A Pageant of Carissima

Compiled by E. Wallace M.D.C. 1909

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.

She 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.

The fair 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 is gone, her sorrowing Knights
Retake themselves to think on bygone days
And each and speaks in turn.
A PAGEANT THAT SHE

THE CRISIS" REVISITED

The struggle for equality continues to be a central theme in American history and culture. This page from a document or book contains a title that suggests a reflection on past events or a reexamination of earlier work, possibly related to the topic of crisis and its impact on society. The text underneath the title likely delves into the historical context or offers insights on the implications of the pageant, which may have been a significant event or work of art addressing themes of equality and social change.
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 through
low and soothingly spoke
brought cheer and gladness
Hope and confidence.
The Knight of the Snowful Countenance
Both doff this casque and mail,
His queen hath left her palace.
The winter seas to sail.

Her smile that warmed the breezes
The Snowful Knight doth fail,
Cold blasts replace the breezes,
Deep ladders with snow and hail.
The stately pageant is ended,
The Useful Knight is stale;
Her bonny smile is wasted
On frozen fish, shark and whale.

The merman preys from whence,
The mermaids' pranks are stilled;
The Queen's great task they follow
With flop of scaly tails,
Her smile doth melt the ice preys
And sparkles in snowy tails;
The Knight of the Snowful Countenance
His delay but bewails.

In her he sees the Storm Cloud,
He trembles at seaman's tale,
The quakes at foggy silence,
The dread of Oceans gale.
His cheer and arms do rest,
His worthless valour quails.
The useless Knights are forgotten,
His Queen the ocean sails.

The Knight of the Snowful Countenance
Harry Field Jackson
THE HERALD SPEAKS

Then came a Knight all comely,
Horsed towers 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
words
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 powers in aught but great
and noble deeds.
So was he worthy here to speak
of her.
THE HERALD SPEAKS
PAGEANT
FROM Palfrey Down To Gasoline
ECHOES
CENTURIES
BON VOYAGE
L.P. and G.E.
YOU SALUTE
VINCENT
YOU QUEEN
THE HERALD SPEAKS

This Knight fought long and well
Each morn he put his armor on
And stood to guard the gray stone wall
Wherein were stored the priceless treasures
That loyal hearts and minds had gained, of truth.
That mattered it if foe encircled
Those trembled or felt fear, for
Well they knew
The skill and valor of their guardian Knight.
So when at eve he lay his armor by
He, too, has earned the right
to speak of her.
THE HERALD STEAKS

[Handwritten text not legible]
Also the lines large
Wear-clearing Hatton
Under cloudless sun.
Come rest
Her space—destroying license
Contracting Europe
To a pageant bright.
Her Cotton Seat
With friendly volumes sunk
Alluring cavaliers
And spirits pass
Pleasing joy to Heaven's love
Her royal resting place.
Then pleasure
In glee the play of shade and light
In nature's shift variety
The chrysalid face of the primrose look
To joy-rising forest-sung
Echo the clear notes
Of her own melodies.
Nature and art
So lord our own

Our gladdest woods grow wild
With happy limbs.

January 29, 1909.

Walter Heelan.
THE HERALD SPEAKS

A Knight there was and that a worthy man,
That from the time he first began
To ride out, he loved chivalry,
Faith, honour, truth and courtesy.
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 a relentless hand marked out.
Yet quick he was to feel the tender beauty of a flower.
And thus he spoke.
Dear Mr. Rippon:

May you sail peaceful and fogless seas to sunny and
frequenter lands where joyous days
and weeks will follow one another in
quick succession; as they may
you wish to return to dear
old Chicago. Then into my mind
will come your. When, anxious
and beseech. And in this absence,
you can join more cordially the
your friends of the university in
the regard you have a most
enrich plan. And shall
scheme Mr. Rippon just as much,
for we know can prize be stimulating
with.

most cordially yours,

Thomas T. Fisk
THE HERALD SPEAKS

The youngest of the Knights, a rash
imprudent youth
had more than once commenced to
speak for now.
For he was one whose hospitable mien
Gave transient home to quaint conceits of wit,
To fancies whimsical and full of
mirth,
And yet who kept as long-time guests
Here stories of deep philosophies
That sometimes caused it to be
whispered
That he had dealings with the
soul of Helius
How long dead. So when he spoke
The Knights relaxed their solemn
mien
But shook their heads, the while.
The Pagant of Queen Caroline—
Anne Domini MDCCCLX
Done into blank blank twice
By her humble subject
Ivorus Anigo.

This, in the fulness of the Creator devoted to the Antiquarianism,
And among their number was found Caroline, Queen of Prussia.
And behold! she created a Pagant—and it was a perfectly good Pagant,
with dianonc matrons and villains and virgins,
And all the pomp and circumstance of fashion and frolics.
And there was nothing missing which you would wish in a Pagant.
At least in a five dollar Pagant, unless perhaps the Politicah.
And when Queen Caroline lifted up her eyes and saw not the Politician,
She said: "Goto! I will take her to the University and gather a few,
For it! They are impertinent and callous to the charms of a
five dollar Pagant.
But going dead ahead they will readily feel its educational value."
And it was true as she said, for they examined her box and was
much elated.
Thus was the Pagant relieved of its plethora of aristocracy.

This fails to teach that aristocracy is relieved by democracy
in no particular form, and also that the Queen can do no wrong.

Long live the Queen!
THE HERALD SPEAKS

Then 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 dire
distress
From dragons, giants, magic charms
and spells.
Full many a troop of joyous
demoiselles
Hats he lest safely into classic fable
And since he had seen many
lands
And was well versed in gentle
speech
The Knights attended to his words
THE HERALD PLEDGES
Propempsicon Carolinæ in Italian professante

Anacreontic in the Renaissance manner

of Poliziano by a Professor who otherwise let
concealment like a worm in the blood.

Fair Carrie from us quoth
To the land of Pageantry,
Where golden Anne floret
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 (et).

ὁ Καθηγτής τῆς Ελληνικῆς Υἱστορίας
ἐν τῷ Πανεπιστήμιῳ τοῦ Σμύρνη
Παῦλος Μορέν.
THE HERALD SPEAKS

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

Lizzy fecit con amore.