

**DRAMATIZATION
OF TENNYSON'S
"PRINCESS"**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649763955

Dramatization of Tennyson's "Princess" by Alfred Tennyson & Grace C. Bell

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

ALFRED TENNYSON & GRACE C. BELL

**DRAMATIZATION
OF TENNYSON'S
"PRINCESS"**

DRAMATIZATION

OF

alfred

TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS."

"

BY

GRACE C. BELL,

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

34

85-2841
GRACE C. BELL,

1710 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

(1893)

A.M. 18 June 29.

THE dramatization of "The Princess" was found to be a necessity. Many pupils read the poem, not very carefully, probably, and found little in it to interest them.

The arrangement of it as a dialogue awakened a new interest.

This dramatization is intended not only for *reading* in classes, but to be *performed* by the pupils. Six scenes are sufficient for an evening's entertainment, and for this reason much that might have been introduced for reading has been omitted, and only those scenes necessary for a proper conception of the poem have been used.

The entire poem should be read and re-read in connection with the dramatization.

G. C. B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCESS IDA, daughter of King Gama, the Southern Monarch.

LADY PSYCHE, }
LADY BLANCHE, } her assistants.

MELISSA, Lady Blanche's daughter.

THE PRINCE, son of the Northern Monarch.

FLORIAN, }
CYRIL, } his friends.

MESSANGER.

PUPILS.

DRAMATIZATION
OF
TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS."

SCENE I.—*A room in a hostelry.*

Enter the PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL.

Cyril. Most curious am I to hear your story,

Florian. I must confess I'm curious, too.

Prince. Well, then, I'll tell it you.

While life was yet in bud and blade, betroth'd was I
To one, a neighboring Princess.

From time to time
Came murmurs of her beauty from the South,
And still I wore her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their
queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I should wed,
My father sent ambassadors with furs
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her: these brought back
A present, a great labor of the loom;
And therewithal an answer vague as wind:
Besides, they saw the king; he took the gifts;
He said there was a compact; that was true:

But then she had a will; was he to blame?
 And maiden fancies; loved to live alone
 Among her women; certain, would not wed.
 He said, there were widows with her,
 Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;
 They fed her theories, in and out of place,
 Maintaining that with equal husbandry
 The woman were an equal to the man.
 At last she begg'd a boon,—
 A certain summer-palace which he had;
 He, being an easy man, gave it: and there,
 All wild, to found an University
 For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more
 They know not,—only this: they see no men,
 Not ev'n her brother Arac, nor the twins
 Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her
 As on a kind of paragon.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face
 Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,
 Inflamed with wrath: he started on his feet,
 Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down, and rent
 The wonder of the loom thro' warp and woof
 From skirt to skirt; and at the last he swore
 That he would send a hundred thousand men,
 And bring her in a whirlwind.

At last I spoke. "My father, let me go;
 It cannot be but some gross error lies
 In this report, this answer of a king
 Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable:
 Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen,
 Whate'er my grief to find her less than fame,
 May rue the bargain made."

"No!"

Roar'd my father, "you shall not; we ourself
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead
In iron gauntlets."

Still, I am determined to see this haughty princess.

Florian. I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence:
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles in that land:
Thro' her this matter might be sifted clean.

Prince. So far, good.

Cyril. Take me with you, too;
I'll serve you better in a strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here.

Prince. A thought has just flashed through me.
Do you remember how we three
Presented Maid and Nymph and Goddess
At a feast in my father's court?

Florian [*laughing*]. Indeed I do.

Cyril. And well the toggery became us.
You, Prince, were a maiden fair to see.

Prince. Why can we not, disguised as maidens,
Enter this dreadful University,
Since none but maidens are admitted there?

Cyril. The very thing!

Florian. I'm ready to don a maiden's gown.

Prince. Come, let us get some one to fetch the gear.
[*Exeunt, in great glee.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the University.*

The PRINCESS is seated at a table, dictating to the LADY BLANCHE, who writes in a ponderous volume.

Enter attendant with a letter, which she gives to the PRINCESS.

Princess [*reads*]. "Three ladies of the Northern empire
pray

Your Highness would enroll them with your own,
As Lady Pysche's pupils."

[*To attendant.*] Bid them enter.

Enter PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL, disguised as maidens.

We give you welcome: not without redound
Of use and glory to yourself ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger: altertime,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me,
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?

Cyril. We of the Court.

Princess. From the Court?

Then ye know the Prince?

Cyril. The climax of his age! as tho' there were
One rose in all the world, your Highness that,
He worships your ideal.

Princess. We scarcely thought in our own hall to
hear

This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;