Man never heard and heaven knows.

Whither away his steps attend her.

Alley Bell

poco more.
Myriel (to the guard)

Rit. en

Poco lento (to Rosamund, who moves her eyes only)

Daughter, it is I. No more Thy
There is only another woman, come to help and bear.

(quietly) I have thought of many things this night.

Dost thou so hate me?

Mother, thou in thy holiness, and the dear sisters, with their quiet eyes reflecting heav'n, even the snowy saints...
pray to -
Ah! but they never knew What

I have known!
Other things, better things,

It may be I am not fit to choose heav'n. Be it so! I choose!

Therefore ye must now destroy: not hating me - fearing my

dream. Myriah (angrily)

Fearing! fearing! Lentp I have ailed.
Daughter, be thy name Blessed among women! Destroy thee?

Child, Thou art free and holy. In my blind bow I said thy dreams Came to thee out of hell. For -

give! I know now. God hath lifted thee alive into glory:
thys dreams have seen Heav'n: on-ly,

Piu mosso

thou hast held the love Ce-les-tial for the earth-ly love we

know,

And called thy Par-a-dise Eden.

Rosamund

Thou dost not know, Moth-er. It was not heav'n.

Am I so changed?
I was a woman ere I was a nun. How should I not understand?

Oh, look well! See how it might be,

Then see how it hath been. And so, the truth!

Tranquillo

It is true that I love

The prince of
Allegretto

Fair - y - land! Myriel Allegro

Allegretto

It shall not be! God will not

let somuchbe giv in vain; Thou shalt not look down - ward, seek-o ng for Him:

Bury thy wings in the star

of Beth - le - hem!
Solemnly  
(very earnestly)

Moderato

Little sister mine, thou art near to death,

Hovering between worlds. I promise thee Life, absolution,

Rosamund (dreamily)

All for me? I had

saint-hood.

Rather remember.

25372
As the lost Remem-ber! Fare well.

(Myriel goes out)

I can only be thy judge.

(Rosamund’s Vision)
... he enters quickly, runs to the stake

(Auburn appears...)

and hews at it with his sword)
(The sword breaks)

Rosamund

Wherefore art thou come to me?

Auburn  

No thing. A jest for fools. Thou shalt not die.

A

While I live. It sounds
Dost thou know me?

bravely, does it not? No matter.

one soul On earth believing me; my

one friend here Where all people mock at me, and my

one Love now, when nothing more remains of me Worth loving.
What else have I ever known?

I would have crowned thee, when I was a king. I would have saved thee, when I was a man.

No matter. I have grown old in the dark. And lost the dawn.

Rosamund (sighing)

And thy queen?

I am here. At thy feet.
I re-member no more. Let the dream per-ish.

Rosamund (tenderly)

Art thou so changed? My Lord, I have yield-ed my har-vest.

I have found my o-erd. There is no-thing more.

Auburn (raising his head)

Touch me.
Andante con moto

Rosamund

Do I not re-

Auburn

Do I dream a-
gain?

Andante con moto

mem-
ber?

Thou, Rid-
ing in

Thou, Crow-
erved with stars,

gold-
ern arms un-
der the sun.

throned am-
ong ros-
es... My queen of
light, whereof death is the light, whereof

shadow. Still the same, death is the shadow. Still the same,

still the same, sweeter than the glory of the strong in war.

Thou and I, love, are one! Thou art mine.
Lord of my joy, I have known thee in sorrow, Son of my

Flow'r of my Spring, Have I seen thee in Autumn?

May, make me thine again.

And I mind no

Moon of my dream, Dost thou shine again? I am

more the small pain that will make darkness of me.

only a pilgrim saving my pain.
Still the same, Thou and I, And I

Still the same, Thou and I, Yet

mind no more the pain and darkness, Than songs of little

if it be, thy will, look down, and so, Lighting the

children far away, Sing-ing to call me home

windows of my heav'n for me, Bring thou the wa-s-d'er home!
(It is daylight, and villagers appear)
Robin enters.

Auburn

Robin

So we who bear her burden.

you there, good fellow.

Who calls me Good-fellow?
Auburn, the king!

One who hath need of thee. (to Rosamund)

Dost thou say so?

Say thou So, lest we all perish.

If it be true, Auburn reigns; if it be a lie, no

less Cor-nair falls, and the peo-ple crown.
their king.

And the Rose? And the Song?

Rosamund

Dreams!

It may be,

We have our dreams too.

Shall a dog forge crowns

Out of the
gold of the moon?

Shall a blind make

Hom - or the
Rosamund

Art thou so better? Auburn

Nay, it is not that! They live by dreams;

(to Robin):

we others die of them. Thy pardon. Robin (astonished)

Thou art strangely like a
Rosamund (to Robin)

Dost thou say so? (recovering his usual manner, to Auburn) (They move toward the tavern, king!)

Not I. If my lord will... but are stopped by Corvain)

Corvain (Myriel enters, followed by ranis)

Patience a-while, good Brother!

Rosamund (to Auburn) (speaking Corvain)

Auburn No-thing. A little longer, and my will might have been more.

What is thy will?
So? I am still the king here about. Our mother keeps Her king in heaven. Mayhap it were as well Thy king should go and reign in Fairy land.

Well dost thou know he is

Lest we faint under three crowns.

not the king. What hast thou done With Auburn? Out of consecrated ground His
blood cries out upon a brother! Man, Dost thou think I do not know?

Corvain

Too late now, Mother! Why not have cried murder before I caught out of thine hand this golden toy Wherefore kings have been slain?

(parodying Myriel)

Allegro agitato

Well dost thou know Our Auburn lies in consecrated ground!
(impressively)

Who-so digs deep e-nough may find his bones Under your Ab-bey. Lord,

Allegro molto

what a coilt Brother From broth-er set a-

part, a king dis-crowned, A

prest-y la-dy burned for lov-ing all For God’s glo-ry! Well,

I will do my share take him!
Bend him yer'der! Enough! Thou hast thy vict'ry,

Daughter, believe, there is not any

I mine, Solenne

anger in my heart Against thee,

Pain, or, if not for thy self, Remember this poor mad soul thou hast drawn

Down to thee. Put away thy bitter joy, And save him.
Auburn

Dear, would I live so?

Corvain

(to Rosamund)

Nay, save Thine own life, pretty one! There

foke

is yet time Despite all dreams, dry womes and dead

(The soldiers continually pile fagots about the stake)

men. What, stubborn? What, un

willing? Presently The sparks crack and the

23371
little dancing flames Lap the lithe limbs of thee, questioning all Thy

beauty— then the fire tower's and clings— oh, A

hun-gry love-er! pillow thy white pain in down-y - bosomed clouds—

holding the last Wild leap of thee help-les, till thy life shines—
In the red heart of a great rose.

Resamund (quite unshaken)

Axburn, I will tell thee a secret: he is a fool, this king-

(A shout of laughter comes from the tavern. Corvain turns away)

He thinks we are afraid.

And then our wise Mother:

(Another bowl from the tavern. Myriel makes the gesture of invocation)

She thinks we need heav'n.
Myriel

Ave Virgo glori-

men.

Amen.

Amen.

Amen.

ossa!

Domine sequendo du-cem Cru-

Domine sequendo du-cem Cru-

Domine sequendo du-cem Cru-

Domine sequendo du-cem Cru-
(A soldier applies the torch to the pile of fagots)
The people in the tavern troop out, followed by Robin.

Allegro con fuoco

lads of beggar, lords of birth, ye lords of birth, Ye-

birth, lads of beggar, lords of birth, ye lords of birth, Ye-

lads of beggar, lords of birth And brothers 'round the bowl, Come

lads o' beggar, lords of birth And brothers 'round the bowl, Come
join the mirth of our mother Earth, And share her soul

Round, round, and round again, Time your trouble was drowned again,

Jollity followed and found again, And hearts made whole!
Her frozen breast was a rose of spring Or ev'ry your woes be-
gan; So laugh your best, and be king by king, And man by man.

Round, round, and round again,
(For time gone) Round, round, and round again,
Time your trouble was drowned again, 
Jol-li-ty fol-lowed and found a-gain By him who can!

Then think up-on her, and sing her hon-or, And drink to her fair ren-own, Till

flow's loom up in the bloom-ing cup, And stars bow down (to the
flow's loom up in the bloom-ing cup, And stars bow down (to the ground,
and spread. There is much motion and tumult)

Presto

(The lights change as in Act I, when Rosamund....

Rosamund

Auburn

Be-lov-ed, we have drunk one Cup of red wine to-

Heark-en: the song!
Moderato

Rose of the world, thou art everyone's own:

Thou art everyone's

Who-so-ever wanders the garden shall wear thee and bear thee long.
Under the breast of delight, on the crest of endeavor Blooming, a blush and a
world, thou art everyone's own, O Rose! Rose of the
world, thou art everyone's own, O Rose! Rose of the
world, thou art everyone's own, O Rose!
world, thou art everyone's own:

melody, blossom and song; Still, when the kisses are done, when the
world! O Rose!
world! O Rose!
Rose of the world!
Rose of the world!
Rose of the world!
but-tle is o-ver. Burn-ing be-fore him, be-yond him, a-lone and a-far;

Burn-ing be-yond us a-far;

Burn-ing be-yond us, burn-ing be-yond us a-far;

O Rose! Burn-ing be-yond us a-far;

O Rose! Burn-ing a-far!

Light in the heart of the saint; in the heart of the lov-er Fire; in the king’s heart a

Light in the heart of the saint, In the

Light in the heart of the saint, In the

Light in the heart of the saint, In the

Light in the heart of the saint, In the
star...

Star of the

king's heart, a star.

king's heart, a star.

king's heart, a star.

king's heart, a star.

sea, thou art known:

Of thy gold is our

treasure. All men have sought for thee, fought for thee, under the
Dreams in the heart of the man, in the soul of the woman one

Dreams in the heart of the man, in the

Dreams in the heart of the man, in the

Dreams in the heart of the man, in the

Dreams in the heart of the man, in the

Dreams in the heart of the man, in the

Dreams in the heart of the man, in the

Hope, one beauty, one joy!

Woman great joy!

Woman great joy!

Woman great joy!

Woman great joy!

Woman great joy!
Robin (drinks as in Act I; he casts the remaining drops upon the fire, which

vanishes)

Ye whose blind pow'r is

Crown them! Crown them!

Crown them! Crown them!

Crown them! Crown them!
melted into mirth, Whose holiness is now a sin forgiven.

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

ad lib.

Knowing not heav'n, what have ye known of earth?

Knowing no earth, what can ye know of heav'n?
Rosamund
Con moto moderato

\[ \text{Fair-\text{-}y-land! Fair-\text{-}y-land! Fair-\text{-}y-land!} \]

\[ \text{Where shall we hide from Fair-\text{-}y-land? We who are wo-\text{-}man- \]} \]

\[ \text{Where shall we hide from Fair-\text{-}y-land? We who are wo-\text{-}man- \]} \]

\[ \text{Where shall we hide from Fair-\text{-}y-land? We who are wo-\text{-}man- \]} \]

\[ \text{born: A mu-sic of God's mak-ing to the wort-d of man's de-mand?} \]

\[ \text{born: A mu-sic of God's mak-ing to the wort-d of man's de-mand?} \]

\[ \text{born: A mu-sic of God's mak-ing to the wort-d of man's de-mand?} \]

\[ \text{born: Mu-sic of God's mak-ing, wort-d of man's de-mand?} \]
Never an ear too dull to hear the call of the elf-in horn, Nor an
eve...
Rose!

Land!