Quentin Durward

The Words by Edward Fitzball
The Music by Henri Laurent

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 43015 ff. 308-345. The manuscript has a date of December 2, 1848, which was probably the day it was signed off. There is also a printed libretto (London: John K. Chapman and Company, 1848), provided by Indiana University. Both sources are used below with the manuscript given precedence where there are slight differences. Generally, any text appearing in the manuscript but not in the printed libretto is indicated in green, that in the printed libretto but not in the manuscript is indicated in red. The differences are discussed in https://www.englishromanticopera.org/operas/Quentin_Durward.htm

Vocal items are placed in the centre of the page while the dialogue is in two columns with the speaker in the left column. Stage directions are in italics, usually on the right.

Words are marked with (?) if there is doubt. Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as "honor" for "honour"; the manuscript tends to use the former and the printed libretto the latter. 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/Quentin_Durward.htm . Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com.

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www.englishromanticopera.org
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{311b}

Quentin Durward

Act 1, Scene 1

A *Deep Forest, surrounding the Castle of Plessis*
Enter Tristan and Boar-hunters.

Chorus
Hillio! hillio!
Through the forest wind the bugle,
Till each glade and valley ring;
Through each leafy doll and dingle
Seek the master, seek the King!
Hillio!

Trist[1]
Where the savage boar is roaming,
Ever foremost is his blade;
Nor awaiteth he our coming,
Ere in death the bear be laid.

Chorus
Through the forest, by the river,
On the rushy banks of Cher,
Hunters, on! the King discover,
Trace his footstep everywhere.
Hillio!

(*Exeunt*)

(*They go out on all sides, as the King enters at the back,*
{312a} *Supported on the arm of Quentin Durward*)

King
Thanks, young and brave preserver!
Gallant stranger,
This life, that thou hast rescued,
Now, from danger,
Tell me to whom I owe;
Thy name! - quick, let me know.

Quentin - Aria
I come from the land of the mountain,
My footstep as light as its gale;
My heart is as clear as the fountain
Which flows through my own native vale.
My dirk and my pouch are my fortune,
And gold, though the latter may crave,

[1] In the printed libretto, this is a verse for the chorus.

This steel ne’er its hoard shall replenish
But by deeds that are worthy the brave!

I come frae the green hills o’braw of Scotland,
The green heather waves o’er my brow / The eagle plume waves on my brow;
And while this heart beats 'neath the tartan,
For Scotland, for Scotland 'twill glow.
My belt, and my plaid o’er my shoulder,
{312b} I've wander'd away o'er the wave,
And seek, in the land of the soldier,
Better fortune—but worthy the brave!

Recitative

King. And your name? —
Quent Is Quentin Durward.
King. Come with me, I’ll thee regard
And soon thy valour, here, reward,
Quest Nay, what I've done claims not regard;
I ask no guerdon, no reward!
King. A cup of wine, then, drink with me,
To Scotland and to chivalry?
Quent. A cup of wine I'll drink with thee,
To Scotland and to chivalry.

King
We'll drink the hour when, first, we met,
In ruby / cups of sparkling wine;
And life shall close ere we forget
The friendship now we join.
{313a}

Quent
We'll drink the hour when first we met,
In ruby sparkling wine;
And may we nae long hence / henceforth ne’er regret
The friendship auld lang syne

King and Quent
A cup of wine etc.

Enter Tristan

Tris Ah, joy! It is the –
King (*making a sign*) Hush! – silence and obey!
Tris My duty understood, promptly I obey
King & Quent A cup of wine etc
(*Exeunt King and Quentin*)

Trist The hunters come; this way with me,
{313b} The boar to chase, their steps must be

(*Enter Hunters*)

Hunters The King! the King!

Trist He's safe! see, see—
The bounding boar chase you with me.

Chorus
On, forward! On forward! away, away!
To the bugle's mellow sound,
Till greenwoods ring with the joyous lay,
And the bay of the eager hound.
Hillio! On! Away!

The wild boar whets his tusk in the oak,
The bristly monster we'll slay,
And echo, that rings with the woodman's stroke,
Shall be drowned in our cries to-day.
On, forward, &e. (*Exeunt*)

Act 1, Scene 2

(*Exterior of a Hostelry, (the " Fleur de Lys,") on the borders of / near the Forest – with a Turret and Window in front / of Plessis. Gothic lattice, or window, nearer than the house to the audience*)

{314a}

(*The King and Quentin are discovered seated at a table, on which are refreshments, etc. Martin waiting*)

King Come, my young friend, eat, drink, and refresh yourself; here is plenty, and of the best

Quen Thanks, good Maître Pierre. I think so you called yourself?

King Maître Pierre is the name I go by

Song (King)
They call me here,
They call me there,
"Maître Pierre."
And though they abuse me everywhere,
They still declare,
There's no friend so ready / steady,
So true or so steady
So steady, so ready,
As "Maître Pierre."
My frown makes all sad,
My smile makes all glad.
The rhyme of the poet,
He'll not dare to shew it
When I say 'tis bad!

{314b}

“La Danseuse” may “pas,"
Signora "sol fa"
Without my "brava!"
Their time they but waste.
My picture in gold, sir,
They each one would hold, sir,
I am, as you're told, sir,
A master of taste.
My name has a charm,
Both to arm and disarm,
As the sun I can warm,
As the water freeze hard!
I rule ev’ry sport, sir,
I figure at court, sir,
I'm all things! - In short, sir,
I'm quite a charade!
They call me here, etc.

King But, come; here is a pâté de Perigord, over which a gastronome might live and die. Allow me, as a man of taste, to recommend -

Quent Thanks, thanks for your hospitality; but how comes it, talking of taste, you taste none of these dainties yourself? eh, good Maître Pierre?

{315a}

King I'm doing penance till sunset, that is all. But the name of your uncle, whom you inform me you came hither to seek; what is it?

Quen Leslie; he lives yonder in the King's palace.

King Leslie! an officer of the King's Scottish Guard, eh! I’ll warrant me, now, you would like to take part with your uncle in that same service?

Quen Why, to be candid with you, Maître Pierre, I should have no objection to this French King's service, only —

King Only what? - Speak plainly?

Quen I don't like oak trees that wear such acorns as those in the King's park!

King Acorns! - what acorns?

Quen Men!

King Traitors!

Quen Um ! Shew me a living traitor, and here are my hand and my weapon! Louis ought to know that when life is out, hatred should live no longer. I should be apt to say as much, had 1 the chance, and then, probably, your King of France would hang me up for a traitor!

{315b}

King No he would not. If all bad your candour, Master Quentin, the Park of Plessis would speedily be freed from such scarecrows; fear not, therefore, on that account, to take service with the King's Archers - why, they live and dress better than the King himself! A word in your ear. I myself, have some little interest at Court.

Quen You!

King Yes; plain man as I seem, I am somewhat respected up there. You saved my life this morning from the boar, and if I can show you any return, name it.

Quen No, no - never trouble yourself as to the slight obligation you are under to me. To-night, doubtless, I can sleep at this hostelry, from which, if I could convey a message to my uncle, to inform him of my arrival—

King That, at least, I charge myself with, and I –

(*Enter Isabelle (as Jacqueline), bearing a cup & salver*)[2]
(*sternly*) How now, Jacqueline? Did I not desire that Dame Perette should bring what I wanted? This is not right! I –

{316a}
Jacq (*agitated / nearly letting the salver fall*) My mother is ill and I -

Trio
Quent. (*rising and taking the salver*)
Oh, chide not her—that look entreating
But ill deserves this angry greeting;
Her tears are flowing—her young heart beating!
Oh, chide not her!

Jacq.
Oh! chide not me! - this bosom beating,
Can ill sustain such angry greeting;
I dream'd not here of stranger meeting.
Oh! chide not me!

King
1 chide not thee, but hence retreating,
Calm, calm thy heart, in tumult beating;
There's danger, thus, a stranger meeting!
1 chide not thee!

Quent
What sudden thrill, thus, thro' my heart
Shoots like the hidden hunter's dart!
What lightnings of expanding skies
Transfix as / like those enchanting eyes?

[2] Countess Isabelle de Croye was being hidden by the King at an auberge and had taken the name Jacqueline. The manuscript often names her Isabel but the printed version has Isabelle as does the manuscript on occasion.

{316b}

King

Expos'd, thus, to a stranger's gaze!
Not e'en the noon-day's golden blaze,
Had on him burst with more surprise
Than beam the lustre of those eyes!

Jacq

What sudden torpor o'er my heart,
Doth thus its potent spell impart?
What form is that which seems to rise
A day-dream to my waking eyes?

Quentin

Chide, chide not her! – a gentler flower
Sure never bloom'd in fairy bow'r,
Or trembled under mountain shower.
Oh! chide not her!

Jacq

He pleads for me! his voice imploring,
Like music sweet, my heart restoring;
With looks of love and eyes adoring,
He pleads for me.

King

I chide not thee! since gentler flow'r
{317a} Sure never beamed in silken bower.
Away! and seek again thy tow'r. (*Pointing.*)
I chide not thee!
(*Exit Jacq* / Isab enters the hostelry)

King A lovely girl, to be the servant at an auberge.

Quent A servant?

King Ay, a servant. (*Aside*) If he did but know her to be our near relative, the Countess Isabelle of Croye, protected by us in concealment here, from the pursuit of a rejected lover, how the young Scot's heart would open to receive her! (*To him*) Yes, a poor dependent; but

King (*evasively*) You are noble?

Quent If fifteen descents can make me so.

King Give me, then, that cup. Fortune attend you. (*Drinks*) Take back the cup, and remain at this hostelry till you see or hear of your kinsman, Balafre. No reply; do as you are commanded!
(*Disappears through a side door.*)

Quent (*who has turned to place the cup on table, not seeing him go out*) Command! This language to a Scottish gentleman! Command! Who are – (*turns*) eh! Gone! And with what a tone of authority he handed me back this cup, as if I'd been the veriest —what's this? Gold! (*Takes* a *purse from the cup*.)

(*Enter Martin*).

Mart It's for you; Maître Pierre desired me to **{317b}** say as much.

Quent Who is this Maître Pierre, that throws about his bounties in this fashion?

Mart All I know of him is that he's a good customer.

Quent And the young maiden who brought in that goblet?

Mart A lodger here. Maître Pierre pays, and that is all I know again. Your apartment is in readiness—will it please you enter?

Quen I'll follow straight.

Mart (*as Quentin sits thoughtfully*) Not but I know well enough my pretty lodger is a Countess in disguise, who, escaping from the tyranny of her guardian, the Duke of Burgundy, no sooner finds protection under King Louis than another Duke, the Duke of Orleans, falls in love with her; but as the crafty old Louis intends that match for his own daughter, he sends the Countess to lodge at my auberge till the wedding is over. Let Martin alone not to know all about it. What are eyes for, but to pry? what are ears for, but to listen?

(*Exit Martin*)

Quen What mystery is all this? He called her, or said, that she was too handsome for the Soubrette on an Inn! She a – What can she be? Oh, if I could only see her once again! Only to hear her voice!

(*Jacqueline enters balcony / appears at lattice with lute*)

Duetto[3]

Jacq (Aria)

Ye skies of azure!
Past hours of pleasure!
The heart's best treasure,
Sweet peace of mind!
By sorrow shaded,
Why have ye faded?
All, all departed,
{318a} Like echo on the wind!

Quent (listening)

What voice appealing
All soul, all feeling!

[3] The printed libretto heads this as a duet. Although the two sing in turn, it has no verse where they sing together, mainly because they are physically separate and because Jacqueline (Isabelle) is unaware of Quentin.

Thus, o'er me stealing,
My senses bind?
Sweet spirit, hear me!
Dost hover near me?
Or art thou only
An echo on the wind?

Jacq
Oh! give me back my childhood's hours;
My father's ancient hearth;
The mossy bank o'erstrewn with flowers,
The sweet scenes of my birth.
Oh! give me back the smiles of love,
The calm of faded years,
When home seemed like yon heaven above,
Where angels shed no tears!

Quent (*perceiving her*)
'Tis she! what beauty wreathes her brow!
How noble, too, her air.
{318b} On Cambria's / Scotland's hills, the mountain snow,
New fall'n, is not so fair!
Of hers, but mine, one smile of love,
The joy of gone by years
Again, thro' this glad heart would move,
And chase e'en mem'ry's tears.

Jacq
Ye skies of azure
Bright smiles of pleasure!
My young heart's treasure!
Sweet peace of mind
Oh, rainbow faded,
By grief o'ershaded,
Why thus departed,
Like echo on the wind?

Quent
Oh, beauteous fairy!
Oh, gentle lady,
One moment tarry,
While thus inclined.
Stay, I implore thee!
Stay, I adore thee! (*Kneels*)
Fade not before me,
Like echo on the wind.
(Jacqueline retires / *Lattice closes*)

Quent Faded! Gone! It is a phantom which eludes my every step and every glance. Yet she inhabits this old hostelry, and cannot pass these walls **{319a}** without

observation. I'll penetrate its inmost chamber, but I'll cast myself at her feet and –

(Enter Balafre / Going he encounters Balafré)

Bal By a glance I know it. You are Quentin Durward

Quen That is my name sir – and yours?

Bal You don't remember your old uncle Balafre, eh!

Quen Ah, sir; pardon. (*Kneels* / *Embracing him*)

Bal Never mind, my boy; the handsomest family likeness is rubbed out by scars such as these; but then, glory, you know - she's a mistress that makes no distinction between the ugly and the handsome; that's one comfort!

Quen But who told you of my arrival?

Bal Maître Pierre, who has procured you this commission in the Scottish Archers.

(*Gives paper*).

Quen (*reading*) Amazing! who can this Maître Pierre be, to possess such interest?

Bal Maître Pierre is—Maître Pierre! But here are the Archers to conduct you.

Quen Whither?

Bal Whither! Why, to the Castle of Plessis; would **{319b}** you be better lodged

Quen Only for a single night (*glancing at the window*) I would remain here.

Bal Remain here! Nonsense! shake off this mountain bashfulness and come with us!

(*Enter Archers*)

Comrades, 'tis our new Lieutenant, Quentin Durward.

Chorus

Frae the land o'heath and heather,
Welcome, welcome, bonny Scot!
What the braw hearts clan together,
True o' heart and nae forgot / Friends are true, and ne'er forgot
Frae the banks where gowans grow,
Wi' your bonnet on your brow,
Welcome, welcome, bonny Scot!

Wi' this quiver on your shoulder,
And this dirk upon your breast, / within its rest
Let your bounding heart beat bolder,
You shall climb the eagle's nest! (*As they arm him*)
Frae the land, *etc.* (*They drink, shout, etc*)

(*Enter Jacqueline timidly*)

Quent

Ah tis she! what sylph-like beauty
In that form transcendent beams;
{320a} Radiant loveliness ! surpassing
All my heart's enchanting dreams.

Jacq

Yes, ‘tis he! what manly beauty
In his look transcendent beams;
Other forms all, all surpassing,
Like the image of my dreams!

King (*at lattice*)

Yes, they meet; both, both enchanted!
From this land she must depart;
As her champion he'll prove trusty,
Prompted by a lover's heart.

Chorus

Fill with wine the sparkling goblet,
Quaff around ‘ere we depart,
Here's a toast to bonny Scotland,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart!
(*Shaking hands*)

Jacq (*to Quent offering him wine*)

Take this cup, tho’ humbly offered,
'Tis a tribute humbly / justly paid
For the kindness, but now proffered,
To a poor defenceless maid.

{320b}

Quent

Happy cup! oh, welcome! welcome!
Thus each deed of pity / valour paid,
Ev'ry heart were beauty's champion
Ev’ry look of anger staid.

King (*laughing*)

Yes, their looks of love proclaim it,
On her heart th’ impression made,
All the pride of bonny Scotland
Bends before a trembling maid!
(retires)

Chorus

Fill with wine, etc

Bal

Drain the cup, and now away!

Chorus
Captain, on!—we, we obey!

Quent
Ah! would my life, I here could stay.

Jacq
Farewell! farewell! Away! Away!

Ensemble
No more delay !
We must away!
I must away!
You must away.

(The manuscript and printed libretto have markedly different ends to Act 1. This is discussed in https://www.englishromanticopera.org/operas/Quentin_Durward.htm.)

{321a}

Quen
While this brow retains its mem'ry,
Or this heart beat in this breast,
Never can the Scottish soldier
Be with other love possess'd!

Jacq
With your quiver on your shoulder
And the true heart in your breast,
Glory greet thee, gallant soldier,
Yonder in the eagle's nest!

Chorus
Frae the land etc.

End of Act 1

It is possible that what has been put as dialogue below was all or part sung given the rhymes

(*The Princess and Ladies appear*).

Jacq Ah! the Princess.

Quent How! a Princess! (*to Jacq*)

Jacq Come to greet her royal father,
On returning from the chase.

Quent (*surprised*) Was the King there?

Jacq Yes; he was there
With his hunters in the forest,
Who his footsteps could not trace.
Peril around him,
Someone found him.

Quent Found whom?

Jacq (*with naiveté*) Maître Pierre

Quent (*apart*) He must be a sorcerer, Maître Pierre!

All The Princess!

(*She advances*)

Joan My father!

Bal In the castle; At his bidding ‘tis I come!

(*Distant horn*)

Joan His signal!
From your terrace sounding,
Hunters, your welcome home!

Hunters He calls us home,
No more we'll range.

Joan (*to Jacq*) To-morrow my natal day!

Jacq I remember! I obey!

Quent (*observing them*) Knows she the Princess?
They words exchange
How mysterious! How strange!

(*horn*)

Princess - Aria

Listen! listen! there again!
I hear the mellow horn resound,
The dulcet notes of that sweet strain,
Through vale and wood rebound.
Follow! 'tis the voice of welcome
Calling to the banquet board,

Jacq, ladies, etc

Weary hunters seek the castle,
Sparkling cup and rest restor'd.
Follow!
(*The Princess makes a movement with Ladies etc*)

Hunters

Weary hunters, *&e.*

Archers

With his quiver on his shoulder,
And the true heart in his breast;
Welcome all the Scottish Archer,
Welcome to the Eagle's Nest.

Quent
Ah! what tumult! ah, what ardour!
Now exciting fills my breast!
Courage, courage, Scottish soldier,
Climb unscathed the Eagle's Nest, etc

(*A procession is formed, the Princess proceeding to the Castle, followed by Balafre, Quentin, and Archers; Quentin turns to take leave of Jacqueline as he goes out etc.*)

End of Act 1

{321b}

Act 2, Scene 1

(*A Grand Gallery in the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, with folding doors at back, and doors R and L. Enter Nobles, with harps, lutes, garlands of flowers, etc.*

Grand Chorus
Princess, 'tis thy natal day!
The lily and the rose we twine,
With every flower of beauty gay,
To offer at thy shrine.
While dulcet flute,
And harp and lute,
Our songs harmonious join;
Hail, beauteous Joan!
Each bliss thine own—
{322a} For thee we pray.
Hail, hail
And oft return thy natal day.

(*Enter the Scottish Archers, Balafre and Quentin (in uniform)*).

Chorus
Hail beauteous Joan
Be peace thine own etc

Quen Cometh the King this way!

Bal Presently, with his youngest daughter, the Princess Joan, to return these salutations of the nobles. 'Tis the birthday of the Princess.

Quen Joan - the affianced of the Duke of Orleans!

Bal (*aside*) Ay, affianced, but not wed. 'Tis murmured that Orleans loveth another, and, but for fear of the King, who hath set his heart upon calling the Duke "son-in-law," that **{322b}** other would be Duchess of—Hush ! to your post. 'Tis the King !

(*Enter the King, Duke of Orleans, Cardinal Balue and Courtiers*)

King Thanks, thanks, worthy friends; our daughter will, in person, soon re-echo her father's sentiments. Meantime, noble Orleans, doubtless—prompted by that young archer, Cupid—will flourish you a more figurative rhapsody. What says my Lord of Orleans!

Orl In sooth, sire, being no poet - nothing can I say, but only to express my gratitude - I

(*Speaks to the Nobles*)

King Love we not this apathy on the part of our future son-in-law. As thou say'st, Cardinal, ho esteemeth another, and not our daughter Joan, and that other a fugitive in our Court.

{323a}

Card (*aside*) Isabelle of Croye--Jacqueline of the Hostelry. Be advised, sire; conceal her retreat hero no longer, send back the maiden to her natural guardian, the Duke of Burgundy. If it be the Duke's will to dispose of her hand, even though against her inclination, be it so. Ill consequences may come to your Majesty for preventing it. Since her sojourn here, much have I noticed the increased coldness of the Duke of Orleans towards the Princess Joan.

King At least / Isabelle presents herself at our Court, presently, in compliment to my daughter's birth-day. She returns no more to the auberge; I'll send her to her worthy and near relative, the good Bourbon of Liege.

Card But heard your Majesty of the insurrection which prevaileth in that city?

King I heard that all was calm again, and Isabelle of Croye, can she be better disposed of? No. A brave and trusty squire I know, who will protect her on the road **{323b}** —ay, from Orleans himself. Heard'st thou aught of one Quentin Durward?

Card Means your Majesty the young Scottish archer, newly arrived? His uncle, worthy Balafre, spoke to me of him just now.

King Ah, good Balafre, where be this kinsman of yours— Quentin Durward?

Bal Here, sire, at the feet of your Majesty

(*Quentin kneels*)

King (*Smiling and with sarcasm*) You're welcome frae Scotland, sir

Quent That voice! — can I believe

King (Placing his finger on his lip) The King, sir, who is happy to see you in his service, under the old oaks here, of Plessis (*smiling*)

Quen (*confused*) Sire – I – par -

King I shall *give* thee my first commission soon; in the meantime, rise. (*Looks* off) The Ladies!

{324a}

(*Enter the Princess Joan, attended by the Countess Isabelle* [*who had been masquerading as Jacqueline*] *and Ladies, in rich habits*)

Concerted Piece

Chorus Hail, beauteous Joan! &e., &c.
Quent (*aside*) What dream is this? – 'tis she, yes, she
Isab (*aside*) Again we meet, —'tis he, yes, he!
King (*aside*) If one he loves, 'tis she, yes, she!
Orl (*gazing at Isab*) How beautiful! — Ah, me! Ah me!
Card (*to King*) Your majesty must see, must see!
Joan (*smiling*) Sweet benisons for me, for me!
(*Flowers are strewn before her, by the Ladies*)
Chorus Ever on flowers your footsteps be!

{324b}

Ensemble

For her a sky of cloudless blue
The crystal cup with balm that floweth;
And grief fall gently as the dew
Which on the opening rosebud gloweth.

(*They pass in procession, all but the King, who beckons Quentin to remain*)

King Your duty is to keep watch in this gallery. (*Beckons* on *a Page, with an arquebus.*) Take that arquebus, and see that none but Ladies enter, till our return - you understand? Farewell, be wary, and thou hast a friend.

(*Exit, behind arras*)

Quen How strange is this! Is it all a dream? And she-

Cavatina

Is she a spirit, which above me
Wheeled' in her airy flight,
Or a kind star, watching o'er me,
In its pure and lovely light!

{325a}

Hath she faded like the rainbow,
Whose hues no hand can fetter?
A meteor, but departed--
In some happier sky to glitter!

Aria

As the rose's sweetest perfume
Stayeth when the rose is gone,
So the odour / brightness of her beauty
Dwelleth still my heart upon.
What a halo of remembrance
That image here encloseth!
The glory round an altar,
Where the Saint of Love reposeth.

(*Re-enter the Princess Joan, Countess Isabelle and Ladies.*
Quentin assumes the attitude of a sentinel, aside, behind a statue)

Chorus
With song and dance and revelry
Oh lady pass the joyful hours
While thus around thee merrily
We garlands weave of gayest flowers

{325b}

Joan
Go gentler hearts – be light and free
Thro' silken bower and terrace stray
While music round you merrily
To festive feet sweet measures play.

Chorus
With song and dance etc

(*Exeunt Ladies*)

Trio
Joan
A moment from their joy apart,
How sweet it is to steal;
Reposing on a single heart,
That only knows to feel,
To tell of unrequited love,
Despair that deeper grows,
Which, hidden, as the canker lurks
Beneath the drooping rose.

Isab
Oh sympathy, how sweet thou art

{326a}

I thus to thee reveal;
Here, also, beats a trembling heart,
That love is doom'd to feel.
A hopeless, unrequited love,
Yes, in this bosom grows,
And, hidden, as the canker lurks
Beneath the tearful rose.

Quen
Oh, agony! how keen thou art
What pangs her words reveal,
She loves! - another owns that heart
Worse, worse than death 1 feel.
A hapless, unrequited love,
Despair that deeply grows;
Here, hidden, as the canker lurks
Beneath the fading rose.

(He retires)

Joan No, no, dearest Isabelle, do not you congratulate me on my approaching nuptials, much as I confess I love Orleans, he **{326b}** loveth not me - and despite my dear father's desire to see those nuptials accomplished, never, never will they take place. No, no never; sooner than become his bride, and a stranger to his heart, the cloister and the veil shall be Joan's welcome refuge.

Song

The merry dance is not for me,
The harp's romantic sound,
The young heart's buoyant revelry
The feast with roses crowned;
I better love the cloistered bower,
Where holy sisters dwell,
The hallowed shrine, the moonlit hour,
The peaceful vesper bell.

The festive hall responds my sighs,
My lip no glad smile wears,
And 'mid the light of joyous eyes,
Mine overflow with tears!
{327a} I better love, from joy apart,
The organ's tranquil swell,
The solace of a lonely heart,
The peaceful vesper bell.

Isab A cloister, wherein gladly, gentle cousin, will Isabelle of Croye share thy fate. Since she that fled from her guardian of Burgundy, to avoid a hated marriage, also loveth unloved; the same sympathy, the same fate should attend us.

Joan But who is this sudden object of thy passion, pretty coz?

Quen (*listening*) I'll kill him!

Isab (*sighing*) A stranger, and unknown.

Quent (*aside*) A stranger!

Isab To whom, then, hath this Duke of Orleans given his heart, dear cousin, if not to thee? None can be more worthy.

(*Music heard*)

Joan Hark! Isabelle, 1 will but command these festivities, then tell thee all. Stay here; anon I will return

(*Exit Joan*)

{327b}

Isab (*gazing after her*) Gentle cousin! - Too stern Orleans, if thou kneelest not at her pure shrine, at whose feet, then, can we look to behold thee?

(*Enter Orleans from the arras*)

Orl (*kneeling*) At thine, beautiful Isabelle.

Isab What madness or mockery is this? Away, my lord, Isabelle of Croye is no mark for insult, even from the Duke of Orleans.

Orl Hear! One word, I implore. I have watched for this moment, anxiously; oh, how anxiously ! Isabelle, only one word! I

Isab Away! or the king —

Scena

Cruel Traitor – fly for ever
Fly this heart which thee disdains
Ere be thine, thou false one, rather
Perish I would 'neath galling chains
Ere this bosom should accord thee
One poor hope or one bland smile
E'en might thy rage with death reward me
{328a} Thine impious love I'd still revile.
Were this heart not now another's
From thy hated suit 'twould bound
As the scar's bird flies the serpent
Twining his native tree around.
Traitor – tho' I'll not accuse thee
For her whose love thou would'st betray
Yet, oh believe I would refuse thee
Yes – tho' that word my life must pay

(*Exit*)

Orl (*following*) Isabelle! Isabelle!

Quent (*advancing and presenting his arquebus*) Back, sir, you pass not!

Orl Fellow! Do you dare level your arquebus at the breast of

Quent The Duke of Orleans? Yes. It's my duty, and 1 shrink not from its performance.

Orl And you will disclose to the King-

(*Enter the King*)

King What he already knoweth but too well, cousin of Orleans.

{328b}

Orl (*with chagrin*) Your Majesty—

King (*to Quent*) Young man, you have acquitted yourself as becometh a gallant and a true soldier. 1 now honor you with a new and more trustworthy commission; as Captain / Lieutenant of the King's Archers, you are appointed to head the escort to conduct to the protection of her uncle, the Governor of Liege, the Countess Isabelle of Croye - (*to Orl.*) — since that lady, we find, is no longer safe in our dominion.

Orl The Countess of Croye about to leave Plessis, this day?

King This very hour—this very instant. She is quite prepared and willing to depart. Surely your Dukeship ought not interpose.

Orl (confused) Oh, sire I—no-

(*Enter Isabelle, Joan, Cardinal and Balafre – Ladies, Archers, etc.*)

{329a}

Concerted Piece

Isab (*kneels*) Sire, adieu, with all my heart I
I understand, and I depart.
Joan Must she go? that gentle heart!
I understand not—why depart?
King Maiden, yes; recalled thou art
By thy kindred. Go, depart!
Quent (*aside*) Hour of joy!—be still, my heart!
With her, what rapture to depart?
Chorus Lady, since recalled thou art,
Kind prayers and blessings with thee part.
Isab Adieu, adieu, I must depart!
King Adieu, adieu, thou must depart!
Joan Adieu, adieu, since thus thou must depart!
Quent (*aside*) Oh, joy! Oh, bliss! we now depart!

Chorus
Adieu! Adieu! Since thus we part!

(*Exit Isab, escorted by Quent. Orleans at a signal from the King, leads Princess Joan off L., who appears to weep at the departure of Isab etc. King etc following*)

{329b}

Act 2, Scene 2[4]

(The gates of Liege. The Hall of Justice on R.H.)
(*Enter a procession of Citizens, Peasantry, etc. dancing, singing, waving of flags, wreaths , etc.*)

Chorus
With joyous heart hold carnival
Rejoice, and sing, and dance!
Welcome, Liege, your Governor,
Behold him to advance.
(*Enter other Citizens, etc.*)
Another year we celebrate
Of his most happy sway;
And oft to him and us return
The triumph of this day.
Hail hail!

{330a}

(*Enter the Governor***,** *under a tapestry, with banners, bearing the City Arms, attended by Pavilleon, Ministers, Pages, People, etc. Citizens present him with the Keys of the City*.)

[4] The printed libretto labels it Scene 3.

Gov. (*returning the keys*)
Again, this mighty trust receive,
As these unto their words are true;
My brothers, children, oh! believe,
This heart sincere will be to you.
And never till the rust of years
O'erwhelm my mind, can I forego
Bear witness, Heaven! - these honest tears,
The duty which to Liege I owe !

Chorus
Another year etc.

(*The procession enters the Hall of Justice. Pavilleon beckons to several of the conspirators*)

Pav *We* are all agreed! He is unworthy to be our Governor (*Points R.*)

All Down with his authority!

Pav Softly! softly! This night the Government of **{330b}** Liege shall be overturned. Read here (*shows a paper*) Insurrection

All Insurrection! Liberty!

Pav Hush. This paper read also. "I shall send to you with fresh assurances, a trusty minister, under the assumed habit of a Scottish Archer. Confide in him, and rely on the aid of France".

All A Scottish Archer?

Pav Disperse! The Governor returns!
(*Re-enter the governor with procession*)

Gov
What means this mystery
I like it not; "Disperse"
It bodeth treachery,
Or base disloyalty.
Disperse! Disperse!

Pav and All
Hush – Hush – with mystery
Your several ways disperse
{331a} Conceal your treachery
Your stern disloyalty
Disperse! Disperse!

Gov What means this mystery I like it not; It bodeth treachery, Disperse!

(*They separate, as an Esquire enters and approaches the Governor*)

Esq Sir, a messenger from his Majesty the King of France, a noble Scottish Archer, craves admittance, to deliver into your safe custody the Countess Isabelle of Croye.

Gov Ah! my loved niece! Conduct her hither. (*Exit Esquire*)

Pav (*aside, and exchanging looks with the Conspirators*) 'Tis he! the Scottish Archer!

(*Enter Quentin and Isabelle, conducted by the Esquire. Isabelle kneels to the Governor*)

Gov (*raising and embracing* her) Ah, my fair niece, welcome! And thy gallant escort, too! Welcome, sir to Liege! Right timely are ye come. It is a festival in our city - a day of happiness to all! To our palace, in, and share the general joy.

{331b}

Isab My gracious uncle

(*He leads her off in the procession. Quent.* is *about to follow, when he is detained by Pav and Conspirators, who surround him with mystery.*)

Consp Welcome

Quent (*surprised*) Thank you.

Consp We know you.

Quent (*surprised*) Do you?

Pav Yes, from our ally, the valiant Tristran. You recognise this paper?

Quent (*reads*) "Fear nothing! Dispose of the gold I have already remitted amongst the soldiery. Take violent possession of the City. William de la Mark is your leader; cut to pieces all who oppose your attempt. Let the Governor be the first to fall; and the signal of attack shall be a King's Archer, whom I shall send to you with fresh assurances. Call **{331a}** on France to redress your grievances; it shall be done. Louis, advised by me, will not refuse assistance". (*To them*) And this your ally, Tristran, the valiant Tristran !

All You recognise the paper?

Quent (*aside*) What shall 1 say?

(*Enter the Governor's Valets, to Quent*)

Pav To the palace they would conduct you, away, away. This paper will instruct you of our plans.

Quent (*agitated, taking the paper*) I understand. (aside) What step to take, how to act, I know not.

(*Exit with Valets, etc),*

Chorus
Yes – yes – oppression's reign is past
All is contrived, the spell is o'er
Fell tyranny shall breathe its last
And freedom live once more
Away! Away!

(*Exeunt*)

{332b}

Act 2, Scene 3

(*An Antique Apartment in the Castle of Liege, opening at the back, by a vestibule and broad flight of marble stairs to the City; the tops of the houses of which form a diversified perspective*)
(*Moonlight*)

Enter Isabelle
Recitative
It is already evening, and the moon
Looks down serenely on those city walls
Repose is here, whose gentle influence
The days of tranquil peace recalls / The day of home, and tranquil peace recalls
Aria
Yes! memory returns to the days of my childhood,
When free through the halls of my fathers I stray'd,
My heart all delight, as the bird in the forest,
Which basks in the sunshine, or sports in the shade.
I feared not the storm, and l knew not of sorrow,
No cloud of dismay, then, my head overcast,
But each day as it came, promised brighter to-morrow,
In the home of my father, the home of the past.

Though prospects more lovely may glow on our day dreams,
{333a} And clothed in light, to new pleasures may call,
Tho' splendour enchant, still the spring flowers of childhood,
More fresh in remembrance, seem brighter than all.
Then, then like the angels who hover through azure,
We float in a sunshine too lovely to last,
And deem not how soon those dear moments of pleasure,
Alone must requite us for all that is past.

(*Enter* the Governor, *preceding Valets, etc. who bring forward a table covered with a service of gold, lighted tapers, etc. Ladies and Gentlemen follow.*

Gov Now, dearest niece, to your seat at the banquet table, which, though radiant, scarce beams the gladness of our welcome. By my side be thou seated, as thy rank ordaineth.

(*Conducts her to the table during this*)

Chorus
Welcome, welcome, gentle lady,
Calm and rest your presence greet;

Kindred blessings hover o'er thee,
Light as perfume, and as sweet.
Welcome

{333b}

(*Enter Quentin hurriedly / pale and troubled*)

Quent (*calling*) Lady! Lady Isabelle

Isab Ah! that troubled voice!

Gov Tis the young Scottish archer, who conducted thee safely hither, right honorably shall he be treated at our table. (*pointing*) Sir, there is a seat reserved for you.

Quent Pardon, Lord of Liege, this is no hour for banquet, when treason is on the very threshold of your palace.

Gov This is madness or dishonor

Quent Neither, on my soul. Let this lady prove my guarantee. She knoweth that Quentin Durward is neither mad nor base.

Isab Neither

Gov Speak on

Quent In this habit, mistaken for some traitor, conspirators have, unguardedly, betrayed to me a plot against your government and **{334a}** your life. Here it is, sir. Read, read

(*Gives the paper*)

Finale

Gov (*reads*)
"One hour after the rising of the moon
The castle will be attacked.
Citizens and Soldiers, lay down your arms.
Liberty! Vengeance!" (*Drops the paper*)
On every side revolt and treachery!
And am I, then, betrayed?
My faithful followers, you'll not desert me now,
but join me blade to blade!

Chorus
Oh noble governor we'll not forsake you now
But meet them blade to blade

Women
Ye gallant warriors – oh – all surround him now
Defend him blade to blade

{334b}

(*Distant musketry heard*)

(*Drawing their swords, the* Gov., *etc., make* a *few steps towards the vestibule, when a distant discharge of musketry, scarcely heard, mingling with the roll of the drum, causes them to stop*.)

All
Hark! the tramp of armed men,
Thro' square and street they come.
Of arquebus the startling sound,
The roll of martial drum
(*Noise increasing with shouts, etc*)
Hark! those voices, nearer still,
Disloyalty's the cry.
Like men oppose them face to face,
Or bravely let us die!

(*Governor, Quentin and others exit and return with arms*)
(*Gov., Quent and others exit with the standard of Liege down the vestibule. The women and Isab fall on their knees in centre*)

Prayer
Powers of Pity, hear, oh, hear us
Soften every cruel heart;
Peace, celestial, hover near us,
Bid these sanguine feuds depart.

(*Another discharge of musquetry. People* **{335a}** *appear on the top of houses etc. hurling missiles – others contending from below – clashing of swords – musquetry etc*)
(Another discharge of musketry is heard, with increased tumult. People appear on the ramparts of houses, hurling missiles and discharging arquebuses on others, who contend below, forcing their way up the marble staircase. The women. recede R. and L. Clashing of swords heard.)

Chorus
Down with the tyrant! – down!
No longer slaves we'll be;
No fealty to him we'll own
Free! free!—we will be free !

(*Enter the Governor***,** *wounded, supported by Quentin, and surrounded by on all sides by the rabble, with the standard of Liege in their hands, torn,etc. Pavilleon, William de la Marck, soldiers etc***)**
(*Tableau*)

Isab and Females (*throwing themselves forward*)
Mercy! Mercy! Hear
Women on bended knee
His life in pity spare
Think, think that heaven can see.

{335b}

Gov
Plead not for me; 'twere better die,
Than live, hemm'd in by treachery!
Plead not for me; to Heaven I go,

Which vengeance only can bestow.
When traitors rule, the good and brave
Find their best refuge in the grave.
(*Dies*)
(*Falls and dies, his fall concealed by the closing throng, etc.)*

Quartette
Oh awful hour
All seeing power
From the fury of his foes
Bear him gently
Waft him lightly
To a bright and calm repose

Chorus
Avenging hour
Subdued his power
To his name no longer foes
Bear him gently
{326a} Place him lightly
In the tomb's serene repose

(*The Governor is borne out. Music becomes wild and hurried. Soldiers headed by De la Marck seize the goblets and drink with fierce excitement*)
(*The music becomes more wild, as the Soldiers rush across, headed by De la M and Pav, who seize the goblets, and drink with fierce excitement*)
.

Chorus
Up with the banner! and fill, fill the bowl!
To liberty! Shout, pass the wine cup around!
Tho right of the Burgher / freeman who—who shall control!
Liberty! Liberty! Echo around
Hurrah! Liberty!

(*Between the pauses of this violent chorus, the sacred swell of the prayer is heard. The soldiers, De la Marck, Pavilleon, people etc form a Grand Tableau – waving of Banners etc*),
(*The Soldiers, De la M, Pav, etc, contrast also, by their wildness, with the grief of Isab and Quentin. People appear, waving flags, etc. on the different buildings,* and *a bonfire, evidently kindled in exultation, below, in the public* spare, casts *its red glare over this scene of wild distraction. Quent, taking advantage of the tumult, suggests to Isab. the moment of escape; he covers her with a mantle, they exit mysteriously, as the drop falls.*)

End of Act 2

{327a}

Act 3

Act 3, Scene 1

(*Grand Square before the Palace of the Duke of Burgundy. Throne, etc., erected on one side*).

Chorus (*people*)
Let festive notes prevail
Hail! – to our royal guest!
With banners fill the gale
Joy animate each breast!
Unto the court of Burgundy
Welcome, gracious Louis! Hail!
May thy years be long and happy
Peace or victory!
Burgundy and France united
Firm in friendship's bonds thus plighted
Ever shall be free!
Shout ev'ry loyal breast
Hail to our honour'd guest!
Louis! Louis!

(*Enter from Palace, a Grand Martial Procession, conducting in Burgundy and Louis*)

Bur Let universal joy proclaim the welcome of our illustrious guest, and French and Burgundian hearts as firmly knit together as these two hands.

{327b} (*Taking the King's hand*)

King Which, to both hearts, return the self-same pressure of future love unchanging in its course till the life stream of both be stayed.

Bur Proceed we now with joy!

(*Ballet*)

(*Enter Orleans hastily*)
Ah! Orleans! What news from Liege, or Brabant?

Orl Sire, the news I bring were fitter for Council-board than festive table.

Bur Ah! the Liegeois again in mutiny; and the good Governor?

Orl Inhumanly murdered!

All Murdered! (*All rise*)

Orl William de la Marck, united with the insurgents, has taken his Castle of Schonwaldt, and murdered him in his own hall!

Bur It is impossible!

Orl I had it from one who fled for life, and who affirms, on oath, that an Archer of the King of France's Scottish Guard was present when the murder was committed.

{338a}

Bur Ah! Let no stranger stir from this hall! (*Frowning at King*)

King This news, fair cousin, hath disturbed thy reason.

Burg

No! but a just resentment,
Which I too long have stifled in my breast,
Can in my burning heart no longer rest,
It, like a raging Etna, will have vent,
Perjured King! while here you smiling came,
Your base allies did well your secret will proclaim,
Yonder, at Liege, to turn men's hearts away,
From me, their rightful lord.

King

Good cousin, stay!
'Tis not that I your guest am, but, perchance
Thou'lt not forgot thou vassal art of France,
And this bold bearing ill becomes thy state.

Burg

A guest no longer! Friendship turns to hate,
For those who us / thus betray! Thou'rt in my power,
False King! I make thee captive from this hour

Chorus
French

Draw nobles, draw! for the glory of France!
{338b} Whoever presumes, here, our King to arrest,
Or dares to his person one footstep advance,
May look in the dust 'neath our fury to rest.

Burg

Draw, nobles, draw! Cry, confusion to France!
Down / put down, at once, with such treacherous guest!
Blood!, blood, be the word; on, advance ! on, advance!
All, all, in the dust 'neath our fury shall rest!

King

Soldiers of Burgundy, this rage suppress!
Nobles of France, sheath, sheathe again the sword!
Nor thus with savage rage yourselves possess,
To ratify in blood a hasty word.
(*to Bur.*) This is thy hall 'Tis true I am thy guest;
And that I am thy King thou'lt not disown.
Deemst thou one murder can another drown!
Here, on thy hearth, strike this defenceless breast,
That future time may tell Burgundian pride
How nobly thou didst strike, how calmly Louis died.

Burg

Nobles of France, sheathe, sheathe again the sword!
Soldiers of Burgundy, this rage suppress;
Nor thus with savage rage /wrath your hearts possess,
{339a} To thwart, or ratify a hasty word.
That thou art false to us we do maintain;
But if not so, to prove our fears untrue, (*To Louis*.)
Then aid with us yon city to subdue;
That sword by sword, and hand in hand again,
We fiercely march to teach / fell the Liegeois' pride
How sternly we did strike or for out honor died!
And crush the power 'neath which the Bourbon died!

Duo

Agreed! Sound, sound the trumpet!
On to Battle, on!
Drum rolling!
Banner waving!
Vengeance shall be done!
Vengeance!
On!
March! On, soldiers on!

King and Bur (taking hands) Agreed

Duo

Sound, sound the trumpet!
Vengeance shall be done!
On to Battle, on!
Vengeance!
Vengeance!
On!
Sound, sound the trumpet
March! On, soldiers on!

(*Grand March. Exeunt omnes*)

Act 3, Scene 2

(A *Forest. Convent on R. Night*)
(*Enter Quentin and Isabelle, disguised as peasants.).*
Duetto

Quent

Thro' the night
{339b} The pale Moon's light
Hath led our flight
From danger free!
At cloister shrine,
Tho' grief be mine,
Each transport thine,
My heart's first prayer where'er I be.

Isab

What delight!
Oh, happy flight,
Mid hallow'd rite,
From danger free!
At cloister shrine,
The veil be mine,
The world's joy thine,
This grateful heart shall pray for thee!

Quent

And dare I dream, when far away,
Those gentle lips for me will pray?
And dare I think thou'lt not regret
That hour of bliss when first we met?
And dare I hope, when on my bier / I'm not here
Those lips / eyes for me will shed one tear

{340a}

Isab

Yes, go! believe, when far away,
One grateful heart for thee will pray;
Believe, too, I can ne'er forget
That gone.by hour when first we met ;
And dare to hope sad memory here,
Will, for the past, oft wake a tear.

(*Organ heard*)

Quent.

They hear us! and, alas! they come
To lead thee to yon living tomb!
Oh! lady, if thou couldst but tell
The anguish of this last farewell.

Isab

I hear the step of saintly feet!
Soon he and 1 no more can meet!
Ah ! would it were my fun'ral / passing knell
Than thus to him to say "farewell"

(*The Convent door opens, enter the Princess Joan, as Abbess, and Nuns*)

Abb What stranger, through the midnight gloom,
Seeks refuge 'neath the Convent's home?
{340b} Ah! is it thou, my Isabelle?
Welcome, welcome to our cell. (*Embracing her*).

Isab Dear mother, safety, 'neath thy care,
I seek from peril and despair!
Abb Dear daughter, safety, here, in prayer,
Thou'lt find from peril and despair!

Quent What anguish, now, and heavy care,
Fill all my soul with deep despair!

Nuns Dear sister, safety, here, etc.

Isab Nought now remains to Isabelle,
But that sad word—farewell!—farewell!

Quent Oh ! lady, mayst thou never tell
What here it costs to say - farewell!

Abb &Nuns What joy to seek the peaceful cell,
And bid the hated world farewell!

(Exeunt all but Quentin / *They go in, he follows to the grate, through which, as it closes, Isab extends her hand, which he kisses*).

Isab and Quent Farewell (*She disappears*)

Quent The last sound of her sweet voice has faded **{341a}** from my ear for ever! Her footstep! All, all, gone! Oh! Isabelle! Oh, my love / heart!

(*Sighs deeply*)

Cavatina

Alone am I in sorrow
Each joy of life I fly,
For me there is no morrow
My only hope to die.
I'll seek not glory's token
Nor awa' where banners rove!
For thee, this heart is broken
Oh, Isabelle! – my love!

The love of clan and kindred
Had o'er my young heart past
I'd borne that they had faded
Hadst thou not faded last!
Ah! Would that I might slumber
'Neath the gowans o' this grove
Nor even thee remember
Oh, Isabelle! – my love!

(*Enter Tristan, as a King's Archer, and Pavilleon meeting Quentin*)

Trist Stay!

Quent Sir Tristran! In that habit!

{341b}

Trist Thou knowest me, spite of my disguise, and my secret thou knowest! They mistook thee for me in Liege - give me back the papers they to thee confided.

Quent Never! I will expose thee for a traitor!

Trist The papers, or death! (*to men*.) Seize him.

Quent Miscreant! I fear thee not!

(*Guards drag Quent to an oak and are about to shoot him, when enter the King, Burgundy and Soldiers*)
(*Guards arrest Quent as the King and Bur enter with Soldiers*)

King Hillo! My young Scotsman in peril? Release him!

Quent Your Majesty was just in time to save a worthless life !

King Tut, man, 'tis but paying off an old score. How's this, Tristran, so far from Plessis, in masquerade. Which those papers thou spokst of – (*To Quent*)

Quent Will explain, sire. (*gives them*)

King Aha! (*opening them*) Here's a pretty intrigue carried on by a first minister. Read, my Lord Duke; this explains / proves all. For that traitor, (*pointing to Trist*) see that he be well guarded, till these refractory Liegeois he has so stirred up to rebellion be **{342a}** chastised - then cometh his share of the recompense.
(*Trist etc. are guarded off*)

King And where is thy fair charge, the lady of Croye, eh, my gallant equerry?

Quent Safe, sire, under the protection of the good lady Abbess, in that Convent.

Burg Isabelle! Another refractory subject se near us. Summon her this moment before us!

(*Enter Isabelle, Abbess (Joan) and nuns*)

Isab Pardon, noble guardian, pardon!

Burg (*sternly*) Pardon! When thou, a weak woman, hast dared to dispute our will to wed thee to a noble Lord!

Isab Whom, indeed, I could not love!

Burg Love! psha! thou must love whom I list.

Isab Take all my lands and let me die in this nunnery!

Burg Bah ! give thee lands - aye and a husband also! By the cross upon my sword, he that bringeth me the head of the usurper of Liege, William de la Marck, to him shalt thou be bride!

Isab Oh, mercy! mercy!

MORCEAU.

Oh, think not the feelings of woman's heart
Are steel'd like **a** warrior's breast.
Or so easy with truth or with love she can part
As the lance is laid in rest.
Tho glory that fadeth on banner'd plain
The arm of the brave may restore,
But the heart where love dwelled, once broken in twain,
{342b} Can beat with affection no more.

Bur

Not I – in - and let her be with bridal veil adorned, for as this day yon assassin shall have paid the forfeit of my kinsman's murder, so be the conqueror, whoe'er he may, Isabelle of Croye, with all her rich inheritance shall him requite him. Away!

Sestette

Isab,Abb Mercy! mercy I this fearful vow recall!
Nuns
Burg Hither haste thee, nor deem I shall relent!
Quent Oh! by this arm might yon usurper fall.
King Sure she will die, ere unto this assent.

Quent & Soldiers

The battle calls,
To arms we fly!
The invader falls!
Or I! or I!
Yes, he shall die!

Isab & Abbess & Nuns

The trumpets call,
{343a} To arms they fly!
Ere Liege fall
I die! I die!
Yes, she will die!

(*Exeunt omnes*)

(*The men rush out. Women return, supporting Isab. into the Convent*)

Last Scene.

(*The walls* and *ramparts of Liege. Soldiers discovered*)

Chorus

Burgundian Soldiers (*forcing the mall*)
Surrender! surrender!
In vain you defy us,
Your walls wo will sunder,
If still you deny us.
Surrender !

Quent (*enters, leading in the Scottish Archers*)

Scots that ne'er in battle fled,
Sons of valour, brave and free,
Ye that aye for glory bled,
Sons of Scotland, follow me !

Chorus

We that ne'er from battle fled!
Sons of Scotland, bra' / true and free!
On!—where'er thou point the blade,
{343b} We to death will follow thee.

Quent

Scots! with manly heart and hand,
Triumph here, or death / die must we,
Blow for blow, and brand to brand,
Sons of Scotland, follow me!

Chorus
We that ne'er etc. (*Exit Quent and Soldiers*)

(*Enter women, with children in their arms others leading old men, etc. All kneel*)

Chorus (*As the battle rages.*)

Angel of peace, descend, and bear us,
Calm, oh, calm, this dreadful strife;
In the hlour of terror cheer us,
Stay this rage and shield each life.

(*A wide gap takes place in the wall, showing a picture of the battle in which De La M lies dead, beneath the sword of Quent. At this moment the kneeling group recoils, and Bur, Louis, Officers, Soldiers, etc., enter, both sides. Tableau*).

Grand Chorus

{344a}

Citizens The city falls, the usurper's slain,
Let not the conquer'd plead in vain!
(*kneeling to Bur*.)
Our future faith erase this stain
Let not the contrite kneel in vain
Bur Your future faith erase this stain,
Here, ne'er the conquer'd knelt in vain.
King But De la Marck, where doth he hide?

Chorus (*pointing*)Behold him in his life blood, dy'd
Bur And the conqueror?
Chorus Quentin Durward!
Bur He approacheth!
King (*aside, joyfully*) Quentin Durward!
All Quentin Durward!

(*Quent. Places the casque & sword of De la Marck at Burgundy's feet)*

Quent The foe is slain!

Burg Gallant Scot! the guerdon's yours **{344b}** the lady comes!
(*Enter Isabelle, dressed as a bride, and Nuns*)
Behold, lady, the victorious knight who claimeth thy hand

King (*laughing*) Speak to her, Scot! Hae ye nae blithe word in your kintra[5] for sic an occasion

Quent Lady! Isabelle!

Isab Ah! his voice! my defender! my protector! (*with joy*)

Quent (*tenderly*) Wilt not add thy husband?

Isab Yes, since it is the Duke's pleasure.

Burg. (*joining their* hands) How easy is a woman's duty, when a fellow is young and good looking. Take her, Scot, with all her lands.

Finale
Victoria! Victoria!
The fight is done
The field is won!
Victoria!
No more around
Let strife assail
But joy abound
{345a} And peace prevail.
Victoria.

Isab
Like crystal streams which bubbling start
From flowery banks, to greet yon sky,
Joy's fountain gushes through this heart,
In one bright thrill of ecstasy!
Love and bliss,
Can know but this,—
This dear delight! Oh, ecstasy

Chorus
Victoria! Victoria!

(*Curtain falls*)

The End

[5] Archaic word for country