

Diana

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DIANA.
PHYLLIS.
CORYDON.
CHORUS OF MAIDENS.
CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Phyllis and Corydon enter from opposite sides, followed by their respective trains of maidens and youths; all are clad in pink and green, with silver trimmings. Phyllis and Corydon greet by clasping hands: the Choruses curtsey to each other.

PHYLLIS: Away from the woodlands, O Corydon mine,
Corydon mine, of the yellow hair?

CORYDON: Phyllis, the air is bright as wine,
And the sun gleams goldenly everywhere;
He shines on woodland and mead and wold;
In His name I greet you.

PHYLLIS: They say you are
As keen as a hawk, and your skin's as gold
As a buttercup.

CORYDON: You are a silver star
In a dark-blue sky.

PHYLLIS: Well; what if I be?
We will dance to Diana in glamourize.

The youths and maidens dance slowly in serried lines to the music of pipes and strings. The air ceases; they stand with eyes and heads bent. Diana enters from the back centre. She is winged, bears her bow and arrows, and is clad all in silver. Her hair is dark and flowing, braided with silver; she wears a silver fillet.

CORYDON (*to his Chorus of Youths*):
Come, my Lads! It is time to advance
In the good set staves of Diana's dance.

PHYLLIS (*to her Chorus of Maidens*):
Hasten, O Maidens, to circle with me
In the dance to Diana in glamourize.

From swift, sweet stars, babes of the living sky,
And the green earth and sea. 'Tis therefore I
Bid you in youth to take them all to be
Yours by your love; for all are babes to Me.

PHYLLIS: O my Diana! Even as Thou art
Nurse to star-babes, and with a star's warm heart,
All little young things I will take to be
Loved of my heart; as they are loved of Thee.

(*To Maidens:*)

Ye too, sweet Maidens! Vow to love them still
For love Diana bears them.

THE MAIDENS: Yea! We will!

CORYDON: Diana! O sweet Huntress of the skies,
Through the brave West Thy Word of healing flies;
Never may cruel hand or evil tongue
Wreak ill to earth-born babes, Thy tender young!

(*To Youths:*)

Swear then, ye Boys, all truly to fulfill
Corydon's vows in this!

THE YOUTHS: Truly! We will!

DIANA: Forget not, then, My Babes, what I have willed;
Look to it that your vows be all fulfilled
On babes of men, of fish, of beasts, of birds,
Of all the gentle young of flocks and herds.
Joy to your hunting! Let your hunting be
Not crossed by aught of broken vows to Me.
Honour and love be yours; ere I go hence,
Dance: in Mine honour; in your innocence;
I shall return to bless ye all; now I
Depart to bear your word through earth and sky
And sea: I stretch Mine hands upon ye all.
Ere I go hence, Dance! For My festival.

A swift circular dance to Diana, again to pipes and strings; in the ring a youth and maiden alternately. Phyllis and Corydon take hands and dance in the centre of the ring. Dance ends.

PHYLLIS (*sings*): It is said, the sacred Word:
Be Diana's music heard
Everywhere where youth doth dwell;
Everlasting be the Spell.

THE MAIDENS (*sing*): Even so, and even we
Pay Diana fealty.

CORYDON (*sings*): We have heard, and we abbey;
All the years, and every day,
Ever shall our lives be stirred
By Diana's secret Word.

THE YOUTHS (*sing*): Honour we Diana still;
Honour still Diana's Will.

ALL (*sing*): Love to all things on the earth;
Every life that springs from birth:
Honour still, in deed and truth.
To our Silver Queen of Youth.

DIANA: Now go I hence, well-pleased, unto the worlds aflame
With glamourize of love; and in Diana's name
Blessings upon ye all I shed ere I depart:
I shall return; till then glad still Diana's heart.

She turns and goes, the worshippers kneeling in lines before her.

CURTAIN.

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