

Hast thou kenned the wildest fright
Of a maiden in her sorest plight ?
The shaft of malice barbed with steel ?
Wrongs that vainly to humanity appeal ?
The slander's tale to wreak a virgin's fame,
The braggart's slur to rob a soldier's name ?

Read the riddle of this life—
Tell of pomp, of blood and strife !
Preceptor thou, upon thy stool,
Speak of wisdom to the fool !
Spell him all the forms you know
In this gaudy, tinsled show !

Keep not from thy master's master,
What's hid within thy bronze and plaster !
Spread the follies of the age.
Prince's feast and vandal's rage !
Mark the blaze upon the tree
Despot's made to lead the free !

Mildred. (looking out window.) It is like a golden dream !

Raimond. Nay ? Dreams have oftimes rude awakenings. Ours is the valley of enchantment that reaches down to eternity.

Mildred. (Both rise and face audience.) And none but affection's feet disturb its morning dews.

Raimond. (Puts his arm about her waist.) Thus, we seal our adoration of its deity ! *(Kisses her.)*

Harold. Easy Andrew ; don't you laugh !

Mildred. O, I am so happy ; Raimond !

Raimond. Submission to the enchantress ! incense to the goddess ! the devotion of a life-long bondsmen to the desire of his mistress !

Harold. A lie that never grows old !

Mildred. 'Tis joy supreme ! The waking pulse of supernal passion !

Raimond. And we have only reached the gates of our paradise. Wait for nuptial mass and the joy bells of Bavaria.

Mildred. I am yours ; you are mine ! That is sufficient.

Harold. (As they come slowly down C.):

There's a tiny wee mummer well bred in deceits,
Who haunts all our by-ways and inner retreats.

By innocent rapture he's often called Love,

Artists paint him an angel ; poets sing of a dove.

Raimond. A fig for preachers who say that true love runs