Fridolin
or the Road to the Iron Foundry

Grand Operatic Burletta in 3 Acts

The Words by Mark Lemon

The Music by Frank Romer

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42957, ff. 749-769. It has two dates pencilled in: 11/17/40, which has been crossed out and 11/22/40. Perhaps this means that it was submitted on November 17, 1840 and signed off on November 22 for the November 26 premiere. Unusually the *Songs, Duetts* [sic], *Choruses etc*. from *Fridolin* (London: James Pattie, 1840?), although printed, were filed at Add MS 42957, ff. 568-583. This was because the manuscript referred to numbers in the *Songs etc* rather than included them in the manuscript. Thus, the vocal items were created and printed ahead of submitting the manuscript to the Examiner rather than post approval. The vocal items (in red) have been included at the appropriate place.

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/Fridolin.htm.

Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com.

R Burdekin, February 2023
www.englishromanticopera.org
www.victorianenglishopera.org

{749b}

Dramatis Personae

Count Müller
Sir Hubert / his Seneschal
Carl
Fridolin / a page
Servitz / an old steward
Father Francis

Countess Müller
Stella
Julia

Foresters, Hunters, Vassals
Horkers[1], Ladies, Villagers, etc.

The printed *Songs, etc*. listed Count and Countess Müller as Count and Countess Savern, which was the name used in Friedrich Schiller's poem that was partly the basis of the libretto.

The printed *Songs, etc*. also included Arnold (a forester) and two ironworkers: Schwarz and Lutolf.

[1] This was probably meant to be Hawkers as the printed *Songs, etc*. has Falconers

Fridolin

{750a}

Act 1

Scene 1 – Court Yard of Count Müller's Castle

Enter Sir Hubert, Hunters, etc.

Chorus

"Where the Oaks grow proudest"

p.5

Chorus of Foresters
Where the oaks grow proudest,
When the wind blow loudest,
Roveth the boar;
When the acorn's falling,
At brown Autumn's calling,
Hunt we the boar.
There is no music half so sweet,
As when our horns and echo meet.

Chorus of Ironworkers
When the morning breaketh,
The serf only waketh
To toil once more.

p.6

Recit & Air – Sir Hubert
The minstrel lark soars high, and with his song
Tells to the drowsy stars the world's awake;
And on the distant hills the sun appears,
As tho' to chide ye for your tardy zeal.

Air
The foot to the stirrup, and hand to the spear,
And rouse from the covert the wild boar and deer;
A baldrick of silver awaits him, today,
Whose hand is first dyed with the blood of the prey.

Where the sedge grows the greenest, the bittern is found,-
Go, rouse up the quarry with falcon and hound;
Our lady decrees him both jesses and hood,
Whose hawk stoops the surest by streamlet or wood.

Recit - Hubt.
Better e'er ye give your willing steeds the rein,
To him we serve – one brimming goblet drain.

Chorus
Fill, fill to the brim, boys -
Let no sign shame the wine
That we fill to him, boys;
May his life e're be rife
With joys that ne'er grow dim, boys
Fill! Fill! Yes! Fill![2]

Sir H Well (?) my faithful followers. What news of my boy?

Carl None – that will glad thee my good lord. I found in Franconia the aged woman with whom thy lady and thy child found refuge. Thy lady

Sir H I know her fate. She died without one friendly hand to close her eyes. But my boy, what hast thou learned of him?

Carl One summer's morn he strayed into the **{750b}** forest. Night came. Y -yet the boy returned not. Strict search was made and on the margin of a stream, part of his garments were discover'd.

Sir H The waters had destroyed him!

Carl I said not so, but, from that day, no tidings of thy child have reached his foster mother.

Sir H 'Tis better as it is. .He hath escaped his parent's shame! Here is gold for thee, good Carl and, as thy further wants require, command my means.

Carl Thanks my good Lord

Sir H Beside thyself, none know that I who bear the noble name of a proud race, am now the servitor of one whose fathers were the vassals of my ancestors. Be silent as the grave that shrouds thy master's hopes.

Carl I will my Lord (*Exit*)

Sir H Farewell, my last hope is destroyed and **{751a}** and all that life hath left is but a vision of revenge.

(*Exit*)

Enter Fridolin and Stella

Frid Look, Stella! Yonder the hunters ride. Oh, that I were a man that I might share the mad delight of a hunter's life.

Stella A lover might have found a gentler wish

[2] The last line was added in handwriting to the printed verse

Frid Nay, thou canst not blame me that I would forego the lazy service of a Lady's page for that of stirring manhood. I would deserve thy love.

Stella Oh, Fridolin, what would the heart desire more than thy rich deserts?

Frid Yet what am I, the poor dependent on another's bounty. The only thing that I can call my own is thy unchanging love.

Stella Come, this is thy Lady's wedding day. Thine must not be the only gloomy brow upon this happy morn.

{751b}

Frid Nor shall it Stella. Her noble father was to me a father and all that I can give in payment for his care is my poor willing service. I will be happy!

Stella Bravely resolved!

Enter Servitz

Trio
"Life hath no joy in store"

p.7 TRIO – Fridolin, Stella & Servitz

Frid
Life hath no joy in store
Sweeter than this we feel;
Love cannot promise more
Than those dear eyes reveal.

Stella
Hearts light as gossamer
Hopes like a summer's sky,
When not one fleecy cloud
On its pure breast doth lie.

Ambro[3]
Life hath etc.

Servitz
Zounds! What's this I see?
My daughter and my lady's page!
I sure must dreaming be;
Or else my eyes are dim with age;
She spurns not his caresses, -
Oh! I shall die with rage.

[3] Presumably means together

Frid and Stella
My/her father

Servitz
Thou forward minx, this moment go,
'Tis well that I this folly know;
Sir Page, I'm quite rejoiced to find
My daughter's so much to thy mind.

p. 8

Frid and Stella
Ah, why that frown reproving?
For, if there's sin in loving,
Thou too hast gone astray.

Servitz
Love's but a poet's dreaming,
That like a meteor's beaming,
But leads young fools astray.

Frid and Stella
O why wouldst thou our hopes destroy,
And change to tears our dreams of joy?

Servitz
Away, away! I'll here [sic] no more, -
It is enough that he is poor;
(*To Frid*) – The man who weds my daughter, here,
Must own a thousand crowns a-year;
And you, although genteelly rear'd,
As yet can scarce support a beard –
So let this folly have an end;
Or else, believe, my forward friend,
Your nose will intimate become
With this forefinger and this thumb.

Frid and Stella
Father / Change thy stern decree
Oh! Servitz

For, oh! his / Love is life to me
For Stella's

Servitz
Away, away! I'll hear no more;
My answer's this, Sir – thou art poor
(*To Stella*) – Thy chamber seek, how dar'st thou stay?
I'll hear no more – away, away!

(*Exit Stella*)

Frid Master Servitz, I ever took thee for a kind, good natured – a – a

Ser Fool! Prithee pause not for a tag[4] to thy speech.

Frid Thou hast found one that I should not have discovered – and

Ser. Hark ye, Master Page – I have long suspected that thy visits to this Castle were oftener on thine own account, than on that of thy noble mistress – but little did I dream to what **{752a}**a height thy hopes aspired.

Frid Hope hath a strong pinion[5] – she hath carried a peasant to a throne!

Ser. Look at these hairs, Master Page, What colour are they?

Frid They are white, Master Steward

Ser. And what hath made them so? Three score years of experience that telleth me that love like its painted effigy is very apt to go mocked and that Hymen hath a torch to show young fools how easily they may burn their fingers.

Frid Thy experience hath deceived thee. Love feels not ordinary wants and Hymen's torch is for old fools to warm themselves. Youth is the time for love.

Ser. Bah!

Air - Frid

The young spring bringeth songs etc.

p.9

The young spring bringeth songs and flowers
To glad the groves, to deck the bowers;
She sends her sweet breath o'er the streams,
And wakes them from their icy dreams;
Oh, all that's bright and glad, appear
To hail the coming of the year.
And minstrel's touch their blythest [sic] string,
To welcome thee, O lovely spring!

And youth's life-spring hath golden words,
That sound as sweet as songs of birds;
And streams of thought as pure as those
The fountain in its gladness throws.
O, every thought and feeling prove,
That youth was made alone for love.
And when doth life such gladness bring,
As in the young heart's lovely spring!

[4] An afterthought
[5] Presumably the idea of a pinion gear driving a larger gear.

Ser. Thanks for thy lay, Master Page – but till thou canst convince me that love can feed and clothe the body, Stella is not for thee.

Frid Will nothing change your opinion?

Ser. Yes – Gold! 20 broad pieces would move me more than a river of tears, or, a tempest of words. But, here comes our noble master's lovely bride – happy Count, happy Lady.

Frid Why, thou art now commending what thou so lately didst decry

Ser. Love is a luxury and only fit for the wealthy. Get a house and then a wife, then accept what the fates send thee! (*Exit*)

Frid Nay, Master Servitz, hear me! (*Exit*)

(*Enter Count, Countess, Father Francis, Ladies etc.*)

{753a}

Count My good father, how much am I a debtor for thy care of this bright jewel

Fran. My Lord, thou dost o'er-rate my poor deserts [sic]. I have been but the craftsman that freed the diamond from its drossy covering. Its worth was nature's gift

Countess Or rather say that thy unceasing care hath made a worthless thing not all unworthy of this happy fortune that I am loved by one whose love is honor [sic] assures me of the mighty debt I owe thee!

Fran. My son, be thou a faithful guardian of thy trust. Her noble father gave her to my care, a pure spotless girl. I have sought to make her all his love believed she would become

Count. Father, thy blessings cannot bind her closer to me than love hath already **{753b}** bound her

Duet

O'er some fair land etc.

p.9

O'er some fair land the breeze hath roved,
Where fragrant flowers only spring;
And, having kissed each leaf it loved,
Bears here their perfume on its wing.
The streamlet through the dreary night
Hath slept within some crystal cave;
And from its stainless couch of light,
Hath stol'n the brightness of its wave.

p. 10

Yon bird, from some enchanter's shell,
Hath caught the magic of its tone!
No, fancy, no! 'tis but the spell
That love around this hour hath thrown.

Fran Isabella – as thy father's friend, I now render thee to one whom I believe worthy of thee

(*Enter Servitz*)

Ser. A royal messenger has brought this pacquet for your lordship

Count (*opening it*) What! a summons to attend at the Court of our good King Louis. Never more unwelcome! Servitz, tomorrow at sunrise I quit the Castle. Let my retinue depart at midnight and await my coming at the entrance to the forest. The Countess must not know my intention,

{754a}

Ser. Your Lordship shall be obeyed (*Exit)*

Fran. Son, we await thy pleasure

Chorus
He claims her hand etc.

Priests
Benedicta" Sancta Vigo! Benedicta!

Bridesmaids
He claims her hand – he leads her forth
Bedeck'd with beauty, rich in worth;
O may Time scatter o'er their way
New joys, as other joys decay.

(*Exeunt Omnes*)

Scene 2 – Chamber in the Castle

Enter Sir Hubert

Sir H I cannot take my eyes from yonder picture! Oh, Marian! What that beheld thee could have deem'd thee false!

Enter Servitz

Ser. Thank the Saints that marriages, like a lawyer's charity, are only periodical in their visitations! Ah! Sir Hubert!

Sir H It shall be so. She whom he thrust **{754b}** forth a distressed outcast shall be a sharer of his bridal feast. (*sees Serv*) Whose picture is that?

Serv I know not, Sir Hubert. It hath been there with other lumber these fourteen years, ever since I have had the happiness of filling the office of Steward to our noble master.

Sir H Servitz, canst thou serve a friend, keep a secret?

Serv I'm of the masculine gender and can fearless answer – Yes.

Sir H Then I would have that picture placed in the banquet hall before the Count and Countess leave the chapel.

Serv In the Banquet Hall?

Sir H Aye and that thy friendship may not be unrewarded, accept of the few **{755a}** pieces this purse contains

Serv Nay, Sir Hubert, thou wilt think me mercenary. But, the Count –

Sir H Will thank thee for bringing a guest so fair and silent to his festival.

Serv Well, if thou thinkest it will pleasure him, I will fulfil thy wishes, Sir Hubert. Twenty broad pieces for hanging a picture – I would hang a knave for less.

(*Exit*)

Sir H 'Tis strange that for ten years I should have resided here and know not of the existence of that picture! What happy memories of the past it recalls!

Ballad
'Twas in the golden summer time etc

p.10 Hubert – Scena

Recit – Hubert
Who ever gazed upon a summer sea,
And thought that there, ere long, his grave would be?
Whoever heard the south-wind's gentle sigh,
And deem'd the howling tempest nigh

Air
When last I press'd her to my heart,
When doom'd by adverse fate to part,
I kiss'd away the tears that fell
In answer to my sad farewell!
And said, "The night but sheds her dews
A heavenly fragrance to diffuse,
That at the dawn the light may find
A sweetness it ne'er left behind".
I cam again, the night wind's moan,
The wanderer's welcome spoke alone;
I did not curse my adverse fate,
For love at once was turned to hate!
p.11 But by my hearth (all lonely now)
I breath'd a deep and deadly vow;
Revenge, revenge! Thy triumph's nigh,
Spoiler, beware! Despair and die.

(Exit)

Scene 3 – Hall of the Castle etc

The Count, Countess, Sir Hubert, Fridolin, Servitz etc. etc

Finale to Act 1
"We have brought from the wood" etc

p.11

FINALE

Chorus of Foresters

We have brought from the wood the green oak bough,
To wreathe for our sylvan victor's brow;
But richer far the gift will be
If on his brow 'tis placed by thee.

Chorus of Ladies

We have gather'd the flowers of brightest bloom,
E'er the bee had stolen their rich perfume;
But scentless and dim they all will be,
Unless our braid be worn by thee.

(*During the preceding Chorus, enter Servitz*)

Servitz (*aside*)

There's the picture! But much I fear
Sir Hubert's gold will cost me dear.
(*Aloud*) My Lord – some peasants
(Your lordship's tenants)
Without the castle stay
And would their homage pay.

(*Count signs his assent to their admittance*)

Chorus

We've gathered etc.

p. 12

Enter Peasants, Servitz, Stella and Frid.

Characteristic German Dance

Chorus

May the joys which hope hath shewn,
To trusting love be e'er thine own;
That coming time may only prove
How true was hope – how blest was love!
(*During Chorus, enter Sir Hubert*)

Sir Hubert

Where'er I gaze, joy seems to reign,
As tho' to mock my bosom's pain
(*The Count leads the Countess forward*)

Quintet
Countess, Fridolin, Count, and Sir Hubert

As the deer seeks the covert – the bird seeks its nest,
As the wild bee the flower that banquets him best,
As the stream seeks the river – the river the sea,
So my heart ever wanders, belov'd one, to thee.

Sir Hubert
But where can the lone one – the desolate flee?

Servitz
I feel some sad disaster,
With Stella or my master,
Will befall me to-day.

(*As the Count is leading the Countess to her seat, he perceives the lady's portrait – he stands horror-stricken during the following Chorus*)

Chorus
Some mem'ry of the past is now recall'd,
And in his bosom, joy affrighted dies.

p.13

Recit. - Count
What power hath rais'd this spectre at our board,
As tho' to mar our feast with thoughts of death?

Sir Hubert
My vengeance, now, its banquet has begun,
And deep shall be the revel of my hate.

Chorus
What mem'ry at the festal hour
Can wake such sadness in his breast!
And mocks both love and music's power
To soothe his troubled heart to rest?

(*Count advances hastily to table, and takes a wine cup*)

Solo- Count
Away with this dreaming,
The cup's rosy beaming
Shall drown every care.
Sound! Sound! Let the measure
Be such as young pleasure
Delighteth to hear.

Curtain

Act 2

Scene 1 – Apartment in the Castle

Servitz, Vassals discovered

Chorus
"The laurel may circle" etc

Chorus
The laurel may circle the warrior's crest,
The myrtle the lover's entwine;
But the wreath that befits the bold {falconer / forester} best'
Is formed of the leaves of the vine.

Servitz
The vine! The vine! Is the autumn's bride,
He robeth her as a queen;
Her cheek is like the violet dy'd,
Her leaf is the brightest green.
The vine! The vine! He loveth the vine,
For her purple lip hath a draught divine! Long ere the sun-rays kiss a flower,
He stealeth them from above;
And beareth them to is lady's bower,
To banquet his dainty love.

Chorus
To the vine! To the vine! Let us drink.

(*Horn sounds*)

Serv Hark! The warder's horn! Who have we here? Perchance our noble master!
{756a}

1st Vass Nay, Servitz, 'tis a solitary horseman

2nd Vass 'Tis Fritz, my Lord's courier

Serv Then let's away to the Court Yard and give him welcome.

(*Exeunt*)

(*Enter Sir Hubert*)

Sir H How my heart sicken at these sounds of merriment. They seem to mock my sorrow" I have knelt again beside her grave, there I have sworn to pursue increasingly one solemn purpose, a deep and dreadful retribution for our mutual wrongs!

(*Enter Servitz*)

Serv What an unhappy varlet am I? I've a dead wife and, yet, not quiet! Ah, Master Page, mayst thou live to be mar**{756b}**ried. I can wish thee no greater evil!

Sir H What hath angered thee?

Serv My daughter, Sir Hubert, and that puppy Fridolin

Sir H How so?

Serv I'll tell thee. Because the girl hath some claim to good looks, this page must, forsooth, fall in love with her.

Sir H Why should that anger thee?

Serv She's in love too.

Sir H Well?

Serv Well! After love cometh marriage. Now marriage is a kind of paradoxical arithmetic, 'tis multiplication without addition and, as I am the only one of the three who hath wherewithal to purchase a dinner, the sum total of appetites will **{757a}** be satisfied at my cost.

Sir H But the page stands well with the Count, our master.

Serv And with our Lady too, if his impertinence doth not consign him to the donjon keep

Sir H What mean'st thou?

Serv But now, I overheard him soliciting a private audience of the Countess

Sir H Indeed! Know'st thou if it is accorded him

Serv I heard not that and, judging from what my own feelings would be were I a Countess, I should say, the scourge would be his answer.

Sir H True (*aside*) This may work to my advantage.

{757b}

Serv The Count is expected to return tonight

Sir H Tonight!

Serv Yes – my Lord's courier has just arrived with a letter to my lady

Sir H Then we have duties to perform. Away and see that all are prepared for his reception.

Serv Sir[6] will, Sir Hubert (*Exit*)

[6] Possibly sarcasm or jest or, perhaps more likely a careless error

Sir H The page is a fair youth. They shall be observed and if aught can be devised to awaken suspicion of thy Lady's truth. Count Müller, thy dream of happiness is over. (*Exit*)

(*Enter Countess and Ladies*)

Countess Open the casement, Julia. Dost thou see aught of my truant Lord?

{758a}

Julia No Lady, doth my Lord not name tomorrow for his return

Countess He writes "perchance he may be here – today" and love will ever take its hopes for certainties

Cavatina

"When the daylight hath faded" etc

p.14

Cavatina

When the day light hath faded, we mourn not the light,
For we know that a morrow will follow the night!
When the veil that enshroudeth the earth falls away,
With what rapture we welcome the dawn of the day
p. 15 So the heart, when the lov'd one is absent, will cling
To the joy that the moment of meeting will bring.
As the bloom upon the tree
Proves how fair the birth will be;
When its perfum'd sleep is past,
And it wakes to life at last;-
So love deems the joys it knew,
But foretells what time will do

Countess Leave me, I would be alone. (*Exit Ladies*) How slowly do the hours wing when the dial's face is watched by expectation.

(*Enter Fridolin*)

Countess Ah, Fridolin, I had forgotten my promise to thee. What wouldst thou of me?

(*Enter Sir Hubert and Servitz at back.* **{758b}** *Sir H by gesture directs Servitz's attention to the action of the Countess and Page*)

Frid Lady, to the noble father I am indebted for more than life.

Countess Thy service hath repaid the debt

Frid Yet, Lady, conscious of the mighty debt I owe thee, I would be more thy debtor.

Countess How can I serve thee?

Frid Two beings from the mass of life have sought to share my sorrows or my joys. The earliest one just plays upon the surface of my memory, as though she were a shadow that I had fashioned in my dreams!

Countess She is dead then!

Frid True or else the music of her voice would cease to haunt me, thus. For 'tis **{759a}** a heavenly sound, sad, yet heavenly

Countess And the other?

Frid Is a living idol to my heart!

Countess Her name?

Frid Stella, the daughter of his Lordship's steward, but, as I am poor, he doth deny my suit. Tomorrow, she is sent from hence (*Kneels and takes her hand*) , Oh, Lady! Do not let me lose the only one that loves me!

Countess Poor boy! fear not, Fridolin, tonight I will talk with Servitz on this matter and, if thy poverty is thine only fault, the maid shall be thine.

Frid (*Kisses her hand*) Bless thee, Lady, the words die on my lips, but I can pray for thee!

Countess Go to thy chamber, Fridolin, thou need**{759b}**est repose.

Frid Lady, this little bauble (*takes a small ornament from his bosom*) worthless to all but me. I dare not speak my wish.

Countess Thou wouldst that I should take it from thee? I could not rob thee so!

Frid Oh, Lady, I need no remembrance of her whom I think must have been my mother. I have worn it from my infancy, 'tis the orphan's wealth. Let it speak his thanks!

Countess 'Twere cruel longer to deny thee (*takes it and places it on her bosom*) Go, boy, think of the morrow and be happy!

(*Exit Countess and Frid*)

Serv advancing Are we awake, Sir Hubert?

Sir H advcg It is strange!

{760a}

Serv 'Tis wonderful!

Sir H Surely, the Countess would not wrong her Lord?

Serv Ah, that's it! She's but a woman!

Sir H Thou dost suspect then then of some foul design against his honour?

Serv No, not exactly, but –

Sir H It must be so. They love each other

Serv And my daughter has been but the stepping stone to my Lady's lips! I'll slit his ears!

Sir H If the Count should hear of this?

Serv He'd save me the trouble by taking his head!

Sir H Doubtless, the news tho' unwelcome would be rewarded

Serv Ha! Dost thou think we are true vassals if we keep it from him?

{760b}

Sir H Yet the knowledge of this villainy will madden him, for the page will be sacrificed to his revenge! And to keep that secret, which so affects his honor, may be attended with personal danger to ourselves.

Serv Self preservation is the first law of nature. The Count shall know of it.

Sir H The door of the private staircase uncloses, some one ascends.

Serv It is the Count!

Sir H Away then, he must not find us together (*Exit Serv*). Now, heart, be firm! Away with every feeling but the memory of thy wrongs! (*Exit*)

(*Enter Count*)

Count I have left my attendants in the forest that I might be spared the noisy welcome of my vassals. Oh Isabella! How wearily **{761a}** hath time told o'er his sand , since I have left thee! The Court possessed no charms for me. The music of the revel had, for my ear, no melody like one sweet tone of thine

Song
"Tho o'er the wand'rer's way" etc

p.15

Song
Tho o'er the wanderer's way
The brightest flowers be thrown
And sunlight, thro' the day,
Beameth alone;
How dim the flow'rs appear,
How joyless all above,
If one be wanting there,
The one we love!
But on the loneliest sea,
Where winds to waters sigh,
Sweet music still
If she were nigh.

Tho' ev'ry lute be strung
With music's chords alone-
Tho' ev'ry lay that's sung
Be poesy's own-
They could not charm the ear,
The heart they could not move,
As when one voice we hear –
The one we love.
But e'en the desert drear -
The northland's lurid sky-
Would beautiful appear
If she were nigh.

(*Enter Sir H and Servitz*)

Sir H and Serv Welcome, my good Lord.

Count Thanks, my friends. Yet your looks belie your words! How is the Countess?

Sir H Well, my good Lord

Serv My Lord, I have, that is, not I but we have discovered, no not discovered but -. I'm like a limed bird, the more I try to free myself the faster I stick (*aside*)

{761b}

Count (*to Sir H*) Wilt thou explain this mystery?

Trio
"Will your Lordship deign" etc

p.16

Trio

Serv
Will your lordship deign to hear me?

Count
Speak, thou wer't not wont to fear me

Serv
But the tale I have to tell,
May not please your lordship well.

Count
To thy story (aside) here's some jest!

Serv
If the hawk thou lo'dst the best,
E'er should stoop at carrion prey?

Count
I'd cast the worthless bird away

Serv (*puzzled*)
I've a daughter good and fair,
But self-will'd as women are;
And of late, I did discover,
That the girl had found a lover!

Count
Sure, thou wouldst not blame the maid,
Youth's the time for love, 'tis said

Serv (*bows*)
So thought I – and though he be
But a page of low degree,
I took no note on't – but to-night
I found I was mistaken quite.

Count (*sternly*)
Hath the youth deceived the maid"

p.17

Serv
No, my Lord, tho' false he play'd;
But 'tis though who art betray'd

Count
Sirrah! Dar'st thou jest with me?

Serv
'Tis no jest. As thou wilt see;
I saw him meet her here alone,
I could not catch a word – not one-
But on herhand his lips he prest,
Then took a bauble from his vest;
Which she with such a smile received,
Oh! love was there, or I'm deceived.

Count
Whom dost thou mean?

Serv
My Lady's page
The Countess and –

Count (seizes him)
Willain?[7]

[7] Misprint for Villain?

Serv (struggling)
Save me from his rage

(Hubert - advances)

Trio – Count, Hubert & Servitz (ensemble)

Count
Reviler! Reviler! I heed not he lie,
The snow on the mountain not purer can be

p.18

Hub.
Despoiler! Despoiler! My triumph is nigh,
The shaft thou hast pointed now rankles in thee.

Serv
Oh master! Release me! Sir Hubert was by,
He knoweth I tell but the truth unto thee.

Count (to Hubert)
Tell me (*turns away*) no! no! I will not doubt her love;
If she be false, there is not truth above.
Why dost thou turn away? Thy cheek grows pale;
Hubert! Hubert! Thou'lt not confirm this tale.
Why dost thou pause – the worst proclaim;
Speak! I command, tho' to avow my shame.

Hub.
Hear me! I would not break thy dream of bliss,
And wake thee to a real dark as this;
But thy commands impose the task on me –
The tale is true, thy wife is false to thee!

Count
Oh, heaven! she is false!

Count and Hubert
Fled are the fairy visions that deceived,
For as love painted, so my hopes believed;
No vain remembrance of the happier past
Shall cheat my vengeance of its rich repast.

Serv
Fled is the golden vision that deceived,
Nor told me how my tale would be received;
From many lies, I've scap'd in times long past,
And now shall die for telling truth at last.

p.19

Count and Hubert
Hope and its dream
Bright tho' they be,
All I resign,-
Vengeance to thee!

Count Summon the Countess to my presence!

Sir H My Lord, be patient. Have some assurance of thy dishonour stronger than our suspicions. The youth hath long been known to her and this might have been some interchange of old remembrances.

Count Why should he press her hand? Why should she place his bauble in her bosom.

Serv It looks suspicious my Lord.

Count I would believe her true and yet. Oh Hubert! I have loved as man never yet loved!

Sir H Marian! Marian! (*aside*)

Count Servitz! Hubert! Speak no word of this! Conceal my shame from all! (*to Sir H*) Seek thou for proof. I would know the worst, for this suspense is death to me!

(*Exit*)

Sir H Follow him Servitz (*Exit Serv*) . The shaft hath hit the mark! He asks for proofs! He shall have them tho' I invoke the agency of fiends

(*Exit*)

Scene 2 - A Turret of the Castle

Enter Fridolin

Frid The Countess hath promised to befriend me. Could I impart these happy tidings to Stella. Yonder's her chamber. Stella! **{762b}** Stella! She hears me not! Music shall be my messenger.

Song
"Pretty Lady " etc

p.19

Serenade – Fridolin

Frid.
Lady mine! Lady mine!
Why art thou sleeping?
Whilst above, stars, sweet love,
Bright watch are keeping?

Let them not,
Dearest, discover,
They alone
Beam on thy lover.
Then wake from thy dreaming, for thou art to me
The one star whose beaming I linger to see.

Lady mine! Lady mine!
Waken, oh! waken;
Soon my lute will be mute,
By thee forsaken.
If thy voice,
O'er its strings, sigheth
To the spell,
Music replieth.
Then break from thy dreaming – thou only can'st bring
To love's star its beaming, and song to its string.

Frid The lattice opens (*Stella appears at casement*) Dear Stella, I have such happy news! I have had an interview with the Countess and she has promised to intercede for us with thy father. Tomorrow will be a day of joyful union.

Stella But it is full 12 hours till then. I have a better scheme. Look here, this mantle belongs to the Countess. I found it in my father's chamber. How it came there, I know not and with it a key, which opens the lock of my prison. In this disguise, I'll meet thee in the garden within **{963a}** an hour.

Frid Bravo! Thy surly old father will not dare to question should he encounter thee.

Stella Hist! Some one approaches! Away! Fridolin, it is my father! Forget not the garden! (*Exit*)

Frid Fear not. I'm as happy as though I had been dubbed a knight! (*Exit*)

Scene 3 - View of the Castle Gardens

Enter Servitz and Sir Hubert

Serv Well met, Sir Hubert, the Countess is abroad

Sir H How knowst thou that?

Serv I met her but now in yonder avenue. I could swear to her chantilla [8] **{763b}**

Sir H The girl is true to her appointment. My plot succeeds (*aside*)

[8] Chantilly?

Serv See, Sir Hubert! Yonder is the Countess. How carefully she keeps in the shadow of the trees! Ah! She must cross that patch of moonlight! Now, Sir Hubert, now!

Sir H It is the Countess! And as I live, this way comes the page!

Serv The Page! Oh! It's a clear case!

Sir H The Count must be witness to this meeting.

Serv Of course, as true vassals we ought not to leave him a doubt of her perfidy! I'll bring Stella also

Sir H No Servitz. Thou must be with me to the Count. They are here. This key (*shewing it*) will give us admission to the Castle, come!

{764a}

Serv I follow thee, Sir Hubert

(*Exeunt*)

Finale to Act 2

"I'm here, at last" etc

p.20 Finale

Stella

I'm here at last – thanks to this brave design,
Which e'en deceived my watchful father's eyes,
Well, that's no wonder, (admiring herself) for this form and air,
Might with my lady's own, I'm sure, compare.

Enter Fridolin (*they embrace*)

Stella

As the flowers, when sunshine
Hath faded their hues,
E'er pant for the nightfall
To scatter its dews,
As the eagle just caged
For his course wild and free,
So my spirit hath thirsted
Beloved one, for thee.

Frid

This was a rare device – I scarcely deem'd thou wert Stella

(*Count, Hubert and Servitz, appear at door at back*)

Stella

(*With affected but* COMIC dignity) I, so noble seem'd,
I'll be a countess, thou a valiant knight
But just returned from some victorious fight.

Frid (*kneels*)

Now at thy feet I lay my trophies down

Stella

I give my hand (*Frid. kisses it*). I check thee with a frown.
(*Stella affects to repel him – then give to him*)
As the eagle etc.

p. 21

Count

Why do I tamely stand this wrong to see?

Stella

Ah, the Count! (*runs off*)

(*Count, Hubert and Servitz come forward – Count lays his hand upon his sword – Hubert restrains him*)

Hub.

My lord! My master! Leave the task to me

Count

"Ho! warder, ho! let the portcullis fall!"
Sound the alarum! Summon serfs and all!

(*Enter vassals on the battlements, platform etc*)
(*Bell sounds*)

Chorus

What imports that bell?
Who can tell? Who can tell?

(*Enter Countess*)

Countess

Where is my lord? (*runs to Count*) Ah!
Thou art safe (*Count repulses her*)
What change is here?

Count to Countess

Thou hast wreck'd every hope,
And made madness of thought;
Canst thou gaze on the ruin
Thy falsehood hath wrought?

Countess
What is my crime?

Count
Thy curs'd unhallowed love!

Countess
'Tis false! 'tis false! As there is truth above

Count (*to Fridolin*)
Stand forth, thou minion!

Frid
My lord!

Count
Peace, slave! No more!
(*To Countess*) Lady, behold thy noble paramour!

Frid
I never did thee wrong by thought or word-
Who doth accuse me?

Count
I, thine injured lord,
These eyes beheld thy falsehood (*to Countess*) and thy shame.

Countess
O, wake me! Wake me from this sleep –
This maddening dream I cannot bear;
Wake me to life that I may weep,
If only one – one burning tear!

Frid
Thou art deceived! Thou art deceived.
As there is light and truth above;
O may I be of hope bereav'd,
If ever I have wrong'd thy love.

p.23

Count
O would that I were still deceived,
Nor knew how false thy love could be;
For now of every hope bereaved,
The world will but a desert be.

Hub. (*aside*)
Deceiver! Thou art now deceived,
Thou'st fallen in the fatal snare;
Of every hope thou art bereaved,
And life to thee will be despair.

Servitz and Chorus
Of every hope etc.

Hub
Let vengeance now her deadly work resume,
(*To Count*) Thy wond'ring vassals wait to know their doom.

Count
Bear them away! And with to-morrow's light
Their eyes shall close in death's eternal night.

Countess and Frid (*wildly*)
Oh! mercy! mercy! For a moment hear me!
I am guiltless.

Hub (*to Count*)
Beware her tears!

Count
Why do the slaves delay?

Chorus
Our lord's commands we must fulfil,
The serf knows but his master's will;
Tho' of the doth his stern behest
With tardy hand and throbbing breast

p.24 Countess
'Tis bliss to die, since thou hast said,
That I no more am lov'd by thee;
Oh welcome death, since all hath fled
That gave the world a charm for me.

Frid
Oh life! Where hast thy promise fled
That told how bright my lot would be?
Soon shall I slumber with the dead,
Ang only one will weep for me.

Count
Each sunny dream of hope is o'er,
And joy will light my heart no more.

Hub. (*aside*)
Kneeling beside the sleeping dead,
I swore how deep my hate should be;
Soon will my weary task be sped,
And life own not one charm to me.

Chorus
Each sunny dream etc.

(By all the characters)[9]

Act 3

Scene 1 – A dungeon

Fridolin (*discovered*)

Grand Scena
"There's not a star" etc

p.25 Scena – Frid
There's not a star, not one at all
That form night's fiery coronal,
There's not a sound, not e'en the burr
Of the grey bat's wing;
And yet I could detect the stir
Of life's minutest thing,
So fine my hearing's sense hath grown
From watching, hour by hour, alone.
O for a word – a little word
The briefest, coldest, ever heard,
So that the sound possess'd the pow'r
To break the stillness of this hour.
(*A soft light shows through the opening, as though it were the dawn of day*)
Upon my dungeon's roof
A beam doth faintly play,
And to my fancy seems
The spirit of the day;
A chrystal [sic] drop hangs from the bar
Between me and the light,
And radiates like the brightest star
That gems the brow of night;

[9] It is not clear what this stage direction in the manuscript refers to. Perhaps it was that all the characters, not just the chorus repeated the verse.

And such the longing of my heart,
To feel that something bears a part,
With me, in this mine hour of shame,
Of agony that hath no name,
That I could deem that thou hadst been,
O Marian! Here by me unseen
p.26 And left that little tear behind
To sooth the loneness of my mind.
(*The sound of bolts heard within*)
A sound! A sound!
Scarce can my brain
This change from nothingness sustain.
A voice! A mortal voice! I hear
A footfall on the stony floor;
It will not pause – no, no! 'tis here,
Thank heaven, I am with man once more.
The red glare of the warder's lamp
Is mirror'd by the streaming damp;
A shadow on the wall is thrown,
Whose form is human like my own!
And as a beacon light appears
To point to hope and still my fears.
As the young morn's wings of light
Scare away the dreary night,
As the lightest touch can bring
Music from the silent string,
So that sound to me hath brought
Joy beyond the reach of thought.
(*Falls senseless on the stage*)

Enter Sir Hubert

Sir H I would forego my purposed vengeance, but memory, like a fiend, for ever whispers in mine ear the story of my wrongs and urges me on to its fulfilment!

{764b}

Frid Ah! Sir Hubert! Thou wilt not leave me? Thou wilt not?

Sir H Fridolin, I am the bearer of ill tidings

Frid What have I done to deserve this. I am conscious on no crime.

Sir H The Count doth suspect that thou hast wronged him with the Countess

Frid The Countess!

Sir H He was a witness of your meetings in the corridor and garden last night.

Frid Ah! Stella, she can prove my innocence.

Sir H All hath been urged to save thee but the Count, convinced of your mutual guilt, demands your instant execution within a hour.

Frid So soon

Sir H Such are the Count's commands. The Countess is already informed of my lord's **{765a}** decree and hath vainly solicited for an interview. Hark" she is here"

(*Enter Gaolers, Guards, etc and the Countess*)

Countess Fridolin, thy service is to end today!

Frid Oh lady! To what strait hath thy goodness brought thee! (*weeps*)

Countess And dost thou mourn that I am innocent? Were it my crimes that brough me to this death of shame, then shouldst thou sorrow for me! (*to Sir H*) . This paper contains the proof of my innocence. Give it to the Count. (*Sir H takes it*) Enclosed within it, Fridolin, I have sent him thy little gift to me that, when we are no more, it may remind him of our wrongs and our forgiveness, for thou dost forgive him?

{765b}

Frid I do, I do

(*Bell heard*)

Sir H That is the summons to the chapel, lady

Countess Sir Hubert, I am ready. Fridolin, farewell.

(*Exeunt all but Sir H*)

Sir H My nature's changed! I am no longer human, for I can work this wreck of life and hope without one feeling of remorse but time hath robb'd me of all but the memory of the past!

Ballad
"In the days of my childhood" etc.

p. 26

Ballad - Hubert

In the days that are faded,
I deem'd not that years
Would change all their brightness
To darkness and tears;
But the leaf that is greenest
Oft fades on the bough,
And the hopes of my childhood
O, where are they now?

p.27

As the lute that is given
To gladness alone,
May awaken a sigh
By some memoried tone.
So the hopes of my childhood,
All bright tho' they be,
As memory recalls them
Bring sadness to me.

(*Enter Count*)

Count Where is the Countess? (*Sir H points off*) Enough, I understand you.

Sir H The boy, my lord?

{766a}

Count Believes that his fault is pardoned. I have dispatched him to the forges in the forest. A trusty messenger hath preceded him who will prepare a welcome for him that he dreams not of!

Sir H Death

Count Aye, the fires will leave no record of my shame!

(*Sir H locks the door and throws the key thro' the window*)

Sir H We are now alone. All except ourselves are at the murder of thy wife!

Count Murder!

Sir H Listen! I was once thy friend! True sorrow hath wrought some change on me, art hath done more. I was a happy man, rich in hope and love. Urgent occasion took me to distant lands. On my return **{766b}** I found my self a beggar'd wretch! For my wife, the casket which contained my peace and honor had been stolen from me! Hear me to the end. The spoiler then grew soon grew sated with is prize and drove her forth, a lost and reckless woman! The child, the offspring of her husband, was the only thing she took from her destroyer's halls. She died and I, her husband, have avenged her wrongs on thee

Count Ah! Count Breckstein!

Sir H Thou knowst me now! For ten long years I have lived for this hour and I am repaid for all my suffering for, know thy wife, whom now it is beyond thy power to save, is innocent!

Duetto

{767a}

"Deceiver! thou art now" etc

p.27 Duett – Sir Hubert & Count

Sir Hubert
Deceiver! Thou are now deceived,
Thy hopes are crush'd as mine were broken;
Thy wife is all thy love believ'd
And pure as when her vow was spoken.

Count
O this must be some frightful dream
Some shadow'y scene of frenzy's weaving;
She is as faithless as I deem'd
For there's death in *not* believing.
Sir Hubert
That no doubt may yet linger
This missive can prove,
(*Shews the packet given by the Countess*)
The toils I spread round thee
To wither thy love
Not even this token
My vengeance will spare,
The last link is broken
Deceiver despair!
(*Tears the letter and sees the gift of Fridolin to the Countess*)
Ah! What do I see? My earliest gift
To Marian! To my wife! The boy's mine own.
(*Count rushes to the door*)
The massive bolt mocks ate my feeble pow'r.

Hubert and Count.
How vain a thing art thou, O man!
Thy power is air, thy hope's a dream;
Yet, with thy reason's finite span,
Thou deem'st thyself almost supreme,
They are lost!

Hubert
No! kind heaven befriends them
(*Takes a battle axe and attempts to break the lock*)

Hubert and Count
Strike! Strike! The shrilly ring,
Aid us perchance may bring;
Rouse the bright steel's slumb'ring ire,
Make it answer thee in fire;

As the ponderous axe descends,
See! The stubborn iron bends.
They are lost
(*Scene closes on them*)

(*Scene closes them in*)

Scene 2 – Chamber in the Castle

Enter Servitz

Serv Thank the Saints 'tis morning. Another such a night and I should be as transparent as a horn lantern!

Enter Stella

Stella Good morrow, father

Serv Who, what's that? Ah, Stella! Good morrow. What a raker up of one's fears is conscience! (*aside*) Should the Count repent of his rash resolves, I shall be his scapegrace!

Stella Thou dost not seem at ease father

Serv A neck band of hemp is apt to tickle **{767b}** the throat!

Stella What meanest thou?

Serv That unless I die today. I am likely to be hung tomorrow!

Stella Thou art jesting

Serv I can't jest in sight of a halter! I'll tell thee girl, I must needs busy myself in other people's affairs for which I am likely to receive more kicks than gold pieces; so to save trouble to myself and others, I shall depart to thy aunt.

Stella But thou hast not received the Count's permission

Serv No, but unless I follow my own devices, he may send me on a much longer journey

Stella But we may incur displeasure by departing without permission.

{768a}

Serv Which I am sure of doing if I remain! So come, child, this passage leads to the vaults from whence we can gain the forest! Come, Stella, come

(*Exit*)

Stella I am ready father, but if I don't contrive to be found out, I am no woman. The Countess may then remember the promise which she seems to have forgotten.

Serv (*without*) Stella!

Stella Yes father!

(*Exit*)

Scene3 – The Forest, in the centre, several furnaces
A number of wild looking men discovered welding a bar of iron

Chorus
"Steadily! Steadily strike your blows!"

Chorus
Steadily! Steadily strike your blows,
Whilst the heated iron glows;
Ha! ha! how it rand!
The burning mass we weld today
May soon encase a king!
Or cleave to fame the hero's way
Where war's loud clamours ring.

{768b}

1st Man A strange order this of the Count's that should any demand if his bidding be fulfilled, he is to be cast into the furnace!

2nd Man See, here comes a stranger!

Omnes Our victim!

1st Man No, no that is Fridolin, the Count's favorite page and as kindly hearted a lad as ever trod the broad earth!

(*Enter Fridolin*)

Frid Well, masters, how fare ye?

1st Man Well enough, I suppose, for serfs such as we are, but what hath brought you here?

Frid My lord's business

1st Man And how may that concern us?

Frid Knowing what negligent dogs ye are **{769a}** I have been dispatched to know if ye have fulfilled my lord's commands?

Omnes What sayst thou?

Frid Have ye fulfilled my lord's commands?

Finale
(By all the Characters)
"Behold! here the victim" etc

p.29

Finale

Chorus (Workers)
Behold! here the victim
That our fires must kill;
Our master's commandment
We've sworn to fulfil

Frid
What mean ye by those words of fear,
The Count, your master, sent me here.

Chorus
Behold here the victim etc

(*They drag Fridolin towards the furnace*)

Frid
Whence would you bear me?
I ne'er did you wrong
Oh, spare me! Oh, spare me!

Workers
In vain you please, our master's will requires
That you should die in yonder raging fires

Frid
O, horror! No! you only mock my fears;
If ye are mortal, do not spurn my tears.

Workers
We are serfs of the soil,
And whatever the toil
We dare not delay
We hear and obey

p.30

Frid
If love parental in thy breast
Hath ever found a home,
Think me the child thou lov'dst the best -
Then bear me to my doom.

1st Worker
Death is ours, if we delay,
Bear him to the fires away!
(*Fridolin falls on his knees*)

All the Workers
Hush!

Fridolin – Prayer
Holy mother! Queen of Heaven!
Unto whom the power is given
To assuage the mortal's fear,
When his passing hour is near;
Now those holy hopes bestow,
Which the stings of death destroy,
'Till we feel that all below
Is not worth one heavenly joy.

Chorus
Away with the victim etc

Fridolin
Farewell to light and love,
O! what a dreadful doom,
Within yon raging fires,
To find an early tomb!
O spare! In vain I plead
A guiltless death is mine,
Stella, beloved, farewell!
My latest thought is thine.

Chorus
We have not power to spare
Tho' 'tis a dreadful doom,
In yonder raging fire
To find an early tomb.

(*They force Fridolin to the mouth of the furnace, they raise him up, and as thy are about to cast him in* -)

Sir Hubert (without)
Hold! Hold!

Chorus
Hold! Hold! It is the Seneschal

Enter Sir Hubert
Where is the Page? (*rushes to Fridolin*)
Thank heaven he is saved
(*Shows the gift*) – Was this thy mother's?

Frid.
Mother! Was Marian mine?

Sir Hubt
Oh joy!
Marian was her name – my boy! my boy!

(*During the preceding, the Count, Serv. and Stella enter*)

Chorus
Sunny hope now breaks the gloom,
They are rescued from the tomb.

Frid.
Life! Life! Life!

p.32

Thou glad and glorious dream!
Again thou art mine own;
And all my cherish'd hopes now seem
More bright for sorrows known
Joy! Joy! Joy!

Omnes
Wake! Oh, wake! The sweetest strain
That sleeps in music's magic strings;
For thought and word, alike are vain,
To tell the joy this moment brings

The end