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THE ROUT OF THE PHILISTINES

THE TWENTIETH GROVE PLAY
OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB



1922

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THE ROUT OF THE PHILISTINES

22
1816

A FOREST PLAY

BY

CHARLES G. NORRIS

MUSIC BY

NINO MARCELLI

THE TWENTIETH GROVE PLAY OF THE
BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

*As performed by its members
in the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma County, California
on the twenty-ninth of July
nineteen hundred and twenty-two*



SAN FRANCISCO
BOHEMIAN CLUB

1922

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THE ROUT OF THE PHILISTINES

A FOREST PLAY

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
GREAT AND GENTLE BOHEMIAN
FRANK L. MATHIEU

*But here before you stands a god in truth,
Or if no god, the symbol of a god;
Ye would do well to fall upon your knees
And worship him, for he is inspiration,
And kindleth aspiration, attributes
Of gods alone.*

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

AARON, High Priest of the Philistines	RICHARD M. HOTALING							
MALCHALM, Priest	JOSEPH S. THOMPSON							
ABIMELECH, King of the Philistines	MORRIS W. ANKRUM							
ACKISH, Prince, Son of Abimelech	RICHARD A. LEONARD							
MOAB, Tutor to the Prince	GEORGE S. MAGEE							
DOR, Servant to the Prince	EASTON KENT							
HAMUL, Captain of the Host	WILLIAM B. HANLEY, JR.							
LORDS OF	<table style="display: inline-table; border: none; vertical-align: middle;"> <tr> <td style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle;">{</td> <td style="padding: 0 10px;">GAZA ASHKELON GATH ASHOD EKRON</td> <td style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle;">}</td> <td style="padding: 0 10px;">Lords of the Philistines</td> <td style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle;">{</td> <td style="padding: 0 10px;">LEO CUNNINGHAM LESTER SEIB E. MALCOLM CAMERON FRANK E. RODOLPH JOHN R. GWYNN</td> <td style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle;">}</td> </tr> </table>	{	GAZA ASHKELON GATH ASHOD EKRON	}	Lords of the Philistines	{	LEO CUNNINGHAM LESTER SEIB E. MALCOLM CAMERON FRANK E. RODOLPH JOHN R. GWYNN	}
{	GAZA ASHKELON GATH ASHOD EKRON	}	Lords of the Philistines	{	LEO CUNNINGHAM LESTER SEIB E. MALCOLM CAMERON FRANK E. RODOLPH JOHN R. GWYNN	}		
SAPH, Son of Rapha, King of the Anakims	WILLIAM S. RAINEY							
AMON, Script Writer SISERA, Musician BOAZ, Sculptor	<table style="display: inline-table; border: none; vertical-align: middle;"> <tr> <td style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle;">}</td> <td style="padding: 0 10px;">Slaves of the Philistines</td> <td style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle;">{</td> <td style="padding: 0 10px;">GORDON DAVIS FREDERICK THOMPSON DAVID R. EISENBACH</td> </tr> </table>	}	Slaves of the Philistines	{	GORDON DAVIS FREDERICK THOMPSON DAVID R. EISENBACH			
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MESSENGER	JESSE L. PECK							
SOLDIER	WM. C. SHIELS							
APPARITION of King Rapha	MELVILLE C. THRELKELD							
MOTHER'S SONG, sung by	STEPHEN BOWERS							
Chorus of Priests, Nobles, Zealots, Soldiers, Slaves, Litter Bearers								

CHORUS OF PRIESTS

M. ANGELL	CHESTER HEROLD	R. O'BRIEN
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R. B. HEATH	R. M. NEILLY	W. S. WILSON
		A. Y. WOOD

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E. J. CARDINAL	W. H. HOPKINSON	J. I. THOMAS
WM. CROSS	W. A. MITCHELL	T. G. WHITAKER
	P. J. MOHR	

DANCE OF THE ZEALOTS

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S. W. BLUM	CHESTER DECHENT
A. M. BROWN	GEORGE HAMMERSMITH
LESLIE CUPPLES	FRED W. KAPPELMAN
WM. H. CUPPLES	JOHN MESSERSMITH
FRED B. DAVIS	HARVEY R. OLDS
	LELAND S. POOLE

DANCE OF THE DRYADS

WM. LINDLEY ABBOTT	FRED W. KAPPELMAN
S. W. BLUM	HARVEY R. OLDS
FRED B. DAVIS	LELAND S. POOLE
CHARLES DECHENT	WILLIAM S. RAINEY

RETAINERS OF THE LORDS

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J. R. SELBY

DONZEL STONEY
WM. L. SHAW

GATH'S RETAINERS

GEO. Q. CHASE
JOHN HOWELL

J. B. McCARGAR
DONALD McLAREN

ASHOD'S RETAINERS

B. D. DEAN
R. W. MAPLES

J. D. MILLIKIN
WM. K. WHITE

ASHKELON'S RETAINERS

J. C. ATWOOD
C. T. CROCKER

G. J. HENRY
ARMSTRONG TAYLOR

EKRON'S RETAINERS

W. R. BACON
C. C. DOBIE

GEO. VAN SMITH
R. L. McWILLIAMS

HAMUL'S MEN

M. ANGER
A. A. ARBOGAST
H. H. DIGNAN
T. G. ELLIOTT
C. E. ENGVICK
G. H. EVANS
G. J. HATFIELD

C. HEROLD
E. V. HOLTON
F. W. KROLL
A. E. MEYERS
J. A. MOORE
R. O'BRIEN
G. B. STACY

B. M. STICH

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CONCERT MASTER ALEXANDER SASLAVSKY

ORCHESTRA MANAGER WALTER OESTERREICHER

PROMPTER FRANK C. SHAUGHNESSY

PLAN OF MUSIC

Prelude

Invocation to Dagon

Entrance of the Lords of Philistia

Hail Philistia!

The Glorification of Dagon

Dance of the Zealots

The Return of Hamul and his Men

Saph's Narrative

The Mother's Song

Finale

THE PROLOGUE

SCENE

A woodland glade, shrouded in the mystery of dark night, and the profound solemnity of great trees. Glimmerings of dawn are followed by the slow awakening of the forest. Calls of woodland spirits are heard, some cheerful, some sad, some tortured. As the light increases, ACKISH, the young Prince of Philistia, is discovered asleep. Plaintive cries continue to be heard, and gradually creatures of the forest become discernable: dryads, a Pan, timid fauns and elves. They discover the Prince, and indicate their curiosity and interest. One bolder dryad detaches himself from his fellows and draws near for closer inspection. In pantomimic dance, he portrays his admiration for the sleeping youth, his fear of impending tragedy, his eagerness for friendship, and a pressing need of assistance. Warnings of approaching danger are heard, and the dryad and other woodland creatures flee in alarm. The forest illuminated, now, reveals the entrance of MOAB, followed by DOR.

MOAB

My task is done, and like a tethered hound,
I strain the leash that binds me. Fain would I
Begone. The hour attends when we depart;
The kindly breeze that sees us homeward bound
Already stirs the canvas of our sails.
Where waits the Prince?

DOR

He was enamored of
A woodland glade,—just such a one as this,—
And told me he would there abide alone,
Till we returned.

MOAB

I fear the way is lost,
And that thou art uncertain of the spot.
Thy negligence may cost us dear. The King,
Abimelech, almost a year ago,
Did charge me with the keeping of his son,
Did bid me journey to far-distant lands,
And show to him the wonders of the world.
He did entrust me with the Prince, and I
Have loved my charge. To Egypt have we been,
To Tyre, Sidon, and to Babylon,
And no misfortune hath befallen us.
But now upon the brink of our return,
When we within the hour sail for home
To bring the Prince of all the Philistines,
Unto the King, his father,—doth mishap
Waylay our steps! Woe, woe betide thee, Dor,
If he be harmed!

DOR

Good Moab, be assured,—
He is not far. 'Twas some such spot as this.
Lo, there he is! Asleep! Praised be the gods!
For thou didst fill me with disquietude.

MOAB

It is the Prince! And it is well for thee,
No harm hath come to him. He must awake,
For it behooves us to be gone; the sea
Lies just beyond the hill; the eager ship
Doth strain her moorings e'en as strains my heart
To carry safe my cargo home again,
Discharge my freight, and give my King account.

DOR

Philistia! Thy Prince restored to thee
Shall shortly be, our mission safely done!

MOAB

Awake thy master. We must not delay.

DOR

O Prince awake! My master Ackish 'wake!
Arise! The hour is come when we depart,
The good ship waits, our year of travel far
Is o'er and we our faces turn toward home.

ACKISH (*awakening, bewildered*)

Ah, what say you? . . . Good Moab, faithful Dor?
Ah, what a dream had I,—or was it dream
Or vision of my sleep? . . . Thy hand, my boy.
. . . Oh, horrible illusion! Dream I still? . . .

MOAB

Not so, my lord, we do depart straightway
For fair Philistia's shores. I have secured
A timely passage and we sail forthwith.

ACKISH (*still bewildered*)

Such odious crime,—such foul and wanton murder!

MOAB

What troubles thee, my Prince?

ACKISH

My dream—my dream!

MOAB

A figment of the brain, of no import.

ACKISH

Not so. This fancy of my troubled sleep

Was all too vivid, too appalling strange
To have no portent.

DOR

Hadst thou visions, then?

ACKISH

Aye, visions, and a troubling revelation!
Good Moab,—see this quiet, leafy glade?
It did enchant me when I came on it,—
These stately trees, these noble columned timbers,
Rising in serried ranks like sentinels
About this grove. I, drinking of its peace,
Did lay me down and soon I was asleep.
And as I slept, strange creatures came to me
From out the woods, dryads and woodland sprites,
And these grave trunks took on a gentle mien,
And like a kindly race of giant friends
They showed to me their hearts—their simple souls!
Thus saw I them as guardians of the world,
Beloved by bird and beast—by all the life
That stirred and rustled, and was not afraid
So near to them! The elves and fauns and fays,
With music and with laughter ringed them round,
So that mine eyes were wet with tears of joy,
My soul stirred deep with beauty. Sudden changed
The dream: a troop of harsh and bloody fiends
Burst in—they slew these trees—they hacked them down!
They dragged their bodies off for gain, they left
Their noble crowns, their princely vesture here
To wither, mold, disintegrate—decay!
And all this lovely opulence of green
Became a wilderness, wind-swept and bare,
Deserted by the laughing merry nymphs,

The little peeping elves who danced for Pan,
Except where some poor fallen tree lay dead,
Forgotten, left to rot! There grasses bloomed,
And loving vines crept o'er the broken corse,
And hid the wound, and in the narrow shade,
There lurked a weeping dryad, torn by grief!
O horrid sight! Would I might lift my hand
To save a thing so noble! God-like trees,
Thy purpose never falters; steadfast, sure,
Thou ever pointest upward! Beauteous things,
I would befriend thee if I might, and serve
Thee half as staunchly as thou servest me!
And I will give the world when I am King,
Thy royal dow'r of peace and fellowship,
Of beauty and of kindness!

MOAB

Dear my lord,

The dream that so excites thee hath small weight,
Though thou hast couched it in such moving terms!
Now wake to action. Soft the moving feet
Of time do tip-toe by; our ship awaits
The turning of the tide. A fav'ring wind
Toward fair Philistia blows. Thy father's arms
Are stretched to welcome thee. Let us depart.

ACKISH

Farewell, dear land of dreams! Oh, noble trees,
Be still my friends when I am far away!
I shall remember thee—thy message keep
And cherish in my heart. And if this arm
Of mine can bring thee succor in thy hour
Of need, its strength is thine. Farewell O trees!
I shall remember thee. Farewell! Farewell!

[*Exeunt*

THE PLAY

. . . Dwelt therein in times past a people great, and manly,
and tall as the Anakims; which also were accounted
giants. . . .

DEUTERONOMY II:10, 11.

SCENE.—*A sacred forest grove outside the Temple of Dagon at Gaza in Philistia. Façade of temple at R. with broad steps leading down. A chant of the priests of Dagon is heard; as the hymn approaches its conclusion, the priest file from the temple singing, followed by AARON, MALCHAM, and attendant group of slaves.*

HYMN TO DAGON

Dagon——Dagon——Dagon!
Humbly our homage we yield,
 Lord of the vines and the harvest,
Lord of the flock and the field,
 Guardian of streams and of fountains,
Mighty one, wise to direct us,
 Fling o'er our forests and mountains,
All of thy might to protect us
Hark to our voices repeating,
Hark to our cries and entreating,
 Be to thy people a shield!

Dagon——Dagon——Dagon!
Now when the famine is near us,
 Fallen and vanished our glory,
God of the powerless cheer us,
 Lift thou the crops that are failing,
Hark, how the foeman rejoices,
Widowed and fatherless wailing,
 Canst thou be deaf to their voices?

Dagon, all wise and forgiving,
Grant us the sweetness of living,
Thou who are merciful, hear us!

Dagon——Dagon——Dagon!
Here at thy temple we sue thee.
Now shall the smoke from the body
Of the live offering woo thee
Into thine hour of kindness.
Dagon, we storm at thy portals!
Thou wilt forgive us our blindness,
Mighty one, we are but mortals!
And while the sacrifice fuming,
Softens thee toward our presuming,
We shall do homage unto thee!

AARON

The hour draws near when King Abimelech
Holds council grave before great Dagon's shrine,
From Ashkelon, and Gaza, Ekron, Gath,
From distant Ashod come our noble Lords
To legislate such measures as may bring
The speedy help our people sorely need.
Let Dagon's priests prepare the council seats.

[Descends to lowest stage.]

MALCHALAM *(to attendants)*

Swift take ye heed of Aaron's words. Set forth
Such stalls as may most seemingly befit
The dignity and honor of the court.

[Joins AARON on lowest stage while priests and slaves bring from the temple the seats for the council ring. After these are arranged, they withdraw.]

High Priest, it is a bitter hour that brings
The King and Lords of all the Philistines

In august council on this troubled day.
Does Dagon sleep, while we who watch and pray,
Must also watch hope die, and faith depart,
Our country fall in ruin,—pass away?
His favor—Dagon's favor, the supreme,—
Hath been denied his faithful worshippers
The season's round. And fresh misfortune seeks
With eager clasp the hand of stale ill-luck,
Familiar hardship ever at our backs.
Our stately ships lie broken on the rocks,
Our busy marts, ere now Philistia's pride,
Stand empty and forlorn; the barren fields
Lie fallow, waste by drought, and pestilence
And hunger take their daily toll of life.

AARON

'Tis bitter truth. Philistia's breasts are dry.
The little children mouth their hands for food.

MALCHALM

A sorry state, but one which cannot be
Alleviated by decree or law,
The rulers of our cities, and our King
Meet here to-day at Gaza's judgment-seat,
To legislate some measure to restore
Prosperity and plenty once again.
'Tis idle effort. Law nor statute will
Avail while Dagon frowns. 'Twere better far
To sue the god for grace, engage his favor,
Propitiate him in his deep displeasure.

AARON

And what e're now hath never failed to 'suage
Great Dagon's wrath? What hath unfailingly
Appeased him, pacified his angry heart?

MALCHALM

A living sacrifice of gentle blood,
A noble youth of princely lineage
Our mighty god doth crave above all else.
No common mortal sates his appetite;
Oblations of patrician rank alone
Will glut his maw, and gratify his greed.

AARON

Thou speakest very truth, and to provide
Such sacrifice to palliate our god,
Meet here our noble Lords and gracious King.
No purpose theirs to promulgate decrees,
But theirs to formulate a plan whereby
Almighty Dagon may be satisfied.

MALCHALM

What death more precious could there be than one
By which the suffering of mankind might cease!

AARON

Yet though among our royal princes stood
There one to welcome such a martyrdom,
Accept the fiery kiss from Dagon's lips,
His ardent clasp, his passionate embrace,
'Twere needless death, a futile sacrifice.
There dwells not two moons' journey from our land
A race of giants all of noble blood,
The Anakims,—great-limbed, with towering heads
Uplifted to the skies.

MALCHALM

Above all else
Desired most by Dagon. Well I know
The great god's hunger for these mighty men.

AARON

The tigress calling for her mate, the wolf
Long on his quarry's trail, hot for his prey,
The mother yearning o'er her ailing child,
The wanton mad to satisfy her lust,
None craves as Dagon craves the noble blood
And savory flesh of these colossal men.

MALCHALM

The season's lagging circle is complete
Since sacrifice to Dagon hath been made.
How comes it that so long a time hath 'lapsed
Ere we have had a captive from this land?

AARON

Knowst thou the lofty stature and the size,
The bulk and brawny magnitude these men
Attain? Like mighty columns stand they fast,
Their feet among the grasses of the plain,
Their heads among the clouds. Majestically
They lift themselves in towering stateliness.
Of peace they are and disposition mild,
Unwarlike, helpless 'gainst the keen-edged sword.
'Twere idle otherwise to dare presume
Philistia's men of valor might prevail
In combat o'er such formidable foes.
Great age they know, a thousand years and more,
Each twelve-month adding to their magnitude.
Their King,—old Rapha, venerable, seer,—
A mighty monarch, oldest of them all,—
'Tis said was born while yet the world was new,
Ere pigmy man in cities walled himself,
Or hid in houses fearful of the storm.

MALCHALM

How comes it then our valiant fighting men
From forays e'er victorious 'gainst this foe
Bring hither captives of no stature huge,
But youths of size and height no more than ours,
Alike to us, to any Philistine,
Nor taller by so much as half a head?

AARON

Such captives are but striplings of the race,
Their younger sons, in age a score of years.
Whereas we reach our height at man's estate.
These giants steadily each round of months
Lift up their heads still higher, taller soar.
Great Dagon must have living sacrifice;
Alive his meat must be. In captive state
To bring a full-grown giant to our land
Would prove by far too arduous a task.
What fetters, chains or manacles are there
So strong, so stout, so intricately made,
As can withstand the strength of limbs so huge,
Unused to bonds, rebellious of restraint?
These proud and stately creatures welcome death,
Accept the sword in arrogant disdain,
Prefer to die than to submit to chains.
For many years our valiant fighting men
Have havoc wrought against this stalwart tribe
To purpose good. Their dwindling number makes
It ever harder and more difficult,
The capture of their sons, their tender youths,
Who, in their adolescence, have not won
The mighty size and still more mighty strength.

MALCHALM

Yet did not Hamul, Captain of the Host,

Set forth with ten score picked and fearless men
These six months gone in eager enterprise
To wrest such captives from the Anakims?

AARON

Brave Hamul hath been grievously beset
By storms of wind and rain, hath lost his way,
And suffered hunger, thirst, and cruel want.
And now for space of three months come and gone,
No tidings good or evil hath he sent.
Grave doubts possess the wisest of our chiefs;
They dread disaster to our doughty band,
Fear lest brave Hamul and his men are dead,
Or peradventure are in cruel straits,
Awaiting help from us that doth not come.
And so our Lords and King meet here today
In council to debate what policy
Should shape our course: to Hamul speedy aid
Dispatch, or hold our hand in trust some news
Will shortly come. The people suffer want,
Their urgent cry for food assaults our ears
And whips our lagging purpose with its lash.

MALCHALM

I hear the trumpets and the march of feet;
The Lords are gathering at the judgment-seat.

AARON

We'll to the temple and prepare to greet
The King Abimelech and all his suite.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter the LORD OF GAZA with retainers singing.]

MEN OF GAZA

Greatest of all Philistia
The men of Gaza march,
Above the flashing of their shields,
The heavens bend their arch.
Before them flies the routed foe,
The cowards shun their flanks,
As o'er a world submissive go
The men of Gaza's ranks.

For he who moves by field or fen,
Must reckon first with Gaza's men;
And he who puts it to the test,
Will find our arrows at his breast.

[Enter the LORD OF ASHKELON with attendants singing.]

MEN OF ASHKELON

We are the men of Ashkelon,
Good servants of the King,
And where our serried thousands throng,
There is no garnering.
Yet love we well the harvest days,
When low the red sun shines,
And haloes in a golden haze
The maidens and the vines.

Come back, oh days of peace and power,
The bride's rose and the passion-flower,
And let the yield of earth and stream,
Make care and want a distant dream.

[Enter the LORD OF GATH with attendants singing.]

MEN OF GATH

Singing before they bend their back,
Our bowmen take the field,
And what a harvest, red and black,
The ordered furrows yield!
Our quiet women at their looms,
Smile as they bind their hair
With the gold fillets and perfumes
The foeman's women wear.

Make ready in the days of peace,
For what may follow when they cease.
None but the King dare face the wrath
That stirs the mighty men of Gath.

[*Enter the LORD OF EKRON with attendants singing.*]

MEN OF EKRON

Death is obedient to our hands,
The crash of echoing steel
Has told afar in alien lands
The hate our ranks may feel.
To fight and love,—these be the lot
Of soldiers of the King,
And passion's breath is not more hot
Than our embattling.

About the safety of our Lord,
Stands fast the wall of Ekron's sword.
And where we hunt and strike to kill,
The thirsty steel shall drink its fill.

[*Enter the LORD OF ASHOD with attendants singing.*]

MEN OF ASHOD

A guarded mountain fastness ours,
Across long leagues of plain,
And where we dwell the tempest lowers,
And sweeps the hurricane.
But when the call to battle rings,
Right ready are we then,
Quick to the post each warrior springs,
For we are Ashod's men!

What though the forest dim their trail,
The men of Ashod shall not fail.
With trumpet blast and beat of drum,
Across the desert sands we come!

GAZA

To Gaza, noble Lords, I bid you welcome;
Too long a time hath lapsed without this honor.

ASHKELON

We thank thee, Lord of Gaza. Ashkelon
Returns thy hearty greeting and thy love.

EKRON

The harvest moon hath run her silver course
Since last we met before great Dagon's shrine.

GATH

All hail, great ruler. Brother Philistines
And brother princes, I salute you all.

ASHOD

From distant Ashod have I travelled far,
Content to greet you 'neath fair Gaza's walls.

GAZA

When last Abimelech convened us here,
We had brave plans afoot for eager war,
But now,—alas!—a far less joyful cause
Hath brought us here in answer to his call.

EKRON

An evil blight hath fallen on our land.

ASHOD

The stealthy fingers of the mortal plague
Close round my people's throats, a deadly grip,
The only harvest Ashod knows is death.

ASHKELON

In Ashkelon, my Lords, there are no crops!
The land lies parched; the weeds are shrivelled in
The paths; Gilboa's sides are black and seared,
The rivers, Hebron and Chebar, are dry,
Their beds are dust. The fig upon the tree
Is withered and the cattle die from thirst.

GATH

In stricken Gath,—the richest of our towns,
The city of Philistia's mart, wherein,
The rushing currents of the world of trade
Flowed nobly and as nobly ebbed,—where came
The spices of Arabia, the silks
From rich Damascus, Egypt's wheat and corn,
From Lebanon its cedars, Syrian figs,
Heaped woolly pelts from Tartary, and wine
Red from the vineyards of the Israelites,—
'Tis even so. The produce of the world
Flowed through our markets, weighed our pregnant ships,

Heaped high our coffers! Lords, they come no more!
Our galleys founder on unfriendly seas,
Or lie in broken wreckage on the shore.
Deserted are the marts of Gath; the streets
Are filled with mourners hungry in their weeds!

GAZA

So, too, in Gaza, humbled in her pride,
She starves upon her hills. The chink of gold
We hear no more. The jingling shekels cease
To sound their clinking music in our ears,
Starvation threatens us! . . . But hark, methinks
I hear the chanting voices in the temple;
The priests of Dagon raise their prayer in song.

ASHKELON

The High Priest Aaron cometh to our council;
It will behoove us all to close attend him.

[Enter a procession of priests chanting.]

PRIESTS OF DAGON

Dagon——Dagon——Dagon!
Humbly our homage we yield,
 Lord of the vines and the harvest,
Lord of the flock and the field,
 Guardian of streams and of fountains,
Mighty one, wise to direct us,
 Fling o'er our forests and mountains,
 All of thy might to protect us.
Hark to our voices repeating,
Hark to our cries and entreating,
 Be to thy people a shield!

Dagon——Dagon——Dagon!
Now that the famine is near us,
 Fallen and vanished our glory,
God of the powerless hear us!
 Lift thou the crops that are failing.
 Hark, how the foeman rejoices,
 Widowed and fatherless wailing!
 Canst thou be deaf to their voices?
Dagon, all wise and forgiving,
Grant us the sweetness of living,
 Thou who are merciful, hear us!

[At the conclusion of the hymn, AARON, followed by MALCOLM, appears at the portals of the temple, the ranks of the priests divide, and the HIGH PRIEST comes down stage, and addresses the LORDS.]

AARON

We gather here today 'neath Gaza's walls
To make complaint before our worthy King,
And tell of grave affliction that hath come
Upon the people of our fatherland.
Full well I know the justice of your plaints;
We face indeed a situation grave;
Yet ere this council doth begin, I beg
You heed advice.

ASHKELON

Most Holy Priest, your words
Have ever had a welcome in our hearts.
No admonition know we more revered
Than thine. We importune thee to advise.

AARON

Apostle of our sacred god am I,
His inmost confidence is mine, and when

I speak, great Dagon speaks, and by my mouth
His voice is heard. Give heed, oh Philistines,
To Dagon's words.

GATH

Most humbly we attend.

AARON

Thus spake the god: "I, Dagon, am incensed,
My wrath is kindled, hot my anger is.
My fury flameth, and my wrath is fierce.
Accursed be my people for their sins,
May they know famine, suffer pestilence,
May death their portion be, and may their seed
Be scattered to the corners of the earth.
For they have chosen to neglect their god,
Forgotten to make sacrifice to him,
No homage paid, no tribute have they brought,
No longer do they make their first concern
My needs. I shall abandon them in turn;
Annihilation shall their portion be,
Disease and hunger, war and pestilence
Shall swiftly blot them from the face of earth!

ASHOD

Oh, dreadful doom!—Oh, fearful punishment
Our sinful heedlessness hath well deserved!

EKRON

Good Aaron, we beseech thee to avert
This dreadful fate. We beg thee intercede
For us, placate the god, forgiveness win.

ASHOD

Instruct us what to do to make amends,

And for our wicked negligence atone.

AARON

Nay, listen yet awhile how spake the god:
"I, Dagon, am ahungered,—starved my soul.
God though I am, I crave both drink and food,
Oblation and libation must I have.
My faithful priests devoutly sing their songs,
And tend my vacant altar day and night;
The ceremonies and the chants of praise,
Are well enough, but this sufficeth not.
The smoke of sacrifice, the drip of blood,
The sav'ry scent of crisping noble flesh,
Alone will satisfy my gnawing need.
With base-born slaves, and common, bleating sheep,
My sacred altar have you dared defile.
Until ye make a fitting offering,
Calamity shall hound your steps. When next
The moon hath waned above Philistia,
My patience ends, and with a mighty sweep
Your walls shall crumble, cities disappear,
Yourselves, your children, all shall I destroy,
Exterminate your race."

GAZA

Oh hideous fate!

What hath befallen us!

GATH

Good Aaron, plead

Our cause, avert so terrible a doom!

AARON

Lords of the Philistines, hark well to me:—
Our incensed deity we may placate

With speedy offering of some royal youth
Whose blood shall straightway feed the altar fire.
You come here with the story of your griefs,
Each one believing his the greatest plight
Among you all. My Lords, your woes will cease,
Your troubles disappear when Dagon dines.
Abimelech will soon be here,—e'en now
Methought I heard his trumpets at our walls,—
When he arrives, I charge you earnestly
Waste not your breath in repetitions dull
Of this great woe and that calamity,
Of how the cattle died, how failed the crops,
But take with him a tone of stern rebuke,
Of censure—aye, of censure! Have no fear,
But tax him with his failure to provide
Our god with food. Demand from him account
Of how it comes no offering has been made
In all these moons! He is responsible,
See that ye hold him so! Which of ye here
Would hesitate to blame a son who failed
His aged father when that father begged
Of him some needy food? Abimelech
Hath failed his father so; our mighty god
Is procreator of Abimelech!
Shall you permit the King to starve your god,
The father of us all?

ASHKELON

Not so,—not so!
Abimelech in stern accounting shall
Be called, and I for one shall beard his wrath,
And tax him roundly with his negligence.
I have no fear of him!

GAZA
Nor I!

EKRON
Nor I!

[Horns off stage and the music of a march.]

AARON
List, 'tis Abimelech! The King's at hand!
Heed well the words with which I've counselled you,
Forget the speeches ready on your tongues
With which you planned to stir our sympathy
And move this synod. Gird yourselves instead
With what determination ye may claim
To call the polished forces of the King
To an accounting for his culpable
Default, and charge him he provide straight-way
The princely sacrifice that shall appease
Your justly angry and neglected god!

[Enter KING ABIMELECH, resplendently costumed, drawn in a chariot yoked to white bullocks caparisoned in housings of gold and purple, followed by military guard, attendants and slaves, including AMON, SISERA and BOAZ.]

SONG OF THE KING'S MEN

KING'S MEN
Who doubts our country's power?
Who challenges our host?
Behold our glorious hour,
And harken to our boast!
Hail to Philistia,—hail!

Forever strong and splendid,
Our conquering voices raise,
A chorus never-ended,
In great Philistia's praise.
Hail to Philistia,—hail!

How weak their walls before us!
How swift their sudden rout!
Beneath the fiery chorus
Of our great battle shout!
Hail to Philistia,—hail!

Philistia,—mighty nation,—
Be glorious in war,
And we in deep prostration
Shall praise thee evermore!
Hail to Philistia,—hail!

KING

My Lords and faithful friends, most reverend Priest,
I bid you royal greeting,—one and all.

[*to Gath.*]

Most cordial salutations, gracious Prince;

[*to Ashod.*]

My Lord of Ashod, welcome to our court,
I know the weary journey that is thine,
Ere Gaza's walls confront thy tired eyes.

[*to Gaza.*]

And thou,—thy city's battlements must lift
Their rock-hewn heads in proud acknowledgment
Each time affairs of state necessitate
The gathering here within your stately gates
Of so resplendent an illustrious group.

GAZA

Indeed, 'tis so, yet this occasion did
Display so grave a face methought 'twould be
More seemly were our city's walls festooned
With drapes of deepest hues and darkest dyes.

KING

A proper voucher of our sympathy,
Today, when all the people are in want.

GAZA

Yet think not Gaza's Lord insensible
To honor Gaza gains through company
Of so distinguished and august a mien.

KING

'Tis well. Let's to our business. We'll dispense
With ceremony. Grave reports I hear
Of evils that beset from every side.
What say you now, my Lord of Ashkelon?
Your grave foreboding looks bespeak dark thoughts.

ASHKELON

In truth, they are both serious and sad,
But I shall not attempt to here describe
The canopy of blackest gloom that hangs
O'er Ashkelon. Against our weary lips
Is pressed the cup of salt adversity,
And one and all have drained the contents deep.
The specter of disaster stalks abroad;
Philistia hath come on evil days.
'Tis so in all the cities of the land,
Our aching eyes find daily proof of it.
But let this recitation of our woes

Abide awhile; let's seek the cause, the cause
For all these ills, for cause most surely must
There be for so much universal grief!

EKRON

My brother speaks with wisdom. Is there smoke
Where fire burneth not? For common ills
There must be common cause.

KING

And who is wise
To tell us what occasions all this woe?

ASHKELON

I'll be so bold. Great Dagon is ahungered!
Our sacred god hath known no sacrifice
Of noble blood for space of nigh a year.
For our neglect his vengeance scorseth us,
And from his hand come these afflictions dire!

ASHOD

'Tis punishment for our indifference;
'Gainst Dagon have we sinned most grievously!

GAZA

His scourge is on our backs; he plies the lash
And flogs us with disaster on disaster!

ASHKELON

The voice of all Philistia cries out
For sacrifice to light its altar fires.

KING

Six months ago, great Hamul was despatched
Into the land of giants to secure
A captive for our sacrifice. And now,

Four moons have gone, the tidings cometh not;
We know not if he lives or dies.

ASHKELON

And in the meantime, crops have failed, our marts
Are closed, the cattle die, the children faint
From lack of food!

KING

Yet patience, Ashkelon!
Success must wait on Hamul's feats of arms,
And reason have we to expect success.
The Oracle of Ekron hath declared
That Hamul would prevail against the foe,
And bring to Dagon fitting sacrifice.

EKRON

With mine own ears heard I the oracle
Thus speak, foretelling victory for us.

AARON

"I hunger," said the god, "make sacrifice
Upon my altar or destruction waits!"
The Oracle of Ekron prophesies,—
But doth it say when Hamul shall return?
Return mayhap when all of us are dead.

ASHKELON

Thou hearest what the Priest of Dagon saith?
What answereth thou?

KING

To Aaron's words I give,
Good heed, yet have I faith in oracles.
We shall have news of Hamul soon,—good news.

ASHKELON

And is that all? Thine office doth thou then
Fulfill by merely counselling more delay,
And saying to thy starving people: "Wait—
Wait on—and hunger on!"

KING

What else is there
That may be said?

ASHKELON

The time is past to hope
That chance may favor us. Thou art the King,
And thine the duty in this bitter hour
To satisfy our god, and save us all.
Wilt thou not lead thy people in their need?

KING

I like not thy presumption, Ashkelon.
Dost dare to question then thy King?

ASHKELON

I dare
As much and more while ringing in my ears
I hear the children crying for the milk
That drieth in their mothers' withered breasts.

KING

Let not the people's need serve as a cloak
For insolence! Audacious fool! More swift
Than Dagon's is my wrath, and Ashkelon
A barren wilderness shall be within
The day if I shall choose to punish thee!

GATH

Then may thy arm be strong, O King, and deal
With Gath as thou doth deal with Ashkelon.

EKRON

And so with Ekron!

GAZA

And with Gaza, too!

ASHOD

Forget not Ashod in thy punishment!

KING

My Lords—my Lords! What treason have we here?

ASHKELON

No treason, King, but fair and just demand.
We challenge thee urged by the common need.

KING

Black-hearted traitors! Would ye flout your King,—
And beard him to his face,—defiance hurl?
Upon your heads my vengeance then shall fall!
This night your naked bodies shall be nailed
Upon our walls, your shaven heads adorn
My battlements, your children driven forth,
And with your wives my soldiers shall make free!

ASHKELON

Do thou thy worst! United we defy thee!

MALCHALM

Thus Dagon's awful words shall be fulfilled;
A civil strife impends, and so shall be
Supplied the means by which this sinful race

Of faithless worshippers shall be effaced.
The purpose of our god takes shape before
Mine eyes! The wicked shall destroy themselves,
And brother brother kill, until at last,
Their swords against the consecrated priests
Shall turn, the final, awful sacrilege
Which will presage the speedy doom of all!

MESSENGER (*off stage*)

O King! Most noble King! Abimelech!

MALCHALM

My Lords, forbear! O King, a cry I hear!

KING

I heard it, too,—my name upon the wind!
Perchance it is the message we await,
To prove the wisdom of the oracle.

[A messenger appears on the upper hillside.]

GAZA

A runner comes with tidings.

KING

Bid him haste!

ASHKELON

Approach thou, with thy news.

MESSENGER

Most gracious King,
Thy son is here. To Gaza's gates he came,
And now the people shout his name for joy,
As through the streets he comes, while on before
I ran to bring thee first the gladsome news.

KING

My son,—my Prince! O best beloved boy,
Art come again into thy father's arms,
The gift of some divining power that shines
As light in this dark hour?

GAZA

A year and more
Our Prince hath wandered through the world in search
Of knowledge.

ASHKELON

Let us hope 'tis gained, and that
He brings his new-found wisdom to our aid.

GATH

None favored more than he!

EKRON

A lucky chance
Brings Ackish to our council and this stress!

[ACKISH *appears on upper hillside accompanied by
MOAB and DOR; he raises an arm in distant salu-
tation.*

ACKISH

Ho Lords,—good Philistines and faithful friends!
If in your midst the King, my father, sits,
My greeting first to him! Salute for me
Abimelech.

[*Shouts of welcome. ACKISH descends.*

KING

My son!

GAZA

All hail—all hail!
All welcome to our best beloved Prince!

KING

My son!

GATH

O Ackish, timely art thou come!

EKRON

Our loyal greetings, Prince, to thee.

KING

My son!

GAZA

Thy countrymen who love thee in their hearts,
Rejoice in thy return.

ACKISH

Where is the King?
Where is my noble father?

KING

Son—my Prince!

ACKISH

My father! O my King! O sovereign dear!
[Kneeling and kissing hem of robe.]

KING

Embrace me boy, but not upon thy knees,
[Raising him.]

Come close unto my heart where thou art King
Already and doth rule with tyranny!

ACKISH

Thy humblest, most devoted subject, Sire.

KING

And from thy wandering art home again?
And hast thou seen the mighty Pyramids,
The pomp of Pharaoh, Egypt's pageantry,
The glories of far-distant Babylon,
Sennacherib's resplendent court, and all
The golden temples of the Ammonites?

ACKISH

Yea, all of these, and saw I more beside.
Vast wonders upon wonders, marvels great
Surpassing marvels. These can better wait
A time more fitting when thy news and mine
May be exchanged at leisure.

KING

Be it so,
Yet let me be assured that thou hast well
Survived thy journey, and that all my hopes
For what thou shouldst both see and shouldst achieve,
Have been attained.

PRINCE

'Tis even so and more
Than these has been accomplished with success.
I beg thee question Moab who hath served
Me faithfully and well.

KING

We greet thee, friend,—
Good Moab, hearty thanks; most royally
Shalt thou be paid for thy fidelity.

But tell us now, what of thy journeyings?
How bore our son himself? With what degree
Of cordiality was he received?

MOAB

In every circumstance and every place,
The gracious Prince did so comport himself
As best becomes his honor and thine own.
He hath seen many marvels,—this is well,
But more he hath accomplished, for where e'er
He visited he hath made friends for thee
And for Philistia. The Kingdoms near
Are well-disposed. The nations of the world
Stand ready to befriend us,—take our part,
And send us help in case of untoward stress.

ASHKELON

My Lords, may we not benefit ourselves,
And ease the anguish of our stricken land
By an appeal to these new friends? Our Prince
Shall be our advocate and press our cause.

PRINCE

Hear I aright? Didst thou say “stricken land”?
The “anguish” of our people? Father, speak!
Are we in need? What mean these dreadful words?

KING

Thou hast returned on evil times my son;
Adversity is with us. I am old,
Yet in the long procession of my days
There has been no such dole within our midst.
Our land is stricken! All our glory sinks
In famine and in pestilence. Today,—
E'en now,—we gather here to make debate

As to the means that shall propitiate
Our angry god. And while I urged delay,
The Lords,—my vassals five, e'er now so true,—
Did threaten me,—accuse me of misrule!

ACKISH

What now, disloyalty among our Lords!—
But I shall credit them, and not mine ears.

AARON

'Tis true, and I did urge them to protest.
We may no longer hang upon delay.
Our god a warning hath pronounced. The Lords,
The people by my mouth have heard his words:
Unless a sacrifice of noble blood
Burns on his altar, Dagon will destroy
Us and our land!

KING

I did remind the Lords
That gallant Hamul is despatched six months
To meet the giant foe, and to procure
From our hereditary enemy
The sacrifice that Dagon claims. No word
Hath come from Hamul of his victory—
If victory he hath! And still we wait,
And starve, and starve and wait! The Lords cry out
Against my counsel further to delay.

AARON

To wait for word from Hamul is to wait
In vain; our Captain and his men are dead.

GAZA

Heardst thou the Priest? He saith that Hamul's dead!

All hidden things to him the god reveals.

ASHKELON

What shall be gained if still we longer wait?

GATH

The angry people, starving and enraged,
May feed on us for want of other food!

GAZA

Their eyes are hungry for me as I pass,
They stare at me in sullen mood; I fear
Their baleful looks.

ASHOD

The desert's burning breath
Blows empty and consuming from the east;
I dare not face again its scorching touch,
Without some reassuring word that will
Appease my gaunt and famished subjects.

ACKISH

Then

Most happily have I returned, my Lords,
My timely coming proves great Dagon's plan,
His purpose that 'tis I who shall redeem
You,—save you from your miseries and woe.
Tomorrow, with what fighting men there are
In Gaza, I depart on Hamul's trail,
Nor night, nor day shall we know rest until
I come upon the giants in their land,
Do battle, rout their forces, capture one,
And bring the prisoner, chained and manacled,
To Dagon's temple yonder, there to burn
And expiate our sin.

KING

O nobly spoke!
Doth this suffice?

ASHKELON

The time doth not permit!
Ere Ackish come again, our cities fair
Will crumbled lie, our country barren wastes
Shall be, ourselves destroyed!

ACKISH

Thou knowest not
The temper of my purpose, Ashkelon.

ASHKELON

Thy temper may be not,—may flame, indeed—
Yet it will naught avail against the word,
The dreadful wrath of Dagon. “When the moon
Once more hath waned above Philistia
My patience endeth; then shall I destroy.”
Thus spoke the god. Were not these Dagon’s words?

AARON

“The screaming of your children shall be drowned
Amid the crashing crumble of your walls.
And deep shall they be buried where they fall.
Your cities proud shall lie in ruined heaps,
And in amongst them shall the jackal prowl
In search of carrion and carcass foul!”

GAZA

Oh woe! Oh woe to us!

ASHOD

No hope remains!

EKRON

The oracle is proven basely false.

[Enter SOLDIER on upper hillside.]

SOLDIER

Oh tidings, Philistines! I bring great news!

MOAB

Behold a man with tidings! See him there!

ACKISH

A messenger! (*calling*) Whom seek ye? Bring thy news.

SOLDIER

Advice I have for King Abimelech,
Let none delay my steps.

KING

Again my name!
Who calls Abimelech? What now portends?

ACKISH

The King with all his Lords holds council grave
At Gaza's judgment-seat. Bring here thy news.

[Soldier descends the hillside.]

A runner comes who doth proclaim he holds
Glad tidings for thine ear, and thine alone.

KING

A welcome herald he, for news that's good
Is doubly good amidst calamity.

ASHKELON

The gleaming shimmer of his coat of mail
Proclaims his calling.

GAZA

Soldier then is he!

GATH

Perchance from Hamul comes there good report!

ASHKELON

Fain would I hope yet dare I not so much!

ACKISH (*to approaching Soldier*)

Bestir thy steps. Impatient waits the King.
The promise of good news to those that weep
Doth tease as doth the drip of water cool
The throats that burn with thirst.

SOLDIER (*reaching stage*)

I seek the King!

ACKISH

Behold him there.

KING

Thy news?

Let not delay attend thy sluggish speech.

[SOLDIER *kneels before* ABIMELECH.]

SOLDIER

O King,—live forever!
Thy men of valor shall subdue the earth,
Make thy enemies thy foot-stool,
The nations of the earth bow down before thee!

KING

Enough! Unfold thy news,—unleash thy tongue!

SOLDIER

I come from Hamul, Captain of the Host.

Against the giants hath he handily
Prevailed, and after hardships, grievous straits,
Their thousands hath he slain, and brings he now
Their Prince, young Saph, the son of aged Rapha,
Whom Hamul single-handed slew; and Saph
To mighty Dagon shall be sacrificed.

KING

Now praise to Dagon,—praise for evermore!
Mine enemies he hath delivered to
My hands! Our arms against the foe once more
Triumphant have been borne! Courageous Hamul
Philistia's deathless gratitude hath earned!

ACKISH

O warrior brave,—thy country's savior thou!
Our grateful love for evermore is thine!

GAZA

From dreadful doom he hath delivered us.

ASHKELON

Now Dagon's hunger shall be satisfied.
'Tis well; the vengeful anger of our god
My heart did fill with grave disquietude.

AARON

The sacrifice! At last the sacrifice!
Good Malchalm, soon our altars shall be red
With flames and blood. We'll heap the pyre high
For the great feast!

KING

O harken, Philistines!
Quick spread these joyous tidings through the land,
Send forth fleet runners to our cities five,—

To distant Ashod first, dispatch the news,
 To Ekron and to regal Ashkelon,
 And publish it in Gath,—and let today
 The daughters of the Philistines rejoice!
 For woe is at an end and pestilence
 And famine shall depart from out our midst.
 A time of generous plenty is at hand,
 The music of the golden shekels heaped
 Shall echo in our coffers once again.
 The giants in their thousands have we slain,
 And Hamul bringeth captive to our god
 Old Rapha's son as royal sacrifice.
 My Lord of Gaza, lay a bounteous feast,—
 Fat sucklings, beeves, whate'er thou hast, and let
 Wine from the grape-press flow both red and free,
 Make dance and song, and let our carnival
 Be graced by that kind god of festival,
 The Golden Calf. Bring forth the god, ye Priests,
 And set his shining image in our midst.
 Let us rejoice, for great is our excuse!
 Let us rejoice, our armies have prevailed!
 Let us rejoice, so when brave Hamul comes
 In happy mood we'll be to welcome him.
 Lift up your voices, Dagon's priests! Intone
 His praise, sing ye his glory evermore!

[A hymn in joyous glorification of Dagon, is begun by the priests. During the first two stanzas of the song, a table is brought on and arranged before ABIMELECH, seats are placed for the LORDS, and the table is set with viands and great drinking cups. The feast begins. With the third stanza, the character of the music changes, and the image of the Golden Calf is carried in, in triumph by the priests from the

temple. The paeon to Dagon now becomes less religious in tone, and grows more jubilant, praising the Golden Calf. The image of the Calf is carried to the lowest stage, the priests ranging themselves about it, still singing. On the middle stage, the KING, PRINCE and LORDS are feasting and draining their drinking cups.

HYMN IN GLORIFICATION OF DAGON

PRIESTS

We shall sing to Dagon who is master of our fates,
Let us lay before him all the glory of our praise;
Silent in the dimness and the incense he awaits
All that men shall bring him from the fullness of their days.

Dagon thou art power, thou art strong to help or hate,
Who shall know thy splendor with a heart untouched by
fear?

Gather we adoring thee outside thy temple gate,
Dagon, thou art god and we are mortals,—dost thou hear?

Let the bays and laurels in a canopy entwine,
Bring the roasted offerings to spread about his feet,
Pour before the Golden Calf the rubies of the vine,
We shall dance and sing, who find our victory so sweet!

Calf of Gold, we greet thee! Let thy golden heart enjoy
All the thousand wonders of the triumph we prepare,
Lo, before thy brazen face we'll dance and sing with joy,
Glorifying Dagon who hath heard his people's prayer!

[At the conclusion of this chorus, the music merges into a wild dance measure, and from the temple rush religious zealots who fling themselves into a

mad revel, twining garlands about the neck of the Golden Calf, prostrating themselves before the idol. The dance is interrupted by the approach of HAMUL and his returning soldiers. The priests surge forward, dispersing the dancers and burst out into the following martial song in which the entire company join. To the cadence of the march, HAMUL and his men are seen descending the hillside, SAPH, heavily manacled, in their midst.

SONG OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON UPON THE RETURN
OF HAMUL AND HIS MEN

I

Marching erect and victorious,
Swift to the beat of the drum,
High in their power and glorious,
Home from the conquest they come.
Hamul, we meet thee,
Hamul, we greet thee,
Crown thee with evergreen bays.
Maidens shall glory
Telling the story,
Children shall lisp in thy praise.

Waving of banner and trumpet and beating of drum,
Out of the thick of the battle our warriors come!

II

What shall they fear who are fearless?
What shall be theirs who succeed?
Swordsmen—eternally peerless,—
Earth shall resound with thy deed!
Hamul, we meet thee,
Hamul, we greet thee,
Crown thee with evergreen bays.

Maidens shall glory,
Telling the story,
Children shall lisp in thy praise.

Waving of banner and trumpet and beating of drum,
Out of the thick of the battle our warriors come!

III

Soldiers,—who mastered as cattle
All of our enemies' ranks,—
Take now the fruit of the battle,
Take thou Philistia's thanks.
Hamul, we meet thee,
Hamul, we greet thee,
Crown thee with evergreen bays,
Maidens shall glory,
Telling the story,
Children shall lisp in thy praise.

Waving of banner and trumpet and beating of drum,
Out of the thick of the battle our warriors come!

*[Sung by HAMUL and his men upon reaching the
main stage.]*

IV

Who shall destroy or alarm us?
We who are thirsty for fight?
We who have Dagon to arm us
With the great sword of his might?
Dagon, before thee,
Lo, we adore thee,
God of Philistia divine!
Banners we bring thee,
Humbly we sing thee,

Lord, all our glory is thine!

[*All Singing*

Waving of banner and trumpet, and beating of drum,
Out of the thick of the battle our warriors come!

[*At the conclusion of the song HAMUL stands before*
ABIMELECH.

KING

Thou, Hamul, art thy country's savior; great
Art thou among all men! From grievous plight
Thou hast courageously delivered us.
Our never-dying gratitude is thine;
Our love, our children's love, their children's love
Is pledged to thee for all the years to come.
Thy King will honor thee,—claim thy reward,
And it is thine!

HAMUL

No recompense or meed
In land or goods can place within my ranks
Once more the valiant loyal men who fell
About me in this ill-starred enterprise.
A sweet escape were death for those who fought,
Who starved, despaired, and struggled on this march,
With thoughts of hearth-stones, little children's smiles,
The arms of lovely women safe at home,
Pursuing us with haunting memories.
Reward would cheapen what can have no price,
The glory tarnish which we know is ours,
And more, mayhap: persuade us to forget
That what we do as soldiers of the King,
Is for the King, the people and the land!

ACKISH

Thy tongue is worthy as thy feats in arms!

KING

We thank thee, Hamul, for thy deeds and speech.

AARON

Who bringeth sacrifice to Dagon shall
Not want; henceforth he shall be favored well.
The god shall not forget thy service or
Thy valiant deeds.

ASHKELON

In grateful Ashkelon,
Thou shalt find friends and glory all thy days.

GAZA

And Gaza likewise homage gladly pays
To thy unequalled valor and thy might.

ASHOD

Thy praise in distant Ashod shall resound.

GATH

The fairest daughters of the Philistines
Shall dance before thee while they chant the song
Of thy great deeds when thou shalt come to Gath.

EKRON

The promise of the oracle by thee
Hath been fulfilled, and Ekron's gratitude
Is ever thine.

HAMUL

Thy praise is undeserved
By me, but due it is to those staunch men

Who braved all hardships blindly at my word,
Those men who cheerfully went forth with me,
Light-hearted, singing, hopes and purpose high,
And who were destined never to return.
The flower of Philistia enrolled
With me upon this fateful march. Alas!
This handful of that splendid band alone
Returns!

KING

All honor to our noble dead.
They perished that our people might survive,
They died that we might live once more with joy;
They sleep eternal sleep that we may wake
Anew to days of plenty.

AARON

While we mourn,
Great Dagon hungers. Tribute to our dead
'Tis fitting that we duly pay; but let
Us not delay. Impatiently the god
Awaits, his breath grows hot, and for his feast
He clamors.

MALCHALM

Let us speed the sacrifice!

KING

Produce the captive. Where is Rapha's^{son} son?
Good Hamul, where is great Dagon's victim?
[The soldiers step aside, disclosing SAPH.]

HAMUL

This is the prisoner, the noble youth,
Old Rapha's scion, Saph by name, whom I
Have brought here for a living sacrifice.

ACKISH

A likely youth of truly royal mien!
Methinks I have beheld his face before.

HAMUL

The inauspicious day our march began,
Misfortune spread her subtle nets for us,
And took her daily toll. By avalanche
And tempest were we crushed; our way we lost,
And groped our steps with hesitating feet;
We found ourselves in black and dreadful gulfs;
A noisome gorge wherein wild beasts did rage;
A chasm opened at our feet; sheer cliffs
Confronted us and barred our path. But these
Were trifling hardships to the perils fresh
That we encountered when with weary steps
'Cross weary miles, we reached the giant land.
The foe had learned of our approach and were
Forewarned. They had receded to the heights
Of their great mountain fastnesses. Their young
They hid,—they knew it was their young we sought!
We tracked them days on days without reward.
A solitary sentinel on guard,
Occasionally we came upon, but him
We quickly slew, and left him where he lay
To rot. Among the mountains were we lost;
Strange people hindered us and blocked our way;
Our hands were bleeding and our feet were sore;
Ferocious beasts attacked us, when at night,
Exhausted from our weary task, we slept.
At last one day in a deep mountain glen,
We came upon the aged King, himself,—
Old Rapha, stately monarch of them all,
Grim, tall and hoary. Round about him stood

In serried ranks the stalwart patriarchs
Of his great race. They towered mightily
Beside him, shoulder touching shoulder. We
Who gathered 'bout their feet, the flaming sun
Could not discern so close they stood. They saw
Our gleaming swords flash in our hands,—the sight
Sent through their ranks a dreadful shudder deep,
They swayed in terror, yet their silence held.
We fell upon them and our swords drank deep.
We thrust and cut; they died like stupid sheep,
And headlong tumbled to the ground. At last
Before the mighty King I stood. His size
O'erwhelmed me, made me pause. Strain though I would
My eyes, his lofty head I could not see.
His girth a hundred cubits would not span!
So huge, so vast a man I never saw
Before; I trembled at his giant bulk,
As in his silent majesty he reared
Himself indifferent to my sword. My heart
Mishap'd me at his stern magnificence,
His royal scorn of me. Beside him stood
His son, the very stripling we did need,
The youth whose sacrifice we sought. And so
I struck, and at old Rapha's knees I hacked,
And struck and struck again until my strength
Began to ebb. The bite of my stout sword
Made small impression on his carcass tough.
Disdainfully, with royal scorn, he spurned
My weak attack. I prayed to Dagon, begged
His aid, besought him strengthen my good arm.
The great god heard. Old Rapha trembled, blood
Was flowing fast, the wound grew deeper; then,
He tottered; suddenly the old king fell.

A fearful rending sound, a hideous roar
The mountains shook, as at my feet he crashed;
My keen-edged sword then quickly pierced his heart.
And while the combat raged the boy stood fast,
And sought to aid his father where he might.
No thought occurred to him to make escape,
Desert his parent in his final hour.
When all was o'er, disdainfully he still
Regarded us, and when he saw our plan,
With royal gesture but with bitter hate,
He held his hands out to receive our chains.

ACKISH

Oh, cruel sight! Oh, vision barbarous!
The son to see his father murdered thus
Before his eyes! And were it mine—the King—
My gentle father? No! The very thought's
Too hideous!

KING

Most warmly I command
Thy courage, Hamul. Philistines alone
Such burning valor know, and proud I am,
I am a Philistine. Long may thy arm
Be equal to thy sword.

AARON

Let Dagon's priests
Behold the sacrifice. Let Rapha's son
Stand forth that all may see.

[SAPH *steps forward.*

A goodly youth,
A fitting offering. His tender limbs,
His soft and pliant flesh will make a feast
Full worthy of our god.

ACKISH

'Tis butchery!
'Tis wanton murder thus to sacrifice
A youth so proud, so well-endowed, to such
Ignoble death!

KING

O son of Rapha, thou
Art called to be a sacrifice unto
The greatest of all gods; thy noble blood
Shall flow to expiate the thousand crimes
Of all our enemies. Hast aught to say?

THE SONG OF SAPH

I

[Recitative.]

I belong to a kingly race, benign and ancient,
Kings who were old when the world was young!
Not easily have I come to this hour of sorrow and death.
Behold I am Saph! And Rapha was my father!

[Singing.]

Mine is the race of the Kings, when the universe rose
New from confusion and tempest, e'er man had released
Hatred and tribehood, and war with its evils and woes,
Snaring and death for the bird, and the trap for the
beast,
Then were we Kings undisputed, and peaceful our reign,
Then might we shelter the forest's small terrified things;
Justice we meted to all, without quarrel or gain,
Hear ye the song that is sung by the Kings of the Kings!

II

[*Recitative.*

Here ye see me in chains—who have never known chains!
 Philistines, ye have yet to learn
 That in harming me or one of my fathers,
 Ye harm only yourselves!

[*Singing.*

Ours was the ruling of brotherhood, over us shone
 Skies that were silent and blue. From the mountains
 above
 Ran the swift waters to mirror my forefather's throne,
 And all the law of our Kingdom was service and love.
 Then came thy people, with ruin and murder, and death,
 Smiting our ranks; for no cause ye decreed we must die!
 Gone was the silence, the peace of the summer's warm
 breath,
 All of us fallen or captive, as captive am I!

III

[*Recitative.*

You think only of the gold that Dagon brings you.
 In our land there is no need of gold.
 You cannot buy our souls,
 Although you would sell your own for gold!

[*Singing.*

Philistines, come to the land where the beauty of old,
 Lingers among the green shafts, where the spirit supreme,
 Brotherly, loving has wiped out the hunger for gold,
 Made strife and hatred fade out like the figures of dream.
 Cast off your gods, foolish image of serpent and calf!
 Ye are the gods whom the power and kingdom await,
 This is the song of the captive, the song of Prince Saph,
 Fearless yet helpless, delivered to you and his fate!

[*Recitative.*

Ye have no thought of befriending us,
 Yet when have we not been your friends?
 When have ye not found peace among us,
 And buried care beneath our calm and our beauty?

[*Singing.*

Ah, be ye friends! We have gifts to put into your hands;
 Come to our fellowship, open your lives to our love.
 Ye shall protect us, and we in our powerful bands,
 From the rich plains to the heights of the mountains
 above,
 We shall befriend you, encompass you 'round with de-
 lights,
 Make for your leisure a haven where joy never ends,
 Through the sweet, deep summer noons, and the still
 summer nights,
 Ye shall be rich who claim me and my mates as your
 friends.

ACKISH

My dream! My dream! A woodland glade I see
 And lofty trees, beloved by bird and beast,—
 And in my dream methought a sapling danced,
 And plead with me for friendship and for help!
 This youth, the dryad doth resemble strange,
 The face, the lineaments, the royal mien!
 It is the same! . . . O dream, thy portent still
 Is darkly veiled but I have faith ere long
 Thy meaning clear shall be revealed! . . . He came
 To me in slumber and I pledged mine aid;
 Now stands he here before me and in need!
 My promise summons me with stern command.

AARON

A crafty plea our clever captive makes,
He hopes by cunning words and promises
To gain our sympathies, and so avert
His doom. 'Twill not avail; the sacrifice
I claim. As soon as Dagon is appeased,
His hunger stayed, abundance will return,
The god with benefits will shower us,
The shining gold will heap our coffers high
Again, and plenty shall abound for all!

MALCHALM

The sacrifice! On with the sacrifice!
Let Dagon's priests the altar swift prepare,
Ignite the fires!

ACKISH

Hold, impetuous priest!
Let's pause, consider this while there is time.
To sacrifice to Dagon, this brave youth
Is murder upon murder! What's his crime?
What wrong, offense hath he committed? What
Transgressions are his fathers guilty of,
That he should suffer punishment? I pray
Thee, father, spare this noble youth, let him
Return unto his kind! The blessings that
The High Priest promises will emanate
From Dagon will as surely come to us
From deed so just. 'Tis sacrilege to kill
This princely boy. No good can come from such
An evil thing!

AARON

Insidious words our Prince
Doth speak, but heed him not. The wisdom that

He gathered on his journeyings hath touched
His brain, hath turned his blood to thinnest milk!

[AMON, BOAZ and SISERA now push their way
through the crowd of listening LORDS and courtiers.]

AMON (*kneeling*)

O King,—a boon I crave!

KING

What now? Who calls?

AMON

Thy slave, the humble Amon. Speech I beg!
Though thou destroy me, yet I do implore
Thine ear. Oh harken to the earnest plea
Of Boaz, Sisera and Amon.

BOAZ

Sire,

Petition of grave import offer we.

SISERA

We importune thee and thy mercy beg.

KING

What suit so pressing it must needs delay
The sacrifice to Dagon? Time and place
There are when thy request more fittingly
Could be presented.

BOAZ

'Twill not wait, O King.
Indulgence we implore; our prayer is urgent.

KING

What is the nature of thy cause? Be quick.

AMON

We humbly beg thy mercy for this youth;
Restrain the hand of these his murderers,—
Unbind him, let him go his way. His words
Reveal him as a god, and 'tis not meet
Or just for mortals to decree his death.
Atrocities enough against his race
Have we committed. Spare him, gracious King.

AARON

What folly have we here? What shameful talk?
These are but slaves, their words the words of slaves!
Our soldiers die, brave Hamul fighteth hard,
Endureth hardships great to bring to us
A captive for our needs; are these for naught?
Was such a toll and such endeavor vain?
And are we now to set the prisoner free?
Preposterous words! Enough,—away with them!

KING

I'll smite thee slave, for thy presumption bold.

ACKISH

Nay, father, wait! Set curb upon thy hand.
Shall not these slaves presume to say what's in
Their hearts? I beg thee, as thou lovest me,
To listen to their plea ere judging them
Iniquitous too quickly.

KING

Ever dear

Art thou to me, my son; thy words have weight,
And I would please thee if I could. Say on,
Thou slave; what is the boon that may not wait?

ACKISH

Fear not. With heart intrepid speak thy mind.
I'll sponsor thee. What is it thou wouldst ask?

AMON

My name is Amon,—the symbol writer I,
And on the scrolls of papyrus I make
The records of thy numerous exploits,
Thy deeds and doings. Mercy, gracious King,
But I have grown weary of my task,
And of the ugly history I make,
The endless chronicle of war and death,
Of pillage, cruelty and bitterness.
The princely Saph did sing of peace and love,
And I believe that peace and love would bring
Us blessings, bring us happiness, and days
Of plenty and of ease would speedily
Return, if we espoused this different creed.
Instead of sacrificing this young man,
Let's set him free and send him home again,
With friendship pledged, and let those who have grown
Dissatisfied amongst us, go with him,
And build their lives, and choose their work anew.

AARON

O miscreant and dog! Perfidious wretch!
Dispatch this mouthing traitor with a blow.

ACKISH

No! Spare him, father; hold thy peace, High Priest.
Let's have the others' words; I would hear all.

SISERA

I lift my voice with Amon to bespeak

The mercy of the King for this brave youth.
I, too, am but a slave,—thy humble slave,
'Tis I who shape the trumpet and the drum
That call our men to war. I make the songs,
Compose the hymns the Priests in Dagon's praise,
Sing in the temple. But I fain would seek
Another land where it might be my lot
To fashion music of a sweeter sort,
To sing of love, of simple brotherhood.
For those great aisles of solitude and peace,
For that dear beauty and that harmony
Of which this youth has told us in his song,
My heart doth long, my pulses leap.

ACKISH

And thou?
What addest thou? Our patience, I implore;
Let's hear them out ere we our judgment form.

BOAZ

Full well I know the peril I incur
In saying what I am about to say,
Yet must I speak though death be my reward.
I am a sculptor,—Boaz is my name,
A slave of thine since birth, and born of slaves.
I fashion things of clay, and in the rock
I hew thy image and the runes that tell
The story of thy conquests. From the earth
I mould such shapes as most resemble man,
And more I do: I mould the gods. 'Tis I
Who hath shaped Ashtheroth and Dagon both,
Who made the Calf of Gold. These images
Ye worship are but hardened clay and stuffed
With straw. With one swift hammer's blow I can

Demolish them and build them new again.
Before these creatures of my hands, thy Priests
Abase themselves, thy people worship them,
Beseeching favor, supplicating aid!
Now ye would sacrifice this noble youth
Upon the altars of these things of clay
That have no minds, no eyes, no hearts, no blood,
That are but plastered mud, packed full of culm,
The sweepings of an ox's stall. O King,
I can make gods of more imposing mien
Than Dagon, larger gods if such ye want,
But here before you stands a god in truth,
Or if no god, the symbol of a god,
Ye would do well to fall upon your knees
And worship him, for he is inspiration,
And kindleth aspiration, attributes
Of gods alone. Oh, free his hands from chains,
And let him seek his peaceful mountain home,
In safety and security once again.

AARON

O impious blasphemer! Scoundrel! Rogue!
I claim this wretch and his reviling mates
For yonder altar. Let the flaming breath
Of Dagon be thy answer to their plea.

ASHKELON

Aye, let them burn. Mine ears have never heard
Such sacrilege. We'll give them to the god
They dare to slander.

GATH

Let them die the death!

EKRON

They have blasphemed! So let their punishment
Be quick in order that our sacred god
May know our detestation of their crime.

ASHKELON

Let all such slaves as these be sacrificed,
The puerile men who fashion script and rune,
The base-born minstrels, scribes and chisellers!
These singing, mouthing weaklings in our ranks
Contribute nothing to the common weal.
Destroy them, burn them, let their craven blood
Pour forth on Dagon's altar.

ACKISH

Hold ye all!

My father, bid them halt! Attend my words!
What would ye do? These slaves who dare to make
An intercession for old Rapha's son,
Them ye would sacrifice as well as him?
My Lords, give ear, and harken to me, Priest,—
What say you Dagon craves and needs must have?
I hear ye: "Noble blood—a prince within
Whose veins patrician wine doth flow!" He stands
Before you: I, myself. Behold in me
Your sacrifice. Take me, and let me be
Your offering, but bid this captive go,
And stay your hand from punishing these slaves
Who spoke for peace and love and brotherhood.
Am I not royal? For a sacrifice
Could ye give more to Dagon? Let us haste,
My throat is bare, my blood leaps in my veins,
To spill on Dagon's altar, my flesh longs
To feel the flame consuming, and the hot
Embrace of Dagon's arms.

KING

My son—my boy!

Art thou demented? What insanity
Is this? My son for Dagon's sacrifice!
Thou knowest not the meaning of thy words.

ACKISH

My father, listen, I demand thine ear.
Dost thou recall my mother? And how fair,
How good she was, how comely? I had seen
But nine short summers when she went away,
Yet I recall her as 'twere yesterday!
How well she loved thee all her happy years,
Yet me she loved the more,—ah, how she loved!
Dost thou remember on the night she died
Her parting words to thee, the boon she craved?
And that upon that fatal night of nights,
When her faint breath grew fainter as she held
Our hands each in a hand of hers, she begged
A promise of thee, and thou madest a pact
With her and sealed it with a parting kiss?
This was thy promise, father, to thy wife:
That when thy son,—myself,—should be a man,
I should be free to make thee one demand,
And make the same, her name upon my lips!
And that whate'er its nature, or thy wish,
That promise and that oath should guide thy will,
And give me what I asked! Most upright King,
Dost thou the pledge remember?

KING

Aye—my son,

I do acknowledge such an oath I made.

ACKISH

Then claim I its fulfillment here, before
Thy court; I do adjure thee, keep thy faith.
This captive set thou free, strike off his chains,
And bid him go with promise to destroy
No more his race, and let these slaves of thine,
Who seek a country new of comradeship,
And love, where once again they may be free,
Let them accomp'ny him, and who so else
Would go with them to seek this land of peace
And harmony, shall follow them if so
They list, and be permitted to depart,
To serve a consecrated band to guard
These noble giants in dead Rapha's land,
Protect them 'gainst disaster and attack,
And reap the recompense the princely Saph
Hath promised them would surely be their own.
Whilst I on Dagon's altar shall be laid,
Rejoicing that a life as poor as mine
May buy them their felicity.

KING

No—no!
My son, unsay those words. It cannot be!
I cannot grant thy suit! Thou mayest demand
My kingdom or my life,—my very all,—
But ask me not to send thee to thy death!
My son, I plead with thee, make not such claim,
Consider yet again what thou wilt ask.

ACKISH

Not so; I hold thee to thy royal oath;
As King fulfill thy vow,—make good thy pledge!

KING

I cannot! No,—a thousand noes!

ACKISH

O mother,
Thine aid, where e're thou art, sustain me now!
Help thou thine ancient partner keep the faith
He made with thee, the solemn pact of death!

MOTHER'S SONG

MOTHER (*off stage*)

Child of my heart!
Body I made!
I hear thy dear voice,
Claiming my aid!
O King of my life,
Breath of my breath,
Keep thou the promise
Sealed with my death!

My sweetheart of old,
My husband indeed,
Swiftly the prayer
Of our firstborn concede.

Have faith, O my heart!
As I have in you;
Believe that the best
Will follow the true.

O King, live forever!
My voice thou hast heard.
As me thou still lovest,
So keep now thy word!

KING

My Queen! Thy gentle voice I hear again,
Across the barren reach of empty years!
My girlish Queen! My white and lucent flower!
What wouldst thou of this desolated house
Which thou left dark, forlorn and tenantless?

ACKISH

My Mother sweet! Thy loving spirit rests
Like pinions of some tender, brooding dove,
A feather-touch, against my cheek! I feel
Thy lips upon my brow! O Mother, thanks!

KING

My son—my son!

ACKISH

Have courage, father dear;
I must do this and thou must keep thine oath.
High Priest, my Lords, the sacrifice awaits;
Prepare me for great Dagon's sacred feast.

AARON

O King, we wait upon thy word. Thy son,
Or Saph, the captive, must be sacrificed.

[*aside.*

Either to famished Dagon's jaws will prove,
A toothsome morsel. Even now, I see
The crackling flames lick redly 'round their limbs,
And smell the incense of their roasting flesh!

ASHKELON

An offering to Dagon must we have.
The Prince or giant youth, it matters not,
As long as sacrifice we speedy make.

ACKISH

Thine oath, my father! Come, what dost decide?
The Priest spoke true: we wait upon thy word.

KING

Accursed am I! Go then and have thy wish!
Thy mother took my heart and thou hast robbed
Me of my soul! Take all and have my life!

ACKISH

Those chains strike off! Let noble Saph depart.
And all ye others who would go with him,
Begone, and take my benediction. Hold
It sacredly your duty to preserve
His noble race, and find ye peace and love
Among his strong and gentle brotherhood.
Young Prince, farewell! Thou hast my ardent love;—
A benison goes with thee. Straight return
To thine own peopl,, live to Rapha's age,
A monarch strong and stately and benign;
And from that land to which I turn my eyes
Beyond the fires that even now are hot,
Perchance my weary soul shall visit thee.
High Priest,—thy servant! Speed the rites! I sniff
The smoke of Dagon's fires! I need no chains;
Let me go free to meet the furnace glow
Of Dagon's kiss! My love shall after death
Return to comfort thee, O Father dear!
Farewell, Prince Saph; farewell, a long farewell!

*[The chains have been removed from SAPH's wrists,
and he now lifts his arms heavenward in joyous
freedom. At the conclusion of the foregoing speech,
ACKISH, clasps SAPH's hand in affectionate fare-
well, and turns toward AARON, who, with his at-*

tendant PRIESTS, comes forward to claim the new victim. SAPH, followed by AMON, SISERA and BOAZ, and many other Philistines, begins slowly to mount the hill. The KING overwhelmed with grief, and with bowed head, leans heavily upon the supporting arm of one of his attendants. ACKISH advances toward the temple from the portals of which streams a hideous, red glare. As he starts to ascend the steps, an explosion occurs within, and the red light becomes more intense, and greatly increases in volume.

AARON

What now! What hath occurred? . . . Stand all ye back!
Disaster travels swift in yon red gleams!
The breath of hell blows hotly in my face!

MALCHALM

The temple blazeth! Dagon is aflame!
His altar now in bloody flames is wrapped!
What now, High Priest?

AARON

The fire's in my breast,
And it consumeth me! Oh agony
And torment! Dagon,—mercy! Spare thy Priest!
Oh, mortal pain! I die! It is my death!
[He dies.]

MALCHALM

The Priest,—the Holy Priest of Dagon falls!
He fainteth! . . . Lords, he's dead!

KING

And look—and look!

The Golden Calf hath crumbled! Woe to us!
 [Golden Calf falls in pieces.
It is the end!

ACKISH

Not so, it is instead
The great beginning of a better day!
Lift up your hearts, my people! The new age
Dawns gloriously upon us. Let us meet
The breaking morn with joy, for Dagon's dead,
The Calf of Gold hath crumbled!—We go on!
There lies our way; our course is toward the east!
The glow hath spread; the heavens light our path.
On, follow me. We seek the land where love
And comradeship and peace abide; where care
And strife and envy enter not. Our gods,—
Our old false gods of gluttony and hate,—
Are dead forever, and the giant race
We shall befriend, and they shall shelter us,
And in our championship of them, shall we
Attain felicity and perfect peace!
Beloved Saph, lead on! To thee and thine
We pledge our shields, our swords, our trust, our love!

[SAPH, half-way up the hill, now halts, and spreads wide his arms. The illumination begins and gradually increases, approaching its height during the Final Chorus.

THE TRIUMPH OF SAPH

SAPH

I.

Sing I the song of rejoicing, the triumph of Saph!
Back to the forest returning,—the wars are at end!

Peace and prosperity circle forever my path,
I shall go singing forever, the world for my friend.
Bind up the wounds that are bleeding, recover the lyres,
Love shall prevail from the mountain tops down to the
sea!
Crushed are the gods and the temples, and cold are the
fires,
I who was bound and imprisoned,—once more I am free!

II.

Now shall earth laugh with the harvest come smiling to
birth,
Now shall the aisles of the forest re-echo and ring
With the sweet laughter of fauns, and the small of the
earth
Shall be protected and sheltered, shall dance and shall
sing!
Glory and triumph forever shall wait on my throne,
Mercy and brotherhood live in my glorious reign;
We who were slaughtered and fearful, and torn from our
own,
Thus shall we sing,—turning back to our forests again!

THE END

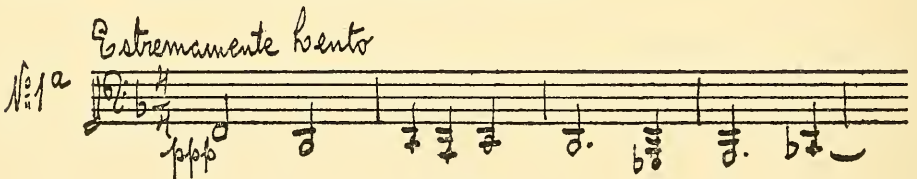
THE MUSIC

In composing the music for "The Rout of the Philistines," I endeavored to translate into the musical idiom the author's conception of the story. In my effort to accomplish this I have used certain themes indicative of the principal characters and their influence upon the trend of events. I do not wish to give a detailed account of the appearance and re-appearance of these themes, but prefer to let their presence at various stages throughout the course of the work be self-explanatory. If the auditor is enabled to grasp the significance of the occurrence and development of the musical ideas, my purpose will have been accomplished.

The entire musical work is based upon four main themes:
First—The Theme of Dagon, the god of the Philistines:



Just as the actions of the Philistines are inspired by their belief in the god Dagon, so the various ideas used to characterize those actions are derived from or influenced by this main theme. For example, in the opening scene where Ackish, the young prince of Philistia, is discovered asleep in a woodland glade, "shrouded in the mystery of dark night," the initial motive sung by the double basses is one metamorphosis of the Dagon theme:



Another instance, as an expression of their religious fanaticism:

Allegro

No. 18

again, as a martial fanfare:

No. 19

marziale

f

Hail to Phœnicia, Hail! Hail!

Hail! Hail to Phœnicia, Hail!

as a manifestation of overwhelming sorrow:

Trinebre

No. 20

Second—The theme of Saph, which is intended to represent the nobility and grandeur of his race:

Musical score for the second theme of Saph. The top staff is for Saph, marked *Moderato*, with the lyrics "Mine is the race of the Kings." The middle staff is for a piano accompaniment, marked *Moderato* and *p*. The bottom staff is for a cello or double bass accompaniment, also marked *Moderato*.

This, also, appears in many different guises, alone and in combination.

Third—The theme of Saph's Love for Humanity and Belief in Brotherhood, which, in accordance with the author's symbolical conception of the character of Saph is always given in combination with the

Fourth theme, that of the forest:

Musical score for the fourth theme, "that of the forest". The top staff is for Saph, marked *Inquieto*, with the lyrics "Ours was the ruling of brotherhood, over us above skies that were not and blue. — From the mountains above". The middle staff is for a piano accompaniment, marked *Inquieto* and *pp*. The bottom staff is for a cello or double bass accompaniment, also marked *Inquieto*.

The work is scored for piccolo, three flutes, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, five tympani, xilophone, bells, drums and cymbals, tam-tam, tambourine, triangle, celesta, harp, and strings.

Nino Marcelli



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