The Gipsy's Warning

An Opera in Two Acts

The Words by George Linley and Richard Brinsley Peake
The Music by Julius Benedict

This libretto is a transcription from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 42946, ff. 2-29b. It was dated Easter 1838 but no signoff date was written on it by the Examiner of Plays, Charles Kemble. Easter Sunday was April 15 and the opera was first staged on April 19. No printed libretto has been found but a *Songs, Duets, Trios, Recitatives, Choruses etc*. from the *Gipsy's Warning* (London: W. Wright, 1838?) was published, which also included detailed stage settings. It can be found here ; textual differences from the manuscript have been noted.

The handwriting was usually legible. 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 but some punctuation has been changed for clarity, as the original often just has a stream of dialogue with none. **{xx}** denotes the page numbers of the manuscript with **{xxa}** being the leading side and **{xxb}** the reverse, if applicable**.**

The final scene is unusual in including a long and elaborate setting for an extended dance and mime act completely at odds with the rest of the drama involving Pulcinello (presumably meant to be the commedia dell'arte character, Pulcinella), Harlequin and Columbine. Its central theme was the rejection by Harlequin of Columbine trying to pass off her black son as his. This seems more in the way of a ponderous joke than having racist intentions. One has to wonder, given its elaboration, if it referred to or could be taken as referring to some current dispute or controversy and whether a black child played the part. The initial gypsy stereotypes change later as a gypsy brings about the fall of the villain and the means to a happy ending.

Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com.
More information on the opera can be found at
https://www.englishromanticopera.org/operas/The_Gipsy_s_Warning.htm .

R Burdekin, February 2022
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Dramatis Personae

Cardinal Orsini

Burgomaster of Steinbach

Wilhelm, his adopted son

Ludovico

Wagner

Gasparro

Michelotto

Raphael

1st Student

2nd Student

Attendant

Marie

Dina (a Gypsy)[1]

Bertha

Citizens, Soldiers, Peasants, Maskers, Gipsies, Muleteers, Conspirators, Dancers

Scene. Act 1 Steinbach in Germany

Act 2 Environs of Rome & Rome

[1] The libretto uses both "Gipsy" and "Gypsy".

The Gipsy's Warning

{3a} **Act 1, Scene 1**

Market Place of Steinbach - A holiday fete – Maypole in Centre. Peasants discovered dancing. Citizens, Students, Soldiers assembled. The Burgomaster, Guests, Wilhelm, Marie seated under Arch R (right)*. Wagner and Bertha in attendance.*

Chorus

Welcome back the sweet spring time
Its sunshine and showers.
Every heart hails with rapture
The first blush of May.
Age hath lain by its wrinkles
And youth crown'd with flowers
In the gay dance of pleasure
Make joyous the day.

Dance

Enter Dina followed by several Gipsies

Chorus

Lo, with dark and cunning glance
Dina and her train advance
Comes the wandering Gypsy here
To blight or bless, to grieve or cheer.

Chorus of Peasants

Hither round her all repair
Young and old and maiden fair
Be her warning good or ill
We will try her magic skill.

Enter Ludovico followed by Gasparro – Dina is in centre of stage. Ludovico stands where he can command the motions of Dina

1st Peasant

Gypsy come, thy powers show
Let us all the future know

2nd Peasant

No, no, no, on us first try
She will tell you by and bye (*sic*)

Dina

Spirit that guideth the pale Moon's Car[2]
Come from thy shadowy Base afar.

{3b}

The Peasants retreat. Wagner holds out his hand to Dina

Dina

Tho' time has silver'd oer thy brow
Thou fain would'st play the lover now
And act a vain conceited part
To win a simple maiden's heart
If e'er thou wed a youthful face
Good store of thorns thy head will grace

Chorus

He plays a vain conceited part
To win a simple Maiden's heart
Ha! ha! sharp thorns his head will grace
If e'er he wed a youthful face

Wagner gives Bertha a piece of money to hand to Dina

Dina (to Bertha)

An old man woos thee to his arms
And feeds his eyes on thy bright charms
Live single still and happy be[3]
For Ice and sunshine ill agree
Be warn'd his rude embraces shun
His age at least is fifty one.

Wag. speaks As I'm a Christian, I am but 40 odd.

Chorus

Be warned etc.

Wag. speaks I am fat fair and only 40 odd.

Wilhelm

Hither Beldame tell to me
What thou knowest I shall be
Paint life's prospect dark or fair
I have heart my lot to bear.

[2] A wagon or carriage
[3] The printed *Songs etc.* from the opera have this and the next line placed at the end.

Marie

Tempt not thus the wrath of Heaven
If to her a power is given
By those looks and mystic mood
She'll presage to thee no good.

Dina (to Wil.)

Riches and honor await thee
Fear not the foe that shall hate thee
{4a} A secret time long hath concealed
Shall soon to thine ear be revealed

Chorus

A secret time long etc. etc.

Wilhelm to Marie

List thee what a goodly fate
The Gypsy doth predestinate
Give thy palm unto the Seer
Thou canst have no cause to fear.

Marie (*aside*)

Strange emotions rack my breast
Thoughts that will not calmly rest
Oh my trembling heart be still

Giving her hand to Dina

There good Gypsy try thy skill.

Dina

The ring shall be broken
The Bridal Wreath fade
Desolation and Death
Be thy portion poor Maid

Wil. Hateful witch!

Lud. to Gasp. Aye, the ring shall be broken – the Bridal Wreath fade – desolation and Death be thy portion poor Maid. Enough didst hear Gasparro?

Gasp. I did and hail the wish'd for prophecy.

Chorus

Oh what horror to relate
Pity for the maiden's fate

Burgo. Why is the festivity at an end?

Wag. Yonder sorceress has made us all miserable

Burgo You here – Dare you thus to disobey my orders? Begone or a Gibbet awaits you if you are found again at Steinbach

Dina. Not so fast good Burgomaster, before the new day comes, you may have cause to change your haughty tone (*Ludo. makes a signal to Dina*) I dare not do otherwise than curse (*to Burgo*) Evil to you, Evil to your house (*Burgo threatens Dina*)

{4b}

Chorus

Get hence, thou base Beldame
Ere mercy is fled
Or curses and vengeance
Shall light on thine head.

The mob drive off the Gipsies. Some attempt to seize Dina. Ludovico interposes with his staff. Him [*sic*] *and Gasparro succeed in covering the retreat of Dina. Many of the Crowd follow them. Ludovico reappears at the back listening.*

Burgo. Let the Dance be resumed.

Dance and Chorus

Welcome back the sweet spring time etc

At the conclusion they dance off. Burgomaster, Wagner, Bertha, Wilhelm remain

Burgo And now my steward

Wag. Your worship

Burgo. Let the turret Chamber in my Mansion instantly be thrown open and put in order

Wag. (*trembling*) What the - Turret Chamber which has been shut up for 20 years. You don't mean it.

Burgo. Yes, the number of my Guests imperatively requires every room in my dwelling.

Wag. But that Chamber is haunted you know.

Burgo. Haunted! And do you give credence Mein Herr Wagner to such an idea?

Wag. Why here is Master Wilhelm who is a scholar, who believes as firmly in Witches and Spectres as I do.

Wil. I own that from my boyish days I ever had a love for the marvellous and our national legends have strongly impregnated my mind.

Marie The singular foreboding of yonder Sybil has, I confess alarmed me.

Wil. Heed it nor, Dear Marie, we will determine to be happy

Wag. I determine to be happy, which shows that I am a man of determination. Bertha, my love, are you a woman of determination?

{5a}

Ber. That depends on the circumstances.

Wag. Circumstances! What does she mean by circumstances? You naughty little woman. Fie shame on you! (*aside*) She doesn't know that I've been married before and tho' a widower have got a vagabond discarded son as tall as a Maypole.

Burgo. Let us depart. This night we meet to celebrate the betrothing of Wilhelm, my son by adoption, blest with an honest heart [to] Marie, my own dear daughter.

Wil. Blest with every charm that constitutes female excellence.

Burgo. Come my friends, our banquet must be ready with upraised flaggons [*sic*] of old Rhenish. We'll drink health and happiness to the lovers (*apart to Wagner*). Do not neglect my instructions. Ladies, so please you we wait.

Exit Guests and Burgomaster

Wag. (*calling*) Master Wilhelm, I must tell you that your fellow students have prepared a fine noisy serenade in compliment to you and your affianced. I expect the roysterers to chaunt it at Nightfall (*Wilhelm thanks him and Exit*). That will be a serenade that would wake old Nick himself (*if the Gentleman ever sought repose*).

Ber. Wagner, do you remember the orders of the Burgomaster?

Wag. What's the matter, Bertha?

Ber. Your master's directions. I am anxious that you should fulfil them.

Wag. (*apart*) That dreadful old carved room with the suits of armour. Come Bertha, let us go together (*aside*). She doesn't know that the Chamber is haunted. Don't be frightened, Bertha. Come my pretty, that way (*aside*). I've got to go and dust the devil out of that same Turret Chamber. Go first sweet Bertha.

Exeunt

Scene 2

Antique Street with turret wing of the Burgomaster's house

Dina runs on followed by several of the mob
Ludovico and Gasparro enter, drive off the pursuers

Gasp. Away Cowards! It is a woman you would hunt down.

Dina sinks under a porch. Ludovico regards her for an instant.
He then opens a trapdoor and descends – Enter Raphael

Rap. Gasparro

Gas. That voice!

Rap. Knowest thou me?

Gas. Corpo di Bacco! Yes, surely. Thou art Raphael the Sacristan of St. Ildegond. What sudden affair had brought thee so great a distance from Rome?

Rap. I have journeyed hither to warn our noble master of his danger.

Gas. His danger!

Rap. We who have shared the bounty of Ludovico's wealth, the produce of his crimes ought not in adverse fortune to forsake our leader

Gas. Praise to thy cant[4], devout Sacristan, you know it is to our infinite advantage to uphold him

Rap. Ludovico's secret is betrayed. His wretched Wife has on her death bed confessed the fearful truth to the Cardinal Orsini. She has owned that Ludovico murdered he first husband, Duke Aldobrand[5], that she was forced into a loathsome and guilty marriage with the assassin, who seized on the titles and estate of Duke Aldobrand. With the bitterest remorse she has declared that her Son, the rightful Duke, is in existence.

Gas. Ha! ha! ha! good Sacriston. Ludovico is better served with spies than to be suddenly surprised. He is aware of the discovery, has traced the son of Duke Aldobrand hither. He dwells here a **{6a}** simple student, a right credulous stripling, deeply infused with the romance of this Country.

Rap. (*perceiving Dina*) Hush! We are overheard.

Gasp. No matter. Yonder Gypsy Girl is an agent of Ludovico, his slave.

Rap. Is it Dina, the daughter of the waiting woman of the unhappy Duchess, the wretch who, bribed by Ludovico, aided the downfall of Duke Aldobrand and promoted the frightful union with the Assassin.

Gasp. Yon outcast is the hopeful daughter of that nefarious woman. Hold! Some one approaches.

Rap. Deliver this scroll to our noble master, it contains matter of import.

Gasp. Should the Burgomaster come, he might put his threat in execution, so up, up Dina or we may be laid by the heels in the City dungeon. Now Girl arise, be no obdurate for you are in the grasp of one who knows how to teach obedience - away.

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[4] Not clear quite what is meant here. Perhaps meaning that the sacristan is practicing hypocrisy given his calling but taking part in crime. Cant also was a word for a secret language used by thieves etc.

[5] The Duke is referred to both a Aldobrand and Aldobrando.

Gasparro roughly leads Dina off. Raphael follows. Enter Wilhelm and Marie.

Marie And yet Wilhelm, what can thus depress my spirits

Wil. Cheer thee Marie, no harm shall approach thee

Marie Strange forbodings [*sic*] tell me I shall be unhappy and yesterday as I walked in the forest I encountered a being whose evil glance I never shall forget. This too is the anniversary of that dreadful crime committed long ago within my father's dwelling.

Wil. We will strive to banish these idle superstitious fears.

Duet
Wil.

Oh do not give way to this doubt and despair
Nor blight life's young rose with the canker of care
If my fondness and faith have a claim on thy heart
Oh bid these dark shadows for ever depart
Not a thought, not a wish but is breathing of thee
Thy form lives in all that I hear, that I see. **{6b}**
Oh then if thou lov'st me dispel each regret
And gazing on me all thy sorrows forget.

Marie
Oh sweet as the music of fairy wreath'd shell
And dear as the sigh of pale evning's (evening's) farewell
Ev'ry sound that in tenderness bids me rejoice
Ev'ry note that now falls from thine own gentle voice.
Not a hope save for thee hath this bosom beside
Thy love and affection that hope hath supplied .
Oh doom me to anguish, to exile and shame
My heart will continue to love thee the same

Exit

Scene 3

Ancient chamber with panell'd walls. Several figures in armour in niches.

Wag. (*without*) Walk in dear Bertha

Ber. Why Wagner, the room is dark

Wag. Stay, here is a light my Love. Go first, the ladies always take precedence

Ber. (*entering*) What can be this mystery?

Wag. Mystery my sweet. No mystery not the slightest. (*aside*) I must not frighten the poor little timid thing. Ahem! Those men in armour

Ber. Lauk! Men in armour. Let me see them.

Wag. Figures, Effigies only (*aside*) She is as unconcerned as if it was only me – cares for nothing. But I forget, dust away. We must with the Burgomaster's hospitality this day. All the men Servants are in a dreadful state of excitement.

Ber. Indeed! What has happened?

Wag. They are all dead (*Bertha screams*) dead drunk, nothing but drunk my love. Oh this fatal chamber.

Ber. You said fatal Chamber tell me why has it been shut up for so long a period?

{7a}

Wag (*aside*) Any answer will satisfy a single woman. When they are married, you must be particular. The reason my dear why the place has been shut up so long is – because the Burgomaster commanded it to be closed 20 years ago.

Ber. Aye, but why Sir?

Wag. When she says Sir she does it in a tone as if she addresses a father, instead of a Husband. Now my actual feelings towards her are anything but parental.

Ber. You have not brought any implements to remove the dust there. Run and fetch them.

Wag. What and leave you all alone here?

Ber. Yes, what should harm me?

Wag. True (*aside*) Yes, she is innocent and virtuous. I will be back directly. Don't be frightened Bertha (*aside*) If any thing should appear she at any rate will see it first

Exit

Ber. What is the matter with the Old Gentleman. He teazes [*sic*] my life out to marry him, but what could I do with him. He is easy, good tempered and old. That is sometimes a consolation and he has saved plenty of money. A portionless maiden might do worse than marry a rich old respectable man.

<u>Ballad</u>

When a pretty girl once shews her face in the world
Cupid's arrows against her by hundreds are hurled
So often she's tempted and ask'd to the Church
That she dreads lest at last she be left in the lurch.
For the young coax and flatter and languish and lie,
My dear how I love you, for you I could die

That I really believe it by far my best plan
To marry a rich old respectable man.
La! La!
The old man will love you the whole of his life
And, unless he be jealous, there's no chance of strife.
{7b} He's grateful for favors tho' ever so small
And goes not a flirting, to mask or to Ball,
But oh what a treasure when he's dead and gone
Is a blooming rich Widow of twenty and one.
Oh yes I am certain 'tis far my best plan
To marry a rich old respectable man.
La! La! La!

Reenter Wagner

Wag. And you were able to sing when left alone by yourself

Ber. Now tell me this instant why this apartment has been shut up. I insist

Wag. She is peremptory. I will confide in her. Pretty Bertha, about this time 20 years ago, our Burgomaster was not so rich as he now is. He held this same house but he let a certain number of the apartments. There came to occupy this suite of rooms an old Italian noble with a beautiful young wife and infant boy.

Ber. Italians say you?

Wag. I think they were Italians because I did not understand a word they said. One dreadful night (I shudder when I think of it), I heard a scuffle in this room and entering with the Burgomaster we discovered the body of the poor old Gentleman weltering in his blood, the infant asleep and the female fled

Ber. Sancta Maria. I shall faint.

Wag. Who it was that did the deed no one could ever discover.

Ber. And what became of the infant?

Wag. That little boy is now Mr Wilhelm and ever since that time he has been the adopted child of the Burgomaster.

Ber. But how or whence could any one enter or escape

Wag. It is supposed that the assassin must have entered by some secret door – a secret door (*The truncheon falls from the hand of the figure in armour*) What the devil was that? Help **{8a}** mur- murder

Ber. Don't alarm me Wagner – speak Wagner speak

Wag. I can't – I can't. This way. Come down stairs I say unless you intend to be torn into a piece meal state (*pulls her through the Door exclaiming*) Help, help, Mr Wilhelm help.

Wil. (*within*) What is this outcry!

Wag. (*within*) The Turret Chamber oh!

Wil. The Turret Chamber! (*looks around*) and this is the apartment of which many extraordinary tales have been related. The antique furniture is veiled in the dust of ages and generations of busy spiders have woven their slim tracery over the handiwork of the artisan in mockery of human vanity. Yon portrait, the Colours yet are fresh tho' daylight has not glanced on them for 20 years. The name appears too carved upon the frame "Duke Aldobrand". The features are familiar to me. This armour too. What a contrast in its present fixed and quiet form, that when in times of yore it rung with the well directed faulchion blow of the enemy. Ah where is its owner now? Instead of being encased in polished steel with heart elate (?) and high plumed crest, his frail bones lie mouldering and forgotten in the sculptured tomb. (*Music. The figure in armour slowly turns on a pivot*) What sound is that? Ha! The figure moves.

(*A secret door is discovered. Ludovico masked appears at the Door. He has in his hand a sealed vellum packet. He waves his arm to Wilhelm who is in astonishment and alarm. Ludovico points to the picture of Duke Aldobrand advances and places the packet into Wilhelm's hand, retires. As he is stepping on the pedestal Wagner reenters at side door, sees the masked figure, utters a loud cry of alarm and rushes out again. The figure turns on the Pivot and with a crash conceals the door again*)

Wil. What means this mysterious stranger? This packet may disclose (*tears it open*). "If you have courage to follow within an **{8b}** hour hasten to the broken Cross at the entrance of the forest you may there learn the secret of your birth". What wild masking is this? I will discover all. I will follow thee and tear the secret from thy breast.

Exit hastily

Scene 4th

Exterior of the Burgomaster's House

A call within Ho! lights there (*the windows are lighted, the Door opens and Wagner staggers into the street*). Well if ever in all my born days I saw the like - Belzebub [*sic*] himself. My knees will not support me. (*sinks on his knees. Ludovico suddenly ascends the trap still masked. Wagner shrieks and falls on his face. Ludo. Goes off hastily. Enter the Students.*)

1st Stu. Now friends for our Serenade in honor of our fellow Student, Wilhelm.

2nd Stu. Aye and his betrothing to the beautiful Marie

1st Stu. (*seeing Wagner*) What have we here? Raise him up.

2nd Stu. It is the ancient Steward of the Burgomaster, non compos. Speak Wagner if you are drunk tell us

1st Stu. Are you drunk?

Wag. (*waving his hand towards the trap*) Devilish! Devilish!

2ns Stu. What a candid old Sot and sensible enough to point to the cellar. We come to sing a round to your young master.

Wag. (*recovering*) Hush! For mercy's sake we must have no singing. Fasting and stripes. Fasting and stripes.

1st Stu. You deserve both, you tipsy rascal

Wag. Oh I saw him once- I saw him twice

2nd Stu He sees double

1st Stu Let us hustle the old fellow in at the Door. He will go soundly to sleep on the mat.

Wag. Go fetch me a Confessor

2nd Stu. He wants a bottle Companion. No, no, you are quite bad enough now. In with the Steward, in with him. Bless **{9a}** me how ill he is (*calls*) Steward.

Students Steward! Steward!

they tumble Wagner inside the Door

1st Stu. Now for a jolly serenade

<u>Glee</u>

Blest be the home
Where Love makes his dwelling
Pleasure and peace
His footsteps invite.
O with what joy
Each bosom is swelling
When two in one tie
Thus fondly unite.
Friendships offering now we bring to thee
We hail this happy hour
Calm and sunny may life's pathway be
And strewn with many a flow'r
Hail! Hail! Hail!

Blest be the home
Where Love makes his dwelling
Pleasure and Peace
Crown this happy happy[6] hour.

Exeunt Students

{9b}

Scene 5th

The Forest, a broken Cross at the entrance

Enter Wilhelm[7]

Recit

I have obey'd this strange mysterious summons
Far from the busy haunts of men I flee
E'en now when on the brink of happiness
By turns I am the Slave of hope and fear.
Hope still to trace the murderer of my father,
Fear lest I lose my own beloved Marie
Oh, as I gaze on this calm peaceful scene
I sigh to think that I am not at rest.

Air

Glide on sweet streamlet
Silently by
Woods wild and verdant
Echo no sigh
Should this lone bosom
Loudly complain
Bear to me only
Its sad notes again.

A peculiar wild melody on horns is heard without

Again I hear those strange mysterious calls
Darkness and danger now my heart appals.

Chorus of Gipsies behind[8]

Hail to thee youth for thou shalt be great
Riches and rank shall crowd at thy Gate
Follow us boldly, harbour no fear
Follow, the day of revenge is near.

A small peculiar light passes. Wilhelm is in an attitude of wonder

[6] The printed *Songs etc*. has just one "happy" and the verse is rounded off with a "Tra, la, la etc"
[7] It is not clear whether all this scene was all sung or whether there might have been a few lines that were dialogue
[8] The *Songs etc*. make it clear that this means behind the scene.

Wil.
Still am I urged by some prevailing pow'r **{10a}**
Oh guardian spirit aid me in this hour
Beautiful sign that glimmers afar
Shin'st thou with pure and holy light
Or art thou sent my steps to benight?
Canst thou guide or coldly betray
Evil or good, I will track thy way.

Invisible chorus repeated
Hail to thee youth, etc., etc.

Wilhelm tracks the strange light and goes off after it

Scene 6th

A Glade of the Forest. – Storm
Enter Ludovico

Air
Rage thou angry storm
Darkly roll
Ye thunders of the Night
Pour your vengeance down
To my soul
Your fury yields delight
Joy! Joy!
Nought may repress my desires
Death and Hate my lips have sworn
Joy! Joy!
Darkness my bosom inspires
Fear and Fate I laugh to scorn
Ride on, ride on, ye rolling Thunders of the Night
Your fury yields unto my soul delight

Flash ye Lightnings pale
Play around
This dark and sacred gloom
Winds that hoarsely wail **{10b}**
Be your breath
The coldness of the Tomb
Joy! Joy!
Who shall my wishes restrain
While one spark of valour shine
Joy! Joy!
Thoughts that the vulgar stain
Ne'er shall cloud this breast of mine
Ride on, ride on ye rolling Thunders of the Night
Your fury yields unto my soul delight

A shrill whistle without

Ludo That signal

Enter Gasparro

Gasp. My noble master

Ludo. What news from Rome Gasparro? I understand our pious and trusty agent Raphael has sought us.

Gasp. The wily sacristan corroborates the foul rumours that have reached you and Cardinal Orsini will cause you to resign your wealth and title.

Ludo. The Cardinal has talents – but in this affair and 10 others, friend Gasparro, in which you and I and thousands are implicated, the worthy Cardinal may doff his Crimson hat.

Gas. The plot to free us from the hated German Yoke is not sufficiently matured. This paper was I to deliver to you from Raphael.

Kudo. The period is not far distant. We will take advantage of the relaxation of the Government and the excitement of the people at the approaching Carnival.

Gas. But to the immediate difficulty. Is the Chief of our noble Band to be hunted down by a mere Churchman? After 20 years of remorse and silence your wife, the late Duchess, has confessed.

{11a}

Ludo. Fortunately, her woman's heart did not go so far as to accuse me of – the – murder. The worst part of the Secret has died with her

Gas. The Cardinal knows all

Ludo. Humph! Art thou certain? Then must I adopt another but less sure mode to accomplish my aims. Gasparro join our comrades. Dina and the rest have their tasks prepared.

Exit

Gasp. Trickster, Gamester, Charlatan, when will destiny compel you to with hold your evil deeds? True it is that my view of the world has ever been of the darkened side. Virtue I merely know by its name and have I not observed the hypocritical professors of virtue its greatest abusers, the most profound sensualists. Ha! can I ever forget my imprisonment in the Dungeons of the Inquisition when a mere child for stealing a Holy Wafer! Ugh! Those tortures when the Fathers of Clemency tore my young sinews asunder? But why should I complain? O it did me good. Good thanks Fathers of Clemency ha! ha! ha! I grew in strength even after your infernal tortures. I grew in <u>hatred</u> to you, to your faith. I grew in bitter enmity to all civilized forms, humanity was dead within me. The iron you infused in my burning heart, molten there has since dropped scalding hot on all who dared to displease me. Hark! My Victim approaches.

Exit L (left)

{11b}

Scene 7th

A Rocky wild opening in the Forest. The river over one branch of it, a rustic Bridge. The Pale light crosses and settles on the Bridge

Enter Ludovico

Invisible Chorus repeated [9]

Enter Wilhelm

To what new terrors[10] have these omens led
My brain is giddy and with thousand fears[11]
My Marie now awaits my quick return
What kindly pow'r shall guide my wandering feet?

Ludo One who has watched thee up from Childhood's hour

Wil. What art thou dark inhabitant of Earth?[12]

Ludo. Thy friend. Be welcome to this solitude

Wil. I know thee not

Ludo. Thou soon shalt know me well.

Wil. My soul impatient lends a listening ear.

Duet

Ludo.

Tell me youth, if to thy gaze,
I could show thee future days
Fill'd with honor, wealth and ease,
Wouldst thou value joys like these,
Wouldst thou for such lot divine
Home and Marie's smile resign?
Say what would thy answer be
Could I offer these to thee?

Wil

Not for Kingdoms would I roam
From Marie's smile and peaceful home
Wanting her this world would be **{12a}**
A dark and dreary waste to me
Tho' with gems my brow were crown'd

[9] Presumably: Hail to thee youth for thou shalt be great/ Riches and rank shall crowd at thy Gate / Follow us boldly, harbour no fear / Follow, the day of revenge is near.

[10] The *Songs etc* have "To what abyss have these strange omens led!"

[11] The *Songs etc* have "My brain is giddy with a thousand fears"

[12] The *Songs etc* have "What art thou dark inhabitant of Earth?"

And pleasure's cup went gaily round.
Without my Marie, all would be
An offering poor despised by me

Ludo

Ha! Thou canst such boon withstand
But wouldst thou spurn the friendly hand
Could find a balm for all thy woes
Thy Father's murderer disclose

Wil

My Father's Murderer! I would brave
The fury of Hell's burning wave
To wreak my vengeance on the Slave

Ludo.

Tis well at midnight here repair
And that this purpose fail not, swear.

Wil

I swear

Ludo (*aside*)

He's safely in my pow'r

Wil (*aside*)

Ah Marie, we must part this hour.

Both

The vow has gone forth my/thy Lip
And fierce cry of vengeance is spread
Oh ne'er be my/thy sword sheath'd
Till it flash round the Murderer's head

Wil

Oh Marie, fate calls me from thee
Yet this heart still unchang'd shall remain
The thought that thou'rt lost unto me
Rushes wild on my agoniz'd brain.

{12b}

Ludo (*aside*)

Poor stripling! Fate binds him to me
O'er a mind thus estrang'd I have sway.
My victim he soon now will be
Thus secure, to my plans fall a prey.

Both

The vow has gone forth etc.

Ludovico ascends the bridge. The Gipsies appear on the Bridge in fantastic habits with wands on which are fix'd green and crimson lights. Boats strangely illuminated with Gipsies in them glide on in perspective on the windings of the river

Scene closes in on Picture

Scene 8th

Neat Gothic Apartment in the Burgomaster's house. Enter Marie followed by Bertha, who has a Bridal wreath in her hands

Marie Wilhelm not yet returned

Ber. Ah madam, the men seem all bewitched today, begging your pardon there's[13] my old beau, Mr Wagner, is three parts demented. He's sitting in a corner and will not talk about anything (save me) but old Scratch.[14]

Marie And it draws nigh the hour when our guests will assemble to witness the exchange of rings.

Ber. Here is your bridal wreath. Madam allow me to place it on your head. May this Chaplet my good kind mistress for ever crown your happiness.

Marie Thanks cheerful Bertha

Wag (*without*) Bertha! Bertha!

Ber. Alas! if Wagner continues in the same mood, I shall be no longer cheerful Bertha

Enter Wagner

{13a}

Wag Exorcise te(?)

Ber Good steward calm yourself

Wag Calm, can I ever be calm again. I - I have seen him.

Mar. Whom, Wilhelm?

Wag. No, no, no. Master Wilhelm saw him too, but I saw it twice and once it rose out of the earth.

Mar. What do you mean, Wagner. What did you see?

Wag. What did I see. I encountered the great adversary of mankind.

[13] It is not clear to which sentence the phrase "begging your pardon" belongs. One of "there's" or "is" is superfluous
[14] Nickname for the devil

Ber. What?

Wag. The Commander in Chief of the bottomless pit.

Ber. Come, come, Wagner, shake off your idle fancies.

Wag. Idle fancies (*whispers to Bertha*) St. Anthony, St. Bernard, Master Wilhelm and myself are perhaps the only four who ever did communicate with Belzebub [*sic*]

Ber. Do not alarm our young mistress with such nonsense. Come let me spice you a flask of Wine. You shall not deny me dear Wagner.

Wag. Now I'm going to be tempted by Woman and wine (*to Bertha*). Lead me where you will and do as you like with me. It is all over with me. Don't I smell of sulphur, love?

Exeunt Ber. and Wagner

Marie I cannot overcome the anxiety I feel. Everything around oppresses me. What can have detained Wilhelm? The night is dark, the storm rages with increased violence and yet he comes not.

Ballad

He comes not yet
To soothe this heart now breaking
The Guests are met
And glad[15] sounds are waking
A Bridal wreath entwines my brow
His place alone is vacant now
The smile has fled my Cheek once more **{13b}**
For ah! he comes to me no more.

Ah who shall chide
The lonely breast for grieving?
I cannot hide
The pang his loss is leaving
Fast fall my tears adown this Cheek
And all the warmth of woe bespeak
The smile is fled that once I wore
For ah! he comes to me no more.

Exit

[15] The *Songs etc.* has "gladsome"

Scene 9th

Illuminated saloon in the Burgomaster's House. The Guests assembled. A Waltz is performed by the younger portion of the Company at the conclusion of which enter Marie and the Burgomaster

Burgo I have anticipated your wishes my Child. I have dispatched several of the students, Wilhelm's friends, in the hope to hasten him hither.

Marie His life may be in danger. Every moment of delay is torture. (*Enter Wagner and Bertha*) Say Wagner, where, where is Wilhelm?

Wag. Ah Madam, would I could tell you.

Ber. (*aside to him*) You shall not tell her anything

Students huzza loudly without

Burgo. Hark! They have found him.

Enter Wilhelm followed by the Students

Wag. He is safe, St. Peter be praised

Wil. My Marie!

Marie Dearest Wilhelm you seem sad and weary. What has happened?

Wil. (*apart*) I have not the courage to tell her. Enquire not now Marie. **{14a}** All shall be explained hereafter (*abstractedly*). He meets me at midnight.

Wag. (*overhearing*) Midnight! Oh Belzebub [*sic*] again. My Blood curdles (*staggers*)

1st Stu. The old steward is not sober yet.

Burgo. Arise my friends. My son the night shall end more cheerfully than it commenced. Here in the presence of our friends assembled, you shall plight your troth unto my daughter Marie. Give me the rings and as the Clock strikes one.

All the guests surround the Burgomaster and uncover their heads. The Burgomaster takes Wilhelm to Marie and is about to join their hands. The Bell tolls One.

Wil. (*looking around*) 'Tis past the hour and now I need not go. It must have been some Phantom of the Brain

Marie Where would you go?

Wil. We shall be happy now.

Wagner turns his head and discovers Ludovico behind him. Wagner falls on his knees utters a Yell of horror but cannot speak. Bertha raises Wagner and leads him to a seat. Ludovico continues immoveable with his eyes fix'd on Wilhelm

Finale

Wil. The unknown here! Alas! Then all is lost.

Ludo.

Why so coldly and dejected
Dost thou bend thine eyes on me
Am I here so unexpected
As to thus unwelcomed be?
Is it thus you have regarded
The firm tie that binds us both
Is my friendship so rewarded **{14b}**
Is it thus you keep your Oath?

Wil.

Oh my fate is then decided
Peace I never more shall know
By an unknown power guided
Far from home and Love I go.
I have vowed and I have spoken
What can never be forgot
Yes, my oath must not be broken
Tho' despair fulfil my lot

Marie

Nay, you must not shall not leave me
Can you Marie thus resign
Trust him not, he will deceive thee
Scorn not then a love like mine.
By each tender vow recalling
By the bliss we yet may know
By these tears of anguish falling
Leave me not to endless woe

Burgo.

Who this Stranger uninvited
Oh his looks have chilled my breast
Like some Demon he hath blighted
All the gladness of the Feast

Chorus

Oh what horror! Lo, he taunts him
With a fiendish wild delight
And with look of malice haunts him
Like some Spectre of the Night

Burgo.
What means this bold intrusion

Chorus
How dare you here remain

{15a}

Burgo.
Why come you? Stranger answer

Chorus
This mystery explain

Ludo
He only knows the reason
The cause he can unfold

Wil (*aside*)
A fearful oath impels me

Marie (*aside*)
My fate the witch foretold

Ludo
This union I forbid. The veil of Mystery
Tear aside. Behold in Wilhelm
Duke Aldobrando

Chorus
Duke Aldobrando!

Ludo
gives a sealed letter to Burgomaster

Thus I fulfil his mother's last request

Wil
I must go with him. Marie dear farewell

Marie
No thou shalt not quit these arms
Thou art mine by every tie
I can brave the worst alarms
And would gladly for thee die
(*to Ludo*) In love's grasp I have entwined him
Wretch in vain thou wouldst us part
If thy deadly shaft must find him
It shall reach him through my heart.

Wil

Oh my breast with torture rent
And now to love would fain relent
And to shield he soul from woe
Duty's sacred claim forego **{15b}**

Ludo

Hence! Unbind that feeble clasp
And the sword of vengeance clasp
Dost thou tremble, art thou loth
(*seizes Wilhelm*) Thus then thus - thy oath – thy oath

Ludovico drags Wilhelm away. Marie sinks in despair into the arms of her father. In the action of struggling with Wilhelm, Ludovico drops the Scroll, which had been delivered by Gasparro from Raphael. Bertha who has re entered sees it fall, picks it up and conceals it.

Chorus

Oh what dreary change hath come
O'er this once so peaceful home
Hearts that late with pleasure thrilled
Now are drooping and are chilled

End of Act 1st

[There is a page 16 but it clearly belongs to some other play or opera and has been misfiled with this opera].

{17a}

Act 2 Scene 1

View near Rome. The Aldobrando Palace in the distance. On one side a small figure of the Madonna. Muleteers with their laden mules. Female Peasants. Michelotto, principal Muleteer

Chorus - Muleteers

Who so gay as a lusty Muleteer, Boys
Night and day fresh scenes his breast inspire
Come what may he knows not care or fear, boys.
Foul or fair his course doth never tire
Oh what joy when travellers rich he's mounting
With joke and tale he cheers the Cavalcade
If fortune smile, their gold he's quickly counting
Thus all his toils are handsomely repaid.

Women

Happy souls these sturdy Muleteers
Blythe and free as birds upon the Wing
Like some Bride, each well dress'd wife appears
Ever thus they gaily dance and sing
O'er rock and vale he guides the welcome stranger
Pleas'd regains his home and mountain dear
Soon forgets each toilsome scene and danger
Oh who so gay as a sturdy muleteer.

They retire

Enter Marie disguised as a Cavalier and Wagner with a staff and Wallet

Mar. The heat and the journey have sorely oppressed me. Ah Wilhelm what have I endured for thee. Shall we ever meet again? **{17b}**

Wag. It is a pretty business in which we have embarked. For upwards of 10 months 3 weeks and two days, we have been wandering the earth without overtaking your runaway lover. Oh la! From Milan to Florence, back again from Florence to Milan, always too late or too soon. I have ridden over the ruts in the road 'till every joint of the vertebrae of my skeleton is out of its socket. I have become as thin as a paper lantern, jaws and all and when I alight the least puff of wind puts me quite out.

Mar. Poor Wagner!

Wag. Yes, I am to be pitied on the eve of marriage to be tormented by a Devil. What could so bewitch me as to follow you thus thro' this pestilent journey. You came away too without your father's permission.

Mar. I shall seek Wilhelm and die at his feet

Wag You shall do no such thing. If we find him I'll make the young dog marry you. In the mean time, I will hie to the sumpter Mule and draw our ration of dinner for I declare I am hungry as well as unhappy. Stir not, I entreat you, until I return.

Exit

Marie Care has blighted my heart. Yes, Wilhelm, it is now breaking for thee

Ballad

Scenes of my youth no more I behold you
Home of my childhood from thee I have fled
Ne'er to his bosom a father will press me
Ne'er more his blessing will rest on this head
Sever'd from him my heart fondly cherished
Vainly I wander from shore to shore
Love's tender blossom too rudely hath perished
I sigh for the peace time can never restore.

Oh when this heart in coldness shall slumber
Beneath yon dark Cypress in silence repose
Grant as he passes, some soft wind may whisper
Here sleeps thy Marie, weep o'er her woes **{18a}**
Here her last sigh with thee was united
Here did she bless thee nor once did reprove
Oh gentle Zephyr thus whisper him softly
And tell him that Marie died faithful to love.

Marie reclines on a bank. Re enter Wagner with bread fruit, a napkin etc

Wag. Come my gentle mistress eat. No? Why? On what do you exist? Love! Well I always love very much more when food is abundant. I am as gallant again on a bottle of Wine. I will make myself as comfortable as circumstances permit and dine al fresco tho' I almost feel tempted to cry like a Crocodile over my food. I wonder where the Burgomaster is and what my pretty Bertha is about? I am sure she won't know me again. I am sunburnt as brown as a dried herring and have lost all my roe into the bargain.

Dina enters cautiously at the back, observes Wagner. She takes a phial from her wallet as Wagner's hand is raised with the horn of wine. Dina lets fall a few drops of liquid into it.

Wag. Here's success to all our undertakings (*drinks*). Aye, ah, the craving stomach satisfied. How calm and serene every sense becomes (*drinks*). Dear, dear me, how suddenly sleepy. I must rouse a – rouse (*yawns*) myself. Well, I never a short siesta – dear me (*yawns, stretches and falls suddenly to sleep*)

Dina (*coming forward*) For some hours, he perforce must slumber. I have eluded the vigilance of Gasparro and a merciful power has enabled this poor lady to escape the snare which Ludovico had prepared for her. Marie arouse ye!

Marie Alas! Who is it that knows the hapless Marie?

Dina One that can disclose a secret on which your future happiness or misery depends

Marie In pity speak

Dina Behold her who predicted to thee all the evils thou **{18b}** hast endured.

Marie The Gipsy Dina!

Dina Yes lady, the Gipsy outcast. One who in atonement for the dark deed of her mother has been doom'd throughout life to crawl in the lowest state of human existence. One whose nightly companions have been the Bat and the Owl of the Wilderness and who has been constrained to dwell in the same tent with Thieves and Murderers. Recoil not Damsel. I would be your friend – in pity let me be your slave.

Marie What is thy meaning?

Dina The life of Wilhelm is threatened. Ludovico (the monster with whom he quitted Steinbach) has induced him to believe that thou art false.

Marie Alas! I am weary of life!

Dina He has reinstated Wilhelm in his Ducal professions and offers him the hand of the young Princess Colonna. Be not cast down that marriage will never be accomplished. Ludovico's real object is but to keep Wilhelm in his toils and to sacrifice him at the first favorable moment.

Marie Misery! Where is Wilhelm? Let me fly to save him.

Dina Beware – do not disclose yourself even if by accident you meet your lover – Wilhelm has friends. Let my darkened lips kiss your hand in token of my devotion to you. The difficulties are manifold, but courage. Yon palace contains the young Duke Aldobrando. He is there surrounded by wily sycophants, by treacherous men, by deadly foes. Follow me.

Marie But where is my old and faithful Servant?

Dina He sleeps yonder and so soundly that any effort to awaken him for a certain number of hours would be ineffectual. I – I have drugged his wine cup. He would have marred my designs.

Marie But what will be the fate of my kind friend Wagner?

Dina Fear not for him. Ho! (*enter several Gipsies*) Though **{19a}** their looks be rude, their hearts are faithful. Guard him well until my return (*to Marie*) He cannot wake.

Chorus of Gipsies

Ha! Ha! who have we here
He's dead or drunk I fear
Disturb him not
The aged sot
He dreams not who is near.
While soundly he doth sleep
Our faithful watch we keep
See, see, he moves – he lives 'tis plain
Hark how he groans as tho' in pain
(*Wagner snores*)
Silence! Silence! He goes to sleep again

Marie and Dina have approached the figure of the Saint

Duet

Holy virgin, lowly bending
At thy feet we breathe our pray'r
Deign the guiltless heart befriending
Still to hold him in thy care.
Dangers dark and foes defying
Thou his strength and shield wilt be
On thy love and power relying
Thus we place our trust in thee
Holy Virgin hear our prayer

Gipsies

While soundly etc.
Disturb him not etc
See, see, he moves etc.
Silence! Silence! etc.

Marie regards him for a short period and then follows Dina

{19b}

Scene 2

Exterior of a road side Inn
Enter Michelotto and Gasparro

Gasp. But your convoy of mules are starting. You call yourself a man of your word

Mich. Yonder travellers have disappointed us by keeping so closely by the heels of the German Ambassador.

Gasp. Plague on the German Invaders, but we have a sting for them. The hour draws nigh that shall rid us of the Barbarians. Ludovico reckons on your services when the decisive period shall arrive.

Mich. I will answer for the whole tribe of Muleteers

Gasp. Long may the friendly union continue between the craft Muleteer and the bold Brigand! I have linger'd here in the hope of arresting the steps of a pretty girl who has quitted her father's house at Steinbach in search of the young Duke Aldobrand. Some cleverer devil than myself has thwarted my plans.

Mich. Pardon me, you are allowed to be the most accomplished cut throat in the whole kingdom.

Gasp. I hate flattery. I am summoned this night by Ludovico to the Villa Aldobrando. Michelotto before the Carnival we meet at Rome, our rendezvous the Catacombs. There by a bold manoeuvre we free our country from the German yoke. If we fail we must again retreat to the mountains and carry on the old trade or sneak back to Steinbach and down on my knees and beg forgiveness of my jolly old father.

Mich. Your father! Is he alive?

Gasp. Alive and merry going to be married to a buxom lass about half his own age. Ho! a skin of mine there for the Gentlemen Muleteers.

Mich Aye and a song to relish it.

Song Gasp.[16]

{20a}

From our rocky bow'r on high
As we mark the moments fly
Or strain our sight
At the Eagle's flight
As he proudly cleaves the sky.
On a sudden, new thoughts arise
And we dream of a goodly prize
As the Whip and Yell
And the tinkling Bell
Proclaim a traveller nigh.
With a smile soft and bland
"Stand", we cry, "Traveller stand!"
Give your Gold
Give your Gold.
To the bold Brigand
Oh! What traveller could withstand
The address of a bold Brigand
Ha! Ha! Ha!

[16] The printed *Songs etc* titles this a song and chorus by Gasparro and the Muleteers

Lo! Our victims soon appear
Lady fair and Cavalier
He braves our knife
So we take his life
And the damsel faints with fear
She is beautiful fair and young
Her white neck with pearl is strung
As we claim the prize
We kiss those eyes
That late on another hung.
Now she wakes, now she squalls
On her dear Husband calls
Spare our lives
Spare our lives!
And for mercy bawls
Take our Gold, spare our lives
Cries the best of wives.
Oh! What traveller etc.

Exeunt

{20b}

Scene 3

Library in the Palace of Cardinal Orsini.
The Cardinal discovered seated at his table. Three other prelates sitting. Raphael in attendance.

Car. And now my excellent Secretary, Raphael, for your report on the search mission on which you have lately been dispatched touching the mysterious affair of one, Ludovico, his assumption of the title duke Aldobrand.

Rap So please your eminence, I journeyed to the estate of Aldobrand. I made minute enquiry and the said Ludovico, sinner tho' he be (are we not all sinners) in my poor opinion is not so black as his Character has been represented.

Car. Humph! Prithee relate his virtues

Rap. Ludovico has demanded a public trial as to the matter contained in the confession of the late Duchess. He declares himself completely innocent of the crime with which he is charged and to show his good intent, since the rightful heir of Duke Aldobrand has been discovered, Ludovico has resigned all title and possession unto the young Duke (who until now has passed his days in comparative obscurity). I your faithful messenger have witnessed that he who was called Wilhelm, a German Student, is now fully reinstated in the honor and dignity of his late Father's palace.

Car. Raphael you have well concluded this mission for thy employer (*sternly*) whether that employer be thy master, Cardinal Orsini, or probably thy more liberal master, the foul traitor Ludovico. (*Raphael starts*) Stand aside, but do not leave our presence

Rap. My Lord Cardinal

Enter an attendant

Atten. So please your Eminence an aged Gentleman, accompanied by a young damsel, petitions for an audience (*hands letter*). These are his credentials.

Car. Aye, an old Correspondent! The Burgomaster of Steinbach – admit **{21a}** them.

The attendant ushers in the Burgomaster and Bertha. They kneel to the Cardinal

Car. Rise good Burgomaster – thy intelligence

Bur. My Lord, heavy grief hath fallen on my house since last I had the honor to address you. The Child of my adoption (who was imagined to be the son of Duke Aldobrand) was induced to quit my dwelling in a mysterious manner. My only daughter to whom he was betrothed had clandestinely left her home doubtless in search of her lost lover. I implore the aid of your police to discover my lost child.

Car. The boon is granted

Bur. I have yet intelligence of greater import to communicate. The strange being, who forced Wilhelm away on the night of the betrothing, accidentally let fall from his bosom this scroll. It was found by this Maiden. Distracted with the loss of my Child, I subsequently broke the seals. Discovering that the intelligence contained therein was of the deepest import to your eminence, I have journeyed hither to convey it to you..

Car. It is the handwriting of yon Traitor! Raphael, this is miraculous corroboration. Tremble thou mayst for thy doom is fixed. Ho within there Guard. (*Enter Officers*) Away with yonder hypocrite to the most secure dungeon – no reply – away (*Officers surround Raphael Exit R.*) Burgomaster this news is timely. Thou art indeed a welcome harbinger. Fear not for your daughter's safety, the same power that knows and will destroy the machinations of these conspirators keeps a watchful eye towards your beloved child. Remain in the palace as my Guest. My Lords, we must in without delay to the Council. On.

Exeunt

{21b}

Scene 4th

Illuminated Gardens of Aldobrand Palace

Voices Room there for the Duke.

Enter Wilhelm followed by Ludovico, Nobles and Ladies

Ludo. Has not the Fete of this Evening proved propitious my Lord Duke

Wil. You have indeed provided me with pleasure that I never deemed within mortal reach. The Duke Aldobrando greets you all with a hearty welcome.

Ludo. Let us cheat care of his burden and turn night into day with bright eyes and sparkling Wine.

Bacchanalian Song and Chorus

'Tis Pleasure shall crown the day
Come banish all thought away
Here sorrow is nothing worth
Old care was a churl from birth
'Tis Beauty and Wine
And wit that combine
To make us a Heaven of Earth boys
To make us a Heaven of Earth

2

For Wisdom that makes men fools
Clouds all with the dust of Schools
More truth and learning lies
In woman's fond Eloquent eyes
'Tis pleasure alone
Gives Existence a tone
It takes us from Earth to the Skies boys
It takes us from Earth to the Skies

Wil. Well sung my faithful friend

Ludo (*apart*) Thy very faithful friend. He is a hopeful pupil. In the pursuit of pleasure he has totally forgotten his errand hither

{22a}

Wil. Again to join the dance. Your will, Ladies, is my pleasure

Ludo. My Lord Duke may I entreat your patience a moment

Wil. Good Ludovico

Ludo It is an unseemly time to remind you but the coincidence is so remarkable to be sure. I have used every exertion to make this night pass more than usually joyous.

Wil. What mean you? What of this night?

Ludo. When you followed me hither to take possession of your Estates, the main inducement was that I should bring you to revenge yourself on the assassin of your father.

Wil (*starting*) And here in voluptuous ease has his unworthy son forgot his pledged duty

Ludo. Not so. I promised to place you before the homicide on the anniversary on which the foul crime was committed. This is the night – 21 years have elapsed since the horrible event

Wil. Withhold no longer the dreadful secret

Ludo. An hour after midnight, prepare thee to accompany me unattended to the huge Catacombs that extend beneath a part of Rome. Then thou shalt be confronted with he who slew thy father.

Wil. I will be prepared to join you thither and deadly shall be my revenge. Man of mystery I will follow thee and elated as I am by the generous Wine I will sword to sword cleave down the vile assassin.

Exit

Ludo. Poor fool! Thy hour has come, thou hast played long enough with thy Ducal baubles (*enter Gasparro*) Ha! Gasparro! (*Enter Dina unseen who has been watching Gasparro. She remains listening and beckons on Marie*) Hast thou yet waylaid the daughter of the Burgomaster?

Gasp. She has escaped us

{22b}

Ludo. This is unlike thy customary vigilance. I thought that thou hadst made her prisoner. Hark ye, Gasparro, is your arm quick and ready to serve me?

Gasp. Aye, good Master

Ludo. You know your man Wilhelm - but should you by any accident fail I shall have him afterwards closely encaged. Thou must not venture in sight of any of the Domestics, thy purpose else would be suspected

Gasp. In truth I am an innocent looking creature

Ludo. Wilhelm's senses are steeped in Wine. The western turret leads to his sleeping apartment. This key will open the arched door. The guests have departed and Wilhelm doubtless has thrown himself on his Couch in the heavy slumber of repletion. There is one other key to the Turret but that is in the possession of thy fellow devil, Dina (*Dina shews Marie a key*). Thou must strike as he sleeps. We must have no alarm in the Palace (*as Ludovico turns Dina hurries Marie off*). Yes, now I shall securely triumph. The events of tomorrow will rid us of our tyrannical German rulers and this princely estate is devoted to the cause in which my ambition had embarked. This way.

Exeunt

Scene 5th

Part of the Exterior of the Aldobrando Palace

Enter Dina. She claps hr hand thrice. Three Gipsy men enter carrying Wagner wrapped up in a Cloak still fast asleep. Dina unlocks the lower arched Door and the Gipsies go in with Wagner. She looks up with eager anxiety and then listens imploringly at the door. The Gipsies return.

Dina Have you laid him on the Couch

Gypsy Yes and he still sleeps soundly

Dina Away, away to Rome, hie to our secret haunt at the Catacombs

Exeunt Gipsies

{23a}

Dina (*leading on Marie*) I implore you to keep up your courage. It will save the life of Wilhelm. That which I have now planned was our only chance.

Enter Gasparro

Gasp. A voice; it is Dina. Where hast thou been loitering Gypsy? A stranger too! A fine formed stripling. The Cavalier loves black eyes and white teeth (*to Dina*) Go, withdraw your gallant out of sight or hearing. I have a little matter in hand that must not reach your delicate ears.

Dina Gasparro, listen to me. No more blood must be shed

Gasp. By what authority?

Dina Gasparro, I predict that the next foul deed you attempt to commit will be the last. Mark me the last. My prophecies have often produced truths Gasparro. Gasparro for thine own sake be merciful.

Gasp. Merciful! Yes, the same mercy the Wolf would manifest towards the kid.

Marie (*shrieks*) Spare him. Oh spare him

Gasp. (*discovering her sex*) Thou here! Wilhelm shall not again escape me

Marie Oh if ever your heart warmed at a father's smile, if ever your young spirit was cheer'd be the soothing fondness of a mother, if a Sister's gentle grace e'er delighted you, let such blest recollection pour its balm on your feelings and listen to my prayer.

Trio

Marie and Dina

If yet thy soul one speck of feeling share
If thou revere providence above
Lo, at thy feet we pour a heartfelt pray'r
Spare him, oh spare the object of our love
By the fierce anguish rending my lone breast
In mercy spare in as thou wouldst be blest

{23b}

Gasp.

Pledg'd is my word and he shall surely die
Vainly you plead, nor help nor hope are nigh
(*aside*) Yet in her prayer some influence doth exist
Some secret spell, my heart can scarce resist

Never 'till now did weakness so appear
To barter duty for a Woman's fear.

Ludovico without Courage Gasparro

Gasp. That call – thou dost entreat in vain. His fate is fixed.

Marie Help! Help! Oh save him

Dina In Heaven's name look before you strike.

Gasparro roughly throws off Marie and Dina rushes in at the Arched Door, which he closes forcibly. Marie totters and swoons. Dina calls loudly Help! Help! And Exeunt hastily bearing off Marie

Scene 6th

Apartment in the Palace. A Couch on which Wagner is reclining

Enter Gasparro with lantern

Gas. So this is the Chamber in which my victim slumbers. I must make good speed. Yonder is the Couch (*trembles*) Fool! Is thy hand palsied? The Gypsy muttered "This deed will be thy last. Look before you strike" Caution! Dina's wit is keen. Her predictions are not to be disregarded. I <u>will</u> look before I plunge the stiletto in the sleeper's breast. One glance – one glance (*he holds the light over the face of Wagner. Gasparro utters a yell of horror and drops the knife*). Merciful Heaven! It is my own father (*he falls on his knees by the side of the Couch*) He breathes but I cannot **{24a}** awake him. Father! Father – Is he dead! No, no, no, he is warm, his cheek is flushed with health (*buries his face in his hands and sobs hysterically*)

Enter Dina

Dina Gasparro, I told thee this would be the last foul deed thou wouldst attempt

Gasp. Dina, my preserver, let me worship thee. I did look before I struck. Let me worship thee.

Dina Worship me? Gasparro (*points to Heaven*). This way – this way. Thy father will shortly awake. Let not his eye sight be blighted in beholding his assassin fiend like son before him. Come, come, Penitent come.

Dina leads off Gasparro in a state of distraction

Enter Wilhelm

Wil. Every moment appears an age until, led by Ludovico, I am on the road to revenge. The hour has nearly arrived when he was to rejoin me.

Wag. (*waking uneasily*) Prithee, Prithee, a small sack posset.[17]

Wil. As I live it is my old friend Wagner! Wagner how hast thou come hither?

Wag. (*sits on the Couch and stares about him stupefied*) What's o'Clock? Where am I? Still bewitched? Don't answer all questions at once. I'm old and weak and stupid and mad and melancholy.

Wil. Do you not remember your friend, Wilhelm?

Wag. Wilhelm (*gravely*) Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant

Wil. How long have you been here dear Wagner?

Wag. Perhaps, Sir, you can tell as well as I. That is to say if you know how long I have been here or even where here you are better acquainted with these matters than I pretend to be.

{24b}

Wil. How left you my beloved Marie?

Wag. That is what I should like to ascertain <u>how</u> I left her. I conjecture I went to sleep and I suppose she went away.

Wil. What! speak. Has that angel visited Italy?

Wag. Marie has followed and sought an ungrateful dog of a lover who does not deserve her affection.

Wil. Alas Wagner

Wag. You are no longer the worthy Burgomaster's adopted son but a confounded ill conditioned Duke. Fie! Your conduct is dirty. I wash my hands of you.

Wil. I love my Marie dearer than ever.

Wag. Doubtless you have proved your unbounded affection. A little of your love has gone a long way.

Wil. I will instantly seek the charming object of my passion. Accompany me Wagner

Wag. What? Are you going to sing? Thoughtless boy!

Wil. Follow me I say

[17] Posset was originally a warm drink of milk or cream curdled with wine or ale. Sack was a fortified wine.

Wag. To be led into bedevilments. I have never been my own man since that fatal night you left Steinbach. The Demon, the Belzebub [*sic*] I then beheld has never slipped from my memory

Ludovico enters Door, starts on seeing Wagner. Wagner at same moment turns and is horror struck at again beholding Ludovico

Wag. He is here again – here! There! Everywhere

Wil. What ails the old man? Is he imbecile?

Ludo. (*aside*) The presence of yon Idiot has caused Gasparro to fail. My Lord Duke, I await your pleasure to attend the final appointment.

Wag. As I'm a living man, Master Wilhelm, you shall not again leave me for the society of that (*sees Ludovico frowning*) awful personage. Ask him respectfully to remain in his proper element. I will not quit my hold Master Wilhelm (*apart*). I cannot distinguish his hoofs tho' he knows well how to conceal his horns and tail.

Wil. (*to Lud*) I will but relieve the apprehension of this old man and then will be prepared to journey with you to the spot, where **{25a}** the united object of my hatred and my curiosity is to be found. Come Wagner, some food and a flask of wine will cheer thee up old friend.

Wag. (*peering at Ludo*) I am sure he has a cloven foot (*to Wil*) If I forsake you the devil take me

Exit Wil. and Wagner

Ludo (*solus*) He has again escaped me. From one dark scene of guilt am I by destiny forced to another. The only event that can save me will be the ascendency I must acquire in the well planned revolt of tomorrow (*looks around*). These pictures recall to my recollection the pleasures of earlier and happier days (*draws curtain before picture and discovers the portrait of a beautiful female. On the Frame is inscribed Paulina Duchess Aldobrand*). It was an unhallowed love for this fair creature that drove me by degrees to despair, to infamy, to crime, and yet even at this day the remembrance softens my obdurate heart.

Ballad

That form, the past recalling
My alter'd lot poutrays [*sic*]
It tells of youth departed
Of brighter happier days
It wears the hue of gladness
The calm of early years
Ere grief the brow hood shaded
Or stained the Cheek with tears

No longer pure and tranquil thoughts
Within my bosom dwell
Oh lost to me for ever lost
That form I lov'd so well

Exit Ludovico

{25b}

Scene 7th

Interior of a vault in the Catacombs.
A small ruined spiral staircase from the Stage to the Ceiling.

Enter a body of Conspirators armed

Chorus

Woe! To the cause that our pow'r hath chill'd
Woe! To the heart that our vengeance hath thrill'd
Woe! To the Tyrants that dwell in proud domes
Our curses shall light on their Altars and Homes.

The Conspirators march thro' the Centre door – three guards remain.
Enter at the side Door, Ludovico followed by Wilhelm

Wil. These echoing vaults, whither do you lead me?

Ludo. Faithfully to fulfil my promise

Wil. I have listened in my passage hither to the distant footsteps of many armed men

Ludo. A brave troop – my friends

Wil. You were to place me before one who surely cannot be your friend

Ludo. He shall be placed before you – but, morally speaking, that individual has been no friend of mine. Duke Wilhelm, we are a hundred feet below the surface of the Earth. What thinkest thou of this noble Catacomb for thy Grave?

Wil. Were I no more, it would amply suffice (*points to Staircase*) What is this?

Ludo. Ruined and impassable steps to some upper Chamber destined for the repose of the mighty dead.

Wil. I am impatient – fulfil your promise

Ludo. Draw thy good Sword and he upon whom thou hast just vengeance to wreak shall quickly appear before thee.

Wilhelm draws his sword. At the same moment the three Guards have advanced silently behind him. One throws a black hood over Wilhelm's head, a second seizes the sword and the third manacles his wrists.

Wil. Villains! What is your purpose (*at a signal from Ludovico the three guards reenter the Centre door*)

{26a}

Ludo. Wilhelm, Duke Aldobrand, your Highness fettered and hooded like a young Falcon – Ha! ha! ha! Thus, Thus I faithfully fulfil my pledge. Behold in me the murderer of your father.

Wil. Accursed fiend! Have I been the object of such delusion?

Ludo. Poor fool! Wouldst thou raise thy feeble arm against a Giant (*goes to side door and turns the lock*) Rest thee in this Corridor of Flint not harder than the heart that dooms thee lost. Thou art perfectly secure here until Justice is passed on thee by yon secret Tribunal! Thy sentence is doubtless anticipated but Wilhelm thou must die in despair, for thy last Remembrance will be that that Father's death remains unrevenged and let it <u>madden</u> you that <u>I</u> killed him.

Exit

Wil. Cruel perfidious monster. His treachery has triumphed and I shall be basely sacrificed! Is there no hope? Alas! Marie, my sweet and innocent maid and could I, led by credulity and ambition, forsake you – lost treasure. What a fate is mine. At the worst my courage shall not sink. Marie, the recollection of thy placid virtue and virgin beauty must ease my tortured breast.

<u>Air</u>

'Tis sad thus to fall in the spring time of life
When hope's fadeless garden with verdure is rife
Oh could I behold thee, belov'd and best
This heart would sink calmly to death as to rest.
My sighs cannot reach thee, in vain I deplore
The love that once bound us unites us no more.

2

Tho' shadows of evil crowd fast on my sight
A light is around me, shines quenchless and bright
Some Spirit still whispers when life's dream is past
We fondly shall meet in love's haven at last
No sigh there will reach us we may not deplore
For the love that unites us will part us no more.

{26b}

Wilhelm kneels. Music. A brick or Stone falls from the top of the spiral staircase. In another break of the music, two more bricks fall on the stage. Wilhelm startled – a Crash – Dina appears on the top of the Staircase with a torch. She rapidly descends, crosses to Wilhelm, views his chains, pulls a file from her girdle – points above – Marie is seen higher up the Staircase – they all ascend. When they have gained the top of the Staircase, the Centre Door of the Tribunal is opened, the three guards appear. They search in vain for Wilhelm, try the side door – give an alarm. The Conspirators rush from the Tribunal, the Stones continue falling, some of the Soldiers attempt to ascend the staircase but are struck down – Scene closes.

Scene 8th

Street in Rome
Masquers cross to the Carnival. Wagner enters. Masquers accost him and push him about

Wag. Be quiet ye silly people. Here's folly and frivolity beneath the notice of a grave German as I am. Away. Beset by a host of carnal devils who kick me about like a football. Where can my young mistress be? Good folks tell me have you seen a lady? No, I mean a young Gentleman who is not a Gentleman, but a particular female friend of mine.

Masquers laugh and Exit. Enter Wilhelm, Marie and Dina in Cloaks and Masked.

Wag. More of these foolish creatures. The only wise thing they do is concealing their shameful faces (*retires*)

Dina Miraculously we have escaped and tho' pursued, these disguises have hitherto saved us.

Marie My beloved Wilhelm, I have sought you long in vain. How could you leave me thus?

Wil. My life, my Marie, how can I ever repay the wrong the **{27a}** evils thou hast borne?

Marie I press thy hand again and all my griefs are forgotten. I awake as from some horrid dream to light a life.[18]

Dina (*points to door of Palace*) In, in here. The Burgomaster is an inmate of the Cardinal's palace

Marie My father. Let me hasten and at his feet implore forgiveness. Come dear Wilhelm.

Exit Marie, Wil. And Dina

Wag. The pop in and out here like wild Rabbits in a burrow. But what's to be done my fellow? Here am I a perfect stranger in the midst of a thumping City of mad masqueraders.

Dina appears at the Door with Bertha masked and attired as a Gipsy. Bertha comes behind Wagner and taps him on the shoulder. Wagner starts. Dina disappears.

Wag. Go away with you, you naughty thing

Ber. Will your Worship condescend to notice a poor Gypsy

Wag. Gipsy! No. It is to the Gipsies I owe all my misfortunes. I hate them, abominate them

Ber. If you worship saw my face, I think you would alter your opinion

Wag. Go roast a Raven for your Supper but leave me alone or I'll complain to the Pope

[18] The printed *Songs etc*. included a duet for Wilhelm and Marie in Scene 8. This seems the most likely place for it.

Ber. But I could tell your Worship's fortune

Wag. Abscond. It isn't reputable to be seen speaking to such an individual

Ber. Listen old Wag

Wag. Old Wag! What does she mean?

Ber. You have had the temerity to court one much younger that yourself

Wag. Ha! You have only guessed that you brown imposter

Ber. A charming sprightly Girl – by name –

Wag. What!

{27b}

Ber. Bertha old Wag.

Wag. Oddsbodikins, the Gipsy is right. Tell me directly what else do you know of that young creature?

Ber. Abscond. It is not reputable to be seen speaking to such an individual

Wag. But sweet Gypsy, unfold to me all with which you are acquainted about that said Bertha. Here is money.

Ber. The poor Girl forsaken by some former false old wretch of a lover is about to be married.

Wag. I forbid the banns

Ber. Hark ye, if I could by my magic art convey you a 1000 miles thro' the air perched on a broomstick to your Bertha's presence what sum would you give?

Wag. Verily I know not what to answer. I do not like the proposed mode of travelling. I think it inconvenient and unsafe but, listen Sybil, if you will bring little Bertha here by that same conveyance, I will cross your hand with two gold pieces.

Ber. Agreed. The money.

Wag. Ye- yes - but prithee is Bertha yet married? Because if so, I would not pay thee a farthing for her, broomstick and all. Whoever gets her will smart for it for she is a pretty precious Virago.

Ber. (*off her Guard*) How Sir! (*aside*) Now you shall pay for that compliment – the Gold – she is yet single. Two if you please (*he puts money into her hand*). Turn your face to the East and close your eyes until you hear me clap my hands thrice. (*she mysteriously turns Wagner round and pushes his hat down over his eyes, slips off*

her disguise and mask, which she throws in at the door and assuming great simplicity claps her hands, exclaims in an altered tone) My dear Wagner.

Wag. Ha! (*trying to remove his hat*)

Ber. Wait one instant dear (*runs to the door and produces a birch broom on which she pretends to sit*). Here I am, my **{28a}** old man

Wag. (*turns*) My pretty Bertha! Is it possible (*kisses her*) Oh May has come again, my daisy, my daffy downdilly (*hugging her*). Yes, but hasn't it taken your breath away.

Ber. What! No. Salute me again.

Wag. I did not mean that. I meant the ride through the air of a thousand miles (*inspects the broom*) and this wonderful machine, extraordinary and do you consider it as our property?

Ber. If you value it, I'm sure you may keep it.

Wag. Mysterious besom, hail

Ber. Never mind that now. The Burgomaster, my young Mistress, Wilhelm are all altogether in yon Palace.

Wag. Let us haste to pay our duty (*they go towards door arm in arm*). Wonderful broom you shall be permanently placed in the museum at Steinbach (*Bertha enters door. Wagner stumbles in the portal, stoops and picks up the dress of the Gypsy and the mask, inspects them*) Holloa! What the devil are these? The habiliments of the witch – More curiosities for the Museum.

Exit

Enter Ludovico followed by Michelotto and other Conspirators masked

Lud. Disperse we in various groups. On the concerted signal, let each sword be raised and down with the disgraceful German yoke – Away – (*Exit Conspirators*). My vigilant eye will enable me to discover Wilhelm. (*Dina reappears at the Door, crouches and listens*) Until assured of his death, wealth, fame, all are lost. I will myself strike the fatal blow.

Exit

Dina (*comes forward with Wallet*) Desperate man, thy hour has almost come for Dina the Gypsy has sworn to save your victim. I must be watchful and stratagem alone can elude the craft of Ludovico. This wallet contains the means of instant death, a mask for Ludovico's wearing but so highly impregnated with subtle poison that the moment it is fixed on the face and the breath inhaled, the wearer of **{28b}** the fatal mask will become a livid[19] Corpse. Ludovico thou must die by the Gypsy's hand.

Exit

[19] Livid being a blueish grey colour

Scene Last

The Corso at Rome. The Piazza de Popolo. Houses with balconies on each side of the Street filled with Characters masked scattering bouquets and bon bons. Grand Procession of Characters. Cars filled with Pierrots, Pulcinellos – a car filled up as a ship full of grotesque Sailors. A car with half a dozen devils in it, black. They have long tubes filled with soot. Twelve Pierrots in white, white masks and riding white hobby horses, white harnesses etc. They have tubes filled with flour.

Chorus and Dance

Hence Care, let us be gay
Mirth holds revel today
Youth, Love and Beauty to pleasure belong
Prudence lays by her rules
Sages gossip with fools
See all the world to the Carnival throng
Nature all her charms revealing
Glowing sky and balmy air
O'er each joyful bosom stealing
Sheds an influence bright and rare.

National dance – Freaks of Pulcinello – Pas de Trois the Pulcinellos – The return of Old Harlequin from his travels. A car drawn on in which are standing an antique Columbine and a family of young Harlequins. Columbine descends from the Car and embraces Harlequin, who is all affection and begs that his children may be presented to him by their Mother. She brings the tallest boy whom he kisses affectionately, then she introduces a second whom Harlequin considers much grown during his absence, a third little Harlequin **{29a}** *is then brought* (*smaller still*) *with whom he is also delighted. Colombine goes to the Car and brings out a very little piccaninny Harlequin to which she seems more attached than to the others. This child however has a white face. Har. looks at it and rather recoils. Col. entreats him to kiss the Child. Harl. will have nothing to do with the white faced brat. Columbine crying puts the Child into the Car. Harl. strikes with his Bat. "Not mine" appears on the Car. The Harlequins junior draw the Car off and Col. drives off old Harl. after it. Attack on the Car of Black Devils by the White Pierrot Cavalry. Shouts without – Alarm – the Festivity discontinued. Cannonade – women shriek – confusion – Body of Conspirators driven across at the back by the Swiss Guards – March – Procession of the Swiss Guards surrounding the Conspirators – disarmed. Cardinal Orsini enters followed by the Burgomaster, Wilhelm, Marie. Ludovico enters. Dina near him watching his movements warily.*

Card. The festivity of the Carnival thus violated. Lead yon Traitors to their doom. Duke Aldobrand permit me to congratulate you on escape from great vicissitude.

Ludo. (*apart*) One last attempt. Now madness nerve my arm

Dina dexterously from behind strikes off Ludovico's mask

Wil. (*starting*) Ludovico! Murderer!

Dina This mask. Quickly conceal your face (*rapidly gives Ludovico the poisoned Vizor which he puts o*n)

Ludo. I am saved – Ah! (*groans wildly, falls and dies*) [20]

Dina Away, Away, avoid the Corse (Corpse?) as a pestilence. The Gypsy has saved you. The monster is dead.

Card. You have forestalled the vengeance of the law and freed the state from its most dangerous and malignant foe. Receive our **{29b}** heartfelt thanks. And now Duke Aldobrando thy betrothing shall once again take place (*joins the hands of Marie and Wilhelm*) in the presence of assembled thousands. Joy to the Bride and Bridegroom.

Finale

Marie

Dear source of past pleasure
Of rapture and light
Sweet visions are crowding
Once more on my sight
My soul like some bird
Freed from thraldom and pain
Mounts gaily to breathe
Life's glad morning again.

Wil

A torrent of transport
My breast doth o'ercome
Oh ne'er from this bosom
Again shalt thou roam
Secure in Love's Haven
Thy sorrows are o'er
The pow'r that unites us
Will part us no more

Chorus

What joy and what pleasure
Now fills every breast
The wild waves of discord
Are lull'd into rest
Secure in Love's Haven
Their sorrows are o'er
The pow'r that unites them
Will part them no more.

Finis

[20] *The Observer* (Apr. 23, 1838) in its review stated that Wilhelm killed Ludovico so perhaps this rather odd assassination with a poisoned mask was replaced by a more usual and simple action in the performance.

Appendix 1

Scene 8

(song included in the printed *Songs etc* but not included in the manuscript)

Duet Wilhelm and Marie

I press thee again, once more to this heart,
And share Love's passionate kiss:
Oh! much as thou'rt lov'd -oh!dear as thou art,
What moment can equal this?

I read in thine eyes' affectionate glow,
The thoughts that are life unto me;
I hear in those words which tenderly flow,
I still am beloved by thee.

Ne'er more we part
Thus, heart to heart,

Life's future hours shall calmly glide.

Not a cloud shall come
To dim our home,

No pow'r our souls divide.

I press thee again, once more to this heart,
And share Love's passionate kiss;
Oh! much as thou'rt lov'd -oh!dear as thou art,
What moment can equal this?