

ECOLOGY WON

Medieval: Abraham & Isaac

Elizabethan Jig: Simon & Susan

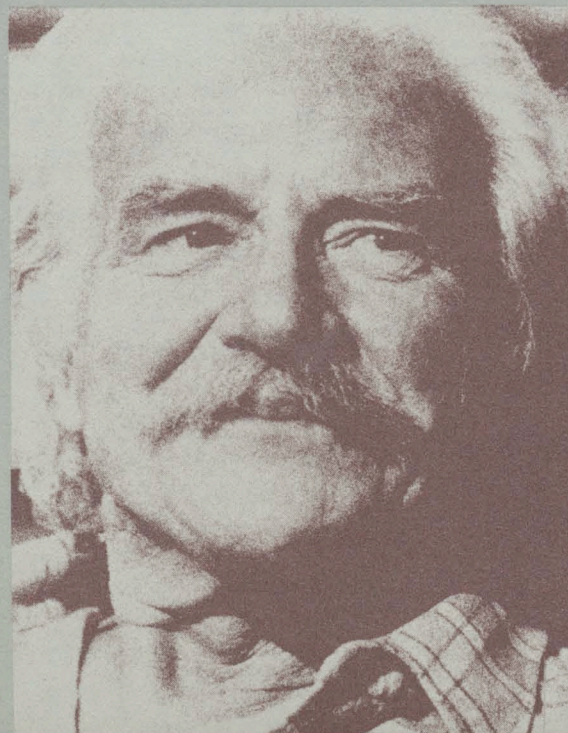
Chaucer, Shakespeare

The Slaughter of the Innocent

Robert Frost, Walt Whitman,
Mark Twain, Woody Guthrie

Readings by Will Geer & Ellen Geer

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE



QH
540.3
G298
1978

MUS LP

Side 1.

- Band 1. "The Pasture," by Robert Frost
- Band 2. "This Compost," by Walt Whitman
- Band 3. "O Lord Our Father . . .," by Mark Twain
- Band 4. "Letter To Will Geer," by/from Woody Guthrie
- Band 5. "Respondez," by Walt Whitman
- Band 6. "So Long It's Been Good To Know You,"
by Woody Guthrie
- Band 7. "The Parlement Of Foules," by Chaucer
- Band 8. "King Henry V, Act V, Scene II," Shakespeare

Side 2.

- Band 1. "Abraham And Issac" (Brome Version)
- Band 2. "Simon And Susan," —Anonymous
- Band 3. "The Nativity And The Slaughter Of The
Innocents"

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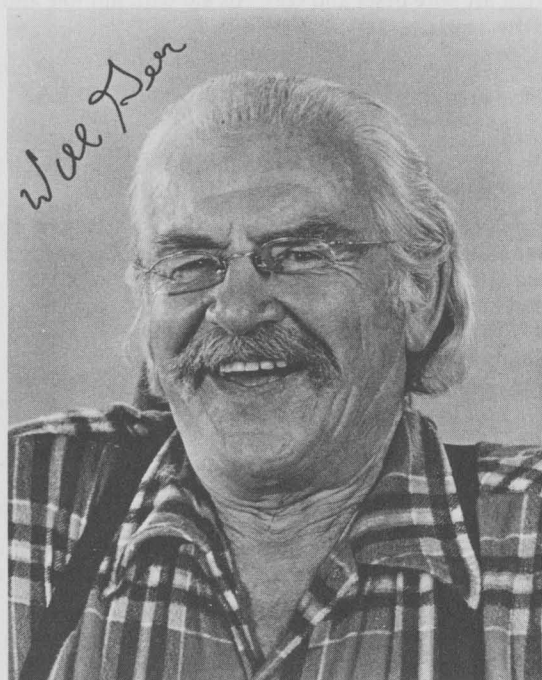
Readings by Will Geer & Ellen Geer

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET •

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9763

ECOLOGY WON

by WILL GEER and ELLEN GEER



Biography

Will Geer, one of America's most distinguished character actors, was born in Frankfort, Indiana and educated at the University of Chicago and Columbia University.

Will's acting career began over 50 years ago in riverboat shows, tent shows, repertory companies, and Shakespearean troupes. He worked as a member of the Stuart Walker Company of Cincinnati in road shows, received much of his juvenile acting training from Minnie Maddern Fiske, and became an original member of the National Repertory Company formed by Eva Le Galliene.

Making his Broadway debut in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Will's Broadway career continued with such credits as "Unto Such Glory," "Cradle Will Rock," "Waiting for Lefty," "Of Mice and Men," and "Tobacco Road."

His films include "Fight for Life," "Winchester 73," "Intruder in the Dust," "In Cold Blood," and he was more recently acclaimed for his roles in "The Reivers" and "Jeremiah Johnson."

Having appeared in numerous television productions, Will has starred in such programs as "Bonanza," "Mission Impossible," "Gunsmoke," "Hawaii Five-O," and "The Bold Ones." But he is best known for his endearing role of Grandpa Walton on the award-winning series, "The Waltons," the role which earned him the coveted Emmy in 1974.

Besides his commitment to the Walton series; Geer with his daughter, Ellen Geer, had organized his own repertory company...Theatrum Botanicum. He also continued to tour his Americana show featuring the poetry and prose of Robert Frost, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, and music by Woody Guthrie.

Band 1:

THE PASTURE by Robert Frost

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
And wait to watch the water clear, I may
I shan't be gone long—you come too.

Band 2:

THIS COMPOST by Walt Whitman

Something startles me where I thought I was safest
I withdraw from the still woods I loved
I will not go now on the Pastures to walk
I will not strip the clothes from my body
To meet my lover at sea.
I will not touch my flesh to the earth
As to other flesh to renew me
Oh how can it be that the ground itself does not sicken?
How can you be alive you growths of spring?
How can you furnish health you blood of herbs,
Roots, orchards, grains?
Are they not continuously putting distempered corpses
Within you?
Is not every continent worked over and over with sour dead?
Where have you disposed of their carcasses
Those drunkards and gluttons of so many generations?
Where have you drawn off all the foul liquid and meat?
I do not see any of it upon you today, or perhaps I am
deceived?
I will run a furrow with my plow, I will press my spade
Through the sod and turn it up underneath
I am sure I shall expose some of the foul meat.



Ellen Geer

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MUS LP

Behold this compost. Behold it well!
 Perhaps every mite has once formed part
 of a sick person. Yet behold!
 The grass of spring covers the praries
 The bean bursts noislessly through the mold in the garden
 The delicate spear of the onion pierces upward
 The apple buds cluster together upon the apple branches
 The young of poultry break through the hatched eggs
 The new born of animals appear, the calf is dropt
 from the cow, the colt from the mare.
 Out of its hill, rises the yellow maize stalk,
 The lilacs bloom in the dooryards
 The summer growth is innocent and distainful
 Above all those strata of Sour dead
 What CHEMISTRY! That the woods are not really infectious?
 That this is no cheat, this transparent green wash of the sea,
 Which is so amorous after me?
 That it is safe to allow it to lick my naked body
 all over with its tongue?
 That it will not endanger me with the fevers that have
 deposited themselves in it?
 THAT ALL IS CLEAN, FOREVER AND FOREVER?
 That the cool drink from the well tastes so good
 That blackberries are so flavorful and juicy
 That the fruits of the apple orchard and the orange orchard,
 that melons, grapes, peaches, plums will none of them poison
 me?
 That when I recline on the grass, I do not catch any disease?

NOW I AM TERRIFIED OF THE EARTH
 It is that calm and patient
 It grows such sweet things out of such corruptions
 It turns harmless and stainless on its axis
 It distills such exquisite winds out of such fetor
 It renews with such unwitting looks its prodigal,
 annual, sumptuous crops
 It gives such divine material to men
 And accepts such leavings from them at last.
 Stifled, O days! O lands! in every public and private
 corruption!
 Smothered in thievery, impotence, shamelessness, mountain
 high.
 Brazen effrontery, scheming, rolling like ocean's
 around you and upon you. O my days! My lands!
 Let everyone answer! Let those that sleep be waked!

Band 3:

O LORD OUR FATHER
 by Mark Twain

O Lord our Father,
 our young patriots, idols of our hearts,
 go forth to battle—be Thou near them!
 With them in spirit, we also go forth
 from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe.
 O Lord our God,
 help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells;
 help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale
 forms of their patriot dead;
 help us to drown thunder of the guns with the shrieks
 of their wounded, writhing in pain;
 help us to lay waste their humble homes
 with a hurricane of fire;
 help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows
 with unavailing grief;
 help us to turn them out roofless with their little children
 to wander unfriended the sastes of their desolated land
 in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of
 summer
 and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit
 worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave
 and denied it—

for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord,
 blast their hopes, blight their lives;
 protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps,
 water their way with tears, stain the white snow
 with the blood of their wounded feet!
 We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the source of
 love,
 and Who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend
 of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and
 contrite hearts.

AMEN. (song ends)

Ye have prayed it; for Victory if ye still desire it, SPEAK!

Band 4:

LETTER TO WILL GREER
 by Woody Guthrie

And our National soil is rotting faster than the crews
 can build the highways crawling with cars that belch
 and wind into all colors of dust and strike down into the
 valleys with smokestacks, and out to the ocean with its
 oil drills and all sorts of Hell sets in to make a
 National Calamity.

Band 5:

RESPONDEZ
 by Walt Whitman

Let the crust of Hell be eared and trod on!
 Let the days be darker than the nights.
 Let the world never appear to him or her for whom it was
 made.
 Let the Sun and Moon go.
 Let scenery take the applause of the audience.
 Let there be apathy under the stars!

Voice of a mighty dying tree in the redwood forest dense
 Farewell my brethern, farewell O earth and sky,
 farewell ye neighboring waters
 I heard the mighty tree its death chant chanting
 The choppers heard not, the camp shanties echoed not
 But in my soul I plainly heard. Murmuring out of its myriad
 leaves,
 Down from its lofty top rising 200 feet high,
 Out of its stalwart trunk and limbs, out of its foot thick
 bark, chant not of the past only but the future.
 In the echo of teamsters calls and the clinking chains
 and the music of chopper, axes,
 The falling trunk and limbs, the crash, the muffled shriek,
 the groan, the century lasting, unseen dryads, singing,
 withdrawing, all their recesses of forests and mountains
 leaving.
 From the Cascade Range to the Wasatch, or Idaho far, or
 Utah,
 To the deities of the modern henceforth yielding
 Have the old forces, the old wars, played their part?
 Are the acts suitable to them closed?
 I see the performed America grow dim, retiring in shadow
 behind me
 I see the unperformed more gigantic than ever, ADVANCE,
 Advance upon me. Of these years I sang:
 To conclude, I announce what comes after me:
 When America does what was promised, I announce
 Natural persons to arise.
 I announce uncompromising liberty and equality
 I announce splendors to make all the previous politics
 of the Earth insignificant.
 I announce a man or a woman coming, perhaps you are the
 one,
 SO LONG! My songs cease, I abandon them,
 From behind the screen where I hid I advance personally
 solely to YOU.

Dear friend whoever you are
 take this kiss
 I give it especially to you, I love you,
 Do not forget me
 Must all then amount but this
 Must we scarcely arrive at the beginning of us
 And yet on soul, it is enough, oh soul we have positively
 appeared.

Band 6:

SO LONG
 by Woody Guthrie

So long, it's been good to know you
 So long, it's been good to know you,
 This dusty old dust is gittin my home
 I've got to be drifting along.

Band 7:

THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES
 by Chaucer

Here begyneth the Parlement of Foules.

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
 Th'assay so hard, so sharp the conquerynge,

Band 8:

KING HENRY V, Act V, Scene ii
 by Shakespeare

What rub or what impediment there is
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace.
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births
 Should not in this best garden of the world
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage
 Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps.
 Corrupting in it° own fertility.
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,°
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair.
 Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate° such savagery.
 The even mead, that erst° brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover
 Wanting° the scythe, all uncorrected, rank.
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, burrs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness
 Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country.
 But grow like savages—as soldiers will
 That nothing do but meditate on blood—
 to swearing and stern looks, diffus'd° attire
 And everything that seems unnatural.

SIDE II

Band 1:

ABRAHAM AND ISSAC
 (BROME VERSION)

Abraham's heart will God now assay
 Whether that he be steadfast or wild
 His goodwill to God, now show he may
 If he Loveth God more than his child.

ABRAHAM

Father of heaven, omnipotent,
 With all my heart to thee I call;
 Thou has given me both-land and rent,
 And my livelihood thou hast me sent;
 I thank thee highly, evermore for all,
 First on the earth thou madest Adam,
 And Eve also, to be his wife;
 All other creatures of these two came;
 And now thou hast granted to me,
 Abraham, here in this land to lead my life.
 In my old age thou hast granted me this,
 That this young child with me shall live;
 I love nothing else so much, indeed,
 Except they own self, dear father of bliss,
 As Isaac here, my own sweet son,
 And therefore, Father of Heaven, I thee pray
 for his health and also his grace;
 Now, Lord keep him both night and day
 That never distress nor no fear
 Come to my child in no place.
 Now Father of Heaven, that formed all things,
 My prayers I make to thee
 For this day my tender offering
 Here must I give to thee.
 What manner of beast will make you most glad?

ANGEL

Abraham, Abraham, God's love is your test,
 Our Lord commandeth thee for to take
 Isaac, thy young son that thou lovest best,
 And with his blood sacrifice that thou make.

ABRAHAM

I had rather, if God had been pleased,
 For to give Him all the goods that I have
 Than for Isaac my son to be harmed,
 So God in Heaven my soul may save!
 I never loved anything so much on earth,
 And now I must the child go kill?
 Ah! Lord God, my conscience is strongly stirred!

And yet my dear Lord, I am sore afraid
 To grudge anything against your will.
 I love my child as my life,
 And Yet I love my God much more.
 Ah! Father of Heaven to thee I kneel
 A hard death my son shall feel
 For to honor thee, Lord, withal.

ANGEL

Abraham, Abraham, this is well said,
 And all these commandments look that thou keep;
 But in thy heart do not stray.

ABRAHAM

Isaac, Isaac, my own son dear,
Where art thou child? Speak to me!

ISAAC

My father, sweet father, I am here
And make my prayers to Trinity.

ABRAHAM

Rise up, my child, and fast come hither,
My gentle son, that art so wise,
For we two, child, must go together
And to the Lord make sacrifice.

ISAAC

I am full ready, my father, lo!

ABRAHAM

Ah, Isaac, my own son so dear,
God's blessing I give thee and mine!
Hold this faggot upon thy back,
And I myself fire shall bring.

ISAAC

Father, all this here will I pack;
I am full eager to do your bidding.

ABRAHAM

Then, Isaac, son, go we our way
Unto yon mount, with all our main.

ISAAC

Go we, dear father, as fast as we can;
To follow you I am full ready.

ABRAHAM (aside)

Ah Lord, my heart breaketh in twain,
This child's words, they be so tender.

ISAAC

Lo, my dear father, here the altar is!

ABRAHAM

Isaac my son, lay it down
No longer hold it upon thy back,
Now I must make ready soon
To honor my Lord God as I should.

ISAAC

But father, I wonder sure of this,
Where is your quick beast that ye should kill?
Both fire and wood we have ready
But quick beast have we none on this hill.

ABRAHAM

Our Lord will send me unto this place
Some manner of beast for to take.

ISAAC

Yea, father, but my heart begins to quake
To see that sharp sword in yur hand.
Of your countenance I have much wonder.

ABRAHAM (aside)

Ah, Father of Heaven, so I am woe!
This child here breaks my heart asunder.

ISAAC

Tell me, my dear father, I beg of thee
Bear ye your sword down for me?

ABRAHAM

Ah Isaac, sweet son, peace! Peace!

ISAAC

Why father, I wonder at your face!
Why make you this heavy cheer?

ABRAHAM

Indeed sweet son, I may not tell thee yet
My heart is so full of woe!

ISAAC

Dear father, I pray you hide it not from me,
But some of your thought, please tell me.

ABRAHAM

Ah, Isaac, Isaac, I must kill thee!

ISAAC

Kill me father? Alas! What have I done?
If I have trespassed against you aught,
With a rod please punish me sore,
But with your sharp sword kill me naught
For dear father, I am but a child.

ABRAHAM

Truly, my son, I may not choose.

ISAAC

I would to God my mother were here on this hill,
She would kneel for me on both her knees
To save my life.

ABRAHAM

Forsooth son, unless I kill thee,
I should grieve god right sore, I dread;
He commandeth me, son, for certain,
To make my sacrifice with thy blood.

ISAAC

It is God's will that I be slain?

ABRAHAM

Yea, truly, Isaac, my son so good.

ISAAC

Now father against my Lord's will
I will never complain, loud or still.
Ye have other children, one or two,
The which you love just as much.
He might have sent me a better destiny
If it had been his pleasure.
I pray you, father, make y no woe,
For be I once dead and from you go,
I shall soon be out of your mind.
I pray you bless me with your hand.

ABRAHAM

Isaac, Isaac, son, up thou stand,
Thy fair sweet mouth that I may kiss
Now, Isaac, with all my breath
My blessing I give thee upon this land.

ISAAC

Now farewell, my own father so mine,
And greet well my mother on earth.
But I pray you father to hide my eyes
That I see not the stroke of your sharp sword.

ABRAHAM

Ah, God, give me strength to do they will.
Now my dear Isac, speak no more,
Yet kiss me again upon this hill
In all the world there is none so mild.

ISAAC

But father, tell ye my mother nothing,
Say that I am in another country dwelling,
God's blessing may she have.
Sweet father I'm sorry to grieve you,
I cry you mercy of this I have done
And of all trespass I ever did against you.
I pray you father, make an ending!

ABRAHAM

In all they life, you never grieved me once.
Here my son, here shall you lie
Indeed I had rather myself to die
If God would be pleased with the deed
Of my own body for the offer.
I must bind they hands two
Although thou be so mild.

ISAAC

Father, why should ye do so?

ABRAHAM

That thou should not hinder my child.

ISAAC

Nay, indeed father, I will not stop you.

ABRAHAM

Ah, Isaac, Isaac, son thou makst me to weep!

ISAAC

Father of Heaven, to thee I cry
Lord receive me unto they hand!

ABRAHAM

Lo! Now is the time come certain
That my sword in his neck shall bite
Ah! Lord, my heart rebels against this!
I may not find it in my heart to smite
Yet fain I would work my Lord's will
But this young innocent lieth so still,
Oh! Father of Heaven! What shall I do?

ISAAC

Alas, father, haste me to kill;
Why dost thou tarry so?

ABRAHAM

Now heart, why woudst not thou break in three
Farewell my sweetest child in earth!

ANGEL

Abraham, Abraham, thy hand hold,
From heaven to thee am I sent
Our Lord thanketh thee an hundred-fold
For the keeping of his commandment.
He knoweth they will and also they heart,
That thou dearest him above all things.
A fair ram yonder did I bring.
Now farewell, blessed Abraham
Make they sacrifice with yon ram,
And spare they son so free.

ISAAC

Ah! Mercy, father, why smite thee not?

ABRAHAM

Peace, my sweet son, and up thou get
For our Lord of Heaven hath granted thy life
By this angel now,
That thou shalt not die this day, son, truly.

ISAAC

Ah! Father, full glad then am I,
Indeed, father, I say, Indeed—
Is this tale true?

ABRAHAM

An hundred times, my son fair of hue,
For joy I would thee kiss!
Yon same ram he hath us sent
Hither down to us.
Yon beast shall die here in they stead,
In the worship of our Lord alone.
Go, fetch him hither, my child, indeed.

ISAAC

Father, I will go seize him by the head!
Ah! Sheep, sheep, blessed must thou be,
That ever thou were sent down hither!
Though thou be ever so gentle and good,
Yet I had rather thou sheddest thy blood,
Indeed sheep, than I.
And Lord God, I thank thee with all my heart,
For I am glad that I shall live
And kiss once more my mother.
And I will fast begin to blow;
This fire shall burn a good full speed.
But father, When I stoop down low,
Ye will not kill me with your sword, I trow?

ABRAHAM

No, hardly, sweet son, have no dread;
My mourning is past.

ISAAC

Yea! I would that sword were in the fire
For, indeed, father, it makes me full ill aghast.

ABRAHAM

Lord God of Heaven in Trinity,
Almighty God omnipotent,
My offering I make in the worship of thee,
And with this quick beast I thee present.

ANGEL

Abraham, Abraham, well may you speed,
And Isaac they young son by thee!
Truly, Abraham, for this deed
God shall multiply both your seed
As thick as stars be in the sky.
Of you shall come fruit great quantity,
And ever be in bliss without end.
For ye dread God alone
And keep his commandments everyone
God's blessing I give, wheresoever ye go.

ISAAC

Ah! Father, I thank our Lord every way
That my wit served me so well
For to dread God more than my death.
But by my faith,—father, I swear
I will nevermore come here
But it be against my will.

ABRAHAM

Come on with me, my own sweet son,
And homeward fast now let us roam.

ISAAC

By my faith, father, thereto I grant
I was never so glad to go home
And speak to my dear mother.

ABRAHAM

Ah! Lord of Heaven, I thank thee,
For now I may lead home with me
Isaac, my young son so free—
The gentlest child above all other.
Lo, sovereigns and sirs, now have we showed
This solemn story to great and small.
It is good learning to learned and ignorant
And the wisest of us all,
Without any searching.
How we should keep, to our power
God's commandments without grudging.
Now Jesus, that weareth the crown of thorn
Bring us all to heaven's bliss.

Band 2:

SIMON AND SUSAN

Anonymous

(Elizabethan Jig)

SIMON

O my own dear sweet heart
And when wilt thou be true
Or when will the time come
That I shall marry you.
That I may give you kisses
One - two - a three (Smack-smack-smack)
More sweeter than the honey that comes from the bee.

SUSAN

My father is unwilling
That I should marry thee
Yet I could wish in heart
That so the same might be
For now methinks thou seemest
More lovely unto me
And fresher than the blossoms that bloom upon the tree.

SIMON

Thy mother is most willing
And will consent I know
Then let us to thy father
Now both together go
Where if he give us his good will
And to our match agree
Twill be sweter than the honey that comes from the bee.

SUSAN

Come go for I am willing
Good fortune be our guide
From that which I have promised
Dear heart I'll never slide
If that he do but smile
And I the same may see
Tis sweeter than the blossoms that bloom upon the tree.

SIMON

But stay here comes my mother
We'll talk with her a word
I doubt not but some comfort
To us she may afford
If comfort she will give us
That we the same may see
Twill be sweeter than the honey that comes from the bee.

(Enter MOTHER)

SUSAN

O mother we are going
My father for to pray
That he will give me his good will
For long I cannot stay
A young man I have chosen
A fitting match for me
More fairer than the blossoms that bloom upon the tree.

MOTHER

Daughter thou art old enough
To be a wedded wife
You maidens are desirous
To lead a married life
Then my consent good daughter
Shall to thy wishes be
For young thou art as blossoms that bloom upon the tree.

SIMON

Then mother you are willing
Your daughter I should have

SUSAN

I must be well maintained
As any city wife
And have those wished blessings
Of maidens that shall be
More finer than the blossoms that bloom upon the tree.

MOTHER

Well said good son and daughter
This is the only diet
To please a dainty young wife and keep the house in quiet
But stay, here comes your father
His words I hope will be
More sweeter than the blossoms that bloom upon the tree.

FATHER

Why how now daughter Susan?
Do you intend to marry?
Maidens in the old time
Did 20 winters tarry
Now in the teens no sooner
But you a wife will be
And loose the sweetest blossoms that bloom upon the tree.

SUSAN

It is for my preferment
Good father say not nay.
For I have found a husband kind
And loving every way.
That still unto my fancy
Will evermore agree
Which is more sweet than honey that comes from the bee.

MOTHER

Hinder not your daughter
Good husband lest you bring
Her loves consuming sickness
Or else a worser thing
Maidens youngly married
Loving wives will be
And sweet as is the honey that comes from the bee.

FATHER

God give thee joy dear daughter
There is no reason I
Should hinder thy proceeding
And thou a maiden die
And after to lead apes in hell
As maidens doomed be
That fairer are than blossoms that bloom upon the tree.

SIMON

The lets to the Parson
And clerk to say Amen

SUSAN

With all my heart good Simon
We are concluded then
My mother and father both
Do willingly agree
My Simon's sweet as honey
That comes from the bee.

ALL TOGETHER

You maidens and bachelors
We hope will lose no time
And learn it by experience
That youth is in their prime
And daily in their hearts desire young married folk to be
More sweeter than the blossoms that bloom upon the tree
Sweeter than the honey that comes from the bee.

Band 3:

THE NATIVITY AND
THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS
(Coventry)

HERALD

Hail, Herod, most worthiest in weed
Hail, Maintainer of Country, through all this world wide
Hail, the most mightiest that ever bestrode a steed

Hail, most manfulest man in armor man to abide
Hail in thine honor!
These three kings that forth were sent
And should have come again before thee here present
Another way, lord, home they went
Contrary to thine honor.

HEROD

Another way! Out! Out! Out!
hath these false traitors done me this deed?
I stamp, I stare, I look all about!
Might I them take, I should them burn at a fire!
I rant, I rave, and now I run wild. (He does so)
They shall be hanged if I come them to!
E! And that child of Bethlehem, he shall be dead
And thus shall I fordo his prophecy
How say you, sir knights, is not this best said,
That all young children for this should be dead
With sword to be slain?

1st SOLDIER

My Lord, King Herod, by name
Thy words against my will shall be
To see so many young children die in shame
Therefore counsel thereto, getting thou none from me.

2nd SOLDIER

Well said, fellow, my troth I plight
Sir King, perceive right well you may
So great a murder to see of young fruit
Will make a rising in thine own country!

HEROD

Arising! Out! Out! Out!
Out, villain wretches, plague upon you I cry!
My will you shall look that it be wrought
Or upon a gallows both you shall die!
By Mahommed, most mightiest that we dear hath brought!

1st SOLDIER

Now, cruel Herod, sith we shall do the deed
Your will needfully in this realm must be wrought
All the children of that age dead they must be
Now with all my might they shall be sought.

2nd SOLDIER

And I will swear here upon your bright sword
All the children that I find, slain they shall be
That make many a mother to weep and be full sore afraid
In our armor bfight when they shall see.

HEROD

Now ye have sworne forth that ye go
And my will that ye work both by day and night
And then I will for joy trip like a doe
And when they be dead I warn you
Bring them before my sight!

ANGEL

Mary and Joseph to you I say
Sweet word from the father I bring you forthright!
Out of Bedlam, into Egypt forth go ye the way
And with you take the child King, full of might
For dread of Herod's design.

(The women come in with their children)

WOMEN

Lully, lulla, thous little tiny child
By, by, lully, lullay, thou little tiny child
By, by, lully, lullay

O sisters two
How may we do
For to preserve this day
These poor young things
For whom we do sing
By, by, lully, lullay!

Herod the king, in his raging
Charged he this day
His men of might
In his own sight
All young children to slay

That woe is me
Poor child for thee
And ever mourn and say
By, by, lully, lullay

(For thy parting
Mother may sing)

1st WOMAN

I love my child, wondrously sweet
And in my arms I do him keep
Because that it should not cry!

2nd WOMAN

That babe that is born in Bethlehem, so meek
He'll save my child and me from villainy.

3rd WOMAN

Be still, be still my little tiny child
That Lord of Lords save both thee and me
For Herod hath sworne with words wild
That all young children slain shall be

1st SOLDIER

Say ye wives, wither are ye away?
What bear ye in your arms needs must we see
If they be men children, die they must this day
For at Herod's will all things must be.

2nd SOLDIER

And if in my hands once them seize
Them for to slay I will not spare
We must fulfill Herod's commandment
Else we be as traitors and east all in care.

1st WOMAN

Sir Knight of our courtesy
This day shame not your chivalry
But on my child have pity
For my child have pity
For my sake in this place
For a simple slaughter it was to slay
Or to work such a child woe
That can neither speak nor go
Nor never harm did.

2nd WOMAN

He that slays my child in sight
If that my strokes on him may light
Be he Squire of knight, I hold him but lost
See thou false rascal, a stroke shall thou bear here
And spare for no cost.

3rd WOMAN

(brandishes pot ladle)

I shall lay on him as though I mad were
With this same womanly gear
There shall no man stir
Whether that he be king or knight.

1st SOLDIER

Who ever heard such a cry
Of women that these children have lost?
For this great pain that here is done
I fear much vengeance thereof will come.

2nd SOLDIER

E! brother, such tales may we not tell
Wherefore to the king let us go
Yet must they all be brought him to
With carts and wagons fully freighted
I know there will be a dreadful sight.

1st SOLDIER

So, Herod, King, here must thou see
How many thousands that we have slain.

2nd SOLDIER

And needs thy will fulfilled must be.

HERALD

Herod, King, I shall thee tell
All they deeds have come to naught
This child has gone into Egypt to swell
So, sir, in thine own land
What wonders be wrought.

HEROD

Into Egypt, alas for woe
Longer in land here I cannot abide
Saddle my palfrey for in haste will I go
After yonder traitors will I ride
Them for to slay
Now all men hie fast
Into Egypt in haste
All that country will I waste
'Till I may come them to.

ELLEN GEER Biography

Born in New York to a theatrical family, Ellen Geer was spoon-fed on Shakespeare. Her father Will Geer (well-known as "Grandpa Walton" from the CBS-TV series, "The Waltons") and her mother, Herta Ware, who is an actress and folksinger, took her with them as they appeared in repertory companies across the country. By the time Ellen was fourteen she was an accomplished performer.

Because of the constant travelling, Ellen attended seventeen different schools, but this has been a great help, she claims, because she can now easily adjust to any situation.

Ellen Geer feels that one of the most important periods in her career was when she worked with Tyrone Guthrie at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater of Minneapolis. She had an opportunity to play "Saint Joan" and many other extraordinary parts which, she says, were so beneficial to her as a growing actress. Ellen Geer has also worked with the much acclaimed American Conservatory Theater (act) in San Francisco.

In television, Ellen Geer was a regular as the daughter-in-law on the "Jimmy Stewart Show," and she has made numerous TV guest star appearances including "Medical Center," "The Waltons," "The New Perry Mason Show," "Ghost Story," "Playhouse 90," and "Name of the Game."

Among her feature length film credits are "Harold and Maude," "Petulia," "Kotch," "The Reivers," and "Silence" with Will Geer and her 10 year old son, Ian Geer Flanders.

In her new movie "Memory of Us," Ellen Geer has successfully met a remarkable challenge. The film offered a rare opportunity to enact her own creation as she not only plays the leading role, but she also wrote the screenplay.

LITHO IN U.S.A. 