A Pageant of Carissima

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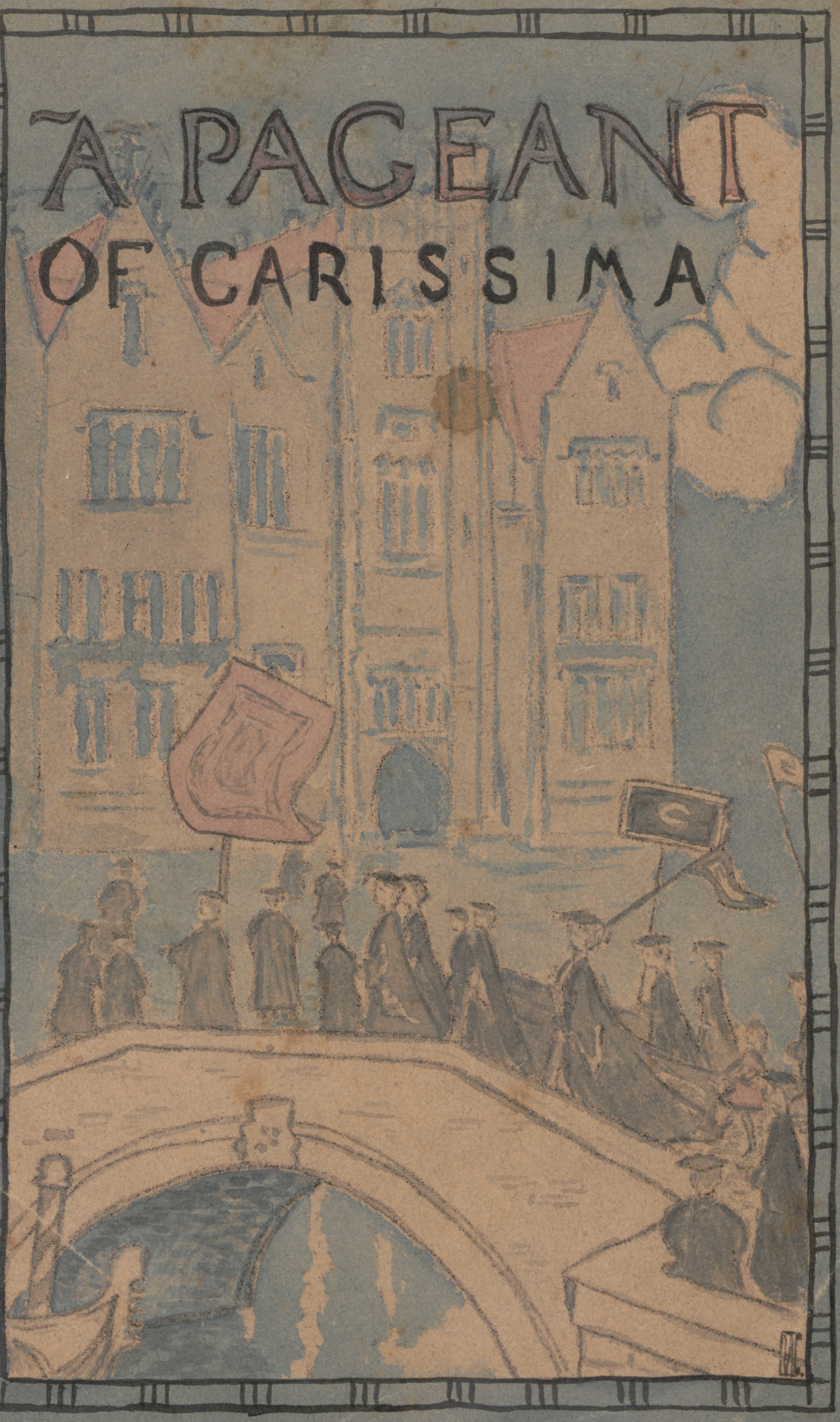
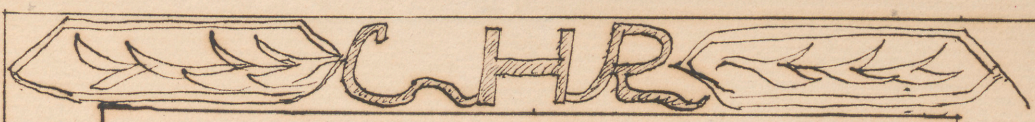
A PAGEANT OF CARISSIMA





BOOK OF WORDS

A Pageant of CARISSIMA

Compiled
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY
OF ANTIQUARIANS
OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1909

A PAGEANT THAT SHE MAY CARRY HENCE

The Herald will announce the Characters as they appear. The Characters will then speak for themselves.

Time, who can never steal her charm
Custom, who doth enhance her grace
Unite to make our fair Carissima
More dear with each triumphant year.
We pray the months to linger, but they pass
And summer turns to glorious Autumn
And Winter winds blow cold.
And then the sun sinks low and all is drear;
For She hath left us. Darkness comes save where
The far horizon glows with red glory,
Like the flaming train of some rich Pageant
That trails its glorious length across the Sky
Leaving us wondering, yet both glad and sad.....
And when She's gone, her sorrowing Knights
Betake themselves to think on by gone days
And each one speaks in turn.

THE HERALD SPEAKS

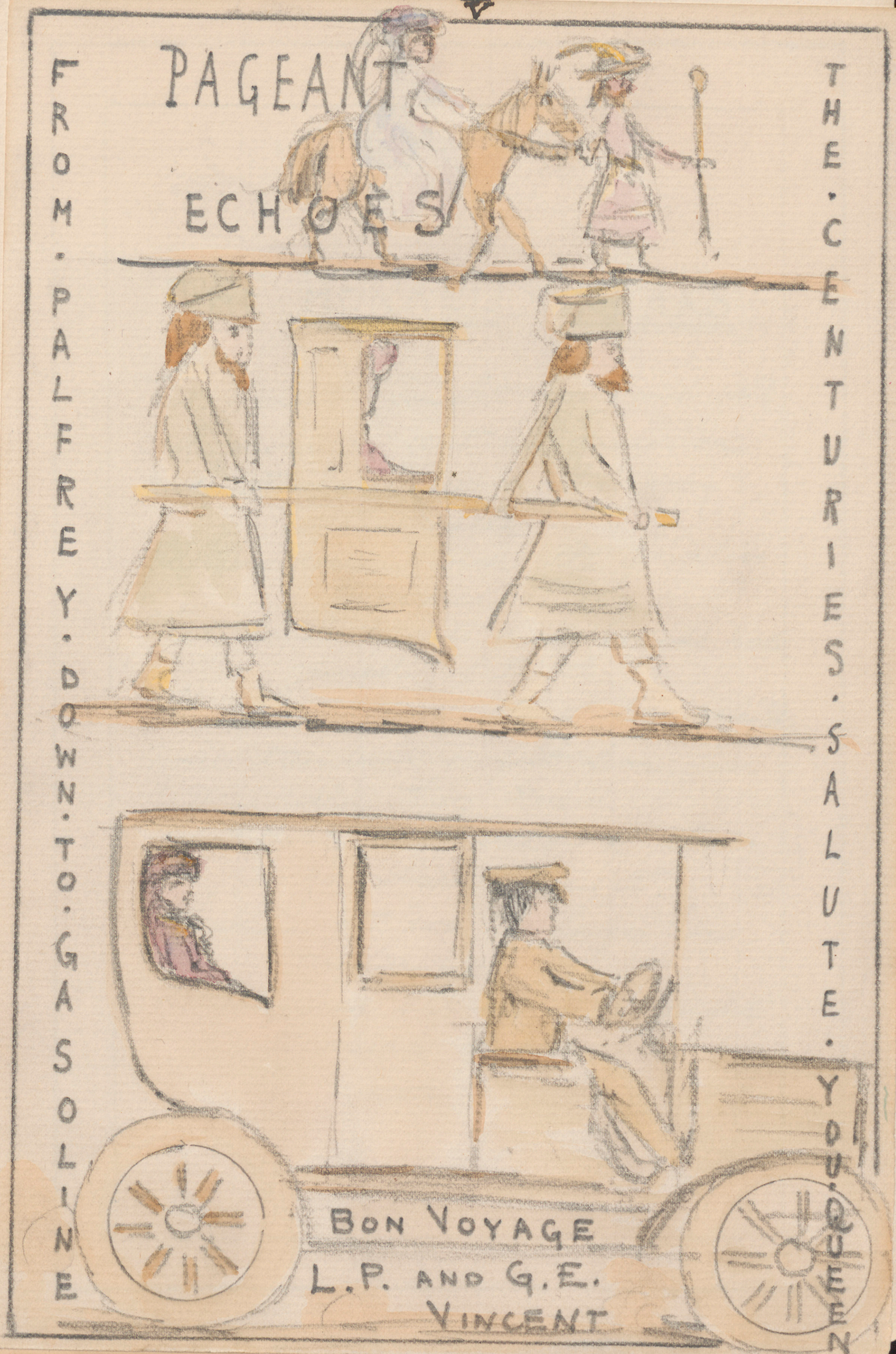
A Knight of gentle mien and
kindly grace
Spoke first, in tones of fairest
courtesy.
He was the leader of them all
And yet he turned to each
in gracious deference.
And what he said though
low and soothely spoke
Brought cheer and gladsome
hope and confidence.

The Knight of the Sunnyful Countenance
Doth doff his casque and mail,
His queen hath left her palace
The wintry seas to sail.
Her smile that warmed the breezes
The Sunnyful Knight doth fail,
Cold blasts replace the breezes,
Deep laden with snow and hail.
The stately pageant is ended,
The useful Knight is pale;
Her sunny smile is wasted
On snoozy fish, shark and whale.
The merman peeps from surges,
The mermaids pouts and wails,
The queen's great bark they follow
With flop of scaly tails.
Her smile doth melt the ice bergs
And sparkles on snowy sails;
The Knight of the Sunnyful Countenance
His dreary lot bewails.
For her he fears the storm cloud,
He trembles at seamen's tales,
He quakes at foggy silence,
He dreads old Ocean's gales.
His spear and sword are rusty,
His erstwhile valor quails.
The useful Knight's forgotten
His queen the ocean sails.

The Knight of The Sunnyful Countenance
Harry Paul Judson

THE HERALD SPEAKS

Then came a Knight all bouyancy.
Whose tones rang out as though
in battle cry.
He knew the value of a smile,
And could at will a mob beguile.
His words were mightier far than
swords
His thrust and parry won him
fame
He could change black to white
and back again.
But never yet had he been
known to use
His power in aught but great
and noble deeds.
So was he worthy here to speak
of Her.


PAGEANT
ECHOES
FROM · PALFREY · DOWN · TO · GASOLINE
THE · CENTURIES · SALUTE · YOU · QUEEN
BON VOYAGE
L.P. AND G.E.
VINCENT

THE HERALD SPEAKS

This Knight fought long and well
Each morn he put his armor on
And stood to guard the gray stone walls
Wherein were stored the priceless treasures
That loyal hearts and minds had gained, of truth.
What mattered it if foes assailed
None trembled or felt fear, for well they knew
The skill and valor of their guardian Knight.
So when at eve he lays his armor by
He, too, has earned the right to speak of Her.

Also she lies largely-
Wave-cleaving Halbor
Is her dearest slave.

Comes next
Her space-destroying limousine
Contracting Europe
To a pageant brief.
Her Vatican seat
With friendly volumes lined
Alluring canvases
and objects rare
Piers Way to Borrioboola
Her regal resting place
Then gleams
In all the play of shade and light
In nature's swift variety
The crystal face of her prismatic lake-
Then too
Joy-voicing forest songsters
Echo the clear notes
Of her own melodies.

Nature and art
So loved are one.

Our gladdest wishes go with
your happy group.
Walter Heathman

January 29 1909.

THE HERALD SPEAKS

"A Knight there was and that
a worthy man,
That from the time he first began
To riden out, he loved chivalrie,
Faith, honour, truth and courtoisie."
And gentle deeds he wrought, but
silently.
And stern he was of face but
not of heart.
He never swerved from any
act or word,
That Duty with relentless hand
marked out
Yet quick he was to feel the
tender beauty of a flower.
And thus he spoke.

Dear Mr. Ryerson:

May your sail peaceful and foglessness to sunny and Quakeless lands where joyous days and weeks will follow one another in quick succession; and then may you want to return to dear old Chicago, where lots of friends will welcome your return, cheerily and heartily. And in this welcome, none can join more cordially than your friends of the University in view regard you have a most Enviable place. And we shall welcome Mr. Ryerson just as warmly, for we know and prize his sterling worth.

Most cordially yours.
Rollin D. Salisbury

THE HERALD SPEAKS

The youngest of the Knights, a rash
impetuous youth
Had more than once commenced to
speak ier now.
For he was one whose hospitable mind
Gave transient home to quaint con-
ceits of wit,
To fancies whimsical and full of
mirth,
And yet who kept as long-time guests
His theories of deep philosophies
That sometimes caused it to be
whispered
That he had dealings with the
soul of Merlin
Now long dead. So when he spoke
The Knights relaxed their solemn
mien
But shook their heads, the while.

XI

— The Pageant of Queen Caroline —

Anno Domini MDCCCCIX

Done into Blank Blank Verse

By her humble subject

Jacobus Angelo

Lo, in the fulness of Time the Creator consented to the Antiquarians
And among their number was found Caroline, Queen of Patroness.
And behold! she boosted a Pageant — and it was a perfectly good Pageant,
With diadems and tiaras and villains and virgins,
And all the pomp and circumstance of fashion can foible.
And there was nothing missing which you would expect in a Pageant,
No trash in a five dollar Pageant, unless perhaps the Proletariat,
And when Queen Caroline lifted up her eyes and saw not the Proletariat,
She said "go to! I will hire men to the University and gather a few,
For lo! they are impecunious and callous to the charms of a five dollar Pageant,
But going dead-head they will readily feel its educative value."
And it was even as she said, for they crammed her box and were much elevated,
Thus was the Pageant relieved of its plethora of aristocracy.

This fable teaches that aristocracy unrelieved by mediocrity
Is no particular fun, and also that the Queen can do no wrong.

Long live the Queen!

THE HERALD SPEAKS

When all the Knights had spoke
save one
A waiting silence fell upon the
group.
Sir Paul had journeyed far. His
doughty lance
Had rescued maidens fair in sore
distress
From dragons, giants, magic charms
and spells.
Full many a troop of joyous
demoiselles
Hath he led safely into classic folds
And since he had seen many
lands
And was well versed in gentle
speech
The Knights attended to his words.

XIII

Propempticon Carolinae in Italiam proficiscenti

Anacreontics in the Renaissance manner of Poliziano by a Professor who otherwise 'let concealment like a worm i' the bud'.

Fair Carrie from us goeth
To the land of Pageantrie,
Where golden Arno floweth
Behind Fiesole.

She tries to do her duty
But she had to rest a while
After seeing la Salute
Beside the Campanile

Deep gloom has settled o'er us,
Professors do not shine,
And Convocations bore us
When Carrie's "not in line".

But we must toil the faster
Our sorrows to forget,
For Martin is our master
And she's a Martinet(te).

ὁ καθηγητὴς τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς γλώσσης
ἐν τῷ Πανεπιστημίῳ τοῦ Σικάγω
Παῦλος Δωρου.

THE HERALD SPEAKS

The Pageant's glow had faded
from the sky
The twilight deepened into night
The stars had come and gone
and in the East
The first faint streaks of Dawn
appeared.
And as the day broke on a
waiting world
It was as though Carissima
had sent
A message to her mourning
friends.
And they took heart and felt
again
The sunshine of her smile.

Lizzy fecit con amore.