gray sands Thunder-ous with the ev-er-chang-ing sea-

Animato

Torch-es and shout-s, wild ga-ther-ings by night, And

ad lib.

fire-lit cir-cles of as-ton-ish-ed eyes, Men fall-ing on their fac-es,

PPP colla-voce

a tempo

oaths and pray’rs: Strange as a dream’s ful-fill-ment of a dream!
I have heard voices in the dark, and seen

Visions of kings forgotten, bidding me go

forward, and be strong, and have no fear. I have
dreamed of the white world, and

God's love Bath - ing me like

sweet flame,

sweet flame!
Enough of dreams! Come, let us feast before the battle—

Mona
I have no need thereof.

Come! The time passes.

Enya
Is there no danger?
Leave me here for a little while to pray.

Nay, with

Gloom

(Exeunt Enya and Arth) Foredoomed,

Ni-al at hand No harm can fall. Come then.

Percossato.
ordained, Prophesied

Nial (listening)

Moira,

Mona
What is it, Nial?
hark!  The Little People: they are

Mona
Go to them. (Exit Nial)
calling me.
(Mona lays the sword upon the altar, and kneels before it)

Andante

(Gwynn is seen, about to enter)

(Mona)

Night and day——
deed and dream——

(Mona)

sight And vi-sion——
all one

(Enter Gwynn, softly)

faith, all one de-sire——
Brit-ain!

(Seeing him and rising)

Animato

Gwynn

What dost thou here?

God help me now!

Animato

What I have ev-er-done.

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Più mosso

Thou art faith-less! Go!

Più mosso

(scornfully)

Fear!

Why? Dost thou fear to look up-on me, lest Thine heart change?

Molto allegro ed agitato

I will not see thy face. Get hence! ad lib.

Molto allegro ed agitato

Cry out, then! Is

colla voce

one trait-or's life So great a mat-ter?
Moderato

Thou that art to slayThousands ere dawn, canst thou not see me—die?

Allegro molto

Mona Gwynn ad lib.

Go from me! True, thou hast loved me. True, thine heart Cries

Allegro ($=120$)

out for me. What matter? Thou art not flesh, But

steel.

Sum-mon thy swords!
Moderato molto (d=76)

Mona

Gwynn, presently I must fight. It may be that I must die.

Allegretto

Canst thou not hush that lit- tle flesh-ly wall Call'd love, and leave me

Andante

(gesturing to here with God?)

Gwynn I bear the sign here of a

Canst thou? Andante

the sign on her breast)

Andante

great - er thing, Where to I am re - born. I am
(turning away)

not myself, but Britain! Go now!

Molto più animato $(d=144)$

Therefore I am here. There is yet time to save

Andante con moto $(d=88)$

Britain and thee.

Now
(He takes her suddenly in his arms)

all things take one answer! Struggle now—

Call to thy friends—Look!

pp dolciss.

(d = 72)

Thou and I,
Thou and I a lone.

pp

In the whole great world, under the dim sky, And the

Mona poco rubato

Let me go! Let me go! a piacere

night's arms around us.

dolce

colle voci
Gwynn

Night, and earth yearning upward to the moon, And the

shadows calling to us, and the winds Dizzy with

poco pesante e rit.

sweet, and the summer's huge heart, slow Throbbing a-
poco pesante e rit.

round us.

Thou and
Mona (with closed eyes, feebly)

I close, close— Be still— I will not hear thee!

Più mosso (d=88)

Gwynn

Night, and thou Near me amid the moon-beams,

poco tenuto

beautiful, A lily on the gloom of a dim

Andante (d=72)

lake, (thou and I,)

Mosso (d=88)
Thy golden heart wide open to the wind,
A freshness, and a fragrance,
poco animato
Glimmering up out of cool depths,—a wild bird with glad eyes, A
poco animato

Mystery beyond all dreaming dear,
Holo...
-lier than the hope of pleasing God,

poco animato

More to be hun-ger'd af-ter, more than lost youth!

poco animato

Moderato con anima (d = 80)

Now I make mine own all I have known so long.

mf

for mine!
Più largo

Arms and lips, life and glory,

a tempo

mine, mine, mine!

(He releases her, she stands dazed)

Più mosso (d=116)

(sharply)

Take thy sword. I shall die by that same blade. So be it. Strike
Allegro (j = 128)

now!

Mona

Ah, Gwynn!

(she stretches out her arms)

Ah, Gwynn! Oh come to me! Come to me!

Gwynn

Mona!

to him; they hold each other)

Come to me! Come to me! Ah! Gwynn!
Andante

Gwynn

Thou and I, Close, close! There is a

Thou and I, Close, close!

Andante (♩=72)

cloud o-ver the moon. I cannot see thy face.

Night, and thou near me in the

M. & G.

Only thine arms a-round me like strong-sleep! Only thy

warm gloom: On thy lips a faint-ness and a flame!
voice, And all our children laughing in thine eyes!

All our dreams

Tempo moderato

And it is good for me to put away Wear-i-ness,

New-born, sweet with surrender,

Tempo moderato

and the fever of high deeds, And the dry

All our dreams newborn,
hunger. poco rit.

wonderful, holy!

Now earth

tranquillo

sinks and swims, Falling-

Falling-
Now earth sinks and swims, Falling,

And the great river of joy flowing, And the great river of joy flows down, flows down, In-
evitable, tender, luminous,

And whelms

me, and I float under the moon Quietly,
toward the foam-bright sea, Where the
glimmering shores grow faint, and darkness covers and buries the
Where the glimmering shores grow faint, and darkness—
sky, and the stars drown, and the deep Rises over me,
And the stars drown, and the deep Rises
and I dream. How soft Thy hair is, Gwynn!

o'er me, and I dream.

Molto piano e moderato

Mona

ad lib.

Far off in the dead void

colla voce

ppp

Torches flare, and I hear a murmuring Of old wars, and fierce
Tempo giusto

multitudes that howl— For me to lead them— like some old, ill

ad lib.

Animato

Gwynn

dream. Ah! let me not re-member— Dear, I bid thee Re-

poco rit. colla voce

member, and re-joice in all! This nightHast thousaved Brit-ain-

(she frees herself, and rises. Gwynn also is on his feet)

Mona

Brit-ain! Let me go! What have I done?
Più mosso (♩=104)

Gwynn (confidently, not realizing what he has done)

I would not speak till now, I would not buy thy heart for promises:

Now it is finished! I must have thee first Made Queen

Più agitato

over all Britain, then all mine!

Now all for peace! 'Let them lie still and live, or strike and die!'
Più mosso (\( \text{\#} = 138 \))

Mona! Hear me! We two shall join in our firm love

Monna (dully, grooping with her hands)

M. Gwynn, I cannot see thy face. It is

Britain and Rome for ev-er!

G. a tempo Gwynn (unheeding) Sempre piú mosso (\( \text{\#} = 144 \))

all dark. Dost thou need proof? What held the Roman garrisons from

M. a tempo

G. taking thee? Child, thou hadst been a pris-on-er twenty times but for
Gwynn

Più mosso (d=60)

No less than thou with Britain. My one voice Answers for

Mona

What hast thou to do with Rome?

Rome here!

Alla marcia

Alla marcia (d=116) I am Roman born.
Thou, Ro-man?

Yea! more-o-ver-

accel. e cres.

Help, ho! Treason! Help, ho! By Mo-nal

(she swings the sword at him. He wrests it from her)

this same blade it is thy doom to die!
(A mob of Britons, shouting and brandishing weapons, rush upon the stage, followed by

L'istesso tempo ma sempre più animato

Druids and Bards led by Gloom and Caradoc. Enya and Arth are among the Britons)
Gloom (attacking Gwynn)
At last!

Arth (attacking Gwynn)
Ha! Gwynn! the peace-maker! Ha! Gwynn! the peace-maker!

(Gwynn beats them off, but is overpowered by the crowd. As he is about to be slain, Mona)

Enya

Blood! Woe!

Women

Ha, Gwynn!

The Crowd
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

Men
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?
interferes suddenly.)

Mona

Hold now!

Arth

Ha, Gwynn!

Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

Mona (quietly) Moderato (Sensation; they draw back from Gwynn)

He is a Bard!
Presto

**Garadoc** (The tumult is renewed, and Gwynn is again threatened.)

_Gloom_ He is not one of us! He is not one of us!

_Gl._ Heed her not! Heed her not!

_A._ Kill! Kill!

Presto

Mona (interposing)

**Caradoc**

not one of us! not one of us! not

_Gloom_ Heed her not! Heed her not!

_A._ Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

All the Women

Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

All the Men

Who is he? Who, who is he?

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On your lives! Back!

one of us! not one of us!

Heed her not! Heed her not!

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

Who is he? Who is he?

Who is he? Who is he?

Who am I? Who am I?

Mona

Who am I? Answer me!

Who am I? Who am I?
Maestoso (They draw back)

Enya

Allegro

The queen!

(Mona)

(Hurriedly, turning to the crowd, Gwynn is removed, and creating a diversion)

(Guard)

Bind him, and lead him hence; Dobimno

Gloom

The queen!

Arth

The queen!

Chorus

The queen!

Maestoso (d-8)

Allegro (d-132)

Meno mosso ma molto agitato

harm!

Give out the swords. Wait not! For midnight! Call the warriors!

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(The stage is in a tumult, with men hurrying about, and
bey! Give out the swords! Rouse the tribe!

bringing in weapons, etc. The Druids and Bards gather about the altar,

Sound the gathering! Bring hides, Fag-ots and ladd-ders! Give
on which a fire is kindled. A sheaf of naked swords is laid before it)

Tempo giusto \( \left( \begin{array}{c} = \frac{1}{c} \\ d \end{array} \right) \)

each man a torch! To your work, Druids!

On-ward by the Sign of the Name!

Britain, ho! Old Britain! Death to Rome!

Death to Rome!
(Mona, Gloom and Caradoc at the altar. Enya and Arth among the crowd. The movement and preparation continue with increasing system and regularity)

Maestoso
Soprano

Out of the dim dens__ Under the moun-ta-ins

Alto

Out of the dim dens__ Under the moun-ta-ins

Tenor

Out of the dim dens__ Under the moun-ta-ins

Bass

Out of the dim dens__ Under the moun-ta-ins

Maestoso \((\sim 96)\)

Forth from the for-est, Far from the fen-lands,

Forth from the for-est, Far from the fen-lands,

Forth from the for-est, Far from the fen-lands,

Forth from the for-est, Far from the fen-lands,
Summon the swords-men, Wake the warriors, Gather the Druids To
Summon the swords-men, Wake the warriors, Gather the Druids To
Summon the swords-men, Wake the warriors, Gather the Druids To
Summon the swords-men, Wake the warriors, Gather the Druids To

Battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ruin to
Battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ruin to Rome!
Battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ruin to Rome!
Battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ruin to Rome!
(During the following stanza, the swords are ceremonially given out to Bards and Druids by Mona, assisted by Gloom and Caradoc)

By the soul in the flame,

By the soul in the flame,

By the soul in the flame,

By the soul in the flame,
By the death in the earth,
By the death in the earth,
By the death in the earth,
By the death in the earth,
Poco più mosso

life in the air, life in the air, life in the air,

By the sound of the

By the sound of the

By the sound of the

By the sound of the
That no mortal may bear, Bringing...
freedom denied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

For the freedom denied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

For the freedom denied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

For the freedom denied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

swords to the swordless, Bright blades to the Bards!

swords to the swordless, Bright blades to the Bards!

swords to the swordless, Bright blades to the Bards!

swords to the swordless, Bright blades to the Bards!

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White Death to the Druids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to
White Death to the Druids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to
White Death to the Druids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to
White Death to the Druids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to

(d-d)

(p)

(save!)

(save!)

(save!)

(save!)

(save!)

(As the priests receive their swords, they rush out, one by one, to the attack ---)

TENOR: Tempo I

God is grown hungry, watching our weakness,

BASS: Tempo I

God is grown hungry, watching our weakness,

HUNGRY, BEHOLDING US Frail and faint-hearted!

HUNGRY, BEHOLDING US Frail and faint-hearted!

SOPRANO: poco a poco più mosso

SLAY WE A SACRIFICE Therefore to feed him, Rouse the ravens,

ALTO: poco a poco più mosso

SLAY WE A SACRIFICE Therefore to feed him, Rouse the ravens,

SLAY WE A SACRIFICE Therefore to feed him, Rouse the ravens,
Wake, wake the lean wolves! Onward for Britain! Broad spears for Old Britain! Old Britain! Ruin to Rome!
(--- followed gradually by the Britons, shouting and tossing their swords, spears, a tempo

The sword, the defender, She is holy and human,

and torches; and still singing as they go --)

She is white like a woman, And shapely and slender; De-

like a woman, And shapely and slender; De-

De-

De -
manding a master To wield her and bend her. A-flame for the foe-man,

manding a master To wield her and bend her. A-flame for the foe-man,

manding a master To wield her and bend her. A-flame for the foe-man,

Athirst for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis-aster!

Athirst for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis-aster!

Athirst for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis-aster!

Athirst for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis-aster!
Re-venge, and sur-ren-der!

Re-venge, and sur-ren-der!

Re-venge, and sur-ren-der!

---so that at the end, the stage is left empty and dark.
Enya alone remains, prostrate and sobbing before the altar
--- and the sound of the attack dies away in the distance

(Curtain)

End of Act II