

# **ORPHEUS: A MASQUE**

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Orpheus: A Masque by Mrs. Annie Fields

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**MRS. ANNIE FIELDS**

**ORPHEUS:  
A MASQUE**



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O R P H E U S

A Masque

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MRS. FIELDS

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BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
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*The Riverside Press*

1900

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UT MIGRATURUS HABITA



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## Argument

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**O**RPHEUS, mourning for Eurydice, refuses to accept what life still offers him. The gods, wearied, at last permit him to seek her. He finds Hades full of shapes indicating human woe. His heart is moved, and he tries to comfort with his lyre the souls of the lost. Suddenly Eurydice appears, having left her happier seats, drawn hither by his notes. Orpheus, beholding her, forgets his suffering companions. She, having passed into higher conditions, is now only moved by the love which allies itself to highest good. He strives to draw her back into the bright air of Thrace; her heart still longs to succor the shapes he threatens to abandon; in vain he draws her onward to the fragrant fields; he turns to recall

[1]



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## Argument

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*to her their former joy; gently, while he gazes upon her, she recedes from his grasp; then slowly, without violence, fades out of his arms forever. He arouses himself as from a dream; he is in Thrace, alone, at his house door, in the glory of the dawn.*

*The day advances; pleasure seekers spread their insidious snares about him; finally he suffers himself to be led whither they will; gradually they close around him, working his destruction and death.*

*The Muses, in memory of his divine gift of song, restore his broken lyre and bear his body with funeral pomp to Olympus.*

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# ORPHEUS

## A Masque

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ORPHEUS

S  
AIDST thou the day was fair?

DIONE

*(Mother of Aphrodite)*

Ay! and I said the arrows of the dawn  
Had put to flight all shadows.

ORPHEUS

Why rouse me?  
The night and day, the starlight and the  
dawn  
Are but as one! I know them not nor feel.

[ 3 ]

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O R P H E U S

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D I O N E

Yet the gods call thee ! Must indeed all life  
Droop and go waste because thy heart is sad !  
Wilt thou not hear them from the field and  
hill

Piping and whispering, longing for thy lyre  
Yet daring not to ask ?

O R P H E U S

Too well they know  
I cannot play again ! When she was here  
Music became the tongue to voice love's  
thought ;  
Now love himself is dead ; or if not dead,  
He vanished with my own Eurydice.

D I O N E

Hast thou forgot the great ones who have  
loved  
As thou canst not ? They drew her to their  
peace.

[ 4 ]