

# IL TALISMANO - THE TALISMAN

LIBRETTO BY ARTHUR MATTHISON

MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE

1874

Edited by David Trutt

IL TALISMANO OR THE TALISMAN  
The Original English Libretto by ARTHUR MATTHISON

Translated into Italian by GIUSEPPE ZAFFIRA

Music by MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

First performed June 11, 1874 at Drury Lane in London

Published 2010 by  
David Trutt  
Los Angeles, California  
USA

email: [davett@verizon.net](mailto:davett@verizon.net)  
Web Site: [www.haddon-hall.com](http://www.haddon-hall.com)

The opera *IL TALISMANO* is a love story set during the Crusade of King Richard of England. The original English libretto was by Arthur Matthison; it was translated into Italian by Giuseppe Zaffira; the music was by Michael William Balfe. The opera was first performed June 11, 1874 at Drury Lane in London.

*IL TALISMANO* was originally written as an English opera in three acts, to the libretto of Arthur Matthison, based upon the chief episode of Sir Walter Scott's "*Talisman*." The talisman proper, however, does not come into the story at all, nor is Saladin introduced except as an obscure Emir Sheerkohf. Mr. Matthison originally intended to call the work *The Knight of the Leopard*, but the association with Scott's novel, overrode all other considerations.

The first two Acts and Scene I of the third Act take place within a day in 1191, during the wars of the Crusades. Scenes II and III of the third Act take place some months later in 1192, as the English Crusaders prepare to leave for their home land. The librettist, however, had separated these last scenes into a fourth act, and this is how it is displayed here. The characters of *IL TALISMANO* are drawn directly from Scott's *Talisman*, published in 1825 as the second of his *Tales of the Crusaders*. Most of the characters are actual historical personages. It is noted however that Edith Plantagenet is a fictional creation of Scott, as are the motivations and actions of many of the others in both stories.

*IL TALISMANO* concerns itself with the romance between Edith Plantagenet and Sir Kenneth, the Knight of the Leopard. There are complications as Sir Kenneth neglects his knightly duty to Richard Lion Heart, leader of the Crusade, and is driven from the camp. But bravery, royal blood, and love overcome all at the finale.

Sir Kenneth is identified as the historical figure David Earl of Huntingdon and Prince Royal of Scotland, traveling in disguise. There may be some truth to this, as claimed in the SYNOPSIS, but there is no recorded evidence as to a tale of romance between him and a relative of King Richard.

Those who are unfamiliar with the opera may wish to begin with the SYNOPSIS on Page 37. This detailed synopsis was written by the librettist, Arthur Matthison.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	Page 3
IL TALISMANO-Dramatis Personae	Page 4
IL TALISMANO-Libretto in English - Act I	Page 5
IL TALISMANO-Libretto in English - Act II	Page 12
IL TALISMANO-Libretto in English - Act III	Page 22
IL TALISMANO-Libretto in English - Act IV	Page 31
IL TALISMANO-Synopsis	Page 37

DRAMATIS PERSONAE - IL TALISMANO by ARTHUR MATTHISON

RICHARD LION HEART, *King of England.*

SIR KENNETH, *the Knight of the Leopard.*

EMIR SHEERKOHF.

NECTABANUS, *Slave to Queen Berengaria.*

BARON DE VAUX, *a Follower of Richard.*

LEOPOLD, *Duke of Austria.*

KING OF FRANCE.

BERENGARIA, *Queen of England.*

EDITH PLANTAGENET, *Cousin of Richard and Berengaria.*

Nobles, Ladies of the Court, Soldiers, Archers, Pages, Saracens, &c.

ACTS I & II & III take place in 1191.

ACT IV takes place in 1192.

*(Scene I—The Desert. A Corps of Arab Soldiery discovered burnishing their arms and accoutrements.)*

CHORUS.                 Soldiers of Araby, mark what the Koran saith,  
                               Bear yourselves well in the front of the battle:  
                               Smite ye the foe, spare the women and children,  
                               Destroy not the fruit trees, the corn, or the cattle!  
 Ever keep faith in bond and in covenant,  
                               Justice and Honour your watchwords for aye;  
                               Keep your swords bright, and your javelins pointed,  
                               Ever be ready for Allah to die!  
 Our master awaits us,  
                               The sultry hours fly;  
                               Each man to his stirrup,  
                               Away let us hie!

*Tambourgi! Tambourgi! Tambourgi! (The Eastern Rataplan.)*

*(Chorus Exeunt. Enter the Emir Sheerkohf and Sir Kenneth.)*

EMIR.                    Truly, Sir Knight, thy noble steed doth well deserve  
 The couch thou hast prepared him!  
 For well and bravely did he bear thee  
 In our combat of this morning!

KENNETH.               In sooth, and so did thine, fair sir!  
 And 'neath yon tree he rests  
 In peace and friendship with mine own!  
 I' faith we four, who but a few hours ago  
 Did wage such desperate strife—  
 In yonder valley—are knit in friendly bonds!  
 And many thanks I owe thee for thy courtesy.

EMIR.                    Nay, I but offered, when we made a truce,  
 To guide thee through the desert  
 To thy destination; right pleased am I  
 To hear thee call me friend,  
 Oh noble friend, as noble foe!

KENNETH. Let us proceed, oh Emir,  
 For indeed my business is of weight;  
 I bear a packet from the Crusade's Princes  
 Unto Theodorick, the saintly hermit.

EMIR. Well do I know the wilderness of Engaddi  
 Where he abides;  
 I will but seek my guard of Arabs,  
 And then will guide thee to the very doors.  
 Much do I hear of lovely English dames  
 Who there remain  
 For prayer and meditation,—  
 Are then the Saxon maids so fair?

KENNETH. The fairest, noble Emir, in the world.  
 Golden lovelocks floating,  
     Dancing on the breeze;  
     Merry blue eyes glancing,  
     English maidens own these:  
 Bonny English maidens,  
     Winsome, fair, and leal [loyal];  
     Mien of grace and beauty,  
     Hearts as true as steel.

EMIR. Raven locks o'erclustering  
     Brows of ivory white;  
     Eyes, fair love-stars gleaming,  
     Love-stars heavenly bright;  
 Stately as the palm tree,  
     Brilliant as the morn,  
     Saracenic maidens,  
     Ye the earth adorn.

BOTH. To each heaven its planets,  
     Its gems hath each sea;  
     Every garden its blossoms,—  
     'Tis nature's decree.

*(Exeunt Emir and Kenneth.)*

*(Scene II—A corridor of the Chapel. Edith enters, slowly and pensively.)*

EDITH.

How calm the air! how tranquil seems the sky!  
 A mystic song of peace  
 Murmurs its soothing tones within my soul,  
 Its pulses beat with inbreathed hope,  
 And o'er my heart, steals joy celestial!  
 Solemnly, softly, cometh the Nightfall,  
     Kindling her lamps as she stealeth along;  
     Again o'er the sky the mysterious shadows  
     Melting the day-beams silently throng!  
 Ineffable peace fills my soul with its calmness,  
     Wells to my lips the spontaneous prayer;  
     Angels, my hymn of devotion to Heaven  
     Graciously waft through the soft stilly air.

*(Enter a Nun, who presents a letter to Edith, and retires.)*

How! Sir Kenneth, the Princes' Envoy  
 To the cave of Engaddi?  
 The noble, gallant Sir Kenneth!  
 Ah! my heart proudly whispers me,  
 He is in rank mine equal.  
 I know he loves me; his fervent glance  
 Hath often met mine own with looks of love:  
 Were he but simple knight, he'd never dare  
 So look at Edith, sister of Plantagenet!  
 But he is coming here; with present bliss  
 Be thou, oh heart, content, and thank  
 Kind Heaven, who gives thee so much happiness!  
 Bright as the gleam of thy stars, oh Almighty,  
     Shineth my hope as I think upon thee;  
     Soft as eve's dew on the flow'rets descending  
     Falleth thy mercy, oh Father, on me!  
 Beam thy gold stars, the fair moon in her glory  
     Reigns o'er the sky, the dark shadows all flown;  
     So in my breast dwelleth joy, bright and cloudless,  
     Pouring its homage in song to thy throne!

*(Enter Nectabanus.)*

NECTABANUS.

Her majesty desires that Lady Edith  
Will presently attend her in her chamber,  
Where she is robing for the holy vespers;  
She further bade me say—  
The Envoy of the Princes has arrived.

EDITH *(aside, with emotion)*.

Ah, heavens! my true Knight is here!  
My fond thoughts by day  
And for aye in my dreams  
He is come! he is here!  
And the air lighter seems!  
Oh, bliss unexpected.  
Oh, cloud-piercing rays,  
Green spot in the desert  
Of long weary days!  
Morn's light after darkness,  
Bright sun after storm;  
After gloom of dull winter  
A sky bright and warm!  
Beat heart with the rapture,  
Banish doubt, banish fear,  
Every shadow is gone,  
He is come! he is here!

*(Exit Edith.)*



NECTABANUS.

Now do I see why yonder smooth-tongued knight  
 Did give me gold to bring him to the Chapel!  
 His coming here hath mightily stirred up  
 This “gentle flower of Christendom”—  
 As silly lordlings title Lady Edith!  
 Pah! a plague on all the fluttering moths  
 Who singe their wings in Beauty’s flame!  
 Beauty, gramercy! how I hate it!  
 An’ I could be a beauty, I! good sooth I would not!  
 Give me a good sound ugliness that ever  
 Goeth where it listeth [*chooses*], and no man sayeth, Lo!  
 Give me but ugliness, and plague me not  
 With cheeks all red and white, a glowing eye,  
 A mincing, mincing gait, and neck like swan,  
 That cannot walk abroad gadzooks!  
 But that there be a dozen babbling fools  
 To ope their witless eyes, and chatter on’t!  
 Beauty I hate, all ugliness I love!  
 And hug all mischief, and all evil!

I love the sky, when no bright stars shine,  
 I love the tree where no tendrils twine,  
 I love the see when the foaming brine  
     Swells fierce and high.

I love the storm with its sullen cloud,  
 I love the battle of thunders loud,  
 I love to see the night’s black shroud  
     Clothe earth and sky!

I hate to hear the sounds of mirth,  
 I hate the bright things of the earth,  
 I hate mankind, they’re little worth,  
     A pest on all.

I nurse my love, I nurse my hate,  
 I groan through life, I curse my fate,  
 And nought my hates, or loves will bate  
     Till death shall call!

*(Scene III—A chapel carved out of the rock. In the centre, a large recess, partially covered with curtains of rich Persian embroidery, revealing a brilliant altar. On either side of the recess, four arches with rich carved columns. In three of these arches, on either side, niches, with figure of saints. The other arches are open. From the centre of each arch hang silver lamps lighted. Above a gallery, subdivided by a similar number of columns to those of the arches below. In the upper arches are likewise suspended silver lamps burning.)*

*(Enter Sir Kenneth. At the same moment enters from the other side, a procession of Boys swinging censers, Maidens, Nuns, and in their midst, Berengaria and Edith, clad in religious garments. An organ is heard. The procession at first crosses the gallery above, while Sir Kenneth gazes amazed, and then appears from one of the open arches below.)*

CHORUS.                   Salve Regina, clamamus ad te;  
Ora pro nobis nunc, et in hora mortis.  
Salve Regina!

KENNETH *(aside)*.       'Tis she, 'tis my Edith  
                                  Who kneels at the shrine,  
                                  My soul feels her presence,  
                                  Her heart speaks to mine!

EDITH *(aside)*.           'Tis he, 'tis Sir Kenneth,  
                                  Our spirits unite,  
                                  My thoughts from prayer wander  
                                  To thee, gallant knight!

*(The Salve Regina is scarcely ended when the procession retires. Edith passing near Sir Kenneth, who is kneeling, drops a flower. Sir Kenneth quickly seizes it; Edith makes an expressive sign of silence to him.)*

KENNETH.

No sweeter bud than thou, oh rose,  
Hath maiden gathered!  
No tenderer fragrance  
E'er delighted man!  
The amorous, kiss-laden breeze  
Hath never wooed a flower  
So fair as thou!  
Ah! were I free to speak!  
Did not my solemn vow  
My unwilling lip yet seal,  
How would I joy to tell  
My love!  
Flow'ret, I kiss thee,  
    Drink thy sweet breath,  
    Each bloomy petal  
    Will cherish till death;  
Close to my fond heart  
    Flow'ret, oh come,  
    Love's gentle herald  
    Rest in thy home!  
Symbol of hope,  
    Scenting the air;  
    Honey from Hybla [*town in Sicily*],  
    Fragrant and fair;  
Message of love,  
    Tender and true,  
    Sweet as thine odour,  
    Bright as thy hue!

*(The organ is heard for some time in the distance, while the Nuns are departing. Sir Kenneth falls on his knees, and kisses, with transport, the flower thrown to him by Edith.)*

**END OF THE FIRST ACT.**

*(Scene I—Richard's Tent. Richard alone.)*

RICHARD.           Oh, sun of my existence,  
Beloved Berengaria!  
Again sweet pilgrim dost thou turn thee home,  
This day thy radiant orbs  
Upon my longing soul  
Once more shall shine.  
This day thy captive King  
His welcome chains shall clasp,  
And kneel at thy fair feet,  
A willing slave to love and thee!  
Oh, who shall sing the rapture,  
    Who the bliss shall tell,  
    Who deny love's magic,  
    Who resist the spell?  
Manhood's chiefest guerdon,  
    Woman's brightest crown,  
    Minstrel's noblest measures,  
    Sing in love's renown.  
Bards prolong the story,  
    Chant your sweetest lays;  
    Troubadours, proclaim ye  
    Love's far-sounding praise!  
Every beauteous maiden,  
    Lends ye willing ear,  
    O'er the earth's wide regions  
    Sing Love, far and near.

*(The King strikes upon a bell. Enter Officer.)*

RICHARD.           Yon knight of Scotland, who waiteth our command  
Now bring before us!

*(Enter Sir Kenneth, who kneels at the feet of the King.)*

RICHARD. Rise, Sir Kenneth of the Leopard!  
Oft have we seen thee in the fierce melè  
And bravely didst thou bear thyself!  
Were thy aspirings but more humble,  
Ere now we had rewarded thee!

KENNETH *(confused)*. My Lord! your Majesty!  
*(Aside.)* Heavens! have mine eyes declared my love  
Too boldly?

RICHARD. Mark thou our words!  
And henceforth wing thy flight  
Less loftily!  
Leopard thou art, but beware of mine anger.  
Tempt not, Sir Knight, the paw of the Lion.  
To love the fair moon,  
Were but weakness and folly;  
To leap from a tower,  
In the fond hope to meet her  
Were madness. Sir Kenneth,  
Be warned, tempt me not!

KENNETH *(aside)*. Enrapt I saw a radiant vision,  
A white robed troupe paced softly on,  
An angel form mine eyes enchanted,  
And hope one golden moment shone!  
It vanished, darkness fell upon me  
The glories of my vision gone!

*(Shouts outside. Enter the Baron De Vaux.)*

RICHARD *(to De Vaux)*.

What mean these shouts?

This tumult in the camp?

DE VAUX.

Your Grace, the Austrian Duke,  
Rash Leopold,

Holdeth a wild unseemly revel,

And on St. George's mount

Abaseth [*abases*] England's flag

And spreads abroad his own!

RICHARD.

Ha! say'st thou so, De Vaux!

Mad Austria, dearly shalt thou rue

Thine insolence!

Teuton slave, and dost thou dare!

Unto me thou shalt account!

By the Heavens, thou shalt die!

To the mount, ho! to the mount!

KENNETH.

There is danger in the air—

To the mount, ho! to the mount!

Bare your sword, Lord De Vaux,

To the mount, ho! to the mount!

DE VAUX.

Austria, tremble, Richard comes.

To the mount, ho! to the mount!

Let us follow, valiant Scot,

To the mount, ho! to the mount!

*(Exeunt Richard, Sir Kenneth, Baron De Vaux.)*

*(Scene II—A rocky eastern country. In the centre a mound of earth and rocks for the planting of standards.)*

*(Enter Duke of Austria. Austrian Knights and Soldiers of various nations. The Duke, amid vivas, shouts, and clashing of instruments, plants the Austrian banner side by side that of England.)*

AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS. He is right! our brave Duke!  
Noble flag—gallant chief!  
It is well—banner, wave  
On the air proudly gay!

ENGLISH SOLDIERS. Strife will come, draw your swords!  
Bend each bow—fill each sheaf!  
Richard comes—Lion Heart,  
Austria's Duke he will slay!

*(Enter Richard, followed by Sir Kenneth, and De Vaux, who burst into the circle, and Richard laying his hands upon the Austrian flag, exclaims—)*

RICHARD. Who has done this?

DUKE OF AUSTRIA. 'Twas I! Duke Leopold of Austria!

RICHARD. To the winds with thee;  
With thee and thy pretensions!  
*(Breaks the spear and tramples on banner.)*  
Thus do I trample on thy paltry flag  
That dare uplift itself  
Where ours should proudly wave alone!

*(Enter hastily King of France, and other Princes, Archers, Men at Arms, &c.)*

KING OF FRANCE. What means this sudden broil  
Among sworn brethren of the cross?  
Should the first chiefs—

RICHARD *(to the King of France)*.  
A truce, oh France,  
With thy remonstrance!  
Our brother Austria here  
Hath been a thought too insolent,  
And Richard hath chastised him!

RICHARD (*to Sir Kenneth*).

Get thee thy arms, Sir Kenneth,  
Return with speed to watch o'er England's flag;  
And see thou guard it as thou wouldst the fame  
Of thine own ladye love!

KENNETH.

A boon indeed, my liege!

KING OF FRANCE (*to the Duke of Austria*).

(*To Richard.*)

Austria, thou hast been wrong;  
Brave Richard, thou art too hasty!  
Let not dark visaged strife  
Dwell 'mid the noble princes  
Of the holy Crusade!  
England's staunch Lions,  
The Lilies of fair France,  
And Austria's valiant Eagles,  
Should but compete in warring on the Pagan,  
And their sole emulation be  
But in the fight!

RICHARD.

Thy words are wise, oh France!  
(*Turns to Duke of Austria and puts out his hand.*)  
Austria, thy hand! (*They salute.*)  
To-morrow be the gallant trial made!  
The infidels are camped right near at hand!  
"The Holy Sepulchre" shall be our cry,  
And "Zion, Zion!" urge us on  
To battle's glories!

ALL.

"Zion!"  
Lead us on, Lion Heart!  
Lead us on!  
To Jerusalem—to Jerusalem!  
It is the will of Heaven: "Zion!"



RICHARD.

Spread the broad folds of England's royal banner  
Proudly to the air!

Bid the loud clarions sound their notes of war,  
The swords unsheathe, and let the cry go forth,  
To arms! for ere to-morrow's sun  
In ruddy glory sets;

A battle shall be waged, a fight be won,  
And all the Paynim rout dispersed.

*(All kneel.)*

Monarch supreme, Lord and Ruler of battles,

Lend thy right arm to thy warriors again,  
Scatter the tribes of the doomed unbelievers,  
Show forth thy power, and establish thy reign!

Soldan [*Sultan*], thy crest shall be shorn of its glory,  
Richard's bright glaive [*sword*] shall encounter thine own;  
Nightfall shall see the haught [*noble*] flag of the crusade  
Conquering wave o'er thy hosts overthrown!

Up, valiant squires and yeomen!

Up, archers, bold and true!

Up, Christian knights of England,

The righteous war renew!

Aye, in the name of warfare

My lofty plume shall stream;

Aye, when the fight grows fiercest

My curtal axe [*cutlass*] shall gleam!

Charge, charge, ye brave Crusaders!

Heed not the Moslem might;

St. George for merry England,

'Tis Richard leads the fight!

CHORUS.

War! war! war!  
 Let the barbéd arrows fly!  
 War! war! war!  
 English archers win or die!  
 Gleam! gleam! gleam!  
 Proud oriflamme [*banner*] of France!  
 Flame! flame! flame!  
 In the fight each Gallic lance!  
 War! war! war!  
 Let it thunder o'er the plain!  
 War! war! war!  
 Till the Pagan host be slain!

*(Exeunt All but Kenneth.)*

KENNETH.

“Watch thou my banner as thou wouldst guard  
 The fame of her thou lovest!”  
 As with the lightning flash,  
 The king's high words were printed  
 On my very soul!  
 This noble post—this sacred charge;  
 And e'en this morn, when he rebuked my hope,  
 His eye blazed not so angrily  
 As oft I've marked it!  
 Proudly I stand beneath great England's flag,  
 Its king's appointed guard!  
 her kinsman's champion!  
 For fame, for love, I'm here;  
 And with my life the sacred trust I'll keep.  
 Oh heart, with hope and joy  
 Thine every fibre glows,  
 And near and bright, star Edith  
 Shines upon me!

KENNETH. On balmy wing, oh night-breeze,  
 To yon tent waft my sighs,  
 And while she gently slumbers,  
 Bid thoughts of me arise!  
 Bear her my heart's devotion,  
 And murm'ring like the dove,  
 Breathe in her soul, breathe softly,  
 A tender strain of love!  
 Go play around her tresses,  
 Caress her holy brow;  
 With charms to bless and guard her,  
 Her calm sweet sleep endow.  
 Then steal thee forth all lightly,  
 Swift from her couch depart,  
 Quick with thy spells so gathered  
 Come to my throbbing heart!

*(Enter Nectabanus.)*

NECTABANUS *(aside)*. Now for my sport, ho! ho!  
 'Tis royal game, i' sooth, a stag of twelve! [*points, a "royal stag"*]  
 What glee to see this bird of Scotland  
 Meshed by little Cupid!

KENNETH. Who goes there? Speak!

NECTABANUS. 'Tis I! poor Nectabanus!  
 Remember'st not poor Nectabanus?

KENNETH. Truly do I; and owe thee thanks  
 For gentle service!  
 But prithee, friend, why comest at such an hour as this?  
 Speak, and at once! what wouldst thou?

NECTABANUS. Great sir, I bring a message  
 To your honourable self.

KENNETH *(aside)*. To me! and from whom?  
 He is slave to the Queen—  
 'Tis my Edith! ah no!

*(To Nectabanus.)* Sirrah, what dost thou mean?

NECTABANUS (*aside*). Ho! ho! rare sport,  
 Ho! ho! rare glee,  
 His knightship caught.  
 (*To Kenneth.*) Sir, a message for thee!

KENNETH. Declare thine errand and at once begone!

NECTABANUS. Nay, fair Sir Knight, I go not hence alone!  
 By the allegiance valour unto beauty owes,  
 I summon thee to yonder fair pavilion!

KENNETH (*aside*). Be still, my heart, be still!  
 Hear not the tender voice that bids thee go,  
 But list alone fair honour's high command!

NECTABANUS (*aside*). A slave to tame  
 A Leopard Knight;  
 Right noble game  
 Is mine to-night!  
 Nectabanus, sly Nectabanus!

KENNETH. Give me some token, swarthy slave,  
 That what thou say'st is truth!

(*Nectabanus shows Kenneth a ring. [The Talisman]*)

NECTABANUS. See'st thou the sparkle of this dainty gem,  
 Which but an hour ago  
 Did deck a royal hand  
 As fair and pure as alabaster!  
 Doth that suffice thee?

KENNETH. Said'st thou a royal hand?  
 Oh, sweet assurance!  
 And yet I may not go!  
 Know, slave, I'm here to-night  
 For life or death!

NECTABANUS. And what is life if ladies fair  
Smile not upon ye? To win a lady's love,  
A gallant knight should brave e'en death itself!

(*Aside.*) Oh, Love, what pranks  
We'll play anon; from honour's ranks  
We'll lure him on!  
Nectabanus, sly Nectabanus!

KENNETH (*aside*). Honour's guards all broken fly,  
Love doth conquering come;  
Love's commands alone are heard,  
Honour's voice is dumb.

(*Aloud.*) I come!—yet no! Help me, kind Heaven!  
A thousand times, no! no!  
Tell the fair lady who hath sent thee hither,  
My vows of chivalry do bind me here  
Till shines the morning sun,  
And the fair day spreads brightly o'er the sky.  
Tell her that on my knees I crave  
Her sweet forgiveness—  
Tell her I may not, dare not come!

NECTABANUS. Hear first what she hath bid me say to thee:  
“Tell him,” said she,  
“The hand that roses dropped,  
Can laurels fair bestow,”  
And now must thou be  
Recreant knight indeed,  
If still thou wilt not come.

KENNETH (*aside*). Kindly saints,  
The banner guard,  
Oh, let no ill befall.  
I would not go,  
I cannot stay,  
All-powerful love doth call!

NECTABANUS (*aside*). Ho! ho! I laugh,  
 This stalwart knight  
 His casque [*helmet*] shall doff  
 To foeman hight [*called*],  
 Nectabanus, sly Nectabanus!

KENNETH. Lead on to yon tent,  
 'Tis love points the way;  
 Lead on, I will follow,  
 Away, slave, away.

NECTABANUS. Follow me to yon tent,  
 'Tis love points the way;  
 Love's messenger leads,  
 Away, knight, away!

(*Exeunt Sir Kenneth and Nectabanus.*)

**END OF THE SECOND ACT.**

IL TALISMANO - THE TALISMAN - ACT III

(*Scene I—The Queen's Pavilion, richly decorated with tapestry, silver lamps, flowers, &c. The Queen and Ladies of the Court embroidering, &c.*)

CHORUS. Hours and hours roll swiftly on,  
 From matin bell to evening chime,  
 When shall we return? Ah, when!  
 Weary wars! and weary time!  
 Eastern skies we'd glad resign  
 Northern clouds again to see;  
 Eastern lands, our English isle,  
 Owns far greater charms than ye!  
 Swiftly sail, ye gallant ships,  
 That shall bear us o'er the main;  
 Come again, dear happy time;  
 Home's sweet pleasures, come again.

QUEEN BERENGARIA (*to one of her attendant Ladies*).

Give me my harp!

My heart is gay to-night,

And fain would pour itself in song.

List ye, my maidens, while a lay I sing

Of fair Navarre.

'Neath a portal twined with ivy leaves,

Enlivened by the evening sun,

Sat a maiden, and her face was glad,

The cruel war—the war was done.

A monk, in cowl, and sandalled shoon,

With weary tott'ring step paced on;

“Your benison [*blessing*], father,” the maiden said,

Unto the pilgrim old and wan.

“Blessings upon thee,” the pilgrim cried—

His voice it faltered all the while—

“Saints watch o'er thee, maiden fair,

And keep thee free from guile!”

“Good Palmer [*wearing leaves of palm*], and art thou from the war?

I have a lover there,

A noble knight, the king's esquire,

His name, Sir Arthur Clare!”

Swift the cowl flies back, and with a sunburnt face,

A face, lit by two laughing eyes,

Meets the enchanted maiden's gaze,

And to that heart with bliss she flies!

Locked in his fond and faithful arms,

Her fair head on his breast—

Few monks, I wis [*know*], in fair Navarre,

Hath ever maiden so caressed!

EDITH (*entering*).

Your Majesty doth seem in merry mood,

Albeit the night is fast advancing on the morn;

And couch-time long is past.

QUEEN. We are indeed o'er merry, cousin mine,  
Calm us, we pray thee, with thy story of sweet Eveline!  
Wilt sing it us, dear Edith?

EDITH. Right willingly, my gracious cousin!  
Like some fair flower  
By cruel tempest hurt,  
So did she fade and droop,  
The noble Eveline!  
The stern-browed god of war,  
Fierce Mars,  
Had called her lover to the distant fight,  
And left him shieldless in his direst need.  
The foemen pressed,  
The gleaming brands flamed out!  
And in the battle's van [*front position*]  
Her lover died!

Still are the harps in the hall of her fathers,  
Silent the horns that once rung in those woods;  
Sleeps the long sleep the joy of her youth-time,  
Deep in her heart, sternly, sorrow now broods.  
Softly she sighs for the solace eternal,  
And counts the long days as they wearily roll;  
The fair torch of love is for ever extinguished,  
The joy of his presence no more glads her soul.  
Gently she faded,  
Bent 'neath the storm;  
Flow'rets are blooming  
O'er her sweet form!  
Calmly she slumbers,  
Innocent rose,  
Father in Heaven,  
Grant her repose!

QUEEN & CHORUS. Father in Heaven,  
Grant her repose!



- QUEEN. Cousin Edith, thou hast lost the ring,  
The ruby ring that thou didst gage [*pledge*]  
Against my golden bracelet!
- EDITH. I gaged no ring, your grace!  
'Twas thou didst take it from me,  
'Twas thou that didst design  
To lure Sir Kenneth here,  
And cause him to leave the honourable post  
Confided him by Richard.  
It were not maidenly on such a theme  
To gage or wager aught.
- QUEEN. As thou wilt, sweet Edith,  
But gage or no gage, he is here,  
Won from his post and hither led,  
By the bright rays of Edith's ruby ring  
And by the potent magic  
Of fair Edith's name!
- EDITH. Here madame, ah! no,  
Your Majesty but jests!  
It cannot, cannot be!
- QUEEN. Our cousin is displeased  
That she has lost a ring!
- EDITH. A world of rubies would I give  
Ere ring or name of mine had so been used  
To bring a brave man to disgrace,  
To punishment, perhaps to death!  
Why, oh why, dear Berengaria,  
Hast thou wrought this grievous deed!
- QUEEN. Be calm, my Edith!  
Oh that my jest should end so ill,  
I will to the king!  
Richard doth nought refuse to Berengaria.  
No evil shall befall thy knight,  
Dear Edith, if his Queen can save him!

QUEEN (*to Nectabanus, who has just entered*).

Conduct the knight thou broughtest hither,  
Back to St. George's mount  
With all the speed thou may'st.  
Where doth he lie concealed?

NECTABANUS (*with ill-concealed delight at the mischief*).

Beyond yon canvas doth he lie ensconced,  
And every word your majesty hath spoke  
He must have heard!

QUEEN.

Saints of heaven!—  
Out, monster of folly and malignity, out!  
(*To the Ladies, who all draw back.*)  
Ladies, away! Edith, see thou yon knight,  
And pray him, if he can, to pardon me.

(*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*)

(*Edith advances, draws the curtains of the tent; Sir Kenneth enters, and falls on his knees before her.*)

EDITH.

To thy post, oh valiant knight,  
Thou art deceived, oh fly!  
Ask nought, but fly!

KENNETH.

Alas! I need not ask.

EDITH.

Hast thou heard all!

KENNETH.

I have heard that I'm deeply dishonoured,  
And, lady, I've heard it from you:  
Let disgrace when it will overtake me,  
Be my madness rebuked, as 'tis due,  
One moment I dreamed—ah, what rapture!—  
Love for me in your bosom might live;—  
I crave but your pardon, high lady,  
My daring presumption forgive.

EDITH. Forgive thee! what have I to pardon?  
 'Tis I who have injured thy fame,  
 And my heart bleeds to see thee debasèd,  
 To think of the blot on thy name!  
 But fly, gallant knight, to your banner,  
 Fly, fly, I have nought to forgive.  
 I lo— I esteem thee, would save thee,  
 And will cherish thy name while I live!

KENNETH. Ah! complete the dear word!  
 Say thou lovest me!  
 Give me bliss in my hour of despair.  
 With thy love no disgrace can appal me;  
 For thy smile, every danger I'd dare.

EDITH. I may say no more, oh, Sir Kenneth,  
 Be content—fly! the matin bells ring!

KENNETH (*offering Edith the ring*).  
 Ere I go, take thou back, gracious lady,  
 This fatal, yet, if sent by thee, precious ring.

EDITH. Keep the ring; ah, keep for ever  
 This fond pledge of my regard;  
 No command of king or kinsman  
 From my heart can thee discard.

KENNETH. Talisman, and shield in battle,  
 Star of promise shining clear;  
 Precious ring, ah, yes, for ever  
 Thy bright rays my soul shall cheer!

BOTH. “Away,” the voice of honour  
 In lofty tone proclaims;  
 “Away,” the flag of England  
 Its knightly guard reclaims.  
 “Away,” e'en Love's soft accents  
 All sighing breathe “away;”  
 “Away,” cry love and honour—  
 Who may such cry gainsay?

(*Exit Edith.*)

*(Enter Richard, as Sir Kenneth is retiring.)*

RICHARD. Speak, Sir Scot, thou com'st to tell me  
Of a true and honourable guard.

KENNETH *(confused)*. Great king, my watch has been  
Nor true, nor honourable!

RICHARD. And thou alive to tell it!  
Away! it cannot be!  
Why stand'st thou mute?  
Darest thou to jest? Speak!

*(Enter De Vaux, hurriedly.)*

DE VAUX. My Lord, upon St. George's Mount  
No longer floats the flag of England!  
I fear me some foul play—  
Sir Kenneth too—Ah, *(Sees Sir Kenneth.)*  
Whom see I here?

RICHARD *(unable to restrain his fury)*.  
A traitor!  
Who by my hand shall die a traitor's death!

*(At the moment the King raises his sword to strike Sir Kenneth, Edith rushes between them, followed by the Queen, De Vaux, Chamberlain, and Ladies of the Court.)*

EDITH. Lion heart, king and kinsman,  
The fault is mine, and mine alone;  
Strike if thou wilt, but strike me only!  
Thy kinswoman Edith bows not to the dust;  
She fears not the Lion, she knows he is just!  
At thy hands I demand the life of the knight;  
He is guiltless, I love him, oh king, judge aright.

QUEEN. Thy queen, oh my Richard, kneels low at thy feet,  
Oh temper, great monarch, thy wrath's fiery heat,  
Ah, slay not in anger, oh spare me this life;  
Nay, spurn me not, Richard, hear thy queen, hear thy wife!

- RICHARD. No mercy from Richard, no! no! by the rood [*cross*]  
The insult to England is cleansed but with blood!  
Away! to the headsman, the axe is thy doom;  
Quick death be my judgment, thy penance the tomb!
- KENNETH. Come death, come, grim headsman, I fear not thy stroke;  
Ah, Edith beloved, thy name I invoke!  
My last hours refulgent with light from above,  
In death she is mine, I am loved as I love!
- DE VAUX & CHORUS. How manly he bears him, how calm, how serene!  
No semblance of traitor in yon lofty mien!  
Plantagenet, hear us, this gallant knight spare;  
Oh, mighty King Richard, thine anger forbear.
- EDITH. Dim not the splendor of thy fame,  
My liege, by cruel murder!  
Guiltless is this brave knight  
Of such foul treason!  
Lured from his post by witless jest,  
A single moment from fair honour's height  
He fell! the fault alone is mine,  
Not his!
- QUEEN. I, too, have sinned, my King!  
I sent this message to the knight,  
In Edith's potent name!  
Spare him, oh my good lord;  
He should not die, for our too cruel jesting!
- RICHARD. Well, be it so:  
Thy life is spared, Sir Scot,  
But never more in Christian camp  
Be seen thy pennon!  
Quick, get thee hence,  
And thank these trembling suppliants  
That thou livest yet!

KENNETH. Farewell, my beloved Edith.  
Farewell, my hope of renown,  
My sky for aye is clouded,  
My sun of life gone down!

EDITH. I thank thee, my noble kinsman,  
This mercy, in thy crown  
Will shine a glittering jewel,  
Will gild thy high renown!

QUEEN. Oh, bless thee, my gracious Richard,  
My monarch, my love, mine own!  
As clouds beneath the sunbeams,  
So melts thine anger flown!

RICHARD. Nay, prithee, no thanks nor praises,  
Yon traitor owes his life  
To thee, my cousin Edith!  
To thee, my loving wife!

(*To Sir Kenneth.*) Begone! and never more  
In Richard's camp be seen!

DE VAUX & CHORUS. Thanks, oh thanks, most noble monarch.  
This great mercy, in thy crown,  
Will shine a glittering jewel!  
Will yield thee high renown!

**END OF THE THIRD ACT.**

*(Some short time is supposed to have elapsed since the banishment of Sir Kenneth. Peace has been established, and the English Court is preparing to return home.)*

*(Scene I—Anteroom in Richard's Tent. Richard, reading a letter, De Vaux in attendance.)*

RICHARD.           Ha! Prince John, my crafty brother!  
So bold! 'sdeath and St. George!  
My presence is indeed required.  
*(Continues reading.)*  
How! Sir Kenneth! Heavens and earth!  
Yes, yes, it must be true!  
His mien, his valour, and his love declare it.  
Would the brave Scot were here;  
No sight more welcome to our royal gaze  
Than Kenneth of the Leopard.

DE VAUX.           Thy wish, oh king,  
May e'en at once be gratified!  
Know that the Nubian slave,  
Who but this morn did save thee  
From the assassin's blade  
Was Kenneth, Knight of Scotland!  
And now, within a bowshot of the royal tent,  
His scutcheon bright again,  
And glistening in honour's sun,  
He waits your Highness's pleasure!

RICHARD.           We thank him, and for our life  
Do own ourselves his debtor!  
But by the saints a daring knight is he  
To break his king's commands,  
And tarry near the flag  
He hath degraded.

DE VAUX. My Lord, he but remained  
 To trace the plot against his liege's honour:  
 His fame is cleared, the traitorous coward found!  
 Montserrat's Marquis, smooth-tongued Conrade,  
 From its high pride of place  
 Abased England's flag!  
 Sir Kenneth sues thy grace,  
 That he may meet the recreant peer,  
 And vindicate himself and thee,  
 In combat to the death!

RICHARD. He shall do so!  
 By Heaven and by St. George I swear!  
 But hark thee, brave De Vaux,  
 Get thee to yonder gallant knight,  
 And tell him that his king knows all!  
 Bid him his bravest don,  
 And see thou bring him to our presence,  
 When we this night high revel keep  
 Within the great pavilion!  
*(Enter Queen Berengaria and Edith.)*  
 Away, De Vaux, and do our bidding.  
*(Exit De Vaux.)*

*(To Berengaria.)* Why, sweetheart, what cloud dims thy brightness?  
 Art sorry to leave this wild land?  
 Hast thou given thy heart to the Soldan,  
 Or some chief of his infidel band?

*(To Edith.)* And Edith, too, downcast and pensive,  
 Does the thought of our home give thee pain?  
 By St. George, patron saint of dear England,  
 Ye deserve not to see it again.



BERENGARIA.

My king, hear the prayer of our Edith,  
Whose tears for her knight ever flow;  
She will not with us to fair England,  
She fain to a convent would go.  
The cloud that o'ercasts her, my Richard,  
Shadows me, and her sorrows are mine;  
Nor hath Soldan or chieftain enslaved me,  
Thou knowest my heart is all thine!

EDITH.

To Engaddi's cave in the desert,  
I fain would repair, oh, my king;  
For there shall the angels from Heaven  
To my heart peace and happiness bring.  
Thou knowest how that fond heart hath suffered,  
Thou knowest it sighs deeply for rest;  
Leave me here, all forgot, but by Heaven,  
King and kinsman, oh, grant my request!

RICHARD.

Wait till the night is over,  
Hope may be newly born,  
Who knoweth what may happen,  
Ere darkness melt in morn?  
Have faith in thy king, in thy kinsman,  
And soon thou shalt know all.  
(*Exeunt Richard and Berengaria.*)

EDITH.

What said the King?  
What mean his looks benignant?  
I dare not hope—no, no!  
Yet his kind words, hope instilling,  
Unto my heart speak sweetly;  
My sorrows swiftly banish,  
And happy promise give unto my soul.

EDITH.                   Radiant splendours,  
                               Love-lit, sparkling,  
                               Melt the clouds  
                               Around me darkling.  
 Carols Hope,  
                               Her brilliant story,  
                               Glow's my Heaven  
                               With Love's own glory!

*(Scene II—The Great Pavilion, splendidly decorated. Grand Procession March, with Officers, Ladies, Soldiers, Archers, Men-at-Arms, &c.)*

CHORUS.                A song to Merrie England,  
                               To the rock-bound jovial isle;  
                               To the valour of its knighthood,  
                               To its beauty's sunny smile.  
 To its glades and verdant valleys,  
                               To the waves that guard its coast,  
                               To its youths and bonny maidens,  
                               Let us pledge the brimming toast.  
 A song to Merrie England,  
                               To the land that gave us birth,  
                               Lift high the golden beakers  
                               To the dearest spot on earth.

*(Enter Richard, Berengaria, Edith, De Vaux, and Attendants.)*

RICHARD.               Fill your beakers, fill with sparkling Cyprus,  
                               And drink with me to England!

CHORUS.                Drink to England!  
                               Long live Richard! Long live the Queen!

*(Servants fill cups, and all drink. Richard, looking significantly at Edith, then enjoining silence on Berengaria, makes a sign to De Vaux, who goes off with Guards.)*

RICHARD.               Now, silence all who love sweet sounds.  
                               And list to yonder troubadour,  
                               Whose song, of faithful love shall tell!

*(Profound silence; Edith, during the following, starts and displays marked emotion.)*

KENNETH (*behind the scenes*).

Flow'ret, I kiss thee,  
 Drink thy sweet breath,  
 Each bloomy petal  
 Will cherish till death.  
 Close to my fond heart,  
 Flow'ret, oh come,  
 Love's gentle herald,  
 Rest in thy home.

EDITH (*during this in broken accents*.)

With hope, yet fear, his voice I hear,  
 Yes! yes, 'tis Kenneth's voice!

EDITH.

Flow'ret, I kiss thee,  
 Drink thy sweet breath,  
 Each bloomy petal  
 Will cherish till death.  
 Close to my fond heart,  
 Flow'ret, oh come,  
 Love's gentle herald,  
 Rest in thy home.

(*Edith kneels to King Richard, to implore pardon for Kenneth.*)

EDITH.

Mercy, oh King, Sir Kenneth spare!  
 Mercy, oh King, grant, grant my prayer!

(*The King raises Edith, and leads her to Berengaria with a smile, then makes a sign, and Sir Kenneth, with De Vaux and Guards, enter. Sir Kenneth kneels to the King.*)

RICHARD.

Rise, Sir Kenneth; welcome,  
 Welcome to your king! (*Kenneth rises.*)

CHORUS (*surprised*).

He? the traitor knight!

RICHARD.

He traitor? no! He saved his monarch's life!  
 David, Earl of Huntingdon and Prince Royal of Scotland,  
 A worthy bridegroom to Edith Plantagenet! (*General surprise.*)  
 Let that suffice ye.

(*Holding out his hand to Sir Kenneth and Edith.*)

Our cousin Edith's heart is thine we know.  
 Her royal hand right royally we give thee!

CHORUS. Long live the Prince of Scotland!  
Long live Richard! live Kenneth and Edith!

RICHARD. And now, our holy mission nobly ended,  
Our joyous faces turn we once more home,  
To glorious Merrie England!

*(The Curtains of the Pavilion are raised, and discover the Sea, with the Crusade Fleet in the distance, Boats, with Sailors on the shore. Crowd, &c.—“For England, ho!” General enthusiasm—“Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!” The Grand March is heard again, and as the Curtain descends, all move towards the Ships.)*

ALL. Hurrah! hurrah!

CHORUS OF ALL *(combined with the March)*.

Homeward yon blue water flows,  
Fresh and free the fair wind blows.  
England, dear England, all hail!  
Richard! Hail, hail, hail!  
*(General tableau.)*

**END OF THE OPERA.**

## ACT I

As the curtain rises, a troop of Saracenic soldiers in the desert sing a Chorus, "Soldiers of Araby, mark what the Koran saith." They disperse, and Sir Kenneth of Scotland, the Knight of the Leopard, and the Emir Sheerkohf enter. Sir Kenneth declares himself an envoy from the Princes of the Crusade, to the noble ladies, and Richard's Queen Berengaria, and Richard's cousin Edith Plantagenet, &c., who have secluded themselves for prayer and meditation in the rock-carved chapel of the Hermit of Engaddi. The Emir offers to guide the Knight to his destination, and after a Duet, in which the rival charms of English and Saracenic maidens are contended, the pair set forth on their journey.

Scene the second shows a corridor of the desert chapel, and Edith Plantagenet enters. She sings a Recitative and Prayer, and, on hearing that Sir Kenneth is approaching, expresses her joy in an Aria, and is then summoned by Nectabanus to the presence of the Queen, to robe for the holy vespers. The slave Nectabanus, explains in a Recitative and Song, how the fair Edith is sought by the Knights and Lordlings of the Crusade, how Sir Kenneth had bribed him to admit him to the chapel, and reveals his own malicious and evil disposition, by declaring his hatred of beauty, brightness, love, &c., and his delight in their opposites.

Scene the third is the interior of the chapel, and here the Queen and Edith, accompanied by the Court Ladies, &c.,—all clad in conventual robes—nuns, acolytes, &c., enter in procession, singing a "Salve Regina." Edith recognizes Sir Kenneth and drops a rosebud at his feet, making, as she does so, a sign of silence. As the procession gradually recedes, the Knight apostrophises the rosebud in a song, "Flow'ret, I kiss thee," the "Salve Regina" mingling with its last strains; the solemn tones of the organ add their harmonies to the melodious sounds, and as Sir Kenneth falls on one knee, pressing the precious rosebud to his lips, the curtain descends on the First Act.

## ACT II

The Second Act opens in the tent of King Lion Heart, who, full of joy at the return of his Queen from her pilgrimage, expresses his devotion in a Recitative and in a Song, and bids "Minstrels noblest measures sing in love's renown." Sir Kenneth enters, and is warned by the King against loving too loftily. "Tempt not, Sir Knight, the paw of the Lion!" Their interview is suddenly interrupted by De Vaux rushing in to tell the King that the Duke of Austria has planted his banner side by side with that of England on Sir George's Mount, the place of honour in the camp, and seceded from Richard as acknowledged leader of the Crusade. Richard's hot blood takes fire at this news, and with a short Trio, "To the mount, ho! to the mount!" the three hurriedly quit the scene, and repair sword in hand to St. George's Mount.

"Who has done this?" cries Coeur de Lion, pointing to the banner of Austria, waving by that of St. George. "'Twas I! Duke Leopold of Austria!" "To the winds with thee; with thee and thy pretensions!" and Richard tears down the banner and tramples upon it! A general tumult takes place, quelled finally by the King of France, who urges peace and brotherhood: The Princes of the Crusade "should but compete in warring on the Pagan." Richard and Leopold frankly accept the counsel, the soldiers cry "Zion! Lead us on, Lion Heart!" The King commands Sir Kenneth to arm himself and guard the banner during this night, "as thou wouldst the fame of thine own ladye love!" and then sings his war song, "Monarch Supreme—Up, valiant squires and yeomen, 'tis Richard leads the fight!" General enthusiasm, grand chorus, and cries of "War! war! war!"

As the hosts disperse, Sir Kenneth enters, proud of his high and knightly duty. As he paces backwards and forwards on his watch, he sees the tent of his lady-love, and sings a Romance, "On balmy wing, oh night-breeze, to yon tent waft my sighs." His vigil is interrupted by the stealthy entrance of Nectabanus, who brings him a message from a royal lady, and a summons to follow him to her tent. The struggle of the Knight between love and duty, "I would not go, I cannot stay," and the malevolent glee of the slave, "We'll lure him on! Nectabanus, sly Nectabanus!" are depicted in a duet, and finally Sir Kenneth quits his post, and honour is conquered by love.

## ACT III

The Third Act opens in the Queen's Pavilion. The Queen and ladies discovered embroidering, &c. In a Part Song, "Weary hours," the ladies express a desire to return home, and then Berengaria sings a "Romance of Navarre." Edith enters, sings the story of the "Ladye Eveline," and the Queen then informs her that Sir Kenneth has been decoyed from his post, and is now in the neighbouring tent. Edith, indignant at the cruel jest, bitterly reproaches the Queen for thus placing the honour of a gallant Knight in jeopardy, and Berengaria, dismayed, hastens to assuage her husband's certain anger. Sir Kenneth enters, and in a Grand Duet with Edith, he declares his love. Edith tells him to keep the ring that was used to lure him to the tent, and then bids him, as he loves her, speed back to the Mount, while yet 'tis time! Edith retires and as Sir Kenneth is going—apostrophising the ring given him by his "ladye-love" as a talisman—the King enters.

"Speak, Sir Scot, thou com'st to tell me of a true and honourable guard." "My watch has been nor true, nor honourable." De Vaux rushes in at this moment to tell the King that the banner of St. George has been torn down, and the flagstaff splintered. "A traitor! Who by my hand shall die a traitor's death!" cries the King, raising his battle-axe to slay Sir Kenneth. The Queen and Edith enter, ladies, soldiers, guards &c. rush in. Grand Finale, with tableau of Queen and Edith imploring pardon, and Sir Kenneth, overcome with shame and grief, surrounded by guards, and the curtain falls on the Third Act.

## ACT IV

The Fourth Act finds King Richard in his tent, and on the eve of returning to England. He is reading a letter. "How! Sir Kenneth! His mien, his valour, and his love declare it." De Vaux then explains to the King, that the Nubian slave who had but yesterday preserved the King from the assassin's dagger, was Sir Kenneth, who, banished from the camp, had returned so disguised to discover who had dishonoured himself and the royal banner. He charged the Marquis de Montserrat with the foul deed and besought the royal permission to meet the recreant nobleman in the lists. "He shall do so!" exclaims the king, and bids De Vaux tell Sir Kenneth to don his bravest, and attend him presently in the Royal Pavilion. The Queen and Edith now enter, and in a Trio the King bids Edith be of good cheer, for "who knoweth what may happen" that very night, that will lighten her grief, and brighten her eyes again. Exeunt the King and Queen; Edith sings a joyous aria, "Radiant Splendours."

Scene the second, to the strains of a grand procession March, the King, and the Princes of the Crusade, with their followings enter. Then comes a chorus, "To Merrie England," and then the King bids the Minstrel Knight sing "a song of faithful love." Sir Kenneth's voice is heard behind the scenes singing the "Rose Song," as heard in the First Act. Edith, in the greatest excitement, hears, recognizes, and joins in the strain, and Sir Kenneth and nobles enter. "Ha? the traitor knight!" cry the soldiers, &c. "He traitor? no!" says the King, but "David, Earl of Huntingdon and Prince Royal of Scotland,"\* and "worthy bridegroom to Edith Plantagenet!" And the King joins their hands; the March again breaks forth, the curtains of the Pavilion are drawn aside, the sea and the ships of the Crusaders are discovered. "For England, ho!" "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" General enthusiasm and end of the Opera.

\* It may be well to inform those who have not read Scott's *Talisman*, that David of Scotland, unable to follow the Crusaders with the retinue befitting his rank, went to the Holy Land with a few attendants, making a vow to conceal his name and rank, and this vow, neither the fear of death, nor the hope to win his lady-love induced him to break!

SYNOPSIS BY ARTHUR MATTHISON