

N. He seems to listen and to wait —

ppp

Allegro (♩ = 116)

pp

M. Mona

A murmur of many voices

M. like a storm O - ver the sea —

Enya (going up stage, and looking over the edge of the slope)

E. The le - - - gions, the le - gions

M. And a

(♩ = 120)

pp

E. com - ing!

M. sound Of men marching to bat - tle,

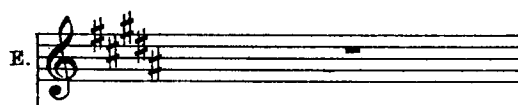
N. Nial

Save — yourselves!

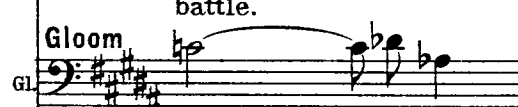
E. The le-gions coming! Save — yourselves!

M. Ro - - - mans marching stead-i - ly to

N. save — yourselves!

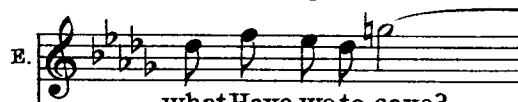
E.  Tell me,

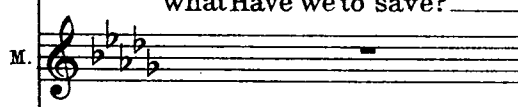
M.  battle.

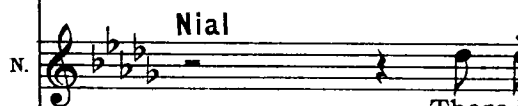
Gl.  Gloom

Save _____ yourselves! There is yet time. I wait here.



E.  what have we to save? _____

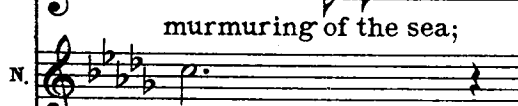
M.  Forest and cloud, and a

N.  There is a cloud over the moon, _____ cloud and

Nial



M.  murmuring of the sea; Sure - ly my dreams re - mem - ber -

N.  storm.



Pochettino più mosso

Enya

(The whole stage fills with a blaze of direct sunlight)

E. *f* I can see them Winding up the long pathway

M. *f* See them winding up the path - way

N. *f* See them winding up the path - way

Pochettino più mosso

f

E. from the plain, A mul-ti-tude of spears, a

M. from the plain, a mul-ti-tude of spears, a

N. from the plain, a mul-ti-tude of spears, a

Gloom

Gl. Welcome, wolves!

ff

E. mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!

M. mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!

N. mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!

Gl. wel-come, wolves! Wel - come, wolves!

ff

E. wel - - - come, wolves! *Più allegro*

M. wel - - - come, wolves!

N. wel - - - come, wolves!

Gl. wel - - - come, wolves!

(The stage fills with Roman soldiers, enter-

ing by the pathway from the plain. Among the last of these the Governor enters. From *Più allegro* (♩ = 132)

fff

where he stands the body of Gwynn is invisible, hidden by the boulder. Gloom and Nial

più mosso

are at once made prisoners. Enya retreats down stage. Mona remains standing by the boulder)

(♩ = 80)

fff *ritenuto*

ffz *dim.*

Mona *ad lib.*

The Governor

Now The end comes! (Not in tune)

Guard that woman!

p molto ritenuto pp

(Mona is surrounded by the soldiers, and disarmed. The Governor looks from her to the others)

Gov.

Where is he Whom ye call Gwynn? Andantino

ppp

Nial (pointing into the air)

Yon-der- a - bove himself.

Gloom (declaiming bitterly, not in tune)

There is a Roman spy here. He is

pp espr.

Gov. *Dead?* (The Governor perceives Gwynn's body)

Gl. *dead.* *Poco adagio*

ppp

Gov. (savagely) *It is he! Who hath done this thing?*

Gl. *Past re-warding!*

M. *Mona* *It was I! — One That might have been a woman.*

Gov. *Thou, a woman?*

Gov. (softly) *Be thou sure Of paying for this blood!*

Gl. *Gloom* *Since he has paid, What*

Gl. matter? He be-trayed us. He is dead. Thou hast thy triumph—

Gl. *Con fuoco* (♩ = 72)

Eat it!

attacca subito *fff* *sfz*

Gov. *The Governor* (with sudden fierceness)

Dogs, ye have slain Your own last hope of mer J,

ff dim.

Gov. the one soul Roman-born that had care for you!

p

Gov. 

These years He hath made your peace with Rome,

Gov. 

won

Presto (♩ = 120)

Gov. 

back for you Old lib-er-ties, giv-en you the strength to dream Of

Più presto (♩ = 72)

Gov. 

new — con-spir-a-cy! — But for his

Gov. 

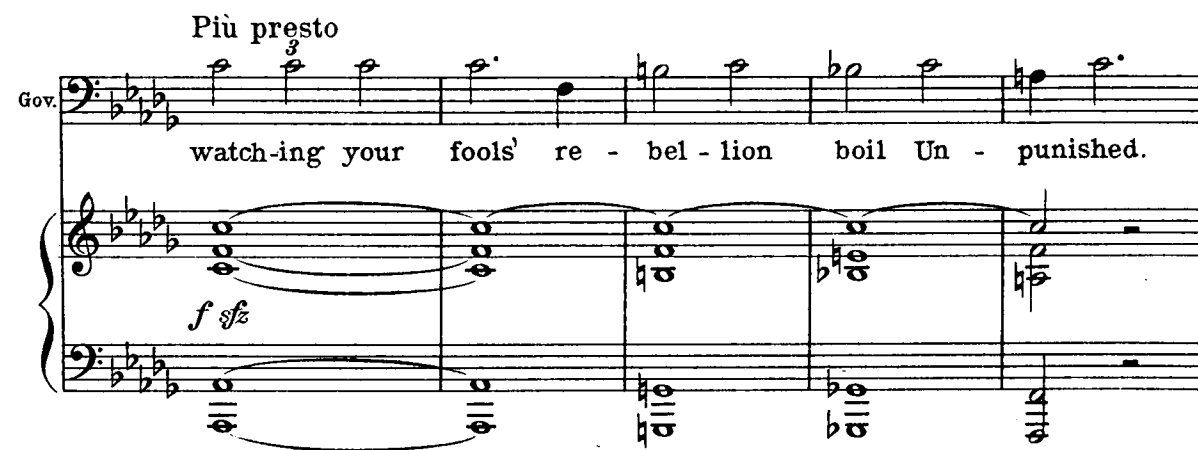
faith, I had broken you be-tween my

Gov. 

hands In the be-ginning! Day by

Gov. 

day I spared The sword,

Più presto 

watch-ing your fools' re-bel-lion boil Un-punished.

Gov. *(♩ = 80)* He de-fend - ed you; he

ff rit. e dim.

Gov. *riten.* died Striving to save your mis-er - a - ble lives From your

ritenuto

Gov. *rit.* Moderato (his grief breaking through his anger)
own folly! I have said. My son! My

(♩ = 72)
rit. f p ritenuto

M. *Mona (slowly, in a dry voice)*
Thy son! Who art thou?

Gov. son!

Tenor I *p*

Tenor II *p* Gov-ern-or of Britain.

Bass *p* Gov-ern-or of Britain.

(♩ = 80)
p Gov-ern-or of Britain.

p

Govern-or of Britain, Gov-ern-or and Lord!
 Govern-or of Britain, Gov-ern-or and Lord!
 Govern-or of Britain, Gov-ern-or and Lord!

cresc.
 Enya

poco accel. *ff* *rit.*
 O child, what hast thou
 Gov-ern-or and Lord for Rome!
 Gov-ern-or and Lord for Rome!
 Gov-ern-or and Lord for Rome!

poco accel. *ff* *diminuendo e rit.*

done?
 The Governor
 She shall have time To learn!

ppp

(A soldier gives him Mona's sword. He takes it mechanically, and stands still gazing at the body)

Adagio (♩ = 76)

Mona (to herself)

M.

So that was God's voice, after all!

pp espress. *pp* *espress.*

Poco più lento (♩ = 66)

M.

That weak-ness, that strange fear of

pp

M.

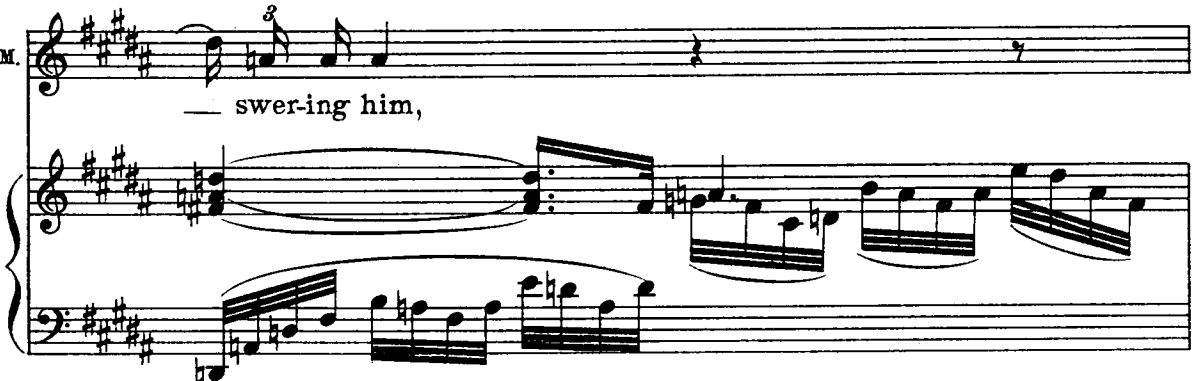
Gwynn's glad eyes,

pp

M.

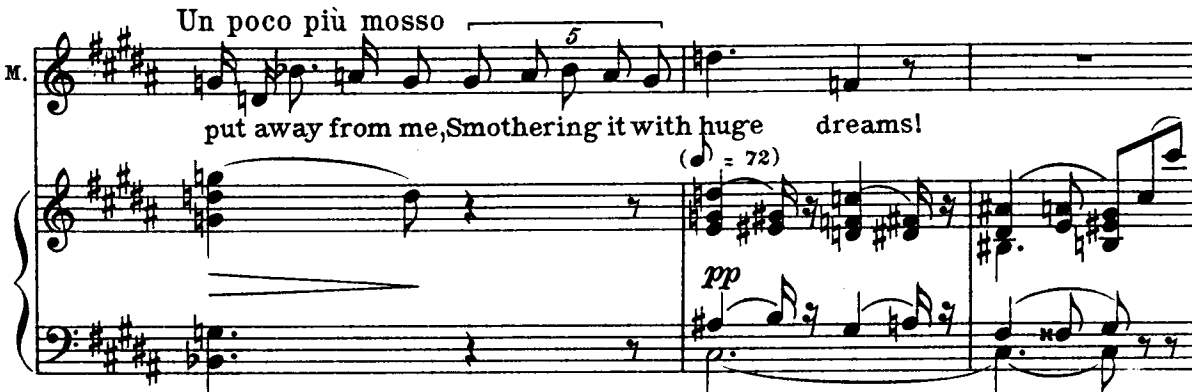
That warm pain in my blood an -

pp

M.  *— swer-ing him,*

M.  *That lit - tle fool - ish whis-per — in my*
espress.

M.  *heart All night long, that I*

M.  *Un poco più mosso*
put away from me, Smothering it with huge dreams!
(♩ = 72)
pp

M. *(♩ = 69)* That was all God

pp espress.

M. asked _____ of me —

M. on - - ly to drink my

M. joy, _____

pp *poco rit.*

M. *On-ly to be a wo-man, on-ly to cease From strug-gling,*

(♩ = 66) *molto p*

M. *Poco più lento (♩ = 60)*

rest so, and be drow-sy glad, Like a child com-fort-ed! It was too

pp

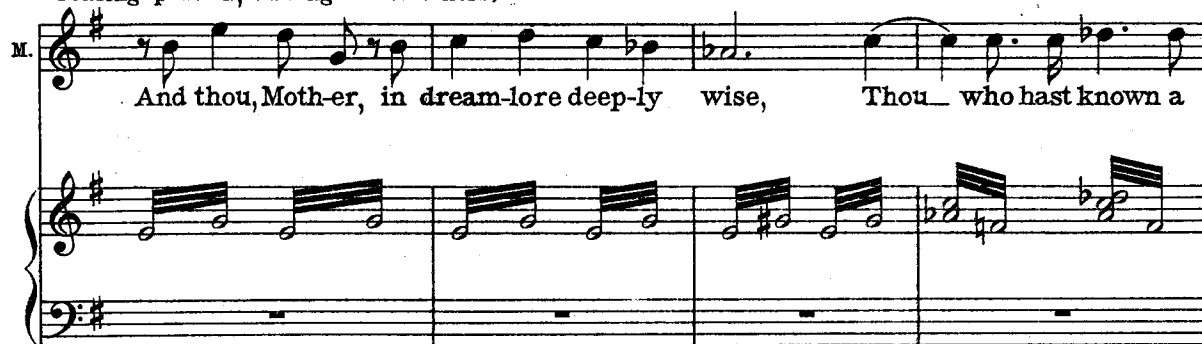
M. *slight A ser-vice for great ends, too small, too sweet —*

M. *Allegro moderato (♩ = 112) (with gradually in-)*

An-y-one could have done so much! Ah, Gloom.

sfz p

creasing passion, turning to the others)

M. 

And thou, Moth-er, in dream-lore deep-ly wise, Thou_ who hast known a

M. 

child's lips on thy breast, And life be-gin-ning in the

M. 

dark!— And thou, Ni-al, whose blind heart.

M. 

makes our wis-dom vain,— Could ye not tell me how great

M. dreams pass by As a storm blows down the wind, while

M. beau-ty grows _____ Day by day out of a thou-sand

M. lit-tle-ness-es, As the rain swells the flood and fills the

M. sea, _____ Till

poco f

poco tenuto

M.

all things take one an-swer?

poco tenuto

Andante mosso (♩ = 56) Meno mosso

M.

I might have died Yon-der, and not known...

f *p*

Allegro (♩ = 50)

M.

See, how Earth

p *p*

M.

holds up Her fresh - - ness, holds

pp

M. — up her fresh-ness to the sum-mer,

M. *poco riten.* and the light.

poco ritenuto (♩=100)*p*

M. Laughs o-ver liv - - ing green, and the birds are

pp

M. glad, And the sweet_ blos - soms bright - en in the

pp

M.

 sun, And all the bit-ter

 (♩ = 50)

 p.

M.

 beau-ty of the day Makes mer-ry with my sor-row!

ritenuto

pp

M.

 And I go To

 Meno mosso (♩ = 120)

 sfz

M.

 walk a-live a-mong dead

 sfz

M. hours, and see Pit - i - less fac - es,

M. and the mirth of men — Whose eyes are

M. e - vil, and be fawned up-on By strange hands:

Molto meno mosso (♩ = 88)

M. for I can - not e-ven keep My faith to him who

Più mosso

M. died be-cause of me, Nor in a clean death lay my bod-y down

(♩ = 88)

p *pp*

M. Be-side his bod-y! I must bear my

(♩ = 100)

pp

M. time, Hav-ing done no good thing, re-mem-ber-ing all:

pp *mf*

M. And there will be so man-y oth-er days,—

ritenuto *riten.* *f*

ff Più mosso (♩ = 50) (Going to the Governor)

M. — So man - y oth - er days!

piu riten.

sfz *p* *p*

quietly) Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)

M. — Give me the sword.

mp

(Misunderstanding her purpose, he steps back and motions to the soldiers to restrain her.)

M. It is mine!

mp espress.

She looks in his face almost with a smile)

M. Dost thou think I can still

Meno mosso (♩ = 76)

M. *fear?* I

M. (she takes the sword)
loved him, loved him, and I killed him. Bear with me

M. (Unhindered, she kneels by Gwynn's body, and lays the sword across his
A lit-tle, bear with me. Take the sword now. (♩ = 60)

M. breast, folding his hands upon the hilt)
It is thine. Thou hast done well for Brit-ain.

(leaning erect, and speaking straight before her) **Allegro e molto risoluto** (♩ = 144)

M. For my-self, I have done on - ly what I

cresc.

M. must have done, Be-ing my-self, hold - ing by my own

Animato

M. sight And mine own blind-ness. I have sought be-yond Love,

più largo

M. and a-bove beau - ty, turn-ing a-way From

più largo

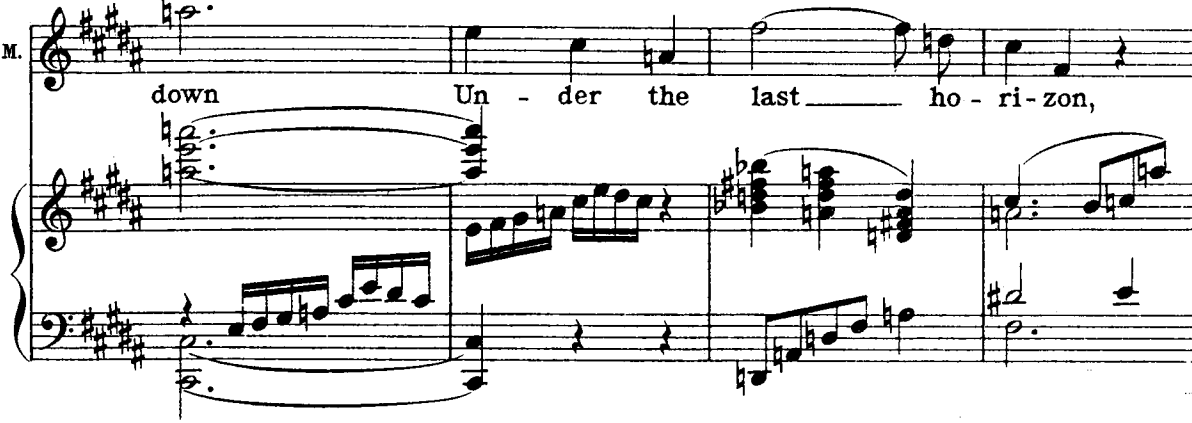
M.
 God to point what way the world should go, Scorn - ing my
 (♩ = 132)
poco f

M.
 life be-cause I found it fair,
 3

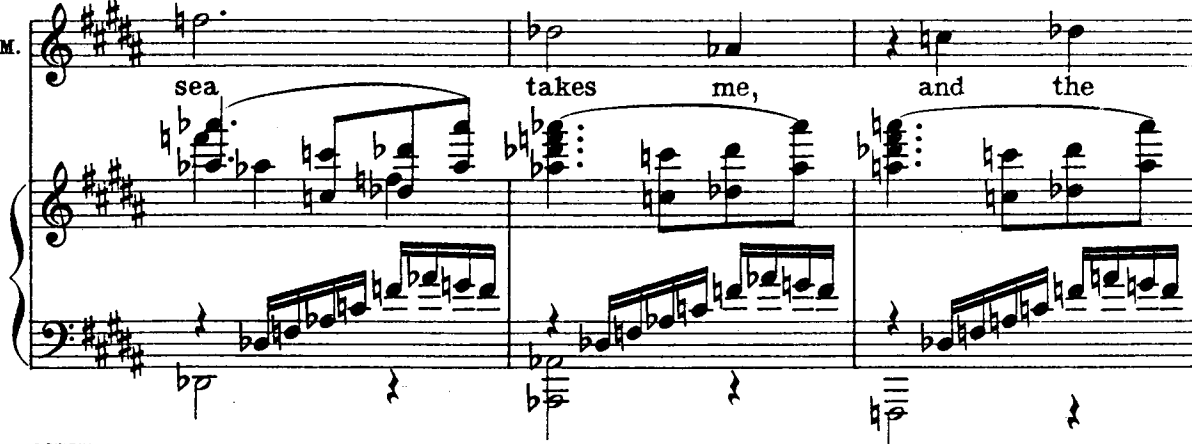
M.
 Fol - - -
p

M.
 - low-ing the white fire
 (♩ = 120)

M.  of en - deav - or

M.  down Un - der the last ho - ri - zon,

Un poco mosso
M.  where stars fail, And the

M.  sea takes me, and the

sempre più mosso

M. *night ends all,*

sempre più mosso e più piano

M. *And the brave deeds*

Più mosso

(♩ = 144)

ppp

M. *I was too brave to do — Slum — — —*

(♩ = 63)

ppp

(she lays her hands upon Gwynn's, bending over him)

M. *ber, for got - ten.*

Moderato (♩ = 76)

M. Love! I could not be A wo-man, loved and

lov-ing, nor en-dure Moth-er-hood and the wise or-di-na-ry

M. joys Of day by day; all that I had to give, I

M. gave thee. I have known thy heart. Fare -

pp

ppp

delicatissimo

Più mosso (♩ = 50)

(she kisses him upon the forehead) (she rises, and stands among the soldiers)

M. well! For - give! Do your

pp

(They bind her hands)

M. will now! Meno mosso (♩ = 100)

ppp

Meno mosso

M. I have had dreams, On - ly great dreams!

dolce

Allegro

M. A wo - - man

pp

M. *would have won!*

Allegro molto (♩ = 132)

ff

Maestoso (♩ = 80)

ritenuto

ffff

Curtain

fff

