

THE CUP AND THE FALCON

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The Cup and the Falcon by Alfred Tennyson

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ALFRED TENNYSON

**THE CUP AND
THE FALCON**

THE CUP
AND
THE FALCON

BY
ALFRED
LORD TENNYSON
POET LAUREATE



London
MACMILLAN AND CO.

1884

THE CUP

A TRAGEDY

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"THE CUP" WAS PRODUCED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE,
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. HENRY IRVING,
JANUARY 3, 1881, WITH THE FOLLOWING CAST:—

GALATIANS.

SYNORIX, <i>an ex-Tetrarch</i>	. . .	MR. HENRY IRVING.
SINNATUS, <i>a Tetrarch</i>	. . .	MR. TERRIS.
<i>Attendant</i>	MR. HARWOOD.
<i>Boy</i>	MISS BROWN.
<i>Maid</i>	MISS HARWOOD.
PHOEBE	MISS PAUNCEPORT.
CAMMA, <i>wife of Sinnatus, afterwards</i> <i>Priestess in the Temple of Artemis</i>		MISS ELLEN TERRY.

ROMANS.

ANTONIUS, <i>a Roman General</i>	. . .	MR. TYARS.
PUBLIUS	MR. HUDSON.
<i>Nobleman</i>	MR. MATHESON.
<i>Messenger</i>	MR. ARCHER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Distant View of a City of Galatia. (Afternoon.)*
,, II.—*A Room in the Tetrarch's House. (Evening.)*
,, III.—*Same as Scene I. (Dawn.)*

ACT II.

SCENE—*Interior of the Temple of Artemis.*

THE CUP.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Distant View of a City of Galatia.*

As the curtain rises, Priestesses are heard singing in the Temple. Boy discovered on a pathway among Rocks, picking grapes. A party of Roman Soldiers, guarding a prisoner in chains, come down the pathway and exeunt.

Enter SYNORIX (looking round). Singing ceases.

SYNORIX.

Pine, beech and plane, oak, walnut, apricot,
Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering-in
The city where she dwells. She past me here

Three years ago when I was flying from
My Tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touch'd her—
A maiden slowly moving on to music
Among her maidens to this Temple—O Gods!
She is my fate—else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city?—married
Since—married Sinnatus, the Tetrarch here—
But if he be conspirator, Rome will chain,
Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then
When I shall have my tetrarchy restored
By Rome, our mistress, grateful that I show'd her
The weakness and the dissonance of our clans,
And how to crush them easily. Wretched race!
And once I wish'd to scourge them to the bones.
But in this narrow breathing-time of life
Is vengeance for its own sake worth the while,
If once our ends are gain'd? and now this cup—

I never felt such passion for a woman.

[Brings out a cup and scroll from under his cloak.

What have I written to her?

[Reading the scroll.

“To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus, the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great goddess, Artemis, beheld you afar off worshipping in her Temple, and loved you for it, sends you this cup rescued from the burning of one of her shrines in a city thro’ which he past with the Roman army: it is the cup we use in our marriages. Receive it from one who cannot at present write himself other than

“A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE
ROMAN LEGION.”

[Turns and looks up to Boy.

Boy, dost thou know the house of Sinnatus?

Boy.

These grapes are for the house of Sinnatus—
Close to the Temple.

SYNORIX.

Yonder?

Boy.

Yes.

SYNORIX (*aside*).

That I

With all my range of women should yet shun
To meet her face to face at once! My boy,

[Boy comes down rocks to him.]

Take thou this letter and this cup to Camma,
The wife of Sinnatus.

Boy.

Going or gone to-day
To hunt with Sinnatus.