The Spirit of the Bell

(The Magick Bell)

A Comick Opera

The Words by James Kenney

The Music by George Rodwell

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42930, ff.303-335 b. It was signed off by the Examiner of Plays, George Colman, on the May 4th, 1835.

The capitalisation of words is usually as in the manuscript but some punctuation has been changed for clarity, as the original often just has a stream of dialogue with none. **{xxx}** marks the page numbers of the manuscript with **{xxxa}** being the leading side and **{xxxb}** the reverse**.**

The British Library also holds the piano score of the overture, songs, duets and ensembles (Music Collections H.165.a). There are some slight differences in text from the manuscript but none that alter the sense of the plot. It also includes an additional song for Sidrophel that is mentioned in the *Morning Chronicle* (June 9, 1835) as being encored. It must have been sung after Azolin had lost control of the bell to Rumrowski in Act 2, Scene 3/4. The song is added at the end of the libretto.

Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com. More information on the opera at https://englishromanticopera.org/operas/TheSpiritofthebell.htm.

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Dramatis Personae

{304a}

Grand Duke

Rumrowski

Tycho

Azolin

Sidrophel

Edith

Ghita

Adila

Guards, courtiers, Attendants, etc.

The Spirit of the Bell

{305a}

Act 1, Scene 1

The Interior of a grotto

Azolin and Ghita discovered embracing each other:
the former appearing to have arrived from a long journey.

Duett (Azolin and Ghita)

Azolin
Again! Again these arms enfold thee,
Dear mother, after three long years

Ghita
Again! Again these eyes behold thee
With joy alone now shedding tears.
(*repeated together*)

Ghita
The grief that long thy fancy clouded,
That closed thy lips, that dimmed thine eye.

Azolin
'Tis past! No more by gloom enshrouded,
My heart no beats at liberty!

Ghita
How pass'd thy days of weary roving?

Azolin
The maxims of the wise still proving.

{305b}

I touch'd my Lute with many a song
In varied fortune straying –
I cheer'd my weary steps along,
Still for my Mother praying!

Both
Again we meet! Now welcome joy!
Since fortune grants my fervent prayer
Restored is now {my/your} wandering boy,
And hush'd is every throb of care!

Azolin Yes, dear Mother, here is your Azolin; and never will he again forsake you. But have I heard truly? Our Benefactor! The Sage, who so generously sheltered us in this Grotto – has he left us for ever?

Ghita Alas! He's dead! And has left you, Azolin, sole Heir to all he died possessed of.

Azolin The good old soul! Tho' he has sent me a rare wild-goose chase, that's certain.

Ghita Well, and hasn't it done you a world of good!

Azolin Aye, that it has! When that terrible fit of sadness came over me, who could I look to for relief, but our kind old Saader. "Alas"! said he " you apply to me, in vain: but amid the cities**{306a}** of the South dwells the learned Cumbyoultum, the profoundest of our sages – it is in his power, alone, to prescribe your remedy – away! Travel in search of this famous Philosopher: where you will find him, I know not – but should fortune guide you to him, your malady is at an end". You were wretched at the sight of me, Mother, and away I went. I rambled throughout Asia; I visited the Kingdoms of India. The learned Philosopher I found not; but my heart shook off its burthen in search of him and here I am, Mother, my own man again.

Ghita Aye, and my own boy again! But what possessed you, Child? You go and trust your secret to old Saader, and you won't trust it to your mother!

Azolin Why, in the first place, I was sure old Saader could keep it, Mother.

Ghita Fie upon you!

Azolin And in the next, he was so wise himself, he had charity for every body else's follies. But it's over now; - and tell me, Mother, - I suppose he has left a considerable property? It was generally supposed he would.

Ghita You'll soon know that, child; for it appears that **{306b}** all his title deeds, bonds, securities, jewels, and so forth, are all locked up together, in a sort of casket, of about six inches square.

Azolin Well, and quite large enough to hold the title to an immense estate; and as to diamonds, you know, the value of a Principality, may be shut up in a nutshell. Where is it? Oh! I have such projects!

Ghita I warrant you! But first of all, child, we'll have a handsome mansion, in the outskirts of the City.

Azolin That shall be open to all the unfortunate, who are either entering, or leaving it. You, Mother, shall have all the luxuries of life.

Ghita Aye, as long as I see thee, Child, blooming and happy, I have more than money can buy me!

Azolin Oh! Bless you! But where's the Casket?

Ghita I'll go and fetch it; and do you stay here and rest yourself. [*Exit*]

Azolin Rest myself! - Ah! When my heart is at rest, my limbs are never weary. But woe is me! For all my boasting to poor Mother, that is still more than I can say to myself. As I return to my native home, my trouble returns with **{307a}** me and I relapse into the fever that drove me from it. Fatal hour! When at the heels of the blind old Gardener, I stole into the Gardens of the Palace and beheld unveiled, the daughter of the Grand Duke himself, the peerless Princess Edith.

Recitative

Ah! Little thought she lovely maid, the while
She gazed upon the Heavens with raptured smile,
Radiant and tender as the golden beam
The rising moon shed[1] o'er the silent stream,
He shared that smile on whom, alas! it fell,
Of hopeless sorrow an eternal spell!

Air

Thro' smiling vales from land to land,
Where mountain gales my brow have fann'd
Or where the giant Sea
Came show'ring o'er the rocky strand
A rover wild and free
I sought a balm
In vain to calm
My hopeless love for thee.

No more I'll traverse land or tide
But when thou art another's bride
As thou wilt surely be
The Grave shall then for ever hide
My soul's mad misery
My silent care
My heart's despair
My hopeless love for thee. **{307b}**

[*Ghita returns with the casket*]

Ghita Here, Child, here it is! Who would think now that here was a splendid mansion, a grand establishment, and all the luxuries of life!

Azolin Give it to me!

Ghita How I long to know its contents

Azolin And you really haven't yet had the curiosity to open it?

[1] The text has "she'd" but that makes no sense and it seems likely that the apostrophe was surplus.

Ghita Oh! Old Saader forbade me, as I valued my life, but I'm glad you're come – my curiosity was growing very fidgety.

Azolin And so is mine, Mother. Now for it!

[*opens the casket*]

Ghita What do I see!

Azolin A prodigious inheritance indeed!

Ghita A single sheet of paper!

Azolin And a hand bell! Well this is something to call our servants with, but where they are to come from, the mighty Saader hasn't considered to inform us.

Ghita The old Conundrum has been making game of us – our beautiful mansion reduced to a mere box at last!

Azolin Don't be rash, mother. Who knows but that writing – Give it to me! (*reads*) "My dear Azolin – my dying regret is not to have seen you restored to that happiness, to which your kind heart and affection for your mother, so well entitle **{308a}** you". As if that were any merit! "But even in the tomb, let me convince you of my friendship".

Ghita Mighty fine words indeed!

Azolin Will you listen? (*reads*) "The Great Power calls me away and I shall see you no more; but all my treasure on earth belongs to you, and will be faithfully delivered to you by your mother, on your return. May you prove fortunate in its possession, and sometimes recall to your memory your old friend Saader, the Hermit of the Grotto.

Ghita And this he calls a treasure.

Azolin Stay, Mother! Here's a sort of Postscript, written in a faint and trembling hand. (*reads*) "Above all, dear Azolin, never seek for an explanation of the Characters graven on this little bell. From the moment they are known to its possessor, its value will be lost". Look Mother – a strange, mysterious inscription!

Ghita Mysterious indeed! But when he talks of its having its value, what value it has, beyond its weight in copper, is more than I can guess. If we had slaves or servants, indeed, it might save our lungs a little; but who'll answer to our ringing?

Azolin Aye; who indeed! Perhaps it's particularly musical – Let's try it, Mother.

[*Azolin rings- The rock opens and Sidrophel appears – Ghita screams*]

Beautiful vision! Who is it I behold? **{308b}**

Air (Sidrophel)

You see your faithful slave -
Command me, for you may;
This magic wand I wave
Your wishes to obey
Approach me, without fear
By you I'm summoned here
And Sidrophel
That magic bell
Must answer far or near.
Oh! lucky, lucky Azolin!
So rare so rich a prize to win!

Ah! Wherefore thus still idly gaze
and waste your time in fond amaze?
You'll find me tractable and meek -
Command me then your wishes speak.
Some peerless maiden would you charm?
Some haughty rival's power disown?
Pronounce your gracious will
Your wishes I'll fulfil!
Oh! lucky etc. etc.

Azolin Why, mother, he's come for orders.

Ghita Then pray order him to take himself away again.

Azolin Nay, that would be uncivil, Mother. I'm sure he's remarkably well behaved – only look at him.

Ghita Well, he is a pretty devil, sure enough!

Sid. I'm reckoned so, at home, good woman, I assure you. **{309a}**

Ghita At home! At your home! Oh! Mercy defend us!

Azolin Nonsense! What's his home to us! He's here now and come to wait upon us.

Ghita To wait upon us! To lead us into mischief.

Sid. That depends upon my new master.

Ghita Your new master! Have you brought a good Character from your old one?

Sid. Excellent.

Azolin To be sure he has! Don't you hear, he belongs to us, in virtue of this Bell? And wasn't that the property of old Saader? Do you think he would have introduced us to a suspicious Character?

Ghita Why that's very true, Child.

Sid. To be sure it is! Therefore my good master Azolin make the most of me, while you have me. What can I do for you? Indulge your fancy – power, glory, rank, riches –

Ghita Riches, did he say? My dear Azolin, take 'em. Take all the money he'll give you, and everything else will follow, of course.

Azolin I don't know that. I'm not for using so uncommon a privilege in a common way. I must consider.

Sid. No, pray don't consider! Old Saader considered till he found that tho' he possessed so little, he really wanted no more, and so kept me in idleness for upwards of a hundred and fifty years.

Ghita More shame for him! Enough to spoil any devil in the world. I wish I had known it – why – **{309b}** didn't he tell me?

Sid. I suspect in mercy. I came to him from the services of a Lady, who, on the other hand, while subject to her power, never allowed me, day or night, a single hour's reprieve.

Ghita And tell us now what she wanted of you?

Sid. Impossible! for she never knew herself or my task had been an easy one. She was for ever doing, and undoing; till her waiting Maid, tired of hearing a Bell, she was forbidden to answer, muffled it and gave it to old Saader to tell her fortune.

Azolin And did you ever before belong to such poor folks as we are?

Sid. Poorer. I was, for 12 months, bound to an honest, hard working Carpenter, who found your magic inheritance in the ruins of an old Castle.

Ghita And what did he want?

Sid. Wine: the choice of the provision market and the Cellar of a Roman Emperor.

Azolin And was he happy?

Sid. Quite the contrary. Waking one morning with a headache and indigestion, he discovered that he had never enjoyed a mouthful, since he worked for it; so away he started, in search of his old master, and chopped[2] his talisman for a box of tools.

Ghita The simpleton!

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[2] An obsolete meaning of "to chop" is "to exchange" or "to swap"

Azolin The base born Mechanic! But I shall use you for a nobler purpose – my mind's made up.

Ghita That's a great point, Boy. **{310a}**

Sid. 'Tis every thing. I languish for exercise: henceforth I am your faithful Page. Accept this pledge of my devotion. Wear it, and value it, as part of the legacy of old Saader; as long as it shines on your fair forehead, no danger will assail you.

Azolin 'Tis welcome; and I'll wear it gratefully. (*Places it in his cap*). And now, at my command, you are prepared for your diabolical functions.

Ghita Oh! Mercy.

Sid. I am: and as a prelude, I summon my auxilliaries (*sic*)

[*He waves his wand. A group of Genii appear with a table – Golden vessels of wine etc.*]

Chorus of Genii

For pleasure summon'd hither
We bring, with winged haste
Flowers no time can wither,
Fruits angelic lips might taste

Duett and Chorus

Ghita

Dear Child! We're surrounded with devils

Azolin

They come but to cure our evils
Good spirits or not
We care not a jot;
For here in our own native region
Nor mother nor son
Any mischief have done
To tremble before such a legion

All

No! no! in {our/your}native region etc. **{310b}**

Azolin

Good Genii won't you be seated

Genii (*declining*)

The duty we owe
To our master, we know
Respectfully he must be treated
Feast, feast and your Goblets unsparingly fill
Be blest, and when summon'd, we wait on your will.

[*The Genii disappear*]

Azolin (*sits and eats*) Come, Mother, drink

Ghita (*sits*) Drink? Why, my head turns already

Azolin Delicious! I suppose, now, this is what your immortals call Nectar?

Ghita 'Tis monstrous pleasant, that's certain

Azolin Well, upon my life, our Familiar has made a very pretty beginning

Ghita Aye, truly, the beginning is well enough; but 'tis the end I fear.

Azolin Fear! I scorn fear! The supernaturals have come uninvited, and I'll make the most of 'em.

Ghita Well; - suppose now, Boy, that you may get into no disorderly doings – suppose you first ask for a wife.

Azolin I was thinking so, Mother! What say you, friend Sidrophel?

Sid. Be cautious. Remember, 'tis a possession more **{311a}** easily obtained than disposed of

Azolin Then we must be cautious

Ghita Aye; what say you, now, to Zinka, the modest and pretty daughter of the Sorrybotch?

Azolin Why, I don't exactly fancy the connexion: not but I look upon a Tailor as a very useful Member of Society – but Zinka won't suit me.

Ghita Why then who will suit you?

Azolin Why, what say you, now, to a certain Edith, the modest and beautiful daughter of the Grand Duke?

Ghita What, our own Princess?

Azolin My own Princess that shall be or old Saader's legacy is worthless. Sidrophel, your counsel?

Sid. The match, I think, is unexceptionable.

Azolin 'Tis decided then

Ghita The Boy's beside himself

Azolin No! the Boy's a man and is determined to prove it. I'm suddenly inspired! Old Saader has often told me I had royal blood in my veins, and I feel it; it expands my heart.

Ghita And turns your head I'm sure

Sid. Beware of intoxication! To succeed to the throne of these realms – to be worthy of governing empires – you must first have learnt to govern yourself; to submit your passions to the empire of wisdom and virtue – and, above all, to fortify your senses against the power of beauty.

Azolin Your most obedient. If that's the case, I abdicate beforehand. {**311b**}

Ghita For shame, Azolin!

Sid. Understand me. To behold and be insensible exceeds the strength of mortals; to behold, adore, and resist till devotion and sacrifice have achieved the prize are the attributes of princely love.

Azolin Prescribe my sacrifice. Be it barefoot to travel over burning sands or fiery rocks; to encounter the storms of Ocean, or the whirlwind of the desert, from penance nor peril will Azolin shrink to merit the beautiful Edith!

Sid. You are young, ardent, impetuous – and if the Grand Duke consent to bestow on you his matchless daughter – how will you pass the ordeal of the sacred Garland?

Azolin The ordeal of the sacred Garland! In what does it consist?

Sid. Listen!

Air (Sidrophel)

In midnight witching hour
When Love asserts his power
The royal Maid will be
Resigned alone to thee
To meet her yielding eye,
To breathe the burning sigh
To kneel and gaze, admire adore
But on your life, dare nothing more!
This is the law – its moral this –
In virtue lies the way to bliss.
Mid flowers rich and bright, **{312a}**
A star will shine in sight,
Whose lustre quick will fade
Should you the law evade -
More deeply lowring[3] still,
As passion rules thy will
And leave you, if the worst you dare,
In utter darkness and despair
This is the law, etc.

[3] Low'ring in the vocal score

Azolin Then, Mother, I am to be left alone with the Princess and a blazing star is to be the thermometer of my discretion.

Ghita Boy! Boy! You'll get into some terrible scrape and be massacred for you folly

Azolin I don't care! The Princess, or the Scaffold! If I love one, I defy the other.

Ghita Any you are really not jesting?

Azolin I tell you, no! Therefore, prepare yourself to act the part of a dutiful mother.

Ghita Why then, once for all, it's to no purpose – If you had staid at home, like a steady Boy, you would have known that the Princess is to be married tomorrow, to the great Rumrowski, the brother of the last Vizier.

Azolin Oh, Mother! Don't trifle with me – to be married to Rumrowski!

Ghita Married tomorrow. The Grand Duke is going to the wars, at the head of his army and it is determined the marriage should be solemnized first. **{312b}**

Azolin Impossible! Marry the Princess with a foolish, avaricious blockhead, the laughing stock of the Palace.

Ghita 'Tis ever so. For the services his brother has rendered the state, when mortally wounded in battle, the Grand Duke promised to grant him whatever he should require; he had the presumption to name this marriage, and the Grand Duke is a Prince of his word.

Azolin And because he's a Prince of his word, is he to be so put upon?

Sid. We must be speedy also. At this moment, your rival is undergoing his ordeal and respectfully reclining on a sopha(*sic*), near the Princess.

Azolin The audacious reptile! He must be taught to know himself better. In virtue of my power, then, I'll have the Princess instantly removed from his odious presence and transported hither.

Ghita My Son!

Sid. This is your command?

Azolin It is.

Ghita One moment. - This is treason and sacrilege! Such abominable sorceries I'll have nothing more to do with. As far as a little elegant refreshment goes, it's all very well – but carry off a Princess! – Mr. Genius I wish you a good night!

Azolin Good night, Mother.

Ghita Azolin, only one word: follow my example, or, as sure as you live, that little devil will be the ruin of you! [*Exit*] {**313a**}

Azolin Ha! ha! ha! Genius! I have a thought! A bright thought! I'll have, not only the Princess, but Rumrowski himself, by your power, held fast on his sopha, to be a witness to our interview.

Sid. You wouldn't be so unmerciful!

Azolin I will! – I hate the wretch! – I'll torment his soul out!

Sid. A master to my mind! There's some spirit now in this! Had old Saader indulged in these freaks, his service would have been worthy of me.

Azolin No compliments, but obey me!

[*He rings – Sidrophel waves his wand – a chorus of Genii is heard, during which they appear*]

Chorus

The Bell, the Bell!
Our master spell!
Your gracious pleasure say
Over land, over sea.
Shall we swing on the breeze
Cleave the depths of this earth
For your service or mirth
Command, and we obey.

[*The earth opens – a Platform rises with Edith asleep upon a couch – another on which is Rumrowski reclining upon a sopha – variegated lamps descend*]

Rum. Bless my soul! I have had a very odd sensation **{313b}** – as if I had been riding a Palanquin – and here I am and there's the Princess!

Azolin 'Tis she indeed! (*kneels*) Oh! adorable Princess!

Rum. Oh! who the devil's that?

Azolin Beautiful Edith!

Rum. Ha! A young Miscreant dare invade our sublime privacy – Impossible! - I'm in a dream!

Edith (*waking*) Did I not hear my name? Who calls Edith?

Azolin The happiest of mortals; the most faithful of your slaves!

Rum. Ha! Insect! (*about to rise – Sidrophel waves his wand, which forces him back*) Ho! A conspiracy!

Edith Where am I? what power has brought me hither?

Azolin Devoted Love!

Rum. Love!

Sid. Love and the devil! (*forces him back*)

Rum. A couple of traitors! Ho! Guards!

Azolin Star of all earthly excellence! Rose of celestial loveliness! In a rash moment, I first beheld your beauty; that moment stamped it for ever on my heart. Judge of my anguish, to hear you were destined for a wretch

Rum. What!

Sid. Rum, be quiet.

Edith My father's will must be obeyed.

Azolin No, Princess! Let my adoration find favor in your sight, and never shall you wed with the basest, the most contemptible of Idiots!

Rum. It's a horrible dream! Ho! Wake me!

Edith What welcome words did I hear? Who and what **{314a}** art thou, Stranger?

Azolin My rank is in thy power and mine; my name is yet obscure, but could Azolin be blessed with the love of Edith, renown should proclaim and glory emblazon it.

Edith Azolin! That gentle name seems familiar to my heart.

Azolin Transport!

Edith Some Spirit has whispered it in my dreams.

Sid. (*aside to Azolin*) 'Twas I!

Edith Again let me hear it!

Rum. (*bawling*) Tycho!

Azolin (*kneels*) Azolin! then may live in hope!

Edith (*ardently*) Let Azolin save me from the misery that awaits me, and I am his for ever!

Azolin (*rises*) Rumrowski tremble! Edith is mine!

Edith Rumrowski here! I was insensible to his presence.

Azolin
Regard him not, not doubt nor fear
O'er shade thy radiant presence here.

Edith
Oh! Azolin, now set me free,
And I my life devote to thee!

Sidrophel
Dost thou suspect thy Genius still?
Has he not well approved his skill.

Rum
Awake me - Oh! **{314b}**

(The rest)
Unhappy swain!

Edith
Ah! Why so loudly thus complain?
What ails thee – art thou sick or sad?

Rum.
I've got the night mare very bad!

All
Ha! Ha! Ha! Alas! Alas!

Azolin & Sidrophel
What strange events we bring to pass

Edith
What strange event has come to pass!

Azolin
Spellbound he lies –
His power you may despise

Azolin, Edith & Sidrophel
Oh! Happy hour! Securely now
{Your/Our} lips may breathe the mutual vow.
Eternally
Devoted be
My grateful heart to love and thee.

Sidrophel
Your hearts to love, much thanks to me!

Rum.
Oh! fatal night! so helpless now,
I long to make a furious vow – **{315a}**
Here must I be
In misery.
And none will wake and set me free.

Sidrophel
The dawn is near, and you have won
The royal Maiden's heart;
My task tonight is fairly done,
And now 'tis fit you part.

Azolin and Edith
Oh! Wondrous dream! Of hope divine,
Adieu! Adieu! For ever thine!
[*Edith returns to the Couch*]

Azolin (*in Rumrowski's ear*)
Rash fool! Remember Azolin!

Rum.
"Azolin"!

Edith
"Azolin"!

Sidrophel
Spirits! Whence they came, convey
Your charge, with tender care

Genii (*joined by Invisibles*)
Light as the fleecy dawn, shall they
Be wafted through the air!

[*Clouds rise & surround Edith & Rum;*
they are borne off.]

[*Scene changes*] **{315b}**

Scene 2nd. A Hall in the Palace of the Grand Duke.

The Grand Duke discovered on his throne, surrounded by Courtiers. At his feet, Slaves are kneeling, burning Perfumes.

Chorus
Health to the Sovereign! Heart and hand
Around his throne a dauntless band
A rampant form
Against the storm
Of hostile rage his fame maintain,
And long in glory may he reign.

Duke Brave friends! for so let me ever call my Subjects, your loyalty and valor I never doubted. The bravest of Generals, and the ablest of Ministers, I have lost; but the same blood flows in the veins of his surviving brother, who may yet emulate the renown of our beloved Osmin; he has honorably passed his ordeal, and I expect him here – He approaches! Give him a fitting welcome.

Chorus
Joy to Rumrowski – Joy!
His hearts' content
No dark event,
Or envious foe alloy
Joy to Rumrowski! Joy! **{316a}**

[*Enter Rumrowski and Tycho*]

Rum. Joy! Joy! Yes, it's high time if you knew all! Sublime Duke and Imperial Father! The luminous intellects have been considerably disordered.

Duke After your trial, my Son, I marvel not – But have you triumphed? Have you proved yourself worthy of the proud destination that awaits you?

Rum. Why as to that, your Highness may be assured that I have conducted myself on the occasion, with the strictest propriety. The blazing star certainly lost none of its lustre on my account – I only wish the Princess could say the same.

Duke The Princess - The Princess compromise --

Rum. No! not compromise; compromise is a strong word – But the fact is –

Duke What?

Rum. I – I'm rather in a state of confusion – I've had a sort of a dream –

Duke A dream! Have you then slept so soundly?

Rum. Why I should have thought not. The fact is, when I retired with her royal Highness, I certainly never dreamt of sleeping, nor I never dreamt of dreaming. But somehow – Tycho! (*Tycho advances*) What did I eat for supper, last night?

Tycho Of many things; and plentifully of all.

Rum. Aye; there it is – It was an infernal night mare!

Duke A night mare!

Rum. Horrible! A weak mind would have been crazy with it.**{316b}**

Duke With a dream?

Rum. Why, really, when I say a dream, it was no dream – it couldn't be a dream; it was something betwixt and between – a sort of vision –

Duke Of what nature?

Rum. Nature! There was on nature! It was altogether unnatural – An impudent young Jackanapes, apparently of the lowest class, kneeling at the feet of the Princess – a frisky devil, a legion of devils!

Tycho Blue devils!

Rum. Soil of my feet, silence! Blue devils! No! the Imps were in white – dainty, fantastic devils!

Duke Well and what then?

Rum. What then? Oh! My head whirls with it! Begging your Highness's pardon, you are not aware now, of any connexion you know nothing of?

Duke Aware of a connexion I know nothing of? (*laughs*) I'm certainly not aware of any connexion in your discourse, my Son.

Rum. Well, nor I, neither; and perhaps the sooner we drop it the better.

Duke I am quite of your opinion.

Rum. It can do no good, and may lead to mischief

Duke It certainly inclines that way.

Ghita (*without*) I must see the Grand Duke!

Guard (*without*) Impossible!

Ghita My business is important.

Duke How now! A female voice clamouring for admittance

[*Enter Attendant*]

Who demands to enter? **{317a}**

Attend[t] An old woman, and please your Majesty, who says she has business of importance.

Duke Let her in

[*Exit Attendant*]

Rum. An old woman on business of importance? Well, that must be rather amusing – only with deference to your sublime Majesty, won't it suspend the ceremony?

Duke Not at all, and may profitably employ the interval.

[*Enter Ghita*]

Now, good woman, what is your suit to us?

Ghita And please your magnificent Majesty, 'tis rather a private nature.

Duke (*to Suite*) Awhile retire!

Rum. Awhile retire!

[*They disperse*]

Ghita And this Person –

Rum. I'm a Privy Counsellor; Son and Heir to the Duke

Ghita What the great Rumrowski!

Rum. The same

Ghita Why then I'm very sorry, but I couldn't with delicacy mention my business in your presence.

Duke Couldn't, with delicacy!

Rum. That's very odd!

Ghita It might give offence

Rum. Pooh! What should your business be to me?

Ghita If your Highness desires –

Rum. Certainly; you can't give me offence. Bless you! I'm as condescending as his Highness. You're a **{317b}** woman – an elderly woman – and may treat me quite as your equal.

Duke You hear? Proceed

Ghita Why then, please your august Highness, my Son presents his profound and dutiful respects, and in case you are not particular about the honorable Rumrowski, begs to propose for the honor of an alliance with the Princess, your royal daughter.

Duke (*laughing and looking at Rumrowski, who points to his forehead*) Oh! Evidently.

Rum. I thought as much.

Duke And pray, good woman, who is your Son?

Ghita His name is Azolin

Rum. What!

Ghita Azolin!

Rum. The very fellow I mentioned to your Majesty!

Duke You mentioned to me?

Rum. The rascal that haunted me in my night mare

Duke Why, are you crazy too!

Rum. I shall be, if your Majesty don't order the ceremony immediately.

Duke Is this your composure?

Ghita And please your Majesty, I told the dear Boy it was rather taking a liberty, but he was obstinate – He said your Majesty was too good to be imposed upon, that though he lived in a house of shells, he had royal blood in his veins, and **{318a}** he'd make it your Majesty's interest to accept his proposal.

Duke Indeed! What say you to this, my Son?

Rum. Most contumelious! I feel for your Majesty's dignity.

Duke Nay, such harmless insanity our dignity may smile at.

Rum. Insanity! Insolent presumption!

Duke Better still. This shall be a day of mirth and jubilee – The jest pleases me and I'll humor it.

Rum. Humor it!

Duke Listen! – Well, good woman – we have considered of your son's very flattering offer, and, propose to accept it.

Ghita and Rum. To accept it!!

Duke On three conditions.

Rum On three conditions! – Your Majesty then is not particular about Rumrowski?

Duke He shall approve of them.

Rum. Good! I am to approve of them.

Ghita Let his Majesty proceed.

Duke First then, being a Prince by birth, he must attend us with a retinue and state, fully equal to our own.

Rum. You hear?

Ghita Very reasonable indeed!

Rum. She is crazy!

Duke Secondly, that he shall lay at the feet of the Princess, a treasure sufficient for the purchase of a Kingdom, as her dowry. **{318b}**

Ghita No more than right

Rum. Poor soul!

Duke And thirdly, that he shall terminate honourably the war which threatens us, almost at our Gates, without the loss of a single drop of blood of our loyal subjects.

Rum. (*aside*) That settles him!

Duke We require no more.

Rum. No, we require no more – except that to his Majesty's will, I beg to propose a slight codicil –

Duke Which is –

Rum. That if this pleasant young Gentle man fail in these conditions, and trouble us any more with his nonsense, either by day or by night, he shall, for the first offence, receive the bastinado – for the second lose both his ears and for the third, like other traitors be tied in a sack, with a baboon, and plumped into the Ganges!

Duke Agreed!

Ghita Agreed on both sides! – Oh! He's a lucky Boy! And now that we have come to an understanding, I wish your Majesty a very good morning.

Duke Speed you old Dame! – Dismiss her.

Rum. Within there! Shew this old woman out!

Ghita (*laughs*) If he may chuse his baboon, the Princess may lose both her Lovers at once! [*Exit*]

[*They laugh*]

Duke What say you to our jest now?

Rum. Oh! Like all your Majesty's Jests (*laughs*) Upon my **{319a}** life, it's an excellent Jest!

Duke My daughter approaches!

Rum. Pearl of perfection! Never was Lovers more impatient. I supplicate you Majesty, sink(?) the Lunatics, and proceed to the ceremony!

Duke Our honor forbids, my son. You have sanctioned our contract with them, and as our word was sacred to your dying Brother, we must equally respect it, with the meanest of our subjects.

Rum Forgive me; but a doctrine so revolutionary

Duke Silence!

[*Enter Edith, Adela, and attendants – Edith bends before the Duke*]

Rise, my Child! – Why these dejected looks – has some unwelcome dream tormented thee to?

Edith Oh! no, my father! My dream was delightful. I saddened but on waking, and yet that sweet voice still vibrates on my heart, with the dear name of Azolin!

Duke Azolin!

Rum. I'm astounded!

Quartetto
Doth some magic spell enthral us
Tread we on enchanted ground?
Strange events will sure befall us
Who the mystery will expound?

Edith
In stoic pride reposing
Stretch'd at his ease my destin'd Consort lay, **{319b}**
While I remained to saddest thoughts a prey
In fever'd weariness my eye lids closing
When, lo! a wild harmonious sound
My senses charm'd, and on a gentle gale
My spirits wafted from the ground
Thro' the mid air secure I seem'd to sail.

Duke
'Tis very strange

Rum
But very true
(*to Edith*) I had my ride as well as you

All
Doth some magic spell etc.

Edith
Soon to an unknown place
I came – a house of shells – a Hermit's Cave
Where a bright form of Heavenly grace
Before me knelt, like lowly slave

Rum.
A grinning Imp, from first to last
Upon my sopha nail'd me fast.

All
Doth some magic spell etc.

Edith
Up rose the sun the charm was broken,
The youth was fled, and left no token,
Save his dear name my love to win -
Save that dear name of Azolin! **{320a}**

Chorus (*without*)
Health and long life to Azolin!

All
Azolin! Azolin!
Doth some magic spell enthral us
Tread we on enchanted ground
Strange events indeed befall us
Soon the mystery to expound.

[*A March (without)*
Enter Saib]

Duke Who attends there? (*The suite re-enter*) What means those sounds?

Saib The potent Prince Azolin at the Gates of the Palace demands admittance.

Edith Azolin! – Assist me, Adela – my strength – Permit me to retire

Duke Are these things credible?

Rum. Quite the contrary

Duke How comes he attended?

Saib Never did Indian Prince appear in greater pomp or splendour, ambassadors from our powerful enemies attend his steps, bearing the olive branch of peace.

Duke The prodigy is then arrived?

Saib His slaves are laden with treasure, which he desires to lay at the foot of the throne, and which might more than ransom the richest Kingdom in Asia. **{320b}**

Duke Wonder unparalleled! Surely some royal neighbour desiring our alliance, has surprized us by the stratagem and comes now to fulfil the conditions we have rashly imposed on him.

Rum. Your Majesty is quite as wise as I am. We're in a very awkward predicament.

Duke Let him be admitted to our presence (*Exit Saib*). His treasures I can dispense with; but if he have indeed restored my subjects to the blessings of peace, whatever be his origin, I shall rejoice in the compact, to which, as we have both assented, we are both bound in gratitude and honor to see fulfilled. Edith must be the Bride of Azolin!

Rum. Dread Sir! And the triumph of my virtue then –

Duke Must be left to its own reward.

Rum. Your Majesty is most gracious.

Duke Haste we with song and salutation to welcome Azolin!

Chorus
Shout his triumph! Bless his name,
Whose deeds may claim
That proudest fame
Bright yet bloodless wreaths to win,
Haste we to welcome Azolin!
Hail, Azolin! Great Azolin!

[*End of Act 1*]

{321a}

Act 2, Scene 1

A Hall in the Palace of the Grand Duke

The Duke discovered on his throne surrounded by courtiers. Grand March – Enter Musicians, Dancers, etc., Slaves with Treasures – Ambassadors with olive branch – Azolin – Ghita, with casket, Sidrophel as a Page etc.

Chorus
Shout his triumph! Bless his name,
Whose deeds may claim
That proudest fame
Bright yet bloodless wreaths to win,
Haste we to welcome Azolin!
Hail, Azolin! Great Azolin!

Azolin
Great Sovereign, I have brought
You peace, unstained with slaughter
The power, the wealth you sought
And claim your royal daughter

Duke
Our faith is pledged – the Maid is won

Azolin
And I am now your happy Son

Duke
And thou art now my happy Son!

Chorus
Hail, Azolin! Hail Azolin! **{321b}**

Sidrophel
Saader's love have you repented –
Are you with your Page contented?

Chorus
Hail, Azolin! Hail Azolin!

Duke (*presenting a key to Rum*.)
Behold! They feelings to console
My treasure is at thy control.

Rumrowski
A very handsome offer I protest
(*aside*) Of a bad bargain let us make the best.

Sidrophel (*aside*)
Sure, we devils in our capers
Mighty pleasant things can do –
And tho' oft we bring the vapors
We can sometimes cure them too!

Duke
To the council without delay
Attend us on our way.

Azolin
Fortune now in boundless measure
All my troubles you repay.

Ghita
My poor head will turn with pleasure

Sidrophel
Her poor head will turn with pleasure
How these sudden happy fits
Overset frail mortal wits. **{322a}**

Duke
Hence with us most happy mother!
And with thy Azolin his fortune share
Oh! Ne'er could youth with him compare.

Ghita
Parent ne'er had such another!

Chorus
Proud mother – happy Son!
Long way may she behold the bliss
The glory he has won!

Azolin
Oh! happiness in boundless measure

Ghita
My poor head will turn with pleasure!

Sidrophel
Her poor head will turn with pleasure!

Rum.
I choak (*sic*) with rage, despite his treasure!

Duke
Hence the Great Council waits your pleasure

Chorus
Shout his triumph – bless his name! etc

[*Exeunt all in Procession, except Rumrowski and Tycho – Ghita leaves the casket behind; – she makes an attempt to return but is hurried off in the crowd*]

Tycho Noble Rumrowski, how do you find yourself? **{322b}**

Rum. Agitated – torn with a conflict of emotions. How do you, Tycho?

Tycho Indignant – implacable

Rum. Well, but Tycho (*shewing key*). There's this, you know – That's something, at any rate; don't you think so?

Tycho No!

Rum. No! I beg your pardon. The Duke has a way of his own – Sapient Rumrowski, said he, on a similar occasion, when I inflict a wound, this is the key of my medicine chest – and it always operates – always furnishes a sovereign balm for wounded hearts and lacerated sensibilities.

Tycho To ambition 'tis nothing; I was to have been Grand Vizier.

Rum. You were – But now I shall be glad of the situation myself

Tycho You will – and I shall stick at my post, a contemptible confidential secretary

Rum. Tycho, you're losing your respect.

Tycho May be so. On these occasions, it comes upon one, insensibly. There's a spoke in the whole political wheel. I had my dependants also; they had theirs; and this event darts through the chain, like a flash of lightning.

Rum. Snap it short then. Give your proud stomach a double dose of Opium – make yourself a non-conductor

Tycho Tycho is a non-conductor! (*puts his hand to his heart*). Here shall my wrongs be stifled, till they can be revenged.

Rum. Revenged! Why, what is your plan? **{223a}**

Tycho Rebellion!

Rum. Tycho, you're a desperate character!

Tycho Are we to be driven from our perch by an unfledged humming bird!

Rum. The humming bird has certainly hummed the Grand Duke, pro tempore. But mark me – he's not so safe on his perch as he may think. Only don't be impetuous; don't let fly, till you have taken your aim – the train must be laid – I tell you again, Tycho, our best friend is here! (*holding up the key*)

Tycho As how?

Rum. As thus. Courage is constitutional – a mere corporal material faculty

Tycho Very material in our case.

Rum. The wild bull may brag of it, I can't

Tycho I don't think you can.

Rum. But what then?

Tycho I don't know

Rum. Bold men may be bought. Guards may be bribed – Courtiers may be corrupted

Tycho Spoken like yourself

Rum. We'll to our spoil, and in the section of rubies and precious stones, for modesty's sake, carry off the utmost wealth in the smallest compass

Tycho Well imagined.

Rum. But hold – what shall we put them in?

Tycho True. Let me see – Oh! (*going to casket*) Most opportunely, here's a Casket!

Rum. Is there nothing in it? **{223b}**

Tycho Nothing but a little Bell.

Rum. A bell – well, we don't want that, you know, and yet – Give it to me – the subterranean avenues are intricate and in case we separate, this Bell will serve for a signal.

Tycho You're in the right – as you always used to be –

Rum. (*shewing key*) And will be again; we'll be Lords of the ascendant, yet, Tycho. To the Treasury!

Tycho To the Treasury!

[*Exeunt*]

Scene 2nd. An anti-chamber of the Place.

Enter Adela pursued by Sidrophel.

Duett

Adela
Don't follow me, or you'll repent it;
Such freedom I can ne'er allow.
Upon my honor I'll resent it,
That saucy cheek shall smart I vow

Sidrophel
One little kiss you'll ne'er repent it,
One little kiss you may allow;
If I offend, I never meant it
I am your humble slave I vow.

Adela
A kiss one day may be accorded
Just to avoid all further strife – **{324a}**

Sidrophel
Oh! when may love be thus rewarded?

Adela
When I am made you lawful wife!

Sidrophel
Ha! Ha! Your lawful wife, my darling!
A devil's life 'tis true I've led-
But wedlock's kissing, scratching, snarling -
A devil such a life may dread.

Adela
I hear the wicked things you say

Sidrophel
Then love me, dearest, while you may

Both
One little kiss, you'll ne'er repent it
Let me alone, or you'll repent it! etc.

Adela
You from your master's bright example,
Might have been surely better taught-
Will he on all decorum trample,
When to his trial he is brought.

Sidrophel
I boast of no such self denial
My virtue his another way –
I must confess in such a trial
I ne'er could wait the law's delay. **{324b}**

Adela
Is then your love so daring?

Sidrophel
Frantic!

Adela
Sincere too?

Sidrophel
I disdain to flirt;
If were indeed a devil's antic,
Should I my charmer now desert

Adela
Oh! Love me then with fond discretion,
And in my eyes behold my heart –
Exchange with thine its fond confession,
United here no more to part.

Sidrophel
Oh! Love me then – I'm all discretion;
Yes, in thy looks thy gentle heart
Confides to mine its fond confession,
United no more to part!

Sid. Charming Adela! Since then we have come to a proper understanding – now to seal the compact (*about to kiss her – the Bell rings*) Hark!

Adela What's the matter?

[*The Bell rings again*]

Sid. My Bell!

[*Descends trap*]

Adela Psha! talk of your Bell, now, that you pretend to **{325a}** be so impatient to – He's gone! Well! this is answering a Bell expeditiously indeed! His master is more obliged to him than his mistress, at any rate. Why, I vow he must have flown, or has a foot lighter than a fairy - for no step do I hear! Well, there's my poor mistress about to undergo a second ordeal, in four and twenty hours, and if this Azolin is no better than his Page, she has as little chance of a husband, as her waiting maid!

[*Exit*]

Scene 3rd.

A rich saloon – The statue of Odin in the centre – its head adorned with a blazing Star – an Altar at the foot of the statue, with a Garland of white roses etc.

Children enter, with Censors and Garlands of flowers, followed by Azolin and Edith, attended by Priests – the Princess by virgins.

Chorus **{325b}**
(No chorus is included in the text here)

1st Priest Fortunate Azolin! you there behold the slender barrier that divides you from the object of your passion. It must be to you as a wall of adamant – trespass beyond the sacred limits ordained by our ancient law and your disgrace being infallibly betrayed, you are denounced as unworthy of the Princess and the throne.

2nd Priest Beauteous Princess! The law places in your hand this sacred Lyre, that your magic power over its chords, united with the melody of your voice, may render more glorious the triumph of your plighted Azolin! Be true to your charge. The Spirits of Odin search your inmost thoughts, and his will cannot be eluded.

1st Priest Azolin be firm! The Grand Duke is eager to solemnize this marriage, and your penance will be brief

[*Exeunt Priest etc*]

Azolin Dearest Edith!

Edith 'Tis he! 'tis Azolin, himself! Even as I beheld him in my dreams!

Azolin Princess! at your command, I come to rescue you from a bondage you approached with horror.

Edith Oh! Azolin! by what power do I thus meet you now?

Azolin By a power to which I have sacrificed neither honor **{326a}** nor duty. That love for which I have already endured a martyrdom, has at length brought me within reach of the prize I despaired of – Love whose unconscious inspirations led me secretly to the Gardens of the Palace, where that world of beauty first opened on my wondering sight, where, as you gazed upon the Heavens, in pious rapture, the tear of devotion and the smile of inward peace, mingled with their enchantment to subdue my heart, till my senses, as now, reeled in their delirium (*approaching her the star slightly darkens – startled he returns*) – champion of love and honor, assert thyself!

Edith Oh! Azolin! how changed is my fortune! Yesterday, I should have approached the Altar, as that of an evil deity – Now, I shall offer there the sacrifice of a willing heart – that I forget the commands of the law – they must be obeyed (*strikes the Lyre*).

Azolin Proceed! proceed! – In silent admiration will I listen as to a spirit from another sphere. (*approaching*) Do I not gaze on thee already; have I not heard thy blessed confession? Beloved Princess! – (*still approaching, but recovers himself as the star darkens*) Psha! Begin thy strain – to listen, will be easier than to gaze.

[*Edith sings to the accompaniment of the Lyre. Perfumes arise from the altar*]

Hymn (*Edith*)
Oh! Love, from all his fears **{326b}**
Now set thy votary free
And bless the holy tears
That he hath shed for thee!

Azolin
What wild disordered thoughts my soul compel
Protect me, Odin, from the maddening spell.

Edith (*aside*)
Dear Azolin! be firm be true,
My last fond hope is now in you!

[*resumes the Lyre*]

Mightiest Kings! of mightiest sway,
Still to thee must tribute pay,
Thro' the wide world every land
Cheer'd by toil of mortal hand –
Summer sun or vernal shower,
Rears for thee its sweetest flower

Azolin
The charm I can resist no more,
At thy feet I must adore.

Edith
Return – return – defy my power
Oh! Love me not in one rash hour.

Azolin
My guardian Spirit where art thou?

Edith
Oh! Odin! Odin! save me now!

Azolin
Wild passion whelms my ruling brain
My reason fails – I strive in vain. **{327a}**

[*He is about to pass the limit – the star darkens*]

Azolin (*recovering himself*)
Madness! – ‘tis past! – behold me free –
The blest aspirant to the throne and thee!
.
[*He triumphantly mounts the throne – The Star resumes its lustre – Enter the Duke, Priests et*c.]

1st Priest Azolin, you are declared worthy of the throne, and Edith.

Duke
Dear Child! To breathe thy bridal vow,
Thy father decks thy virgin brow
Thy Azolin receives thy hand,
And shields this grateful land!

[*He is about to place a Coronet on her brow – the Princess disappears in a burst of subterranean flames*]

All
Dreadful event!

Duke
Black spells have bound us
[*Enter Saib*]

Saib
Great King, our foes again surround us!
In arms again our land invade.

Chorus
We are betrayed!
Oh! day of woe **{327b}**

Duke (*pointing to Azolin*)
Behold our traitor foe!
Cleave him in twain!
[*Ghita rushes in*]

Ghita
Oh! spare him! spare him!
[*A slave strikes at Azolin – a flame issues from his turban, and the weapon is broken*]

Azolin
I breathe again!
Good spirits guard me!

Duke
Fiends of hell!
Yet we defy their spell!
His mother seize! [*Slaves seize her*]
My child restore,
Or soon thy Parent breathes no more!

Azolin
What do I hear! Oh! Ever dear!
Yet do not, do not fear!

Ghita
Yet cheer thee, cheer!
I will not fear!

Duke & Chorus
Away and enter here no more,
Unless the Princess you restore!

Azolin and Ghita
In hope we yet may meet once more,
The princess {I/you} may still restore!

[*Exeunt*]**{328a}**

Scene 4th. A Forest with a green Bank

Azolin discovered

Azolin In vain, in vain I wander! My mother will be the victim of the Duke's wrath, and nothing will be left me, but to die also in remorse and despair.

Air
Darkling I rove,
Some star beam shew
Where sighs my love
Where lurks my foe!
Without a hope, long, long, long adoring
Then bless'd at length, in triumph soaring,
My love to wed, a throne to share!
When, lo! The height
Of bliss in sight
My Bride is fled,
My hope is dead –
I wed with my despair!
Darkling I rove etc.

A Parents' doom, by tyrant power
Suspended on this fatal hour
And not a ray
To guide my way!

Ye spirits! Once my friends! No longer fly
The victim ye have made, or here I die!

Darkling I rove,
Some star beam shew
Where sighs my love
Where lurks my foe! **{328b}**

Azolin (*throws himself on the Bank – then suddenly rises*) Why should I despair? Was not the Scymitar (*sic*) raised against my life, shivered to pieces in the attempt? It was! yet only to prolong my torment, to which, perhaps, this fatal Gift may have ensnared me – (*alluding to Jewels*) I'll cast them from me!

[*A strain of Music without*]

The voice of Sidrophel
Azolin!

The voice of Edith
Azolin!

Azolin
What gentle voices do I hear-
With hope again my soul to cheer?

The voices together
She whom you love can hear you!
Your course delay
Nor farther stray
She whom you love is near you

[*The Forest disappears – an Enchanted Garden is discovered, in the midst of which is a Palace on the banks of a Canal*]

Edith discovered

Azolin What scene of enchantment is this? Edith!

Edith Azolin! do I again behold you! **{329a}**

Azolin My beloved Princess! Follow me, and save my mother

Edith Alas! are you then ignorant of his power, who has(?) conveyed me hither? How have you discovered me in this seclusion, which your rival pronounces to be inaccessible? and what hope can you have of forcing me from it? The talisman which has made me his captive, will defy the attempt.

Azolin Edith, that talisman is mine! And was the legacy of Saader, the sage, who lived in our humble abode. This morning it had raised me to the summit of earthly happiness, but my poor mother, in the intoxication of her joy, suffered it to escape from her possession. Unless I recover it, it has rendered me for ever miserable.

Edith Of that, there is no hope; your rival knows its value, and never for a moment parts with it

Azolin Are there no means by which – yet hold – the written injunction of the Sage may perhaps – where is it? (*draws it from his bosom*) Listen! *(reads*) " Above all never seek for an explanation of the mysterious Characters engraved on this talisman – the moment they are known to its possessor, its power will be lost" – Of this, no doubt Rumrowski is ignorant. Could you then by awhile dissembling raise his curiosity, or to gratify yours, induce him to incur the fatal penalty.

Edith I'll instantly exert my utmost power

Azolin And I will seek the learned Calendars[4], who dwell **{329b}** around the forest, and if possible conduct them hither to tempt his curiosity – my beloved Edith! – to have the cup of happiness thus dashed from my lip – what fortitude could endure it?

Duett

Again should we part, would we never had met,
What virtue can teach me thy love to forget –
What charm to my heart can its quiet restore,
Should I bid thee farewell, to behold thee no more!

[*Exit Azolin*]

Enter Rumrowski and Tycho

Rum. Ha! ha! ha! Tycho – we're upon our legs again! Here's taste and elegance! What can old whimwittikind(?)[5] do, to equal this! And what becomes of his humming bird now! ha! ha! (*Tycho laughs*) I told you our turn would come – and now, Tycho, to accommodate you – what will you have?

Tycho The Great Seal

Rum. The Great Seal! Pooh! pooh! buy a little one, it's much more manageable and fitter for you.

Tycho The Great Seal or nothing!

Rum. I recommend the alternative. Despotic Majesty is a ticklish article to deal with; stir the stomach of a Great Potentate, and off goes the head of a privy counsellor! – Why in a fit of the bile, I've known 'em served up, twice a week, as a digestive, and a **{330a}** Chancellor, Tycho, will be as good as a dish of sour Trout!

Tycho I'll run all risks; leave it all to me; only you ring the Bell and say – "devil fetch the Grand Duke!

Rum. Well, and I ask you whether that would be decent in his Minister, and intended son in law? Thou little man of mighty soul, be advised – Have you no other task to gratify – is there no pretty little black eyed –

Tycho Fiddle de dee! you don't know me.

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[4] These are described later as "learned Sages" but no such definition of Calendar has been found elsewhere.

[5] It is not clear what this means. Perhaps an obscure reference to Duke Wittikind of Saxony?

Rum. I beg your pardon – you're a little bore – an incorrigible, impudent bore! – Trouble me no more, sirrah! – Or if I must use my power , I'll send you flying to the Pacific ocean, and drop you on a cock boat[6], with the keel uppermost!

Tycho (*aside*) I must dissemble! – I wish to be modest and respectful – and to save you trouble, only favour me with your talisman for 5 minutes.

Rum. Your modesty is equal – But I'm an old Courtier. – What! trust a confidential Secretary? No! no! no! Besides I've a deal to do, on my own account. In the first place, I must make the Princess love me to distraction, and then we'll emerge from this pleasing retirement.

Tycho When the Princess loves you to distraction?

Rum. Exactly.

Tycho Then we shall both stay in this pleasing retirement **{330b}** till we are cursedly sick.

Rum. I pity your ignorance! My passion – that is my passion and the little hand Bell, can accomplish anything.

Edith (*having listened, approaches*) My dear Prince – why have you deserted me?

Rum. Didn't I tell you so! – her dear Prince! and you don't find me at all disagreeable.

Edith Disagreeable! you are the delight of my eyes, and the joy of my heart.

Rum. (*to Tycho*) How very fascinating!

Edith But methinks you are turned ungrateful now.

Rum. I!

Edith Yes you are become cold and indifferent

Rum. Cold, did you say? Cold and indifferent! – Tycho, quit the presence!

Edith Nay, good Tycho, I prithee stay! – Why should you dismiss your faithful attendant?

Rum. Jewel of my soul! he's what you call a hanger on, and the devil can't shake him off – But you hurt me – these cutting reproaches –

Edith Forgive me; you forget the wayward fancies of a woman. Of you I can never weary – But the solitude around me, with all its splendour, grows monotonous, and if you would only –

[6] A small rowing boat

Rum. I understand you – you want a little variety – you shall have it; we'll have an imperial Gala, an Oriental feast of roses, that shall be attended by **{331a}** the most distinguished Personages in Europe and Asia.

Edith Yes, that will be charming! But that cannot last long, you know - I want occupation; my mind is inquisitive, and fond of research. I am a student of languages. And now I think of it, - haven't you noticed an inscription on your little Bell?

Rum. On the Bell!

Edith Yes – where is it?

Rum. Very safe, you see (*showing it*)

Edith I'll point it out to you.

Rum. You shall – but I couldn't encumber these delicate fingers with it.

Edith Nay, 'tis very light.

Rum. Yes, but it's rather dirty. Tycho has been handling it! But I see what you mean – 'tis these crooked characters.

Edith It is. Do you know, I'm so curious to learn the meaning of them, it makes me wretched.

Rum. Really! Well now, to me it's not of the slightest importance.

Edith Your indifference surprizes me – Since I noticed them, I have thought of nothing else – you'll think me very perverse, and very foolish, perhaps, but I shan't have a moments' (*sic*) peace till these characters are explained to me.

Rum. Most persevering Princess, if there's learning enough **{331b}** in all India, you shall be satisfied.

Edith Without delay, then, for this request I make the test of your affection - Neglect it, and you love me not, accomplish it, and your zeal shall find in my heart its merited reward.

[*Exit*]

Rum. You see how the charm operates!

Tycho I do. Her Royal Highness must be gratified; I am learned in the languages.

Rum. Are you? You won't exercise your learning on my Bell, I promise you. No! No! I've thought of a shorter way – I go to the fountain head.

[*He rings. Sidrophel abruptly rises between them scaring them away*]

Sid. What do you want?

Rum. What do I want? Is that the way you address authority – learn to be respectful.

Sid. 'Tis not in my instructions – my actions are at your command – my manners are at my own.

Rum. They don't say much for your education. Perhaps your learning may do it more honour – The Princess is curious to know the meaning of the characters on our precious little talisman.

Sid. I can't inform her.

Rum. You can't? Why I thought you were a Genius

Sid. 'Tis not within the reach of our order.

Rum. What, you are of the second class, I take it, like Tycho. **{332a}**

Tycho You must apply to the learned Calendars, and that your Genius may not be summoned in vain, you will perhaps condescend to think of my appointment.

Rum. Why, you pertinacious Puppy! Your appointment! Think of your paltry concerns, when your Master's fate is trembling in the balance – when my future greatness, my passion, my Princess, the throne itself are at stake! The devil fly away with you ! I say.

[*Sidrophel appears, and carries off Tycho*]

To be plagued with a little selfish, and a – (*turns and finding Tycho gone, laughs*) The devil has taken me at my word! Upon my life, the luckiest incident! And where the plague has he carried him? I must know that, for my own sake (*rings and Sidrophel appears*) Oh! My dear Familiar – why where have you left him?

Sid. Among the wolves and wild boars of the black forest, a thousand miles south west of the City.

Rum. Ho! ho! ho! Well he's far enough out of my way now, the devil be praised! and among boars, he's in suitable Company. Now my little friend, you'll get us up, if you please, a splendid festival – a certain quantity of Dancers, Musicians, Mountebanks, and so forth; Guests of the most distinguished rank- Lacqueys, from my own Palace – and, first of all, the favorite women of the Princess to attend her. **{332b}**

Sid. You shall be obeyed

[*He makes a sign – Enter Courtiers, Dancers, Slaves etc. On the left, a throne – on the right, a vase of Flowers*]

Chorus and Dance
Circling thro' the festive train
Here let love and pleasure reign
Courting Hymen's rosy ties
Beauty now is wisdom's prize-
Then with dance and joyous lay
Celebrate their bridal day!

[*Enter Edith and Adela – Slaves dance before her – She sits on the throne. A Ballet after which an attendant enters*]

Attend^{t} A troop of learned Sages entreat, till tomorrow, an Asylum in this Palace.

Edith Let them be admitted!

Rum. Let them be admitted!

[*Exit Attendant*]

Edith They may perhaps expound the inscription

Rum. Delight of my life! I doubt it; but we'll try them – they are here.

[*Azolin enters disguised as a Sage – with five others*]

The Sages
Great Odin's sons till dawn of day **{333a}**
Your friendly shelter ask.
Our power you know, and freely may
Our skill and wisdom task

Chorus
Wise sons of Odin, welcome here
Receive with dance and song –
Unbend awhile your brows severe
And join our festive throng.

1st Sage
Not for us your mirth suspend;
All delight your feast attend.

Edith
Such 'tis said your skill and lore
No mystery
On earth may be
Beyond them to explore.

Azolin
Lady, we have rarely found
Mystery we could not expound.

Edith
You hear?

Rum.
I do
For love of you
These learned Conjurors shall tell
The secret of our little Bell. **{333b}**

Edith
Which if they should indeed divine
My heart, great Prince, is ever thine.

Rum.
Oh! Words divine!
Her heart is mine!
Most learned Sages, read and say
What meaning these strange words convey.
[*gives the Bell*]

Sages
We will obey – we will obey!

Chorus
Hush! in silence let us wait;
They will breathe the voice of fate.

1st Sage
I read in vain – I read again -
What I read I can't explain.
Brother, thy skill essay;
What may these words convey?

2nd Sage
I read in vain – I read again -
What I read I can't explain.

3rd Sage
The task I yield

4th Sage
And I- and I -
Brother do thou thy skill apply. **{334a}**

Azolin (taking Bell)
With joy I read, nor read in vain;
The mystery I can well explain.

Chorus
He can explain – In silence wait -
He will pronounce the will of fate.

Azolin
Dread Sir! these words relate to thee

Rum.
To me!

Azolin
To thee!

Rum.
What may they be?

Azolin
This is their gist -

Chorus
Hush! hush! list! list!

Azolin
Old foxes must be very wise,
Lest young ones take them by surprize.

Rum.
What does he mean?

Chorus
‘Twill soon be seen!

Azolin
Brief thy reign of power has been-
Thy lovely Bride, **{334b}**
And Bell besides,
Belong once more to Azolin!

Rum.
To Azolin!

Azolin (*throwing off his disguise*)
To Azolin!

Chorus of all
The mystery’s out – the Scene is chang’d

Rum.
I shall go mad!

Azolin
The man's derang'd!

Azolin and Edith
No moment let us waste –
To {thy/my} father let us haste-
Good friends our transport share!

Chorus
Oh! happy, happy pair!

[*He rings –*
Sidrophel rises from the Vase]

Sidrophel
Once more with joy behold me here!
For Sidrophel
That magic Bell
Must answer far and near!
Oh! lucky, lucky Azolin!
So rare, so rich a prize to win! **{335a}**

Chorus
Oh! lucky, lucky Azolin! etc.

Azolin My dear Genius! let peace be again restored to the empire; let the benevolent Sages be richly rewarded; and let my mother and the Grand Duke be immediately convey'd to this enchanting abode.

Sid. (*waving his wand*) They are on their way. And the noble Rumrowski – what shall become of him – Shall he join his confidential Secretary?

Rum. Oh! malignant devil!

Edith Nay, not to break up the Party – let his Secretary come hither to comfort him.

Azolin Be it so.

Rum. Your Highness is most gracious.

Sid. Azolin, your misfortunes are ended; your glory and happiness begin, (*waves his wand*)

[*A Flotilla of Gondolas appear on the Canal, with the Grand Duke and his Court etc. – Ghita and the Duke land, and embrace Azolin and Edith. Tycho follows*]

Azolin
My mother dear!

Grand Duke
My darling Child!.

Azolin
Your daughter I restore –

Duett
True to our hopes once more,
On faithful love has fortune smiled.

Tycho (to Rum.)
Well met – well met
Your gratitude I shan't forget

Rum.
The little man is in a pet!

Duke
Thy truth's reward is richly won-
Again salute my honor'd Son!

Chorus
Our fears are o'er – our joys begin-
Health and long life to Azolin!

End

Chorus included in the piano score of songs from the opera but not in the manuscript.

A Lack a well a day

A lack a well a day, another master we obey
For tyrant folly doom'd to slave, we must mar the bliss we gave
A lack a well a day, another master we obey

When serving Lovers young and true
Our task we never never rue
Dispatched thro' flood or fire we never lag, we never tire

But o'er billow's tip we skip
On the whirlwind's wing astride
Where the blackest thunders roar we soar

Thro' the cataract's foam flash we dash at Gallant Lovers will we dash at Lover's will
Then we'll watch watch and wait
For our happier happier fate and Love may Lord it still
A lack a well a day, another master we obey.