Surely, their souls torment them. They have strange,

un poco meno

Hot joys called Love and Hate and Fear, where-with To

un poco meno

burn themselves — I cannot understand:

(dancing again)

Nay! I had

Nay have my play-fellow To dance with; He
must be my brother, too, For the

earth and the sunshine made him.

Brother, come, dance with Niall! Leap with Niall

(pausing again)

Hol— Perhaps He is my soul— I
wonder— and perhaps Their souls are in their shadows, for their

shadows Gleam in the dark with strange, bright colors—

green, Purple, and crimson. But my

shadow is gray, And in the dark I have no shadow at
all. Perhaps all souls are shadows.

Tempo I Nay, come dance With

Come me, my soul! Come

dance with Nial, Brother!

Come and dance with Nial, leap with Nial,
poco rit.

dance with Ni-all

Comedance with Ni-all

molto rit.

Perhaps all souls are shadows.

accelerando poco

(Enter the Governor, with a few soldiers; Nial shows no fear of them)

a poco e cresc.

Allegro ($d = 112$)

The Governor

Seize him!
Meno mosso (casually)

How red your shadows are!

But slay him not! Meno mosso ($d = 96$)

What would ye have of Nial?

Come hither! Allegro ($d = 112$)

(looking about)

Stand there. Guard him. So—

Footprints!

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whole tribe has been gathered here—Women, too.

Menomosso

Ashes! Ay, a sacri-fice. Spears! Listen, thou! What hath be-

Nial (innocently)

I have been

fall-en here?

(d. = 54)

danc-ing with my soul.
The Governor

Gov. (d = 104)

Answer me! Who met here yesternight? How many?

Nial

Gloom says I may not

Whence And why came they? (d = 96)

Gov.

known. più mosso

My brother. They're all My

Who is Gloom, then?

Gov. (f più mosso)

p meno mosso

bros. They have souls, and they are wise. They

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Tempo piu moderato \( \frac{\text{d} = 72}{\text{N.}} \)

say that ye are wolves that eat this land; There-

fore they say ye shall all surely die. But how and when,

(curiously)

Gloom says I may not know. What it is like, to

\( \text{d} = 96 \)

The Gov. \( \text{piu mosso} \) (a soldier threatens Nial with his sword)

Gov. Thou shalt soon learn! A sword, there! Answer now!

\( \text{pp piu mosso} f \)
Nial (quite undisturbed)

I cannot answer. Gloom says, I may not know. That

sword is like the one that Mona dreamed of in her dream.

The Governor

Bind him! A bow-string round his temples, now! Silence him!

Allegro
Risoluto (As Nial is about to be tortured, Gwynn enters abruptly) 

Gwynn

(The Governor

ther! Hold!

(Gwynn kneels)

(Quintus, my

son, I bless thee!

turns to him with unastonished formality)
Gwynn (rising, to the soldiers)

Let him go—un-bind him! Nay, Fa-ther, he

would not speak. He is one from whom, Un-born, earth-daemons reft the

soul a-way—The harm-less emp-ty bod-y of a man!

Moderato (d = 72)

Nial (feebly)

I give thee

thanks; They would have done me harm.
Surely these are not wolves—the wolves are all My brothers.

Gwynn (quieting Nial with a gesture as he turns to the Governor) *a tempo* (He throws off his green robe, showing Roman tunic beneath)

Ni-all My fa-ther, ask of me! (d = 116)

colla voce *f a tempo*

I am a Roman soldier, and thy son.

The Governor *Poco meno mosso*

Therefore I came here.

Man-y tongues have said Thou art a Brit-on, and mine en-e-my.
Dost thou believe this, Father? The Governor:

Quintus, no! I believe no honor of my blood by hearsay: Answer, therefore! This whole land, which late lay more at peace than ever, now

Allegro moderato (d=100)

Hums like a hive in swarm.
O- ver the length And breadth of Brit- ain,

ev- ry camp and town Sends in the same tale:

gar- ther- ings by night,

Poco più mosso (d = 109)

For- bid - den sac - ri- fic- es
in old shrines,

Forging of weapons,

Dru-ids preaching war,

And here and there some

lone-ly Ro-man slain, Out in the for-est.
Southward, our own towns Return seditious rumors.

It is all true,

What hast thou To say of this?

all true!

Poco meno mosso (d=108)

Ancora meno mosso (d=96)

I have heard Of one going about among the
tribes To rouse re-volt—
a wo-man,

beau-ti-ful.

Più allegro ($d=120$)

Her thou hast guard-ed and de-

fend-ed, held Our gar-ris-sons from seiz-ing her, and
left Her free to stir up trouble at her will. What of this?

It is true—I love her!

Boy, man's honor hath no subtler enemy than

She is more, Father: she is their longing for a woman.
Queen, e'en as tho' Bo-a-di-ce-a lived on earth a-gain, Whom

they believe and follow.

Winning her, I

— win at once all Britain!
The Governor

Take her, then! I took thy mother captive even so;

She, lying by my side, saved many lives.

Gwynn

Andante espress.

Mona and I together shall save all.
Più agitato

where-in should her body profit me, But if I win her

Allegro

will?

The Governor

Animato

Play not with words! A woman's

heart is in her body, boy — I had thought thee more a man! E-

Gov.

Gwynn

There

nough! Mean-while, What of this war?
was to have been war. There shall be peace.

Their plans, then?

I have sworn not to betray.

Betray! Canst thou betray enemies? An

An oath to their god that is my god, too.

Oath to a barbarian!
Allegro agitato
The Governor

Gods! Gods! In these times we make new gods ev'-ry day. There

is but one god for a man: his name is Duty! Speak!

Gwynn

Fa- ther, if a man swear,

shall not break his word. Nay, hear me!

Allegretto
Andante espressivo Gwynn

All These years of peace are mine,
dolce

my work, all my work. I went Among my

mother's people, owned their god. Be-

came their Bard, knew them and honored them.
Do men love legions, or confide in foes? They hate Rome.

I have healed their hatred. Now, where the old scars ache, shall we
stab again? Shall we stab till the whole body

ad lib.

perish? True, our arms will crush them down: How long will they

lie still? Hearts, not

swords, make our Roman provinces!
Let peace make one conquest that shall endure!

Words again! When a sul-len-snarling hound Slinks close be-hind thy heel,

These are
dost thou de-lay For par-ley? Strike the first blow, and be done!
Still faster

no curs, to snarl and lick the lash. These are they—

—whom great Caesar could not quell!

Piu mosso \( \text{Allegro moderato} \ (d=108) \)

My way or thine— one peace, or many wars—

Choose! Art thou general, or
governor?

The Governor

(d = 63)

Thou hast failed thy duty!

Gwynn (steadily)

Truth, spoken by a

wilt thou teach me mine?

G.

traitor, still is true! piu mosso
The Governor

See now, I hold these dogs in my two hands,

And if they move, I break them!
Prove thy truth! Save them!

*a tempo (d = 104)*

Thou art their fate.
All hangs on thee.
Let them

Gwynn

It is well,

lie still and live, or strike and die! I have spok-en.

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I ask no more: Let them lie still and live, or strike and die!

Andante

Mo - na and I shall hold them harm-less.

Moderato

The Governor

Boy, Thou hast thy moth-er's blood-

(looking steadily into Gwynn's eyes)

If I could

think Thy dou-ble gar-ments hid a dou-ble heart-
Gwynn (quietly: not theatrically)

Two garments, and but one heart within.
Two nations,

a tempo

and one blood.
Nay, I confess that I have let the weight of my great love

appassionato

Hang round the neck of duty;
I pray thee,

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Andante

Trust me, or trust me never!

The Governor

Be it so! I trust thee then, my son!

(they grip hands)

If thy faith fail, let me die!

The dusk falls. Ye are too few for safety. I will guide you to the town.

Exeunt, followed by the soldiers

\[a\text{ tempo}\]
Nial

Red shadows— and the

Poco meno mosso (d = 88)

souls of angry men—

Or else all a dream!

Allegretto (d = 50)
(lying down by the altar)

Night, and cool winds.

ad lib.

How still the forest is, Now they are gone! My brothers are a—

ad lib.

pp colla voce

a tempo
sleep Already. Only the hushed owl drifts by

Silently as a winged shadow— And there The

Quick bat flutters past, a messenger To wake the

Little People. Nial knows!

Now the small voices under all the leaves Are telling
(Enter Mona and Gloom)

Mona

secrets.   Meno mosso  Nial! Art thou alone?

Nial (rising)

My sister! Thou art very beautiful, and very far away.

Gloom

The Little People will be

Nial, what news?

out. The bat has just gone by to call them.

Where is
I know not.

(Exit Nial)

Arth?

Go And seek him.

We have lit-tle space to dream. Our war begins at mid-night. Before then, Sacrifice and sword-giv-ing.

Present-ly the Bards meet. Hast thou kept The tal-lies?
Mona
(She hands them to him. He seats himself on the rocks, examining them)

Here.

Gloom Meno mosso (d = 80)

Twelve myriads fighting men! Rome hath not half so many

souls alive in Britain. We are ready:

to-night, war; To-morrow, victory!
If we ourselves Fall not.

Dost thou fear failure?

Nay, not fear—Only—all hangs on us. If

poco a poco animando e cresc.

yonder town Fall to-night, then from hill to hill our fires Will

poco a poco animando e cresc.

flash the tidings, till all Britain flares Into one
blaze ere dawn. But if we fail, How
then? Were it not bet-t-er all should strike At one
fore-cho-sen hour, waiting no sign?
Gloom
What mat-ter? We but prove our
(rising, and coming toward her)
faith. Nay, more. Thou art here.

poco cresc. ed animato
Thou, the Old Queen's self re-born, Our leader and our strength.

What fight can fail Where thou art? All the hope of Brit-ain

Mona rit. meno mosso

I to fight with men, To

waits Thee, and thee on-ly!

pierce flesh and see blood flow— piu animato

Thou to save And con-quer! Nay,
fear not thy womanhood And the beauty of thee shall burn before us

fair And terrible, a sweet white flame of war,

A light from old years, and a wonderful death!

A light, a death, and a dream plunging down e-
Mona

Gloom, thou art
ter-ni-ty    To change    the world!

a tempo
animato
glo-rious! If I were sure-
Broth-er and

Thou and I throned    a-bove Re-joic-ing free-dom;

sister!
Broth-er and sis-ter!

Priest and prophet-ess-- One soul,
Let my work not fail; I ask no
only one soul, to be re-membered when our

more—Take thou the glo-ry!
bones blossoms together!

Child, How have I any glory but in thee? How have I borne thy
Mona (warningly, retreating from him)

Gloom, Gloom, I am beauty? How endured these long, dry years of brotherhood—

not woman, but a sword; not flesh, But steel.

(Enter Nial, followed by Enya and Arth)

Who but thine own self taught me this? Gloom rit.

It is true.

Nial

They are here, under the moon; Their
souls reach out before them. My little one That loved me!

Gloom

We count Twelve myriad fighting-men.

Gloom, how have ye fared? And the

To-morrow! We ourselves move at midnight

time?

on the town.

Our-selves first? I grow
Feroce (d: 92)

young a-gain! Hal wolves That feast and frol-ic

yon-der, sweet with oil And glad with gar-lands, it shall not be

Mona poco

Un-till the

long; Not long, now, till the end!

Enya

end! the end! Child, art thou that same child that

p poco rit.
pushed my breast With baby hands and wailed? Thou art glorified!

There is a light about thee, and a pow'rs-

Moná (before the altar, with uplifted arms)
meno mosso

I have remembered old years, and seen men Fall down and

Enya
meno mosso

Did they believe,— All those wild folk?

worship me.

It is as if these
trees Bowed them-selves down be-fore me, as if the

sea O-beyed me; yet not me, but what I

am- A vi-sion of swift jour-ney-ings by day, Glim-mer-ing for-est-s, wind-y crags, lone moors Im-measur-a-ble, where birds cry, and

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