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Mrs. Hulda Maxwell
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Professor William Maxwell

CINNAMON AND ANGELICA

A PLAY

BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

RICHARD
COBDEN-SANDERSON
THAVIES INN

1920

TO
KATHERINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- CINNAMON . Prince of the Peppercorns
MACE . The Colonel-in-Command of
the Peppercorn Army
MARJORAM . Captain of Halberdiers to
Angelica
ANGELICA . Princess of the Cloves
CARAWAY . Mistress of the Bedchamber
to Angelica
VANILLA BEAN Housekeeper to Cinnamon

An Orderly to Captain Marjoram
Heralds

PROLOGUE

MAN is a thing of dreams ; by dreams he
lives

And, dreaming, dies : alone his dreaming
gives

To life her tremulous beauties which are past
Swifter than spring's own flower, and over-
cast

With the grey clouds of chill reality.

Yet one, a dreamer, muses fitfully

On the dim purpose which may light the
dream

On this or that existence with a gleam

Nor ours nor alien, but all transfusing

Into a rareness far beyond our choosing,

Beauty we did not follow, yet we are

Her elements since birth familiar ;

In whose grave light may one, a dreamer, see

The paths made straight by sweet necessity,

A world where pain is pain and a child's
sobbing

Tears at the stars, and joy lives not by robbing

Sorrow of her true sting ; where laughter
rises

Out of one fount with tears, and no surprise is

That love should still be sovereign in men's
hearts,

For love is kind and to her own imparts

Grace that is stronger than the destinies

Which they confront with comprehending
eyes.

O dream of dreams, O wisdom of the
child

That hides in us and is not reconciled
To what we are, remembering what we were,
And what, were the word spoken, even here,
Even now, we might be—creatures of truth,
Knowledge and beauty, simpleness and ruth,
Whom death cannot diminish, who have
been—

Light for a tremulous instant this quaint
scene ;

Flicker enchantments, like a summer sun
Through the green mesh of leaves, on everyone
Of these my love's creations so they leap
From shade to light, from wakefulness to
sleep.

ACT I

SCENE: CINNAMON'S PALACE

Act I [*Cinnamon is looking out of the window of a room in the palace in Peppercorn. Colonel Mace is standing with a ceremonial rigidity at the correct distance from him. It is Cinnamon's birthday.*]

MACE

What's that you say, Sir ?

CINNAMON

I . . . But did I speak ?
Of course. How foolish of me ! You're a friend ?

MACE

Your Majesty commands my very life.

CINNAMON

Ah, that's no answer. Did you understand
The words you heard ?

MACE

I scarcely heard them, Sir.

CINNAMON

Ah, no, Mace, no ! If I spoke, I spoke
aloud.

Was it not this : " May be I've lived too
long " ?

MACE

I do not take you, Sir. But how too long ?
Since when too long ?

CINNAMON

Since twenty-seven years.

It's twenty-seven you give me ? Count them Act I
now.

[*The guns begin to boom.*]

Yes, twenty-seven. We'll call it twenty-seven.

And yet each cannon makes a million waves
That tremble through the spaces of the vast
And gather huddled on the edge of all.
Still twenty-seven, Mace ? When each dis-
solving year

Carries my atoms like the tiny airs
Into the universe, leaving I know not what—
A sceptred thing, a crowned vehicle
Of cosmic perturbations.

Don't shake your head and prove yourself a
fool.

The worst of education for a prince,
It takes the principedom from him, splinters
the crown

Into a cloud of gold dust, powdering
The infinite horizons of old time,
And haloing the sunrise, of no sun.
Why has the glory stuck to me alone,
Like one of those old-fashioned postage
stamps

That published forth the birth of Cinnamon
How many years ago ? Yes, twenty-seven.
Let us shake hands on that, and hold it fast.

Act I Swear it upon your knees.

[*Mace is alarmed and uncomprehending.*]

Down, you old dog,

And say : I swear that you are twenty-seven.

So swear.

MACE

I swear that you are twenty-seven.

My lord.

CINNAMON

Forgive me, Mace. Not royalty
Has made me call you dog. Now I'll go down
And you shall call me dog.

MACE

I cannot, Sir,

Though you command.

CINNAMON

I'll not command. I'll kiss
The polish on your boots. You are absolved
The word. Are those your best boots?

Two such pairs

Could not be found in Peppercorn. When I
kissed

I saw my face. I don't like it at all.

The mouth is crooked and the nose presumes
On its advantage.

MACE

It's the Cinnamon nose.

Did you not know your honoured grandfather

Was called Old Longbeak by his Yellow Act I
Guards ?

And though I should prefer they should not
lack

Aught of due reverence, still it was but love.
Think how they followed him against the
Cloves—

I was an ensign then—and when he fell,
With a chance bullet ploughed into his eye,
I could not hold my company. They spurred
Against the Royal command into the Cloves
And routed them instanter. Hence you
hold

The valley and the uplands of Mireil,
That this mere girl, ascended to the throne,
Thinks to beleaguer, has encompassed
With half a dozen regiments of Cloves
And some new-fangled tin artillery.
It'll come to nothing. Garlic tried to load
The patent off on me, the year you went
To Tamarind to fetch that painter fellow
To colour-wash the palace, and left me regent.
[*He unrolls a map.*]

But, look, the Cloves
Have fastened on Mireil, the fairest jewel
In the princely diadem of Peppercorn,
Knit ours by conquest and cement of blood,
By free decision of its parliament

Act I Made on the battlefield, whither we dragged
 them

Tied to our stirrup leathers. Sir, Mireil
With Nonpareil its capital once lost,
Then ended is the day of Peppercorn
And what was built by valour lost in scorn.

CINNAMON

You really think so, Mace ?

MACE

Oh, Sir, forgive me.
But when I hear you ask me with that voice,
The very voice with which you say to me :
“ I’ve spent the morning picking out these
 three
Out of the hundred plans for the new fountain
At Vallombrosa—tell me which is best,”
Something turns cold in me. I thought that
 princes
Had points of honour sprinkled in their blood,
So that they chafed by instinct when some
 outrage
Was done their royalty or their demesne ;
And then they sent their loyal editors
To rouse the sluggish temper of the plebs,
While they raged inly at an hour’s delay
Of condign chastisement. . . . Sir, yet once
 more—

I fear you have not heard me nor have read

To-day's dispatches—yesterday the Cloves Act I

Gathered their armies on the further bank
Of the Volubilis. To-day they've crossed
In ten detachments ; a galloper
Now brings me news that by forced marches
The Cloves are converging on Nonpareil.

I came to tell you this ; but, God forgive
me,

Your strange behaviour has benighted all
My resolution and my thoughts confused,
For you so smile at me that there are
moments

When to myself I seem a wanton child,
Telling a tale of dreams past all belief
To such another. Why do you thus bewitch
me ?

Here is the message. Read.

[*Hands Cinnamon the dispatch.*]

I pray you, do not smile.

CINNAMON

I am not smiling, Mace. I will not smile.
I swear it. Why, my very muscles ache
With pursing of my lips to such a scowl
As should afford you satisfaction.

MACE

It's not your lips that smile.

CINNAMON

Still not enough ?

Act I You'd stand me like a dunce into the corner
 And say my back was laughing.

MACE

I could believe it ; for your lips are set,
And yet your shining eyes make mock of me,
Being shot with silent laughter. If I'm stiff,
It's wounds have ironed me ; if my face is
 pocked,

It was gunpowder that seared it ; if my eye
Droops, it was got upon the Rataplan
Shielding your father. As I scorned my life,
It's just you scorn my body.

CINNAMON

O Mace, Mace !

A little and you'd rob me of your love—
The only jewel I have, the only country
Where I am prince without constraint of law,
The only citadel where I rest secure
And rest in very deed, the only gift
Whose impulse I shall never understand,
My only miracle and only fear.
If my eyes laugh—they have no cause for
 laughter—
Then they are rebels to my princely will.
My heart is sick, sick with the trembling
 sunshine
That whispers that the world's in holiday,
Yet will not speak it that the world may hear

And answer to the summons, faints away Act I
Against the brazen bugle.

[*The bugles sound from the palace yard—*

*To horse, to arms and gallop away ;
Laugh in the evening, dead in the morn.
For Nonpareil, for Nonpareil—
A Peppercorn, a Peppercorn.]*

That's no pain
To you, my Mace, for you are smiling now.
But I'll not twit you with it. I've no stomach
For jesting, though you think me idle.
Nor yet am I afraid. I have no fear
Save one that I have told you of, your love.
But there is something in that bugle call
Like to the sun's own voice for plangency,
So beautiful, so brimming, and so ended,
Never to be again, richly remembered
Only with wealth of anguish for a past
Of dreams we wake and hold not, topping all
Mortal ascension to eternity.
There'll be another sun, another call,
Another sunshot wind will stream my pennons
Against the vaulted sky ; but that conjuncture
Of heavenly music and of heavenly weather
Slides from our sense for ever. It has been,
And we sick mortals are. And when we're
dead

Act I They'd say, did they not cheat the truth, " we
were,"
Not " we have been." If only it were true
And lives were moments, sudden leaping
flames,
Burnt out in the splendour of a birth in death,
Then Memory would not take us by the hand
Veiling her face, nor her sister Desire
Lay hold the other, nor their guidance lead
Men through this vale of half-heard echoings,
Brushings of unseen wings, uncertain lights,
And far-off whispers of beatitudes.
[*The bugles sound again—*

*Women and wine and a city to sack ;
Not two in a hundred ever come back.
Their mothers shall wish they had never
been born
Who'd take Mireil from Peppercorn.]*

But I am talking nonsense, for a prince.
The army's ready. I'll not lag behind.
What are the plans ?

[*Mace, smiling, unrolls the map again.*]

No, no, I know the country
Far better than the barrack-yard beyond,
Each several hill and each estraded garden,
Apricia that lies unto the sea
Like a dead maiden with her soft hair floating

Upon the crystal waves ; so do her trees
 Bow to the water, and her rounded breasts
 Are golden with the vines. When I have lain
 Between them in the sunshine and looked
 down

Upon the whited roofs of Nonpareil,
 I closed my eyes and prayed that she would
 take me,

A pygmy lover, to her breathing heart,
 And make of me her increase in the vine,
 The jonquil and the curved anemone.
 Now we will tread them under.

Tell me, Mace,

How will the army stand ?

MACE

I do not know
 Whether to give them battle ere they reach
 The walls of Nonpareil, or let them take it
 And send the armies swiftly to the roads
 Beyond the city; drive them from the bridges,
 Stake all upon a large encirclement,
 And both fight face to home. We'd make an end
 To all alarms for ever. No falling back,
 No undecided issue, no retreat—
 Win or be blotted out.

CINNAMON

But they will have
 The city at their mercy ?

Mercy, yes.

For the princess is with them and will hold
Her soldiery in leash. Vanilla told me—
Miss Bean, that is, Your Highness' house-
keeper—

Who was attaché to our embassy
In Nectarine hardly a year ago,
The Princess bore such love to Nonpareil
(She stayed there as a child when she was ill),
She still frequents it in most strange disguises,
A lemon-woman or a flower-seller,
And once she sailed down the Volubilis
On a woodman's raft. She loves the city so,
She would not change an awning in the streets
Nor stop a single fountain. She believes
It's hers by right and tenfold hers by love.
It was her mother's dowry, you remember,
Brought to her father, old Gingembris Five,
From whom we took it in the seventy-nine.
I make no doubt that if my news be true
That the Princess herself commands the
Cloves . . .

[*Cinnamon has been looking out of the
open window.*]

CINNAMON

What was that ?
Dreaming again. I cannot keep my mind

From ringing silly chimes. The sun, the Act I
birds,

The day, the bugles, and those oranges
Burning their sombre leaves . . .

Angelica,
You say, commands the Cloves. Then
laggard I

Who stand unspurred and idle. To the plan !
We'll let her have the city for a space
And love it for her own. You to the west
Will take ten thousand infantry and horse
By way of Vallombrosa ; with five thousand
I'll go under Apricia and cut
The valley road ; while you will hold the
ridges.

Then, being met, we'll cogitate a plan,
Not seek to pin to our pet purposes
The frail event, which, like the butterfly,
Being caught escapes us, being watched is ours,
In full possession of her comeliness.
Till then all speed . . .

But this Angelica
Seems not to mingle love with courtesy,
Though each is fairer for the admixture.
Why did she make no declaration
Of her intent to war, why sent she not
A letter or an embassy to show
Her cause of quarrel and her rightful claim ?

Act I

MACE

Love is no claim on nations ; she did well
Not to propound it and be laughed to scorn
As well as give us warning of her motions.

CINNAMON

Love is a claim on princes ; it's by this
That they do recognise the bond of love,
Themselves are princely. Blood doth make
 them free

For all endeavour, and the instrument
For working out their purpose riches give.
Yet these are but the bounds of their great
 freedom,

Which they must fill or their severer judgment
Is pitiless. Yes, a princely heart must be
A harp of many strings, the lightest finger,
The softest breathing and most delicate air,
The whisper of a leaf, the faintest voice
Of any child in pain must wake to music
Subtle as perfume and like thunder strong ;
And all appeals that leave the one-stringed
 law

Unmoved and dumb must find a princely
 echo

Within a princely heart. I'd have the world
All princes.

MACE

Ah, you have strange fancies, Sir.

Yet you'd not work them. How if she had Act I
sent

And told you her great love for Nonpareil
And asked you of your grace to give it her ;
Could you have said : " I'll give it " ? You
dared not.

[*Cinnamon is silent for a time. The bugles
sound again—*

*Bright are our sabres, bright is the noon ;
Grey is the morning, grey are the dead.
Ninety-five troopers lay under the moon,
Turf for a pillow and blood for a bed.
Bully boys all,
With dew for a pall,
Sleep a long night when there's glory
to wed.]*

CINNAMON

I talk too much, and we are wasting time.
She asked me not. Why, what's the use of
thinking

What I might dare to answer ? She is kind,
You say, and loves the city. We might parley
Before the morning greys the bully boys
And turns their eyes to ashes.

MACE

With an invader
In Peppercorn, no Cinnamon can parley.

Act I

CINNAMON

Why are their songs so sad ? No law doth
force them

To be my soldiers, nor does any love—

But if they freely choose the uniform,

Why are they sad ? Oh, why am I so sad ?

There's no more answer to the question.

For we are sad because we know not why,

Nor whereunto we're happy. Or are they sad

Thinking of death ?

MACE

They do not think at all.

CINNAMON

They then are wise ; it lies too deep within
them

For thought to drag it forth.

[He looks down from the window.]

How beautiful

My soldiers are in the sunlight . . . and the
moon

Another beauty and as rare as this,—

Their pallid faces in the quietness

Of the still-dropping moon. Oh, that this
beauty

Should cheat us so, and whisper that to be

A part of her enchantment might be all

Our great endeavour and our destiny !

And yet our life is precious. It's the firm

Rock that we tread on, grip it in our hands Act I
Until the blood runs from our weakening
 fingers.

If it's a dream, there's none so real as this
And none that haunts us longer, nor so trips
Our brave resolves. She is a queenly mistress,
Whom we do clasp in anguish to be held
Close in her arms for ever ; yet she turns
Thrusting us from her : so we fall and weep.
And then she is a gentle child who leans
Over our sobbing and demented heads,
And through our tears she shows us rainbow
 beauties

Till we are comforted, and happy grown,
Would be children no more but very lovers ;
We clasp her and she turns away again.

I think for leaving her they should be sad.

MACE

They're only children.

CINNAMON

 Then the sadder they
For they have known her happiest.

MACE

 For a soldier
It is his duty and his privilege
To make surrender on the battlefield
Of that he holds most precious in the world.
The more the sadness, more the pride.

But, Mace,
If they are children, where's the privilege ?
They do not understand it.

MACE

But they feel it.

CINNAMON

[*After a pause.*]

They give themselves for me and do not ask
If I am worthy that so great a price
Should be my ransom.

MACE

But they pay it not
For you, but what they think you ; to the
country
Of which the visible head is Cinnamon,
And to themselves who entered on a service
Where there's no huckstering, and what they
give
They'll not receive again.
This service has its honour : that its gift
Bears no equality of recompense.
It is a solemn covenant, whose end
Lies in its own fulfilment. There's no force
Compels their signature : they've freely given
And freely do receive of wounds and pain.
If they were forced, why, there's the end of
honour—

A noble craft robbed of its mystery
To make a traffic and a servitude.

Act I

Soldiers are children, but by sacrifice
Are children like the holy men of old.
You are their priest, whose own unworthiness
Cannot attach the office that you bear.
That is the soldier's Credo, though he may not
Find words to say it in.

CINNAMON

Why, you do shame me
With so much eloquence upon a cause
You're certain of.

MACE

What has come over me ?
I never made a speech at the mess table
Of half so many words.

CINNAMON

You were inspired.
[*Mace looks surprised and almost indignant.*]
It's nothing terrible ; the soldiers' song
Is more than they could make it with their
thought.
Why, you did tell me so—and suddenly
You sang your song, that's all.

[*Mace is still suspicious.*]

Let's say you spoke
What lay within your heart so deep, your mind
Could not have fathomed it.

Act I But you have put a heavy burden on me.
I must be what they think me, fill the office.
O, but I have so many : to command
And satisfy this confraternity
Of covenanted soldiers, lead a people
Along the road of happiness and joy.

[*Mace lifts his eyebrows.*]

Yes, joy, my Mace, so that they love the sun,
Not bend their aching backs all day beneath it,
And love their country as a land which gives
Her bounty and her peace unto the poor.

Yet were these rival duties reconciled,
Then there's another office which doth bear
Hardest upon me—though perchance it's I
Have made it hardest to be borne—I carry
Somewhere in Cinnamon's body the faint
soul

Of Cinnamon. I do not understand it
Nor all its voices, yet obedience
It's not within me to refuse. I dare not.
It cries for the moon ; then I must climb
the sky

And bend her face toward me. If it whisper
That there's some ascent of humanity
I have not tried, a gift I have not given,
Or some conjuncture of myself with men
Whereby I'll enter on serenity,
Then I must wait the occasion, like a horse

(A thoroughbred, my Mace) fretting the Act I
bridle ;

Or like a poet who should find all barred
The issues of his soul to the moonlit mountain,
Sick like Endymion of the wondrous story
In converse with Pæona ; till he flings
His thought-o'erwearied body on a bed
Of poppies and the long unhoped-for voice
Whispers a magic wisdom in his ear.

In such suspense I wait, but with more
calm

And more despair, for I do scarce believe
There's any issue to this life of ours
Save its own poignant beauty.

*[The bugles sound very faintly in the
distance. Cinnamon listens intently.]*

If I wait

Upon some other consummation,
Dream on a less uncertain ecstasy
With less of longing and fantastic tears,
Nearer to that more joyful plenitude
That filled me on Apricia in the sun,
Nearer to flowers than queer and mortal
men,

It's not because aught could be lovelier
Than those faint silver trumpet notes, those
shining

Tears of the world for transitory things.

Act I But something drives me in despite of
knowledge
To all adventure for an idle—dream,
If I had only dreamed it.

That's the office
Of body to the soul of Cinnamon.
O, would I were a soldier !

MACE

So you are ;
Or so—forgive me, Sir—you should be now.
You are not like your father ; he would never
Have let his army march out of the city
And not ride at the head of the Yellow Guards.

CINNAMON

Only a third part soldier at the best,
A third part prince and wholly Cinnamon.
There's no arithmetic in that, but sums
I cheated as a boy. The answers came
Pat from the prompt-book. So they'll come
again
And Cinnamon be equal to a soldier.
Quod erat demonstrandum. I shall be
That which I must be by the answer-book.
You'll not perceive the difference by a button.
Pluses and minuses shall be in order ;
And if it's meet and right that Cinnamon
Should cancel out into a great round O,
Why then he'll do it, and perchance he'll find

A quicker way to his own moony mountain Act I
And his dear mistress than Endymion.

[*Cinnamon sings softly “ Bully boys all ” ;
then suddenly breaks off.*]

But now delay not. Take Excalibur.

Oh, what a foolish, silly prince am I

That will not rhyme with reason ! Nonpareil

I'll take, and take Angelica for mine.

[*He pushes Mace, bewildered, before him
out of the room.*]

You know the plan. You have considered it ?

[*Mace nods.*]

It stands then. You are ready ? Wait for
me.

In half an hour I'll have my business done,

Look like the yellowest of Yellow Guards,

And meet you in the courtyard. Then we'll
ride

With a welcome for whatever may betide.

[*Exeunt. Curtain.*]

ACT II. SCENE : THE SAME

[*Scene : the same. Mace is sitting, fully equipped and impatient, on the edge of a gilt chair in the same room in the palace. He is obviously eager to get away without a moment's further delay. Vanilla Bean enters. Mace looks as though the worst had happened.*]

MACE

Now, please don't make a scene. There's
nothing lies

So cold upon a soldier's heart as tears
Shed over him at parting.

VANILLA

So, you're going ?

[*Mace does not answer.*]

I have a right to know.

[*Mace nods reluctantly. Vanilla looks at him hard. He stares upon the ground.*]

Don't be afraid ;

I never was a woman much for weeping.

MACE

[*Plucking up courage.*]

There have been times . . .

VANILLA

I want to ask you this.

Do you remember that you promised me,
Before you sent me off to Nectarine,
That you'd give up the service when I
came

Act II Back with a full report of the new princess ?
If she intended war you were too old
To lead an army on an enemy
Armed with the Garlic gun : you would
 apprise
The Prince of what impended and retire.
If peace were in her mind, then you in yours
Would also be at peace and free to marry—
Those were your very words—your dear
 Vanilla.

I went to Nectarine, wasted a year
Inside the musty, fusty embassy,
Saw that Angelica had set her mind
On Nonpareil (which your ambassador
Would still have blinked at had he lived to
 ninety)—

I told you this, and faithfully performed
All your instructions, though I thought them
 wicked.

And when the darling girl (she *is* a darling)
So shyly asked me whether Cinnamon
(Who had gone whirling off to Tamarind
Just like a boy) had such a princely nature
That he would listen to her if she wrote
A privy letter with her own dear hand,
Expounding her great love for Nonpareil
And craving of his grace he would exchange it
Against some equal part of her demesne—

I did your bidding, made my eyebrows beetle
Over my eyes in a forbidding frown,
And said : “ There were such things as
princely pride,
Prestige, a nation’s name and reputation ”—
I had it all by heart from your dispatch—
“ Mireil had been cemented to our country
By Peppercorn blood upon the battlefield.
I dared not bear a message to His Highness
Of so great provocation, such a challenge
To his hot-blooded and fierce-mettled heart,
A promise of design and future war.”

And at the word she hid her trembling
lips,
Her brimming crystal eyes within her hands,
The while old Caraway did glare at me
As one who had been traitor,—as I was,
For I had sought her friendship and received it ;
Through her I learned Angelica’s intent
And her most lovely heart. . . . No, worse
than traitor,
For as I turned my guilty glance away
I knew I’d hurt a child. O God forgive me !
And when Angelica did murmur softly :
“ But I had thought him gentler,” in my
throat
Rose a great wave of tears. I choked them
down,

Act II And with them choked the surging : “ Child,
it’s lies :

All lies, my heart, all lies. My pretty, come,
Forget them. I’m a sinful wicked woman
Who sinned for love. But write your letter
now,

And I will bear it unto Cinnamon
Though I should die for it . . . ”

But no, I did your bidding and was
silent.

Then she updrew herself to her full height,
And with a curling of her tremulous lip,
Reached with her white-clenched hand into
her bosom

(Where would to God our Cinnamon had
rested

His spinning head), took out a folded letter
And read : “ My well-beloved cousin.” Ah,
If only your keen bugles had not called
The memory of that voice back to my brain.

“ My well-beloved cousin ”—I know not
Why it should haunt me so. . . . Oh, why
more lies ?

I have most certain knowledge why it haunts
me.

“ My well-beloved cousin.” Have you heard
One of your drummer boys laugh when a
sergeant

Has punished him unjustly? You have heard,
But you would not have known. The drill-
book says

Volumes about the timbre of their drums,
But nothing of their boyish, breaking hearts.

She laughed, and I'll remember it for
ever.

A crystal vase rings with a golden music
When struck with a loving finger : suddenly
An unfamiliar and untender hand
Strikes, and the glittering echo
Falls dead on the instant like a wingèd bird
Struck to the heart, for some invisible
Faint fracture has destroyed its singing soul.

That's how she laughed, while in a single
hand

She crushed the letter to a crumpled ball,
Holding the other out to me to kiss,
And said : " Forget what went before the
lesson

That you have taught me now. To be a
princess

Comes not by nature but by breaking it.
I thank you for your pains. Come, Caraway."

I did your bidding and performed your
promise.

You think it cost me nothing? Where is
yours?

Act II

MACE

I do not know . . . Vanilla, do not cry . . .
I'll keep my promise. I have sworn to keep it.

VANILLA

[On the point of tears.]

Then ask him now for his permission
To leave the army. . . . But go now, go now,
If you pretend to love me.

MACE

[Weakly.]

But, Vanilla,

The army's on the march.

VANILLA

My loyalty

Is thrown like ashes on the hungry sea
And swallowed up. After how many days
Will it return to me. When I am old?
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Ah, Love
Thou stony-hearted and unpitying god
Who binds us to thy service and returns
Only a desolate heart.

MACE

So am I bound

In service to the prince.

VANILLA

And unto me.

MACE

[Bowing his head.]

A loyal soldier and a loyal lover.

Two equal bonds. Oh, would that one Act II
would snap.

They grip my heart so hardly.

VANILLA

Let them be.
A woman's heart will bear the longer strain.
I would not have you suffer. Get you gone.
Our troth will last another little year.
I could not bear your presence at my side
If your dear eyes should glance reproach
at me

For that I made you fail of your true duty
As I did fail in mine for love of you.
Nay, though I dreamed of quiet happiness
Within our garden at Ratafia—
For we have loved so long—it will not be,
And I'd not have it now.

MACE

Oh, don't say that.
It shall be ours ; it must be. We've de-
served it.
Don't be so faint of heart.

VANILLA

Faint-hearted ? I ?
I have believed too much, been overbold
In faith and faithfulness . . .

MACE

My sword shall hang

Act II Over the chimney . . . No, we'll make of it
A pruning hook, according to the Scripture—
Two pruning hooks. There's metal sure
enough

In this old-fashioned hanger for a pair
With which we'll tend our roses . . . I
forget

You're not so fond of roses. When I came
Back from the Rataplan with a great armful
Of reds and whites and purples you re-
member

You threw them to the ground.

VANILLA

It's *you* forget.

The reds and whites were in your other arm ;
A pitiful lump of purpled bandages,
And round your head another. O, I threw
Your roses down. I saw them not. I saw
Only the body broken that I love
And the one weary and o'erclouded eye
That was not swathed. Could I see roses
then ?

Yet you believe that I did love them not ?

That night when I had laid you on your
bed,

The while I watched you tossing in the fever
With which we struggled for you twenty
days

And nights as long as years, I turned away, Act II
Gathered your roses and . . . no, I'll not
tell you.

You would not understand my foolishness.

MACE

No, tell me.

VANILLA

No. There's nothing more to tell.
I loved you and your roses.

MACE

Blind, blind, blind.

*[Vanilla deliberately misunderstands him and
strokes his scarred eye with her hand.]*

VANILLA

Ah, no. We saved it. Only a little droop
Still whispers to us of the thing we feared.

MACE

I did not mean it so. My eyes may see
A halted patrol twenty miles away,
Yet I am blind.

VANILLA

I have tormented you
With my untimely memory. You're a
soldier,
And I a woman.

MACE

Yet you love me still ?
Why do you love me still ?

Ask rather why
 Snails crawl, birds sing, and two and two **make**
 four.

Yet you'll not find the answer.

MACE

I am blind.

VANILLA

You would not *see* the answer ?

MACE

I am blind.

VANILLA

All, all are blind. You have no privilege.
 Was I not blind, who did obey your bidding
 In Nectarine, and turned Angelica
 From her far-seeing, heavenly intent ?
 Were you not blind who bade me, and your eyes
 Filmed by the childish black hypocrisy
 That taints the soldier's valour at the spring,
 And turns this earthly Eden to a shambles ?
 Was she not blind who did believe my words
 And could not see my soul ? Yet, if she was,
 I dare not say it ; she was but a child
 Who had not learned that being blind we lie.
 But you too are a child ; yes, even I.

All, all are children who do idly tear
 At the roots of the great green o'erbranching
 tree

Whose sun-warm fruit shining above our head Act II
Has lured us into climbing her large limbs,
Whereunto clinging we do eat our fill
Of mortal knowledge, laughing on those below;
Yet sudden looking up through the myriad
 threads

Of woven light spun by the glancing leaves,
We have a perilous vision what we are,
How small, how brief, like summer flies that
 stir

The surface of a water on a day.
For in that moment comes an anguished sight
Of lands beyond our dreaming.

And some do stand apart thinking upon
 them

With quiet eyes, and some do softly whisper
Of what they saw, and some speak not again :
And many have not seen ; but all forget,
For all are children. Some would build a
 house

Among the columned roots, and some would
 know

What they are made of and from whence they
 came,

And some would have one for their very own
To carry it away. So do we tear
At the roots of our o'erarching happiness
Until it falls upon us at our play.

Act II Were not my mind so fearful of disaster,
It echoes sounds unheard within my ear,
I'd say, I hear it cracking on us now.
I am afraid.

MACB

My darling, we have lived,
Yes, and have loved through such campaigns
before

And counted them for trifles. Let me go,
And you shall see me standing on your
threshold

With no new scars save only that of love
Which in a moment is thrust deeper far
By your strange words.

*[He is suddenly silent, as though he were
frightened at his own smooth-running
words. Then he bursts out.]*

O, I am all bewildered.
I feel I was a child and am a man
Who must do childish things. If I have torn
At the roots of the tree, then I am paid indeed.
Blind fingers tear at my own heart-roots now.
The world is strange, and I am stranger to it
Who lived upon life's lap. I have done wrong
Who did my simple duty. I am blind
Who saw so clear, and in a little moment
I am become a faint, misgiving soul
Who was a soldier.

[*Vanilla turns to him and clasps him in her arms. He is again silent for a while.*] Act II

It's late to climb the tree

At fifty-seven. Ah, no, I often climbed it ;
For years did eat the fruit, and looked not up.
But having started at a sudden voice
I am of those who do not speak again,
Being a soldier ; but, being a lover,
No, not a lover, one who leans on love
Else he must fall, I am of those who whisper
I am afraid.

VANILLA

Can you not parley yet ?

O, there is time for that.

MACE

“ While there's a Clove
In Peppercorn, no Cinnamon can parley.”
My loyal editors will see to that.

VANILLA

Go, call them now, and tell them we did
wrong,
And we must right it.

MACE

Do you know the breed ?
Beside them I do count myself a child
In innocence. When I had summoned them
To meet me in this room but yesterday
My belly sickened, as it once did faint

Act II When I was riding home from Rataplan
And saw the blanched body of a soldier
Mouthed in the gutter by a herd of swine.

These jackals of the dead, these parasites
That creep their way into the maddened brain
Of simple men till they too cry : " War, war,"
And are the beasts they rose from, things
devoid

Of honour and the seed of sympathy.

And then I saw a wounded grenadier
Who died within my arms in my first battle.
He was a dark-haired boy who tended me
When I was but an ensign — He wai'd at me,
And I ran to him ; he was blood, all blood —
Blood and a white drawn face. His glazing
eye

Did seem to smile at me — He did not smile.
He could not smile. Since then I have
known wounds

In my own body. As I held him up
His face writhed and two sudden drops of
sweat

Started upon his forehead — I bent my head,
Knowing that he would speak, and then I saw
His teeth were clenched clean through his
underlip,

And from the corners of his mouth there came
Two little spurts of blood. I could not tell

The word he spoke, but now I have known Act II
wounds,

I know he said, "Cold, cold." I do thank
God

That though I did not know I covered him.
Then, as I held him up, I saw him bite
His bloody lip. His nostrils opened wide
And quivered, and his brown and liquid eye
Froze. He was my brother for the grief,
The sudden scalding and consuming pain
That burned into my heart. I laid him down
And kissed his frozen eyes. The kiss was
salt,
For his dead eyes were weeping.

This I saw,

And then I looked upon the editors.
If I should say to them: We have done
wrong
Which must be righted, they would show
their fangs,
They'd howl, and screech, and slaver, call
me traitor;
Yes, turn my men against me and the Prince.
I cannot hold them now.

VANILLA

Could you not pay them?
Better a whole year's revenue were spent
Than this most wanton murder.

Better far ;

But money will not turn their will aside
From its intentioned rage. I do them wrong.
They are not beasts, but men soul-warped
by lust

Of power, who know by instinct that their
claw

Grips hardest in the beast-like part of man.
Now they have fleshed their fangs, which
they'll not loose

But tear and worry till the peasantry
Through all this peaceful land of Peppercorn
Howls like a pack of curs for carrion.

VANILLA

Are there no men among them ? There was
one

I know who worked for peace in Nectarine.

MACE

And I did thwart him. O, what right have I
Who did the sin to judge its ministers ?

They are what I have made them, being blind.
Now there's no help, the great engine of war
Rolls on, and all our keen regrets are vain
To hold it in its course.

[*Cinnamon's voice is heard from the court-
yard calling, " Mace, Mace."*]

I'm ready, Sir.

(*To Vanilla.*)

If only my deep love could aught atone.
 An undreamed hour has opened my blind eyes
 To my own sin and my consuming love.
 The sight has dazed me, and I wander on
 To all adventure like a crazy fool.
 How shall I lead an army ?

VANILLA

You must go,
 Dear childish heart. My love shall burn
 for you
 Bright as the sun, but let God grant the
 flame

May tremble not in anguish overmuch.
 If we're afraid, we are afraid together.
 Speak out your changèd mind to Cinnamon,
 He may contrive that happiness be won.

*[They clasp each other. Mace departs.
 Vanilla flings herself down on a couch,
 and, after a moment, sobs quietly.]*

O breaking heart, I pray you sob no more.

[Curtain.]

ACT III
SCENE : THE HILL APRICIA

[*A remote hollow of the hill Apricia. Angelica, Mrs Caraway, and Captain Marjoram are standing just outside the mouth of a cave, before which is a little space of fine turf. On the north side, to the back of the stage, the hill slopes steeply away. Marjoram is looking out over the precipice into the moonlit space. Then he turns.*]

MARJORAM

The nearest outposts are a mile below.
Madam, I pray you, let me order them
Come further up the hill. A little way—
Two hundred paces, so they'll hear your call.

CARAWAY

Listen to Marjoram, I do beseech you.

ANGELICA

You are too anxious for me, Caraway ;
And, Marjoram, your ever faithful heart
Is played upon by fanciful alarms.
No, do not shake your heads. But, Marjoram,
Tell me : Could you have found the twisted
path
Without my guidance to this hollow, tell ?

MARJORAM

No, Madam, I could not.

ANGELICA

Brave Marjoram !

As true as honest.

But the enemy
 May find another way on yonder side.
 I have not tried to find an entrance there.
 It's steep, it's true ; but not more steep than
 where
 You found your path. Perhaps a local
 shepherd
 Hearing a sheep far-bleating on the height
 Has climbed the trackless edge to rescue it,
 And in the village tavern told his mates
 Of his great courage and his perilous climb.
 Old Mace will call for guides. They'll
 scratch their heads
 And mumble that they mind there was a
 man . . .

ANGELICA

But I have known this hollow since a child.
 When Caraway once brought me for a picnic
 To where your outposts are. The soothing
 sun
 Coaxed her to sleep, and I wandered away.

CARAWAY

Madam, I pray you, call it not to mind.
 I was distraught to madness when I woke
 To find you were not playing by my side.

ANGELICA

It was I was wilful and not you remiss.

I found my secret kingdom and my subjects ; Act III
The furry rabbits and the cheeping birds
Were patient of my sovereignty benign,
While the cicada rubbed his bronzen wings
To make me music. Every day I came
The summer long to see them. Caraway
Was sworn to shut her eyes and count a score
Before she peeped again, and I was sworn
To be back ere the bell of Nonpareil
Had finished tolling vespers. We kept faith.
And every after year I visited
My sole kingdom through the long summer
days
Till I was grown and might no longer come,
Being a princess, to a neighbour country.
But still I came in spite of Caraway.
Yet never have I seen a fainting trace
Of any other footstep save my own
Upon this velvet grass ; and though I stored
My treasures in this cleft through all the
winter,
I found them always with returning spring.
And once to tempt my fortune and to know
Whether my sanctuary was my own
Indeed, shared only with the happy birds
And conies rich in tenement of sun,
I left a purse of gold. The warm spring came,
But not the eye of man : my purse was wreathed

Act III In gossamers more silky than the airs
That waved them for a greeting to their queen.
Yet still I dreamed that an enchanted
knight,
Despising gold and all but courtesy,
Had climbed my cyry, seen my secret store,
And, with a sweet thought for the unknown
maid
Who left it, wandered on his lonely way,
Sighing, as knights of dreams can only sigh.
For him I left a message in my hand
Most honourably writ, bidding him take
If he had need whate'er provision
Might do him service most the food, the
gold,
My fairy necklace, or my loyal doll,
My viceroy during all the winter gales,
And, if it chanced, my true ambassador
With full credentials to a knightly heart.
Five years my faded letter from its stick
Nodded reproach at me when I returned ;
Five years my viceroy did bow to me
And hand me a blank schedule of his charge
In most respectful silence ; and five years
A fluttering bird of hope folded her wings
Within my pulsing and conceited breast.
But in the sixth, hardly a twelvemonth past,
The spring I sailed down the Volubilis

With Sage the forester upon his raft,
I found my letter vanished.

Act III

Caraway,

I dare not tell you with what speed I ran
To know what he had taken of my treasure.
If but the food, then he must be a knight
Already sworn to his own lady fair ;
The purse, 'twas hazard whether he should be
In straits or merely covetous of gold ;
But if my fairy necklace he had taken,
Then he had won my favour ; if my doll,
Then he had stolen my very heart away,
And with him went my true ambassador
To give report of me, how I was fair
And faithful, dreaming of his gentleness,—
How I was what I am, Angelica,—
To call to him : “ Wayward Angelica
Has sent me here to guard your heart for her.
So set me close beside that I may hear
It singing rightfully : Angelica.”

So swift I ran to see my treasure-cave ;
But nothing, nothing. None had stolen my
heart

Or gained my favour. The dewed gossamers
Sparkled their joy to their returnèd queen ;
But all the dancing lights within her eyes
Were dimmed, and she went sorrowful away.
But in the consolation of the sun

Act III She mused . There was not such a churl alive
Would read her letter and not look within
The treasury which she had offered him.
The wind had stolen her words, the fickle
wind,
And cast them in the valley far away,
Where one might find, but none could under-
stand
End of that chapter. Far too long, my
dear,
Says Caraway

CARAWAY

O, how it was like you, child,
And like your precious and unspotted heart.
Not you are wayward. Verily, I believe
The world is wayward and the wind, but you
Are what God meant by woman

ANGELICA

The upshot of it all, good Marjoram,
Is that for three five years no single soul
Has climbed into this place save only me
Until this day.

What celebration
Shall mark your entrance hither? Shall I
give
The half my kingdom unto Caraway
And Marjoram? I cannot, though your love
And loyalty demand it. Shall I make you free

Of this my city, this unsleeping eye
 That watches dreaming Nonpareil below ?
 Even that I cannot. It is not mine to give,
 But only to be taken. Bid you sit
 And banquet with me here? Is that an honour?
 The night-grass does no good to Caraway.
 Yet, though I'd have her sit the livelong day
 Upon my throne in Nectarine and be glad,
 She may not sit upon the only throne
 In this star-whispering solitary realm.

What shall we give her then, good
 Marjoram ?

And what shall be his boon, dear Caraway ?

MARJORAM AND CARAWAY

That you should let the topmost sentinels
 Come nearer, only a hundred paces.

ANGELICA

How tiresome of you both ! How fortunate
 I did not promise whatso'er you asked !
 I should have been of queens most miserable
 Had I been forced to grant it, and condemned
 To have my reign molested and my realm
 Spied on by sentinels who wish me well.

Did you not hear my careful argument,
 Proving the vanity of your alarms ?
 I might have spoke to the old Ocean there,
 Seeing you answer with the selfsame roar,
 Though I have poured out all persuasion.

I am persuaded, Madam ; but if Heaven
Should lighten and a thunder-cloud let drop
A stony table, as it did for Moses,
Bearing all certainty engraven on it
That there's no ascent hither save the path
Whose key we hold, still would I fear for
you

The Book says perfect love doth cast it out,
I'll not deny it, being ignorant
Whether my love unto my perfect queen
Is perfect ; but it fills the whole of me,
And I who guard your safety am beset
By tears my mind would mock at.

ANGELICA

Marjoram,
Be careful of your heart-beleaguering speeches
That will not let me sally when I will,
Or I will make you Major.

MARJORAM

Madam, I . . .
How can the Captain of your Halberdiers
Be aught but captain ? — Marjor Marjoram.
I could not bear my own derision.

ANGELICA

I jested, Captain of my Halberdiers,
For you came near to turn my firm-set mind
From its most fixed intention, —to remain

Alone this night with my companions,
The sleepy rabbits and the slumbering birds.
How could the walls of my purpose stand firm
And not be breached by your affection's
siege ?

I did but make a sally of despair
While time remained.

I'll clinch my respite now.

Thus : the sole Captain of my Halberdiers
Appoint for life, and hereinafter called
Good, loyal, brave, or simply Marjoram
Covenanteth with me, Angelica,
Called by her name hereafter, also known
As Princess of the Cloves, and rightful queen
Of a most secret and divine domain
Topping Apricia, that he'll not advance
(Save in the case of manifest attack
Or her own signal) any sentinels
Nearer to her domain than they now stand.
In due return for which concession
Angelica allows that Caraway,
The Mistress of her Robes and Bedchamber,
Shall be her bodyguard throughout the night
With privilege of signalling without
The agreement of the said Angelica.
In the second place Angelica confirms
The office, title, and emolument
Of Captain of her Princely Halberdiers

Act III To Marjoram in perpetuity,
 Or so much of it as the jealous gods
 Vouchsafe his service to Angelica

Whereto witness sleepy rabbits, birds,
 The curious stars, the whirring cockchafers
 (Cicada styled by poets), creeping things
 Innumerable, and all night-scented flowers
 Who will not go to sleep because of me,
 My true Ambassador within his cave,
 And lastly my dear Caraway herself
 Whose signature is lawful to the bond,
 Seeing the only advantage she derives
 From its contracture is a rheumatism
 Not serious I hope

Come now, shake hands,
 Perpetual Captain of my Halberdiers,
 Upon our sealed covenant, and take,
 Knowing, alas! that it no longer carries
 Its ancient benefits, this purse of gold
 And you my fairy necklace, Caraway.

MARJORAM

You are too gracious, lady, yet my boldness
 Shall outrun the large limits of your grace,
 And I most humbly crave that you will grant
 me

Instead of the gold, your true ambassador
 To guard for ever in the humility
 Of patient affection, knowing well

He has no more the unbelievèd virtue
He bore until this day of entry rude.

Act III

ANGELICA

I would I could. I cannot, Marjoram.
Something would go with him more like a
curse

Than virtue. He must stay. But why should
you

Be fobbed off with a purse while Caraway
Has my own necklace? Oh, what misery!
Your equal love doth claim equal reward.
Stay, here are equal rings on equal hands.

[*Holding them out.*]

I have no others. Yours the amethyst,
And yours the opal. When my eye shall fall
Upon my barren hands, I shall be warm
Knowing how greatly richer their bestowal
Made me this night.

Now, Captain Marjoram,
You must away. Here ends the armistice;
Begins the treaty. Fortune attend you.

[*She walks with him a little way as he
goes.*]

Do you not think, now we have Nonpareil
By bloodless entry, that his mind might
change

And be attuned to our own desire?

Might we not send a herald with the morning

Act III To offer parley and Ratafia
To Cinnamon, acre for acre, wood
Set against wood, and stream for equal
stream ?

MARJORAM

Let me sleep on it, though indeed I fear
We are too far adventured — Cinnamon
I know not save by rumour ; Mace I know,
The chivalrous old fire-eater of old :
Volubilis, Bombardon, Rataplan,
From Aspidestra unto Tamarind
And bloody Ortolano, he has made
Twenty campaigns and more, and won in all
The same repute, cool-headed in device,
Fierce in attack, yet sparing of his men
Who love him, for old Ramrod is the plume
Of valour and the soul of chivalry.
But he's a fighter born : I'd swear his dreams
Have shown him nothing sweeter than a
charge
Of horse to horse, when to all eyes but his
The reckoning's desperate. — In truth I have
A soft spot for old Ramrod in my heart.

ANGELICA

So I observe.

MARJORAM

Yes, lady, I'd be glad
If there were some engagement not of battle.

I do believe I lack the hardness in me
 (Which I must have) to loose that devilish
 gun

Upon the unsuspecting Peppercorns.

Let me sleep on it, Madam—if I sleep
 And think not too much on the massacre
 That's coiled within our limbers.

ANGELICA

May your sleep
 Be gentle as your words are balm to me.
 Come before dawn I charge you, and] fare-
 well.

[*Marjoram descends the path. Angelica
 returns.*]

Surely you must be sleepy, Caraway.
 So long a journey on a jolting mule,
 So little quiet and such great alarms.
 Then why not sleep ?

CARAWAY

I am your bodyguard
 Set in the bond ; therefore I may not sleep.

ANGELICA

What nonsense ! Were you not my bodyguard
 Those fifteen years ago ? Did you not sleep ?
 It is the use and function of a guard
 Often to sleep and soundly, so his charge
 May have the blessings and escape the fears
 Of solitude. What nonsense ! Lay you down !

Act III Why you are brimmed with sleep . . . It's
softer so.

[Caraway falls asleep immediately. Angelica lies down with her head leaning on her hand, and is silent for a while. Then she speaks slowly.]

This is the hour fixed for soliloquy,
To whisper pitiful, heart-devouring things
To the other trembling child whose hand in
mine

Is clasped and warm, who with me is afraid.
Yet, O my brother, tell me what thou fearest.
Look not on me with wise, sad-smiling eyes.
I am as old as thou. O, tell me, brother,
What is it awaits us on our lonely hill.
From thy still wisdom whisper unto me.

O, turn not from me ; let me see thy lips,
Brush back from thy cool forehead the curled
hair.

And listen to thy breathing, soft, soft, soft.
My gentle brother let us weep no more.
Lovely and lonely thou and I with thee.

O, let my aching bosom be cool-bathed
In the flooding silver of the unfretful moon,
My eyes be drooped with quiet from the stars,
My hair be wafted till each sombre thread
Sways to his rippling wind, my heart so still
It may endure the very voice of heaven.

So let it be. Let me be borne away
 On this unruffled pinion of the night
 Beyond that shining ocean on whose shore
 The farthest-riding breakers of our dreams
 Sink into silence, and our plumèd thoughts
 Drop, weary of their voyaging forlorn,
 To seek the respite of the insentient sea.

There is a music in great weariness
 Whose crystal melody unravels all
 The fevered clew of our much hoping
 brain,
 Makes "nothing" ring with so divine a
 cadence—

A lullaby to our o'erfretted ear—
 Makes disappointment kinder than the height
 Of heaped fulfilment and the fall of tears
 Sweeter than rain is to the droughted earth ;
 Kins us with the great majesty of power
 Whose sword of flame hath strongly driven us
 forth

To wander the vast continent of years
 Till we too sink, unknowing and unknown,
 Barren and big with dreams into the earth.

Yes, this is wonderful, my creature heart
 Doth praise the fearful handiwork of God
 Who made me weary so that I might hear
 The music of his stars and be at rest.

Angelica, weary Angelica.

Act III [*A faint sound of slow rhythmic singing is heard. Angelica is half asleep. She does not stir even when the singing grows loud enough for the words to be heard. During the first two verses the song grows louder, for Cinnamon's guards are passing right under the hill; then, as they skirt it, the song dies away.*]

CINNAMON'S GUARDS [*singing*]

*O sweet was his laugh for to hear it,
And tender his lips to be kissed;
We made him a name for to bear it,
Corporal Love-in-a-mist.
Light hands must lover him;
None was so brave.
God's eyes look o'er him
Down in his grave.*

*He loved and he asked for a maiden
Whose eyes were as sad as the stars;
She trembled with longing o'erladen
And dreamed of the wars.
Light hands must tend to her;
None was so fair.
Now death must send to her;
Unbind her hair.*

*She wandered for years past a hundred
Over the hills and the plain,
Till the bats and the tawny owls wondered
At her great pain.*

*Dormice come all to her
From harm to save;
Grey owls must call to her;
Here is his grave.*

*They showed her his grave and she found it
Under the moon at midnight;
Pale were the pansies grew round it,
The primroses white.*

*Dead leaves embower them,
Squirrels do keep
Sharp-eyed watch o'er them,
Now they're asleep.*

CARAWAY [*waking*]

Dear child, can you not hear a sound of song ?

ANGELICA

Only our dreams did chime, dear Caraway.
For I too thought to hear a sound of song
And woke to this full silence of the night.
Hark to it, Caraway ; if there's a sound
It's but the breathing of the quiet earth.

CARAWAY

O Madam, are you sure it's only that ?

Act III

ANGELICA

That, — and the poised spinning of the wheel
Of destiny ; the low dirge of the moon
Laying the body unto burial
Of her night-balmèd lover ; the solemn speech
Of conclave d oaks to their tall sister pines ;
The waters murmuring at the cool caress
Of day-dispelling stars ; the soft ascension
Of sweetly climbing odours — rosemary,
The sleeping jonquil, and the hyacinth ;
The tremulous beating of the wings of Love
Shut out from his creation.

Caraway,

I swear it is no more, for I have listened
In a suspense as quiet as your sleep
For any sound of more ; therefore, sleep well.

CARAWAY

Child, what parables
You speak of nights, as when you were indeed
A child, and woke to tell me what you saw,
Strange terrors and yet stranger ecstasies
That passed my comprehension then, and now
They are no less beyond my groping mind.
I know, because you love me, you would tell
Your Caraway if anything ill befell ?

ANGELICA

I would, but silence is no evil thing.
It's what we furthest outposts of the Cloves

Must pray for, and our prayer is answerèd. Act III

And if I speak in parables, perhaps,
Though you must think me to a princess
grown,

I have not changed my visions since a child,
And they possess me still. My memory
Doth tell me only of your comforting ;
As that abideth, may not dreams abide ?
Another riddle, and the answer to it
Is simple as the doubt-dissolving day :
This is the hour of sleep for Caraway.
We'll try the virtue of your own old song.

*Of all living things of earth
Babies have their fortunes best,
For their mother gives them birth
And gives them rest.
All the day long they are creeping
Closer to her bosom and sleeping
At her breast.*

*Happy too are wedded brides
Who are rightly married;
Then what ill the day betides
Is pillowèd
On their true man's faithful shoulder,
And the day doth find them bolder
Who are truly wed.*

Act III

*Babies grow to weary men,
 Maids and wives to beldames creep;
 Birth and love come not again
 From the deep.*

*What of all past joys remaineth,
 Age and sorrow ne'er disdaineth?
 Only gentle sleep.*

[During the song Caraway sleeps.]

I too would sleep; though cold the arms of
 silence,

I fear my mother's breast were colder still
 That once was warm to me,—the vanished
 odour

Of a dream-haunting scent I might recapture
 If Nonpareil, her darling home, were mine.
 So barren hope stands at the tear-sprent
 door

Of Memory and beckons us within.

No, I'll not enter. Silence take thy bride
 Softly within thy loving arms, so gentle,
 Gentle as Sleep thy brother, whose closed
 eyes

See not thy sealèd lips.

*[Angelica sleeps. After a little while
 Cinnamon enters from the back of the
 stage, having climbed up the steep side.
 He stands watching Angelica, who sees
 him in a waking dream.]*

Too late, thou'rt come too late . . . I am Act III
the bride
Of Silence.

CINNAMON

I the groom of Destiny.

Well wedded both. How came I, then, too late?

ANGELICA [*waking*]

You are my knight !

CINNAMON

That verily am I.

ANGELICA

You had my letter? Yet how came you hither?
How knew you which of all the thousand hills
Was mine ?

CINNAMON

I found you sleeping on its top.

ANGELICA

Or did you read my letter in this place?
Then was it not a churlish thing to spurn
My treasures ?

CINNAMON

Lady, I did spurn them not.
Looking upon them with a reverent eye,
I dared not touch them.

ANGELICA

Why did you not speak ?
Why left you not the word of courtesy
For which I did beseech you ?

Could I write

Who had no pen ?

ANGELICA

A true knight cuts a reed,
Dips in his own warm blood.

CINNAMON

If the blood's red.
But mine has so much water, it would not
stain
A parchment white as snow.

ANGELICA

You jest with me
Who jested not. Show me your hand. It's
pale.

But not by so much paler than my own
As would acquit you.

CINNAMON

Let's put it to the proof.
Here is my sabre. So.

ANGELICA

You shall not do it
To please the fancy of a wilful girl
Who though she queen it in this little realm,
Has royalty enough to use her power
More lightly.

Longed you not to see my face ?
Am I as fair as you have dreamed of me ?

No, fairer far than any dream of mine,
 When they were fairest ; and your golden
 speech

Tunes me to expectation of such things
 My mind will not believe on.

Yes, too late.

My heart is so deep-laden with despair
 That it will sink into the calmèd sea,
 Though all the storms are lulled and the high
 vault

Thrills to the benediction of the sun ;
 Though my eyes see the beauty of the land
 I sailed to win how many years ago ;
 The fringed trees do brush my weary prow,
 The birds of flame are in my rigging perched,
 The island queen herself has signed to me,—
 My logged heart sinks into the crystal sea.

ANGELICA

So you are full of fancies.

CINNAMON

And of fears.

I have known many ; one o'ermasters all.
 I knew it not till now.

A man hath found
 After long searching in a barren land,
 A jewel rare, storied in dim legend,
 That moved his doubting heart unto a venture

Act III His mind despaired on. Is he not afraid
Of those mischances which in his despair
Did smile on him as fortunes? Doubtful
Death

Whose shrouded face is ever turned away,
And what she sees we know not; and the
weight

Of grim experience and illusion old
Whose pressure at his step was like a friend's
Who whispered: Be not lavish overmuch
With hope. Hold back the bird within thy
breast,

Eager for flight, lest he return to thee,
Sink at thy feet with a deep-gaping wound;
Bare not thy heart, arrows will enter in;
Speak not thy love, it will be spurned ever;
Sing not thy song, the winds will scatter it;
Dream not on bliss, for life has none for thee.

Yet has he found his jewel in a cave
Wherein he crept to die. It glimmers there
With tracing lights so softly interwoven,
The garish splendour his unquiet mind
Boded so often is dissolved quite
Into a silent loveliness of calm.

His bated soul is sick with old alarms.
A vision doth cheat him; Death may come
Ere beauty has transfused him utterly.

Such are my fears; you are the jewel rare.

You are my knight ; I give the jewel to you.
Speak not of fears to one who has her own ;
Call not on Death lest she may come too soon ;
Be not cast down who hast so great a boon.

CINNAMON

What boon have I ? [*Angelica looks at him.*]

O tender, wondrous love

Bare me thy heart that I may enter in.

ANGELICA

Speak out thy love, for I will answer ever.

CINNAMON

Sing me thy song, that it may melt my soul.

ANGELICA

I'll dream on bliss, for life is full for me.

CINNAMON

Why lovest thou me ?

ANGELICA

It's not that thou art fair.

Ah me, I cannot tell. Why lovest thou me ?

CINNAMON

It's not thy wondrous beauty, thy arched
brows

Incurving thy wild, woodland-gleaming eyes
And guiding them to me ; thy windswept hair
Whose every thread could bind a lover's heart
Faster than chains of iron ;
Thy lips that will not shape the speech of men

Act III Unto the ear, but whisper miracles
Unto the soul. Ave, that's the answer.
Soul leaps to soul, and there's the end of all.

ANGELICA

You speak as though you heard the crack of
doom,

The last trump blaring to the silent world.
Is love, then, woebegone within the womb
And born to tears ?

CINNAMON

It's but a trick of speech.
There's been so much sad in my happiness
That I have come to think the end of all
The bright beginning.

ANGELICA

You have been sad indeed,
That even your lover's speech is so imbued
With bitter melancholy.

When I was sad it was my speech betrayed
My constant hoping heart. It would smile
and dance,

And like a tumbling river sweep away
That which would dam it up. But you speak
glooms

Being happy. Do you feign your happiness
And cheat me with the semblance of a love
That I undoubting have believed upon ?

I do not think you do. I dare not think it,

For I am yours henceforward and for ever. Act III
What I have given I cannot take again,
Not though you cast him from you. He will
 wander,

His sad eyes covered by his drooping wings,
And he will be for ever at your heels
In stony places, till one day you turn
To bind his bleeding feet, and will remember
He was the first-born of a mountain maid
Whom once you met in darkness on a hill.

CINNAMON

Who has the sadder speech of these lovers
Whose star is at his zenith? Our first-born
Shall rest for ever here between our hearts—
So must he needs be small and never fledged
For such a lonely journey. If the dawn
Shall part us, he will warmly dwell with thee,
Resting where I would rest, in the soft vale
Of thy dear breasts embosomed, knowing well
That where he entered in my aching heart,
There are the gates flung wide till my return.

ANGELICA

May all the loves that ever yet were born
Tug backwards at the jealous wheels of Day;
Let him be moved by pity for a maid
Who once adored his coming, but now dreads
The first faint flush of the envermeiled
 clouds

Act III More than the tramp of death. Death would
be kind,

Knowing us what we are, and gather both
Under one sable pinion ; but the day
Sunders two hearts that one brief night has
laced

So close that all their blood will be outpoured
To sanguine the grey dawn.

O, go not thou
My love, but truly be my knight and stay
Since thou hast sworn my service. Let the
day

Blink idly for us hidden in the cave,
Where all my treasures are as nothing worth
Beside the thing I'll hold . . . Break not my
heart.

CINNAMON

It will be more surely broken if I stay.
O love, that lovest me so, love me yet more
And render courage to my taunting mind
Which, if it gather not command again,
Will suffer me commit so great a sin
As would unfit me unto seventy times
To be your knight. Yes, if this thing were
done,

One day you'd know me for a renegade
And tear your heart out by the painful roots
Rather than bear the thought you suffered it

To house my love an instant.

I am a soldier. You who live remote
 Know not a war is suddenly burst forth
 Upon Apricia's peace, and I know not
 Nor why nor how, but only there is war.
 I am a captain of the Peppercorns
 Leading a troop of horsemen. Without me
 They're lost, and I am lost to honour.
 Honour be cursed. I'd be a murderer
 If I should leave them to to-morrow's battle
 Like sheep.

O, I'll not tell you more ; my mind
 Is torn by nightmares and by bloody dreams.
 I dare not think upon them.

Lend so much virtue to my halting words
 They may bring to you such persuasion
 You'll think my going at the streak of dawn
 Only the fiery ordeal I must pass
 To be your true knight, and you'll pray for me.

Pray that my Prince, the troubled Cin-
 namon,
 May find the way to peace. Let's think no
 more

On this disaster foaming round the rock
 Of love. Here is our island ; here our lips ;
 Here will my soul inhabit unto death ;
 And when I turn from you I'll not be I,
 But only a numb carcase uninformed

Act III By its once tenant soul, which sweetly chained
To loveliness and love inhabits here.

And I'll not feel the battle. If a thrust
Aim truly at my heart it will blunt its edge
Striking on lead, for all the sentient part
Will be in exile.

ANGELICA

Let this jesting be ;
It chills my heart. Does not my lover know—
Has he so little of true understanding
As to forget that in his body lives
My soul, so tender-sensèd that a breath
Out of due order taken, a chance-slid step
Will cut it to the agonisèd quick ?
He knows not that, then he does not know
love.

Learn it, I pray you, quickly.

A moment since,
Before that traitor fancy tripped your tongue,
You spoke of war. I am not so unfriended
But that I hear its rumours, and approve
Your constancy in service to your lord,
Prince Cinnamon, of whom you spoke as one
Who knew his temper and his purposes.
Are you indeed acquainted ?

CINNAMON

Acquainted, yes.
I know him not as well as once I did ;

But as one man another, I do know him,
Set close to him in service as a guard,
Wearing his yellow facings.

Act III

ANGELICA

Tell me then
(Since you have urged me pray that he may
find

The way to peace), has he a true desire
Of peace? My prayers have oft been
answerèd ;

But pray I cannot for a man whose will
Stands counter to my prayer.

CINNAMON

Dear love, he has
Of my own knowledge straitly longed for
peace.

If only he'd been mindful of the affairs
Of Peppercorn with but the hundredth part
Of his own zeal to find salvation
There would be no armies on this hill to-night.
That I will swear. But something in the
blood,

Some canker in his composition
Did make him careless, and the armies stand
To battle with the dawn . . . We'll speak
no more

Of Cinnamon, for verily I believe
Our faintest chiding word would reach his ear

Act III And prick his soul with pain. No ! do not
chide him.

He's something gentle, something child, a
prince

Most miserable.

ANGELICA

You love him ?

CINNAMON

Nay, I know him.

ANGELICA

Might it not be that he assumed a face
To win your love ? I think that " something
gentle,"

That " something child," would win you
more than all

The blandishment of office. It would
whisper

Like a brother in your ear, as it has in mine,
Therefore I love you.

CINNAMON

Then you would love him.

ANGELICA

No, that I cannot . . . I will tell you why.
Until to-night I had but one dear friend
Who sleeps beside me here. She was the
maid

Since childhood of Princess Angelica.

And she has told me how a year ago

The Princess, sore enamoured of Mireil,
Which was her mother's birthplace and her
own

Child home, wrote to your something gentle
prince

A privy letter of much courtesy
Praying him to consider the exchange
Of his Mireil against her Ratafia,
Or any equal part of her domain.

As she was bound, she made inquiry among
His embassy in Nectarine, and learnt
His eye would read a challenge where she
meant

Cousinly kindness, and in her request
Intent to take Mireil by force of arms.

Therefore, since all she had to love
Was her dear mother's memory, she deter-
mined

To enter on her rightful heritage,
Trusting to justice.

CINNAMON

And the Garlic gun.

ANGELICA

Nay, be not so unkind ; she too is gentle.
It was she who sought in kindness to compose
A cause of quarrel.

CINNAMON

Is this story true ?

Act III

ANGELICA

True as my love.

CINNAMON

But you may be deceived
By her who told you. O, I pray you, tell me
Whether she too spoke truth. No, no, you
cannot.

I'll wake her now.

ANGELICA

You must not. If she wake,
I am undone.

CINNAMON

And if I wake her not,
And question her and prove her story false,
Then I . . . I also am undone. Undone?
No, murderer proved and utterly cast out
From happiness.

ANGELICA

How can that be? The fault
Falls on the prince, not his ministers.

CINNAMON

Upon the prince unto a hundred times,
But on the man a thousand . . . She, you
say,
Is body-servant to Angelica ;
Then she could surely find her. Let her
guide
Me to her mistress now. But wake her now.

Dear heart, be calm. What can you? If
she bring

You to the Princess, what credentials

Will you present? No, first to Cinnamon.

Now, now . . . Return with his consent to
parley

Or bring himself, and by our love I
swear

To set you in the presence of Angelica.

I swear it. Doubt me not . . .

O, is my love

So weak? The lives of men wait on your
speed.

Go, go. [*He hesitates still.*]

I am Angelica.

CINNAMON

And I

Am Cinnamon.

O tender, wondrous love.

The full cup of my heart will overflow

And drown my eyes in tears.

ANGELICA

And I am not

The maid a moment gone, but some weak
thing

Set on the dizzy pinnacle of joy.

Thou Cinnamon!

And thou Angelica.

This is that true conspiracy of heaven
That leagues with love, when the infinite
stars

Submit the attraction and the empery
Of the sweet impulse which did order them
And us with them ordained that we should
meet,

Twin stars of love under the presidency
Of our far-shining brothers of the sky.

ANGELICA

I thought I heard the spinning of the wheel
Of Destiny, and this is what she span :
Such close-knit intertexture of two hearts,
Diapered o'er with dreams, and so inwove
With fulfilled aspiration's thread of gold
That even the hungry Fates must hold their
shears

From so divine a pattern.

CINNAMON

Love, look down
On Nonpareil, the quiet-shining jewel
Of our engagèd love.

ANGELICA

I know not whether
I love it still. I have been lifted up
And this Angelica is strange to me,

Whose love has left its channels, made one Act III
sea,—

Nay, one great ocean,—and about one rock,
One Cinnamon has heaped his jealous tides.

And yet this same new-born Angelica
Looks down as she was used on Nonpareil.
But does she love it still? Surely its bells
Should of their unpersuaded motion chime
Out to the night the triumph of their queen;
Yet they are silent.

How the city sleeps
Beneath the still lake of the silent moon.
See how the great cool fishes poise their fins
Within the shadows of the silver rocks
Of the night-drowned houses and the coral
trees.

For love has made her lovelier, and I
Do love her still, for still I am the same,
Only more true, more constant, and more
woman.

CINNAMON

Now shall our parting be the happiest
That ever lover from his mistress took;
For we shall bear the only gift that love,
Since he was born, has ever worthy found
Of his bestowal on the ruck of men
Whom he has not elected for his own.
The largesse of our marriage is peace.

Act III And, though we cannot give the influence
That has been poured on our souls to-night,
We'll scatter virtue that it drop like rain
In coolness, and in softness like the leaves
Upon all hearts throughout our wedded lands.
Our word shall scatter to oblivion

The carrion crows of anguish and of pain
That flock together at the whisper " War."

We'll glut them on the sound of pealing
bells,

Smiles, maypoles, feastings, holiday,

So they'll remember to eternity

How lank they left the banquet, when with
them

There sat Angelica and Cinnamon.

Was ever love like this ? If verily

There was, why was it not set down

In story or in song ? Or were they dumb

On whom it did descend ? Or has it been

That lover's speech is like the nightingale's,

Heard, but for ever lost to mortal ear

Till yet another angel-voice uplifts

The earth into the sky ? Or are we twain

That last conjuncture of the human soul

The patient world has waited since the dawn

First rose on chaos, and the creeping things

Began their slow ascension through Time

To this appointed end—Angelica

And Cinnamon? Has not a mystery
Entered our linkèd names?

Act III

ANGELICA

Truly it has.

And truly we were waited by the world,
The stars, the rivers, and all human kind,
And these await us still. O, let us go
Quickly, for not even what we bring
Can make the chasm of time that we must
part

Seem what it is, a little mortal hour.
For love has his own measurement; his hand
Creeps an eternity upon the dial
Within a parted second. I must charm it
Back to its proper true condition
And whisper: This Angelica is loved
By Cinnamon, who in his turn is loved . . .
I fear me lest I whisper it so often
That I forget the blessed word of Peace.

Let us go quickly. There has never been
Such love as ours. O darling heart, good-bye.

[*Exit Cinnamon. Curtain.*]

ACT IV. SCENE : THE SAME

[*The same time: immediately following Act III. Day is just beginning to break. Marjoram enters.*] Act IV

ANGELICA

O Marjoram, haste, I pray you. You are late.
Did you forget the tryst ?

MARJORAM

Forget ! Why, lady,
I came so early that I thought to offend you ;
It's not yet dawn.

ANGELICA

Forgive me, Marjoram.
It must be as you say. Yet I have seen
Grey in the sky for years. Too little sleep
Has tricked my eyes.

There's peace.

MARJORAM

How mean you, lady ?

ANGELICA

Peace, peace is signed and sworn. Go tell
your men,
My men, my happy Cloves, that there is
peace.

Let all the bugles sound it ; tell the men
They may return this instant. No, they shall
not ;

They shall make holiday upon my hill,
Each spend the golden ducat that I give him.

Act IV Go, tell them, Marjoram. Or shall I go
And take the honour from you? You have
heard?
Why stand you moon-faced there? Do my
command.

MARJORAM

Lady, it shall be done. But I am guardian
Of your most precious life. I dare not go
Till you have told me of this promised peace.
Whence came it in the night? If you alone
Have struck a peace . . .

ANGELICA

Obey me, Marjoram.

MARJORAM

I dare not.

ANGELICA

O, why do you thus torment me?
Then I must go . . . I dare not leave this
place
Until he comes again . . . I tell you there
is peace.

MARJORAM

But what if old Ramrod will not have your
peace?
What if our men are making holiday
And the Peppercorns fall on us? Once the
word
Is spoken, all our discipline is gone.

O Caraway, do make him understand
That there is certain peace.

[Caraway rubs her eyes and stares.]

O, why am I plagued

With two such owls !

[Angelica throws herself on the ground.]

MARJORAM

[Kneeling beside her.]

Dear lady . . .

CARAWAY

Madam, I beseech you . . .

MARJORAM

Listen . . .

ANGELICA

Do you believe me now, or must I prove
Peace with more tears ? Prince Cinnamon
and I

Have sealed a pact to-night.

CARAWAY

What dream is this ?

My child . . . my lady . . . how could
Cinnamon . . . ?

ANGELICA

Prince Cinnamon is my cousin, Caraway ;
And I was born Princess Angelica.

Well may you ask what dream, for you have
slept

Act IV Like a true guardian. But it is time to
wake,

And time to do my bidding, Marjoram.

I do assure you I this night have seen
Prince Cinnamon, and spoke with him, and
made

My peace. Go now, as he is gone, to bid
The bugles blow a parley, or what call
Your careful mind approves. Only mark
this :

If from our side a single shot is fired
You are condemned. [*Marjoram departs.*]

Now leave me, Caraway.

O, I am hard. The burden of your love
Is sometimes heavy, and I am afraid
For every second lost. If blood were spilled
Upon this spotless unbelieved day
The stain would eat my heart. Come,
Caraway,

Tell me a story of Prince Cinnamon.

Did you not see him once ?

[*The report of a single shot is heard.
Angelica listens.*]

Thank God there was no answer. Marjoram
Has done my bidding bravely. Blessed am I
In such a captain. I would give them all,
And all were little, in acknowledgment
Of love so loyal as theirs.

Of love is mine. I dare not think upon it,
Lest thinking should dissolve it to a dream,
A dream in the blood, singing within my ears,
Smiling upon my lips, playing upon me,
That plucks at a thousand unknown strings
within ;

Makes me not me, a being musical,
A thing I love who never loved myself. . . .

We shall go hand in hand ; my thoughts
be his,

His shall be mine. Put off Angelica—

Alas ! I have forgotten her already—

And how should I remember ? My heart,
my mind,

These govern me no longer. I am chained

To that which is beyond me ; I am guided

By a new power created out of me

And him I love. So does our happiness

Lie in our own submission—to ourselves.

Did I not choose him ? Did he not choose
me ?

No, no ! Love chose us both and made us one,

Suddenly shaped our elements anew

Into . . . this thing of which I am a part,

A most impatient part. Is it not hours

Since last—and first—we met ? I'll think no
more.

Act IV It does no good. That is Prince Cinnamon,
And this must be Princess Angelica.

Why do the bugles wait to sound the
parley ?

Why did I not go with him ?

[*Re-enter Marjoram, shaking his head.*]

MARJORAM

Madam, I rode along our forward line
From end to end, questioned each sentinel,
Yet none had heard a parley from the foe
Nor any sound but one, a single shot
Fired but a moment since. Myself I heard it.

ANGELICA

And I. I heard no answer, Marjoram.

MARJORAM

Nor none there was from us. I gave your
order.

And even without it none would have replied.
Our vanguard knows its business. To give
away

For the mere satisfaction of an echo
Our whereabouts to Ramrod ! We're not
children.

ANGELICA

Did I not bid you make our bugles sound ?

MARJORAM

Madam, the gunshot put it out of mind.
I pondered it too much, quickly revolving

Whether it were a ruse to tempt reply
Or aimed against our skirmishers below,
Or someone stumbled as he climbed the hill.

Act IV

ANGELICA

And I . . . I am no child. You disobey my
orders

And dare to tell me that the dim report
Of one chance shot more than a mile away
Did drown their echo in your careless mind.
No, no! I am your princess. There are tales
That even a princess gives no credit to.

Either you lie, or you are no true soldier.

If even the youngest of your Halberdiers

Being given an order to perform, returned,

Saying a drumtap put it out of mind :

He pondered it too much, quickly revolving

Whether it meant that breakfast had been
served,

Or changing guard, or bed-time,—would you
believe him ?

Or if believing would you not punish him

To make him fit to be a Halberdier

Who must obey his orders or depart ?

MARJORAM

Depart ! He'd hang for it.

ANGELICA

No, he would not, for I would pardon him.

Nor shall you hang, for I will pardon you.

Act IV But were this not the day that outshines all
In happiness and kindness and in love—
We'll speak no more, for you have wronged
me much,
Wronged that in me you know not, for no
shot,
No power and no compulsion you can dream,
Had made you wrong me thus if you had
known.

MARJORAM

Madam, I love but you ; and my rough love
Has there offended where it most would
shield.

Pardon me not, I pray you. Let me go.
Let me resign my proud commission,
And let me be a soldier.

[The Peppercorn bugles sound a parley.]

ANGELICA

I need no soldiers.

O Marjoram, if it had been a dream !
I was afraid. I have been harsh with you.
You heard the bugle then ?

MARJORAM

I did, my lady.

And I am glad that I am proved at fault,
And glad a thousand times that there is peace,
Though I'm a soldier. I little thought a
parley

Could sound so sweet to me. But I am sick Act IV
With thinking on that hideous Garlic gun.

ANGELICA

Do we not answer ?

MARJORAM

Madam, let me go,
Still Captain of your Royal Halberdiers,
To give this final order.

ANGELICA

Quickly, Captain,
And all shall be forgotten.

[Marjoram hurries away.]

Caraway,

Do you believe me now ?

CARAWAY

I pray you, lady,
Dismiss me not, though age and aged love
Have made me foolish, foolish as my dream
That one day I should nurse my darling's
child
As I nursed her.

ANGELICA

Why foolish, Caraway ?
What if I dreamed the same—am I a fool ?
If you but let him wander while you sleep
The charge is yours.

CARAWAY

But you will never marry.

Act IV How can you ? There is not in all the world
A royalty like your own.

ANGELICA

What if a lover . . .

Dream children need no wedlock, Caraway.

CARAWAY

Dream children need no nurses.

ANGELICA

Still it may be.

[*The Clove bugles sound a parley.*]

Strange things are being done. Is it not
strange

To hear the sound of peace where we feared
war ?

Is it not strange that Cinnamon and I
Should seal a compact while our armies slept ?
Strange that we met in darkness on this hill,
Strange that we knew each other not at all ;
Strange that we learned, and strange we
kissed, and strange

We love, we love !

Was that writ in your dreams ?

CARAWAY

My dreams are tangled, child, and over-
scored.

Yes, that was in them once. But is it true ?

ANGELICA

Have you no eyes ?

CARAWAY

Act IV

I never looked in yours
But I found love there, child.

ANGELICA

Such love as this ?

CARAWAY

I do not know. But you are happy, child ?
Then I'll be happy too ; this was my dream.
I did not dream that I must lose you to him.
You were both mine.

[*Enter an Orderly.*]

ORDERLY

I come from Captain Marjoram, my lady,
To say a truce has entered our front line,
Bearing a message from old Ramrod—Mace,
I mean—

The Colonel in command of the Peppercorns.
He wishes to be conducted to your presence
Without a previous parley and to salute you
As future Princess of the Peppercorns.
And Captain Marjoram commanded me
To say he did not understand the message,
Though he had not mistaken it ; the truce
Said Colonel Mace was most particular
About those very words : “ And to salute her
As future Princess of the Peppercorns.”
My captain waits for your instructions.
He does not look upon it as a ruse,

Act IV Knowing old Ramrod—Colonel Mace, I
mean—

Would hold a formal truce inviolable ;
And yet he is perplexed by the demand
Of instant access to your Majesty.

ANGELICA

I understand the message. Let him come
Instantly to me. Let Captain Marjoram
Conduct him to this place, where I remain.

[*Exit Orderly.*]

You understand the message, Caraway ?
O think ! Who is the future Prince of Cloves ?
Does everything I tell you tumble down
Into a bottomless well ? O Caraway !

Ah, it begins to dawn upon my darling.
What should I do without you ?

And yet I wonder
Why Cinnamon should not have come him-
self.

It's not the thing, I know ; but on occasions
Princes make precedents—the only thing
They do make—and I think this might be one.
But he knows best. And yet it would be
sweeter

If he had told none but himself and come,
And clasped me in his arms, saluting me
Princess of Peppercorn with a lover's kiss.
I wonder. But there are so many ways

Of being perfect when you're Cinnamon. Act IV

And then—did I not tell the news to you?
You are my Mace, and Mace his Caraway.
Of course, it goes by doubles. You must
marry
The Colonel in command of the Peppercorns.
How stupid of me to be so blind! You'll
like him,
I'm sure. Perhaps you know him well
already?

CARAWAY

Yes, Madam, and I know he's been engaged
For thirty years and more to Miss Vanilla.

ANGELICA

The Ambassadors? How tiresome! But I
like her,
More than her message. O, how strange it is
Remembering those intolerable days . . .
But what a long engagement! It's a night-
mare.

What put it in their heads?

CARAWAY

It never was
In hers; it was the Colonel's own idea.

ANGELICA

But then . . . who *can* you marry, Caraway?

CARAWAY

Must I, Ma'am?

Act IV

ANGELICA

No, Mace is the only one
Could make it properly symmetrical.
How long they are ! If Cinnamon had
known it
He would have come himself in spite of all.
Go, look if you can see them on the way.

*[Exit Caraway. Angelica after a little
silence speaks to herself.]*

Ah, love, if you and I were ever old
We should be lovers still ; your arms would
fold

Me to your heart, and my dim eyes would light
With the unfading spark of the dear smile
That wrestled with the tears within your eyes.
We should be children, children, children
ever ;

Each give to each immortal love as now
That age cannot diminish : we shall die
As we were being born into our love
Like sleeping beauties locked in each other's
arms,

Babes in the wood whom only babes shall
wake,

The babes that are our children, when they
love

And loving bring us into life again.

[Re-enter Caraway.]

CARAWAY

They've turned the thicket, Madam, but
 they come
 So very slowly . . . because it's a great
 occasion.

ANGELICA

Caraway,
 I must be gracious, queenly to old Mace.
 I'm sure he will suspect me, for he was
 The right-hand man of Uncle Peppercorn
 Who had the strictest notions how princesses
 Should bear themselves in ceremonial.
 My mother told me what she had to do
 At his *petit lever* ; and this is worse,
 Far worse than even the grandest *grand lever*.
 But here he comes. Be good, Angelica.
 I think they might have had some drums or
 music.

[*Enter Mace, accompanied by Marjoram
 and heralds.*]

MACE

I am the Colonel Mace, your Majesty,
 Prince Cinnamon's vice-regent.

ANGELICA

You are welcome.

MACE

I do most humbly thank your Majesty.
 My mission on behalf of Peppercorn

Act IV Is to do homage to our new Princess,
Angelica, Princess of Peppercorn,
The High Soldana of Ortolano, Queen
Of Aspidestra and of Rataplan,
Sole Lady Warden of Volubilis,
Duchess of Ratafia.

ANGELICA

I thank you. So Prince Cinnamon has told
you

Of our contracted marriage. I proclaim him
Prince of the Cloves, Defender of the Faith,
Duke of Bombardon, Prætor of Nectarine,
Legate of Pomegranada,—and the king
Of my own heart, the least and yet the rarest
Of all the kingdoms wherewith I invest him.
When comes my cousin? Waits he on your
return?

I understand your sadness; it is hard
For a great soldier to forgo a battle:
Yet it is sweet for his small soldiery
To forgo death. Were you as great a
courtier
As you are man of arms, you would be kind
To your new queen and half-conceal your
sadness.

And yet I cannot blame you, though in this
Equal contracture of two royalties
Can lie no derogation. Sir, be happy

As you are welcome, honoured, and renowned. Act IV
Where is my cousin ?

MACE

Madam, he is without.

ANGELICA

Oh, why did you not tell me ? Ceremony !
I hate your ceremony ! Go, Marjoram,
And bid my cousin enter.

MACE

I pray you, Madam,
Forgive me.

ANGELICA

[Seeing more than sadness in his face.]
Speak . . . What is this, Caraway ?

MACE

Your Majesty, Prince Cinnamon is dead—
Dead at the dawn of peace, the dawn of day,
The dawn of happiness, the dawn of love,—
Struck by a chance sped bullet as he came
Down from the hill unknown.

Ah, I am old,
But all the little flame that burned in me
Was love of him.

ANGELICA

[Speaking very distinctly.]
Speak not to me of love.
You found him dead ? Had he no life, no word ?
Speak loud and quick.

Act IV

MACE

Madam, he muttered something
I could not hear, and then he smiled at
me

Into my eyes and whispered : " War, Mace,
war."

And then he tried to rise up from the
ground,

And said in pain : " My darling," and his
lip

Drooped, and then I knew he drooped and
died.

ANGELICA

I thank you, sir. But you yourself are
wounded.

You must be tended.

MACE

Long past tending, Madam.
It bleeds in the heart.

ANGELICA

Yes. . . . Bring my husband in,
And leave his wife to comfort him alone.

[The bearers bring in Cinnamon's body upon a bier. Angelica goes to him and kneels down, with her head pillowed upon Cinnamon's breast. Caraway, Marjoram, and Mace are frightened for her and hesitate to go out, while she is silent over Cinnamon's

body. After a little while she lifts up her head.] Act IV

Alone, I say, alone.

[Caraway, Marjoram, and Mace leave the stage, and the curtain falls on Angelica alone.]

EPILOGUE

So died my prince, and so the bleeding heart
Of his sweet princess into stone was turned ;
And not Vanilla's love could reimpart
Fire to the ashes which so bright had burned
Of Mace's late-found love ; and Marjoram
Pined for the mistress he had served too true ;
While Caraway gazed silent in the flame
Of the palace fire and watched it leap from
 blue
To red, to white, to gold, then sink to embers
 grey
And woke from listening to the words dream-
 children say.

THE END

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