endure
The seed and the fire,—
The strength for fulfilment of longings, and
faith for the dreaming of dreams.

Who stands with rapt gaze
In a day-dream, and sees,—
While her quiet sheep graze
By the tall poplar trees,—
A shadowy legion advancing, an army that
musters and gleams?

As a clear minster bell
Thrills the soul of the air,
Her voice lays a spell
O'er a realm in despair,
Till the laggard take arms at her summons,
assured that God's champion is there.

In war-harness bright,
Through the dust and the fray,

With valor alight,
She forges her way,
Till her mission's victorious standard on the
wind above Orléans streams.

No witchcraft was here,—
Slander wide of the mark!
Revelation shone clear
In the sainted Jeanne d'Arc,—
A strain of intrepid conviction, which greatly
foresees and redeems.

*Outside JACQUES D'ARC'S home in the vil-
lage of Domremy on the border of a great for-
est. JEANNE stands leaning against a tree a
little away from the house. Her father sits on
a stone nearby. He is a peasant of the soil, al-
ready beginning to be old, and his mind is on
the past. There is a stream with a few pol-
larded willows leaning over it not far away,
and sheep are grazing in the meadow. It is
near sundown on a summer day. A large pale
moon is seen just rising over the wood. Sub-
dued music is faintly heard through JEANNE'S
speeches.*

JEANNE

Father, I hear the voices now.
Canst thou not hear them, too,—
There by the forest edge, so clear,
So wonderful, so true,
With sound as sweet as the summer rain
When the little leaves are new?

HER FATHER

Ay, lass, I hear. 'Twill be the wind
Talking among the trees.
'Tis like a human voice, the wind,
Full of old melodies.
It minds me of the night I took
Thy mother on my knees.

JEANNE

Father, I cannot mind my work,
The voices call me so;
They call me at the dead of noon
When all the winds are low,
And when the golden dawn comes up
With not a breath to blow.

I hear them while I turn my wheel,
And while I tend my sheep;
I hear them in the dewy dusk
When I lie down to sleep;
And even at the Holy Mass
My mind I cannot keep.

They call and call, 'Jehan, Jehan,
Thy harried country save!'
I hear them through the music's sound,
And when the censers wave,
As the procession of the Host
Goes up the minster nave.

HER FATHER

Ay, ay, I hear thee, lass,—I hear.
Thou mind'st me of my prime,
When I would go across the fields
In the eager summer time,
To court thy mother at her wheel,
Singing an eerie rhyme.

She always had the misty look
Of things unkenned and far;

And always fancies in her head
Of princes, rhymes, and war,—
And how the Little People dance
Around the evening star. . . .

Midsummer Eve it was. I mind
There was a smell of bloom;
Out of the dusk a little wind
Went whispering through the room;
And all the meadow was alive
With fireflies in the gloom.

JEANNE

Father, I see the Figure now.
'Tis St. Michael with his sword,
And a great white shield on his arm.
He marches to award
Her rightful victory to France;
And I can hear his word.

HER FATHER

It is the great shield of the moon
That is so bright and round.
It is the mist from off the stream,
That moves along the ground,

As quiet as a churchyard ghost
That never makes a sound.

JEANNE

'And there is Merlin in his cloak
Who comes to counsel me,
That since a wanton ruined France,
A maid must set her free.
'Jehan, rejoice, God's holy choice
Has fallen on Domremy!'

HER FATHER

'Tis but the crooked willow bole,
That leans across the brook.
The long grey moss is like a beard,
He has an ancient look.
I've often marked him leaning there,
Like a shepherd on his crook.

JEANNE

Father, I see our banners pass;
The horses strain and neigh;
Our men at arms in cavalcade,
And knights in war array,

And kings and squires with commoners
Are hasting to the fray.

And at their head in whitest mail,
A standard in her hand,
Whereon the Virgin sits enthroned
And fair white lilies stand,
Rides thy Jehan, for serving man,
To free her luckless land.

Rank upon rank with dust and clank
The fuming chargers go,
Our halberds gleam, our pennons stream,
The level spears are low,
On helm and lance the sunbeams dance. . . .
I would I need not go!

HER FATHER

Ay, ay! Thy mother had these flights.
I mind her fancies well.
Sometimes she'd hear a cry for help,
Times an alarum bell,
And times in the half-dusk she'd see
Strange sights she would not tell.



"I WOULD I NEED NOT GO!"

I mind the night I brought her home
They seemed to vex her sore.
She had a fey look on her face,
When I led her through the door.
But when the good God sent thee down,
Ghosts troubled her no more.

When thou art wed and far this place,
'Twill mend, my lass, 'twill mend,—
When thou hast daughters by the hand,
And a man-child to tend!
For God himself sets store by love,
And love is dreaming's end.

JEANNE

Father, you do not understand.
The only love I ask
Is Christ and his dear Mother's love,
To aid me in my task,
And send the French swords ringing down
Through English shield and casque.

So I must seek my lord the King,
And be his counsellor,—
Tell him the angel's messages

That bid him forth to war.
And I must ride, as his maiden guide,
Though I should die therefor.

The voices of the ancient wood
Have put the power on me.
The angels summon Jehan d'Arc
To serve God's destiny,
For pity on the realm of France. . . .
But what am I to thee?

*At this the old man rises from his seat. It is
his only sign of feeling so far.*

HER FATHER

How should a maid go to the wars,
With rough-shod men to ride?
Be there no captains near the King,
To counsel and to guide?
Is there no doubt of this thy call?
Must we this ill abide?

What dost thou say? What art to me?
My own lass! God thee keep! . . .

Embracing her, he turns to brush away tears.

It is the mist among the trees.
Go now and fold thy sheép! . . .

He sits wearily.

It is the mist upon the plain.
I am weary unto sleep!

*His head sinks forward on his breast. His
hands lie idle. In the fading daylight
Jeanne stands gazing into the dusk.*

Curtain and Music

IX

VITTORIA COLONNA

1535 A. D.

PERSONS IN THE SCENE

VITTORIA COLONNA

MICHELANGELO

Two Ladies



VITTORIA COLONNA

VITTORIA COLONNA

PROLOGUE

When rash Columbus sailed into the West
Following the sun beyond the unknown seas,
And beached his prows upon a fair New
 World,
Another realm was rising from the deeps
Of troubled faith and mediæval night.

In the glad morning of the Renaissance,
After long sleep, the holy spirit of man
Awoke once more to learning, freedom, art.
Out of decrepit creeds belief arose
To seek more seemly garments for the soul.

Erasmus, Luther, Raphael and the rest,
Would build again in the sun of natural joy
The House of Life long mouldering in the
 shade.

And who now should the master builder be,
But the fiery seraph, Michelangelo?

Music

CHORUS

Who stands in the sun
By the dark cypress wall,
In scarlet and dun,
Where the autumn leaves fall,—
In a halo of shining hair, like a missal saint
aureoled?

Is she empress or queen,
With that confident heart,
And her robes' silken sheen
As they flutter and part?
What wrong would not right in her presence?
What eye could its homage withhold?

Her rare jewels glance,
Her linked girdle slips,
With each turn of the dance
To flash and eclipse,
As she moves through an eloquent measure,
with an old Latin song on her lips.

Her eyes have the light
Of the knowledge of truth,

As ancient as night,
As guileless as youth,
And glad as the rose-lidded morning new-risen,
yet centuries old.

What gift could Time bring
To Learning's Re-birth,
As welcome as spring
When it visits the earth?
One flower, Vittoria Colonna, red lily with
deep heart of gold!

A secluded part of the gardens of the Colonna Palace in Rome, a square of smooth green turf surrounded by a tall clipped cypress hedge. There is a flat marble bench at the back, and a bushy golden-tipped cedar, about three feet high, in each corner of the enclosure. There is only one entrance through the hedge, at the left, guarded on either side by two termini, antique marble posts with sculptured heads, a Pan on the left, a Hermes on the right. As the curtain rises VITTORIA COLONNA is discovered, moving through a slow ballade, and singing a Mediæval Latin student song as an accompaniment. Two companions, or serv-

ing women, stand by, an appreciative audience of her performance.

SONG

When the pear tree comes in flower,
Cold and grief are gone away,
Love and gladness have their hour.
Amor vincit omnia!

When the leaves begin to fall,
Youth and spring have had their day,
Why should lovers fear at all?
Amor vincit omnia!

As she begins the second stanza, a man's voice is heard outside joining in the song. The women smile, as if not surprised, and presently there enters one who is evidently a welcome and accustomed guest of the house. It is MICHELANGELO. As he comes in, without interrupting the dance, he smiles and bows in courteous mock-stilted salutation, and takes his stand by the Hermes until the stanza is finished. Then he advances, and as he takes VITTORIA COLONNA'S hand, leads her to the bench.

She sits at one end of the seat, while he remains standing near the other. The waiting women retire. It is afternoon of a warm, still day in autumn.

VITTORIA COLONNA

Did they dance such things in Florence,
In that Medicean garden,
Where magnificent Lorenzo
Crowned your toil with praise or pardon?
When that young faun's head you fashioned,
Was his voice enough to fire you?
Were there not within the cloister
Other accents to inspire you?

Buonarroti, how this New Life,
Just as every hope seemed ended,
Breaking on us like a vision,
Makes the old more rich and splendid!—
As, how often at the casement
I have watched through storm and thunder,
Till at last the sudden rain ceased
And the sun showed Rome in wonder!

So when all our age seemed darkest,
Faith extinguished, culture perished,
Comes a Renaissance of Knowledge,
Freeing all the dreams we cherished.
All the lore of buried Hellas
Brought to light for our illuming!
On old altars reared to Beauty
Burn once more the fires consuming!

Who can walk unmoved through Florence,
Where each corner shows a palace?
Who but must learn adoration
From the chalice on the chalice?
Who could meanly live, with Dante
Ringing through his soul's dim portals?
Or be sad where Lippo Lippi
Paints the teeming life of mortals.

What if here, as once in Athens,
Women now should lift the story
Of our race from prose to epic,
With new freedom, grace, and glory!
We should walk the world like morning
On the hill-tops dark and olden,
When the sombre peaks of purple
Glow transfigured fresh and golden;

Sane and lofty as Athene,
Yet with laughter, fire, and daring;
And deep-bosomed as Demeter
When she had the earth in caring.
So shall time's victorious children
Reach the height and pass the portal
Of that majesty of beauty
Thou hast imaged—more than mortal.

All thy life long, Michelangel,
Thou hast fought the dull and downward,—
Followed only where truth pointed,
While the many trailed renownward.
Where great arches lift to heaven
The dumb heart of the observer,
Caught in color, pressed in marble,
Live thy dreams, thy faith, thy fervor.

All that thou hast wrought of beauty,
Framed or fashioned, in the hour
Of God's counsel, stands forever
To uplift this world with power.
Strong old prophets, wise young princes,
Moses, David, dear Madonna,
All in thy great heart have portion.
What am I to thee?

MICHELANGELO

Colonna!

Never that note of despairing sadness,
Of human tears and sublime regret!
Keep ever thy voice of seraph's gladness,
Lest time should lose and the world forget
The image of joy no man can measure,—
Transcending nature, surpassing art,—
The eternal dream, the immortal treasure,
The flower that blows in a woman's heart!

Here stand we, while the great sky arches
Blue over Rome, triumphal, sheer;
And Autumn with banner and vestment
marches

In festal pomp for the dying year.
What is this earth but a minster old
The wind like a crowding organ fills,
Where the sun swings up like a censer of gold
Before the high altar of the hills? . . .

Suppose from out of the world somewhere
Into a great dim church should stray
An untaught urchin, unaware

Whose house it is, what it means to pray;
He wanders on where the soaring nave
Goes up and up, and the soft light falls,
Where faded colors are marshalled brave,
Row on row o'er the choir stalls.

The marble knights that sleep so still,
The saints that stand in their carven screen,
The gargoyles each with a different thrill,—
What do the manifold marvels mean?
And ever as the wonder grows,
Assurance and daring begin to fail,
Until where the great east window glows,
He halts abashed by the chancel rail.

And there before the altar stands,
To steady the faint heart's come-and-go,
An angel with lily-laden hands,
Smiling down on the boy below. . . .
I was that venturesome child, and thou—
Who but the angel great and fair,
With the all-seeing eyes, the unanxious brow,
The curved sweet mouth, and the luminous
hair!

As all of a sudden the world will glow
In the first bright single shaft of dawn,
Or the wonder of a painting grow
When the scaffold is down and the screen with-
drawn,

I caught at last the soul of design,
The might of color, the reason of form,
The magic of rhythm and melting line,
When you moved like music alive and warm.

I saw where enchanted Beauty slept,
Like the Fairy Princess, in color and stone,
Till forth at the prayer of my hand she leapt
Into a kingdom long her own.

Onward I blundered, with heart uplift,
To prove,—the only faith I knew,—
That mould of body reveals soul's drift.
I dreamed my dreams, and lo, they are true!

Therefore, I say, regret no more!
Shall the strong man grieve for his callow
prime,

When autumn and triumph are at the door,
And labor and love are lords of time?

Thou art the April of Angelo,—
Thine untarnished smiles, thy generous tears!
What does the heavenly lilac know
Of the falling leaves and the flying years?

This evergreen with golden tip!
Be that our emblem treasured fast,
As if to remind us, finger on lip,
Endure and essay! Truth wins at last!
When the earth is judged of good and ill,
And men at the Mercy Seat shall stand,
As I love you now, I shall love you still.
Great heart, in homage I kiss your hand!

As he bends over one hand, VITTORIA COLONNA lays the other, half playfully, half affectionately, on his head, and, as he rises, leads him through a figure of her ballade, while they sing together a final stanza of her song.

SONG

Let the winter come with snow,
Iron ground and skies of grey,—
What to high hearts, whether or no?
Amor vincit omnia!

*With the concluding passage of the dance,
they go out through the high hedge hand in
hand, and the singing fades in the distance.*

Curtain and Music

EPILOGUE
AND
CLOSING CHORUS

PERSONS IN THE EPILOGUE AND CLOSING
CHORUS

TIME
A POET
MODERN WOMAN

EPILOGUE

Ye have beheld in art's transporting glass
Some portion of the pageantry of Time
Moving across the vast stage of the world,
And marked in power and in beauty there
Wondrous earth women with the gift of life.

Indomitable children of the light,
Impassioned with high themes of endless good,
They bore the subtle and immortal hope,—
The magic seed that should transmute this
earth
Into a paradise where gods might dwell.

Look forth upon the modern world and see
The same great being passionate and fair,
Charged with her mystic wisdom as of old,
Still championing the sorcery of love
And the ecstatic progress of the Soul!

Music

*As the curtain rises for the closing chorus
MODERN WOMAN is seen standing in the
foreground, with a shadowy multitude be-
hind her, in which the figures of VITTORIA
COLONNA, JEANNE D'ARC, ZENOBIA, MARY,
IZEYL, SAPPHO, BALKIS, DEBORAH, and EVE
can be distinguished.*

CLOSING CHORUS

Who is here through the hush
Of the infinite past,
With the confident gush
Of spring come at last,
As youth must arise from all sorrow to share
in the triumph of earth?

In her hair the gold light
Of the sun when day dies,
And the violet night
In her dusk-lidded eyes,
With the freshness of dew in her bearing, and
morn in her stature and girth!

Her throat is unlaced,
Her foot is soft-shod;

She is glad and free-paced
As the creatures of God;
Her way is the path to perfection her sisters
of morning have trod.

With the ardor of Eve
And Zenobia's pride,
She is quick to believe,
With soul for her guide;
She could go forth with Barak to battle, or
grace Jehan's corselet of mail.

Was Sappho more tender,
Colonna more wise?
Does Mary not lend her
Great motherhood's guise?
She is soft with the beauty of Balkis, sublime
with the love of Izeyl.

With solace and fire,
With dawn in her voice,
She lives to inspire,
Companion, rejoice,—
A presence of radiant devotion, a spirit of
luminous choice.

Have ye felt the heart quail
And uplift and hold fast,
At the swell of the sail
As it pulls on the mast?
Even so must the sway of her being empower
the world to the last.

Curtain and Music

THE ETERNAL MAIDEN



T·EVERETT HARRE

Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, the author of "The Rosary", one of the best sellers of recent years, said concerning "The Eternal Maiden": "It is an extraordinary story, the style is original and interesting, and in my opinion it can not fail to make a big hit."

AN IMMEDIATE SENSATION

At last—a new note in American fiction. Hailed by noted critics as one of the great love stories of the world.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE,
novelist, poet, and critic:

“A new realm added to literature, a new note in our commonplace everyday fiction. A powerful story. It is consummately handled and exquisitely written. It is a work of enduring literary value and art. It grips one’s heart and enthrals one’s imagination by the strangeness and beauty of its atmosphere.”

REGINALD WRIGHT
KAUFFMAN, author of “The House of Bondage”, etc.:

“One of the great human tragedies dramatically presented. A story with a universal significance. Fundamentally human. It is inspiring to find the human quality of selfless love and heroism so magnificently portrayed—such a story reinsures one’s faith in the indomitable sincerity, underlying capacity for love, and unselfishness of humanity. Ootah is a beautiful character—he symbolizes man at his noblest. The mother appeal in the story is sweet and fine.”

AMELIA E. BARR, the venerable novelist:

“One of the world’s great love stories. A refreshing breath of genius amid the plethora of trivial and cheap novels. So beautiful it reads like a poem. This book is real literature.”

H. de VERE STACPOOLE,
famous English novelist:

“‘The Eternal Maiden’ is superb! It is sure of a fine success!”

MRS. WILSON WOODROW,
famous short story writer:

“It is certainly more original and more dramatic than ‘Madam Butterfly.’ . . . A beautiful and exquisite story. . . . The public is sure to jump at it. It is absolutely, startlingly novel and new—it presents an absolutely uninvaded field. . . . It haunts and haunts me.”

RHETA CHILDE DORR, well known suffragist and writer, says:

“This story *has rung the bell*. A work of genius. I know of no one in the world who might have written this story other than Mr. Harré except Anatole France—and he is the greatest writer living. America should be proud of this book. The depiction of the mother love moves one to tears by its tenderness and sheer beauty; that is a classic thing.”

MARY MAC LANE, who startled the world with her own story some years ago, writes:

“‘The Eternal Maiden’ appeals to me deeply—to my heart and imagination, and to what, in ways, means much more to me, my brain-and-intellect. The wonderfully mingled poetry and humanness in it thrill me—this is a rare and difficult thing to achieve. There is a delicate, poignant fascination in the ‘little pale golden girl’ of the story. I give much felicitation to one able to write such a marvellous tale—and it deserves great, great success.”

No book of recent years has received such praise from notable men and women. It promises to be the sensation of the year.

