
THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

New grand opera.

Text by

Alfred Bunn

Music by

Michael William Balfe

First performance: 27 November 1843, London.

Cara lettrice, caro lettore, il sito internet **www.librettidopera.it** è dedicato ai libretti d'opera in lingua italiana. Non c'è un intento filologico, troppo complesso per essere trattato con le mie risorse: vi è invece un intento divulgativo, la volontà di far conoscere i vari aspetti di una parte della nostra cultura.

Motivazioni per scrivere note di ringraziamento non mancano. Contributi e suggerimenti sono giunti da ogni dove, vien da dire «*dagli Appennini alle Ande*». Tutto questo aiuto mi ha dato e mi sta dando entusiasmo per continuare a migliorare e ampliare gli orizzonti di quest'impresa. Ringrazio quindi: chi mi ha dato consigli su grafica e impostazione del sito, chi ha svolto le operazioni di aggiornamento sul portale, tutti coloro che mettono a disposizione testi e materiali che riguardano la lirica, chi ha donato tempo, chi mi ha prestato hardware, chi mette a disposizione software di qualità a prezzi più che contenuti.

Infine ringrazio la mia famiglia, per il tempo rubatole e dedicato a questa attività.

I titoli vengono scelti in base a una serie di criteri: disponibilità del materiale, data della prima rappresentazione, autori di testi e musiche, importanza del testo nella storia della lirica, difficoltà di reperimento.

A questo punto viene ampliata la varietà del materiale, e la sua affidabilità, tramite acquisti, ricerche in biblioteca, su internet, donazione di materiali da parte di appassionati. Il materiale raccolto viene analizzato e messo a confronto: viene eseguita una trascrizione in formato elettronico.

Quindi viene eseguita una revisione del testo tramite rilettura, e con un sistema automatico di rilevazione sia delle anomalie strutturali, sia della validità dei lemmi.

Vengono integrati se disponibili i numeri musicali, e individuati i brani più significativi secondo la critica.

Viene quindi eseguita una conversione in formato stampabile, che state leggendo.

Grazie ancora.

Dario Zanotti

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

COUNT Arnheim, governor of Presburg BARITONE

THADDEUS a proscribed Pole TENOR

FLORESTEIN nephew of the count TENOR

DEVILSHOOF chief of the gypsies BASS

CAPTAIN of the guard BASS

OFFICER TENOR

FIRST GIPSY

SECOND GIPSY

ARLINE the count's daughter SOPRANO

BUDA her attendant SOPRANO

QUEEN of the gypsies CONTRALTO

Nobles, Soldiers, Gypsies, Retainers, Peasants, etc. etc.

ACT THE FIRST

[Overture]

Scene the first

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.)

[N. 1 - Up with the banner, and down with the slave]

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;
its pinion flies
free in the skies,
as that of the airy king,
and thro' danger fleets
as heart that beats
beneath his plumed wing.

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

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 the day and night beguile:
and care shall be drowned in that glass
which nothing on earth can surpass,
but a lovely woman's smile.
Then 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.

(At the end of the chorus, Count Arnheim and Florestein enter from chateau (S. E. L.) followed by various neighbouring Nobles, Pages, Huntsmen, etc., and his child, Arline, attended by Buda, etc.)

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.

CHORUS
(of Retainers) Hail to the lord of the soil,
his vassal's love is the spoil
that lord delights to share.

CHORUS
(of Hunters) 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, widowed heart!

CHORUS Away to the hill and glen,
where the hunter's belted men,
with bugles shake the air!

(During this, a retainer brings down (R.) a rifle to Florestein, who puts it away from him. Count Arnheim exit into 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!

(recitative)

Without a country, without a home, without friends, and without
fortune! ~ Oh, what will become of the proscribed orphan,
Thaddeus of Poland!

[N. 2 - Cavatina: 'Tis sad to leave our father-land]

THADDEUS

'Tis sad to leave our fatherland,
and friends you loved there well,
to wander on a stranger strand,
where friends but seldom dwell.
Yet, hard as are such ills to bear,
and deeply though they smart,
their pangs are light to those who are
the orphans of the heart!
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,
though rugged they might be,
no language can express how dear
that heart would be to me!

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

[N. 3 - In the gipsy's life you may read]

CHORUS

In the gipsy's life you may read
the life that all would like to lead:
through the wide world to rove,
be it sunny, or drear,
with but little to love,
and still less to fear:
sometimes under roof, and sometimes thrown
where the wild wolf makes his lair,
for he who's no home to call his own
will find a home somewhere.
'Tis the maxim of man,
what's another's to claim;
then to keep all he can,
and we do the same!
Thus a habit once, 'tis custom grown,
and ev'ry man will take care,
if he has'nt a home to call his own,
to find a home somewhere.

THADDEUS 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!

FIRST GIPSY (who is on the lookout on rock)

Soldiers are coming this way.

THADDEUS 'Tis me 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 and conceals it in his bosom, and has just time to mix himself with the Gipsies, when a body of the emperor's Soldiers enter in pursuit.)

OFFICER (scrutinizing Gipsies)

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 him ~ thanks, friend! ~ forward!

(Exeunt Soldiers up rocks.)

DEVILSHOOF Comrade your hand,
we understand
each other in a breath.
(Shaking his hand.)
This grasp secures
its owner yours
in life, and until death.

THADDEUS Long as it hold,
with friendly fold,
mine shall cling to it.
(Aside)
By death he means, but
if ther's a throat to cut,
why you must do it!

CHORUS In the gipsy's life you may read
the life that all would like to lead.

THADDEUS My wants are few ~

DEVILSHOOF Want we ne'er knew
but what we could supply.

THADDEUS Then what is worse
I have no purse ~

DEVILSHOOF We nothing have to buy.

THADDEUS My heart 'twill wring ~

DEVILSHOOF That is a thing
in which we never deal.

THADDEUS But all I need ~

DEVILSHOOF 'Twere best indeed
to borrow, beg, or steal.

CHORUS In the gipsy's life you may read
the life that all would like to lead.

Ensemble

DEVILSHOOF Then rest ye here while we
explore each spot, and see
what luck there is in store.

THADDEUS The scenes and days to me,
which seemed so blest to be,
no time can e'er restore.

CHORUS

Oh, what is the worth of the richest man's wealth,
 which the chances are likely he came to by stealth,
 unless he can rove abroad in the free air,
 as free as are we, from all sorrow and care.

(All exeunt R. - Loud shouts and alarms are heard, which become more and more distinct, when a body of Huntsmen are seen to cross the trees over the rocks, etc. and exeunt by the path where Arline, etc., went off. Alarms continue, when Florestein rushes in, apparently frightened to death.)

[N. 4 - Song: Is no succour near at hand?]

FLORESTEIN

Is no succour 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 shocks should ever know,
 and when I once become a peer,
 they shall not treat me so!
 Then let ev'ry vassal arm,
 for my thanks he well deserves,
 who from this state of alarm,
 will protect my shattered nerves!
 To think that one unused to fear,
 such a fright should ever know,
 but let them make me once a peer,
 they shall not treat me so!

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

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 is seen rushing 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 to you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the service you have rendered him.

DEVILSHOOF First to serve, and then be thanked by the persecutor of his
(aside) 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 know how I can be useful to you.

THADDEUS I thanks your lordship; but ~

COUNT Pray, my friends, join your entreaties to mine.
(to the nobles)

(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 ~ aw ~ stay. ~
(aside)

A very common sort of personage, apparently.

THADDEUS Be it as your lordship wishes.
(to the Count)

COUNT Then be seated, friends, and let the fête begin.

(They all seat themselves at the tables which have previously been laid, in the O.P. 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 I ask you to pledge but once, and that is, to the health and long life of 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 overburthened 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.

(Goes up to the statue and throws down the glass with the utmost contempt. A general burst of indignation follows. Chorus of guests, rising, drawing their swords, and rushing toward Thaddeus.)

[N. 5 - Down with the daring slave]

CHORUS (rising, drawing their swords and rushing towards Thaddeus)
 Down with the daring slave,
 who disputes the right
 of a people's delight,
 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 raised a strife.
 Your longer presence will more excite,
 and this will the service you did me requite.

(Throws Thaddeus a purse of gold.)

(Devilshoof rushes in.)

DEVILSHOOF Where is the hand will dare to touch
 one hair of a head I prize so much?

(Taking the hand of Thaddeus.)

(to Count)

That pulse of pride you boast
 within me beats as high,
 you and your titled host,
 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 attacked 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.

CHORUS
 (of Nobles etc.)

Down with the daring slave
 who would our fury brave.

DEVILSHOOF

Stand back ye craven things,
 who dares obstruct our path,
 upon his rashness brings
 the vengeance of my wrath.

(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 into the castle.)

DEVILSHOOF

(As they are dragging him off.)

Tho' meshed by numbers in the yoke
 of one by all abhor'd,
 yet tremble worthless lord,
 at the vengeance you thus provoke.

CHORUS

Down with the daring slave
 who would our fury brave.
 Stand back ye craven things,
 who dares obstruct our path,
 upon his rashness brings
 the vengeance of my wrath.

(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 into the castle.)

DEVILSHOOF

(as they are dragging him off)

Tho' meshed by numbers in the yoke
 of one by all abhor'd,
 yet tremble worthless lord,
 at the vengeance you thus provoke.

CHORUS

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

(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 is seen to enter, and to shut it immediately. Buda then enters the castle, and in a minute afterward the festivities are interrupted by a violent shrieking, the window is thrown open, and Buda, pale, and with dishevelled hair, signifies by gestures that Arline has disappeared.)

[N. 6 - What sounds break on the air?]

CHORUS

What sounds break on the air?
 What looks of wild despair
 a grief as wild impart?

COUNT

My child! that word alone
 with agonizing tone
 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.)

CHORUS

Be every hand prepared
 their liege lord's halls to guard,
 and with devotion whose bond
 all ties is beyond.

FLORESTEIN

(kneeling, and appearing greatly alarmed)

Why what with dancing, screaming, fighting,
 one really is a shocking plight in,
 and 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 treasured prize who stole.
But no, vain hope! unless we pray to him
who healeth all sorrow, with suppliant limb.

Prayer.

Thou, who in might supreme,
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.

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

[N. 7 - Follow, follow with heart and with arm]

CHORUS

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
o'er brake and through hollow!
Climb the hill, ford the stream,
high in air weapons gleam!
Dash through where danger lies!
Danger ~ aye, death, despise!
To save let all combine
the pride of Arnheim's line.

(At the most animated part of the chorus, 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 gulph - 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.)

End of the first act.

ACT THE SECOND

(Note. - Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the first and second act.)

Scene the first

Street in Presburg, by moonlight. - Tent of the Queen of the gipsies, 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 Gipsies, wrapped in cloaks, suddenly appear.

[N. 8 - Silence! silence! ~ the lady moon]

CHORUS

Silence! silence! ~ the lady moon
is the only witness now awake,
and weary of watching, perchance she soon
to sleep will herself betake.
Silence! silence! from her throne in air
she may look on and listen, for aught we care;
but if she attend unto our behest,
she will quietly go to her rest.

Solo.

DEVILSHOOF

There's a deed to do whose gains
will reward the risk and pains ~

(The Gipsies 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 detect.

(Pointing to the lighted windows of the hotel.)

See, where in goblets deep
what sense they have, they sleep ~
watch here! and the goglet's foam
will make each an easy prey!
Silence! silence! this way, this way!

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

[N. 9 - Wine! wine! if I am heir]

FLORESTEIN

Wine! wine! if I am heir
 to the count ~ my uncle's ~ line, ~
 (Hiccup.)
 where's the fellow ~ will dare
 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.
 Wine! wine! wine!

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

DEVILSHOOF My ear caught not the clock's last chime,
 and 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,
 though there may be nothing in it,
 I am sobered in a minute. ~
 (to Devilshoof)

You are really so polite,
 (pulling out his watch)
 that 'tis late into the night

DEVILSHOOF (Taking the watch and putting it in his fob.)
 You are very kind ~ can it really be!
 Are you sure it is so late?

FLORESTEIN (assuming courage)
 May I beg to ask ~ ?

DEVILSHOOF I am griev'd to see
 any one in such a state,
 and will gladly take the utmost care
 of the rings and chains you chance to wear.

(Taking from Florestein his rings, chain, and the rich medallion.)
 (Florestein draws his sword.)

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

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

GIPSIES Advance with caution, let ev'ry man
 seize on and keep whatever he can.

(During the chorus, Devilshoof makes off with the medallion, and the others are dividing the rest of the spoil,
 when a female appears in the midst of them, drops her cloak, and discovers their Queen. The Gipsies appear
 stupefied.)

QUEEN To him, from whom you stole,
 surrender back the whole.

(The Gipsies 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.

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

GIPSIES

(of Gipsies)

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

QUEEN

(to Florestein)

Be your safety my care ~

FLORESTEIN

(trembling)

I'm in precious hands.

QUEEN

(to Gipsies)

Follow, and list to your queen's commands.

GIPSIES

Yes, we will list to our queen's commands.

(Exeunt Queen holding Florestein all of a tremble, in one hand, and beckoning the Gipsies 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, you
would not like to know my dream! well, I will tell it you.

[N. 10 - I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls]

The gipsy girl's dream.

ARLINE

I dreamt that 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
and I also dream'd, which charm'd me most
(taking both his hands in hers)
that you lov'd me still the same.
I dreamt that suitors besought my hand,
that knights upon bended knee
and with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
that they pledged their faith to me.
And I dream'd that one of that noble host
came forth my hand to claim;
yet I also dream'd which charm'd me most
that you lov'd me still the same.

(At the end of the ballad, 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.

Duet.

THADDEUS

(taking her hand and pointing to the mark)

That wound upon thine arm,
whose mark through life will be,
in saving thee from greater harm
was there transfixed by me.

ARLINE

By thee?

THADDEUS

E'er on thy gentle head
thy sixth sun had its radiance shed,
a wild deer who had lain at bay
pursued by hunters crossed the way,
but slaying him I rescued thee,
and in his death throes agony
that tender frame 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 the rest.

[N. 11 - The secret of her birth]

Ensemble

THADDEUS

The secret of her birth
to me is only known,
the secret of a life whose worth
I prize beyond my own.

ARLINE

The secret of my birth
to him is only known,
the secret of a life whose worth,
I prize beyond my own.

ARLINE

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

THADDEUS

I will tell thee, although the words may sever
one who so loves thee, from thy love for ever.

Ensemble

ARLINE

Where is the spell hath yet effaced
the first fond lines that love hath traced,
and after years have but imprest
more deep in love's confiding breast.

THADDEUS

And yet few spells have e'er effaced
the first fond lines that love hath traced,
and after years have but imprest
more deep 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 savior of my life, and the only friend I have in all the tribe: 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 center, while Thaddeus calls the Gipsies together, who enter on all sides and surround the Queen, and appear to ask what is going on.)

Concerted piece.

ARLINE

Listen, while I relate
the hope of a gipsy's fate;
I am loved 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.

[N. 12 - Happy and light of heart be those]

CHORUS

Happy and light of heart be those
who in each bosom, one faith repose!

DEVILSHOOF (maliciously pointing to the Queen)
(aside) A rival's hate you may better tell
by her rage than by her tears,
and it, perchance, may be as well,
to set them both by the ears.
(To the Queen.)
As queen of the tribe, 'tis yours by right,
the hands of those you rule to unite.

CHORUS (To the Queen, who draws back and hesitates.)
In love and truth, by thee
their hands united be.

ARLINE (Partly inclining in supplication.)
A rival no more, but a subject see,
asking thy blessing on bended knee.

THADDEUS (Rising her.)
Debase not thyself, but rather lose
the boon, and a fate less wayward choose.

CHORUS (Urging the Queen.)
In love and truth, by thee
their hands united be.

QUEEN (Haughtily advancing and taking the hands of Arline and Thaddeus.)
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
who shall those I've united part?
By the spell of my sway,
part them who may.
(Joining their hands.)

CHORUS Happy and light of heart are those
who in each bosom faith repose!

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

(Gipsy enters.)

FIRST GIPSY Morning is beginning to dawn, and crowds of people are already
flocking towards 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 Gipsies repeating chorus.)

Duet.

QUEEN This is thy deed ~ seek not to assuage
my jealous fear, a rival's rage.

DEVILSHOOF 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 foredoomed 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,
and a drunken galliard who cross'd thy way,
became thy prey ~

DEVILSHOOF

Fiend born, 'twere vain to fly
the glance of her searching eye!

Ensemble

QUEEN

Down on thy knee and that gem restore
e'en in thy shame amazed,
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.

DEVILSHOOF

(Kneeling and presenting the medallion to the Queen.)
Queen, I obey.

QUEEN

'Tis the wisest thing
thy coward heart could do.

(Takes medallion.)

DEVILSHOOF
(aside)

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

QUEEN

Depart, and join the rest.

DEVILSHOOF

I do thy high behest ~
(Aside.)

Ensemble

DEVILSHOOF

The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,
will the edge of our vengeance more sharply whet.

QUEEN

The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,
will the edge of our vengeance more sharply whet.

(Exeunt the Queen and Devilshoof at separate sides.)

Scene the second

Another street in Presburg. Daylight. Enter Arline in a fanciful dress, followed by a troop of Gipsies. She has a tambourine in her hand.

[N. 13 - In the gipsies' life you may read]

CHORUS

In the gipsies' life you may read
the life that all would like to lead.

Song.

ARLINE

Come with the gipsy bride!
And repair
to the fair,
where the mazy dance
will the hours entrance,
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:
rank in its halls cannot find
the calm of a happy mind. ~
So repair
to the fair,
and they all may be met with there. ~
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 too will be nothing loath
to point out the way to both!
So repair
to the fair,
and they all may be met with there!

CHORUS

In the gipsies' life you read,
the life that all would like to lead.

Scene the third

A grand fair in the public plaatz of Presburg. On one side a large hotel over which is inscribed "The Hall of Justice". Various groups of Gentry, Soldiers, Citizens, 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.

[N. 14 - Life itself is, at the best]

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

(At the end of the chorus, and during the symphony, a movement is perceived at the further end of the place, which is followed by the entrance of a double party of men Gipsies, 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 Gipsies headed by their Queen and Arline, pass down them. Florestein and a party are seen watching them with great curiosity.)

Quartette.

ARLINE, QUEEN, THADDEUS, DEVILSHOOF

From the valleys and hills
 where the sweetest buds grow,
 and are watered by rills
 which are purest that flow,
 come we! come we!

CHORUS

Light of heart, fleet of foot, reckless of slight or gibe,
 who can compare with the free happy gipsy tribe!

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

Solo.

ARLINE

Sir knight, and lady, listen!
 That bright eye seems to glisten
 (To a lady.)
 as if his trusted tale
 did o'er they sense prevail!
 (To another - pointing to her heart.)
 Pretty maiden take care, take care,
 love is making havoc there,
 what havoc love maketh there!

Continued on next page.

ARLINE (To a third - pointing to a ring on her finger.)
And this token, from love you borrow,
is the prelude of many a sorrow:
there are those who have lived, who knew
the gipsy's words are true!

CHORUS (As the dance of other gipsies continues.)
Light of heart, fleet of foot, reckless of slight or gibe,
who can compare with the free happy gipsy tribe!

(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.)

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. (Breaks from
them and goes up to Arline.) Fair creature, your manner has
enchanted me, and I would take a lesson from you.

ARLINE Of 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 naivetè 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 it 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; on receiving it, he turns round and 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.

(Chorus and dance repeated, and the Gipsies are all about to march off. Thaddeus and Arline bringing up the rear of their body; and 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.

ALL We do, we do.
 (Here 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 every day 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.

Concerted piece.

CHORUS (of populace surrounding Arline)
 Shame! shame! let us know the right,
 and shame on the guilty one light!

THADDEUS (rushing before Arline to shield her)
 He who a hand on her would lay,
 through my heard must force his way.

CHORUS Tear them asunder, but still protect
 until they can prove, what they but 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.)

[N. 15 - To the hall, to the hall]

FLORESTEIN (To Captain of the guard, pointing at Arline.)
 There stands the culprit, on you I call
 conduct her away to the hall ~ to the hall.

(Arline looks at him with great contempt; the Gipsies 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 body to seize Arline, upon which the Gipsies draw their daggers, a conflict ensues in which the Guard maintains possession of Arline, a body of the populace reseize Thaddeus, and the Gipsies are routed.)

Ensemble

CAPTAIN	They who would brave the law, against themselves but draw the aid of which they stood in need, and aggravate their guilty deed.
FLORESTEIN	Now it is with the law, I beg leave to withdraw, a glass of wine I greatly need for it has hurt my nerves indeed.
THADDEUS	Free me, or else the law upon your heads you draw, it's aid you may live to need, who smile upon this daring deed.
GUARDS	If ye dare brave the law, upon your heads ye draw the aid of which ye stand in need, and aggavate their guilty deed.
GIPSIES	Why should we fear the law, or all the arms you draw, while of our aid she stands in need, and guiltless is of such a deed?

(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 the fourth

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 the first act, 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 the tears from his eye.)

COUNT Whate'er the scenes the present hour calls forth before the sight,
they lose their splendor when compared with scenes of past
delight.

[N. 16 - The heart bow'd down by weight of woe]

Song.

COUNT

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.
The mind will in its worst despair
still ponder o'er the past,
on moments of delight that were
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.

(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.

(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 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 centre, pale and with dishevelled hair, but still haughty in her demeanour.)

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.

ALL 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.

(Hidings her face in her hands and 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 scarf, and is about to stab herself, when Count Arnheim rushes forward, seizes her arm, and wrests the dagger from her.)

[N. 17 - Hold! hold! / We cannot give the life we take]

Finale.

COUNT Hold! hold!
We cannot give the life we take,
nor reunite the heart we break,
sad thing ~

(Taking the hand of Arline, and suddenly seeing the wound on her arm.)

what visions round me rise,
and cloud, with mists of the past, mine eyes?

Continued on next page.

COUNT 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?

ARLINE

(Recollecting Thaddeus's words.)

E'er 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;
my tender frame, by his antler gor'd,
an humble youth to my home restor'd:
the tale he but this day confess'd,
and is near at hand 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.

Solo.

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 upon his breast,
bid all the rude alarms
that assail'd thy feelings, rest.

(Count clasps Arline to his heart - kisses her head, hands, hair, and shedding tears of joy.)

ARLINE (Bewildered starts from the Count and runs to Thaddeus.)
 Speak ~ speak! this shaken frame,
 this doubt, this torture, see. ~
 My hopes ~ my very life ~ my fame
 depend on thee.

THADDEUS (Pointing to Count Arnheim, with deep emotion. Aside)
 Dear as thou long hast been,
 dear as thou long wilt be,
 mourned as this passing scene
 will be through life by me,
 though his heart, and none other, like mine can adore thee,
 yet

(aloud)

thou art not deceiv'd ~ 'tis thy father before thee!

(Arlene staggers, and then rushes into the Count's arms.)

CHORUS

Prais'd be the will of heav'n
whose light on them smil'd,
and whose bounty hath giv'n
the father his child!

COUNT

Prais'd be the will of heav'n
whose light o'er me smil'd,
and whose bounty hath giv'n
a father his child!

ARLINE

Prais'd be the will of heav'n
whose light o'er me smil'd,
and whose bounty hath giv'n
a father his child!

THADDEUS

Though from this bosom riv'n,
that heart is beguil'd,
the bereavement hath giv'n
the father his child!

(Thaddeus hides his face in his hands much moved.)

DEVILSHOOF

(Suddenly emerging from the crowd and dragging Thaddeus away.)

Better to go now 'ere driv'n,
than e'er be revil'd,
for the bounty thus hath giv'n
the father his child!

CHORUS

Prais'd be the will of heav'n!
whose light on them smil'd,
and whose bounty hath giv'n
the father his child!

End of the second act.

ACT THE THIRD

Scene the first

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 O.P. side, the door of a small cabinet, doors at the back, leading into spacious galleries.

(Enter Arline, elegantly dressed for a ball.)

ARLINE The past appears to me but a dream, from which I have at length awoken. 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 in every trial preserved its honor, 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 the repugnance I cannot overcome. -

FLORESTEIN (falling on his knee)

Fair cousin, let me plead my own cause, and express the - aw - 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. (goes to the cabinet O.P. and brings out her gipsy 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 Hush! fear not; but be silent. I come to ask you to rejoin our tribe – we have never ceased to fill the loss of one liked more than all the rest.

ARLINE Impossible! Leave me, I pray, and let me forget we have ever been acquainted.

DEVILSHOOF I have brought 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!
(Pointing to the gipsy's dress.)
Had I nothing else to remind me of you, 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.)

[N. 18 - When other lips and other hearts]

THADDEUS

When other lips and other hearts,
 their tales of love shall tell,
 in language whose excess imparts
 the power 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.
 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.

(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?

[N. 19 - Through the world wilt thou fly]

Trio.

Ensemble

THADDEUS
 (to Arline)

Through the world wilt thou fly
 from the world with me?
 Wilt thou fortune's frowns defy,
 as I will for thee?

ARLINE
 (to Thaddeus)

Through the world I would fly
 from the world with thee,
 could I hush a father's sigh
 that would heave for me.

DEVILSHOOF
 (coming down; to
 Thaddeus)

All the world hither fly,
 come away with me!
 Never let a lover's sigh
 ruin bring on thee, ruin bring on thee!

DEVILSHOOF Hasten! hasten! thy safety calls:
see where they throng the halls!
This way!
(Going towards the window.)

ARLINE (Stopping Thaddeus.)
Stop! do not snap the string
of the fondest tie
in my memory
to which the heart can cling.

THADDEUS I am chained by fate to the spot.

DEVILSHOOF Nearer they come!

ARLINE Oh, leave me not.

THADDEUS Oh, where should affections feelings rest,
if they may not repose on affection's breast?
Better to die than live to grieve
over the pangs such partings leave!

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!

Ensemble

THADDEUS	If it were not for thee, I would here await the venom'd shafts of their deadliest hate.
DEVILSHOOF	Though here you may linger, I will not await the certain blow of their power and hate.
ARLINE	If, only for me, no longer await the venom'd shafts of their deadliest hate.

(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 presents 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.

[N. 20 - Welcome the present, oh ponder not]

Finale.

CHORUS

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 brow;
 never mind time nor what he has done,
 if he only the present will smile upon.

FLORESTEIN

(Seeing the gipsy dress on a chair, and taking it up)
 This is not an ornament fit to grace,
 at such a moment, such a place
 and perchance 'twere best to hide the prize
 in this recess

(pointing to the cabinet)

from his lordship's eyes.

ARLINE

(whose attention has been rivetted 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

Never mind time, nor what he has done,
 if he only the present will smile upon!
 Welcome the present, oh ponder not
 on days departed now;
 let the cares that were theirs be forgot,
 and ras'd from pleasure's brow.
 (A confused murmur is heard at the back of the stage.)
 What sounds break on the ear,
 checking young joy's career?

(A female, closely veiled, enters the apartment and goes up to Count Arnheim.)

FEMALE

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 Gipsies.)

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!

(Count rushing to the door of the cabinet, which Arline in vain opposes.)

Ensemble

COUNT

Stand not across my path,
brave not a father wrath

ARLINE

Thrown thus across thy path,
let me abide thy wrath.

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

Quintette and Chorus.

Ensemble

COUNT
(to Arline)To shame and feeling dead,
now hopeless to deplore,
the thunder bursting on thy head,
had not surpris'd me more.

FLORESTEIN

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

THADDEUS

Though ev'ry hope be fled,
which seem'd so bright before,
the vengeance I scorn to dread,
which they on me can pour!

ARLINE

(horror stricken on seeing the Queen)

To all but vengeance dead,
she stands mine eyes before!
Its thunders on her daring head
I only live to pour.

CHORUS

Although to feeling dead,
her sorrow we deplore,
the thunder bursting o'er our head,
had not surprised 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 torrest 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.)
 Break not the only tie,
 that bids my heart rejoice,
 for whom contented I would die,
 (with energy)
 the husband of my choice.
- COUNT (rushing between them and drawing his sword) (to Thaddeus)
 Depart, ere my thirsty weapon stains
 these halls with the blood of thy recreant veins!
 (to Arline)
 False thing! belov'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 enthralls thee!
 (darting a furious look at Arline as she passes her)
 Weep rivers ~ for ages pine!
 He shall 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 every one at the large doors each side of the windows which close upon them; the Queen is seen to pass out of the window.)
- 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 after life will bewEEP,
 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! and would'st 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!

THADDEUS (breaking from her, and going up with great dignity to the Count)
Proud lord, although this head proscrib'd
should fall by the weapons thy wealth hath bribed,
although 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,
'twere better like them to die!
And in dishonoured earth to lie,
than bear unresented reproaches like those.
(Count Arnheim and Arline betray symptoms of astonishment, yet great anxiety.)
Start not, but listen!

When the fair land of Poland was ploughed 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 invoked
all the fetterless sons of her pride,
in a phalanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yok'd,
I fought and I fell by her side;
my birth is noble, unstained my crest
as 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.)

Pity for one in childhood torn
from kindred with whom she dwelt,
ripened in after years to love
the fondest that heart hath felt,
has made me thus far faith renew
with outlaws chance first link me to:
as a foe on this head let your hatred be pil'd,
but despise not one who hath so loved your child.

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!

Continued on next page.

COUNT (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 fond one of feelin g on thee confers.

Trio.

COUNT Let not the soul over sorrows grieve,
 with which the bosom hath ceased to heave;
 let us not think of the tempest past,
 if we reach the haven at last.

ARLINE Nev'r should the soul over sorrows grieve,
 with which the bosom hath ceased to heave;
 ne'er should we think of the tempest past,
 if we reach the haven at last.

THADDEUS Why should the soul over sorrows grieve,
 with which the bosom hath ceased to heave;
 why should we think of the tempest past,
 if we reach 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 gipsy by her side, who is in the act of firing at him, when Devilshoof, who has tracked their steps, averts the gipsy'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.)

[N. 21 - Oh! what full delight]

ARLINE, CHORUS

Oh! what full delight,
 through my bosom thrills,
 and a wilder glow
 in my heart instills!
 Bliss! unfelt before,
 hope! without alloy,
 speak with raptured tone
 of my heart the joy!

(As the curtain descends, is heard under the window at the back)

THE GIPSIES' CHORUS

If the gipsy's life you may read,
 the life that all would like to lead.

End of the opera.

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