

**PRIMAVERA, THE
MASQUE OF
SANTA BARBARA**

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Primavera, the masque of Santa Barbara by Wallace Rice

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WALLACE RICE

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BY

WALLACE RICE

SANTA BARBARA
LA PRIMAVERA ASSOCIATION
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WALLACE RICE.

Santa Barbara,
April, 1920.

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PRIMAVERA

THE MASQUE OF SANTA BARBARA

Upon a hillside fronting south, the stage. Before it a broad swale in which the auditors sit or stand. It has five entrances and exits: down left, toward the Pacific Ocean, for newcomers; left centre, the practicable door, a window beside it, in the Comandante's house, masked during Act I; down right, along the Valley, to and from the Franciscan Mission; right centre, the path up the hillside to the Santa Ynez Mountains; and up stage, through the shrubbery. The singers and players of the music are on the left and not in view of the auditors.

Act I—The Coming of the Cross

Persons of the Act:

El Barbareño, as Prologue
Primavera, as Genius Loci
Her Dancing Months
The Duende, an Imp of Mischief
Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, Discoverer
His Soldiers and Sailors
Sebastian Vizcaino, Namer
His Soldiers and Sailors
The Indian Chief
His Youths and Maidens
The Padre
His Friars
The Spanish Comandante
The Soldiers of Spain

The lights go dark. **El Barbareño**, as Prologue, is disclosed on the stage as the light rises thereon.

PROLOGUE

Sweet ladies, genial gentlemen, this day
Glittereth like a jewel brightly placed
To mark the joining of old Winter's storm

To Summer's balm, upon the diadem
 Of youth and spring which crowns the splendid year.
 So come we hither to call back the Past
 Into a new presentment of the hours
 When smiling Nature at her kindest ruled
 This newer Eden. By its radiant shores
 Cabrillo sails, and Vizcaino floats
 And names our channel Santa Barbara;
 Conquistadores both, with ne'er a thought
 For these fair southern slopes; a glance,
 No more, they give, and pass. The savage here
 Worships his painted idol ere is raised
 The Holy Cross by the good Padre brought:
 Note how this idol, scorned and overthrown,
 Becomes the imp of mischief known too well
 As The Duende in the older world.
 Spain, mighty mother of a hemisphere,
 Carries the reign of law to guard our Mission;
 And all the countryside reverberates
 With the new music of her Royal March.
 Such ancient things ye'll see, but chiefly see
 Amid our birds and flowers and butterflies
 Bright Primavera, spirit of this place
 For ever young, with blossomy dancing Months
 To make this mirthful holiday. Behold!

As El Barbareño concludes, Primavera and her Dancing Months are discovered, El Barbareño retiring behind them. Thereafter, when not actually participant in the scene, Primavera and her Months are always in the stage picture, softly fitting through the shrubbery, sympathetic with all the action and, when others are dancing down the stage, suggesting by their postures the lilt of the music. They are supposed to be invisible to the other players except, later, The Duende.

PRIMAVERA

Behold me, Spirit of this lovely zone,
 Bright Primavera, messenger of spring
 Unchanging under temperate skies and stars,
 With hesitant winds and slow, reluctant rains;
 And these attendants are my dancing Months,
 Where every fortunate month is vernal May

Save one alone, mine April fair and dear;
And we shall dance while there is sung for you
Las Mañanitas, that sweet strain of Dawn,
Of Beauty, Youth, and Hope, embodied here.

Primavera and her Months dance to the singing of the Choristers.

THE CHORISTERS

Mañanitas, mañanitas,
Mañanitas de placer,
Asi estaban las mañanas,
Cuando te empecce a querer;
Que si, que no, que cuando,
El general lo mando,
Soldados, armas al hombro,
Chatita ya amanecio.

Levantate de mañana,
Y anda mira quien paso,
Consuelate con la jaula
Porque el pajarito volo;
Que si, etc.

Los pajaritos alegres,
Cuando llega el mes de Abril,
Salen con sus gorrioncitos
A los campos a dormir;
Que si, etc.

PRIMAVERA

I hear the footfalls on my foam-laced strand
Of newer fates, Conquistadores come!

[Enter, down left, **Cabrillo** and
his Soldiers and Sailors.

Cabrillo who, far leagues from old Castile,
Shall lay his bones upon my gemmy isle.

[Enter, down left, **Vizcaino** and his
Soldiers and Sailors.

And **Vizcaino**, after rolling years,
Comes on Saint Barbara's day. Alas, he names

Mine azure channel, yet he heeds me not.

[The Months dance about and among the two Companies as they pass, seeking to divert their attention to Primavera.

THE MONTHS

(singly and together)

Turn, turn thine eyes and gaze!—

Was ever maid so fair?—

Or aught so worthy praise?—

Turn, turn thine eyes and gaze!—

What maid such charm displays

As our sweet lady there?—

Turn, turn thine eyes and gaze;

Was ever maid so fair?

[No heed is paid to the pleading of the Months, and Cabrillo, Vizcaino, and their Companies plod on and exeunt down right.

[Apell directs Primavera's eyes to The Indian Chief and his Youths and Maidens entering right centre.

PRIMAVERA

Now come the uncouth natives here to sing
And dance before their god, who is no god.

[The Indian Chief and his Company set up their painted idol and sing and dance ceremonially about it.

[Enter, down left, The Padre and his Friars as they conclude, one bearing a Cross made of boughs.

[Primavera and her Months go forward to greet them.

Hail, reverend Father, with this word of cheer
Thou bringest faith, allying men with truth.

[The Padre throws down the idol, the Indians murmuring and threatening. A Friar throws it off the stage, down right. The Crucifer sets the Cross in its place.