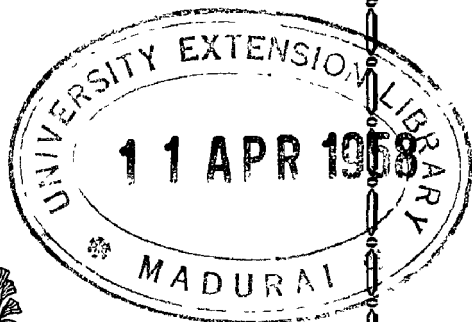


ROANOKE ISLAND EDITION

The
Lost Colony

A SYMPHONIC DRAMA OF
AMERICAN HISTORY

By PAUL GREEN



CHAPEL HILL

The University of North Carolina Press, 1954

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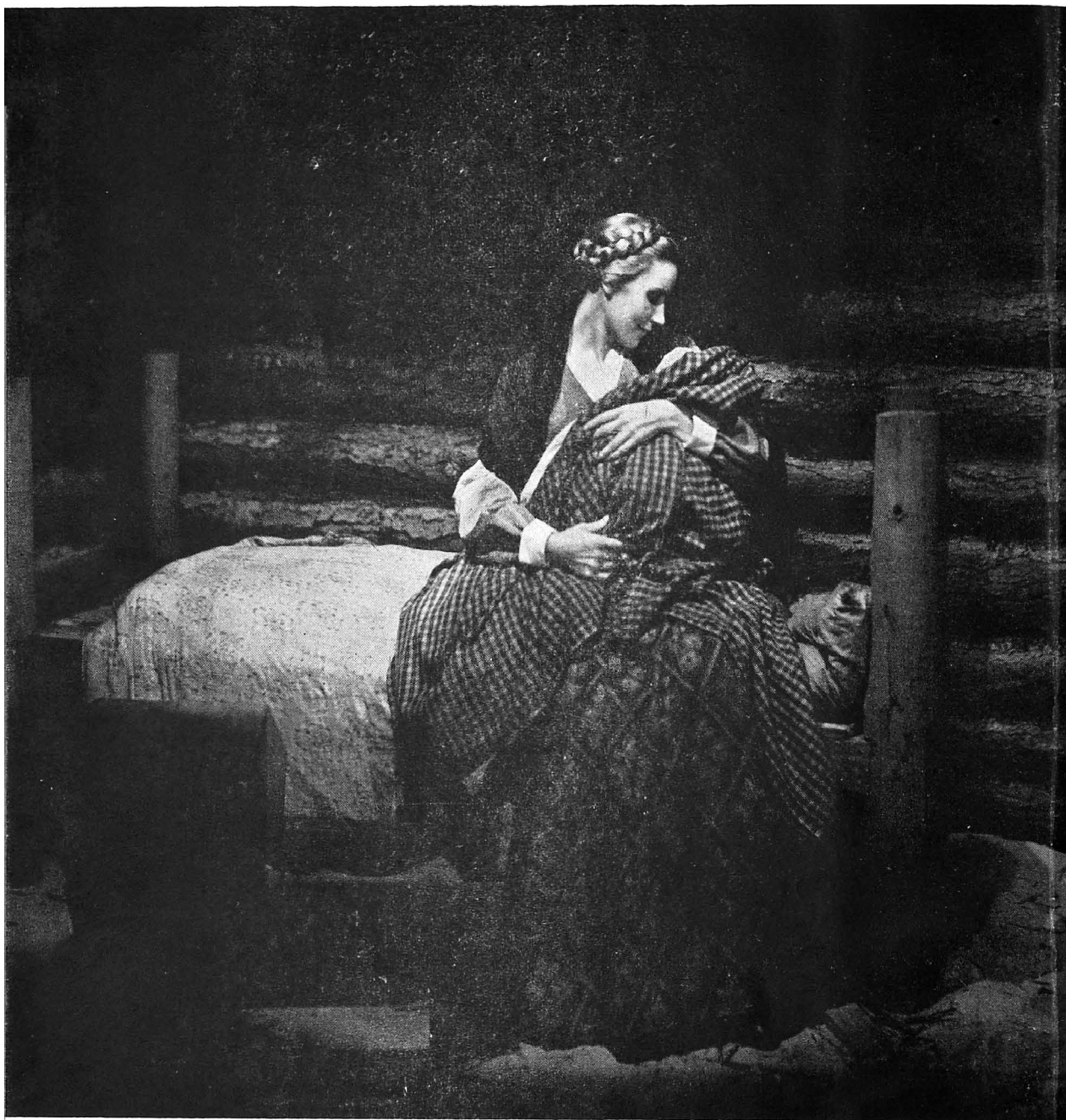
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by Carl Fischer Inc., Cooper Square, New York City



Eleanor Dare (played by Katherine Calé) sings a lullaby to her baby, Virginia Dare.

THE BEGINNING OF "THE LOST COLONY"

I

Back in 1921 when I was a student at the University of North Carolina and trying to turn out one-act plays fast enough to equal the measure of Professor Frederick Koch's inspiration, I got to thinking about the story of Sir Walter Raleigh's tragic lost colony as subject matter for a play. So I decided to go down to Roanoke Island on the coast and look around at the original site of the colonization attempt. I set out from Chapel Hill and traveled by bus and train to Beaufort, thence up Pamlico Sound by mail-boat, and finally made the latter part of my journey across the open inlet by hiring a fisherman and his little motorboat—in all a distance of some three hundred miles. I still remember that fisherman, a muscular old fellow, sturdy and craggy and coming back to me now in visualization like that old man Ernest Hemingway wrote about recently in his great sea story. He sang a song to me as we went across. I still can remember some of the words—

“Oh, haul away, bully boys,
Oh, haul away high-o,
We'll wipe away the morning dew
And then go below.”

It was night when I arrived at the little town of Manteo. I got a room at a local boarding house and early the next morning started walking up the sandy road through the forest toward the place known as Fort Raleigh four miles away. I plodded along in the ankle-deep sand, and the sun was coming up in its great holocaust of flame when I got to the little grove of pines and live oaks on the edge of Croatan Sound and stood beside the small squat stone erected in 1896 to Virginia Dare, the first English child born in the new world. I wandered around in the woods. I idly plucked some sassafras twigs and chewed them, and thought upon that band of hardy pioneers who, three hundred and thirty-four years before, had come to this spot to build a fort, a bastion, a beachhead for the extension of the English-speaking empire across the sea. In a hollytree a mocking bird trilled a timeless note.

I thought of the hardships that these people had suffered, of

the dark nights, the loneliness, the despair and frustration here, desolate and forgot by Queen Elizabeth in her concern with her Spanish war in England far away. In my mind I could hear the cries of the sick and hungry little children, see the mothers bending above their rough home-made cribs as they twisted and turned in their fever and their fret. And what anguish, what heartache and homesickness! And ever the anxious expectant look toward the eastern sea where never the bright sail of a ship was seen nor the mariner's cheer was heard to tell that help was nigh. Night after night, day after day, only the murmur of the vast and sheeted waters, only the sad whispering of the dark forest to break upon their uneasy dreams.

Yes, here on the very spot where I stood all this had happened, all this had been endured.

II

I came away charged with inspiration to write a drama on the lost colony. Back in Chapel Hill I promised "Proff," as we all affectionately called Professor Koch, to have a piece for his play-writing class come the next week. I turned out a one-acter for production in the University Forest Theatre. It told an imaginary story of Virginia Dare and how she grew up and lived in the wilderness among the Indians, falling in love with Chief Manteo's son and marrying him—a forest idyll. But the class didn't think much of it. Proff Koch didn't care for it either, though he smiled and said it had good points. By that time I thought it was pretty rotten. Somewhere along the line my inspiration had petered out. I had come home and started reading too much in the literature of the subject, I guess. One piece that had stuck in my mind was a long poem by a North Carolina author which told the made-up legend of how Virginia Dare, as a beautiful young woman, had been turned into a white doe by the spell of an angry Indian suitor and how she had been mistakenly shot by the arrow of her own true lover, another Indian brave—only returning to her beautiful maidenly self in the throes of death.

So I threw the play away, and turned back to writing furiously about the poor whites and the Negroes of my native county in Eastern North Carolina.

III

Ten years later I was teaching philosophy in the University of North Carolina. One day there came a knock on my office door

and W. O. Saunders, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, entered. Saunders was the editor of an active paper in his town, known as the *Independent*. At that time he was famous locally not for his editorship of a liberal and outspoken paper or as a contributor of articles to *Collier's Magazine*, but for his recent pioneer activity of walking up and down Broadway in New York City in the mid-heat of summer, wearing pajamas and carrying a sign advocating a change to sensible summer clothing for the comfort of the American male.

Saunders explained to me that he had been in Germany some months past and had seen the great Bavarian outdoor religious play at Oberammergau.

"Paul," he said, "we've got to have something like that in North Carolina. And I've got an idea."

Then he went on to say that the story of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony, he thought, would make a good drama. "I hear you've already written something about it," he said. I told him I had tried a piece on Virginia Dare, but it hadn't worked out.

"You see," he said, "1937 will soon be here. This will mark the 350th anniversary of the colony and the birth of Virginia Dare also. We ought to have a great exposition—something like the Jamestown Exposition of 1907. We could move a tribe of Indians down on Roanoke Island, let them carry on farming, raise tobacco, set their fishing weirs, just the way they did at the time Sir Walter sent his colony over. We could have every man on the island grow a beard and the people could wear the dress of three centuries ago." He got excited, his eyes shone. "It would be the biggest thing ever to hit North Carolina," he said. "We would get nationwide, even worldwide publicity for it."

We talked some more and finally agreed to have a meeting down in the little town of Manteo on Roanoke Island. The date was set for three weeks later, and my wife and I drove down there overland, and in the courthouse the project of doing a drama was initiated. The idea of a full-blown exposition seemed by this time to be too ambitious an undertaking. Also we were realizing that the Carolina fishermen wouldn't take to the idea of growing beards and wearing doublet and hose.

W. O. Saunders made a speech that night. I made a talk, but the crowded courthouse still seemed rather cold and unenthusiastic. Suddenly from the back of the hall a bell-like voice rang out, the voice of United States Senator Josiah William Bailey. He and Lindsay Warren, who was then a Congressman and later became Comptroller General of the United States, were down at nearby Nags Head on a fishing expedition. They had come over to the

courthouse meeting and sat in the back unrecognized. Now Senator Bailey got up, strode down the aisle and delivered a speech that soon had everybody eager for activity. He made it quite clear to us that Roanoke Island was the true inspiration for Shakespeare's play, *The Tempest*. And then he quoted several parts of the play in a voice that sent the chills running up and down our backs.

"When Shakespeare wrote 'Come unto these yellow sands,' " he said, "he had in mind the sands of Roanoke Island. No doubt about it. The tragedy of the lost colony that happened on this island inspired the pen of the immortal Shakespeare to write one of his finest and most imaginative plays. This is a sacred spot here. Let us put on a drama, our drama, here at this patriotic shrine where those brave pioneers lived, struggled, suffered and died. Yes, let us tell their story to the world."

IV

After this, committees were set up, meetings held, and the Roanoke Island Historical Association was reactivated.

One of the meetings I especially remember. It was in Raleigh, and the Governor and a number of legislators were present. The newly-appointed promotion man arrived with a Hollywood-looking secretary on each arm and a big scrolled map drawn up which he exhibited triumphantly showing the whole of Roanoke Island's thousands of acres of land cut up in lots all numbered and ready for sale. We had to get rid of him.

And I felt the old feeling of that early summer morning ten years before coming back to me. A group of North Carolina and Norfolk, Virginia, businessmen agreed to raise the necessary funds for building the amphitheatre and producing the play. I got busy writing it.

This time let me hold true to the stimulation of my subject matter. Let me keep ever before me the sense and image of this group of tragic suffering people—more than a hundred and twenty of them—men, women and children who had fared forth from England on that fatal day in 1587 to brave the turmoil and terror of the vast and raging sea in search of their destiny, these the keepers of a dream. Away with all secondhand sources—let it come prime, let it come raw.

And I would forget the baby Virginia Dare except as one of the items in the whole dramatic symphony. Don't worry because the father's name Ananias must cause a dramatic emphasis different from that of history. These didn't matter. The main thing was the people. For these were the folk of England, the folk of our

race—these who now must labor with their hands to wrest from cryptic nature her goods and stores of sustenance, or die, these who now must live with their feet in the earth and their heads bare to the storms, the wind and sleet and the falling fire from heaven. Flood and drought and hunger are to be their lot, their minds and spirits a prey to the nightmare fear and horror of the dark and impenetrable wilderness around them.

And yet out of this testing, this straining and tension here on these lonely shores, this being hammered on an anvil oh God, there must emerge the faith that lies native in them as workers, as believers, as spiritual beings who lift their eyes in awe to the great Presence riding the lightning flashes down the sky, the Power that breathes in earthquakes and the bellowing of the storm or sweetly sings His pleasure in the birds of spring and smiles His joy in the flowers by the road. Yea, out of this play must come a sustaining faith, their faith, a purified statement of aim and intent, of human purpose, or then all was waste and sacrifice made vain.

And so here on these yellow muted sands of Roanoke Island, let my hero, John Borden Everyman, speak out in the play on the night he and his companions are to disappear into the vast unknown out of our sight forever—let him speak the words which are his credo and our credo as self-reliant and valiant men—“Hear that once Sir Walter said, the victory lieth in the struggle, not the city won. To all free men it standeth so, he said. And by the death of our friends and companions and those who lie buried in this ground, let us swear our consecration to the best that is in us. Let the wilderness drive us forth as wanderers across the earth, scatter our broken bones upon these sands, it shall not kill the purpose that brought us here! And down the centuries that wait ahead there’ll be some whisper of our name, some mention and devotion to the dream that brought us here.”

And let there be music, always music on which the story might ride.

V

Thus I struggled with the drama, trying to make it say something worthy of the lost and perished people about whom it was written.

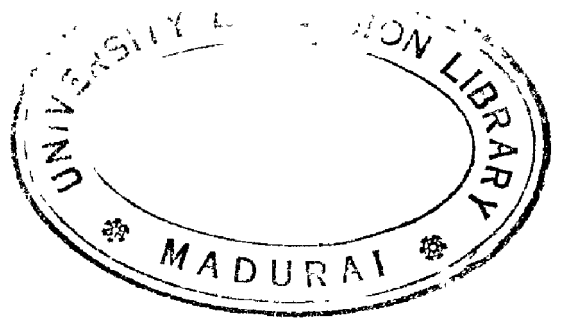
Then as the months went by, the economic depression settled on down in its deadening freeze of the nation’s sap and vitality. By this time hundreds of pledges had been made, amounting to a total, I was told, of some two hundred thousand dollars. But not one cent was ever collected from these sources. Still, W. O. Saunders

and his associate, D. B. Fearing of Manteo, kept working, riding, talking, promoting the idea of the drama, and even going to Washington to confer more than once with Senator Bailey, Congressman Warren and others.

Finally, the agencies of the W.P.A., the C. C. Camp, and the Federal Theatre came into being. Through them and with the cooperation of the North Carolina Historical Association, the Roanoke Island Historical Association and the Carolina Playmakers our project at last was realized.

And with Samuel Selden as director and Frederick H. Koch as advisory director, the play opened for its first annual summer run on the night of July 4, 1937.

THE LOST COLONY



SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1: Prologue

Scene 2: An Indian village on Roanoke Island, July 13, 1584

Scene 3: England—Queen Elizabeth's garden, autumn of the same year

Scene 4: Before King Wingina's house on Roanoke Island, June 1, 1586

Scene 5: England—a tavern yard in Plymouth, May 8, 1587

ACT II

Scene 1: The City of Raleigh on Roanoke Island, July 23, 1587

Scene 2: The same, August 18, 1587

Scene 3: The same—the following Sunday

Scene 4: England—a room in the Queen's palace, April, 1588

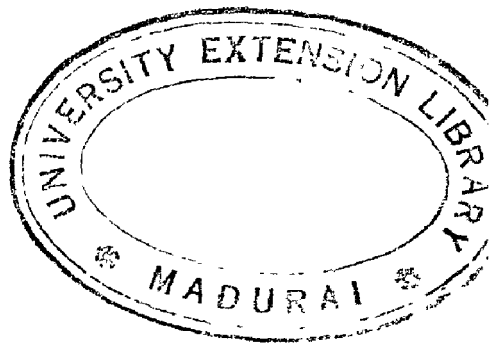
Scene 5: The City of Raleigh on Roanoke Island, October, 1588

Scene 6: The same—Christmas, 1588

CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

Prologue Speaker (<i>a minister</i>)	Alice Chapman
The Historian	Margery Harvie
Wingina, <i>an Indian chief</i>	Jane Jones
Uppowoc, <i>an Indian medicine man</i>	Margaret Lawrence
Manteo, <i>an Indian chief</i>	Dame Colman
Wanchese, <i>an Indian chief</i>	Thomas Archard
Manteo's Wife	Thomas Smart
Manteo's Son	William Wythers
Captain Phillip Amadas	Agona, <i>an Indian squaw</i>
Captain Arthur Barlowe	First Artisan
A Priest	Second Artisan
Old Tom, <i>a masterless man</i>	Virginia Dare
A Landlord	A Messenger
First Soldier	A Sentinel
Second Soldier	A Runner
Master of Ceremonies	Mark Bennett
Queen Elizabeth	<i>also</i>
Governor John White	Indian Youths
Eleanor (White) Dare	Indian Maidens
Ananias Dare	Indian Men and Women
Lord Essex	Milkmaid Dancers
Sir Walter Raleigh	Heralds
John Borden	Courtiers
Governor Ralph Lane	Ladies-in-Waiting
Simon Fernando	Pages
George Howe	Sailors
George Howe, Jr.	Soldiers
John Cage	Women Colonists
Reverend Master Martin	Men Colonists
Joyce Archard	Children
Elizabeth Glane	



ACT I

SCENE 1

It is the evening hour, and the audience is gathering in the amphitheatre for the play. As the twilight deepens and the vast vague shadow of night rolls in across the scene westward from the sea, a great organ concealed among the trees begins to play a salutation of praise to Almighty God. As it continues to play, the light comes up on a banked enclosure at the left of the proscenium. Here standing bareheaded and dressed in neutral gray vestments is a chorus of some twenty or thirty men and women. The organ stops, and the chorus begins to sing with vivacious, upswelling voices.

CHORUS:

O God that madest earth and sky,
And hedged the restless seas around,
Who that vast firmament on high,
With golden banded stars hath bound—

O thou whose mighty arm doth keep
The trembling world, the failing sun,
Whose shining presence fills the deep
Where lightless time's dark measures run—

O God our Father, Lord above,
O bright immortal, holy one,
Secure within thy boundless love
We walk this way of death alone!
Amen.

(As the singing dies away, the light fades down on the chorus and comes up on the center stage to disclose the minister of the occasion who stands illuminated in a circle of light. He is also dressed in vestments and addresses a prayer out over the audience and into the night.)

MINISTER:

O Lord, our heavenly father,
Almighty and everlasting God,
In whom men have their life,
Their motion and their certain hope,

We ask the witness of thy grace
Upon this sacred spot,
This bit of humble earth
Which we have come to dedicate.
For here once walked the men of dreams,
The sons of hope and pain and wonder,
Upon their foreheads truth's bright diadem,
The light of the sun in their countenance,
And their lips singing a new song—
A song for ages yet unborn,
For us the children that came after them—
"O new and mighty world to be!"
They sang,
"O land majestic, free, unbounded!"

(He bows his head, and the light dims down on him somewhat.)

CHORUS *(Chanting softly from the darkness):*

This was the vision, this the fadeless dream—
Tread softly, softly now these yellow stricken sands
This was the grail, the living light that leapt—
Speak gently, gently on these muted tongueless shores.

MINISTER *(As the light brightens on him again):*

Now down the trackless hollow years
That swallowed them but not their song
We send response—
"O lusty singer, dreamer, pioneer,
Lord of the wilderness, the unafraid,
Tamer of darkness, fire and flood,
Of the soaring spirit winged aloft
On the plumes of agony and death—
Hear us, O hear!
The dream still lives,
It lives, it lives,
And shall not die!"

(The organ strikes out in a sudden bold announcement. The minister stands with bowed head, the light dimming down on him again and brightening on the chorus.)

CHORUS *(Chanting):*

The earth is the Lord's and all that therein is,
The compass of the world and they that dwell therein,
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And prepared it upon the floods.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
And to the Holy Ghost—
As it was in the beginning,
Is now and ever shall be,
World without end.—Amen.

(After the chant there is an instant of pause, the light dies on the chorus and comes up on the minister who lifts his head and continues.)

MINISTER: Friends, we are gathered here this evening to honor the spiritual birthplace of our nation and to memorialize those heroic men and women who made it so. Three hundred and seventy years ago in England was conceived the idea of building a new nation in a new world, and on this very site was laid the first foundation for it. Here these pioneers of a new order, of a new form of government, lived and struggled, suffered and died. And in the symbol of their endurance and their sacrifice let us renew our courage and our hope, and by doing so prove to ourselves and to the world that they did not die in vain. For as we keep faith with them, so shall we keep faith with ourselves and with future generations everywhere who demand of us that the ideals of liberty and free men shall continue on the earth. Now to the poet and historian we leave the story of their lives. *(The light dies out, the minister retires, and then another light comes up on a sort of niche or alcove built into the bank at the immediate right front of the proscenium and balancing the chorus enclosure on the opposite side of the stage. Seated at a little table with a light and a great open book is the historian. He is a kindly, elderly man. He begins reading aloud.)*

HISTORIAN *(His amplified voice filling the theatre)*: In the time of Queen Elizabeth many English men and women, notably among them Sir Walter Raleigh, continued in their dream of founding an English-speaking nation in the new world. In pursuance of that brave intent two explorers, Phillip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, were sent out in April, 1584, to discover a fitting place for a first settlement. Such a place they found on and around Roanoke Island, which they reached in July of the same year and found to be "the goodliest land under the cope of heaven." It was the time of the corn harvest when they arrived, and the friendly Indians were celebrating and giving thanks unto their God.

SCENE 2

(Pantomime and dance)

The light dies away from the historian and gradually comes up

on the center stage, revealing an Indian palisaded town on Roanoke Island. A low staccato drumbeat has begun in the organ.

Set in front of the palisades at the back are several rough-framed Indian houses, half-covered with bark and skins. Squatted in a semicircle near the front is a file of old and middle-aged Indian women, some ten or twelve with their bare backs toward the audience. They are scantily dressed, their hair set with chaplets of leaves and tied behind like a horse's tail, and their bodies painted with all sorts of colors and animal figures. Each one carries a short green pine branch in her hand which she waves rhythmically in the air as she sways from side to side in time to the music.

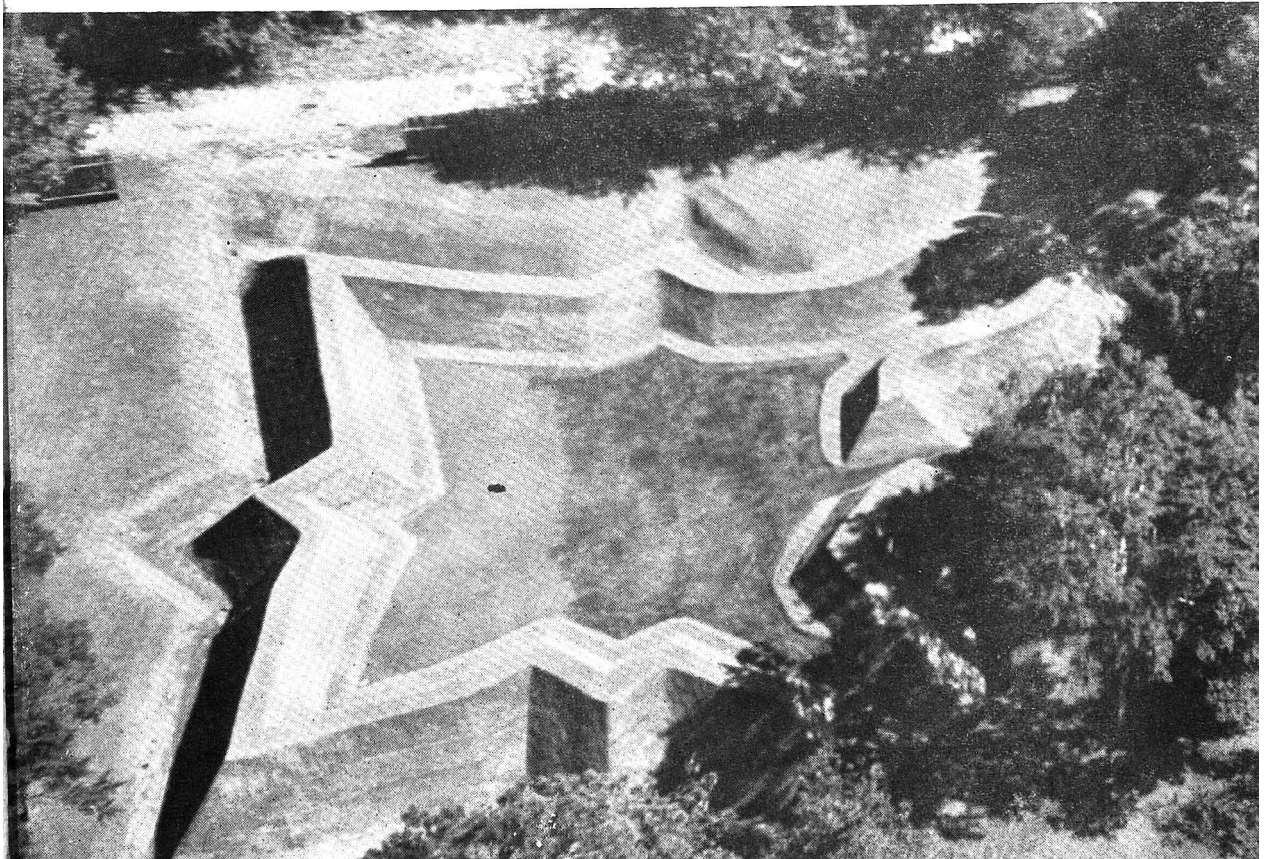
Placed farther back in the center of the stage is the Indian corn god, fastened to a stake stuck in the ground. This outlandish figure somewhat resembles a modern scarecrow. It is about eight feet high and decorated with strings of shells, beads, and a circlet of ears of corn looped on a cord and hanging down from around its neck almost to the ground. Its head and face are constructed of corn shucks and set with grains of corn for teeth. Around its base a bundle or shock of corn stalks is placed and on its outstretched arms is a large wooden bowl for receiving gifts from the worshippers. To the left and squatted on the ground are two old Indian men, one with a soundless gourd rattle which he shakes in the air and the other with a drum which he beats in silent pantomime with two sticks. These two are naked except for a cloth about their waists and like the women are painted with colors and designs of plants and animals. To the right sits King Wingina, the Indian chief. He is a grave, majestic figure of a man about sixty years old, decorated like the idol, with shells and beads, copper trinkets and bone earrings, and in addition he wears several feathers in his roached-up hair. His shoulders are draped in a rich doe-skin. Behind him sit his several wives and a few men attendants, and behind them farther to the right stand a few young half-naked Indian warriors with bows, shields, and spears.

The king and his attendants, men and women, are all smoking long cane-stemmed clay pipes as they watch the antics of Uppowoc, the wild priest or medicine man, spinning eerily around the idol. The medicine man is performing the ceremony of the harvest dance. A wizened spindly ancient he is, and naked save for a breech-clout. His head is fitted with two ears of corn shucks which stand up like big horns, and around one eye he wears a red circle and around the other a white one. He carries a feathered gourd rattle and a blunt packing stick about two feet long. His body is bathed in sweat from his already great exertions. The tempo of the organ music and the swaying and beating increase. He redoubles his exertions around the idol and in time to the



The Waterside amphitheatre, Roanoke Island, home of the Lost Colony, designed by Albert Q. Bell and built in 1937. Seating capacity 2,800.

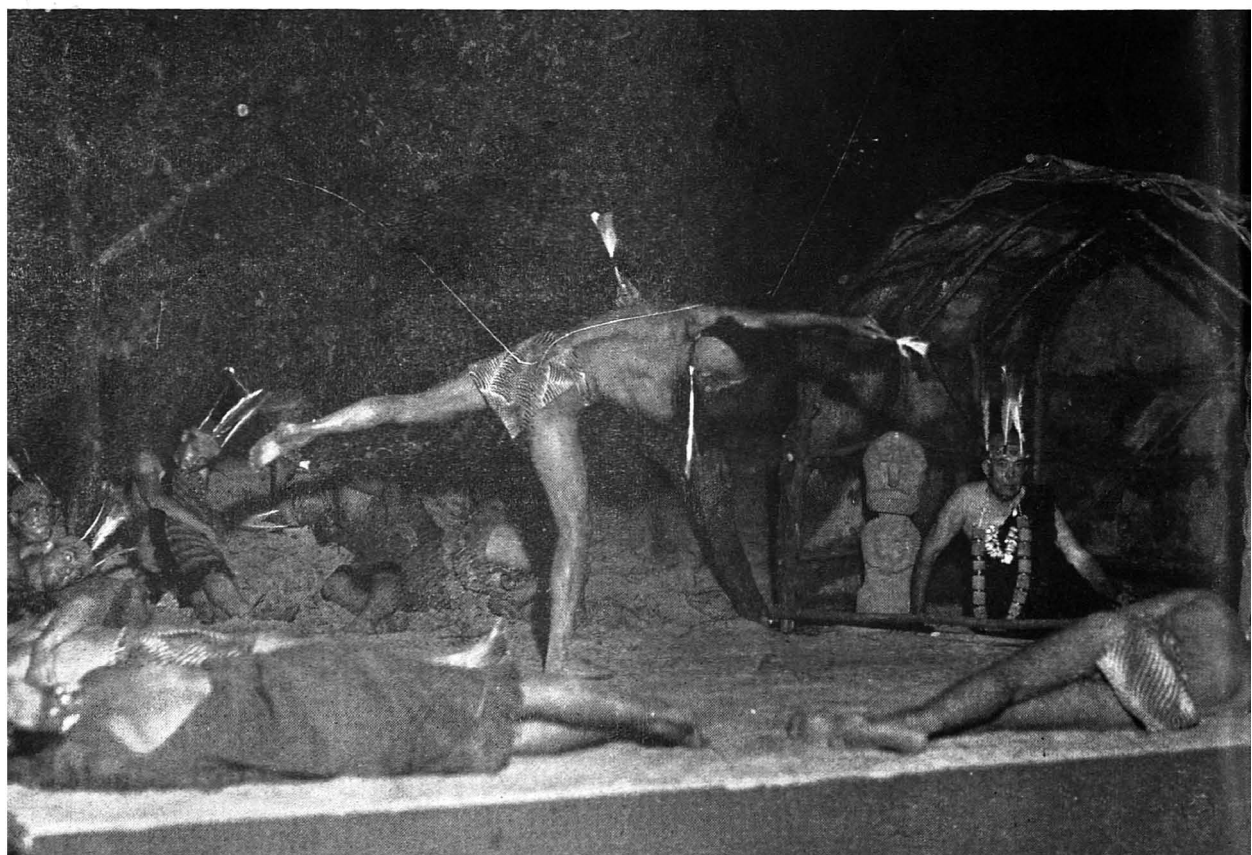
Fort Raleigh, built on Roanoke Island in 1585 by Governor Ralph Lane. Excavated and restored by the National Park Service, 1949-51.





Uppowoc, the Indian medicine man, (played by Fred Howard) prays his god to protect his people.

Uppowoc (played by Fred Howard) drives away the evil spirits haunting his chieftain, King Wingina.



music. With clamorous gesticulations Uppowoc calls on all to witness that this idol is the great god of heaven who has blessed them in former times. He points to the sky, his gestures indicate the wide earth and the sea, the birds that fly through the air, all animals that creep and run—these with outstretched arms he offers as thankful gifts to the idol, done in silent pantomime to the organ accompaniment. When the tempo has reached a climax, the medicine man flings up his hands with a wide soundless gasp, falls and lies still in front of his god. The organ returns to a slow tempo, the swaying and beating likewise.

Entering from the right by the king and his attendants come six or seven Indian maidens dancing. Each one holds aloft on the palm of her hand a little woven basket filled with ears of corn. The maidens are dressed in short skin kirtles and wear chaplets of leaves about their flowing hair and flowers and vines around their necks and over their shoulders. Entering from the left to meet them come six or seven half-naked Indian youths dancing likewise and carrying in one hand a bow and in the other a rude field implement—a sharp pointed stick, a wooden mattock, or wooden spade. Twice the groups interweave a circle about the idol, and then in increasing tempo place their baskets and bows and implements at its base and begin moving with swiftly pattering feet and high-held tremulous hands around and around and back and forth before the divinity. As the speed increases, all the spectators with the exception of the two rattle and drum men are pulled into the circle around the idol. The elderly women, the chief, his attendants, and the young warriors all crawl forward and bow up and down, touching their heads to the ground. The medicine man springs to his feet, and as he does so everyone, including the dancing youths and maidens, bows abjectly down. The medicine man goes around them moving his feathered sceptre mystically over their bent forms.

The organ stops playing, the two musicians cease their beating, and the priest now picks up several ears of corn and offers them in apparent trepidation to the god. The augury is good, and the god accepts them. The priest is overjoyed, as he lays the ears in the bowl. Jubilation spreads through the scene. The worshippers sit eagerly up, the medicine man begins prancing back and forth, saying in his gestures that the season will be bountiful. The next crop of corn will be so high, ears so long, and three to a hill. He measures with his hands. They all clamber to their feet, including the Indian chief, and begin dancing wildly.

Somewhere in the distance the long brazen note of an English horn is suddenly and ironically blown. The priest stands as if thunderstruck, his rattle and packing stick falling from his hand. The other Indians remain a moment as they are, looking queryingly

about them. Then as the horn sounds again, they fly over to the right of the stage and stand huddled together in fear. An Indian runner comes scurrying in from the left. The organ begins a stately martial air.

In sign language the Indian runner now tells of strange creatures in boats winged like birds. A gun is fired off near at hand. And the Indians flee incontinently away at the right, the chief and his warriors in some dignity going last. But as they go they all scoop up their belongings—baskets, tools, and corn, and the priest with the two musicians carries off the god. The scene is deserted. The organ music fades down, the light dims on the center stage and rises on the figure of the elderly historian as he bends above his book.

HISTORIAN (*Reading as before*): The simple Indians, fearing the white men as strange hurtful gods, fled at their approach into the dark forest. But Amadas and Barlowe finally persuaded them that they were friends and meant them no harm. They assembled back at the Indian palisaded town and swore eternal friendship, and Amadas and Barlowe took possession of the land. (*The historian closes his book, and the light fades to come up immediately on the center stage. On the right stands the chief with his people and warriors behind him, looking intently off at the left. As the organ swells to full volume in its military march, Amadas and Barlowe enter from the left. Immediately behind them is a priest of the Church of England in vestments. And after him come two soldiers in gleaming armor, one bearing a cross about eight feet high, and the other an English flag. Six other soldiers follow the two armed leaders. The cortege stops at a signal from Amadas, and he walks forward to meet the Indian chief in the middle of the stage. They embrace each other, and the chief blows smoke from his pipe in the four directions of the heavens, and then across the breast of Amadas. After this they both kneel down and clasp hands, and the English priest steps forward and meets the Indian medicine man directly behind the two kneeling figures. He opens his Bible over them, and the medicine man raises his feathered sceptre. After a short soundless prayer the priest blesses the kneeling figures. But the medicine man suddenly and with swift gestures invokes his god to destroy the spell of the white priest. Amadas and the chief rise, separate and step back from the center. At a gesture from the latter, a procession of Indian women begins passing across the rear of the scene from right to left laden with provisions—baskets of corn, fruits, bundles of sassafras wood, a few skins and pottery utensils. The chief bends down and with his wooden sword cuts out a piece of grassy turf. The runner hands*

him an arrow, and he sticks it into the square of turf and presents it to Amadas. In return Amadas presents the chief with a copper kettle, which the chief holds gleefully over his head to show to his people. They all crowd eagerly forward to examine it. The medicine man distrusting the white men menacingly gestures with his sceptre and stick. But the Indians, now including Uppowac, all kneel to acknowledge the greatness of the white man. Amadas turns to the soldier bearing the cross and motions him to the center of the stage. The soldier moves up from the right and stands with the cross held before him. With a swift gesture, Uppowac waves his mystic sceptre again in an attempt to destroy the white magic. Led by the English priest, the white men all kneel briefly in homage to the cross. Amadas then beckons to the soldier with the English flag, who moves up to the center and stands with the flag held aloft. Amadas turns to his soldiers, draws his sword and presents arms. The soldiers present arms in turn, as the sound of a gun firing a salute is heard in the organ. The Indians spring up in terror. The white priest calms them, and at a gesture from their king, the Indians all kneel again. Barlowe stands solemnly with an unrolled scroll held aloft before him. The organ ceases its music, and in the dark the voice of the historian is heard reading the proclamation for Amadas.)

HISTORIAN (*From the darkness*): In the name of our most sovereign Queen Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of England, France and Ireland, Queen and defender of the faith: Know ye that of her special grace, certain science and mere motion, we do this day take possession of this Island of Roanoke and the lands to the west, south and the northward thereof, to have and to hold for her and her assigns and successors and for her beloved and trusty servant Sir Walter Raleigh under her—forever!—In the name of Almighty God—Amen. (*The organ sounds a flourish, the light fades away from the center stage and comes up full once more on the historian and his book.*)

HISTORIAN: And now with the English flag planted proudly over a vast domain of wilderness, the explorers made ready to return to England. Many a young Indian brave wished to travel with them in their strange ships across the ocean to a land of great cities where the white queen sat on a throne shining like the sun. Lots were drawn, and Wanchese, a kinsman of King Wingina, and Manteo, a young chieftain, were chosen to return with them—with what future results we shall see.

Back in England the explorers were received with great joy. Bells were rung, celebrations were held, and ballads were written about the new land. The two Indians, Manteo and Wanchese,

were a marvel wherever they went, and tobacco smoking, which Sir Walter Raleigh introduced to the world, set the people agog. And even beggars on the streets, like our friend Old Tom himself, talked about the wonders beyond the sea.

SCENE 3

The light fades from the historian and comes up on a walkway leading along in front of the chorus enclosure. A hullabaloo is heard in the shadows at the left, and in a moment Old Tom, carrying a beer mug and pursued by an inn-keeper, runs in and down the steps. The light comes up gradually on the main stage, revealing a corner of the queen's garden, with a dimly visible throne in the center on a raised dais.

LANDLORD (*In the shadows, striking with a cudgel*): So—it's more ale you want, eh? Get out, you rascal! Get out! Get out! (*Old Tom runs out to the edge of the steps and down. He is a poor specimen of masterless man, with rotting shoes, ragged breeches, and tattered doublet. His hair is ill-kempt, and his elderly, thin face is marked with the ravages of drink, penury, and exposure.*)

OLD TOM (*Staring about him and talking into the air*): Lord-mercy, what's England coming to, when a poor man can no longer beg a drink! "Get out, get out," the landlord says—"I have guests, visitors—lodgers—(*He wanders on down toward the garden.*)—all true followers of the queen and Sir Walter—coming to view the new wonders and make merry with her gracious majesty the queen." (*He spies the garden with its outdoor throne.*)

Hah, the queen's bower! (*He goes on into the scene on the center stage. The light brightens there and dies out from the walkway behind him. He pulls off his old cap and bows to the throne, half-mockingly.*)

Your gracious majesty! (*He drinks.*) Hic—Did I hear somebody say that all London was agog over the new world and Sir Walter Raleigh? It is in truth, hah, hah!—Then I am no longer lonesome, for they're all fools like me! And sure we must be merry, for in company there is merriment. (*He cuts a few capers.*)

Yet they are greater fools than I. For, item—do they not all run around with pipes in their mouths now and smoke pouring from the two chimneys of their noses like their very liver were a roaring red-hot fire inside their bellies? Item—do they not go in great crowds, following after the two Indian kings like the twin sons of Noah had come back to rule the earth? And they're nothing but poor bedlam men—like meself mayhap—out of the darkness of Africay. I know that. (*He bursts into a great laugh.*)

Then I should be knighted for me wisdom, and set to walk in silver armor like the great Sir Walter. *(He draws himself up and marches comically and imitatively toward the right of the stage. He stops at the left and calls off into the shadows.)*

Queen Elizabeth! Queen Elizabeth! Ah, she's busy thinking of the Spaniards. *(He calls again.)*

Sir Walter Raleigh! Sir Walter Raleigh! Lord of Uppowoc and the new potato! Ah, he too is busy, dreaming of the new world. Well, look to your crowing, Sir Walter—*(He crows.)* —or they'll cut your comb someday like his Worship, the Bishop! *(He starts back to the left of the stage in comic imitation of episcopal dignity, pauses and continues more quietly, as he gazes bleakly up at the sky.)*

So after all, I am a fool. For a fool is he who speaketh to shadows and getteth no answer. Then I tell it to God behind the shadows—between him and me is a great confidence . . . and God knows I be cold and hungry. . . . *(He moves out in front of the stage at the left ready to lie down on the ground.)*

. . . And now I lie down in his mercy, and sleep on the poor man's bed . . . whereon and wherein . . . blessed be his name . . . we shall all sleep together at the last day, and then there is neither fool, nor wise man. *(He lies down, then sits up, for the organ has begun softly playing the opening bars of a song. He sings.)*

Hast thou heard what wise men say—
Every dog will have his day
Come then, dogs, let's quick away—

(There is a gap in the music while he looks about him and whistles for the dogs.)

Hunting for our own.
Starved and homeless here we die,
Naked is the bed we lie,
Wisdom giveth us who cry,
Nothing but a bone.

(Sourly.)

Where is the bone!

(While Old Tom has been singing, two soldiers with halberds and in full armor have entered from the left and right. They stop in surprise when they see the beggar, and then the soldier at the left moves down toward him.)

FIRST SOLDIER *(Lowering his halberd)*: Whist! Ye fool!

SECOND SOLDIER *(Coming forward likewise)*: Or we'll give thee a stone. *(Old Tom with gentle and vast irony—not surprised at*

all—pushes away the pointed head of the lowered and inimical halberd.)

OLD TOM: Prithee, kind sirs, that rhymeth too close with bone—
moan, groan—hic!—hah, hah, hah! *(He raises his song again.)*

Wisdom's voice speaketh still—
Every Jack must have his Jill,
Man that's born of woman's ill
Hath no better wit.
But there cometh recompense—

(The music pauses, he feels his pockets for the pence, holds out his hand to the soldier who gives him a disgusted gesture, and the song resumes.)

Unto fools who have no sense
Death doth early take them hence—
That's the best of it!

(He stretches himself on the ground and is silent.)

FIRST SOLDIER *(Touching his nose in disgust as he steps back):* Verily he smells like a fishmonger or a dealer in old cats. *(He pounds the ground with the staff of his halberd to rouse Old Tom.)* Heigh there!

SECOND SOLDIER: He sleeps like a dead clock. Let him rest.

FIRST SOLDIER: True, we'll wind him later.

SECOND SOLDIER *(Deprecatingly):* 'Tis well known the great Sir Walter hath a soft heart for such.

OLD TOM *(Rousing quickly up and pawing the ground):* Aye, I hope so. He was once poor himself, and may be so again. Likewise the queen. *(Murmuring as he lies down once more.)* Poor queen.

FIRST SOLDIER: And why poor queen? For to be a queen is the height of heaven's favor.

SECOND SOLDIER: Aye, the very nadir and daystar of it.

OLD TOM *(Rousing himself again):* Because as the world knows the queen's power depends on the common people, and the common people are all poor. Aye, poor queen. *(Sighing.)* And Sir Walter too. Never will he make colony on Roanoke except through us. It is now the time of the demos—*(Repeating.)*—demos—that's the Greek for it—democracy, the rule of the people. It's writ in the sign of great waters.

FIRST SOLDIER: What waters, old fool?

OLD TOM: Cats that swim in the ocean will all drown. But I say no more. (*He lies down again.*)

FIRST SOLDIER: Well-said and well-hushed, old Abram man.

(*A flourish sounds in the organ, and the two soldiers turn back upstage and stand side by side waiting.*)

SECOND SOLDIER: Hist, they begin! (*Two heralds enter at the right from behind the proscenium walking side by side. As they enter, the light comes up full on the center stage brightly illuminating the queen's outdoor throne which has been placed against the garden wall for the evening's fete. The heralds take their position to the right and left of the throne, and the soldiers near them. The heralds lift their long trumpets blowingly in the air, and a long rolling flourish sounds in the organ. The two soldiers now stand formally at attention. Groups of people begin coming over the platforms at the right and left of the proscenium and marching down the walkways toward the center stage. These are the common people of England—small shop-keepers, farmers, laborers, pedlars, milkmaids, tapsters, innkeepers, cart drivers, tanners, sailors, sheep-shearers, ditchers, masons, carpenters, joiners, thatchers, cobblers, smiths, and a vagabond or two. Some of them carry the implements of their trade—a shepherd's crook, a whip, a mallet, saw, trowel, spade, rake, pitchfork. And one or two water-carriers are fitted with yokes and buckets. Each group is led by a young man simulating a shepherd with a crook, and they all are singing as they come, aided by the now unseen chorus and the organ.*)

PEOPLE (*Singing*):

We come from field and town,
From byre and forest green,
In honor of the crown—
Honor of the crown
That fits our gracious Queen.

From smiling field and down
We fragrant garlands glean
To weave a votive crown—
Weave a votive crown,
That fits our gracious Queen.

For England's great renown
Her virtue shines serene.
And love shall be the crown—
Love shall be the crown,
That fits our gracious Queen.

(At the end of the song, the master of ceremonies comes out from the right rear and takes his stand before the throne chair. He is dressed in a peascod doublet, bombasted and quilted, and with a ruffle pinned to his two ears. He wears high-heeled shoes and sagging nether socks, above which are tied two great bows of ribbons. On the top of his head a hat about fifteen inches high is set, and in his hand he carries a wand. He bows fantastically to the people and to the audience.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Ladies and gentlemen, let it be known that I am the master of the queen's ceremonies, and in her majesty's name I bid you heartily welcome to this our little garden party. This is an evening of merriment, and the queen will trip a toe democratic with ye all. *(The crowd murmurs its joyous anticipation.)* You will shortly be initiated to wonders too, and then more wonders still, for down by the pond's edge is spread for all delight a most marvelous repast—*(There are more murmurs of delight from the people.)*—dishes of capons, sparrows and singing larks, roast boar's head and blackbirds and an oxen or two, topped off with barrels of sack, and also a new dish—*(Pausing dramatically and satirically.)*—known as potato pie—a commodity lately brought from the new world and now the sudden taste of fashion and good form. Sir Walter Raleigh gives the feast. *(The people applaud and he shouts out.)* The queen approaches! *(Waving his wand.)* Let us hear music! *(A great flourish is heard as if from the trumpets of the heralds, and the crowd moves aside in expectancy. In the distance cannons are fired and then farther away still other cannons. The queen enters, preceded by two little flower-girls scattering blossoms in her path. The crowd kneels. Elizabeth is followed by two pages, three ladies-in-waiting, and several courtiers. In the crowd also are Governor John White and his daughter Eleanor and her fiancé Ananias Dare. The queen seats herself on the throne, under the officious supervision of the Master of Ceremonies. Suddenly she rises, spreads her arms and speaks to the people.)*

QUEEN ELIZABETH *(In a loud clear voice)*: Unto my people, greetings!

A MAN'S VOICE: God bless our queen.

A WOMAN'S VOICE: Heaven keep her majesty!

OTHER VOICES:

Give her long life and a happy one!

England's glory forever she is—

Long live our Queen!

(At a gesture from the queen the people rise.)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (*In announcement*): Your majesty—that most excellent artist and cartographer Master John White, gentleman, late returned from that new land beyond the seal (*John White, a sturdy man of middle age, approaches the throne with his daughter Eleanor, an attractive young woman of about twenty, by his side. Ananias Dare, an aristocratic young man in his late twenties, accompanies them. White carries a portfolio under his arm.*) His daughter, Mistress Eleanor White. Also your Majesty's most loyal servant, Captain Ananias Dare. (*The three bow before the queen.*)

WHITE (*Extending his portfolio*): To our queen and princess, these poor drawings of mine of Roanoke Island in the new world. (*The Master of Ceremonies hands the drawings on to the queen. She looks at them and passes them aside to a courtier. White kneels.*)

ELIZABETH: Your talent and bravery are one, Master White. You shall be rewarded.

WHITE: Your majesty. (*He rises and steps back.*)

ELIZABETH (*With warm greetingness*): Ah—Master Dare. (*She extends her hand.*)

DARE (*Fervently*): My queen! (*He kneels, then rises and stands near White.*)

ELIZABETH (*To Eleanor*): And thee, my child?

WHITE: Your majesty, my daughter. (*He leads Eleanor forward.*)

DARE: My betrothed, your majesty, marking the union of two of thy most loyal houses. (*The queen extends her hand to be kissed. Eleanor falls on her knees.*) Craving your blessing on the union, your majesty.

ELIZABETH: For your father's sake, Master Dare, and for your own, my blessing. (*Dare once more bows his fervent thanks.*) Ha, your father was a great soldier. (*Chuckling in reminiscence.*) La, how he could play at "The Shaking of the Sheets." (*Quickly.*) But that was before my time. (*She turns again to Eleanor.*) Fie, rise, my child. Beauty owes little allegiance to power. (*Eleanor rises and stands humbly before the queen.*)

WHITE: Pardon a father's pride, my lady, but excepting Sir Walter himself, none yearn toward the new land more than my maid.

ELIZABETH (*Somewhat coldly*): A most foolish yearning for a maid, Master White.

WHITE (*In quick agreement*): Aye, a thousand times I tell her so. Yes, that I have.

ELIZABETH (*Looking up*): What say you, Master Dare? Is she not beautiful?

DARE (*With another sweeping bow*): But lacking in that divinity that makes thee queen.

ELIZABETH: Master Dare is a good judge, but a poor lover. (*Dare bows again as the crowd laughs politely.*) So, Mistress Eleanor White, you are inclined toward Roanoke Island and the wilderness?

ELEANOR (*Curtseying*): Yes, your majesty.

ELIZABETH: Why?

ELEANOR (*In a fresh strong voice*): If England's men have dreams, so have her women.

ELIZABETH: Ho, what then, Master Dare?

DARE: If her men are England's power and glory, your majesty, then her women are her glory and power, and both in thee excelling.

VOICES: Long live the queen!

ELIZABETH (*With awkward pleasure*): Flatterer. (*She tosses Dare a flower which he catches. She turns again to Eleanor.*) And now, my child, no more of these mad thoughts. Leave the taming of the wilderness to sterner hands. Farewell. (*Eleanor starts to speak, but the queen dismisses her with a gesture.*)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (*Loudly*): His most worshipful presence, Sir Walter Raleigh! (*A mumble of expectation and curiosity rises among the people, and they move forward only to be pushed back by the two guards. The trumpeters spontaneously sound a flourish. A second is begun. Elizabeth rises in vexation. She sits again as Sir Walter Raleigh enters from the left dressed in gleaming armor. He is a tall, handsome man in his early thirties and is accompanied by the two Indians, Manteo and Wanchese. The former carries the square of turf, the latter a bundle of tobacco leaves and a large potato and is puffing a lighted pipe. They are both dressed in a great display of feathers, wampum and paint. Loud applause and exclamations of astonishment and wonder break out among the spectators. But the guards hush them down. Raleigh comes forward, bows and stands uncovered.*)

ELIZABETH (*With a wry smile*): You seem to please the people well, Sir Walter, you and yours.

RALEIGH: I owe the people many thanks, your majesty.

ELIZABETH: Tut, tut, no doubt. But even so you're wise—there's safety in it.

RALEIGH: But safety most in the light of thy bright countenance, my queen.

ELIZABETH (*Smiling*): You please me too, you strange and proud and dreaming man.

RALEIGH: I would you found nothing strange in my dreams, your majesty.

ELIZABETH (*As Wanchese stolidly puffs his pipe*): But I do. Know ye—we have an ancient foe that keeps us on our guard. All strength, all resources, all intent must be against Spain, and yet my nonpareil of valor, my fretful child, walks in his sleep, talks in his dreams of one thing only—the new world beyond the sea. Ha, then I am queen, and Philip is my enemy and being so I'll keep my soldiers, leaders, here—to break his power down and not to waste our purpose on some fancied empty wilderness. This for all the world to hear. (*The courtiers applaud.*)

RALEIGH: I have a dream—so let it be, but still it will persist until I die. (*Gesturing.*) There in the sun that riseth strangely in the west I see the expiring Phoenix of Spain.

ELIZABETH: I am no poet, Sir Walter. Speak plain.

RALEIGH: There is an ancient saying that if a tree would grow great it must send its roots deep and wide. In its shade the lesser trees will die. So it is with nations, so with an idea, or by your leave, a dream.

ELIZABETH: But first the tree must be made to live at its central heart. Such a tree is England. Or as a house, make its first foundation strong. Then build atop of it. But no more of these privy-public matters. Come.

RALEIGH (*In acquiescence*): Your majesty.

ELIZABETH: Proceed.

RALEIGH (*Coming to Manteo and taking the turf*): To thee, most gracious queen, I present this turf in token of the new land which I have won in thy name.

ELIZABETH: My brave knight beyond compare, you shall be rewarded. (*The people applaud loudly.*)

RALEIGH: And these subjects I present to you, most gracious sovereign. (*The two chiefs come to the throne and squat down. The people crowd forward gapingly.*) Thy rightful sway and the sacred crown of England they do acknowledge. And out of the

richness of the wilderness we offer these—(*He takes the tobacco leaves from Manteo.*)—the tobacco plant, sacred to the Indians—(*He hands the tobacco to Elizabeth who smells it, makes a wry face, and hands it to one of the courtiers.*)—also an humble root, the potato. (*Elizabeth takes the potato, looks at it and passes it on to another courtier.*)

ELIZABETH: But what of the vast mines of gold and silver and precious stones you promised us?

RALEIGH: These two may prove a greater source of wealth.

ELIZABETH: La, Sir Walter, worse and worse. (*She looks at the long-stemmed pipe which Wanchese is smoking.*) So this is that wondrous smoking instrument. (*She reaches out and takes it.*) Hum, it smells foul enough.

RALEIGH: Try it your majesty. It is good for the vapors.

ELIZABETH (*Curtly*): I have no vapors. (*She puffs at the pipe, then coughs.*) It bites like an adder. Hyeu! (*She falls to coughing and sputtering. Several of the ladies and courtiers surround her solicitously. Finally she recovers herself, throws the pipe back at Wanchese and looks angrily at Raleigh. But quickly recovering her dignity, she rises. The people fall to their knees.*) Conscious of the great worth of our loyal servant, Sir Walter Raleigh, and of all those brave and daring subjects who crossed the unknown sea to spread the name and conquest of England further, I accept this day the tokens of their loyalty and service. And I do designate and order that from this time forth the new and western empire shall be named—(*She pauses dramatically while everyone listens in suspense.*)—"Virginia" in honor of myself, England's virgin queen. (*There is loud applause on all sides, and the trumpets break forth in a great flourish and then are silent.*)

VOICES: Long live the queen! (*Raleigh stands with bowed head looking at the ground. Elizabeth moves away at the right, the people rise, and the procession on the stage begins to go out after her.*)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: In honor of—(*Loudly*)—the new land Virginia there will be fireworks, dances and games. And remember the feast to which you are invited. But only to the pond, no further, my good people. I counsel ye, be temperate, circumspect and of good bearing. And all will be well. (*He is barely able to get his speech out, and is incontinently jostled by the hurrying crowd. In great dignity the two armored soldiers march out at the end of the procession, leaving Sir Walter alone in the scene. The light dims down on him somewhat. Raleigh paces back and*

forth a moment and then stands gazing disconsolately after the queen. A group of young girls enter at the left, dressed as milkmaids, and carrying lighted sparklers in their hands. The organ plays the tune of "Greensleeves" as they enter and dance around Raleigh. They break gaily from him. He laughs and blows them a kiss and they skip out at the right. He looks after them, then turns and goes rapidly away at the left. A moment passes, while the organ reprises a bit of the dance melody. Then out of the shadows at the right Eleanor White runs in eagerly looking for Sir Walter.)

ELEANOR (*Calling*): Sir Walter! Sir Walter! (*She waits, then turns back, picks up a flower and starts away to the right again. John Borden has come down the steps from the platform at the audience right. He is a tall lithe young fellow about twenty-five or -six years old and of frank open face, tanned brown by the wind and sun. He stops when he sees Eleanor. She seems to feel him there and after a moment turns and stares at him.*)

ELEANOR: John Borden!

BORDEN (*Doffing his cap in a crude bow*): Your servant, ma'am.

ELEANOR: What brings you here?

BORDEN: Some matters of business only.

ELEANOR (*Brightly*): And the farm—all goes well there?

BORDEN: It does. The harvest is thick on. The servants ask for you and the master—when will you return?

ELEANOR: At the queen's leave.

BORDEN (*With obvious moodiness*): When you have had your fill—(*Waving his hand*)—of this.

ELEANOR: Still those dark and bitter words, John Borden.

BORDEN: My tongue was ever wayward like my heart. You have cause to know that.

ELEANOR (*Now a little smilingly*): Yes, wayward.

BORDEN: And most wrong, a certain captain of the queen's arms would say.

ELEANOR: John Borden!

BORDEN: But nay to that. (*Almost recklessly—after a pause.*) The wrong is hers who flies against the feelings of her heart.

ELEANOR (*Angrily*): You dare accuse me.

BORDEN: Aye, my tongue at least is honest. (*He turns away.*) It speaks the truth—(*His head bowed*)—a hopeless final word. (*For*

a moment Eleanor seems to yearn toward this turmoiling young man.)

ELEANOR: Ha! Would my tongue be wayward too? (*Borden looks eagerly around at her.*)

BORDEN: Let it, Eleanor, let it speak for both of us. (*He takes a step toward her.*)

ELEANOR (*Hurriedly*): Please—no! No!

BORDEN (*Angrily*): This Captain Dare—you love him not.

ELEANOR (*Turning back*): It is settled between us. I shall wed him.

BORDEN: For pride and place and family name. (*Bitterly.*) Thus the toil of a man's two hands that would labor for you—count for naught in this world. (*He strikes his fists together. Sir Walter Raleigh enters from the left with his hat and cloak.*)

RALEIGH (*Warmly*): Greetings, John Borden.

BORDEN: Sir Walter.

RALEIGH: And you, fair Eleanor.

ELEANOR (*Curtseying*): Your pleasure, sir.

RALEIGH: What news of Devon, Master Borden?

BORDEN: Four and twenty men are ready to follow you. And there will be others.

RALEIGH: Good! Good! And obedient to orders?

BORDEN: Aye, as independent men should be—no more.

RALEIGH (*Laughing*): Ah, we Devon folk are all like that. Something in the sea or air that breeds this jealous freedom. But you will sail without me as captain, I fear. Ah, Mistress Eleanor, I have already read a certain mood in the queen's eye.

BORDEN: Nor shall I sail either, sir. My mother lies a sudden ill. On the great book she has pledged me to stay by her till the end. I come to tell you.

RALEIGH (*Staring off*): You are a dutiful lad, John. 'Tis right.

BORDEN (*Vehemently*): But someday I'll go—someday.

RALEIGH: Yea, we swear it. You and hundreds more shall go—someday.

ELEANOR: Yes, hundreds!

RALEIGH: Hundreds say we? Thousands! A mighty stream—

men and horses and ships, moving, flowing, toward the setting sun. (*Abruptly.*) But pardon. You know this lady, John?

BORDEN: Yes. (*Echoing.*) Lady.

RALEIGH: Fair Eleanor, beauteous and bright, as the rhymesters put it. (*Eleanor curtsies again.*)

BORDEN (*Turning away*): Ah, bright. Like that star in heaven there, and no closer.

RALEIGH: You are neighbors, are you not.

ELEANOR: Old friends somewhat.

BORDEN: Aye, somewhat. I am a tenant on her father's farm. I plough his land.

ELEANOR (*Quickly*): More than that, Sir Walter. He leads the men. They look to him, and—

BORDEN: Good night, good night to all. (*He bows.*)

RALEIGH (*Grasping his hand*): Good night!

BORDEN: Pray command me, Sir Walter, I am your servant. (*He turns and goes quickly out at the left. Raleigh stands looking after him.*)

RALEIGH: As true a lad as ever bore the queen's arms. True steel, and mettlesome.

ELEANOR: He is!

RALEIGH: And worthy any woman's deep regard . . . (*Turning to Eleanor.*) Say'st so?

ELEANOR: I would say so if . . . (*She turns away and stares off.*)

RALEIGH: And what is your wish, fair Eleanor?

ELEANOR (*Turning back*): I wish, I wish that England's ways were different. I mean, Sir Walter, I wish to sail to Roanoke on the next voyage. No more.

RALEIGH: Whether young John Borden goes or not?

ELEANOR (*Quietly*): I am betrothed, Sir Walter—to Captain Ananias Dare, and together we would sail.

RALEIGH: In spite of every risk you'd go?

ELEANOR: That too!

RALEIGH: Shipwreck perhaps, a watery grave, or missing that, starvation on some lonely strand. Even oaken-hearted men quail before such a voyage.

ELEANOR (*Impetuously*): And may I go?

RALEIGH: If there were a dozen such women in England! Ah, we've become a nation of weaklings, panderers to Spain and the Pope.

ELEANOR: There are a dozen and more such women in England!

RALEIGH: No! What? Leave the safety of their homes on such a mad adventure? They stare at me, laugh even, and they have cause.

ELEANOR: I could find you twenty such women in Devon alone.

RALEIGH: Do, and your name will outlast mine. But we waste words. There may be no colony, men or women. You marked the queen's attitude? Again and again she denies me leave to go myself to lead the enterprise, and I fear to trust it to any other man's hands. Aye, refuses even one shilling's help. "Wait, wait until Spain has had her lesson." But our future lies beyond the sea, and every wasted day cries out its waste. (*He paces up and down. The milkmaids dance back across the scene and out at the left to a bright burst of laughter and a roulade in the organ. Behind the stage a great rocket soars up in the sky and breaks in falling spangles through the night.*) Look, look! Like that rocket England will perish unless—But why do you dream of such an undertaking?

ELEANOR: Why does one love when and whom one does? Count one thing valuable which is another man's bauble? Perhaps through the story of a poor boy from Devon who later became the great Sir Walter Raleigh—the fancy caught me, made me think on't and by thinking wove its magic over me. I only know now day and night I feel this narrow England, and hear the call of the unknown world sounding in my ear. I do, Sir Walter, like you I do. (*Raleigh nods abstractedly.*) Are not women adventurous like men? Are they not?

RALEIGH: They are, thank God, the best of them. (*Queen Elizabeth attended by two of her maids-in-waiting comes in at the right rear.*)

ELIZABETH (*As Eleanor curtseys and stands with bowed head*): La, what a wrecking of times when a queen must run after a man! Come, Sir Walter, is it state matters keeps you here in secret?

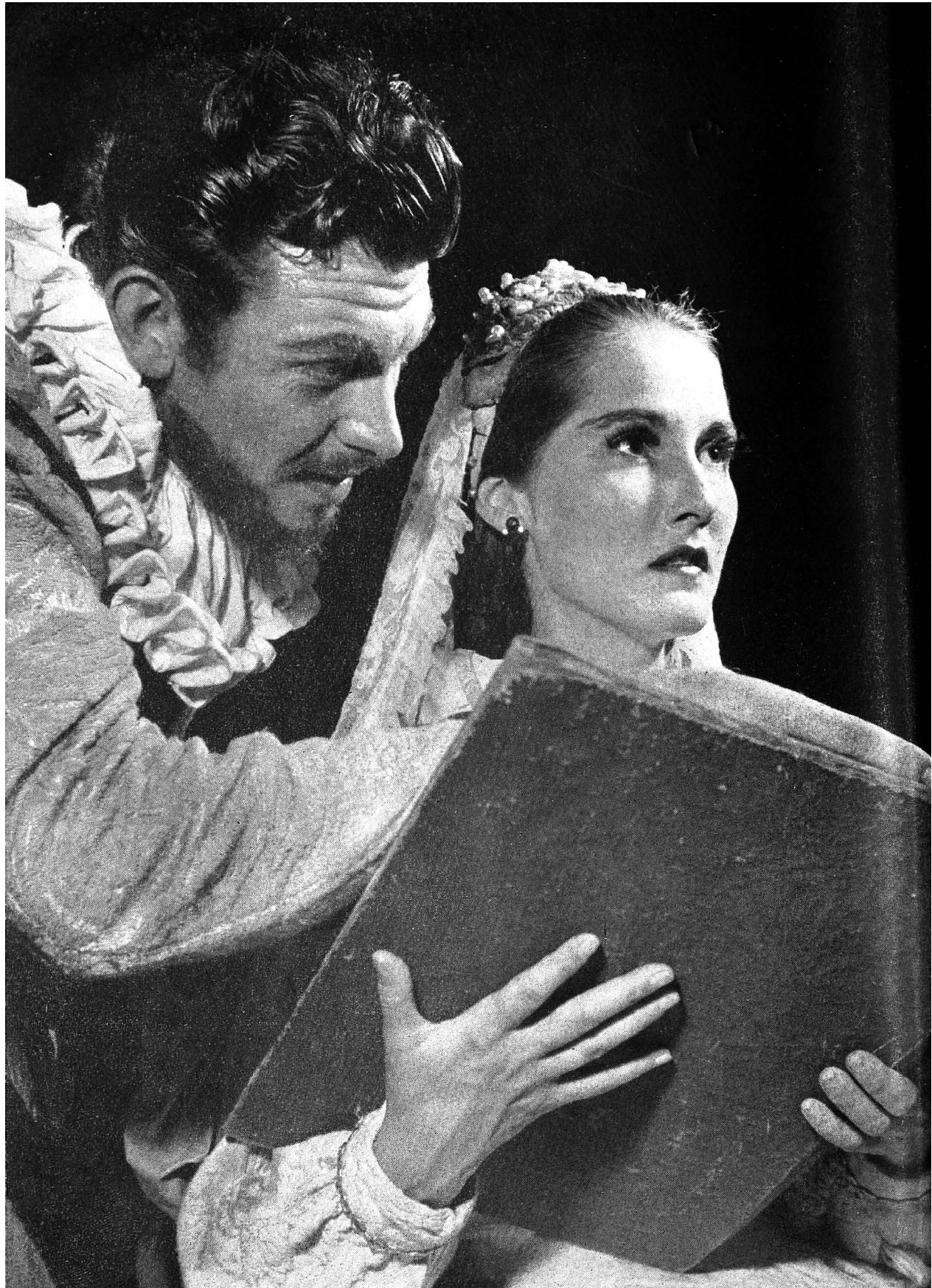
RALEIGH: Somewhat of statecraft, your majesty. Question—Shall England be an empire or an island?

ELIZABETH: Uhm—. From what I hear of this child she is capable of giving advice on the subject. Well, Sir Walter, while they eat and play the games we must settle your little matter. Now, no



Uppowoc (played by Foster Fitz-Simons) practices his wild antics of incantation.





Sir Walter Raleigh (played by Andy Griffith) speaks to Eleanor Dare (played by Barbara Griffith) about the dangers of the unknown seas.

growling or chewing the lip behind my back: Rather thanks. You may send your colony to Roanoke.

ELEANOR (*With quick joy*): Your majesty.

RALEIGH (*Kissing Elizabeth's hand*): My queen!

ELIZABETH: But you shall not go.

RALEIGH (*After a pause*): I know. (*Wryly.*) I am reserved for Spain.

ELIZABETH: You are. What think you of Master Ralph Lane to lead the enterprise?

RALEIGH: He is brave enough.

ELIZABETH: And tactful.

RALEIGH: He is very brave.

ELIZABETH: But bravery most is needed now. Let him set forth next month with some hundred men—

RALEIGH: But without women there is no stability, no permanence, no home, your majesty.

ELIZABETH (*Continuing*): With a hundred men who can be spared—to build a fort on Roanoke Island, to lay out roads, plant fields. Some months hence your blessed women can be sent—if you can persuade them to it.

RALEIGH: Your proclamation would persuade them.

ELIZABETH: Tonight I am for play, not argument. (*Gesturing to Eleanor.*) Come, he dreams his empires best alone. (*She and her attendants go out. Raleigh stands staring before him. Eleanor starts out after them, turns as if to speak to Sir Walter, but decides not to. She curtseys to him and goes hurriedly away after the queen. Another rocket goes up in the night, and suddenly a great ordnance is shot off. Old Tom who has been lying asleep on the ground springs up with a squeal and gazes about him and then tries the empty mug to his lips.*)

OLD TOM (*Blearily*): Whee-oo, I had a most frightful dream. The world was monstrously overrun by lice with two legs.

RALEIGH: An apt dream, old man.

OLD TOM (*Jumping around, peering at him*): Why, 'tis the great Sir Walter communing with his soul. (*Another cannon is fired off.*) Lord, they're celebrating you, my lord. (*Fawning toward him.*) Don't you know me, Sir Walter? This is me, thy old neighbor, Tom, down in Budleigh—all set to do thee honor too.

RALEIGH: You've changed since I knew 'ee, Tom.

OLD TOM: Aye, aye. (*Dolorously.*) Sorrow and grief do eat away a man's mortal looks. And you've changed too, Sir Walter. But hearts remain the same, eh, old friend?

RALEIGH (*Handing him a piece of money*): Here, get thee something to eat. Eat, not drink, Tom.

OLD TOM: Bless you, bless you. I have a devouring hate of drink. For drink doth pickle a man's wits, and I who live by me wits can abide no pickling. And mayhap I can do thee a favor sometime, small pitiful-like though it be.

RALEIGH: I may need thee, Tom, aye and hundreds more of thy kind. Remember.

OLD TOM: I remember. Whistle but a note of thy great plans and I'll come a-running—crying, a true man, stand and denounce! (*Raleigh turns and goes away at the right rear. Old Tom looks at the money in his hand and then breaks into a shuffling dance, after which he begins singing, the organ accompanying.*)

A man is down but never out
While he keeps his wits and his friends about,
All evil winds blow some good chance . . .
Then bury the corpse and keep the dance . . .
For 'tis, oh, good ale, thou art my darling,
And my joy both night and morning!

(*He runs up the steps, shouting.*) Landlord! Landlord! (*Waving his mug.*) A mug of Plymouth ale! (*He disappears swiftly toward the invisible tavern. Another cannon sounds in the organ, and offstage at the right a great shout for Sir Walter goes up from the crowd.*)

VOICES (*In the distance*): Sir Walter Raleigh! Sir Walter Raleigh! (*The light dies away from the stage, and comes up on the historian.*)

HISTORIAN: In the spring of 1585 a colony of a hundred and eight men was sent out from England under the command of Ralph Lane. He took possession of the Indian village on the north end of Roanoke Island where we are gathered tonight. He refortified the place and named it "the City of Raleigh." Within a few months the settlement was firmly established, and would have survived no doubt but for the fact that Lane antagonized the Indians. They rebelled and Lane decided to teach them a lesson by force. One summer night when the medicine man was placating the spirits of the forest, he and his men surprised King Wingina, the kinsman of Wanchese, as he slept by his campfire and slew him. Because of this act Wanchese became the deadly enemy of the white man.

SCENE 4

The light dies away from the historian and rises on the platform at the audience left. The organ begins playing a low, mournful Indian melody. The rude bark house of King Wingina is revealed with the side open toward the audience. The old king is seated cross-legged in the entrance, smoking his pipe. A small wooden idol about three feet high is set at his right. A few drowsy warriors are lying around on the ground outside, armed with bows, shields, spears, and hatchets. Before the king and the god the half-naked medicine man, Uppowoc, is performing his savage rites against the ghosts and devils of the air. He weaves his head about, waves his hands, and chants a whining sing-song tune. A nervous young warrior looks around him in fear. The medicine man comes over and motions him down to sleep. The music continues, the medicine man dances, and suddenly the warriors spring to their feet as if feeling some invisible and silent enemy about to set upon them. Uppowoc shakes his head in disapproval, saying all is well. "Way-ye-na-wha-nee!" he whines. Finally they all lie down again. The priest resumes his supplication once more, throwing out his curved hands into the night and pulling them toward him as if drawing peace and quiet into his bosom. Wingina gradually lowers his head on his breast, and sleep comes over the scene. Uppowoc lies down on his face before the wooden god.

And now, as the music rises in suspended notes, pine branches come moving slowly and queerly in on the Indians from the right and left. Behind them the low stooping forms of Lane and his armed men can be seen. With a wild shriek the medicine man springs to his feet. But it is too late. The soldiers fling down their pine branches and fly at the paralyzed Indians with a wild cry of "Christ our victory!" The priest bounds away like a ball and disappears into the darkness, followed by two of the soldiers. Amid the screams and yells of Indian women in the shadows, the Indians are butchered. In his bark house the old king stands terrified, then moves toward the opening. A soldier emerges from the trees at the rear, and shoots him through the heart. He falls, and Lane and his men gather briefly about the body, raise their swords and guns in a shout of triumph, "Victory in Christ!", then stalk away.

As the dead king lies alone, the form of the medicine man is seen stealing out from the shadows. He comes slowly and sadly toward the king's body, gazing at it in desperate fear, as the shrieks of the women subside in the distance into a low keen. He drops on his knees by his dead chief, his tense fingers digging into the earth. He throws handfuls of dirt over his head, uttering long and heart-

breaking cries. The light dies away from him and comes up once more on the historian.

HISTORIAN: The grieving Indians desperately attacked the colony in an effort to avenge their murdered king, but were driven off. Finally Lane decided to abandon the colony, and when Sir Francis Drake came by in his ships, all hands embarked for England, June 19, 1586. The City of Raleigh was left deserted. A few days later Sir Richard Grenville arrived with bountiful supplies, but too late. He left fifteen brave men to hold the fort in the Queen's name and sailed for England to report to Raleigh.

But despite this failure Raleigh persisted in his dream. At great expense he got together another colony. And this time it was to be a permanent settlement, for it consisted of men, women, and children—a hundred and fifty of them—who were to build homes in the new world. And on May 8, 1587, the last of the expedition assembled at Plymouth ready to sail upon the long voyage.

SCENE 5

The light dies from the historian and comes up on a scene at the left front of the center stage, representing the open yard of a tavern in Plymouth. A table is in the foreground around which several sailors are sitting. They are being intermittently served with mugs of ale by a mop-headed apprentice who appears out of the shadow at the rear. Simon Fernando, a swarthy middle-aged sailor, with rings in his ears and a short mean-looking sword hanging from his belt, is standing on the table haranguing a crowd of people—men, women, and children. These are members of the colony, assembled with their bundles and pitiful baggage to sail for Virginia. Two soldiers with halberds are keeping order in the queen's name. As Fernando carries on his harangue, other colonists come down the platform at the left, some of them continuing on their way and out across the right front. But most of them stop to hear what is being said. Among the latter is Old Tom, who lifts off his blanket roll and sits down on it, fanning himself.

FERNANDO (*Continuing and waving his beer mug*): Three times I have been pilot on her majesty's ships sailing foreign seas, and three times the merciful Father—(*Lifting his eyes an instant to heaven*)—has seen fit to allow me to return safe home again. I was pilot for his honor, Ralph Lane, on his last expedition to Roanoke, I was pilot before for the brave Captains Amadas and Barlowe, and with Sir Francis Drake I sailed a thousand miles along that treacherous coast. Can I speak? (*Shouting.*) I ask you!

VOICES: Aye, Simon. Speak it out, Simon. We're listening to ye.

ANOTHER VOICE: I vouch for ye, Simon. I was with Lane, God forbid. (*One of the half-drunk sailors at the table begins to sing.*)

SAILOR:

O the stormy winds may blow,
And the raging seas may roar.

FERNANDO (*Roaring at him*): Belay there, you scupper wash! (*The sailor lays his head over on the table and is silent. Fernando goes on more loudly.*) And now I am appointed to pilot this expedition—to Virginia. (*Leering about him.*) And such a scurvy mixture of the queen's subjects I never saw before!

OLD TOM (*Calling out*): We be true men and good as in all England!

VOICES (*Muttering and growling*): Aye, that we be.

FERNANDO (*More loudly*): Good men—aye, and half of you lay behind bars for crimes on the queen's highway—till Sir Walter fetched ye out to do his bidding!

A WOMAN'S VOICE: Speaking not against Sir Walter.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S VOICE: We owe our freedom to him.

FERNANDO: Freedom?—Hah—freedom, you call it. But wait till the tale is ended. Give over this undertaking, I tell you, give over before it is too late, before you set foot into them three pitiful little ships out there. (*He gestures off toward the right rear.*) If Ralph Lane and a hundred strong men failed on Roanoke Island, what do you think will happen to your women and children? And what do you think has already happened to the fifteen men left in that wretched place by Sir Richard Grenville? I wager I already know. They are dead. The wilderness has swallowed them up as it will swallow you. (*Looking out into the crowd and calling.*) Eigh, John Cage! What say you, John?

CAGE (*An elderly, white-haired man*): Neighbors, I say it's gospel, every living word. 'Leven months I was there in that cursed land, and I would not go again for all the jewels in Spain. (*Vehemently to a young man who stands at his side with a blanket roll on his shoulder.*) Hearken to me, Tony. Stay here, here, lad. (*Several other colonists come down the steps from the platform at the left. Some of them have their arms around weeping wives or sweethearts. And one man leads a little boy by the hand. The women hold the men by the arm and they stop. But the man and the little boy go on toward the right rear.*)

OLD TOM (*Calling after the man*): Where are ye hurrying, George Howe?

HOWE (*Stopping an instant*): The ships are ready to sail, and we should be aboard. (*They go on out at the right rear. A horn blows a long brazen note from the distance, and some four or five of the younger men turn and hurry away in the direction George Howe has gone.*)

FERNANDO (*Calling out as if answering the horn*): Blow, blow on, old horn of Jericho! Let the walls of the world fall in, but they won't crush me. My luck holds. (*Angrily to those about him.*) I tell you, only death awaits you on this mad adventure. Death in that desolate country. Aye, you listen to Mistress Eleanor Dare's talk of freedom and the dream of a new empire. That's the empire you'll get—an empire where King Death sits on the throne. This business is not for your good, nor for the good of England. The queen does not countenance it. Not a penny of crown money goes into it. (*John Borden comes walking rapidly into the scene from the left rear. He stops on the outskirts of the crowd.*) Then who profits by it? (*Looking about him.*) I'll tell you—one man and one alone, Sir Walter Raleigh. All for his honor and glory it is, all to spread his fame across the world. He has no care for you—he has no—

BORDEN (*Calling out in a hard cold voice*): That's a lie, Simon Fernando. (*Fernando grips his sword as Borden climbs up on the table.*)

VOICES: John Borden! There's a lad, farmer John!

OTHER VOICES: Down with John Borden! Down with Sir Walter!

STILL OTHERS: Shame on ye! Shame!

BORDEN (*Ignoring Fernando's half-drawn sword as he addresses the people*): Are we men and women of England or hirelings of Spain?

FERNANDO: Watch your words, Master Borden.

BORDEN: I'm watching 'em, aye, and thee too. (*A few of the colonists who had begun to edge away now return as Borden goes on. But others whose hearts have already failed them continue out at the left to return to the safety of their homes.*) Friends, I am nothing but a poor farmer. I have no authority except my own voice. And that I'll use for Mistress Dare and Sir Walter. We have set our faces toward that new world, toward a new life for us all. And are we to be stopped here dulled and dead in our tracks by an old woman's tale of danger and hardship? Then go home, go home now, and the ships waiting out there—(*He gestures off to the right rear*)—may rot where they lie. Danger and hardship! Aye, the better for it. So we may test the manhood in us, if we be men, if we

be women worth the name. Who is this Simon Fernando that you should listen to him? A Spaniard with a Spanish name. (*Fernando suddenly draws his sword, but the two men with halberds spring forward and hold them pointed at his breast. He slowly puts up his blade.*) Like his master Philip he fears a colony in Virginia. He wishes us to fail. But there will be no failing, not if the sea and the wilderness and all Spain herself conspire against us. No, for blow against blow, we will give them back again.

VOICES: Speak, lad! ' Brave John Borden. We'll stand with ye, John!

BORDEN: We have made the cast. We turn our backs upon this little England—to go forth to struggle, to work, to conquer that unknown wilderness—to build a nation there—our nation. (*Lifting his eyes an instant to heaven.*) And with God's help we'll build it. (*Sir Walter Raleigh comes in at the rear.*)

RALEIGH: Bravo, John Borden. (*At Raleigh's entrance everybody rises, even the drunken sailors, and Fernando steps quickly down from the table. Raleigh is accompanied by a group of people—the Reverend Martin, John White, Eleanor Dare and her husband Ananias Dare, Manteo and Wanchese, and two or three members of the council. With them are two armed soldiers, a drummer and a flag-bearer. At their entrance Borden stands embarrassed a moment and then slips quietly down from the table and stands among the crowd. Raleigh, whose tall form towers above the assembly, looks kindly about him. His face marked with emotion, he speaks in a gentle but firm voice.*) Friends, pioneers of a new nation soon to be, I come to you at this parting moment in all humility and pride—humility that to English men and women is granted the privilege of this high endeavor, and pride that you my old neighbors of Devon are to share in it. It is nowise strange that you hesitate at this last moment. For no one can question what it means to take this step. Our good pilot Fernando here has unrolled his doleful story to your ears, I know. Aye, there are dangers, hardships, unaccountable chances of weal and woe that await you. But that such men and women as you and John Borden and Mistress Eleanor Dare will win over them I cannot doubt. As for Fernando, his bark is worse than his bite. True, he prefers plundering on the seas to the dull business of colonizing, but as both the queen and I know he is the best pilot that sails an English ship. He will be true to the trust reposed in him and land you safely in Virginia. (*He turns and offers his hand to Fernando who hesitates a moment, takes it and then turns and hurries away at the right rear.*) And now to the authority of Governor White

and his associate, Master Ananias Dare, I beg your obedience. Would God that I might sail with them and you, but I am reserved once more for the wars at home. My heart goes with you, my hopes, and my dreams. God bless you. (*He moves among them embracing them and shaking hands.*)

VOICES: God bless you, Sir Walter!

JOHN WHITE (*Calling out*): Lead on to the ships.

OLD TOM: Aye, my hearties, let us go! (*The colonists pick up their bags and bundles, and start slowly across the scene toward the right rear led by John White. Manteo and Wanchese shake hands with Raleigh and join the crowd. Raleigh embraces John Borden and sends him away with a smile. Old Tom now raises a song, and the crowd joins bravely in. Lastly goes Eleanor Dare leaning on the arm of her husband. Raleigh bends and kisses her on the forehead, and with tears in his eyes watches her go. Meanwhile the song has continued, the organ accompanying, the flag flying and the drum beating.*)

CROWD (*As they march away*):

Oh farewell England, farewell all,
And here's a parting hand.
We leave to you our hearth and hall
To seek an unknown land.
Oh, the stormy winds may blow
And the raging seas may roar,
But merrily we sail away
To that fair land Virginia-ay-ay
To that fair land Virginia!

(*Raleigh remains alone in the scene as the crowd marches away at the right. He draws his sword, salutes them with it, and then kneels down with the cross of the sword hilt in front of him—as the lights fade out.*)

I N T E R M I S S I O N

ACT II

SCENE I

After the intermission, the audience is summoned back to the amphitheatre by the sound of the organ. The lights die out, and the chorus begins singing from its enclosure in the darkness.

CHORUS:

We commend to thy almighty protection, thy servants
For whose preservation upon the great deep
Our prayers are desired.
Guard them, we beseech thee, from the dangers of the sea,
From sickness and death,
And from every evil.
Conduct them in safety
To the haven where they would be.—Amen.

(As the chorus sings, a great shaft of light comes up back of the main structure of the center stage, and the tall masts of a ship can be seen in its rays, moving as it were on the waters of the sound beyond the palisaded fort. The masts of the ship slide across the scene from right to left like something in a dream and slowly disappear into the shadows far at the left. The shaft of light dies out, and the lights come up on the chorus as it stands and chants.)

CHORUS:

God is our hope and strength, a very present
help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth
be moved
And though the hills be carried into the midst
of the sea;
Though the waters thereof rage and swell,
And though the mountains shake at the
tempest of the same.
Be still then and know that I am God.
I will be exalted among the nations
And I will be exalted in the earth.

(The light fades from the chorus and now rises on the historian.)

HISTORIAN: After a long and stormy voyage the colony arrived at Roanoke Island on July 23, 1587. Landing parties were at once sent out for the relief of the fifteen men who had been left behind

the year before. But as Fernando had prophesied, they had all been killed by the Indians or drowned trying to escape. The party with John Borden and Captain Dare was the first to reach the fort.

(The light dies from the historian and comes up on the center stage, revealing the interior of the fort as Lane and others had rebuilt it. At the center back is a little chapel, topped by a cross, and with the wrecked interior open to the audience. To the left of that is a little cabin and to the right another little cabin. Jutting in from either side at the front are the roof edges of still other cabins. A few boxes, casks, and bales are scattered about, rude furniture overturned, and in general the scene shows signs of having been recently plundered. And now the sound of an English snare drum is heard coming in at the left. Ananias Dare enters at the head of some eight or ten soldiers—John Borden, Manteo and Wanchese being among them. At a gesture from Dare, the small cortege stops, grounds arms and looks curiously about, and the flag-bearer rests the butt of the flagstaff against the earth.)

DARE *(Calling loudly)*: Hooa! Hooah! Show yourselves! Heeoh—friends! *(At another gesture from him, the drummer drums a tattoo beat. Presently from the direction of the platform up on the right bank a voice is heard calling.)*

VOICE: Yona-yona—ee—yay—Wankees! *(Wanchese looks up from the center stage, listens a moment, and then hurries over to the front of the scene and stops. Outlined against the darkness of the forest at the right the figure of Uppowoc, the medicine man, can be seen. The call is repeated.)* Yona-yona, Wankees! *(Wanchese suddenly runs out from the center stage, and passing by the fringe of the audience, leaps up the steps and onto the platform. Uppowoc cavorts toward him, bowing and scraping. He picks up a handful of dirt and pours it on his head signifying his obedience. Suddenly Wanchese grabs him by the arm.)*

WANCHESE: Mish-wi aga, Wingina?

MEDICINE MAN: Ne bah na-tee-o, Wingina.

DARE *(Calling out loudly on the center stage)*: Form fours! *(The soldiers straighten up and arrange themselves in a stiff military posture.)* What news of the fifteen men, Chief Wanchese?

WANCHESE *(Lifting his right hand, palm outward, as he answers)*: Wanchese no more chief. Wanchese king now. *(With an ironic salaam.)* Wanchese go to his people. *(He turns and disappears into the forest with the medicine man.)*

BORDEN *(Starting forward)*: Stop him! Stop him, Captain Dare! *(Dare throws up his sword in a halting gesture.)*

DARE (*With a sort of schoolmaster manner*): Soldier John Borden, once more I command you to your place—in the ranks.

BORDEN: But—Master Dare—

DARE: If the noble Indian has traffic with his people in the forest, we have no right to stop him. (*Borden bows his head and resumes his place.*) We will now advance to the end of the island in search of our friends.

BORDEN: What think you, Chief Manteo?

MANTEO (*Slowly and gravely*): White men maybe dead—gone. (*He gestures up toward the sky.*)

DARE: Advance at guard. (*The drummer begins to beat his drum again, and they march out at the right, the flag going gaily before. They have hardly disappeared when a voice is heard calling off at the left.*)

VOICE: Wait, comrades, wait for me! (*Old Tom comes puffing in, his doublet undone, and his ancient arquebus hanging loosely in the crook of his arm. He stops and stares off at the right.*)

OLD TOM: Leave me, do they, all in the heat of their youth and great marching, and me with the weight of years upon me back? Across this wild territory they tear, like their hose were girt with garters of fire, and me hacked and slashed to bits with a power of thorns and godless briars! (*He sinks down on a box and wipes his hot face with his sleeve; after which he looks curiously about him.*) Ah, I could do with a mug of Plymouth ale!—Bah—What a wilderness and desolation! So this is Roanoke Island in the new world, this is the land of Sir Walter's great visioning and Mistress Dare's wise words of encouragement. What a woman, and she to be the mother of a new babe in two weeks or three! Ah, poor babe. (*Rocking from side to side.*) Heave, ship, blow storm, and always the same. We are sailing to the new land of freedom, we are pioneers of a dream, me hearties. Ah, well, the blind man eats many a fly. (*Spitting and half-singing.*) O the stormy winds may blow, and the raging seas—(*With a sickened shudder.*) Eight weeks shut up in the belly of that little ship—and me swearing a great oath on the mercy seat of God—Give me dry land again and I would be Christian flesh from then on. Well, this is dry land—but nothing more. (*He climbs wearily to his feet.*) Ah, how green the grass grows in England! And I could already wish me back there tasting of good mutton on the Devon hills. (*He walks gingerly about the scene, peering into the cabins and pushing over boxes. Suddenly he grips his gun and whirls about as if he felt an enemy creeping up on him from behind; then he breaks into a laugh.*) Hah-hah-

hah, what a fool I am! (*Looking off at the right again and calling.*) Captain Dare, Captain Ana-ni-as Dare! Where is every soul? (*Striking his breast.*) Peace, you organ of wind. After all they are near at hand, and Governor White is approaching. I am sworn to bravery and great endeavor. Sir Walter depends on me. Then he shall hear of my deport—(*His voice dies out with a gasp and he stands staring at the cabin to the right front. He begins to shake like a man with a chill. Flinging his arquebus behind him with a loud cry, he tears out at the right, calling as he goes.*) Help, Help! (*At the same moment voices are heard hallooing off at the left.*)

VOICES: Heigh-ya! Hoo-ee! (*Immediately John White, with Simon Fernando, Reverend Martin and some dozen soldiers enter. Old Tom comes flying back across the scene from the right and runs up to John White.*)

OLD TOM: Master White, good Governor White, look, look! (*He points to the cabin at the right. White, Fernando and several soldiers hurry over to the cabin, stand a moment in silence and then turn back toward the center of the stage.*)

A SOLDIER: One of our countrymen.

WHITE: He has been dead very long. (*Shaking his head.*) The Indian method—they broke his bones.

FERNANDO: As they will yours and your followers.

WHITE: Peace! (*Looking off at the right.*) Look ye, how bravely my son Captain Dare marches. The Indians could ambush the whole of them.

FERNANDO: And they will. (*A murmur arises among the men.*)

WHITE: Rest. (*The men drop down and sprawl out around on the ground. Dare comes in with his little group of men, drum, flag and all. Marching with them is Manteo, his son held in one arm and the other around his wife who is weeping with happiness.*)

DARE: Halt! (*His troop stops, and he salutes Governor White.*) We have sorrowful tidings, sir, from Manteo's wife.

MANTEO (*Indicating his wife*): She see—Indians come kill white men last moon—some drown—all dead. (*White stands with his head bowed in thought.*)

FERNANDO (*Satirically*): Shall we unload the women from the ships, Governor? They are over-weary in their cramped quarters.

WHITE: First we must remove the dead. Borden, take three soldiers. (*Borden and three soldiers go off at the right. White turns to the others.*) Later we will inter the broken body decently.

(To the group.) We have arrived too late to aid those brave men who held this fort in the queen's name. But thankful still we are to Almighty God that he in his kindness has brought us safely to our new home. *(He gestures to Reverend Martin who goes up to the front of the little chapel and lifts his hands in prayer. Governor White, Captain Dare and all the soldiers pull off their helmets and caps and fall down on their knees.)*

REVEREND MARTIN:

Almighty God, our Father, we thank thee for thy mercy
and compassion upon us.

Yea, in thy great wisdom thou has seen fit to bring us
safely to this haven—

Here thou hast commanded us to build our homes and
a temple to thy name—

Thou hast given us this land to have and to hold
forever to thy great honor.

We have it not by our own sword, neither was it our arm
that gat it—

But thy right hand, and thy arm, and the grace of
thy favor

That vouchsafed it unto us.

(John Borden and the three soldiers come quietly in and bow down with the others.)

And in the thanksgiving of this hour
Let us remember in sorrow these thy servants
Who perished here before, a sacrifice
That we the living
Might continue in their stead.
Above their ruined and scattered bones
We swear devotion to our cause.
And not unto us, O Lord, not unto us
But unto thy name be given the glory.
Amen.

(They all bend and kiss the earth, then rise to their feet.)

WHITE: And in the spirit of this prayer I command you to go in peace amongst our enemies. Let there be no efforts for revenge against the Indians. At Sir Walter's express charge we are to foster friendship with them. I counsel ye, make no untoward move against them on pain of grievous punishment. *(Borden and his three companions turn around and then begin moving backward across the scene. The other soldiers move over to the left and stand with their weapons ready, for Wanchese accompanied by Uppowoc comes slowly in from the right. He carries the small leafy branch*

of a tree before him, signifying peace. Behind him come several young Indian warriors, their bows and arrows drawn. White calls out and they stop.) What do you wish, Chief Wanchese?

WANCHESE (*In a hard cold voice*): White men must go—leave land now.

WHITE (*Looking around him*): What does he mean?

BORDEN (*Saluting*): He means, sir—

DARE (*Breaking in*): Wanchese has grown angry over some fancied insult. (*Turning to Wanchese.*) Disperse at once. We order it in the queen's name and Sir Walter Raleigh's.

OLD TOM (*Stepping out in front of the soldiers, his arquebus held before him*): Get out of here, ye knavish rogues! Scat! (*Wanchese suddenly glares at him, and Old Tom springs back with a squeak.*)

WANCHESE (*In the same dull hard voice*): White men must go—leave our land.

WHITE: Come now, come. This is our land. Master Ralph Lane made treaty for it, and in England we swore eternal friendship to her majesty the queen—Chief Manteo here and you.

WANCHESE: Chief Manteo is snake. (*Manteo starts forward, and the warriors around Wanchese lift their bows. The soldiers raise their guns likewise. Manteo stops and stands looking at the ground, his whole form trembling.*)

WHITE (*Shouting*): Ground arms!

DARE: Ground arms, men, ground 'em! (*The men slowly lower their guns.*)

WHITE (*To Wanchese*): Put down your weapons. We are brothers.

WANCHESE: Wanchese have no brother. Wanchese brother Wingina—white men kill. (*He flings the leafy branch viciously down.*) Wanchese never forget. When moon come big white men be gone. Not?—then—(*He draws his hand across his throat, turns and walks out at the right, accompanied by Uppowoc and his warriors, none of whom looks back.*)

OLD TOM: Mary in heaven, I feel the knife at me throat.

WHITE (*After a pause*): An idle threat. What think you, Chief Manteo?

MANTEO: My people make great fight with Wanchese. We kill him—(*His face hard with rage.*)—kill him—kill him!

WHITE: With Manteo as our ally we have no fear. His tribe is powerful. (*Looking at Fernando.*) What do you advise, Simon Fernando?

FERNANDO (*Still sarcastically*): I am a pilot. I brought you safely across the sea. Unload my ships and I will sail again to England.

WHITE: Sir Walter advised we settle farther north if we found conditions bad here. What do you advise to that?

FERNANDO: I advise nothing.

WHITE (*Turning to the men*): Soldiers, men, it is set down in our articles of government that we hear opinions from you all. And 'tis right, for in the building of a country, men must act together or that country will fail. You have marked the tragedy here, you have seen this sudden threat of Wanchese. You know the report of Master Lane. Shall we abide here or sail on and plant a new colony on the Chesapeake? What say you, Master Dare?

DARE (*Looking about him*): There are arguments on both sides.

WHITE (*Grimacing*): Good. (*To George Howe.*) Sergeant Howe?

HOWE: I like not this place.

WHITE: Soldier Borden?

BORDEN: First I do stand ready to maintain as ever that Simon Fernando is no friend of this colony.

WHITE (*As always anxious for peace*): Now, now, John Borden—(*Eleanor Dare comes in at the left rear, accompanied by two or three colony soldiers.*)

BORDEN (*Not perceiving her*): Did he not lewdly forsake our fly boat in the Bay of Portugal?

FERNANDO: Proof—proof, I challenge you.

ELEANOR (*Calling out*): Proof or not, it's true. (*At her words they all whirl around and Governor White hurries over to her.*)

WHITE (*In alarm*): My child, we left you resting in the boat!

ELEANOR (*Smiling*): Think you I'd remain there quietly waiting—waiting? See, I am well attended. (*To Borden.*) What is this quarrel with Fernando?

BORDEN (*Bowing, and with a touch of coldness*): Fernando refuses to carry us farther north. (*Addressing White and the others again.*) And why? Because it is his desire that we remain here to be destroyed as others have been before us. He fears the new

settlement on the deep waters of the Chesapeake as a threat to Spain. Let him fear. But I say this is the better site even so. For there we needs must start a new settlement, shelter and fields to be made. Here we have them already. There we would be at the mercy of the Spanish pirates in their big ships. Here the shallow sounds protect us. There the winters are fierce, here they are mild. Let us dare Simon Fernando's advice and remain here.

VOICES (*From the soldiers*): Aye, we agree.

ELEANOR: Well spoken, John Borden.

WHITE: That it is—well spoken. Mount the guard!

HOWE: Mount the guard.

DARE: Sergeant Howe, keep a watchful eye. But no display of firearms, we command you. (*The men scatter around, some of them take their places at the right and left, and others climb up on the walkway at the back and stand on watch. Borden takes the flag from the bearer and mounts aloft behind the little church. Old Tom steps savagely out into the center of the stage and draws his arquebus.*)

OLD TOM: Old Beelzebub Wanchese, show but a horn and I'll shoot it off for ye. Oh, but I will, Mistress Eleanor. (*Shaking his fist toward the right.*) This is our country now, and we be ready to defend it until—till Gabriel blows his judgment day. Did not another man slay his thousand with the jawbone of an ass? Eigh, then what a mighty destruction of lives I could manage with this weapon of terror! I am good for a whole army of Indians.

ELEANOR (*Pointing toward the rear*): The flag, the flag!

BORDEN: 'Ray! (*A cheer bursts from the men, and they twirl their caps in the air as Borden fastens the flag above the stockade. The organ begins playing "God Save the Queen,"—its powerful notes pouring across the scene and echoing through the dark forest. The cheering of the men dies out, and Borden speaks above the swelling organ chords, his voice fresh and triumphant.*) Three cheers for our new home—Virginia!

WHITE: Three cheers!

MEN: Hooray! 'Ray!

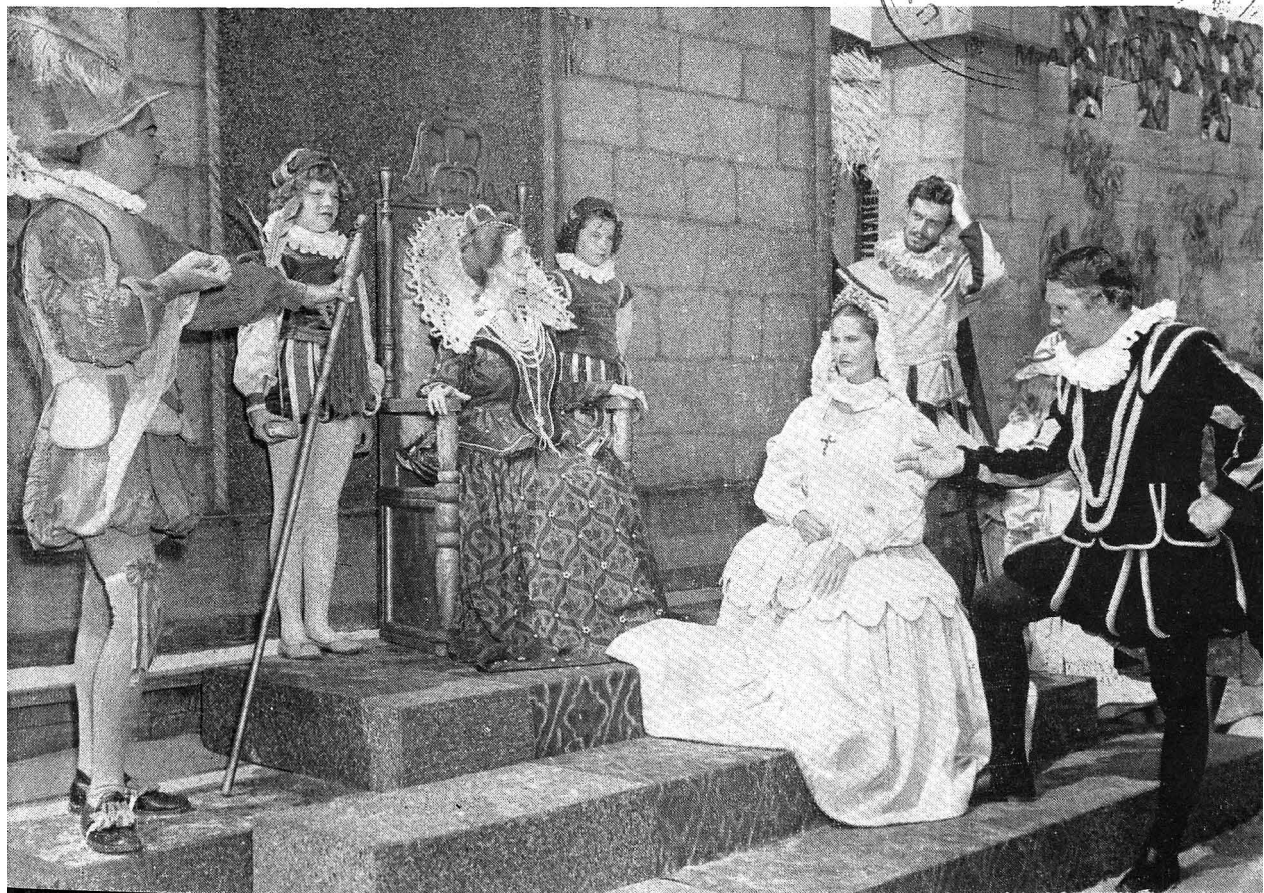
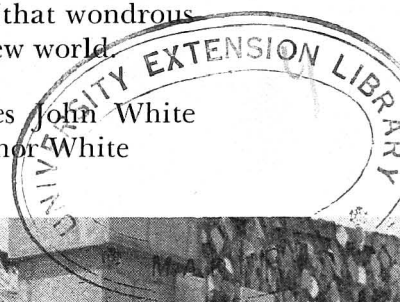
ELEANOR: And may this flag never fall except as we fall first. Long live Virginia!

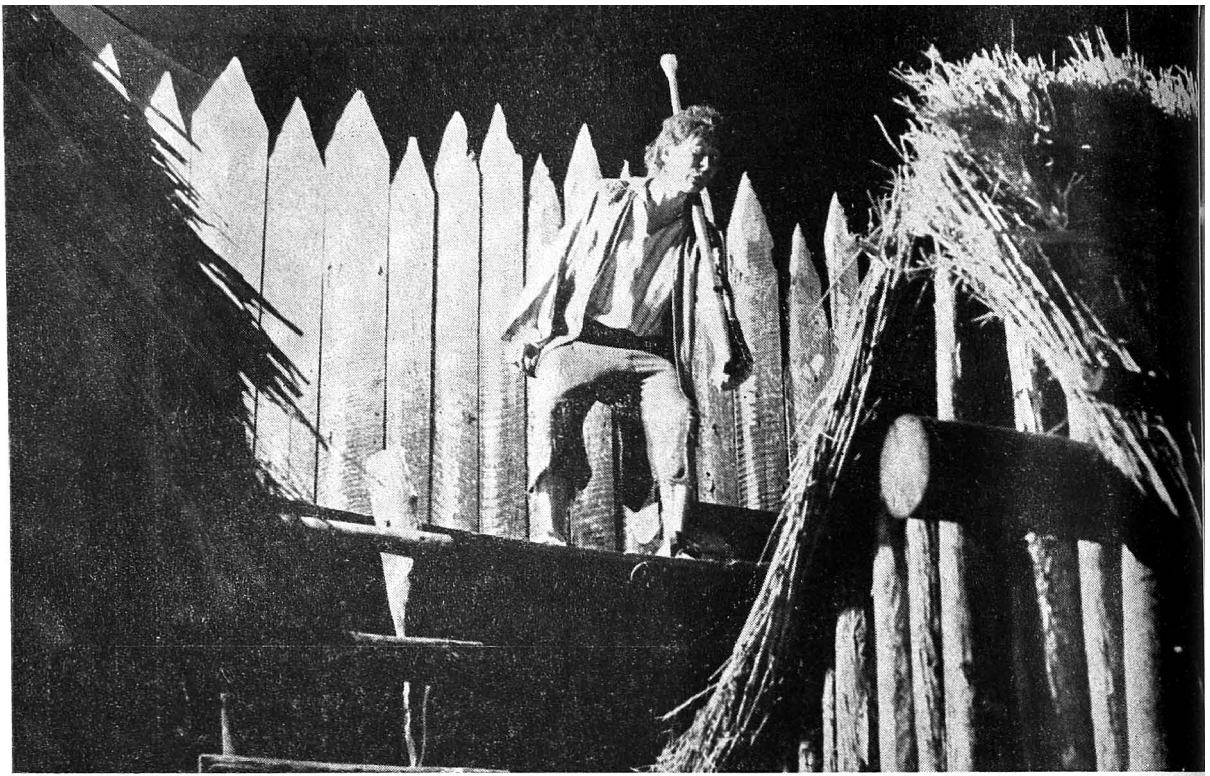
MEN (*Cheering*): Virgini-ay! Virgini-ay! (*With the last great chord of the organ, the scene blacks out, and the light rises on the historian again.*)



Queen Elizabeth (played by Lillian Prince) tries out "that wondrous smoking instrument" brought to her from the new world.

Queen Elizabeth (played by Lillian Prince) receives John White (played by Ainslie Pryor) and his daughter Eleanor White (played by Barbara Griffith).





Old Tom (played by Donald Somers) keeps his faithful midnight watch over the sleeping colony.

Dame Colman, the midwife, (played by Helyne McLain) proudly displays little Virginia Dare as the colonists dance joyously around them.



HISTORIAN: In the council meeting that followed, the majority voted that the colony should continue at Roanoke Island. The ships were unloaded and the expedition settled in and around the fort. Buildings were repaired, the fields ploughed again, roads were cleared, a smithy and loom set up, and in a few days Fort Raleigh looked like a thriving permanent settlement.

SCENE 2

The light dies out on the historian and comes up on the center stage again. At the center back several of the colony women have strung a great fish net across the front of the repaired church and over to the cabins at the side and are beginning to mend it. Two sentinels pace back and forth along the walkway behind. The flag still flies above the palisades. The women are singing as they work, the harmony of the unseen chorus accompanying them.

WOMEN:

Adam lay y-bounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long
And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,
As clerkes finden written
In their book.

(Dame Colman the midwife comes hurriedly in from the right and crosses the scene over toward the cabin at the left front. She is a spry peppery little woman of about fifty, with a kerchief tied over her graying hair. Joyce Archard, a plump youthful woman of about thirty, calls out to her.)

JOYCE: How fares it with Mistress Dare, Dame Colman? *(But the midwife has already gone into the cabin.)*

ELIZABETH GLANE *(Another of the group, about thirty-five):* I hope it will be a boy.

ALICE CHAPMAN *(About thirty, slow of speech and with a bit of a stutter):* And I—I would a—they—they named him Walter Raleigh Dare.

MARGERY HARVIE *(About thirty, a motherly sweet woman):* Aye, it would please Sir Walter, proud and great though he be in England.

JANE JONES *(A thin tired looking young woman of about twenty-five):* And how would he be hearing of it across the great water? *(Murmuring and staring off.)* The great water.

JOYCE (*With firm energy*): Now none of that, Jane Jones. This is Virginia.

MARGARET LAWRENCE (*A vivacious girl, about seventeen or eighteen*): Governor White will carry news when he sails.

JANE: When he sails.

MARGERY: And every day draws nearer toward the time of storms. And we need supplies.

JOYCE: This is no time to talk of supplies and we on Roanoke Island only two weeks.

JANE (*As the midwife come out of the cabin at the left with some linen and a basin*): I dreamed last night Simon Fernando weighed anchor and fled away to England leaving us to die.

JOYCE: Whist on your dream.

DAME (*Locking the cabin door with a great key*): And I wish he might sail away and the governor with him. Here they sit around waiting—waiting in a clutter. I have delivered a hundred strapping Devon girls in my time, yea, and more, and I don't need their help here.

JOYCE: Is everything well?

DAME: Is everything well? You'd think never had a babe been born into the world before. Lah, but then it's Mistress Dare who is the mother and sure she is greater than the Virgin Mary.

JANE: Oh, you shouldn't talk so.

DAME: No? Wait till you hear me r'ally talk. And if they don't get some of the crowd away from my door I'll begin. There sits Master Dare and the Reverend Master Martin on a cushion of pins. And the blessed governor, anxious grandfather, with his brushes ready to paint the portrait the minute the wee girl comes into the world.

JOYCE (*Laughing*): Girl?—But we are praying it will be a boy.

DAME: Well, it won't be, for I can't abide men.

JOYCE: But without men your job would be lost.

DAME: Then I would mend fish nets with you. And now won't you tell me why these same men don't catch any fish with all them mighty nets you're fixing?

JOYCE: Because Wanchese's tribe have got possession of the fishing grounds, that's why.

DAME: And why haven't we got possession of the fishing grounds?

JOYCE: There's to be no bloodshed. The governor's orders—and wise ones too.

DAME: They're all cowards. Only one man is among them—John Borden. Without him and the help of Manteo, God bless that savage, this colony would not last a six month. (*Old Tom comes in at the left with two buckets of water hung from a yoke over his shoulder.*) Oh, there you are! (*She darts over to him, dips out a basin of water and hurries away at the right. Old Tom starts on heavily across the scene. A middle-aged pudgy Indian squaw comes in following along behind him.*)

OLD TOM (*As the women begin to laugh*): Laugh! Laugh! Here I am a beast of burden and all my valor perished in my feet. (*Turning angrily around on the squaw.*) Leave me in peace, will you? Be scarce and get gone. Phewt! (*But the Indian woman only smiles at him, and the women laugh again.*) Funny, ain't it? But there's scripture for me condition. Didn't they set Sampson to grind in a mill? Yea, and what did Sampson do? Wham, and down came the great pillars!

JOYCE: It's your lady-love we're laughing at, Tom, not you. Oh, but she's faithful.

OLD TOM: Aye, since the day she heard me singing down by the creek, I won her savage heart away. (*Yelling.*) Scat, you old—old sow! Whew, she's all anointed with bear grease again. Love ointment it is, people.

JOYCE: You should be proud to be so sought for.

OLD TOM: Ah Lord, what a wonder is this? Here I went sixty-odd years in England without so much as a glimpse of a woman's sweet favor, and now I'm favored to undoing! (*Yelling.*) Get out! Trot, run, march! (*But the Indian woman only smiles the more blissfully at him.*) Verily this is a new land of opportunity, as Mistress Dare maintains. Oohm, me a ladies-man and nothing but a water-carrier to the fields.

JOYCE: How is the work going there?

OLD TOM: Worse and worse, which is to say more and more. John Borden is a demon for labor. The men all grumble and growl, but he laughs and sings. And water—water—water. Well, well, well, when the springs of the world run dry I shall rest. (*Far in the distance a faint call is heard. Old Tom starts hurriedly off toward the right, croaking as he goes.*) Coming, coming, Master Borden! (*He waddles on out at the right, the Indian squaw padding softly after him. The women watch them go, and then*

Joyce begins to hum in a deep melodious voice. They all start singing again.)

WOMEN:

Ne had the apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Ne had never our lady
A-been heavens queen.

Blessed be the time
That apple taken was.
Therefore we moun singen
Deo gracias!

(A group of little boys, some six or seven of different ages ranging from six to fourteen, come scurrying out on the platform at the left and down the walkway steps. A few of them carry rude fishing poles, a string of fish or two, bundles of sassafras roots, and flowers. Two men with guns accompany them to the center stage and leave when the boys are safely with the women. The little boys show the women their possessions.)

THOMAS ARCHARD *(About eight years old)*: Look, Mother, the fish we ketched. Manteo showed us where to find them.

GEORGE HOWE, JR. *(About ten years old)*: And see the sassafras roots. They will make good tea for father's fever.

THOMAS SMART *(About nine)*: I got some flowers for the baby. Has God sent it yet?

JOYCE: God is sending the baby now.

THOMAS SMART: But he is so slow.

JOYCE: You boys run along. Master Bailey is waiting with the catechism.

WILLIAM WYTHERS *(About thirteen, scowling)*: I thought we wouldn't have school today.

JOYCE: Run along.—And give the fish to the cooks. *(The boys go out at the right. Manteo, with his little son sitting aloft on his shoulder, enters at the left. At the same time John Borden comes walking rapidly in from the right. He is stained with sweat and dust from laboring in the fields. Behind him are three or four young men, likewise toil-worn and begrimed. They carry shovels and a mattock.)*

BORDEN: Is the net finished?

JOYCE: It will do.

BORDEN: Good. Greetings to you, Manteo. (*Manteo bows, sets his little son down, holding him by the hand, and Borden turns to the women again.*) Take the net down to the boat. Tony Cage swears to a great run of fish around the point. (*The women rise, unfasten the net and carry it out at the right. Borden now speaks to the men.*) There is yet two hours of sun for working in the well. I will come later. (*The men go out at the left.*) Is there news of Wanchese yet? (*He gives a fleeting smile to Manteo's little son.*)

MANTEO (*Shaking his head*): He hides in the forest.

BORDEN: He may, but his men don't. Again last night they raided our fields, tore up our nets, and tried to fire Master Dutton's house.

MANTEO: I speak with Governor White.

BORDEN: He is with his daughter. What is it?

MANTEO: Too many your men go out alone—must go together.

BORDEN: That is the order, but some of them won't obey. George Howe is down the shore fishing now. I warned him.

MANTEO: Great danger. You tell Governor White Manteo say.

BORDEN: I've told him. (*Manteo bows, turns and goes out at the left carrying his son on his shoulder again. Two artisans enter at the right, one rolling a wheelbarrow and the other carrying a grubbing hoe. They stop by Borden.*)

FIRST ARTISAN (*As Borden examines the wheelbarrow*): A monstrous fine piece of handiwork—if I did construct it.

BORDEN: But you should've made the wheel out of gum. It's tougher.

FIRST ARTISAN: There ain't no pleasing you, Sergeant.

BORDEN: Not till it's done right. (*The man rolls the wheelbarrow off.*)

SECOND ARTISAN: Sergeant, us have the medicine now to cure them grass and roots. (*With a proud chopping motion.*)—Hah—

BORDEN (*Examining the hoe*): Good—good. We want a score of them, come Monday a week. Forks too.

SECOND ARTISAN: You'll have 'em, sir, trust me. (*He goes out. Old Tom comes shuffling in. He hurries over to the farm bell by the little chapel and begins ringing it violently.*)

OLD TOM (*Calling out above his loud ringing*): Hear ye—hear

one and all! (*Borden turns quickly around, hurries to the right and looks off and then comes back into the scene.*)

BORDEN: How is she—Mistress Dare? (*Loudly.*) Speak, man.

OLD TOM (*As the colonists begin to enter from the right and left*): Oyez! Oyez! Hear ye! Hear ye! This the eighteenth day of August, fifteen hundred and eighty-seven, a daughter is born to our beloved mistress Eleanor Dare! Oh yes! Oh yes! (*John White, Captain Dare and Reverend Martin come in from the right. By this time a crowd has gathered in front of the chapel. Jubilancy is among them. Reverend Martin enters the open chapel and stands above the people. The troop of little boys rush in pell-mell, and behind them the Indian squaw. She sees Old Tom and pushes her way through to be near him. He looks at her, suddenly stops ringing the bell, throws up his hands and stands near Reverend Martin as if for protection. Manteo, his wife and son, and a few of his warriors enter from the left and stand on the outer edge of the crowd.*)

REVEREND MARTIN (*As the people bow down on their knees, Manteo and his men likewise*): O Lord, save this woman thy servant.

PEOPLE (*In a chanted response, accompanied by the now unseen chorus*): Which putteth her trust in thee.

REVEREND MARTIN: Be thou to her a strong tower.

PEOPLE: From the face of her enemy.

REVEREND MARTIN: Lord, hear our prayer.

PEOPLE: And let our cry come unto thee.

REVEREND MARTIN: O almighty God, which hast delivered our beloved Eleanor Dare and thy servant from the great pain and peril of childbirth, grant, we beseech thee—(*Suddenly the sentinel on the walkway at the left rear lets out a great cry.*)

SENTINEL: Indians! They're killing Master Howe! (*He lifts his gun and fires. Manteo springs up on the stage and is gone at the left, followed by his men. Borden runs with them. In the distance the wild yelling of savages is heard. The women and children begin to wail and cry. The light blacks out on the center stage and rises on the historian.*)

HISTORIAN: A day later three other settlers were ambushed and killed—Tony Cage, William Clement, and Thomas Ellis—as they were cutting reeds to thatch their cabins. The colonists buried their dead and went determinedly on. Manteo met the savages in a pitched battle and drove them over to the mainland. Governor

White set a price on the head of Wanchese and made Manteo lord of all the surrounding country and subject under him to Sir Walter Raleigh and the queen. On August the thirteenth Manteo had been baptized as a Christian, and on the following Sunday the new baby was christened.

SCENE 3

The light fades from the historian and rises on the center stage. The colonists are gathered in the chapel and in a group at the left and right outside. Near the altar and rude font within are Reverend Martin, Dame Colman, Joyce Archard, John White, Ananias Dare, John Borden and Simon Fernando. At the right front of the crowd outside are Old Tom and near him the Indian woman. Over at the left front the end of a table projects into the scene. It is loaded with a barrel of ale, fruits, and provisions. And to the rear of it are Manteo, his wife and son, and a group of his warriors. As the lights go up, the organ begins playing a traditional hymn tune, and the colonists sing.

COLONISTS:

With thankful hearts, O gentle Lord,
We bow to thee in one accord,
Obedient to thy kind decree,
"Let little children come to me."

Once long ago our Savior's word
The children of Judea heard,
Soft answer to their lowly plea—
"Come, little children, come to me."
Amen.

(The song ends, the lights come up more brightly within the little chapel, and Reverend Martin begins the baptismal ceremony.)

REVEREND MARTIN (*Holding the new baby aloft, a little bundle of white*): Dearly beloved, inasmuch as our heavenly father has seen fit to bless us with this child, thereby sending us a token of his favor and marking this settlement with the sign of permanence, we do return thanks for his bounty and mercy. (*Some of the little boys inside pop up for a better view of the baby but are pulled down instantly by their elders beside them.*) Conscious we are of this great event—to be marked and set down in history for all time to come. (*His voice strong and sonorous.*)—This the first English child to be born in the new world. (*Solemnly.*) And here, God willing, beginneth a new nation. (*He turns to Borden and Joyce.*) And now the godparents, chosen of the church—(*Pausing.*) Name this child.

JOYCE: Virginia.

BORDEN: In honor of this our country.

REVEREND MARTIN (*Dipping his hand into the font and sprinkling the baby*): I baptize thee, Virginia, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

PEOPLE: Amen.

REVEREND MARTIN: The Lord be with you.

PEOPLE: And with thy spirit. (*The organ sounds a flourish and the people all come out of the chapel. Old Tom begins to ring the bell, and the three musicians who have been standing among the crowd with their lute, viol, and tabor seat themselves on some boxes over at the right and fall to playing. Two or three others begin drawing ale from the barrel and passing it out in mugs, first to Governor White and those near him. The Indian woman gets hold of a mug and takes it over to Old Tom. He drops his bell-ropes, gives her a wink and a smile and takes it. Dame Colman, the midwife, comes down out of the chapel with little Virginia Dare, and immediately there is a great pushing and crowding around to get a look at the baby. The dame allows them this favor for a brief moment and then takes her precious charge away at the right, some of the little boys tagging along behind and pulling at her apron.*)

And now the organ strikes up an English country dance. The men and women pair off, and the governor dances with Joyce Archard. Finally Old Tom and the Indian woman are dancing along with the rest, and even Manteo gets out into the scene for a few turns with Margaret Lawrence. Simon Fernando and a few of his sailors stand over at the left near Manteo's group looking on. As the dance continues, he turns his head upward and is seen scanning the heavens. He speaks to the sailors and they go out at the left. The dance winds up, the dancers applaud, and then Governor White climbs up on a box. With a mug of ale he gestures to those around him.)

VOICES: Speech! Speech! (*The crowd grows silent.*)

GOVERNOR WHITE: Friends, this is a happy day for us. It marks the permanent beginning of English colonization in the new world. Blest of God and his holy church, our colony will from this day forth go on to a greater destiny. The hour has come at last when I must sail again to England. But I go happily in the knowledge that I leave behind me here a contented settlement. (*There are murmurings of agreement from the people.*) And now I do declare that by your vote duly recorded in the book of colony affairs that this City of Raleigh in Virginia and the lands adjacent thereto

are placed under the joint rule of Captain Dare, Eleanor Dare and John Borden, Captain— (*There is applause. Voices break out.*)

VOICES: 'Ray!

OTHER VOICES: Borden! Borden! Captain Borden!

STILL OTHER VOICES: Speech! Speech! (*Borden is embarrassed.*)

BORDEN (*Simply*): With you away, sir, we shall be true to our trust.

VOICES: Yeal 'Ray for Captain Borden! (*Borden steps back.*)

GOVERNOR WHITE: And now farewell. Before the coming of Christmas you shall see us again with several shiploads of provisions, other men and women and children, our neighbors, to add to our number. Mayhap this time the queen will relent, and Sir Walter himself will accompany me back. (*The crowd applauds.*) God be with you. (*White starts away at the left, Captains Dare and Borden following him. The organ begins softly playing, and the crowd goes solemnly after them. Old Tom brings along his yoke and buckets as the last of the people leave. The faithful squaw is still behind him. She taps him gently on the shoulder indicating that she will willingly carry the burden. He stares at her in joyful astonishment and gleefully puts the yoke on her shoulders. Then he skips joyously behind her as she moves off to the left. The organ modulates into an old folk tune, and Old Tom bursts into happy song, the organ accompanying.*)

OLD TOM (*Singing*):

O once I was courted by a lady of color,
She loved me I vow and protest;
She loved me so well and so very well
That I built me a bow'r in her breast, in her breast
That I built me a bow'r in her breast.

Lead on, me honey, you have won me manly heart away. (*She goes on out at the left, Old Tom following behind.*)

Oh, up on the mountain and down in the valley,
I tell the glad news all around—

(*Now the people, standing along the ramparts burst into cheers for the departing Governor White, and Old Tom's song is lost in the noise. The great shaft of light comes up once more behind the palisaded fort at the extreme right, and once more the masts of White's ships can be seen, moving back the way they came—from left to right. The men and women cheer and wave their handkerchiefs, and the organ music builds toward a climax. The illuminated masts of the ships disappear at the right, the shaft of light*

dies, the organ sinks down to silence, and the lights come up once more on the historian.)

HISTORIAN: But John White's voyage home was beset with violent storms, and only after great hardship and suffering did he finally reach England—November 5. In the meantime all thought of colony or empire across the sea had dropped from the queen's intent. For now Philip of Spain was preparing his great Armada against her, and all resources were called upon for defense.

SCENE 4

The light dies from the historian and comes up in a nebulous and circular glow on the platform at the left, revealing a corner of the queen's council chamber. Queen Elizabeth is revealed sitting in a lofty throne-like chair, the members of her privy council behind her, and Sir Walter Raleigh standing to the right and before her. Just behind Raleigh is John White, leaning on a stick, his head bowed. There are a few other councillors and courtiers, among them Lord Essex. The queen is talking violently and angrily.

ELIZABETH: How many times do I have to tell you no! No, no, I say again. *(Reaching her arms up pleadingly in the air.)* This Raleigh will have the very heart out of me with his colony. *(Wagging her head.)* Night and day he pursues me, sends messages to my door, haunts me in my dreams with "Roanoke, Roanoke! My people are perishing in yonder world!" 'Fore God in heaven, I should clap him in a dungeon and hush his clamor. And that I will—I will if he persists. O Essex!

ESSEX *(A proud and dominant man)*: Patience, dear Queen you fret yourself for naught.

ELIZABETH: "Dear queen"—ah, that it might ever be so with you all.—And he knows I cannot spare him for a prison, not while Philip threatens me. No, that I cannot. And so he presumes upon me. *(Her voice dies out and she stares at Raleigh.)* Speak—speak, will you?

RALEIGH *(Bowing)*: If I may.

ELIZABETH: "If I may"—always that knife of courtesy to cut my kindness in two—you—you—*(Half-breaking down.)* I shall never understand you.

RALEIGH: It is but a simple thing I request, your majesty, to save my colony in Virginia.

ELIZABETH: Too simple and too brief—hah? Like the breaking

of a neck. And do you think I'll risk my country's neck by allowing you to leave England? (*Rising quickly.*) Did I not warn you. (*Clapping her hands and calling loudly.*) The guard!

ESSEX: Pray, your majesty—

ELIZABETH (*Bitterly*): Queen, queen—majesty—majesty! You'd think I'm but a scullery maid to cleanse the kitchens of my people for all you hearken to me. (*She sinks down in her chair and buries her face in her hands.*)

RALEIGH (*Quietly*): Your majesty, I must give over to your wish. I do not go to Roanoke, so be it. But pray listen to this my pleading.

ELIZABETH: Once more—and yet once more. Then speak—there was a phrase I used once—Aye, you proud and strange and dreaming man.

RALEIGH (*Bowing again*): Out of your great right, pray call me what you will. But no one less than a queen would doubt my loyalty to England.

ELIZABETH: Nor does your queen doubt it, Sir Walter.

RALEIGH: Then count me brave and let them write me down brave fool in ages yet to be.

ELIZABETH: Leave that to history to decide between us two. Your request?

RALEIGH: I have through several devious ways arranged for funds—to purchase two small ships.

ELIZABETH: And you would send them to your colony?

RALEIGH: At once—with provisions. God knows how stands it with them there!

ELIZABETH: You know my orders of these several months?

RALEIGH: I do—no ships may leave these shores.

ELIZABETH (*Trying to control her anger*): Yes.

RALEIGH: But then I begged a fleet of ships before. And these are only two and small at that. They could be spared, with Master White.

WHITE (*Coming forward and bowing down on his knees*): Your majesty, I beg you. My daughter—her baby—day and night they call to me. (*Brokenly.*) I cannot endure it. Let me go to them.

ELIZABETH (*Loudly*): Rise, Master White. (*He climbs tremblingly to his feet.*) There is an old saying taught me by my nurse—

a little thread can often save the rope from breaking. Perhaps these tiny ships might be the holding strand against the king of Spain. (*After a dramatic pause.*) But I consent—

WHITE (*Bowing up and down abjectly*): Your gracious majesty and queen beyond compare—your holy grace—They will be saved—be saved!

ELIZABETH: Yet if Philip attacks us and we lose— (*Looking sternly at Raleigh.*)—Then for this tiny thread, these little ships that might have turned the tide, Sir Walter shall pay forfeit with his head. (*There is a flourish in the organ, and the queen rises quickly as a messenger enters. Falling on his knees, the messenger presents a letter which Elizabeth takes and tears open. She reads it and then smiles strangely at Sir Walter.*) It seems that destiny doth make the choice. Between my England and your Virginia, it favors me. Would God it did not in such a tragic way as this. (*Loudly.*) In this hour no ships shall leave England, large or small. For by the sea we live. To lose it is to perish. Gentlemen, a Spanish armada is set to sail against us. And now to arms—God save us! (*Again a flourish, deeper-toned and more ominous this time, sounds in the organ. Consternation runs among the group. Essex grabs the queen's hand, kisses it and strides away. The queen and the others hurry out. Raleigh and White are left behind.*)

WHITE (*In a low agonized voice*): This means the end of the colony. It will die.

RALEIGH (*Staring before him*): As many of us shall—that England may live. (*He goes slowly away at the rear, White following like a broken man. Far in the distance a high strident horn is blown. The scene fades out and the light rises once more on the historian.*)

HISTORIAN: And so all resources of England were kept for defense against Spain. And there on Roanoke Island the colonists waited with sickened hearts for the help that never came. Day after day, night after night, month after month, they watched and worked and waited. But never the white sail of a ship was seen, never the mariner's cheer was heard to tell that help was nigh. Only the murmur of the vast and sheeted waters or the sad whispering of the dark forest broke upon their uneasy dreams.

SCENE 5

The light fades away from the historian. The organ begins to play a slow dead march, and a dim glow rises on the center stage and suffuses the scene. A funeral cortege is seen entering from the

right led by Eleanor Dare with a book held before her. John Borden walks by her side. Four men carrying a rude coffin follow behind, accompanied by Joyce Archard and several women and children who are weeping silently. The low harmonious hum of the unseen chorus rises with the organ chords in a funeral chant—as Eleanor reads from the service.

ELEANOR:

I know that my redeemer liveth,
And that I shall rise out of the earth
 in the last day,
And shall be covered again with my skin,
And shall see God in my flesh,
Yea, and I myself shall behold him,
Not with other but with the same eyes.
The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,
Even as it hath pleased the Lord
So cometh things to pass.,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

MOURNERS: Blessed be the name of the Lord.

(The funeral procession passes on out at the left, the voices of the mourners fading away in the distance.)

(The organ holds a long and apprehensive note and then is suddenly shocked with an anguished cry of its own, a cry of warning. And somewhere in the darkness a single woman's scream is heard, and then another from the sleeping stockade around. Yells go up in the night. A surging spotlight hits the right front of the stage. The figure of Wanchese is seen creeping forward there followed by several of his warriors. Colonist women, led by Eleanor Dare, are now fleeing across the scene and taking refuge in the chapel. Wanchese and his men spring forward to attack the frightened women. John Borden and several of the colonist men rush in from the left rear and meet them in the center. A hand-to-hand struggle follows. Shots and screams fill the air. The fury of the organ increases. The light surges in and out on the fight. We hear Old Tom yell on his parapet walk aloft. The spotlight illuminates him briefly there as he clubs at the heads of Indians who are trying to scale the palisades from the back. Dame Colman has scurried up the ladder at the right rear and she and Joyce Archard with brooms and clubs are seen fighting at the climbing Indians as the spotlight hits them for an instant. The light surges in at the left front and Manteo comes flying in with a few of his warriors.)

DAME COLMAN *(Crying out from the parapet)*: Manteo's comel

VOICES: Manteo! Manteo! (*A fire breaks out by the cabin at the left front. Several of the colonists—women and children—spring forward, beat at the fire, throw sand on it and put it out. The spotlight now hits Captain Dare hurrying in with his men from the left front—as if arriving from an outpost.*) Captain Dare!

OTHER VOICES: Captain Dare! 'Ray! 'Ray! (*A few of the fighters have fallen wounded and dead in the background. Captain Dare and Manteo drive Wanchese and his few remaining warriors out at the right front, pursuing them off. Smoke is now rolling across the scene, the flashes of musket fire have continued and the battle score has thundered its way through the organ. The battle dies down. The organ holds its long lengthened note again. The women huddle moaning in the chapel and the organ gives once more its anguished warning call—with which the battle began. We see Captain Dare in the spotlight at the right front now staggering back into the scene, an arrow in his back. He wavers along by the right front cabin clutching at the logs for support.*)

A WOMAN'S VOICE (*Crying out*): Captain Dare! (*He plunges to the ground, face downward. Eleanor runs forward and kneels by him with a cry. She stares in horror at the arrow and holds the dying man to her. Borden gets to his feet and moves over to the two.*)

BORDEN: Captain Dare. Captain Dare! (*He kneels down.*)

ELEANOR (*After a pause*): He is dead. (*The lights fade from the scene and come up on the historian.*)

HISTORIAN: The Indians were driven off in defeat. Wanchese was slain as Manteo had sworn, but at a heavy loss. For Manteo himself was badly wounded. And along with Captain Dare several colonists were killed, among them being Henry Johnson, Humphrey Newton, John Starte, Martin Sutton, Clement Taylor and Ambrose Viccars. The government of the colony now devolved upon Eleanor Dare and John Borden. With unflagging spirits they strove to supply food, keep up the morale of the settlers, and take care of the ailing. And every day the whisper ran—"Food will come before the summer ends. Surely before the season of storms Sir Walter will send his ships." But summer came and went—then autumn. And the spectre of starvation faced them on their second Christmas.

SCENE 6

The light dies on the historian and comes up inside the cabin at the right of the chapel and reveals Eleanor Dare sitting by a cradle in which Virginia Dare is sleeping. She is singing a lullaby,

and her fingers fly back and forth weaving a rush basket as she sings. In the center of the scene at the front is a large iron pot with a circle of dull red coals under it. On the walkway at the back the dim figure of the sentinel can be seen as he keeps his watch. It is early evening of a winter day.

ELEANOR:

When Jesus came from heaven
To be a little child,
He chose a lowly maiden,
His mother, Mary mild.
To warm him were the oxen,
His bed a manger bare,
And for our needs he suffered
Great want and cold and care.

(Somewhere in the distance the muffled sobs of a woman are heard. Eleanor listens a moment with strained attention and then resumes her singing.)

Lord Jesus, now from heaven,
Where thou art Lord of all,
O send thy blessed angels
To guard this baby small.
For peace in dark and danger
Thy loving-kindness brings,
O bend above, enfolding,
The shadow of thy wings.

(A low call is heard in the cabin at the left of the chapel. Eleanor rises, takes up a mug and comes out to the pot. She dips the mug in and goes to the cabin at the left. As she enters, the light comes up on the interior revealing the wasted form of the Reverend Martin as he lies propped in his rude bed against the wall. At the same time the light dies away in the cabin at the right.)

ELEANOR *(Putting the cup to the sick man's lips):* Drink, Father Martin, you will feel better. *(He makes an effort to drink and then pushes the mug away and smiles weakly at her.)*

REVEREND MARTIN *(In a tired desolate voice which he tries to make cheery):* Thank you, my child.

ELEANOR *(Tidying the bed a bit):* Now you sleep and rest. We'll have some good potato soup in a little while.

REVEREND MARTIN: Any news from John Borden?

ELEANOR: It's a long way from Hatorask, but he will be here soon now—soon.

REVEREND MARTIN: Aye, that he will: (*The woman's low sobs are heard again in the distance.*) And God grant that he bring you good news. (*Listening.*) - Is that Sister Margery?

ELEANOR: Yes.

REVEREND MARTIN: She loved her baby. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. (*After a moment.*) Eleanor.

ELEANOR: Yes, Father.

REVEREND MARTIN: I have had a strange dream. I saw a great swan—white and with wings like a ship—and it was flying south. (*Sighing and closing his eyes.*) Flying south it was, through the still blue sky and I could feel the breath of air from its wings against my cheeks, and the air was warm—it was warm. And out of its mouth came melodious words sweet as an angel in paradise and it was saying "Follow me, follow me." I wonder was it a sign?

ELEANOR: What sign, Father?

REVEREND MARTIN: To leave this spot. (*As she stares at him.*) Evil has been wrought here, the spilling of blood, the murder of innocent ones. Shall we ever thrive here? Mayhap that was a spirit sent from God to warn us to leave this place.

ELEANOR: No! No! (*Dropping down on a rough stool and gazing before her.*) But sometimes I think—(*Then shaking her head firmly.*) No, we must bide here. (*Rising in a sudden show of cheerfulness.*) This is the better place. The Indians no longer molest us. Sixty of us still remain alive and spring will soon be coming. We have our houses, and in April we will plant crops. It was only a dream.

REVEREND MARTIN: It is ninety days till April.

ELEANOR: John Borden will never desert the fort.

REVEREND MARTIN: And you will stay with John Borden.

ELEANOR: I will.

REVEREND MARTIN: And in the spring you will be wed.

ELEANOR: Aye, Father, in the spring.

REVEREND MARTIN: God's blessings on you two and on us all, my child.

ELEANOR: Amen.

REVEREND MARTIN: And how does the little one?

ELEANOR (*Sitting down again*): She is so pitiful and so thin.



Eleanor Dare (played by Barbara Griffith) holds little Virginia to her to keep her safe from the cold and danger ahead.



The remnants of the Lost Colony march off into the night—"into the vast unknown, out of our sight forever."

But in her sleep she smiles so—so—she does—(*She suddenly bows her head.*)

REVEREND MARTIN (*Lifting his hand to rest on her head*): Grieve not, my child. Somehow we shall win. I have God's promise—in my heart I have it. (*The Indian woman comes in at the right front, bowed under a great bundle of firewood. Old Tom follows behind carrying a tow-like bag in his hand.*)

OLD TOM: Sweet my love, unload. (*He helps her lift off the wood.*) Whew, but an ox could carry no more. Eigh, I am the most fortunate of men. (*Eleanor comes out of the cabin at the left, and the light dies behind her to come up more strongly on the front and center stage.*) How fares it with his reverence, Mistress Dare?

ELEANOR: He is sleeping now.

OLD TOM (*As the Indian woman bends down and begins to tend the fire.*) I have a bit of business with him when he mends—(*Gesturing.*)—her and me. Brr-rr, but it's cold. Stir up, Agona, stir up. (*Indicating the squaw.*) I have lately christened her Agona—which is to say in the Indian tongue—"Agony." Brr-rr—but I've been sleeping cold of nights. (*He bends over, sniffs the pot, and puts his hand affectionately on the squaw's back.*) Hmm, I never knew a stew of leaves and stale corn to smell so good.

ELEANOR: Drink, Tom. The children have eaten. But save something for Master Borden. (*Old Tom takes a horn from his waist and dips it into the pot. He starts to raise it to his lips, then hands it to the Indian woman. She smiles, drinks, and hands it back to him. Eleanor pulls her shawl about her and goes up into the little chapel.*)

OLD TOM (*Calling out*): I have four more berry candles for the altar. Agona made 'em. (*He takes the candles from the bag and goes up into the chapel. The Indian woman squats down on the ground by the pot and begins to blow on the coals. The candles are now lighted inside the chapel, revealing the snow-white altar around which Eleanor and Old Tom are working. Bits of holly and mistletoe hang from the beams above, and a primitive little wooden statue of the Virgin looks down from a log pedestal near the altar. Now in the distance at the left the faint sound of singing is heard—a mixture of children's, women's and men's voices.*)

ELEANOR: They're coming—with the Yule log!

OLD TOM: And may our hearts keep as warm as the fire it makes. (*He and Eleanor come out of the chapel and move over toward the left, facing the oncoming singers. Two small sickly*

boys enter from the left, carrying tapers and leading the Yule log procession. Immediately behind them a group of ragged young men come carrying a large log about six or eight feet long, and behind them the rest of the colonists—men, women and children. Some of them carry tapers, others little bunches of holly or bits of ground ivy. They all are dressed in nondescript clothes, old capes, shawls, and pieces of blankets, skins and woven stuffs. They are singing "Nowell" as they enter. Eleanor moves down and steps between the two little boys, taking them by the hand and leading the procession with them. As the log-bearers reach the pot they place the log next to the fire, and the procession moves on in a circle around the pot. At the right some of the more elderly and feeble of the colonists creep in to join as best they can in the pitiful festivities—among them Margery Harvie supported by the almost tottering Dame Colman. The song continues as the procession moves on in the circle.)

PEOPLE (*Singing*):

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell—
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.—
This is the salutation of the Angel Gabriel.
Tidings true there be come new,
Sent from the Trinity,—
By Gabriel to Nazareth,
City of Galilee,—
A clean maiden and pure virgin,
Through her humility,—
Hath conceived the person
Second in Deity.

OLD TOM (*Shouting above the singing*): Hurrah for old Yule!

PEOPLE (*Still singing*):

Hail, Virgin, celestial.
The meekest that ever was!
Hail, Temple of the Deity!
Hail, mirror of all grace!

(*As the procession passes around the pot again, Eleanor moves up into the chapel. The people crowd around toward her, and stand looking into the chapel, singing.*)

PEOPLE:

Hail, Virgin pure, I thee insure,
Within a little space,
Thou shalt conceive and Him receive
That shall bring great solace.

(The song dies, and they all kneel down on the ground for a moment of silent prayer. Eleanor then rises and goes up to the altar. The people still kneel beggingly and piteously where they are. She opens her prayer-book and reads.)

ELEANOR:

The Lord is my light and my salvation—
Whom then shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life—
Of whom then shall I be afraid?

(Low moans of pain and hunger and grief begin to break from among the people.)

For in the time of trouble
He shall hide me in his tabernacle.
Yea, in the secret places of his dwelling
Shall he hide me.
And set me up upon a rock of stone.

(The little bleating cries and calls grow more insistent and louder among the people.)

Hearken unto my voice, Oh Lord,
When I cry unto thee.
Have mercy upon me and hear me!
Oh, hide not thy face from me,
Nor cast thy servant away in displeasure.
Have mercy upon us!
Oh, Lord have mercy!

A CHILD'S VOICE *(Plaintive and high)*: I'm hungry, mommee!
(The low lamentation of the people now seems stimulated by the child's call, and the pleadings grow louder. A woman breaks into sudden and shrill hysterical sobs. The chorus unable to restrain its sympathy longer adds its weight to the mounting clamor of pain and suffering.)

CHORUS *(From the darkness)*:

O death!
O Death rock me asleep!
Bring me to quiet rest,
Let pass my weary guiltless life
Out of my careful breast.
Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out my doleful knell,
Let fly sound, my death tell.
Death doth draw near me,

There is no remedy, no remedy;
There is no remedy.

My pains who can express
Alas they are so strong,
My dolor will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong.
Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out my doleful knell
Let fly sound, my death tell.
Death doth draw near me,
There is no remedy, no remedy,
There is no remedy.

(The sentinel on the walkway lets out a high hysterical cry.)

SENTINEL: Merciful God! Merciful God, save us! Save us!
(He flings up his arms and lets his gun fall. Then he jumps head-long down into the scene, and bobs his head about in prayer. The cry runs among the people.)

VOICES: Save us! Save us or we perish! O God have mercy upon us!
(A few of the women grow hysterical, the children begin to cry, and three or four men outside the chapel fall to beating their breasts in a paroxysm of woe. Eleanor springs up and moves among the women trying to quiet them. Joyce Archard does likewise. The men continue to moan and pray. Eleanor comes down out of the chapel.)

ELEANOR: For shame—shame! You frighten these little children. Are ye men or cowards? *(She seizes the sentinel by the collar and tries to shake him.)* Stop it! Stop it! *(John Borden accompanied by three raggle-taggle soldiers comes suddenly in from the left.)*

BORDEN *(His words cutting across the scene in a loud command):* Silence! *(Snatching a gun from the nearest soldier he fires it into the air. The hysteria subsides, and the chorus ends its singing. The colonists hurry toward Borden, some still jerking and shivering and others emitting low moans. Borden strides over to the sentinel and pulls him to his feet.)* Back to your post!

SENTINEL *(Beating his hands together):* I cannot, I cannot. Ten hours I have stood the watch—ten hours and I am perished with cold! *(He staggers and falls.)*

BORDEN *(To the soldiers):* Take him to his bed. *(The soldiers come over and lift the sentinel up. Borden takes a mug from Old Tom, dips it into the pot, and gives it to one of the soldiers.)* Make him drink of it. *(They bear the sentinel away.)*

A VOICE: What news, Master Borden?

OTHER VOICES (*Rising in vehemence*): Yes—tell us—What news?

BORDEN: Friends, there is news, but it must wait. (*A growling murmur goes up from the crowd.*)

VOICES (*Bitter and jeering*): Wait! Wait!

OTHER VOICES: Tell us now!

BORDEN: I command you to your cabins. Get yourselves rest, and tomorrow the council will be called.

VOICES: Tomorrow! Down with John Borden! Aye, down with him! (*The Reverend Martin comes creeping in at the left rear. He stops and stands holding to the corner of the chapel for support.*)

REVEREND MARTIN: Blessings, my children. (*Jubilation breaks out among the colonists, and some of them run to him and kiss his hands.*)

VOICES: Father Martin! He is well again. Thank God, thank God!

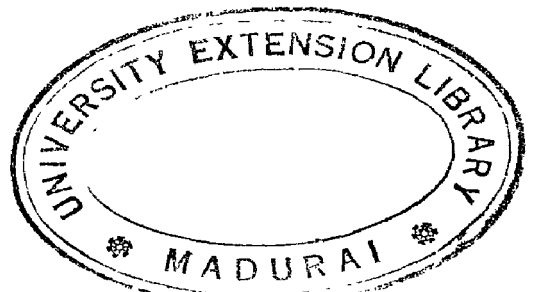
REVEREND MARTIN: Yes, yes—I have had a sign from God—His words came to me—a voice speaking—saying fear not, all will be well. Go now and sleep. Go. (*With benign authority.*) Go to your beds! (*Quieted by his gentle voice they all gradually move out of the scene at the right and left. Old Tom stops by the Indian woman who has already stretched herself out on the ground.*)

OLD TOM (*Pulling her up*): Come to your bed, old lady. (*He goes out with her at the left. Eleanor moves over to Reverend Martin.*)

ELEANOR: You must lie down now.

BORDEN: Good night, Father.

REVEREND MARTIN: Bless thee, my lad. On thee we rest. (*He takes Borden's hand and joins it with Eleanor's then lifts his own in blessing over them.*) In you two—united—the symbol of our strength shall remain secure. God bless you. Good night. (*Eleanor goes with Reverend Martin into the shadow at the left rear. Borden stands by the pot, his head bowed in thought. Then looking about him, he spies the sentinel's gun, picks it up and returns with it to the fire. He satisfies himself that it is primed, lays it aside and begins holding first one foot to the coals and then the other, his shaggy stern face lighted by the dull glow from below. Eleanor comes quietly back and stands by the fire opposite him. He looks at her, smiles, and then brings a box forward for her to sit on.*)



BORDEN: He is very ill.

ELEANOR: Yes.

BORDEN: And in his fever—dreams of signs and wonders and hears the voice of God.

ELEANOR: Would that the others could hear the same if it gave them peace. And you? Sit down and rest.

BORDEN: Even if I would, my feet keep on walking from habit—and my arms, rowing, rowing.

ELEANOR: And now tell me—the news is bad.

BORDEN: Yes. (*Eleanor bows her head.*) Manteo is dead.

ELEANOR: I feared it.

BORDEN (*Speaking swiftly*): The tribe—what is left of them—is in despair. Tomorrow they begin moving south back to their home in Croatoan. The game has fled away from these islands, food is scarce. A few pitiful bushels of corn they had, no more. They could spare none, nor potatoes. On Croatoan there will be game. (*He begins pacing back and forth by the fire.*)

ELEANOR: If the ships do not come soon—tomorrow—

BORDEN: They will not come—neither tomorrow nor the next day. I know it now.

ELEANOR (*Quietly*): And how do you know it?

BORDEN: Rowing the sounds and tramping those endless bogs and wilderness of salt sea grass, my mind worked in a turmoil of fever and fret. Why? Why? Why? I kept asking myself—why has no sign, no word come from the governor and Sir Walter? What could keep them back? Suddenly I saw the answer. England is at war with Spain.

ELEANOR (*Springing up*): It's true. We should have thought of that.

BORDEN: And the queen keeps back all ships for her defense.

ELEANOR: And may for months to come. Now we must act. Thank God for that. We have supplies in the storehouse to last us but two days at most.

BORDEN: And what would you do?

ELEANOR: If there is game farther south, then we must find it.

BORDEN: And desert the fort?

ELEANOR (*Sitting quietly down again*): My mind runs fast ahead. (*Looking up at him.*) Only if you wish it.

BORDEN: If I wish it. (*Smiling down at her, the hardness of his face softening away.*) Thus we agree—we two, standing here tonight upon the outpost of the world, the last survivors—keepers of a dream.

ELEANOR (*Murmuring*): A dream!

BORDEN: And we'll keep that dream—keep it to the end!

ELEANOR: Yes, we will—together we will.

BORDEN: Together—Aye, that's it—together—we two. (*Eleanor bows her head. His voice rises with a touch of fervor.*) All this hardship, this desolation and death sit lightly upon me when I think of you. To fight for you, to work for you till I fall in my tracks—that is enough. (*He lays his hand on her shoulder.*)

ELEANOR (*Reaching up and taking his hand*): Think not of me, but of the others. (*She puts his hand against her cheek.*)

BORDEN: That too—(*Looking up into the night.*) And by that great spirit that guards this world and holds our little lives in the hollow of his hand I swear we will fight on and on here until this wilderness is won.

ELEANOR (*Murmuring*): And you will win.

BORDEN: Even if we die, we win. For—(*Vehemently.*) Ah, Eleanor, tonight I feel—somehow it was meant to be this way. Somehow a destiny, a purpose moving deeper than we know has brought us both together here upon this lonely land—to prove our love, to test our strength—aye, to make us worthy of the heritage we hold for those that shall come after us. (*He bends and kisses her on the forehead and then stands up straight, his voice filling with a firmer strength and certainty as she clings desperately to him.*) And if in the wisdom of God we should be forced to live out our days here forgot and deserted of the world, I should have no regret—none.

ELEANOR (*After a moment—lifting her head bravely*): Nor—I.

BORDEN (*Staring ahead of him, his voice running on as if in communion with some listener in the dark*): No regret—none. Yea, hear that once Sir Walter said—the victory lieth in the struggle, not the city won. To all free men it standeth so, he said, Out of his suffering he knew. (*He kisses her and holds her close to him.*) And so we know—tonight we know. (*His voice dies out. For an instant they are silent. Off at the left a woman's voice is heard singing. Margery Harvie enters half-clothed and walking like one in a dream.*)

MARGERY (*Her hands held before her as she sings*):

Sir Walter Raleigh's ship went a-sailing on the sea,
And her name it was the name of the Golden Trinitee,
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

(Borden hurries over to her.)

BORDEN *(Trying to lead her back the way she came)*: Come, Margery, you must bide in your bed.

MARGERY: The ship—Sir Walter's ship. Look, there it goes. *(She breaks away from him. Eleanor goes over to her and puts her arm around her.)*

ELEANOR: This is Eleanor, Margery.

MARGERY:

There was another ship
Went a-sailing on the sea,
And her name it was the name—

(Joyce Archard comes running in, carrying a blanket.)

JOYCE *(Wrapping it around Margery)*: I dozed a bit, and then she was gone.

MARGERY *(Crying out)*: My baby! My baby! Oh, Queen Elizabeth!

JOYCE *(Leading her off at the left)*: Darling, we'll find him, yes—yes, we will. *(They go out at the left. Borden stands a moment watching them, then turns and takes Eleanor by the arm.)*

BORDEN: And you must rest too. Come.

ELEANOR *(Her body shaken as if with an ague)*: Take them away from here, John! Take them away! *(Moaning.)* They can't stand it any more—They are dying—all of us are dying here.

BORDEN *(After a moment of silence)*: I know—I know—you must sleep now. Tomorrow—tomorrow—we shall—

ELEANOR: Yesterday—today, all day they kept coming to me, begging me to let them leave this place. They can stand no more. Let them go. Promise me. *(She suddenly pulls his head down and kisses him vehemently.)*

BORDEN *(With sudden hardness)*: Tomorrow we will all decide. *(Vehemently.)* But the City of Raleigh shall not die!

ELEANOR *(Leaning heavily on him)*: Not while we live. *(He leads her into the shadow toward the cabin at the right rear. Old Tom enters at the left with his arquebus. Looking about him, he clambers up on the walkway at the rear and places himself on watch.)*

Borden reenters, picks up the gun, and turns wearily toward the left rear.)

BORDEN (*Hoarsely*): Come down from there, Tom. It's my watch.

OLD TOM: You're dead on your feet, John Borden, and here I am all in the prime of a great fervor. (*Borden who is staggering with weakness, turns toward the fire and sinks down on the box.*) Agona snores like a hundred horns in bedlam. I can't sleep.

BORDEN (*Groggily*): Can't sleep—say you can't sleep? Hah-hah-hah.

OLD TOM: But you can. And while I walk this post with me instrument of vengeance you'll all be safe as Peter's rock. (*Authoritatively.*) Lie down, lie down, young man, and ease your weary bones.

BORDEN: With men like you, Tom, we'll win this fight.

OLD TOM: I am your man, Captain Borden, small and pitiful-like though I be. (*Borden leans over from the box, topples down on the ground and lies sprawled out by the fire.*)

BORDEN (*Calling drowsily*): Thank 'ee, Tom, thank 'ee. I will remember you. (*He sleeps. Old Tom begins walking his post.*)

OLD TOM (*Talking to himself*): He will remember me. I hope not. There in England all remembered me—aye, with kicks and curses and a terrible usage of tongues they did. Hah-hah-hah. And deep I drowned me sorrows in the mug. But here where there is no remembrance I who was lately nothing am become somebody. For—item—have I not now the keeping of some sixty souls in me care—I who could never care for me own? Verily, Tom, I hardly know thee in thy greatness. (*Saluting the air.*) Roanoke, thou hast made a man of me! (*He draws himself up and marches proudly back and forth a few times. But gradually his steps slow, and finally he leans against the palisades and remains motionless as he gazes off into the darkness. The organ begins to play a low requiem as if addressed to the scene. The lights dim slowly down, and the low humming harmony of the unseen chorus rises and spreads across the night. Borden stirs restlessly in his sleep, and Old Tom's head is seen sagging over on his breast as if, for all his great endeavor, weariness were overcoming him. For a moment the music and the humming of the chorus continue. Suddenly off at the left a man's voice is heard in a wild high halloo. Old Tom jerks his head up, looks about him, and hurries over to the extreme left of the walkway. Then he lets out a loud challenge.*)

OLD TOM: Who comes there! Halt in the queen's name! (*He raises his arquebus as one of the colonist runners comes flying in at the left, his gun dragging in his hand and his clothes in tatters.*)

RUNNER (*Calling*): Captain Borden!

OLD TOM: Stop your yowling. Let him sleep.

RUNNER: Captain Borden!

BORDEN (*Raising his head as the lights brighten*): Who calls? (*Springing to his feet as the runner hurries over to him.*) What is it?

RUNNER: Rouse the people. To arms! A Spanish ship has anchored in the inlet.

BORDEN (*Seizing him by the arm*): Are ye certain?

RUNNER: Aye, sir, by their flags and colors—a ship of war. They bespoke me in their broken tongue.

BORDEN: Fernando has betrayed us.

RUNNER: He has. They name him as their pilot.

BORDEN: And he knows every foot of these sounds and bays. Tomorrow they will find us.

RUNNER: A party came ashore. They send us terms. Surrender peaceful, we will be protected—and fed.

OLD TOM (*From above*): We'll not surrender! We'll fight to the last man, Captain Borden!

RUNNER: If we resist we are to be killed—to the last man—(*Gasping*)—and woman and child. (*Beseechingly.*) Oh, Captain Borden, they will murder us! They will! (*He falls exhausted on the ground. Borden springs away to the bell and begins to ring it loudly.*)

OLD TOM (*Shouting down from his walkway*): Assemble, assemble! Everybody assemble! (*Eleanor Dare comes out of her cabin. Borden is seen gesturing and speaking to her. She hurries away at the right. The colonists begin to run into the scene from the right and left—men, women and children in their pitiful clothing. A medley of excited voices breaks around Borden.*)

VOICES: What is it? Have the ships come? They've come. They've come. Sir Walter's ships! (*Some of the men and women begin to embrace one another in trembling jubilancy. Borden stops ringing the bell and stands on the steps of the little chapel. By this time other colonists have assembled. They all grow silent waiting for him to speak.*)

BORDEN: Friends, I fear the hour has come when we must leave the fort. But you shall decide—whether we stay or whether we go—

VOICES (*Bursting out in a high pleading*): What is it, John Borden? Speak, speak.

BORDEN: We must decide—the fate of this colony.

BENNETT (*A stalwart, lean-faced young man*): The fate of the colony? What do you mean?

BORDEN: Decide—whether we leave this fort, or whether we stay.

VOICES (*Bursting out in a high agonized pleading*): Speak, Captain Borden, tell us!

PEOPLE: Yes, what is it?

BORDEN (*Lifting his hand as the colonists keep crowding around*): Manteo's people are moving south where there is game. They offer us haven with them.

A WOMAN'S VOICE: But why wake us from our sleep to tell us that?

OTHER VOICES: Aye—and ring the bell—like the murdering Indians were on us again. Yea, and all hell screaming in our ears.

PEOPLE (*Wildly*): Yes, why?

BORDEN (*With a shout*): Because the time is urgent! (*The runner staggers to his feet.*)

RUNNER (*Loudly*): Friends, a Spanish ship has anchored off the bar. (*A pall of horror falls upon the assemblage and they stare at one another with stark faces.*)

VOICES (*Whispering*): The Spaniards! The Spaniards! (*Bennett throws out his hands in a great gesture.*)

BENNETT: The treason of Simon Fernando has born its fruit.

BORDEN: Aye, Mark Bennett, it has.

RUNNER: He has brought a man-of-war to destroy us.

VOICES: Fernando! Fernando!

RUNNER: Tomorrow or the next day they will reach here and attack us. We are too weak to stand against them. Too weak. (*He moves over to one side, and a number of the colonists immediately begin gathering around him.*)

ELIZABETH GLANE (*In a high frightened whimper*): Let us leave this cursed place. (*Joyce Archard wraps her arms around the hysterical girl, hugging her to her.*)

JOYCE: Shame on ye, Elizabeth, shame! (*Dame Colman and Eleanor move among the women and ragged children, trying to quiet them.*)

RUNNER (*To the group around him, fiercely*): I tell ye, the Spanish offer us terms. (*Gesturing off at the left.*) A party awaits our surrender there. We have but to show a white flag. They will spare our lives.

VOICES: Surrender, surrender. (*At a push from the runner, a youth darts into one of the cabins.*)

OTHER VOICES: Stay here and we shall be slaughtered in cold blood. Leave! Leave! Leave!

BENNETT: Silence! (*The runner lifts his hands to cry out again. Bennett rushes toward him as if to knock him down and silence him, but a number of colonists surround the runner to protect him.*)

VOICES: Let him speak! (*Hysteria is beginning to run among the people.*)

BORDEN (*Above the turmoil*): Let us behave ourselves like soldiers!

OLD TOM (*From the walkway*): Aye, that we will, Captain Borden! (*But still others gather around the runner, some of them defiantly, some hopelessly and despairingly. Old Tom begins to clamber down from his post.*)

ONE OR TWO OTHERS: We'll follow ye. We'll follow, Captain Borden!

BORDEN: Good. On Croatoan we'll start a new settlement.

OLD TOM (*With loud buoyancy, as he climbs down the ladder*): A new settlement.

VOICES: We'll begin there again.

RUNNER (*Fiercely*): The Spaniards offer us food, I tell ye.

BORDEN (*Yelling*): We'll never yield. We'll carry on the fight—on Croatoan—in the wilderness—wherever God sends us—and to the last man. (*The runner points an accusing finger at Borden.*)

RUNNER: The Spaniards will feed us. (*A number of other colonists have now joined the runner's group.*)

VOICES (*In a great husky groan*): Food! The Spaniards will feed us.

OTHER VOICES: Food, food, give us food. (*Led by the runner the larger group now moves swiftly and suddenly toward the left to*

go to the Spaniards. But Old Tom steps in front of them, lifting his musket menacingly.)

OLD TOM (*Yelling*): Back, back! I'll kill the first man tries to pass me! (*He cuts at them with his musket. Before his blood-thirsty manner they hesitate.*)

A WOMAN'S VOICE: Feed us. (*This sets the mutineers off again and they move forward. Old Tom fires his musket across in front of them. Two soldiers rush down from the colonist's houses at the rear with muskets and join Old Tom. The runner and his mutineers are stopped.*)

BENNETT (*Yelling at them*): And it would be the food of slaves! (*The youth who has gone off reappears with a huge white cloth held aloft on a halberd. The mutineers rally solidly around it and the runner.*)

MUTINEERS: Surrender! Surrender! (*The youth waves the white cloth aloft, and the mutineers start off again to the left in a body. Led by Dame Colman several of the women fling themselves on the youth and tear the white cloth from him.*)

DAME COLMAN (*Fiercely as they overpower the youth*): Use my sheet would ye, ye cowardly knave! (*She kicks at the now groveling youth and clutches her precious sheet to her.*) The times John Borden held your fevered hand and nursed ye back from death. (*She kicks at him again, and he crawls whimperingly toward Borden. Then she turns with fury on the mutineers.*) God in heaven witness me, ye shall all burn in hellfire if ye desert us now. (*The mutineers glare at her. Bennett lifts a standard with the flag of England from near the chapel and stands by Borden. Borden begins to speak quietly but with fervent earnestness.*)

BORDEN: You shall know all and make your choice. True, the Spaniards ask us to surrender. True, they will spare our lives, they will feed us. (*Lifting his hands high and continuing, his voice deepening with fervor.*) The question is clear—shall it be dishonor and life, or a brave struggle onward—(*Gesturing off to the right.*)—out there—even to an end no man knows.

OLD TOM: We'll fight!

A GROUP (*Led by the runner*): No, no!

BORDEN: I know what it means to make this choice. And I know you will make it and you will not fail. You will stand firm for the colony. (*As Borden continues his fervent pleading, some of the mutineers begin to move back from the runner's group to him and to the flag.*)

JOYCE ARCHARD: Aye, aye, John Borden.

BORDEN (*With suddenly loud and crushing convincingness*): As for me, I will die before I surrender. (*More loudly.*) Here in this new world we have planted the emblem of our race—(*With a gesture toward the flag held by Bennett.*)—of free men. (*A few more mutineers turn back toward Borden.*)

VOICES: And we'll be men. (*Father Martin enters waveringly from the rear.*)

BORDEN: And in Sir Walter's name, and in the name of her who stands beside me—(*He reaches out and takes Eleanor's hand.*)—let us swear to be true to ourselves and the trust reposed in us.

SEVERAL VOICES (*A little stronger now*): Yes, Captain Borden! God bless you! Bless you, Mistress Eleanor.

BORDEN (*With more certainty, a touch of exultation creeping into his voice*): By the death—of our friends and companions—(*He gently removes his hat and some of the men do likewise.*)—and those who lie buried in this ground, let us swear our consecration to the best that is in us.

OLD TOM AND ELEANOR: We swear!

JOYCE ARCHARD, DAME COLMAN AND OTHERS: We swear! (*More of the mutineers return to Borden's group.*)

BORDEN (*His voice soaring through the night, his eyes straining ahead as if searching to see the invisible enemy hidden in the darkness which he challenges*): Let the wilderness drive us forth as wanderers across the earth, scatter our broken bones upon these sands, it shall not kill the purpose that brought us here!

VOICES (*Still more strongly*): No, John Borden. We will stand with ye, Captain Borden. Stand with ye. (*By this time the group around the runner has shrunk to some dozen people. But these are sullen and determined. They will not yield to Borden's persuasion.*)

BORDEN: For it shall live. (*Loudly.*) Shall live! (*Bennett holds the flag triumphantly aloft.*)

VOICES: We're not afraid. Speak, lead us!

BORDEN: And down the centuries that wait ahead there'll be some whisper of our name, some mention and devotion to the dream that brought us here. And now into the hand of God we commend us—(*Bowing suddenly over Eleanor.*) Amen.

OTHERS (*Fervently*): Amen. (*Borden and Eleanor bow down on*

their knees, and the others likewise. After an instant Borden rises and the others also rise.)

BORDEN: And now every man to his duty.

OLD TOM: On to Croatoan! *(He hurries out at the left.)*

BORDEN: Bennett, see to the supplies. *(He goes out at the right with Eleanor.)*

BENNETT: Aye, sir. *(Calling as he goes away at the left.)* Double-load every musket!

VOICES: We will that, sir. Down with the Spaniards!

RUNNER: We will not go!

THE GROUP OF MUTINEERS: No! No! *(The colonists scatter in all directions. The runner and his little group move up into the shadows at the left rear. Reverend Martin walks slowly to the chapel and kneels in front of it, bowing his head in a last silent prayer. The light fades down somewhat on the scene as the historian speaks.)*

HISTORIAN *(Out of the darkness)*: And so the colony made ready to leave the fort, driving themselves on with their last gasp of energy and strength. And even the rebellious ones shared in the tragedy of their going. In the cold hours before dawn they began their march into the vast unknown. *(The light fades from the historian and comes quickly up again on the center stage. The organ begins to play a solemn melody, and the final march into the wilderness begins. Two soldiers with pikes lead the procession, followed by a colonist with a flag, then Eleanor with Virginia Dare in her arms, and Borden with her, and after them the men, women and children of the colony. As they pass along the front of the stage from the left to right, one by one the rebels reluctantly join the procession. Near the end Old Tom and Agona fall in. The leading soldiers move up the steps toward the platform at the audience left. As the sad procession passes on out through the dimly lit trees, Eleanor and Borden step out from the column and stand facing the little chapel. The runner, who is the last of the rebels to join the crowd, walks hopelessly by Reverend Martin's side. Suddenly Old Tom shouts out.)*

OLD TOM: Sing, me hearties, sing! *(He leads off, and the others join in.)*

PEOPLE:

O God that madest earth and sky,
And hedged the restless seas around,

Who that vast firmament on high,
With golden-banded stars hath bound,

O God our Father, Lord above,
O bright immortal holy one,
Secure within thy boundless love,
We walk this way of death alone.

(As the song ends, Borden swings his hand in final farewell to the fort, and with his arm around Eleanor plunges into the darkness. The lights fade from the stage, leaving only a shaft of light on the flag above the chapel. And as it waves bravely over the deserted scene the voices of the chorus rise to a final climax. The lights come on slowly in the amphitheatre.)

THE END

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