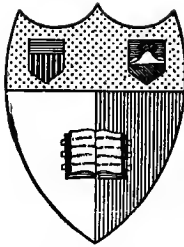


EARTH DEITIES

AND OTHER RHYTHMIC MASQUES

BLISS CARMAN AND
MARY PERRY KING



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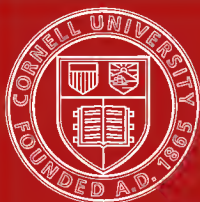
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EARTH DEITIES



PSYCHE

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EARTH DEITIES
AND OTHER RHYTHMIC MASQUES

BY
BLISS CARMAN AND
MARY PERRY KING



NEW YORK
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
1914

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TO MRS. A. M. MOSHER
WITH AFFECTION DEEP AND WIDE

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THE DANCE DIURNAL.

PERSONS IN THE DANCE

A SIBYL, *who chants the Prologue.*

Voices off Scene.

NIGHT.

DAY.

SHINE, *son of Day.*

SHADOW, *daughter of Night.*

*A small wild valley among majestic hills.
Dim purple shadows break in wooded crests,
Where lonely peaks support the arch of sky,—
An amphitheatre canopied with stars.
Above the waiting valley's liliated floor,
Just clear of the invading oak and pine,
The low outcropping of a granite ledge
Breaks through the soil knee-high and ringed
with fern,
A rocky islet in the waving grass.*

*To this still outpost in the wilderness,
Slow-moving, rapt in thought, a Sibyl comes,
And halts to stand at gaze across the scene,—
Veiled in the purple gray of forest boughs,
A heroic figure, tall and grave, and dim
Save for the glowing eyes as dark as earth,
And voice reverberant as a haunted reed.*

*There in prophetic vision of the dusk,
She who has pondered on the scroll of life,
And looked upon the hour-glass of the years
Running away its glittering living sands
That shall not cease while sun and stars endure,
Foresees the gladdening of the dawn and chants,
Accompanied by voices of the Dusk,
The prologue of the Dance of Night and Day.
Their chorus rises through the changing Light,
And Night, in purplish blue with stars of gold,
Is dimly seen to cross the glade and wait
Beside the exit to the West, while Day
Enters with tranquil power in gleaming gray.
Night turns. They meet and dance, cross and
 recross,
With rhythmic interchange of come and go,
As vague as the procedure of a dream.*

*Then enters from the East in sunlit gold
Immortal Shine. And Shadow from the side
Of vanishing Night emerges suddenly
And runs to meet him in her lilac robe.
These youthful shapes of joy and tenderness,
With all the ecstasy of kindling life,
Dance the bright dance of Noon, while Day
 looks on,
A patient sentinel among the trees.*

*As Day moves Westward, in the lessening
 light
Shine wearies and his ardent dancing flags,
Surrendering in a last caress. In the East
Night reappears; and straightway tarrying Day
And Shine and Shadow with returning Night
Tread the soft dance of twilight and of dew.
Then in the final tableau of the dusk,
Shine turns away to thread the Western wood,
And where Day with remembering eyes looks
 back,
Eastward moves Night with Shadow on her
 breast.
Then rising with a rapt and lonely chant,
The Sibyl slowly passes from the scene.*

THE SIBYL

(Down left front while action goes on up stage.)

(NIGHT moves slowly across stage.)

Here blue-robed and sovereign Night,
Sandalled with mysterious might,

Shrouded in her star-sown veil,
Passes where the moon grows pale,

Going slowly down the west
On her immemorial quest.

(DAY enters and approaches NIGHT.)

Then upon the Road of Years
Day unheralded appears,

Confident master of the way,
Strong, inscrutable, and gray,

With the light of Paradise
In his undefeated eyes.

Witching Night in her retreat
Tarries on reluctant feet,

Tenderly, for by these two
Heaven and earth are made anew.

(They dance.)

Not an atom but must sway
To the rhythm of Night and Day.

(*Dawn lights appear and change*)

New-born colors wake and stir,
Light and sheer as gossamer,

Over meadow, stream, and grove,
Lilac, lavender, and mauve.

Flushing crimsons flood and change
O'er the summits range on range,

As with magic to and fro
The diurnal dancers go,

Moving in a slow pavane
Older than the breed of man.

(*Light grows to a golden glow centring where
SHINE enters*)

Then below the paling stars
Time lets down the glowing bars

From the portal of the East,
And a thousand spears released

Usher in the Son of Day,
On his shining princely way.

(*Enter SHINE.*)

Quick to meet him from the West,
Stealing from her mother's breast,

(*Enter SHADOW.*)

Shadow in smoke-pale attire
Flutters 'neath his cloak of fire.

(*NIGHT slowly exits.*)

O departing Night and kind,
Thou must ever leave behind

Lovely Shadow here to play
With the radiant child of Day!

(*DAY remains calmly on scene, moving imperceptibly toward exit.*)

And what dancers are these two,
Shine and Shadow, gold and blue!

He is straighter than a reed;
She is light as thistle seed.

Where he moves on peak or hollow,
Unreluctant she will follow.

All along the river's hem
Golden ripples dance with them,

While they lead the racing hours
Down the aisles of nodding flowers.

Through the forest glad and green
Lightly lilt their baladine.

He is reckless in his pride,
As she dances by his side.

Ah, but he must fail at length,
In his glory and his strength,

Like the passing race of men,
While she grows but greater then,

Bending all her beauty o'er him
In the twilight to adore him!

(Re-enter NIGHT)

Now the star of evening burns
And the grave-eyed Night returns,

To rejoin departing Day;
Shine and Shadow still delay;

And they tread the saraband
Of the twilight hand in hand,

(Dance of four.)

Weaving figures in the dusk
Redolent of rose and musk.

But across the Western hill
Shine must pass, a wanderer still,

(Exit SHINE)

Where Day in a little while
Follows with unwearying smile,

(Exit DAY)

As soft Shadow sinks from sight
On the dreamful heart of Night.

*(NIGHT and SHADOW begin their exit together
as slowly as possible)*

So I too must take my way
Down the road of Night and Day,

With the music in my ears
Of the dancing of the spheres.

THE SIBYL *makes her exit, leaving* NIGHT *and*
SHADOW *still moving slowly on their course.*

CURTAIN

EARTH DEITIES

EARTH DEITIES

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE

A STUDENT

VERTUMNUS

IRIS

SYRINX

FAUNA

PSYCHE

BEROE

CERES

BACCHANTE

POMONA

DAPHNE

An open place at the foot of a wooded hill on a spring morning. The trees are in their young green. The wild cherry is in blossom. At the back of the glade, just clear of the circling wood, is a large square granite boulder, curiously shaped like an ancient altar, and resting upon an outcropping ledge which forms

a rude step around its base. It is daybreak, with the first haze of summer heat in the air. A wandering student enters.

In presenting the masque, THE STUDENT, if desired, may speak all the lines of all the characters, interpreting their motion.

There is a musical overture, and music throughout the action and lines of the Deities, as well as through the lines descriptive of those Deities for whom THE STUDENT speaks the lines.

The lines of SYRINX and CERES may be sung or spoken by the characters themselves as they move. BEROE'S lines may be sung or spoken by sea voices just off scene. POMONA'S lines may be sung partly by herself and partly by a dancing chorus of harvesters. DAPHNE'S lines may be sung by two nymphs observing her flight.

THE STUDENT

I have come by the green and winding road
That leads from the town to the gods' abode,—
To the ancient shadowy place apart,
Where spring is born in the woodland's heart,

And over and over the ages through
The spirit of joy is made anew.

O world of glory and toil and gleam,
Made out of passion and dust and dream!

On the gladsome quest by my student vow,
I am come to this threshold of beauty now,

Where Nature sits with inscrutable eyes
Guarding her temple of mysteries.

Who knows but the magical master key,
As Plotinus taught, may be ecstasy,

And led by the sheer elation of love
And the intuitions we cannot prove,—

We may pass in a moment fleet and fine
Into the realm of the divine!

In such a grove when the world was young
Great hymns to the god of the wood were sung.

And worshippers in procession came
With garlands and pipes to praise his name,

Before ever the world grew sad and cold,
When beauty its eloquent story told

In movement and rhythm and color and line,
Where sense could interpret and heart divine

The hidden purpose, the ceaseless power,
Enhancing the fair world hour by hour.

Is it so idle to believe

That unfearing rapture may perceive,

Where the wonder rests on river and tree,
The form and features of deity?

To the doubt-free soul even now and here
What radiant presence might appear,

Living and warm, in the very guise
It wore in the glad young centuries!

This old gray stone might almost be
The altar of some divinity.

Behold, I come with gifts in hand,
As ancient usages demand,

And wreath the stone and lift the prayer
That shall the suppliant's faith declare.

O Spirits of Earth, will ye not draw near,
If the gift be clean and the heart sincere?

Come forth in loveliness and power
And touch with glory the present hour!

VERTUMNUS appears among the trees on the rising ground, above the altar, and as he speaks, descends and lays a hand upon a corner of the stone. At his approach THE STUDENT seeks to conceal himself behind a tree.

VERTUMNUS

Vertumnus am I, of the turning year.
I wake in the valleys, and spring draws near.
I sweep in the veils of purple rain
Where the woodland pomps come back again.
When the blackbird shows his scarlet wing,
And all the watery marshes ring,
I lift the chorus near and far
Through violet eyes to the yellow star.
I am the ardor of light and sun,
For me the sap and the well-springs run.
I sweeten the honey for murmuring bees
In the golden blooms of the willow trees.

I fill the mellow breast of earth
With fire that brings all fruits to birth.
The sweet wild cherry, the budding vine,
And the seed in the garden ground are mine.
Where'er through the woodland ways I tread,
The answering windflower lifts its head;
I look to the orchard boughs, and lo,
They break into blossom white as snow.
For all my earthlings are dear to me,
And gay in their kinship with deity.

He turns and disappears among the trees.

THE STUDENT (*reappearing.*)

Ah, youth everlasting, pass not so
From the world of shadows! Let me know
The secret of thy perennial power
Bringing the ardors of life to flower!
Here under heaven's tent of blue
Teach me earth's sorceries one day through!
Here to the song of the morning stream,
While leaves play softly and meadows dream,

The south wind signals, the shadows change,
The dawn-lights shimmer, the white clouds
range,

As though to usher upon the scene
Of all this magic—its very queen.

(A play of changing lights marks the approach of IRIS.)

How well I know in the heart's quick way
What thy moving loveliness means to say!

Through the hush of speech, the ebb and flow
Of sense and feeling come and go.

As the lift and swing of the moving sea
Break into audible harmony,

So every stir of thy beauty sings
Unspoken and ineffable things.

IRIS appears from the right, enveloped in a swirl of mist.

IRIS

A dweller among the hill-tops,
A wanderer over the plain,

I am the soul of color,
I am the Iris of rain.

Enchantress of water and fire,
Where I pass in a radiant hour,
The tree-tops mist into verdure,
The meadows spring into flower.

I am the iridescence
Hid in the bowl of glass;
The glamour of light and shadow,
The glory of things that pass.

I rim the far horizon
With magic of melting hues;
I spill on the painted desert
My yellows and roses and blues.

I am the shine and sparkle
Where combers break and flee
In beryl and jade and azure,—
The glitter and gloom of the sea.

I dance on the dazzling snow-drift,
I flash in the quick sunshower,
I am the halo of joyance,
I am the jewel of power.

I reign o'er the fairy ice-storm,
Preside over winter's dream,
To color his pallid splendor
With magical fire and gleam.

I burn in the heart of the opal,
I melt in the sphere of the dew,
I sleep on the lake's still mirror,
I lurk in the icy blue.

When the feet of the legions of thunder
And the spears of the lightning have passed
Through the echoing gates of the mountains,
Shadowy, threatening, and vast,

I rise undefeated behind them,
As only the rapturous can,
And spring for a signal of triumph
My arch of the airy span.

Lights which have been playing about IRIS during this scene form a rainbow as she disappears to the left.

THE STUDENT

So earth is held in expectant trance,—
Enchanted by sheer radiance.

Hark! Hath the silence not a call?
Out of the low wind's lift and fall,
Wonder emerges in throb and tone
With transport of meaning,—music's own.

My heart is made like a cunning shell
Where answering echoes wake and dwell,
Interpreting the rhythm and cry
Of every beauty passing by.

O mystic life of this lovely morn,
How is thy magic of music born?

SYRINX is disclosed in a clump of reeds at the left, and THE STUDENT drops upon one knee before her.

SYRINX

I am Syrinx, soul of the reed.
In me the music of earth is freed.

The immortal cadence all men know
Lurks at my lip; but a god must blow.

Since first I was found and wooed by Pan,
I have taught the rhythm of life to man.

In the flush of dawn when the meadows gleam,
I flute for joy to the wandering stream,

Till the thrushes open their golden throats
To echo the thrill of my reedy notes.

The grass-heads bend and the branches sway,
And the traveller lingers beside the way,

As I turn my lilt with the dying fall,
And the field-lark answers my eerie call.

When only the dry cicada sings,
And the sultry locust claps his wings,

In the languorous heat I drowse and swoon
At the burning touch of the dreaming noon,

Or swing with the sailing wind and sigh
For the pageant of summer passing by.

When the full moon rises frail and large,
And shadows steal from the wooded marge,

In many a valley I answer the drone
Of little rivers lost and lone,

Till my head is bowed and I rock with them
Under the Twilight's purple hem,

Where all tunes out of the ancient heart,—
Sorrow and longing and love,—are part

Of the infinite music made for man
By a breath of life and the flute of Pan.

SYRINX disappears through the woods to the left, piping, while THE STUDENT rises as if to follow her.

THE STUDENT

Immortal music, turn not yet!
With grateful tears my eyes are wet

For that sheer loveliness of thine,
The pure cool touch of the tone divine.

(A wild rabbit crosses the scene.)

See how the wild things haste to hear
The call of rapture that knows no fear!

O creatures with eyes as clear as dew,
Is there a heart that cares for you,

Beating somewhere within the wild
With fostering love for a feckless child,—

An all-kind mother, as men suppose,
Ready with solace for all our woes?

FAUNA comes quickly upon the scene from the left holding back a large white wolfhound. THE STUDENT approaches, extending a friendly hand to them.

FAUNA

Men call me kind, because I know
The needs of all who come and go.

All living creatures of the earth,
Sorry and glad, are mine from birth,

To guard by night, to guide by day,
To cherish in their guileless play.

I give them strength, and make them free
In impulse and in symmetry.

My life throbs with them, as the tide
Throbs in the ocean's heaving side.

Like wind we wander as we will,
By watered plain or shadowy hill.

From craggy peak to sounding coast
Range Fauna and her teeming host.

(She sets free the dog.)

The timid doe, the startled hare,
Flee or lie hidden in my care.

When all the swampy barrens ring
With the first chorus of the spring,

It is my voice that sounds the note
For every wild inflated throat.

When the first swallow skims the blue,
It is my smile he answers to.

The wild hawk wheeling ring on ring,
Poised as I taugt on tilted wing

Above the perilous ravine,
Mounts to his pinnacle unseen.

The dragon-fly along the stream
Moves like a shuttle through my dream.

The lumbering bear that roves the wood
Includes me in his solitude.

The squirrel on the bending spray
Leaps, and is gone my leafy way.

My young fox clears the orchard wall
As lightly as a thistle-ball.

Through magic dusks on moonlit lawns
I frolic with my dancing fauns.

But first of all my tribes I place
The man-cub with his laughing face.

Like a young wood-god starry-eyed
He moves before me in his pride.

Subduer of the land and sea,
He leads life's wondrous pageantry,

Till I behold him pass from sight
Through the mysterious door of night;

And I who all his joys have known,
Am left here by his altar stone,

While sorrow with the long gray rain
Settles upon the darkening plain.

THE STUDENT *stands with head bowed down, while FAUNA quickly vanishes to the right.*

THE STUDENT

Ah, what is man? What power ordains
The unresting impulse in his veins,

Which drives him on from hope to hope
Through time's immeasurable scope?

A spirit radiant as day,
Illumining its house of clay,

With an unquenchable desire
That must forevermore aspire!

The wind that lifts the dust of spring
And makes the murmuring pines to sing,

Blowing o'er every land and sea
Is not more glad of being free.

PSYCHE *appears on the rising ground above the altar, slowly moving down.* THE STUDENT *speaks the lines that follow.*

PSYCHE

Tender as wind of summer
That wanders among the flowers,
Down worldly aisles with enchanted smiles
She leads the mysterious hours.

This is immortal Psyche,
The winged soul of man, —
Ardor unspent and innocent
As when the world began.

Out of the ancient silence
Over the darkling earth,
As streamers swim on the sunrise rim,
She moves between sorrow and mirth.

The impulse of things eternal,
The transport hidden in clay,
Like a dancing beam on a noonday stream,
She signals along the way.

Her feet are poised over peril,
Her eyes are familiar with death,
Her radiant wings are daring things,
Frail as the beat of a breath.

Over the ocean of being,
In her gay incredible flight,
See her float and run in the gold of the sun,
Down to the gates of night.

The storm may darken above her,
The surges thunder below,
But on through a rift where the gold lights
 drift,
Still she will dancing go,

Treasuring things forgotten,
As dreams and destinies fade;
Spirit of truth and ageless youth,
She laughs and is not afraid.

(She dances off to the left.)

THE STUDENT

Surely, far off on the morning's verge,
I hear the great sea thunder and surge!

In a lull of the wind that wanders by
I hear the haunting and eerie cry

Of the wild white riders of the foam
And the sound of their coursers trampling
 home.

O dancing joy of the might of the sea,
Wilt thou not for once take form for me,
And flash from the spray and the flying spume
That rides on the slope of the beryl gloom,
When the breaking billows hiss and roar,
And the daring combers race for shore!

*BEROE springs upon the scene from the right.
A solo voice and chorus off scene.*

BEROE

Beroe, daughter of Ocean,
Foam of the wave is she!
On the crest of the racing billows
Shoreward her white feet flee.

Crowding, breaking, and tossing,
Her cloud-white stallions run,
While poised on their curving shoulders
See her dance in the dazzling sun!

Glad, glad to the open heaven,
On the track of the coursing tides,
To the sound of their trampled thunder
With their flying manes she rides.

The slope of the beach is before them,
The hurrying legions behind,
But her hands are light on the bridle,
Her feet are soft as the wind.

Up, up on the far-flung shingle
To the edge of the dunes they go,
To pause for a melting moment
And swirl like a wraith of snow.

Then back for the slow recover
Their shattered charge recedes,
And she passes the gates of sundown,
On the necks of her plunging steeds.

She dances off to the right.

THE STUDENT

O sea-soul, follow your restless tides,—
While peace in the bosom of earth abides!

(He seats himself on a fallen tree.)

From the pointed firs on the western hill
Our earth-born farewells follow you still.

Now the sun-warm wind from a harvest field
Comes with the breath of the fragrant yield,

Is it the sheen of glimmering feet
That runs on the crests of the rippling wheat?

Where is the fervour heroic born
That guards the youth of the standing corn,

And brings its trophies when all is o'er
Without regret to the threshing floor?

*CERES walks on from the left surrounded
by a glory of sunlight. THE STUDENT slips
to a kneeling posture before her.*

CERES

I am the daughter of earth and sun;
In the dusk I dream; in the wind I run.

I touch the fields with a greening fire,
And the yellow harvest is my desire.

When over hill comes the silver rain,
I spring with joy of the springing grain.

The farmlands love me, the acres know
Promise and fragrance where I go.

Over the furrows I wave my hand,
And gladness walks through the plenteous land.

Through all the valleys at golden morn
My garments sweep with the rustling corn.

The laughing meadows from hill to sea
For a thousand years have been glad of me.

And never came home a harvest load
That passed not Ceres upon the road.

When billows run in the surging rye,
I race with their shadows against the sky,

Lifting the song of the mother kind;
And the scarlet poppies troop behind.

Then when the far-spent rivers croon
To the rising shield of the harvest moon,

With all the good well won from harm
I come at last to the reaper's arm,—

I sink to the ground, my senses dim,
And I give my life for a gift to him.

*She walks away to the right, leaving THE
STUDENT with bowed head.*

THE STUDENT

Lightly we value the gifts of Earth,
And the things that perish to give life worth!

For every sheaf in the wheatfield lies
Spent in magnanimous sacrifice.

The great unsorrowing sun shines on;
The young grass springs where the scythe has
gone;

The redolent air is sweet and bland,
As the rivers sing through the quiet land.

The vineyards slope to the sunburnt hill,
And the clustered grapes hang full and still,

Where soon the gatherers will appear
To crown with rejoicing the yield of the year.

Music is heard from the hill. THE STUDENT, listening and looking far off toward the hill, speaks the lines that follow.

Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . .
Bacchus!

Hark to the drums!
Hark to the drums!
The dance of the lord of the vintage comes.
Out of the wood and down the hill
The rioters follow with rapture shrill.

Youth and maid
In that mad parade
Leap for joy in the flickering shade.
The strongest reel, and the weak grow wan,
And the maddest maenad leads them on.

Her heart is bare,
Her loosened hair
Is a mist of gold on the violet air.
Beauty aflame, she marches by,
Child of the thyrsus borne on high.

Her eyes a-shine,
She is half divine

With the rhythmic dance and the mystic wine;
While the grapes upheld in her gleaming hand
Are an ensign of mirth to her reckless band.

Living as fire
No time can tire,
Or a scarlet lily's unshamed desire,
Her wine-hued mouth and ivory knees
Flash in her sunlit ecstasies.

Trembling clear
As a joyous fear,
The soft insidious flutes draw near;
While madder, madder, madder comes
The frensied throb of the choric drums.

The call of the crowd
Is fond and loud,
As she tosses before them wild and proud.
"Faster, faster, faster," they cry,
As the god with a ravishing smile goes by.

Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . .
Bacchus!

BACCHANTE

THE STUDENT *moves up scene where a crowd of revellers rushing past bear him off, while BACCHANTE dances on scene, decorates the altar, and dances off to the right as the student returns.*

THE STUDENT

Spirit of all the grape-hung South,
With the kiss of the world on thy wilful mouth,

Whose gladness moves in our veins like fire
Unleashing the soul to her dear desire,—

Pass, wild dancer, but leave behind
The pattern of joy for our feet to find!

Thy sister spirit breathes her balm
From Northern orchards mellow and calm,

Where temperate airs make strong and good
The life that rises in sap and blood,

And spreads the bounty of her hand
Over the tranquil autumn land.

POMONA *enters from the left.*

POMONA

Now my festival is here,
Harvest sun and hunter's cheer,

I Pomona make my round
Of each fruit-lit orchard ground,

Bidding for my dance draw near
Every fruit-stained harvester.

*A chorus of Harvesters enter, carrying fruits,
pipes, and cymbals, dancing and singing.*

Where like lamps the apples hang
Gay with autumn's tinge and tang,

Here the patterned maze we tread,
Through the shade by color led.

Ruddy tint, through every vein
Carry the patrician strain,

Till each cheek shall wear the sign
Of its origin divine.

Golden glow of molten sun
Caught in globes the year has spun,

Spread the glory of thy spell,
That the land may love thee well!

Darkening tent of royal blue
With the pale stars peeping through,

Shed new wisdom for the wise
From your sky-brewed sorceries!

Exeunt Harvesters. POMONA continues.

Now the pipes and cymbals fade
With the dancers down the glade.

Still the loitering sun delays,
And I linger by the ways,

Dreaming, while the crickets sing,
Of Vertumnus and the spring.

She walks away to the left, where a large white moon is seen. The sun is going down to the right.

THE STUDENT

Spirits of the dreamful earth,
Celebrants at beauty's birth,

Ministering to the sight
Of the seekers of the light,

Marshalling for the sun's eye
His diurnal pageantry,—

Visions, how ye still endure
To inspire and allure!

And upon the brink of night,
Hark, what footsteps fleet and light,—

The summer woodland's fairest child,
The blushing spirit of the wild!

DAPHNE is seen running back and forth among the trees on the hill, and then on to the scene. THE STUDENT conceals himself as she approaches. Two following Nymphs appear at the forest's edge and speak.

DAPHNE

Through the shadowy aisles she flees
From the ardour of the sun;
Straining throat and trembling knees
Scarce can bear her farther on.

Great Selene, kind and cold,
Hide her in thy silver light
Of enchantment, fold on fold,
Lest she perish in affright!

Mother of the frail in heart,
To thy forest she is come.
Let the tender branches part,
And their twilight take her home.

Let her wilding bed be made
By a mossy beech-tree bole,
Deep within its healing shade.
Soon, come soon, that saving goal!

Speak, oh, speak the holy ban,
And thy spell about her shed!
Faster reels the darkening span.
Fiercer burns the nameless dread.

Ah, thy breath begins to cool
All her beauty with its balm!
Here beside a darkling pool,
(Like thy beam within its calm,)

She who Daphne was of yore,
Changed by thy mysterious might,
Now is Laurel evermore,
Gleaming through the tranquil night.

She goes off among the trees at the right, the Nymphs following her. THE STUDENT reappears, approaches the stone, bows his head and bends his knee, and sinks upon the step, resting his head against the altar.

THE STUDENT

What riches out of Nature's day
Cheer the dreamer on his way,

Till his loving heart is bowed
With the memories that crowd!

And he bends a pilgrim knee,
Thankful for felicity,

While his care-freed senses bless
The solace of the wilderness.

Where the town's distractions pale,
Dusk has drawn a silver veil,

And the glamour of the moon
Takes its convert in a swoon,—

Carries him by drowsy streams
To the borderland of dreams.

*He falls asleep. VERTUMNUS reappears
from the left.*

VERTUMNUS

From sunset hills to the sunrise sea,
I am the lore and the ecstasy,

The gladdening strength and the urge of things,
Unaged by love of a thousand springs.

The snow-white Foam and the silver Rain,
The wilding Mother, the bending Grain,

Laurel and Vine and river Reed,
And the Soul of Man, are mine indeed.

I touch them all with greening fire,
And bring them at last to their hearts' desire.

My triumph awaits the harvest moon,
When the grain is ripe and the grass-heads
swoon,

Where slumberous poppies nod and burn,
As summer comes to her drowsy turn.

Then all the laboring earth has rest,
And I sink to sleep on Pomona's breast.

As VERTUMNUS alludes to each deity, she appears among the trees; PSYCHE on the hill above the altar; to the right from back to front CERES, DAPHNE, BACCHANTE and BEROE; and to the left IRIS, FAUNA, SYRINX,—leaving the front place for POMONA who enters before the last couplet. VERTUMNUS goes to meet her, and they all assume statuesque poses. The scene is gradually darkened and the figures disappear. THE STUDENT wakes and prepares to continue his journey. Dawn lights grow, while he is speaking, until one shaft falls upon the altar.

THE STUDENT

Where are my dreams of beauty gone?
This air, this wood, this very stone—

The same, yet not the same! I see
Them now as masks of deity.

There is a friendliness of light
About them new and infinite;

And they will nevermore appear
The alien common things they were.

Another day! The silent sun
Kindles the clod it falls upon

With ecstasy, and life renews
Itself for its eternal use.

And now for me henceforth, behold
A world that is not as of old!

In every face I shall descry
Some glimpses of divinity.

The laundry girl with bare white throat
And lyric step, and hair afloat,

Is Beroe, who comes to bless
The town with her fresh loveliness.

The shabby model's perfect face
Smiles on with Ceres' generous grace.

One voice with its caressing tone
Wild, soft, and sad, is Syrinx' own.

Old Apple Mary at her stall
Is not her dingy self at all,

But great Pomona in disguise.
And the old dame with earth-brown eyes

Who tends the bird-shop, with its shelf
Of injured ones, is Fauna's self.

The grapes upon the fruiterer's stand
Were tended by Bacchante's hand.

O world of dusk where dreams are born,
To grow to wisdom with the morn!

Our visions pass, but their truth remains.
So man aspires and attains. . . .

Back by the green and shadowy road
To carry the news from the gods' abode!

O sun be with me along the way,
And spread thy glamour through town
to-day,

That folk in the dreariest plight may see
Some kind revelation of deity!

CURTAIN

CHILDREN OF THE YEAR

CHILDREN OF THE YEAR

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE

MOTHER EARTH

THE TWELVE MONTHS

THEIR TWELVE ESCORTS

TIME, *a silent figure.*

Overture with bells and chimes in celebration of the new year.

The curtain rises on a wild place among the hills in starlight. A stronger white light centres about a symbolistic figure of MOTHER EARTH, who is seated with the MAIDEN JANUARY in her embrace.

Each Month in turn, as she is introduced, enters and holds the stage with characteristic motion, (pantomime, and dance,) to appropriate music, to which the lines are sung. She then takes her place on the stage near EARTH and joins in the succeeding singing.

Each Month radiates her own peculiar light and atmosphere upon her scene.

MOTHER EARTH

Here's young January,
As fresh as a fairy,
As wondering shy as a child that is lost.
With bells on her sleigh,
She has come a long way,
And her kind-hearted nurse is old lady Frost.

You are welcome, my dear!
The music you hear,
Is folk celebrating the day of your birth.
Your sister months greet you,
And hasten to meet you,
As you stand at the knee of your fond Mother
Earth.

FEBRUARY

Here's February coming
Through the crystal-coated trees;
Her cloak is fringed with icicles
That clink about her knees;
She is young and debonair,
With snowdust in her hair,
A-flashing by on silver skates
Or on her winged skis.

Her roads are all unbroken,
Her woods are in a trance,
But there's mischief in her laughter,
And daring in her glance.
This saucy Miss of mine
Has seen her Valentine,
And they will lead the carnival
With domino and dance.
The drifts are in the meadow,
The snow is on the hill,
Along the waiting valleys
The days are white and still.
But a smile is on her lip,
As the eaves begin to drip,
For soon the Harlequin of Spring
Will peep across her sill.

MARCH

Now here comes blowsy March,
With petticoats a-starch,
A-hurrying to market through the mud, mud,
mud.

She bears a peck of dust,
Wears a veil of icy crust,
And all the sugar maples are in bud, bud, bud.

She travels with a gale
That goes roaring in the sail,
And sets the wires singing in the blow, blow,
blow.

The noons are almost warm,
There is not a sign of storm,
And then in half an hour comes the snow, snow,
snow.

You may hear the melting rain
At midnight on the pane,
Then down will go the mercury to freeze,
freeze, freeze.

And when up comes the sun
To see what has been done,
He finds a shower of diamonds on the trees,
trees, trees.

Then all about the town
There are people falling down,

Until the glary streets are turned to slush,
slush, shush.

When all the winds grow still
Along the misty hill,
You're sure to hear a bluebird through the
hush, hush, hush.

APRIL

Shining, shining April,
With the merry mouth!
When the sighing rain-wind
Sets from the south,
A light is on her brow,
And a tear is on her cheek,
While with sun and showers
She plays at hide and seek.

Shining, shining April,
With the shadow eyes,
Eager with compassion,
Melting with surprise.
Twilight soft about her,
Violets on her breast,
Welcomed at each open door
As a radiant guest.

Shining, shining April,
With the woodland voice,
Bidding all the rivers
And the hills rejoice.
Every living creature
Wakens at her call,—
Who is not in love with her
Who comes with love for all?

MAY

This is May coming now,
With the blushing apple bough;
And her swallows skim and circle
Where the heavy oxen plow.

When the hurdy-gurdies play,
You may know that it is May
With all her budding comrades
A-trooping up this way.

There's a sound of marching drums
In the village when she comes,
The lilacs break in blossom
And every beehive hums.

She is willowy and blonde,
She is whimsical and fond,
And rules her willing subjects
With a wilful fairy wand.

Beneath a chilly sky
There is fervor in her eye.
Though she has a changeful temper,
That will better bye-and-bye.

When she dances with a lad,
Her beauty drives him mad,
And when she trips adown the street
The old folks all are glad.

JUNE

This is June, glory-eyed,
Very gracious in her pride,
And how fair!
Through the scented dusk she goes,
With a single yellow rose
In her hair.

And every garden ground,
Where she makes her happy round

Hour by hour,
Is glad of her caress
And her twilight hands that bless
Every flower.

She loiters by the stream,
Where the idle rushes dream
Time away.
As she bends and turns her face,
They imitate her grace,
As they sway.

When she hears her minstrel thrush
Through the purple evening hush,
Hearts unfold.
As she drops her veil of dew,
Romance is shining through,
Still untold.

JULY

This is opulent July,
And as she passes by,
There is triumph in her bearing
And bewitchment in her eye.

There is freedom in her style,
And adventure in her smile;
She travels with the roving bees
O'er many a sunny mile.

From the mountains to the shore,
She has lovers by the score;
Every summer they are captured
By her beauty as of yore.

See her saunter down the beach,
Just beyond the breakers' reach,
With the figure of a sea-nymph
And the color of a peach.

See her standing on a ledge
At a mountain's dizzy edge,
Or following a river
With the iris and the sedge.

A month is like a day
In the glamour of her sway,
And every heart goes singing
Down her green enchanted way.

AUGUST

This is tawny August,
She who wanders by,
Where the hot cicada
Shrills his dusty cry.

Trailing misty garments
Through the sultry land,
With a swinging censer
In her languorous hand;

Slow of foot she passes
Down the village street,
Where the tiger-lilies
Slumber in the heat.

But the eager children
Spy her passing there,
With a scarlet poppy
In her golden hair;

And they troop behind her,
Till a place is found
Where the shade is dancing
Patterns on the ground.

Homeward then she leads them,
Touched with dreams anew,
Through the trance of evening
And her drenching dew.

SEPTEMBER

September is a lady
Of fine patrician mien,
Her gown is harvest yellow,
Her cloak is apple green.

And when she comes a-walking
Serenely from the west,
The clover's to her shoe-top,
The wheat is to her breast;

The corn in tasselled plenty
Is higher than her chin;
They vie with one another
To be her next of kin.

She smiles on little Clover,
She bows to stately Corn,
And signals waving Wheat-ear
Across the rosy morn.

She halts beside the orchard
To watch the squirrels play,
And with the idling sunlight
She tarries on the way.

The sky is clear above her;
But when she turns to go,
From somewhere in the mountains
The storms begin to blow.

OCTOBER

October is a gipsy girl
With hair a-blow and cheek of tan,
Who at the sign of frost appears
With her gay-colored caravan.

The thin blue smoke of morn reveals
Her camp-fire in the distant hills;
At noon she climbs the wooded slope
Or lingers by the cider mills.

In tattered gold and faded red,
She bears her beauty like a queen;
And lonely valleys hear afar
The sounding of her tambourine.

It is the song of rocky streams
Through frosty groves of beech and fir;
It is the dance of yellow leaves
That whirl a tarantelle with her.

Along the road where she must wend
The sumacs with their torches run,
And overhead the crimson oaks
Are gorgeous tents against the sun.

And when she turns a breathless face
To where the cold blue mountains stand,
Lo, Twilight drops a young new moon
Like minted silver in her hand.

NOVEMBER

November, a Puritan maiden,
Is sober in white and grey;
But her quiet wear has a high-bred air,
Her heart is dreamful and gay.

Veiled in the grey of snow-clouds,
Gowned in the grey of trees,
With cap as white as a frosty night
And step like a rising breeze,

She mellows the fruits of the garden,
She treasures the strength of the vine,
And all the worth of the yield of the earth
She sweetens with power benign.

She battles with wind and weather,
She cheers the denuded ranks
Of branches bare to the wintry air,
And for vigor of life gives thanks.

She hears in the starry midnight
The honking geese go by,
And her spirit it stirred by that warning word
Of the journey across the sky.

Then as the great storms gather
And shrieking winds arise,
There's a breath of prayer on the freezing air,
And a love-light in her eyes.

DECEMBER

(Disguised as an old woman)

Make way for old December,
Bowed like a shivering crone,

As she scurries down the highway,
Her skirts about her blown.

And huge upon her shoulder,
What means the mighty sack?
It is an inky storm-cloud
She carries on her back.

Ah, see, the sack is leaking!
She's losing half her load,—
A trail of fluttering snowflakes
Swirls all along the road.

They sweep across the common,
And drive along the hill;
They settle in the dooryard
And whiten every sill;

They trim the trees with laces,
The paths are out of sight,
The sagging wires are festooned
Like garlands soft and white.

This is December's witchwork;
And when her task is done,
She will have made a white world
To greet the rising sun.

Hereupon PRINCE CHARMING enters and is presented, followed by all the escorts of the various months appropriately costumed, who claim their partners and take places to dance, while EARTH continues,

And now, January,
Your time to make merry
Is come, and Prince Charming has asked for
your hand.

Though youngest of all,
You are belle of the ball,
And shall lead the festivities over the land.

You shall dance through the night,
By the pale Northern Light,
While the stars in a spangled procession go by.
Make merry, my dears,
With the joy of the years;
For gladness abides, though the hours must fly.

At the conclusion of couple dancing ad libitum all join in a symbolic dance, which is arrested by a rising sun, and the figure of TIME appearing. MOTHER EARTH announces,

Time passes!

The shrouded figure of TIME walks slowly across the background, from right to left; the sun rises; the Months form in line in due order of precedence, AUGUST leading, face to the left, and move slowly across the stage with TIME. The youths divide, and fall back right and left, six on each side, taking various prescribed poses of dismay, and holding them, as JANUARY reaches centre position in front of MOTHER EARTH who sits serenely in her place. Final music is heard in diminishing strains of the dance as Curtain falls.

PAS DE TROIS

PAS DE TROIS

PERSONS IN THE DANCE

PIERROT

PIERRETTE

COLUMBINE

AN ORGAN-GRINDER

A street scene in spring. An Organ-grinder stands playing in the shade of a tree at the edge of the Common. His music continues throughout the dance, while he himself takes the part of a Chorus.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Now Spring is laughing down the street,
With music for her dancing feet,

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Who ever heard, since time began
Of Spring without the organ-man?

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

And here's that vagabond Pierrot,
A-mumming in a suit of woe,

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Whatever can have come his way
To put him out of love to-day?

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

(Enter Pierrot.)

PIERROT

Ah, love alone,

I ask no more!

I Pierrot!

Though love be mad,

I would adore.

A thousand years

Were not enough

For Pierrot,

If only I

May live in love!

But if this life

No love can give

To Pierrot,
A moment were
Too long to live.

Ah, there is none
To love me now,
And say, "Pierrot,
Why grievest thou?"

White as the moon's
Enchanted fire,
Burned long ago
My soul's desire.

But now all life
Is changed and cold.
There is no joy
As once of old.

There is no hope,
Nor prayer nor vow,
Can save the soul
Of Pierrot now.

Ah, well!
Life still is life,
And hearts are brave,
 My Pierrot,
And I may sing
A moonlit stave!

And if my heart
Can mended be,
 (Hold, Pierrot!)
I'll sing no more
In mockery.

If love be not
Beyond recall,
 (Sst, Pierrot!)
Perhaps the last
Is best of all.

Ah, well! ah, well! ah, well!
Ah, well! ah, well! ah, well!
 Ah, well, Pierrot!

(Exit.)

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

O sad is love, and glad is love,
And everlasting mad is love,
 Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
But you must follow, if you can,
The wisdom of the organ-man.

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

There's nothing like the jolly town
In Spring to turn you upside down,
 Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
And make you want to join the clan
That dances for the organ-man.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

Here comes a saucy little pet,
The glowing gadabout, Pierrette,
 Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
As fresh as tulips in the pan.

O pity the poor old organ-man!

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

(*Enter Pierrette.*)

PIERRETTE

The shops are full of gossamers,
The hats are full of flowers,
The clouds that look quite innocent
Are capable of showers.

I feel that I should like to drift
On some adventure new,
In the green world of fairy-land,
Or Cupid's garden blue!

(*Exit.*)

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

O listen to the music play,
For that can take you far away!

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

You do not need a moving van,
You only need the organ-man.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

For he will play, and you shall be
Transported to Spring mystery.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

It is the universal plan
For moving, says the organ-man.

*Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!*

I dance the children up the street,
I dance the watchman on his beat,

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

I dance the traveller into town,
I dance away the angry frown,

*Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!*

I even dance the sun to shine,
When April comes—and Columbine!

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

That blush of roses on her tan
Betrays her to the organ-man.

*Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!*

(Enter Columbine.)

COLUMBINE

The world is full of lilac now,
A smile is in the sky,

And in my heart a little bird
Is singing *B-o-y!*

What is there in the silly song
To set my cheek aglow?
Can it be love that's ailing me?
Pray, master, do you know?

(*Exit.*)

THE ORGAN-MAN

It can be nothing else, my dear,
When Spring is in the atmosphere,
Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
You know it only needs the Spring
To make us all to love and sing.
Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

Perhaps you never heard of Pan?
He was a kind of organ-man,
Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
And many a lady in the Spring
Encountered his philandering.
Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

There was no nymph about the place,
But he could pipe to his embrace.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo.

I often wish that I were Pan,
Instead of just an organ-man.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

Re-ent̄er PIERROT, PIERRETTE, and COLUMBINE *from different directions, for their trio dance.*

THE ORGAN-MAN

Now here comes trouble down the street!
Two sweethearts and one lover meet.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo.

That never was the heavenly plan
Of peace, opines the organ-man.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

First he approaches—Pierrette.
But she is not an angel yet.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo.

She will not speak to Columbine,
In whose bright eyes the tear-drops shine.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

Hoity-toity, what a scene!
Enter the Monster with Eyes of Green!

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo.

Did ever sage or harlequin
Know how to choose or how to win!

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

Alas, that ever loves should be
In such confused proximity!

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo.

“O, be as wary as you can!
One at a time!” says the organ-man.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,

Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!

One pulls him this way, one pulls him that,
While his poor heart beats rat-ta-tat.

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo.

Either or neither, when both are so fair,
Is enough to send any man into the air.

*Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
Tel-oodle-ee, tel-oodle!*

They all go out in different directions, leaving the ORGAN-GRINDER alone.

O, love is a dance to a roundelay!
It may last an hour or last away.

*Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,
But how it will end, or how it began,
You never can tell, says the organ-man.*

Tel-oodle-oo, tel-oodle-oo,—

The music is broken off abruptly as the Organ-Grinder moves on.

NOTE

The following suggestions for the costumes of the Months and their escorts may be of service in amateur presentations of the Children of The Year, and of course may be modified or changed considerably at will.

THE MONTHS

- JANUARYWhite chiffon.
FEBRUARYWhite net with crystal and gold spangles.
MARCHCold sky-blue with cloud grey, mouseline de soie.
APRILWater-blue and pale leaf-green, marquise.
MAYSky-blue and apple-blossom pink and white, chiffon.
JUNEYellow and rose liberty silk.
JULYShades of green from light to dark, chiffon and soft silk.
AUGUSTLilac and gold, chiffon and cloth of gold.
SEPTEMBERGrain-yellow and apple-green, marquise.

OCTOBER	Indian reds and yellows, voile.
NOVEMBER	Tree grey, chiffon cloth and white organdie.
DECEMBER	White cloth with swan's down, and dark blue-grey chiffon cloak.
EARTH	Shades of brown crêpe de chine and chiffon.
TIME	Greys.

THE ESCORTS

JANUARY, Court costume	White and blue velvet
FEBRUARY, Harlequin	Greenish gold
MARCH, Midshipman	Navy blue
APRIL, Minstrel	Green velvet and white
MAY, Country Boy	Brown cloth and white
JUNE, Artist	Black velvet and soft shirt
JULY, Tennis Player	White flannels
AUGUST, Yachtsman	Navy blue and white
SEPTEMBER, Tramping costume	Tans and brown
OCTOBER, Gipsy	Purple and tan
NOVEMBER, Puritan	Grey and white
DECEMBER, Skater	Red and white

In case it is desirable to adapt the Masque to a larger company of players, each Month may be attended by a number of comrades in suitable characters, as follows:

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- FEBRUARYA group of carnival merry-makers.
MARCHA group of Winds.
APRILSpirits of Sun and Rain.
MAYThe Spring flowers, dandelion, apple-
blossom, plum-blossom, etc.
JUNERoses of many varieties.
JULYSea nymphs and wood nymphs.
AUGUSTA company of Picnickers.
SEPTEMBERClover, Corn, Wheat, and Fruits.
OCTOBERA company of Gipsies.
NOVEMBERSpirits of the Grey Trees.
DECEMBERSnow Fairies.
JANUARYPrince Charming alone.

