THE SCENE represents the mouth of a mountain-gorge opening to the south over a steep declivity, showing far below a wide stretch of meadow, and beyond this the Roman town in the distance. On the left, dense forest; on the right, the corner of a jutting mass of cliffs, behind which a path runs diagonally down to the plain. Near the end of this path, a fallen tree; to the left and farther down, a large boulder.

THE TIME, before dawn of the following morning.

The curtain rises on a dark and empty stage; moving lights visible in the distance, about the Roman town.
Nial

Here we can see, Mother. The town still holds. I had hoped that red sky showed it all in flames. And still no sign.
Poco animato

Nial (pointing toward the Roman town)

What are those tiny lights gleaming like fireflies in the

Enya

tranquillo
darkness there? Torches. How still the forest is!

No wind. Yet the trees move as if a storm were near.

And listen! a dull murmur, like the sea;
Fire, and a sound of battle. Surely they have had full time by this. How goes the night? Not

Meno mosso (seated unconcernedly at the foot of the rocks) long now, in an hour, it will be dawn.

Più mosso Enya Many there be shall never see that dawn. God send our own be not a-
among them! Yonder, Beneath that red glow,
swords are swung, and shouts Go up with

groanings, and bloodsmokes and shines In the

flare of the battle-fires, and strong men
(a raven flaps out of the forest, fall, And the press wa-vers.— What was that?

close to her, turns and flies straight toward the town)

Nial

A ra-ven. Yet it is

strange! He should not fly so soon, Be-

(beside her, pointing)

fore the sun is ris-en. Look! he flies South-ward
against the light. How red it is! As if all the battle had

(casually, turning back to his seat)

one angry soul. Mother, the Little People

all are gone Under the hills. Our war drove them a-

(Far away a wolf howls, answered by an-

way; They cannot live where there is hating. Hush! Listen! That
other to the southward)

Nial (unconcerned, as before)

new cry there in the forest—Wolves. Yet it is

strange! they should not cry so late, After the setting of the

Enya (hysterically)

moon. And still No tidings! Can the dogs hold out so long, A-

sleep, surprised, outnumbered?

Will the
fight Never be done? How many, how

many of us Whose hearts are struggling yonder, watch and yearn Thro' the

void, endless hush, feeling their faith Bleed away drop by

drop and hour by hour! Oh! I have waited
man-y nights like this, While flesh of mine spilled blood that came of me, And the dawn brought the dead

(she drops, exhausted, on the boulder. The first suggestion of dawn appears: not light, but)

home! This is more than I can understand.

a weakening of the darkness)

Some-how it seems I should be wis-er, see-ing so much pain.
Moderato

N.

Look! the light dark-ens. The stars fade. The

N.
dawn Is com-ing! There a bird wakes! Moth-er!

N.

Poco
più mosso (she starts up and crosses to the edge
hark!

N.

Allegro
of the slope, straining her eyes across the dusk)

E.

And still no ti-dings! If Gloom were but here!

22727
(A man stumbles in, wounded and bloody, hurries past, and scrambles up the rocks)

**Allegro (f = 112)**

Oh! what news of the battle, what news?

**Più mosso**

Nial

Fear! His terror hangs about him like a smoke: He is mad-afraid.

**Enya**

(An old man enters feebly. Enya runs to him and catches his arm)

**Più mosso**

Woe! woe! What tidings?

**Meno mosso**

How went the battle?

**Old Man**

Nay, I know not: let me go!

**Meno mosso**

22727
We were betrayed— They had been warned of us— The fight goes on

Enya, Molto agitato

Tell me, What of Gloom? What of Arth?

still— Let me pass. Molto agitato I know not—

Mona, The dead, Most like. They were among the foremost.

Queen, tell me of her?

I saw her last Mounting a
ladder, sword in hand, her hair Blown backward in the torch - light. Let me

(He breaks from her, and follows the first fugitive. During go, Woman! I have told all.

the ensuing scene, others hurry across the stage, up the rocks or into the forest)

Allargando

Nial

It can-not be! Gloom says God

N 22727
promised us the victory!

Lost!

all lost!

più allegro (d=144) (Gloom stumbles in among the fugitives. His right arm is broken and he is wounded in the side. With his left he half carries Mona. As he reaches the clearing, he releases her, and she sinks dizzily upon the fallen tree, still grasping her sword, and drooping forward so that her relaxed arms and her hair streaming down
over her face suggest the sign M. Gloom rests a few paces down stage, his back against a sapling at the edge of the cliffs.

(Enya hurries to him and embraces him)

Enya

Gloom!

Gloom (thrusting her away, savagely)

molto riten.

Off! my arm! Hast thou no eyes? Fool!

molto riten.
Molto più moderato ma con moto

Enya (lamenting, not protesting)

Oh, my son! Oh! my son!

Gloom

Bro-k-en. Let be. It is all o-ver. Arth, Thy

(softly)

fa-ther?

Gloom

I knew it.

Dead.

Sempre più moderato

Gloom

They were a-wake Un-der arms, a-wait-ing us,
their garrison Swelled to an army, sentries on the plain, Fires ready on the walls—what could we do?

Allegro agitato

One traitor is more strong than many swords. Our Gwyn did

Moderato

Enya (trying, with grotesque tenderness, to)

Gloom, thou art hurt—

his work well! Moderato
Come thou home.-- Let thy mother bind thy wounds. Nay, lean on me.

Gloom (resisting)

Let be. I have my death Already.

Plù lento

Enya patetico

All that remained to me, my son,

My husband that was young with me.-- Gloom

Be still! Thou wilt have
time e-nough for wail-ing.

Mona (wearily, raising her head)

Gloom, Why didst thou bring me here? I might have died Yon-der and

(Rising and coming slowly down between them)

not known. Gloom They all trusted me, the

Any place will serve To die in.

un poco animato

women Waiting for love, and the sweet-eyed young men, The mothers,
and the merry children, all holding by me to make them happier. And

Più mosso

I— I trusted God. Gloom

Thou didst not well: God smiles a—

Più mosso (d=144)

lone in the white stillness, calm Beyond all

Più mosso (d=60)

worlds, over all years, be—
hold-ing All pain, re-membring all death un-moved.

He

Mona

God for-give me!
mocks us with a fu-ture half fore-known.

Allegro (d. = 80)

f sourly

Bah! Let us be honest. What has God to do? I

f staccato

sicken at all these ho-ly melan-cho-lies.
Più mosso (d=92)

Thou hadst a vanity, and a girl’s dream Of huge deeds and

high

ser-vi-ces; for me.

I had a lust for lord-ship. I hat-ed Rome,

And

hat-ed more that sweet, sweet boy-lover of thine!

His deli-cate heats and spirit-per-fumes;

pI più agitato e cresc.
then, Too, I loved thy bright body.
Good!
we strove As others do, after our own desire. We failed:
This is thy sorrow speaking; it is
Well, we shall die!
not like thyself. Gloom! Thou art a
priest. Gloom

I was: I am a man Now.

Presently I shall be less. What,

Piú allegro ($d=112$)

shamed At a soul's nakedness? We dress ourselves In

decencies of motive, day by day, Till our own hearts
hide from us, and we march On proudly, leading God.

Maestoso (d = 60)

Oh, we believe Our high words while we speak them!

No desire For praise in Mona, nor in me for her—All was for

(He sinks back upon the rocks, overcome by his own violence. The tops of the distant

Britain!

Allegro (d = 120)
hills are touched with the first slant of sunlight)

Poco più mosso

Meno mosso

Mo-na, see, the

dawn is coming. All the birds wa-ken.

Mona

(d = 112)

Mother! What if he spoke
truth! What if I did all For myself— not for

Enya

Britain? Child, who doubts thee? He knew not what he said.

Mona

He is a Bard. It was the voice of

God that spoke in him. I knew Gwynn faithless— why did I

save him? His life meant death to Britain. But I
heard My own blind heart crying for him!

God knows, There was a

Poco più mosso

moment when I gave up all— All I was giv-en

life for, my whole use, Brit-ain, and man-y

hopes, and my great dream,
transquil
to

feel the glory of his arms A-

round me in the night, only to

see His eyes between me and the
stars, only To know I could not struggle.

Nial

Is it wrong To love, then?

Mona (to herself, softly)

One whose face I could not see,

That strove to snatch a-way my sword—
(Gwynn enters hurriedly)

Allegro

Gwynn

Monal! the fight is done, then! Art thou safe, Un-harmed? agitato

Gloom

Allegro (f = 132)

What dost thou here, traitor?

Gwynn

My guards fled with the rest.

molto agitato

I am no traitor! All this night's blood, if ye

poco f

riten.
had but listened to me, I had saved.
Give thanks to God, I am in (d=100)

Allegro agitato
(time E-ven now to save your own! (staggering forward)
Gloom
I will yet spoil Thy tri-umph!
Allegro agitato (d=132)

(His strength fails. Mona turns upon Gwynn, furiously)

Give me that sword!

Mona ad lib. among thy kin-dred! If per-
a tempo allegro

chance Among that carrion brood any endure Thy kinship unashamed!

p a tempo allegro

Allegro molto

Thou save us! who would owe thee life? Look on thyself!

False friend, False Bard, false lover! Thou hast done thy work!

Meno mosso

Leave it! God sickens to hear thee speak his name, And men take

shame of thy humanity. Why dost thou stand there breeding...
new lies?

Go! Leave us clean air to
die in! Be si-lent now! There is more shame to thee, say-ing
these things, Than me to hear them!

Look at me—is this

Falschood?

If there were reason in thy rage,

Could I en-dure to hear it?
(Their eyes fight, but he)

And from thee? Answer me!

knows, and she is only certain; hers fall first.)

ad lib.

Hear one word

Maestoso (d = 76)

...now that clears all: The Governor of Britain is

my own father. I am his son.
Dost thou hear?

Allegro ($d = 116$)

Gloom

Only the son Of the Governor?

Tell the whole truth!

Say, The Governor himself— the Emperor Come from
Hail, Cæsar!

Nay, it may be.

Mona (wearily, turning away from Gwynn)

Gwynn, thou hast lied al-read-y man-y times; There is

no need of oth-er words. My word Speaks for Rome.
Giving it for peace, I bind the legions.

 Binding me, ye loosed them! Come

 Poco meno mosso

 With me now to my father, make an end of this re-

 bel-lion ere yet more be slain; Give peace to Brit-ain, and

 bind up her wounds. più rit. più rit. (d=92) (d=92) The
Moderato (d = so)

blood of all our slain cries out on thee, The tears of all our women

fall on thee, The groans of all our captives answer thee,

ad lib. (She stands looking)
Gwynn

Till thy life answer for their lives undone! For

ad lib. PP a tempo

blindly before her, hearing nothing)
Allegro

their sakewait no longer. Thou shalt learn If I speak truth.
Moderato \( \frac{d}{d} = 88 \)

Nial

I cannot understand all this of truths and traitors;

but I know that Gwynn is good.

Enya agitato

know that! It may be, it may be.

Gloom

Nay, go kiss thy lover, girl!

Gwynn

(\( d = 92 \))

Mona! Come!
Mona (to herself, dully)  
One whose face I could not see.  
Man-y shall die while we de-
lay.  
Mona (as before)  
Think not of me——

save thine own people!  
One who strove To

snatch a-way my sword.  
Nial  
There is a mist  
About thy

Mona (still as if in a trance, paying no heed  
face, Gwynn!  
There-fore I
M. smote.

Gwynn

Nay then, I

M. (going) (Mona turns
dare not tarry longer even for thee—Guard her, Nial.

and takes a step toward him, stretching out her arms)

Mona Nial (starting forward, frightened)

Gwynn! I am very weary. Mona! Great God! thy shadow—
Gwynn (turning back eagerly, and embracing her)  (The pose is

Love, now all is done, And we may yet save all!

exactly that of the ominous wounding of Gwynn in Act I)

(She drives the sword suddenly

into his throat. He falls limp in her arms, dying)

(The body of Gwynn slips from Mona's hold, and falls at her feet, just below the boulder; she stands over him with the sword)

Enya

ad lib. 3

What hast thou done? Oh child! what hast thou
done? I have proved my-self. There lies my sacrifice!

For evermore Thou shalt not see his face!

(The sunlight fills the valley, gleaming upon the Roman town, but the stage itself is still shadowed by the cliffs)

Poco adagio
Gloom (coming forward feebly and gazing at the body)

Now I believe all! Let me look on him. At least he cannot triumph over me.

Enya

Nial

Let him be; by this He has paid all.

He cannot answer.
Gloom

Paid? By his death? Ay, so— Then for what evil must I pay with

poco \( f \) \( \text{dim.} \)

How should we two deserve a-like, whose hearts opposed like East and

West? The shame of one Honors the other. See now our reward—

(He falls back,

Both dead, both brought to shame, both overthrown. Behold, O God, Thy justice!
fainting, upon the rocks. Enya bends over him. Nial gazes curiously into the air above Gwynn's body.

Andantino

Nial

Mother, look! Is Gwynn quite dead? He is not far away.

Più mosso (p = 92)

Enya (turning, startled)

Nial, have I not seen death enough to know?

He is mere earth, I tell thee.
Nial

Look! his shadow Shines in the air above him,

like a mist Over the moon! See!

close above us there, Bound to his body with a golden chain— And

shimmering like the wind above a fire.