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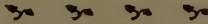
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# DEAD AND RISEN

THE

## EASTER STORY

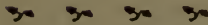
DRAMATIZED



IN SEVEN SCENES

BY

J. H. KUHLMAN



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## PROLOGUE. MARY OF BETHANY

MARY—(Enters, carrying a broken vase). 'Tis nigh unto the place called Gabbatha, the pavement, where is the judgment hall of Pilate. Is't here they have taken Him? (Looking right and left.) Have you seen aught of my Master?—Today, they say, He must die; and I, not knowing it, I anointed Him unto His burial.

Never can I forget that night in Bethany, the night after the Sabbath. 'Twas in the house of Simon the leper—Simon, whom the Lord had healed on the Jericho road, saying to him, "Be thou clean!" and, lo, his flesh came again, like unto the flesh of a little child—In Simon's house we made the Lord a supper. Martha served, and Lazarus was there, Lazarus, my brother, newly-risen from the dead. Seeing him and Simon sitting at meat together, I remembered the word the Master sent to the Baptist—'Twas Matthew told me—"Behold, the lepers are cleansed and the dead are raised up."

As I sat and pondered these things, these things that He had done for me and mine—Ah, then the fire burned in my breast, the fire of love. I fetched (going through motion) my precious box, my Alabaster box of spikenard. Softly I came behind the Master, and, breaking the box, I poured the ointment on his Head, till it ran down upon his locks, like the dew that cometh down upon Hermon. Then was the house filled with the odor of the ointment, and my soul was poured out with the love of Him, so that I annointed His feet also, and loosing these braids, (goes through motion) I did wipe His feet with the hairs of my head.—'Twas as Solomon says: "While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth its fragrance."

Then spake that son of perdition, Judas: "To what purpose is this waste? Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" "This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and had the bag and bare what was put therein."—To the end shall I remember, how the Master turned and looked at me—His eyes like the twin pools of Heshbon, deep and dark: "Let her alone," He said, "Why

trouble ye the woman? She hath wrought a good work upon me. Ye have the poor always with you, but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial." And then He said—O Master, I am not worthy—then He said, "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

Lord, I am not worthy, but Thou, Thou shouldest receive glory and honor. If the whole world were an Alabaster box of ointment, and all the perfumes of Araby contained therein, yet would I break it, (motion) and pour it all upon Thee, Thee only, for Thou hast ravished my heart, O my Master, Thou hast ravished my heart with Thy love!—And now they say, He must die.—Even now His words are made true, "Me ye have not always." "Lord, I would have Thee always, always!"—Alas! I sought Him and could not find Him. I called, but He gave me no answer.—Do ye know where my beloved has gone? (Commotion back of curtain, cries, tramping of feet) Hark! Is this the hour of His enemies? What meaneth the tumult and the shouting?—O Master! Master! (Curtain rises on Scene I.)

### SCENE I. BEFORE PILATE.

(Pilate on the Judgment Seat, a soldier at either side. Annas, Caiphas, Levi, people at left. Peter and John at right. Also Mary and Mary Magdalene. While the curtain rises, priests and people cry, Crucify Him, crucify Him!," but John and Peter, and all His friends cry, "Hosanna! Hosanna!")

JOHN—(To Peter) They have taken Him into the Judgment Hall. God grant that He be safe there.

LEVI—(To the priests) Let us follow after into the palace, that we may accuse Him.

ANNAS—Nay, nay, we cannot enter, lest we be defiled and may not eat the Passover.

PETER—None so defiled as I. Come not near me. I am unclean—unclean! I have denied Him!

PILATE—(Rises and proudly steps forward) (Points

toward interior) What accusation bring ye against this man?

CAIPHAS—If this man were not an evildoer, we would not have delivered Him up unto you.

PILATE—'Tis well. Take ye Him then, and judge Him according to your law.

ANNAS—(With a snarl) Thou knowest, O Pilate, that it is not lawful for us to put any man to death.

CAIPHAS—We found this fellow perverting the nation and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, saying that He Himself is Christ a king.

PILATE—What sayest thou? This Nazarene—this carpenter's son—standing yonder with bound hands and torn garments—He a king—the king of the Jews?—Ha, ha, hah!—The king of the Jews!

ANNAS—Nay, not our king. Away with Him! We will not have this man rule over us.

(Cries of "Away with Him! Crucify Him!")

PILATE—Peace, ho! Pilate speaks. (They are silent) Priests and scribes, ye witness against this man, but I find in Him no fault at all.

CAIPHAS—He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Gallilee to this place.

PILATE—Ye have brought Him unto me as one that perverteth the nation, and, behold, I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him. No, nor yet Herod, for I sent you to him, and, lo, nothing worthy of death was found. I will therefore chastise Him and release Him.

LEVI—Most noble Governor, hear me! Wilt thou this year also release at the feast one prisoner, whomsoever we desire?

PILATE—(Aside) Ah, that may help me out. (To Levi) It shall be as thou sayest. (To soldier) Bring in hither the prisoner, Barabbas. (To the people) Ye have a custom that I should release unto you one at the Passover. Ye shall choose him this day. (He resumes his seat) (Aside) Surely, they will prefer their Messiah to this murderer.



(Poppaea enters quickly, kneels before Pilate, extending tablet with uplifted hands)

PILATE—Poppaea? What wilt thou?

POPPAEA—A message, my lord, a message from my mistress. (Hands him tablet)

PILATE—'Tis well. Get thee gone. (Poppaea bows low and backs out) A message from Claudia at this hour? (Rises, steps aside and reads) "My husband: Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him. I adjure thee, Pontius, by all the gods, save Him! Save Him!—Ever thine. Claudia Procula. (Pilate walks back and forth, saying) "Have thou nothing to do with that just man." (Continues to pace back and forth) In the morning hours when dreams are true.—'Tis like the dream of Caesar's wife—Calpurnia's dream—'Twas an evil omen—That day was mighty Julius done to death—(Looks at tablet again) "Have thou nothing to do with that just man."—(Barabbas, bound, is brought in) Barabbas, knave, stand forth! (Soldier pushes him forward) There he stands. Look at him. The other is yonder in the hall. Whom will ye that I release unto you? This one, this fellow, Barabbas, or Him, (Pointing toward interior) Jesus, the King of the Jews, which is called Christ?

(Annas takes a pouch of money and offers it to the people, bribing them to choose Barabbas.)

CAIPHAS—Away with this man and release unto us Barabbas!

PILATE—Silence, priest! Let these others speak.

ANNAS—(Passing from one to another, offering coins) Say, "Barabbas," say "Barabbas." He comes to Peter, passing coins into his hand) say, 'Barabbas!'

PETER—(Flinging the money down with a violent gesture) Thy money perish with thee, false priest!

ANNAS—Aha! Thou art a Galileean! Thy speech betrayeth thee. Perchance thou, too, wast with Him.

LEVI—Aye, this fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth.

ANNAS—Thou art one of His disciples?

PETER—Thou sayest it. I am. God forbid that I



should again deny Him!

ANNAS—Death to Him!

PILATE—Choose ye now. Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?

THE PEOPLE—Away with this man! Release unto us Barabbas!

PETER—(Addressing the people) Men of Israel, I beseech you, do not deny the Holy One. Do not ask that a murderer be granted unto you.

JOHN—Has He not fed you, when you were hungry? Did He not multiply the loaves and fishes for you? Did He not heal your lepers with His touch? Did He not give sight to your blind and raise up your dead? For which of these works do ye conspire to kill Him?

PEOPLE—Away with Him! Barabbas! Barabbas!

PILATE—What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?

PEOPLE—Crucify Him! Crucify Him!

PETER and JOHN—Hosanna! Hosanna!

PILATE—What evil hath He done? I have found no cause of death in Him. I will therefore chastise Him and let Him go.

PEOPLE—(Louder than before) Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Loose unto us Barabbas!

PILATE—Take ye Him and crucify Him, for I find no fault in Him.

CAIPHAS—We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God.

PETER—(Stepping forward and raising his right hand) We believe and are sure that He is Christ, the Son of the living God.

PILATE—Son of God?—Son of God?—By great Jupiter! but this man hath all the bearing of a God.—“Whence art thou?” I asked Him, but He gave me no answer.—Are the gods come down again in the likeness of men? Is He perchance a son of Jove or Phoebus-Apollo? And I, I had Him scourged—Even now the pavement is red with the blood of His footprints—And always the voice speaks—the voice of Claudia—and that other voice in my breast: “Have thou nothing to do with that just man!” (Renewed cries of “Crucify!”) (aside) Aye.

howl, ye jackals! (To the people) Shall I crucify your king?

ANNAS—We have no king.

CAIPHAS—We have no king but Caesar, Caesar, who is thine overlord. If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend. Whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Caesar.

PILATE—(Starting back in consternation and aside) Not Caesar's friend?—Not Caesar's friend?—O dark and terrible name of Caesar!—Not for a thousand talents of gold would I have it whispered even in the palace of Tiberius, that I, Pilate, am not Caesar's friend—It meant torture for thee, Sejanus, my patron, torture and death—what may it not mean for me?—(After a pause and turning to the people) Priests, men of Israel, attend! (Seating himself on throne) This day release I unto you (pointing) Barabbas, that for sedition and murder was cast into prison, whom ye have desired. (To soldier) Loose him!—But this Jesus, which is called the Christ, Him I deliver unto you, that He may be crucified. (To other soldier) Ibis ad crucem! To the cross with Him! (Pointing to interior)

(Priests dance up and down for joy. Others clap their hands together above their heads, crying, "Eia! Eia!")

MARY—(Running forward and prostrating herself at foot of throne) Mercy, Pilate, mercy! Low at thy throne I kneel. Spare Him! His mother prays, His stricken mother.—What evil hath He done?—Never, since the world began, was there such a Holy One as this—white and undefiled—The Prince of Glory—Christ Immanuel!

PILATE—Take her away; she is beside herself!

MARY MAGDALENE—(Leading Mary away) Let be, Mary, let be! They could have no power at all against Him, except it were given them from above. 'Tis the Father's will. This cup may not pass away except He drink it.

PILATE—(Clapping his hands as signal) Poppaea, bring water! (Poppaea enters with a silver basin, kneels and holds it high with both hands) (Pilate, rising, very

solemnly and ceremoniously washes his hands) Men of Israel, bear witness! By the high gods, I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it!

CAIPHAS—His blood be on us and on our children!

PEOPLE—Yea, on us and on our children!

PETER—Great God, what a curse!

JOHN—(With uplifted hands, as curtain drops) Lord Jehovah, not in wrath, not in wrath, but in mercy be His blood on them and on their children!

## SCENE II. THE WAY OF SORROWS.

(Street scene. People pass back and forth. Enter Levi, Eli, Ishmael and others.)

LEVI—Ho, men, have ye heard the news? The Nazarene must die!

ELI—God forbid!

LEVI—'Tis so. With mine own ears heard I Pilate command the Centurion, "I, miles, expedi crucem!"—Go, soldier, hasten the cross! Even now they lead Him forth to the Place of Skulls.

(A trumpet sounds. Two soldiers, Antonius and Lucius, enter. They hold their spears in horizontal position and press back the people.)

ANTONIUS—Peace, ho! Pilate's captain comes!

LUCIUS—Make way! Make way!

ANTONIUS—Give back! Back! Back!

(Trumpet sounds again. Two other soldiers, Flavius and Publius, enter, holding trumpets to lips, between them the Centurion, who is bearing a scroll. They form in line rear of stage. Centurion steps forward.)

CENTURION—I charge you, all ye people, hear the decree of the most noble governor: (Reads from scroll) "In the year seventeen of the reign of Tiberius, and on this fourth day after the Ides of March, I, Pontius Pilate, governor, condemn Him, who is called Jesus of Nazareth, to be nailed to the cross, Quintius Cornelius to lead Him forth to the Place of Skulls. With Him, to die the death, I condemn the two thieves, Dismas and Gestes. The other, Barabbas, I this day release, because of the feast of the Jews. Thus it is appointed. In the name

of Caesar. Pontius Pilate, sixth Procurator of Judea.  
(Trumpet sounds. Centurion steps back. Soldiers  
fall in line, face about and march out.)

LEVI—At last, at last, Pilate hath decreed the death  
of the Nazarene prophet.

ISHMAEL—Because of that came I with haste, lest  
I be too late to see the accursed Galileean die.

LEVI—(Stepping to side and pointing) The dust rises  
above the palms! A multitude is coming, as if to keep  
holiday.

ISHMAEL—Meseems, all the tribes of Israel this day  
go up to Calvary. (Peter and John enter)

PETER—Master—Master—I have denied Thee—and  
Thou must die—Thou must die—My sin! My sin!

JOHN—Let us also go, that we may die with Him.

PETER—Yonder, in the palace, when the cock crow-  
ed, He turned and looked on me—My God, that look!  
Lord, give me a coward's strength to face His enemies!  
Ordain Thine arrows against His adversaries!

JOHN—Last night, at the supper, I lay upon His  
breast, and His love to me was wonderful, passing the  
love of women.

PETER—And He prayed for me, there in the upper  
room, where we ate the Passover, He prayed for me,  
that my faith fail not—

(Cries in the distance, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!")

LEVI—(Rushing to side and pointing, while all face  
in that direction) Behold, they come! They come!  
Yonder out of the Damascus gate!

ELI—I see Him! I see the Rabbi of Nazareth!

ISHMAEL—What doth He bear upon His shoulders?  
Two heavy beams of wood, one athwart the other—

ELI—O God! It is the wood for His cross!

JOHN—Even so bore Isaac the wood for the burnt-  
offering unto the mount of sacrifice.

PETER—He goeth forth bearing His cross.

JOHN—Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried  
our sorrows, but even thus shall the government be upon  
His shoulder.

PETER—I see two others, thieves, malefactors, led  
with Him to be put to death.



JOHN—Thus the Scripture is fulfilled which saith, “He was numbered with the transgressors.”

(Distant cries, “Hail, hail king of the Jews!”)

ELI—They mock Him—they buffet Him with their hands!

PETER—(Drawing his sword) I will go and smite them with the sword!

JOHN—(Restraining him) Nay! Nay! Hath not the Master forbidden it? Hath He not said, “Simon, Simon, put up thy sword into the sheath? The cup which the Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?”

(Peter puts up his sword)

ISHMAEL—(While distant voices cry, “Crucify!”) They draw nearer. I can hear the noise of their shouting.

PETER—(Pointing) I see Him. I see Him, my Master!—The crown of thorns is pressed down upon His head—the outer garment is almost torn away—His face is stained with blood—But what is that I see around His neck?—A scroll with an inscription? (Turning to John) Canst read it, John?

JOHN—Aye, 'tis Pilate's writing, “Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judaeorum,” which is, being interpreted, “Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.”

ELI—He stops—A woman wipes His brow with her kerchief.

PETER—'Tis Veronica, our sister, Veronica!

JOHN—I can see His back—Oh, so marred—His back that was given to the smiters—I can see the wounds—wounds that will not cease to bleed.

PETER—Look! Why is the great concourse halted?—He can go no farther—He is sinking down under the weight of the cross—He is falling—Father in heaven, He is dead!

ELI—Nay, nay, He hath but fainted!

JOHN—I see a man passing by! They are laying the cross upon him, that he may bear it after the Master. Look, Peter, thou knowest the man. 'Tis the Phenician merchant, Symon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus—dost remember?—those young Greeks, who came to us and said, “We would see Jesus.”

PETER—Why was not I there?—why not I—to bear it after Him—the cruel cross?

(Cries of, “Hail, King of the Jews!”)

CAIPHAS—(Entering with Annas, and scornfully waving his arms) Make way for the King of the Jews! Ha, ha, hah! Bend the knee! Bend the knee! Hail Him, the king of fishermen!—What, fellows, Israelites, bend ye not the knee before this mighty king?

ANNAS—Away with Him! Away with Him! It is not fit that He should live!

LEVI—Bah! He is an utter fool! To the cross with the false prophet!

ELI—(To Levi) Thou hast a demon’s heart! Hell burns within thee!

ISHMAEL—Lo, the women come! They are bewailing and lamenting Him!

JOHN—The holy women of Galilee, Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, and Salome; and with them I see some of the daughters of Jerusalem.

PETER—And His mother, John, His mother walks with them. O mother of many sorrows!

(Enter Mary Magdalene, Mary James, Salome, Mary the mother, and Veronica. They are weeping and wringing their hands)

SALOME—Alas, He is too good, too pure, too holy to die!

MARY JAMES—Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears!

MARY MAGDALENE—Ye clouds, ye floods, ye rains, dwell in mine eyes! Oh, that I might weep rivers of tears!

VOICE—(From side) Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children!

MARY—(Running forward and lifting her hands) O God, Father, Jehovah! Spare Him! Save Him! Give Him now Thine angels, the more than twelve legions! Send forth the shining host to fend Him with their wings!

(Veronica, drying her tears, displays a kerchief with



the blood-red image of the Savior in His crown of thorns.)

SALOME—(Pointing) Behold, His image!

MARY MAGDALENE—The Master's face!

MARY JAMES—His thorn-crowned head!

WOMEN and DISCIPLES—His face! His face!

VERONICA—(Holding up kerchief) I used my kerchief—yonder by the gate—to wipe the blood-drops from His brow—and then 'twas as you see, His face imprinted on the cloth.

MARY—Thus are the lines of His dear face impressed upon my heart indelibly.

MARY MAGDALENE—(Steps forward and faces audience.)

O bleeding head and wounded,  
And full of pain and scorn,  
In mockery surrounded  
With cruel crown of thorn.

(Cries from side, "Hail King of the Jews! Crucify Him!")

MARY—Is it nothing to you—is it nothing to you all, that they break a mother's heart?—Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!

JOHN—(To Mary) Hush, Mary, 'tis the Father's will.

LEVI—(Pointing to side) They take Him aside to escape the throng! They take Him by the street called "Crooked!" But Simon of Cyrene, bearing the cross, cometh hither!

(Enter Simon with cross, accompanied by the two soldiers, Flavius and Publius)

SIMON—Behold, here I am; witness against me before the Lord! Whose ox have I taken, or whom have I defrauded? What evil have I done, that I should bear this load of shame—this gibbet—this gallows's tree?

FLAVIUS—Silence!

PUBLIUS—Hold thy peace!

PETER—Be of good cheer, Simon of Cyrene! That which thou deemest an indignity, shall become a badge of honor.

JOHN—O blessed Simon, thou dost bear the banner of our kingdom!

PETER—All the Christian ages shall envy thee; and forever thy name shall be linked with that Name which is above every name.

JOHN—For He hath said, “Whosoever will be my disciple, let him take up the cross and follow me.”

FLAVIUS—(Prodding Simon with his spear) On, fellow, on!

PUBLIUS—On to old “Baldhead,” the Place of Skulls! (They move on. Cries in distance, “Crucify Him!”)

MARY—(Facing audience with hands uplifted) The heavens are clothed with blackness, and sackcloth is their covering! Lord, Jehovah, my prayer is unto Thee! How long, O Lord, how long! Out of the depths I cry! Save Thine anointed, O Lord! Grant not the desire of the wicked! I stretch forth my hands unto Thee! Where is now Thy loving kindness, which thou swarest unto David? Oh, turn again unto us and save the son of Thy hand-maiden! Father, Abba, Father, for His sake, for Christ’s sweet sake! Amen.

(Curtain)

### SCENE III. ON CALVARY.

(Three crosses. Drop lowered from above, so that only lower part of crosses shows. Ladder leaning against middle cross, only foot of ladder showing. Soldiers, priests, women, people, John and Peter. Hammer blows are heard.)

MARY—(Shrieking) O God! They are piercing His hands with the nails! His hands! His feet! Help! Help! They murder Him! They murder Him! (More hammer-blows)

VOICE—(From middle cross) Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

JOHN—O great Highpriest of love, who makest intercession for the transgressors!

PETER—Had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory.

(Soldier comes down from ladder, having hammer and nails. Another soldier assists in removing ladder.)

ELI—With wicked hands they have taken Him—with wicked hands—and crucified Him!

ANTONIUS—(Enters bearing garments) Ho, comrades, behold our spoil—the king's garments—ha, ha, hah! the royal robes!

FLAVIUS—(Taking up one of the garments) Here is the tallith. Let us make four parts: To every one a part.

LUCIUS—Thy knife, Flavius! I will part the seams. (The knife is passed. They divide the cloak)

PUBLIUS—And now the coat. (Holding it up) By Hercules, 'tis fine! Without seam, woven from the top throughout.

MARY—(Aside) My son's coat!—I made it for Him—I spun the wool—I wove the cloth—I put it on Him that day in Nazareth when He went forth never to return.

ANTONIUS—Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be.

(The four soldiers throw the coat on the ground and crouch down around it.)

JOHN—(Aside) That the Scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, "They parted my raiments among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots."

FLAVIUS—(Displaying Dice box) Here are dice. Come, who will cast first? Down, fellows, and throw them on this coat for which we hazard.

LUCIUS—(Seizing box) Ye gods of chance, smile upon me while I cast! (Throws dice on coat)

PUBLIUS—Ha, ha, hah! a poor cast—ten! too low—too low!

ANTONIUS—(Waving box up toward middle cross) Hello, up there, thou Nazarene, give me good luck! (casts) Twelve! What say ye, is it enough?

FLAVIUS—Nay! Nay! 'Tis poor dicing—My cast is better. (Casts) Fifteen! The coat is mine!

PUBLIUS—Wait, brother, not so hasty! (Waving dice box toward sky) Ye fates, conspire to give me victory! (Casts) Three sixes! Eighteen! By all the gods, I win! (Grabs the coat)

FLAVIUS—Not so, rascal! Thou didst turn the dice! 'Tis mine, mine! (Grabs other end of coat)

PUBLIUS—Thou liest, Phrygian dog! Let go! (Draws

knife, as does Flavius. Their knives clash)

CENTURION—(Interfering) Peace, knaves, peace!  
The coat belongs to Publius. He hath won it fairly.

ANTONIUS—Come, friends, come hither, and let us  
cast to see who buys the second bottle of goodly Roman  
wine. (They continue dicing, while the bottle circulates  
freely)

(During this time Mary, the mother, presses nearer  
the cross, until she stands beneath it, and the blood,  
dropping down, stains her white head-dress. One of  
the other women supports her, and John draws near)

SALOME—(Pointing to Mary's head-dress) His blood!  
His blood!

JOHN—(With folded hands and uplifted eyes) The  
blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

MARY MAGDALENE—(Half to cross and half to  
audience)

See! From His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?

Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

VOICE—(From middle cross) Woman, (Mary looks  
up) behold thy son! Son, (John looks up) behold thy  
mother!

PETER—(Aside) Having loved His own, which were  
in the world, He loved them unto the end.

JOHN—(Taking Mary by the arm and leading her  
toward front of stage) Mother!—'Tis a holy charge the  
Beloved hath given me—Mother—My home shall be thy  
home, till death us part, O my mother!

(Jews pass by reviling the middle cross, making faces,  
putting out their tongues, shaking their fists)

LEVI—Ha, Thou, Thou that destroyest the temple  
and buildest it in three days, save Thyself!

ANNAS—If Thou be the Son of God, come down  
from the cross!

LEVI—He saved others, Himself He cannot save!

ISHMAEL—Let this Christ, this King of Israel de-  
scend now from the cross, that we may see and believe!

ANTONIUS—Prophet of Nazareth, if Thou be the  
King of the Jews, save Thyself!



LUCIUS—Aha! Is this a king? Is this the son of David?

FLAVIUS—(Holding up the bottle) Wilt have a drink, Nazarene? There's no myrrh in this, but rare wine from the hills of Italy.

VOICE—(From right-hand cross) If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us!

VOICE—(From left-hand cross) Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!

VOICE—(From middle cross) Verily, verily, I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in Paradise!

ELI—(As trumpet sounds faintly in distance) Hark! The sixth hour is sounded from the temple by the trumpets of the Levites.

ISHMAEL—'Tis high noon—and yet the day grows strangely dim.

ELI—A dullness overspreads the sky—Look! The sun yonder! 'Tis red, red as blood!—It grows darker—as though 'twere eventide. (Light on stage growing very dim)

ANNAS—By the rod of Aaron! saw ye ever such a threatenng sky?

MARY MAGDALENE—

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

VOICE— (From middle cross) Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani! My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?

ANNAS—He calleth for Elias!

MARY—(Runs forward. Sinks on one knee. Hands uplifted) O God—Thou who art the Father—Spare Him—He is the Son—He is the Son!

VOICE—(From middle cross) I thirst!

(Soldier dips small sponge in vessel, puts it on a reed, and holds it up to middle cross)

LEVI—(Stepping forward) Let alone! Let us see whether Elias will come to take him down.

ISHMAEL—The darkness grows apace. 'Tis thick as midnight.

ELI—And well it may. This day have ye darkened the face of God!

VOICE—(From middle cross) It is finished!

JOHN—(Looking up) Father, to this end hast Thou sent Him into the world, that He might finish Thy work, and give His life as a ransom for many.

VOICE—(From middle cross) Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!

(Thunder and lightning)

MARY—(Running to the cross and throwing her arms around it) He is dead! He is dead!

PETER—(Casting himself down at foot of cross) I have lost my Savior! I have lost my God!

CENTURION—(With right hand uplifted) Truly, this was a righteous man and the Son of God!

(Priests smite upon breast, strew ashes, rend garments)

PETER—(Addressing priests) He is a murdered man, and ye are the murderers!

(Thunder and lightning)

LEVI—God have mercy on us!

ISHMAEL—(Running) Away, away from this accursed hill!

CENTURION—(Having quit the stage a moment, he returns with a tablet in his hand) Pilate hath ordered the Crurifragrium. Flavius, and thou, Publius, take mallets and break their legs. (They take mallets and beat on right and left-hand cross. Mary shrieks.)

FLAVIUS—(Under middle cross) The Nazarene is dead!

CENTURION—What sayest thou? Dead? Already? 'Tis well. Break not His legs.

JOHN—That the Scriptures should be fulfilled, "A bone of Him shall not be broken."

CENTURION—To make sure, Antonius, thrust a spear into His heart.

ANTONIUS—(After thrusting spear) He is dead. There cometh forth blood and water.

JOHN—And again another Scripture saith, "They shall look on Him whom they pierced."

(Mary is kneeling on one side of middle cross, Mary



Magdalene on the other. Beside each stands one of the other women. Soldiers back of them in a row with grounded spears. Peter and John step forward and face the audience.)

PETER—'Tis finished, all is finished! The long day's task is done! The loving heart is broken!

JOHN—Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. But Christ died for us, while we were yet sinners.

PETER—

Lamb of God without blemish!  
On Calvary slain and suspended;  
Always patient and lowly,  
However vile scoffers offended;  
All sins hast Thou borne for us,  
Else would despair reign o'er us:  
Have mercy on us, O Jesus!

ALL—Have mercy on us, O Jesus!

(Curtain)

#### SCENE IV. IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

PILATE—(On his seat. A soldier with spear at either side.) How strangely still are the streets today—and that, too, when the feast of the Jews is nigh. Is all Jerusalem gone out to Golgatha?—A curse on the whole wretched business!—I cannot get that Galileean's face out of my mind.

ANTONIUS—(Enters, bowing low) Most noble governor, the Chief priests would have speech with thee.

PILATE—Bring them in! (Soliloquizing) Ah, He had a kingly air! 'Twas as if Jove spake, when he said, "My Kingdom is not of this world."

(Soldier enters with Annas and Caiphas)

CAIPHAS—(Bowing) Great Procurator, we have somewhat to say unto thee.

PILATE—Priests, say on.

CAIPHAS—Thou hast written the superscription of this fellow's accusation, and the writing was, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

ANNAS—'Tis that title we would have thee change,  
O Pilate! Write not "The King of the Jews—

CAIPHAS—But that He said, "I am the King of the  
Jews."

PILATE—Priests of Judah, have ye the impudence to  
enter my palace and tell me what I must do and what  
not? Out of my sight, ere I forget myself! What I  
have written, I have written. Begone! (Antonius leads  
them out) (Soliloquizing) Never man spake as this man  
—this Christ of the Jews—(Antonius Brings in Levi and  
Ishmael) Now, by all the Gods, whom have we here?

LEVI—Most mighty governor, thou knowest, it is the  
season of our preparation—

ISHMAEL—Therefore it is not fit that the bodies of  
these malefactors should remain upon the cross on the  
Sabbath day—

LEVI—This Sabbath is is a high day, and we beseech  
thee, O Pilate, command that their legs be broken, and  
thus their death be hastened.

PILATE—(Takes tablet and writes) It shall be as  
ye say. (Hands tablet to Antonius) Send word to  
Quintius to have their legs broken!—and now begone!  
(They go out bowing) (Trumpet in distance. Lights  
grow gradually dimmer until it is quite dark) 'Tis the  
trumpet sounding the sixth hour—noonday—and yet a  
dimness creeps through all the room—(Stepping to one  
side, as if looking out of window) A darkness over-  
spreads the sky—'Tis 'not yet night—whence then the  
shadows—whence the unnatural gloom, as black as any  
raven's wing?—Ho! bring lights! Bring candles! (Thun-  
der and lightning) Ye gods of Olympus, stay me, what  
is this?—Jupiter thunders—all the heavens mourn—Was  
this then, indeed, a son of the gods?—(Claps his hands.  
Stamps his foot) Lights! Candles! (Poppaea enters  
with a candelabrum filled with lighted candles. She  
places it on the table and departs bowing)

(Pilate's wife, Claudia, enters)

PILATE—Claudia? Thou comest to see me? (Goes  
to meet her and leads her forward) By the gods, but  
I am glad of thy company this day, this fateful hour!  
(To soldiers) Leave us alone! (They go out bowing)

CLAUDIA—Pontius, my Lord, it is in truth a fearful hour. (Thunder and lightning) Who ever knew the skies to menace so? (Lightning) Look, the breast of heaven is cleft with darts of lightning!

PILATE—Pray to the gods, Procula, pray to the gods to stay their hand!

CLAUDIA—I verily believe, 'tis not the gods, but 'tis the Son of God on whom we need to call!

PILATE—Thou sawest Him in a dream?

CLAUDIA—Yes, my Lord, in a dream—in a vision of the night.—I thought—I was in Rome—in the Forum—, Black darkness fell—the earth trembled—the palaces, the temples of the gods, crashed into ruin—and above the chaos arose a cross—and upon it I saw this One—this man or God, I know not which—Thorns were around His brow—a deep wound in His side—and above—above, in the thick darkness, I heard a voice, as if it were the voice of an angel, crying, “Woe, woe to the world, which hath crucified its King!”—Thereupon I awoke, and forthwith I called for my tablets and stylus, and I sent thee the message whereof thou knowest.

PILATE—For thy sake, and for His sake, too, I would have saved Him, but those madmen, those priests foiled me at every turn.

CLAUDIA—And thou gavest Him up to those jackals?

PILATE—What else could I do? They dared to threaten me with Caesar's displeasure. Thou knowest what that means; Tiberius the terrible.

ANTONIUS—(Enters with the Centurion) Quintius Cornelius, my Lord!

CENTURION—Thy sentence, noble Pilate, has been executed. They are crucified and dead.

CLAUDIA—Alas! Alas! that He should die, that Holy One and Righteous!

PILATE—The Galileean? Dead already? Tell me, Quintius, how did He die?

CENTURION—Like a god, Pilate, like a very god! Ah, but He was brave, brave and noble to the end! We nailed Him there—aloft between the thieves—and the voice which we strove to quench in death, was uplifted for us, His executioners. God! shall I ever forget that

cry, that prayer, as the nails pierced His hands, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—Then it grew dark—the light of the sun failed—the thunder rolled—the earth trembled, and midnight shadows wrapped the barren hill.

CLAUDIA—When malefactors die, no signs are seen, but all the heavens weep, when dies the Son of God.

ANTONIUS—(Entering) The counsellor, Joseph of Aramathea!

CLAUDIA—I will withdraw, my lord, and await thy coming in the inner court.

PILATE—(Gallantly accompanies her out, kissing her hand) Farewell, gentle wife, my lady Claudia! (Exit Claudia) (To soldier) Bring in the counsellor! (As Joseph enters) Greetings, most noble counsellor!

JOSEPH—And to thee, O governor! Grant me, I pray thee, a favor. I crave of thee, O Pilate, the body of the Nazarene, Jesus, which is called the Christ.

PILATE—His body? What wouldst do with it?

JOSEPH—Near the place where He was crucified, I have a garden, in which is a new sepulchre, hewn in stone. There I would bury Him.

PILATE—Thy purpose doth thee honor. Most gladly do I grant thy wish. (Exit Joseph, led by Antonius) A good man and a just. Verily, an Israelite in whom there is no guile.

ANTONIUS—(Reentering) The priests, my lord, would have speech with thee.

PILATE—Now, by all the gods of Rome, what can this pack of hellhounds want again? (Enter Annas and Caiphas.)

ANNAS—Sir, we remember, that that deceiver said, while He was yet alive, "After three days I will rise again."

PILATE—What have I to do, O priest, with your stupid superstitions?

CAIPHAS—Command, that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest His disciples come by night and steal Him away, and say to the people, "He is risen from the dead!"



ANNAS—So the last error shall be worse than the first.

CAIPHAS—We would have thee put Caesar's seal upon the sepulchre.

PILATE—Caesar's seal? What folly is this? A seal to keep a dead man dead? The plague upon you priests! Do ye fear this Galileean even when He is dead?—Yet it shall be as you say. (Turning to Centurion) Quintius, place the watch and seal the stone. Make it as sure as you can. And now, priests, it is enough. Withdraw your feet from my door, lest I be weary of you and so hate you: Begone! (Centurion, soldiers and priests ex-eunt)

PILATE—(Alone) Ever His image is before mine eyes—Ever a voice within me cries, "Ecce homo!" "Behold the man!" Doth He come for vengeance—Vengeance, too, for His kinsmen, those other Galileans, whose blood my soldiers mingled with their sacrifices?—Oh, that the pomp of this Paschal feast had not tempted me to quit my residence in Caesarea, or that I had not permitted that fox, Herod, to send the prisoner back to me!—Hark! Who is it that calls? I hear a tongue shriller than all the tongues of men—He is calling from the tomb—He is coming—His brow is gashed—The blood is spurting from His side—Back, Galileean! Back into the sepulchre!—I have washed my hands—I am innocent of Thy blood—but the blood—(Looks at his hands) the blood is still there—it will not wash away!—Lo, what is it I see—written there—there above the firmament of all the years?—His name coupled with my name—my name handed down to eternal execration: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate—Suffered under Pontius Pilate!"—

(Curtain)

#### SCENE V. THE RETURN FROM THE CROSS

(John and Mary enter. John supporting her.)

MARY—(Looking back) Yonder is Golgatha, and He still hangs there—on the cross—on the accursed tree—

JOHN—God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

MARY—There He hangs—so high—where I cannot reach Him. Oh, that I could hold Him again as in other days—hold Him in my arms—have Him with me always—with me in our home at Nazareth, Nazareth, the sweet mountain village—I would never let Him go, never!

JOHN—Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with a tempest of sorrow, God comfort thee!

MARY—And they called me “Blessed among women”—Lo, I taste nothing but the gall of bitterness—But what is my agony compared with His?—Ah, His back! Didst see His back, where the lash of the scourge had torn its way into the poor, quivering flesh? How is it that such a horror must be borne? And the thorns—the sharp thorns around His head—

JOHN—Gideon taught the men of Succoth with thorns—shall not his thorny chaplet teach us, teach the world?

MARY—My King, the King of men! The King of martyrs! They set upon Him from every side, but He answered never a word. They put into His hands a mock sceptre, but He did not turn it into a sword to cleave them asunder. He endured the contradiction of sinners. He trod the wine-press of wrath all alone. Tell me, did ever before so brave a heart beat in human breast?

JOHN—By His own blood He entered into the Holy Place, and hath obtained an eternal redemption. In truth, He could say with the prophet: “I come this day from Bozrah, with garments dyed red from Edom.”

MARY—Why need the priests have put Him to all this torture? Was it not enough that He must die? Wherefore these inventions of cruelty, such as I deem the world has never seen? But, ah, brave witness, Thou didst not quail—Thou didst bear it all as the very Son of God.—I, His mother, stood there beneath Him—and He smiled. Didst mark it, John, how He smiled upon me in the midst of His agony—smiled down upon me from the cross as if to say, “Weep not, my mother!”

JOHN—Yea, while we gazed upon the cross, all heavenly, holy things abounded in our hearts.

MARY—Once, when He was a little lad, weary with



His play in Joseph's carpenter shop, He stretched out His arms like this, (Motion) and in the shadow that He cast on the wall, I saw it, I saw yon (Pointing) ghastly tree.

JOHN—Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears. I verily believe He shall come again from the dead, as He hath promised.

MARY—John, what sayest thou? Hast thou, too, that sweet hope burning in thy breast? O John, John, can it be? Can such a wondrous thing be?

JOHN—I believe that God Jehovah will not suffer His Holy One to see corruption.—But come, mother, let us seek our home and there await the Father's will. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

MARY—God grant that it be so!

(They go out as Judas enters)

JUDAS—(Enters with rope. Looks around furtively) His mother! She did not see me—God! what a meeting 'twould have been, Judas and His mother! Rather face a thousand furies of hell than His mother!—In black despair I fled, I know not whither—Back to those devils, the priests, I carried the silver—I said to them, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood"—They laughed—may Jehovah smite them—they laughed and jeered, "What is that to us? See thou to that!"—I cast the money down in the Holy Place—ha, ha, hah! Thirty shekles of silver, and for what? To buy a potter's field—'Tis well named "Aceldama," the "Field of blood"—Blood—blood—blood—upon my hands—upon my soul—

Oh, that I were again as in the days past—when the morning light fell upon the hills of Kerioth—When He called me—When I left my home and followed Him.—How did that accursed council ever tempt me to sell my Lord, sell Him for the price of the meanest slave? Satan entered my heart. 'Twas then the Master said, "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?"

Ha, ha, hah! Priests, what will ye give me, and I will deliver Him unto you? I kept the evil covenant. As Joab took Amasa by the head with his right hand, to kiss

him, but with his left plunged the sword into the captain's heart—even so I kissed the Master, while piercing Him through with the dart of treachery. My God! How was it possible? Hell kissed heaven, there in the garden of the oil-press!—(Starting back) Away from me! I am a leper!—The name of Iscariot is branded to everlasting time with a mark a thousandfold more shameful than the mark of Cain—Better for me that I had never been born—Black horror is in my soul—Unclean wings of foulest spirits flap around me—'Tis best to end it all, and plunge at once into the yawning chasm, where Gehenna is ablaze with quenchless fire.—There! There! Do ye see them? The devils—the little devils—they are piling up the fagots of hell—for me—for me—cursed forever in the black pit of Hades—down—down—down—there is no bottom—“Aha!” shrieks Satan, “There he comes! There he comes! One of the twelve! Ha, ha, hah! The holy apostle, who sold his Master!—down with him—down—down—into the hell of hells!”

God! Those eyes—those eyes of the sinless One upon me—Everywhere I see those eyes—Look! What is that? Yonder (pointing up) above the deeps of despair—above earth and sky—I see a throne arise—and upon it—upon it I see Him—Him with the scars in His hands and feet—and Oh, the eyes of Him—the eyes of Him—(Shields his face) they search and sear and shrivel soul and body! Ye mountains, fall upon me—ye hills, cover me, and hide me from the eyes of Him that sitteth on the throne.

(Curtain)

## SCENE VI. THE BURIAL.

(Nicodemus and Joseph of Aramathea enter from opposite sides.)

NICODEMUS—Whither away, honorable counsellor?

JOSEPH—To take the body of our Master, Jesus, down from the cross, that I may bury it. Where goest thou, Nicodemus?

NICODEMUS—I came with that same purpose, though, verily, I knew not how it might be carried out.

JOSEPH—I craved His body from Pilate, and 'twas granted.

NICODEMUS—Thou didst ask a great thing, O Joseph—that holy body, which for more than thirty years has been the tabernacle of “the Word made flesh.”

JOSEPH—Alas, that it should be nailed unto the bitter tree!

NICODEMUS—'Twas for our advantage. Now I understand it, this thing He said to me that night long ago, “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.”

JOSEPH—My garden is hard by. In it I have a rock-hewn sepulchre. There let us lay Him away.

NICODEMUS—I know the place. 'Tis a pleasant garden, far from the hum of Jerusalem.

JOSEPH—Lo, here is fine linen for His windingsheet.

NICODEMUS—And I have brought sweet spices to embalm Him—Arabian gum, myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds.

JOSEPH—Let us hasten, lest haply the sun go down before 'tis done, and the Sabbath come. (They go out)

(Enter Mary Magdalene, Salome, Mary James, Mary the mother, and Eli)

MARY—(To others) Ye saw Him die—my Son, my beloved—What think ye, shall He live again?

MARY MAGDALENE—He shall rise again in the resurrection of the last day.

ELI—Nay! Nay! I heard Him say, “In three days.” Shall He who cried, “Lazarus, come forth!,” not bid Himself arise? He who hath the keys of death and hell?

SALOME—(Pointing) Look! Joseph, the counselor, and Nicodemus, the night-disciple!

MARY JAMES—Peter and John are with them, and soldiers with torches.

MARY MAGDALENE—They are bearing His body to the tomb.

ELI—Up the slopes of Olivet, where so often He walked with His disciples.

MARY—Come, let us go, that we may weep with them.

(They go out. Immediately singing is heard, a funeral dirge drawing nearer. The procession appears.)

The Centurion leads. Two soldiers with torches. Peter, John, Joseph and Nicodemus bearing a black covered bier. Mary and Mary Magdalene, Salome and Mary James. Two soldiers with torches and Eli. They sing dirge: Tune: "Crusader's Hymn.")

DIRGE—

Our dear Lord Jesus,  
To the tomb we bear Him  
Who bore the sorrows of us all.  
Now He is sleeping,  
Bitter our weeping,  
While darker still the shadows fall.

Ye, who are mourning  
Dear, dead hearts, departed,  
Ye, who must pass beneath the rod—  
Our grief is greater,  
Our anguish keener:  
Lo, we lament the death of God!

Lay Him down gently;  
Oh, He is so tired  
Of earth where He was but a guest;  
He, the forsaken,  
Outcast and homeless,  
At last hath found a place to rest.

(They enter tomb. Women remain outside, though Salome and Mary James look in)

MARY JAMES—Dost mark the place where they lay Him, Salome?

SALOME—Aye, yonder in the rock-hewn niche. (Motions) Here His head, and there His feet.

MARY MAGDALENE—It is well. We shall find Him again, when the Sabbath is past.

MARY—Now, for Him, indeed, the Sabbath is begun. (Men reappear from tomb. Soldiers place stone against opening.)

CENTURION—In the name of Caesar I close this tomb forever. (Sealing stone) Let no man's hand be lifted against the seal of great Tiberius.



ELI—But who shall seal the tomb against the hand of the Almighty who rendeth the rocks in pieces?

MARY—(Leaning her head against tomb) I shall never, never again find peace, until I am as He is now.

(Two soldiers on either side of tomb. Centurion in middle, in front of sealed stone. John, Mary and Joseph on one side, Peter, Nicodemus and Eli on the other. Three Marys advance and sing a song of lamentation.)

(Curtain)

## SCENE VII. JOSEPH'S GARDEN.

(Dim light. Soldiers guarding tomb. Three Marys enter with vessels of ointment, sing song of Easter morning, and then pass out) )

ANTONIUS—Comrades, is not the night nearly gone?

LUCIUS—Surely, the dawn is breaking, yonder above Olive's.

FLAVIUS—(As thunder is heard) Thunder? And the sky full of stars?

PUBLIUS—What was that? It seemed as if the earth trembled—

ANTONIUS—And the whole mountain side were a quiver!

(More thunder. Stone of tomb topples over. Bright light. Angel emerges from sepulchre, rolling the fallen stone aside. Soldiers fall down)

ANGEL—(With uplifted hand) The Lord is risen, Hallelujah! The Lord is risen, indeed! (Reenters tomb)

(Soldiers rise, throw away their spears and run in all directions. Publius meets the Centurion, just entering. Centurion draws his sword.—Publius falls on his knees before him.)

CENTURION—Coward, knave! Why hast left thy watch?

PUBLIUS—Captain—My captain! There's something—something that lives—(looking over his shoulder) in yon tomb—A vision came and said, the Jew is risen!

CENTURION—(Runs forward and looks into tomb) I knew it! I knew it! Said I not, the man is God Himself? He arose as men wake from slumber, and walked

forth spite of seal and stone! Henceforth the God of Israel is my God!—But come, let us hence and report to Pilate. In truth, he'll tell me I am lying! (They go out)

(Red light. Soft bird notes. Three Marys enter)

SALOME—How beautiful is the garden at the break of day!

MARY JAMES—Like the garden of Solomon, “The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come.

MARY MAGDALENE—And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.” ’Tis Easter day and spring has come.

SALOME—Would to God ’twere spring in our hearts also! Oh, that He, the Prince of Glory, had not died!

MARY JAMES—And we trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.

MARY MAGDALENE—Who knows what God may yet do? (Red light) ’Tis the third day. Lo, the Eastern sky is dyed with the rosy tints of morning!

SALOME—Here are sweet spices to anoint Him, but how may we enter the tomb?

MARY JAMES—(As they approach tomb) Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

MARY MAGDALENE—Look! Look! The stone is rolled away!

SALOME—The grave is open!

MARY JAMES—(Looking in) The tomb is empty!

MARY MAGDALENE—Wait here! I will run and tell Peter and John the body is gone! (Runs off stage. Thunder. Bright light. Two angels emerge from tomb. Women start back and fall on their knees)

FIRST ANGEL—Be not affrighted! Rise and rejoice! (They rise) Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified?

SECOND ANGEL—He is not here! Behold, He is risen!

FIRST ANGEL—Why seek ye the living among the dead?

SECOND ANGEL—Come, see the place where the Lord lay. (They look into the tomb)



FIRST ANGEL—He is not here. Remember, how He spake unto you, saying, the Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified. But the third day He shall rise again.

SECOND ANGEL—But now go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see Him.

(Women hurry out. Angels enter tomb. Peter and John come running in. John outruns Peter)

JOHN—(Looking into tomb) 'Tis true, the place is empty! I see the cloth rolled up, but Him I see not.

PETER—(Enters tomb. Then appears in doorway, displaying linen) Here are the linen wrappings—Here is the napkin that was about His head—I thought the women were telling idle tales—but 'tis so, 'tis so!

JOHN—O Peter, have they taken the body of Jesus away, or is He risen from the dead?

PETER—Come, let us seek Joseph, who owns the garden. Perchance he knows what has come to pass. (They go out)

(Mary Magdalene enters. Approaches tomb, weeping. Does not see angel)

ANGEL—(Standing in doorway of tomb) Woman, why weepest thou?

MARY MAGDALENE—Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him. (Turns to side) Hark! A foot-fall! What means this strange sweet thrill of holy fear?—Is't the gardner?—Gardner, sawest thou Him whom my soul loveth?

VOICE—(From side) Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?

MARY MAGDALENE—(Aside) That voice?—That speech?—(Facing toward side) Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away!

VOICE—(From side) "Mary!"

MARY MAGDALENE—(Running toward side, then sinking on one knee) Rabbi, Rabboni! Master, my Master!

VOICE—(From side) "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my father; but go to my brethren and

say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."

(Peter, John, Eli and women enter. Mary Magdalene runs to meet them)

MARY MAGDALENE—I have seen the Lord! I have seen the Lord!

SALOME—God be praised! We, too, have seen Him He lives and met us on the way!

MARY JAMES—"All hail!" He cried, "All hail!"

SALOME—And we fell at His feet—His pierced feet—and worshipped Him!

MARY JAMES—But He said unto us, "Fear not!"

SALOME—And we saw angels—two angels—at the tomb!

MARY JAMES—One on either side, like the Cherubim, at the ends of the Mercy Seat!

SALOME—Their faces were like lightning, and their raiment white as snow!

MARY JAMES—Truly, the door of His tomb was like the gate of heaven!

PETER—As Sampson rose up early and bore away the gates of Gaza, post and bar, even so rose our Master in the morning, and carried away the gates of death!

MARY—He lives! He lives! Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ which hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away!

ELI—(As if speaking to some one on side) Aha! Scribes, Pharisees, priests, ye could not hold Him! Undone is all your work—He is risen! Come hither ye that derided Him, ye that scourged Him—bring now your thorns, your lash, your gallows tree, and see what ye can do in this day of His glory!

PETER—Father of Lights, make Him to be the Light of men, as Thou hast made the sun to be the light of the earth!

ELI—Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

JOHN—Now is brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory!"

PETER—O death, where is thy sting?

JOHN—O grave, where is thy victory?

PETER—Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

(While the rest of the characters enter, the three Marys step forward and sing a song of Easter triumph)

MARY—(Steps forward toward audience) And now, ye people all, we ask your company.—Come with us and see the place where the Lord lay.—We speak to those that mourn and would be comforted.—Oh, ye weary ones, ye who are sad and disconsolate, come hither and see the place where the Lord lay—Ye have lost your loved ones, too, many of you—Ye have planted flowers on their graves—ye bedew the green mound with your tears. Why seek ye the living among the dead? The stone is rolled away—He lives, and ye shall live also—and your beloved shall live.—Come and see the place where the Lord lay. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust! Hallelujah! Unto Him be glory and honor and power! Hallelujah!

(All characters join in singing Hallelujah song, waving evergreen branches in time to music)

(Curtain)







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