

The Bohemian Girl

Michael William Balfe

Characters

Arline, daughter of Count Arnheim	soprano
Thaddeus, a proscribed Pole	tenor
Count Arnheim, governor of Presburg	baritone [2]
Queen of the Gypsies	contralto [3]
Devilshoof, chief of the Gypsies	bass
Florestein, nephew of the Count	tenor
Buda, Arline's attendant	soprano [4]
Captain of the Guard	bass [5]
An Officer	tenor [4]
Gypsies, huntsmen, guests, etc.	

The scene is laid in Presburg and environs.

Arline
Queen of the Gypsies
Thaddeus
Devilshoof
Count Arnheim
Florestein

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

Act One

1 Overture

The chateau and grounds of Count Arnheim, on the Danube, near Presburg. On one side, the principal entrance to the castle; opposite is a statue of the Emperor, above which a party is employed raising the Austrian flag.

(On the rising of the curtain, the retainers of Count Arnheim are discovered preparing for the chase.)

2 Chorus

Up with the banner, and down with the slave
Who shall dare to dispute the right,
Wherever its folds in their glory wave,
Of the Austrian Eagle's flight,
of the Austrian Eagle's flight,
of the Austrian Eagle's flight.

(After they have fixed the flag, they all come forward.)

Chorus

Its pinion flies
Free in the skies,
As that of the airy king,
Thro' danger fleets
As heart that beats
Beneath his plumed wing.
Its pinion flies, yes,
Free in the skies, yes,
As that of the airy king, yes,
Thro' danger fleets
As heart that beats
Beneath his plumed wing,
beneath his plumed wing,
beneath his plumed wing.

Now the foeman lies low, and the battle-field's won,
We may honor in peace what in war we have done.
The stirring chase, the festive board,
The varied charms which each afford,
Shall day and night, shall day and night beguile,
shall day and night, shall day and night beguile,
shall day and night, shall day and night beguile,
shall day and night beguile, beguile.

(At the end of the chorus, Count Arnheim and Florestein enter from chateau, followed by various neighboring nobles, pages, huntsmen, etc., and his child, Arline, attended by Buda, etc.)

3 Count

A soldier's life
Has seen of strife
In all its forms so much,
That no gentler theme
The world will deem
A soldier's heart can touch;

A soldier's life
Has seen of strife
In all its forms so much,
That no gentler theme
The world will deem
A soldier's heart can touch,
a soldier's heart, a soldier's heart can touch;
The world will deem no gentler theme
a soldier's heart, a soldier's heart can touch,
a soldier's heart can touch.

Chorus of Hunters

Away to the hill and glen,
away to the hill and glen,
Where the hunter's belted men
With bugles shake the air!

(The Count, after bowing to his friends, sees Arline, and takes her in his arms.)

Count

Ah; who can tell, save he who feels
The care a parent's love reveals,
How dear, fond thing, thou art
To this lone, widow'd heart, to this lone heart!
Ah, who can tell the care, the care a parent's love
reveals,
How dear, fond thing, thou art
To this lone, widow'd heart!

/ Hunters and Nobles

| Away to the hill and glen,
| Where the hunter's belted men
| With bugles shake the air!
| with bugles shake the air, the air!
| Hail to the Lord of our soil,
| hail, hail to our Lord,
| hail, hail to our Lord,

| hail, hail to our Lord, hail, hail!

| Count

| Away to the hills,
| away to the hills,
| Away to the glen,
| Away, away to the hills,
| away, away to the hills,
| Away to the hills, away to the hills,
| Where bugles shake the air!

Hunters and Nobles

Away to the hill and glen,
Where the hunter's belted men
With bugles shake the air!
with bugles shake the air, the air!
Away, away
Now to the hill and glen away, away!

Count

Away to the hills,
away to the hills,
away to the glen,
away, away, away!

(During this, a retainer brings down a rifle to Florestein, who puts it away from him. Count Arnheim exit in chateau. Nobles and hunters ascend rocks and exeunt. Arline petitions Buda to let her accompany them, and goes off by a footpath, at side of rocks, with her and Florestein.)

(Enter Thaddeus, breathless and exhausted, in a state of great alarm.)

Thaddeus:

A guard of Austrian soldiers are on my track, and I can no longer elude their vigilance. An exile from my wretched country, now a prey to the inveterate invader, my only hope is in some friendly shelter. *(Sees the statue of the Emperor.)* Ah! that tells me I am here on the very threshold of our enemies!

4 Thaddeus

Without friends, and without a home,
my country, too! yes, I'm exil'd from thee;
what fate, what fate awaits me here, now!
Pity, Heaven! oh calm my despair.

'Tis sad to leave our Fatherland,
And friends we there lov'd well,
To wander on a stranger strand,

Where friends but seldom dwell;
Yet, hard as are such ills to bear,
And deeply tho' they smart,
Their pangs are light to those who are
The orphans of the heart!

'Tis sad to leave our Fatherland,
And friends we there lov'd well,
To wander on a stranger strand,
Where friends but seldom dwell;
where friends, where friends,
where friends but seldom dwell, but seldom dwell.

Oh! if there were one gentle eye
To weep when I might grieve,
One bosom to receive the sigh
Which sorrow oft will heave;
One heart the ways of life to cheer,
Tho' rugged, tho' rugged they might be,
No language, no language can express, how dear
That heart would be to me, would be to me!
O Heav'n, O Heav'n!

'Tis sad to leave our Fatherland,
And friends we there lov'd well,
To wander on a stranger strand,
Where friends but seldom dwell;
Yet, hard as are such ills to bear,
And deeply tho' they smart,
Their pangs are light to those who are
The orphans of the heart!

'Tis hard to leave our Fatherland ...
And friends we there loved well,
To wander on a stranger strand,
Where friends but seldom dwell,
where friends but seldom dwell,
where friends but seldom dwell,
where friends but seldom dwell, where friends,
where friends but seldom dwell!

(At the end of song, a troop of Gipsies, headed by Devilshoof, their leader, suddenly appear and are about to seize and rob Thaddeus, but presuming by his dress that he is a soldier, they stop and examine him.)

[In the Kreuz edition, the following chorus is reinserted into act two.]

5 Chorus of Gypsies, with Devilshoof

In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead,
In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead,
Sometimes underroof, and sometimes thrown
Where the wild wolf makes his lair,
where the wolf makes his lair,
where the wolf makes his lair;

For he who's no home to call his own,
Will find, will find a home somewhere,
For he who's no home to call his own,
Will find a home somewhere,
will find a hom, find a home somewhere,
For he who's no home, no home to call his own,
Will find a home somewhere, ah! ah!

Thaddeus: *(aside)*

The sight of these wanderers has inspired me with a project.

(to Devilshoof)

Your manner and habit please me. I should like to join your band. I am young, strong, and have, I hope, plenty of courage.

Devilshoof:

Who are you?

Thaddeus:

One without money, without home, and without hope.

Devilshoof:

You're just the fellow for us, then!

Gipsy: *(who is on the lookout on rock)*

Soldiers are coming this way.

Thaddeus:

Tis I they are in search of.

Devilshoof:

Indeed! then they'll be cunning if they find you.

(In a moment they strip the soldier's dress off Thaddeus, and as they are putting a Gipsy's frock, etc., over him, a roll of parchment, with seal attached, falls at the feet of Devilshoof, who seizes it.)

Devilshoof:

What's this?

Thaddeus:

My commission! It is the only thing I possess on earth, and I will never part with it.

(He snatches it, conceals it in his bosom, and has just time to mix himself with the Gypsies, when a body of the Emperor's soldiers enter in pursuit.)

Officer: *(scrutinizing Gypsies)*

Have you seen anyone pass this way ... any stranger?

Devilshoof:

No one ... stay ... yes, a young Polish soldier ran by just now, and passed up those rocks.

Officer:

That's he ... thanks, friend! Forward!

(Exeunt soldiers up rocks.)

6 Devilshoof

Comrade, your hand,
We understand, we understand
Each other in a breath.
(shaking his hand)
This grasp secures
Its owner yours
In life, in life, and until death,
This grasp secures
Its owner yours
In life, and until death,
This grasp secures
Its owner yours
In life, and until death,
In life, in life, and until death,
yes, until death.

Thaddeus

The scenes and days to me
 Which seem'd so blest to be,
 No time can e'er restore,
 no time can e'er restore;
 The scenes and days, the days to me
 Which seem'd so blest, so blest to be,
 No time can e'er restore,
 no time can e'er restore,
 no time can e'er restore
 no time can e'er restore.

Gypsies

In the Gipsy's life you read
 The life that all would like to lead,
 In the Gipsy's life you read
 The life that all would like to lead.

Thaddeus

My wants are few.

Devilshoof

What we ne'er knew
 But what, but what we could supply.

Thaddeus

Then, what is worse,
 I have no purse!

Devilshoof

We nothing, nothing have to buy.

Thaddeus

My heart, my heart 'twill wring.

Devilshoof

That is a thing
 In which we never deal.

Thaddeus

But all I need, but all I need ...

Devilshoof

'Twere best, indeed,
 To borrow, beg, or steal.

Thaddeus

My heart 'twill wring,
 my heart 'twill wring!

Devilshoof

That is a thing
 In which, in which we never deal!

Gypsies

In the Gipsy's life you read
 The life that all would like to lead,
 that all would lead, that all would lead.

/ Thaddeus

| The scenes and days to me
 | Which seem'd so blest to be,
 | No time can e'er restore,
 | no time can e'er restore;
 | The scenes and days to me
 | Which seem'd so blest to be,
 | No time can e'er restore,
 | no time can e'er restore,
 | no time can e'er restore,
 |

| Devilshoof

| Comrade, your hand,
 | We understand, we understand
 | Each other in a breath,
 | This grasp secures
 | Its owner yours
 | In life, and until death!
 | Then rest you here while we explore,
 | And see what luck, what luck there is in store;
 | Then rest you here while we explore,
 | And see what luck there is in store,

/ Gypsies

| In the Gipsy's life you read
 | The life that all would like to lead,
 | the life, the life, the life,
 | the life that all would like to lead,
 | to lead, yes, all would like to lead,
 | would like to lead, yes, all would like,
 | would like to lead, would like to lead.

Devilshoof

| Then rest you here while we explore
| What luck, what luck there is in store;
| Now rest you here while we explore
| What luck, what luck there is in store,
| yes, rest here, rest here while we explore
| What luck, what luck there is in store,
| what luck, what luck there is in store,
| Now rest you here while we explore
| What luck, what luck there is in store,
| what luck's in store.

Thaddeus

| No time can e'er restore,
| no time can e'er restore,
| no time can e'er restore, no,
| no time, no time, no time can e'er restore,
| can e'er restore, can e'er restore,
| no time, no time can e'er restore,
| can e'er restore.

(All exeunt.)

(Loud shouts and alarms are heard, which become more and more distinct, when a body of huntsmen are seen to cross a chasm in the rocks which is bridged by a fallen tree, etc., and exeunt by the path on which Arline, etc., went off.)

(Alarms continue, when Florestein rushes in, apparently frightened to death.)

7 Florestein

Is no succor near at hand?
For my intellect so reels,
I am doubtful if I stand
On my head or on my heels;
No gentleman, it's very clear,
Such a shock should ever know;
When I once become a peer,
They shall not treat me so;
No gentleman, it's very clear,
Such a shock should ever know;
When I once become a peer,
They shall not treat me so,
no, they shall not treat me so!

Then let every vassal arm,
For my thanks he well deserves,
Who from this state, this state of alarm
Will protect my shatter'd nerves!
To think that one unus'd to fear
Such a fright should ever know!
When I once become a peer,
They shall not treat me so!
No gentleman, it's very clear,
Such a shock should ever know;
When I once become a peer,
They shall not treat me so,
no, they shall not treat me so,
no, they shall not treat me so!

(At the end of song, Thaddeus and peasantry rush in, the latter evincing the greatest alarm and terror.)

8 Thaddeus:

What means this alarm?

Peasant:

The Count's child and her attendant have been attacked by an infuriated animal, and are probably killed ere this!

Thaddeus:

What do I hear?

(He perceives the rifle that Florestein has left on the stage, utters an exclamation, seizes it, runs up the rocks, aims, fires, and instantly rushes off. The discharge of the rifle, and the alarm of the peasantry, bring Count Arnheim and his party to the spot. Devilshoof enters at one side, at the same time, watching.)

Count:

Whence proceed these sounds of fear, and where is my darling child?

(All maintain a painful silence, when Thaddeus rushes in, conveying Arline, who is wounded in the arm, and seems faint.)

Buda: *(falling at the Count's feet)*

We were pursued by the wild deer they were chasing, and, but for the bravery of this young man (pointing to Thaddeus), the life of your child would have been sacrificed.

Count: *(clasping his child in his arms)*

Praised be Providence! her life is saved, for she is all that renders mine happy. (Looking at her arm, then addressing Buda) Let her wound have every attention, though it presents no sign of danger.

(Buda goes into the castle with Arline, and Count Arnheim advances to Thaddeus.)

Count:

Stranger, accept the hand of one who, however different from you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the service you have rendered him.

Devilshoof: *(aside)*

First to serve, and then be thanked by the persecutor of his country. The fellow's mad!

Count:

I trust you will remain, and join the festivities we are about to indulge in; and 'twill gratify me to hear how I can be useful to you.

Thaddeus: I thank your lordship; but ...

Count: *(to the nobles)* Pray, my friends, join your entreaties to mine.

(Here the nobles all surround the Count and Thaddeus; and Florestein, coming up to him, says ...)

Florestein:

I am extremely obliged to you for not shooting me as well as my little cousin ... and I beg you'll ... uh ... stay *(aside)* A very common sort of personage, apparently.

Thaddeus: *(to the Count)*

Be it as your lordship wishes.

Count:

Then be seated, friends, and let the fete begin.

(They all seat themselves at the tables which have previously been laid opposite the Castle. Thaddeus takes his seat at the farther end, Florestein occupying a prominent position. When they are seated, a variety of dances are introduced, during which Buda is seen at one of the windows holding on her knee the child, whose arm is bound up. At the termination of the dancing, the Count rises.)

Count: *(rising)*

I ask you to pledge but once, and that is, to the health and long life to your Emperor.

(Here the guests fill their glasses, rise, and turning toward the statue of the emperor, drink, while the peasantry surround it respectfully. Thaddeus alone keeps his seat, on perceiving which, Florestein goes up to the Count and points it out to him.)

Florestein:

Your new acquaintance, my dear uncle, is not overburdened with politeness or loyalty, for he neither fills his glass, nor fulfills your wishes.

Count: *(filling a glass and going up to Thaddeus)* I challenge you to empty this to the health of our Emperor.

Thaddeus: *(taking the glass)*

I accept the challenge, and thus I empty the goblet.

9 Waltz

(He goes up to the statue and throws down the glass with the utmost contempt. A general burst of indignation follows. The guests, who rise, draw their swords, and rush toward Thaddeus.)

10 Chorus of Guests

Down with the daring slave,
Who disputes, who disputes the right
Of a people's light,
And would their anger brave.

Count

(to the nobles and guests, interposing between them and Thaddeus)

Although 'tis vain to mask
The rage such act demands,
Forgive me if I ask
His pardon at your hands;
If from your wrath I venture to have craved
The life of one, my more than life who saved.

(to Thaddeus)

Stranger, I answer not
One moment for your life;
Quit, while you may, a spot
Where you have rais'd a strife.
Your longer presence will more excite,
(throwing a purse of gold to Thaddeus)
And this will service you did me requite!

(Devilshoof rushes in.)

Devilshoof *(taking the hand of Thaddeus)*

Where's the hand will dare to touch
A hair of him I prize so much?

(to Count)

The pulse of pride you boast,
Within, within me beats as high;
You and your titled host,
Proud lord, proud lord, I do defy!

Florestein

(aside, with a glass in one hand, and a leg of a bird in the other)

Upon my life, 'tis most unpleasant,
Just as one had attack'd a pheasant.
(Thaddeus, who has taken up the purse, and seeing himself and Devilshoof surrounded by the nobles and guests, throws the purse at the Count's feet.)

Thaddeus:

Take back your gold, and learn to know
One above aught you can bestow.

Guests

Down with the daring slave,
Who would our fury brave,
Down with the slave, down with the slave
who would, who would our fury brave.

(Devilshoof, defending Thaddeus, retreats, pressed upon by the nobles, guests, etc., when the count orders a party of his retainers to divide them; they seize Devilshoof, and take him toward the castle.)

Devilshoof

Stand back; ye craven things!
He who obstructs our path
Upon his rashness brings
The vengeance of of my wrath!

Guests

Down with the slave! down with the slave!
Seize him and bind him, and there let him find
Escape from those walls better men have confin'd,
there let him find an escape from those walls better
men have confin'd!

Devilshoof *(as they are dragging him off)*

Tho' mesh'd by numbers in the yoke
Of one by all abhor'd,
Yet tremble, worthless lord,
At the vengeance you provoke!

Guests

Down with the slave, down with the slave,
down with the slave,
the slave who would our fury brave,
the slave who would our fury brave;
down with the slave, down with the slave
who would our fury brave,
down with the slave, down with the slave,
down with the slave, down with the slave!

11 Galop

(Devilshoof is dragged off into the castle; the Count, nobles, etc., reseal themselves, when other dances are introduced, and the festival continues. Buda is seen to leave the window at which she has been seated with Arline, and she enters and converses with the Count. In the midst of the most joyous movements of the dance, Devilshoof is seen descending from the roof of the castle, until he reaches the window of Arline's chamber, into which he enters, and seizing Arline, continues his descent and steals off toward the rocks in the rear. Buda then enters the castle, and in a minute afterward the festivities are interrupted by violent shrieking; the window is thrown open, and Buda, pale, and with disheveled hair, signified by gestures that Arline has disappeared.)

12 Guests

What sounds break on the ear?
what sounds break on the ear?
What looks of wild despair
A grief as wild impart!

Count

My child! my child! that word alone
With agonizing tone,
my child! that word alone
Bursts in upon my heart!

(Count and nobles dash into the castle. A general movement of all ... some are seen at the window of Arline's chamber signifying that she is gone.)

Guests

Be ev'ry hand prepar'd
Thei liege lord's halls to guard,
And with devotion's bond,
All ties, all ties beyond

Florestein

(kneeling, and appearing greatly alarmed)
Ah! what with dancing, screaming, fighting,
One really is a shocking plight in;
It puzzles quite one's wit
To find a place to pick a bit.

(The Count rushes from the castle, dragging Buda and followed by nobles. Buda, trembling, falls on her knees.)

Count

Wretch! monster! give me back the treasure of my soul,
the treasure of my soul!
Go, all, the spoiler's footsteps track,
That treasur'd prize who stole;
Go, all, the spoiler's footsteps track,
That treasur'd prize who stole.

But no! vain hope, unless we pray to Him
Who healeth all sorrow, with suppliant limb.

Count, joined by Chorus

Thou, who in might supreme,
Thou, who in might supreme
O'er the fate of all reignest,
o'er the fate of all reignest,
Thou, who hope's palest beam
In the mourner sustainest,
Vouchsafe to lend an ear
To the grief of the wailer,
Cut short the dark career
Of the ruthless assailer,
of the ruthless assailer,
Cut short the dark career, the dark career
Of the ruthless assailer,
Cut short the dark career
Of the ruthless assailer.

(During the prayer, Devilshoof is seen climbing up the rocks with Arline in his arms.)

(At the most animated part of the chorus [which follows], bodies of gentry, retainers, servants, etc., are seen rushing toward the rocks, and over every part, in pursuit of Devilshoof, who, perceiving his situation, knocks away, the moment he has crossed it, the trunk of the tree which serves as a bridge between the two rocks, and thus bars their passage. Count Arnheim in his distraction is about to throw himself into the gulf ... he is held back by attendants, into whose arms he falls senseless. Some are in attitude of prayer ... others menace Devilshoof, who, folding Arline in his large cloak, disappears in the depths of the forest.)

Chorus

Follow, follow with heart and with arm,
Follow, follow and shelter from harm
The pride of Arnheim's line,
the pride of Arnheim's line!
Follow, follow with heart and with arm,
Follow, follow and shelter from harm
The pride of Arnheim's line,
Where all its hopes entwine.
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow!

Follow, follow with heart and with arm,
Follow, follow and shelter from harm
The pride of Arnheim's line,
Where all its hopes entwine.
Follow, follow, follow with heart and with arm,
Follow and save the pride of Arnheim's line.
Follow, follow, follow with heart and with arm,
Follow and save the pride of Arnheim's line.
Where all its hopes, its hopes entwine.

Act Two

Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the first and second acts.

SCENE ONE

[Street in Presburg, by moonlight. Tent of the Queen of the Gypsies, large curtains at the back; it is lighted by a lamp. On the opposite side of the stage are houses, one of which, a hotel, is lighted up. Arline is discovered asleep on a tiger's skin; Thaddeus is watching over her.]

(As the curtain rises, a patrol of the city guard marches by, and as soon as they are gone off, Devilshoof and a party of gypsies, wrapped in cloaks, suddenly appear.)

13 Chorus of Gypsies *(men only)*

Silence, silence! the lady moon, the lady moon
Is the only witness now awake,
And weary of watching 'chance she soon
To sleep will herself betake!
Silence, silence! from her throne in air
She may look on, for aught we care.
But if she attend unto our behest,
She will go to rest,
yes, she will quietly go to her rest,
quietly go to her rest.

Devilshoof

There's a deed to do whose gains
Will reward the risk and pains....
(The gypsies all draw their daggers, and appear delighted.)
Fie! fie! to a gentleman when you appeal,
You may draw his purse without drawing your steel;
With bows, and politeness, and with great respect,
You may take more than he can at first suspect.
(pointing to the lighted windows of the hotel)
See, see, where in goblets deep
What sense they have, they sleep.
Watch here! till each to his home
Shall reel on his doubtful way.
Watch here! watch here! and the boglet's foam
Will make each an easy prey.

Devilshoof, joined by Gypsies

Silence! this way, this way, this way, this way,
silence, this way, this way,

silence, this way, this way, silence

(As the gypsies retire up the stage, Florestein staggers out of the hotel; he is elegantly dressed, with chain, rings, etc., and a rich medallion round his neck.)

Florestein *(drunk)*

Wine! wine! if I am heir
To the Count, my uncle's line,
Wine! (hiccup) Wine! (hiccup)
Where's the fellow will dare
To refuse his nephew wine,
to refuse his nephew wine? (hiccup)
That moon there, staring me on my way,
Can't be as modest as people say,
For meet whom she will, and in whatever spot,
She often looks on at what she ought not.

(The gypsies have by this time advanced, and Devilshoof goes politely up to Florestein.)

Devilshoof *(to Florestein, bowing)*

My ear caught not the clock's last chime,
And might I beg to ask the time?

Florestein

(reels, recovers a little, and after eyeing Devilshoof)
(aside)

If the bottle has prevail'd,
Yet whenever I'm assail'd,
Tho' there may be nothing in it,
I am sober'd in a minute.
(to Devilshoof)
You are really so polite,
(pulling out his watch)
That ... 'tis late into the night
(Devilshoof takes the watch and puts it in his fob)
Might I beg to ask ...

Devilshoof

(taking from Florestein his rings, chain, and the rich medallion)

I am really griev'd to see
Any one in such a state
And gladly will take the greatest care
Of the rings and chains you chance to wear.

Florestein *(drawing his sword)*

What I thought was politeness, is downright theft,
And at this rate I soon shall have nothing left.

(At a sign from Devilshoof the gypsies instantly surround Florestein, and take every valuable from him.)

Gypsies

Advance with caution, let ev'ry man
Seize on and keep whatever he can,
whatever he can, whatever he can!

(During the chorus, Devilshoof makes off with the medallion, and the others are dividing the rest of the spoil, when a woman appears in the midst of them. She drops her cloak, and is discovered to be their Queen. The gypsies appear stupefied.)

Queen

To him, from whom you stole,
Surrender back the whole.

(The gypsies return the different things to Florestein.)

Florestein

(trembling and looking over the things)

Thanks, Madam, Lady, but might I request
A medallion in diamonds, worth all the rest?

Gypsies

(at a sign from the Queen, who seems to command its restitution)

On our chieftain's share we ne'er encroach,
And he fled with the prize at your approach,
he fled with the prize at your approach.

Queen *(to Florestein)*

Be your safety my care.

Florestein *(trembling)*

I'm in precious hands.

Queen *(to gypsies)*

Follow, and list to your Queen's commands.

Gypsies

We follow, yes, and list, and list unto our Queen's
commands,

yes, we list, we list unto our Queen's commands,

yes, we list, we list unto our Queen's commands,

/ yes, we list, we list to our Queen's commands,

| yes, yes, yes, follow!

|

Queen

\ Come, come, come!

(Exit Queen, holding Florestein, all of a tremble, with one hand, and beckoning the gypsies to follow, with the other.)

(As soon as they have gone off, Arline, who has been awakened by the noise, comes from the tent, followed by Thaddeus.)

Arline: Where have I been wandering in my sleep?
and what curious noise awoke me from its pleasant
dream? Ah, Thaddeus, would you not like to know
my dream? Well, I will tell it you.

14 Arline

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count, could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
But I also dreamt, which pleas'd me most,
That you lov'd me still the same,
that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same,
that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same,

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
They pledg'd their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim;
But I also dreamt, which charm'd me most,
That you lov'd me still the same,
that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same,
that you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same,
That you loved me still the same.

(At the end of the romance, Thaddeus presses Arline to his heart.)

Arline: And do you love me still?

Thaddeus: More than life itself.

Arline: Yet is there a mystery between our affections
and their happiness that I would fain unravel
(pointing to her arm). The mark on this arm, which I
have seen you so often contemplate, is the key to that
mystery. By the love you say you bear me, solve it.

Thaddeus

(taking her hand and pointing to the mark)

The wound upon thine arm,
Whose mark thro' life 'twill be,
In saving thee from greater harm
Was there transfix'd by me.

Arline

By thee?

Thaddeus

Ere on thy gentle head
Thy sixth sun had its radiance shed,
A wild deer, who had lain at bay,
Pursued by hunters cross'd thy way.

Arline

Well?

Thaddeus

By slaying him I rescued thee.

Arline

Yes!

Thaddeus

And in his death-throe's agony,
They tender form, by his antler gor'd,
This humble arm to thy home restor'd.

Arline

Strange feelings move this breast,
It never knew before,
And bid me here implore
That you reveal, that you reveal the rest.

Thaddeus

The secret of her birth
To me is only known,
The secret of a life whose worth
I prize beyond mine own, beyond mine own.

Arline

The secret of my birth
To him is only known,
The secret of a life whose worth
Perchance he will disown, disown.

/ Arline

| The secret of my birth
| To him is only known,

| The secret of a life whose worth
| Perchance he will disown, he will disown;
| The secret of my birth
| To him is only known,
| The secret of a life whose worth
| Perchance he will disown, he will disown,
| perchance he will, he will disown, he will disown,
| perchance he will, he will disown,
| he will disown, he will disown.

Thaddeus

| The secret of her birth
| To me is only known,
| The secret of a life whose worth
| I prize beyond mine own, beyond mine own;
| The secret of her birth
| To me is only known,
| The secret of a life whose worth
| I prize beyond mine own, beyond mine own,
| I prize beyond, beyond mine own, beyond mine
own,
| I prize beyond, beyond mine own,
| beyond mine own, beyond mine own.

Arline

Speak, tell me, ease my tortur'd heart,
Speak, and that secret, evil or good, evil or good,
impart.

Thaddeus

I will tell thee, I will tell thee all,
tho' I lose thee, I lose thee forever.

Arline

Speak, tell me, ease my tortur'd heart.

Thaddeus

I will tell the all, tho' I lose,
tho' I lose thee forever.

16 Arline *(with great feeling)*

What is the spell hath yet effac'd
The first fond lines that love hath trac'd,
And after years have but imprest
More deep in love's confiding breast?
What is he spell hath yet effac'd
The first fond lines that love hath trac'd,
And after years have but imprest
More deep in love's confiding breast,
more deep in love's confiding breast,
more deep in love's confiding breast?

Thaddeus

And yet few spells have e'er effac'd
 The first fond lines that love hath trac'd,
 And after years have but imprest
 More deep in love's confiding breast!
 And yet few spells have e'er effac'd
 The first fond lines that love hath trac'd,
 And after years have but imprest
 More deep in love's confiding breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast.

Arline

Speak, ease my tortur'd breast.

Thaddeus

I'll tell thee all, though I lose thee forever.

Arline

Speak, speak, speak!

Thaddeus

I will tell thee all.

Arline and Thaddeus together

Ah! What is the spell hath yet effac'd
 The first fond lines that love hath trac'd,
 And after years have but imprest
 More dep in love's confiding breast?
 What is he spell hath yet effac'd
 The first fond lines that love hath trac'd,
 And after years have but imprest
 More deep in love's confiding breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast, confiding
 breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast, confiding
 breast,
 more deep in love's confiding breast,
 in love's confiding breast, in love's confiding breast!

(At the end of the duet, Thaddeus throws himself, in an ecstasy, at the feet of Arline, and is bathing her hand with kisses, when the back curtains of the tent are withdrawn, and the Queen appears, pale and trembling with passion. She advances toward Arline, and pointing to Thaddeus ...)

Queen: And dare you aspire to the love of him who possesses the heart of your queen?

Arline: I possess his heart, and will yield the possession to no one. He is the saviour of my life and he has sworn how much he loves me.

Queen: Loves you?

Arline: Yes; let him speak for himself, and choose between us.

Queen: Be it so.

(Thaddeus, who has been anxiously watching the two, here runs and embraces Arline. She surveys the Queen with an air of triumph.)

Arline: *(to the Queen)* I made no idle boast. *(then to Thaddeus)* Summon our comrades hither.

(The Queen is standing in the centre, while Thaddeus calls the gypsies together, who enter on all sides and surround the Queen, and appear to ask what is going on.)

(Trumpet sounds twice.)

17 Arline

Listen, while I relate
 The hope of a Gipsy's fate;
 I am lov'd by one, by one I love
 All other hearts above,
 And the sole delight to me
(taking the hand of Thaddeus)
 Is with him united to be, yes!

Chorus of Gypsies

Happy and light of heart are those
 Who in each other one faith repose,
 who in each other one faith repose.

Devilshoof

(aside, maliciously pointing at the Queen)

A rival's hate you may better tell
By her rage than by her tears,
And if perchance may be as well
To set them both, to set them both by the ears.
(to the Queen)

As Queen of our tribe, 'tis yours by right,
The hands of those you rule to unite.

Gypsies

(to the Queen, who draws back and hesitates)

In love and truth by thee
Their hands united be.

Queen

(haughtily advancing, and taking the hands of Arline and Thaddeus)

Hand to hand, heart to heart,
Who shall those I've united part?
who shall those I have mated part?
By the spell of my sway,
(joining their hands)
Part them who may.

Gypsies

Happy and light of heart are those, yes,
happy and light of heart are those
Who in each other faith repose,
happy and light are those
who in each other faith repose,
happy and light, and light of heart are those
who faith repose, in each other faith repose, ah!
happy and light of heart are those
who in each other faith repose,
happy and light of heart are those
who in each other faith repose,
who in each other faith, one faith repose,
happy, yes, happy and light of heart are those
who in each other faith repose,
happy and light, who faith repose,
who in each other faith repose, who faith repose.

(The gypsies lie down, assuming picturesque attitudes. The Queen comes forward.)

(During this scene the stage has been growing somewhat lighter. A gypsy enters.)

Gypsy: Morning is beginning to dawn, and crowds of people are already flocking toward the fair: the sports begin with daylight.

Queen: Summon the rest of the tribe, and meet me forthwith in the public square. *(To Devilshoof)*
Do you remain to bear my further orders.

(Exeunt Thaddeus and Arline, hand in hand, followed by the other gypsies repeating chorus.)

[In the Kreuz edition, the abbreviated version of the gypsy chorus which follows is replaced by the full version from act one.]

18 Gypsies

In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead,
in the Gipsy's life you read
the life that all would like to lead,
in the Gipsy's life you read
the life that all would like to lead,
in the Gipsy's life you read
the life that all would like to lead,

[End replacement, Kreuz edition]

[In the Kreuz edition, the chorus leaves the stage and the Queen sings the following aria. This aria is not included in the original.]

CD2

1 Queen

'Tis gone, the past was all a dream,
The light of life is o'er;
The hope that once so bright did seem
Now shines for me no more,
now shines for me no more.
Ah! foolish heart, without a thought,
In joy that didst believe,
Nor knew, what many a tale has taught,
Love smiles but to deceive,
love smiles, love smiles to deceive,
love smiles to deceive.

No more I'll join the dance and song,
Or mingle with the gay,
And, happy as the day is long,
Beguile the hours away,
beguile the hours away.
I'll seek me out some silent spot
In solitude to grieve,
And learn, what many a tale has taught,
Love smiles but to deceive,
love smiles, love smiles to deceive,
love smiles to deceive.

[end replacement aria, Kreuz edition]

2 Queen

This is they deed! seek not t' assuage
My jealous fear, a rival's rage!

Devilshoof

I neither fear, I neither fear, nor seek to calm.

Queen (*aside to Devilshoof*)

Revenge is the wounded bosom's balm.
That jewel with which thou hast dared to deck
Thy foredoom'd neck,
Answer me ... where didst thou get it? where?

Devilshoof

'Twas entrusted to my care.

Queen

This very night, on this very spot,
Thy soul for once its fears forgot,
A drunken galliard who cross'd thy way
Became thy prey.

Devilshoof (*aside*)

Fiend-born! t'were vain to fly
The glance of her searching eye!

Queen

Down on they knees, the gem restore,
E'en in thy shame amaz'd
Or long years of sin shall deplore
The storm which thou hast rais'd.

Devilshoof (*aside*)

It best might be the prize to restore,
Much as I seem amaz'd,
Or hereafter I may deplore
The storm which I have rais'd.
(kneeling and presenting the medallion to the Queen)
Queen, I obey.

Queen

'Tis the wisest thing
Thy miscreant heart could do.
(She takes the medallion.)

Devilshoof (*aside*)

Who from my grasp such prize could wring,
The doing it may rue.

Queen

Depart, and join the rest.

Devilshoof

I will do thy high behest.
/ (*aside*)
| The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,
| Will vengeance more sharply whet,
| the wrongs we forgive not and cannot foret,
| will vengeance more sharply whet,

| **Queen**

| Now depart, and join the rest,

\ now depart and join the rest!

Queen and Devilshoof *together*

(separately, aside)

The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,
will vengeance more sharply whet.

the wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,
will vengeance more sharply whet.

yes, will our vengeance more sharply whet,

will vengeance sharply whet,

yes, will our vengeance sharply whet,

will vengeance sharply whet,

will vengeance more sharply whet!

/ **Devilshoof** *(continuing)*

| more sharply whet!

|

| **Queen**

\ Begone!

(Exeunt Queen and Devilshoof at opposite sides.)

SCENE TWO

[This entire scene is omitted in the Kreuz edition.]

[Another street in Presburg. Daylight.]

3 Chorus of Gypsies *(behind the scenes)*

In the Gipsy's life you read

The life that all would like to lead,

In the Gipsy's life you read

The life that all would like to lead.

(Enter Arline, in a fanciful dress, followed by a troop of gypsies. She has a tambourine in her hand.)

Arline

Come with the Gipsy bride,

And repair

To the fair,

Where the mazy dance

Will the hours entrance!

Arline and Gypsies

Come with the Gipsy bride,

And repair

To the fair,

Where the mazy dance

Will the hours entrance!

Arline

Come with the Gipsy bride,

Where souls as light preside!

Life can give nothing beyond

One heart you know to be fond,

Wealth with its hoards cannot buy

The peace content can supply,

Wealth with its hoards cannot buy

The peace content can supply,

And rank in its halls cannot find

The calm of a happy mind,

And rank in its halls cannot find

The calm of a happy mind.

Come with the Gipsy bride,

And repair

To the fair,

Where the mazy dance

Will the hours entrance!

Arline and Gypsies

Come with the Gipsy bride,

And repair

To the fair,

Where the mazy dance

Will the hours entrance!

Arline

Love is the first thing to clasp,

But if he escape your grasp,

Friendship will then be at hand,

In the young rogue's place to stand,

Hope will then be nothing loath

To point out the way to both,

Hope will then be nothing loath

To point out the way to both.

Come with the Gipsy bride,

And repair

To the fair,

Where the mazy dance

Will the hours entrance!

Arline and Gypsies

Come with the Gipsy bride,
And repair
To the fair,
Where the mazy dance
Will the hours entrance!

Gypsies

In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead,
In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead.

SCENE THREE

[A grand fair in the public platz (square) of Presburg. On one side a large hotel, over which is inscribed "The Hall of Justice." Various groups of gentry, soldiers, citizens, and peasantry cover the stage. Foreign shops are seen in various parts, curious rope-dancers, showmen, waxwork, a quack doctor, exhibitions, etc., etc., are dispersed here and there. Flags hung out of the windows, and ringing of bells, enliven the scene.]

4 Chorus

Life itself is, at the best,
One scene in mask of folly drest;
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here,
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here!

(basses alone)

To these symbols of life your voices swell,
Vive la masque, et vive la bagatelle!
Vive la masque, vive la masque,
vive la masque, et vive la bagatelle!

(tutti)

Life itself is, at the best,
One scene in mask of folly drest,
Life itself is, at the best,
One scene in mask of folly drest;
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here,
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here,
you'll find it here, you'll find it here,
you'll find it here!

(Quack doctor's horn; numbers rush toward him.)

(At the end of the chorus, and during the symphony, a movement is perceived at the further end of the platz, which is followed by the entrance of a double party of men gypsies, headed by Devilshoof and Thaddeus, who force a passage down the center of the stage, which they occupy; they then open their ranks, when another file of female gypsies, headed by their Queen and Arline, pass between them. Florestein and a party are seen watching them with great curiosity.)

Arline, Queen, Thaddeus and Devilshoof

From the valleys and hills
Where the sweetest buds grow,
And are water'd by rills
Which are purest that flow,
Come we, come we, come we, come we! yes!
From the valleys and hills
Where the sweetest buds grow,
And are water'd by rills
Which are purest that flow,
Come we, come we, come we, come we,
come we, come we, come we, come, come!

Chorus of Gypsies

In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead,
In the Gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead.

(During this, some of the gypsies have been enacting characteristic dances, when Arline, carrying a flowering basket in her hand, glides round to the assembled company and sits down.)

Arline

Sir Knight and lady, listen!
(to a lady)
That bright eye seems to glisten
As if his trusted tale
Did o'er them sense prevail!
(to another, pointing to her heart)
Pretty maiden, pray, take care, take care
Love is making havoc there,
love is making havoc there!
(to a third, pointing to a ring on her finger)
This token, which from love you borrow,
The prelude is of many a sorrow!
There are those have liv'd to know,
there are those have liv'd to know,
The Gipsy's words are true,
The Gipsy's words are true.

Gypsies

(as the dance of the gypsies continues)
Life itself is, at the best,
One scene in mask of folly drest,
Life itself is, at the best,
One scene in mask of folly drest;
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here,
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here,

you'll find it here, you'll find it here,
you'll find it here!
(At the end of the dance and chorus, Count Arnheim and some officers of state enter; his hair has become grey, his step is slow, and his appearance is that of sorrow. He is accosted by Florestein.)

5 Florestein:

My dear uncle, it delights me to see you amongst us, and here is a little Gipsy girl that would delight you still more, *(aside)* if you had my blood in your veins; she's positively a charming creature.

Count:

I have lost the taste of joy, and the sight of youth and beauty recalls to my memory that treasure of both, my loved and lost Arline.
(He gazes attentively at Arline, sighs heavily, then exits with his retinue into the Hall of Justice.)

Florestein: *(to a party of his friends)*

It's no use restraining me.... I'm positively smitten.
(He breaks from them and goes up to Arline.) Fair creature, your manner has enchanted me, and I would take a lesson from you.

Arline:

In politeness, sir? By all means! To begin, then, whenever you address a lady, take your hat off.

Florestein:

Very smart, *(with a titter)* 'pon my word, very smart. Your naivete only increases the feelings of admiration and devotion which a too susceptible heart....

Arline: *(bursting out laughing)* Ha ha ha!

Florestein: Your indifference will drive me to despair.

Arline: Will is really?

Florestein:

Do not mock me, but pity my too susceptible nature, and let me print one kiss upon....

(Here Arline gives him a violent slap on the face; the Queen, who has gone up the stage with Thaddeus, now brings him on one side and points out the situation of Arline and Florestein. He is about to rush upon Florestein just as Arline has slapped his face; so that as Florestein turns around, he finds himself between the two, and both are laughing in his face.)

Queen: *(eyeing Florestein)*

It is the very person from whom they stole the trinkets I made them give back again. *(Taking the medallion from her bosom)* This, too, is his, and now my project thrives.

(Florestein turns up the stage to join his party, and the Queen crosses to Arline.) You have acted well your part, and thus your Queen rewards you. *(Places the medallion around her neck.)* Forget not the hand that gave it.

Arline: *(kneeling, and kissing the Queen's hand)*

Let this bespeak my gratitude.

Queen: And now let our tribe depart.

(The gypsies are all about to march off. Thaddeus and Arline bring up the rear of their body; as they are going off, Florestein, who, with his friends, has been watching their departure, perceives his medallion on the neck of Arline. He breaks through the crowd and stops her. She and Thaddeus come forward.)

Florestein:

Though you treated me so lightly some moments past, you will not do so now. That medallion is mine; my friends here recognize it.

Florestein's Friends:

We do! we do!

(Devilshoof is seen to steal off.)

Florestein:

And I accuse you of having stolen it.

Arline:

Stolen! It was this instant given me by our Queen, and she is here to verify my words.

(Arline runs about looking everywhere for the Queen.)

Florestein:

That's an everyday sort of subterfuge. *(To the crowd)* Worthy people and friends, that medallion on her neck belongs to me, and I accuse her or her accomplices of having robbed me.

Chorus of Populace

(all surrounding Arline)

Shame! shame! let us know the right,
And shame on the guilty one alight!

Thaddeus

(rushing before Arline to shield her)

He who a hand on her would lay,
Through my hand must force his way!

Populace

Tear them asunder, but still protect
Until they can prove what they suspect!

(Florestein, who has, during this movement, entered the Hall of Justice, is now seen returning, followed by a strong guard, who file off on each side of the steps.)

Arline

To all who their belief have lent,
Heav'n can attest, I'm innocent.

[start cut, Kreuz edition]

Florestein

(to Captain of Guard, pointing at Arline)

There stands the culprit, on you I call;
Conduct her away to the Hall!

Captain of the Guard

To the Hall!

Populace

To the Hall!

(Arline looks at him with great contempt; the gypsies, perceiving her danger, range themselves around her. Thaddeus breaks from those who are holding him, and rushes up to her. Florestein has got behind the Captain of the Guard, who gives orders for his men to seize Arline, upon which the gypsies draw their daggers. A conflict ensues, in which the Guard maintains possession of Arline. A body of the popular seize Thaddeus, and the gypsies are routed.)

/ **Florestein,**

Captain, and Guards

| They who would brave the law,

| Against themselves but draw!

|

| **Gypsies**

| Why should we fear the law,

| Or all the arms you draw?

|

| **Thaddeus**

| Free me, or else the law

| Upon your heads you draw!

|

| **Arline**

\ I'm innocent!

[end cut, Kreuz edition]

Florestein, Captain, Guards, and Gypsies

To the Hall, to the Hall, to the Hall, to the Hall!

Yes, away, away, to the Hall, away, away,

to the Hall, away, away,

to the Hall, away, away, away, away!

(Arline is conducted by a file of the Guard, led by the Captain, and preceded by Florestein and his party, into the Hall of Justice; the people follow in a mass, while Thaddeus is detained by those who first seized him; and as Arline is going up the steps, the figure of the Queen is seen, in an attitude of triumph over her rival's fall.)

SCENE FOUR

[Interior of Count Arnheim's apartment in the Hall of Justice, a view of the last scene visible through one of the windows at the back. A full-length portrait of Arline, as she was in Act I, hangs on the wall; state chairs, etc. An elevation or dais on the O.P. side.]

(Count Arnheim enters, thoughtful and dejected; he contemplates Arline's portrait, and wipes a tear from his eye.)

6 Count

Whate'er the scenes the present hour

calls forth before the sight,

They lose their splendor when compar'd

with scenes of past delight!

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,

To weakest hope will cling,

To thought and impulse while they flow,

That can no comfort bring,

that can, that can no comfort bring,

With those exciting scenes will blend,

O'er pleasure's pathway thrown;

But mem'ry is the only friend

That grief can call its own,

that grief can call its own,

that grief can call its own.

The mind will, in its worst despair,

Still ponder o'er the past,

On moments of delight that were

Too beautiful to last,

that were too beautiful, too beautiful to last,

To long departed years extend

Its visions with them flown;

For mem'ry is the only friend

That grief can call its own,

that grief can call its own,

that grief can call its own.

(At the end of the song, a confused noise is heard outside, when the Captain of the Guard enters.)

Captain:

A robbery has been committed, and the accused is now in the Hall awaiting the pleasure

of your lordship, as chief magistrate of the city, for examination.

Count:

Bring the parties before me. *(The Captain arranges the magisterial chair O.P., bows and exits)*

Anything to arouse me from these distracting thoughts, though the sole happiness I now enjoy is in the recollection of my long-lost child.

(He seats himself, when the doors are violently opened, and a mob of citizens, guards and gentry enter. Florestein, who is in the midst of them, instantly rushes up to the Count.)

Florestein: It is your lordship's nephew, I, who have been been robbed!

Count: Some folly of yours is forever compromising my name and that of your family.

Florestein:

But I am in this instance the victim. I have been robbed, and there stands the culprit
(*pointing to Arline, standing in the center, pale and with disheveled hair, but still haughty in her demeanor*).

Count: (*aside*)

'Tis she I saw but now in the public square. That girl, so young, so beautiful, commit a robbery? Impossible!

Florestein:

She stole this medallion belonging to me. We found it upon her.

Count: (*addressing Arline*) Can this be true?**Arline:** (*looking contemptuously at Florestein, and turning with dignity to the Count*)

Heaven knows I am innocent, and if your lordship knew my heart, you would not deem me guilty.

Count: (*aside*)

Her words sink deep into my breast. Childless myself, I fain would spare the child of another. (*To Florestein*) What proofs have you of this?

Florestein: (*pointing to his friends*)

My witnesses are here, who all can swear they saw it on her neck.

Florestein's Friends: We can.**Count:**

Still does my mind misgive me.
(*To Arline, in a kind tone*) My wish is to establish your innocence. Explain this matter to me and without fear.

Arline:

That medallion was given to me by the Queen of the tribe to which I belong. How it came into her possession, I know not. But a light breaks in upon me ... I see it all ... I chanced to incur her displeasure; and to revenge herself upon me, she has laid for me this shameless snare, into which I have innocently fallen, and of which I have become the victim.
(*She hides her face in her hands, weeping.*)

Count: (*with a struggle*)

I believe your tale, and from my heart I pity the inexperience which has led to the ruin of one, who seems above the grade of those she herds with; but in the fulfillment of duty I must compromise the feelings of nature, and I am forced to deliver you into the hands of Justice.

Arline: (*to the Count*)

To you, my earthly, to Him, my heavenly Judge, I reassert my innocence. I may be accused, but will not be degraded, and from the infamy with which I am unjustly threatened, thus I free myself.

(*She draws a dagger from beneath her scard, and is about to stab herself, when Count Arnheim rushes forward, seizes her arm, and wrests the dagger from her.*)

7 Count

Hold! hold!

We cannot give the life we take,

Nor reunite the heart we break,

nor reunite the heart we break!

(*He takes Arline's hand, and suddenly perceives the scar on her arm.*)

What visions, what visions round me rise,

And cloud with the mists of the past mine eyes?

That mark! Those features! and thy youth!

(*dragging Arline forward, and in great agitation*)

My very life hangs on thy truth.

How came that mark? how came that mark?

Arline

(*recollecting Thaddeus's words*)

Ere on my head

My sixth sun had its radiance shed,

A wild deer, who had lain at bay,

Pursued by hunters, cross'd my way,

(*almost forgetting*)

a wild deer cross'd my way,

(*recollects again, and smiles*)

My tender form, by his antler gored,

An humble youth to my home,

to my home restor'd.

The tale he but this day confess'd

And is near at hand to relate the rest,

to relate the rest.

(Here a tumult is heard, and Thaddeus, having escaped from those who confined him, breaks into the room, and rushes into the arms of Arline. The Count, on seeing him, reels back. General excitement prevails.)

Count

With the force of fear and hope
My feelings have to cope!

Arline

(approaching the Count and pointing to Thaddeus, who starts on beholding him.)

'Tis he the danger brav'd
'Tis he my life who saved, my life who saved!

Count

(seizing Arline in his arms in a transport of joy)

Mine own, my long-lost child!
Oh, seek not to control
This frantic joy, this wild
Delirium of my soul!
Bound in a father's arms,
And pillow'd on his breast,
Bid all those wild alarms
That assail'd thy feelings, rest!
Mine own, my long-lost child!
Oh, seek not to control
This frantic joy, this wild
Delirium of my soul.
this wild delirium of my soul,
this wild delirium of my soul, of my soul!

(The Count clasps Arline to his heart; kisses her head, hands and hair, shedding tears of joy. Arline, bewildered, starts from the Count and runs to Thaddeus.)

Arline

Speak, speak! this shaken frame,
This doubt, this torture, see!
My hopes, my very life, my fame
Depend on thee!

Thaddeus

(aside, pointing to Count Arnheim, with deep emotion)

Dear as thou long hast been,
Dear as thou long wilt be,
Mourn'd as this passing scene
Will be thro' life to me,
Tho' this heart, and none other

like mine can adore thee.

(aloud)

Yet thou art not deceiv'd,
'tis thy father, 'tis thy father,
/ 'tis thy father, before thee!

| **Arline**

| *(staggers, and then rushes into the Count's arms)*
| Oh, Heav'n!

| **Florestein and Chorus**

| Oh, Heav'n!

| **Devilshoof**

| *(suddenly emerging from the crowd, trying to drag Thaddeus away)*

\ All's o'er!

/ Arline and Florestein

| Praised be the will of Heaven,
| Whose light o'er me/them smiled,
| And whose bounty has given
| A father his child!
| Praised be the will of Heaven,
| Whose light o'er me/them smiled,
| And whose bounty has given
| A father, a father his child,
| a father his child, a father his child!

| **Thaddeus**

| Though from this bosom riven,
| That heart is beguiled,
| The bereavement hath given
| The father his child!
| Though from this bosom riven,
| That heart is beguiled,
| The bereavement hath given
| The father, the father his child,
| the father his child, a father his child!

| **Count and Chorus**

| Praised be the will of Heaven,
| Whose pure light upon me/them smiled,
| And whose bounty thus hath given
| To a father fond his child!
| Yes, praised be the will of Heaven,
| praised be the will of Heaven,
| And whose bounty thus hath given
| To a father fond his child!
| Yes, praised be the will of Heaven,
| who hath given to a father fond his child!

| **Devilshoof**

| Better to go now ere driven,
| Than forever be reviled,
| For Heav'n's bounty thus hath given
| To a father fond his child!
| Yes, better to go now ere driven,
| Than forever be reviled,
| For Heav'n's bounty thus hath given
| To a father fond his child!
| Yes, better to go now ere driven,
| Than forever, than forever be revil'd!

[start cut, Kreuz edition]

/ **Devilshoof**

| Better be off at once,
| than remain to be revil'd, revil'd,
| better go at once than here remain,
| than here remain to be revil'd!

| **All Others**

| Praised be Heav'n, praised be Heav'n,
| who hath given to a father fond his child,
| a father fond his child!

[end cut, Kreuz edition]

/ **Devilshoof**

| Better to go at once, to go at once,
| better to go at once, than be revil'd,
| come, come, come, come,
| come, come, come, come!

| **All Others**

| Praised be Heav'n, praised be Heav'n, be Heav'n,
| praised be Heav'n, praised be Heav'n, be Heav'n,
| praised be Heav'n, praised be Heav'n!

Act Three

A splendid saloon in the castle of Count Arnheim. On the ground floors, a large window at the back opening on the park. On the side, the door of a small cabinet, doors at the back leading into spacious galleries.

(Enter Arline, elegantly dressed for a ball.)

8 Arline:

The past appears to me but a dream, from which I have at length aroused me. Yet my heart recalls enough to convince me it was all reality. When I think of the wandering life I led, my memory will revert to him who twice restored me to a father's arms, and at length to a father's home.

(Count Arnheim enters with Florestein. Arline runs into his arms.)

Count:

Every moment you leave me is a moment of unhappiness. I am jealous of whatever divides us, short as may be the interval. On a night of so much joy, when so many friends are to assemble and participate in your father's delight, let me intercede for one you have too much cause to be angry with.

Arline: *(averting her head)*

The very sight of him disturbs me. *(To the Count)* The wishes of my dear father I would cheerfully comply with, but my repugnance I cannot overcome.

Florestein: *(falling on his knee)*

Fair cousin, let me plead my own cause, and express the ... uh ... sorrow I really feel at having for an instant believed it possible ... in fact, I never in reality ... *(Enter a servant.)* What the devil do you want at such a critical part of one's conversation? *(Servant crosses to the Count.)*

Servant:

The castle is filling with guests who inquire for your lordship.
(Exit.)

Count: *(to Arline)*

Let us hasten to meet them, and afford me the joy of making you known to all.

Arline:

Allow me but time to fortify myself for a ceremony I am a stranger to, and I will follow you.

Florestein:

That is but reasonable, uncle. I will live in hopes of my cousin's forgiveness, which can alone restore my ... peace of mind. *(Aside)* I shall positively expire if I don't lead off the first quadrille with her.

(Exeunt Count and Florestein.)

Arline:

I am once more left to my thoughts, and all the deep regrets which accompany them; nothing can drive the recollection of Thaddeus from my mind, and the lonely life I led was to me far happier than the constrained one I now pass; and the graceful dress of the Gipsy girl becomes me more than all this gaudy apparel of nobility. *(Going round the room to see if anyone is watching.)* Now no eye beholds me, I may at least indulge in some remembrance of the past. *(She goes to the cabinet O.P. and brings out her gypsy dress.)* The sight of this recalls the memory of happy days, and of him who made them happy.

(As she is contemplating the dress, the window at the back suddenly opens, and Devilshoof springs into the apartment.)

Arline: *(screaming)*

Ah! what seek you here with me?

Devilshoof:

I have grought with me one who has, undoubtedly, greater powers of persuasion than I can pretend to.

(Here Thaddeus appears at the window, enters the room, and Arline, unable to restrain her feelings, rushes into his arms.)

Thaddeus:

In the midst of so much luxury, so much wealth and grandeur, I thought you had forgotten me.

Arline:

Forgotten you! Had I nothing else to remind me of you (*pointing at her gypsy dress*) this would always speak to me of you. Forgotten you!

Thaddeus:

The scenes in which you now move, may drive from your memory every trace of the past, and I only come to ask — to hope — that you will sometimes think upon me.

(*Devilshoof goes up to the window, on the lookout.*)

9 Thaddeus

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The pow'r they feel so well:
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me,
and you'll remember, you'll remember me!

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see:
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me,
that you'll remember, you'll remember me!

(*At the end of the song, Arline goes up to Thaddeus, and with great emphasis says:*)

Arline:

Whatever may be our future lot, nothing should persuade you that I can ever cease to think of, ever cease to love you.

Thaddeus: (*overjoyed*)

My heart is overpowered with happiness. Yet, alas!
'tis but of short duration,
for I must leave you now forever.

Arline:

Oh, no, no! say not so! I cannot live without you.

Thaddeus:

And will you then forsake your home, your kindred,
all! and follow me?

[*start cut, Kreuz edition*]

10 Thaddeus (*to Arline*)

Through the world wilt thou fly, love,
From the world with me?
Wilt thou Fortune's frowns defy, love,
As I will for thee?

Arline (*to Thaddeus*)

Through the world I would fly, love,
/ From the world with thee,
| Could I hush a father's sigh, love,
| That would heave for me;

Thaddeus

| From the world wilt thou fly,
| from the world with me?
| Wilt fly from the world with me,
| wilt fly, fly, love, with me?

Devilshoof

/ (*coming down; to Thaddeus*)
\ Come, come,
/ all the world hither fly,
| Now, come away with me,
| Never let a lover's sigh
| Ruin bring on thee, ruin bring on thee!

Thaddeus

| Come, my love, come, fly with me,
| come, wilt thou Fortune's frowns defy, love,
| as I will, as I will, love, for thee?

Arline

| Through the world I would fly,
| From the world with thee,
\ ah yes, for thee;

Devilshoof

Come away, come away, come away, come away,
/ come away, come, come, come, away, come away,

Thaddeus

| Come away, come away, come, fly, love, with me,

Arline

\ could I hush, could I hush a father's sigh,

Devilshoof (*going toward the window*)

Come away, come away, come away, come away,
/ come away, come, come, come, away, come away,
| come, come, come, come, come away, away!

| **Thaddeus**

| come away, come away, come, fly, love, with me,
| come, come, fly, fly, love, fly, love, with me!

| **Arline**

| that would heave, that would heave, that would
heave for me

\ ah, yes, that would heave, my love, for me!

Devilshoof (*still looking out*)

A moment more, and your doom is cast!

Arline (*aside*)

The hopes that were brightest, the dreams of the past,
In the fullness of promise recede,
And render the prospect dark indeed.

Devilshoof

Escape is hopeless!

Arline (*pointing to the cabinet*)

Enter here,

Where detection we need not fear,
where detection we need not fear!

/ Through the world I would fly, love,

| From the world with thee.

| Could I hush a father's sigh,

| That would heave for me,

| that would heave for me,

| for me, for me, yes, for me!

| **Thaddeus**

| Through the world wilt thou fly, love,

| From the world with me?

| Wilt thou Fortune's frowns defy,

| As I will for thee, as I will for thee,

| for thee, for thee, yes, for thee?

| **Devilshoof**

| All the world hither fly, now,

| Come away with me,

| Never let a lover's sigh

| Ruin bring on thee, ruin bring on thee,

\ on thee, on thee, come, away!

[end cut, Kreuz edition]

(*Thaddeus has barely time to take refuge in the cabinet, and Devilshoof to escape by the window, when the great doors are thrown open, and a brilliant assemblage enters, led by Count Arnheim, Florestein, etc. The Count takes Arline's hand and present her to the company.*)

Count:

Welcome, welcome all. Share with me all the joy I
feel while I present my loved and
long-lost daughter.

11 Chorus of Guests

Welcome the present, oh ponder not
On the days departed now,

Welcome the present, oh ponder not
On the days departed now,

Let the cares that were theirs be forgot,

And 'ras'd from pleasure's, from pleasure's brow;

Never mind Time nor what he has done,

If he the present will smile upon.

Florestein

(*Seeing the gypsy dress on a chair, and taking it up*)

This garment is not fit to grace,

At such a moment, such a place;

And 'twere best to hide the prize

(*pointing to the cabinet*)

In this recess from his lordship's eyes.

Arline

(*whose attention has been riveted on the cabinet, and seeing Florestein go near it*)

That room and its treasure belong to me,

And from all intrusion must sacred be.

Chorus of Guests

Welcome the present, oh ponder not

On the days departed now,

Welcome the present, oh ponder not

On the days departed now,

(*A confused murmur is heard at the back of the stage.*)

Guests

What sound breaks in upon the ear,

Checking young joy's career?

Queen

(*closely veiled, enters the apartment and goes up to*

Count Arnheim)
Heed the warning voice!
Wail, and not rejoice!
The foe to thy rest
Is one thou lov'st best.

(She lets her veil fall, and is discovered to be the Queen of the Gypsies.)

Count
Who, and what art thou? Let me know
Whom dost thou deem my foe?

Queen
Think not my warning wild,
'Tis thy refound child!
She loves a youth of the tribe I sway,
And braves the world's reproof;
List to the words I say:
He is now conceal'd beneath thy roof!

Count
Base wretch, thou liest!

Queen
Thy faith I begrudge!
Open that door, and thyself be judge!

(The Count rushes to the door of the cabinet; Arline in vain opposes.)

Count
Stand not across my path!

/ **Arline**
| Thrown thus across thy path,
| Let me abide thy wrath, thy wrath!

| **Count**
| Brave not a father's wrath!
| Brave not a father's wrath!

(The Count pushes Arline aside, opens the door, and Thaddeus appears; the Count reels back, and everyone seems panic-stricken.)

12 Thaddeus
Though ev'ry hope be fled,
Which seem'd so bright, which seem'd so bright
before,
The vengeance I would scorn to dread,

Which they on me can pour,
which they on me can pour, can pour.

/ **Count** *(to Arline)*
| To shame and feeling dead, to feeling dead,
| Now hopeless to deplore,
| The thunder bursting o'er my head
| Had not surpris'd me more,
| had not surpris'd me more.

| **Thaddeus**
| Though hope be fled, forever fled,
| Which seem'd so bright, which seem'd so bright
before,
| which seem'd so bright, which seem'd so bright,

[start cut, Kreuz edition]

/ **Arline**
| *(horror-stricken on seeing the Queen)*
| To all but vengeance dead,
| She stands mine eyes, she stands mine eyes before,
| Its thunders waiting on my head
| In all her hate to pour,
| in all her hate to pour, to pour,

| **Thaddeus**
| The vengeance I would scorn, yes, I would scorn,
| the vengeance, yes, I would scorn,
| Which they on me can pour, on me can pour,
| yes, I would scorn

| **Count**
| To feeling dead, to feeling dead, to feeling dead,
| Now hopeless to deplore, now hopeless to deplore,
| now hopeless to deplore

/ **Queen**
| *(maliciously eyeing Arline)*
| All other feelings dead,
| Revenge can hope, revenge can hope restore,
| Its thunders on her daring head
| I only live to pour, I only live to pour, to pour, yes!

| **Florestein** *(to Arline)*
| And this is why she said,
| I must not touch, I must not touch the door;
| It clearly would have been ill-bred,
| For rivals are a bore, for rivals are a bore,
| a bore, a great bore!

| **Arline**

| in all her hate vengeance to pour.
| To all but vengeance dead,
| She stands mine eyes before, before, yes!

| **Thaddeus**

| the vengeance which on me,
| yes, they can pour, which they on me can pour,
| which they on me can pour, on me can pour!

| **Count**

| to feeling dead, to feeling dead,
| 'twere hopeless now,
| yes, to deplore, 'twere hopeless now,
| the thunder had not surpris'd,
| surpris'd me more, great power!

[end cut, Kreuz edition]

| **Chorus of Guests**

| Although to feeling dead,
| Her sorrow we deplore, yes, we deplore
| The thunder bursting o'er our head
| Had not surprised us more,
| had not surpris'd, surpris'd us more,
| had not surpris'd, surpris'd us more,

| **Arline**

| To all but vengeance dead,
| She stands mine eyes, she stands mine eyes before,
| Its thunders waiting on my head
| She only lives to pour,
| she only lives, she lives to pour,
| she only lives, she lives to pour,

| **Queen**

| All other feelings dead,
| Revenge can hope, revenge can hope restore,
| Its thunders on her daring head
| I only live to pour,
| I only live to pour, to pour,
| I only live, I live to pour,

| **Thaddeus**

| Tho' hope, yes, tho' ev'ry hope be fled,
| which seem'd so bright,
| which seem'd so bright before,
| The vengeance I would scorn to dread,
| Which they on me can pour,
| which they on me can pour, can pour,
| which they on me can pour, can pour,

| **Count**

| To shame and feeling dead,
| now hopeless, hopeless, hopeless to deplore,
| The thunder bursting o'er my head
| Had not surprised me more,
| had not surpris'd, surpris'd me more,
| had not surpris'd, surpris'd me more,

|| **Florestein**

| And this is why she said,
| I must not touch, I must not touch the door,
| It clearly would have been ill-bred,
| For rivals are a bore,
| for rivals are a bore, a bore,
| \ for rivals are a bore, a bore!

• **Arline**

its thunders waiting, waiting on my head
in all her hate to pour, in all her hate to pour,
its thunders waiting, waiting on my head
in all her hate to pour, in all her hate to pour,

Queen

its thunders waiting on her daring head to pour,
its thunders on her daring head I live to pour,
its thunders waiting on her daring head to pour,
its thunders on her daring head I live to pour,

Thaddeus

the vengeance I would scorn, yes, I would scorn,
which they on me can pour, which they on me can
pour,
the vengeance I would scorn, yes, I would scorn,
which they on me can pour, which they on me can
pour,

Count

the thunder bursting, bursting o'er my head,
had not surpris'd, had not surpris'd, surpris'd me
more,
the thunder bursting, bursting o'er my head,
had not surpris'd, had not surpris'd, surpris'd me
more,

Florestein

It clearly would have been, have been ill-bred,
| For rivals are a bore, yes, rivals are a bore,
| It clearly would have been, have been ill-bred,
• For rivals are a bore, yes, rivals are a bore,

•**Arline**

in all her hate, in all her hate to pour, to pour.

Queen

I live to pour, I live to pour, I live to pour.

Thaddeus

which they can pour, which they can pour, which they can pour.

Count

surpris'd me more, surpris'd me more, surpris'd me more.

Florestein

they are a bore, they are a bore, they are a bore!

Guests

surpris'd, surpris'd, surpris'd us more,
•surpris'd us more.

Count

(advancing to Thaddeus)

Leave the place thy polluting step hath cross'd!
Depart, or thou art lost!

Thaddeus

(casting a sorrowful look on Arline as he is about to go)

To threats I should contemn,
For thy dear sake I yield.

Arline *(summoning resolution)*

The bursting torrent I will stem,
And him I live for shield.

(She takes Thaddeus by the hand and goes to the Count, then turns to the company.)

Arline

Break not the only tie, the only tie
That bids my heart, my heart rejoice,
For whom contented I would die,
The husband of my choice,
the husband of my choice!

Count

(rushing between them and drawing his sword)
(to Thaddeus)

Depart, ere my thirsty weapon stains
These walls with the blood of thy recreant veins!

(to Arline)

False thing! below'd too long, too well,
Brave not the madness thou canst not quell!

Queen

(seizing Thaddeus by the arm)

List to the warning voice that calls thee!
Fly from the peril which enthalls thee!
(darting a furious look at Arline as she passes her)
Weep rivers! weep rivers! for ages pine!
He shall never, never be thine!

(As the Queen is dragging Thaddeus toward the window, Arline stops him.)

Arline *(to the assembly)*

Your pardon, if I seek
With my father alone to speak.

(Exeunt omnes at the large doors beside the windows, which close upon them; the Queen is seen to pass out of the window.)

13 Arline

(falling at the Count's feet)

See at your feet a suppliant one,
Whose place should be your heart!
Behold the only living thing
To which she had to cling;
Who sav'd her life, watch'd o'er her years
With all the fondness faith endears,
And her affections won;
Rend not such ties apart!

Count

Child! Arline! wilt thou? darest thou heap
A stain thine afterlife will e'er weep
On these hairs, by thee and sorrow bleach'd,
On this heart, dishonor never reach'd?

Arline

(rising and seeking refuge in the arms of Thaddeus)

Whatever the danger, the ruin, the strife,
It must fall; united we are for life!

Count *(with rage)*

United! united! and wouldst thou link my name
In a chain of such disgrace?
My rank, my very blood defame,
With a blot no time can efface?
The child of my heart, of my house the pride,

An outcast, an outcast Gipsy's bride!
The child of my heart, of my house the pride,
An outcast Gipsy's bride!

Thaddeus

(breaking from her, and going up with great dignity to the Count)

Proud lord, altho' this head proscib'd
Should fall by the weapons thy wealth hath brib'd,
Altho' in revealing the name I bear,
The home I shall see no more,
The land which to thee, in its deep despair,
The deadliest hatred bore;
I may fall, as have fallen the bravest of foes,
the bravest of foes,
'Twere better like them to die,
And in honor'd earth to lie,
Than hear, unresented, reproaches like those.

(Count Arnheim and Arline betray symptoms of astonishment, yet great anxiety.)

14 Thaddeus

Start not, but listen!
When the fair land of Poland was plough'd by the
hoof
Of the ruthless invader, when Might,
With steel to the bosom, and flame to the roof,
Completed her triumph o'er Right,
In that moment of danger, when Freedom invok'd
All the fetterless sons of her pride,
In a phalanx as dauntless as Freedom e'er yok'd,
I fought and I bled by her side.

My birth is noble, unstained my crest
As is thine own: let this attest!
My birth is noble, unstained my crest
As is thine own: let this attest!

(Takes his commission, seen in Act I, from his bosom, and gives it to the Count, who stands fixed and bewildered.)

[start cut, Kreuz edition]

Pity for one in childhood torn
From kindred with whom she dwelt,
Ripen'd in after-years to love,
The fondest that heart hath felt,
Has made me, thus far, faith renew
With outlaws chance first link'd me to.

As a foe, on this head let your hatred be pil'd,
But despise not one who hath so lov'd your child.
As a foe, on this head let your hatred be pil'd,
But despise not one who hath so lov'd your child,
despise not one who hath so lov'd your child.

[end cut, Kreuz edition]

Count (greatly moved)
The feuds of a nation's strife,
The party storms of life,
Should never their sorrows impart
To the calmer scenes of the heart.
By this hand let thine hold
Till the blood in its veins be cold!

(Thaddeus, moved to tears, is about to fall at the Count's feet, who checks him.)

Not at mine; be that homage paid at hers,
Who the firmest affection on thee confers,
who the firmest affection on thee confers,
who the firmest affection on thee confers.

15 Arline, Thaddeus and Count together

Let not the heart for sorrows grieve,
With which the bosom hath ceas'd to heave,
Let us not think of the tempest past,
If we reach the haven at last;
Let not the heart for sorrows grieve,
With which the bosom hath ceas'd to heave,
If we reach the haven, the haven at last,
if we reach the haven at last, the haven at last.

(During the trio, the wan figure of the Queen has been seen at the window in the back, and at the end of it, as Thaddeus is about to embrace Arline, the Queen, in a transport of rage, points him out to a gypsy by her side, who is in the act of firing at him, when Devilshoof, who has tracked their steps, averts the gypsy's aim, and by a rapid movement turns the musket toward the Queen. It goes off, and she falls.)

Count:

Guard every portal ... summon each guest and friend
... and this festive scene suspend.

(This distant sound of joyous instruments heard in the saloons, which the intelligence of the catastrophe is supposed to have reached, ceases, and crowds of nobles, ladies, guests, etc., pour in at each door.)

(Arline rushes into the arms of Thaddeus, and then passes over to the Count.)

Arline

Oh, what full delight
Thro' my bosom thrills,
And a wilder glow
In my heart instills!
Oh, what full delight
Thro' my bosom thrills,
And a wilder glow my heart instills!
Bliss unfelt, unfelt before,
Hope without, without alloy,
Speak with raptur'd, raptur'd tone
Of my heart the joy! Ah!

Chorus

Oh bliss, oh bliss unfelt, unfelt before,

Arline and Chorus

Oh, what full delight
Thro' my bosom thrills,
And a wilder glow my heart,
my heart instills!

Chorus

Oh, what full delight
Thro' my bosom thrills,
And a wilder glow
In my heart instills!
Bliss unfelt before,
Hope without alloy, without alloy!

Arline

Ah! Oh, what full delight
Thro' my bosom thrills,
And a wilder glow my heart,
my heart instills!
Oh, what full delight
Thro' my bosom thrills,
And a wilder glow my heart instills!
Bliss unfelt, unfelt before,
Hope without, without alloy,
Speak with raptur'd, raptur'd tone
Of my heart the joy! Ah!

Chorus

Oh bliss, oh bliss unfelt, unfelt before,

16 Arline and Chorus

Oh, what full delight
Thro' my bosom thrills,
And a wilder glow my heart,
my heart instills!

Chorus

Bliss unfelt before, hope without alloy,
•hope without, yes, without alloy,
bliss unfelt before, hope without alloy,
hope without, yes, without alloy,
oh what delight, of what delight, oh what delight!

Arline

Ah, bliss!
Oh, what oh what delight,
•oh what delight, oh what delight!