

**THE PIERROT OF THE
MINUTE: A DRAMATIC
PHANTASY IN ONE ACT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649764846

The Pierrot of the minute: a dramatic phantasy in one act by Ernest Dowson & Aubrey Beardsley

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

ERNEST DOWSON & AUBREY BEARDSLEY

**THE PIERROT OF THE
MINUTE: A DRAMATIC
PHANTASY IN ONE ACT**



THE CHARACTERS

A MOON MAIDEN

PIERROT

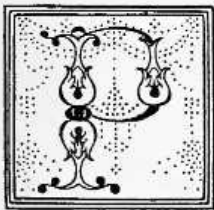
1239262

THE SCENE

A glade in the Parc du Petit Trianon. In the centre a Doric temple with steps coming down the stage. On the left a little Cupid on a pedestal. Twilight.



(Pierrot enters with his hands full of lilies. He is burdened with a little basket. He stands gazing at the Temple and the Statue.)



PIERROT.

My journey's end! This surely is the
glade
Which I was promised: I have well
obeyed!
A clue of lilies was I bid to find,
Where the green alleys most obscurely wind;

Where tall oaks darkliest canopy o'erhead,
 And moss and violet make the softest bed ;
 Where the path ends, and leagues behind me lie
 The gleaming courts and gardens of Versailles ;
 The lilies streamed before me, green and white ;
 I gathered, following : they led me right,
 To the bright temple and the sacred grove :
 This is, in truth, the very shrine of Love !

(He gathers together his flowers and lays them at the foot of Cupid's statue ; then he goes timidly up the first steps of the temple and stops.)

Pierrot. It is so solitary, I grow afraid.
 Is there no priest here, no devoted maid ?
 Is there no oracle, no voice to speak,
 Interpreting to me the word I seek ?

(A very gentle music of lutes floats out from the temple. Pierrot starts back ; he shows extreme surprise ; then he returns to the foreground, and crouches down in rapt attention until the music ceases. His face grows puzzled and petulant.)

Pierrot. Too soon ! too soon ! in that enchanting strain,
 Days yet un-lived, I almost lived again :