He seems to listen and to wait—

Allegro \( \text{\textit{f} = 116} \)

A murmur of many voices

like a storm over the sea—
Enya (going up stage, and looking over the edge of the slope)

The legions, the legions

(d = 120)

pp

And a

Coming!

Sound of men marching to battle,

Save yourselves!

The legions coming! Save yourselves!

Romans marching steadily to

save yourselves!
Tell me,

Gloom

Save yourselves! There is yet time.

I wait here.

what have we to save?

Forest and cloud, and a

There is a cloud over the moon,

cloud and

murmuring of the sea; Surely my dreams remember-

storm.
Pochettino più mosso
Enya

I can see them winding up the long pathway

See them winding up the pathway

See them winding up the pathway

from the plain, A multitude of spears, a

from the plain, a multitude of spears, a

from the plain, a multitude of spears, a

Gloom

Welcome, wolves!
Welcome, wolves!

(The stage fills with Roman soldiers, entering by the pathway from the plain. Among the last of these the Governor enters. From Più allegro (\( \text{d} = 132 \))
where he stands the body of Gwynn is invisible, hidden by the boulder. Gloom and Nial

are at once made prisoners. Enya retreats down stage. Mona remains standing by the boulder.)

\[ d = 80 \]
Mona

The Governor

Guard that woman!

(Not in tune)

(Mona is surrounded by the soldiers, and disarmed. The Governor looks from her to the others)

Where is he Whom ye call Gwynn? Andantino

Nial (pointing into the air)

Yonder above himself.

Gloom (declaiming bitterly, not in tune)

There is a Roman spy here. He is
Dead? (The Governor perceives Gwynn's body)

dead. Poco adagio

(savagely)

It is he! Who hath done This thing?

Past re-warding!

Mona

It was I

One That might have been a woman.

Thou, a woman?

(softly)

Be thou sure Of paying for this blood!

Gloom

Since he has paid, What
matter? He betrayed us. He is dead. Thou hast thy triumph—

Con fuoco \((d = 72)\)

Eat it!

\(\text{attacca subitissimo}\)

(with sudden fierceness)

The Governor

Dogs, ye have slain Your own last hope of mercy,

the one soul Roman-born that had care for you!
These years He hath made your peace with Rome,

Presto ($\varphi = 120$)

back for you Old lib-er-ties, giv-en you the strength to dream Of

Piu presto ($\varphi = 72$)

new con-spir-a-cy! But for his
faith, I had broken you between my hands in the beginning!
Day by day I spared the sword,

Più presto

watching your fools' rebellion boil unpunished.
(o = 80) He defended you; he died Striving to save your miserable lives From your

Moderato (his grief breaking through his anger)

own folly! I have said. My son! My

Mona (slowly, in a dry voice)

Thy son! Who art thou?

Gov. son!

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bass

Governor of Britain.

Governor of Britain.

Governor of Britain.
Governor of Britain, Governor and Lord!

Governor of Britain, Governor and Lord!

Governor of Britain, Governor and Lord!

Enya

poco acceler.

O child, what hast thou

Governor and Lord

for Rome!

Governor and Lord

for Rome!

Governor and Lord

for Rome!

poco acceler.

diminuendo e rit.

The Governor

She shall have time To learn!

(A soldier gives him Mona’s sword. He takes it mechanically, and stands still gazing at the body)
Adagio (d = 76)

Mona (to herself)

So that was God's voice, after all!

Poco più lento (d = 66)

That weakness, that strange fear of

Gwynn's glad eyes,

That warm pain in my blood and
— swearing him,

That little foolish whisper in my express.

heart All night long, that I

Un poco più mosso

put away from me, smothering it with huge dreams!
That was all God

asked of me—

only to drink my

joy,

pp poco rit.
On-ly to be a wo-man, on-ly to cease From strug-gling,
molto p

Poco più lento (d=60)
rest so, and be drow-sy glad, Like a child com-fort-ed! It was too

slight A ser-vice for great ends, too small, too sweet

Allegro moderato (d=112)
(with gradually in-

An-y-one could have done so much! Ah, Gloom.
creasing passion, turning to the others)

And thou, Moth-er, in dream-lore deep-ly wise, Thou who hast known a

child's lips on thy breast, And life be-gin-ning in the

dark! — And thou, Ni-al, whose blind heart.

makes our wis-dom vain,— Could ye not tell me how great
dreams pass by As a storm blows down the wind, while

beauty grows

Day by day out of a thousand

little-nesses, As the rain swells the flood and fills the

sea,  

Till

poco f
all things take one answer?

I might have died Yon-der, and not known...

See, how Earth

holds up Her fresh - ness,
up her freshness to the summer,

and the light

Laughs over living green, and the birds are glad,

And the sweet blossoms brighten in the
sun,
And all the bitter

beauty of the day Makes merry with my sorrow!

Meno mosso (d=120)

And I go To

walk alive among dead
hours, and see **Pit-i-less fac-es,**

and the mirth of men Whose eyes are
e-vil, and be fawned up-on By strange hands:

Molto meno mosso \((d = 88)\)

for I can-not e-ven keep My faith to him who
Più mosso

died because of me, Nor in a clean death lay my body down

Beside his body! I must bear my


time, Having done no good thing, remembering all:


And there will be so many other days,
Più mosso (d=50) (Going to the Governor)

So many other days!

Allegro moderato (d=100)

Give me the sword.

(Misunderstanding her purpose, he steps back and motions to the soldiers to restrain her.)

It is mine!

She looks in his face almost with a smile)

Dost thou think I can still
Meno mosso (d = 78)

fear?

(she takes the sword)

loved him, loved him, and I killed him. Bear with me

(Unhindered, she kneels by Gwynn's body, and lays the sword across his breast, folding his hands upon the hilt)

A little, bear with me. (d = 60) Take the sword now.

It is thine. Thou hast done well for Britain.
(leaning erect, and speaking straight before her)  Allegro e molto risoluto ($=144$)

For myself, I have done only what I

must have done, Being myself, holding by my own

Animato

sight And mine own blindness. I have sought beyond Love,

più largo

and above beauty, turning away From
God to point what way the world should go, Scorn-ing my
life be-cause I found it fair,
-
low-ing the white fire

of endeavor

down
Under the last horizon,

Un poco mosso

where stars fail,
And the

sea takes me, and the
semper piu mosso

night ends all.

semper piu mosso e piu piano

Più mosso

And the brave deeds

I was too brave to do

Slum-

(she lays her hands upon Gwynn's, bending over him)

-ber, for-got-ten.
Moderato \( \text{\( \dot{c} = 76 \)} \)

Love! I could not be a woman, loved and loving, nor endure motherhood and the wise ordinary joys of day by day; all that I had to give, I gave thee. I have known thy heart. Fare-
(she kisses him upon the forehead)

Più mosso (d = 50)

(well!)

 Forg - giv e!

Do your

(They bind her hands)

will

now!

Meno mosso (d = 100)

I have had dreams,

On - ly great dreams!

do - lo --

Allegro

A wo - man
would have won!

Allegro molto (d = 132)

Maestoso (d = 80)

Curtain

End of the Opera