FAIRYLAND
An Opera in Three Acts

THE BOOK BY
BRIAN HOOKER

THE MUSIC BY
HORATIO PARKER

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43rd ST. · LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS ST.
BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.
ARGUMENT

Rosamund, a novice, from the abbey balcony beholds the young king Auburn riding across the valley, and falls a-longing for life and for him. But he, scorning the kingdom that has been too easily his own, would fain go a pilgrimage. He leaves his crown, not to Corvain his brother, but to the Abbess Myriel. Corvain therefore steals upon Auburn while he prays before the shrine, strikes him down, and leaves him for dead. But Auburn, reviving, finds himself among Fairies, and within the shrine not Our Lady but his own lady Rosamund; and they two are crowned King and Queen in a vision of Fairyland.

Auburn being gone, Corvain by force seizes upon the kingdom, which Myriel claims also; so each takes tribute from the People, who are grievously oppressed thereby. Rosamund, fleeing from the abbey in search of Auburn, falls into the power of Corvain. Auburn returns to claim his crown again; but none will recognize him for the King; Rosamund knows him only for her Prince of Fairyland; and he, being come back again to earth, knows her not. Myriel, pursuing Rosamund, comes upon the two together. While she and Corvain quarrel for possession of the fugitive, Auburn before all the people intercedes, proclaiming himself king, and invoking the magic power of the Rose which he has brought from Fairyland. But the Rose withers before the scornful laughter of Corvain, wherein the People join; Rosamund, renouncing Corvain's protection, is led away prisoner by Myriel; and Auburn is left desolate.

Rosamund, believing steadily in her Fairy lover, is to be burned for witchcraft. Myriel strives to make her repent, persuading her how that her vision had been of Holiness, not of Love; but Rosamund will not doubt. Rosamund and Auburn, being without hope, now wholly remember each other and despise their dream; seeing yet Robin and his People as nothing more than mere peasant clads, who therefore cannot aid them. Auburn single-handed desperately attacks Corvain,
who has him seized and bound also to the stake. In that last moment, while the fagots kindle, they hear the drinking-song of the common folk in the tavern, and by that mirth know them for the People of the Hills. The Rose burns in Auburn's bosom like a star, while Rosamund sings the magic song thereof. The scene transforms again into the likeness of their vision, wherein Myriel and Corvain are overpowered by the throng of Fairies rushing in, and Auburn and Rosamund are again set free and crowned in a world that is one with Fairyland.
THE PERSONS

AUBURN—the King; afterward Prince of Fairyland

CORNAX—brother to Auburn

MYRIEL—the Abbess

ROSIAMUND

ROBIN—surnamed Goodfellow

CHORUS OF NUNS, MENDICANTS, AND COMMON FOLK (the People of the Hills, who are also FAIRIES)

ACT I. Before the Abbey. All-Hallows’ Eve (One hour)

ACT II. The Castle of the King. Noon. (Thirty-five minutes)

ACT III. The Village. Dusk. (Thirty minutes)

The Action takes place Once Upon a Time, and within the interval of a Year and a Day.

The Time is roughly the Thirteenth Century; The Place, a hill country in Central Europe. These, however, are not intended to locate the story with historical precision, more than in the case of any other fairy tale; but as an affair of scenery and costume and setting, the form in which it meets the eye. For the action takes place in the Valley of Shadows, also called the World, which seen in a certain light is also Fairyland. It is concretely represented as a triangular valley, some two miles on a side, having at one corner the abbey; at another, the castle of the King; and at a third, the village. And the scene is laid at each of these points in turn, the rest of the valley being in each case visible and recognized in the distance.

The visual effect of the production, therefore, is of that medieval realm of fancy with which Maxfield Parrish, Arthur Rackham, and others have made us familiar. And the transformation by which, at the end of the First and Third Acts, the scene becomes a vision of Fairyland is presented by the sudden change from ordinary stage light to a fantastic and decorative scheme of vivid colors; and by the effect of this colored light upon the scenery and costumes.
valley with an Abbey on the extreme left; a wayside shrine separated from the distance by a chasm
Chorus of Peasants (off stage)

Lo stesso tempo

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BARITONE

BASS

Lo stesso tempo (B = 70)

folk are faint to dwell, By corn land and wood land Or fall low of the

folk are faint to dwell, By corn land and wood land Or fall low of the

folk are faint to dwell, By corn land and wood land Or fall low

folk are faint to dwell, By corn land and wood land Or fall low

(Enter The Old Man and The Forester)

dell. Yet we who bear her burden Will give our mother guerdon. A
The Old Man

The Forester. I am not so swift as once I was.

Stir thyself, Gaffer. The rest are home by

fair land, a good land, whose people love her

fair land, a good land, whose people love her

fair land, a good land, whose people love her

fair land, a good land, whose people love her

now. Hark to them! Art thou grown too old to

well.

well.

well.

well.

25371
Rosamund appears on the balcony. She looks out over the valley and listens. Passing peasants greet her:

Look there! An angel of

Sing and dance on Hallow's Eve?

Light on the Tower! Kneel thou! Take her blessing.

I will pray for
her. She will never dance, nor sing,
nor love. Thy mercy on thy saints, O

By sunbeam and

By sunbeam and

By sunbeam and

Saints of the blessed Abbey, pray for me, And bring a blessing on my soul.

Lord!

shadow Her treasury shall shine With gold of the

shadow Her treasury shall shine With gold of the

shadow Her treasury shall shine With gold of the

shadow Her treasury shall shine With gold of the

25373
(Third Peasant enters and listens)

No need to spoil a man's prayers.

Ay, old holiness, We must have meadow And ruby of the vine. So we that do pos-

meadow And ruby of the vine. So we that do pos-

meadow And ruby of the vine. So we that do pos-

meadow And ruby of the vine. So we that do pos-

very careful of thy soul; Come home before we meet with them that have no


saw her Will pray Our Lady bless her Sing Ave

saw her Will pray Our Lady bless her Sing Ave

saw her Will pray Our Lady bless her Sing Ave

saw her Will pray Our Lady bless her Sing Ave
Third Peasant

Look at the sun! Is this any season for prayers? We shall be souls.

and Credo And kneel around her

and Credo And kneel around her

and Credo And kneel around her

and Credo And kneel around her

...taken by the elves if we delay much longer.

Let us go!

...shrine.

...shrine.

...shrine.
(Rosamund leans over the balcony, stretching out her arms toward the riding knight whom she sees, but

who is not visible to the audience)
Unfailing forever Her mysteries remain. The blood of the

river. The body of the grain. The Autumn of her dying. Her

Winter buried lying Whom Spring shall deliver And Summer crown a.

(Rosamond disappears within the Abbey.)
Robin enters after two or three peasants. They kneel, then rise and proceed.

Robin (going)

Allegretto (C=
100) (Gorrain enters, across the bridge)

So we who bear her burden—

Gorrain

Hold you there!
(bowing to Corvain)

Gramency for thy

Fellow!

fel-lowship, Good master! See how fast my honors fall: Poor

Ro-bin is become the mace of lords, And fel-low to the brother of the

King!

Corvain

Be done, dog! Tell me, which way went the
Shall a dog look what way a king should go?

King?

Ay! lest the King run forth to bay the

poco animato (pizzicato)

Sir,

moon, And be last.
which king?

My brother, oaf!

Are there so

(seated on the edge of the grave)

The good

man-y?

dim.

and counting on his fingers)

sisters here, They say we have a King in heav'n.

The folk in the village yonder, they tell wonders too;
They say there is a king in Fairyland.

Now of these three to lose one—

Cervain.

Answer me! Saw ye the King in the forest?

(angry)

Robin

Meno mosso

Sir, I have seen no man today more like a king than thee.
(Corwin moves angrily)

More like!

Leggiero scherzando

(Robin dodges)

What now?

Come hither.

(Robin nods)

Nay, my lord,

Not too much fellowship.

See, there is yet

Gulf between us.
(Robin picks up a pebble
and teases it into the gulf.
The pebble drops).

Hearken! "Went he not Clad as a
pilgrim, in gray weeds, with staff and
sandals? Would ye know him"

"Robin, I have known"

"Plu mosso"

"Many seek the Holly Land-
Poor folk, like"
dry women, lonely men, And such-like. But a
king!

Why, look ye now,

'Tis against nature! If we tell the truth, Men will but say that we have

murdered him. For the sake of his crown.

Dost thou say so, Villain?

Agitato
Robin

The saints forbid! I only say we dare not lose him.

Corwall

Fellow, must I be my brother's keeper?

Robin

Brother to a crown, and fellow to a

Allegretto (♩ = 150)

(Robin makes two gestures of decapitation)

Clown

Ay, noble Sir,
A-ha! See now-

This is Hal-low-eve,
No night for prince or

Tempo di Valse

pilgrim wandring,
For

who so seeks the Ho-ly Land to-night
May chance on Fairy-land a-thwart this way.

Good! Say the gob-lins have him, or the gnomes took him to be their king.
or he hath seen A Sing-ing Wo-man in the wood, end gone To slumber at her side for seven years, And wake a man...
There now is a tale Folk will believe.

Say I well?

Thy long tongue One day will
crop thy long ears. Enough! Go,rouse the village!
Robin

poco animato

On this night?

Holy Saints! Halloes' Eve?

Never a soul stirs from his door.

There be too many abroad who have no souls!
(Robin hears the nun)
Not for twenty kings!

Chorus of Nuns (off stage)

In sem - pi - ter - na

The Abbey Bell

(Robin goes)
Mary, here be more Seekers af - ter lost crowns!

Cerrain

Wait, thou!

sae - cu - la.

dimin.
One Voice (Soprano, in the Abbey)

Amen.

Not if it is not good to walk too near the throne.

Give ye good

In sempiterna

ebn, Brother, and keep ye safe From them who walk in

(Robin goes out) ad lib.

san-culs.

Ave Virgo gloriosa!

darkness!

Gorvain (growling)

Chorus of Nuns (within)

In-solent!

Amen.
Chorus of Nuns

Moderato

**SOPRANO I**

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

**SOPRANO II**

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

**ALTO I**

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

**ALTO II**

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

**Organ**

Moderato ($\text{\textnormal{p\text{-}\textnormal{a\text{-}\textnormal{t}e\text{-}\textnormal{m}o}}}$)

Covain (turning away down stage)

O brother A\text{-}burn, ho\text{-}ly brother Au\text{-}burn, Whose babe\'s eyes look be-

sa, Stel - la ma - ria. mun - di ro - sa, Pec - ca - to - rum

sa, Stel - la ma - ria. mun - di ro - sa, Pec - ca - to - rum

sa, Stel - la ma - ria. mun - di ro - sa, Pec - ca - to - rum

sa, Stel - la ma - ria. mun - di ro - sa, Pec - ca - to - rum

sa, Stel - la ma - ria. mun - di ro - sa, Pec - ca - to - rum

Ogna

25371
between me and my will, Whose dreams rise like smoke across my way,
Consola. Consolatrix hominem:
Consola. Consolatrix
Consolatrix, consolatrix
Consolatrix.

One Voice

In sempiterna saecula,

How long? I shall remember!

Amen

Amen

Amen

Amen.
(The nuns approach at the Abbey door and are issuing forth....)

--- Myriel is at the head, and Rosamund in white at the end of the procession.

O di-lec-ta, quam pri-o-ri Super-nal-is dig-nam tho-ri

O di-lec-ta, quam pri-o-ri Super-nal-is dig-nam tho-ri

O di-lec-ta, quam pri-o-ri Super-nal-is dig-nam tho-ri

O di-lec-ta, quam pri-o-ri Super-nal-is dig-nam tho-ri

---
(The entire Chorus of angels has now come forth)

Conditor in gloria!
Regis
Conditor in gloria!
Regis
Conditor in gloria!

Nu-
Conditor in gloria!

Nu-

Sotto

Nun

matrix angelorum,

matrix angelorum,

matrix Regis angelorum,

matrix Regis angelorum,
(The suns hang garlands upon the shrine)

Da contemptum ter-vo-no-rum O-di-um in vi-ti-o-rum Tris-te mi-nis-

Da contemptum ter-re-no-rum O-di-um in vi-ti-o-rum Tris-te mi-nis-

Da contemptum ter-re-no-rum O-di-um in vi-ti-o-rum Tris-te mi-nis-

Da contemptum ter-re-no-rum O-di-um in vi-ti-o-rum Tris-te mi-nis-

Da contemptum ter-re-no-rum O-di-um in vi-ti-o-rum Tris-te mi-nis-

poco rit. pp
te-ri-um; Va-ni-ta-te Fac de-vu-tam,

poco rit. pp
te-ri-um; Fac de-vu-tam,

poco rit. pp
te-ri-um; Sol-ve men-tem, pa-e-ni-ten-ten

poco rit. pp
te-ri-um; Sol-ve men-tem, pa-e-zi-ten-ten,

25371
Et amo ma... (The nuns move back into the Abbey)
modo re-i, Infer car-i-ta-tem
modo re-i, Infer car-i-ta-tem
modo re-i, Infer car-i-ta-tem
modo re-i, Infer car-i-ta-tem

De-i, Infer car-i-ta-tem De-i Quae de-sper-nit
De-i, Infer car-i-ta-tem De-i Quae de-sper-nit
De-i, Infer car-i-ta-tem De-i Quae de-sper-nit
De-i, Infer car-i-ta-tem De-i Quae de-sper-nit

(Myriel Juan, her garland last; then rises and confronts Corvin.)
Mylte!

Lord Corvain, This place is ho-ly, and this e-ven-tide. Ap-pointed for a-li-a! Quae de-spernit a-li-a!

a-li-a! Quae de-spernit a-li-a!

a-li-a! Quae de-spernit a-li-a!

X:

such joys as are not thine. What is thy will? Corvain

Little e-nough good

Quae de-spernit a-li-a!

Quae de-spernit a-li-a!

Quae de-spernit a-li-a!

Quae de-spernit a-li-a! poco più animato

\[25372\]
mother.
On-ly to seek your saint-ly king, Auburn.

(with evil emphasis)

If he be long away my will May count for something more. Look to it.

Myriel

Thou? Sure-ly, then we shall have a king in- deed!

Corvaln

What,
have ye no more news of him than I, His brother? Ye be

women still—some one In this un-man'd communion, brides of heav'n,

Might so far sin as to have heard his voice Singing, and

catched the gleam of his red hair A-cross the val-ley?
Myriel

(Myriel turns away contemptuously)

I have no word of him, Nor need for ev'ry evil words of thine. Farewell!

Rosamund (advances timidly to Myriel)

Mother—Myriel

Rosamund—thou?

The king—Is he lost?

Corvaln (roughly)

Ay,

or gone to kneel by tombs And feast his soul on saints' bones.
I have dreamed Such an one should be king!  

Rosamund (quite unmindful of Corvaln's coarseness)

Ha! ha! ha! He is half minstrel, half Priest,

Rosamund (So herself)

in Fairy-land, maybe.

Moderato

al-together fool. The rest is man.

So George against the dragon might have gone,
Myriel expresses silent disapproval

Michael, thundering Lucifer down from heav'n.

Rosamund
Lostesso tempo (d. d.)

Standing alone upon the balcony Yonder, and gazing out into the

world Where the sun crowned the hills with gold, and all
shadows filmed with silver
and the songs of weary folk

returning home
Blew down the bloomy breeze thru the

dull hum of bees
and croon of
doves
around the town's.
Lo stesso tempo

I saw one riding on a great red steed.

Glorious in golden armor,

with his brow
Flung upward in the sunbeams,

and his
hair——Burn-ing o-ver him in clouds like a

nim-bus and blaz-ing on his shield: So, like some bright arch-

an-gel, ah! he

plunged down The mountain, o-ver the riv-er, thro’ the tale In-to the
Corvain (trying to break into the scene)  

coarsely

f

Corvain

Myriel (quietly, rather meditatively)  

Moderato

Child, were those eyes upon thy head, to see So

Rosamund

Therefore the world seems all

fond-ly? There is a gulf between Thee and the world,

Corvain

Bah!
Wonderful as a dream of Fairyland.

Cervain (derisively)

Fairy-land!

Myriel!

Have a care lest thou raise up The chat of carnal dreams against the light, And

Rosamund (with enthusiasm)

I do not love to look up on the gazing on bright clouds despise the sun!

sur-

Only by his light to behold all else And find it fair,
Mother, I know the world Turned ashes, yet - how shall I dream of heav'n

If not by ev'ry sign God shows us here?

The sweet songs and rich blossoms and kind

eyes, The glory and the
Gladness and the pow'r, Are these evil?

Corvain (maliciously delighted)

Allegro Answered! Well answered! See The saint

speechless!

Pretty one, live,

laugh, love To-day. To-morrow—
Ay, to-morrow! Chris, Thou hast thine answer!

Poco lento Rosamund I have sinned—

This is he who loves earth! Poco lento express

Myriel

Go! seek for-give-ness. Pray the white saints wash the pure of earth, and

Rosamund

Where lies the road To

show Thy heart the way to heav'n.