(Myriel hurries Rosamund, who tries to follow Corvalin's gesture)

Rosamund

Myriel

Myrieh? I pray thee, let me wait to see his face, Noble and

(Reproachful)

O, hoy! There is a devil is thee! What, shall I be

(Feet dragging)

comes! Arch-angel? Prince of dreams!

(With despair)

pured, the knight I saw

answered?

Go! What,

(Whispers)

Arch-angel! Prince of dreams! See him!
but now!
stubborn? What, unwilling? Go!
Lo, where he comes! Hal! hal! hal! Late!

too late! Here was a pretty lady, fair To follow thee to Fairy-land!

I love A lady in the Holy Land.
(sorrowfully)
a tempo mosso

Ho - ly Land, Fair - y - land, it is all one.

Andante
Is the name Of king so great a mat-ter?

Corval (to Auburn)
Con moto moderato (s.: 70)

So they say. How think ye? Did the Lord mis-take, and
send The Saint into the world before the King?

Myriah (shocked)

We have
did the women blunder, and change the babes?

heard enough blasphemy!

Auburn

Nay, what harm in a word? We know him well for

one whose love Covers her shame with laughter.

(He turns to Corvala)
Take the crown, in God's name, brother, and with all my

Myriel (interrupting violently)

Not so! Hold!

(to Myriel, quietly)

heart Be thou.

Shall I

hold so dear This painted picture-book of shade and sun,

This game of

bare-the-head and bow-the-knee, These golden toys? Ye call me dreamer, why,
Myriel (angrily)

Dost thou crown a dog with dreams?

These are dreams. I out-grow them.

Moderato

Gervais

Or an ab-bess? Come, give up Thy toys to Thy nurse, child...

Moderato

Myriel

Never to such a

Nay, To a broth-er, if he will.

thy dry nurse.
Più mosso
brother!

Go and pray, woman! Leave men... To deal with

accel. poco a poco

A picture-book of souls; A game of life and men... Go and pray! Leave me... to
dead; a toy whereby,

deal with men! Here is that Wherefore,
Since the beginning of the world, strong hell hath triumphed over
Since the beginning of the world, men have slain one another.

Allegro molto

Allegro molto

Shall I yield this to her?

Myriel (gesturing toward the shrine)

Not to me!

(Myriel and Oherin glower at each other savagely)

(The tension relaxes)
Molto moderato (c., d.)

(Myriel smiles)

to one who war A wo-man, and now reigns o-ver all, Moth-er and

Maid and Queen.

Auburn

Let it be sol

[rit. marcato]

Allegro moderato

And o-ver all our land.
Con anima (d-oo)

Women shall hear, And men labor ungoverned.

There shall be No law but love, no

crown save on whose brow Burns the Star of the

Sea, and in her heart The red Rose of the world!
Allegro molto moderato

Corvall (dryly)

poco presto

Ay, ay, she died Some years back.

Let be, there are crowns in heav’n. Al - read - y. Al - so there are maids a - live. That may be moth-ers. In the dev’l’s name.
Let the kings reign, and the saints pray! Come home,

Take a wife, rule thy kingdom, be a

Myrial Allegro molto

In the devil's name? (Goeing patience)

man! O, God's Mary's

Allegro molto

the saints; The

Presto sfz
Fool, I would give life for this, Ay... or

Myrie! Be thou ware.

Auburn

Cor. vaunt!

take life. Be ware!
Of fire from heav'n!

We have endured O. ver-long. Be-

void!

gone from us, ere that Pow'r Whose word I bear re-

(Corinna retreats)

move thee from His sight For ev-er! Give back!
(The bridge falls with a crash)

vain, Cor-vain is foiled!

Brother from brother will I set apart, Blood from blood, saith the
Cor-vain is gone! His plan is but

Lord!

vain!
Presto
Moderato

Myriel

In sem - pi - ter - na sae - cu - la.

Auburn

Not to me; to Her.

Mother, now thy blessing.

Soprano I

Soprano II

Alto I

Alto II

Chorus of Nuns within

A - ve Vir - go glo - ri - o - sa!

Covain (growing disappears in the darkness) Mother, far more than mother,

Holds the world such an-oth - er John - a-dreams?

A - ve Ma - ter,

A - ve Ma - ter,

A - ve Ma - ter,

A - ve Ma - ter,
Thou whose eyes Out of all azure skies look down on me, Whose

hand is in the cool brush of the breeze Over my brow, whose voice hums hum-la-by

Ma-tri-s ma-la pel-lis E-vae, Fil-ium pro-
Where brooks laugh in the sun, whose robe flows green
Along the
Gentili nostrae Dominum

Lo, now even I, A prince of dreams, lay my poor glory down,
Quando tandem, quando fore

Gentili nostrae Dominum, Dominum
Lady, before the darkness of thy shrine While I grow to find thee, O
Ut last-tan-ti cam tro-mo-re-
Ut las-tan-ti cam tro-mo-re-
Ut las-tan-ti cam tro-mo-re-
Ut las-tan-ti cam tro-mo-re-

let me learn The beauty painted here in shade and sun; The love that is the

meaning of this dream. Where-in we toss, longing;
Where all earth's dissonances
In the har-mony

Sponsus mi-hi in de-co-re Pa-ret in-tra

Sponsus mi-hi in de-co-re Pa-ret in-tra

Sponsus mi-hi in de-co-re Pa-ret in-tra

close and clinging
Satis-fied, full of sleep. Rose of the world!
Lift up mine eyes from loving dust,

And let Thy glory shine before me as a star

Guiding my happiness to Bethlehem.

Tempo come sopra

bem!
Lift up my heart, Rose of the World, and show Thy wonder opening as a rose unfoldeth Her deep heart under the dawn. O Star of the Sea!
(Corvain runs away finally)

**Tenor (off stage)**

*When the summer day is done,*  
*And the saints in*

Fairies  

*And the saints in*

heaven sleeping  
*Leave the earth in elfin keeping.*  
*At the*

heaven sleeping  
*Leave the earth in elfin keeping.*  
*At the*
SOPRANO

ALTO (off stage) Here are

Here are

wakes!

fears to be forsaken, Treasure given, pleasure
During the following the Fairies appear, dancing; at first two with brooms, sweeping away the mist; others with wands, lighting them gradually, until the stage is quite filled and lighted.
(All the Fairies have entered. The Chorus is still invisible)

When the breezes breathe in tune,
And the light of wonder hovers
Round the hearts of happy lovers
At the

When the breezes breathe in tune,
And the light of wonder hovers
Round the lovers
At the
ris - ing of the moon
ris - ing of the moon
ris - ing of the moon
ris - ing of the moon

Poco più mosso
Fill and thrill them with the pow'r
And the
Fill and thrill them with the pow'r
And the

Poco più mosso
Passion of the hour,

That embosom

Passion of the hour,

That embosom

and embow All the mystery of June.

That embow All the mystery of June.

and embow All the mystery of June.

That embow All the mystery of June.
Fill and thrill them with the pow'r,

And the

passion, and the mystery.

When the
Veils of earth are torn, and a yearning and a yearning Set the
rose of beauty burning In the hush before the morn,
(Robin enters with a great cup and followed by the Chorus)

Thrung around them, where the golden Joy hath drowned them,

and the old-en Wonder crowned them un-be-hol-den

cresc. molto

22571
In a Fair - y - land, re -
In a Fair - y - land, re -
In a Fair - y - land, re -
In a Fair - y - land, re -

Yo - who are free of worlds be -
born!
born!
born!
born!

Animato (p. 26)
yond the portal, Honor with me the dream from whence we spring. The mortal joy that makes us immortal.

Health to our Queen and King!

Our Queen and King!

Our Queen and King!

Our Queen and King!
(Robin raises the cup and drinks)

(He scatters the remaining drops over Auburn... Auburn rises slowly... looks about,... groping and confused...)

... puts his hand to his head... staggers...
The light breaks forth in the shrine:

(Auburn and Rosamund admire each other;)

"express, e dolce"

"always dim, ed express,"

"pp delicately."

(dim.)

"sempre dim. ed express."

"p express."

"m Express."

"Wood"

"sempre mosso mozzo"
I have no heav'n, but thou art

heav'n?

lord thereof, No crown, saving the rapture thou hast

giv'n! Auburn (kneeling before Rosamund)

O love,
O love, my love!
Fair- y- land! Fair- y- land!
Fair- y- land! Fair- y- land!
Fair- y- land! Fair- y- land!
Fair- y- land! Fair- y- land!
Fair- y- land! Fair- y- land!

sempre dim.
Rosalind (in the centre of the stage)

Rose of the world, they are lost who would find thee, Star of the sea, they grow weary and weep.

Running before crowned with thorns, and behind thee

Drowned in thy light on the deep; Yet they shall come through

Taking and naming Where thou art holy at last, being whole; Having a

Rose for thy flesh, and a flaming Star
for a soul.

Yea, thou shalt lead them
to wonderful places

Ere they discover how laughter redeems

Beauty, and shame, looking dreamward,
embraces Love,

deth un-conquered of dreams.
Heaven, earth and hell shall they range unforbidden. Strong in com-

mand of the glory that grows Out of the dust,

understanding the hidden

Fire in the

masstoso Tempo I°
thronethriceglori-fied,thronethriceglori-fied,thronethriceglori-fied,thronethriceglori-fied,thronethriceglori-fied,thronethriceglori-fied,
yon - der on ev - ry hand,Whither-so-ev - er a soul shall
yon - der on ev - ry hand,Whither-so-ev - er a soul shall
yon - der on ev - ry hand,Whither-so-ev - er a soul shall
yon - der on ev - ry hand,Whither-so-ev - er a soul shall
yon - der on ev - ry hand,Whither-so-ev - er a soul shall
yon - der on ev - ry hand,Whither-so-ev - er a soul shall

lord to his own,O-ver my heart, a

Queen from her thronethriceglori-

follow The one star far with-drawn At the
follow The one star far with-drawn At the
follow The one star far with-drawn At the
follow The one star far with-drawn At the
follow The one star far with-drawn At the
follow The one star far with-drawn At the
heart made pure for his bridal chamber,

folded, down upon mine, undeniably tender,

end of the world, is the way unfurled That leads to Fair y land.

Bend ing the eyes of a mother,

the arms of a man,

the eyes of a
the arms of a king,

child, the eyes of a bride.

What shall we find in Fairy-land?
Whatever the tales have told,

What shall we find in Fairy-land?
Whatever the tales have told,

What shall we find in Fairy-land?
Whatever the tales have told,

What shall we find in Fairy-land?
Whatever the tales have told,

What shall we find in Fairy-land?
Whatever the tales have told,
Whatever the children planned:  
   Fully deeper than

Wisdom, Beauty brighter than gold,
Laughter and tears from all the years in the light of Fairy land!

Laughter and tears from all the years in the light of Fairy land!

Laughter and tears from all the years in the light of Fairy land!

Laughter and tears from all the years in the light of Fairy land!

Fair - y - land? Lo, a child and a

Fair - y - land? A child, a wo - man;

Fair - y - land? A child, lo, a child and a
light of a dream

crowned with light, with the light

of the

crowned with the light of the

both in Fair

both in Fair

Fair - y - land, and both in Fair

Fair - y - land, and both in Fair

Fair - y - land, and both in Fair

Fair - y - land, and both in Fair

Heav'n!

Heav'n!

Heav'n!

Heav'n!

Heav'n!

Heav'n!

Heav'n!

land!

land!

land!

land!
(The curtain falls slowly)

sempre dim.

End of Act I
ACT II
The Castle

Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)

Curtain (Corvain is discovered with soldiers)

Corvain

Go bring them in: They shall be

Therefore they pray, my lord...

Corvain sends himself)

heard... surely, they shall be heard...

When last we met, we
The Soldier returns with Robin and some miserable peasants
The Baron first.

The Old Man

The Whining Woman
Robin

Justice.

Lord King!

Cervain

How now, fellow?

(rising, and indicating the people)

These folk, Thy people.

(spoken)

Not my fellow? Ha! Lord, how light These

(Caricaturing Robin)

Oh, a

honours fall!

What seek my people?