
THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH

A romantic grand opera.

Text by

Thomas James
Thackeray

Music by

John Barnett

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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 PERSONÆ

BAILLIE Macwhapple **BARITONE**

DONALD betrothed to Jessie **TENOR**

CHRISTIE his rival **TENOR**

HELA wizard of the glen **BARITONE**

Eolia, the mountain **SYLPH** **SOPRANO**

ETHERIA the sylphid Queen **SOPRANO**

ATTENDANT sylph **OTHER**

DAME Gourlie **CONTRALTO**

JESSIE, her daughter **SOPRANO**

ACT THE FIRST

Scene the first

The interior of a Scotch farm house. In the flat, three large glass doors and a staircase leading to the upper story, and also the entrance to the cellar. To the left, a door and a window, to the right, a rustic chimney. Donald is discovered asleep in a large arm chair - Under the window Christie is also asleep - A Sylph is kneeling at the feet of Donald, on whom she gazes with looks of impassioned tenderness, and expresses the pleasure she enjoys at being thus so near to him she loves. Through the glass doors Sylphs are seen flitting backwards and forwards, who sing the following chorus.

CHORUS

Hush!

SYLPH

Hush!

CHORUS

We sylphs, on noiseless wing,
airy dreams to mortals bring;
in vision'd joys their senses steep,
and watch around them as they sleep.
Hush, hush.

SYLPH

Child of the air, as zephyr free,
'twas mine to soar on azure pinion;
over mount and over sea,
ranging pleasure's wide dominion.
Now to win a mortal's love,
near him still I fondly hover;
my foolish heart no joy can prove,
like this ~ to watch my sleeping lover.

DONALD

(In an agitated voice, and stretching out his arms as if dreaming.)

Oh, heavens!

(The Sylph timidly retreats.)

What soft enchanting nameless pleasures seem
my bosom to invade! or do I dream?

(The Sylph softly ascends to the back of the arm chair, and flutters her blue wings over him to refresh the air.)

Or see I yet the lovely form, more gay
than dancing sunbeams! Fly me not ~ oh, stay!

(The Sylph imprints a kiss on Donald's brow, who starts up.)

Ensemble

DONALD	Yes, 'tis her lovely form, more gay than dancing sunbeams! Fly me not ~ oh, stay!
SYLPH AND CHORUS	Come!
CHORUS	Where the whispering breezes tell, the butterfly's birth in the vi'let's bell, the bee hums there its song of mirth, as light we trip the daisied earth.

(During the ensemble Donald makes several efforts to detain the Sylph, but in vain. At the close of the music she escapes through one of the glass doors.)

DONALD No, no ~ 'twas no deceptive spell,
her breath, like the rose-scented breeze, gently fell,
her kiss, which might bosoms of marble inspire,
still thrills through my frame ~ all my soul is on fire.

CHRISTIE (Still asleep)
Dang it. A bit of a kiss is no such great affair after all.

DONALD (Starting.)
Ah! I had forgotten him. Could he have seen her too!
(Calls.)
Christie! Christie!

CHRISTIE (Still half asleep.)
Hola, there! Eh!

(Yawning.)

DONALD (Impatiently.)
Did you see her? speak!

CHRISTIE See her! don't I see her every night?

DONALD (Aside.)
He too!

CHRISTIE And then she's such a loving body; 'tis a mortal pity she's not the
same when a man's awake.

DONALD I too might make the same complaint.

CHRISTIE (Yawning.)
Dang it! Why did you waken me Donald? She did smile so
sweetly upon me, and my heart went thump-thump, for all the
world like Sandy's flail in my godmother's barn.

DONALD (In a note of vexation.)
Can it be possible, Christie, that you speak the truth?

CHRISTIE Ah! you're jealous, mayhap ~ Ah, ah!
(Laughing.)
and what think ye, man, she stooped down as I thought to kiss
me.

DONALD Pshaw!

CHRISTIE (In a doleful tone.)
I held up my cheek and she gave me ~

DONALD Well?

CHRISTIE Such a ratling slap o'the face, that I was glad when I woke to find my teeth in such a tingle!

DONALD Fool! is it of Jessie you're speaking?
(Aside.)

He knows nothing.

CHRISTIE Nae, but she's the fool though, dear pretty Jessie to think of marrying you, when I love her little finger better than you do her whole body.

(Half crying.)

'Tis a sin and a shame! me her sixteenth cousin too - and her mother my godmother - and this very day too! Oh, oh!

(Cries.)

DONALD Today! 'tis so indeed ~

(Looks towards the spot where the Sylph had disappeared.)

~ And shall I never see thee again? No, no, I must not even wish it; thou art but a blissful vision ~ a beauteous chimera; and I, Jessie, must think of love and thee.

CHRISTIE (Looking towards the Door.)

Oh dear! oh, dear! here she comes! blushing like a rose, and her eyes so mild ~ and 'tis all for him. Oh, I could ~ I could ~

(Enter Dame Gourlie and Jessie, followed by Hobbie and Janet.)

DAME Well, my lads and lasses, this ought to be a right merry time at the old farm-house: today the betrothing, and then the wedding.

(Hobbie takes cloak up stairs and hangs it up.)

~ Come Donald kiss your bride: tho' I'm her mother that says it, there's ne'er a bonnier lass in the island.

(Donald advancing, takes Jessie's hand and kisses it.)

JESSIE Dear Donald! are you not glad this day will bind us for ever to each other.

DONALD Dearest Jessie, I can think of nothing but our approaching happiness.

JESSIE Can I believe you?

DONALD Why should you doubt me? what other woman can I ever love but you?

JESSIE (Giving him her hand.)

There now: that was the prettiest speech I have heard from you this long while.

CHRISTIE (to Dame)

How pleased she looks; he's making her some fine flummery speech now. Lord help her, that's not the way he'd go to court her if he were a real lover.

DAME And what would he do then you great booby?

CHRISTIE Do as I do, stare at her for hours together, with his eyes and mouth wide open, and when he would say a sweet word or two, feel as if he had got a blue bottle there.

DAME Ah, my poor Christie, all your jealousy won't prevent their marriage, I can tell you.

(Dame goes up with Donald.)

CHRISTIE And more shame for you, godmother, I'm sure if I'd thought you would have been so unnatural to me, I'd never have been your godson.

JESSIE (Turning to Christie.)

My good Christie, you'll soon find some one to console you.

(Christie turns away in anger.)

What! are you so angry with me, you will not give me your hand?

CHRISTIE (Snatching her hand and devouring it with kisses.)

Oh, if you were always like this I'd forgive you all.

JESSIE Poor Christie!

(Christie attempts to seize her hand again, Donald passes between them.)

DONALD Nay, Jessie.

CHRISTIE The savage! can't you let her even comfort me?

DAME There, there, have done with these fooleries. Here come all the village lads and lasses with their bridal gifts.

(Enter a group of young girls, followed by young peasants, U.M. L.H. the former bearing gifts of various kinds.)

CHORUS

See here we bring,
fresh flowers of spring,
sweet as the bride, and blooming.
This pretty dove,
coos faithful love ~
This plaid ~ oh, how becoming!
Oh, still be theirs,
life free from cares,
no thorns amongst love's roses.
Be each fond breast,
the favoured nest,
where gentle peace reposes.

(The chorus is first sung by the Girls, who present to Jessie the various offerings - One young Girl gives her a Scotch plaid which she tries on, and then lays it on the arm chair - the other presents are carried upstairs - The corps de ballet then dance a Highland fling, during which the women repeat the chorus, and ultimately join in the dance.)

JESSIE My good friends, how much I thank you all.

DAME Is she not a blooming bride, my lasses? well 'twill soon be your turn.

CHRISTIE (Aside.)

I could cry for spite to hear their talk, and I know he don't love her ~ no that he don't.

DONALD (Aside.)
Vain are all my efforts; the form of that beauteous being is ever before my eyes.

JESSIE (Aside, observing Donald.)
How sad he looks, I know not what to think.

DONALD (Looking towards the glass doors.)
Could I but see her once more before ~
(Goes to chimney - perceives Hela in the corner.)
~ Heavens! you here?
(Drags him out.)

ALL (Terrified.)
The wizard of the glen!

DAME Oh, dear! oh, dear! some ill-luck will surely happen!
(Donald rushes towards Hela, the Peasants retain Donald.)

DONALD (Angrily.)
What brings you here?

HELA That which brings all the rest: to see you betrothed to your young bride there.

DONALD Be gone! mysterious fiend, your presence is always attended with some calamity!

HELA What harm can a poor helpless being do to any one?

DONALD Your diabolical arts and practices are well known. Begone ~ detested wretch! or ---

JESSIE (Detaining him.)
Nay, Donald, let every one be welcome here on such a day as this.

CHRISTIE Come, my lads! you'll let the poor body stay, won't you?

ALL Yes! yes!

HELA Thanks! thanks! my children, and now I'll tell you fortunes.

And now your kindness to repay,
give each a hand, your fates I'll tell.

GIRLS Here's mine! here's mine.

HELA A moment stay
one at a time would be as well;
what's your wish, maiden, tell me true?
(Looking at her hand.)

1ST GIRL Only a husband.

HELA You'll have two.

1ST GIRL Two thousand thanks!

ALL Now me ~ now me!

HELA One at a time, I say. Let's see
this pretty palm, I'm much afraid
you're born to live and die a maid.

2ND GIRL A maid! you ugly fright, away!
I don't believe a word you say.

HELA Perhaps you've cause. But won't the bride
her fortune learn?

JESSIE O, yes, I'd hear
what fate my wedding will betide.

HELA (*Looking at her hand.*)
The happiest, you need not fear.

JESSIE Yet say, does Donald's bosom glow
for me ~ as mine for him? Speak?

HELA No!

(*General surprise.*)

DONALD Dare not to say so, cursed elf.

CHRISTIE Stand off, fear nothing; I myself
will take your part, for spite of you
the wizard o'the glen speaks true.

DONALD The wretch! the maniac! Jessie dear,
believe not, trust not, what you hear.

JESSIE My Donald's truth I'll never fear.

CHRISTIE Well, time will show,
but if you'd know,
Jessie's true love, ye see him here.

HELA And Jessie, you
may shortly rue
your scorn of Christie; tremble! fear!

DONALD, JESSIE Fly, fiend! or it shall cost you dear!
(To Helä.)

JESSIE Yes, time will show,
but well I know,
my Donald's vows are all sincere.

DONALD Yes, time will show,
but well I know,
my vows to Jessie are sincere.
Hence, hence ~ begone!
Or dread my anger! ~
Fly, cursed one!
Rest here no longer.

CHORUS Let him begone,
and calm thine anger,
his wiles are known,
heed them no longer.

HELA Must I begone?
 Oh, why this anger?
 Your secret's known,
 deceive no longer.

CHORUS Let him begone
 etc.

CHRISTIE No, don't begone!
 Fear not his anger,
 his secret's known,
 he'll sham no longer.

CHORUS Let him begone
 etc.

(Exit Hela, threatening Donald, who attempts to follow him but is prevented.)

DONALD Miserable imposter!

DAME Be calm, Donald; no one believes his idle words.

CHRISTIE Yes, but I do, though; and it's shame for you, Jessie, to marry a man that you're told does not love you.

DONALD Christie, beware you do not provoke me too far.

DAME Fie ~ fie, Donald ~ who ever heeds what Christie says.

CHRISTIE But you must heed it, godmother. I tell you all will be on your head, if you let her marry him. Oh Jessie ~ if you want a real husband ~ a faithful husband ~ a loving husband ~ do as Hela bid you; take me.

JESSIE Poor Christie! I do believe you, but ~

CHRISTIE *(Kneeling to her.)*
 She said "Poor Christie!" Oh, how my heart does go thumping.
 (He is about to seize her hand - Donald takes the place of Jessie, and Christie, still on his knees, seizes his hand in mistake, which he kisses.)
 I swear by this lily hand ~

DONALD *(Pushing him off.)*
 There, you stupid blockhead!

CHRISTIE *(Getting up, confounded.)*
 Donald!

ALL *(Laughing.)*
 Yes, with his little lily hand ~ ha, ha, ha!

DAME Come, 'tis time to dress the bride for the betrothal. Baillie Macwhapple will soon be here with the marriage contract. Where are the bridesmaids?

GIRLS Here! here!

DAME Away, then, and if possible, make her handsomer than she is at present.

(Exit bridesmaids, up stairs.)

DAME Come, Christie, draw some of our oldest ale ~

CHRISTIE Me draw! I'm sure I shall turn the ale sour if I look in the jug!

DAME And I'll go and take a peep into the kitchen ~ the baillie thinks the best part of a wedding is the eating and drinking!

(Exit Dame L. H. D. The Girls lead Jessie up the staircase. Christie looks mournfully after her and exits into cellar. Peasants go off by the glass doors.)

DONALD Poor Jessie! yes, she loves me! I'll requite her fond affection; ~ yet the strange delight that magic kiss inspired still haunts me! When, enchanting fair, shall I behold again that form bewitching, which must ever reign, fix'd firm, in Donald's all bewilder'd brain?

Art thou a form of mortal birth
with charms so wond'rous fair?
Or cradled far beyond this earth,
some spirit of the air?
Thy witching pow'r ~ whence does it flow?
Ought I thy spells to fear?
Oh! if thy love can bliss bestow,
appear! appear! appear!

(The window burst open as from a gust of wind - the Sylph appears and descends.)

DONALD Powers of enchantment ! tell ~ oh, tell me, say ~
thou form angelic, far more bright
than diamonds dipp'd in dazzling light ~
Com'st thou to beckon me away
to dark perdition or to bliss?
Speak! I adjure thee by that kiss,
which still I ~ ~ ~

SYLPH Hush!

DONALD What voice divine!
Oh, speak again, say, art thou mine?
Thou brightest queen of Donald's heart,
say, who and what, and whence art thou?

SYLPH (Approaching.)
Listen !

Deep in the forest dell,
the sylphid loves to dwell,
with the timid fawn
sporting at early dawn.
Or near some limpid stream,
shunning the noontide beam;
revels in shady bow'r
enamour'd of leaf and flow'r.

Continued on next page.

SYLPH

Oft with the lark I soar,
where stars their radiance pour;
where the sunbeams rise;
in the eastern skies.

But, ah! no more I rove,
chained by the tyrant love;
my sportive joys are o'er,
I weep, ~ and I adore.

Deep in a forest dell,
etc.

DONALD You weep! oh, what sorrows can reach so angelic a being?

SYLPH Can you ask? you who today are about to plight your faith to another?

DONALD You love me, then! dare I believe it?

SYLPH Alas, it is my destiny. For thee I have forsaken my companions ~ my beloved haunts ~ my sports ~ my flowers. For ever near thee, I am the watchful guard. When sultry heats oppress thee in the sylvan chase, my wings exhale a cooling air, your bosom heaves a sigh of pleasure, and I am blest!

DONALD Her voice thrills to my soul! I have not power to resist the dangerous fascination.

SYLPH And when the shades of night descend, still I am at your side. A dream of love and bliss enchants you, 'tis I bestow it. The smile of pleasure plays upon your lips, fondly I press a kiss upon your brow. Ah, cruel one! that kiss but makes your heart beat warmer for another.

DONALD (Aside.)
She loves me!

(Aloud.)
Fairest creature! where didst thou first behold me?

SYLPH You came to gather flowers on the mountain's side. At first I was offended, for those flowers were mine: but soon I wished them sweeter and more blooming, that they might oftener lure you to my retreat.

(Sighing.)
I knew not then you sought them for your bride. Ah, that bride!
How fair she is! And I too ~ Oh, if you did but love me!

DONALD (Snatching her hand.)
Love you! Oh, heavens! But ~

(Dropping her hand.)
No, no ~ I dare not ~ honour forbids me.

SYLPH Farewell, then, for ever.

Farewell for ever,
 since doom'd to sever
 to other climes I fly
 to native bowers,
 to once lov'd flowers;
 with them, with them to fade and die.

DONALD Too fatal beauty,
 what faith or duty
 can e'en oppose their pow'r;
 thou has betray'd me,
 dear Jessie aid me,
 in this enchanted hour.

SYLPH Then since you slight me for her sake,
 thy happier Jessie's form I take;
 resist her, resist her, resist her if you can.

DONALD Who could behold those speaking eyes,
 that form, that mien; those charms despise
 were more, more or less than man.

SYLPH Now with pleasure could I die:
 thine my love my latest sigh.

DONALD No, no ~ for who could, unmoved, behold those eyes, that form,
 that mien ~ those charms despise ~

(As he gazes on her, he loses all self-command; fascinated by her charms, he kisses her.)

(Enter Christie with Jug, from the cellar, and perceives the Sylph in the arms of Donald.)

CHRISTIE Ho, ho, there! here's fine doings! Jessie, Jessie! ~ godmother, I
 say!

(Running up the staircase.)

DONALD I'm lost ~ they come!

(The Sylph springs into the arm chair, and Donald covers her with the cloak or plaid.)

(Enter Jessie and Dame, followed by bridesmaids from staircase.)

CHRISTIE I tell you I saw it with my own eyes ~ a woman, hugging and
 kissing a woman!

(Goes towards the chair, Donald pushes him back.)

JESSIE (Taking the arm of Donald.)

Oh, Donald, speak! tell me it is not true!

CHRISTIE (Who has passed to the other side of the chair.)

Not true indeed! Look here; I'll shew you the impudent hussey. ~

(Tears off the cloak, the Sylph has disappeared - General surprise.)

Eh! how this?

(Stupefied.)

DAME Aye, how's this, you mischief-maker?

GIRL Why, Christie, you've been tasting the ale, and see double this
 morning. Ha, ha, ha!

(All laugh at him.)

JESSIE Fie, Christie, I did not think you capable of such a wicked
(Gravely.) invention!

CHRISTIE And you too! But I tell you my eyes and myself both saw it ~ we
can't be both mistaken.

DAME Hold your tongue, 'tis your jealousy put this falsehood in your
head.

CHRISTIE (Shaking the cloak, and searching round the chair.)
Why, hang it! where could he have hid her? Oh, if I can but catch
the minx!

DAME Dear heart! here be the baillie waddling along, and all the lads
coming to look for their partners. Janet, Hobbie, I say ~
(Calling.)
~ Quick, quick!

(Enter Baillie Macwhapple, followed by the young villagers - Janet and Hobbie at the same time carry in a table,
with ale, cakes etc, which is placed near the window.)

BAILLIE Good day, Dame; all the lads and lasses ready, eh? that's right ~
that's right, I like these merry meetings.

DAME That you do, your worship, and you're always the merriest
amongst us. Will your worship taste our ale?

BAILLIE And welcome, my good dame

(Baillie seats himself at the table - the Sylph re-enters - Donald sees and pursues her - She crosses the stage
behind the dancers, glides up the staircase, and disappears behind a Scotch cloak, which is hung against a panel
of the upper room - Donald pulls down the cloak, and remains petrified with astonishment)

JESSIE (Perceiving the absence of Donald.)
Donald, Donald! where are you?

DAME (To Donald.)
What are you staring at there, man?

ALL Donald, Donald!
(Donald slowly returns.)

BAILLIE Your daughter has certainly a very ardent bridegroom.
(To Dame, offended.)

CHRISTIE You deserve it, Jessie. I told you if you wanted a loving, fond,
ardent ~ but 'tis no matter now!

JESSIE (Going to Donald.)
Donald! Donald! he neither sees nor hears me. ~
(To Dame - weeping)
~ Dear mother, what is the meaning of all this?

DAME Nothing, nothing, child! 'tis love that has turned his brain; marry
him at once, that will bring him to his senses.

BAILLIE (Coming forward.)
Well, dame, where are the rings?

DAME Here is my daughter's, your worship.

CHRISTIE Curse it, for a villainous ring!

BAILLIE (Pointing to Christie.)

And the bridegroom ~ is this he?

CHRISTIE I ought to be your worship, but ~

DAME Hold your tongue, fool! Donald, I say, your ring?

DONALD (Starting and advancing.)

The ~ the ring ~ here it is! ~

(Aside.)

~ I tremble, I know not why, 'tis a weakness I cannot overcome.

(As he holds out the ring the Sylph seizes it, and disappears up the chimney.)

~ Merciful powers! what has she done?

JESSIE With hope and fear my bosom's swelling!

CHRISTIE The grief I feel is past the telling!

CHORUS Now the maiden smiles and blushes,
as she breathes her timid vow;
joy the bridegroom's cheek deep flushes,
joy that lovers only know.

BAILLIE Be quick; let's get this business over.

JESSIE Oh, happy hour for faithful lover!

CHRISTIE Oh, direful hour for slighted lover!

BAILLIE (To dame.)

By right your signature is first.

(She signs.)

CHRISTIE With rage I think my heart will burst.

CHORUS Poor Christie! sure his heart will burst.

BAILLIE (To Jessie.)

Come, gentle bride, 'tis now your turn.

(She signs.)

CHRISTIE By fits I shiver, and I burn.

BAILLIE (To Donald.)

Now let the envied bridegroom sign.

(Donald, who has kept at some distance from the table, now approaches, and is met by Jessie.)

DONALD (To Jessie.)

Jessie, you love me, do not fear ~

(Apart.)

What a wretched fate I mine.

(To Jessie.)

Still to be thine ~ now hear me swear!

(Apart.)

This torture shall be borne.

(The Baillie holds out the contract to Donald, who has taken up the pen to sign; at the same moment the Sylph appears at the window and carries it off.)

CHORUS What mystery is here ~
can no one this explain?

JESSIE Cruel lover! thus forsaking,
her you promised to adore;
oh, I feel my heart is breaking,
at the thought we meet no more!

CHRISTIE Glad my heart is that was breaking
when I thought all hope was o'er;
I almost fear I am not waking,
heav'n grant we see him here no more.

(All the men rush out by the glass doors in the flat, led by the Baillie - Jessie falls fainting in the arms of her mother and the bridesmaids - Tableau - Christie kneels before her and kisses her hand; then starting up, snatches a gun from the chimney and runs off after the rest.)

Scene the second

*A narrow dell of rocks, at the foot of a mountain.
Enter Christie, followed by Hobbie and Villagers.*

HOBBIIE A fine tramp we shall have of it, through bushes and briars.

CHRISTIE And where else, think ye, are we to look for Donald? When a woman runs away with a young man, it isn't likely she'd go hide him in the high road?

1ST VILLAGER But this is not a real woman ~ this is a ~ a ~

CHRISTIE A siffle ~ why can't you remember the name?

2ND VILLAGER And what is a siffle, Christie?

CHRISTIE A siffle is ~ is a kind of fairy with wings, that hides in the hollow of a tree like a woodpecker, or in the clefts of a rock like a young eagle.

HOBBIIE Heaven save us! I told you master Christie, when you laughed at ghosts yesterday, 'twas because you'd know'd nothing.

CHRISTIE Well, well ~ don't let us lose our time. Godmother has promised me Jessie, if I find the runaway Donald.

1ST VILLAGER In my mind you'll have more chance with the lassie herself if you leave him just as he is, with his siffle.

CHRISTIE (Aside.)
That's my opinion too; and for that reason I'm leading them as far astray as I can.

(Enter Hela, L. H.)

VILLAGERS (Starting back - alarmed.)
The saints preserve us ~ Hela again!

HELA Good day, my children ~ good day. So, you've not found him, after all your search.

CHRISTIE (To Villagers.)
He knows everything.

HELA (To Christie.)
I know, too, that you will soon gain the wish of your heart.

CHRISTIE Hear that, lads. I told you the wizard body ~ the ~ the kind Hela was my friend.

HELA That I am, Christie ~ you protected me when Donald insulted me; but ~
(With fury.)
~ he shall soon find what it is to brave my power.

1ST VILLAGER (Aside.)
His eyes shoot fire! let's be off!

HELA (Aside to Christie.)
Send them in the direction they'll be sure not to find him.

CHRISTIE How shall I know that!

HELA (Pointing to R. H.)
He's there, behind yon mountain.

CHRISTIE Thank you, kind Hela.
(Aloud to Villagers.)
Away, then, to the left, and if you don't find him, it is not your fault.
(Aside.)
Now I'll find Mr. Donald out at his tricks.
(Exeunt Christie R. H. - Villagers and Hobbie L. H.)

HELA And I go to secure his happiness, and my revenge.
To me what's mortal happiness? My fate
forbids a hope of pleasure. Yet to buy
revenge ~ on Donald, too ~ I'll sacrifice
the pangs I'd on his rival else bestow.

Man's misfortune glads my soul,
yet I did not always know
the fires which now my heart control,
the joy to witness others woe.
In days gone by,
alas, 'was I,
a flow'ret, gay as rare,
with heart as mild,
as infant child,
and features, too, as fair.
But doom'd to prove,
the shafts of love,
from early virtues wean'd,
from good estranged,
love's poison changed,
the flow'ret to a fiend.

Now, jealousy, anger, revenge, and fell hate
my soul have seduced, and so mingled my fate,
from passion to passion I fly, and the slave
of passion can only find rest in the grave.
Lightnings flash and thunders roar,
Hela tastes of peace no more;
shrieks and groans pervade the air,
guilt rejoices in despair!

(Exit Hela R. H.)

Scene the third

A lonely spot on the sea shore. To the R. a rugged rock, at the foot of which is a cavern. Before the cavern is a fire burning, over which is a large cauldron. On the ground are seen a death's head, two globes, the skulls of various animals, toads, snakes, and other venomous reptiles. Three witches are discovered standing on a mound, in the attitude of listening. Stage dark. The scene opens to slow mystic music. As the invocation proceeds, the sea becomes more agitated.

HELA

(In the cavern.)

Haste, spirits, hither throng,
trooping to our brazen gong!

(The gong in the cavern mixes with the last note. A rushing sound is heard outside - the wind whistles.)

I hear, I them sweep along,
summon'd by the brazen gong!

THREE WITCHES

Haste, spirits, hither throng,
trooping to our brazen gong.
Come with magic spells profound
from lake, and sea, and underground.
Come all bath'd in midnight dew
and bring such mystic plants as grew
in places where the pallid brood
still haunts the glimm'ring neighbourhood.

HELA

Ev'ry charmed ingredient gather,
ev'ry bird of foulest feather,
with remnants of ma's mould'ring form,
to make more deep the mighty charm.

(Enter Hela, from cavern.)

(Enter a groupe of witches, each holding a red lanthorn lighted, and each accompanied by an imp, holding a broomstick, round the top of which plays a will o'the wisp - each is preceded by some hideous animal.)

CHORUS OF FEMALE WITCHES

Charming sister, here we've rid,
 from sulphur caverns merrily, merrily
 speak thy will, whate'er we're bid
 by thee, we'll do right cheerily.
 Shall we curse, or shall we kill,
 or merely torture merrily, merrily.
 Thou know'st we joy in working ill,
 'tis that makes time pass cheerily, cheerily.

(The witches hand their lanthorns to the imps, and surround the cauldron. The animals dance round with grotesque gambols.)

1ST WITCH In haunted cove, and desert creek,
 with more than mortal tongue dare speak.
 We do our deeds! In magic hoary!
 All that make a witch's glory!

DEMONS We hear thy call, we hear thy call and
 Lucifer assembles his fire scar'd troops,
 his fire scar's troops
 hell to its centre trembles.

CHORUS Come, come.
 All that make,
etc.

(They all laugh with ferocious mirth.)

HELA In storms we raise the shipwreck'd dead,
 from graves we call the spirit fled
 theme for many a midnight story!
 All that make a witch's glory!

CHORUS All that make,
etc.

(They all laugh, as before.)

1ST WITCH (To Hela.)
 Now tell us, beloved of the king of fiends, what dost thou
 demand from our art?

HELA The destruction of an enemy!

WITCHES A mortal?

HELA More hateful still ~ a sylph!

WITCHES (With a cry of rage.)

A sylph! a sylph!

HELA Your fury charms me. Vengeance!

ALL Vengeance! vengeance!

HELA (Stirring up the cauldron, which emits a blue sulphurous smoke.)
See the charm works! Now to summon those whose power must
aid us!

(An imp presents him with a rod, which lights of itself, he traces a flaming circle around the cauldron - the sea becomes much agitated.)

Infernal spirits ~ hellish powers!
By the compact that is ours
haste from the realms of endless fire,
to aid a work of vengeance dire!

CHORUS
We come! we come!
Trooping to the brazen gong!

(Burst of music mingling with the gong - the cauldron becomes red hot. Astaroth supported by two demons, rises. At the same instant enter a troop of Infernal spirits. Each demon carries a flaming sword. Hela remains at the cauldron. Three witches stride hastily towards Astaroth, and with one action cast back their hoods and stand before him, with their right arm extended, and bow.)

WITCHES
To our mighty master we
bow, as slaves, before his knee.

(They dance round the cauldron for a few seconds. Astaroth approached the cauldron, takes a goblet filled with a flaming liquid, and pours it in. Red and blue flames rise from cauldron. Hela advances, and draws forth a silken scarf.)

CHORUS

Hail to our master! he whose sway,
hell's terrified realms obey.
In the fell ingredients throw!
Now our charm has wrought its woe!
Thunders burst and boil the sea!
Dance about, with witches glee!
Let our timbrels shake the air!
Our delight is man's despair!

(During the chorus the witches and demons join hands. The demons, with the flaming swords form diabolical dances with the witches. The imps and animals gambol in the most grotesque manner, the sea becomes a bed of flames, and the transparency in the flat is filled with hideous nondescripts.)

End of act the first.

ACT THE SECOND

Scene the first

An open glade in a forest. A mountainous country in flat, through the vista is seen a distant view of the village, the church upon an eminence; to the front upon the left, is a large birch tree; to the right, a grotto, the entrance covered with rose trees and flowering shrubs.

Donald is seen descending with difficulty a rocky path of the mountain, while the Sylph appears to slide down; she flutters her wings, and seems scarcely to touch the earth with her feet.

DONALD Whither, oh, whither would'st thou lead?

SYLPH And can you, love, so soon forget
that mountain side, this daisied mead.

DONALD Oh, no; then wherefore fly me yet?

SYLPH Men are so fickle.

DONALD You speak not of me,
who faithful and true,
loves no one but you.

SYLPH Oh, wait till my sister sylphs you see.

From the rose-cover'd bowers,
from the waves of the fountain,
or from seeking wild flowers
midst the moss of the mountain.
Hither ~ hither ~ haste to me,
sportive sylphs where'er ye be.

(Enter Sylphs from all sides, some are seen flitting down the mountain, others issue from the grotto behind the rose trees, shrubs, etc. their wings of various colours, blue, rose, and violet, they flit round and round, forming graceful groups.)

CHORUS OF SYLPHS

Nor rose-twin'd bower,
nor sweetest flower,
to us can yield such pleasure;
as when with thee,
in sportive glee,
we trip a fairy measure.

(Donald attempts to clasp the Sylph in his arms, but she escapes from him, while the other Sylphs dance round him; again he tries to seize her but she eludes him, he in mistake is about to embrace another sylph; the Sylph enters softly behind him.)

SYLPH

(To Donald.)

Ah! is this a mortal's love; is it thus they prove their faith?

(She again disappears.)

DONALD

(Alone.)

She leaves me! mocks at my ardent passion! am I then but the sport of an inexplicable being? yet a being so enchanting, that I feel she is become dearer to me than existence.

Can'st thou love ~ yet coldly fly me?
Beauteous riddle that thou art!
Softly smile, and then deny me,
when I'd press thee to my heart.
Like a lovely sportive child,
trifling with thy lover's pain;
whilst a glance so sweetly wild,
tells me, I'm beloved again.
Oh, th'extremes of bliss and anguish,
mingle in my fever'd breast;
now in hopeless woe I languish,
then in fancy am most blest.
Yet my fate I'll not upbraid,
for I wish not to be free;
since an age of pain is paid,
by one tender smile from thee!

(Christie appears peeping from behind a Rock, L.H. - Donald perceives him.)

DONALD Heavens! Christie here! I am then discovered.

CHRISTIE

(Coming forward.)

So 'tis here I find you at last!

DONALD

And here I will remain for ever, good, kind, Christie, you will not betray my retreat?

CHRISTIE

I betray you? That's what I won't, I promise you. Do you think I wish you to come back? Not I, faith; stay and welcome, since you are happy here.

DONALD

But Jessy ~ poor Jessy! Tell me, does she not execrate me?

CHRISTIE

Why, at first to be sure, she was a little glummish, but afterwards ~

(significantly)

~ the women ~ you know there was the dame, she was in a fine fury. "What an abomination" cried she, "a vile perjured wretch!" But Godmother, says I, for my part I don't blame Donald.

DONALD

And yet I have been very guilty.

CHRISTIE

Oh, don't make yourself uneasy, 'tis a thing happens every day: a man jilts one woman for another because she's richer or handsomer; and your new one, to say the truth, has a sort of beauty that ~ that ~

DONALD You have seen her, then?

CHRISTIE Yes, through the trees. She's a fine figure of a woman ~ that she is; but ~ but, there's one thing that's queerish, in my mind, she has got wings, eh?

DONALD She has.

CHRISTIE And don't you find them awkward at times? mayhap you like her the better for the novelty?

DONALD Oh, no, those wings drive me to despair. When I would like to retain her near me, they bear her, like lightening, beyond my reach; and yet it is that very grace, that aerial lightness that fascinates my soul.

CHRISTIE *(Aside.)*
Oh, that's the way to fascinate; when I see Jessie I'll fascinate her so! Ah, ah, who know if I were to try but Jessie might ~ yes, I'll try.

DONALD When I attempt to seize her hand, and speak to her of my transports, with childish playfulness she vanishes from my sight.

CHRISTIE Ah, I see!

(The sylph appears, U. E. L. H. and beckons Donald - He hastens to her, and they exeunt U. E. L. H.)

You'd squeeze her hand ~ and crack ~ she gone! How a man does feel then, sure enough! You say, stay ~ stay! and off she flies; and the more she wouldn't, the more you would, eh? Well, all I can say, Donald, is ~

(Turning round.)

~ Eh, Donald ~ Donald, I say! is he flown away too? ~

(Looking about.)

~ and I wanted him to teach me how the siffle ~ hang it! If here ben't Jessie herself; now for a little aerial grace, and ~

(Retires R. H.)

(Enter Jessie, L. H.)

JESSIE Yes, I will end this state of torturing suspense: this is the way to the wizard's cave, and I will know the worst from him.

Thou art not he, whose looks of love,
did this poor heart beguile ~

Thou art not he, who fondly strove
to win from me a smile.

Oh, no! for he would weep to see,
the tears that fall unmark'd by thee ~

Thou art not he ~ thou art not he!

Thou art not he, who lately vow'd
for me he'd spurn a throne;
whose ardent glance amidst the crowd;
sought mine ~ and mine alone.

Continued on next page.

JESSIE His form is thine ~ but could it be ~
could e'er his heart be cold to me?
oh, no; 'tis false ~ thou art not he!

Alas! how can I still think of him after his cruel desertion? he for whom I disdained the poor, faithful Christie.

CHRISTIE Oh, say that again ~ it makes my heart jump into my mouth!

JESSIE I ~ I said nothing!

CHRISTIE Yes, yes, you did, though ~ you said ~

JESSIE But I did not think you were there. Tell me, Christie, have you seen ~

CHRISTIE (Interrupting her.)
No, no! though to please you, Jessie, I have been looking for him everywhere.

JESSIE Poor Christie! your affection is indeed true, when it leads you even to sacrifice your own feelings to gratify me.

CHRISTIE (Aside.)
She pities me! Now to try the seducing ways of the siffle.
(Looks at Jessie.)

JESSIE Poor fellow! his senses are affected, and it is for me ~ for me who treated him so unkindly.
(Advances to take his hand.)

CHRISTIE (Snatching away his hand abruptly - Aside.)
It takes already.

JESSIE Christie ~ good, kind Christie ~ be calm!

CHRISTIE (Aside.)
Who would have thought she'd come around so soon?
(Looks at himself with affectation.)

JESSIE Dearest Christie! who knows but some day or other ~

CHRISTIE (Seizing her hand, and throwing himself at her feet.)
Dearest Jessie! I'm so glad, my brain is turning! One kiss.

(Enter Hela, R. H.)

HELA That's well, my children, that's well.

CHRISTIE (Aside to Hela.)
It is well ~ I'm so happy! You see I've found the way at last.

HELA (To Jessie.)
I know the purpose of your intended visit to me. Donald is for ever lost to you. See here the true and faithful lover of whom the fates will that you shall be the happy wife. ~ (Joining their hands.)
~ Go, then, and fulfil your destiny.

CHRISTIE Yes, come dear Jessie. Oh, happy me! Oh, lovely Jessie! Oh, fascinating Christie!

(Exit, leading off Jessie 1 E. R. H.)

HELA So far all works according to my wishes. The sight of human happiness is wormwood to my soul, even this scene, so soft, so beautiful, it suits me not: I'll seek one more fitted to my purpose.

Farewell to the mountain
and sun-lighted vale,
the moss-border'd streamlet,
and balm-breathing gale.
All so bright, all so fair,
here a seraph might dwell;
'tis too lovely for me,
farewell! oh, farewell!
Farewell! for how sweetly
each sound meets mine ear,
the wild bee and the butterfly,
they may rest here.
Hark! their hum how it blends
with the deep convent bell;
such strains are of heaven,
farewell, oh , farewell!

But, hold! Here comes my detested enemy.
Now is the moment. What ails you, Donald?

(Enter Donald, L. H.)

DONALD What it may be, 'tis no concern of yours.

HELA You might, at least, tell me your griefs, and who knows but I ~ ~
~

DONALD Well, then, I am the most miserable of men. I love, I adore, an inexplicable being! I see her, I hear her, but, like an airy vision, she for ever eludes my grasp.

HELA Poor youth! I pity you, for I know the object of your passion. You love a sylph ~ ah! to render them constant is a difficult task; yet I do know of a talisman that might aid you.

DONALD A talisman! is it possible? Oh, give it to me, and all I possess is yours.

HELA Ha, ha! why you lately scoffed at my power.

DONALD Because I was a fool ~ a madman! but I truly repent my conduct.

HELA Well, then, you shall find I bear no malice.

DONALD Good, kind, Hela, how I wronged you!

HELA Here, take this scarf.

(Drawing forth the one he had taken from the cauldron.)

This magic-wove scarf round her beauties entwine
 from its folds to escape she may struggle in vain;
 her powers subdued, she'll for ever be thine,
 and never ~ no, never, will quit thee again.

DONALD Thy kindness my gratitude ever insures ~
 my fate's in your hands.

HELA (Apart.)
 And my vengeance in yours.

(Hela retires to back of stage. - The Sylph appears examining a bird's nest. - Donald displays the scarf.)

SYLPH What a beauteous scarf.

DONALD 'Tis for thee.

SYLPH Me!

HELA (Apart.)
 Yes thee.

DONALD, SYLPH There's an echo.

SYLPH But look at this innocent pair,
 yet tomorrow they'll fly me.

HELA Tomorrow will see
 thy downfall!

DONALD Then clip both their wings,

SYLPH 'twere not fair;

no, they freely shall range,

DONALD give them me in exchange;
 for thy sake I'll love them. Oh, trust to my care,

SYLPH to be prisoners? Oh, no, they are free as the air.

(Gives them to Attendant, who exits.)

HELA (Apart.)
 Thyself shall be pris'ner, and slave to despair.

DONALD Let them go! but from me thou like them ne'er shall fly.

(Throws scarf round her - Wings drop off.)

(Enter Sylphs, R. H., L. H.)

SYLPHS (Shrieks)
 Ah!

SYLPH I'm spell bound! Oh, mercy, release me, I die!

HELA (Apart.)
 She's conquer'd! from vengeance no more can she fly.

DONALD She sinks! help! Oh, aid, or my fair one will die!

(She appears sinking to the earth, the Sylphs surround her and bear her to the back.)

(In despair.)

Wretch that I am!

(Hela comes forward.)

HELA I have triumphed! My vengeance is complete!

DONALD (Furiously.)
Accursed sorcerer! Thou hast deceived me! But death shall
release me also!

(Rushing off.)

HELA (Seizing Donald by the arm.)
No, thou shalt live, that I may rejoice in thy anguish.
See there, what thou hast cast away ~
a treasure worlds could not repay!
A fond and faithful virgin heart ~
look and behold how curst thou art!

(Donald's eyes follow the direction of his withered hand, and through the vista of the mountain is seen the bridal
procession of Jessie and Christie ascending the eminence to the church - The village bells are heard in the
distance ringing a merry peal - Donald attempts to rush out at the opposite side.)

Thou grovelling worm that dar'd to think,
thy earthborn nature thou could'st link
with that of spirit of the air;
presumption's punishment see there!
Ha, ha, ha! there's mirth below
at the sight of human woe!
We the demon's pleasure share ~
our delight is man's despair.

CHORUS Ha, ha, ha! there's mirth below.

(Exit Hela.)

(Nearly at the conclusion of the chorus Astaroth rises by trap and stands over the prostrate form of the Sylph -
The Sylphs rush out - Astaroth sinks with the Sylph - Donald throws himself on the ground in a state of
agonised frenzy - A strain of soft and heavenly harmony is heard, which becomes louder - The clouds that
darkened the stage now all disperse, and a light and luminous cloud is seen- Etheria, the queen of the sylphs
appears, standing in the midst of the dazzling vapour, holding golden rose in her hand.)

ETHERIA Is this the boasted fortitude of man? Arise!

DONALD (Rising.)
Who art thou? Ah! why bring back the memory of one I've lost
for ever!

ETHERIA It may be to restore her to you, though now subject to hateful
beings who dwell in nether flames, the salamandrine race, whose
burning bosoms no drop of mercy for a captive e'er yet cooled.

DONALD What power may release her?

ETHERIA One far surpassing mine, if thou hast faith and courage to bear it
to her.

DONALD Be death, or worse than death between us, my love will leap the
gulf.

ETHERIA And those must find an honest uncontaminated heart to aid thee
in the perilous adventure.

DONALD Ah! where is the heart that loves Donald?

ETHERIA One which may owe its happiness to Donald's falsehood.

DONALD Ah! I own ~ the simple Christie. And will he befriend a rival?

ETHERIA Try him.

DONALD And the promised power?

ETHERIA Lies in a talisman within this rose ~

(Gives it.)

~ A consecrated relic of such sacred power, 'twere sacrilege to name it. While you wear it, thyself and him thou lead'st shall be unseen.

DONALD And whither?

ETHERIA Dost thou know the sulphur well, near that misshapen mass, which rustic fear has named the Dragon's rock?

DONALD Haunts of the hated Hela ~ yes, too well I know then.

ETHERIA Touch'd with that rose, they'll yield admittance; the dreadful region, where thy love is degraded to a slave and by its odoriferous balm infuse comfort around her. I can no further aid thee ~ haste and prosper!

(She disappears.)

DONALD Hope once more dawns, and see the partner of a fearful task.

(Enter Jessie, Christie and Dame.)

JESSIE Donald unhappy! ah!

DAME Don't go near him, child, you may be sure he's bewitched.

CHRISTIE And I'm sure I'm bewitched by Jessie, so I've fellow feeling. How be you , Donald? how be you lad?

DONALD (Crosses to Christie, then puts Jessie's lover to R. H.)

All will be well with your assistance, Christie. Dear Jessie take this honest hand from me; pardon, oh, pardon my defection, Jessie, and thank me one day for a better heart than Donald has to offer.

(Crosses to R. H.)

CHRISTIE (Apart.)

Eh, but there be a bit of heart in that though.

JESSIE When Donald's happy, Jessie will be Christie's.

CHRISTIE And aught that Christie can do for Jessie, or for Donald, you'll command.

DONALD Dare you go with me to the sulphur well?

CHRISTIE Aye, were it to the ~ ~ ~

(Dame stopping his mouth with her hand.)

DAME Hold your tongue and seek no evil.

DONALD 'Tis to conquer evil.

JESSIE Go, then, dear Christie.

CHRISTIE “Dear Christie” that's twice she has called me so. On with you my lad.

(Crosses to L. H.)

DONALD, JESSIE Generous fellow!

DAME Rash, fool-hardy boy!

DONALD Away! for love and fortune!

(Exit Dame led off by Jessie R. H. Donald and Christie opposite L. H.)

Scene the second

Salamandrine caverns.

(Enter Donald and Christie, looking around..)

DONALD Does your heart fail you, or will you still go on?

CHRISTIE Dang it, it is an ugsome place, sure enough. I've a bit of an old horse-shoe granny gave me, against warlocks and witches, and you've got the relic. Eh, bless me! what's that?

DONALD Nothing.

CHRISTIE That's the very thing ye bid me to be afraid of. There again! What's that?

DONALD I heard nothing ~ saw nothing ~

CHRISTIE Curse nothing! It's the second time nothing has frightened me.

DONALD Think of your marriage with Jessie ~ and then ~

CHRISTIE I will do my best. But what place is this?

DONALD These are the fearful regions of the salamanders.

CHRISTIE Sally who?

DONALD The fiends of flame.

CHRISTIE Then we shall burn our fingers. But where's the lady?

DONALD She comes! Hush! let's observe her.

(They retire, U. E. R. H.)

(Enter Sylph, U. E. L. H.)

SYLPH Beloved mortal! for whom I have resigned immortality, and am imprisoned in these depths of horror, hast thou, in Jessie's arms, forgotten me? Alas, 'twas my destiny. I could not bestow happiness on a mortal. One sad, sweet thought of Donald, and then farewell to being!

Say could I live, if he I love
 an early grave must find?
 A lonely thing on earth to rove,
 like leaf before the wind.
 Oh, no! if chilling death must come,
 with him I love I'll die;
 I fear not e'en the cold dark tomb,
 if on his breast I lie.

Ha! my tormentors come! From their fell presence I shrink as
 from death!

(Enter two salamanders, U. E. L. H.)

1ST SALAMANDER How now? idling! To work ~ to work, dull thing!

SYLPH I have done all my fragile powers permit.

1ST SALAMANDER You must do more! Eh? art thou not our slave?

SYLPH Alas!

CHRISTIE (Involuntarily.)
 The ill-looking scoundrels!

1ST SALAMANDER What's that?

2ND SALAMANDER The echo of your voice. Let us go on our rounds ~

(Donald and Christie cross to U. E. L. H.)

Our comrades hold nightly banquet here! See all be ready, or,
 frail sylphid, tremble!

(Exeunt Salamanders, U. E. R. H.)

SYLPH Short respite! There is no remedy but one ~ 'tis desperate! But,
 lost to him I love ~ my freedom lost ~ my fate and person in
 polluted hands ~ this subtle poison ~

(Donald touches the vial with the Rose ~ she drops it and it breaks.)

Ha! some guardian power comforts and assures me. Despair
 avaunt! I'll to my task once more, and woo return of hope. The
 wine and fruits are in the inner cave. How buoyant are my steps
 to what they were.

(Exit.)

DONALD Saved from destruction, though small the recompense for all the
 woes my love has wrought her. Still it is some, and gives an
 earnest yet of greater. Should I at last ~

CHRISTIE Eh, lad! let's help her, then to do the work ~ she can't see us.

(They place tripods etc. as seats round the table for banquet. The Sylph reappears with fruit and wine. Donald
 and Christie withdraw unseen.)

SYLPH Ha! my work done for me! Another generous omen! but my
 tyrants come!

(Draws back.)

(Enter Hela, Morna, Elspa, Kelpie.)

CHRISTIE What devils are these in the form of Maggie MacGrubbins,
Tibbey Fowler, Cumner Malkin, and Granny Burns!

DONALD Peace, on your life!

HELA Welcome, cummers! Our victim here is safe ~ the banquet ready,
at which we must appear as the true votaries of fiery Astaroth!

CHRISTIE All devils, by my conscience!

HELA Behold our salamandrine brethren! Hail! hail!

(Enter salamanders.)

SALAMANDERS Hail! hail!

CHRISTIE I'll give that Tibbie Fowler a rap o'the head!

DONALD Hush!

CHRISTIE They cannot see us!

HELA We'll drink to our mighty master!

SALAMANDERS To our mighty master!

(They charge, and sing the following Chorus.)

CHORUS We'll drink to our master, who holds his dark reign,
where treasure is torment, and pleasure is pain.
Where hate and revenge, each with poisonous dart,
rage ~ rage ~ rage
rage in the bosom, and torture the heart.

(Exeunt salamanders - Tripods and table sink.)

HELA Some curs'd aetherial influence spoils the charm,
arrests my purpose, and unnerves my arm;
but death-like slumber, wrought from spells below
shall lull each sense while Hela strikes the blow.

(Hela attempts to stab the Sylph.)

SYLPH What languor my vision subdues,
what weight o'er each sense seems to creep.
I'll rouse me ~ no, fain I'd refuse,
but resistless ~ thy power ~ oh, sleep!

DONALD Some magic her sense steals away,
her slumber is fearful and deep;
but beside thee thy Donald will stay
and guard his Eolia in sleep.

HELA While thus the dread spell I essay,
oblivion her sense shall steep;
and ere she again see the day,
this steel makes eternal her sleep.

(Goes to stab her - Donald touches the dagger with the rose - it breaks - general burst...)

SYLPH

(Starting up.)

What visions of brightness around me prevail
and whisper my foes shall no longer assail.

DONALD

The demon is foil'd, virtue's pow'rs yet prevail,
and the spells of the fiend shall no longer assail.

HELA

Once more am I foil'd, adverse pow'rs still assail,
but the spoils of our master at length shall prevail.

DONALD

She's saved! and Donald on his knee,
in rapture hails the happy day.
When blest, Eolia dear, with thee,
he'll love and laugh thy cares away.

HELA

She's saved! but yet our foes shall see
that Astaroth holds deadly sway,
nor shall weak man permitted be,
to cheat our master of his prey.

SYLPH

Ah saved! thus let me on my knee
in gratitude my heart display,
and hope that Donald dear, with thee
and love, my cares will pass away.

SYLPHS

(Without.)

She's saved! to heaven she bends the knee
pure love and truth assert their sway;
a mortal, she'll immortal be!
The demon crew must yield their prey:
she's saved! she's saved!

(Exit Helä.)

Mountains and lake of the sylphid queen.

*Etheria, surrounded by her Sylphs, appears standing in a luminous circle.
She waves on Jessie, Dame, and bridal party, who are conducted in by a
party of sylphs. R.H. - Another party bring in Donald, Christie, and Eolia,
L. H. - They bend before Etheria - Christie runs to Jessie, who embraces
him.*

ETHERIA

Mortals rise! learn faithful love
is still protected from above.
In vain demoniac spells were tried,
to break affection's golden chain;
the faithful lover wins his bride,
my power restores thy sylph again.
But tho' I snatch her from the tomb,
to be a mortal is her doom.

CHORUS

Now with feast, and dance, and song,
celebrate this happy night;
virtue triumphs over wrong,
might has yielded unto right.
Hail the truth, that faithful love
still is guarded from above;
hail, sylphs, hail!

(During the chorus Sylphs dance. At the conclusion Dame Gourlie bestows her blessing, in dumb show, on
Christie and Jessie, who kneel before her, R. H. - Etheria waves her wand over Eolia and Donald, L. H.
Tableau.)

The curtain falls.

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