



**HYARIMA  
AND THE SAINTS  
A MIRACLE PLAY  
AND  
PAGEANT  
OF  
SANTA ROSA**

By

**F. E. M. HOSEIN**

B.A. (Oxon) LLB (Lincoln)

Former Mayor of Arima, Trinidad

Former Member of the Legislative Council

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DEDICATED  
WITH HIGHEST GRATIFICATION AND RESPECT  
TO  
HIS EXCELLENCY  
**SIR ALFRED CLAUD HOLLIS, K.C.M.G., C.B.E.**  
**GOVERNOR**  
OF  
TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO  
AND TO  
**HIS MOST AMIABLE SPOUSE**  
**LADY HOLLIS**

## FOREWORD

*The Hon. Dr. K. S. Wise, M.D., Surgeon General*

The Mayor and Borough Council of Arima introduce this Miracle Play which rightly enshrines the very essence of the history of the Town of Arima.

The old historical records still in existence give full sanction for the existence of the great Nepuyo Chieftain, Hyarima, for his failure to obtain armed assistance from the Dutch at Tobago in 1636, for the deep desire to rid Trinidad of the hated Spaniards and for placing his village on the site now occupied by the Town of Arima.

Similarly there is ample historic sanction for the presence of the Mission at San Francisco de los Arenales some six miles south of the Town of Arima and also for the vicious and savage murder of Father Esteven de San Felix, Father Marcos de Vique, Brother Raymundo de Figuerola and the Ensign Thomas de Luna, in December, 1699, with a few hours afterwards, the ambush and murder of the Governor, Jose de Leon y Echales, his Contador and Escribano.

So also the historical records attest that the Nepuyo Indians were collected in 1784 from Tacarigua, Caura and Arouca and added to the Mission at Arima under their own Corregidors, that this Mission became the principal one in the north where the devotion and un-ceasing labours of the Fathers brought to these Carib Indians the spiritual advantages of divine origin.

This is a Miracle Play and as the well known OberAmmergau Passion Play in Bavaria is a votive offering produced every ten years in recognition of divine deliverance from the great plague of the seventeenth century, so also the Miracle Play of Santa Rosa is a votive offering in recognition of the divine privileges bestowed by the self sacrificing courage and devotion of the Missionary Fathers upon the people and their Town of Arima.

## THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

In writing what Dr. Wise has been pleased to call a Miracle Play, I was actuated by the sole desire to preserve whatever there was of historical interest in the Town which I so deeply love. Whence comes that love, I cannot say. It may have come through Santa Rosa and all that that term implies. It may have come from something deeper. But whatever its source, it is there. I will not trouble, therefore, either to explain or to investigate.

The story of the Cross will increasingly fascinate Mankind. And if around an ancient silver cross, the antiquity and history of which are both shrouded in alluring mystery, I have woven a Miracle Play, I have done no less than what by inclination, temperament and circumstances, I was led to do. I do not say that what I have done is well done. I challenge no comparisons. I have done the highest justice I was capable of to such a lofty theme. My inspiration could not carry me higher.

There may, however, be some discussion both as regards the merits of my writing and the sentiments I have put in the mouth of my characters. I will seek to justify neither the one nor the other. Without mock-modesty I can say I am skilled neither in the art of Versification nor the science of dogmatic Theology, I have written what I feel, and I hope that in so doing I have done no harm.

I have not written with any pretensions to strict historical accuracy. No one knows that better than Dr. Wise to whom I am entirely indebted for whatever of Carib History appears in my Play. That History, it is true, was meagre. But it was the most that could be had. And from that little I feel that I am justified in placing Hyarima in the lime-light. That little revealed that he was altogether too big to be lost. "The great Nepuyo Chieftain" is undoubtedly our national Hero. At least, such is my conception of him.

Finally, on a very personal note. Lady Hollis graciously dubbed me a poet after hearing me speak on the occasion of His Excellency's first official visit to Arima. I confided to her my desire to preserve what I had then said, and what she had been pleased to admire, in the form of a pageant to save perhaps future Mayors of Arima from the necessity of having to make a like speech on a similar occasion! She was charmed. I therefore prayed her assistance in the composition of the pageant. She gave it me in full measure; but in a manner not entirely expected. She was graciously pleased to say that none could write it better than myself. Chivalry forbade the declining of an honour so burdensome yet so handsomely bestowed. Under such influence and high encouragement I have, it seems, performed a miracle. I did not know that I had written a Miracle Play until Dr. Wise informed me of the fact. He has not told me this in confidence. He has said it in his very kindly and eloquent "Foreword", for all of which I thank him immensely.

**Arima 26/ 7/ 1931. F.E.M. HOSEIN**



## THE PERSONS

**Columbus—Navigator**

**Hyarima—Chief of Caribs**

**Anacaona—Daughter of Hyarima**

**Oropuna—Daughter of Hyarima**

**Anapuya—Daughter of Hyarima**

**Guayama—Friend and Adviser of Hyarima**

**Canaruma—Friend and Adviser of Hyarima**

**Alferez—Thomas de Luna—Standard Bearer**

**A Priest**

**The Saint**

**Caribs**

**Sailors**



# SANTA ROSA

## A PAGEANT

### I

#### Part 1. Scene 1.

Picture of Ship with bellying sails making for land. Above the horizon are seen three peaks.

#### MUSIC When Music ceases.

#### Scene II

PICTURE—Background wide and curving beach from which hill covered with dense tropical vegetation rises. Columbus bearing Royal Standards of Spain in left, and sword in right, lands. His men also land, some bearing casks for water and others hampers for food. One bears also a chest which contains sundry presents, cloth, beads, mirrors. Men are grouped behind Columbus. Columbus filled with emotion, kneels and utters no sound.

*Soft Music – Not to exceed 20 bars  
As Music dies out, Columbus, still kneeling, speaks.*

#### Columbus: -

Most Holy, Blessed and Glorious Trinity  
One God in Three, and Three in One to thee  
Mysterious Unity I render thanks  
And humble offerings of a grateful heart  
For having brought us all in safety through  
The perils of the vast and boundless deep,  
'Twere impious thus to probe the secrets, long  
From men kept hid of thy Divine unerring  
Laws which made this earth a sphere and all  
The starry hosts of heaven obedient  
To those self same laws, on which relying  
To this land I came. Mine eyes were wearied  
Watching for the proof of love and wisdom  
Which most assuredly is Thine, and here  
Most gloriously revealed, and on thy Festal day

Hence forth I am the very humble instrument  
 Of Grace through whom Mankind shall know more than  
 Was yet made known of Thine Almighty power  
 Wisdom, Love, through which this earth is held a sphere  
 And all this world thus made a vaster field  
 Where men shall know and worship thee. All praise  
 To thee Most Holy Trinity. Receive  
 Our humblest thanks for thine abundant favours,  
 And this fair land whose sight was like the vision  
 Of Paradise to those who tread the toil  
 Some path, to Heaven to Thee we dedicate  
 And name La Trinidad. May Thy Love  
 And Mercy shown us to be shown to all  
 Who dwell herein and who shall henceforth dwell,  
 May thine abounding Grace fill all the land  
 Which offers safe asylum and a respite  
 Hear from toils and perils undergone.  
 May the joy which present fills our hearts  
 Forever sweep these friendly, kindly shores  
 And may the people of this lovely strand  
 Be ever happy, even as we now are,  
 In the Mercy, Love and Goodness shown by Thee  
 To us and all Mankind.

*Columbus rises.*

**TE DEUM SUNG BY SAILORS.**

*Indians approach, attracted by the singing.  
 Columbus advances to meet them. They retire.*

In form and feature how like what the traveller  
 Marco Polo told; but how unlike  
 In all things else! These be the denizens  
 Of this hospitable shore. Can they  
 The subjects of the Great Khan be who in  
 This torrid clime are bronzed, and far removed  
 From this high capital, show no sign  
 Of advanced culture such as Marco Polo saw?  
 But, me seems, they are like those already  
 Seen by us in former voyages;  
 Which, if this be so, proclaims my quest  
 To be not ended. For I do seek the Golden Indies.  
 Thrice have I braved the perilous deep  
 In vain to reach those distant shores to find  
 Thus wise a path to take me there by going  
 West to meet the East. But what avails!  
 New lands I have discovered and blazed a trail  
 Across the Sea of Darkness for those who will  
 In future follow, and reap a harvest where

They have not sown, while I shall die neglected!  
Ah me! What impious thoughts my mind invade!  
Absit omen! Thy will, O Lord, be done!  
But come! Let us with some friendly gesture  
Approach these beings to enquire in what land  
We are and who the governor may be.  
Come stranger! Will you take my hand?  
Thou lookest like the chief, we should be friends  
With thee. No! See, I am unarmed;  
Set aside thy bow and quiver; I shall  
Not harm thee. This I swear upon the cross  
Of Him who brought me here, will take me hence.  
Will you bear allegiance to this sign?  
Not known to you, me thinks, but which their Catholic  
Majesties, the King and Queen of Spain  
Will spread in all these parts in glorious honour  
Of the King of Kings.

Now in the name  
Of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castille  
Who pledged her crown to set me on my voyage  
I plant this flag of Spain as emblem here  
Of sovereignty and call you to obey  
Come kiss this cross in token of your vow  
To bear allegiance to their Catholic Majesties.  
Touch it with your lips, that will suffice.

*(Columbus kisses hilt of sword and presents same to  
Carib who kisses it)*

And now that you have shown no hostile sign  
But would be friendly to us, I beg thee water  
For my thirsty crew and food, if thou  
Canst find. There must be streams of crystal water  
Near, more welcome truly than the food.  
Will you show my men the way? I thank thee much.

*(Sailors go off for water and Caribs bring food.)*

#### *FOOD AND WATER BROUGHT*

In proof of friendship and esteem receive  
These garments and these trinkets from my hands.

*(Presents offered and accepted)*

I thank thee Chief for thy great kindness to us  
Which we shall ne'er forget and cherish deep.  
Our casks have been replenished, and e'en our stores  
We'll now go inland, by your leave, to see



The flowers, fruits and trees, the gaily plumaged  
Birds which whirl aloft in flaming colours  
Borrow'd from the rainbow's glorious tints,  
We'll see, perchance, what else there be of wonder  
And delight in this your lovely land  
Where spring with summer holds perpetual reign.  
Be thou our guide, if you will chief, lead on  
And we shall follow.

(EXEUNT OMNES)

**End of Part I**



## II

**Part II**  
**Scene I**

*Scenery suggested in opening lines of Hyarima monologue.*

**Hyarima: -**

Ye Mountains, Valleys, Hills and Dales of my  
Own native land where I was born and bred  
T' enjoy the freedom of a mighty Chief  
As heretofore my ancestors have done,  
What evil hap is this which brings us all  
Thus low to serve as menials to a foreign  
King who lives across the ocean wide  
And does not come to see and know his people!  
Was it ordained, decreed and even settled  
That the children of thy woods and forests  
Should be extirpated and their names  
Forever blotted out and made extinct?  
If so by whom or what! Repugnant thought!  
Which heats my blood up to the boiling point  
Where savage slaughter seems the only vent  
For pent-up feelings long and hard repressed!  
The freedom of this land in valleys, mountains  
Hills and dales was given me by my father  
And the tribe of which I'm chief and champion  
And must I cringe and bow to strangers  
Who have hither come from heaven knows where

With no more right than what a conquering sword  
Confers? I would be false to birth and station  
Did I not seek by force of arms or guile  
To drive the haughty band of torturers  
Back to the sea from whence they came unbidden.  
This is my firm resolve, to do or die,  
And may the spirit of my ancestors  
Imbue me with the courage not to yield  
Till I have overcome or died in the attempt.

*(Friends of Hyarima are seen approaching)*

Here come my friends and comrades whom I have summoned  
To a conference to discuss our plans.

*(Canaruma and Guayama leading)*

Welcome Canaruma! Welcome Guayama!  
I thank you both for hastening to my call.

*(Hyarima seated)*

You have some knowledge of what I'd have you speak  
How that it's right for us to take such steps.  
As would be sure to rid us of our foes.  
Speak, Guayama, what may your counsel be.

**Guayama-**

My Counsel is to muster all the strength  
Of Nepuyos and Arawaks and hurl  
The same at San José and Arenales.  
We are in numbers of sufficient strength  
To overcome the hateful Españoles.  
We can surround San José with our men  
And though our loss may be considerable  
In an assault carried out with fierce resolve  
Yet success shall crown our effort in the end;  
And those of us who're left shall live in peace  
And those of us who die shall die in glory.  
Let Canaruma now advise. I've spoken.

**Canaruma-**

Myself I'm not averse to open war  
Bloody, cruel, savage, terrible  
To bring us joy, or rid us of our pain,  
Exterminating one or other side  
If every man can be relied upon.  
But this I greatly doubt and herein lies  
My hesitancy to support the greatly  
Daring Guayama. What if the Arawaks

Should fail in courage as they've often done  
Just in the final effort to make a victory!  
Should Nepuyos alone assault and carry  
San José for benefit of all alike?  
It must be done with equal sacrifice,  
Or not at all. My advice is stratagem  
T' achieve our end without the sacrifice  
Of many men. This would be surely sound,  
For policy to do what force cannot.  
My counsel's then to seek out policy,  
Match craft with craft to gain the desired end.

**Hyarima-**

I'm much impressed with thy advice  
O Canaruma! which meets my present mood.  
I had hoped to get a hundred muskets  
From the neighbouring Island of Tobago  
To match the hundred muskets of Antonio.  
I've been again refused the aid I sought.  
So we must make some other effort to  
Dislodge the Españoles from Cairi,  
The valiant Guayama too has well advised.  
Perhaps in our extremity we'll find  
The advice she's given to be the only way.  
For I do not despise the strength and numbers  
Of the Arawaks; for courage soon  
May come when men have faith in those who lead.  
Give but the assurance of that and men will follow  
Into the jaws of death if need arises.  
And you Nepuyos! and you Arawaks!  
Have you that faith in me to bring you victory?

**All:** We have: O Hyarima, Chief! We have!

**Hyarima-**

Tis well! 'tis well! 'tis well!  
Friends, Comrades,

Nay Brothers, Nepuyos and Arawaks  
Alike! I thank you all exceedingly  
And hope the trust and confidence you place  
In me will by th' event be justified.  
Too well I know how deeply we have suffered;  
Our homes destroyed; Our children swept to slavery  
And the peace and freedom which once was ours,  
And that by right Divine, for ever lost,  
If fear of greater suffering now prevents  
Us from attempting to recapture what  
Is lost and what may n't else be gained.  
I applaud the counsel given by Guayama

As the last alternative of sad despair;  
But if you counsel craft with Canaruma  
Then both I'm fully willing to pursue.  
The end will ever justify the means.  
We know no higher rule as children of  
These forests, woods and purling placid streams!  
Who dare usurp our right and take by force  
What was decreed to us by right Divine?  
We know no higher power than the choice  
Of heaven and earth from birth on us bestowed.  
'Twere double shame in me to bow and sue  
For grace with suppliant knee and accept a rule  
Which only force upholds as far as I  
Can see. Then force to force must clear the issue  
And say who is to rule, who to obey.

**Hyarima –**

Seems they have a source of strength, mysterious  
Dark, impenetrable, not fully known  
To us, yet dimly, vaguely realised.  
It was this strength which brought them to this land  
And which has kept them here. Their strength, me seems  
Is some mysterious knowledge gained by the worship  
Of a being hung upon a cross.  
They say this being was the son of God  
Who left high heaven where he lived in bliss  
To come on earth to teach men to be kind!  
Sad return me - seems he had for all his pains  
Nailed on a cross to die between two thieves!  
But these men do believe in him though dead  
And say he liveth yet again in heaven  
And sitteth at the right of God his father  
Whence he will come again to judge us all  
To know how kind we have been to each other.  
If this be so, why then should those who teach this  
Themselves not taken this lesson to their hearts  
And treated all men with kindness as their God  
Would have them do? They say he is their strength  
Their chief support and help in ages past  
And ages yet to come! mysterious faith!  
Which teaches men to be unkind and kind;  
It's hard to follow, and yet it must be true  
For proof of it is here displayed to us,  
And we should be the very last to doubt it.

Now that I have revealed my only fear  
The rest seems to me to be greatly possible.  
We know their chief will visit Arenales  
And that right soon with his suite and councillors  
To see how well the Mission is progressing.

My purpose is to lie in wait just where  
He lands, and as the party winds its way  
Through the thick woods on the river's bank  
We from an ambush suddenly should surround it  
And put them all to slaughter to a man  
By this one stroke, if it should prove successful,  
We shall make the Españoles headless  
And the easy capture of their chief-town  
A matter of the greatest certainty.  
In such a plan there's also guile and force  
Which the very wily Canaruma  
And the doughty Guayama both should welcome  
As the very plan each did advise.  
We'll now retire and consider what must  
Be done to bring to a successful end  
This vital and this very daring project.

**Guayama-**

Hail Hyarima, noble chieftain, hail!  
We are at one with thee in all these matters  
Lead on thou mighty champion of our race  
We shall follow, whatso'er betide.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

**ANACAONA-ANACONA**

**Part II  
Scene 2**

**Scenery – A Wooded Dell**

*Anapuya and Oropuna discovered gathering flowers etc.  
Anacaona seen approaching in the distance.*

**OROPUNA:-**

Anacaona! Anacaona! We have  
Been long expecting thee to join us in  
Our gambols in this wooded dell, or along  
The river's lilled marge, or better still  
To sit and listen to those wondrous tales  
Of Christ and God and Holy Mother, told  
So oft and taught us by the worthy Fathers  
Of Arenales. Come Anacaona!  
What shall it be! The tales oft told, my Ana  
Or a happy frolic through the woods!  
We were wearied waiting and our patience  
Claims a just reward.

**Anacaona-**

Peace, Sisters

A tale most surely! Wondrous, terrible!

**Oropuna-**

Woe is me !

Sister! Sister! What ails thee so?

Why what mischance is this brings tears to our

Dear, Sister's eyes?

Go seek the cause my Puya

*(Anapuya makes as if to go)*

**Anacaona-**

Stay! The cause requires no seeking, its here

A horrid tale I have to tell of hate

And blood and massacre and vengeance sure.

May Holy Mary, Mother of Cod our help

And comfort be. For satan 'tis that prompts

Our father to such dark unholy deeds.

**Oropuna-**

Dark, unholy deeds! blood and massacre!

Host dream, my darling Anacaona!

**Anacaona-**

Would't were a dream, a horrid vision

Of the night! Then would our gambols be

A cure, and I not so distressed.

But I have heard what pains me so to tell,

How 'tis the aim of Hyarima and all

The Nepuyos and Arawaks to slaughter

Every Spaniard man, woman, child

On an appointed day, and so to rid

The land of their unwelcome and foul presence.

**Anapuya-**

Hail, Hyarima! noble, bold, courageous

Chieftain! may success crown your bold designs

And daring yet unequalled in this land!

May the combined spirits of the many victims

Of this Spanish tyranny resolve

Themselves into a mighty monster of hate

And blood and cruelty to wreak a vengeance

On these accursed thieves! O joy! Joy!

Joy! For what will soon be done! And this

Fair land of Cairi be made once more

The happy home of her unhappy children.

I will to father in all haste to prompt

Him further to his dark, unholy deeds.

Await me not! I go to gather our women.

*(Exit Anapuya)*

**Oropuna:**

Anapuya! Anapuya: Stay  
Stay sweet sister, yet a little while:

Think my Ana! think and think in haste:  
For Anapuya heeds me not! Think how  
We may prevent this dreadful carnage and turn.  
Our father from his cruel, awful purpose,

**Anacaona:**

I too would seek to drive the Españoles  
From Cairi, nor wish nor care to know  
How it would be achieved. It racks me not.  
But that my father should consent to slaughter  
Of God's holy priests fills me with horror.  
That I would prevent, and ask your help.

**Oropuna:**

Slaughter of God's holy priest: what madness this!

**Anacaona:**

A plot is laid to trap the Governor and his  
Party in an ambush on their way  
To visit dear good Father Esteven  
At Arenales where all our people will be  
Gathered to pay the Governor homage  
And receive from Father Esteven  
The blessing sure of holy baptism,  
Our people being thus gathered without the least  
Suspicion, a part shall slaughter every  
Priest, the while another part shall hem  
The Governor and his party in and slay  
Them all. That done they shall to San José  
And carry it by storm, should it resist.

**Oropuna:**

But how came Hyarima to consent?

**Anacaona:**

Why, through the wish of getting full support  
From all! And with reluctant mind he did  
Consent, and O, acquiescence horrible  
To think that men can only gain their end  
By frightful slaughter of the innocent!  
That cannot be! that cannot, cannot be!  
But Hyarima much dislikes the venture

In its present form and fain would from the whole  
Desist, but that he long had cherished hopes  
To drive the cruel Spaniard from Cairi,  
And thinks a better season may not offer,  
With cruel suffering he did then consent.  
He choose twixt policy and higher self.  
And may God forgive the choice he's made!  
For he has naught against the priests  
Who always have been kind to him and gentle.  
Them he truly loves and would not harm.  
So in this new decision he takes no part,  
But leaves it all to those who counsel it  
To perpetrate the awful deed of murdering  
Those who are sanctified and set apart  
For holy service to the King of Kings.  
Me miserable! What skill can feeble woman  
Use to foil their fell designs and rescue  
Hyarima from the sin of sacrilege!  
Let us with all haste to Arenales  
To warn the Fathers of what is now a foot.  
God grant we be not late.

*(Exeunt Anacaona and Oropuna)*



# III

## **Part III**

*A Forest – Enter Anacaona and Oropuna*

### **Anacaona:**

Too late! Too late! I hear the hideous war cry  
Of the Caribs mixed with exulting shouts:  
The worst we feared has come. Late! late ! too late!  
To give the warning now. Unhappy people!  
Into what sin and misery are you now fallen?  
Who can protect you from the wrath to come?  
The holy priests have brought you naught but good  
And often eased the burden of your tasks.



How ill you have requited the good they did!  
How have you closed forever the gates of heaven  
Against your entrance there! For only good  
Doth come from heaven and only good returns.  
How deeply do I now lament your lot!  
For sure the vengeance both of Man and God  
Shall o’ertake you and dire punishments shall be yours.  
May God in heaven have mercy on your lost souls.

But hark! I hear the sound of steps approaching  
And laboured breathing as of one in pain:  
Mine eyes confirm my ears. Behold Alferez:  
And bleeding sore. The worst has come to pass,

### **ENTER EL ALFEREZ**

**Alferez:**

Water! Maidens, Water! In the name of God  
The Merciful, the Just, The Compassionate.

*Anacaona runs forward to support him while  
Oropuna runs to fetch him water. Water brought.  
Alferez drinks.*

**Alferez:**

God’s benediction rest on you dear maidens.  
For I was thirsty and ye gave me drink,  
The promise surely is of God not mine  
That He’ll reward all those who to the thirsty  
In His name a cup of water give.  
Let me rest awhile and be prepared  
To meet my Saviour face to face.

**Oropuna:**

But what of Fathers Esteven and Marcos  
And Brother Raymundo: How fares it with them?

**Alferez:**

They all are dead, and I will haste to join them.

Be not grieved, daughters of Hyarima.

### **Part III**

#### **Scene 1**

**Alferez:-**

They all have met the glorious Martyr’s death  
Bather rejoice they’ve joined the noble army.

Hold thou this crucifix before my eyes  
While with remaining strength I tell the manner  
Of their death, their glorious martyrdom.

Maidens, the horrors of that scene oppress  
My soul, and hateful thoughts within me rise  
But as I look upon the cross and view  
The sufferings and the sorrows of the Son of God  
My soul is humbled and I fain would say  
E'en as He said, Father forgive them for  
They know not what they do.  
It was so sudden, swift and terrible.  
The men were friends incarnate,  
In a moment transformed.  
A stream of lurid blasphemy burst forth  
From lips which had been taught to pray to God:  
And Father Esteven was struck down by the  
Arch-blasphemer.  
Pandemonium reigned.  
The savage horde pursued and found the Father at the  
Holy Altar where he had taken refuge.  
Unmindful of the presence of the Sacred Host they  
Pierced his body through with a flight of arrows,  
The while he did but pray and ask forgiveness for his sins and theirs.  
There at the foot of God's own Altar at which he had  
So faithfully served and in the very presence of the  
Sacred Host good Father Esteven was killed.  
Martyred like the Saint after whom he was named,  
Dying like Thomas a Becket who England's King had dared.  
On consecrated ground, in such Holy Presence, for  
Such Holy cause did Father Esteven give up his  
Life, his Soul, his all. May he, O Heavenly Father  
Rest in Peace!  
Emboldened by their impious acts  
They to the body offer fresh indignities  
A rope is found.  
They tie the body by both feet;  
The while another with an axe sever the body from the head  
And with a wild halloo they drag the headless trunk round in  
Fiendish triumph and cast it in a shallow trench.  
Glorious end to life of willing sacrifice and true devotion  
In his Master's service!

Full maddened now, the same they did to Father Marcos  
Him they found in his house engaged in his devotions:  
It being the hour of Primes.

The next they sought was Brother Raymundo.  
Him they met before his door kneeling;  
With crucifix in both hands high upraised,

With countenance calm and soul uplift to God who gave it  
He never flinched; but met their murderous onslaught  
With the quiet resignation of his Lord and Master Christ.  
And as the crucifix fell from his grasp I darted forward and seized it.  
That is the crucifix which you are holding,  
The crucifix oft used in our procession, which was in his care  
You shall keep it daughters as the sad yet happy memory  
Of eternal sacrifice.  
Another drink of water to ease the passage of my soul.  
My eternal thanks and blessing such as I can give to you  
Both

Draw nearer! let me hold the cross once more.  
Mine eyes grow dim. And I would sleep.

**End of Part III**



# IV

**Part IV**  
**Scene 1**

*A wooded rise, Mortally wounded in the attack on the Spanish Governor and his party Hyarima, supported by Guayama and Canaruma, enters.*

**Hyarima:** -

Enough! dear friends, enough! I can no more!  
I've reached my journey's end. Now leave me here  
To die. I thank you both and bid you farewell!  
In my last moments I would be alone.  
Nay be not hurt at this my last request.  
'Tis strange; 'tis true; but it is my dying wish  
I would be all alone, to die in peace.  
I have no time to make you understand,  
Go! my brothers! leave me here alone.

*Guayama and Canaruma retire.*

*Hyarima continuing seated.*

I feel a numbness steal upon my limbs,  
A soothing quiet numbness without pain  
An inward fluttering as of a caged bird,  
Mine eyes are growing slowly very dim.  
I'm being filled with a mysterious light!  
I seem to be all eyes, all ears, all mouth  
All mind, all where; to occupy all space;  
To see and hear all things. It's all mysterious,  
Puzzling, strange, and makes me feel that there  
Is more than this Earth-life, and that a power,  
Superior to brute-force on which alone  
I did rely, doth sway and govern all.  
It was this Power in blindness I opposed  
And see how futile now th' opposition.  
It is this power on which these strangers build  
It is the source whence they derive their Strength,  
And I must seek that Source to equal them.

A dark impenetrable gloom encircles  
Me, though I am filled with bright interior light.  
I am a Centre of Light and yet I feel  
There is a greater dazzling light somewhere  
Which now I'm urged to seek. Whence comes this light  
In me I do not know and cannot tell.  
Methinks it comes from some great Central light  
Beyond the darkness which envelops me.  
I see a radiant point of Light shine through  
The gloom and points me upwards. This Light I'll seek,  
And in its greatest radiance I'll find  
That Source whence man drive their Strength Invincible.

Me seems the radiance now intenser grown  
And I can see more than I saw before,  
Behold! amazing sight! A cross of wood  
Set high upon a hill and on that Cross  
With arms outstretched and drooping Head is One  
From whom all this effulgent light proceeds.  
The Light of all the World resplendent bright,  
All other Lights Eclipsing, the Source Supreme,  
The Central Light of Wisdom, Power, and Love.

It surely is the Cross whence comes the strength  
'Gainst which I fought in vain! Mysterious Force  
Which draws me merely with, the wish, not else;  
To thy almighty influence I surrender.  
The Cross! The Cross! The Flaming Mystic Cross  
The Power of Light and Strength! Bathed in thy rays  
My vision wider grows.

I see myself

Now as a grain of sand upon the shores  
Of an immense and everlasting sea  
And peoples too seem like the mounds of sand  
To be now fashioned and now swept aside  
By the ceaseless flow and ebb of changing circumstance  
I see it all and do not now  
Bewail my lot, since all alike are subject  
To impartial Fate. My people had  
Their day of Life and must be swept aside.  
It is their Fate, sad though it seems to be,  
To bow to overwhelming circumstance;  
They unreservedly must yield and find  
A solace in Eternal Truth. For wrong  
Is wrong and never can be Right and Right  
It is that triumphs in the end. And Right  
Is Truth and Truth is Right. And Truth  
Comes from the Cross which Lights my vision.  
And Truth is Strength! Those then are they who're strong  
Who journey always in the Light of Truth,  
However dim. Oh, that my people should  
Behold that Light before they are no more!

I see the remnants of my people scattered  
Far, in numbers few, in strength diminished,  
Living on the grace and bounty of  
Their conquerers, remote, unfriended save  
By those whose duty is to show the glory  
Of the flaming Cross to all Mankind.  
I see the now oppressors of my race  
In turn themselves subdued and driven forth  
From blessed Cairi and from all other lands  
Which they did first behold and seize as prey  
All for the wrong which they have ever done  
By murder, pillage, violence and greed.

I see their places taken by a race  
'Mongst whom the light proceeding from the Flaming  
Cross shines forth in greater brilliance.

And two such men I clearly see. The one  
Shall gather what remains of all my people  
Under his protecting arms here in  
This place where I was the Chief, and through  
His love and pity and by favours shown  
Shall gently lead them on to reconcilment  
And assuage the pain of being conquered.  
The other coming next shall rescue all  
My people from a dark oblivion.  
And He by gracious acts of courtesy  
And Love and Sympathy for a fallen

And a broken race shall then create  
An interest in my unhappy people  
Not felt before, a people who  
Were always here, and met Columbus when  
He landed on their hospitable and kindly shores.

Hail potent, glorious Chiefs from foreign climes!  
The radiant rays of love which flow unmeasured  
From the Flaming Cross shall guide you both;  
And you shall live forever in the hearts  
Of all my meek and humble people.  
For all your acts of kindnesses to them.  
Hail Shining ones, all hail! And Hyarima  
Ere he now dies Salutes you both.

*Hyarima falls dead.*

*Enter Guayama, Canaruma and other Indians,  
Guayama, addressing body of Hyarima lying prone.*

**Guayama-**

We heard thy urgent call O Hyarima,  
And are quickly come at thy behest  
But thou are dead! It was the call! the call  
The dying call of Nepuyos and of  
The Arawaks! For now that thou art dead  
They too are dead and all their ancient glory  
Peace and happiness are gone with you:  
O Hyarima, we truly, sadly mourn  
Your loss as someone, something not to be  
Replaced. But thou didst nobly die to save  
Us from a galling servitude, alas!  
And worthy act of noble sepulture.  
With thee shall our hopes lie also buried.  
And Nepuyos and Arawaks shall henceforth  
Scattered lie in sheltering woods and glades  
Without a guide, a friend, a comforter!  
Deep woe is me! Deep woe is me! and deep  
Unutterable woe for all our race!  
Lost! Lost! forever and forever lost  
Lost! Lost! to roam at large the affrighted wilds.  
Gracious Heaven! Ease the burden of  
Our heavy grief if so it can be eased!

Attend, all ye: Bring forward now the bier,  
And let him lie on it; let us clothe  
Him with the flowers of his own native-land  
Let others go prepare his place of burial  
There on that spot where oft he used to sit  
And muse upon the down-fall of his race.

Take up the body of our gallant Chief,  
Let all the remnant of our people follow,  
In sad and orderly array. Forward  
Brothers to the grave of all our hopes  
Farewell! Farewell! Hyarima,  
Hyarima fare thee well!

**Anapuya-**

And this El Pueblo  
Shall be henceforth named Arima  
In everlasting mem'ry of our last  
And Noblest Chief: Hail Arima!  
Land where Hyarima lived and died!

**Scene 2**

*Body of Hyarima on bier covered with flowers, borne on shoulders of six of his followers.  
Rest follow in orderly army. Funeral March  
played, to accompaniment of booming of Cannon.*

**End of Part IV**



# V

**Part V**  
**Scene 1.**

**Scenery, Part III**

*Enter Indians led by Anacaona. Anacaona seated addresses them:-*

**Anacaona-**

Friends and Brothers who are hither come  
Upon my urgent summons sent to all,  
I thank you for the love you bear towards  
The mem'ry and the kin of Hyarima,  
Whose name more than my own ensured your due  
Attendance in such numbers here today.  
Three years it is since Hyarima died

Fighting to drive the haughty Spaniards  
From the pleasant land which God had given us  
You know how greatly we've been punished since  
Till only now a few of us remain  
We cannot now oppose the Españoles .  
T'were best than to surrender and accept  
What Fate decrees. And this I counsel, not  
Through any love I bear the Spaniards.  
It is because I have been so advised  
By Hyarima in a vision  
The day was Sultry, still and past the hour  
Of noon. The sun shone brightly from a sky  
Where high appeared thin clouds like scarves of lawn  
No breath of air was seen to stir the dark  
Green foliage of the shady trees which grow  
Beside my door. No sound of bird or beast  
Or insect broke the silence of that hour.  
My duties done, I sought the shade to rest.  
And as I sat, I fell to musing on  
The sad unhappy lot of those who called  
My Father, Hyarima, Chief, My heart  
Was torn with anguish at the loss we still  
So deeply feel, that in my agony  
I cried aloud, O Hyarima come  
Again! Come to a people whom you loved  
And tended! Come to a people who demand  
Your care; O Come once more to counsel and  
Advise us! Come soon, before we are no more  
And as I sat with thus heavy-laden  
I felt a very cool and gentle breeze  
Sweet with the odours of the forest deep  
Sweep o'er me. Soothing, strengthening and caressing.  
Me-thought I fell into a dreamlike state  
Of rapture, peace and happiness profound.  
And so I slept and in my sleep, behold!  
I saw my father Hyarima come  
And seat himself beside me where I sat.  
My heart did thrill with joy Ethereal  
To see my father seated at my side  
And for fear of losing him again  
I kept my peace and even held my breath.  
And with a voice which showed how very deeply  
He was moved he thus began to speak.

“Last and fairest of my daughters whom  
Rightly I have Anacaona named  
I heard thy piercing cry for help there in  
The forest deep where I had gone to muse  
And rest. The piteous cry disturbed me,  
And strong desire to be with thee to help



To comfort and console came over me.  
 And so I've come to wipe away your tears,  
 To ease the burden of unending grief,  
 By teaching that which I have lately learned.  
 Your grief is noble, natural and proud  
 As well becomes a daughter of my loins.  
 But grieve not daughter for the petty things  
 Of Earth, the pride of power, possessions, race,  
 Grieve for the lack of wisdom which doth make  
 These things so very dear to Man and hold  
 Him in perpetual bondage all his days  
 Our people are as babes just born compared  
 With those who've reached an age where they can walk  
 And talk and even moderately run and leap,  
 What hope has any helpless infant then  
 T'oppose the will of those of riper years?  
 We, therefore, must be patient and must grow  
 E'en as the puny, helpless infants do.  
 This growth to which we must attain is not  
 The growth of body only but of some  
 Thing else which I now dimly, faintly see.  
 It chanced while I was seated by a deep,  
 Mysterious pool which caught the darkened shadow  
 Of umbrageous trees, I fixed my gaze  
 To pierce the depth to see what creatures there  
 Were lying hid. The while I had been musing  
 On the why and wherefore of our Fate.  
 When lo! the surface of the water 'gan  
 To Sparkle with a bright mysterious light  
 I marvelled much to see this light upon  
 The placid surface of the shadow'd pool  
 Then from the depths of that same shadow'd pool  
 There rose the sound of music such as ne'er  
 I'd heard, divinely sweet, enthralling, grand.  
 And from those depths the Music soared and spread  
 Among the trees, the clouds, and rose sublime  
 In diapason full and mighty through  
 The quivering air e'en unto the skies.  
 The Heavenly Melody on all sides compassed me.  
 Then when it seemed to faint and die away  
 I heard in accents sweet and tender, this:-

"The Being that is in the clouds and air  
 "That is in the green leaves among the trees  
 "Maintains a deep and reverential care  
 "Of the unoffending Creature whom He loves."

The Sweet and tender accents of that voice  
 Filled me with the deepest ecstasy.  
 Nor words nor Music could I comprehend,

But felt myself in perfect rhythm with  
The deep pulsating music of the Song  
Of Life. I was like a drop of ocean  
Pulsing rhythmic in a boundless, endless  
And infinite Sea of harmonies sublime.  
In this delicious and exalted mood  
I saw a Being as of another world,  
A Woman clothed in garments of a Nun  
Bearing a Cross and on her head a Crown  
Of plaited Thorns. She stood by me and said:-

O Hyarima! I have been sent to thee  
I am Rose of Lima of the Order  
Of the Sainted Dominic, come to  
Bring you such assistance as you need  
The knowledge you would have of what you've heard?  
The meaning of the Music and the words?  
All these you will receive just as you grow  
The Words did but explain the Music of  
The Spheres which all who've conquered pain may hear.  
Tis but a fragment of the Song of Life.  
Store in your memory the melody you hear  
And from it learn the lesson of Harmony,  
And of the meaning of the Mystery  
Which surrounds you. But more of this anon.  
The Being who maintains a care for all  
His creatures is almighty God who loves  
The whole creation with divine surpassing Love .  
It is His Love which has created all things,  
And it's in His all embracing love we live  
And move and have our being. For you, therefore  
Tis well to know that God through love controls  
And guides the destinies of all. Let that  
Suffice. Put but your trust in Him and you'll  
See the wisdom of His wondrous ways.  
And as I teach you of the Love of God  
So do I also teach that God is Love .  
For the love then of that Love Divine  
Which to attain must be the soul's endeavour  
Let us cast of all baser feelings of hate  
Revenge, possessions, power, pomp and pride,  
Control the instincts of the brute in us.  
So shall we then be purified of all  
Encumb'ring passions which forbid approach  
To that great sea of love-and that is God.  
Do this and you will hear a grander volume  
"Of that Song divine than you've yet heard."

(Anacaona:)

My father spoke no more; for there appeared

A glorious being covered head to foot  
Wearing what seemed a crown of plaited thorns.  
She was the Rose of which my father spoke  
And all round her was a radiant splendour  
Whom seeing, my father rose, and bowing low  
The two departed and I then awoke.

And so I've summoned you to say, that knowledge  
Of that Being of whom my father spoke  
And which his radiant guide did teach henceforth  
Must be our care. He is the source of all  
Our strength, our peace, our joy, our happiness.  
Let us then in all humility  
Seek that knowledge for our future good.  
Who can advise may speak.

**Guayama-**

Wisely Spoken Anacaona. Resistance now  
Were useless, vain, absurd. How can we hope  
To win where mighty Hyarima failed?  
We must find out the knowledge which consoles,  
Which breeds an even temper in the oppressed  
Which causes one to render good for evil  
Since by so doing evil is suppressed  
Through lack of necessary nourishment.  
But if, dear Anacaona, God is Love  
And cares for all his creatures here on Earth,  
How came he to permit such injuries on us?  
Is it because we do not know Him, or  
Have not cared to know Him as He is?  
Perchance it may be even so. Then my  
Advice will be that we do hasten hence  
To those who can impart such knowledge as  
Will lead us safe into the presence of God.  
And then we shall see face to face what now  
Is only dimly, darkly visioned.  
Perhaps the Fathers who have lately come  
In place of Fathers Esteven and Marcos  
Will be happy to receive us and  
Explain what is the mystery which surrounds us.  
Omnes; And so we all advise.

**Anacaona:**

Here come a Holy Priest such as we seek.  
Welcome! Welcome! Father to our tribe.  
We have but now agreed to visit you

**Priest:**

Daughter I have come to thee moved by  
The Holy Spirit to ask thee to forget

The past which has been filled with sadness for  
Us all alike. The centre of our Mission  
Will no longer be at Arenales  
But here where Hyarima lived as Chief.  
We hope ere long to build a pretty Church.  
Where we expect you'll come to hear the Mass  
And make your peace with God and live content,  
For I am truly sorry for what is past  
And with His help would wipe away your tears,  
And soothe and strengthen your oppressed and bleeding  
Hearts. Both sides have suffered very deeply  
Both sides should then be willing to forgive  
And to forget. For the sake of HIM  
Whose Gospel I have come thus far to spread  
I must forgive even as He forgave,  
Will you too then forgive, to be forgiven?  
I only truly seek to save your souls  
Your souls as precious in the sight of God  
As mine. How precious 'tis to Him you've yet  
To learn, and learning you'll be reconciled.

**Anacaona:**

Father, in my grief I've learnt a little  
More than you suppose. Tell me, Father,  
Who is Rose of Lima. What is She?

**Priest:**

Daughter, who has told thee of the Blessed Saint?  
No priest. I'm sure, for none have come this way.

**Anacaona:**

No one, Father; I saw her in a dream  
With Hyarima to whom she is appointed  
Guide to lead him on God who made us.

**Priest:**

Happy omen of assured success,  
The name and person of Santa Rosa known  
What better than to dedicate these people  
To her care and make her patron Saint  
Of all the Caribs in this sunny isle!  
Happy, happy thought by Heaven inspired!  
Know then my child who Santa Rosa is,  
And all ye people, come listen to her story!  
She was the daughter of Castilian parents,  
Born in Lima capital of Peru.  
From earliest years she sought to conquer pain  
And all the lower appetites of brutes.  
In which she well succeeded and so brought  
Her body quite subservient to her will

And made it a fitting temple of her Lord.  
And thus became a worthy Bride of Christ.  
Grief for the earthly suffering of the Son  
Of God was so intense with her that she  
Did of her own accord inflict upon  
Herself all the bodily tortures which  
Her Lord had borne in his short life on Earth  
And she did it all for love of Christ,  
Whose true, pure and virgin bride she was.  
For He the Son of God and Very God  
Renounced His Throne in Heaven to visit Earth  
All for the love of Erring humanity.  
Greater Love no man can show than this-  
To give His Life for those he dearly loves,  
And sacrifice his deep eternal Peace,  
To be with Men to cheer them on their upward  
Toilsome, weary march to God and Heaven.  
And endless, fadeless and unchanging bliss.  
Daughter, let this Saint, I pray surround you  
And your tribes with her saintly influence,  
She will be your ready intercessor  
With Mary and her Son, and Son with God  
So will a golden chain link highest Heav'n  
With the lowest Earth and bind us all  
To God; to God from whom we all have sprung  
And unto whom we shall ere long return.  
And it is further meet and right for you  
T' accept this Saint, She was born in the country  
Of the mighty Incas, people of your  
Race, but more advanced in culture, skill and arts.  
Them she naturally loved and cared for  
As children of this Western World who must  
Be brought to God and knowledge of His Son.  
She is the first of those who first saw light  
Of day in this New World t' attain the mark  
Of Sainthood. And the sweet remembrance of her,  
And the self inflicted tortures she endured  
All for the love and imitation of Christ  
Must draw men to that source of Love undying  
Which is the certain cure of all our sorrow  
Of all our weeping and of all our pain.  
O ye people of this Western World!  
Receive the new-made Saint of whom I speak  
As your patron Saint and Intercessor.  
Love her as she merits being loved,  
Make your humble offerings at Her Shrine  
And you will always prosper and will thrive  
Because the thought of Her will make you good.  
*Omnes*  
Do this for her sake ye people of this lovely

Land! You have no surer strength to raise  
You to the Cross of Him she did adore  
Than this Blessed Saint of this New World!  
Do this I fervently and humbly pray!  
And God will bless you and protect you always  
For the glorious Intercessor you have  
Found, and the vow you make to honour her.  
Do this! Do this! and live! . . . . .  
And shall we then in gladness dedicate  
Our new-built Church to Santa Rosa?

**All-**  
We shall! We shall! We shall! O Holy Priest  
Hail, Santa Rosa Blessed Saint!  
We are thy children henceforth and forever! !

**Anacaona-**  
The Vision! The Vision! Of the Blessed Saint.

### Scene III

*Procession. (Saint, Caribs, Principal and Minor Characters)*



## **SANTA ROSA**

Excerpt From Caribbean Circuit

by Sir Harry Luke

(1949)

The 30th August is the day of Saint Rose of Lima, the first Saint of the New World and according to her seventeenth-century biographer, Friar Juan de Melendez, "one of the most extraordinary women the New or Old World has ever seen". Among the many places of which the Peruvian mystic is the patron saint is the inland borough of Arima in Trinidad, situated at the foot of that Colony's northern range of mountains some 16 miles due east of Port-of-Spain. On Santa Rosa's day or the nearest Sunday Arima is the scene of much liveliness and activity. A well attended race-meeting is held to celebrate the occasion.

On Santa Rosa's day all the Carib participants communicate at the Low Mass with the exception of the Queen and her consort, who, after leading the procession to the church, have alone the privilege of receiving the sacrament at the High Mass. The right to fire the 6 a.m. rocket, regarded by the Caribs as symbolizing the voice of Hyarima, was secured for their race by a former Mayor of Arima, the Hon. F.E.M. Hosein, who, although by race an East Indian, took a fatherly interest in his Amerindian charges. Mr. Hosein also wrote a very sympathetic pageant or miracle play for performance on Santa Rosa's day.