ACT ONE

Scene One

PRELUDE.

CHORUS

DAVIN SPIRITS,

( invisible. )

Ho, Mother, awake.

Break thy slumber,

Mother of All.

Seago in the sacred mystery.

The night flies before the dawn,

The east pale with tender light.

Earth, waken! Breathe the Spirit's life;

Earth, answer, answer to the call,

Renew thy life in the sacred dawn.

(The curtain rises disclosing a rolling prairie with low hills in the distance. Overhead the pastel sky of early dawn is lit with faint alars on the left is a knoll with a low thicket of bushes on its right side. Upon this knoll, Aedota stands in impressive dignity.)

AEDOTA, ( with feeling. )

Lo, the dawn, the starry blue dawn

Shining softly on the earth,

So love shines on my heart,

For love dispels all darkness

And glorifies the life.

In the still, blue dawn I sing, --

Dawn, fresh as a soaring eagle's wing,

Dawn, soft as the breast of a dove

Like an eagle is the soul of my love,

An eagle soul!

In the still, blue dawn I sing.

Would her soul might hear me and know!

(As if hearing a rustle, he looks to the right, then vanishes into the thicket. Nemaha enters and springs lightly up the knoll, throwing down his morning catch of fish. The dawn deepens as he sings.)

NEMAH, ( with joyous fervor. )

She whom I love is fair, fair as dawn,

The red dawn in the bright moon of Green Leaves.

( He looks around exultingly.)

Sweet is her voice as the pleasant waters,

Lilts in her form as the birch in the forest

Where the young fawn strays under silent boughs,

And she glow in her eyes as warm as the sun.

Light are her steps, light as wind,

The cool wind on the new grass of springtime.

She whom I love is gay, gay as spring.

She whom I love is fair, fair as dawn.

She is the dawn and the springtime.

(Aedota emerges from his hiding-place and advances joyfully to greet his friend. Nemaha stands extended, his club-rung.)

AEDOTA.

Nemaha.

NEMAH, ( surprised. )

Aedota.

AEDOTA.

I knew not that thou lovest.

NEMAH, ( brightly. )

Surely; and though?

AEDOTA, ( with dignity. )

Before thee, I sang in the dawn.

( They smile at each other and throw themselves down on the knoll. A lover and his maid cross the rear of the stage. The lover plays his flute of whom would she say carries her water jar. The friends watch them. Nemaha turns to Aedota.)

NEMAH, ( with curiosity. )

Thy choice?
I love a maid,
Single among the maidens of our tribe;
Proud of soul; a strong mate for a warrior,
Yet mild and very kind;
As gentle as the breeze of summer twilight.
And thou?

NAMEHA, (with enthusiasm.)
Beauty I love. The flashing eye,
The curving brow, the raven hair,
The willow grace, the fern-like tread.

AEDETA, (puzzled.)
She whom I love hath beauty also.

NAMEHA, (with decision.)
She whom I love is good as well as fair.

AEDETA, (still more puzzled.)
Can one tribe possess two such maidens?

NAMEHA, (in sudden suspicion.)
Thou lovest?

NAMEHA, (firmly.)
As friends, then, O Aedeta.

NAMEHA, (rousingly.)
Ramala is thine; Not mine the hand to rob a friend.

NAMEHA, (impulsively.)
Nay, be thine the maiden, Ramala.

(And she goes to Nameha and grasps his friend's arm.)

AEDETA, (calmly.)
Let the maiden choose
And we abide her choice.

NAMEHA, (brightening.)
Friends shall we go into battle.

Both, (in exclamant excitement.)
THE FIRST RAY OF THE RISING SUN SHOWS IN THE EAST.

(THETO FRIENDS WITNESS THE LUMINARY REPUTABLY.)

NEMAKA AND AEDOA, \(\text{in reverent exaltation.}\)

O thou Sun, who movest in the heavens,
By whose touch all living things survive,
Great Spirit, hear thou.

We vow a vow by thy rising power.
Hear us and keep our faith alive;
As brothers stand so shall we stand,
In love, in peace, in war, in life,
In death.
No warrior's tongue may swear a lie,
No warrior's head may falsely bow.
We shall be friends unto the grave.
Wakenda, hear us, hear our vow.

CURTAIN.

ACT ONE

Scene Two

(LETTER AFTERNOON OF THE SAME DAY. TEASNE'S FINE TEPEE IS IN THE CENTER OF THE STAGE WITH THE FLAP OPEN. IN THE BACKGROUND IS SEEN
PART OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE. TEASNE, NATALIA, AND MAGNA, MADAME GRANDMA AMOS, ALL IN FRONT. THE OLD WOMAN IS BUSTLING AROUND; THE COWS ARE GRAZING MOLLISHLY, HUMA BOYING WITH A宽 OF ANTLERS HANGING.
MAGNA'S LITTLE DOG IS WITH HER. A GROUP OF SERENADING GIRLS ENTER BEARING WILLOW WANDS. THEY SWAY IN RHYTHM TO THE MUSIC.)

YOUNG GIRLS.

Wave, wave, tender willow sprays,
Slow, slow as a maid sways;
Pause here to tell of the woodland ways,
Whisper of love and youth and spring.

Breeze, breeze, lightly blowing by,
Soft, soft as cloudlets floating high,
Pause here awhile where the maidens sigh,
Whisper of youth and love and spring.

(EVALIOT OF THE WILLOW WANDS)

Wave, wave, tender willow sprays,
Slow, slow as a maid sways;
Pause here to tell of the woodland ways,
Whisper of love and youth and spring.

Breeze, breeze, lightly blowing by,
Soft, soft as cloudlets floating high,
Pause here awhile where the maidens sigh,
Whisper of youth and love and spring.

(The Young Girls pass on. MAGNA JUMPS UP VIVACIOUSLY
AND POINTS TO TEASNE'S EMBROIDERY.)

MAGNA, (vivaciously.)

What means this design?
Never have I seen its like.

(TEASNE DISPLAYS HER WORK.)

TEASNE.

I work here the Northern Lights
As a symbol of my vision.

CURTAIN.
The two girls examine the moccasin, then return it to Taene.

TASNE, (mystically.)

There is a legend in our tribe
That northward go the warriors
Who die in battle.
The splendid leaping flames that glow
In mystic beauty thro' the winter night
Above the ice fields in the land of Snow,
( She rises majestically.)

They are the campfires of departed braves;
There dwell the Spirits of dead warriors.
Their glory chills the blood and warms of coming woe.
When there is to be a battle
The Northern Lights burn high.
That is the legend.

In the Moon of Cold Winds I saw them gleam,
Beautiful but evil portents in the sky.
Today our warriors go on the warpath.
Be warned.
There shall be death in the tribe.

WEENA, (lightly.)

Why speak of death?
( Ramala goes back to her game, chanting alternately the names of her two suitors.)

Wooed me a lover by the spring,
His mirror lit the morning;
The feeble heart, the foolish thing,
He is but fit for scorn.

I told him I should wed a brave,
A warrior eagle-hearted;
No beaded dandy did I crave,
And, oh, the fellow startled.

There is a legend in our tribe
That northward go the warriors
Who die in battle.
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I told him I should wed a brave,
A warrior eagle-hearted;
No beaded dandy did I crave,
And, oh, the fellow startled.
(Joyfully.)

When o'er the hills of spring my warrior cometh,
Like sun-kissed waters leaps my heart and sings;
While all the air about me stirs with young leaves dancing
And in my heart were fluttering on happy beating wings.

O Moon of Gladness, Moon of Dancing Leaves,
Hide not yet behind the western tree;
Then if thy splendor fade, Moon of all my loving,
Let not thy waning take my love from me.

When o'er the hills or spring my warrior cometh,
When sweet light calls across the rosy light,
Then all my being wakened as the year is waking
Then all my heart and soul join the year's delight.

(She stands transported. The sun sets, leaving a bright afterglow. Soon the sound of many voices singing is heard in the distance, increasing gradually in volume. Mounted warriors armed with war-clubs, shields, spears and bows and arrows come into view and pass at the rear of the stage. Among them are Aedenn and Nemaha, the surrounding women follow them.)

WARRIORS.

Hae ha ha ha ah,
Hae ha ha ha ah,
Hae ha ha ha ha ah
Hae ha ha ha ha ah

(The warriors pass on. As their voices die away, the village women gather and sing a song of encouragement. Nemaha, Ramala and Mane joining in.)

WOMEN, (encouraging.)

Go forth, Warriors!
Go ye forth!
Go forth in strength to conquer,
Our thoughts go with you into battle,
Our love shall aid you in the fight.
Go forth, Warriors,
Our thoughts and our love shall be with you.
Go ye forth.

(As the chorus ends, the warriors have passed on, the village women, the girls, and Jocuna following. Taene goes into the tent and makes herself with the evening work, but Nemaha remains outside, motionless, gazing in the direction the war party has taken. Just falls, the sounds of the village are faintly heard. The little girl asks about, but she is unconscious of it all. The moon rises. Finally, Taene comes out and draws down the sides of the tent, covering the edges down for the night. As she moves about, she watches Nemaha anxiously.)

TANNE, (tenderly.)

Ho-o-o-o, Ramala!
Chill is the dew-fall,
Chill on the night blow o'er thee.
Gone, Nemaha,
Put by thy griefing!
Here still is the bosom which bore thee.

RAMALA, (sorrowfully.)

Not now, not now, my mother.
Only the night shall know my heart.
Leave me!

(Nemaha, grieving for Nemaha, wanders back in the darkness. The suppressed by mourning and naught, she is dizzy visions in the moonlight.)

MEHESA, (lamenting.)

Nemaha has gone,
Gone on the warpath with the warriors.
In his heart are love and sorrow,
But not for me.

I have no right to mourn.
Anguish my grief I hide
Lost my love bring me scorn.
Ah, bitterly I sigh.
Breaks my heart with aching love,
With hallowed pride,
I am ever left forlorn.
I have no right to weep,
Still here alone I steal
While the lodge dreams in sleep.
Ah, to the night I cry
Wounded love can nothing soothe,
Can nothing heal.
Sorrow I shall ever keep.

( Suddenly she sees Ramala and walks rapidly toward the camps)

ORDERS OF NIGHT SPIRITS, (invisible)

ORDERS OF NIGHT SPIRITS, (invisible)

From the upper heavens
Where the visions dwell,
Starry beams bring you dreams.
Sleep, O growing maidens,
Slumber soft and deep.
Love shall bless your sleep.
Though the dawn shall call thee
Floating to the sky,
From above beams bring love.
Sleep and dream, O maidens,
While the stars are high.
Love shall hear your sighs.

(As the chorus dies away Ramala rushes suddenly)

RAMALA, (in sudden decision)

I shall follow Aedota
To sustain him with my love.

( She starts away. The curtain falls quickly. Horse's hoofs are heard beating the prairie sod and gradually dying away)

CURTAIN.
Sentinel, (with perturbation.)

Ramaha is here; the daughter
Of thy brother Nenaha.
She will not disclose her errand,
Neither will she come into camp.

Oseska, (perplexedly.)

Strange!

(The warriors look mused. The Chief silently watches the face of the younger one. Addota turns to Ramaha.)

Addota, (with feeling.)

How great the love which brought her through the lonely night
To thee, O Nenaha.
Thy friend it is who sends thee to her, Nenaha,
So thou!

Nemaha, (with answering emotion.)

Thro night, thro dawn, thro morning light,
The maiden all alone hath sought our camp,
Lonely.
But if for love of thee or me,
We know not now,
But soon shall know,
Stay thou! If I return alone,
Then is the maiden thine.

(Nemaha hurriedly leaves the camp but soon returns,
whispers to Addota, then falls prone, his face buried in his arms.
Addota bends, puts his hand sorrowfully on his friend's shoulder,
then rises up. Shortly, he comes back, leading Nemaha by the hand.
They stand before the Chief. Nemaha rises to his feet.)

Ramaha, (pleadingly, yet with dignity.)

I have come here alone,
Do not blame me. I pray,
... my love is as pure
As the sweet air of day.
I have come here alone,
Scorn me not with disdain
For my soul is as white
As the snow of the plain.

(She turns to the warriors)

You know two warriors wooed me,
Two noble warriors of our tribe.
Yet loved I not one above the other,
For one was grave and tender
While one was passionate and gay
And each I loved in different moods.

(She pauses impressively.)

Last eve by mystic sign, I chose my mate, Addota.

(She regards her lover with devotion. His look responds.)

Last e'e, by mystic sign, I chose my mate, Addota.

(She turns to Oboska earnestly.)

I have followed my love
The lonely night through;
I have followed my love,
Where the deep drank the dew.

(Fearfully)

There were winds in the trees,--
In what terror they whispered!
There were wolves, there were night-birds,
How eerie their voices!

(With great tenderness.)

Ramaha, (more brightly.)

Last night I rose from dreams
And walked the forest,
Longing for thee.

But a soft wind at dawning
From Shadow Land came,
And the Red Star of Morning
Warmed my being with flame.
I have followed my love,
The lonely night through;
As sun on the snow.

I have followed my love,
The lonely night through;  
As sun on the snow.

The lonely night through;  
As sun on the snow.

I have followed my love, --
Let thy mercy out flow
For my heart is as pure
As sun on the snow.

I have followed my love,
The lonely night through;
As sun on the snow.

I have followed my love, --
The lonely night through;
As sun on the snow.

The lonely night through;
As sun on the snow.

I have followed my love,
The lonely night through;
As sun on the snow.

I have followed my love, --
The lonely night through;
As sun on the snow.

The lonely night through;
As sun on the snow.
OBESKA, (in command.)
Quick! To your bows and spears, my men!
Valorous deeds shall we do this day
Or die like brave men.
(The warriors hastily string their bows and adjust their shields and spears. Aedeta and Kemala draw Rosala aside.)

AEDETA, (tenderly.)
Stand thou here, beloved,
And watch the conflict from afar.

KEMALA, (with solicitude.)
Should the fortunes of battle turn against us
And we be put to flight,
Wait not for us
But look to thine own safety, O Kemala.

AEDETA, (with emotion.)
Fare well, fare well!
KEMALA and AEDETA.
We shall come at our sunset dyed the west
Or shall come not at all.

KEMALA, (courageously.)
Go, my young brave!
Think not of me, nor fear, nor death.
(Kemala rushes away to join his companions. Aedeta pauses a moment with Kemala. They embrace lingeringly. Then Aedeta raises her gently, Kemala follows behind. The warriors charge off the stage without a word. And war cries, soon there come the sounds of battle. Left alone, Rosala prays.)

RAMALA, (lifting her arms to the Sun.)
O thou Sun,
Resplendent and high in thy Heaven!
Hear me, hear me who pray in anguish.
Thou all powerful, life and strength are thine;
Look thou with favor upon our warriors
And grant them victory.

(She lowers her arms.)

SPIRITS OF DEPARTED WARRIORS,
If round me now you hover,
Hear my cry, hear my cry.
Strengthen the arms of our noble kinmen,
Direct their speeding arrows! Flight
Straight to the hearts of the foe.

O thou Sun!
Resplendent and high in thy Heaven,
Hear me, hear me who pray in anguish!
Look down upon our warriors,
Thou all powerful,
Hear my cry, Ah!

(Kemala limps into view, wounded. — Ramala hastens to him and begins to tend his wound.)

KAAELA, (excitedly.)
Look to thy safety, little sister;
The chance of battle is against us.
(He pauses weakly. Ramala assists him.)

At the very first our men were scattered
And driven like leaves before the wind.
Each man now fights for himself
With the strength of despair.
Stay not here, little sister,
Hasten! Hasten home
Let herm befall thee!

RAMALA, (with great anxiety.)
What knowest thou of Aedeta and his friend?
Are they living or are they dead?

KAAELA, (sadly.)
Also, I know not!
Stay not here, little sister;
Wait not their return.

RAMALA, (tenderly.)
Go, brave men, and look to thy wound.
Here must I stand till I have tidings
Of Aedeta and his friend.
NEMAH, thou comest alone!
What of Aedeta? Tell me at once.
What of Aedeta?

NEMAH, (sadly.)
Ah, Ramala, I would comfort thee.

NEMAH, (in despair.)
Oh, tell me!

NEMAH, (mournfully.)
Let me comfort thee. Aedeta lies yonder;
Leaving us to live in sorrow.

NEMAH, (in agony.)
Nay, fly with me.

NEMAH, (excitedly.)
The warriors depart.
Come with me to Aedeta.

NEMAH, (impatiently.)
Nay! Fly with me.

NEMAH, (determinedly.)
Come with me to Aedeta.

NEMAH, (forgetting all caution.)
Ramala, I love thee with an ever-burning love.

Ramala, (recalling in horror.)
Oh, shame! The pity not thy love
My heart in its anguish graves.

(Overcome, Ramala sinks down upon a tree-stump, Nemaha addresses her in Jacobean passion.)

NEMAH, (passionately.)
Once on the banks of the Misty Water
Wooed by the call of my carolling flute,
Thou comest to me at the rise of the sun,
Where, beneath a flowering tree, I stood,
I sang my love to thee,
Thy little hand in mine clasped tenderly.
It was there my ardent soul went out to thee in all its love.
Dost thou not remember?
There, with the sighing of the winds,
With the murmuring waters moving in unison,
Thou gavest in answer a sigh
Which thrilled me to the heart.
Oh, there where the morning breeze, approving,
Showered thy head with cherry blossoms,
My longing soul met thine with all its love.

RAMALA, (quickly.)

No! No!

NEMAH, (wistfully.)

Hast thou forgotten?
(Approachingly.)

If canst forget,
Not so can I!

(Ramala springs to her feet. Instantly, Nemaha strains her to his heart, NEMAH TIGHTENS HER.)

RAMALA, (with sharp reproach.)

Though canst forget thy friend,
Thy life-long friend.

NEMAH.

Dead is my friend; let him lie as he fell.
Come with me.

RAMALA.

I'll find Aedeta.
Away! Away!

NEMAH, (importuning.)

Fly, fly with me.

RAMALA, (with passion.)

Away! Away!
ACT THREE.

Scene One.

(A red sunset casts its glow over a thinly wooded spot; Ramala is seen on the deserted battle field searching among the slain for Aedeta. There are indications of an approaching spring storm. She pauses in exhaustion and despair.)

RAMALA, (with deep feeling.)

Here the battle stormed.
Here the arrows hissed like hail
To fall like thunder-bolts;
Alone with the dead in the dusk
I seek thee.

Oh, my proud warrior,
Who rode but yesterday,
So proudly, so gladly on the war-path,
Thy strength indeed over?
Thy life so quickly ended?

Lightning flashes, Thunder rumbles, Ramala looks around desperately.)

Oh, my young lover
Whose steps were once so firm upon the wind-blown grasses,
How quiet art thou now?

She searches, hurriedly, shuddering with horror.)

Ah, where art thou lying?
I cannot find thee.

Standing straight, she calls.)

Aedeta, Aedeta, Aedeta;
The night is falling; the lightning's eye is flashing;
The wind is whirling and the Thunder-bird approaching
On swift, sable wings.
I am alone with storm and death.

She resumes her search frantically.)

Aedeta, Aedeta, Aedeta.
Let thy spirit lend me where thou liest
Lest the storm in fury overwhelm me
And the night hide thy face forever.

SEARCHING frantically, she comes to an abrupt stop,
With a gasp of surprise she stoops and picks up a bow, its broken string dangling.)

Was this bow? The string is broken!
Aedeta lives!
Helpless, with this broken cord
He was captured!

She holds the bow out before her and apostrophizes it.)

O thou bow with broken string,
Thou traitor bow that failed him in the battle;
How didst thou fail him when need was greatest?
Cruelly failed him in the hour of danger?

Helpless in the carnage,
Before the arrows of his foes,
Weaponless, defenseless, thou yielded him
To his enemies.

The storm increases, Ramala is in anguish.)

O thou bow with broken string,
Thou traitor bow that failed him in the battle;
How didst thou fail him in the hour of danger?

Man as failed him, also, his friend,
His trusted friend.
O traitor bow!

She flings the bow aside, but as it touches the ground, brilliant flashes of lightning illuminate it. She examines it up and examines it closely in the almost continuous glare.)

The string is cut, not broken.
There has been treachery. Treachery!

She breaks it. She drops the bow.)

Now shall I seek thee, O Aedeta,
I shall seek thee in the calm of the sea,
To live with thee if thou livest,
To die with thee if thou diest.
Oh, send thy thoughts of love and strength to guide me,
Aedeta, I come.

She dashes away thru the storm now raging furiously.)
ACT THREE.

Scene Two.

(The curtain rises on a Pomey village. Above shines the large and brilliant morning star to which the captive Andeta is to be sacrificed. The stage is occupied with people; Andeta, at the art, is bound in a tent.)

**VICTORY song.**

Standest thou with in the East,
Star, Star, Star of Dawn.
Fruitfulness and strength are thine,
Star, Star, Star of the Morning;
In thy hands is life renewed,
O holy Star.

Thou who bringest joy, all hail!
Star, Star, sacred Star.
Thou who givest strength, all hail!
Hail, hail, divine Star!
Thou didst grant us victory,
O Sacred Star!

(The people, from in a procession singing a choral as they march.)

**CHORALE.**

Ah hi ne ao ah!
Ah hi ne ao ah!
Ah hi ne ao ah!

(The procession halts in a semi-circular formation. At the cleared space springs a group of warriors - shield-bearers, ceremonial banners, etc. They perform a barbaric dance, casting noisemaking globes at Andeta. After the dance stops, the procession removes the chorale and marches off the stage to prepare for the sacrifice.)

**AEDETA, with power.**

Lo, now death I defy:
Anguish and pain cannot daunt me;
Flint cannot pierce my courage
Nor flame quench my fearless spirit!

Raven foe, I defy thee,
Helpless, I defy thee,
Torture cannot make a warrior quail,
Death I defy!

(Enter Ramala from left stealthily. She looks about cautious.)

**RAMALA, in a hushed voice.**

Aedeta;

**AEDETA, startled.**

Thou, Ramala;

**RAMALA, in joy.**

At last I have found thee!

(They enter the tent and they embrace)

**AEDETA, in agitation.**

Stay not, O Ramala, to put thyself in peril.

**RAMALA,**

(vehemently, though softly.)

Never ah shall I leave thee, my loved one,

Never shall I leave thee, my loved one.

**AEDETA,**

(protecting.)

Leave me! Leave me!

**RAMALA, firmly.**

If thou diest, I die also.

**AEDETA, imploring.**

Stay not, beloved, they will torture thee!
If thou wilt not think of me, think of me -- of anguish.
Can I bear thy torture?
Thou not, O Ramala,
Embrace me once again and leave me!
(Ramula struggles with his bonds. Aedeta grows more anxious.)

RAMULA. (resisting.)
They prepare for the sacrifice
And we are not observed.

AEDETA, (with an attempt at command.)
They will come soon;
Leave me!

(Ramula shakes her head as she strives frenziedly to release him)

RAMULA, (devotedly.)
Never shall I leave thee, beloved.

AEDETA, (warningly.)
They are coming.

(Suddenly Ramula releases him. She supports him and he finds he can move.)

BOTH, (with great joy.)
'Tis done. 'Tis done! We are free.

(They hasten softly away. The procession reenters.)

SWIFT CURTAIN.

(ACT FOUR)

(Full Chorus.
Make way, they come! Make way, they come.
Wakanda guides the lost ones home.
As from the dead they come again
To ease our sorrow, heal our pain.
Make way!

(All are on the look out.)
Make way, they come! They come, make way.
Wakanda's favor lights our way.
And those we mourned we welcome home.
Behold them now, they come, they come.

(Aedeta and Ramula come into view. Aedeta landing on Ramula's shoulder. A place is assigned to them beside the Chief in the tent. Obeska rises to greet them.)

OBESKA, (with deep feeling.)
0 Aedeta! 0 Ramula.
The hearts of the tribe are gladdened
By your safe return.
All gather around you in joy.

WOMEN, (with sympathy.)
Ah, how pale and wan their faces!
From our hearts rise tears of pity.
From the very depths of our hearts.

(Raola, forgetting decorum, speaks.)

RAOLA, (impulsively.)
Speak, speak, Aedeta, that we may know
How thou, so strong a warrior,
Became a captive to our foes.
OBESKA. (with authority)

Silence!

We must first hear from Nemaha.

(Nemaha, stand forth.)

(Nemaha stands before Obeska with head raised defiantly.)

Nemaha, what of thy tale
Of Aedeta's death?

Nemaha, (sullenly.)
Honored Chief, I spoke as I believed.

THE TRIBE, (nodding to each other)

I fear he lies. Ah, yes, he lies.
Behold his altered face, his shifting eyes.

OBESKA, (sternly.)

So.

(Nemaha slinks away.)

Now let Aedeta speak.

(Aedeta rises. The people turn silent.)

AEDETA, (rapidly, eloquently.)

Brief shall be my story
Yet true as yonder sun's pathway.
I need not tell you
The story of our friendship,
My life and Nemaha's lie plain before you;
Both in our youth and our manhood.
We were ever one,
That you know.
One, also, we were in love,
Each choosing Nemaha.
That too, you know.

( The people nod assent)
OBESEK. (going up to Òbeaka.)

False to one, false to all.
False to his friend, false to his tribe,
False to his vow. Let him die.

OBESEK. (sobbingly.)

What is this to thee, old woman?
Be silent.

TASNE, (firmly.)

Though I have no right to speak,
Honored Chief, bear with me.
On the eve of battle
Did not the Northern Lights portend death?
The powers have spoken.
Let him die.

THE TRIBE, (wildly.)

False to one, false to all.
The powers have spoken;
Bring forth Nemaha!
Let him die!

(Megena rushes to Òbeaka. The clamor quiets temporarily but breaks out at intervals.)

MEGENA, (imploringly.)

Have mercy! and spare him.
Let not your wrath prevail against him.
Noble Chief, he once possessed your confidence and love.
Look back into the past.
Was he not a good son, true friend, strong lover?
Never before hath he been found unworthy.
Oh, spare him!
Aedeta and Ramala live;
Let him live also.
Oh, save him, I implore.
I pray thee.
(with religious terror.)

But Wakanda has wrought a wonder.
We shall pray for wisdom.

ASEDEPA, (much moved.)

Let him go.
For old friendship, let him go.
I do not desire his death.

THE TRIBE, (muttering.)

Forgive him not.
Let him die.

RAMALA, (in tears.)

Oh, Nemaha, Nemaha, so long and well-beloved,
Let us not cause his death.
Let not his blood be upon us.
Are we not wise? Alive, unharmed?
Surely he hath repented.
Oh, let him go.

ASEDEPA, (with emotion.)

We forgive; let him live
And be one with us again.

THE TRIBE, (insisting.)

No, False to one, false to all!
Sieze the traitor, slay him.

TAHN, (grimly.)

Let him die as his friend would have died
But for Ramala.

(Nemaha rises but before he can speak, Nemaha stalks in, stripped except for a loin-cloth.)

NEMABA, (with scornful pride.)

Nemaha begs no forgiveness,
Nor asks for woman's pity,
Nor fears man's vengeance.

(The TRIBE, pensively.)

Hath he repented?

Oh, let him die.