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SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN A NEW AND ORIGINAL

FAIRY BALLAD OPERA,

ENTITLED

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

THE MUSIC BY LODER.

FIRST PERFORMED AT

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

OXFORD STREET,

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1848.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

J. M. MADDOX, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed by S. G Fairbrother, 31, Bow Street, Covent Garden

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Richard Morton, - - - Mr. WEISS

Sir Hyacinth Lutestring, - - - - Mr. HENRY

Walter Barton, - - - Mr. CHARLES BRAHAM

Rockton, - - - - Mr. C. FISHER

Goodboy, - - - - Mr. PAULO

Mayland, - - - - Mr. STACEY

The Lady Alice, - - - Miss EMMA STANLEY

Mabel, - - - Mrs. WEISS

Retainers, Tenantry, Guests, Guards, Puritan Soldiers, and Royalists.

FAIRIES.

Oberon, - (King of the Fairies) - Miss KENWORTHY

Puck, commonly called Robin Goodfellow, - Miss POOLE

Mustard Seed, - - - Miss WILKINSON

Gnatfly, - - - - Miss WEYMOUTH

Titania, - (Queen ot the Fairies) - Miss GEORGIANA SMITHSON

Maydew, - - - - Miss LE CLERCQ

Rosebud, - - - - - Miss BARRETT

Attendant Fairies, &c., &c.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE 1.—FAIRY LANDSCAPE AND MOONLIT VALE.

Titania, the Fairy Queen, reposing on a bank, attended by Maydew, Rosebud, and Mustard Seed; other Fairies sporting and dancing in groups.

Chorus of Fairies.

When the moonbeam rests on the silent earth,
And the stars shine bright is the hour of mirth;
In some haunted dell we hold our court,
And we rifle the wild bee's nest for sport.

Air—TITANIA.

Oft times, as ancient legends tell,
On beauty's couch I love to dwell,
And scatter bright dreams there.
Lone sorrow's pillow oft I seek,
To dry the tear on winter's cheek,
And banish dàrk despair.

Chorus.

Of acorn cups our goblets we form,
And quaff the tears from the blushing thorn;
Then dance and sing, for the nectar we sip,
Is as fresh as the dew on the virgin's lip.
When the moonbeam rests, &c.

Ballad—TITANIA.

Drink of my cup, the amaranth flower,
That in its golden bosom lies,
Was plac'd in that celestial bower,
Where love ne'er fades, where hope ne'er dies.

Drink of my cup, the balmy draught
Shall steal, like music, o'er thy soul:
Each jealous pang, the goblet quaff'd,
Lies buried in the Lethean bowl.

Then drink of my cup, the gift I bring,
Love's constant pledge shall soothe each pain;
'Twas fill'd at that immortal spring,
Whose waters time shall never drain.

Air—ROBIN.

I ride on the storm, when my master hath need,
Or saddle the light'nings flash for my steed,
So lightly I pass o'er the mountain's brow,
I leave no print in the light-drifted snow:
And dull mortals who mark my swift course from afar,
Take the flash of my wings for the fall of a star!

At his will I sport on the crested wave,
The sea boy to snatch from an early grave,
Or dive to the coral caves of the deep,
To rifle the pearl while the Sea Nymphs slèep.
And the mariner vows, as I ride through the spray,
That the mermaid has followed his bark on its way.

Cavatina—ROBIN.

Not for the sunny strand
When clear waves kiss the golden shore,
Not for the verdant land
My wings lov'd to hover o'er,
These tears and useless sighs,
Tho' bright the scenes whence I roam,
Brighter those beaming eyes
Than the joys of my Fairy home.

Chorus of Fairies—(repeated.)

When the moonbeam rests on the silent earth, &c.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Fairies.*

Scene II.—EXTERIOR OF MORTON HALL.

Enter Lady Alice and Mabel.

Ballad—Mabel.

Come blushing May with thy wreath of flowers,
Come smiling through April's sunlit showers ;
Young Summer, thy bridegroom's impatient to meet thee ;
Stern Winter, thy guardian's fled to the North.
Now balm-breathing Zephyrs herald thee forth,
Thy hand-maids assemble with sweet flowers to greet thee.

Come like a bride rob'd in virgin white,
The gems on thy brow—the dew drops of light,
In thy bright eyes a tear—a sweet smile on thy mouth.
Thy cold tears young Summer shall quickly dry,
Mirth and content shall sparkle in thine eye,
For his kisses are warm with the breath of the south.

Ballad—Sir Richard.

Sing me then the songs of old,
Legends told in childhood's hour,
Of Pilgrim Knights or Baron's bold :
Lays of the Hall, or Lady's Bow'r.
I love to hear the Fairy tale,
That charm'd my childhood's wond'ring ear;
When fancy tnrn'd my young cheek pale,
And claim'd the tribute of a tear.

Long years, have pass'd away,
And left their wrinkles on my brow ;
My raven locks are turning grey,
Blanch'd by Winter's chilling snow :
Yet still I love those days of old,
They cheat dull time of half his reign,
They warm the heart, to pleasure cold,
I hear them, and I'm young again.

Chorus of Villagers.

Come, gentle May,
Young Spring for thy sweet breath is sighing,
Fading away,
The storms of Old Winter are dying;
And Maidens fair
Now are searching the woodland bowers,
To deck their hair
With wreaths of thy beautiful flowers.
Come gentle May, come gentle May.

Song—ROBIN.

Maidens who would fain unfold,
The secrets of your future fate,
Cross my palm with shining gold,
And all your fortunes I'll relate ;
For, mine is the wond'rous gift to tell
If the vow of the lover be true,
Or hides 'neath a mask the serpent spell
Which the heart of tho Maiden may rue.

The Prediction.

[*Robin to Sir Hyacinth Lutestring*

A butterfly's fate is thine
To wander from flower to flower,
In Spring's gay morn to shine
But fade with the Winter shower.

To Rookton.

The heart on deeds of guilt may rest,
Though the brow and the speech be fair,
Those who have cross'd thy path, had best
Of thy smile and thy smooth tongue beware !

To Alice.

Spring is on thy virgin brow,
Though thy heart to love is cold :
Forget not though blooming now
That beauty fades as time grows old.

Ballad—WALTER BARTON.

When in happier days we wander'd
By the clear and murm'ring rill,
When we linger'd in the wild wood,
Till evenings voice grew still.
I deem'd not that in anguish
Thy cold heart without a sigh,
Could leave me thus to languish,
In grief and care to die.

When, in age, that cold heart seeketh
For the one it lov'd in youth,
How will mem'ry's voice awaken
Scenes of rapture and of truth ?
Go, false one ! seek for pleasure
In the flatterer's empty vow,
In the casket—not the treasure—
Which thy blindness prizeth now.

Song—WALTER BARTON.

Away with all the foolish toys,
That late my heart did fond beguile ;
Away with love—and love's light joys
From woman's eye, or woman's smile.
No more I'll droop, nor pine, nor sigh,
To beauty's spell no slave I'll be,
But laugh and wear my bonnet high,
And roam the world in fancy free.

My steed aud sword shall lead me on,
In honor's path to do or die ;
If glory or the grave be won,
For woman's love what then care I ?
Shall beauty frail, or pleasure light,
Deprive me of sweet liberty ?
No, no ; I'll laugh in love's despite,
And roam the world in fancy free.

Ballad—ROBIN.

Oh, were not this a world of bliss,
If falsehood lurk'd not 'mid its bow'rs,
Its poison leaving on each kiss,
The serpent trail on Eden's flow'rs !
No brighter world my wings had sought,
If truth e'er on earth had been spoken ;
If woman's faith had ne'er been bought,
Or for the love of gold, been broken.

But vain are all my fancy spells,
Bright eyes around me now gleam,
Tho' sweet their smile, experience tells,
Their truth is but a rainbow beam.
Oh, were not this a world of bliss, &c.

SCENE III.—THE GREAT HALL.

Ballad—SIR RICHARD.

My broad lands I but hold them in trust for the poor,
And my heart is as open, and free, as my door.
What is wealth but a blessing by providence lent,
To be paid to the poor, and not idly be spent·

When I reap my rich fields, let the gleaner be there,
When my cup is o'erflowing my friend he must share;
With scorn I'd reject the piled wealth of each zone,
If forc'd like a churl to enjoy it alone.

When my sand it is run, and they lay this grey head
In the grave of my father's to sleep with the dead,
May the poor then confess, as they weep o'er my dust,
That their steward was faithful and true to his trust.

Invocation!—ROBIN.

By the sun that hath kiss'd the green waves that I love,
By the bright stars that dance in the Heavens above:
By the revel at night, on the moonlit strand,
And the mirth and song of our Fairy Land;
By all that can bind, or the heart hold most dear,
Though worlds roll between us—I summon you here!

Chorus of Fairies—(Invisible.)

We come at thy word, and our coarsers bright
Are the silver beams of the sweet moon's light.
Like meteors we gleam
O'er the mountain's crest,
And the wild birds scream
As we rush by their nest.
Ere an eyelid can blink, or sound strikes the ear,
Not less swift than the lightning thy judges are here.
Yes, we are here.

Oberon and Titania appear surrounded by Fairies.

Solo—TITANIA.

Rash culprit, from my fairy home,
Borne on the wings of air I come,
And I swear by the wreath,
Which beams on my brow,
The sweet spell of whose breath
Encircles me now.
If thrice thou shalt fail to declare
What most to a woman is dear;
An exile on earth,
I doom thee for ever!

Solo—ROBIN.

Each feeling that governs the will,
Woman, by turns may prove;
But the thing most dear to her still,
Is "love!" the false tyrant! "love!"

Finale to Act First.

No. no, no,—thongh woman's breast
The tyrant's power hath oft confest;
ve may cause the burning tear,
Yet there's nothing which to her si more

Oh, saddle we then, our steeds of light,
To follow the wildfire chase by night,
O'er bog and fen we merrily ride,
Or track our prey by the mountain side.
Our brave steeds, when the chase is done,
We leave to rest at rise of sun.
Away o'er bog and fen we ride,
Our prey is by the mountains side.
Away we ride, away, away,
O'er bog and fen we ride away,
To the mountains side away.
Away we ride, away, away.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene I.—FAIRY LAND.

Titania discovered attended by the Fairy Court.

Fairy Chorus.

We lave our limbs in the cool green sea,
And sport in our coral bowers,
While the mermaid's song so wild and free,
Make glad the Sea Nymph's hours.
O'er glittering gems we gaily trip,
To watch the barks that ride,
From crystal fountains there we sip,
And frolic beneath the silv'ry tide.
Our limbs we lave in the cool green sea,
To the mermaids song so free.
While the mermaids song
Our joys prolong;
Caverns around
Echo each sound.
Blythely live we,
And sing merrily,
Merrily, merrily, merrily;
We sing merrily.

Scene II.—A LANDSCAPE.

Song—Mabel.

Say, what is a lover worth,
A plume from the wing of time?
For love in caprice hath birth—
A sigh, or an idle rhyme?

Say, what is the lover's thrall,
Sweet words and music's pow'r,
As fleet as the shades that fall,
On earth at the twilight hour?

Lovers change when they do wed;
Vainly deceit we then deplore,
Caught in the snare which they have spread,
The spell that chain'd us is o'er.

Chorus of Gypsies,

The Gypsies lot is sadly cast,
When Spring's sweet flowers are dying,
When Summer's gone, and Winter's blast
Through the leafless wood is sighing.

Chorus of Fairies—(Invisible.)

Spirit appear in all the pride,
Of thy young beauty cast aside.
Thy regal crown and diamond zone,
A richer gem awaits thee here,
For woman's smile is far more dear
Than the joys of thy fairy home.

Ballad—PUCK.

With love my heart is glowing,
Say wilt thou roam with me?
Where the am'ranth flow'r is growing,
Say wilt thou roam with me?
From this dull earth shalt thou be free,
Ah? say wilt thou roam with me?
And our blissful home shall be
Where love shall never flee.

Time ne'er my faith shall sever,
Say wilt thou roam with me?
And this pulse for thee beat ever,
Say wilt thou roam with me?
So true my love shall prove to thee,
Ah! say wilt thou roam with me?
Changeless as old constancy,
My heart will ever be.

Air—PUCK.

By the feelings wide and deep,
By the woes that never sleep,
We call thee from thy bower.

Chorus.

We call thee from thy bower.

PUCK..

By the feelings wide and deep,
By the woes that never sleep,
Titania quit thy bower.

Chorus.

Titania quit thy bower,
We call thee from thy bower.

SCENE III.—ANOTHER PART OF FAIRY LAND.

Ballad—PUCK.

Thongh love may dwell in woman's heart,
A bird in beauty's bower;
And oft awake the burning tear,
Her blighted faith she holds more dear.

Chorus.

Away, away, away, o'er bog and fen we ride;
Away, our prey is by the mountain's side.
Away, away, away.
Away we ride by the mountain's side,
Away, away, away.

SCENE IV.—A PRISON.

Bacchanalian Chorus.

Brother soldiers we've met for delight,
So the ruby wine cup we will fill;
For thongh absent woman be to-night,
Yet her beauty's spell is o'er us still.
Brother soldiers, &c.

Then press the grape—drain the bowl,
Fill it to the brim with ruby wine;
hn mirth and song, the pilgrim soul,
Shall taste whilst on earth, of joy diviue.

Deem not we alone delight,
Or seek but the young God's cup to fill;
For though absent woman be to-night,
Yet her beauty's spell is o'er us still.
Then press the grape. &c.

Ballad—WALTER BARTON.

Oh! sweet remembrance of days now vanished,
When all was bright with love and truth,
Ere from my heart all hope was banished,
And grief had blighted all my youth!

Within these dreary prison walls,
In silent loneliness I sigh
An outcast from my father's halls.
My only hope is now to die.

'Twere worth the price of India's treasure,
Could I behold again that form;
That beauteous face still all my pleasure,
Which better fate hath from us torn.
But ah! within this dungeon drear,
In silent loneliness I sigh;
No friendly voice falls on mine ear,
My only hope is now to die.

Ballod—SIR RICHARD.

My village church where first I heard,
The pledge of life-truths sacred word;
Where first I breath'd the trembling prayer,
Taught by a mother's watchful care.
Tho' statelier shrines I've seen since then,
Yet fondly the heart remembers, when
Beneath thy roof I bent the knee,
In happy and pure infancy.

My village church, beneath whose shade
My childhood's earliest friends are laid;
Affection panders on each stone,
That tells me I am left alone.
That, by a hand as wise as kind,
Are sever'd one by one life's dearest ties;
Till the worn heart at pale ev'ning's close,
Welcomes at last—long—glad repose.

Air and Chorus—PUCK *and his Fairies.*

By thine eyes of azure sparkling bright,
By the rays of living light,
Reflected on each lucid shower.
Reflected on each shower.

By the Simoon's vivid glance,
By yon orbs in mystic dance,
Titania quit thy bower.

LAST SCENE.—FAIRY LAND.

Oberon, Titania, and the Fairy Court appear.

Ballad—Puck.

Though woman's heart by turns may prove
The throne of truth—the seat of love;
Dearer than truth or love is still,
To woman's heart, her wayward will.

Rondeau Finale.

Puck.

Rejoice, the task is done,
My fairy home is won.
At night our sports shall still be seen,
Our sports shall still be seen.
Rejoice. the task is done,
My fairy home is won.
By fountain's brook of woodland green,
Our sports shall still be seen,
Our fairy home is won.

END OF THE OPERA.

S. G, Fairbrother, Printer, 31, Bow Street Covent Garden