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THE DONEMENT OF PAN





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THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

A MUSIC DRAMA

BOOK BY JOSEPH D. REDDING

MUSIC BY HENRY HADLEY

PRODUCED BY MEMBERS OF THE
BOHEMIAN CLUB IN THEIR GROVE
SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, ON
THE EVENING OF AUGUST THE TENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

**Copyright, 1912,
by Joseph D. Redding and
Henry Hadley.**

**Printed by
Taylor, Nash & Taylor
San Francisco**



CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

PAN — Arcadian Deity of Pastoral Life	DAVID BISPHAM
ZEPHYRUS (as a child) — Youngest son of Astræus and his wife, Eos	MASTER FRANCIS NIELSON
ZEPHYRUS (as a youth grown, ten years later)	HAROLD BAXTER
ASTRÆUS — Father of the Winds and of Destruction	MYRON WOLF
ORION — A demigod and mighty hunter	J. WILSON SHIELDS
SILENUS — Companion and Cup-bearer to Orion	HENRY A. MELVIN
NICOTHOÉ — Leader of the Harpies	RANDAL BOROUGH
ACHOLOÉ — Another Harpy	HARRIS ALLEN
EOS — Wife of Astræus and mother of Zephyrus (afterwards Aurora, Daughter of the Dawn)	RICHARD M. HOTALING
CHLORIS — An Arcadian Nymph (afterwards Flora)	J. C. DORNIN
HARPIES — The retainers of Astræus	
NYMPHS OF DIANA — In the train of Flora	
HUNTERS of Orion	
FAUNS — Companions to Pan	

CHARACTERIZATION

PAN:

Great Gæa's fool I am, but like all fools
My mirth is ever on the brink of grief.

ZEPHYRUS: [*as a child*]

I know not fear;
I have been taught to love the world.

ZEPHYRUS: [*grown*]

My soul! Such beauty is not of this earth.

EOS: [*Aurora*]

From out my tired heart the one last drop
Of love now courses through Zephyrus' veins.

ASTRÆUS:

What force contends with our authority?

NICOTHOÉ:

Where the stench of Pluto rises
There we fly.

ORION:

Alone I once made conquest in this dell
Of one who Aphrodite's charms surpassed.

SILENUS:

We'll spend our nights in wild delights,
And devil a care between us.

CHLORIS: [*Flora*]

The one who, clad in golden drapery,
Rivets the adoration of the others.

The drama is divided into three scenes, with prologue.

- I. Shows the cave of Astræus, situated on the side of a mountain in the midst of the forest.*
- II. Represents the shrine of Diana in Arcadia—in a distant part of the same forest. Ten years are supposed to elapse between Scene I and Scene II.*
- III. Returns to the cave of Astræus, but includes also the entire hillside to the top of the mountain back of the cave.*

EPOCH

Yesterday; or Today; or Tomorrow.

The production is under the charge of the following members:

Stage Director	FRANK L. MATHIEU
Mise en Scène and Properties	GEORGE LYON
Lights, Electrical Effects and Illumination	EDWARD J. DUFFEY
Dance of the Nymphs	GEORGE DE LONG
Dance of the Harpies	RANDAL BOROUGH
Statue of Diana	HAIG PATIGIAN
Chorus Director	JOHN DE P. TELLER
Scenic Designs	{ WILLIS POLK CLARENCE WARD EARL CUMMINGS

Orchestra	SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Concert Master	JOHN JOSEPHS
Costumes	GOLDSTEIN & COMPANY
Floral Decorations	AMERICAN FLOWER WORKS

Musical Director	HENRY HADLEY
Sire	JOSEPH D. REDDING

ARGUMENT

Pan, Arcadian Deity of Pastoral Life, born a perfect child, misused his trust, causing the flocks and herds under his charge to fight with one another, with the result that he discovers that he himself has become deformed. He would do penance; he would bring harmony out of discord. Little Zephyrus, youngest son of Astræus, Father of the Winds, and of Eos, has been held by his mother in innocence and purity. He and Pan become fast friends, and upon Eos disclosing to Pan her intention to leave her home with the boy in order that he may not know the cruelty of life, Pan agrees to conduct them to Arcadia.

Astræus, discovering their flight, in rage calls upon his Harpies and sends them forth in the height of the storm to recover his wife and son.

Ten years elapse, and the scene is transferred to the shrine of Diana in Arcadia. The quiet of the vale is rudely broken into by Orion and a party of his hunters. They discover Pan asleep in the sun at the base of the statue of Diana. Awakened, he rails at the intruders, invokes the magic of Diana's charmed well, induces them to drink, intoxicates them and drives them from the sacred spot, reeling and turning to the mad music of his pipes. Night falls, and Nymphs timidly appear in the moonlight; they gather courage and, after a series of dances and floral figures, bring in Chloris, whom they crown as Flora, Goddess Bountiful.

Pan returns with Zephyrus, now grown to manhood, and discloses to him the beauty of the scene. The youth is enchanted with Flora and discloses his passion to her, while the Nymphs daintily retreat into the bowers. Their love scene is interrupted by the return of Orion, in brutal mood. He would capture Flora for himself. Zephyrus shields her. Orion makes upon him with uplifted knife. There is a crash of thunder; the arrow flies from Diana's bow and strikes Orion through the

Argument

heart; he falls dead at the foot of the statue. The Hunters, their chorus turned to a dirge, place the body of Orion upon their shoulders and disappear into the forest. To the echo of their dance the Nymphs return and form a tableau of adoration as Zephyrus leads Flora from the scene.

Pan enters, alone in the moonlight, and, after a short soliloquy, falls asleep at the base of the statue, the theme of Diana floating out upon the evening air.

The last scene returns to the home of Astræus, who is discovered in dejected mood in front of his cave. His mighty prowess and all his Harpies' efforts have been without avail. Some higher power has held them at bay. Eos is discovered far up the mountain, holding by either hand Flora and Zephyrus, Pan completing the picture. Eos explains her absence, and that she has pledged the union of the twain; she will return to Astræus if he also will give consent to this great union. The Father of Destruction confesses that his love is greater than his hate; he longs for his wife's return; he gives the pledge; the processional down the mountain ensues. Astræus completes the union between Flora and Zephyrus and leads his wife back to their home. All eyes are turned to Pan. He thanks the gods that his prayer has been answered. Before them all his deformities disappear, and, amid a great flood of light which illuminates the forest, he stands before the world once more, "the perfect child create at birth."

PROLOGUE AND FIRST SCENE

It is early morning. The woodland curtain represents the edge of the forest. The pipes of Pan are heard in the distance and his figure is seen coming down the roadway, disappearing and reappearing. He finally stands in front of the woodland curtain.

PROLOGUE

[*Spoken*]

Ye mortals who have beauty in your form,
With grace of limb, who make a misshaped thing
Like me should sport within this grove; give heed!

Penelope my mother was, and great
Ulysses was my sire, although there were
Of suitors for her hand an hundred more—
Deities who, enraptured by her beauty,
With ardor strove to lure her from her trust,
While she in sorrow waited on his love.

In passion's mold and with such mortar made
Was I create, a perfect child at birth;
In fairest stature formed, and of such strength
As ne'er was equalled in a union joined
Among the gods. My mother fled in fear
The accusation might be brought that she
Had husbanded an hundred secret lusts
With which forsooth to conjure up a child
Whose form should bear the beauty of them all.

Hermes to High Olympus with me fled,
Where I became the favorite of the gods,
And as a special privilege was I called
To rule in fair Arcadia. This my trust:

[1]

The Atonement of Pan

To hold dominion over all the trees,
The grottos, flocks and herds; to wake my muse
And call to mate all living things, on bough,
In field or forest shade, and bid to live
Arcadia's guild in love and sweet content.

Had I obeyed the trust to me conveyed,
These gnarled limbs you see and twisted horns,
This gargoyle snout, my all the very scraps
From out a butcher's heap, would ne'er have been.
Beauteous Apollo, jealous of my form,
And all the lesser gods, but sought the chance
Some punishment upon me to inflict.
Fool that I was, I reckoned not the cost
Of every knavish prank I sought to play,
With petty cruelties and tortures fine;

Using for my sport the unanswering kine,
The herd, the velvet deer with trusting eye;
When, lo! upon my vicious brain there broke
A fearful truth: I saw the very tree,—
'Neath which with locked horns two noble stags,
Egged on by me had fought unto the death,—
This very tree, in protest, groaned and hung
Its stricken head; its limbs began to shrink;
Its rugged bark before my eyes fell off,
Exposed its bleeding heart, which with one sigh
Gave way. The noble tree had died from grief!
I fled the scene and bathed my startled brain
In cooling stream, when mirrored to me there
Was shown the shattered being you behold.

This is my punishment and this the fate
Of all who others hurt by thought or deed
In fair Arcadia.

Nature pays her dues.
The total sums, in perfect balance kept,
Are written down upon the book of time;
And he who thinks the reckoning to avoid,

The Atonement of Pan

As youth is wont, or flippantly makes sport
That he may laugh while others suffer pain,
Be they gods, or men, or simple beasts afield,
Is greater fool than I.

Yet I'm not sad;
Music is vouchsafed me, and on these pipes
I carol to the birds, who answer back
In kindred melody. With these I charm
Distempers rife from out the blood-eyed bull
And bring the squirrel from his hole, and cause
All living things, still in my charge, to hold
Their peace and dwell in harmony.

Give heed!
One other gift, ordained to me, I have:
The gift of prophecy is mine. Within
This wondrous grove today there is a spell
Charging the air with omens, mystic signs,
Foretokens that some mighty deed shall here
Unfold the vasty projects of the gods.

Oh, forest trees! In majesty and form
Ye lift your noble heads, while I, poor dwarf,
Misshapen for my base-inflicted crime,
May strive to keep my faith with ye as hostage;
A broken promise which I may redeem.

[*Sung*]

Could I but lead within this scene
A youth of godly origin;
Untaught in guile, with faith to feel
The truth the deities here reveal,—
A youth bestowed by mother love
As tender hostage to this grove,—
I'd be his slave, his faithful Pan,
His dog, his vassal, serving man.

I'd lay his bed of maid's-hair fern
All canopied with golden kern;

The Atonement of Pan

And play him drowsily to sleep,
While jack-o'-lanterns vigil keep.

From out Diana's virgin train
I'd find a mate and bid the twain
Their love to Hymen dedicate,
A union pure, inviolate:

And thus I'd pay the penalty
Of all my foolish deviltry.

But soft! I see where Cynthia peeps
That Father Time in harvest reaps
Another night into his sheaf,
While ominous calm stirs not a leaf.

Anon, good trees, I hope to prove
As well my prowess as my love.
Stand as of old, ye Noble Ban,
For I am still your faithful Pan.

[END OF PROLOGUE]

SCENE I

(The orchestra develops the theme of Pan, while he resumes playing upon his pipes. He turns and faces the woodland curtain at the central point through which he came to the front of the stage. The curtain parts and disappears to the sides of the stage. He steps through the curtain as it discloses the main stage. The morning light increases. Pan goes up center playing softly on his pipes. The morning sun discovers Zephyrus on the first landing back of the main stage. He is a fair-haired boy of eight or nine years of age. Pan's music stops abruptly. BUTTERFLY MUSIC is heard in the orchestra, and Zephyrus is seen chasing a butterfly, which evades him in the air. Zephyrus kneels down and, making an apron of his tunic, fills it with flowers.)

PAN: *[aside; left center]*

Youth and innocence!—I would not frighten him.

[Turns partly away, but cannot keep his eyes from the boy. Zephyrus again chases the butterfly—dropping some of his flowers. He runs down on the main stage, upper center; he sees Pan, stops and smiles innocently.]

ZEPHYRUS: *[simply and looking at Pan]*

Good morrow, Great God Pan!

PAN:

Thou knowest me, child?

ZEPHYRUS:

Indeed it must be thou and no one else;
Eos, my mother, often hath described thee.
Thou art the first strange god my eyes have seen;
I only know my elder brothers three.

PAN:

And thou dost not fear me?

The Atonement of Pan

ZEPHYRUS: [*holding flowers in the apron of his tunic — singing*]

I know not fear;
I have been taught to love the world.
When spring is come,
I gather flowers in the field,
And these I bring
To make a garland for her hair,
My mother Eos, divine and fair.

[*Refrain — taking Pan by the hand.*]

Come, sing with me,
O happy day.
I'll twine for thee a wreath of bay;
O master of the woodland clan:
For art thou not the Great God Pan?

[*Zephyrus holds out a wreath to Pan. Pan turns right front. In recitative aside.*]

PAN:

The power of faith transcends the power of the gods.
[*turns and bends before Zephyrus*]

[*In duet form*]

PAN:

I'll sing with thee,

ZEPHYRUS:

Come, sing with me,

PAN:

O happy day!

ZEPHYRUS:

O happy day!

PAN:

I'll wear for thee,

ZEPHYRUS:

I'll twine for thee,

The Atonement of Pan

PAN:

A wreath of bay,

ZEPHYRUS:

A wreath of bay,

PAN:

As master of the woodland clan.

ZEPHYRUS:

O master of the woodland clan.

PAN:

I am thy slave, the Great God Pan.

ZEPHYRUS:

For art thou not the Great God Pan?

[End of duet; Zephyrus places wreath on Pan's head, who kneels before him facing up stage, the music rising to a climax,—short tableau.]

PAN: *[rising, taking right, and lifting his hand to heaven]*

[Spoken]

Eros, God of Love,
Protect this child against the world.

[Again butterfly music is heard very softly in the orchestra. Zephyrus runs about the stage a moment, until he again faces Pan, looking at him intently.]

ZEPHYRUS:

[Spoken]

Thou hast a troubled look upon thy face;
Upon my mother's, oft I see the same.
Is that the mark of age, when youth is gone?

PAN:

Tut, tut, my child; we gods are never old.
Come, show me where your choicest flowers grow.

ZEPHYRUS:

Indeed, I will. I know them every one.

The Atonement of Pan

[*Pan and Zephyrus go up stage hand in hand. Zephyrus kneels left upper and offers flowers to Pan, showing confidence and pleasure. Eos is seen coming stealthily from out the cave on the hillside, upper left,—the rest of the hill being held in darkness. She looks around and into the forest cautiously.*]

EOS: [*in a long, low whisper*]

Zephyrus!

[*She steps farther down from cave near the center.*]

Zephyrus!

[*Zephyrus hears her the second time, lifts his head and runs up the hill toward her.*]

ZEPHYRUS:

Mother!

[*Eos and Zephyrus embrace. Pan goes left front of stage.*]

EOS:

My darling boy! Thou must not run alone.

Did I not voices hear without the cave?

Which of thy brothers hath been counseling thee?

ZEPHYRUS: [*pointing*]

Nay, nay, look there! It is the Great God Pan.

EOS: [*putting Zephyrus behind her*]

Pan! Thou clown of the gods and god of clowns,

What wouldst thou there below? Can I not hold

My youngest son unblemished from the world?

Must he, too, tread the path of all the rest,

The sap of his young life to wormwood turned,

His appetite upon destruction bent?

Great Zeus, I've sworn an oath it shall not be!

[*shields Zephyrus in her embrace*]

PAN:

Hear me, thou fulgent star of Mother-kind.

The Atonement of Pan

Whip me with thy tongue; it is my due.
The heavy debt I owe is still unpaid;
I am accustomed to its usury.
Yet bear with me a little.
Great Gæa's fool I am, but like all fools
My mirth is ever on the brink of grief.
If gods or mortals dared divest their souls,
Our tears would drown the world; the briny deep
Would top the spaceless suns and quench their fires,—
And so we wear the mask and do dissemble.

Before Eos, I stand to speak the truth;
There in yon cave I know Astræus dwells,—
Father of Destruction; who with his sons
Hath sought repeated times to blast these trees.
Against them have been hurled the howling winds,
Until the very rocks were split in twain.
And yet behold! These Titan shafts remain
Untarnished by the brunt of their assault,
Unsullied as Diana and her Nymphs.

Come close, Eos,—
To thee I will unfold a mystery.

[Eos comes down center, still shielding Zephyrus.]

Thou knowest the wizardry at my command,
How on these pipes I play, and bid mankind
And deities themselves to do my will,
Or turn their steps from war to revelry,
Or lead them nimble-footed in the dance,
Or call them back again to clash of arms;
Puppets, all, to the music of my reeds.

Some power hath restrained my churlish heart
Within *this* grove, and curbed my fantasy.
The tawny bruin tearing at the roots
Gave pause to prick his ear upon the strain
And amble off, his belly partly filled.
In shadow cloaked I bade thine eldest sons,

The Atonement of Pan

Commanded by Astræus, launch their thunder,
Striving to rend these giant trunks,— when, lo!
My syrinx filched the courage from their hearts
And held them thrall'd in music's dalliance.
What higher destiny, what guiding hand,
Bridled my wanton sport, I never knew,
Until this morn I spied thy youngest son,
So pure, so innocent, so undefiled.
His presence is a message from the gods,
And I have sworn an oath to be his slave.

Eos: [*coming center, still with her arm around Zephyrus —
intently*]

Unhappy Pan, I do believe thine oath.

[*releasing Zephyrus*]

Zephyrus, run and play thou in the sun;
But not beyond the calling of my voice.

[*Zephyrus goes up stage; Eos comes right front.*]

Eos:

Pan, I have vowed no longer will I brook
The horrors of yon pestilential cave.
Within, the feeble shadows of the day
Inscribe their epitaphs upon the walls.
Corrosion thrives and feeds upon itself
In cancerous gluttony. The fungus eaves
With mildew drip and stain the cavern's mouth.
From thence my eldest sons, armed head to foot,
In death and devastation roam the world.

[*with pathos, lowering her voice*]

From out my tired heart the one last drop
Of love now courses through Zephyrus' veins.
Naught knows he of his brothers' stormy life,
His father's crimes and dreaded cruelties,
For I have held him close within my breast.
But now the time has come; he questions me

The Atonement of Pan

And knowledge seeks,—the curse of gods and men.
I must away with him or blast my soul
With more deception, lies and counterfeits.

PAN: [*aside, in ecstasy*]

Ye Powers Omnipotent! My prayer is heard!
Now shall a fool find opportunity
To pay the debt of all his knavery.

[*turning to Eos*]

Come, let me be thy guide; I know the way.
Together we will lead the boy through vale
And dell; the verdant turf beneath his feet,
The spreading oak to shield him from the sun;
The echo of his laughter he will hear
Playing hide-and-seek in the rippling stream,
Amid the scented ferns and mossy banks.
The years will fly like swallows in the wind
And we will bring him to Arcadia,
To there invoke the blessings of Diana,
Chaste Artemis, protectress of the young.

Eos: [*aside, apostrophizing*]

Thou mother-hearted, virgin-limbed Diana!

[*aloud, with great vigor*]

The wisdom of thy words renews my hopes;
At once I will obey; Zephyrus,—whist!

[*Zephyrus comes running.*]

Give me thy hand, the other unto Pan;
Together we will wander through the woods.

ZEPHYRUS:

I knew that thou wouldst love the Great God Pan.

[*Orchestra takes up refrain of the duet between Pan and Zephyrus. Eos, placing Zephyrus in the center, takes his right hand in her left hand. Pan, down stage, takes*

The Atonement of Pan

Zephyrus' left hand in his right hand. All three slowly exeunt by the roadway, Pan and Zephyrus singing together the refrain]:

PAN:

I'll sing with thee,

ZEPHYRUS:

Come sing with me, [etc.]

[Stage darkens; clouds gather; wind motif is heard in the orchestra, and wind is heard among the trees. Rumbblings of thunder are heard and flashes of lightning seen in the distance. The lower part of the stage becomes quite dark. Cave on hillside is disclosed. The towering figure of Astræus is revealed. The rumblings of the approaching storm are heard, somewhat subdued, in the orchestra.]

ASTRÆUS:

What do our eyes behold? This mighty grove
Unscathed by all our forces! Father Crius!
And Mighty Zeus! These trees have dared to stand
Thrice o'er a thousand years. Oh, sons of mine!
When next on Great Olympus heights our scroll
Is read before the Council of the Gods,
Must this grey head be bowed with shameful grief?
Must our defeat be bared and we confess
That other gods there be, who in their strength
A temple here have built that all our seed
Hath fought in vain? No, by my Father, no!
Through all the earth our strength hath done its will.
Oh, Mighty Gæa! What primeval sin
Herein committed by our Father's Father
Brings this defeat? Must we hereafter take
Our seat within the Council's lower end,
To be the table's butt, flouted and dubbed
The impotent sire of puny worthless kin?
Hear us, all ye Titans of earth and sea!
Mighty Hecate, hear! Zephyrus, we have,

The Atonement of Pan

Our youngest son. His untried¹ prowess still
Awaits the test; but when his mother Eos
Was happy in her weight, by signs propitious
His birthright was announced. Brave Hercules,
And Vulcan, too, stood sponsor for his strength.
Great Jupiter himself gave us the pledge
That whatsoe'er Zephyrus might demand
Forthwith should be fulfilled. Of all our sons,
Zephyrus, best beloved, stand thou forth!

[*Silence and no response.*]

Stand forth, we say.

[*No response. Pause.*]

Zephyrus!!

[*Silence.*]

ASTRÆUS: [*in rage*]

What! Disobedience running riot, too?
Then, by the shades of Pluto and the Fiends
Around him congregate in Hell, we call
The brood of Nicothoé to our aid.

[*Waves his wand in circle to the right and up the hill.*]
Nicothoé! Nicothoé! Come forth.

[*A weird and terrible scream is heard.*]

DANCE OF THE HARPIES

[*The Harpies are twelve in number — gaunt, bird-like figures, with spreading wings. The music for the dance of the Harpies is dissonant and nerve-splitting, but with very marked and regular rhythm. The dance consists of a series of movements resembling the flight of great birds, in trios, quartets and ensemble; they finally fall in front of Astræus in one great flutter, with Nicothoé, the spokesman, up the hill nearest where Astræus stands.*]

The Atonement of Pan

NICOTHOÉ: [*lifting head and in an uncanny voice*]
Master, to do thy bidding, we are come.

ASTRÆUS:

Thrice to answer have we Zephyrus bid,
And thrice the echo of our voice hath been
The sole reply. Tell us, where is the boy?
Ye have our edict to patrol the air
And traverse our domain. Ye Harpies, speak.

NICOTHOÉ:

Where the blotches of Uranus
Smirch the sky;
Where the stench of Pluto rises
There we fly.

When the severed head of Hydra
Blood distills,
In the maggots of his carcass
Plunge our bills.

From our perches in the tree tops
Saw we Pan,
With him Eos and Zephyrus;
Swift they ran.

Sneering Pan is our Nemesis;
Him we hate.
Give us our commands, Astræus,
We await.

[All the Harpies partly rise and cackle in ghoulish laughter, fluttering down again. Another crash of thunder.]

ASTRÆUS: [*in great rage*]

By the Furies of Hell, we are undone!
Zephyrus stolen by that Forest Fool,
And Eos, too, seduced. Great Jupiter!
Now is Olympus turned upside down!

The Atonement of Pan

Away; go forth, ye bastards of the air;
Circle the farthest confines of the globe;
Nor rest your wings, nor foul your beaks with food
Until ye bring them back, my wife and son.
Go, Harpies, go.

NICOTHOË:

Master, master, we fly!

[Harpies rush from the scene in one great flight. The storm rages more fiercely. Amid the crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning, Astræus, after imprecating the Heavens in pantomime, with uplifted fists, disappears in the cave. The act closes at the height of the storm.]

INTERMEZZO — ORCHESTRA

SCENE II

Vale of Arcadia at the shrine of Diana. A distant part of the same forest. Ten years have elapsed.

(It is the full harvest time of the year, and the tone of the stage is thrown into high afternoon light with yellow predominating. At the upper center of the stage is a statue of Diana, above life size. She is represented in classic pose, holding a drawn bow with an arrow poised as if to be let loose in flight. Back of the statue and on an elevation is a six-columned peristyle. The scene is decorated with full-blown flowers, hanging vines, etc. To the left of the statue, at the lower part of the stage, is the well of Diana, with cups and flagons on the rim. Extending down left and right are pergolas and bowers covered with richly colored trellis and vines, indicating retreating pathways into the forest.

The music for the prelude to this scene is a vigorous hunting call of the horns, first heard in the distance and gradually lifting in volume. As the curtain draws aside, Pan is discovered asleep at the base of, and partly hidden behind the statue. An approaching chorus of hunters is heard.)

HUNTERS: [off stage]

Hark away! Hark away! Hark away!

In the dewy, dewy morn,
To the echo of the horn,
We hunt at the break of day;
Hark away! Hark away! Hark away!

[coming on]

See the arrow from our bow
Lay the mighty antler low,

The Atonement of Pan

There's none can our skill gainsay,
Hark away! Hark away! Hark away!

[p]

In the quiet of the night
All our fancies take their flight;
Our cares gently fade away,
Fade away — fade away — fade away.

[ff]

So here's to the strife of a hunter's life
From the plain to the mountain sheen;
And here's to the thrill of a good day's kill,
With a toast to Dian', our Queen!
With a toast to Dian', our Queen!

CHORUS: [*lifting spears, bows, etc., in air, and pointing up stage*
— *singing*]

Hail! Orion, conqueror, mightiest
Hunter of us all! Hail! Hail!

ORION: [*enters upper center and comes down center between*
uplifted spears, etc.]

[*Spoken*]

Now have I kept my word and brought you here
Into the secret vale of Artemis;
This is the very paradise of Nymphs.
Surfeit your eyes and sip the honeyed blooms
Before they part their lips to th' amorous sun.
Behold this rose with petals carnadine:
Some passionate Naiad hath brushed it with her cheek.
The entwined arms of yonder vinery
Do haply imitate those trysting lovers
Who melted here their souls in unison.
The air is plethoric in witchery.
Alone I once made conquest in this dell
Of one who Aphrodite's charms surpassed.

The Atonement of Pan

That was a wooing fit for Mars himself,
And would have won applause from Hercules!
So come, your girdles loose, and rest your spears;
We will put off the trappings of the chase,
And let our arms be those that Nature gives
Wherewith to bend fair maids to do our will.
Now is the harvest time, when all things yield
Their juices, and fruition waits the scythe.

HUNTERS: [*spoken*]

Hail, Mighty Orion, hail!

[*Hunters break right and left, leaving arms, spears, clubs, etc., against the trees and pergolas—but avoiding the statue. Music for Silenus—comic movement for bassoons in orchestra.*]

SILENUS: [*singing off stage*]

O, ho, ho, ho; go fast, go slow,
Have a drink with old Silenus.
Whoa, Bucephalus, whoa!

[*Hunters burst into laughter and point to upper center. Enter Silenus, riding on a donkey.*]

SILENUS: [*on donkey, center*]

I once knew a fool who went to school,
And he lived on moods and tenses.
His only drink was a bottle of ink,
So he very soon lost his senses.

[*dismounting*]

Whoa, Bucephalus, whoa!

[*Donkey is led off stage by two hunters.*]

The older we grow the less we know
Of life and all its uses.
It's only the drone who lives on a bone
And the flowing bowl refuses.

The Atonement of Pan

Why pickle your hide when you have died
In spices and good liquor?
Do the pickling now, is my daily vow;
It's surer and much quicker.

So bumpers up, fill every cup;
Have a drink with old Silenus;
We'll spend our nights in wild delights,
And devil a care between us.

[Omnes take goblets and Silenus fills them from his pig-skin.]

OMNES:

So bumpers up, fill every cup;
Have a drink with old Silenus;
We'll spend our nights in wild delights,
And devil a care between us.

[Great good humor prevails, Orion and Silenus drinking together, hunters in groups of two and three, in convivial attitudes toward each other. Silenus discovers Pan asleep on the bench. Silenus stares at him with hands on knees and body crouching, his mouth wide open with good-humored astonishment.]

SILENUS: *[spoken]*

By my starving belly! Whom have we here?

ORION: *[taking upper center]*

'Tis Pan, the Forest Fool; he seems at home.

HUNTERS:

Pan!

ORION: *[going up to Pan]*

Ay,—Pan; I know him. Thou sluggard awake;
Or art thou shamming? Come, awake, I say.
Silenus, fill a flagon to the brim
And bid the mad buffoon to quaff with us.

[Pan has opened his eyes, and springs to his feet.]

The Atonement of Pan

[DRAMATIC MUSIC — RECITATIVE]

PAN:

Mighty Gæa! You hairy dogs, you mongrel herd,
How dare your dungy hoofs befoul this sacred spot?
Stand back, avaunt, away!

HUNTERS: [*singing—in derision*]

Ha, ha! Ha, ha! The churlish mountebank!

[Silenus runs up to Pan, offering wine cup. Pan knocks cup from his hand. Silenus and hunters fall back. Pan faces the crowd in anger.]

PAN:

Back to your kennels
Vulgar invaders,
Dogs from the mountains,
Back, back, I say!

Hairy intruders,
Gory and reeking,
Swine of the jungle,
Avaunt, away!

This is no covey,
Quarry, or bear trap
Baited with offal,
Villainous pests!

Flee ere the shaft from
The bow of Diana,
Shot in her anger,
Pierces your breasts.

I will not drink ye,
Not with Silenus;
I will not quaff his
Poisonous rue.

[Pan reaches well.]

The Atonement of Pan

Here is a chalice
Filled with the rarest
Nectar from Hebe's
Elysian brew.

Fill all your flagons,
Pledge in this vintage
To Venus, the goddess
Of love and delight.

Her lips have pressed it,
Her song hath blessed it;
Drink deep to Venus,
Queen of tonight.

CHORUS: [*rushing to well and filling flagons*]
Drink deep to Venus,
Queen of tonight.

PAN: [*taking left front rapidly—aside*]
Faithful Diana,
Come to my rescue,
Steep all their senses
In Lethe's spell;
Baffle their prowess,
Stifle their passions,
Toss them to Pluto,
Writhing in hell.

PAN: [*holding flagon on high*]
Drink to Aphrodite fair,

CHORUS:
To Aphrodite fair.

PAN:
Drink to Bacchus debonair,

CHORUS:
To Bacchus debonair.

PAN:
Drink the nectar, ruby glowing,

The Atonement of Pan

From the fountain ever flowing,
At Diana's charmed well,

CHORUS:
At Diana's charmed well.

PAN:
Fill your flagons to the brim,

CHORUS:
Our flagons to the brim.

PAN:
Here's to Nymph and Dryad trim,

CHORUS:
To Nymph and Dryad trim.

PAN:
Hark! I hear their laughter ringing;
Hark! I hear their voices singing
Round Diana's charmed well,

CHORUS:
Round Diana's charmed well.

[All commence to dance—Pan left front.]

PAN:
Round and round, hand in hand;
Faster, faster, merry band;
Dip it, sip it, trip it, skip it,
Step fantastic, antic frantic.

[Dance grows wilder and wilder. Pan goes right front.]

Ha! ha! The charm has worked!

[Unslings his pipes and plays the tune wildly. Hunters dance wildly, reeling and turning. Pan plays them off through the pergolas in groups, as they reel and turn to the mad music. Orion remains. He tries to resist the music and finally reaches up stage, holding on to column of pergola. Music becomes piano, but still pulsates.]

The Atonement of Pan

ORION :

Thou hound of Pluto, with what concoction vile
Have we been drugged? I am not done with thee.

*[Tries to come forward, but staggers back when Pan plays
upon his reeds.]*

ORION : *[shaking fist at Pan]*

Arrest your squealing reeds; they split mine ears;
Hear me — I am not done.

[staggering]

I will return,

[fainter]

I will return.

[Disappears in bower, upper left.]

PAN : *[turning to statue and kneeling.—Solo]*

My prayer is heard;
I thank thee, goddess undefiled.
Thy guiding hand
With love protects each wayward child.
With contrite heart
I kneel before thy form benign,
To pledge anew
My faith in thee, sweet Nymph divine.

[rising and turning front]

My prayer is heard;
I thank thee, goddess undefiled.

The myriad stars
That burn with pure celestial flame,
Diana fair,
Reflect the glory of thy name.

Bid me proclaim
To far Parnassus' lofty height

The Atonement of Pan

The joy that fills
The heart of Pan with new delight.

[*Slight pause; looks over the scene.*]

[*Spoken*]

Discordant, brutal strife is fled the scene,
And Peace resumes her customary dignity.
Triumphant Day now sheathes his flaming sword;
The shadows stretch their length upon the earth,
And sentinels of stars will soon begin
Their rounds upon the ramparts of the night.

[*Dance of the Nymphs pianissimo in orchestra.*]

I feel the pulse of gentle harmonies;
Rhythms that faintly fall upon the ear.
Music! Thou solace from Elysium!
Thou proof divine of immortality!

Now is the hour when Chloris and her train
Come hence to hold their nightly carnival.
I will away to where Zephyrus waits.
The noble boy, to nobler manhood grown,
Hath far surpassed his mother's fondest hopes.

[*turning to statue*]

Desert me not, sweet Goddess Dian',
For I am still thy faithful Pan.

[*Exits left front as music for Dance of Nymphs develops in the orchestra.*]

DANCE OF NYMPHS

(*This dance is a series of moving tableaux and graceful poses done by sixteen Nymphs, clad in the flowing garments of the classic Greek period.*)

(*After a series of movements eight of the Nymphs dance into one of the bowers, reappearing with Chloris in their midst, sur-*

The Atonement of Pan

rounded by little Fauns. She is dressed more richly than the rest, in golden draperies. As she enters, the Nymphs dance around her. She comes down and turns, slowly facing statue. Nymphs weave garlands of roses and ribbons of flowers around her in patterns and figures. Finally she kneels in front of statue, and the Nymphs shower her with flowers—the music reaching a climax. A chorus of young voices sings through the latter part of the dance, as follows, off stage):

CHORUS: [off stage]

Chloris and Phœbe's train
In the moonlight coyly dancing;—
Venus will search in vain
For a picture more entrancing.

Nimble their dainty feet
Tread the captivating measure;
Faces and hearts replete
With the music's thrilling pleasure.

Chloris, sweet Nymph, arise,
While we crown thee, fairest flower,
Crown thee with Flora's prize,—
Flora, Queen of Phœbe's bower.

[The above is not sung loudly, and not as the Nymphs first commence to dance. Pan and Zephyrus appear at left front, about the middle of the dance and speak through the singing; the singing always being heard as from a distance.]

PAN: [spoken]

Look, boy, where beauty on perfection waits,
And each outshines the other's estimate.
This is the fillet, crown, the coronet
Of Phœbe's handiwork. The rarest gem
From India, faceted to multiply
And yield its myriad iridescent hues,

The Atonement of Pan

Would pale with envy before this diadem.
Art pleased, my lad?

ZEPHYRUS:

Pleased? I am enchanted.

What is she? Who is she? And whence cometh she?

PAN:

She? Thou hast a choice already!

ZEPHYRUS:

I see but one and only one.

PAN:

Which one?

ZEPHYRUS:

The one who, clad in golden drapery,
Rivets the adoration of the others.

PAN:

'Tis Chloris fair, and her attendant train
Coming to vest their vernal choice as Queen
And crown her, Flora, Goddess Bountiful.

ZEPHYRUS:

My soul! Such beauty is not of this earth.

PAN:

Speak to her.

ZEPHYRUS:

Speak? I dare not; my voice would frighten her.

PAN:

She is a woman. If I mistake me not,
She will prefer the horror of thy voice
Than that her charms win no encomium.

[*aside*]

Ah, me! The prudishness of untried youth!

The Atonement of Pan

[*aloud*]

Speak, thou fuzzy fledgling, thou downy boy.

[*Gently pushes him forward. Music for Zephyrus—Ode to Flora. Pan tip-toes to left front with finger on lips—speaks through music.*]

PAN: [*aside*]

Now is the spell complete. I'll leave the rest
To beauty, youth and Nature's craftiness.

[*Pan exit left front.*]

ZEPHYRUS: [*singing*]

Fairest of Diana's train,
Bid me not to ask in vain
For some favor in thine eyes,
Where the light of Heaven lies.

When thy beauty I behold,
Tell me not I am too bold,
If I dare disclose my heart
Bruised by wound of Cupid's dart.

Flora, Flora, list my prayer;
'Neath the starry night I swear
All my soul in longing cries
For some favor in thine eyes,
For one glimpse of Paradise.
Flora, Flora, list my prayer.

In the mazes of the dance
How thy dainty feet entrance;
Flitting like a fairy sprite
Mid the shadows of the night.

Be thou fairy, nymph or maid,
Lovely vision of the glade,
Willing captive to thy spell,
Let me in thy favor dwell.

The Atonement of Pan

All my soul in longing cries
For some favor in thine eyes,
For one glimpse of Paradise.
Flora, Flora, list my prayer.

[Zephyrus at the end of the song is kneeling to Flora, facing up stage. She is standing directly in front of the statue, her arms filled with long-stemmed roses—her circlet of poppies on her head; all the Nymphs have gracefully retreated during the song into bowers, right and left, being half seen in the shadows off stage. Flora drops her flowers and holds out both hands to Zephyrus.]

FLORA: *[spoken]*

Arise; it is not meet for thee to kneel,
For art thou not a man—the brave Zephyrus?

[Zephyrus kisses her hand, rises, faces partly front, still holding her right hand with his left.]

ZEPHYRUS:

How dost thou know my name and who I am?

FLORA:

Only thy name is whispered in the trees
When zephyrs gently blow from out the west;
Only thy name is wafted by the rose
Whose fragrance with thy balmy breath commingles.
Have I not known thee since the dawn of time?
Thou art the western wind.

ZEPHYRUS:

Thou art the rose.

[They are seated in front and at the base of the statue, facing and looking into each other's eyes. Orion breaks through bower. He is in brutal mood. He swaggers right center and turns facing them. MUSIC: The horn call at the opening of scene is used in the minor with suppressed tremulo in strings.]

The Atonement of Pan

ORION: [*spoken*]

What ho! Here is fresh meat, a young gazelle;
A beauty, too. Stand back, thou puny stripling.

[*Zephyrus takes left; Flora crouching at base of statue, covering her face with her hands.*]

Come not betwixt Orion and his sport.

[*At this moment screams are heard in both bowers, and hunters are dimly seen each holding a Nymph in his embrace. The music continues ff.*]

ZEPHYRUS:

Goddess of Chastity, lend me thine aid!

[*Orion and Zephyrus rush together center; Orion throws Zephyrus off easily and goes right front, drawing his hunting knife. Zephyrus recovers himself and stands in front of Flora, between her and Orion, but very near her.*]

ORION: [*right front, facing audience*]

Come, my hungry blade, let us sniff some blood!

[*Orion turns from right front and rushes at Zephyrus with uplifted knife. Just as he is two paces from Zephyrus there is a heavy crash in the orchestra, and a roll of thunder. The arrow flies from Diana's bow and Orion staggers, falls and dies. Hunters, who have been in tableaux in bowers, break and rush on the scene, falling to their knees and pointing to the statue.*]

HUNTERS:

The arrow hath pierced his heart!

[*All point to the statue.*]

[*Music turns to a funeral dirge. Hunters take Orion on their shoulders and slowly carry him off up the roadway right. Zephyrus and Flora kneel for a moment to the statue. The music changes to the motive of Dance*

The Atonement of Pan

of the Nymphs. Voices of chorus are heard off stage singing pp refrain of "Chloris and Phæbe's train." Zephyrus and Flora arise; he takes her hand; Nymphs enter timidly, form group around them, and they all slowly disappear into the bowers quietly as music dies away. The stage is now empty, with full moonlight. Pan enters left front, playing a short strain very softly on his pipes. He goes up to the statue and sits at its base.]

PAN: [*spoken*]

Death is a farce and follies are momentous
In Jove's predestined universal scheme.
What is the carcass of the lion but stuff
Wherewith to fructify the violet?
Thus do the spheres themselves revolve in space
To hum a melody for wanton lovers.

Today between two youths a spark has struck
That will illumine the Empyrean limits.
The worlds await the union of their seed.
Fear not, the great command will be obeyed:
Life ever hath its genesis in debt,
That needs be paid in coin from Nature's mint:
And so the Ages bear their labor pains.
So far—so good.

[Pan gradually falls asleep at the base of the statue, while the theme of Diana rises to a climax.]

[CURTAIN]

ENTRE-ACTE — ORCHESTRA

THE DREAM OF PAN

SCENE III

(Same as Scene I, only that the uplift of the hill back of the cave of Astræus is shown more clearly.)

The music just prior to curtain intimates a return of the storm, but in a subdued form, interrupted with fragments of the DANCE OF THE HARPIES.

At the parting of the curtain Astræus is discovered at the mouth of the cave, with folded arms and with head somewhat bowed. At his feet, spread out on the hillside, is Nicothoé, in dejected attitude, with head up hill, near the feet of and below Astræus.)

ASTRÆUS:

Ten years have limped their course, like convicts chained,
Dragging my heart in shackles after them.
Our thunders' heavy bulk, our hurricanes,
Our lightning bolts and tumbling avalanche,
Have written failure on the earthy slates.
The howling winds weep failure in our ears:
The sum of all our power is loneliness.

[Storm music rises and falls.]

Be still, ye myrmidons, we'll try no more.
Now would I pledge an Hemisphere of storms
To win them back again, my wife and son.

[Nicothoé cackles in grief at Astræus' feet.]

ASTRÆUS:

Go to, thou scavenger! May all thy brood

The Atonement of Pan

Gorge in each other's blood like cannibals
And rid the world of putrid pestilence!

NICOTHOË: [*rising*]

Stay your epithets and curses,
Hear me speak.
Not upon your faithful Harpies
Vengeance seek.

All the farthest forest confines
Did we scan,
Till we found thy boy and Eos
Led by Pan.

In one cloud we hovered o'er them
Poised in flight;
When the pipes of Pan forbade us
To alight.

Played a melody infernal
In our ear.
Filled the air with mocking, laughing,
Fiendish jeer.

Bade us whirl like brainless boobies
Round and round,
While with glee he rolled and tumbled
On the ground.

Then he shouted: "Come but nearer
And you die.
I am master of the woodland,
Backward fly."

Times unnumbered have we striven
To regain
Eos and the boy Zephyrus;
All in vain.—

[*sinks down again in despair*]

The Atonement of Pan

ASTRÆUS:

What force contends with our authority?
What is this music damned you rave about?
Are piping reeds and scraping guts to sway
And rule the elements against our will?
By Vulcan and his bellows! We will forge
A syrinx worthy of a Titan's blast
And crack the globe in one vast dissonance!

[Pipes of Pan are heard in the distance. Nicothoë partly rises, listens, shudders and cackles in fear, falling down again. Another Harpy rushes down from right upper on to the stage, swoops up center and falls prostrate below Nicothoë.]

SECOND HARPY:

Master, she comes, she comes!

ASTRÆUS:

Who comes? Speak out, thou messenger of hell!

SECOND HARPY:

Thy wife, and in her train a multitude.

ASTRÆUS:

Roll back the murky clouds! Shine forth, O Sun!
And clothe the world in holiday attire!

[to Harpies]

Out of my sight, ye garbage-eating vermin.

[Harpies slink away.]

Now let resplendent beauty flood the scene!

[aside]

O heart, O withered heart, I feel the sap
Beneath thy bark stir with another spring.

[MUSIC: The broad chords of Pan's Prologue heard in the orchestra. Eos is discovered at top of hill; on her left

The Atonement of Pan

is Zephyrus, on her right is Flora. Pan is in front of the trio, music holding the picture a moment. Music stops.]

ASTRÆUS: [*looking up mountain-side, stands transfixed*]
Eos! Thief of my soul! My truant love!

Eos:

Astræus, Mighty Sovereign of the Winds;
Behold, I am returned, bringing Zephyrus,
But not to do thy bidding with the boy.

Our eldest sons on hate were weaned and taught
Destruction was to be their field of labor.
Not so this pearl of my maturity.
I stole the jewel ere it was encrusted,
And set my treasure where it might reflect
The glowing radiance of all the virtues.

We found a land unbound by battlements
Or limitations fixed to afront the eye,
A very haven of beatitude
Wherein we bode in calm security.

One law supreme holds sway in this domain:
That law which bids the velvet bud to ope
And catch the fleeting colors of the dawn;
That same great law which holds the pendent Globes
In rhythmic swing through spaces infinite;—
The universal law of Harmony.

Wisdom I found confided to a fool,
A trusty of the deities' deep designs.
He played a strain upon his trivial pipes,
A filmy gossamer of melody
Spun from the music of the spheres; and yet
It swayed the counter currents of the air,
It sheared discordant strife of all its strength,
And swept your legions to oblivion.

The Voice of Harmony is the Voice of God.

The Atonement of Pan

ASTRÆUS: [*aside*]

Her words unfold a myst'ry, but her voice
With new enchantment thrills my lonely heart.

Eos:

Zephyrus has been reared in fair Arcadia,
Where all things animate, in full accord
With Mother Nature, dwell in happiness.
His ripening years now show our handiwork,
By aid divine, to full perfection brought.

In all due time there came the consummation
Of that vast plan which rules the universe.
Chloris, the fairest Nymph of Artemis
Was shrined as Flora, Goddess Bountiful.
Youth and Beauty looked in each other's eyes;
It was designed by Zeus their souls should mate;
Eons ago the sacred flame was lit
Upon the altar of their destiny.

With joy I gave the sanction of their troth,
Dedicating their union with the pledge
That he should be the God of Gentle Winds,
And Flora, Goddess Bountiful, his wife.

Before thee thus they stand and all the world!

ASTRÆUS:

But how about thyself? Thou art my wife
In union wed on High Olympus front.

Eos:

I know full well the penalty ordained
For disobedience to my marriage vow:
Yet here I do renounce and waive all claim,
Immortal and divine, to take the doom
Of punishment within the lower world,
Unless, Astræus, thou wilt give consent
Unto this union and cement the pledge
That naught but zephyrs through these forest trees.

The Atonement of Pan

Shall play, and naught but plenty fill the lap
Of every harvest season in our land.

Unite with me as warrant to my vow
And I will reunite with thee, thy wife.

[Pan and group make tableau of supplication. Astræus bows his head. Distant thunder is heard, and Harpies cackle from afar.]

ASTRÆUS: *[aside]*

Peace, peace, unhappy harbingers of ill.

[Astræus meditates, then lifts head — vigorously.]

My love for thee is greater than my hate,
Thou art the better half of all my life;
Thy voice hath conquered me. I give the pledge.
Eos! Beloved, come.

Eos:

I come, Astræus,

Willingly thy wife, but Eos no longer.

Behold AURORA, DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN!

[A faint glow of dawn surrounds Aurora. Orchestra gives series of forte trumpet calls, and the processional down the mountain begins. Pan precedes, Aurora following, holding Zephyrus and Flora by either hand. Behind them come the Nymphs. The Harpies perch on the crags of the hills in the distance. Chorus of Hunters and Fauns comes on to stage from sides.]

CHORUS:

All hail! Fair Goddess of the Morn,

All hail! Aurora newly born.

The golden shafts that strike from tree to tree

Proclaim to all the world our victory.

Let High Olympus hear our voice!

Bid all the gods with us rejoice.

All hail! Fair Goddess of the Morn.

The Atonement of Pan

BASSES — FAUNS:

To thee, Arcadia's Lōrd, we pray:
Receive thy due, this wreath of bay,
Hail, master of the woodland clan;
Long be thy reign, O Great God Pan.

OMNES: [*prayer*]

Bestow thy benediction, Mighty Jove,
Upon thy children in this grove.
Diana, guide our wandering steps aright;
Illumine our path with virgin light.

[Astræus comes down on stage, right center, and awaits arrival of Aurora with Zephyrus and Flora. When the last three reach center, they kneel to Astræus. He bids them arise. He joins the hands of Zephyrus and Flora. He embraces Aurora and leads her up the hillside to mouth of cave, leaving Zephyrus and Flora on stage center, surrounded by Nymphs and chorus. Pan in the meantime has taken his stand on first landing above stage. Grouping now changes, all turning toward Pan.]

PAN: [*solo*]

Now have we joined within this scene
Two youths of godly origin.
A pair bestowed by heavenly love
As tender hostage to this grove.
Accept my penance, Mighty Jove;
Give me thy blessing from above.

[Grand forte in orchestra. Pan's deformities disappear and he stands before all, "a perfect child create at birth." All fall to their knees with hands uplifted toward Pan. Apotheosis of Pan. Illumination.]

OMNES:

All hail! Great Master of our clan;
All hail to thee, the Great God Pan!
The golden shafts that strike from tree to tree
Proclaim to all the world thy victory.

The Atonement of Pan

Let High Olympus hear our voice;
Bid all the gods with us rejoice.
All hail to thee, the Great God Pan!

Finis.

THE ATONEMENT OF PAN

SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

PROLOGUE AND SCENE I

THE CAVE OF ASTRÆUS

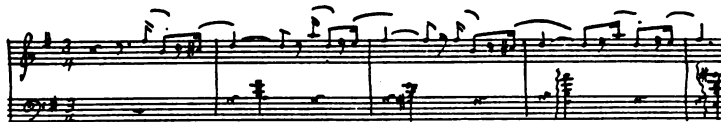
The prankish disposition and foolish deviltry of Pan are indicated at the very beginning by the following theme:



That he is imbued with some lofty ambition is expressed as follows:



He comes with swinging stride through the woods:

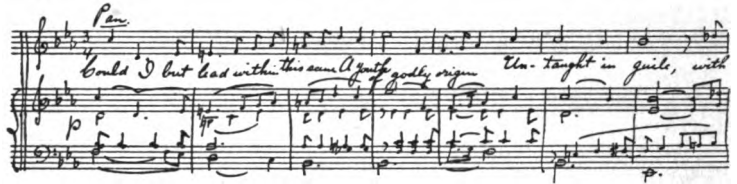


There is a tone of sadness in his pipes.



Synopsis of the Music

He appears in front of the woodland curtain, and after de-claiming a portion of the prologue, declaims in song the great ambition that stirs his heart.



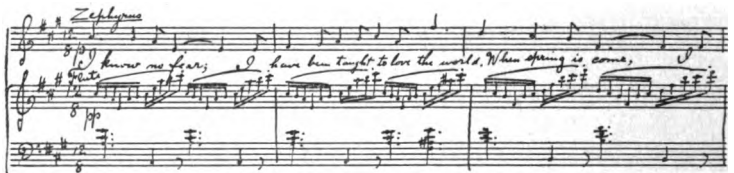
This number, diverted with one or two sub-themes, rises in climactic form to a finale, the realization of his prayer.



The woodland curtain parts, disclosing the boy, Zephyrus, chasing a butterfly in the morning sun.



The innocence and trust of the child are shown in his reply to Pan, who has asked him if he is not afraid.



This motif is repeated in duet form between the two, the Arcadian Deity being completely won over by the perfect faith of Zephyrus in the goodness of the world. Still again it echoes

Synopsis of the Music

through the woods when Pan leads the boy and his mother, Eos, from the gloomy surroundings of their cavern home toward Arcadia.

The scene darkens, and with threatening storm, the approach of Astræus, the Father of the Winds, is heard.



He calls upon his Harpies and storm retainers to appear. They rush upon the scene to a weird and grewsome dance.

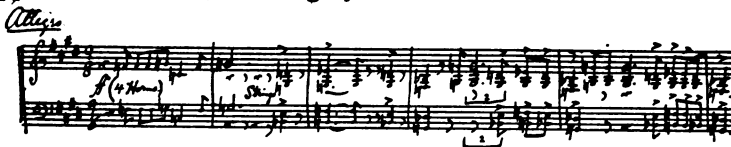


He bids them go forth and bring back his wife and son. They fly at his command, and Astræus re-enters the cave at the height of the storm.



INTERMEZZO

The orchestral interlude opens with a vigorous horn call, supported by rough, short chords in the strings, suggesting the approach of Orion, the Mighty Hunter.



Synopsis of the Music

A short connecting link then ushers in the theme of Diana; this latter theme is employed in several places throughout the second scene.



SCENE II

THE SHRINE OF DIANA

The approach of Orion and his hunters is heard in the forest.



They fill the Vale of Diana with their hunting song.

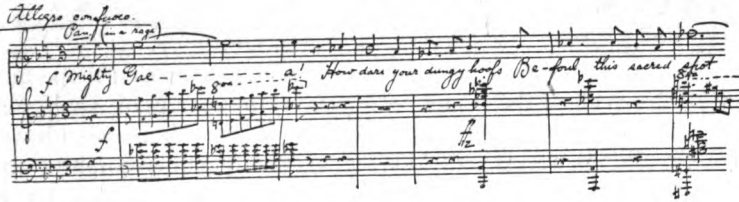


Orion enters to the music indicated above in the Intermezzo. The jovial Silenus is welcomed, and gives vent to his love of the grape.



Synopsis of the Music

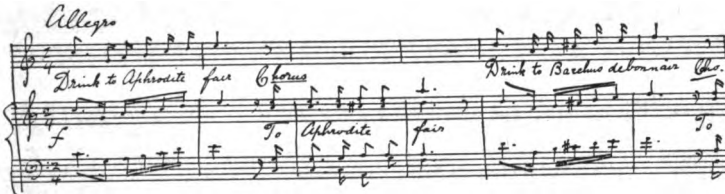
Pan is discovered by the hunters, asleep in the sun, at the base of the statue of Diana. He awakens, and springing to his feet, rails at the hairy intruders for daring to desecrate the sacred spot.



He espies the charmed well of Diana, and invokes its aid.



All fill their flagons, and Pan bids them drink to Aphrodite.



The nectar courses through their veins, and they dash into a wild revel, while Pan plays upon his pipes. They cannot resist the music, and he drives the intruders from the scene, as they reel and turn to the mad rhythm of the dance.

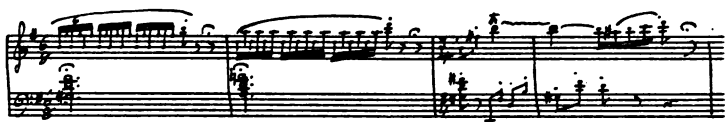


Pan kneels in thanksgiving to the statue.

Synopsis of the Music



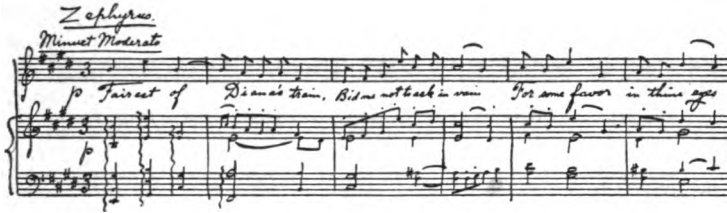
The day has waned, and moonlight—the hour of Phœbe and her train—colors the scene. Pan leaves in search of Zephyrus, now grown to manhood, as the Dance of the Nymphs pulsates through the orchestra; the Dance of the Nymphs employs the following motifs, a chorus of Fauns accompanying the dance, and heard in the distance.



It reaches a climax on the crowning of Chloris as Flora, Goddess Bountiful.

Pan returns with Zephyrus to witness this final tableau. Zephyrus is enraptured, and the Nymphs daintily retreat while he declares his infatuation for Flora.

Synopsis of the Music



Their love scene is rudely interrupted by the return of Orion in brutal mood.



Orion draws his hunting knife, and rushes upon Zephyrus, who is shielding Flora before the statue, when there is a crash of thunder; the arrow flies from the bow of Diana and pierces the heart of Orion, who falls dead at the base of the statue.

The hunters come upon the scene and behold the miracle. They lift the body of Orion upon their shoulders and bear it away; the music merges into a dirge, the muted horns sounding the hunting-horn theme in remote harmonics.



The movement of the dance revives, and timidly the Nymphs return to Flora; they surround her and Zephyrus, and, weaving garlands around them both, the train gently leads the two into the forest, leaving the scene vacant and flooded in moonlight. Pan returns alone, playing softly upon his pipes; after a soliloquy, he falls asleep at the base of the statue, while the theme of Diana fades away, intermingled with fragments of the hunting theme and Pan's theme.

Synopsis of the Music



ENTRE-ACTE

THE DREAM OF PAN.

SCENE III

THE RETURN TO THE CAVE OF ASTRÆUS

At the opening of this scene there is heard the return of the Astræus motif, admixed with sketches of the Dance of the Harpies. After a dialogue between Astræus and the chief of his Harpies, the pipes of Pan are heard, and the tableau of Pan, Eos, Zephyrus and Flora is disclosed upon the mountain-side above the cave. The reunion of Astræus and Eos (now become Aurora, Daughter of the Dawn) being accomplished, the processional takes place down the mountain-side; the basic choral is as follows:

Synopsis of the Music

Moderato e molto maestoso.

Chorus

Hail all hail Pan Goddess of the Dawn!
Hail all hail Pan Goddess of the Dawn!

This musical score is for a chorus. It features three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderato e molto maestoso'. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are 'Hail all hail Pan Goddess of the Dawn!'. The music is in 3/4 time.

Then follows a pæan of praise to Pan by the bass voices.

All the Bases.

See, Ar-cadia's Lord we pray Re-ceive thy

This musical score is for a section titled 'All the Bases'. It features two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato e molto maestoso'. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are 'See, Ar-cadia's Lord we pray Re-ceive thy'. The music is in 3/4 time.

The entire chorus gives adoration to Mighty Jove.

Chorus

Bestow thy ben-diction mighty Jove upon thy children
Bestow thy ben-diction mighty Jove upon thy children

This musical score is for a chorus. It features three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderato e molto maestoso'. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are 'Bestow thy ben-diction mighty Jove upon thy children'. The music is in 3/4 time.

A tableau of reunion takes place on the main stage, whereupon Pan, in lofty strain, implores that he may be absolved of his deformities; the same lied motif is here employed as in the Prologue.

Synopsis of the Music

Pan. (triumphantly)

Now have we joined within this scene Two youths of god. By origin A

A great light shines upon him; his deformities disappear, and he stands before them all, "a perfect child create at birth." All fall to their knees in adoration, lifting their voices in a mighty hymn of praise as the forest is illuminated.

[illegible]

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "The golden shafts that shine for thee". The score is written on five staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, with the lyrics "Great God Pan!" written below the notes. The third staff is for the piano accompaniment, with the lyrics "The golden shafts that shine for thee" written above the notes. The fourth and fifth staves are for the piano accompaniment, with the lyrics "The golden shafts that shine for thee" written above the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

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