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SHANEWIS

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IN ALL LANGUAGES

SHANEWIS

(THE ROBIN WOMAN)

AN OPERA

THE LIBRETTO BY

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

THE MUSIC BY

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

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PUBLISHED BY

FRED RULLMAN, Inc.

AT THE

THEATRE TICKET OFFICE, 111 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

ARGUMENT.

MRS. J. ASHER EVERTON, a wealthy widow and prominent club woman of southern California, has become interested in SHANEWIS, a beautiful educated Indian girl of musical promise, sending her to New York for vocal training. After several years' study, SHANEWIS is invited by her benefactress to spend the summer in her bungalow by the sea. A few days before her arrival, AMY EVERTON has returned home from a long trip abroad following her graduation from Vassar and, in honor of both girls, MRS. EVERTON gives a dinner dance and musicale. SHANEWIS, who does not dine before singing, makes her first appearance before MRS. EVERTON'S guests when she comes into the music room to sing.

Her initial number, "The Spring Song of the Robin Woman," a Tsimshian legend, together with the thrilling quality of her voice, her undoubted histrionic ability, and her engaging smile, create a sensation even among the older, more critical guests.

LIONEL RHODES, the childhood sweetheart and acknowledged fiance of AMY, is fascinated by the charm and novelty of SHANEWIS. He names her immediately "Enchantress," "The Robin Woman" who calls spring to the heart, and he makes impetuous love to her behind a screen of palms while the guests are out on the terrace dancing. SHANEWIS is at first shy, but, finally, not knowing of his engagement to the daughter of her benefactress, she yields to his wooing conditionally. The condition is that he go with her to her home on the reservation to see if her family be any bar to his regard. He consents, and their interview is terminated by the sudden entrance of AMY with a young man who seeks the next dance with the Indian girl.

Surprised and annoyed by their evident confusion at her interruption, AMY jealously protests to LIONEL, and is not propitiated by his half-hearted efforts to reassure her. Her first uneasiness had been roused earlier in the evening by LIONEL'S enthusiasm over the photograph of SHANEWIS which, he said, recalled to his mind a lovely face he had once seen in Arizona. His subsequent seclusion with the Indian girl leads her to suspect a serious flirtation. Suddenly, she realizes that her long absence has somewhat loosened the bond between herself and her lover. Throwing herself into his arms she cries, "Ah, suppose you ceased to love me."

The clock strikes twelve and the guests hasten in to take their departure which they do lingeringly, congratulating MRS. EVERTON and SHANEWIS, and teasing AMY, laughingly, about her lover's interest in the Indian girl.

The second part takes place in Oklahoma a few days later. With a plausible excuse, SHANEWIS has left MRS. EVERTON for the reservation where LIONEL has secretly followed her. They are discovered watching the closing scenes of a big summer pow wow. Instead of repelling LIONEL, the gay and brilliant pageant, the mingling of traditional, of transitional and of modern Indian life appeals to the young architect's strong sense of the picturesque. He watches

with lively interest the crowds about the refreshment booths, the gay blankets, the Indian mothers with babies in cradle-boards, the dancers in regalia, and the white visitors in holiday attire. The ceremonial songs, even, move him strangely, so that his impulsive love for SHANEWIS grows stronger in the vivid atmosphere which belongs to her. Therefore, when PHILIP HARJO, a fanatical young Indian devoted to the old traditions, presents SHANEWIS with a poisoned arrow once used by a maiden of the tribe to revenge herself upon a white betrayer, he is piqued and assures HARJO that SHANEWIS will never have use for such a weapon.

HARJO, the foster brother of SHANEWIS, is an idealist who has brooded over the wrongs of his people until he has acquired a morbid hatred of the white race and resents all attempts at modern civilization. From childhood he has loved SHANEWIS, but as she grew older and became ambitious for musical training, he kept his passion secret, hoping she would fail to win recognition and be driven by her failure back to her tribe and his love. Her love for a white man comes like a blow to his hopes and his traditions. He is suspicious of LIONEL's impulsive attachment and, throughout the pow wow, he watches his chance to prove his rival faithless.

LIONEL and SHANEWIS attract much attention especially among the white people. A Jazz Band of young people serenades them, and young high school girls hover around, allured by the handsome Californian. LIONEL begs SHANEWIS to leave early but she insists on staying to the end. When the crowd has nearly all departed, when the booths have been stripped, and SHANEWIS has accepted the poisoned arrow from HARJO, MRS. EVERTON and AMY hasten up in travelling costume. They strive to check LIONEL's mad infatuation for the Creek girl, imploring him to consider his duty to his race, if he has forgotten his obligation to AMY. He refuses absolutely to return with them and declares anew his love for SHANEWIS. But the Indian girl, learning for the first time of his engagement to AMY, rejects his love with scorn. She insists upon surrendering him to AMY, thus repaying her debt to MRS. EVERTON. Passionately she denounces the white race and its dealings with her people. She then declares her intention of retiring from civilization to seek refuge in the forest, near to God, to recover from her wound. Recognizing the evolutionary distance between her and that other maid who sought revenge for treachery, she throws the bow and arrow far from her.

Though all the other Indians withdrew at the beginning of the altercation, PHILIP HARJO watches the scene from behind a tree. As SHANEWIS repulses LIONEL, HARJO rushes out, snatches up the bow and arrow and shoots the young man straight in the heart. SHANEWIS runs back; she and AMY kneel beside him, while MRS. EVERTON frantically attempts to drag AMY from the scene. SHANEWIS, in resignation looks upward, saying, " 'Tis well. In death thou art mine!"

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART.

[*The sketch of the story was given by Tsianina Redfeather of the Creek tribe.*]

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. J. ASHER EVERTON, *a prominent California club woman.*
AMY EVERTON, *her daughter.*
SHANEWIS, *an educated Indian singer;* MRS. EVERTON'S *protege.*
LIONEL RHODES, *a wealthy young architect;* AMY'S *fiance.*
PHILIP HARJO, *a young Indian; foster brother to* SHANEWIS.
California society people; Oklahoma Indians, half-breeds and whites.

Scene: Part One, Southern California
Part Two, an Oklahoma Indian Reservation
Time: The Present.

For added spectacular effect, the musicale in Part One may be given in costume, the characters representing the various phases of America in the Making. The following are suggestions:

Mrs. Everton—QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.
Amy Everton—EVANGELINE.
Lionel Rhodes—JOHN ALDEN.
Shanewis—POCAHONTAS.

CHORUS.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.
MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.
HERNANDO DE CORTEZ.
THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO.
LEIF ERICSSON.
JOHN PAUL JONES.
ROBERT FULTON.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY.
ANNE HUTCHINSON.
BETSY ROSS.
MARTHA WASHINGTON.
RIP VAN WINKLE.
SALEM WITCHES.
CAVALIERS.
QUAKERS.
FRANCISCAN MONKS.
NORSEMEN.
COW BOYS.
CREOLES.

SHANEWIS

PART ONE.

(*In California.*)

(*A long music room with three wide French windows at back opening upon a balustraded terrace beyond which the moonlit sea is visible. A grand piano is at extreme left. At left front are a divan and palms. Heavy curtains separate music room from dining room. Extra chairs are set for musicale. A group of young people stroll about, chatting expectantly.*)

CHORUS.

Shanewis, the Indian maiden,
Will sing this evening;
Her first appearance as cantatrice;—
At least 'twill have the charm of
novelty!

GROUP OF GIRLS.

I wonder what her gown is,
Of buckskin or of silk?

OTHER GIRLS.

She wears a beaded costume
Of Alaskan caribou.

YOUNG MEN.

The costume does not matter,—
Is she beautiful and can she sing?

CHORUS.

I wonder, can she sing?

(MRS. EVERTON *and dinner guests enter left from dining-room. Some of the men go out on terrace to smoke.*)

MRS. EVERTON.

One word before I bring Shanewis,
That you may hear with kindness.
Remember she is no alien nightingale
Fostered by tender, sea-born zephyrs
In balmy climes where the charmed air
Exhales a golden melody.
She is a native forest bird
Born of our mighty wilderness,
Warmed by our fervent sun,
Taught by our free winds and leaping
canyon waters
A strange, primeval song
Of ancient intervals.

(MRS. EVERTON *crosses the room and passes through hall archway, right. The guests seat themselves, the men re-entering the room.* LIONEL *and* AMY *enter from terrace. They nod greetings to young people who gather round them.*)

AMY.

I am curious to hear Shanewis;
I've scarcely seen her.
She only came this morning
And has spent the day in quiet.

LIONEL.

Where did your mother find her?

AMY.

In Oklahoma, while I was abroad.
She is a descendant of the great
Tecumseh.

(*She takes a framed photograph of* SHANEWIS *from the table and shows it to him.*)

Is she not lovely?

(LIONEL *studies the portrait attentively.*)

LIONEL.

Beautiful! Beautiful!
So straight, so tall, so lithe and
slender!
Years ago, in Arizona,
I saw a face like hers,
With the same proud eyes,
The same white, flashing smile.

AMY

(*smiling, yet offended*).

Butterfly heart!
'Tis well I have returned.

(*She replaces portrait. The young people hand it about.*)

ALL.

Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

(MRS. EVERTON *re-enters right, followed by* SHANEWIS *and accompanist.* SHANEWIS *is in white caribou, beaded. The pianist seats herself at piano;* SHANEWIS *stands in the curve;* AMY *and* LIONEL *sit near piano.*)

MRS. EVERTON.

Friends, let me present you
My lovely wild-bird, Shanewis.
Her song will transport you
To forest solitudes,
To prairie uplands, to mountain wilderness.
She will reveal to you
A little of her Mother Nature's heart.
Friends, Shanewis.

(MRS. EVERTON *bows and seats herself.* SHANEWIS *bows and smiles.* LIONEL *moves nearer, fascinated.*)

SHANEWIS.

Once on a time when a little maid
Before the camp-fire,
I heard the Spring Song of the Robin Woman,
A lovely princess,
An enchantress of a Northern tribe
Who stands at winter's end
In the bow of her canoe.
She sends her beautiful song
Across the frozen river
To wake the Southern winds,
To melt the fields of snow
And call the robins home.
This is the song the Robin Woman sang:

(SHANEWIS *signals pianist to begin the accompaniment.*)

Oh, ye birds of spring,
Come from your hiding;
Robins all and humming-birds,
Come unto this barren land.
Hear the waters gliding
From the melting ice and snow;
Salmon leap unto my hand,
Call ye springtime to the land,
Call ye verdure to the hills,
Wake the blossoms by the rills.
Humming birds and robins all,
Ha yu! Ha yu!
Come unto my call!

Oh, ye birds of spring,
Come ye from your hiding;
I have loosed the waters wide,
Trout and salmon leap and glide;
Come unto my call!
Come ye, birdlings all,
Robins gay and humming birds,
Ha yu! Ha yu!
Come ye to my call!
Ho! Ho! Ho!

(*The guests applaud enthusiastically.*)

LIONEL (*aside to* AMY).

She herself is an enchantress.

GUESTS.

An encore! An encore! An encore!

SHANEWIS (*much pleased*).

So glad you liked my little tale!
I'll sing you another,
An Ojibway canoe song:

Out on the lake my canoe is gliding,
Paddle dipping soft lest she should take alarm,
Ah, hey-ah hey-ah, ho, hey-ah hey-ah, ho,
Thus I go.

Somewhere along shore she is hiding,
She is shy to yield to love's alluring charm,
Ah, hey-ah hey-ah, ho, hey-ah hey-ah, ho,
Love will win, I know!

There is a shadow, swiftly stealing!
Should it be her own, soon I will win the race!
Ah, hey-ah hey-ah, ho, hey-ah hey-ah, ho,
I think it is!

Will she but turn, herself revealing,
I will shout aloud, whene'er I see her face,

Ah, hey-ah hey-ah, ho, hey-ah
hey-ah, ho,
There she is!

(*Frederick Burton.*)

(SHANEWIS *bows gracefully. She then steps to* MRS. EVERTON'S *side and lays her hand upon her shoulder. The accompanist joins the guests.* AMY *goes up to* SHANEWIS *impulsively.*)

AMY.

How many letters came across the ocean
To tell me of your singing.
But you are far above my dreaming.
You've sung your way into my heart.

SHANEWIS.

I rejoice that you are pleased;
But if I have done well,
You must thank my benefactress.
She took the wild bird from its forest home
And changed its sylvan notes to lyric airs.
All that I am she made me,
All that I do she taught me.
As Heaven sees me here, I vow
Some day I shall repay her.
At whatever cost, at whatever sacrifice,
I shall repay her.

(MRS. EVERTON *rises. She and* SHANEWIS *clasp hands fondly. The guests surround them, congratulating both. The young men are very attentive. Finally they go out on the terrace to dance.* LIONEL *detains* SHANEWIS. *He leads her to divan, left front. They sit.*)

LIONEL (*excitedly*).

It is so strange,—I must tell you!
Just now when I clasped your hand,
I felt a thrill within my heart.—

(*In a hushed voice.*)

Comes love ever thus,—so suddenly?

SHANEWIS (*shyly*).

I know not!

LIONEL.

Clasp my hand!

(*They clasp hands.*)

Look in my eyes!

(*They gaze long. Suddenly* SHANEWIS *pushes him away, clasping her hands over her heart.*)

SHANEWIS

(*breathlessly*).

Can it be! Can it be!
I feel the thrill! I see a star!
It is enchantment!

LIONEL

(*caressingly*).

My sweet enchantress! My Robin Woman!
Calling the springtime to my heart!

(*They move nearer each other.*)

SHANEWIS.

There is the Moon of Red-blooming Lilies
Climbing the mountain above the ocean.
Did it bring love to us who are strangers?

(LIONEL *again clasps her hand. He leans ardently towards her.*)

LIONEL.

Ah, clasp my hand. Look in my eyes!
Love stole out of the sea at star-break;
Was it the magic of the moon that drew him,
Or was it your eyes so brown and tender,
Or was it my ardent heart
Longing, longing, longing,
Not knowing what it longed for
Till it found you?

SHANEWIS.

Love rose up from the great white water,
Stole upon us dreaming unaware,
Bound our alien hearts together.
What called him from his far-off places?
Was it the Moon of Blood-red Lilies?
Was it my heart like a warm, red flower,
Glowing, glowing with its desire?

LIONEL AND SHANEWIS.

Love stole out of the sea at star-break;
Was it the magic of the moon that drew him?

LIONEL.

Or was it your eyes so brown and tender?

LIONEL AND SHANEWIS.

Or was it my ardent heart,
Longing, longing, longing,
Not knowing what it longed for
Till it found you?

(*He clasps her in his arms. She struggles free. They rise.*)

SHANEWIS.

Ah, is happiness for us?
I am a bird of the wilderness,
I am a thrush of the woodland,
Captive awhile to art and song
Yet true to my traditions.
I love the wild life of the plains,
The campfires of my people,
The young companions of my childhood,
My father and my foster-brother.
Ah, if you think you love me,
Go with me to my home,
Learn to know my people.
This sudden love may die.

LIONEL

(*fired by her enthusiasm*).

Take me to your people!
Where you love, I love.

(AMY *and a young man enter from the terrace.* SHANEWIS *and* LIONEL *move apart guiltily. The young man leads* SHANEWIS *out to dance.* AMY *remains.* LIONEL *recovers his poise.*)

LIONEL

(*aside, ruefully*).

I had forgotten Amy!

AMY (*jealously*).

So long with Shanewis!
Does she know we are betrothed?

LIONEL

(*looking away*).

Of course I did not tell her,—
That was for you.

AMY

(*disconsolately, leaning against his breast*).

No kiss tonight? No loving word?
Not often are you cold.

(LIONEL *looks nervously across piano to open French windows. He draws* AMY *further behind palms and piano.*)

LIONEL

(*with effort to appear tender*).

Dear Azure Eyes, what is your thought?

AMY.

Sometimes I wake from sleep
When day lies pale upon the deep,
To lie and weep;
I hear the gulls with eerie cry,
The morning airs that hasten by
With careless sigh.
Beneath my casement,
I hear the waves complaining.
They tell me love is fleeting,—
Fleeting, not immortal.
Ah! suppose you ceased to love me!

(LIONEL *ignores her complaint but replies to her depreciation of love with emphasis.*)

LIONEL (*with decision*).

Love is not a fleeting passion,
Love is true as angels are,
Tho' we wander far, mistaking
Straying moonbeams for a star;
Tho' we dream and find, awaking,
Vows forgotten, faith forsaking;
Ah! love is not a fleeting passion,
But is steadfast as a star!

(*He seats her on the divan and stands before her explaining.*)

Do you know the difference
Between moonlight and starlight?
Between reflected glow and burning flame?
Ah, moonlight is ghost-light;
It is like a candle shining on a white, dead face,
While starlight is a beacon
Which guides to the heart of fire!
Moonlight is beautiful, but treacherous!

It neither guides nor warms;
It is like phosphorescence on the sea
Hiding a grave!
Who cares for moonlight
While shines a star?

(*He looks across the piano and sees* SHANEWIS, *with others, entering. Their gaze meets.* AMY *follows his look and clasps her hands despairingly.*)

Love eternal, love immortal,
Love I follow, follow far!

(*The clock in the hall begins to strike midnight and all the guests hasten in.* MRS. EVERTON and SHANEWIS *stand in the center of room.* LIONEL *and* AMY *join them,* AMY *hiding her emotion behind a conventional smile. The company begin their adieux. Some shake hands, some of the ladies kiss; all bow and smile. They make their way lingeringly into the hall.*)

CHORUS.

Now chimes the midnight hour,
Good-night to all;
So lovely is the moon,
So soft her thrall,
Time passed all unheeded
Beyond recall.
Good-night!

ELDERLY GUESTS
(*to* MRS. EVERTON).

Sweet is your woodland thrush,
Sweet is her strain;
May Song crown her sovereign,
May long be her reign.
Good-night!

MRS. EVERTON, AMY AND SHANEWIS.

Good-night, good-night to all.

MRS. EVERTON.

Good-night, good-night, do come again;
Thank you for your kindness to my wild-bird.

(SHANEWIS *returns to center of room where a group of young men are chatting with* LIONEL. *They bend gallantly in turn over her hand.*)

YOUNG MEN.

Good-night- good-night,
Dear singing wild-bird.

(*They exit right, saluting* MRS. EVERTON *and* AMY *at door.*)

GROUP OF GIRLS
(*At hall, mischievously to* AMY.)

Good-night, Amy, look well to your lover;
He was flirting with Shanewis in the corner,
Half the evening!
(*Calling back.*)
Good-night, Shanewis, good-night!

LIONEL
(*softly, secretly*).

Good-night, Robin Woman, call and I come!
If you call me I will hear you,
I will follow to your arms.
Good-night, enchantress, good-night!

SHANEWIS (*fervently*).

Good-night!

(LIONEL *bends and kisses her hand, then joins* AMY. MRS. EVERTON, AMY *and* LIONEL *with remaining guests pass through hall into garden.* SHANEWIS *switches out the music room lights and stands in the moonlight. She lays the hand which* LIONEL *has kissed upon her lips in ecstasy. The voices of the young people float in faintly from outside.*)

CHORUS OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear wood-bird! Bird of the wilderness!

CURTAIN.

PART TWO.

(*In Oklahoma.*)

(*Approaching sunset. The closing scenes of a modern summer encampment or pow wow of an Oklahoma tribe of Indians are in progress. The camp is on a level stretch of ground but in the distance is seen a rolling farming country dotted with occasional patches of live oak and cottonwood trees. To the right front a trail leads up over a rocky rise of ground edged with a fringe of woodland. The pow wow is held in an enclosure of canvas fence stretched on tall, slender poles beyond which are tepee tops and improvised canvas shelters for the campers. The ceremonial dancers in full regalia stand against this fence awaiting their turns. The crowd consists of full-blood Indians and half-breeds in ceremonial, mongrel or modern dress and white spectators in holiday attire. Booths decorated in red, white and blue bunting occupy the middle stage. Several Ford automobiles stand about. An Indian pony hitched to a red and green wagon filled with Indian children is tied to a tree. Ice-cream and lemonade vendors are crying their wares. Balloon sellers add noise and color.* SHANEWIS, *in red buckskin, and* LIONEL *in an immaculate and correctly-cut sport suit, stand right front and watch the pageant with interest.*)

CHORUS OF INDIANS.

The Sun walks in the south
Whence come all light and brightness;
But now he goes to the west
Where dwells the end of all;
So we forsake our ceremonies,
So we cease from singing;
The drums grow silent,
The dance is over!

All day the winds have wandered,
Caressing the Mother Corn
Whose spirit gives us life;
Day and night the running waters
Have whispered of renewing life.
O Sun, O Earth, O Air, O Waters,
Give us still of thine abundance
That we may live and grow.

LEMONADE VENDORS.

Lemonade! Lemonade! Ice-cold lemonade!
Five cents a glass!
Very refreshing in the heat.

BALLOON VENDORS.

Balloons, red, white and blue,
Just like the American flag!
Closing out balloons.

ICE-CREAM VENDORS.

Ice-cream cones! Ice-cream cones!
Five cents apiece!

WOMEN SPECTATORS.

See the handsome man with the pretty Indian maid!
I wonder, is it a flirtation?

MEN SPECTATORS.

The crops are looking fine, but we need more rain.
This wind is destructive; the soil is dry.

ALL.

The sun is sinking fast.

(*High School Girls hover about the couple sentimentally.*)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.

Oh, Summer of Love with winds that blow o'er the ripening corn,
Our hearts, too, are ripening in the mellow harvest sun;
Oh, bring us a reaper with eyes as blue as the skies of morn,
Our hearts, too, are waiting for the golden scythe of Love.

SHANEWIS.

The day draws to a close,
The ceremonies are over,
They are breaking camp,
What think you of my people?
Do you still love your wild bird?

LIONEL.

Oh, Bird of the Wilderness,

Your wild note thrills the heart of me;
Oh, nest upon my tree of love
And fill my life with melody.
Oh, come with me.

SHANEWIS.

I come! I come!

SPECTATORS.

Pow wows are picturesque and quite unique;
This has been a splendid show, a gala week.
But now the end has come,
We must prepare for home.
Our holiday is o'er; to work we now return.
Goodby, we go!

(*The vendors pack their wares and strip the booths. The spectators and Indians gather their families together and leave the stage in groups.*)

LIONEL.

Sweetheart, let us go!

SHANEWIS.

No, there's one more song!

(LIONEL *and* SHANEWIS *move over toward the center of the stage which is now nearly empty. A few full blood Indians in regalia remain. Four old Indians range themselves in the center.*)

FOUR OLD INDIANS.

Tsi-go he-thon -be shon ni wa ta wa-kon he tse he,
Tsi-go he she shon ni wa ta wa-kon he tse he,
Ba-bthi he-thon -be shon ni wa ta wa-kon he tse he,
Tsi-go he-thon -be shon ni wa ta wa-kon he tse he,

(PHILIP HARJO *steps forth and stands before* SHANEWIS.)

PHILIP HARJO

(*somewhat pompously*).

Shanewis, you have chosen an alien lover.
I do not approve the marriage.
The noblest of our tribe were proud
To wed Shanewis;
But the world first called to you,
And then this man.

I, too, have loved you long but secretly,
And mourned when you went forth
To learn the custom of a hated race.
I hoped a cruel world would drive you back
Into my waiting arms.

(*Bitterly.*)

But while the Red Man waited
The White Man stole your love
As he steals all.
Since it must be so we wish you well,
And here I bring a gift.

(*He displays a handsome bow and arrow.*)

Long ago a maiden of our tribe
Was betrayed by a pale-face.
In her shame she found death in the forest.
But ere she died she planted in the traitor's heart
This poisoned arrow tipped with death!
If ever one is treacherous to thee,
Here is thy revenge!

(*He steps forward and presents* SHANEWIS *the bow and arrow.*)

LIONEL (*carelessly*).

It is a useless keepsake;
Never shall it be needed.
I shall be true to Shanewis!

(*Before* SHANEWIS *can speak,* MRS. EVERTON *and* AMY *hasten up in travelling costume. All the Indians still on the stage retire except* HARJO *who, suspecting trouble to* SHANEWIS, *conceals himself behind a tree.*)

MRS. EVERTON

(*In agitation*).

Lionel, we have followed you
To save you from this folly.

LIONEL (*blusteringly*).

Why folly? I love Shanewis.

MRS. EVERTON

(*with scorn, her arm sweeping the scene*).

Is this the life to which you are accustomed?
Do you feel at home?

(LIONEL *throws his arm about* SHANEWIS *who stands in silent astonishment.*)

LIONEL.

At last I know immortal love!
And I can never change.

MRS. EVERTON (*with scorn*).

Love! Love! So like a man!
Along his path since time began
He leaves his trail of wrack and woe,
His "Lo, I come,"—his "Lo, I go."
The hearts of women are his prey,
Nor truth nor duty say him nay.

MRS EVERTON AND LIONEL

(*angrily facing each other*).

Be still! Be still! What do you know of love?

MRS. EVERTON.

And gentle Amy—how ardently you wooed her,
How ardently and long, and now—

(LIONEL *leaves* SHANEWIS *and goes over to* AMY.)

LIONEL (*ashamed*).

Dear gentle Amy, I ask forgiveness.

AMY (*with sorrow*).

Some day I may forgive,—not now.

MRS. EVERTON.

Some day she may forgive,—not now.

AMY (*with nobility*).

Not for myself I plead, Beloved,
Love must be free and not commanded.
Nor aught have I against Shanewis,
My little Indian sister
Who knew not of your broken faith
And so is innocent.
I plead for you and for our unity of blood.
Each race is noble when the line is clear
But mingled bloods defile each other:—
It is the law.
Neither of you should allow infatuation
To blind your vision of the right.

(LIONEL *interrupts passionately and moves back to* SHANEWIS.)

LIONEL.

'Tis not infatuation,—'tis love eternal!
What care I for the law?

AMY (*sorrowfully*).

Love is law.

SHANEWIS

(*moving coldly away from* LIONEL).

So you wooed Amy first—then me;
How many have you loved before
To leave so lightly
As you left Amy?
How can you expect happiness?
Ah, happiness is not build on broken vows!

(SHANEWIS *fingers the bow, gazing on it in fascination, her face expressing mingled sorrow and anger. After a moment, she throws it far from her and it rattles to the ground.*)

SHANEWIS

(*passionately*).

A hundred years ago my ancestress
Would have drawn that bow
And sent the poisoned arrow home
Straight to your faithless heart.
But I cannot! I cannot!
Am I too civilized or too weak,—
Which is it?

LIONEL

(*impatiently*).

Women never understand;—
Let me explain.

SHANEWIS

(*with sorrowful gesture*).

Be silent! Let me speak.
For half a thousand years
Your race has cheated mine
With sweet words and noble sentiments,
Offering friendship, knowledge, protection.
With one hand you gave—niggardly,
With the other took away—greedily!
The lovely hunting grounds of my fathers
You have made your own;
The bison and the elk have disappeared before you,
The giants of the forest are no more.
Your ships infest our rivers,
Your cities mar our hills.
What gave you in return?
A little learning, a little restless ambition,
A little fire water,
And many, many cruel lessons in treachery!

(*She seizes* LIONEL *by the hand and almost drags him to* MRS. EVERTON, *pressing their hands together violently.*)

Take him,—base example of a deceiving race!
I surrender him to Amy,
And thus repay my debt to you.

(*She turns away.*)

Into the forest, near to God I go
To commune with my own soul
Within the solitude
And recover from this wound!

(*She starts slowly and with dignity up the trail.* LIONEL *drops* MRS. EVERTON'S *hand and runs after* SHANEWIS, *clasping her in his arms. She fiercely struggles free.*)

LIONEL.

I go since you desire it;
But our love is immortal.
Forgive me some day when in loneliness
Your heart grows softer,
Longing, longing, longing,
But nevermore to find me.
Farewell, my Robin Woman,
Farewell!

SHANEWIS

(*looking back*).

Longing, longing, longing,
But nevermore to find you.
Farewell!

(LIONEL *walks slowly back toward* AMY. *He takes her hand and turns to watch* SHANEWIS. *At this moment* PHILIP HARJO *rushes from behind the tree, snatches up the bow and arrow and shoots* LIONEL *in the heart.*)

PHILIP HARJO.

Go, Messenger of Death!
Seek thou his traitor heart!
Avenge her and her race!

SHANEWIS

(*in horror, running back*).

The poisoned dart!

LIONEL

(*gasping and falling*).

The poisoned dart!

(AMY *kneels beside* LIONEL *and strives to support him.*)

AMY.

Lionel! Lionel!
What woe has come upon you!

MRS. EVERTON

(*pulling frantically at* AMY'S *arm.*)

Come away! Come away! Come away!

(SHANEWIS *reaches* LIONEL *and bends over him.*)

SHANEWIS

(*looking upward in resignation*).

'Tis well. In death thou art mine.

INDIANS

(*running back in excitement*).

Ha ha tho! Ha ha tho!
Ha ha tho! Ha ha tho!
Ho tho!

CURTAIN.

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