
IVANOHE

A romantic opera.

Text by

Julian Sturgis

Music by

Arthur Sullivan

First performance: 31 January 1891, London.



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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

Richard Coeur-de-leon **KING** of England,
disguised as black knight BASS

Prince **JOHN** BARITONE

Sir **BRIAN** de Bois-Guilbert, commander of
the Order of knights templars BARITONE

Maurice **DE BRACY** TENOR

Lucas de Beaumanoir **GRAND MASTER** of the
templars BASS

CEDRIC the Saxon, thane of Rotherwood BASS

Wilfred, knight of **IVANOHE** his son, disguised
as a palmer TENOR

FRIAR Tuck BASS

ISAAC of York BASS

LOCKSLEY TENOR

THE SQUIRE TENOR

The lady **ROWENA** ward of Cedric SOPRANO

ULRICA MEZZO-SOPRANO

REBECCA daughter of Isaac of York SOPRANO

ACT THE FIRST

Scene the first

The hall of Cedric. Evening. At the high table stands Cedric. His Men are making ready for supper.

CEDRIC Each day this realm of England faints and fails.
The king is wandering who knows where; his knights,
his Norman knights like robbers waste the land,
and drive our herds within their castle walls.
O Wilfred, o my son, o Ivanohe,
hadst thou not crossed my will and flouted me,
daring to raise thine eyes to my royal ward,
I had not been left a lonely man
amid these thieving Normans.
Alone am I: I have no son.

(A knocking at the gate.)

Who knocks? Out, knaves, and see! And now to supper.
To all, was hael!

(He drinks.)

MEN

(getting to the table)

Was hael! drink hael!
Supper and song so runs the stave;
supper and song for knight and knave;
drink deep, drink deep!
Eat, drink, and sleep
till daylight peep!
Drink to the house of Cedric!
Hoch! the house of Cedric!
Drink hael! Was hael!
Hoch! Hoch! Was hael!

Enter Isaac.

ISAAC Good thane, most noble thane, I pray
for food and shelter from the night.
Isaac of York am I, a Jew, but poor,
and poorest shelter all I dare to ask.

CEDRIC Not even one of thy accursed race
must fail our Saxon hospitality!
To supper with what greed thou hast!

(A knocking at the gates.)

Now heaven keep me cool! What bolder knaves
break in upon us with untimely din?
Go, some of you, and see who knocks so loud.

Enter De Bracy's Squire.

THE SQUIRE Brian de Bois Guilbert,
knight of the holy Order of the temple,
and the most valiant lord, Maurice De Bracy,
journeying to the tourney,
now to be held at Ashby de la Zouche,
by order of their royal lord, Prince John
ask food and shelter of the Saxon thane,
Cedric of Rotherwood.

CEDRIC What cockrel crows so loud?
Go, Oswald, and the rest, and lead these knights
within the hall:

(exeunt Squire, Oswald, etc.)

a better welcome were it
if I might meet these Normans sword in hand.

Enter the knights, with attendants, and with them Ivanohe in palmer's dress.

CEDRIC Welcome, sir knights! I pray ye pardon me
for lack of Norman courtesy.
Sit ye beside me here,
and fall to supper ~ to our Saxon fare.

(As the knights sit, Ivanohe goes aside.)

DE BRACY I see but one thing wanting to our fare,
and that the fairest fair, thy beauteous ward.
I do assure thee, Brian, England knows
no lovelier lady than this Saxon rose.
My friend and I had wager by the way,
no Syrian damsel fair
nor courtly lady gay
might with thy ward compare.
Was it not so, sir templar?

BRIAN Since I took ship from Palestine,
I have seen but one fair maid to vie
with the soft almond eyes of Syrian girls,
and she was Jewess-born.

ISAAC Jehovah guard
(apart) our daughters from the temple!

DE BRACY And I'll warrant me,
from all the country
come throngs of suitors
to the fair Rowena!

CEDRIC My friends and neighbours know
that if the lady deign to wed,
her mate must be of royal Saxon blood,
as she is royal and Saxon.

The great doors are thrown open.

OSWALD Room for the lady Rowena! room!

(All rise as Rowena comes in. She takes her place at the high table. Before the bold looks of the knights she draws her veil across her face.)

BRIAN Forgive, fair maid, the votaries of the sun,
that on thy beauty they too boldly gaze;
or, if thou need'st must veil, declare it done,
to save our eyes from those celestial rays.

ROWENA Fair knight, I pray thee of thy courtesy
speak simple truth in homely maiden's praise;
my tongue was never framed to vie with thee
in compliment or courtly Norman phrase.

(As Brian bows and touches his cup with his lips, Cedric starts to his feet, cup in hand.)

CEDRIC Drink, drink ye all
in this our ancient hall
to the bold deeds of heroes long ago,
to those who fight and those who fall
where battles ebb and flow!
Well do I mind the day
when I have seen the armies in array,
and the earth shook with horsemen, and the sword
leapt from the scabbard at my armed side,
and loud the ravens cried
at scent of blood.
Drink to the brave, or boor or lord!
Drink to the warrior's noble mood,
the battle glory and the minstrel's song!
But now, ah me! gone is the ancient fame
and fair-haired warrior strong,
the Saxon glory and the Saxon name. ~

Then fill the cup, fill high,
and drink to those who strive, and those who die,
Saxon or Norman. fighting for the cross!

MEN Glory to those who fight for the true cross!

DE BRACY Glory to those who battle for the cross,
 and most to those, the bravest and the best,
 wonder of land and sea, of east and west,
 knights of the holy Order of the temple.

(He pledges Brian.)

MEN Glory to those who battle for the cross!
 Glory to those who fight or fail
 who win the prize or bear the loss!
 Drink hael! Was hael!

ROWENA Were there no English knights in Palestine,
 no children of our happy woods and hills,
 who might compare even with the temple knights?

BRIAN Fair lady, with King Richard throve,
 full many a gallant knight and strong;
 well worthy minstrels' song
 and lady's love,
 and second only to our temple knights.

IVANOHE Second to none!

(A silence. Then a general movement of excitement.)

MEN The palmer! the holy palmer! hear him! hear him!

(Cedric motions them to silence.)

IVANOHE Second to none were good King Richard's men;
 I tell but what mine eyes have seen.
 After, the taking of Saint Jean d'Acre
 I saw King Richard and his chosen knights,
 a gallant show as ever eyes did see,
 hold tourney 'gainst all comers:
 and all that came went down before their arms,
 templars and all ~ Brian de Bois Guilbert,
 bear witness if I lie.

(Brian tries to speak, but fury stops him; he lays hand on sword.)

MEN

The English knights, the English knights,
to them the prize of song and story!
The champions of a thousand fights,
to them the glory!
Hail to King Richard and his English knights!

CEDRIC Their names, their names, good palmer!

IVANOHE King Richard, first in rank and glory;
 the second, the Earl of Leicester;
 the third, Sir Thomas Multon.

CEDRIC A Saxon he!

IVANOHE The fourth, Sir Foulk Doilly.

CEDRIC A Saxon mother bore him. And the next?

IVANOHE Sir Edwin Turneham.

CEDRIC By the soul of Hengist
Saxon by sire and dame!
The last! the last! Pray he be Saxon too.

IVANOHE The last I cannot call to mind,
perchance he was of lesser fame ~
some nameless knight, whom happy chance
made one of that high company.

BRIAN Not so, by heaven!
Before no nameless knight I fell.
'Twas my horse's fault ~ he is food for dogs ere this ~
and yet I fell before as stout a lance
as Richard led.

CEDRIC His name? his name?

BRIAN Wilfred of Ivanohe!

(A movement in hall. A clash of steel is heard as men spring to their feet. Cedric throws up his arm, and there is silence.)

I have named his name, and were he here,
I'd challenge him with sword or spear!

IVANOHE And, when he come, I pledge my troth
he will abide thy challenge.

BRIAN And who art thou,
a beggarly and wandering knave,
that thou shouldst answer for the brave?
Show me thy pledge, bold pilgrim.

IVANOHE This holy relic here I lay
as pledge that he will meet thee on thy day,
on horseback or on foot, with spear or sword.
And god defend the right!

BRIAN By this gold chain, which here I lay,
I swear to meet this Ivanohe
on horse or foot, with sword or spear,
come when he may.
And if, being come to English ground,
he answer not my challenge, he shall be
coward and traitor to the name of knight.

(Movement in hall. Silence. Then Rowena speaks.)

ROWENA No word for Ivanohe! Then I will speak
and pledge my word no coward knight is he,
but brave and true. And if he come again
he will abide thy challenge in the lists.
And god defend the right!

MEN

Rowena! Rowena! All hail to our Lady Rowena!
Wilfred! Wilfred! Our Lord of Ivanohe!

CEDRIC Peace, peace, I say! Can I not speak if need be?
Be silent, churls! My Norman guests,
ye do no honour to our Saxon cups.
I pledge ye once again.

DE BRACY I'll drink no more.
Thy Saxon cups are potent, and to-morrow
we must be stirring with the birds' first song.

CEDRIC Then fare ye well! Good rest be yours!
My servants will attend ye.
Good night to all!

ROWENA A kind good night to all!

(Exit Rowena, followed by Cedric.)

DE BRACY Is she not fair? And she is rich withal,
a bride that's worth the winning.
Were it not rare to seize her, as they come
from the lists at Ashby? A score of my free-lances,
and thou, my templar, with thy dusky knaves,
and it were done. Wilt swoop with me, my falcon?

BRIAN Aye, that will I!
By good Saint Denis, it would like me well
to drive these Saxon hogs and prick them home
to Norman keeping! More of this anon.

DE BRACY Aye, when the tourney's done.
Good night, most noble comrade,
good dreams attend thee!

BRIAN Good night!

(Exeunt knights, attended.)

MEN

And so to sleep
till lagging daylight peep.
So ends the song,
with sleep till daylight peep.
So ends the song.

Scene the second

An ante-room in Cedric's house.

Enter Rowena.

ROWENA

O moon, art thou clad in silver mail
like armour of my true knight;
o moon, is my lover's face so pale
as thy wan light?
Shine fair on my lover's tent, that is white by the whiter foam,
and woo him away from the South
to the woods of his Island home!

O wind, that awakest soft and low,
where the heart o' the wood is stirred,
far over the dreaming waters go
like wild sea-bird;
and pause at my lover's tent, where in broods by the Syrian,
and whisper the words of love, the words that I dare not say!

Her women bring in Ivanohe. He kneels at her feet.

ROWENA Rise, holy palmer! 'Tis not meet
that thou shouldst kneel to me.
He who defends the absent should stand high
in Cedric's hall.
Good palmer, thou didst speak of one I knew
in days gone by.
I must be brief. I would but ask of thee ~
Thou knowest him ~ hast seen him? He is well?
I speak of Ivanohe.

IVANOHE Ah, lady fair!
I knew but little of the knight ~
I would 'twere more, since thou cost care
to hear of him.

ROWENA Is he much changed?

IVANOHE Burnt by Syrian suns,
and somewhat worn by war; but that's not much ~
'tis said he bears some sorrow at the heart.

ROWENA Is he not happy, then?

IVANOHE Ah, what know I?
Perchance ~ forgive me, if I speak too bold ~
thou knowest best his chance of happiness.

ROWENA God keep him safe, and bring the wanderer home.

IVANOHE Amen to that sweet prayer!

ROWENA If thou dost see him, tell him there are those
that think on him.

IVANOHE And shall I bid him hope?

ROWENA Hope is for all the world.

IVANOHE But not for him.

ROWENA Hope is for all the world ~ a distant light,
now lost, now seen above a restless sea,
sound of a string we follow with delight
to utmost melody.

IVANOHE Ah! then if he beyond the ocean foam
stare like a ghost across the barren sea,
yet may he hope some day for welcome home,
for home, perchance for thee.

ROWENA I do believe that he will come again,
and yet I fear.
I would speak further with thee, but not now.
I thank thee, holy palmer, and farewell.

IVANOHE Farewell, most gentle lady.

(Exit Rowena with her women.)

Like mountain lark my spirit upward springs,
and with quick pulsing wings
beats the still air to music. O my heart,
beat not too wild for thinking on my dear!
But if we two must part,
for day or week or year,
yet now I know my dear love loveth me,
and happy shall we be
ere death close all, and life be ended here.
Now must I leave my father's home and go
forth to the moonless night of forest boughs.

(Calling low at a door)

Isaac! Isaac, I say!

Enter Isaac.

IVANOHE Thou must away with me, and quickly.
Hearken! I heard the templar bid his slaves
to seize thee on the road to-morrow morn,
and bear thee to the keep of Torquilstone.

ISAAC Of Torquilstone! O name of dread!
Castle of torment!
Woe's me! I feel their irons tear my flesh!

I will away ~ good youth, dear youth, befriend me;
I will reward thee well ~ nay, hear me!
The Jew hath eyes, and holy palmer's frock
sways to a knightly stride. A horse and armour?
Said I not well? A horse and goodly arms!

IVANOHE

A wizard thou to guess so well!
The sword and spear, the sword and spear!
Grant me these, Jew, and do not fear,
but I will bring thee safe anon
through all thy foes of Babylon.
Away with me!

ISAAC

Aye, I will follow thee.

IVANOHE

On to the lists at Ashby with good cheer!

(They steal out.)

Scene the third

One end of the lists at Ashby. Second day of the tournament. High seats are prepared for Prince John and for Rowena, who has been chosen queen of love and beauty on the first day. Cedric is in his place in a gallery, where are other Norman knights and ladies, and few Saxons of wealth and rank. In the crowd are the Friar and Locksley.

VOICES IN THE CROWD

Will there be no more fighting?
They are too strong, the challengers.
All have gone down before them!
Who comes here?
The black knight! The black knight!
He won the prize of yesterday!
Hail to the black knight!
Hail to the great unknown!
Hail to the sable warrior!

Enter the King disguised as the black knight. He is on foot, walking down the lists, as if to go.

FRIAR Whither away, sir sluggard? Hola!
Get thee to horse and strike the yemplar's shield!
Don't steal so coward-like away. Hola!
Hola! I say, sir sluggard.

KING What bull-frog croaks so loud?

FRIAR Bull-frog, quotha!
You'd find me a stout ox, if you would throw me.
Hast had too much of fighting?

KING Enough to satisfy a peaceful friar.

FRIAR Thou knight of courtesy,
thy dam will warrant thee
a very peaceful knight.

KING I am a man of peace, tis true;
but if thou anger me, I'll come
and fright thee in thy woodland home.
I know thee, hermit, hunter of the deer,
and if I come to thee, thou need'st not fear
but I wilt baste thy fat sides well!

CROWD Ha, ha! the knight has spoken well:
to him, friar, book and bell!

FRIAR And by Saint Dunstan, if thou come
I'll send thy long legs limping home.
Come thou my way, and heaven give light,
and I will fight thee day and night;
with any weapon I'll not fail,
from Gideon's sword to Jael's tenpenny nail.

KING Well said, old hart of grease, and fare thee well,
till I ask lodging of thee.

FRIAR Aye, lodging shalt thou have, and hermit's fare;
I love thee though I'll beat thee.

KING Farewell, most warlike friar!

FRIAR Farewell, most peaceful knight!

(Exit the King.)

*A flourish of trumpets. Enter down the lists Prince John, De Bracy, and
gay Companions; also Rowena, as queen of beauty, with Youths and
Maidens.*

CROWD Plantagenesta!
Hail the lords of land and sea,
England and fair Normandy!
Plantagenesta!
Fair and lovely is the may
blushing 'neath the kiss of day;
lovelier, fairer blooms the rose
dreaming in the garden close;
fairest, loveliest is the bloom
of the golden-gloried broom.

Continued on next page.

Enter a messenger, booted and splashed from quick travel. He kneels and presents a letter to Prince John.

JOHN 'Tis from our royal brother, Louis of France.
 "Look to thyself! The devil has broken loose!"
 My brother has escaped!
 Heaven grant he be not yet on English ground!
 That sable knight who fought so well i' the melée?
 My mind misgave me then. It cannot be;
 I will not think it. On with the sport, I say!
 You Saxon sluggards here,
 you're proud when seated at the show,
 but by the headlong swine of Galilee
 you're slow to show us sport!
 Will no one meet our Norman challengers?

(Cedric starts in his place, but his people entreat him, and Prince John, with a mocking salutation, passes on and ascends to the seats prepared for him and his suite.)

HERALDS Love of ladies!
 Death of champions!
 On, gallant knights!
 Bright eyes approve your deeds.

CROWD If ladies' love be worthy prize
 will ye not battle, then?
 Look up, ye knights, where loving eyes
 approve the deeds of men!

JOHN *(from the gallery)*
 Heralds sound the challenge!
 (Trumpets sound a challenge.)
 Again the challenge!

Enter the lists, Ivanohe on horseback, in complete steel, with vizard down; on his shield an uprooted oak-sapling, with the motto, "Il Desdichado." He salutes the prince by lowering the point of his spear.

VOICES Il Desdichado! Il Desdichado!
 The disinherited! The disinherited knight!

A WOMAN Alas, poor boy! Strike Ralph de Vipont's shield;
 he is the weakest of the challengers.
 De Vipont is the man for thee.

FRIAR By heaven,
 he has struck the shield of the templar!
 Well done, bold boy!

(Exit Ivanohe up the lists.)

LOCKSLEY And see, the mighty templar
 comes from his tent in armour,
 a splendid man-at-arms.
 A man of men!

A WOMAN Now, heaven guard the boy!

Exit Brian up the lists. A trumpet sounds.

CROWD The combat! The combat! They back their horses:
and now, like thunderbolts of war,
maddening they dash together!

FRIAR O great Saint Dunstan, what a crash of arms!

CROWD Neither is down!
Again! Again! Another such an onset!

(The trumpet sounds again.)

VOICES II Desdichado! The templar!

FRIAR By heaven, the templar's down!
II Desdichado! The disinherited knight!
The templar leaps to his feet and draws his sword.

LOCKSLEY Springs from his horse the disinherited knight.

FRIAR They are to it with their swords!

CROWD Lay on, lay on, like gallant knights!
Lay on, lay on, for chivalry!

(Enter down the lists Ivanohe and Brian on foot, fighting. Prince, who has risen in his place, throws down his baton.)

JOHN Stop the combat!

(A trumpet sounds, and heralds part the combatants.)

Since, by mishance, the gallant Bois Guilbert
was first unhorsed, we do proclame this knight,
this nameless knight, the victor in our lists.
And now, sir conqueror,
do thou thy knightly duty!
'Tis thine to kneel before the fairest fair,
whom yesterday we crowned our pageant's queen
our queen of love and beauty:
and from her pride of place, thy queen and ours
shall crown thee with this crown.

(The crown is presented to Rowena.)

CROWD Rowena! Rowena! Our Saxon princess! Hail!

JOHN Off with his helmet, herald!
Bareheaded must he take the crown!

(In spite of protest, the herald lifts the helmet from his head.)

ROWENA Wilfred! Ivanohe!

CEDRIC My son! My son!

CROWD Wilfred! Ivanohe, Hail!

Saxon cheer for Saxon knight!
Hero of the gallant fight!
Joy to the Saxon stout and good,
joy to the house of Rotherwood
Saxon arm for strongest blow:
hail, lord of Ivanohe!
 Wilfred of Ivanohe
 Ivanohe.

(Ivanohe falls fainting.)

End of act the first.

ACT THE SECOND

Scene the first

Outside the Friar's hut in the forest.

Enter King Richard.

KING Strange lodging this for England's King,
a thievish friar for his host,
and for his food his own dun deer,
by outlaw's moonlight arrow slain.
Yet better than the pomp of kings
is this free life in forest glade;
and better far my burly host
than the false Louis, King of France,
or Austria's Duke, or mine own brother John.
Till I have learned that brother's plans,
here will I lie and take mine ease,
couched like a stag in greenwood coverture.
Ho, jolly host! Where art thou?

Enter the Friar, bearing a huge pitcher of water.

FRIAR Here am I!
I bring thee water from the well,
wherein twixt dawn and set of sun
holy Saint Dunstan did baptize
five hundred red-haired heathen Danes.

KING In truth a wonder-working well,
whose crystal waters can so paint
a hermit's face with roseate hues!
If thou wert not so strict a saint,
stoutly I'd swear by book and bell,
the winecup thou didst not refuse.

FRIAR Peace, idle man! wert thou as I,
on pulse and water would'st thou dine;
but since thy carnal thoughts incline
beyond my strict sobriety,
I do bethink me of a pie
of venison, and a stoup of rosy wine,
which a good keeper gave me one fine day,
lest a poor weary traveller came my way.

- KING** That weary traveller am I;
so let's to supper presently.
A hand, mine host; let's hale thy table forth,
and eat like freemen in the forest air.
Out with thy venison pasty and thy wine!
*(They drag the table forth; the Friar places on it food and wine. As the King eats, the
Friar watches him with greedy eyes, munching some dry beans.)*
There is a custom in the east,
when strangers meet in merry feast,
that host should never fail to share
with stranger guest his goodly fare,
to prove no taint of poison there.
- FRIAR** If truly 'tis the custom, I
will do myself some violence,
and for the nonce will share thy meal.
Drink fair, I pray thee.
(Putting his hand on the cup.)
Skoal to my honoured guest! Was hael!
- KING** Drink hael, most rosy friar!
(They fall eating and drinking; after a time the Friar falls back in his seat.)
- FRIAR** Now I bethink me,
thou didst come here to fight with me:
hast thou forgot thy valour?
- KING** Nay, we will fight to-morrow.
To-day will I contend with thee
in peaceful art of minstrelsy.
Reach me yon harp, I pray thee.
- FRIAR** But first drink deep!
- KING** So be it, jovial wine-skin!
Another draught for me, and so
the harp to my heart!
(Sings.)

I ask nor wealth nor courtier's praise,
that woos a weary king,
if I may ride the woodland way
and breathe the airs of spring.
An ashen spear in strong right hand,
good horse between the knees;
what treasure can a king command
more glorious than these?
I rouse me with the dawn's first light,
and breast the shadowed hill;
I know the forest's deep delight
when all the leaves are still.

Continued on next page.

KING There would I bend with whisper low,
 to woo the nut-brown maid,
 and see her blushes come and go
 beneath the dappled shade.
And there I'd ride 'neath living green
 to hear the throstle sing;
 for bird and wandering knight, I ween,
 are happier than the king!

FRIAR Not bad, say I, nor badly sung!
 I drink to wandering knights-at-arms,
 and to all gallant men indeed!
 But thou art none, not thou, I swear,
 who pourest water in good wine!

KING Didst thou not say 'twas from Saint Dunstan's well?
 Shall I not qualify my cup
 with liquor loved of holy saint?

FRIAR 'Tis true! Full many heathen in that well
 did the saint plunge for their eternal good;
 but neither chronicle nor popular tale
 doth state he drank its water.
 Now hear me sing, and own thyself a crow.

(Sings.)

The wind blows cold across the moor,
 with driving rain and rending tree:
 it smites the pious hermit's door,
 but not a jot cares he,
 for close he sits within,
 and makes his merry din,
 with his "Ho, jolly Jenkin,
 I spy a knave in drinkin',
 and trowl the brown bowl to me!"
The wind a roaring song may sing,
 in crashing wood or frightened town:
 it whirls the mantle of a king
 as 'twere a beggar's gown;
 but caring not a jot,
 we sing and drain the pot,
 with our "Ho, jolly Jenkin,
 I spy a knave in drinkin',
 and pour the good drink adown!"

As he sings, the Outlaws gather; when he ends, they take up his stave.

OUTLAWS

Then ho, jolly Jenkin,
I spy a knave in drinkin',
and trowl the brown bowl to me!

FRIAR And now for combat! Where's this friend of mine?
No friendship stands till blows have passed.
What say'st thou, friend? Broadsword or quarter-staff?

KING Nay, I'll not hurt thee!
I do protest I love thee so,
I would not crack thy shaven crown.
But if thou need'st a proof, I'll stand,
and thou shalt strike me with thy hand,
and after thou shalt bide my blow.

FRIAR No "after" shall there be. A se'nnight long
thou shalt lie gasping, ere thou rise again.
Stand, and stand firm!

(He deals him a buffet.)

By all the saints in Saxon calendar,
he must be rooted like an ancient oak!

KING Stand, and stand firm!

He deals him a buffet. The Friar rolls upon the ground. The Outlaws shout with laughter. Enter Locksley.

LOCKSLEY What folly have we here? Arise,
thou rolling cask! Up, up, I say!
This is no time for revelry.
And thou, sir knight ~ in Ashby's lists
thou wert a man indeed!
Now of thy manhood I demand
succour for Cedric,thane of Rotherwood,
and for his ward, Rowena, falsely ta'en
by vizored knaves and borne to Torquilstone.
And by a strange mischance, Cedric's own son,
borne in the litter of a wealthy Jew,
was captured with his hosts, and lies interned
and wounded in the same accursed walls!
I ask thy aid for gallant Ivanohe.

KING My aid for Ivanohe? Why waste your words?
Gather your men! Be speedy! On my soul,
if but a hair be harmed of Wilfred's head,
I'll tear their castle piecemeal with my hands
and give their bodies to the kite. My friend,
my friend of friends! Let there be no delay!
To Torquilstone! Sound bugles and away!

MEN To Torquilstone!

Scene the second

A passage-way in Torquilstone.

Enter De Bracy and followers masked, bringing Cedric and Rowena prisoners.

CEDRIC Will not our captor dare to show his face?

DE BRACY Aye, that dare I.

(He unmask, laughing.)

CEDRIC De Bracy! Traitor! Who hast broken bread
in mine own hall!

ROWENA I do beseech thee,
in mercy let us go;
as thou art knight of noble name and blood,
I do entreat thee let us hence in safety!

DE BRACY The fate of war, the wile of love!
I here declare myself the loyal lover
of this most lovely lady; and I bear
the sanction of our sovereign liege, Prince John;
and she shall be De Bracy's honoured bride.

CEDRIC By heaven, rather would I see
this lady lifeless on her bier
than yield her to thee! Faithless knight,
is this thy Norman chivalry
to make weak women mad with fear,
and woo them in a dungeon's gloom?

DE BRACY Peace, friend, I pray thee!
Speak not so loudly:
dost thou not fear to peril thine own son?

CEDRIC My son? This is some idle tale
to frighten me! I say I have no son.

He, whom his father left to die or live,
was succoured by a kindly Jew, and nursed
by a fair Jewess; and by fate of war
Jewess and Jew, and wounded christian knight
are here interned. None knows his name but I;
and if I breathe the name of Ivanohe,
short were his shrift. So, good my friend, be patient.
And, if this lady fair will smile on me,
then will I save thy son.

CEDRIC (after a moment)

My son defied me; he is dead to me.
I will not buy his life with a foul bargain!

ROWENA Thou art his father; pity him ~ and me!
Oh, gallant knight, I pray thee,
be deaf to him, and to thine own worse thoughts;
and save this wounded knight of Ivanohe;
and I will pray for thee. In mercy save him!

(She falls weeping at De Bracy's feet.)

CEDRIC Kneel not to him! Remember who thou art,
of the bloody royal. That thou should kneel not to him,
a robber of the highway!

DE BRACY Remember, fairest lady,
in thy fair hands is life of Ivanohe!

Exeunt men with Cedric and Rowena. Brian enters.

DE BRACY Welcome, sir templar! But I may not stay;
I must be gone to woo my captive fair!
(Exit De Bracy.)

BRIAN

Woo thou thy snowflake till she melt for thee;
another and a wilder bliss be mine!
My lovely Jewess!
Oh, she has drawn a spell about my heart
and whelmed my soul with love!
Her southern splendour, like the Syrian moon,
draws the full tide of my rebellious blood!
Though death should clasp me close ere set of sun,
this hour is mine, and mine the tyrant's mood,
and I will woo her as the lion woos,
to bring his wild mate docile to his side;
and I will win her as the lion wins
that in the desert leads his tawny bride.

Continued on next page.

BRIAN

O maid of Judah, trembling in my arms,
proud is thy fate to own my conquering sword:
though hell oppose with all its dire alarms,
this hour is mine, and I thy ruthless lord.
If death be host, I'll drain his cup for wine ~
come night, come death, so this wild hour be mine!

(Exit Brian.)

Scene the third

A turret chamber in Torquilstone.

Rebecca. Ulrica spinning; as she spins she sings fragments of song.

ULRICA

Whet the keen axes,
sons of the dragon!
Kindle the torches,
daughters of Hengist!
Wave your long tresses,
maids of Valhalla!
Many a war-chief
mighty in combat,
pale from the death-blow,
wends to your greeting,
light ye the torches,
maids of Valhalla!

REBECCA Good mother, of thy pity say
what fate is mine? speak, as thou art a woman!
In mercy answer me!

ULRICA Evil and dark thy fate shall be,
dark as the fate which long ago,
befell a noble Saxon maid.
Look on me! In this cursed place
my father, and my brethren twain,
their fair curls clotted with their blood,
fought till they fell; and ere the stair
was washed from that most holy stain,
I, the sole daughter of their race,
I, who was once as proud as fair,
was sport of conqueror's wanton mood.
If such my fate, what hope for thee?

REBECCA Is there no way of safety?
Have mercy on me! Point me out a way!
Be it through tortuous paths, where death may lie,
and I no more behold the light of day;
be it through ghostly night or whelming flood,
I will essay it.
Is there no way of safety?

ULRICA No way but through the gates of death;
and they do open late, too late!
My task is done,
my thread is spun,
farewell! I leave thee to thy fate.

REBECCA O stay with me, in mercy stay!
Curse me, but leave me not! Thy presence here
were surely some protection in my need.

ULRICA Not e'en the presence of the mother of god
(She points to a rude image of the virgin.)
can save thee from thy doom! Go, kneel to her,
and see if she will save a Jewish girl.

(Exit Ulrica. Rebecca goes quickly to the door, and tries it, but Ulrica has barred it behind her. Then she goes to the window. She peers over the low parapet, and starts back into the room with her hands over her eyes.)

REBECCA O awful depth below the castle wall!
Sheer down it falls and bare; no smallest weed
can find a cranny there. O for the wings,
of which the psalmist sang, that I might fly,
and hide me from all eyes.
O lord Jehovah! aid me in this hour!

Lord of our chosen race,
in hour of deep distress
and utter loneliness,
I lift weak hands and pray thee of thy grace,
guard me, Jehovah, guard me!
Lord, on thy name I cry
from depths where no man hears,
and half distraught with fears;
stretch forth thine arm to save me or I die.
Guard me, Jehovah, guard me!
Spirit, who movest everywhere,
o thou, who know'st the deeps o' the sea
and climbest the heights o' the air,
now, in this narrow place,
I pray thee of thy grace
descend to me!
Guard, in mercy guard me!

The door opens, and Brian enters, his mantle held to shield his face. At sight of him she tears the jewels from her arms and throat, and advancing, offers them to him.

REBECCA Take thou these jewels; here is wealth enow
to give thee life of happy days;
and when I leave these castle walls
for every gem a thousand shall be thine.

BRIAN Now, nay, fair flower of Palestine,
thou dost mistake me; I am one
more apt to hang thy neck with orient pearl
than to take jewels from thee.
I love thee, I love thee! By my soul, I swear
that not for all the wealth of all thy tribe
will I resign thy beauty.

REBECCA As thou dost hope for mercy at the last,
stand back and hear me!
I am a Jewess, thou a christian knight;
accursed in the sight of god and man
were our unholy marriage.

BRIAN Fair girl, I would not wed with thee,
wert thou the queen of Sheba, Jewess-born;
nor wert thou christian damsel, would I wed,
my vow forbids me. See, on my heart the cross!

REBECCA Thou would'st appeal to thy most holy sign?

BRIAN Thou art a Jewess; the cross is naught to thee.

REBECCA I hold my father's faith, and if I err,
may god forgive me ~ and he will forgive.
But thou, a christian knight, wilt thou appeal
to thine own cross to aid thee in thy sins?

BRIAN Preach me no more,
daughter of Sirach! Let it suffice for thee
that thou art captive to my bow and spear.

REBECCA If thou dost wrong me, then by heaven I swear
I will proclaim thy deathless infamy
till each preceptory, each chapter of thy Order,
ring with thy shame!

BRIAN And loud must be thy tongue
if it be heard beyond these castle walls.
Yield to thy fate!

(He advances upon her.)

REBECCA Never! The god of Abraham
opens a path of safety,
even from the pit of infamy.
(She leaps upon the parapet.)
Stand back, proud man! If thou but stir,
I will leap down to death; and thou shalt know
the Jewish girl would rather yield her soul
to god than trust her honour to the templar.

(A pause. He stands regarding her.)

BRIAN Now, by my sword, art thou a noble heart!
I swear I will not wrong thee.
Mine must thou be, for now I know thy soul,
and know it mate for mine; I will not wrong thee.
Attend and hear! Our holy Order grows
in power greater than the pomp of kings;
and of this Order I will be the head.
My mailed foot shall climb the throne of kings,
and my steel gauntlet pluck their sceptres down.
And thou shalt share my glory and my pride;
for I will make thee empress of the east,
carve thee a throne more fair than Solyman's;
and thou and I, fearing nor man nor god,
shall sit, on high, the crowned monarchs of the world.

REBECCA Blaspheme no more! Thy Order of the temple
was formed for poverty and chastity.
Beware, rash man! Blaspheme no more!
God's arrows fly afar to smite the proud.
And know, if there were truth in thy wild words,
and thou couldst throne me o'er the necks of kings,
rather would I go forth to mourn my life
with Jephthah's daughter on the lonely hills,
than sit with thee on thy imperial throne.
God judge thee, and not I!

(A bugle sounds.)

What sound is that?

(The bugle sounds again.)

BRIAN A summons, as I live!
I must be gone to see who sounds so bold!

REBECCA If 'twere some hope of safety!

BRIAN Hope not at all, or hope to mate with me.
Though the archangel's trumpet sounded war,
I would return and dare his fiery sword,
ere I would cease to claim thee for mine own.

REBECCA

And if thou camest with all the lords of hell,
I would defy them in the name of him
who set his bounds e'en to the eternal sea.

(Exit Brian. Rebecca kneels in prayer.)

End of act the second.

ACT THE THIRD

Scene the first

A room in Torquilstone.

Ivanohe is alone. He leans on his bed, pale and weak from his wound.

Happy with winged feet,
comes the morning softly stealing in;
and to my darling's chamber sweet
this happy light will win!
O, fair procession of the morning hours,
go, bid my love awake with all the flowers.
But let me sleep awhile,
and dream my only wound is from love's dart,
and cunningly my thought beguile,
to deem that thou, fair queen, my gaoler art;
so prison bars and wounds more dear shall be
than all the world, if there I find not thee.
Come, sleep, and let me see my ladt's face;
come, gentle sleep!

Ivanohe falls asleep. Presently Ulrica steals into the room, followed by Rebecca.

ULRICA Tend thou the knight thou lovest:
another and a nobler work be mine!
Look for thy bridal torches!

(Exit Ulrica.)

REBECCA Aye, she speaks truth; I love him.
Now, in this hour of doubt and danger,
to my weak heart I say, "Be still, I love him."
Ah, would that thou and I might lead our sheep
amid the folded hills!
The winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
the singing birds are come beside the rills.
Arise, beloved one!
I love thee, I love thee; o my love,
my Asahel, o swift as the wild roe,
and terrible as armed hosts that go
with banners onward waving.
How fair and pleasant art thou, o my love ~

Continued on next page.

REBECCA A shadow of the rock, a happy fountain springing;
a bird his glad song winging
up to high heaven in a maze of light!
Sleep fountain, bird, and love, for surely sleep is best;
sleep, while I guard thy rest
by day or night;
for only in thy sleep art thou my love.
Ah me, for many waters
quench not the fire of love; and, when he wakes,
his eyes are not for me.
Rest, rest, beloved!

(Ivanohe wakes. He raises himself on his bed.)

IVANOHE And is it thou, dear maiden?
My gentle nurse!
Now is all well with me since thou art near.
But hark! what sound is in mine ear?
I dreamed, but dream no more. And now
our friends renew their onset.

REBECCA Peace, be still!
I hear no sound of combat.

IVANOHE 'Tis but the pause before the onset,
the stillness ere the thunder break in the air.
Anon 'twill break in fury.
(He rises from the bed.)
I pray thee, gentle maiden,
help me to yonder window.

REBECCA Nay, rest, I pray thee! I will stand
at yonder window, and will tell
how flow the tides of war. Fear not for me!

IVANOHE Nay, gentle heart, it must not be,
that thou dare danger for my sake.
My whole life long should I go mourning thee,
wert thou to sleep in death and I to wake.

REBECCA Thy shield then! Proudly will I bear
the glorious shield of Ivanohe!

(She takes his shield upon her arm, and mounts to the window. Ivanohe sinks back upon the bed.)

I see them now; the dark wood moves with bows.

(Far off the bugle sounds assault. The Norman trumpets answer.)

O god of Israel, shield us in this hour!
On, on they come with bended bows triumphant;
on, on they drive, and now the quiver rattleth;
the noise of the captains and the shouting!

VOICES De Bracy, De Bracy!
(in the distance) On, free companions!
The temple, the temple!
Strike for the templar!

IVANOHE And I must lie like palsied monk
while the great game is playing!
What of the sable knight? Does he ride forth
like one who goes a-maying,
with joy of battle and the pride of war?

REBECCA With giant blows he hews the palisade;
a mighty axe swings in his mailed hand,
his black plume floats afar,
a raven o'er the stormy fight!
The palisade falls; he enters in ~
onward he drives, a Joab in the battle!
Lion of war ~ now fall his foes before him,
bending like corn that bends before the whirlwind.
They fly, they fly across the moat,
and hurl the plank away; the outwork's won!
Ah woe! The poor men left o' the other side!
They fling them down! they pierce them through!
O god of Israel, pardon in this hour
the men whom thou hast made.

(She lets fall the shield, and comes from the window, her hands before her eyes. Ivanohe rises to meet her.)

IVANOHE

How canst thou know what pain it is to lie
all helpless here, while deeds of chivalry
are done so near and yet so far away?
What life is there but in the battle brave,
and who would live one day
of sloth and shame, that in the clash of fight,
the battle's fierce delight,
might find 'mid warriors bold the glory and the grave?

REBECCA Ah me! not thus did Judah's warriors go
forth to the fight, but breathing prayer and praise
not in the shield nor sword
they trusted, but in him whose mighty arm
rolled back the flood, till pharaoh's hosts of war
were whelmed in rushing waters.
But now, alas! no Jewish girl may see
the warriors of her race go forth to war.
Our harps are hung upon the willow tree,
and all our songs of sorrow; Judah's star
is sunk in vasty night.

And yet be witness, heaven, with what delight,
 what rapture would I give
 my life-blood drop, so I might live
 but for one hour to see
 Judah redeemed from her captivity.

VOICES
 (without)

De Bracy, De Bracy!
 The temple, the temple!
 Cross-bows and lances,
 brave hearts and noble,
 strike for the templar!

OTHER VOICES
 (without)

Saint George for merry England!
 Arrowa and sword play!
 On for Saint George!

REBECCA

But see! What angry redness
 flushes the heaven above us?
 The castle burns with fire.
 Now do I know thee,
 fiend with thy bridging torches!

The door is flung open. Enter Brian.

BRIAN The castle burns. Away with me!

(Ivanohe seizes a sword, but Brian strikes it from his hand. Ivanohe falls fainting. Brian seizes Rebecca, and drags her away.)

REBECCA In mercy save him!
 Wilfred! Wilfred!

Exit Brian, with Rebecca. The walls begin to burn and fall. Enter through the ruins King Richard and Yeomen.

IVANOHE The king! The king!
 (on his knees) Long live the king!

(The Outlaws fall back in amazement, then uncover.)

OUTLAWS The king! It is the king!
 Richard the lion-hearted, the black knight!
 Pardon! Pardon! Long live the king!

More ruin falls, and on high is seen Ulrica, a burnt-out torch in hand.

ULRICA Far leaps the fire-flame, render of forests;
 far floats the smoke-wreath, wings of the eagle;

whet the bright steel, then,
 sons of the dragon!
 Kindle the torches,
 daughters of Hengist!
 I come, o Zerneck, I come in glory!

(She leaps down and disappears.)

Scene the second

In the forest.

Outlaws cross the glade singing and dancing.

OUTLAWS

Light foot upon the dancing green,
light hand upon the bow,
with glancing eye and laughing mien
adown the glade we go.
And, marching, sing like yeomen true,
"Our bows are made of English yew."
Like merry birds our arrow fly,
a shadow from the sun,
and where they light the foemen die,
and so the battle's won.
We march and sing beneath the blue,
"Our bows are made of English yew."

Enter King Richard, lute in hand. Ivanohe follows him.

KING

Oh, I would be an outlaw bold,
to strike the flying deer,
or leave the lover's tale half told
in lingering maiden's ear.

(To Ivanohe.) Hither, dear lad, and lean on me;
this air of woodland wild and free
shall brace the arm that hangs so weak,
and bring the wild rose to thy cheek.
Here will we rest and wile the time away
with dainty lute and jocund roundelay.

IVANOHE

Thy love is more to me, my king,
than breath of May that poets sing,
and dear as maiden's love to me
the hope to live and fight for thee

KING
(to his lute)

Oh, forest ways are dark enow,
though shine the silver moon,
and dark beneath the forest bough,
the stricken deer shall swoon.

(To Ivanohe.) Here seat thee, lad, and rest thy bones;
this knoll shall be the best of thrones;
and 'neath my canopy of singing birds
I'll judge me like a king o' the ancient world.
What ho! What ho, there! Bring my prisoner forth.

Enter De Bracy, guarded.

KING Maurice De Bracy, faithless knight,
since thou didst seize upon the road
ladies and liegemen of the king,
now tell me why, in heaven's sight,
of noble tree a thankless load
thou shouldst not swing?

DE BRACY My liege, I have no word to say,
but only of thy mercy pray,
cover my face; I would not fright
the little birds from their delight;
cover my face, and let me swing
the highest servant of my king.

KING Maurice De Bracy, I pronounce thy doom:
get thee to horse, strike spur and ride away!

DE BRACY To horse! and free!
Surely my king doth jest with me!

KING Not I. I bid thee up and fly!
Ride as the fiend were after thee!
Ride till thou find my brother John,
thy whilom play-fellow:
charge him he yield him to our grace
ere ten days pass, or, by the holy cross,
I will so maul him that his Louis o' France
shall know him not, and I'll so bend his neck
that his back break. Go! Let thy horse be fleet!
Kneele not, speak not, but live in honesty.

(Exit De Bracy.)

(to Ivanohe) Look, where thy moody father walks apart,
and by his side thy gentle lady fair,
like fawn that scents the happy woodland air,
and moves in dappled light.
Lad, will thy sire forgive thee?

IVANOHE Alas, my liege, I fear.

KING We'll bend him yet. Look, where he comes this way;
stand thou apart, and I will strive with him

Enter Cedric and Rowena.

KING Cedric, good friend, didst thou not promise me
a boon for lusty fighting? What if I ask
free pardon for thy son and a fair wife?

CEDRIC I am grown infirm of purpose; I know not ~

If for the love of woman's face
my life-long task must ended be,
and lost the hope of Harold's race,
what work remains for me,
beneath the sun?

KING Maiden, if e'er in forest free
the sun shone fair for love's delight,
kneel down and pray for charity,
for so by thy brave knight
shall bride be won.

ROWENA Cedric, o father, hear me pray
by days of childhood's lost delight,
when he and I were wont to play,
forgive thy son.

IVANOHE Cedric, o father, hear me pray
that I find favour in thy sight,
and take me to thy heart to-day,
true man, and trusty knight,
and thine own son.

CEDRIC Be it as thou wilt! God knows I pardon thee!
Wilfred, my son ~ but let me hence awhile ~
follow me not! I pray thee, let me go!

(Exit.)

KING The pliant willow waves,
but the oak groans in bending.
And I'll go too, for well wot I
that man and lily maid
well met i' the forest shade,
desire no king for company.

Oh! I would be an outlaw bold,
to strike the flying deer;
for hearts are young in forest old,
and spring in all the year.

(Exit King Richard.)

IVANOHE How oft beneath the far-off Syrian skies
 have I looked up and seen amid the stars,
 twin lights of home in land of distant wars,
 these star-like eyes.

ROWENA How oft, when thou wert far beyond the foam,
 and mine was woman's part of weary rest,
 dreamed I my head lay happy on this breast,
 thy heart my home!

Enter Isaac, pale and in haste.

ISAAC Knight, Knight of Ivanohe, I come for thee!
 My child is doomed to die.

IVANOHE To die!

ISAAC Nay, hear me. When the fierce templar
 snatched her from burning Torquilstone, he bore her
 to the next house of the Order.
 There have they sat in judgment on my child,
 for witchcraft practiced on that evil knight,
 and she must die by fire.
 My child has asked a champion; thou wilt come ~
 I pray thee at thy feet ~ away with me!

ROWENA Wilfred, bethink thee, thou art weak with wounds.
 In mercy stay with me ~ Wilfred, my love!

IVANOHE And shall she die by fire?
 She led me back to life and love of thee.
 Though I were weaker than an ailing girl,
 must I not go?

ROWENA I would not have thee stay
 with me and shame. O Wilfred, o my love,
 go, go, lest I entreat thee back again!

IVANOHE My heart, my queen!
 Be brave till next I clasp thee in my arms.
 Farewell, dear love!

(He embraces Rowena, and rushes out followed by Isaac. Rowena falls fainting.)

Scene the third

The preceptory of the templars.

A funeral pile. A crowd of common folk kept back by temple servants.

The Templars enter in order singing.. Rebecca is led in with them.

Among them is Brian, silent and pale, armed but without his helmet.

TEMPLARS

Fremuere principes,
 irruere turbidi:
 in hoc templo una spes,
 una salus domini!
 Nobis sit victoria,
 nostro templo gloria,
 gloria sancto nomini!
 Cordibus ac mentibus
 proni veneramur te:
 salus esto gentibus
 in hoc templo, domine!
 Nobis sit victoria,
 nostro templo gloria,
 gloria sancto nomine!

(When the templars have taken their seats, their Grand master remains standing.)

GRAND MASTER Thou Jewish girl, who art condemned to die
 for practice of thy vile unholy arts
 against a noble christian knight, attend.
 Thou didst demand a champion, and our Order
 erring perchance, as 'tis most meet to err,
 in mercy, heard thy prayer;
 wherefore we named our tried and valiant brother,
 Brian, the knight of whom thou art accused,
 to meet thy champion, should a champion come.
 But now the hours decline, and sinks the sun
 as sinks thy life. The hour of doom is near.
 Repent and free thy soul! Confess thy crime.

REBECCA I am innocent.
 Now, if god will, even in this last dark hour
 he will appoint a champion.
 But if no champion come, I bow
 before his holy will, and am content to die.

GRAND MASTER Sound trumpets!

(A flourish of trumpets ~ then a pause.)

Now since no champion makes answer here,
 draw near and bind the maiden to the stake;
 for surely she shall die.

(As the servants approach Rebecca, Brian comes quickly down.)

BRIAN It shall not be.
Fools! Dotards! Will ye slay the innocent?
Butchers and burners!
She is mine, I say; I say she shall not burn.

GRAND MASTER What need of further proof? The witchcraft works
even in his lips, and breeds their blasphemy.
Take her and bind her to the stake.

BRIAN (to servants)
Back! as you hope to live!
(to Rebecca)
Swear to be mine, and I will save thee now.
My horse is nigh at hand, Zamor my horse
who never failed me yet; and he will bear thee
to life and love. One word, and thou shalt live!

REBECCA Guard me, Jehovah, guard me!
(in prayer)

Brian covers his face and turns aside. Rebecca offers her hands to the servants. They bind her to the stake. They are about to fire the pile, when there is a movement in the crowd, and a great shout.)

VOICES A champion! A champion!

Through the crowd comes Ivanohe on foot, pale, dusty, with drawn sword.

IVANOHE Forbear, forbear!
I come, her champion, ere set of sun,
Wilfred of Ivanohe.

REBECCA He is weak and wounded,
he must not fight for me;
oh! as you hope for mercy at the last,
forbid the combat!

BRIAN This is the man she loves!
Now is the hour,
death-hour for him or me.
Look to thy life, thou wretch of Ivanohe!

He attacks Ivanohe with fury. The Grand master rises as if to stop the combat, but stands gazing. Enter King Richard, Cedric, Rowena, Isaac, and Others. Ivanohe gives ground, fighting desperately. He is beaten to his knee. Brian swings his sword for a last blow, then drops the point and stands. A silence; then Brian falls. Ivanohe goes to him, wondering, and kneels beside him.

IVANOHE Dead! He is dead!

ALL A judgment! A judgment!
 The evil passions warring in his soul
 have rent him like the seven fiends of hell:
 bow down before the judgment of the lord!

(They unbind Rebecca. She moves towards Ivanohe, but stops as he goes towards Rowena. Isaac goes timidly and touches the hand of Rebecca, who is gazing at Ivanohe and Rowena. At his touch, she turns and takes his hand in hers.)

KING I charge thee, Conrad, master of the temple,
 on whose foul sport we have intruded here,
 up and begone, thou and thy trait'rous knights,
 and at your peril shame our coasts no more.

GRAND MASTER And dost thou banish me?

TEMPLARS The temple stands above the wrath of kings!
 We will appeal to Rome!

KING Appeal! Appeal!
 But if I find thee yet on English ground,
 I will so harry thee, thou foreign knight,
 that thou shalt have no voice to plead in Rome.
 See where the banner of England floats afar
 above thy temple pennants!

(The royal banner of England is raised.)

Ensemble

TEMPLARS	Wide as the world our temple stands, to mock the pride of kings!
REBECCA	Our temple was not made with hands, but high as heaven it springs.
ALL	O Love, that holdst the world in fee, and strongest knights in thrall, our hymn we raise to thee, and hail thee lord of all!

End of opera.

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