Francis the First

An Opera in 3 Acts

The Words by John Frederick Smith and others
The Music by Edward James Loder

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42949, ff. 386-410. Only Act 1 survives. It has "from Mr Mackinlay, 20 Soho Square" written on it. Mackinlay has sometimes, wrongly, been credited as the librettist.

The construction is rather slapdash and the handwriting worse than any of the contemporary librettos. It is not helped by the use of odd or archaic words. Some words were inferred from the sense of the text. Words are marked with (?) where there is doubt or (…?) if undecipherable or unable to make sense of.

George Colman, the Examiner of Plays, had died on October 17, 1836 and Charles Kemble took over the post. While Kemble would have been much more used to making sense of such difficult handwritten manuscripts, it seems likely that he judged the text's suitability on its general gist rather than worrying about every word. The text included "God" twice, a word that would almost certainly have been crossed out by Colman, who was very sensitive about words with religious connotations. The text is often banal, convoluted and predictable, reflected in the severe criticism that it came in for, but it does include an interesting, unusual and quite moving speech near the end of Act 1. The King's mistress gives a frank appraisal of what she had destroyed and compromised in aspiring to that position and the indignities of falling from it. One has to wonder whether such a speech would have been included a further few years more into Victoria's reign.

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. **{xxx}** mark the page numbers written on the manuscript. In a few places extra songs or text have been inserted on the back of a previous page. These are designated **xxxb**.

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

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Dramatis Personae

{387}

Francis the 1st

Count Chateaubriant

Le Feron (in the text he is mainly titled Le Ferron)

Bourbon

Montmorency

Robert

Duchess de Nemour

Countess Chateaubriant

Agnes

Jaqueline (in the text she is mainly titled Jacqueline)

Francis the First

{388}

Act First

Scene First Gardens of the Palace of Fointaiblau (?). *On the right stairs leading from a turret doorway. The centre of the scene represents an extended view over the Park. Guards on duty. Sunrise.*

First Guard

The owl has flown to the ivy bush
  The Bat to the ruin'd tow'r
And the Butterfly has come to sip
  The sweets from every flow'r

March heard in the distance

Second Guard

Hark! Comrade hark! The distant march
  Is borne upon the breeze
The guards advance – their waving plumes
  I see amid the trees.

Both

Joy, Comrade joy that (…?) drum
  Tells that our hour if not is come

Enter Le Ferron, Count Chateaubriant and Soldiers of the Guard

Le Ferron

Up, up with the Lily, the standard of Francis
  In the breeze let it flutter on high
While they who around grasp falchion and Lance
  Then neath it – to conquer or die.

They plant the banner and exchange guard while the Chorus sings

Chorus Soldiers

Up, up with the Lily, the Standard of Francis
  In the breeze let it flutter on high
While they who around grasp falchion and Lance
  Then neath it to conquer or die.

Guard exit

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Soldiers exeunt

Le Ferron What melancholy Count? This wager seems
To weigh upon your spirits – Faith had I
A lovely dame to wife, I had been wiser
Than Cuckoo-like to sing her praise in ears
So amorous as those of Francis.

Count A truce Le Ferron – truce[1] your polish'd wit
Falls hurtless here – my wife's fidelity
I know too well to waste a single sigh upon.

Le Ferron Yet I shall see thee jealous – what a man
And deem thyself exempt from that great curse
The levity of woman's heart entails?
Tis downright treason to the little God
Whose rule extends alike our grief and joy.
I have known women – aye and great ones too
Who held stern virtue as their brightest gem
Till Francis came – when like to Caesar he
Who if memory serves me right wrote thus
Veni, Vidi ,Vici – he looked, smiled, loved.
{390} And was victorious.

Count Francis himself is changed

Le Ferron Tis true the King of late has lost that joy
And buoyant spirit he was wont to bear.
His haughty mistress too begins to fear
Her influence on the wane, yet Francis
Is still a Monarch and I know the sex.

Count Thou speakst of woman with a Courtiers tongue
Thy knowledge of the sex has been confined
To Camps and Palaces, where chastity
Is made a jest; and beauty's smiles
Are spread like snares (?) – by rule (?).

Le Ferron They're still the same from Royal Hall to Cottage

Count No – not the same – Women may yet be found
Devoted, constant, true – within whose breasts
One (?) spark of Eden's brightness lingers yet.
I grant she's free – and therefore tis to her gain'd.

[1] Truce can be a verb – to make a truce

We guard them like some precious gem, with care
Lest other eyes behold them than our own!

Le Ferron I yet shall live to see thee wear the wreath
They twine of willow for dejected swains.[2]
But tell me Count! How came the King posses'd
Of this mad passion to behold the Lady?

{391}

Count Her brother's injudicious praise

Le Ferron Say rather your injudicious boast

Count What meanst thou?

Le Ferron That she despised the Court and all its charms
That all men were to her, yourself excepted,
Alike indifferent – of all her Sex
That she alone was constant.

Count Psha! I was mad with wine

Le Ferron Indignant Beauty summon'd every art (?)
And pour'd in Francis ear the wondrous tale
Each wrinkled Beau and shatter'd Debauchee
Held himself slander'd in her preference –
The Husband to complete what I have drawn
Lays a rash wager with the King – who loves
This Homing (?) Dame, that even (?) his request
Will fail to draw her from her solitude.
Stands it not so?

Count I grant them fearful odds but well I know
My wife's true constancy – the King's firm honor.

Le Ferron What! Constancy again!

[2] Reference to Desdemona's speech in Shakespeare's *Othello*.

{ 391 b}

Le Ferron *Song*[3]

Woman's love! Woman's love like the flow'r
May bloom in the sunshine today
But the rose will be true to its bow'r
When love's blossoms have wither'd away.
There is conquest, I own, in his smile
(In the cottage – the court 'tis the same)
His devotion is still but a wile
And her constancy lives but in name.

Woman's love! Could her bosom enfold
And subdue every heart to her charms
She would sigh like the chieftain of old
For new worlds to yield to her arms.
Dost thou think thus thy fortune hath found
One more faithful in heart than the rest
Thou wilt learn that love is but a sound
Woman's constancy only a jest.

{392}
Count My soul defies your evil augury
Farewell! I yet shall triumph in my boast.

Exit

Le Ferron And if thou dost – I have mistaken the sex.
{393} Find me a woman such as he describes
I will abjure my heresies - But see
Where Francis comes.

Enter Francis with a Miniature. He appears lost in contemplation.
The Guard salutes

Francis Tis not the glowing beauty pencil'd (?) here (?)
In mimic life. The pouting lips which seem
As the warm breath had nearly(?) (…?) them
Which (…?) my fond gaze. Tis the sweet air
Of downcast modesty, the faithful pledge
Of the soul's purity that holds my heart
Thus bound in adoration – ha! who's there.

[3] *The Observer* (Nov. 12, 1838) included the text of the song. Page 392 actually included a different song for Le Feron but that had been crossed out. George Biddlecombe. *English opera from 1834 to 1864 with particular reference to the works of Michael Balfe*. (New York: Garland Publishing, 1994), p. 37, cites this as an example where a song relevant to the situation was swapped out for a more generalised one, which, presumably, was thought would sell better as a standalone song.

Le Ferron Your minstrel Page, my Liege

Francis Ah! Le Ferron, thou art well skilled in beauty like me.
Didst ever gaze upon a form more fair
Than this? On features half so lovely.
Tis bright, tis beautiful. The Limner's[6] art

Le Ferron Excels itself – you ever might swear it breath'd
I guess it's by Da Vinci.

Francis Aye! By that cunning Painter. Tis whose art
When war's rude worthless trophies are forgot
Shall shed a lustre over my name and reign.
Look on it well. Didst thou e'er (?) features see
More regular (?)?

{394}

Le Ferron Tis lovely
Yet methinks the line is not quite perfect.

Francis Could beauty be reduc'd to rule - ? thou
Or ? the dullest son of Earth might judge.
Pronounce with boldness on perfection – No –
It is expression gives the nameless grace
And like a sunbeam resting on a cloud
Softens each roughness and illumes the whole. [7]

Le Ferron[4] And the original of this fair simulateur (?)[8]
Is the lovely Chateaubriant.

{395}

Francis Thy wit hath reach'd my secret tis indeed
The Countess' picture secretly obtain'd

Le Ferron And dost thou love her Sire?

Francis Intensely – truly – by report first led
I wondered whether she indeed was fair
As fame proclaim'd her – I would now behold
Her grace our Court – you know my wager
With the husband?

[4] Le Ferron's two lines were written on the opposite page and were, presumably, a later addition
[6] Archaic term for a painter
[7] A song for Le Feron was included and then crossed out.
[8] The word in the manuscript looks like "simulil?" but this might be carelessness/wrong spelling for "simulateur", a French word for imposter.

Le Ferron A jewell'd helmet to his Spanish barb[9]
That she does not refuse attendance here
When specially ?? by your Majesty
He using no restraint

Francis What dost thou think?

Le Ferron That your Majesty will doubtless win – but even now
The gentles of your Court appear to pay their homage.

Enter Count Chat. And Courtiers

Francis Welcome Count! Has the Courier return'd?

Count He waits without my Liege

Francis Let him be conducted to our presence

Exit Courtiers

{396}

Trio

Count
Hope, hope and doubt my bosom swell
Faith like hers can ne'er deceive me.
I know thy tongue; each fear foretell (?)
But still my heart will not believe them

Le Ferron
The lightest breath the Zephyr blows
The dew drop from above
Nor is the frail leaf of the rose
More light than woman's love!

Enter Jacqueline in Male attire

Count
How! Can it be
That air, that shape and aye!

Jacqueline
Yes, yes, my Lord you see
Your Lady's Page
At the noontide hour
From my Lady'd bow'r
Bound with a silken thread
This Billet fond and true
Was sent my Lord to you.
And I in my Lady's stead

Bows and delivers letter

[9] A type of horse

Count *Reading from letter*

From the groves of genial France
I feel no wish to stray
{397} My heart ne'er lov'd the courtly dance
I cannot then obey

Count } From the groves of genial France
Le Ferron } She feels no wish to stray
Jacqueline } Her heart ne'er lov'd the courtly dance
She cannot then obey

Francis Count the wager won – (*To Page*) Your Lady
Hath a strange passion for retirement
What doth she hate the Court?

Jacqueline Not hate it my good Lord, it is the King
She fears – his love of each new face

Count Boy, know you to whom you speak? It is

Francis The Count D'Artois – Francis especial friend:
Yet fear not boy. I'll not report you to him.

Jacqueline And if you did I spoke no treason Sir
I told my Lady twas an idle fear;
Francis is far from young, has been in Wars
Things that tame the blood - added to which
He wears his hair a crop – and his beard long,
A most unseemly fashion.

Francis Who told you this?
{398}

Jacqueline My Lord hath oft times said so

Count I - traitor (?) !

Francis (*Smiling*) You disapprove the fashion!

Jacqueline If it became Francis my Lord as well
As it does you, I would not wish it changed.

Francis Thou soon wilt be a courtier - (…?) thee will
Tis near the Council hour – attend me Lords

Exeunt all but Count & Jacqueline

Count Know you to whom you spoke! It was the King

Jacqueline Mercy! Tis well I spoke no worse my Lord

Count But Jacqueline what means this strange disguise

Jacqueline A whim, a frolick, to behold the court
Besides my Lord my Lady knew my faith
And bid me say – I may be trusted.

Le Ferron appears listening

Count Each act will be essay'd to draw her here.
Tell her as a further guard no letter
Must be obeyed unless companioned
By my signet ring.

Le Ferron disappears

{**399**}

Jacqueline Tis ? my Lord. Have you nought else to say[10]

Count[5] Tell her each sigh is breath'd for her
That happiness alone will visit this lone (?)
Heart when I can quit these splendid (?) (…?)
And visit once again her sylvan bower.

Jacqueline Love's message shall lose nought, my Lord, by me
The countess shall know all.

Count How doth she spend her time?

Jacqueline In spreading happiness around – Francis
Must send an army if he would take her
From us.

Count You Jacqueline would make a smart Commander
{400}

Jacqueline Ah! My Lord I would indeed I were a man

[5] This speech was written on the opposite page with a line showing where it should go.
[10] A song for the Count followed but was crossed out and the four lines following were substituted.

Song[11]

Examiner's copy	As sung in performance	Vocal score
Oh! for the Knightly spurs of gold My Father won in days of old The nodding plume & quoiled (?) crest The belted(?) sword and lance in rest (?) I'd forward to the tournay field This Motto (?) on heart and shield I have no song I breathe no lays That end not in (?) sweet (?) Woman's praise Within the banquet halls of mirth Amid the gayest scenes of earth I'll fill the loving cup to the brim Nor sigh or tear(?) the wine(?) should dim And as the draft I quickly drain Once more I'd chant (?) the same sweet strain I have no songs – I breathe no lays That end not in sweet Woman's praise And should I fall in battle fray Far from my own lov'd home away Down'd to the earth by numbers borne My pennant trampled on and torn And find indeed a Warrior's (…) Among the gallant and the brave The last faint sigh I'd upwards raise Should end (?) in lovely woman's praise	I'd give all the world, were it mine for a day, To be but a lady's page – That is, if the lady were young and gay- For I never could wait on age I'd wear a gay doublet and sash of gold; And when lovers came to woo, I'd laugh with the young and jeer at the old, As a lady's page should do.	If I were a boy, and the choice were mine, Whatever were my degree, To nought upon earth I should so incline As a lady's page to be; With a cap, and a plume, and a sash of silk, And a poniard at my side, On a Barbary courser white as milk, Full gaily would I ride. I'd sing and I'd play to my mistress dear And many a tale rehearse Her favorite hawk on my wrist I'd bear And her fav'rite hound I'd course I'd rest in the bow'r, I'd romp in the hall And the vassals duly teaze The guests and the kinsmen, I'd beard them all And in short do whate'er I please. I'd carry love tokens by night and by day To I know but I won't say who And should I be caught or question'd by the way I'd reply as a Page should For my mistress dear to the death I'd fight My lance against all I'd wage And you'd see what a gay and a gallant knight I would make of my Lady's Page

Exit Jacqueline

Enter Le Ferron and Courtiers

Count Now Gentles (?) how(?) winds (?) your course

1st Courtier I to the Camp

2nd Courtier And I to Burgundy

Count Health and prosperity attend your steps
Before you part a draft of generous wine
What ho within there – The Stirrup Cup

Enter Page with Wine Cups

[11] The left hand column gives the song text as sent to the Examiner. The middle column is the text claimed to have been sung in performance, according to *John Bull* (Nov. 11, 1838). The paper pointed out that it was very similar to an existing song. This was one by W.H.Bellamy with music by Loder called "The Lady's Page" and which was included in the vocal score. Possibly the rather different vocal score version, which would probably have been printed after the opening performances, was to address this alleged plagiarism.

Song Count and Chorus

Steep (?), Steep(?) the Goblet (?) in the fount before us
Rich as the Dew (?) that lists (?) on (…?) lip!
Bacchus rosy(?) God! Sheds his (…?) over (?) us (?)
From his own bright bowl sip. Mortals sip
If can oppress us
Or grief distress us
What can then bless us?
Wine sparkling Wine

Time hoary (?) sage (?) hath (?) ne'er(?) move(?) so lightly
As when in wine he dips his weary wing
With celestial fire ne'er(?) burns so brightly
As when it flashes from the goblet Spring (?)
Drink then if sorrow
Come on the morrow
From Bacchus borrow
Wine sparkling Wine

{401}

Scene 2

A saloon

Enter Le Ferron and Agnes de Lancy

Le Ferron Patience, fair Lady, patience!

Agnes Preach not of patience – thy inconstant tongue
Shall not deceive me more! Is not thy word
Become faithless e'en (?) to a (…?)

Le Ferron But will you have me?

Agnes Not content with putting off our marriage,
Month after month flirting with all you meet,
Intriguing to my face with an effrontery
Unparell'd, you seek my aid to further
Your base schemes

Le Ferron A woman's tongue and windmills are alike
When set agoing Heaven only knows
When either shall be stayed.

Agnes What sayst thou Libertine?

Le Ferron That you have fallen (?) with a common error
It is in furtherance of the King's design
I'd have you play the part for no vain love
Or passion of my own – thou knowest me poor
{402} That only has delay'd my promised joy
Francis on our success has pledg'd himself
To better my sweet fortunes

Agnes May this be so

Le Ferron The ring is to procure him access to her
In some disguise. Follow the scent I had
His Courtship shall resign it.

Agnes Will thou not deceive me! May I trust thee.

{401 b}

Duet[12]

Le Ferron Mayst thou trust me? Ask those eyes
Whose light is life to me.
By that fond hope I cherish most
I live alone for Thee

Agnes Those eyes ere long may lose their light
That hope of thine may fade
Yet both outlive the fragile power
Of vows thus lightly made

Le Ferron The flow'r shall first forsake the sun
That gave its blossom birth,
Could I forget thy beauty's claim
Resistless were they worth

Together Thy doubts dispel – my vows believe
Nor think them breath'd but to deceive
Thy doubts etc.

{403} *Enter Count Chateaubriant*[13]

Count Still gay Le Ferron

[12] Initially a song for Le Ferron had been included here but that was crossed out and the duet, written on the page opposite on the back of page 401, was substituted.

[13] There were 4 lines from Le Feron's discarded song at the top of page 403. Although they were not crossed out it is unlikely that they were sung and they have been omitted.

Le Ferron Why not? Thou hast not undertaken to preach
Gainst mirth, thou art not old enough as yet
To sink into a (…?)

Agnes Puchance[14] the Count is sighing to return
To those Arcadian scenes where her fond swain
Lamenting – his true shepherdess anticipates
His coming.

Le Ferron Or ruminates his chance of a surprise.
Women are fickle as the wind. She,
Like it, may change her mind and venture yet
To pay a visit to the Court.

Count Never!

Le Ferron I would my fortune listed on the chance
I would not wish a (…?)

Count I'll stake my life upon her resolution

{404}

Agnes Lovers (?) are now so plentiful their loves
Are little worth! Wilt thou venture now a gem
A Purse, a Hawk, a Pound or anything
A (…?) would wish to take

Le Ferron I will wager with thee. This fair Lady,
With your good pleasure Count, shall hold the stake.

Count Most fairly (?)

Agnes But what am I to gain?

Le Ferron The forfeiture whoever wins shall be
Your guerdon[15]

Agnes E'en (?) as you list. Let it be something worth
A Lady's while to wear.

Le Ferron What shall it be? A Hawk – no that may not be
A suit (?) of Milan (…?) Worse than the first
I have it, let it be my ring to yours

Count (*Starting*) My ring

[14] Presumably meaning Perchance
[15] Archaic term for reward

Agnes Aye! Do you assent

Count (*Aside*) Can they know its secret import?

Le Ferron You hesitate and now I look again
I do not wonder at it, it seems worth
{405} Some thousand livres, rather too much i faith
To stake upon a woman's reputation.

Count You press me hard

Agnes I see you are grown wiser

Count Lady this ring is sacred – promise me
To keep it in safe guard

Agnes Most faithfully

Count Well

Trio

Count This little ring, Love's golden band
Now rendered unto thee
Once graced a lovely maiden's hand
Her pledge of Truth to me
(*Gives the Ring to Agnes*)

Le Feron This little ring I value not
Tho once twas Love's own token
The donors vows are now forgot
Like woman's faith soon broken
(*Gives his Ring to Agnes*)

Count &
Le Feron Swift footed time alone can show
Who the bright (?) prize will win

{406}

Agnes Loser he who may well you know
I claim the forfeit ring

Count &
Le Feron Loser he who may full well we know
You claim the forfeit ring.

Count Farewell!

Le Ferron Of us and of your ring which
If I am not ( )[16] you have lost

[16] Perhaps a word was missed out here

Count As time shall prove

(*Exit Count*)

Agnes Play'd I not well?

Le Ferron To admiration(?) full (?). The prize is ours

Agnes I fear I have done wrong

Le Ferron Wrong! All France will thank thee fair one
If the King no matter by what means be moved
To cast his haughty mistress off.
His subjects hate her.
Her pride and avarice gall the people sadly
His heart's already tired of her chains
He feels she never loved him – But he comes
Give me the ring & let this speak my thanks

(*Kisses her hand and Exit*)

{406 b}

Sans the private Apartment of Francis

Francis Baffled, defeated – still should Le Ferron
Be successful, I yet may see this matchless paragon
May perhaps may call her mine and once again
Recall the happiness of former days.

Song[17]

As one who on a foreign strand Hath long been doom'd to roam Looks o'er the sea to that dear land Erewhile his childhood's home. So I recur to bygone hours When love and pleasure threw Their sunshine on human flow'rs And ting'd them with Hope's hue. O halcyon days of boyhood's bliss How bright and blest you(?) were:- The heaven of a Mother's kiss Could banish ev'ry care.	As one who on a foreign strand Hath long been doom'd to roam Looks o'er the sea to that dear land Erewhile his childhood's home. So I recur to bygone hours When love and pleasure threw Their sunshine on human flow'rs And ting'd them with Hope's hue. Young Beauty's eye my glance has met, Her spells are o'er me cast! Yet love and pride can ne'er forget The bright days of the past.

[17] The song as set out in the libretto is on the left with the vocal score version on the right. It was entitled "The Bright Days of the Past". According to the *Observer* (Nov. 12, 1838) the latter was sung at the performance. The song can also be found in John Diprose, *Diprose's National Song Book* (London: Milner and Company, 1851), p. 335.

What have I gain'd in after life? The pleasure of the child Has quitted but to Passions strife A sea of tempests wild The gentle light of early love Beams on my path no more, The heart that nestled with the dove, Must with the Eagle soar. O halcyon days of boyhood's bliss How bright and blest you(?) were:- The heaven of a Mother's kiss Could banish ev'ry care.	The well-poised lance, the martial tramp, Of crested chivalry The pride and pomp of court and camp Have still their charm for me. The gentle light of early love Beams on my path no more, The heart that nestled with the dove, Must with the Eagle soar. Young Beauty's eye my glance has met, Her spells are o'er me cast! Yet love and pride can ne'er forget The bright days of the past.

{407} *Enter Le Ferron*

Francis Hast thou succeeded

Le Ferron I have my Liege

Francis Tis well. Get me some quaint disguise
A Troubadour – a wandering minstrel's garb
Any thing thou wilt. I will away the night
Meet now in the Dial[18] Court within an hour
No words – for see the Duchess comes.

(*exit Le Ferron*)

Enter the Dutchess[19] Le Nemour

Duchess Sire do I intrude upon your privacy

Francis The sunbeams fall upon what head they list
Nor deem themselves intrusive though they scorch
When they should only warm – Lady your will.

Duchess There was a time my presence had diffuse'd
Such joy around! Francis had ne'er (?) asking
What brought the fond one here (?)

Francis (*bitterly*) What ist you seek? If gold at once tis yours.
Some costly gem – a ruin'd Provence shall
Procure it Lady – or by soft pity led (?)
Treat thou for pardon for some witches life?
{**407 b}** If so I joy to grant so rare(?) a boon
My Sceptre lies at thy Command shall
Death or Pardon as thy will thinkst fit
What wouldst thou more?

[18] It is not clear what the "Dial Court" refers to but it is stated as the setting for scene 4.
[19] Occasionally the writer puts Dutchess for Duchess

Duchess Thy Love

Francis Was it not long since thine

Duchess The Semblance(?) only – Francis thou lov'st another

Francis What other!

Duchess And canst thou stoop to falsehood! Resume (?)
Thy former self – Act like a King – Nor
Meanly hide the falsehood of thy heart.

Francis Thou hast prevailed – Manhood once more
Resumes its empire. I am again myself.
Thou wouldst have truth. I fear twill gall
Thee sadly Lady – it hath but rawly (?)
Fallen on thy ear – I can no longer love thee.

Duchess Ha! Can it be – Support me patience
Am I chang'd or old? Look on me well. Am
I not she whom once you held fairer than all
The sex beside.

Francis Why then, act fair. Thy stately steps might
Shame the Antelope – its every motion grace
Thine eyes far excels[20] the diamond's blaze
But there is something that (?) thou hast to learn
Ere thou canst hold the heart thy charms may win.
Practice humility, assume the modest grace of womanhood.
{408} And then but not till then indulge
In dreams of love!

(*Exit Francis*)

Duchess I am bewildered – every word he spoke
Fell like molten fire upon my brain.
I am then lost! Deserted! Left to shame!
No longer shielded by a Monarch's love
Each beggar as I pass with ruffian scorn
Will point the finger at me. Gossips cry
Behold the wanton who by ambition led
Abandon'd Parents, Kindred, Children, Friends.
And basely sacrificed a husband's house.
There is no greater curse. I feel it?
This is under the worst extreme of fate
Not Hell itself can boast a torment
Half as keen as this. (*Exit Duchess*)

[20] The text has "exalls"

{409}

Scene the 4th

The Dial Court of the Palace

Soldiers

As the scene rises the chimes play

Round / *3 Tenors*[21]

Hark the chimes – tis closing day
Lo! Evening shadows fall
The Hunter homeward wends his way
Ham'd(?)[22] by the Dial's call.

(*Enter Hunters and Falconers*
Boys with Falcons, *Ladies*)

Chorus (*Hunters*)

Swiftly dismount and (…), the sun now sinks to rest
And tints with purple hues the far hills of the West
Then up and home from the forest glade
E'er his golden rays are set
And the deer has sought the pinewood shade
With the dews of coming wet.
Hil lo ho Hil li ho[23]

Chorus of Falconers

Slowly from the bank the Heron wings his flight
And the hawk returns to perch and hood before the coming night
Then up and away from hill and glen
Hawk, Hound and palfrey gay
E'en the wolf shall forth from his (…) glen
With the shades of coming grey.
Hil lo ho Hil li ho

{410}

Le Ferron Ere again times' Sentinel his silent (?) course hath run
The Countess shall be here … and my Wager fairly won

(*Enter Francis, Attendants*)

[21] The "3 Tenors" appears to have been added later in a different hand

[22] The word is unclear but looks like "ham'd" and one might surmise it was used in the sense of "to call home" or "to call hame" (in Scotland)

[23] The phrase is not clear but looks like "Hil li ho". Such a phrase was part of a chorus in a quartet "Up up to the Alps", number 124 in a collection of glees entitled *The Tyrolien Lyre* (Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey, 1847). Thus, such a phrase might well have been familiar in 1838.

Francis Fair Welcome to you all

(*To Le Ferron*)

Is all prepared

Le Ferron Tis Sire – neither
Your horse waits - with change of raiment

Francis

Softly from the crowd I'll gently steal away[24]
Whilst one's forms are hid by the shade of closing day
Then up and away while the moon's bright ray
Shines forth with radiance clear
And lights my steps on the darksome way
To my lovely Lady dear

Chorus - Hil li ho

Grand chorus

Now in in to the oak roofed hall
Where the fagot blazes bright
And will (?) laugh & jest till the pannell'd hall
Re echoes our laughter light.

End of Act First

[24] Given the rhymes and layout this may well have been sung