

**TRISTRAM & ISEULT:
A DRAMA IN
FOUR ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649354511

Tristram & Iseult: A Drama in Four Acts by J. Comyns Carr

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

J. COMYNS CARR

**TRISTRAM & ISEULT:
A DRAMA IN
FOUR ACTS**

TRISTRAM & ISEULT

◦
TRISTRAM & ISEULT
∇

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

J. COMYNS CARR

AUTHOR OF

"KING ARTHUR," ETC.

LONDON
DUCKWORTH AND CO.
HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1906

CHARACTERS

MARK	<i>King of Cornwall</i>
SIR TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE	<i>His Nephew</i>
SIR ANDRED	<i>Cousin to Tristram</i>
SIR DINAS	} <i>Knights of King Mark's Court</i>
SIR SAGRAMORE	
GOUVERNAYLE	<i>Attendant on Tristram</i>
GORMON	<i>King of Ireland</i>
SIR GALLERON	} <i>Knights of Gormon's Court</i>
SIR MALGRINE	
SIR MORGANORE	
SIR PALAMIDE'S SQUIRE	
SIR TRISTRAM'S SQUIRE	
THE MASTER OF THE SHIP	
A SAILOR	
OGRIN THE DWARF	
ARGANTHAEL	<i>Stepmother to Tristram</i>
OREN	<i>Queen of Ireland</i>
ISEULT	<i>Her Daughter</i>
BRANGWAINÉ	<i>Waiting-woman to Iseult</i>
ISEULT OF THE WHITE HANDS	

Heralds, Knights, Squires, &c. &c.

ACT I
THE POISONED SPEAR

ACT II
THE HANDS THAT HEAL

ACT III
THE LOVE DRAUGHT

ACT IV
THE WOUND INCURABLE

TRISTRAM & ISEULT.

ACT I.

THE POISONED SPEAR.

SCENE:—*A narrow bay surrounded by rocky shores. At the back to R. a shelving ledge of rock forms a natural quay, by the side of which is moored the ship in which TRISTRAM is to set sail for Ireland. The vessel is set diagonally, with its raised stern turned to the audience, the remainder being hidden by a rising wall of rock, behind which it finally glides out of view at the fall of the curtain. Down these rocks to R. descends a steep path leading from the castle, the ramparts of which are seen in perspective. The centre of the stage forms the fringe of the little bay, with projecting rocks screening the view of the water; while to L. is seen the opposite shore of the bay stretching away to the cliffs that overlook the open sea.*

As the curtain rises SAILORS are seen passing from the ship to the shore. ANDRED, accompanied by a KNIGHT, descends by the rocky path to R., and as he reaches the level of the stage he is met by ARGANTHAEL, who enters L.

Andred. [To KNIGHT.] Go, straightway tell these
Lords from Lyonesse
The King will greet them here.

[*The KNIGHT bows, crosses, and goes out L.*

Arganthaël. What Lords are these?

Andred. Sir Dinas and his kin who, at this hour
When all is ready, now would pray the King
That Tristram shall not sail!

Arganthaël. Aye, and the King
What mood is he in?

Andred. In such a perilous mood
That we, who thought we knew him yesterday,
Had best to-day forget the thing he seemed
And read him o'er again. He now declares
That we, not he, have urged Sir Tristram forth!
And of a truth he hath contrived it so
We have no word to count on.

Arganthaël. Nay, no word!
A king indeed were none if he had need
Of words to work his will; and 'tis their grace
Who serve him best that they can best divine
His mute commands. If we for our own ends
Have counselled Tristram's going we have cause!
Doth he not stand as Lord of Lyonesse
And heir to Mark's whole kingdom, blocking that path
Which else my sons might scale to win a crown?
And as for thee dost thou not still recall
How, in that hour when Moraunt flouted thee,
His greater daring left upon thy brow
The brand of coward?

Andred. We have cause enough.
Think not, sweet Arganthaël, I have forgot.

*[He approaches her and takes her face between
his hands.]*

'Twas then our love took birth, when our two hearts,
Scorning those softer ways that lovers use,
Drew lip to lip in secret whispered vows
That sealed his doom.

Arganthaël. Yet, Andred, all our cause
Is naught compared to his.

Andred. So had I thought ;
 Yet now we stand in peril, for these knights
 Cry with one voice : should Tristram sail to-day,
 The wound he got from Moraunt's poisoned spear
 Must end his life !

Arganthaël. Well, Sir, and if it be ?
 Mark will not halt for that. Thou know'st him well.
 When Tristram's sword struck Moraunt to the earth
 And freed our trembling land, hast thou forgot
 That look upon Mark's face ? His thin parched lips
 Could scarcely frame the sounding words of praise
 He dared not then withhold. And day by day
 As Tristram grew in fame and those twin beams
 Of love and worship, drawn to where he stood,
 Left the throne starved and sunless, did'st not note
 How wan he grew the while his crafty eyes
 Still wooed our deeper hate—willing the end
 Yet fearful of the means ! I tell thee no,
 The King of yesterday still rules to-day ;
 'Tis only fear that shakes him.

Andred. Look, he comes !

*Enter KING MARE, descending the path to R.
 attended by two KNIGHTS who stand apart.*

Mark. Stands the ship ready ?

Andred. See you not, my Lord ?
 The sailors go aboard.

*[At the back the SAILORS are seen passing to
 and fro from the vessel to the shore.]*

Arganthaël. They do but wait
 Sir Tristram's coming.

Mark. Nay, they wait our word.
 He shall not sail to-day.

*[ARGANTHAËL makes a movement as though
 about to speak.]*

Stay, Arganthaël,