85580

THE CHILDREN OF DON

A DRAMA

IN 3 ACTS AND A PROLOGUE

BY

T. E. ELLIS

MUSIC

BY

JOSEF HOLBROOKE

(OP. 56.)

VOCAL SCORE

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CHARACTERS.

GODS.

NODENS ... (GOD OF THE ABYSS) ..... BASS
LYD ... (THE SEA KING) ..... BASS
DON .. (THE NATURE GODDESS) ..... SOPRANO

MORTALS.

MATH ... (KING OF ARVON) ..... BASS
GWYDION ..... } (THE CHILDREN OF DON) ..... BARITONE
GOVANNION ..... } ..... BASS
ELAN ..... } ..... CONTRALTO
GWION .. (A DRUID) ..... TENOR
GOEWIN ... (A PRIESTESS) ..... SOPRANO
ARAWN .. (KING OF ANNWN) ..... TENOR
1ST PRIEST ... (OF ANNWN) ..... TENOR
2ND PRIEST ... (OF ANNWN) ..... BARITONE

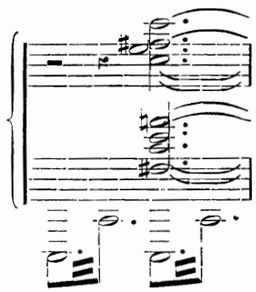
GHOSTS OF THE PRIESTS, CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

"DON" ERRATA.

Page 8. 2nd stave, 1st bar, *Poco meno mosso.*

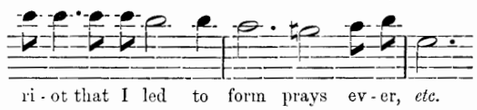
Page 47. Optional Cut from end of page to last bar on page 51, "Draw him down."

Page 56. 2nd stave, 4th bar should read—

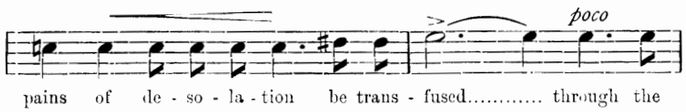


Page 56. Optional Cut from figure 20 to page 58, 3rd stave, 1st bar.

Page 58. No. 22 : sing—



Page 61. 2nd stave, last two bars should read—



Page 67. 3rd stave, 1st bar, 2nd beat in the bass to read F♯.

Page 72. 5th stave, end of 2nd bar 𝄐 *for Curtain.* 𝄂

Page 82. 1st stave, 3rd bar, 1st beat F♯, not D♯.

Page 86. 1st bar "as a gift," not "for a peace."

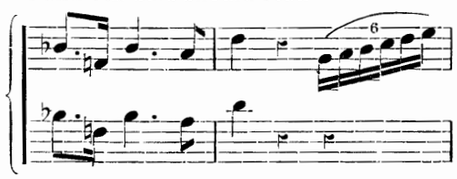
Page 89. 3rd stave, 1st bar, 𝄡 clef, not 𝄞

Page 103. 4th stave, 2nd bar, E♭ out, and E♮ minims to be dotted.

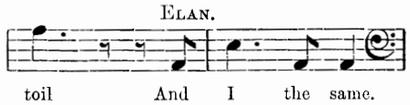
Page 105. Optional Cut from 2nd stave, end of 2nd bar, to page 110, 1st bar.

Page 114. 1st stave, 4th bar, 1st beat should read D♯, not F♯.

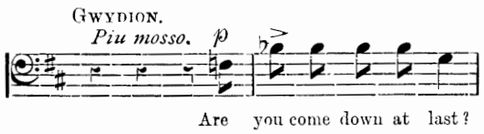
Page 114. 3rd stave, 4th and 5th bars should read—



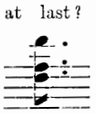
Page 115. 1st stave, 3rd and 4th bars should read—



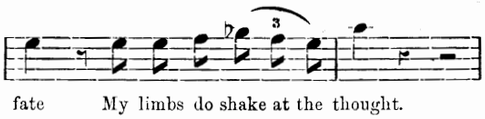
Page 115. 2nd stave, 1st and 2nd bars should read—



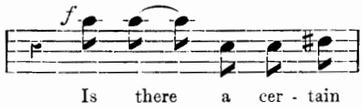
Page 117. 1st stave, 1st and 2nd bars, 2nd beat in each bar should read—



Page 118. 1st stave, 1st and 2nd bars should read—



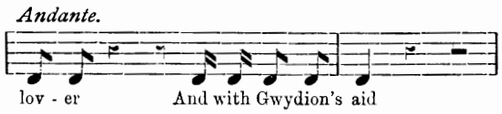
Page 128. 3rd stave, 3rd bar should read—



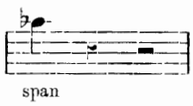
Page 150. 1st stave, Optional Cut for 2nd bar to the end of 1st stave on page 152.

Page 152. 4th stave, 3rd bar, "shrinking" should read "fading."

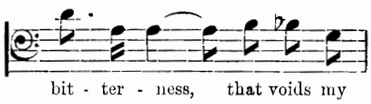
Page 155. 4th stave, 2nd and 3rd bars should read—



Page 162. 3rd stave, 1st bar should read—



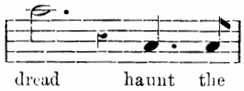
Page 164. 3rd stave, 1st bar should read—



Page 180. Optional Cut from beginning of 2nd bar on 2nd stave to page 182, 2nd stave, 2nd bar.

Page 187. *Larghetto sostenuto*, should read *Andante sostenuto.*

Page 211. 4th stave, 1st bar should read—

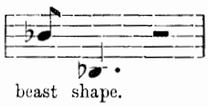


Page 226. 2nd stave, 1st beat in 3rd bar should be G♯.

Page 230. 3rd stave, 3rd bar, "tongues," not "tonques."

Page 231. 3rd stave, 3rd bar, "proud," not "prond."

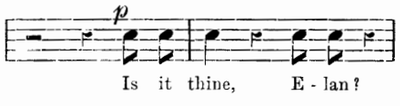
Page 232. 1st stave, 1st bar should read—



Page 232. 3rd stave, 2nd bar, "nor," not "now."

Page 234. Optional Cut from No. 19, 3rd stave, to 1st bar on page 241.

Page 281. 4th stave, 2nd and 3rd bars should read—

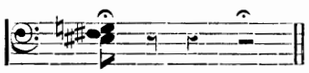


Page 288. Optional Cut from end of 2nd stave to page 292, 1st bar, 1st stave.

Page 293. From 4th stave. Optional Cut to page 296, 3rd bar.

Page 311. 1st stave, 2nd bar out.

Page 311. 2nd stave, 3rd bar should read—



The Children of Don.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of this opera is founded chiefly on the Cymric legend of Math Mathonwy.

The first scene of the prologue shews a cave in Annwn, or the northern underworld, where Arawn, the King, is about to perform a sacrifice to the goddess Caridwen whose magic cauldron is its great treasure. Gwydion, son of Don, and his men, interrupts the sacrifice, and carries off the cauldron after slaying Arawn.

The second scene is a ravine in the northern isles. Don the nature goddess calls on Lyd the Sea King to prevent Gwydion from carrying the cauldron with its disastrous exciting principles away from its stronghold. Lyd invokes Nodens, the prisoned god and head of the lost dynasty of Titans. Nodens from his eternal sleep proclaims the destiny that his dreams are to have upon the islands. Lyd refuses to interfere with Gwydion.

ACT I. The cauldron is being installed in a temple of Arvon of which Math is the priest king. Gwydion resents the cauldron being taken from him. Math makes him its guardian and warns him of the dire results of any failure in his office. Goewin, a priestess, loves Govannion, brother to Gwydion, who comes to seek her. Elan, sister to Gwydion, interrupts their meeting; she is seeking Gwydion. Gwydion comes upon them and chooses not to betray his own blood. Elan begs Gwydion to become her husband, as it is prophecied her son shall have a great destiny. Gwydion repulses her and declares his devotion to his own fanatic ends.

Act II. Goewin, smitten with remorse is praying to the cauldron for restoration of her lost innocence. Govannion enters and reproaches her with her defection. Gwydion discovers them and warns them they must decide to go away or stand the consequences. Govannion repudiates Goewin and goes off. After an angry scene between Goewin and Gwydion, Math enters with the Druids and accuses Gwydion of falsity. Goewin confesses and is banished. Gwydion is sentenced to transformation to beast shape and is left bound in the temple. Elan creeps in and sympathises with Gwydion. They attempt to poison themselves from the cauldron. Instead Elan is drawn away by the song of Lyd; and Gwydion, first threatened by the ghost of Arawn with unimaginable ills, sees in a vision Nodens and the great destiny that awaits his land before the spell takes effect and he becomes a wolf.

ACT III. The first scene. To Gwion, the arch druid, enters Goewin praying for restitution to her people. Gwion casts her out and she is devoured by the wolves. Math enters and reproaches Gwion for his ferocity. In spite of Gwion's protest he repeals the spell upon Gwydion and Govannion. He demands from Gwydion a substitute for Goewin. Gwydion suggests his sister Elan and he goes with Math to find her.

Second scene. Elan is mourning alone over the fate of the children of Don. Govannion enters and tells her what Gwydion proposes. Elan says she is willing, and Govannion uttering his unalterable hate for Math and the Druids goes out. Math and Gwydion enter. Elan is put to the proof of her virginity and is revealed as mother of Dylan. Math, believing Dylan to be Gwydion's son, curses the children of Don. Gwydion exasperated kills Math, and Govannion attempts to destroy Dylan by throwing him into the sea which cannot harm him. Gwydion adopts Dylan in spite of the anger of Govannion. The Druids enter and curse Gwydion. He, no longer afraid of them, bids Govannion kill Gwion, which he does. Gwydion proclaims himself chief to the paralysed Druids and takes Dylan for his heir.

The story of the second Drama of the Trilogy—"Dylan—Son of the Wave"—is the killing of Dylan by Govannion, the vengeance demanded upon Govannion by the sea-folk—and its consummation by the Sea King.

OVERTURE.

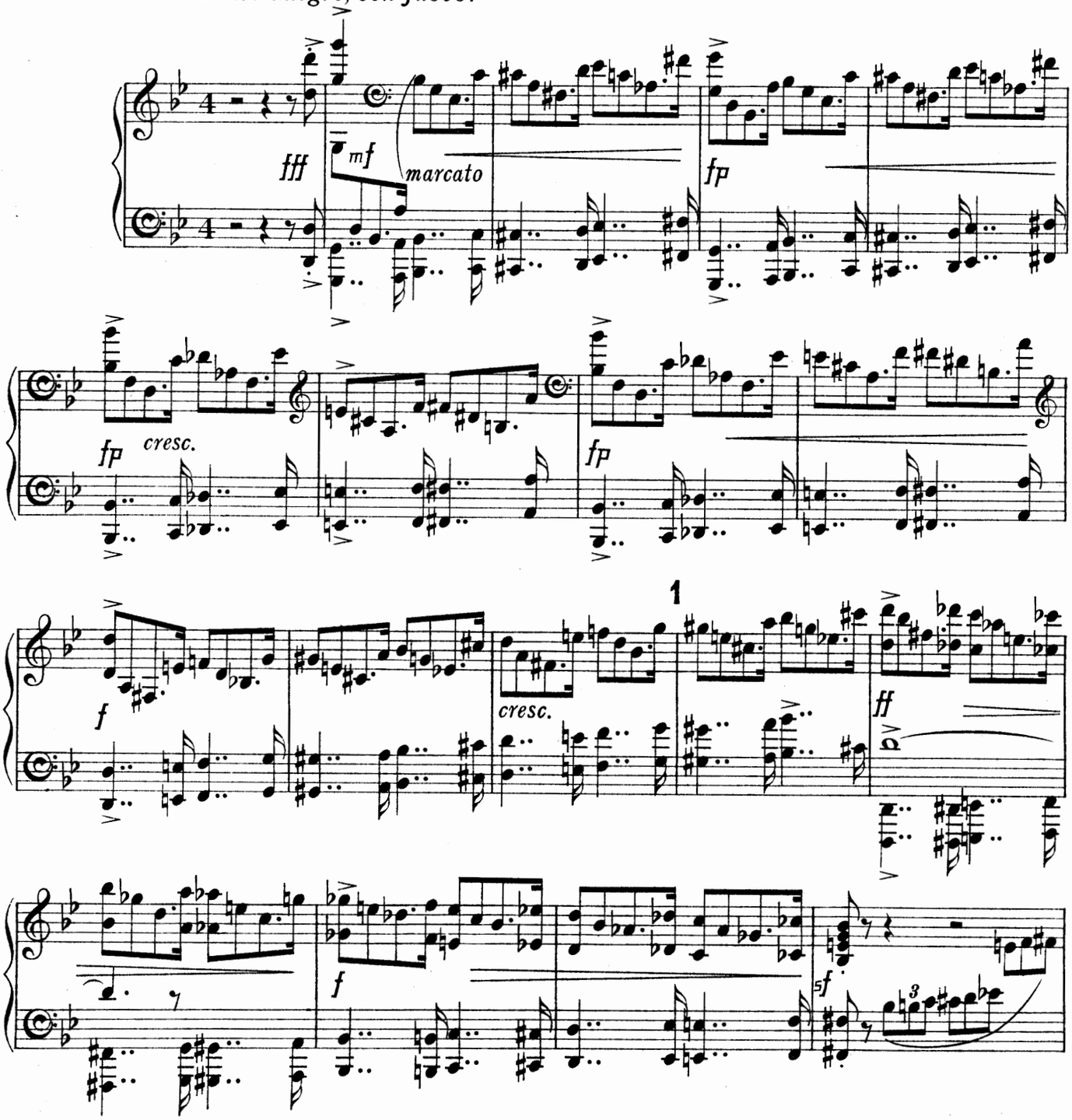
"THE CHILDREN OF DON."

(DRAMA.)

Summoned are we from the lonely lairs
Where the storms are born.
Haled from the void that silence shares
Where the pits of darkness yawn.

Josef Holbrooke. Op. 56.

Molto allegro, con fuoco.



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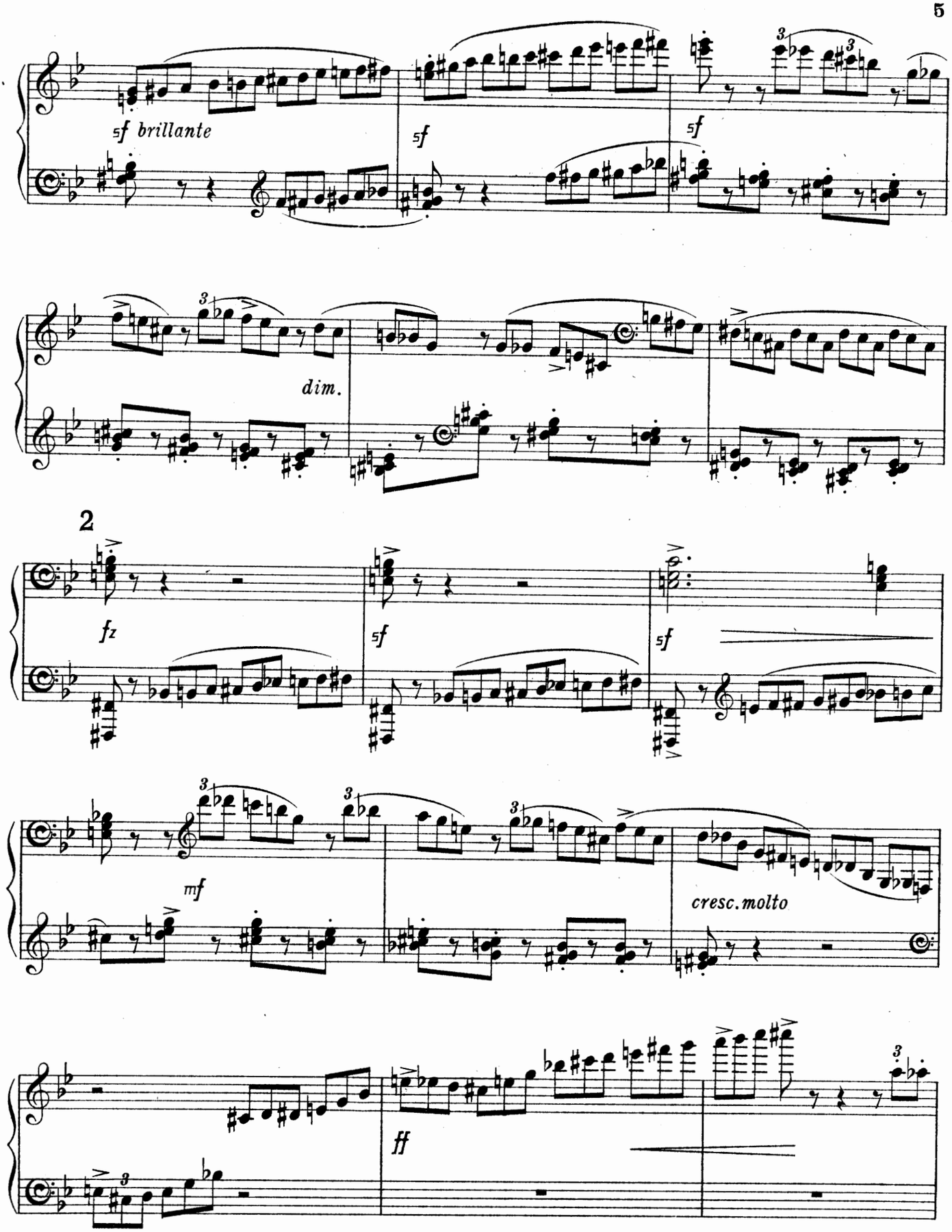
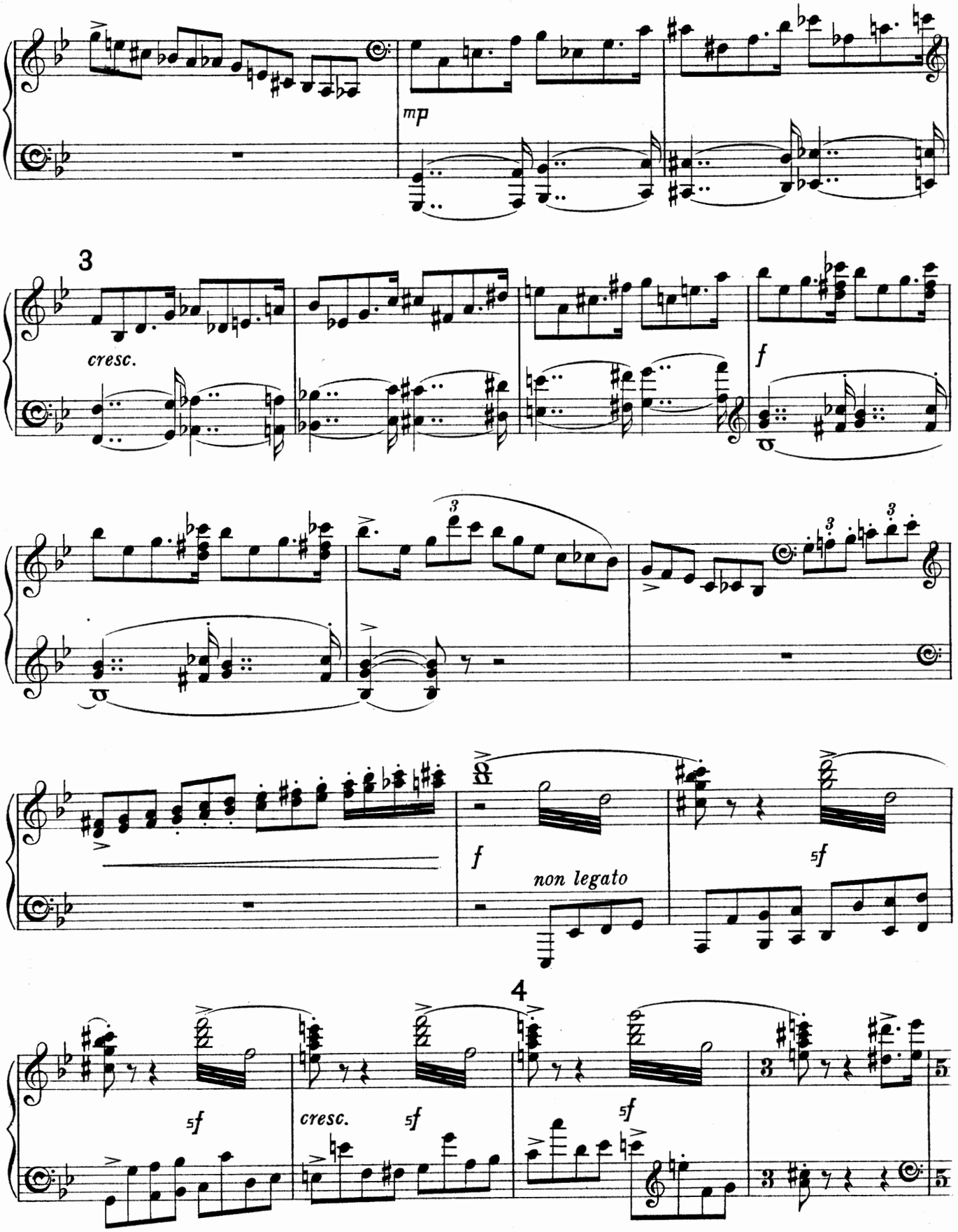
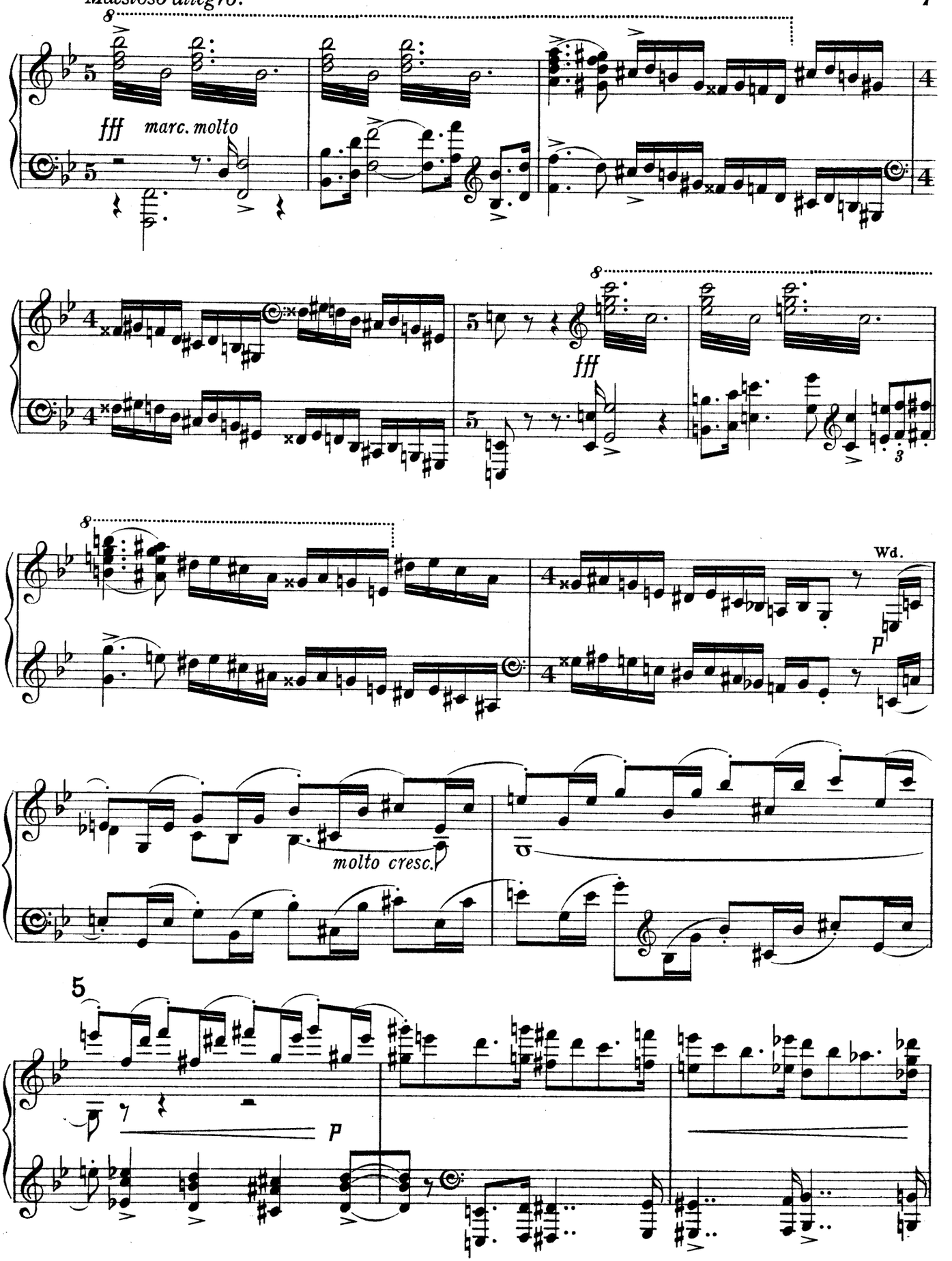
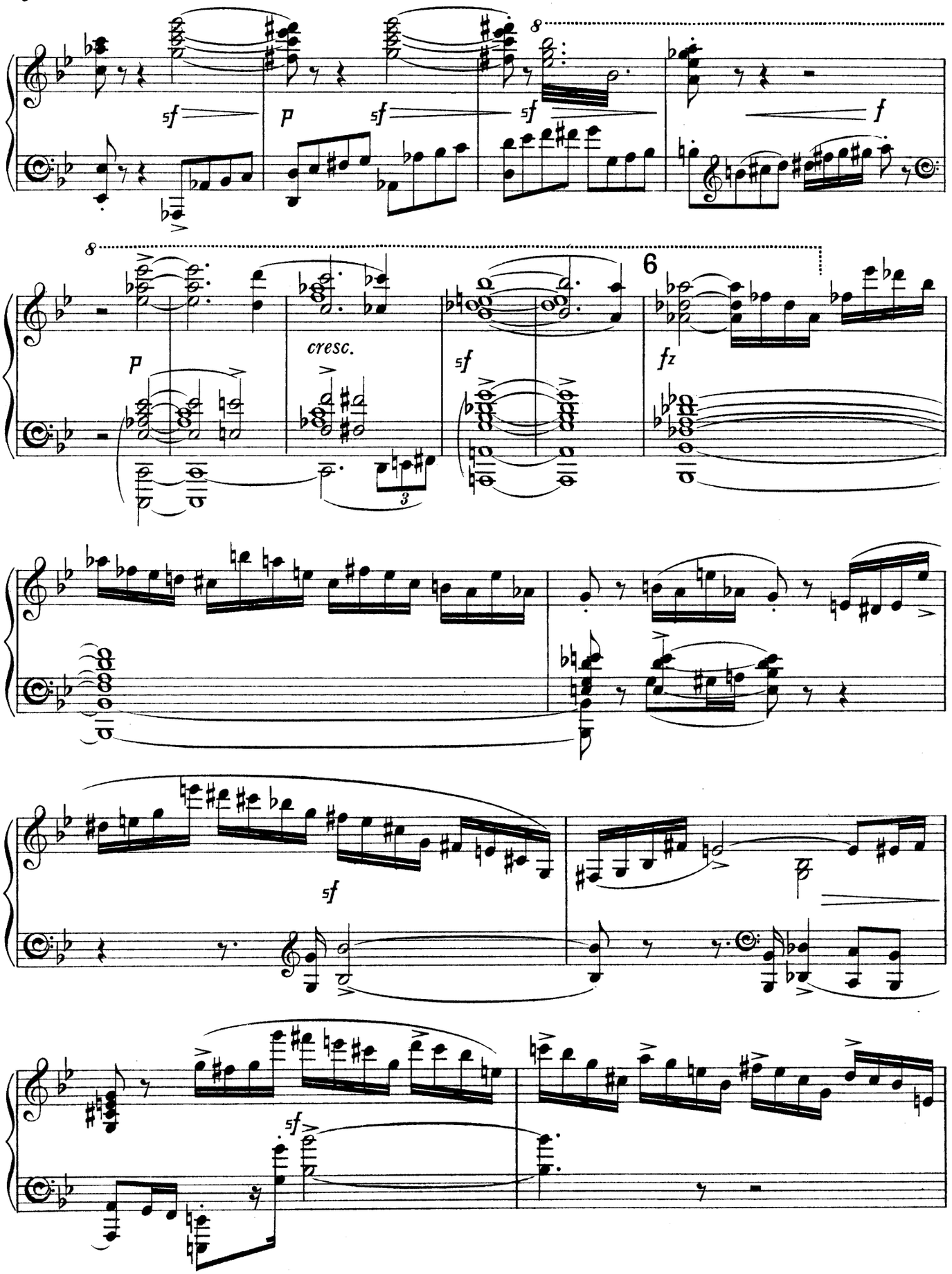
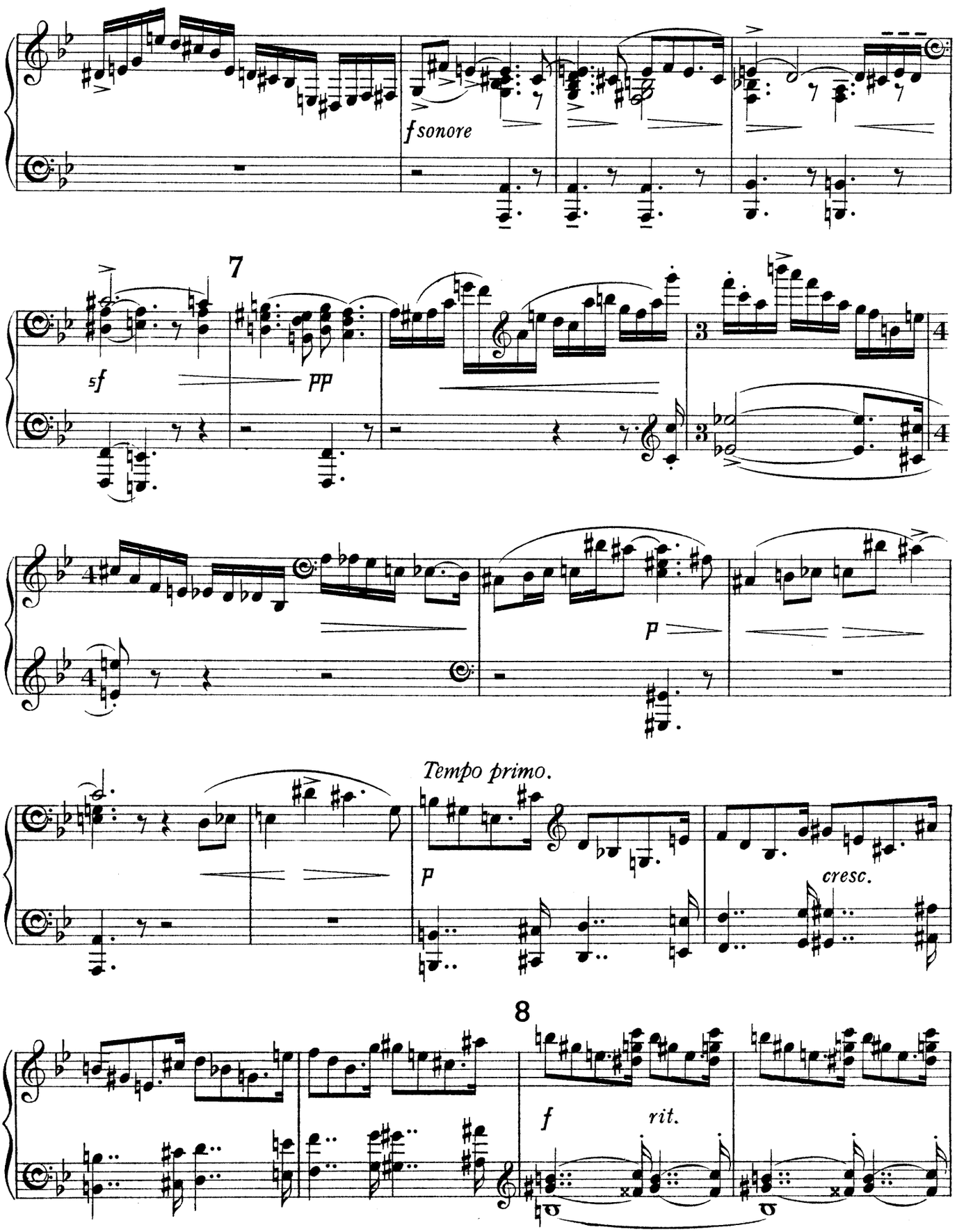

sf brillante
sf
sf
dim.
2
fz
sf
sf
mf
cresc. molto
ff

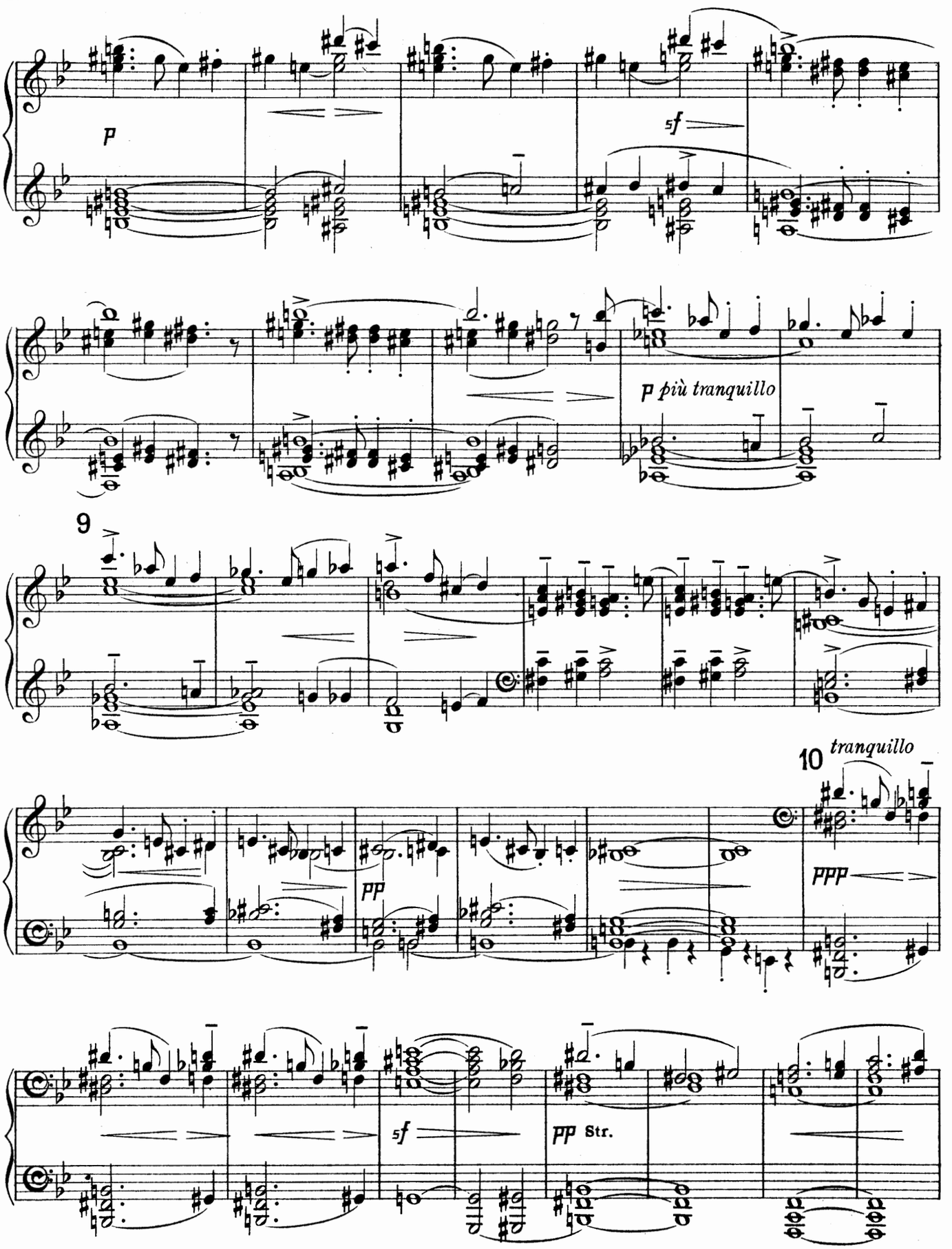

mp
3
cresc.
f
f
non legato
5f
4
5f
cresc.
5f
5f

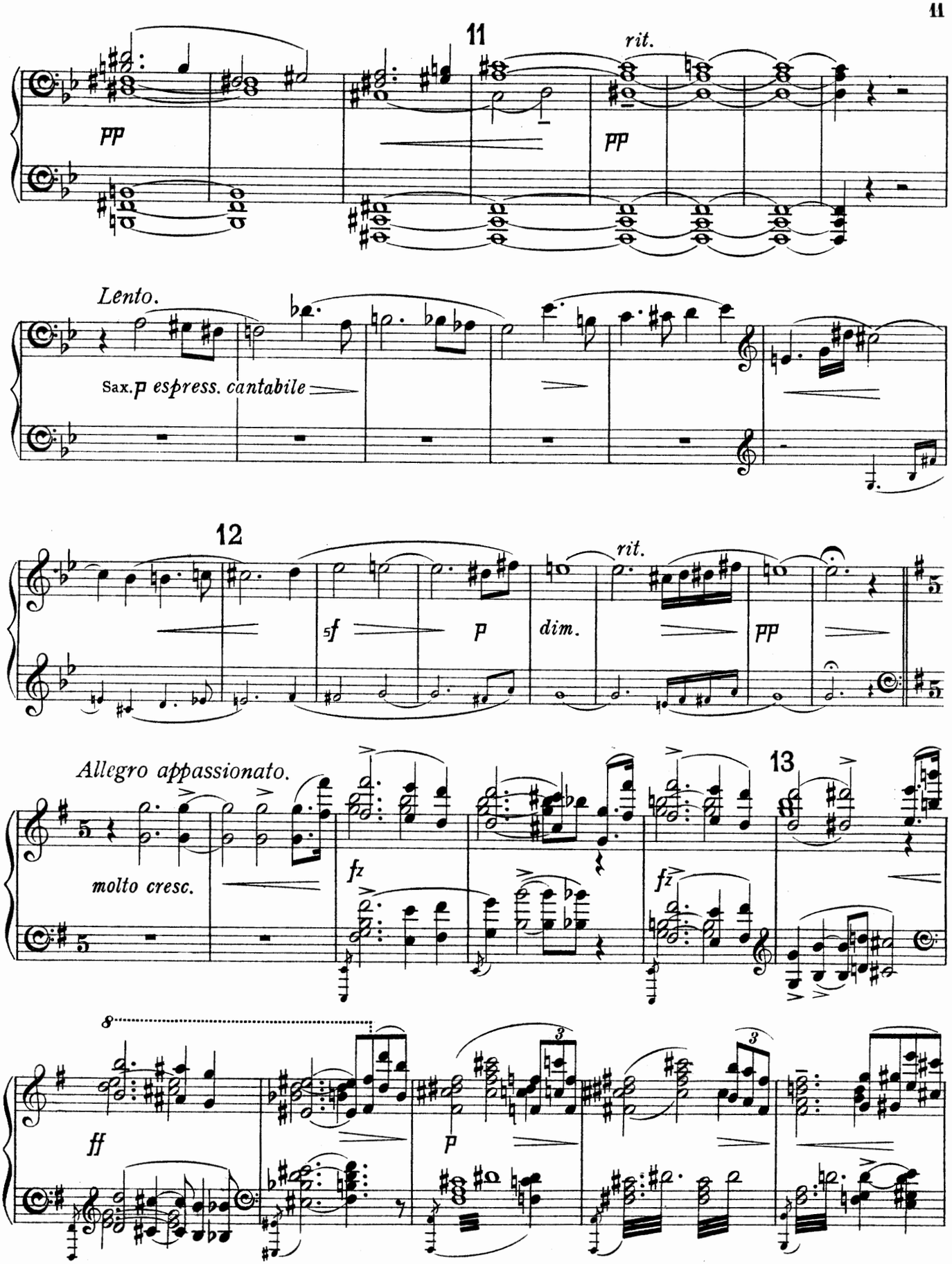
Maestoso allegro.

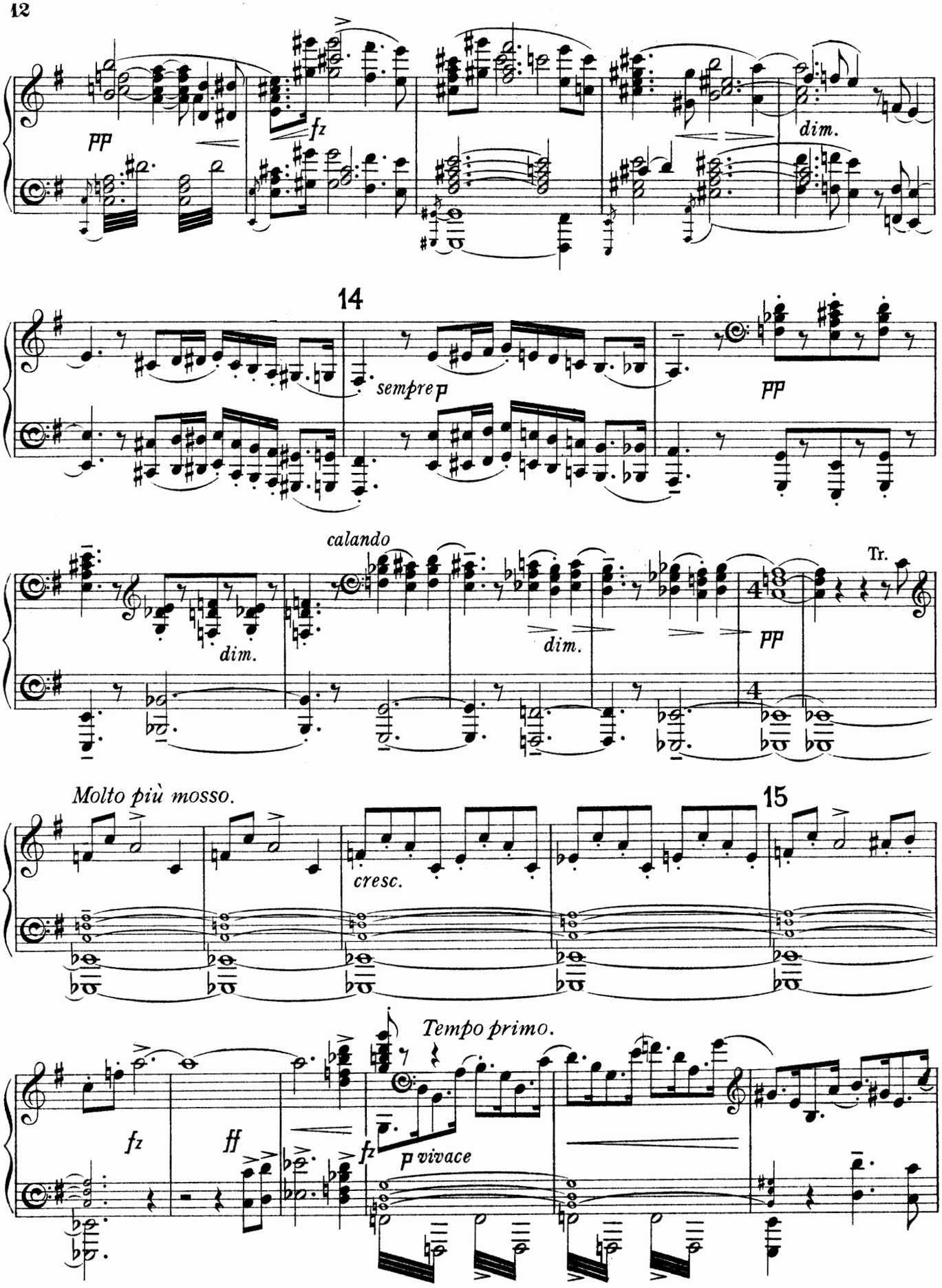


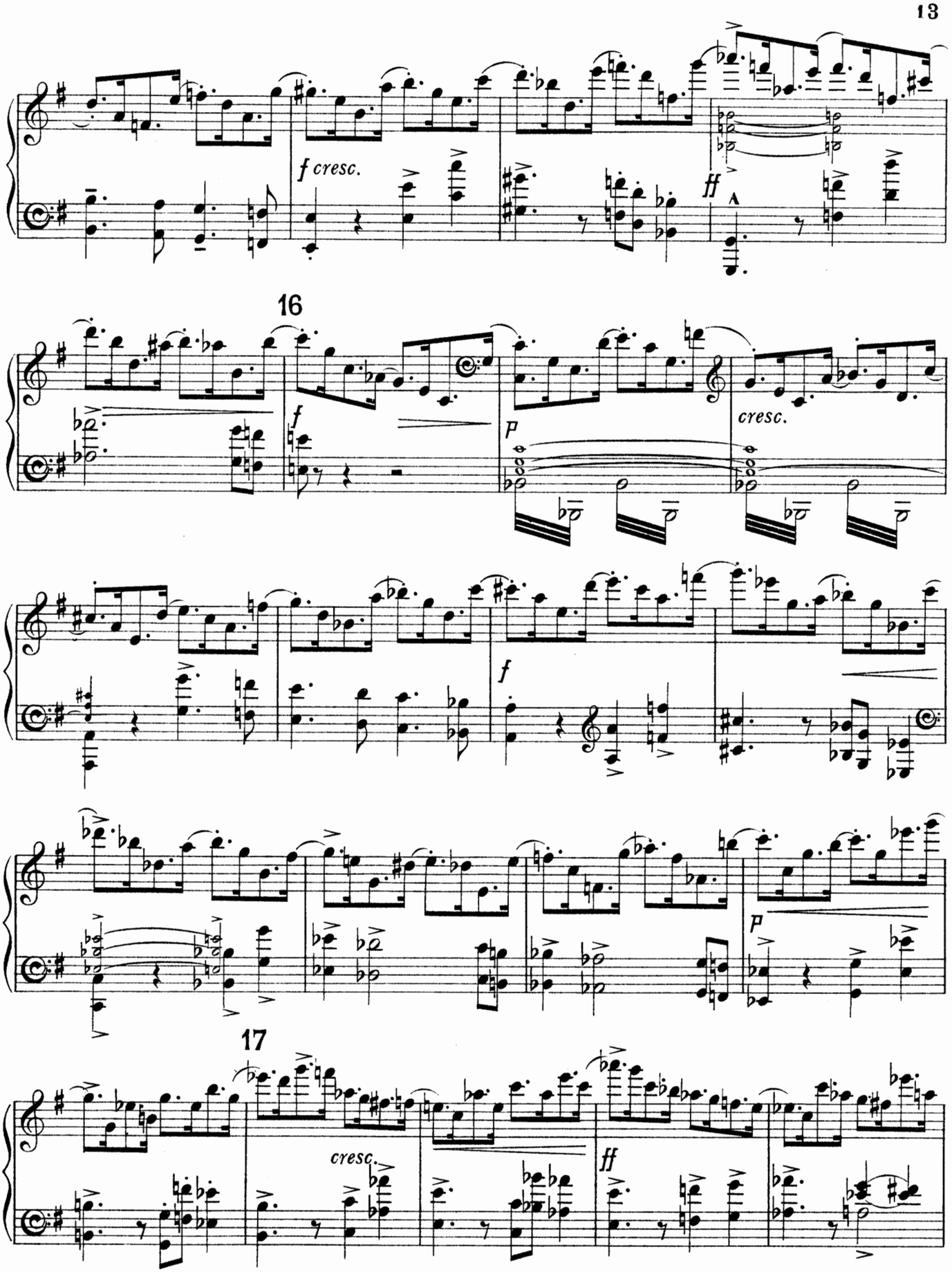

8
sf
p
sf
sf
f
8
6
p
cresc.
sf
fz
3
sf
sf

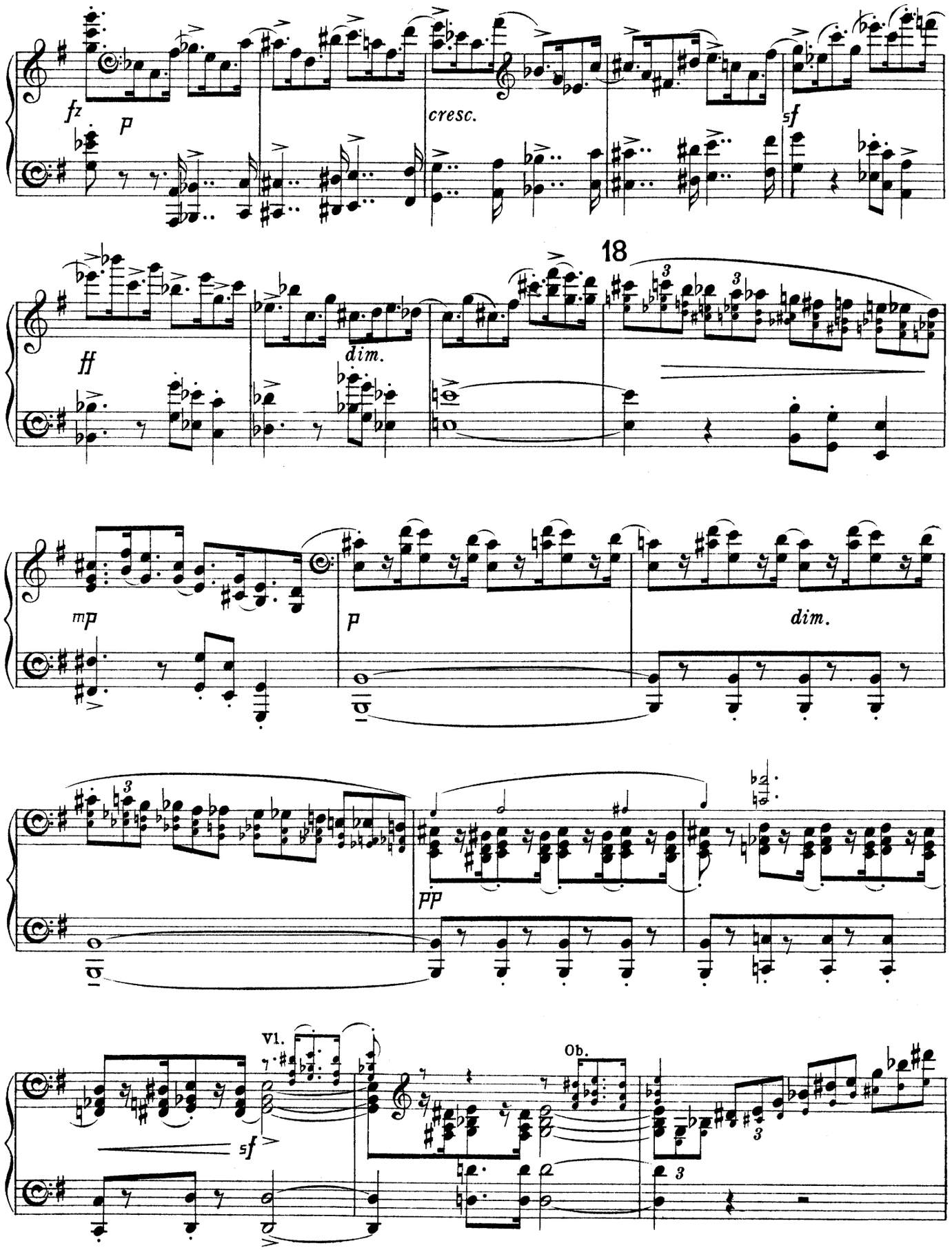

f sonore
7
sf
pp
p
Tempo primo.
p
cresc.
8
f
rit.


p
5f
p più tranquillo
9
10 tranquillo
pp
ppp
5f
pp Str.


11
rit.
pp
pp
Lento.
Sax. p espress. cantabile
12
rit.
sf
p
dim.
pp
Allegro appassionato.
13
molto cresc.
fz
fz
8
ff
p
3
3


pp
fz
dim.
14
sempre p
pp
calando
dim.
dim.
Tr.
pp
Molto più mosso.
15
cresc.
Tempo primo.
fz
ff
fz
p vivace


f cresc.
ff
16
f
p
cresc.
f
p
17
cresc.
ff


fz
p
cresc.
sf
18
ff
dim.
mp
p
dim.
pp
Vl.
Ob.
sf

Tempo allegro maestoso.

appassionato

poco rit.

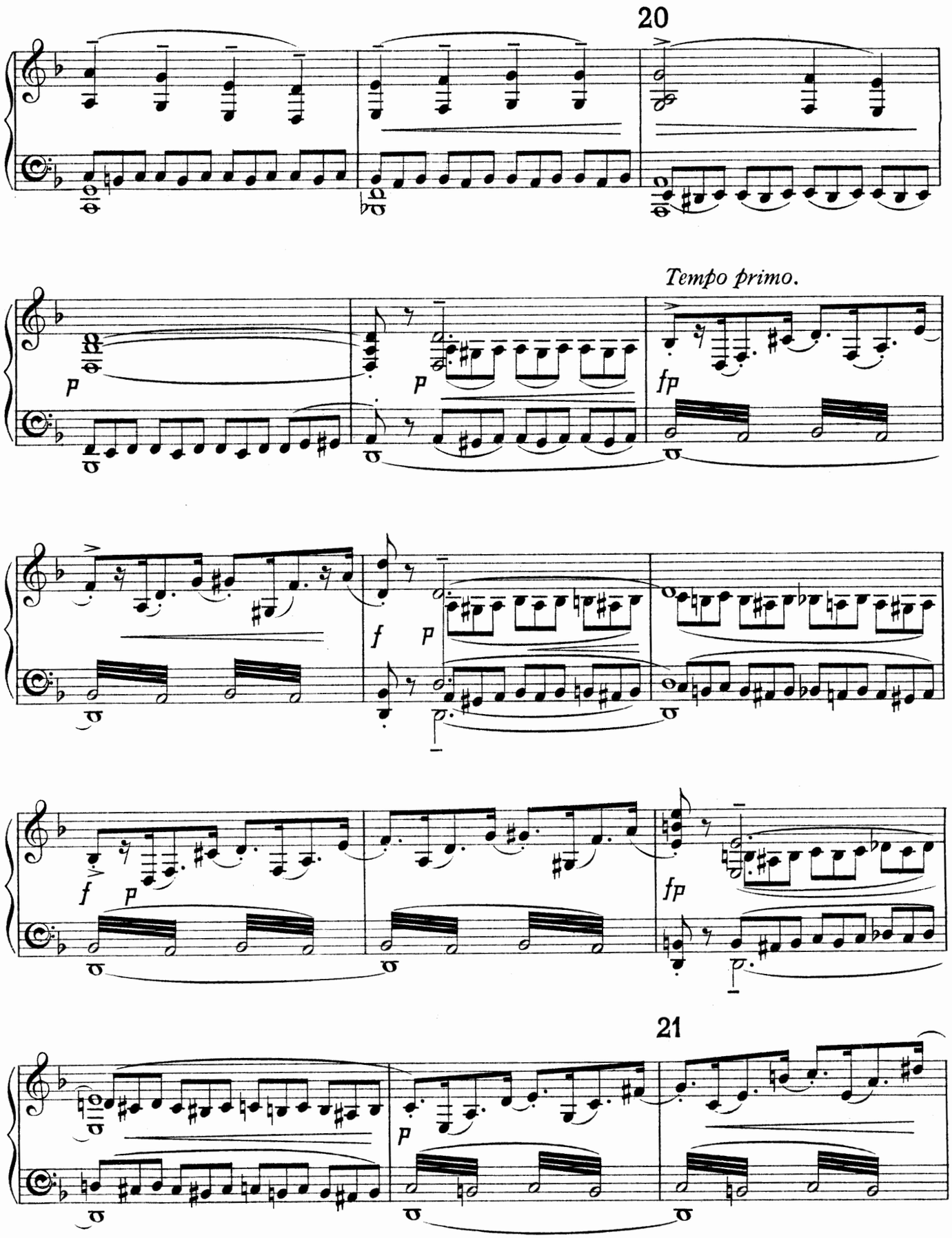
p

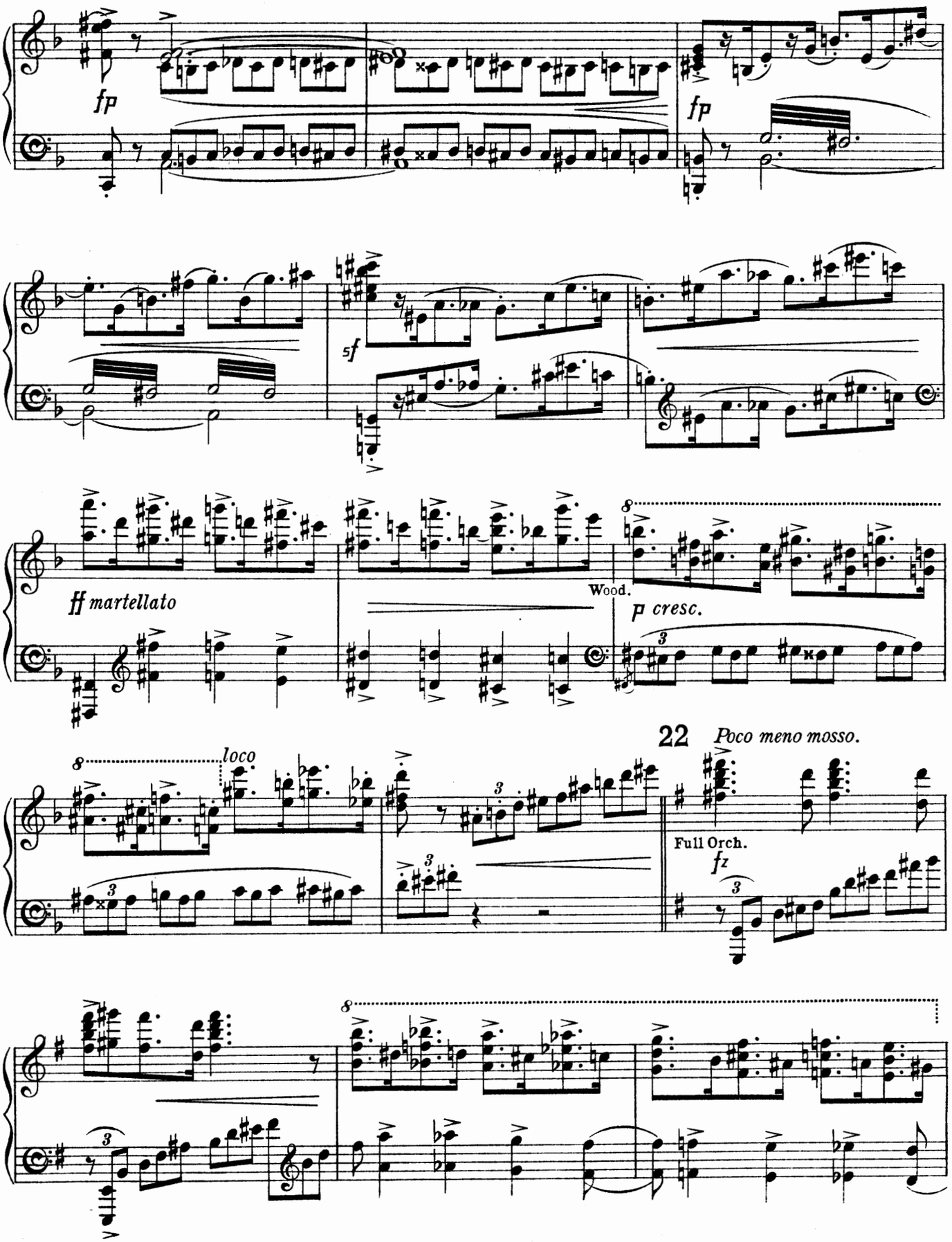
19

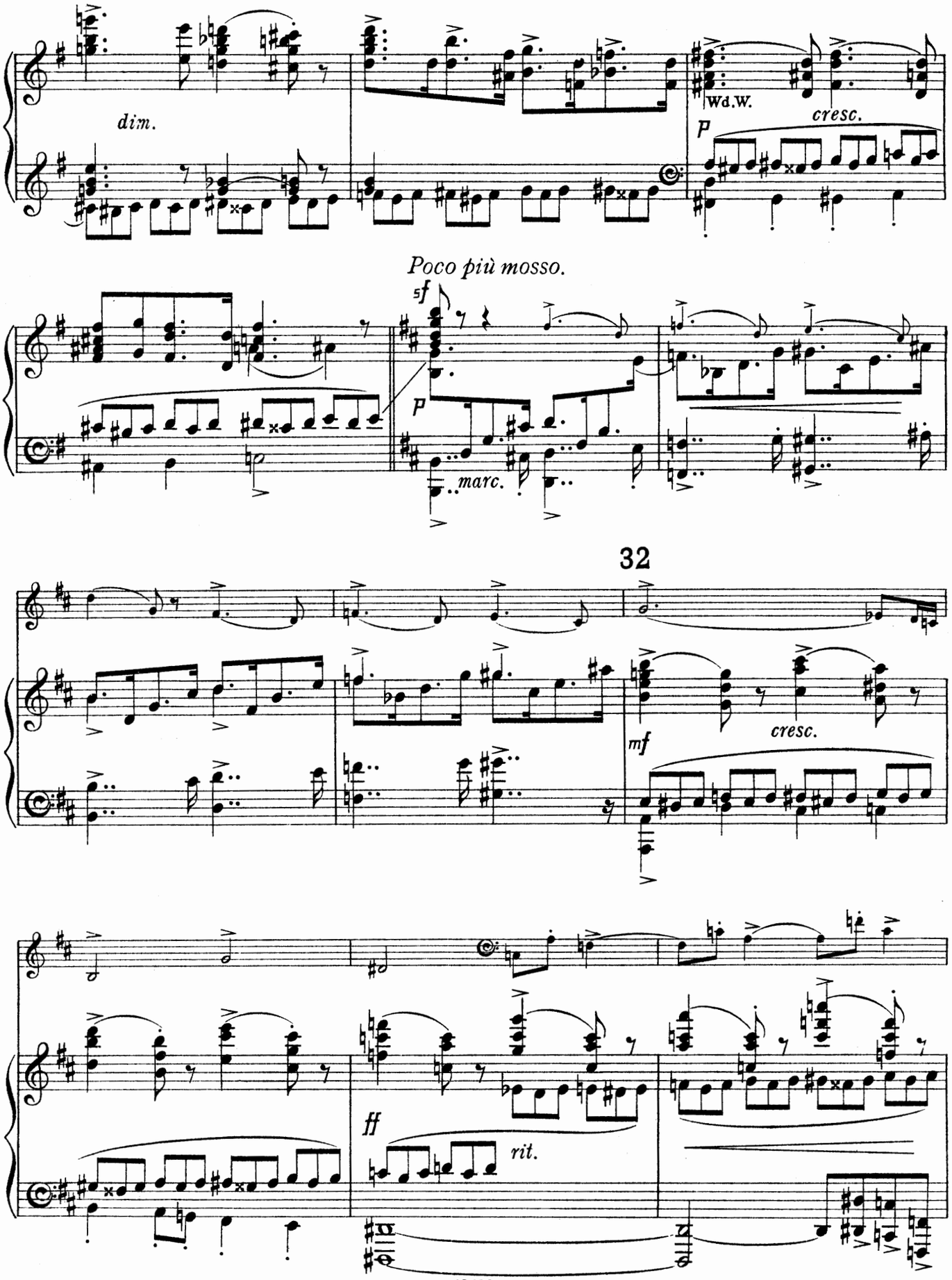
Tempo doppio movimento.

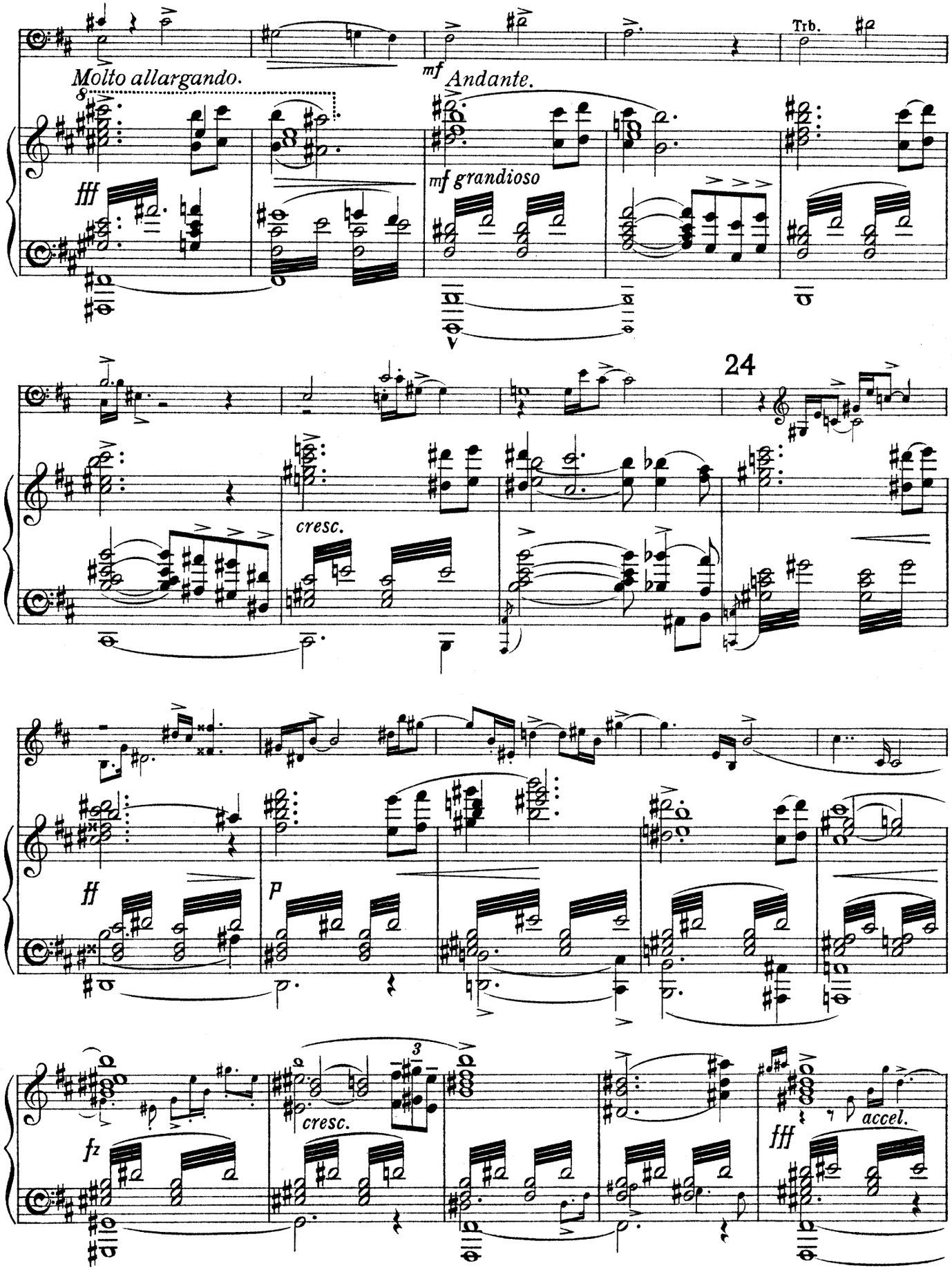
Cor.

espressivo


20
Tempo primo.
21


fp
fp
5f
ff martellato
Wood.
p cresc.
8
loco
22
Poco meno mosso.
Full Orch.
fz


dim.
Wd.W.
cresc.
p
Poco più mosso.
sf
p
marc.
32
mf
cresc.
ff
rit.


Trb.
Molto allargando.
mf Andante.
fff
mf grandioso
24
cresc.
ff
p
fz
cresc.
fff
accel.

25

Molto allegro.

f con fuoco

pesante

fff Tr.

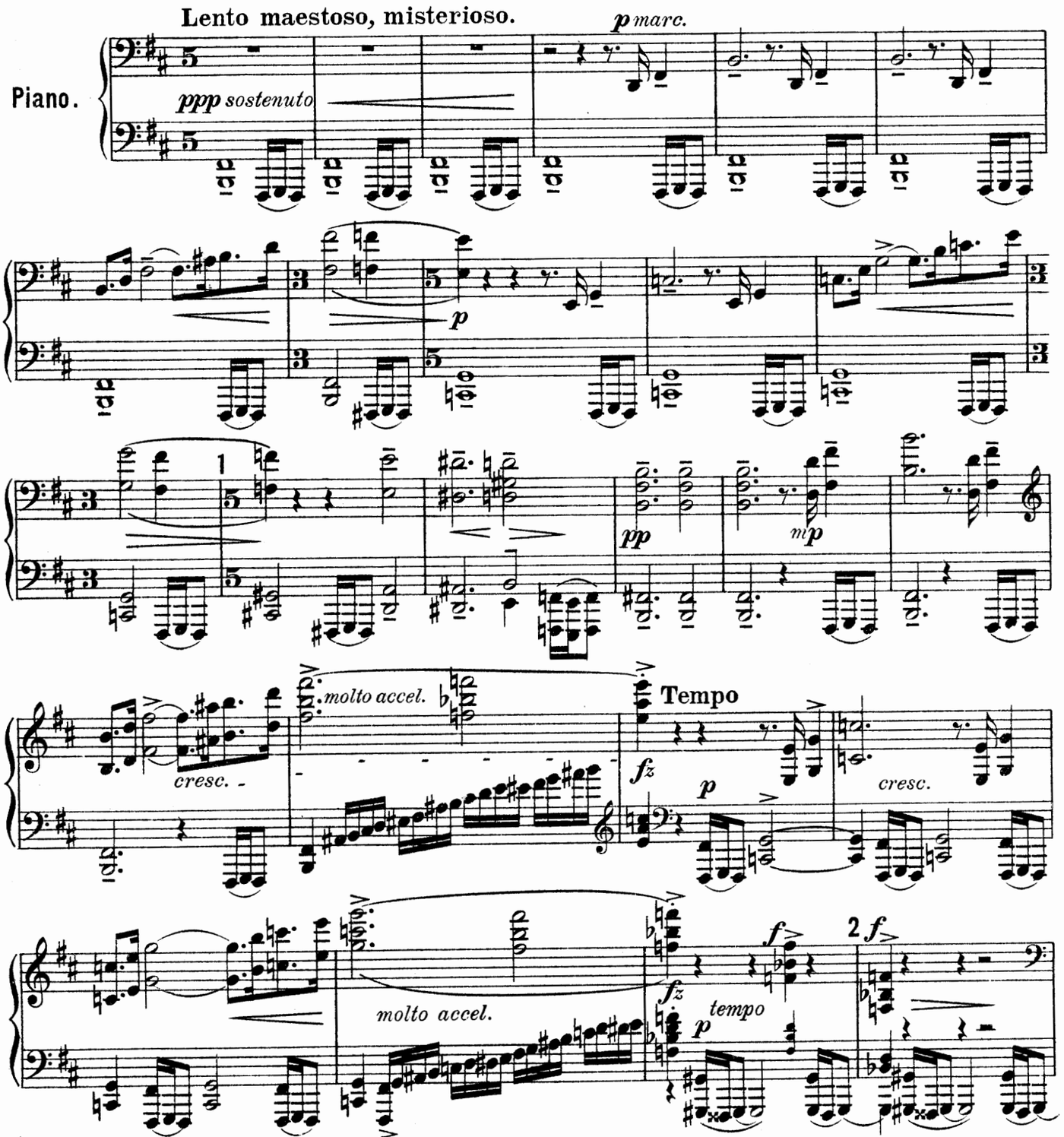
(Sep. 1910.)

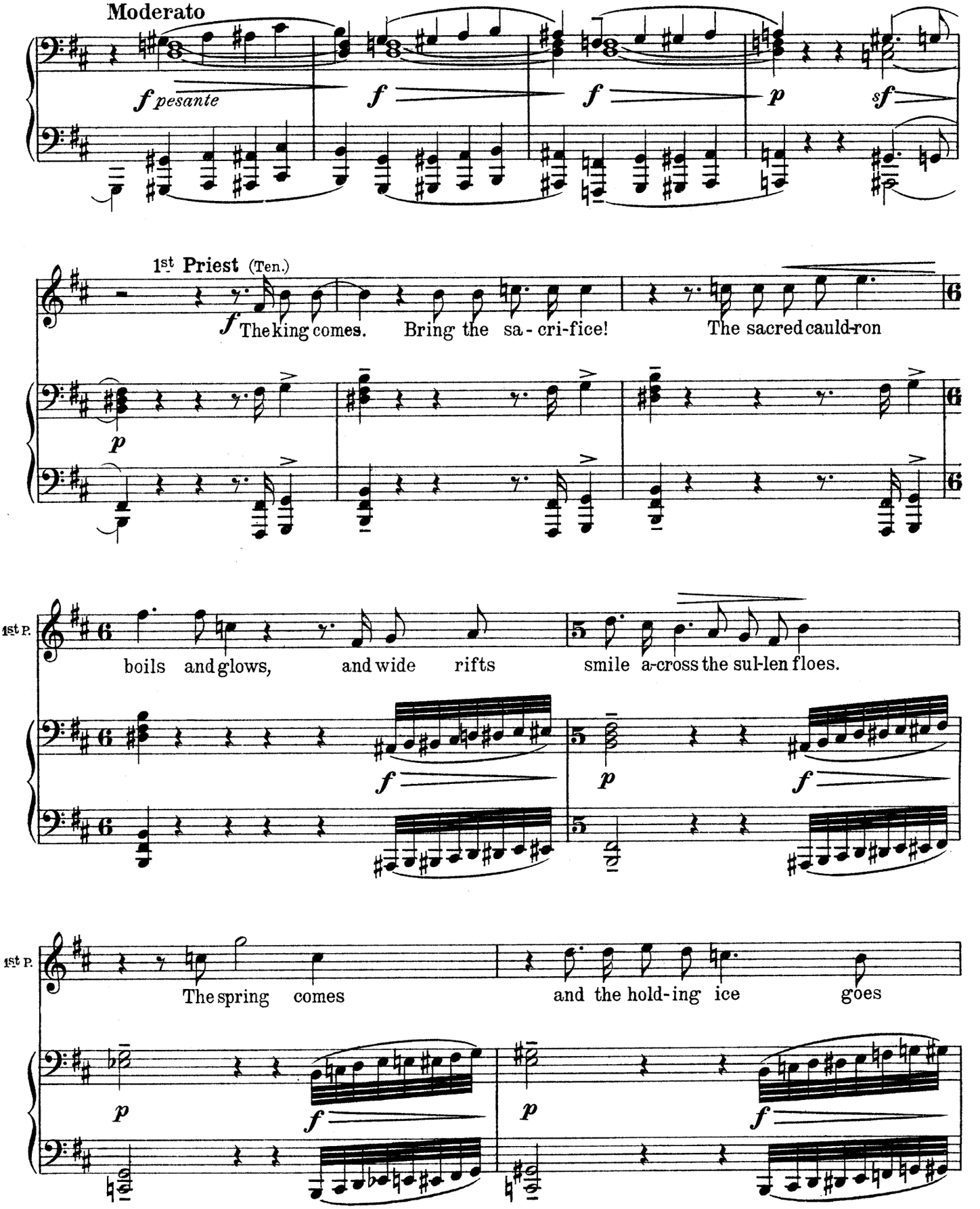
THE CHILDREN OF DON.

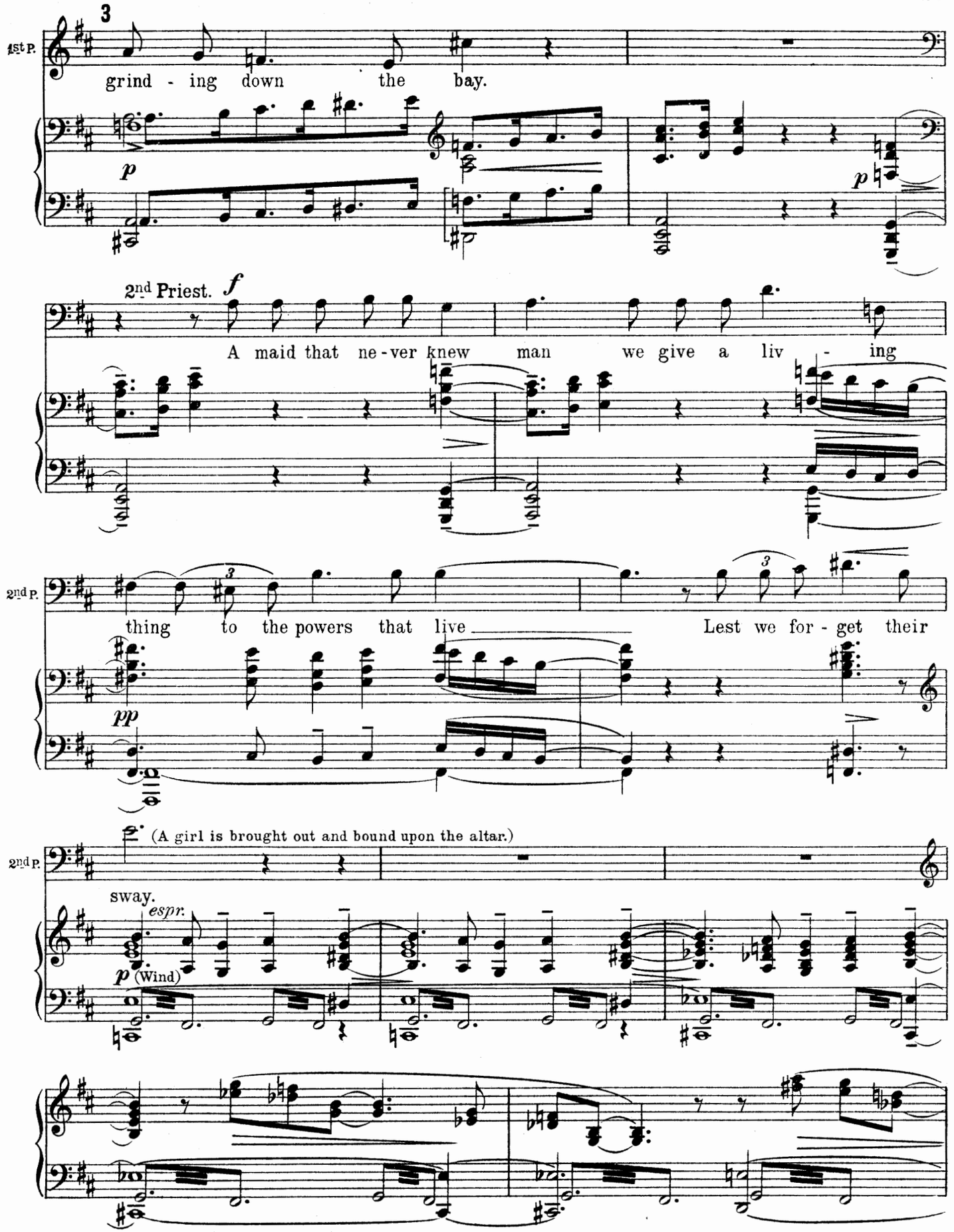
Prologue.

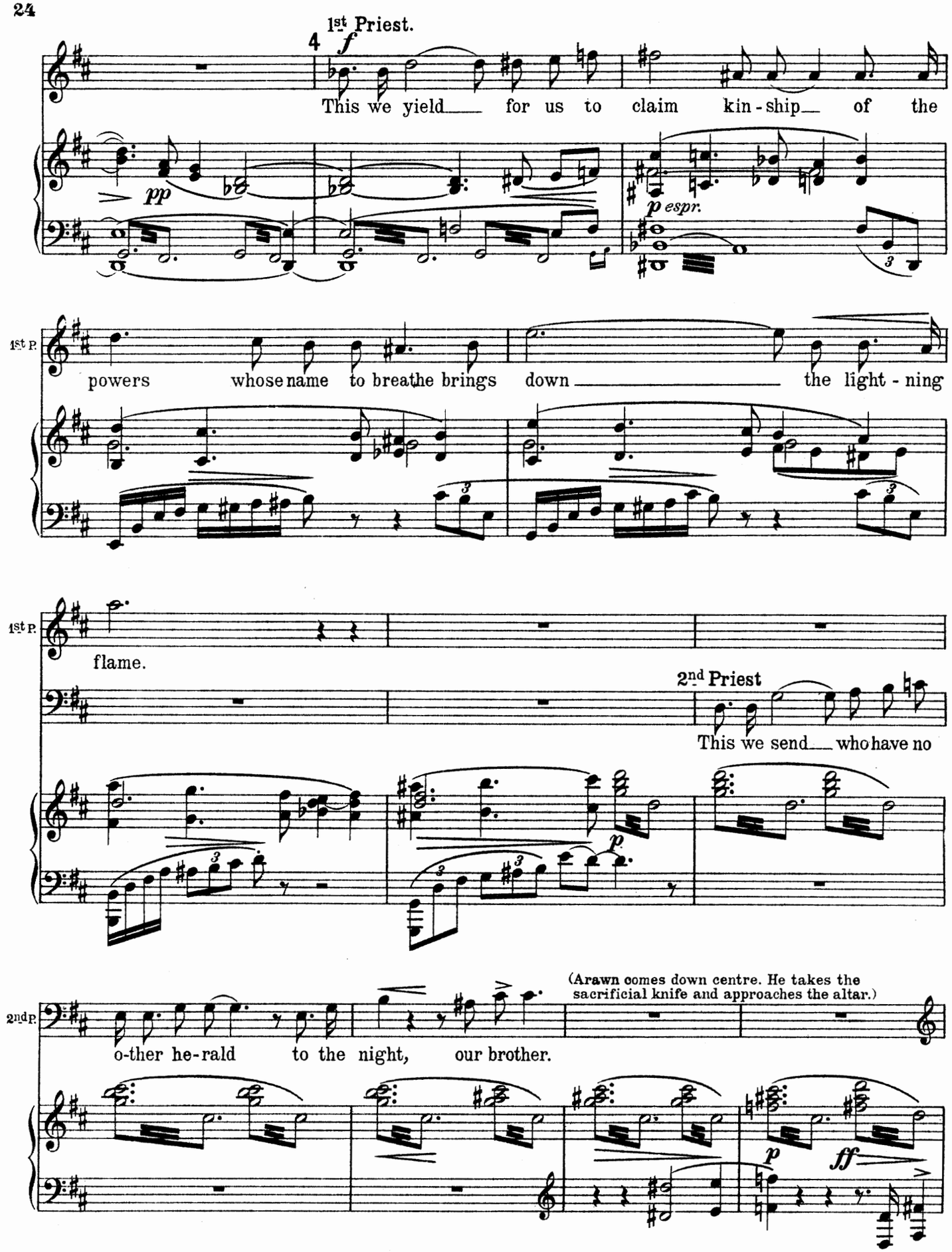
Scene I.

(A cavern in the northern isles. Beyond its mouth a lake, choked with ice and obscured by mist that is drifting into the cavern itself. Upon an altar stone within the cavern burns the cauldron of Caridwen. The priests of the cauldron enter from a side cavern and prepare their rite.)




Moderato
f pesante
f
f
p
sf
1st Priest (Ten.)
f The king comes. Bring the sa - cri-fice! The sacred cauld-ron
p
1st P.
boils and glows, and wide rifts smile a-cross the sul-len floes.
f
p
f
1st P.
The spring comes and the hold-ing ice goes
p
f
p
f


3
1st P.
grind - ing down the bay.
p
p
2nd Priest.
f
A maid that ne-ver knew man we give a liv - ing
2nd P.
thing to the powers that live Lest we for - get their
pp
(A girl is brought out and bound upon the altar.)
2nd P.
sway.
espr.
p (Wind)


1st Priest.
4
f
This we yield for us to claim kin-ship of the
pp
p espr.
1st P.
powers whose name to breathe brings down the light-ning
1st P.
flame.
2nd Priest
This we send who have no
p
2nd P.
(Arawn comes down centre. He takes the sacrificial knife and approaches the altar.)
o-ther he-rald to the night, our brother.
p
ff

5

Arawn. **Poco animato.**

A gift un-to the un-der Gods and

Ar.

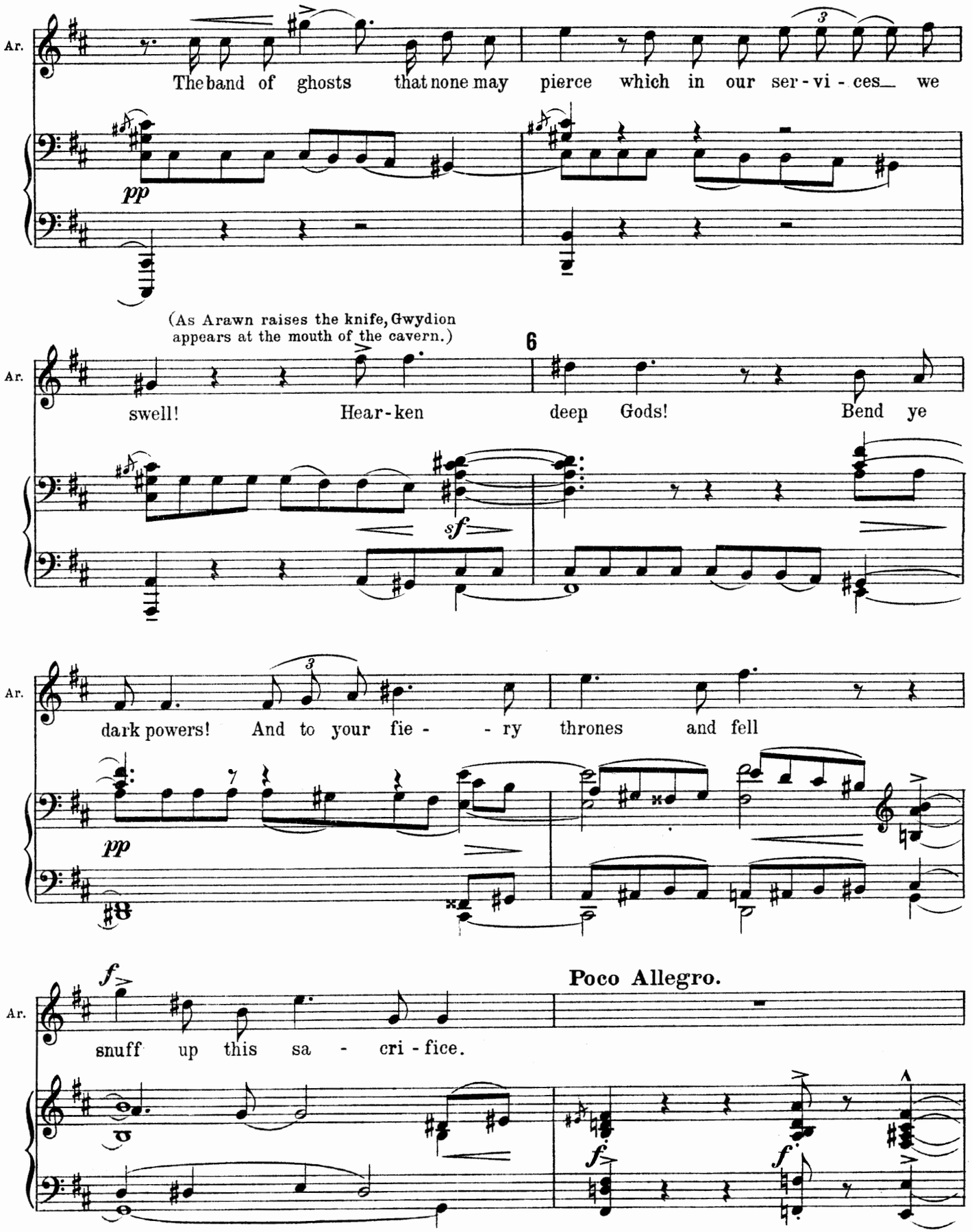
fierce blood-drink-ing spi - rits. Let her pass a - way with

Ar.

dark-ness and the fields of glass that fet - ter the seas.

Ar.

Go dwell a - mid the hosts of un - der hell


Ar.
The band of ghosts that none may pierce which in our ser - vi - ces we
pp
(As Arawn raises the knife, Gwydion appears at the mouth of the cavern.)
6
swell! Hear - ken deep Gods! Bend ye
sf
dark powers! And to your fie - - ry thrones and fell
pp
f
Poco Allegro.
snuff up this sa - cri - fice.
f
f

(Arawn perceives Gwydion and halts astonished.)

Ar.

f

What be-ing dowers the bleak isles with his

sf

f

(Gwydion comes forward slowly and grimly)

Ar.

pre-sence?

ff

fp

ff

Gwydion. *p*

I am come to take the cauld-ron of Ca-rid-wen hence.

p

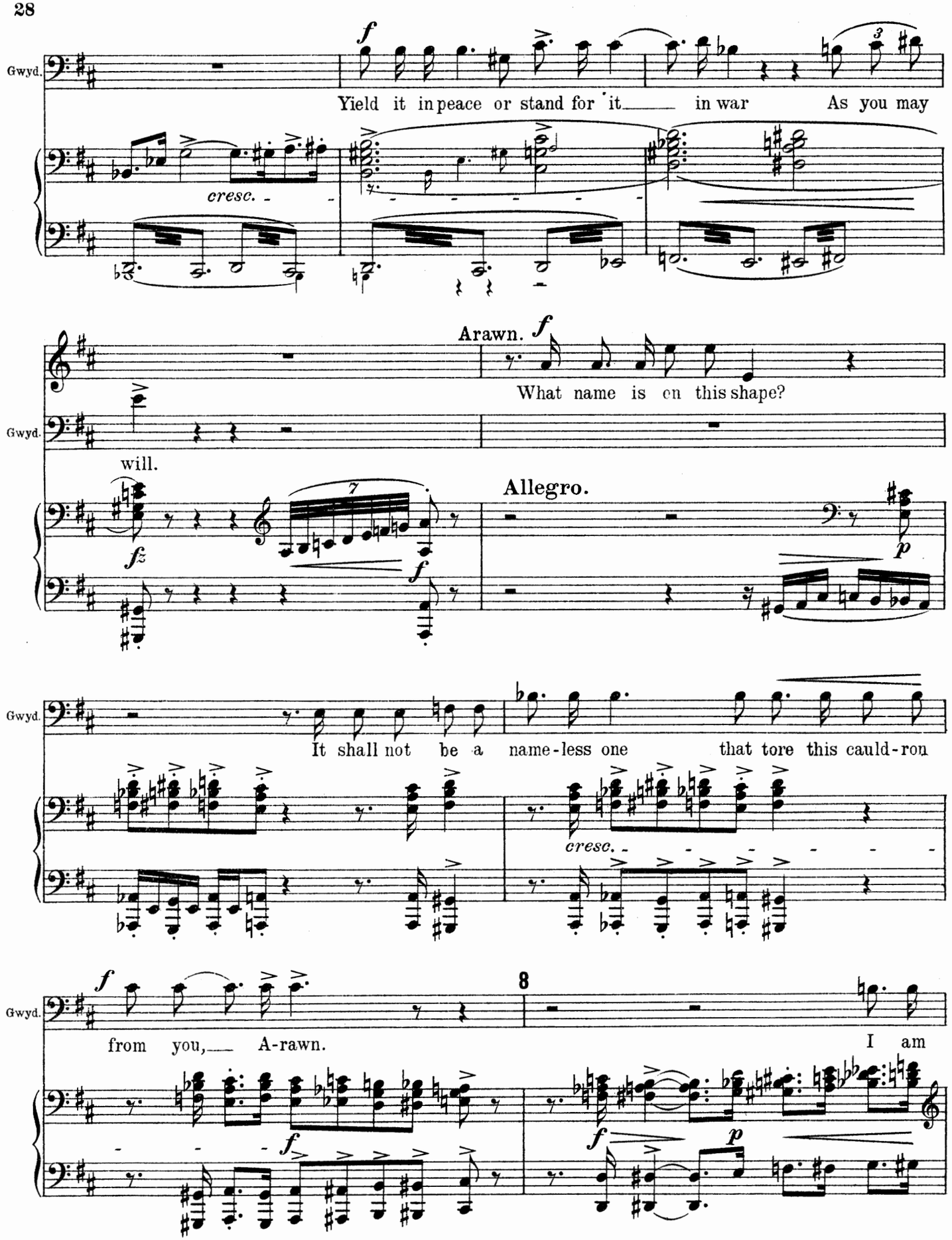
marc.p

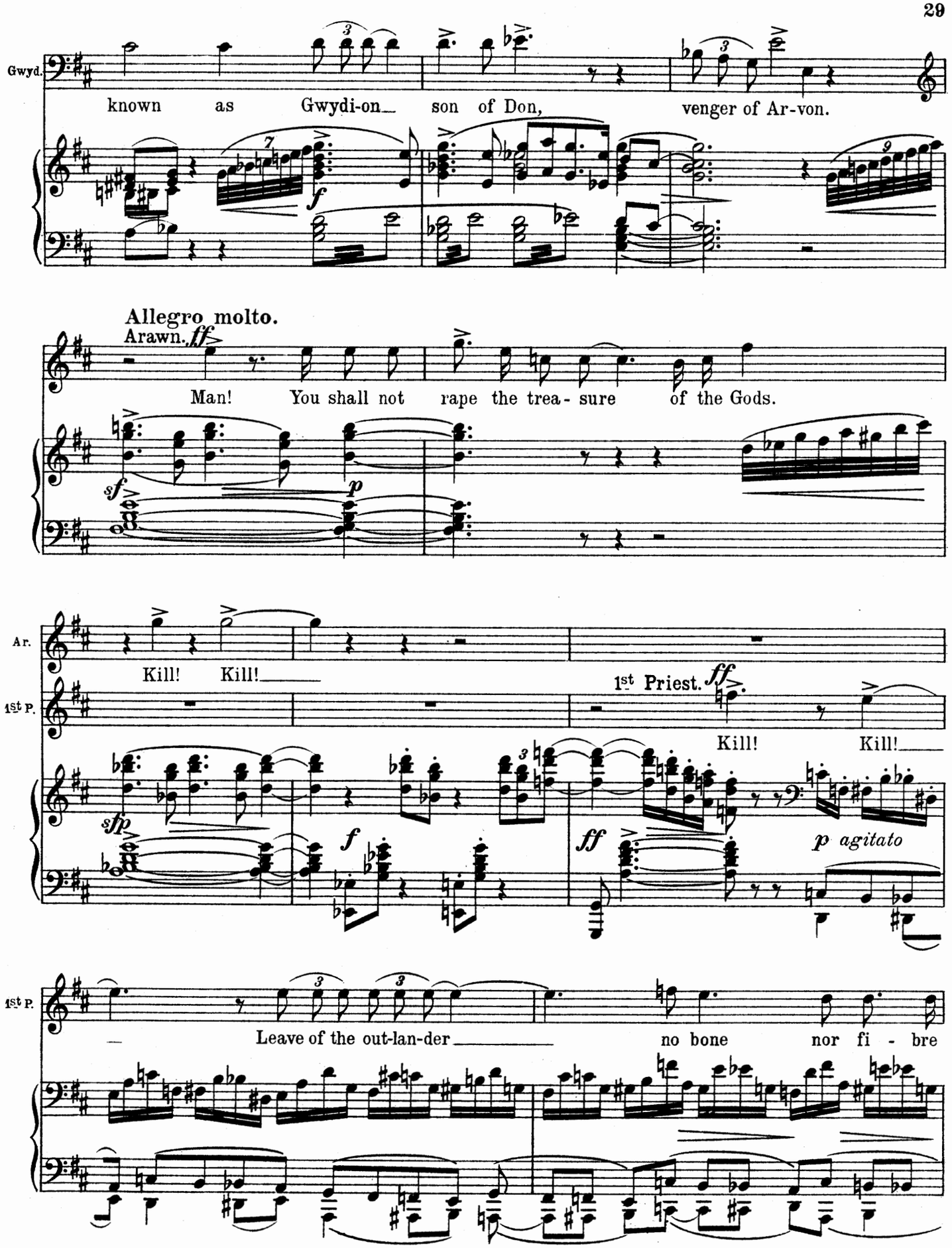
Gwyd. *p*

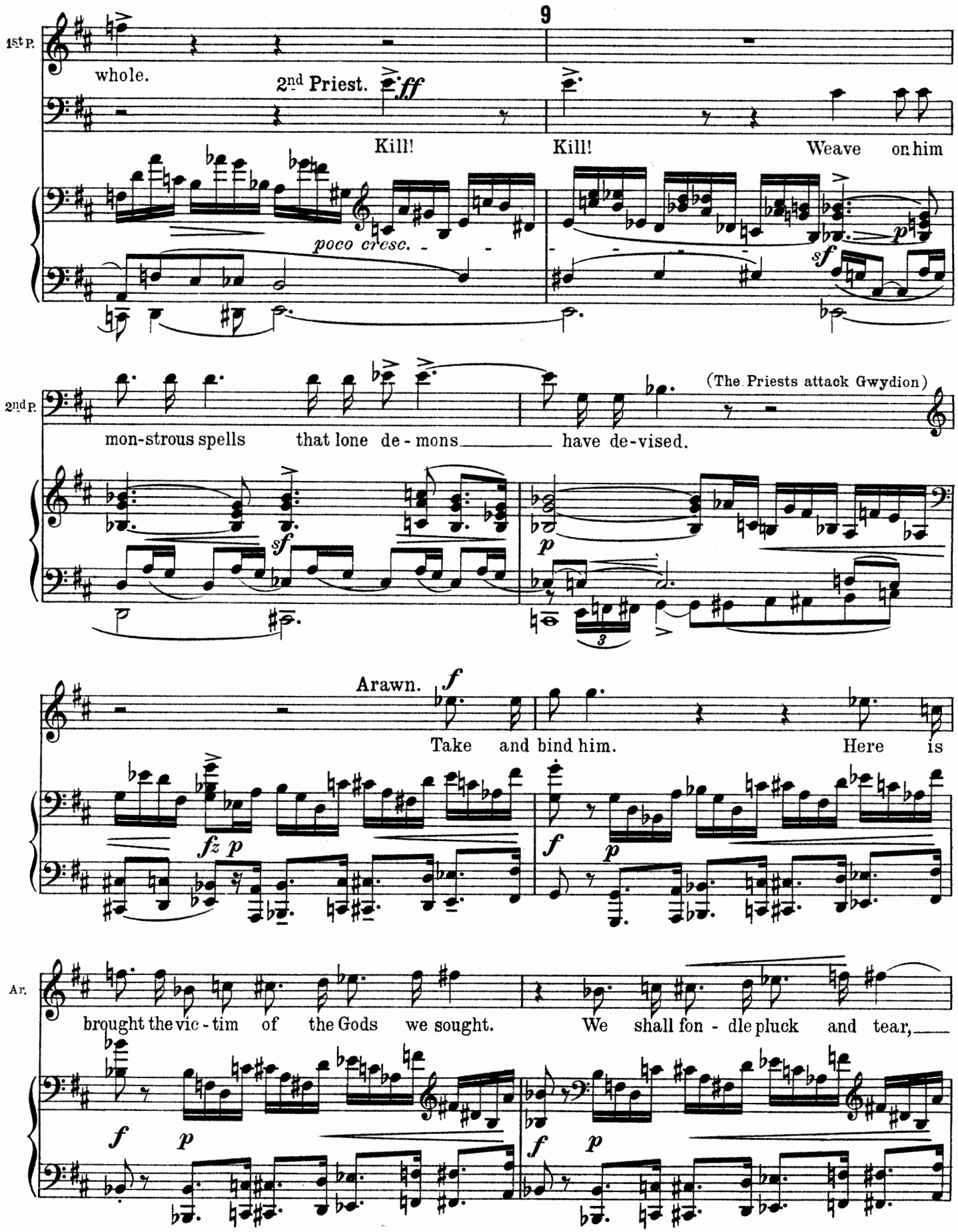
No more a-mongst the bleared and dumb tribes of this Annwn shall it find de-fence.

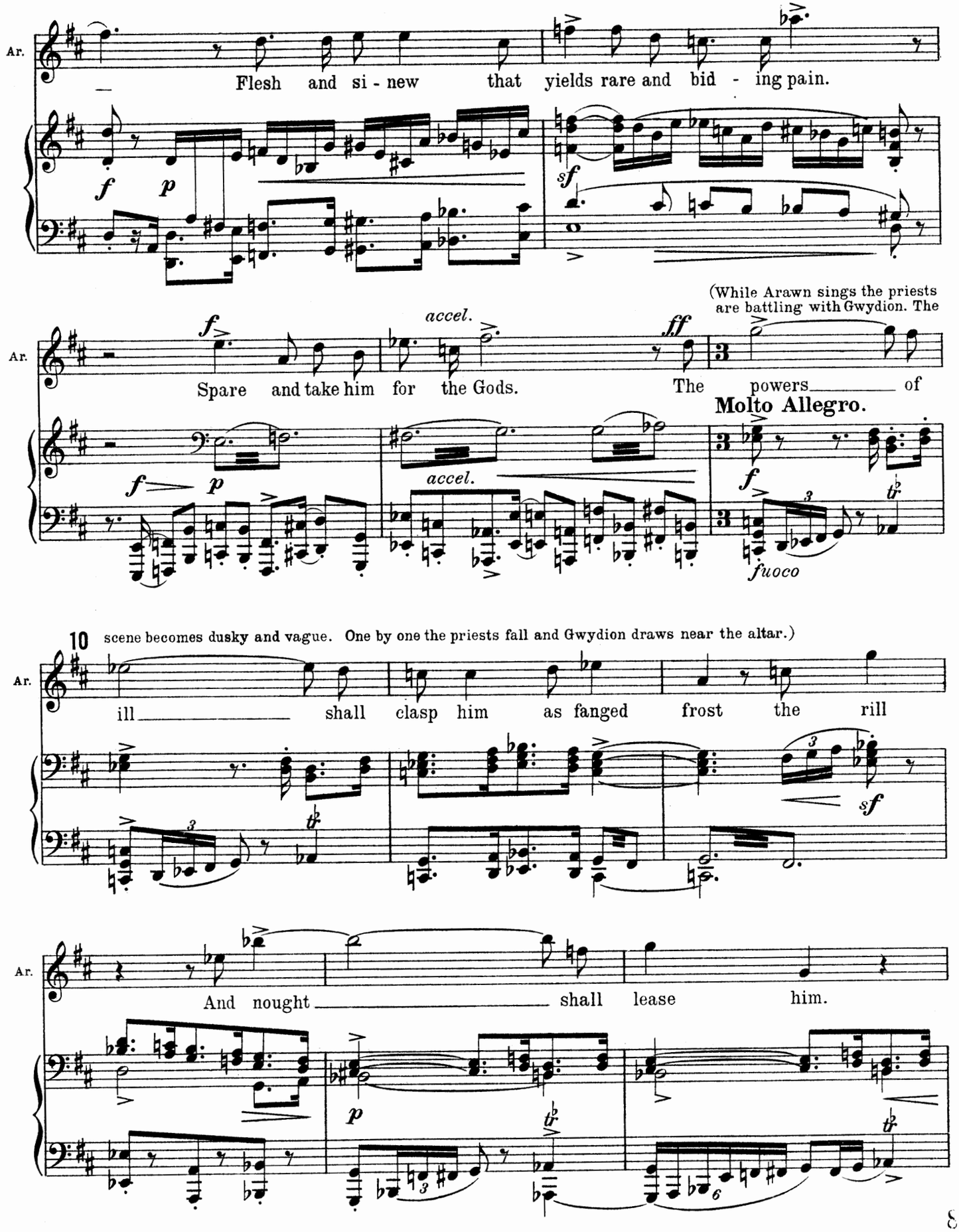
sf

p

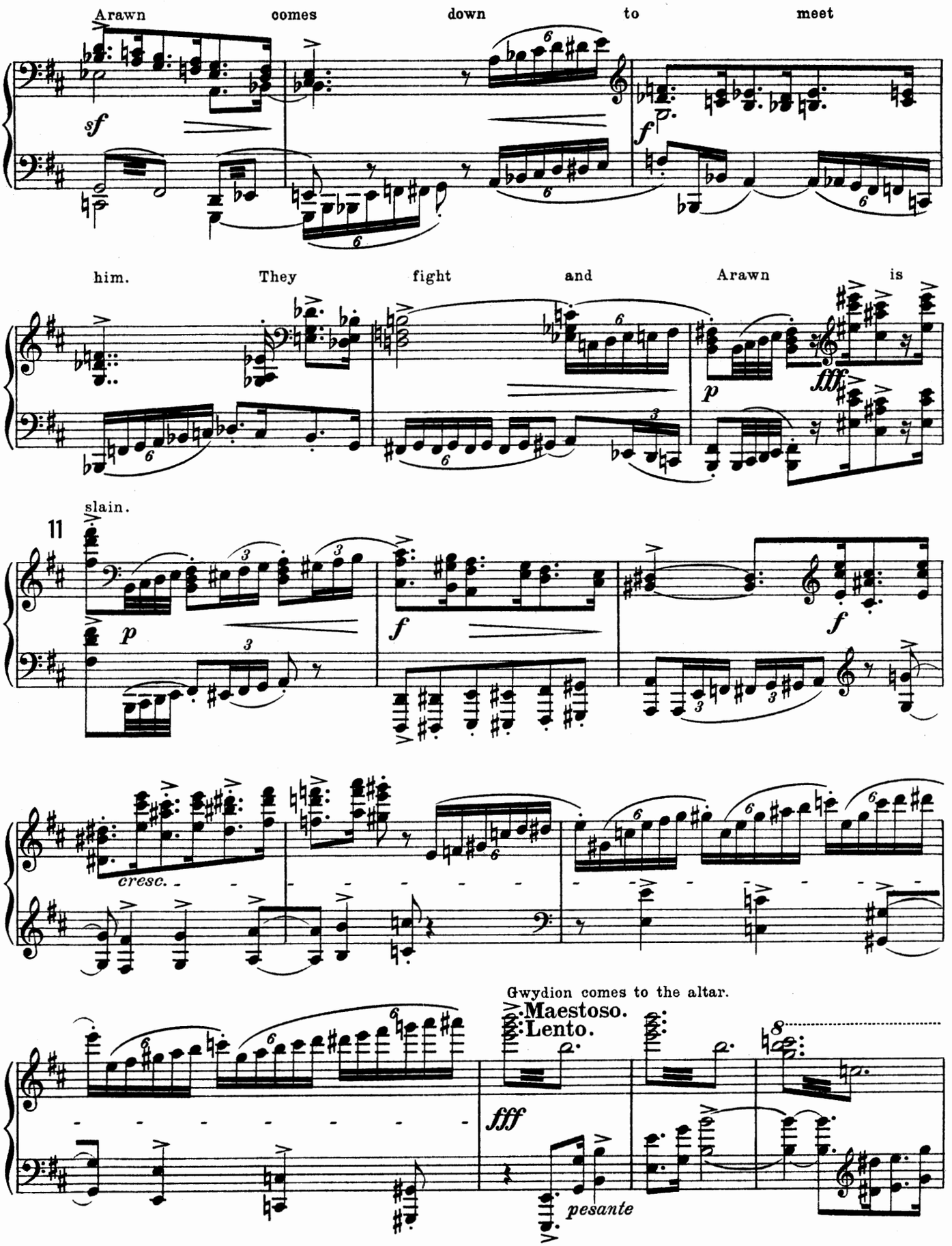

Gwyd.
Yield it in peace or stand for it in war As you may
cresc.
Arawn.
What name is on this shape?
Gwyd.
will.
Allegro.
Gwyd.
It shall not be a name-less one that tore this cauld-ron
cresc.
Gwyd.
from you, A-rawn.
I am
8

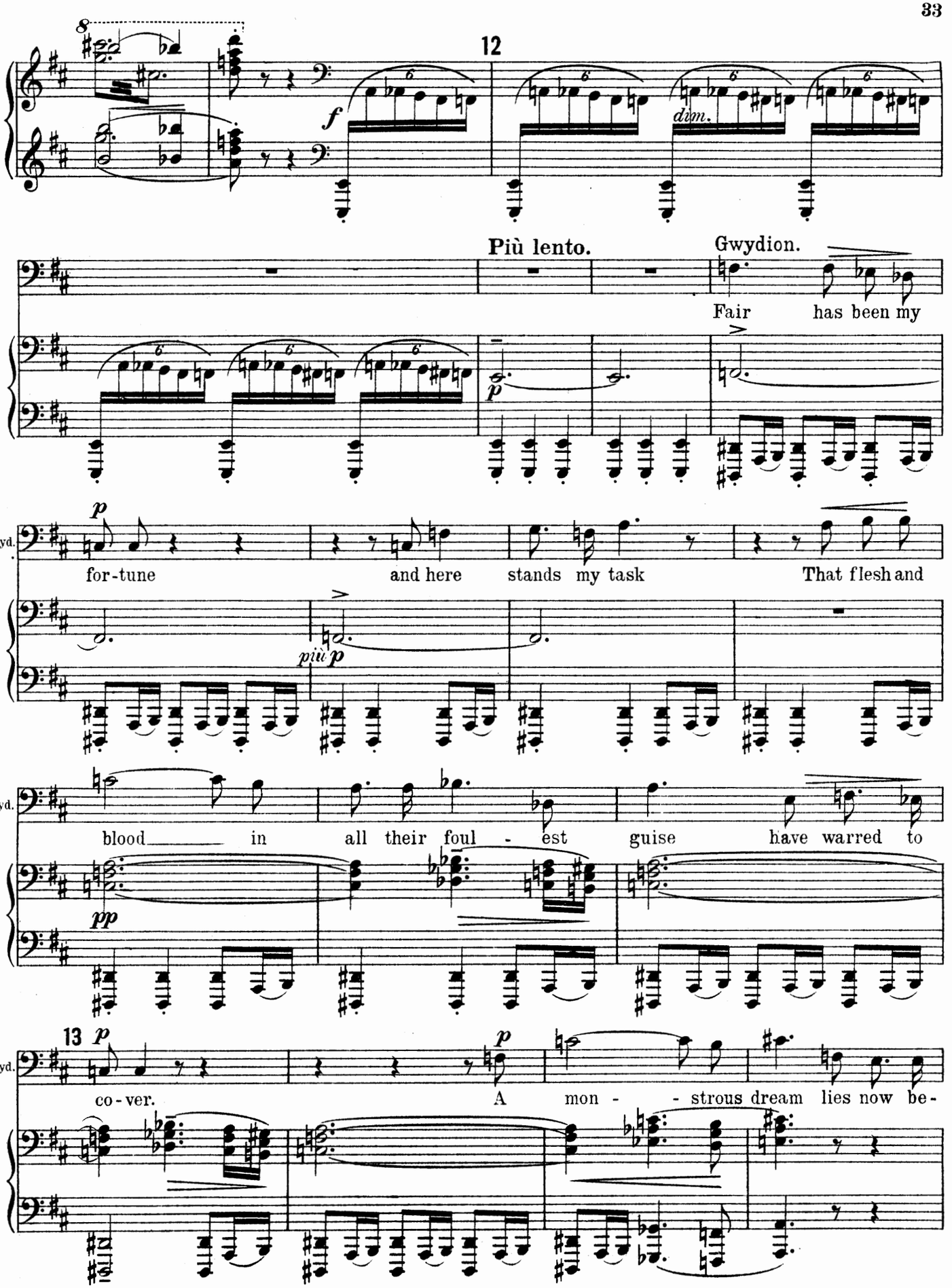

Gwyd.
known as Gwydi-on son of Don, venger of Ar-von.
Allegro molto.
Arawn. ff
Man! You shall not rape the trea - sure of the Gods.
Ar.
Kill! Kill!
1st P.
1st Priest. ff
Kill! Kill!
p agitato
1st P.
Leave of the out-lan-der no bone nor fi - bre

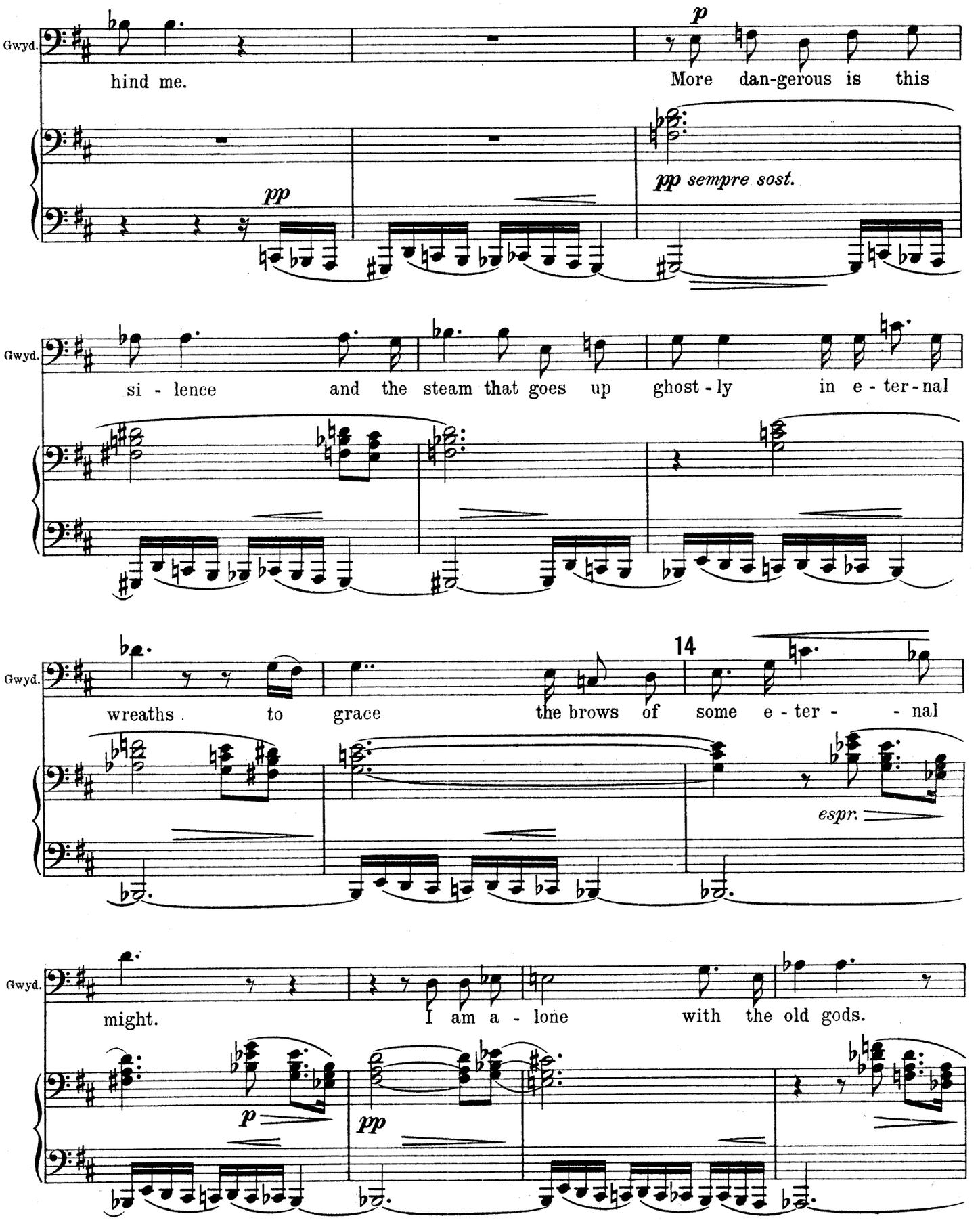

9
1st P.
whole.
2nd Priest.
ff
Kill!
Kill!
Weave on him
poco cresc.
p
sf
2nd P.
mon-strous spells
that lone de - mons
have de-vised.
(The Priests attack Gwydion)
sf
p
Arawn.
f
Take and bind him.
Here is
fz p
f
p
Ar.
brought the vic - tim of the Gods we sought.
We shall fon - dle pluck and tear,
f
p
f
p

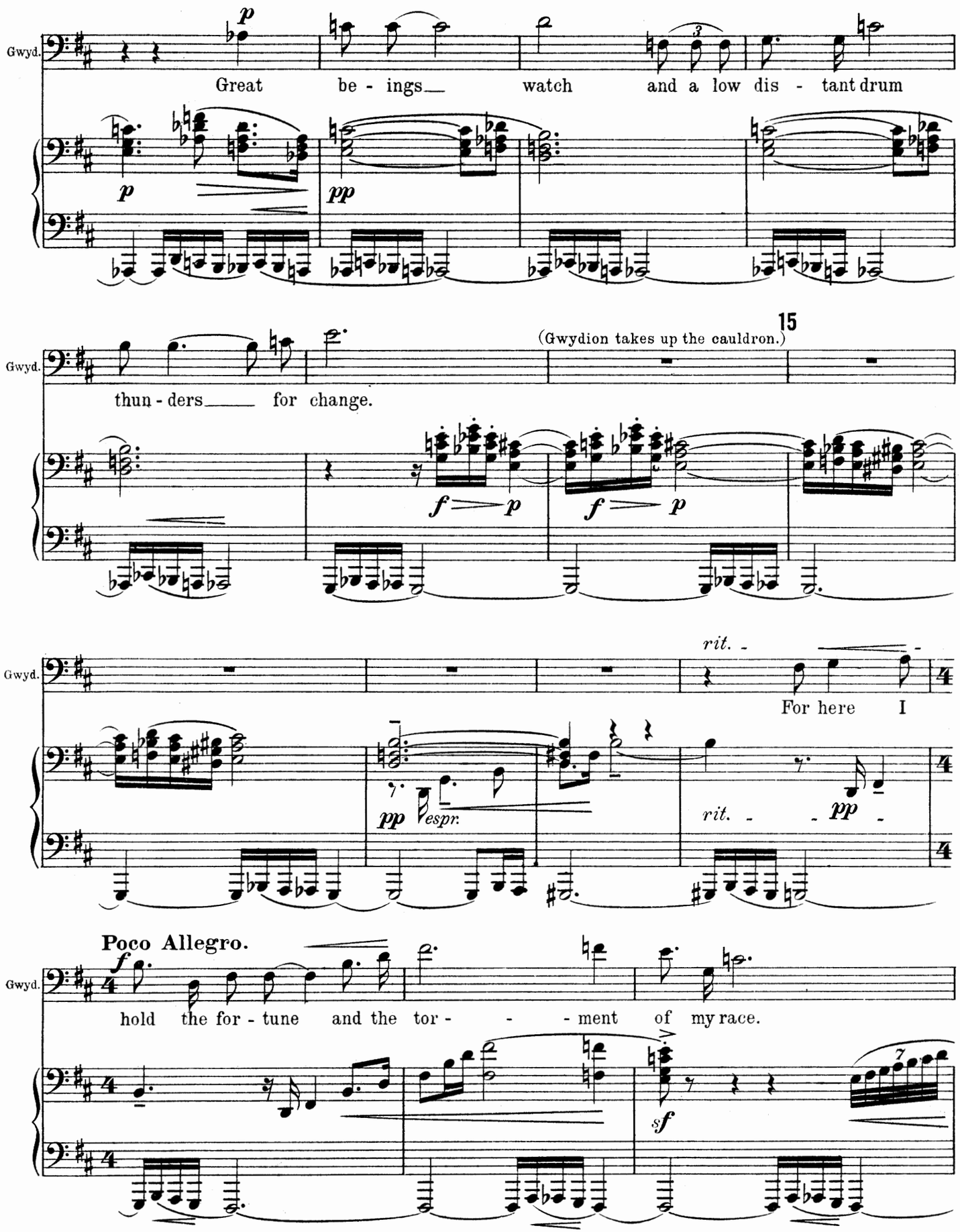

Ar.
Flesh and si - new that yields rare and bid - ing pain.
f p sf
(While Arawn sings the priests are battling with Gwydion. The
Ar.
f accel. ff
Spare and take him for the Gods. The powers of
Molto Allegro.
f p accel. f fuoco
10 scene becomes dusky and vague. One by one the priests fall and Gwydion draws near the altar.)
Ar.
ill shall clasp him as fanged frost the rill
sf
Ar.
And nought shall lease him.
p

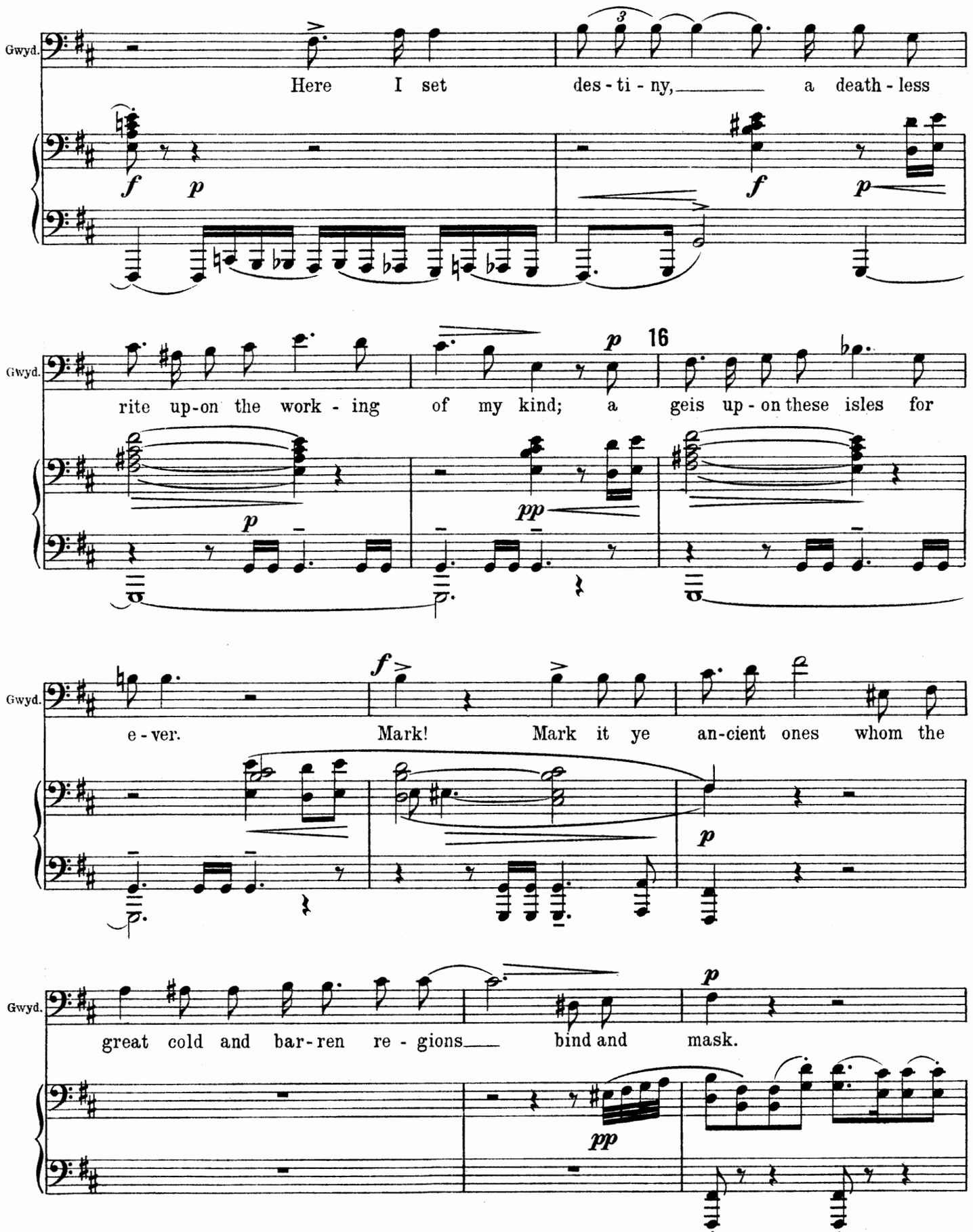
85580

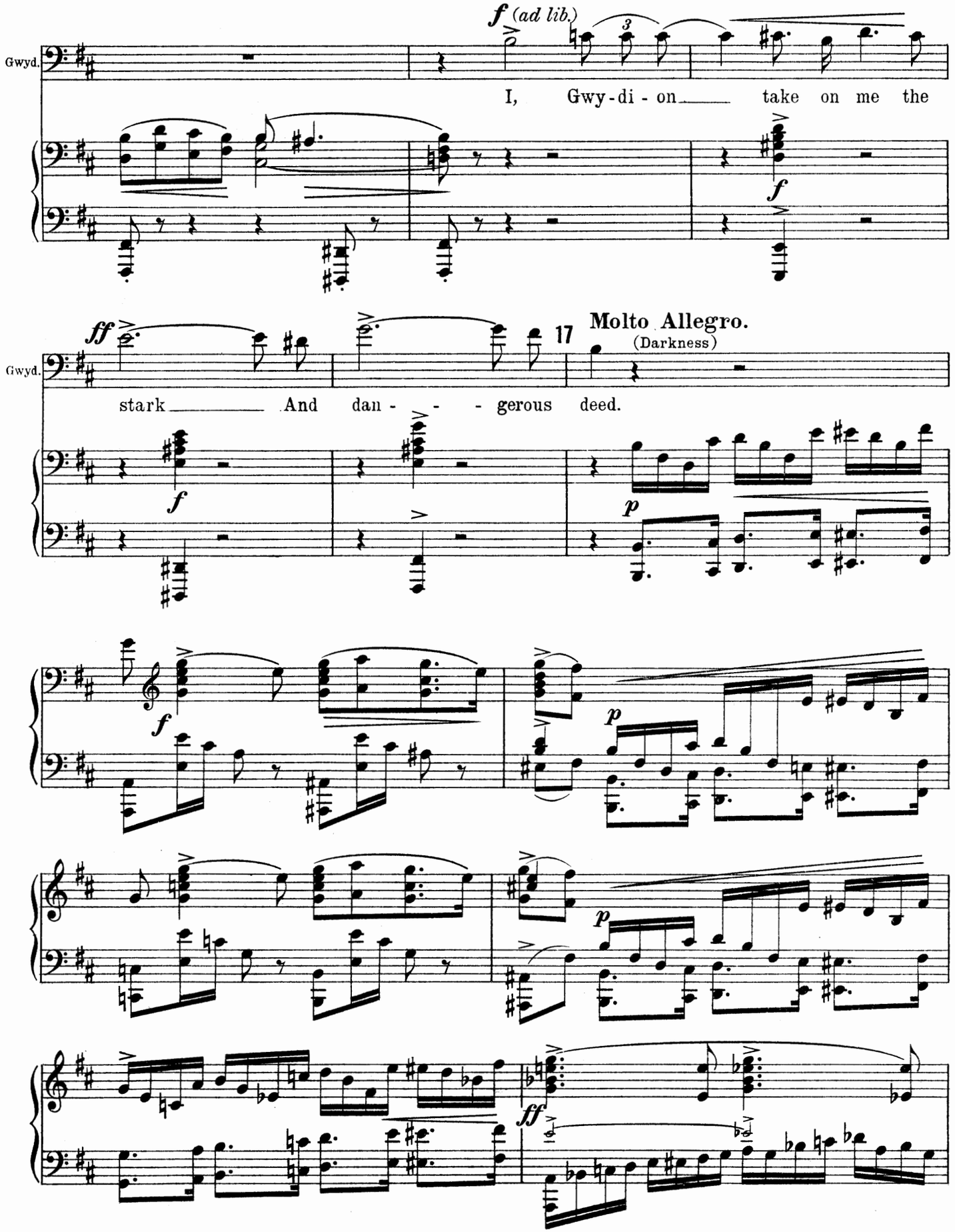

Arawn comes down to meet
him. They fight and Arawn is
slain.
11
cresc.
Gwydion comes to the altar.
Maestoso.
Lento.
pesante

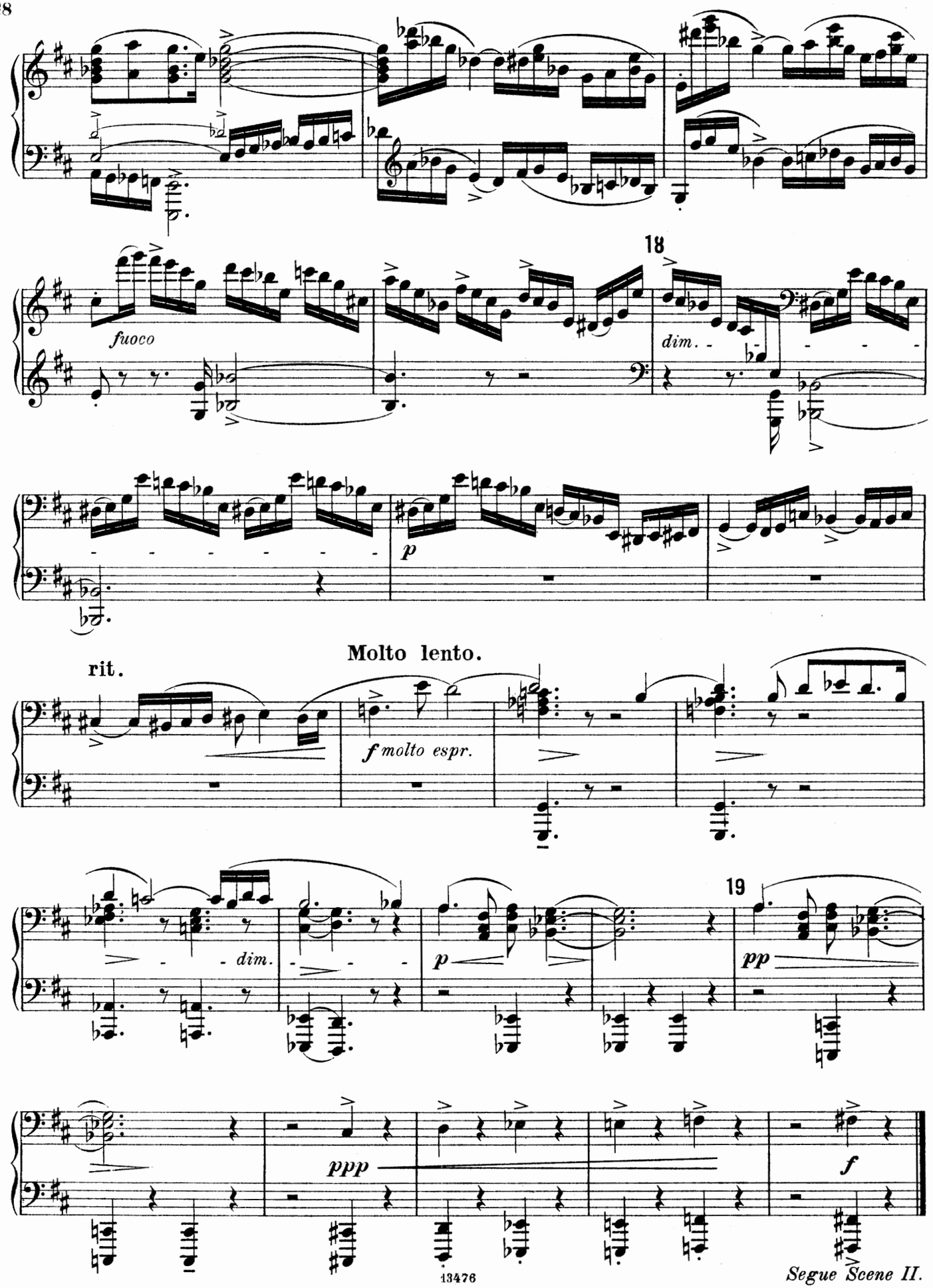

8
12
f
dim.
Più lento.
Gwydion.
Fair has been my
p
Gwyd.
for-tune and here stands my task That flesh and
più p
Gwyd.
blood in all their foul - est guise have warred to
pp
13
Gwyd.
co-ver. A mon - - strous dream lies now be-


Gwyd.
hind me.
More dan-gerous is this
p
pp
pp sempre sost.
Gwyd.
si - lence and the steam that goes up ghost - ly in e - ter - nal
Gwyd.
wreaths to grace the brows of some e - ter - nal
14
espr.
Gwyd.
might.
I am a - lone with the old gods.
p
pp


Gwyd.
Great be - ings watch and a low dis - tant drum
p
pp
15
(Gwydion takes up the cauldron.)
thun - ders for change.
f p
f p
rit.
For here I
pp
espr.
rit.
pp
Poco Allegro.
f
hold the for - tune and the tor - - - ment of my race.
sf

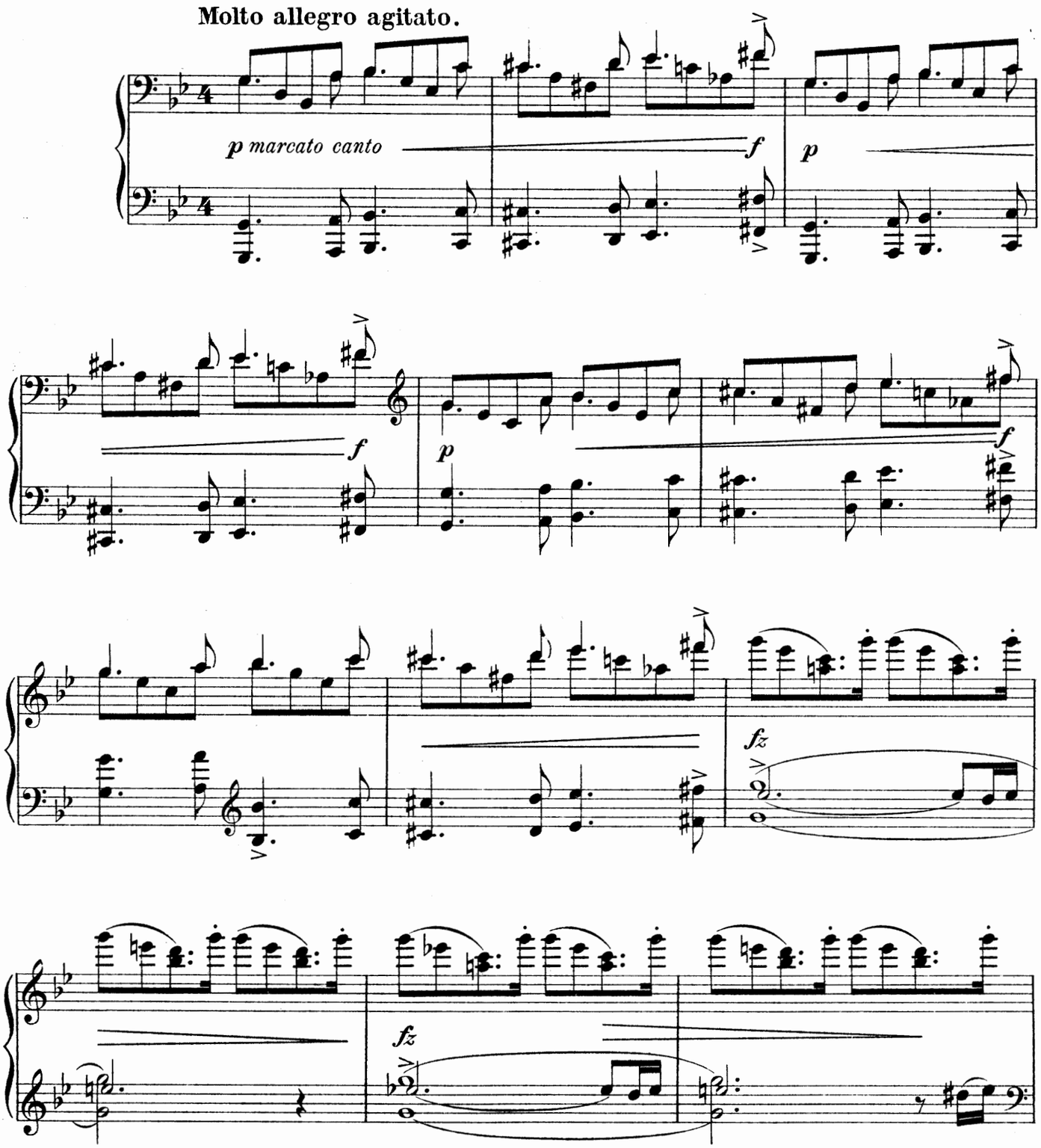

Gwyd.
Here I set des - ti - ny, a death - less
f p f p
Gwyd.
rite up-on the work - ing of my kind; a geis up - on these isles for
p 16 p pp
Gwyd.
e - ver. Mark! Mark it ye an-cient ones whom the
f p
Gwyd.
great cold and bar-ren re - gions bind and mask.
p pp

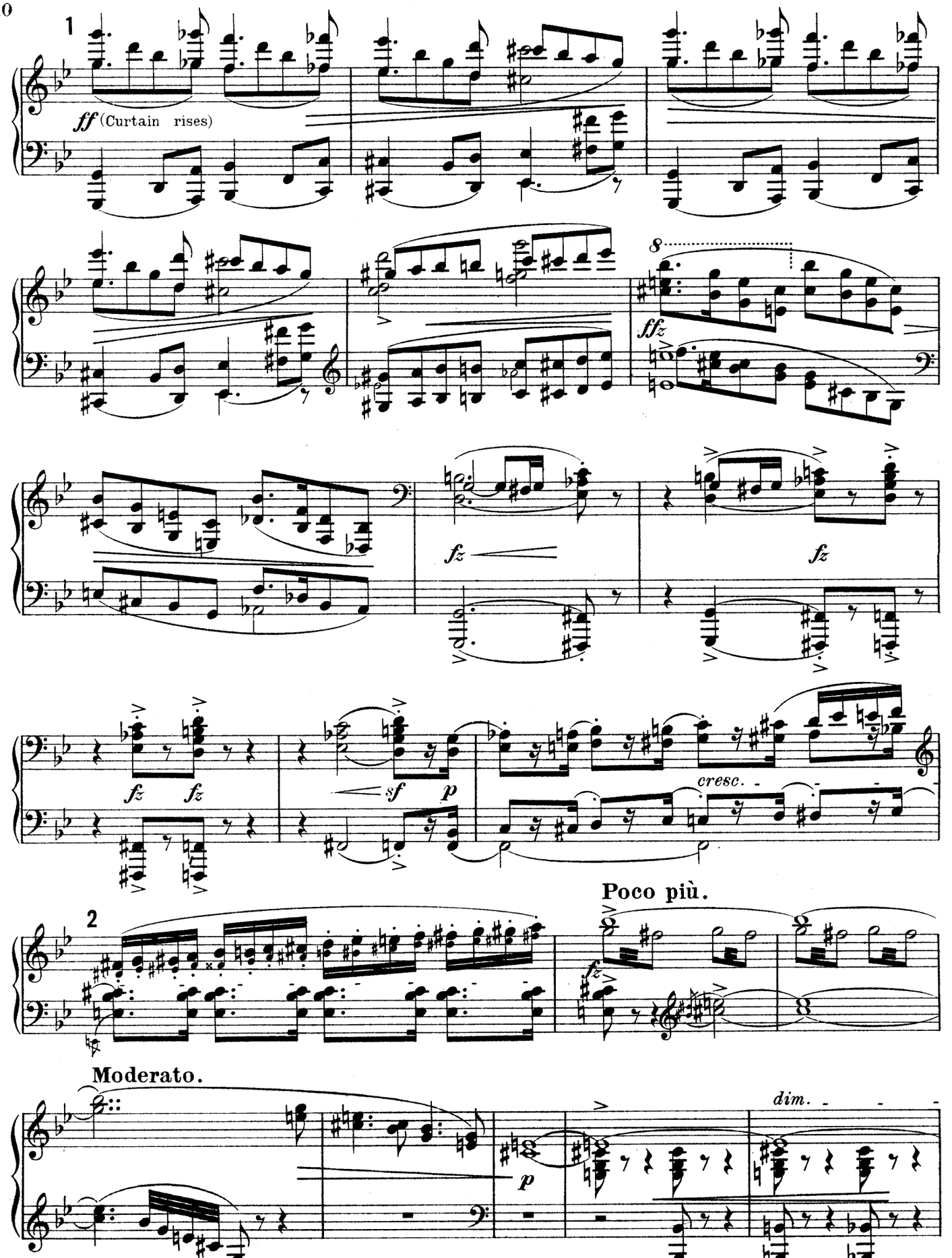

Gwyd.
f (ad lib.)
3
I, Gwy-di - on take on me the
f
ff
17
Molto Allegro.
(Darkness)
Gwyd.
stark And dan - - - gerous deed.
f
p
f
p
p
ff

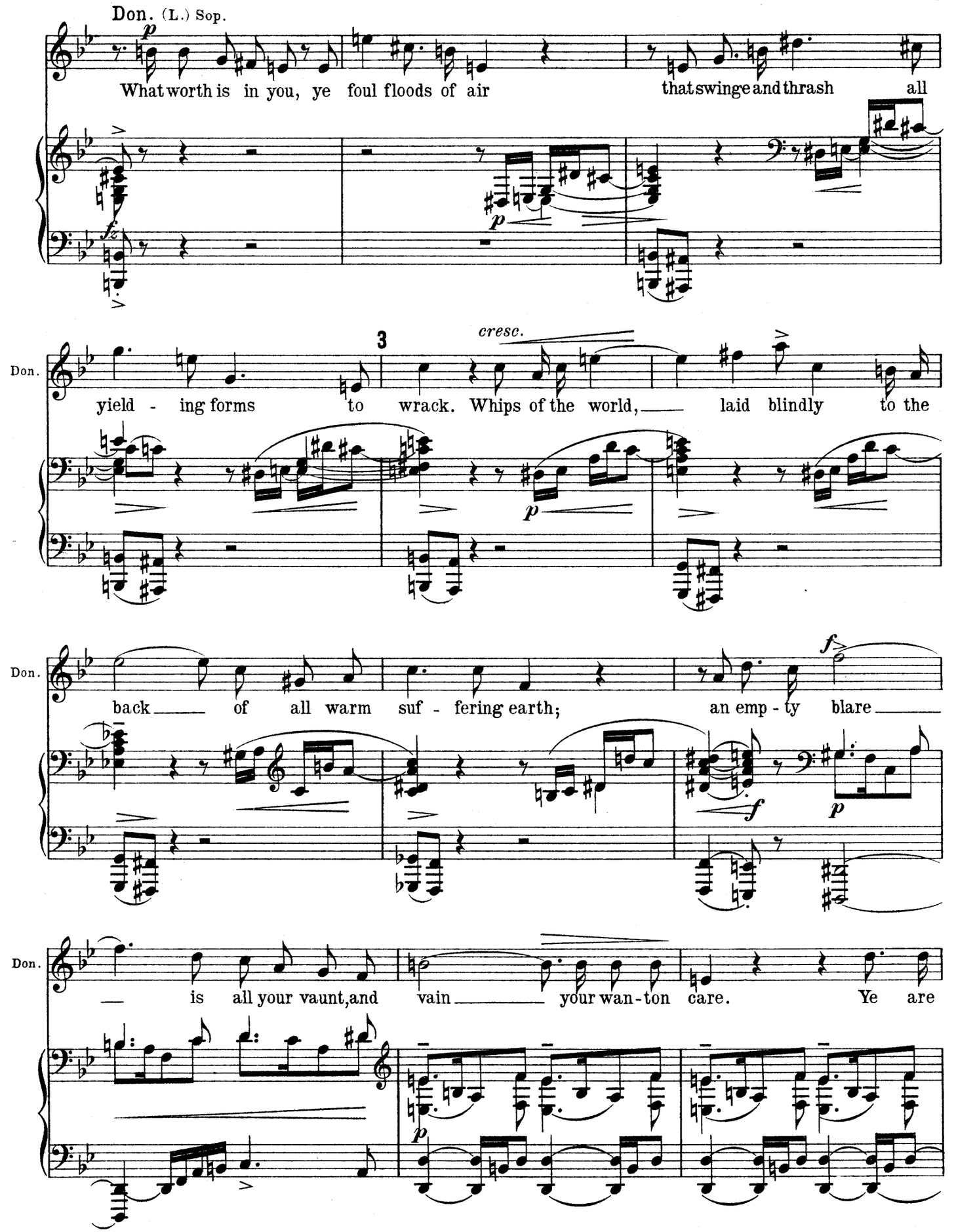

18
fuoco
dim.
p
Molto lento.
rit.
f molto espr.
dim.
p
19
pp
ppp
f
Segue Scene II.

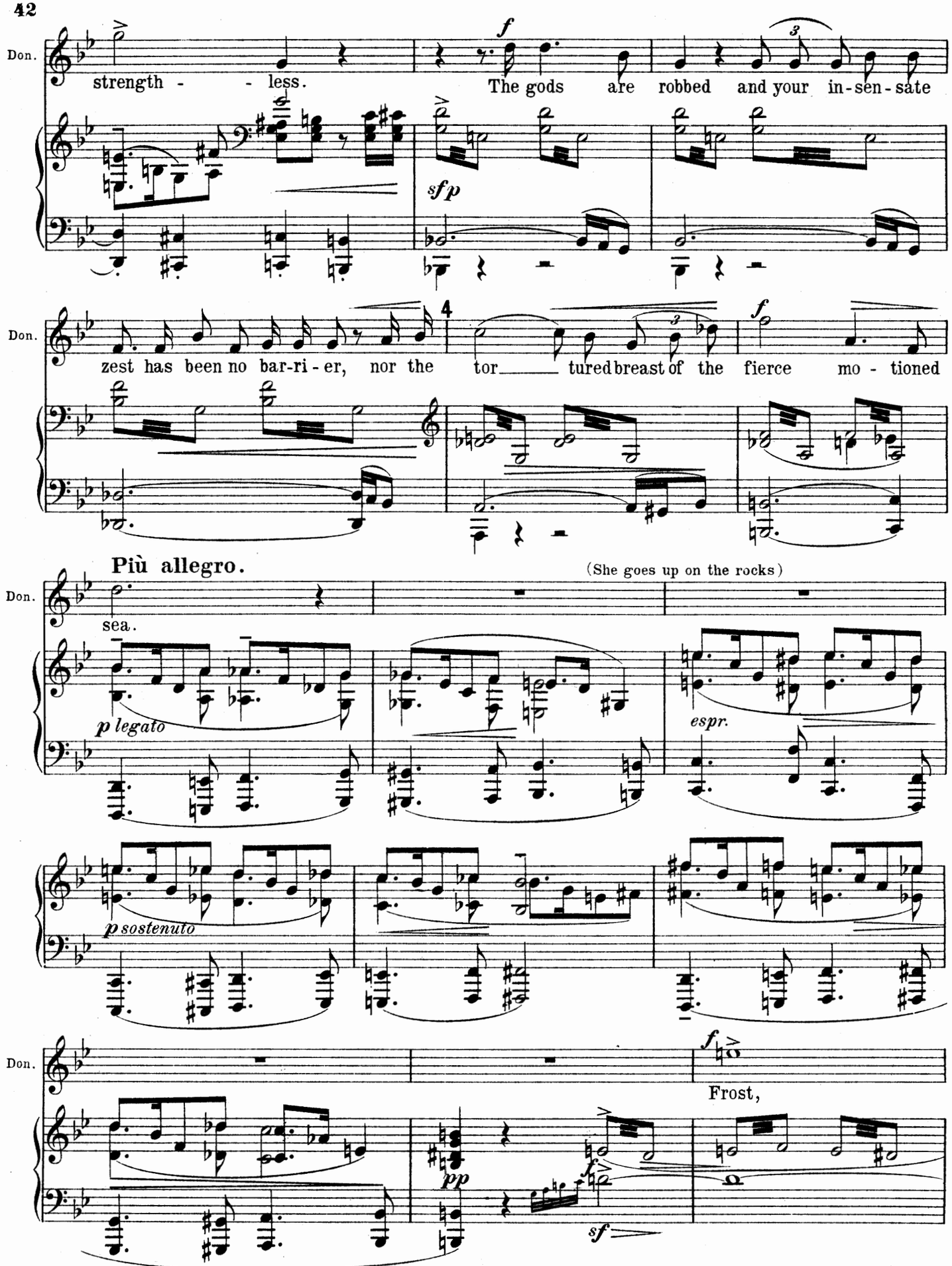
Scene II.

A wild and ice bound ravine near the sea. The central portion and background of the scene is obscured by racing clouds. When the curtain rises the loom of the rocks is barely visible. As the scene clears the figure of Don appears L. She wears a deep red robe and a red jewel on her forehead.

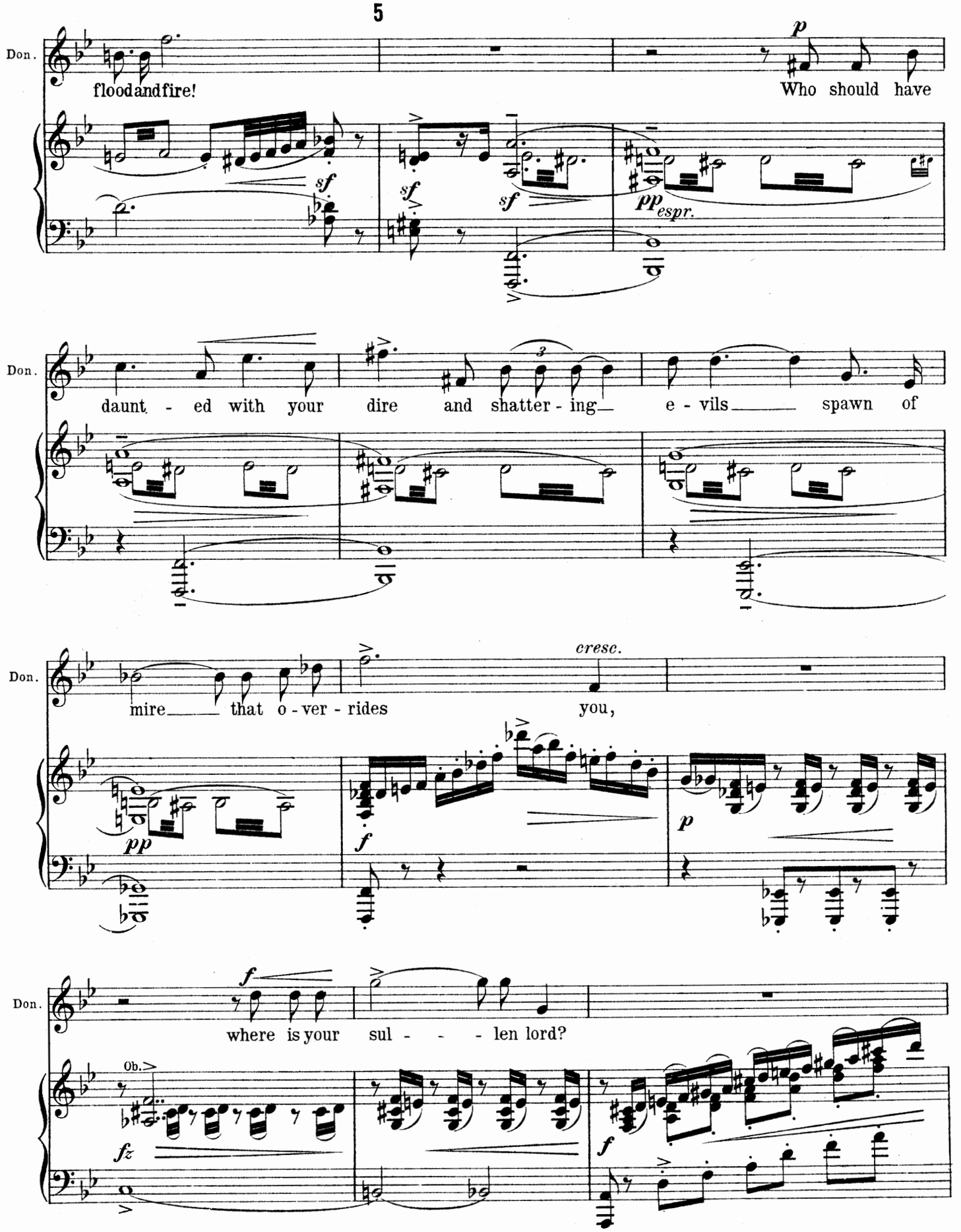



1
ff (Curtain rises)
8
ffz
fz
fz
fz
fz
sf
p
cresc.
2
Poco più.
fz
Moderato.
p
dim.


Don. (L.) Sop.
What worth is in you, ye foul floods of air that swinge and thrash all
Don.
yield - ing forms to wrack. Whips of the world, laid blindly to the
cresc.
Don.
back of all warm suf - fering earth; an emp - ty blare
Don.
is all your vaunt, and vain your wan - ton care. Ye are


Don.
strength - - less.
The gods are robbed and your in-sen-sate
sfp
Don.
zest has been no bar-ri-er, nor the tor___ tured breast of the fierce mo-tioned
Più allegro.
(She goes up on the rocks)
Don.
sea.
p legato
espr.
p sostenuto
Don.
Frost,
pp
sf

5


Don.
flood and fire!
Who should have
sf
sf
sf
pp espr.
p
Don.
daunt - ed with your dire and shatter - ing e - vils spawn of
Don.
mire that o - ver - rides you,
cresc.
pp
f
p
Don.
where is your sul - - - len lord?
f
Ob.
fz
f

6

Tempo maestoso.

ff *f* *sf* *dim.*

Sea King (heard off) *mf*

What trum - pet of di -

p

S.K.

- saster cries abroad. What war of Gods calls on me from my ward of the

p

S.K.

deep sleep - - ing seas?

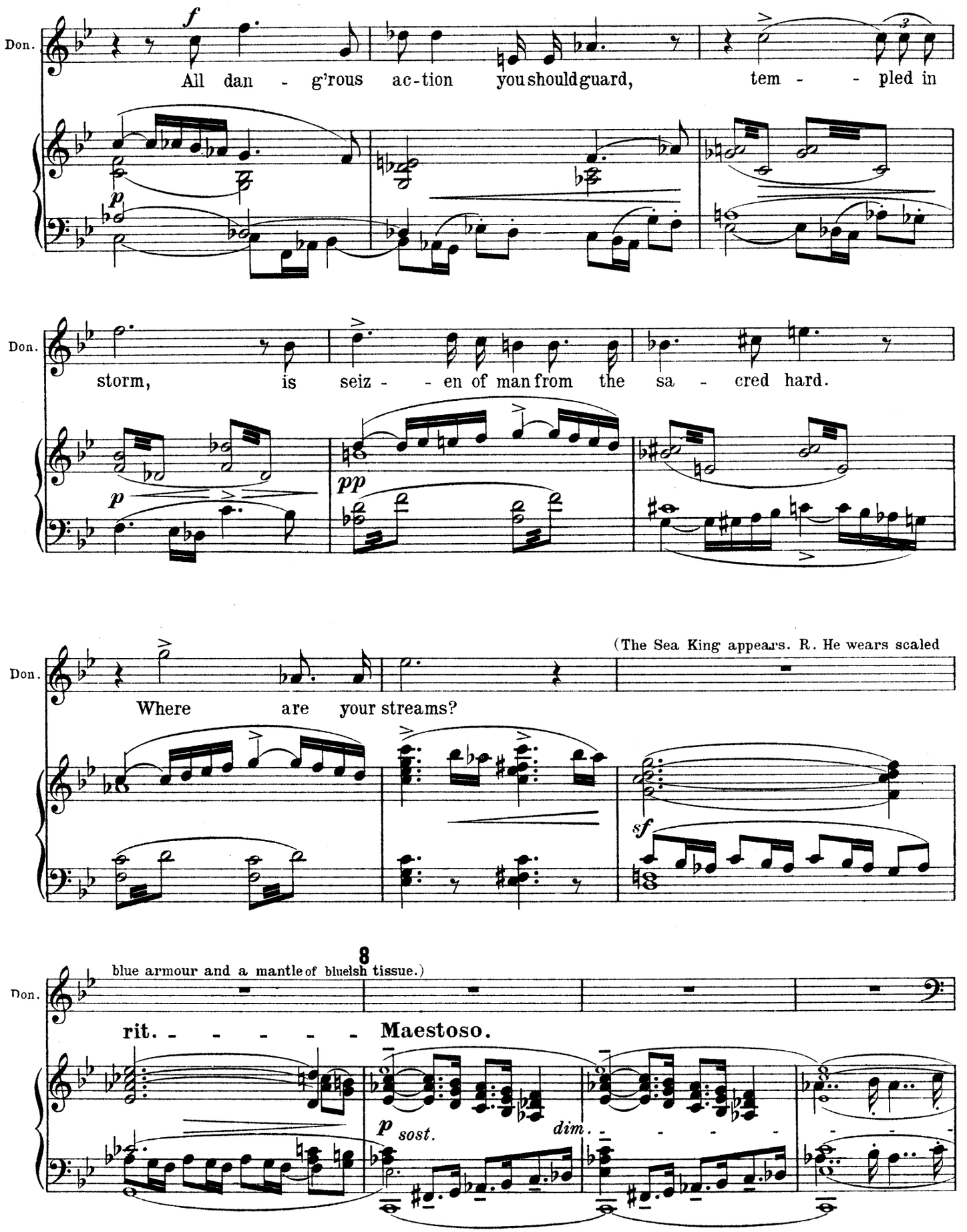
p *pp* *sf* *pp*

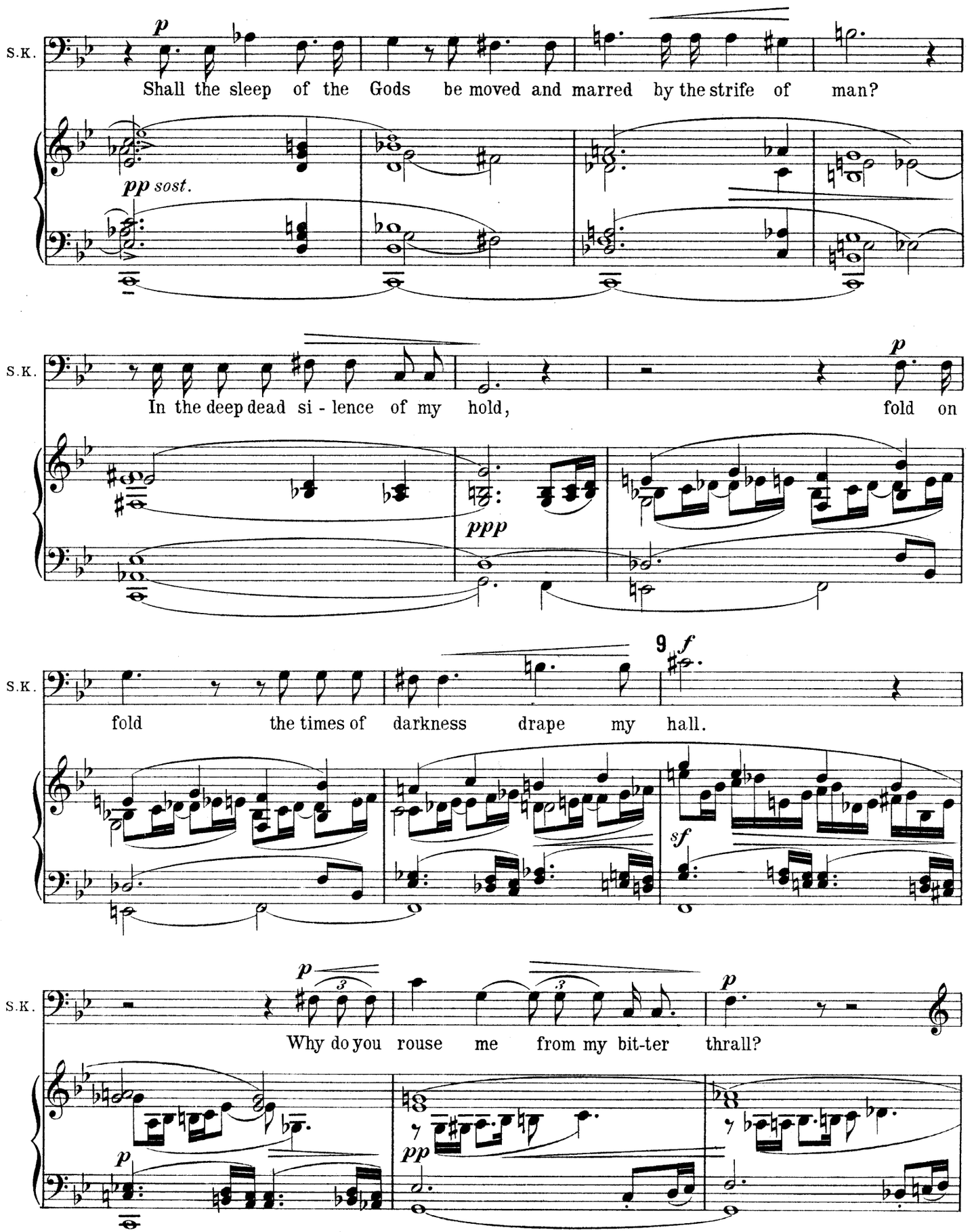
Poco più mosso.

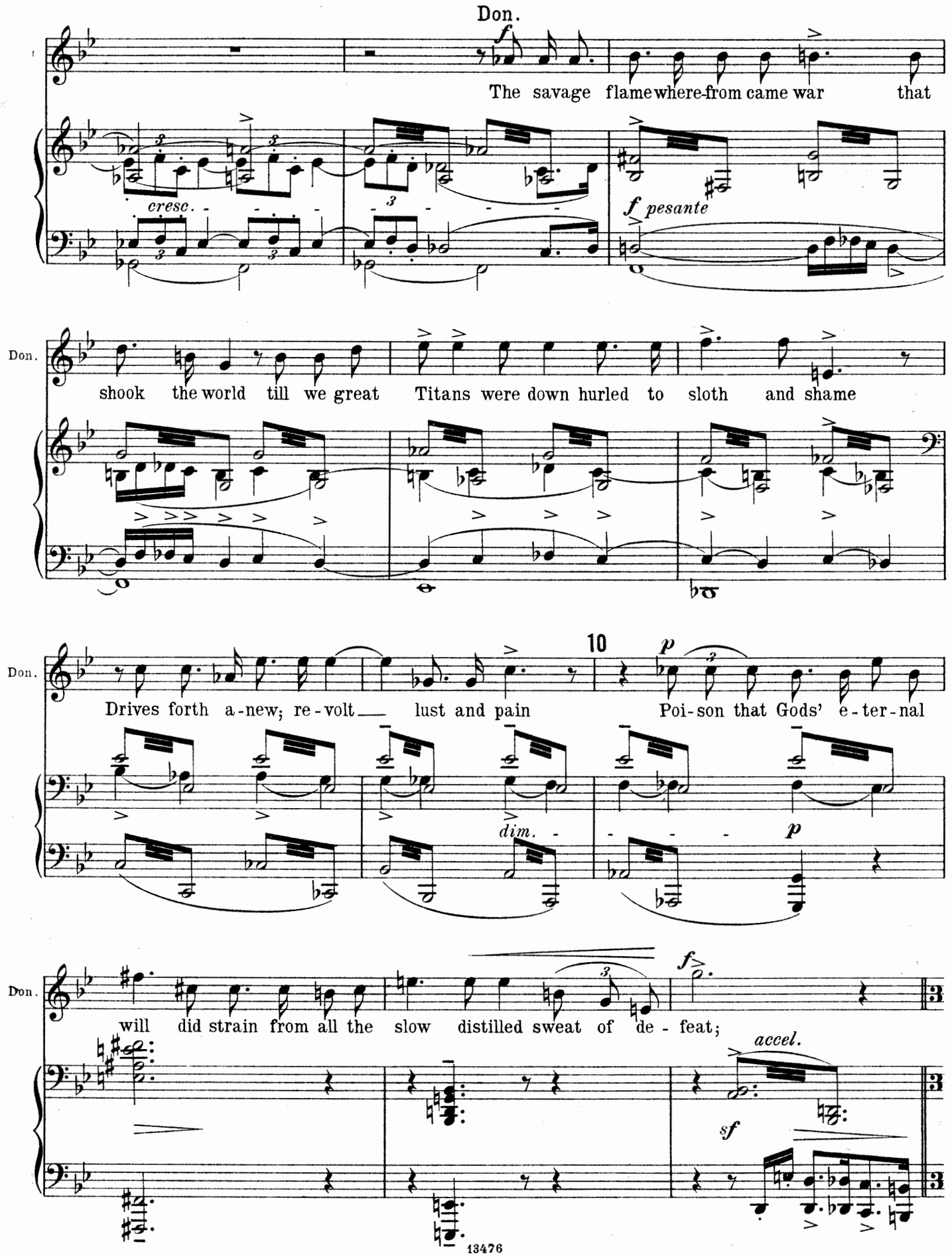
Don. *p* 7

Rent is my reign and ravished the Gods' hoard, The bowl of dreams.

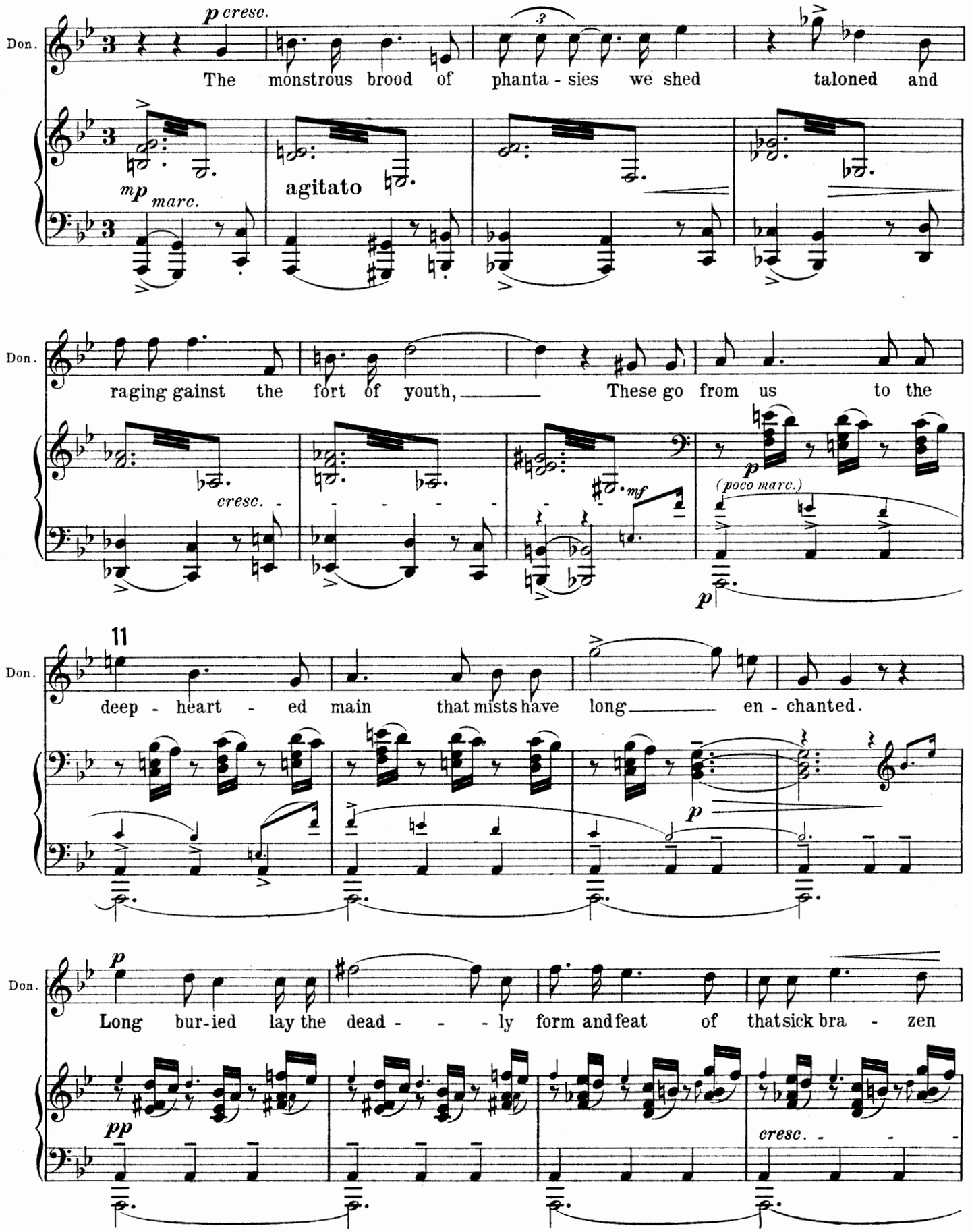
p espr.


Don.
All dan - g'rous ac-tion you should guard, tem - - pled in
Don.
storm, is seiz - - en of man from the sa - cred hard.
Don.
Where are your streams?
(The Sea King appears. R. He wears scaled
Don.
blue armour and a mantle of bluish tissue.)
8
rit. - - - - - - Maestoso.
dim.

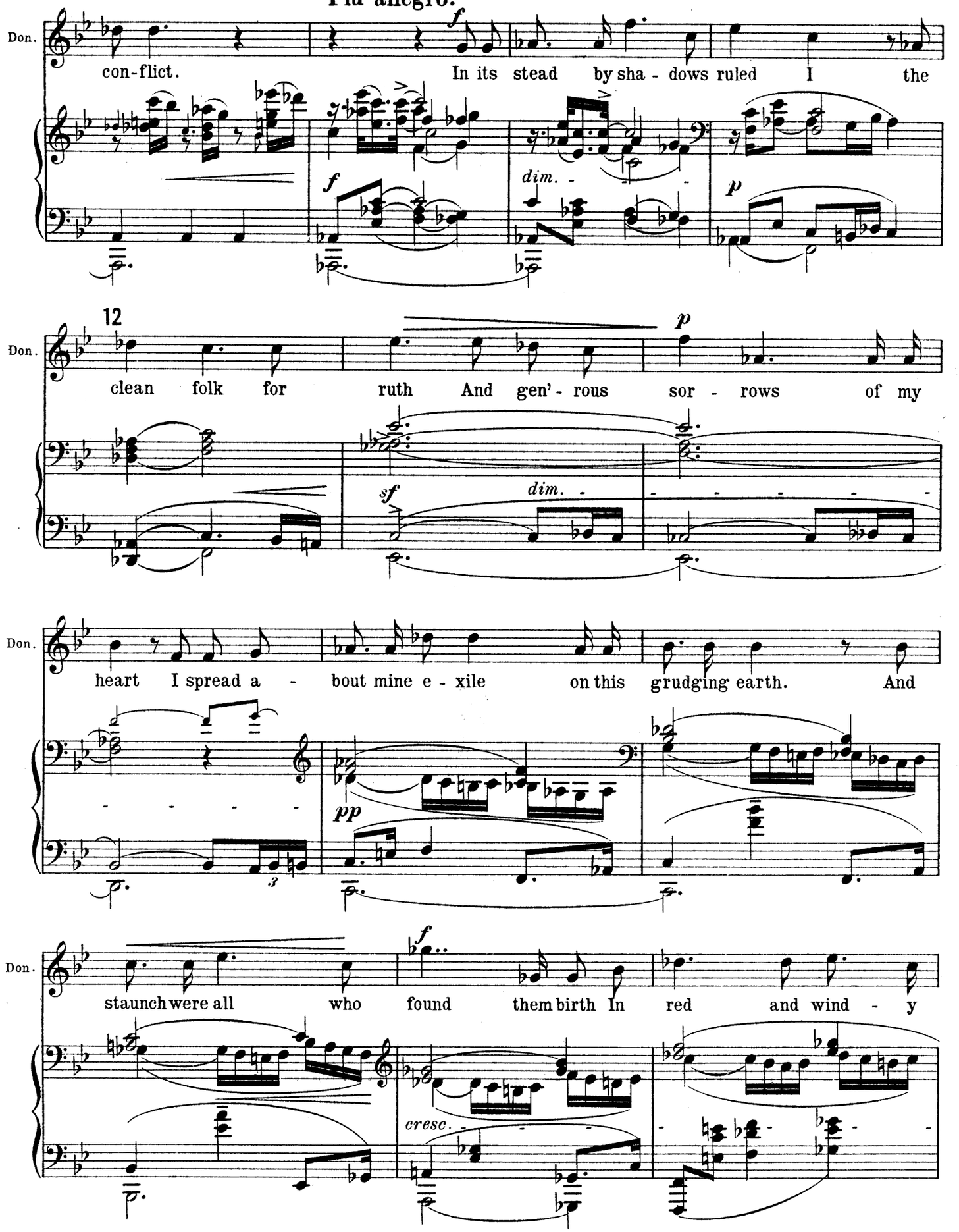

S.K.
p
Shall the sleep of the Gods be moved and marred by the strife of man?
pp sost.
S.K.
In the deep dead si - lence of my hold,
p
fold on
ppp
S.K.
9
f
fold the times of darkness drape my hall.
sf
S.K.
p
Why do you rouse me from my bit-ter thrall?
p
pp

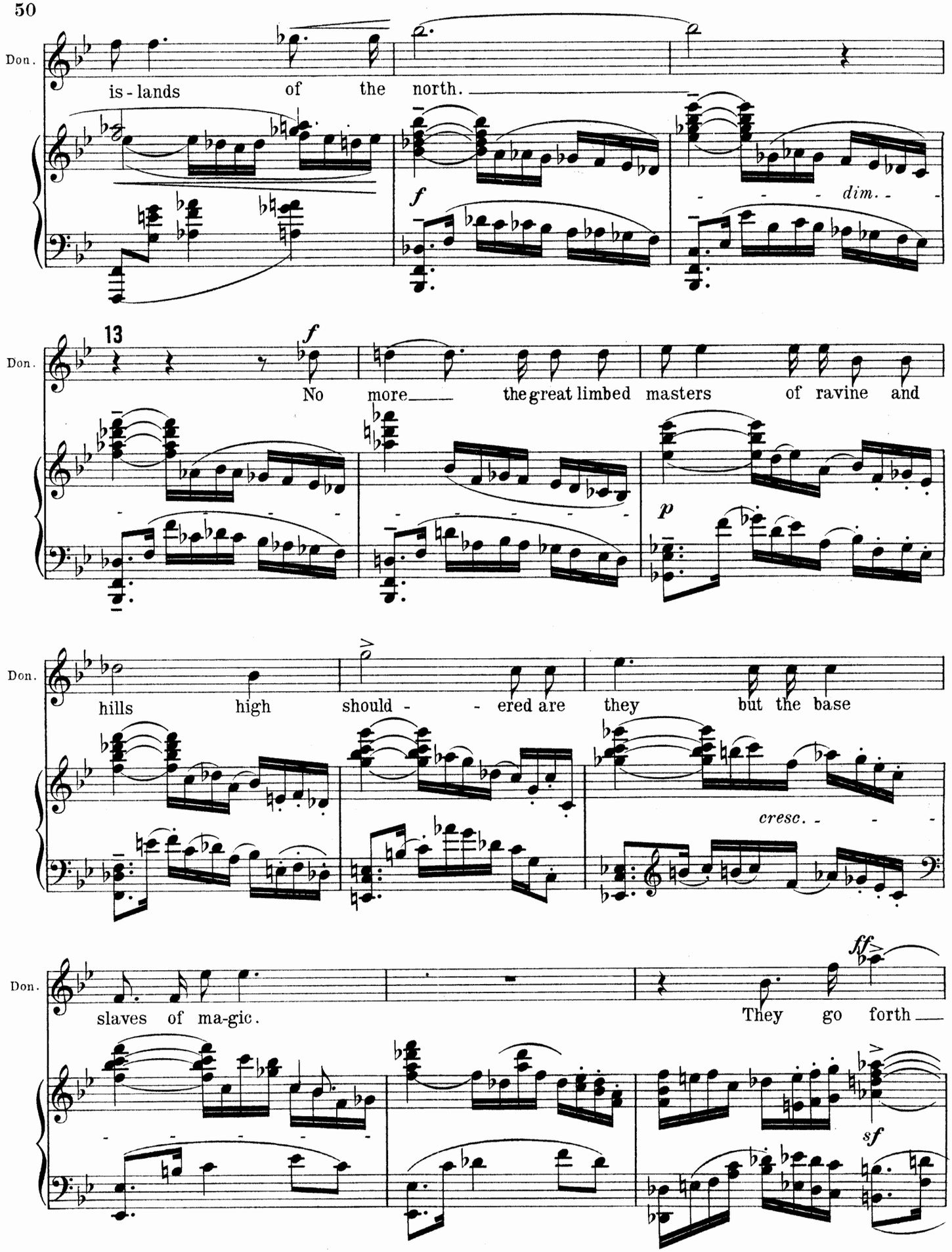

Don.
f
The savage flame where-from came war that
cresc.
f pesante
Don.
shook the world till we great Titans were down hurled to sloth and shame
Don.
Drives forth a-new; re-volt lust and pain
10
p
Poi-son that Gods' e-ter-nal
dim.
p
Don.
will did strain from all the slow distilled sweat of de-feat;
f
accel.
sf

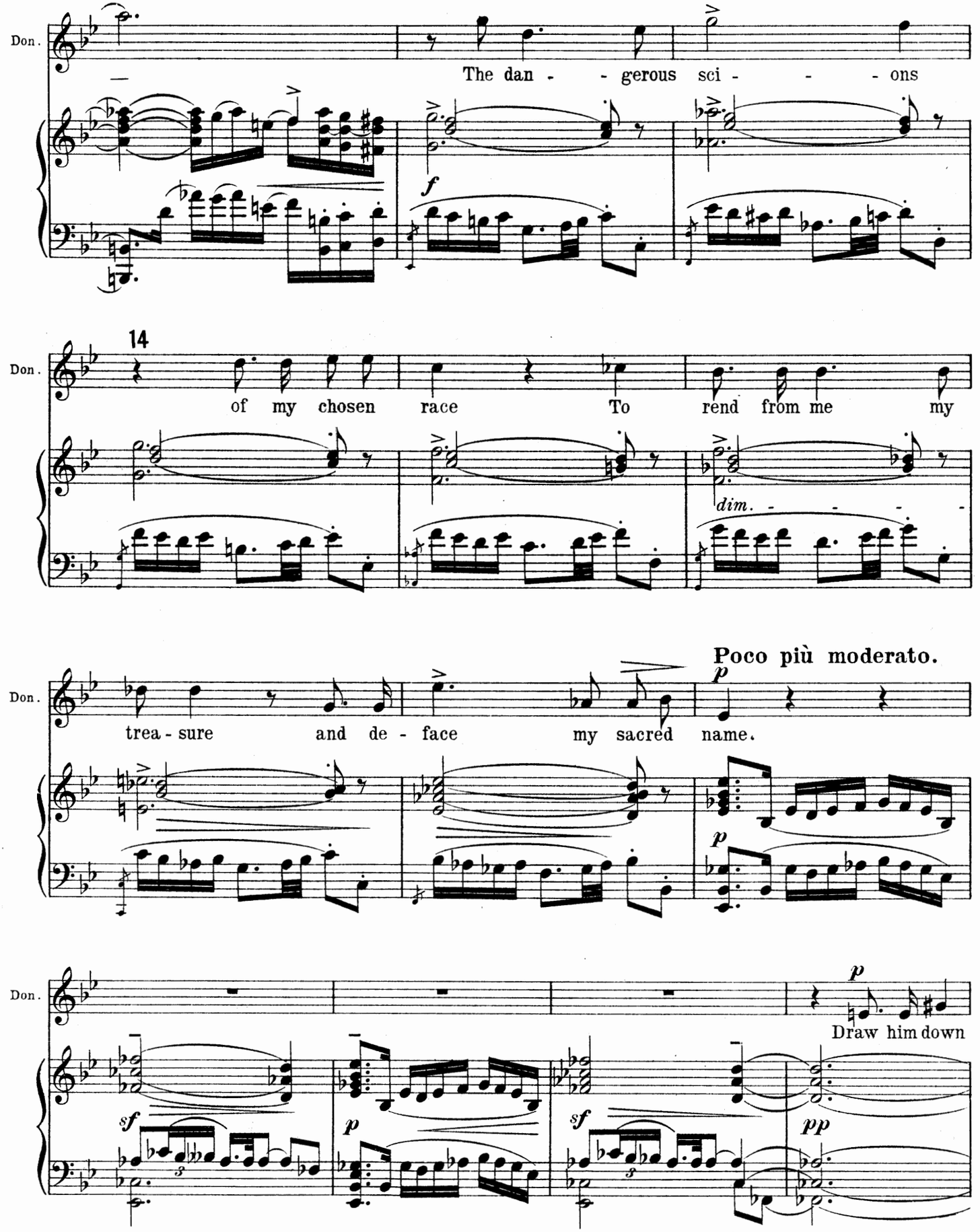
Tempo allegro.



Più allegro.


Don.
con-flict. In its stead by sha - dows ruled I the
f
f
dim.
p
12
Don.
clean folk for ruth And gen' - rous sor - rows of my
p
sf
dim.
Don.
heart I spread a - bout mine e - xile on this grudging earth. And
pp
3
Don.
staunch were all who found them birth In red and wind - y
f
cresc.


Don.
is - lands of the north.
f
dim.
13
Don.
f
No more the great limbed masters of ravine and
p
Don.
hills high should - - ered are they but the base
cresc.
Don.
slaves of ma-gic.
They go forth
ff
sf


Don.
The dan - - gerous sci - - - ons
f
14
Don.
of my chosen race To rend from me my
dim.
Poco più moderato.
Don.
trea - sure and de - face my sacred name.
p
p
Don.
p
Draw him down
sf
p
sf
pp

15

Don. who reck-less bears this ter- ror to the whole of kith and kin.

Cor. sf p

Don. 'Whelm Gwy-di - on and take you the bowl to your

sf p sf dim.

Don. black depths that ne - ver shoal where none may win.

p espr. legato

Don. Now in your compass he lies.

p f dim.

16

Don.

f

Blind him with storms or quick de - ceit - ful mist.

pp

Don.

f

Let him be mazed with sea - madness

f

Don.

And dis - missed in - to safe dark - - - - - - - - -

p

Allegro maestoso.

Don.

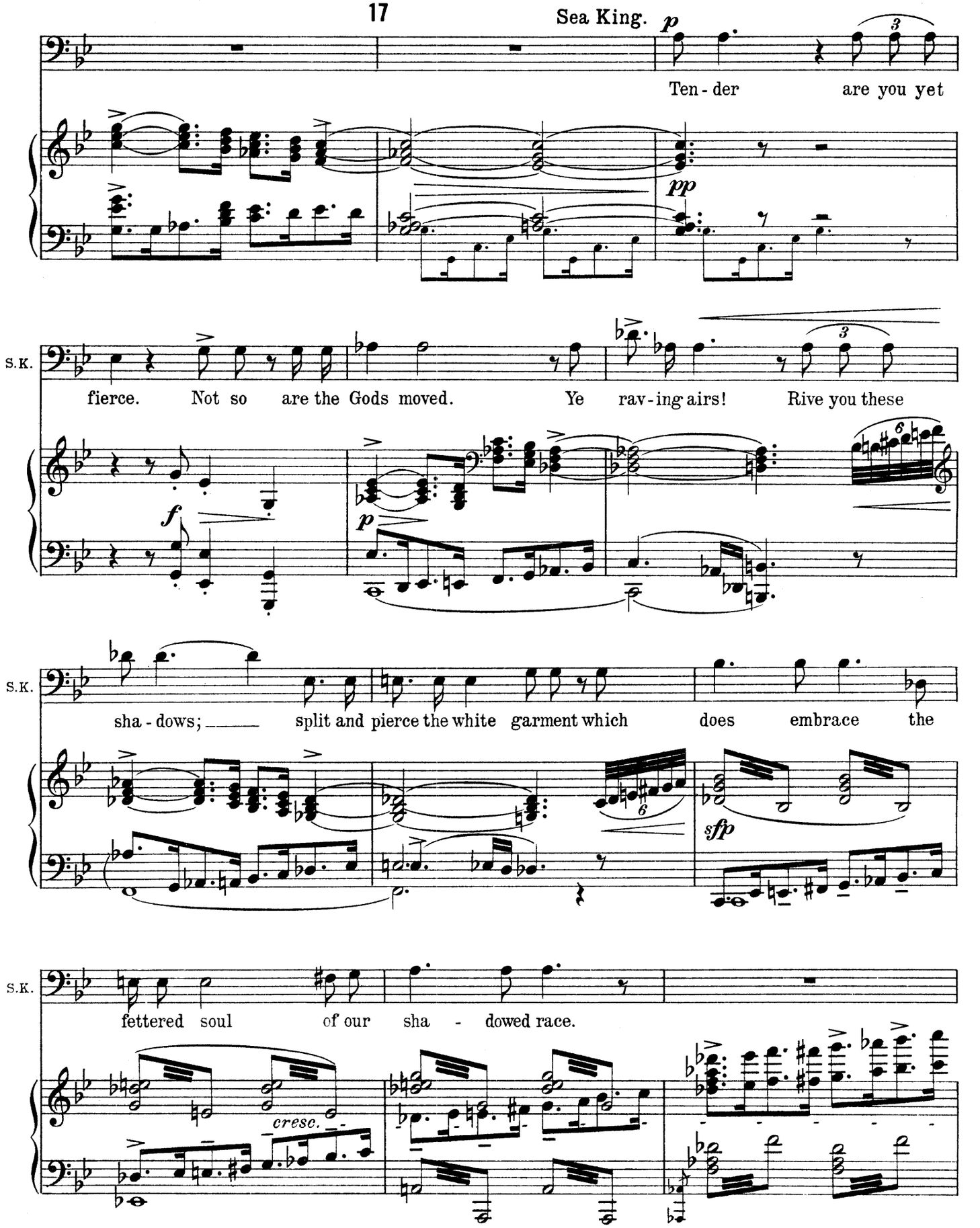
- - - ness.

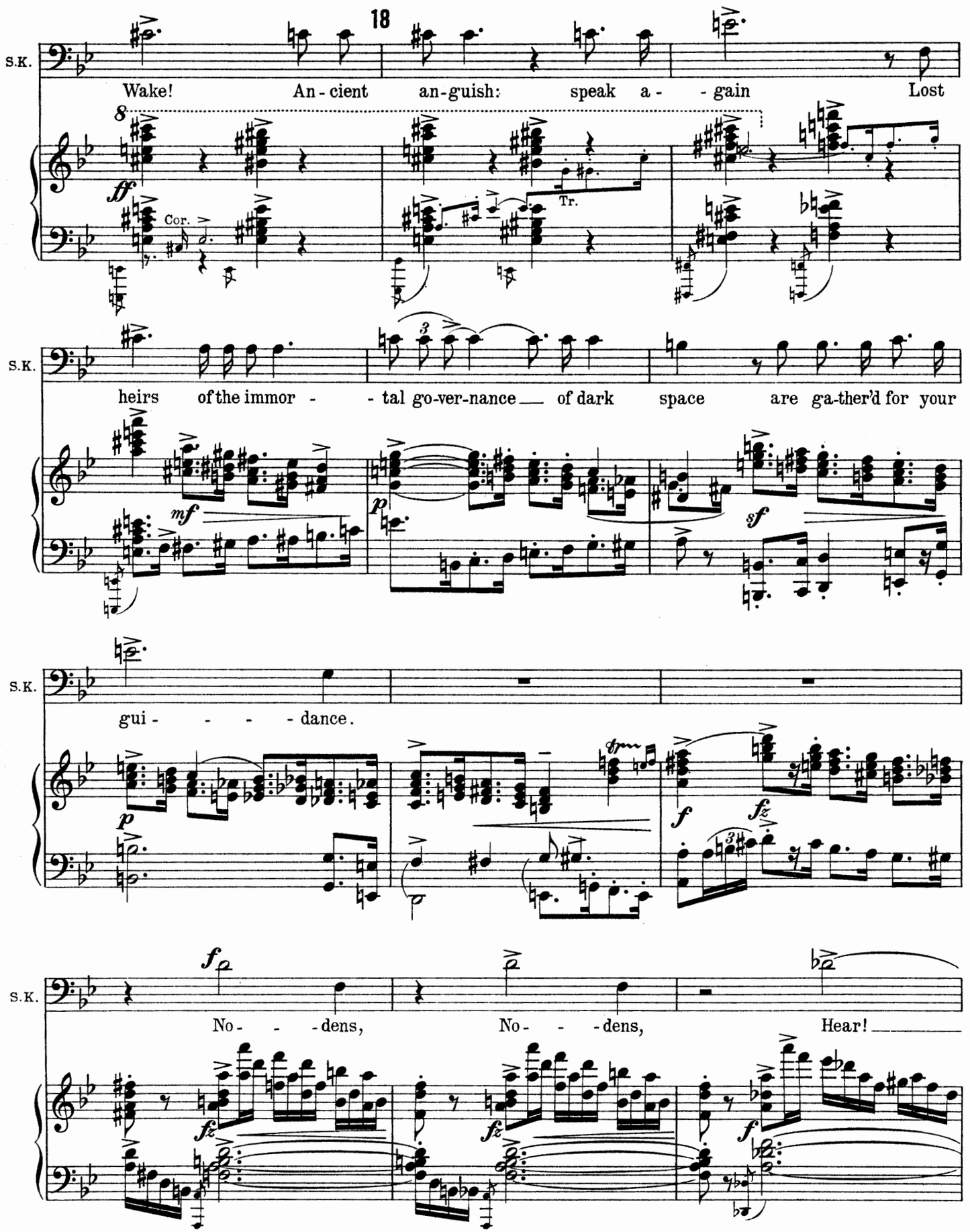
ff

ff

17

Sea King.


p
Ten - der are you yet
pp
S.K.
fierce. Not so are the Gods moved. Ye rav - ing airs! Rive you these
f
p
S.K.
sha - dows; split and pierce the white garment which does embrace the
sffp
S.K.
fettered soul of our sha - dowed race.
cresc.


18
S.K.
Wake! An - cient an-guish: speak a - - gain Lost
8
ff
Cor.
Tr.
S.K.
heirs of the immor - - tal go-ver-nance of dark space are ga-ther'd for your
mf
p
sf
S.K.
gui - - - - dance.
p
f
fz
S.K.
No - - - dens, No - - - dens, Hear!
fz
fz
f

19

S.K.

For your hench brethren stand a-bout your lair.

sf

The clouds about the centre of the scene gradually dissolve. The figure of Nodens appears.

Grave, misterioso.

cresc. *fff* *sost.* *f*

Pos. *f* Tr *pp*

An old but powerful man half reclining amongst the rocks.

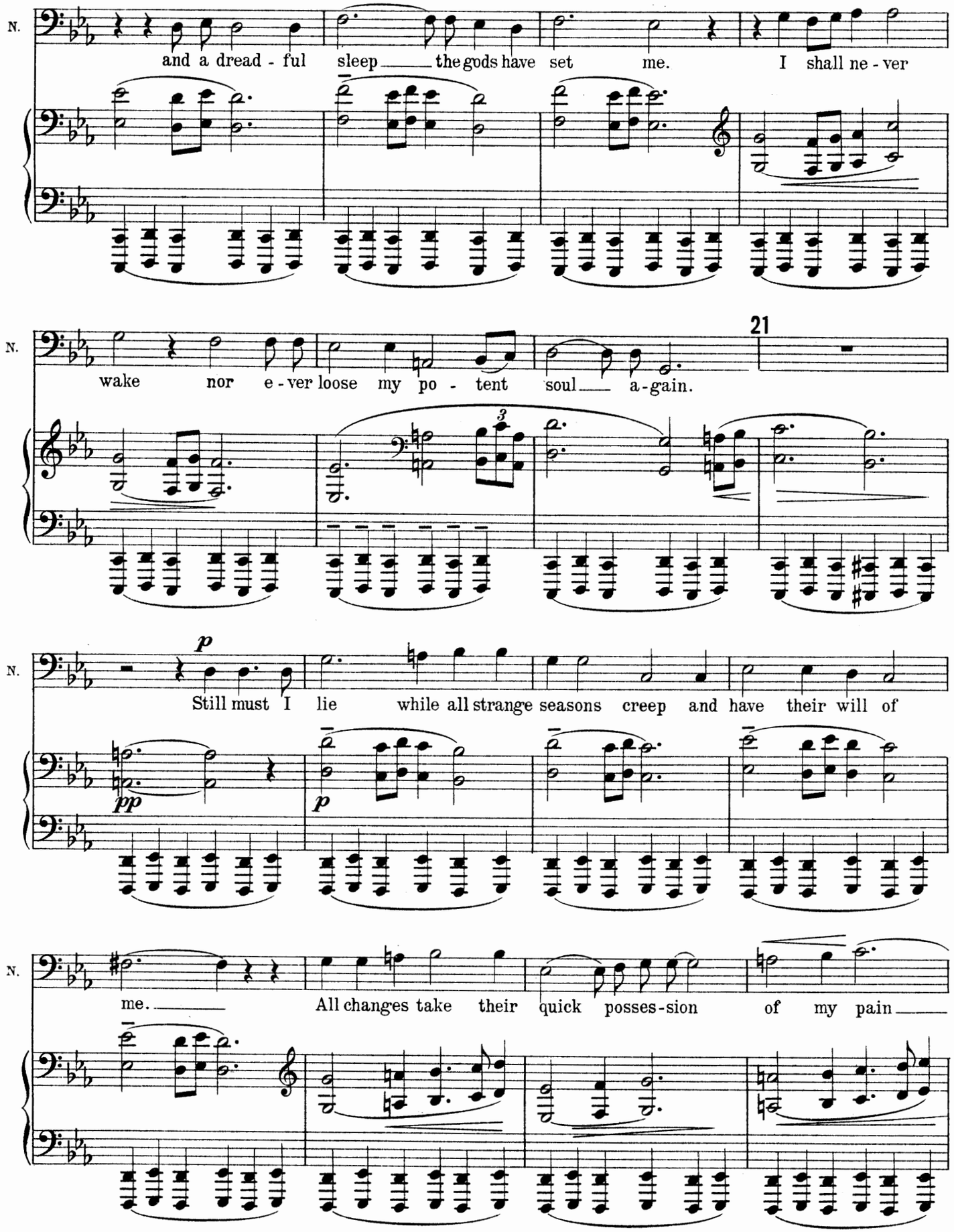
pp *dim.* 20 Pis. *pp*

Nodens. *p*

Deep is my bondage

p legato

Vlc. Hns. *pp espressivo*


N.
and a dread - ful sleep the gods have set me. I shall ne - ver
N.
wake nor e - ver loose my po - tent soul a - gain.
21
N.
p
Still must I lie while all strange seasons creep and have their will of
pp
p
N.
me. All changes take their quick posses - sion of my pain

22

N. ruth-less in all succession and the vast ri-ot that I led to

poco cresc.

N. form preys e-ver on me streng-thless;

mf

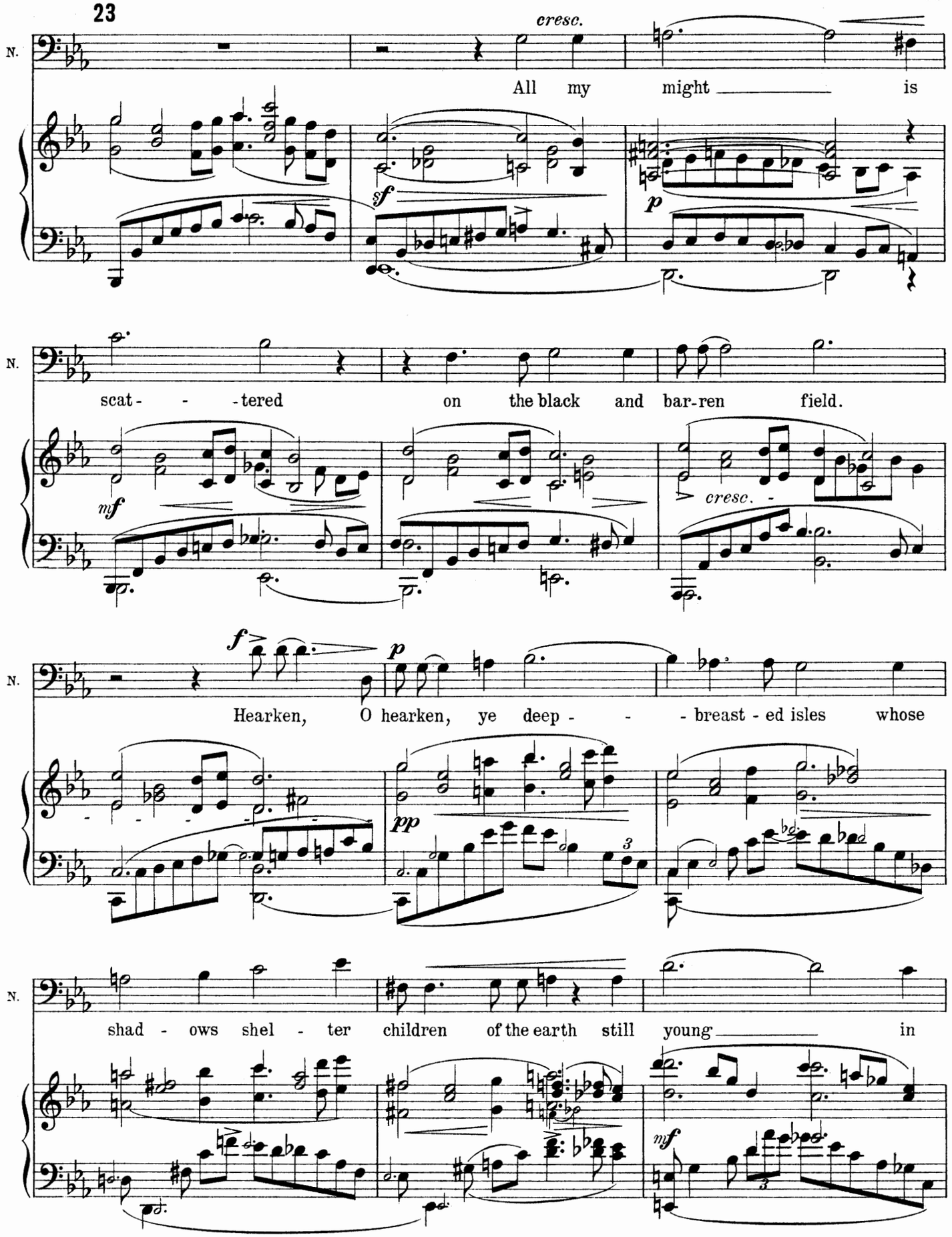
N. Yet keen and fleet my lashing

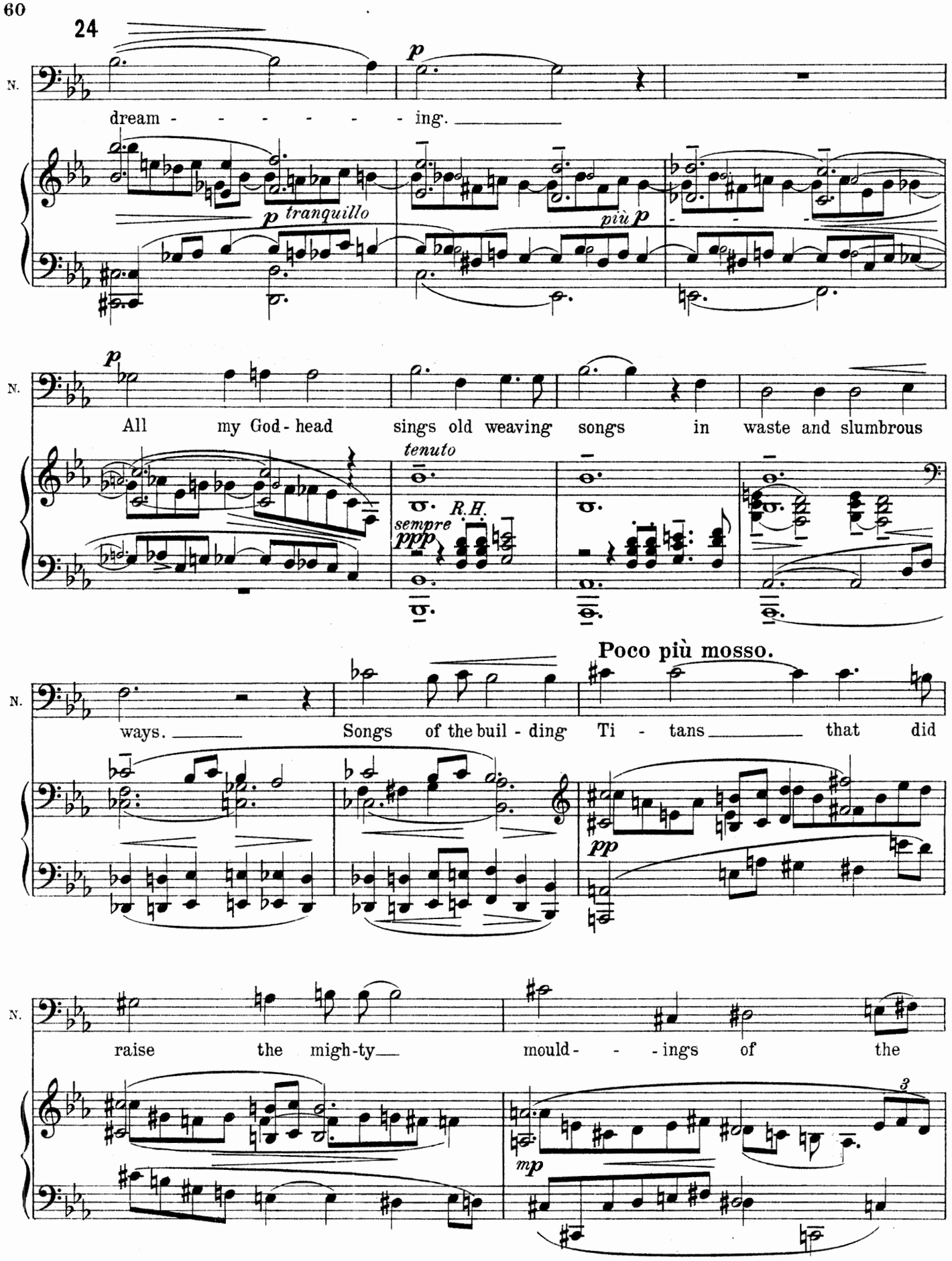
Fg.

mp

N. visions writhe in thrall and dreams go forth of me.

23


N.
cresc.
All my might is
sf
p
N.
scat - - - tered on the black and bar-ren field.
mf
cresc.
N.
f
p
Hearken, O hearken, ye deep - - - breast - ed isles whose
pp
3
N.
shad - ows shel - ter children of the earth still young in
mf
3


24
N.
dream - - - - - - - ing.
p tranquillo
più p
N.
All my God - head sings old weaving songs in waste and slumbrous
p
tenuto
R.H.
sempre ppp
N.
ways. Songs of the buil - ding Ti - tans that did
Poco più mosso.
pp
N.
raise the migh-ty mould- - - ings of the
mp
3

25

N.

p

earth. May be they shall find en - trance to the soul of

pp

N.

pp

man And pains of de - so - la - tion be trans - fused through the

poco

ppp

poco

sf

N.

a *poco* *accel.*

slow soul of flesh to plan. Go then my dreams to ven - ture

a *poco* *accel.*

sf *sf*

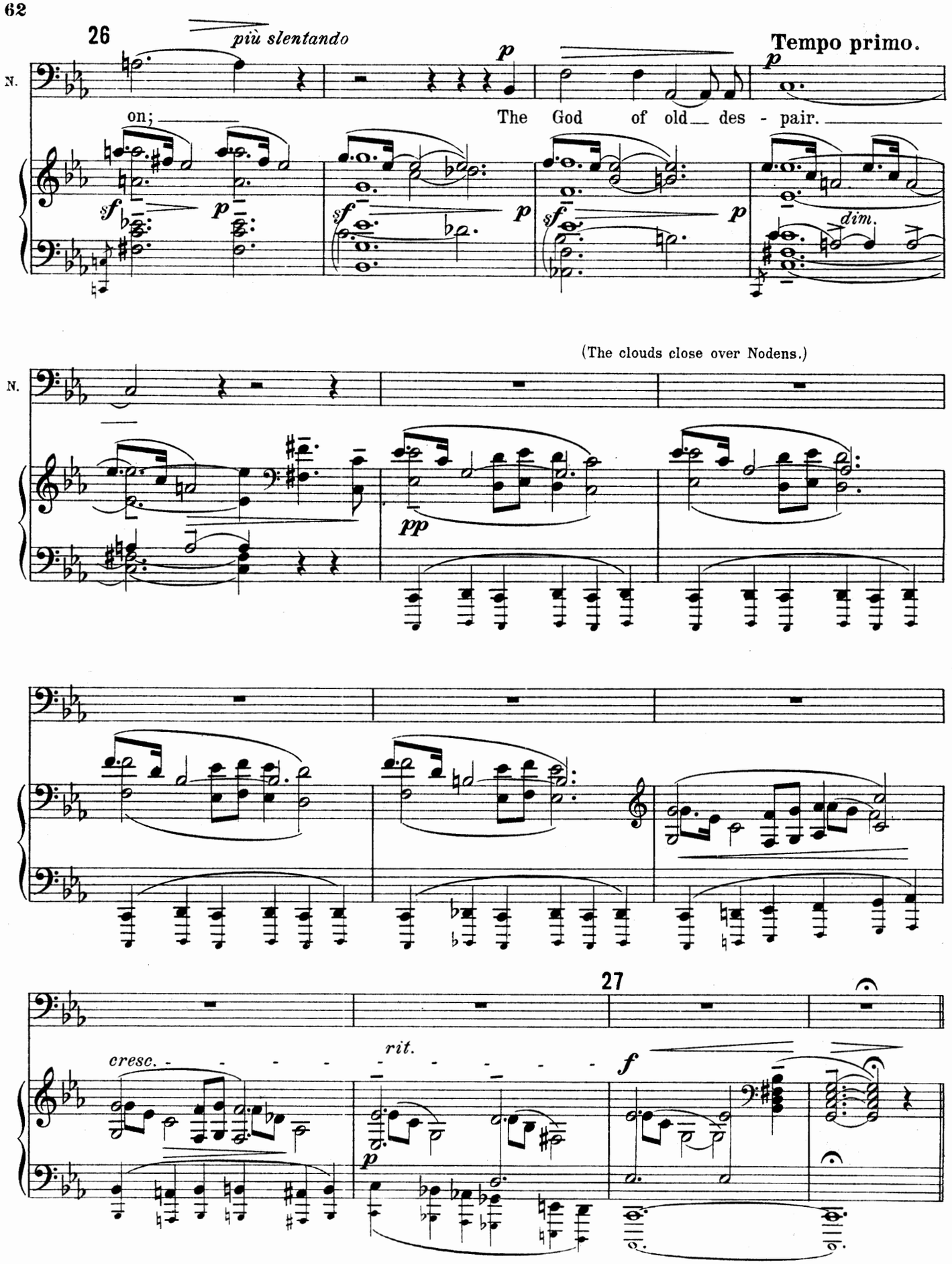
N.

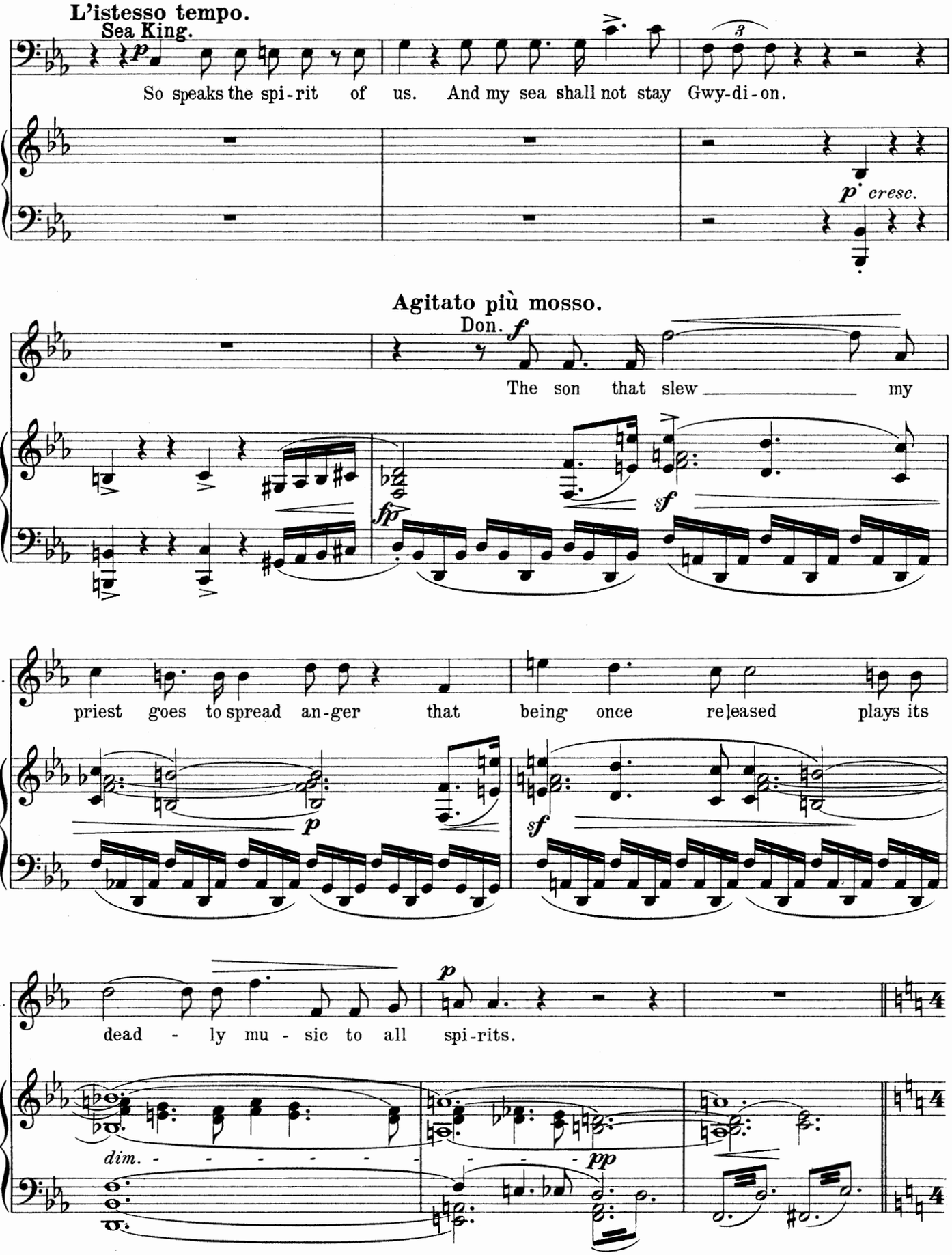
Poco allegro.

f *ff*

fierce and free! No - dens dreams

mf *cresc.* *sf*


26
più slentando
Tempo primo.
N.
on;
The God of old des - pair.
dim.
(The clouds close over Nodens.)
27
cresc.
rit.


L'istesso tempo.
Sea King.
So speaks the spi-rit of us. And my sea shall not stay Gwy-di-on.
p cresc.
Agitato più mosso.
Don.
The son that slew my
Don.
priest goes to spread an-ger that being once released plays its
Don.
dead - ly mu - sic to all spi-rits.
dim.

Allegro-Maestoso molto.

28

f Sea King.

S.K. Proud then be men that they can raise the gaunt se - clud - ed

Br.

S.K. standard from our side For they shall know no power nor praise but sa - vage

poco cresc.

S.K. sor - rows and e - ter - nal pride.

(With a gesture of despair Don vanishes.)

accel.

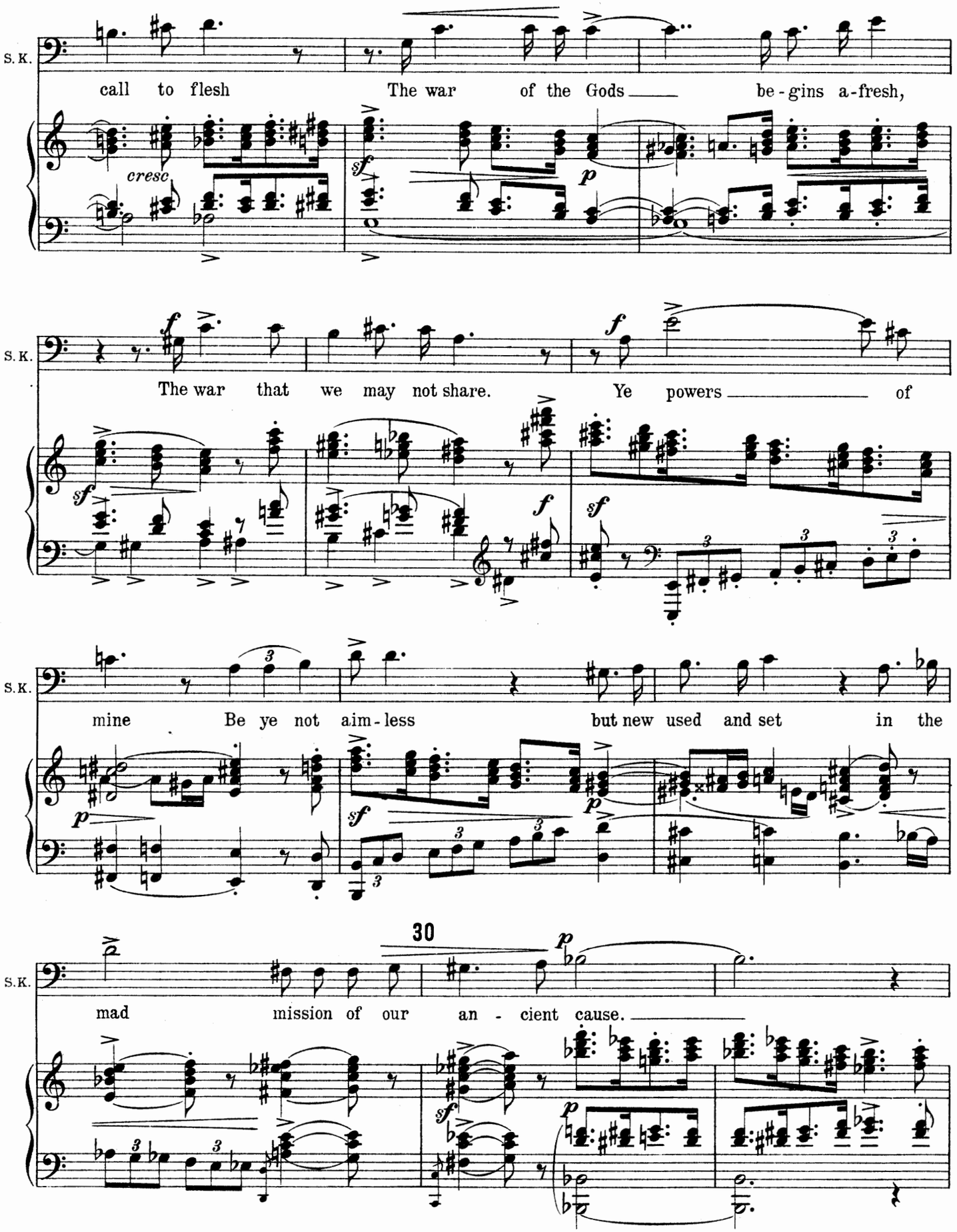
molto cresc.

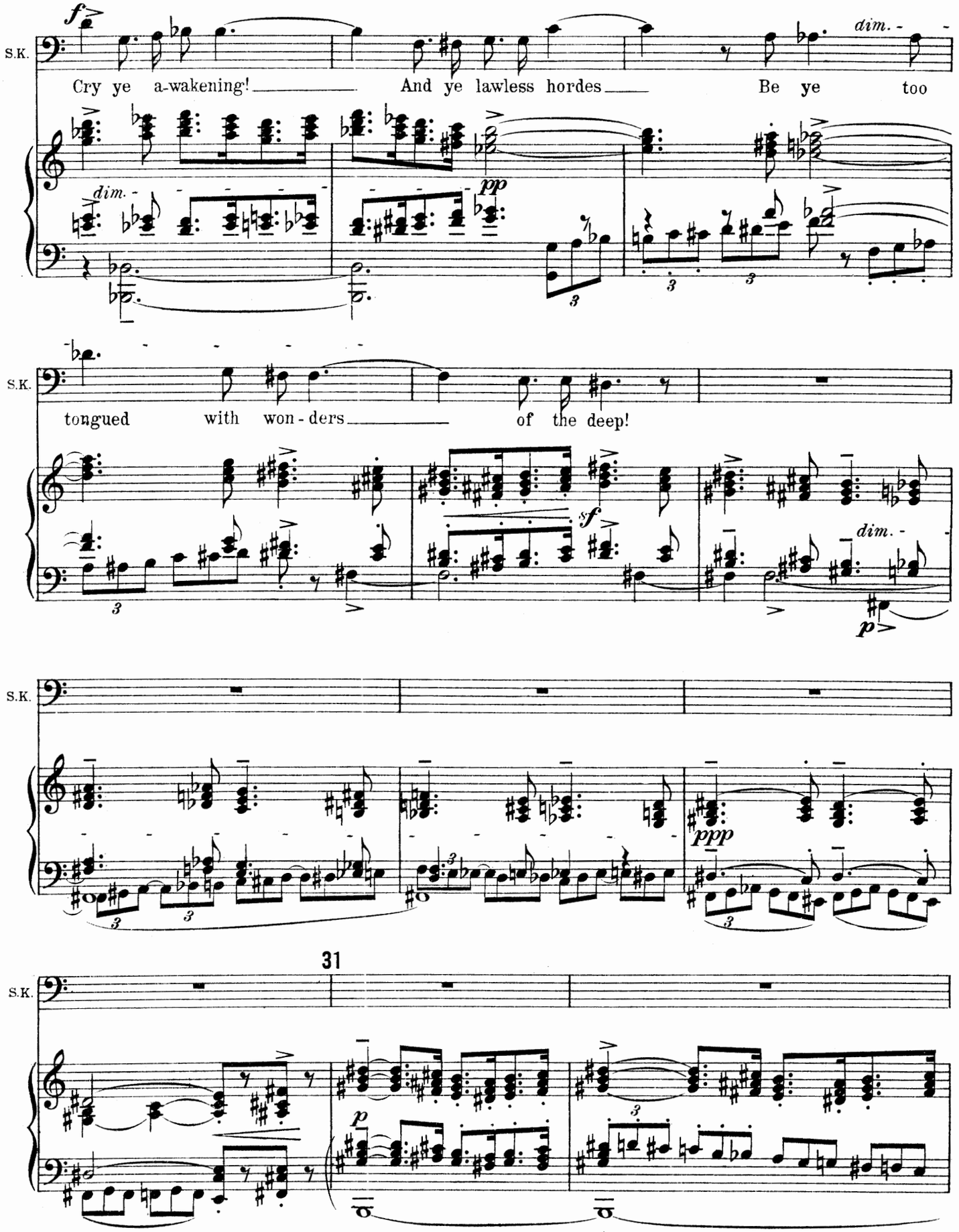
Tr.

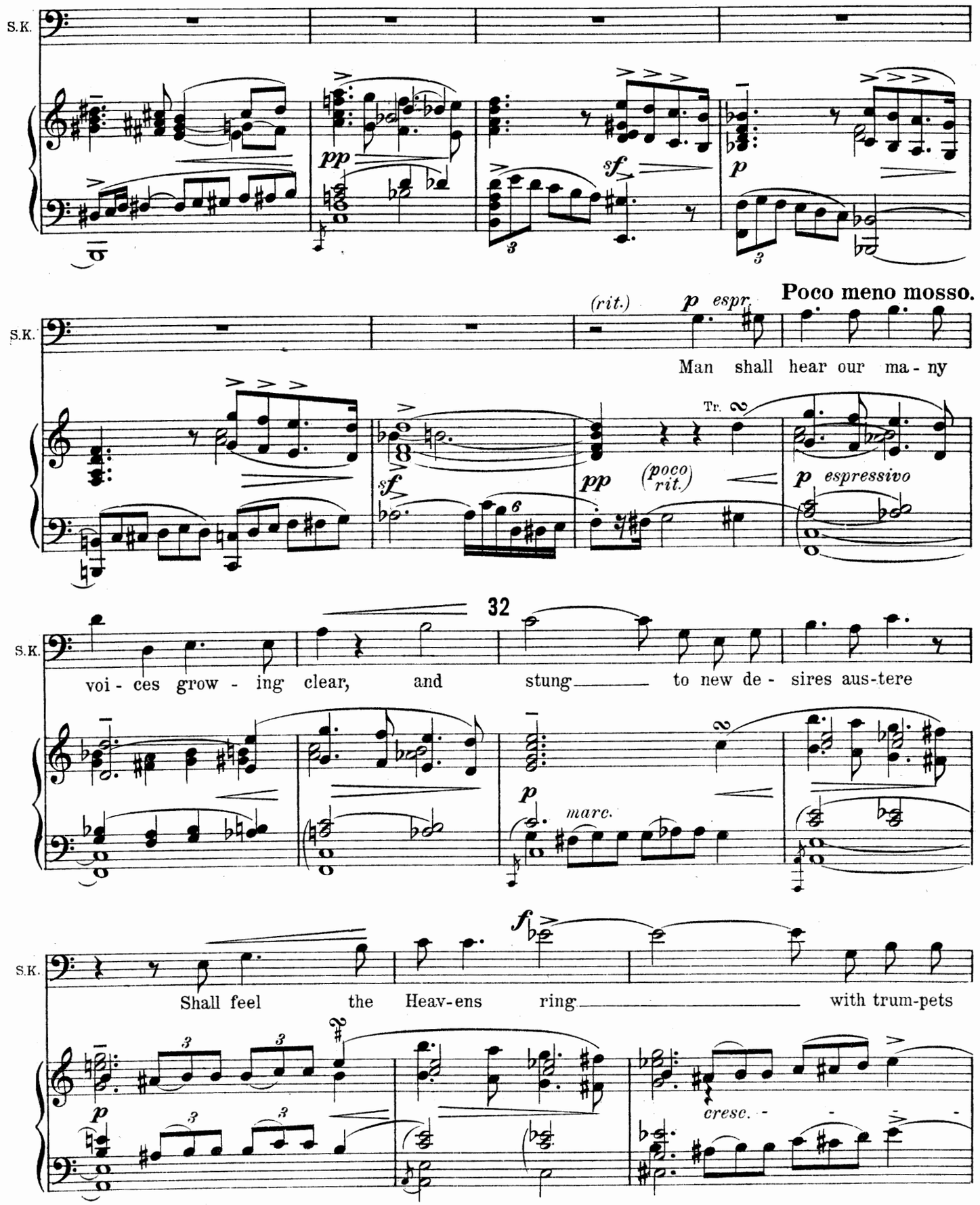
Poco piu allegro. 29

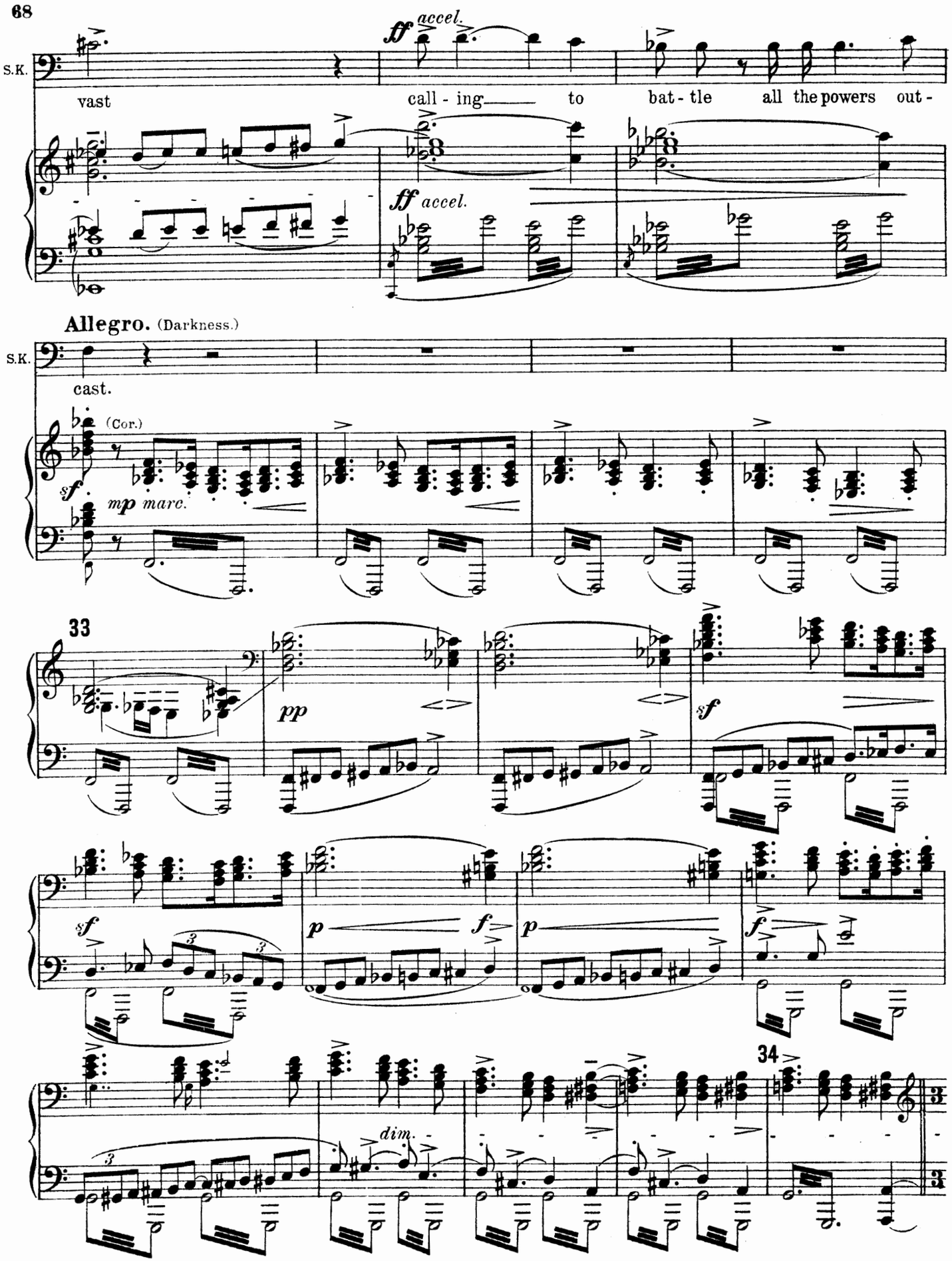
S.K. No - dens sends his

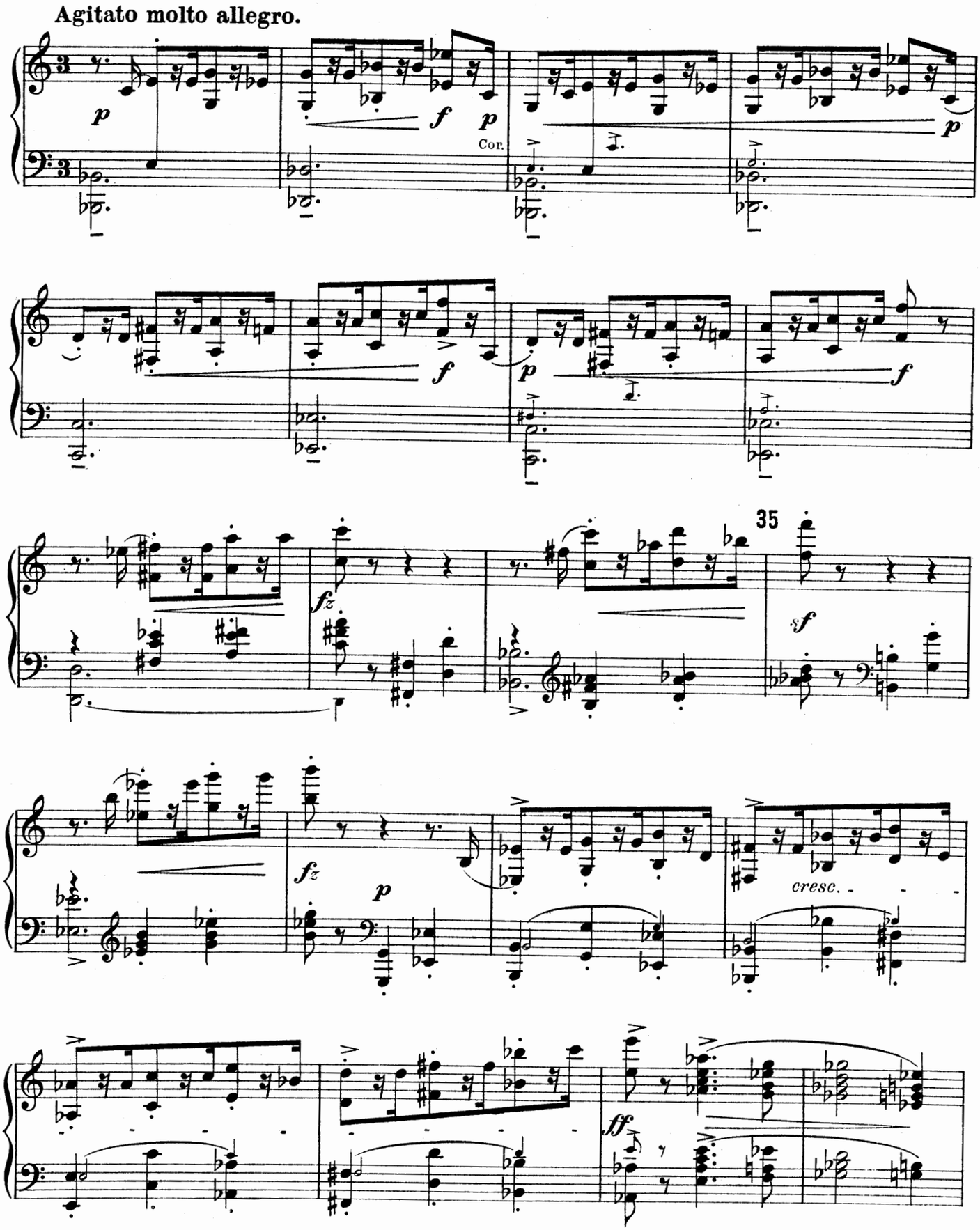
dim.

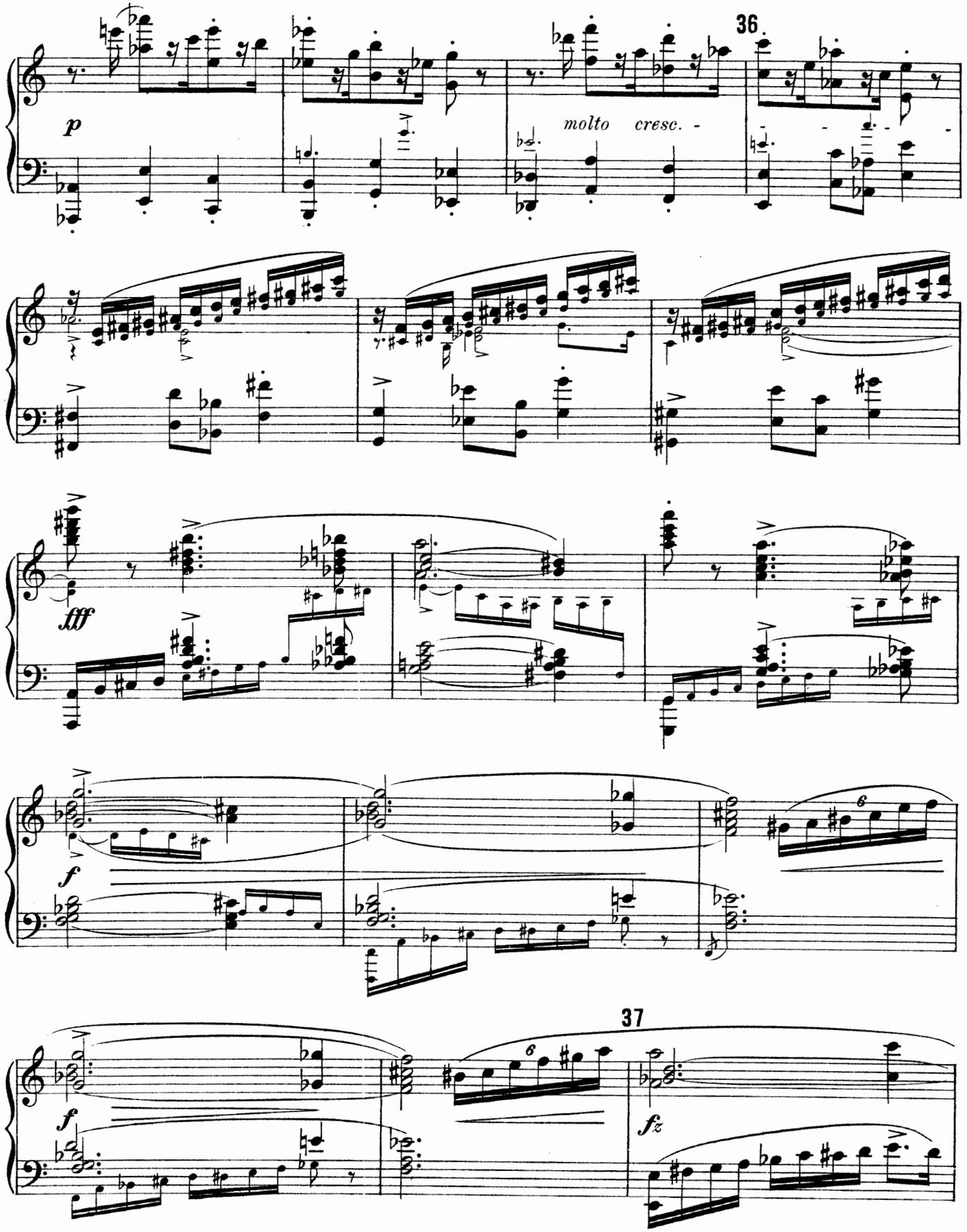

S.K.
call to flesh The war of the Gods be-gins a-fresh,
cresc
sf
p
S.K.
The war that we may not share. Ye powers of
f
sf
S.K.
mine Be ye not aim-less but new used and set in the
p
sf
30
S.K.
mad mission of our an-cient cause.
p
sf

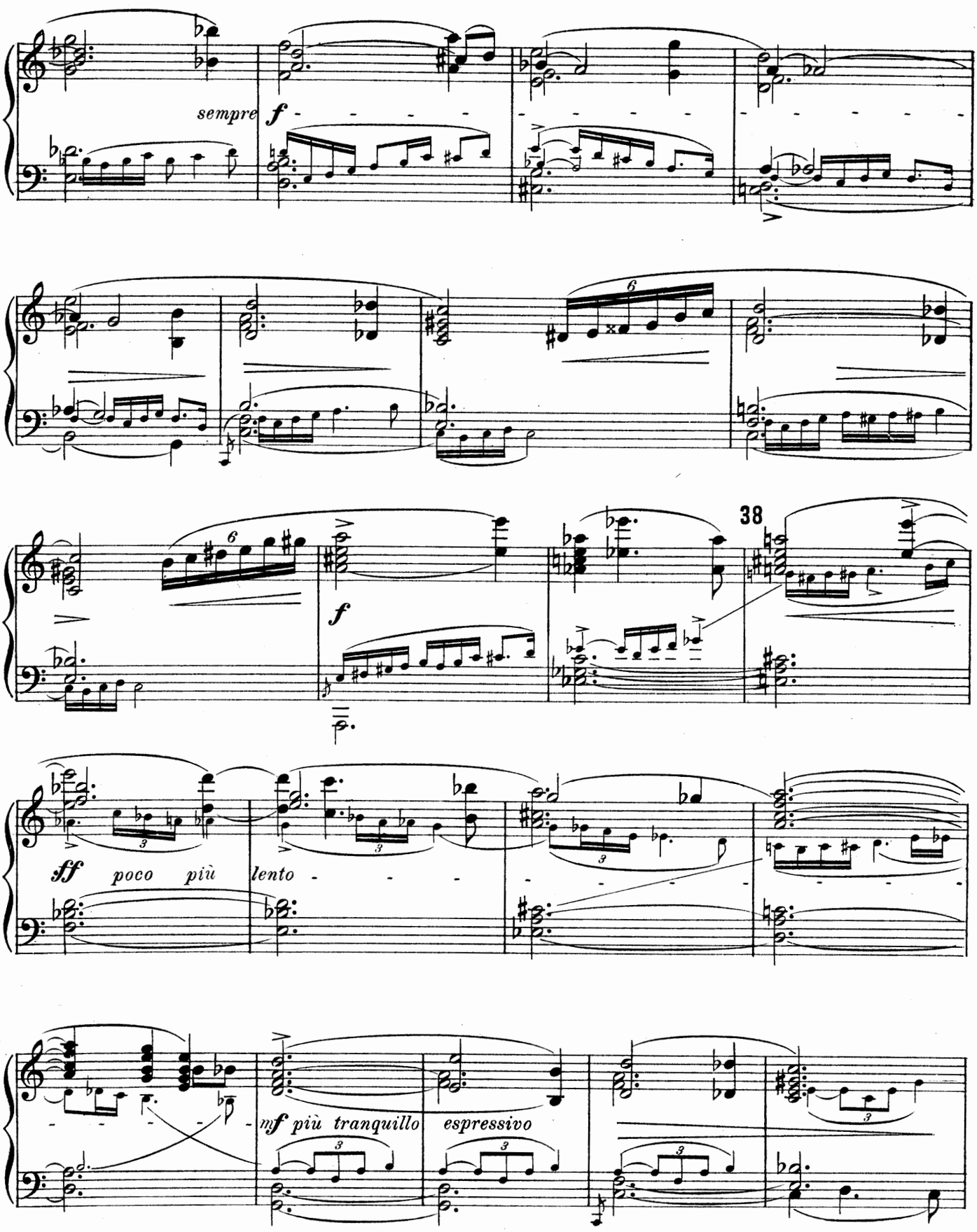

S.K.
f
dim.
Cry ye a-wakening! And ye lawless hordes Be ye too
pp
S.K.
tongued with won-ders of the deep!
sf
dim.
p
S.K.
ppp
31
S.K.
p

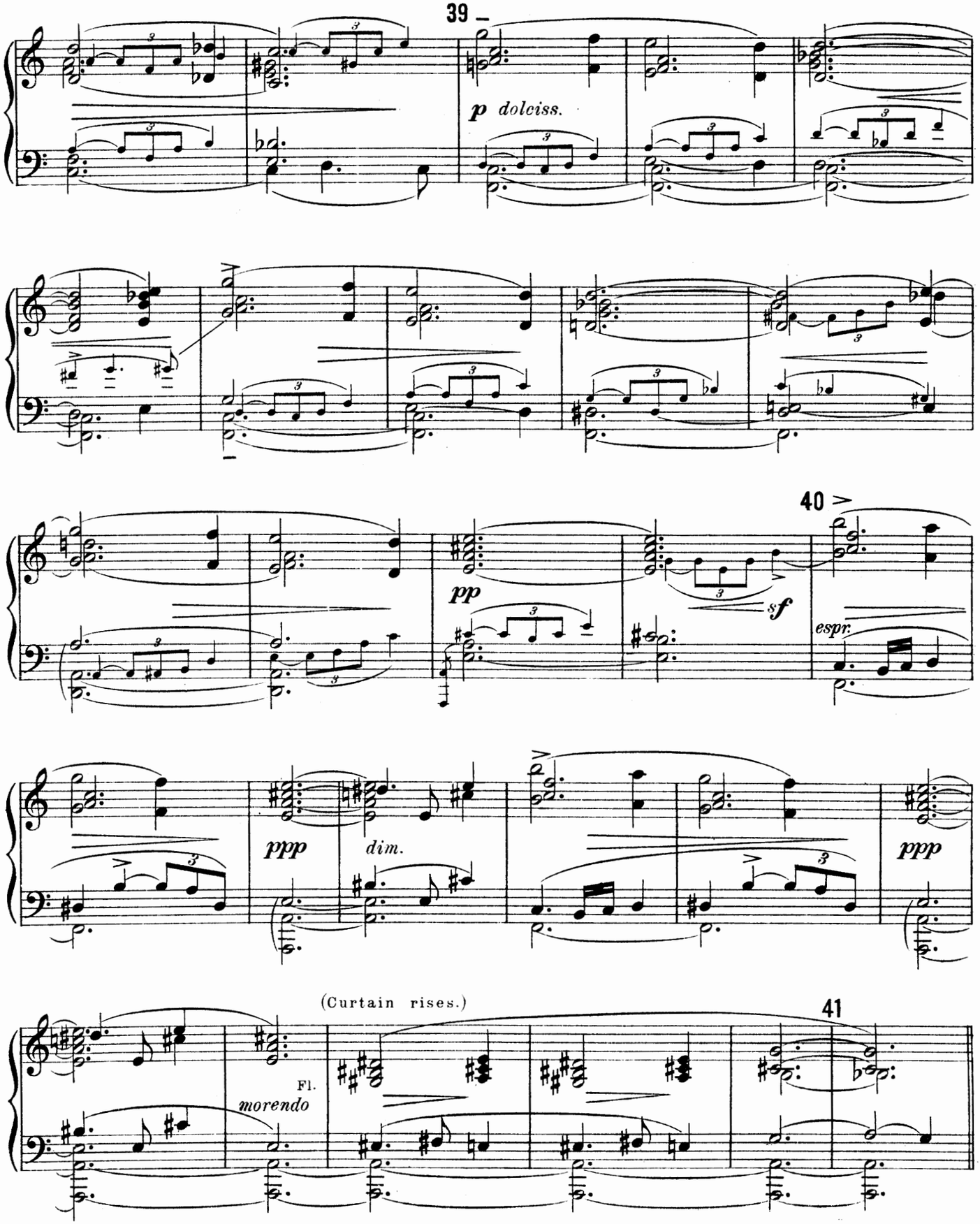

S.K.
pp
sf
p
(rit.)
p espr.
Poco meno mosso.
Man shall hear our ma - ny
Tr.
sf
pp
(poco rit.)
p espressivo
32
voi - ces grow - ing clear, and stung to new de - sires aus-tere
p
marc.
S.K.
f
Shall feel the Heav-ens ring with trum-pets
p
cresc.


S.K.
ff accel.
vast
call - ing
to
bat - tle
all the powers out -
ff accel.
Allegro. (Darkness.)
S.K.
cast.
(Cor.)
sf
mp marc.
33
pp
sf
sf
p
f
p
f
34
dim.


Agitato molto allegro.
Cor.
35
cresc.


36
p
molto cresc. -
fff
f
37
f
fz

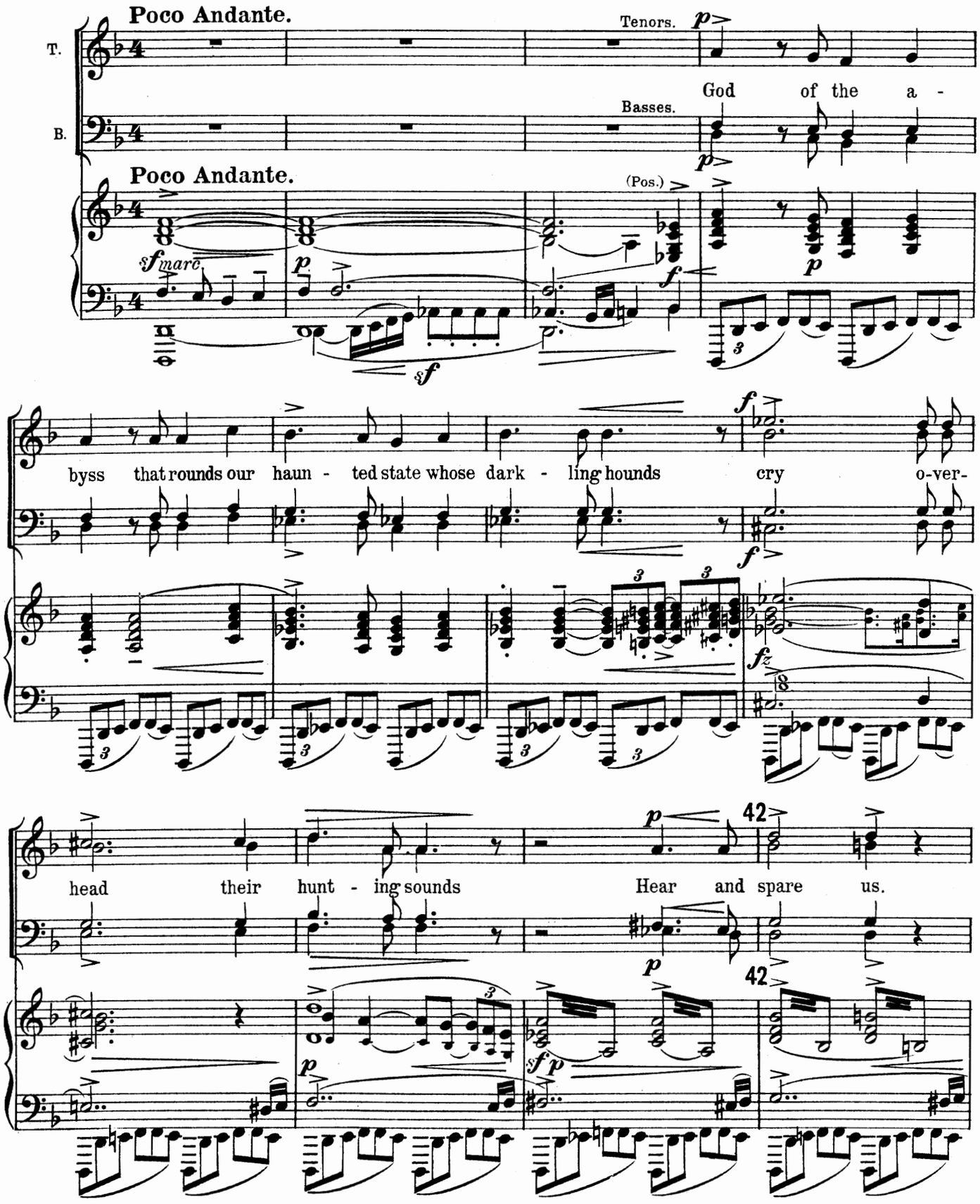

sempre
f
38
f
sff poco più lento
mf più tranquillo espressivo


39
p dolciss.
40
pp
sf
espr.
ppp
dim.
ppp
(Curtain rises.)
41
Fl.
morendo

Act I.

Chorus of Druids and Priestesses.

A forest in Arvon. A procession of Druids carrying the cauldron passes across the stage followed by Math and Gwion. They pass out L. by an avenue of monoliths. Gwydion enters and halts by the trunk of a great oak. C.



Voice of Gwion. (off)

p

O Gods who have de-

Str.

ff *pp sostenuto* *poco marc.*

Gwi.

liv - ered us the shrine of in - spi - ra - tion; the

pp

Gwi.

dread wine whose breath is mad - ness and whose

Gwi.

taste is doom.

pp

(Wd.)

43

Gwi. Set you no shafts of an - ger in our

Cl

pp sf

Gwi. gloom for we do bow us to your dread - ful might.

p dim.

pp

Cl.

Gwydion (angrily)

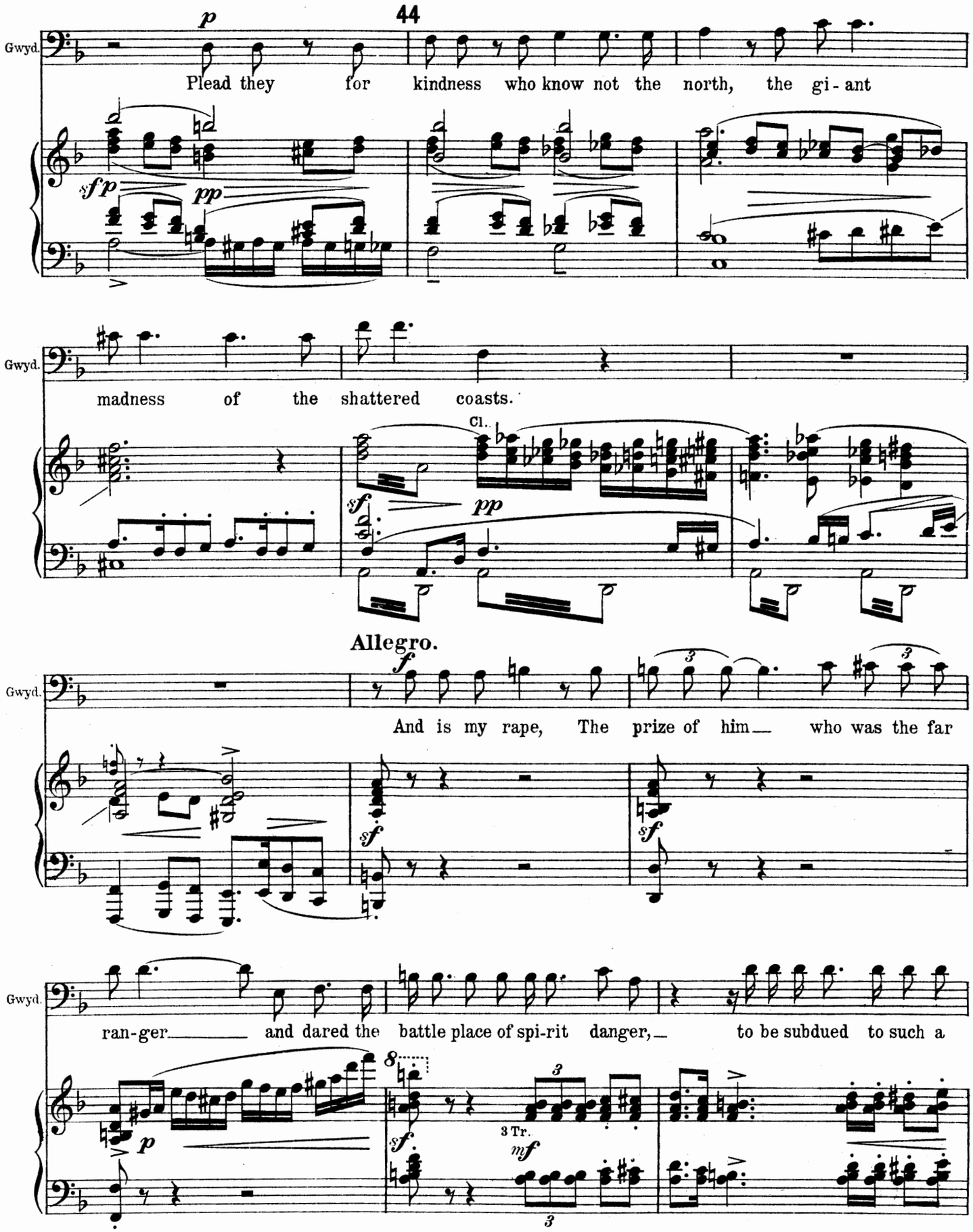
Poco animato.

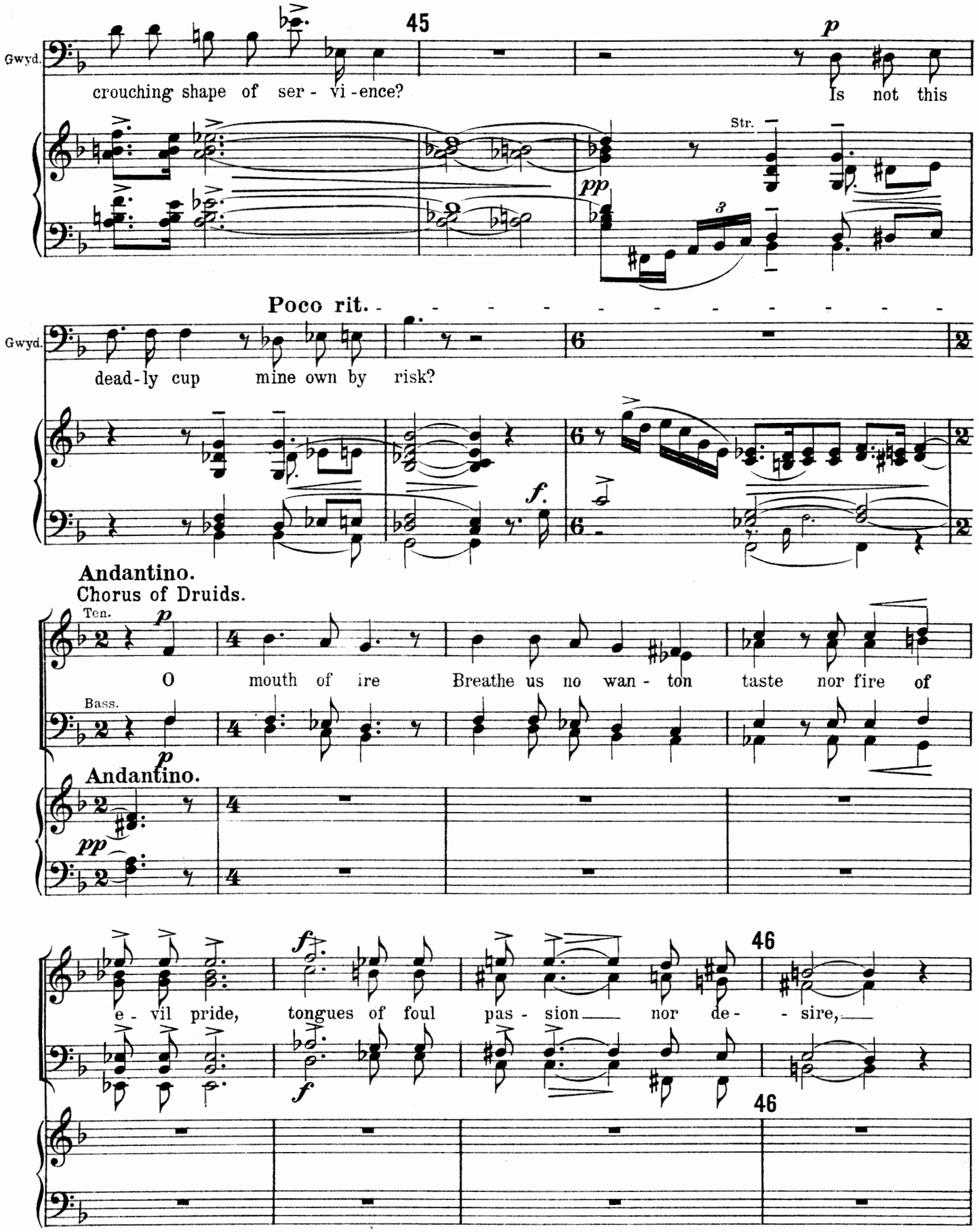
f Not so wrought I a -

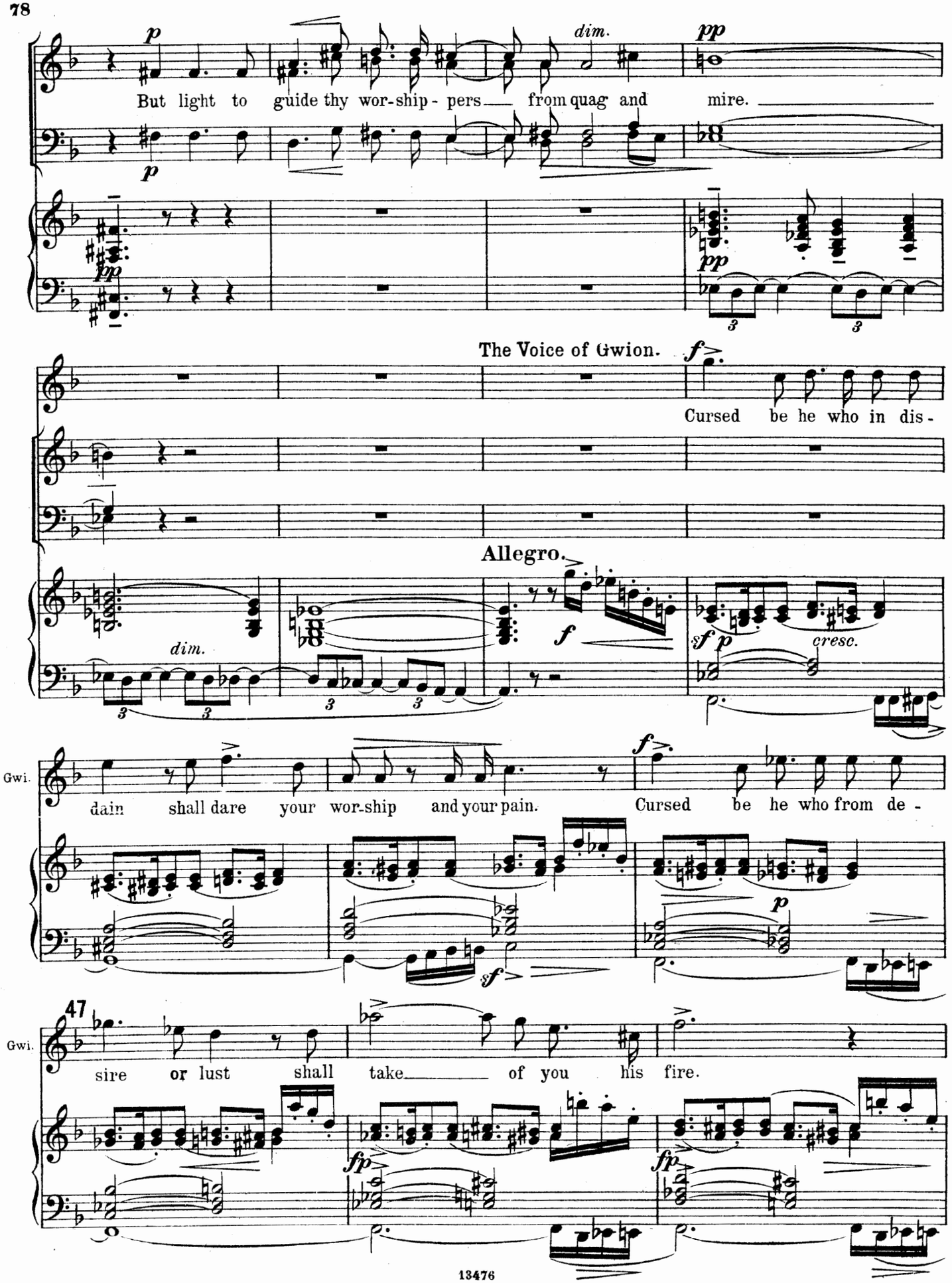
p

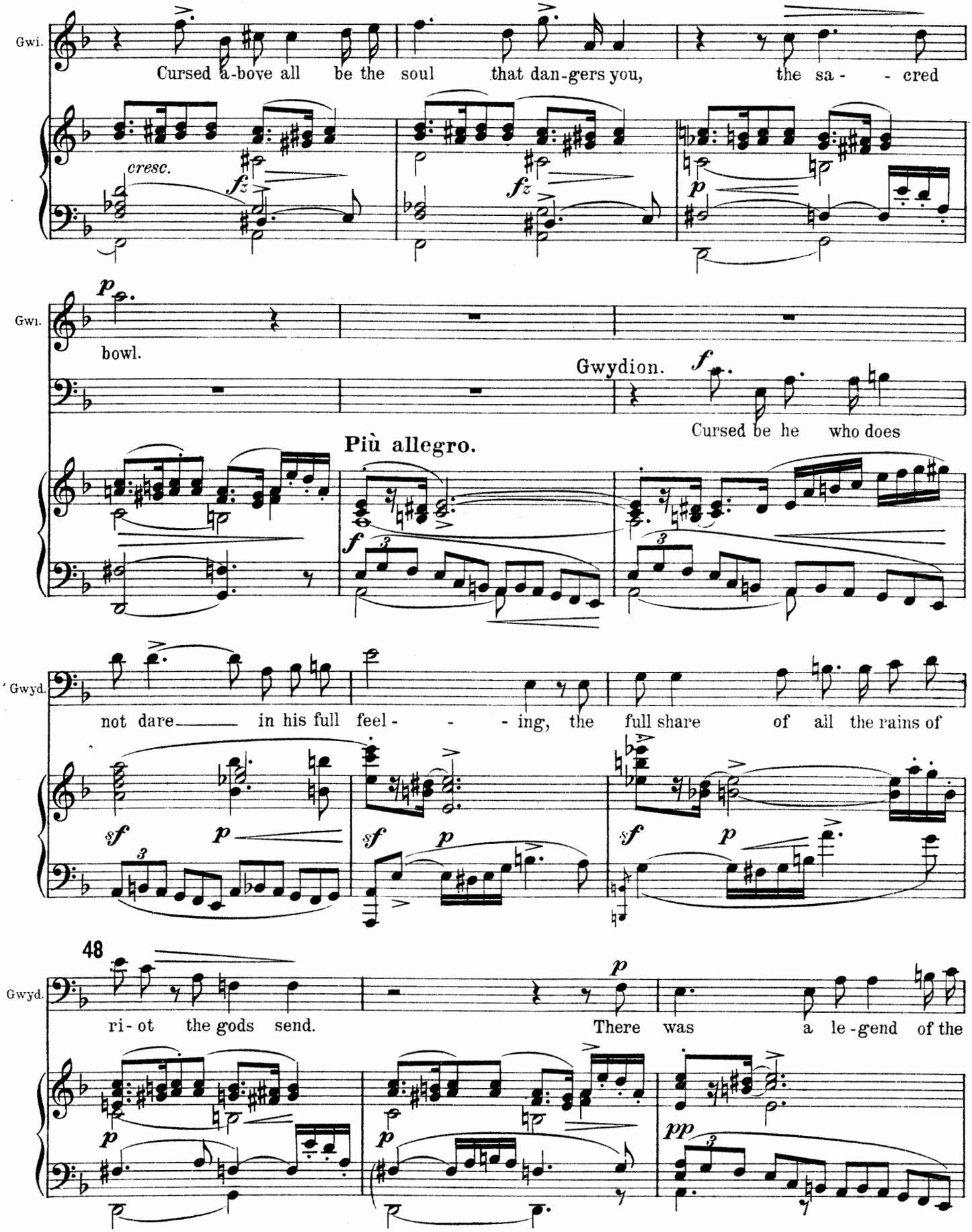
Gwyd. mongst the monstrous strands, the black fanged dark - ness of dead-ly lands,

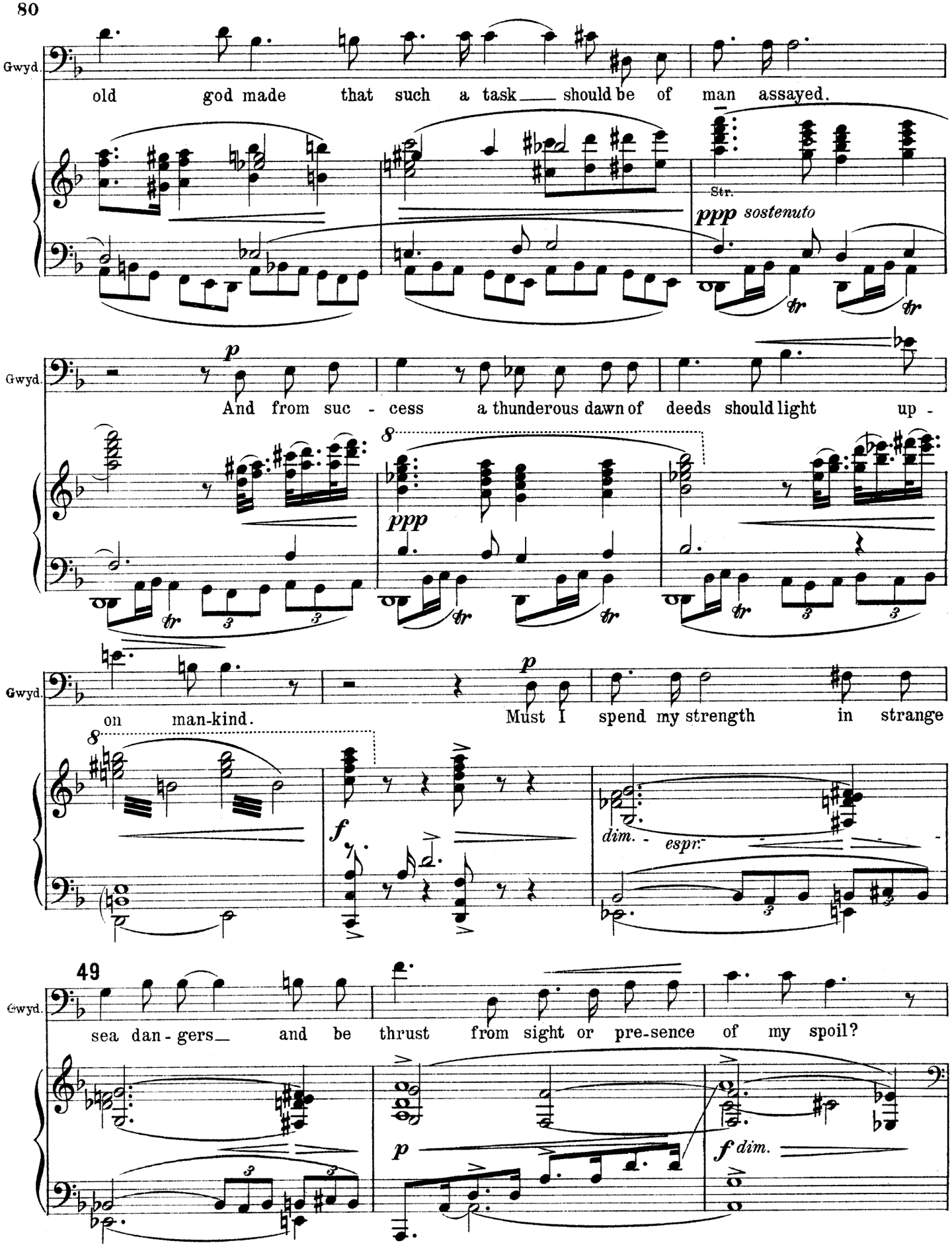
sf p

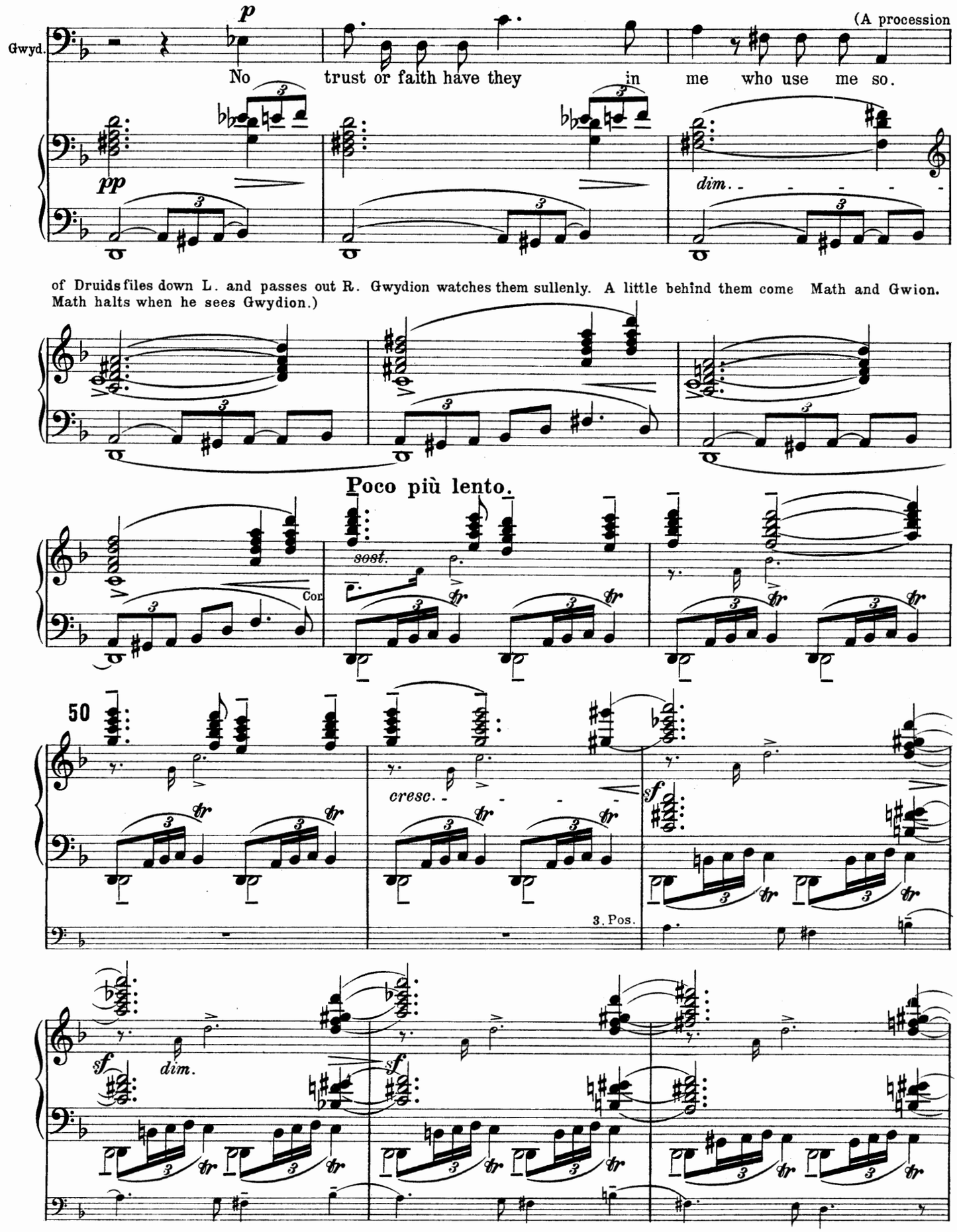

44
Gwyd.
Plead they for kindness who know not the north, the gi - ant
madness of the shattered coasts.
Cl.
Allegro.
And is my rape, The prize of him who was the far
ran-ger and dared the battle place of spi-rit danger, to be subdued to such a
3 Tr.

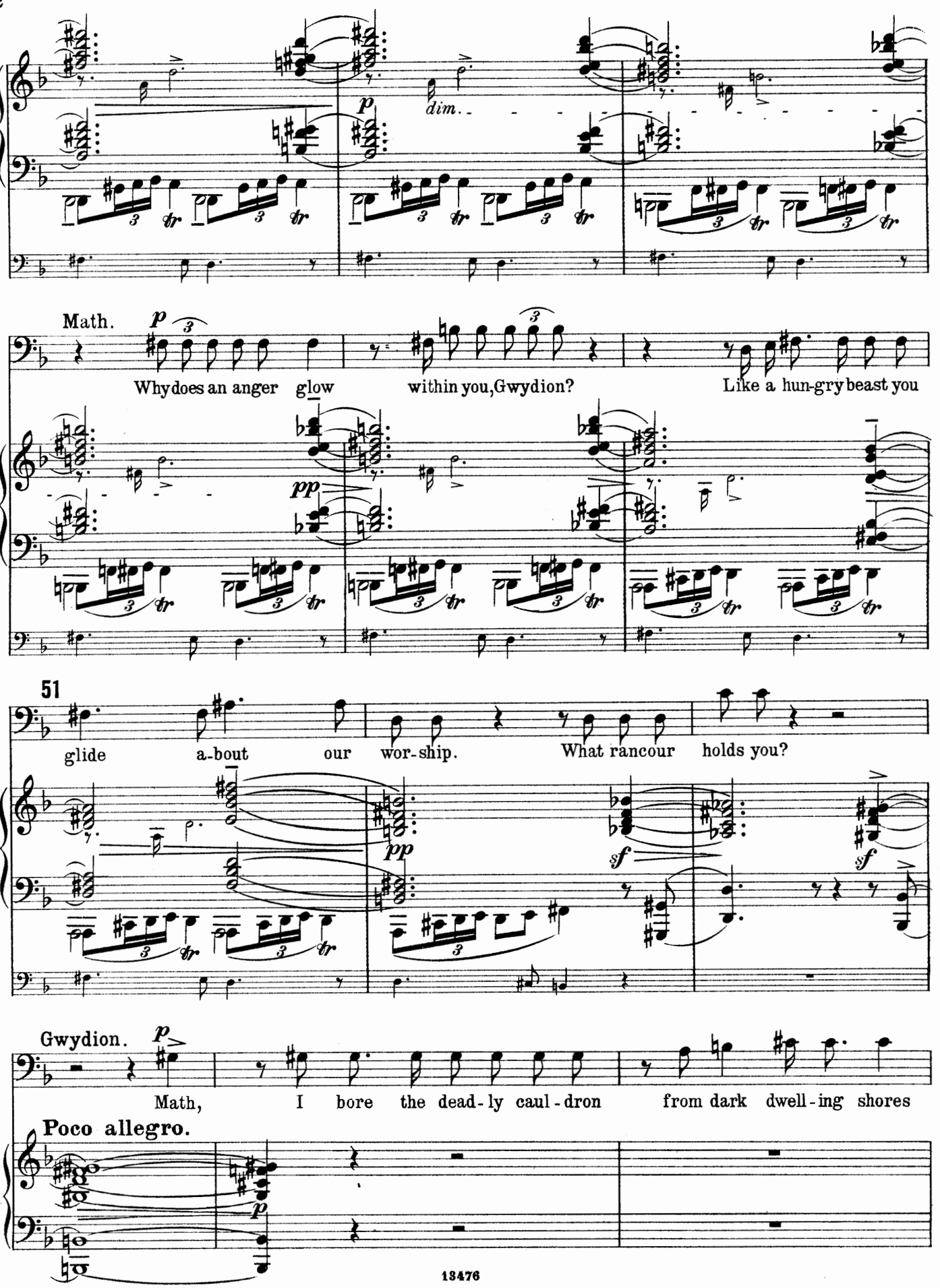

45
Gwyd.
crouching shape of ser - vi - ence?
Is not this
p
Str.
pp
Poco rit.
Gwyd.
dead - ly cup
mine own by risk?
f.
Andantino.
Chorus of Druids.
Ten.
p
O mouth of ire
Breathe us no wan - ton
taste nor fire of
Bass.
p
Andantino.
pp
46
e - vil pride,
tongues of foul
pas - sion
nor de - sire,
f
f
46


But light to guide thy wor-ship-pers from quag and mire.
The Voice of Gwion.
Cursed be he who in dis-
Allegro.
dain shall dare your wor-ship and your pain.
Cursed be he who from de-
sire or lust shall take of you his fire.
Gwi.
Gwi.
47


Gwi.
Cursed a-bove all be the soul that dan-gers you, the sa- - cred
cresc.
fz
fz
p
Gwi.
p
bowl.
Gwydion.
f
Cursed be he who does
Più allegro.
f
Gwyd.
not dare in his full feel- - - ing, the full share of all the rains of
sf
p
sf
p
sf
p
48
Gwyd.
ri- ot the gods send.
p
There was a le-gend of the
p
p
pp


Gwyd.
old god made that such a task should be of man assayed.
Str.
ppp sostenuto
Gwyd.
And from suc - cess a thunderous dawn of deeds should light up -
ppp
Gwyd.
on man-kind.
Must I spend my strength in strange
dim. - espr.
49
Gwyd.
sea dan - gers and be thrust from sight or pre-sence of my spoil?
p
f dim.


(A procession
Gwyd.
No trust or faith have they in me who use me so.
of Druids files down L. and passes out R. Gwydion watches them sullenly. A little behind them come Math and Gwion. Math halts when he sees Gwydion.)
Poco più lento.
sost.
Cor
50
cresc.
3. Pos.
dim.


Math.
Why does an anger glow within you, Gwydion?
Like a hun-gry beast you
51
M.
glide a-bout our wor-ship.
What rancour holds you?
Gwydion.
Math, I bore the dead-ly caul-dron from dark dwell-ing shores
Poco allegro.

Gwyd. at your bid-ding. Now a-part my spent self endures, with but its

sf p

52

Gwyd. scars that smart from savage memo-ries for compa-ny.

sf

Meno mosso.

Gwydion. f

Gwyd. Aye, and take their spoils.

Math. p

New deeds I shall set you.

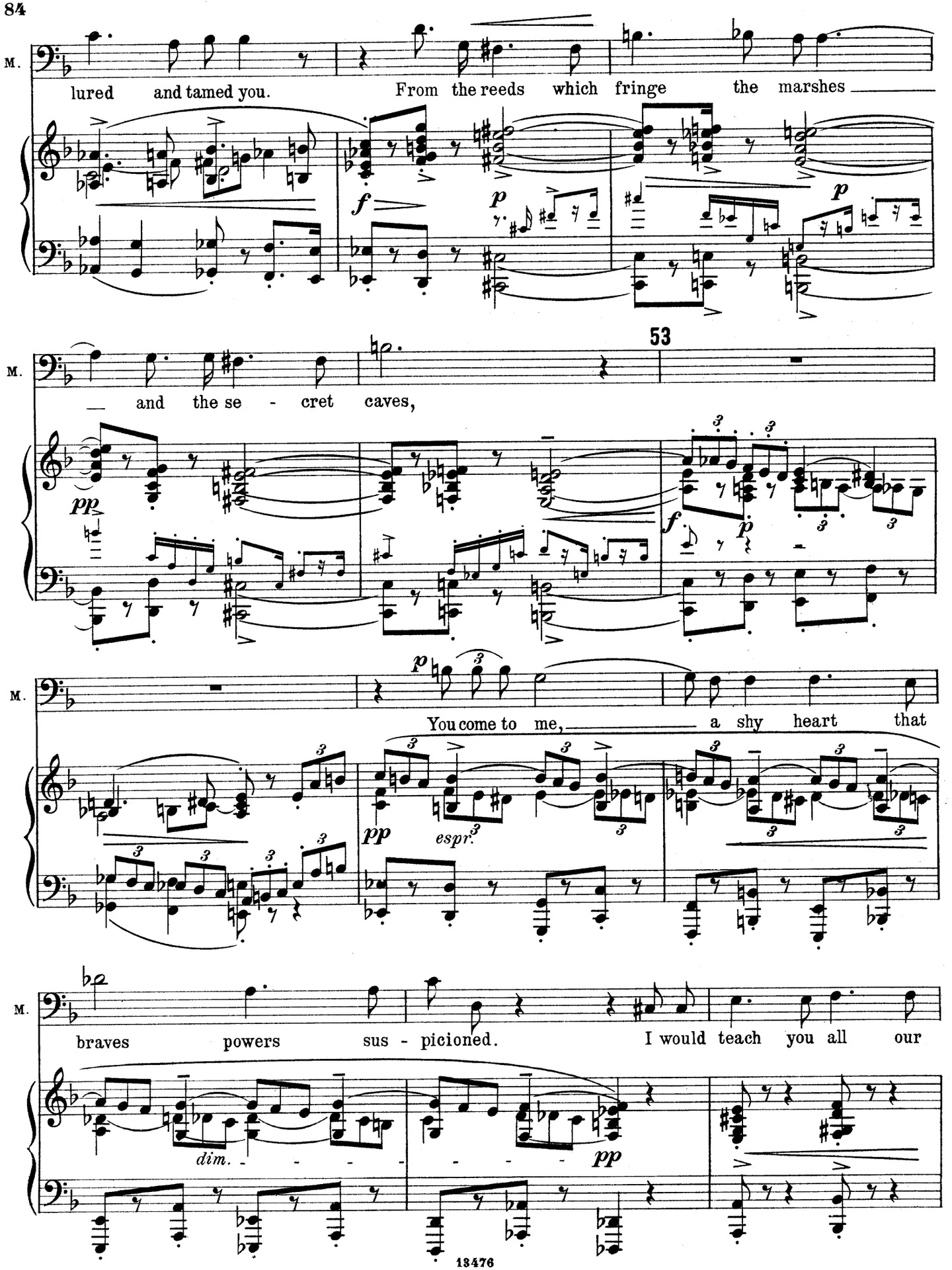
Meno mosso.

p sf (Wd.) f

Math. f

Be-think you, Gwydi-on that from sa-vage toils I

Allegro.


M.
lured and tamed you. From the reeds which fringe the marshes
f
p
p
53
M.
and the se - cret caves,
pp
f
p
M.
You come to me, a shy heart that
p
pp
espr.
M.
braves powers sus - picioned. I would teach you all our
dim.
pp

Gwydion. *f*

And add me to your slaves! For I have

M.

learning.

Gwyd.

wrought your quests and ma - ny a wrong a - gainst my kins - folk whose

fz *f*

54

Gwyd.

dim throng cry me a trai-tor.

Math. *f*

To your swartsire with

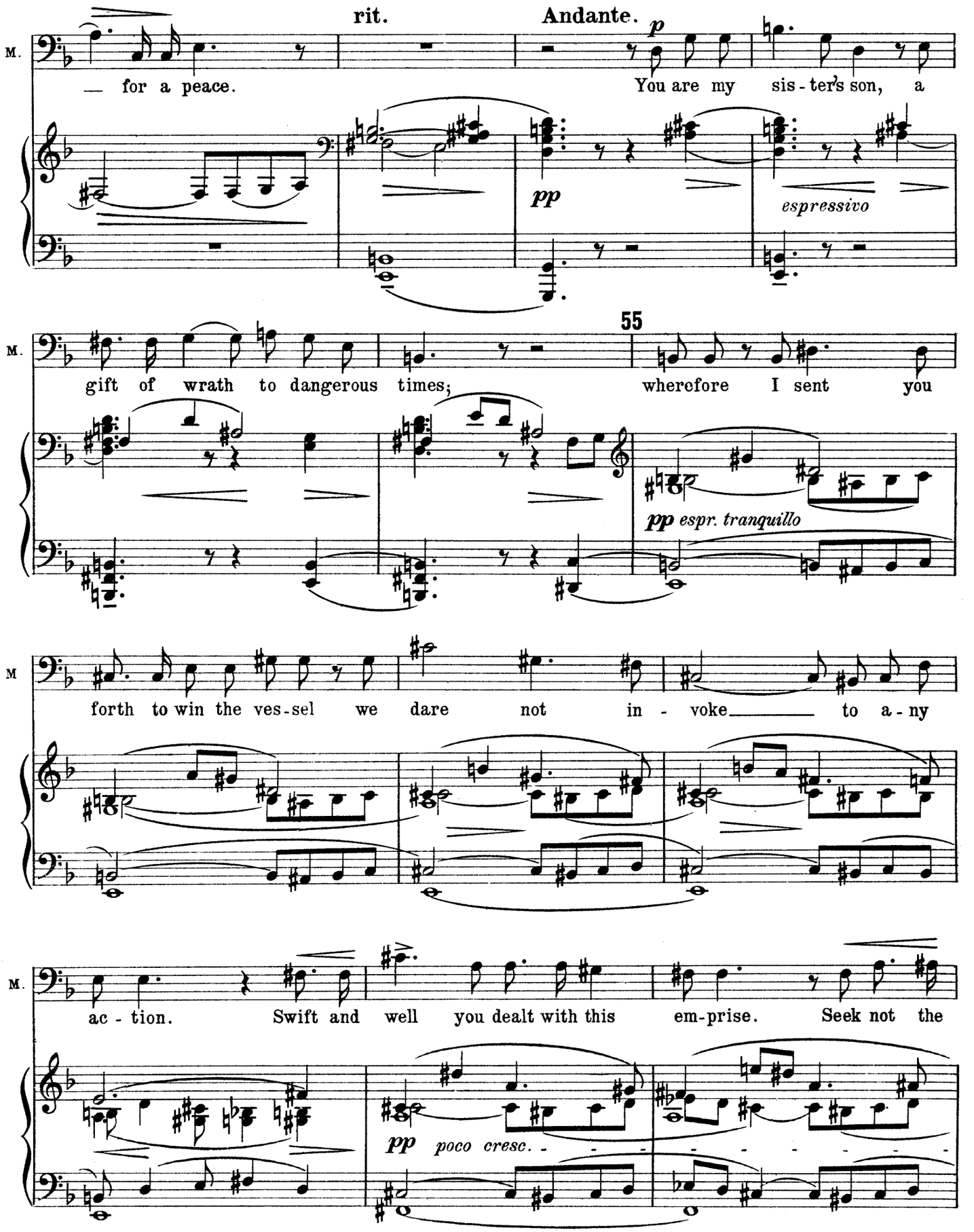
fz *f* *p*

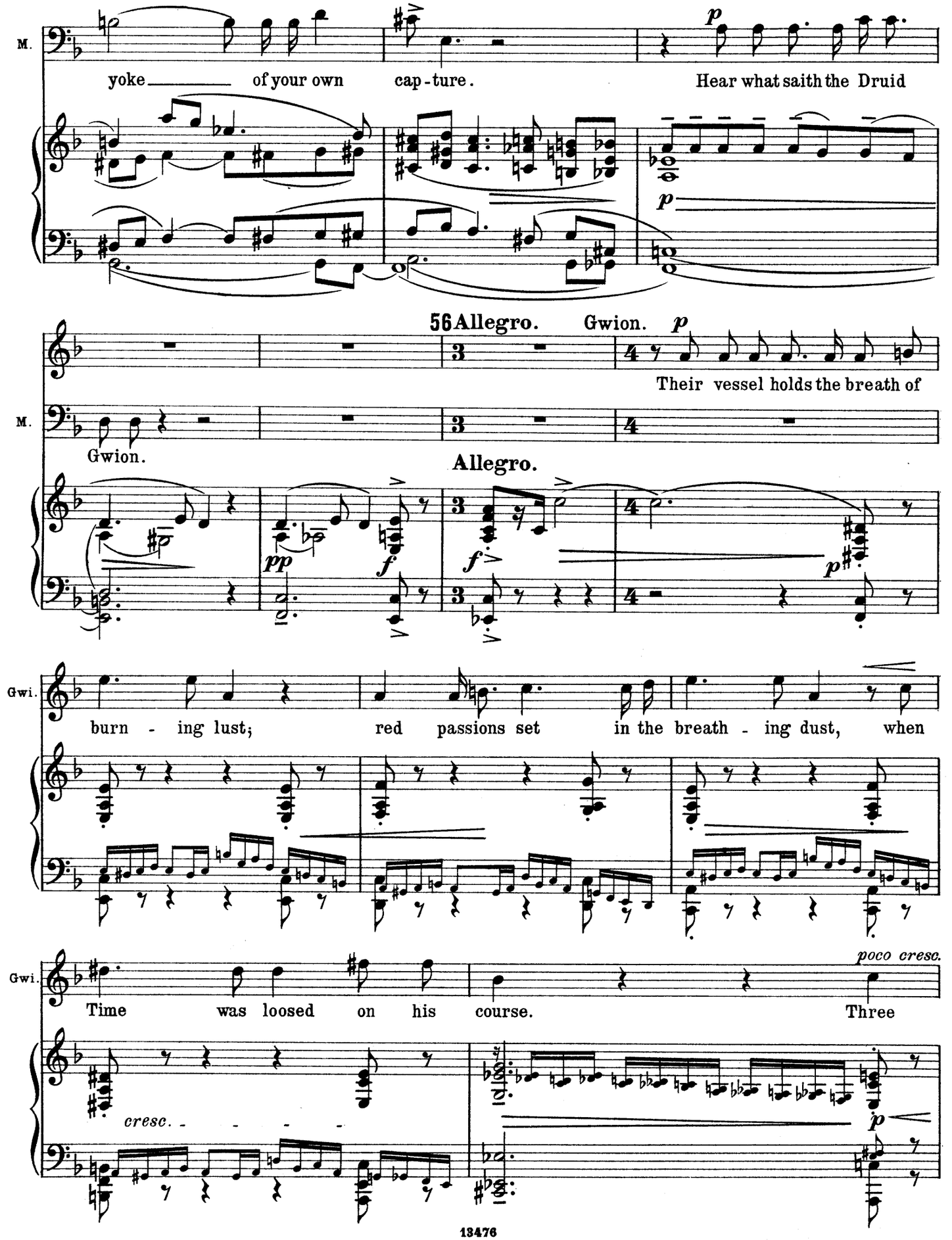
M.

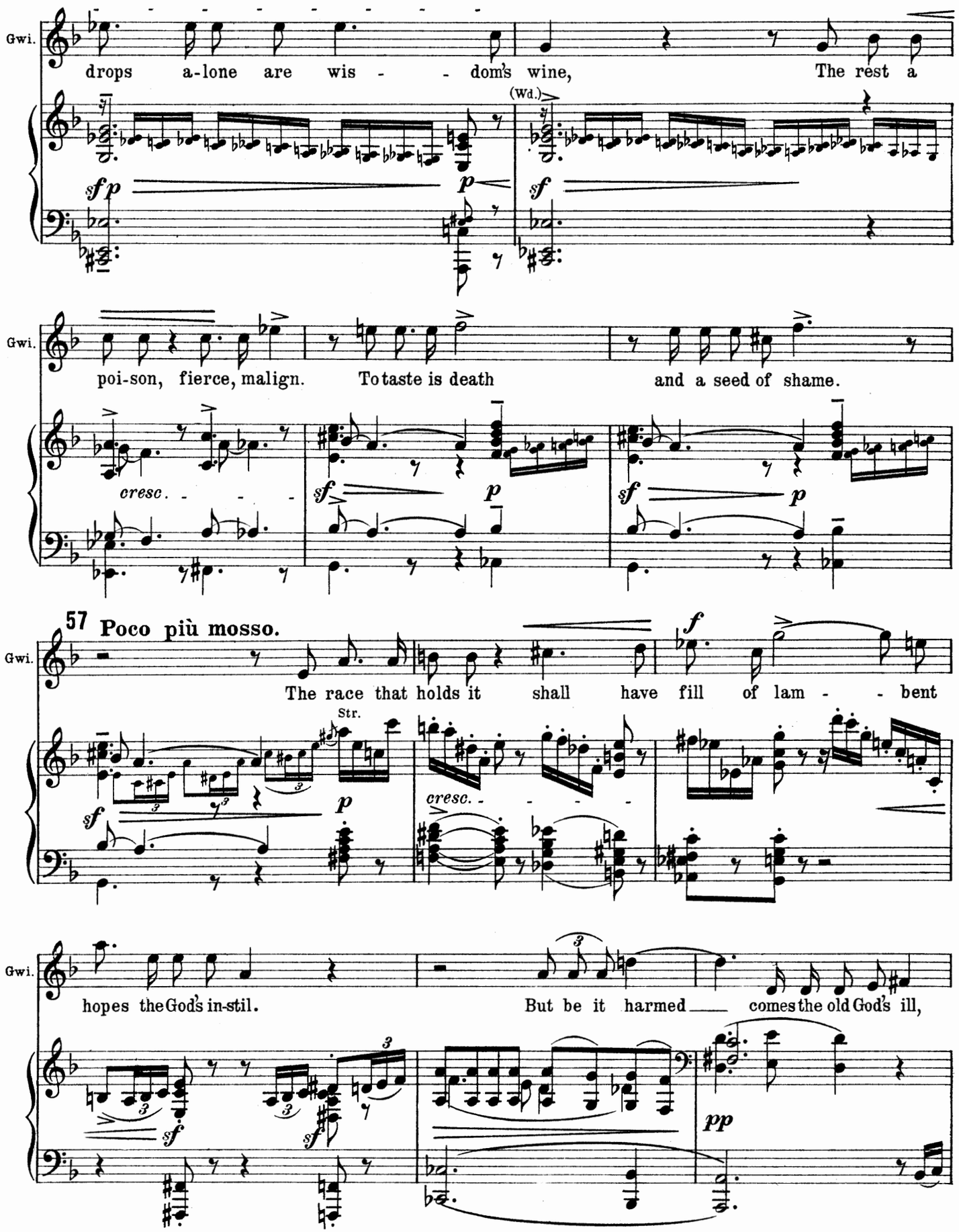
whom the Gael warred deep and long I gave my sis-ter

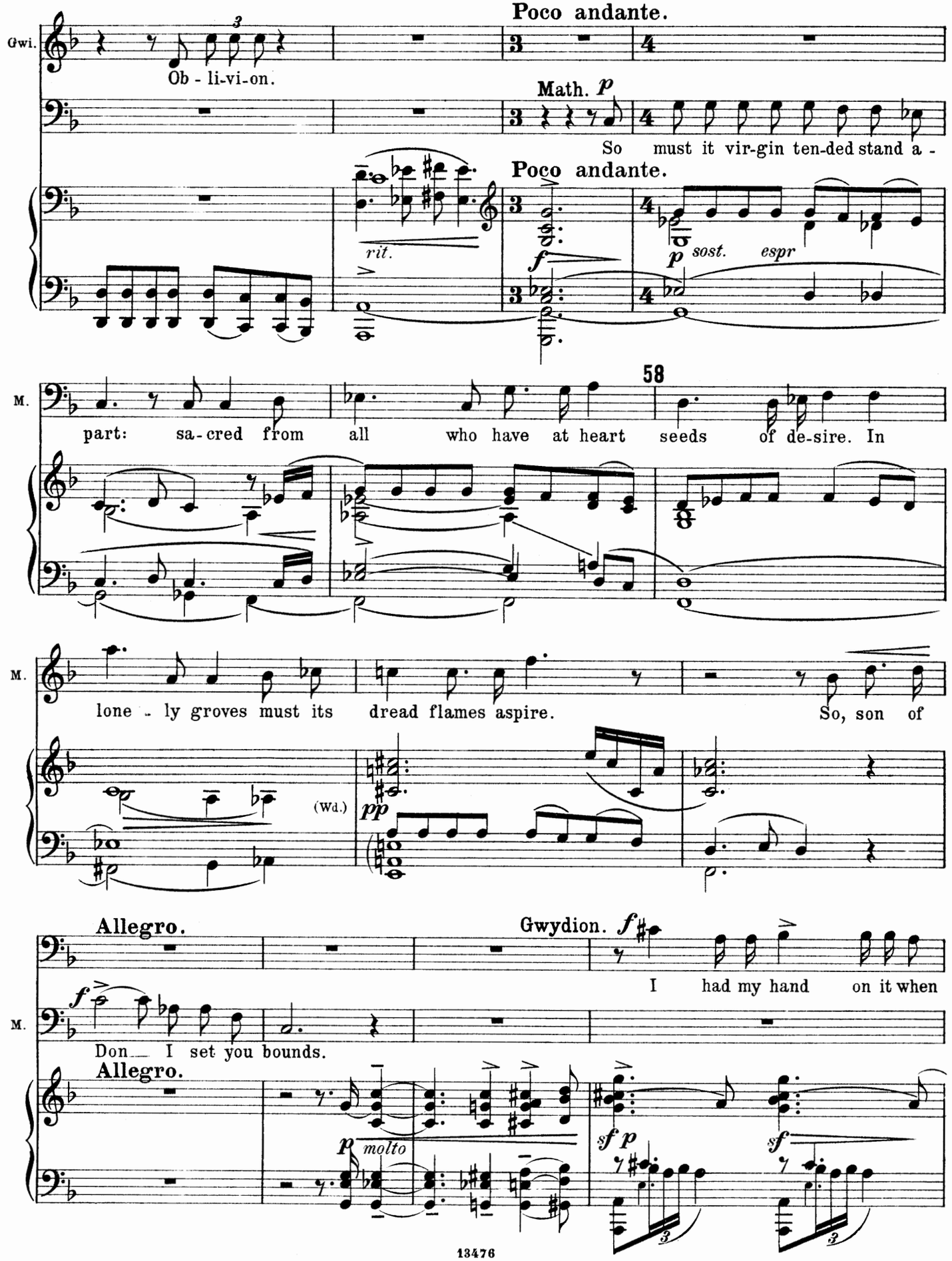
p

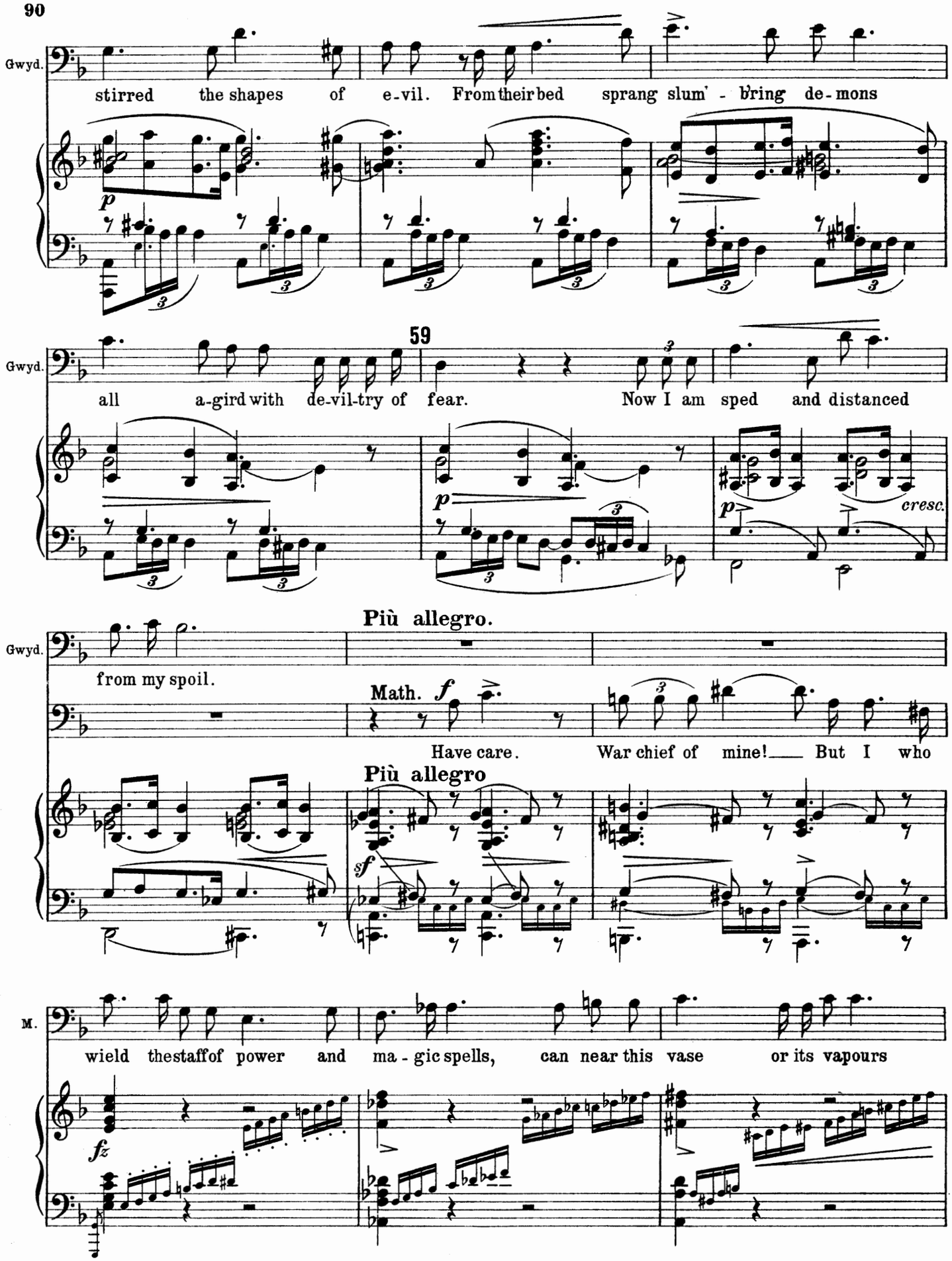
sf *f* *p*

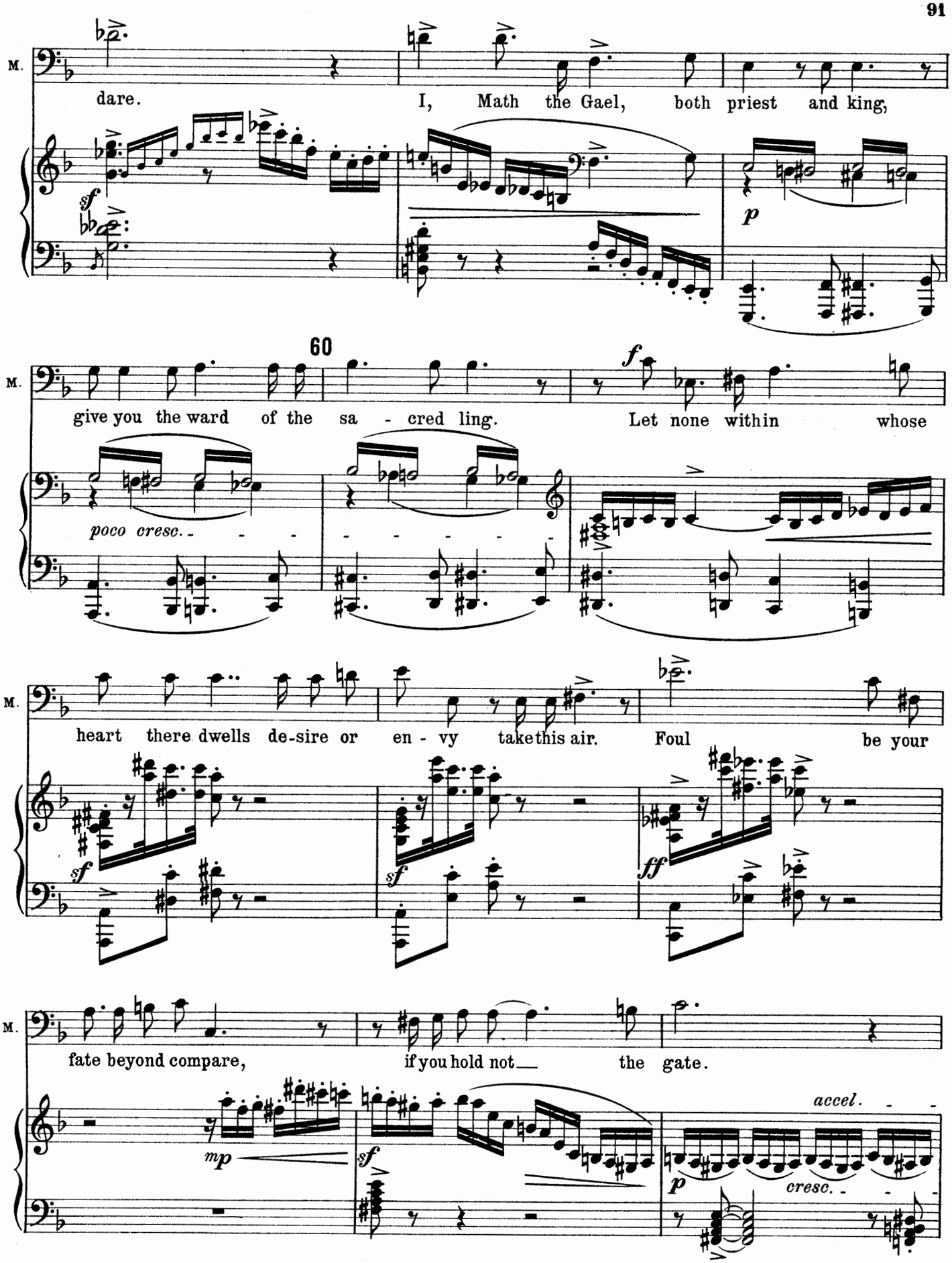

rit.
Andante.
p
M.
— for a peace.
You are my sis - ter's son, a
pp
espressivo
55
M.
gift of wrath to dangerous times;
wherefore I sent you
pp espr. tranquillo
M
forth to win the ves - sel we dare not in - voke to a - ny
M.
ac - tion. Swift and well you dealt with this em-prise. Seek not the
pp poco cresc.

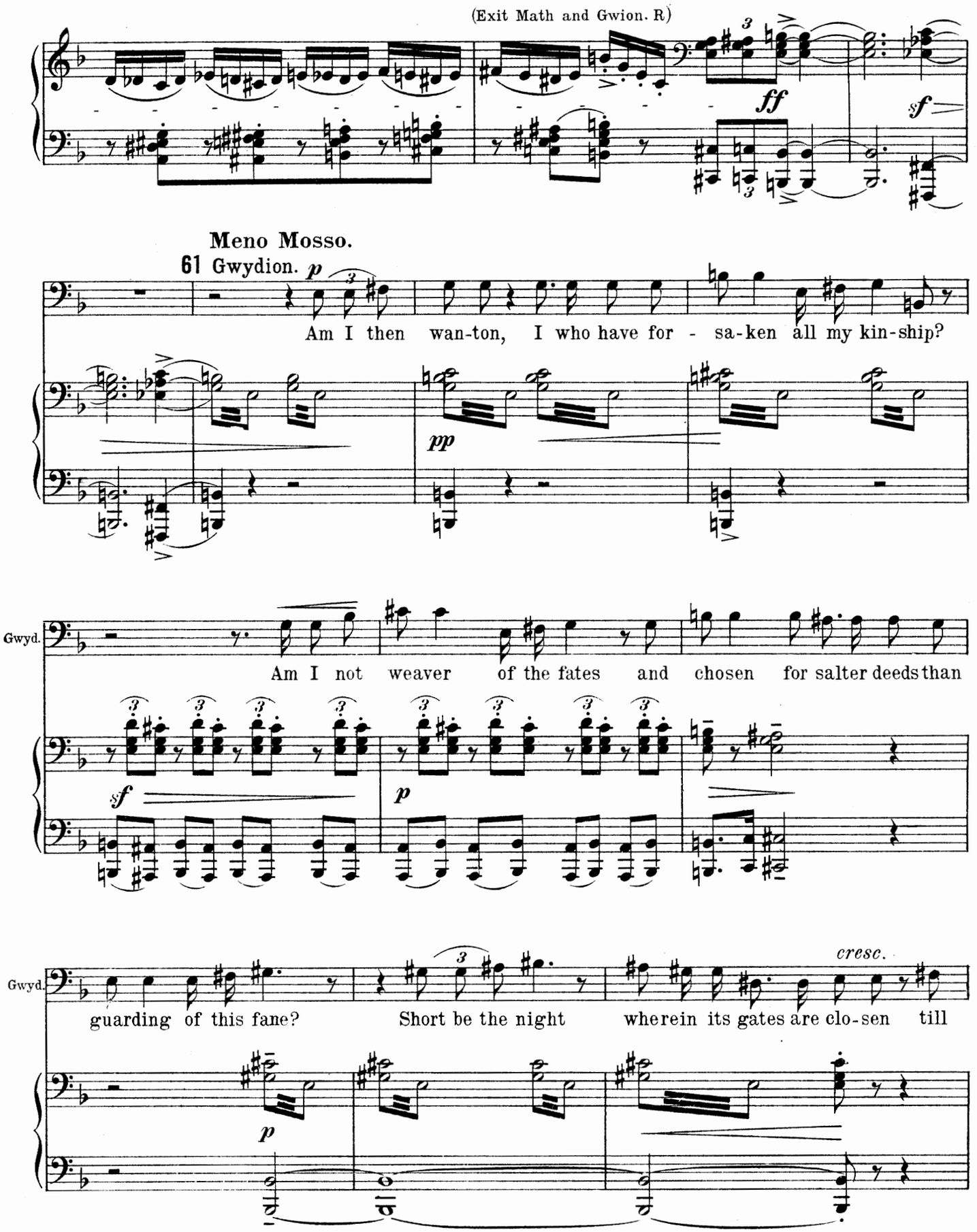

M.
yoke of your own cap-ture.
Hear what saith the Druid
56 Allegro.
Gwion.
Their vessel holds the breath of
Gwion.
Allegro.
Gwi.
burn - ing lust;
red passions set in the breath - ing dust, when
Gwi.
Time was loosed on his course.
Three
poco cresc.
cresc.


Gwi.
drops a-lone are wis - - dom's wine, The rest a
(Wd.)
sfp
p
sf
Gwi.
poi-son, fierce, malign. To taste is death and a seed of shame.
cresc. - - -
sf
p
sf
p
57 Poco più mosso.
Gwi.
The race that holds it shall have fill of lam - - bent
f
Str.
sf
p
cresc. - - - -
Gwi.
hopes the God's in-stil. But be it harmed comes the old God's ill,
sf
sf
pp


Poco andante.
Gwi.
Ob - li-vi-on.
Math. p
So must it vir-gin ten-ded stand a -
Poco andante.
rit.
f
p sost. espr
58
M.
part: sa-cred from all who have at heart seeds of de-sire. In
M.
lone - ly groves must its dread flames aspire. So, son of
(Wd.)
pp
Allegro.
Gwydion. f
I had my hand on it when
M.
Don I set you bounds.
Allegro.
p molto
sf p
sf


Gwyd.
stirred the shapes of e-vil. From their bed sprang slum' - bring de-mons
p
59
Gwyd.
all a-gird with de-vil-try of fear. Now I am sped and distanced
p
p
cresc.
Più allegro.
Gwyd.
from my spoil.
Math. f
Have care. War chief of mine! But I who
Più allegro
sf
M.
wield the staff of power and ma - gic spells, can near this vase or its vapours
fz


M.
dare.
I, Math the Gael, both priest and king,
sf
p
60
M.
give you the ward of the sa - cred ling.
Let none within whose
poco cresc.
f
M.
heart there dwells de-sire or en - vy take this air.
Foul be your
sf
sf
ff
M.
fate beyond compare,
if you hold not the gate.
mp
sf
p
accel.
cresc.


(Exit Math and Gwion. R)
ff
sf
Meno Mosso.
61 Gwydion. p
Am I then wan-ton, I who have for - sa-ken all my kin-ship?
pp
Gwyd.
Am I not weaver of the fates and chosen for salter deeds than
sf
p
Gwyd.
cresc.
guarding of this fane? Short be the night wherein its gates are clo-sen till
p

Gwyd.

f

(Exit Gwydion slowly. L.C.)

some red mor - row sets me free ___ a-gain.

sf *sfp* *sf*

62

rit.

sf

Moderato, maestoso. (Enter Govannion R. He comes across slowly to C.)

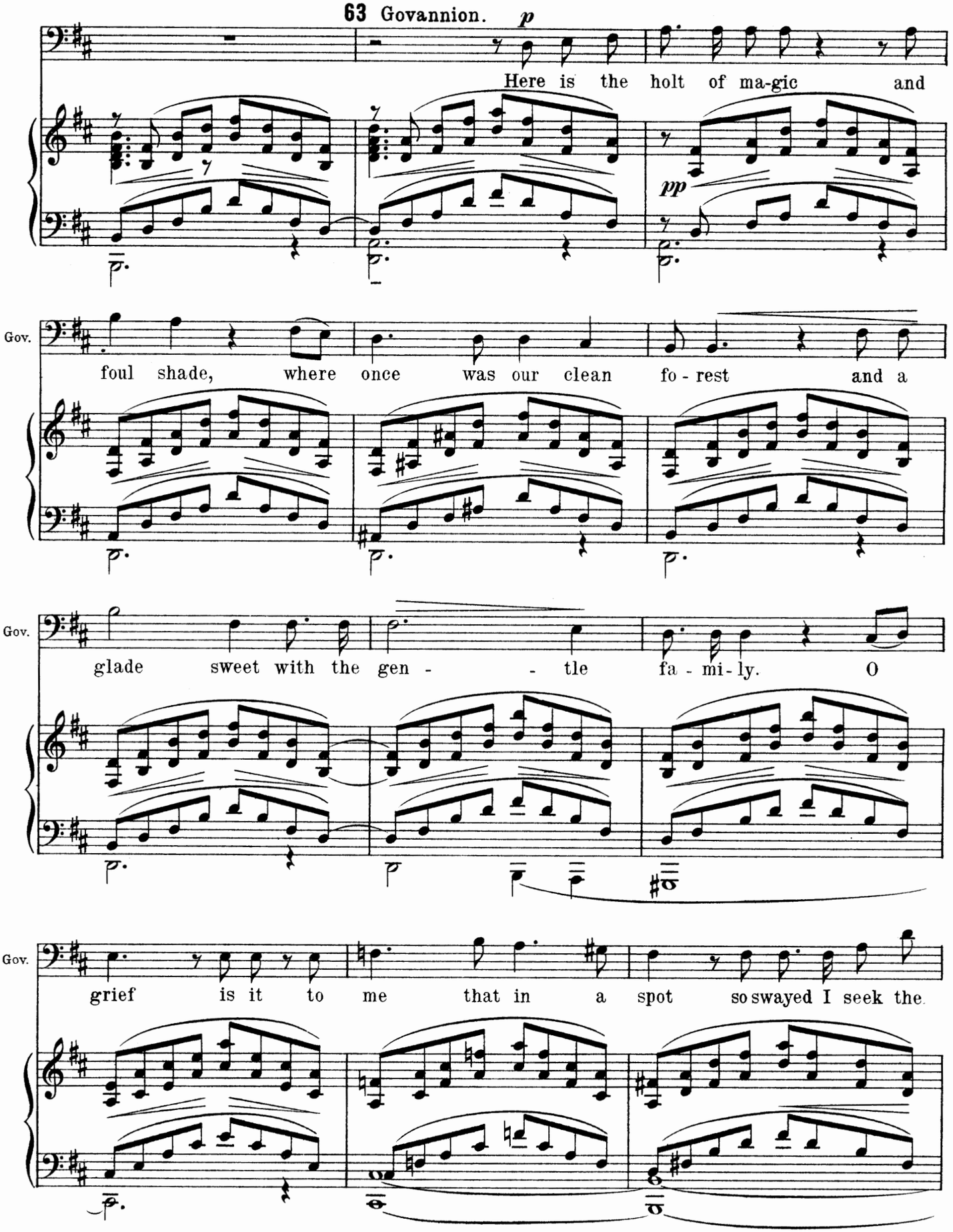
ff pesante

sf

sf

Pos.

p


63 Govannion. p
Here is the holt of ma-gic and
pp
Gov.
foul shade, where once was our clean fo - rest and a
Gov.
glade sweet with the gen - - tle fa - mi - ly. O
Gov.
grief is it to me that in a spot so swayed I seek the.

64

Gov. sa - cred thing; Hot burns in me that an-cient

f *mf*

Gov. hate that wakes to love ___ and can-not translate itself but by

p *più* *p* - - - - -

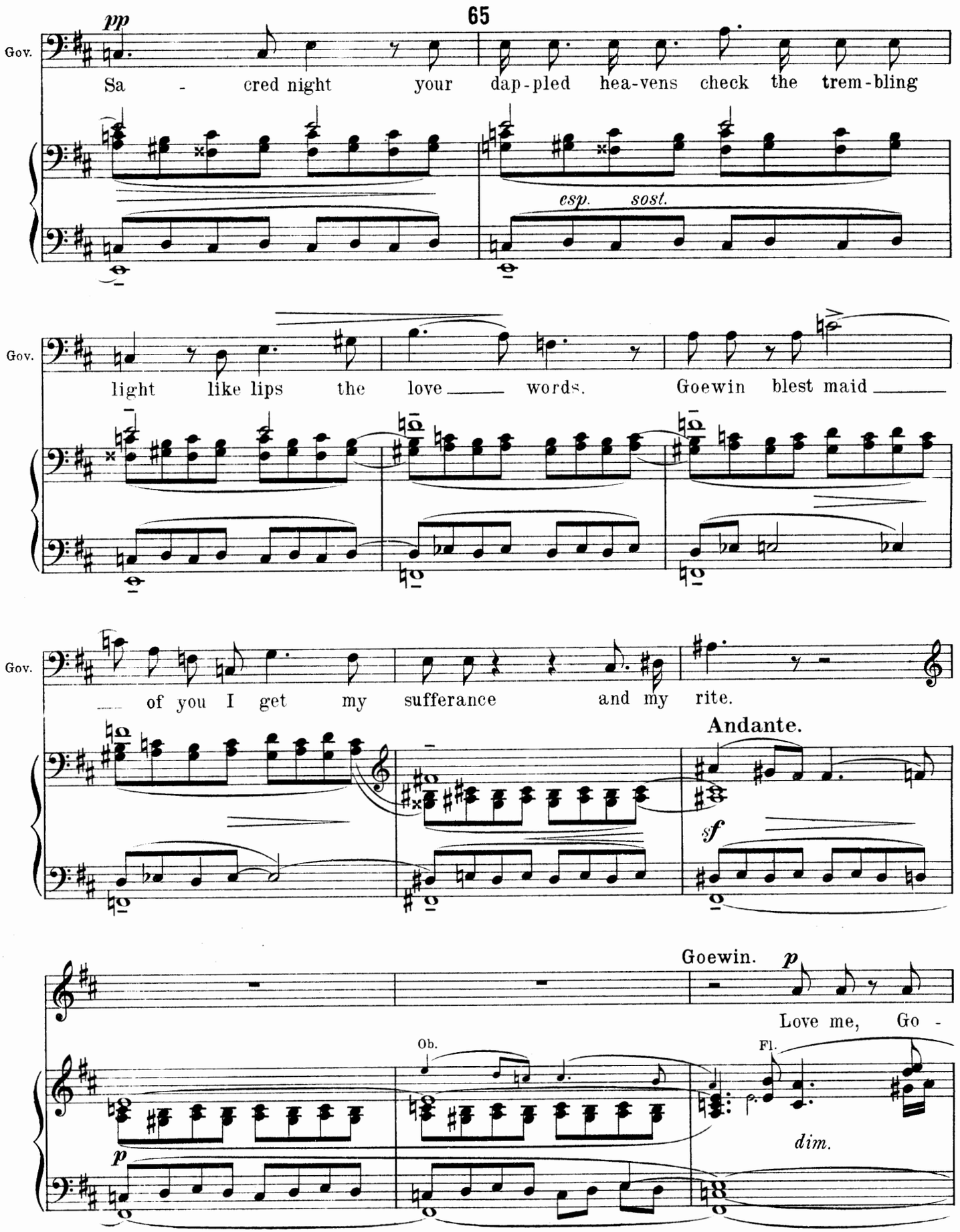
Gov. an - ger. Ma-ny graves cry out against me but my

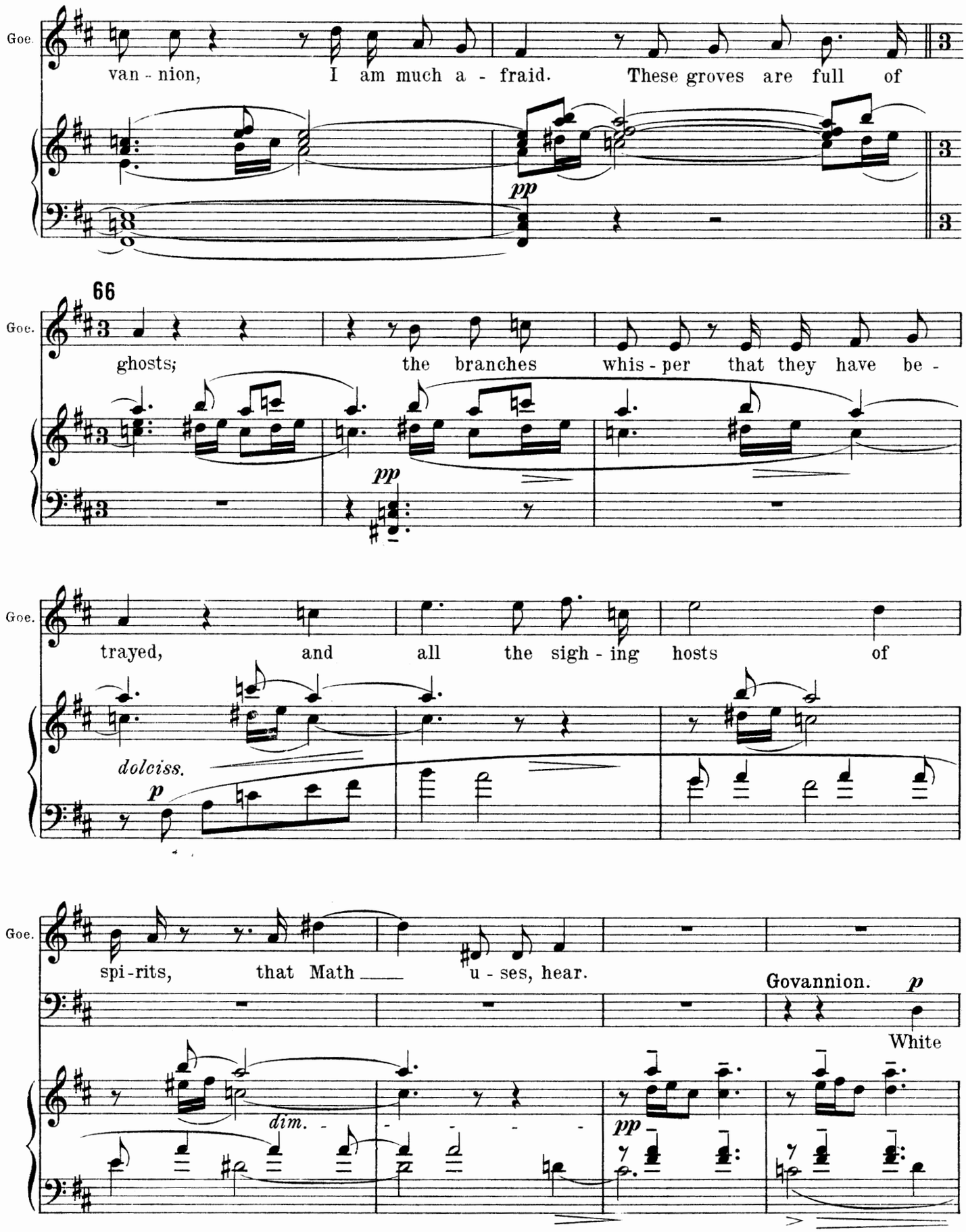
p

Gov. spirit braves___ this fo-rest ma - gic.

(Goewin enters, besitating.)

ppp


65
pp
Gov.
Sa - cred night your dap-pled hea-vens check the trem-bling
esp. sost.
Gov.
light like lips the love words. Goewin blest maid
Gov.
of you I get my sufferance and my rite.
Andante.
sf
Goewin.
p
Love me, Go -
Ob.
Fl.
dim.
p


Goe.
van - nion, I am much a - fraid. These groves are full of
pp
66
Goe.
ghosts; the branches whis - per that they have be -
pp
Goe.
trayed, and all the sigh - ing hosts of
dolciss.
p
Goe.
spi - rits, that Math — u - ses, hear.
Govannion.
p
White
dim.
pp

67

Gov. dreamer, have no fear, Come from the wor - ship of heart sear-ing

Gov. spells to our clean up - lands, sweet and clear.

Gov. no - ble in staunch summits and bare fells.

f *sf* *dim.*

poco cresc.

Gov. For by their but - tress val - leys broad and light are

pp

68

Gov.

sen - ti - nelled, and deep de - lic - - - - ious

pp molto espressivo

Gov.

dells. where the warm winds lie

p

pp

Gov.

cap - tive all the night. Theirs

p

Gov.

is no swar - thy bondage as these caves of rust-ling

sempre

pp

69

Gov.

fo - rest set on you; the lone - ly thorn

Gov

that burgeons best up - on for - gotten graves shews a

piu p

ppp

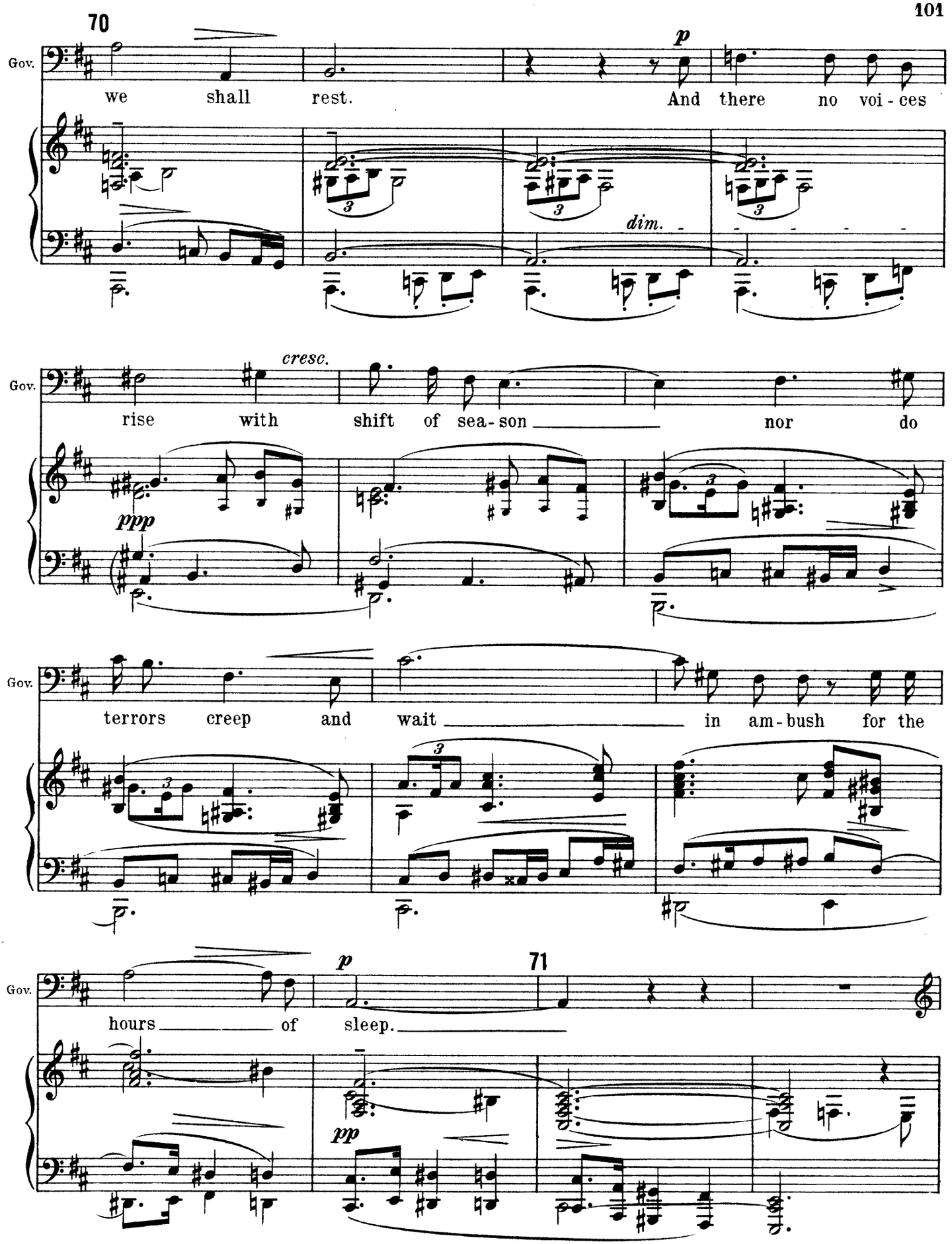
Gov.

white face of beau - - ty to the skies

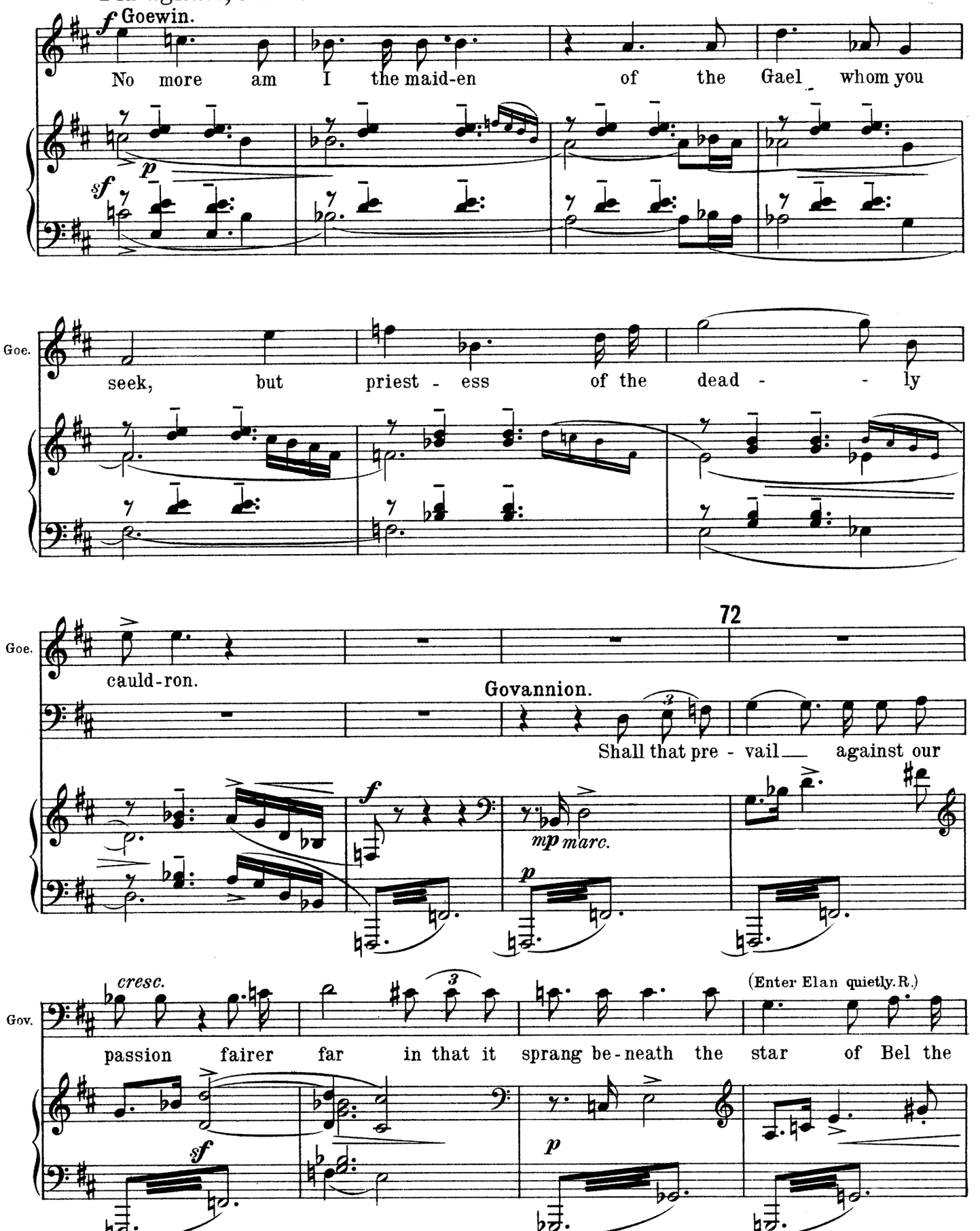
Gov.

and with a sin - gle sha - dow stains the lawn where

pp


70
Gov.
we shall rest.
p
And there no voi - ces
dim.
cresc.
Gov.
rise with shift of sea - son
nor do
ppp
Gov.
terrors creep and wait
in am - bush for the
Gov.
hours of sleep.
71
p
pp

Più agitato, e mosso.



Poco Meno Mosso.

Goewin. *p*

Not in thought was I, a

Gov.

war god.

Meno Mosso.

fz *p*

73 *f*

Goe. mai - den to this ser - vice brought, And this same wor - ship

p *sf*

Goe. stirs with - in my heart a red taint sud-den - ly that makes my

p

rit.

Andantino.

Goe. bliss, and my soul burns.

Govannion. *p*

Andantino. Far

rit.

pp molto esp.

74

Gov. out from this dream - haun - ted place shall we de - part; no

Gov. death - ly fires shall reach us where we kiss, no ma-gic

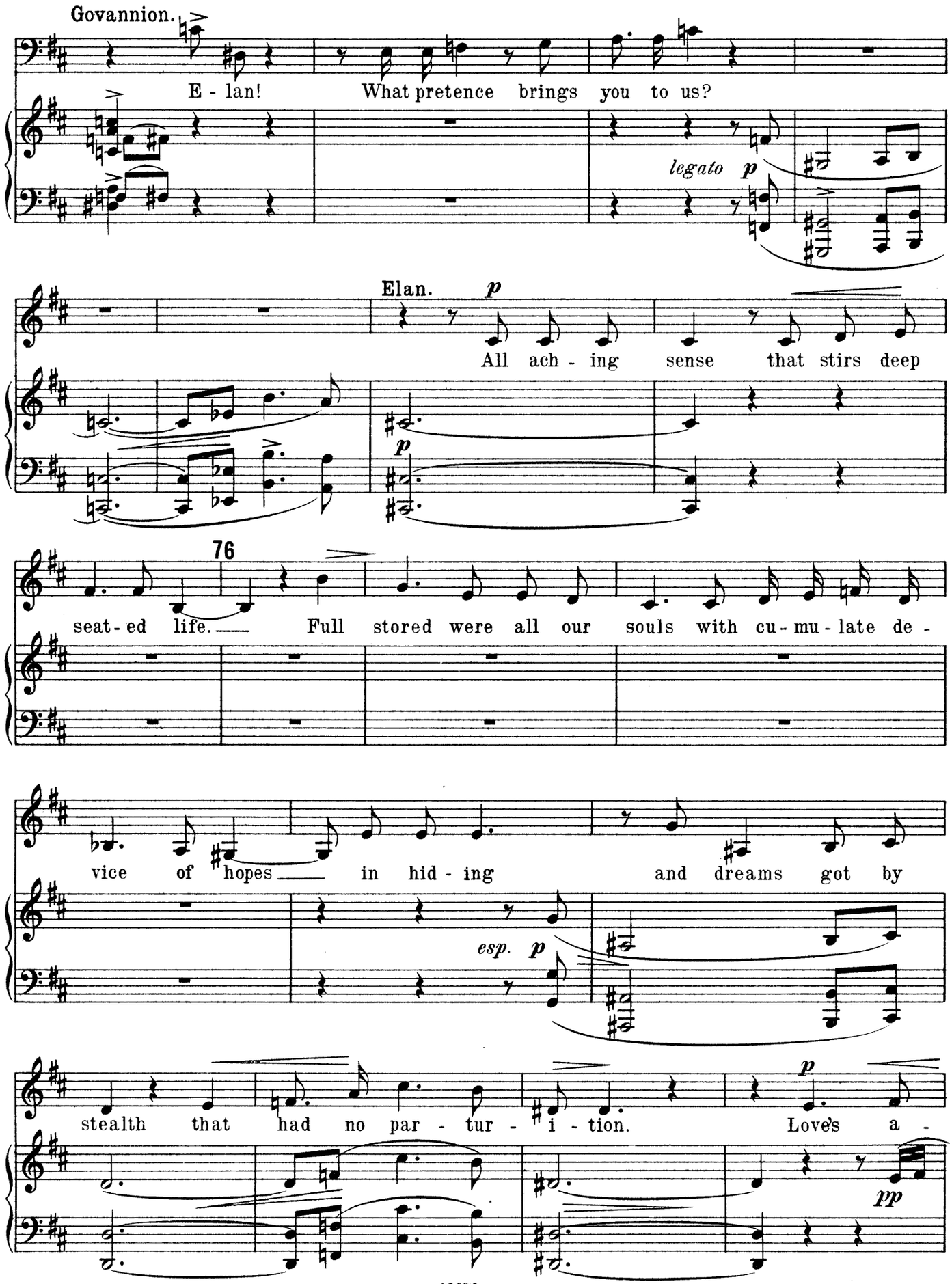
Elan. *f*

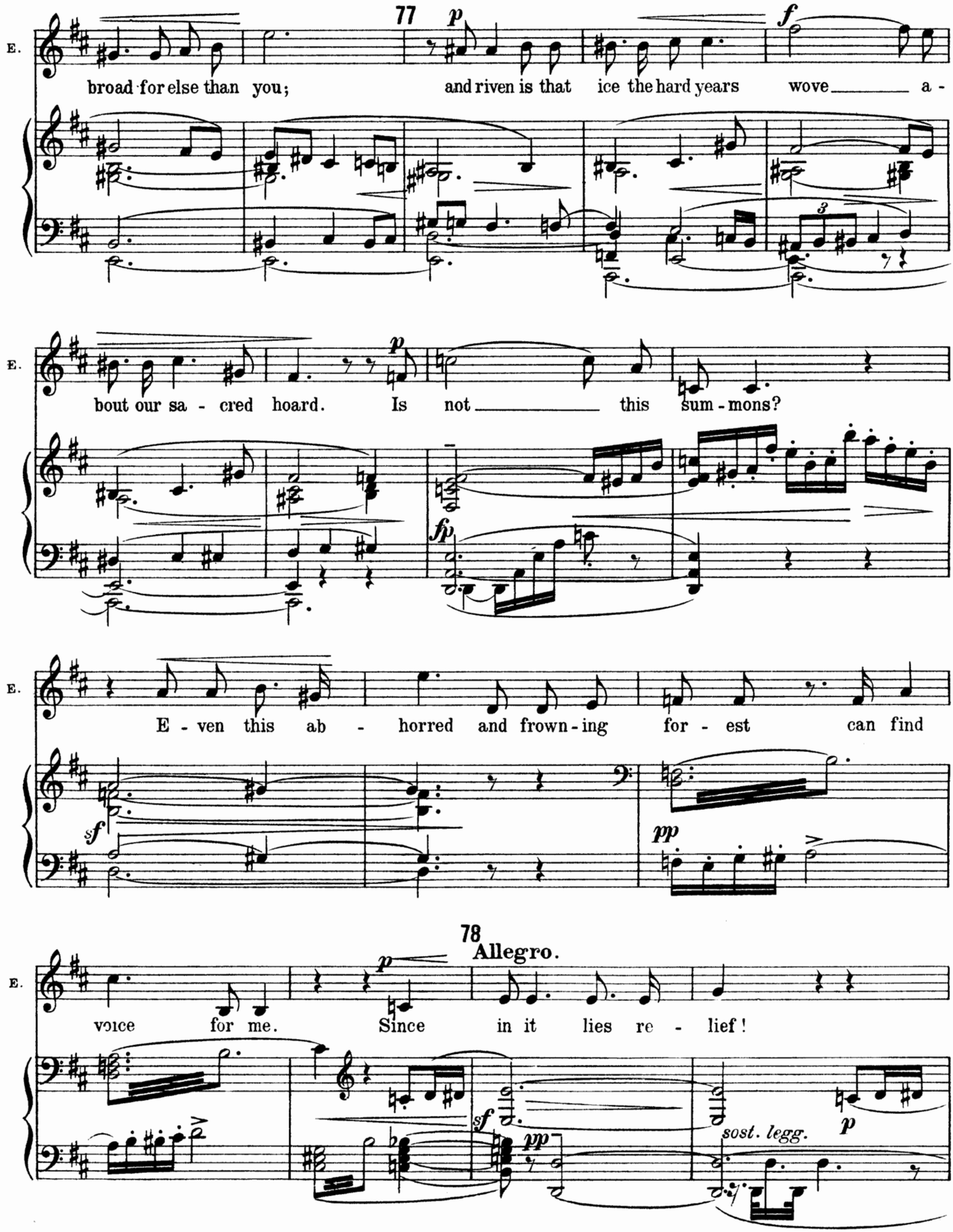
Gov. Aye, get you hence; Sombre and art.

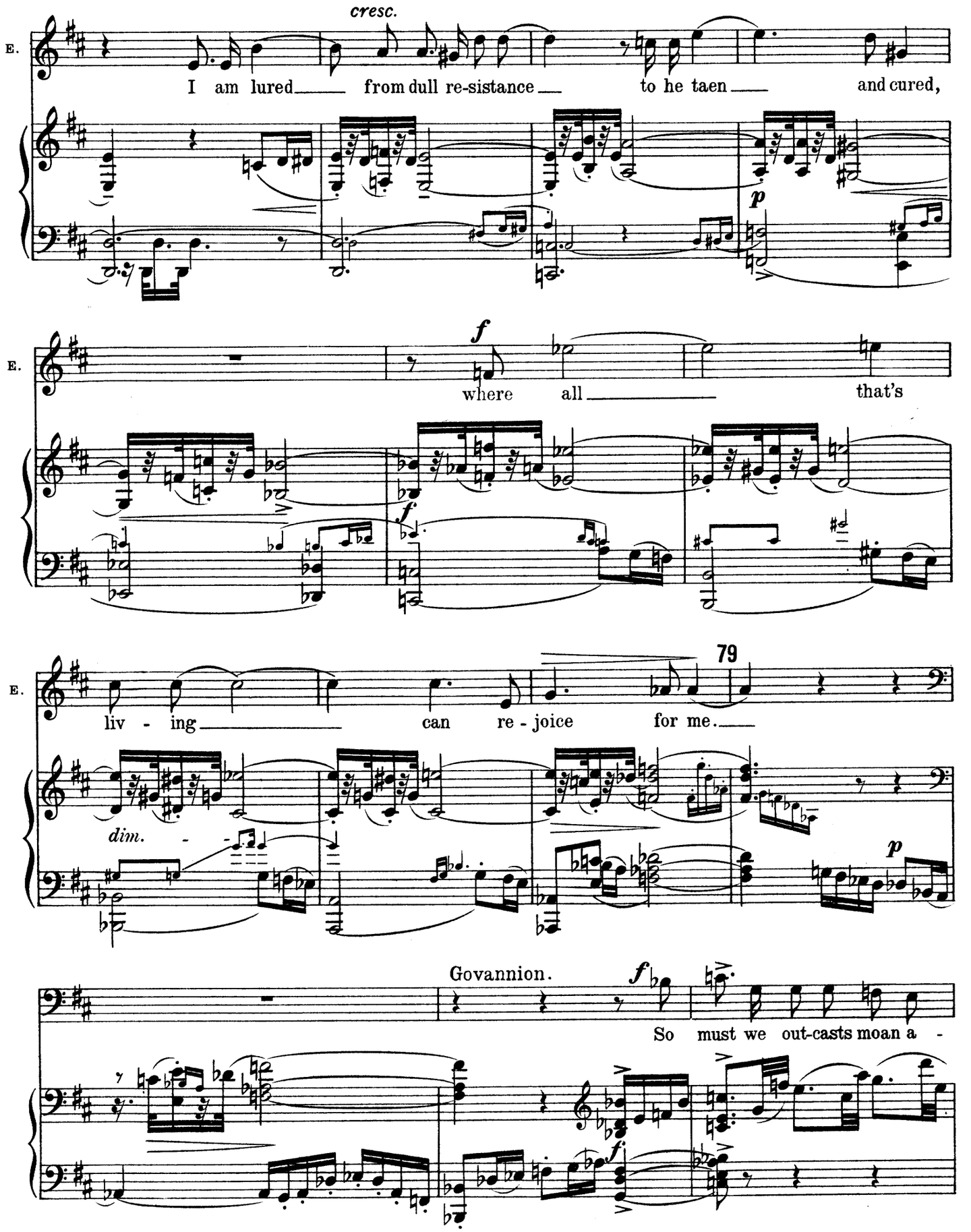
Allegro.

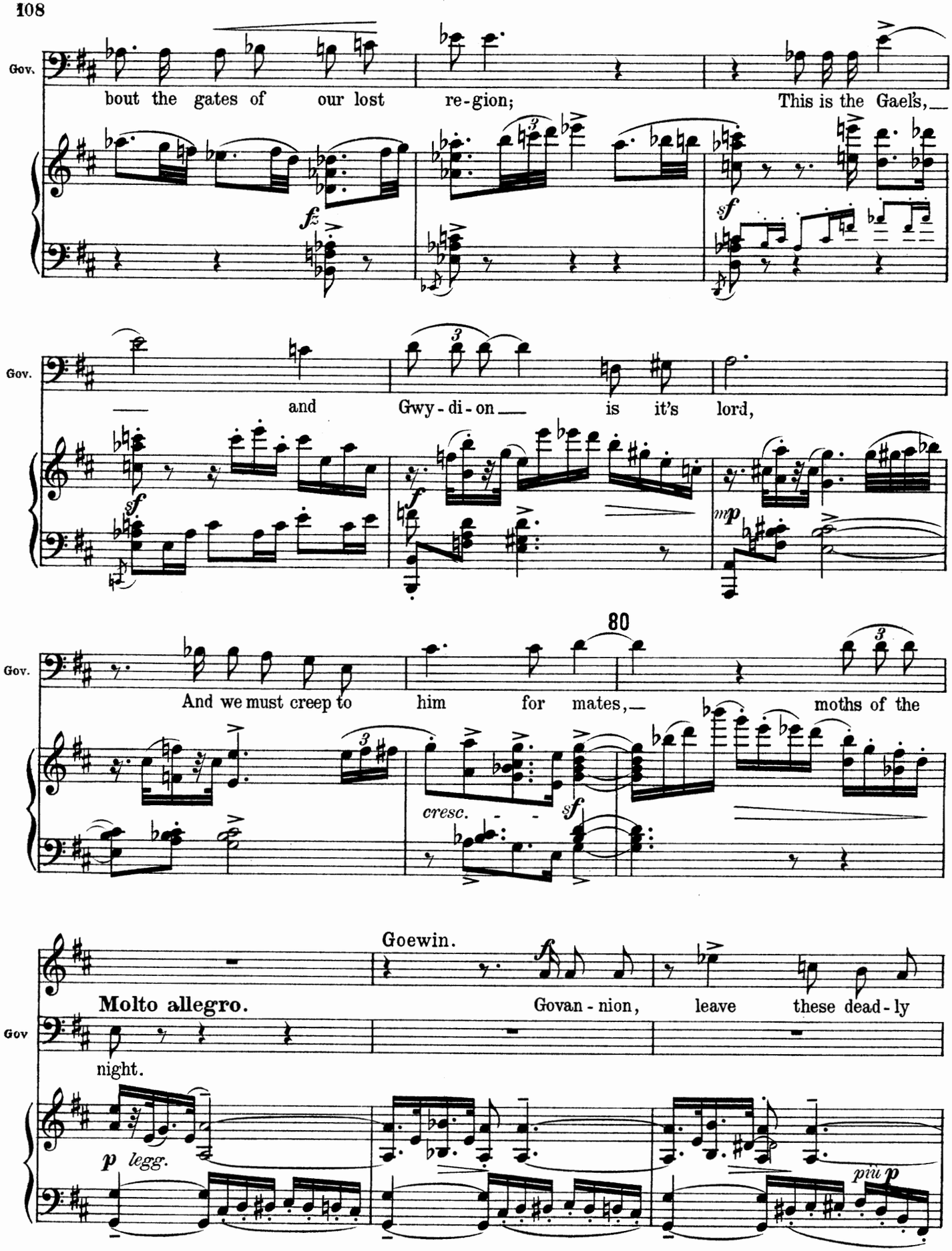
75

E. subtle is the fo - rest voice; few love in it and few rejoice.


Govannion.
E - lan! What pretence brings you to us?
legato p
Elan. p
All ach - ing sense that stirs deep
p
76
E.
seat - ed life. Full stored were all our souls with cu - mu - late de -
E.
vice of hopes in hid - ing and dreams got by
esp. p
E.
stealth that had no par - tur - i - tion. Love's a -
p
pp


77
E.
broad for else than you;
and riven is that ice the hard years
wove a -
E.
bout our sa - cred hoard.
Is not this sum - mons?
E.
E - ven this ab - horred and frown - ing
for - est
can find
78
Allegro.
E.
voice for me.
Since in it lies re - lief!
sost. legg.


cresc.
E.
I am lured from dull re-sistance to he taen and cured,
p
E.
f
where all that's
f
E.
liv - ing can re - joice for me.
79
dim.
p
Govannion.
f
So must we out-casts moan a -
f


Gov.
bout the gates of our lost re-gion;
This is the Gael's,
fz
sf
Gov.
and
Gwy-di-on
is it's lord,
sf
f
mp
80
Gov.
And we must creep to him for mates,
moths of the
cresc.
sf
Goewin.
Molto allegro.
Govan-nion, leave these dead-ly
Gov
night.
p legg.
più p

Goe.

thoughts that will be-reave us of our kind-ness. To

Goe.

me cleave and let this wo-man go her course,

Goe.

81

Sis-ter of you and all that's hoarse and

Goe.

sa - vage of your na-ture.

R.H.

Più lento.

Elan.

mp

I was born, the Dru-ids say, in a bit-ter dawn, and doomed to bear a

Saxoph.

p

p

Andante.

E.

fate - ful son. who shall be great in

pp

pespr.

82

E.

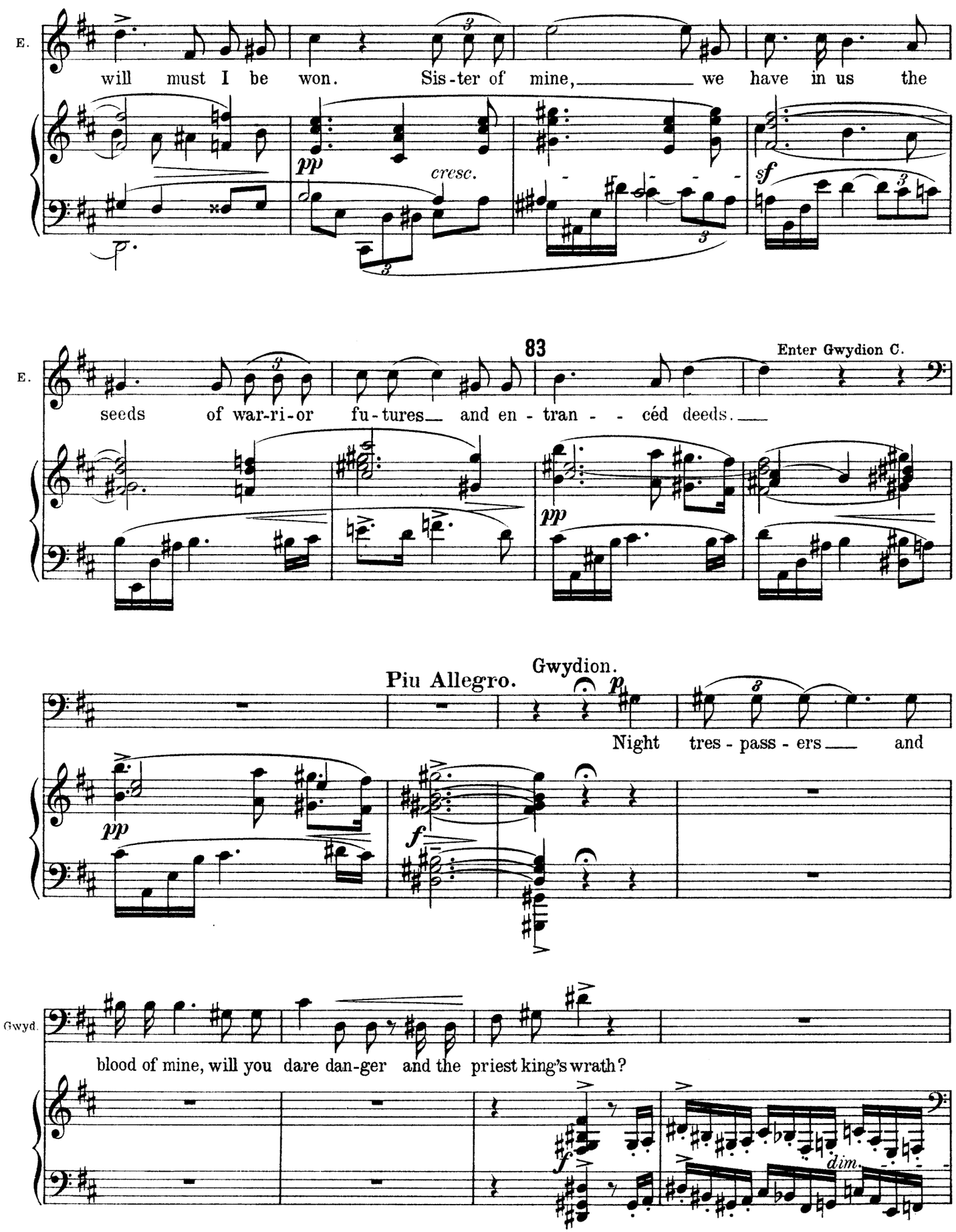
sor - - - - row and a horn sound-ing in si - - lence

sf

E.

where this is - land needs. Yet of my

p


E.
will must I be won. Sis-ter of mine, we have in us the
pp
cresc.
sf
83
Enter Gwydion C.
E.
seeds of war-ri-or fu-tures and en - tran - - céd deeds.
pp
Piu Allegro.
Gwydion.
p
Night tres - pass - ers and
pp
f
Gwyd.
blood of mine, will you dare dan-ger and the priest king's wrath?
f
dim.

84

Gwyd. *p*

A vir - gin sworn to ser - vi - ces divine

più p

Gwyd.

And you, Go - van - nion, of Don's sa - - - cred line?

(Har.) *pp*

Allegro. Govannion.

Will you re - proach me, Gwy - di - on, who should lead our sa - vage

f *fz*

Gov.

hosts a - broad to feed? Yet now your kin must spit with shame when a - ny

f *sf* *sf*

85

Gov.

mur-mur Gwydi - on's name. Trai-tor are you to us the an - cient

Gov.

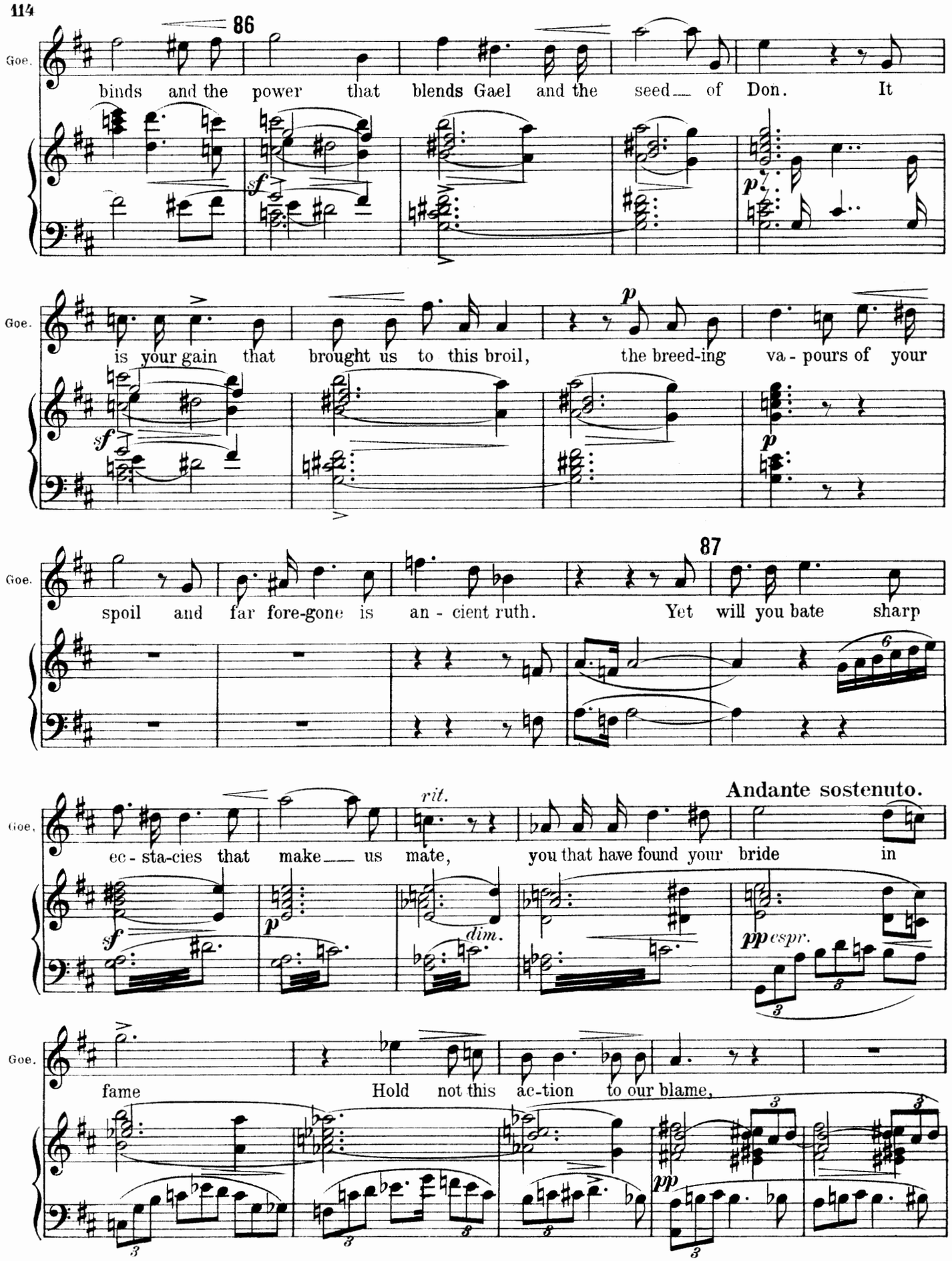
folk who held this land. Bought ser - vant of the

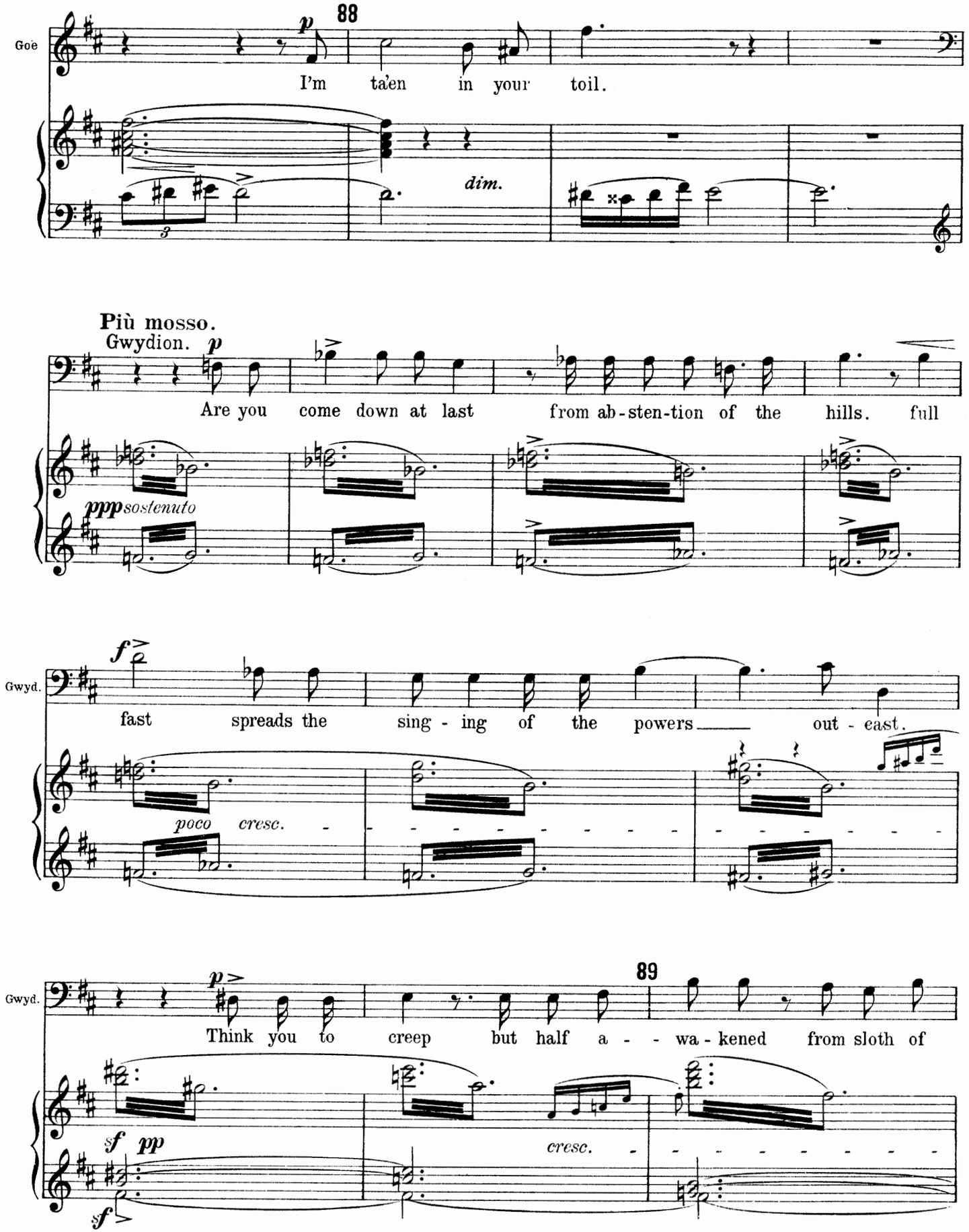
Gov.

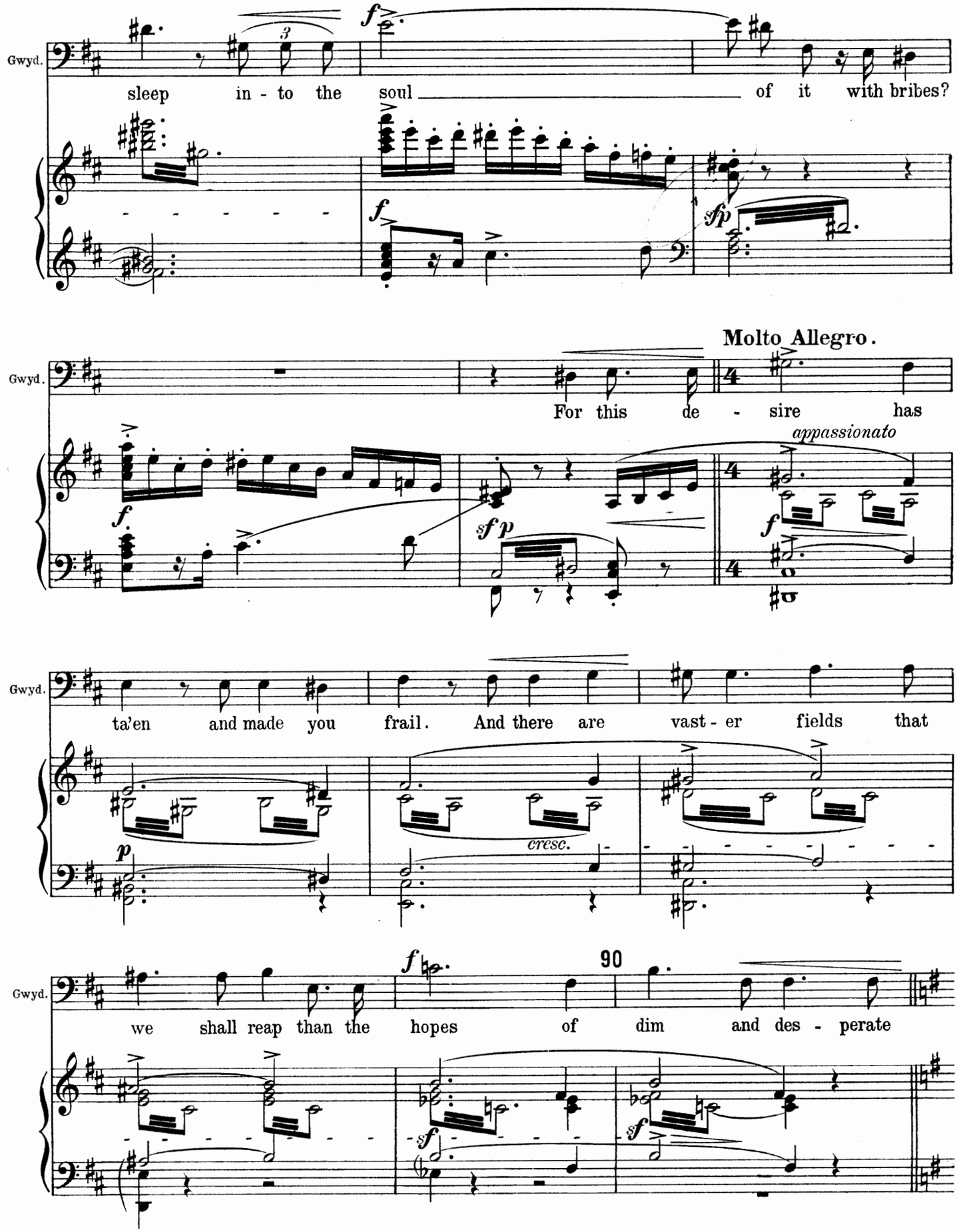
Gae - lic yoke which we with - stand.

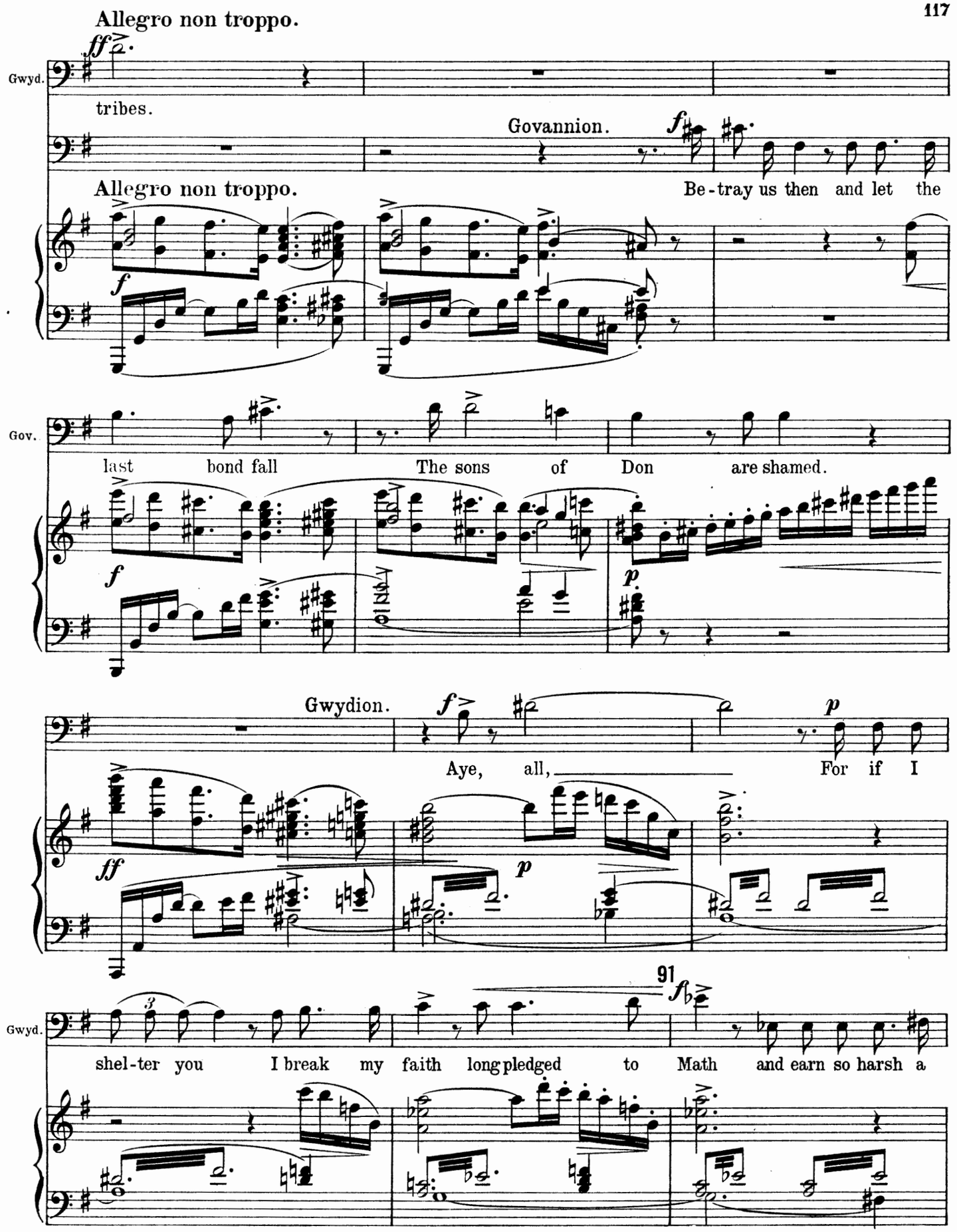
Goewin.

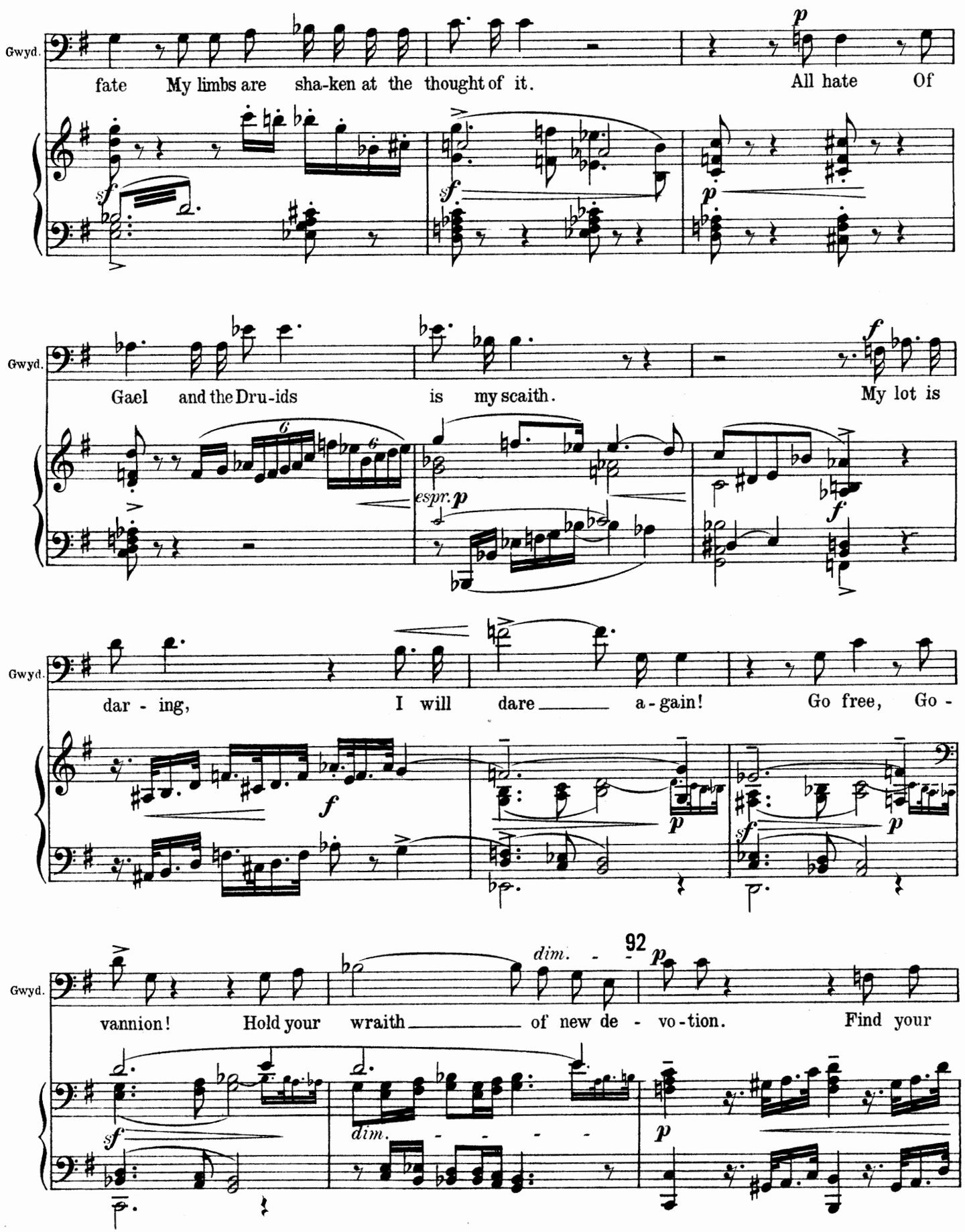
Gwy-di - on! is it meet you end the love that

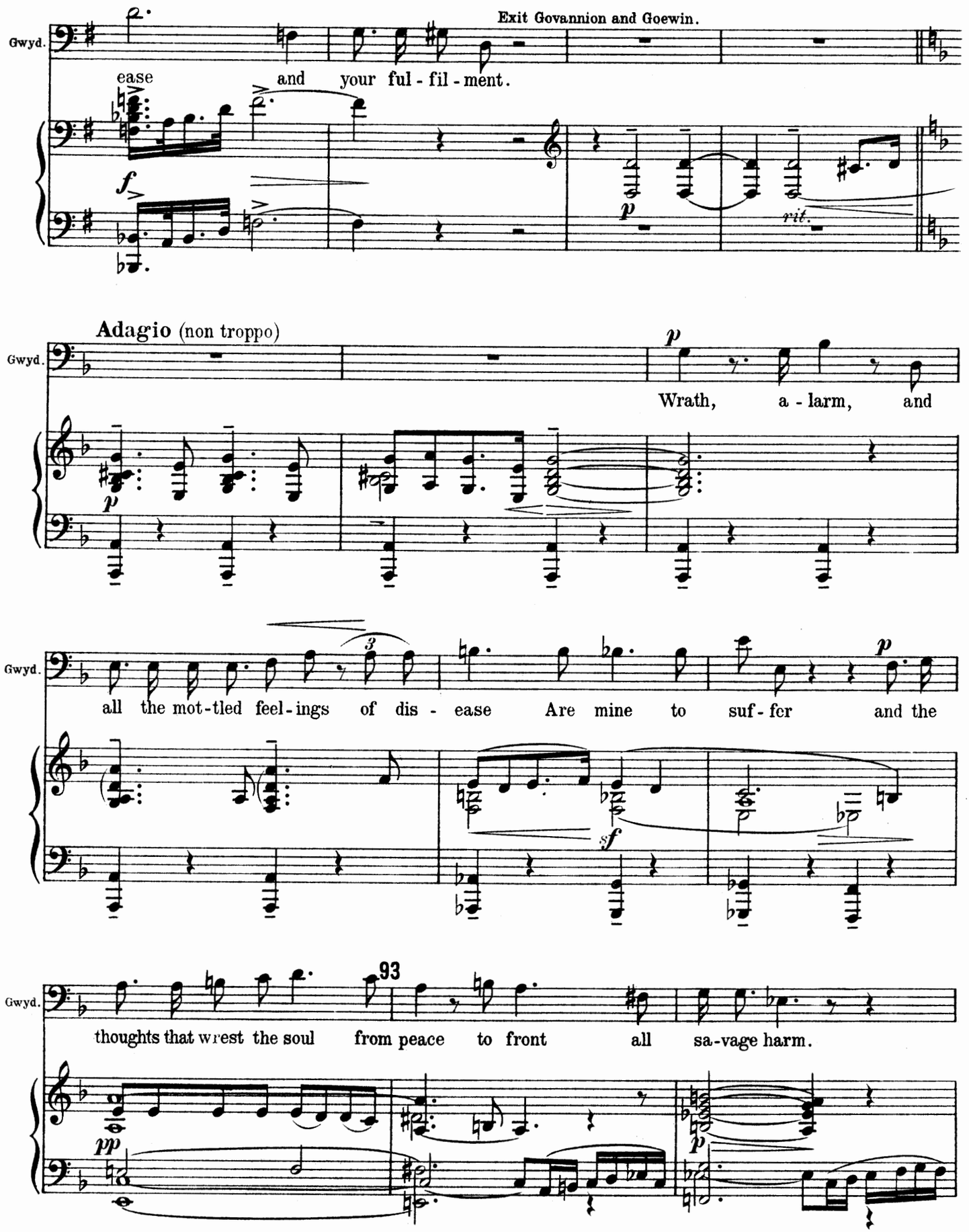

86
Goe.
binds and the power that blends Gael and the seed of Don. It
is your gain that brought us to this broil, the breed-ing va - pours of your
87
spoil and far fore-gone is an - cient ruth. Yet will you bate sharp
Andante sostenuto.
rit.
ec - sta-cies that make us mate, you that have found your bride in
fame Hold not this ac-tion to our blame,
dim.
pp espr.
pp

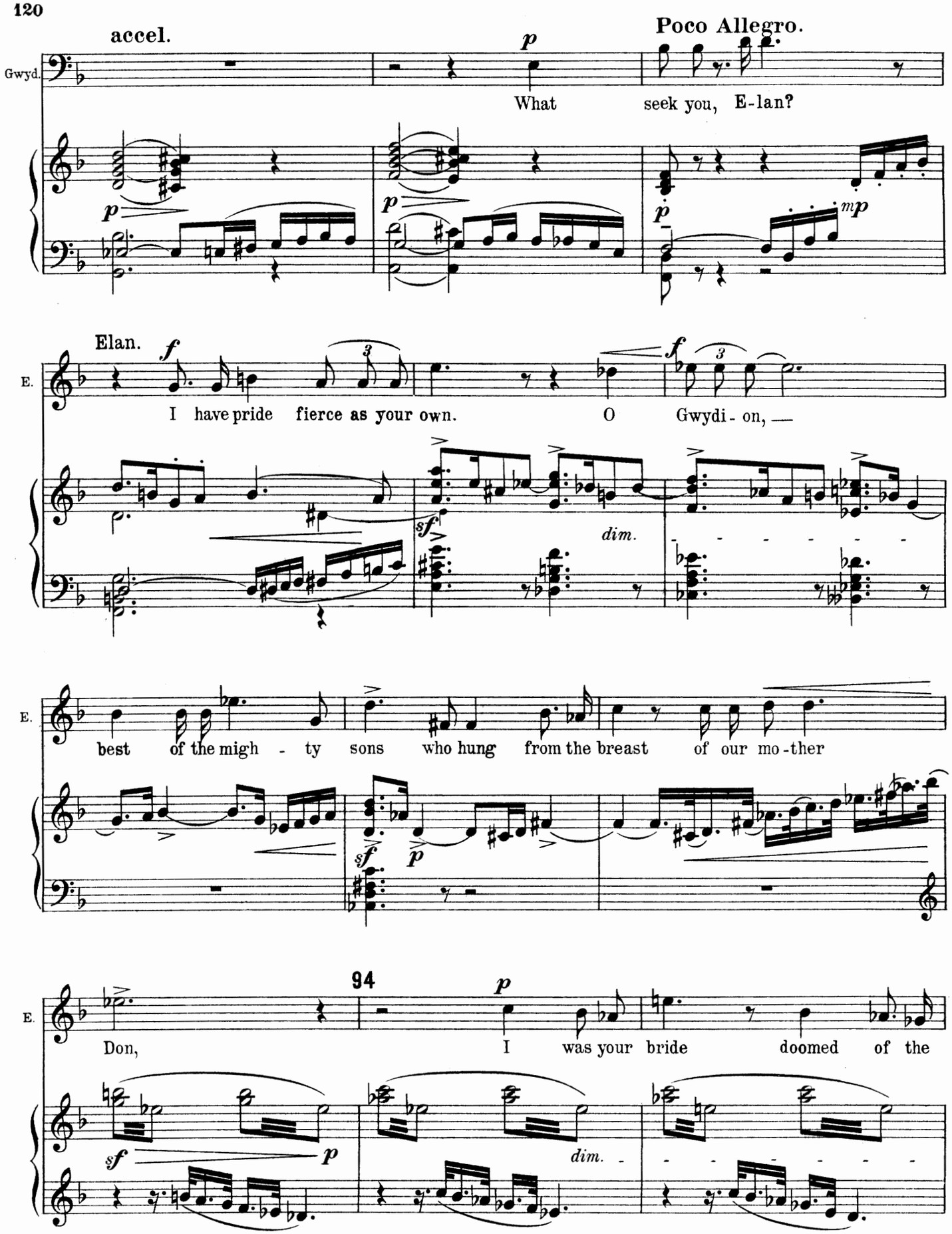

Goe
88
p
I'm ta'en in your toil.
dim.
Più mosso.
Gwydion. p
Are you come down at last from ab-sten-tion of the hills. full
ppp sostenuto
Gwyd.
f
fast spreads the sing - ing of the powers out - east.
poco cresc.
Gwyd.
p
89
Think you to creep but half a - - wa - kened from sloth of
f pp
cresc.
sf

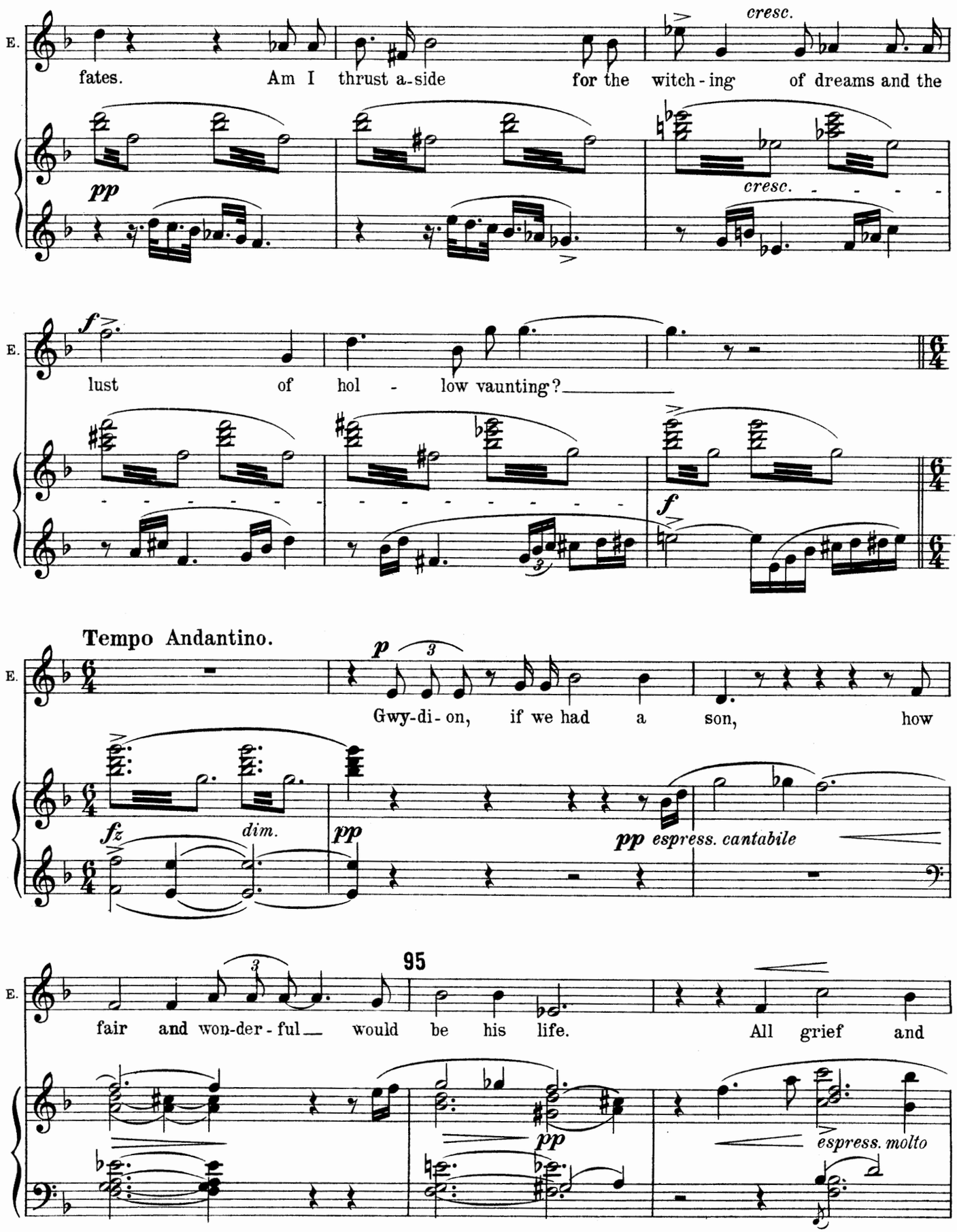

Gwyd.
sleep in - to the soul of it with bribes?
Molto Allegro.
Gwyd.
For this de - sire has
appassionato
Gwyd.
ta'en and made you frail. And there are vast - er fields that
cresc.
Gwyd.
we shall reap than the hopes of dim and des - perate
90

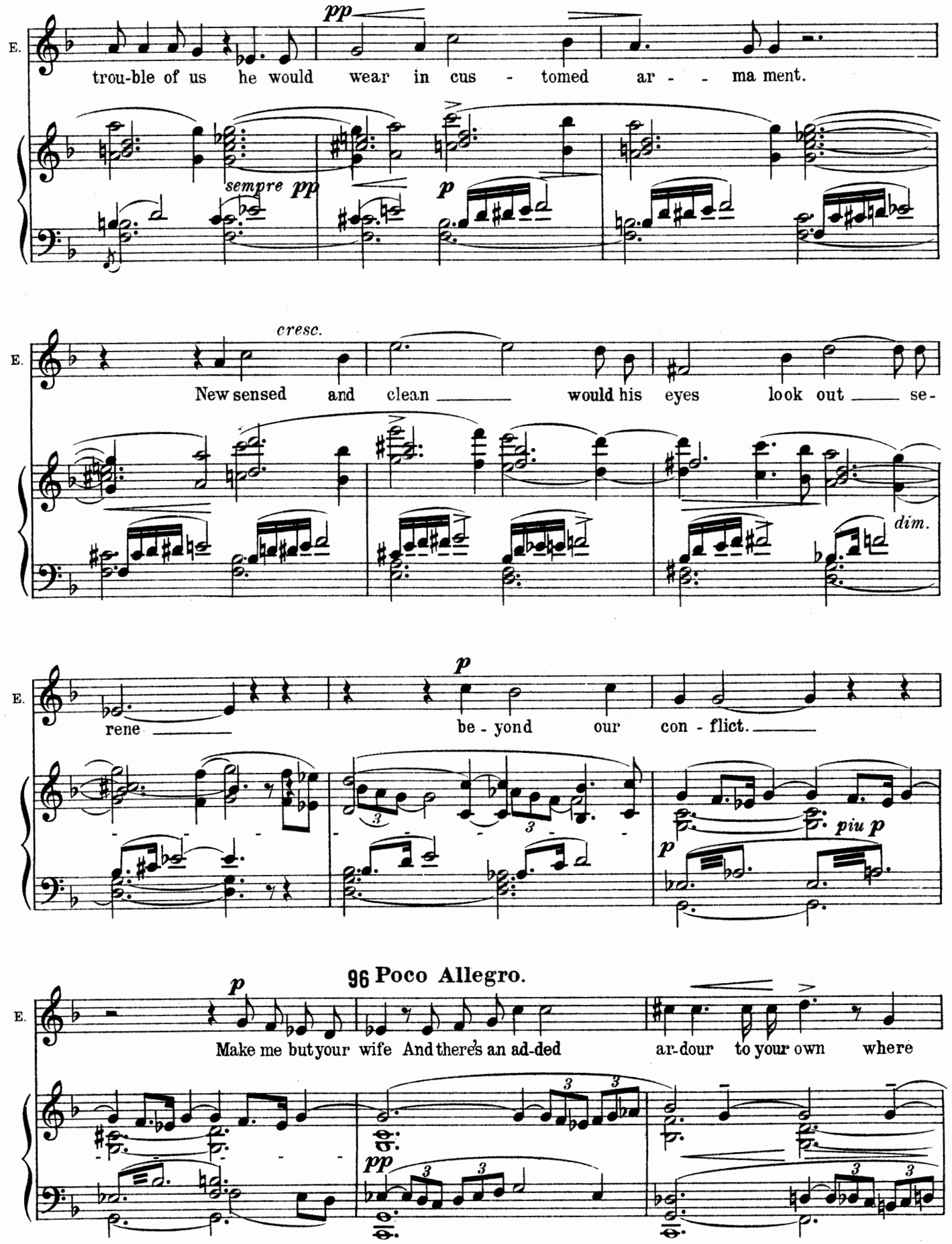

Allegro non troppo.
Gwyd.
tribes.
Govannion.
Allegro non troppo.
Be-tray us then and let the
Gov.
last bond fall
The sons of Don are shamed.
Gwydion.
Aye, all,
For if I
91
Gwyd.
shel-ter you I break my faith long pledged to Math and earn so harsh a

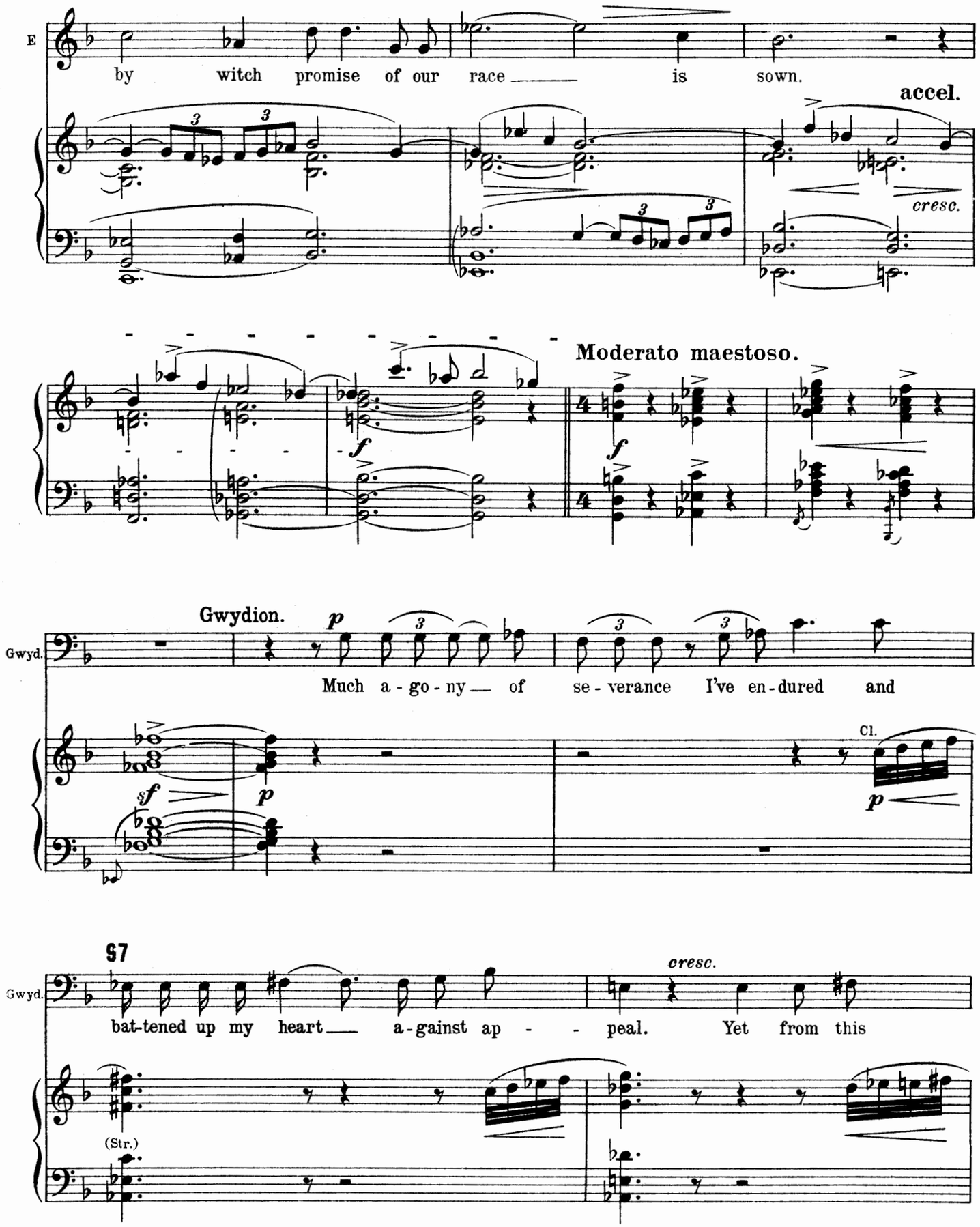

Gwyd.
fate My limbs are sha-ken at the thought of it. All hate Of
Gwyd.
Gael and the Dru-ids is my scaith. My lot is
espr.
Gwyd.
dar - ing, I will dare a - gain! Go free, Go -
Gwyd.
vannion! Hold your wraith of new de - vo-tion. Find your
dim.
92
dim.

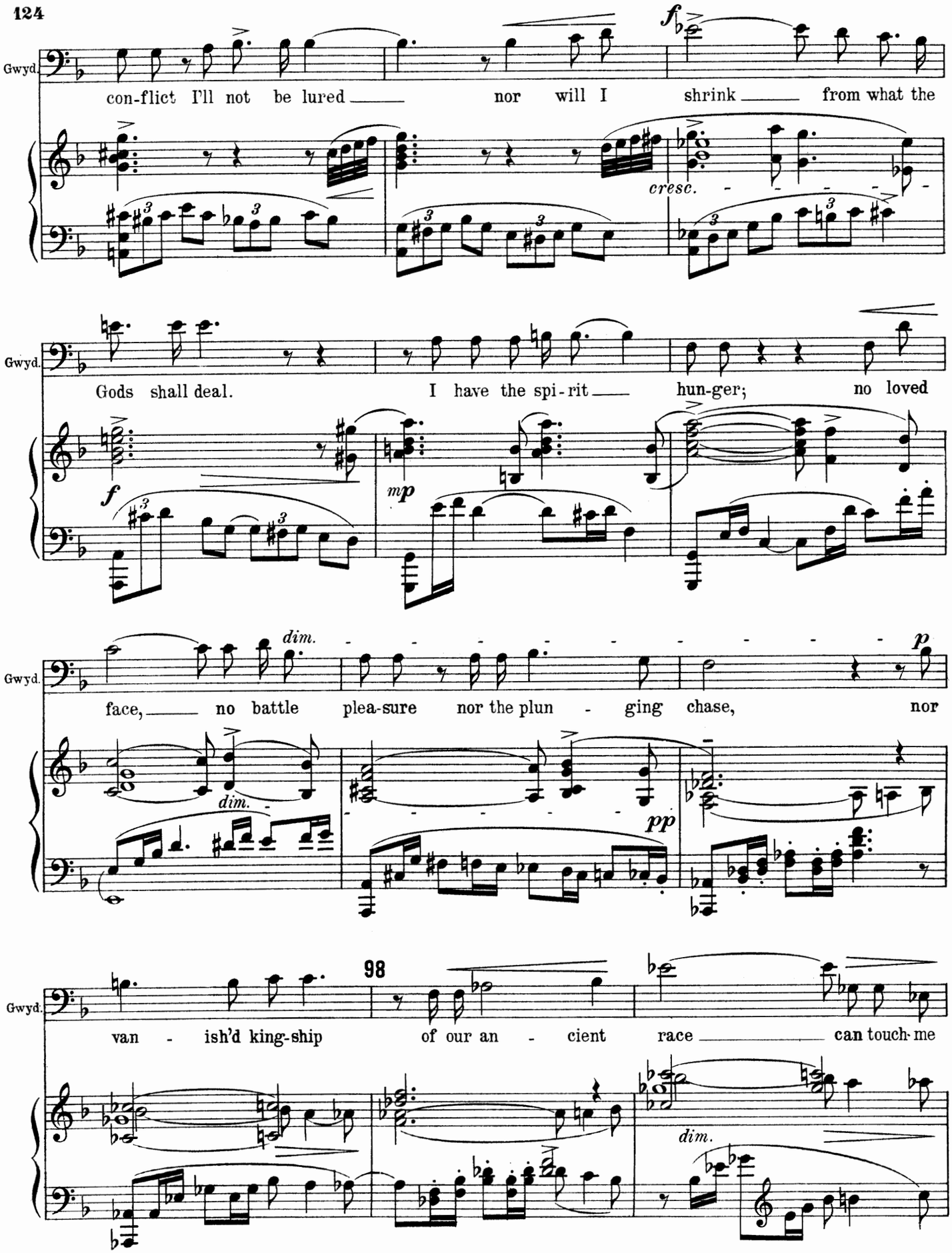

Exit Govannion and Goewin.
Gwyd.
ease and your ful - fil - ment.
f
p
rit.
Adagio (non troppo)
Gwyd.
p
Wrath, a - larm, and
Gwyd.
all the mot-tled feel-ings of dis - ease Are mine to suf-fer and the
p
sf
Gwyd.
93
thoughts that wrest the soul from peace to front all sa-vage harm.
pp
p

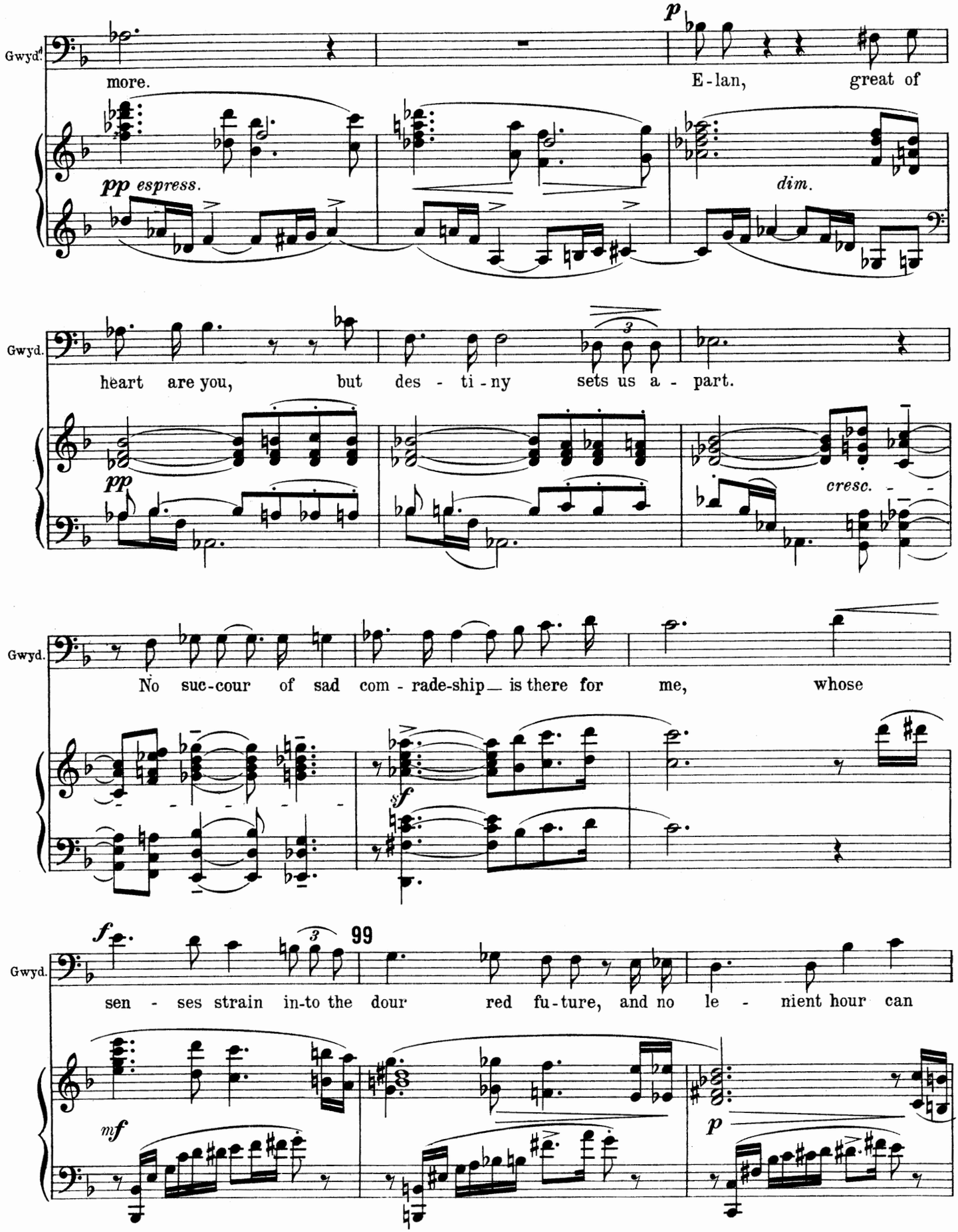

accel.
Poco Allegro.
Gwyd.
What seek you, E-lan?
Elan.
I have pride fierce as your own.
O Gwydi - on, —
E.
best of the migh - ty sons who hung from the breast of our mo - ther
94
Don, I was your bride doomed of the
dim.

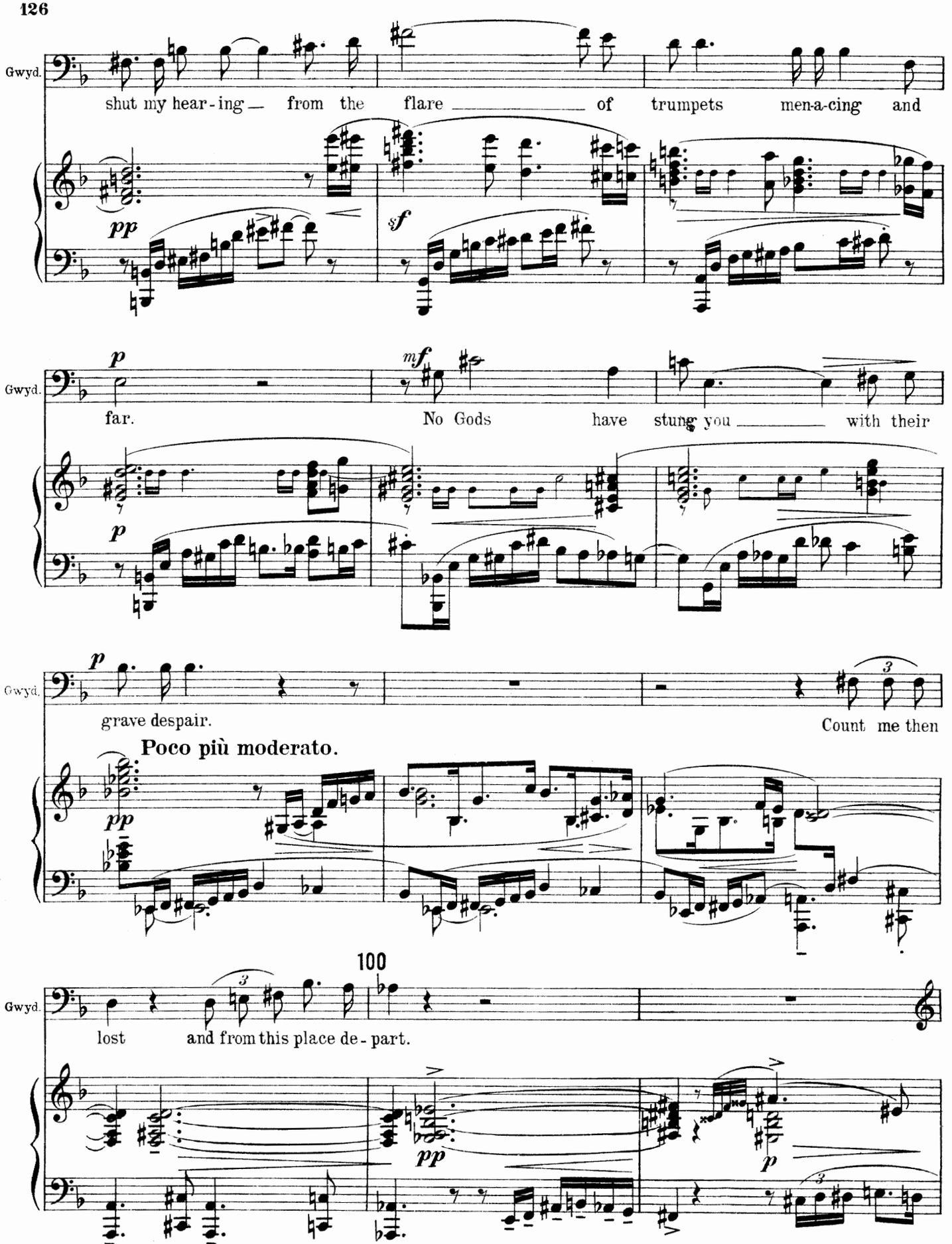

E.
fates. Am I thrust a-side for the witch-ing of dreams and the
cresc.
pp
cresc.
E.
f
lust of hol - low vaunting?
f
Tempo Andantino.
E.
p
Gwy-di-on, if we had a son, how
fz
dim.
pp
pp espress. cantabile
95
E.
fair and won-der-ful would be his life. All grief and
pp
espress. molto

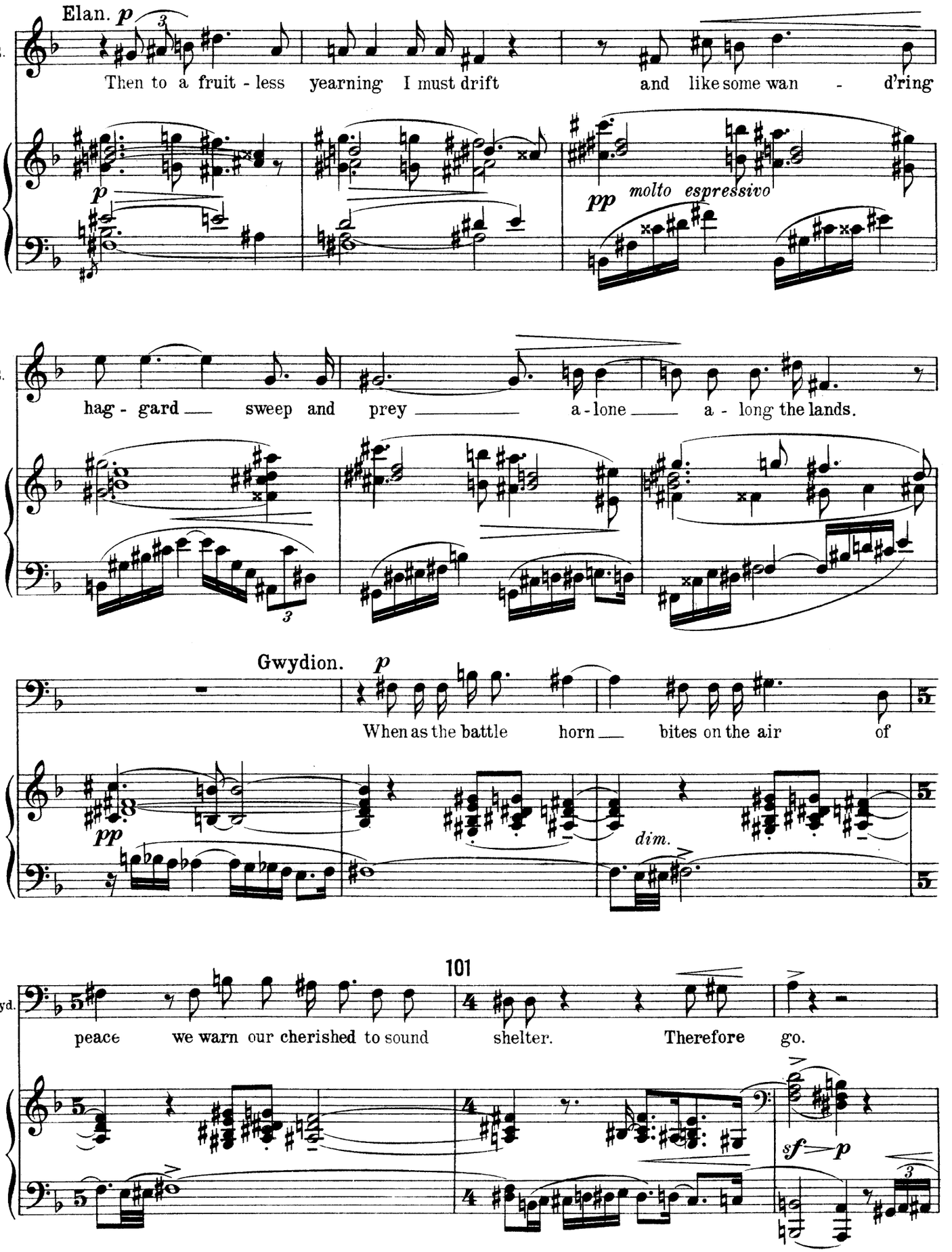

E.
pp
trou-ble of us he would wear in cus - tomed ar - - ma ment.
sempre pp
p
cresc.
New sensed and clean would his eyes look out se-
dim.
p
rene be - yond our con - flict.
piu p
p
96 Poco Allegro.
p
Make me but your wife And there's an ad-ded ar-dour to your own where
pp


E
by witch promise of our race is sown.
accel.
cresc.
Moderato maestoso.
f
Gwydion.
Gwyd.
p
Much a - go - ny of se - verance I've en - dured and
sf
p
Cl.
p
97
Gwyd.
cresc.
bat-tened up my heart a-gainst ap - - peal. Yet from this
(Str.)


Gwyd.
con-flict I'll not be lured nor will I shrink from what the
f
cresc.
Gwyd.
Gods shall deal. I have the spi-rit hun-ger; no loved
f
mp
Gwyd.
face, no battle plea-sure nor the plun - ging chase, nor
dim.
dim.
pp
p
98
Gwyd.
van - ish'd king-ship of our an - cient race can touch me
dim.


Gwyd.
more.
E-lan, great of
pp espress.
dim.
Gwyd.
heart are you, but des - ti - ny sets us a - part.
pp
cresc.
Gwyd.
No suc-cour of sad com - rade-ship is there for me, whose
sf
Gwyd.
sen - ses strain in-to the dour red fu-ture, and no le - nient hour can
99
mf
p


Gwyd.
shut my hear-ing — from the flare — of trumpets men-a-cing and
pp
sf
Gwyd.
far.
No Gods have stung you — with their
p
mf
p
Gwyd.
grave despair.
Count me then
Poco più moderato.
pp
100
Gwyd.
lost
and from this place de-part.
pp
p


Elan. p
E.
Then to a fruit - less yearning I must drift and like some wan - d'ring
p
pp molto espressivo
E.
hag - gard sweep and prey a - lone a - long the lands.
Gwydion. p
When as the battle horn bites on the air of
pp
dim.
101
Gwyd.
peace we warn our cherished to sound shelter. Therefore go.
sf p

Poco Andante solenne.

(Exit Elan slowly.)

p sostenuto marcato

Gwydion. *mp*

Is there a path through passions blind

(Pos.) *sf*

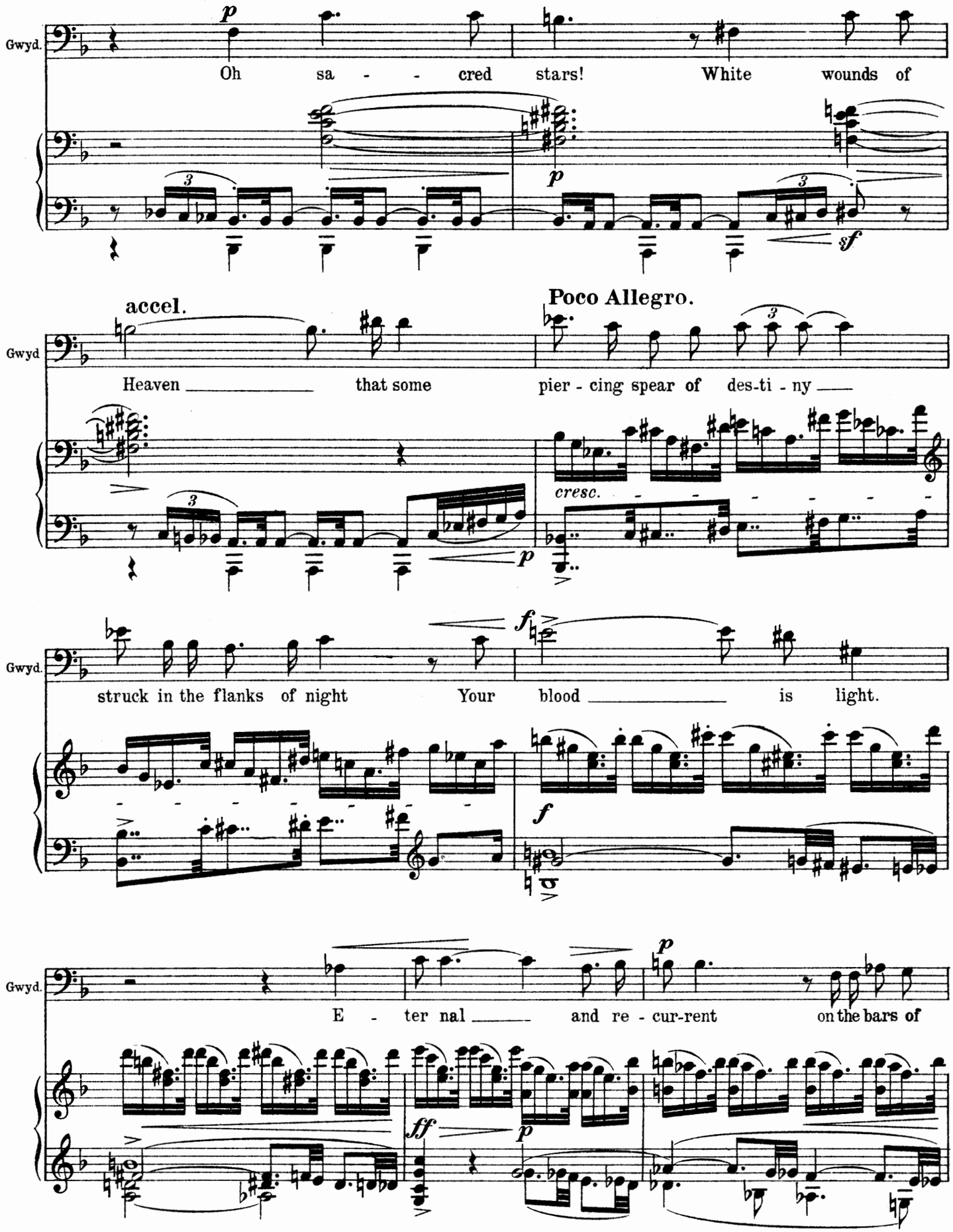
Gwyd. that mew men in their rout? *f* Is there a cer-tain

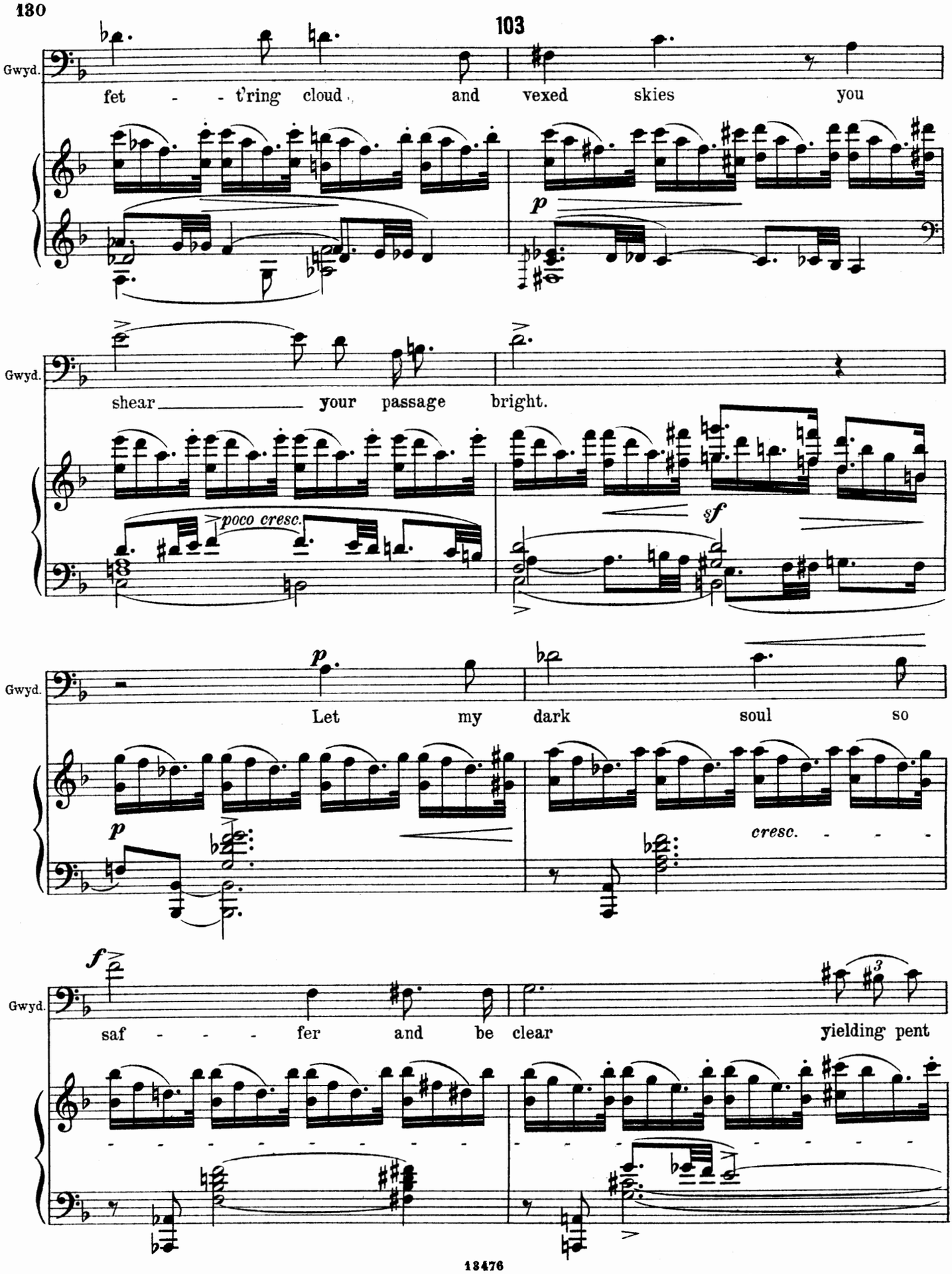
f *p*

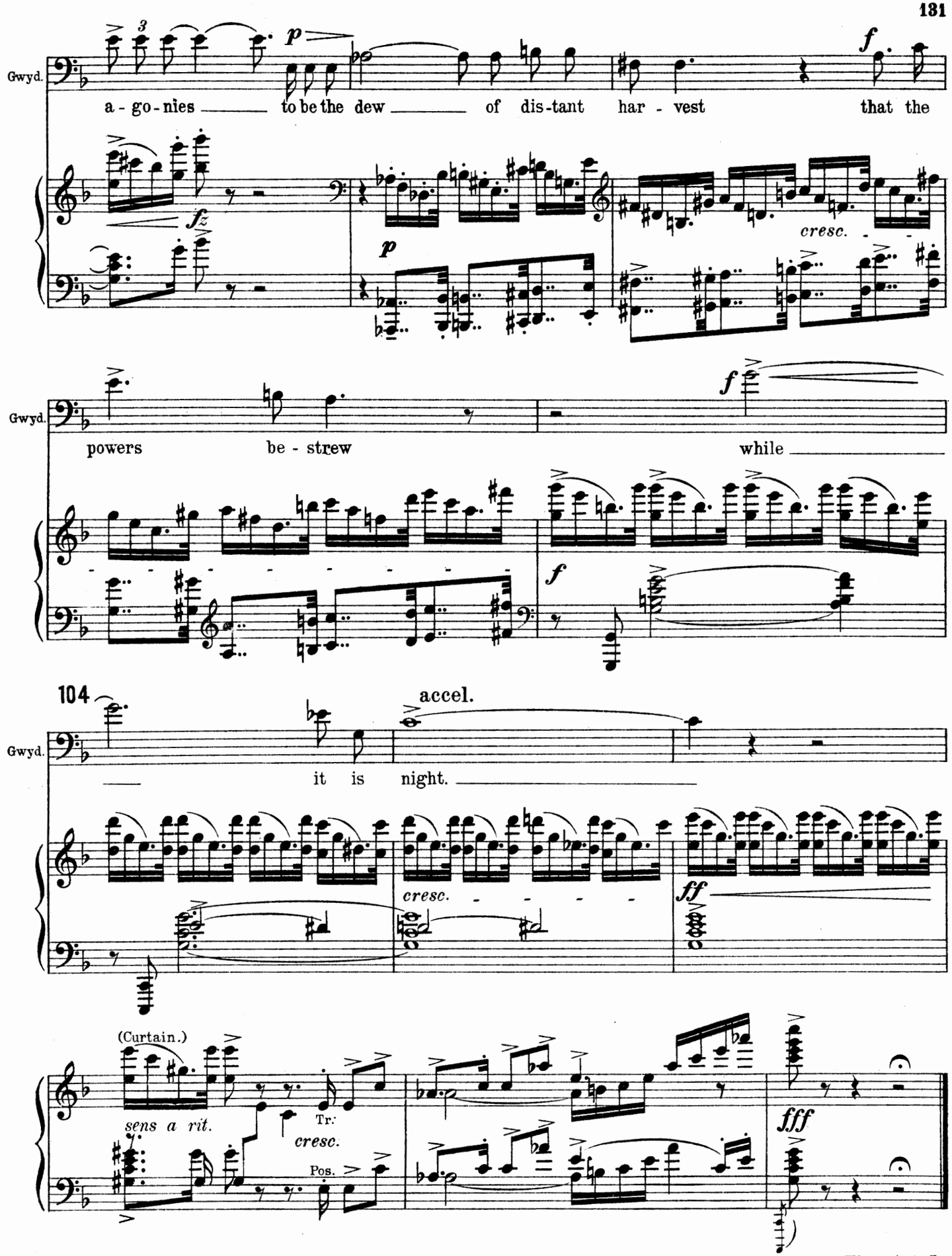
102

Gwyd. field where I can set shield before the hosts.

sf *sf* *p*


Gwyd.
p
Oh sa - - - cred stars! White wounds of
sf
accel.
Poco Allegro.
Gwyd
Heaven that some pier - cing spear of des-ti - ny
cresc.
p
Gwyd.
struck in the flanks of night Your blood is light.
f
f
Gwyd.
E - ter nal and re - cur-rent on the bars of
p
ff
p

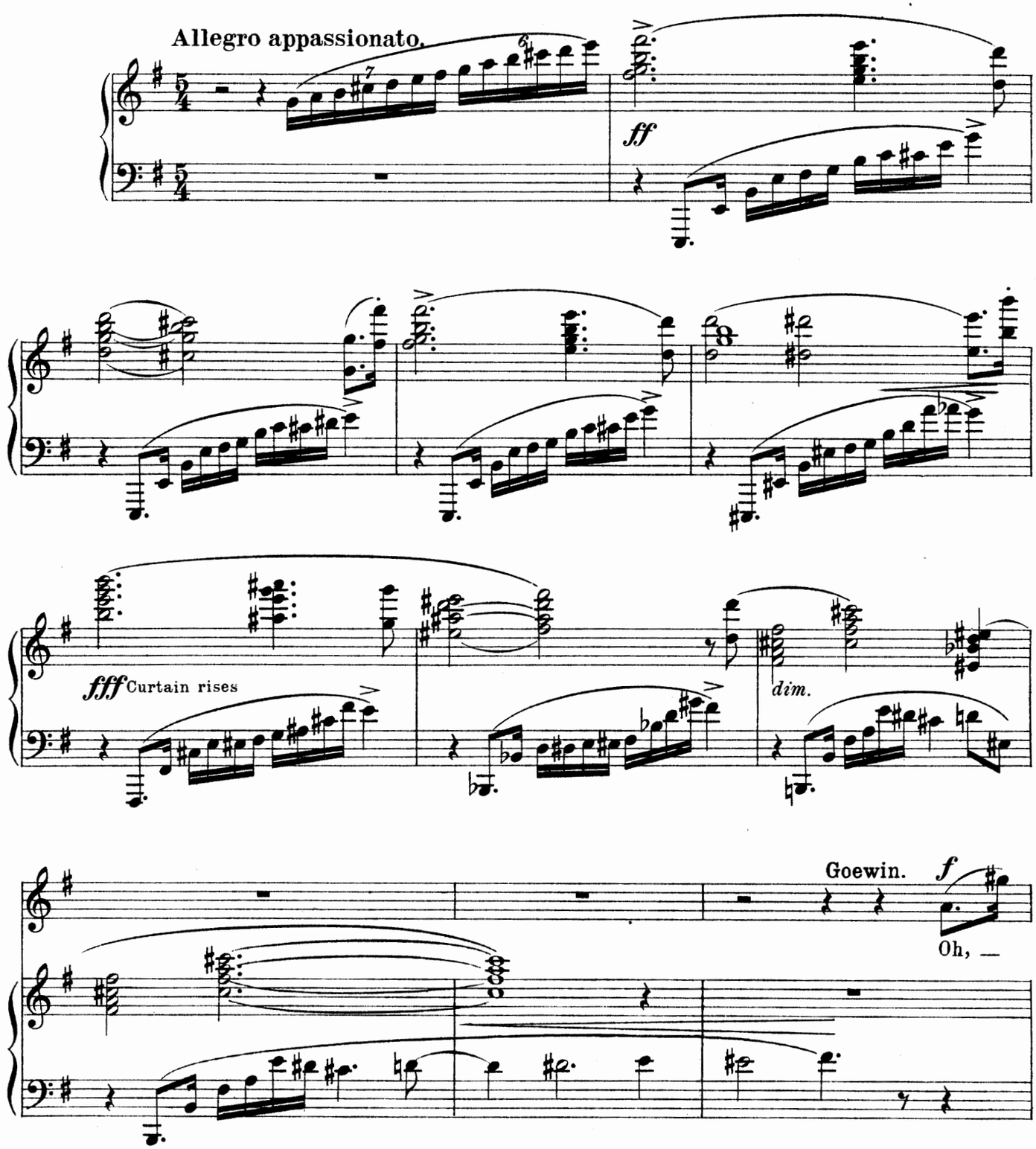

Gwyd.
fet - - t'ring cloud and vexed skies you
p
Gwyd.
shear your passage bright.
poco cresc.
sf
Gwyd.
p
Let my dark soul so
p
cresc. - - -
Gwyd.
f
saf - - - fer and be clear yielding pent


Gwyd.
a - go - nies to be the dew of dis-tant har - vest that the
p
f
fz
p
cresc.
Gwyd.
powers be - strew while
f
f
104
accel.
Gwyd.
it is night.
cresc.
ff
(Curtain.)
sens a rit.
Tr.
cresc.
Pos.
fff

Fine Act I.

Act II.

A temple of Trilithons. To right and left in the back ground are forest hills; in the centre a valley runs down to the sea. Before the great Trilith L. lies a flat altar stone whereon the cauldron burns with a low red glare. Some way from it. R.C. stands a sharp pointed monolith, the stone of sacrifice. Goewin is standing near the latter when the curtain rises.



1

Goe.

wave - - ring fires that flare ___ with - in this fane I

pp

Goe.

may ___ not tend you more, nor your dread mas-ter.

dim.

Goe.

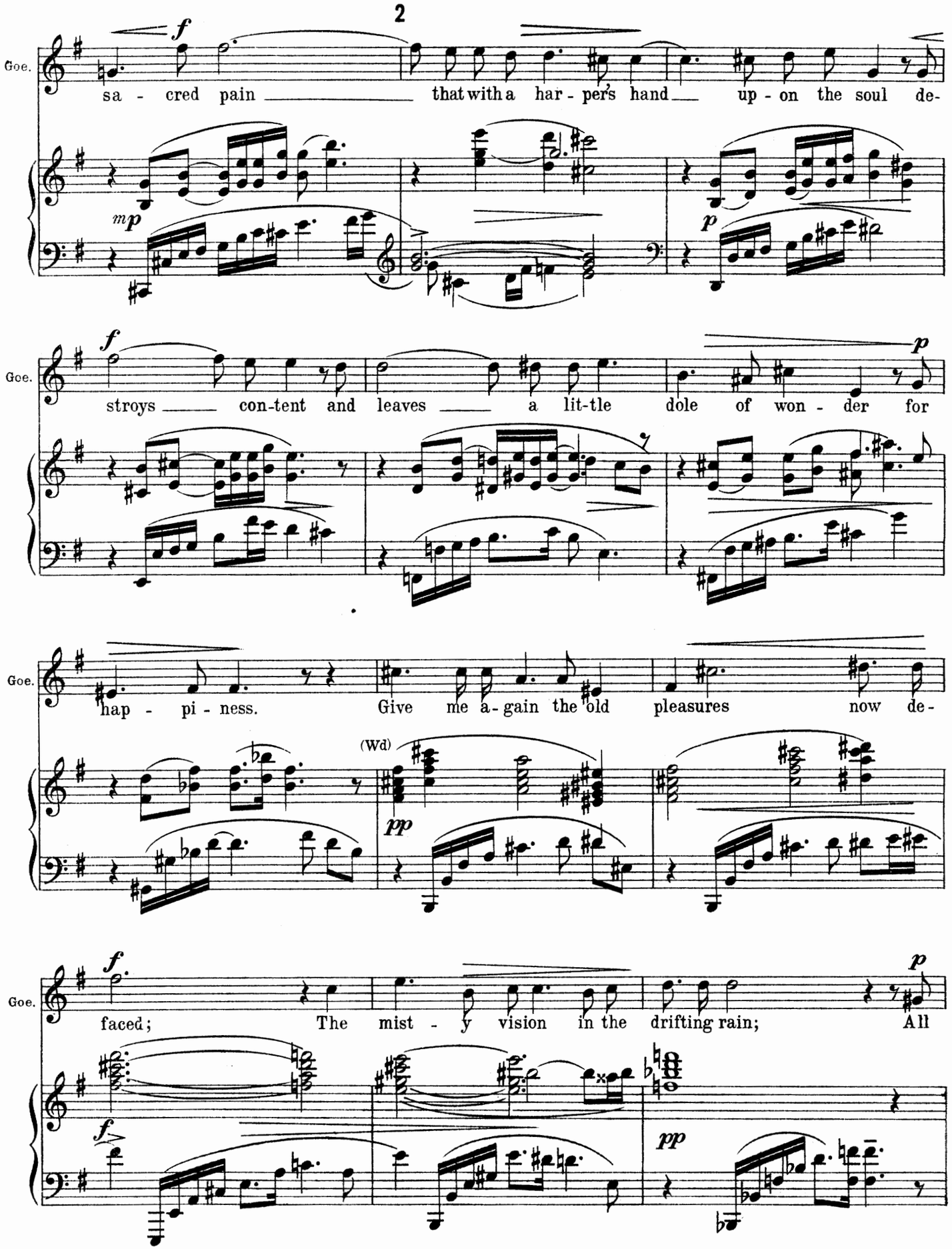
p

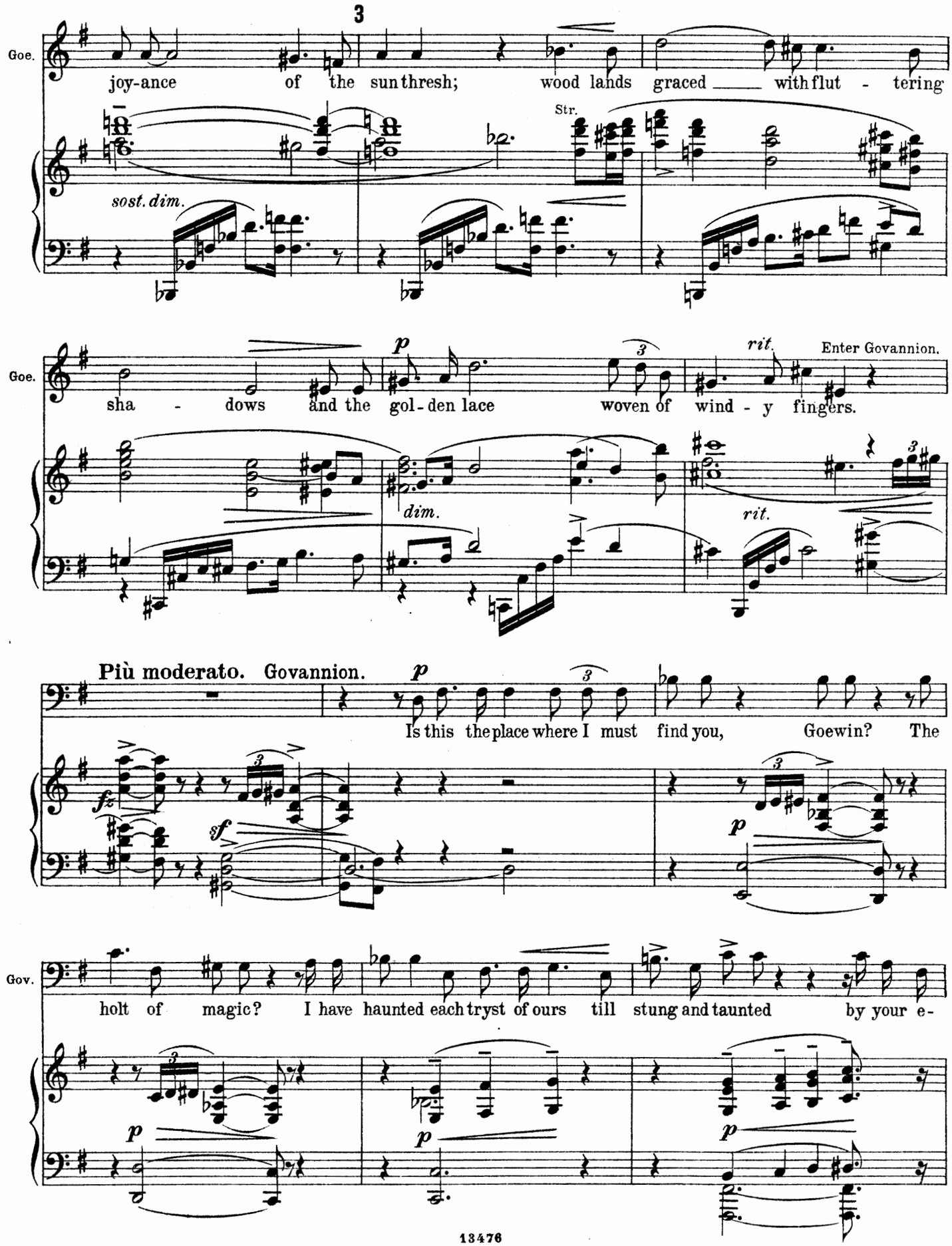
Love was in your breath once and

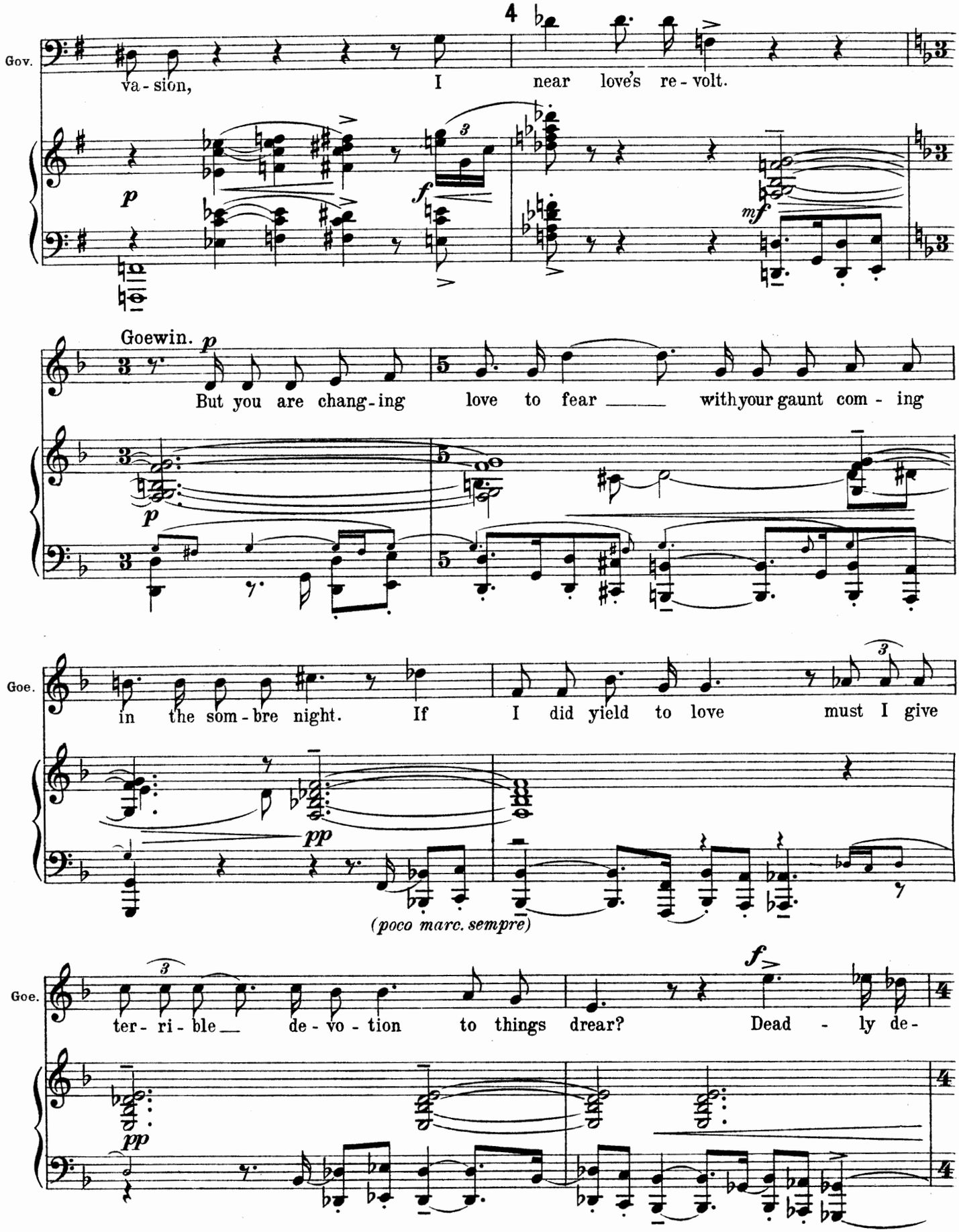
pp

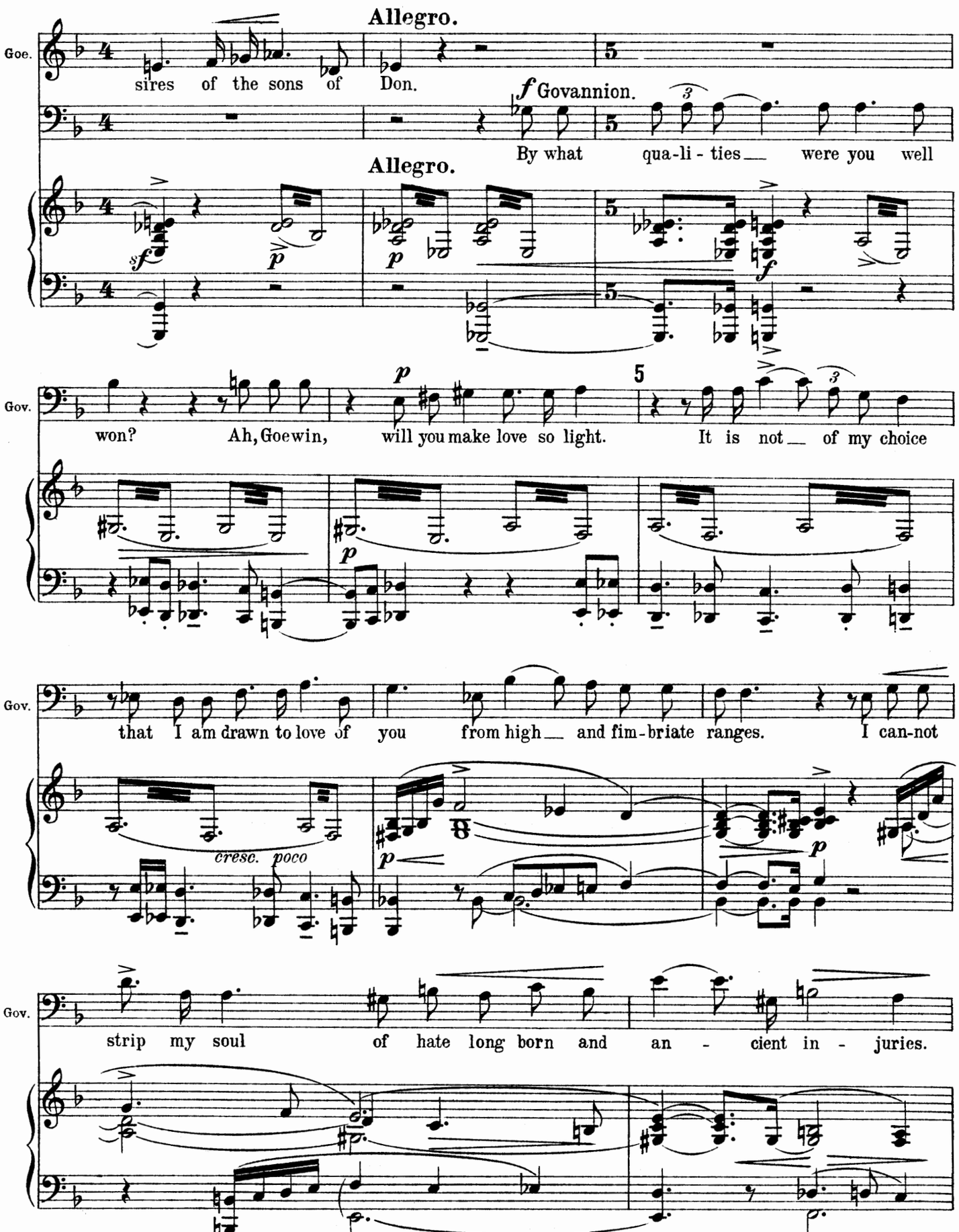
Goe.

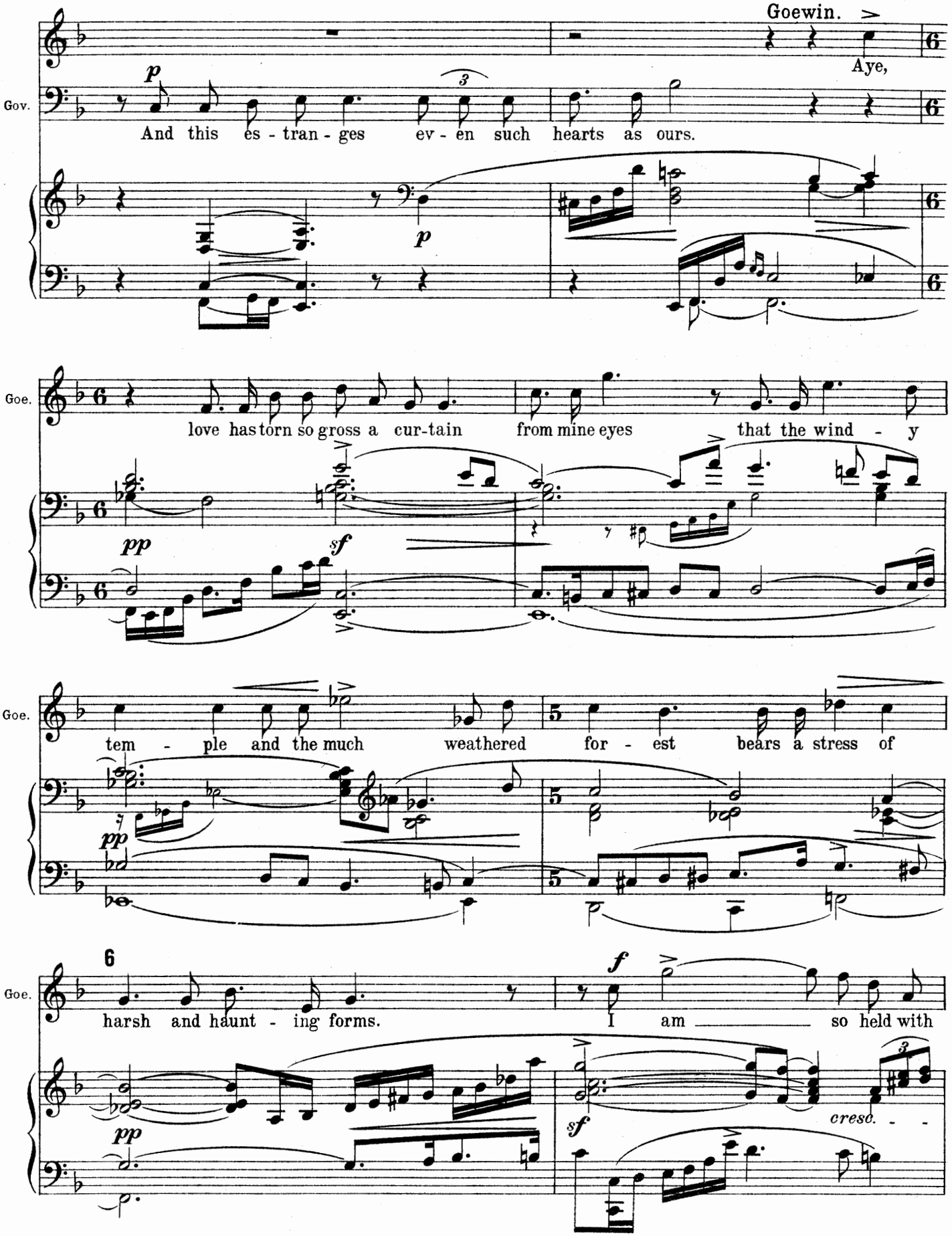
love's dis-as - - ter tears me from you. O

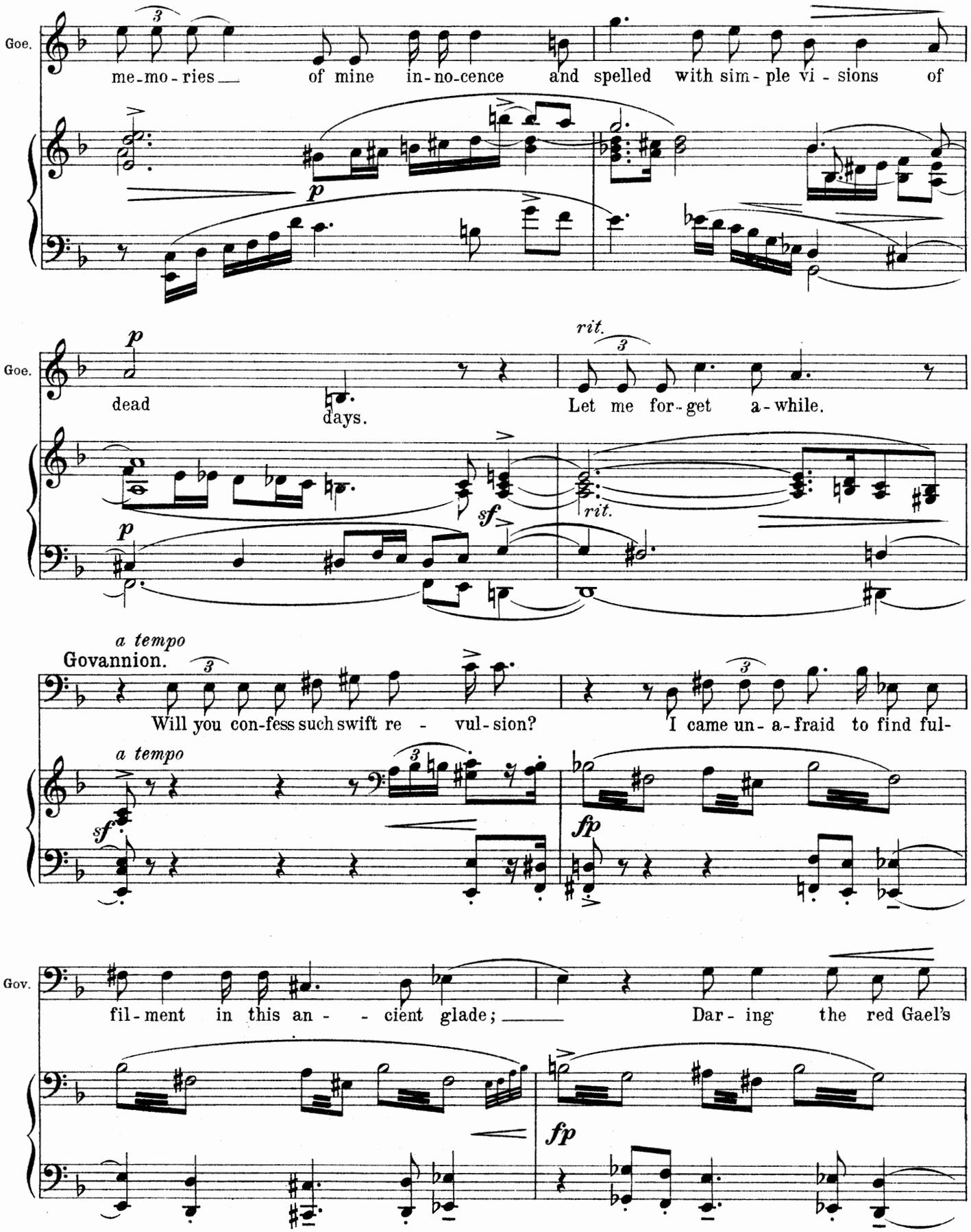

2
Goe.
sa - cred pain that with a har - per's hand up - on the soul de-
stroys con-tent and leaves a lit-tle dole of won - der for
hap - pi - ness. Give me a-gain the old pleasures now de-
faced; The mist - y vision in the drifting rain; All
(Wd)

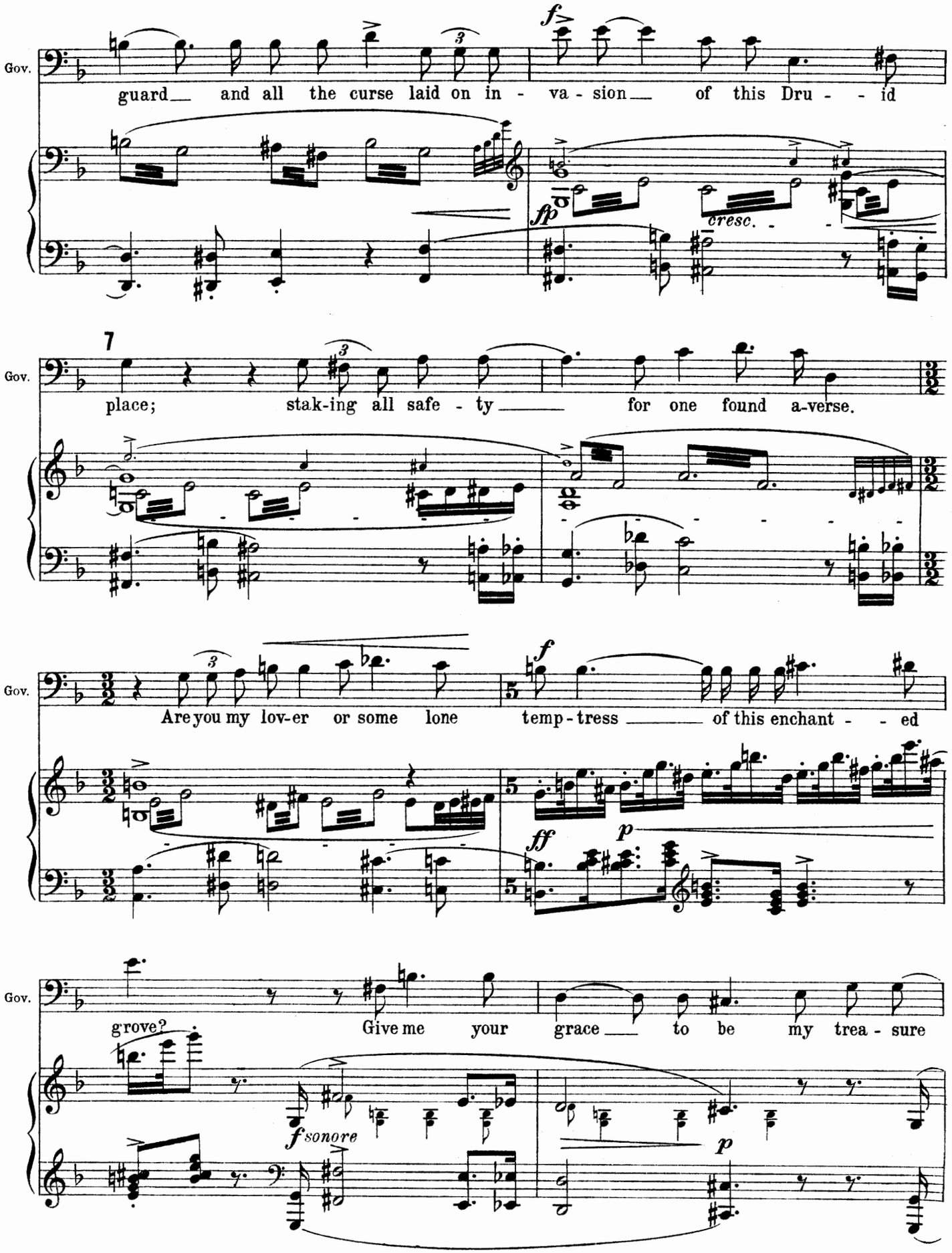

3
Goe.
joy-ance of the sun thresh; wood lands graced with flut - tering
Str.
sost. dim.
Goe.
sha - dows and the gol-den lace woven of wind - y fingers.
dim.
rit.
Enter Govannion.
rit.
Più moderato. Govannion.
Is this the place where I must find you, Goewin? The
Gov.
holt of magic? I have haunted each tryst of ours till stung and taunted by your e-

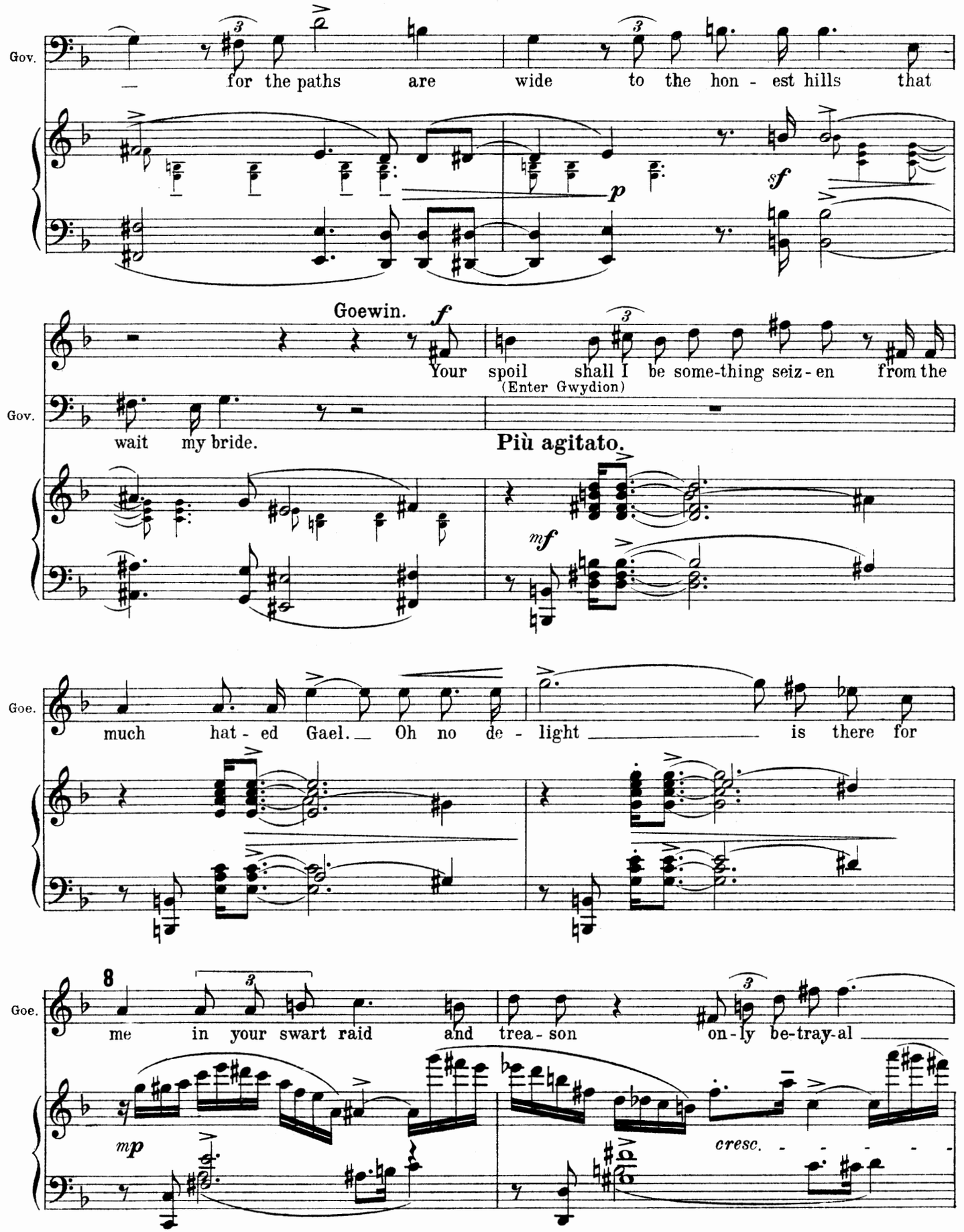

Gov.
va - sion, I near love's re - volt.
Goewin.
But you are chang - ing love to fear with your gaunt com - ing
Goe.
in the som - bre night. If I did yield to love must I give
(poco marc. sempre)
Goe.
ter - ri - ble de - vo - tion to things drear? Dead - ly de -

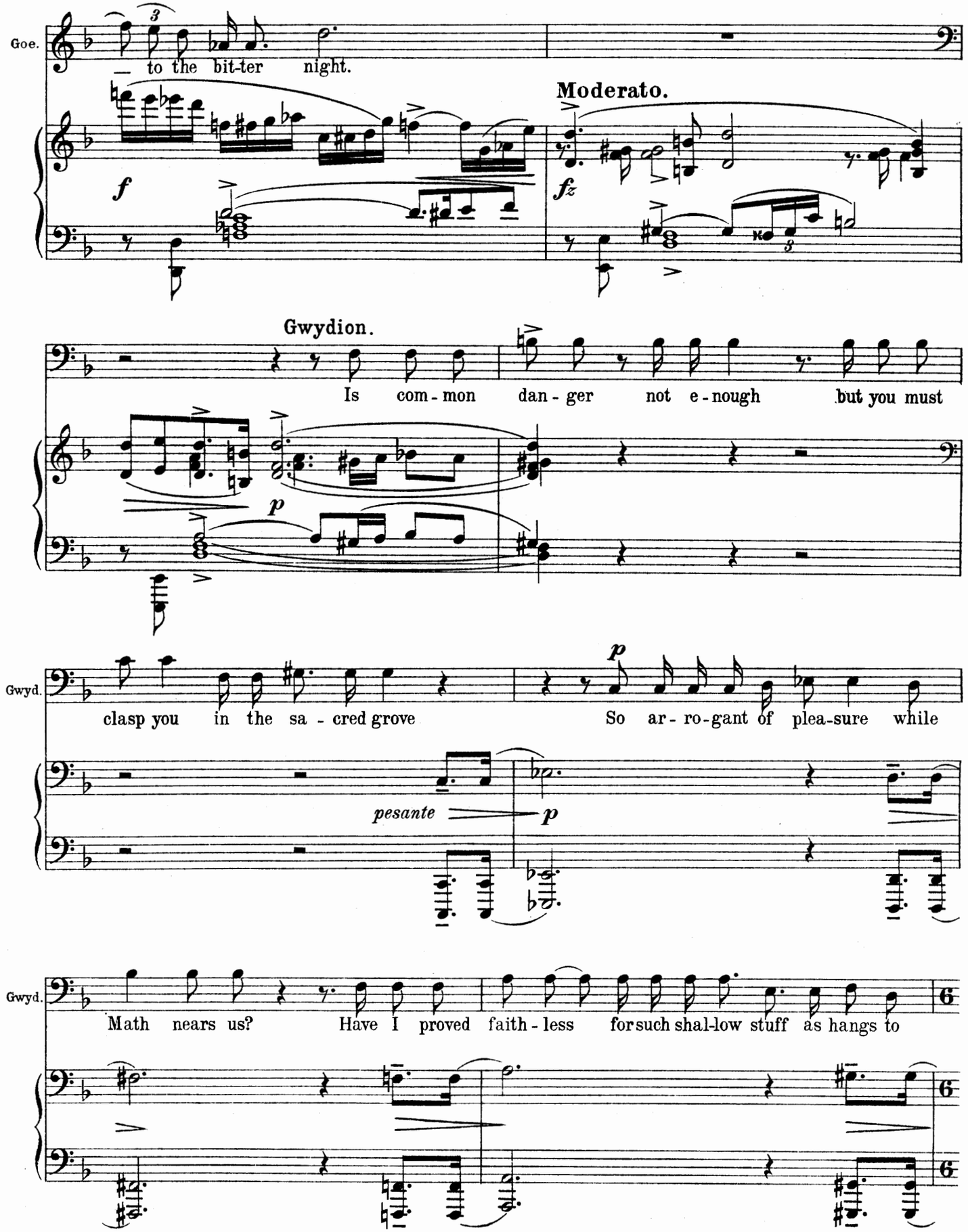

Allegro.
Goe.
sires of the sons of Don.
f Govannion.
By what qua-li-ties were you well
Allegro.
sf
p
f
Gov.
won? Ah, Goewin, will you make love so light. It is not of my choice
p
Gov.
that I am drawn to love of you from high and fim-briate ranges. I can-not
cresc. poco
p
Gov.
strip my soul of hate long born and an - cient in - juries.

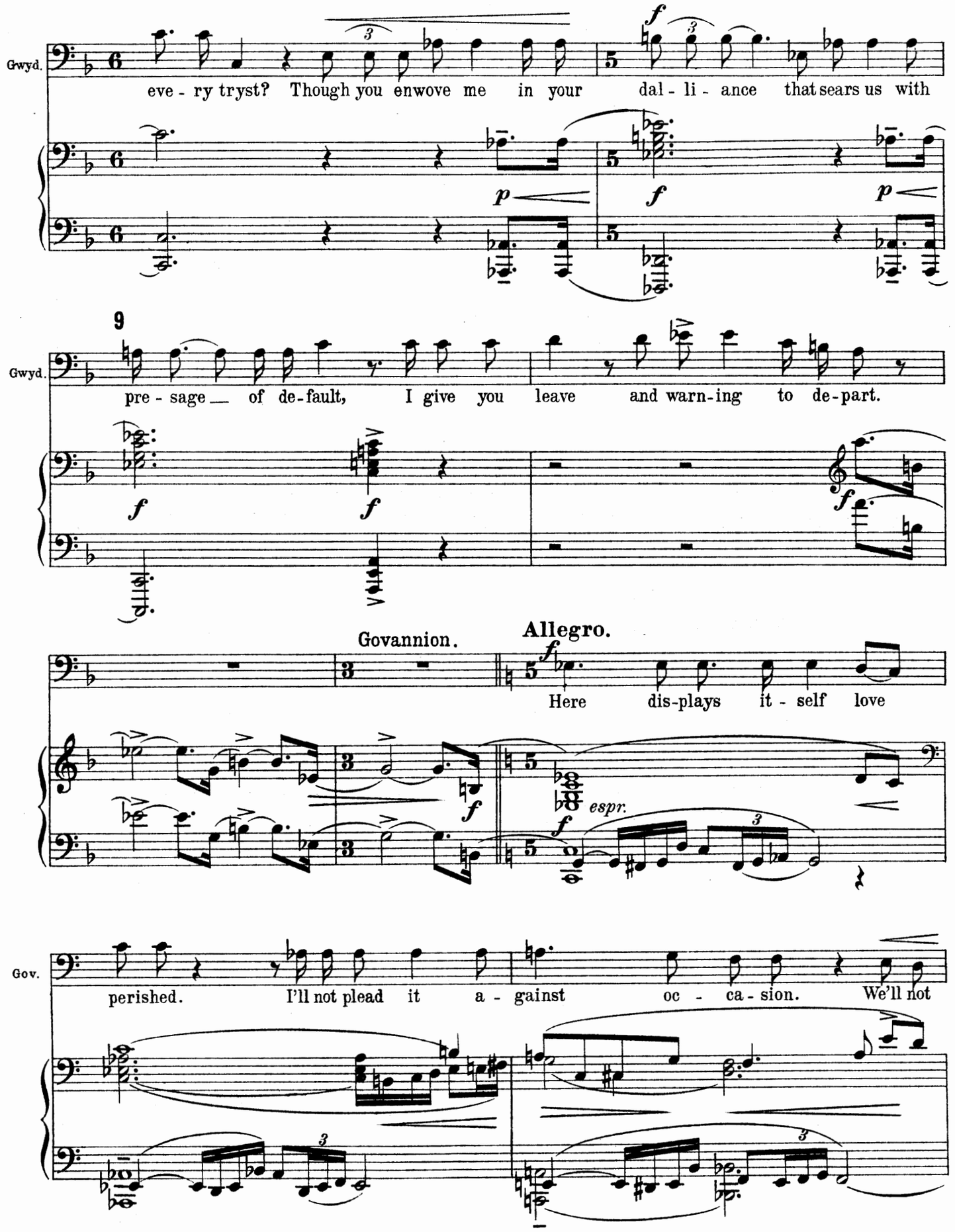

Goewin.
Aye,
Gov.
And this es - tran - ges ev - en such hearts as ours.
Goe.
love has torn so gross a cur-tain from mine eyes that the wind - y
Goe.
tem - ple and the much weathered for - est bears a stress of
Goe.
harsh and haunt - ing forms. I am so held with
cresc. - -

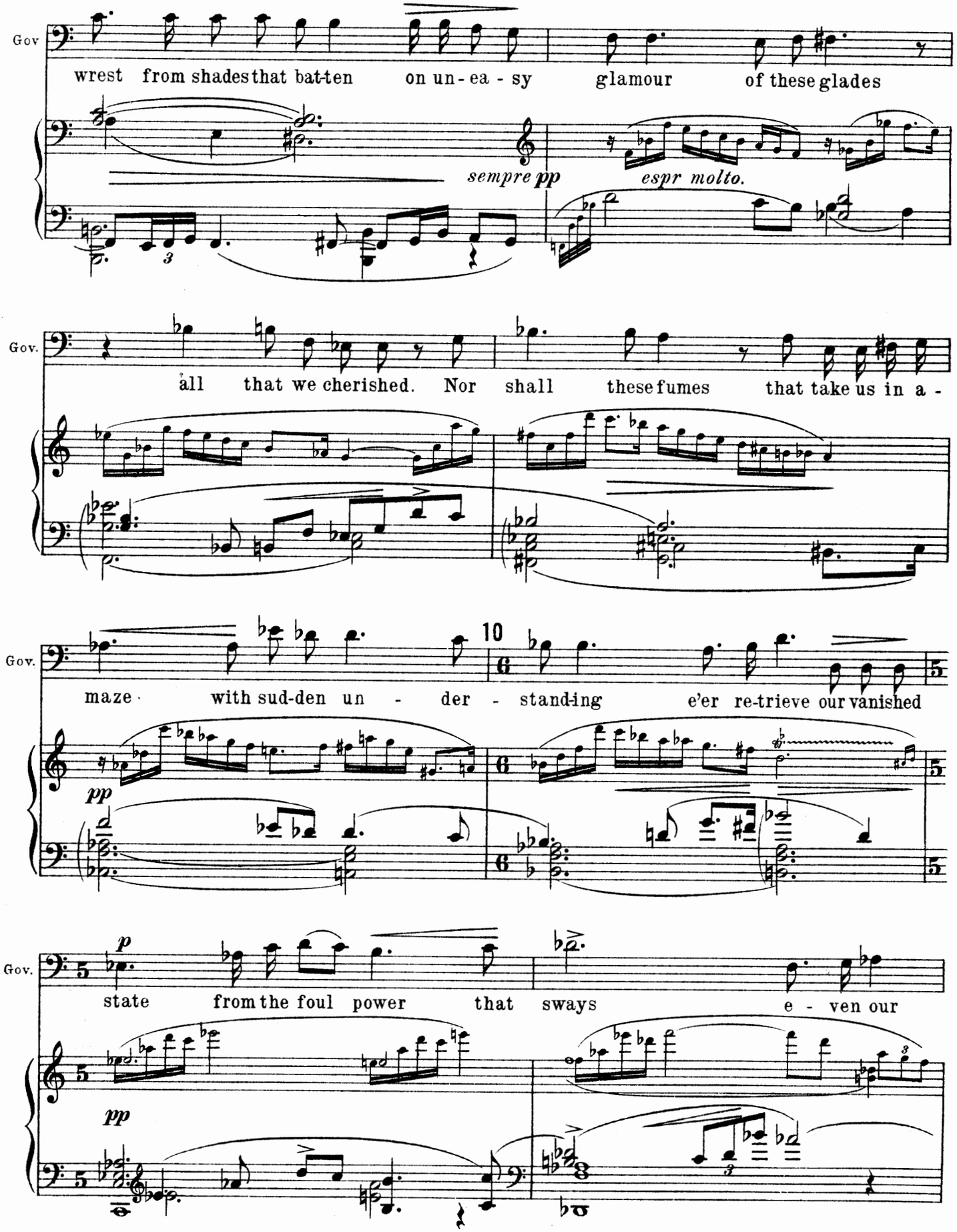

Goe.
me-mo-ries of mine in-no-cence and spelled with sim-ple vi-sions of
p
Goe.
p
dead days.
rit.
Let me for-get a-while.
sf
rit.
a tempo
Govannion.
Will you con-fess such swift re-vul-sion?
I came un-a-fraid to find ful-
a tempo
sf
fp
Gov.
fil-ment in this an-cient glade;
Dar-ing the red Gael's
fp

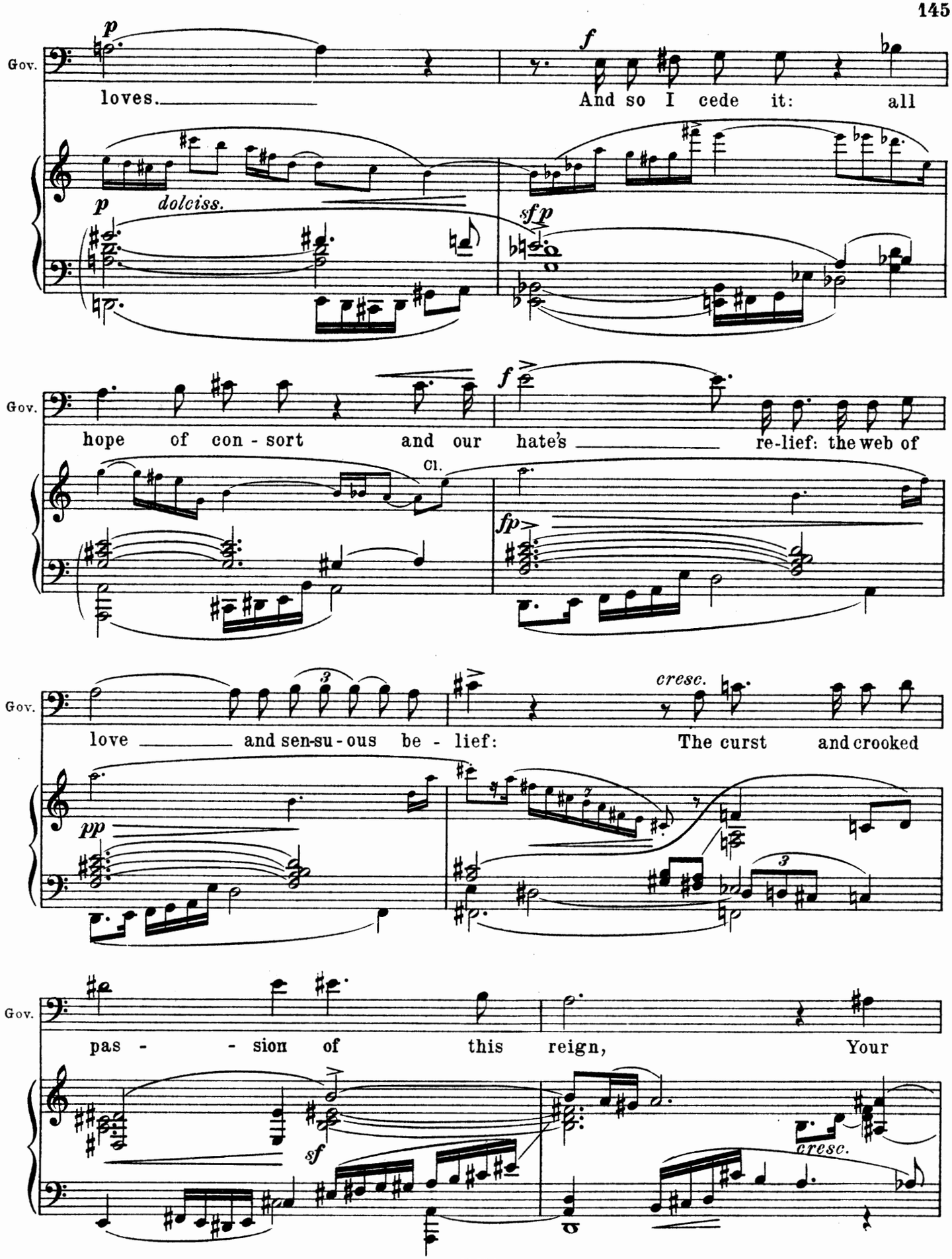

Gov.
guard and all the curse laid on in - va - sion of this Dru - - id
f
fp
cresc.
7
Gov.
place; stak-ing all safe - ty for one found a-verse.
Gov.
Are you my lov-er or some lone temp - tress of this enchant - - ed
f
ff
p
Gov.
grove?
Give me your grace to be my trea - sure
f sonore
p

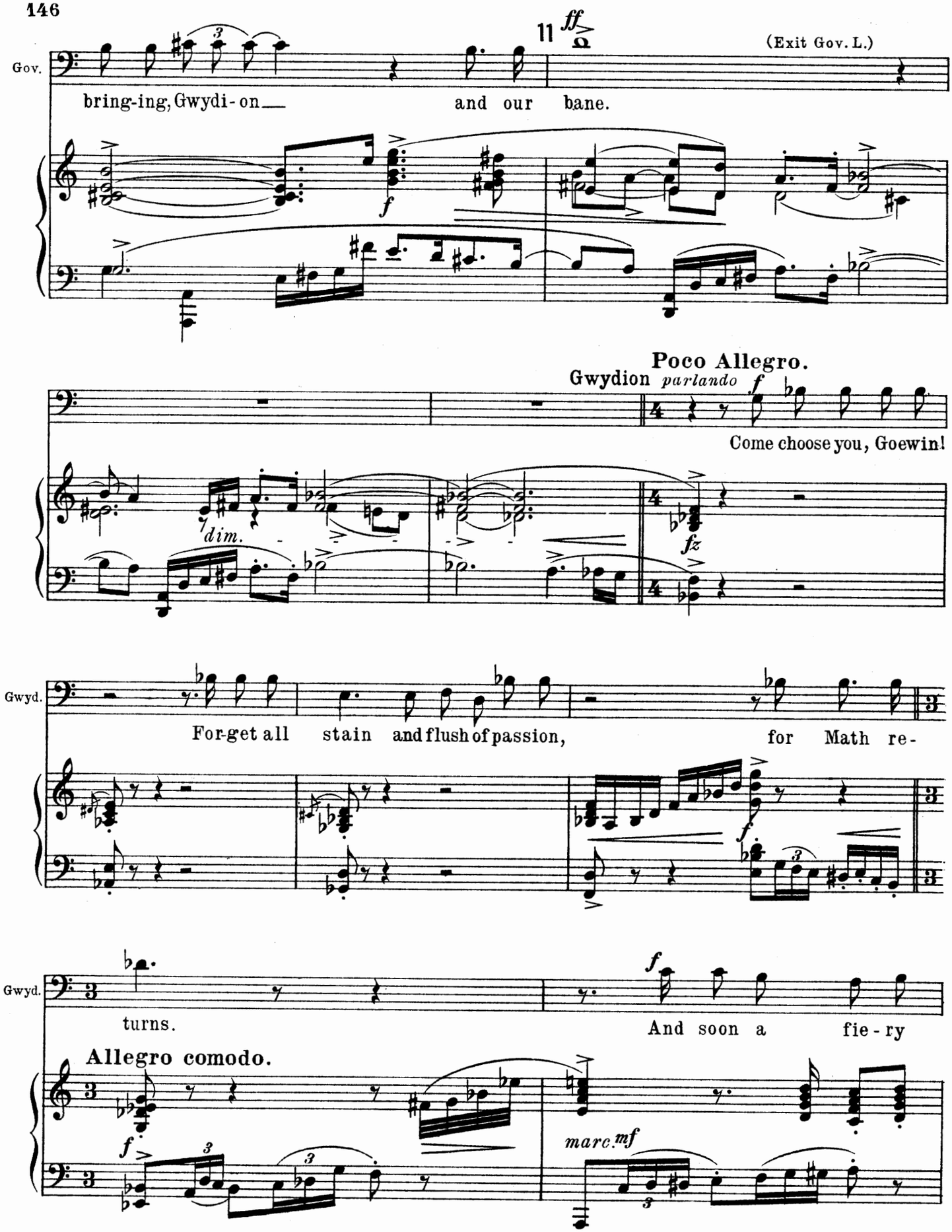

Gov.
for the paths are wide to the hon - est hills that
p
sf
Goewin.
f
Your spoil shall I be some-thing seiz - en from the
(Enter Gwydion)
Gov.
wait my bride.
Più agitato.
mf
Goe.
much hat - ed Gael. Oh no de - light is there for
8
Goe.
me in your swart raid and trea - son on - ly be-tray-al
mp
cresc.

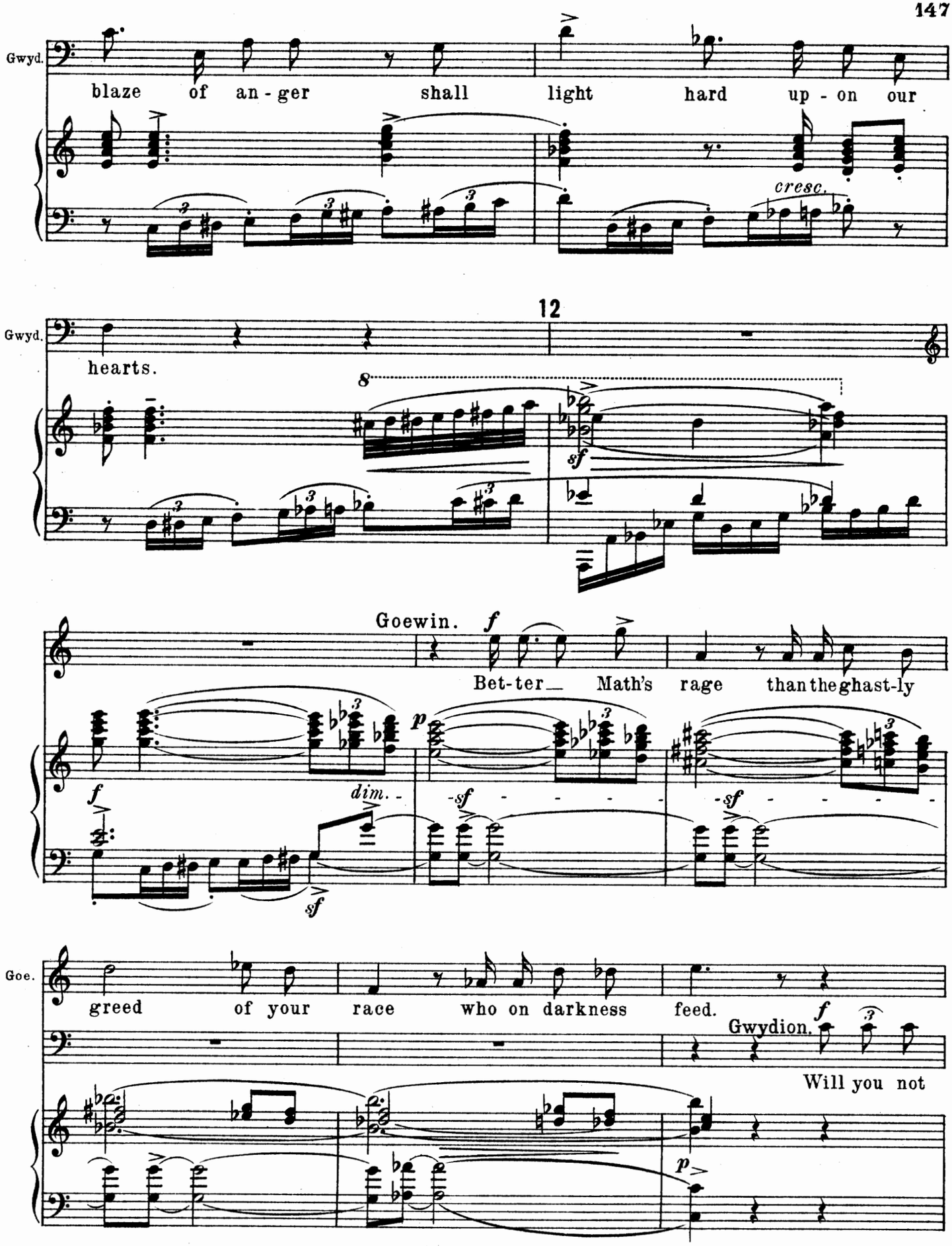

Goe.
— to the bit-ter night.
Moderato.
f
fz
Gwydion.
Is com-mon dan-ger not e-nough but you must
p
Gwyd.
clasp you in the sa-cred grove
So ar-ro-gant of plea-sure while
p
pesante
p
Gwyd.
Math nears us?
Have I proved faith-less for such shal-low stuff as hangs to

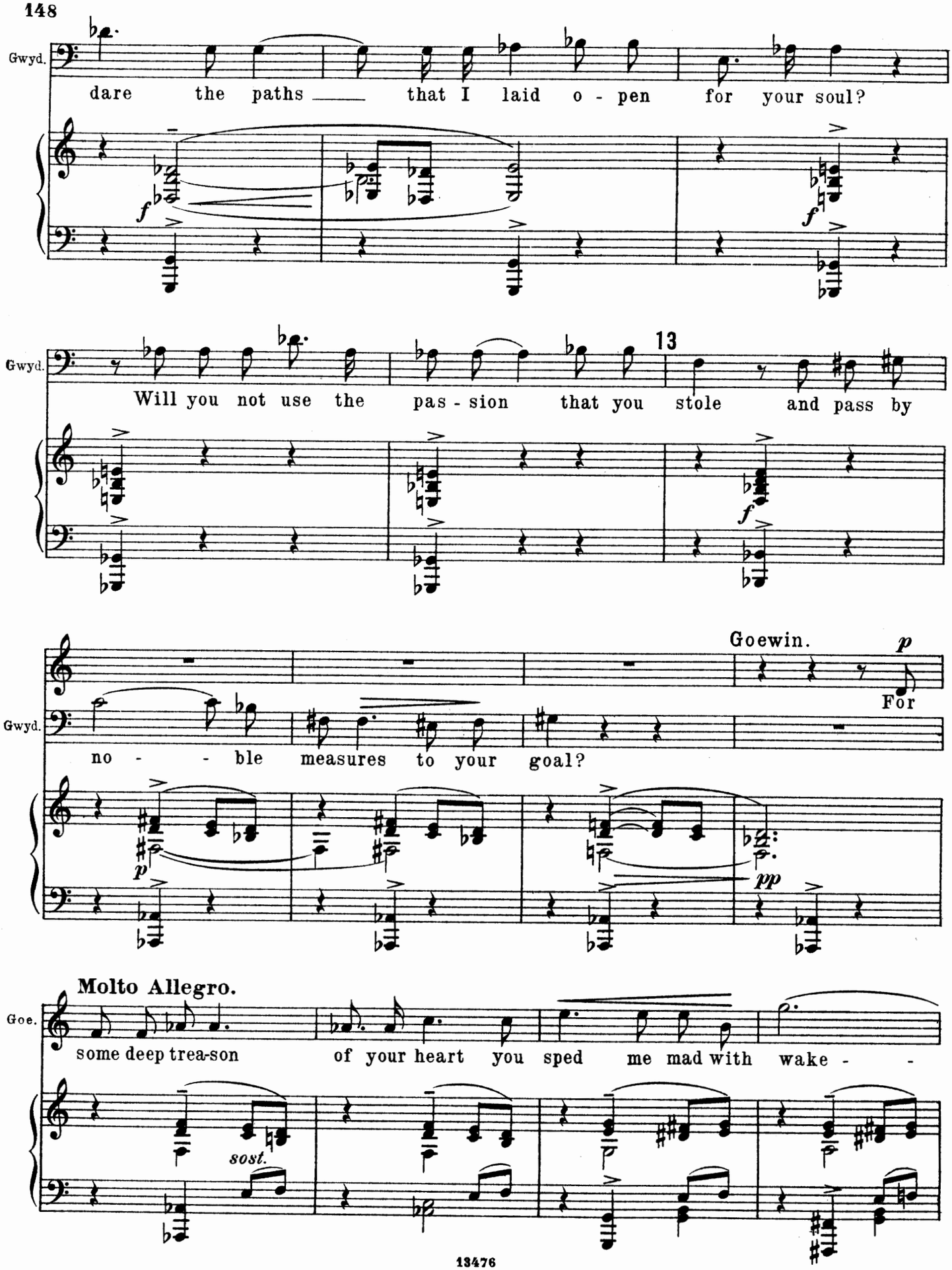

Gwyd.
eve - ry tryst? Though you enwove me in your dal - li - ance that sears us with
9
Gwyd.
pre - sage of de-fault, I give you leave and warn-ing to de-part.
Govannion.
Allegro.
Here dis-plays it - self love
espr.
Gov.
perished. I'll not plead it a - gainst oc - ca - sion. We'll not

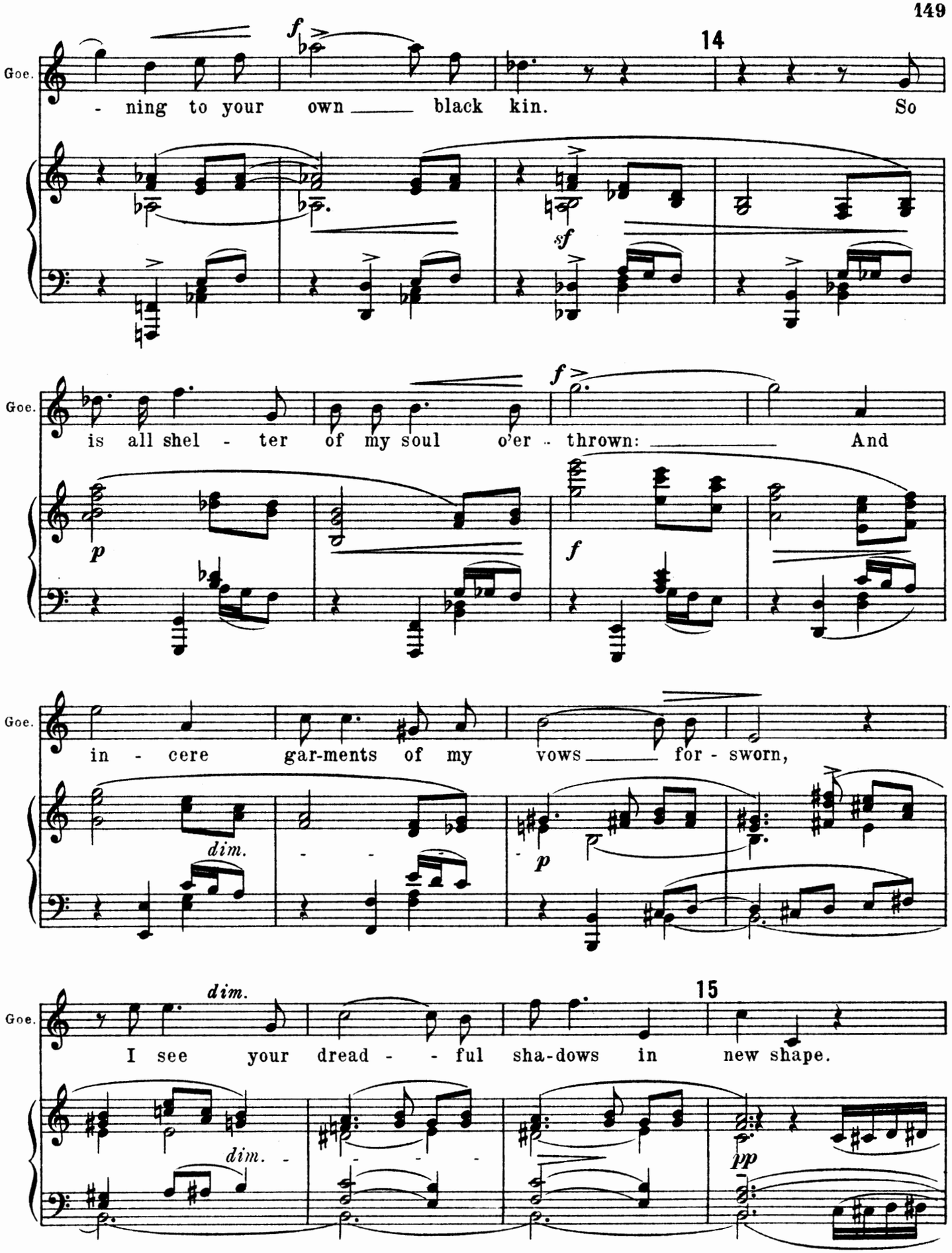

Gov
wrest from shades that bat-ten on un-ea-sy glamour of these glades
sempre pp
espr molto.
Gov.
all that we cherished. Nor shall these fumes that take us in a-
Gov.
maze with sud-den un-der-stand-ing e'er re-trieve our vanished
10
pp
Gov.
p
state from the foul power that sways e-ven our
pp

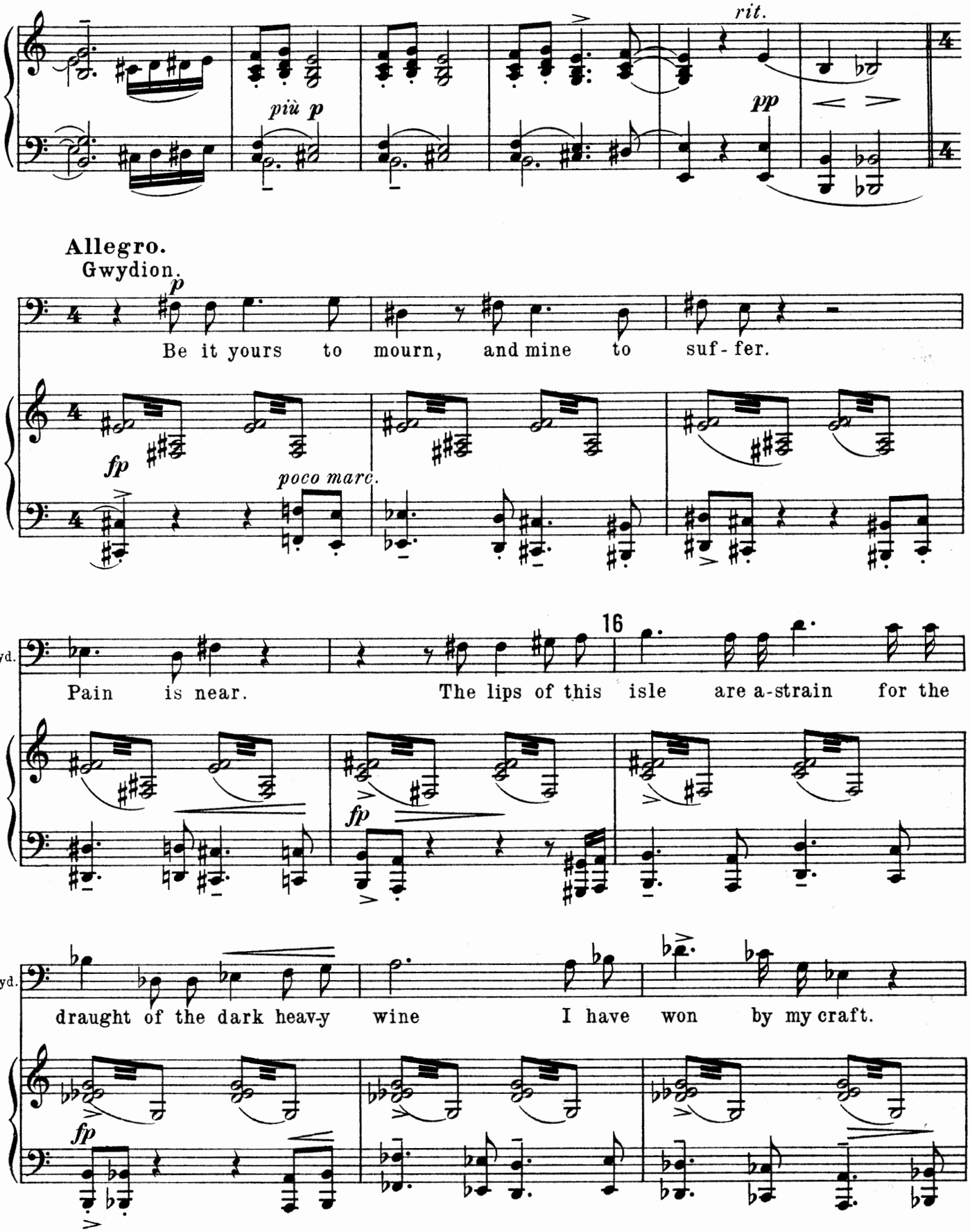

Gov.
p
loves.
f
And so I cede it: all
p dolciss.
sfp
Gov.
hope of con - sort and our hate's re-lief: the web of
f
Cl.
fp
Gov.
love and sen-su - ous be - lief:
cresc.
The curst and crooked
pp
3
Gov.
pas - - sion of this reign,
Your
sf
cresc.

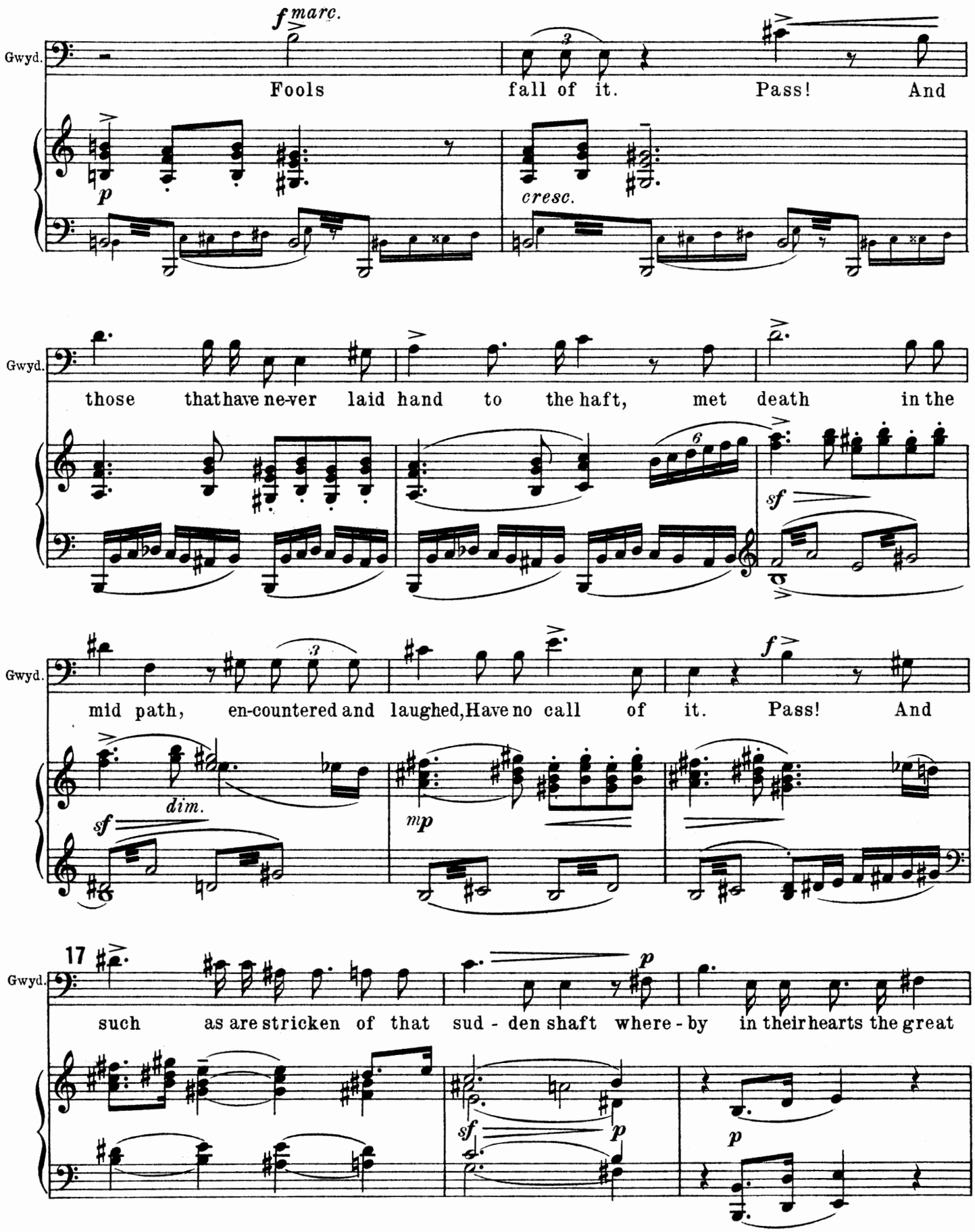

Gov.
bring-ing, Gwydi-on
and our bane.
(Exit Gov. L.)
Poco Allegro.
Gwydion parlando
Come choose you, Goewin!
Gwyd.
For-get all stain and flush of passion,
for Math re-
Gwyd.
turns.
And soon a fie-ry
Allegro comodo.

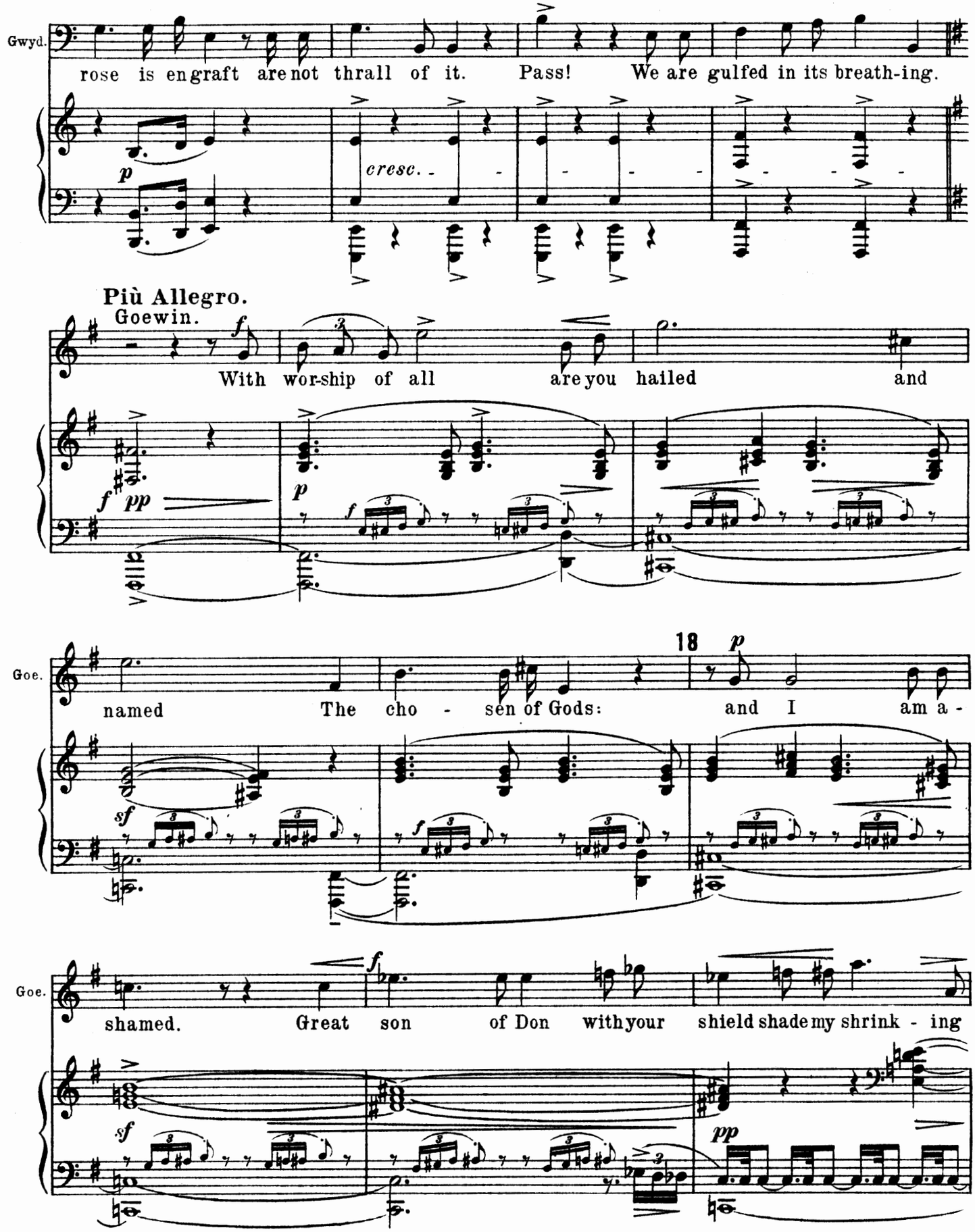

Gwyd.
blaze of an - ger shall light hard up - on our
cresc.
12
Gwyd.
hearts.
8
sf
Goewin.
f
Bet-ter_ Math's rage than the ghast-ly
p
f
dim.
sf
-sf
-sf
Goe.
greed of your race who on darkness feed.
Gwydion.
f
Will you not
p

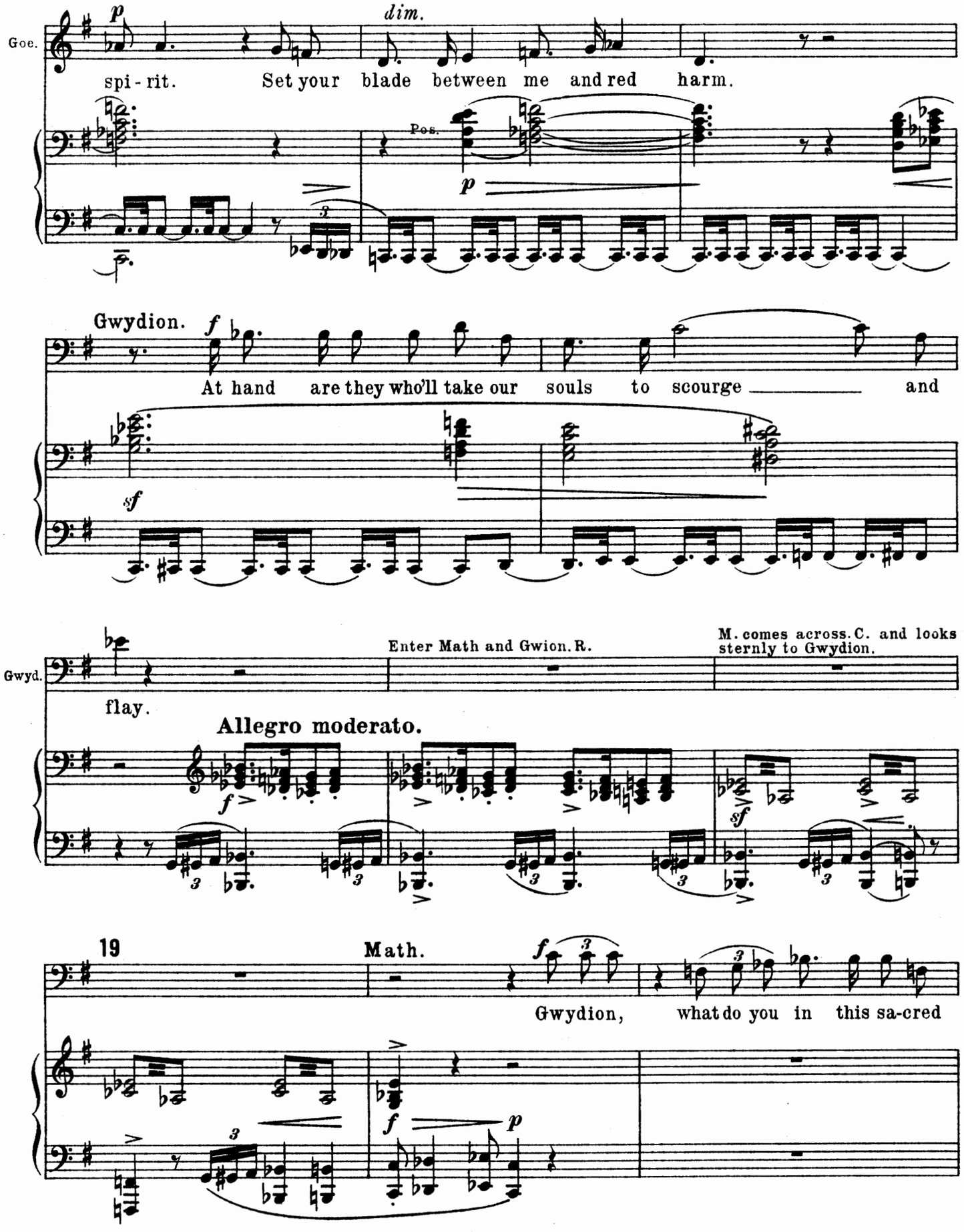

Gwyd.
dare the paths ___ that I laid o - pen for your soul?
f
f
Gwyd.
13
Will you not use the pas - sion that you stole and pass by
f
Goewin.
p
Gwyd.
For
no - - ble measures to your goal?
p
pp
Molto Allegro.
Goe.
some deep trea-son of your heart you sped me mad with wake - -
sost.

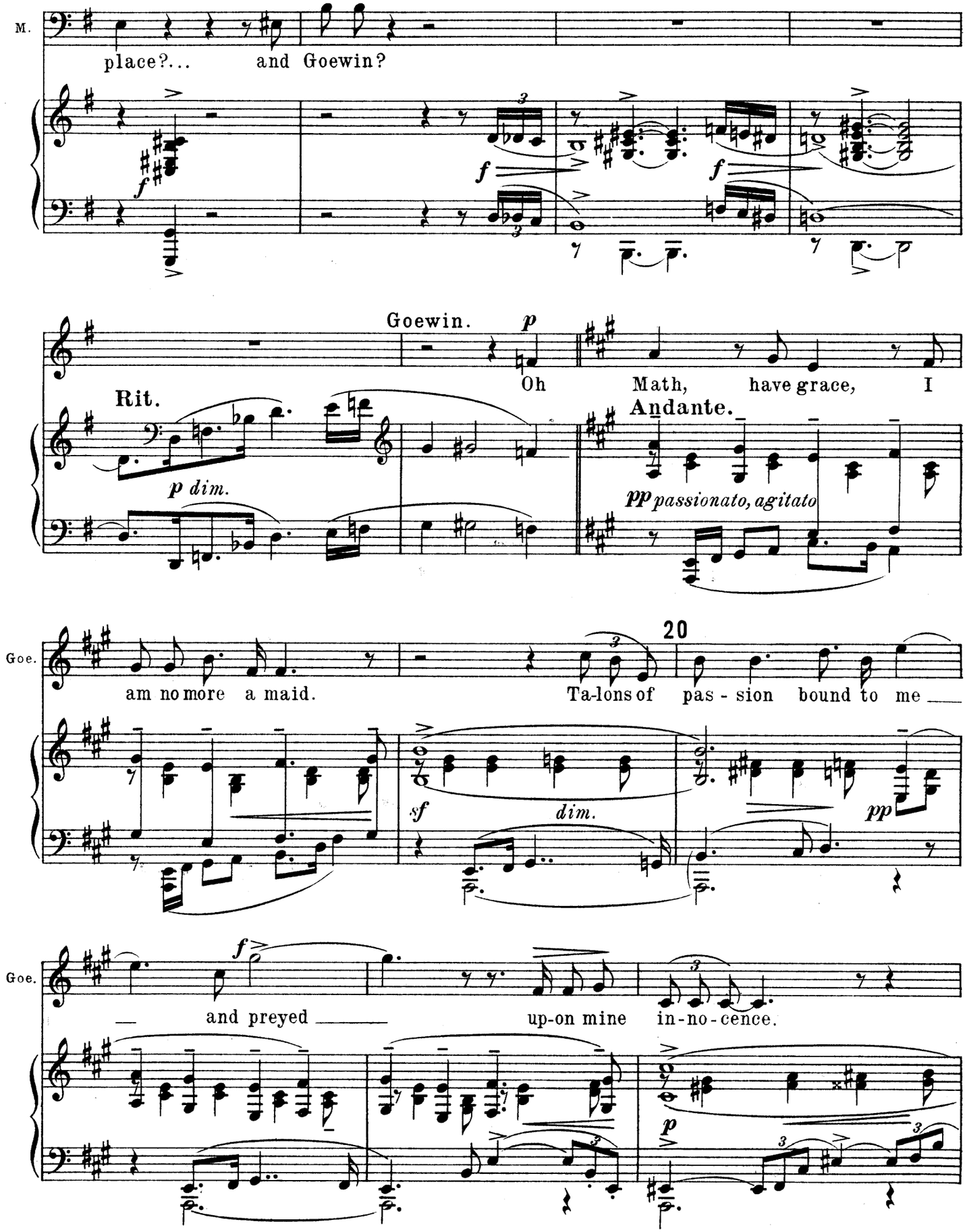

Goe.
- ning to your own black kin.
14
So
is all shel - ter of my soul o'er - thrown:
And
in - cere gar-ments of my vows for - sworn,
I see your dread - - ful sha-dows in
15
new shape.
f
sf
p
dim.
pp

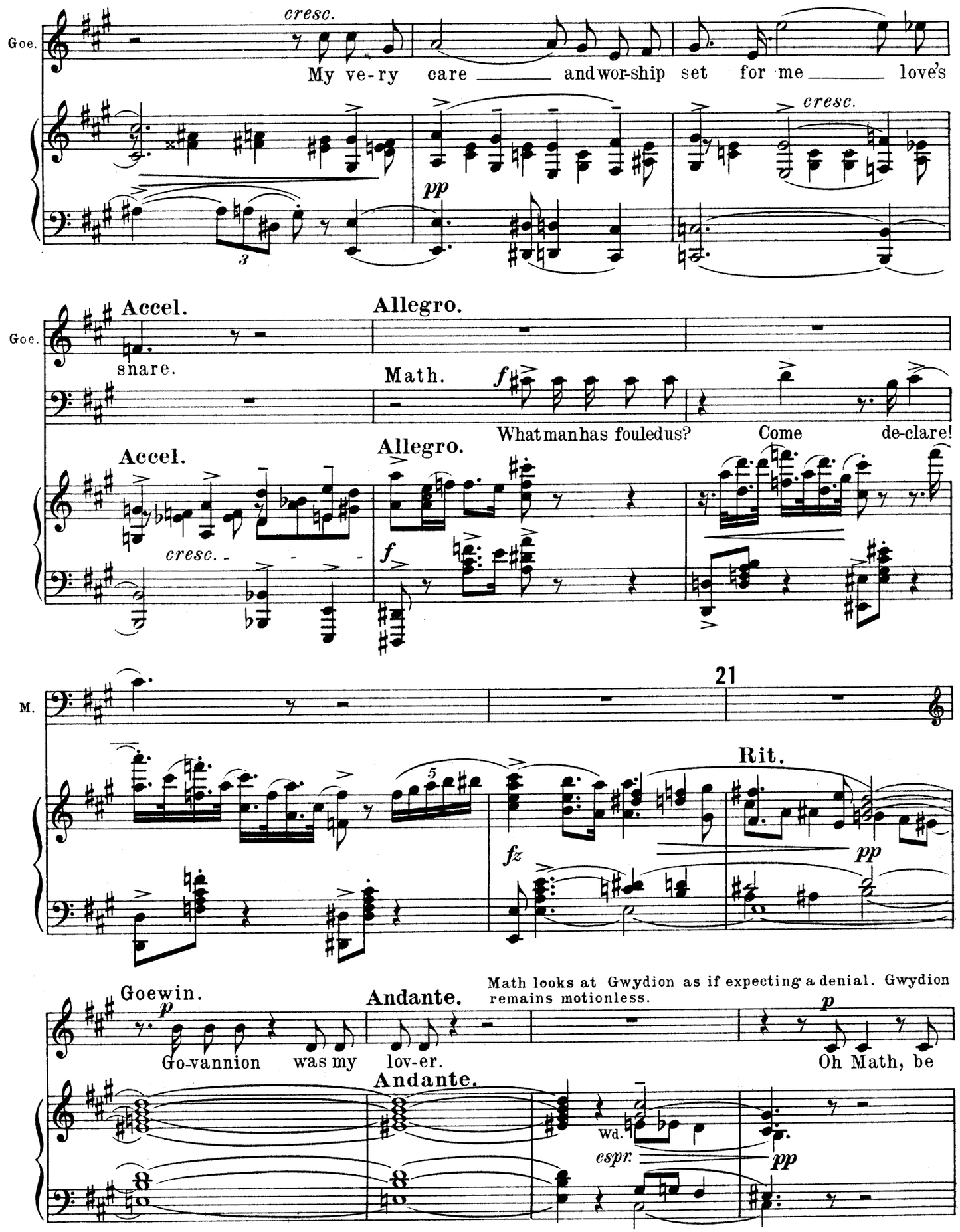

rit.
più p
pp
Allegro.
Gwydion.
p
Be it yours to mourn, and mine to suf-fer.
fp
poco marc.
Gwyd.
16
Pain is near. The lips of this isle are a-strain for the
fp
Gwyd.
draught of the dark heav-y wine I have won by my craft.
fp

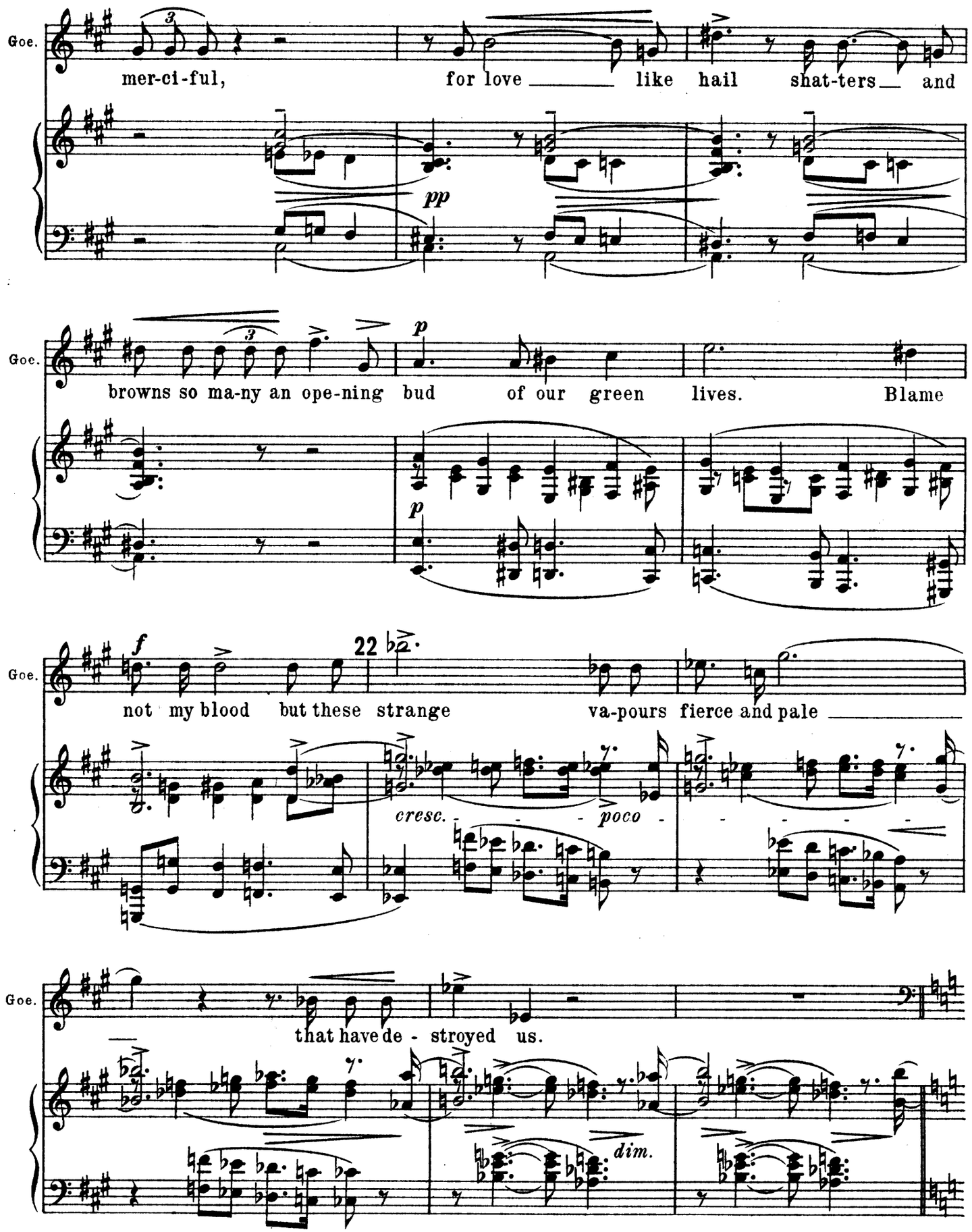

Gwyd.
f marc.
Fools fall of it. Pass! And
p
cresc.
Gwyd.
those thathave ne-ver laid hand to the haft, met death in the
sf
Gwyd.
mid path, en-countered and laughed,Have no call of it. Pass! And
f
sf
dim.
mp
17
Gwyd.
such as are stricken of that sud - den shaft where - by in their hearts the great
p
sf
p
p

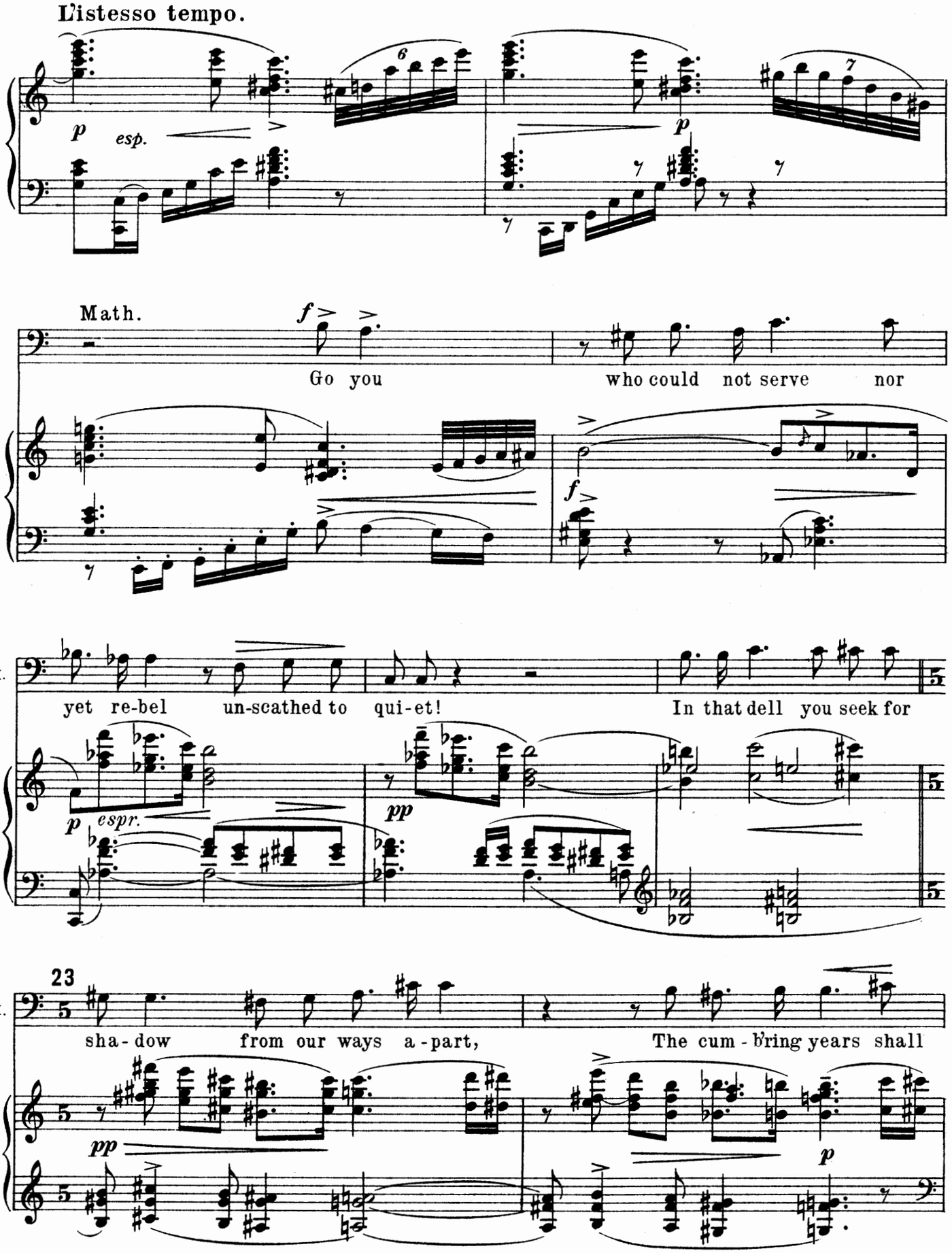

Gwyd.
rose is engraft are not thrall of it. Pass! We are gulfed in its breath-ing.
cresc.
Più Allegro.
Goewin.
With wor-ship of all are you hailed and
Goe.
named The cho - sen of Gods: and I am a -
18
Goe.
shamed. Great son of Don with your shield shade my shrink - ing

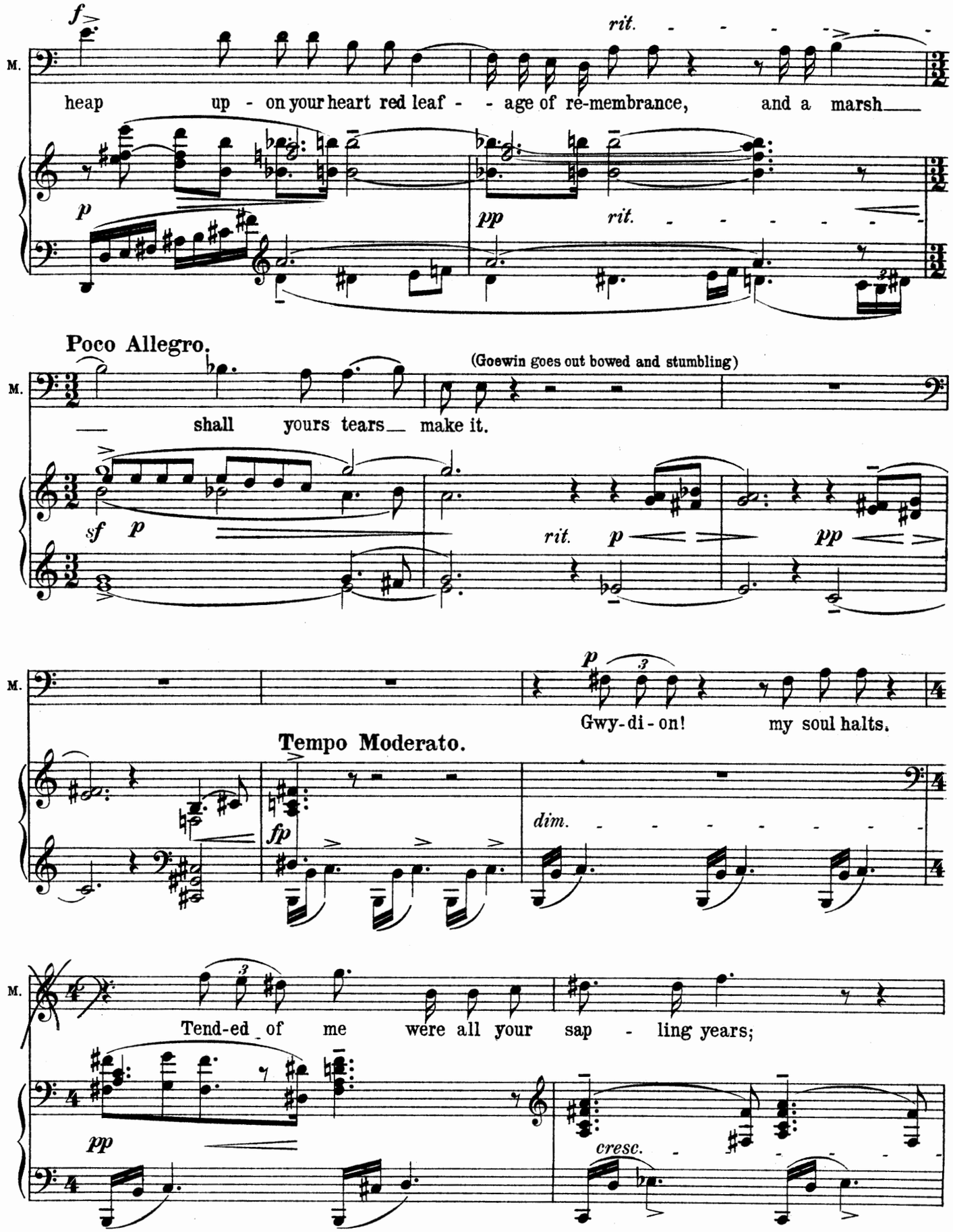

Goe.
p
dim.
spi - rit. Set your blade between me and red harm.
Pos.
p
Gwydion.
f
At hand are they who'll take our souls to scourge and
sf
Gwyd.
Enter Math and Gwion. R.
M. comes across. C. and looks sternly to Gwydion.
flay.
Allegro moderato.
f
sf
19
Math.
f
Gwydion, what do you in this sa-cred
f
p

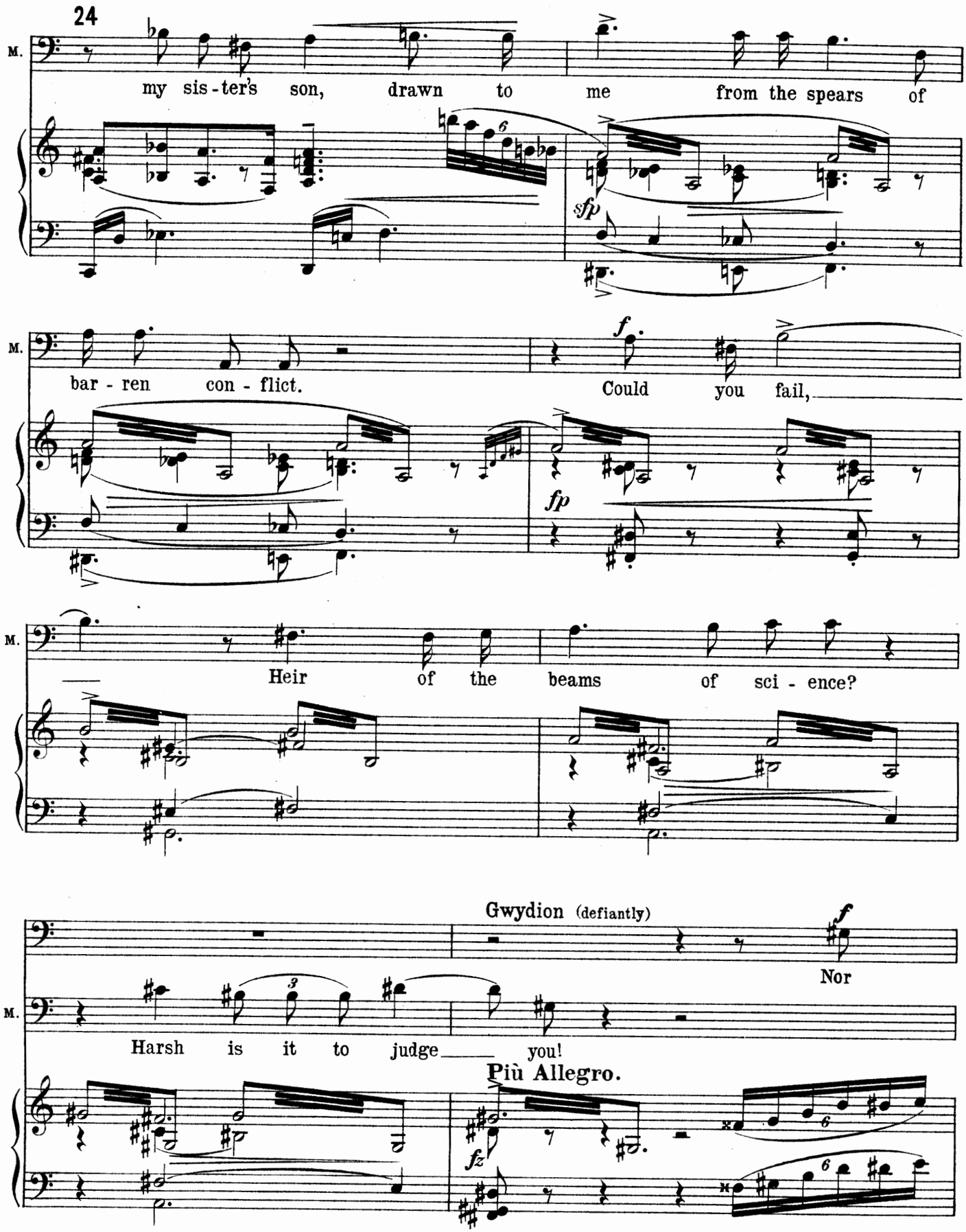

M.
place?... and Goewin?
f
f
f
Goewin.
p
Oh Math, have grace, I
Rit.
p dim.
Andante.
pp passionato, agitato
Goe.
am no more a maid.
Ta-lons of pas - sion bound to me
20
sf
dim.
pp
Goe.
f
and preyed
up-on mine in-no-cence.
p

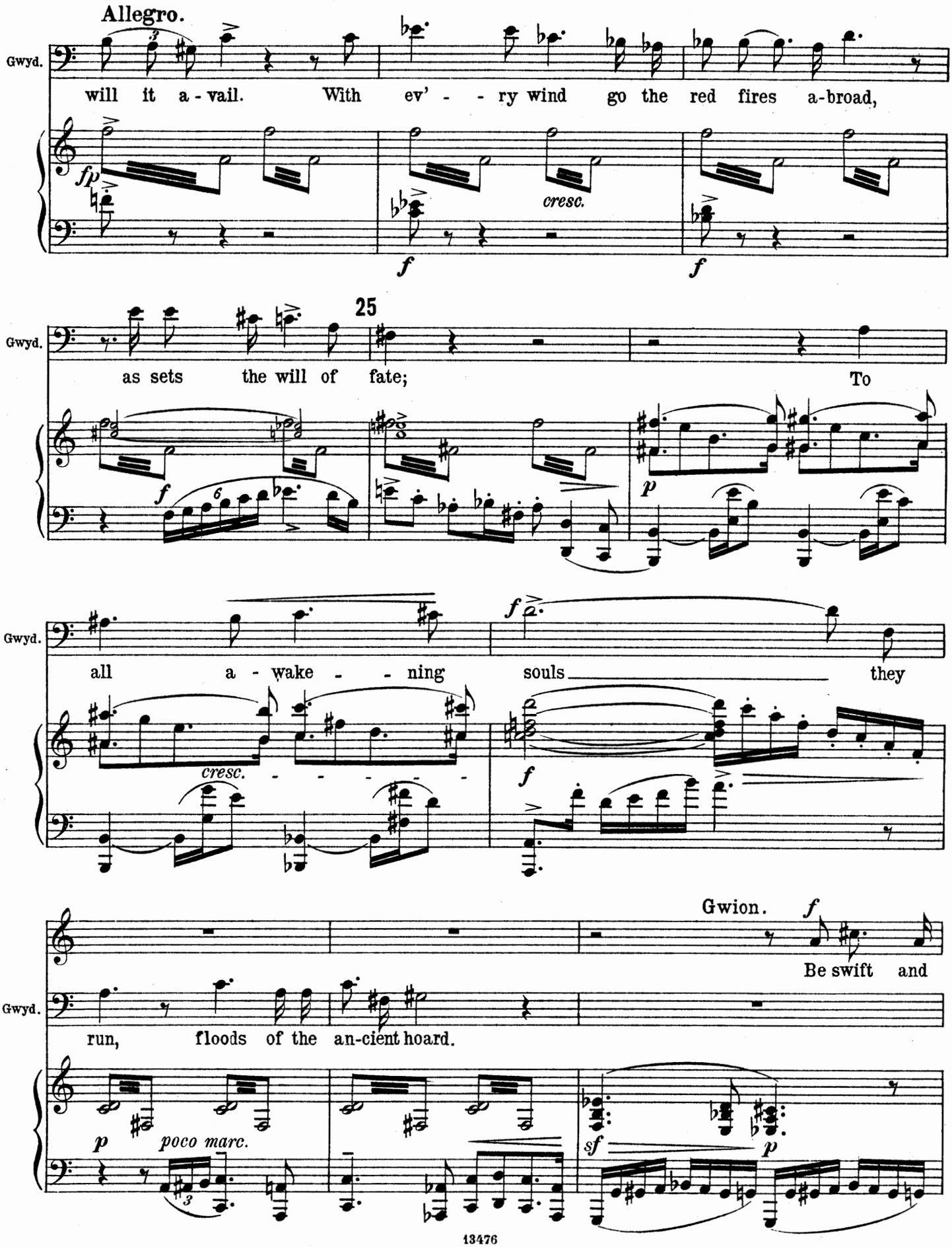

Goe.
cresc.
My ve-ry care and wor-ship set for me love's
pp
cresc.
Accel.
Allegro.
snare.
Math.
f
What man has fouled us?
Come de-clare!
Accel.
Allegro.
cresc.
f
M.
21
Rit.
fz
pp
Goewin.
p
Go-vannion was my lov-er.
Andante.
Math looks at Gwydion as if expecting a denial. Gwydion remains motionless.
p
Oh Math, be
Andante.
wd.
espr.
pp

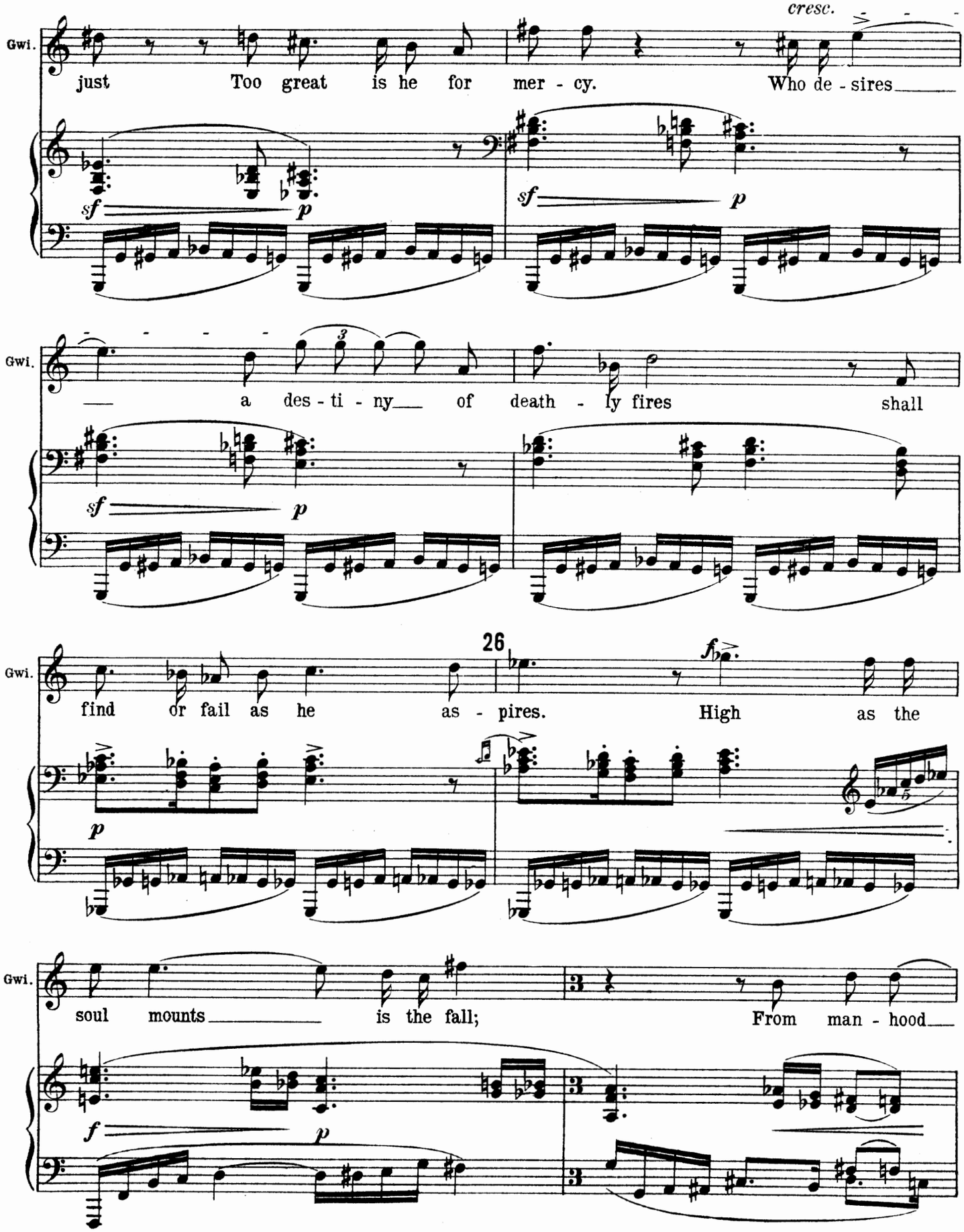

Goe.
mer-ci-ful, for love like hail shat-ters and
pp
Goe.
browns so ma-ny an ope-ning bud of our green lives. Blame
p
p
Goe.
22
not my blood but these strange va-pours fierce and pale
f
cresc.
poco
Goe.
that have de - stroyed us.
dim.

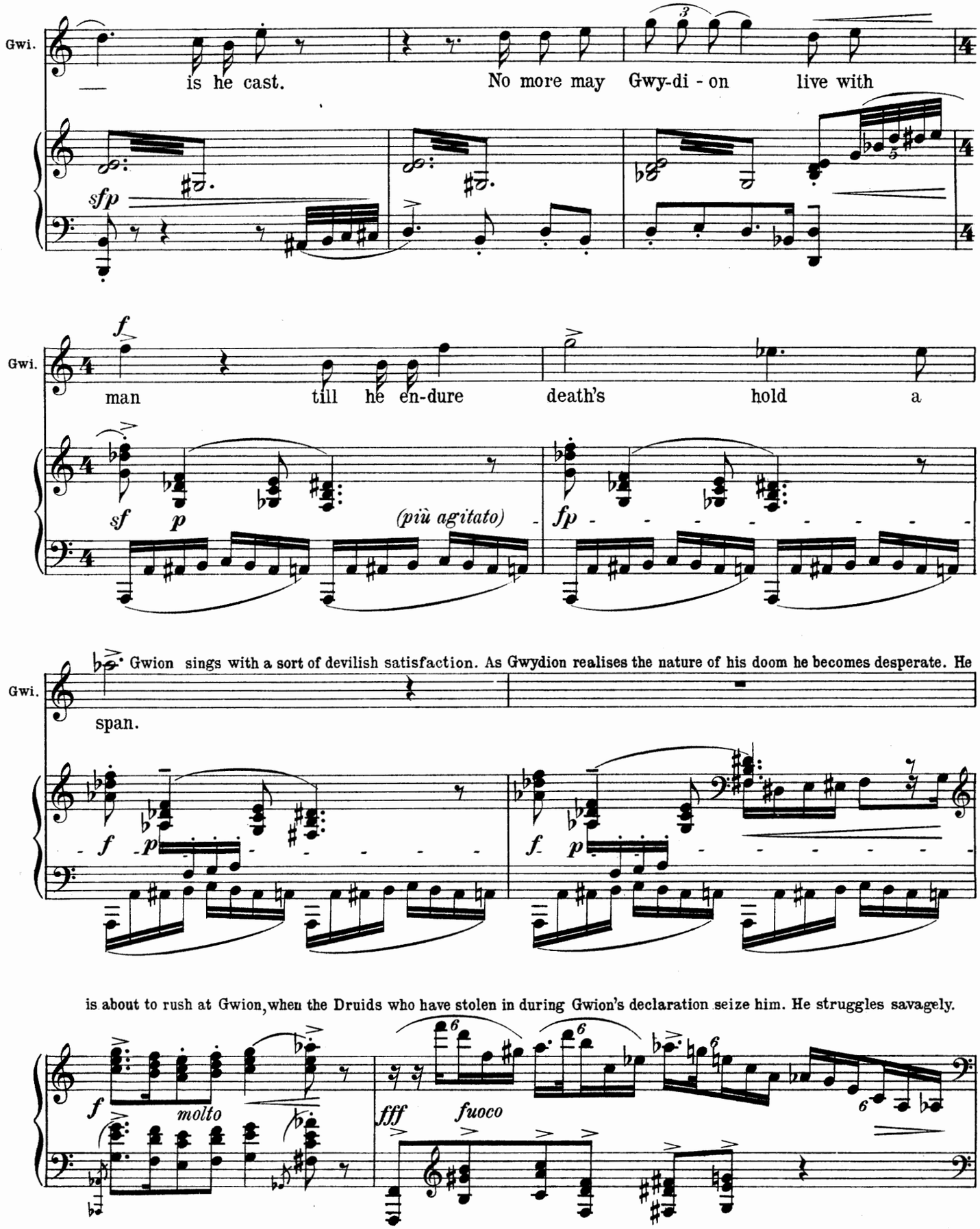

L'istesso tempo.
p esp.
6
p
7
Math.
f
Go you
who could not serve nor
f
M.
yet re-bel un-scathed to qui-et!
In that dell you seek for
p espr.
pp
23
M.
sha-dow from our ways a-part,
The cum-b'ring years shall
pp
p

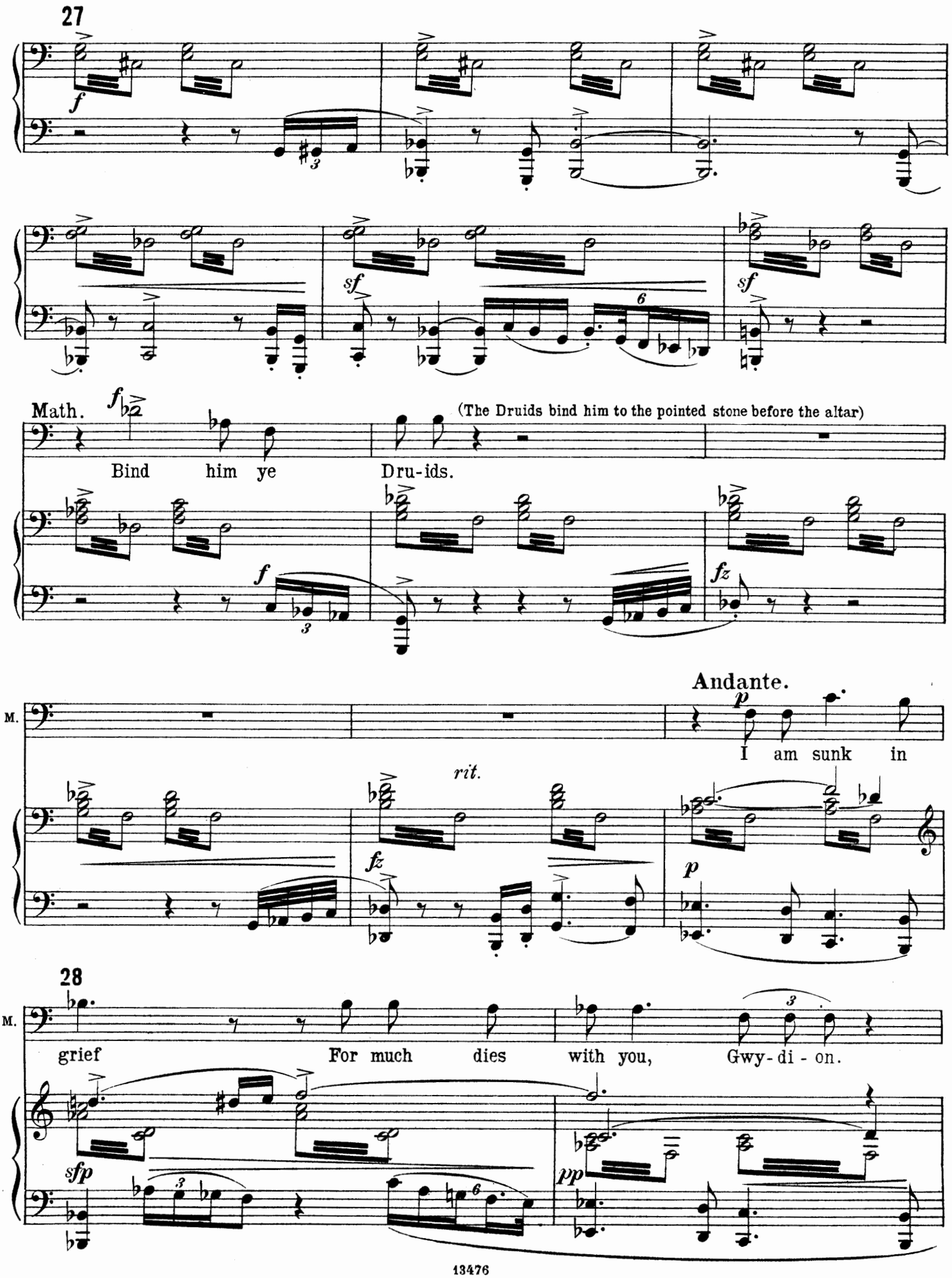

M.
f
rit.
heap up - on your heart red leaf - - age of re-membrance, and a marsh
p
pp
rit.
Poco Allegro.
(Goewin goes out bowed and stumbling)
M.
shall yours tears make it.
sf
p
rit.
p
pp
M.
p
Gwy-di-on! my soul halts.
Tempo Moderato.
fp
dim.
M.
Tend-ed of me were all your sap - ling years;
pp
cresc.

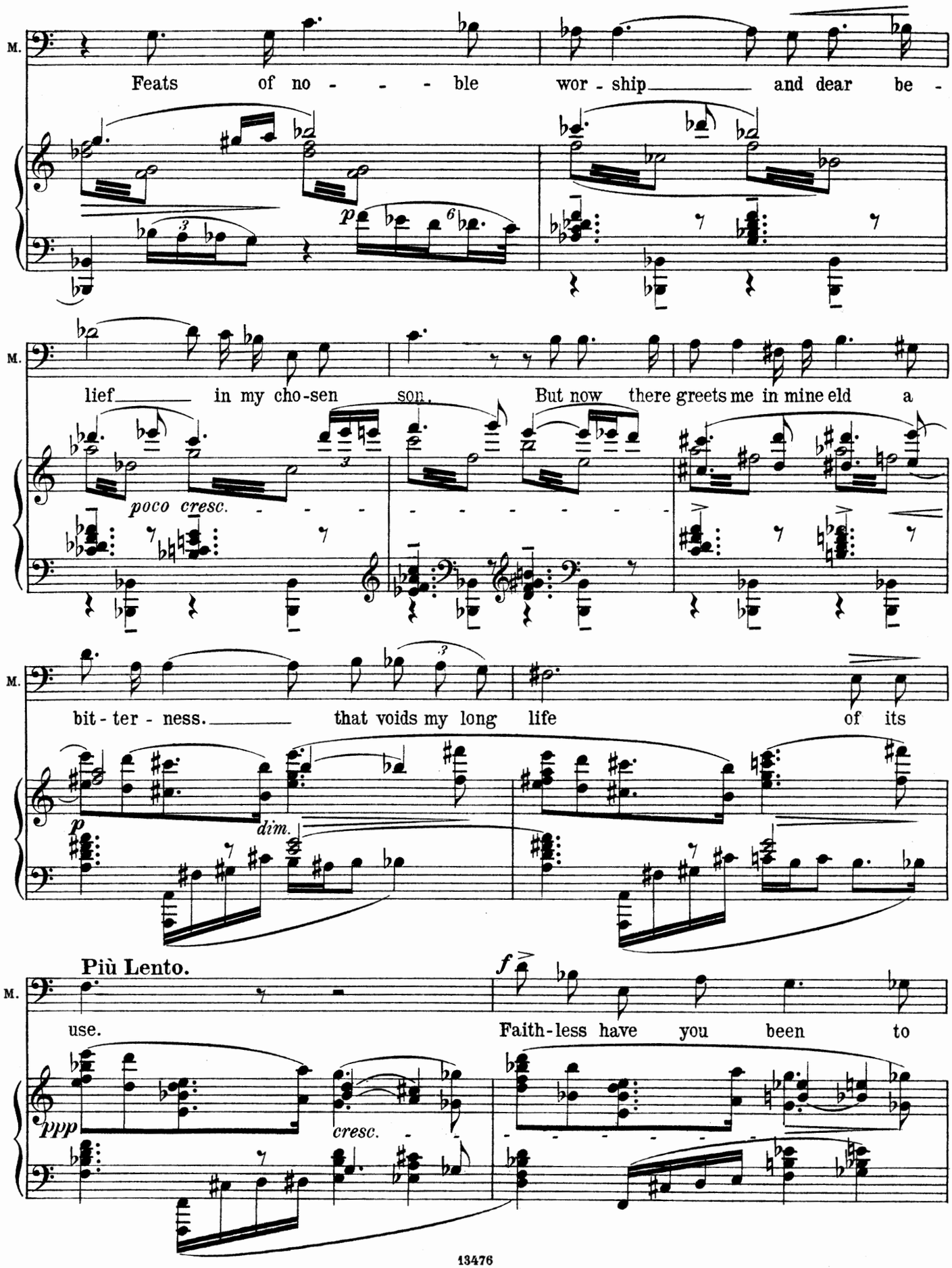

24
M.
my sis - ter's son, drawn to me from the spears of
sfp
M.
bar - ren con - flict. Could you fail,
f
fp
M.
Heir of the beams of sci - ence?
Gwydion (defiantly)
f
Nor
M.
Harsh is it to judge you!
Più Allegro.
fz


Allegro.
Gwyd.
will it a - vail. With ev' - - ry wind go the red fires a-broad,
fp
cresc.
f
f
25
Gwyd.
as sets the will of fate; To
f
p
Gwyd.
all a - wake - - ning souls they
cresc.
f
f
Gwion.
f
Be swift and
Gwyd.
run, floods of the an-cient hoard.
p
poco marc.
sf
p


cresc.
Gwi.
just Too great is he for mer - cy. Who de - sires
sf p
sf p
Gwi.
a des - ti - ny of death - ly fires shall
sf p
26
Gwi.
find or fail as he as - pires. High as the
f
p
Gwi.
soul mounts is the fall; From man - hood
f p


Gwi.
is he cast.
No more may Gwy-di - on live with
sfp
Gwi.
man till he en-dure death's hold a
f
sf p
(più agitato)
fp
Gwion sings with a sort of devilish satisfaction. As Gwydion realises the nature of his doom he becomes desperate. He
Gwi.
span.
f p
f p
is about to rush at Gwion, when the Druids who have stolen in during Gwion's declaration seize him. He struggles savagely.
f
molto
fff
fuoco


27
f
sf
sf
Math.
f
(The Druids bind him to the pointed stone before the altar)
Bind him ye Dru-ids.
f
fz
Andante.
M.
p
I am sunk in
rit.
fz
p
28
M.
grief For much dies with you, Gwy-di-on.
sfp
pp


M.
Feats of no - - - - ble wor - ship and dear be -
p
M.
lief in my cho-sen son. But now there greets me in mine eld a
poco cresc.
M.
bit - ter - ness. that voids my long life of its
p
dim.
Più Lento.
f
M.
use. Faith-less have you been to
ppp
cresc.

29

M. me, Son of the ma - gic race. Now for no

p

M. learn-ing you lean to me, but for dis-grace.

fz

M. Now by the art I taught I must re-dress our tar-nished

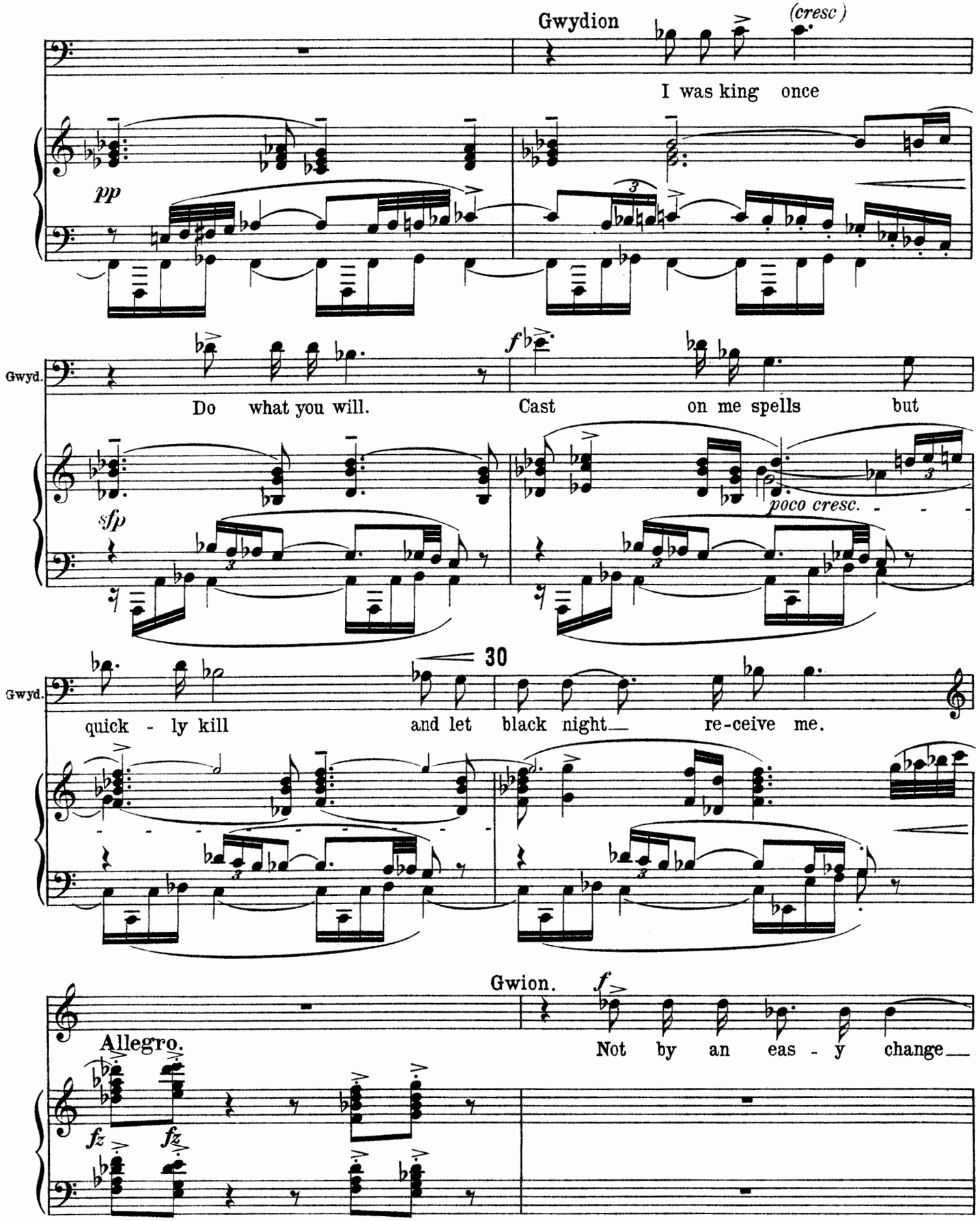
Poco Allegro.

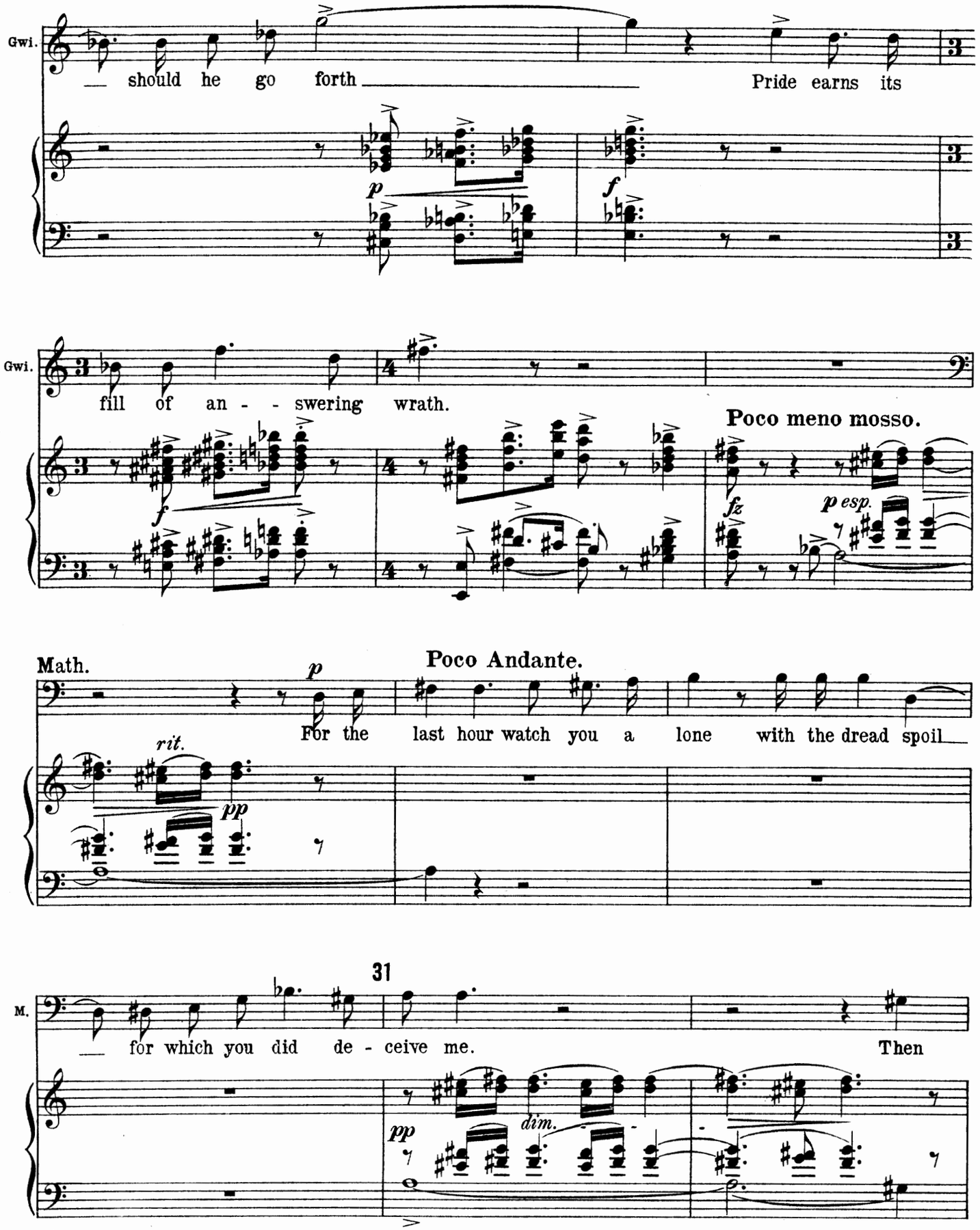
p dim. sf (sost.) p

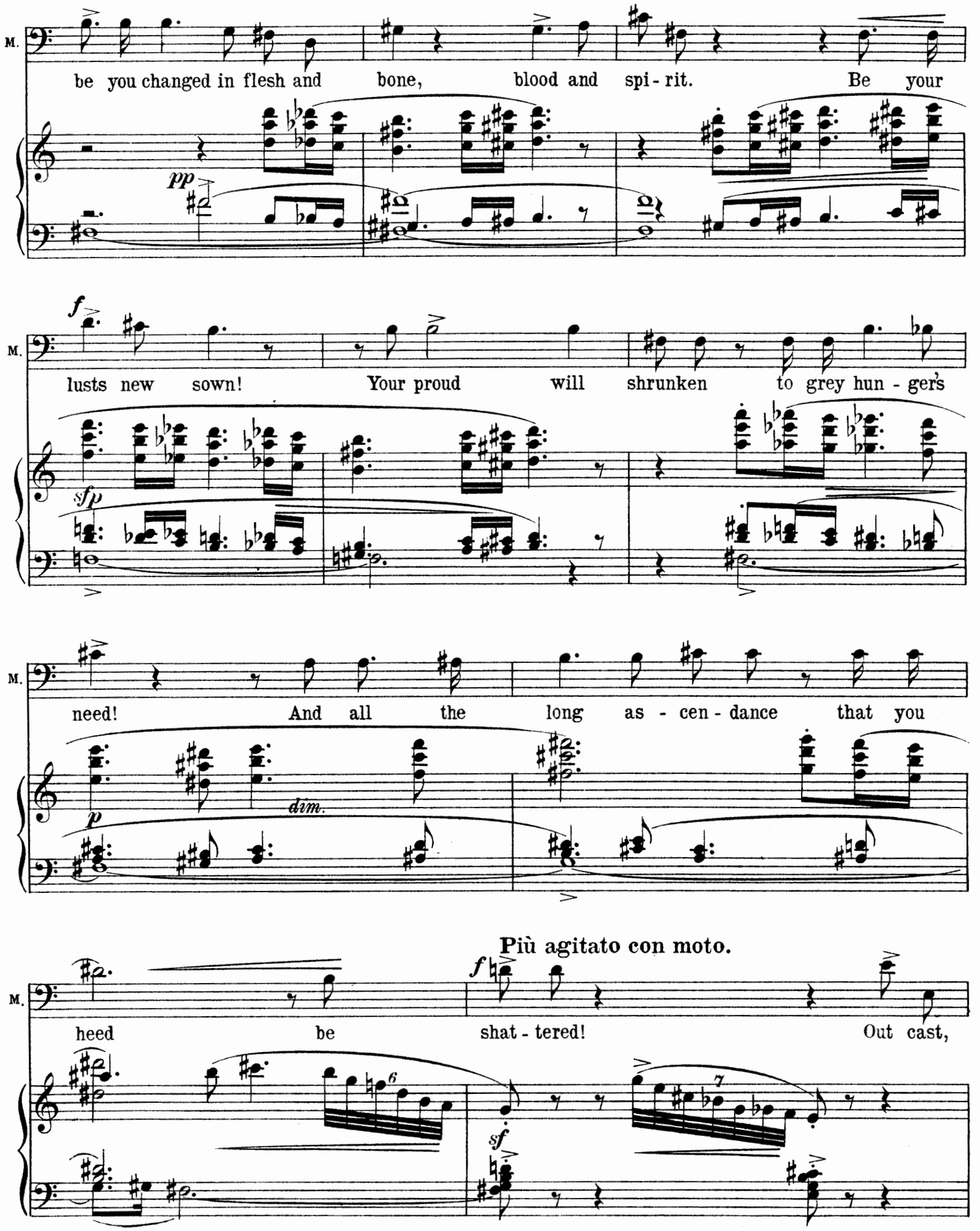
M. fame and let your strong soul loose.

f

p


Gwydion
(cresc.)
I was king once
pp
Gwyd.
Do what you will.
Cast on me spells but
f
sfp
poco cresc.
30
Gwyd.
quick - ly kill
and let black night
re-ceive me.
Gwion.
f
Allegro.
Not by an eas - y change
fz
fz


Gwi.
should he go forth
Pride earns its
p
f
Gwi.
fill of an - - swering wrath.
Poco meno mosso.
f
fz
p esp.
Math.
Poco Andante.
p
For the last hour watch you a lone with the dread spoil
rit.
pp
31
M.
for which you did de - ceive me.
Then
pp
dim.


M.
be you changed in flesh and bone, blood and spi - rit. Be your
pp
f
M.
lusts new sown! Your proud will shrunken to grey hun - ger's
sfp
M.
need! And all the long as - cen - dance that you
p
dim.
Più agitato con moto.
M.
heed be shat - tered! Out cast,
f
sf

32

M. Go you from the warm and gen'e - rous

f *f*

M. mould of man to find your form

p *f*

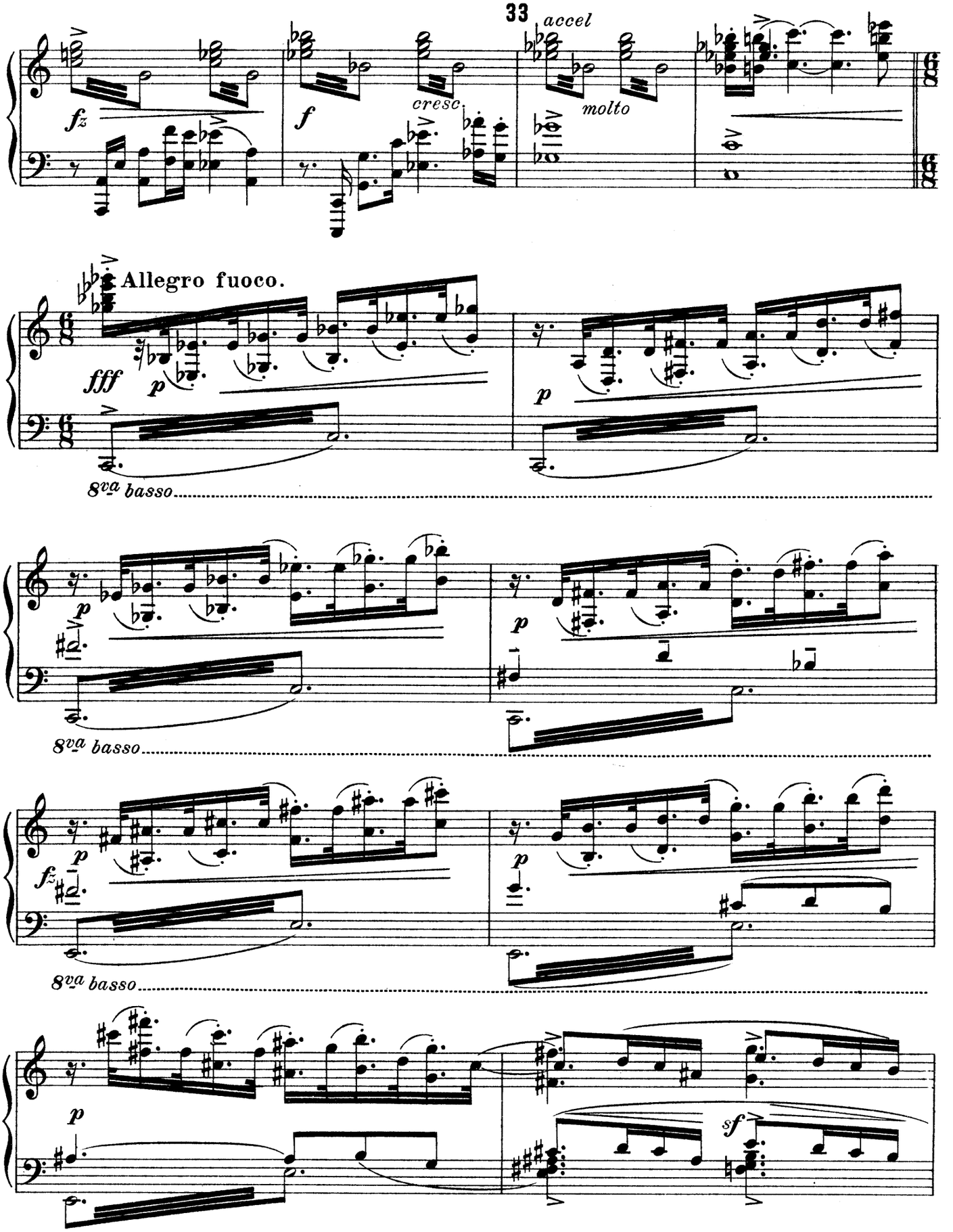
M. a-mid beast folk.

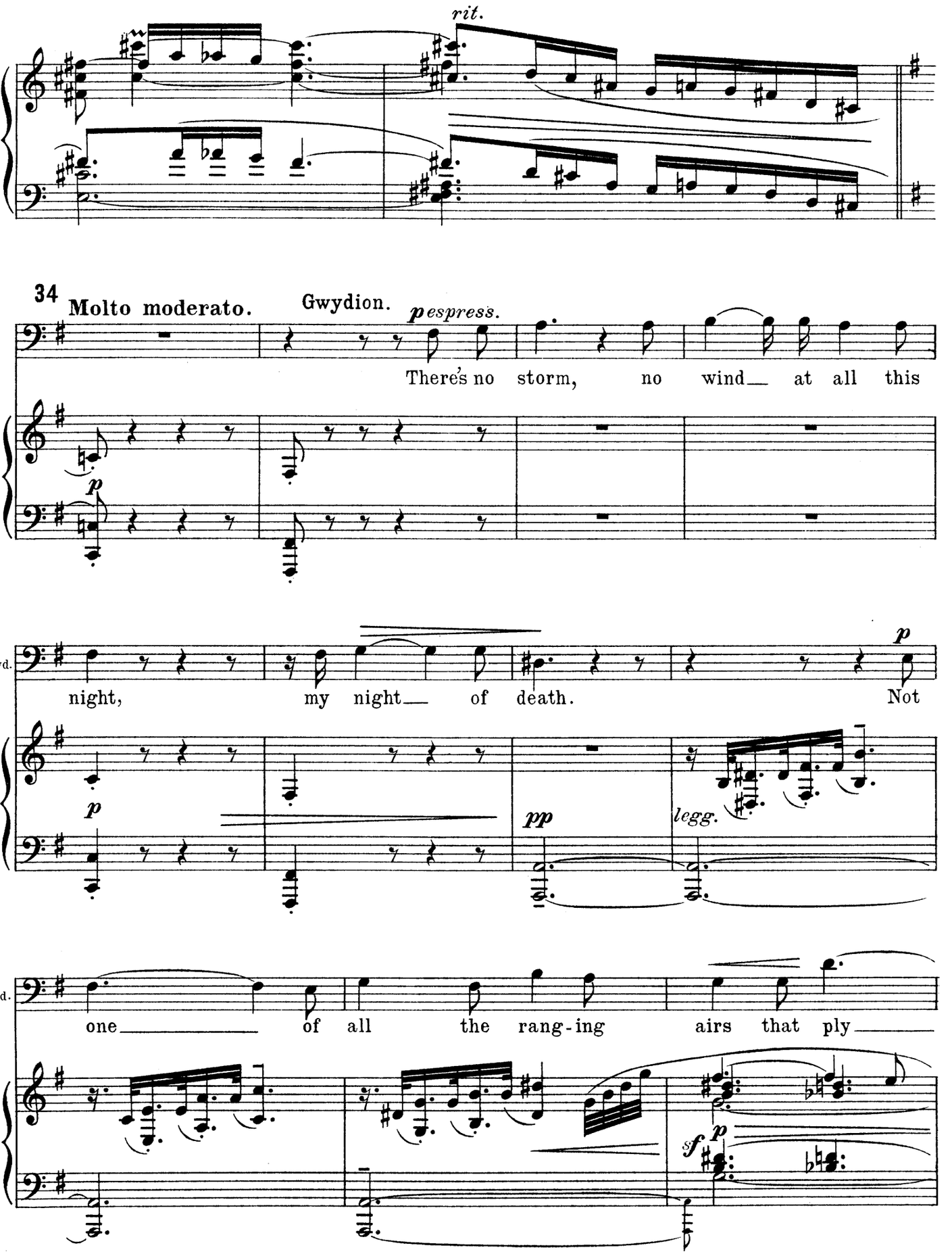
Math turns sharply away from Gwydion as though it had pained him to give the condemnation. He goes out L, without looking at Gdn again. Gwion comes down C. and follows him. He passes G. with a mocking smile. The other Druids go off L. and R., leaving G. alone. The scene darkens. Gwydion is visible only by the light of the cauldron.

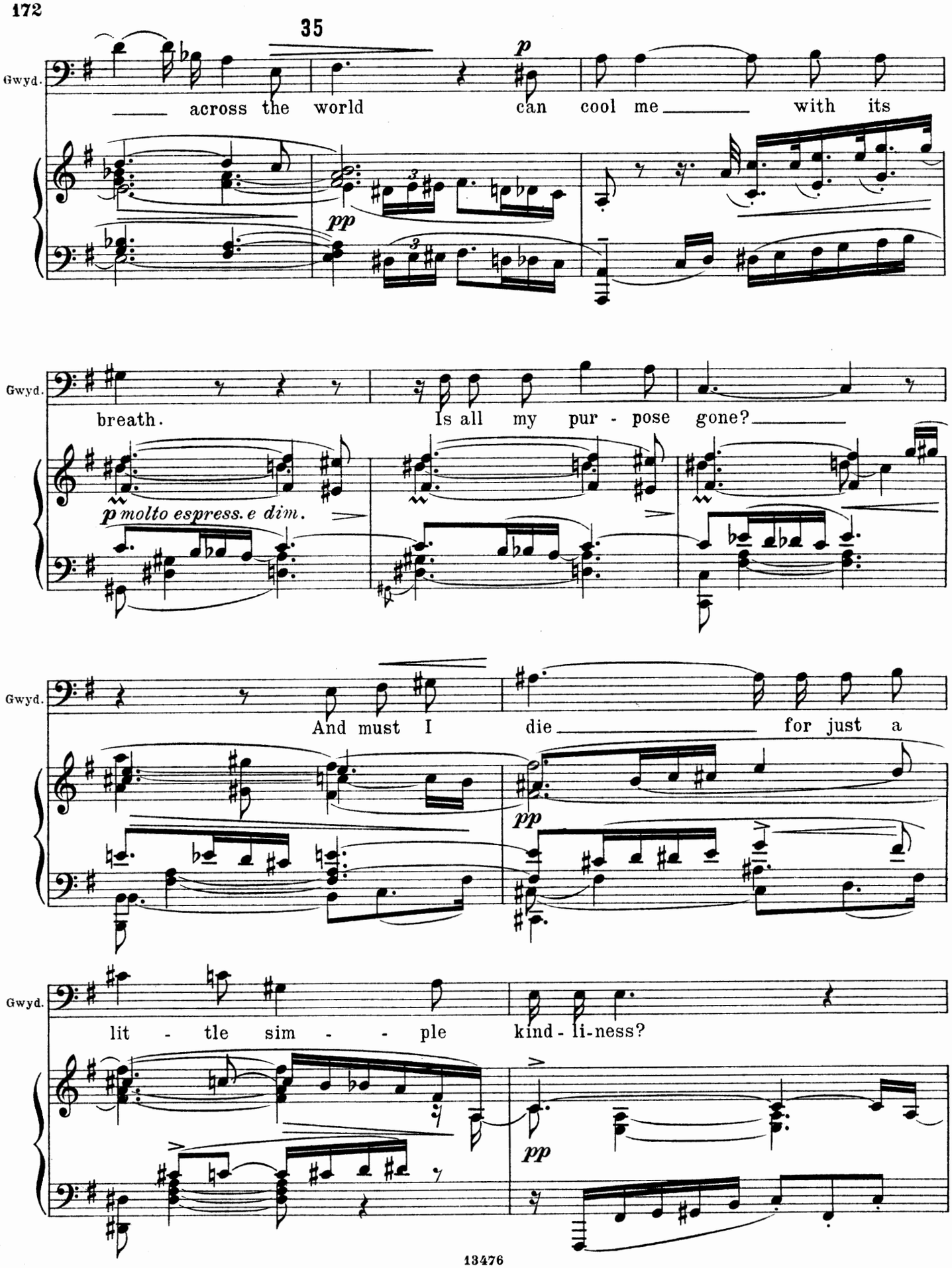
Allegro Maestoso.

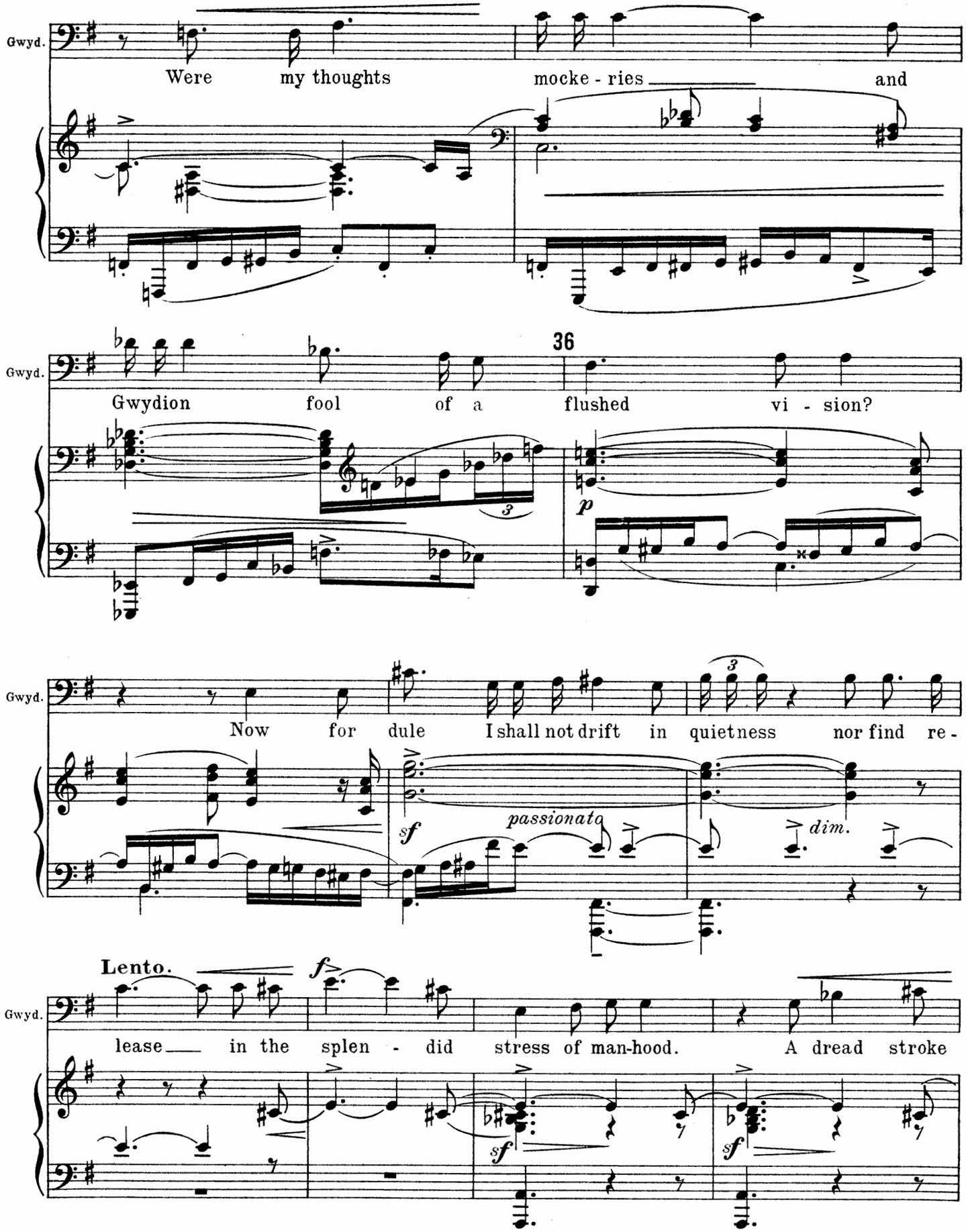
sonore

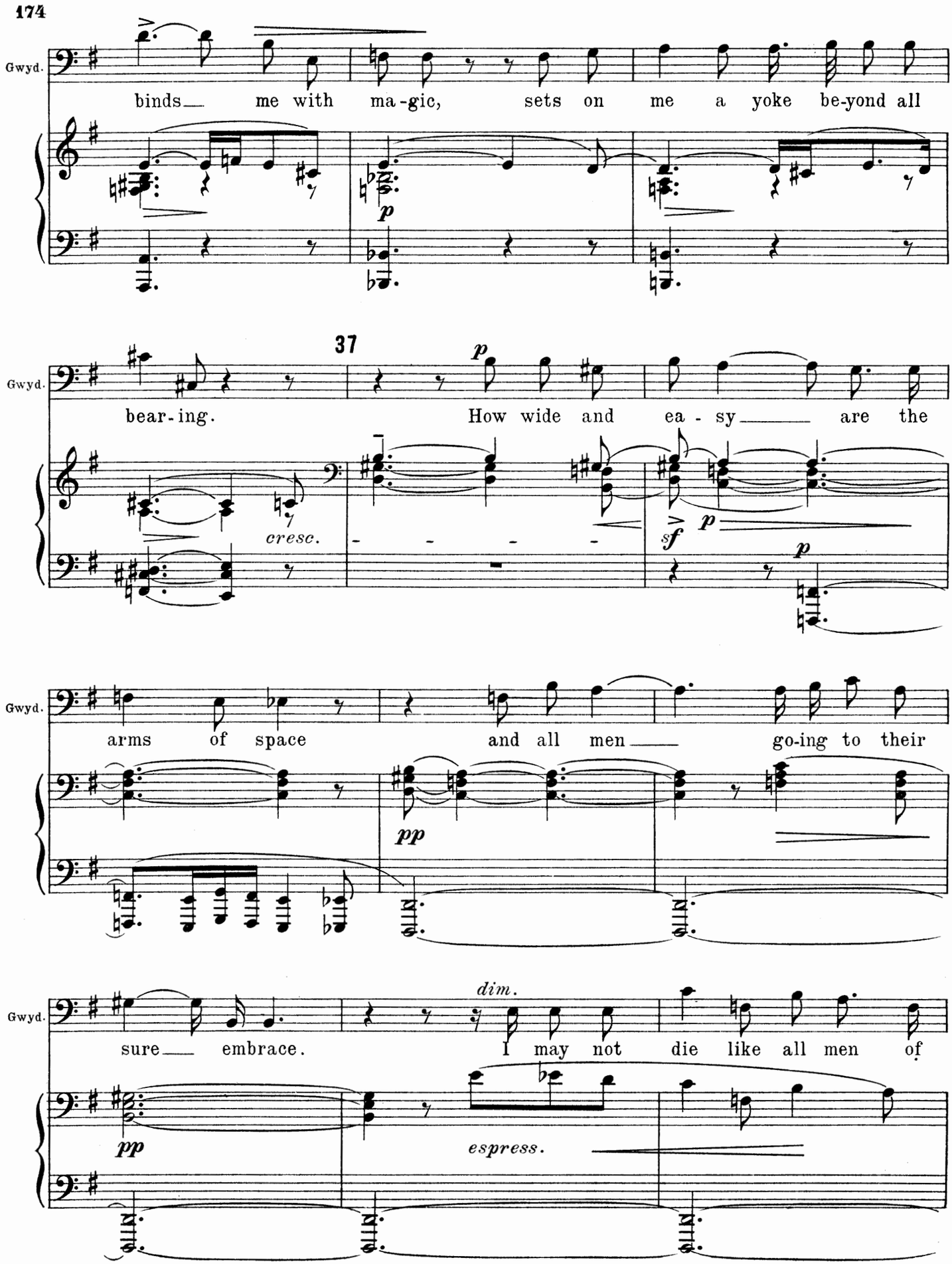
fz *fz*


33
accel
fz
f
cresc.
molto
Allegro fuoco.
fff
p
8va basso
8va basso
8va basso
sf


rit.
34
Molto moderato.
Gwydion.
espress.
There's no storm, no wind at all this
p
Gwyd.
night, my night of death. Not
p
pp
legg.
Gwyd.
one of all the rang-ing airs that ply
sf
p


35
Gwyd.
p
across the world can cool me with its
pp
Gwyd.
breath. Is all my pur - pose gone?
p molto espress. e dim.
Gwyd.
And must I die for just a
pp
Gwyd.
lit - tle sim - - ple kind - li-ness?
pp


Gwyd.
Were my thoughts mocke - ries and
36
Gwydion fool of a flushed vi - sion?
Now for dule I shall not drift in quietness nor find re -
passionato
dim.
Lento.
lease in the splen - did stress of man-hood. A dread stroke


Gwyd.
binds me with ma-gic, sets on me a yoke be-yond all
p
37
Gwyd.
bear-ing. How wide and ea - sy are the
p
cresc.
sf
p
p
Gwyd.
arms of space and all men go-ing to their
pp
Gwyd.
dim.
sure embrace. I may not die like all men of
pp
espress.

Elan comes in quietly. C. She looks about her and then comes quickly across to

Gwyd.

ea - sance.

ppp

Gwydion.

Elan. p

Shall I un - bind you?

Poco Andantino.

All is

ppp

E.

still. Too fear - ful are these places for re - turn.

pp

Gwydion.

p

You can-not loose me. I ful - fil my course of gloom.

pp dolcissimo

39

Elan.

There is no fate that wrests me from you

Gwy-di-on. Let me aid and steep myself in sorrow Though up-

pp

on my breasts you ne-ver shall lay hand. If it is

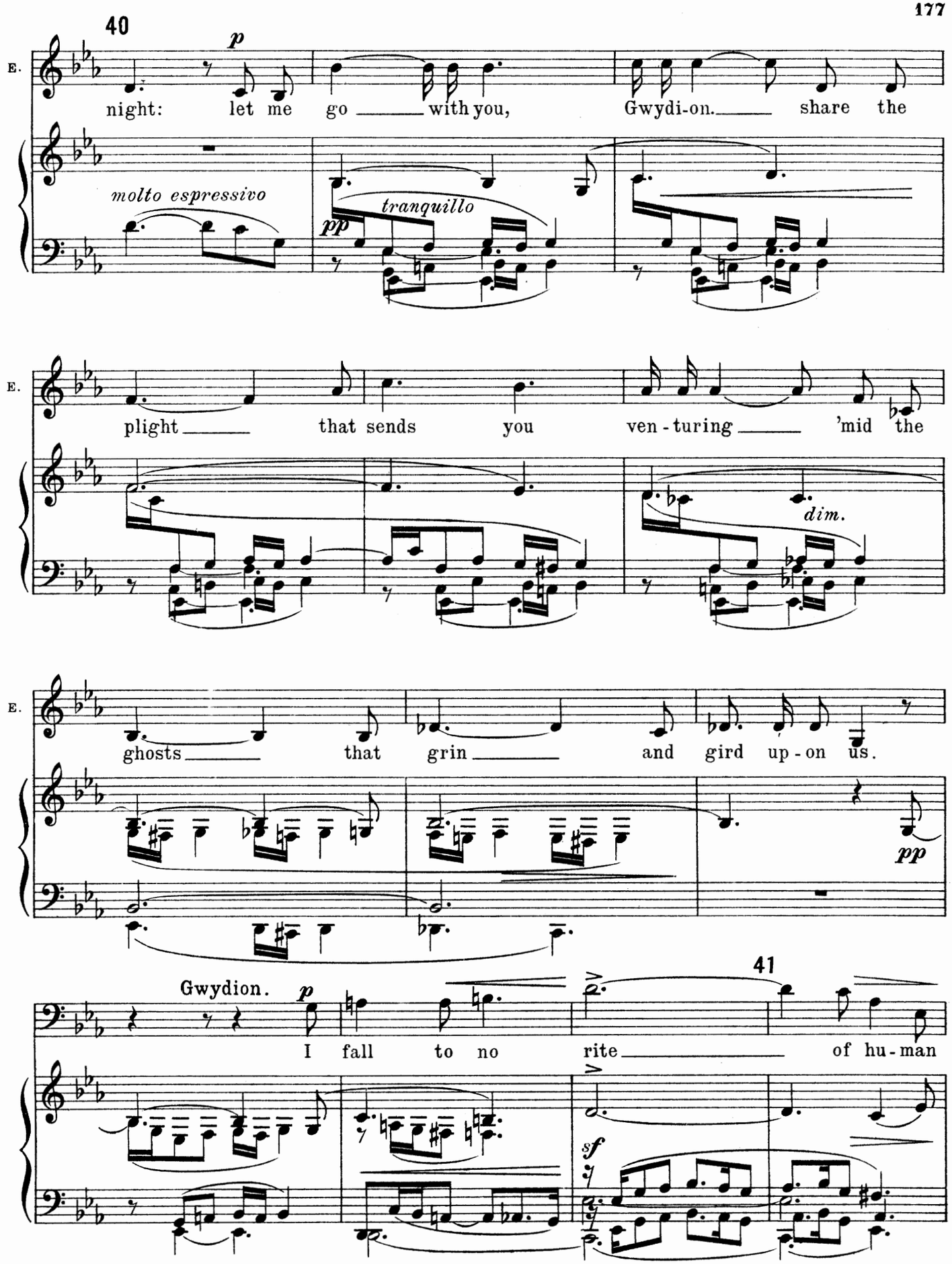
p

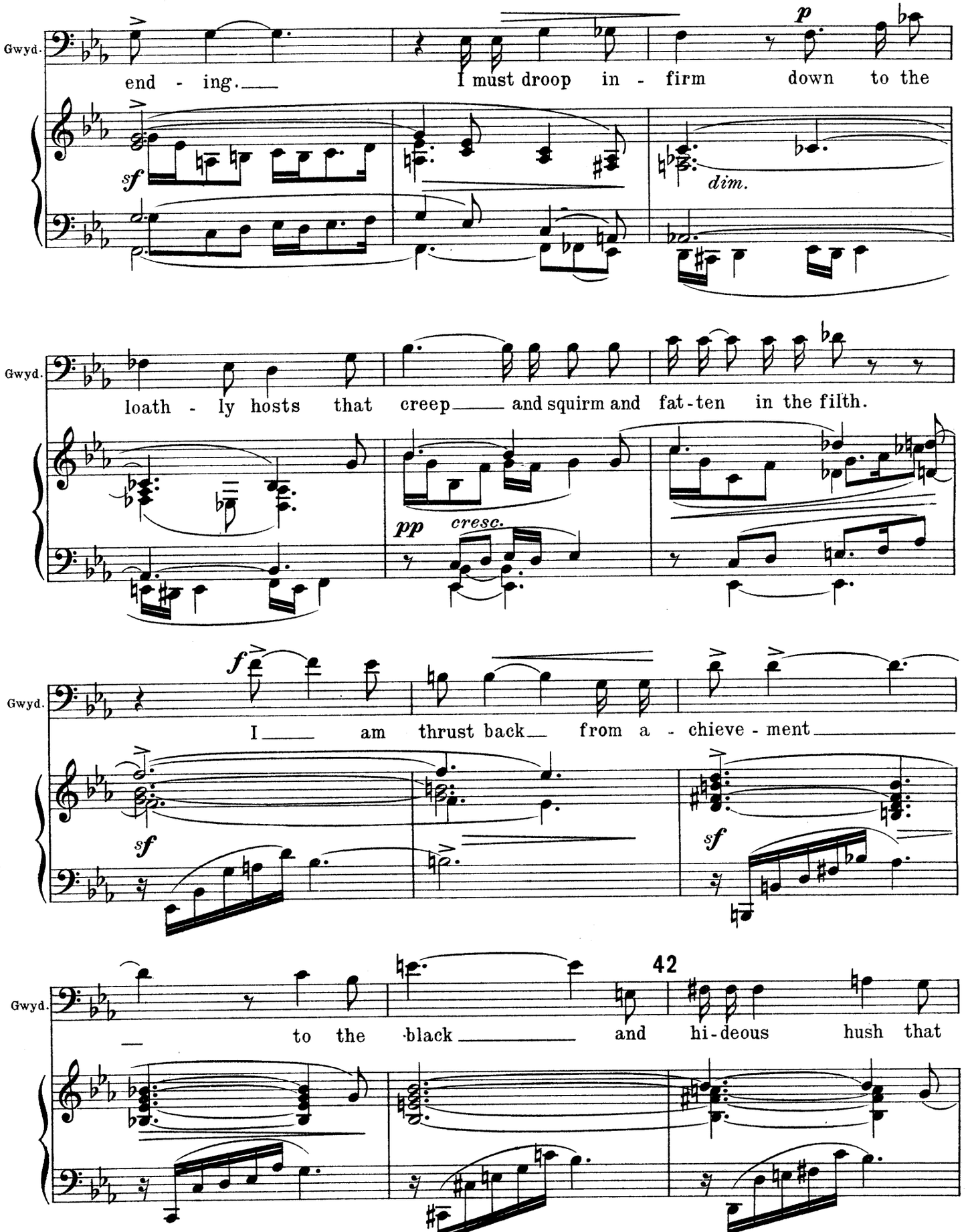
rit.

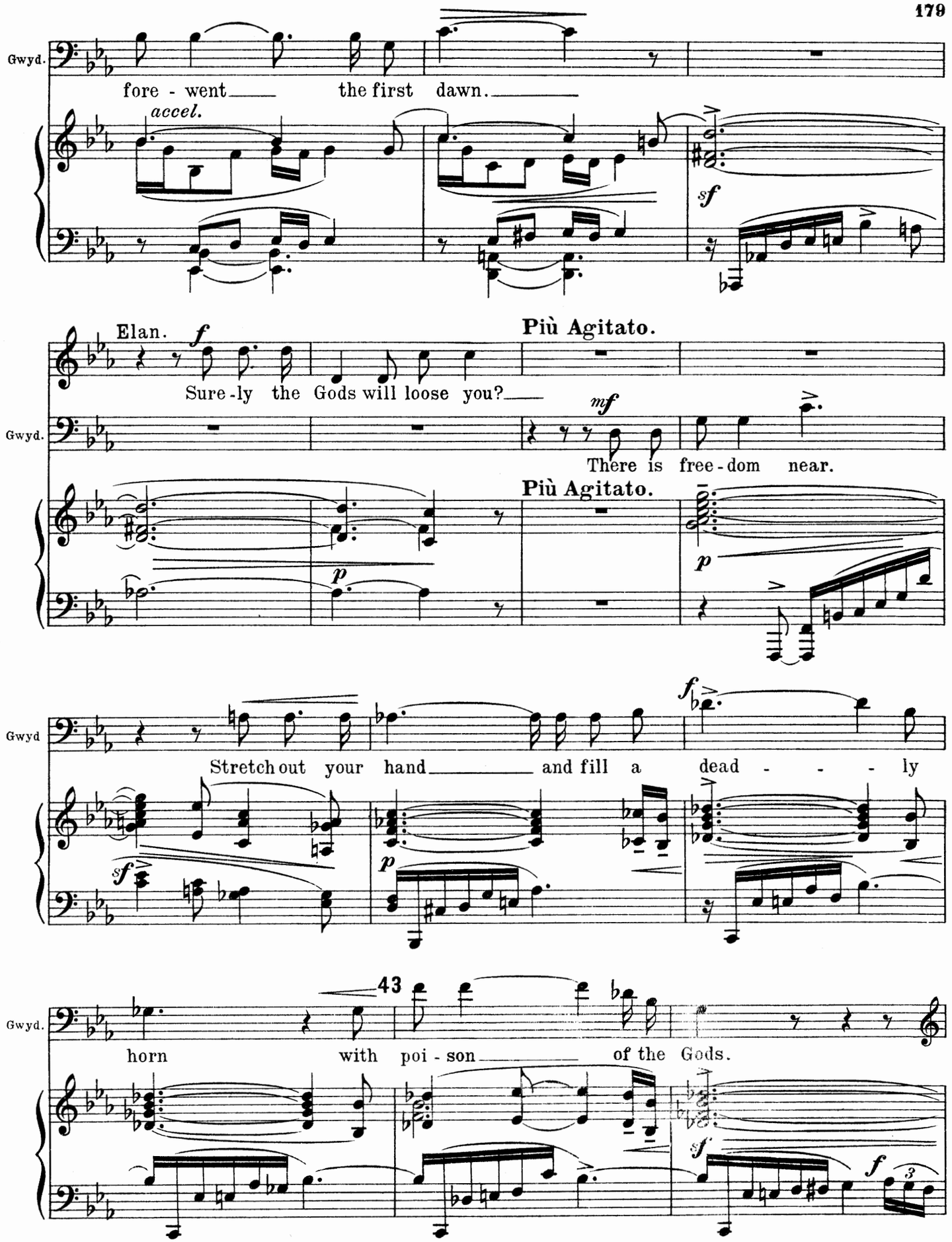
Tempo

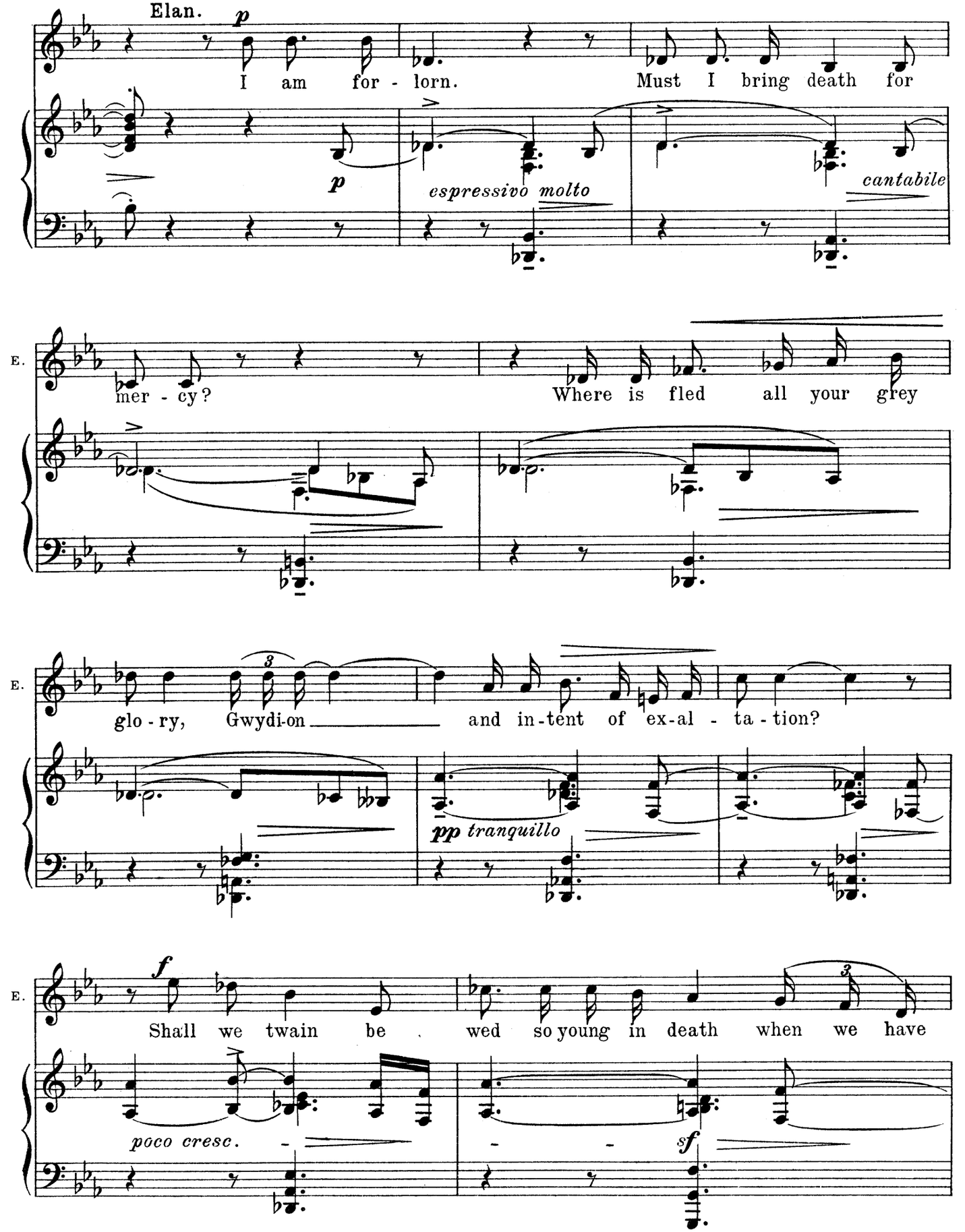
sleep and an out-set-ting in strange ways of

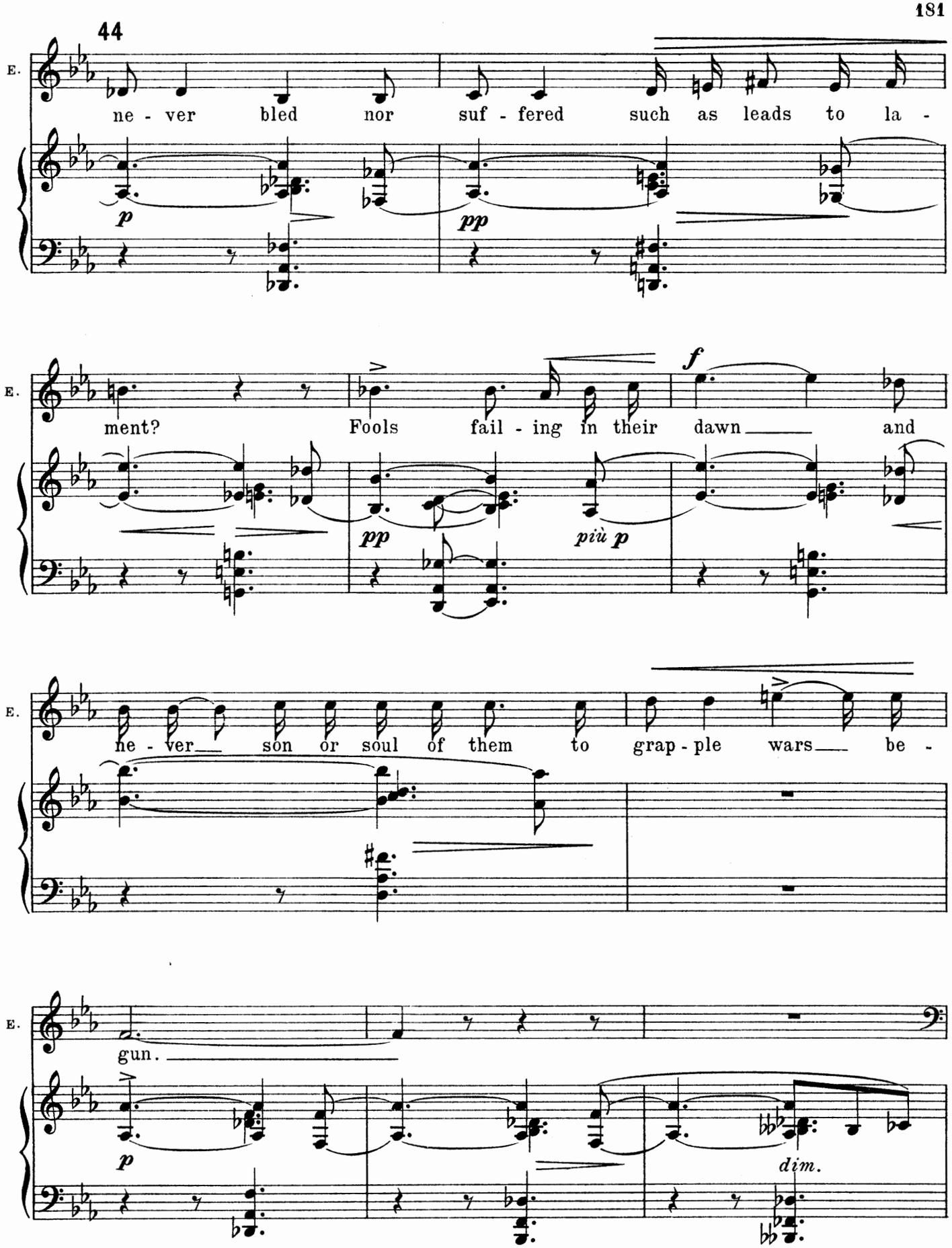
pp


40
p
E.
night: let me go with you, Gwydi-on. share the
molto espressivo
tranquillo
pp
E.
plight that sends you ven-turing 'mid the
dim.
E.
ghosts that grin and gird up-on us.
pp
41
Gwydion.
p
I fall to no rite of hu-man
sf


Gwyd.
end - ing.
I must droop in - firm down to the
p
sf
dim.
Gwyd.
loath - ly hosts that creep and squirm and fat-ten in the filth.
pp
cresc.
Gwyd.
I am thrust back from a - chieve - ment
f
sf
sf
Gwyd.
42
to the black and hi-deous hush that


Gwyd.
fore - went the first dawn.
accel.
sf
Elan.
f
Più Agitato.
Sure - ly the Gods will loose you?
Gwyd.
mf
There is free - dom near.
Più Agitato.
p
Gwyd
Stretch out your hand and fill a dead - - - ly
f
sf
p
43
Gwyd.
horn with poi - son of the Gods.
sf
f


Elan.
p
I am for - lorn.
Must I bring death for
p
espressivo molto
cantabile
E.
mer - cy?
Where is fled all your grey
E.
glo - ry, Gwydi-on
and in-tent of ex-al - ta - tion?
pp tranquillo
E.
f
Shall we twain be
wed so young in death when we have
poco cresc.
sf


44
E.
ne - ver bled nor suf - fered such as leads to la -
p
pp
E.
ment? Fools fail - ing in their dawn and
f
pp
più p
E.
ne - ver son or soul of them to grap - ple wars be -
E.
gun.
p
dim.

Gwydion.

45

f *p*

Sheer be-fore me stand bleak a-go-nies. Held fast I try the

ppp *sf* *pp*

Gwyd.

last, the dead-ly cast. Daugh-ter of Don,

sfp *f*

Gwyd.

have you the strength for sa-cri-lege?

Allegro.

sf *p* *dim.* *f* *p*

Elan approaches the cauldron, as she does so, its reddish light changes to a vivid blue. She hesitates.

legg. *p*

Gwydion. *p*

Go you the

pp

46

Gwyd.

length of all our powers.

p *sf*

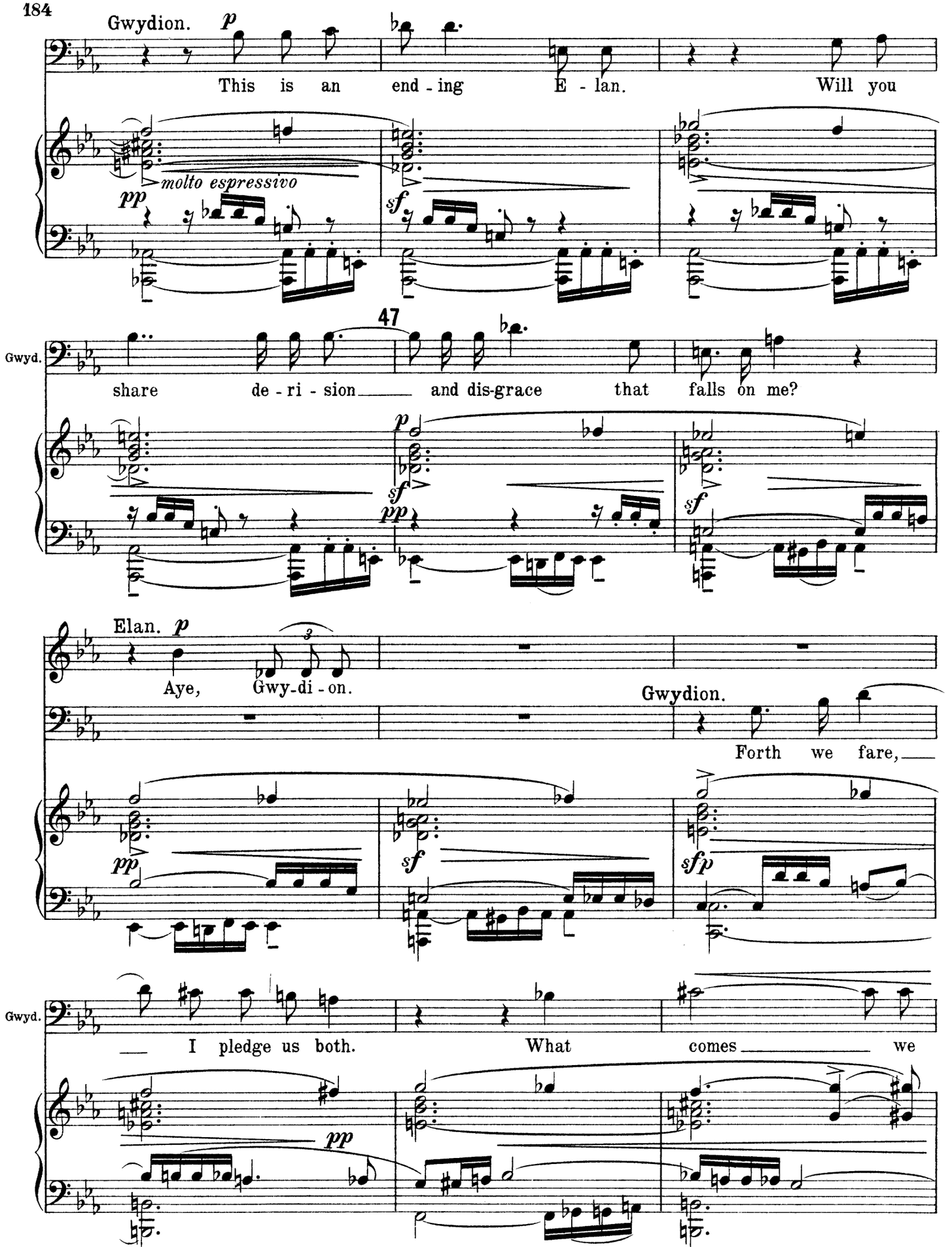
Elan dips a horn in the cauldron, and brings it to Gwydion.

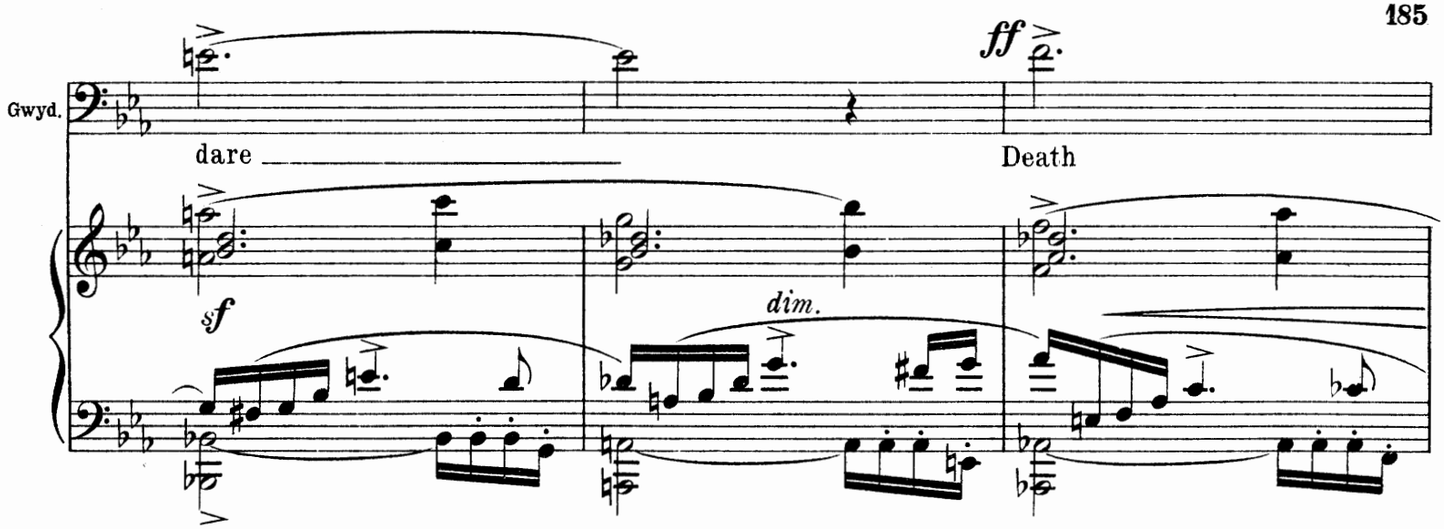
pp

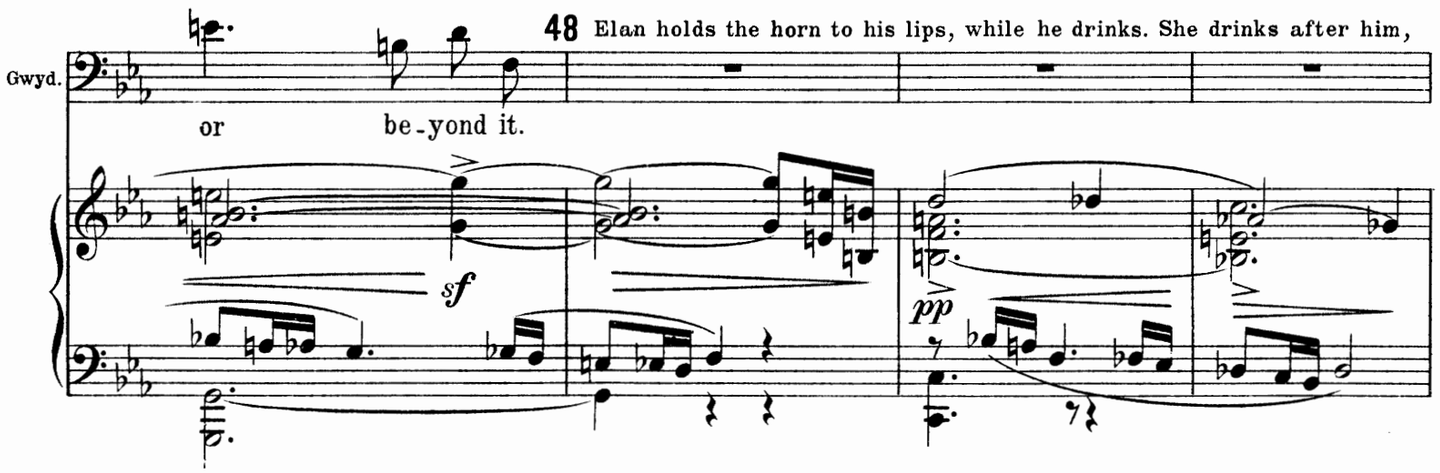
pp legg.

poco lento.

mf *pp*

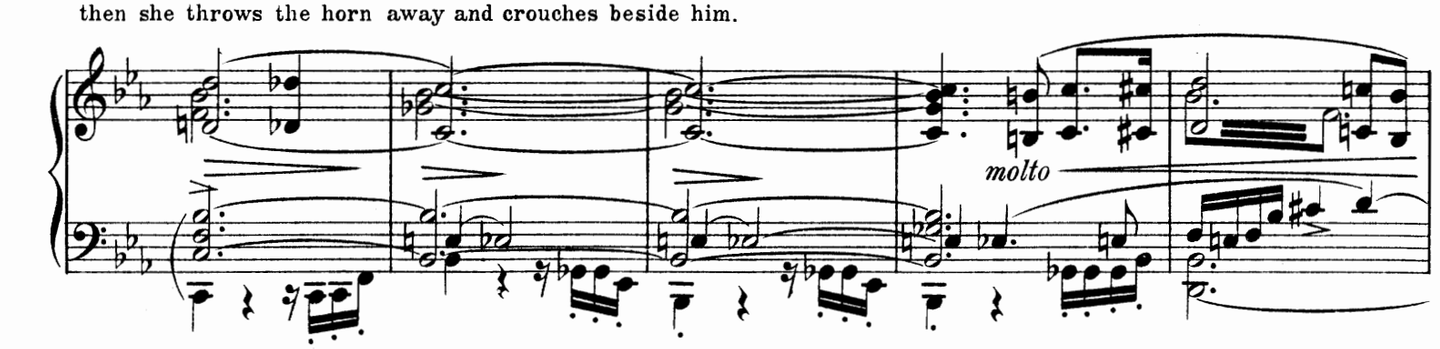

Gwydion.
p
This is an end - ing E - lan. Will you
molto espressivo
pp
sf
47
Gwyd.
share de - ri - sion and dis-grace that falls on me?
p
sf
pp
sf
Elan. p
Aye, Gwy-di - on.
Gwydion.
Forth we fare,
pp
sf
sfp
Gwyd.
I pledge us both. What comes we
pp



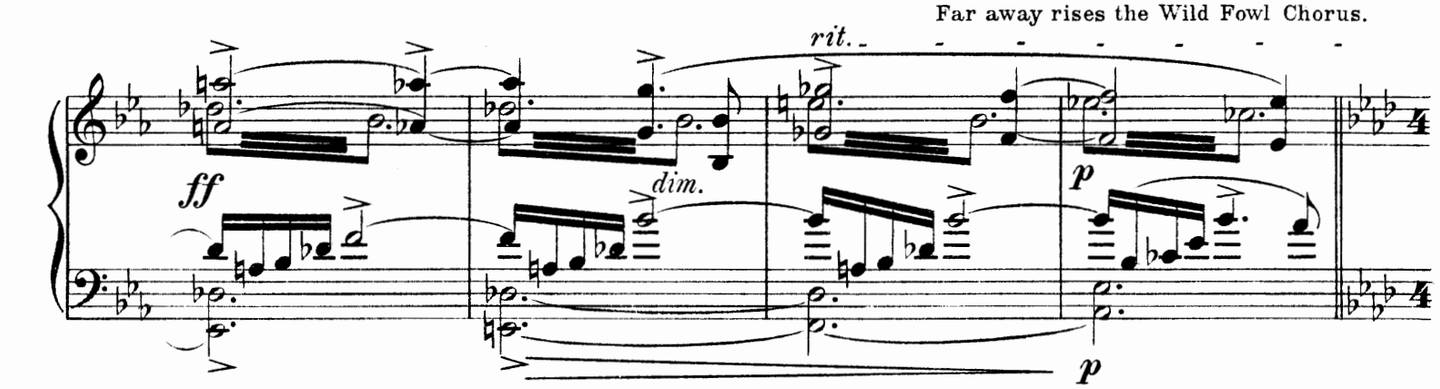


48 Elan holds the horn to his lips, while he drinks. She drinks after him,

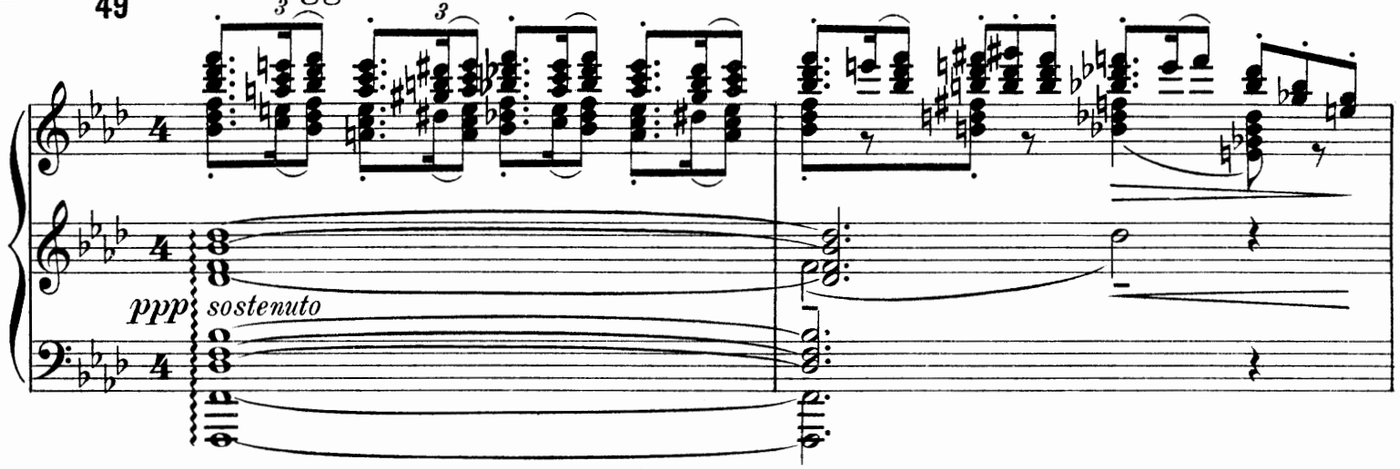
then she throws the horn away and crouches beside him.

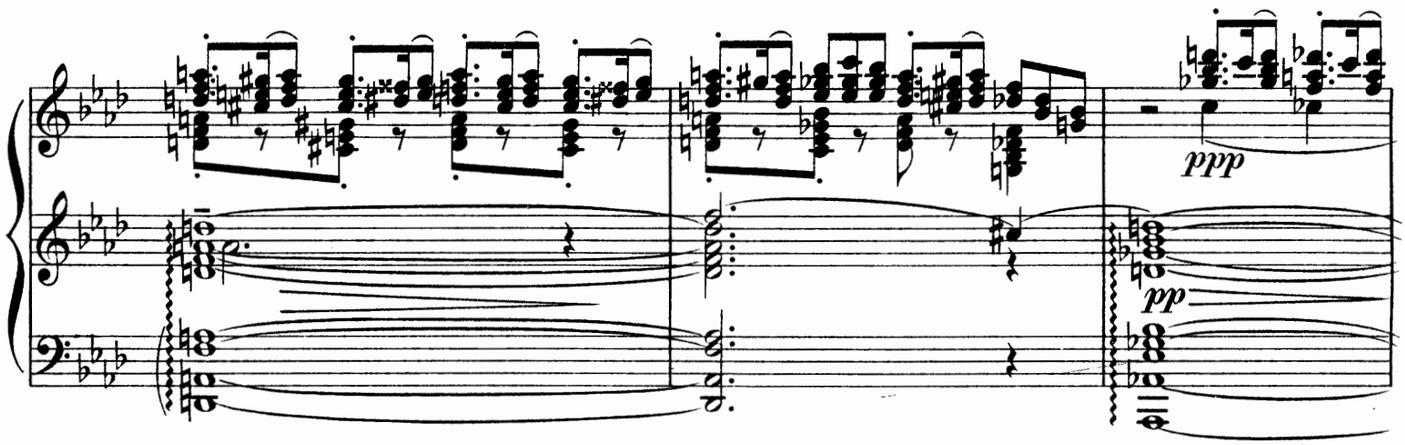


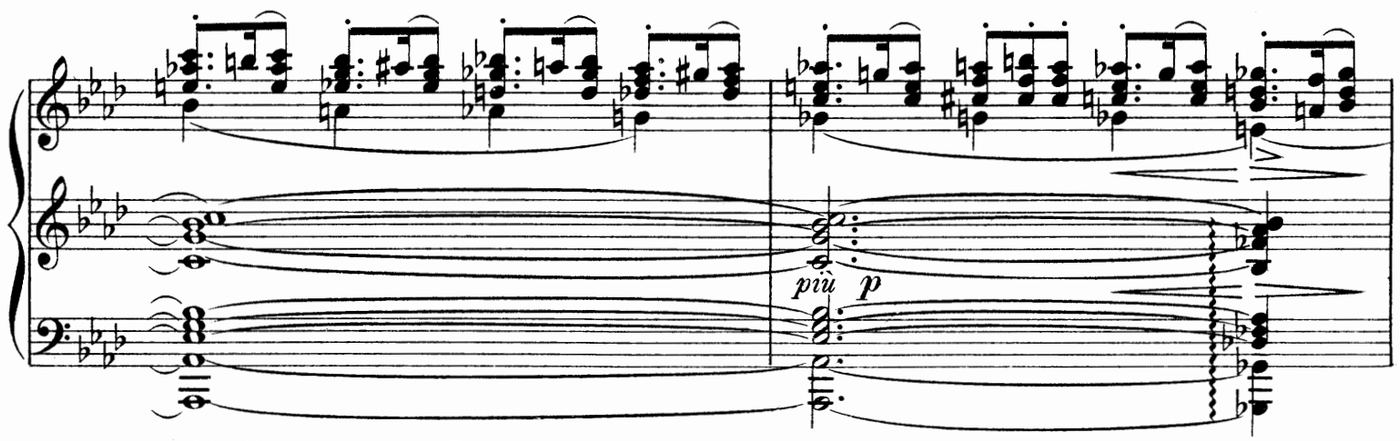
Far away rises the Wild Fowl Chorus.



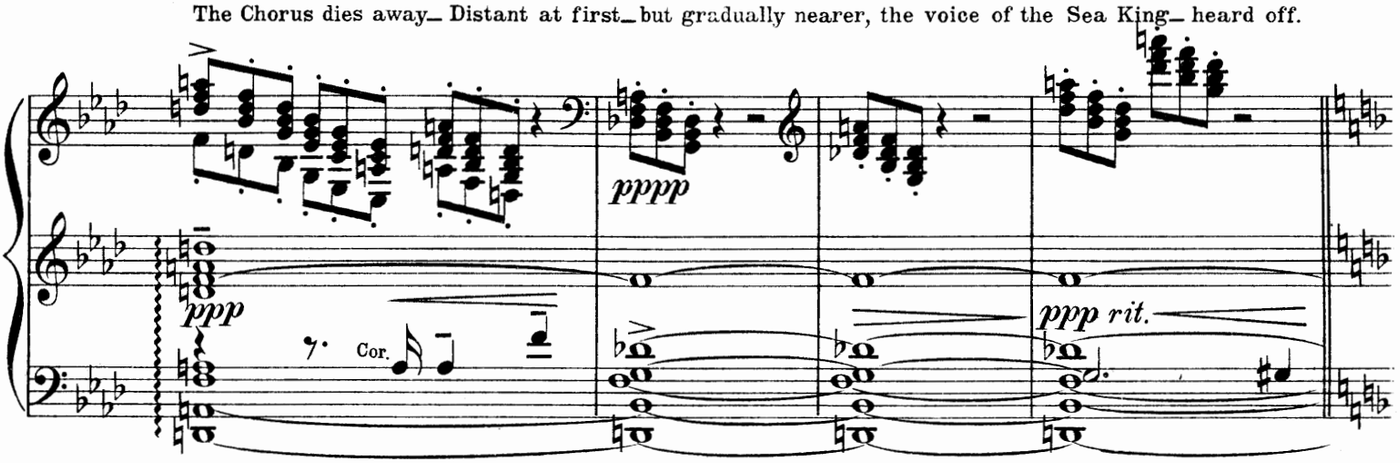
49 Presto leggiero.

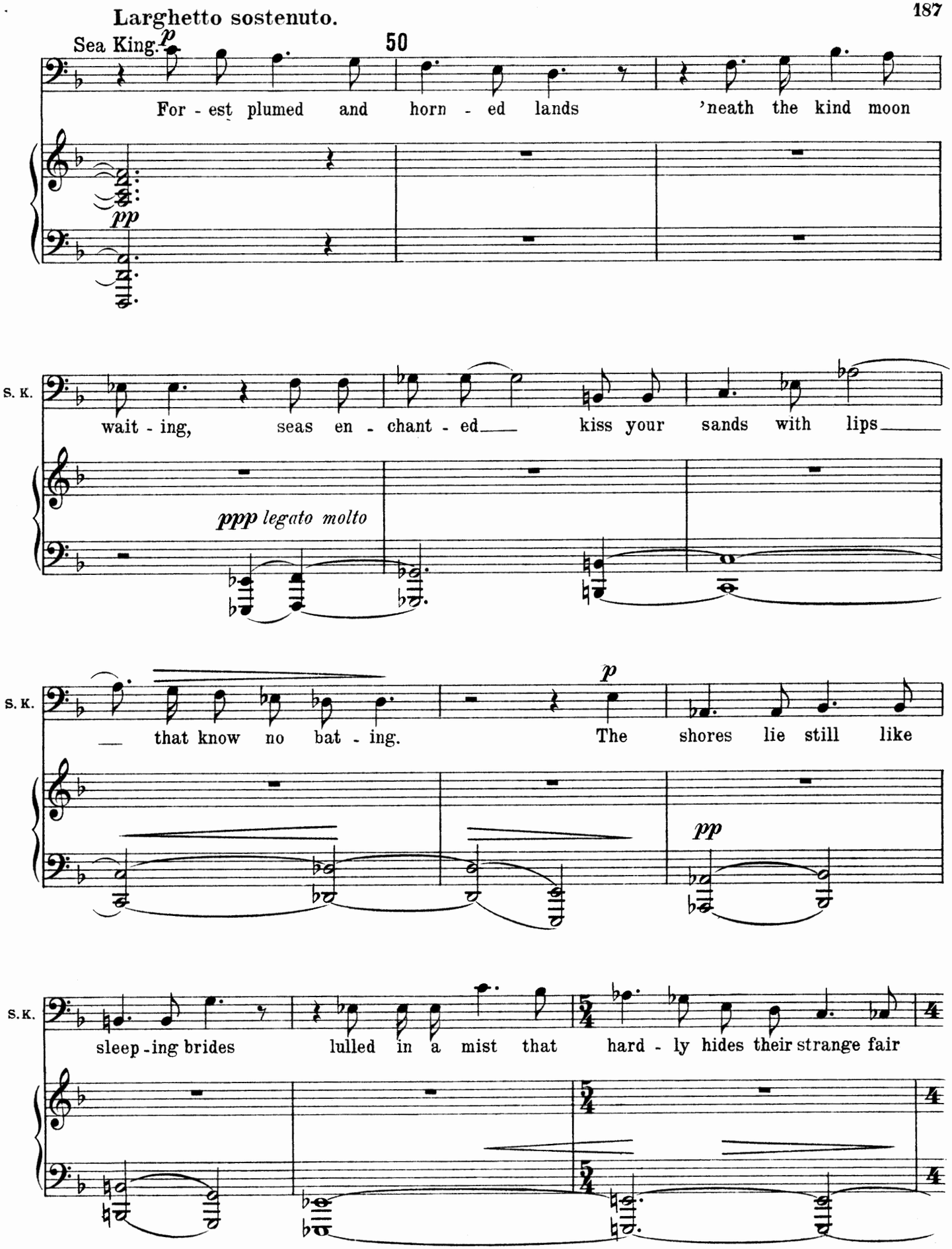






The Chorus dies away_ Distant at first_ but gradually nearer, the voice of the Sea King_ heard off.




Larghetto sostenuto.
Sea King.
p
50
For - est plumed and horn - ed lands 'neath the kind moon
pp
S. K.
wait - ing, seas en - chant - ed kiss your sands with lips
ppp legato molto
S. K.
that know no bat - ing. The shores lie still like
p
pp
S. K.
sleep - ing brides lulled in a mist that hard - ly hides their strange fair

51

S. K. limbs from the liv - ing tides that lave I - ver - don, lave wild

ppp

S. K. Ma - nau, Lave fair Bri - tain. All our

f p

mp pp

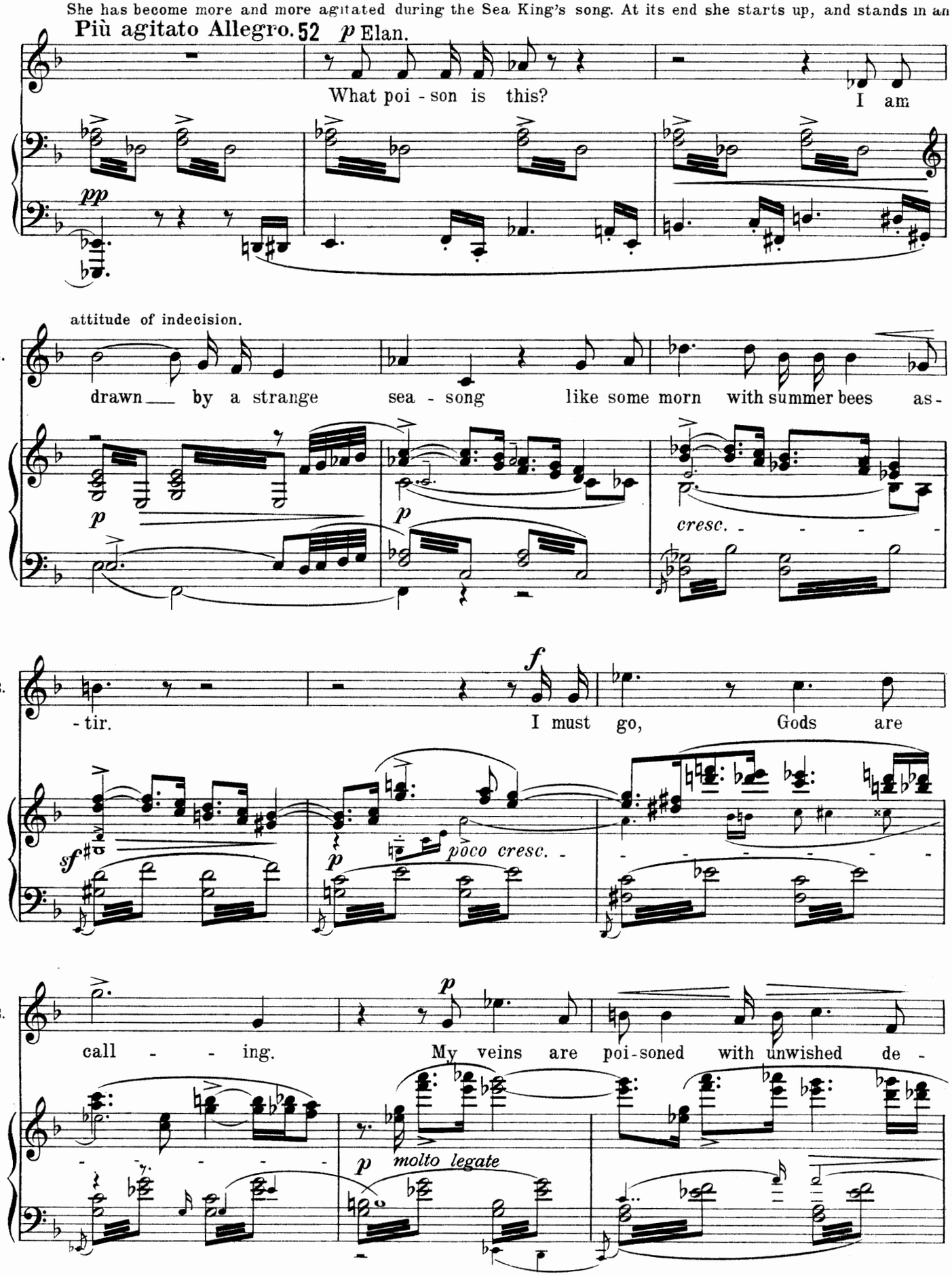
S. K. love must go un - tast - ed; all de - sire be spent and

pp

S. K. wast - ed on a sul - len shore.

p pp

She has become more and more agitated during the Sea King's song. At its end she starts up, and stands in an



53

E.

sire To some wild doom of love I'm falling,

pp *cresc.* *dim.*

E.

Going away from Gwydion.

to some fate - fire, New fe - vers grow and

p *ppp* *mp* *poco a poco cresc.*

E.

rit. She goes off. C. **Più Allegro.**

burn in me. Gwydion. *f*

Leave me not so, E-lan,

rit. *fz* *p* *f* *p*

Gwyd.

a-lone! All faith drifts out and love be-comes a

sf *sf* *p* *dim.*

54

Gwyd.

joyance not a powe — Where are the Gods that stand here a-bout the

pp

Gwyd.

shrine of dar-ing? — Si-lent is the hour and

p

dim.

Allegro.

Gwyd.

foolish my life. — A doubt is flung in-to my flesh; the

pp tranquillo

Gwyd.

sin-is-ter night thoughts are a-swarm,

pp

Gwyd. And to my fac - ing comes the rout of

55

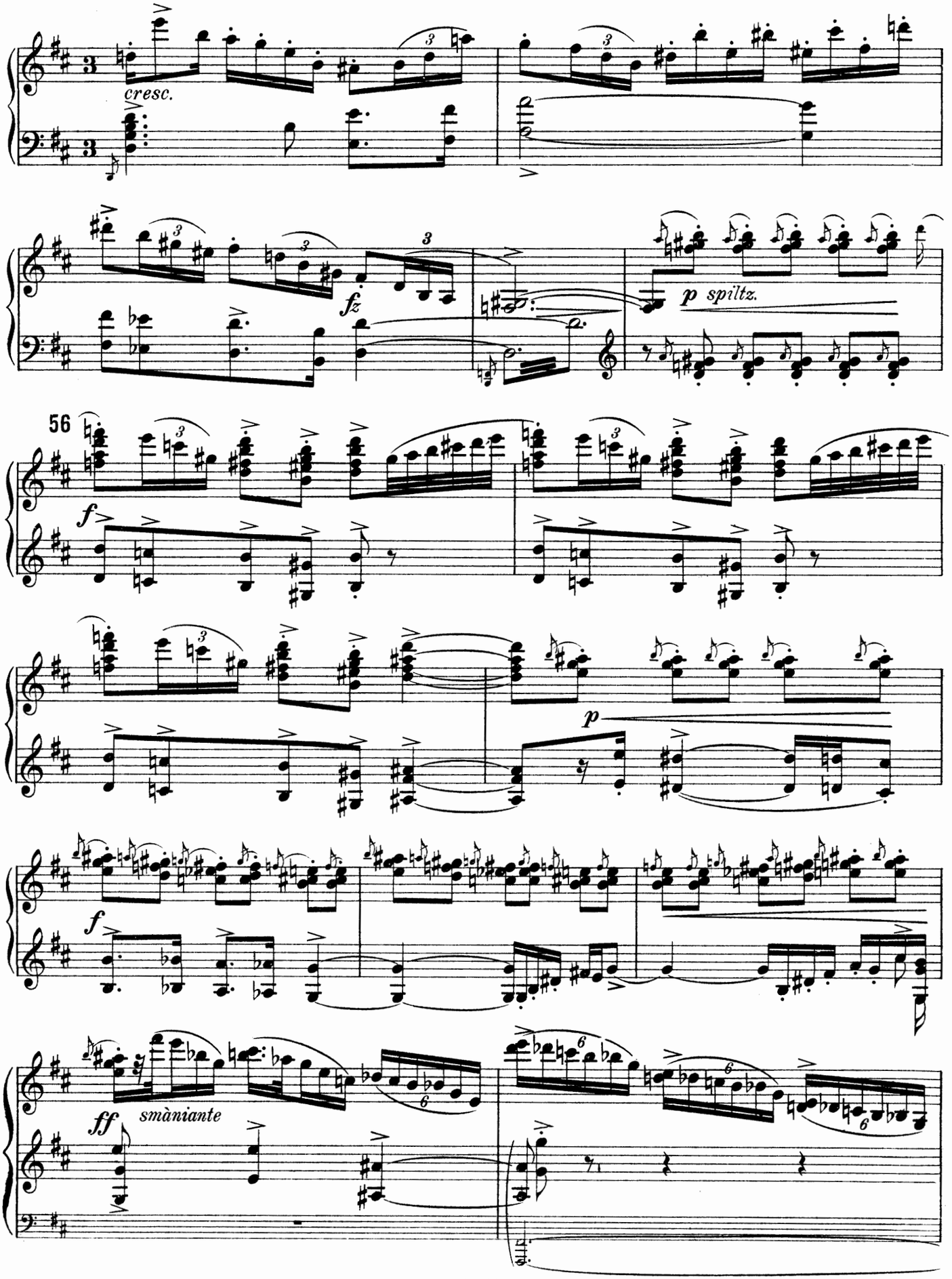
Gwyd. spec - - - tral fan - cies and spawn of

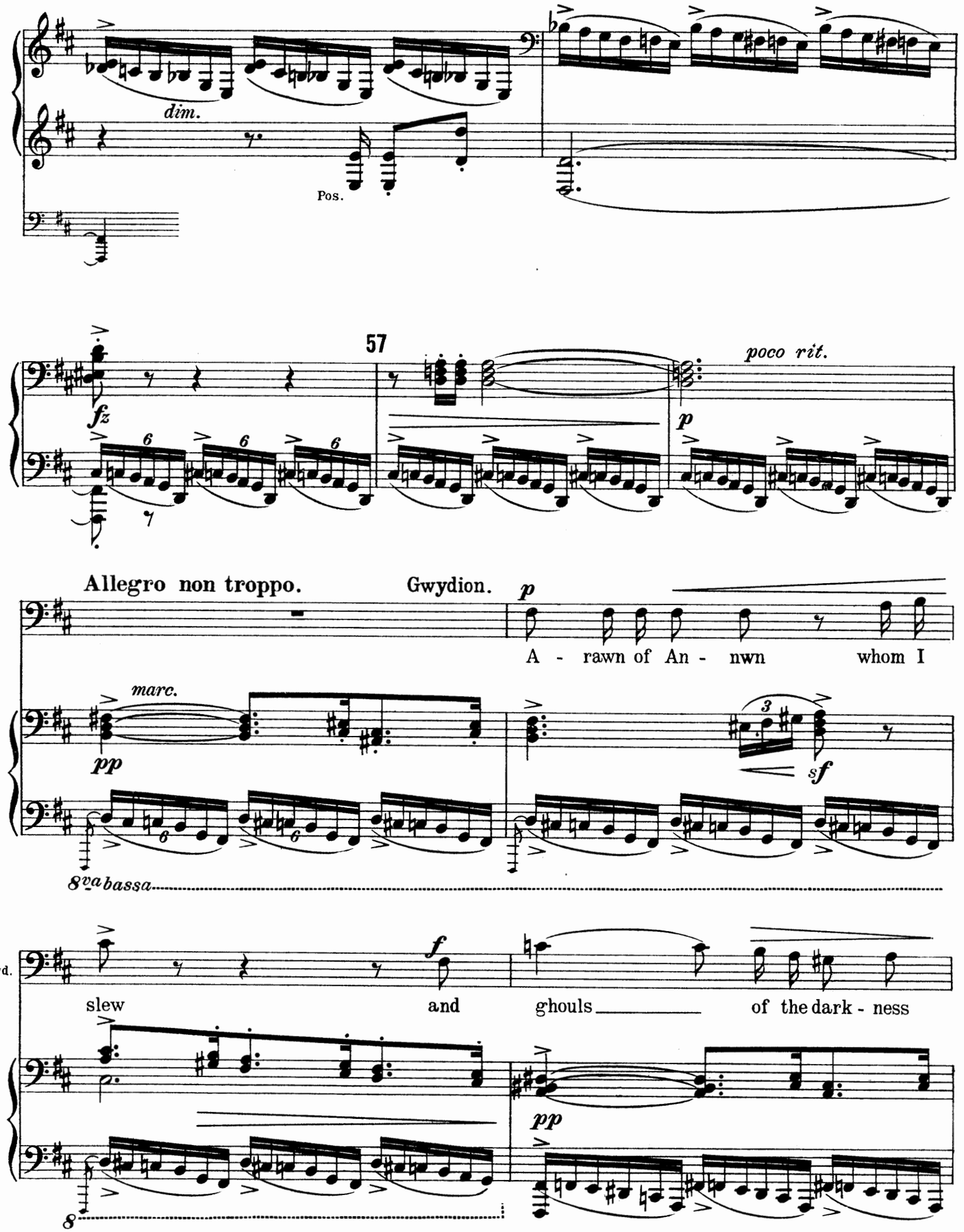
The scene changes in lighting till it suggests a dim greenish cavern. A wild figure fantastically helmed rises between

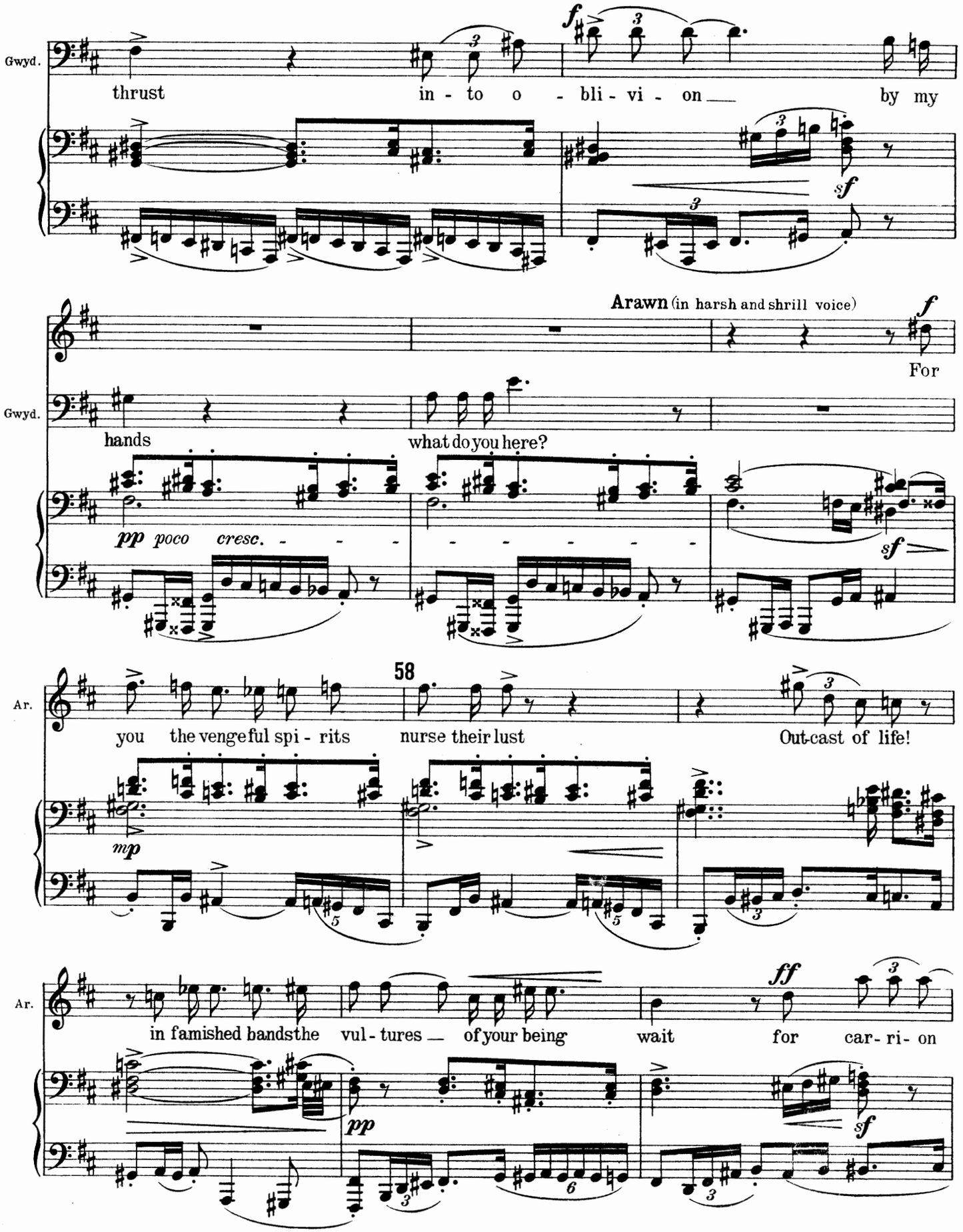
Gwyd. an - - - - guish.

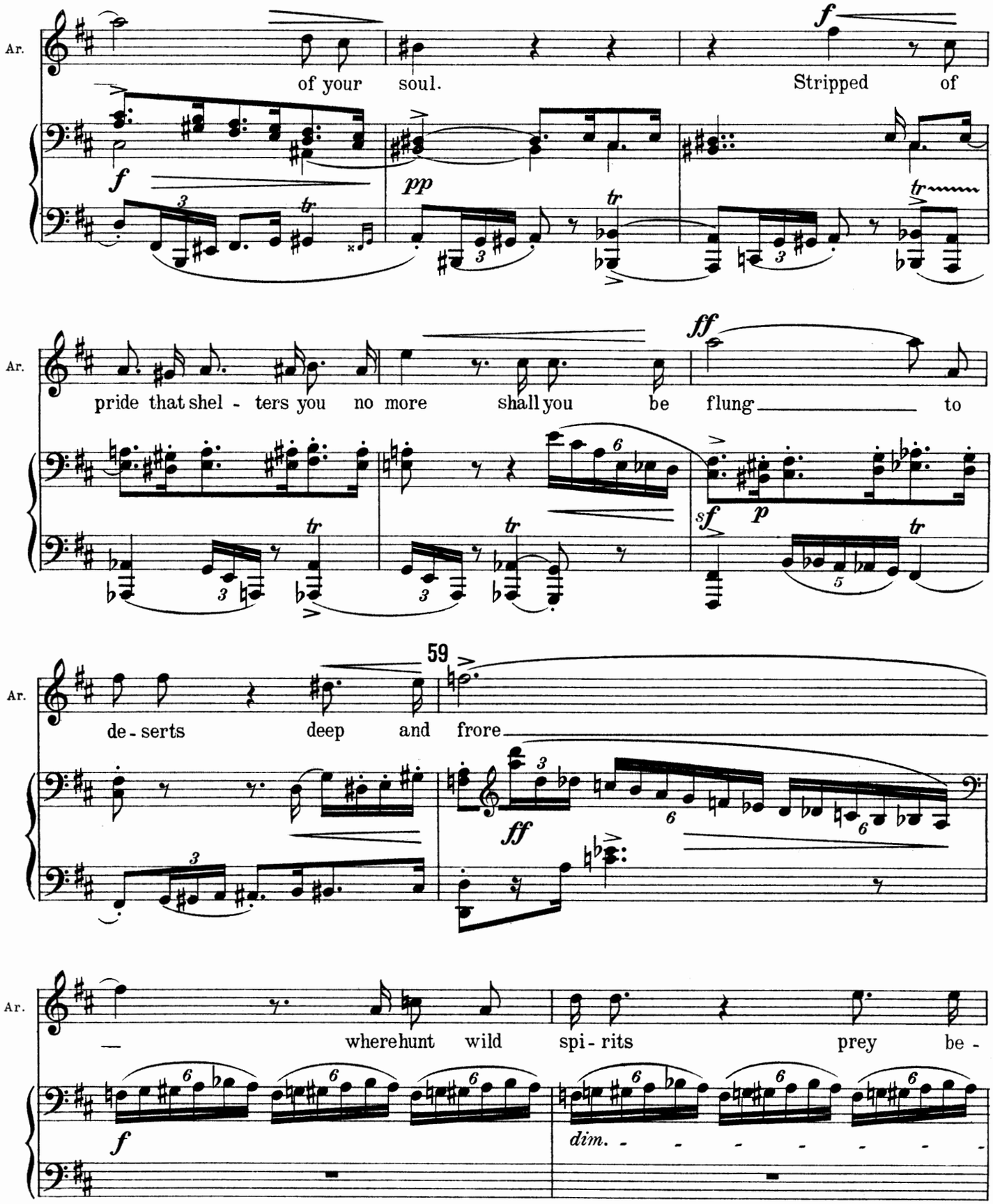
Gwydion and the cauldron. Other fierce forms creep up to Gwydion out of the darkness.

Allegro molto con brio.


cresc.
fz
p spiltz.
56
f
p
f
ff
smàniante


dim.
Pos.
57
fz
poco rit.
p
Allegro non troppo.
Gwydion.
p
A - rawn of An - nwn whom I
marc.
pp
sf
8va bassa
Gwyd.
f
slew and ghouls of the dark - ness
pp
8


Gwyd.
thrust in - to o - bli - vi - on by my
Arawn (in harsh and shrill voice)
For
Gwyd.
hands what do you here?
pp poco cresc.
Ar.
you the vengeful spi - rits nurse their lust Out-cast of life!
58
mp
Ar.
in famished bands the vul - tures of your being wait for car - ri - on
pp
ff


Ar.
of your soul.
Stripped of
f
pp
Ar.
pride that shel - ters you no more shall you be flung to
ff
sf
p
Ar.
de - serts deep and frore
59
ff
Ar.
— where hunt wild spi - rits prey be -
f
dim.

Ar.

yond all law. here haggard

Ar.

hosts a-fire with hate shall take of you their

Più Allegro.

Ar.

toll.

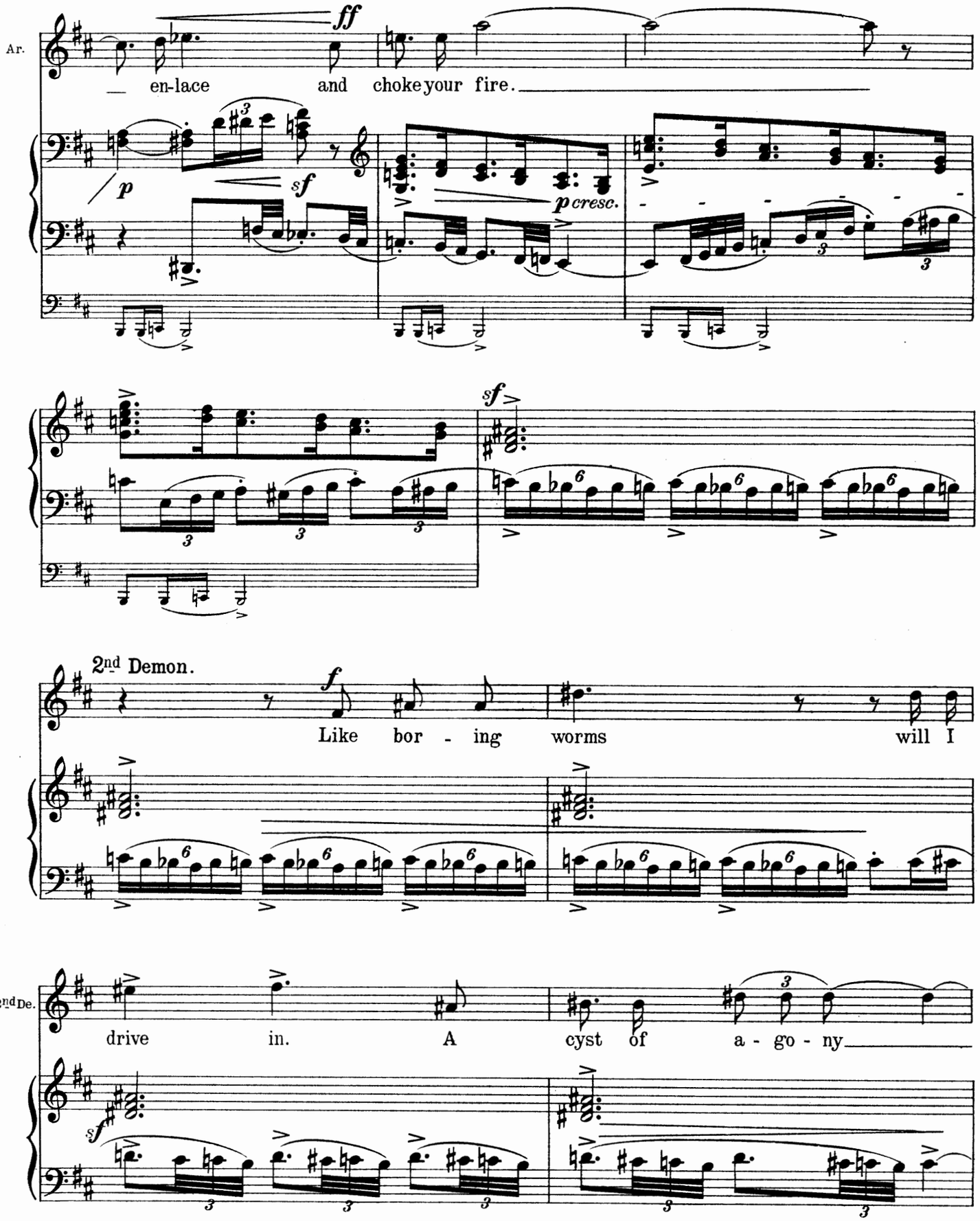
1st Demon (with harsh voice)

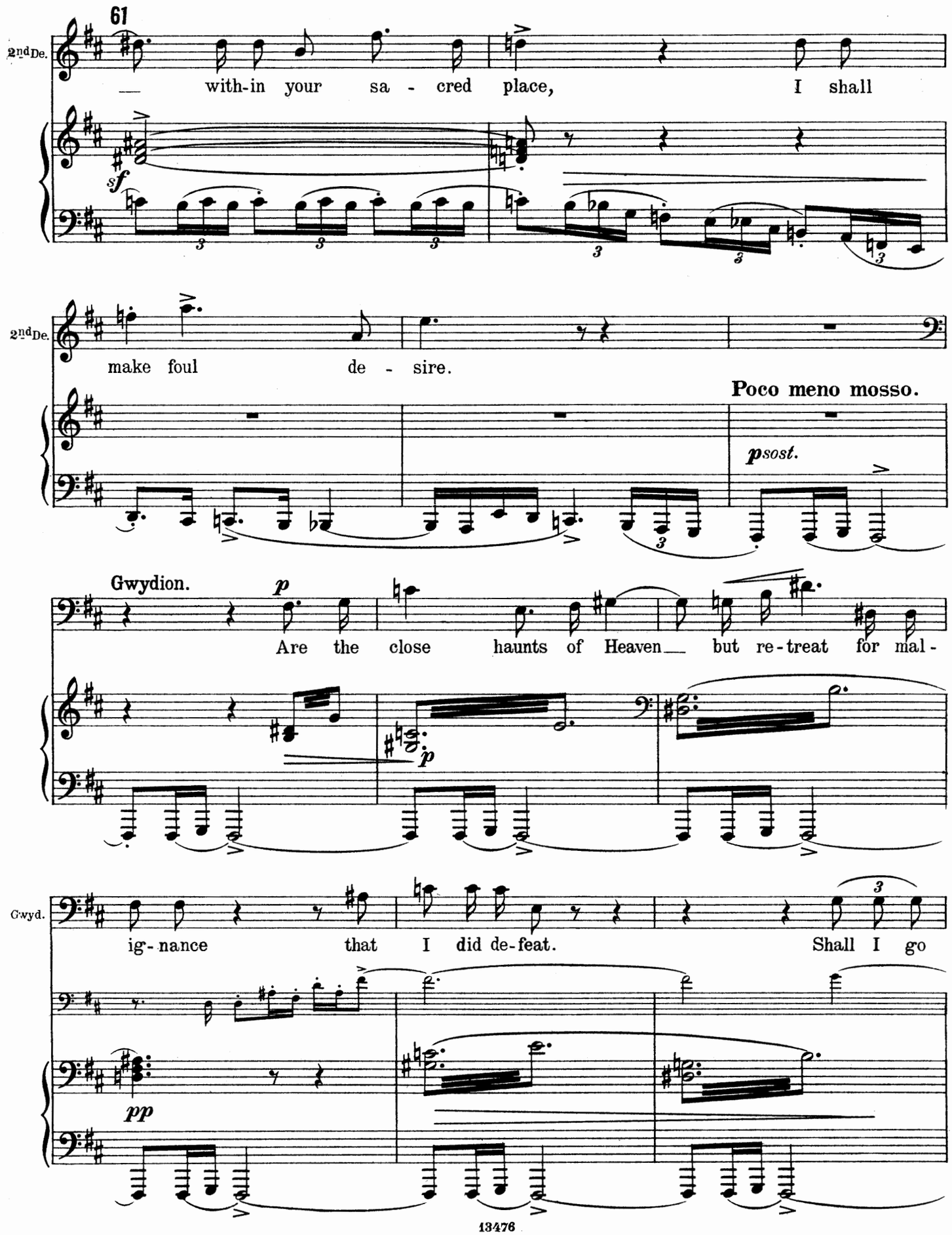
Cold shall I clasp you Gwy-di-on

60

1st De.

like the mist and with a shroud - - ing fear


Ar.
ff
en-lace and choke your fire.
p
sf
p cresc.
sf
2nd Demon.
f
Like bor - ing worms will I
2nd De.
drive in. A cyst of a - go - ny
sf


61
2nd De.
— with-in your sa - cred place, I shall
sf
2nd De.
make foul de - sire.
Poco meno mosso.
psost.
Gwydion.
p
Are the close haunts of Heaven — but re-treat for mal-
p
Gwyd.
ig-nance that I did de-feat. Shall I go
pp

62

Gwyd. whim-per-ing through a void For ev - - - - er strength-less,

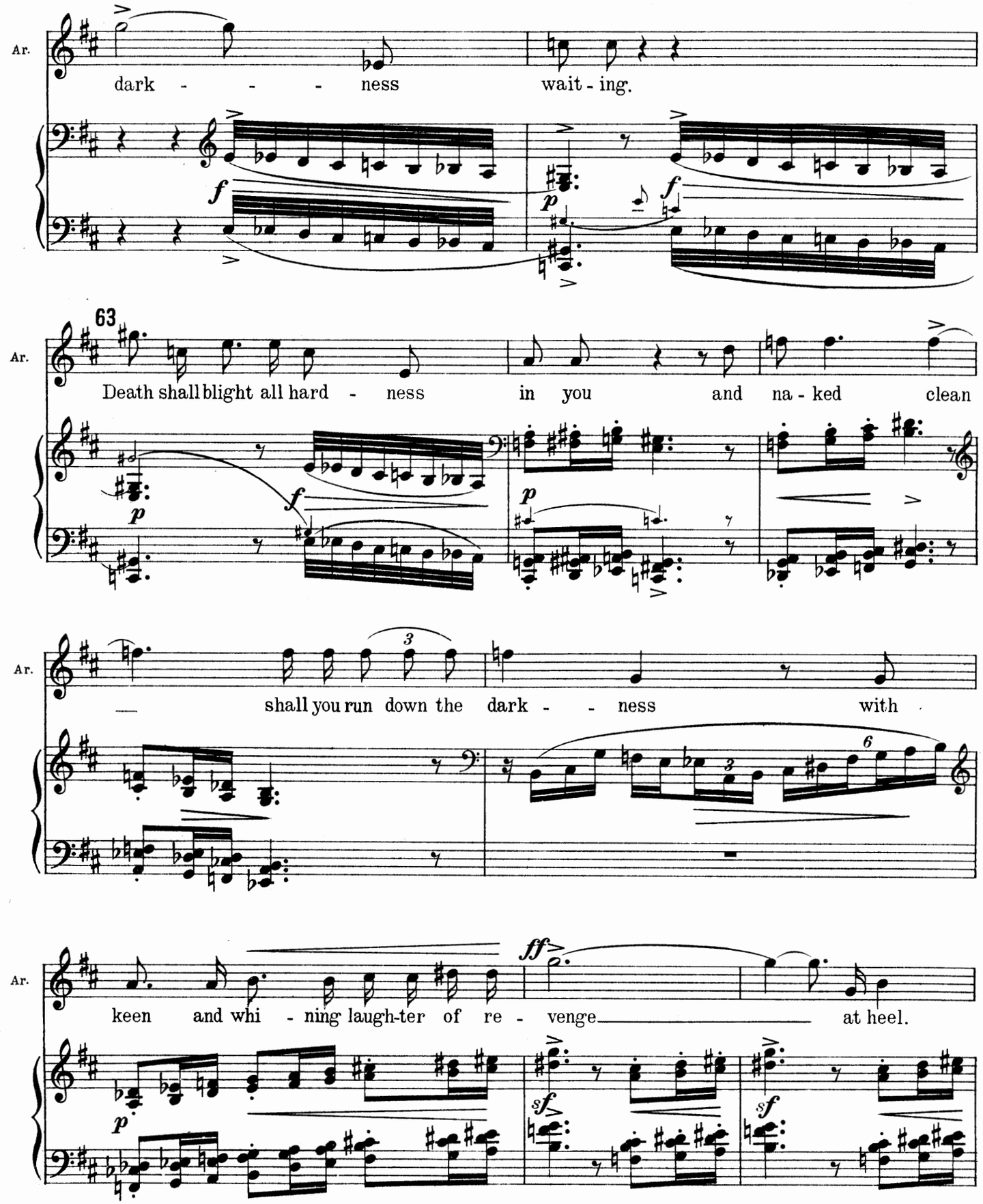
Gwyd. and be - yond be - - lief? The

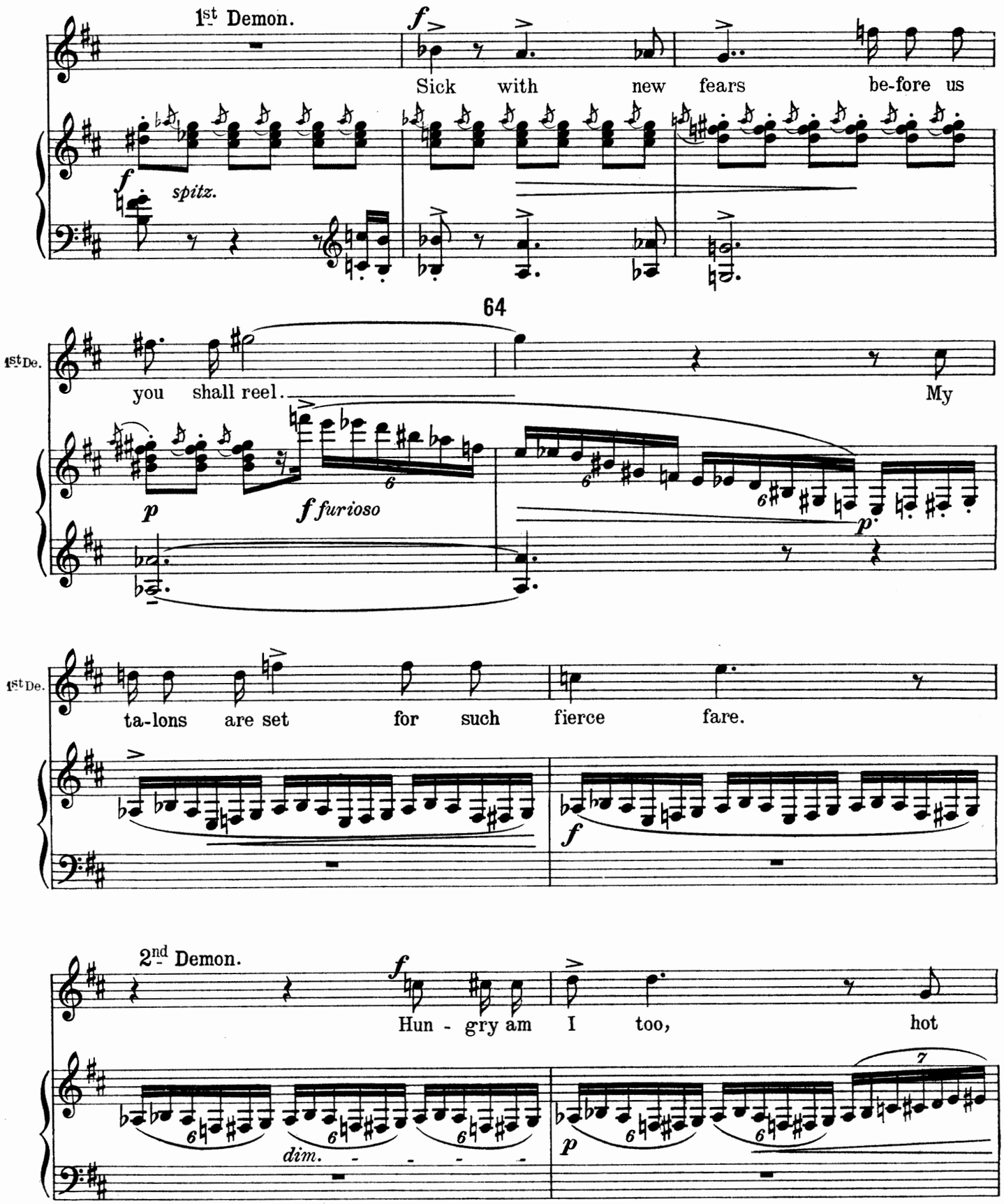
Arawn.

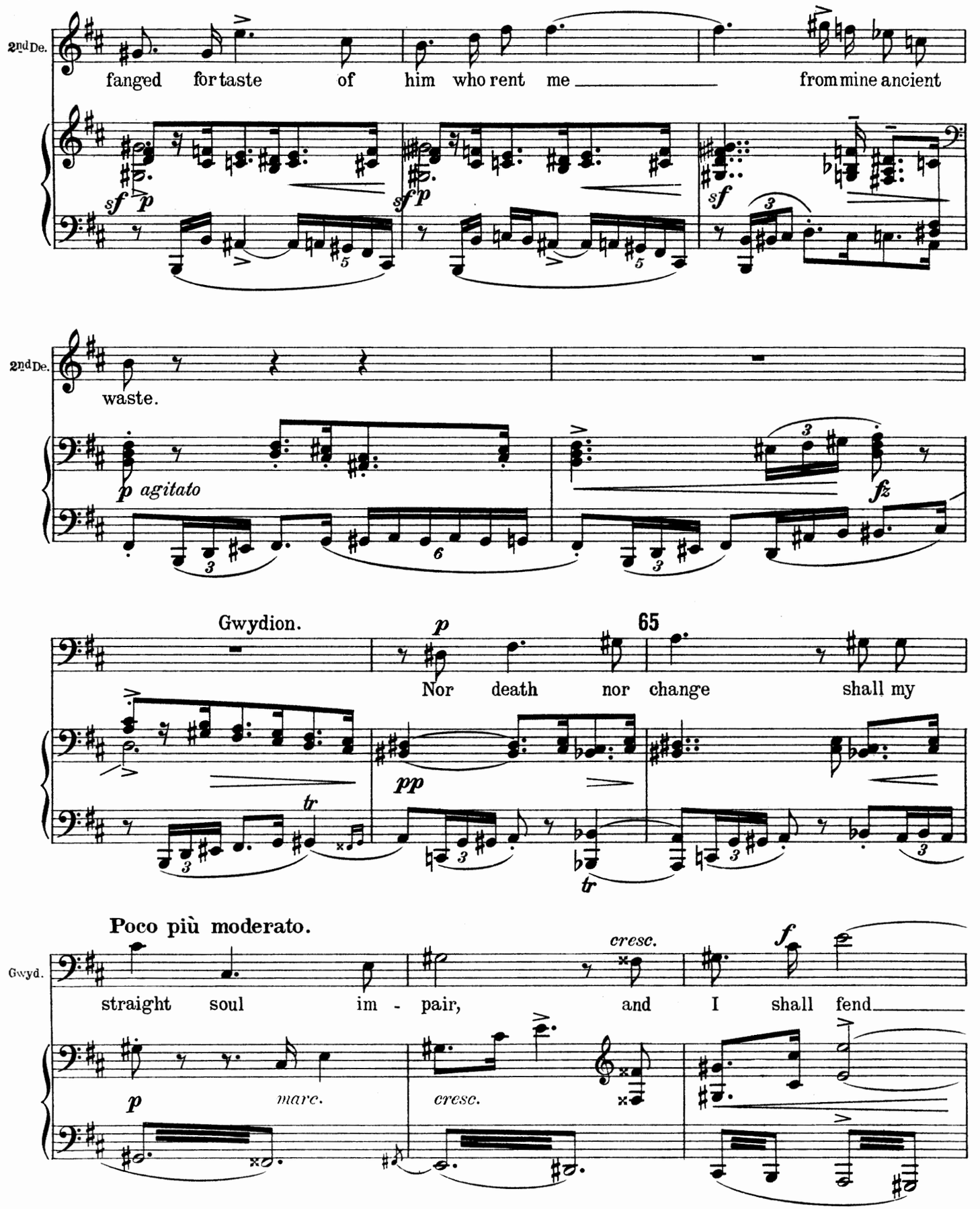
Gwyd. There Gods a-lone are false.

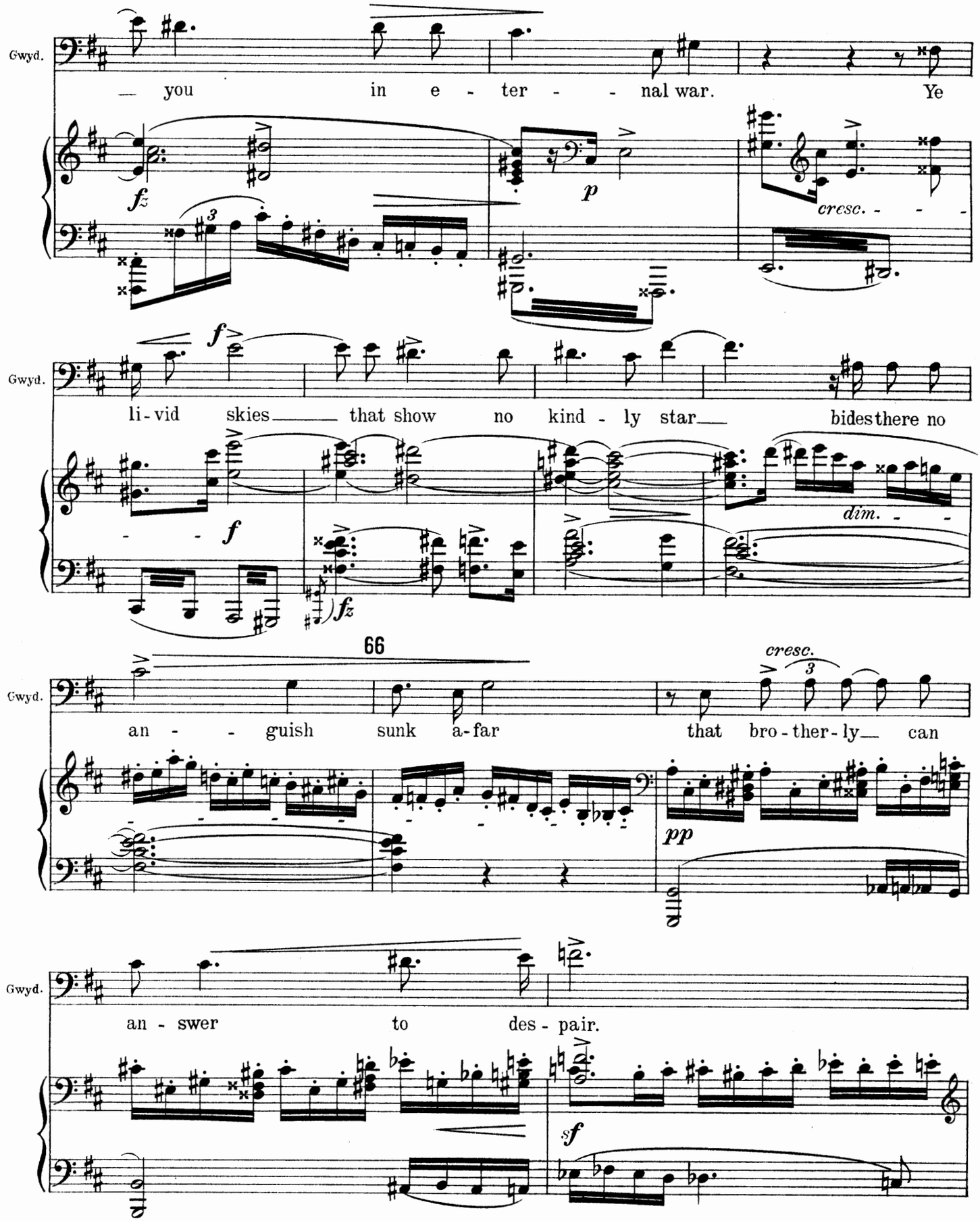
Ar. are no Gods on - ly the com - ing night and we in

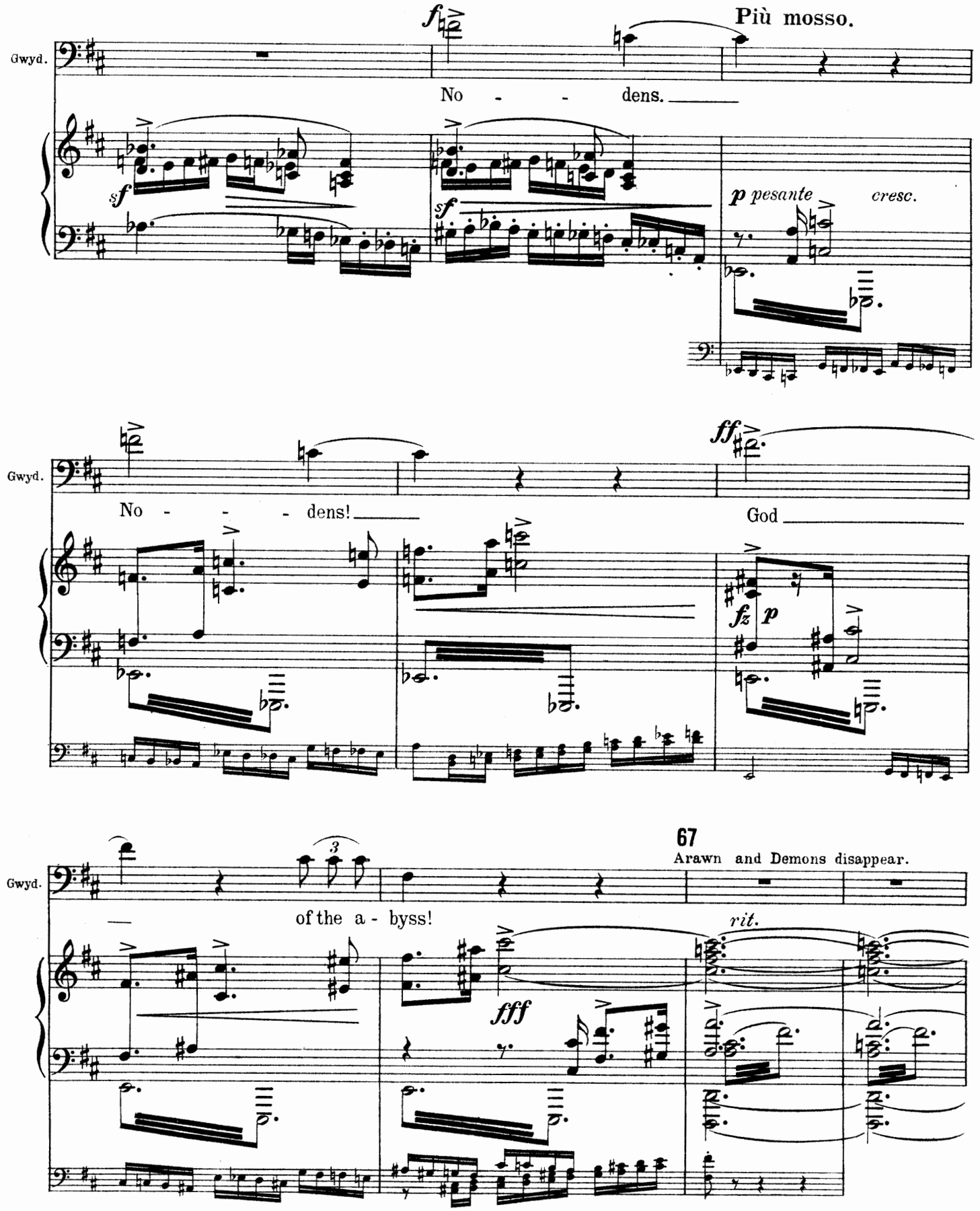
Più mosso.


Ar.
dark - - - - ness
wait - ing.
63
Ar.
Death shall blight all hard - ness
in you
and na - ked
clean
Ar.
shall you run down the dark - - ness
with
Ar.
keen and whi - ning laugh-ter of re - venge
at heel.

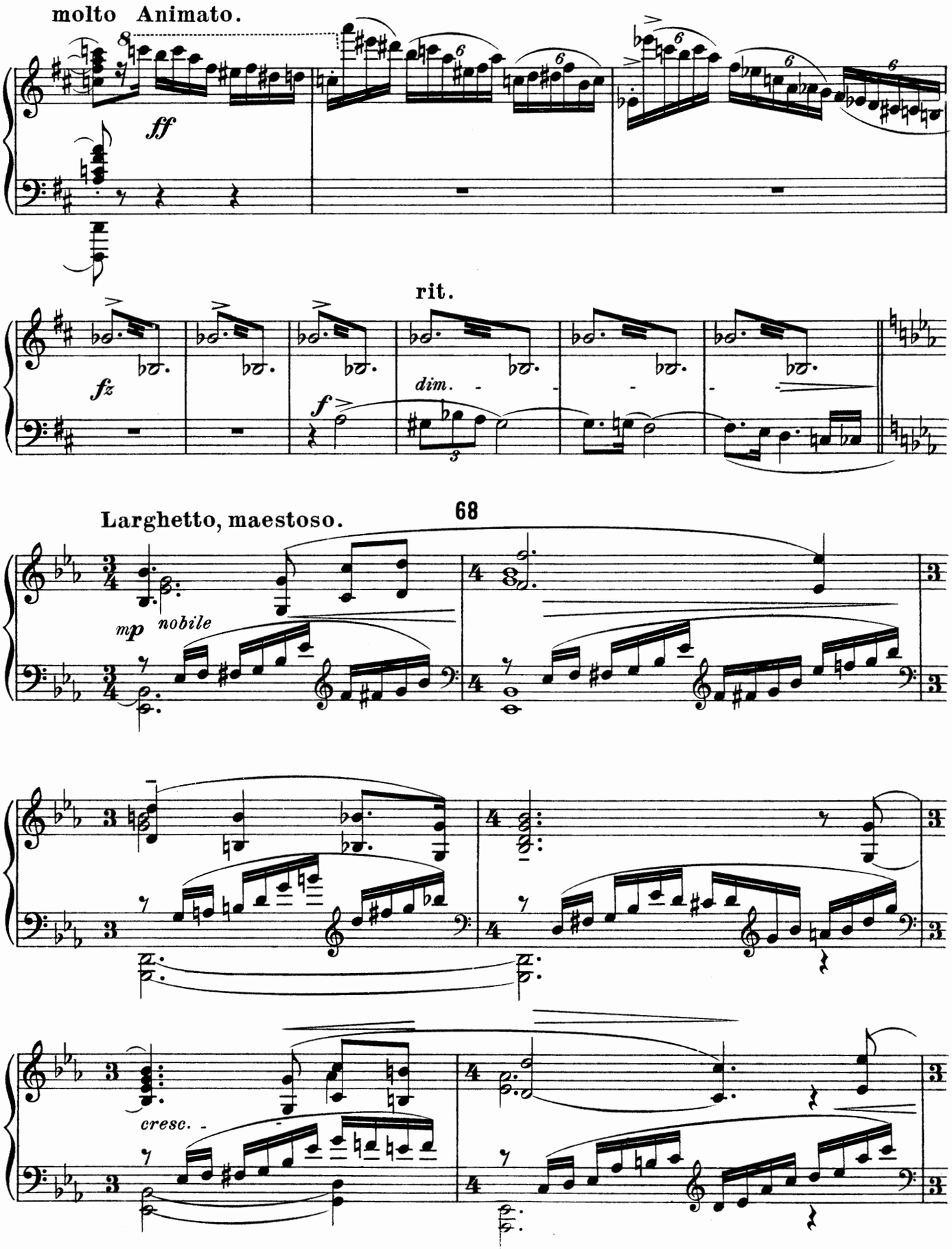

1st Demon.
Sick with new fears be-fore us
spitz.
64
1st De.
you shall reel.
My
furioso
1st De.
ta-lons are set for such fierce fare.
2nd Demon.
Hun - gry am I too, hot
dim.

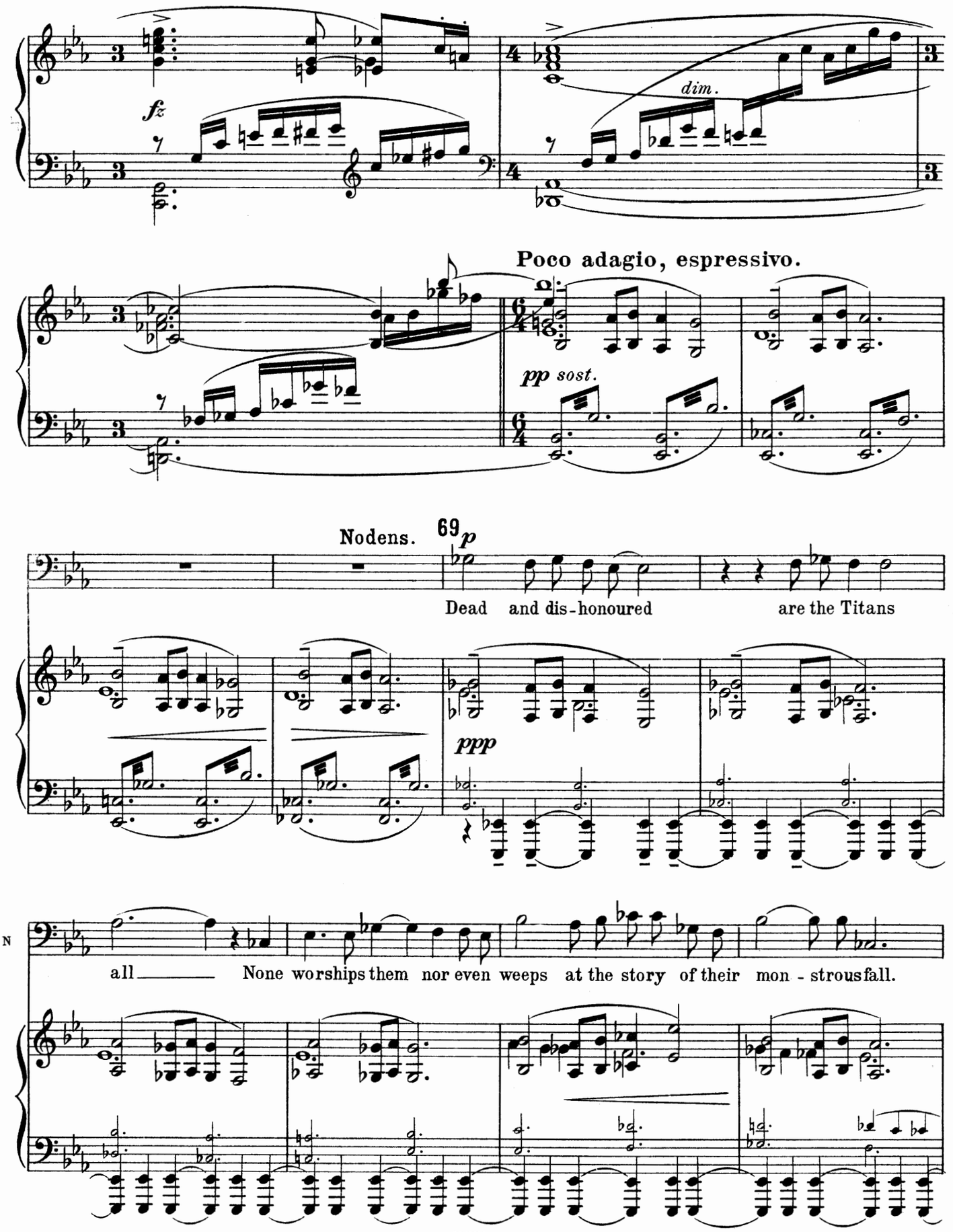

2nd De.
fanged for taste of him who rent me from mine ancient
sf p
sf p
sf
2nd De.
waste.
p agitato
fz
Gwydion.
p
65
Nor death nor change shall my
pp
tr
tr
Poco più moderato.
Gwyd.
straight soul im - pair, and I shall fend
cresc.
f
p
marc.
cresc.

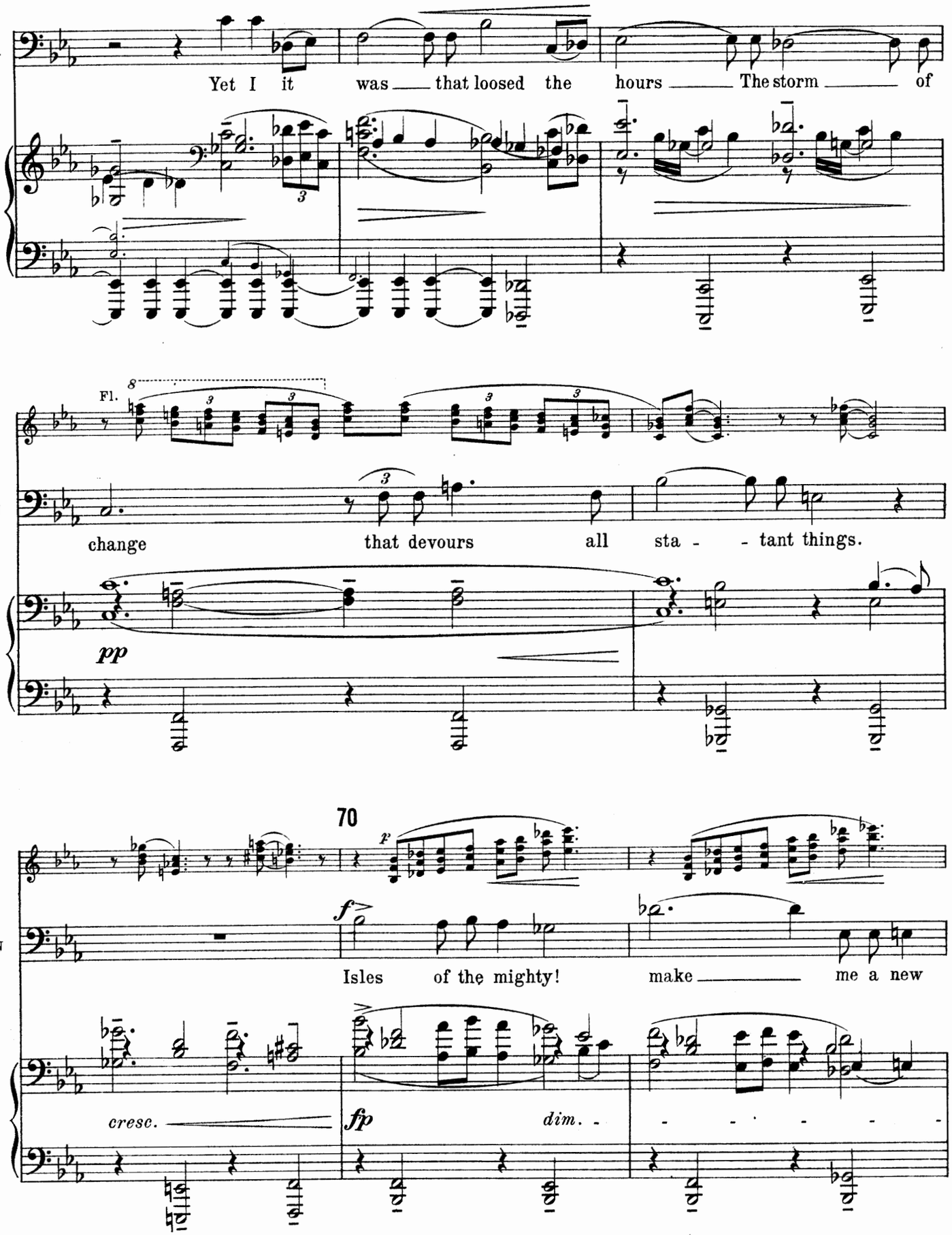

Gwyd.
— you in e - ter - - nal war. Ye
fz
p
cresc. - - -
Gwyd.
li - vid skies — that show no kind - ly star — bides there no
f
dim. - -
fz
66
Gwyd.
an - - guish sunk a - far that bro - ther - ly — can
cresc.
3
pp
Gwyd.
an - swer to des - pair.
sf

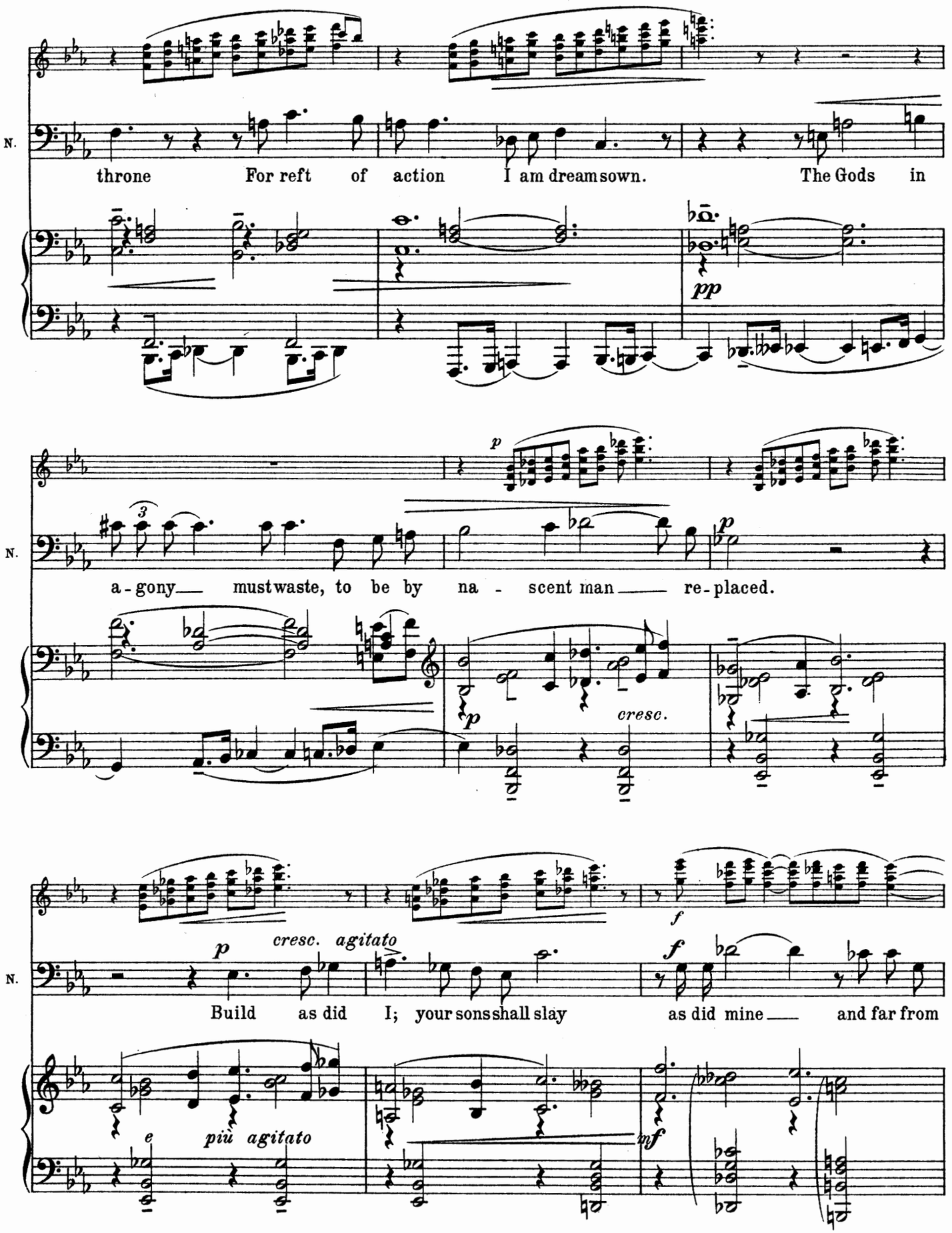

Più mosso.
Gwyd.
No - - dens.
p pesante
cresc.
Gwyd.
No - - - dens!
God
fz
p
67
Arawn and Demons disappear.
Gwyd.
of the a - byss!
rit.
fff

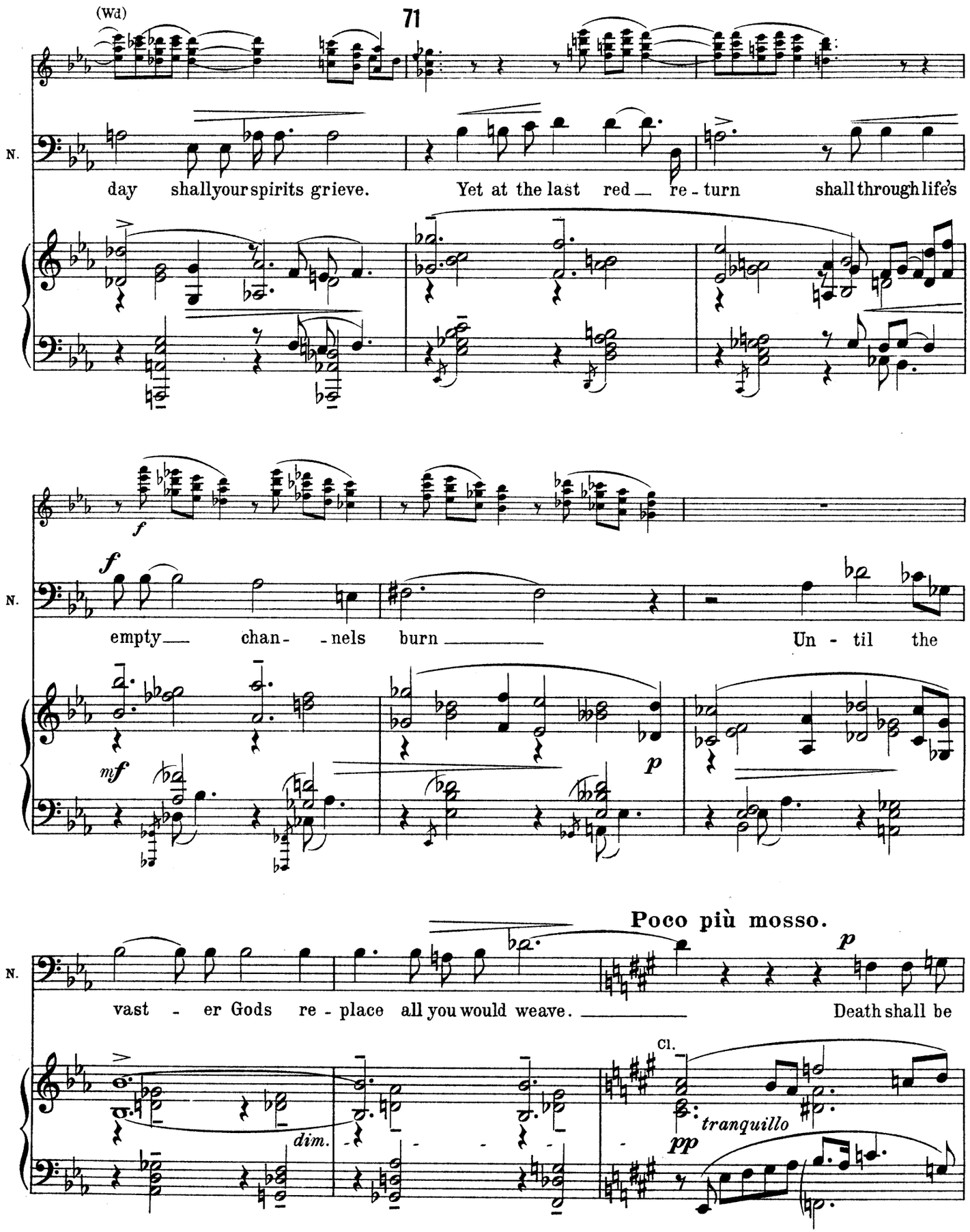
Gradually the back ground changes to the central scene of the Prologue; the high rocks whereon Nodens lies bound.

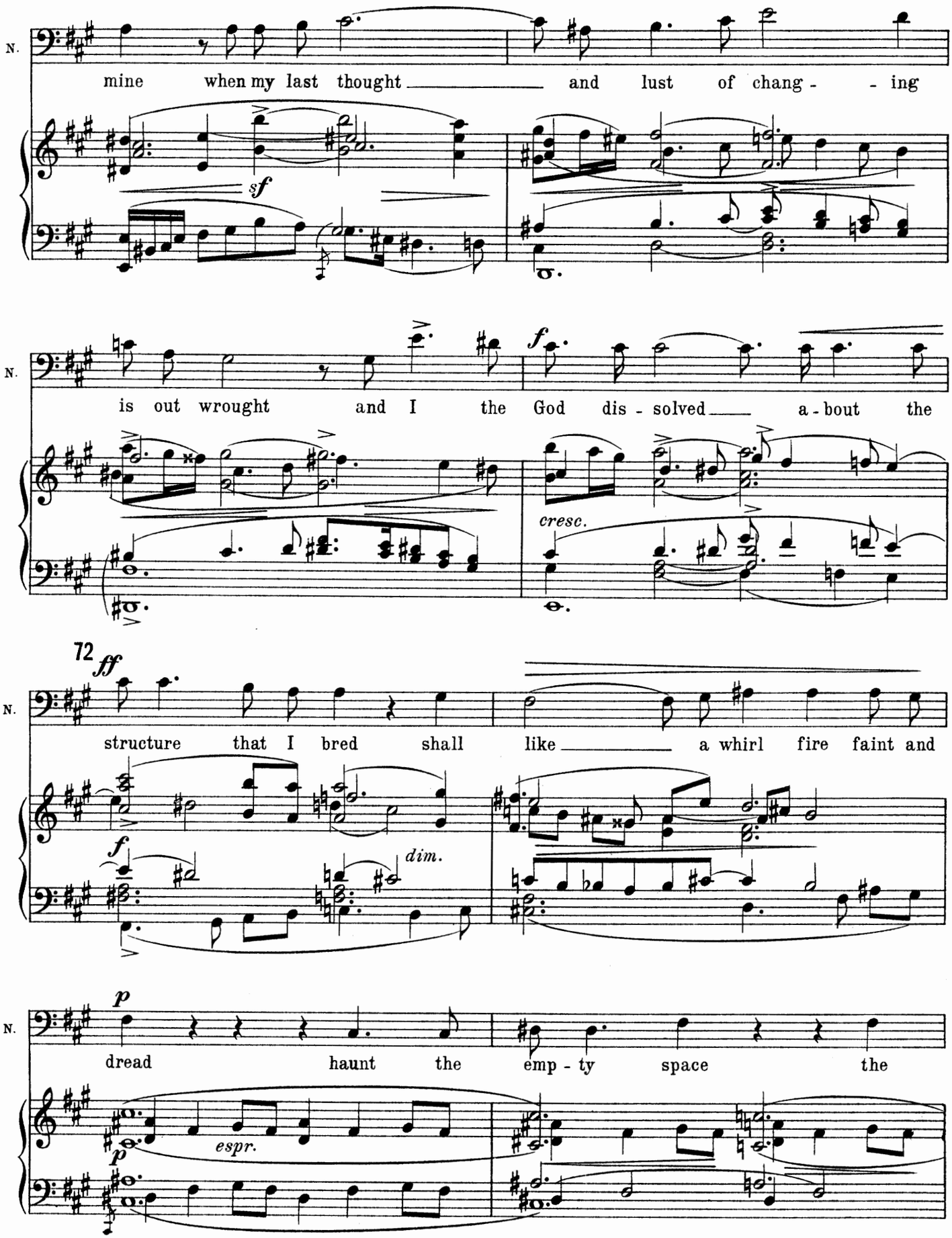


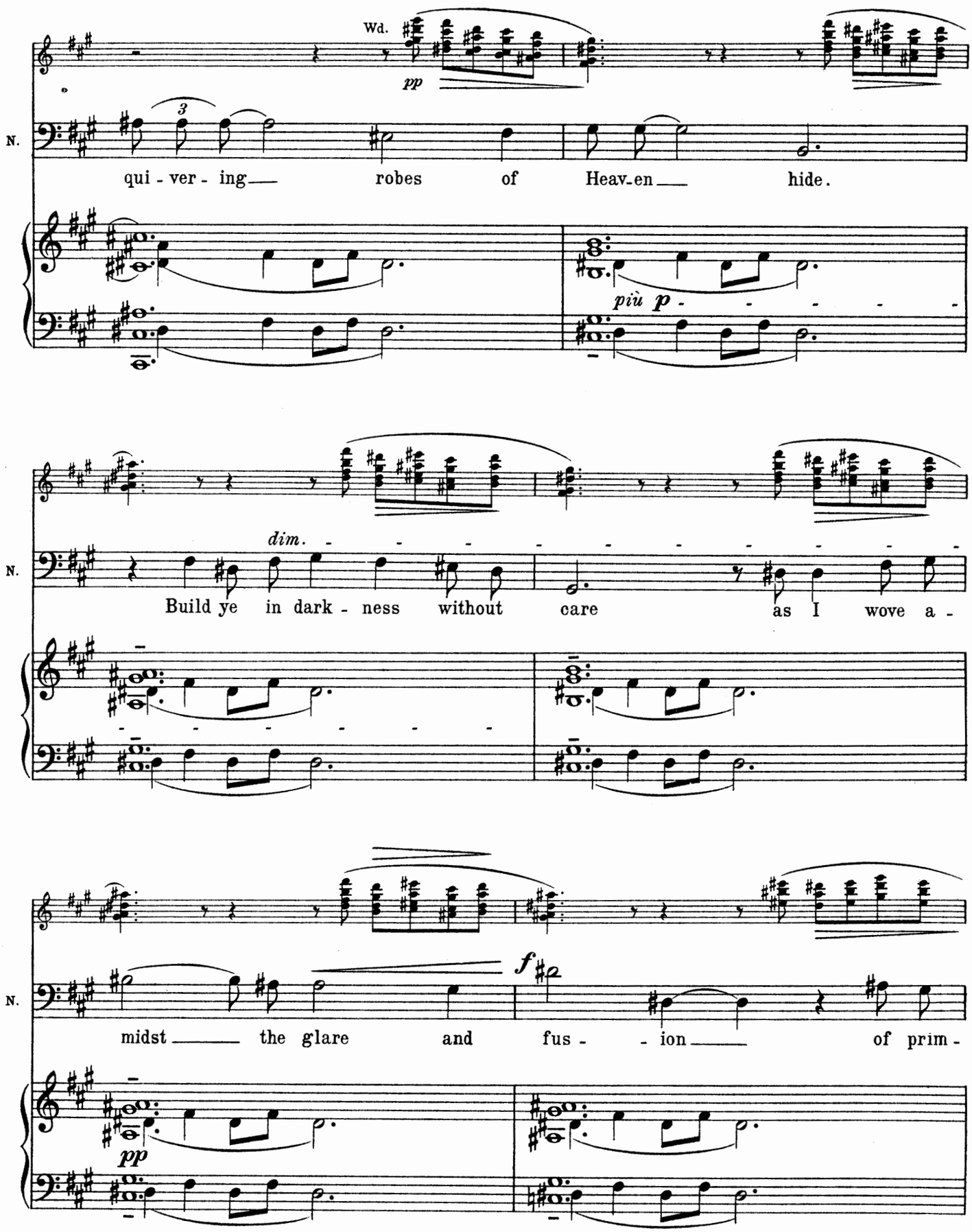

fz
dim.
Poco adagio, espressivo.
pp sost.
Nodens.
69
p
Dead and dis-honoured are the Titans
ppp
N
all None worships them nor even weeps at the story of their mon - strous fall.


N.
Yet I it was that loosed the hours The storm of
Fl.
N
change that devours all sta - - tant things.
pp
70
p
N
f
Isles of the mighty! make me a new
cresc.
fp
dim.

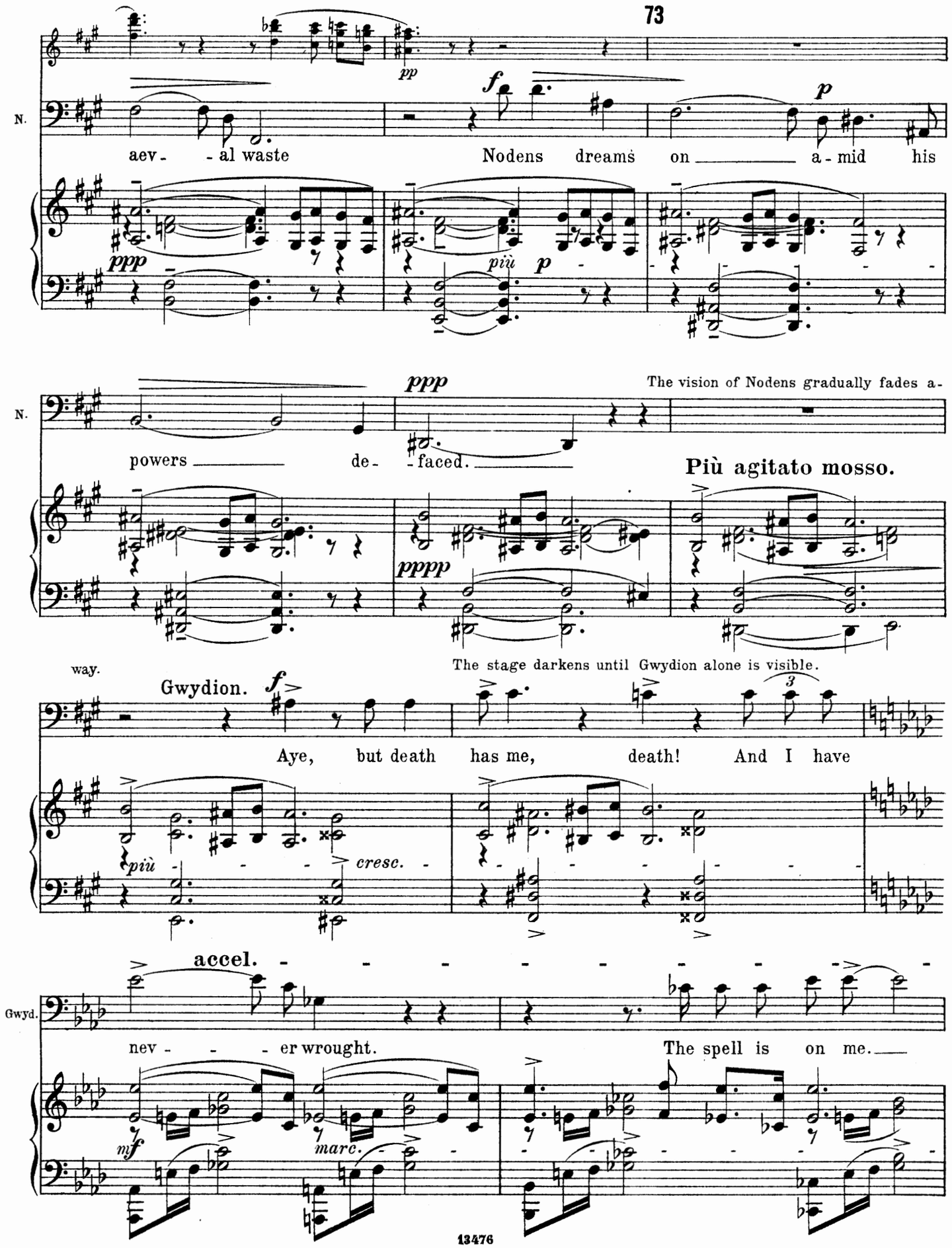

N.
throne For reft of action I am dreamsown. The Gods in
pp
N.
a-gony must waste, to be by na-scent man re-placed.
p
cresc.
N.
Build as did I; your sons shall slay as did mine and far from
p
cresc. agitato
f
e più agitato
mf


(Wd)
71
N.
day shall your spirits grieve. Yet at the last red re - turn shall through life's
f
empty chan - nels burn Un - til the
mf
p
Poco più mosso.
vast - er Gods re - place all you would weave. Death shall be
dim.
Cl.
tranquillo
pp


N.
mine when my last thought and lust of chang - ing
sf
N.
is out wrought and I the God dis - solved a - bout the
f
cresc.
72
ff
N.
structure that I bred shall like a whirl fire faint and
f
dim.
p
N.
dread haunt the emp - ty space the
p
espr.


Wd.
pp
N.
qui - ver - ing robes of Heav-en hide.
più p
dim.
Build ye in dark - ness without care as I wove a -
f
midst the glare and fus - - ion of prim -
pp

73


N.
pp
f
p
aev - - al waste
Nodens dreams on ___ a - mid his
ppp
più p
N.
ppp
The vision of Nodens gradually fades a-
powers ___ de - - faced. ___
Più agitato mosso.
pppp
way.
The stage darkens until Gwydion alone is visible.
Gwydion.
f
Aye, but death has me, death! And I have
più
cresc.
accel.
Gwyd.
nev - - - er wrought.
The spell is on me. ___
mf
marc.

Gwyd.

Oh not yet, — not yet, The silent baths — of

f

Molto allegro.

ff

Gwyd.

dark - - - - - ness I can hear and

fz

74

Gwyd.

swear me henchman — But too late!

fz *f*

fz *fff*

Meno allegro.

Gwydion.

Gwyd.

p

Now open the foul paths where we for-get and down the

fz p *p* *cresc.*

Gwyd.

tides I steer,

fz p

Gwyd.

f *p*

I that am lost, yet came so near

sf p *fz p*

75

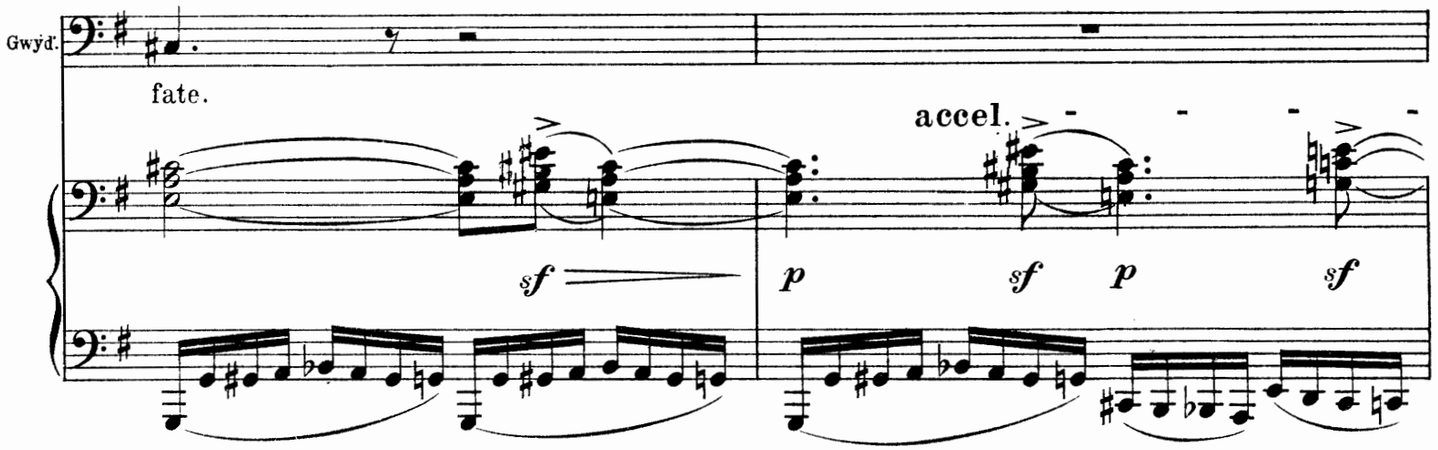
Gwyd.

dim.

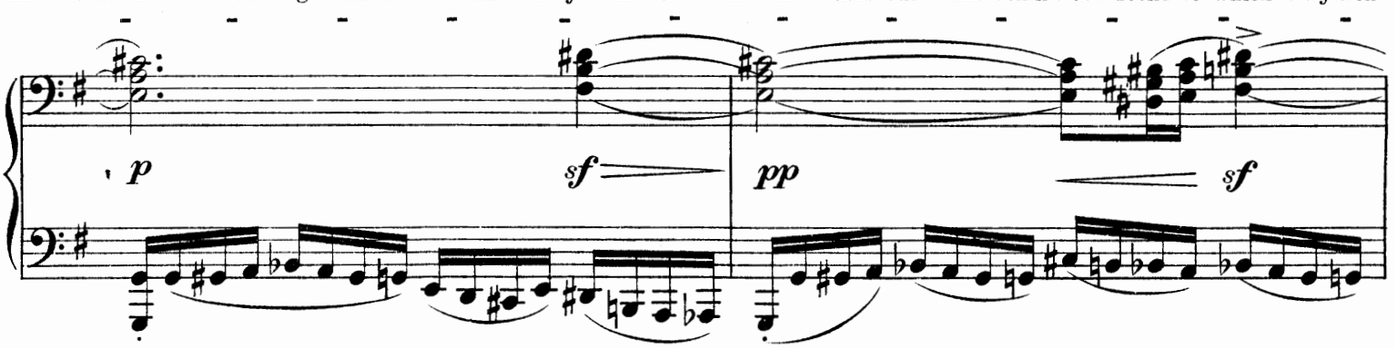
to un - der-stand - ing of my

f p *dim.*

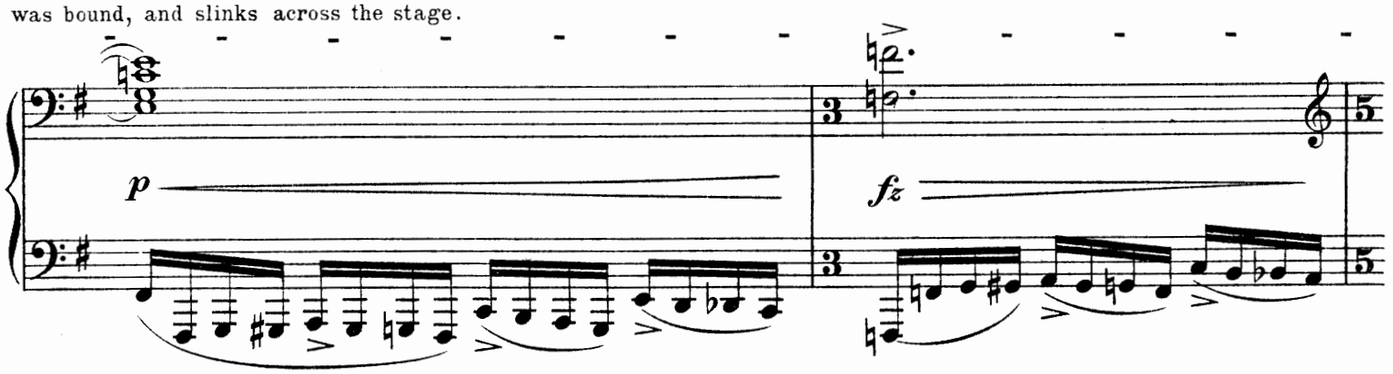
The stage darkens. When it lightens again Gwydions bonds are empty.



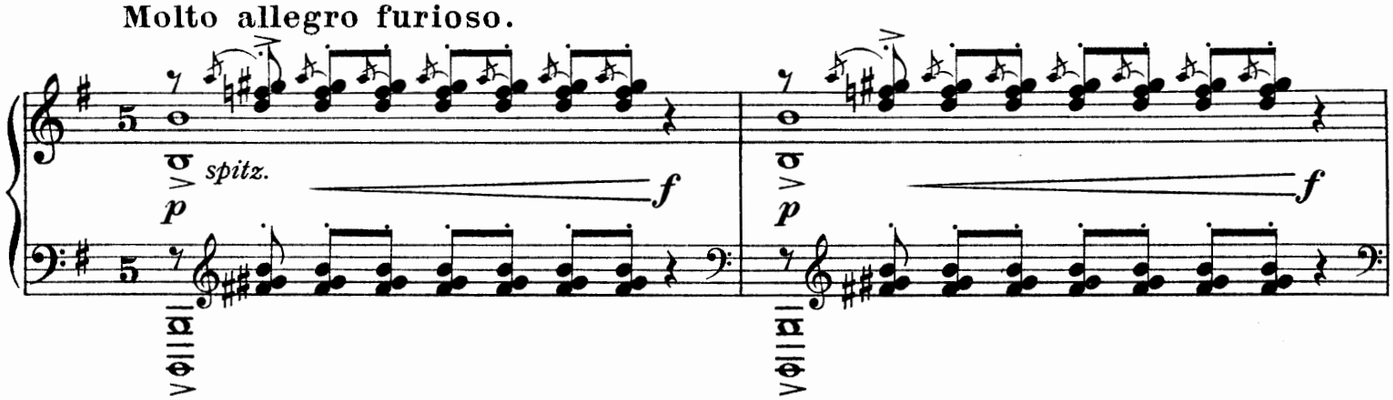
The darkness of the back ground is set with red eyes of wolves. A wolf comes out from behind the stone to which Gwydion

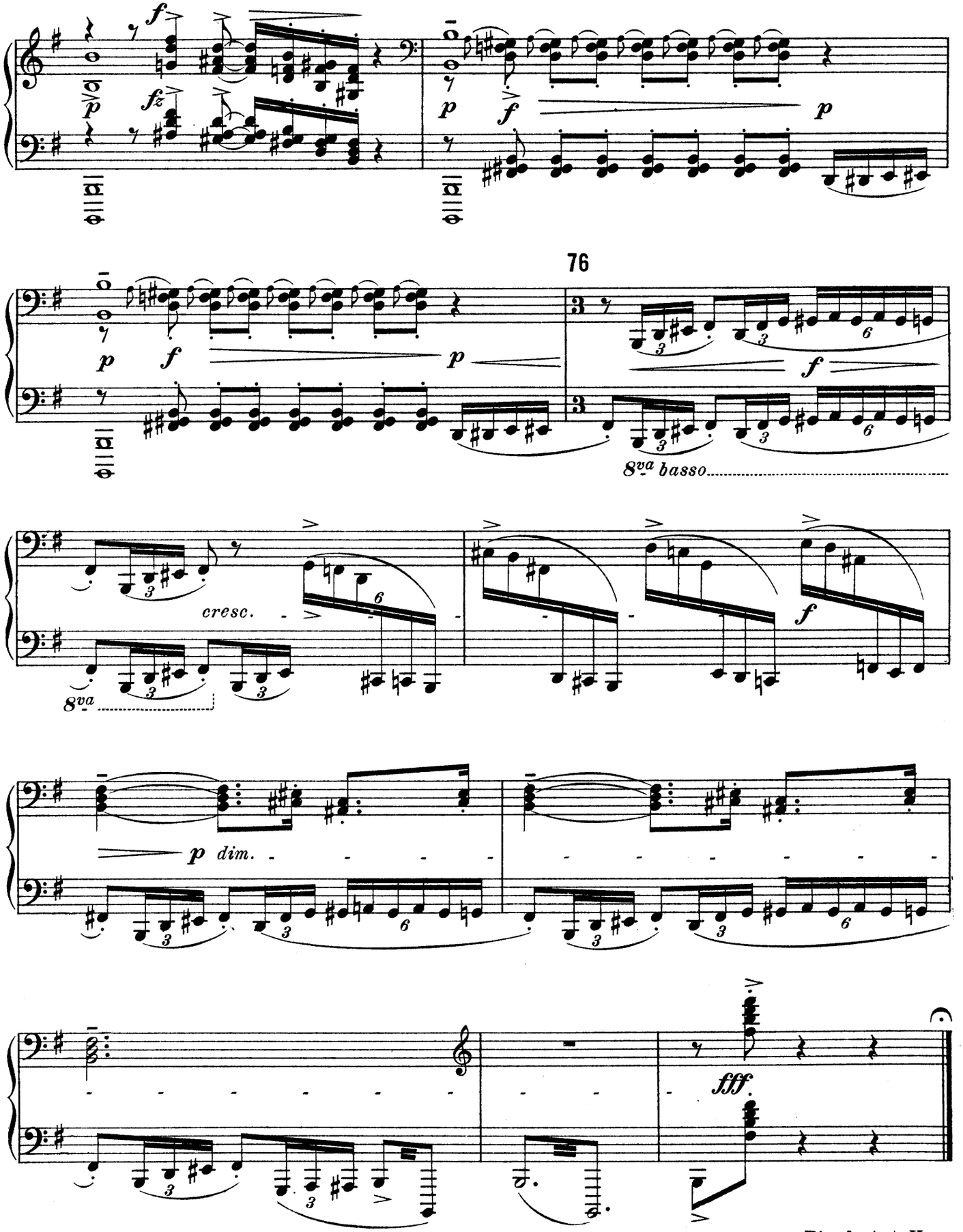


was bound, and slinks across the stage.



Molto allegro furioso.





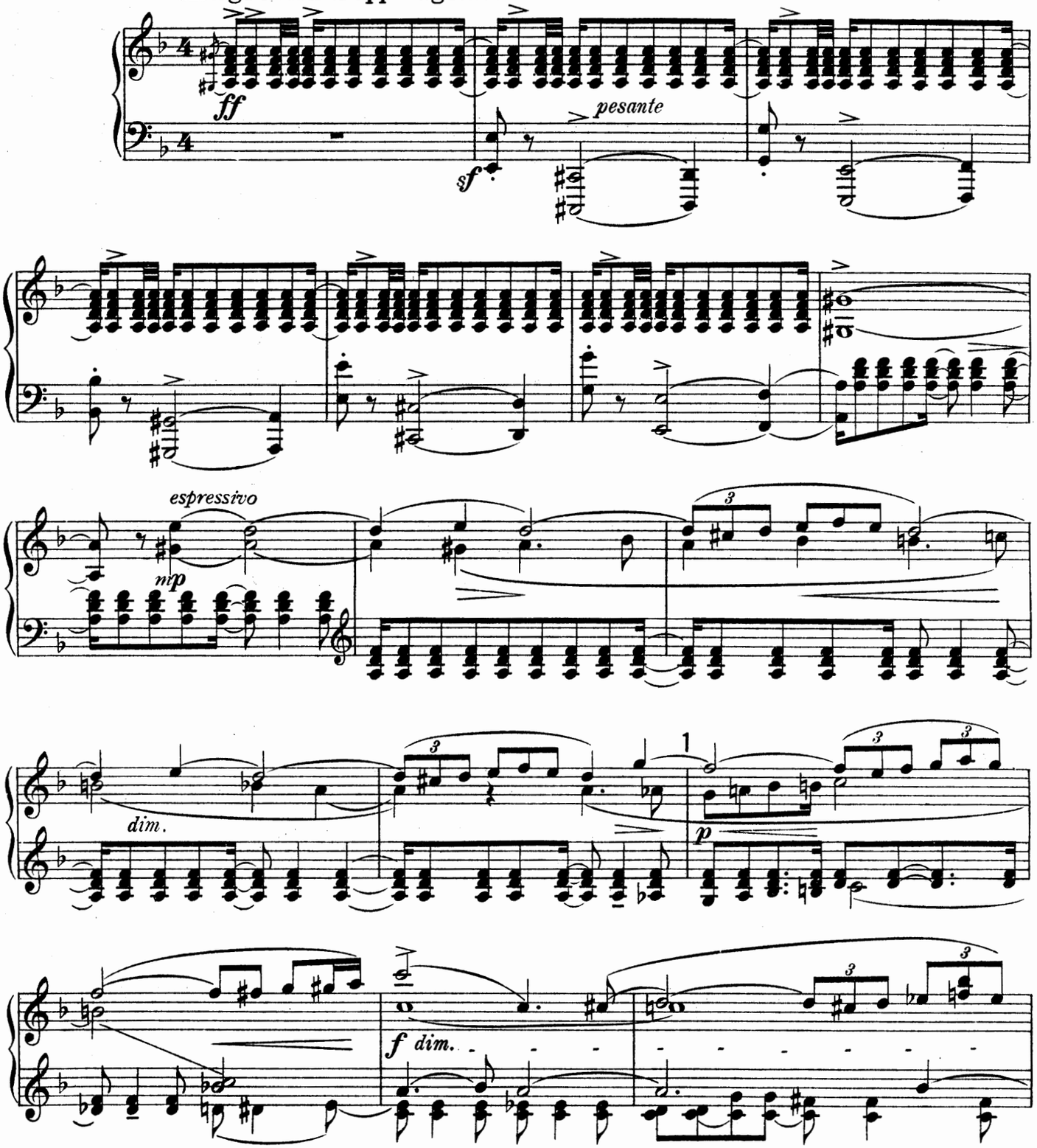
Final Act II.

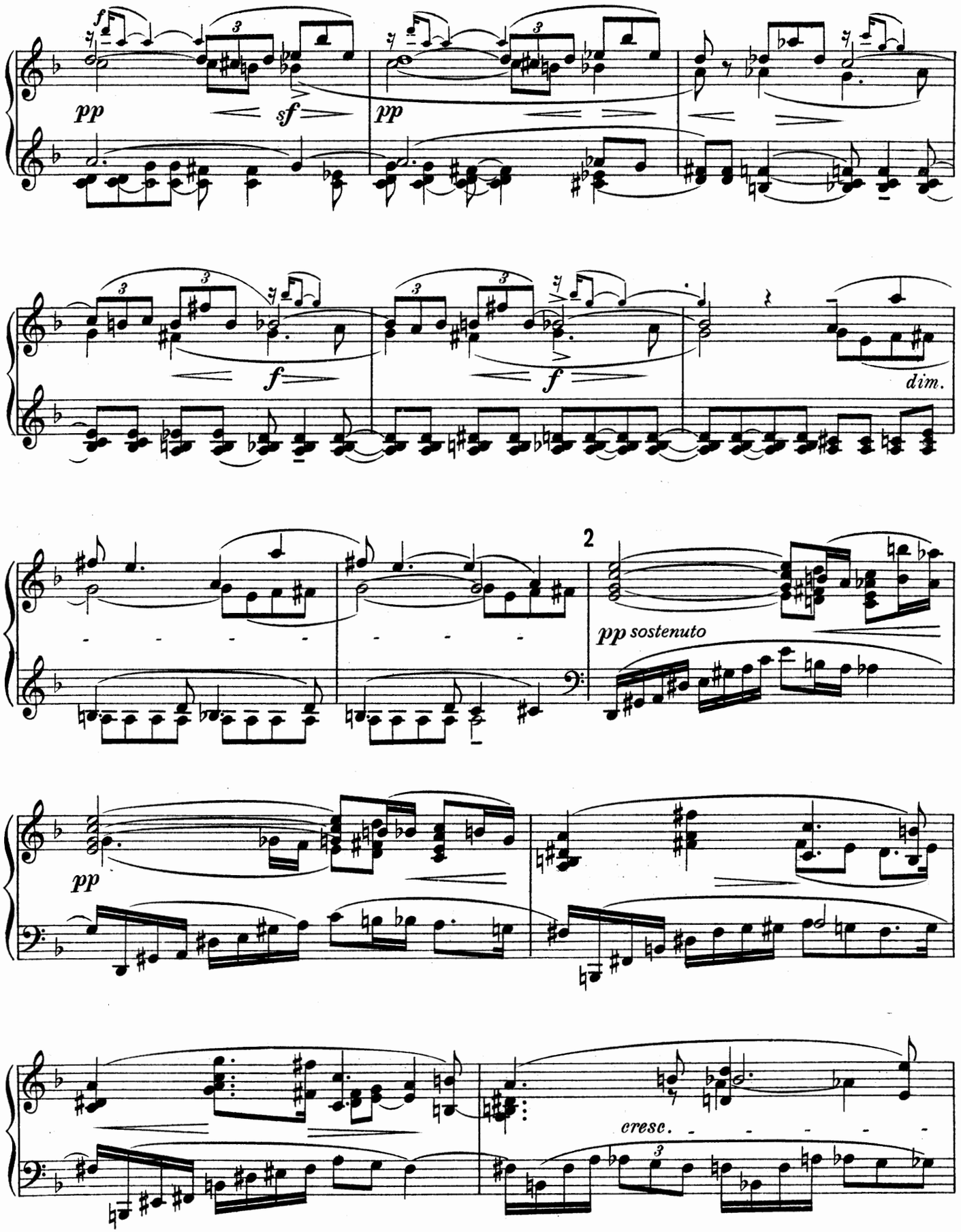
Act III.

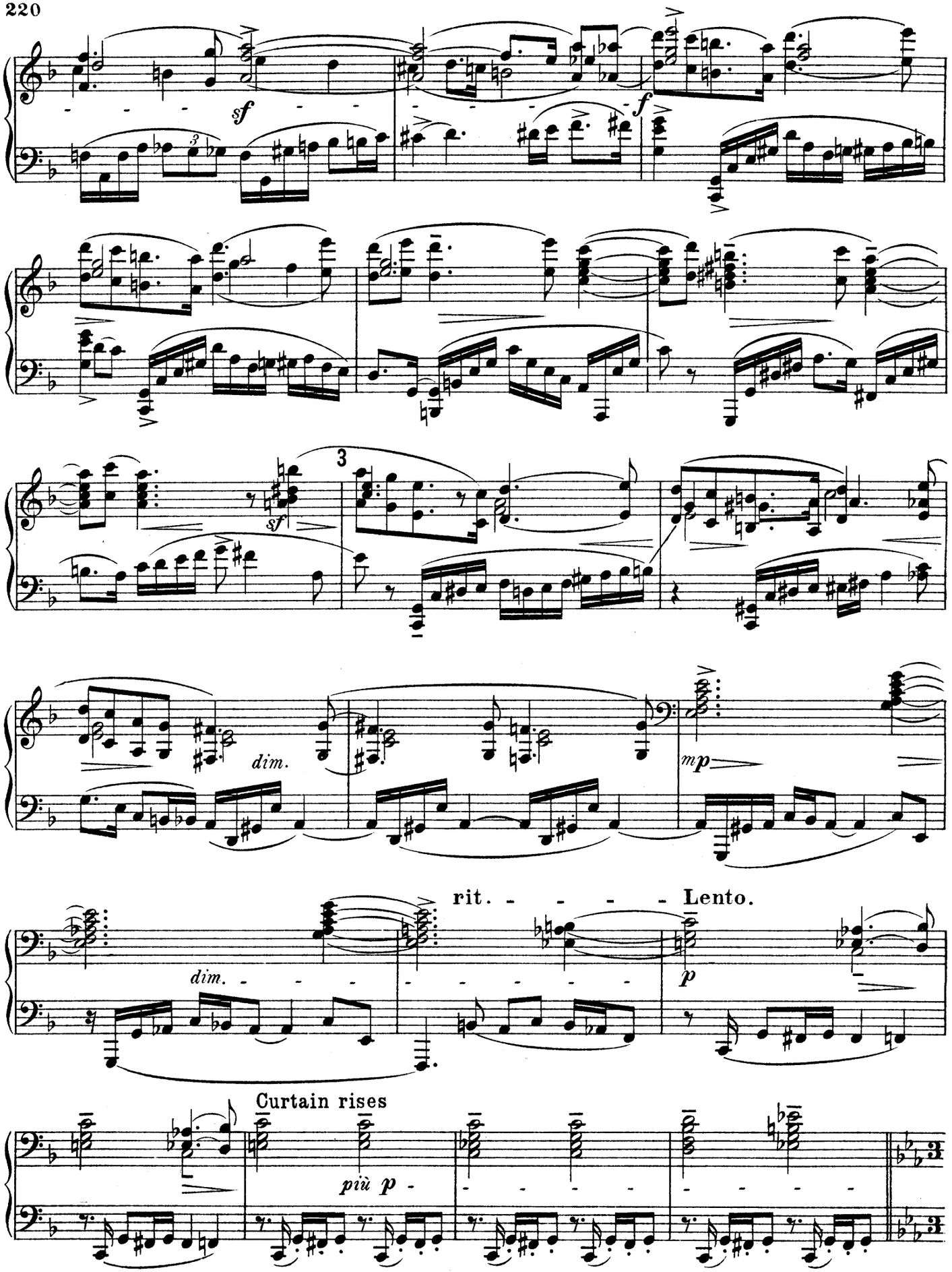
Scene I.

Scene the same as Act I. but in autumn. The trees are stripped and brown. The day is drawing to its close. Three years have elapsed since Gwydion and Govannion were condemned to run with the wolf pack. When the *Curtain Rises* the stage is empty. The wolves appear and slink restlessly about the stage. As the song of the druids rises in the distance the wolves gather together and leave the scene. (Gwion Enters.)

Allegro non troppo agitato.




pp
sf
pp
f
f
dim.
2
pp sostenuto
pp
cresc.


sf
f
sf
3
dim.
mp
dim.
rit. - - - - - Lento.
p
Curtain rises
più p

4 **Molto Allegro marcato.**

sf *p* *sf* *p* *sf* *p* *pp*

Moderato (Tempo) 5

Coro of Druids unseen

Tenors *p*

O ye that made the form of man a dun where-in lone spi - rits wake and

Basses *p*

Moderato (Tempo)

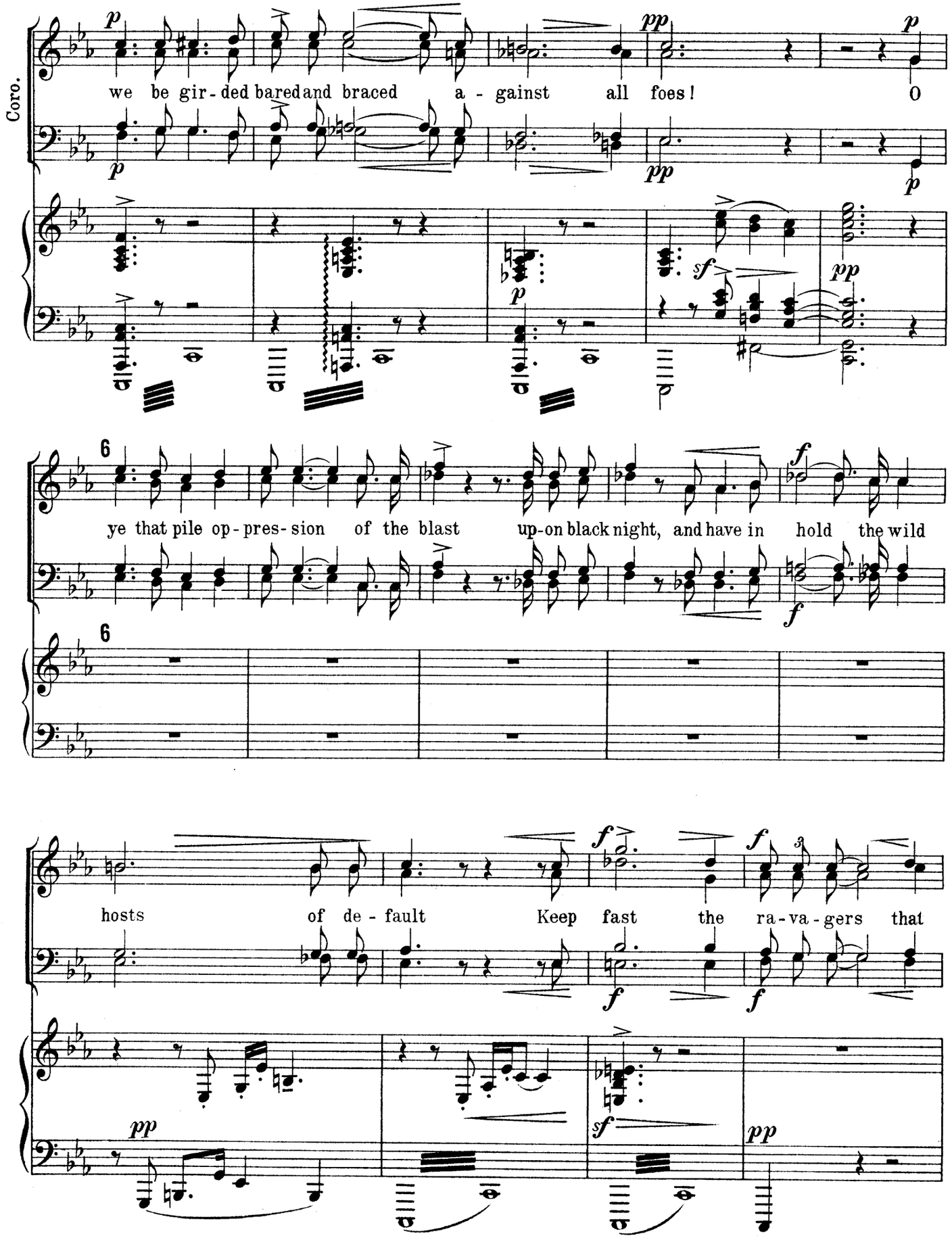
5

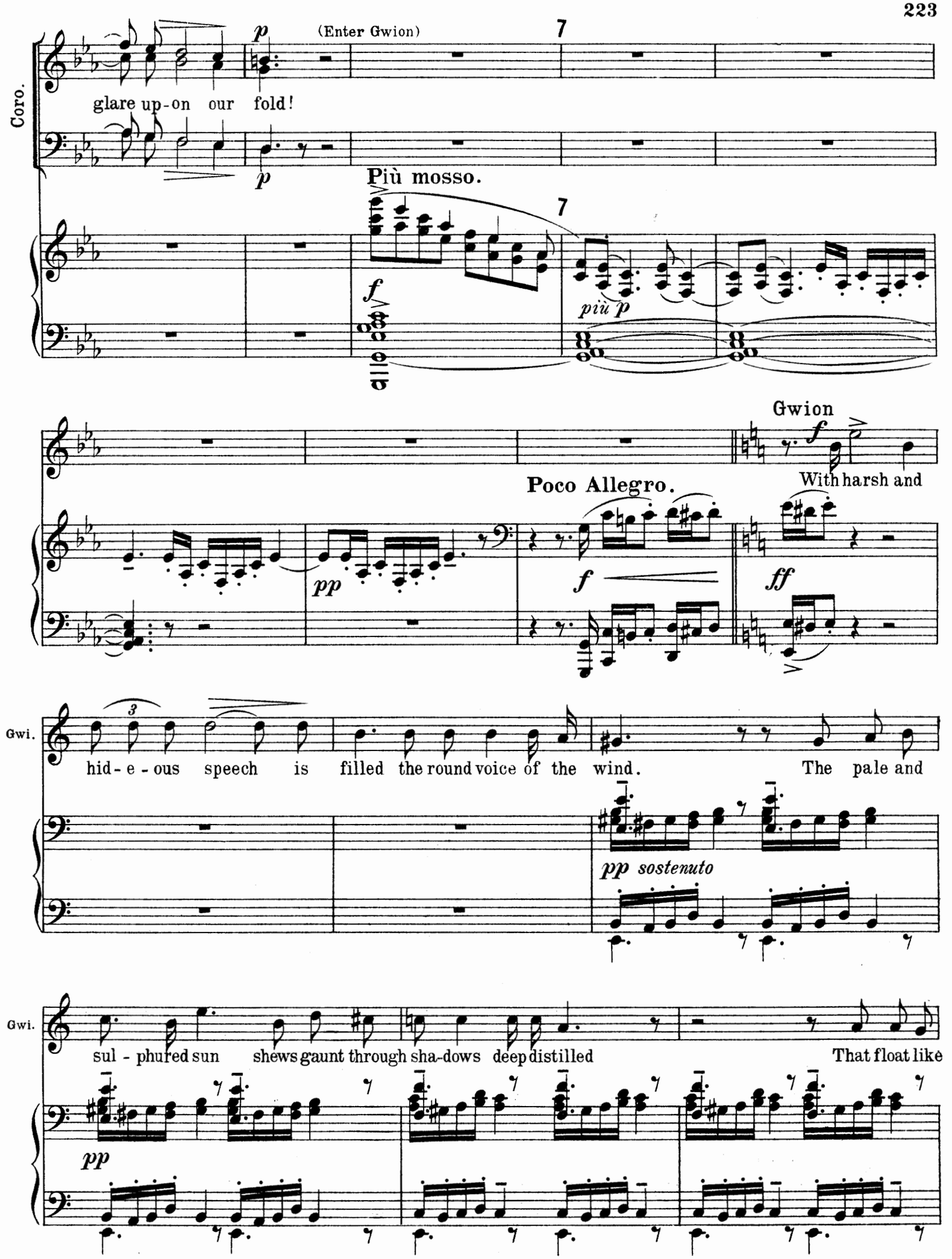
Hpes. *sost.*

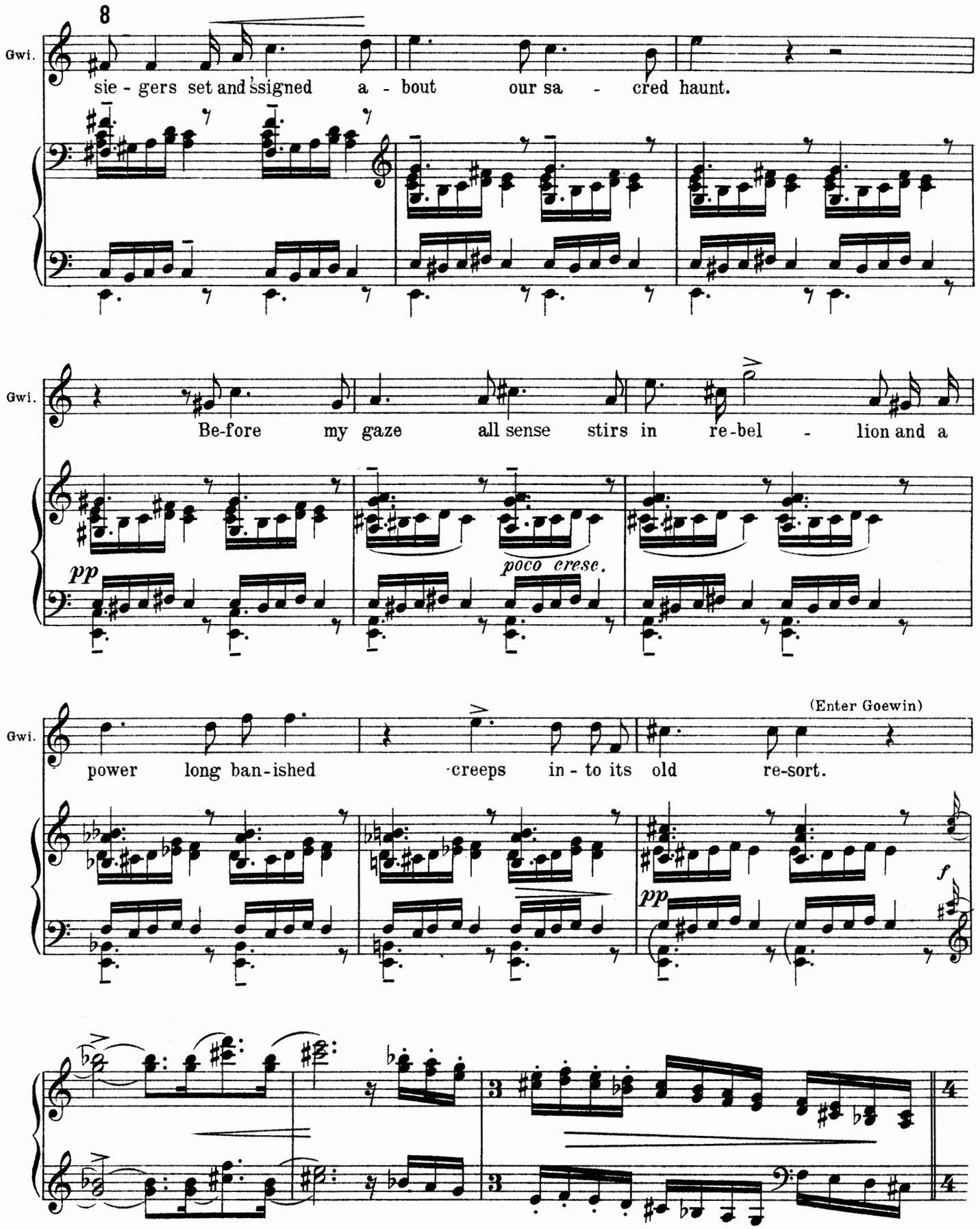
f *f* *f*

waste A - cross our hearts let flame in - ces - sant run That

fz


Coro.
we be gir - ded bared and braced a - gainst all foes! O
ye that pile op - pres - sion of the blast up-on black night, and have in hold the wild
hosts of de - fault Keep fast the ra - va - gers that


Coro.
glare up-on our fold!
(Enter Gwion)
Più mosso.
più p
Gwion
With harsh and
Poco Allegro.
Gwi.
hid-e-ous speech is filled the round voice of the wind. The pale and
pp sostenuto
Gwi.
sul-phured sun shews gaunt through sha-dows deep distilled That float like


8
Gwi.
sie - gers set and ssigned a - bout our sa - cred haunt.
Gwi.
Be-fore my gaze all sense stirs in re-bel - lion and a
pp
poco cresc.
Gwi.
power long ban-ished creeps in - to its old re-sort.
(Enter Goewin)
pp
f

Poco meno mosso.

9 Goewin

p

I am so coursed by voices of my heart. So set a-bout by

pp *espr. cantabile*

Goe.

ter-rors of my lot, I know not whether mine own sor - rows start

p *pp*

Goe.

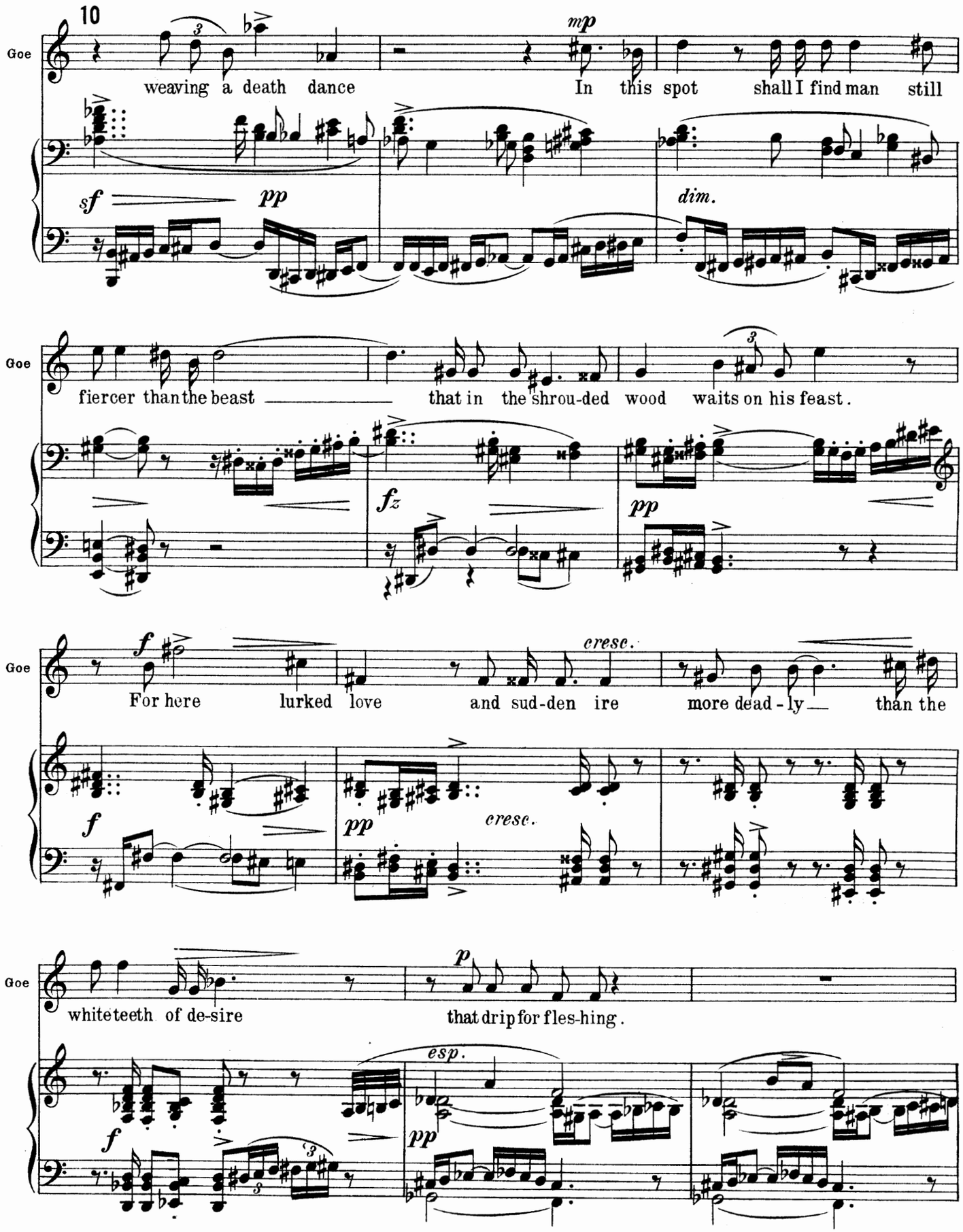
in - to the grey wolf's shape, or if the spawn of hun-ger hunt me

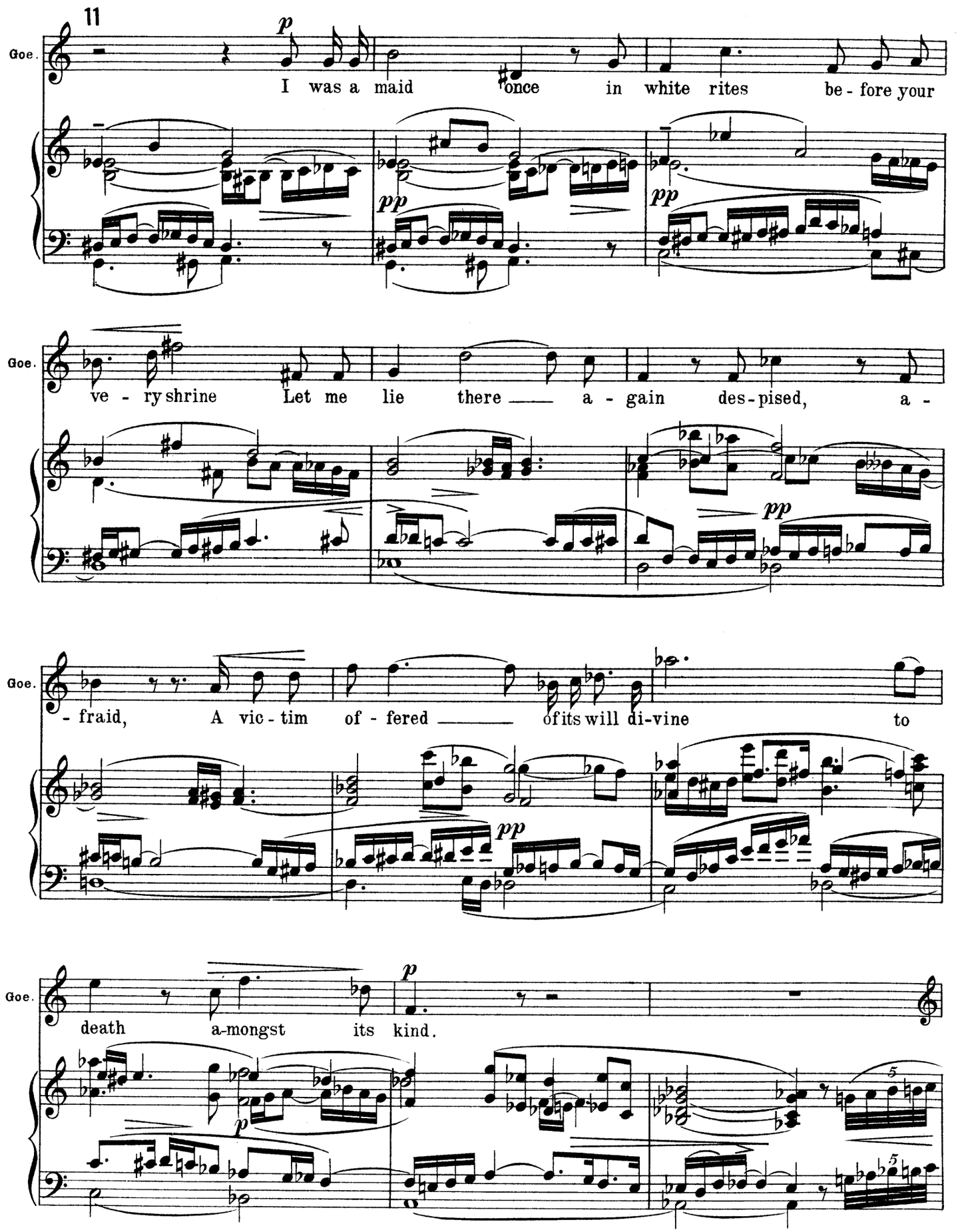
f *sf*

Goe.

Where I mourn strange shapes around me flit and fawn

fp *sf* *p*

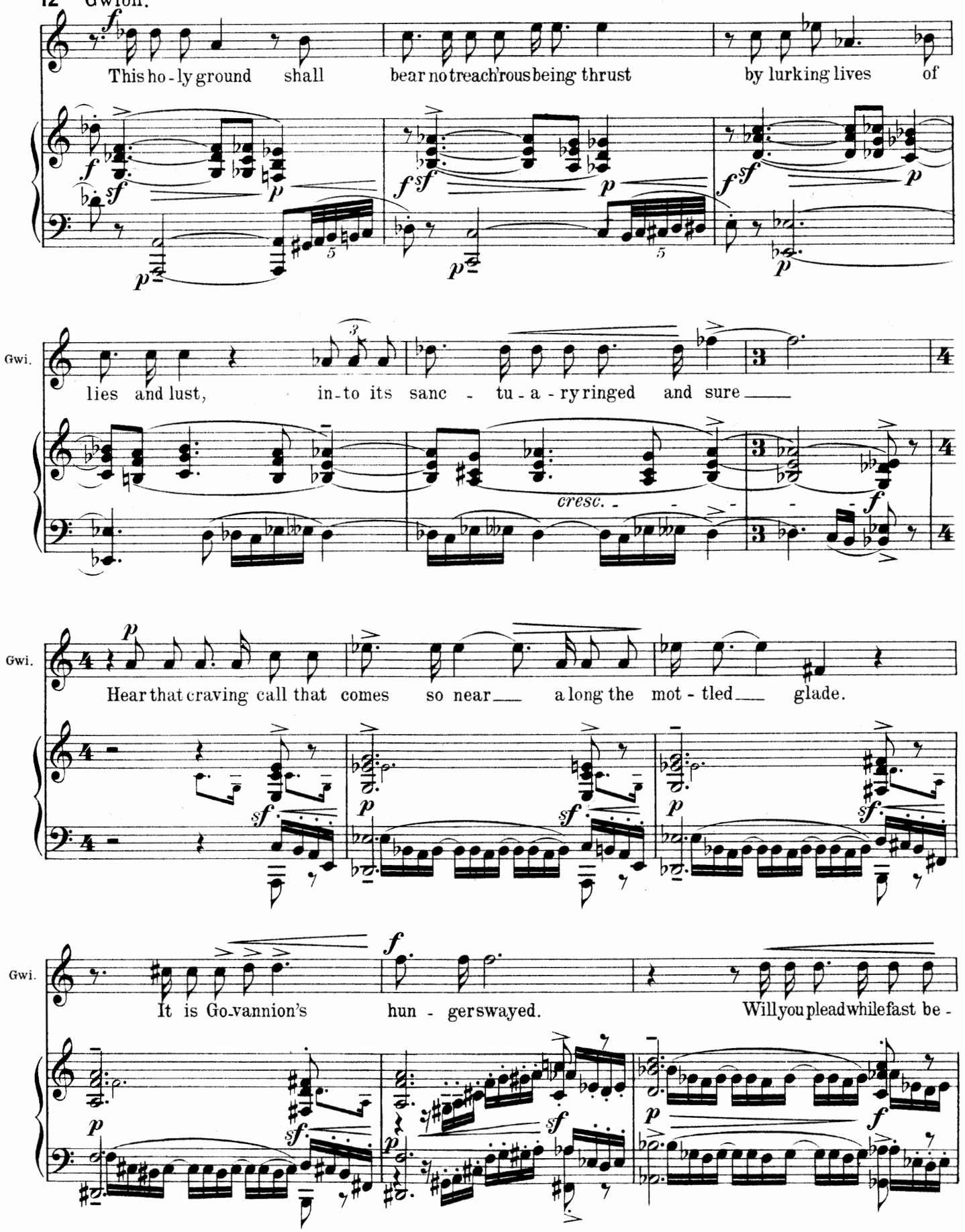

10
Goe
weaving a death dance
In this spot shall I find man still
mp
sf
pp
dim.
fiercer than the beast
that in the shrou-ded wood waits on his feast.
fz
pp
For here lurked love and sud-den ire
more dead - ly than the
f
crese.
white teeth of de-sire
that drip for fles-hing.
p
esp.

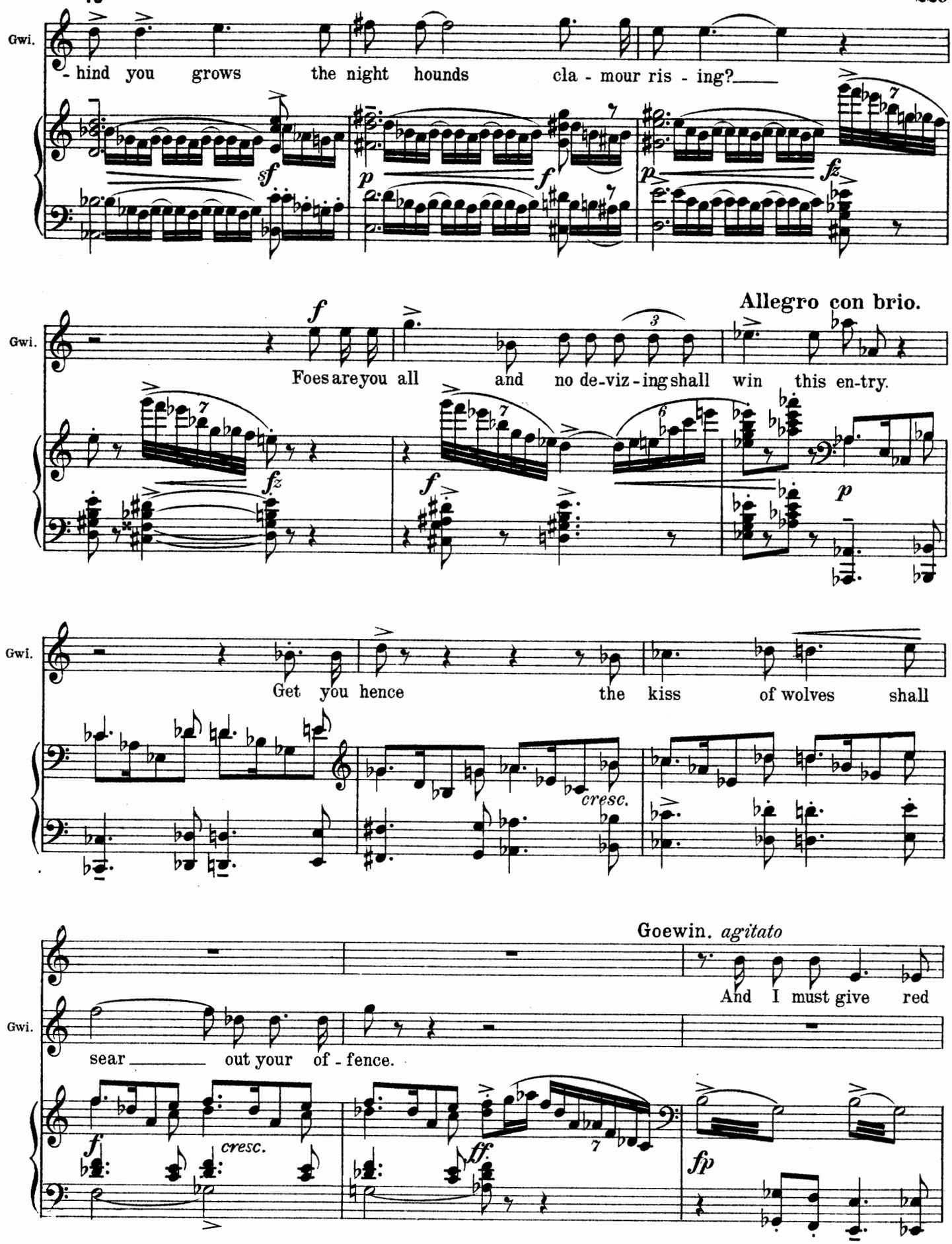

11
Goe.
I was a maid once in white rites be - fore your
ve - ry shrine Let me lie there — a - gain des - pised, a -
- fraid, A vic - tim of - fered — of its will di-vine to
death a-mongst its kind.

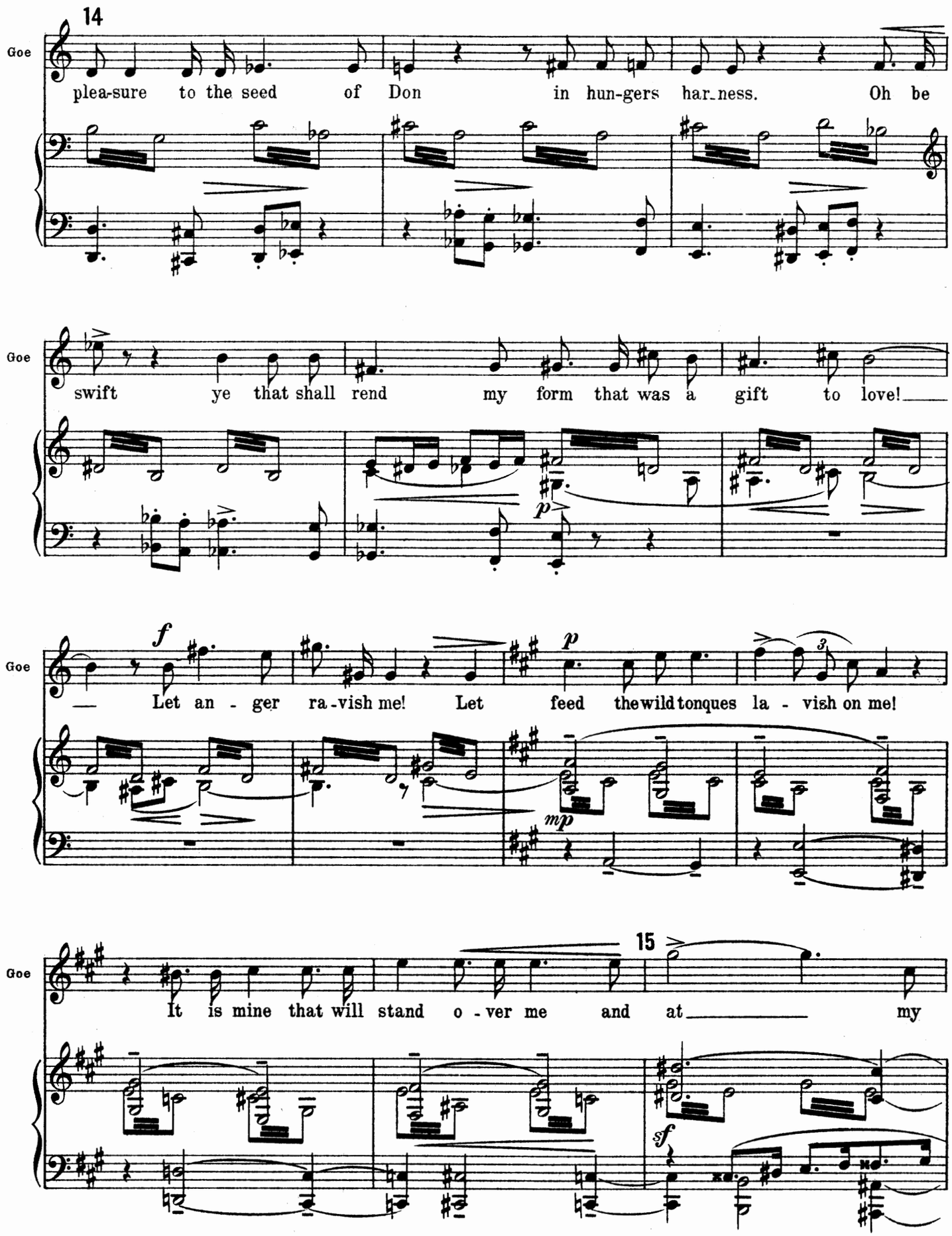
228

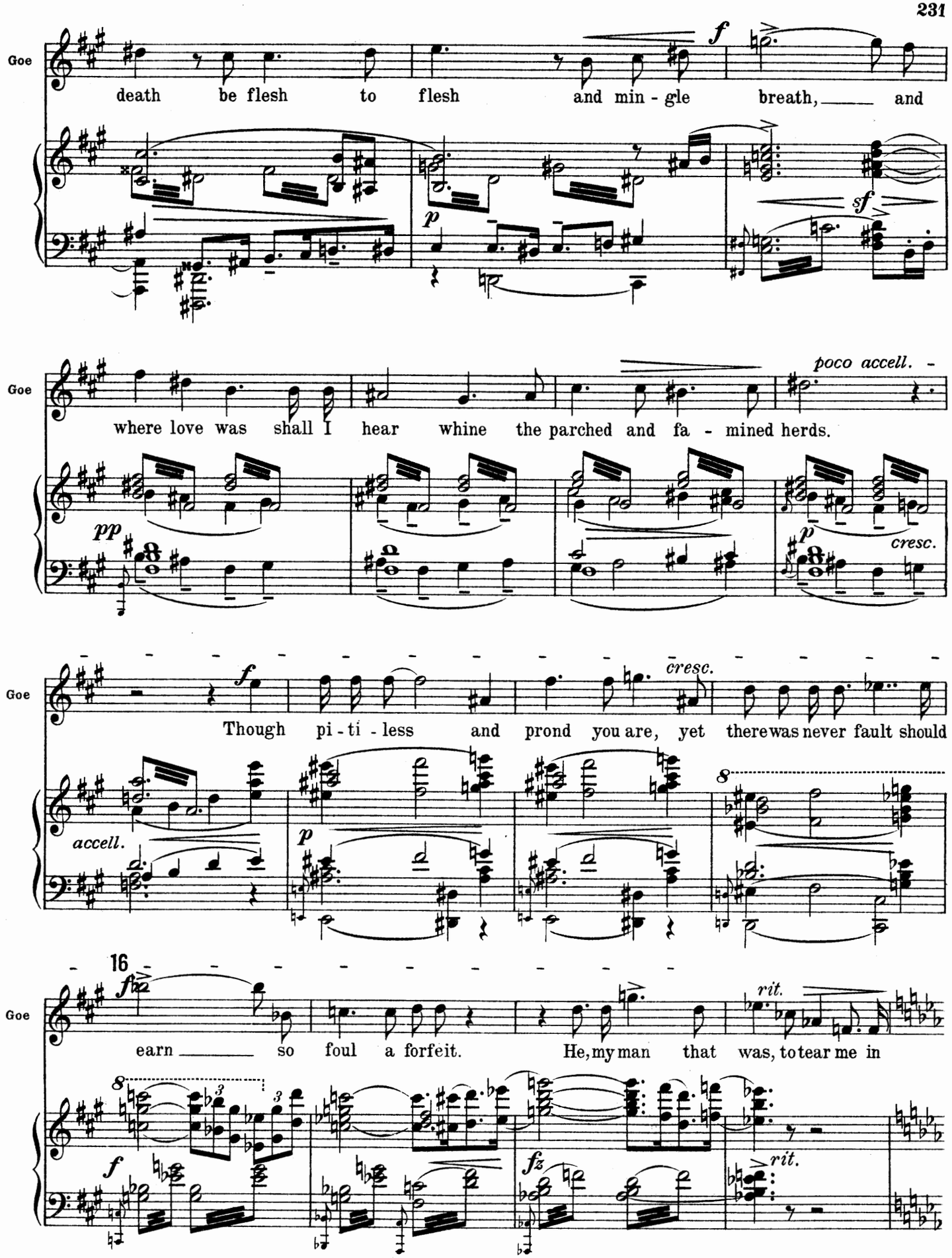
Più Allegro agitato.

12 Gwion.




Gwi.
- hind you grows the night hounds cla - mour ris - ing?
sf
p
f
p
fz
Allegro con brio.
Gwi.
Foes are you all and no de-viz-ing shall win this en-try.
f
fz
f
p
Gwi.
Get you hence the kiss of wolves shall
cresc.
Goewin. agitato
And I must give red
Gwi.
sear out your of - fence.
f
cresc.
ff
fp


14
Goe
plea-sure to the seed of Don in hun-gers har_ness. Oh be
Goe
swift ye that shall rend my form that was a gift to love!
p
Goe
f
— Let an - ger ra-vish me! Let
p
feed the wild tonques la - vish on me!
3
mp
Goe
15
It is mine that will stand o - ver me and at my
sf


Goe
death be flesh to flesh and min - gle breath, and
f
p
sf
Goe
where love was shall I hear whine the parched and fa - mined herds.
poco accell. -
pp
p
cresc.
Goe
Though pi - ti - less and prond you are, yet there was never fault should
cresc.
f
accell.
p
8
16
Goe
earn so foul a forfeit. He, my man that was, to tear me in
rit.
8
f
fz
rit.

Moderato Allegro.

Goe

p

beast shape.

Gwion.

A ban is there set on you

Moderato Allegro.

pp

Goe

with no stay nor halt. And what wild in-cest of the spi-rit may pre-vail

sf p

p

f

p

Goe

17

f

(Exit Goewin

be-yond these lands is neither mine to scale now yours to void.

f

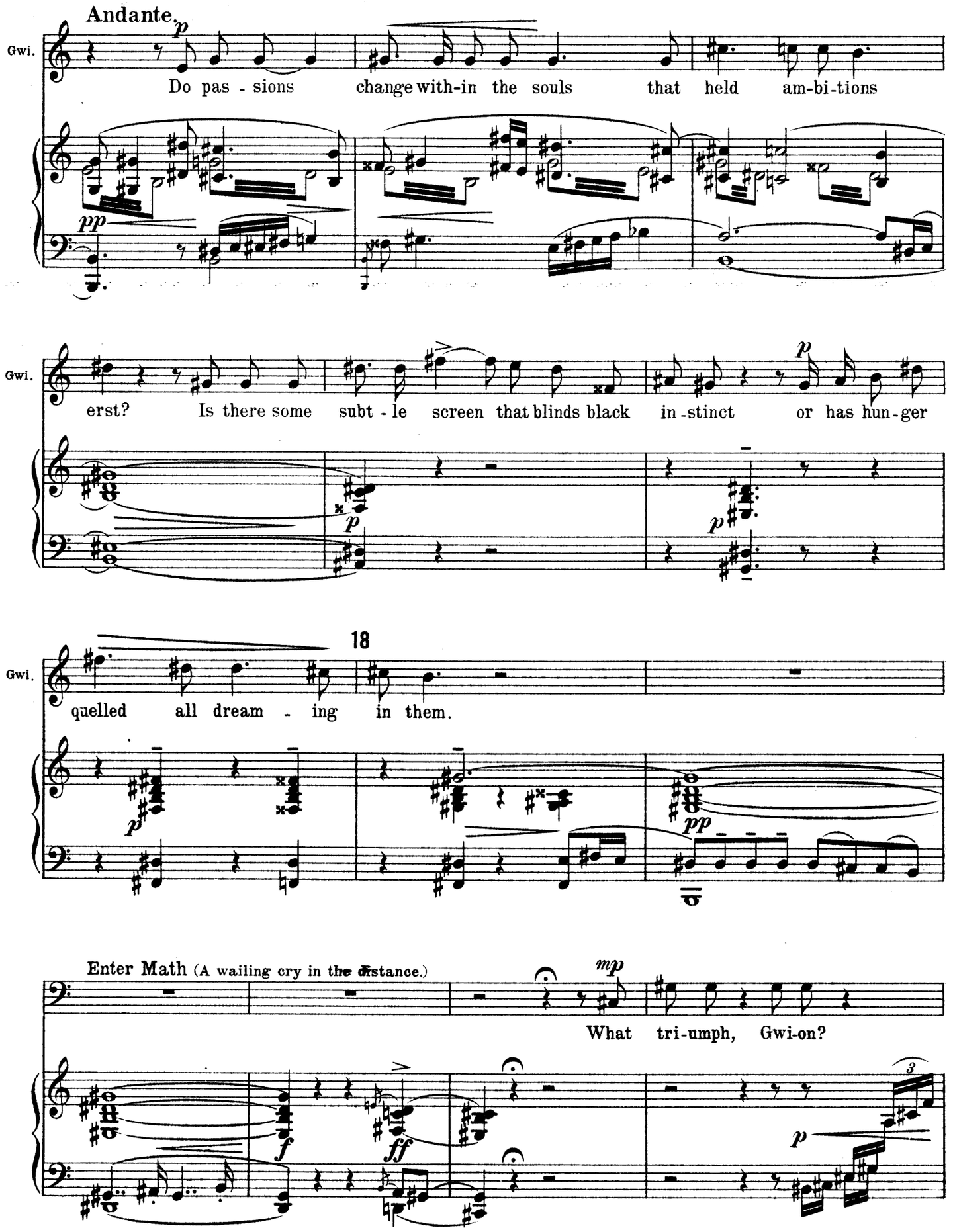
7

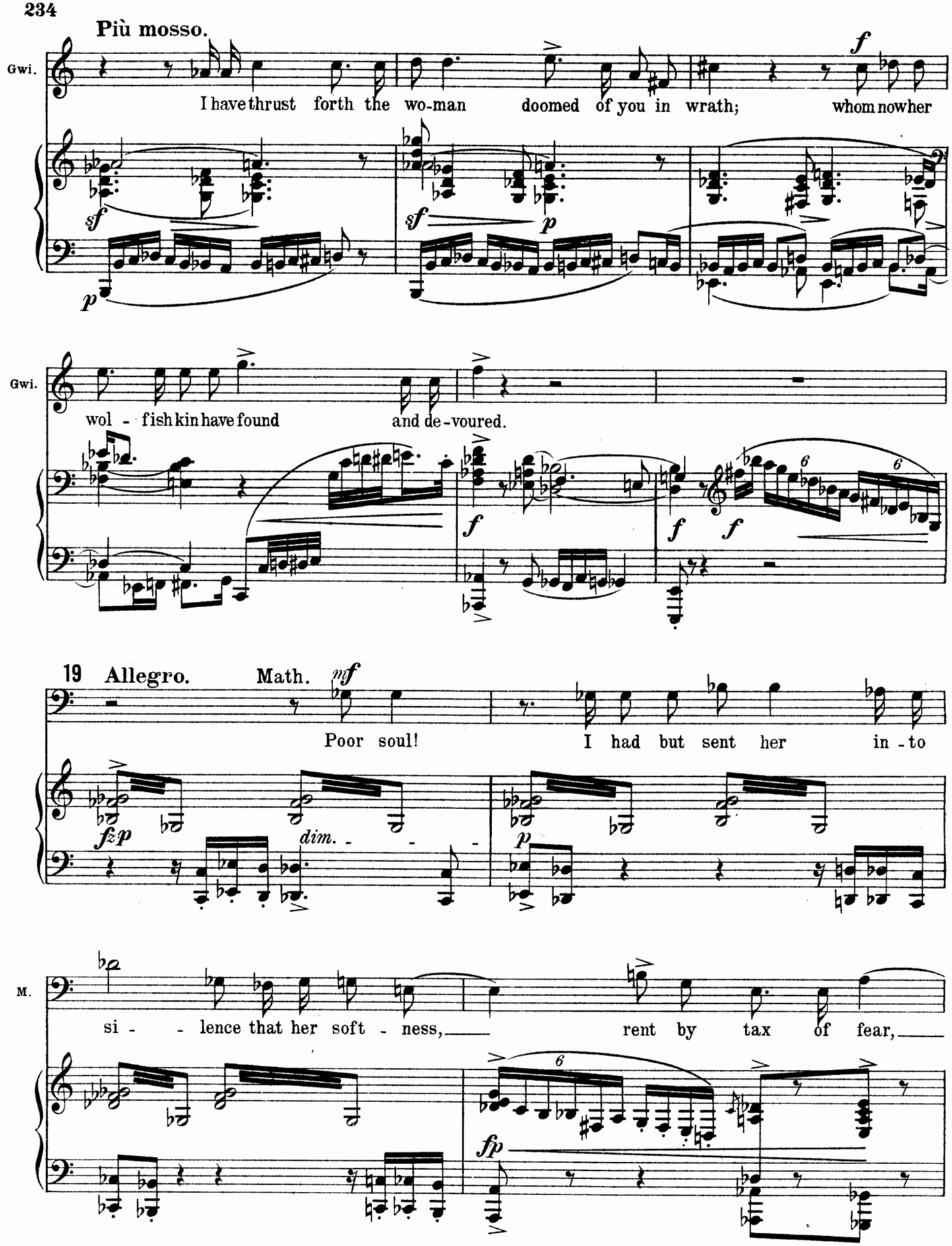
A pause. Gwion speaks slowly to himself.)

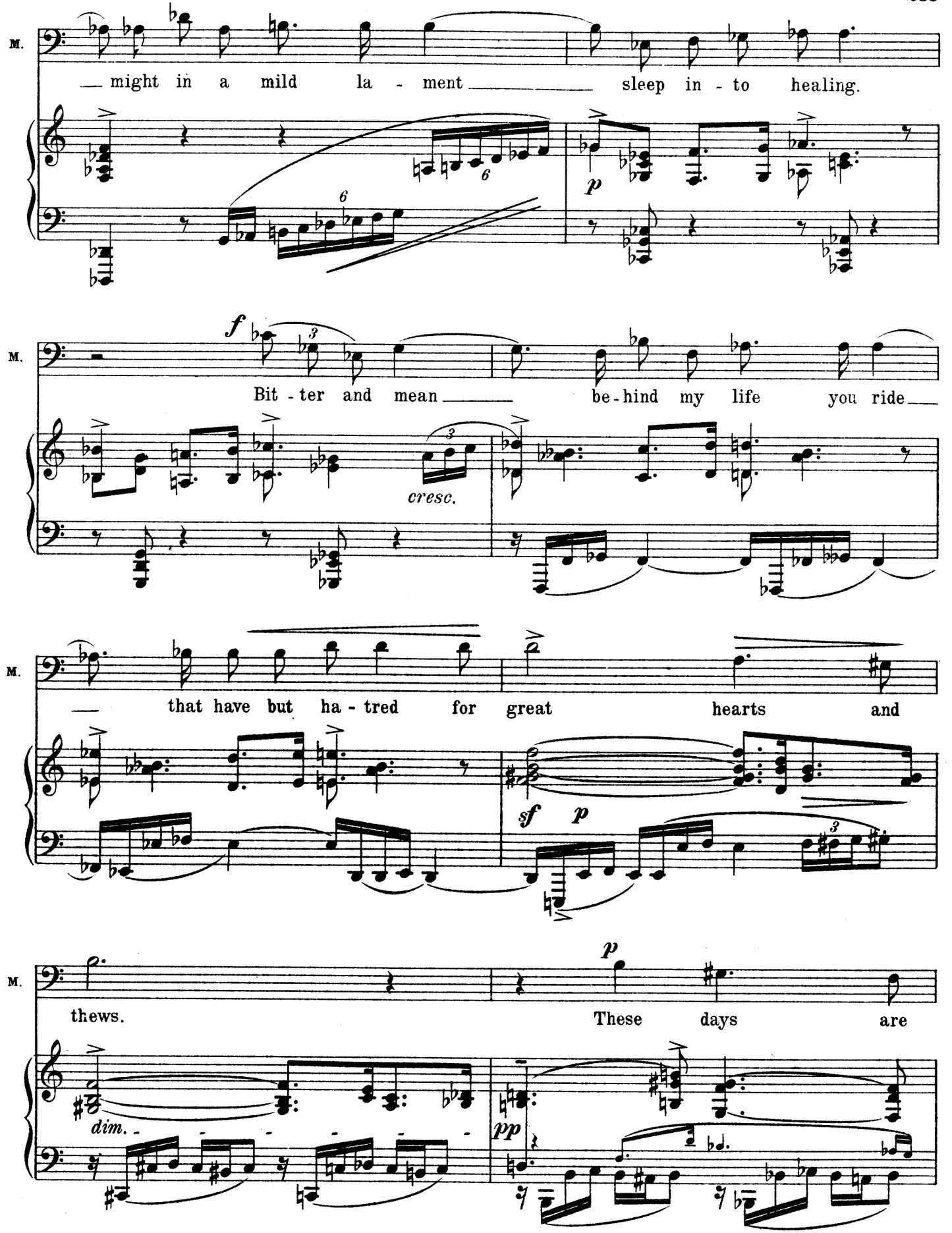
rit.

f

dim.


Andante.
Gwi.
Do pas - sions change with-in the souls that held am-bi-tions
Gwi.
erst? Is there some subt - le screen that blinds black in-stinct or has hun-ger
18
Gwi.
quelled all dream - ing in them.
Enter Math (A wailing cry in the distance.)
What tri-umph, Gwi-on?


Più mosso.
Gwi.
I have thrust forth the wo-man doomed of you in wrath; whom nowher
Gwi.
wol - fish kin have found and de-voured.
19 Allegro.
Math.
Poor soul! I had but sent her in-to
M.
si - - lence that her soft - ness, rent by tax of fear,


M.
might in a mild la - ment sleep in - to healing.
p
M.
f
Bit - ter and mean be - hind my life you ride
cresc.
M.
that have but ha - tred for great hearts and
sf p
M.
p
thews. These days are
dim.
pp

20

M.

bar - ren. See how press the belly - ing

M.

powers of earth up - on us, swelled with our

ffz *molto*

M.

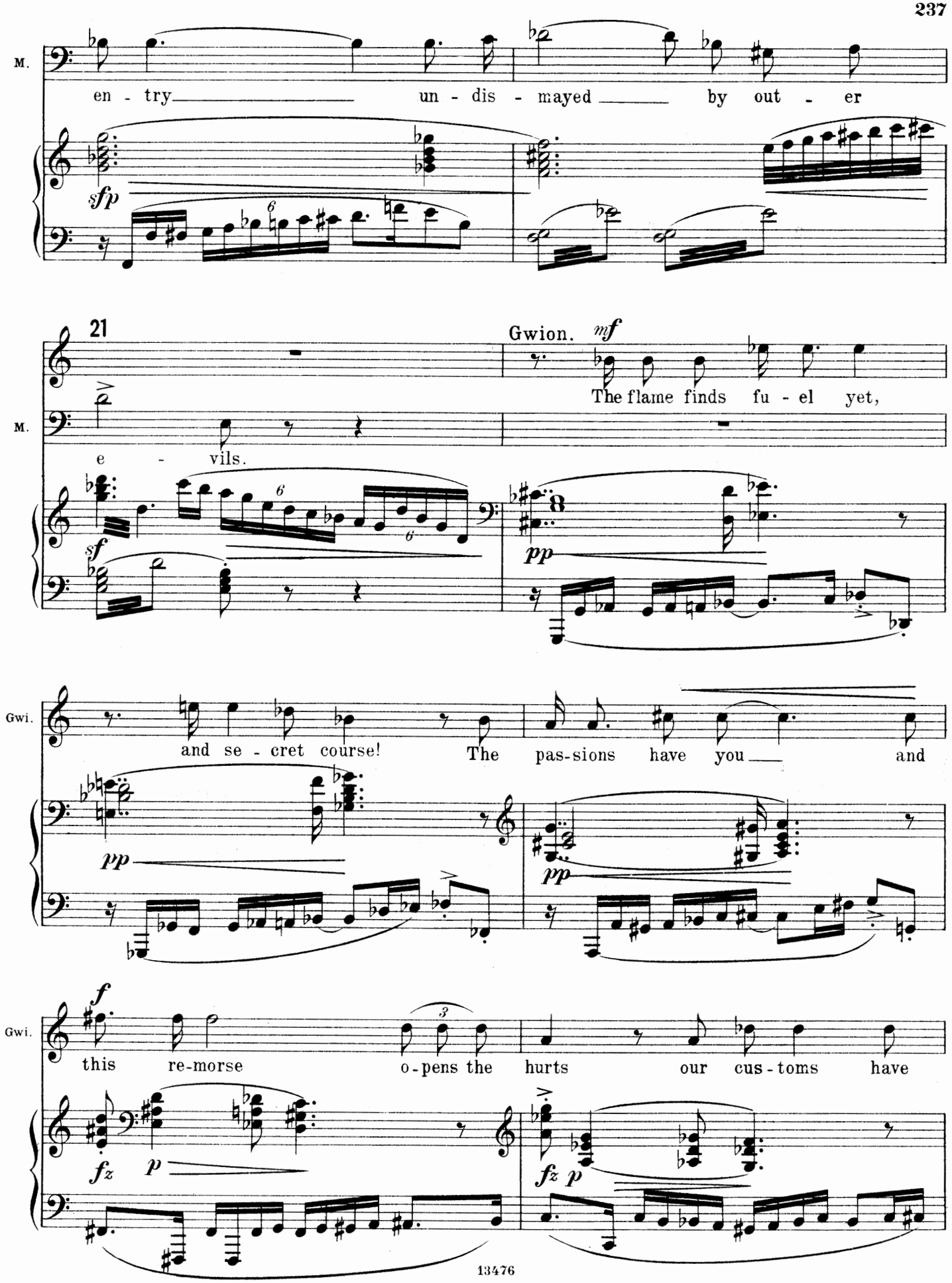
lost be - ing ban-ished. Our

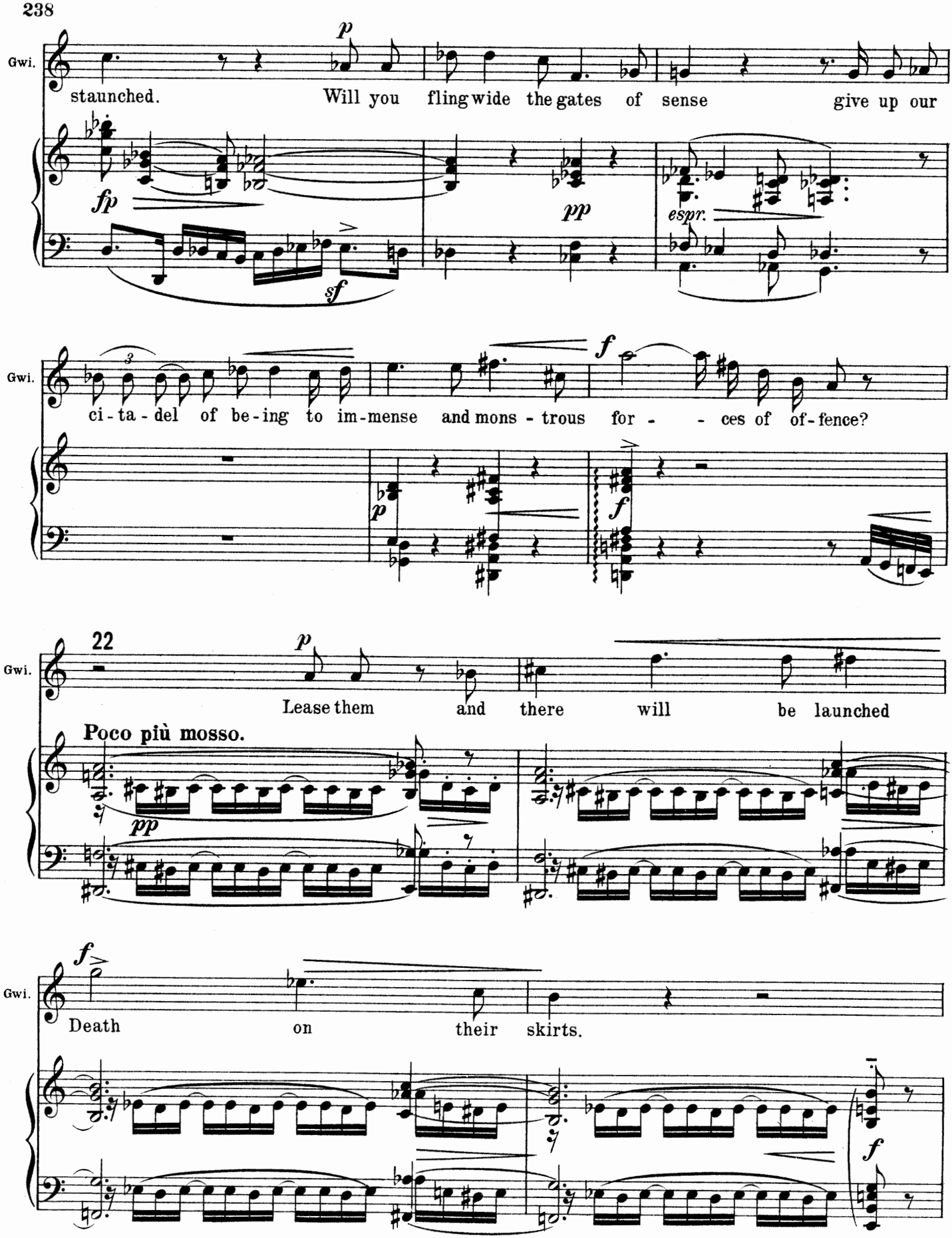
pp *p* *f*

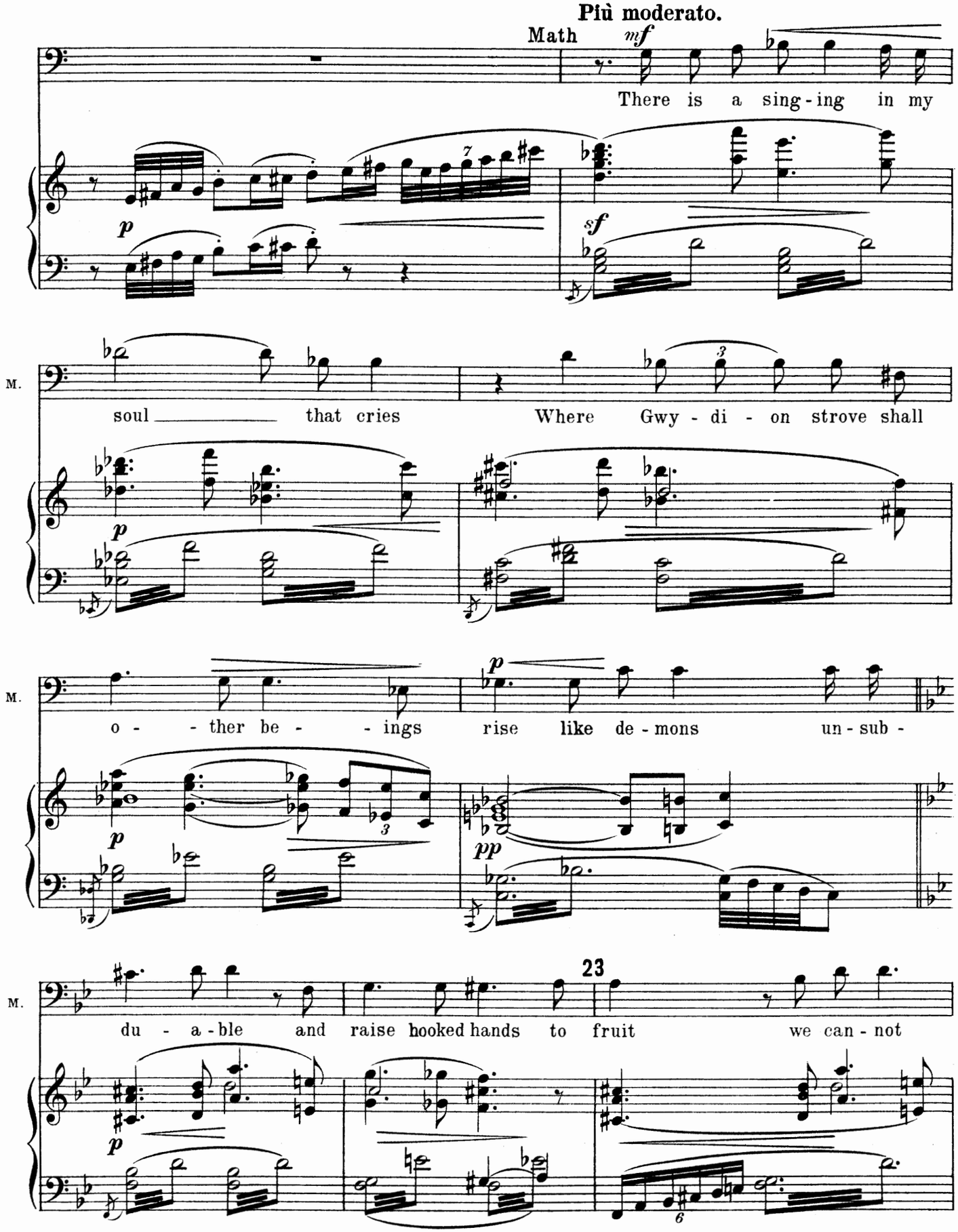
M.

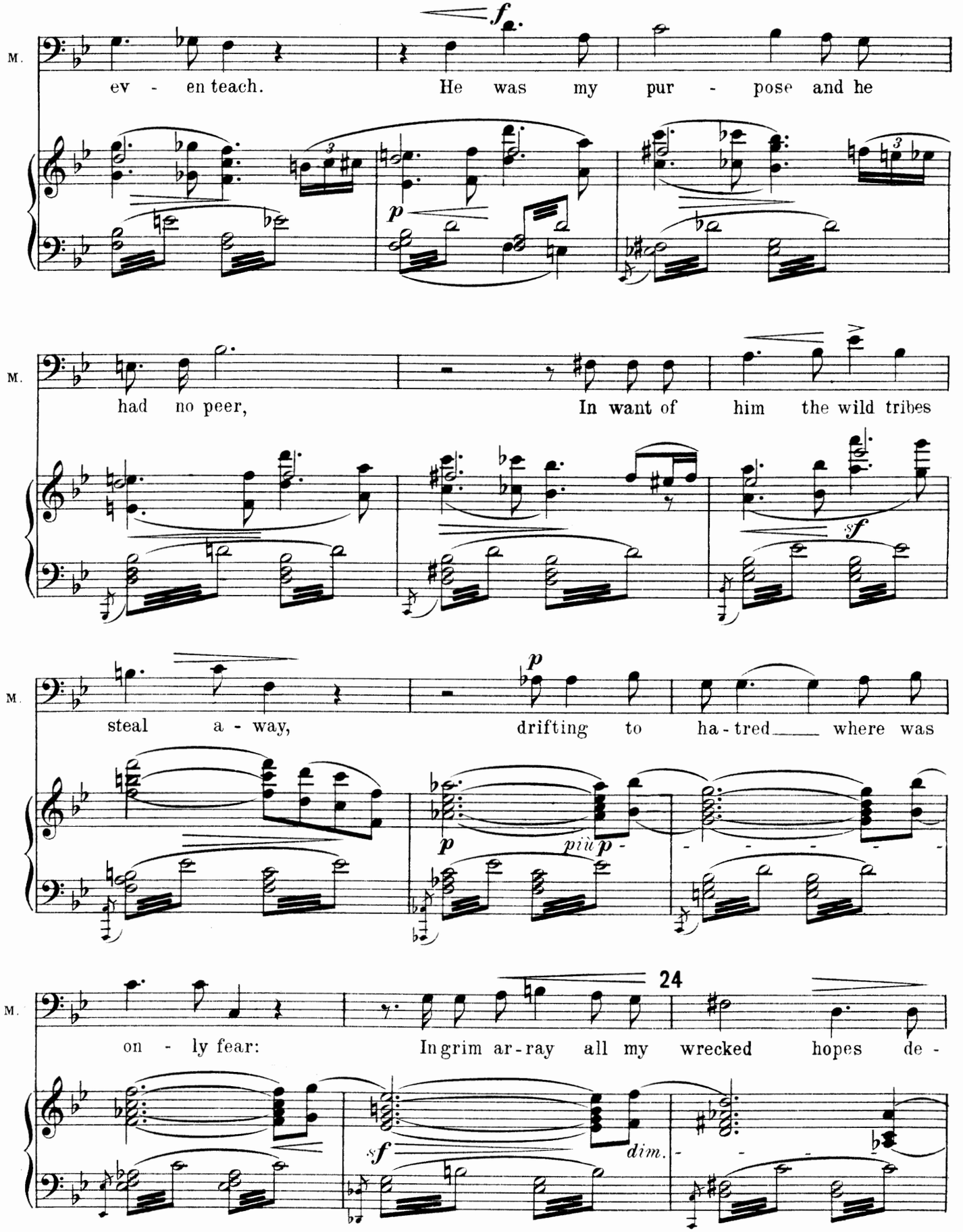
blood it is, our slow and drain - ing loss, that thunders for re -

sfpp *pp*


M.
en - try un - dis - mayed by out - er
sfp
21
Gwion. mf
The flame finds fu - el yet,
M.
e - vils.
sf
pp
Gwi.
and se - cret course! The pas-sions have you and
pp
pp
Gwi.
f
this re-morse o-pens the hurts our cus-toms have
fz p
fz p


Gwi.
staunched. Will you fling wide the gates of sense give up our
p
fp
sf
pp
espr.
Gwi.
ci - ta - del of be - ing to im - mense and mons - trous for - - ces of of - fence?
f
p
f
Gwi.
22
Lease them and there will be launched
p
Poco più mosso.
pp
Gwi.
Death on their skirts.
f
f


Più moderato.
Math
mf
There is a sing - ing in my
p
sf
M.
soul that cries
Where Gwy - di - on strove shall
p
M.
o - ther be - ings
rise like de - mons un - sub -
p
pp
23
M.
du - a - ble and raise hooked hands to fruit we can - not
p


M.
ev - en teach. He was my pur - pose and he
f
p
M.
had no peer, In want of him the wild tribes
sf
M.
steal a - way, drifting to ha - tred where was
p
p
più p
M.
on - ly fear: In grim ar - ray all my wrecked hopes de -
24
sf
dim.

Agitato.

Gwion (anxious)

mf

From shift of shape does none re-turn the same in

M.

- fame me.

pp *agitato*

sfp *f*

Gwi.

f

spi-rit, But clad in a-lien flesh they learn and must in -

sf *p* *f*

Gwi.

-her-it flavour of life where-from they draw.

sfp *p*

tr

Gwi.

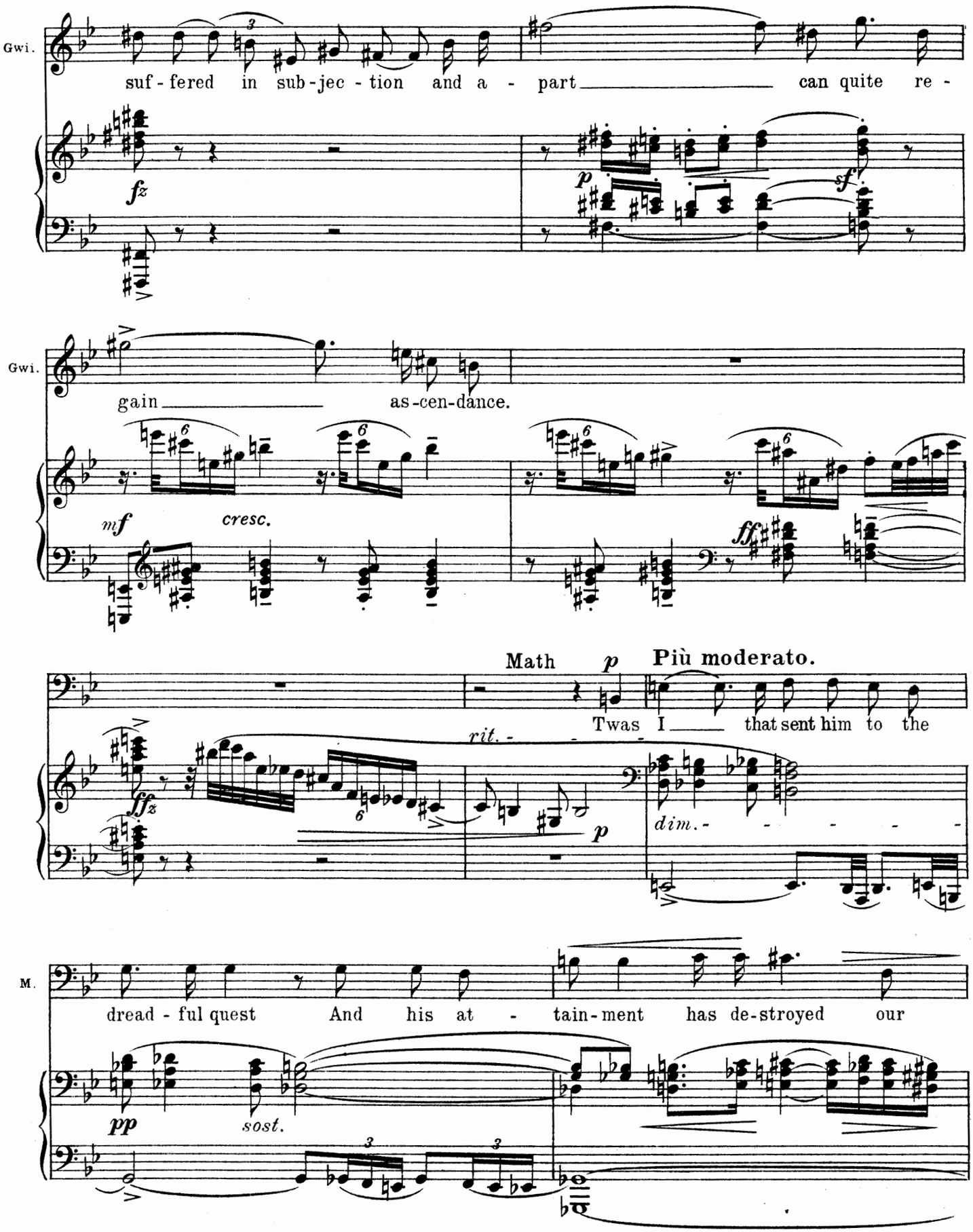
25

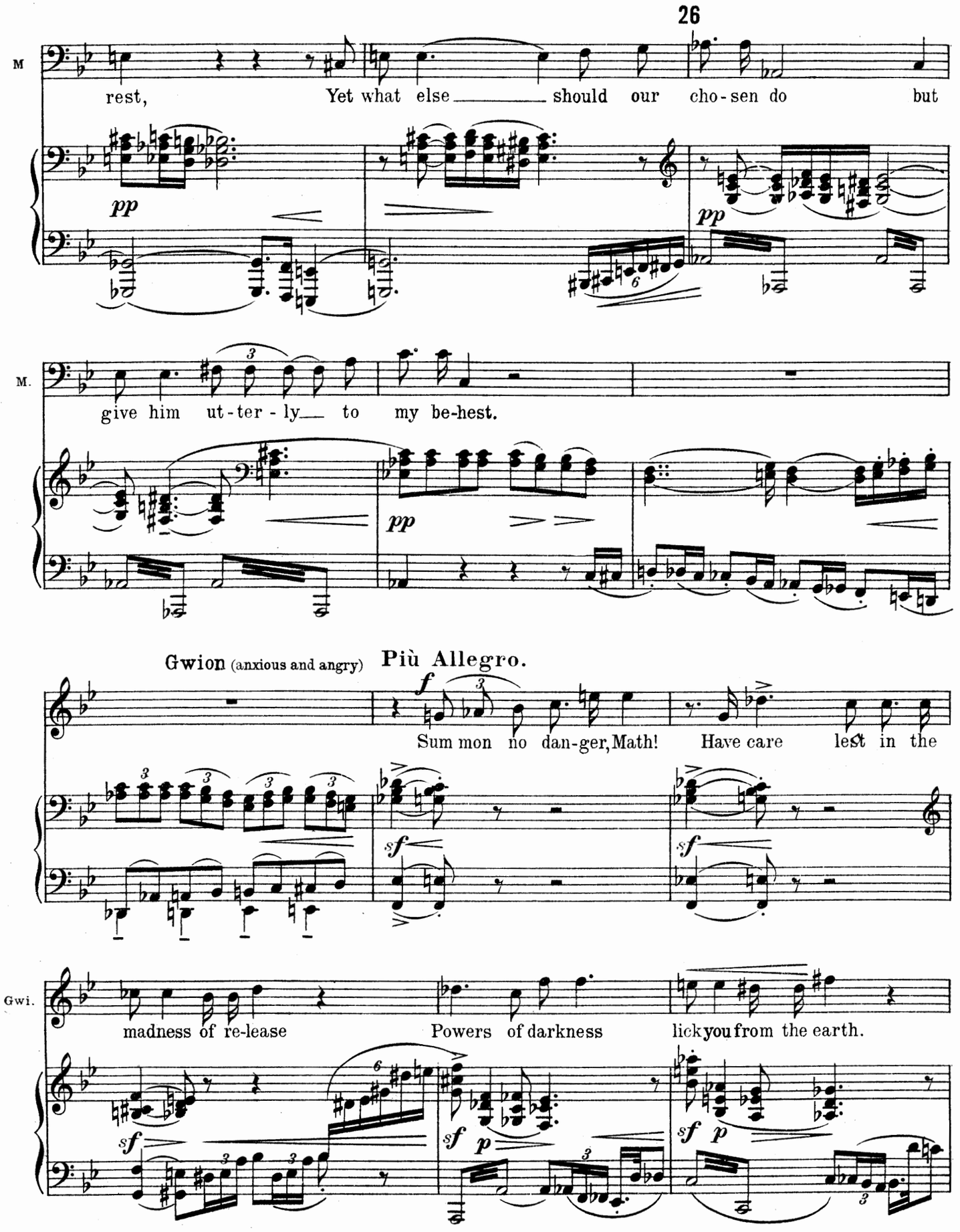
p *f*

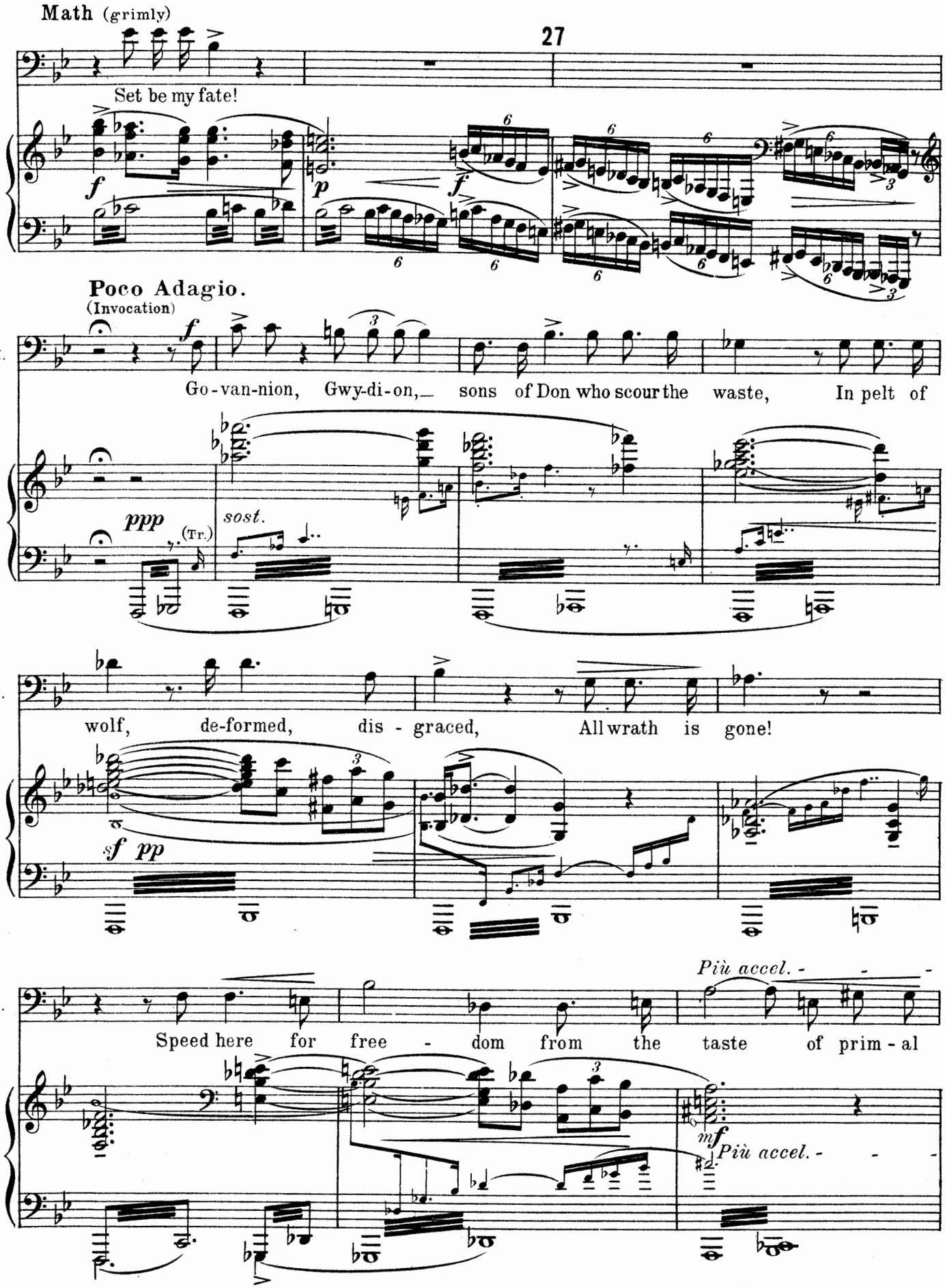
For in their doom it is the bitter part that ne - ver pain long

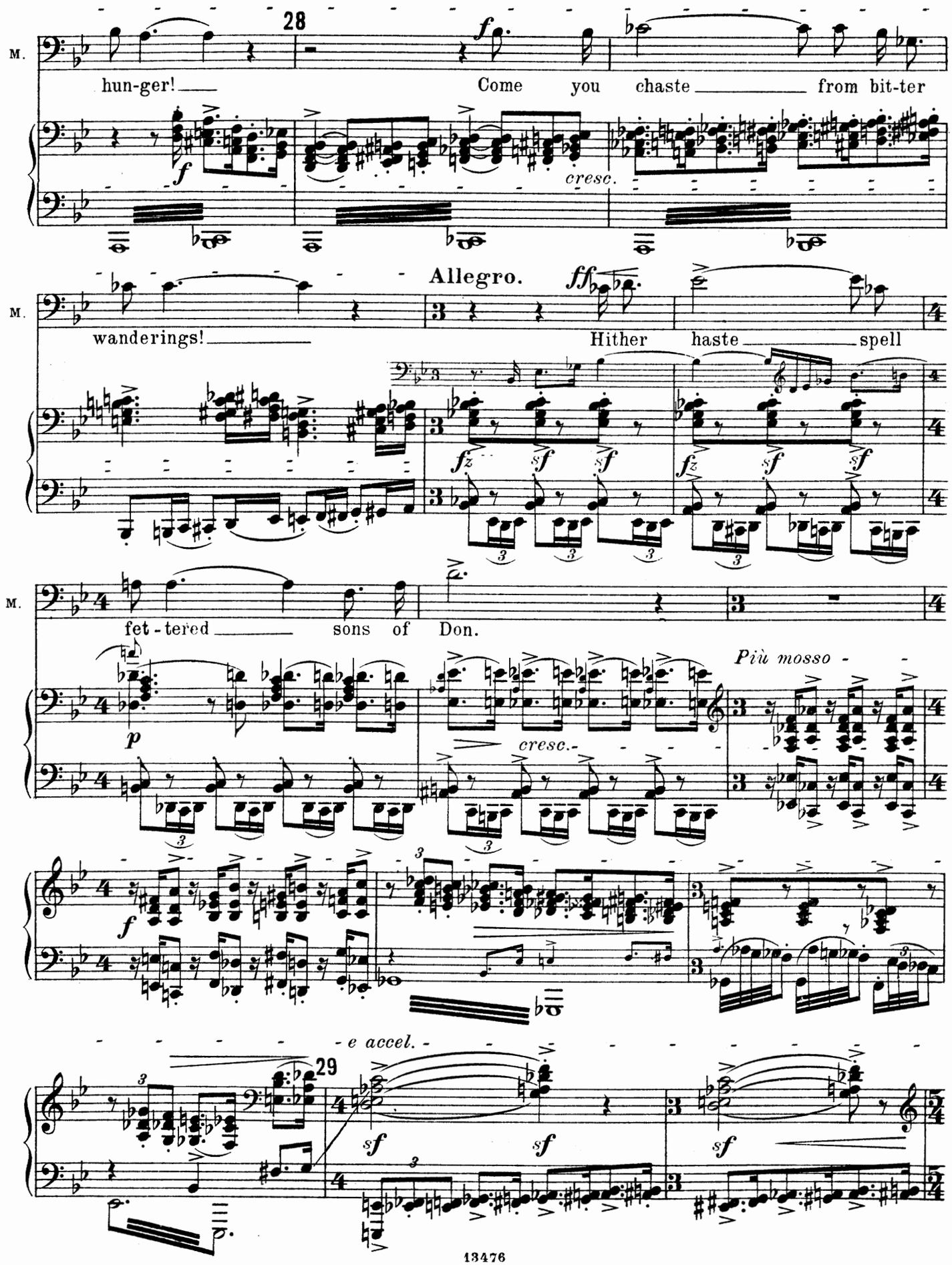
pp *p* *p*

tr *tr*

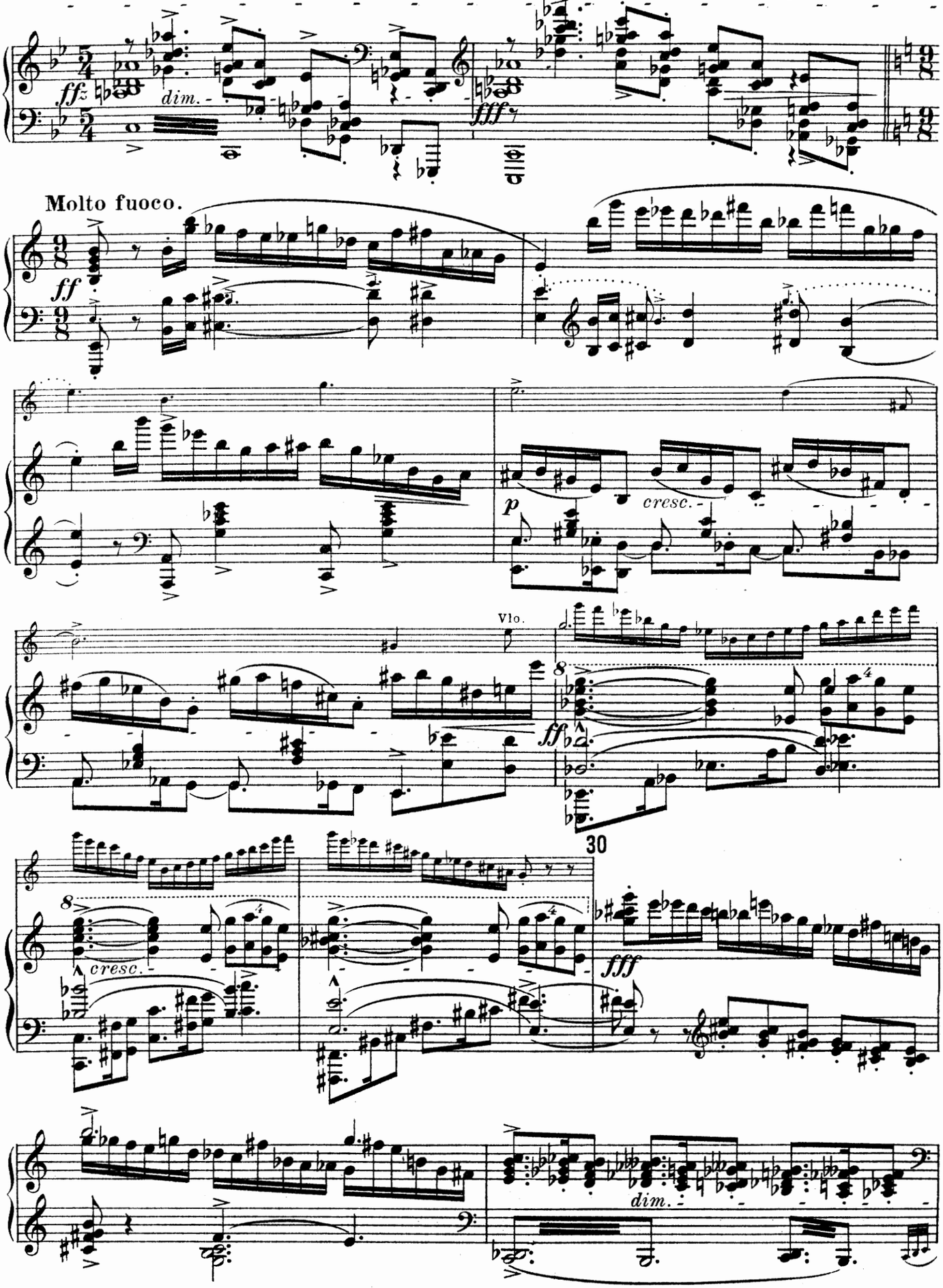

Gwi.
suf - fered in sub - jec - tion and a - part can quite re -
fz
p
sf
Gwi.
gain as - cen - dance.
mf
cresc.
ff
Math
p
Più moderato.
Twas I that sent him to the
rit.
ffz
p
dim.
M.
dread - ful quest And his at - tain - ment has de - stroyed our
pp
sost.

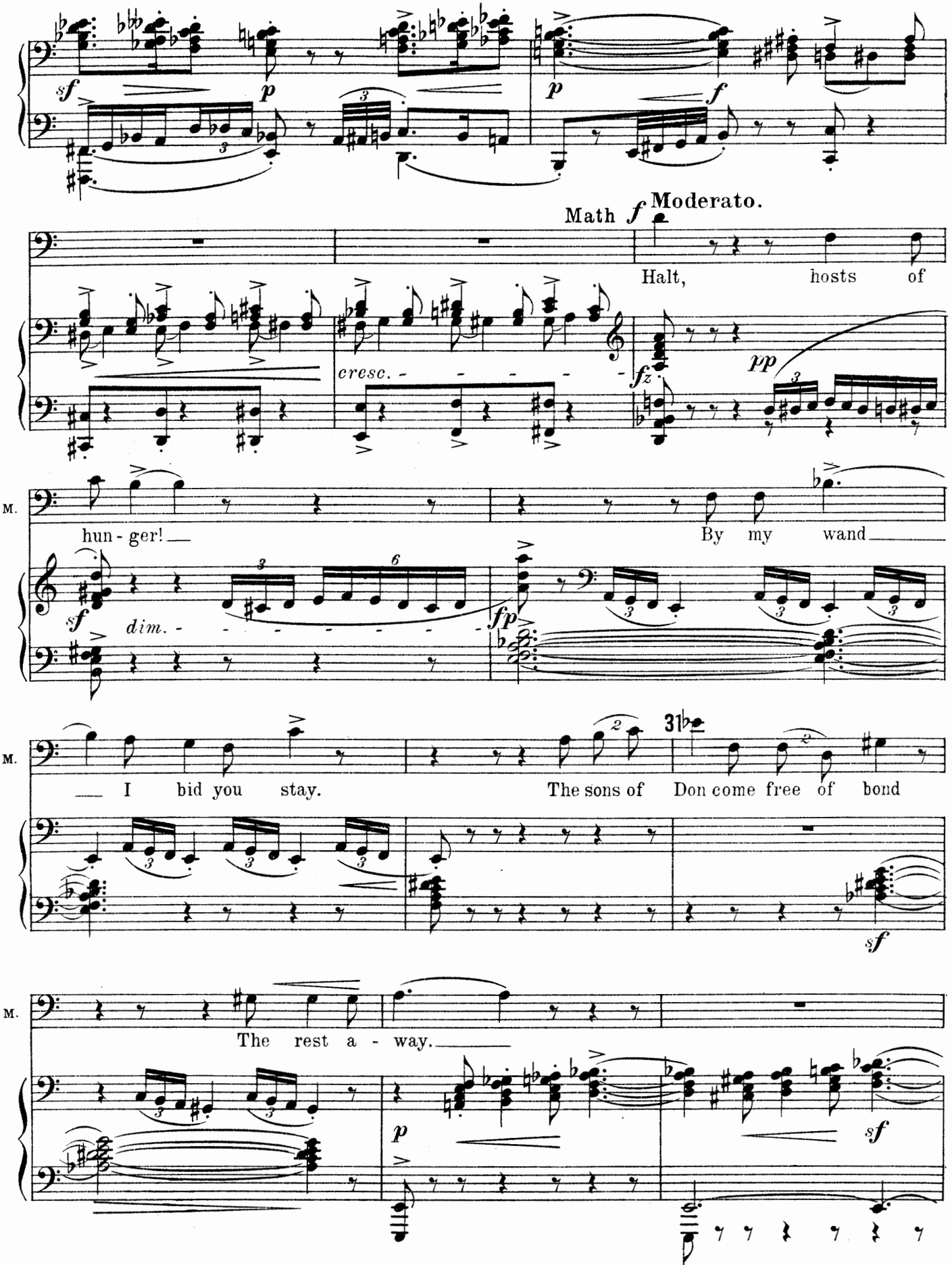

26
M
rest,
Yet what else should our cho-sen do but
pp
pp
M.
give him ut-ter-ly to my be-hest.
pp
Gwion (anxious and angry)
Più Allegro.
f
Sum mon no dan-ger, Math!
Have care lest in the
sf
sf
Gwi.
madness of re-lease
Powers of darkness
lick you from the earth.
sf
sf p
sf p


Math (grimly)
27
Set be my fate!
Poco Adagio.
(Invocation)
M.
Go-van-nion, Gwy-di-on,— sons of Don who scour the waste, In pelt of
wolf, de-formed, dis-graced, All wrath is gone!
Speed here for free-dom from the taste of prim-al
Più accel. -
Più accel. -


28
M.
hun-ger!
Come you chaste
from bit-ter
cresc.
Allegro.
M.
wanderings!
Hither haste
spell
M.
fet-tered
sons of Don.
Più mosso
cresc.
e accel.
29

The Back-ground becomes spattered with the eyes of the assembled wolf pack.




Math
Moderato.
Halt, hosts of
cresc.
hun - ger!
By my wand
dim.
I bid you stay.
The sons of Don come free of bond
The rest a - way.

(Gwydion appears. C. He is worn and emaciated, with a wolf's head for helmet and a wolf's pelt for clothing.

poco rit. - **- Poco Andante.**

Behind him Govannion appears, similarly clad, but slips away immediately into the shadow of the trees)

M. Math *p* I

32

M. free you, Gwy-di - on, from the gyves of the blood hun-ters,

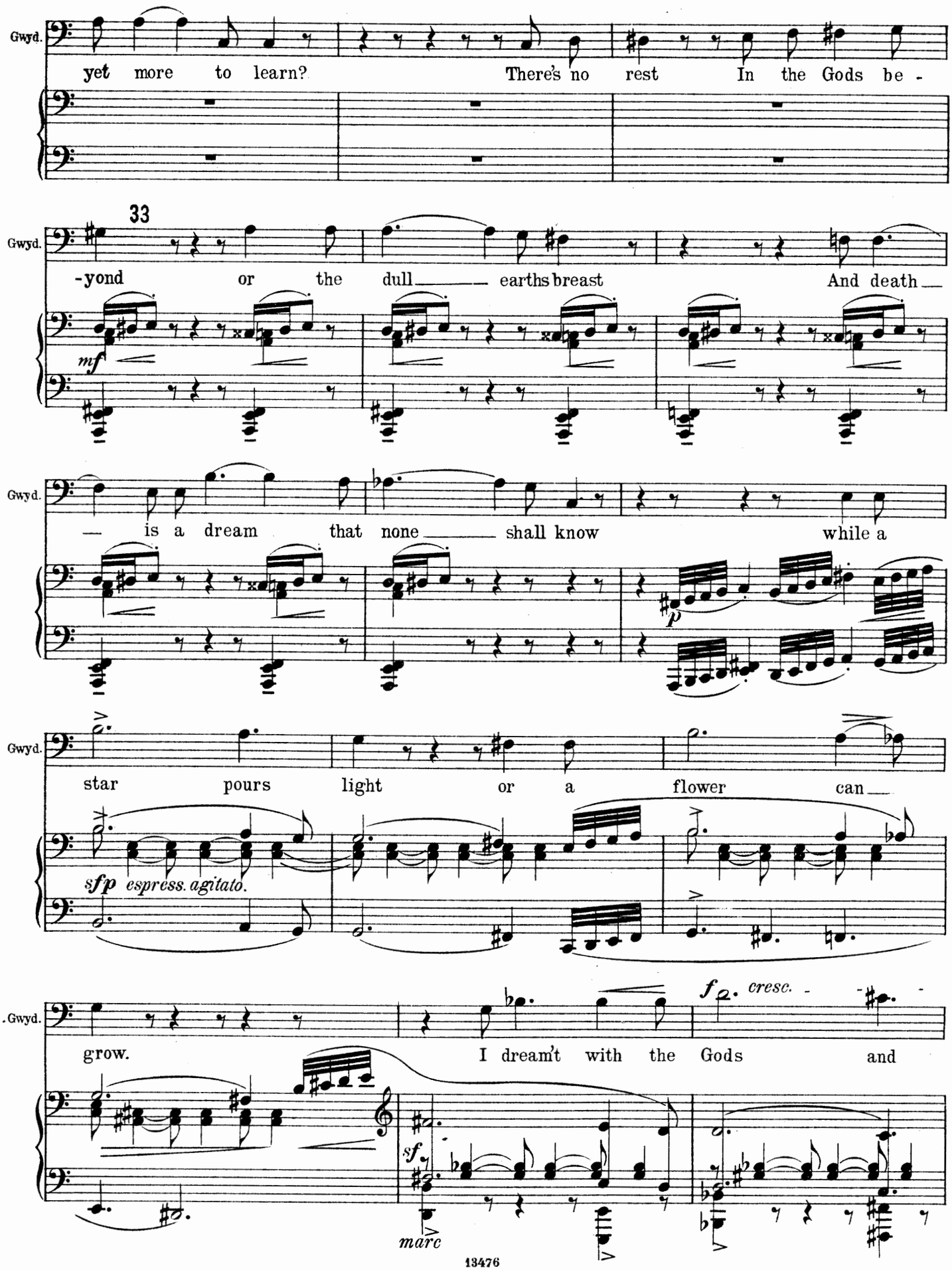
M. maddened lives that haunt the night.

Allegro marc.

Gwydion (wildly and hoarsely) *f*

Is there

cresc. -


Gwyd.
yet more to learn? There's no rest In the Gods be -
33
Gwyd.
-yond or the dull earths breast And death
mf
Gwyd.
is a dream that none shall know while a
p
Gwyd.
star pours light or a flower can
sfp espress. agitato.
Gwyd.
grow. I dream't with the Gods and
f cresc.
sf
marc

34

Gwyd. fed with the beast I can serve no

ff mf

poco acceler.

Gwyd. vi - sion and find no feast.

p sf p cresc.

Gwyd. Bet-ter was I bound, Math, than re - - - leased.

f sf

Math. Più Allegro.

f

Not yet comes free-dom, Gwy-di - on,

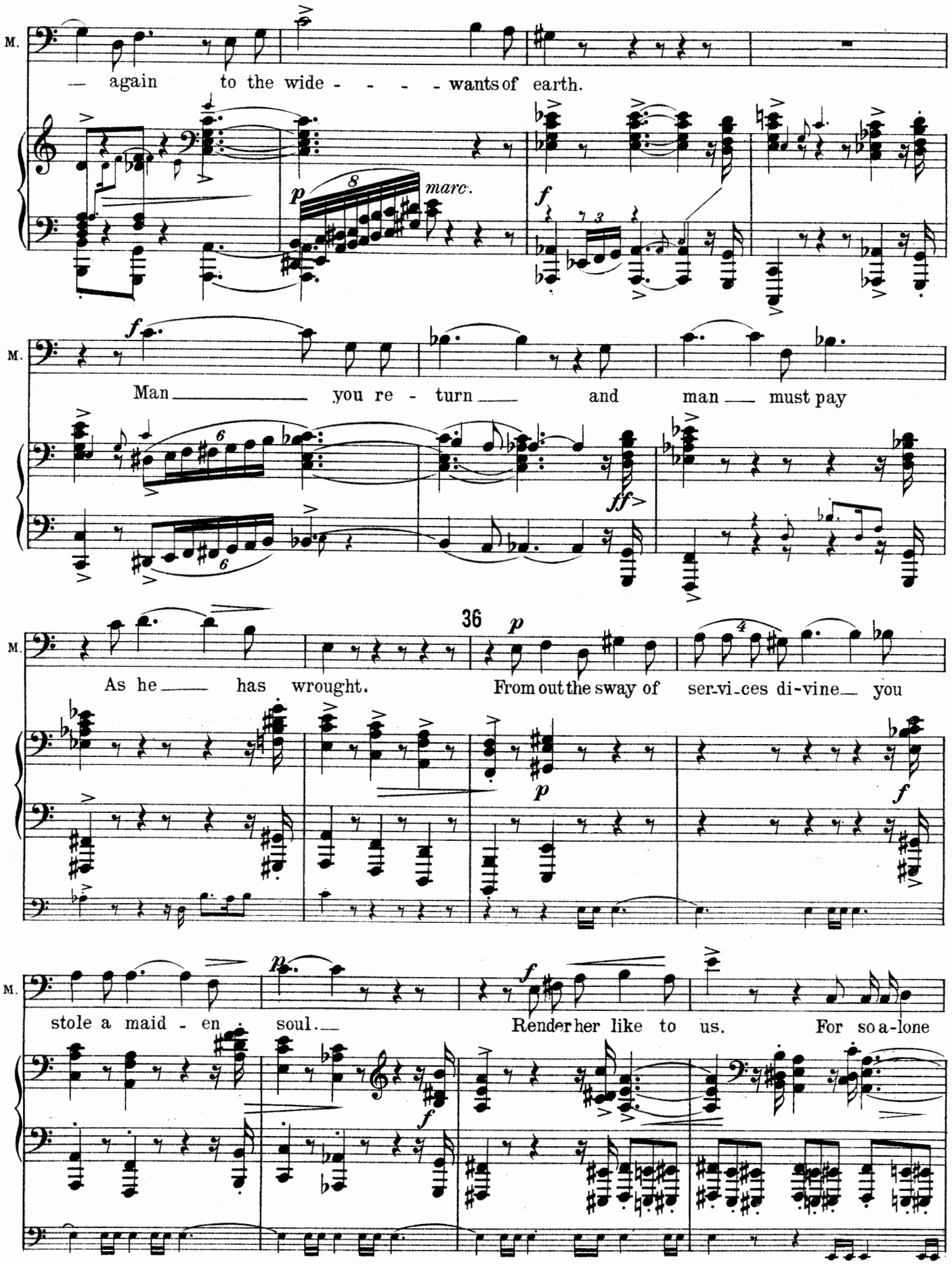
sf dim. p

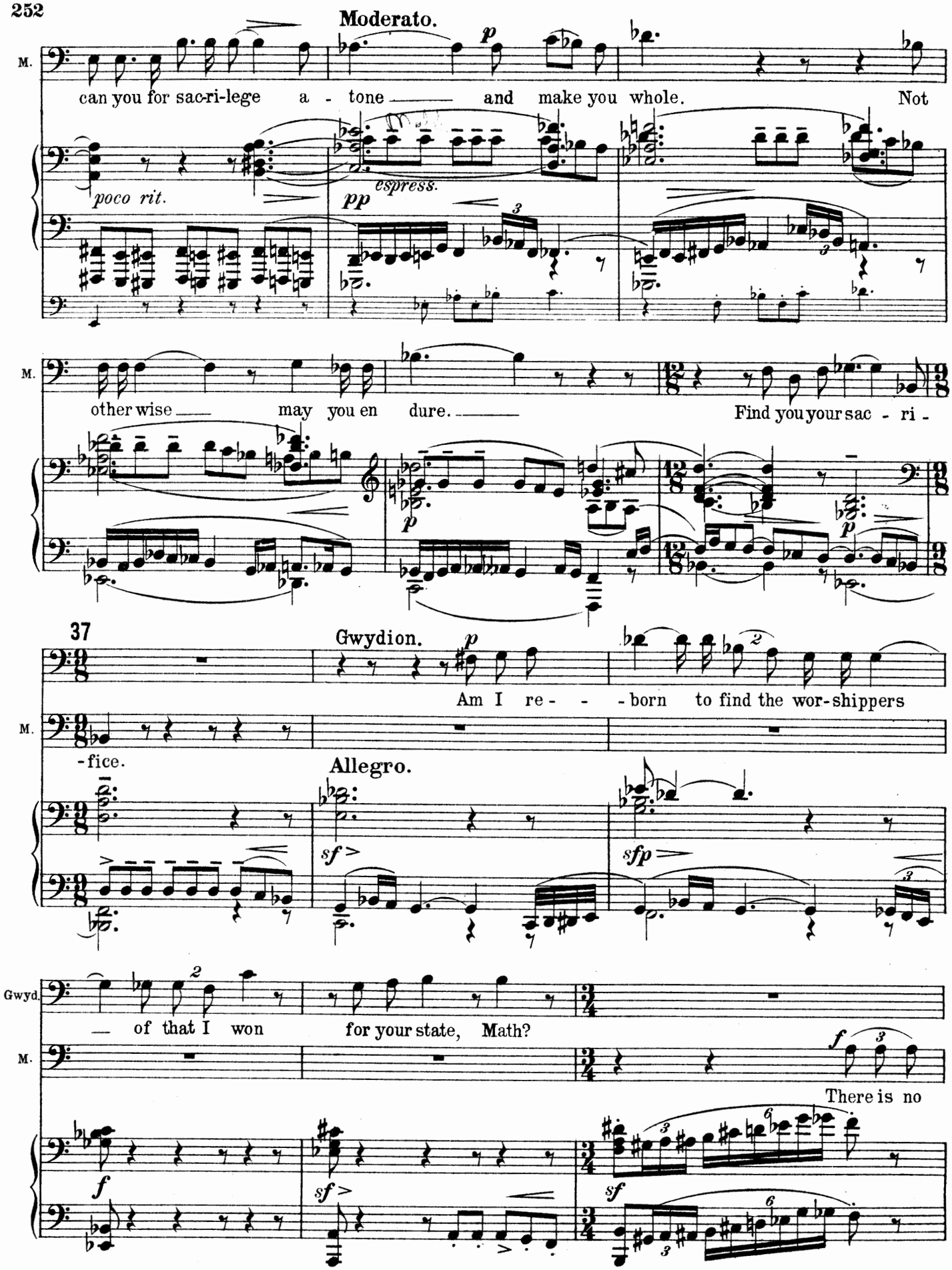
35

M. From the limb and pelt of wolf I grant you birth

7

f


M.
— again to the wide - - - - - wants of earth.
p 8 marc.
f
M.
Man ____ you re - turn ____ and man ____ must pay
f
6
6
ff
36
M.
As he ____ has wrought.
p
From out the sway of ser-vi-ces di-vine ____ you
4
p
f
M.
stole a maid - en soul. ____
p
f
Render her like to us.
For so a-lone
f


Moderato.
M.
can you for sac-ri-lege a - tone and make you whole. Not
poco rit.
espress.
other wise may you en dure. Find you your sac - ri -
37
Gwydion.
Am I re- - born to find the wor-shippers
-fice.
Allegro.
Gwyd.
of that I won for your state, Math?
There is no

A pause. Gwydion seems to be calling back the memories of his old estate.

Lento.

M. cure but that you do it.

Gwydion. 38

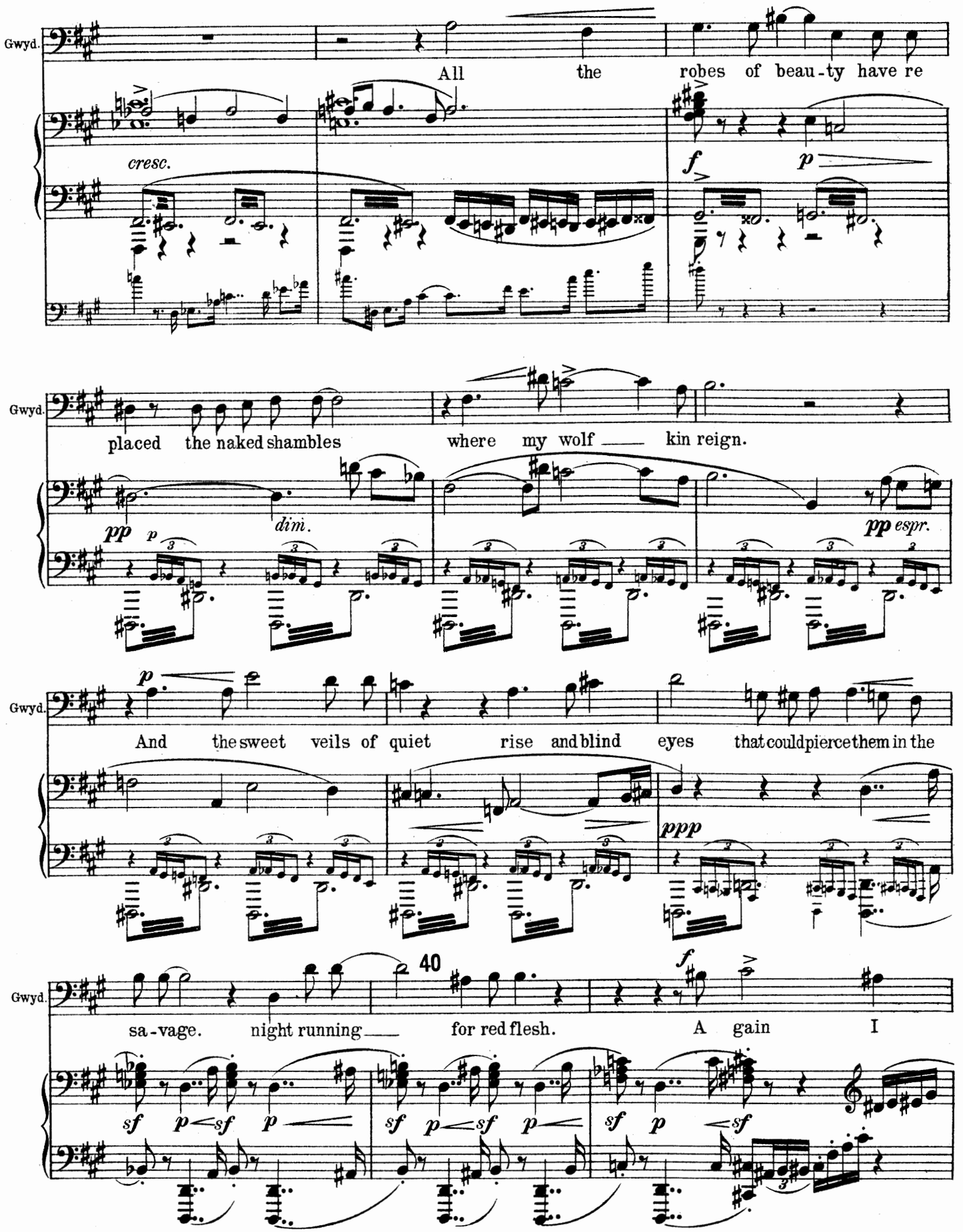
Bold and fair was the daughter of Don whose cloud-white breast no

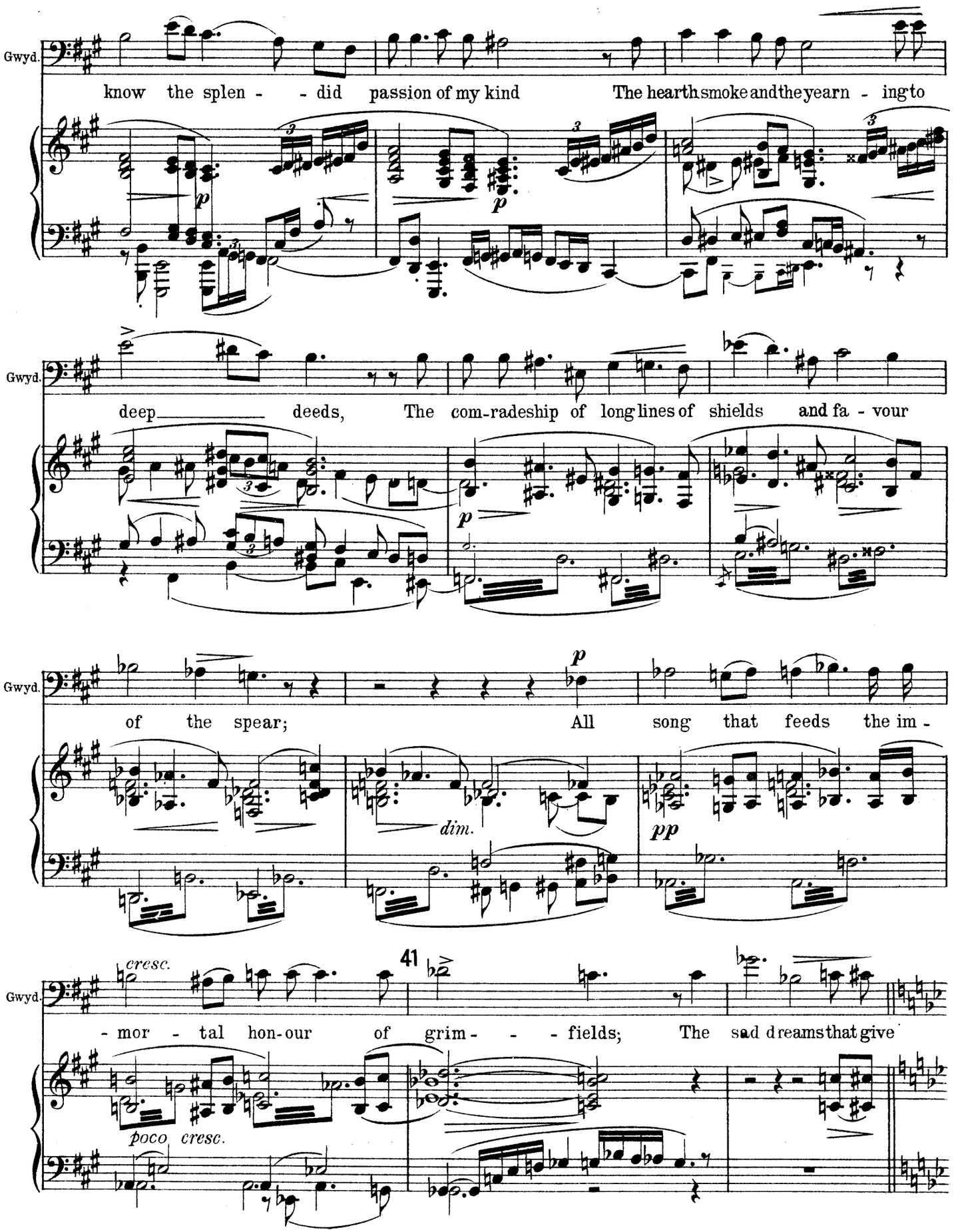
G. arms but the winds have ev-er pressed, Math. Be she your hostage who must

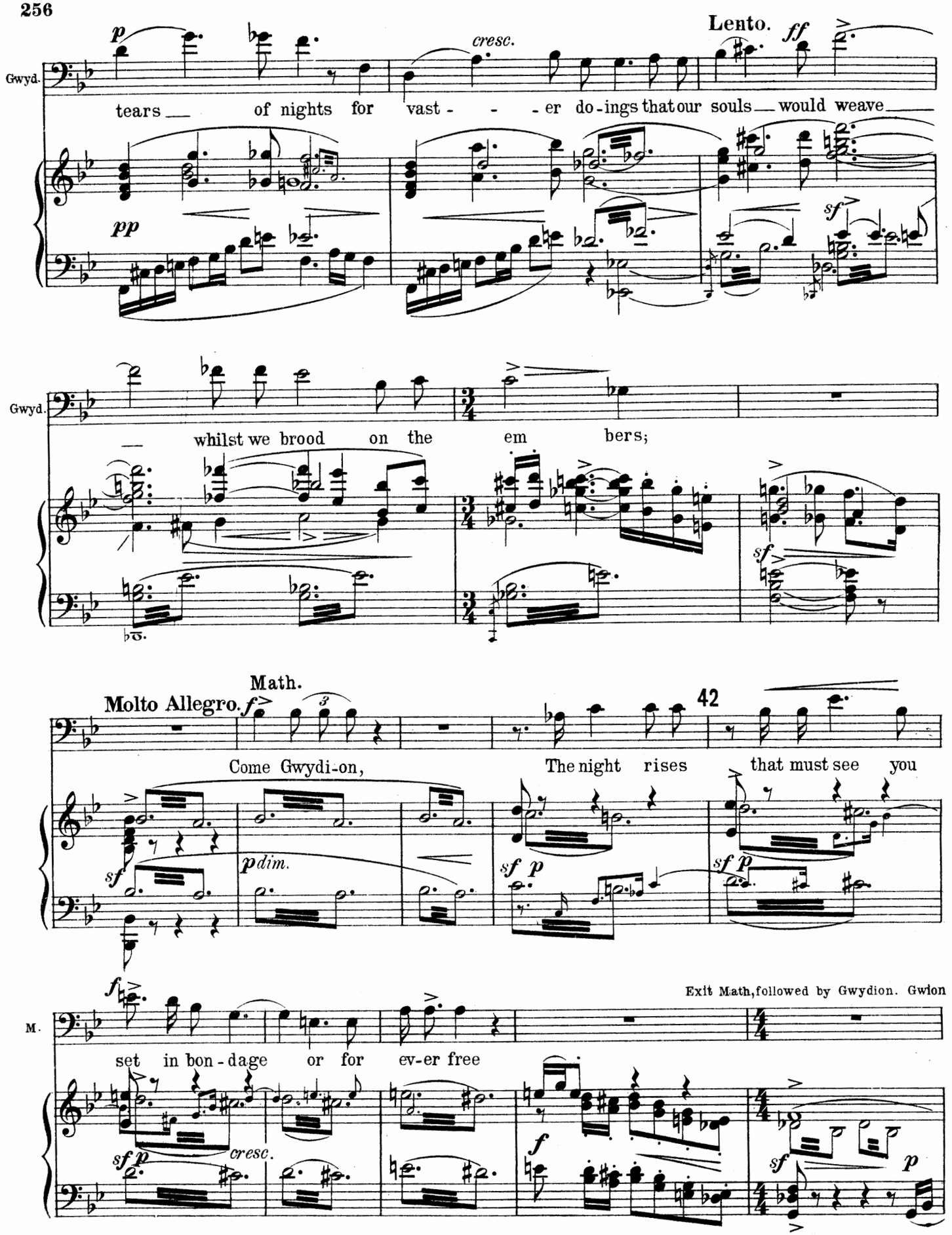
39 Più mosso.

M. bear a prisoning ser-vice for your care.

poco più


Gwyd.
All the robes of beau-ty have re
cresc.
f
p
Gwyd.
placed the naked shambles where my wolf — kin reign.
pp
p
dim.
pp espr.
Gwyd.
And the sweet veils of quiet rise and blind eyes that could pierce them in the
ppp
Gwyd.
40
sa-vage. night running — for red flesh. A gain I
f
sf p sf p
sf p sf p
sf p sf


Gwyd.
know the splen - - did passion of my kind The hearth smoke and the yearn - ing to
p
Gwyd.
deep deeds, The com-radeship of long lines of shields and fa - vour
p
Gwyd.
of the spear; All song that feeds the im -
p
dim.
pp
Gwyd.
cresc.
41
- mor - tal hon-our of grim - - - fields; The sad dreams that give
poco cresc.


Lento.
Gwyd.
tears — of nights for vast - - - er do-ings that our souls — would weave —
cresc.
Gwyd.
— whilst we brood on the em bers;
Math.
Molto Allegro.
Come Gwydi-on,
The night rises
that must see you
42
Exit Math, followed by Gwydion. Gwion
M.
set in bon-dage or for ev-er free
cresc.

is left alone.

M.

rit.

sf

3

43 Tempo Andantino.

Gwion.

p

So ends the reign of Math,

molto sostenuto

mp

pp

Gwi.

p

O cauld-ron of the Gods

p

A dead-ly gift from

pp

p

Gwi.

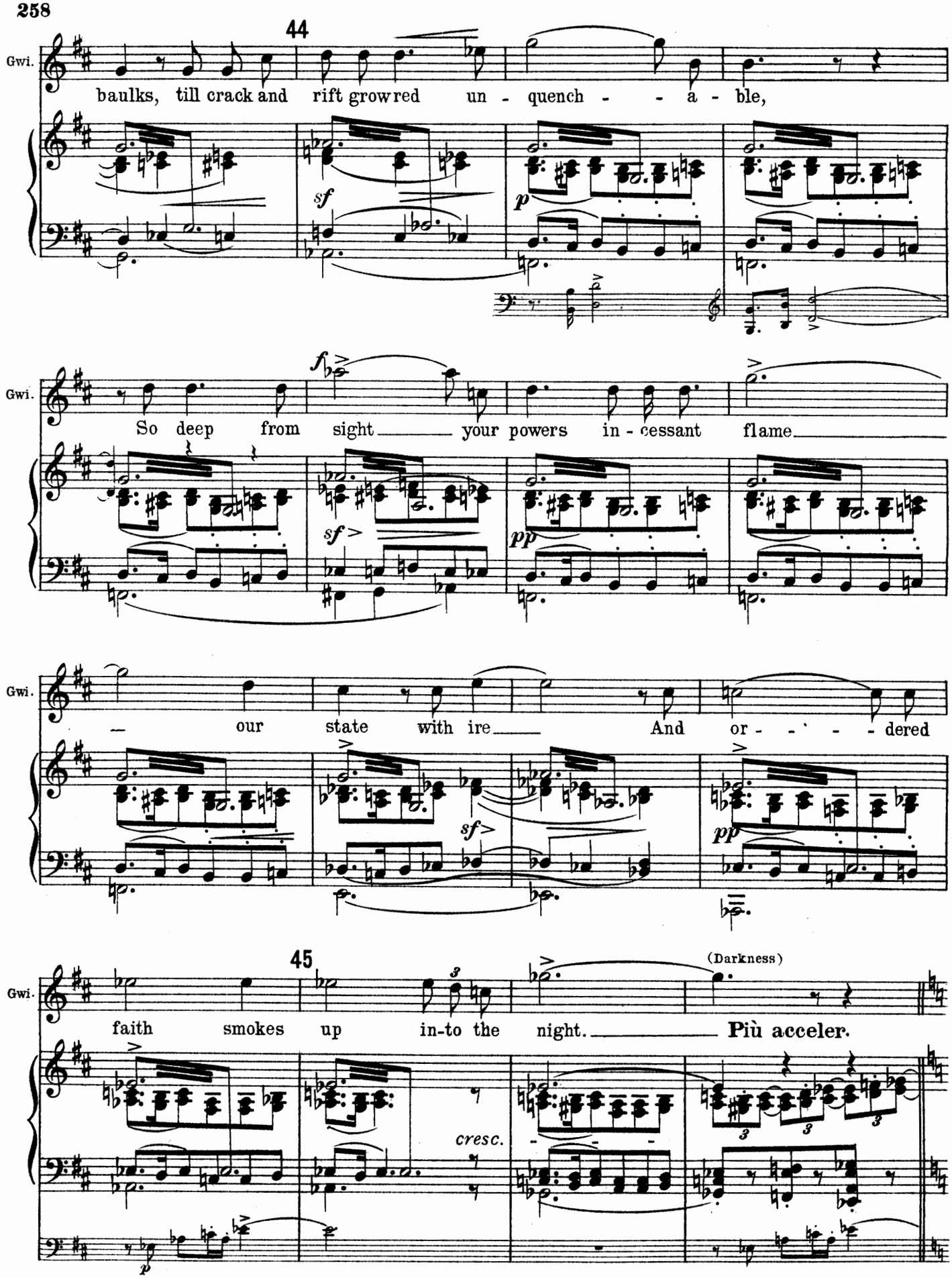
darkness!

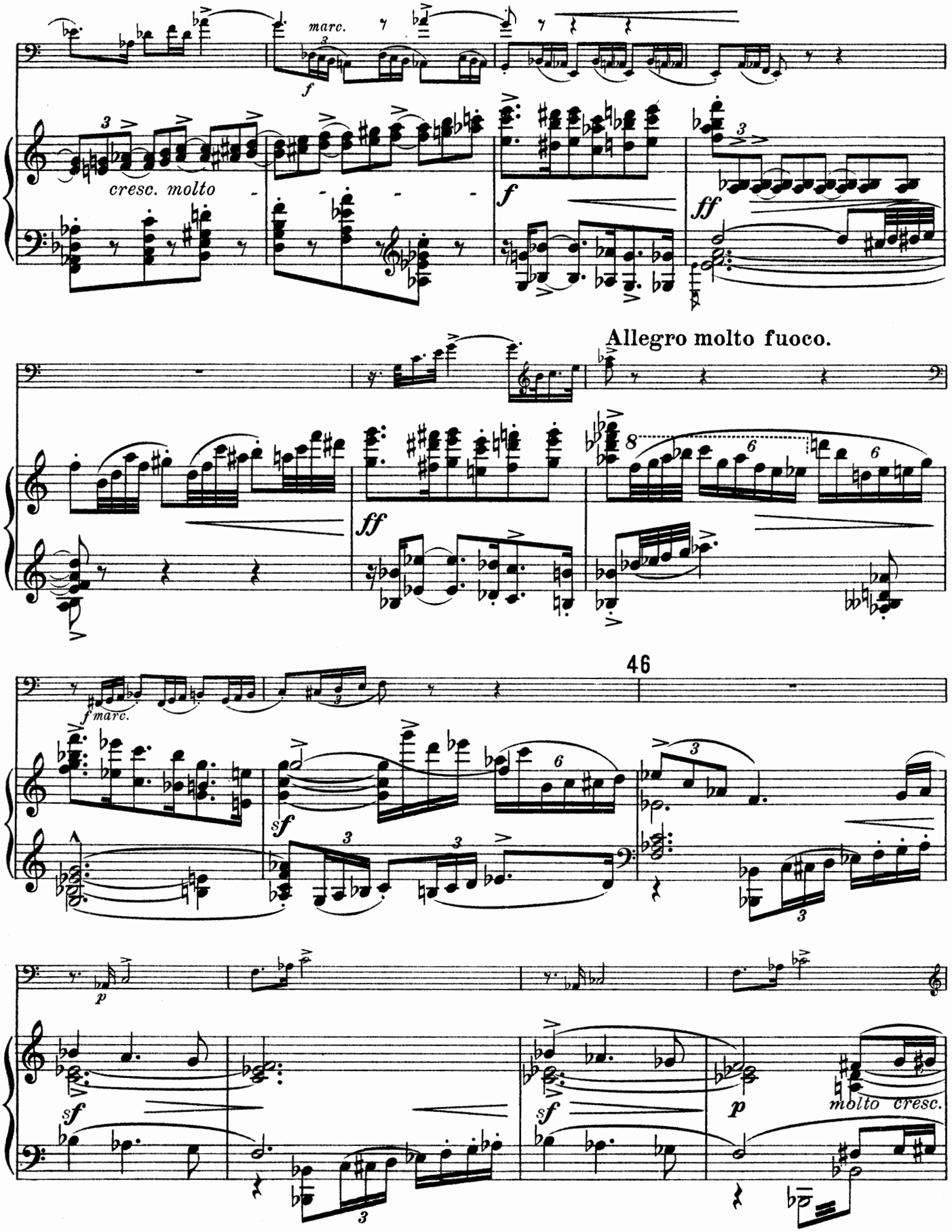
As the ro-dent fire

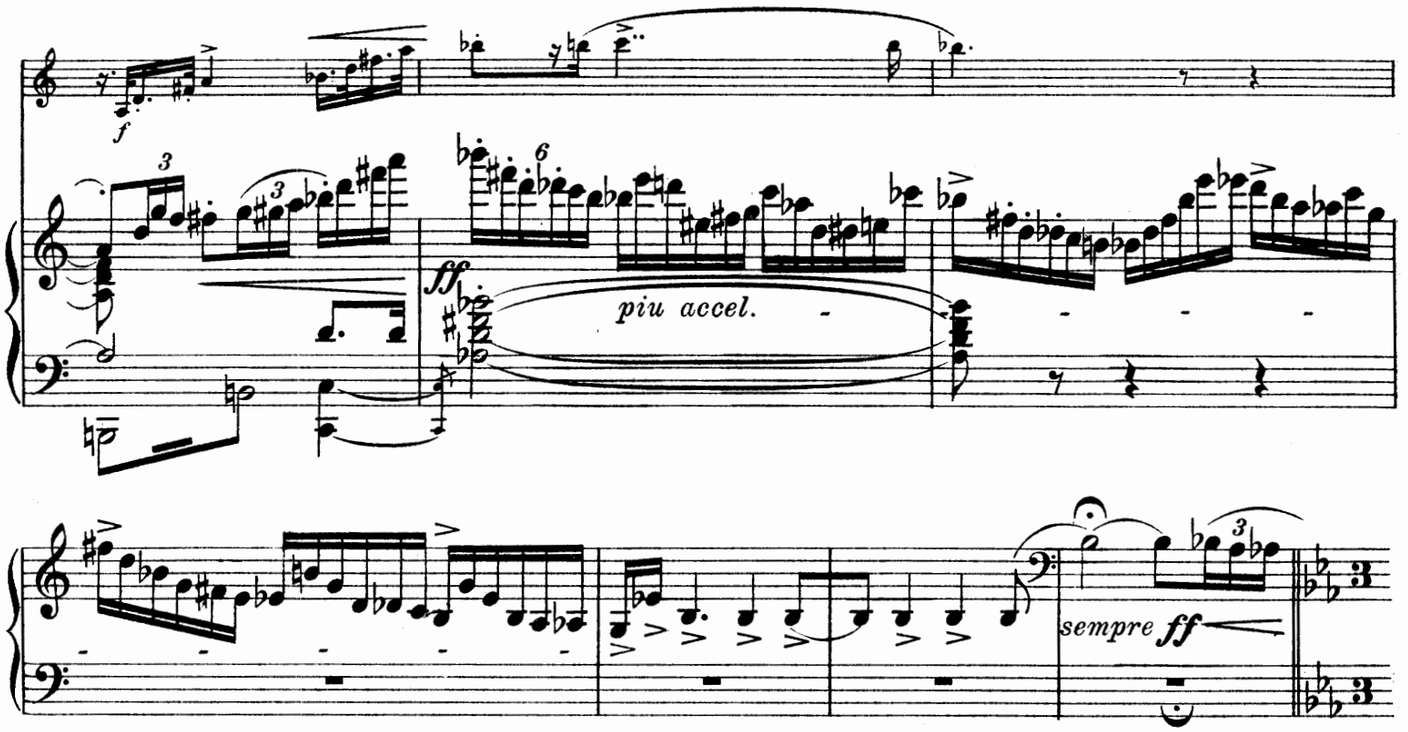
f

gnaws the time hardened

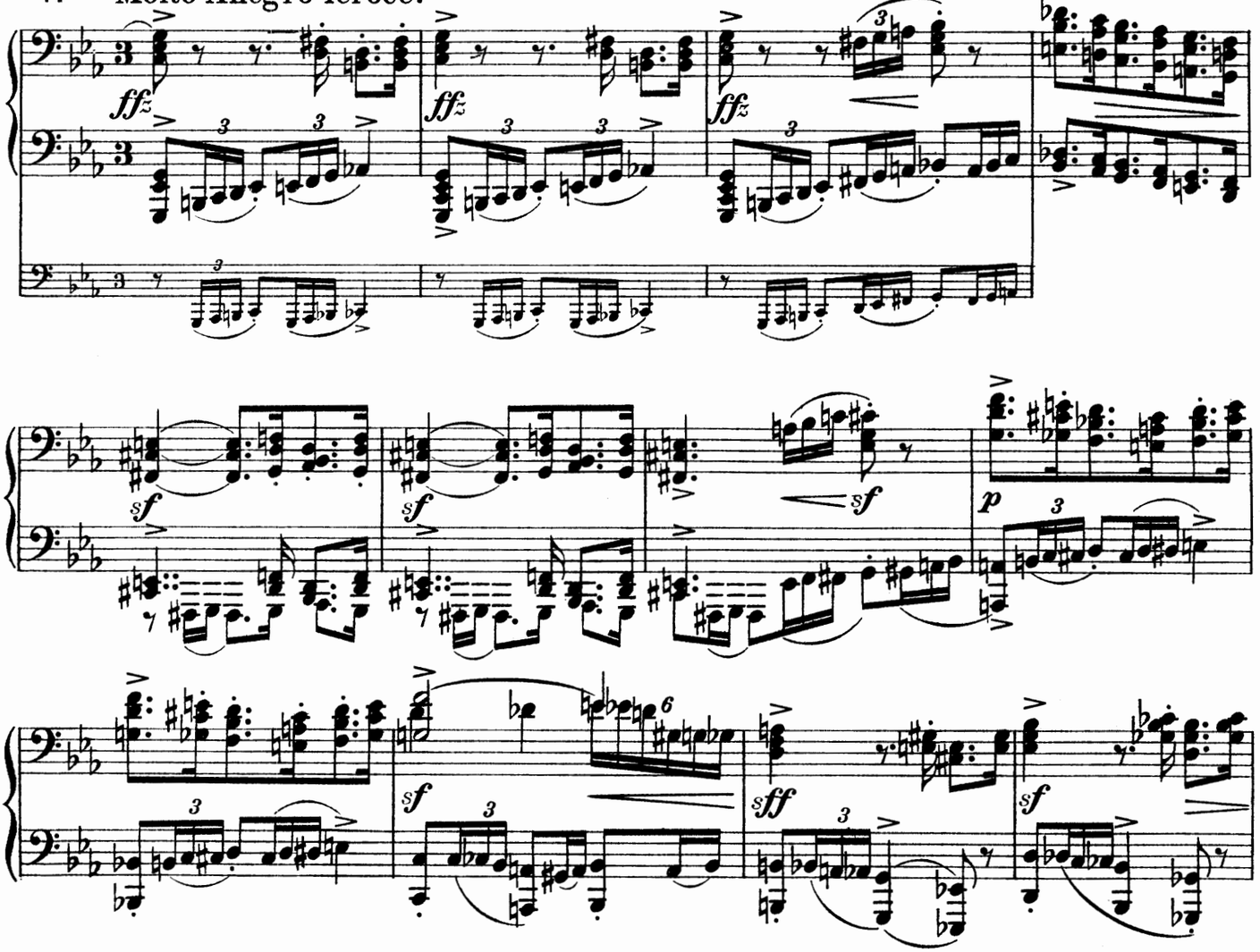
p

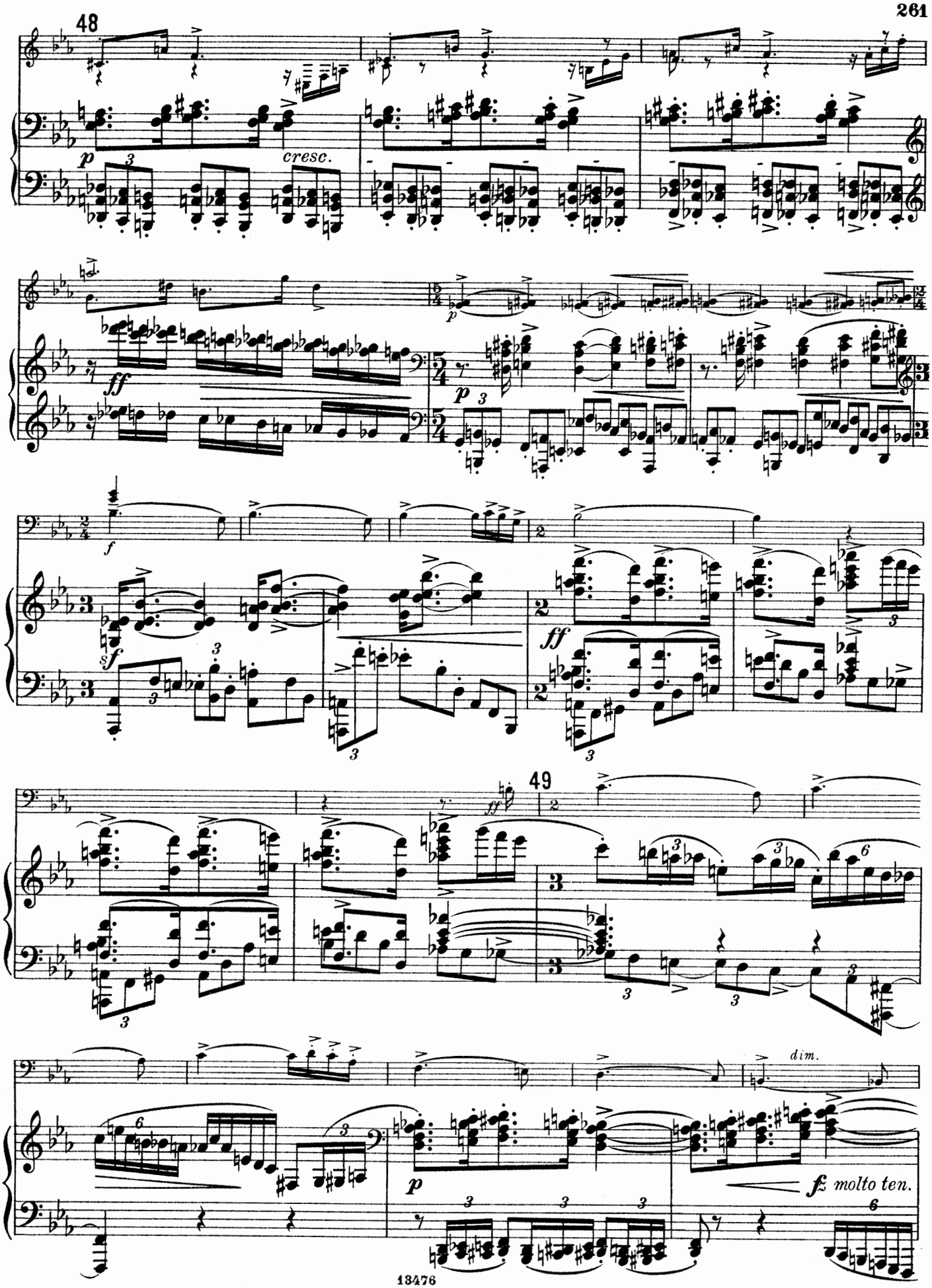

44
Gwi.
baulks, till crack and rift grow red un - quench - - - a - ble,
sf
p
Gwi.
So deep from sight your powers in - cessant flame
f
sf
pp
Gwi.
our state with ire And or - - - - dered
sf
pp
45
(Darkness)
Gwi.
faith smokes up in-to the night. Più acceler.
cresc.
p

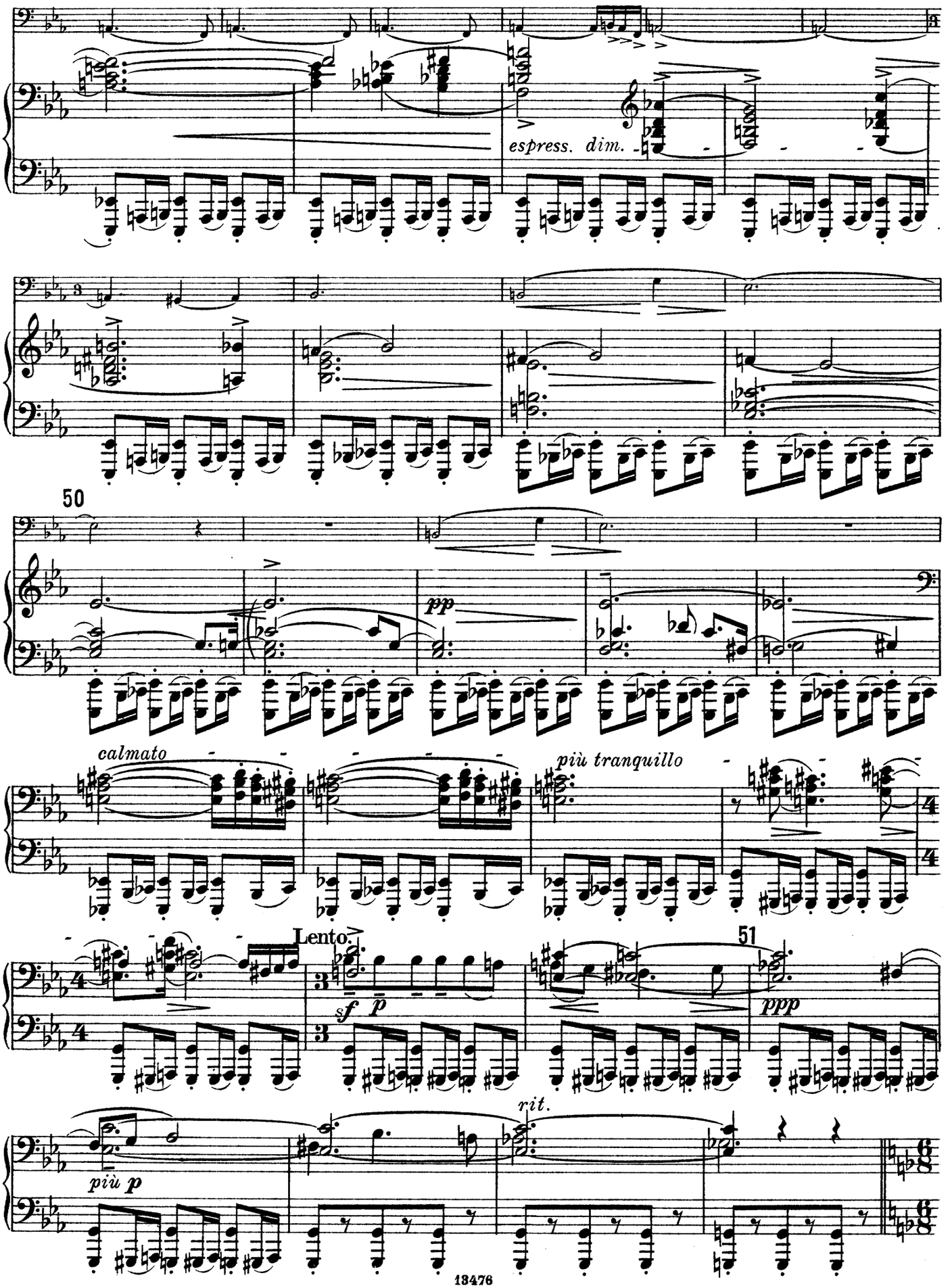

marc.
cresc. molto
Allegro molto fuoco.
46
molto cresc.



47 **Molto Allegro feroce.**

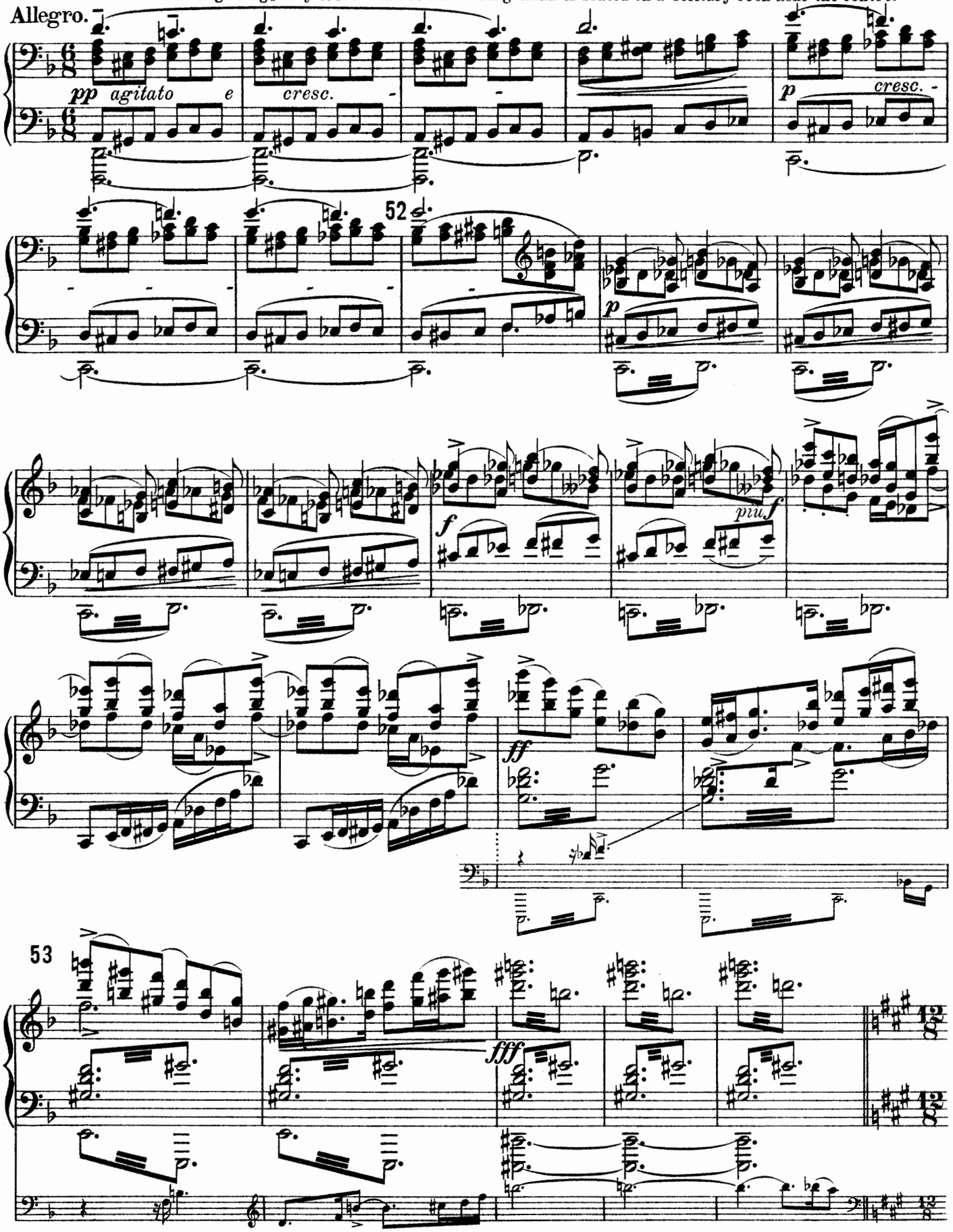


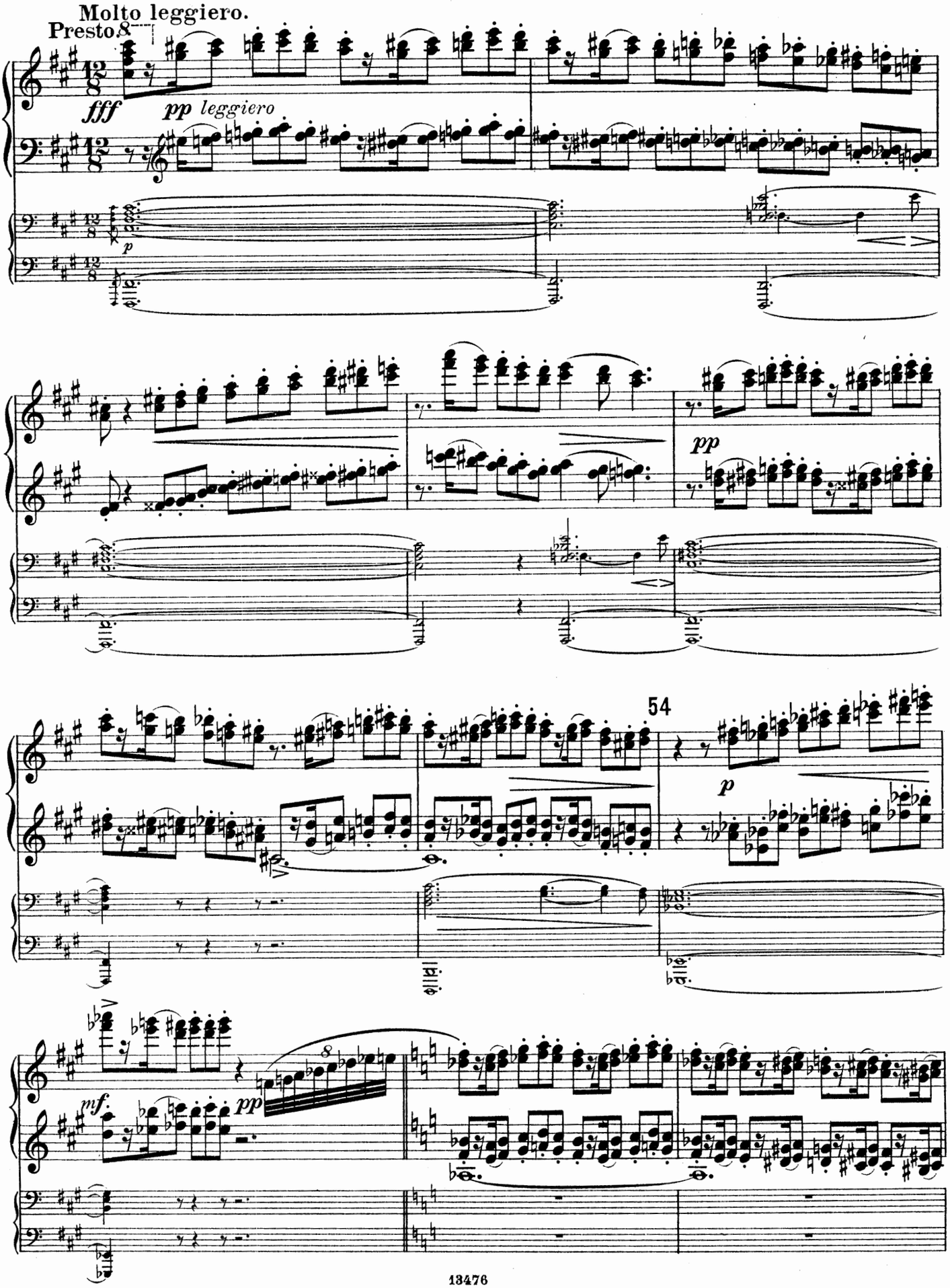

48
cresc.
49
dim.
fz molto ten.

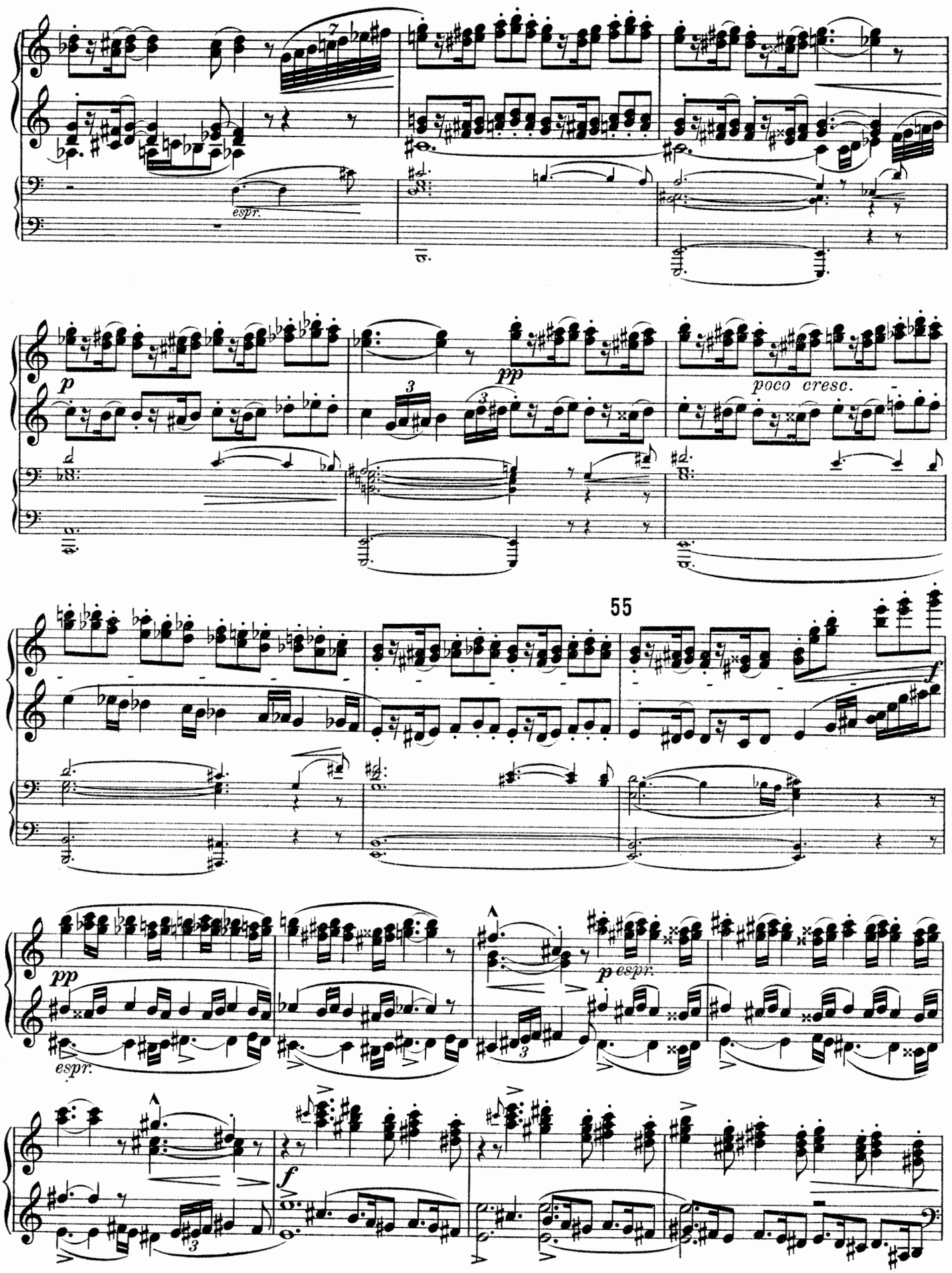

espress. dim.
50
pp
calmato
più tranquillo
Lento.
51
sf
p
ppp
rit.
più p

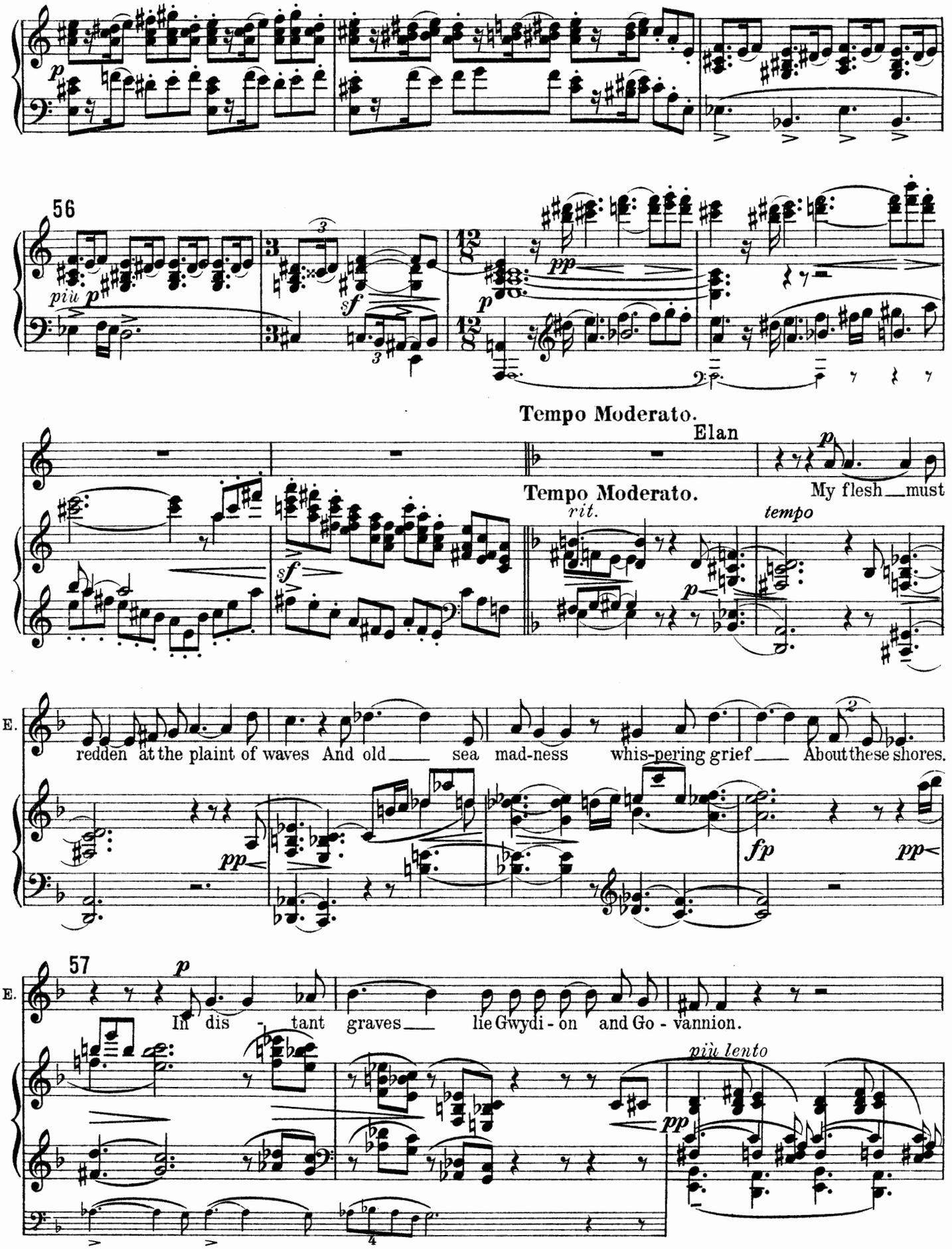
Scene II.

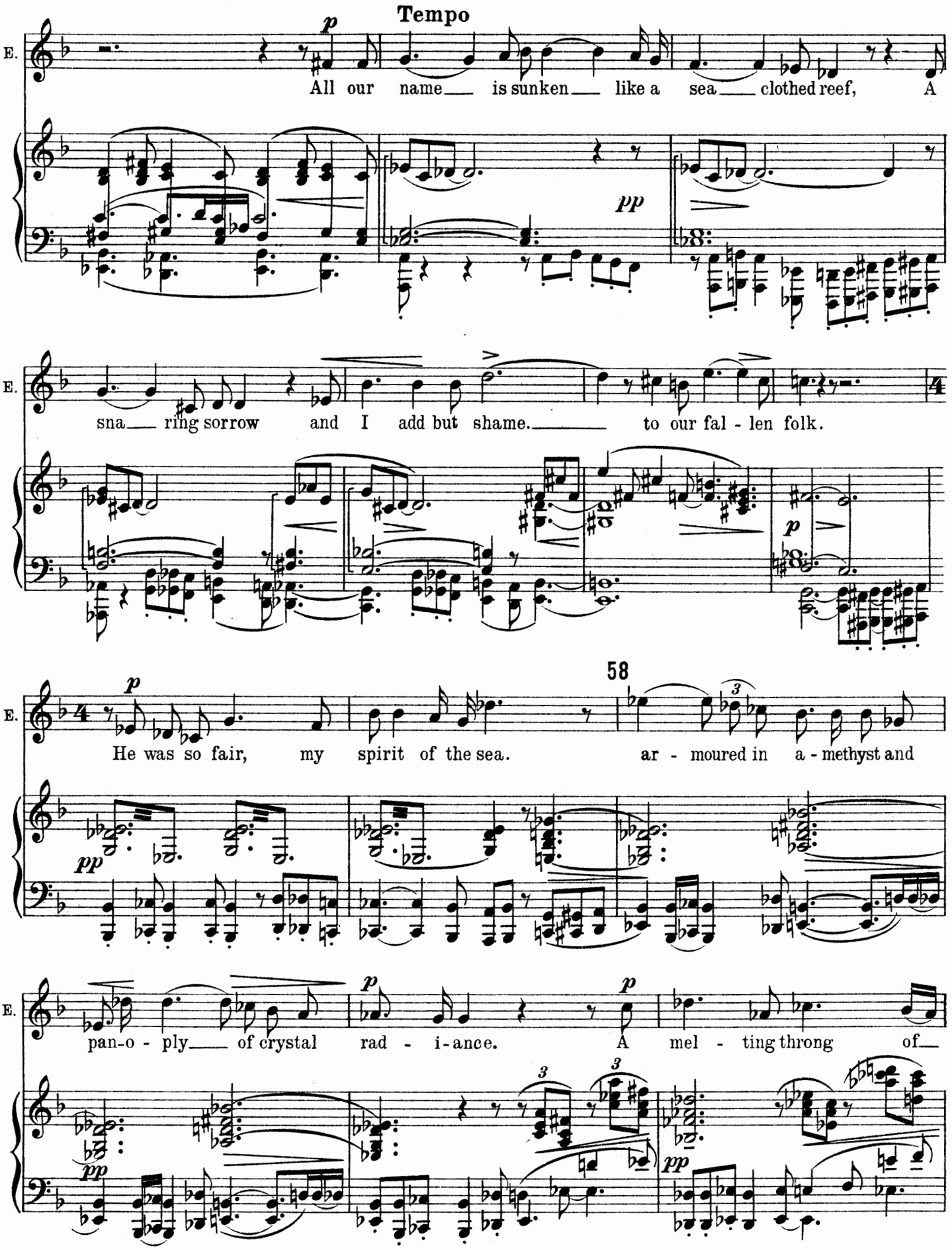
A Rocky sea shore. A reef hides the sea line in the back ground. From the high rocks to the right a path winds down. To the left the cliffs are beetling and gloomy. It is a wild autumn evening. Elan is seated on a solitary rock near the centre.

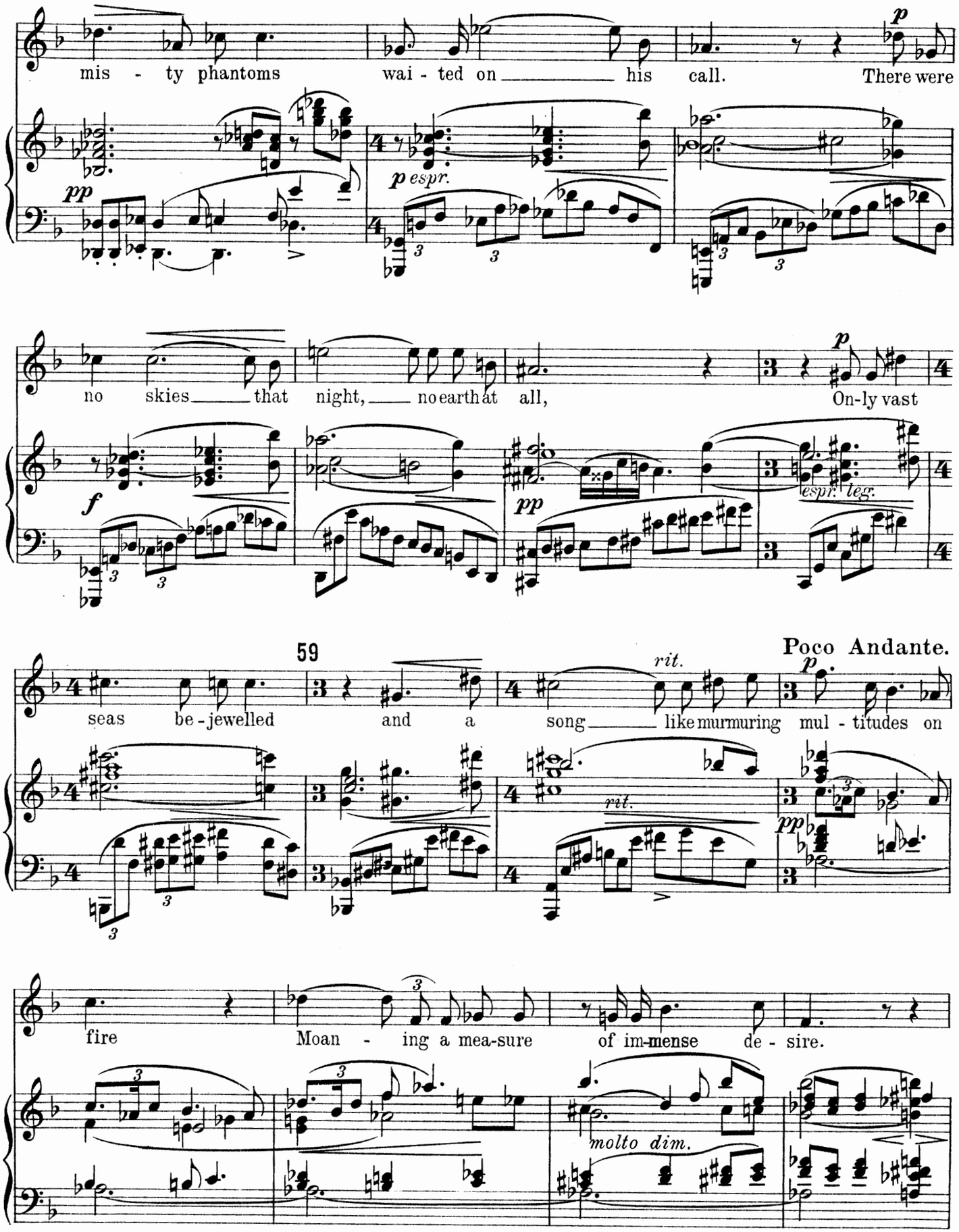


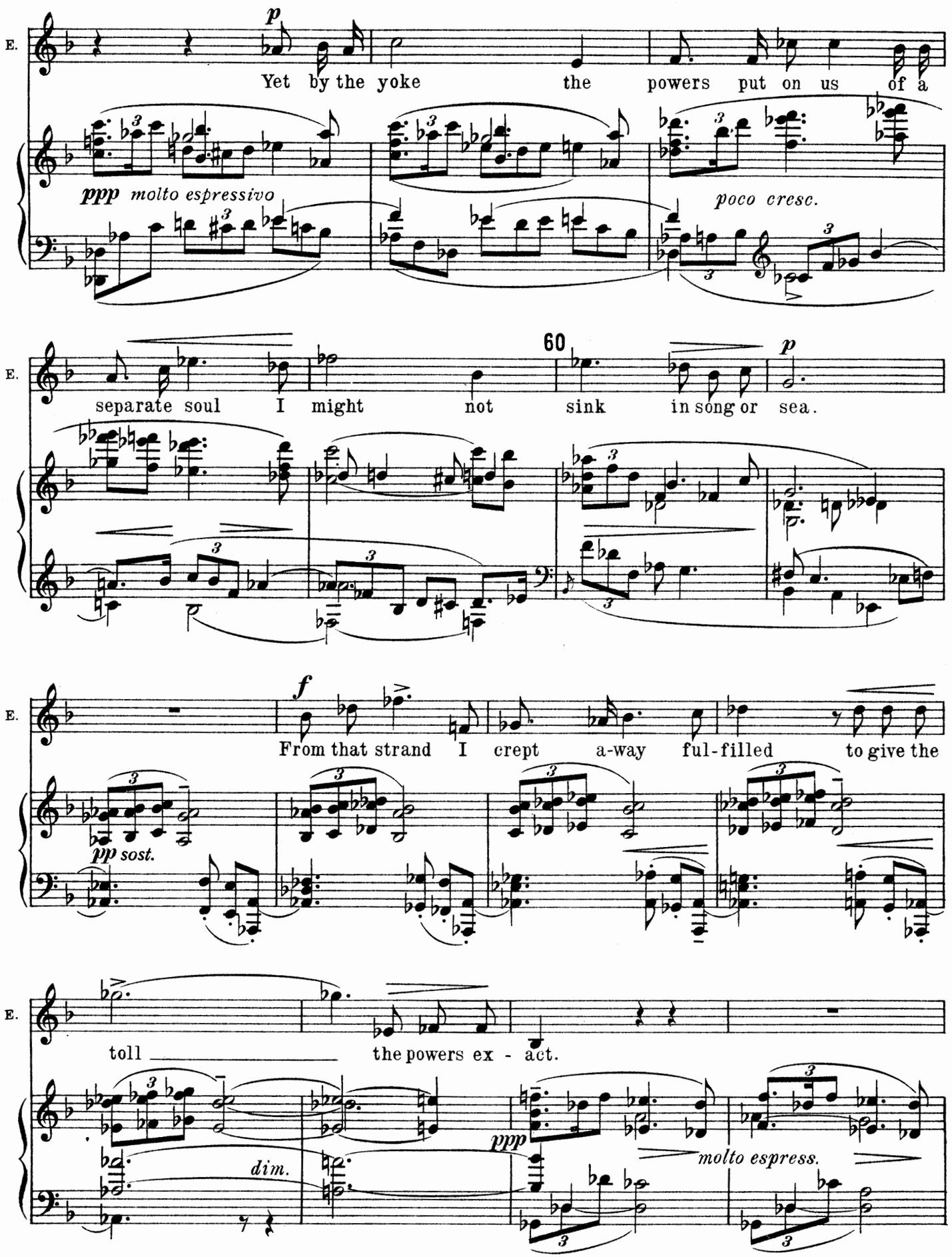

Molto leggiero.
Presto.
fff
pp leggiero
p
pp
54
p
mf.
pp

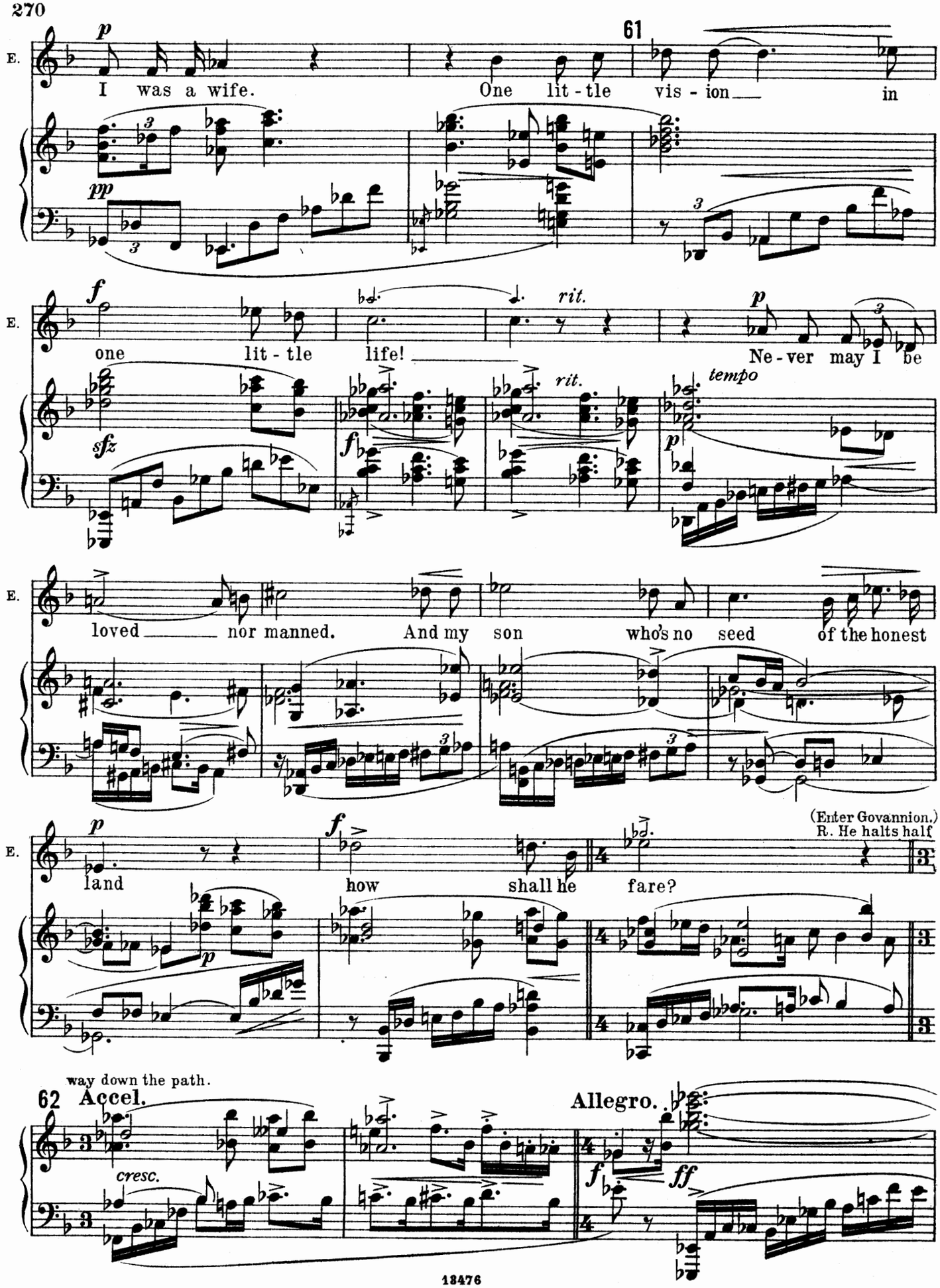

espr.
p
pp
poco cresc.
55
f
pp
espr.
p espr.
f

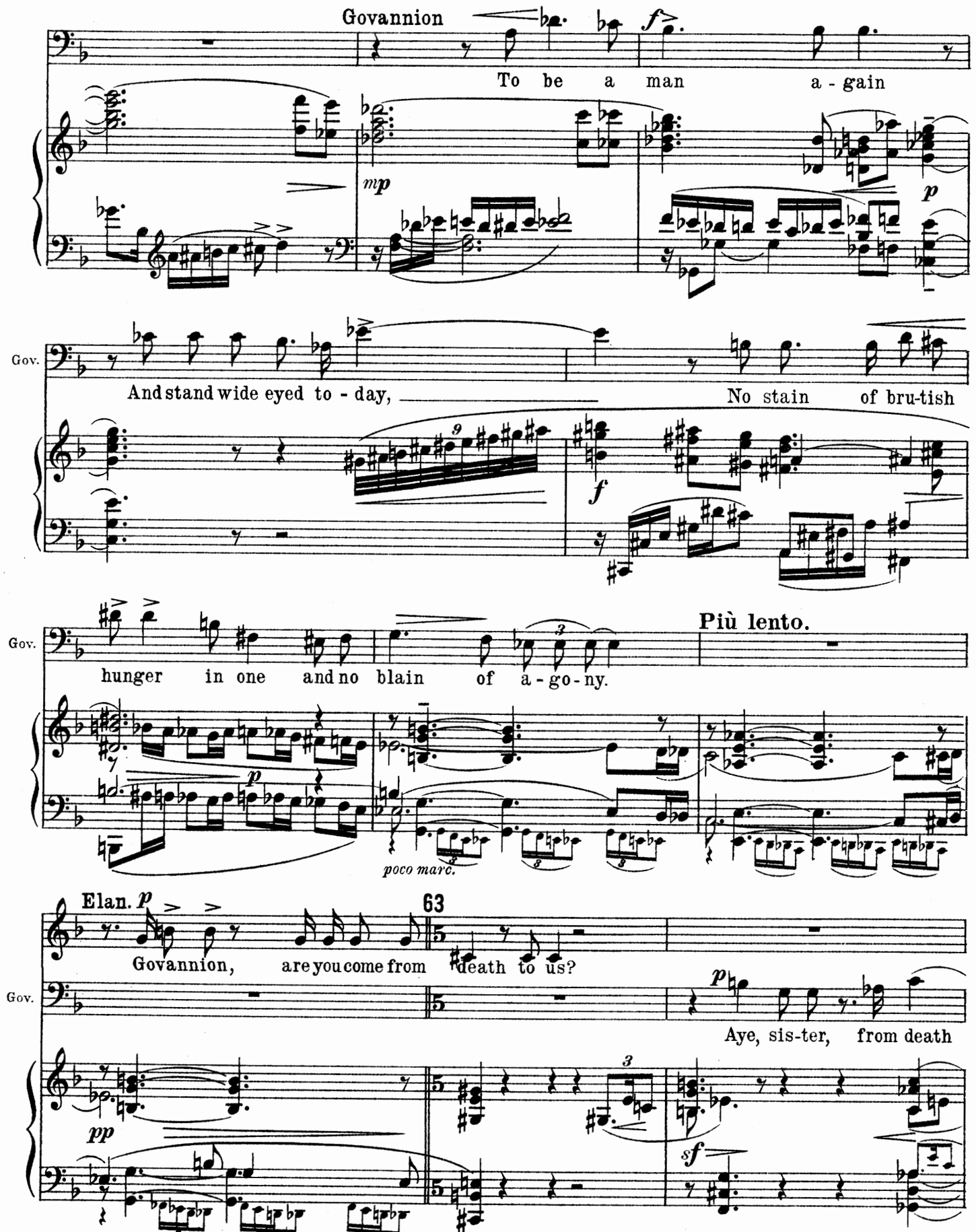

56
piu p
sf
pp
p
Tempo Moderato.
Elan
Tempo Moderato.
rit.
tempo
My flesh must
E.
redden at the plaint of waves And old sea mad-ness whis-pering grief About these shores.
pp
fp
pp
57
E.
In dis - tant graves lie Gwydi - on and Go - vannion.
più lento
pp

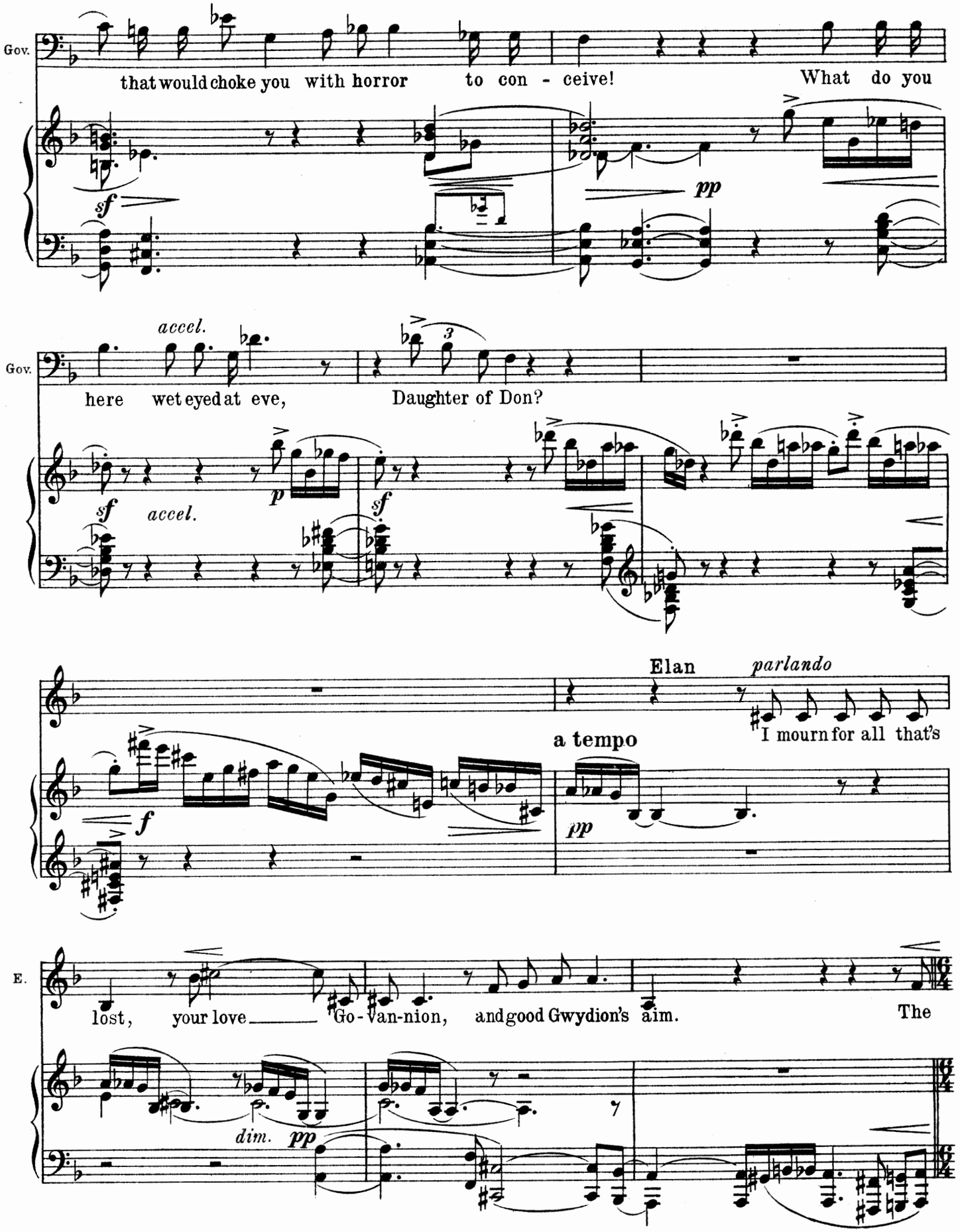

Tempo
E.
All our name is sunken like a sea clothed reef, A
sna ring sorrow and I add but shame. to our fal - len folk.
58
He was so fair, my spirit of the sea. ar - moured in a - methyst and
pan-o - ply of crystal rad - i-ance. A mel - ting throng of


mis - ty phantoms wai - ted on his call. There were
p
pp
p espr.
no skies that night, no earth at all, On-ly vast
p
f
pp
espr. teg.
59
Poco Andante.
seas be-jewelled and a song like murmuring mul - titudes on
rit.
p
rit.
pp
fire Moan - ing a mea-sure of im-mense de - sire.
molto dim.


E.
p
Yet by the yoke the powers put on us of a
ppp molto espressivo
poco cresc.
E.
60
p
separate soul I might not sink in song or sea.
E.
f
From that strand I crept a-way ful-filled to give the
pp sost.
E.
toll the powers ex - act.
dim.
ppp
molto espress.


E.
p
I was a wife.
One lit - tle
61
vis - ion
in
pp
E.
f
one
lit - tle
life!
rit.
p
Ne - ver may I be
sfz
f
rit.
tempo
p
E.
loved
nor manned.
And my
son
who's no
seed
of the honest
E.
p
land
f
how
shall he
fare?
(Enter Govannion.)
R. He halts half
p
way down the path.
62 Accel.
Allegro.
cresc.
f
ff


Govannion
To be a man a - gain
Gov.
And stand wide eyed to - day,
No stain of bru-tish
hunger in one and no blain of a - go - ny.
Più lento.
poco marc.
Elan.
63
Govannion, are you come from death to us?
Gov.
Aye, sis-ter, from death


Gov.
that would choke you with horror to con - ceive!
What do you
sf
pp
accel.
Gov.
here wet eyed at eve,
Daughter of Don?
sf
accel.
p
sf
Elan
parlando
I mourn for all that's
a tempo
f
pp
E.
lost, your love Go - van-nion, and good Gwydion's aim.
The
dim.
pp

64

rit.

Andante.

E.

world that so daunts me and the shame to be en - dured.

Tempo.

pp *espr.* *p*

Govannion *p*

You mourn for nought: These lips have

f *pp*

Gov.

fed on her soft limbs and where she bled — the plashed earth threw

p molto espressivo *pp*

Più mosso.

Gov. *p cresc.*

clots that are not dry on me. Time

sfp *agitato* *sfp*

65

Gov. blots and buries much, but may a burning blight make ash ___ of me un-

poco cresc.

cresc. marc.

Gov. less I shed life for my cleans - ing. All the Druid might have I

Gov. suffered and a burn - ing fall: Seared of soul ___ come I from thrall whilst

Gov. Gwydion fawns ___ and makes his peace with Math a-gain.

dim.

66

Gov. *f* *p*

Aye for release pled - ges you, E-lan, to the

pp *sf*

Gov. *f*

blood ____ less sect that mutters round hell's vase.

cresc. *sf* *p* *fz* *fz*

Elan *f*

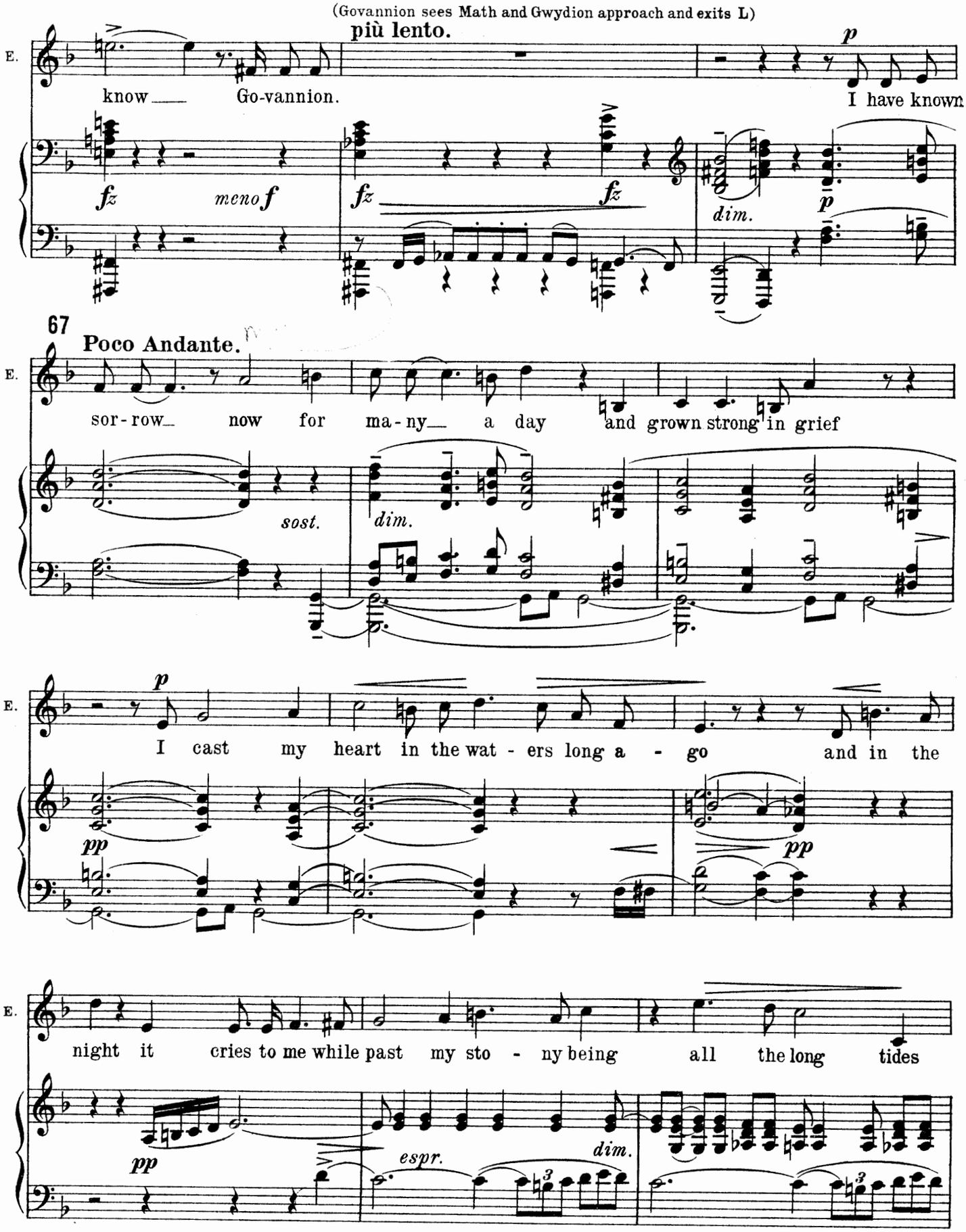
Then let me be his sa-cri-fice be-deckt for that dim service.

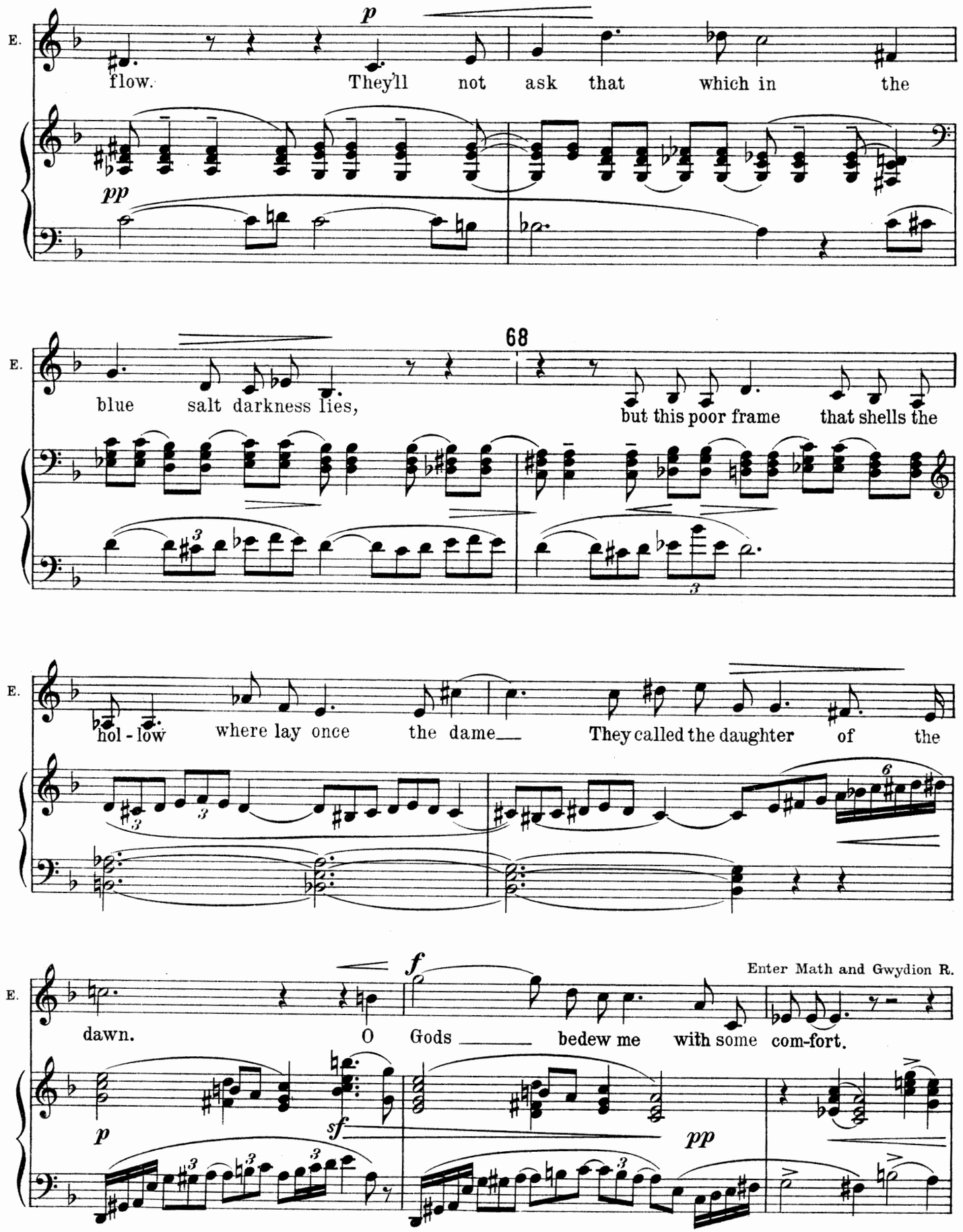
ffz *pp*

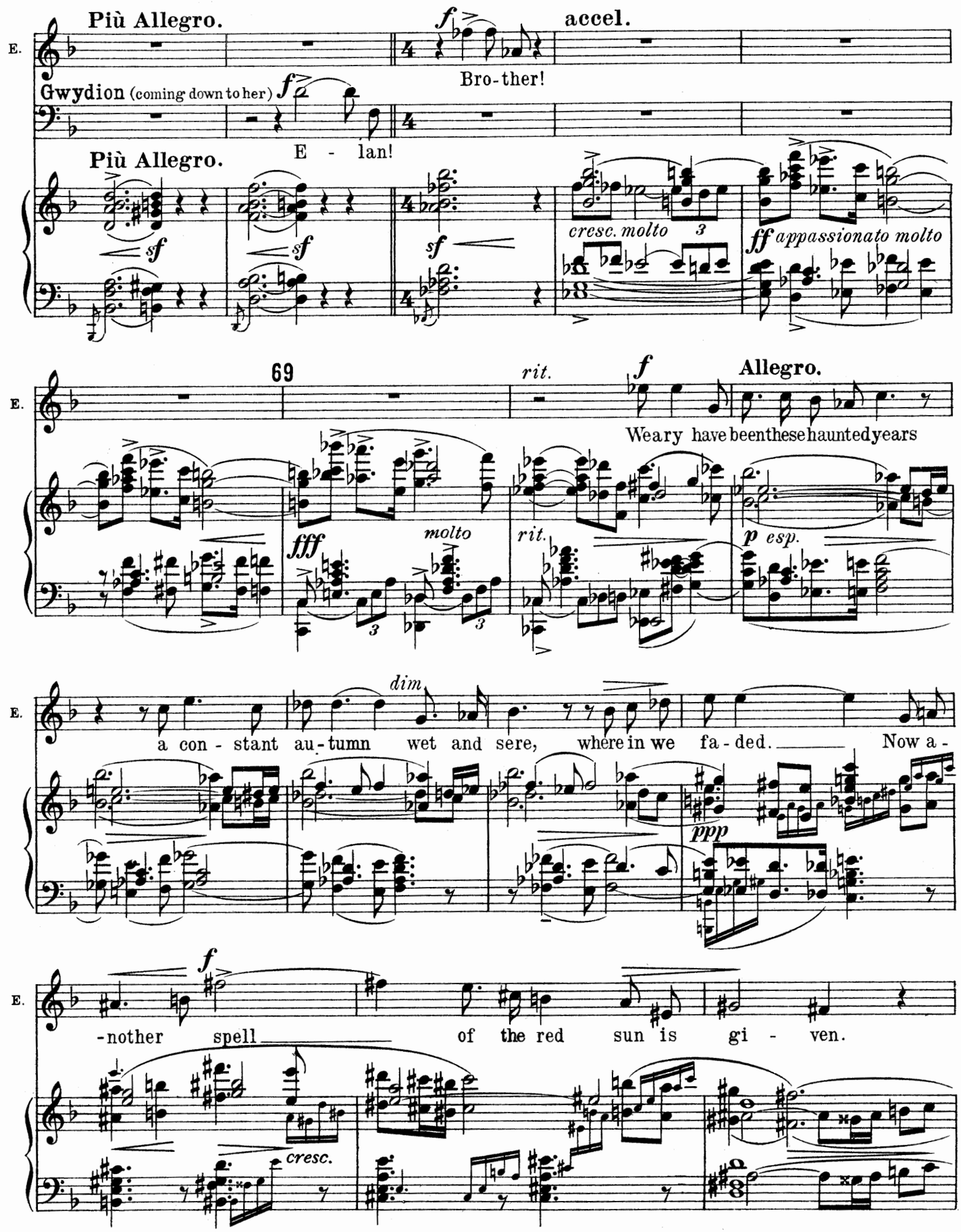
E. *f*

He is great, and bro-ther to me in a vast er fate than you can

f *sf* *fz* *f* *f*


(Govannion sees Math and Gwydion approach and exits L)
più lento.
E.
know Go-vannion.
I have known
fz
meno f
fz
fz
dim.
p
67
Poco Andante.
sor-row now for ma-ny a day and grown strong in grief
sost.
dim.
p
I cast my heart in the wat-ers long a-go and in the
pp
pp
night it cries to me while past my sto-ny being all the long tides
pp
espr.
dim.


E.
p
flow. They'll not ask that which in the
pp
68
E.
blue salt darkness lies,
but this poor frame that shells the
E.
hol - low where lay once the dame
They called the daughter of the
E.
f
Enter Math and Gwydion R.
dawn. O Gods bedew me with some com-fort.
p
sf
pp


Più Allegro.
accel.
Bro-ther!
Gwydion (coming down to her)
E - lan!
Più Allegro.
cresc. molto
ff appassionato molto
69
rit.
Allegro.
Weary have been these haunted years
fff
molto
rit.
p esp.
dim
a con - stant au - tumn wet and sere, where in we fa - ded. Now a -
ppp
-nother spell of the red sun is gi - ven.
cresc.

Poco più lento.

Gwydion. *p*

70

I must crave for mine en - franchise-ment a space of your fair years, E-lan,

pp *più p*

Gwyd.

not yet am I free from the grave where red life struggles

Math has been standing aside and watch-

ppp

- ing the meeting of Elan and Gwydion.

Gwyd.

and the hid-e-ous race that ran-ges night.

Più mosso.

Math. *p*

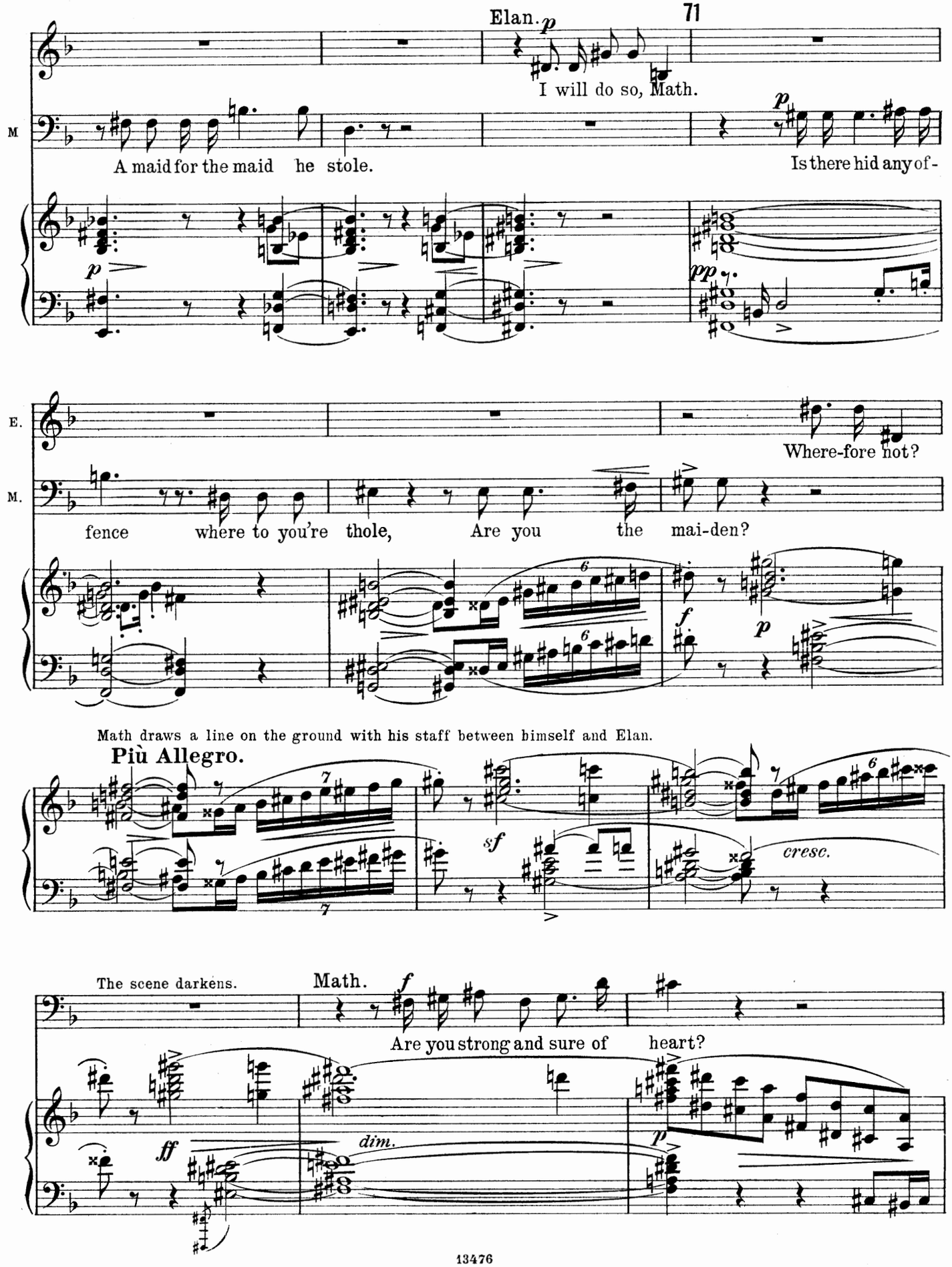
And will you serve the

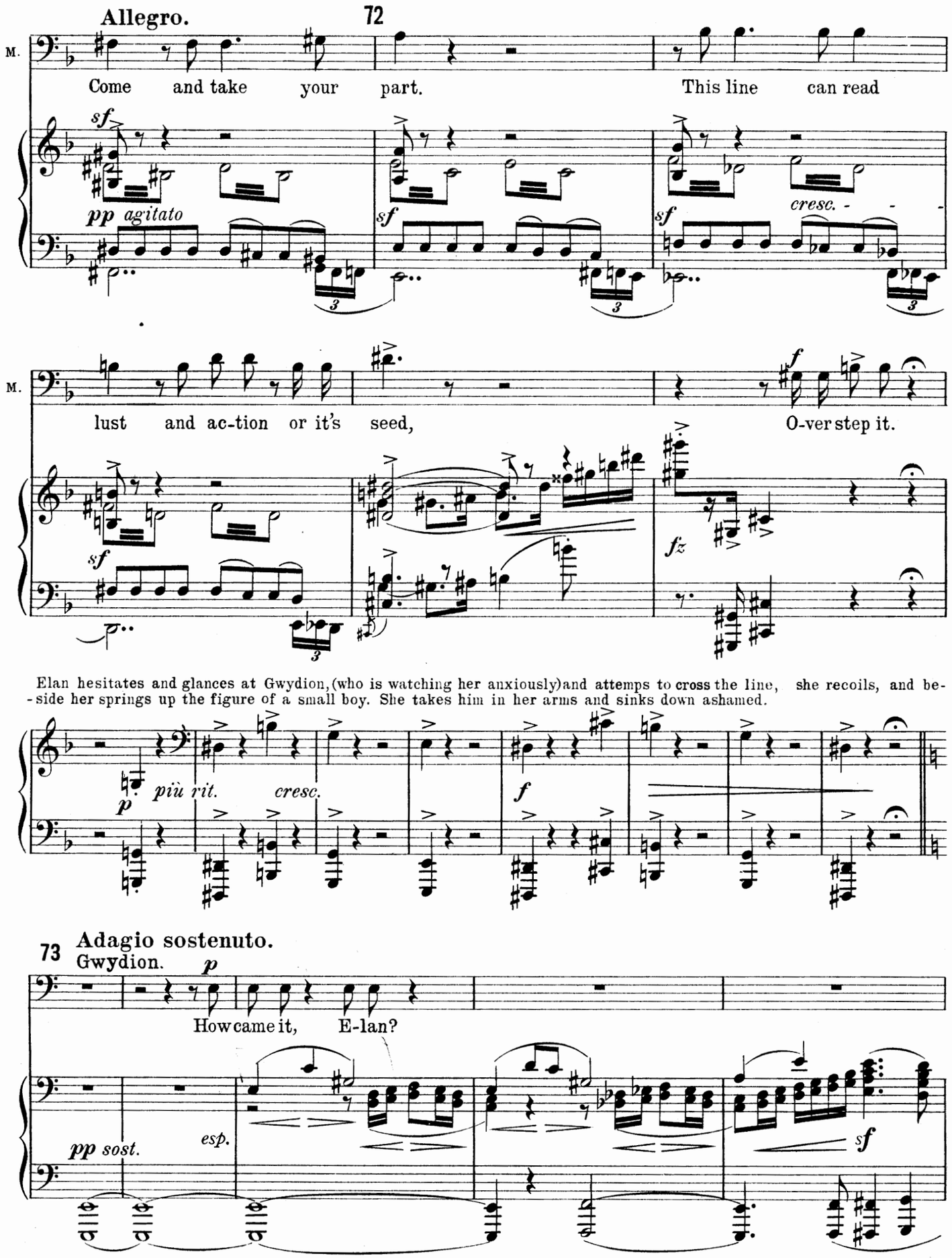
pp *mp*

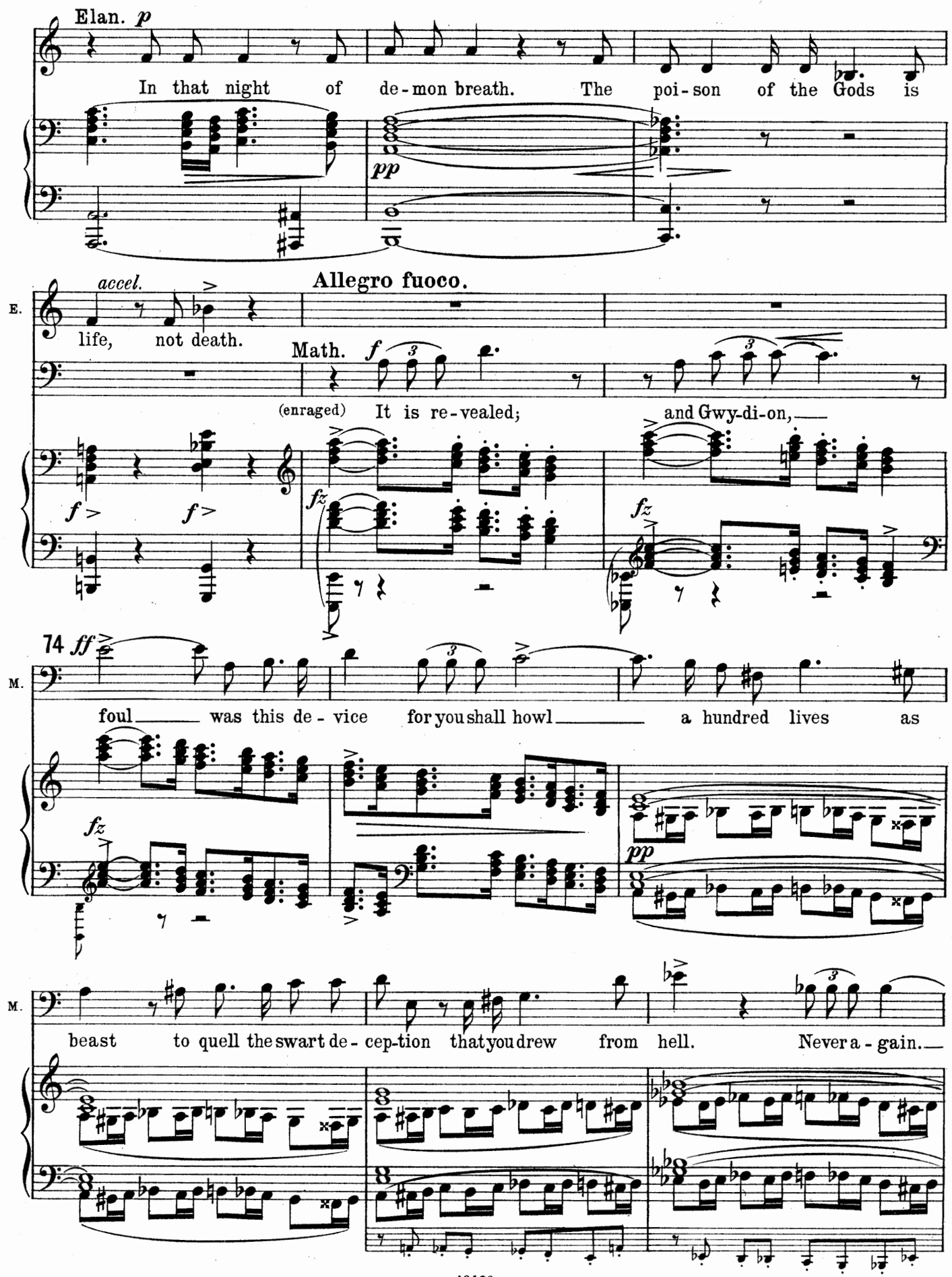
M.

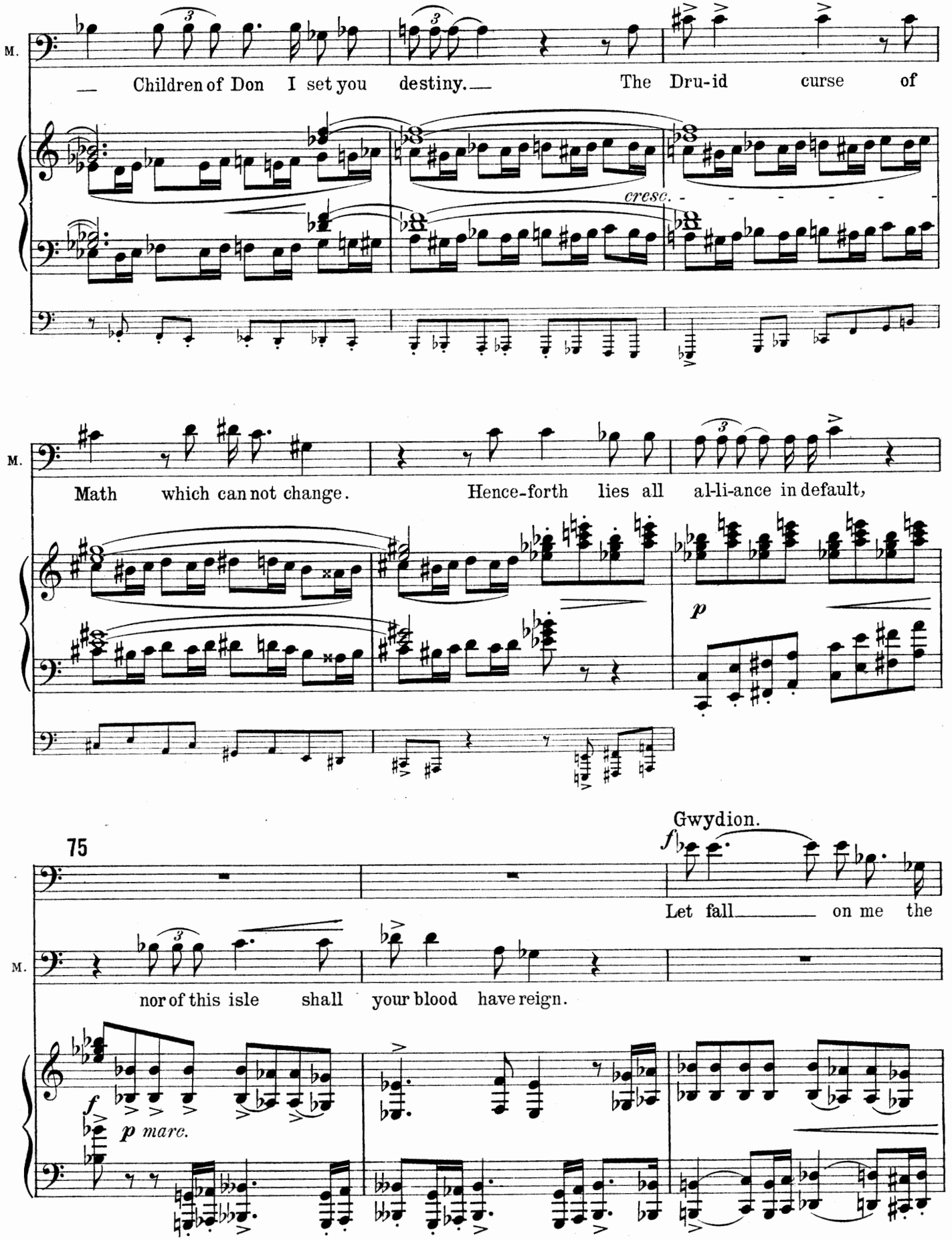
fount of dreams, o - bey, de-serve as dru-id rites shall bid?

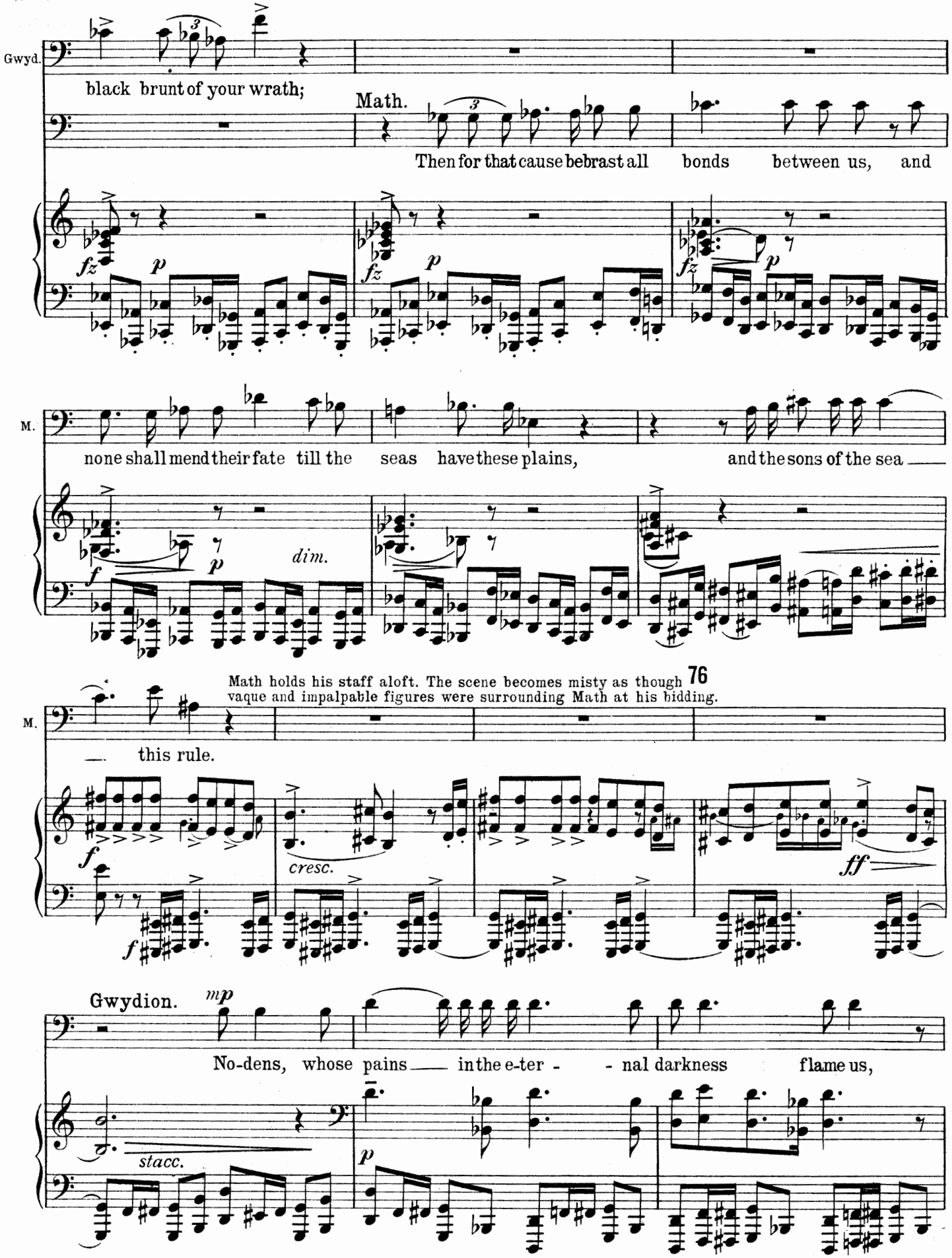
dim.

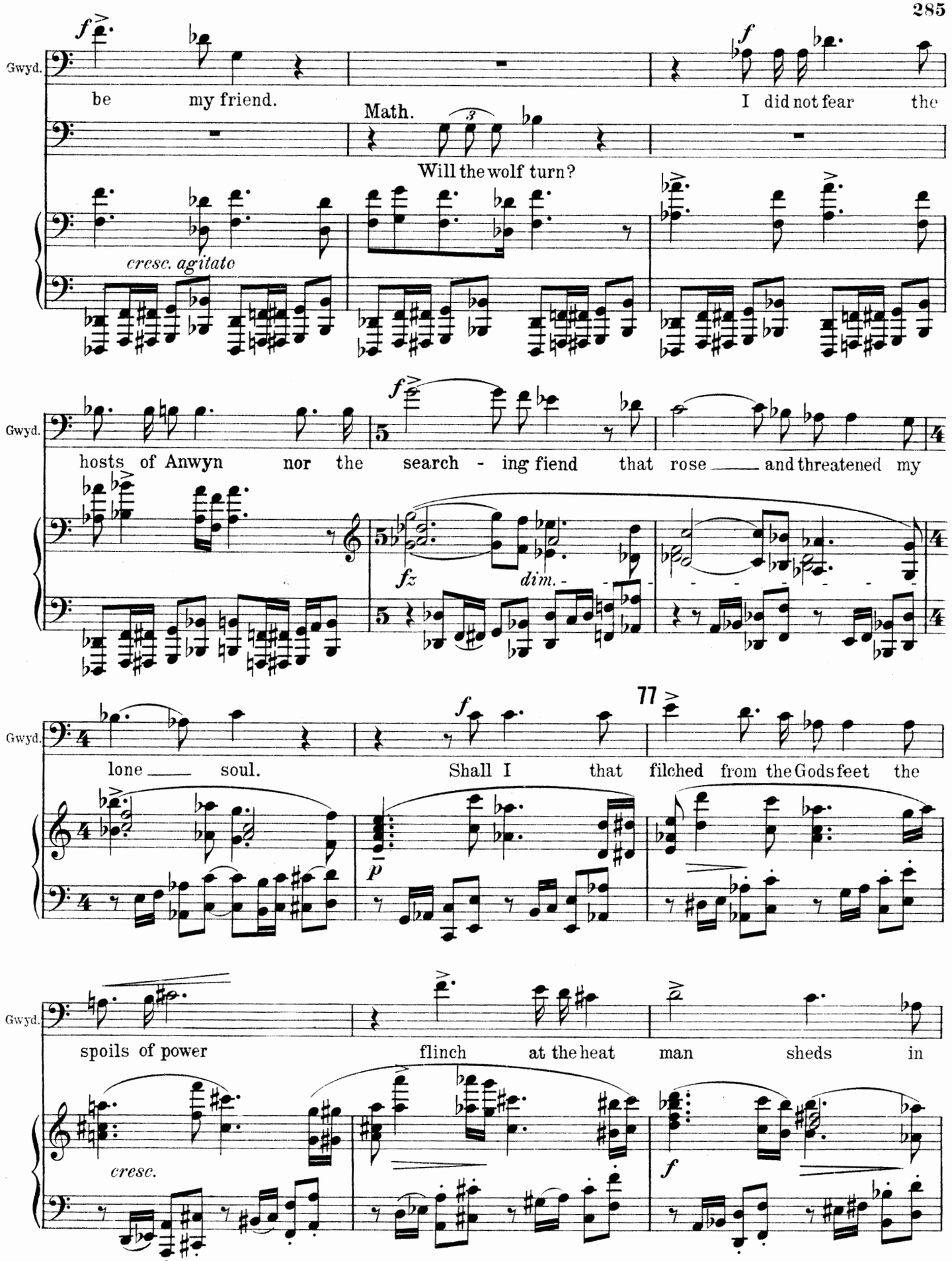

71
Elan. p
I will do so, Math.
M
A maid for the maid he stole.
p
Is there hid any of-
pp
E.
Where-fore not?
M.
fence where to you're thole, Are you the mai-den?
f
p
Math draws a line on the ground with his staff between himself and Elan.
Più Allegro.
sf
cresc.
The scene darkens.
Math. f
Are you strong and sure of heart?
ff
dim.
p

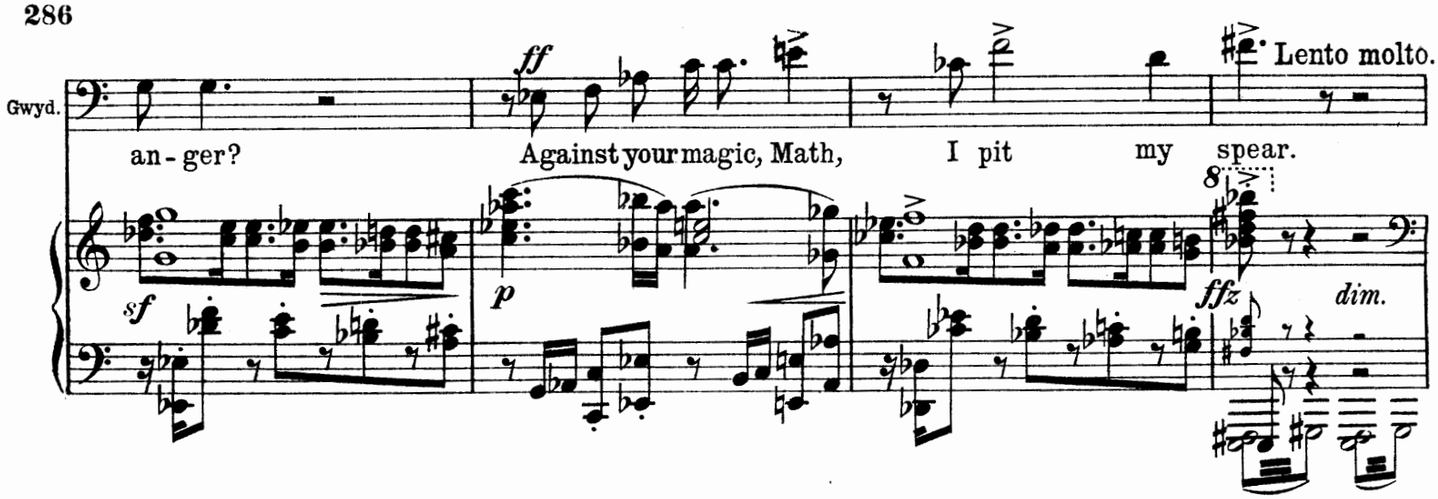

Allegro.
72
M.
Come and take your part. This line can read
sf
pp agitato
sf
sf
cresc.
M.
lust and ac-tion or it's seed, O-ver step it.
f
sf
fz
Elan hesitates and glances at Gwydion,(who is watching her anxiously)and attemps to cross the line, she recoils, and be--side her springs up the figure of a small boy. She takes him in her arms and sinks down ashamed.
p
più rit.
cresc.
f
73 Adagio sostenuto.
Gwydion.
p
How came it, E-lan?
pp sost.
esp.
sf


Elan. p
In that night of de-mon breath. The poi-son of the Gods is
pp
E.
accel.
life, not death.
Allegro fuoco.
Math. f
(enraged) It is re-vealed; and Gwy-di-on,
f > f >
fz
fz
74 ff
M.
foul was this de-vice for you shall howl a hundred lives as
fz
pp
M.
beast to quell the swart de-cep-tion that you drew from hell. Never a-gain.

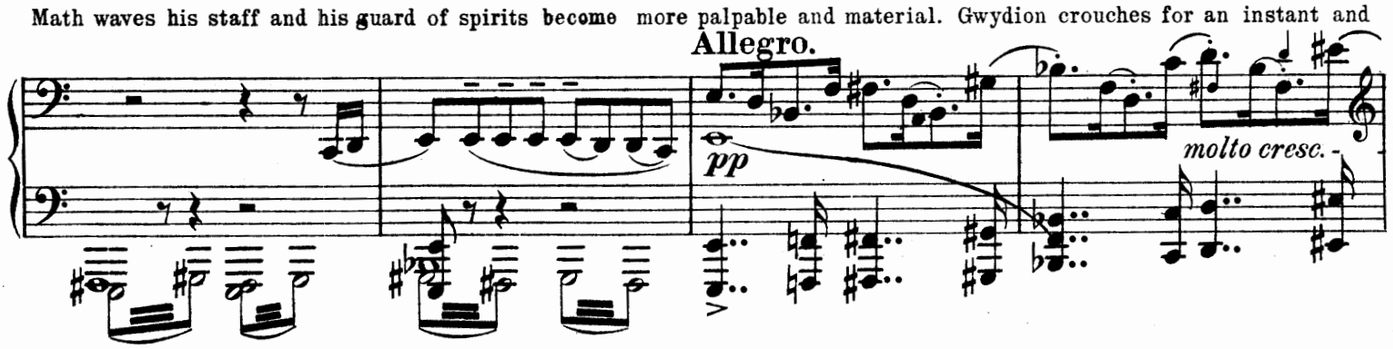

M.
— Children of Don I set you destiny.— The Dru-id curse of
cresc.
M.
Math which can not change. Hence-forth lies all al-li-ance in default,
p
Gwydion.
75
f
Let fall— on me the
M.
nor of this isle shall your blood have reign.
f
p marc.


Gwyd.
black brunt of your wrath;
Math.
Then for that cause be brast all bonds between us, and
M.
none shall mend their fate till the seas have these plains, and the sons of the sea
dim.
Math holds his staff aloft. The scene becomes misty as though vaque and impalpable figures were surrounding Math at his bidding.
76
M.
this rule.
cresc.
Gwydion.
No-dens, whose pains in the e-ter - - nal darkness flame us,
stacc.

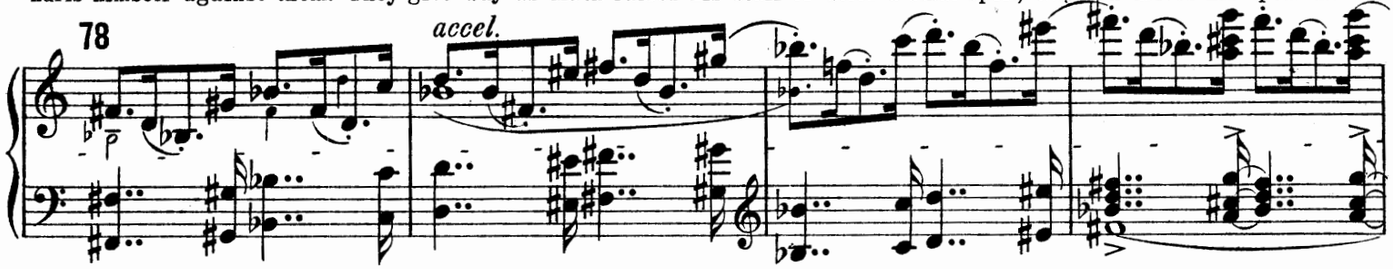

Gwyd.
be my friend.
Math.
I did not fear the
Will the wolf turn?
cresc. agitate
Gwyd.
hosts of Anwyn nor the search - ing fiend that rose ___ and threatened my
fz
dim.
Gwyd.
lone ___ soul.
Shall I that filched from the Gods feet the
77
Gwyd.
spoils of power
flinch at the heat man sheds in
cresc.



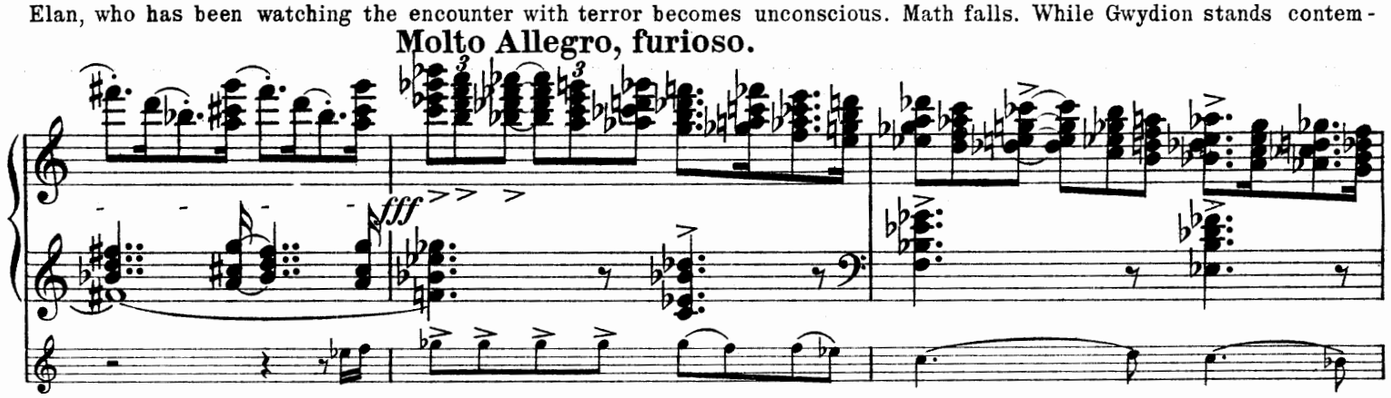
Math waves his staff and his guard of spirits become more palpable and material. Gwydion crouches for an instant and



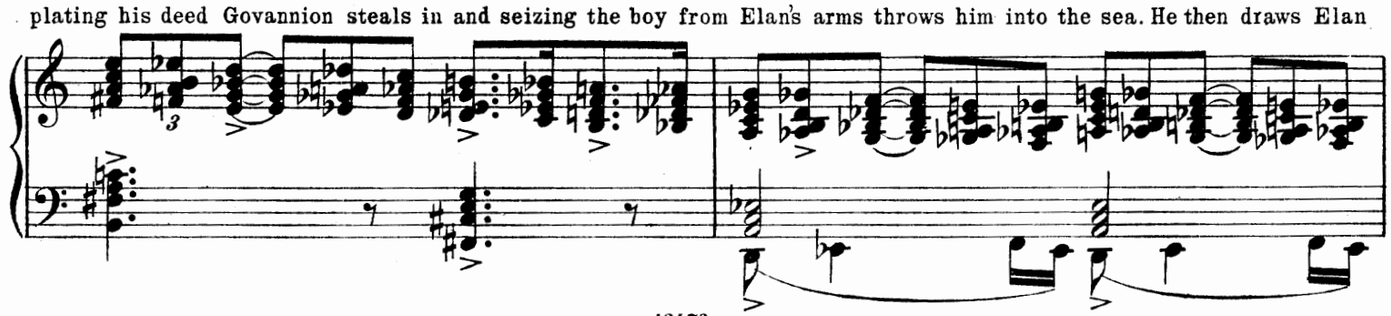
hurls himself against them. They give way as Math raises his staff to utter a final spell, Gwydion drives his spear into him.



Elan, who has been watching the encounter with terror becomes unconscious. Math falls. While Gwydion stands contem-



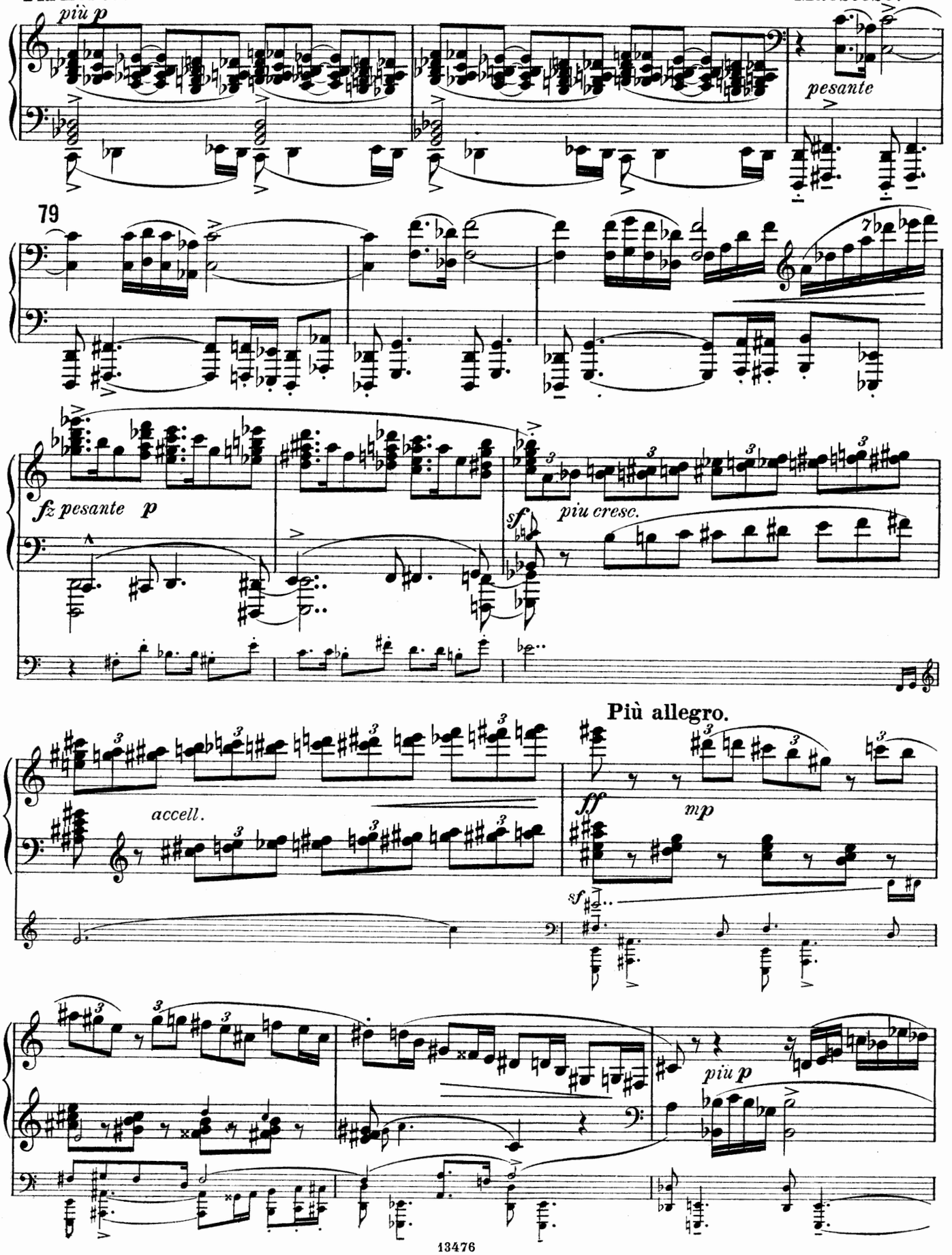
plating his deed Govannion steals in and seizing the boy from Elan's arms throws him into the sea. He then draws Elan

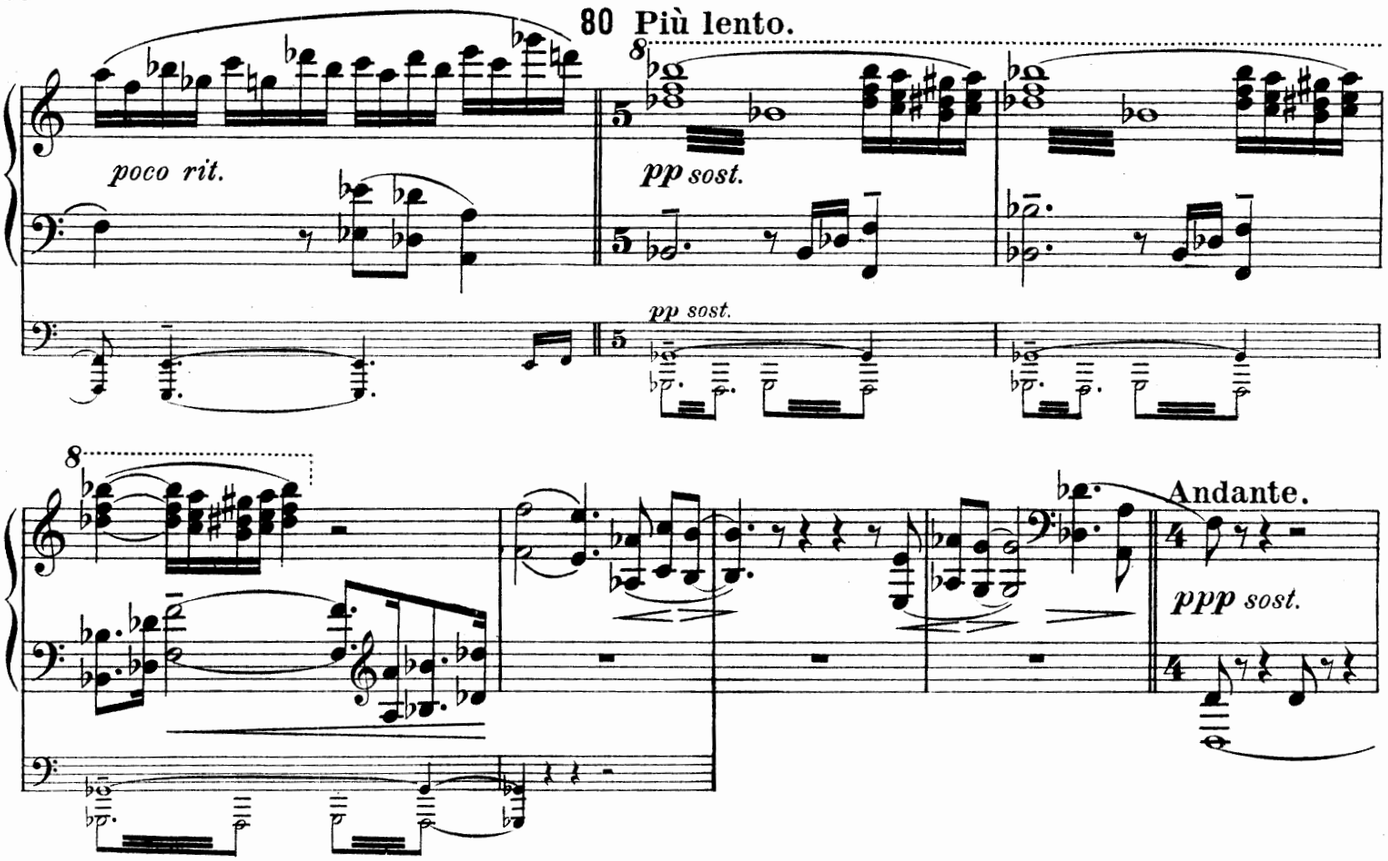


away L. Gwydion is left watching Math.

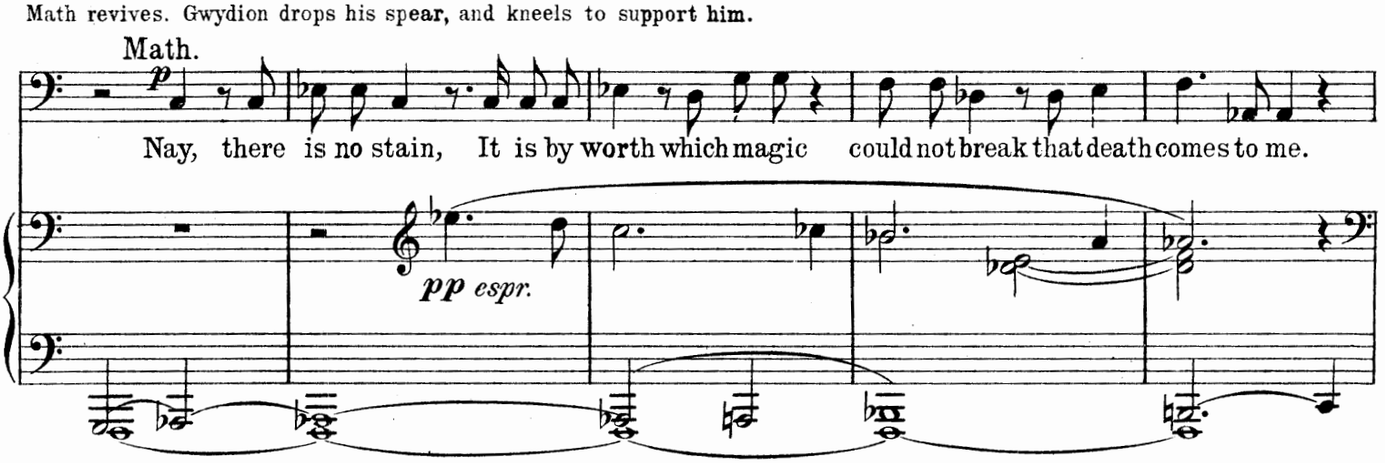
Più Lento.

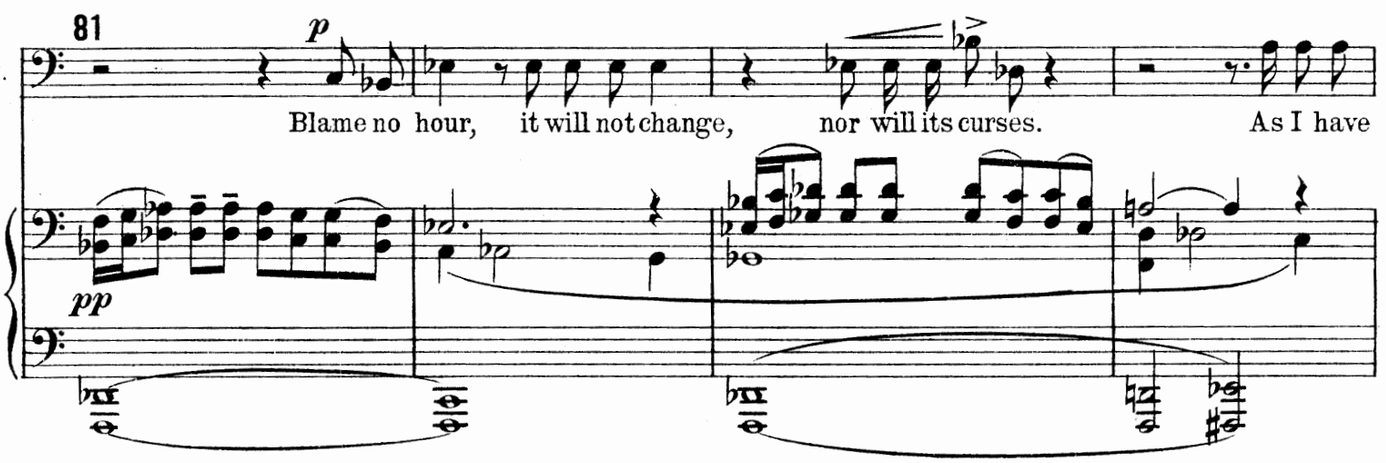
Maestoso.

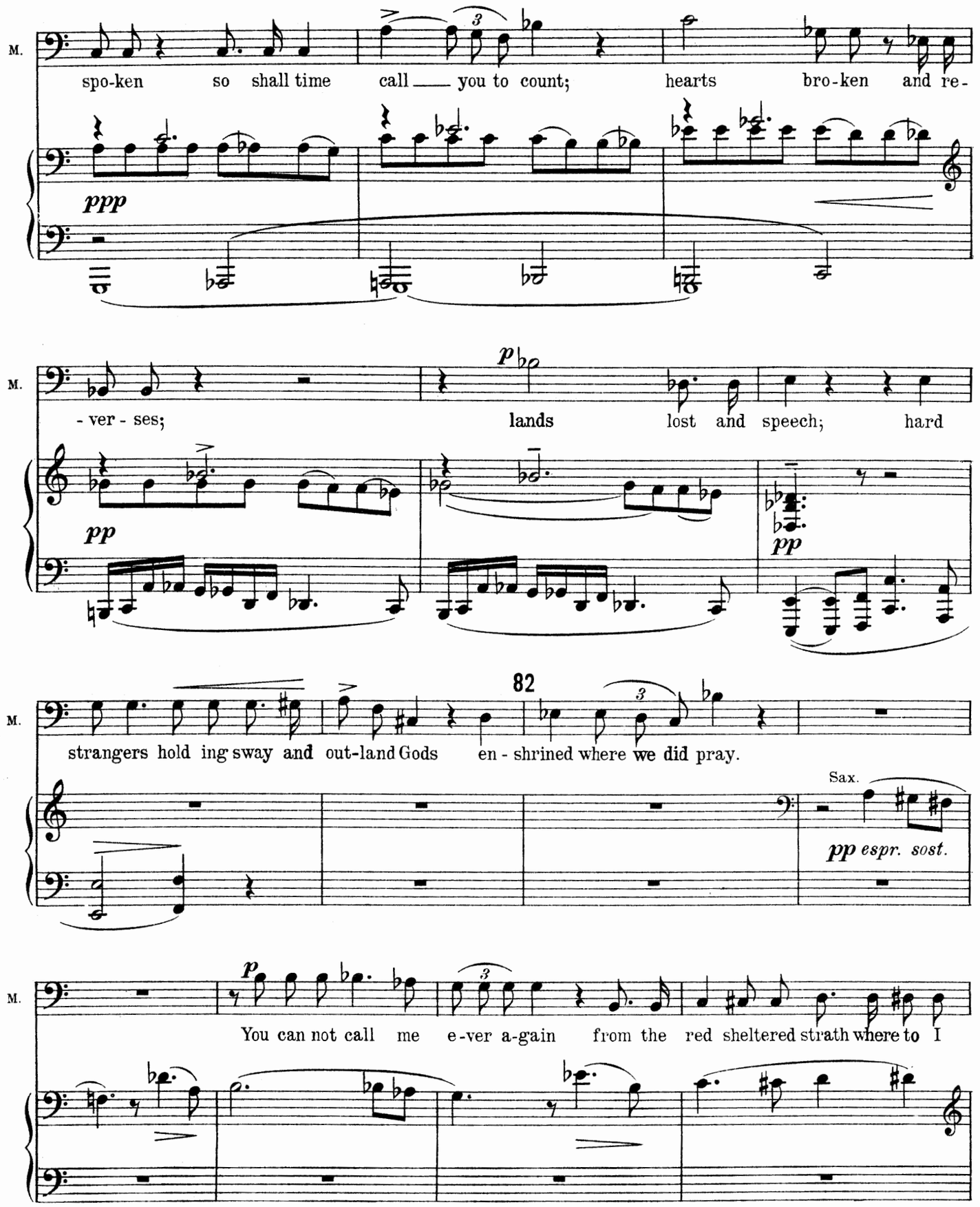


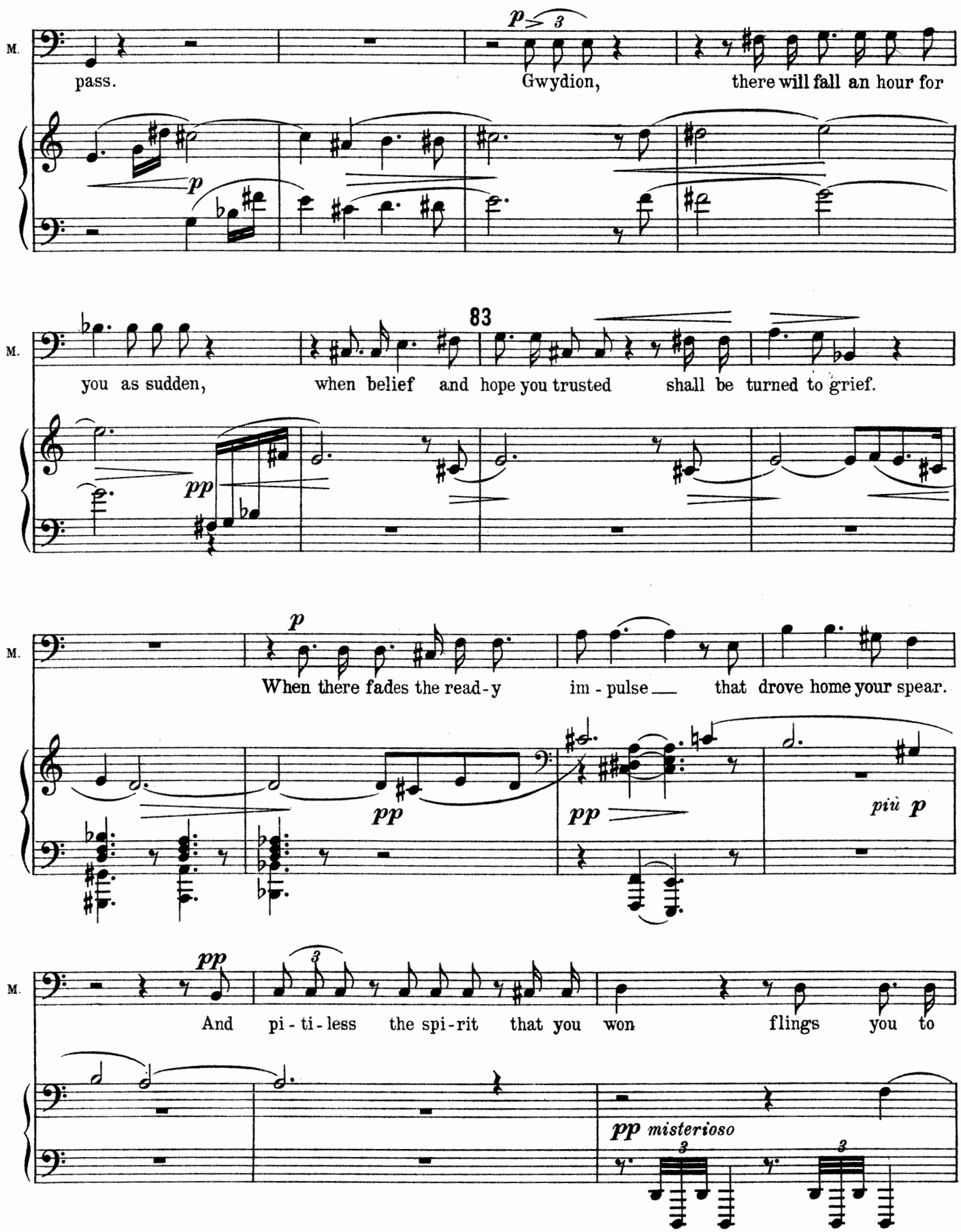


Math revives. Gwydion drops his spear, and kneels to support him.






M.
spo-ken so shall time call you to count; hearts bro-ken and re-
ppp
M.
-ver-ses; lands lost and speech; hard
pp
pp
M.
82
strangers hold ing sway and out-land Gods en-shrined where we did pray.
Sax.
pp espr. sost.
M.
p
You can not call me e-ver a-gain from the red sheltered strath where to I


M.
p
3
pass.
Gwydion,
there will fall an hour for
83
you as sudden,
when belief and hope you trusted
shall be turned to grief.
pp
When there fades the read-y
im - pulse
that drove home your spear.
più p
And
pi - ti - less
the spi-rit
that you won
flings
you to
misterioso

M. waste a - mid for-got-ten shades, Then and then on - ly think of me, my

molto espressivo

84

M. son. *p* The slow and scornful music's in mine ear,

2 Cl.

sempre ppp

M. *più p* The faint harps of Caer Shide; the mist is gathering

perdendosi

più p

M. *rit.* fast. I am dis - missed from services of this life. *lunga*

rit. *lunga*

85

Largo (non troppo). (Math dies.) Gwydion when he sees that Math is dead, rises, and picking up his spear goes up

p *p* *p*

and gazes out to sea.

86

f *dim.* *pp*

p solenne *f* *p*

A pause. Gwydion turns abruptly and comes down to the body of Math. Laying down his spear he takes up the staff.

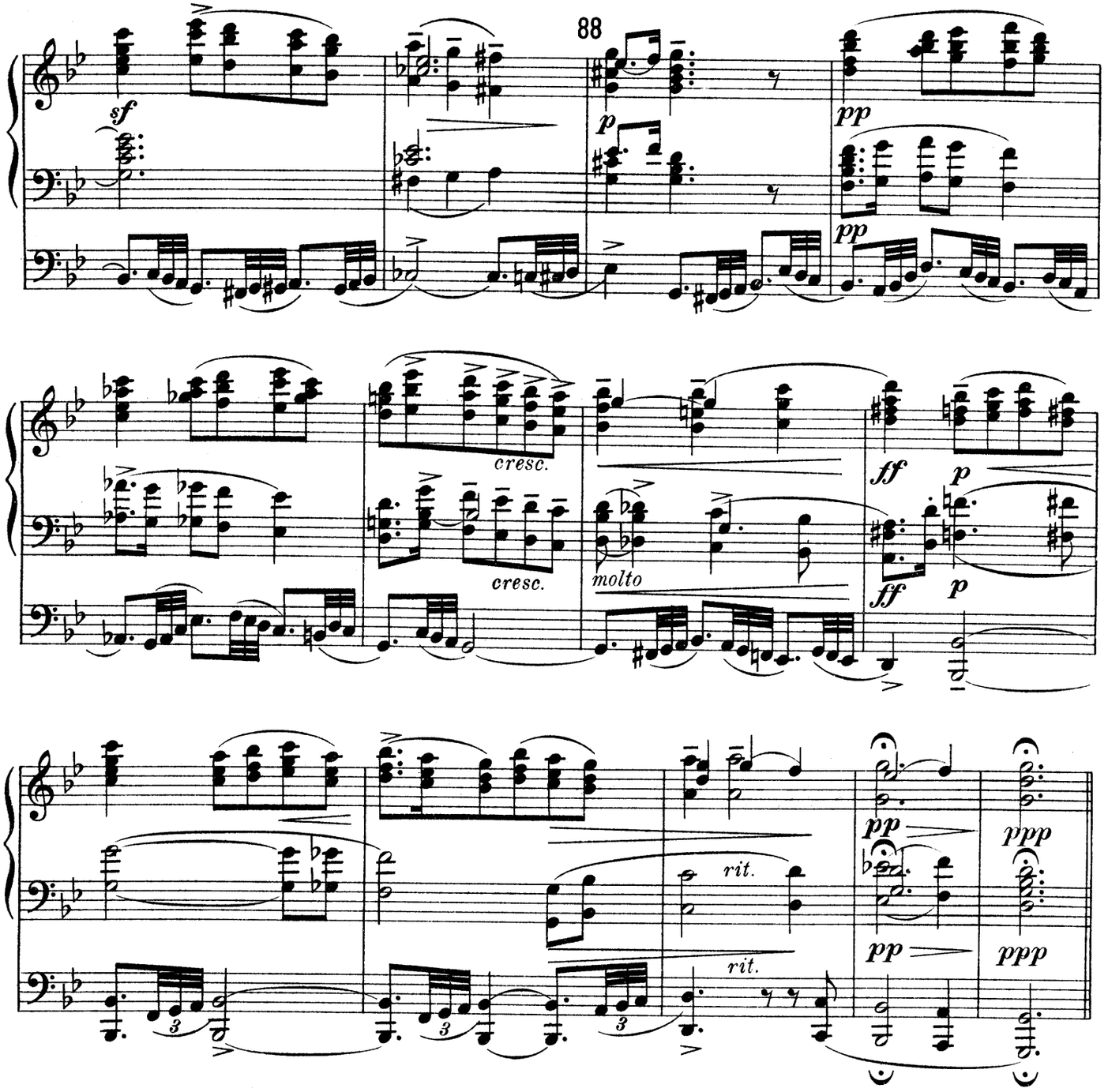
87

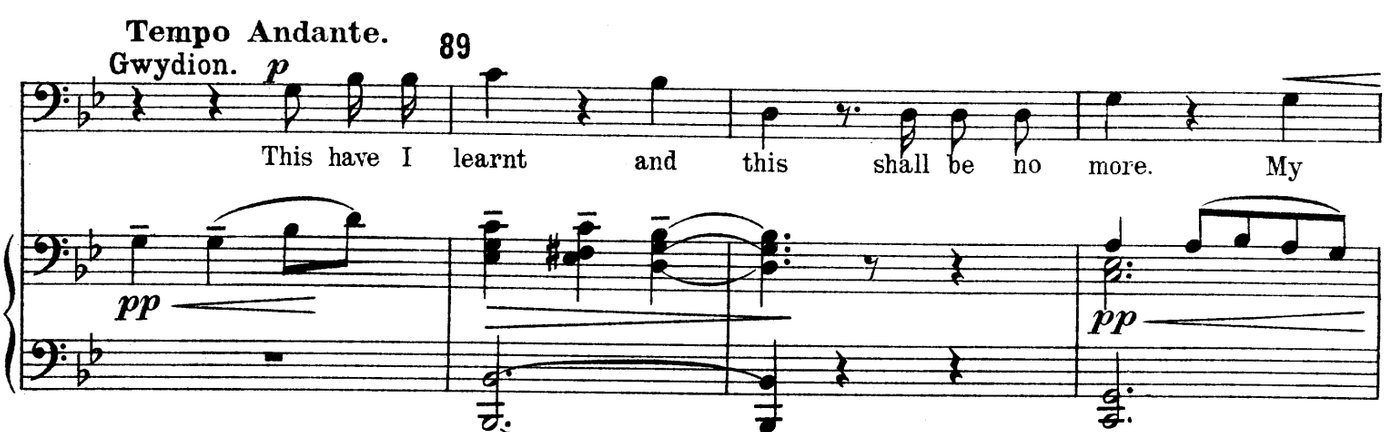
pp

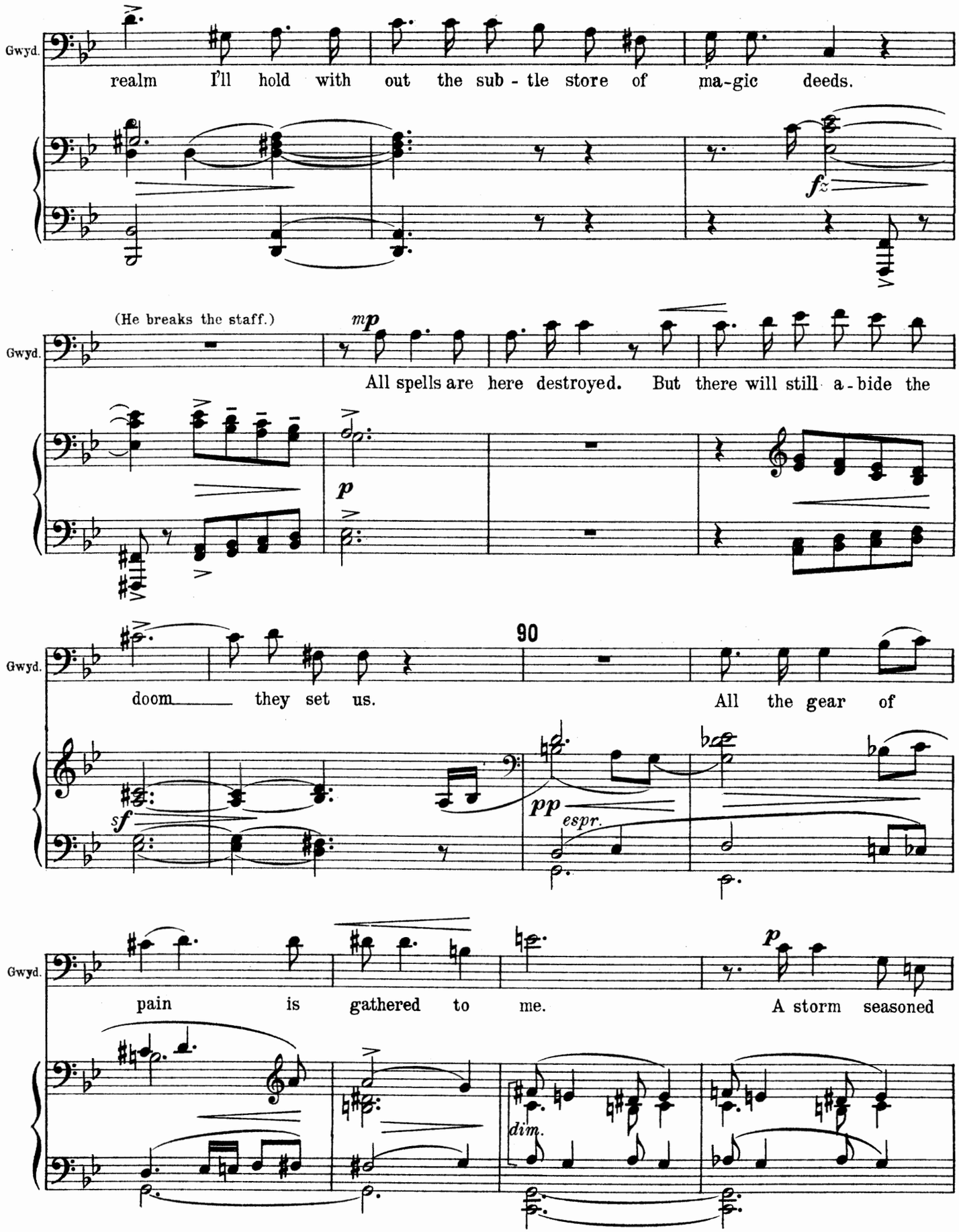
Large.

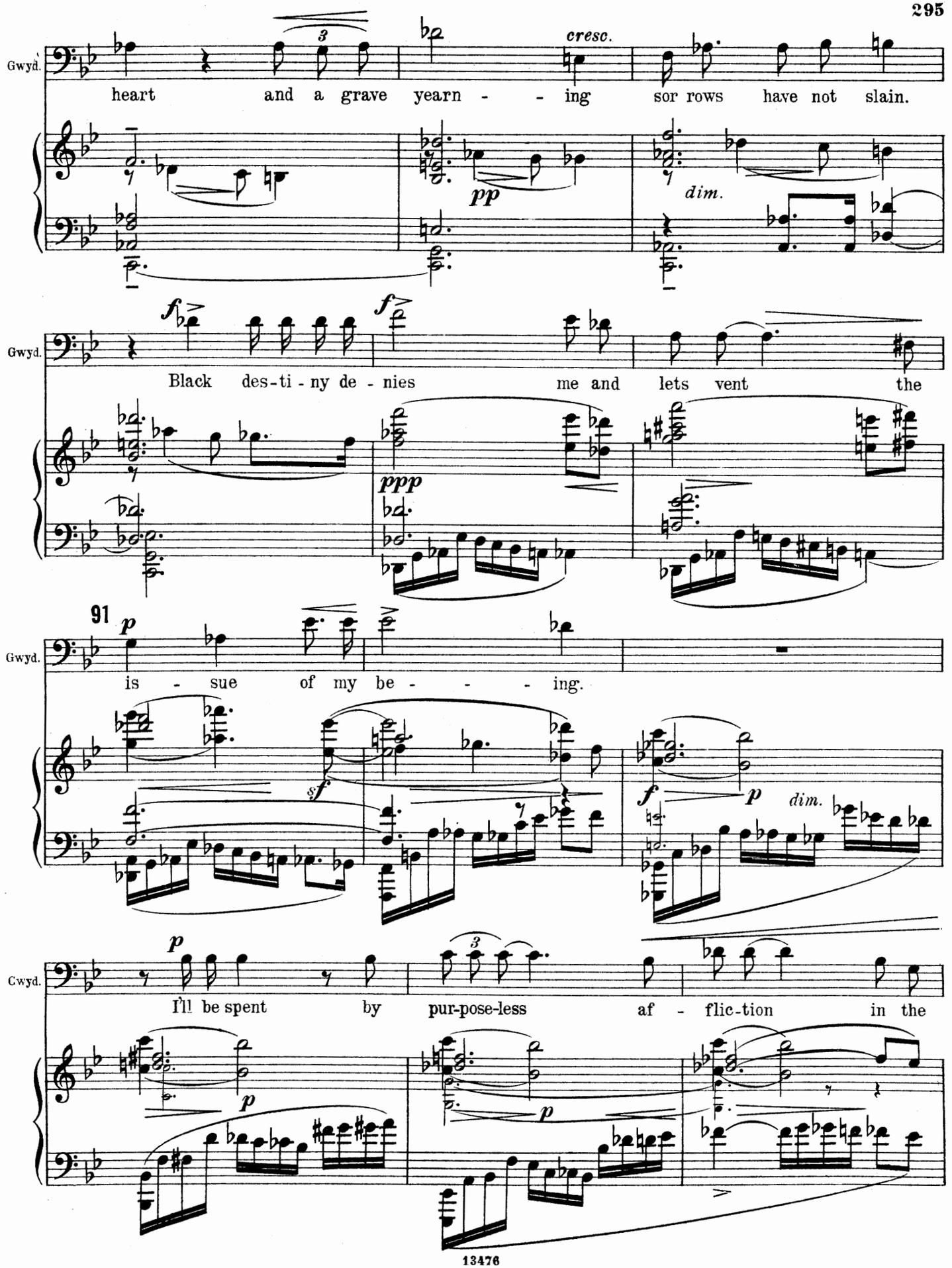
mp

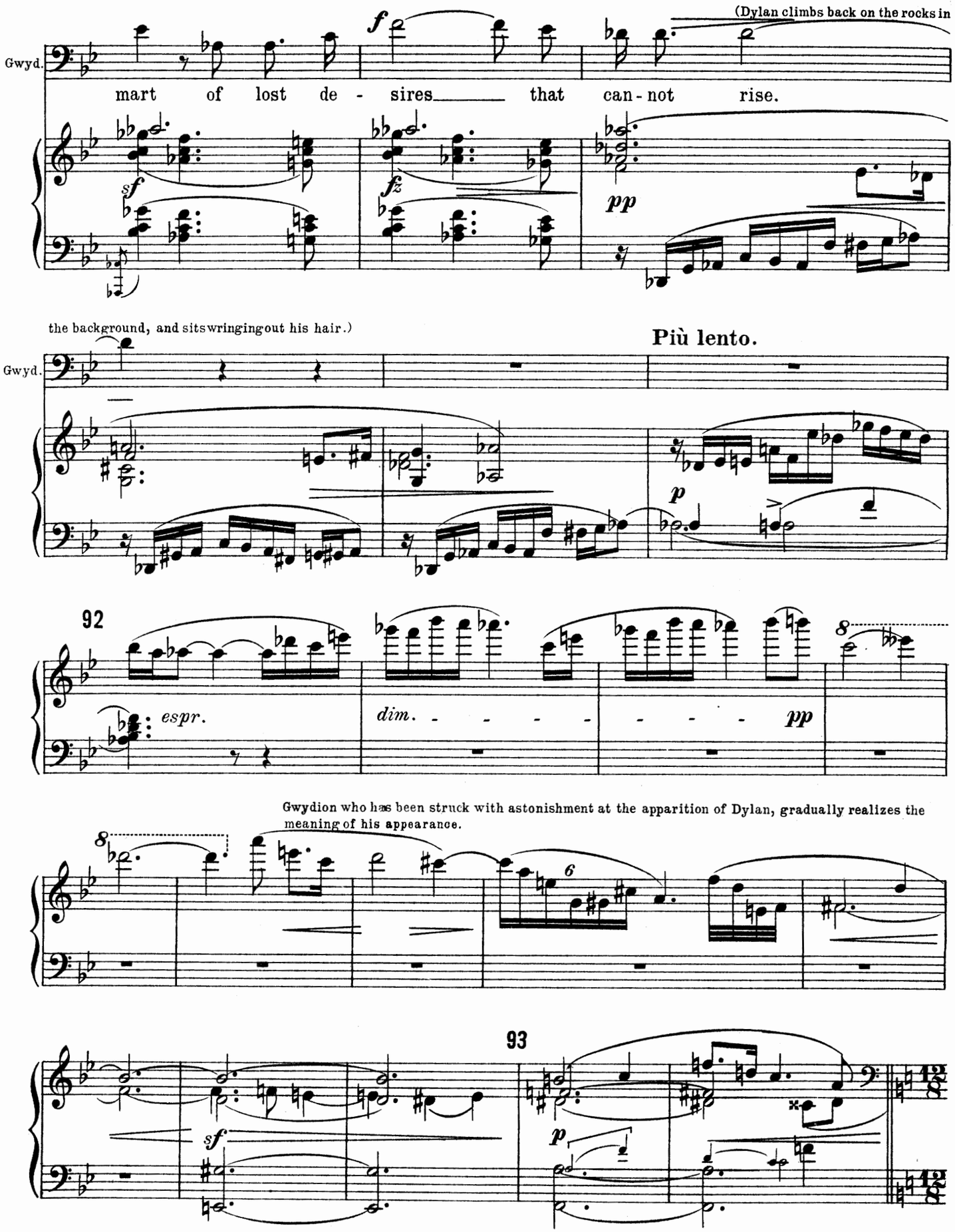
f


88
sf
p
pp
pp
cresc.
cresc.
molto
ff
p
ff
p
rit.
rit.
pp
ppp
pp
ppp


Tempo Andante.
Gwydion.
p
89
This have I learnt and this shall be no more. My
pp
pp


Gwyd.
realm I'll hold with out the sub - tle store of ma-gic deeds.
fz
(He breaks the staff.)
mp
Gwyd.
All spells are here destroyed. But there will still a - bide the
p
90
Gwyd.
doom they set us. All the gear of
sf
pp
espr.
Gwyd.
pain is gathered to me. A storm seasoned
p
dim.


Gwyd.
heart and a grave yearn - - ing sor rows have not slain.
cresc.
pp
dim.
Gwyd.
Black des-ti-ny de-nies me and lets vent the
f
f
ppp
Gwyd.
91
is - sue of my be - - - ing.
p
sf
f
p
dim.
Gwyd.
I'll be spent by pur-pose-less af - flic-tion in the
p
p
p


(Dylan climbs back on the rocks in
Gwyd.
mart of lost de - sires that can - not rise.
the background, and sitswringingout his hair.)
Più lento.
Gwyd.
92
espr.
dim.
pp
Gwydion who has been struck with astonishment at the apparition of Dylan, gradually realizes the meaning of his appearance.
93
sf
p

Lento. (non troppo.)

Gwydion.

p

And the sons of the sea shall rule.

mp legato

Gwyd.

f

So be it! From our shattered lives yield we the kindling whence de-rives new

Gwyd.

p

dy-nas-ty its fire. Oh lit - tle son of

dim.

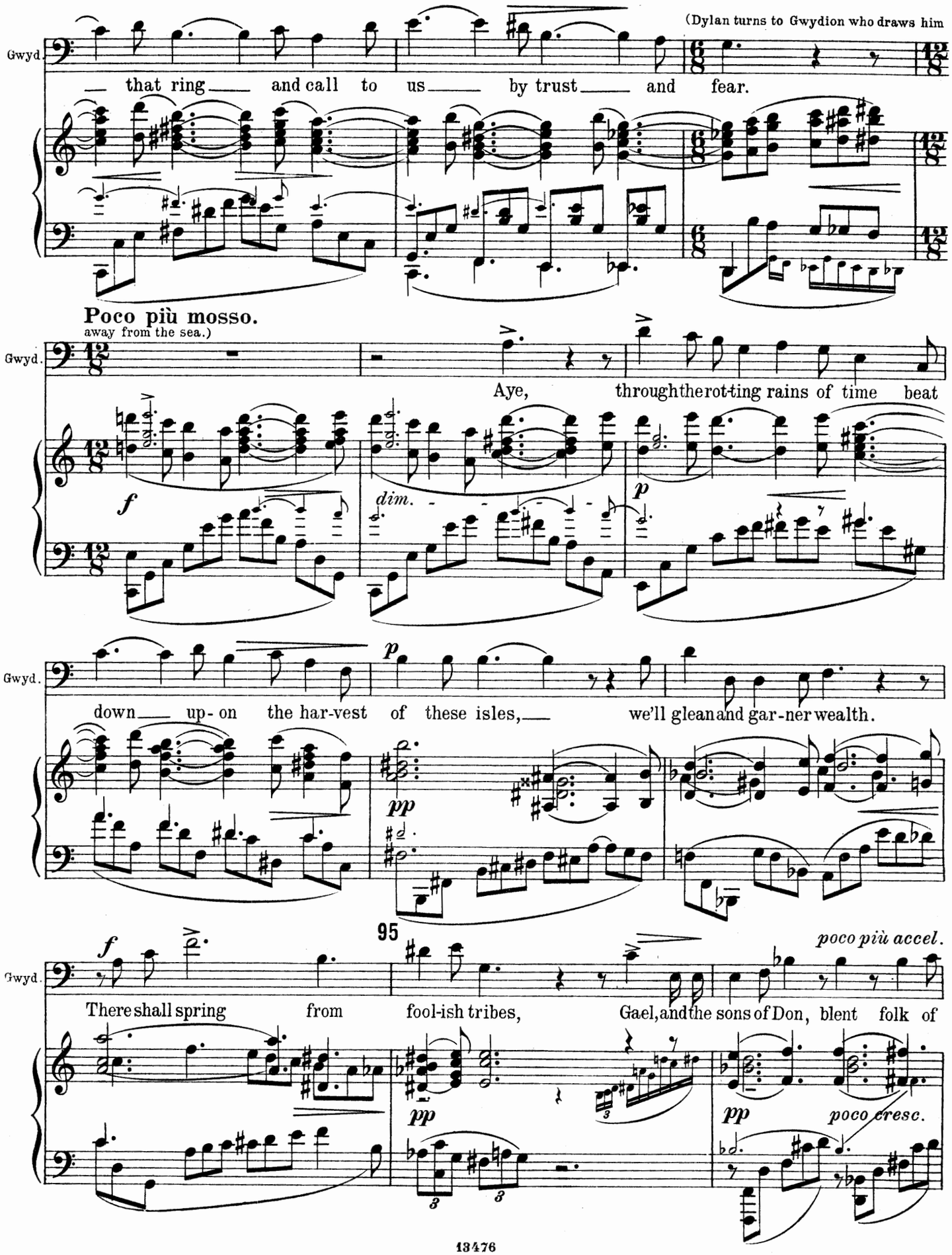
94

Gwyd.

p

E-lan. As I was once shall you be king, and high di-vi-ner of the powers

pp molto espr.


(Dylan turns to Gwydion who draws him
Gwyd.
— that ring — and call to us — by trust — and fear.
Poco più mosso.
away from the sea.)
Gwyd.
Aye, through the rot-ting rains of time beat
f
dim.
p
Gwyd.
down — up- on the har-vest of these isles, — we'll glean and gar-ner wealth.
p
pp
95
Gwyd.
There shall spring from fool-ish tribes, Gael, and the sons of Don, blent folk of
f
poco più accel.
pp
pp
poco cresc.

Poco Allegro.

Gwyd. dreams and you shall be their king.

f *sf* *p* *cresc.* *marc.*

(Enter Govannion.)

Govannion. *f*

Now when the

ff

Gwydion.

Gwyd.

What grief is yours?

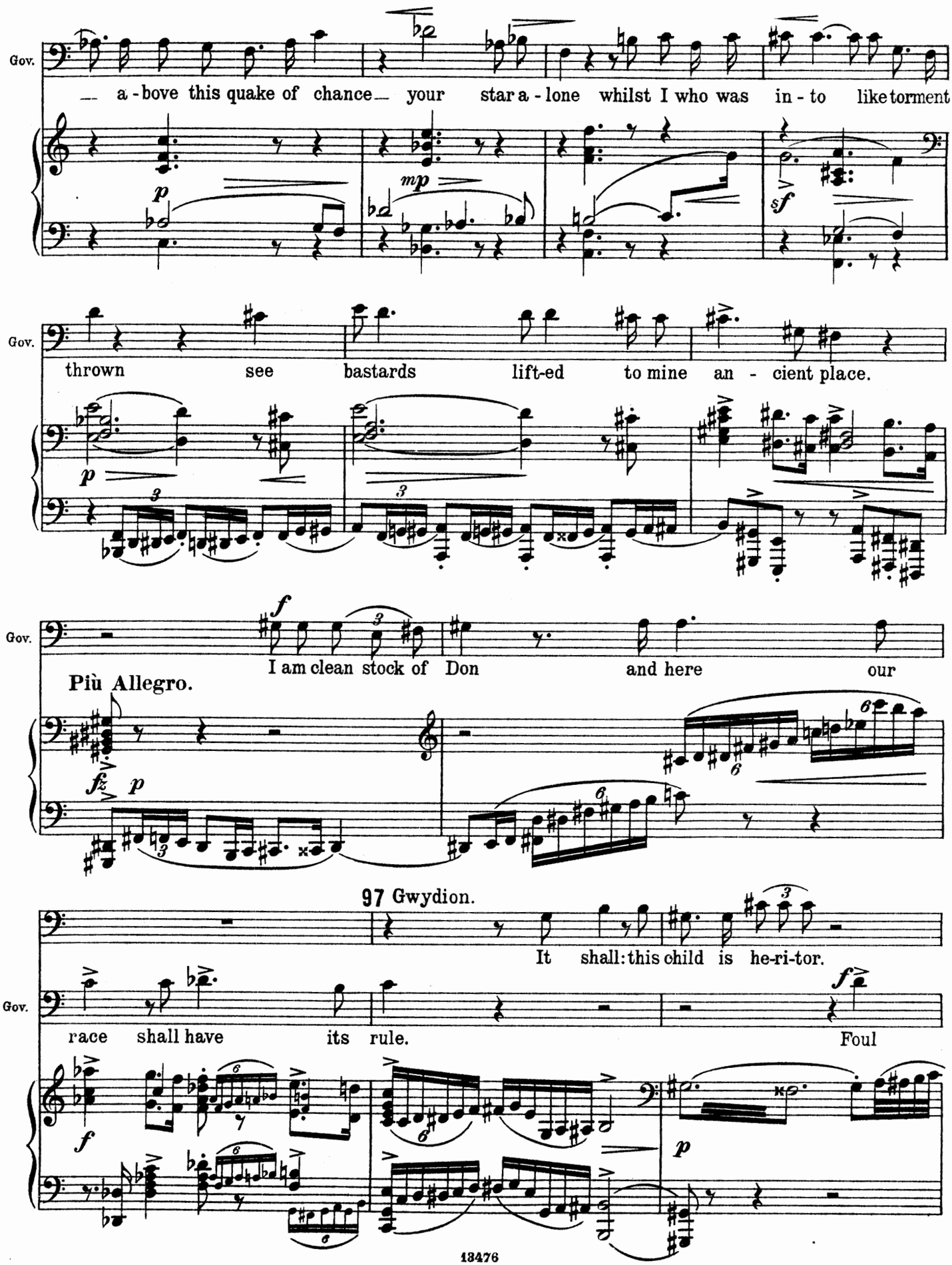
Gov. sons of Don are freed you hold their shame to you?

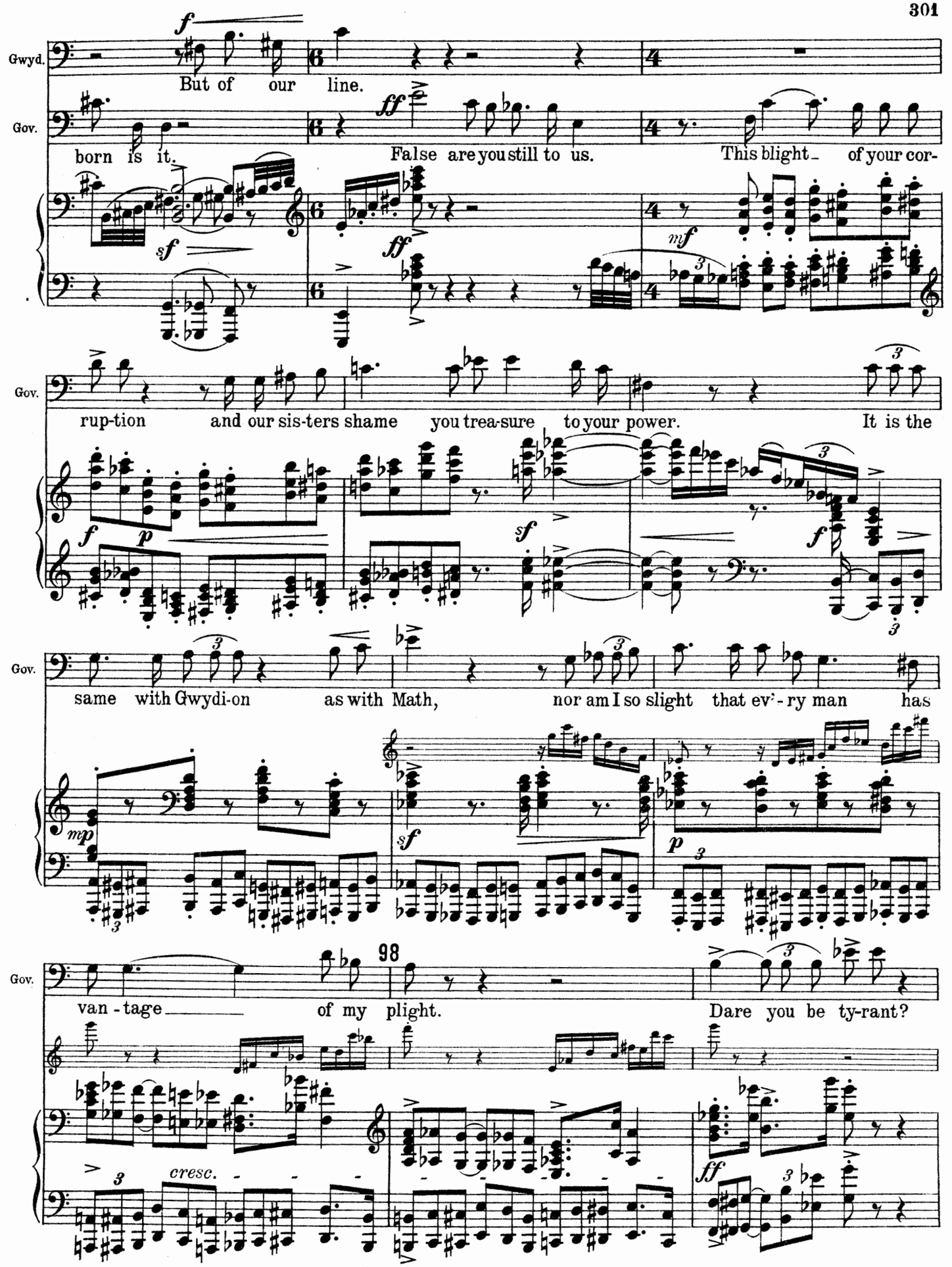
sf

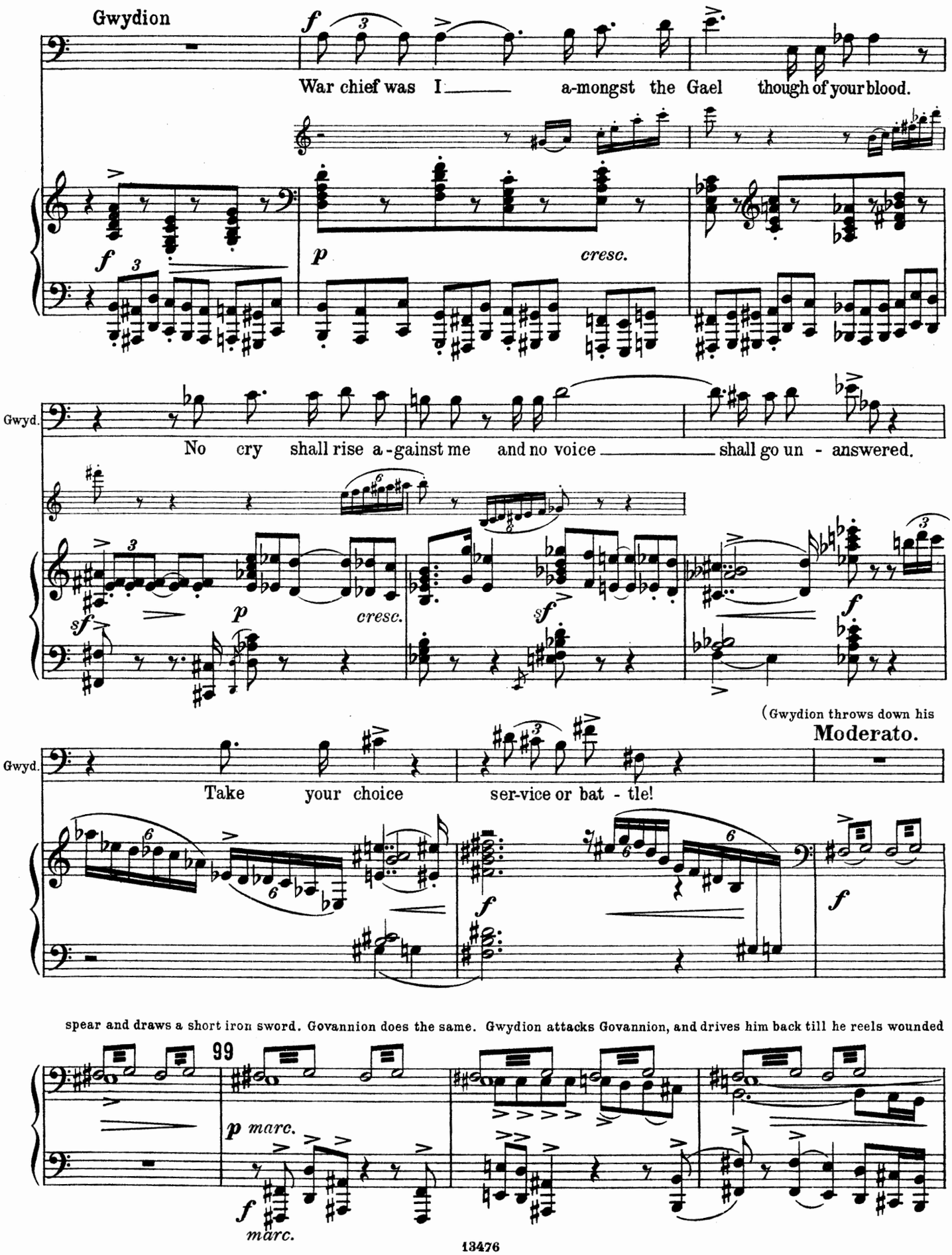
Allegro agitato. 96

Gov. *p* Un - told and un - assuaged as yet. And shall there shine

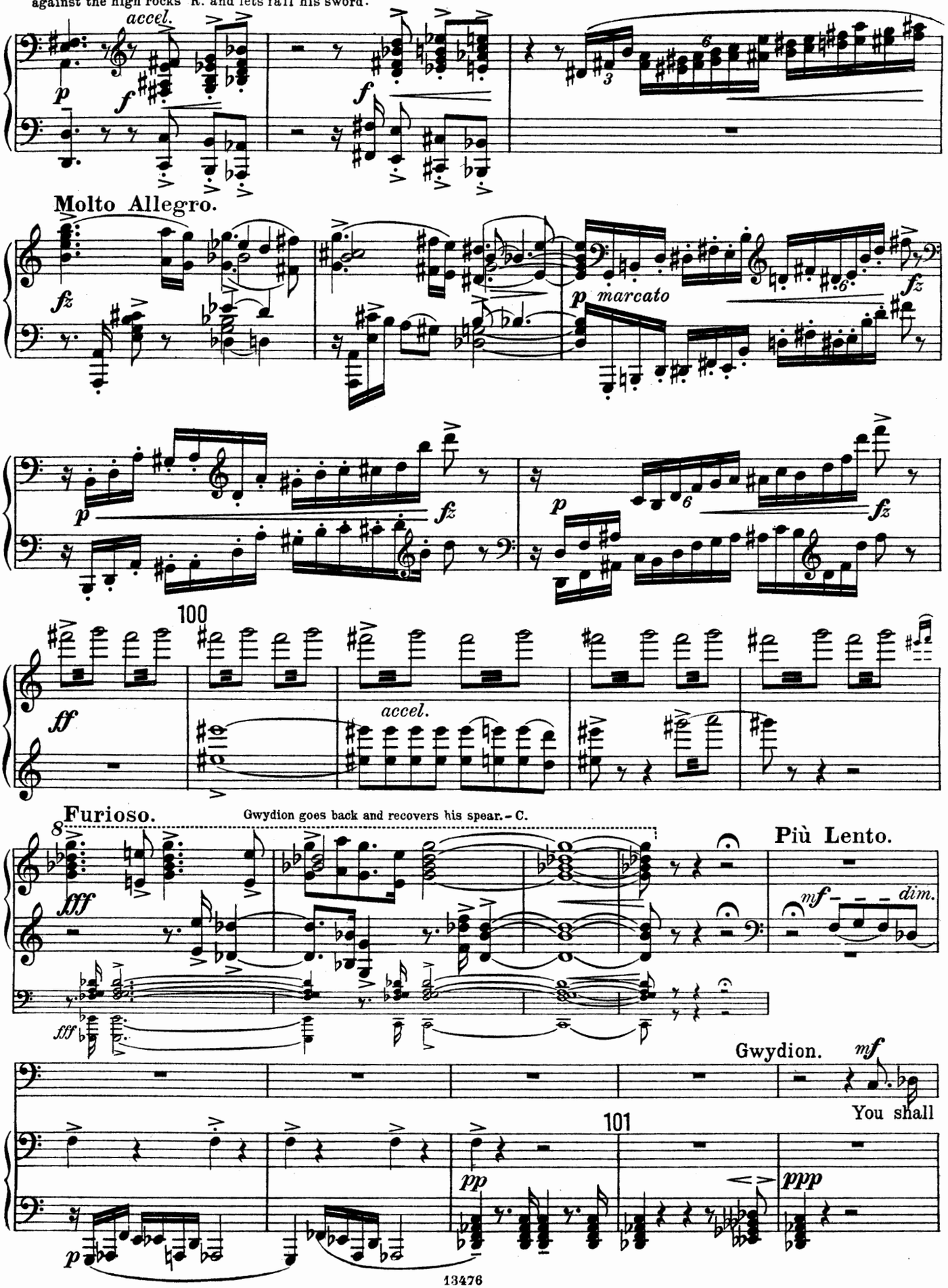
sf *p*

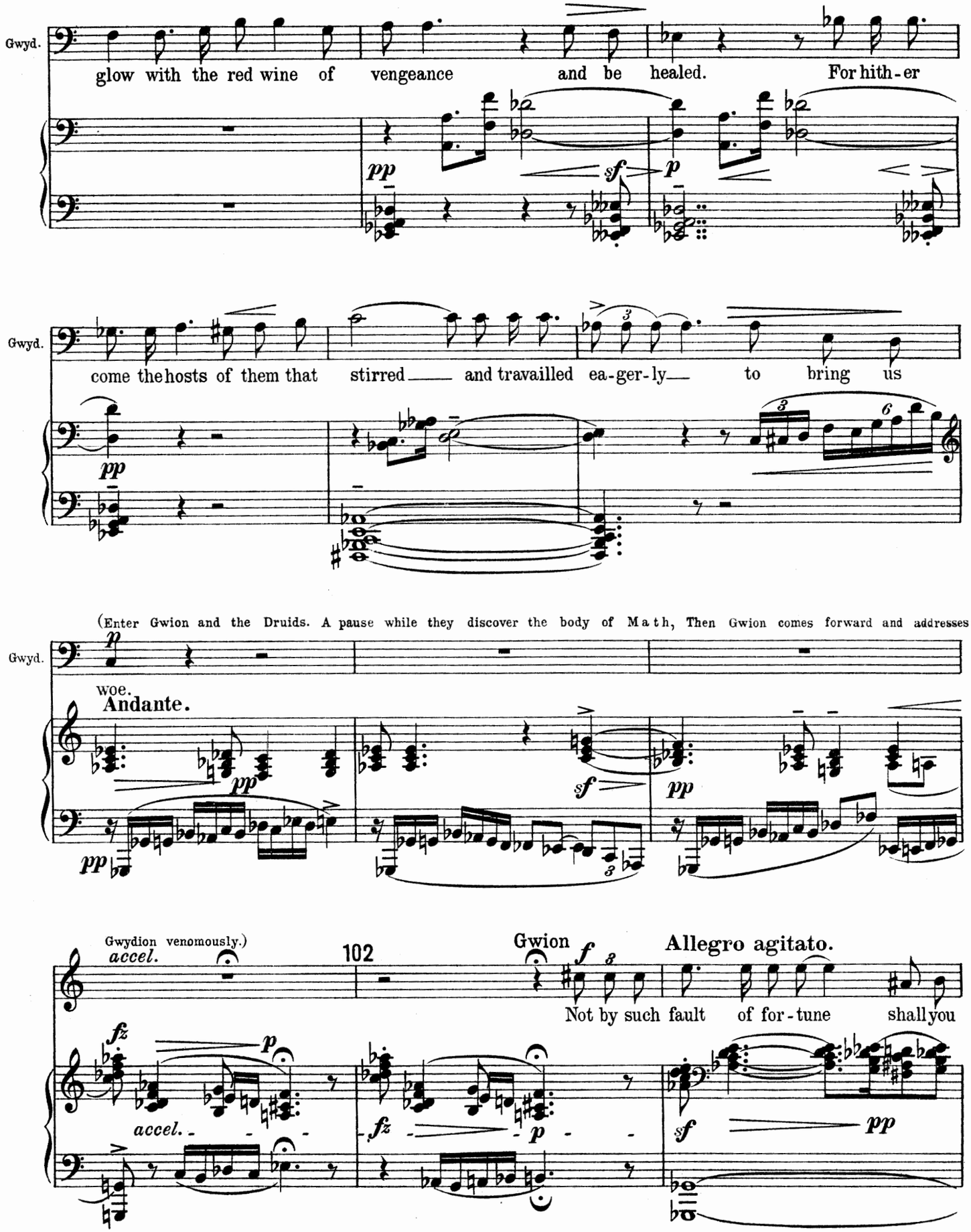

Gov.
— a-bove this quake of chance — your star a-lone whilst I who was in-to like torment
p
mp
sf
Gov.
thrown see bastards lift-ed to mine an-cient place.
p
Gov.
I am clean stock of Don and here our
f
Più Allegro.
fz
p
97 Gwydion.
It shall: this child is he-ri-tor.
Gov.
race shall have its rule.
f
Foul
f
p

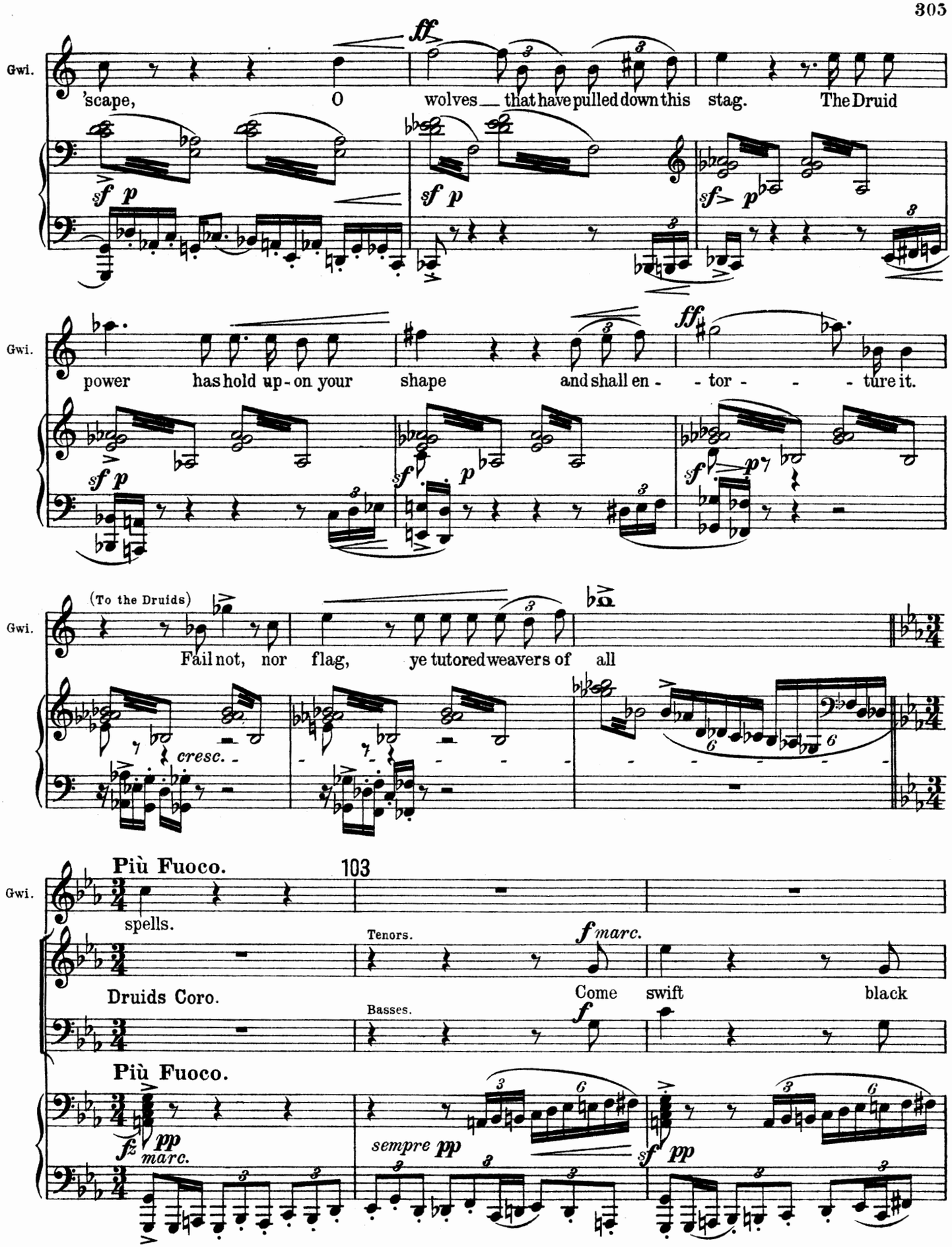

Gwyd.
But of our line.
Gov.
born is it.
False are you still to us.
This blight of your cor-
Gov.
rup-tion and our sis-ters shame you trea-sure to your power.
It is the
Gov.
same with Gwydi-on as with Math, nor am I so slight that ev'-ry man has
Gov.
van-tage of my plight.
Dare you be ty-rant?
cresc.

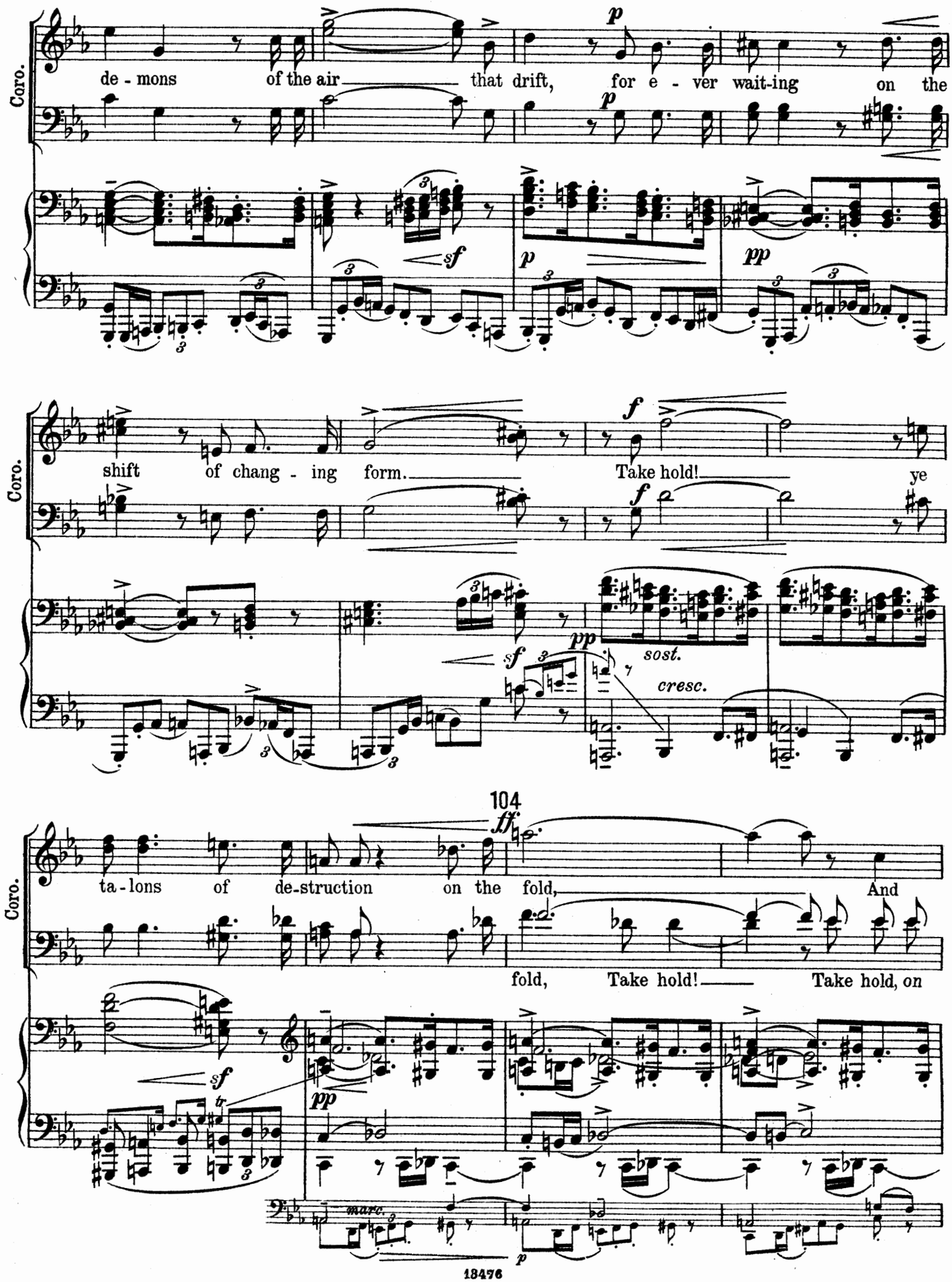

Gwydion
War chief was I a-mongst the Gael though of your blood.
cresc.
Gwyd.
No cry shall rise a-gainst me and no voice shall go un - answered.
cresc.
(Gwydion throws down his
Moderato.
Gwyd.
Take your choice ser-vice or bat - tle!
spear and draws a short iron sword. Govannion does the same. Gwydion attacks Govannion, and drives him back till he reels wounded
99
marc.
marc.

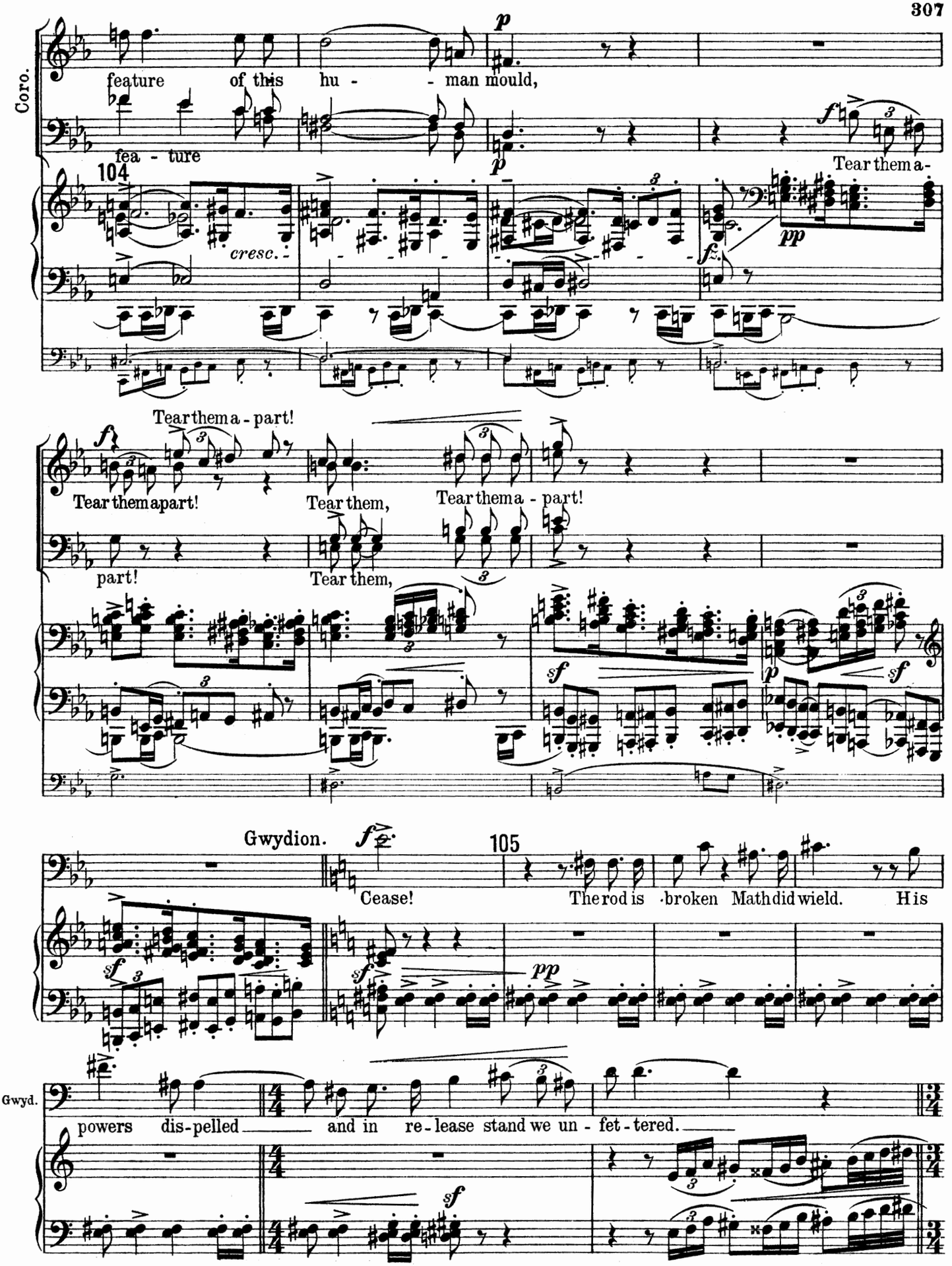
against the high rocks R. and lets fall his sword.

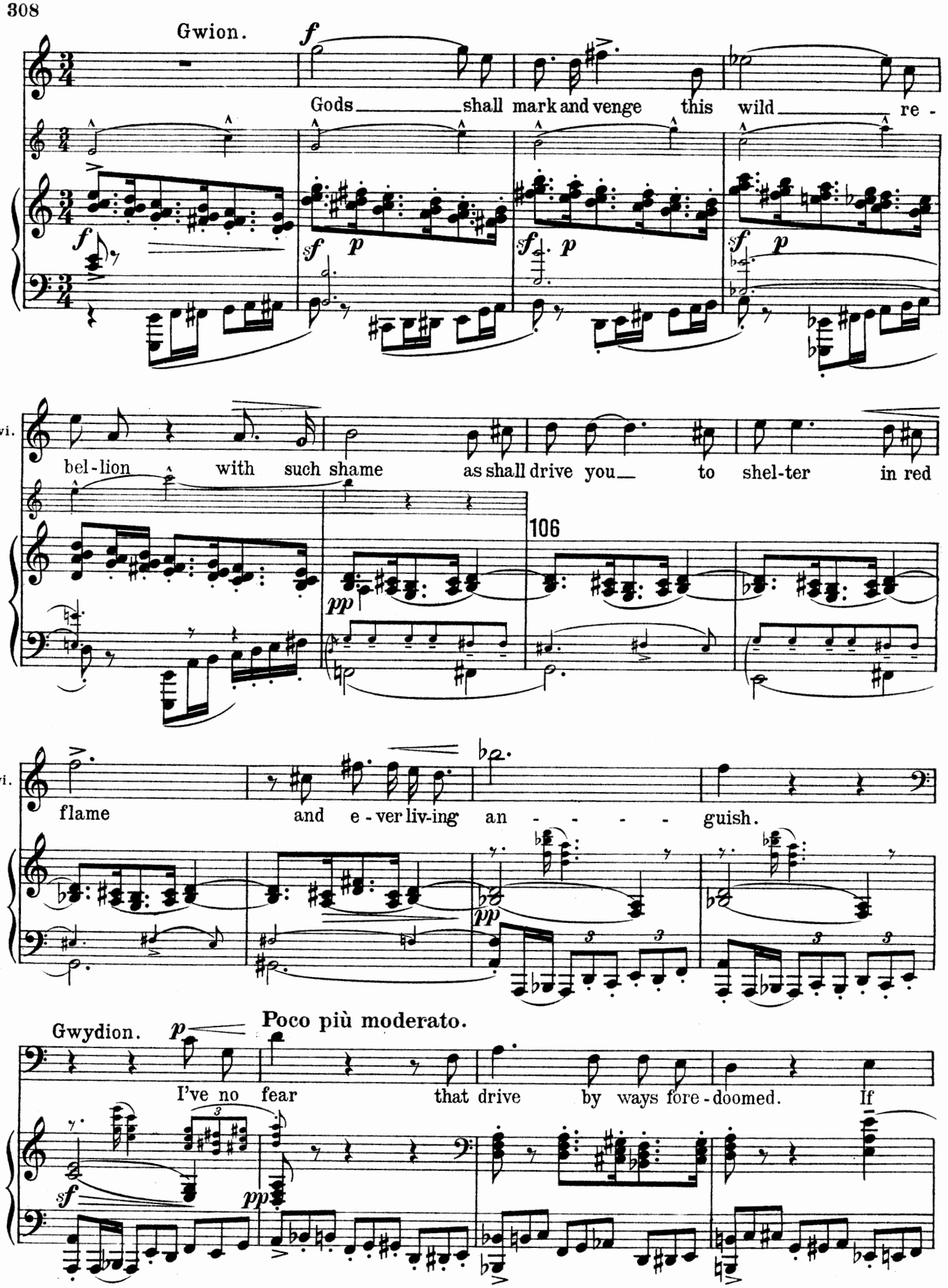


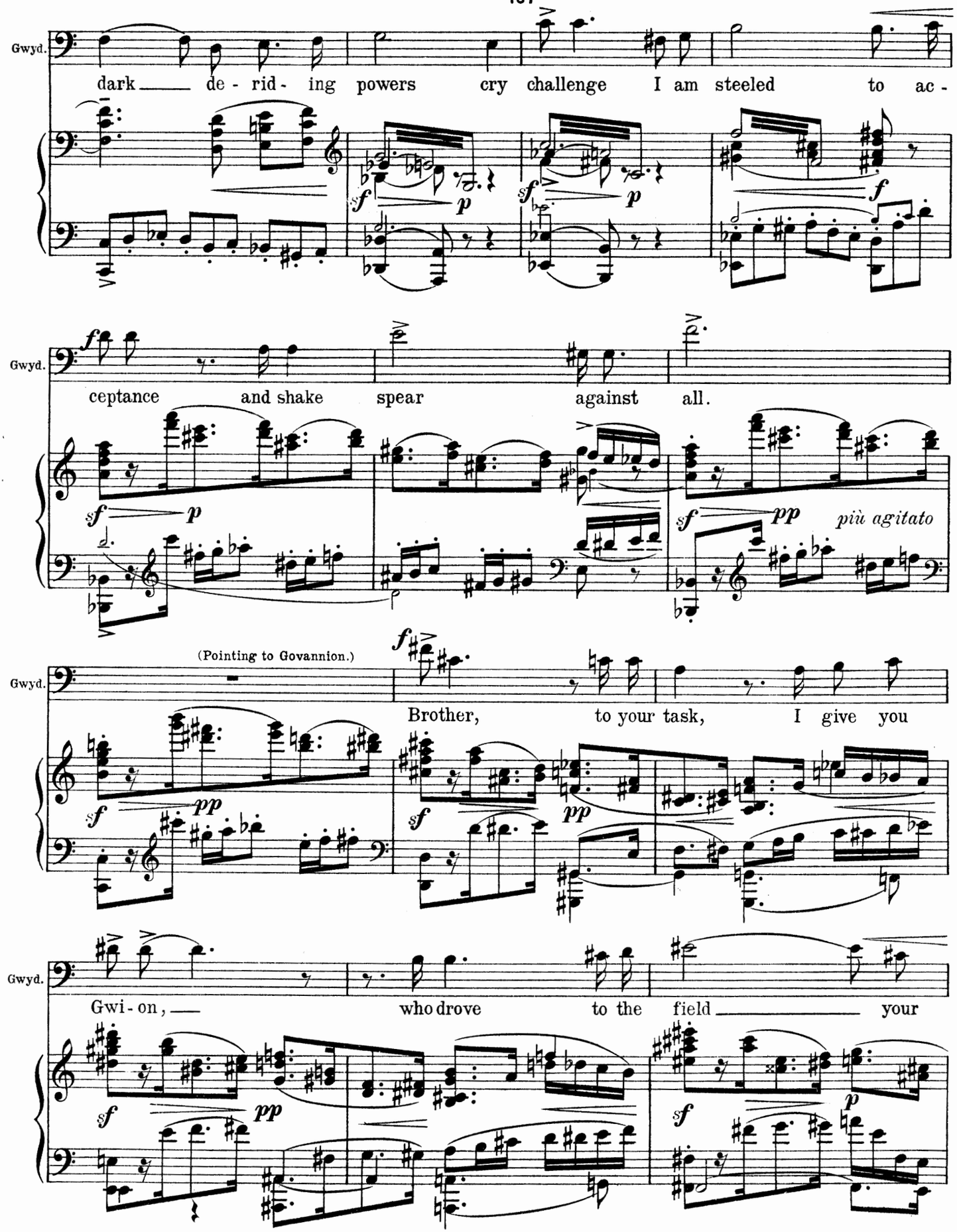

Gwyd.
glow with the red wine of vengeance and be healed. For hith-er
pp
sf
p
Gwyd.
come the hosts of them that stirred and travailled ea-ger-ly to bring us
pp
(Enter Gwion and the Druids. A pause while they discover the body of Math, Then Gwion comes forward and addresses
Gwyd.
p
woe.
Andante.
pp
sf
pp
pp
Gwydion venomously.)
accel.
102
Gwion
f
Allegro agitato.
Not by such fault of for-tune shall you
fz
p
accel.
fz
p
sf
pp


Gwi.
'scape, O wolves that have pulled down this stag. The Druid
power has hold up-on your shape and shall en- tor- ture it.
(To the Druids)
Fail not, nor flag, ye tutored weavers of all
cresc.
Più Fuoco.
103
spells.
Tenors.
Come swift black
Druids Coro.
Basses.
Più Fuoco.
marc.
sempre pp


Coro.
de - mons of the air that drift, for e - ver wait-ing on the
p
p
sf
p
pp
Coro.
shift of chang - ing form. Take hold! ye
f
f
sf
pp
sost.
cresc.
104
Coro.
ta - lons of de-struction on the fold, And
ff
fold, Take hold! Take hold, on
sf
pp
marc.
p


Coro.
feature of this hu - - man mould,
fea - ture
104
cresc.
Tear them a-
Tear them a - part!
Tear them apart!
part!
Tear them,
Tear them,
Tear them a - part!
Gwydion.
105
Cease!
The rod is broken Math did wield. His
Gwyd.
powers dis-pelled and in re-lease stand we un - fet - tered.


Gwion.
Gods shall mark and venge this wild re -
Gwi.
bel - lion with such shame as shall drive you to shel-ter in red
106
Gwi.
flame and e - ver liv-ing an - - - - guish.
Gwydion.
Poco più moderato.
I've no fear that drive by ways fore - doomed. If


Gwyd.
dark de - rid - ing powers cry challenge I am steeled to ac -
Gwyd.
ceptance and shake spear against all.
più agitato
(Pointing to Govannion.)
Gwyd.
Brother, to your task, I give you
Gwyd.
Gwi - on, who drove to the field your

108

più accel. cresc.

Gwyd.

love with-out a pi-ty. Take him now

ff

sf p

sf

Gwyd.

and with your hand up-on his throat send out his black soul

ff

fz

ffz pp pesante (marc.)

mf cresc.

Furioso.

Gwyd.

sud-den to the wind-y rout we drive be-fore us.

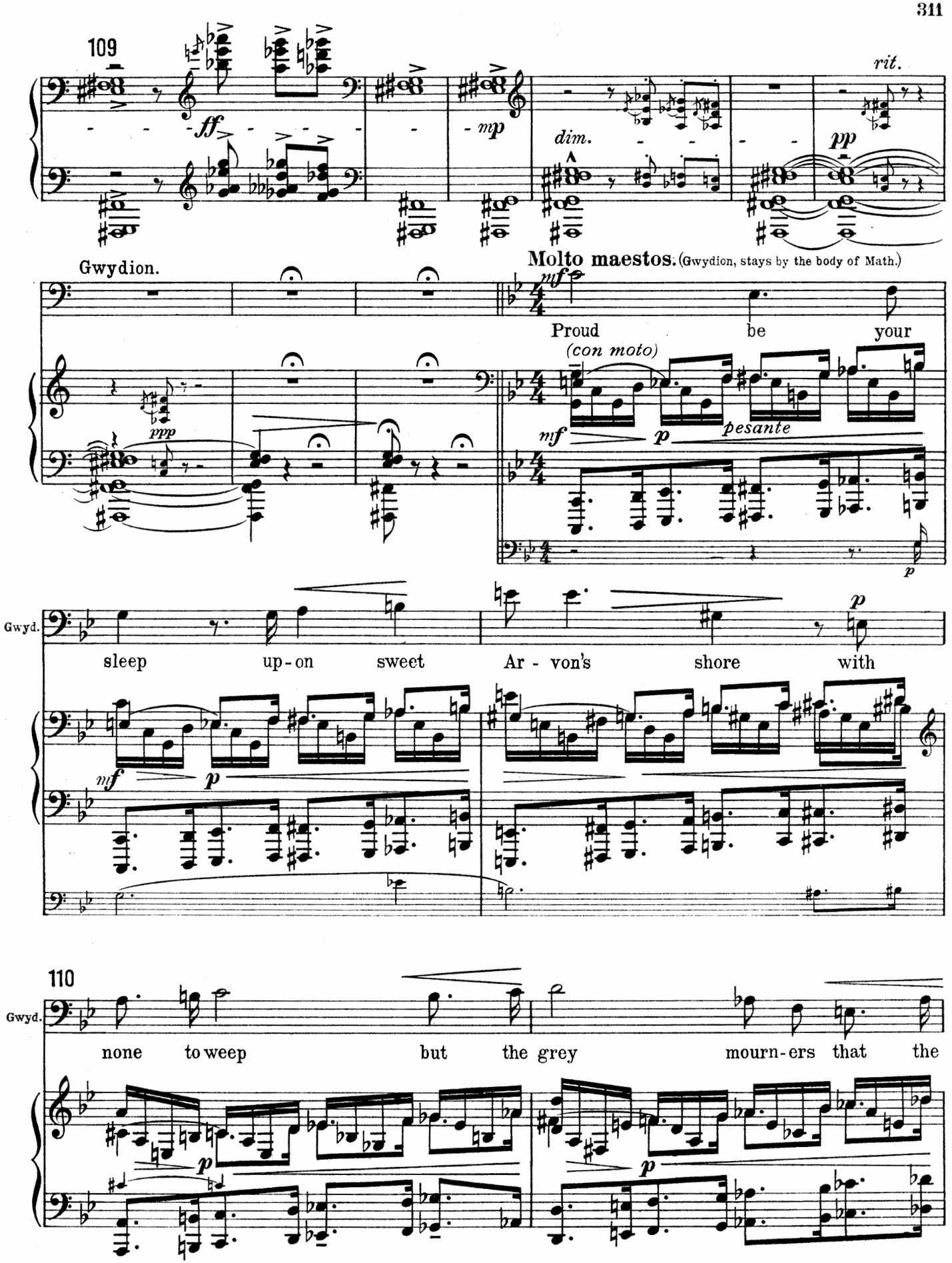
fff

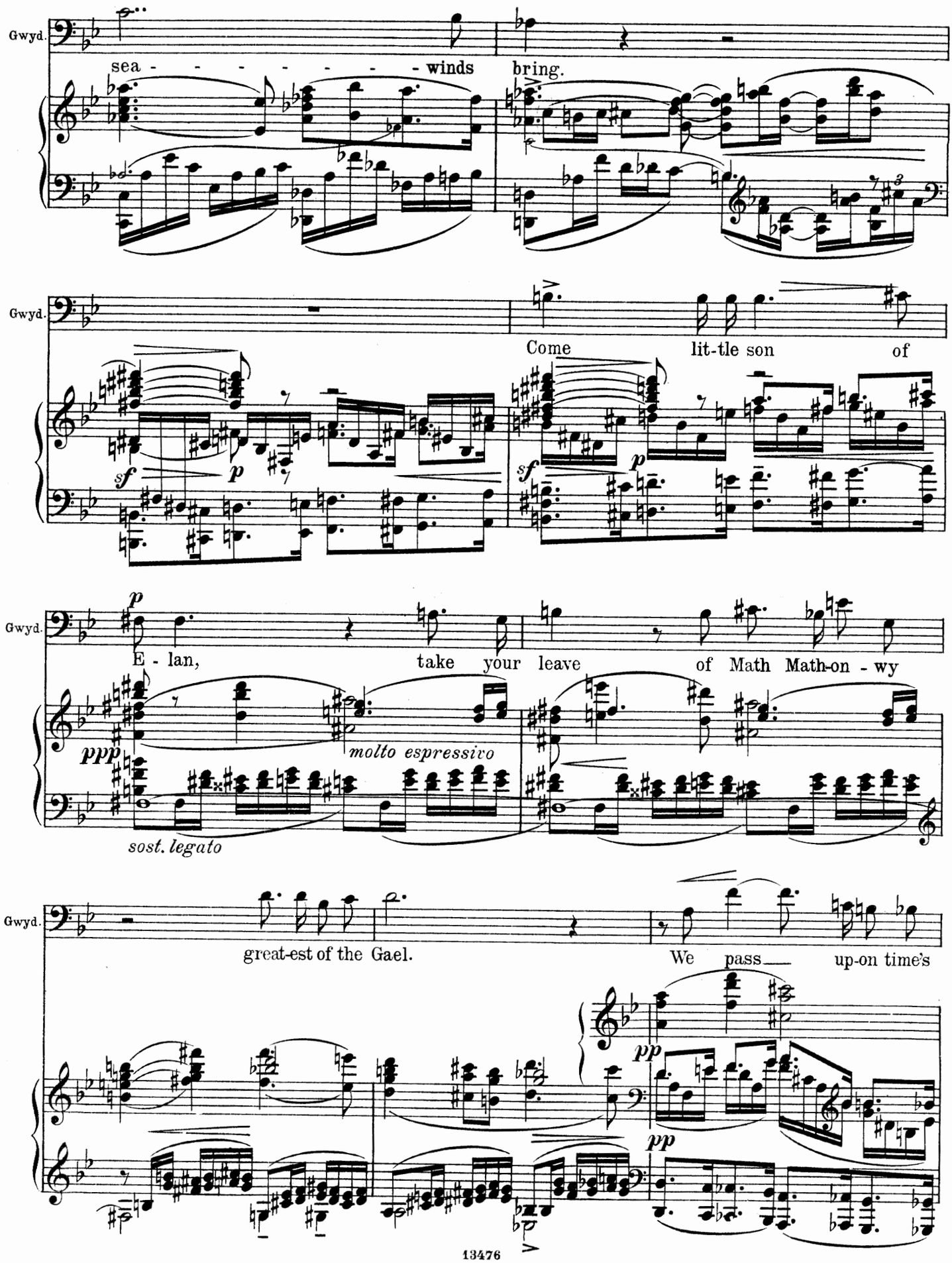
(Govannion rushes upon Gwion and kills him.
The Druids shrink away paralysed.)

Più moderato.

fff pesante

dim.


109
rit.
ff
mp
dim.
pp
Gwydion.
Molto maestos. (Gwydion, stays by the body of Math.)
mf
Proud be your
(con moto)
ppp
mf
p
pesante
p
Gwyd.
sleep up-on sweet Ar - von's shore with
p
mf
p
110
Gwyd.
none to weep but the grey mourn-ers that the
p
p


Gwyd.
sea - - - - - - - - winds
bring.
Gwyd.
Come
lit-tle son
of
sf
p
sf
p
Gwyd.
p
E - lan,
take your leave
of Math Math-on - wy
ppp
molto espressivo
sost. legato
Gwyd.
great-est of the Gael.
We pass
up-on time's
pp
pp

111

Gwyd.

quest and may not grieve. Yet shall some

Gwyd.

p

bard in dusk of sor - row sing us and our fate.

pp

pp

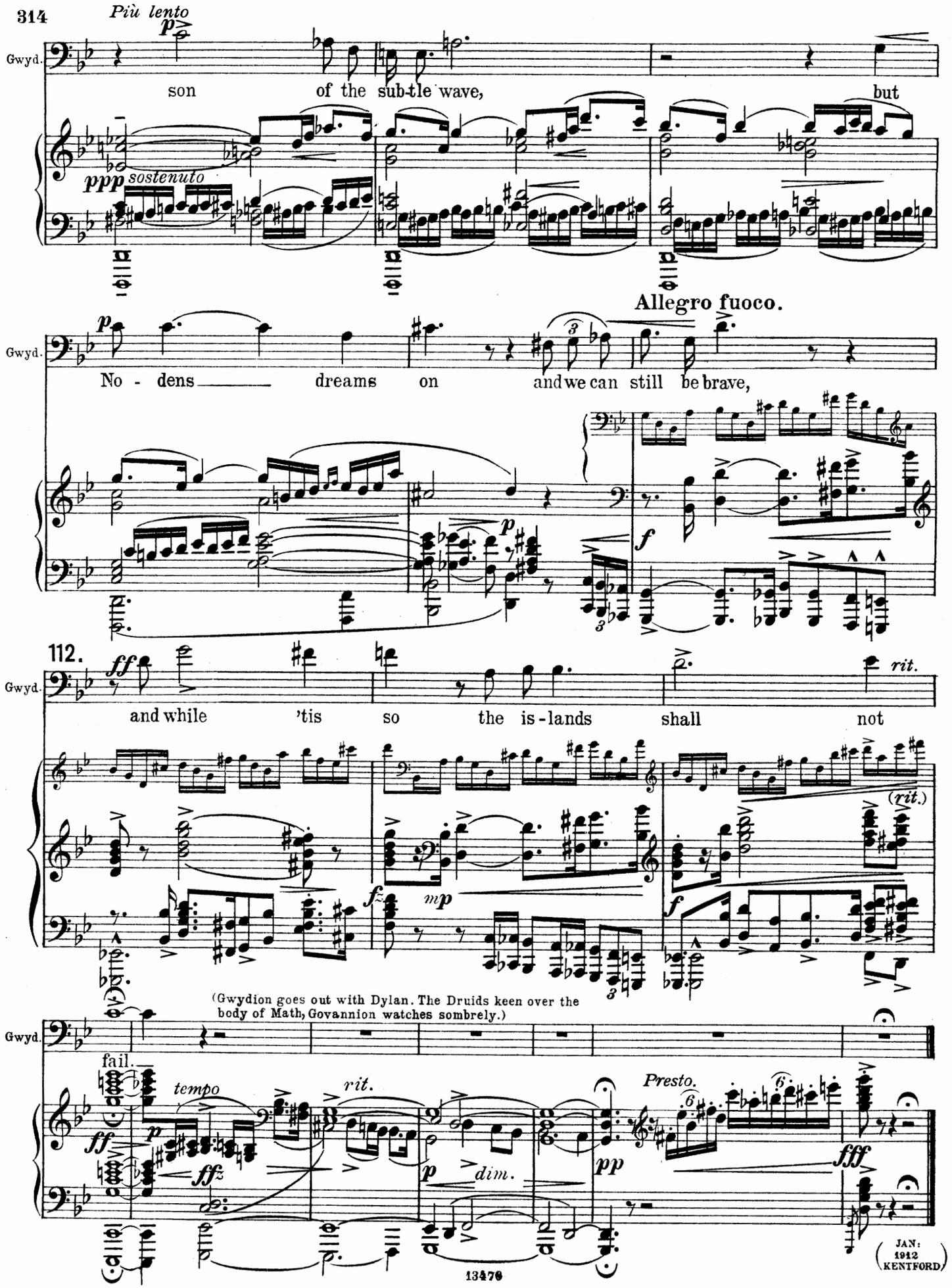
cresc.

Gwyd.

For steep, and bitter steep are our ways, Dy-lan,

poco cresc.

poco cresc.


Più lento
Gwyd.
son of the sub-tle wave, but
ppp sostenuto
Allegro fuoco.
Gwyd.
No - dens dreams on and we can still be brave,
112.
Gwyd.
and while 'tis so the is-lands shall not
rit.
(rit.)
(Gwydion goes out with Dylan. The Druids keen over the body of Math, Govannion watches sombrely.)
Gwyd.
fail.
tempo
rit.
Presto.
JAN: 1912 KENTFORD
13476