Diadeste or The Veiled Lady

A Comic Opera in Two Acts

The Words by Edward Fitzball
The Music by Michael William Balfe

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42947, ff. 95-174. It was signed off by Charles Kemble on May 9, 1838. No printed libretto has been found but a *Songs, Duets, Chorusses* [sic] *etc*. from *Diadeste; or The veiled lady* (London: W. Wright, 1838?) was published. It can be found here . The few textual differences from the manuscript have been noted.

The handwriting was usually legible. Words are marked with (?) if there is doubt or (…?) if undecipherable or missing. Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as "honor" for "honour". The capitalisation of words is usually as in the manuscript but some punctuation has been changed for clarity, as the original sometimes has a stream of dialogue with profuse punctuation marks of different kinds.. **{xx}** denotes the page numbers of the manuscript.

Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com. More information on the opera can be found at https://englishromanticopera.org/operas/Diadeste.htm .

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Dramatis Personae

Manfredi, a Venetian Nobleman

Count Steno, his friend

Zambo, a Negro

A Gondolier

Officers of the Doge, Negroes, Gondoliers etc.

Celina, wife of Manfredi

The Countess Amalfi

Ursula, Celine's attendant

Ladies of Venice, Guests, Domestics etc

Diadeste

{97} **Act 1**

Court of Manfredi's Palace on the canals of Venice; the entrance to the Palace with balcony etc. is on the left hand side of the Actor; to the right hand, a bower of orange trees, roses and (?) trellis-work. At the back a flight of marble stairs conducts through a gilded gate to the water's edge. Across the Canal, St. Marc's [sic], *houses etc. etc.*

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Scene 1 **Opening Piece**

Enter a party of Venetians, Male and Female, with Guitars and Bouquets. R.H.

Chorus

Viva!
Gondoliers of Venice
Ply the sparkling oar
Quick, our gentle Lady
To these Halls restore
Lo! The barque appears!
Welcome her with cheers!
Viva!

Enter Zambo . L.H

Zam
What mean dose sound? Whom you expect?

Chorus
The Mistress of this place!
To her we homage come to pay;
Yes, she returns and every heart
A grateful welcome bears a part,
This happy, happy day.

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Zambo
Away! Your business no neglect!
Who tell you here my lady come?
Get wid your hurdy-gurdies home

Snatching lute and strikes one

Begone! De Marquis anger dread
Or with dis lute I break your head.

Chorus
He raves! Can we our Lord displease,
In greeting her he loves so well?

Zambo

If me you still remain to teaze -
The Alguziles[1] –

(A harp is heard)

Chorus

That dulcet swell!
Melodious sound! Sweet ritournelle!
Listen! Listen!

(They listen)

Zambo *(apart)*

Dat will tell
Oh! Cursed note! De secret quite
And massa Zambo kill outright.

The Gondola now enters, to the ritornelle, from which Celine advances as they arrange themselves to receive her with great respect, Gondeliers etc. etc.

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Air - Celina

Hail Venice, hail, whose princely towers
In crystal waves renew'd around
Wake all my heart to gone by hours
Of sunny smile and festive sound
The perfume of thy lattices -
The music of the barcarole,
With thrilling joy's, ecstatic bliss,
Enchant again my soul.

Chorus

With music of the Barcarole
Welcome! And charm again her soul

Celina

What transport neath our native halls
Lov'd forms to greet; lov'd sounds to hear
While mem'ry each bright scene recalls,
Till even joy distils a tear!
For oh, there is a charm in home,
Tho' seas between us widely roll
A charm, replete with peace and love
Which ne'er forsakes the soul.

[1] Presumably a misspelling of Alguazil (or Alguacil), the title of a law officer in Spain and Portugal.

Chorus

Oh, lady dear, with song and glee,
And faithful hearts we welcome thee –
{101} Viva! Viva!

May every blessing wait you here
And every good y'r coming cheer
Viva! Viva!

Celina

My friends, I thank you for this zeal,
And, in my heart, your kindness feel.

Zambo *(aside to Celina)*

But lady, massa angry be –
If hears dat stranger thus you see

Celina

The Marquis' anger leave to me
(To Gondoliers etc.)
My friends etc.

Zambo

If till him Lord return they stay –
Poor Zambo's bones for all must pay etc.

Dialogue

At the end of this, a second Gondola arrives, from which the Countess, Ursula, etc.

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Countess At length, poor recluse, I see you once again

Celina Thanks to your reputation for distinction, my gracious Lord and husband, the noble Marquis Manfredi, excepts you from the general proscription and has permitted me to send for you by my trusty Ursula and in good truth, Stella, my heart stands sadly in need of y'r consolation. Heigho! *(sighing)*

Countess Ah, is Manfredi then so extremely jealous,

Ursula Jealous, aye; as a Great Bashaw! Jealous enough to poignard us poor innocent women, one and all.

Countess Misericorde![2]

Zambo No, no, Lady; massa, him only leetle jealous, dat all

[2] Presumably meant as Miséricorde, French for mercy, as included in the St Hilaire-Leon *Le Diadeste.*

Usrula You black monster; call you locking up me and my sweet lady, like a couple of gold pheasants, to peer thru the bars of our cage, at nothing better than y'r dingy self only a leetle jealous. Ugh!

Zambo And what you see prettier dan Zambo eh? *(they turn up stage wrangling)*

Countess Celina, I pity you, but tell me how is it that **{103}** this furious Othello has permitted you to come to Venice?

Celina Was it not natural I sh'd wish to be present at the fetes which the Doge has commanded to celebrate the return of my husband from battle? It was not tho' till after the entreaties of a week that I could obtain permission to quit the Villa Bianca and that under solemn promise of observing the strictest incognito; never to go out of the palace, except covered with a veil and accompanied by Ursula and two frightful negroes.

Countess This is madness

Celina Yes; a madness which destroys alike Manfredi's happiness and mine. Never was man better loved; he loves me also. Nevertheless, each succeeding day brings new suspicions and, of course, new miseries. My patience is exhausted; I can support it no longer. I am going to try a last **{104}** effort to bring him back to reason. If I fail, we separate and I enter a cloister

Countess Nay, nay; it will never, I hope, come to that. We must make war against the tyrant; I enlist myself in yr service.

Ursula And I

Zambo An' Zambo; him'll revolt also.

Celina Poor Manfredi! Notwithstanding his vigilance how soon the ranks of his guard are passed by the enemy.

Countess Depend on my assistance but in return you must aid me

Celina How? Have you a jealous swain to correct?

Countess No, on the contrary, a conceited one somewhat too indifferent to whom I have the misfortune by my family to be affianced.

Celina His name?

Countess Steno

Celina Steno! What Count Steno? The most elegant of our young seigneurs and one of my husband's most intimate friends!

Countess You know him then

Celina But by report; till within a few days past **{105}** because, despite my Lord's friendship for the Count, he never w'd introduce me to him. But how comes it Stella that you, so circumspect, are taken with such an Exquisite Cavalier.

Countess Out two families arranged a marriage between us. In eight days we are to be united and w'd you believe it, the Count has not yet expressed a desire even to see me.

Celina The coxcomb! But you have seen him?

Countess Yes; at a respectful distance at a ball given by the Doge. Steno was told of my being present and asked whether he would not be happy to receive an introduction to his betrothed.

Celina To which he replied [3]

Countess Languidly *(affectedly)* "Is then the day, the day of our marriage arrived already. No? ha ha! then, why (…?) a presentation? No – no! perfectly unnecessary till we meet at the altar. Pon (?) honour, it w'd be absolutely antique

Celina Insufferable!

Countess I ought to have detested him but I know not what perverse star governs my destiny. I'm afraid - I like the fellow

Celina Ah! I understand! Tis almost always thus. And you wish that I sh'd assist you in punishing his impertinence? That will be less difficult to me than you suspect.

Countess Celina?

Celina Listen, my dear, since my arrival at Venice, every day that I have been to mass at St Marc's yonder. I found near the portico an elegant young Segnior [sic] posted like a centinel [sic]. This was Steno

Countess Steno?

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Celina Yes. At first I paid little attention but hearing him named, yesterday, I turned abruptly and, on so doing, let fall my bouquet, which he instantly picked up and presented with an accompanying smile.

Countess Well? [4]

Celina Well! I hurried on but wishing to observe him better, as I retreated, lifted up the corner of my veil and could scarcely refrain from laughing to perceive that he was gazing after me with the satisfied air of a perfect vanquisher. Ha! ha! ha!

Countess Ha! ha! ha! no doubt a second Caesar: veni! vidi! vici!

[3] The lines in blue were written on the blank page opposite with an asterisk indicating where they should go

[4] The lines in blue were written on the blank page opposite with an asterisk indicating where they should go

Celina Out of all this, have I imagined a project, which if properly executed, shall not only remedy the jealousy of my husband but remove a little of the vanity of yr intended. What say you; already enrolled under my banner; are all of you prepared to commence the attack

All We are! We are!

Zambo Him are! Him are!

Celina Fall into the ranks then! Attention!

Quartet

Celina, the Countess, Zambo and Ursula

Celina

Come, listen all! in silence hear
A little oath now each must swear
To aid me jealous rage to stay
And fix a heart which loves to stray

Chorus

Agreed! Agreed! We swear, we swear!
And wait, devoted, all to hear.

Celina

You vow alike, whate'er you say
Implicitly you will obey?

Chorus

Yes, we protest, whate'er you say,
Without a murmur we'll obey.

Celina

And soldiers like, with heart and hand,
Perform the duty I command

Chorus

Thus soldiers like, with heart and hand,
We wait our Gen'ral's first command
Agreed, agreed, etc.

Celina

Remember, each, now you enlist,
On all your service I insist,
No other's bidding must you do -

Chorus

No Gen'ral, we obey but you

Celina

Your master, Zambo, as I please,
Remember, you are sworn to tease.

Zambo

He break mine head –

Celina *(laughing)*

Oh, never mind

Zambo

What, nebber mind! Dat easy spoke –
Poor Zambo tink crack head no joke.
{108} If jealous mad, sword massa draw,
Poor Zambo dell him life for straw,
Or kick de marble stair dere down,
Him in canal like rat go drown.

Countess

But why must I this compact join?

Celina

Why? Ask not why – but wholly mine –
Let each prepare to play his part,
As each has sworn, with hand and heart –
Once in the ranks, no more elay,
The word, attention! And obey.

Chorus

Silence! Silence! And obey.

Celina *(to Countess)*

For you, your duty is, my dear,
A dress, exact, like this to wear –
Assume my manner, voice and tone,
And quickly to St. Marc's be gone –
Ere half-an-hour, hath glided o'er,
Steno will watch yon sacred door,
As yesterday, myself to see:
Let Ursula your hand-maid be,
The Count mistake will you for me.

Countess

Take me for you? Say, to what end –
Oh, such strange delusion tend?

Celina

That's my affair! Away! Away! *(laughing)*

Countess
Commander, pardon! I obey

Ursula
And must I this deception aid?
Indeed, dear lady, I'm afraid -

{109}

Celina
A soldier! And afraid, for shame!
Begone! Quick, march! Or I proclaim
Dishonour to thy recreant name.

Countess and Ursula Our want of zeal you shall not blame
Zambo Old Zambo, colours nebber shame[5] *(waving his cap)*

Celina *(to Countess)*
This is not all; to Steno, you,
Must give an early rendezvous

Ursula and Zambo
A rendezvous! Must we too share
In this design? Oh, pray take care –

Countess
To Steno speak – I – no – believe

Celina
Not speak, but write,
What I indite –
And Ursula the note shall give.

Ursula And I the billet, I must give
Zambo *(laughing)* Old Ursula de note must give

Countess
But still, your project is not clear

Celina
My project? Steno, must come here -
Or elsewhere, you to meet, for me -
This night, the rendezvous must be –
Rely on me your name to spare –
(All listen) For all the rest!

Chorus
For all the rest?

[5] The printed Songs etc has "Brabe Zambo, colour nebber shame"

Celina *(laughing)*
That's my affair!

Chorus
Enough! Content whate'er you say,
Implicitly we will obey.

(Gondola advances)

Celina
Hark! That charming barcarole –

Ursula and Zambo
Our lord, Manfredi, yes – 'tis he! *(looking out)*

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Countess
And Steno too!

Celina
How fortunate!
Retire! Silence! Cautious be!

Chorus
On us depend! He comes! 'tis he!
Retire! Silence! Cautious be.

Celina
He comes etc.

Exeunt severally etc.
Celina, Countess and Ursula into palace. Zambo goes to meet his Master by which time Manfredi and Steno have arrived etc. etc.

{111}

Steno to Manf. So! *(looking about)* 'tis an age since I last set my foot on this peristyle.[6] Not since yr marriage. To be sure we have both been at a distance from Venice; you with your regiment abroad, I studying fashion and diplomacy in the Court of France, but now that we meet again, I trust, my dear fellow, you will no longer delay presenting me to yr wife.

Manf. My wife – why – why – my wife is –[7]

Steno Report says perfectly beautiful! I am all impatience to form an opinion of my own (…?) of the wife of a friend, you know that is but natural.

Manf. You forget – I do not expect the Marchioness *(making signs to Zambo)*

[6] An area or building surrounded by a colonnade
[7] The lines in blue were written on the blank page opposite with an asterisk indicating where they should go

Steno What, not to witness the fete given this evening at the Ducal Palace in hon[r] of a husband, whose renown –

Manf. Oh- she prefers solitude and seclusion. The noise and bustle of the gay world have no charms for her.

Steno Indeed! That's very singular, very very!

Zambo Well done, massa! If him fight as well as him tell big lie about lady, him win all battles in twenty kingdom, he, he, he!

Steno What's that black rascal jabbering?

{114}

Manfredi *(sternly)*Zambo

Zambo (starting) Oh! Him only waits to receive order of him excellinza (?)[8] *(bows obsequiously)*

Manf (apart) These, then, are my orders sirrah: that the Marchioness remain in her apartment. I will rejoin her the instant Count Steno takes his leave

Zambo (bowing) Is him highness! *(going)* He! He! Him little tricky. What plot a hatchet ober him head. *Exit – L.H.*

Steno I'm thinking for a pretty woman to prefer burying her charms in the country, is a rose to blush unseen, that's unreasonable. Are you not afraid lest some rustic Adonis in the absence of …..

Manfredi Oh, I am quite secure of the love of my Celina *(smiling)* He, he. It w[d] be a difficult matter to make me jealous.

Steno That I perceive. Of course, you lose no opportunity of throwing every innocent recreation in the way of yr wife: pastoral pastimes suited to her taste. We all have our peculiar tastes and every one should pursue pleasure in his own way but pursue pleasure certainly, especially, while young, that the recollection of it may have to console you when, too old and infirm, longer to chase the golden bubble.[9]

{112}[10]

Song – Steno

Recitative

In the winter of one's age
What joy to dream o'er gone by hours
And trace thro' memory's page
The once bright tints of faded flow'rs
Give me, then, a cloudless spring
Mid beauty's gay parterre to rove

[8] Presumably meant to be an example of Zambo's extravagant language
[9] The lines in blue were written on a blank page with an asterisk indicating where they should go
[10] The song was included separately on pages 112 and 113 and these were out of sequence. A mark was included on page 114 to show where the song had to go

Nectar from ruby lips to quaff
And revel with delight and love

Aria

Give me still the gay Piazetta!
Veiled eyes my steps pursue-
Snowy hand which glides a letter
Oh transporting billet-doux!
Then at twilight 'neath her lattice
Lute inviting! Time how fleet!
Silken ladder! Quick ascending
All my soul is at her feet.

Home now comes the Caro Sposa -
Diavolo! He's at the door!
Hark! He draws a long stiletto!
Oh, these husbands! Horrid bore!
Off I fly! Elsewhere to flutter!
Mid gay throng, in gilded hall
Laughing! Waltzing! How exciting!
Is the magic of the ball.

Feathers waving!
Flowers blooming
Beauty's lip the air perfuming
Eyes that sparkle! cheeks that glow!
{113} Husbands jealous,
Silly fellows!
Daggers looking! Frowning! fuming!
Bite their lips as you do now
Ha! ha! ha! yes, just as you do now!

Then to hear Signoras whisper,
Gods how handsome! 'tis Count Steno
Or with fan! Or glass, thus mounted,
Sigh, oh charming Cavaliero!
Charming, charming Cavaliero! etc.

While my May of life is green,
Yes be mine the joyous scene;
Woman's smile, and music's note-
Spirits light as air that float.
Soft expression! Tender hope!
Gay Mazourka! Sweet Galop,
Fill my cup of rapture so,
That it bubble and o'erflow.

Mirth beguiling!
Beauty smiling!
Bravo! Bravo!
Hearts alike with transport bound -
Love inviting!
Bliss delighting!
Bravo! bravo!
Mine be pleasure's endless round

Manfredi Ha! ha! ha! Truly Steno you have an excellent flow of spirits[11]

Steno I divert you as usual eh! **{114 continued}** Positively Manfredi I must be admitted one of yr rural menage. I'm becoming quite a domestic quadruped or rather biped. I am upon my soul utile dulci.[12] I could transport the Marchioness's harp from the balcony to the lawn, turn over the leaves of her music folio, feed her gold fish, in short do a hundred little useful things, which, no doubt, have become extremely tiresome to yrself, as a husband.

Manfredi I thank you but – *(apart)* devil take him

Steno Or apropos, have you thought to teach yr wife that charming game, now all the rage **{115}** in Venice, which by the way, has been imported from abroad by the Officers of yr own regiment.

Manf. Le Diadeste! Ridiculous! A pastime so insignificant –

Steno Insignificant! You have never played it then

Manf. Not I ifaith!

By this time Celina and the Marchioness[13] appear at the balcony listening, appearing and disappearing

Steno If you had with a pretty woman for your partner, you'd pronounce it anything but insignificant. Blue Beard that you are, I see I must hasten to your villa, Bianca, if it be only to instruct the Countess in Le Diadeste. Women are excellent at it, I assure you. Conquerors toujours! Nevertheless, I won yesterday of the brilliant Baroness Lucia; what think you I won – he, he – her portrait. Here it is. *(taking out miniature and kissing it)*. Mine; but I have good reasons for thinking that the lady was not sorry for her loss, hem! Tis very like is it not?

Manf Yes and in good hands truly, particularly if a public exhibition be desired

Steno You are so discreet

[11] The lines in blue were written on the blank page opposite with an asterisk indicating where they should go
[12] Useful and agreeable
[13] Fitzball gets rather muddled sometimes and refers to the Countess as the Marchioness, rather than Celina.

Manf. And you so thoughtless

Steno No, there you mistake me. I merely bask in the passing sunshine. Life is but a summer's day long.

{116}

Duetto

Together

Steno

Life is but a summer day,
Man the insect of an hour,
Let him quaff, while yet he may
Nectar from each blushing flowr.
Give me joy ere youth be lost-
Sparkling bowl and beauty's kiss,
Age and winter's chilling frost
Nip the roselike wings of bliss.

Manfredi [14]

Life is but a summer morn,
If from flowr to flowr we stray.
Frail as these we prize, or scorn
We, ourselves, must fade away.
While a heart which seeks but one -
One pure blossom to approve,
Chills not, tho' day's beam be gone,
Neath the velvet leaves of love.

Steno

Mine be still the festive bow'r
Wreathed dance, a song and glee.

Manfredi

Mine the lute, the moonlit hour
She I love and only she.

Steno

Mine bright eyes with mirth that shine
Lips that pleasure's notes impart.

Manfredi

Mine and know them only mine
One fond look and one true heart.

Steno Life is but a summer's day etc.
Manfredi Life is but a summer's morn etc.

[14] The printed Songs etc. has "Together" against just Manfredi's verse. Perhaps each sang their own verse and then sang Manfredi's verse together or perhaps they sang their verses together.

{117}

Enter Gondolier speaking apart to Steno

Gondolier Yr excellence *(Celina and Marchioness* [*Countess*] *at balcony)*

Steno Gondolier?

Gond. (whispering) St. Marc's strikes eleven

Steno *(distant clock)* Eleven! There it goes by the darts of Cupid. My dear Manfredi, I leave you. An affair of the utmost importance.

Manfredi Oh, no excuses. Business before all things. Addio

Steno Addio - stay – I have still ten minutes by that time, she will still be at St Marc's

Manfredi She? A rendezvous at the Church.

Steno Ah! Now I perceive you are curious to know all. Well I can conceal nothing from you – so – nobody observing *(gives a souvenir)* read this.

Manfredi (reading) Article 27th - The Veiled Lady

Countess[15] *Celina (apart)* Ah! The Veiled Lady

Manf. I do not comprehend.

Steno My secret memoirs. A portable biography of the amiable women who have had the good taste to prefer yr humble servt. Each has her article; read, read, he, he.

Countess Celina (apart) Insufferable!

Manf. (reading) What do I see!

{118}

Steno Isn't it amusing? What a work to publish for the edification of youth, eh! Read on ! read on!

Manfredi Can it be possible?

Steno What's the matter? You appear disturbed.

Manf.(recovering himself) Oh nothing, nothing. But tell me is it really but five days since you saw this veiled lady for the first time?

[15] Fitzball actually listed her as Marchioness, a confusion he made elsewhere

Steno (laughing) Seen by Jupiter! I have only seen her eyes yesterday for a moment. They are of a magnificent blue – so tender – so languishing. You like blue eyes Manfredi?

Manf, I – that is – I scarcely know.

Celina Indeed!

Manf. But this woman, is she always accompanied by two negroes and a female domestic?

Steno Invariably. Tis a wise precaution of her sagacious husband, no doubt. Ha, ha, ha, blind dupe, his vigilance answers the purpose does it not. But you don't appear to see the joke.

Celina & Countess laughing Poor Manfredi!

{119}

Manf. Oh yes. H-a, h-a, h-a very pleasant but tell me has the Lady ever encouraged –

Steno Not by words but, with eyes like hers, the language of the heart, you know, heigho!

Manf. *(heavily?)* Zambo!

Steno What ails you my friend?

Manf Nothing- a command which – Zambo!

(Zambo runs in)

Zambo Massa call? *(keeping at a distance)*

Manf. Yes. Come nearer

Zambo *(rather afraid to advance)* Now to answer as him Lady bid. I so Massa. Zambo coming bery near.

Manf. *(taking him by the collar)* Where's yr Lady?

Zambo *(receiving a sign from Celina)* J.. j.. just gone out Massa

Manf. Alone!

Zambo *(receiving a sign from Celina)* N..n.. no Massa as him lady go usual: two black a mans and Ursula – gone to St Marc's Massa.

Manf. Away rascal! *(throwing off Zambo)* My brain burns

Zambo Zambo's head spin round like millpost

Manf. To Steno Then it is the veiled lady you really go to meet?

Steno I'd wager a hundred golden ducats to one she is waiting for me already. Addio!

Manf.
delaying him Stay. What if I accompany you?

Steno You –
{122}
Manf. Yes! I shall find it very diverting

Zambo Diverting. He, he! Poor massa! *(apart)*

Steno But if yr wife sh[d] hear?

Manf. My wife! Oh, she shall know nothing about it

(They [*Countess and Celina*] [16] *retire laughing)*

Celina Nous verrons[17]

Steno Well, as you please, but pray leave that serious look behind you or you'll frighten my fair incognito and her black negroes into the canal. Pray have you still attacks of the blue devils as formerly. You are ill. Zambo run for the doctor.

Manf. Absurd! I am well! Ha! ha! ha! very well, but the Gondoliers are waiting. Let us away. *(getting into gondola)* Come! Come!

Steno Mon dieu! You could not be more impatient were the rendezvous your own

Manf. Will you come into the gondola or - *(pulling him into the gondola)* Row! Row! Lose not an instant

(gondola disappears)

Zambo He! He! He! Oh! him poor massa, him bery bad indeed. Dat jealousy bad ting. Get some a time good ting, cause if Zambo jealous of him beauty wife, Chickaboo. She bebber run away wid white man wid long gun. Oh! chickaboo[18]

{120}[19]

Zambo's song
Aria – Buffa

Zambo born in negro land
Pretty boy! so handsome grown!
What him ail no understood -
Fall in lub wid Chickaboo.
Chickaboo! Oh, beauty creter!
Skin like raben! Teeth like snow!

[16] It is not altogether clear who the "they" are but from the context seem to be Celina and the Countess
[17] We will see
[18] The lines in blue were written on a blank page with an asterisk indicating where they should go
[19] Zambo's song was printed on pages 120 and 121 and an asterisk showed that it should be included part way through page 122

In green wood by moonlight, Zambo,
Dance wid her de Chickaboo!
Sweet Choukatou
Oh! Chickaboo!

Zambo wed and soon appeary
Leetle Zambo tree, one, two:
Like dere fader, berry handsome-
One was leetle Chickaboo!
In de cabin had you seen 'em
Ven, at night, plantation hoe.
One 'bove toder – fader, moder ,-
Dancing all, de Choukatou!
Sweet et.

White man come wid big long gun,[20]
Zambo go shoot cockatoo!
Pleas'd, him run home find bad massa,
Run away wid Chickaboo!
Chickaboo! Oh naughty creter!
Leave poor Zambo, spirit low
(weeping) In green wood wid pickaninny
Dance aloney Chockatou!
Sweet etc.

{121}

Comfort (?) grow in Negro Land
Pickaninny slave all go
Zambo laugh, now sometime tink
(chuckling) D…d owed oman Chickaboo!
But if sad tear from him eye fall
Zambo for one dop dink two
(producing bottle) Or wid bottle for him chum chum!
Dancey still de Chockatou!
Sweet etc.

He dances the Chockatou with great spirit and exit
Enter Celina and the Countess laughing

Celina Ha! ha! ha! Segnior Steno has absolutely completed the success of our design by his indiscreet confidence.

{123}

Countess Your husband actually appears quite frantic

Celina Yes, the patient becomes restless, the crisis of his disorder approaches. To save him we must administer a few more small doses. Steno shall himself unconsciously sustain the character of Homeopathist. Did you pay attention to all he said?

[20] The printed Songs etc. conflates the last two verses into one, essentially taking the first four lines of the third verse and the final four of the fourth.

Countess In truth no. I was too indignant.

Celina You did not, then, hear him speak of that Arab game?

Countess Le Diadeste?

Celina Yes, Le Diadeste. I foresee will prove one of my grand succours if I can but engage my suspicious husband as a partner in a game with me.

Countess Indeed! Pray explain. I do not even understand the game.

Celina Tis the simplest thing in the world but, as Steno observed, no pastime requires so much sang-froid and (?) address. First, fix with yr adversary the number of hours or days in which the wager is to be decided.

Countess Well

Celina If during the given time, before the last hour, one of the two players take from the hand of the other, an object, be it what it may, without pronouncing the word Diadeste! he has lost.

Countess Is that all?

{124}

Celina Yes

Countess It is very piquant no doubt

Celina It is. Do you not perceive the ruse and imagination necessary to embarrass yr opponent? You will judge presently but to return to our manoeuvres. You go not now to St Marc's. You despatch a billet – Oh Stella! These men, these men!

{125}

<u>Duetto</u>
<u>Celina and Countess</u>

Men! Men! Men! Alike perplexing
For woman's heart you reckless play –
Win but yr prize and then, oh, vexing!
How lightly is it thrown away.
But woman's love can be the dewdrop
Which sees its own dear star decline
Then glides back in its native flower,
Disdaining, but for one to shine
Men! Men! etc

Men! men! Men! Alike tormenting.
Yes, all assume the tyrant's crown
With jealous eye our smiles resenting
Unless you deem them quite yr own.

Yet yours the bird whose note enchanted
Forsaken, in its cage you fly
Unmindful of a pining native
Whose only solace is to die
Men! Men! etc

Still, still by love a truth inspired
woman's beacon-light appears
His arm defends her
His heart befriends her
His noble breast receives her tears
{126} Yes, but for him can we deny?
Earth's garden were a desert plain -
And woman's duty-
And love and beauty-
Life's wild-wood roses bloom in vain

Men! Men! Men! prove but confiding -
Chase from yr brow each jealous frown
Deception's vizor assume! oh, never
And woman's heart is all yr own.

{127}

Zambo running in hastily

Zambo Lady! Lady! See yonder him highness return.

Celina Already. It cannot be possible *(looking out)* True, tis his gondola before the Palace Maffi

Countess And Steno

Celina Oh – he has not lost his patience so quickly. He remains behind. How rapidly the gondola moves thro' the water. Mercy on me! Manfredi is plying the oars himself. What impatience! Ha! ha! ha! Follow me, let us finish our plans and you shall retreat by the private door yonder, which opens to the little canal! Quick! quick!

Zambo But him Lady if Massa ask for you?

Celina I am not yet returned from mass

Zambo But if him berry insist?

Celina You've seen nothing; you know nothing.

(Exit with Celina thru' the trellis work)[21]

[21] Celina and the Countess

Zambo Oh, Debbie! Zambo's bones begin to ache already. Hear Massa in big rage. Now him get wus and wus , O---h!

Manfredi outside

Manfredi Halt! rascals! Where am I to be hurried. See you not the landing place. Zambo! Zambo!

Gondola enters etc

Zambo *(running to back)* There him is sweet a Massa. Zambo so happy see you return *(apart)* Zambo wish day lock him up in St. Marc's.

Manf. (to himself) Singular! She was not at mass today

Zambo (apart) Zambo always shaky when Massa talky to himself. Bitey him lip too. Dat meany mischief

Manfredi Some dark accomplice in her treachery, must have apprized her

Zambo Some dark accomplish! Speaking o Zambo! Find out! Oh dear!

Manfredi Who's that? Ah! Is it you Zambo? (eagerly) Well! Has the Marchioness returned?

Zambo *(stammering)* Mar – mar – marchioness? You, you, you, say Mar – Ma – a-chioness, Massa

Manfredi Certainly! Has yr Lady returned?

Zambo *(Receiving a sign from Celina thro the trellis work)* No, no, no, mi Lord (?) not yet *(apart)* Dat true cause she nebber go out

Manfredi Where can she be all this time

(Looking about Celina retires)

{129}

Zam. Zambo tink – dat is he only 'spose – dat is he suspect

Manf Suspect what?

Zambo No know Massa

Manf. Bah! My faithful Zambo! Approach me! Diavolo! What are you afraid of? *(seizing him)* You see, I am quite calm

Zambo Is Massa quite a calm *(apart)* as sea in big storm[22]

[22] The lines in blue were written on a blank page with an asterisk indicating where they should go

Manf. Composed as possible. What then makes you tremble? Can this be the effect of a guilty conscience – villain! *(shaking him)*

Zam. Oh massa,, (…?)! indeed! Zamba no conshence – him no billain

Manf. Nay (?), good Zambo, you w[d] not deceive an intelligent master w[d] you?

Zam. Oh no him Lord *(apart)*. Not if him had one.

Manf. Your gratitude w[d] not allow you to forget the hour when these hands broke from off yr neck the galling (?) [23] chains of slavery and saved a wretched existence devoted to a (…?) of misery (?).[24] *(Zambo sobs violently)* Affectionate a disinterested servant. Go take my gondola, ply to St Marc's and if thy lady appear there return and apprize (?) on the instant. (Zambo sobbing) There, that's for yr sincerity *(gives purse)* . Compose your feelings and away.

Zambo Ah, Zambo no deservy (?) **{130}** This for do him duty. Sight of Massa's bounty too much for honest negro *(puts purse into his pocket sobbing then aside with a chuckle)* Fine ting for Zambo dis jealousy. Him wish massa get wus and worse. *(seeing Manfredi impatient).* Him gone massa. Him feeling much better now.
(Exit in gondola)

Manf Away! Away! Would that prouder hearts might borrow one ray of the pure honesty which glows in the breast of yon poor African. But Celina, my wife, that I believed all truth – all fidelity – can she be false. She that my confiding heart affirmed loved me for myself alone.

Song

Recitative

Prove she untrue, each joy in nature
By ruthless fate is from me torn
And I thro' life, earth's saddest creature
Remain a wanderer! Lost! Forlorn!

{131}

Ballad[25]

I met her in the wreathed hall
Mid beauty's proud display.
One look of hers outshone them all,
Tho' milder and less gay.
Her pensive mein [sic], her dulcet voice,
More soft than music's sweetest tone,

[23] Causing annoyance or resentment
[24] An example of Fitzball's hasty work. Perhaps he meant "devoted to death and misery", a rather odd construction but looks the most likely.
[25] The printed Songs etc. designates it an "Air"

Inspired my breast, assured my heart
I loved her for herself alone.

I knew that she had wealth, had rank,
But those my soul forgot.
With her, a lute, and moonlit[26] bank
Had been an envied lot.
The bridal flow'r is on her brow,
Her lip hath named me all her own;
And never may this heart but know,
She loved me for myself alone.

{132}

Exits palace and re-enters listening

Manf I am not deceived. Someone opens the door of the little canal (*looking towards the trellis work.*)

Celina outside R.H. Yes, yes. I'll answer for all

Manf. "Answer for all". To whom can she be addressing herself? In a voice so gentle to?

Celina Manfredi will be at the Palace of the Doge this evening. Adio! Adio!

Manf. I shall be at the Palace of the Doge and she – she contemplates remaining here in my absence. The traitress, I'll disappoint her. I'll – Ah! She comes.

Celina enters thru' trellis work gaily, singing a barcarole, in her hand a bouquet. Seeing Manfredi she affects surprise

Celina Ah! You have my dear Lord? If I had thought …….

Manf. You w[d] have hastened to rejoin me

Celina I.. I supposed that you were still engaged at the Senate. You usually remain there much longer. You, you know I am never so happy as when you are near me.

Manf. (bitterly) You love me so much

Celina Certainly, you are so kind, so amiable, when you are not jealous.

Manf. Jealous! Pray, Madam, why sh[d] I be jealous. I have no cause. Ha! h-a!

Celina None in the world. At last your words do me justice.

{133}

Manf bitterly Justice! Sooner or later justice is sure to arrive. *(She plays with her bouquet)*. Pray, from whence that beautiful bouquet? Which appears so to delight you?

[26] The printed Songs etc. has "mossy"

Celina Do you really think it beautiful! That's fortunate. I've this instant gathered it for yourself.

Manf. *(with bitterness)* For me? Hm!

Celina Yes, for you. Is not this yr birthday? You see, I don't forget – *(offering bouquet)*

Manf. Forget! *(snatching bouquet and dashing it down)*

Celina Heavens! Is it so you requite my attention? My poor – *(attempting to pick up the bouquet, he prevents her)*.

Manf. Let it lie where it is and answer me.

Celina What terrible looks and you are not jealous?

Manf. Madam, answer this moment: who was with you just now, to whom was that tender adios at the gate of the Little Canal.

Celina Oh – perhaps to your friend, the Segnior Steno –

Manf. Steno! Celina?

Celina (proudly) Can you say that such was your suspicion? Of course, there is, in all Venice, but one veiled Lady with blue eyes, who is attended to St Marc's by two negroes and a female domestic therefore you – you have no hesitation in concluding me, yr wife Celina, vain and weak enough to be pleased and **{134}** flattered by the urbanity of such a man. Oh Manfredi, have I deserved this?

Manf. Celina – you – who has disclosed –

Calina I overheard sir. I was in the balcony there with the Countess Amalfi, who passed the morning with me and to whom I made the tender adios, which have so incensed you.

Manf. Is it possible? You have not quit the Palace?

Celina No sir

Manf. But why did Zambo –

Celina Zambo did but execute my order. I wished to give you one more proof that your jealousy was without foundation, but, alas, I am only the more convinced it is without remedy. Manfredi we cannot be happy together. Let us separate for ever – you as yr pleasure dictates, I, to a convent –

Manf. To a convent, Celina – separate? I'll die sooner

Celina Must I still continue to suffer from yr unjust suspicions

Manf. No, no. I will no longer harbour a single doubt. I will believe you what you are, all truth, all purity. Tomorrow you shall be presented to the nobility of Venice, my life, my pride! Forgive **{135}** me, Celina. By heavens, I blush to think the monster I have been. Pardon! Pardon!

Celina Here's my hand and my heart along with it. Let us forget that we have been unhappy. No more jealousy, remember.

Manf. Never! Never! Never!

Celina In order to divert the recollection of the past, let us at once occupy our minds with some new pursuit.

Manf What shall it be? Music?

Celina My harp is at the Villa Bianca

Manf. Shall I read, while you –

Celina No, a sudden idea enters my mind – what say you to a game at Le Diadeste, which the Count mentioned to you.

Manf. It is too trifling for –

Celina Ah! You are afraid to lose. The truth is my disposition gives me the advantage over yours. You fear being off your guard again – of new suspicions

Manf. No, on my hon^{r} *(she laughs)* Well, what shall the wager be?

Celina Five hundred ducats of gold to be expended on a fete in honour of my introduction to y^{r} Venetian friends

Manf. Be it so. The term of the wager

Celina Midnight"

Manf. That's too soon

Celina Time enough for you to lose ten times over. Ha! ha! ha! now we commence, remember Diadeste.

{136}

Duetto [27] Manf di Celina

Celina
All between us is agreed?

Manf
All between us is agreed!

Celina
Understood?

Manf
Understood!

Celina
This moment let the game proceed

Manf
This moment let the game proceed

Both
Diadeste charming play!
All[28] assures my glowing heart
In thy triumph light and gay
Mine will prove the conquering path

Manf (*giving a ring*)
To expiate each past offence
I beg you will my dear
This little gage of future love,
For my sake kindly wear.

Celina
Oh, what a brightly sparkling ring!
Its beams outshine you sky,
Sweet love! Yes, I your gift accept -
But ere the tender pledge I try,
Remember, sir, I humbly cry -
Diadeste!
Ha! ha! ha! despite your zeal
Hope assures this glowing heart.

[27] In the manuscript, this duet used the same format as the dialogue with the singers listed in the left hand column. Here, for consistency, it has been changed into the format as used in the printed *Songs etc*. and as sometimes used elsewhere for songs, duets, etc. in the manuscript.

[28] The printed *Songs etc* has "Hope assures…"

Both
In this charming, charming game,
I shall play the conqueror's part
Ha! ha! ha!, etc.

{137}

Celina
Each jealous fear you now dismiss?

Manf
I jealous! Never more!

Celina
Each dark suspicion flies your breast?

Manf
Yes, yes, each doubt is o'er

Celina
Between us, now, for ever reign,
One bright unclouded May;
Ah, what lies here upon the ground?
My beautiful bouquet! (*taking up flowers*)
Sweet flow'rs! For my fault cast aside,
(*placing it in her bosom*) Here, here, thy garden be –

Manf
Too happy rose, by thee caress'd
Pray give it, love, to me.

Celina
With all my heart, yet should it fade -
You'll throw it soon away –

Manf
Not I, I swear

Celina
Enough , 'tis yours - (*offers a rose*)

Manf
Yet, ere the prize I bear away
Remember, dear, I humbly say
Diadeste!

Both

Ha! ha! ha! sweet badinage!

(*to each other*) Yet, despite thine every art

Charming, charming Diadeste!

Mine to play the conqueror's part

Ha! ha! ha!

{138}

(*Zambo enters and whispers to Manfredi*)

Zam. Him highness, no lady appearing at St. Marc (*Celina laughs apart*)

(aloud)

Manf Enough! Silence! (*apart*) Sirrah, you and I have an account to settle of which you little dream.

Zamb Oh la! Gondola, Count Steno,, follow Zambo berry fast, like horse. Here him be, massa (*enter Gondola etc*.)

Celina Steno? Then I retire.

Man On the contrary, remain, I would convince you –

Celina No, no. Stay till I have won my wager, then give (?) a more formal introduction. (*she retires under the trellis work as Steno disembarks*).

Manf Well! What of yr veiled lady? Came she?

Steno No. There was some grand preventative

Manf Indeed, I'm sorry for yr disappointment. Such things are excessively mortifying, especially to a man of your gallantry.

Steno You are very commiserating, but calm your anxiety. If she could not appear, she did not leave me to expire of uncertainty.

Manf Ah! A billet-doux?

Steno Yes, slipt [sic] into my hand the instant you quitted me. So it appears you were the cause of my charming incognito's absence.

{139}

Manf I?

Steno Yes, listen. "She whose heart has been captivated by Steno" – "captivated by Steno is not able to keep her appointment at St Marc's. The jealousy of her tyrant prevents her. Ha, ha poor devil as if his precautions could prevent our meeting hereafter.

Manf H-a – h – a! well! Continue

Steno The most suspicious are always soonest imposed upon.

Manf The billet – continue! Continue.

Steno But as he will be detained this evening at the palace of the Doge

Manf Ah! He goes this evening to the palace of the Doge does he?

Steno Yes, to the fete in yr hon^{r} . You'll meet him there doubtless. That's good is it not, ha! ha! ha! But listen (*reads*) Let Count Steno be at ten o'clock under the arcade of the Piazetta. A trusty confidant will await his arrival and conduct him to the feet of a Lady who relies fully upon his love and honour.

Manf. *(bitterly)* Love! Honour!

Steno Postscript! Be secret – at least if you must confide in a friend chuse [sic] **{140}** a better than the one of this morning.

Manf Indeed! is that really written there?

Steno Yes. Tis the common conclusion of all love epistles.

Celina *(apart)* Credulous Manfredi! Well art thou corrected.

Manf And you have spoken to no one but myself of this intrigue?

Steno Oh yes, to five or six. That's all.

Manf I breathe again. But the handwriting, let me see it.

Steno By all means (*gives billet*) Venus herself with a quill from Cupid's wing could not have penned a more delicate scrawl.

Manf (*examining the billet*) No. Tis not Celina's writing. I thought I sh^{d} have recognised - but

Steno Oh, as to that, a woman of sense w^{d} most likely address a billet of this kind in a feigned hand.

Manf True! True! I had forgot (*crumpling the paper in his hand*) Ugh!

Steno (*taking the billet*) My good Manfredi! What have you done? (*holding up billet*) I just ask you what sort of a figure this unfortunate morceau will now cut in my collection? Ah music! Manfredi (*distant music – triumphal*). Tis the cortege (*March etc*.) coming to conduct you triumphally to the ducal palace.

Manf **{141}** At this moment, how malapropos.

Steno What triumph, what honour, fortunate, happy, Manfredi

Manf Curse this pageantry, miserable devil that I am

Finale

(*Enter from Palace, Zambo running, followed by Ursula and servants of Manfredi etc*.)

Chorus of Women

Hark, tis the Ducal Guard advancing
Myrtle's bind, the sheathed sword
Music sounding! Banners dancing!
Venice greets the noble Lord.

(*Enter the Ducal Gondola from which issue Heralds with banners and swords bound with myrtles. A rich tapestry is spread on steps conducting to Gondola to which they invite Manfredi. Enter Celina and Ladies etc*.)

General Chorus

Wake the strain of Victory,
Let it meet the hero's ear
Mingling with sweet barcarole
Native song of Gondolier.
Braid the laurel with the rose
Flute, the trumpets voice controul [sic].
Peace unite with Victory!
Glory's note and barcarole
Wake etc.

{142}

Steno (*to Manf*)

On thy triumph, why this drooping?
See around what honours shine.
I, thy friend, thy fame might envy
Were not this (*kisses letter*) Love's laurel mine

Manf (*apart with vexation*)

What avail to me fame's glories?
All I gladly w^{d} resign
But to calm these jealous torments
And to know her wholly mine (*looking at Celina*)

Celina (*drawing down her veil, apart*)

Jealous still, yes, in those features
Doubt and fear their storm impart.
Ah, how well his weak suspicions
Aid the purpose of this heart.

Steno (*to Manf*)

Honour[29] calls thee! Pomp attends thee.
Still, for one, joy smiles above.
Different transports, both are waiting
Glory thine – mine, woman's love.

Manf (*apart with vexation*)

Cursed fortune! How tormenting!
Dearest friend, we will not part (*taking Steno's arm*)
No, come share my pride, my glory,
Truly as thou shar'st my heart

Steno (escaping)

No. remember, she is waiting
And too well I'm sure you know,
Where one's lady-love expects him
Friendship must its claim forego.

{143}[30]

Manf

Cursed fortune, oh provoking!
Ah! What thought inspires my heart?
Still I'll thwart him, yes, Celina,
Shall from Venice straight depart.

Manf (*to Celina*)

Loved Celina, well I know it
Far from noise and strife thoud'st be
To our Villa quickly hence, then -
Soon I'll 'scape and fly to thee.

Celina (*apart*)

Dear Manfredi! Quite complying
I content obey thy will.
Ah, this strange capricious fancy,
Aids my purpose better still.

Steno (*taking out the billet-doux & reading*) [31]

Oh, the charming soft appointment;
Oh, how tender! Oh, how fair!

[29] The printed Songs etc spells this "Honor"
[30] Page 143 of the manuscript used the same format as the dialogue with the singers listed in the left hand column. Here, for consistency, it has been changed into the format as used in the printed *Songs etc.* and as used elsewhere in the finale.
[31] The lines in blue were written on a blank page with an asterisk indicating where they should go

Steno, Ursula and Zambo

To the country send (your/our/him) lady
At a time like this

Celina

32 Forbear!
At our villa, so enchanting!
Ever am I happy there!

Manf

At our villa, so delightful,
She will be most happy there.

Steno (*apart*)

Quickly to the gay Piazzetta
On Love's wings must I repair

Zambo and Ursula

To the villa (him/we) must follow
All (d—m / so) dull and dismal (dere / there)

Together

{144}

Manf

No, never shall these anxious eyes,
From her they love one instant stray;
At night, her watchful star I'll be -
Her shadow thro' the day.
And should her fond thoughts turn aside,
Like tendrils to depart,
I'll be the elm which stays the vine,
And binds it round its heart.

Celina

Oh, never shall these anxious eyes,
From him they love, a moment stray,
At night his silent star I'll be -
His shadow thro' the day
Or should a cloud o'ercast that brow,
Let but its gloom depart,
As turns the gold-flower to the sun
So I, to his dear heart.

Steno

Come night, enveiled in mystery,
To her that loves me, I may fly,

[32] The printed *Songs etc* has this section as being sung together.

May taste the perfume of her lip,
And banquet in her eye.
Or should her young fears trembling rise,
And prompt her to depart,
Oh Cupid! Lend thy rosy wreath,
Which bindeth woman's heart.

Together

Steno

Honour calls thee, fame attends thee,
Haste my friend, oh haste away.

Manf

Love expects thee! Bliss awaits thee!
Here you must not, shall not stay.

Celina

To the villa! Without murmur –
Laughingly, I take my way.

Zambo and Ursula (*between their teeth*?)

To the villa dull and dismal
Grumblingly (him/we) must away

All

Adieu! Adieu!
Away! Away!

Chorus

Wake the strain etc.

All

Adieu! Away!

Manfredi and Steno alternately force each other towards the Gondola, which begins to recede as Celina, Zambo and Ursula cross to O.P.[33]
The people paying homage to Manfredi etc as drop falls

End of the First Act

[33] "Opposite Prompt" or "Off Prompt", i.e. Stage right

{148} **Act 2**

Zambo and a party of Villagers, male and female, who enter and re-enter severally the Labyrinth etc.

Chorus to Zambo

Under the rose and under the bower
Merrily play we hide and go seek
Fairy-like, tripping from flower to flower!
Joyous laughing all.

Glowing with health, morn's beautiful hue
Blushingly tints each villager's cheek.
Innocence guides, while here we pursue
Pleasure's mirthful call.

They place Zambo in a corner and make him turn his face to the wall.

Against the wall
Your eyes conceal
And when we call
Begin the game
And search for all.

They steal away and conceal themselves, the girls right, the young men left. Two girls enter the kiosque,[34] *two young men attempt to* **{149}** *follow them but are repelled etc.*

Zambo

May him peep?

Chorus

Silence! Stay!

Zambo

May him peep?

Chorus

Yes! You may

He turns about and listens. The voices of the girls are heard in refrain tra la la! Zambo runs that way when the voices of the men take up the air on the opposite side. Again the girls are heard. He turns round again hastily.

[34] French for "kiosk", presumably here meaning a small garden shed or similar rather than a sales outlet in the modern sense. Fitzball uses both "kiosque" and "kiosk" in the libretto

Zambo

(*Throwing his arms around Ursula who enters abruptly)*
Accept dat kiss

Ursula

Accept of this! (*boxes his ears*)

Zambo

Him murder'd quite!

Ursula

It serves you right.

The peasants all run in and surround them

{150}

Chorus

Oh! ah! ah! ah! What droll mistake!

Ursula

Pray who are you that dare to make
This riot here?

Zamb

Dem villagers
My lady bid in garden wait
With pretty flower dance at her fete

Ursula

I understand! But why conceal'd
If me to frighten when I came
My nerves are weak! For shame! For shame!

Chorus

Ursula, no. Neath rose and bower
Merrily play we hide etc

Ursula Playing at hide and seek ah? Ah, it's a pretty but a dangerous game if a story I could tell be true.

Zambo Oh, tell him dat story, Ursula, Zambo, know you tell greater story dan any body

Chorus Do tell us, dear Ursula.

Ursula Well, I will that it may serve as a warning to you, Maidens, in concealing yourselves amongst rose bushes to beware of the Rose King or, as some say, Rose Fiend, who carried off poor Ida in a cloud of perfume to **{151}** his bower, amongst the mountains. But I must sing you the legend.

{152}

Romanza Ursula and Villagers

Ursula

Thro' the Forest strays the Rose- King
Beautiful to gentle eyes
Maids beware lest, at the fountain
Lurking, he yr steps surprise
Bright his cheek! His lip rich perfume -
Sunny locks his forehead braid!
Winning smile wears he for all -
But brightest for the fairest maid.
Take care!
Take care!
Of the Wild Rose-King beware

Ursula

Ida was a village damsel,

Ursula

Ida was a village damsel,
Beauty's queen, as legends speak,
With her young and gay companions
Playing once at Hide and Seek.
Neath a bow'r, the Rose-King saw her
Crouching low, defenceless there!
Round her waist, his arms he twin'd
And laughing whirl'd her thro' the air.
Take care etc.

Villagers

Take care etc.

{153}

Ursula

In what magic dome he bore her
Mortal man may never know.
That she loved and was forsaken
Proves the sequel of her woe.
Near the bower, dead they found her
At what hour night's pale stars part
To her bosom clasp'd a rose,
Whose thorn had pierced her broken heart
Take care!
Take care etc.

Villagers

Take care etc.

Ursula Ah! I perceive my Lady approaching. Away all of you and prepare yr garlands for the dance and the fete. Begone! Begone! (*Exeunt peasants*). Let me see – have I forgotten nothing – no – nothing.

(*Enter Celina*)

{154}

Celina Ursula! Have you observed all my directions.

Ursula Yes, my Lady. The Segnior Steno is already on his way hither but in order to perplex and bewilder him, he is to be conducted thro' the labyrinth yonder. He can, therefore, only arrive, a very short period before my Lord Manfredi.

Celina Excellent! And my invitations, have they been dispatched?

Ursula Oh yes Madam, with the greatest punctuality and before midnight, the Villa Bianca will be thronged with the most brilliant company.

Celina Enough! Go and see that nothing be spared to give additional lustre to the entertainment. Remember I shall have five hundred ducats of gold to dispose of, for I feel perfectly assured tat Manfredi will be the loser at Diadeste.

Ursula I begin to think that yr Ladyship will come off victorious. Your commands shall be rigidly attended to (*Exit*)

Celina All conspires to promote the success of my little stratagem. Should I succeed what happiness will be the result. Oh, Manfredi one only prayer is Celina's that she may live to see thy bosom undisturbed by storms as the calm evening of this lovely day.

{155}

Scena Celina

Recitative

Softly down the brow of Evening
Falls her shadowy, starry veil
Silence reigns, save one sweet cadence.
Can it be the nightingale? (*Listens*)
No, tis some young Gondolier
Chanting love's own dulcet strain
Which the air-tuned harp of Echo
O'er the Lido wafts again

Aria

Oh, Love! Thy voice enchanting,
More soft than perfume flows,
The heart as gently guiling
As Zephyrs woos the rose!

Then why sh[d] dark suspicion
Its music e'er control
Or dim, with clouds of thunder,
The sunlight of the soul?

Destiny, smiling
Kindly, my pray'r hear –
Grant my hope's idol,
Still prove sincere.
From out his bosom
Be doubt and fear fled –
Bid bliss, confiding,
Bloom in their stead.
My heart's true feeling,
From him shall ne'er rove,
Till fall life's temple
And perish love.

{156}

Countess Celina! Celina! (*Celina returns*)

Celina My dear, Stella!

Countess It is not without some difficulty I have found you, for I nearly lost myself in crossing merely (?) the end of the fairy maze, which yr sapient husband believes he has securely surrounded you in this certainly charming Villa Bianca. (*Looking about*) Is that Kiosque to be the scene of rendezvous?

Celina At least this orange grove. The Kiosque may serve for an ambush in case of surprise. Is it not well planned?

Countess Nothing could be better: perfume! Moonlight! Love and mystery! Heigho! Ha! ha! ha!

Celina Heigho! Ha! ha! ha! (*Zambo enters cautiously and makes a sign to Celina that some one approaches*) ah! Extinguish the lights. You fully comprehend – silence – away! (*Exit Zambo into Villa*). Now, Stella, to yr character, the enemy approaches.
(*The lights are extinguished as if by command of Zambo, who re enters from Villa and returns to Labyrinth*)
He has scarcely seen me, you never. He has heard neither your voice nor mine. He will take you readily for his Veiled Lady. Charm him by your wit, enchant him by yr accents and when he shall discover who you are he will be confounded in having **{157}** addressed to another, those vows were due to you alone.

Countess But Manfredi?

Celina Leave his lesson to me. It will explain itself as we proceed (*Ursula enters*) Now Ursula!

Ursula Here he is! Here he is!

Countess Who?

Ursula The terror of fathers, guardians and all jealous husbands of Venice, Count de Steno. (*laughing*) Poor young gentleman he is coming hither, like a criminal dragged to the place of execution.

Countess How so?

Ursula A thick bandage covers his eyes. At first he w^{d} not consent to this precaution but, on being told it was the express condition of his veiled Lady, he assented and was made to swear upon the honour of a true knight not to remove it till permitted by the voice of his lady love.

Celina Bravo! Now, I leave you (to *Countess*)

Countess Leave me! You! I begin to tremble.

Celina What childishness! Courage! Courage!

Countess But what am I to do?

Celina Do? Conquer the enemy by all means. Summon up all yr artillery and my life on it, he **{159}**[35] surrenders at discretion. Hush ! he is here!

Music Mysterious (*Steno, blindfolded, is conducted by Zambo and Gondoliers with torches. They leave him directed by Celina and retire. The Countess is near the Kiosque. Celina observes Steno with a stifled laugh and exits*)

Steno Have we arrived!

Ursula Yes! (*Makes sign to Countess and exits*)

Steno The Gods be praised! —well! – no answer – have they taken wing? (*feeling about*). Nobody near (*starting*). Who's that? Not a word. This is a singular rendezvous. Up to the present, it seems neither more nor less than a game of blind man's buff. (*running against a vase as the Countess enters Kiosque*) or a game at break neck.[36] Still silent. I've half a mind to take half a peep over the top of this infernal bandage. I will. Here goes (*peeping*). Eh! Nobody! Nothing! Dark as the dungeons of the Inquisition (*sniffing*). Orange trees. But my Lady love! Why does not she emerge, like a sylph from some flower or a Naiad from some fountain. Sweet spirit I await thee. Let us roam together over the moonlit lake. My barque is bounding near.[37]

{158}

[35] The text skips from {157} to {159} with {158} a song that was inserted part way down {159}. This together with the inserts written separately underlines the haste in which this was put together.

[36] Not clear what this is

[37] The lines in blue were written on a blank page with an asterisk indicating where they should go

Song Steno

Oh listen dearest Lady!
It is thine own one calls.
Pale stars are o'er thee shining
Dim twilight round thee falls.
Come, this heart awaits thee,
My Lady love appear!
Come fly with me across the Lake
My barque is bounding near

Oh hasten, dearest Lady,
As o'er yon tide we move
Each silv'ry wave shall echo
Sweet notes of minstrel love!
Vows of truth I'll breathe thee,
I'll kiss away each tear .
Then come with me across the Lake
My barque is bounding near.

Steno Still no echo replies to the soft effusions of my despairing heart. Perfume! Flowers! Fresh air! Diavolo. **{159}** Whither have they conducted me? Into the open country perhaps. Can they have been jesting with me? I sh[d] become the laugh of all Venice! I – but I'll so revenge myself that –(*At this moment, the Countess executes a prelude on the Harp and sings*)

Countess[38]

The captive bride within her bower
Weeps and sighs alone
The song she prized hath lost its power
The tale its magic tone
That heart which but one voice could move
Is now a tyrant's prey
To fade the sweet bright hopes of love
Like young spring flowers away.

Steno I am overwhelmed! – what sweet magic. **{160}** Eh! (*listens*) She does not continue. Perhaps she wishes for another couplet of Come! This heart awaits thee! My lady love appear (*Countess enters*)[39]

Countess Is that you, Steno?

Steno Ah! At length! Yes madam tis I – Steno, whom your condescension has enchanted, whose whole heart you have inspired with an ecstasy of love and hope.

[38] This was not included with the manuscript by was included in the printed *Songs etc* and in Balfe's score of the opera. Possibly Fitzball sent it separately and it was lost when the final manuscript was gathered.
[39] The lines in blue were written on a blank page with an asterisk indicating where they should go

Countess Perhaps you form a wrong idea of me from the step I've taken –

Steno Step! It is but natural. You are the victim of an odious jealousy. Who could blame you for confiding your future happiness to the affections of a lover, the most faithful, the most adoring?

Countess (laughing) Faithful! You – can I believe it? Tomorrow, perhaps, the name of another deceived, like myself, will extend the list of victims to yr inconstancy and take its place in that treacherous souvenir.

Steno What say you? What souvenir?

Countess Oh! evasion is useless. I know all, besides --- are you not about to be married?

Steno (confused) Why – I have assented to something of the kind – but – what signifies –

Countess Yr heart then owes nothing to yr intended wife.

Steno No. My heart was never consulted in our family arrangement.

Countess But if the Lady sh^{d} love you

Steno Then, in truth, she must be very amiable for I have done nothing to merit her love.

Countess Will she suffer the less think you?

Steno Oh, as regards her sufferings, my conscience has nothing to do with them. (*apart*) Deuce take this darkness. I cannot even catch a glimpse of her features.

Countess (*apart*) I can scarcely repress my indignation. (*aloud*) Then what had been told me is true. You have never even thought it worth yr while to look upon yr intended wife.

Steno Why should I hurry myself? I have yet eight days grace. Besides, I picture to myself, a little awkward, disagreeable, conceited woman, plain as an Aragonaise no doubt, poor thing!

Countess Sir! (*apart*) This is too much.

Steno Let us not speak of another, but of your transcendent self. Tis you alone who usurp all my soul. On you and only on you, exists my joy or my despair.

Countess Can you be serious?

Steno Can you still doubt!

Duetto[40]

{162}

Steno

I swear to thee
I swear to thee
By Love's eternal shrine!
This heart shall be,
This heart shall be,
Thine own and only thine!

Countess

You swear to me!
You swear to me!
While Truth's pure altar shine,
To love but me!
To love but me!
Mine own and only mine

Steno

To prove my vow sincere
Some high command reveal.
Thy champion knight, the deed I'll do
Or perish in my zeal!

Countess

No feat of arms I crave,
Commit but to my care
Thy lists of conquests won
Thy pretty souvenir!

Steno (*surprised*)

This sacred souvenir! (*producing book*)

Countess

To me you should assign -
But if you hesitate –

Steno

My laurels are all thine (*gives it*)

Both

For thee I all resign
For me you all resign

[40] In the manuscript, this duet used the same format as the dialogue with the singers listed in the left hand column. Here, for consistency, it has been formatted as in the printed *Songs etc.* and as sometimes elsewhere in the manuscript.

Together

He	She
I live for thee,	You swear to me
Where'er I be,	Where'er you be
By love's eternal shrine -	All others to resign –
Thus kneeling low,	And void of art,
I vow! I vow -	Devote thy heart –
Thine own and only thine	Mine own and only mine.

{163}

Steno

Sweet bond! Thus, thus I seal, (*kissing her hand*)
Doubt not I could deceive –

Countess (*smiling*)

Such fervor [sic], and such sighs -
What heart but must believe. (*He rises*)

Together

He	She
Oh, happiness supreme!	Oh! constancy sublime!
My soul with transport thrills!	Where love the bosom thrills,
A new existence quite -	One sweet existence quite,
This heart devoted fills, etc.	The heart devoted fills etc

(*Celina enters and makes signs to the Countess*)

Celina St! st! Manfredi!

Steno (*holding the hand of Countess*) Enchantress do not fly me.

Countess Just heaven! What will become of us? I hear my husband's voice.

Steno The husband! Confusion

Countess Pardon! But enter this kiosque! Quick! Or I am lost (*feining* [sic] *terror. He enters it*)

Celina Admirable! Give me the key (*Countess locks kiosque. Celina receives the key*). You exit; I continue the scene.

(*Exit Countess laughing*)

Countess I obey!

Celina Now for Le Diadeste

Celina, Manfredi, Ursula, Steno, Zambo and Domestics with torches

Manfredi

Search around! Search around!
Quick! No delay!
The culprit found!
His blood shall pay!
Search etc.

Zambo and Domestics going off and searching with their torches

Search etc.

Steno (*apart in the kiosk*)

Manfredi's voice! Is she his wife!
If so, his rage will take my life!

Celina (*smiling*)

My mirth I scarcely can restrain
To note his jealous rage so vain!

Steno (*watching*)

Unmoved she seems, while luckless I
Perhaps for her must quickly die.

Manfredi approaching Celina and regarding her with a scrutinizing look

Manfredi (*heavily*)

You did not, madam, expect me

Celina (*affecting suppressed alarm*)

Less welcome art thou not, my love;
Your presence here will me protect,
And every sullen gloom remove.

Manfredi (*to Celina*)

My presence, no doubt, you approve
{165} You were, no doubt, alone, when I
Unlooked for here did first intrude.

Celina

Why ask that question, when you now,
How fond I am of solitude

Manfredi

Of solitude! Base woman! Know
Your guilty secret stands confest [sic]!

Celina

Oh, frightful words! Manfredi say
What dark suspicion haunts they breast.

Ensemble

Oh, dearest Lord, pray be more calm.

Steno

Each prospect of escape is o'er

Celina (*affecting terror*)

What would you say, what would you have!

Manfredi

The key, the key of yonder door! (*points to kiosk*)

{166}

Celina

Oh, pity take!

Manfredi

The key! The key!

Steno

Tis plain what will become of me. (*drawing his sword*)

Celina, Ursula and Chorus

Oh, humbly hear (me / us) pity take
In mercy deign (my / her) fears to see

Manf

Away, away, yr prayers I scorn.
Quick madam, quick, the key! The key!

Celina

Ah! Spare his life!

Manf (*furious*)

The key or I -

Celina

Tis yours (*gives key*)

Manf

Enough! Revenge! (*approaching kiosk*)

Celina

I die!
(*affects to faint in Ursula's arms*)

Manf

Behold, how guilty terrors war
In that false heart (*approaching kiosk*) the door –

Celina (*lifting up her head*)

Ha! ha! ha! ha! etc.

{167}

Manf (*pausing at the door*)

That laugh

Celina

Ha! ha! ha! ha! etc.
Before that door you open, pray
Five hundred ducats please to pay.

Manf

Five hundred ducats and for what?

Celina

My dearest love, have you forgot
Diadeste, charming game, etc.

Manf

Take the key! Yes, yes, I've lost -
And own myself – but stay, but stay –
(*To Zambo*) You, you, you lying rascal, you -
That lie you told me come this way.

Zambo (*kneeling*)

Him did but Lady will obey -
Who bid him swear -
Dat lubber dere (*pointing to kiosk*)
Make massa – what him mustn't say

Manfredi

Together

Black hound begone! (*To Celina*) I pay content
My foolish fears deserve such loss.
The gold be yours. No more this heart
One jealous pang shall idly cross.

Celina

The wager mine, I'm quite content -
All foolish doubts deserve such loss.

Oh, never more may pang, or throb,
Or jealous fear distract thy heart.[41]

{168}

Together

Steno

Oh, well done! Well done! Woman's wit!
Each terror to the wind I toss –
But once escap'd, good care I'll take,
No more such scrapes my life shall cross.

Zambo

Oh dear, oh dear! Him glad dis o'er
Poor Zambo sing him dance him cry!
Tho' massa kick and break him bone
See massa happy, Zambo die.

Chorus[42]

Rejoice, rejoice! Our Lady dear
From ev'ry angry blame is free
Henceforth mid love and confidence
Oh happy may they be.

{169}

Steno (*returning his sword to scabbard*) I have escaped

Celina Well, sir, what think you now?

(to Manf)

Manf I am conquered. I would have staked my life that there was a man concealed in the Kiosque. I shall laugh heartily at this jest for many a day (*laughing*)

Steno Laugh at his own expense, excellent!

Manf Now to pay my debt of honour, the five hundred ducats

Celina Nay, you have merely to pay the expenses of the fete this evening.

Manf A fete at the Villa Bianca?

Celina Yes, for my public presentation to the Nobility of Venice. Being certain of my wager, I issued my invitations accordingly

Manf Admirable, my dear Celina. Yes I will present you this evening to my friends as a wife, the most deserving of her sex.

[41] The printed *Songs etc*. has "Or jealous fear thy bosom cross"

[42] The manuscript has the chorus joining in the ensemble but the printed Songs etc. has the chorus separate to the ensemble

Steno Hm
(apart)
Celina (*looking towards the kiosque*) Everyone might not credit that assertion

Manf (*touching his sword*) Death to him who w^{d} dispute it

Steno Hm! Risk his life in defence of her honour, oh poor man! (*disappears*)
{170}
Celina (*giving Manfredi her hand*) Generous Manfredi! Thow(?) fully deserving of my confidence, you shall now know the truth

Manf. The truth?

Steno (*reappearing apart*) What in the name of all that is exciting is she about to reveal?

Celina You were persuaded that there was a man concealed in the Kiosque

Manf I would have sworn it

Celina You are now convinced that there is no one

Manf Perfectly

Celina Then you are mistaken

Manf How?

Celina There is a man in the Kiosque

Steno She's mad (*disappears*)
(apart)
Manf. A man! Who is he?

Celina A particular friend of yours, but you shall see him (*approaching Kiosque*) Prisoner come into court. Appear! Appear!
(*Opening door of Kiosque, Steno advances confused. At the same moment the Countess appears amongst the Women veiled*)
{171}
Manf Steno! It was he!

Steno Lady! Why am I thus betrayed – I –
(to Celina)
Manf You shall answer this, Count
(fiercely)
Steno My friend!

Manf Your friend
(wrathfully)

Celina (*advances to Manf*) Beware of a relapse! (*shewing him the Souvenir*) But behold here, a key to unlock the terrible mystery

Manf That – what is it?

Celina Your eddifying [sic] souvenir. A lady of some pretensions found it in the labyrinth (*there pointing*)

Steno Found it?

Celina Yes, and to render so exquisite a work perfect as possible she herself completed the history of the Veiled Lady. **{172}** read!

Manfredi (*examining the book*) Ah! Well done, truly. (*laughing*) Read my friend, both our likenesses at full length (*shewing Steno the book*)

Steno Hm! The painter cannot be accused of flattery. (*to Celina with sarcasm*) Perhaps madame you could introduce us to so correct an artist.

Celina Oh! with the greatest pleasure (*beckoning forward the Countess veiled*)

Steno That form! Who can she be?

Countess (imitating) A little awkward, disagreeable, conceited, plain as an Aragonaise no doubt, poor thing (unveiling) ha! ha! ha! (*Celina and Countess laugh*)

Steno My very words! (*seeing Countess*) Gods! This lovely Lady, my betrothed, whom I refused to see? I despair of forgiveness (*throwing himself at her feet*) Pardon! Or I expire! Pardon!

Celina/ Manf Pardon!

{173}

Countess Well, well, at such intercessions, I extend the palm of peace (*giving her hand*)

Steno (*kissing her hand*) Oh transport! Wish me joy, my friend! Wish me joy!

All Joy! Joy!

Manf May you be as happy Caro Sposa as myself

Celina (smiling) When you are not jealous. But of that no more. Our guests are arriving, on every side, to congratulate me on my victory. Let song and dance prevail and the signal of conviviality be –

All What?

Celina Le Diadeste!

Music. The Gardens and palace become suddenly illuminated displaying the words Le Diadeste etc. The Peasants enter on all sides with flowers and lanterns. Dancing (?) ring)

{174}

Finale[43]

Celina

Diadeste! Charming play!
Friends assure my throbbing heart
In my triumph of today
Oh, award the conqueror's part.[44]

Countess[45]

Diadeste! Happy name!
Long its potent charm prevail!
Friends award love's conquering game[46]
To the Lady in the veil.

Manfredi

Diadeste! Happy name!
Long[47] its magic blend with love
Jealous husband's fears to shame
Gentle woman's heart to prove

Steno

Diadeste! Word sublime!
Venus, hear it from above
Breathe it tho' thy sunny clime
Harbinger of joy and love

Zambo

Diadeste! Zambo glad!
Brain whirl! Scarce know what him do
Massa no more jealous mad
Singey, dancey Choukatou! (*dancing*)

Chorus

Diadeste! Charming play!
Long its potent spell prevail,
To[48] the wife all love and truth
And the Lady in the Veil.

End

[43] In the manuscript, the finale was laid out in the same format as the dialogue with the singers in the left-hand column.
[44] The printed *Songs etc*. has "Oh, award the confirm part" for this line, which makes no sense
[45] Fitzball actually identified her as Marchioness
[46] The printed *Songs etc*. has "Long be shar'd love's conquering game / By the Lady in the Veil".
[47] The printed *Songs etc*. has "Still" instead of "Long"
[48] The printed *Songs etc*. has "For" instead of "To"