(To Arth, and pointing to the sign above the door)

By that sign --

più tranquillo

I bid thee peace!

Now --

allargando

thou hast slain a man: -- Go bury him!

Arth

(Exit slowly)

I will go bury him.

(Mona crosses to Gwynn and slides her left arm about his neck, the sword hanging loose in her right hand)

Andante moderato

Thou art a man, Gwynn!
Nial

poco mosso

I cannot understand!

What had he done, the

Mona (turning sharply)

Roman, wherefore Arth Should slay him?

Robbed us of our free-dom!

Molto piú mosso (d=64)

Nial

Nay, Are we not free to breathe sweet

breath and sing Under the sun, and

laugh beside the fire, And wonder at the world?
Meno mosso (d. 76)
Mona (to Gwynn, examining the sword-hilt)

Alla marcia, moderato

What mean these runes here graven?

Gwynn
Mona

"Senate and the Roman people."

How

(swinging the sword)

light it is! Even I have strength enough To wield this.

How can such woman's weapons meet The long sword and the

Gwynn (takes the weapon from her and illustrates his words)

British axe?

Not so: Rome never strikes.
Thus thrusting: The point kills quietly; the edge wastes power.

a tempo

First the spears, hurled all together, bite and bend; then down swings the long legion, every man in turn guarded and guarding, shield by shield, and sword by sword.

23727
sword closing ranks above the slain,

(with increasing enthusiasm, and at last carried away by his own words)

The third line ready with new spears—not men, But one steel

wall of manhood, eagles borne forward, trumpets clamoring victory—

War! Men die!
but the living legion marches on. Conquering:

Romans perish, Rome abides, Drinking the virtue of her

dead strong sons: Imperial, immortal!

Enya (suspiciously)

Me-thinks thou know-est their warfare over-well!
Gwynn poco a poco allarg.

I am a Bard; it is my work to learn. Hast thou fought with them?

Gwynn

I have fought with them. Before I was a Bard I fought with them.

Mona

To have stood at sword's point with the very Wolf! To have

(p = 96)

pierced flesh, and seen blood flow! To have slain Romans, and now to love Rome!
Now I love thee, and dream of peace.

I have had other dreams:

Fire, and a sound of battle—

and a storm of hungry swords! Our towns made strong once more, our shrines made holy as of old!

Great God! What have I done with all this
life of mine To make life worthier? What have I done?

What can I do? Thou art very beautiful!

Beautiful! Will my beauty break the chain? If I might

make thereof a charm, to snare The leader of our enemies, and

then, while he leaned down and loved me, strike one stroke into his wolf-heart, and leave
Brit-ain free! I dream this— who shall make it more than dream?

(turning suddenly to Gwynn)

Gwynn Mona

Give me the sword! Wherefore? Give me the sword! Give me the sword! Give me the sword! It is mine! It is mine! Give it me! Give it me!

Maestoso (d=69)
(Mona snatches the sword from Gwynn)

Allegro (d=126)

(dropping the sword) Gwynn (Gloom enters, dropping and in so doing wounds his arm)

Mona Gwynn

Gwynn! It is naught.

Adagio
the curtain across the doorway, cutting off the sunlight. After making the sign of the Name he ad-
vances to Gwynn, and picks up the sword, looking from it to Gwynn's bleeding arm.

Gloom
Sempre adagio

By that same blade it is thy

Mona

Gloom! Animato

Gwynn shall not be slain by pro-

phè-cles, Nor by

doom to die.

Con moto moderato

ill-will!

Gloom (to Enya, and giving Mona the sword.)

Moth-er, take Mona hence;

Con moto moderato

(Mona and Enya go out R.)

Tell her. Thou know-est all she needs to know.
Let the Bard enter, father.

through the central door)

Gwynn

Caradoc

Ca-ra-doc!

The

a tempo

making the sign of the Name)

peace of the Great Name

upon this house

And

Enya

(Mona and Enya off)

Mona

And with thee, peace.

Gwynn

And with thee, peace.

Gwynn

And with thee, peace.

C.

all that dwell there-in.

G.

Arth

And with thee, peace.

A.

And with thee, peace.
Risoluto

Caradoc (advancing)

Now let there be an oath between us.

Più mosso

Gwynn

Nay! I swear no blind oaths! What does Caradoc here?

Meno mosso

What is this that Mon-aneeds to know? (Caradoc, Arth and Gloom throw back their

Caradoc

The peace is broken. We have

robes, showing swords which they draw and hold aloft in the form of the Sign)

bless'd the steel.

Gloom

Thou shalt know all,
Molto agitato

Gwynn

This is thy doing, Gloom!

G.  

Molto agitato

Gl.  

being made one with us.

G.  

Thou hast undone Britain and all our labor.

G.  

pesante

Arth

Bah! He loves Rome over-well, praying of peace, peace, peace!

A.

pesante

Gloom

Gl.  

If a man swear an oath, and bind his

A.  

Put thou no trust in him!
Have we not honor with a bond, He shall not break his word.

Piu agitato

sworn An oath to keep the peace of the Great Name? I

Caradoc

swear no oath to drown this land in war. There

Tranquillo (Gwynn hesitates)

is no peace that is not won by war. Being a
Bard, thou art made one with us,

Gloom

Be-ing a Brit-on, thou art one with us!

Arth

Be-ing a Brit-on, thou art one with us!

f
cresc.

a tempo

Mo-na her-self shall make thee one with us!

E-nough! Art thou a Roman?

a tempo

Allegro

Meno mosso

I will

Gwynn
swear!

Caradoc
energico

(He draws forth from the fire a burning brand, which he elevates before the Sign on the lintel)

Then let there be an oath between us!

Caradoc

Now, By the three circles round the oak, whose names are Death, and Life, and Godhead,

(Gloom touches the brand, then his own lips and breast;
and by the signs of Earth, and Air, and

Arth does likewise;

Fire; and by the pow'r of the Great

and then Gwynn;

Name, which made and

poco cresc.

(Caradoc breaks the brand in three, lays one frag-

mak - eth all:}
ment upon the earth, throws the second in the air, and returns the third to the fire)

Our hearts are

sealed for-ev-er to this trust; Our lips are sealed un-til the

work be done!

Gwynn

By the Great Name; By Earth, and Air, and

Gloom

Arth

By the Great Name; By Earth, and Air, and

By the Great Name; By Earth, and Air, and
Fire, we swear!

Caradoc

The Gorsedd is declared!

Pesante

Moderato, ma con

Gwynn
moto (d=96)

(standing; the others seated)

ra-doc, Thou art old, having seen generations,

wise With love and sight and sorrow. Thou hast seen Bo-a-di-ce-a,

and the bloody fall Of that great uprising, and many wars Since then,

less-er, but not less vain. Say thou, how Britain shall fight Rome!

Più mosso Caradoc

It is true, Gwynn, that all our wars were vain.
They were but partial. Rome is

Rome! Till now Britain was never Britain.

with

We have

enthusiasm

found That lea-der long foretold, that shall stamp down The Wolf and

a tempo

save Brit-a-in that lea-der sought Thro many years and tears,
whom all shall trust, Even as a babe its
moth-er, and obe-y As a young maid her

Più agitato

Gwynn

I know, but where Shal-ly bring up one man all will re-ceive As
love.

one fore-told? Where find ye such a man?

Caradoc

No man! What god, then?

Nor no god. We found A
Allegro

Woman? not—

By God! No! Ye

Woman!

Monna!

Monna!

Monna!

Allegro

shall not make her your sacrifice! Ye shall not drown her

in your surge of blood! Is this the peace ye bless'd this house withal?

ritenuto

Adagio

(All have risen)

There is no peace that is not won by war.
(Facing Gwynn and pointing to the Sign)

We are thine elders, Gwynn; be silent now.

(Molto moderato)

(He signs to Arth, who sends Nial for Mona. She enters alone with the sword still in her hand, comes forward slowly and kneels before Caradoc)

Caradoc

The
(laying his hands upon Mona's head)

Peace of the Great Name upon thee, and the pow'r

Dwell with thee!

Mona (rising)

It is all so wonder-ful! I to ful-fill prophe-cies-

(to Arth)

I not Thy daughter, but a daughter of strange names in an
old tale—

I to save Brit-ain—

Strange as

birth!

(She draws open her robe)

Caradoc

Show me the sign, child!

Twenty years Past, I be-held that sign, and saved the child For Brit-ain.

Strange as love!

Strange as death!

Sealed with God's great name.
Hear now the words of the

Bard!

Bo-a-die-a, dying; left her pledge, (For

dying eyes look thro' the veils of time,) That one sprung from her
seed should lead this land in its great need against the Roman.

Thee, Last of her line by the sign on thy breast, And by Bard's insight,

with great solemnity

I receive and declare For the one prophesied!

Thee the Great Name Shall guide, shall guide

where many thousand fighting men Follow, to
save, to save Britain!

Mona

If I were sure—

Gloom

Are not thy dreams ful-

poco rit.

M

How—

filled of other lives, Memorable of old wars?
— couldst thou know? Surely my dreams remember!

The sea, Rome— The forest,

Brit-ain— The sword, war!

Gwynn Remember also the veiled, white figure with

no face! God mocks us with a future half fore-
known!

(crossing to Mona)

Thou art a woman,

Mona. To be great, First be a woman.

Mona (hesitating)

I have had other dreams

Of mat-ing and of
motherhood, not great. But very dear. Gwynn, I

cannot be a woman only! Gloom (sourly)

Nor a pretty toy for lover's lips to lap!

Risoluto
Gwynn (threateningly)

Gloom! Gloom!

Arth (sharply, to Mona)

Risoluto Enough words! Enough words! Dost thou accept thy task?

Mona (still doubtfully)

What shall I do? What shall I do?
What shall I do?

The soul speaks! The soul speaks!

Allegro

Child and Queen!

Andante, non troppo mosso
(In a patriotic frenzy)

Mona

Yea!

Gloom

Come!

Arth

Come!

Andante, non troppo mosso

poco f
piu moderato

whole Man-hood of Brit-ain rag-ing down to hurl The wolf-born

piu moderato

Ro-man back in-to the sea! Our towns made

a tempo

strong once more, our wast-ed shrines Made ho-ly,

Dru-id and Bard called forth a-gain From lurk-ing in for-
got - ten dens, to fare Once more in hon-or o-ver a

free land,
Singing, and teaching free - dom!

Animato

Più allegro ($\approx 120$)

Gwynn (holding her at arm's length, and forcing her to listen)

Mo-na! Come down Out of that frenzy!

Mo - na,
look at me! This is I, Gwynn, a man, flesh and blood,

(she relaxes, and meets his eyes)

I Whose lips and eyes thou lov'est. Now! I say Thou

shall not ruin all we are to feed A fever and a folly!

Choose!

Love or war—

Ay, choose well!
Gwynn (angrily)

Let her be!

Gloom (to Mona)

Vision or dream— that boy Or Britain— lust or glory!

\(d = 92\)

pp

Thou art fain to madden her with words!

(to Gwynn)

And thou Art fain

to eat her soul for thy desire, To keep her wholly for thy

pleasure; and so, Holding her merry body in thine arms, To laugh at
(alma with patriotism, waving the sword)

Allegro moderato

Mona

Brit-ain! Old Brit-ain!

Brit-ain! Old Brit-ain, Ho!

Allegro moderato

Più mosso

Moderato

Ho! Britain! Britain!

Più mosso

Now let the traitor

Moderato

(to Gwynn)

ad lib.

Ho! Gwynn

Go! Go! I will not hear thy voice nor

Mon-a!

per-ish!

allargando

colla voce
see thine eyes For ev-er-more!
Nay! We
Let me kill!

shed No blood in Gor-sedd.
If a man swear an oath,

(\textit{exit Gwynn}) Slower
He shall not break his word.
Gloom

For ev-er-more Thou

shall not see his face!

\textit{accel. poco a poco}

\textit{sempre cresc.}
(They draw their swords and wave them aloft. Caradoc kneels before Mona)

Caradoc

Gloom

Hail! Child and Queen!

Arth

Hail! Child and Queen!

Mona (in the same exaltation)

Più mosso

Fire, and a sound of battle

Poco largo

and a dream Re-born out of old years!
And a new song, Terrible with the joy of angry men Gaining and guarding freedom!

(The tension snaps. She breaks down suddenly, and bursts into tears)

Ad libitum

Gwynn! Ah! Gwynn! For evermore I shall not see his face!

amazed, all standing)

Slow (∙ ∙ ∙ 66)

Curtain

End of Act I
ACT II

THE SCENE represents a Cromlech, or Druidic open-air temple in the forest: a semicircular stone wall, low and ruinous, with openings at each side and at the rear; behind this a larger semicircle of huge single stones some distance apart; and beyond this again, dim forest. In the centre, a large oak-tree overspreading the entire scene; at its foot, an altar composed of one great block of stone, graven with the Sign of the Name.

THE TIME, evening, a month later.

The curtain-rise discovers NIAL alone within the circle, dancing with his shadow.
(Curtain)

(Nial discovered, dancing with his shadow)

dim.

pp

Nial (still dancing)

Brother am I to all the trees, and
child Of the warm, sweet earth and the merry sun, And

all the birds and blossoms and wild things Of the

for est, they are my brothe rs, too.

(A bird appears in the branches above him)

(He pauses, holding up his arms to it)
Come dance With Nial, my brother!

They are not afraid.

They know I have no soul.

(Dancing again, the bird fluttering about him)

Is it not brave To breathe sweet grazioso
breath, and sing under the sun, And

laugh beside the fire, and haveno soul?

(He pauses, thoughtfully)

Mo- na and Gloom and

Gwynn, all my wise friends...