(Curtain)

Molto moderato

(Enter Natoma cautiously from roadway, keeping in shadow of arcade; she approaches steps in front of main doors of church, hesitates, goes up the steps to small door, pauses, reaches out her hand as if to touch the holy water, pauses again, then turns rapidly away)

Natoma (spoken)

No!

(She looks over scene and turns toward centre)
Molto moderato
Hatoma

Within the hour the morning sun will flood the hills

and herald in the summer's day:

It is the festal day of my dear mistress, Barbara! I am thy willing slave;
thy voice is ever gentle,
Wise has been thy counsel to guide the wayward feet of poor Na-
to ma. I wish thee well, I wish thee
joy, and may the mighty Spirit crown thee queen
of this fair land.

Molto lento
Moderato

How tall and fair and brave—was he!

Lento

His love was mine, mine—

_for one short hour!_ All my heart was his—

take and bold for _ev-er._
Molto moderato

Together we might have wandered thro' the valleys,

Flute vibrato

Over the violet hills, under the mighty oak

to make our couch.

a tempo

I would gather for his pillow the dainty fern; he would

a tempo

hold me in his arms... beneath the stars, beneath the
stars, while fireflies played among the trees, and from the vale below came the music of the stream. Ever to live in my fair land alone with thee,
alone with thee! the world so far, so far away,

my Chieftain by my side! Alone with thee.

far away!

Lento  (Guitar on stage)

Girl's Voice (behind scene)

Ah!