Henrique or The Love Pilgrim

An Opera in 3 Acts

The Words by John T. Haines
The Music by William Michael Rooke

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42951, ff. 192-224. It was sent by Thomas James Serle, Acting Manager at Covent Garden and dated April 15, 1839. Two further dates of April 17, 1839, may possibly when Charles Kemble received and signed it off.

The printed text for the vocal items differs in some ways to the manuscript that was passed by the Examiner, particularly in the finales. Given that the printed text would closely follow what was actually performed, otherwise there would be little point in printing it, it is not clear if such changes would have been agreed with the Examiner. Here any additions found in the printed vocal items are shown in red. Any lines found in the manuscript but not in the printed vocal items are shown in green. In the finales, the two versions are shown in separate columns. Some minor differences may not be shown.

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 an extra page has been inserted and these have been referred to as “addendum”.

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

R Burdekin, December 2024
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Dramatis Personae

{194a}

The additions in red are what were included in the printed text of the vocal items.
Lines in green appear in the manuscript but not in the printed text of the vocal items.
Where there are substantial differences the page has been divided into two columns.

Henrique (King of Aragon) (surnamed 'the Love Pilgrim' disguised as a Montero or Mountain Hunter)

Don Carlos del Alcolo[1] (Don Carlos del Alcala - Senor of La Guardia)

Alvaro de Luna (late Minister and General of Juan, King of Castile, exiled and concealed among the Zingari of the Serrania")

Leolf de Zuniga (a young knight)

Diego Goto (Esquire of De Luna)

Rodrigo (and Pedro – Esquires of Alcala)

El Ximen (Leader of the Wild Zingari)

Alzine (Daughter of De Luna)

Amabel de Valentia (Countess of Valentia)

Afra (a Zingarella)

[1] Spelt Alcala on the playbill, the vocal items and elsewhere in the manuscript

Henrique

Act 1st. Scene 1st

Mountainous view on the frontiers of Grenada
Zingaro discovered

The additions in red were included in the printed text of the vocal items.

Chorus

Fiercely roars the mountain flood
The lightning glares the thunder peals
Wildly shrieks the crashing wood
Each sound some doom'd victim seals
Of absent friend
The wailing cry
By hoarse winds borne
{194b} Seems hurrying by
Now meteors flash
With fitful gleam
Thro' darkness sounds
Some lov'd one's screams
Red lightning's glare
We see the form
Of watch'd for friend
Sink 'neath the storm.
Deep in his ivy'd cave
Shrieks the gloomy owl
Wild o'er the blood stain'd ledge
Wolves bark while they prowl!
Horror wings the storm
Around each lov'd one twines despair
Terror's wildest form
Where e'er the wanderer turns seems there
(The printed text of the vocal items titles the next section "Invocation")
Awful spirit!
Oh, shield the path of those we love
Again the tempest howls
The guard of those we watch for prove
Horror wings the storm!
And now the dying winds
Cavern'd echoes find
{195a} And distant chimes in solemn peal
Upon their wearied voices steal
Again it rises wild,
Again the lightnings glare,
Enraged, the storm fiend shrieks,
Spreading dark despair.

Save, oh, save them
Oh, set them free
Mystic spirit
We bow to thee!

(*Alzine is seen at a window of the tower*)

Aria (Alzine)

Woe is me - woe is me
Why does thou tarry, father dear?
The wolves are prowling - night is drear
No moon shines forth to light thy way
Oh, father dear, I weep thy stay
In vain I've watch'd since died the day!

Zingari

Darkling the night, stormy and drear
Weep, lady, weep - he is not near

No signal yet, o'er hill and plain -
Look out - look out - our watch is vain!

(*A cavalcade is seen descending the mountain*)

Hail! happy sight! yon distant gleam!
Our friends approach, their torches beam!
Now from the distant hill
The mule bells merry sound
Thro' orange groves and rill
{195b} Echo wings around
Hark, their merry tinkling chime,
List, still nearer comes the sound,
Welcome home from distant clime,
Joy shall now abound
See! the torrent ford they clear
Our friends approach - they're here!
(The printed vocal items assigns the following to Muleteers)
Oh, welcome, merry bell!
By orange grove and rill,
But when of coming friends you tell
Dear welcome still!
As o'er the sands they roam
Muleteers are ever gay,
Our mule bells tell of home
Be home where it may.

Ensemble

Welcome wanderers welcome home
No more the dreary waste to roam)

(*The travellers are relieved of their load. Some depart as if to attend the cavalgado*[2] *without – El-Ximen calls to Diego who crosses*)

El Xim Jusseff, or Diego! I would speak with thee!

Diego Speak with me! The universal cry of the black eyed tempters of Andalusia!

El Xim Treachery is on foot! every pass is filled with Muslim hordes - tomorrow the truce expires - where is thy Lord?

Diego Did not the late King not banish my brave master? Hath he not been accused of betraying our country to these very Moors

El Xim Thy Lord knows not his accusers?

Diego No! One only friend in vain essayed to plead his cause - papers were found, they said - forgeries by the fiend! - his palace was seized - I escaped with his child - and you have given us shelter.

{196a}

El Xim Where is the young King, who hath been chosen sovereign of all Christian Spain?

Diego Piping love ballads for a bride, they say!

El Xim Better were he with his lance in rest and all his chivalry around him.

Diego We journied [*sic*] to Cordova in the hope that he would examine into the accusations and he might, before he was chosen King, but when a man has got all he wants, he'is the first to cry down enquiry for the benefit of others.

El Xim He refused?

Diego Not exactly - my lord sought out the only ones who'd stood by him when first accused. That friend's advice sent us back to these wilds, till he'd time to sound the new Monarch, but Henrique started on his love pilgrimage immediately after.

El Xim Did you hear of the King having been cheated by his friend, Count Alcala, in some love passage

Diego No - but if it be the senor of La Guardia here, he's the terror of every pretty maid in the province.

El Xim Henrique sent him to report the beauty of Amabel of Valencia - intending to unite his crown with her coronet - but Carlos falls in love with her gold - reports her ugly and Henrique gives him permission **{196b}** to become her bridegroom.

Diego Tis she who's expected at the castle?

[2] Should read Cavalgada – a ceremonial procession

El Xim Even so! and when wedded to her dowry, he made bid defiance to the crown of Spain. But she'll never arrive - either the King sees the folly of creating a dangerous vassal or intends wedding her himself, for he is placed troops to waylay her the heiress. But haste - I must see thy Lord - here's a web, if de Luna has the skill to unravel it, the offering of repentance - read!

Diego Do you take me for a Conjurer? read thyself. oh! if my lord were but restored to rank! then if the moor were in the field ha! Ha! Diego would soon draw the sword

(*Exit El Ximen*)

(*Enter Alzine*)

Alzine Oh! where does thou tarry, my father!

Diego He tarried at the Hermit's cell to shelter from the storm. I saw him there with one who slew the largest wolf eyes ever be held!

Alzine Fideo did it! I knew him brave as he is

Diego Handsome! Ha! I must warn the youth of his misfortune - comeliness has been my stumbling block

Alzine Nay this is folly

{197a}

Diego So I tell the Maidens – beauty is but skin deep (…?) but yours is such a thick skin they say!

Exit

(*Enter Henrique , as a Montero*)

Hen He is in the paradise of the Peris[3], who now dwells in the sweet Alzine's pure thought.

Alzine Fideo! I -I – was on my way to the Spring, for water

Duet

Henrique (recit)
The silver music of her faltering voice.
Trembles at sound of mine, ah, does she love
The rushing blood encrimsons her fair cheek
Alzine
Poor silly heart, oh still thy throbbing pulse,
Why beat thy prison —wouldst thou fly that voice
Whose melody thy life is? ah, he comes !

[3] A supernatural being in Persian folklore descended from fallen angels and excluded from paradise until penance is accomplished

Air (Henrique)
Say whither sweet maiden, say whither away-
Here Eden blooms ever, while blest by thy stay-
Here flow'rs in modesty's beauty abound,
But thou art the fairest that blossoms around!

Alzine
I hasten good stranger, fresh gushes the spring,
There flowing invites me, its waters to bring-
To list to the song of its pure rippling stream,
See its tiny waves dance in the sun's golden beam.

Henrique
But it flows by the door of thy cot gentle maid.

Alzine
It is turbid and wild as it sweeps thro' the glade.

Henrique.
Just like love

Alzine.
Ah, like love

Henrique
Pure and clear at the spring.

Alzine.
I hasten good stranger, its waters to bring.

{197b}

Henrique
Wilt thou trust me with thy vase?

Alzine.
Wilt thou pure its waters?

Henrique.
Were it Love's own fountain, maiden,
With purity I'd seek thee laden!

Alzine.
Were it Love's own fountain springing,
The stream were purer for his bringing.
Oh take my vase !

Henrique.
Thy heart

Alzine.
Oh take it,
Yet beware, a sigh will break it

Henrique.
Ne'er will I cause sigh to break it

Duet
Henrique
Oh bliss supreme ! thy lips have breath'd my joy,
Thou'rt mine, that thought can every fear destroy.
From transport bright my spirit ne'er can sever.
If thou art mine, sweet maid, art mine for ever

Together
(The printed text of the vocal items assigns this verse to Alzine)
To faithful love do I resign my heart,
I'm thine, ne'er cause the sorrowing tear to start!
Peace - trembling breast be joy thy tenant ever,
Whilst [he/she] is true, pure love and bliss can't sever!

(*She sinks on his bosom, as Alvaro enters*)

Alvaro A wolf! and in the fold of the pet lamb

Alzine (*rushes to him*) Dear father !

Alvaro Stranger Hunter - a month hath waned since first I met you on the hills and heard you sing gay songs of the olden time - yet we know you not

Hen I'm a true Montero

Alvaro A right good master of the woodcraft I have proved thee - whose Hunter art thou?
{198a}
Hen The King's

Alvaro Comest thou from the court? Come clever girl! better for thee to meet this forest savage than the human monster of the palace. Where is the king?

Hen Tis not well known. Made captive by a lovely face, seen for a moment at Cordova, he has wandered forth upon love's pilgrimage to seek his unknown fair!

Alvaro E'er while the Moor is on the borders!

Hen Henrique is not one to slumber, tho' his task is difficult - 'tis pity he, whose valor held the Moor in thrall, should turn to treason and betray his country to them

Alvaro Who mean you?

Hen De Luna - banished for selling secrets to the Moors

Alvaro Didst know de Luna? Go my child - fill thy vase - (*aside*) the menial office blinds suspicion!

Alzine And Fideo?

Alvaro Will wait thy coming - go! (*she goes off*) You know not what it is for the heart to be bound up in one loved being! There are stepping stones beyond the bridge - the storm has swollen the stream - see that she passes safely then return to me

(*Exit Hen*)

She loves this stranger! a wooden too! And what am I? the memory of my lost home and a **{198b}** grave in the green forest are all now left me!

Song (Recit)

Thou rock, whose caverns are my shelter, hail!
To thee, thou giant solitary home,
The ingrate heart is ne'er thy welcome guest!
Sorrow and courage hallow thy vast wilds-
The grief struck soul finds refuge in thy calm!

Air

No more shall the trumpet of fame wake my soul,
The thunder of war now unheeded may roll.
In the wild and the forest, though doomed e'er to roam
The heart of the exile shall still find a home.
Farewell to the banners that wave in my halls,
Won in fight from the foe wlio'd my country enchain,
Farewell to my ivy encrusted old walls
Whose echo shall ne'er hear their master complain.
Farewell to the hope that endeared the lov'd spot,
The breath of the traitor that fond hope hath riven,
On my bright shield of honor corrodes the foul blot,
But truth lights my exile, tho' to the wild driven.

(*Enter El Ximen*)

El Xim Though did'st give me life when all else cried to smite the poor Zingaro - and bread to him and to Hamet the brother of his heart! Hamet sent for me. I am bearer of his dying prayer to thee. He hath made confession to my lord - he lies upon the couch in La Guardia and bade me summon thee to hear **{198b}** a tale from dying lips, which shall restore thy (...?) and name. Nor may my service end with this. Alcala trusts me as he trusted Hamet - doubt not, I'll use such trust to serve my benefactors. (*gives a paper*)

(*Exit*)

Alvaro Restore my name! This Hamet was my trusted scribe; he left me when misfortune's blast blew cold. Alcala knows me not. I'll venture to La Guardia - Ha! I must avoid this youth - this enterprise claims all my thoughts

(*Exit*)

Enter Henrique

Hen Not here! No matter, I can pursue my purpose and venture deeper into the Serannia. (*takes down cloak*) I'll borrow this disguise - this gold will repay its owner! (*placing it on bench*). Sweet mountain maiden. Thou art then the Moorish beauty of Cordova? I recognized thy face when first by chance directed hither. Love's Pilgrim now has found his shrine but can I present to my assembled Knights the daughter of an outcast wanderer as my queen. It must not be - yet is my soul enraptured with her!

Song (Recit)

Spirit of love! Oh! would thy gentle power,
Could change my sceptre to the shepherd's crook,
{199a} I'm with my flocks, my lowly Maid draws near.
What music's on the air - it is her voice
Echo entranced, repeats her silver tones!
Oh joy of lowliness, she whispers love.
Relentless fate, the vision's gone - hope flies,
Tho' doom'd to part, my heart must still adore.

Air

Bright eyed Moorish maiden,
Formed for love,
Peri, sweet of Eden,
Passion's gentle dove!
Soft whispers from thy lips fairest.
Steal souls hence.
While the loveliest charm thou wearest.
Is thine innocence!
Thy smile a Paradise is bringing,
Thy voice is like an angel's singing!
Bright eyed Moorish maiden.
Hush'd thy lute.
Round thee perfume laden,
List'ning winds are mute,
Nature tranced in pleasure.
Smiles on thee,
Aden's[4] choicest treasure
Thou art formed to be.

(*Exit*)

[4] Probably a mis print for Eden.

{200a}

Scene 2nd

A Pass in the Mountains
Enter Carlos and Rodrigo

Carlos Curses on my runaway Arabian! He hath lamed himself and bewildered me in this forest. What led me to the chase?

Rod The young Moorish beauty you beheld in these dark woods my lord

Carlos Hope to see her has been my guide! But fate's dark hand is working! Cast to the ground by my unruly steed, I found myself upon the spot where last I saw De Luna. This is the anniversary of his fall - is mine forboded?

Rod My lord need have no fear of that proud man - Hamet is dying and with him dies our secret. Think but of coming joys! Is not your bride the fair Princess of Valentia on her way to join you at La Guardia?

Carlos True! Why did Henrique send me to be a judge of beauty? I have a heart to feel its power - I saw and loved! But go sound thy bugle - collect my train. I'll wait this spring

(*Exit Rodrigo*)

La Guardia, thou'rt my ruin and my strength! Envy at seeing thy proud walls committed to the keeping of De Luna, first made me plot his ruin. Ha! the Peri I before beheld (*retires*)

Enter Alzine

{200b}

Alzine He's lowly - only a Montero - yet speaks as one of gentle blood. Can I forget I am De Luna's daughter? Will he forget the panoply of Knighthood and pride of birth? Dare my heart yield to love and hope?

Song (Recit)

Oh lute, thou art my solace, I hear thee
And then I hope. What magic's in thy strain?
My bosom's secret is revealed—sweet lute
I need not hide me now, to hear thy notes
Repeat the airs he taught me, airs so lov'd!.

Air

Say my lute why thy sweet note
Such calm delight around me flings?
'Tis because there seems to float
That charm which chains me while he sings.
True my lute thy song he tunes,
In fancy I can hear his voice,
Thus in thy tones my heart communes
With him who bids that heart rejoice.

Dear art thou lute tho' he's away,
In thy sweet note he'll with me stay!
Dear art thou lute, I touch thy strings,
And he I love in fancy sings.

Carlos (*coming forward - takes her hand*) Fear nothing, pretty Infidel, by Mohamet, thou'rt safe.

Alzine Ha! who art thou?

Carlos I will not harm thee. I would convert thee, pretty Infidel! or thou shalt make my heart apostate - assuring me the Muslim's Heaven on earth!

Finale (Recit)

Carlos.
Maiden stay—fear not, thou loveliest flower

Alzine.
Sir knight, I fear thee not. Away begone **{201a}** Rude,
ruthless man - leave me discourteous Knight!

Carlos.
Thy smile's to me a Heaven of light and life!

Alzine.
His smile, his look seems hope and peace to blight.

Carlos
My lovely prize

Alzine.
Hence! I am Spain's daughter.
You are sworn her knight

Carlos,
More fair in anger
Why shun me trembling maid?

Alzine.
Seeming friendless.
Mark, I have friends near.

Carlos,
Slave to thy beauties,
Those beauties shall be mine—in vain thy frowns!

Alzine
Leave me – dread my anger

Carlos
Sweet rose art thou—why thus so coy 1

Alzine.
Begone! Father, why dost thou stay?

Duet

Carlos.
Come lovely forest rose outshine
The flow'rs that deck pride's bow'rs,
Thy simple beauties I'll entwine
To grace love's courtly hours.
Come lovely rose come.

Alzine.
Go knight forsworn go
Go, let the forest rose entwine
Its leaves with woodland bowers,
Its simple buds would sadly pine,
Not grace love's courtly hours.
Go knight forsworn go.

Recit

Carlos
Foiled thus, shall I retire—no, fate forbid !

Alzine.
Haste, my father! Aid me Fideo !

Carlos.
Ha!
Some mountain lover—thus I secure

Alzine.
Here's aid

{201b}

Carlos.
Where! Speak!

Alzine.
There (*points upwards*)

Carlos.
Mean'st thou ?

Alzine.
Heaven hears my prayer.

Carlos.
Vain subterfuge—thou'rt mine—sweet rose my prize!

Alvaro (*without*).
Alzine

Alzine.
My father !

Carlos.
Accursed chance.

Alvaro.
Alzine.

Alzine.
Here, father, here.

Carlos.
My power is foil'd

Alzine.
Father
!
Alvaro (enters)
Where art thou hid—where hast thou fled
my child !
Alzine, my heart's fond prize !

Carlos.
My hope is lost.

Alvaro.
Thy neck is pale!

Alzine.
Pale, no

Alvaro.
Thine eyes glare wildly.

Alzine.
Father, no (*aside*) - dissembling may ward danger
My father dear—why lowers thy brow thus! mark—

Trio
1 have escaped a ravening wolf
Reckless the monster—now, with brutal force
E'en now, he seiz'd me—this brave knight—I'm safe

Carlos
I cannot dare a father's anger – Ha!
Oh, woman's art, it never fails—beware
I now submit - the time will come - 'tis near !

Alvaro.
Speak thou beloved - dared this stranger? Escap'd !
A wolf! Oh, fearful thought—Oh, thought of horror !
My child thou'rt safe—my hope—safe in my arms !

Alzine.
Thou noble Knight, full well thou'st kept thy vow.
Most brave and gallant knight—thanks to thy courage
Well bath earned, thy heart now claims thy due.

Carlos (*aside*)
Proud and scornful woman—art ne'er failed thee.

Alvaro.
Thanks from a fond father's heart to thee —thanks
Thou gallant knight are due.
(*Horns heard*)

Alzine.
Hark, the hunters' horn—see our friends draw near.

Carlos.
'Tis my forest train—through the woods they hie.

Alvaro.
'Tis some forest train—see, our friends draw near.

{202a}

Trio and Chorus

Alvaro and Alzine.
Friends appear—wanderers free,
From deserts wild—here to be,
Stars their guide—o'er the sea.

Carlos.
Charms like hers—wandering Maid,
Ne'er before has displayed
These thy friends—can it be!

.Enter Zingari and Henrique, disguised
Friends are we—free and gay,
Music calls—we obey.
False is he—young though he be.

Ensemble
Hark, through the wild the hunters' merry notes
On sportive winds 'mid mocking echoes float.
Boldly the hunter sweeps thro' the glade,
He the forest scours,
Quick the boar must fly,
Quick he'll fly.
Echo the music his bugle made
Sings to woodland bow'rs,
Soon the wolf must die.
Soon he'll die.
Vainly flies the gore stained forest savage,
Ne'er again our peaceful fields he'll ravage.
Hunter, range thou free,
'Neath the greenwood tree.
Boldly the hunter, &c.

(*Rodrigo leads on a party of Hunters*)

Alzine.
Fideo haste—why thus away—why stay?
Poor heart be calm.

Carlos,
Dark night will come—she's mine !
Night's gloom will aid.

Afra.
She seeks her hunter lover—speak trembler speak.

Henrique.
Can this disguise deceive love's eyes? Alzine!

Alvaro.
'Tis plain she loves him—Alzine my lov'd child,
He's lowly born—stern fate thy harsh decree
Hath humbled me—pride then away—away.

{202b}

Carlos
Farewell La Guardia's Lord's tliy beauty's slave,
A love that ne'er can change my bosom feels,
Nay turn not from me, listen to my vows.

Alzine (asideJ,
Sir Knight, this insult cease. I fear not now
Begone, I will not hear thee—may betray.

Henrique,
Beware of the false one—beware— beware !

Henrique and Chorus.
Beware, says a star in the dark blue sky,
Here—here reveal'd, fate's mysteries lie.

Alzaro, Alzine, Afra.
What means this tale of doom, this mystery, speak !

Carlos,
'Tis some art, awe to spread o'er my heart.

Zingari.
What, what saith the stars, search the dark blue sky.
There revealed to our eyes fate's mysteries lie.

Henrique.
Now should she speak—if known all's lost, Alzine!

Alzine.
Ha, thou art come—why this disguise—oh speak!

Henrique.
If that thou lov'st truly, thou'lt trust thy love.

Afra.
Stranger, she loves truly, if thou play'st false
Harm fall thy future path.

CHORUS.
What, What say the stars, &c.

Henrique.
I read there a tale of a gay young knight,
Who would trusting friendship blight,
Stranger, say, can it be, that a knight gay and free,
In the broad face of day, friend and love would betray,

CHORUS.
He reads a tale of friendship's blight.
Of love forsworn by gay young knight,
Stranger, say, can it be &c.

Carlos and Alvaro (during the above).
Carlos.
They threat some ill impendiug.
Some darkling deed intending.

Alvaro,
His spirit shrinks awe bidden,
Some mystery here is hidden.

Alzine
What means my bosom's terror? doubt and fear
Alternate sway

Afra.
Be calm !

Henrique.
Why doubts my love 1

Chorus.
Mark, gloom o'er hangs his brow,
Doubt darkens o'er him now.

Chorus - El Ximen and Zingari.
See, through the thicket a stranger flies,
This way he comes, fear in his eyes,
{203a} See, he dismounts, on speed intent,
He sees us, here his steps are bent.

Enter Leolf, his sword drawn

Carlos.
What gloomy fears foreloding ill.
My limbs enchain, my senses chill.
As stormy cloud o'ershadows light,
So coming harm spreads dread and blight.

Chorus (during the above)
What gloomy fear like stormy cloud
All dark and drear, his hopes enshroud.

Leolf
Good masters aid! fierce armed men
Have seized a lady in the glen,
The maid their lawful prize they deem.
Though soldiers of the king they seem.

Carlos,
The lady's name ?

Leolf.
Alcala's bride.

Carlos
All's lost
The Lady of Valentia seized—all's known
And ruin whelms me.

Henrique
My orders are obeyed

Leolf (aside)
They are my liege (*sic*), thy orders are obeyed.

Henrique
Now, traitor tremble, thou, thy falsehood's known,
Beware my anger!

Alzine.
What thought o'erjoys thee?
Oh speak love, art thou changed to thy Alzine!

Henrique.
Calm thy fears my heart's adored, loved Alzine.

Alzine.
That happy sound brings joy and pleasure back.

Henrique.
Traitor beware, thou'rt known, thy bride's my thrall.

Alzine.
Joy to this faithful heart

Henrique,
I'll ne'er deceive thee!

Leolf,
Stern duty conquers where my love was reigning.

Carlos.
If all be lost, all known, my hope destroyed,
Revenge shall sweeten all

Triumph's secure !

Carlos and Rodrigo
To horse and away my bride to secure.
No monarch shall trample on rights that are mine.
My hope thus destroy'd, my revenge shall be sure.
Though I sacrifice life on the fierce sanguine shrine.

Alvaro.
Sorrow begone, regret hence away,
Treason stands confest,
Tlio' dark and drear these forest glades
Weary hearts find rest;

Alvaro.
Sorrow begone, regret hence away,
Treason stands confess’d,
Tlio' dark and drear these forest glades
Weary hearts find rest;

Hence, hence vain pride as hopes decay,
{203b} Peace shall fill my breast.

Henrique

Hence, hence vain doubts, my heart is thine
My love is true sweet maid,
Beware false friend, now thy treason's known,
Its memory shall not fade.

Chorus.

To horse, to horse, begone as you may,
Your bride shall be lost!
Begone, to horse, begone, why delay,
Thy fate is tempest tost
A king is thy rival, thy hopes are all fled
On the winds are thy wishes, by evil sprites led.

The Zingari deride the anger of Carlos and party. Henrique threatening his vengeance. Alzine is overjoyed and sings

What bliss pure hearts in love e'er find
The flow'rs more sweet, more bright the skies.

She embraces Alvaro. Carlos enraged, prepares to depart – as the Drop descends

End of Act First

Hence, hence vain pride as hopes decay,
Peace shall fill my breast.

Henrique

Hence, hence vain doubts, my heart is thine
My love is true sweet maid,
Beware false friend, now thy treason's known,
Its memory shall not fade ;
Here in these dark and gloomy shades
A double vow I've made.

Leolf

Sweet hope begone, she's lost, lost to me.
Still my love shall live,
Duty though stern, obeyed shalt thou be,
Though life with love I give
Adieu sweet maid, adieu still too dear,
Can love though hopeless live.

Afra.

To horse, to horse, begone as you may,
Your bride shall be lost!
To horse, to horse, thou art false, hence away,
Love's path thou hast cross'd !
Begone, to horse, begone, why delay,
Thy fate is tempest toss'd !

El Ximen and Zingari Chorus.

To horse and away, thy bride else is lost,
The dark fates oppose thee,
the doom stars have cross'd
A king is thy rival, thy hopes are all fled;
On the winds are thy wishes, by evil sprites led.
To horse bridegroom fly,
Thy hopes all shall die.

End of First Act

{204a}

Act 2nd. Scene 1st

Courtyard of the Castel La Guardia
Enter Peasants and Amabel

Joy to the bride, to the lovely bride,
Sweet as blooming spring,
Gay as opening morn,
Bright may her life as a summer glide
Pure as zephyr's wing
Fresh from rose new born.
Merry maids are wreathing
Orange blossoms fair,
Blessings o'er them breathing,
Bride, for thy dark hair.
Strike, strike the gay guitar,
Pure shall our offering be,
Gay as our youthful hearts.
Bride, free from guile like thee.
Long may thy virtues be our theme,
Viva—viva, sing viva,
Long live the bride in joy supreme,
Viva—viva, sing viva.

Ama My friends, the bride has not arrived. I am her poor bower woman. The King will, tomorrow, bring her here. He will then thank you! (Exeunt peasants)

(*Enter Leolf*)

Ha! My valiant lover! Without a sigh he yielded me up to the youthful Monarch. Has he changed? I'll test him.

Leolf This girl crosses my path at every turn! Amabel! Art thou lost to me? Oh, duty, stern and cruel tyrant, I have yielded to your dictates. If she should win a Monarch's love! - what seek you?

{204b}

Ama La! How crabbed, senor!

Leolf Why thus track my footsteps? go!

Recit Leolf. Why me pursue ?	Recit Leolf. Why me pursue ?
Amabel. Nay brave Senor	Amabel. Nay brave Senor

Leolf.
Away !
Fair maid, my heart is gone.

Amabel,
Oh fie ! A lady merits more than this.

Leolf
My heart is vow'd to love

Amabel
Thou'lt love again

Leolf
Oh, ne'er with heart goes life

Amabel
I'll change thy creed!

Leolf
My heart is sworn to truth!

Leolf.
Away !
Fair maid, my heart is gone.

Amabel,
Poor heart quite gone ?

Leolf.
To one adored

Amabel
So ungallant, oh fie !
A lady merits more Senor, than this.

Leolf
Wise Moslem law, which chains thy sex at home,
I would 'twas her in force!

Amabel
Oh, cruel wish
Thou'lt love again

Leolf
No, ne'er - with heart goes life

Amabel
I'd wager life –

Leolf
'Twere lost, my love is vowed!

Amabel
I'll change thy creed!

Leolf
My heart is sworn to truth!

Duet

Amabel.
Oh do not scorn a loving maid.
Whose tender heart hath felt love's dart,
And by thy winning smiles betray'd.

Leolf.
Oh do not mock me cruel maid,
My faithful heart which own's Love's smart
Can ne'er to falsehood yield betray'd.

Amabel.
Oh do not scorn a loving maid.
Whose tender heart hath felt love's dart,
And by thy winning smiles betray'd.

Leolf.
Oh do not mock me cruel maid,
My faithful heart which own's Love's smart
Can ne'er to falsehood yield betray'd
Amabel.

I defy glance of fire from thine eye

Amabel.

I deny thou canst fly from mine eye!
Prythee look in my face,
Will you break my poor heart!

Leolf.

Silly maid 'tis in vain
Pray depart—pray depart.

(*During above, as she hangs fainting on his arm, he removes her veil – Both laugh*)

{205a}

Leolf

Dearest maid thus thou see'st me true.
Ne'er again thou'lt doubt my love
I've sworn my faith to thee is due
And time itself that faith shall prove.

Amabel

Faithful knight, jealous fears did deceive me
Thou'rt true, ne'er again I'll doubt thy love
I own to thee my faith is due
And time itself that faith shall prove!

Cruel knight—love to blight.

Leolf.

Silly maid—vows I've made.

Leolf and Amabel (together)

Leolf.

Dona cease—go pretty stranger.
My love's so true 'twill dare all danger

Amabel.

Senor fly—or dread your danger,
Your love shall yield to me a stranger.

Leolf.

I defy glance of fire from thine eye.

Amabel.

I deny thou canst fly from mine eye.

Leolf,

Yes—yes—yes.

Amabel.

No—no—no.

Amabel.

Cruel knight, wilt thou fly me,
Canst thou think her true,
Thou art plighted to !
Fie Senor, wilt deny me.
Dost thon love so well
Faithless Amabel.

Leolf.

Dona cease, ne'er defame her,
Think'st thou Amabel
'Tis I love so well T
Prythee pause, do not name her,
Were she lost to me
I could ne'er love thee.

Amabel.

Prythee look in my face,
Will you break my poor heart!

Leolf.

Silly maid 'tis in vain

Pray depart—pray depart.

Amabel.
Cruel knight, you dare not on me gaze,
How the boaster, your conduct betrays.

Leolf (*aside*)
Tho' absent, still faithful to thee love,
In the light of thy beauty I move.

Amabel.
His heart's truth I've proved,
Still I'm prized, dearly loved,
Yet to teaze him—I faint—for help fly,
Oh, I sink cruel, knight ! oh, I die!

Leolf.
What to do—she will die,
How to act—where to fly.
Help I'll call, or she'll die,
Can it be -

Amabel (*mocking*).
Where to fly.

Leolf (*seeing her face*)
Can it be !

Amabel.
Oh, I die!
Ha—ha—ha—ha !

Leolf (sheepishly)
. Ha—ha—'ha—ha !

(*Both join joyously in the laugh*)

Together
Dearest maid thus thou see'st me true.
Faithful knight, yes, I see thee true.
Ne'er again thou'lt/ I'll doubt my/thy love
I've sworn / I own to thee my faith due
And time itself that faith shall prove.

Leolf.
Dearest maid, oh believe me,
'Twas true love did deceive me.

Amabel.
Cruel knight, wilt deceive me.
If I fondly believe thee?

Leolf.
Oh believe me—dearest maid.

Amabel.
I believe thee—faithful knight.

Leolf The peerless lady Amabel!... and in this lowly guise

Ama Did you not, without one pang, hand me over, as you supposed, to Henrique?

Leolf With aching heart, I did the mission of my King - yet did a hope cling to my heart that you would plead my cause. But how came you here?

Ama I was in the waylaid cavalgado but Blance, my 'tire woman and I had changed our stations; she in my clothes and veil you watched, while I, in hers, watched you - so to effect escape to (...?) where you were. I changed my dress and station with my bower maid - Henrique made prisoner of her and sent me, whom he believed her handmaid, on to prepare her gear and ornaments. But why did the king entrap me

Leolf Carlos deceived the King - told him your charms were in your goal then begged permission to espouse your lands.

Ama Indeed! But I must haste else I may lose my place **{205b}** ha! ha! I will return to you!

Exit

Leolf

When Henrique shall see her matchless charms, my Kingly friend may be my rival! But away with fear! Why should I not be victor in love's tournament?

Recit

Love keeps gay court – bright glowing scene,
'Tis a young maiden's heart – I dare the field

Gay Tournament, bright glowing scene.
To youth and valor Love holds forth a prize,
'Tis a young maiden's heart, I dare the field.
That young heart loves me, victory then is mine,
Sound trumpets sound, to drown all hopeless sighs

Air

With spear and shield, and true love's gage,
I sally forth where gallant knights
And merry maids
All gaily throng—love's tournament,
And music's sound
Spreads joys around.
With bounding heart, fierce war I wage,

'Gainst all who dare for love's delights
Seek myrtle shades,
Or pass the hours—'mid roseate bowers,
With hope's bright smile—and flattering wile,
Resolved to sway
The festive day.
Oh, the gallant happy thought,
Mine's the prize so boldly sought.
The lists are formed, the trumpets sound.
Love's champions pace the brilliant round.

Oh, the gallant etc.

The beam of one bright eye meets mine,
That glance shall victory round me twine.
Thy love is mine—my trusty glaive
Shall justify the love you gave.
Oh, the gallant happy thought,
Mine's the love so boldly sought.
With spear and shield, &c.

(*Exit*)

{206a}

Scene 2nd

Exterior of part of the Moorish Ruins
Enter Diego and Afra

Diego So, the Moors are in this part of the Serrania! But why need you look pale! Am I not near you? And were it known that I am near them, they would fly appalled! Did you never hear what I did in the wars of Andalusia?

Afra No!

Diego No! - then it's likely you never will - modesty prevents my speech and envy prevents that of others. But seek my master's daughter. I must remove her from these Unbelievers. You shall be the especial ear of your Adorer!

Afra Adorer! You're by turns the Adorer of every girl of the tribe!

Diego Proof of my liberality of feeling! Ah! lady bird! (*Enter Alzine*) We must shift our quarters. The Muslem is too near a neighbour

Alzine Where stays my father?

Diego He's been summoned to death bed of Hamet at the Castell Guardia-

Alzine Lead me to him!

Diego Too well I am acquainted with Count Carlos. 'Tis dangerous to tempt him with beauty. But I'm hastening to him with this news. I shall be with him and should the Knaves presume! - this potent **{206b}** staff! I have a manner with it! (*flourishing*) What a pity I wasn't born a General! I've great aptness in appropriating the supplies! Afra, run and prepare the Pedlar's pack your father uses as disguise

Alzine A Pedlar

Diego Aye! Better be forced to little dealings by misfortune than disgrace prosperity by paltry actions! Afra, lead the way. I'll be true to you as the terrier to the rat! And should I see Fideo, lady, I'll not even hint that - no I'll say you do not wish to see him.

(*Exit with Afra*)

Alzine Why should I wish to see him? yet my ear measures every footfall in the hope - Alas Fideo!

(*Exit*)

Scene 3rd

Moorish Garden of the Castell Guardia
Enter Alvaro

Alvaro He's dead! oh death, why fell thy dart, ere his apostate tongue had fed my greedy ear with his suborner's name (*Enter Diego*) How now? My child?

Diego Is well - but the unbelieving hordes press on our retreat.

Alvaro Then we must fly - Behold these papers. Hamet is **{207a}** dead. His dying lips revealed the plan for my destruction

Diego And proof my lord?

Alvaro Is here. He became my servant and was trusted because his Eastern skills enabled him to write all characters. His guilty hand has imitated mine. Bribed by some foe he copied these vile originals. This he confessed in presence of the holy Prior but he died ere he revealed the name of him who bribed! This castle's Lord approaches. I know not if he be my foe, but with my country's danger, I will test him. Wait within sight!

Diego Only give the signal! should they dare - Ahem! I've my quarterstaff

(*Exit*)

Enter Carlos and Rodrigo

Carlos Hamet is dead, our secret then is safe! that lovely Peri shall be mine! with trusty followers be ready when the night shuts in! Her father! Haste! prepare for the chace (*sic*) I spoke of - let there be no delay.

(*Exit Rodrigo*)

Alvaro Finds the senor of La Guardia leisure for the chace, while the Moor swarms the wild Serania? Oh! Spain my country!

Recit.

My native land, there's magic in thy name !
The Moor would ravage thy green fields, why sleeps,
Why sleeps the warder! where's the bold alarm
Alvaro would have sounded!

{207b}

Carlos
Who art thou
Dare name a traitor with unblushing brow

Alvaro
Who art thou?
Dare name him traitor with unblushing front?

Carlos.
He sold name, fame and land, for Moorish gold!

Alvaro.
A foe, I must beware !

Air
Oh, could I trace the coward knave,
Before the light I'd drag the slave,

Carlos.
Conscience her chain now winds around me
The fiends of doom by fate have bound me

Recit
Who art thou, who'd thy vengeance wreak
On one thou know'st not, stranger speak

Alvaro.
I must beware! - Behold a humble friend,
A lover of De Luna's fame – A friend!
Thy name - what man art thou, whose burning hate
Speaks for another- speaks in fire ? Wilt thou list
A tale of shame?

Carlos,
Who art thou
Dare name a traitor with unblushing brow?

Alvaro.
Say who art thou dare name him, traitor say!

Carlos.
He sold name, fame and land, for Moorish gold !
Alvaro.
A foe, I must beware ! (*recoiling*)

Carlos
He's lost to shame

Alvaro.
A foe
Carlos
To honor dead!

Alvaro.
1 must beware
!
Carlos.
He country sold
Alvaro.
Oh, false!

Carlos.
For Moorish gold !

Together

Carlos.
I will list thy tale!

Alvaro
My heart will bleed within me while I tell
The wrongs of him, once his lov'd
country's pride.
Mark, I tell of a knight once the pride of his race
Alas, the false friend o'er his name cast disgrace
My heart bleeds within me, that knight well I
know,
Sav'd his king from the traitor, his land from
the foe

Carlos
My rage rises fiercely, for too well I know
He his king sold to traitors, his land to the foe!

Alvaro
False as the fiend, and basely vile the slave
Who stabb'd with friendship's smile.
{208a}
Carlos
The traitor's guilt
I'll prove - he sold the King!

Both
A nation's vengeance tracks the slave –
his shame
Beyond the grave shall last. (*Trumpet*)

Alvaro
Hark, the Moor his challenge soundeth

Carlos
No foe
Dares bear the hostile crescent near my gate!

Alvaro
Knights of fair Castile grasp spear and shield
Rush on for Spain, wait not a Leader

Carlos
We brave the Moslem swords and ready spears
Leap forth to meet them – on for Spain!
Rush on!
Alvaro.
When to the conflict duty calls.

Alvaro.
Oh, could I trace the coward knave,
Before the light I'd drag the slave,
Before the world his guilt proclaim,
And brand with shame the craven's name.
Carlos.
Conscience her chain now winds around me,
The fiends of doom by fate have bound me,
My spirit writhes in fierce despair.
Each way I look the wronged one's there.

Carlos (*resumed*) Recit
Who art thou, who'd thy vengeance wreak
On one thou know'st not, stranger speak!

Alvaro.
I must beware (*aside*) behold a humble friend,
A lover of De Luna's fame.

Carlos.
A friend!
I'll track, yes, closely watch thee, thou'rt my foe
Thy name! what man art thou whose burning hate
Thus for another speaks in fire ?

Alvaro.
Wilt list
A tale of shame ?

Carlos.
Speak thou, I list thy tale.

Alvaro.
My heart will bleed within me while I tell
The wrongs of him, once his loved country's pride.

Carlos.
Remorseful memory paints too well the tale,
But my foe ne'er shall triumph in my fears.

Air - Carlos.
Mark, I tell of a knight once the pride of bis race,
Alas, falsehood's tongue o'er his name cast disgrace.
My heart bleeds within me, that knight well I know,
Saved his king from the traitor, his land from the foe.

Alvaro.
Mark, thou tell'st of a knight, in thy tale I can trace,

Heaven guards the true and brave,
Undying fame wins he who falls
His native land and love to save!

Carlos.
When to the conflict duty calls,
The Paynim chivalry to brave.
Bright victory's wreath cheers him who falls
His native etc.

Exeunt

The foe of his land, and the shame of his race.
My rage rises fiercely, for too well I know
He his king sold to traitors, his land to the foe.

Recitative.- Alvaro (*accompanied*).
False as the fiend, and basely vile the slave
Who stabs with friendship's smile.

Carlos.
I'll prove
The traitor's guilty he sold his king, I'll prove.

Both.
A nation's vengeance tracks the slave,
His shame shall last beyond the grave.

Repeated

Alvaro.
Oh, could I trace, &c. &c.

Carlos.
Conscience thy chain, &c. &c.

Recitative - Alvaro
Hark, the Moor his challenge soundeth.

Carlos.
No foe
Dares bear the hostile crescent near my gate,
What knight would pause at his lov'd country's cry,
I brave the Moslem when my country calls,
On, rush on for Spain !

Air
Alvaro.
When to the conflict duty calls.
Heaven guards the true and brave,
Undying fame wins he who falls
His native land and love to save.

Carlos.
When to the conflict duty calls,
The Paynim chivalry to brave.
Bright victory's wreath cheers him who falls
His native land and love to save.

Both.
Tho' fiercely the Moors from the mountains rush,
Tho' wild their war cry as they scour our plains,

Their crescent we'll dim in the day's first blush,
And track their rude path with despair and chains

Maids of fair Castile, weep not, cease your fears,
Oh, stain not your warriors' arms with your tears.
Children, oh, cling not, nor wives the path bar,
Of sire and husband thus called to the war.
When to the conflict, &c. &c.

Enter Amabel and Diego

Diego Let me shew you my wares

Am Leave me. I'm a stranger

Diego I know you

Am You know me! Who do you take me for? Who told you?

Diego My heart!

Am Psha

{208b}

Diego Psha! Go sensitive inhabitant of this throbbing bosom - she says psha! From the instant I beheld you, I knew you were one of the bride's maids of the lady of Valentia, who is expected tomorrow. Said I to myself, she'll buy some of my wares, nay more, she'll tell the news of Valentia and beyond Toledo. And then thou shalt demand no price for thy ribbons more than a smile for her jet black eye!

Am Is news of such importance with a simple Pedlar, that he values it above his wares?

Diego I'm not as a simple Pedlar as the phrase goes, Dona. I may have dearer wares abroad - female goods in strong families. I had a toy I loved in that of the Count de Luna. I would hear of her.

Am De Luna! Is this some spy?

Diego Come pretty one - a word, or a kiss, by the mass!

Am How dare you take this liberty!

Diego A man must take liberties with somebody - and I've been shut in the mountains where I've seen so few.

Am My lady of Valentia sheltered some of the followers of De Luna - he was her father's friend

Diego I knew it, bless her. Prythee, Dona, recommend my goods to her

Am Hark thee, Pedlar! So thou wilt leave me now, I will introduce thee to Valentia's Countess - nay promise she shall buy all thy wares, tomorrow!

Diego I shall obey thee! Her mistress may befriend my **{209a}** master. One kiss of the delicate tip of your fingers shall purchase me and all my wares! Incomparable Goddess, I'm gone!

(*Exit*)

Am Strange vicissitudes of fate! A sovereign Countess, I tremble at a lowly Pedlar's glance lest he should recognize me! But I mustn't forget I have for the present to support the part of waiting Maid. What shall I say to the Peasantry?

Recit

Let me remember who I am – the bride?
No, no, the Bridesmaid – let me forget not that
Now shall I issue forth my invitations!

Air

Merry hearted maids, who love the moonlight dance,
To form youth's joyous bridal train advance.
Never ending joys and pleasure rouud ye spreading,
Haste, haste to trip it at our Spanish wedding.
Come gay guitars bring tuneful strains.
Come pretty tongues bring pretty prattle,
Come merry hearts from olive plains,
Bring castanets in merry rattle.
Cavaliers we can't excuse you,
Star eyed maidens Hymen woos you,
Gay hearts, mirth around ye shedding,
{209b} Hasten to our Spanish wedding.
Should we find one gloomy creature
Who would mar our festive sport,
With fretful sigh or doleful feature,
We'll banish him from Hymen's court
We want not frowns, but merry faces.
With music's charms, the dances graces,
Let care strive, for power in vain.
We banish him youth's bridal train.
Merry hearted maids, &c.

(*Exit*)

Scene 3rd

Exterior of the Huts of the Zingari – Alvaro's Hut R.H.
Enter Diego

Diego So! Once more arrived at our hiding place! Ha! a light! El Ximen and our Zingaro friends have, by this, safely return with my Lord (*knocks*)

Alzine appears at a casement

Alzine Hist! is that you?

Diego Yes I Diego!

Alzine Oh! only they Diego! (*retires*)

Diego Only Diego! mm! Unbuckle strap - come off good pack! By thy friendly aid alone, have I been able **{210a}** to venture into the world and what its waggings (*Alzine enters*) So bower bird thou'rt safe!

Alzine Where stays my father?

Diego Lend me your aid and then I'll tell you - there, there - what are you looking for so anxiously?

Alzine I hope that is my father

Diego Mm! I wonder whether Foresters frequent these woods by moonlight

(*They enter the Hut. Alvaro crosses thoughtfully*)

Alvaro Dare I resign myself to the fond dream, possession of these proofs of innocence hath raised? Oh, my sweet child for thee alone I'd triumph! Let me be calm - I have not traced the traitor and my foes are strong. Alcala thinks me guilty. From what he has passed he may suspect De Luna in the man who dared to plead De Luna's cause! With tomorrow's dawn, we'll fly this spot then - yet sweet hope, a something whispers I may trust my dreams. I will indulge the thought

Recit

Hope, delusive tempter, cheering thy song,
Dare I believe thy seraph smile, sadness,
Thy throne too long my heart has been, my soul
{210b} Believes the flatterer's song, and joys in calm.

Air

Ye sacred spirits of my warrior race,
Restore my banner stainless of disgrace,
Forth from your tombs ye warrior spirits see,
Our shield of arms, from foul dishonor free!

The printed vocal items label this accompanied recitative

The warder's challenge sounds upon mine ear.
Now memory bears me to my once proud towers,
Sweet hope, delusive tempter, thou hast stolen
The sting from memory, 1 believe thy smile.

Air

Methinks I tread my father's halls
With childhood’s happy steps and grace,
Methinks I see the banner'd walls
And youth's most joyous scenes retrace :
Yes, I behold my father's eye,
Smile as it smiled on me of yore.
When knighthood's spur and panoply
On victory's field I won and wore
Oh happy thoughts, ye glow, ye burn,
Joys past, more brightly to return.
Home of my youth, free, free from care,
Again I plant my standard there,
What rapturous thought, what joys combine,
{211a} Again my father's halls are mine.

(*Enters Hut*)

Enter Henrique

Hen Wolf like, I tread the forest in the darkness of the night. My heart has forced me here to gaze upon the spot her presence made a heaven, beloved Alzine!

(*Seats himself on a piece of Rock. Carlos and Rodrigo appear from the forest*)

Rod Here is the nest, if we can but steal the young fledgling without arousing the old hawk

Carlos Where are our watchdogs?

Rod Within signal!

(*Henrique unconsciously touches the chords of his Mandolin - they conceal themselves*)

Hen This hour shall decide my fate (*comes forward*)

Carlos Some rustic lover, doubtless. Go call your fellows

(*Exit Rodrigo*)

Hen My sweet Alzine, I would that Heaven had made thee other than a mountain maiden, or me a fitting mate for thee!

Carlos He may prove a brave decoy and lure our prize from covert. Why do they tarry? A curse **{211b}** be on them!

(*Retires*)

Hen Duty, thy voice is stern. I'll see Alzine again – my loved Alzine – then rend the tender bond and yield to thee. One last farewell! Has she left me light, as beacon to her Lover?

Recit

Night reigns supreme, while stillness guards her throne,
Queen of my soul, unclose thine eyes, appear -
And nature wakes to melody and light.

Air

From slumber wake thee, sweet maid!
The flowers around thee are sleeping.
Thy sweet eyes unclose dear maid,
The breeze dewy tear drops is weeping!.
Dear maid, there's a heart whose hope must weep,
While thou art a captive to balmy sleep.
Dear maid there's a heart that's sad and lone,
While slumber is making thine eyes its throne.
Haste thee—haste thee, dearest maid,
Haste thee—haste thee, night will fade ;
Oh, unclose thy laughing eyes
And gloom at once in daylight dies.
The Moon is shining high,
The Stars illume the sky.

{212a} From slumber wake thee, &c.

(*Alzine appears at the casement*)

Alzine I know thy voice, Fideo! tho' thou camest not at the meeting hour!

Hen Descend, love - quick descend!

Alzine Your voice is mournful - why came you not!

Hen If that you love me hasten!

Alzine If that I love Fideo I come (*retires*)

Carlos (*aside to his party*) When she hath left the hut and I cut off retreat by the door, make sure of him!

Hen Hark! I hear the pitpat of her tiny feet! All thoughts save those of ecstacy (*sic*) take wing - the peerless, priceless flower is that my breast!

(*Enter Alzine*)

Oh! Fairest, best beloved!

Finale
(as set out in the manuscript)

Duet

Alzine,
Oh, joy of love, my fears were vain,
My heart feels hope's bright beam again.
Henrique.
Ah, ne'er can I such bliss resign,
To gaze on thee and know thee mine.

Oh, joy of love etc
I gaze on thee etc

(*Accompanied Recit*)

(*Carlos comes forward followed by Rodrigo and his party.
He seizes Alzine, the others rush on Henrique*)

Carlos
Seize him—away—my prize art thou, sweet Maid!

Rodrigo.
Yield thee, hunter! Thus we seize thee – yield! yield!
Peasant yield!

Henrique.
Off, ye knaves unhand me! back!
Dare ye slaves thus seize me — base miscreant, back!

Alzine.
Help! Father! help oh aid! - save me, your child
Help father - Oh save!

Henrique
Cowards!

Carlos.
'Tis the King

(*Diego, El Ximen and Zingari rush on with torches*. *Carlos on recognizing Henrique, throws* **{213a}** *himself before his party, repelling them*)

El Ximen and Zingari
Who on the still night breaks with ruffian power -
Let him beware the doom that guards the hour.

(*Alvaro rushes on*)

Alvaro.
1 heard loud cries—ha ! how now ! my child! There! Speak friends

Alzine.
Father, Fideo hath preserved your child !

Alvaro.
My son !

Alzine.
Didst hear?

Alvaro (*to Carlos*).
Who thus would blight our peace?
Thou blot to honor – stain to manhood's name!
In thee the spur of Knighthood's doom'd to shame!

(*Carlos half draws his sword*)

Henrique etc.
Draw not thy sword, in vain thy rage!
War with the base we scorn to wage!

Carlos.
Say, when wilt thou wed, Sir Forester bold
'Tis a right noble choice—a peerless fair!

Henrique.
Sneering fiend, I'm still thy King and master!

ENSEMBLE.
The King ! The King! Death's on the sound!
Like fatal simoom[5] speeding around.

Alzine.
Break, heart! betray'd, so fondly lov'd, so false.

Henrique.
A traitor seem I - Passion accursed

{213b}

Alvaro
Hope.
Thou art wreck'd – my lost my much wrong'd child

Hen
My fatal falsehood withers thee, sweet flower

[5] A hot, dry, dust-laden wind

Alzine
Oh! Why did'st thou seek my young hopes to blight
Oh! Why promise brightness to leave endless night!

Hen
Oh! lovely blighted flower – Oh! Cruel hapless hour!
I love yet work thee harm – Fly yet adore each charm
Is there no hope no ray? – Must love wither away?

Alzine
Hope now hath left her – Joys seems bereft her

Carlos
O'er her young hearts bloom – Spread tears and dark gloom

Afra
Youth and life decay – For hope withers away

Alvaro
I gave her to thee - thou had'st won her love
With a smile and a serpent's tongue.
Thy false Faith has blighted my gentle dove
And she withers yet lovely and young!
Lo! her father warns thee with heart of flame
Of guilt hereafter, of life's foul shame.
Be on thee for ever, my curses wild,
My old heart is breaking - my child, my child!

The Bann of the Outcast

Zingari
Woe! Woe to thee
By sea and land, by heart and hand
By steel and wood, by fire and blood
May sleep fly thee, hope deny thee
Sickness shake thee, health forsake thee
{214a} May pleasure prove to thee false pain
Till madly then call'st death in vain
Woe by the stars, woe by the sun
Till thy race be run!

Henrique
Treason ne'er shall fright my soul
Threats my will shall ne'er control
I sword in hand, disdain to fly
Ye base born slaves, a King I'll die!

Alzine
Fear o'erwhelms me. I dread their fury - spare –
Father save him - his life they seek - save him!

Henrique
Seek ye my life, I'll sell my life dear - back slaves!

Alvaro
Dare he my rage - away my child. He spared not thee.
Revenge my woes shall strike - cling not to me base King!

Carlos and Rodrigo
They seek his life but flight can save - away
Back outlaw knaves, I fear delay back, back!
Our lives are lost quick hence away - away!

Chorus
Despair shall blight thy heart
Remorse from thee shall ne'er depart
Like raging fire, like rushing flood
Smite the traitor! Spill his blood!

Alzine
By that fond love, my torn heart feels,
So scorn'd - so pure - so true
Here will I cling, till cold death seals
My truth before his view!

Chorus
Away begone
Despair shall blight etc

(*The Zingari etc. rush to the attack. Alzine implores. They beat the King's weapon from his hand. Alzine opposes her bosom to their knives. Alvaro restrains them. Tableau*)

Drop descends

End of Act 2nd

Finale
(as set out in the printed vocal items)

DUET.
Henrique and Alzine.

Alzine,
Oh, joy of love, my fears were vain,
My heart feels hope's bright beam again.
Henrique.
Ah, ne'er can I such bliss resign,
To gaze on thee and know thee mine.

Carlos
Seize him—away—my prize art thou, sweet maid.

Rodrigo.
Yield thee, hunter—thus we seize thee—yield—yield—
Peasant yield

Henrique.
Off, ye knaves unhand me—back—dare ye slaves
Thus bind me—base miscreant back—coward slaves

Alzine.
Help—father help, oh aid—save me, your child

Carlos.
'Tis the King

Chorus - Zingari.
Who on the still night breaks with ruffian power t
Let him beware the doom that guards the hour.

Alvaro.
1 heard loud cries—ha! how now ! my child speak.
Speak friends

Alzine.
Fideo hath preserved thy child!
Alvaro.
My son! my son!
Alzine.
Didst hear? (*to Henrique*).

Alvaro.
Who blights our peace!
Ha! this knight! the same who—fear not my child!

DUET.
Alvaro and Henrique.
Thou blot to honor, stain to manhood's name.
In thee, the spur of knighthood's doom'd to shame,
Henrique.
Draw not thy sword, in vain thy rage,
War with the base I scorn to wage
Both.
Thou craven—wronger of a woman—go,
Thou'rt all unworthy of a father's blow!

Chorus.
Draw not thy sword, &c.

Carlos.
Say, when wilt thou wed, sir forester bold!
'Tis a right noble choice—a peerless fair.

Henrique.
Base sneering fiend—catiff[6]—insulting slave.

Carlos.
The King lacks a love—could he see thy bride,
His throne she'd share.

Henrique.
Fiend—traitor— I'm thy King - Thy King and master,

Alzine
Ah!

ENSEMBLE.
The King! a blight is on the sound,
Like simoom speeding fate around.

Alzine.
Break, heart betray'd, so fondly lov'd, so false.

Henrique.
Passion accurst—treason abhorred—despised

Alzine.
My joy was bright, and now 'tis quenched in night.

Henrique.
My fatal falsehood withers thee sweet flower.

[6] A misspelling of "caitiff" – a cowardly person

Alzine.
Father, now welcome death—oh, cruel king!

Quintette.
Henrique, Alvaro, Carlos, Alzine and Afra.

Alzine.
Oh why didst thou seek me, my young hopes to blight,
Ah why promise brightness, to leave endless night,
Ere I knew thee my bosom was peaceful and gay
Thou hast taught me to love, that my hopes might decay.
Ah why can such softness such dark guile betray,
Yes, I love thee, tho' hope and life wither away.

Afra.
Oh, heaven save him from their anger! save him
His life they seek—dear lady spare—behold!
He's lost! they rage, he's lost, friends, friends forbear

Henrique.
Your threats but meet my deepest scorn—slaves back
Outlaws' threats 1 defy—your rage despise!
Seek ye my life, I sell life dear—back slaves

Alvaro.
Dares he my rage—a father's wrongs proud king?
Away my child, he spared not thee—revenge I
My woes shall strike! cling not to me, base king!

Carlos and Rodrigo.
They seek his life—but flight can save—away!
Back outlaw knaves—if we delay, back! back!
His life is lost—quick Prince, begone—away!

CHORUS.
Fowl slaves no power shall save, no rank protect
Away, begone,
Despair shall blight thy heart,
Remorse from thee shall ne'er depart,
Like raging fire, like rushing flood,
Smite the traitor—spill his blood.

Henrique.
Traitors cannot fright, &c,

Alzine.
Oh father thou canst save him from their rage,
Thy child entreats thine aid.

Alvaro.
Revenge! revenge!
He spared not thee, thy peace his breath destroyed!

Carlos.
Should they now strike, all's lost—he must be saved!

Alzine.
Oh, spare him, spare, or I die with him—spare,
Oh, father, mercy—or strike through my heart!

Solo - Alzine.
By that fond love ray torn heart feels.
So scorned—so pure—so true,
Here will I cling till cold death seals
My truth before his view.

Ensemble (*repeated*)
Chorus
Away, begone!
Despair shall blight thy heart,
Etc.

Tableau

End of the second act

{215a}

Act 3rd, Scene 1st

A mountain ledge supposed on one of the Mule roads of the Serrania
Zingari discovered

Chorus
Lurk
Thro' dark ravine,
Thro' thicket green,
Lurk!
If the wild we'd rove
By the lake and grove
And still be free,
Hush'd must we be.
Hush'd
'Neath star-lit dome,
In caverned home,
We'll cease to roam.

If we'd be free!

El Ximen

Back to the rock and darkling glade,
The traitor comes, the signal's made.
Back, let my orders be obeyed.
(*They are dispersing when Drums are heard*)

Round and Chorus

O'er rock and valley the Paynim hosts come -
The crescent gleams o'er shield and spear -
O'er lake and mountain now rolls their war drum,
{215b} To measur'd tramp and clarion clear,
Tho' noisy cymbal's clash be hushed,
Woe should the Red Cross warriors sleep,
Tho' mute their march, ere morn has blush'd,
The maids of fair Castile will weep;
List to the roll of distant drums,
The Moslem foeman hither comes,
Out with the red cross banner knights,
For home and love each warrior fights.
O'er rock and valley, &c. &e.

(Zingari retire)

Enter Rodrigo

Rod This must be the Ruin – where's the outlaw, Adalide?
Stand! Ho! The word!

El Xim La Guardia!

Rod Good! You pledged yourself to serve my lord over the death bed of your brother Hamet, even as he had done.

El Xim True! Hamet was faithful – so can I be to the master, who is not niggard of reward.

Rod How far from this spot is the nearest Moorish post?

El Xim I could go hence and return within the hour.

Rod Bear this to their encampment – the Moorish Chief has commanded thou wilt be the bearer of the answer to La Guardia?

El Xim I will obey thee

Rod Be faithful and dispatch!

(*Exit*)

El Xim So! This is Christian faith! (*Enter Afra*) Did'st hear the Moorish drums among the hills?

{216a}
Afra

Ay and strove to tell my lord but he's regardless of all around him. Have any of our people traced Alzine

El Xim

No. Think you she fled with the young King?

Afra

Doubtless and harm and grief o'erwhelm her father's heart. Could you not rouse him for his country.

Enter Alvaro

El Xim

Master 'tis done

Alvaro

Thou hast found her?

El Xim

Alas no! Alvaro de Luna! Rouse thee! The Moor is on the threshold of your native land! The snake, treachery, is lurking in thy country's banner – lo, his shiny back

Alvaro

Treachery! (*opens packet*)
"La Guardia shall be yours. In Christian guise, your troops may enter by the western portal. Henrique shall be your prisoner. Do you secure oblivion of my name and that the lady of Valentia, whom Henrique brings, shall be the bride of Carlos del Alcala".
Accursed villain!

El Xim

When at La Guardia with the dying Hamet on finding I was brother to the sufferer, he bribed me to his service. I feigned to yield and he has since **{216b}** held consultation with me till in the end assured he sent me this –

Alvaro

The traitor

El Xim

The King must be -

Alvaro

Let treachery be repaid by treachery! He hath stolen hence my child, robbed me of the last dearest wreck of greatness – honor! Come death, now – come when thou wilt! My child hath brought me shame and sorrow!

Recit

And art thou gone? my dearly lov'd, my Child!
Could not my grey hairs bind thee? couldst thou fly
My aged eyes dimned with fond tears? – fly!
Were all forgotten—all
Oh, most unnatural and heartless child
My faltering tongue lingers o'er thy dear name
Blindness were bliss—these citron scented groves,
These myrtle bowers all tell a tale of thee.
Now as I gaze, all seem to fade and die,
Oh bounteous earth be desert like my heart.
Poisonous to life, baneful as simoom's blast,
Thy healthful and sweet waters, like my blood,
Changing to quenchless fires—oh dreadful prayer,

She's gone, yet she's my child so lov'd—she's gone
My spell of life is broken - broken!
Crack, Break ye tortur'd life strings! close ye eyes!
None but a father knows a father's heart.

Air

Child of my love, why didst thou from me part?
Thou, whom my heaven of bliss did seem!
Hope of my age, thy smiles that cheer'd my heart
Are lost—all lost—as 'twere a dream.
No more, no more shall thy playful hands
Cull flowers to please thy father's eyes!
Thy seat is vacant now, it lonely stands,
Thy lute with strings half broken, sighs!
Now methinks I hear a sound
Borne on airy wings.
{217a} Like her sweet greeting.
Some angel her late hath found.
And now strikes its strings,
Her name repeating.

El Xim Our tents are there among the Rocks. Carlos hath ravaged our late hiding in search for thee

Alvaro He shall find me soon "By the western portal" (*reading*)

El Xim Compare that scroll with those in Hamet's casket – if the same hand

Alvaro Eternal Heaven! Should it be! The casket's with Henrique. I will be at this bridal. De Luna's aid may save his country yet! If she be there! No! no! I have too long loved to curse her! Lead in!

(*Exeunt*)

Enter Henrique and Leolf (*as Pilgrims*)

Hen In this letter, the Prior hints darkly at Alcala's name. He speaks of the confession of a trusted servant, Hamet. Our errand must be secret. The Zingari are my foes! Oh! There is one, weeps in her lonely lot, a word from me would make most blessed! Must I not speak that word? 'Tis but to yield the offered circlet up and be again the Monarch of a province!

{217b}
Leolf Shall we not on?

Hen Go – but pass not thro' the chapel. Monks may note you – here, the Prior bids me come alone – warn him I'm here.

Leolf Thro' these sad ruins

Hen The path conducting to the wicket lies before you

(*Exit Leolf*)

(*Henrique retires. Alzine is heard in the Chapel*)

Alzine Aid me! I cannot reach the air!

Hen Some one comes this way!

Alzine It is the chill of death! I must have slept here – I entered at the midnight prayer and now 'tis day. Ha! I remember I fled that I might prey here at the altar. I hid me in the chancel – what came next?

Hen What can detain my trusty Knight? I must not quit the spot.

Alzine (*having tottered forward*) I'll seek my father. Ha! My limbs refuse their office. I perish! (*falls*)

The next exchange seems to have been moved to the next page

[~~*Hen*~~ Ha! A female form! Alzine! Is thy memory deaf to thy Fideo's voice?

~~*Alzine*~~ Fideo! My memory hath no ear but for my wrongs – Fideo, no. Thou art a King. Touch me not. Follow not one step. As you obey, so shall **{218a}** my broken heart's last sigh breathe blessings or a curse upon thee!

(*Rushes off*)]

Hen I will obey – I dare not meet the scoffings of a world – it must not be!

Recit

Lost, art thou lost, my gem of life and love!
Stern fate why bind my brow with sorrow's crown.
The serf finds peace, for love spreads oft his couch,
The monarch knows no joy, of love bereft
Hope of my heart, for ever lost—farewell!

Air

Oh, weep not, sweet maiden, oh, weep not for me!
My barb waits impatient to bear me from thee!
My love for the maiden, no tongue can e'er tell.
Yet fate now compels my heart's lingering farewell.
Sweet maid thou shalt find to thy love I am sworn,
In my bosom thine image 'mid dangers is borne.
Thy name in the battle my war cry shall be,
And my last thought of life shall cling fondly to thee.
Why dost thou weep? dearest maiden farewell!
My love and my truth, fairest, tongue can ne'er tell,
When the trumpet is sounded and honor bids arm,
Thro' the ranks of the foe shall thy name strike alarm.
Their blood on my lance, and thy form in ray eye,
Ho forward—ho forward, the Moslem shall fly
Yes, for thee will I win fame from out the Moor's hold
Shout merry men, shout for the fair and the bold!
Oh weep not sweet maiden, &c.
On to the battle with lance, and with brand,

My motto, sweet lady love, dear native land! (*Exit*)

(*Enter El Ximen and Zingari*)

El Xim You have heard my sons, a ruined Patriot's words. **{218b}** He you so long have honoured as your Chief's friend. You now know as his Country's hero. You have a deed to do. Say, are you ready?

Omnes We are! we are!

El Xim Tho' man hath driven ye to the wild and taught ye hate, ye still are men! On! Brothers on!

{219a} Chorus (*Zingari*)

Fiends of night fly hence! Wake thou red day, wake!
To our task of doom lead! Be it good or ill deed
Woe we'll whisper, woe! Breathe of crimes we know!
Foes shall feel, not see whence, Falls our silent blow!
Where grew dates and sweet myrrh, Where our happy homes were,
Now the whirlwind sweepeth. And the plague spot creepeth,
Now the dark owl shrieketh. And the wolf prey seeketh,
Where we hide from false man. 'Neath his curse and ban!
Fiends of night fly hence, etc. (*repeat*)
We, nor courts nor Kings know. Nor to laws they make, bow.
Be our bold hearts gay, free, Tho' we wanderers be.
We no wine want, wine none, While the rock springs free run,
And our feast is spread far, As the berries red are.
We, nor courts nor Kings know.
Nor to laws they make, bow!
Etc.

{219b}

This next dialogue looks to have been moved from the previous page

Hen (*coming forward*) What wailing voice comes on the morn's chill breath. Ha! A female form! Alzine and dying! Alzine! Is thy memory deaf to thy Fideo's voice?

Alzine (*starting*) Fideo! (*gazes at him wildly*) My memory hath no ear but for my wrongs – Fideo, no. Thou art a King. Touch me not. Follow not one step. As you obey, so shall **{218a}** my broken heart's last sigh breathe blessings or a curse upon thee!

{220a}

Scene 2nd

Hall in the Castle
Enter Carlos and Rodrigo

Car I've seen the Guardian of my bride - Knights and Nobles are assembling to do honor to the bridal of Alcala. Henrique will bring Valentia's Amabel - not to bestow her on the expectant Carlos - so proudly says her Guardian - so implied his threats when late my folly trod on his amour. But I defy him! This league with the Moor will make all safe - in secret shall they enter and when the hour comes, make it seem I am their prisoner - Dost see my project?

Enter El Ximen

El Xim Hail to the senor of the Guardia! (gives packet) From the Moor!

Car (*exultingly*) 'Tis well!
"In Christian guise, with vizors closed, the Warriors of Loxa[7] shall await thee at the western portal"
See that this trusty friend be well repaid! We'll mix them with the guests! Brother of Hamet, go with Rodrigo I'll follow thee anon!
(*Exeunt El Ximen and Rod*)
King of Aragon I defy thee! Weak boy, ambition **{220b}** urges on. Thy ruin shall not bar my path to fame and to a crown!

Recit
My guiding star, ambition, heaven born.
Love follows thee, where fame is, love will dwell.
In wooing thee, I woo my lady love!

Air
Bright shines my beacon from afar,
My heart's fond hope, my guiding star.
To live in sorrow, to die in shame
Be mine, or win both love and fame!
The trumpet's blasts my morning's prime.
Sweet woman's smile my calm of eve.
Say what is life, or wealth, or time.
If they of fame and love bereave?
Ambition is my spirit's god,
Sweet woman's smile my dearest prize.
Fame, bright fame, my soul's first hope,
My charm of life sweet woman's eyes.
Who would not die for love and fame.
Shall live in darkness, die in shame.
Bright shines my beacon, &c.

(*Exit*)

[7] A town in Southern Spain

(*Enter Amabel and Diego*)

Ama I can be no customer

Diego Yes, you can – Is that a dress for a bridal? Here are veils and love knots –

Ama Fool! Leave me!

{221a}

Diego Has the Cham of Tartary or the Emperor of China paid court to thee, that thou'rt so proud?

Ama My secret need not be kept. I am the Countess of Valentia

Diego The countess! ho ho ho!

Ama You may repent this rudeness!

Diego Most potent Queen! Ho! Ho! Will you buy any ribbons my little Empress? Ha! ha!

(*Enter Leolf*)

Leolf Quick, Countess, prepare thee for the banquet. Proof hath been brought of Alvaro's innocence and here receive I warning from him of some traitorous blow. Come lady to the banquet - 'tis the King's command!

Ama Hast thou discovered me to him?

Leolf I have for I know his justice. Dangers encircle him. I have prepared your vassals

Ama Direct me in my need! You hear? follow good Diego! I have a task for you

Diego I'll do it veritable Countess! I shall never again address a maiden lest she prove a Duchess!

(*Exeunt*)

{221b}

Scene 3rd

A superb Banqueting Hall
Knights with vizors down mingled with the Guests
Ladies in costly attire – Minstrels etc.
Enter Carlos attended

Carlos Ho! Minstrels! are your harps dumb; or lack ye inspiration in the bride's absence?

(*Enter Monks - Henrique etc*)

Where is the King? Singing love ballads to bright eyed Zingarell? Where's my bride?

Hen Behold!

(*Enter Amabel and Ladies. Bishop of Avila etc*.)

Carlos My peerless bride!

Hen The King hath promised to bestow the bride - he's here to keep his word! (*throws off his disguise - a shout*)

Carlos Sweet lady, shall I first appeal to thee?

Hen Back recreant!

Carlos Am I the only recreant in a love passage, King? Where's Alzine?

Hen Safe from thy reach, I trust, thou serpent cheat! As shall the Heiress of Valentia be!

{222a}

Carlos She is my bride

Hen She shall be the bride of one who hath won her heart who loves her and not for her lands

Carlos Of Henrique Love's sad Pilgrim!

Hen No! Love's Pilgrim found love's shrine, a lowly pile but bright in holy virtue. Why may not sovereigns from their subjects choose the pure in heart and intellect as partners of their thrones

Carlos Hast thou done so?

Hen To thee, I answer not. Nobles and Knights behold I keep my pledge. I give the bride where she have given love! (*gives her to Leolf*) Now here the voice of duty - will you not follow me to battle for our native Spain (*a shout*) We defy them then! The Red Cross banner dares the Muslem's might!

Carlos And fair Alzine?

Hen To thee, I answer not.

(*Alvaro, bursting from Minstrels, confronts him*)

Finale

Ruthless king, answer to a father, man!
If man thou art, where is my child? silent !
Silent! the blow is hallow'd then—die.

(*As he is about to rush on the King, Alzine* **{222b}** *falls on her knees in supplication – he lets fall the weapon and staggers back*)

Alzine.

Ha, Fideo! that name forgive, thou'rt safe,
My father 'tis, he would not harm.

Henrique.
That voice !
The same which first my charmed heart enthralled.

Alvaro.
My child—

Henrique.
Alzine!

Alzine.
He'd not harm - Fideo – save!.
Henrique.
Spirit of love, yes 'tis thy gentle power
Hath brought my lowly maid, my drooping flower.
My dream was true, mine is she from this hour.
Alzine my loved bride!

Alvaro.
Ha ! hear I truly?
Have I then so wronged thee, my own sweet child!

Carlos.
Is he not traitor who would stain his throne.
By puling passion for a low born slave?

Alvaro.
Slave ! no slave is she fiend, she is my child,
And nobly born, the daughter of Alvaro!

Carlos.
Alvaro living! Ha! Knows he then all

Henrique.
Eternal heaven! De Luna, thou!

Alvaro.
Behold.
My base accuser there—mark well this scroll.
He sells ye to the Moor!

Air – Henrique (*taking the scroll*).
Traitor! base traitor!
{223a} Unworthy man's revenge, or honest hate,
Loathsome to love art thou, accurs'd of fate.
Thy crimes all ties of life shall sever,
And honor's ban be on thee ever.

Carlos.
Still triumph's mine—upon them friends.
Why move ye not? Ha! betrayed!

Alvaro.
Slave, My word alone can move that faithful band!
The outlaw brings his outlawed friends to save
King, country, all, show friends for Spain's true Sons.

(*They throw off their disguises*)
Ensemble
To arms, true hearts, for Spain, to arms! To arms!
Revenge now cries to rend the traitor – Rise!
For honor and for native land, to arms!
Traitor hence, from our sight, hence away,
Traitor hence, let thy guilt shun the day.
The land of thy birth casts thee off!
Thy breathing polluteth the air,
Thy name shall henceforth be a scoff!
And loathsome thy memory—despair!

Carlos (*during the above*).
The serpent tho' cleft shall unite,
Tho' prostrate, again spring to might.
And tho' trampled the poisonous flower,
In time grows to beauty and power.
(*He is conducted off*)

(Henrique gives Alvaro a paper)

Alzine.
Father, still thine, I cling to share thy fate.

Alvaro.
My child! Forgive, oh Prince, a father's ire!

{223b}

Henrique.
My bride, Alzine, must now forgive for both

Alvaro.
My child thy bride ! hear I aright?
A wild joy throbs thro' each swelling vein!
With bliss so great, belief or doubt is pain,
A father's sorrows have not been in vain.

Henrique
A wild joy gleams, my heart will ne'er resign.
Men seek the brightest gem in darkest mine,

Alzine,
Thou art a king, and I a maiden low.
It must not be, yet hopes each moment grow!

Alvaro.
Read, read my child!

Alzine
Thy fame unstain'd—thy lands restored
Thy shield of arms without one blot!

Henrique
Behold the shrine Love's Pilgrim sought so long,
Must not a throne be graced by Gem so pure,
Before love's altar bow, behold your Queen!

Chorus
Hail to our Queen!
Joy to our Queen!
Long as the sun, his course shall run,
Joy to our etc

Alzine
With rapture, my heart o'erflows!
My soul with pleasure glows!

Henrique
My heart's fair Queen! my matchless prize!
Before thy virtue envy flies!

Chorus
May time strew roses o'er her way of life!
Each day be one with grateful blessings rife!
One lasting triumph be her reign.
Without one grief, without one pain!
One joy her reign!

Tableau

End

Alzine.
Eyes ye are full, father,
Oh happy maiden—yes, oh blest Alzine.
(*Reading*)
"Thy fame unstained—thy lands restored, are free,
Thy shield of arms without one blot." Oh joy!

QUINTETTE (*during the above*).
Henrique, Alvaro, Leolf, Amabel and Afra.

Henrique.
Behold the shrine love's pilgrim sought so long,
Behold that virtue lowliness hath seen.
Must not a throne be graced by gem so pure,
Bow before love's throne, behold your Queen!

Leolf, Amabel and Afra.
Oh , beauteous (*sic*) shrine of lowly worth so pure.

Alvaro.
Behold the shrine of duteous worth most pure.

CHORUS.
Hail to our Queen !
Joy to our Queen I
Long as the sun, his course shall run,
Joy to our Queen !
Hail to our Queen !

DUET - Henrique and Alzine.
Alzine.
What rapture, my heart o'erflows.
My soul with grateful pleasure glows.
Oh, rapture!
A heaven around me seems to dwell.

Henrique.
My heart's fair Queen, my matchless prize,
Before thy truth e'en envy flies.
Oh, rapture!
My tongue fails such bliss, such joy to tell.
CHORUS (*during the above*)

Peace and glory round her dwell.

ENSEMBLE.
Hail to our Queen!
Joy to our Queen !
&c. &c. &c.
May time strew roses o'er her way of life,
A thornless path, a fragrant blooming plain,
Each day be one with grateful blessings rife,
One lasting triumph be her happy reign,
One lasting triumph be her reign.
Her happy reign !
Without a grief, without a dream of pain,
One joy her reign !

TABLEAU.

END OF THE OPERA