

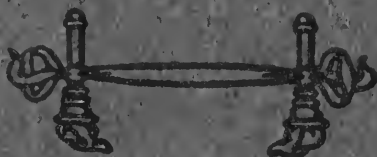


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Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

HIAWATHA

The Indian Passion Play



SOUVENIR
PROGRAM

*Longfellow's Immortal Poem
Dramatized for Indian Players*

*By F. E. Moore, Middletown, Ohio
Nineteen Thirteen*

PERSONAL DIRECTION OF MR. F. E. MOORE

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H I A W A T H A

THE INDIAN PASSION PLAY

AS a means of presenting the Legends, Myths and Customs of the North American Indian in a concrete dramatic form, Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha has been chosen. In some instances it has been found expedient to use other material or to vary the form of that used, but in no case has any change been made without excellent authority, so that Hiawatha as presented here is an authentic reproduction of Indian Folk Lore.

The characters are given the names used by Longfellow and each player is a full-blooded Indian, to whom the performance is as solemn as the Passion Play is to the peasant-actor of Oberammergau. The presentation may be classed as a Masque—the lines of the poem being declaimed or chanted while the players perform their parts, speaking and singing in their native tongue.

INTRODUCTION.

Ye who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike

Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung, or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened,—
Listen to this simple story,—
To this Song of Hiawatha.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Hiawatha.....the prophet sent by Gitche Manito
Minnehaha...sent to complete Hiawatha's mission in uniting all warlike nations
Chibiabos.....the beautiful singer; assistant to Hiawatha
Kwasind.....power for good and evil controlled at last by Hiawatha
Iago.....the story-teller and boaster, teacher of the Little Hiawatha
Nokomis.....grandmother of Hiawatha
The Ancient Arrow-Maker.....father of Minnehaha
Mudjekeewis.....father of Hiawatha
Pau-Puk-Keewis....the bad, opposite of Hiawatha, in the end controlled by him
The Black Robe.
Many assistants of Hiawatha and Pau-Puk-Keewis.

OPENING SCENE.

An Indian Village. Wigwam of old Nokomis. Wigwam of the Ancient Arrow-Maker. Dwelling place of Gitche Manito.

Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit, is displeased, and lights a signal fire on top of his dwelling, summoning all the tribes together. He commands them to cease warring and promises a deliverer to guide and teach them.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-Stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment.
Molded it into a pipe-head,
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
All the tribes behold the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending.
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.



Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Comanches,
Came the Shoshones and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the Great Red Pipe-Stone Quarry.

The voice of the Great Spirit says:
"O my children! My poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life who made you!

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you, and shall teach you.
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded
You will fade away and perish!



“Bathe now, in the stream before you;
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury the war-clubs and your weapons,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together
And as brothers live henceforward.”

First, the Chief of the Peace Pipe lighteth,—
To his god alone, he lifts it;
Then he takes it to the warriors,
But their gods have not been praised
And they scorn the pipe he offers.
Now to all their gods he prayeth:—
Unto Wabun of the East Wind;
Shawondasee of the South Wind;
To the West Wind, Mudjekeewis;
To the fierce Kabibonoka
Of the North Wind, wild and cruel;
To the sky gods,—to the earth gods,
Renders homage as is due them.
Now the warriors smoke the Peace Pipe,
Each one making as the smoke curls
Signs that show the tribe he comes from.

* * * * *

Thus the warriors smoke the Peace Pipe,
While the Master of Life ascending
Vanished from before their faces,
Through the doorways of the heaven
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace Pipe.
And the warriors wait for ages,
Wait the coming of the Prophet,
Of the Prophet Hiawatha.

Scene II.

Coming of the Prophet.

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.
She was sporting with her women
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
And Nokomis fell afrighted

Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
"See! a star falls!" said the people:
"From the sky a star is falling."
 There among the ferns and mosses,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter,
And she called her name Wenonah.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight,
And Nokomis warned her often
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis;
Of the West Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you."
But she heeded not her warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooded her with his words of sweetness,
Wooded her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.
 Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.
For her daughter long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
 "O that I were dead as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
 By the shining Big-Sea Water
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
 There the wrinkled old Nokomis
 Nursed the little Hiawatha,
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
 "Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
 Lulled him into slumber, singing,
 "Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"



When the warriors saw the Prophet
 In the arms of Old Nokomis,
 They were filled with awe and wonder;—
 "Who shall teach the new-born Prophet?
 "Train him for the work before him?"
 And with one voice all the warriors
 Cry aloud and choose "Iagoo!"
 Old Iagoo is much honored,
 Tells them he will train the Prophet.
 Now the warriors dance a War Dance
 As a token of their welcome;—
 But the spirit of the Prophet,
 Of the gentle Hiawatha,
 Stills them, calms them, makes them peaceful,
 And they dance a Dance of Worship.

Scene III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of ev'ry bird its language,
 Learned its name and all its secrets:
 Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 Talked with them where'er he met them,—
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."
 And Iagoo, the great boaster,
 He the marvelous story-teller,
 He the friend of Old Nokomis,
 Made a bow for Hiawatha,—
 From a branch of ash he made it;
 From an oak-bow made the arrows,
 And the cord he made of deer-skin.
 Teaches now my Hiawatha
 How to shoot the bow and arrows.

* * * * *

Now must he be taught the dances;—
 First he dances with Iagoo,
 Then alone he dances for them.
 Now the people all together
 Dance around the Council Fire,
 Kwasind, he the strongest warrior,
 Bears aloft my Hiawatha,
 Dances with him on his shoulder.

Scene IV.

Hiawatha's Wooing. The Wedding Feast

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors,

* * * *

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered.

* * * *

Then he called to Old Nokomis,
"I am going far to westward,
"There I'll find a maiden waiting
"With the beauty of the starlight,
"With the beauty of the moonlight."
"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"
Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"
Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees
There the ancient Arrow-Maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone.
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-Maker,
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.
Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.



At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,



Brought forth food and sat before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways.

“After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.”

Thus continued Hiawatha,
“That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dakotah women!”

And the ancient Arrow-Maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very bravely:
“Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!”

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
While she said and blushed to say it,
“I will follow you, my husband!”
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-Maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!
From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;

And the ancient Arrow-Maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
“Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Come a youth with flaunting feathers,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.
Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation;
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment.

Nokomis has decorated her wigwam for the wedding festivities, and sent out invitations all over the country. Nokomis and the guests welcome Hiawatha and Minnehaha and the festivities begin with the wedding dance. All the nations are represented, so warriors of different tribes are called upon to take part.

(The songs and dances introduced are all pagan ceremonials and are exactly as they were hundreds of years ago; some of them are here seen by white people for the first time.)

Pau-Puk-Keewis is called upon to dance the beggar's dance.

“Dance for us, O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us.”

(The festivities conclude with a war dance.)

Pau-Puk-Keewis resolves he will break up the marriage festivities. His plan is to engage the warriors in a gambling game, which, after many difficulties, he succeeds in doing. Iagoo, supposed to be the best man, is the one who gives away and yields to temptation, loses all the risks and in his desperation puts up his nephew, “Face-in-a-Mist.”

Pau-Puk-Keewis, full of mischief,
Draws from out his pouch of wolf-skin
All the game of Bowl and Counters.
But the warriors will not join him.
Then he calls upon the witches
To assist him in his mischief.
Still the warriors will not join him.
Then he taunts the vain Iagoo,
Who through pride consents to join him,

And they Play at Bowl and Counters.
Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis,
“I will venture all these winnings,
All against the young man yonder.”
’Tis the nephew of Iagoo,—
Face-in-the-Mist, the people call him.



Pau-Puk-Keewis wins the young man,
Sends him eastward to his wigwam
With his arms piled full of treasures.
Full of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Heard of all the misdemeanors
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Calls the warriors about him,
Takes them out into the forest.
Pau-Puk-Keewis, full of malice,
Full of mischief, stays behind them,
Seeks to be revenged upon them,
Seeks to harm my Hiawatha.
Sees the lovely Minnehaha
At the doorway of her wigwam;
Creeps upon her slowly, slowly—
Then he springs and she is frightened.
Old Nokomis drives him from her,
But he comes again to frighten.
Then Nokomis with a loud cry
Calls the warriors from the forest.
Over rock and over river river
Runs the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;—
Many times they almost catch him,
By his magic he eludes them.
But at last, his cunning fails him
And he runs back to the Mountain
Where he calls for aid and succor,
On the god he had despised.
There the warriors surround him,
Raise their clubs on high to kill him.
Hiawatha with his right hand
Held on high to give protection,
Saves him from the furious warriors.
Pau-Puk-Keewis asks forgiveness
For the wrongs that he has done them;—
Dances now the Dance of Penance.

A legend is introduced here not in Longfellow's poem.

Scene V.
The Famine and Death of Minnehaha

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
Waiting for the steps of Hiawatha.

On their faces gleamed the firelight,
Painting them with streaks of crimson,
And behind them crouched their shadows.

Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lonely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

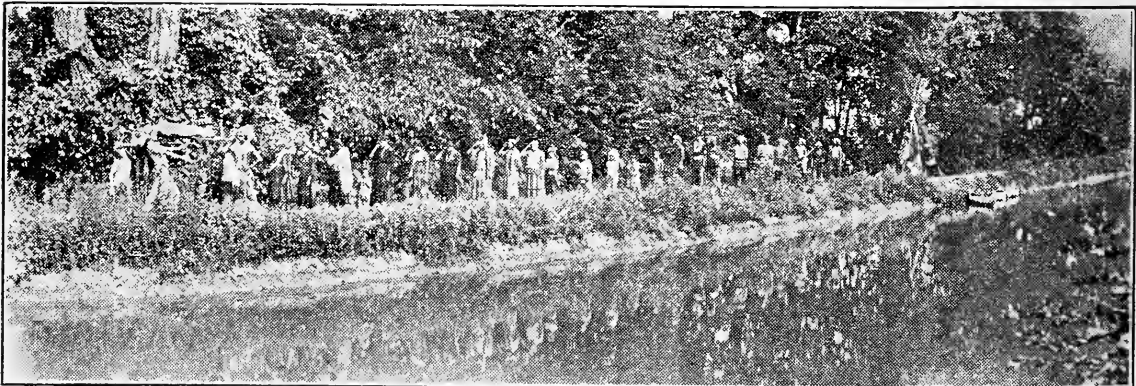
Homeward now comes Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from amid the shadows,
Seize upon the scanty portion
That he brings for Minnehaha,
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devour the morsel,
Flit again into the shadows.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish.
"Gitehe Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha!"
For my dying Minnehaha!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With the Famine and the fever,
She was lying the Beloved,
She was dying, Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No my child" said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing loney at his doorway,
"No, my child," said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard the sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted.
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin; Wahonowin!"

Then he sat down still and speechless,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never



More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconseious
Of the daylight or the darkness.



Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Stood and watched it at the doorway.
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

“Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha!”
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed.
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!”
From his wanderings far to eastward
Homeward now returns Iagoo,
Full of new and strange adventures.
And the people of the village
Listen to him as he tells them
Of his marvelous adventures.
Tells them he had met the Black Robe,
Priest and Prophet of the Pale Face,—
That he comes to preach salvation
Through the death of Christ the Savior.
In derision laugh the people;—
Only Hiawatha laughs not:
“True is all Iagoo tells us;
“I have seen it in a vision.
“Gitchee Manito the Mighty,
“Sends him hither on his errand.
“When he comes, then I must leave you,
“For the Islands of the Blessed
“Sail into the fiery sunset.”



The Black Robe speaks:—

“See the cross I hold uplifted,
“On it died our Saviour for you.
“Died that ye might be forgiven,
“Died that ye might live forever.
“Peace I bring you, peace and pardon.”

“I have come thus far to see you,
“Come to bring to you a message
“Telling of the Virgin Mary,
“And her blessed Son, our Saviour.
“Who, in distant lands and ages,
“Dwelt on earth as we do now.
“How they scourged Him, crucified Him,
“How He rose from where they laid Him
“Walked again with His disciples
“And ascended into Heaven.
“Peace be with you Hiawatha,
“And with all thy people Peace.”

* * * * *

Then said Hiawatha:—

“I am going O my people,
“On a long and distant journey.
“Many moons and many winters
“Will have come and will have vanished
“E're I come again to see you.”
This ends the Legend of Hiawatha.

HIAWATHA

IN MOTION PICTURES

(4000 ft.)

A photoplay in four reels has recently been made depicting the life of the Indian Messiah from the time he is rocked in his Indian cradle by old Nokomis until his impressive departure to the "Islands of the Blessed."

The pictures are being marketed on the State Rights plan and there are still a few good states for sales.

Theatres, colleges, clubs, chautauquas, churches, schools or private homes may secure bookings by applying direct to

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