

PS 3545
.E65505

American Dramatists Series

Ollanta

Frances C. Wenrich



Class PM6308

Book Q5E5

Copyright N^o 1920

copy 2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

OLLANTA

An Ancient Peruvian Indian Drama

BY

FRANCES C. WENRICH



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS

Copyright, 1920, by Frances C. Wenrich

All Rights Reserved

PS 3545
.E655 O5

*All dramatic or motion picture rights reserved
by author*

MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

AUG 26 1920

© Cl. D 55547

To my three, Wright, Henry, and Christine, this
small volume is lovingly dedicated;

and

to the loyal Indian youths and maidens who, at
Commencement seasons, so faithfully strove to por-
tray to their audiences this redramatization of the
Red Man's greatest classic.

FRANCES C. WENRICH.

FOREWORD

This drama is conceded, by expert scholars, to be a genuine production of the ancient Peruvian Indians, and is known as the Quichua or Inca drama of Ollanta. Under the encouragement of the Spanish conquerors it appeared in written form in the seventeenth century. It did not attract the attention of men of learning until 1837, and in 1853 it was translated from the Spanish into English, by Sir Clement R. Markham. The story and a few fragments of the drama are published in "Literature of All Nations," edited by Julian Hawthorne, John Russell Young, and John Porter Lamberton. The story is also told in Adam's "In the Land of the Incas," and in Hudson's novel, "The Crimson Conquest." From the story and the few fragments, the drama has been rebuilt.

FRANCES C. WENRICH.

OLLANTA

ACT I.

- Scene 1. In a Street of Cuzco.
- Scene 2. In the palace of the Inca.
- Scene 3. In the palace Garden.

ACT II.

- Scene 1. In Ollanta's Camp.
- Scene 2. In a street of Cuzco.
- Scene 3. After the battle.
- Scene 4. In the dungeon.

ACT III.

- Scene 1. In Ollanta's stronghold.
- Scene 2. In the palace garden.
- Scene 3. In the palace of the Inca.
- Scene 4. In the dungeon.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE DRAMA

ACT I.

Ollanta, Chief of the Antis, friend and ally of Inca Pachacutec Yupanqui, loves the Princess Cusi Coyllur, Joyful Star. As Ollanta is not of royal blood his suit is rejected by the Inca. Under the sanction of Huillac Umu, Priest of the Sun, he takes the Princess clandestinely.

ACT II.

Banished from the Inca's presence Ollanta raises a rebellion and is declared Inca by his Antis. At the birth of a daughter to the Princess, the angry Inca secretly imprisons her in a dungeon of the palace. During a period of ten years Ollanta wages warfare for the recovery of the Princess.

ACT III.

By an act of treachery, Rumi-naui, the Inca's general, gains access to Ollanta's stronghold during the celebration of a religious festival. While Ollanta and his men are in a stupor from their revels, Rumi-naui admits his own warriors, who seize Ollanta and bear him away as a captive, to the Court of Ynaqui, son and successor of the former hardhearted father. Ollanta, having been permitted to speak in his defense, is pardoned and restored to favor by the generous Inca. At the

moment of release news of some one imprisoned behind the palace walls is brought by Yma Sumac, the little daughter, and Cori-tica, the Princess' friend. All hasten to the dungeon to find in the wasted form of the prisoner, the loved and lost Joyful Star. Recognition, reconciliation, and renewal of affection follow.

CHARACTERS

- Ollanta*—Chief of the Antis. (Mountain tribe).
Piqui-Chaqui—(Fleet-Foot). His servant.
Huillac Umu—Priest of the Sun.
Inca Pachacutec Yupanqui—Monarch. Acts I and II.
Rumi-naui (Stony Eye)—The Inca's General.
Quehuar—General and Counsellor.
Incarial Guards.
Quitoan General.
Matopo }
and } Chieftains under Ollanta.
Mochó }
Standard Bearers.
Priests.
Dancers.
Cusi Coyllur—(Joyful Star)—The Princess.
Cori-tica — (Golden Flower) — The Princess' Friend.
Yma Sumac—(How Beautiful)—The Princess' ten year old daughter.
Nuyallah—Yma Sumac's nurse.
Chorus of Maidens.
Nobles and Warriors.

EXPLANATORY

Quichuas—Ruling Peruvian tribe.

Antis—Mountain tribe of whom Ollanta is Chief-tain.

Inca—Title of Quichua rulers who were absolute monarchs. By the Incarial law the daughters of Inca could marry only members of the Inca family.

Pachacamac—Supreme Deity of the Peruvian Indians.

Ynti—The Sun-god worshipped by the Peruvian Indians.

Quilla—The moon.

Chasca—Venus.

Tuya—A yellow and black finch which robbed the grain fields.

Cuzco—City of the Quichuas.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL FOUND IN "LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS"

1. Opening dialogue (in part).
2. The maidens chant to the tuya. (Not used in the play).
3. The Princess' lament in the dungeon.
4. Ollanta's threat against the Inca and Cuzco, (almost wholly).
Indian music from Peru, Lumholtz' "Unknown Mexico."

OLLANTA

ACT. I

SCENE I. *In a street of Cuzco.*

Ollanta. Piqui Chaqui! have you beheld
The Princess Cusi Coyllur in the palace?

Piqui. The Sun, our Deity, forbids it.
Know you not that it is unlawful
To look upon a daughter of the Inca?

Ollanta. And know you not that nothing
Can move my love for the tender dove?
Oh, by what road shall my heart go,
That it may seek the Princess?

Piqui. The Devil has perplexed you,
And you wander in your speech.
Are there not plenty of other young girls,
Who would love you, before you are old?
Should the Inca hear of your love,
He would chop you into mince meat.

Ollanta. Silence! speak not to me of punishment,
Else will I lay my macana across your back.

Piqui. Away then, Piqui! fall not by his hand.
Fall not like a dog. Away, Piqui!
Each day, each night, he shall miss me;
The year shall not see me in his presence.

Ollanta—Go then—leave me, Piqui Chaqui!
Lead forth the dances of straw
With the light-footed girls on the mountains.
But for me—though enemies attack me,

Though traitors stand on every side,
Yet will I embrace my Cusi Coyllur.

Piqui. If the Devil should stand by you?

Ollanta. Him also would I spurn with my foot.

Piqui. You never yet saw the tip of his nose,
How then dare you speak to him?

Ollanta. Cease your nonsense, *Piqui*, while I
speak.

What if you could hide this bright flower,
Perchance my sweet Coyllur might see it,
And, thinking of me, speak to herself aloud.

Piqui. Still perplexing yourself concerning Coyllur.

How can I help you?

Each day you grow more sad for this girl.

You forget alike the worship of *Ynti* (the
sun),

And the duty you owe to *Quilla* (the moon).

Ollanta. You know her by sight?

How beautiful, how joyful she is!

But now you walked past her,

And beheld her ever lovely and joyful.

Piqui. Indeed I know her not by sight.

I have indeed passed by the palace,

But never entered its precincts,

Or beheld the Princess.

Ollanta. Do you assert, then, that you never saw
her?

Piqui. I have only beheld, in their secret abodes,
The bright and adorable stars of night.

Ollanta. Go then with this flower to a star;

That start most lovely of all,

More beautiful even than *Ynti*!

Peerless amidst the hosts of heaven.

Piqui. If it should be possible,
I will bribe some old man or woman;
I will be awake and try it,
And your token shall be carried to the Princess.

I then consent to be your messenger.
Though I am but a poor orphan. (*Exit Piqui Chaqui*).

Enter—*High Priest of the Sun, Huillac Umu.*

Huillac Umu. O living Sun! I watch your course,
As it moves onwards in the heavens;
For you are now preparing
A thousand sacrificial llamas.
Their blood shall flow for your glory.
For you, too, are gathered the herbs of the field.

Ollanta. I will speak to this gazer.
O mighty Prince! O Huillac Umu!
The whole people know thy power.
Receive then my praises.

Huillac Umu. O brave Ollanta. Thy speech awakens me
From meditations on the bright Deity.
Lift up your eyes and there behold
The source of all Earth's blessedness.

Ollanta. True, mighty Prince, the Sun-god's warmth,
Does move our mother Earth to blessings yield.

But do you think he so concerns himself
With mortals that when they beseech him oft
He will bestir the hearts of men

To yield their treasures up?

Huillac Umu. Reveal your hidden meaning, Son.

Ollanta. My eyes have looked upon the Princess
fair;

Enduring love, a prisoner in this breast,
His freedom seeks. And if at liberty I send
him forth

He'll straightway to the Princess haste,
Entreat her favor, and remain her guest.

Huillac Umu. Audacious one!

You know full well the Inca's law;

His royal pride will never yield

Your valiant service he'll forget;

His daughter to his own he'll wed,

Your carcass to the vultures send.

Bring me that flower.

Behold that it is quite faded. Come here.

Thus: though entirely dried up,

It shall weep. (*Presses it and water flows
out*).

Ollanta.

It matters not.

Water might even spring from a dry rock

But not even for that would I desert my love.

Huillac Umu.

Strong-headed, your fate is in your own hands.

(*Turns to go*).

Ollanta.

Stay, teacher, grant me yet your gracious
favor.

If I, emboldened by my love,

Persuade the Princess to be mine,

Will you your blessing give?

Huillac Umu.

The future holds its own secrets.

(*They pass on*).

The Princess and her friend coming down the street.

Cusi-Coyllur.

How pleasant the evening air!

Cori-Tica.

And Chasca's silver beams her radiance sheds.

(*Piqui Chaqui disguised as an old woman approaches*).

Piqui Chaqui. (In disguise).

Peerless one, can you a moment spare?

Cusi Coyllur.

Speak! what do you desire, good mother?

Piqui Chaqui.

Adorable Star, if from this ragged cloak
Some beauteous gift I now bring forth,
Can you the giver's message read?

Cusi Coyllur.

Old mother, how can I know what there you
hide?

Uncover your secret that I may know its
meaning.

Piqui Chaqui.

This flower so red, hangs down its head;
Not so the one whose gift I hold;
He boldly dares his love unfold.

Cusi Coyllur.

Who are you woman? Who sends me gifts?
Answer, before I have you seized
And to my father Inca carried
To answer for this brazen act.

Piqui Chaqui.

(*Throwing off woman's cloak*).

Behold in me my master's messenger!

Cori-tica.

Piqui Chaqui! Our honored chieftain's serving
man!

Piqui Chaqui.

Fair princess, bewitching lovelight from your
eyes

Has answered to my Chieftain's eagle glances
And he but asks his own. When will you see
him?

Cusi Coyllur.

Cori-tica, you are my friend

You know my secret heart, and yet—

My father's wrath I dare not rouse.

Piqui Chaqui.

(*Turning to go*).

I carry your answer to Ollanta

The ever strong and faithful.

Cori-tica.

Wait, you fleetfoot, how like a flea you are!

(*To princess*).

Shall we not receive this token, Joyful Star?

Piqui-Chaqui.

(*Interrupts*).

'Tis not the first time my mad master's

Folly uncontrolled, a fool has made of me;

Nor has the princess always spurned

The messages Ollanta's fool has brought.

Cori-tica.

Be quiet Piqui! You talk too much.

(*To Joyful Star*).

We celebrate tonight the fete-dance of the
flowers,
Why not Ollanta in the palace garden meet
Before the queen of night her face unveils?—
The stars may plead your cause.

Cusi Coyllur.

Ollanta knows this lonely *Star*
Is only Joyful when he's near.
Then, Piqui Chaqui, tell him I will come.

Piqui Chaqui.

My master's folly is so great
The Devil himself could not keep him long
away.

Piqui's head may feed the dogs,
But still his master's will must have its way.

(Piqui goes).

Cusi Coyllur.

Cori-tica, my father! my father!
What will my father do?
O Chasca, friend of lovers,
Soften my father's stony heart.

(Passing slowly).

Cori-tica.

The queen of night is always kind,
Her tender radiance she freely lends,
When Ynti, angry, turns his back,
And hides his countenance of wrath—
So may she, too, your father's wrath subdue.

SCENE 2. *Palace of the Inca.*

(The nobles and generals are gathered to receive the Inca. A Quitoan veteran enters and

raises hand for silence. Two officers take places at each side of the door. Nobles all kneel and bow to the earth as Inca enters. He moves toward dais, reaches seat, and turns with, "Rise." Nobles group for audience).

Inca-Pachacutec. (Addressing general).

Rumi-Nai, my brave one,
We would hear your report concerning our
captive enemies.

Are their leaders safely guarded? Do they
tremble

That I decree their fate?

Rumi-Nai.

Favored of the Sun, thy honor is great. As
the dying leaves of the forest fall before a
mighty blast, so fell our enemies before us.
Ynti sent his lightning lances and consterna-
tion seized them. Our war-cry ascended up-
ward into the blue sky where dwells the Giver
of Life. Prowess and valor dwell with the
Sun-God. Pachacamac hovered like a cloud
over the children of the Sun. His cover was
their refuge. They rested in the shadow of His
wings.

Inca.

The joy of Pachacamac, the Giver of Life,
is where the warriors sing, and the smoke of the
war-fire rises up; where the flowers of the
shields spread abroad their leaves; where
deeds of valor shake the earth; where the fatal
flowers of death cover the field.

The battle is there—in the open fields where

the smoke of the war-fire curls upward from the fatal flowers which adorn you, ye friends and warriors of the Quichuas.

Rejoice, ye children of the Sun, who went forth to the open field of battle. Let us rejoice and revel amidst these trophies of our enemies' overthrow—these shields—flowers of the murderous fray.

Song—"Royal Eagle." (*Chorus of nobles and warriors*).

"NUICHOL SONG"

Vae-li-ka Vae-li-ka u-i-ma-li; Vae-li-ka Vae-li-ka
u-i-ma-li

Royal Eagle! Royal Eagle! Royal Eagle! Royal
Eagle!

(Va-vae-) me-ma-na-kauī (Va-Vae) me-ma-na-kauī
Is floating, floating above! Is floating, floating
above!

Va-vae) me-ma-na kauī (Va-) ta-hac-ma-me
(me-) ma-na-kauī

Is floating, floating above! Above us floating, float-
ing above!

(Va-) ta-hae-ma-me (me-) ma-na kauī (Va-vae-)
me-ma-na kauī

Above us floating, floating above! Is floating, float-
ing above,

(Va-vae-) me ma-na-kauī (Va-vae-) me-ma-na kauī
Is floating, floating above! Is floating, floating
above!

(As song ends.

Chief Ollanta attended by Piqui enters. Both kneel—Piqui behind Ollanta—until the Inca's permission is given to approach).

SCENE 2. *Inca Pachacutec.*

Come here, courageous one, your visit is timely. Nobles, your homage give to this intrepid hero who carries Pachacutec's standard into distant realms where mountain torrents onward rush to join the kingly Amazon. By his conquest thousands of rude barbarians their tribute gather and toil to bring it to your ruler's feet.

Nobles.

Ollanta! friend and ally of the children of the Sun!

May Ynti's light ever shine brightly on his pathway.

Ollanta.

Beloved of the Sun, your highly esteemed favor is greatly desired by me, Ollanta has been honored by your friendship. You have made feasts for him. He has gone in and out before you. His heart has been gladdened by your recompense. Ollanta asks still greater reward at your hands. Cusi Coyllur, the joyful star, has smiled on her father's friend and ally. Lovelight from her eyes has set his heart aglowing. Ollanta's heart has become strong and bold. O mighty Pachacutec, give me this shining star that our friendship may be sealed forever.

SCENE 2. *Inca Pachacutec. (With much passion).*

What! Do-I-hear-aright?

Base son of darkness, who thinks to wed
the star that shines in the heavens above him!
Thou knowest the Inca's law! Begone! before
great Ynti's righteous vengeance smites thee
here before my eyes. Impious dog! Seize
him, guards. Away! and out of my sight for-
ever.

Ollanta.

Hold! Touch me not! Arrogant one,
Your edict I defy. The princess is already
mine and shall not be taken from me.
Ollanta's warriors gather at his word and
fear him only. As *one* I go; with *thous-*
ands I return.

*(Commotion and cries among the nobles
but Ollanta boldly departs followed by faith-
ful Piqui).*

CURTAIN

SCENE 3. *In the palace garden.*

*(Maidens are arranging garlands of flowers.
They chatter and laugh among themselves, and
pelt one another with flowers. The princess
is seen seated alone, sad, and in a reverie.
Cori-tica enters and approaches the princess).*

Cori-tica.

Why hang such heavy clouds upon the brow
of Starry Eyes?

Cusi Coyllur. (Mournfully).

Have you not heard how my royal father

has driven Ollanta from his sight forever? My father's sternness chills my blood. Quilla withholds her beams, and the Sun-God hides his face. Alas, the mantle of black darkness enshrouds me.

Cori-tica. (Caressingly).

Not so, dear one, you magnify your plight. Light, and warmth, and joy are near. I have just seen Piqui Chaqui, He brings a message from Ollanta, who comes with the High Priest, Huillac Umu, to the garden before the moon rises. The maidens will sing your song and then I shall send them away that we may be alone.

Cori-tica. (To the maidens).

Maidens, come and sing your Sunset Song that our princess may have delight in the melody of your voices.

(Zuni Sunset Song Recorded and harmonized by Carlos Troyer).

E-lui-la Ma-Ya Zu-la,
Good night to thee, Fair Goddess,

Ku-a wey-la Yan-a vie-vi
We thank thee for thy blessing,

E-lui-la Ma-Ya Zu-la,
Good night to thee, Fair Goddess,

Ku-a whey-la Yan-a lo,
We thank thee for this day,

Al-lu-ra wun-ga no-ka, alha-mi Tan-da lo.
In glory we behold thee, at early dawn again.

Kua whey-la Ya-an vie-vi
We thank thee for thy blessing,

Te-na-di Yan-a lo.
To be with us this day.

Yan-a lo,
This day

Kua whey-la Yan-a lo.
We thank thee for this day.

(Sung expressively and with worshipful gestures).

Cori-tica.

The dance of the flowers begins at moon-rise
Take your garlands, maidens, and make ready
for the festival.

(Cori-tica seats herself beside the princess).

SCENE 3. *Cusi Coyllur.*

Golden-flower my heart flutters.
Fear has taken hold upon me.

Cori-tica.

Lean upon me, dear one, Ollanta must be near,
St! I hear voices!

(Both listen, Ollanta enters followed by the

Priest of the Sun and Piqui Chaqui. Joyful Star and Golden Flower stand, Ollanta with outstretched hands approaches Joyful Star who takes a faltering step toward him. Taking her hands he draws her toward him and speaks with emotion).

Ollanta.

Cusi Coyllur! My Joyful Star! Your father's vengeance I've defied. The eagle shall not seize you. I cherish this dove in my bosom. With a lion heart Ollanta will carry this dove away to his mountain home. But we must hasten. Huillac, lead the way.

(As they depart the moon is seen rising over the distant mountains. Following this departure a group of the Inca's household enters the garden—two youth and two maidens—one of the young men carries an instrument similar to the guitar upon which he is strumming a Peruvian air, and finding seats, the four sing a love song).

Translation—*Sighs of Chanchamayo.*

A lover new doth o'er me cast his spell
Where the past of sadness makes me fear to
dwell.

A little dove am I who learns to fly,
And when evening comes I'll just sit down and
cry.

River Chanchamayo, let me pass thy flood:
Indian bows and arrows yet may spill my
blood,

A little dove am I who learns to fly,
And when evening comes, I'll just sit down
and cry.

(Published in Lima, Peru, by Guillermo Brandes).

First Maiden.

The moon has already arisen, it is time for the
festival.

Why linger our Lord Inca and his guests?

First Youth.

They must be coming, for I hear the sound of
music.

Second Maiden.

(Finds princess' mantle on the garden seat).

Here is the princess' mantle, so she can not be
far away.

Second Youth.

Here they come—let us hide in the shrubbery.
(Later they join in the fete).

(As the group of four conceal themselves the Inca enters with company. At a signal from the Inca, the waiting flower girls, wreathed in rose hued garlands dance into their presence and with posing and gestures sing the following).

SCENE 3. *Song.*

Flowers are blooming, flowers are blooming!
Flowers are blooming, flowers are blooming!

Their fragrance scents the air!
Their colors please the eye!
Their beauty feeds the soul!
The Sun-God sets the Rainbow on high!
The Sun-God sets the Rainbow on high!
The Rainbow sends the flowers!
The Rainbow sends the flowers!

(*The use of Rainbow here is complimentary to the Inca whose standard bears the rainbow*).

Music and movement.

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT II

SCENE I. *Ollanta's Camp.*

(Ollanta's warriors in war dress of dark brown tunics are seen lying about in various attitudes of repose. Piqui Chaqui enters).

Piqui Chaqui.

Up, brave Antis! Ollanta comes with fire in his heart.

His eyes dart forth glances as piercing hot as the rays of Ynti himself. He comes!

(Ollanta approaches).

Warriors. (Leaping to their feet).

Ollanta! Ollanta!

Ollanta.

My warriors, my tried and faithful ones, no more shall Ollanta lead you forth to plant the Inca's rainbow standard in the land of rushing waters. No more shall Ollanta and his warriors shout their war-cries to send abject fear into the hearts of the Inca's craven enemies. Ollanta suffers great wrong at the hands of Pachacutec. When he entreats him for his daughter, the lovely Joyful Star, he says she is not for such as Ollanta. This presumptuous lord stiffens his neck and holds high his head. Hot anger seizes him. He dares to drive me from his presence and banish me from

his sight forever. Ollanta, chief of the Antis, fears not this haughty ruler who claims he is the chosen of the Sun. The Sun does not shine only for Pachacutec. His golden glory is for all who dwell below the sheltering skies. Each morning Ynti rises in his might and Ollanta's arm is strong; his eyes are keen to send the deadly shaft. Ollanta's enemies fall by the wayside; he gathers their shields as flowers along his pathway. Antis, Ollanta is your chieftain. He will lead you forth to battle against this proud-crested Inca. You shall win victories for him.

Warriors.

Ollanta! Ollanta! Ollanta, forever! He is chosen of the Sun! The Inca's royal cord shall be his! The Inca's mantle shall he wear! The gods ordain it.

Ollanta.

It is well. Piqui, bring me the blood-red cord. Mocho, find for me the crimson cloak. Thus: (*He puts on his head the red llautu and throws the crimson cloak about his shoulders*). Ollanta becomes your Inca. (*They acknowledge him Inca by kneeling and bowing their heads to the ground*). "Inca Ollanta." (*The warriors say*).

Ollanta.

Arise! Our work begins. Matopo, send swift couriers forth to tell every fighting Anti that Inca Ollanta's forces gather shortly behind the brow of yonder commanding hill. And you, my valiant band, go to your rest

until you hear the sound of the beating drum.
(*The warriors file out leaving Ollanta who strides back and forth in an excited manner*).
I will send a challenge to this scornful Lord,
that will open his eyes a little.

SCENE 2. *In the street of Cuzco.*

(*Two of the Incarial guards conversing in the street*).

Quehuar.

What do you think of this traitor Ollanta's bold challenge?

Mayta.

Our exalted Yupanqui has hurled the vile usurper's words back into his teeth. He'll soon be food for vultures.

Quehuar.

Our Inca's scouts report Ollanta and his warriors encamped just over the Sachahuaman hill. They wait our coming.

Mayta.

When our Lord Inca's forces meet them in battle, I fancy their feet will fly faster than those of the startled deer that seeks the cover of the densest thicket. The life of this rebellious scoundrel is worth about as much as the light of a flaring taper in the wind.

Quehuar.

I am not so sure, my friend. This chieftain has often been acclaimed our Inca's bravest ally. You know how his deeds of valor have been chanted at many a dance of victory. We deal not with a paltry coward.

Mayta.

I do not think he is so invincible. This vaunter will soon find himself in the blackness of darkest midnight.

Quehuar.

Yes, Pachacamac decides the destinies of all. But Ollanta sees his wrongs as mountains. His men are panthers in battle. They watch us in the night time. They will pounce upon us before we are aware. This mountain lion who fights for his lioness is one to be feared. Have you heard how the Inca princess has been spirited away since the birth of her daughter, Yma Sumac? Some think she has been hidden in the darkest dungeon of the palace.

Mayta.

No! Can it be? Our Lord Inca's anger is terrible. I should never want it turned toward me. My head, I fear, would not rest long upon these shoulders. But look! The Sun-God announces the chosen hour. I hear the drum-beat. It is time for our army to be moving.

(Beating drums announce the moving army which passes as a pageant. Battle Song-Marching. Cries and sounds of battle in the distance).

Battle Song. (Marching).

Sun-God shines upon us,
Sends his glorious light along our pathway;

Darts his lightning lances
 On our enemy.
 Darkness falls on them,
 Fear seizes their hearts,
 Pachacamac reigns!

CURTAIN

SCENE 3. *After the Battle.*

(A suitable camping place. Warriors enter with prisoners taken in battle. They place prisoners in the center and bind; then dance about them with war cries, thrusting at them with spears and taunting them with shouts of triumph. The Warriors sing).

Song.

Vileke, Vileke, vak-u-ha-ne Vileke, Vileke, vak-u-ha-ne

Vulture, Vulture, they caught him. Vulture, Vulture, they caught him.

Yu-tchu-kja-to vak-u ha-ne Ai-ru-li-ta vak-u-ha-ne
 They smoothed his feathers, (when) they caught him. (In) Airulita they caught him.

Ai-ru-li-ta vak-u-ha-ne

(In) Airulita they caught him.

("Unknown Mexico" by Lumholtz).

(Enter Ollanta and Piqui who stand for a short time as onlookers. The warriors greet Ollanta with acclaims).

Ollanta.

You have done well, my brave ones, to shout the song of victory. The Sun-God smiles upon the victorious Antis.

(Answering shouts from the warriors).

Ollanta.

Matopo, Mocho, see that these prisoners are securely bound and guarded to await their doom at the day dawn. Take them away.

(Warriors goading prisoners hustle them away, Ollanta and Piqui are left alone).

Ollanta.

Leave me now, Piqui Chaqui, My heart's fires are yet aflame and I can not check their fierce heat. The memory of my wrongs and my abasement can only become as the white ashes over a smouldering burning that will burst forth into consuming flames at every fanning breeze of fresh recollection. Only a terrible vengeance can quench such a raging conflagration.

Piqui Chaqui.

Piqui's heart is like a flaming torch, too, my master. It is hot with anger against my Lord's enemies. In two fires there is greater heat to consume the obstructing kindling that has been hurled across my master's pathway by the wrathful Inca. Piqui can only serve his Lord Ollanta.

Ollanta.

Thou true and faithful fleetfoot! Always dost thou stand near me, and yet—thou dost not understand, thou dost not understand.

(Piqui reluctantly goes away).

Ollanta gazing off into the distance, and under stress of strong feeling giving voice to the following:

Ollanta.

Ah, Cuzco! Ah, beautiful city!
 From this day to the end of time
 Thou art filled with my enemies.
 Thy perverse bosom will I tear;
 Thy heart will I give to the condors.
 Ah, haughty enemy! Ah, proud Inca!
 Swiftly gather the ranks of my faithful Antis;
 My ever victorious soldiers pass in review;
 To them I distribute arrows!
 Lo! there on the Sachahuaman hill.
 My men are gathering like thick clouds;
 The flames of their warfires shall light the
 skies;
 As the swift mountain torrents they shall descend.
 To sweep you from my path, you scornful one!
 Then it shall be seen
 Whether my valleys shall be taken from me!
 Then it will not be as now
 That you will say, "My daughter can not be
 yours;

You are unworthy of her.”
 Then pensive and sad
 You will fall at my feet, proud Inca!
 Then you will beseech me, “Take my daughter!”
 On your knees you will implore your life!
 (*Original translation*).

CURTAIN

SCENE 4. *The princess in the dungeon.*

(*A cell very dimly lighted. A raised bed of stone at one side. The princess gives way to despairing lament, action*).

Cusi Coyllur.

Ay Nustallay! Ay Mamallay!
 How can I fail to mourn,
 How can I fail to weep?
 My father so dear to me,
 My guardian so beloved,
 In all these days and nights,
 In this my tender age,
 Has quite forgotten me,
 Without asking for me.
 Ay, Mamallay! Ay Nustallay!
 Ah, my adored lover!
 In the morning that I came here
 The day became dark;
 The sun seemed obscure in the heavens,
 As if it were shrouded with ashes,
 The clouds of burning fire
 Announced my grief.

The resplendent star Chasca (Venus)
Spread out its rays.
All the elements were weary,
And the universe was tired.
Ay Mamallay! Ay Nustallay!
Ah, my adored lover!

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I. *After Ten Years.*

(In Ollanta's stronghold—All things are ready for the celebration of a religious festival. The shining, golden sun-plate is seen in the background. On each side of a sacrificial altar stands a priest, Huillac Umu and a companion priest. In front of the altar supported by a projecting shelf stand two drinking vessels, filled with the "golden cordial of plants." Curtain rises on this scene to be immediately followed by the procession of the vestal virgins chanting a song of praise, each one bearing on a short standard a half-disc representing the Sun-god. Their movements are respondent to the rhythm of the chant which permits also a ceremonial bowing at the end of each musical sentence. The song follows):

(Huichol melody)

O-to-Ta-wi me-ma-no-ti!
Deer-god of the Northland sprang forth!

Wa-wat-sa-li me-ma-no-ti!
Deer-god of the Southland sprang forth!

Sa-kai-moka me-ma-no-ti!
Gods of the Setting-sun then sprang forth!

Ko-yo (Yo-) ni me-ma-no-ti!
 God of the North, the North god sprang forth!

To-la-hu-li-pa me-ma-no-ti!
 Gods began to chase the deer forth!

Sa-kai-mo-ka me-ma-no-ti! A-A.
 God of the Setting-sun sprang forth!
 ("Unknown Mexico," Lumholtz).

(The vestal virgins in their procession come from both sides, passing from front stage to rear stage, the leader of each column stops near a priest. Just as they reach their places Ollanta and his men in ceremonial dress bearing spears file in, the virgins and warriors forming a double semi-circle ready for the solo, duet and grand chorus—the coming of Pachacamac (Sun-God) Huillac Umu sings the solo, the companion priest joins in duet and all join in the unison chorus). (Song adapted from Carlos Troyer).

SONG. *The Coming of Pachacamac.*

Solo.

Watch ye the clouds above, the clouds above
 the sun.

Great Father-god, he will come, he will come,
 he will come.

He will come. He will come.

Duet.

He's coming, Pachacamac, Pachacamac, he
 comes,

Bend lower, he is coming, Pachacamac, he
comes.
He comes! He comes!

*(Unison chorus oft repeated "He comes!")
(Repeat solo and duet of verse 1, for verse 2).*

SCENE I. *(Unison chorus with much life and ex-
pression).*

We'll watch the golden clouds,
The clouds above the Sun,
They rise above the Sun of Life
When Pachacamac comes!
When Pachacamac comes to us he takes us far
above;
Beyond the cloudy skies, Beyond.

*(Virgins file out at back of stage and at the
same time warriors form a more compact line
for continuation of ceremonial).*

Huillac Umu.

The Infinite Pachacamac continually frowns
upon our proud-crested enemy. He quenches
the flame of every warfire that lifts its light
upward. The stench of smoking embers
poisons their nostrils; scalding tears overflow
their cheeks and blind their vision.

Ollanta.

The Sun-god brightens the war-path of the
Antis. His protecting care preserves them
from every snare set for their feet. The quick-

ening Sun renews faith, hope, and courage in the breasts of the brave and dauntless. The end of our long struggle is near. Come near, my companions in battle, and delight yourselves in his satisfying radiance.

(Huillac Umu and companion priest, with uplifted hands to Sun-plate, worshipfully).

Priests.

Potent, ever-living, glorious Deity, our souls acknowledge thee.

(All down, worship. Warriors remain kneeling).

Huillac Umu.

It is an old teaching that one should quaff the soothing, golden cordial of plants in the hour of victory. When warriors enter the field of battle and there scatter their boasting foemen as the strong wind scatters the chaff of the seed of grasses, then is the time to drink the golden liquor that satisfies the thirsting soul. Friends and brothers, quaff now the flowing, golden elixir of dreams.

(Begins distributing drinks).

Second Priest. (Distributing drinks).

Where fragrant blossoms shed abroad their sweet smelling odors; where swelling fountains send forth their refreshing waters; there

will the noble and the brave steep their souls
in the magic elixir which is sweet as the breath
of dew-laden roses.

(*A cry, a sound at the doorway. Rumi-naui,
the Inca's general, staggers in, bloody and rag-
ged. All are startled and astounded. Ollanta
first recovers*).

Ollanta. (With uplifted spear).

Who comes here? Who brazens the Sun-
god's wrath?

Rumi-Nai.

Help! Help! 'Tis I—Rumi-naui.
I flee from the Inca. I am wounded.

Ollanta. (Sternly).

Whence came you, Stony Eye?
Answer, before my angry lance pierces your
cruel heart.

Rumi-Nai.

Lord Chieftain, Rumi-naui is no more Stony
Eye to Ollanta. His eye shall be as that of the
faithful, watchful dog that serves his master
without reward or recompense. That arrog-
rant upstart, Ynaqui, does not cease to outrage
his father's friend and counsellor. Rumi-naui
has not forgotten Ollanta's prowess. Rather
than serve yonder insolent, fainthearted dolt,
Rumi-naui joyfully becomes Ollanta's common
servant, to carry his spear and fetch him water.

Piqui Chaqui.

Rumi-naui may carry his spear and fetch
him water then Piqui will carry his mantle and
dance with the Princess' maidens at the palace.

Ollanta.

Peace! 'Tis no time for jesting, my trusted one.

Honored father priest, what do you think of this new-born friend?

Huillac Umu.

Stony Eye may be useful. Ollanta's cause can not suffer defeat. All signs are propitious for his final triumph.

Ollanta.

Warriors, Rumi-naui is now one of us. We celebrate the conquests of the ever victorious Antis.

(The feast continues). (Huillac and the companion priest distribute drinks).

Huillac Umu and companion priest, speaking alternately.

Pour forth the magic, golden liquor.

Drink! drink the divine elixir of dreams

Intoxicate the soul till the senses are benumbed

Come, welcome stupor!

Soft lulling sleep, the drooping eyelids close!

(The warriors give way to stupor. All are quiet).

(Rumi-naui cautiously lifts up his head. All are sleeping. He rises with firm step and goes to the door. From the folds of his tunic he slips a scarlet cloth which he waves as a signal. His warriors enter—two to one of Ollanta's

men. Rumi-naui points to Ollanta. His men seize and bind him and also his warriors).

Rumi-Nai. (Tauntingly).

Ha! Arise from your pleasant dreams, O friends! We seek delightful pleasures in a flowery land. Does it pain you that you were so rudely awakened from your gratifying slumbers? Rumi-naui's desire is fulfilled. His lord's enemy lies in bonds before him. (*Threateningly*). And as for you, perjured High-priest, Ynaqui suspects not your treachery. Your blood be upon your head when I declare your perfidy.

Ollanta.

Ay mi! Ay mi!

Ease and security have been our undoing.

Ynti hides the brightness of his face.

Huillac Umu. (With faith and courage).

The gods lie not.

Ynti's light will dispel the darkness.

Ollanta's vindication is at hand.

The stars are guiding his course.

Rumi-Nai. (Mockingly).

Yes, the stars are guiding his steps to the palace gate. The condors also are hovering near, for tomorrow a rich feast will be spread for them. Away with them to Cuzco, brave warriors.

CURTAIN

SCENE 2. *The palace garden, Yma Sumac (now ten years old) is seen playing in the garden. She dances from plant to plant and sings a little*

song. Groans and wailings apparently from the palace wall startle her.

Yma Sumca.

What is that? (*Pauses then sings*). Bad spirits? Yes! (*The sounds cease. She sings again. Again are heard the wailings. Again she shows fear. She cautiously approaches the wall. Sings. Sounds continue*).

That's no devil. (*Calls out*). Who is in the wall? (*Beats against it. Wailings fade away and cease. Her nurse enters*). O faithful, can you tell me what is in the wall? It groans. Some one must be behind it. When I sing something groans and cries. Listen! (*She sings—answering wails*). Hear it!

Nurse. (*Alarmed*).

It is somebody. We must seek help. (*Cori-tica enters. They tell her the story*).

Yma Sumac.

Dear Golden Flower! The strangest noises! Somebody weeps in the wall.

Nurse. (*Excitedly*).

There's some one imprisoned behind the palace walls. The voice is the voice of a woman. What can we do? How can we rescue?

Cori-tica.

Sing again, my beautiful, I would hear the sounds. (Yma sings and the wails are heard). Ah! that voice. A light dawns on me. Chasca grant that my thought be right. What if it be our long lost princess, so cruelly torn away by Pachacutec when this little one came to

cheer her heart. Pachacamac grant that we find it is she. We may restore her to the light of day. Ynaqui's heart was always tender toward his beloved sister. Let us hasten to his presence. He will release her.

CURTAIN

SCENE 3. *In the Palace.*

Ynaqui, the young Inca, on golden seat, and his nobles grouped about him. Rumi-naui enters and bows to the ground).

Rumi-Nauí

Favored of Pachacamac, by Rumi-naui's wary cunning, your father's enemy and yours has been delivered into my hands. Is it your will to look upon the face of this villainous usurper? He lies bound without the palace door.

Ynaqui.

Bring him in that I may look upon his discomfiture. (*Guards enter with Ollanta bound hard and fast. They lay him down on his face).*

One of the Guards.

We'll teach him to know who rules in Cuzco.

Ynaqui.

Lift him, guards, and set him on his feet. Ollanta, my father's enemy and mine, what words of defense have you to offer for your long rebellion against the Inca's royal will? Speak!

Ollanta.

My brother, though yet my enemy. You know in what respect I was judged as sinning against your father's law. It is no sin that love glance answers to love glance. Pachacamac created a strong one and a beautiful one. The strong beheld the beautiful; Ynti, the sun-god, flashed his glowing darts about them and set their hearts on fire. Quilla, the queen of night, enveloped them in her gentle radiance. Chasca, the friend of lovers, smiled upon their love. Was Pachacutec stronger than Pachacamac that he should wrest asunder those wedded by the will of Heaven? Herein is my wrong. Shamefully denied my honorable suit, I fought for her, my other life. In avenging her wrongs I gladly give my life if the gods so will it. Ollanta's defense is made.

Ynaqui.

My counsellors, you have heard Ollanta's defense. I listen to your words of wisdom.

Nobles.

First—Ollanta is a strong one.

Second—Ollanta was honorable. He sought the Inca's favor.

Third—The Princess was a beautiful one. She smiled upon this brave one.

Fourth—The Princess answered to his wooings.

Quchuar.

When love enchains strength and beauty, he who attempts to sever their bonds only enrages the love-god who straightway enlarges

their cords and binds them so closely that powers of Heaven alone can set his prisoners free. Ollanta's offense can be pardoned by him who is favored of the Sun.

Ynaqui.

Ollanta, my old men count you not a traitor. Quehuar, the wise one, acquits you. Shall I, my brother, be less merciful than they, who know from its beginning the exact cause of your rebellion? Why should Ynaqui, the powerful one, still seek the life of the strong one? Receive pardon and friendship from the brother of the loved and lost Joyful Star. Guards, cut his bonds. (*Commotion at the door, Yma Sumac, Cori-tica and nurse*).

Yma Sumac. (*Calls*).

My honorable uncle, may I come in? I fear your fierce men.

Ynaqui.

It is "How Beautiful." Clear the way, nobles. Come in, little one, only friends are here. (*Yma and Cori-tica bow before the Inca*).

Ynaqui.

Come here, my child. What troubles you? (*She hides behind Golden Flower*). Speak for her Cori-tica. (*Ollanta stares at Yma Sumac*).

Golden Flower.

The little maid has had a very great fright. While singing in the garden near the palace, she heard terrible sighs and groanings behind the northern wall. I came and found her wild

with fear. I listened to the wailings which were those of a woman in distress.

Ollanta. (*Stepping forward, interrupts*).

'Tis Golden-Flower—the friend of Joyful Star. Tell me, Golden Flower, whose child is this?

Golden Flower.

Chieftain, her father's name is Ollanta.

Ollanta. (*Kneeling and clasping How Beautiful*).

Ah! I knew it. Little flower, my little flower! Your mother's starry eyes! and you too, are mine. The gods are gracious. Ynti's wrath is turned. The day already dawns and Ynti's light is shining.

Cori-tica.

Great and revered Ynaqui, may I finish my story?

Ynaqui.

We listen to Golden Flower, the faithful friend of Joyful Star.

Cori-tica.

I, the bosom friend of Joyful Star, fancied I could trace a likeness to your sister's melodious voice in those wild ravings behind the dungeon wall. I am oppressed with fear, yet hope exalts me. It may be she. Let us hasten to the dungeon at once, Lord Inca, that this suspense may be relieved. Your father's anger may be turned away.

Ollanta.

Joyful Star! Chasca's own! Give her again to me, O star of Brightness!

Ynaqui.

We go at once. My sister may yet live.
We must have tapers, Golden Flower, to light
the darkness.

SCENE 4. *The Dungeon.*

(*A raised bed of stones upon which lies the
wasted form of Joyful Star. She starts at the
entrance of light and sits up—she covers her
eyes to hide the light which blinds her—she
speaks*).

Joyful Star.

Strange voices! Who comes! I see not!

(*Ollanta and Ynaqui go near*).

Ynaqui.

Can this be my noble sister? 'Tis some-
what like her.

Ollanta. (*Kneeling at her side*).

Do I—here—behold—my love, my tender
dove, the lovely Joyful Star? Alas, how
wasted!

Joyful Star.

That voice! (*Stretches forth hands*). It
is—the voice of my adored one! His face—
shall I behold it? Come near, if thou art my
beloved. Let me but touch thy hand. Let me
rest my hand upon thy brow. Ah—it is he! My
dreaming—and do I wake from out this night
of desolation? (*Pause—and falteringly*).

Other—voices—reached—my ear. Who are they?

Ynaqui.

My sister beloved, Ynaqui too is here. He comes to set you free.

Joyful Star.

My brother! endeared to me a thousand times.

Cori-tica.

And I, Golden Flower, am here, dear one.

Huillac Umu.

Ynti's dawning rays of light can drive away the darkest night.

Ollanta.

The stars are kind. Come, little flower, and let thy mother's arms embrace her little one.

(*Yma Sumac is drawn forward by Golden Flower*).

Joyful Star.

My little one! My beautiful! I fold you to my heart—(*Pause*). And shall I know the joys of friends—and home,—and love,—once more? The long night of this terrible black darkness is passing. (*Rising slowly and speaking*). O stars, O moon, O sun, O Infinite One—all, all—your radiant light—is shining on me. My cup is full—it overflows!

(*Sinks on knees surrounded by friends*).

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 478 329 0

