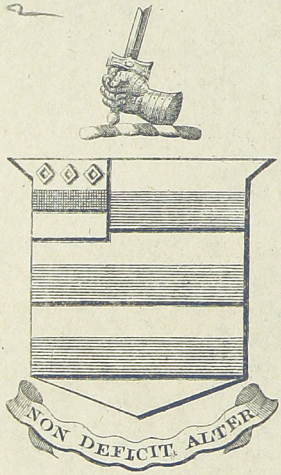
186a



Stainforth

11779.c 67

BRITISH
9 NO 70
MUSEUM



M. R. Mitford.

MISS MITFORD.

From a Drawing in the possession of the Publisher.

John Limbird, 143, Strand.

June 1836.

SADAK

AND

KALASRADE;

OR,

The Waters of Oblivion.

A ROMANTIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD,

AUTHOR OF "RIENZI," "CHARLES THE FIRST,"

"OUR VILLAGE," &c.

First Performed at the New Theatre Royal,

Lyceum and English Opera House,

ON MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1835.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. PACKER,

OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY

S. G. FAIRBROTHER, LYCEUM PRINTING OFFICE, EXETER COURT, STRAND.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.


BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

They who are acquainted with the fine old tale of *Sadak and Kalasrade*—and who is there so dull or so wise as not to be familiar with that gorgeous Eastern fiction?—will easily detect the points in which I have deviated from the original story. The alterations will be found to consist chiefly in the omission of the children; in an entire change of the machinery—since for the Invisible Spirits, Good and Evil, and the whole scene of the Enchanted Island, I am solely responsible; and in that general shortening and gathering together of events, which I found essential to my purpose, of bringing them within the compass of a Two Act Drama.

To tell the story briefly and clearly, has indeed been my principal object in this Opera; and I have to entreat the play-going public, hitherto so indulgent to my dramatic efforts, to remember that the piece was designed merely as a vehicle for music; that the whole of the dialogue was originally intended for recitative; that the songs and choruses all contribute to the developement of the plot and the progress of the action; and that it is not with English Tragedies, whether written by myself or by my betters, but with German and Italian Operas, that *Sadak and Kalasrade* can fairly be brought into comparison as a literary composition. The poetry, if poetry there be, must be sought for in the construction of the Drama; and I shall be fully satisfied with the praise of having afforded to the composer, the scene-painter, and the mechanist, the opportunity of interweaving the mingled charms of melody and of picture with the magic of a fairy tale, bound up with the dearest associations of our childhood, and too beautiful in itself ever to fade away.

Writing at a distance from London, and before the production of the Piece, I am debarred from the exercise of one of an author's pleasantest privileges, that of acknowledging as warmly as I feel, the zealous assistance of my theatrical coadjutors. But I have heard enough to know that from the liberal manager down to the humblest performer, every one concerned in this Opera is entitled to my sincerest gratitude and my most earnest thanks; and if I may, without invidious distinction, be permitted to particularise any, where all have been so kind, I should wish to express my peculiar obligation to our great English singer, Mr. H. Phillips, almost my only musical acquaintance, and to Mr. Serle, the active Stage-Manager, whom I am equally proud to claim as a brother Dramatist and a personal friend.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Three Mile Cross, April 16th, 1835.

To JOHN HEATHCOAT, Esq. M.P.

Who, in the midst of the highest pursuits, scientific and political, and the most ingenious and extensive mechanical combinations, does not disdain to look with an enlarged and liberal view on those arts, purely imaginative, which, useless perhaps, as roses in a garden, to the mere purposes of existence, yet serve, like those sweet flowers, to gladden and embellish the world in which we dwell,

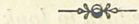
This Lyrical Drama

Is very respectfully inscribed,

By

THE AUTHOR.

Dramatis Personæ.



Amurath, *Caliph of Persia*, ... Mr. WILSON,

Sadak, *Commander of the Persian Army*, ... Mr. H. PHILLIPS,

Achmet, *Grand Vizier*, ... Mr. J. BLAND,

Azim, *Captain of the Caliph's Guard*, ... Mr. EDWARDS,

Selim, *Slave of Sadak*, ... Mr. DUBOCHET,

Hassan, ... } *Officers of the Guard* } ..... Mr. BRAYNE,
Hafiz, ... } ..... Mr. BRUNTON,

Kalasrade, *Bride of Sadak*, ... Miss E. ROMER,

Zulema, *Sister of Kalasrade*, ... Miss SOMERVILLE,

Nymph of the Fountain, ... Mrs. GORDON.

SADAK & KALASRADE;

OR,

The Waters of Oblivion.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE 1.—*An open Grove of Palms.*
Soldiers stealing separately from different parts of the stage.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Hist! comrades, hist! the sun is low,
Amid the palms cool breezes blow,
The grove of waving palms, where we
Were bid to muster secretly,
One by one, and two by two,
The Caliph's high behest to do.
The sun gleams through the dew-drops clear,
Hist! hist! an armed tread is near.

Soldier. Tis Azim, our bold captain.

(Enter Azim.)

Azim. Comrades brave,
I greet ye well; albeit I come not now
To lead ye on to glorious victory
Through glorious toils, but to a slight task, fit
For the harem's slaves. Thus Amurath commands,
That stealthily, yet swiftly, we surround
The peaceful palace, whose light towers ye see
Above the almond grove. And then—Good comrades,
Did ye ne'er pluck a blossom from the tree,
Or snatch a brooding dove from off her nest?
Such work is ours. Would it were done. Haste! haste!
But with a cautious speed.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

On, comrades, on! In yonder nest,
The milk-white dove hath sought her rest;
Fragrant and fair, in yonder bower,
Blooms peacefully the milk-white flower.
One by one, and two by two,
We speed the Caliph's will to do,
With stealthy step that none may hear:—
On! on! the fated towers are near.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE 2.—*The Gardens of Kalasrade, with a splendid Palace in the background. Young Maidens forming garlands of roses.—They advance to the front of the stage, still busy with their flowers, and sing—*

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Oh weave the rose, the dewy dewy rose,
The peerless queen of flowers,
Till the column'd hall as brightly glows,
With wreath upon wreath of the dewy rose,
As in May the garden bowers.

(Enter Kalasrade.)

Kalasrade. On gentle maids! ye are deft weavers. On!
On with your pleasant toil. My Sadak comes
Victorious back, and we must welcome him
As best we may, not with vain pageantry,
For such he loves not, but with song and flower,
The peaceful joys of home.

(Enter Zulema.)

My Zulema,
Hast heard the tidings? Sadak comes.
Zulema. Unhurt?
Thou need'st not answer, Kalasrade; thy smile
Sufficeth. And a conqueror?
Kalasrade. Aye, be sure
Of that.
Zulema. Comes he to-night?
Kalasrade. I fear me, no;
He hath prisoners to deliver. The great traitor,
Othman, who led the rebel host, hath fallen
Alive into his power. But he is safe,
My dear, dear husband! that is joy enough;
And each hour brings him nearer. When he left me
But two moons wedded, for these wars, I wept
As though I were the wretchedest wife alive,
And now I am most blessed. Oh 'tis sweet,
This sunshine after rain.

DUET.—KALASRADE AND ZULEMA.

A fearful and a dreary day
It is to woman's heart,
When to the bloody battle fray,
She sees her love depart.

But when triumphant he returns
To his dear home again,
The joy that in her bosom burns,
May well repay the pain.

(At the end of the Duet, which is interwoven with the preceding Chorus, resumed by the Flower Maidens, Azim and his Soldiers enter and fire the castle.)

Kalasrade. What sounds are those? My Sadak? No!
Help! Help!

Azim. Yield, for ye must, your slaves are overpowered,
Your castle is in flames! Bear them away
To the Palace in the Mountains!

(Exeunt Soldiers, carrying off Kalasrade & Zulema.)

SCENE 3.—*An Apartment in the Caliph's Palace.*

(Enter Amurath and Slaves.)

Amurath. Hath aught been heard of Azim? Nay, ye know not.
Call the Vizier. *(Exeunt Slaves.)*

ROMANCE.—AMURATH.

She lay beneath the forest shade,
As midst its leaves a lily fair,
Sleeping she lay, young Kalasrade,
Nor dreamt that mortal hover'd there.
All as she slept, a sudden smile
Played round her lips in dimpling grace;
And softest blushes glanced the while
In roseate beauty o'er her face.
And then those blushes passed away
From her pure cheek, and Kalasrade,
Pale as a new-blown lily, lay
Slumb'ring beneath the forest glade.

Oh! lovely was that blush so meek,
That smile half playful, half demure;
And lovelier still that pallid cheek,
That look so gentle, yet so pure.
I left her in her purity,
Slumb'ring beneath the forest shade;
I feared to meet her waking eye,
The young, the timid Kalasrade.
I left her; yet, by day, by night,
Dwells in my soul that image fair,
Madd'ning as thoughts of past delight,
As guilty hope, as fierce despair.

(Enter Achmet.)

Amurath, Ha! Achmet! Speak Vizier. Is she arrived?
Thou know'st whom I would say—the only she,
Fair Kalasrade.

Achmet. Dread sir, the beauty comes—
Already, Azim, with his warlike train

And the close-guarded litter, may be seen
Threading the mountain path.
Amurath. And Sadak?
Achmet. He,
This very day leads the stout traitor, Othman,
A prisoner to Bagdad.
Amurath. Would she were not
His wife! Just mastering a strong rebellion,
And then returning in his pride of conquest
To such a desolation. I must quell
These thoughts. I cannot quell my love.
Achmet. And he
Is dangerous, sire. A bold ambitious soldier,
Who courts the popular praise. More dangerous
Than Othman was, and in his inmost heart
A deeper traitor.
Amurath. Thou hast ever been
His enemy.
Achmet. Because I deemed him thine.
Amurath. Falsely! He was all loyalty.
Achmet. The keener
His indignation now. We must secure him
Ere he can move the fickle soldiery
To aid his swift revenge.
Amurath. Even as thou wilt—
I have no thought save of fair Kalasrade.
Didst thou not say she comes?

DUET.—AMURATH AND ACHMET

Amurath.

She comes, she comes, the vision bright
That I have longed yet feared to see,
And those twin stars of dewy light
Her waking eyes, will dwell on me;
Then like a young gazelle, at sight
Of the bold hunter, turn and flee.

She comes, she comes, whose form, whose face,
Give token what the mind must be;
And I shall see her moving grace,
Shall hear her speak, and speak to me;
Thrice happy, tho' in sportive chase,
The young gazelle should turn and flee

Achmet.

I triumph o'er the haughty foe
That laugh'd to scorn the statesman's care,
But we must deal a craftier blow,
Must lure him by a wilier snare.
Fearful the wounded panther's wrath,
When crossed upon his homeward path.

Yes, yes, I triumph! He must fall;—
But 'twill a deed of danger be,
That mighty chieftain to enthrall,
And lead him on to destiny.
I'd cross the raging panther's path,
Sooner than Sadak in his wrath. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE 4.— *A Square in Bagdad with a Triumphal Arch, and a crowd of People assembled, waiting the arrival of Sadak.*

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

Hail to great Sadak! First in war.
Mightiest mid mighty chieftains, thou,
With captives crouching at thy car,
And victory on thy noble brow!
Hail to great Sadak! Hail!

(During the Chorus, enter a Grand Procession of Soldiers, Flower Girls, &c. preceding a Car, drawn by Captives, in which Sadak is seated. They arrange themselves round the stage to a march.)

Sadak. Thanks, gentle countrymen! and more than thanks
To ye, my tried companions of the war—
Stout partners of full many a victory!
Soon as the treasure camels come, the wealth
Of these proud traitors shall be yours—a mine
Of glittering gold. But your chief gain hath been
Honour, brave soldiers—that for which great kings
Peril their kingdoms. Each man fought as though
The fate of battle on his single arm
Depended; at each stroke a foeman fell—
He had not time to fly—for your swift sword
Foreran the cowardly purpose. Ye have left
No enemy to conquer. Home, and sheathe
Your scymetars in glory. For to-night
Disport ye in the city—the good people
Love a bold warrior—at to-morrow's dawn
The spoil shall be divided. Then each man
Haste to his happy home—the best reward
Of loyalty and valour.

AIR.—SADAK.

Our dangers are done,
Our battles are won,
And joyfully each happy soldier returns;
To read his best praise,
In the loved one's fond gaze,
In the cheek that glows, and the heart that burns.

(Enter Selim, followed by other Slaves.)

Sadak. Selim, what brings thee hither? What great grief?
Good tidings never wore a face so sad.
What evil? Speak.
Selim. Alas, my lord, I fear—
Sadak. Speak on: I can endure.
Selim. Last night, thy palace
Was burnt even to the ground.
Sadak. And Kalasrade?
I am a soldier—I can bear—bear much.
Thou see'st I do not falter. Kalasrade!
She died?
Selim. Nay, nay, not so.
Sadak. She safe! Why then
I have lost nothing. Lead me to her.
Selim. Sir,
The band that fired the house, bore her away
I know not whither.
Sadak. And thou liv'st to tell
This tale! and I to hear! Borne off by ruffians!
Oh would that she had died! Yet there may still
Be hope of rescue or of vengeance. Comrades,
Say, will you aid me?
Soldiers. To the death.
Sadak. Ye'll follow
Wherever I shall lead?
Soldiers. On our good swords
We swear.
Sadak. No need of oaths! Do I not know ye!
Ye'll follow?
Soldiers. To the death.
Sadak. Thanks! thanks! which road
Took they?
Selim. Toward the mountains. Noble sir,
These men were habited as I have seen
The Caliph's guard.
Sadak. The Caliph's guard! And took
The path toward the mountains—No! No! No!
I'll not suspect him yet—No! No! No! No!
But I'll pursue this band. I'll rescue thee,
Or die for thee, sweet wife. Brave friends, come on.
Soldiers. Aye, to the death. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE 5.—*An Apartment in the Caliph's Palace.*

(Enter Kalasrade and Zulema)

Zulema. Nay calm thee, dearest Kalasrade, take patience;
Quell these wild terrors.

Kalasrade. Patience! aye the word
Is easily spoken. Zulema, did Patience
Ever keep house with Fear or with Despair?

SONG—KALASRADE.

Preach patience to the startled dove,
When angry storms uproot the tree,
Where she had built her home of love,
And thought with her fond mate to be
Happy, poor bird, and true and free;
Soothe her:—then talk of peace to me!

Bid her be calm, the mountain roe,
When struggling in the hunter's snare,
She feels the bonds that laid her low,
Looks round with wild and sudden stare,
Starts, shivers, plunges, gasps for air;
Still her:—then quiet my despair.

Zulema. Would I could soothe thee, dear one. Azim here!
(Enter Azim.)

Azim. Alas, dear lady, I am sent to thee
On an ungrateful errand. Amurath
Requires thy presence.

Kalasrade. Wherefore?

Azim. He would see
The beauteous wife of Sadak.

Kalasrade. Dares he name
The friend whom he hath wronged? The loyal heart,
His perfidy hath broken? Tell the Caliph
The wife of Sadak bows to no man's mandate,
Save her dear husband's.

Azim. Yet beseech thee, lady,
Listen.

Zulema. Aye, listen, sister! Azim means us
Fairly and kindly.

Azim. By this fairest hand,
I do. Who could deceive such innocence,
Such trusting innocence? ye knew me first
A foe, a cowardly foe, the wretched slave
Of a thrice wretched duty. But my heart
Was traitor to mine office, even before
I saw those maiden charms. And now,—oh would
My life might be your ransom!

Kalasrade. Save us, Azim,
Release us, set us free! I know my home,
My pleasant home, lies a black smouldering heap
Of smoking ruins. Send me forth a wanderer,
A houseless wanderer, through the weary world,
And my life long shall be one ceaseless prayer
For my deliverer.

Azim. Ah gentle captives,
Guard upon guard, spy upon spy, strong towers,
Walls inaccessible and gates of brass,
Bar ye from freedom. But for Sadak's sake—
Kalasrade. He lives then! say he lives!
Azim. Surely he lives.
Kalasrade. Thanks gracious powers, he lives! Oh blessings rest
On him that spake that blessed word! He lives!
And he will rescue us!
Azim. But thou must sooth
Great Amurath. He sent me to implore
Your instant presence; to demand if aught
Within a monarch's power could pleasure yield
To the fair Kalasrade?
Zulema. Bethink thee, Azim,
How we may dally with him:—Yester-morn
I could have piled fantastic wish on wish,
Would have ta'en a month to tell them.

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS—*(All along invisible.)*
Hark Lady! Hark!
Kalasrade. Who speaks?
CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS,
Hark Lady! Hark!
Zulema. Whence comes this ravishing music?
CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS,
Hark Lady! Hark!
We are above, beneath, around,
Over the clouds we dwell, under the ground,
Spirits of air we be, Spirits of sound,
Hark Lady! Hark!

Kalasrade. Aye I will harken. From such voices nought
Save good can issue. Spirits I attend.
CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS,
Mark Lady! Mark!
Bid them to seek the mystic fountain,
That wells underneath the burning mountain;
The fiery hill, in whose caverns low,
The Waves of Oblivion tranquilly flow;
Bid them to bring of those Waters clear,
Untasted till Amurath quaff them here;
So shalt thou 'scape the danger near.
Mark Lady! Mark!

Zulema. All's still again. Thou wilt obey?
Kalasrade. How said they?
The Waters of Oblivion? I have heard
Of such a quest.

Azim. Full oft they have been sought,
And in the search have many fallen; few
'Tis deemed e'er reached the enchanted isle, where flows
The mystic fountain; None hath e'er returned
To tell the bold adventure.
Kalasrade. I'll demand
The waters. Those sweet airs dwell on mine ear
All soothingly as pity. I have faith
In such wild melodies. Nature herself
Is full of choicest music.

TRIO.—AZIM, KALASRADE, and ZULEMA.

There is a pure and holy spell,
In all sweet sounds on earth that dwell;
The pleasant hum of the early bee,
As she plies her cheerful industry;
The whir of the golden beetle's wing,
Sailing heavily by at evening;
And the nightingale, so poets say,
Wooing the rose in his matchless lay.

There is a pure and holy spell,
In all sweet sounds on earth that dwell:
The Indian shell whose faithful strain,
Echoes the song of the distant main;
The streamlet gurgling thro' the trees;
The welcome sigh of the cool night breeze;
The cataract loud, the whirlwind high,
Hath each its thrilling melody.

(Exeunt)

SCENE 6.—*A Splendid Hall in Amurath's Palace, Throne, &c. Amurath, Achmet, Slaves, and Guards, enter to a Grand March.*

Amurath. Go tell the lady Kalasrade, Abdallah,
That we await her presence.

(Enter Azim, Kalasrade, and Zulema)

Lovely lady,
Welcome a thousand fold! Thy beauty lights
Our mountain fortress with a gladdening beam,
Even as that sun-like gem, the carbuncle,
Illumes its native mine. Wilt thou not speak
One word? only one word?
Kalasrade. Alas I must.
I am a slave, a captive, I have lost
The power of silence.

Amurath. Fairest, it is I
That am thy captive. Name but thy desire,
And it shall wait thy bidding.
Kalasrade. Liberty!
The prisoner hath one only wish.
Amurath. No! No!
I cannot part with thee! gold, jewels, cities,
Kingdoms, my very Empire, all are thine,
Except the boon that parts us.
Kalasrade. Next to freedom
I'd crave forgetfulness. Didst ever hear
Of the Waters of Oblivion?

Amurath. Many times—(*noise without*)
What noise is that? Bid them be still without;
This is no place for brawling centinel,
Or clashing sword.—Full often lovely lady,
Have I heard stories of brave men who sought
Those wondrous Waters. An old prophecy
Saith, that in happy hour for love and Persia,
Shall Persia's monarch quaff the untasted cup.

Kalasrade. Such sire is my demand. Expect no favor
Of Kalasrade till thou procure that draught
Of mystic power.
Amurath. Thy will shall be obeyed. (*noise again*)
Again that noise? Sadak!
(*Enter Sadak*)

Achmet. Disarm him!
Sadak. Men
Take heed!
Achmet. Disarm him slaves.
Sadak. Slaves that ye be,
Take heed! I am a soldier; I have won
Alone through guarded gates, through crowded courts,
Leapt from the trembling drawbridge as it rose,
Just cleared the grim portcullis ere it fell,
Have dared a thousand deaths to rescue her,
My Kalasrade, my wife! and do ye think
With her dear self before me I shall yield,
To an army such as ye? My faithful bands
Are near at hand. Oh could I but have reined
My hot impatience to their pace, we had ta'en
Thy mountain fortress.

Amurath—(*To an Officer of the Guard*)
Meet them in the pass,
They cannot fight ye there. Hold parley with them,
(*Exit Officer.*)]
Audacious rebel, now for thee!

Sadak. For thee,
Fell tyrant.
Kalasrade. Sadak, calm thee! For my sake
Be calmer, mine own Sadak! reason with them,
Plead with them, Sadak! I am in their power.
Sadak. I lead! and to him, the ingrate!
Kalasrade. For my sake.
Sadak. For thy dear sake—Well—Well!
My Kalasrade.
All thy life long thy lightest wish hath been
A law to me.

SONG—SADAK.

I've stemm'd the torrent's sternest power,
To pluck for thee a wilding flower;
I've climbed the tall rock's beetling crest,
To win for thee a falcon's nest;
I've tilted in the tourney fray,
And triumphed in the battle day,
For thy dear sake!

And shall I not attempt for thee,
A higher, holier victory!
Curb Passion strong, by stronger Will,
Bid Wrath be mute, and Valour still,
Smooth Anger's frown, and Scorn's proud smile,
And cry to Vengeance, Wait awhile!
For thy dear sake!

Amurath. What dalliance is here?
Sadak. Caliph, I come
For justice. I thy subject and thy friend,
(Kings have not many friends) I come to thee
To do me a great justice. See I fling
My sword away. I come to thee a suppliant.
Being in the wars, thy wars, leading thy armies,
Quelling a strong rebellion, conquering
A bold and subtle traitor, thy fierce ruffians
Entered my quiet dwelling, fired my house,
(But that were nothing!) carried off my wife,
The fair, the dear, the faithful! Look on her!
See how she weeps! Restore her to me, Caliph,
Or she will die before thine eyes! Restore her,
And save two lives!
Kalasrade. Oh listen, mighty Caliph!
Low at thy knees I bend; I kiss thy feet;
Restore me to my Sadak! My dear husband!
Mine own dear husband!
Amurath. Kalasrade! I cannot
Endure to part from her!

Achmet. What hinders, sire,
But we should slay the rebel?

Amurath. No. Thou art here,
Captive unarmed, defenceless; but I fain
Would spare thee—yield thy wife.

Sadak. Never!

Amurath. Then seek,
The Waters of Oblivion—I would give thee
Another chance for life—and bring the cup
Untasted hither.

Sadak. Wherefore?

Amurath. Kalasrade
Demands them.

Sadak. Kalasrade?

Kalasrade. Alas! Alas!
A viewless voice that seemed of Heaven—Hark! Hark!
It comes again.

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

On Sadak! on!
Seek thou the deep and limpid fountain
That wells underneath the burning mountain;
The fiery hill, in whose caverns low
The Waves of Oblivion tranquill flow;
If true and bold, and pure from sin,
Thou the charmed wave shalt win.
On, Sadak, on!

Amurath. What jugglery is this?

Sadak. I'll go! I'll go!
She shall be safe till my return, and pure?
Thy word for this, a monarch's word!

Amurath. Aye, safe,
And pure. But thou must bring the waters back
Untasted, ere a month have past.

Sadak. The time
Is short.

Amurath. One month even from this hour.
(March without) Thou hear'st
The watch is changing: Well thou know'st the clang
Of those wild instruments; punctual are they
Even as the sun. A moment hence thou'lt hear
The echoing stroke, that tells the household slaves
When evening passes into night. Return
Ere that hour strike.

Kalasrade. Alas! Great Caliph spare
This desperate quest! or lengthen out the time!
(a Gong is struck)

Amurath. Thou hear'st. Ere that hour strike.

Sadak. I'll go! I'll go!
All hitherto have perished—But I'll go,
And I'll return.

SESTETTE.

AMURATH, SADAK, ACHMET, AZIM, KALASRADE AND ZULEMA

Sadak.

I'll go and I'll return, sweet wife!
Shed not a tear for me;
Fearless as to the battle strife
I go for love and thee.

Kalasraae, Zulema, and Azim.

Oh! Caliph hear thy suppliant's prayer,
We bend before thy power;
This agonizing trial spare!
Oh! spare this bitter hour!

Amurath and Achmet.

Look that thou keep thy time aright,
Or, let what will betide,
Thy Kalasrade in beauty bright
Shall be the Caliph's bride.

Kalasrade.

Sadak farewell! If go thou must,
Mine only love, farewell!

Sadak.

In those blest spirits put thy trust,
And in our holy cause and just;
Farewell, sweet wife, farewell!

Chorus.

Away, away, no more delay!
Look that thou keep the fated day!
When the Caliph sits in his regal hall,
And the watch is changed at the trumpet's call,
And the gong sends forth its thunder peal;
Then is the hour of woe or weal.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE 1.—*An Arcade in the Gardens of the Caliph. Double Arches of gilt trellis-work, with gorgeous Plants trailing up them, and almost closing the inmost range of Arches A Chorus of Maidens with Gifts. A troop of Dancing Girls*

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Waken to pleasure,
Lady sweet!
Lo! an empire's treasure
Is spread at thy feet.
Here be shawls of Cachmere fine,
Rubies from Bucharia's mine,
The pear-shaped pearls of Oman's bay,
And gold mid Yemen's sands that lay.

Waken to pleasure,
Lady bright!
The dance's gay measure,
The song of delight;
The airy dance where glittering feet
Shake the belled anklets as they beat,
And airy songs, as light as they,
Where the merry voices sport and play

A Dance, during which Zulema enters.

Zulema. Be still kind maids! My joyless sister loathes
All sound of revelry. Once she was gay
As a young antelope amid the hills,
And beautiful as is the lotus flower
Floating above the waters; now she pines
As an imprisoned fawn, and fades and dies
Like a transplanted flower.

(*Exeunt Maidens severally during the song*)

SONG, ZULEMA.

How beautiful the Lotos flower
Upon its native stream,
Where through the cool Acacia bower
The sun at noontide's fervid hour,
Scarce glanced his trembling beam.

But drooping now that Lotos flower,
Torn from it's native stream,
Far from the cool Acacia bower,
It languishes in noon's bright hour,
And withers in the beam.

Zulema. She comes.

Enter Kalasrade, followed by Amurath.

Kalasrade. Pursue me not, bold man! Three days
At least are mine. Caliph, thy kingly word
Was pledged to leave me and my misery
In peace for one bright moon. And now thou drag'st me
From the pomegranate thicket's loneliest nook,
Where clustering orange trees do make at noontide
A twilight shade, thou drag'st me from that darkness
So like the tomb, into this sunny world
Of gaudy wretchedness. Away, away.

Amurath. I could no longer live without the light
Of those fair eyes, my sun. Away from thee
I weary of my splendid destiny.

SONG, AMURATH.

What are those signs of regal sway,
That mortals envy and obey?
The throne, a strait uneasy couch
Of hard and ponderous gold;
The sceptre palsying to the touch,
Stern, heavy, dull, and cold.
The crown, beneath whose glittering round,
The tightened temples throb and bound;
What are they all but shining pains,
Enamelled fetters, jewelled chains.

A wealthier monarch I would be;
Lord of a nobler treasury;
My richest diamonds I would seek
In those dark dewy eyes;
My rubies in the blushing cheek
Which shames their orient dyes.
The pageantries and toys of power,
Shew dim beside love's myrtle bower;
I'd yield them all, state, sceptre, throne,
To call young Kalasrade mine own.

Kalasrade. That hour shall never come.
Amurath. Nay, in three days
Thou wilt be mine.
Kalasrade, Is Sadak dead? Hast heard
That he is dead?
Amurath. No tidings have arrived
Of him or of his vessel. When ye parted
(I speak it in his honour) he dispersed
And quieted the murmuring soldiery,
Who had followed for thy rescue; then embarked
On board a gallant ship. But he went forth
To certain death. The bow string or the block
Were not a surer fate.

Kalasrade. And I that loved him
Better than life—I was the fatal cause
Of this so fatal voyage. Yet why despair,
Till those three days be ended. I have faith
In that sweet music of the air; high faith
In him and in his righteous purpose. No,
I'll not despair.

DUET, AMURATH AND KALASRADE.

Kalasrade.

One trembling hope remains to cheer
My throbbing heart amidst it's fear;
Trembling, yet strong as woman's trust,
And our thrice holy cause and just

Amurath.

One lingering hope remains to cheer
Thy trembling heart amidst its fear,
Ah! lovely lady, thou wilt rue
That fear unkind, that hope untrue.

Kalasrade.

If fail that hope, then, tyrant, know
The enduring might of woman's woe;
Content all tortures to abide,
Rather than reign the Caliph's bride.

Amurath

Yes, when arrives the fatal hour,
Proud beauty, thou shalt own my power;
Yes, in that hour, whate'er betide,
I'll bear thee hence the Caliph's bride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2. *The Enchanted Island.*

A Volcano, emitting smoke and occasional fire, in the back ground. The Mountain sinks gradually as it approaches the front, and a stream of burning lava is seen issuing from the Crater, and crossing diagonally from one side of the stage to the other, beginning near the top, and disappearing behind the opposite wing, about half way up the scene. Behind the lava, between that and the crater of the volcano, a magical tree is seen, bearing clusters of splendid fruit; and in front extending half-way to the roof of the theatre, is a nearly perpendicular rock, so constructed as to open and disclose the interior of a cavern.

(*Enter Sadak*)

GRAND SCENA.—SADAK.

Yes! I am saved, I only! From the wreck
None 'scaped but my most wretched self, alone

To struggle with my fearful destiny.
'Tis scarce
An hour since we were gently gliding on
With lightsome summer airs, o'er summer seas,
Hope in each heart. The mariner aloft,
Saw the lone Isle and gaily shouted "Land!"
"Land!" "Land!" A moment paused he, then again
With voice subdued and deepened, "Land!" he cried,
Land!" "Land! The fiery hill! The enchanted Isle!"
'And with that word of fate drop'd on the deck
Death struck. Fear came on all; and then the storm
Burst in its terrible glory; lightning flashed,
And thunder pealed, and the wind lashed the deep
To fury, tossing the fierce eddying wave
To meet the fiercer hail. The vessel rocked;
Sails shivered; cordage cracked; and strong masts fell;
The straining hull panted, and heaved, and groaned,
As mourning her brave crew; one crash, one shriek,
Stunning and piercing, and the good ship sank,
And her stout seamen were as sea-weed strewn
Upon the ocean surge;—I only saved,
I only, to abide my mystic doom.
Hold firm my heart! I live: saved to endure,
To dare—Why not to do? Hear me, bright Sun,
That I have worshipped as a symbol pure,
Of the Immortal Essence, fount of light,
Friend of bold aims and deeds that court the day,
Hear me and aid! and thou, young glittering moon,
A milder sun, and ye fair planet-stars,
That smile around her crescent argentine,
Mute witnesses of many a true-love vow,
Hear me, Oh hear! And ye, stern elements,
Yet in your sternness kind, the stormy winds
That wafted me, the ocean that disgorged,
The cold earth that received me, and the red
And sulphurous fire beneath whose smouldering glow,
The magic fountain flows, hear me, Oh hear!

AIR—SADAK.

Sun, king of day and light,
Friend of the brave;
Moon, queen of tranquil night,
Calm as the grave;
Stars, in your hour of might,
Listen and save!

Sea, o'er whose pearly crest,
Stormy winds rave;

Earth, from whose mountain breast,
Lurid fires wave;
And thou, pure Fount of Rest,
Listen and save!

(At the end of the Air, a wild Chorus of Laughter is heard from Invisible Spirits under the stage.

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Ha! ha! ha!

Sadak. What sounds unfriendly break upon mine ear,
Unfriendly and derisive? Sure some demon!

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Ha! ha! ha!
Sun and Moon and Earth and Fire
Have heard and scorned thy vain desire.
Ha! ha! ha!
Ne'er till the fruit from the burning mountain,
Be laid by the side of the mystic fountain;
Ne'er till beneath the single shock
Of a human arm burst yon massive rock;
Ne'er till be vanquish the Snake of the Cave,
Shall mortal approach the charmed wave.
Ha! ha! ha!

Sadak. Be still fell augury!—Ah gentler strains,
I know ye and I love ye! Cheeringly
Ye fall upon my heart.

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

On Sadak! on!
Pluck the fruit from the fiery mountain,
To lay at the side of the mystic fountain;
If true and bold and pure from sin,
Thou the charmed wave shalt win.
On Sadak! on!

Sadak. Blest spirits, I obey. Strengthen me, Heaven.

[*Sadak begins to climb with great apparent difficulty the face of the precipice, and afterwards crosses the stream of lava and plucks the magic fruit, as indicated by the several directions and exclamations of the alternate Choruses.*

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Ha! ha! ha!
These mortals woo death as the bridegroom his bride!
Fifty have fallen from the slippery side,
Fifty have sunk in the burning tide.
Ha! ha! ha!

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

The brave man woos peril, as the bridegroom his bride,
On and climb the slippery side;
Fear not thou the burning tide!
On Sadak! on!

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Ha! ha! ha! He's on the brink;
It crumbles! It crumbles!

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

He shall not sink!
He doth not quail! He doth not shrink!
On Sadak! on!

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Ha! ha! The mellow fruit grows high;
And the fire-shower mounts between that and the sky.
Ha! ha! ha!

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

He clings to the bough;
He hath pluck'd it now.
The work is begun:
The fruit is won.

[*Sadak rushes from the Mountain with the fruit in his hand, which he places on a detached fragment of rock by the side of the stage, and draws his sword.*

Sadak. So far I triumph. Now the cave! Good sword,
That never failed me yet, frail instrument
Wert thou 'gainst this charmed rock, but that I trust
In holier spells, in virtuous wedded love,
Valour and truth and dauntless constancy,
And those invisible spirits whose soft airs
Breathe as a hope around me.

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Ha! ha! ha!

Sadak. Avaunt fell fiends! one stroke for Kalasrade.
It parts! It parts!

[*The rock parts, discovering a cave with the magic fountain flowing at the back, and the Nymph of the fountain leaning over it. Before the water a huge serpent is represented coiling round the naked branches of a withered tree. The snake should extend nearly from side to side of the cavern and be placed so high as to admit of the fountain and the Nymph being seen under-*

neath. The lava disappears, the Volcano is quiet, and a soft tranquil light is shed over the back of the stage. The snake sees Sadak, and menaces him as he advances.

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Dost mark yonder serpent who hisses so loud,
With the eye so bright and the crest so proud;
Ha! ha! ha!

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

On Sadak! on!

[*Sadak is advancing with his sword against the serpent who glides on to meet him, when pausing, he recollects himself and turns back for the fruit.*

Sadak. The fruit! the magic fruit.

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

On Sadak! on!
Place thou the fruit of the fiery mount,
Close by the side of the mystic fount,
Place it full in the serpent's sight;
So shalt thou quell his glittering might;
On Sadak! on!

[*Sadak places the fruit by the side of the fountain, the serpent sees and feeds on it and remains quiet.*

Sadak. He tastes and he is still: Nymph of the fount,
Gracious and fair, may mortal dare approach
Thy charmed wave?

NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Come near and taste the cup!
Drink! Thirst is born of toil; and thou hast toiled
Heavily.

Sadak. Thanks bright spirit!

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Ha! ha! ha!

NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Why dost thou pause! Drink! drink! the draught is cool,
And thou art weary. Wherefore dost thou pause?

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

Alas! Alas!

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Ha! ha! ha!

Saduk. Again! Nay if the fiends rejoice, some evil
Lurks in the sparkling cup. Now I remember,

The untasted waters must be straight conveyed
To Amurath.

Nymph of the Fountain. Art thou so happy, then,
That thou refusest man's chief balm, Oblivion?
Drink! Thou art faint.

Sadak. Fair Spirit, man is born
Still to remember, never to forget
His duty or his love. I will not taste
The enchanted wave.

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Lost! lost! lost!
Our last hope is crossed,
And we must go
To the realms of woe.
Lost! lost! lost!

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

'Tis done! 'tis done!
The waters are won!

Firm to resist, as in peril he's brave,
Sadak hath vanquished the fiend of the cave;
And the nymph of the fountain, our mistress so gay,
O'er earth, air, and ocean, may frolic and play,
Free as the moonbeams that round her stray.

(The Nymph of the Fountain advances.)

NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Thanks, Sadak, thanks! whose valour hath released
Me, thrice three hundred years a captive. Thanks,
Bold warrior! Bear with thee the untasted cup
Evil to the evil. We must hence; for time
Flew by unnoted in thy magic voyage,
And the great hour approaches. Radiant car
I mount thee once again! Mount with me thou
Brave warrior. Gentle spirits circle us.

(Sadak and the Nymph mount her car, which has descended during the foregoing speech, and are borne away over the back of the stage, whilst the Good Spirits sing—

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

'Tis done! 'tis done!
The waters are won!
And the nymph of the fountain, our mistress so gay,
O'er earth, air, and ocean, may frolic and play,
Free as the moonbeams that round her stray.
The waters are won!
'Tis done! 'tis done!

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Caliph's Palace, with a lattice window, after the Eastern fashion, half open and looking into a garden. The light, never being strong, gradually darkens, as evening comes on.*

Enter AZIM, KALASRADE & ZULEMA.

Kalasrade. Hast thou heard aught of Sadak ?
Azim. Lady, no !
But Amurath approaches. He hath sent
To warn us of his coming, and commands
That the loud gong, whose sound proclaims the time
As measured by the sinking water-cup,
Shall be suspended in the regal hall,
And thou in presence there ; that he may claim
At the true moment his appointed bride.
Kalasrade. Alas ! alas !
Zulema. How fast the hours have flown !
Twilight is thickening, soon those stars of day,
The jasmine flowers, will disappear, replaced
By the bright fire-flies flickering through the grove.
Kalasrade. Look out again. See if my Sadak come.

TRIO.—AZIM, KALASRADE & ZULEMA.

Kalasrade.

O'er the far mountain, and through the deep valley,
Doth none come to succour the poor Kalasrade ?
Look where the path gleams through yon forest alley,
Look where it winds round the rock's darkening shade.

All.

O'er the far mountain and through the deep valley,
None comes to succour the poor Kalasrade ;
None where the path gleams through yon forest alley,
None where it winds round the rock's darkening shade.

Zulema.

See yonder flash like a bright spear advancing :
Comes Sadak to succour the poor Kalasrade ?
No, 'twas but the light on the rice bird's wing glancing,
As she sought her high nest in the bowery glade.

All

O'er the far mountain and through the deep valley,
None comes to succour the poor Kalasrade ;
None where the path gleams through yon forest alley,
None where it winds round the rocks darkening shade.

Azim.

Hark to yon sound like a fiery steed rushing,
Comes Sadak to succour the poor Kalasrade ?

No, 'twas but the brook o'er its pebbly bed gushing,
As foaming and chafing the tiny waves played.

All.

O'er the far mountain and through the deep valley,
None comes to succour the poor Kalasrade;
None where the path gleams through yon forest alley,
None where it winds rounds the rock's darkening shade.

Zulema. See, how she sinks upon the couch! 'Twere best
Leave her awhile; a moment's breathing space,
Ere Amurath demands her presence.
Azim. I
Must seek the Caliph. Would that I might hope
To change his purpose. (*Exeunt Azim & Zulema.*)

(*Kalasrade remains on the Couch. A March is heard at a distance, and she starts up and comes to the front of the stage.*)

GRAND SCENA.—KALASRADE.

What do I hear? The hated sounds that tell
The tyrant's dread approach. Oh! strengthen me,
To bear this trial, Love, pure wedded Love,
And brave Despair! Living or dead, I'll still
Be faithful to my Sadak. Could he live
And fail me at this fatal hour? No! no!
He's dead! He's dead! But I'll be faithful. Spirits!
Blest spirits of the air! at whose behest
I craved those mystic waters, listen now,
Look down upon me, aid me! They are silent;
And darkness comes apace. Earth, air, and heaven,
Abandon me in my extremest need.

AIR,

My dreaded foe is here,
In pomp of power arrayed;
The fearful hour of doom draws near,
And none arrives to aid.

One only stay have I,
Grim death, the wretch's friend;
I can but die, I can but die,
And bid my sorrows end! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same Hall in Amurath's Palace, which closed the first act. A throne, &c. A large gong suspended at the back of the stage, and one man mounted near it with a hammer as if to strike, whilst another near him is watching the sinking of a cup in the water. The stage filled with Guards, Slaves, &c. Amurath, on the throne. Achmet standing near him, Azim, Kalasrade and Zulema on one side.*

CHORUS OF GUARDS & SLAVES.

Hail! hail to Amurath! hail! hail!
Thou greatest King of many great,
Whose will is law, whose word is fate,
Hail! hail to Amurath! hail! hail!

Amurath. Fair Kalasrade; nay turn not thus aside,
I would but tell thee, that as yet we hear
Nothing of Sadak; that the fated hour
Approaches. See, the cup is sinking! Hark!
They change the watch!

(The same warlike music is heard without as in the last scene of the first act.)

Pass but a few brief moments,
And thou art mine.

Kalasrade All human hope is vain;
Once more let us invoke a higher power.

INVOCATION.—KALASRADE, ZULEMA, AZIM, AND THE REST.

Spirits, whose song was of no earthly mould,
If e'er ye may again communion hold
With erring mortals, aid us, guide us now;
Spirits, before your gentle power we bow!

Amurath. Surely the time is up! Prepare to strike,
A thunder peal! Now! now!

(Sadak and the Nymph of the Fountain appear in the car and descend slowly to the centre of the stage.

CHORUS OF GOOD SPIRITS.

'Tis done! 'tis done!
The waters are won!
And the Nymph of the fountain, our mistress so gay,
O'er earth, air, and ocean, may frolic and play,
Free as the moonbeams that round her stray.

Amurath. Again this jugglery! And Sadak here
Smiling and triumphing! But they are still
My captives! She shall yet be mine.

Sadak. (advancing from the car) Dread sire,
I bring the Waters of Oblivion. Lo!
The untasted cup!

Nymph of the Fountain. Drink, Caliph!

Sadak. Kalasrade!

Kalasrade. My Sadak!

Amurath. Touch her not. She still is mine.
Will no one part them?

Nymph of the Fountain. Caliph, drink!

Amurath. I will,
Remembering the antient prophecy,

That fortunate for Persia and for love
Would be the draught. Part them.

(The Caliph drinks and falls down dead.)

Achmet. He dies!
Nymph of the Fountain. He's dead!
Death is the price man pays for cold oblivion;
Memory and life are one. Great Amurath
Is dead! Happy for Persia, that hath lost
A ruler all unskilled to rule himself;
And fortunate for love, chaste wedded love,
For Sadak and for Kalasrade! Farewell!
Ye to your home! I to the upper air!

(The Nymph ascends slowly in her car, which is supported by clouds, that meet about her from different parts of the stage, and during her ascent the following chorus is sung:—

CHORUS.

She sails away in her radiant car,
Pure and bright as a Planet-star;
And viewless spirits circle her round,
The gentle spirits of air and sound.
Blessings be with them where'er they go,
Who brought us bliss in the hour of woe.

(During the ascent of the car, the scene has been changed to the second scene of the first act, the Garden of Kalasrade's Palace with the Palace itself splendidly illuminated in the back ground, and as the singers of the preceding chorus part, the Chorus of Maidens with their garlands advance and sing.)

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Oh! weave the rose, the dewy dewy rose,
The peerless queen of flowers,
Till the columned hall as brightly glows,
With wreath upon wreath of the dewy rose,
As in May the garden bowers.

CHORUS OF ALL THE SINGERS.

For Sadak is come
Victorious home
To gladden his own Kalasrade;
His dangers are done,
And his battles are won,
By the spirit's beneficent aid.

Then weave the rose, the dewy, dewy rose,
The peerless queen of flowers,
Till the columned hall as brightly glows,
With wreath upon wreath of the dewy rose,
As in May the garden bowers.

END OF THE OPERA.

S. G. FAIRBROTHER, PRINTER, EXETER COURT, STRAND.

BRITISH MUSEUM 9 NO 70

PRESERVATION SERVICE

SHELFMARK 11779 c 67

THIS BOOK HAS BEEN
MICROFILMED (199)
N.S.T.C.
MICROFILM NO SEE RPM