# *Hermann or The Broken Spear*

## An Opera in 2 Acts

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**The Words by (unknown)**

**The Music by John Thomson**

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42928, ff.374-411.

Spelling and capitalisation have been retained, as far as possible. Punctuation has sometimes been changed for clarity.

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

R Burdekin, May 2014
(Updated 10 Nov 2021)
www.englishromanticopera.org
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## Scores, parts and libretto

The Full Score (FS) was completed in August 1834 and is held at Edinburgh University. The numbers against some items in the libretto are those used in the full and vocal scores.

The following are available from the British Library:-

- The libretto that was submitted to the Examiner for the necessary licence on October 18, 1834 and signed off on October 27, 1834, the day of the première, is held at Add MS 42928, ff.374-411.
- The Vocal Score (VS) for Act 1 and tenor parts for choruses in both Act 1 and 2 are held in Add 33816. The Vocal Score follows the Full Score closely except where noted in the end notes.
- The parts other than string parts are included in Add 33817
- The string parts are included in Add 33818
- Scores (with piano) for three of the opera's songs were published by W. Hawes in London. Isabella's "The Grateful Heart" is held at H.1860.dd.(5.), Margaret's "Oh dear! What a terrible eye" at H. 2832.o.(69.) and Hermann's "I shudder at my past career" at H.2832.k (38.)

## Remarks on the transcription

The following transcription is from the libretto submitted to the Examiner of Plays and held at the British Library, Add MS 42928 ff.374-411. In the main, the handwriting was legible but there were a few cases where the writing was not legible or the meaning was not clear and these are marked with (?).

The end notes include the differences from the text as shown in the Full Score, which is dated August 1834. The most substantial differences are in the final three scenes of Act 2. One point of interest is that the first line of Hermann's Air in Act 2, Scene 1 to his "I shudder at my past career" is "Father of life! Behold me bending". In both the Full Score and in the later published song score, it is "Virgin Holy! Hear my prayer". The most likely explanation of the change of "Virgin Holy" to "Father of Life" and "Father" in the libretto is that it reflected concern at the possible reaction of the Examiner of Plays (the censor), George Colman, who was known to be very sensitive to religious words or phrases.

In a few places a line or word had been crossed out and replaced. These are shown for completeness in the text. The deletions were almost certainly done by some member of the theatre team rather than the censor.

Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as "honor" for "honour". The capitalisation of words is as in the manuscript but some punctuation has been changed for clarity. The original often strung sentences together with dashes.

**{xxx}** marks the page numbers of the manuscript with **{xxxa}** being the leading side and **{xxxb}** the reverse, where applicable.

# Dram. Pers.

**{375}**

Duke of Austria

Hermann - his son, a Profligate, under the assumed name of Sir Gowther

Prosenburg - Chamberlain to Princess

Conrad - Prince of Mantua

Leopold - his attendant

Lorenzo - ditto

Gaimar - his Seneschal

Griffinklan - a bandit, one of Gowther's associates

Wolfgang - ditto

Condottieri, Soldiers, Monks, Servants, Villagers

Isabella - daughter of the Duke

Margaret - her attendant

Maralda - a dumb sister of the Prince of Mantua

Villagers

# Hermann or The Broken Spear

**{377a}**

## Act 1, Scene 1

*A Symphony - Peasants enter, strewing flowers before the Princess Isabella and the Duke, who enter, during Chorus, attended by Margaret*

Chorus (No.1)

Low to the presence of Austria's daughter
Bend we the grateful knee
Pride of a noble and honor'd house[1],
We bow in affection and duty to thee.
With garlands fair we strew thy way
On this thy seeming bridal day,
When Mantua's Prince demands thy hand,
And bears thee to a distant land

Air - Isabella

Yet could I weep oe'r the flowery path
That leads from early home away[2],
A falling tear for my native hearth
Will mix with the joys of my bridal day[3].

Chorus (Resumed)

*Duke* Yes my friends, this chequered day of joy and grief separates you from an affectionate Mistress and me from the beloved child of my bosom. Still we should rejoice, for in the noble **{377b}** Duke of Mantua she will find a meet Protector, when I am laid in dust. Away! I prepare for his reception.

[*Exeunt Attendant and Peasants*

My child, how shall I support this parting - how fill up the bitter void which thy absence will leave in my heart. Had I but a son worthy to occupy a place there.

*Isab.* Alas! My unfortunate outcast Brother: oh! That he would return to the paths of duty, and the embraces of an indulgent father

*Duke* Too, too indulgent - my arms are ever open to receive the returning prodigal; but I look in vain - his wild associates hold him spellbound in the haunts of infamy.

*Isab.* 'Tis strange that the ease and luxury of a court should have no charms for him.

*Duke* No - surrounded in his mountain retreat by a band of discontented Mercenaries from every Army of Europe, he scorns my promises, defies my threats, and would fain tear from me the diadem which the course of nature would, 'ere long, place on his head.

*Isab.* Think not so hardly of him, my father. He will yet be reclaimed.

*Duke* One more effort shall be made; the trusty Prosenburg, who travels in your suite to Mantua **{378a}** is charged with my last appeal to his hopes and fears.

*Isab.* Would you rely on his discretion?

*Duke* To his discretion I shall leave but little. On his honesty I can fully depend. He has orders to separate from your cortege in the mountain pass, with a chosen number of followers, and seek my rebel son. ~~But now, dearest daughter, a father's farewell embrace awaits you. In. The noble Conrad, your affianced husband, claims you from my hand. Come, Isabel!~~ I will in and complete his instructions. Follow me, my daughter - a father's farewell embrace awaits you.

[~~*Exeunt into castle*~~

Song – Isabella[4] (this song is separate on page **{376}** of the manuscript. It is 1½ in the full score)

Ne'er fade the joys of early youth
From mem'ry's searching eye,
The grateful heart attests their truth
When years have glided by.
New scenes the sparkling future shews
To court my dazzled view
But can I lose all trace of those
To which I bid adieu?
No. No.
I cannot lose all trace of those
To which I bid adieu.

[*Exit*

[*March. Enter Conrad and Lorenzo. Lorenzo directs a halt. Conrad advances & surveys the castle.*

Song – Conrad (No. 2)

Why frown ye thus stern battlements,
These tranquil scenes amid[5]
And thus alike to friend and foe
A stern defiance bid.

Why stand those emblems dire of war
Upon your threatening Gates,
While all within is joy and peace
And the smile of welcome waits.
Where dwells my love I fondly note,
Each hill and vale and stream[6],
Eager to gaze on her bright form
Who has lived in my distant dream.
**{378b}** What charm of life, tho' many it boast,
Can equal the lover's bliss,
When the cheek of beauty in silence yields
To his long forbidden kiss?
Then frown no more, stern battlements,
But ope' your pond'rous Gates,
For all within is joy and peace,
And the smile of welcome waits.

*Con.* Here ends our toilsome Journey. But we must soon be on our homeward march to Mantua. The cares of a Throne are increased by every hour of absence. I am perhaps too anxious, Lorenzo, but certain misgivings prey upon my mind.

*Lor.* Surely, my Lord, the Seneschal Gaimar, whom you have placed in charge, has your entire confidence.

*Con.* Of late, I own, I have marked him with some suspicion. My poor sister, Maralda, to whom Providence has denied the gift of speech, and whom, on that account, he hoped to win an easy prey, disdains his suit - his spirit is revengeful.

*Lor.* He must be watched.

*Con.* For that I have provided; but the sooner we return to ease him of his charge, the less will be our peril. **{379a}** 'Tis true Maralda will avoid his persecutions by accompanying us on our Journey - but See! The Royal train advances. Summon our followers to give them greeting. My dear sister (*to Maralda who enters*)

[*The Duke, Isabella, Leopold and Train march out in procession - the Prince of Mantua's Train advance. Leopold and Margaret enter into conversation in the background.*

Chorus (No. 3)

Welcome the banner of Mantua's Lord
May it ever triumphantly wave,
Tho' war sounds are hush'd and sheathed is the sword,
We forget not the deeds of the brave!

Duetto - Conrad and Isabella

Say not love's joys are fleeting
But let our tender greeting
Prove absence has but fann'd the flame
Once kindled in my breast.
Our hearts so long united
Our mutual vows long plighted,
Have but fore-run the sacred tie
Our hands shall soon attest

Solo - Conrad

In the battle fiercely raging
Stout foe with foe engaging,
When many a brilliant deed was done[7]
To grace the warrior's name,
How oft thy form inspiring
My breast with ardour firing
**{379b}** Has cross'd me 'ere the fight was won
And spurr'd me on to fame.

Solo – Isabella

Yet while that form to speed thee
Did but in fancy lead thee,
Not that alone thy spirit bade
The prize of fame to woo.
Hadst thou but known the feeling
My bosom was concealing,
You then had seen that all I had -
My heart – was with thee too!

[*They retire*

Leopold

Since joining hands is the fashion
Little Damsel, have compassion
Remember yours is pledg'd to me -
For the dance – I meant no more.

Margaret

But not for life, I thank you,
As my Partner must I rank you –
For that long dance, come weal come woe,
My hand is pledged before.

Quintette and chorus

Conrad And Isabella

How blest this hour of meeting
Oh! Let our tender greeting
**{380a}** Prove absence has but fann'd the flame
Once kindled in my breast[8].
Our hearts so long united
Our mutual vows long plighted,
Have but fore-run the sacred tie
Our hands shall soon attest

Duke

How blest this hour of meeting!
Behold their tender greeting.
Long absence has but fann'd the flame
Love kindles in the breast[9].
Their hearts so long united
Their mutual vows long plighted,
Have but fore-run the sacred tie
Their hands shall soon attest

Leopold

What a merry, merry bridal celebration
Of rank and beauty what a constellation.
Madam Luna then may hide her head
And little stars all go to bed
For brighter will be those that shine on earth.
How many pretty Maiden's hearts will flutter,
How many sighs their Lovers too will utter
While with music and with dancing,
Our pleasures are enhancing,
We revel in festivity and mirth.

Margaret

Then, hey! For the grand celebration
**{380b}** To me what a strange sensation[10]
When I see the Court and Nobles throng
Around the bridal throne.
Oh! How my heart will flutter
At every word they utter,
When I think these solemn rites e're long
Perchance may be my own.

[*Exeunt*

## Act 1, Scene 2

*An apartment in the Palace. Enter Prosenburg and Margaret wrangling*

*Pros.* Come, come, I tell you Margaret, I don't understand your watching that Italian Butterfly so narrowly.

*Marg* What jealous, my Prosenburg. Yes, yes, I see it in your eye.

Song – Margaret[11] (this song is separate on page **{376}** of the manuscript.)

Oh dear! What a terrible eye!
'Tis jealousy's frown I declare
Must I tremble and languish and die
Or sue at your feet in despair!
If a cany(?)[12] young stranger appear
Must I never be cheerful and gay?
Must I live on a sigh or a tear
And my talk be a "yea" or a "nay"?
la - la - la

*Marg.* Come, a truce to these foolish fancies when I have shewn my affection by persuading the Princess to let you accompany us to Italy and make you her Grand Chamberlain.

*Pros.* To be sure I am installed into an office of high dignity and I flatter myself I know how to sustain it. But I won't be made a fool of. Those who think to make a fool of me -

*Marg* Perhaps may think that the task is almost superfluous

*Pros.* Margaret, Margaret, you have an appendage called **{381a}** a tongue, and you are not economical in the use of it.

*Mrg.* Would you wish me dumb?

*Pros.* What like the unfortunate, but beautiful, Princess Maralda.

*Marg.* Poor Lady. She has been from her birth utterly bereft of speech; but yet her perceptions are remarkably vivid

*Pros.* Ah! Take away one sense and another is sharpened; ~~cut a horse's tail and his mane will grow longer.~~

*Marg.* ~~Psha!~~ Prosenburg - as I am a woman, and a tolerably sharp sighted one too, the poor dumb Princess is deeply in love.

*Pros.* Did she ever talk to you about it?

*Marg.* I ~~have~~ watched her narrowly when she was on a visit here some few years ago and I tell you, my friend, that ~~ever since~~ when Hermann, the son of our Royal Master, ran away - She -

[*Enter, from tapestry door, Maralda - she listens, unobserved*

*Pros.* Ah! That might be; Hermann was a handsome youth

[*Maralda motions Margaret to be silent*

Oh! Margaret, I have a duty imposed on me, which requires all the prudence, all the skill - aye, and all the courage too -

*Marg.* That distinguish the redoubtable Chamberlain of the Princess Isabella of Austria.

*Pros.* You heard his Highness but now speak of **{381b}** Prince Hermann

*Marg.* Better known as Sir Gowther of the Red Hand.

*Pros.* Oh! To think of all his wicked doings - Palaces have been sacked - churches plundered - Travellers waylaid - and virgins - Oh! Oh!

*Marg.* [*trying to stop his mouth*] And you are to become their champion?

*Pros.* No, but his Highness has commissioned me to find out the royal scapegrace and bring him to his senses. Isn't this an office of responsibility?

*Marg.* Of some difficulty too, I guess. Well, I declare I should like to see this terrible mountain chief - Suppose you take me in your train.

[*Maralda, by signs, urges Margaret to press that question*

Yes, yes, I will accompany your train my dear

*Pros.* Not for worlds! You would be a train of Gunpowder to his whole camp.

[*Enter Leopold - Maralda disappears*

*Leop.* Ha! Fair flower of Austria, how dost thou flourish in this northern Garden? - Verily thine own bright eyes are the only sun to warm thee into life and beauty. Who is the swain destined to pluck thee from thy stem.

*Pros.* That is a blossom destined for my cropping

*Leop.* Her husband –

**{382a}**

*Pros.* That is to be; at present her affianced Lord

*Theo.* Say rather slave: Husbands, Lady, are very convenient appendages - but come and live under our bright Italian sky, where woman's will is free as the air she breathes.

*Marg.* How beautiful - how poetical! Well, Sir, I am likely to make the experiment. I am to accompany the Princess Isabella

[*Maralda appears at the Tapestry door, with a Page's cloak, hat and feather, in her hand. She beckons to Margaret and disappears after placing a folded paper on Pedestal. Margaret takes the paper, unseen by Prosenburg.*

*Theo.* Say you so, fair Damsel? Enchanting news! Sweet cordial to our toilsome journey.

*Pros.* And I too!

*Theo. (aside)* With a slight dash of bitter; but never mind - let him be your husband, Lady, so you but enrol me in the list of your admirers.

*Pros.* How! Admirers, forsooth! Come, I say, Sir-

*Leop.* No jealousy, for Venus's sake! Tis quite unfashionable- 'tis exploded with us.

*Pros.* Worn out with constant use - here's morality

*Marg.* Come, come, Grand Chamberlain Prosenburg - no suspicions, if you please

*Pros.* Oh! mighty well! But I've no notion of playing the fiddle to your dancing

**{382b}**

*Theo.* Talking of dancing - listen now.

Trio[13] (No. 4)

Leopold

Oh! Damsel sweet, my joy complete
Since here I've popped my head in
And dance with me, little Margaret,
At our Royal Master's wedding.

Margaret

(*aside*)[14] Can I forego so smart a Beau -
With graceful air advancing?
You're smart, 'tis true (*to Pros.*) but then you know,
You're not cut out for dancing.

Leopold

Then listen pray[15], don't answer nay,
But promise me the pleasure
And when we're tripping, all shall say,
We dance a pretty measure.

Prosenburg

Ha! Say you so. I tell you tho'
Let me but catch you tripping, -

Margaret

What then, will you renounce me -

Prosenburg

..... No!
But I'll send your Partner skipping.

Leopold

Ne'er make this fuss to dance with us
It is the Lady's pleasure.

**{383a}**

Prosenburg

Yes, handing off one's mistress thus
Is a devilish pretty measure

Leopold and Margaret

Whene'er the day {you/I} won't say nay
But promise {me/you} the pleasure
And when we're tripping, all shall say
We dance a pretty measure.

Prosenburg

When'er the day - then I'll say nay
And spoil your promised pleasure
For handing off one's Mistress gay[16]
Is a devilish pretty measure.

[*Exeunt Leopold and Prosenburg*

*Marg.* ~~Got rid of them~~ At last, I am alone!: so now to read the scroll of my poor dumb mistress

"I have determined to join the cavalcade in disguise; contrive my faithful Margaret that I accompany the Chamberlain, Prosenburg, on his expedition. I fully depend on your assistance.

Maralda"

Poor Lady! It is as I always believed and her early affection for Hermann of Austria - now known as the Captain of Condottieri, the **{383b}** terrible Sir Gowther of the Red Hand - leads her to seek, and perhaps endeavour to reclaim him. You shall be obeyed, sweet Mistress; and who knows but that we may bring the prodigal home again. It must be allowed that we women have winning ways, when we have an ~~desired~~ object to obtain.

[*Exit*

## Act 1, Scene 3

*Romantic Pass in the Mountains. Hermann descends Path and comes forward*

*Her. (calls off)* Hilli ho! Hilli ho! Where is this rascally ragged Regiment of mine. So sure as I give them a hunting frolic in the mountains, do they forget all proper discipline and run as wild as the Game they chase.

Song – Hermann (No. 5)

Oh! 'tis a cheering sight to view
The well trained hound his Game pursue-
To see the panting frighten'd stag
Madly leap from crag to crag.
And scarcely deign to touch the ground
Oe'r which he makes his airy bound.
Not like the freighted Bark we see,
Robb'd of the breezes, glide
With silent motion lazily
**{384a}** Oe'r the calm river's tide -
But as a skiff before the gale
Which frets and rends her swelling sail,
Darts thro' the foam and seems to spurn
Each wave that bears her weight in turn
Oh! 'tis a cheering etc.

*Her.* What ho! Wolfgang! Griffinklan! - your liege Lord summons you to his presence, seated on the throne of Granite, this good spear his sceptre and the clouds his canopy.

[*He mounts Crag, and blows a Bugle, which is answered. His followers are heard singing in chorus - "Oh 'tis a cheering etc." - and they enter*

I have news that will make your hearts leap out of your skins

*Grif.* And our swords out of their Scabbards, I'll warrant! Listen boys, our Master has work for us.

*Her.* Mere play - Boys' play! Simply to waylay a travelling Princess.

*All* A Princess

*Her.* Rich and beautiful, as I hear

*Grif.* As to the beautiful part, we can guess whose share that will be; but is there booty, as well as beauty? You talked of riches.

**{384b}**

*Her.* Wealth enough to found a Monastery! Hear my project. The Prince of Mantua advances to the Convent of Saint Angelo, at the foot of our Mountains, to espouse his Bride - some Northern Princess, who travels with a rich escort.

*Grif.* So - now for your instructions, my Prince. I will be the surety for the devotion of your army.

*Her.* Army! Ha! Ha! Reduced to a handful of madcap Mountaineers!

*Grif.* The smaller our numbers, the better share of plunder falls to each. Hang danger, if pay is in proportion.

*Her.* I have already viewed the Cavalcade, at a distance, winding up the first Pass. You Griffinklan, shall waylay them here and give them an invitation in your most pressing manner, to pass the night in our castle of Montealto

*Grif.* Where your Highness will be in waiting to play the Host after your accustomed fashion.

*Her.* Be sure to offer them no violence; though I have assumed a name to inspire terror, my hand has never yet been stained with blood!

*Wolf. (aside)* The more's the pity! It would save a deal of trouble, at times.

*Her.* I will to our dilapidated retreat and prepare **{385a}** a meet reception for our illustrious Guests. Be on the alert, good Griffinklan; be vigilant, be daring and, moreover, be discreet.

[*Exit with a Party*

*Grif.* And who doubts my discretion? But a good soldier never questions his orders.

*Wolf.* My sentiments, to a turn.

*Grif.* When at Rome, do as they do in Rome; that's my maxim. Where should I have been , but for a happy knack of accommodating myself to circumstances - when I was taken prisoner by that rascally Moorish pirate.

*Wolf.* Why I never heard of that adventure, Comrade.

*Grif.* Who said ye did? But it's true and when my poor devils of companions were marched off, some to the Galleys and some to the Gallows, by first slipping my head into a turban, I got a place at court.

*Wolf.* Ah! What was your appointment?

*Grif.* Deputy assistant executioner - to handle the Bastinado, and leather the Obstreperous. I was a regular understrapper. Oh! There's nothing like rowing with the stream.

[*Shout without*

*Wolf.* Hark! I hear Travellers! (*The shout is repeated*) Back, back, my jolly Boys! We've bagged no game today. Down, down to your ambush!

[*They conceal themselves. Prosenburg appears on Rock*

**{385b}**
*Pros.* Hilly ho - ho! I say! No answer? 'Tis lucky I have dismounted for my poor palfrey could as soon gone down a rope ladder as this slip-slip-slippery Rock. I must find out a path for him. (*comes forward*) Who would have thought, now, that I did but rein up for a moment, to look about me in this outlandish Region, when I found myself jammed in a narrow crevice and my whole cavalcade as completely out of sight and hearing, as if they had been swallowed up by an earthquake! How very ~~ch~~alarming. Hollo! Hollo! - what a fever his Highness will be in, when he misses me! And the Princess too!

*Wolf.* (*behind*) The Princess! marked you that?

*Pros.* No outlet can I find from this villainous hole. I must e'en mount again and retrace

[*Going he is met by a hunter who sings*

Duett and Chorus[17] (No. 6)

Who's for the chase[18], the glorious chase
Best antidote to sorrow?
Our hearts beat high for the noble race
Who's for the chase tomorrow!
Welcome, welcome stranger
To the jolly mountain Ranger
Who's for the chase tomorrow!

**{386a}**

*Pros.* (*bowing*) I hope you are very well, Sir: I dare say you can assist me to find (*aside*) I don't like his looks! - I'll try some other road. (*going he is met by another hunter*)

Who's for the chase, when break of morn
Invites to the forest war-o?
We merrily rise to the waking horn[19],
Who's for the chase tomorrow!
Welcome, welcome etc.

[*Prosenburg, about to go off, is surrounded by the whole gang*

(Chorus repeated)

Who's for the chase, etc.

[*Enter Griffinklan*

*Grif.* If you are a stranger in these Parts, you shall taste our hospitality and you'll find us as jolly a set of Boys as ever declared war against blue devils: we drink, sing, laugh and grow fat - that's our way!

*Pros.* Faith, Gentlemen, yours is not a bad way either & since it seems I have lost my own -

*Grif.* To be sure you have, or you'd never have come into this Glen - But we have a kind hearted Master - he has just fitted up an old castle in the Mountains, on purpose to take in every body who loses his way.
You have companions?

**{386b}**

*Pros.* To be sure I have! - and some that are not to be sneezed at.

*Wolf.* I should not wonder now if you belong to the Suite of the Princess we are waiting to escort as a Guard of honor

*Pros.* How very considerate - a Guard of honor!

*Grif.* Our master is anxious to entertain her as a Guest at his Castle of Montealto. Come where did you part from the Cavalcade?

*Pros.* At the foot of yonder broken Rock that sticks out in the road like the last tooth of an antiquated Dowager.

*Wolf.* Good!

[*He makes signs to a party, who hurry off*

Secure the Prisoner's horse!

*Pros.* Pris-is-is-oner! Oh! I see- a joke! - a pleasant conceit. Pray my good Sir, who may this generous master of yours be?

*Wolf.* He's pretty well known - Sir Gowther –

(*laughs*)

*Pros.* How! What! - Sir Gowther of the - the -

*Wolf.* Red Hand! - out with it! - He's not ashamed of his name - so come along; there's no occasion to mince the matter: you are our Prisoner!

*Pros.* Hah! - this is no Joke!

[*Maralda, in Page's attire, appears unseen by the Condottieri listening at the back*

(*aside*) But a man who has undertaken an office **{387a}** of responsibility would be unfit to - hem! - for it so happens that this Prince Hermann otherwise called Sir Gowther of the - never mind the rest - is the Person of all others, I seek.

*Grif.* Come - we shall soon fall in with your attendants - so on to the Castle, Boys, and prepare a good reception for our Guests, before we finally dispose of them.

*Pros.* Oh! What! Dispose of them!

*Grif.* On homeward!

[*Exeunt Griffinklan and Prosenburg*

Glee (or Round)[20] (No. 7)

Homeward, Comrades, let us hie
The Sun has sunk from the golden sky
To quaff his night draught from the deep
And so must we of mortal clay
Refresh our strength for the coming day[21]
And pledge the brimming wine cup, 'ere we sleep!

Chorus

Homeward, Comrades, etc

[*Exeunt*

[*To the Symphony, Maralda crosses and follows them cautiously*

## Act 1, Scene 4

*Dilapidated Hall in the Castle of Montealto - Door in Flat - Picture of Hermann on Panel.*
*Enter Hermann and Followers drinking*

**{387b}**

Song – Hermann (No. 8)

Fill high - to overflowing fill the measure -
The Grape has juice divine -
And deep we'll drink of pleasure
For magic power has wine[22]!
Who'd care for purple robes of state? I'd rather
Their pomp and pride resign -
To feast upon these purple charms we gather,
Fresh from the luscious vine!

*Wolf.* Bravo! Captain! Now drink we to our Patron Saint (*points to Portrait*) Our Prince! - the proscribed Hermann! (*drinks*) Ha! Ha! The poor artist we made Prisoner, with his colour Box, Pallet and Brushes; there stands his ransom, painted on the Panel - a portrait of our noble Chief!

[*Bugle without*

*Her.* Hark! Griffinklan returns - and by the well known flourish of his Horn, not empty handed. To the Gate, Boys! And usher in my captive fair one!

[*Enter Griffinklan with Prosenberg*

How now! No female prisoner!

*Grif.* No female have we seen, my Liege - unless an old woman, in male attire deserves the name. Bring forth the Prisoner!

**{388a}**

*Pros.* Prisoner forsooth! - Ahem! - Mighty Prince! - first born of the illustrious Robert of Austria

*Her.* Ha! Prosenburg! My early friend and adviser - well met - many a time and oft hast thou given me lectures on morality and it shall go hard, but I shew thee how well I have profited by thy sage counsel.

*Pros.* Right glad I am to find myself in your royal presence - I shall no longer be exposed to these indignities……...
(*regarding portrait*) There, my Lord, I perceive you are - larger than life; a greater man then ever. Who dared to stick you against the wall?

*Her.* Your errand, friend?

*Pros.* My Lord, I am an ambassador from your royal Father, charged with a weighty mission –

*Her.* An ambassador! (*laughs*) Your Excellency is welcome to the Court of Sir Gowther of the Red Hand - your credentials, fair Sir?

*Pros.* Ah! Prince - I am charged by the Duke, my Master, to urge your return upon his forgiveness and his love. Reflect on what you do - forsake these evil courses - and this (*speaking lower*) indifferent company; resume your station where nature destined you to shine, and delay no longer to court he affections of your future Subjects.

**{388b}**

*Her.* And art thou really commissioned by my royal Father?

*Pros.* Behold his signet! Never, as you know entrusted to the hands of any who are not in his strict confidence.

*Her.* Or who cannot guard it religiously.

[*Makes a sign to Wolfgang, who snatches the ring*

*Wolf.* A jewel of some value, my Lord; it shall be safely disposed of (*giving Ring to Grif.*)

*Her.* Yours is not the first Embassy I have been honored with, from your royal Master

*Pros.* But the ring, my Lord, - the ring! - this unmannerly dog - good looking Gentleman, I mean, has -

*Wolf.* Know'st thou the reception that former Emissaries have met with here (*aside*) We'll frighten him at all events.

*Pros.* The most honorable, of course!

*Wolf.* Six have already tasted of our hospitality: one was torn to pieces by the untamed horses of the forest

*Grif.* Another made a ~~feast~~ breakfast for the mountain wolves -

*Pros.* What! ~~A feast!~~

*Wolf.* A third was hurled from yonder promontory into the cataract that foams ~~200 feet~~ beneath -

*Grif.* About 500 feet below - with pointed rocks sticking up like a Chevaux de frise

*Pros.* Dreadful! You don't mean -

*Wolf.* A fourth - look ye there - blanches in the Winds **{389a}** upon Gibbet higher than the loftiest battlement of our Castle.

*Grif.* An exalted position isn't it? There's promotion for you.

*Pros.* Don’t mention it - I can’t carry my views so high

*Her.* But since my honored Sire will persevere in his fooling, we must make a more severe example this time. We’ll do your Excellency the honor to invent some new torture for your exit.

*Pros.* Exit! Oh dear! - you’re jesting, sure -

*Her.* If dying is a Jest - Away with him!

*Pros.* No, no! - mercy my Lord! - I am but a poor insignificant fool! I am no ambassador - I resign.

*Her.* Away with him! Our moments are too precious to be wasted on a prosing(?) coxcomb! To the Oubliette with him!

[*Wolfgang pulls a cord attached to the Wall - Prosenburg sinks*

*Pros.* My Lord - my Prince! - my - you infernal villains

[*he sinks slowly down the Trap - Maralda, who has watched, observes him*

*Her.* So then, Griffinklan, you have been hunting the wrong scent; the Travellers we were in search of have escaped.

*Grif.* What matters it, my Prince, - if we get a prize, ne’er stop to think what Gender it is of

*Her.* What say ye, Boys, to a daring adventure?

*Grif.* Ready and willing, I say!

*Omnes* All! All!

**{389b}**

*Her.* Nobly answered! My proposal is to make a descent, this very nightm upon the Convent of Saint Angelo, & bear off the Bride from the altar itself.

*Grif.* With an eye to a thumping ransom, of course.

*Her.* If we are disposed to yield her

*Grif.* She’ll wear her best jewels, no doubt.

*Her.* Come, let us about it straight! I'll go first alone. The Monks owe me some obligation, for a good turn or two I have done them upon occasion. Either by threats or bribes, I can persuade them to aid our purpose. Griffinklan be ready to follow with the stoutest of our Band.

*Grif.* I always obey orders; not that I half relish these Petticoat Prizes - they don't pay!

*Her.* You shall first frighten yonder pompous fool, and scare him from prying into our pastimes again - but harm him not!

*Grif.* Leave him to me; I'll give him a proper notion of your Highness's authority!

*Her.* And then to horse - away!

*All* Hurrah!

[*Exeunt*

[*Enter Maralda (still disguised). She, in pantomime, looks around with anxiety - suddenly perceives Hermann's Portrait - expresses lively emotion - draws a Miniature from her bosom, and compares it - she shudders at the Bandit's bandit attire of Hermann's Picture - kneels to the painting, gazing sat it with delight – interrupted by Prosenburg's voice.*

**{390a}**

*Pros.* (*below*) Help! All good Christians![23]

[*Maralda starts and listens*

They have poked me into an Oubliette - remember that!

[*Maralda recollects - searches for the cord and pulls it violently - Trap opens.*

(*coming up*) Daylight again! (*enters, his dress disarranged*) Oh! My dear little valorous page! You have saved the life of the Grand Chamberlain - Why 'tis the Princess Maralda, as I live! (*She imposes silence, and hastily retires*). Oh! As you please! But how came you here? What gone! And before I could thank her Highness! - We might have travelled together - no matter! I must make my way alone. Well since she became a Page, she is the very flower of Chivalry. Flower indeed! - to me she is a Forget me not!

[*Exit*

## Act 1, Scene 5

*Outside of the Chapel, in the Convent of St. Angelo. Entrance by a flight of steps, in the background. Dance of Peasants, who enter, with Garlands of flowers etc.*

Scene

Chorus (No. 9)

For the Bridal prepare
Let the young and the fair
With fresh woven Garlands advance
**{390b}** For the Bridal prepare
Haste the revels to share
And join in the festival dance[24]

[*The Peasants dance off - Hermann's Band enter & watch them - Condottieri sing without*

In silence stealing
Our steps concealing
Mark where they meet
To the Chapel rush
To the Chapel - hush!
Some one advances from the quire
In silence, silence, quick retire!

[*Enter Hermann, habited as a Monk*

Song - Hermann & Chorus

Behold me a Friar equipped
In rochet and cowl and beads!
Of my sinful habits stripp'd
I preach of faith and good deeds
My body 'tis true should be thinner
To pass for a mortified trunk
But as many a Monk has turn'd sinner
Why not a bold sinner turn Monk?

Chorus

Ha!Ha! Our Master bold
In Friar's garb behold
Why not a bold sinner turn Monk!

Hermann

Forms divine yonder feasted my eye,
**{391a}** But they flew from my longing touch.
With Angels they all seem'd to vie
Each Nun seem'd to me a non such!
They tell me that some have been frail,
From the gaze of the world who have shrunk
Erring beauty thus oft takes the veil
And why not a bold sinner turned Monk?

Chorus

Ha! Ha! Our Master bold
In Friar's garb behold
Why not a bold sinner turn Monk!

*Her* Now, Lads, prepare for business!

*Wolf* Perhaps your Reverence has a fat berth or two in the Church to bestow upon your Followers!

*All* Ha! ha! ha!

*Her.* I will admit a chosen few who shall overpower to lazy Monks and lock them in their cells, while we take upon ourselves their holy office. How say ye, my Boys, - shall I not make a portly Abbott? (*Music*) Hark! The Procession approaches - follow me in silence, you - the next(?) conceal yourselves behind the columns of the cloisters, till yonder Turret Bell summons you to action

*Wolf.* Aye, aye, to action! - the sooner the better

[*Music of Chorus - the Chapel becomes illuminated*
**{391b}**

*Her.* Hush! - caution - caution & silence!

## Act 1, Finale

*Hermann & Party retire - the rest conceal themselves. Bridal reception enters - followed by the Prince, Isabella (veiled) Margaret, Leopold, etc.*

Chorus[25] (**)

High our voices raising
We greet the Bridal train
Tokens of joy are blazing
Within the sacred fane [26]
And see, in silver splendour
The glorious Queen of night
Ascends her car to render
Her tribute of joyous light.
Shout, shout again!
Hail – the Bridal train!

Conrad (*kneeling*)

Holy virgin, aid my vow
While I before they Altar bow
Our solemn union deign to bless
With omens bright of happiness!

Chorus (**)

Holy virgin, etc

[*Hermann and followers advance, disguised as Monks*

Hermann (no. 10)

Welcome fair daughter to the shrine
Where omens bright attend thee
Of promis'd bliss that shall be thine
Our holy Saints befriend thee!

**{392a}**

Trio

Conrad and Isabella

The moment is at hand
That shall our fates combine
And holy Church with sacred band
Shall make {me/thee} ever {thine/mine}!

Hermann

The moment is at hand
To crown my bold design
And prove the prowess of my band
She must, she shall be mine
[*He advances to Turret & rings Bell*

Recitative or Air

Conrad

Hold! What means that signal bell?
Mysterious Friar –

Hermann

….....From their Cell
My holy Brethren it invites
To aid us in these solemn rites.

Trio & chorus

Conrad & Isabella

Advance, then advance – ‘tis time, ‘tis time!
And let the air ring with your hymns sublime
‘Tis time!

**{392b}**

Hermann (*apart*)

Advance, now advance ‘tis time, ‘tis time
While the air rings with their etc.

Chorus

Advance then etc

[*A burst of rapid Music - The Robbers throw off their disguises – others rush on and overpower the Prince’s Party, and make Isabella captive*

Hermann

‘Tis bravely done! My beauteous prize
Your curtained charms reveal
And let me feast my ravish’d eyes
With joys thou would’st conceal

Isabella

Unhand, unhand me, Monster vile
Thy withering touch forbear

Conrad

Revenge, revenge, I swear!
Thou traitor Monk!

Hermann

.....Dost thou thus style
The heir of a throne
Mighty as thine own?
Behold here I stand
Sir Gowther of the Blood Red Hand!

[*Throws off disguise*

Chorus

Hermann of Austria! ‘tis he, ‘tis he!

[*A silence and pause. Maralda rushes on throws* **{393a}** *herself between Hermann and Isabella, with whom he is struggling to embrace - draws a scroll from her bosom on which is inscribed* (“Your Sister”)

Isabella

Oh! Horror! Horror to my ear!
My hapless[27] outcast brother here!

[*unveils*

Hermann

Her Brother![28] - Yes her dreaded form I see!
Oh, horror! - tenfold horror this to me!

Trio

Isabella

I tremble with dismay
Behold his flashing eye!
To terrors wild a prey,
I faint - I sink - I die

Conrad

He trembles with dismay
Behold his frenzied eye!
To conscience stern a prey
Thy scornful look he'd fly

Hermann

I tremble, I sink with dismay
At the damning rebuke of her eye
To terrors of conscience a prey
Let me hence to the desert fly!

**{393b}**

Chorus of Banditti

Come away
No more delay
To horse, to horse and away
[*Advancing to seize Princess*

Hermann

Forbear - loose your hold
Forbear - comrades bold
Away to your hills away!

Chorus

And leave the rich prize
That gladdens our eye?

Hermann

'Tis my will - obey! obey!
Prince, dismiss your fears
Back, Intruders, back!
But woe to him who rashly dares
Our parting steps to track!
[*The two parties separate to each side*

Conrad, Isabella etc

The danger's past - they fly, they fly!
'Ere breaks returning day.
Hence to your mountain covert hie
Hence - to your hills[29] away!

Hermann, etc

The hour is past - we fly, we fly
'Ere breaks returning day
Hence to our mountain Crags[30], we hie
Hence to our hills away!

**End of Act 1**

**{394a}**

## Act 2 Scene 1

*A view of the City of Mantua - A ruined Chapel on one side - Palace on the other*
*Enter Conrad and Gaimar*

*Gai.* Permit your faithful servant to once more congratulate you on your escape

*Con.* Good Seneschal - thanks! - The account you have rendered of your important trust in my absence is exact and can only be balanced by some special mark of my favor.

*Gai.* Ah! My Lord - If I dared to give utterance once more to a presumptuous hope ... My long and arduous service might be splendidly rewarded - (*points off*) Would that my humble suit could find a ready access to my Master's heart.

*Con.* I guess your petition - Maralda's hand. Gaimar - I will protect my hapless sister from an unwelcome suitor, as I would from an open foe; for this request you have your answer - You must show me some other way to requite your service. Farewell!

[*Exit*

*Gai.* Is it for this that I have toiled up the slippery ladder of ambition, to have it dashed from under me by a birth stricken Girl, on whom nature has placed the ban of its most bitter infirmity? Thinks she that Princes, Nobles will court her barren smiles? - vain hope! - Revenge - a stern revenge, I swear! **{394b}** - She shall rue the day - aye, and her proud Brother, too, when they defied the power which Gaimar wields in Mantua - Ha! Griffinklan? What brings thee hither? - Thou arriv'st most opportunely!

[*Enter Griffinklan (another dress)*

What brings you to Mantua, so far from thy haunts and companions?

*Grif.* Truth to say, my Lord, I have not quitted my Comrades, but they have deserted me. Our late leader, the brave and reckless Sir Gowther of the Red Hand, has forsaken his command - became conscience stricken. Fool enough to turn Penitent - has put on a horse hair shirt and barefooted, creeps from shrine to shrine, deploring his past sins.

*Gai.* What could have shaken the iron nerve of that formidable Leader of the Condottieri?

*Grif.* Too nice a sensitiveness - the horror of being on the brink of committing an irreparable crime! So when Sir Gowther turned Pilgrim, the Community elected me their King; but tho' they placed a crown on my head, I never had one in my pocket. I found that my regal state was dwindling into a state of starvation. Will your Lordship receive me into your service, once **{395a}** more - I am an altered man. I have forsworn our three Cardinal virtues- Plunder, Riot and Debauchery forever.

*Gai.* Thou wert ever a ready witted Knave

*Grif.* My head and hands are at liberty, just now; I am on half pay – nothing a day & find myself. Seneschal, may I remind you of a few services for which you stand indebted to the renowned Captain Griffinklan?

*Gai.* Peace, my friend. Can'st thou collect thy armed force of Condottieri?

*Gri.* Aye – if I break open every jail in the Principality. I am ready for anything, from High Treason down to Petty Larceny.

*Gai.* Hark ye, Comrade! I seek revenge, for insult and injury. The Prince has rejected my suit for the hand of the Dumb Princess

*Grif.* My dear Seneschal, you fixed your thoughts a thought too high in that quarter. So then your ambition has had a tumble down the grand staircase, and you are for climbing up again by the back way. Carry her off in the night, eh?

*Gai.* That would be too poor a revenge! What would the possession of Maralda, without a portion, without golden prospects, Griffinklan? Without the warm sun of royal favour? Think ye I am one of the love-sick Heroes, who doat on wedded **{395b}** bliss with unfurnished coffers and unsatisfied thirst for grandeur?

*Grif.* Truly I know you to be a man of more rational expectations.

*Gai.* I cherish greater thoughts, no less than to hurl this lofty Prince from his possessions and place a fitter on his throne.

*Grif.* I applaud your spirit! I see it all; I see the brave Prince Gaimar already ruling the destinies of Mantua & I see, moreover, a faint prospect of preferment for those who shall enlist under his banner.

*Gai.* Your services, my friend, shall not be overlooked; they will be mighty in such a cause.

*Grif.* In such a cause! That's as much as to say, a cause for which we may possibly get hanged.

*Gai.* Here is Gold. (*giving bag of money*) Go to the Mountain fastnesses, summon as large a body of your brave and hungry Condottieri as you can call together. I will become their Leader. Let us not be seen together here.

*Grif.* (*shaking bag*) This music will instantly rally our brave Band. I march under your colours, noble Champion. Should your cause prosper, a place at Court for me, a snug sinecure to heal my wounds, after all the cuffs and kicks that fortune has favour'd me with.

**{396}**

*Gai.* This way. A bold and sudden blow must be struck.

[*Exeunt*

[*Enter Hermann* (i*n rags*)

*Her.* At length have I reached the royal City of Mantua! - My wearied limbs almost refuse their burden: humble, dejected, penitent, I will present myself a Beggar before the Sister I have insulted and disgraced, and sue for a morsel to relieve the cravings of exhausted nature. This should be the Palace and here has stood a Temple of Religion - that Religion which I have reviled.

[*During the following Symphony, he kneels before the Chapel with devotion*

Recitative and Song – Hermann (No. 11)

I shudder at my past career
Of outrage wild and strife
How hateful doth it now appear
To one who breathes new life!
My daring arm in frenzy wild
Was raised against my father's child
My Sister! Horrid thought!
My Sister 'twas I madly sought!
From what a dark abyss
Kind Providence hath staid[31] me,
Tho' crimes on crimes upbraid me
The blackest surely had been this!

**{396b}**

Air

Father of life! Behold me bending
Suppliant at thy Shrine[32]
My virtuous resolves befriending
Make, oh! Make me henceforth thine!
Hear me, Father, hear my prayer[33]
And take me to thy fost'ring care!

[*Hermann goes to the Portal of the Palace, and craves alms - Servitors thrust him out - Leopold enters*

Chorus of Servitors (No. 12)

Ha! Ha! Ha! A ragged Rogue
Dwell you near, or come you far?
Beggars have been long in vogue
You'll find the trade full- ha! ha! ha!

Leopold

Perhaps Court Jester you'd[34] become!
Perhaps a Minister of State
Vain hope, for we have fools at home
For all our places, small and great

Chorus

The Seneschal! The Seneschal!

[*Enter Gaimar*

Leopold

Odso! - the Seneschal advances
Then the chance is
**{397a}** Much against this luckless slave
None so fit as he to school[35]
A Fool!
Himself a most notorious Knave!

Chorus

Long live the Seneschal!

Leopold

Aye! Shout, shout rascals all
Long live the Seneschal!

Chorus

Long live the Seneschal!

Leopold

Now tell your name, your name and nation,
Your parentage and occupation.
Tell us straight, unmannered Clown
And let his Honor here determine
Whether you shall hang or drown
Be food for fishes or for vermin.

Hermann

Oh! Pity – Beggar, slave am I
As speaks this sigh!
Let me pass – let me pass
My bed is on the dewy grass
And pillow'd on the cold, cold stone
~~Thus I atone~~ My fate I moan.[36]

Chorus

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha !ha!
Let him pass, let him pass
**{397b}** His bed is on the dewy grass
His pillow on a stone
~~His food - ha ha! - a bone!~~ Ha! Ha!

[*Enter Conrad and Maralda*

Conrad

What mean these sounds of noisy mirth,
So near[37] my Palace walls?
What hapless son of mother earth
In vain for pity calls?

Hermann

Oh! Pity -

Conrad

.....What art thou?

Hermann

Beggar, slave, am I!

Conrad

Alas! As much thy looks imply[38]
Misery sits upon thy brow;
What would'ye?

Hermann

..... Let me pass!

Conrad

Where dwell ye?

Hermann

..... On the dewy grass
And ~~my~~ pillowed ~~is~~ on the cold, cold stone
~~Thus I atone~~ My fate I moan![39]

**{398a}**

[*Gairnar motions to two attendants to seize him - he struggles - Maralda intercedes for him with the Prince, who orders them to forbear*

Hermann

Let me pass, let me pass!
My bed is on the dewy grass!
And ~~my~~ pillowed ~~is~~ on the cold, cold stone
~~Thus I atone~~ My fate I moan
Poor slave!

[*Exit Hermann*

Conrad and Chorus

Let him pass - let him pass
Let him range the dewy grass
Unheeded by our scoffs and jeers,
More fit would be our tears.[40]
Poor slave!

*Con.* Follow yon hapless stranger, some of you, and see him provided with food and raiment.

[*Maralda comes forward , and expresses, by signs, that she would undertake the task*

Be it so, my Sister: your heart and hand are ever ready to relieve distress, and succour the unfortunate! Be yours the welcome task to cheer his drooping spirit.

[*Maralda expresses her thankfulness and Exits into the Palace - Leopold and attendants follow her*

*Gai.* (*aside*) More clemency! - Cannot I rouse him to one act of even petty tyranny that shall soil his fair name?

*Con.* How now Gaimar? Would'st thou have wasted anger on a harmless Being like that?

*Gai.* My Lord, I do suspect he is not what he seems - The seditious Troops, the Condottieri, are in our neighbourhood, and watch an opportunity to attack us - your safety, my Liege, the security of your Crown, demand a constant vigilance. What if he be a spy, commissioned to examine our condition, and means of defence?

*Con.* It were a wanton use of power, to exercise it on the creeping worm.

*Gai.* Yet worms may undermine the foundation on which a Kingly Fabric stands

*Con.* Maralda, too, pleaded for him, with her eloquent eyes, the only gift of speech which Heaven vouchsafes her. Let him go, Gaimar; cruelty would but swell the numbers of our enemies - Clemency shall convert them into friends.

[*Exit*

*Gai.* (*speaks off*) I have done, my Lord; your sister's eloquence must needs plead with success, when beauty and worth, like hers, become suppliants, they require no tongue to give them utterance (*apart*). But shortly, proud Prince, shalt thou be **{399a}** humbled in the dust!

[*Enter one of the Condottieri - he makes a private signal*

An envoy from the Condottieri! Tribes of whom are spread through Mantua.

[*The soldier gives a Paper to Gaimar, who reads it*

Ha! Diligent indeed! - Griffinklan has already collected a number of his companions, and dispatched fifty scouts to the fastnesses, to order up the remaining companies of Condottieri - Say that Gaimar is prepared.

[*Exit soldier*

A Postscript (*reads*)

"Captain Griffinklan will attend on Prince Gaimar in the Palace and wait for further commands"

Prince Gaimar! The title, tho' sarcastically written by the Knave, is cheering to my ambition - yes - I will hazard all, or sink to cureless ruin!

[*Exit*

## Act 2, Scene 2

*A Hall of the Palace*
*Enter Margaret*

*Marg.* So - I may have time for a little reflection. It is unaccountable; but ~~my~~ the poor speechless ~~Mistress~~ **{399b}** Maralda certainly is over head and ears with that wild man of the woods - But wretched Prosenburg! - Some evil chance must have befallen him, or he would have joined us, 'ere now. How we parted from him in the Mountain Pass, I cannot imagine.

[*Enter Griffinklan, elegantly dressed - Military costume.*

*Grif. (aside)* He! Yonder is a little black eyed Maid! - Petticoat interest, after all, is the best to procure a man favour at Court! Save you, fair Damsel - art thou ~~yet~~ inclined to bestow a smile or two upon an unfortunate dog who is dying for thee?

*Marg.* Alas, friend! As (?) thou cannot live without my smiles, thou must die, indeed! I have a sorrowful countenance to look upon.

*Grif.* Beauty in sorrow! That should never be; or, at most, only now and then - like an eclipse of the Sun, which gives more splendour to the luminary when it has passed. (*aside*) Ahem! Not badly thrown in that!

*Marg.* I fear me, the sun of my happiness is clouded, never to shine again.

*Grif.* A Lover gone to the War, I suppose, to gain immortal Glory. But never mind; if his immortal glory returns without him, I'll serve as **{400a}** his substitute in the ranks of Cupid. Look here upon this ornament sparkling with jewels: wilt wear it for me, sweet Maiden?

*Marg.* What do I see? - Where, where did you obtain that Jewel?

*Grif.* Where? Oh! A mere bagatelle - where? It was presented to me by the Emperor, when I served in the forces against the Pacha of Albania and captured a whole Troop of Horse with the aid of three Pikemen and a blind pony.

*Marg.* It is the Badge of Office given to the Chamberlain of the Princess, my Mistress

*Grif.* Bless me! Is it indeed! I must have made a mistake then. Yes, I see! I have left the Emperor's present in my other doublet. You see this is a new suit I wear. I'll run and fetch it.

*Marg.* Monster! You know something of the wearer of this ornament - the unfortunate Prosenburg! My affianced husband!

*Grif.* Prosenburg! Your affianced husband! Unhappy Lady!

*Marg.* Do not torture me with suspense. Say, in pity say. What has happened to him? He was separated from us, in our Journey through the Mountains.

*Grif.* 'Twas there I saw him last and saw the last of him.

*Marg.* How! Where, whither went he?

*Grif.* I grieve to be the Messenger of ill tidings; but **{400b}** he met an untimely end.

*Marg.* (*screams*) Dead!

*Grif.* Thus it was. His horse suddenly lost his footing on the edge of a narrow rock and fell with his Rider down the Precipice, which might be some six hundred feet deep, or so.

*Marg.* Oh! Horror!

*Grif.* I happened to be passing that way and hurried to the spot; I saw the respectable young man decently interred and took charge of his few personals, till I should meet -

[*a scuffle without*

*Pros. (without)* Not go in! I will go in! I am the Grand Chamberlain to the ~~Duke~~ Princess of Austria (enters)

*Marg.* 'Tis his voice! 'Tis Prosenburg himself! (*meets him as he enters*)

*Grif.* Rather mal-apropos! It is very hard, now, that I can never indulge in a little innocent romance, but something turns up to throw a doubt on my veracity.

*Pros.* Oh! Margaret! My dear Margaret! What a joyful meeting this is! I never expected to see you again. Congratulate me on my escape from those hang dog friends of ours in the Mountains. Ha! Ha! What do I see! He here! One of my Murderers! Oh! That oubliette!

**{400b}**

*Grif.* (*aside*) Gad! I shall find the Count a little too hot for me, if I stay. My Lord Chamberlain, I rejoice to see you safe and well.

*Pros.* I dare say you do!

*Grif.* Come, come - we must forget and forgive. 'Twas only a frolic of our Master's

*Pros.* Frolic, forsooth! You might as well kill a man as frighten him to death.

*Marg.* And impose upon his Mistress with a trumped up story of his falling from a Precipice.

*Pros.* Did he so? Why you inhuman Viper! You sporter with the feelings of virtue in affliction!

*Grif.* All in jest, I assure you! I was just going to surprize her with the joyful news of your safety.

*Pros.* Which you happened to know nothing at all about. I'd have you to know, Sirrah!

*Grif.* Content yourself that I am no longer your Rival. Ah! Prosenburg! You are a happy man! You have dashed the cup of hope from a devoted Lover; I have nothing left but to rush into the fight and seek in death an escape from the frowns of beauty.

[*Exit hastily*

*Pros.* (*calling off*) And the chastisement of my insulted dignity! 'Tis well he is gone - or - ahem! A Lover forsooth!

*Marg.* Psha! Give yourself no uneasiness about him; **{401b}** Come let me hear all that has happened to you.

*Pros.* Not just now; I am famished with hunger. ~~If it had not been for that little namby pamby Page, who rescued me, I should at this moment have been dining on my fingers in an oubliette!~~ Such trials of my fortitude and courage! But I flatter myself they found me a worthy Representative of - ahem! As to the Scapegrace of a Prince, he is ruined past redemption. Oh, Margaret!

*Marg.* Ah! The poor Duke! His father is broken hearted about him.

*Pros.* Then if he has nothing to do but to pray for the Sins of his son, he will have plenty of employment for his piety. Let me go and recruit myself, after my perilous Journey. No more Embassies for me! We meet to part no more!

[*Exeunt*

## Act 2 Scene 3

*A secluded spot in the gardens of the Palace - A fountain in the background*
*Hermann enters, hastily, apparently exhausted*[41]

*Her.* Alas! What a fate is mine! When it is only **{402a}** in cheerless solitude That I can find a moments peace. Exhausted nature sinks me to the earth - yonder fountain offers me refreshment but I cannot reach it. I faint - I - (falls exhausted)

[*Maralda enters, watching him - followed by Margaret with a basket - they attempt to raise him - Maralda makes signs to Margaret to get water from the fountain.*

*Marg.* That I will - kind hearted soul! What a pity it is that she cannot express all the generous things her heart would say.

[*She brings water. Hermann drinks and gradually revives*

*Her.* Is it possible that there are Beings and of such beauteous mould, who compassionate my wretched condition!

*Marg.* Ha! Are not you a fortunate young man, when a royal Princess deigns to sympathize in your sufferings?

[*Maralda signifies that she does not wish to be known and desires Margaret to open the Basket.*

*Her.* A Princess! Surely, I have seen that face before ~~it should be should be she who protected me but now from the cruel minions of the Court~~ . 'Tis the beautiful Maralda, whose love I so cruelly slighted when at my Father's court. Lady, my thanks are all I can offer.

[*Margaret makes signs to him that the Princess is dumb*

~~Deprived of speech!~~ What Heavenly beauty dwells in **{402b}** that silent form! Yet am I forbidden now to love - to look upon her! Oh! The battle's heat were raging round me, where I could meet a death of glory - or living, earn the right to sue - perchance to win, this peerless Fair!

[*Maralda, who has heard the latter part of his speech, expresses, aside to Margaret, that it may be possible to forward his object.*

*Marg.* (*having opened the Basket*) Here are fruits for you - and Conserves - and wine to revive your flagging spirits

[*Hermann eats of the fruit - the Princess presents the flask to him, which he refuses.*

*Her.* Nay Lady, 'tis forbidden me. I have made a vow, in the face of Heaven, never to taste luxuries more, till some worthy deed of arms shall have restored my fallen name to the rank which birth assigned it.

*Marg.* (*aside to Maralda*) There, my Lady! You thought he was some great man in disguise - and so he is, I do believe.

[*Maralda gives some instructions to Margaret and goes off*

So! I am to detain the Stranger in conversation till she returns from the Palace. Well, he must be insensible, indeed, to reject **{403a}** the Princess's kindness, when he might see with half an eye, that she is touched with something more than pity.

Song – Margaret (No. 14)

How now - will you thus fortune's bounty despise
And turn from the Goblet that gladdens your eyes?
When a delicate Princess your Cup bearer stands
And a comely young Maiden awaits your commands
Drink, drink - Let your famish'd lip
of the[42] nectar sip!

[*he turns away*

[43]Dear heart! Was there ever a man could decline
The united persuasions of beauty and wine?

For wine ne'er is known its best smile to refuse
Tho' beauty can frown now and then, if it choose
But when both smile together. Oh! Who can withstand
The charms of the one, from the other's fair hand?
Drink, drink - Let your eager lip
of the nectar sip!

[*he declines*

[44]Alas! was there ever etc.

[*Enter Maralda with the Page, bearing a Spear, Helmet and armour. Maralda shews them to Margaret and explains her meaning*

*Marg.* There, Stranger, your wish is granted; deck yourself **{403b}** in these warlike trappings - and Heaven send you prove a true Knight!

[*Hermann eagerly examines all the paraphernalia - the Females assist him to arms*

*Her.* That will I! But where is my prowess to be tried?

*Marg.* The Prince is assembling his forces to meet a Horde of Mercenaries of the Condottieri, who threaten an attack upon the City. Exert your valor in our cause. Remember the Princess Maralda takes an interest in your success.

*Her.* Thanks - thanks, gracious Lady - I fly to execute your commands and prove my devotion to your service.

[*kneels and kisses Maralda's hand*

[*Drums and Trumpets - alarms (without).*
*Enter Prosenburg in agitation*

*Pros.* To arms! To arms! Close the Gates. The Condottieri are upon us . Ho! My sword! Who have we here (*seeing Hermann*) Oh! Murder! Help! Sir Gowther of the Red Hand! Treachery! To arms! Guards! Guards!

[*Exit - hastily*

*Marg.* Away then! Victory crown your enterprize and the smile of beauty be your reward![45]

[*Maralda invokes a blessing upon his undertaking and*
**{404a}** *goes off with Margaret and Page.*

Battle Song – Hermann (No. 15)

Once more I brandish sword and shield
With arm and spirit free
And soon shall ring the battlefield
With shouts of victory!
I wake as from the silent grave,
And sounds of mortal strife,
Which tell of death to thousands brave,
Call me to new born life![46]
Lead on - lead on - and let the cry
Be "Glory or the Grave"!

What joy to see myself again
In warlike trappings drest!
Oh! What a wild impetuous train
Is fired within my breast!
Must I the loathsome garb resume
Of abject beggar slave?
No! Let me wear a warrior's plume
Or fill a warrior's Grave!
Lead on - lead on - and let the cry
Be "Glory or the Grave"

[*Exit*

## Act 2, Scene 4

*Apartment in the Palace*
*Enter Conrad followed by Isabella*

*Isab.* Alas! my beloved Conrad must we so soon be separated? Is there no trusty chief who can lead your soldiers to victory?

*Con.* No, Isabella. Impending ruin threatens our House and Throne. Honor and duty urge me to meet the foe in person, and shew my People that their Prince will hazard his own life in a cause which he calls on them to defend.

Duett (Conrad & Isabella) (No. 16)

Isabella

Alas! Then selfish love must bend
Before a mightier claim,
When honor woos thee to contend
In battle strife for fame[47].

Conrad

E'en love, all powerful love must bend[48]
Before a mightier clarion,
When honor calls me to defend
My country and my fame!

Both

Can words the pangs of parting tell
The anguish of this sad farewell
But soon shall peace appearing
Resume her gentle sway,
And nature's smiles all cheering
Shall chase our gloom away

**{405a}**

Conrad

'Tis time we part[49]

Isabella

One moment stay!

Conrad

'Tis honor calls!

Isabella

That call obey!

[*Exit Conrad*

[50]Scena - Isabella

[*Thro' the casement – preparations for the battle & the attack are represented in the distance - Moving bodies of troops – standards etc.*

Recitative[51]

A dread suspense hangs o'er this anxious day,
Imagination scans the fearful fray.
My searching eyes o'er all the battle move,
Where shall they find my Lord, my Life, my Love?

Aria[52]

Ha! There comes he, by deadly foes
In whelming crowds beset.
Never so fair was Conrad, never
Flamed his eye so brightly yet.

Kind Heaven watch o'er him in this hour,
Teeming with dread alarms
And bring him, by your fost'ring power
Safe to my longing arms.
Never was woman's love like mine
Not e'en when 'neath the forest pine
With thy nerv'd arm thou first encompass'd me
**{405b}** And I beheld th' undying fame in thee
which now is thine

Thro' all Groves shall fly thy warlike name,
While their responsive echoes loud proclaim
That more immortal is thy fame.
Conrad, come to my fond embrace,
My boding fears disprove
Let me behold my face,
Beaming with joy and love.
Ha, no! - thou'rt gone – thy faltering spirits fled
In bursting sorrow must I weep thee dead! (**)

[*She falls into the attendants' arms, when the March of victory is heard in the distance. She revives, as the sound approaches*

What strains are those[53] so blythe and clear
That wake my flagging sense?
The song of triumph sure I hear[54]
Hence, idle terrors, hence!

[*The March continued. Re enter Conrad, at the head of his troops and Lorenzo – A crowd of Peasants enter on opposite side and greet their friends*

*Con.*[55] Give me joyous welcome, my Isabella! – Providence **{406a}** has blessed our arms. The base Condottieri are dispersed, never to show the front of battle more.

*Isab.* Oh! Joy unspeakable! This repays all my anxious fears!

*Con.* The foe pressed boldly on us and, for a brief time, the strife was doubtful. Two of our columns most hotly engaged were giving way when an unknown Knight appeared in the thickest of the fray, rallied our fainting ranks and led them back from flight to victory! Lorenzo, have means been taken to discover this stranger to whom we owe the fortune of the day?

*Loren.* We have sought him in vain. He disappeared at the moment our Trumpets sounded their note of triumph and was seen no more.

*Isab.* Strange! Is there no clue to his retreat? How should I joy to welcome the Preserver of my Lord!

*Loren.* None but this. He was observed to be struck in the shoulder by a spear and staggered from the field with its point still fixed in the wound. This was found on the spot (*produces Spear handle*)

*Con.* Let Proclamation be made that the Knight who can produce the head of this Spear and shew his wound shall claim the highest reward in our gift: even the hand of our fair Sister, Maralda **{406b}** shall not be denied him.

[*Griffinklan makes his way thro' the crowd*

*Grif.* Then, my Lord, I have just seen this mysterious Knight and helped staunch his wound while he is treasuring up the Spear's point, as if it had been the Instrument of earning his Knightly dignity.

*Con.* Who is this man?

*Grif.* A soldier, good my Lord, who heard there was fighting going on and couldn't help sharing the fun. I'm not given to speak of myself or I could tell you of some little affairs in which Captain Griffinklan bore his part. 'Twas I endeavoured to pluck the spear from the bleeding warrior's shoulder, when it broke in my hand.

*Con.* Then you know the gallant Knight?

*Grif.* Aye, Prince, and, to please you, will bring him to your presence

*Con.* Seek him instantly and thyself shall not go unrewarded for thy share in the perils of the day.

[*March & exeunt*

*Grif.* Your highness is too bountiful! (*aside*) Come, this broken spear was a lucky discovery of mine in the field. It will make the Seneschal's fortune & then comes my turn for promotion!

[*Exit*

**{407a}**

## Act 2, Scene 5

*The Fountain (as before)*

*Maralda enters and searches, anxiously, for Hermann. She hears a rustling noise of someone approaching and conceals herself behind the Fountain*

*Enter Hermann*[56]

*Her.* Now, to resume my tattered Garb. But oh! This wound! I bear about me the Instrument of death! How to remove it? One desperate effort!

[*By a violent exertion he draws the Spear from his shoulder and conceals it under a stone of the fountain. Maralda watches him, marks the spot and removes the Spear head concealing it in her bosom soon as he has retired. He staggers forward.*

I faint with loss of blood – alas! There is no friendly hand to staunch my wound, no succour may reach the wretched Hermann.

[*Maralda rushes forward and supports him as he falls. She takes off her scarf and begins to bind up his arm.*

My guardian angel here again! I dare not **{407b}** trust myself to look on her!

[*He makes signs to Maralda that he must not accept her assistance, but she perseveres in biding up his wound, which he is too weak to resist. She invites him to follow her to the Palace.*

Beauteous Maid! Sweet solacer of my hours of bitterness lead me where thou wilt. I am bound to thee eternally!

[*Maralda expresses her joy and thankfulness to Heaven*

[*Exeunt*

## Act 2, Scene Last

*Hall in the Palace*
*Enter Griffinklan and Gaimar, the latter accoutred as a Knight with is shoulder bound up.*

*Gai.* Truly, Griffinklan, this plot is a bold one; but your genius has planned it well. Your success is beyond my hopes.

*Grif.* Aye, it was a lucky spoil of war that broken Spear. It is well worth the little ugly gash **{408a}** you have given yourself with a dagger. You will be raised to the pinnacle of greatness and who knows, I may ride into power on your shoulder.

*Gai.* You shall! You shall, my friend. But hush! They come.

[*Enter Prosenburg (with wand) and attendants*

*Pros.* There now; range yourselves in order & make all ready to receive the Prince in state. His Highness approaches to welcome the Stranger Knight, who has immortalized his name – tho' we haven't found it out yet! So Griffinklan, you have drawn the valiant Hero from his modest retirement (*speaks low*) I say, I hope he isn't one of your old comrades in the mountains. If you shew off any of your slippery tricks here – recollect the oubliette. It may be your turn to take a drop, now –

*Grif.* Now my good, right worshipful Chamberlain, why will you rip up old grievances thus? I am quite an altered man; I have cut all bad company since I made your acquaintance – with such a virtuous example before me.

*Pros.* Why – a – I do flatter myself that in me you found a becoming Representative of – But his Highness comes!

**{408b}** [*A flourish of Trumpets. Enter the Prince, Isabella, Leopold, Margaret, etc.*

Now friend, is this the valiant Stranger, whom we so much desire to greet and recompense?

*Conr.* There he stands an't please your Highness but I had as much ado to draw him from his concealment, as I had to draw this Spear head from his shoulder. True valor always shrouds itself in a veil of modesty.

*Grif.* You say right but gratitude, in this instance, must draw the veil. Sir Knight, you are welcome to our Court. To you we owe the triumph of our arms. It is not enough that we requite the service – we must know to whom we owe our thanks.

[*Gaimar bows and raises his visor – all start*

*Conr.* How! The Seneschal! Whom we thought a Traitor to our cause.

*Gai.* My Liege. Your late rejection of my earnest suit, determined me to quit my country in silence and despair but danger threatened your throne and life, and my duty told me that even tho' I should not win her **{409a}** favor, whom my soul adored, I had yet one more opportunity of showing my devotion to the Master I had so long served and loved. This done, I should have been heard of no more, but yonder busy soldier tracked my steps and dragged me forth to receive the thanks I would not have claimed.

*Grif.* (*aside*) Umph! Busy! ~~But let that pass: it shall go down to the score, when we come to the reckoning for my special services.~~

*Conr.* You have acted nobly: yet I am placed in a situation of some difficulty. My word has been passed to confer my sister's hand on the Stranger Knight. How will Maralda confirm our pledge? See she comes!

[*Enter Maralda hastily. The Prince points out Gaimar to her as the Knight to whom they are so much indebted. She expresses her incredulity. He produces the two pieces of the broken spear and points to Gaimar's wounded shoulder. She examines the spear & draws the Prince's attention to it.*

How is this? Her keen eye has detected what had escaped us. The wood is of a different **{409b}** grain. How Sir Knight! Would you play us false? Would you cheat us of a reward you have not earned?

*Gai.* (*turning away confused*) Confusion! She will ruin all!

*Grif.* (*aside*) Keep up a bold face man! I may have picked up a wrong spear handle, you know. They can't say you haven't got an ugly thrust in the shoulder. Stay my Lord! Perhaps I can explain.

[*Maralda draws out the real spear from her bosom and holding it up in triumph points to Hermann, who enters.*

*Isab.* My unhappy Brother here!

*Her.* Yes, Isabella, your Brother; but no longer the outcast you have known him. Behold him a penitent – take him to your arms!

*Conr.* This should be the unfortunate Beggar, whom I protected this morning. How changed his air and mien!

*Her.* 'Twas my penance for a life of crime and disorder. 'Tis my glory to have crowned it by a service to your Highness's throne. Shall I not reap the reward of your favour, and your sister's love?

**{410a}**

*Con.* Let me embrace thee! As my Brother. Twice my Brother; for a double alliance shall make thee so. Maralda's eyes speak for her acquiescence. Your union shall redeem my pledge & crown the happiness of this day (*joins their hands*). For yonder vile Imposter, who would have plucked the laurel from his brow –

*Her.* I have good information that 'twas he who stirred the Condottieri to their late ill-omened attack, and aided their plot. The Traitor stands abashed and convicted.

*Con.* Away with him in chains!

[*The attendants seize Gaimar & lead him off*

*Grif.* (*aside*) I had better make myself scarce, before my services are taken into consideration. Adieu! to promotion; farewell to my greatness. I must look out for a new Master, once more and, be he Christian, Turk or Devil, here I am open to the highest bidder.

[*Exit*

*Con.* And now, my friends, give a loose to your joy and welcome back your victorious countrymen.

**{410b}**

Finale[57] (No. 22)

Chorus of Victory

Joy to the victors, brave sons of Italia!
Back to your homes of contentment & ease
Victory's banner triumphantly waving
Floats o'er our heads in the tremulous breeze
Each with each vying
Dangers defying
Onward resistless thro' foemen we sped
War axes wielding
Broken ranks yielding.
'Til from the fight the ~~proud Saracens~~ base rebels flying
Left us no trace but the heaps of their dead.

Now to our homes in security turning
Bend we gay victors triumphant away.
There each fond Damsel her gallant Youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.
Terror resigning,
Festive wreaths twining
E'en now on the turrets the Maidens appear[58],
**{411a}** Love our hearts warming
Songs the night charming,
[59]Love, wine, and mirth, our blithe moments shall cheer!

[*Curtain descends*]

**End**

[1] FS Pride of an honor'd and [ ] line
[2] FS That leads me hence away
[3] FS Oh that the tears of a long farewell
Should mix with the joys of thy bridal day.
[4] Not included in VS
[5] FS Those tranquil scenes among
[6] FS Each hill and valley grove and stream
[7] FS And many a brilliant deed was done
[8] FS Once kindled in the breast
[9] FS Once kindled in their breast
[10] FS Then hey for the famous celebration.
To me what a very, very, very strange sensation
[11] The FS has the music for this displaced at page 294. First time through the final chorus is no-no-no rather than la-la-la. It is not included in the VS but it was published as a separate song by W. Hawes.
[12] Difficult to decipher. It could be a misspelling of "canny". The FS and Song score have "comely".
[13] FS describes this as a Comic Trio
[14] FS The aside instruction only occurs in the FS
[15] FS Now here me pray
[16] FS Ha! Whene'er the day
Then I'll say nay and spoil the promised pleasure
Yes handing off one's mistress thus
[17] The FS titles this Hunting Chorus with solo (Banditti)
[18] FS Who's for the chase tomorrow
[19] FS sounding horn stirring horn (on the repeat)
[20] The FS titles this Round (Three Bandits) with Chorus of Banditti
[21] FS Recruit our strength for the coming day
[22] FS Oh! Magic pow'r has wine
[23] In the FS, this episode featured music with this phrase spoken. The number was headed melodramatic. This is not included in the VS.
[24] FS And lead in the festival dance
[25] The FS omits the Choruses marked (**) and has Conrad's verse later in the scene
[26] Fane is an archaic word for a temple or shrine
[27] FS has "helpless"
[28] FS has "Brother"
[29] FS has "homes"
[30] FS has "holds"
[31] FS and song score have "saved"
[32] FS and song score have Virgin Holy, Virgin Holy behold me bending
Repentant at thy shrine
[33] FS and song score have Virgin Holy! Hear my prayer. The most likely explanation of the change to Father of Life and Father in the libretto is that it reflected concern at the attitude of the censor, George Colman, who was known to be very sensitive to religious words or phrases.
[34] FS has "you'll"
[35] FS has "rule"
[36] FS has My pillow is the cold, cold stone
My food a bone
[37] FS has "Within"
[38] FS has Alas! No less thy looks imply
[39] FS has My pillow is the cold, cold stone
My food a bone!
[40] FS has Unhindered by your scoffs and jeers
More fit would be your tears
[41] The FS shows that the next section of dialogue was interspersed with music
[42] FS has "this"
[43] The FS includes an extra line Nay, Why why thus do you shrink
[44] The FS includes an extra line Again, again, do you shrink
[45] The FS shows this last phrase as being spoken with musical accompaniment and labelled Melodramatic

[46] FS has Call me back to life
[47] FS has "death"
[48] FS has Ah! No - my tender love must bend
[49] FS has I must away
[50] The FS includes a song for Leopold (No. 17) ahead of Isabella's scena. It may have been cut to reduce the length in what was criticised as an overlong opera.

A soldier of fortune was I
But the mistress I follow'd tho' blind
When'er to overtake her I'd try
Hurried forward and left me behind
Sometime she'd turn round and vouchsafe me a smile
As if not inclined to forget me
And then if she put on a frown for a while
Why her bitterest frowns never fret me
I came into the world with a grin on my face
And my face has ne'er altered tho'(?) altered my case
I give not a thought but to booty and pay
And ne'er ask any questions but how much a day
For a soldier though looking to glory and fame
To his pocket at least shd have one eye
And I little care under whose ? I march
So the colour I see of his money
But I tipple and laugh, laugh and tipple again
To the bottle I'm always a sticker
And if ever I'm found out of sorts it is
When I'm out of all sorts of good liquor
Now cased in steel armour now wooing my charmer
Now battlements mounting,
Now love tales recounting
Undermining and trenching,
Carousing and wenching
Then cutting and slicing,
Then gaming and dining
I've roughed it and huff'd it and cuff'd it and bluff'd it and bluff'd it
Thus alternately tasting of bitter and sweet
All changes and chances I'm ready to meet
They (?) alternately tasting of bitter and sweet
All changes and chances I'm ready to meet
Resolved in good earnest to(?) live till I die
For a soldier of fortune am I

[51] This recitative is not included in the full score
[52] The FS has a different aria (No. 18) for Isabella down to (**) in the libretto

Alas! I strive in vain
To calm my boding fears
My boding fears to calm I strive in vain
This hour of dread suspense
A toilsome age appears
Alas! To calm my fears I strive in vain
My keenly searching eye
Would o'er the battle rove!
Ah, where, where, where, where shall it descry
My Lord - my life - my love
Alas! I strive in vain
Kind Heaven watch o'er him in this hour!
And shield him with thy pow'r
Alas! I strive in vain
To calm my boding fears

My boding fears to calm I strive in vain
Kind Heaven watch o'er him
My Lord - my life - my love

[53] FS has "these"

[54] FS has The song of triumph greets my ear

[55] In the FS Conrad had a song (No. 19) at this point. Again it may well have been omitted to reduce the overall time.

Oh! Calm thy bosom's anxious beating
For all our cares are now at rest
And welcome me with joyous greeting
For Vict'ry smiles upon my crest
From ev'ry point with valour driven
Our foes in wild disorder flee!
And all my thoughts may now be given
My Isabel to love and thee

[56] The FS shows that some of the dialogue was spoken accompanied by music and labelled melodramatic

[57] The FS has a different finale, although some verses are the same or similar. Again it might be to reduce the total running time.

Chorus

Joy,! Joy! Joy! Joy! we are victors
Joy this the field of our glory be red(?)
Each with each vying
Danger defying
Onward resistless thro' foemen we sped
War axes wielding
Broken ranks yielding.
'Til from the fight the proud Saracen flying
Left us no trace but the heaps of their dead.

Conrad

Joy! To each warrior our banner who follow'd
Joy! To the heroes that gained the bold day

Duke and chorus

Health to our wounded in agony gasping
Health, health
Peace to the brethren that fell in the fray
Peace, Peace

Conrad

Boldly advancing
Looks fiercely glancing
Well for their Prince their bright blades they wield
Joy blest them dying
As the proud pagan flying
Low laid his standard adorning
Their death-clouded eyeballs descried in the field

Chorus as in 2nd verse of libretto with two changes noted below

[58] FS has E'en now for the gala the maidens appear

[59] FS has an additional line Round goes the grape in the goblet fair shining