A Lovers' Knot
An Opera in One Act

The Book by
Sorah Bennett-Stephenson

The Music by
Simon Buchhalter

Price, $2.50 net

G. Schirmer
London · New York · Boston
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G. Schirmer
London • New York • Boston
FIRST PERFORMANCE
AT THE
AUDITORIUM THEATER, CHICAGO
January 15, 1916

CAST OF CHARACTERS
Sylvia Myrna Sharlow
Beatrice Augusta Lenska
Waiter George Hamlin
Edward Graham Marr

Conductor................Marcel Charlier

Staged by Désiré Defrère

Scene: A Garden in front of Edward's house, Norfolk, Virginia.
Time: About 1870.
Story of the Opera

Walter, a young Virginia gentleman, has traveled for a long time, vainly attempting to forget his love for Beatrice. He does not believe she loves him, but fears she would consent to marry him because his father, during the Civil War, rescued her father from the battlefield at the cost of his own life. At the time Walter returns from his travels, Beatrice is entertaining a Northern friend, Sylvia, who loves and is loved by Edward, Beatrice’s brother and bosom friend of Walter. At the first meeting between Walter and Sylvia, both Beatrice and her brother mistake Walter’s natural courtesy toward Sylvia for love, and whereas Edward decides to give Sylvia up to Walter, Beatrice cannot decide to give Walter up to Sylvia. Sylvia, suspecting what is wrong with Beatrice, confesses her love for Edward, whereupon Beatrice tells of her love for Walter.

Sylvia then disguises herself as a man and makes violent love to Beatrice, who is cleverly dressed so as to pass for either Sylvia or herself. This scene is enacted in sight of both Edward and Walter, each of whom believes the object of his affections duped by a vile adventurer; they interrupt the love-making, and thus discover the ruse, which ends as the plotters intended it should, Walter proposing to Beatrice and Edward claiming the object of his affection, Sylvia.
A Lovers’ Knot

Opera in One Act

Scene I

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The scene is a beautiful informal flower garden with two trees. Under the tree at left centre there are wicker chairs and a table, on which has been placed a shallow basket filled with spools of gay colored silk thread. There stands beside the table an embroidery frame over which is stretched a rose-colored web with a design of gold thread in lovers' knots, none of them completed. The other tree is at right up-stage. Around its first, low fork is built a crow's-nest with steps, rail and a seat of rustic woodwork. This crow's-nest gives prospect down an avenue apparently leading from the garden.

Beatrice is discovered working at the embroidery.

**Beatrice** (She jerks her stitches and the thread breaks. She frowns and draws away from embroidery frame)

**Moderato**

Rather slow

I am tired

Faster

of sitting still!

(Sylvia enters and sets a French basket full of flowers on the table, seating
Moderato

(Beatrice fastens the needle in the cloth and herself affectionately on the arm of Beatrice's chair and leaning over to examine the embroidery)

I'll sew no more!

begins tying threads on the underside)

Allegro moderato

Sylvia (playfully)

The needle cuts the thread.

The lambrequin's un-finished—Idle girl!

Allegro moderato

I'll
The needle is not at fault—

lend you mine.

thread is too fine!

The border-scroll is

a tempo (moderato)

gorgeous!

a tempo (moderato)

ff p

cresc. ed accel.
A lover's knot.

But what is this partly done?

How passionato cresc.

lovely! Ah, let me help!
Allegro moderato

(embarrassed and impatiently)

The damp-ness dulls the
gold.

It looks like rain.

(Sylvia lays hold of the embrai-
dery frame as if to carry it indoors)

Let's take it to the house! I'd like to make a lov-ers!
Moderato

(Irritably)

I do not wish to sew—so there's the knot.

(Sylvia drops the frame in consternation)

Moderato

(Beatrice restlessly places and replaces the chairs, basket of truth!)

(aside)

There's something wrong with her! I think I know what ails our flowers, etc.)

(to Beatrice)

Be-a-trice! You
Agitato

(with agitation)

do not eat, you do not sleep! Your fore-head is hot! Your hands are cold! There's

Agitato

ff

Allegro

Why should I saw the

something wrong, I know!

Allegro

accel.

ff

live-long day? Why should I eat when I have no appetite?
Why should my hands be cold, my forehead warm? Why should I

Allegro moderato

sleep away the beautiful night?

Allegro moderato

Von passione

(boldly)

Pray tell me
Moderato (d. j.)

that!

(Sylvia shakes her head with roguish knowingness)

Moderato (d. j.)

I'll tell you something better,

f appassionato

cresc.

(Looks about to discover if she is being overheard, and draws Beatrice aside)

fart! You are in
**Agitato**

(pretending scorn) **mf**

In love! You foolish girl!

In love! You have lost your

**Agitato**

**m.s.**

love!

**Andante**

wits! (with feeling)

**Andante**

expressivo

Only my heart, my Beatrix! My wits I

(Beatrice drops her mask, obviously interested)

Your heart?

do retain. I've only lost my heart!
Are you in love?  
(Sylvia nods her head)

Allegro agitato

affirmatively. She suddenly paces up and down restlessly, and stops)

Allegro agitato

(ppp subito)

Allegro agitato

(with agitation) mf
My forehead burns like yours, my

cresc.

Allegro agitato
Allegro

\(f\) (excitedly)

Quick, quick, quick, quick! Tell me, who's the man!

I always hoped—

(Beatrice urges Sylvia to confide in her and tell her whom  
Ah!

rit.

dim.

rit.
Andante espressivo

You must trust me first!

I guessed your secret, knowing well the symptoms of love's fever.

(Beatrice at first wavering, but finally with decision)

Tell me—trust your Sylvia!
Arioso

"There lived near us a neighbor's son"

Andante grazioso

Beatrice

love!

There lived near us a neighbor's

son With boy-ish laugh and bold,

His step was light, his eye was

bright, His heart of purest gold!

He was my childhood's

glorious god, My girlhood's dream of knighthood.

a tempo
A woman grown
I craved his love,
His strength made sweet
with tenderness.

A-last!
A-last!

Horns

(more and more agitated)
There came a day,
that dear, last day, 
As was his wont to visit me!

(with ecstasy and pointing towards the blooming flowers)

garden breathed a spell; 'twas Spring, like

this! The birds all sang of

Clar.

love, so full of bliss.
The flowers their perfume shed for incense

(as if lost in memory)

Tempo I° (rousing herself)

He took my hand! I felt his love thrill through me, Then the

rash-est, fond-est words e'er said but trembled on his lips.
When suddenly there seemed to rise from out the depths of thought Some vision, some vision

Moderato

He paled—
(walks away, controlling a strong emotion)

turned—he left—me!

Allegro passionato

Sylvia (in a sympathetic manner)  mf

The man adores you, yet something seals his lips!

Recit. ad lib.

Beatrice (shakes her head doubtfully)

But not a single line has he inscribed to me!

(Sylvia smiles consolingly)

Men do not like to

Recit. ad lib.
Allegro vivace

If he would send a message,

write!

Vivace

But a single word!

Vivace

(Beatrice smiles hopefully in response)

(brightly)

Who knows but that a letter is rushing swiftly to bear good news!
Per-haps e-ven now thy lov-er turns towards

(Beatrice is seized with a rapture of sudden hope)

Presto

(towards home and me, towards home and me!)

Presto

(With enthusiasm Sylvia catches Beatrice by the hand, and they sing in a spirited manner)
Duet

"Love laughs at Fate's grim barriers"

With spirit
Allegretto grazioso

Love laughs at Fate's grim barriers,
Allegretto grazioso

for Love is king,
for Love is king,
Presto

king, for Love is king!

Presto

For Love is

king!
For Love is king!

a tempo
Love to the world his challenge throws,

world his challenge throws,

his banner

hiss banner flings, his
Presto

flings!

flings!

Presto
For Love is king!

Moderato

Love reigns in gracious majesty.
ty till Death doth part; Love

from the hurt of Tyrant Time

shall keep the heart.
accel. poco a poco

(They rouse themselves, and with a lively dance -
accel. poco a poco

Ah!

for

Ah!

for

Allegro moderato

Love yields to love, if love -

and my

Allegro moderato

Love yields to love, if love -

and my
love is love! For love yields to love, if

love is love! For love yields to love, if

love be love, love be

love be love, love be

cresc.

fff a tempo

love!

fff a tempo

love!

fff a tempo
Edward (enters, flourishing a letter)

I bring good news! We shortly enter-

tain a welcome guest!

(emotionally)

A guest? Speak! Who?

 accel.

Our Walter!
Moderato

(Thrusts letter into Beatrice's hands; she eagerly seizes it, but does not read it; she seems
overcome with conflicting emotions)

Read!

mf

fp cantabile

rit.

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Beatrice (aside, with feeling)

\[ \textit{atempo} \]

Are my \underline{un}rest, my \underline{quick}ened need,

\( \textit{atempo} \)

\[ \textit{cresc.} \]

are my \underline{un}rest, my \underline{quick}ened need, true pro\textit{ph e}-

\[ \textit{cresc.} \]

(Goes slowly off stage, holding letter to her heart. During this time Edward and Sylvia exchange

\[ \textit{cresc.} \]

cles?)
greetings and whisper while watching Beatrice leave the stage.

\[\text{dim.} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{dim. e rit.} \quad \text{pp}\]

\text{attacca subito}
Scene: Sylvia and Edward

Sylvia seats herself before the embroidery frame with a coquettish glance at Edward, which he takes as permission to seat himself on the grass beside her. After waiting a little time he takes the end of her sash to fondle it. During all this time Sylvia stitches daintily.

Presto

Moderato

Sylvia (with decision)

Who is Walter, pray?

(Edward kisses the end of Sylvia's sash)

Moderato

(Sylvia shrugs her shoulders and signifies by facial

Edward (buoyantly)

Walter is water that quenches thirst,
expression that she accepts his mood and the charming evasion

Walter is bread in the land of Fam-ine!

(Stimulated by a look of encourage-ment, Edward assumes a gay, enigmatical air)

rit. a tempo

Of all my friends he shall always be first, of

rit. e dim. a tempo cresc.
Allegro vivace (Sylvia resumes sewing)  Moderato

And what is my rank, shall always be first!

Allegro vivace  Moderato

Sir? And what my degree, in the most noble peerage of friend...
ship?  
(Edward laughs teasingly)

Allegro moderato

(Sylvia makes a charming move)

(boldly)

(Edward suddenly becomes serious)

You have no rank at all,  No place that I can see;  For
friend-ship is sil-ver; you-you are gold-en!

of a happy smile, appears to be intent on her sewing to the exclusion of everything else)

(Takes great pains with her stitches and draws back from her work with head poised sidewise to observe effect of her embroidery)
Moderato

S. f\(\frac{\text{Will you tell me, what this Walter is like?}}{}\)

R. \(\frac{}{}\)

Moderato

S. \(\text{Sylvia, with a sidelong, I am curious.}\)

R. \(\text{The expression of Edward's face turns from You, curious?}\)

S. \(\text{coquettish glance, nods affirmation)}\)

R. \(\text{ incredibility to dissatisfaction and then to a look of mischief)}\)

Then listen! a tempo \(\text{a tempo}\)

S. rit. a tempo \(\text{rit. a tempo}\)

26778
Buffo Song
"I swear 'tis true"

(He ponders a moment, and then indicates by gesture that he will play a trick on Sylvia to punish her for her curiosity concerning a stranger.)

Allegro giocoso

(with serious mien)

a tempo

He is a comic dwarf, with the face of a troll. He looks quite like a great round bowl.

He speaks: You think A trumpet blew Right in your
earl! I swear 'tis true!

I swear 'tis true! I swear 'tis true!

a tempo

true! a tempo

26778
He ogles ladies

fair, But he's too shy to woo them! He's

writ a book of poems, But no one can construe

them! He dreads a mouse, fears
evening dew,  
Be - lieves in_  
dreams:

I swear 'tis true!    I swear 'tis true!  

I swear 'tis true!    I swear 'tis true!  I

swear 'tis true!    I swear 'tis true!  I

a tempo  

true!  

a tempo

Tempo I°  
mf

He
will not wear a sword,
He swoons if he but see one;
He rides a

donkey small!
He's not content to
cresc.

be one!
And yet— I think he will interest
poco rit.

you In spite of
a tempo

a tempo
I swear 'tis true!  
I swear 'tis true!  
I swear 'tis--true!  
I swear 'tis true!  

(Sylvia is astounded, but before she can say anything Beatrice runs in)

Allegro vivace
Moderato

Beatrice (excitedly)

(Edward goes off the stage repressing)

He comes! He is at the gate!

(Sylvia watches with a puzzled air; the ecstatic 

Moderato with difficulty a laugh at the joke he just played on Sylvia)

Allegro vivace

behavior of Beatrice)

(aside)

Could this be the man that Beatrice loves!

Moderato

(to Beatrice)

How will you find him?

Allegro vivace

(in an exalted mood)

(in a burst of confidence)

Could any welcome suffice?
Vivo

You do not know the debt I owe to him I love!

You do not know the
debt I owe to him I love!

Our father fell, when the

more accelerated)

battle was new, 'Mid mad, plunging horses and bullets that

(almost overcome by the remembrance)

poco rit.

(few)

Then

(with pride)
Mesto

Walter's brave sire, at call for retreat,

Bearing Father to safety, fell

molto rit.

dead at his feet!

(vigorously)

Edward and I have sworn eternal gratitude,
Sylvia is beset with conflicting emotions: a desire to respect the man Beatrice loves and a dislike of the picture drawn by Edward.

Edward (out of sight)

Here he is! It is really

cresc. accel.

Allegro giocoso

Walter!

cresc.

(Enter Edward with Walter, who is in every respect the opposite of the picture drawn by Edward. Edward, after a rousing look toward Sylvia, assists Walter in laying aside traveling cloak. Sylvia, after a first gasp of surprise, recognizes that a joke has been played on her, and signifies that she will have speedy revenge. Walter kisses Beatrice's hand with grave tenderness.)

Pompously
Sylvia

(to Walter)

(find himself embarrassed)

His sister's

Greet Sylvia, my my

been regarding Beatrice with a longing look)

(Sailingly, and sweeping the ground

Walter

I am

guest, no more!

(Edward is distressed by this exchange of smiles between his friend and Sylvia, who takes up the basket of spools and drops it intentionally towards the rear of stage with the purpose of testing Walter's love for Beatrice)

with his hat, he bows)

charmed, I am sure!

(Beatrice goes quickly to front of stage, in order to hide her emotion, and is followed by Edward)
Moderato

Edward (to Beatrice, rather gloomily)

(Spoken) Still so mysterious?

He does not mention why he went away.

Beatrice

rit.
He seems so sad:

haps he is in trouble, perhaps he is in trouble.

Allegro vivace

Edward (aside)

If'twere not Walter, I should say

Moderato (to Beatrice)

Some giddy Miss his heart has caught.
Faster
(apprehensively) \[mf\]
\[\text{Not now! Not now!}\]

'ask him!

Faster
\[\text{Of course not!}\]

Allegro giocoso
(retuns to centre down stage and calls)

\[\text{Wal - ter! He does not hear me. Wal -}\]

\[\text{Beatrice (assuming a worshipful and dis-}\]

\[\text{interested air)}\]

(Walter is apparently very deeply interested in a conversation with Sylvia, who is dropping the spools furtively as fast as he picks them up. She has assumed an air of gaiety)
See, when he smiles at her,
Is he not a-dor-a-

(Walter and Sylvia attempt to seize the same spool but accidentally their hands are clasped for a single moment [at x].)

Ah! love!

Agitato
Edward (stricken with violent jealousy)

He does not hear, he sees but her. He is in

Beatrice (astonished at the suggestion)

He’s known her but a

love—in love with Sylvia!
moment, It cannot be that love should grow so fast! Besides,

her utterance) ff

you love her, you told me so!

Edward (experiencing a passion of jealous anger)

I told you so! You knew! And yet you talk to her of

Walter! I heard you! Disaster you have
Moderato

wrought Through painting well,
in colors strong, the

(Walter and Sylvia struggle merrily with a skein of tangled silk)

vir-tues of my ri-val! And

a tempo

I have sworn to give my

all, my all to him!
(with decision)

I'll do it! I'll give him Sylvi-

a tempo (experiencing reaction)

al! a tempo Tragico Oh! cruel

ff

(oath! Oh! monstrous loyalty!)

(harms himself against weakness)

\[ f \text{ rit.} \]

I'll do it— He shall have Sylvi-

\[ \text{ff} \]
Allegro agitato

Beatrice (loses control of herself for a moment)

Allegro agitato

(throws out her hands beseechingly)

Tempo di Valse

(bear!)

(Sylvia returns the orderly basket to the table and Walter falls into a mood of abstraction)
Walter (rousing himself with effort)

I am travel-worn, and dusty.

Beatrice (coming forward hospitably and pushing past Edward, who does not recover his composure so readily)

I hope you'll comfort find.

Edward (feigning composure)

Yes, come with me!

(Walter bows to Sylvia with a half-smile: gravely to Beatrice; Edward goes into the house, Walter lags behind)
while Sylvia and Beatrice go into garden out of sight)
Romanza

"To wander far away is vain"

Andante dolente

Walter  \( p \) dolente

To wander far away is vain

To quench the flame of love's pure fire;
Animato

When I once more her face behold, Up-

leaps again my heart's desire. I

long to claim her all my own,

ff largamente

mf animato rall.
Tempo I°

w.

To wake her heart to love di-vine!

accel.

Un poco animato

rall.  

To press love's kiss up-on her lips,

accel.  

largamente

a tempo

clasp her close and call her mine:

largamente

Wake,

largo

rit.

heart, wake, heart, to love di-vine!

(Exit)

attacca subito
Allegro passionato

(Sylvia and Beatrice run in from garden to centre of stage)

Allegro passionato

\[\text{Sylvia} \quad \text{sf}\]
I think I shall succeed! I am sure I

\[\text{Beatrice (bitterly)}\]
Succeed? Indeed! Even
S.

Make no mis-

now you have stolen his heart away!

B.

S.

take, make no mistake! I almost had the rea-

B.

why he does not tell his love—his love for

B.

His love?
(laughs)
you!

(with feeling)
Dear heart, his love for you!

And now, to loose this lovers' knot, I will con-

(opens her arms to Beatrice) (they embrace)
fess, I love—your brother!
Edward does not speak, I half suspect.
Allegro appassionato

I tease, evade:

In turn he doubts, and

rit.

Allegro

hopes, But ends by keeping still!

rit. p

Allegro moderato

But Walter's
Moderato

him
nay!

Allegro

Ah! stay!

I have a scheme to make those faint youths know that all save love

cresc.

is folly!

26778
Sylvia's Scheme

Tempo di Valse
(Sylvia looks in all directions to make sure she is not overheard)

We will play a tempo

A little farce, we will play a lover's game.

I will be the suitor bold, with
you the lady fair!

You will wear my sky blue cloak

A top your gray print gown.

My feather fan will serve to mask your face and nut brown hair!
will each youth surmise, His sweet heart is an-

others! And thus perhaps he will

feel the sorrow-joy of lovers.
Meno mosso

(pensively) p

Love

pangs can be so sweet!

f

One hardly could be

lieve that passion doth consume the
(Sylvia shakes off her gloom and Beatrice appears interested)

faithful heart it breaks!

I will mouth the pledges sweet That

Edward owes to me!

* For purposes of abbreviation the part A to B may be omitted.

26778
All is fair in love and war, and

this is loving war!

* For purposes of abbreviation the part C to D may be omitted.
And you must be entranced as I would

surely be,

If at my feet my dear

one, my dear one had laid his heart!

Ah! then I'll show you how I dream! I hope! I
know my lover craves my love!

(Bearice catches the enthusiasm of Syrvia)

Ah!

Ah!

Love yields to love, if love be
love, and my love is love! For love yields to

love, and my love is love! For love yields to

love, if love be love, love

love, if love be love, love

Curtain falls rapidly

be love!

be love!

Presto
Scene II

Prelude: "Love"

Allegro moderato
Curtain rises; Stage set as in Scene I

(Enter Edward and Walter walking arm in arm. Walter has changed his traveling costume for a suit, cut according to the mode as given in Edward's costume; but the trousers and vest are white and the coat is plum-colored.

Neither Walter nor Edward wears a hat.)
Edward

If in our South-land lives the maid that won your heart's devotion,

(Walter's interruption is sudden and passionate, in sharp contrast to his previous restraint and gentle manner)

Why did you wander far and long?


dare not stay beside a hand I may not touch, sweet

Edward (in a questioning manner)
lips I dare not kiss!

You dare not touch, not kiss?

Walter

Honor and pride forbid!
(Sylvia, dressed as a charming youth and disguised by a blond wig, enters stealthily at rear. She is drawing along by the hand Beatrice, who wears the blue mantle belonging to Sylvia and who carries before her face, completely covering it, a large fan of black ostrich-feathers.)

They slip up the steps of the crow's-nest and take seats on the bench. After a few preliminary caresses, Sylvia drops on her knees and in pantomime plays the lover. All this time they are not observed by the two men. Walter meantime is carried back to the days of his happy dream with Beatrice. He grows tender and reminiscent.

Tempo di Valse
Aria
"To take again the little hand in mine"

Walter rit. Andantino espressivo
To take again the little

hand in mine, To join again in happy, prating talk As a-

mongst her sister-flowers— we found our way, we found our way.
No thought of duty then!
She gave her child's pure heart.

as free as perfume,
perfume breathes from out the rose.

as perfume breathes from out the rose.
Ah! to see again the startled look,
The maiden blush, the downcast lids, As growing years with sweet ser-
prise did hint at love's empire!

Tempo I°
No chilly thought of re-compense,

laid blight upon her soul!

How blest the days of this communion!

How sweet the hope, the hope

of something dearer still!
Then came the fateful battle

And that grim debt she

thinks she owes to me!

do rebel that
nought should lay upon a

soul so high and fine The

Mesto

stern command to give, when

Love's own self should speak, and
Love's a lone!

(In throwing back his head, Walter discovers Sylvia and Beatrice making very convincing love in the crow's nest)

Agitato (to Edward)

Look! Look!

Edward (looks and staggers back as under a blow)
Walter (stoically, as one accustomed to suffering)

Ah! no, good friend,

It is Sylvia, the mantle blue!

It is Beatrice, the rose-strewn gown!

(with assumed indifference)

(angrily)

Some

But who is the man who dares!

stranger newly come!
(violently)

Who would have dreamed that Sylvia was a flirt, a vicious flirt?

At least, she will not wed me, she will not wed me out of gratitude!
Edward

Wed? And does he wish to wed? A

man comes bold to woo that means to

Walter (throwing off the mask of indifference)

It is

wed!

true! Some Don Juan—pursues his wicked course!
Even though she's not mine,

I must protect at least our guest,
And that rude churl, whoever he be, shall answer to me!

The maid seems half afraid!
Some occult pow'r, some occult pow'r may be at

(work!) It is time that this should end! Let's have at

him!

Edward Fair virtue we'll de-

Fair virtue, we'll de-
(A sudden panic seizes Sylvia and Beatrice at the approach of Edward and Walter. They rise quickly, keeping their faces hidden, and run down the steps, only to be caught at the bottom. Edward seizes Sylvia roughly by the arm, Walter bars Beatrice’s way.)

(Sylvia tries to twist out of Edward’s grasp, keeping her head well down)

Edward (to Sylvia)  
Rogue! Cow-ard! Take

Moderato appassionato

Allegro

fend!

Horns

Allegro  
tumultuoso
care!

We punish a knave that hides behind a cloak!

(Sylvia stands still)

Waiter (to Beatrice) drammatically

a tempo

Al-tho' you've scorned my...

a tempo

Al-tho' you've scorned my...

Al-tho' you've scorned my...

molto rit.

I will not see you duped like

I will not see you duped like

P cresc. molto

ff

mf
Sylvia tears off her wig and Beatrice lowers her fan; they laugh merrily, while the men start back in

Allegretto grazioso

Who is duped?

surprise)

(in a contemplative mood)

It is but a play,

a lovers'
merry, tangled knot that I

enmeshed!

Blame me!

Edward (throws out his arms to Sylvia)

Blame me!
(with feeling)

I almost let the gild of life run thro' my idle fin-

gers! Be mine! I love you, Sylvia! I love you! None

(Sylvia falls into his arms) a tempo

will I wed but you!

(Meanwhile Walter pleads to Beatrice)

for her love)
Agitato (one beat to each measure)

Walter (to Beatrice, recklessly)

I want your love, my Beatrice! I will not

have your gratitude! I want your heart, I want your

heart, your love, your soul, your

self! I love you!
Moderato

The mystery is solved!

He seeks her love

solved!

He seeks her

with passion's down

love with passion's down
He will not have her gratitude,

He will not have her gratitude,
Beatrice (with quiet intensity)

a tempo

I have found you as the rivers find the sea, their home;

with endearing words)

I trust you as the babe its mother sweet, its

world! I give all my days, my
thoughts, my dreams, my love—my lord!

Allegro (one beat to the measure)

Walter (rapturously)

This is not gratitude! this is not

Allegro

gratitude! It is love, it is

Molto drammatico

a tempo (embraces Beatrice)

love—my Beatrice!

a tempo
Quartet

"Fair youth wove a web of rose-color"

(They come together for Quartet)

Moderato. Tempo di Mazurka

Sylvia

Fair youth wove a web of rose-color

Beatrice

Fair youth wove a web of

Walter

Fair youth wove a web of

Edward

Fair youth wove a web of rose-color
or, enriched with threads of rose color, enriched with threads of rose color, enriched with threads of

or, enriched with threads of

gold, gold, gold, And the fond design of the
cresc.

And the fond design of the
And the fond design of the stitches, and the fond design of the stitches, and the
sign of the stitches fine, and the stitches fine, and the fond design of the stitches fine Is as
sign of the stitches, of the stitches fine Is as fond design of the stitches fine Is as
cresc.
old as the heavens, as the
old as the heavens, as the
old as the heavens, as the
old as the heavens, as the

heavens are old!
heavens are old!
heavens are old!
heavens are old!

(Here they part to opposite sides of the stage)
Sylvia (to Edward)

Mosso

As old as the

Beatrice (to Walter)

Mosso

As

cosmic fire dust When Love out of

old as the cosmic fire dust When

chaos drew The Sun and the

Love out of chaos drew The
Stars and the fertile worlds To give them life anew!
Sun and the Stars and the fertile worlds To give them life anew!
Walter (to Beatrice)

Edward (to Sylvia)

As sweet as the scent of

jasmine, As the nightingale's amorous call

To his

mate,

mate, as the nightingale's amorous
that awaits Love's prayer a-
call that awaits Love's prayer a-
throb in the tree-top tall.
throb in the tree-top tall.

(The come to centre of stage)
Sylvia

Beatrix

(They raise their arms towards heaven)

night, come cover thy lovers with regal
(as from a distance)

Oh! wing-ed winds,

Oh! wing-ed winds,
waft to us the music of the

waft to us the music of the

waft to us the music of the

waft to us the music of the

spheres,

spheres,

spheres,

spheres, (They recede to interior of stage)

spheres,

spheres,