

# **SALOME: A DRAMATIC POEM**

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Salome: A Dramatic Poem by J. C. Heywood

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**J. C. HEYWOOD**

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DRAMATIC POEM**



SALOME.

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**A DRAMATIC POEM.**

**BY**  
**J. C. HEYWOOD.**



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"I shall therefore speak my mind, here at once briefly: That neither did any other city ever suffer such miseries, nor any age ever breed a generation more fruitful in wickedness than this was, from the beginning of the world."

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.

**358189**



## SALOME.



### *A Chamber in Jerusalem.*

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS.

CHORUS.

WHAT should it mean?  
The Dweller in the holy place,  
The Cherubim between,  
Hath turned away His face.

How long, O Lord, how long?  
Shall wrath abide forever?  
And awful darkness of Thy frown,  
To nether darkness pressing down,  
Be lifted never?  
O Lord, how long?

How long, O Lord, how long?  
In mercy wield Thy power.  
Oh save us with Thine outstretched hand,  
Keep in its hollow still this band,

Through this dread hour.  
O Lord, how long?

*Enter SALOME and THOMA.*

SALOME.

Why tremble ye, my friends? What terrors  
new  
Have overcome your faith? He is with you  
Who said, all-powerful still His to defend,  
*Lo! I am with you even to the end.*

CHORUS.

What! heard ye not the tale?  
They whisper it with bated breath,  
With staring eyes, and visage pale,  
As fearful men appointed unto death.

SALOME.

Dread harbingers descend, portents appear,  
But fear not ye, our Guardian is near.

CHORUS.

They came, they came all solemnly and slow,  
From trembling tombs,  
In silent woe,  
The shades of priests long dead,  
And shuddering glooms

Of midnight grew more dark and dread.  
With noiseless tread,  
In semblances of priestly vestments clad,  
With supplicating look,  
Beseeching, outstretched hands that shook,  
And faces pale and sad,  
They took  
The way unto the Temple's Eastern gate,  
In show of consecrated state,  
While on the hills around,  
The tribes from opening graves,  
From yawning burial caves,  
Without or voice or sound,  
Gathered themselves in hosts,  
Gazing, pallid ghosts.  
The Temple's Eastern gate,  
Whose ponderous weight  
The strength of twenty men can scarce unfold,  
Untouched upon its hinges rolled.  
And, through its port,  
On, on into the inner court,  
The dread procession went,  
With heads low bent.  
From every hill,  
The gathered hosts  
Of ghosts  
Gazed still.  
Then from the Holy Place