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A WOODLAND WINTER NIGHT

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AN E-BOOK

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FOREWORD

This play is a celebration of beauty.

The characters think, talk, act as humans too.

Yet magic pervades these characters as well as the play and its setting and environment - a magic woodland winter night.

May we see more of these spells, this magic in all literature!

Beauty magic be, and magic beauty.

E G CEFAI

A WOODLAND WINTER NIGHT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mikk, an Elf

Tekk, an Elf

Owl

Ghost of the Wood

Snail

Flower of the Wood

Witch

Fairies

Fairy 1

Fairy 2

Fairy 3

Fairy 4

Fairy 5

Fairy 6

Fairy 7

Fairy 8

Fairy 9

Fairy 10

Fairy 11

Satyr of the Wood

Sileni

Nymphs

Chorus

Summary

(I) Soliloquy by Mikk an Elf describing the Tempest that is Going On;

(II) Soliloquy by Tekk a Female Elf beloved by Mikk in another Part of the Wood : she is trying to find Mikk in the Wood in the Tempest;

(III) Tekk comes by a Witch's House and asks her help;

(IV) Description of the Witch and of her spells;

(V) the Witch tells Tekk where to find Mikk;

(VI) Mikk meets a Woodland Ghost who play a trick on him by hiding his Mantle;

(VII) Mikk then looks for the Mantle;

(VIII) When Tekk arrives at the Appointed Place she does not find Mikk;

(IX) The Ghost Is Seeing Everything and he sees Tekk Sorrow; he takes Pity on her and tells her to Wait;

(X) He then finds Mikk and gives him the Mantle back and leads him to Tekk;

(XI) Mikk and Tekk meet : their Meeting;

(XII) The Tempest stops; the Faeries Gather Round;

(XIII) The Ghost of the Wood re-Appears and Suggests that they all pass the Night in the Wood Together now that the Tempest is over;

(XIV) The Ghost tells his Story;

(XV) Dancing and Feasting in the Wood;

(XVI) Satyr breaks on the feast with the news that he saw Dawn walking eleven miles away;

(XVII) End of the happy feast : the Tempest re-starts as Dawn is arriving.

A Woodland Winter Night

I -

A Small outside a Town.

The Houses of the Town are in View in the Distance.

A Tempest rages over the Wood.

It is Night and in the Town everybody sleeps.

Enter MIKK the Elf

MIKK :

What thunder Jove decided on this night
Though this be winter and the frosty chill
Rises cloud-like through the dense wood-trees
Yet rarely have I known a tempest thus :
The thunder-fingers never cease to come
Menacing and hideous over the night's vault
Where some lone star twinkles through the clouds
And glimmers in the rains that like a bastion-wall
Over the wood and town in heavy downpours fall
For us elves envy is alien but to-night
To shelter in yon homes that dream and gleam
With every thunder clap I envy feel :
What warmth inside the hearth, and here
The hearth beats with the chill and down-pour
In mad-like symphony like as the gates of hell
Have opened and unfolded hell itself
And all the gruesome happenings of the nether world
Where evil lies : there in yon thicket
That so dense seems with trees

I must hie myself to shelter in part at least
From all this down pour : let the music go
Of thundering - that bothers me not
And let the fingers light of hideous length
Like as Jove's fingers stretching menacing
As if to warn the earth from heaven's heights
There is the friendly owl that on its bough
Sits wise and solitary in the quiet world
Wherein its wisdom closeth it; to it the storm,
The tempests and the winds are unflattering
Within the bastions of its gray thoughts sheltering.

[Goes to the Tree where the Owl stands]

Let me intrude if you will in your place
Surely your pity as your wisdom is :
To let me shelter in this tempest green.

OWL :

We animals of the night un-human like

Share our warmth together knowing

That our union is the warranty

Of our best safety : therefore we

Ruth, pity more than humans do

And where the humans do not ruth and pity we

Between ourselves and to the world all demonstrate

Not as of principle merely :

But on grounds practical and pragmatic too.

Therefore welcome dear friend

[MIKK the Elf shelters under the bough where the OWL Stands]

And here you should pass the night

For trow I in my wisdom and experience old

That this green tempest will be fierce for long

And not abate before the first gray lines

Pierce the pitch mantle of nocturnal chill

And reveal the fresh beauties of the dawn

When world and oceans wake and stir again.

MIKK :

I should not stop my tongue to thank for your kindness

But that the chill grazes my throat : so strong it lies

And thick that with coughing nearly chokes me as I speak.

OWL :

Stand there, kind friend, you need not speak

If so will you, nor thank for what is due.

II -

The same Wood

Other Part.

Enter TEKK a Female Elf :

TEKK :

What tempest has arisen in this night

Though winter hoar likes to pass through these woods

Full oft and these tree-thickets be his favorites :
Yet never I have heard so many thunder claps
Nor denser chill arise in mist and turn
Serpent-like around the trees and glades :
Yet in this music hoar and strange and raw
There is the beauty of the wild and fair
Untampered by the hand of artisans
Unblasted by the advice and adultery of man :
But tempest in its beauty lone and solitary
Rages this night of nights thro this wide forest
And though the chill bites and noses be red
Yet there's a beauty in this tempest wild
The very hoarseness of the sounds doth please
As well as man's labored symphonies and more :
Here the orchestra of the elements
Plays as by chance and accident
And in its wildness fairer is than designed trance
Or beauty : never more fair are sculptured marbles
However divine the hand that made them and produced them

Than the simple nerves and sinews of the low laborers
Or any human in his woe and work : no expression
Of the face fairer is than when the lonely mother looked
Upon her son heart-broken with him dead
And in her sadness stood the shrine of beauty wild :
Let the tempest rage in its poetry; and let
The fingers of the thunder raise the sculptural
And the cacophony of hoarseness in this wood
Be fair proportionate as it be wild :
There is a beauty in the flower's eye
Though it wane in the night and pines in cold
Yet in its heart there is a warmth to cheer it
Whereby it hopes for the sweet coming of dawn :
And hope ariseth always in the saddened breast :
There is a joy this tempest brings
That the dawn in its beauty scarce eclipse
Yet in this night a greater pain and chill
Feel I than what the tempest brings
For all the pinches of sweet love I feel

For Mikk and through this wood

I look for this youth of mine, this fair elf

Whose eyes have dazzled the warmth of my soul

And churned the very depths inside of me :

Yet must I dissemble and show not : I female be

And we as females must not our depths betray

Or else we give ourselves full easy soon away.

Where is he?

I shall sing : perhaps

My voice can find him

Where my feet can not.

Sings :

Sweet tempest rage

If you find my love

Through tree and glade

My feet will wander full

Though the rain soaks them

Though the chill pains them

Though the frost makes the nose red

And the eyes glisten with it :

Though the wood hide him

Though some tree shelter him

And will not tell

Yet my heart goes

And its throbs breed

Further hope of green

Like Spring

Though it be Winter :

Lullaby, lullaby,

Shady woods, shady leaves,

Tell me where my Mikk is

Of where you so believe

That he is staying

And sheltering.

Sweet snail of the night

Whose trail is a fast light

Amidst this dark of night

Tell, tell me

Where my Mikk stands

If you have met him in the lands

That slow yet sure

You went through.

SNAIL :

I have not seen him :

But reason tell me

And my heart charges me
That he must be sheltering
Where densest the sweet thickets stand
At the other end of this long wood
Not here but in another field and land.

TEKK :

I must thank you and let you go
On your slow journey to a safety
From this downpour.

[Exit SNAIL]

MIKK continues to sing :

Flower of the night
Seas of tempest bright
In the still moon-ray that escapes

Through the thick clouds

Tell me, tell me

Where my Mikk lies.

FLOWER :

I have not seen him; not felt

His feet brush by me :

Though with bent head

Yet all my ears ope

I keep to hear the storm

That torments and pleaseth me

All simultaneously.

MIKK continues to sing :

Long night

Several severe snows

Fast-fading lights

Where treasure grows
By some fast-gleaming lake
While thunder roars
Through the deep night
Where strange light soars
Where thickets dense
Denser becomes
And the white mists
To flakes do turn
And change to snow :
And though the frost
Lie on the village dreaming
There is a strange glow
In the sweet windows lighting
While thunder claps roar
And clouds thicker in the bourne soar
Ah! how my heart burns
And my mind giddy turns
At my lost love

I hope temporarily :

That I may glee

When so I find him.

Snow and tempest

That hover through the air

Bring him to me :

Lo! what there's? A light!

A house in the wood edge

I never saw it

Except this night of tempest

Let me approach and knock

And ask : 'tis not inopportune

For the light burneth still

In the old cottage by the gurgling rill.

[Exit]

III -

The edge of the Wood

The same night and tempest.

A Cottage.

A light burns in it.

Tekk knocks at the door.

Nobody replies.

Then she knocks stronger.

Nobody replies.

Then she knocks stronger and stronger the third time.

A shrill voice replies.

TEKK :

The saw goes 'third time lucky' :

Never more than to-day in this tempest wild

This saying better went.

What is the voice that so strange and raucous

Comes from within? 'Tis barely human trow I

But I must try my luck or her charity.

TEKK enters

A WITCH appears as by a Cauldron.

TEKK at first withdraws back.

WITCH :

Daughter, what makes you withdraw from me?

You'll need me as you will see and soon.

TEKK :

I draw not, mother, if so may I call you

And be bold.

WITCH :

Mother you may not call me for that

Honor dubious belong to my mad son

That Satan made with me raping me.

TEKK:

O!

WITCH :

Pity not a raped woman in your innocence :

I know the object of your coming here

And what desire you.

But let me still

I have a spell to do

You can look if you want

But so amazing

And stomach-raising this spell be

That better wait outside if so you will

If otherwise you will

You can stay here.

TEKK :

I will stay

For the storm rages full

And I hear it increasing.

IV -

The same Wood

Cottage of the Witch.

The Storm still rages.

The Witch is intent on her Spell.

She has a book by her and sings.

She has a large Pot and a large Cauldron.

From time to time she takes matter from the Pot throws it into the
Cauldron and mixes.

The Witch then begins her incantations.

WITCH :

Eye of frog

Burst with a knife

Full of murders

And of blood :

Tongue of toad

That croaked at night

When the evil spirits blight

Danced in moon's light

In the trench that in the valley

Lies and stinks;

Clot of blood

That in heart of aged man

Did all harm

And his blood it stopped

And the heart burst and then stopped :

Clot of blood

Now cold and frozen

By my incantations chosen

For the evil that you made

When you sped to tomb the aged

Finger of a murdered drab

That was raped

Half-naked stood she

And in evil temptations lured

Then rape followed

First with pleasure

Then he stole

All her full treasure

With pain and disgust roared she

In vain wept she

Till the deed was done and full

Then his knife the murderer

Took and glistened in the night

The long knife

Pale her vexed face now turned

Fears all her bosoms churned

But the murderer stood ruthless

With a stroke full pitiless

He laid her :

At least her suffering

Was not long

And then they found her and enow

In a common tomb she lieth

Whence I took her finger small

Before it degenerate :

And enow another finger

Of a child as soon as born

By his mother cruel stifled
To abort desired she
But no physic could she find :
So when birth occurred and came
She her infant silently
Murdered her innocently
Without ruth and without pity
Woman infamous, queen of evil
And that's why
This small finger in this stew
I take in and densify
In the broth that bubbles full
Like a heart that throbs
Of all evils mixed together :
Here here
You see a man's tongue
Hanged he was for stealing
For slandering and blaspheming :
[That's the worst

I hear say

Though I joy

In foul blaspheming]

Here I will, will take a tress

Of wild hair from an ape's neck

That baboon that made love full

With its mistress lascivious

In their strange and rowdy bed

Man and animal together mixed

And strange creatures still unseen

Were borne there :

A child-infant was delivered

And the night that night how pitch-dark

Looked : the clouds thick

Became lead-faced and green-grim

Night itself shamed and the night-stars

Hid away :

Many a year together they

In that infamous bed they lay

Other creatures wild and strange
She brought forth with baboon's sperm
And now parts of them I've stolen
When they passed away under age
In full young age some at birth
Passed away for day herself
Closed her eyes not them to view
Such infamy she bore not to see :
Though I trow in days of old
When the earth still young and raw
Blistered with strange heats and motions
Species went with species too
Under hedge and under tree
And strange creatures forth were brought
Mixtures of the species they :
And thus other species grew
And thus further thrived anew
Others species till the limit
Evolution reached and then

That stranger trend she full reversed

Species with same species went

Species the same species desired

Though still that arcane desire

Is not yet spent

But now and then

Like a sleeping vulcan bursts

And then lewdness and lasciviousness

No limits has : and strange births

Will result :

Though 'tis horrid over-joyed hear I

Such tidings evil with warm heart :

And from them the parts select

For my broth of evil worth

For to make the whole full evil

All the parts I throw inside

To compose it must be evil.

Strange lizard here I throw you

This the product of a male

And he fathered still this cockroach
Strange; and this spider great-immense
Fathered he from his own seed;
He delighted in fathering
Creatures strange and far from human
With the human brood he fathered
And these still go round the earth
And like wise they father too
With strange animals stranger things
Thus the circle now continues
Turns and turns in fullest swing :
These the matters and the parts
That my broth do constitute
And with them I insert too
The sandals of a prostitute.

V-

Edge of the Wood

The Witch's Cottage

Night. The Tempest Increases.

WITCH :

Tempests increase! Let my words assert

Their Sovran power over these wild wilds

That round the thatch-eaved cottage do assail

And churn the ocean sea-waves toss the ships

Under the dark-green spell bind Neptunus old

That on the sea-bosom ships and argosies

In peril lie of foundering :

Tell the chill to rise in higher mists and densify

Then lower to the ground and mix with dews

That the kind night has sprinkled since the dusk

Fled red-faced and flushed un to his eastern cave

Where echoes of the sea ring and return

Each every word that man or ocean say :

Come rains! Increase your down pours wild

And the unhappy fields with undue waters full

Beyond measure of reason and want intoxicate :

That the rich season be of no avail

When the time comes : there loud thunder-clap

Advance from this shaggy forest to the town

Where in their cots innocent babies sleep

And let the aged old be cross and wan

At hearing your peals in hideous mode :

Come pitch-black night! the clouds thicker

Make that over and above and full additional

To the dense rains they harmfully outclose
Any ruthful ray of the soft-pitying moon
And in their leaden masks the morn betray
That when dawn comes she'll shy in fright away.

TEKK :

Why you aged mother speak thus?

Were it not

That you speak better and of other things?

Life has pity, ruth, beauty nay in its very wildness

And harm less it be

Unless we make it so.

WITCH :

My daughter you're too innocent.

The rancour in my heart allows me never

To utter good words or good wishes desire :
But will evil as good and idol-force
And this to me in habit continual ingrained
So the heart hardens and then all pity freezeth
That I cannot but utter ill though much I wish
Or will otherwise; this without prejudice
To state that I am content in my present estate
And joy at uttering ill words and desires evil
And never ever thought of ruth or different
Hath crossed my mind.

TEKK :

I will not persuade you : perhaps
You have your reasons for such hate and ill.
We cannot judge when we are not full placed
Into that person's life as Indian lore
That the souls transmigrate from body to body holds :
So I will not scold you nor applaud you

For I am no judge and seek your power.

WITCH :

Come daughter let me tell you

Where in this hideous storm that ever-increases

Your beloved one is sheltering : but I

Though your kind heart do appreciate yet

Ever to tease you will not tell you exact but

With puzzling words the exact place indicate :

Then vex your mind and guess; if you guess well

You'll find him there.

TEKK :

Though direct answers be the best guidance ever

Yet being beggar I will content with puzzles

And rack my brain : my love will help me

And surely you will confound me such

As not to solve it.

WITCH :

So here is my puzzle :ope your ears.

Your loved one in the centre of the wood

Lies sheltering; I mean this wood

Where the brook gurgles in the midst of night

And so continues till the break of dawn

When dumb it falls into strange silence still

That brook should not farther than ten trees

From the tree where he shelters; and the tree

Where your loved one now shelters houses in't

An old red owl red-eyed red-feather, wise,

That quiet on her home bough in spite

Of the roarings and increases of the storms.

There he is now : under that very tree.

But mark my words : I said *now* and that means

As I speak; if after now he moves as from that place

Come not to me and tell me that I equivocate :

TEKK:

For this madam I thank you : what's your due?

WITCH : Come go I pity you now my heart appears

Different from the hard-hearted statue of crystal tears.

VI-

The Wood

The Tempest still rages and indeed increases.

Thunder and Lightning are continous.

The Scene reveals Tekk under the tree where the owl sits.

He huddles in his mantle and turns it around him to shelter from the
frost and rain and wind.

Enter GHOST of the Woods.

He seeks TEKK and decides to play a trick on him.

GHOST :

Though my invisibility here serves me well

Yet in this night of tempest my visibility

Could scarce be seen in this downpour of rains

Still to be cautious is no ill :

To exceed in cautiousness is a virtue

Which must be cultivated : the reverse

Is just a vice which has led many men

To perils great and even passings away :

Ships in the oceans have foundered; mothers

Have inadvertently killed their babes; and
Sons with good intent poisoned their fathers :
That poor elf that I see bring my ruth full
To the brim of my glass; as yet
My playfulness will this night be satisfied
And I deem it harmless to play a trick on him :
When the tale ends he'll feel the more relieved
And the storm will perhaps have passed :
Therefore the greater the joy
Proportionate to the surprise derived therefrom.
I'll blow around him such that the high winds
That full already to carry off his mantle try
Will be outdone by my puffing.

[Blows].

TEKK :

What's this? Where this gust of wind?

Wherefrom it comes? Methinks I had staved off

Bastioned and fortified myself unto the cruel winds

And their siege could do me nothing. Yet here

There is such buffeting that my mantle flies away.

[His mantle suddenly flies away.]

The GHOST of the Woods has taken it from his shoulders.

He how hides it and makes it invisible like him.]

I felt a hand or something of the sort

Here over here; my shoulder but am I dreaming?

And think the mantle has flown when 'tis here.

[Looks on the ground]

What! Ho! 'tis gone where is the mantle?

Though the harsh rains goad me and the frost increase

I'll go and look for it : my zeal will not decrease

Because of the tempest.

[Exit looking after his Mantle].

VII-

The Wood

The Tempest Increases.

Tekk looking here and there for his Mantle.

TEKK :

Had this tempest not raged so against me

This would have been child's play - if done

Whilst the red dusk was falling on the hills

Or purpling the high ocean-waves with rainbow lights

I would have joyed in this search as a small child joys :

Yet here am I fighting like a dwarf against the giant elements

Helpless and without arms against an army armed

Of thousands : but this were not pain nor would cow thus

Were I not losing also my beloved

While this green tempest my small heart tears

Into sub-divisions frail and bleeding-red

That circle like sere withered leaves at touch of wind

When autumn softens the summer's warmth in afternoons

And the declining day joy further in the sun's

Fast declining into the welcome seas and spray.

Rage tempest rage! My heart will bear me to the last

And let it be rent by you and not by pains of love.

[Exit looking after the mantle].

VIII-

Wood.

Tempest Increasing.

Flakes of Snow now Falling.

Enter TEKK :

Here's the centre of the wood as the old witch clued:

That's lined with thickets of dense-foliaged trees

That guard it like a treasure of gold worth :

Here must be the tree where Mikk is resting :

But in these thickets which the one; and then

Which tree in the thicket must it be

I still will have to see :

Here I go; this thicket green and dense

Sweet shelter doth afford from the downpours

And serves a sweet roof as in a house

The same as of the other thickets

Here go I ---- and search for the red-feathered owl

That distinct through the olive hues must full contrast

Lo! there a brownish thing : I think that's the owl :

And further down some ten trees a-down a hillock

A rivulet murmurs grumbling in the dark :

This must be the place : let my feet speed me

To find my dear loved : there will I go

The brownish matter a redder tinge now takes

And courage in me increases proportional.

There's the owl; I will speak to it

For we all woodland inhabitants together share

A language known to poets and to us.

Where is my Mikk sweet friend?

OWL:

Though tempests to sharp sleep invite me

And profound thoughts arising in sweet dreams

My eye - at least one eye - I keep full open

And all around all night in this great storm

Saw I what befell around me : Mikk was here

Sheltering from the wild rains and thunder and the winds

And from the cruel frost that Boreas brings

There happened that a sudden gust of wind

So sudden was it - it seemed not normal

Though in the tempest all wild things occur :

Yet saw I something strange in it - his mantle

Somehow the wind or some agency

Took from him and enow

Mikk traces his feet from here looking for it :

I know not whether 'twas the sudden wind

But my mind tells me

That rather it was some strange agency

Which in the thicket dark and dense I could not see.

TEKK :

Whither did he go?

OWL:

To the north right behind me went he

And I turned on the bough to see him go
He went up a path that goes
To a wild thicket of trees that thicker rise
Than this where reside I - I followed him
Some twenty or more trees but more
Though with sharp eyes attentive
I could not see beyond; but the direction
Was to the north at least in the beginning
But whether he changed thereafter I
Cannot vouchsafe.

TEKK :

I thank you for your information
And for your wise consideration
To the north will I go anon
However much the tempest rages on.

[Exits]

IX-

Wood.

Thicket.

Tekk is still looking for Mikk.

The Ghost of the Woods look on her.

He pities her.

Enter TEKK

TEKK :

Where is my loved one hiding? Sore

My feet are but my heart sorer lies

And bodes bad tidings in its throbbings loud:

Let the storm rage with more intensity

I will not mind

If my poor beloved one I spot and find.

O! I must be getting mad! Sorrow presses me

How many times I eluded the poor fellow

I love so much : to tease time see him suffer

As women do to those they love and want :

And now that punishment is come upon me

Full deign and deserved alas it be

Sings :

O sweet sorrow

Sweet malady

I cannot say

Whether I rise to-morrow.

Though quiet is the wood

Yet in the thickets

Wild beasts range and roam

That murder carry with them.

And in this night

Where the stars forbid their light

'Tis easier for animals wild

To be on the prowl.

O think I will lose thee

At least your gored body

I will have the fortune

And the pain to see

And will my misfortune rue

And simultaneously

Suffer condign punishment due

For this my previous mockery

That now will in the future be

Turned to tears and in sadness be

The sign that lead me to my tomb

In so young age and lie in the earth's womb

O! thunder how it startled me:

The night is wild and dangerous

I want to see

My loved one at all costs :

On whom shall call I poor me?

What figure is that that starts me so

I'd better take to my feet and run and go.

Enter GHOST of the Woodland :

GHOST :

Fear not and start not : here stay

For I know where Mikk is safe and away

I guilty feel for having teased him

And stealing his mantle in this trickery

(By which I mean no harm but just a joke)

To the place where he is all safe I'll lead thee

And there your beloved one you'll meet and see.

TEKK :

Joke! Do you call that anything

But a cruel joke?

GHOST :

Sweet little elf be not angry with me :

Forgive me my sweet trickery : I will make amend

And you two will be happy : all that counts the end.

TEKK :

You somewhat relieve me : new colour take I

From my previous paleness : but if so kind

You promise so to be

Why tarry such to lead me so to him?

That my eyes see my loved one in safe custody

And not be consoled by mere words.

GHOST :

Come follow me; love, deep love has such haste

That I must follow suit and no time waste.

Come!

[Exeunt together]

X-

The Wood.

Enter the GHOST of the Woodland with TEKK :

GHOST :

Now pray you I stay here; I myself

Will go a hundred yards where Mikk is wandering

In sorrow true but soon that turns to joy

And then the joy that is begot from sorrow

Will brighter shine than joy begot from joy

As the full mid-day sun shines more than morrow.

Stay!

GHOST of the Woodlands approaches MIKK :

He appears to him :

GHOST :

Be started not : let thunder startle you

With its loud burst

And sudden flashes

But let not me :

I come in amity

Though I must confess

That you must forgive me

For stealing your mantle I

Will your past sorrow with joy compensate

Three times and more

'tis like a loan

that carries with it high interest

that's paid not yearly but by hour :

come! The time for sorrow is ended

the time to rejoice is come

here's your mantle : on your shoulders

place it and I

will give luster more than was before

that it will dazzle the sweet eyes

of your beloved one

when the time has come, when most necessary :

and in this way I will start

re-paying my debt to you :

'tis the beginning only not the end

but I will not more I must surprise you.

Be sure and full assured

That these my powers are all

All within my competence

And time will show you all this manifest.

Come walk with me!

[Gives him his Mantle and they go out together]

XI-

The Wood

The Storm is subsiding.

The Clouds are also clearing.

TEKK is waiting alone pacing restlessly.

Enter MIKK and the GHOST of the Woodlands.

MIKK :

I see her :

Now I've found

My mantle and my love :

What is my mantle to her?

But to find both is wonder.

GHOST :

Pray be quiet.

Let not your excitement carry you.

The night is still deep

Still to go

Before the dawn arises

Therefore

There is the time of love

That will come soon :

And hours full remain

You need not hurry :

Hurrying in love too often

Leads to the roads of tarrying.

MIKK :

I will observe your advice seeing

That your powers are indeed great

Here in this wood

And that your amity and mine

Are now together sealed.

GHOST :

I will approach her. Stay you there :

[Goes to TEKK]

Here sweet lady all your woes are ending

As you already saw in the long distance

Here's your Mikk and now

'tis fair that you will be united :

but as befits

any sweet lady much more you

I will not venture invitation on your behalf

Nor anything do

Without and before your consent too.

TEKK :

Go get him here : I will chide him

Though my heart bleeds for him :

Pray let him not know

My frettings and my worryings

`tis the habit of us women

to dissemble thus especially

when such dissembling is proportionate to jealousy.

GHOST goes for MIKK :

He brings him to TEKK :

GHOST :

Here you are. This wood

Is my happy realm

To me 'tis given

For my unfortunate life

As an after-reward : and with my sovereignty

Full powers are awarded me

I can make the night stars shine

And the clouds clear all their leaden frown

When o'er the rest of the earth and of the town

They're adamant and there :

I can by my magic power

Lose the fury of the tempests

I cannot banish them : that is beyond me

But I can mitigate them.

So will I do now : behold me.

And see the rain is falling less

Though the trees be still dripping

And the mist of the chill is dissolving

As snow at touch of sun

Towards some chill remain

The red-nosed frost is ended :

As for the thunder

You'll hear it rumble far afar too far

To bother you :

Nay it will please you

To hear roll from distant bournes and vales

And see its fingered lightnings far and safe.

[The Storm subsides]

The winds subside too :

The gales are over

Though they still blow

(I cannot stop them totally

For that power is of Aeolus and him only)

Yet in this wood I can abate them thus

That they neigh pleasantly

As when they neigh in winter by the panes

Of windows and of doors :

By chimneys high

On nights of magic, rain or thunder bright

Lo! they subside and their rustling

Is like a soft and silent whispering

Like sound of hidden ghosts conspiring.

And this is only the beginning :

For more about will I do

To set the setting appropriate for you

And then I deem it fit to leave you as I will

You then know and decide what you must do.

[GHOST exits]

MIKK :

I grieve not to have thanked him

He disappeared

So quick into the magic air of night

So fast dissolved

As in a single breath

Or moment's lightning :

How's you my dear queen?

TEKK :

Here I am : the fortunes and the fates

Have brought me here

And you happen to be here

That is all.

MIKK :

That is all?

TEKK :

That is all.

MIKK :

Come my sweet lady your eyes shine
Such the beauty of the lakes they outdo
When in the winter nights
They shine in the kind moon-light by the village
While dreamy the mounts sleeps
And its snow freezes and thaws
Thaws and freezes alternately
In the moon's kindly light :
Your breast heaves beautiful as the ocean bosom
When tempests cease and calm starts ruling again
Though words speak not; the body speaks much more
Than words could do :
And that makes my heart swell the more.

TEKK :

Come cunning boy : I will not gainsay you

But I think that full penance must you do

For troubling me that much

And grieving me such this night :

Therefore like a cavalier

You must kneel here before me : I command.

MIKK kneels and kisses her hands :

TEKK:

Rise rise! Your penance is done

And now 'tis licit you can give me a sweet kiss

To start in this wood our nocturnal bliss.

[MIKK kisses TEK : she reciprocates]

MIKK :

Let us sweet lady go

To where the mischievious brook

Gurgles till the break of dawn :

There in its gurgles

Our warm kisses will hide their sound

Into the music of the waters fading

By that magic brook.

TEKK :

I agree sir : let's go.

[Exeunt]

XII-

The Wood.

A scene where Mikk and Tekk are side by side by the brook that gurgles till Dawn.

The tempest has practically subsided.

TEKK :

Sweet is the night when the stars venture

With their first shyness

Then their boldness :

After the autumn dusk has cooled the airs

With happy winds

And quiet strange

Has lured the sacred earth :

But sweeter is the night

That comes more fair

When cometh it after a tempest fierce

The fiercer the tempest

The more joy at the calm, that follows

And in the night the stars now smell

Of a strange smell of wonder

Left

Only when rainbows appear and twinkle in the skies

After great noble storms.

MIKK :

The air to-night is gurgling like this brook

But only in more silent undertones

Its music sweeter than this watery music

Flows through heavens' deep vaults

In tones far sweeter far finer and more exquisite
That feed the palate surfeiting for sweetness
With sweetness that exceeds the honeyed sweetness
Of nectared flowers in full bloom
And wonder.

Enter FAIRIES

TEKK:

Have we woken these kind wonders by our words
Methought our words were uttered all in soft undertones
And therefore wonder I wherefrom these came
And why.

FAIRY 1 :

Sweet lady we came not because disturbed

In our fond measured sleep by you :

But by the ghost of this woodland

We're sent to entertain you by our dance

Our music and our verse

If it so please you.

FAIRY 2 :

Now the night's propitious : shall we versify

In blank verses or just for the occasion

In sweet short prancing lullabies

Ready-made for dancing?

FAIRY 3 :

Let us accompany our verses with our dancing

Then dancing will the fairer be

And the verses will the sweeter sound

This fairy night of all.

XIII-

The Wood

The Fairies are present together with Mikk and Tekk.

The Ghost of Woodland enters

FAIRY 1 :

Hail our Lord hail!

FAIRY 2 :

We're at your service, sir.

FAIRY 3 :

Let's speak softly, our lord

Looks as if telling us

Something of import substantial.

GHOST :

Friends now that my powers have the tempest calmed

Now that the down pours faded

And the leaves drop occasionally

And the trembling boughs of green

Are warming in the air that quick de-frosts

And the wind neighs a soft sweet undertone

Let us together celebrate :

Together we enjoy as we deserve

Still hours remain to this night

Night are not short, seem not so short

When tempests begin them and in them

Mid-way or before the tempests fade.

FAIRY 1 :

I propose that we sing and dance

Simultaneous.

FAIRY 2 :

And to enjoy this spectacle

Our chief spectators will be Mikk and Tekk

FAIRY 3 :

Let the spectacle begin : we're prepared.

XIV

The Wood.

The Same scene.

The Ghost is speaking.

All are listening.

All falls quiet as the Ghost of the Woodland speaks.

GHOST :

Wait a little my friends : first

I must speak.

I must clarify and tell

My story of unhappiness :

How I

When young like any man

Had choice of girls and ladies

But books and lore

And love of them overpowered

The love and lust of life :

ah! that was wrong

in me

the love of life was strong

but like a winter-seed

dormant inactive lay in the sodden soils

to wait a Spring that never came

because I turned the clock back

when the Spring came :

and ever loved for years the winters' hoar :

thus solitary

alone without a brother or a sister

my parents passed away :

the first my father;

my mother then;

and I remained alone

and pined

now that I was next to sixty

though life still burned in me

I found that age had my hair gray

Though I could reproduce :

So I

In my desperation to reproduce

Went to shady ladies white,

Darker ones, from continents afar,

Whose poverty with ease led them to my bed

And thus

I had a father's joy more than married men

Being

As I have said free as a spirit

That floats in the night air :

But ah! solitude and disease

Claimed me :

They loved more and secretly

Conspired all against me unawares

Till one night in my breast

Feeling the heart attack

To the hospital I went

And in brief before dawn broke

For the next day I was in the mortuary :

Alone I deed, as fatherless, unsurrounded

By those I procreated, abandoned and austere,

And with pains in my heart :

And thus each night I roamed the city where I lived

And loved so much :

Invisible I roamed in winter nights

When Boreas chilled the air that came

Seawards o'er bastions fair :

When the vault of heaven opered

Its treasures of the stars that burnt their oil

The supply lasted till the break of dawn :

And I could look with tears in my eyes
From gardens that I loved and streets I loved
Look at the fair heavens and weep my fate :
Till a kindly Ghost superior to us all
Assigned me to this wood and gave me powers
As sovereign over this wood full and unlimited
Save where conflicting with the gods divine :
And thus amidst these woods I roam
And midst the scent of flowers and the sights
Of dusks red and fleeting, dawns that rose
As by magic from the sea and ocean,
Stars that shone abundant in the night,
Storms that joyed when their end came through
And the sweet scents the soil and flowers made
Right after the storms faded in the east
Though the stars competed with their beauty all unlocked
And so have I been here for years and years
And being as in Lethe
(Having been sent to forget my past)

I forget the number of the years I here have been
And that now imports not, now that I have revealed
My sad and happy tale to you this night, my friends.
So now you're authorized by my seal and signature
That written in the airs to revel and feast
But do not trespass beyond the late hours
Of night : time flees so begin straight
And as I said let some one be sentinel
At least by turns (that's only fair)
To see dawn coming from afar :
She comes from yonder from yonder altitude
You see her as the sea flow and the gray
Of day first breaches the night's dark mantle
And then you'll know the time to fade away
Till yet another dusk another night will usher.

XV-

The Same Wood and the Same Place.

The Same Personages.

Continuation of the Previous Scene.

The Fairies Sing by turns, the Satyrs, Nymphs and sileni enter of a sudden all dance.

FAIRY 1 :

Lo the sileni are entered with them come

The satyrs and the nymphs

And to this strange array

From every tree there flies or leaps

Every now and then an animal :

And all together join in dancing

And merry-making.

FAIRY 2 :

Come night let your minutes as hours turn

Let us chaste kisses make

And fair embraces

The night-stars turn their face

Though they shine all the same

FAIRY 3 :

Ah! life pines fast, pines fast

And all we must remember

Must be the sight of beauty that we see

The thrills of sweet emotions inside us

The pride of being human, men and women.

FAIRY 4 :

Sweet mistress night the lamps you furnish

Are to us like viands with the dews

That the night kindly distributes :

Lo! there's manna falling

From the sweet heavens

All we have to do is go for cups

And gather it and drink.

Cups! Cups!

[They bring Cups for All]

FAIRY 5 :

There is a down pour from the skies now

But not of unkind rain

But as of manna sweet

And there's a sweetness in the liquid drink

That gods only bestow :

The cups are filling

Sweet coloured rainbow-like

Cups with liquids diverse mixed

And combined and richer

Than topazes and quartezes.

FAIRY 6 :

Now the cups are full : drink we

What heaven itself has provided for us :

Heaven rejoices with us

What joy could be

More legitimate?

FAIRY 7 :

But forget we not that the night flees.

So sip we the sweet straws of sweet delight

That manna carries to our mouths

And some are with mouth stained

And the aroma smell around this lea

Where all are dancing.

FAIRY 8 :

Let us sip further one more hour remains

By my calculations : the skies still pitchy

But soon the first streak of gray will be

The sign for us to fade dissolve and go

Before dawn's anger arrives on us.

FAIRY 9 :

O! let's continue feasting : hedonists

Are best since they live Lethe continually

And the alternative is

To worry continually :

Now both pass away :

So since both pass away when the times come

Let's be hedonists and swim in Lethe.

FAIRY 10:

But if we be hedonists we must

Not let our happiness and joy

Fleet from us in a moment

But prolong

Night after night this merrying

This night is well nigh over;

And wait we anxiously

The satyr that we sent as sentinel

He has not yet arrived.

FAIRY 11 :

True if angry dawn catches us

Our hedonism ends so if we prolong it

To other and other nights

All we have to do

Is pay attention for sweet dawn :

That's the sacrifice

That's the dilemma of the hedonist

So in this world of ours

There's nothing without sacrifice

Even if hedonist :

For pleasure is destroyed

As soon as it be enjoyed

Unless buttressed by sacrifice.

XVI-

The Wood.

Scene of All Feasting.

Enter Satyr running.

SATYR :

My friends news, news.

I cannot speak more for loss of breath.

I ran.

ALL :

Rest.

We'll hear.

SATYR :

Good news are over for in the distant distance

As the light-house sends light to far argosies

So I saw Dawn walking on the waters

Her shadow is still dark-gray but I saw her.

ALL:

Let's stop

GHOST :

Come let's hurry friends

The time for us is come :

Betake we farewell of each other now

And be gone civilly

That we meet yet another time and night.

XVII-

The Wood

CHORUS :

All are leaving, all have dissolved

Into the air

Who to the boughs, who to his cottage,

Who his lair

And the ghost of the woodland

With fairy, satyr, nymph and Sileni

Have dwindled in the air :

Thus all passeth

But the cycle of life continues still

And it has not been broken :

Nights will come further

The cycle will turn further

And further

As long as this Earth turn and turn.

THE END