

MOSES HAYM LUZZATTO'S
Lah-y' Shaw-riem
Tehilam

("Praise for Righteousness")

Translated from
the Hebrew by

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and
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MARCH 7, 1915

הוצאת ספרים
www.hebrewbooks.org
קניינים חסידים

NEW YORK
BLOCH PUBLISHING COMPANY

1915

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Dedicated to

OUR PARENTS

Harry and Jane Fischel

Morris and Sarah Miriam Goldstein

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PRAISE, the daughter of Multitude

MULTITUDE, the father of Praise

RIGHTEOUSNESS, the son of Truth

PRIDE, the son of Passion, who is mistakingly taken for the
son of Truth

DECEIT, the friend of Pride

REASON, the friend of Righteousness

FOOLISHNESS, the slave of Multitude

PATIENCE, the nurse of Reason

CONTEMPLATION

A SLAVE

WEDDING GUESTS

AN OLD MAN

REGISTRAR

JUSTICE, the King

CHORUS

PREFACE.

This book was translated by Miss Rebecca Fischel and myself as the result of an ideal which we set for ourselves, when first we plighted our troth, that we would jointly produce some religious or ethical work, as a souvenir for our wedding.

We have decided that a translation of Luzzatto's "Lah-y'-shaw-riem T'hie law," לישרים תהלה would be most appropriate for our purpose, since it was originally written by Luzzatto on the occasion of the marriage of a friend of his.

The play "Lah-y'-shaw-riem T'hie law" is an epithalamium written in Amsterdam, in 1743. It is an allegory in three acts, in which Pride attempts to win for himself Praise, who has been promised to him by her father, Multitude. When it is discovered that Pride has only been posing as the son of Truth, whom Multitude, the father of Praise, has really intended her to marry, Pride is disgraced and cast out. Praise finally marries Righteousness, the real son of Truth, whose identity becomes established.

This was Luzzatto's third drama, and though it is inferior in elegance to his previous works, it is an evidence of a much riper genius. It is mostly philosophical, and is therefore difficult to comprehend at times.

To insure a correct interpretation of Luzzatto's meaning, we have attempted to make our translation as literal as possible, and we wish to thank Mr. Julius Kaplan for his helpful suggestions in this direction.

With a full consciousness of the many shortcomings of this work, and with the hope that this, the first Hebrew play to be translated into English, will be followed by many others, we humbly present this, our wedding souvenir, to the public.

March 7, 1915.

RABBI HERBERT S. GOLDSTEIN.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

Praise Alone in the Field.

Praise—Oh, you shade, sweet as honey—Oh, you springs of water—together you are dearer to me than fine gold. Oh, you quiet mountains—you rocks of repose, restful yourselves and spreading rest—how I delight in you! How much I rejoice over your plants that are talking, and over the lowly grass. I delight more in them, than in all the tumult of my cities, because thru these I am only made miserable.

My lot is bitter! I am sated with it. Let my suffering be forever buried in my own breast. Let my heart not allow my pain to become known. My love is offered by force to the hand of the foolish man who overwhelms me, to the hand of the vulgar, empty, shameless villain. They deliver my charms to a barbarian, so that thru me arrogant men may crown themselves. I see it clearly, and on that account my vision is dimmed by grief, and I wander dumbly along as a lamb to the slaughter. World, alas! Oh, World, how you have broadened your paths only for matters of Deceit. How you have caused only falsehood to sit on the most exalted throne!

SCENE 2.

Pride and Deceit.

Pride—When will I ever be able to repay you, and how will I be able to compensate you, my brother, proportionately to all the good, all the favors which you have shown to me. Behold, the strength of your hand has had enough power to grant my wish, and to present to me this maiden Praise, whom I so dearly love. For that reason you may demand anything within my power; I will deny you nothing.

Deceit—Pride, beloved of my soul, you alone and no other, have observed the work which I have done. Only by the sweat of my brow, and the toil of my soul, could I bring you as far as this. As the lion in the forest roars, in his fury, and in his rage for the prey, wags his tail, and as his eyes red as blood, spread terror; just so stood my opponent Reason, before me, to enlighten the people, to make their hearts judicious, and to open their eyes, that they should not desire thee, and not embrace thee. Had I not then fought with strategy, and had I not thrust him aside by means of flattering words, you would have been driven out forever, from this, his heritage.

Pride—What is wrong about me, that he (Reason) should seek to remove me and that you had to exert yourself so much to help me?

Deceit—Pride, my dear friend, if they had nothing else to find fault with in thee except that from thy

boyhood thou wert constantly brought up in the House of Imagination, behold this alone would have been sufficient excuse for all the doctrines of Reason to abhor thy soul. Furthermore, and this you do not know as I do, if it were not for my intriguing designs, and my many clever strokes, all the glory of thy beauty, as well as thy whole splendor would be considered less than nought. Gold and silver, grace, honor and beauty, would not last for a moment without Deceit. Abundant gold would turn into mud; beauty into plague; good grace into abhorrence, so also honor would turn into offense.

SCENE 3.

Reason, Righteousness and Patience.

Reason addresses Righteousness—My friend, as dear to me as a brother, you must indeed understand that I am much grieved over the distress of your soul, and that I feel your pain, just as if it were my own. Behold, this is the covenant of friends, that the law of brotherhood always exists between them and that they are united as twins in the womb, both being affected simultaneously by every occurrence and accident. But what should I say, for since the time when these bitter waters of perplexity have overflowed this poor native city of ours, my heart has found no rest. It has no rest from the affliction over

everything that I must daily witness. But that which appears most strange in my eyes, which I do not understand, is how it can be said of the world to-day, that it is well ordered; for behold it is nothing but confusion and chaos. Look to the right and to the left. What do you find established in its foundation, by right and justice? Only this I have seen that injustice shoots forth its blossoms as though it were budding, and its rule as though it were ripened.

Pride, and scorn of the frivolous, drag along a number of people after their noise of falsehood; and men of faith are brought down to the ground. Those who walk uprightly are not known in the streets. The pious and those who shun evil are even mocked. The innocent and the pure of heart they call a fool. To them immorality is wisdom, wickedness is intelligence, and perversity is understanding. But after I have seen all this, how can I wonder and be surprised, if not to you but to Pride they now give Praise. Behold, only then would I be surprised if they would have given her to you, although she belongs to you. Behold when I saw Deceit coming to Multitude from afar, my heart already began to palpitate, and I knew that nothing good would come about through this wicked one. I already knew Multitude and his attitude, that it can be turned to any side, as the bulrush moves (to and fro) in the water. Surely had we spoken at this time we would have only exerted ourselves in vain; for the heart of Multitude was already

captured, and went fettered in the chains of this mighty hunter, so that he could no longer believe words of truth, and to all my words he shuts his ears like a snake, making it impossible to return from error. As easy as it is for him to follow after falsehood and delusion, so hard does it appear for him to leave them, in order to carry the yoke of understanding in the paths of knowledge. There is nothing better for me now than to desist from it, lest I may yet be put to shame, without having hope for the return of wise counsel and for the instruction of folly.

He wastes his words who speaks to the ear that is shut by its folly, for it does not hear. He who offers correction to the scoffer, or counsel to the fool, is only afflicting himself, and is also committing violence against knowledge.

Righteousness—Oh, Reason, light of my eyes, my master forever,—the sighs of my heart are many. My blood within me is afire; my spirit is a flame; and whatever my eyes see about me is fuel for passion, with which to consume my bones, and in order to bring my soul on this fireplace day and night. Would that I might become as an owl! I would then fly from branch to branch in the thickest part of the forest. My soul would safely repose in solitude upon the highest mountains, amid shadows. Then I would not go pining away in sighing amid the boisterous joy of the city, and amid the noise of the town. There is no better portion on earth than the lot of the lad

pasturing his flock. All the thoughts of his heart are humble. His soul does not desire to exercise itself in great matters, but to feed his flock by the waters of the fountain, and to take their milk for his own refreshment. He looks at the red sun coming from the East. With a joyous heart he beholds the fountain whose waters are constant and do not fail. He sings and moves along according to the step of his sheep. As they feed, his eyes gaze upon the grass of the hills, and to their Creator his lips pronounce hymns. Oh, how happy is he, how beautiful and how sweet are all the days of his life. How complete is his rest! For no matter how many vicissitudes of this world may confront him, he despises them, and neither feels nor knows trouble. He rejoices in his poverty, because he does not covet wealth, and because jealousy and honor do not vex his heart. His hut is dearer to him than a palace of a king, his staff and bag, than garments of the nobility. His heart completely rejoices in security in the maiden that falls to him as his lot, and her heart in turn delights in him. No one is disturbing them. They know no evil. Full of joy they look and behold their children round about their table. Always at every moment they give a thousand thanks to their Benefactor for the portion of their lot. Not so is it with regard to the tumult and noise of the royal courts, and of those that rejoice in their territories. For all the splendor of their glorious wealth is vanity. Their joyous exultation is only

deceitful and false. Their fortune is like stubble that a whirlwind carries away. The tumult of their crowds is of no account and their work also is vain. They strive after the East wind, their hearts feed only on the transitory things. They have become brutish and altogether foolish. They seek only after vanity and become vain. All that pursue honor, and everyone that impatiently runs after wealth, sows vanity and reaps trouble. By these strivings, they consume their strength, and when they obtain what they have been striving for, it only helps vanity and nothingness.

Patience—Oh, Righteousness, my son, more precious than wisdom and knowledge is that man who can bear his depression and the anxiety of his heart cheerfully. This is the law of faith, the rule of virtue forever. Everyone should plant his foot like a nail on the path of righteousness so that he should walk only in the way of justice and uprightness, on all the roads of truth. He should cling to his virtue and not abandon it; and whatever may befall him, behold, he should stand firm like a pillar of iron and brass and not be moved even for an instant from his place. He should not depart from the path of righteousness. He should regard himself, as a child that is weaned. He should look and not question, hear and not answer. He should abhor to make himself over-wise, and should cease to seek matters too great for him. Truly, on the watch of the task entrusted to him he should stand like a lion. He should believe

and not speculate. He should obey and observe the commandment of his God, and not depart from it. To his Maker he should always offer righteousness. Submissively and humbly should he guard the boundary of his desire, so that he should not overstep it. He should keep the reins of his desire firmly and not relax. He should fill his mouth with thanks and quietly hope for his salvation forever. For God, He is a God of truth, there is no iniquity in him. God is our Rock; His work is perfect; He also delights in mercy. Indeed, his ways are too exalted for us. The wise are backward in understanding them. How can man, who can see only that which the eyes behold, explore and know the mysterious secrets of the exalted heights of Heaven? How can a **worm** presume to fly to the top of the skies?

SCENE 3.

Multitude and Foolishness.

Multitude—Please get up, my maid-servant.

Foolishness—Sir, here I am.

Multitude—Arise, go quickly to my daughter and inform her that I have chosen Pride for her, and that her marriage and wedding day are drawing near, and that I have selected it to be on the day of the New Moon. Now, I will go to prepare for the day of our joy, and thou, too, make haste and depart.

(Multitude leaves, and Foolishness remains alone.)

Foolishness—Behold, the day for which I have hoped has come. Ah, I already see all the desires of my soul fulfilled. Let Reason come now with all his wisdom and see if he will possess enough strength to take Praise away from Pride. Behold, my soul abhors all these proud ones born in the courts of Reason. Like an abomination are they all in my eyes. Because in their eyes, only they are men, and they regard the rest of our kind as stubble, while they themselves vainly spend days and nights in matters of nothingness. They do not increase gold and silver for themselves. They cannot by their methods buy food for their hunger. They pretend to name the host of the heavens as if they were God. They take upon themselves to set a rule for the course of the sun or moon. They consume their mental strength measuring the length and breadth of a triangle, circle or square, and fill the world with useless books, as numerous as the sands of the sea. They weary themselves in investigating how a garden brings forth its plants in its season, how a cloud rises, or how vapors produce rain in all the ends of the earth. Their heart presumes to weigh the wind in a balance and to measure water by handfuls, yet in their house there is no bread. Will they not be ashamed now, and blush because of their counsels? In spite of their burning anger, behold they will presently see Praise in the lap of Pride, to sadden them. We in our joy shall surely

rejoice and exult. We shall be delighted at the tune of the flute, and over the taste of the spiced wine. We shall eat to the fill of our stomachs. We shall be satiated with joy to-day. We shall laugh at fear, for to-morrow we may all be dead. Rejoice, ye children of the world, exult and be happy, and while you live forget death. Do not desire senility before you reach old age. This affliction of old age is bad enough when it comes in its time. Be not dismayed at an evil which is yet to come. Be proud and confident. Be happy, ye children of the world; rejoice and be happy.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

Reason and Righteousness in the Field.

Reason—Righteousness, beloved of my soul, may your heart be of good courage. Gird yourself with vigor, for, the further salvation seems to be from us, the more suddenly does our relief come. When in the hot glow of the sun, in the drought of summer, a darkness of thick clouds covers the heavens, and the roaring of the thunder makes the earth beneath tremble, when the lightning flashes like an arrow, and the wind shatters the mountains as if they were earthen vessels, and the noise of the rain deafens every ear, all the beasts of the forests flock together. The pigeons fly to the crevices of the rocks for protection. Then, in a moment, behold, the sun shines forth in the splendor of its light. It pierces and scatters every cloud. The darkness and the whole storm pass away as though they had never been. So, too, in regard to the man who appears crushed—in a moment the ruler of the world causes deliverance to sprout forth for him from affliction.

Righteousness addresses Reason—Reason, joy of my heart, your consolation truly relieves me. Every time I listen to your words a door of hope seems to

open for me. But now, please do not keep back from me any good news which you may have.

Reason—If I would have any I would not keep it from you. Nevertheless, I hope to have some for you soon even though I have none at present; because the righteous worker does not always fail, and the hope of those that strive after righteousness shall not be lost forever. Behold, Pride ascends and reaches the clouds. He rides upon the heights of the world, succeeds, and spreads himself as one who is mighty and dominant. He does not cease from his passion, nor does he see trouble, and he is ignorant of all the pangs of poverty. But he will be brought down to the netherworld. There all the pride of his heart will be humbled, and instead of haughtiness he will be covered with shame as his apparel. He will always receive disgrace instead of honor. For all the trouble of your soul that you experience, you will find the fruit of your faith in its season, and be satisfied forever. When you will be redeemed, you will give thanks for your affliction. All the troubles which you have passed through are joys on a happy day, for they increase joy, whenever they are remembered.

Righteousness—Oh, I wish that I could possess strength to bear the bitterness of my complaint as I would like to, but that is too difficult for me, when my eyes behold these two stumbling-blocks, namely Deceit and Foolishness, as they confer together to become thorns in my sides, and anguish for my soul.

Deceit makes noise in the street with her shouting. Upon all the heights of the town she treads with her audaciousness. She knows not fear. She does not recognize shame. She breaks every covenant, and violates every rule. She has not faith and her oath is false. Her trade is robbery, swearing, and falsehood. She is a sister to every evil; a mother to all transgression; and a deadly enemy to all the children of reason. She sits and slanders them amidst bowls of strong drink. All the thoughts of her heart concerning them are only evil. If she could she would swallow them like a fish, or like a donkey she would bite them so that she would break every one of their bones. Deceit also, by the smoothness of her talk entraps the soul as if it were a bird. She gives poison and death coated with honey, as food to the erring, foolish man. She bites when she kisses. When she relaxes her hands she smites. She does just as she pleases, and is successful.

Reason—Surely this is an error of our eyes, for our eyes are but human, and therefore they mistake truth for falsehood. They make darkness into light and light into darkness. Behold, even in those things which they really see they are led astray by every slight accident and chance, how much more so then in regard to those things which are difficult to understand and hidden from them. Look at the end of an oar in the water. Behold it appears to you to be crooked and bent, while in your heart you know, of

course, that in reality it is straight. Sheshai and Thalmai (the giants) appear only as pygmies, in a mirror whose surface is concave, and when the mirror is convex, the reverse is true, making small objects appear tall and large. Now look at our Spirit! As the sea in constant battle with the winds can never come to rest, and there is never a moment when its waves are not rolled and dashed hither and thither, so we are not exempt from troubles forever; and just as the waves change and influence the aspect of the sea, so our senses within us undergo change and transformation from time to time. We do not see except according to our desires, and our ears do not hear but according to what we long for, or have imagined. Should we have viewed the world clearly even once, we would have seen these our enemies, so afflicted, stricken and unhappy together that we would have said, "It is enough, we are sated with revenge." Behold, while your eyes perceive them, all full of pleasure, and satiated with comfort, their heels are held in a trap, from the grasp of which they cannot extricate themselves. All their steps take firm hold on the nether-world. Their feet shall slip. They shall not be able to stand there. Now be of good courage. Gird yourself with strength, for I shall go and see, and I will tell you all that I hear when I return. Only be calm, and direct your designs and all the thoughts of your heart with your wisdom. Behold, there is no power like the power of a man restraining his imagina-

tion by force and ruling over his spirit. Only that heart which is calm and quiet removes anger from itself.

SCENE 2.

Exit Reason; Righteousness meets Contemplation alone on the mountain.

Righteousness—There is nothing that I enjoy more than to turn and see these vegetations of the pastures and the fields, and the springs of water that flow from the top of the rocks here. I shall incline my ear to the voice of the turtle dove or the bird. I shall lie down in the grass under the palm tree, and like the laborer deeply inhale the cool breezes. So also I shall cast my inmost thoughts and secrets behind my back for a short while, so that I might forget my bitter complaint. Perhaps then I may be relieved. Behold, do I not see Contemplation over there? Ah, I rejoice over him, I am delighted that I have found him now, for the speculations of his mind will be of use for making me forget all my trouble, and will make my soul also to rejoice.

Righteousness addressing Contemplation—Peace be unto you, Contemplation; whither are your thoughts moving now amidst these solitary mountains and streams?

Contemplation—Behold, I am walking and searching the marvels of wisdom which are fathomless. The creator and the maker of all has shown and made known to all, whose eyes folly has not blinded nor laziness corrupted, the wonders of the plant-life of all the earth, whether of field or forest. His thoughts are all exceedingly profound. How great is every one of his works! All of them are too exalted in wisdom for any mind. Pray, fix your eyes upon these roots. Behold, your eyes perceived in them open mouths exceedingly numerous. They draw, and suck together from the breast of this earth all its moisture (sap) which feeds them as long as they live. They conduct it into the veins of their stem, then, from one end to the other, to every bough and shoot, to become as nourishment for all of them together. And also (this sap) when coming out as a compound from the womb (of the earth) settles, but when it is analysed it is found to be composed of earth and fat or sulphur and salt with all the rest of the builders of the organisms. As its (the sap's) motion increases and as it rapidly travels within the veins of the stem it melts like wax and on account of its travels it is poured forth like water in the place where it rests. Because of the various periods of time that pass over it, days and nights, cold, heat, and wind, its taste changes and by the name of the plant into which it came it is named forever, because it is like it. Now, see these fibers here, thinner than the hair of the head, than the spider

threads, fill all the surface of this leaf. For in them juice circulates without resting and without relaxing. While it is day, in the heat of the sun, it boils, and a little of it condenses on account of the chilliness of the night. Then the bees suck it with their mouths and in their inward parts it turns into honey that flows amidst wax.

Behold the flowers! Look at their beauty! Look at their appearance, also smell their fragrant odor from this cup-like bowl-shaped form that you see they have beneath them. Around their cup-like form their leaves first blossom and after they drop off, fruit appears. Look at the filaments standing erect like pillars, some with and some without caps on their heads. All of them, together with all that is upon them (their leaves) assist each other. And in their channels they prepare the juice, with which to cause their fruit to grow, and to sweeten it. This picture which you see resembles a nail, as its whiteness is pressed down in its garland. There the bees deposit the honey which their mouths suck as they find it in the night. Now contemplate this again. Look and understand the marvels of our God. Consider this seed which all plants, all herbs, according to their kind inclose within them. A fetus coupled with its placenta either large or small, behold this is its likeness. Nature has filled its numerous stores with an abundance of fat with which all its substance (bones), each fiber of it and each vein of it, are strengthened. Together also

they are softened by it. In it moves a penetrating wind, which is swift to fly, brisk and of great power. It adjusts all the arrangements of the plant, everything in its proper manner. everything in its place. From its thickened fat, after the sun and blowing winds dry it up, a corselet, a covering protecting it against every evil and accident, is produced. Oxygen stands up in it as a warrior against loathsome decay. Also from its fat, abundant and powerful strength is drawn and poured forth. A diffusion of sap stretches under it and as if from window lattices it peeps forth a little here, a little there, from every breach and hole outward. These are some of the ways of the Holy One and like these there are innumerable marvels forever. Anyone investigating them will find them always in all animate beings, in all vegetative matter, and in all that have no spirit of life in them; over all the earth and in all that are in water and in all that man will direct his eyes to look at. Happy is he who has found wisdom and knowledge, happy is he who speaks to a listening ear.

Righteousness—May you be blessed, Oh. Contemplation, for you have comforted me at the time when the pangs of sorrow seized my soul. For by the sweetness of your doctrine you make me forget the bitterness of my heart. You have also turned my mourning into joy. As the shadow for the weary and as water for the thirsty, so knowledge is sweet and delicious for the soul. It is joy for the heart, light

for the eyes. It is a necklace for the neck, and a turban for the head.

Both Righteousness and Contemplation leave.

SCENE 3.

Praise enters on the field alone.

Praise—Behold, here I stand now alone, I raise my heart. I lift up also my hands. I pour out my soul and spirit in my anguish before my God, for without Him there is no refuge and protection forever. Maybe He will see my affliction. Perhaps He will extricate this terror-stricken person from the snares put at her feet without cause. Oh, Thou that rulest the world with strength, Thou art the one Master and King and there is no one besides Thee. Oh, Omnipotent, whose mighty power has no limit forever; behold, there is none who can deny thy wish, nor, lo, is there a God like Thee in Heaven, how much less then on the earth. Who is he and where is he who speaks and it comes to pass, or whose plan is realized, unless Thou hadst so ordered. Who is he that can lift up or cause his hand and foot to rest, unless Thou hadst known it. Who is quiet whom Thou hast not made quiet. Who is afflicted whom Thou hast not afflicted. I pray Thee favor and grant the entreaty of the soul that apart from thee does not know of any refuge. I pray thee be willing to do a

favor to a bitterly afflicted heart, to a spirit Thou hast crushed. Calm, I beseech thee, the waves of thy hot anger, and, like a father, be kind again to the soul thou hast chastised. Be willing, I pray thee, to deliver my foot from the net. Be willing to break the snare in which, like a fowl, I have been entrapped. Why should my soul become the portion of a wrongdoer? Why should I be trodden upon by a man of falsehood, whom thou hatest? Why should the wicked joyously shout over me, and why also should the haughty ones whom thou abhorrest abuse me? Grant me the portion of a righteous person, and not of the children of iniquity. Let me be a servant of Righteousness, and not the mistress of the house of Pride. Now, I shall direct my steps toward the hill, I shall wait there by the spring, till my maid-servant comes, for thither I commanded her to go, saying, "Make haste and go thither, for there you will find me and we shall walk together into the town as the sun sets." But whom do I see there from a distance walking? Is not this Righteousness? What shall I do now? What shall I choose? What will happen to me? What will befall me? Shall I go forward, or shall I turn backward? My heart indeed makes my steps rise and run faster than the roe of the woods, and also fly like an eagle. Yet the rule of my behavior, the law of the discipline of modesty turns back my feet, and confuses my spirit. Alas, for the portion I possess. Alas, for the lot of suffering that has fallen unto me.

Why do you condemn me to abhor him, for whom I have only love, and why also do you force me to love him whom I despise? Behold, I go from here, yet my heart does not. I turn back, yet my soul does not turn the same way. Righteousness, my beloved, if your eyes would see how this afflicted person is running after and clinging to you while her feet flee from your shadow; how she is longing after your likeness; how eager she is to lick the dust of your feet; Oh, how deeply moved you would be over her pain, how you would pity her in her affliction. But I shall go quickly from here, before he will see me. I shall flee and run away lest evil may befall me. From the beloved of my soul I run away unto the one my soul abhors, to the bitterness of death. From the paradise whereto my feet led me, I flee to hell and to the valley of the shadow of death. Yet, in spite of all this I do not cease to hope. My soul does not despair, nor does it become discouraged.

SCENE 4.

Foolishness and Pride.

Foolishness—What is the matter, madam; where have you been till now? I have not been able to find you.

Praise—But I was here.

Foolishness—Behold, I came as you told me, to the

top of the hill, and went to the spring, but I did not find you.

Praise—What did my father say to you and what did he command concerning me?

Foolishness—He commanded me to announce to you joyful news.

Praise—I wish it should be so.

Foolishness—Truly, it is so indeed.

Praise—So may it be forever. But tell me the information you possess.

Foolishness—You may know that the day of your wedding has been set for the day of the new moon.

Praise—And with whom?

Foolishness—With whom? Do you not know who your bridegroom is? Is it not Pride?

Praise—But why do you not call him by his real name?

Foolishness—Who does not know him already? Is there a man better known in the town than he is?

Praise (apart)—I wish I did not know him. (*To Foolishness*)—But have you met a man and a woman up there by the water spring?

Foolishness—Behold, I have seen there a crowd of men all astounded, but as to what had befallen them I did not inquire.

Praise—Indeed, you acted foolishly. Go, now, quickly, run, and come back before the day ends and know what is the matter.

Foolishness—I will do so.

Praise—Run quickly and come back soon. My heart leaps within me. My soul is prophesying news to me, but I have not the capacity to understand it. My spirit moves between hope and fear like a bulrush to and fro. My God, I pray thee, open for me the gates of thy mercy. Let a broken heart find relief. Its wound I pray thee cure, and cause its pains to be ended. (*Echo*—to be ended!) What voice is this my ears hear? Who responds to my words, though not called by me? Foolishness, are you sitting there in a hiding place to mock me? Arise, come quickly, because here for you, behold, wait I. (*Echo*) Not I!

If you are not Foolishness, who are you, then, who mocks my impotence and laughs there at my trouble? (*Echo*) Bubble!

Oh, voice unknown to me. I wish you were in my place, and then I would see whether you would now laugh or rejoice. (*Echo*) Rejoice!

I should rejoice, but over whom should I rejoice, tell me? Should I rejoice over Pride, or shall I possess Righteousness? (*Echo*) Righteousness!

What do I fancy now, what do I dream now or what do I hear. Shall I obtain Righteousness whom the Heavenly Will keeps back from me. Where are my reveries wandering now? (*Echo*) Yours he is now!

Will Righteousness be mine? Oh, what maiden in the world will be happier than I, if the voice of my vision will prove true. (*Echo*) Will prove true!

May it be the will of my God, for only His power, only His mighty hand can do this now. And from the midst of the abyss of darkness He will cause light to shine forth for us, as the morning star. With much power He will bring forth unto the light our justice. (*Echo*) So it is!

Foolishness—Now, madam, I have come back, and I will tell you marvels that dismayed me as I heard them. Pride and Deceit were walking slowly in the wood, when suddenly a swarm of animals appeared (Oh, my heart palpitates as I speak), bears, leopards and lions as innumerable as the sand of the sea. They all rose together to tear them as if they were sheep.

Praise—Did they tear them?

Foolishness—No, for they were rescued.

Praise (aside)—I am exceedingly sorry. *To Foolishness*—But how were they rescued?

Foolishness—The hill opposite them shook; the valley quaked, and all of them ran off, and fled far away. Pride and Deceit then escaped from them, made haste, and returned to the city.

Praise (soliloquizes)—Behold the beasts in the woods became enraged now over the violence of the children of men, over the injustice of their deeds. It

is true these men of wickedness escaped, but all the accidents are not over yet. Our eyes do not yet see the aim of this phenomenon, but a day will come when we shall see and know the end of all this. For surely only for a day of vengeance and for a time of wrath they are reserved. (*To Foolishness*)—Now, come, let us go quickly to the house of my father, lest he may worry about us, for the sun has already set, and we are still in the field. Oh, my heart and soul, behold, I hear you all telling me wonderful things. Indeed, they are sealed, but I do not know whether your prophecy is one of hope or fear for me. But, be that as it may, I shall wait, I shall wait and wait, perhaps I shall still rejoice.

ACT III.

Multitude, Praise, Pride and other Guests at the Morning Wedding Feast, Just before the Ceremony.

SCENE 1.

Multitude—Eat and drink, my brethren; make your hearts happy to-day, my friends, because I hope that we shall yet meet again and rejoice on the joyful occasions of the offspring of these my children.

Deceit—Multitude, as you have made your close friends rejoice to-day, so when you shall be a hundred years old, yet fresh, joyous and full of all happiness, you shall make them rejoice again.

Pride—My father, do you not see how suddenly the sky has darkened. Behold this terrible dark cloud standing opposite us, as if it were spearding anger, and pouring forth wrath. Look, I pray you, at this belt, red as blood, that the sky has girded itself with.

Multitude—Yes, indeed, I also see this, and I have not ceased to worry, that to-day, the day of our joy, such a thing as this should happen.

Deceit—Why are you so disheartened, Multitude? Are you not ashamed? Why are you so exceedingly afraid of a small cloud that you behold, and of a light that is coming. Get up, arise, and leave these fears

alone now. Let me now drink of this glass in your honor, and announce a toast that all happiness be thine, and you, too, arise and drink with me and be happy forever.

Multitude—What is this, my son? May the All-Merciful save us. Oh, what a storm is coming up from the south.

Pride—My heart trembles within me from the roaring thunder.

Praise—Oh, father, look how this fire comes on earth.

Pride—Look at the wall; behold, it is just about to fall.

Guests—From heaven's heights they are warring against us.

Multitude—Such a storm, I had never yet seen.

Pride—I am panic stricken.

Guests—Oh, where should we flee? Where?

Deceit—Why are you afraid? Why are you so terrified? What is this? Is it not merely a natural occurrence (or phenomenon) that has occurred of yore, and will occur again in every generation forever. When from the bowels of the earth a mist goes up, absorbing sulphur, vapor, nitre, it burns like a flaming fire. The lightning flashes like an arrow, it thunders and cries. A flood and an explosion are

spread from it. When the wind is shut in between the narrow passes and enclosed from beneath, it struggles with its mighty power. Behold, it shakes the world, and scares it. Later it bursts forth and comes out from it like a lion, and makes the world desolate. When nature will become normal, we shall again be composed, and just as before we shall continue our joy. We shall drink our wine with a happy heart. We shall eat our bread joyfully. Let the mountaineer on the field be afraid. Let those who walk in the way be terrified because they have no shelter. But here under the protection of the roof of a tower and castle, why are you afraid, you faint-hearted ones. Be ashamed all of you rabbits of the rock.

Multitude—Indeed, my heart shakes, my spirit is troubled. I am afraid. Whether this is fear or faint-heartedness, I do not know. But the fact remains that I **am** afraid.

Deceit—Multitude, you are surely fit to be a general of an army, with no one to equal you. When you see the glittering sword or when you hear a horse bray, behold you will leave the camp forsaken. Behold, you will hide yourself, and you will conceal yourself either in a pit or under the belly of your cavalry-horse.

Multitude—Deceit, there must be something the matter, that the heavenly powers have set this day against us. I do not know for what reason.

Deceit—Stop for a short while, stop, I pray thee,

Multitude. Cease, because there is nothing the matter. Compose yourself.

Multitude—I cannot compose myself. The pangs of my heart are not lessened, because instead of being assuaged, the storm prevails.

Deceit—Behold, thousands of false notions like these spread among men and turn their heads to believe in them as in genuine prophecies. They originate in this way. An occurrence or an accident may befall a man as he leaves or enters his house, and people will render a decision that the one occurred on account of the other, and they will connect things that are disconnected, and make one the origin of what is not its product. If a storm rose to-day which we so frequently witness, and you happen to be rejoicing at a joyous marriage ceremony, therefore you would imagine that the skies storm against this marriage. Had you asked me, I would have said, "Behold, I noticed that this rainstorm began to rage just as your hand put down the glass, because you did not want to drink more, as you said your head was feverish. Will you say that therefore there is wrath against you because you refused to drink and you sinned against the excellency of the vine? Consider this intelligently, Multitude. I pray you, consider it, why should you follow nonsense. The rule and the laws of heaven and earth work together according to their charge. Sowing and reaping; cold and heat; summer and winter; night and also day; both light and darkness; dew and rain; hail

and snow ; hoar frost and ice ; clouds, lightnings and thunders, disappearing and reappearing, they rotate upon the wheels of nature, each in its season, whether it is long or short, as it chances to be. Only the childish heart fears them, or the senseless, the ignorant, and the fools, for these even in their old age are still childish.

Multitude—I will not hearken to you, Deceit, concerning this matter. No! No!

Deceit—I know, Multitude ; I know ; for I already have observed this many a time. An old notion, even if a false one, rules the heart of men tyrannically.

A Servant—Master, the middle pillar broke down!

An Old Man—What shall we expect now, what shall we hope or wait for? Near death and burial we still do not fear death. This is a finger of God ; you should understand, and take heed. Do not harden your heart, do not walk contrariwise lest you fall into evil, and not be able to rise against it. Surely this is a bad, painful, and stubborn disease which brings down many of the people of the earth into the grave. Daily they are crushed, and suffer pains on account of their many sins. Their strength is spent for no purpose. The locust and the cankerworm eat the fruit of their trees. Their wealth vanishes like a dream of the night, and, behold, it is no more. Their honor flies away in a moment like a bird, and yet they do not learn to fear (you) ; they do not receive instruction. All that

occurs and befalls them they explain by their science, that questionable science of theirs, in order not to break their hearts nor to humble their spirits, and the people walk wildly and do not return to the One who smites them. Therefore, there is no end to their chastisement. Disaster upon disaster, misfortune upon misfortune, breach upon breach entwines itself and comes up around their necks and yet they do not know their significance. They do not receive any light.

Multitude—But what am I guilty of to-day, brother, and what have I done? Tell me, please, my transgression and my sin that I might depart from them.

The Old Man—My heart tells me and I almost recollect it, that at the time when the hosts of Confusion, may they perish forever, looted this royal, joyful city; behold, they captured and carried off both the son of Truth, and the son of his female slave. When Truth, who was anxious about this matter, saw this, he hurried and went up to the gates, prostrated himself opposite the footstool of our King Justice, and said, "My King live forever. Behold my eyes see into the future and far distant time, and I fear greatly that after a certain period will pass by, years will come when my son will be confused for my slave. Therefore, before the throne of your glorious power I wish to point out a testimonial and positive means of identification, by which he may be known even after a long time, so that he will then be easily recognized."

Let us go now to examine and investigate the matter.

Perhaps we are unwittingly sinning to-day, for Pride may not be the son of Truth as we have believed until now.

Multitude—Alas, what will be the portion of my lot, what will befall me now?

Pride—What will now become of us?

Deceit—My heart melts; my knees tremble.

An Old Man—Why are you dismayed, Multitude? Wait until we see how the matter will turn out, then we shall know what we have to do.

Multitude—Oh, ye men of falsehood, Pride and Deceit; how have you presumed to fool me thus?

Deceit—Multitude, have you investigated already and is it shown that Pride is not the son of Truth?

Multitude—Wicked one, do you dare still to open your mouth? Away, evil men, away! Away children of iniquity; away from me. I wish that I would never have been born, or that I would have lain together with the dead in the grave before I knew you. Would that I had been deaf before I listened to you.

The Old Man—Compose yourself, Multitude, rise, now and come, for we shall all go to the Court of Justice. He will make the matter known in the proper way. His judgment he will make firm and clear to the world. But one who seeks his salvation, must not be impatient, lest the evil he fears will befall him. If you see a man who is hasty, unstable as water, know that there is more hope for a fool than for him.

All leave.

SCENE 2.

Foolishness goes in search of Reason.

Foolishness (to himself)—If a wind has not carried him off or a cloud has not swallowed him I shall find him at last. Behold, the further an object is away from us, the more we long for it. Surely, I see someone walking there in the valley. If I am not mistaken his face is like that of Reason. That's right. I have not been mistaken. (He meets Reason and Righteousness.) Reason, will you not tell me where you hid yourself to-day, for I tired a horse seeking you, but yet I did not find you. I went up the hills. I came down to the plain and valleys, and even along the wells and streams, yet I did not find you and I would have already despaired of it and would have ceased to seek, had I not now thought that I saw your image from afar.

Reason—What is it and why is it. Foolishness, that you seek me? What have you to do with us?

Foolishness—I have news of a dreadful and marvelous omen, of a thing that the ears of everyone that hears it shall tingle. I would not have believed it had I not seen it.

Reason—What happened; speak; tell us.

Foolishness—My heart palpitates, my mind is still a blank, Reason, and I do not know whether my eyes saw it or I have dreamt it.

Reason—But say, tell us what has happened.

Foolishness—What shall I tell you, Pride was expelled and will not be the son-in-law of Multitude.

Righteousness—Why did you come, now, Foolishness, to laugh at me?

Foolishness—No, I am not making fun of you. But before my eyes they expelled him, and I am horrified on that account.

Reason—How did this happen?

Righteousness—My God, what does this mean?

Foolishness—How, I do not know myself. What I have seen is that Pride was expelled and chased out, and everybody went to the court of justice. I don't know what for, nor what will be the end of all this.

Reason—But who so suddenly stirred up all this now? How did this storm begin? Were you not present there?

Foolishness—They were drinking peacefully when a storm arose, with thunder and burning lightning from the cloud, and in the midst of this terror quarrels came up. Then I perceived one of the old men speaking so effectively that, as he spoke, they arose and expelled Pride. After that all of them, perplexed, went together to the court of justice.

Reason—Righteousness, my friend, these are wonderful works of Him who is so perfect in knowledge. These are the mysterious ways of our God. Rise now, come, let us go to the gates of Justice. Let us be present and know what the Lord God shall do for us,

for he will cause salvation to sprout forth for us to-day.

Righteousness—May it be the will of my God to do as you say. But I cannot understand what it is that happened so suddenly among them, that all their schemes were so overthrown.

Reason—Righteousness, are you so stupid not to know that all the counsels and the wisdom of all men, behold they are like the clay in the hands of the potter—in the hands of our Maker. For a moment their God speaks, and overthrows forever. They pass like a shadow, and are already forgotten. Here one finds time to tell the tale. It is vain, you know, Oh, men, to rejoice over the merriment of the sounds of the drum. It is vain to wail bitterly on every occasion of mourning. if one's heart (really) understands, or if one is wise enough to realize that whether it be his grief or his joy, his courage or his fear, both the one and the other are together vanity. His mishaps and accidents, behold, they are for one moment but never for the next.

SCENE 3.

Multitude, Pride, the Old Man, and the other Wedding Guests before Justice, their King.

Multitude—Thou, strength of the nation, protect the people thou feedest. Oh, thou, our glorious praise,

may the Creator of heaven establish thy Kingdom for ever and ever and to all eternity! Behold, God from on high raised thee to be our shepherd, to watch, to lead, to judge and to save, and under thy protection we safely rest in peace. Now, as we are in distress, we come to thee that thou shalt afford relief to thy flock and the sceptre of thy Kingdom shall comfort us.

Justice—My children, my soul seeks your salvation and I anxiously long for your peace. But what troubles you now?

Multitude—My King, what happened to me is a strange thing that astonishes everybody. I have engaged my daughter, Praise, to the son of Truth many years ago. Now I fear we confused the child of Truth for the child of his female slave, because the hosts of Confusion took them both away and exiled them to a strange land. But I was relieved and reassured when an old man related to me how farsightedly Truth foresaw all this, and therefore anticipated it, and described the mark of identification of his son before thy throne.

Justice—It is so, and in the book of records they are written down. Registrar, rise and bring the book here quickly.

Multitude—My King, may the name of thy kingdom live forever.

Registrar (returning)—May my King live forever, behold, here is the book as you wished.

Justice—Now read the statement.

Registrar—Behold, here I am. (*Reads*) "These are the marks of identification of the son of Truth. His brow is like snow, exceedingly white and as white as wool. Its lines are long and run straight. His eyes, well fitted in their setting, look straight forward. And a mark resembling sapphire or onyx is visible on his heart as if in a casing. On the edge of his right shoulder a hair like the finest gold is growing from a white spot resembling a lentil, and the form of a crown."

Justice—Now, let Pride be examined in our presence. Come here and take off your shirt.

Pride—Wo, unto me, I am already lost.

Justice (after the examination)—You have not even one of these marks. Rise and flee, for the girl Praise is not destined for you, nor shall she be yours, for you are not the son of Truth.

(*To Multitude*)—Multitude, give thanks without limit to the God of our salvation, for He guarded you to-day against a trap. Your daughter also He rescued and saved from a snare. He will yet fulfill your wishes and will send quickly without delay, the young man that you are longing for, and you will yet rejoice in His bounteous goodness.

Multitude—May thy kingdom be exalted forever. Oh, my King!

The Old Man—My King, may thy horn be exalted for all generations. Mayest thou feed thy flock forever in peace.

Multitude (soliloquizes)—What should I choose to-day, joy or sorrow? Oh, old man afflicted and sated with disgrace, what shouldst thou do? Joy and grief are now mixed for thee. Shouldst thou listen to mournful music, or to drum and flute?

SCENE 4.

Reason and Righteousness Come to the Court of Justice, while Multitude and the others are there.

Reason—Is not that Multitude, who stands there with his hand on his forehead, and is leaning against the wall?

Righteousness—I think so, too. Behold, his face bears witness to his bitter complaint.

Reason—It is he. Let us approach him and ask him what happened to him. (*To Multitude*) What is it that makes you appear so gloomy? What has befallen you.

Multitude—Don't bother me. Turn away from me, Reason. Leave me alone, for I mourn and moan over my hard day. I lament my fate, and weep for the lot that fell unto me. But more than for this I weep over my stupidity, because I refused for a long time to listen to your voice, Oh, Reason. Whither shall

I carry off my disgrace? Where are the caves and the crevices of a rock, in which I should conceal the gray hair of my disgraced old age?

Reason—What is the evil that befell you thus?

Multitude—Alas, what happened to me is more bitter than death, for my glory is reduced to everlasting disgrace, and the recollection of me has come to be a proverb in the mouth of every male or female slave. Behold, I, together with my daughter, have become now the object of mockery and derision, for every despicable person. I have been seduced by this wicked man, Deceit, to take this rash Pride for the child of Truth. Now, to my disgrace, the heavens disclosed his disgrace before the eyes of all, and all his falsehood and lies are known to all the ends of the earth, that he is not the son of Truth, and I together with my daughter are left covered with shame. Behold, you have urged your wise words against me, in order to give me judicious instruction, that I should refuse to follow Deceit, that I should not judge according to appearances, but I was foolish, and in my stupidity I did not incline my ear to listen, and only after my eyes I directed my heart. Now my soul is full of the fruit of its folly. Now I strike my thigh only in vain (as an indication of sin) for I am unable to remedy my fault, and the glory (of my good name) I have already ruined.

Reason—Multitude! And who knows whether all that befell you to-day is not for your benefit?

Multitude—How can this be for my benefit? How can I find comfort for myself while my eyes behold my daughter living thus in widowhood, desolate forever.

Reason—But why should your daughter be desolate and lonely?

Multitude—And how should she not be so? Where will she find the son of Truth now? Where?

Reason—Where? It may be that he is nearer to you than your heart can imagine.

Multitude—Reason, how can you speak so now?

Reason—But who told you, or how did you know? Who were these men that discovered or how did they prove that Pride was not the son of Truth.

Multitude—Reason, behold, the counsel, The Supreme Being, the word of our God discovered it and proved it. In the midst of terrors, in the midst of an earthquake, one of our old men was reminded that long ago marks were pointed out on the son of Truth, before Justice, by which he could be distinguished. We inquired about this. A thorough-going search was made and we found that it was so. Pride was examined and none of these were found on him.

Multitude—I know and shall tell also. His forehead is like snow and long lines run straight across it. His eyes are perfect in beauty, and on his heart is visible to the eye, a likeness of an encased sapphire.

On his shoulder also is a spot resembling a lentil on which a hair grows.

Reason—Is it on the right one?

Multitude—Yes.

Reason—And like a crown?

Multitude—Yes.

Reason—Is the hair also of a golden hue?

Multitude—How do you know all this? Are you a prophet?

Reason—Multitude, I am not a prophet, nor a son of a prophet, but I will restore you to yourself to-day. Behold, I know the man who has all these marks. For only he and no other is the son to whom alone our choicest treasure is assigned. And I knew it long already, but my heart did not venture to make it known to everybody. Behold, I thought they will not believe me. And I thought that when they hear what I say they will be filled with rage, as they turn now against Pride, and that only evil and not good would I bring upon him. I made myself dumb till he (Pride) would run to the end of his course. So I waited for the time when his foot would slip, for then I knew you would come and listen to me; that you would be willing and that it would be good for you, and that you would rejoice together. Now, come, let us stand up together before the throne of our king, and behold I will speak my words there. I will also show you the son of Truth, and will also make you exceedingly

happy with him. Behold, there is nothing like time to heal any ill, nor is there any cure like hope for any wound, disease, or plague. There is also, always a day when one, tossed with tempest (of trouble) is comforted, because there is a time and judgment for every purpose. The soul that hopes shall rejoice in the end. Oh, how sweet is the thing that comes in due season. Selah.

SCENE 5.

Reason, Multitude, Praise, Righteousness and the other Wedding Guests before Justice.

Justice—What do you wish, Reason, my faithful one! What is your petition? Ask and it will be granted to you.

Reason—My king, may the glory of your throne be great forever. Behold all thy desire, behold all thy wish is to rescue the needy from him that spoils him, to crush the oppressor and to subdue the unjust, and thy word is as dew for the meek of the earth. Now thy judgment has already humbled the pride of the brothers in iniquity—Pride and Deceit. For unto evil they made a covenant together, in order to turn aside the hearts of the meek of the earth and to corrupt the world with false words. Now I hope that the word of thy glorious royal authority will be of service to a poor man, to the son of Truth, who until now,

unrecognized, was brought down and humbled before the children of wickedness.

Justice—Forsooth, is the son of Truth known to you? and do you recognize him without making any error?

Reason—I know him, and thy word will make him known to-day to all thy people.

Justice—Do you know his father Truth pointed out marks by which he may be recognized and examined?

Reason—Therefore I thought that this is the day that he will be recognized.

Justice—Where is he? Call for him.

Reason—Rise, come hither, Righteousness, prostrate yourself before our glorious king.

Justice—Is this the son of Truth?

Reason—He is.

Justice—Rise, behold the looks of his face bear witness, and prove the case in his favor, for I see his forehead and likewise its lines, and his eyes are as described in the record. Now take off your clothes, let us see your bosom, also your shoulder. That's right. Behold, on you are found the marks about which your father wrote long ago. Reason, you have seen well, as is usual with you.

Reason—My King, have I not said that the word of thy glorious kingship will be to-day a salvation for thy people. With thy word wilt thou draw out and

also redeem from the valleys of distress and abysses of suffering this afflicted discomfited girl. The heart of these old men—Multitude and his friends—thou wilt again comfort and make rejoice. Righteousness also, thou wilt fill with the good fruit of his innocence.

Justice—Multitude, approach here; Righteousness, you draw near, too; and you, Praise, too. Your eyes have seen all these great things that the ancient God has done for you to-day, Multitude, and you rejoiced accordingly. Behold you have escaped from the snares of the evil-doers. The son whom you longed for is also here near your right hand. Rise, take him and he shall be your daughter's husband, for to him is she destined. And thou, Oh, son of Truth, perfect in your ways, a branch that is like its root—art honored and beloved. Righteousness, you shall now bring home with joy the harvest of your rectitude. Behold, the maiden Praise will be as a crown of finest gold upon your head, and you shall rejoice in her beauty.

You, too, virtuous virgin, beautiful and refined, rejoice in the man destined for you. Delight, and be happy. Forget entirely your people and your father's house, and joyfully devote now your sweet love to your beloved, and all heavenly blessings shall be showered together as one upon your head.

Multitude, bring now these your two children into your house. As they will rejoice in each other, so

you too will rejoice in their joy. For a long time they will be the delight of your soul, and will sustain your old age in peace.

To you, Reason, all those pursuing peace and seeking justice will acknowledge their thanks and good favor. Your hand has wrought this salvation, and you have comforted all that entered the gates of my city.

All (shout)—May our king live forever! May our eyes see his glorious throne become great! Doubly blessed is the people that have a shepherd over them, whose eyes are open, whose heart is not hard, who bears the brunt of their burdens, who also shelters them all under his protection, and gives rest to their heart, for the eye of their judge will make them more secure from terror than all the lofty fortified walls.

SCENE 6.

Chorus and Righteousness and Praise and Multitude and Reason, and all the Wedding Guests in the House of Multitude after the Marriage Ceremony

Chorus—All that hold the lyre, the flute and the harp, rise, come now, and play well. Ye sweet singers open your mouth, sing for this lot, sing for the portion sweet as honey, which our eyes have seen to-day, allotted to the upright, our honor and our glory.

Reason—Righteousness, behold you are reaping with great joy the seed that you sowed by the fountains of tears. Behold, with delight and joy you will now be satiated instead of the vexation you had been sated with, until now. This is the fruit of hope, of righteous, innocent behavior. This is the happy end of the meek, the end of all the humble men. Deceit will gnash his teeth and pine away forever. Likewise will anger kill and bring death upon Pride and only murder will dwell in the bones of Foolishness, and will not succeed. For to-day the sentence is passed; Praise is destined only for Righteousness, and let the righteous sing.

Chorus—All that hold the lyre, the flute and the harp, rise, come now, and play well. Ye sweet singers, open your mouth, sing for this lot, sing for the portion sweet as honey, which our eyes have seen to-day allotted to the upright—our honor and our glory.

Multitude—What more shall I ask, when my eyes have seen wonders upon wonders, which I had never expected to see. From the midst of the roaring chaos and the raging storm, I have inherited a peaceful destiny forever. On the glorious head of Righteousness, I see, instead of Pride, the wreath of Praise, grace, glory and wealth.

Chorus—All ye that hold the lyre, the flute and the harp, rise, and come now, and play your best. Ye

sweet singers, open your mouths, sing for this lot, sing for the lot sweet as honey, which our eyes have seen to-day allotted to the upright—our honor and our glory.

All the Guests—Behold, Praise is the portion of Righteousness and Righteousness is also the portion of Praise forever. May their glory increase. May it rise and ascend higher and higher unwearied. The young folks will look and be fascinated, the righteous will see, and rejoice with them.

Chorus—All ye that hold the lyre, the flute and the harp, rise, and come now, and play your best. Ye sweet singers, open your mouths, sing for this lot, sing for the lot sweet as honey, which our eyes have seen to-day allotted to the upright—our honor and our glory.