Mabel or the Gypsy's Vengeance

Libretto by Thomas Herbert Reynoldson

Music by John Marks Jolly

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, February 22, 1840.

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42954, ff. 470-509b. It was sent for signoff to the Examiner, Charles Kemble on February 12, 1840. The vocal items have also been compared with the printed *Songs, Duets, etc* from the opera published and printed by S.G. Fairbrother in London in 1840 and stated "as sold in the theatre" and, presumably, as performed in the theatre. The few stage directions included in the printed publication have usually not been noted.

Vocal items are mainly placed in the centre of the page while the dialogue is in two columns with the speaker in the left column. Lines from vocal items in green appear in the manuscript but not the printed *Songs, Duets, etc*.. Lines from vocal items in red appear in the printed *Songs, Duets, etc*., but not in the manuscript. Vocal item lines in black, the vast majority, appear in both the manuscript and the printed publication as would be expected. Dialogue is only listed in the manuscript.

The handwriting was neat and legible. Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as "honor" for "honour". The spelling of "Gypsy" varies throughout. The capitalisation of words is usually as in the manuscript but some punctuation has been changed for clarity. **{xxa}** denotes the leading side of a page of the manuscript and **{xxb}** the trailing side.

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

R Burdekin, February 2025
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Mabel or the Gypsy's Vengeance

{472a} **Act 1, Scene 1**

The Great Square at Leipzig on the Last Day of the Fair

Hawkers vending their wares. Polchinillo[1] *- Booths. Pedlars, Peasantry etc.*
Gypsies enter. They do some sleight of hand and tumbling feats. Bystanders group round.

Introduction and Chorus
Assemble all
At Hermes call!
See the hook of fate before us!
Great and small.
Short and tall,
{472b} Haste and join the Gypsies' chorus!

Zarbel
Pretty lasses, time fleets past.
Come, then, ere the hour be past;
Gay gallants, who fain would know
What of weal or what of woe,
In the doubtful future lies,
Whose the blank and whose the prize -
See the Book of Fate before us,
Haste and join the Gypsies' chorus.

Quartette[2]
See the Book of Fate before us,
Haste and join the Gypsies' chorus.
(*Bystander gives money - the crowd gathers round listening.*
Zarbel consulting a book and the hand, sings)

Zarbel
Three to nine betok'neth scars
In battle won! – see, fiery Mars
In th' ascendant flames on high!
Four and seven! - a milder sky
Puts the fierce God to instant flight;
While lovely Venus - Queen of Night,
Shine, out in splendour from above,
Crowning gaunt war with gentle love.

Quartette
See the Book of Fate, etc.

{473a} (*A Female Peasant advances--gives money with the similar ceremony)*

[1] It is not clear what this refers but is probably Polichinelle, a character in Punch and Judy puppet shows
[2] The printed *Songs, Duets etc*. label this "Chorus" rather than "Quartette". The manuscript distinguished between the two whereas the printed version uses Chorus throughout.

Zarbel

Aha! what's here? - By Ceres blest.
Nightly thou layst thee down to rest,
Thou’rt married, too, and hast a son!

Peasant

How knew he that?

Chorus

What glorious fun!

Quartette

See the book etc.

Zarbel

Zounds! - six and nine! As I’m alive,
‘Tis wonderful how some folks thrive, .
With corn and wine, and oil good store,
Thoul’t have just *nineteen* children more!
(*A general laugh - she boxes Zarbel’s ears*)

Count (*Aside*)

She comes not yet; the time wears fast –
This day in Leipzig is their last!
(*to Zarbel*) Hark ye, good fellow, tell me pray.
Does Mabel sing again to-day?

Chorus

Ay, ay, good fellow, tell us. pray,
Does Mabel sing again to-day?

Zarbel

Yes, Sirs (*to Count*) and if I'm not too bold,
Perhaps you'd like your fortune told!

Count

{473b} Thou’rt a shrewd knave! There (*giving money*) thy broad palm
Is cross’d with gold to nerve the charm!
(*Zarbel consults hand and book as before*)

Chorus

He'll show'r down blessings, now his palm
Is cross'd with gold to nerve the charm

Zarbel

What's here! By treachery betray'd,
I see a poor untutor'd Maid!
And there revenge - dark, deep, and dire,
Sharp as that flame - fierce as that fire
From whence the Children of the Sun
Drew being, ere the world begun!
I see –

Count
Fellow, No more; 'twill cost thee dear!

Chorus
She comes, she comes - Mabel is here!

Mabel enters
(*She is shewily dressed. The Count watches her eagerly. She has a tambourine or Guitar in her hand and takes her station amid the applause of the bystanders*)

Moorish Legend - Mabel
Who bounds across yon rocky glen,
With form of might and flashing eye!
{474a} 'Tis the swart Moor, who from his den
Roams forth to hunt down Spanish men
That pass his towers nigh!
Who roams along yon verdant plain.
With highborn Agnes by his side?
The lord of many a fair domain
Is he who at that lady's rein
So lovingly doth ride!

"Methought a stalwart form I spied."
Said Agnes, "In yon winding dell"
'Twas I, a deep ton'd voice replied
Ride for your life, her lover cried
Then from his saddle fell.
A barbed arrow grazed her side-
"I'm slain!" her heart-struck lover cried,
Then gasping, lifeless fell!

The bolt was sure, the shaft had sped,
'Twas Ilderim, the Demon Moor!
While power was gone, sense almost fled,
Vain were her cries - when sense had fled,
To his dark towers. with silent tread,
The hapless Maid he bore!

Next morn with gashes deep and wide,
Lifeless was found that fair Ladye!
And there, a dagger in his side,
With ghastly glare, close by the bride
A gory corse[3] lay he.
{474b}

Chorus
Bravo! bravo! Talent so rare
Came ne'er before to Leipzig fair;
I'll give a Kreitzer

[3] An archaic term for corpse

Count
I a crown!

Chorus
Hurra! hurra!

Peasant
Don't push me down!

Chorus
Creature so charming ne'er was seen,
As Mabel the young Gypsey Queen!
Hurra, hurra, hurra!

(*She collects money in tambourine. Count whilst giving coin, speaks in a low tone. The crowd gradually disperses*)

Count Have you reflected Mabel?

Mabel I have Sir

Count And your determination?

Mabel Alas! What can I say? I fear your kind solicitude for my welfare warps your better judgement

Count No, by Heaven! The talents I have again, but now, seen you display in a scene so unworthy, **{475a}** need but slight cultivation to place you in that situation to which they so well entitle you. The life of a Bohemian cannot but be distasteful to you.

Mabel Distasteful! Did you but know what it is to smile, when the heart is bursting, to strive to gain the applause of those you scorn, to be scoffed at as one of an outcast race, to be despised for the very blood which flows in your veins; these things are bitter ingredients in the cup of life and may well make my soul sicken at the prospect which lies before me.

Ballad - Mabel
The beast bath its cavern,
The bird hath its tree,
The plant the wide forest,
The fish the broad sea;
E'en the snail hath its cell,
The poor earth-worm its loam,
But the wand'ring Bohemian
Hath nothing like home!

The bud greets the Spring,
And the Sun the sweet flower,
The hawthorn with fragrance,

{475b}

Perfumes the light shower;
All nature cries welcome,
Where'er we /you may roam;
But our poor wand'ring tribes
Have nor welcome nor home!

Count Mabel the season of delay is past. Your fate hangs on your next word. This evening must witness your acceptance of an offer, which will bring fame and fortune to your feet or see you irrevocably relinked to the low Mummers from whom I would rescue you.

Mabel Alas! what securities can I have that it will be as you say? I do not doubt your sincerity now. I am willing to believe that what you promise you mean to perform, but should you prove false here after what protection have I?

Count Commit yourself to my honor and you shall never find it fail. Trust your destiny in my hands and again I say evil will be my lot, when I betray my trust

Duet

Count
Those sparkling smiles, those trembling tears
{476a} Bespeak thy hopes, betray thy fears;
Confide in me, dismiss all care,
For, by yon radiant sun, I swear
Thou'lt have no wrong from me!

Mabel
Those eyes of light, that noble brow,
Seem shrines for truth, I take thy vow;
Thy word I trust - thy faith believe;
The friendless maid thou'lt ne'er deceive,
Who then confides in thee.

(*Enter Litzka, Palco and Gypsies*)

Litzka Hollo! Mabel why are you loitering here? Don't you know there's the puppets to pack and the peas to shell and the pork to put in the pot and the parrot's cage to clean and the donkey to rub down and the monkey's tights to darn and Punch's breeches to mend and fifty other things to do before we can start for the next town?

Mabel Litzka, I go no further with you

Litzka What leave us! Leave such a splendid concern! The best set of actors in all Germany and poor Palco too! Why the wench is mad! And pray what do you intend to do with yourself?

{476b}

Count That can signify little to you, be satisfied that she does leave you and for ever

Litzka But I'm not satisfied and I won't be satisfied and she shan't leave! Have I been manageress of the best Puppet show in all Saxony for five and twenty years to be played such a trick as this. Who are you, pray, that dare to come and wheedle my people away before my eyes? Can you afford to pay better than I do?

Mabel Litzka, you mistake. This gentleman is not what you take him to be; nor am I going to leave your Booth for any other. Seek to know no more

Litzka But I will know more! If he's not a Manager, who is he? Do you suppose that I'm going to have the best pen feather of my wing plucked without setting up a cackle for it? Who is he I say?

Count One who has the power to reward submission and perish impertinence - Marcus Count Sternheim

Litzka Wheugh! I'm an undone Manageress! Pardon me noble sir, Gypsey and sinner that I am I –

Palco By your leave Litzka! My Lord! Hitherto I have been silent, but Mabel was betrothed to me **{477a}** from our earliest infancy

Count Hold fellow! Mabel what say you? Speak freely and fear nothing.

Mabel I have been told that a ceremony past between us in my childhood, but I would rather beg my bread from door to door than become the bride of Palco!

Count You hear her determination?

Palco My lord-

Count No more! There is gold to compensate for any loss you may sustain from the withdrawal of her accustomed services.

Palco Gold! Never!

Litzka Don't be a fool! Pocket the affront. Wives don't fetch so much nowadays - as I'm a Manageress, fifty gold florins! 'Twill pay a twelvemonth's wages to the best Punch in Germany! Be quiet I say!

Palco I care not for his coin. He has robbed me of that which I value more than life itself. Let him look at it!

Litzka Pooh! Don't I know the value of women? Fifty gold florins! There isn't one in the world worth half as much! He might have had my whole **{477b}** establishment for the money - myself included. My lord - for that you are a Lord is evident by the weight of your purse and the positivity of your temper, I most gladly resign all right and title to the talents of that young person on the terms you have so nobly tendered and beg to say on the part of the tribe that the services of every Bohemian in Leipzig shall for the like sum be at your Lordship's absolute disposal – man, woman and child - Punch, Judy, donkey, parrot and self

included. Come, rogues, pack up the movables, cage the livestock and then help me to shell the peas, and mend the monkey's breeches. We must be flitting with the dawn!

(*Exit*)

Count Now, Mabel, time flies and we have some miles to travel ere night

Palco (*aside*) I'll mar your traveling!

Quartette

Palco
My Lord. this poor Bohemian maid,
Whom you can seek but to degrade,
Was, ere your presence kindled strife,
Almost content to be my wife.

{478a}

Mabel.
Never!

Palco. (*Aside*)
Be still my bursting heart!
But one word Mabel and /ere we part –
When the hour comes of dark despair
That your protector-

Count
Sirrah forbear!

Palco
Your pardon Lord! - to her I spoke,
Don't trample on the heart you've broke!
When the hour comes, as come it must,
That this proud Lord betrays his trust –
When he discards you, think of one
By him betray'd, by thee undone
Who lov'd you but to be undone,
And let a double vengeance fall
On the accursed cause of all.

Count and Mabel[4]
His words are vain - her heart is won,
Passion its work hath well begun;
Love tho' disguis'd each sense doth thrall / inthralls
And rules triumphant over all.

Mabel to Palco
No more - no more! Malign not one,
Who is to thee as yon bright sun

[4] The printed Songs, Duets etc has Zarbel rather than Mabel, which would make more sense as it's a quartet.

{478b} To the least star whose beams do fall
Unheeded and unmark'd by all.

(*Exeunt*)

Act 1, Scene 2

(*A garret, meanly furnished, and strewn around with Theatrical paraphernalia*)

Enter Palco (*musing*)

Palco All is determined then! All is lost! The power and rank of her protector precludes any hope of successful or resistance. What is to be done? Pursue them? Yes, pursue them however desperate the chance! Ah Mabel! Lost Girl! Would that I had never known thee, never beheld thy too enchanting loveliness.

Ballad - Palco

I found a simple flower, blown on a mountain wild,
That 'midst its rocky dwelling in native sweetness smil'd,
I lov'd to breathe its fragrance and gaze upon its form,
And vow'd, if e'er I rear'd it, to guard it from the storm.
And long, too long I cherish 'd it with true unceasing love,
I little dreamt my foundling would e'er a changeling, prove.
It grew in strength and loveliness, it blossomed bright and free,
And oh! I thought that simple flow'r bloom'd bright alone for me.
{479a} With pride I thought to gather it and wear it for my toil.
But soon it was / now it is transplanted to grace another soil,
It bloom'd no more a simple flower upon the mountain's brow,
But 'midst some rich exotics, in fashion's warmest glow.
Forgotten is the tender care that rais'd its smiling head,
Its simple hue bath vanish'd, its grateful perfume fled.
Gay butterflies affect the sweets that fed the honey bee.
And that fair flower, I lov'd so well, no longer blooms for me.

(*Exit*)

(*Enter Litzka dragging a hamper on which she sits*)

Litzka Oh! my poor bones! Palco! a lazy villain to leave me to do the whole work! Palco, I say! A plague on these young Chits! I suppose he's fretting himself to fiddlestrings about Mabel - stupid fellow! the Girl never cared a pin for him and took every opportunity of telling him so. And what can make me so fond of the varlet I can't tell for he never has a civil word for me! (*Enter Zarbel*) You lazy patch, where have you been? Where's Palco?

Zarbel Faith that's more than I can exactly tell

Litzka What! has the villain left me to pack up alone? I'll discard him! I had intended that he should have been my heir, but I'll disinherit him - I'll cut off the entail, the glorious of Punch shall descend to somebody else. Donkey, monkey, puppets, **{479b}** Judy – all shall be alienated from him for ever!

Zarbel It's not unlikely he'll alienate himself and cut off his own tail, I think, from the sort of business he's gone upon

Litzka Hey! What!

Zarbel Nothing will content him but to follow and take revenge on this Count for enticing Mabel away. So, as the poor girl was my foster sister, you know, and I love her dearly, I'm going after ‘em to prevent mischief

Litzka You going! Oh, I shall never survive it! I'm going too, I believe - Oh, oh, I shall faint help - help me, Zarbel!

Zarbel Can't, indeed, you’d better not faint here - there's no time - recollect what lots of packing you've got to do

Litzka Oh – Ah -Oh!

Zarbel ‘Tisn’t well acted, Litzka, ‘tisn't indeed

Litzka Why you brute! you ungrateful rascal, you –

Zarbel Can't stay for any more little endearments - I say - I'm going to take the donkey!

Litzka Villain, if you do, I'll have you hanged for robbery!

Zarbel Oh no, no - recollect how you got him yourself

Litzka I’ll- I’ll – I’ll

{480a}

Zarbel No, you won't - I shall be back shortly and it will go hard but I bring Palco with me - so get what packing you can done and depend upon it, by tomorrow morning, we’ll be on the road for Dresden. I say you didn't act that faint natural at all though. Oh, ah, oh! (*imitating*)

(*Exit*)

Litzka He's gone and Palco's gone and Mabel’s gone and I suppose that the Donkey's gone - oh dear! What a day of turmoil this has been! I hope no harm will come to Palco. He's apt to be very free with his dagger! Zarbel promised to be back soon, so I'll compose my shattered nerves and shell the peas and then the boys must do the rest. Oh, my poor bones how they do ache!

(*Exit*)

Act 1, Scene 3

(*Room in a Roadside inn*)
(*Travellers discovered eating and drinking*)
(*Storm at intervals*)

Glee
Ho boys - hey boys!
Tipple on till day boys!
Clink the can,
And let each man
Be happy while we may boys!

{480b} Troll boys - troll boys!

Pass the foaming bowl boys!
Care is flung,
His knell is rung,
And pleasure wins the goal boys!
Bed Boys, bed boys
May cure the aching head boys
Or well doth fit
The puling Cit(?)[5]
Who is but newly wed, boys
But sing boys – sing boys
Make the welkin ring boys
Don't forget
To claim our debt
Time's ever on the wing, boys!

Host Rail on, old boreas – you'll hardly out roar that, I think!

Traveller Here, landlord, shew us to our rooms - three bottles remember! no scoring double you know!

Host Certainly, Gentlemen! this way! There, Sirs, yours No. 5, yours Sirs, No. 6 and this large room in which you will find three as comfortable beds as any in Germany. I've kept them for you Gentlemen (*shewing them in*)

(*A knock - Host opens door - Palco enters*)

Palco Are you the Host ?

Host I am

{481a}

Palco Can you give me a night's lodging? I have wherewithal to pay for a truss of straw and a crust.

Host 'Twill be twelve kreitzers

Palco There they are

Host You will find a mattress in yon upper loft. Meantime there's bread and cheese and, as you look as if you wanted it, I don't care if I add a bottle of beer to our bargain.

Palco Thanks, mine Host! (*Exit Host*) All safe -they took this road unaccompanied by attendants. There is no other house for some miles and, in such a night, they will surely stop for shelter at the first place that offers. From yon loft I can watch everything that passes. My Comrades are concealed without to give notice of their approach and once safely housed they cannot escape us. Should I succeed in tearing her from his arms the hour may come, when, grown wiser by reflection and freed by age from the influence of passion, she perhaps will think - will bless me

[5] This may be "Cit", an archaic term for a city dweller

Ballad[6]

In the spring time of youth when our passions are warm,
We feel / heed not the tempest - we heed / feel not the storm,
But when winter's bleak winds spread their snows o'er our head,
And the lov'd ones we cherish'd have join'd the cold dead.
Ah, then what a change in life's dream

The bright summer of life hath its burthen of woe.
{481b} And vice too oft stamps its / her dark brand on the brow.
How few can look back in sear autumn's decline.
And see no black / dark sin spot polluting that shrine,
Where pure sunlight alone ought to beam!

Host There, my friend, there's a bottle of right Schwarz beer to wash down your crust! (*They sit*) Are you from Leipzig?

Palco I am - my service to you (*drinks*) Are you pretty full tonight?

Host Yes, thanks to the storm, I've every bed bespoken except one

(*A whistle*)

Palco Ha! the signal!

Host Hollo! what's that!

Palco It sounds like a whistle - some Traveller I suppose, like myself, overtaken by the storm and in want of a night's lodging. Good night, Host, I must be stirring with the sun or the evening's delay may be of consequence

Host Nay stay and take share of another bottle. I want to hear the news from the fair.

Palco Impossible! 'Tis already late and my business tomorrow brooks no delay.

Host Well, if you won't, you won't. Goodnight – you'll **{482a}** not require a lamp - there's the door straight up that second flight - take care how you ascend for the ladder is old and does not stand over steady

Count (*Without knocking*) Hollo, Landlord, Osler, where are you all?

Palco 'Tis he (*At top of stairs*) Now my revenge is sure!
(*Exits into loft*)

Count (*Enter Count and Mabel*) See to the horses, Host! Tell the Postilions to alight and let my carriage be got under cover, if possible. Mabel, this is but a sorry commencement of your new life but once fairly housed at Castle Sternheim, I warrant we'll make it comfortable

Mabel Believe me sir I have too often encountered real privations to feel the hardship of imaginary ones.

[6] This ballad was placed in Act 3, Scene 1 and the verses reversed in the printed *Songs, Duets etc*

(*Palco appears listening*)

Count Well, the storm has not spoiled your appetite I trust. 'Tis A terrible night! Host, what can you serve for supper?

Host Hem! Why, Sir, I have eggs and ham and chicken and - but perhaps you'd like to see the bill of fare.

Count Put a cold fowl on the table and a bottle of Moselle

Host Directly Sir!

{482b}

Count And hark ye - are you sure that your Chambers are well aired?

Host Chambers - I have but one vacant Sir

Count But one room! Why did you not say so before? My sister, of course, will require that and where do you intend to put me?

Host Why Sir, I thought, I thought

Count You thought! You should have enquired Sirrah –

Host Why there's a very comfortable armchair and you could have a horse cloth and-

Count Armchair! Horsecloth! Go tell the Postilions to put to again directly. Scoundrel! I'll not stop another moment in such a beggarly

(*Going to door - Palco having descended, takes aim and fires at him - the pistol misses and in his hurry he upsets ladder*)

Hollo! what's that?

Host I declare the wind has blown that door open with such force as to upset the rickety old ladder. I must go and put it up again or the stranger in the loft will be apt to come down head foremost

1st Traveller (*Opening door in his nightcap*) Why Landlord, what's all this about - is the house on fire?

{483a} (*Palco gets behind door, which Traveller has opened*)

Host (*Going up stairs*) No, Sir no! it is only the loft ladder blown down with the wind

1st Traveller (*Shutting door*) Oh! is that all? I thought the devil had got among us, I'm sure. (*Exit into room*)

Count (*To host who has approached spot where Palco has crouched down*) Host!

Host Sir! (*leaning over rails*)

Count Let the ladder lie for a few minutes. I want you

Host Lord, Sir, I shan't be a second

Count Come here, I say, unless you wish to feel the weight of my riding whip about your shoulders!

Host (*Coming down*) He orders about him handsomely so I'll take care that he shall pay handsomely.

(*Thunder*)

Count The storm increases. We shall never be able to reach the next posting station in such a night as this. (*to Host*) Hark ye, fellow, I suppose as your house is full, I must content myself with the accommodation you mentioned

Host (*Having looked at Portmanteau*) Count Sternheim - the devil! I beg pardon, my lord Count, but **{483b}** had I known your lordship's rank or guessed that your lordship was a count I'm sure your nobleness should have had every bed in the house, if your lordship's countship had wished it. I'll turn a couple of those pettifogging three bottle traders out in the twinkling of an eye and give your lordship No. 4 directly.

Count No, let them keep sleep in peace. I dare say I can manage very well with the armchair and horse cloth

Host There is an old closet in the room where my lady, your sister, sleeps quite large enough to hold a small bed but I suppose your lordship would not like that

Count No, no, the chair will answer very well

Palco (*aside having looked around for some means of escape*) I have no other chance - that closet must conceal me till all are at rest

(*Exit into chamber*)

Host When your ladyship wishes to retire, my daughter will be happy to wait on your honorable ladyship

Mabel Send her here at once, Host, I am somewhat fatigued and it is growing late

(*Exit host*)

{484a} **Finale to Act 1**

Count and Mabel
Calm and peaceful be thy slumber;
Soft and gentle thy repose,
O'er the bright unclouded future,
Hope its heavenly radiance throws.

Palco (*Aside at back*)
Fell revenge my soul inspiring,
Nor remorse nor pity knows,

Love and hate this bosom firing,
Nought can calm it to repose.

Count and Mabel
Good night! Good night!
Calm and peaceful be thy slumber

Palco
Revenge! Revenge!
Nought can calm me to repose.

(*Bertha and Host have entered. They light Mabel up the stairs. The Host prepares Count's bed. Palco exits into chamber*)

Bertha
Yonder, lady, is the chamber,
Where you will this night repose.

{484b}

Host
Here, my Lord, are chair and bolster,
Sheets and pillows for repose.
(*Exit Bertha and Mabel up stairs*).

Count
Mine host, at five to-morrow morning,
We our journey would pursue.

Host
My Lord your carriage shall be ready;
Wish you aught more?

Count
No that will do

(*Bertha descends the stairs. Host goes to put ladder up*)

Bertha and Host
We hope your slumbers will be light
Good night, my lord.

Count
Good night - good night!

(*Count kisses Bertha*.[7] *Exit Bertha and Host*)

What magic power, what thought there lies
In the dark depth. of those bright eyes'
By sin untouch'd - by art untaught.
With gentleness each look is fraught;

[7] Should surely read Mabel not Bertha. The third verse in the song is placed first in the printed *Songs, duets, etc.*

{485a}

And yet, a gleam of scathing light
Will sometimes cross that visage bright;
And shew how fierce the hidden flame
Would blaze at deed or thought of shame.

So now to rest - to-morrow's sun
Will see our journey well begun;
And ere the next pale moon's decline
The fair Bohemian will be mine.

(*Unbuckles his sword belt and goes to rest. A tap is heard at the window. Zarbel looks in and then enters with a dark lantern walking round cautiously discovers the Count*)

Zarbel
What ho! my lord - awake - awake !

(*Count starts up*)

Hush! - for your own - for Mabel's sake.
Be silent

Count
What means this?

Zarbel
He's near!
If not already chamber'd here.

Count
He! who!

Zabel
Palco!

{485b}

Count
With what intent!

Zabel
By love inspir'd, on vengeance bent,
He Mabel claims as lawful wife.
And with sworn comrades seeks your life.

Count
And who art thou!

Zarbel
Her friend and thine.

Count
I 'II baulk their scheme -

Zarbel

That task be mine!
His comrades wait behind yon hill.

Count

I hear them now-

Zarbel

Hush - hush - be still!
'Tis but the murmuring of the breeze,
Among the stately linden trees!

Count

Again!

Zarbel

'Tis but the night bird's hum,
That on the morning blast doth come.

{486a}

(*Mabel shrieks and rushes on. A shrill, protracted whistle and crash heard. Travellers, Host and Bertha enter in alarm*)

Mabel

Away! – avaunt! - a dream! - no, no!
'Twas he! - Palco! - the fiend - my foe!
I saw him! - saw him Ghostlike glide
From yon dark closet to my side!
Thrice pass'd a light mine eyes before –
He thought I slept - made for the door-
I shriek'd – he turn'd – t' the lattice sprung
And wide the casement open flung –
Whistled our night call loud and shrill
Then bounded forth t'ward yonder hill.
(*sinks on Count's shoulder*)

Count

Nay. Mabel, cheer thee - do not fear!
Look up – see - none but friends are near!

Mabel (*starts*)

Zarbel!

Count

He is thy friend and mine!

Count and Travellers

{486b}

Hark ye, mine host; the night is fine,
And cheerily the moon doth shine,
We'll journey on without delay.
Quite glad to get unhurt away / And reach the post by break of day

Travellers (*Finale*) (*wind up*)

The storm is past - the night is fine
And cheerily the moon doth shine,
'Twill light us on till break of day
So quickly, rand let us hence away.

(*Mabel, Count and others sing the same with slight alteration*)

End of Act 1

A Lapse of five years is supposed to occur between the First and Second acts.

{487a}

Act 2, Scene 1

(*Grand Gypsey encampment in the Black Forest supposed to be at the Season of the general yearly gathering of all the Bohemian Tribes. Gypseys laying and standing in different groups. Numerous tents picturesquely disposed. Some playing cards or dice, others eating and cooking. The curtain rises to the Symphony of the following*)

Chorus and Solos
(*during which a ballet dance and pas de deux are performed*)

Hurrah boys ! - hurrah for our bold roving band
Through country, or city, o'er ocean, on land,
We sail and we tramp; each heart buoyant with glee.
No Monarch so fearless - no people so free!

Sec the red blazing sun sinks below the broad west,
Pass round one more brimmer, and then boys, to rest;
The green grass our couch, the blue sky our roof-tree,
Belt the broad earth all round, who so happy as we.

The sweet lady moon lights us safely to bed,
The bonny bright stars keep their watch o'er our head;
{487b} No Noble or Baron, whate'er his degree,
Seeks his Couch by a lamp so resplendent as we.
Then hurrah, boys! hurrah! Etc

Zamparro We've a right noble muster this season. I never knew the old chaunt go off so merrily before

Rika Nor I. Where are you stationed for the next twelvemonth?

Zamp In the lower Rhine, I fancy. I wanted to get the middle lot of upper Saxony for the sake of the Fair but mother Litzka sticks to this world like a horse leech. She and half a dozen more of the old ones ought to die off and make a little elbow room for us younger fellows.

Rika So they ought. But it wouldn't be of much use as far as Litzka is concerned for her favorite would jump into her shoes directly.

Zamp That's true. But you know all of those who are under fifty have to take our chance in the yearly division. Besides Palco‘s not of much consequence anyway for since Mabel left us. He's nothing better than a melancholy fool.

(*Enter Palco*)

Litzka (*Without calling Palco*)

{488a}

Palco Here Litzka!

Litzka (*Entering*) Now Palco, my boy. I’ve got a delicious stew in the Kettle. It will be ready in three minutes so come along

Palco I do not feel inclined to eat, Litzka

Litzka Pooh, pooh, nonsense

Palco Whose watch is it tonight?

Rika It’s mine and I’d give a couple of bottles of beer to be rid of it

Litzka To the devil with the watch. Come and eat your supper. It’s not your watch and that’s all you need to care about

Zamp Well good night. I must get to my tent or my old woman will be on the hunt after me shortly

(*Exit Zampa*)

Rika Good night!

Palco Rika – I’ll keep your watch. Take your beer and eat your supper with Litzka

Litzka What, won’t you come then

Palco No

Litzka (*Imitating him*) No. Oh Lord, Oh Lord (*suddenly turning round*) You’ve got a couple of bottles of beer you say.

{488b}

Rika I have

Litzka Then we’ll hob and nob

Rika With all my heart

Litzka Come. Come along – the people are almost all at rest and if the tent fires are not out shortly, we shall have the old Governor about our ears

Rika Well have with you my old trump

Litzka That's right my young snap dragon. This way. Take care that you don't disturb the sleepers. My tent lies by yon hill side.

Rika Mind Palco. I leave you the watch.

Palco I shall not forget

(*Exit Litzka with Rika*)

Five years! Five dreary years have passed and yet the memory of that girl clings to my broken heart as fast as ever! Vengeance on her betrayer. Aye vengeance! But what means exist?

Scena and Duetto

Recitative Palco

Hear me, my mother Earth! Ye forests high!
And you, ye clouds that darkling round me soar!
{489a} Thou keen pale moon! thou threat'ning storm-clad sky !
Ye wild commingling torrents; whose fierce roar
Types well the tempest of my struggling soul!
Ye winds whose path no mortals may control;
Yea, all that liveth in sea - on land - in air -
Bear witness - register the Oath I swear!

Air

For her dear sake whom, five long years,
I've mourn'd in silence and in tears,
And battled with my struggling mind,
Till judgment fails, reason is blind;
For her dear sake whose imag'd brand
Burnt on my broken heart doth stand,
Lighting in characters of flame,
Pale mem'ry o'er the ruin 'd past,
Where nought remains but that lov'd name,
Which madness self could ne'er o'ercast;
For her dear sake –

(*Allegro*) As the gallant gaunt sleuth-hound tracks his prey
O'er wood crown'd hill - thro' tangled break,
Proclaiming in his deep-ton'd bay
A thirst that nought but blood can slake;
By heaven! by hell! so do I swear,
The miscreant traitor to pursue.

{489b) Mabel *(who has entered at the back)*

Palco - arise - be firm!

Palco

'Tis there !

Mabel

Palco!

Palco

Again!

Mabel

Arise! Arise!

Palco

My brain plays Traitor to mine eyes.
Hold off, hold off! Why com'st thou here.
My sorely darken'd soul to sear!
Again! it moves! it breathes! 'tis she!
'Tis she, 'tis she

Mabel

Palco, to thee
I come for counsel and for aid,
Mabel, the poor Bohemian maid,
Whom you once loved.

Palco

Once loved!

{490a}

Mabel

Mark well,
The plain short story I shall tell:

Soli and duetto

Mabel Our last most fearful interview
Both You must / I do remember well
The arts by which my/your fall was wrought
'Tis needless now to tell!
I/you thought myself/yourself his wedded wife
Mabel But ah! I little knew
Both That your/my prediction of my/your fate
Mabel Would ever prove so true

Solo - Mabel

For six short months we liv'd in bliss,
But then the tempter came;
His vows to me were all broke - forgot,
And to uphold his name,
He married a pale titled girl,
Who was to honor born;
Leaving the poor Bohemian maid,
Degraded and forlorn!

{490b}

Straightway from his accursed halls,
With silent speed I fled:

Cov'ring all traces of my track.[8]
Till he believ'd me dead.
But that I live, the proud false man
Shall soon full surely know
Vengeance is mine! The hand be thine
Which shall inflict the blow.

Duett
But that I live, etc.

Palco My whole heart and soul have ever been devoted to you. Say how can the service you require be rendered.

Mabel Not by idle protestations of affection which on the former circumstances could never be returned, and are now more than ever out of place, but by deeds. Can I claim of you the service of a brother?

Palco You can, you can

Mabel Since my sudden departure from Dresden near five years ago, you had lost all trace of me

Palco I had

Mabel Hearken! When the event took place which caused our separation
{491a}
Palco You allude to your discovery of the illegality of the marriage with Sternheim

Mabel (*with sudden vehemence*) Man mention not that name unless you wish to see me mad

Palco You know without doubt that his wife died three years ago in giving birth to an only child

Mabel I do well (*resuming her cool demeanour*) When I became aware of the treachery of which I have been made the victim, I crossed the Alps and under an assumed designation entered upon an engagement at the Opera at Milan. The success I met with furnished me with the means of gratifying the sworn and cherished feeling of my heart.

Palco You seek revenge but how compass it

Mabel That be my care. Let a party of four or five on whom you can rely appear in Sternheim Park as Bohemian minstrels and some fifty of the band well arm'd conceal themselves near the outer Lodge to secure our retreat. It is his daughter's birthday and the gates are thrown open to all comers.

[8] These two lines are reversed in the printed *Songs, Duets, etc*

Palco But Zarbel, who has remained at service at the Castle ever since you left, would **{491b}** recognize his old comrades and be immediately suspect

Mabel Zarbel has ever been faithfully attached to my interest. He it is who will have the direction of their movements and as everyone concerned must take a long and perilous journey, for I will leave no traces of my track behind, it is necessary that they should be rewarded liberally. There is earnest of my future intention (*giving gold*)

Palco Not for myself

Mabel Your comrades will need it. Does Zamparro's father still keep a boat on the river

Palco He does

Mabel I shall require it. See him and let it be purchased at whatever cost

Palco Do you go with us?

Mabel Perhaps, when all is placed beyond the possibility of danger, I will see the noble Count

Palco Ha!

Mabel Vengeance would be incomplete did he not know the hand that stuck the blow. Zarbel has found that means to leave the castle for a short time and is at hand. Let him know that he is wanted. Your usual night call will suffice

{492a}

Palco(*whistles*)

(*She retires a little*)

(*Enter Zarbel*)

Zarbel Ah Palco, my old companion. How does Father time use you? something hardly I fancy hey? It is a long day since we met

Palco It is indeed and to me has been but one continued night

Zarbel Pshaw! Nonsense! You should follow my plan - bend to the storm, and the old Gentleman will pass lightly over you, hop, step and jump, scythe in sheath. Depend upon it

(*Mabel advances*)

Mabel Palco, you will not fail me. Distribute that purse among your Comrades. Tell them it shall be trebled should my plan succeed. Good night my friend, my brother. Nay cheer thee, cheer thee. We have at least one feeling in common with each other. Revenge!

Trio

Vengeance! Thy care worn injured children crave
Oh! Thou! Whose power can kill, whose might can save
Helpless before thee, see thy servants fall

{492b} God of our fathers, on thy name we call
Mine/her enemies are mighty as my/her wrongs
Revenge! Revenge! To the Revenge belongs

Zarbel (solo)
Some one approaches.

Palco
Hence away!
Your presence might our plans betray.
Caution our steps directing,
What need we fear!
Courage our course protecting,
Revenge hovers near![9]

Act 2, Scene 2

(*Romantic wood Scene - Front*)
(*Enter Litzka*)

Litzka I smell a plot. There's a breeze in the wind. I haven't had a wink of sleep. Palco told me that he was going to look for a couple of ducks for dinner - but people don't go duck hunting with swords and pistols. Zamparro's boat too is moved from her moorings and when I informed the old fellow of it, he said it was all right and then **{493a}** shook a bag of gold under my nose that made my eyes twinkle like the dog star. Something more than ordinary is going on I am convinced. What can it be? Here comes Zamparro with Rika seemingly in deep talk. Their conversation may perhaps let me into the secret (*She retires behind a Tree*)

(*Enter Zamparro and Rika*)

Zamp I tell you no it is full eight o'clock and Palco promises to be with us a quarter before.

Rika Look out. Is not what is not that him their yonder?

Litzka (*aside at back*) So these are the ducks my precious pet was hunting and a very fine pair they are. A pretty indigestible dinner I should have had, if I had depended upon him

Zamp It is Palco he seems flurried

Rika Is this a job of murder or sacriledge (*sic*). I wonder that we have been sworn so deeply and paid so well

Zamp Neither I fancy I wish it were

Litzka (*behind*) Sweet bird! Nice picking you'll make for the Old Gentleman in the other world. I've no doubt but I'd rather decline

[9] The last four lines are sung by "All" according to the printed *Songs, Duets, etc*.

{493b} (*Enter Palco*)

Palco Now Friends, is all prepared?

Zamp All that you ordered

Palco The boat?

Rika Lies snug under the East wing of the Castle

Palco Manned as I directed

Rika Yes

Palco What arms do they carry?

Rika Pistols and cutlasses

Litzka (*aside*) Ah! I thought he didn't want them to go duck hunting

Palco Are the provisions on board?

Zamp Palco, who employs us?

Palco I do

Litzka (*aside*) Oh Lord!

Rika We know that but who employs you?

Palco Were you not paid double to ask no questions

Rika Well yes, we were

Palco Then stick to your bargain

Litza A precious bargain they are. Dear at nothing, carriage paid.

Zamp Well, what more is required of us

{494a}

Palco Come with me to Sternheim park and, as we go along, I'll give you the necessary instructions

(*Exit Palco*)

Rika I say this. Palco has more shift about him than you thought for

Zamp Faith, since last night when he roused us to propose this job, he's been quite a cock of another feather

(*Exeunt Rika and Zamparro*)

Litzka (*Coming forward*) Here's a pretty spot of work to be concerned in. What shall I do? Boats and pistols and cutlasses can mean nothing but robbery, perhaps murder

and yet, if I were to give information or interfere, I should most probably either be imprisoned by the Count or shot by Palco's pair of ducks. I'll saddle the donkey and follow and watch them at all events. Oh, Palco! Palco! What trouble do you cause me

(*Exit Litzka*)

(*Enter Zarbel opposite side*)

Zarbel All goes on smoothly! The band are securely concealed and my Lord Count will surely see the hour in which his pride of birth prompted him to wrong poor Mabel! This pride of birth puts me in mind of an old Gypsey song my father used to **{494b}** sing which I think it would do some of the great ones in this world a little good to lay to their hearts and reflect upon

Song - Zarbel

Come hearken to me of the old oak tree,
With his branches broad and high;
From his cloud-capt crown glancing proudly down
On his smaller brethren by.
A thousand long years mid his brave leafy peers,
The lord of the woods stood he;
No king on his throne could such liegemen own
As that stalwart Old Oak Tree!

Thro' tempest and storm his giant form
All changes seem'd to defy;
And with banner unfurl'd to his forest world,
He cried, "Who so noble as I!"
But the lightnings flash and the thunder crash,
Hurl'd by him from whom none can flee,
And which level doth bring, both peasant and king,
Laid low that Old Oak Tree.

His roots so grand had spread wide o'er the land,
Taking up a good acre or more;
But the trunk so long fed on this vast fertile bed
All rotten was found at the core.
In his power and pride he was wont to deride
His brother of low degree,
But the small sound bough is of more use I trow
Than that lordly old oak tree.

{495a}

(*Enter Mabel*)

Mabel Quick, quick, Palco waits for you. The Child is now in the Park. The present opportunity may not occur again.

Zarbel You had better wait the results in an unfrequented spot and not likely to be visited by any of the peasantry

Mabel I will

Zarbel I shall return the moment the business is complete

(*Exit Zarbel*)

Mabel Ah Sternheim. 'tis thou and thou alone hast driven me to this act of guilt. Thine was the sin, thine be it to pay the penalty.

Air

How oft amid these lovely bowers,
In other times and happier hours.
I've wander'd, picturing a life
Free/Far from the world, remote from strife,
Thro' which I pleasantly might glide
With one lov'd object by my side.

Recit

How oft - shame on these recreant tears,
I live but for revenge! - Though years
Have pass'd, that man of pride and pow'r
{495b} Shall yet be taught to rue the hour,
When he deserted and betray'd
The friendless poor Bohemian maid!
Footsteps approach! - Tis he!
(*Enter Zarbel*)
Did you succeed!

Zarbel
We did.

Mabel
'Tis well

Zarbel
The child ere this is safe on board;
The breeze is fair - our barque unmoor'd!

Mabel
Vengeance is mine! - Let not delay
Confound our plans. Away, away!
But see, your trusty comrades come.

(*Enter Bohemians*)

All
Our star shines bright and fair,
Hence. hence away - our task is done,
To the forest quick repair.

(*Exeunt Bohemians – Zarbel and Mabel*)

{496a}

Act 2, Scene 3[10]

(*Another part of the Gardens, fancifully fitted up with wreaths of Flowers etc. Peasantry discovered. Music continues while scene changes and bursts into a*)

Chorus
All hail to our noble, gen'rous lord
Who thus his bounty shews.
All hail to the blossom whose birth we record,
Long life to our blooming rose.
(*Servant enters hurriedly and whispers account who starts up*)

Count Not to be found. Send Madam Louise here immediately.

1st Serv My Lord, she too has most unaccountably disappeared

Count Disappeared! When was she last seen?

2nd Serv About an hour ago. I saw some Bohemian Gypseys apparently telling her fortune in the Great Park and my young lady was there with her.

Count Bohemian Gypseys! Great Heaven, my mind misgives me. Call Zarbel hither immediately (*Exit 1st Servt*) Bohemian Gypsies! what **{496b}** horrible presentiments flashes across my brain. Let the Park Gates be closed and see that non pass in or out. How many of these Bohemians were there?

2nd Serv Some five or six my lord and Zarbel was with them

Count See that every Gypsey found in my grounds report hither (*Exit 2nd Servant*)

(*re enter 1st Servant*)

1st Serv My Lord, Zarbel is nowhere to be found either in the Castle or the Gardens

Count Saddle the Horses instantly. Scour the different by paths in the neighbourhood and bring all Strangers before me

1st Serv We have secured a Gypsey whom we found lurking near the plantation

Count Let me see him (*Palco is brought on guarded*) Surely I have beheld that face before.

Palco (*cooly*) You have

Count You are the Scandal who once attempted my life

Palco (*thro' the whole of this Scene he is very cool*) And you are the nobleman who deceived and betrayed my betrothed bride by a fictitious marriage. So far I think we are quits

{497a}

Count Wretch where is my child?

[10] The manuscript lists it as Scene 5

Palco You will never learn from me

Count She has been conveyed away by your means

Palco I said not so - you have your answer

(*Enter 2nd Servant*[11])

Servant My Lord the search thro' the park has been ineffectual and the Bohemians had all left the ground before the Gates were closed.

Count That these people have conveyed away my child is most plain. The absence of Zarbel puts the fact beyond all reasonable doubt. What course to take I know not. This Palco is in my power. A dungeon might effect much but no - it is possible he may be innocent. I have done him too much wrong already.

Servant (*without*) This way! This way!

Litzka (*without*) This way indeed! You scurvy knave, a pretty way it is. Have you no manners? Set me down on my heels not on my head and take care of my drapery (*Entering*) You dismount a female off a donkey if she were a log of wood and it didn't matter which end stood uppermost.

Count What means this?

{497b}

Palco (*aside*) What brought her here

Servant My Lord, this old woman was loitering near the Plantation that skirts the west Park. She appears to be a Bohemian

Litzka To be sure I am and an old acquaintance of his Lordship's into the bargain. There's Palco. He and his precious pair of ducks have been dabbling in dirty water I'll be bound (*aside*).

Count This woman in the Park at such a moment. Know you ought of my child.

Litzka Nothing at all, my Lord, I didn't know that your Lordship ever had a child

Palco (*who has been anxiously listening*) All's safe

Count Woman! I have every reason to believe that your favorite, Palco, from motives of revenge has conveyed away my only daughter

Litzka (*aside*) Very pretty duck hunting indeed. Now the murders out

Count Where are your people encamped?

Litzka Close by in the Black Forest, my Lord.

[11] The manuscript mistakenly has 2nd Peasant

Count (*to Servant*) See that men be dispatched there with orders to make strict search immediately (*Exit Servant*)

Litzka For my part, I don't think that any Bohemian had any hand in the affair (*aside*) I must get Palco off if I can

{498a}

Count Then how account you for the absence of Zarbel?

Litzka Zarbel! What has he run away? (*aside*) That's lucky (*to Count*) Then the business is plain enough

Count What mean you?

Litzka Why he was Mabel's foster brother and loved her as if she had been his own child

Count That Zarbel may have been tempted to take this step is not improbable (*musing*)

Litzka Does your lordship want anything further with me?

Count No hence to your kennel and inform your people that if I find they have play'd me false not one of them shall escape

Litzka Please you, my Lord, may not Palco go with me? I'm sure he's as innocent as a child.

Count No I will not lose sight of him until further inquiries are made. If innocent he shall have no cause to regret his temporary separation from you, if guilty nothing shall save him from the death of a felon (*Litzka attempts to expostulate*) Away!

Litzka Away indeed! O my poor Palco. Get out of my way you ignorant fellow (*to Servant*) This devilish duck hunting will be the ruin of us.

(*Exit Litzka*)

Count My energies are parylized!

Finale to Act 2

Chorus

Death to the fiend-like slave!
Tear him limb from limb!

{498b} (*They are about to rush on Palco. The Count interposes*)

Why dost thou interfere to save
So foul a wretch as him

Count (Solo)

My friends, I once did this man wrong,
And on suspicion howe'er strong
I would not further work him ill!
My child may be discovered still.

Chorus
No, no, no. Death to the etc.

(*Enter a servant with some of the Child's clothes*)

Servant to Count
My Lord. a sad tale I've to tell,
This garment-

Count
Speak! what hath befell!

Servant
This scarf- (*showing it blood stained*)

Count
Ah! Murdered! – Oh! blood! blood!-
Where were they found?

Servant
In the same wood -
Close by where yonder Gypsey stood.

{499a}

Chorus[12] (*Observing Count*)
This stroke his reason hath beguil'd.

Count
Ah fiend! ah fiend! My child! My child!

Palco (*aside*)
Let Earth and Hell in league combine,
Her fate is seal'd - revenge is mine!
And now 'tis compass'd, all I crave,
Is the dark silence of the grave.

Chorus (*thro' the solo of Palco*)
Death to the fiend-like slave, etc

(*Enter Anselm hurriedly*)

Anselm
My Lord, a riotous gypsy band
Rush like a torrent o'er the land,
"We seek our comrade," is their cry.
"And swear to rescue him or die."

Chorus of Peasantry
Death to the fiend-like slave,
Tear him limb from limb.

[12] The printed *Songs, Duets, etc* lists them as a Chorus of Peasantry

(*Gypseys rush tumultuously on headed by Mabel in her original costume*)

Mabel
Hold ye vile curs! The miscreant dies
Who dares to injure him.

Count (Trio and Chorus)
Can the grave give back its dead?
Can the tomb its prey restore?
Have my treach'rous senses fled?
Does Mabel stand mine eyes before?

Mabel, Palco and Chorus of Gypsies
Cans't thou tell what pow'r hath led
Me/ Her to thy accursed door?
'Tis revenge! and well 't hath sped -
'Tis Mabel stands thine eyes before!

Chorus of Peasantry
What event this day hath led
This dark judgment to his door?
Ah! his senses sure have fled,
Whoe'er saw him thus before?

Count
Seize them!

Mabel
Beware! - my well-arm'd band
Trebles the numbers you command-
I came sir but to let you know
To whom this happiness you owe!
Farewell! (*going*)

Count
Pursue! - a thousand crowns
If you secure the gypsy hounds.

{500a}

Chorus
Upon 'em! Upon em!
(*General melee - the Gypsies o'ermaster the tenants.*
Palco fights with and overcomes the Count)

Chorus of Gypsies,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Gypsey band
Who have won the day with their own good brand.

General Tableau to End Act 2nd

A lapse of three days is supposed to occur between the Second and Third Acts[13]

{501a}

Act 3, Scene 1

A Rocky Defile in the Tyrol (*afternoon*).

(*March*) *Soldiers heard, without singing.*
The music increases in loudness, as they enter down the defile

Chorus

Thou lovely, bashful, blooming Spring
That with thee light and life doth bring
And every fresh and gentle thing
Dost quicken 'neath thy sunlit wing.
The breezes cheer our weary way
That thro' thy perfum'd children play.
We hail thee and thy advent sing
Thou lovely, bashful, blooming Spring

Count But one short day, my friends, and your toils are over. We are now on their track and as I learn but two leagues from an old haunt of the Band at which, unsuspecting pursuit, they will rest until tomorrow morning. For a short time seek the repose you all must need. I shall spend the intervening hours in reconnoitring their stronghold. Let yonder Grove be your bivouac. At midnight **{501b}** we will resume our march (*Exeunt soldiers*) This woman Litzka has shown no inclination to deceive me - still 'tis better to leave nothing to chance. A reconnaissance will enable me to calculate my approaches with greater certainty. She comes! (*Enter Litzka*) Well, Litzka, what tidings?

Litzka Very tidy tidings, indeed, my lord. All falls out as I had prophesied. They passed thro' the defile this morning at daybreak and took the path leading to the old Chateau, I told you of

Count Do you still think they will stay the night there?

Litzka Not the least doubt of it in the world. Nobody will ever dream of my turning Guide depend upon it. They'll fancy all efforts to track 'em unavailing

Count Our road you say lies

Litzka Straight through yon hollow, then turn to the left cross, the little wooden bridge over the Rivine and a bridle path over the hill leads within two hundred yards of the entrance

Count 'Tis well Stay here with the soldiery till my **{502b}** return. To the left you say when I pass the hollow

[13] This note is only included in the printed *Songs, Duets, etc*.

Litzka Yes but my lord you're surely not going now and alone too! Some of the Band may be loitering or watching in the neighbourhood

Count I am well armed and must run the hazard. Life were valueless without my child (*Exit*)

Litzka If they catch him, goodbye to my 500 florins! Oh dear! all this night marching will certainly be the death of me! To be stuck up behind one of those Troopers on a horse with a back bone like a gridiron for four days together is no joke. The donkey was nothing to it and, if it were not for the prospect of the reward, I should never be able to bear up. Oh, my poor bones how they do ache! (*Exit*)

Act 3, Scene 2

Room in the ruined Chateau. Large Gothic window at back

Enter Mabel

Scena

{502b}

If our ancient, treasur'd lore be sooth
And starry influences indeed combine
To mark or guide our footsteps - if in truth
Man can o'erstride the one great bounding line
'Twixt that which is and that which is to come -
I'd give up all, all, all, to pierce the gloom
And read the shadowy mantle of the future.

Air

I'd know the doom that waits on him
Who, with false vows, and treach'rous wiles
Causeth a Maiden's eye to dim
And fond confiding love beguiles!
I'd learn what woes are yet in store
For her, the victim of his pride,
Who driven from her betrayer's door
An earthly refuge was denied.

My struggling passions know nor rest, nor calm!
Now vengeance fires – now love doth hate disarm!
Revenge cries out, destroy! Forgiveness, mild
Spreads forth her peaceful wings, and bids me save his child!

(*Enter Palco*)

Palco I have distributed the gold among the people, as **{503a}** you directed, Mabel.

Mabel Are all satisfied?

Palco All but one

Mabel But one?

Palco Yes

Mabel Who is that?

Palco Me!

Mabel You!

Palco Me!

Mabel You have repeatedly refused my offers

Palco Your gold I have refused

Mabel Ha! What else seek you?

Palco Yourself!

Mabel Wretch – never! (*crossing past him*)

Palco (*Seizes her arm*) Beware!

Duet

Palco
Know you my power? know you the law?
Know you the oath our fathers swore?
Think you my claim I'll ere withdraw?
Mabel we meet to part no more!

Mabel
Hence miscreant hence! thy power I scorn!
I hate thee, fiend! Despise thee more!
Gold pays thy service till the dawn
Hence! For we part to meet no more!

{503b}

Palco
Not the roaring foaming ocean
E'er can type the wild commotion
Which now shakes my inmost soul!

Mabel
Doubt and Fear by turns possess me
Vague imaginings oppress me
Dark forebodings o'er me roll

(*Exeunt*)

Act 3, Scene 3

(*A Cavern with grated Doors. Torchlight*)

(*Gypsies discovered feasting*)

Zarbel Fill boys - fill to the brim! Half a bottle of Rhenish wine, more or less, will do no one any harm.

Zegarba (*drunk*) Comrades, here's to our brother, Palco, Commander and Paymaster of this expedition. Success to him in all his undertakings

Pedro A fine, noble fellow he is and deserves the best luck that can befall him

Zegarba Zarbel, my old cock, you used to have a capital pipe of your own. Give us a song!

Zarbel With all my heart what shall it be about {**504a**} boys, women or wine?

Zegarba Oh the devil take the women! We've quite enough of them upon the tramp. Wine is the only thing worth living for or caring about.

Zarbel Wine be it then! Mind, boys, I shall want a rattling chorus

Song
Of all the far fam'd rivers,
That do cross fair Germanie,
By east or west or north or south,
That which most pleaseth me
Is the Rhine boys! - the Rhine, boys!
The broad princely Rhine!
Mind! I do not toast its *water*,
But I dearly love its *wine*.

Chorus
Here's the Rhine boys, etc

Zarbel
Its banks are wond'rous pleasant,
Gemm 'd with plant and flow'r, and tree,
The oak - the ash - the larch - the fir –
But that which pleaseth me
Is the vine boys - the vine boys
The purple loaded vine,
Mind! I do not toast its herbage / *wood* boys,
{504b} But I dearly love its *wine*!

Chorus
Here's the vine boys, etc.

Zarbel
So in thine own bright vintage
I quaff a health to thee,
Thou first and noblest stream
Of the old German sea.
Here's the Rhine boys! - the Rhine boys!
The broad princely Rhine!
Mind! I do not toast its *water*,
But I dearly love its *wine*.

Chorus
Here's the Rhine boys, etc

Zegarba Bravo three cheers for the Rhine boys!

Zarbel And now I'll give you - Long may the great artery of Germany flow genially on and continue to contribute such enlivening streams as this to the veins of the body politic – What do you think of that eh?

Zegarba Veins and arteries! It's a regular Horse Doctor's toast. I don't understand it

Zarbel Don't you? I say may the great artery of Germany that's the Rhine

Zegarba Yes

Zarbel Flow genially on and continue to contribute such enlivening streams as this - that's the wine

Zegarba Yes I know that's the wine (*taking bottle*)

Zarbel To the veins of the body politic - that's us

Zegarba Ah, I begin to see

Zarbel I doubt that. You've been blind drunk these three quarters of an hour

(*Enter Palco*)

{505a}

Palco Comrades I need your assistance. Altho' for a short time separated from the head and chief judge of our tribes, you know that according to ancient usage we still, in cases of necessity, possess the power of administering certain of those laws which are built on the foundation of our faith and form the great bulwark of our separate existence as a people

All We do, we do

Zarbel To be sure we do!

Palco I demand then that a solemn Council be convoked forthwith to deliberate and decide upon a matter which I pledge myself comes strictly under its cognizance - shall it be granted?

All It shall! It shall!

Zegarba To be sure, it shall!

Palco 'Tis well (*aside*) Now, proud woman, thou art mine (*a whistle*) What alarm is that?

(*Enter Zamparro and Rika dragging in the Count*)

Count Ruffians, unhand me!

Palco Ha! Sternheim! This blow for vengeance (*about to stab him - Zarbel interferes*)

Zarbel Not so fast if you please! He was a good and kind master to me for 5 years and he shan't be butchered **{505b}** while I stand by. Look as fierce on it as you please friend Palco.

Palco Where was this count made prisoner?

Zamp Near the Old Hermitage in the centre of the forest

Rika And that's within the bounds

Palco Then he dies! our laws decree it! For ages these our places of abode and refuge have been sacred from intrusion. Brothers what say you?

Zarbel You can't prove his motive in coming here. Chance might have brought him within the bounds and if so –

Count It was not chance! I scorn to owe my life to subterfuge. I came in search of this accursed Band. I came to rescue or perish with my Child.

Palco You hear! Again, brothers, I demand your suffrages

All but Zarbel Death! Death!

Palco Conduct him to the dungeon! He dies at sunrise! (*The Count is taken off*) Now to council!

Zamp Palco, as accuser 'tis yours to administer the oath

Concerted piece

Solo - Palco and Coro

Palco
Ye do swear by that power
Whose least breath is a spell,
That would crush the firm earth,
To judge wisely and well.

{506a}

Response We swear! we swear!

Palco
Ye do vow by that sign
Which our fathers of old
Set as seal to their faith,
All our laws to uphold.

Response We swear! we swear.

Mabel (*at back, unnoticed*)
Oh! what sounds do I hear!
What strange tale do they tell!
Racking doubt and pale fear,
In this bosom do dwell.

Palco
Brethren, that justice may be done,
'Tis fit all parties should appear;
I pray that Mabel may be called –
She is concern'd -

Mabel (*advancing haughtily*)
Mabel is here !

Palco
That law by which we all are bound –
On which my present claim I found,
Let it be read –

Zarbel
Which is 't?

Palco
The third.

{506b} Mabel (*greatly agitated*)
Villain!

Palco (*sternly*)
Peace woman! Let the law be heard.

(*An ancient volume with clasps, brass mounted corners etc. is produced from chest. All uncovers and listen reverentially*.)

Zarbel (*reading*)
If children who have been betrothed
By their joint parents' mutual oath,
At man and womanhood agree,
Each one may set the other free.
But should or he, or she demand

That this, their parents contract stand,
Nothing the claimant's right shall bar,
Husband and wife they surely are.

Palco
You hear the law. Now in its name,
This woman's - Mabel's - hand I claim.

Mabel (*in uncontrollable rage*)
Hence, thou abandoned wretch - thou liar!
Didst thou not swear? My brain's on fire!
Betray 'd, insulted, caught, ensnared!

Zarbel
Mabel, be calm

Mabel
Calm! He declar'd
But three days since that he would prove
{507a} Nought but a friend - ne'er talk of love –
And now (*turning to the Council with vehemence*)
Your pow'r I do defy!

Palco
Death is the penalty!

Mabel
Fiend! I can die.

Chorus and Zarbel etc
If thus the council she defy,
Death is the penalty, and she must die!

Mabel
The past, on memory's pinions
Flits like a dream before me,
Joy spread her mantle o'er me,
And all was peace and love.
But now how chang'd the scene.
How dark a golf between,
The toils are clos'd around me
That my dark fate bath wove.

Zarbel and Palco
His/My toils are bound her path around,
Success his/my deep laid schemes hath crown'd

Chorus
Pale mem'ry before her, dark visions discloses,
Of pact hours of joy - of contentment and love.

Palco
Brethren, I pray for the decree,
Which gives this woman unto me.

Mabel
Monster! I choose to wed the grave!

Chorus
If thus our ancient laws she brave,
She dies at daybreak, none can save.

Mabel (*allegro*)
For me, death bath no terrors,
Your council I defy
The pow'r that watches o'er us,
Hath pardon for our errors.
When its most sinful children
Ask mercy from on high/To Heaven's protection fly

Palco
For her death will have terrors
{507b} Though now she us defy
The power she boasts will fail her
Not man nor fiend can save her
The bright star of my destiny
Now culminates on high

Chorus etc.
For her death will have terrors / She dies - she dies at sunrise,
Though now she us defy
The pow'r she boasts will fail her.
Not man nor fiend can save her
The bright star of your destiny
Now culminates on high.

(*At end of this, Mabel sinks exhausted on seat. The Band exit with the exception of Palco*)

Palco For the last time, will you be mine

Mabel Never!

Palco Fool! Count Sternheim is in my power and you shall die together (*Exit Palco*)

Mabel (solus) Sternheim a prisoner! Oh God, Oh God. The **{508a}** consequences of our passions do indeed rise up in judgment against us in a terrible way

(*noise*)

Hark! again my ears do not deceive me

(*Trap door opens and Litzka pops her head up. Mabel screams. Litzka disappears*)

I am saved, I am saved, Litzka. 'Tis closed with a spring - open and fear nothing

(*Litza reappears*)

Litzka All right. I brought the whole squad of soldiery down, put ‘em on the right road for death or glory, secretly liberated the count and just popped around here where I suspected you would be found to ascertain whether you were in the body or the Spirit

Mabel I do not understand! (*Firing of Musketry*)

Litzka Follow me. They're fighting for dear life. This firing is a great deal too near. A commanding Officer’s valuable life should not be exposed to danger

Mabel But tell me!

Litzka I can tell you nothing till we are in safety (*firing again*)
(*Mabel commences descending*)

{508b} Wait, when you arrive at the bottom of the steps, till I get down and take the command. The passage is rather intricate (*going down - A shot close to the door*) Oh dear, only just in time. I declare the rear guard is barely out of danger (*drops trap door*)
(*Enter Palco with the Child*)

Palco Hunted to the death - but my prey shall not escape me. Ha! Fled! Treachery!

Shouts (*without*) Follow, Follow

Palco No matter - I have still here the means of vengeance, the power to crush his fondest hopes. The child shall die

Cries without Follow this way

Palco They come. By this door, I can gain an outer Postern
(*He unlocks door and exits hastily*)
(*Enter Zarbel by another door and soldiery*)

Zarbel Not here! where can she have fled? By that passage most probably. Palco has gained possession of the child, I fear with no good intent. Follow my lads the Count has no doubt escaped and is ere now in safety but we must look closely after Palco or the poor Girl may become his victim
(*Exeunt Zarbel and soldiery*)

{509a}

Act 3, Scene the Last

(*Exterior of the Ruin’d Chateau which stands on a rocky eminence surrounded by Tyrolean Hills*)
(*Sunrise*)
(*Soldiery discovered. Enter Count and Mabel*)

Count Mabel, dear Mabel, say that all the past is buried in oblivion

Mabel It is, it is

Count The church shall make us one. No power on Earth again divide us. But my child could I be certain that my child were in safety

Mabel Hope for the best. Zarbel would never stand tamely by while harm befell her.

Zarbel (*without*) Give up the child

Palco (*without*) Never!

Zarbel Your blood then be upon your own head (*Shot heard*)

Count (*Rushing up and looking off*) Ah Heaven be thanked. She is saved, she is saved.

(*Enter Zarbel followed by Gypseys, Male and Female*)

Zarbel She is my lord

Count Thanks, thanks. Mabel be to my child a mother, to me a wife

{509b}

Finale

Solo – Mabel and Chorus

From a heart with joy o'erflowing,
From a heart that's *all* thine own;
From a heart whose every thought love,
Centred is in thee alone.

Take a grateful fond' assurance,
That forgot is all the past!
Ah! What joy! the poor Bohemian
Finds a kindly home at last.

Chorus etc

Ah! What joy! The poor Bohemian etc

The End