

Miriam.

Goddess, Thou who this night wilt  
bestow the laurel wreath, gracious  
by incline thine ear to my humble  
plea.

Many are the women of "Fame" who  
are come before thee, and I, even,  
dare to class myself among them.

I plead not for great deeds nor  
many that I have done, I only ask  
what greater thing can be said of  
me, than "she hath done what she  
could" and this only I claim for  
myself.

Mine was the hand that tender-  
ly started the tiny cradle of the in-  
fant Moses on his way to kingly  
honors.

Better still mine was the voice  
the great Jehovah seemed to need  
to go before the hosts of Israel  
with such songs as this —

over

"Sound the loud Cymbals  
O'er Egypt's dark sea."  
found on page 42 in  
Father Kempis  
Old Folks Concert June.

Costume.  
Draped robe of white-cheese cloth à la Cape  
ph's girdled with brass curtain chains  
half concealed in the full drapery - hair  
flowing and three buns of gold braid bound  
about the head. Many brace lets - low slippers  
with narrow black ribbon crossing and re-  
crossing to the ankles to represent sandals.  
Miriam carries cymbals and is followed  
by a train of six little girls dressed as nearly  
like her as possible and carrying cymbals.  
Six yds of white-cheese cloth draped over plain  
white dresses and two yds gold braid with a  
pair of curtain chains will costume them nicely  
all should wear low slippers and white stockings  
They follow Miriam onto the stage dancing  
and clashing cymbals in time with her and  
to the prelude of "Sound the loud cymbals." go  
twice around and across the stage stopping  
in front of goddesses singing one stanza, then Miriam  
presents her plea and more stanzas sung and  
they go dancing and clashing off the stage to the  
music of the psalm. Miriam takes her place on the stage  
and little girls remain off for closing chorus of evening