

**THE LITTLE DREAM:
AN ALLEGORY IN
SIX SCENES. [1911]**

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The Little Dream: An Allegory in Six Scenes. [1911] by John Galsworthy

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JOHN GALSWORTHY

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AN ALLEGORY IN SIX SCENES

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY

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NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1911

CHARACTERS

SEELCHEN, a *mountain girl*
LAMOND, a *climber*
FELSMAN, a *guide*

CHARACTERS IN THE DREAM

THE GREAT HORN }
THE COW HORN } *mountains*
THE WINE HORN }

THE EDELWEISS }
THE ALPENROSE } *flowers*
THE GENTIAN }
THE MOUNTAIN DANDELION }

VOICES AND FIGURES IN THE DREAM

COWBELLS	THE FORM OF WHAT IS MADE
MOUNTAIN AIR	BY WORK
FAR VIEW OF ITALY	DEATH BY SLUMBER
DISTANT FLUME OF STEAM	DEATH BY DROWNING
THINGS IN BOOKS	FLOWER CHILDREN
MOTH CHILDREN	GOATHERD
THREE DANCING YOUTHS	GOAT BOYS
THREE DANCING GIRLS	GOAT GOD
THE FORMS OF WORKERS	THE FORMS OF SLEEP

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SCENE I

It is just after sunset of an August evening. The scene is a room in a mountain hut, furnished only with a table, benches, and a low broad window seat. Through this window three rocky peaks are seen by the light of a moon, which is slowly whitening the last hues of sunset. An oil lamp is burning. SEELCHEN, a mountain girl, eighteen years old, is humming a folk-song, and putting away in a cupboard freshly washed soup-bowls and glasses. She is dressed in a tight-fitting black velvet bodice, square-cut at the neck, and partly filled in with a gay handkerchief, coloured rose-pink, blue, and golden, like the alpen-rose, the gentian, and the mountain dandelion; alabaster beads, pale as edelweiss, are round her throat; her stiffened, white linen sleeves finish at the elbow; and her full well-worn skirt is of gentian blue. The two thick plaits of her hair are crossed, and turned round her head. As she puts away the last bowl, there is a knock; and LAMOND opens the outer door. He is young, tanned, and good-looking, dressed like a climber, and carries a plaid, a rucksack, and an ice-axe.

LAMOND. Good evening!

SEELCHEN. Good evening, gentle Sir!

LAMOND. My name is Lamond. I'm very late I fear.

SEELCHEN. Do you wish to sleep here?

LAMOND. Please.

SEELCHEN. All the beds are full—it is a pity. I will call Mother.

LAMOND. I've come to go up the Great Horn at sunrise.

SEELCHEN. [*Awed*] The Great Horn! But he is impossible.

LAMOND. I am going to try that.

SEELCHEN. There is the Wine Horn, and the Cow Horn.

LAMOND. I have climbed them.

SEELCHEN. But he is so dangerous—it is perhaps—death.

LAMOND. Oh! that's all right! One must take one's chance.

SEELCHEN. And father has hurt his foot. For guide, there is only Hans Felsman.

LAMOND. The celebrated Felsman?

SEELCHEN. [*Nodding; then looking at him with admiration*] Are you that Herr Lamond who has climbed all our little mountains this year?

LAMOND. All but that big fellow.

SEELCHEN. We have heard of you. Will you not wait a day for father's foot?

LAMOND. Ah! no. I must go back home to-morrow.

SEELCHEN. The gracious Sir is in a hurry.

LAMOND. [*Looking at her intently*] Alas!

SEELCHEN. Are you from London? Is it very big?

LAMOND. Six million souls.

SEELCHEN. Oh! [*After a little pause*] I have seen Cortina twice.

LAMOND. Do you live here all the year?

SEELCHEN. In winter in the valley.

LAMOND. And don't you want to see the world?

SEELCHEN. Sometimes. [*Going to a door, she calls softly*] HANS! [*Then pointing to another door*] There are seven German gentlemen asleep in there!

LAMOND. Oh God!

SEELCHEN. Please? They are here to see the sunrise. [*She picks up a little book that has dropped from LAMOND'S pocket*] I have read several books.

LAMOND. This is by the great English poet. Do you never make poetry here, and dream dreams, among your mountains?

SEELCHEN. [*Slowly shaking her head*] See! It is the full moon.

While they stand at the window looking at the moon, there enters a lean, well-built, taciturn young man dressed in Loden.

SEELCHEN. Hans!

FELSMAN. [*In a deep voice*] The gentleman wishes me?

SEELCHEN. [*Awed*] The Great Horn for to-morrow! [*Whispering to him*] It is the celebrated London one.

FELSMAN. The Great Horn is not possible.

LAMOND. You say that? And you're the famous Felsman?

FELSMAN. [*Grimly*] We start at dawn.

SEELCHEN. It is the first time for years!

LAMOND. [*Placing his plaid and rucksack on the window bench*] Can I sleep here?

SEELCHEN. I will see; perhaps—

[*She runs out up some stairs*]

FEISMAN. [*Taking blankets from the cupboard and spreading them on the window seat*] So!

As he goes out into the air, SEELCHEN comes slipping in again with a lighted candle.

SEELCHEN. There is still one bed. This is too hard for you.

LAMOND. Oh! thanks; but that's all right.

SEELCHEN. To please me!

LAMOND. May I ask your name?

SEELCHEN. Seelchen.

LAMOND. Little soul, that means—doesn't it? To please you I would sleep with seven German gentlemen.

SEELCHEN. Oh! no; it is not necessary.

LAMOND. [*With a grave bow*] At your service, then. [*He prepares to go*].

SEELCHEN. Is it very nice in towns, in the World, where you come from?

LAMOND. When I'm there I would be here; but when I'm here I would be there.

SEELCHEN. [*Clasping her hands*] That is like me—but I am always here.

LAMOND. Ah! yes; there is no one like you in towns.

SEELCHEN. In two places one cannot be. [*Suddenly*] In the towns there are theatres, and there is beautiful fine work, and—dancing, and—churches—and trains—and all the things in books—and—