

Howard Hanson's *Merry Mount*  
Premiered at MET Opera  
Feb. 10, 1934

*Setting:*  
*Main Street of a Puritan Settlement*

*Upstage is a great square building of sawn planks supported by oak beams serving as a church and fortress. On one side of the meeting house is a pillory, where the Shaker Jonathan Banks is held. And on the other side are stocks in which Desire Annable is held by wrists and ankles. Banks is gagged; his face writhing with fury. Desire is an attractive young woman tearful with her hair in disarray. Both have been pelted and are splashed and stained. It is a Sabbath noon in May. The Congregation calls for divine retribution on unbelievers.*

Be as a lion,  
dread Jehovah,  
And tear the flesh of unbelievers.

Tread down the necks of froward men, and break the teeth of the  
ungodly!

With fire and plague torment the wicked!  
Their name shalt Thou put out forevermore.

O smite the heathen with Thy rod - Of slaughter, pestilence and famine!

*(They are urged on by their Minister Wrestling Bradford.)*

From plots of Hell and witcheries of Satan, O Lord.

Forefend Thy poor plantation  
of New England!

*(The Puritan men have breastplates and carry firelocks and pikes.)*

*(The women and children stand to the side.)*

With fire and plague torment the wicked! Their name shalt Thou put out  
forever.

O smite the heathen with Thy Rod -  
Of slaughter, pestilence and famine!

Arise, O God, and let Thine anger devour the reins of evildoers.

Awake the lightning of Thy scorn, and dash the reprobate asunder.

Like driven chaff before the whirlwind, So let Thine enemies be scattered.

The workers of iniquity - Spare not nor pity, but destroy them!

My friends, another word!

O sweet young Saint!

A princely preacher!

A holy, painful shepherd!

A candlestick o' th' Gospel!

Silence!

Attend the man  
of God!

Woe to the nation!  
Woe, woe  
to the temple!

Satan is come down unto us, having great wrath!

Be astonished,  
O ye heavens,  
And be ye horribly afraid!

Know that of old this fell American desert was Satan's Empire, haunted  
and accursed;

Then mark the fierce alarm that rang through Hell.

When first was planted here the Vine of God!

Help cometh from Thee,  
O King of Zion; Hear Thou our voice, out of Thy sacred hill!

Hist! Th'Infernal Mastiff Bays from the Deep,

... and slavers a mad-dog's foam against the  
Church of Christ!

Alas, O God, we fear Thy judgments; Our flesh trembles for dread of  
Thee!

Lo, where the grisly Belial of  
Hell storms from the Pit with eyes of flaming fire,

And wheels his brand athwart  
the brow  
of God!

O Lord, we are consumed by Thine anger ...

All our days are passed away  
in Thy wrath!

O, such a Tiger  
as the Devil is! From forth the brake of Hell he ramps amain,

To crunch this poor New-English Israel, with hail and tempest, blights  
upon our grain,

Losses by sea and desolating fires, with pestilential fevers, earthquake,  
war.

And horrid sorceries of  
Indian pow-wows!

*(Bradford confronts Desire Annable.)*

Strumpet! What are thy years?

Nineteen, Sir

Twelve months  
a-gone, didst thou not whelp a base-born child?

Indeed Sir,  
I confess it.

Thou has since then most hotly gone a-whoring,  
And sold thy lap unto the filthy use of bawdy villains!

For pardon of my sin, I cleave to the blood of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Go, and sin no more -  
On pain of death!  
*(Desire is released)*

Jonathan Banks, thou lewd and beastly Shaker, Hast thou repented of  
thy heresies?

I deny thy God!

Ah! . . .

I deny thy Christ!

Ah! . . .

Thy Bible is the Word of Hell!

Blasphemy!

Death!

Ah!

Off with the knave!

Glory, glory  
to the martyrs  
of God!

Let us now  
forever keep God's holy law,  
and turn our  
steps unto the testimonies of  
the Lord!

Amen!

*(Puritans rise and begin departing.)*

Praise we the Lord! His name shall be exalted,

When Lucifer, abhorr'd, by  
flame doth lie o'ervaulted, doth lie o'ervaulted!

Full loud the  
Fiend shall roar when God, that day of wonders:

“Thy time shall be no more!  
Doth swear in mighty thunders!”

Doth swear in mighty thunders!

Ah! . . .

Praise we the Lord!  
To Christ  
resound the glory!

Ye mountains,  
in accord,  
And waters  
shout the story!

Shout the story!  
Shout!  
Praise!

Praise we the Lord! For naught His love can sever! We rest upon His  
Word, forever!

and forever!  
Forever and forever!

Amen! . . .

Amen! . . .  
Ah!

Ah!

Amen!

*(Puritans begin departing.)*

Ah,

Amen!

*(Only Bradford, Plentiful and her father remain. She pushes Tewke forward to speak for her.)*

A savoury discourse, good Master Bradford, and a lusty shake of the Devil!

Oh, tis an earth defiled where on we live!

There is no leafy bower, no dale or grot, but is a sty for most pernicious devils;

No flowery mead but wafts  
a stench of brimstone,

No cloud but is a nest of hellish Vultures!

The God of Peace under our foot shall bruise the Serpent's head!

By night I hear them post upon the wind to clang of arms and yelp of demon laughter.

Anon the cursed rout besets my chamber, and there with blazing iron and lash of scorpions,

They harrow me to sign the  
Devil's Book.

The which I spurn, for love of Christ, our Lord!

Then of a sudden is the dark aflame, with execrable shapes,

The fair lascivious concubines of Hell,

with dewy flanks and honey-scented breasts,

Who tug away  
the covers,  
prick my flesh  
with hands  
of fire.

Softly, softly!

Hear me,  
or I go mad!

Last night came one that paced a-down the  
stairway of the sky,

Like unto Astoreth, Queen of the Horned Moon!

She spoke: "Beloved, come and taste with me the Vine of Life!"

The kisses of her mouth were as the lightning and the clash of swords;

And with the dulcet agony thereof,  
I awoke in tears!

*(Bradford kneels.)*

Ah, dear God,  
Save me,

Save me from Evil Spirits, or else my soul is damned forevermore,  
forevermore.

My son, thou art overripe for marriage!

No! No!  
Fain would I abide after the pattern of our virgin  
Lord!

Now, as I  
bethink me, by  
God's grace; My daughter has some foolish  
fancy thee-ward.

Mistress Plentiful! Hath thy daughter power to heal me of demons?

Why, any jade  
can do it;  
One serves well  
as t'other!

I know not;  
how if this be God's will, to succor me?

The maid is fair, holy,  
bounteous . . .

Ha!  
I'll do it!

Plentiful Tewke, come forth,  
thou silly girl!

The blessed Master Bradford hath a word for thee.

Damsel, I hear thou lovest me.

Oh no, no, sir;  
'Tis false!

Ay, sir, ay;  
'Tis true

Then wed me  
this day!

The willow keep to thatch our sleep, yet veils the brook with  
tender shade;

The oaken beam to roof  
our dream  
bides still uncut, aloft the glade!

Oh what can pale of oak avail to house the heart from rain or sun?

Thou hast no sigh, no tear, that I am sore beset  
and all foredone!

No pane is spread to deck our bed, no linen shuttles through the loom.

But Satan's hand  
is ever spanned  
to weave a cloth of wrack and doom!

This hour, I say!



Oh, nay, sir, nay  
perchance a month.

This day!  
I speak no empty prayer!  
This night,  
I swear!

At least a week,  
one little week!

A week!  
Seven days and seven times  
seven nights!

So be it!

What may betide is on thy head.  
Farewell!

Master Bradford!  
Be we not lovers trothed?

How now, Mistress?

Old custom bids  
a gift of rings, or coin broke in twain...  
my husband.

*(After taking the coin, with shy ardor she kisses the minister's hand.)*

*(His hands reach blindly for  
Plentiful's wrists, then grabbing for her shoulders.)*

*(She struggles, but he sweeps her up and kisses her mouth with brutal  
fury.)*

*(They both recoil, she in tears, he with profound dismay.)*

Away!  
Thou hast no drug to medicine my wound!

Alas, I only know  
I love thee!

*(A group of Puritan children enters, led by Love Brewster and Peregrine Brodrib.)*

Plentiful Tewke hath caught the preacher! . . .

Is't so that thou profane the Sabbath day, whilst your  
goodly fathers pray and fast?

Get to your books of holy exercise, and  
think upon the brats that  
mocked Elisha!

Oh! Ei! Ei!  
Will big bears come and eat us?

No! Fie! Fie!  
They'll be quite proud to  
meet us!

Oh! Ei! Ei!  
Will big bears come and eat us?

No! Fie! Fie!  
They'll be quite proud to  
meet us!

Love Brewster,  
my good child, what evil things hast thou  
abjured?

The Devil and all his works, the poms and vanity of this wicked world!  
Of God's commandments, tell me how many there be?

Ten!  
Ten!  
Ten!  
Ten!

Of which the Sixth is?

Thou shalt do no murder!

The Fourth?

Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day!

Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!

Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!

*(The children flee from the hunchback clown Jack Prence.)*

Get thee behind me, Satan!

Sir, are you the Angel Gabriel?

An angel. . . I?

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

But I can call spirits from the vasty deep!

Paucas pallabris

Hai! Sessa!

Hark, I hear the strain of strutting chantecleer cry  
cock-a-doodle-doo.

Master Gabriel, please you, teach us a game!

A game! A game! A game!

Buzz, buzz!

Fee, fo, fum!

By magic art,

three circles

draw we here;

This "Heaven,"

that "Paradise,"

and yonder "Hell!"

Now, who will "Angels" be, and stand in "Heaven"?

I!

I!

I!

I!

Who will be “Devils” twain, and lodge in “Hell”?

Not I!

Not I!

Not I!

Love Brewster!

*(The children take turns moving among the three circles.)*

“Angels,” beware!

Ye “Devils,” on the mark!

One, two, three, away!

Barley-break!

Barley-break!

Run and run and turn and double;

Hither, yonder,

pell and mell!

He that wins shall bide in “Heaven”.

He that loses

must to “Hell”!

Ding, dong,

ding, bell

Hither, yonder,

pell and mell!

Ready?

“Angels”!

Let me play!

One, two,

away!

Barley-break!

Barley-break!

Run and run and turn and double;

Hither, yonder,

pell and mell!

He that wins shall bide in “Heaven”.

He that loses must to "Hell"!  
Ding, dong, ding, bell . . . Hither, yonder, pell and mell!

'Twas foul play!

Ding, dong, bell

Master Preacher lives in "Hell"!

Ha, ha, ha!

I'll tell my father!

One, two, and off!

Barley-break!

Barley-break!

Run and run and turn and double;

Hither, yonder,

pell and mell!

He that wins shall bide in "Heaven,"

He that loses must to "Hell"!

Ding, dong, ding, bell . . . Hither, yonder, pell and mell!

*(The game goes on more furiously  
than ever.)*

"Angels" on guard!

Ye "Devils" fast pursue!

One, two, away!

Barley-break!

Barley-break!

Run and run and turn and double;

Hither, yonder,

pell and mell!

He that wins shall bide in "Heaven."

He that loses must to "Hell"!

Ding, dong, ding, bell . . . Hither, yonder, pell and mell!

Ding, dong  
Ding, dong  
bell!  
Bell! Ah!

*(Brodrick and three Puritans enter armed with pikes and confront Jack Prence.)*

Gi' you good night, sir,  
'Tis bitter cold,  
i' faith!

Villain, what is  
thy name?

Marry, sir,  
Prence, sir

true Jack Prence,

Late of his Majesty's Theatre, the Globe, in London!

Wretch, how cam'st thou here?

By ship, Your Worship!

Last night,  
Your Lordship!

Fetch  
Elder Tewke  
and Master Bradford . . .  
haste!

Thy ship, what doth she here?

A company of merry gentlemen in this new land would fain rear up an  
Empire of Jollity,

With song and pastime, revel and Maypole dance.

Maypole, thou sayest?

Thy feet shall tread a measure before this Maypole of the Puritans. . .

The Whipping Post!  
*(Jack Prence is bound to the pillar.)*

Oh, sir,  
pray do not hurt me!

'Tis only poor  
Jack Prence,  
That ne'er did harm to any!

Oh, oh, mercy!  
Help! Help!  
Mercy! Mercy!  
Help!

*(Marigold enters)*

Thou dastard!  
Thou Puritan  
dog!

*(Bradford seems unaware of her blows and a shudder convulses his frame.)*

O praised be God, that thou at last art come!

*(Marigold frees Prence who kisses her hand and takes to his heels.)*

Out upon thee, Jezebel!

*(Morton & Gower charge in)*

Gower, to me!

*(Gower charges Brodrig who snatches his sword and they fight.)*

*(Bradford, in a trance, appears insensitive to everything but Marigold's presence.)*

Arm!

*(Armed Puritans enter along with Morton's Cavaliers. A melee begins.)*

Hold or I fire!

*(Threatened by cannon fire, the Cavaliers recoil.)*

Would you spill Christian lives upon the Lord's Day?

'Od's-blood, sir,  
'Tis spoken well!  
By your good leave  
Thomas Morton, Gentleman.

Praise God Tewke, sir;  
Elder of this flock

My niece, Lady Marigold Sandys

Marigold!

Sir Gower Lackland!

Thy warrant from England, Master Morton?

Peace! Peace!  
Are these not brothers, whom Christ biddeth us love?

Friends, you are welcome.  
We'll hunt for you, and fish;

Teach you to  
sow the maize, and trap the beaver.

Fair words!  
'Twere fairer still, hadst thou not beat my fool!

Lady, Grant me  
thy knave;  
I'll lodge him  
in my house.

Softly, Master Bradford!



These swearing gamesters and their mincing mopsies are  
come to set  
up here

A Reign of Mirth, a Nest of Satan . . . with vile disport and filthy Maypole  
dance!

Indeed, sirs, fall on your knees, and prayerfully search out your hearts  
for all offense to God!

But chiefly, friends, O be ye ware of Satan,

Whose damned imps and bitter, burning devils swarm round about us  
like the frogs of Egypt!

Of such there be demons of pride which tempt you in your state,

Goblins of gluttony beside your boards, and fiends of the flesh to rack  
you in your beds!

*(The Cavaliers laugh and mock the preacher.)*

Right rev'rend priest, our holy joy is aye to fondle, kiss and toy;

Whilst thou, adoze, with mops and mows, shalt snuffle anthems through  
the nose!

Let Godly brethren fast and pray. We'll dance a roguish roundelay!

And while we jump with nimble rump, vile sermons thou shalt twang  
and thump!

Right rev'rend priest, our holy joy is aye to fondle, kiss and toy!

Let Godly brethren fast and pray. We'll dance a roguish roundelay!

Tra la la la lay

*(They form couples and dance, to the horror  
of the Puritans)*

Thou Lord of Heaven, unseal the fountains of Thy wrath upon this  
generation of hellish vipers!

Enough, ye Sons  
of Darkness!

*(The Cavaliers cease dancing.)*

Hark to my word:  
Cast off your ship, and get you home to England!

*(Cavaliers)*  
Scratch a  
Round-head,  
find a rebel!

*(Puritans)*  
Thrones of earth be idle things!

*(Cavaliers)*  
Treason here  
doth tow'r  
and treble!

God the Lord is King of Kings!  
Respect the Sabbath day, and keep it holy!

Let there be  
truce until the morrow!

Let there be truce, until the morrow!

Gentlemen, your servant.

*(Cavaliers depart, leaving Marigold and Gower absorbed in each other.)*

Let godly brethren fast and pray! We'll dance a roguish roundelay;  
Whilst they  
adoze with mops and mows, shall snuffle anthems through the nose!

Marigold!  
Lady!  
Dear God,

Oh grant me force to rend  
this proud  
young heart  
from Satan!

*(Marigold with a mocking smile to the Minister)*

Come to me at sundown!

In ties of holy wedlock thou shalt bind me . . .

*(A crazy hope flares across Bradford's face.)*

Unto Sir Gower Lackland!

This man?

Thou?

No! No!

Lackey,

Wilt thou forbid the banns?

We must attack this day!

Spoke like a soldier!

Ere sunset!

'Tis life or death!

'Tis God's Day!

And truce we swore, till morning.

Honor with infidels kept is God's dishonor!

Is not the Son of Man Lord of the Sabbath?

Let us be lions of Jehovah, and tear the flesh of unbelievers,

Tread down the necks of froward men, and break the teeth of the  
ungodly!

Let Godly brethren fast and pray; we'll dance  
a roguish roundelay!

And while we jump to flute and trump, vile sermons they shall twang  
and thump.

With fire and flame torment  
the wicked! Their name shalt Thou put out forever.

O smite the heathen with Thy rod . . . of slaughter, pestilence and  
famine!

Like driven chaff before the whirlwind, so let Thine enemies be  
scattered;

The workers of iniquity . . . spare not nor pity, but destroy them!

Like driven chaff before the whirlwind, So let Thine enemies be  
scattered;

The workers of iniquity . . . spare not nor pity, but destroy them!

. . . spare not nor pity, but destroy them!

Amen!

Amen! . . .

End of Act I

Intermission

*(The Second Act opens on the afternoon of the same day.)*

*(The scene is set  
on a hill-top with evergreens and dogwood  
in flower.)*

*(There is a Maypole crowned with flowers and traditional streamers.)*

*(The Maypole is decked out with flags, garlands and a bridal wreath of  
roses.)*

*(For the festival, Morton is Master of Merry Disports and Gower is the May  
Lord.)*

*(Merrymakers abound dressed as shepherds, jugglers, minstrels, and  
sword-dancers)*

*(Women twine ribbons about the Maypole.)*

I wind and I  
wind, my true  
love to find,

The color of his hair, the clothes  
he will wear, and the day he shall marry to me.

Fa la, Fa la . . .

Why keeps my love away, this pretty time of May?

Long courted I  
for grace; in all  
did she agree.

When time should serve, and place, can any fitter be?

Fa la, Fa la . . .

Trip and go,  
heave and ho,  
Up and down,  
to and fro;

From the town to the grove, two and two let us rove.

A May-ing a playing, love hath no gainsaying.

*(The revelers enter, leaping and rejoicing, led by Sir Gower Lackland as  
Lord May.)*

Ah, Ah, . . .

Clarions with  
loud affray, and tabors hail the Lord of May!

With prank and minstrelsy, we throng to welcome thee.

To welcome thee, and wish thee long!

Ah, Ah...

*(Flags break forth  
in an arch above Gower's head.)*

From forth the hill where on we stand, let rise a Commonweal of Joy!

This happy  
source and fount

I christen  
"Merry Mount!"

We christen "Merry Mount!"

Dancing here so lightly in our jolly play,

... let us braid  
the Maypole in the month  
of May!

O forth we go at May-time ...  
to hear the children sing!

Fa la la la ...

O bright may the sun shine ...  
upon our dainty King!

Fa la la la ...

*(A group of  
dancers comes forward.)*

*(The dancing becomes more animated.)*

Fa la la la ...

Clarions with  
loud affray, and tabors hail the Lord of May!

With prank and minstrelsy, we throng to welcome thee,

To welcome thee, and wish thee long!

*(Marigold is borne aloft into the midst costumed as the goddess Flora)*

Long live the  
Lady of the May; forever bless thy wedding day!

Ah, Ah ...

Marigold!  
When the morning stars together sang,

Less was the joy in heaven  
than in my heart, triumphs to welcome thee!

No sheen of stars, no dawn  
fire on the hills,

No tide of noonday spears along the sea,

Burns half so blinding bright as thy fair form divine . . .

. . . O maid beloved!

No blaze of sun, no fire of  
wheeling sword,

no lightning flash of spray from  
out the storm,

Shines half so fearful bright as thy fair lover's face, my lord and  
husband!

No sheen of stars, no dawn  
fire on the hills,

No tide of noonday spears along the sea,

Burns half so blinding bright, as thy fair form divine . . .

O spouse  
beloved!

The altar beckons, and the nuptial kiss!

Ah

*(Gower leads Marigold to the Maypole for  
the wedding  
ceremony.)*

*(Petals shower  
down from the bridal wreath.)*

Wilt thou have this woman to  
thy wedded wife?

I will!

And wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, so long as ye both shall live? - I will!

Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!

I do pronounce you . . .

Hold,  
Priest of Baal!

Outrageous meddler, what  
dost thou here?

Me thinks I see th'infernal rendezvous of Satan and his  
bond slaves!

Fie on these pagan harlotries, and filthy dances mad!

Shame, thrice shame upon this staff of Hell, this beastly tow'r of scarlet  
Babylon!

Begone, thou  
fool!  
Art so in love  
with death!

*(Armed Puritans swarm in.)*

Forward, ye  
Saints of Christ!

Treachery! To arms!

Scatter the heathen with brand and rod;

Smite on the cheekbone the foes of God!  
Those joined to idols slay with  
the sword.

Hew them in pieces before  
the Lord!



*(Overpowered by the Puritans, the Cavaliers surrender their weapons.)*

Elder Tewke,  
Thou has broken faith!

Hear ye Jehovah's word: Thou shall destroy their altars,  
Cut down their groves, and burn their graven images with fire!

It is the house of gay carouse, the wicked feast in pride,

'Mid doleful damp of untrimmed  
lamps, the  
Foolish Virgins bide.

When lo aglare, red lightnings flare, the heavens roll away;  
With dreadful thump of brazen trump, there dawns the Judgment Day!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

*(The Maypole  
falls crashing.)*

But godly men shall enter in the gates of pearly gem,  
For aye to rest amid the Blest of New Jerusalem!  
. . . of New Jerusalem!

*(Praise-God Tewke contemplates with satisfaction the scene of havoc.)*

Now hath God sanctified the wilderness unto His chosen people.  
Such be the fate of idle merrymakers throughout this land forever!

Amen, saith  
Praise-God Tewke.

*Act II, Scene 2  
"The Forest"*

*(In another part of the wood, Puritans drag Marigold into a clearing with  
Bradford.)*

Loose her!  
Stand thou here. . .

While I, Wrestling Bradford, wrestle with thy soul!

Pray do not leave me!

First, muffle up  
thy shame! Alas, that one so fair should play the Roman harlot!

Would that mine eyes a fountain were of tears.

That I by night and day might weep for thee!

Weep for the maiden sundered from her lover,  
the wife torn at the altar from  
her husband!

Never shalt thou be wife to  
Gower Lackland!  
O pity me!

Thou alone of women canst  
heal this  
tortured heart.

Wilt thou not  
love me?

Coward, touch  
me not!

I'll bear thee  
forth o'er peak and river to the setting sun,

Where never  
man shall find thee!

Marigold, I love thee; whether thou from  
Heaven or Hell,  
I love thee!

Thou canst not dream how I do loathe thee!  
Make way sir!  
(*attempts to pass*)

Ay . . .

Way to thy paramour!

Wilt thou this night hedge  
him within  
thine arms,

And teach his lips to graze thy  
body's pasture?

Shame!

Let me not hear!

Ere thou shalt yield thy flesh unto another, by Heav'n, I'll slay thee with  
my hands!

Thy mouth . . .

Thy mouth . . .

I'll have thy mouth!

Howl thy last prayer, false priest; for surely thou shalt die!

On, thou man of blood!

*(They fight)*

Those joined  
unto idols slay with the sword;

Hew them in pieces before the Lord!

*(Armed Puritans enter. Gower's breast is pierced  
by a pike and he falls wounded.)*

Take him alive!

Thou headlong fool!

Would 'twere undone, for a thousand pound!

*(Marigold takes Gower's head  
in her lap.)*

How dost thou, love?

'Tis bitter pain . . . leaving thee so . . . alone . . .  
with villains . . .

*(Gower dies. She kisses his brow, covers his face and rises.)*

Let them strike twice, and I will come to thee!

Woe to them  
that slay; Woe to them in life, in death; and the darkness of  
the tomb.

Woe, woe, woe,  
at the Judgment seat of God!

Lift up your voices, O ye hills, and cry aloud with me for vengeance!

Let them strike twice, and I will come to thee!

Woe to them in life!  
Woe to them in death!

And in the darkness of the tomb!

Let them strike twice, and I will come to thee!

*(Marigold is led away. Puritans carry Gower's body forth leaving Tewke and Bradford.)*

Hale her to the village, a prisoner, that she may bear no tales to London!

My son, is this thy plighted troth unto my daughter?

In wanton Spring and carnal month of May . . .

did lust for yonder woman  
fix on my  
bowels like a chain of Hell.

Repent, lest Heaven's fury break over thee like fire!

*(Tewke exits  
leaving Bradford alone.)*

Almighty Father, my King and my God,

Hear Thou the voice of my cry!  
Save me, O Lord for my bones are vexed;

Leave not my  
soul in Hell! Destroy them that hate Thee;

Beat them small  
as chaff before  
the wind!

Behold, my sin hath brought me down, lower than the worms of the  
dust . . .

Abhor me not,  
O God, but cleanse,  
and heal, and sanctify me.

*(Bradford sinks down overcome  
by despair.)*

For thy glory's sake.  
Amen.

Act II, Scene 3  
Bradford's Dream -  
"The Hellish Rendezvous"

*(Bradford dreams of the Valley of Tophet, an infernal glen with molten  
stone.)*

*(In his dream Bradford sees a mixture of the pagan revelry of  
the Maypole ceremonies)*

*(and fragments  
of Christian demonology.)*

*(The Cavaliers represent the Princesses and Courtesans of  
Hell, with Gower  
as Lucifer.)*

*(Monsters and goblins cavort  
with satyrs  
and witches.)*

Ave Sathanas!

*(Lucifer raises his staff and the dance breaks off.)*

Osanna!

Osanna!

Alleluia!

With burning wounds unhealed, and sore dismay for shattered Merry Mount,

Here gather we  
in hellish rendezvous;

So let us plot once more to witch New England,

And whelm  
God's rule within America!  
Bid Wrestling Bradford hither!

Wrestling Bradford!

*(The clergyman resists with all his force but is dragged to his feet by an invisible spell.)*

Wrestling Bradford!

*(Bradford moves stiffly forward.)*

Wrestling Bradford!

*(Bradford finally stands in full view of the hellish scene.)*

*(The monsters utter a wild cry and gnash their teeth in loathing.)*

Ah!

*(Bradford awakens to his senses with a cry of dread.)*

There. . .on  
Satan's throne. . .  
'Tis Gower Lackland, whom we slew;

And all the impious band of Merry Mount!  
O fearful witchcraft!

If thou wilt  
curse thy God,

Then will I crown thee Prince of New England!

Christ is mine, and His am I;  
He is the beloved of my soul!

Let the darkness flame with silver shapes . . .

The fair licentious courtesans of Hell, to lure his flesh with fingertips of  
fire!

*(Courtesans dance suggestively about the minister who stands unmoved.)*

Ah, Ah, . . .

*(A golden radiance suddenly lights up the sky.)*

Behold she comes . . . pacing down the  
stairway of the sky . . .

Astoreth,  
Queen of the Horned Moon!

*(Marigold, as Astoreth, appears against the brilliant moonlight that fills  
the stage.)*

*(Astoreth's dress is Babylonian with traces of the Cavalier lady and a  
crown of jewels.)*

*(Bradford, still moving like a  
sleep-walker, is drawn to  
Astoreth.)*

*(Bradford confronts Astoreth. She pauses but gazes beyond him, unaware  
of him.)*

Art thou not Marigold Sandys. . . and a witch?

*(Astoreth holds out her arms to Bradford as if offering herself to him.)*

God hath  
forsaken me!

*(Bradford advances with desperate resolution.)*

Attend, ye Thrones of Hell! Grant that with me this Queen tonight shall  
couch,

And I, in fee,  
will sign the  
Devil's Book!

Wilt thou swear to forswear thy God, and do the first works of  
Darkness?

Though the earth's foundation tremble, yet will I swear!

*(He reaches  
for the pen.)*

Hold!  
First shalt thou ban and curse New England!

Upon New England I denounce . . . Tempest and thunderstone, Losses by  
sea,

and desolating fires, with pestilential fevers, earthquake, war,

And horrid sorceries of  
Indian  
pow-wows!

*(Bradford seizes  
the pen and  
scrawls his name with a bold flourish.)*

*(Lucifer brands a crimson mark on Bradford's forehead.)*

Now thou art mine, to have and to hold at the  
last day forever!



*(With derisive laughter, Lucifer quits his throne  
and exits followed by his subjects.)*

*(Bradford and Astoreth are left alone.)*

Now blossoms a thunder of stars on the measureless vine of the sky.

O come with a crooning of doves, and the mew's unassuageable cry.

Thou mischief  
and wonder of men, Thou  
chaplet and scourge  
of God's!

Ah, Ah, . . .

Rise up, my love, my fair one,  
and come away.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone!

*(He embraces Astoreth.)*

Rise up,  
my fair one!

Rise up,  
my love,  
my fair one,

Rise up,  
my love,  
my fair one,  
and come away;

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone!

Rise up,  
my fair one!

Behold,  
thou art fair,

O well beloved!

Behold,  
thou art fair,  
O well beloved!

Rise up,  
my love,  
my fair one,  
and come away;

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone!

Rise up,  
my fair one!

Rise up, beloved!

Waters cannot quench our love.

Neither can floods drown it.

Rise up, beloved!

For love is strong as death, and  
cruel as  
the grave!

Rise up, beloved, Arise . . .

Arise!  
Beloved!

Come and taste with me the  
Vine of Life!

*(They enter the tent.)*

O dulcet agony!

*(The curtain falls  
on the end of  
Act II.)*

*Act III, Scene 2  
The Village  
An Hour Later*

*(Indian war drums are heard. The scene is one of disaster.)*

*(The church has been burned to  
the ground.  
Indians are  
dancing a  
war-dance.)*

*(It is a scene of chaos with  
Puritans being  
killed by the Indians.)*

*(A shot sounds and the Indian Chief pitches forward with a bullet in his  
forehead.)*

*(The Indians take flight with the body of their Chief.)*

*(Puritans creep from the woods with several wounded.  
All are in despair.)*

Gird you with sack-cloth,  
lament and howl;

For God's fierce wrath is turned not back from us.

Woe unto us, For we are spoiled; The fire of God's anger burneth upon  
us.

Cut off thine hair, O Jerusalem and cast it away; for God hath forsaken  
the generation of his wrath!

Cry with the voice of Rachel, weeping for her children

And be not comforted; because they are not!

Ah, Ah, . . .

*(Bradford enters. He is transfixed by the spectacle of his fulfilled curse.)*

*(The Puritans fall upon their knees, with arms outstretched  
toward the minister.)*

Pray for us unto God the Lord!

Pray for us!

Nevermore  
shall prayer  
ravish these lips!

Behold, as one forever lost, a wretch hallooing from the brink  
of Hell,

I witness unto  
you a horrible plot against  
this land  
by witchcraft!

Within the covert of this wood accursed, mine eyes beheld a vision...

Proved by these woes a portent sent of God!

Me thought the great Belshazzar of Hell came with a cloud of fierce and  
fallen angels

To root the Christian faith from out New England!

Closer I stared, and lo, the demons all  
were yonder  
miscreants of Merry Mount...

Who only now, before their damned ensign,

To noise of  
bawdy pipers  
and sluttish drummers,

Struck up the Devil's dance!

Ah!

Then Satan, with his foul and sooty devils, did torture me to sign the  
Law of Hell!

Twice I refused

Anon came One, pacing down the stairway of the sky,

Like unto Astoreth, Queen of the Horned Moon.

She spoke: "Beloved, come, and taste with  
me the Vine, the Vine of Life!"

The kisses of her mouth were as the lightning and the clash of swords...

And with  
the loathed  
ecstasy . . .

I signed the  
Devil's Book!

Woe, woe!  
Lost sheep are we; upon the mountain are we turned away!

*(Marigold, costume torn, wanders in to the scene of destruction.)*

Marigold!

Astoreth!

Behold the witch that hath o'er-thrown us all  
with sorceries!

Thou Hellish  
witch!  
Give back  
my son!

Give back my child!  
Give back my husband!  
Give back  
my son!

Death to the Witch!

No witch am I;  
but one that long ago was happy,

And so shall be  
no more.

Gower, my husband! Within this hour once more shall I embrace thee!

No witch am I, but one that long ago was happy, and so shall be  
no more!

Gower, my husband, within this hour shall I embrace thee.

Slay me, and  
spare not; swiftly would I be gone out of this world of mad and bloody  
men.

Let them strike twice, and I will come to thee!

Woe to them  
that slay.

Woe to them in death!  
And in the darkness of the tomb!

Slay me,  
and spare not;

Swiftly would I be gone out of this world of mad and bloody men.

O Gower, I will come to thee!

Ay, even now thy lover frets at  
Hell-gate, and peers afar to spy thy coming!

But I shall go beside thee; let him that hath the fiercer devil seize and  
hold thee!

Attend,  
O congregation: Here and henceforth cast I God away!

*(He tears the white clerical bands from his coat.)*

Deceitful Priest!  
O lying prophet!

Gather great rocks, heave  
them on high;

Stone them with stones, so may they die!

Gather great rocks, heave  
them on high; stone them with stones, so may they die!

Death to the witch!  
Death to the witch!

*(They advance  
upon Marigold  
and Bradford.)*

I have out-frowned the  
glare of Lucifer, sceptered amid his host;

Shall puny  
mortals  
daunt me?

Behold -

THE MARK!

The mark!  
The Devil's mark!

*(Some Puritans  
flee screaming, others in shock.)*

*(Marigold screams and swoons. Bradford catches her.)*

Oh, home at last upon this heart!

With mine own flesh I'll shield thee from  
the fire,

Then lie betwixt thee and the flames of Hell!

Beloved, beloved, come and drink with me . . .

The Wine of . . .

Death!

*(Bradford carries Marigold into the fire.)*

*(The Puritans  
fall to their  
knees.)*

Our Father  
which art in Heaven . . .

Hallowed be Thy name!

Thy Kingdom come!

*(The Puritans  
slowly arise.)*

Amen!  
Amen! . . .

*(The curtain falls on the end of Merry Mount.)*