

**RAYMOND LULLY'S  
GREAT ELIXIR. A  
DRAMATIC POEM**

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Raymond Lully's Great Elixir. A dramatic Poem by Ramon Lull

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**RAMON LULL**

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RAYMOND LULLY'S  
GREAT ELIXIR

A DRAMATIC POEM



LONDON  
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING  
196, PICCADILLY  
1869

*Malone. J. 94.*

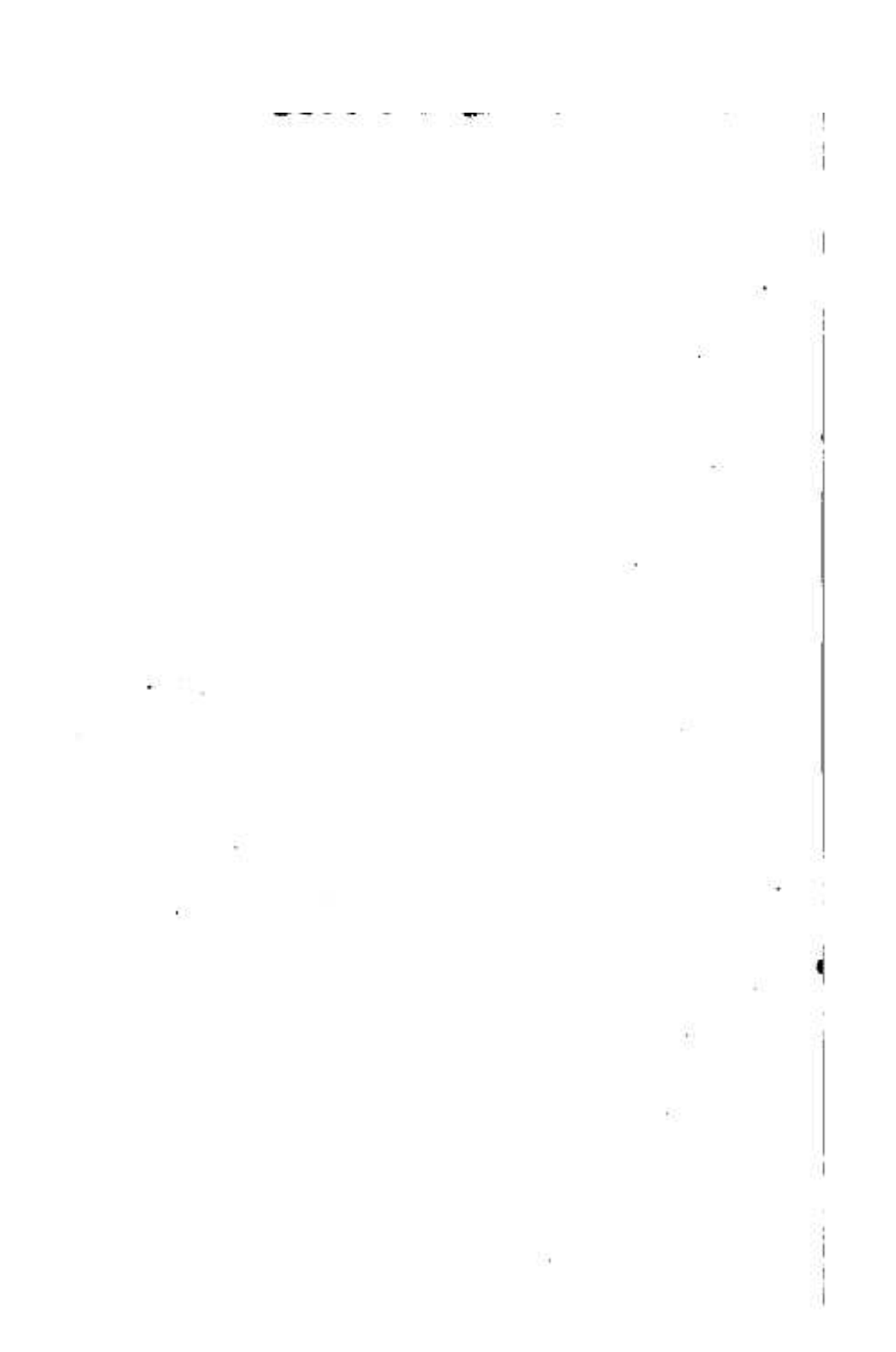
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## THE GREAT ELIXIR.

### PALMA.

*Before the Cathedral. Citizens passing in. Evening.*

*Enter RAYMOND, BERTRAM, LEONARD,  
on Horseback.*

RAYMOND.

**N** truth, my Bertram, I am sick with life,  
'Tis naught but mummery, mummery  
all—

BERTRAM.

Thou, Raymond, thou! and sick of life  
too, thou,  
Thou, Lully, Fortunatus Redivivus!

LEONARD.

'Twas ever so. Mark me, he will turn preacher,  
Your rake is aye a saint in embryo.

RAYMOND.

Mocker, I tell you, 'tis not life at all:  
To-day, yesterday, and the day before,  
To-morrow and the day thereafter, this,  
This is the sum of each man's life. He riseth,  
Appareleth himself, he drinketh, eateth—

LEONARD.

O hear him ! see him, 'fore our living eyes  
He waxeth aged cynic, sage and sour—

BERTRAM.

I' faith, indeed. Why, Lully, not a boon  
That all this isle—

RAYMOND.

Life is a sibyl, say,  
Our years be each a volume of her book,  
Each day we lose a leaf—

LEONARD.

O spectacle !

O saddest spectacle beneath the sun,  
A being blighted ! one on whom all ills  
Malignant fate hath showered from his birth—  
A pinched pauper of twenty thousand crowns  
Annual, provost of the palace hight—  
Seneschal of the Isles, chief councillor—  
O piteous, O dolorous, O marvel  
So much a man may suffer and not die !

BERTRAM.

But Raymond, thou that wert so joyous always,  
So rich of life and so beloved of fortune,  
What frets thee now ? There's poison in thy veins,  
Come, thou art downcast, sorry, melancholy—

LEONARD.

O metamorphosis !

RAYMOND.

Prithée, let be.

'Twas nothing, nothing. Let us halt awhile  
Under this lamp. Here we can watch the townfolk  
Gather to vespers. We shall not be known.

It wants an hour of supper. 'Twill amuse  
Our courtly wits to note the civic fashion.

BERTRAM.

Agreed, agreed.

LEONARD.

Mark, I do pray you mark—  
Perfection is a sphere,—how near is he  
To that perfection! O what a soul should his be  
Thus to inform her tenement! Why, friends,  
Were we not well go learn astronomy?  
For I do fear there is some orb astray,  
Alack! the poise of heaven will be shaken.

BERTRAM.

Soft, 'tis the burgomaster.

LEONARD.

So! is't he?

BERTRAM.

Here is a coxcomb for you. Saw ye ever  
Such an outrageous sleeve?

LEONARD.

I would as lief

I wore a gridiron.

RAYMOND.

Lo, there a face

One looketh twice on.

LEONARD.

Him in black? why, that  
Is the occult doctor, the mystery.  
The dismal man that understands the stars.

BERTRAM.

The town talk of the last se'nni't. They say  
He knoweth somewhat—