# *The Forest Maiden and the Moorish Page*

## *An Opera in 3 Acts*

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**The Words by Edward Fitzball**
**The Music by James Tully**

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 43004, ff. 192- 213b. It was sent on May 15, 1847 with the addition that it was for performance at the Surrey Theatre on May 24, 1847. The second page of the manuscript has the dates 18/5/47 and 21/5/47. This may well be the dates when the manuscript was examined and licenced. The Examiner was John Mitchell Kemble.

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

The handwriting was usually legible. It was probably written by a copyist rather than Fitzball and there are a few careless attributions. Words are marked with (?) if there is doubt or (---?) if undecipherable or missing. Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as “honor” for “honour”. The capitalisation of words is usually as in the manuscript, which was rather random, but some punctuation has been changed for clarity. **{xxa}** denotes the leading side of a page of the manuscript and **{xxb}** the trailing side.

More information on the opera can be found at
https://www.englishromanticopera.org/operas/The_Forest_Maiden.htm

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R Burdekin, May, 2024
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# Dramatis Personae

Philip (King)

Huntley[1]

Father Joseph

Copley

Officer

Attendants

Ranger

Messenger

Ladies, Courtiers, Troopers, etc

Eleanor

Alice

Leon or Leonora

[1] The manuscript sometimes refers to him as Huntly but Huntley has been used throughout

# *The Forest Maiden and the Moorish Page*

**{194a}**

***Act 1, Scene 1***

*Windsor Forest*

*Enter Huntsmen*

Opening Chorus

The day declined, the Chase is o'er
Still fainter grows, the Woodman's stroke (?).
Old Herne the hunter seeks once more
The Shadow of his Elfin Oak
Hours of the Chase we'll still prolong
In jovial laugh, in festive Song
Hurrah
Ha! Ha!
We'll still prolong
Joys of the Chase etc

*Ranger (advances)* Now follow your fellows to dinner. The King hunts again tomorrow and horse and hound have done good service today – away with ye

*Exeunt*

*Enter Leon – conceals himself. Enter Alice*

*Ali* What new danger threatens my poor proscribed father, that he has ventured so near his deadliest enemy, Father Joseph – is it to chide me for continuing near the person of the Queen. I do but remain in the hope of some day obtaining a remission of my father's banish{**194b**}ment (*looks at letter*) At 8 o'clock – the hour of Vespers at the Castle.

*Enter Philip*

*Phil* Fair, Mistress Copley, what beneficent Dryad of the Woods has guided me to such good fortune

*Ali* The King

*Phil* Yes, the King, your sworn servant in Hall or list, fair Lady

*Ali* Sir, I must not listen to such courtly language. The Queen my Mistress –

*Phil* Our Mistress you should say, for never was Hawk mew'd[2] and trained as your poor Slave, dear Lady

*Ali* As you are great, be generous Sire. The words you utter cannot be listened to by one who claims to be thought an honourable Maiden.

[2] Mew is an old word for a cage for hawks

*Phil* By my honor, fair Lady, thy lips need absolution for uttering such heresy to love. Beautiful Alice. Stay, listen

Duett

Alice — Philip[3]

No I will not dare not listen
Hear me Alice, I implore
Let me to the castle hasten
You sweet Alice I adore

{**195a**} Think O Sire, oh! How degrading
Are those words mine ear invading
Tremble lest remorse upbraiding
Wring too late with grief thy heart

Phil

No remorse would never chide me
For, with thee to cheer and guide me
Joy would ever dwell beside me
And with thee alone depart.
Yes, by the sunny clime of Ardent love
My Native Spain bright land of pure devotion
I swear to thee and by each power above
Thou'rt idol of my life's emotion.
Oh! Hear me, morning, Noon, or Night
Where e'er[4] I turn, awake, or sweetly dreaming
Still thy beauty's Magic light –
My Star of fate is ever o'er me beaming.

Ali

The Noble Hunter on his homeward way
Might turn to make some gallant deer his prey,
But never bid his faithful hound pursue
The startled fawn twould shame him if he slew.
O think of her, myself, how high above,
Thy Bride, thy Queen, sole Mistress of thy love,
Nor let an evil passion thus destroy
Every hope and every joy.

{**195b**}

Phil

In vain reproof this storm of love to calm
The more those looks repel, the more they charm.
Like some enchanted captive, hence I fly
But only to return near thee to die

[3] The start of the duet is laid out as a single block with no names attached. It has been arranged and labelled as it almost certainly was sung in practice

[4] The manuscript has " 'ere "but presumably should be "e'er" = "ever". These have been changed throughout the transcript. There are two places where " 'ere" is used where it means before and should be "ere" with no apostrophe.

Ali

O call on heaven those guilty thoughts to calm
And passion of its burning shafts disarm
If thus my looks enchant thee let me fly
And never more return. I'd rather die.
Pity, let me now begone, Sire.

Phil

No, thou canst not yet depart

Ali

Here observ'd, I were undone Sire

Phil

I'll defend thee with my heart

Ali

Tho a Kingdom thou couldst give me
Might a jewel'd throne receive me
I'd perish Sire, believe me
Ere yield to love of thine.

Phil

If a Kingdom I could give thee
Or as Queenly bride receive thee
I'd yield e'en life, believe me
To know thee only mine

*Exit Alice*

{**196a**}

*Leon appears*

*Leon* Will he dare to follow her

*(aside)*

*Phil* By my troth, she is as lightfooted as a doe. Now she turns, again she flies as tho a Satyr lurk'd in every bush.

*Leon* He loves her, yes, the Queen was not deceiv'd

Phil - Song

Beauteous maid when first we met
All was peace within my heart
Now tis thine to wake regret
Or to make me sweetly blest.
Any tho thy scorn, my fond heart wound
I seek, how vainly! – to forget.
Alone with thee is gladness found
Beauteous maid I love thee yet.
Mid these scenes tho bright they be
Guarded too by jealous eyes

I but seek thee, only thee
My heart's devoted prize.
I'll watch beside thy lonely bower
Where first at eve we met
For thine, enchantress, is the power
Beauteous maid, I love thee yet

*Exit*

*Enter Leon, picks up letter dropt by Alice*

{**196b**}

*Leon* This for the Queen

*Exit*

***Scene 2***

*Queen's chamber*
*Enter Ladies*

Chorus

The tuneful lute, the bordered (?) flower
Alike beguile the passing hour
And chase the Castle gloom.
The smile upon our Lady's brow
Is here the sunbeam we would know
'Neath which alone we bloom
For her the heart's first prayer we breath
For her the silken wreath we wreathe.
No pearl is like his[5] word of praise
One look our every toil repays
Be thine each joy serene.

*Enter the Queen*

Our Queen
Our Queen

*Que* Be happy in your innocent employment as you deserve. But where is Mistress Copley. We would speak to her, see that she is commanded to our presence. Of late I have often notic'd the eyes of Philip fix'd upon her even in our presence. If the page prove true tonight my doubts will end

*Enter Leon*

*Leon* My heart fails me. No, I cannot betray {**197a**} him

*(aside)*

*Que* Ah! Return'd. What tidings? They met.

*Leon* They did your majesty

*Que* Traitor! What pass'd

*Leon* Nothing, Madam, that could warrant suspicion of the King's purpose

[5] "her" would make better sense

*Que* Tis false. You are deceiving me. What letter hast thou there, a Missive of the King to this false Minion.

*Leon* Not so your Grace (*gives letter*). What have I done to save him.

*Que* Tis not the King's hand, perhaps penn'd by some servile – no – from that arch heretic Sir Edward Copley. Will Alice dare see him; for her Mother's sake, I plac'd her near my Person. Should she forget her duty this (*the letter*) will aid my revenge. How came you by this paper?

*Leon* I found it Madam in the glade

*Que* Their trysting place. Boy! (*gives a ring*). This for thy service. Keep thou strict watch upon the King and count upon my favor. We want no Royal Mistress, no Isabel de Castro in our Court.

*Leon* Ah!

*Que* Boy, what means this sudden change? Speak

*Leon* She who forgot the honor of her name was a kin to my Father (*points off*) Mistress {**197b**} Copley, Madam

*Enter Alice*

*Ali* Your Grace hath enquired for me

*Que* The service we needed at your hands, another has performed – we would be alone

*Leon* The King

*Philip Enters*

*Music Concerted*

Phil
Why goes yon maid
Our presence I pray
Send not the Maid away
Bid her stay

Leo[6]
Sire I obey

Queen
My commands are here obey'd
At her Queen's bidding goes you Maid

[6] It would make more sense for this to be sung by Alice

Phil
Why in her eye a tear
What means your look severe

Queen
I brook no jealous fear
His love shall cost her dear

Leo
Alas! Poor girl I fear
His love will cost her dear.

{**198a**}

Ali
Alas, alas, for me I fear
His love will cost me dear

Phil
Her gentle Modest air doth charm me, I confess
And makes me pity feel, at sight of her distress

Queen
False Man those words reveal
Too well, what they'd conceal
The Traitress, she shall pay
With life thy love, away.

Phil
From thee I will not part
Till from thy jealous heart
Each doubt of her you chase
And all its hate efface

Trio

Philip
Of woman's wrong she only feels
How darkly, deeply, vengeance lies

Queen
His passion he no more conceals
Ere long the guilty Minion dies
Ere long a woman's hate he feels
Sprung from a love he dared dispise (*sic*)

Leo
The secret wound her heart conceals
{**198b**} Nor owns (?) it till the victim dies

Phil
A Woman's slave, I will not be

No, I your Angry threats dispise (*sic*)
My heart expands for Liberty
And hence from thine for ever flies

*Exeunt severally*

***Scene 3***
*Cut Wood*

*Enter Huntley*

*Hunt* 'Tis past the hour that Copley appointed for our meeting. This night he has promised me the hand of my adored Alice; once mine I will remove her from the persecutions of this licentious King. Alice my wife! Why comes she not to bless me with her presence.

Solo (Huntley)[7]
Oh! softly sweet the Moonbeams sleep
On forest, green and tower
While watchful spirits dewdrop weep
On every tree and flower
No footstep wanders thro the grove
No echo havers near
Oh! Where rt thou my onl love
My own – My Alice dear

*Enter Alice and Copley*

*Cop* Francis Huntley, my child must excuse her pro{**199a**}scribed father for his selfishness in seeking this interview.

*Hunt* Excuse is needless

*Cop* This is the last danger I shall ask you to encounter to serve one so wretched. Tomorrow, I seek refuge in a distant land

*Ali* If such be your resolve, Father, I must share your flight

*Cop* No Alice, the peril which must attend me would be more insupportable didst thou partake it. Remain where thou art at least in safety, if not in peace, till happier times

*Ali* In safety Father

*Hunt* Yes, Alice, whilst life is spared to Frances Huntley

*Leon appears*

*Ali* Forgive me Frances, but my Father –

[7] The printed libretto includes a second verse

Knows of your Mutual Love. I have desired this interview that I may unite your
*Cop* hands as your hearts are already united. He will be a true Man to thee Alice. I am now content since you have sworn all truth to Alice – bless you Alice

Quartette

Leon[8]
Yes, yes what e'er my doom may be
Where e'er my early Tomb may be
No falsehood shall come to thee
Dear, Maid, while I have life

{**199b**} Hunt
Yes, yes the death my doom may be
Tho ruins brink my Tomb shall be.
No power shall rend thee e'er from me
Dear Maid while I have life

Cop
Kind heaven with pity glowing
With tenderness o'erflowing
On her thine aid bestowing
Protect her in this strife

Ali
High heaven thy aid bestowing
With gentle pity glowing
And sacred love o'erflowing
Oh! Shield me in this strife

Ensemble
Yes, yes, there's an hour
For high and for low
Why Justice, thy power
Shall for all strike the blow.
The storm will pass o'er
The poor stricken flower
The Sunbeam restore
To beauty once more.
Come sweet consolation
Here impart
Hope and resignation
To each heart.

{**200a**}
*Cop* Alice, farewell

[8] This verse was not assigned to anyone but as Leon of the four was not given a verse otherwise it must be his, although there is no rationale as to why he would sing it.

*Ali* Not so soon dear Father

*Hunt* You will but increase your fathers perils by delay. Should we not gain the Castle before the Queen returns from Vespers, our absence may be noted.

*Cop* True Huntley, it is near the hour of 8. You have exactly time to reach the Castle. Farewell my Child, fear not. We shall meet again

Hymn

Spirit of Mercy
Hallowing this grove
Hear us in pity
Waft our prayers above.
At heaven's bright throne
Our earthly griefs record
And peace and joy will soon
Our tears reward

*Clock strikes*

Farewell
Good Night

*Exeunt severally*

End of Act 1st

{**200b**}

***Act 2 Scene 1***

*Windsor Castle*
*King, Queen and Court discovered*

Madrigal

Now the golden summer fly
Danceth o'er the waters Blue
While the light and laughing sky (?)
Moisten field and flower with dew.
In the mead with violets crown'd
Welcome to the Early spring
To the pipe and Tabor sound
Men and maidens dance and sing
Tr - ra - la
Dance and Sing

*Que* How like you our revel, Philip

*Phi* I were a discourteous churl did I say ought in dispraise of your Majesty's devices. I would fair repay in some way the debt I owe you.

*Que* That methinks were an easy task to one whose power of pleasing is so universal as that of Philip of Spain

*Phi* Nay, I fear I often times fail where most desirous of success

*Que* Then rumour hath belied thee. Our court hath no such story to thy disadvantage

*Phi* Then I am happy beyond my hopes, for, of late, your Majesty hath made me fear I had {**201a**} displeasur'd even you

*Que* Indeed, I knew not I possess'd such interest in your thoughts (*aside*) Hypocrite!

*Phi* You wrong yourself to imagine otherwise. May I conduct your Majesty and while we banquet, Leon shall sing a lay of his native Spain

*Que* What is the purport of thy Song

*Leo* Of a loving Maiden, Madam, that died when forsaken by him she lov'd

Song (Leon)[9]

Like the Lilly (*sic*)
In the valley
Mid the greenwoods quiet shade
Of her Bower
Fairest Flower
Bloom'd the Moorish Maid
Ne'er[10] of grief knew she one hour
Ne'er did care invade
Each new Morrow
Free from sorrow
Happy Moorish Maid.

Bright joys depart
While Spring Sunbeams are playing
When false betraying
Deceiveth the heart
So briefly her gladness
O'er clouded by sadness
Had left in a Madness
The victim of Art.

{**201b**}

Yes lost! Betray'd –
In her soul's full confiding
Her tears only chiding
Poor Moorish Maid
Like the Lilly
In the valley
Pluck from out its tranquil shade
Like a flower
In an hour

[9] The song is poorly set out

[10] Manuscript has " 'Nere" but this must be a misspelling of Ne'er = Never? Ne'er has been substituted wherever the mistake occured

Died the Moorish Maid

*Que* Your song is worthy of Remembrance
(*Enter Messenger with letter* )
From Father Joseph. Now to test him. This letter grieves me sorely.

*Phil* May we enquire the cause of your Majesty's disquietude

*Que* We have no secrets in which your grace should not participate. One on whom we have lavish'd kindness and honor hath, in contravention of our express commands, held meetings with a proscribed traitor. What doth such a one deserve.

*Phil* A punishment equal to his ingratitude

*Que* Your Majesty hath decided justly tho' the offender be a woman

*Leon (aside)* Alice Copley

*Phil* A Woman

*Que* Your grace will better understand all the Matter by a perusal of this letter from Father {**202a**} Joseph

*Phil (reads)* Alice Copley! She the offender! I see the trick. This will aid, the consummation of my desires. Her peril will make her more compliant. The proofs are clear. Your Majesty has no choice of action.

*Que* Doth he dissemble. Your Grace's opinion hath decided us. Tonight she exchanges Windsor for our Tower of London.

*Phil* Our conference delays the revels, the air grows chilly. Shall we be your Majesty's escort to the Castle

*Exeunt*

## ***Scene 2***

*Windsor Castle*
*Enter Alice*

*Ali* The boisterous merriment of yon revellers ill accords with feelings such as mine. Here I can escape their noisy shouts and laughter. And Huntley! With thee to share my lot – how gladly would I fly these scenes of joyless grandeur

Ballad (Alice)
A little cot beside the Sea
Where bright waves murmur'd tranquilly
How happy there my life would be
Each moment gliding peacefully.
Thro' Lordly Halls, no more I'd stray
To tuneful harps or velvet fold
{**202b**} My music still the gurgling spray

The yellow sand, My cloth of gold.
At set of Sun, outside my door
His barque I wait for, watchfully,
Him bounding to the level shore
His welcome speak how joyously.
For jewel'd robe, I'd breath no sigh
The brightest radience (*sic*) I'd behold
The light that glitter'd in his eye
His sunny smile my cloth of gold

*Enter Leon*

*Leo* Thank heaven I have found you

*Ali* What mean you? Hath the Queen required my service

*Leo* No. Tonight thou hast been alone in the Forest

*Ali* Ah! How knew you that? You will not betray me. I went but at the bidding of my unhappy father

*Leo* I know all. Would that none other knew of your meeting

*Ali* Francis Huntley alone knew of my purpose

*Leo* Thou art deceiv'd. I was present. A creature of the Queen's also watch'd you to the place of meeting and hath denounc'd you as the abettor of a proscribed traitor

{**203a**}

*Ali* Then I am lost

*Leo* No, I have power with one who shall preserve you. I was the instrument of your detection and with my life, I will atone the wrong I have committed.

*Ali* You

*Leo* Yes, I myself the child of Misery. Oh that I could tell thee all my wrongs, my shame

*Ali* Why art thou silent?

*Leo* Fate (?) hath will'd it so, wrong'd as I have been I would spare the one who hath wrong'd my misery. I only speak when my silence would bring ruin upon the innocent.

*Ali* Generous Boy

*Leo* Peace, your praise would lessen my atonement! Courage Lady! Leon will not deceive thee.

Duetto

Together[11]
Ever near thee
Love shall ceaseless watch be keeping
Heaven will hear thee

Leon
And to smiles change all thy weeping
Thou shalt be to me a Sister dear
And by that fond claim
Soon my watchful love shall chase each fear
From(?) the Maiden Frame (?)

Together[12]
Ever near me
Love shall ceaseless watch be keeping

Ali
Heaven will hear me
And to smiles change all my weeping
I will be to thee a Sister dear
{**203b**} And by that fond claim
Soon thy watchful love shall chase each fear
For the Maiden Fame

Ensemble
Hope hover over us
With thy beams cover us
Joyously
Happily
Each trouble will sustain
Thy light beaming cheerfully
Our beacon of bliss shall be
And chace (*sic*) every pain
Yes Joyously
Fearlessly
Each other sustain
Hope hover over us
With thy shield cover us
Joyously
Fearlessly
We'll chase every pain

*Exeunt*

[11] The manuscript does not state this as being together but the layout implies it

[12] The manuscript does not state this as being together but the layout implies it

## *Scene 3*

*An Apartment*
*Enter Huntley with a paper*

*Hunt* So an appointment at the intercession of the King discharging me of my Secretaryship and conferring on me the rank of Lieutenant of the Tower. I see the subtle Policy. I am to be removed {**204a**} from Windsor, from the presence of Alice – that the King may more easily assail her defenceless innocence. But no false Man! I trample on thy pretended generosity. I reject thy seeming bounty. Alice with my life I will preserve thee.

Song (Huntley)[13]
From her I'll never part
While life inspires this heart
Near hers it still shall move.
Yon stars may quit the Sky
The Sun, the day, may fly
All nature fade ere I
Forsake my Love
Or distant from her love.
My May of Life may cease to glow
My brow be wreath'd in winter Snow
The Earth may range (?)
And all things change
Still Alice thee I'll love

I'd be no belted Knight
Save but for thee to fight
My gage her silken glove
Content, if e'en to die
With life's expiring sigh
My death a victory.
Did she approve
This heart so true less warm may glow
The stream of life more coldly flow
The Earth may range (?)
{**204b**} All all else change
Still Alice thee I'll love

(*going*)

*Enter* [*Father*] *Joseph*

*Jos* Stay Francis Huntley – I need your services. The Queen's Maid of Honor, Alice Copley, is accused of heresy

*Hunt* Great Heaven! Alice Copley

[13] The printed libretto has a completely different song

*Jos* Her father as thou knowst is a proscrib'd heretic and Alice hath met with him secretly in the Forest

*Hunt* Is that a crime, a daughter seeking a father in his hour of need

*Jos* Hush, Master Huntley! The accused approaches

*Enter Alice*

Finale

Jos
Hold! Here let the Culprit stay
Maiden approach, attend, obey

Ali
Ah! Huntley there to witness my dispair (*sic*)

Jos
This letter, is it thine?

Ali
Yes it is mine
My father's writing I'll not deny

Jos
Knowst thou he was accused of heresy!

**{205a}**

Ali
But he is guiltless! Guiltless as I am

Jos
You nought deny

Ali
I nought deny

Chorus
Her guilt she can't deny

Hunt
Sir she's blameless! For her I swear!
This Mockery, this trial, pray forbear

Jos
To me it is idle appealing
Stern duty must Master each feeling
Her innocence clearly revealing.
Worthiest she will appear
But I charge thee beware
Vain will be every prayer

Thy fault from thy father concealing

Ali and Hunt
In her bosom there lived not a feeling
She fears to thee father revealing
To heaven for succour appealing
Guiltless she soon shall appear
And how vain every prayer
To escape from the snare
If her fault she were concealing[14]

{**205b**}

Hunt
To guilt I affirm her a stranger

Ali
For me, Oh! Insure (?) thou no danger

Jos
By this decree, I you Empower
She be conducted to the Tower

Ali
To the Tower

Hunt
To the Tower

Chorus
To the Tower

Ali
I'm innocent
Attest it, Angels, in you Sky
I'm innocent
I swear it by every power on high

Hunt
Still near to thee
This heart will be
Thanks, Angels, watching in the Sky
My fate whate'er
I swear, I swear,
Near thee to live or with thee die

Ali to Jos
{**206a**} I am wrong'd indeed
Let pity plead

[14] This is followed by a chorus in the printed libretto

My anguish heed
My sorrows feel
Behold my tears
Assuage my fears
My trembling fears
While thus I kneel
I'm innocent

Jos
Daughter to the Tower
Thou this very Night must go

*Enter Escort, Page etc*

Troopers
We've searched the place
But not a trace
Of else to harm her can we find
Nowhere conceal'd
Hath been revealed
One written word of any kind

Leon
No! for I with stealthy care
These papers bore away
And left the empty casket there
Then eager search to stay

Ali
Thanks, Gentle Page
For this compassion you display.
{**207b**}[15] Some happier day
Thee in its bounty
Heaven will pay

Leon
Rest thee sweet Maid
No more I pray
Thy safety me will amply repay
The cloud of gloom
Life's morn o'ercome
Quickly the Storm
Will pass away.

Chorus
Come onward this hour
You must seek the Tower

[15] Pages 206b and 207a of the manuscript are blank

Ali[16]
Yes, I'll fearless go
No wicked blow
Thy life can know
But heaven can spare
With heaven's care
Be not afraid
I will watch o'er thee

Chorus
Whate'er her crime or innocence
Our duty is to take you hence

Ali
I guiltless am of this offence
And heaven will shield my innocence
{**208a**}

Leon and Hunt
She guiltless is etc.

Chorus
If guiltless she of this offence etc
Protect Oh heaven etc

Jos
If guiltless she of this offence etc
Time will confirm her innocence

*Exit Omnes*

*End 2nd Act*

***Act 3 Scene 1***

*Courtyard – Tower*

Chorus of Troopers

Thou art welcome brave commander
None braver than our band e'er
Drew blade when Alexander
His deathless glory won.
All repelling
Danger quelling
At thy telling
Captain we'll do ought but run
From our duty never shrinking

[16] In the printed libretto, this is a trio for Alice, Leon and Huntley

Of our glory ever thinking
Fearing death no more than drinking
Thou wilt find us everyone.
Then for singing, dancing, laughing,
Kissing pretty girls, wine quaffing
{**208b**} Our equals in old England are not found.
But e'er steadfast to our duty
Farewell liquor, Farewell Beauty
When to Arms beat the drums or trumpet sound
For we equally delight in
Singing, drinking, kissing, fighting

*Enter Alice guarded*

Leon (*outside*)
I am near thee
Dost thou hear me
Thus to cheer thee
Wake my song
Heaven will guard thee
Strength accord thee
And reward thee
For thy wrong

Ali
Thou art near me
Yes I hear thee
Now to cheer me
Wake thy Song
Heaven will guard me
Strength accord me
And reward me
For my wrong

Chorus
Hard our Duty
Even booty
{**209a**} To aid beauty
We'd forego
Those attend thee
Who'd befriend thee
And defend thee
From each foe

Chorus of boatmen
Steadily, steadily, pull to the Shore
The Keel but aground, there's rest for the Oar

*Hunt* Thanks comrades for this hearty welcome. My arrival hath been somewhat sudden, so was my appointment. My poor Alice

*Officer* Lieutenant, the Queen commands the prisoner to the closest durance[17] and forbids all access to her but by the production of the Royal Signet

*Hunt* Her Majesty shall be obeyed

*Ali* Francis

*Hunt* Hush – I have been appointed by the King to this part to which he little dreamt the Queen would remove thee. Be silent, fear nothing, dear Alice, remember thy gaoler is Francis Huntley[18]

*Enter Leon*

*Leon* The King. Refuse to let him pass without the signet of the Queen

*Enter Philip*

*Phil* Huntley, already at your appointment. 'Tis well, conduct me to Mistress Copley's chamber

{**209b**}

*Hunt* Sir, my instructions are to let no one pass without the Signet of the Queen

*Phil* Insolent! The Signet of the Queen. What emboldens thee to this brashness

*Hunt* My Duty Sir

Duetto

Phil
Traitor, my rage beware
This treason thy death shall be

Hunt
My duty to do I dare
Whate'er it's cost may be.

Phil
Traitor, fear

Hunt
You pass not here

Phil
Rebel! Forgets thou the King
Thy boldness this hour shalt thou rue

Hunt
My duty, dread Sire, I must bring
To plead for my pardon to you

[17] Durance is an old English word for imprisonment

[18] This is followed by a short dialogue and a song from Huntley in the printed libretto

Phil
Traitor, fear

Hunt
You pass not here

Phil
The trumpet that rendeth the air
{**210a**} This instant thy fate shall declare
False traitor of Mercy despair
I go to accomplish thy doom

Hunt
Thy vengeance may tarnish my name
The trumpet my doom may proclaim
My Courage will still be the same
Till, lifeless, I sleep in my Tomb

Ensemble[19]
I breath no prayer
I mock despair
My duty dare
And scorn thy hate (*repeat*)

*Exeunt severally*

## ***Scene 2***

*Tower of London*

*Enter Leo[20] and Queen*

*Que* Dismiss the sentinel. We would speak with the minion of our Royal Husband. Bring Alice Copley to our presence

*Leo* If I might presume to advise your Majesty

*Que* Say on, Boy

*Leo* 'Twere better that you should detect the guilty ones together and so leave no opening for evasion and excuse.

*Que* You are right, boy. How may this be accomplished.
{**210b**}
*Leo* Give but your Majesty's command that Alice Copley have her liberty and, within an hour, I will contrive an interview that shall set your doubts at rest for ever

*Que* Be it so. Take the ring. It will insure obedience from our Lieutenant

[19] Philip has a different four lines in the printed libretto

[20] The manuscript says "Enter Huntley and Queen" but only Leon and the Queen feature in the early part of the scene

*Leo* Your Majesty need but watch from the presence (?)[21] chamber and when a rose is thrown into the Moat from the window of yonder Tower be sure the guilty ones are together.

*Que* But accomplish that and your future fortune shall be the care of your Queen

*Exit*

*Leo* Taken it is accomplished, the future of the unhappy Leon will need but little care

Song (Leon)

Every joy of my childhood is gone
And my dreams are of tears
Lost to him that I lov'd – lov'd alone
Life a desert appears
What to me is the morrow! To live
Is to linger in pain
For, e'en hope that some solace might give
Ne'er can bless me again.

My Companions speak of me no more
They've forgotten my name
{**211a**} E'en my kindred have ceas'd to deplore
The lost victim of Shame
What to me is tomorrow! To live
Is only to linger in pain
For, e'en hope that some solace might give
Ne'er can bless me again

*Enter Alice and Huntley*

*Hunt* The Queen not here

*Leo* Her Majesty has thought more kindly of your prisoner and commands you to set her at liberty

*Ali* What!

*Leon* You think I am jesting with you lady. This signet ring is my warrant but do not quit the Tower till you have seen the Queen. Farewell Alice Copley, may every joy that springs from virtuous love be yours

*Exit*

*Ali* He seems to exercise some wondrous influence o'er my destiny[22]

*Hunt* Thank heaven! that has inspired him to save you in this hour of danger! Come let's seek the Queen

*Ali* Yes, that we may hasten to my father and ask his blessing on our love

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[21] Probably meant to be "present". The printed libretto has the same mistake

[22] The printed libretto has some extra dialogue here and a song for Alice headed (MS SONG *introduced*). This was a song "Beautiful morn" with words by Mark Lemon and presumably composed separately from the opera. It can be found at https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=mdp.39015096384774&seq=1

Duetto

Tho' dark today, the Morrow
A Cloudless sky may bring.
{**211b**} So from our fading sorrow
Bright hours of joy may spring
Our love was born in Sadness
Its joys were nurs'd in fears
To make each promised gladness
More precious for our tears.

Ensemble[23]

Like as a weary prisoned birds (*sic*) complaining
When its full freedom, once again obtaining
Is changed to song beyond all minstrels' feigning
All my hearts annoy is changed to boundless joy

*Exeunt*

## *Scene 3*

*A Chamber*
*Enter Philip and attendants*

*Phil* What say thou. The Queen follow'd us to London

*Att* Yes, sire, and is now closeted with the prisoner, Alice Copley

*Phil* This Espionage is degrading to herself and me. I will brook it no longer. Tomorrow, I return to Spain. There, at least, I shall be free from her tormenting jealousies

*Enter Attendant with Letter*

*Att* From Leon, the Page, Sire, intreating an immediate and private interview for the bearer of this letter

*Phil* What is this. Leave me and send hither the bearer {**212a**} of this Missive. (*reads*) Leonora de Castro[24], the name which I have so dishonour'd. O Leonora would that I could repair the wrongs I have done you.

Song (Philip)

That flower so sweet, I nothing priz'd
Its balmy breath, its beauty gay,
Its rainbow tints my heart dispited
Nor saw that beauty fade away
But wither'd now too fragile flower.
Keener than death is my despair
I'd give my life for one brief hour
The wrong I've done thee to repair.

[23] It is not clear to whom the Ensemble refers. The most obvious would just be Huntley and Alice but then why distinguish it from the duet above. The printed libretto does not make it any clearer. Possibly the chorus joined in

[24] On page 7, Philip's mistress is referred to as Isabel de Castro rather than Leonora de Castro, another example of carelessness. There is no record of Philip having a mistress called Leonora de Castro. The only remotely similar person was Ines de Castro, who was two centuries earlier and was mistress of the Portuguese king.

I trace thy form in Memory's glass
I feel thy perfume pierce my brain
Bright moments lost alas! alas!
That never can return again.
This deep remorse Oh! Heaven see
Death were Mercy to my dispair (*sic*)
What can erase the Misery
Of wrongs we never can repair.

*Enter Leonora (or Leon)*

*Phil* Leonora!

*Leo* 'Tis long since you call'd me by that name, Philip

*Phil* What does this mean. Are you also resolved to injure me with the Queen

*Leo* Have I not cause? I who have sacrificed peace, {**212b**} honor, all for the love of one, who insults me in my Misery by making me a witness of his lust

*Phil* Ah!

*Leo* Control your anger, Philip, and hear me. Never thro' all my sufferings have I breath'd or look'd a reproach on him, who hath destoy'd me. The time has come when I must speak. (*takes a rose*) You remember this deadly pollen[25] or have newer vows destroy'd its Memory

*Phil* I remember – all

*Leo* We swore when first we lov'd that this poisoned flower should be the portion of the faithless one. Philip, dare you respect your Oath

*Phil* Yes, if you demand it

*Leo* You know on that condition you are safe. No it is not to claim the fulfilment of your neglected vows that I have sought this interview – for I have done alike with love and hope. It is not to awaken your pity for my wrongs but to preserve another from that Abyss into which my love has led me.

*Phil* What other?

*Leo* Alice Copley, she whom your guilty passion hath already perill'd. O spare her, Philip. Let her live in purity and peace nor crow'd your dying hour with the remembrance of other {213a} wrongs than those to Leonora.

*Phil* Leonora, still dearest, truest

*Leo* Enough! Your kingly promise to spare this Maiden

[25] The word in the manuscript looks like "tollen" or "tollen" but pollen make most sense and, given the slapdash treatment of other words, could be a copyist's mistake

*Phil* I plight my word – My honor

*Leo* (*aside*) Now to right Alice with the Queen. This pledge is worthless now. Philip, thus I release you from it (*throws it* [*the rose*] *out of the window*)

*Phil* Leonora!

*Leo* Tis over – nearly over – you love me – Still love me, Philip

*Enter Queen*

*Phil* With all the fervour of my earliest love

*Que* Traitor! Drag the minion hither. Ah! Not Alice Copley

*Leo* (*dying*) No I said that you should find the guilty one

*Que* Thou!

*Leo* Yes Madam. Leonora de Castro

*Que* O double traitor. Tis time that we do justice to those whom we have wrong'd in error. See that our Maid of Honor, Alice Copley, be instantly plac'd at Liberty and at her own pleasure conducted to our presence. Follow us Gentlemen we would not trespass further upon the solitude of our Royal – Husband

*Exeunt*

{**213b**}

*Phil* I have deserved this degradation. O, Leonora, in losing thee, I lose all that lov'd me – all that I dearly lov'd

*Leo* Farewell Philip. Let my grave - be beneath the Sunny skies of - belov'd Spain. - Not a murmur! - Not a sound! - Spain! - Home , home! (*dies. Carried off. Philip follows*)

*Enter Omnes – Huntley*

*Hunt* Alice, the Queen in expiation of the past proffers to thee her love, awards pardon to thy father (*embrace*) My Wife

Finale

Ah! What joy
What pure delight
My day of Bliss
To golden bright
With rapture find
My heart inspir'd
Scenes wing'd to heaven
In Sunny flight.
Sweet happiness I feel once more
The calm returned, the Storm is o'er
And peace descends in radiant light

*Curtain*