Fair Rosamond

An Opera in 3 Acts

The Words by Charles Zachary Barnett and Frances Shannon
The Music by John Barnett

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42940, ff. 566 - 600. It was sent on February 21, 1837 and licensed (by Charles Kemble) on February 23, 1837. No printed libretto has been found but a *Songs, Duetts* [sic]*, Choruses etc*. in *Fair Rosamond* (London: John Duncombe, 1837) was published. The text of the musical items can be found at Bayerischen Staatsbibliothek , Goethe Universität, Frankfurt and Google books. There are many differences between the two, not just textual but differences in the structure. For the most part, no attempt has been made to note any differences below.

Vocal items are placed in the centre of the page while the dialogue is in two columns with the speaker in the left column. One of the complaints about the opera was the amount of recitative so that it is possible that some of the text laid out here as dialogue was actually sung.

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. **{xxa}** denotes the leading side of a page of the manuscript and **{xxb}** the trailing side.

More information on the opera can be found at https://www.englishromanticopera.org/operas/Fair_Rosamond.htm.

Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com.

R Burdekin, November 2022
www.englishromanticopera.org
www.victorianenglishopera.org

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Dramatis Personae

Henry the 2nd, King of England under the assumed name of and disguised as Edgar, a Troubadour

Walter, Lord de Clifford

Sir Aubrey de Vere

Sir Thomas Vaughan

Sir Raymond de Burgh

Baron de Chatelet

Sir Victor Marcel

Hubert

Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury

Retainers, Vassals, Guests, Heralds, Nobles, Courtiers, etc.

Eleanor, Queen of England

Rosamond

The Lady Blanche

Lady

Attendants, Maids of Honor, Flower Girls etc

Scene England Period AD 1155-56

Fair Rosamond

{568a} **Act 1, Scene 1**

A Grand Baronial Hall in De Clifford Castle

Retainers of De Clifford busily employed arranging the place. Tables with fruit, Wine etc

Introduction

Hark let us twine the fragrant wreath
Let sweetest strains of music breathe
On high, joy's standard be unfurled
Hail beauty's ray
Thy natal day
Fair Rosamond
The fairest flower
Rose of the world

March in the distance. All exit but Rosamond and Blanche

Recit

Ros
What joy to see my sire again

Blanche
And that young knight amongst his train
Who comes his plighted bride to win

Ros
De Vere … Oh, horror!

Air
Deep within
This heart dwells one

{568b}

Enter Hubert the Page with a letter[1]

Hubert to Rosa To you
I bear these lines- fair lady read
And to the warning, Oh give heed

Exit

[1] It is not clear whether the sections down to the Billmen entering is sung, spoken or a mixture of both

(*The paper which Rosamond has by this time perused drops from her hand and she appears overcome*)

Blanche Speak sweetest Rose
Oh say from whence this sorrow flows
That page –
What mean these sounds? Can foes be near
Betrayed!

Billmen etc enter

2nd Chorus

No, no, there's nought to fear
For clarions blast on Echo borne
But bids us hail our Lords return.
De Clifford comes with glory crowned
His arm on foes destruction hurled.
Hark! what shouts of triumph sound
Hail, to this happy, happy day.
Fair Rosamond
The fairest flow'r
Rose of the world

{569a}

(*March heard at a distance, which increases. Soldiers, vassals, etc. enter in martial array followed by Lord De Clifford, Sir Aubrey De Vere, etc.)*

<u>Soldiers</u>
De Clifford, De Vere, their names to fame belong
Warriors live in Minstrel song

<u>Omnes</u>
The toil won, joy of peace be thine

<u>De C</u>
Wish'd for home, again I see
My home, my child more dear to me
Since absence taught me how to prize
My native soil, my native skies

<u>Women</u>
Valour is to beauty dear

<u>Men</u>
The brightest smiles are thine De Vere
Hail, hail De Vere

<u>Chorus</u>
Let triumphant shouts ascend
May their names for ever blend
Clifford – De Vere – huzza! Huzza!

Rosa My dearest father

De C Come to my arms sweet child (*turning to De V*)
To this brave Knight, De Clifford owes his life; overpowered by numbers a thousand weapons were pointed **{569b}** at this aged breast when brave De Vere with a few gallant followers, at the risk of his own life, sav'd mine.

Rosa Oh bless thee De Vere, bless thee

De V (*kneeling*) I ask no other blessing but to be ever thy devoted slave

Rosa Thy nobleness and generosity can never cease to be remembered by Rosamond de Clifford

De C Girl, beside thee stands a knight gallant, true and noble and to him on this thy natal day shalt thou be betrothed.

Rosa Betrothed! Oh no, no, no

De C Nay throw aside these girlish fears. Sir Aubrey De Vere, I give you all that makes life dear to me. I dare not say more. Bless ye, bless ye

Rosa Betrothed to him, Oh heavens!

De V Am I indeed so blest. Rosamond let thy dear lips confirm my happiness

Rosa This bride! Never, never

Trumpet heard without

De C That trumpet announces the approach of a messenger from the Court

Sir Thomas Vaughan enters

Sir T To Walter, Lord de Clifford from my liege Lord and Master, Henry the Second of this Realm, I **{570a}** come greeting.

Rosa (*aside*) I have heard the voice before

De C Walter De Clifford humbly awaits the mandate of his gracious Sovereign

Sir T This scroll commands your presence at Westminster there to assist at the Coronation of the King and Queen.

De C De Clifford is honored by such a command

Sir T I also bear a like invitation to Sir Aubrey De Vere

De V King Henry too (?) far honors his poor servant

Sir T My task is not yet ended. Hear from the King to one most fair, the Lady Rosamond de Clifford.

De C My daughter (*pointing to her*)

Sir T (*approaching Rosamond and presenting her a scroll*) Lady

Rosa (*taking it*) Thanks for thy courtesy Sir Knight (*extends her hand and, as Sir Thos rises, he whispers*)

Sir T (*aside*) Edgar is near

Rosa (*starting*) Edgar!

(*The notes of a Harp heard outside. Rosamond listens attentively*)

Concerted piece

Rosa
Hark! Tis he my Troubadour

{570b}

Edgar (*without*)
The morn was gay but the bride was sad
Within her father's hall
For tho' they bid her smile and wed
Who can the heart enthrall

Rosa
That voice it comes like gale of spring
Reviving hopes are blighted

De C
How now who dares thus boldly sing
Unknown and uninvited

Sir T
The fault is mine, I lured him here
His lays of love and glory
You'll find the pensive bride will cheer
Admit him I implore ye.

De C
Then let him come to him to all
We ope to night our festive hall

Enter Edgar disguised as a Troubadour

Romance (Edgar)

I sing of war, I sing of war
(*to De Clifford*) When foes were mix'd in fearful strife
From ev'ry wound rushed forth a life
On the Moslem's crimson'd field.
Thy Standard Clifford wav'd on high
Loud too was heard thy battle cry
"On, on, will Clifford die ere yield!"

De C, De V, Soldiers

The Troubadour well pleased we hear
For deeds of war suit Warriors' ear
Methinks such soul inspiring strain
The heart were cold that heard in vain

Edgar (*to Rosa*)

I sing of love, I sing of love
To love I fain would wake my lyre
{571a} And tell its bliss in notes of fire
Too weak my skill would prove
(*to all the Ladies*)
Now beauteous maiden list I pray
And take one Counsel from my lay
Ne'er wed but him you love.

Rosa, Blanche, Ladies

The Troubadour well pleas'd we hear
For lay of love suits Lady's ear
And ne'er so soft, so sweet a strain
By coldest heart was heard in vain.

Ensemble

De C, De V, Sir T, Chorus

The Troubadour well pleas'd we hear
For deeds of war suit Warriors' ear
Methinks etc

Rosa, Blanche, Ladies

The Troubadour well pleas'd we hear
For Hymen's praise suits lovers' ears
And gladly etc[2]

Edgar

When gallant Knight and Ladies bright
Thus kindly list the Minstrel strain
His humble lot is all forgot
And weary hours of toil and pain.

[2] It is not clear what would follow here as it isn't a repeat of the previous verse, as in the case of De Clifford, etc

De Clifford
Minstrel, wondrous is thy lay
And fain thy matchless skill I'd pay.

Edgar (*advancing to Rosa*)
Behold the flowers that graceful time
Within those golden tresses
Oh, be one (?) blushing rose but mine
And my soul an Angel blesses

(*Rosamond presents Edgar with a Rose. He kneels to receive it*)

{571b}

Rosa
His ardent looks I dare not meet
My cheek deep blushes cover
But fondly does my heart repeat
I'm thine, my own true lover.

Edgar
Her kind glance I try to meet
Her cheeks deep blushes cover
Oh, could I hear those words so sweet
For ever thine fond lover.

De C
Why does she fear our looks to meet
Her cheek deep blushes cover
Or does her youthful bosom beat
For thee, De Vere, fond lover?

Blanche, Sir T
Our looks she trembles now to meet
Her cheek deep blushes cover
Oh, never will her bosom beat
For thee, De Vere, fond lover.

De V
Oh, could I read that heart, how sweet
Its feelings to discover.
For me, oh! do its pulses beat
For me, her own fond lover?

Edgar (*aside to Rosa*)
O fly with me to, to part no more
Consent and bless thy Troubadour

De V (*observing them*)
What whispers he? His looks how bold

De C
Minstrel, dread my anger

Edgar
Ha! dost thou dare (*feeling for his sword*)

Sir T
In mercy hold
Away no longer tarry

Edgar
From danger when did Edgar fly?
Never. It were easily far to die

{572a}

(*Edgar approaches Rosamond but is repulsed by De Clifford and De Vere during which is sung the following*)

Chorus
Away false minstrel go
Behold his looks of pride
With scorn that haughty brow
Our noble Lord defied.
Haste lead him hence base troubadour
Begone thou low born slave
Or dearly shalt thou rue the hour
Thou dar'st our Chiefs to brave.

(*All thru' the Chorus, they attempt to thrust Edgar forth. Sir Thos. Vaughan draws his sword in defence of the Minstrel while Rosamond entreats them to have pity on Edgar and fall back*)

De C
Go child thy Maidens duteous wait
To deck thy blushing charms

De V
This happy day ordained by fate
That gives thee to my arms

(*he is about to take Rosamond's hand. She kneels to her father*)

Rosa
Oh hear my pray'r, the troubadour
Send not away
Oh ley him stay
He will offend no more
Chorus (*piano*)
Oh let him stay

How sweet his lay
Forgive, forgive the troubadour

{572b}

(*Vassals etc fall back. De Clifford leads Rosamond up the stage followed by De Vere*)

Edgar (*aside*) Thanks to this disguise, I am safe from a discovery and may yet prevent these hated nuptials

Sir Thos (*appearing cautiously*) Your manner has excited strong suspicion. While the moment is favorable, fly I entreat you

Edgar Without Rosamond, never

Sir Thos And you will peril all to gain her

Edgar All – even life itself. Why am I here? I have gone too far to retreat – no more – we are observed.

(*De Vere approaches Edgar*)

De V Sir Troubadour respect for the gentle art you practice has (?) saved you from my (---?) vengeance

Edgar (*hotly*) Sir Aubrey De Vere this insolence –

De V Insolence!

Edgar You know not what you say. The base affront repeated by Heaven I swear

Sir Thos Silence good Troubadour. Your words are rash. Pardon, pardon his impetuosity, gallant Knight. He is young, hot blood flows in his veins

De V Indeed! (*aside*) There is some mystery about this Troubadour which I would solve.

(*Rosa, De C, Vassals, etc come forward*)

De C Come, come De Vere. Tho' the varlet be somewhat quick of speech on such a day we'll e'en forgive his rashness.

Edgar Forgive

De V Mark, De Clifford, mark his haughty air. Sir Troubadour but now you whispered a something in this fair lady's ear, which banished the roses from her cheek and blanched her brow as tho' her heart knew fear. Explain the purport of those **{573a}** words or by Heaven I swear –

Rosa Hold, De Vere, hold. It was a minstrel's tale he told – the Minstrel and his love. You've heard the tale full oft.

Indeed!

De V

In sooth it is a flowing strain, sweet and beautiful as fairy dreams of bliss

Rosa

Indeed, then let the Troubadour repeat the lay

De V

Aye, aye, the lay

All

Come Sir Minstrel, Rosamond asks the boon you'll not refuse

Rosa

To thee I raise the strain

Edgar

Ballad (Edgar)

The guests were bidden, the feast was spread
And the bridegroom's heart was gay
Bur many a tear the fair bride shed
For one far, far, away
Whence comes you wand'ring Troubadour
Sweet Marian who is he
'Tis thy Oscar sings we part no more
My love oh fly with me.

Rosa (*repeating*)

We part no more
Yes love I'll fly with thee

De C

What dost thou mean?

Rosa

Forgive I pray
I did but repeat the Minstrel's lay

Edgar (2nd verse)

The time pass'd gaily, the hour drew on
The nuptial vow to plight
And the Minstrel praise and largess won
Bids all a fair good night
The priest is waiting, the bridegroom cries
Haste, haste my love; no more
{573b} Thou'lt see thy bride, from thee she flies,
With her love- her Troubadour

Rosa Tis indeed a tale to reach the heart and deeply do I feel it

De C Come Rosamond the festivities in honor of this thy birth day are about to begin

De V And but wait the presence of my lovely bride

(*They seat themselves at the table*
Morris Dancers etc enter)

Edgar (*approaching De Clifford*) Noble Knights and beauteous Dames, the wand'ring Minstrel humbly takes his leave. Perchance he may return anon to claim your largess. Health and fair delight to all

Air
Thy Oscar sings , we part no more
My love, oh fly with me
Exit

De C Now the dance, the dance
(*Morris Dance*
in the midst of which trumpet sounds)

De C What means that sound?
(*Enter two retainers*)

1st Ret Two noble Barons who journey in King Henry's train have by some untimely accident parted company with him.

De Vere Indeed! their mission here

2nd Ret To learn if the King has sought admittance in this Castle

De C Hear (?) back my greeting to those noble lords and say my gracious liege has not honoured **{574a}** this poor castle with his presence

Both We shall obey

De C Pray them also to enter our halls and share our hospitality

Ret They are in haste my lord and would proceed.

De C Bear them my heartiest wishes for their journey

Both We obey
Exit

(*Morris Dance continued during which Edgar appears in the lawn near the Gate. Rosamond perceives him and while De Clifford and De Vere's attention appears taken up by the Dance etc, he cautiously approaches Rosamond*)

Finale

Edgar (*in a low voice*)
Rosamond

Rosa
'Tis Edgar's voice

Edgar
Oh come. Haste my love or we're undone

Rosa
I dare not think. O thus to leave my home.
Yet what awaits me here

(*looks for a moment at her father then as if not daring to trust herself to look again, she follows Edgar up the stage. They exit*)

De V
Where goes my Rosamond?

De C
Come banish all thy fear
Soon she'll return in dazzling splendour drest
To make new transports in her lover's breast.

{574b}

De V
Strange gloomy thoughts distract my brain
I would repel them but in vain

De C
On such a day should such dark dreams be thine

De V
Yon Minstrel is not what he seems
I marked his look, his whispers too
By Heavens such boldness he shall rue

De C
Another hour your bliss secures
Makes Rosamond for ever yours

De V
She's mine
Blest words of joy and peace they tell
She's mine to every care farewell

De C
Then chase that angry frown

De V
Yes, yes here mirth alone shall dwell
And Wine all gloomy thoughts shall scorn (?)

(*Enter Hubert*)

Hubert
While thus the sparkling bowl you drain
And troll an idle lay
With Minstrel Knight o'er yonder plain
Your bride has fled away

De C
My Child! My Child!

De V
Accurst this hour

Both
Distracting thought, the Troubadour

Hubert
Night shadows are falling
Mount steed and way

All
Mount steed and away

De C
Pursue, pursue to earth's far bounds

Sir T
Who rides the best success shall crown

{575a}

De V
This night the traitor shall be found

All
Mount and away

(*from this moment all is bustle and confusion.*
The Retainers, Vassals, Billmen etc rush about the stage in all directions, pull down pieces of armour, spears etc., try the strength of their bows, sharpen their arrows, draw their swords, arm themselves etc, as if preparing for an immediate departure to an affray.)

De C, De V
O'er take them, op'ertake them, mount and away

Sir T (*aside*)
They shall not o'ertake them, to the King I'll away

Hubert (*aside*)
Oh will they o'ertake them, to the Knight I'll away

All
Haste, lose not a moment
Mount steed and away

Tableau

End of Act 1

Act 2, Scene 1

An encamped Plain

At the rising of the Curtain, French and English Soldiers discovered. Some are playing with dice etc. on drum heads, others are walking, some lying about. Male and female Suttlers supplying them with drink etc.

<u>Concerted Piece</u>

Introduction
1st Soldier
Seven

2nd Soldier
Nine

Chorus
'Tis his own

1st Soldier
Ten

2nd Soldier
Twelve

Chorus
Right fairly won

1st Suttler
Here is mine, drain the bowl
'Twill warm the heart and fire the soul

2nd Suttler
Come buy Sir, for if you refuse
Oh such a rare a bargain the rearrest you'll lose
All I sell is the cheapest and best
Try, buy and my word you'll attest
Come buy, Sir, for if you refuse
Oh such a rare bargain you'll lose

{576a}

1st Soldier
Mine's the game

2nd Soldier
Curse the play

Chorus
Come the winnings all must share
Haste, divide, the rule is fair

1st Soldier
Fill, fill, bumpers fill

Chorus
Bumpers fill
Dice are thrown
The Game is won
We're the gainers still

Suttlers
We're the gainers still

(*Enter from the Tents, Sir Victor Marcel, Baron de Chatelet, etc*)

Sir Vic Sir Raymond, when moves the Queen for London?

Sir Ray Within an hour, the Royal Eleanor proceeds to join the King

Sir Vic Who waits her coming for the Coronation
(*they retire up*)

Enter Hubert

Hubert (*aside*) Sir Raymond's errand is done and in good I have journeyed fast at my lord's good bidding

Sir R Ha, Hubert, my little messenger, so soon returned

Hubert Yes, my Lord your Mission's done.

Sir Ray The letter was delivered into the Maiden's own hand?

Hubert It was my Lord and as she read her colour went and came as if the words caused her both shame and fear

{576b}

Sir R Thou art trusty(?) Hubert and lovest him thou servest

Hubert (*with emotion aside*) Love him, alas! (*aloud*) Yes, yes, the Page Hubert loves his master well.

Sir R Your faith and truth, boy, shall be well rewarded

Hubert The Lady Rosamond is wondrous fair

Sir R Fair!

Hubert You echo me

Sir R Is she not most beautiful? (*aside*) Would I had ne'er (?) beheld those matchless charms

Hubert What means this agitation? (*aside*)

Sir R The Queen approaches
(*The Queen enters from the Tent followed by female attendants*)

Long live Eleanor of Guienne,[3] long live the Queen (*nobles kneel*)

All

Rise my Lords. Thanks for your loyal affection. Sir Victor Marcel command that the tents be struck and instant preparation made to proceed forwards our (---?) of London

Queen

Your royal will shall be obeyed

Sir V

(*with meaning*) The King awaits your Highness in London, is it not so?

Sir Ray

Why does Sir Raymond de Burgh ask that which he knew before?

Queen

Most gracious Queen an idle rumour reached mine ear that the King is even now – but **{578a}**[4] pardon me, 'twere best perhaps to say no more.

Sir R

Queen Thou hast already said too much Sir Knight

Sir R I spoke without thought

Queen What are the words that seem to tremble on thy lips. Knowst thou aught of the King's movements

[3] Guienne or Guyenne is a former province of SW France: formed, with Gascony, the duchy of Aquitaine during the 12th century

[4] The page after {576b} contains just the text for a Cavatina for the Queen. The text jumps to {578a}

Sir R I beseech your Highness to urge me no farther. My suspicions were no doubt unfounded and Sir Raymond De Burgh would rather pluck out his heart than give his royal mistress pain

Queen 'Tis well Sir Knight. Eleanor of Guienne would deem him little less than traitor who dared with slanderous tongue to shake her confidence in Henry's love and honor. Now my lords and gallant followers forward and with all speed to London.

Cavatina[5]

The lily no longer my brow must bind
Fair blossom it is no longer for me
It breathes of the land I have left behind
That land I may never more see
Give me this rose, flow'r of Britain's pride
Let it twine with my braided hair
'Tis well that a British Monarch's bride
The Rose of Fair England should wear
Now farewell to thee France from thy shores I depart
Thy blue skies, thy soft gales, I resign
Be the birth place of Henry, the home of my heart
This land of his love shall be mine

Exeunt Omnes

Scene 2

Exterior of a Woodman's Hut
Cottages seen amongst the trees in the distance

Enter Rosamond from Hut

Air (*Rosamond*)

Oh my native shades, ye blooming bow'r
Long lov'd so well
And all that charm'd my childhood's hours
Farewell, farewell
{578b} And my pretty birds I joy'd to hear
Chant your wild lay.
In vain ye'll seek some mistress dear
Now far away
Oh my native shades, ye blooming bow'r
Long lov'd so well
And all that charm'd my childhood's hours
Farewell, farewell

[5] The cavatina is on a separate page after {576b}

Recit

But hark! A distant sound. He comes. My heart be still.
'Tis but the evening breeze that sighs o'er yonder hill.
Each rustling leaf that falls to Earth – methinks his step is near.
Oh, could I hear his voice again, twould banish every fear.

Air

Oft at that sweet hour I lov'd to rest
By that dear stream
That imaged in its peaceful heart
Day's latest beam
Like its water's calm and pure, my heart
No care had known.
Now gentle peace I fear thou art
For ever flown
Oh my native shores, ye blooming bow'rs
Long lov'd so well
And all hat charmed my childhood's hours
Farewell, farewell

Recit

Away ye gloomy thoughts and in their place
Brightly the future with thy magic pencil trace
{579a} A parent's pardon won and blest as Edgar's bride
Oh could my happy heart then form a wish beside

Allegro

Hope to thee my soul resigning
Hence away with doubts and fears
Where my beauteous star is shining
Ev'ry sorrow disappears
Tho' thy visions be deceiving
Glowing oft with tints too fair
Yet the heart in thee believing
Finds a balm for ev'ry care
Hope to thee etc

(*She retires into the hut*)

Enter peasants

Chorus

Ev'ning shades descending
Falls o'er mountain and o'er oak
The dewy flow'rs are sending
Balmy sweets upon the gale
Blithe the peasant seeks his lot
In peaceful rest his toils forgot

(*Curfew tolls*)

Hark! Hark! The Curfew bell

(*Curfew tolls*)

Chorus of Guards without
Quench, quench your lights the Curfew knell
Sounds woe to him who dare rebel

(*while the second verse of the Chorus is **{579b}** being sung,
the lights in the cottages in the distance are extinguished one by one*)

2nd Verse (Chorus)
Hark! The Curfew pealing
Warns us hence with noiseless tread
Like (---?) now homeward stealing
Each must seek his humble shed
Tho' our hearts indignant swell
We must obey, hist, hist (?) farewell

(*Chorus of Guards outside blends with the Chorus on stage. Peasants steal cautiously off*)

Re-enter Rosamond

Rosa Still he comes not. Has he forsaken me? What sounds are those? He comes! Edgar returns and Rosamond is happy
(*Enter Sir Aubrey De Vere*)
Edgar!

De V Rosamond!

Rose Sir Aubrey De Vere! Lost for ever

De V Yes, it is the wretched De Vere. But we have met and all may yet be well. Say thou didst not willingly quit they father's halls. That traitor Minstrel –

Rosa Hold breathe nor aught against a Knight as noble as thyself.
{580a}
De V The fatal truth is then in all its terrible reality revealed. Rosamond my betrothed bride loves another.

Rosa Spare me

De V The thought that thou wouldst one day be mine made danger seem as nothing in my sight. It nerved my arm against the foe. The assailant's weapon turned aside as if it fear'd to harm me and the arrows aim'd at my breaat fell harmlessly at my feet, as tho' they knew they had no right to pierce a heart that was all Rosamond.

Rosa De Vere, thou wert worthier of a better heart than Rosamond had to bestow

De V From what dream of bliss do I awake, to curse the chance that sav'd me in the field to die a death of lingering hopeless torture. Think not, Rosamond, my love can ever be another's. No more of this, no more; by our early friendship, by the love thou bearest thy father, I entreat thee return with me to De Clifford castle.

Rosa I dare not

De V Dare not! This nameless stranger –

Rosa Speak not slightingly, de Vere, of one of name unsullied.

De V Then why does he conceal it? Where there is mystery there is oftimes guilt

Rosa My heart assures me Edgar's noble heart owns nothing base and dishonourable. Who could view that lofty brow, that gallant bearing and that noble demeanour and harbour a single thought of his unworthiness.

{580b}

De V Poor unsuspecting Victim! Return thou with me sweet one. Let thy troubadour throw all disguises aside and woo thee as De Clifford's daughter should be wood. Should he prove noble that fair hand, that was to have been mine own, I'll place in his, quit my own bright land and seek in foreign climes a glorious death.

Rosa Thy words are like thyself, De Vere, generous and noble – but my father –

De V He will forgive thee. Thou wilt return? Bless thee, bless thee

<u>Concerted piece</u>

Rosa
A father's gaze I dare not meet
Less awful were the lightning's blaze
Urge me no more!

De V
Low at thy feet
Behold an humble suppliant prays.
Thou art thy father's sole delight
He will forgive

(*Enter Edgar and Sir Thos*)

Edgar
Ha! does my sight
Then mock me? No, rise villain, rise
Darest thou with me dispute the prize
Of this fair Rose?

De V
Traitor! Dost come
To lure thy victim to her doom?
Better that death should be her fate

Edgar
Thou shalt repent thy words too late

{581a}

Trio

Rosa
Forbear, de Vere
I shrink with fear
Oh cease this fatal strife.
With thee, I'll go
Oh lay me low
Or spare my Edgar's life

Edgar
Why dost thou fear
Has Edgar ne'er
Met foe in fatal strife?
E'er yield thee now
Thou'lt see me low
Or mine, that traitor's life

De V
Fate leads him here
And now I swear
This hour in mortal strife
Shall see me low
Or righteous blow
Shall end that traitor's life

(*Edgar and De Vere engage. Rosamond appears greatly agitated. At the moment De Clifford and retainers enter*)

Picture[6]

(Rosamond rushes up to her father)

Rosa
Oh save him, save him ere too late
Or Rosamond will share his fate

De C
Ha! the Minstrel's in my pow'r
He who rifled from my bower
My sweetest rose, my fairest floer
Revenge to thee this hour belongs

Chorus
Revenge we swear for Clifford's wrongs
Revenge to thee this hour belongs

[6] This would have been the scene frozen for a short period of time

(*They all rush upon Edgar. Rosamond clings to him in terror. De Vere throws himself before him*)

De Vere
Hold. Shall knight be basely slain
By fearful odds, 'twere foulest stain,
De Clifford, on thy lordly line.
Who strikes his heart must first pierce <u>mine</u>.

De C
Bear him hence

(*His followers surround him*)

Rosa
In mercy hear –

Edgar
Not while I live

De V
'Tis vain, forbear

<u>Quintetto</u>

Ros
Ah, must we part for ever?
Can I forget thee? Never
No time nor pow'r shall sever
This fond breast from thee.

Edgar
We shall not part for ever
Shall I resign thee? Never.
No pow'r on earth shall sever
This fond heart from thee

De V
They part and if for ever,
Shall I resign her? Never.
No pow'r on earth shall sever
This fond heart from thee.

De C
They part this hour for ever.
To Heaven I swear that never
Shall time or pow'r sever
My dear lov'd child from me.

Sir Thos (*to Edgar*)
You part but not for ever
For thoult resign her never.
No power on earth shall sever
Her fond heart from thee.

(*March of the Queen's troops heard*)

De C
The Queen!

Edgar
The Queen!

Chorus
The royal train
Now approaching o'er the plain
(*Enter the Queen, Sir Raymond de Burgh, nobles, soldiers, etc. etc*.)

Recitative
What strange assembly meets our sight, the hour
Withal untimely – here's a minstrel gay
And there a maiden fair in tears and Knights
And armed followers. We fain would know
What means a scene so full of mystery

Hubert (*advancing*)
If speech from me were not too bold
Methinks the riddle I'd unfold

Sir Ray
Peace boy. What can such daring mean?
Thou parley thus with England's Queen

{582b}

Queen
Nay, nay, Sir Knight he need not fear
Speak pretty Page, thy tale we'll hear.

Romance (*Hubert*)
The minstrel woo'd a beauteous maid,
Oft sung beneath her bow'r,
And soon her love his lay repaid
They met at midnight hour.
Alas! her father's lordly pride
Will'd her yon gallant Warriors bride.
Then the minstrel whispered "fly love, fly"
And the Maiden answered with a sigh

Chorus
Some mystery dark is here concealed
But soon the truth will be revealed

2nd Verse (*Hubert*)
The bridal morn rose bright and gay
But ere night's shadows fell
The lovely Bride was far away
With him she lov'd so well
To part no more, fond vows they plight
The Maiden fair and Minstrel Knight
If there breathes a heart could coldly blame
Oh it never glow'd with love's pure flame.

Chorus
Some mystery dark is here concealed
But soon the truth will be revealed

De C (advancing) Most gracious Queen, the Page speaks truly, this disobedient Girl is indeed my Child lured by yon Minstrel's arts from her fond father's halls.

Queen Come hither Maiden – nay tremble not.

{583a}

Rosa Oh, royal lady, have pity on me

Queen Rise, fair pleader (?) speak boldly

(*Sir Ray advances to assist Rosamond but is repulsed by Edgar who anticipates him*)

Queen Nay, (---?) the minstrels love, equal his gallantry, the Maiden is not so much to blame.

Sir Ray (*aside*) Curses on him! Spite of his disguise, I know him but too well and will use that knowledge wisely.

Queen Hast made a vow of silence Maiden. Speak, what dost thou fear?

Rosa My father commands me to wed one who, noble, brave and generous tho' he be, my heart can never love for, alas, it is bestowed upon another.

Queen Proceed

Rosa Oh, noble lady, by the love you bear your royal husband, I conjure you, let me not be doom'd to years of hopeless misery or seek a refuge from my sorrows in an early grave.

Queen Sweet suppliant, Eleanor of Guienne protects you

De V Most gracious Liege command yon Minstrel to declare his name and lineage. If he be a true and noble Knight, I will resign my claim and purchase the happiness of her I love by the sacrifice of my own.

Queen What says the Minstrel?

Edgar *(in a low voice)* I have nought to answer

Queen How when England's Queen commands

{583b}

De V Thy silence speaketh more than words. Thou art unworthy to possess the peerless Rosamond

Edgar 'Tis false; to thy teeth I say 'tis false

De V *(draws)* Ha!

Recitative

Queen

Thy words are bold and thou shalt prove
Their truth or lose thy lady love.
The royal Henry shall decide,
His kingly hand bestow the bride

Chorus

Long live the Queen, whose gentle sway
Our loyal hearts with joy obey

Sir Ray (*aside*)

Shall I see Rosamond another's? Never.

Hubert (*aside*)

Yes, yes, he loves her. What a fate is mine.

Queen

Now, forward all, no more delay
My will is known, let each obey

Chorus

Some mystery dark is here concealed
But soon the truth will be revealed
Long live the Queen, whose gentle sway
Our loyal hearts with joy obey

(*Exeunt*)

{584a}

Scene 3[7]

The exterior of Westminster Abbey
Enter Sir Thomas Vaughan

Sir T I must to my task. The King and Queen have met and the Coronation will soon commence at Charing Village. I have 4 stout varlets in readiness. The fair Rosamond makes one of the Queen's train and with this ring, which she knows well for it was given her by Edgar's self, I must lure her from the Crowds, have her conveyed to Woodstock, to the retreat that has been prepared for her.

(*Enter Sir Aubrey de Vere*)

De V Sir Thomas Vaughan

Sir T Sir Aubrey De Vere

De V Well met. I would fain converse with thee a while

Sir T Indeed! speak on Sir Knight

De V Yon troubadour, you seem to know him well that his character is but assumed I feel assured. Speak his name, rank and station.

Sir T Sir Knight, I may not satisfy thee. Who and what this Troubadour is thou probably may sooner learn than the knowledge prove agreeable.

De V Thy words bespeak mystery

Sir T Sir Thomas Vaughan, as a true Knight, dares not **{584b}** betray a trust reported in him. My presence is required elsewhere. I cannot longer stay to parley with you now. Farewell.

Now for my stratagem to lure Rosamond to Woodstock. If I succeed, Edgar thanks will be mine and my loftiest dreams of ambition will be realized

(*Exit*)

De V I much suspect this troubadour to be one of King Henry's Norman followers who, presuming on his sire's (?) good favor, would gain the fairest lily, proud Albion's plains can boast – but never shall he possess her.

Recitative and Aria (*De Vere*)

To forget her where shall I fly
Can distance afford me relief.

[7] The printed *Songs etc.* advertised the opera as 4 acts rather than 3 and this scene appears to have been Act 3, Scene 1 in that scheme

Where, where is the charm can supply
A balm for the Wand'rer's grief?
I may rush on the Wings of the Wind
More swift than the tenants of air
But can't leave memory behind
Oh say can I fly from despair
(*Exit De Vere*)

{585a}

Scene 4th

The Interior of Westminster Abbey fitted up for the Coronation of the King and Queen. King Henry, Eleanor, Nobles, Heralds, Galleries filled with Spectators etc.

Chorus of Heralds
Waft ye winds of Heaven
These tidings to Earth's far bound
This day Henry, victory's son,
The Monarch of Albion is crown'd

Chorus of Women
Live this day in story
Let Eleanor's name resound
For Gaul's fair daughter, Henry's bride,
The Queen of Albion now is crown'd

Omnes
Henry, Eleanor, hail

Recitative (*Rosamond*)
In vain with timid glance, I try to pierce
This dazzling crowd to see the noble form
Of him I love. Alas! if Henry's will
Forbid me e'er to be my Edgar's bride
Then death, thou art most welcome

Sir Raymond
Now the King
{585b} Receives the Baron's oaths of fealty
A moment most propitious for my purpose.

(*During this scene with Rosamond, Sir Raymond and Hubert, the ceremony of the Coronation is going on. Barons approach the throne to swear allegiance etc,*)

Rosa
Oh Edgar, where art thou

Sir Ray
Sweet lady stay
Why coldly turn from one who loves thee well

Rosa
That voice is ever hsteful to mine ear

Hubert (*aside*)
He speaks to Rosamond. My heart be still

Sir Ray
Beware, ere yet too l ate, beware

Rosa
Of whom? Your words explain

Sir Ray
Renounce the minstrel

Rosa
Never!

Sir Ray
He but deceives you. Know you him you love?

Air (*Rosa*)
I know within his generous heart
That love and honor flow
Truth is on his brow impressed
I seek not more to know.

Hubert (*aside*)
Would in the grave my head might rest
Why seek I more to know

Sir Ray
The fatal secret learn

(*Hubert can master his emotion no longer, approaches Sir Ray. Burst of the* **{586a}** *organ is heard*).

Hubert
Behold the King

(*The King and Queen descend from the throne*)

<u>Anthem</u>
May the pow'r who rules above
Guard the Monarch of our love,
Loud the anthem's strain prolong

Mingled with our triumph song

(*Henry perceives Rosamond and starts*)

Henry (aside)
Confusion, Rosamond. Oh cursed chance

Queen (to him)
What means that anxious look. You tremble

Henry
My scheme has failed -

Queen
Your troubled glance
Speaks secret fear

Henry
I must dissemble

(*Enter De Clifford and De Vere*)

De Clifford
Where is my child

Sir Ray
Behold!

De C / De V
Thank heaven
To save her yet, a hope is given

Rosa
My father

De C / De V
Come, come, Oh come nor lose
This precious hour, canst thou refuse
A father's/lover's anguished prayer?

Rosa
When love and duty thus divide
My breaking heart. Oh how decide
Pity my soul's despair

{586b}

(*Sir Thomas Vaughan enters approaching Rosamond*)

[8]*Sir T* Rosamond

Rosa Who art thou?

Sir T See this ring

Rosa Oh heavens!

Sir T From Edgar's self I bring

De C/De V Who speaks in such mysterious tone

Sir T He waits – canst thou be false?

Rosa
Lead on
I go, I go, to meet my love
And all his jealous doubts remove

King
She's mine

De C (*detaining her*)
My child, where wouldst thou go?

Rosa
Oh stay me not but merry shew

Sir T
Edgar is lost

Rosa
Haste, let's away

Sir T
'Tis now too late – fatal delay

(*De Clifford is about to force Rosamond away when the bursts of the Organ arrest him*)

Anthem
Still, still where rolls the ocean tide
May England's trident proudly ride
Isle of the brave, Home of the free
England, Empress of the Sea

(*as the procession is moving Rosamond wildly rushes to the Queen and throws herself at her feet*)
{587a}

[8] These next 7 lines may well have been sung

Rosamond
Royal lady pity show
And in mercy hear my pray'r
Doom me not to ceaseless woe
Save, oh save me from despair

Queen (*recognizing her*)
Rosamond
My Henry pity let me move
By tale of true and hapless love
In Minstrel's garb, a Knight has won
This pretty trembler's heart

Henry (*confused*)
Anon
Will hear the Maiden's suit

Queen
Nay now

Henry
Anon the hour is late

Queen
What thou
A lover! Nor for lovers feel
Come hither sweet thyself shall kneel

(*Rosamond throws herself at the King's feet fearing to look up*)

Oh gracious monarch low I kneel
To thee for more than life appeal

Henry
Rise sweet one , rise, it is not meet
That thou shouldst kneel at Henry's feet

Rosa (*starts*)
That voice! 'twas fancy, ev'ry sense
Is bewilder'd – Sire

Henry
Sweet maid retire
Urge not thy suit. We must go hence

Rosa
Again, those tones does memory bring
I dare not think. My brain's on fire
Ha, Edgar, my Edgar – (*wildly*) is the King[9]

Omnes
Is the King

{587b}

Queen
Edgar her lover is the King

(*The Queen approaches Rosamond who shrinks terrified*)

De C / Queen
Rise Maiden rise, see there, behold
Aye (?) strain thine eyeballs. 'Tis a thing
To make thy heart's young pulses cold
Edgar thy lover is the King

[9] The printed *Songs etc* has Rosamond first saying "is the King" with everyone repeating it. This makes more sense than in the manuscript where her saying it was omitted.

Canon

Rosamond[10]

Wild my brain to phrenzy driven
Rason scarcely holds control
Grant me aid, Oh pitying heaven,
For despair is in my soul.

Henry

All is known, the Veil is riven
Rage, confusion, fill my soul
Yet for her I love I'm driven
Every feeling to control

Queen

Dire revenge to thee be given
Ev'ry feeling of my soul
Wrong'd, betray'd to fury driven
Nought my vengeance shall control.

De Vere

Grief her gentle heart has riven
Would I could that breast console
Grant her aid, Oh pitying heav'n
And her deep despair control

De C

All is known, the veil is riven
Rage and vengeance spurn control
He for whom my blood new giv'n
Basely rends my inmost soul.

Sir Ray

All is known, the veil is riv'n
Rage, confusion fills his soul
Yet for her he loves he's driven
Ev'ry feeling to control.

{588a}

Hubert

Wild her brain to frenzy driven
Reason scarcely holds control
Grant her aid, Oh pitying Heav'n
For despair is in her soul

Omnes

All is known, the veil is riven
Rage, confusion fills their souls
Grant them aid, Oh pitying Heav'n
Every feeling to control.

[10] The manuscript does not include Rosamond in the canon, which seems very odd, but the printed *Songs etc* do

Queen (*to Sir Raymond, pointing to Rosamond*)
Lead her hence

Henry (*to Sir R*)
Dar'st thou obey
Know Henry owns not woman's sway
The Maiden shall remain – away

Queen
I'll bear no more. Nobles of Gaul
Who stands by Eleanor

(*Sir Raymond, French nobles, Pages etc range themselves round the Queen*)

Chorus
All, all
Heart and sword till death were yours
The Queen her / King his cause is ours

Henry
Sounds of discord fill the air
And a fearful strife declare.
E'er it ends each shrinking foe
Shall a monarch's vengeance know.

Rosa
Sounds of discord fill the air
Terror, anguish and despair
Rend my heart too great my woe
I sink, I die beneath the blow

{588b}

De C / De V
Sounds of discord fill the air
And a fearful strife declare.
Tho' my heart's best blood may flow
I'll a father's/lover's vengeance show

Sir Raymond, Hubert, Sir Thomas
Sounds of discord fill the air
All for fearful strife prepare
Oh what tears of bitter woe
may from woman's vengeance flow

Chorus
Like angry surges of the ocean
'Neath the whirlwind's sweeping pow'r
Is the bosom's wild commotion
When the storms of passion lower.

Tableau
End of Second Act

{589a}

Act 3, Scene 1[11]

Forest with distant view of Woodstock

Scena (*Henry*)

The morning breaks, the ruddy East has wide
Its portals flung and forth the glorious Sun
In smiling radiance comes to wake the world.
Why tarries thus my trusty Messenger?
I dare not seek him, jealous eyes are near
To match my steps. The hour for his return
Has past – while slumbers o'er my senses slide.

Air (*Henry*)

Sleep, sleep, how precious is thy balm
To Peasant and to King
All seek that soft oblivious calm
Found neath thy downy wing.
But near the couch of humble Swain
Thou'rt still a willing guest
While Monarchs woo thee oft in vain
On plumes of Cygnet's breast

Recitative and aria (*Henry*)

But, while I slept a dream a fearful dream
Shook all my soul. On me did sweetly beam
My Rosamond's dear eyes, within her bow'r
We rested, where she blooms the loveliest flow'r
I gaz'd upon her beauty and too blest
I would have clasp'd her to my throbbing breast.
When lo' with forked tongue
A hideous reptile sprung
From earth and reared its hissing crest
I struck – twas vain – Oh sight of woe
I saw that precious lifeblood flow
Cold, cold, those lips that fragrant breath
Now drawn in gasping sobs of breath

Then as the lightning's flash is seen
And lost – the monster vanish'd. In its place
A stately form I saw, the face
Was that of England's Queen.
Ha! ha! with fiendish laugh she said
Vengeance is mine – she's dead, she's dead

[11] This was Act 4, Scene 1 in the printed *Songs etc* scheme

Swift flew the Clouds of Night away
Before you brilliant orb of day.
Hence ye shadows of the mind
Nor leave one gloomy trace behind.
She lives, she's mine, let fancy rove
To blissful dreams of fondest love
Till time upon its lagging wings
The rapturous hour of parting[12] brings

(*Enter Sir Thomas Vaughan*)

Henry Thou hast been a loiterer

Sir T Pardon me Sire, 'twas prudence made me thus delay that I might gain this spot unnoticed

Henry How fares my Rosamond?

{590a}

Sir T Good my liege, somewhat more cheerful than when your highness left her.

(*At this moment, the Queen attended by Sir Raymond enters cautiously as if watching the King*)

Henry The new abode pleases her

Sir T It is a place of most surpassing beauty

Sir R (*aside to Queen*) Our information was correct

Queen (*aside and bitterly*) Correct indeed!

Henry Hast thou commanded the splendid fete I spoke of

Sir T The Preparations are even now begun

Henry Concealed in Woodstock Bower, my Rosamond may defy the jealous fury of the Queen

Queen (aside) I'll find an entrance tho' my life prove forfeit

<u>Concerted piece</u>

Henry
Safe in that bow'r my Rose shall bloom
There life's rude storms can never come;
Each gentle breeze that fans the grove
Shall softly sigh and breathe of love

[12] The printed Songs etc. has the"meeting" rather than "parting", which makes more sense.

Sir T
I go to guard the precious prize

Sir Ray (*to Queen aside*)
Dost hear?

Queen (*aside*)
I am resolved! She dies!

Canon

Henry
Tell her that words have no pow'r
Passion like mine to declare
Say that tho' absent her bow'r
Love guards with tenderest care
Let roses wreathing
Music breathing
Chase her soft sorrows till Henry be there.

Queen (*aside*)
Soon shall she be in my power
Fiends prompt the deeds I will dare
Vengeance now hangs o'er her Bow'r
Dooms her to death and despair
Midst roses wreathing
Music breathing
Wailing and anguish – blood shall be there

Sir Thos
Herald of love to her bow'r
All thy fond wishes I'll bear
Trust me, I'll guard thy sweet flow'r
Argus ne'er watched with more care
There roses wreathing
Music breathing
Pleasure's gay troop shall assembled be there.

Sir Ray
Welcome this long wish'r for hour
She who but mock'd my Despair
Soon in her proud rival's pow'r
Love's hopeless anguish shall share
Midst roses wreathing
Music breathing
Wildly thy lover shall seek his lost pair

(*at the end of the canon, Henry and Sir Thomas Vaughan exit severally*)

(*The Queen and Sir Raymond come forward*)

Queen My suspicions are confirmed and stern reality supplies their place. The Minion shall perish

Sir R Perish! And the King?

Queen O'er him I've no control, but she shall feel my power. Sir Raymond, you knew of Henry's love for Rosamond.

Sir R I warned your Highness even before your Coronation

Queen No more. The past cannot be recalled. It is not unknown to me there is a retreat where Rosamond in fancied security remains. To discover it Sir Raymond shall be thy office.

Sir R I have a page your Highness who lacks not wit or shrewedness. Him will I employ to discover the retreat of Clifford's daughter

Queen He comes this way. As you faithful prove to me Sir Raymond, so shall you be rewarded. Now to rejoin my attendants. Farewell. Vengeance shall yet be mine. Oh thought of rapture

(*Exit*)

Sir R All works according to my wishes. Should she again refuse me, then shall she perish in her scorn

(*Enter Hubert*)

Hubert

Hubert My good Lord

Sir R You seem dejected

{591b}

Hubert Dejected

Sir R You echo me (*cheerly*) Hubert. (*cheerly*) I have need of thy good services

Hubert You're welcome to them for (?) ever

Sir R Hubert, listen to me and you shall hear a tale of how a faithful heart was scorned and honest love was unrequited.

Hubert You interest and amaze me

Sir R You tremble

Hubert Tis nothing – You loved?

Sir R True
Hubert Whom?

Sir R De Clifford's daughter, Rosamond the fair

Hubert And she –

Sir R Rejected me. Bitterly did I feel her scorn. In that dark hour I vowed to make her mine or be revenged

Hubert (*in a low tone*) And you will keep your oath

Sir R To every letter

Hubert My bursting Heart will break. Sir Knight a mighty secret has been lock'd in this breast for 3 long years. It must have vent or it will burst the frail tenement (?) that hold it

Sir R Hubert!

Hubert I can tell thee a tale more sad than thine. A tale of one of noble birth who lov'd a Knight of Gaul. She loved in silence and in secret.

{592a}

Sir R Why this tale to me

Hubert For 3 long years, she served him as his page. He lov'd one who never would be his. The story of his love for her who scorn'd him, one fatal day he confided to her he thought his Page. The tale madden'd her. The secret that had been guarded in her breast for three long years as tho' it were a jewel of great price burst forth in one long sigh. Her name and station she revealed. In her he no longer beheld the Page, Hubert, but the Lady Alice de Monteagle.

Sir R Alice de Monteagle! And you are the heroine of your own romance

Hubert Farewell for ever

Sir R Stay but a moment. Listen to me. I have promised to place De Clifford's daughter in the power of the Queen. Be it thy care to discover her retreat and my life shall be ever after devoted to thee and thee alone

Hubert And Rosamond?

Sir R I will banish her from my thoughts and thou alone shall supply her place

Hubert I have a clue to her retreat. And yet I fear to disclose it to the Queen

Sir R I will guard Rosamond from her vengeance. Fear not.

Hubert We are observed
Sir R Follow me, we'll instant seek the Queen

Hubert Lead on

Sir R Nay, fear not sweet one, I will support thy trembling steps. (*aside*) Rosamond thy fate is in my hands.

(*Exeunt*)

{592b}

(*Enter De Clifford and De Vere disguised as pilgrims*)

Recitative

De Vere
Cheer thee, the moment now is near
When toils will all forgotten be

De C
One thought alone my heart sustains
My dear tho' erring child I'll see

(*takes out a letter*)

She sues for pardon

De V
That dear letter wears
The blessed traces of repentant tears

De C
Why was the place of her retreat concealed
Which, brib'd by gold her Messenger reveal'd

De V
Her will constrained, that thought should nerve thy soul

Duet

De C
My noble sires in sacred trust
Bequeathed their honor free from stain
And when mingle with their dust
As true, as bright, it shall remain

De V
A soldier's faith to thee I plight
With this good sword thy cause to aid
The Rose I'll save from traitor's blight
Or with his best blood dye its blade

De C
Come let's haste

De V
The King

De C
I'll seek
He will be just

De V
What hope, how weak.
Sooner from crown itself he'd part
Than yield up prize so fair

{593a}

De C
What fury, anguish fill my breast
With madness and despair

De V
What now is life to me? A scene
Of blighted hopes, of vain regrets.
The heart I thought my own is false
And mine may break for it can ne'er forget

De C
My dearest hopes, I blighted view
But shall I weakly yield to vain regrets.
Ah! No, no, the cause of all shall rue (?)
The hour De Clifford's blooming child he met.

De V
Our foe shall share the pangs I feel

De C
Revenge I swear upon this sword

De V
My heart shall grasp as true a steel

Ensemble
Away, by hearts (---?) firm and bold
The sternest fate can by controlled (?).
Away, ere rise tomorrow's sun
Vengeance on Rosamond be won.
(*Exit*)

{593b}

Scene 2

Rosamond's Bower at Woodstock
Rosa discovered writing

Rosa Tis done my hand has traced (?) a last farewell. From thee my Edgar, I forever part, tho' sad tears must still my cheek bedew, no drop shall flow virtue would frown to gaze on. My father mourns my loss as he would mourn me dead and am I not dead to him. Why do I weep? The past cannot be recalled and, for the future, wretchedness may be my portion but guilt shall not accompany it.

(*Enter Sir Thos Vaughan*)

Sir T To her the fairest and beloved as fair I bear the vows of an enamoured heart. The royal Henry bids me –

Rosa Hold! I must not hear his words too flattering. They act as a spell upon me

Sir T I pray thee, lady, to dismiss each thought would cloud that brow. Can she know ought but joy to whom a monarch kneels?

Rosa No more. The letter to my Lord de Clifford – I dare not call him father

Sir T Was delivered into his own hands by a trusty [13]

{594a}

Rosa Thanks, many thanks – he knows that Rosamond exists, that she is unhappy.

Sir T Cheer thee fair lady, cheer thee – King Henry

Recitative

Rosamond
Oh heavens, let me not lose my only hope
Of safety. Take, take, I pray this to the King
My long last adieu
(*points to letter on table*)

Sir T
From one so fond, so true, you ne'er could part

Rosamond
Cease, cease, Sir Knight, pierce not this gentle heart
May heaven on him its choicest blessings pour
But tell him that on earth we meet no more

[13] Presumably a word like "servant" should have been included here.

Ballad (Rosamond)

Mine must be a silent tear
Mine the sigh that none may hear
Mine the sorrow
Where the morrow
E'er can rise its gloom to cheer.
See this flower so sweet at morn
Now wither'd dies by rude hands torn;
Thus my heart is blighted too.
Oh! can either bloom anew
Never more, never more.

(*Enter King Henry*)

Sir T The King! I'm safe

Rosa Henry! Lost for ever

{584b}

Henry How fares my Rosamond, my souls dear idol!

Rosa Highness, I crave a boon

Henry Thou doth bestow one sweetest in the asking. Speak thy wish

Rosa It is – I almost fear to ask it – that you will suffer me to quit this spot for ever.

Henry Leave me Rosamond! Think ye, Miser that I am of thy wondrous beauty, that I cannot part willingly with a smile of thine, that I could forever resign thee. Hope not, dream not, Rosamond, that we can part. I cannot lose thee

Rosa Alas! I have lost all: peace, kindred, friends and fame. Could all Earth's treasures pay for so great a loss.

Henry Secure in my love, you may defy the world

Rosa That fatal love. Why did I hear. I had been happy-

Henry With De Vere! The thought is madness. Calm thyself, Fair Rosamond, e'er one gentle tear of thine would Henry cause, he'd crown and kingdom all resign.[14]

Rosa Your words would fain give comfort to your poor simple Rosamond but a strange, dark presentiment of evil weighs upon my heart

Henry Who dares! Even in thought to injure you thee?

Rosa That look that fearful look the Queen cast on me, when last we met. It haunts me

[14] Perhaps it should read "his crown" rather than "he'd crown"

Henry Fear not, the Queen knows not of thy retreat and, if she did, Eleanor will not dare harm **{595a}** thee. Then smile, my beloved, and let me see my happiness reflected in those beauteous eyes.

Ballad (Henry)

That smile so sweet, its charms who can tell
Tho' deep the blush of Coral's bright bell
Tho' pure the pearl in Ocean's dark bed
Still whiter those teeth, that lip still more read.
How bright the star
Of evening's sky.
Oh brighter far
That azure eye.
When pity's glance
Is seen thro' tears
And love's own beam
Most soft appear
Thy breath the mead by dew drops impearl'd
Thou'rt beauty's self, sweet rose of the world.

For me sweet flower, thou only shall bloom
And breathe o'er life a heavenly perfume
Still sheltered safe and within these fond arms
No storm shall blight the bloom of thy charm
Still thine this heart
So close is twin'd,
Ne'er can they part
Till Death unbind.
E'er then – not Heav'n
Were such to me
If twere not giv'n
To share with thee
This gilded crown to Earth be it hurled
'Ere I resign the sweet Rose of the world

{595b}

(*Enter Sir Thos Vaughan*)

Sir T My Liege, the sports will now commence

Henry 'Tis well

(*Curtains at back are drawn. Masks in costumes of various nations rise, amongst them Queen, Sir Raymond, Hubert, De Clifford, De Vere, etc*)

Finale

Madrigal

Merrily make music's measure
Our song be love and pleasure
And beauty's pow'r
That wings each hour
With ever new delights
Merrily the strain repeating
Till echo it with meeting
Around, above
Be joy and love
The burden here tonight

Merrily the light dance weaving
To others, grave thoughts leaving
Hence with ease
For mirth rules here
And smiles alone are seen

Merrily we've seas crost [sic] over
The fairest to discover
With bended knee
We own tis thee (*kneel to Rosamond*)
And hail thee beauty's queen

{596a}

(*Hubert enters with letter which he presents to the King, who on reading starts*)

Recitative

Rosa
You start – what means that scroll?

Henry
No ill sweet love

Rosa
And yet your look is sad

Henry
To part from thee
E'en for a moment grieves my soul

Rosa
Alas! you leave me

Henry
Urgent cause instant compels
My absence restless spirits have conspired
Against the state. Would I deserve thy love
Did I forget to be a King?

Rosa
And when
Return

Henry
Thou knowest I live but in thy sight

Duet

Rosa
A sad foreboding chills my heart
Ah must thou go
Methinks we now for ever part
And tears will flow
Grant heaven my fears may all be in vain
Oh say we soon shall meet again

Henry
It ever pains my faithful heart
From thee to go
But ah not long, my love, we part
Then weep not so
My sweetest Rose thy fears are vain
Yes, yes, we soon shall meet again
{596b} (*embraces Rosamond and exits*)

Ballet

Rosa He's gone and midst this busy throng, I feel I am alone. That look of deadly hate hath seared and withered up my heart. Whose step pursues me thus?

(unmasks) 'Tis one thou'st long forgotten

My father!

Dare you not even meet mine eyes

Oh, mercy

Nay, 'tis I should kneel and court

Rosa

He's gone and midst this busy throng, I feel I am alone. That look of deadly hate hath seared and withered up my heart. Whose step pursues me thus?

De C (*unmasks*)

'Tis one thou'st long forgotten

Rosa

My father!

De C

Dare you not even meet mine eyes

Rosa

Oh, mercy

De C

Nay, 'tis I should kneel and court
The Monarch's favorite

Rosa

Spare

Oh spare me!

De C

Thou hast not spared my tears

Rosa

Would I were dead

De C

With grief I say
Wouldst thou had died before the day
That to my cheek brought blush of shame
The lustre sullied of a noble name

Rosa

Forgive – thy pardon let one hear

(*De Vere masked comes forward*)

De V

Can tears like these long plead in vain

Rosa

That voice too well I know, De Vere

De V (*unmasks*)
Alas! that thus we meet again

Trio

De V
No selfish feelings fill my breast
A father's love is ne'er repressed
{597a} Leave, Oh leave, this fatal spot
All shall be pardon'd, all forgot

De C
Tho' angry feelings fill my breast
A father's love is ne'er repress'd
Leave, Oh leave, this fatal spot
All shall be pardon'd, all forgot

Rosa
The noblest feelings fill thy breast
Had I lov'd thee I had been bless'd
Leave, Oh leave, this fatal spot
All shall be pardon'd all forgot

Sir Ray
De Vere

De V
Who speaks?

Sir Ray
I do conjure thee by
Thy love for Rosamond to follow me

De V
I know thee not

Sir Ray
Thou dost not love the fair

De V
No more, lead on

De C
I'll seek my hapless Child
(*retires up*)

(*Queen comes forward observed by Hubert*)

Queen
What regal pomp breathes all around. Be calm
\my swelling heart. The fiery serpent of
Revenge has gain'd this goodly Paradise

Hubert
Her Rival's doom is written on that brow
Why do I feel such pity – she alas
My rival too. How beautiful she is
Her pensive looks so haughty triumph shows
Ah no! that downcast eye
Is sad, that cheek is pale
Her fair head bent like a sweet flow'r
Beneath a wintry gale

Queen
This fairy bow'r be raised
For her alone, whilst I
My brain is fired. Heavens do not wrongs
Like mine for vengeance cry
One hope sustains me
Consoles for all
Yes she shall perish
Or I must fall

Hubert (*aside*)
No, she'll not perish
Thy schemes shall fail
(*bringing de Clifford*) Lord De Clifford mark my words

De C
Thou knowest me

Hubert
I do. Now hear. Beware, thy child is lost
If succour prompt be not at hand

De C
My Child

Hubert
Away. Bid Henry lead his chosen band
With lightning's speed, e'en now perchance to late

De C
My Thanks

Hubert
No more. Haste, haste.

De C
Shall shield her faulty tho' she be
(*exit with Hubert*)

(*Dance of Mummers at conclusion of which Sir Raymond re enters. Rosa comes forward*)

Rosa
A sadness as of death weighs on my soul
Oh whither is my father gone?

{598a} Sir R
Fair Rose

Rosa
Who speaks?

Sir R
Thou knowest me (*unmasks*)

Rosa
But too well

Sir R
A moment stay. Your life is perill'd. I
Alone can save you

Rosa
False thy tale and framed
For some ignoble purpose. Leave me

Sir R
Scorned
Belied! 'tis well. Now shalt thou learn proud fair
A slighted heart can burn with hatred as with love

Rosa
Thy rage
I thus defy

Sir R
Mock not my pow'r

Rosa
Base man

Sir R
Sweet bird
Thou canst not fly

Rosa
Who's near? Help! Help!

(*The Queen etc surround Rosamond and Sir R*)

Chorus
What mean those sounds of terror here
In scene like this strange they appear

Queen
Forbear Sir Knight. Thy sport is rude

Rosa
That voice
Oh heavens, it is, it is

Queen (*unmasks*)
Thy Queen

Rosa
I'm lost
(*The Queen's followers unmask and, in an instant without struggle, have Rosa's attendants at their mercy*)

Tableau

{598b}

Chorus
The Queen, how dark with fate this hour

Rosa
Oh who will save me from her pow'r

Queen
Unwelcome guest, fair Dame you see
From all intruders leave me free

(*all exit but Rosamond and the Queen*)

Queen
Look up

Rosa
I dare not meet thine eye

Queen
Then list my words, prepare to die

Rosa
To die

Queen
No earthly pow'r can save

Rosa
Oh mercy

Queen
Yes, like thus thou shalt have
(*shews dagger*)

Rosa
Oh not mine the fault that Edgar came
Fond vows to bring
He who won my heart bore Minstrel's name
Not England's King
Spare, Oh spare!

(*Queen goes to Table and pours poison into Goblet*)
Queen
Behold and choose
By this (*shews dagger*) or this (*poison*)
Thy life to lose

Rosa
Ah no, ah no, thou'lt mercy shew
Make me thy slave
'Tis sad to die – In youth's spring to lie
In the cold grave

Queen
This for thy heart – quick kneel (*raising dagger*)

Rosa
Oh save me from that murd'rous steel

{599a}

Queen
Thy doom is fixed, then take this bowl
Drink, drink

Rosa
Pale grief is in my soul
No mortal now can succour bring
(*March heard without*)
Queen
Be quick that sound

Rosa
It is the King
Yes, I've now nought to fear

The King yet nearer! Still more near
Oh joy! Oh joy! But now of hope bereav'd
Throb not my heart, he comes and I am sav'd

Queen
He comes! He comes but yet thou art not saved

(*Sir Raymond rushes in*)
Sir R
The King!

Queen
Ha! where?

Sir R
Has track's the bow'r

Rosa
I'm safe!

Queen
Thou'rt yet within my pow'r

Rosa
A moment

Queen
Drink or thus I strike

Rosa
Oh hold! The steel gives(?) instant death
And I shall perish 'ere I see the King
Give me the poison
(*noise without*)
Sir R
Your followers fight. Yes, aid to them I'll bring
(*Exit*)
Queen
Thou wilt not drink then I must shed thy blood

Rosa (*kneels*)
Oh mercy show!

{599b}

De C (*seen at the end of the labyrinth*)
My child! My child!

Rosa
My father's voice!

De V (*seen in labyrinth*)
Fallen's (?) the foe

Queen
Drink or instant die

Henry (*appearing in the labyrinth)*
My Rosamond

Rosa
Henry so near
Oh, I cannot die. Thy heart will yield

Henry (*from the labyrinth*)
Sweet Rose, I'm here

Queen
Then see her dead

Rosa
Hold! I submit
Fates will be done
In this cup of Death, I my Henry pledge
(*drops the cup*)

(*De Cliff, De Vere, Henry, whom the winding of the labyrinth have occasionally hid, have approached the entrance of the Pavilion and rush forward followed by Hubert, Sir Ray etc*)

Tableau

Rosa
I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd

De Clifford
My child

Hubert
Look there!

Queen
Poison by just revenge prepared

Henry
Such guilty deed would'st thou have dar'd
That we have err'd let each confess
And love and peace the future bless

{600a}

Chorus
Discord hence! Thy reign is o'er
Sweet peace resumes her sway
Sorrows' clouds so dak before
Joy's son has chas'd away
Hail! Oh, hail!
Thrice happy hour
May virtue's pow'r
Thus still prevail

(*Henry restores Rosamond to her father etc, etc*)

Tableau

End of the Opera