

**MAKERS OF MADNESS:
A PLAY IN ONE ACT
AND THREE SCENES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649434442

Makers of Madness: A Play in One Act and Three Scenes by Hermann Hagedorn

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HERMANN HAGEDORN

**MAKERS OF MADNESS:
A PLAY IN ONE ACT
AND THREE SCENES**

MAKERS OF MADNESS



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

**NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO**

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED

**LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE**

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

TORONTO

MAKERS OF MADNESS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT AND THREE SCENES



BY

HERMANN HAGEDORN

AUTHOR OF "FACES IN THE DAWN," ETC.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1914

All rights reserved

09-13-20.517

TO
ADOLF GUNTHER HAGEDORN

358166

NIGHT! And a black and barren sky
With a wet wind in from the coast.
And only the kites to make reply
To heaving body and pleading cry—
Here where the lost battalions lie,
I walked last night with a ghost.

His face was gray, his hands were red,
And a ghostly mare he rode,
That wearily stepped, with drooping head,
Over the shadowy lines of dead,
And rolled her eyes, and shook with dread
Under her foam-white load.

The ghost turned not to left or right,
But mutely he beckoned me,
And moved like a pillar of livid light
Through the humid dark of the foggy night,
With eyes deep-sunken and greenly bright
As phosphor on the sea.

He led me where in ghostly files
The dead slept with their toys.
Miles, miles, and never-ending miles,
Along the valley's mournful aisles,
The voiceless, vague, misshapen piles
Of men and golden boys!

He led me up the gory hill
By wood and sodden heath.
Ravage! And faces, lone and chill,
In the murmuring wash of the willow-rill!
Slaughter! And voices, begging shrill
The merciful grace of death.

A waning moon broke, sickly pale,
Through the muddy fog's disguising;
And over the breadth of the ghastly vale
The battle-wake like a steamer's trail,
And a heaving as of waves in a gale,
Rising and falling and rising!

And out of the air, and up from the plain,
The ancient battle-story!—
Of stricken love and laughter slain,
And hearts beneath the hoofs of pain—
But not a breath of human gain,
And not a word of glory.

MAKERS OF MADNESS