Mina

Libretto by Valentine Morris and George Linley

Music by Francesco Schira

Princess's Theatre, London, December 8, 1849.

This libretto is a transcription from the printed libretto published by C. Jefferys in London in 1849 that is held at the Huntingdon Library. The printed edition has also been compared with the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 43022, ff.854-873b. It was signed off by William Bodham Donne on November 28, 1849. Donne was standing in for the official Examiner, John Mitchell Kemble.

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 in green appear in the manuscript, but not in the printed libretto. Lines in red appear in the printed libretto, but not in the manuscript. Lines in black, the vast majority, appear in both the manuscript and the printed libretto as would be expected. The stage directions are as in the printed libretto, which are more frequent and descriptive than in the manuscript and give a better idea of the staging. A few, in green, have been included from the manuscript where they add detail.

The handwriting in the manuscript was neat and legible. Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as "honor" for "honour". The capitalisation of words is usually as in the printed libretto. **[x]** denotes the pages of the printed libretto. **{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/Mina.htm. Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com.

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Mina

{855a} [3]

Act 1, Scene 1

The action takes place in Dalecarlia[1] in 1550

A Valley in Dalecarlia. In the background, a Lake, bounded on either side by Rocks. On P.S., Ulric's cottage; on O.P. a rustic Bower.[2]

At the rising of the Curtain, Peasants are grouped on the Rocks, others are in a Boat, fishing on the Lake. In the front, young Shepherdesses are occupied in making garlands and wreaths of flowers, while young Shepherds supply them with materials.

Chorus of Shepherdesses

Young shepherds of the mountains,
To our sweet song give ear,
When daylight is declining
We joy to meet you here.
Hither bring the freshest flowers,
Garlands fair for her we'll twine,
Yes, to-morrow we shall crown
Gentle Mina at Love's shrine.

One of Chorus.

Hush! companions, hush! I pray,
Silence! some one comes this way.

Chorus.

See! a boat towards the shore,
Across the lake doth glide:
To-morrow we will end our task
In honor of the bride.

Tyrolienne[3]

What dreams of bliss
Excite the soul,
When two fond hearts
Own Love's control - La! la! la!
O, dear thought to treasure, - La! la! la!
Yielding such pure pleasure, - La! la! la!
Making Heaven on earth,
Bidding all be gay, - La! la! la!

{855b}

What would Love be worth
If its soft enchantment
Lasted but one day? - la, la, la.

[1] Historical province of Sweden
[2] P.S. and P.P. = Prompt Side, O.P. = Opposite Prompt
[3] Type of Tyrolean Folk Dance

General Chorus
Some one comes – away! depart;
From all, our plans we'll hide;
To-morrow we shall here return
To welcome the young bride.

Reprise of first Chorus. Young Shepherds, etc.

(*Exeunt Omnes*)

[4]

(*Enter Jenny; Ulric following her.*)

Jenny Leave me, Monsieur Ulric, leave me, or I will complain to my mistress.

Ulric Now, don't be cross for such a trifle.

Jenny Trifle, indeed! Did you not promise to marry me as soon as you returned from Stockholm? - and now –

Ulric Is it my fault that the King, Christiern, having found in me a remarkably clever person, has thought fit to appoint me Burgomaster of this province? Is it my fault that my change o*f* position compels me to forego a sentiment which fills me with-

Jenny (*crying*) Oh, oh! what will become of me?

Ulric Don't be childish! If you really loved me, you would sacrifice all for my advancement - while a marriage so ill-proportioned –

Jenny And you think that Mademoiselle Mina loves you more than I do. She hates you.

{856a}

Ulric Mina's father, Jenny, has need of my good word; he is suspected of being a partizan of Gustavus, and also of denying his real name. Once allied to my family, he has nothing to fear; I will protect him. And, as something must be done for you Jenny, I'll—

Jenny You insult me, sir.

Ulric Nay, don't be angry - to-day I expect Monsieur Ritson, and to-morrow I marry his daughter—and then, no more Ulric for you.

(*tries to kiss her*)

Jenny Leave me, I say. I detest you

Ulric To-morrow you may, perhaps - but to-day you must still love me a little.

(*kisses her*)

Air (Jenny).
I'm but a lowly maiden,
As simple as may be,
Yet dearer than your riches
Is honour unto me.

Subdue each angry feeling,
Assume a milder air,
Be still polite, and render
All justice to the fair.

In vain you strive to win me.
Your offers I refuse;
In vain you praise and flatter -
I scorn the means you use.
Be wise in time, and alter,
No longer me pursue;
Tho' I am not so wealthy,
I'm quite as good as you / I care not, sir, for you.

{856b}

Ulric Well now, don't let us quarrel, Jenny dear, you'll find somebody to console you. I should not wonder if the young French officer, who was driven on our coast-

[5]

Jenny The Count Dorville? Why he loves my mistress, and I think she does not dislike him, for since he has been here, she has been thoughtful and melancholy; she scarcely ever speaks - but what does it matter to you what I think, when you are about to abandon me?

Ulric Say not so. - (*aside*) Alas! ambition has its sting - (*aloud*) There are moments, Jenny, when I would give all I possess not to have gone to Stockholm.

Jenny Do you mean it, Ulric?

Ulric Yes, dearest - for you never looked so pretty.

Jenny Don't talk such nonsense.

Ulric 'Tis true, and I shall always love you.

Jenny Then why forsake / desert me?

Ulric (*confused*) The fact is –

Jenny You hesitate.

Ulric (*still more confused.*) No! no! I-

Enter Dorville

Jenny (*seeing him*) The Count! ah! - (*Exit Jenny*)

Duet

Dorville (*who has perceived Ulric flirting with Jenny*)
Ha! ha I she has retreated.

Ulric (*aside, annoyed*)
It is the Count I see,
What wants he here with me ?

Dorville (*aside*)
My visit, I can guess,
Unwelcome here will be.
{857a} (*aloud*) How now! thus flirting, friend,
Upon your wedding eve?
If Mina should perceive?

Ulric. (*flurried*)
Although you now suspect,
I did but her advise.

Dorville
Will Mina this believe,
Will she not show surprise?

4

Ulric. (*aside*)
If lie should speak, I'm lost;
One means is left me still;
The mischief to prevent,
I'll ask him for my bill,
And, as he cannot pay,
Perhaps he'll run away.

Dorville. (*aside*)
He shakes from head to foot,
He fears that I shall tell,
I will myself amuse,
The joke I relish well.
He'll even be afraid
To ask, now, to be paid.

Ulric
Pray permit me, gallant Captain,
To present my small account,
May I hope, without offending,
That you'll pay me the amount?

[4] The manuscript marks these two verses as ensemble

[6]

Dorville

What! are you in want of money?
Quick, that paper to me hand,
Friend, why did you not speak sooner?
I've had hundreds at command.

Ulric (*aside*)

Should he pay, it would surprise me.
Pardon, rude it/I may appear.

Dorville

Not at all, I like your frankness,
(*aside*) I'll enjoy this fellow's fear.
(*aloud*) I, in confidence, must tell you
Not a penny have I got.

{327b}

Ulric.

Heav'ns! then all the debts you're owing?

Dorville

Do not trouble me a jot!

Ulric.

He unto me ruin will bring,
Never was I so angry before,
How, when he's now so deep in my debt;
Can he expect me to credit him more?

Dorville.

Go, my friend, go back to home,
Calm your rage till dinner be o'er,
Surely you'll not, with my frank air,
Still object to credit me more. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Mina on lake. During the symphony she seems in a reverie allowing the boat to glide along, at length she pushes ashore

Aria.

They twine the bridal wreath for me,
And all around seem glad,
I cannot smile on those I see,
Alas! I feel so sad.
In vain my hand to seek to share/To give my hand I will not dare
Unless my heart approves;
In vain these garlands they prepare/Nor ring nor garland will I wear
For I, another love / For one I cannot love.

Recitative

Ah yes! I love another - one whose lot / I love, and all! how truly - one whose lot
Is far above me. How I fear and tremble!
Have I, a simple peasant girl, indulged
A hope that he my passion will return.

Cavatina

In that dear home of memory / In that bright borne so dear to me,
Where thoughts of pleasure dwell,
My heart's sweet resting place shall be,
With him I prize so well.
I'll look into those gentle eyes,
As in some mirror fair,
And see if he my love despise,
And read what's treasur'd there.
{858a} No more shall grief
Life's pathway *dim,*
I'll gather joy
From thoughts of him

Enter Ulric and Ritson (*meeting*)

Ulric Good day, father-in-law, I was on my way to meet you

Mina (*Sarcastically*) How amiable.

[7]

Ritson Well, Burgomaster, and how does your new office suit you?

Ulric Well enough; (*looks at Mina*) but there ***is*** something more to be desired than that.
How anxiously I had waited your return!

Ritson
Aye! aye! we'll talk about that presently. Is the country tranquil?

Ulric Thanks to my vigilance, Dalecarlia is reduced to obedience; and if all the Gustavus's in the world were to return-

Ritson Don't trust too much to that.

Ulric I have made short work with all that have fallen into my hands.

Mina As for you - you see a conspirator everywhere - even that young French officer whom chance has driven on our shores.

Ulric I do say that he is a dangerous man. Out of regard for Mademoiselle Mina I have allowed him to remain / wait here until your return.

Mina Don't believe a word of it, father; he is a French nobleman, and only just arrived from Stockholm.

Ritson From Stockholm - and for what purpose?

Ulric That he keeps a secret.

Mina There you are mistaken, Monsieur Ulric; for he has told me.

Ulric In my opinion, Mademoiselle Mina, he talks a great deal too much to you; and I hope –

{858b}

Ritson I hope you have paid the stranger every attention?

Ulric He has no reason to complain; he has been six weeks in my inn, and I have only asked him for his bill three times, and then he only answered with-

Dorville (*outside*) *singing.*
Here he comes; I'll go and prepare / order breakfast.
(*Exit Ulric*)
Enter Dorville (*at side*)

The sequence of song followed by dialogue shown here is as in the printed libretto. In the manuscript the order was reversed

I have roam'd the wide world over,
Traverse'd ev'ry land on Earth / 'Mid the fairest scenes of earth -
Yet my thoughts still turn'd with pleasure
To dear France / the land that gave me birth;
Her brave sons I proudly follow'd
To Italia's fertile plain;
There, beneath my country's banners,
My first laurels I did gain.

I have roam'd the wide world over,
Yet tho' far from France away,
My heart, wherever I wander'd
Was always light and gay, singing.
France, France, wherever I may be—
France, France, my heart is still with thee.

[8]

In the icy depths of Russia
I beheld a troubadour,
Freezing 'neath a lady's window
As he chanted "Vive l'Amour!"
I've seen gallant hearts in Poland
Yielding up their latest breath;
To Slav'ry's chains preferring
Scenes of danger and of death.
I have roamed, *&c.*

Dorville May I be allowed to present my respects to the fair Mina?

Mina My father, Count - (*to her father*) the Count Dorville

Ritson Strangers so rarely visit these parts that those who do are doubly welcome.

Dorville I owe many thanks, to you and to your charming daughter, for the protection afforded to me here.

Ritson May I ask the object of your visit to Stockholm?

Dorville To offer my sword to Gustavus Vasa When I reached Stockholm I found King Christiern master of Sweden - the young Prince Gustavus in irons, and all hope of success vanished; on my return, a storm drove our vessel on the rocks, and but for the timely aid of an unknown friend I should have perished. For two months I have wandered far and near to discover him to whom I owe my life, but my researches have hitherto been in vain; he, however, left me this ring, taking mine in exchange.

Enter Ulric

Ulric Mademoiselle Mina, breakfast waits. (*Mina turns her back upon him*.) If it had not been for that abominable Frenchman I should have breakfasted an hour ago. Come, friend Ritson, let us lead the way.

Ritson With all my heart, Burgomaster for my journey has given me an appetite - (*aside*) - 'tis the only chance of getting rid of this troublesome fellow. **{859a}** (*To Dorville*) Your adventures interest me greatly; after so many dangers you must have need of repose.

Dorville One moment ere you go

The song on the previous page appears here in the manuscript

{859b}

Ritson Thanks count! And now to breakfast; Burgomaster, your arm!

(*Exeunt Ritson and Ulric*)

Mina So then you think only of returning to France. The great Court ladies will soon make you forget your dangers. I have heard that they are so handsome - so amiable?

Dorville So I thought two months ago.

Mina And what caused you to change your opinion?

Dorville The sight of one who far outshines them all. Mina -Though many high-born beauties in my native land have tried to teach me what love is, they never could succeed, but you have. Your charming person **[9]** - still more charming graces of your mind have won my heart; at your feet I lay my rank / hand and fortune; deign but to smile on my suit, and my whole existence shall be devoted to your happiness.

Mina These protestations to one so poor and humble-

Dorville Nay, Mina - true affection levels all ranks. On the wings of love I fly to France - to return, the bearer of our most gracious Sovereign's sanction to our union.

Mina Can it be he really loves me?

Duet

Dorville
Mina - ere from you I go,
One slight favor first bestow.

Mina
You a favor ask of me;
Tell me, Count, what may it be?

Dorville
In remembrance give me, dear,
That simple ribbon which you wear.

Mina
What 1 a ribbon! such a trifle!

Dorville
Deign to give it
I shall prize it;
{860a} And will guard the gift with care / And when far away from thee,
In your absence 'twill me cheer / O, how dear that gift will be.

Mina
Anguish! do not speak of going.

Dorville
'Tis decreed that we must part,
Oh! refuse not then the token -
Prove I reign within your heart.
(*Tries to embrace her*)

Mina (*repulsing him with dignity*)
Count! love brooks not such advance;
I seek not to learn the customs
Which may suit the Court of France
(*Going*)

Dorville
Not, for Pity's sake depart?

Andante

Dorville
Oh! gentle Mina,
Frown not upon me,
Feel not offended / Look not so coldly,
Seek not to shun me;
Let not a shadow
Darken that brow,
Part not in anger,
Leave me not, now.

Mina
Since in our mountains
You've been protected,
All that we cherish
You have respected;
But from your bosom
Honour is cast,
Leave me and think not
Now of the past.

[10]

Dorville
Ah! still if pity
Within thy soul dwell,
Grant ere I sail, love,
One moment's farewell;
Let no resentment
Live in that heart,
Say you forgive me
Ere I depart.

Mina gives her hand to Dorville, which he respectfully raises to his lips

Allegro

Mina
Ah, yes! each look imploring
Finds an entrance to my soul;
Still, still my heart adoring,
Yields to Love's control.
As the parting hour draws near,
Those we treasure grow more dear;
Ev'ry vein with feeling flows,
Then the breast more warmly glows.
Ah, yes! Etc.

{860b}

Dorville
Now ev'ry doubt removed,
Yes! I again am loved.
Ah, me! how pure the bliss,
Ne'er was hour so blest as this

Mina and Dorville
As the parting hour draws near,
Those we treasure grow more dear.
(*Exit Dorville*)

Mina

Recitative

He is gone! and perhaps will me forget.
How happily I lived until this stranger came.
Ah, me! I love him, yet it seems a dream;
The daughter of a poor and humble peasant
Can ne'er become Count Dorville's wife

Romance

I see him in my dreams and grieve / In my dreams I see him and grieve -
Night brings but visions that deceive;
I vow to love no more, nor mourn -
Still all my fondness doth return.
Why do I tremble when he's near,
And sigh his gentle words to hear?
If this be Love's illusive beam,
O do not wake me, wake me from my dream.

When winds breathe softly o'er the plain,
I think I hear his voice again;
He calls me back to scenes once lov'd,
The hills, the woods, where oft we rov'd.
He's gone! yet if while he's away
One thought to him should fondly stray;
If one bright vision glad life's stream-
O do not wake me, wake me from my dream.

Enter Ritson

{861a}

Ritson I have sought you every where, Mina. I have much to say to you.

[11]

Mina No ill news, I trust.

Ritson 'Tis respecting your marriage with Ulric, to-morrow.

Mina You have promised, dear father, not to force me to this marriage.

Ritson And I will keep my word - but I must humour Ulric; for by refusing him, we run some risk - and we must leave this place.

Mina What have we to fear?

Ritson More than I can now tell you. The Count Dorville, to whom I have revealed all, will favour our departure.

Mina Oh! Father - what imprudence - trust him not!

Ritson Why it was but this morning you were loud in his praise - boasting of his brilliant qualities; in fact, I half suspected you were in love.

Mina I, father!

Ritson And why not? - You were never destined to be the bride of a low-born Serf –

Mina What mean you, father?

Ritson Listen - While you were yet a child, Christiern, King of Denmark, invaded our native Sweden; and having with difficulty gained possession of Stockholm, proceeded to put to death and confiscate the property of all those who had espoused the cause of Gustavus - the bravest and boldest of the defenders of his country. Among the number of those who escaped from the persecution of Christiern, was the Count Oxenstiern, Chancellor of Sweden, and one of the most devoted followers of Gustavus: for years he has resided in exile under a feigned name - always plotting for the overthrow of Christiern, and placing Gustavus on the throne of Sweden; - that man now stands before you - I am the Count Oxeustiern! Owing to the troubled state of the country, it became necessary to convey you to a place of safety; and I selected this spot contiguous to the mines, my only remaining property, where you were always sure of **{861b}** protection from my brave Dalecarlians. My reason for your not becoming Ulric's bride, even if you wished, is now revealed: in refusing him, we incur the risk of being denounced; for his suspicions, I fancy, are already awakened.

Mina Nay father; his love for me would ward off that danger - besides, he is too cowardly - he is positively afraid of his own shadow.

Ritson Our only safeguard, dearest child, / safety is in flight - and with the Count's assistance.

Mina Have you revealed all to the Count?

[12]

Ritson I have not concealed from him any of the dangers, which he exposes himself in favoring our escape.

Mina And did he hesitate?

Ritson Not for an instant; - I recommended him to use all prudence.

Mina (*joyfully*) He will be prudent, father; his heart is noble - I know it.

Ritson Well! - In truth, I cannot understand you; now you are all praises, while not five minutes ago –

Mina (*embarrassed*) Dear father; your news has quite unnerved me – (*aside*) what joy, what happiness to be his equal.

Ritson To-morrow we leave this, under pretence of conducting the Count to his ship. Remember - be prudent! - Providence will do the rest. Hush! I hear footsteps: 'Tis Ulric! - let us avoid him.

(*Exeunt*)

Enter Ulric

Ulric Very pretty behaviour, indeed - to avoid me on the eve of our marriage; but I'll soon let her know what a husband's authority is. Mr. Ritson had better look to himself - for what with his frequent journeys, correspondence, and hints that have reached me, I have my suspicions: but even supposing him **{862a}** to be what I imagine, what does it matter? – I shall always be Burgomaster - and if it were not for that infernal / horrible Frenchman, whom I wish at the bottom of the sea - I should be—

(*talks as he goes up*)

Enter Jenny

Duet

Jenny (*aside*)
In each chamber I have looked,
Yet my mistress cannot see ;
(*calls*) Mina I Mina! Mademoiselle! -
Where, I wonder, can she be.

Ulric *(aside)*
Ha! 'tis Jenny! she seems curious!
Who, I wonder, seeks she here;
To find out I must endeavour,
For there's something wrong, I fear.

Jenny (*seeing Ulric*)
Is it you, Sir; pardon, pray!
(*going*)
Ulric (*detaining*)
Jenny stop! Don't go away! / Jenny, I command you stay

Jenny
I'm in haste to find my mistress
I've a secret – let me go!

Ulric
What! From me you keep a secret?

Jenny
Once, I know, it was not so;

Ulric
But we're friends now?

Jenny
I'm forbidden
By the Count a word to say

Ulric (*aside*)
I must know it at all hazards -
Jenny, listen to me pray;
In my breast I felt this morning
All my love for you awake;
[13] I've resolved to give up Mina;
I renounce her - for your sake!
I but ask one little favor,
This pretended Count, come tell –
{862b}

Jenny
Nay, I cannot! I have promised –

Ulric
Then you do not love me well.

Jenny
Yes! – (*aside*) Ah I how shall I reply?

Ulric
I will not believe you love me,
If this favor you deny.

Jenny
Ulric, ah! for pity's sake.

Ulric
You deceive me, I can see;
You love this Frenchman more than me.
I am not quite so short-sighted –
I discover now your whim
And in place of meeting Mina,
You are waiting here for him!

Jenny
AL, indeed you wrong me, Ulric,
I've a letter and a ring
From Count Dorville to my mistress-

Ulric
- Poor invention! no such thing!

Jenny
If I show them?

Ulric
I'll believe you

Jenny
You will give them back to me-

Ulric

O! on the honor of a Baillie.

(*Jenny gives letter and ring. Reading the superscription of letter.*)

'Tis for her ! (*looks at ring*) What do I see !
This device - Gustavus! Sweden!
Do I dream - can it be he?

Jenny

Why this wonder and surprise?

Ulric (*aside*)

I can scarce believe any eyes!
Yet the truth I must find out.
(*aloud*) 'Twas Count Dorville gave this ring?

Jenny

Yes!

{863a}

Ulric

Then 'tis he, there's not a doubt!
(*aside*) I shall save the crown of Sweden,
Fortune smile and make me blest;
Ah I yes. mine will be the honour
Prince Gustavus to arrest.

Jenny

Give me back the ring and letter.

(*Ulric returns them*)

Ulric

My suspicions you'll forget?

Jenny

Yes! I like you to be jealous,
For it proves you love me yet.

Ensemble

Jenny	Ulric
Adieu! adieu!	Adieu! adieu!
Parting is sweet,	Parting is sweet,
When hearts united	When hearts united
Prove kind and true;	Prove kind and true;
Think of me still -	Think of me still -
Soon shall we meet;	Soon shall we meet;
Fondly were plighted.	Fondly were plighted.
Adieu! adieu!	Adieu! adieu!

(*Exit Jenny, calling "Mademoiselle Mina.*")

[14]

Ulric I can now revenge myself on Madlle. Mina, not one of them shall escape me - they must be arrested without loss of time - they think to deceive me - me! but they shall see that a Burgomaster is not to be trifled with; - I hear footsteps - 'tis Mina - I'll listen—

(*Exit into Arbour*)

Enter Mina and Dorville.

Dorville May I then hope that I'm forgiven?

Mina What you have done for my father demands my deepest gratitude.

Dorville And the ring I sent to you?

Mina I cannot accept it without my father's permission *(gives ring*) but keep it, and perhaps one day –

Ulric While they are occupied, it is my time for action – I'll send and summon Captain Langdorf, and return to my post. (*Exit*)

{863b}

Dorville Now that you know you are my equal in rank, what obstacle can present itself?

Mina The troubles of my country, and my father's danger –

Dorville Fear not, dearest, all may yet be well! While I have strength you will never want protection - give me but hope - deign to assure me that you will one day reward my constancy with your love; - you promise?

(*Takes her hand and kisses it kneeling*)

Enter Ulric - he discovers Dorville on his knee.

Ulric Pardon me, fair Sir, if I interrupt your tete-a-tete and you, Ma'amselle, to play me such tricks on the eve of your marriage.

Dorville This is beyond bearing—know, Sir!

Enter Ritson

Ritson What means this quarrelling?

Mina 'Tis Ulric, father, who will quarrel.

Ulric And have I not cause? - I found the Count kissing t hand of my betrothed, and-

Dorville 'Twas but out of respect for the lady.

Ulric I beg in future you will not shew your respect in that way to my intended - (*aside*) he won't have a chance much longer - in an hour he'll be safe in prison.

Ritson Come, let us be friends!

(*Enter a Soldier, who gives a letter to Ulric and exits*)

Ulric (*reading*) What do I read? "Six feet high – fair - blue eyes " 'tis Gustavus, there can be no doubt—but I must dissemble until assistance arrive.
(*while reading letter, he narrowly scans Dorville*)

Ritson Read that another time, friend Ulric: what say you to a flagon of wine, while Mina sings us one of her mountain airs?

Ulric 'Tis no time for singing - I have received intelligence of the escape of a prisoner.
{864a}
Ritson A prisoner!

Ulric (*looking at Dorville*) Gustavus, the son of Duke Eric, whom King Christiern had so much reason so hold captive. Should he fall into my hands-

Mina You would not dare –

Ulric Try me. There are six thousand rix-dollars[5] on his head

Dorville And you would give him up? Would you barter the life of your fellow-man for gold?

Ulric (*aside)* There can be no longer any doubt. 'Tis he.

Enter a Miner.

Miner A word with you, master.

Ritson What would you?

Miner A young man, pursued by the Danes, endeavoured but now to cross the lake. I received him into my boat at the moment he was about to sink, and have lodged him safely in the mine.

Ritson His name?

Miner Sweden.

Ritson (*aside*) 'Tis Gustavus! (aloud) Thanks, friend, you have done well. (*Gives him money*.)

Miner He wears a miner's dress, but he is not one of us.

Ritson Be prudent.

Miner What news? Has any accident happened in the mine?

Ritson A mere trifle

Miner Silence! the Danes approach? *(to Ritson*)

[5] Historical silver coinage

Enter Captain Langdorf and Soldiers.

Finale

Langdorf and Danish Soldiers

A criminal we seek,
Whom you from justice hide;
Escape from hence is vain,
He s watch'd on ev'ry side.
{864b} Resign him - no delay,
The King's commands obey!

Ritson (*pointing to Dorville*)

Save yonder soldier brave,
Who 'scap'd a wat'ry grave,
No stranger here I know.

Langdorf (*to Soldiers*)

Since he declines to aid,
Let every search be made;
Descend the mines below.

[16]

Enter Lieutenant Fritz

Captain, we have one arrested,
And have asked his name in vain?

Langdorf (*to Ritson*)

How is this, sir? quickly

Ritson (*aside*)

All is lost - (*aloud*) I can't explain!

Mina (*aside*)

Heav'n protect us, how I tremble.
What will be his hapless lot?

Langdorf (*to Soldiers*)

By court-martial we will try him;
He shall instantly be shot.

Ulric

That's well thought of!

Mina

Heartless wretches!

Fritz

We this jewel on him found.
He inform'd us, a rich stranger

Shipwreck'd late, and nearly drown'd,
Whose life he chanced to save,
This ring a present gave.

Dorville
Beware! how you proceed,
To him my life I owe;
Quick! to the stranger lead,
Our gratitude to show.

Langdorf
I, sir, should like to know
Both whom and what you are

Dorville
Count Dorville, serving the good King
Of France, sir, and Navarre.

{865a}

Langdorf
The proof! your passport shew?
(*Dorville gives passport*)

Ulric
My turn is coming now

Mina
I tremble, what may be our fate,
His angry looks I cannot brave;
Ah, me! I must dissimulate,
If I a father's life would save.
Dorville
Suspicion sits upon his brow,
And anger reigns within his breast;
With hope my heart is beating now,
For near to Mina, I am blest.
Ritson
This step may ruin on us bring,
The thought with sadness fills my heart;
To show the anger of the King,
From Sweden we must now depart.
Ulric
Let me but catch them in our snare,
I'll lead the rebels such a dance;
For I, thanks to my talents rare,
Can read their thoughts in ev'ry glance.
Langdorf
No clue can I here discover
The reward, unto me, will be lost
But still he shall not escape me
I'll arrest him today at all cost

Langdorf (*to Dorville*)
Is this your ring? Reply!

Dorville (*aside*)
Heav'ns, it is mine! If I say yes—he'll die;

Langdorf (*aside*)
Tis he! It must be so
(*aloud*) Speak, is it yours?

Dorville
No! no!

Dorville
Heav'ns, it is mine!

Langdorf
What means this hesitation?
Speak, I command you!

Dorville
If I say yes—he'll die ;
If I answer not, Mina is lost to me.

Langdorf
He hesitates! 'Tis he! Speak!
Is it yours?

[17]

Dorville
No! my senses leave me.
My brain wanders.
(*Soldiers at signal of Captain advance two steps*)

Ritson, Mina, Dorville and Ulric
What fears *my* breast invade,
The sacrifice is made;
I struggle with each sigh,
I feel that I/she/he shall die;
My tears which flow
I can't control.
For grief, alas
O'erwhelms my/his soul.

Langdorf, Fritz and Chorus
Tho' doubt our breast invade,
Still fortune may us aid;
He dare not still deny,
Well force him to reply.

{865b}

Langdorf (*to Dorville*)
The truth at once declare,
Or they your fate shall share.
(*Points to Mina and Ritson*)

Dorville
Unfeeling ! - cease your fury,
The truth shall now be told.
I am Gustavus! - the proof behold!
(*shows ring*)

Langdorf (*uncovering*)
Highness!

Dorville
Spare him you have arrested,
By some strange mistake, for me;
Promise quickly to release him!

Langdorf
Prince! I swear to set him free!
(*signs to Soldiers, who exit*)
I now your Highness wait!
(*four Soldiers advance.*)

Mina
Ah! bitter, cruel fate
(*she falls fainting into a chair*)

Dorville (*on knee to Mina*)
Mina, my beloved,
You whom I adore,
Promise to remember me
When I am no more.
Fondly, truly prized,
More than tongue can tell,
Ah! if you my passion share,
Pray for me! Farewell!

Grand Chorus of Soldiers and Miners

Soldiers
Vengeance now is ours,
We reward shall gain,
He, their hope and pride,
Captive now is ta'en!
Yes! to set him free
Vainly they may try,
We can brave the storm,
He deserves to die.

Miners
Vengeance on the foe,
Comrades set him free,
Boldly hazard all,
Cowards never be.
Let each arm be firm,
Who'd from danger fly?
If we cannot save,
For Gustavus die!

End of Act 1

{866a} [18] **Act 2, Scene 1**

The interior of Ritson's house. At back, ***a*** *door and a window on P.S.*
Doors at wings right and left. Ulric is discovered alone seated P.S.. in a large arm chair.
Near him is a table and a lamp.

(*Stage dark*)

Ulric (*Spoken through Music.*) What a tempest! 'tis impossible to sleep while such a storm goes on. I've tried every corner of this chair. I can't rest. I must give it up. Of what was / dreaming? (*The storm has gradually abated.*) Let me remember. Yes! I thought that yesterday there was but one Gustavus; to-day they have arrested two; pretty work I've made of it; which is the right one - what if they let the wrong one go? I'm confounded between them which side I ought to take; twould puzzle a conjuror to tell. Of what avail have been my politics—where is my reward.

Air

Abused and ill-treated by all,
By impudent factions harangued;
If Gustavus should e'er win the day,
One thing's certain - I'm sure to be hanged.
If the Danes should victorious be,
'Twas our village that titled him king;
All the Government's centred in me,
And my office will end with a swing.

Oh, what folly, fatal thought,
Thus to risk one's life for nought;
I no foe Gustavus find,
He is generous and kind,
He has been my constant guest,
Ate and drank too of the best,
And who knows what time may bring;
I'm ambitious - he's a King.
{366b} Yes, to him my faith I'd pin,
If I thought that he would win.

(*Storm etc commences*)

For the cause a devotion I feel. (*Thunder*)
Oh ! mercy; how dark - how it rains!
I pray that this pitiless storm
May keep off those furious Danes.
I refused their companion to be,
Cross the mountains so barren and drear,
Their resentment will fall upon me;
Yes! they'll handle me roughly, I fear.

(*A very loud clap of thunder*)

[19] Oh! that thunder shakes my bones,
The wind whistles, and it moans;
Surely then I heard a shriek;
How those rusty hinges creak;

Plague upon that horrid din
How I sweat at every pore
Ah me, I'm in a horrid plight,
How I tremble with affright!
Forms of every shape and guise
At my elbow now appear,
And methinks the bitter sighs
Of the captive Prince I hear.
Should they kill him? thoughts like these
Make the blood within me freeze.

Chorus of Danish Soldiers (*outside*)
Open your door
To the traveller poor,
Benighted on his way
Cold blows the blast,
And the rain falls fast;
Oh! open your door, I pray.

{867a}

Ulric Oh, dear me, what shall I do? where shall I go? Such dreadful sounds. Should it be the Danes, Jenny is lost to me for ever! If the rebels - poor Burgomaster. Help! help! murder! Where shall I hide? murder!

(*Hides under table*)

Enter Jenny (*Running in*)

Jenny Well! what's the matter? (*Calls.*) Ulric! Ulric! It's very singular, but I am sure I heard his voice. I fancied I heard a noise at the door. Perhaps it is Mr. Ritson! I'll see.

(*Opens door at back*)

Enter Lieutenant Fritz and Soldiers in large cloaks.

Fritz Where is the master of this house?

Jenny He will be at home presently, Sir?

Fritz And who are you?

Jenny I'm only a servant, Sir?

Fritz And a monstrous pretty one, too!

Jenny (*aside*) How these men frighten me!

Fritz Bring us some wine; we'll drink till your master returns.

Ulric (*under table.*) I feel my blood oozing out at every pore.

Chorus
Fritz and Soldiers

Wine! wine! quick bestow!
Let the sparkling liquor flow;
Drink! drink! Come what may,
We'll at least drive care away.
Woe to them that us deny,
When for gen'rous wine we cry '
Woe to those,
They're our foes.
Wine! wine! quick bestow,
Let the sparkling liquor flow.
Wine! wine!
Bring us wine!

[20]

Jenny
How my heart with terror's beating,
Ah! from hence there's no retreating.
Whither has my Ulric fled?
Fear has killed him; he is dead.

Reprise of Chorus. "Wine! wine ! etc.*",*
During which Fritz kisses Jenny, who slaps his face while Ulric makes furious signs under table
{867b}
*Enter Captain Langdorf and Dorville**,** who is blindfolded, and Guards.*

Langdorf Friends! we shall be compelled to pass the remainder of the night here. Treason is abroad. (*To Soldiers*.) Place guards round the house; keep a close watch over your prisoner. Your lives will answer for his safety.

(*At a sign from Langdorf, soldiers remove Dorville's bandage*)

Trio without accompaniment

Dorville
O! blest, propitious night!
What hopes again are mine,
With morning's rosy light
They'll madly quaff the wine / The dawn of joy may shine.
If, while they revel here,
Their watchfulness abate
I'll fly to Mina dear,
And soothe her hapless fate.

Jenny
O! sad unhappy night
What anxious fears / fears again are mine!
And yet with morning's light
The dawn of joy may shine!

If, while they revel here,
Their vigilance abate
I'll seek my mistress dear,
And share her hapless fate.

Ulric
For me, how sad a night!
What misery is mine,
Until / And yet to-morrow's light
They'll tipple that good wine / On deeper woes may shine.
If, while carousing / they revel here,
A chance for me await,
I'll follow Jenny dear / I'll steal away, nor fear
To leave them to their fate.

{868a}

Enter Fritz

Langdorf (*to Fritz*) Place the prisoner in yonder apartment, (*points to door,* O.P..) and should he attempt to escape, fire on him.

(*Dorville goes into Room*)

Ulric How he talks! fire indeed! I hope they wont place him before me - or fire low.

Langdorf I must now reconnoitre the environs, for I hear that the rebels are assembling. I fear this Ulric deceives us; his refusal to follow us is suspicious. And to-morrow—you understand—

(*points to Dorville's Room*).

[21]

Fritz Yes, Captain.

Langdorf These instructions, in the King's own hand, and this paper, which confers on the bearer the right of passing everywhere unquestioned, I leave with you (*puts them on the table*); and in the event of my not returning in an hour, you will implicitly obey the contents.

(*Langsdorf rises to go.*)

Fritz I understand. (*speaks aside to Langdorf*)

Ulric (*under the table.)* And so do I. (*takes paper*)

Langdorf *(to Fritz*) Above all, watch well your prisoner. Have you arrested the Burgomaster?

Jenny (*who has listened.*) Oh! for mercy's sake, noble sirs! pity! spare Ulric.

Langdorf Your prayers are useless; he is a traitor, and must, by this time, have been judged and condemned.

Jenny For Heaven's sake, tell me the truth!

Langdorf And, in all probability, shot.

Jenny Ulric shot! Oh Heavens!
(*supports herself against table*)

Ulric (*pulls her dress*). It's not true!

Jenny (*shrieks*) Ah!

Langdorf What's the matter?

Ulric Not a word, or I am lost.

{868b}

Jenny Only fright – and - grief (*sobbing*).

Langdorf (*pushing her before him*.) Enough of this nonsense. Soldiers to your duty. Let me on my return find you at your posts, and your prisoner safe, or you'll take his place.
(*Exit Langdorf and Fritz*)

Ulric (*coming from under table.*) ***I*** have not a single drop of blood in my veins.

(*He is about to go out at door at back, when enter Ritson*, *in a cloak*)

Ulric (*falling on his knees.*) Oh! spare me! spare me!

Ritson This troublesome Burgomaster again.

Ulric (*rising*) Is it you Monsieur Ritson? Heaven be praised! Save yourself - save me -save everybody!

Ritson What do you mean?

Ulric He is there! (*points to Dorville's door*).

Ritson He! who?

Ulric The prisoner.

Ritson How know you this?

[22]

Ulric I was under the table - I heard and saw all - An order of King Christiern.

Ritson An order of the king?

Ulric Yes! here it is. (*gives paper*)

Ritson (*reading*). Merciful Providence! At the moment when I thought all was lost, you still watch over Sweden and Gustavus.

Ulric Now, don't go on as you did last night. Save me! Save your house! - they have sworn to burn it to the ground. Heaven grant that Gustavus may triumph.

Ritson (*astonished*) What is that you say, Ulric?

Ulric Alas! I am a changed man. I am disgusted with politics. I give up Mina - with Jenny and a cottage, I should be happy - and if, by your position – a - place should one day fall in your way-

{869a}

Ritson Gustavus Wasa knows how to reward his friends and to punish traitors. (*calls Jenny*). You may still repair your fault. The prisoner's life must be saved, at all risks - you must endeavour to intoxicate the soldiers, or any attempt at flight would be useless, and shorten the days of one most precious. Hark! some one approaches. Retire, and remember!

Ulric (*goes partly out at the door at back, but returns*) They are at the door, we have not a moment to lose; they are going to set fire to the house. Oh! what will become of me?

Ritson We must gain time at all risks.

(*Ulric and Ritson place glasses, wine, etc. from cupboard, on table*)

(*calls*) *Mina!* Jenny!

Enter Mina and Jenny

Ritson Come girls, help me to entertain our guests.

Jenny The wretches!

Mina (*busy at table with Jenny*) I am sure that, after all that has taken place, Ulric will not be quite so fond of his friends the Danes.

Ulric (*bringing wine.*) Ah! Mademoiselle Mina, can you forgive me?

Ritson (*to Ulric*) All hope is not yet lost. Silence! They come.

Enter Lieutenant Fritz and Soldiers, some with torches.

Fritz (*to Ulric, who is sneaking away*) Hallo! what are you skulking here for, eh? Spying again, I really do believe. Yon tremble.

Ulric I tremble, Monsieur Fritz? I tremble? on the contrary.

Fritz Well! it's the best imitation I ever saw.

[23]

Ritson (*offering cup of wine to Fritz*, *who has seated himself at table.*) Let us drink to the health of the King - the night is cold, it will warm you. *(to Soldiers*) Now, lads, fill. " The King! "

All (*drink*) The King!

Fritz *(aside to officer)* As soon as *they* are gone - at the first signal - you understand? (*points to Dorville's door*)

{869b}

Ritson Jenny, wine here, for these brave Soldiers.
(Jenny gives wine to Soldiers, who are grateful, and Mina endeavours to approach door, O.P., but is prevented by Sentinels)

Mina And must he then die, Father?

Ritson This alone can save him! Read! Be careful! No imprudence. (*aloud to Officers*.) To-morrow, Gentlemen, you will reap the reward of your labours, and which you most justly deserve - six thousand rix-dollars!

Ulric What a windfall!

Mina (*who has given paper and instructions to Jenny.*) *Come,* Gentlemen, you do not drink. (*pours out wine.*)

Fritz Here's to your pretty black / blue eyes!

Ulric (*aside*) I wish it would choke him!

Ritson Mina! child; sing us one of our Swedish Legends. These noble gentlemen are fatigued, and music will refresh them-

All The song! The song!

Mina

Ballad

In our forests of oak,
There's an ancient tree,
Whose branches are leafless and dead;
To all who demand
What their fate will be,
It answers - so legends have said.
To ev'ry young girl,
With mystical tone.
This old tree replies,
"Don't wander alone;
Or you may repent it,
Young Maiden! Young Maiden!
Yes! you may repent it –
Don't wander alone."

Chorus

"You may repent it,
Young Maiden! Young Maiden
Yes! you may repent it -
Don't wander alone."

[24]

One day when the storm
Raged with terrible might
And rock'd every tree to and fro
There came a young girl
All clothed in white
Her destiny seeking to know
"Get married" it said,
"And happy you'll be
{870a} You'll never repent it.
Young maiden, young maiden
Get married, get married,
And happy you'll be

Chorus
You'll never repent it
Young maiden, young maiden
Get married, get married,
And happy you'll be

During this verse the Danes are growing gradually sleepy.
Jenny takes cloak of an Officer, and gets near O.P door

During the following the Music continues P.P. Ritson and Ulric cover Jenny's approach to Dorville's door. Drunken Sentinels at first refuse to let her pass, but on seeing paper go in with her. *Jenny immediately returns with Dorville. She locks door after her. Gives to Mina, who runs up to Dorville, the paper. The Danes are fast asleep.*

Spoken through Music.

Mina (*giving Dorville paper*.) Fly! Fly! this order will open every door to you.

Dorville And leave her whom I love in the midst of peril? Never!

Mina You must no longer think of Mina!

Ritson Each moment's delay adds to our danger (*leading Ida to window.*) Fly ! the King awaits you.

Dorville (*to Mina.*) Tell me you *have* loved; do still love me!

Mina To lose you, would kill *me.*

Dorville That word suffices, it has changed the desert to an Eden I Adieu! Adieu!
(*Exit through window*)

Mina May Heaven preserve the King.

Ritson And also aid us - Mina fly to the mine. You, Ulric and Jenny follow me to a place of safety - Come!
(*Exeunt Mina, Jenny, Ritson and Ulric, as the scene slowly closes upon the Danish Soldiers*)

Scene 2

A Wood.
Enter Ritson, followed by Jenny and Ulric

Ritson Thus far we are safe, but you must lose no time reaching our friends.
[25]
Jenny (*to Ulric who trembles, and can scarcely walk.*) Come woe, have courage, we are out of the reach of the Danes.

Ulric What will become of me? My legs won't carry me any farther.

Ritson Jenny, make all speed to the mine, give this paper to Carl, the Chief of the Works, you'll find him at the bottom level.
(*gives paper to Jenny*)
{870b}
Jenny As fast I can drag along this huge coward. Come Ulric! The Danes are coming.
(*Exeunt Jenny and Ulric*)

Ritson (*alone*) Poor Burgomaster! His wits seem to have long deserted him and now his legs fail him. To secure the safe delivery of my orders to the miners, I have sent two messengers, Mina and Jenny and may both arrive safe while I endeavour to reach the mine by another route. Our time for preparation is short, for an hour at the latest the Danes, roused from their debauch, will be on our track.

Ritson
Recitative

This hand that wielded for years past the pen
Ere long must grasp the sword; the hour has come.
The blood of a brave ancestry still flows
Within my veins. Our battle cry shall be,
"Sweden and Gustavus!"

In the ranks of death
Where battle's strife is raging,
I will yield my breath,
Or yet victorious be,
Each hand is arm'd for liberty,
Resolv'd our land to save;
Yes! soon above the tyrant's grave
Shall Freedom's banner wave.
In the ranks, &c.
Yes ! Sweden shall be *free*.

Valiant hearts are sworn
To aid the cause we cherish,
Ere the blush of morn
Our hated foes shall flee,
The glorious sun of liberty

Shall shine on us again;
{871a} Yes! soon we'll break the tyrant's chain.
Or mingle with the slain.
In the ranks, &c.

Scene – the Last

The *interior of a Mine. Trucks, barrows, and implements used in mining are scattered about. At the back is an elevated practicable gallery. In centre of stage a large opening, with windlass* and *buckets; ladders to descend, etc. Several smaller openings. Ladders are raised about the stage in all directions. On either side opening are large pillars of earth left to support the level above, and to each is affixed a lamp.*

Enter Jenny, carrying a lamp down gallery. Ulric follows her with great precaution.

Ulric What a cavern I what an abyss. I have nearly broken my neck a dozen times coming down those confounded ladders.

[26]

Jenny You need be no longer alarmed. We are here in perfect security; for except Monsieur Ritson, Mademoiselle Mina and myself; nobody knows this passage. You are the first –

Ulric A great favor, on my honour. If the Danes had not been at my heels, I should never have made up my mind to bury myself alive in this tomb. It's dreadful!

Jenny So then, you are afraid to venture farther. We have only three levels to descend before we come to the miners?

Ulric Three! O, dear Jenny! pity me. Leave me here in some nook - I will wait for you. You will be sure to find for the Devil take me if I move from the spot.

Jenny (*going*) Adieu, then, Ulric!

Ulric Oh! don't leave me alone in this dreary place?

Jenny Wait patiently but one minute; I will but bear Mon. sieur Ritson's message to the miners, and return immediately. (*Exit down centre trap, with lamp.***{871b}** *Ulric calling after her.*) Stay, one moment. She's gone. What a dreadful existence - no peace even at a hundred fathoms under ground. Ah! here she comes back again? (*Light shines at small trap, O.P. Ulric looks down.)* "Tis Beelzebub himself. Save me! save me! (*Hides himself in a corner.*)

Enter Dorville up trap with lamp.

Dorville In what part of the mine can she have taken shelter? I must continue my search, for until I see her again I shall be most miserable. I seek to know my fate from her own lips.

Ballad

Ne'er till life shall leave me,
Can I cease to love her;
Though hope still deceive me,
My soul to her is true;
O! what sweet enchantment
She around me threw.
Now, in despair I vainly seek,
One last, one parting word to speak
One fond word to tell her,
That my heart glows
With love's pure flame;
And my dying ups will breathe
A blessing on her name.

O! pale star above me,
Lend thy fair light to cheer her;
If she truly love me,
Guide her to me once more.
{872a} Whisper, gentle breezes,
How much I adore
Say, in despair I vainly seek,
One last, one parting word to speak
One fond word to tell her,
That my heart glows
With love's pure flame,
And my dying lips will breathe
A blessing on her name.

[27]

Dorville Ah! do my eyes deceive me? No ; there's something moving in that recess. (*Examines recess*.) 'Tis a man - crouching down; and evidently endeavouring to hide himself from view. Perhaps a Danish spy. I'll unearth him, whoever be may be. (*Drawing word*.) Come forth, fellow?

Ulric (*from recess*.) O! O! good Mr. Demon, mercy!

Dorville (*aside*) A coward, at all events. (*aloud*) Come forth, I say, or your life shall –

Ulric (*rushing out*) Mercy! mercy! great Beelzebub!

Dorville (*aside*) Why, as I live, 'tis the Burgomaster!

Ulric Mercy! sweet Lucifer!

Dorville (*laughing*) Beelzebub and Lucifer! egad, as he insists upon it, I'll keep up the joke, and frighten him a little. 'Twill be only a fair requital for the rascal's former treachery. (*gruffly*) Ha! Ha!

Ulric O, spare me, noble fiend?

Dorville Ah! Fiend!

Ulric Friend, I mean.

Dorville You seem to know who I am?

Ulric Alas yes! (*slowly raising his head.*)

Dorville Ha! dare not to raise your eyes!

Ulric I won't!

Dorville I'll play the devil with you if you do?

Ulric I won't! I won't!

Dorville Who are you? A miner?
{872b}
Ulric No!

Dorville A Dane?

Ulric No! No!

Dorville Are you anything?

Ulric No. I'm a Magistrate!

Dorville You are a fearful coward!

Ulric I am-*I* am—but I'm a true Swede!

Dorville That's a different thing - if so - you may look up; see, behold me –

Ulric (*looks* up *fearfully*.)

Dorville (*gaily*) Well; what do you think of Satan's visage? 'Tis not quite so horrible as you fancied. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Burgomaster! but as you confess you are a fearful coward -

(*Exit Dorville laughing*)

[28]

Thank heaven - he's gone! *(noise of pickaxes, etc*) what's that? (*noise*) Again! what do I hear? What dreadful sounds! I must be in the very den of the old gentleman (*hides*.)

Chorus of Miners (*underground*)
Fill the bowl, boys, troll the song,
Day is short and night is long;
Plutus governs all above -
We old Bacchus better love.

Wealth to man oft brings but sorrow,
Wine, too, oft his wits cloth borrow;
Yet, no matter, drink and toast,
Still let Bacchus rule the roast;
He's a jollier fellow, far -
Bacchus be our guiding star.

Towards the end of Chorus, the Miners have come up the several traps, and group round.
Chorus continued on Stage.
What care we for rank or wealth.
We can boast content and health;
With gen'rous wine, and hearts to love,
We're more blest than folks above

(*The Miners retire, they find Ulric and surround him*)

{873a}

Mina Dear Jenny, I cannot learn if my Father and Count D'Orville have succeeded in joining the Prince! Should they have fallen into the hands of the Danes

Jenny Heaven will protect them! Calm yourself, lady, and perhaps in a few moments

Ulric (*struggling with the Miners.*) Let me go, I say - I'm one of the family, (*at a sign from Mina they release him.)* Brutes! they had nearly strangled me; had you been a moment later, Mina –

Mina (*to Miners*.) He is now our friend!

Ulric Yes; I'm your friend! (*aside.*) *What* a set of cutthroats!

Enter Ritson

Mina Dearest father! Your news! The Prince? The Count?

Ritson *(to Miners*.) Retire awhile. (*Miners Exeunt*)
(Jenny and Ulric go up talking).

Ritson As soon as Count Dorville had announced to use his successful escape, I called together and armed all the Miners, and I hope that already the Brave Dalecarians have thronged round our banner. I wait but the news of our first success, to animate and stir up their courage. 'Tis strange no messenger has arrived.

(*Enter a Peasant, armed, who gives a letter to Ritson., Miners also enter armed.*)

Ritson 'Tis in Gustavus' own hand (*reads*.) "All our Mountaineers are under arms. Announce to your Brave Miners that Gustavus Wasa awaits them, under your orders, on the banks the lake - The Danes have been repulsed, Count Dorville is with me. Signed, *Gustavus."*

[29]

(*During the reading of this - the Miners have gradually come forward to listen*)

All Long live Gustavus!

Ritson
Ere we draw our swords
For him we adore,
The blessing of Heaven
Let us first implore.

Chorus.
The blessing of Heaven
Let us first implore.

Prayer

(*all kneel*)

{873b} O! Pow'r supreme!
To thee all praise be paid:
Be thy strong arm
Ever nigh to aid.
Lowly we bend;
O! Thou our bulwark be:
Bountiful Heaven,
We place our trust in Thee.

Quartet
Mina, Jenny, Ritson and Ulric
O! protect him we adore,
God of Mercy[6] I we implore;
Fill each breast with Love and Peace,
May stern War and Discord cease.

Chorus
O! Pow'r supreme!
To thee all praise be paid:
Be thy strong arm
Ever nigh to aid.
Lowly we bend;
O! Thou our bulwark be:
Bountiful Heaven,
We place our trust in Thee.

(On *the last chord of the Prayer, sounds of musketry are heard without. The Danes appear on practicable gallery. They fire on the Miners, who return it. The Danes are repulsed. The back of the mine is blown up, and discovers distant view of the Lake and the Danish Camp in flames*.)

[6] The Examiner, William Bodham Donne charged that "God of Mercy" must be changed to "bounteous Heaven", *Lord Chamberlain's Supplementary Plays 1843-1854*, Add MS 71565.

Enter Swedish Officers and Soldiers—also Peasants, male and female.

General Chorus

Enter Dorville, sword in hand

Dorville Our arms have proved victorious! Headed by Gustavus himself, who could withstand us?

Chorus Long live Gustavus! Long live our King!

[30]

Ritson (*to Dorville***)** The King owes all to you—the victory is ours!

Dorville The King saved my life—but (*looking at Mina*) I still owe him more than existence can repay.

Ritson Your noble conduct merits my highest esteem on you —the Count Oxensteirn bestows his greatest treasure - take her Count *(handing Mina*), for two such noble hearts should ne'er be separated.

Rondo, Finale

Mina
Oh! what rapture!
Joyous, happy day!
Fate hath banished
Ev'ry care away.
Ah! love's sunlight
Falls on me at last,
All my sorrow
Like a dream bath passed

Chorus
Oh! what rapture!
Joyous, happy day!
Fate hath banished
Ev'ry care away.
Ah! love's sunlight
Falls on them at last,
All their sorrow
Like a dream bath passed

Curtain Falls