"King René’s Daughter."

A Lyric Drama
in One Act.

founded on

HENRIK HERZ’S FAMOUS PLAY.

Music by

JULIAN EDWARDS.

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"King René's Daughter."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING RENÉ (Count of Provence.) ... BASS.
IOLANTHE (his daughter.) ... SOPRANO.
COUNT TRISTAN OF VAudemont ... TENOR.
SIR GEOFFREY OF ORANGE ... BARITONE.
SIR ALMERIC ... TENOR.
EBN JAHIA (a Moorish physician.) ... BASS.
BERTRAND ... BASS.
MARThA (his wife.) ... MEZZO SOPRANO.

Count Tristan's followers.

Io lanthe, daughter of King René, and Tristan, son of Count de Vau demont, are betrothed in infancy, to end an ancient feud.

Soon after this compact, Iolanthe is by accident deprived of sight.

By the King's command, her blindness is not only kept secret from all the world, but she also is reared in utter ignorance of her affliction.

Ebn Jahia, a Moorish physician, promises to restore her sight, but informs the King that she must first be told, she is blind.

To this the King objects.

Tristan who arrives in King René's kingdom in the guise of a Troubadour to claim her hand; by chance strays into her retreat.

He sees her and becomes enamoured of her, not knowing her to be his betrothed.

His horror when the fact of her blindness dawns upon him, gives place to extreme astonishment, when he discovers that she is totally unconscious of her loss.

He informs her of it, thereby removing the chief obstacle to the success of Ebn Jahia's undertaking, and the physician eventually cures her.

Tristan meanwhile annuls the marriage contract with King René's daughter.

He declares war; returns by stealth to claim the unknown one, and, is there surprised and overjoyed to learn that she is Iolanthe, King René's Daughter, and no longer blind.

He gladly renews the compact, which is consummated by their union, thus ensuring peace and happiness.

The action takes place in Provence, in a valley of Vaucluse and lasts from the afternoon to sunset. The period is the middle of the Fifteenth Century.

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A Lyric Drama in one Act.

PRELUDE.

Allegro molto.

JULIAN EDWARDS.
A Garden. To the left, a house covered with ivory and roses. To the right, fruit trees, tall palm trees, and other Southern plants. In the centre, a raised bank of rose trees, red and white. In front of the house, a table and three seats. In a background of mountains and rocks overgrown with shrubs, a door is so concealed by moss and stones, that it is only perceptible when opened.

Andante. (Bertrand comes from the house.)

Allegro.

Someone approaches! 'Tis no doubt a messenger.

Goes to secret door, which he opens and admits Sir Almeric, whom he does not allow to advance.

come from the King.

What! Almeric! You here? Nay, halt! Nay,
halt! Stand back! For no one passes here.

ALMERIC.

I, at least, may,

Nay, sir, I am in earnest, For no one enters here, You did deceive me.

Hearing the wonted signal, I supposed it surely was Ra-
Andante con moto. (Enter Martha from the house.)

Ra-ble comes not. The King commands me so to tell thee, Bertrand;

(Bertrand takes the ring and the letter.)

Here is his signet ring, And here the letter, of which I am the

MARTHA (To Almeric.)

Your message, sir?

To say, the King, with his phy-
cresc.

Had you then, good Sir Almeric, nothing

si-cian, com-eth.
further entrusted by the King to your discretion?

He was in haste,

And seemed disturbed, but said, "My daughter thou wilt find where thou art going. I count upon thy silence, follow only the guide that will conduct thee, and fulfill all that remaineth of this thy mission!"
Tell me, I pray, then, what daughter was of whom King

Rene spake, for Margaret is, as we know, in Bretagne; And I o-

MARThA.

Is here! It is indeed, a mystery

-I lanthe-

(Spoken.)

And one of deep import. Alas! poor child, the heavenly
light of her young eyes is fled.

Great heavens! blind?

BERTRAND.

A child to darkness doomed.

A mournful fate in deed, how bears she up under this sad affliction?

MARtha.

She knows not that she is blind.

ALMERIC.

Knows not that she is blind.
(A bell is heard.)

**MARTHA.**

Bertrand, 'tis the bell, the King approaches!

(bertrand exit through the secret door.)

**Andante maestoso.**

(Enter the King, Ebn Jahia and Bertrand through the secret door, which the latter opens and closes.)

**RENE.**

Here, my good Martha, do I bring to thee the Leech.
Thus far as we would

How fares it now with I-o-lan-the?

wish.

Thou knowest well all he hath told thee, And no

(bowing assent.)

Sire!

doubt hast done as he desired thee.
Come, then, and thou shalt see how far thy skill hath worked.

Go to Iolanthe! Bertrand and Martha, follow! Be ye

(Exeunt Martha, Ebn, Bertrand into the house, after saluting the King.)

ready, should he have need of aught! Go!
Well, Al-mer-ic, wast thou not full of won-der At the

first sight of this fair peace-ful vale. A lit-tle pa-ra-dise?

Is it not so? Be-take thee to the Cas-tle; I must

'Nis true!
tarry; Should an-y message come from Tris-tan, hasten to bring it here. Thou knowest the private sig-nal.

(Exit Almeric.)

well my Liege.

This Moor possesseth pow'r That might awaken terror.
(Looking towards the house.)

He rouses her, hath raised her heavy eyelids. And now she speaks:

but still as if she dreamed. An- on he placeth gently on her

breast the Amulet, And now she sleeps again. 'Tis strange every

(Sighs and turns aside.)

strange. How still is all around me.
Andante molto, quasi adagio.

Oh! would that fate had willed it, That I in peace might dwell here, 'Mid all that most I treasure. From cares of state far distant, Then life within this bower, in sweet content would pass,
In youth's bright, happy morning, When love, ambition, honour, I
spired my soul with ardour, I
fought for fame and glory, Rejoicing in the combat; Nor wearied of the strife, nor wearied of the strife, But Ah! how unavailing to shield the heart from sorrow, Are all those empty triumphs. Could
my rank resigning, Rest here, in blissful quiet, From

Heav'n I'd ask no more. Could I my rank resigning, Rest

here, in peaceful quiet. From Heav'n, I'd ask

no more.
Moderato.

(Enter Ebn from the house.)

O com'st thou, like the Dove with olive branch of hope? Thy

mien is strange, like to thine art, In truth, O tell me then.

Allegro agitato.

Ebn Jaria.

The best of hopes I have,
The day of trial is now arrived.

RENE. To-day? in truth to-

day? The time at length is come, which I from day to

day, From day to day, From hour to hour, have looked and longed
And now, when it is come, my heart within me sinks, I fain would yet the hour postpone. But thou art deep in thought. How? Dost thou hesitate? I fear to
say, my Liege, Thou hard-ly will con-sent, Thy daugh-ter must be
told. That which she know-eth not. To-day must be re-
vealed, That she in darkness liv-eth.
That she nev-er hear.
My art hath fruitless
No! No, never no! No!
been.

It must be so, it must be so,

No! No! Could'st thou, could I so mer-

ci-

ity must be so.

less, so void____ of pit-y be? What now ap-
proach, and dare disturb this sweet unconsciousness.

Not by degrees, but all at once.

Thus tear aside the veil.

The veil that hideth from herself.
Her loss, her misery.

Oh! thou hast then forgotten.

How we for years have strived: How all our cares devoted To keep the truth con...
Pray cease, and calmly listen. Nor further strive with me. My power is gone forever. Let
RENÉ.

Ah! This well I

but the sun once set. Then fare-thy-

know. That pity cries aloud, That pity cries a-

well, Thou art resolved, I have the

loud within my bosom. It must not

pow'r to counsel. But all is
It shall not be, it must not be.

vain since thou'rt without, Since thou'rt without

Tis idle further pleading.

out the confidence, to fol-
ing.

(Edn exit through the secret door.)

low.

decresc.

a tempo.

He seems determined
yet at such a price To pur-chase an un- cer-tain hope! A hope! that may

but dis-ap-point! Oh 'tis mad-

ness, pure mad-ness. He mast, he shall hear

reason, I will not rest, I will not rest un-til he
(Exit hastily through the secret door.) Enter Martha and Bertrand from the house.

yield-eth.

Andante.

MARTHA.

The King a-way, and as it seemed in anger. The Lecch-too, is not here; what can have happened? BERTRAND.

Heav'n knows.

(Looking toward the house)

Thou fearest? There lies the

I like it not. Ay.
poor, blind maiden on her couch, As she were dead; let

him but give a sign, And suddenly as by a

miracle, she sinks in sleep.

Tis very
To me, it seems of happy omen.

strange.

May-be, but time will

She's show.

(Exeunt right.)

safe, and cannot wake till we return. Come.
TRISTAN.

(Outside)

GEOFFREY.

Take heed,

Nay, for-ward,

Here's a door.

'His dark as night,
And here the spring, 'tis
door?
cresc.

(Enter Tristan and Geoff.

open.

vey through the secret door.)

Great Heav'n! what's
this?

A perfumed world of flowers!

garden' mid these barren mountains? And oh! what beauty, what taste dis-

plays it self!

I am amazed! have never
But where its people?
dreamed of such a spot,

I can see no one, 'Tis all deserted,

Here have been mortals, See! Fresh footsteps may be traced,
These then shall guide us on,

'Tis to the house,

Nay, nay, 'tis ill enough thus far to have intruded.

follow them.
As thou wilt, What better couldst thou wish?

(They sit down on the bank).

Andante.

Permitted first all undisturbed Be-

neath the very cloister wall, To sing our melodies,

Then do we

far below descry King Rene.

Thou wouldst avoid the King,
So drag me over ridge and stone, until we reach this fair and peaceful haven.

One thing I own surprises me, why thou avoidest him thou cam'st to seek.
"Tis known to all of us, thou art betrothed to one of his fair

un poco Agitato.

Yea, betrothed indeed; all unwilling thus far I came, All un-
daughters.

willing would I advance. Knowst thou his

trascililo.

daughter?

I know her not. In Spain, with-in a Convent has
she been reared, From whence, on thy arrival, she'll sum-mond be.

a tempo. (They rise.)  

Yet forget not where we are; 'Tis

true we have got in,  But the question is, shall

Leave all to me,  

we as easily get out?
And if some evil genius reigneth here, It is but right that I who brought thee here, Should run the risk.

(He goes toward the house and calls.)

Ho!

accel poco a poco.

Ho! Within there! No answer?

Try if the door yield

Silence.
It will not,
Once more then.

Nay, cease not,
Again try.

testo cresc.

(Meno mosso, ma con moto.

Ah! What glorious vision

meets my view!

Yea! Indeed a

A spirit!
(Geoffrey goes towards the door.)

spirit, but of light, See! see!

A beautiful maiden, on a

couch, She sleeps:

Her bosom's rise and fall tells of a living

being: see the smile that plays upon her mouth, as
knew she well a guardian near!

I pray thee, let us fly from hence, This

vision's too entrancing, It fills me with alarm; Here's

but some haunted castle; sprites invisible hurry us into

toils. Oh, let us flee!
Tristan!!! Where art thou? Tristan!!! Oh ye Heav'ns, he is al-
ready caught! Spellbound he stands as rooted to the spot. Tristan be-

(Tristan gazes ecstatically.)

Speaklightly,

ware! be - ware!

chancesheawake. A gentle calm her blessed slumber
sheds on all around.  Silence!  Be

Tristan, hear me!

rit.

Andante.  (Tristan kneeling, still; This ground is holy! With glance pro-

rit.  p

Andante.  ppp

stretches forth his hands towards the open door.)

fane I have approached thy resting place! But pardon me.

Stand

Piu mosso.  (Geoffrey raises and endeavours to drag Tristan away.)

up! Stand up! It frightens me to
see thee thus unmanned, by foul enchantment.

I cannot! I cannot!

Follow me! Follow me! Follow me!

(The audience are in a state of surprise and alarm.)

Then will I in, and waken her,

(Geoffrey rushes into the house.)

(reckless one, he speaks to her, He dares to seize her hand!)
way, a-way!
In vain would I a-wake her.

She is spellbound
Undersome

secret devilish power!
Ah woe! it is some

It truly is a

sanctuary, where in we court, our death!
Allegro.

sanctuary, But for life and not for death.

(Tristan enters the house)

He kneels to her,

On her hand imprints a kiss, Now from her swan-like neck Hath

(Tristan comes from the house carrying an amulet)

he a ribbon loosed, But Heav'n be thanked, at length he comes again!
Andante.

Now have I in my heart of hearts, En-graved her lovely image, ne'er to fade, Ne'er to fade. Yet have I vowed to seek her once a-

Again.

Then in her dreams, If
I were not deceived, she seemed to hear, and smile upon that vow,
and smile upon that vow.
But let us hence, lest we awake

(They are about to depart when Iolanthe appears at the door of the house.)
The Divinity that reigneth here alone, Come, come
(She advances slowly, occasionally stopping to listen, sometimes putting her hand out gently, as if to feel her way. Her eyes are open, often cast down and move only slightly.)

IOLANTHE.  Andante.

TRISTAN.  Mar-tha!

BERTRAND!  There

Behold she comes.

forward following the sound.)

(Coming towards her.) spoke some one.  Who's there?

A stranger, gracious lady, who humblestly craves forgiveness, For boldly having dared Disturb the
Reach me thy hand, It is the first time that peace that reigneth here.

here thou art, Thy voice is strange, Cam’st thou to speak with Martha, or with Bertrand?

To speak with no one.
(Iolanthe listening.)

Who is thouhast with thee?

(aside to Tristan.)

My Ask who this Ber-trandis.

I give you greeting,

friend a Troubadour, a true and noble Knight.

Ye both are welcome, Oppressive by the way, hath been the heat, And
thou art thirsty; A-wait, and I will bring rich wine to

(She enters the house.)

you. Farewell.

Piu vivo.

heavenly beauteous being, What holy gentleness. A

high and noble brow, And O, her winning voice.
'Tis true, indeed, But cautious be, But

cautious be, And drink not of this wine.

Heav'n, I swear, From her fair hand, with joy would I drink

(Reenter Iolanthe from house with wine)

death.

a tempo.
IOLANTHE.  (Fills the beaker and hands)

Here bring I wine to you, Will you not taste of it?

it to Tristan.)

Lady so beauteous, all joy to thee.

(Tristan drinks the wine.)

(Tristan offers the goblet to Geoffrey.)

Drink thou,

Feels thou no giddiness? I drink, but alitheriskbethine,
But wine and all the risk be thine.

beauty wake the song, Deign then to list, while I ex-

press my glowing thanks, and skew a grateful heart's true tribute.

Andantino. (They seat themselves, Tristan accompanies his song on the lute.)
lute thee, noble lady, Rose of beauty, I salute thee,

Fair-est flower of all that blossom, Thou'ret the fragrance of the
garden,

I salute thee, peerless maiden, Pearl the

purest, I salute thee, Richest thou, of gems the rarest,
Choicest of the ocean's treasures.

I salute thee, Star of Heaven In thy splendour, In thy

splendour. Star of Heaven I salute thee. Lustrous orb the rest out-

shining, Thou'rt the radiance of the morning, Thou'rt the radiance
of the morning, I salute thee, lovely

being, Chaste and holy, I salute thee,

Wafted here from realms supernal,

Hosts angelic guard and keep thee, I sal-
IOLANTHE. (They rise from the table.)
Thy song doth please me well, it thee.
Geoffrey.

(To Iolanthe.)

Why do they here so lonely?

Lonely?

Keep thee? There's no one near.

'Tis true indeed! And yet, I know not why, I know not why, For
I am ne'er alone.

TRISTAN.

No doubt they

Sure they will come again.

will, They're at the vintage,

Where I too should go, For

al-ways one is with me. (Aside to Tristan.) I do

GEFFREY.

You remain,

If

Allegro. (Geoffrey exit,

danger threatens, I'll re-turn.

Allegro.
first making an inclination to Iolen. Allegretto, non troppo.
the which she does not notice.

IOLANTHE. (Listening.)

Your friend has gone away?

TRISTAN.

He will return.

I will confess a wrong I did, whilst thou wert sleeping. From thee I
took this amulet as a remembrance,

(Tristan offers her the jewel.)

Tis

(He places it in her hand.)

Where? This! a jewel, Nay'tis not mine.

here.

(She lays it on the table.)

For my reward, I pray thee give, but one of
Thy poor request, I gladly grant.

Those red roses.

(She plucks a white rose.)

But wherefore pluck a white one?

Give me a red one as beauteous as thyself.
How dost thou mean a red one?

(points with his hand)

Take it thyself then!

Nay, let me have, nay, let me have what thy fair hand has gathered,

Another
yet! and also white, with both of them, my hat I'll deck, and think I wear your col.

(She plucks another red rose.)

Here then; wasn't this?
Ah, well, and this?
I asked for white.
This! this!

(Aside.)
What dire foreboding thought;
Say quick, How

(Aloud, holding up the roses)
Give them to me!
many roses hold I in my hand?

(She stretches out her hand without)
(directing her eyes towards them.)

(Aside.)
Nay touch them not!
Great
God! then she is blind!

If one desire to know a thing, Its form or number; Then must one touch it, that is clear.

Yes, yes, In truth, And yet sometimes, sometimes, thou
Sometimes! Speak on, speak on! (Aside.)

knowst...

'Tis wondrous strange! (Aloud.)

Wondrous strange! Hast thou never yet been told That one can distinguish objects from a-

Howfrom afar? I know not of this far, by help of sight?

Sight. (Aside.)

O marvellous! she knoweth not that she is
Andante.

From what far country comest thou, That blind!

thou shouldst speak as none here speak, and know what none here know? Where hast thou learnt the art to charm My ravished ear with wonders? I pray thee, tarry longer here, Reveal to me those mysteries, Of
which I neer had dreamed.

Bethink thee then, of what a-vail That Heav'n vouchsafed thee

eyes, What prof-it thee the pair of stars, Which with such bright -

(\textit{Iolanthe moves her eyes and remains a moment in thought.})

How strangethe question. And

-ness shine?

yet mine eyes, Of them I thought not, And yet to tell thee that me-
thinks 'twer 'ere easy, For they when I am wea - ry, Close in sleep, and
give me rest. With tears my pain di - min - ish. In deepest grief,
The heart's re - lieved by tears; In joy, the joys en -
no - bled and re - fined. For this hath Heav'n vouch - saied me.
Allegro non troppo.

TRISTAN.

Forgive me fair enchantress. O, how must I regard thee? Thou surely art endowed by Pows to us unknown. In this seclued bower Which here amid the mountains Appears as by enchantment raised, thou dwellst a
lone. Art thou come hither from the East, A troop of Per-

with thee? Per-chance, thou art great Brahma's child, Trans-

ferred from Ind by mag-ic. If thou art mor-tal, fair un-known, Re-

ceive a knight's true hom-age, If thou'rt a spir-it of this earth, Then
Molto Andante.

woman, though high her birth and beauty's fame, Ef-

face the glorious image That now my soul re-
How dost thou speak? Tis wonderful!

"Tis all too beautiful! It seems as if I trod an unaccustomed path.

What joy to hear thy voice, what joy to hear thy voice, it charms me,
it delights. And mysteries thou
Then hear me on

Then hear me

Because from

Because from

Because from

Because from

Because from

Because from

Because from

Because from

Because from

Because from
above.  Speak on, for all thou say'st, en-
forth.  Together let us taste Of

(He embraces her tenderly.)

chants me and enthralis.

love's divine delight.

(Geoffrey enters hurriedly by the secret door.)  
(Tristan goes)

Geoffrey.

Allegro agitato.

Good Tristan,
Far in the distance I have seen approaching a troop of armed men. Remember,

(Tristan returns to Ioianthe.)

here we are alone.

(Geoffrey calls by the secret door.)

TRISTAN.

Ah!

O fair and noble maid, I must away.

wherefore wouldst thou go?

I come again, and
soon, even to day.

Will you not, measure with your hand my height,

That when we meet again You may the better re-member me?

Measure thy height! And wherefore? And wherefore? Thee I should know, be-
lieve me, among all.

Then fare thee well,

Until we meet again.

Givemethy hand.

Fare-

well! Thou comest then, And comest quickly. I shall wait for thee.
I shall wait for thee.

(Exeunt Tristan and Geoffroy.)

He's gone, 'Tis lonely now.

un poco meno mosso.

What if like many a stranger before, He should come but this
once. Nay, he has promised to see me yet again, even to-day.

And now the dew is falling,

Night is near. To-day, it cannot be, perhaps to-morrow. To mor-row!
Allegro.

This stranger's holy presence, hath filled me with gentle peace. My heart within me sings,
a soft and tender lay. Can he have made me so happy? Doth he my senses enthrall? He lures to
charm, to destroy me, Exalting me thus above all.

Am__ I__ laugh__

ing?__ Am__ I__

weep - ing?__ What means

this wild emotion?__ What can
mean

tion?
-gives me such exquisitely joy and pain!

that

that

that

that

that

that
un poco meno mosso.

For joy seems dead. Since he came here, I scarce can say if life's to me. More sad, or bright,

For I'm alone, can only think. How full of grief, how
desolate, This dreary world's without

him For this stranger's holy pres-

ence, hath filled me with delight. My

heart within me sings, A soft and tender

lay, A soft and tender lay. 'Tis
Andante.
love!  'Tis love!  That gives me such exquisite joy and

rit.
pain!  'Tis love!  'Tis love! that fills my soul, with

joy and pain!

(Iolanthe goes sorrowfully towards the house.)
(Enter Martha from the right.)

MARTHA.

O, Heavens! What

IOLANTHE.

see I? Thou'rt waken'd and art here. O, speak! who did a-wake thee?

(Iolanthe turns and goes towards Martha.)

un poco meno mosso.

woke myself, But list! for I have news for thee;

I have had strangers here,
When strangers? thou jest-est!

Stranger here—Like unto them, At least to one of them.

Andante.

With such a ballad, too, he greeted me.

And

Oh! much, much that was new and

pray, what more did he impart to thee?
wonderful. He said, and yet I understood it not; That

through the secret door unnoticed and overhear what Iolanthe says.)

one could even at a distance truly distinguish objects by the

help of sight

MARTHA. (Seeing the King.) His meaning dost thou

Oh, God! The King! (To Ebn.)

RENÉ.

Oh, Heaven's! What is this I hear?

EBN.

Oh, Heaven's!
(Falling on his neck.)

Father, Art thou come again?

Come, list to me, my child.

Oh! speak, my father, speak!
RENÉ.

Andante.

I know not what this stranger may have told thee, But

dream he has betrayed, What we have anxiously concealed, That there is

void within thy soul, one pow'rful

aid, To comprehend this glorious
world, In which thou livest.
This, alas! is true, That which is wanting To thine inward soul, Is this

IOLANTHE.

That did he tell me.
gift of sight. I have a

hope, That we may yet thy sight for thee recover. The
hour is come, Thy friend is here, Have

faith in him, my daughter So now depart,

depart! First gentle sleep shall seize thee, From

thence perchance Wilt thou awake to perfect
(He is overcome with emotion and turns from her.)

sigh; Heav'n grant it! Heav'n grant it! go!

What ails thee, dearest father?

un poco agitato.

Thou tremblest so; art thou not pleased, that

now the hour is come? Be not a-
I have already half received,

Go to meet in its completeness. Come, come!

(Ehn and Bertrand lead Lolantche into the house, Martha following them.)

What Stranger has been here?

(Enter Almeric.)

Almeric. (He gives René a letter)
RENE:

(RENÉ opens the letter.)

And from Tristan. Yes, 'tis from him. What's this he writes me?

Ha! He breaks from me, Rejects my daughter's hand.

Allegro. (A noise outside.)

But hark! There's a sound of weapons at the gate.

(Almeric goes to the secret door then rushes back.)
ALMERIC.

Some one is forcing in his way.

RENÉ.

By force!

Enter Tristan in glittering armour with attendants.

Infamous! Come draw thy sword, come draw thy sword.

TRISTAN.

(During this scene a glow of sunset is cast on the garden.)

Stand back. For they men already are subdued.

Yield yourselves prisoners.

RENÉ.

And who art thou? Go
Thou foul ma-
back, or ere my fu-
yry strike thee down.

gi-
cian, Though all the spir-
ts of the air were

with thee, And thy se-
cret pow'r, thrice what they are, I fear thee

(Enter Geoffrey with attendants.)

Madman! say What brings thee here? Answer me.
GEOFFREY. (Kneeling to René.) How the King?

Heavns, The King! My royal Master!

Un poco meno mosso.

RENÉ. Tris-tan de Vaudemont.

Ay, the King; And who art thou?

What! Tris-tan! Nay! is't so?

(Kneeling.) Poco Andante.

At thy com-mand. (Thoughtfully.)

And was it thou, that
(Rising.)

'Tis true indeed, I have been
to day wast here?

here.  Thou know'st full well, A-

What brings thee here again

mid this vale of flowers, Among a world of wonders, dwells the

wonder of them all.

And know'st thou who this wonder is?
Iolanthe?

She who enthralls thee thus, my daughter is. Yesyoung

Count, the very same, whose hand thou proudly hast rejected.

Andante.

Ha!

Thou hast chosen for thy coming hither, An

all important hour. At this moment is my beloved child, perhaps for
ever, condemned to darkness, or for ever blessed by glorious vision of the
light. There is a stir within there! List again! She

**MARTHA.** (Martha rushing in from the house, Bertrand follows.)

TRISTAN. She sees!

**ALMERIC.** She sees!

**GEOFFREY.**

**RÉNÉ.** She sees!

speaks! O Tristan, 'tis my daughter's voice!

**BERTRAND.** Praise

accel.
Praise Heav'n! Praise Him, whose goodness she sees!
Praise Him, whose goodness

Heav'n
Praise Him, who

is so great, Who is so loving and
is so great, Who is so loving and

goodness is whose goodness is

is so loving

ness is so great, Who is so loving

ness is so great, Who is so loving

(Enter Iolanthe supported by Ebn. The others stand aside and express their interest and sympathy in what follows.)
IOLANTHE.

EBN. Oh, whither dost thou lead me? For pity's sake, support me. I fear, I faint, I falter. What do we in this place? Then wait, be still a moment. This strangeness over...
powers me, This strange-ness over powers me. What

do we in this place? Be calm.

'Tis but thy gar-den, Which thou thy-self hast ten-ded. Thy

This palms, thy fruits, thy flowers, Whose leaves thou know'st so well.
IOLANTA.

cannot be my garden, For see these plants so

fearful. They move, and now are bending, as

they would fall on us. Thou mystic forms, which

spread above, Alas! how high, say what are they? This

brightness too, on every side, which dazzles

un poco agitato.
me.
O, what is it?
That space beyond,

so vast, so wide.
It boundless seems.

Can that be Heav'n?

Can that be Heav'n?
Wherein God hath his dwelling place?

Then let us kneel, With hands upraised, Toward that realm where he abides, Pour forth our heart-felt gratitude, For the miracle that he hath wrought.

Thou
(She kneels.)

Holy One that spakest. When my eyes were closed to

light, O, teach me in this brightness, To

know thee as Thou art, Bestow thy peace up-

on me, Thy guardian care attend me, Un-
seen remain thou near me, As faithful as be

Praise be thine!

Praise be thine!

Praise be thine!

Praise be thine!

Praise be thine!

Praise be thine!

Praise be thine!

Praise be thine!

Praise be thine!
(They rise.)

fore. Praise be Thine! Praise be Thine! Pow'r di-vine.

vine. Praise be Thine! Praise be Thine! Pow'r di-vine.

vine. Praise be Thine! Praise be Thine! Pow'r di-vine.

A

vine. Praise be Thine! Pow'r di-vine.

vine. Praise be Thine!

Pow'r di-vine.
Allegro con brio.

(The King much moved approaches Iolanthe.)

rise, my child, Thy fa - ther

(Embracing him.)

My fa - ther! Thou? Ye's'tis thy greet.

voice. Oh, stay by me and be my guide.

Fear not my child. For here is
one

Who will both guide and lover

(René points to Tristan.)

Whom meanest thou?

There standeth he,

Andante.

That stranger! He?

Thou knowest him well,

(Holds her hand before her eyes.)

With him? With him? With him?

Didst speak with him.
Ah! now I know. Within that form, Methinks must dwell that

voice, that charmed my inmost soul. Oh speak, one

word, as thou didst speak. My soul, my heart's be

With words like these, he loved! Thou'rt mine and mine for ever.
woke my soul to Love, un-dy-ing Love,
Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love! Love!

Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love! Love!

Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love! Love!

Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love! Love!

Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love! Love!

Love unchanging, love e-ter-nal,
Love! Love!
Thril our hearts with rapture, Love! undying,

Thril their hearts with rapture,

Thril our hearts with rapture, Love! undying,

Thril their hearts with rapture, Love! undying,

Thril their hearts with rapture, Love! undying,

Thril their hearts with rapture, Love! undying,

Thril their hearts with rapture, Love! undying,

Thril their hearts with rapture, Love! undying,

Love! Love! undying,
Love supernal, Wide thy golden portals open

Love undying, Love supernal

Love supernal, Wide thy golden portals open
dying Love supernal, wide thy golden portals

Love supernal, Wide thy golden portals open

pernal, Wide thy golden portals open

Love supernal, Wide thy golden portals open
dying, Love supernal,
We will gladly enter,

Wide thy golden portal open, they will

They will gladly enter,

They will gladly open, they will gladly enter,

They will gladly enter, they will gladly,

They will gladly enter, they will gladly,

Wide thy golden portals
filled shall be for evermore

hearts with thine emotion filled shall

filled shall be for evermore

thine emotion filled shall be for

filled shall be for evermore, Their

filled shall be for evermore, Their

thine emotion filled shall be for

thine emotion filled shall be for

thine emotion filled shall be for
Then our hearts with thine emotion filled shall be for

be Their hearts with thine emotion filled shall be for

Then our hearts with thine emotion filled shall be for

ever with thine emotion filled shall be for

hearts with thine emotion filled shall be for

hearts with thine emotion filled shall be for

ever with thine emotion filled shall be for

ever with thine emotion filled shall be for

ev-er with thine emotion filled, shall be, for
End of King René's Daughter.