# CALVARY, VIRGINIA; TRAGEDIES

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Calvary, Virginia; tragedies by Laughton Osborn

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## **LAUGHTON OSBORN**

# CALVARY, VIRGINIA; TRAGEDIES



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# CALVARY-VIRGINIA

## TRAGEDIES

BY

LAUGHTON OSBORN

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## NOTICE

The two pieces here presented are the first of a series of nineteen, which, with the exception of two, are now completed and ready for the press; namely:

Calvary; Virginia; Bianca Capello; Ugo da Este; Uberto; The Last Mandeville; Matilda of Denmark; Meleager; Palamedes; Œnone; Pyrrhue, Son of Achilles; Don Sancho Ortiz. Tragedies.

The Silver Head; The Double Deceit; The Montanini; The Magnetizer; The Prodigal; The Double-dealer; The Dead Alive. Comedies.

> The next to be published will be The Silver Head and The Double Descit: Comedies.

#### CHARACTERS

#### Primary

JESUS OF NAZARETIL

RAPHABL, Archangels.

CAIAPHAS, High-Priest.
PONTIUS PILATUS, Procurator of Julea.
NICODEMUS,
JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA, Of the Sankedrim.
JUDAS ISCARIOT.

LUCIFER. BEELZEBUB.

MARY, Mother of Jesus. MARY MAGDALENE. MARTHA.

CHORUS OF ANGELS. - CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

### Secondary

A CENTURION.

SIMON PETER,
JOHN,

A SCRIBE.

Three Witnesses.

Certain of the People.

A Sub-Centurion. - Malchus, Servant of the High-Priest.

#### Mute Persons

James, Disciple of Jesus.

Members of the Sanhedrim. Officers in attendance. Soldiers
of the Guard, Lictors. Servants. People.

# CALVARY

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### CALVARY

#### ACT THE FIRST

Scene I. Heaven.

RAPHARL. MICHAEL. CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Raph. Deep gloom is over Heaven; the Seraphim
Have veil'd their glowing eyes.
Their song of praise, that wont to rise
In gratitude and joy of heart to Him,
In sorrow now and awful reverence dies.

Mich. The ever-burning lights around the Throne,
No longer whirling their concentric fires,
Grow fix'd and languid-pale:
The flame within, till now that changeless shone,
Whose blaze not even we could gaze upon,
And none approach, no more the vault aspires,
But sinking seems to fail.

Ruph. And hark! that voice of more than wail,

That breathes responsive to the plaintive tone Struck from the golden wires.

#### Citouus.

The hour of Earth is approaching,
That solemn predestinate time,
When the thankless children of Jacob
Complete their long record of crime;
When the Lord, who from Heaven descended
Adam's forfeit of sin to assume,
His mournful humanity ended,
Shall be laid in a human tomb.

O sorrow of sorrows exceeding,
That our eyes should be destin'd to see
The Son of the Highest stretch'd bleeding
In pain on the infamous tree!
Though the tears, the long anguish are healing,
Though those blood-drops anoint for the skies,
Yet can we behold without feeling
His wounds, hear unecho'd his sighs?

Would, would we might not hear, not see them,
That our hearts were not conscious before
Of those death-throcs, or conscious might flee them,
Till the night of this anguish were o'er!
Till, the shadows of death away driven,
And the pathway of Earth no more trod,
The Lord should ascend his own Heaven,
And sit at the right hand of God.