

**ARVAT: A  
DRAMATIC POEM,  
IN FOUR ACTS**

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Arvat: A Dramatic Poem, in Four Acts by Leopold H. Myers

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**LEOPOLD H. MYERS**

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ARVAT

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**A DRAMATIC POEM**  
*IN FOUR ACTS*

BY  
LEOPOLD H. MYERS

LONDON  
EDWARD ARNOLD  
1908

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THE BEQUEST OF  
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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ARVAT, a Noble.	A GLOOMY NOBLE.
ARSINOË, his Bride.	AN OLD NOBLE.
ARVAT'S BROTHER.	A WEALTHY NOBLE.
A HERALD.	A POOR NOBLE.
A WIZEN NOBLE.	A SAGE.
A YOUNG NOBLE, his Son.	A HIGH PRIEST.
AN AGED BEGGAR.	

*A page, an old woman, nobles, elders, a crowd, &c.*



6.

# ARVAT

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The scene is an immense plain over which night is brooding. A palace rises from the plain; its outline is lost in darkness. Before the palace there is a dais with a throne, and on the throne is seated the King. A Herald stands by his side. At the foot of the dais is gathered a vast concourse of men. Their faces are sombre. They carry torches which give a flickering light. There is silence until the Herald thus speaks :—*

#### THE HERALD.

Approach! Behold! feast for your eyes is here!  
Bear hence the memory of this fateful sight!  
Ye peoples, tremble! Flambeaux in the dusk  
Raise to his honour and behold your King!  
The shrunken offspring of immortal sires,  
The vestige of a great departed pomp,  
Sinks gradually to his hated death.  
The small hands twitch, the wizen members droop,

The tongue is lolling and the eyes are closed.  
Here on his throne before the world assembled,  
High raised above the teeming wilderness,  
The last King dies.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

But with him dies not hope.

THE HERALD.

Nay, hope dies not for hope long since was dead.

THE VOICE.

Hope—hope shall gleam in many eyes to-night  
And sullen looks shall turn to looks of joy.  
There dies to-night the memory of years  
Crushed by the bulk of a supreme despair.  
The last King dies. No longer shall the tombs  
Of faded grandeur press this weakened land.

THE HERALD.

Hear me, ye peoples, hear!  
Know that your hopes are but the ruined towers,—  
The fragments of the palaces of youth.  
Gauntly they stand upon the darkling plain,  
Gaunt on the frozen desert of Past Time,—  
A lifeless scene which your sad memory  
Illumes with pallid light.