Behold the whining woman—

tribut—

This woman had no bread.

Therefore her babe died. That old dog being tried of honest hunger.

stole. See, his gray hair hides no ears.

—the forester—

Yonder rascal, having stolen fruit, corn, and cattle, shot the King's deer.

Lock! No more archery! Sir, we are broke.
down With too much hon-or. One crown is e-nough, We are too frail to bear the weight of

two.

Well, I for-give them.

My love, My-ri-el. Claiming our land for God's king-dom, de-

clare Her-self His tre-as-ur-er. Good thou art king Must we pay
Sir,

Nay, sure-ly. That were foul wrong. Once is e-nough. By me.

We have paid Her al-ready.

So! What is that to me? Go to

To her? God help us! Wilt thou

her. Would ye have your king Kinder than God?
p.3

Brother! Beware thine own brother!

(To the soldiers, with sudden irate temper:)

These good folk weary me,

Answer them.
Got-in! Tis-hall! Are ye not our-selves? Are ye

Bart-le-my! Are ye not our-selves? Are ye

Be-ware of claw and fang! Be-ware of claw and

Dogs, go hang! Dogs, go hang! Out, ye beg-gars!

Dogs, go hang! Dogs, go hang! Out, ye beg-gars!

Dogs, go hang! Dogs, go hang! Out, ye beg-gars!

Dogs, go hang! Dogs, go hang! Out, ye beg-gars!

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Dogs, go hang! Dogs, go hang! Out, ye beg-gars!

Dogs, go hang! Dogs, go hang! Out, ye beg-gars!

Dogs, go hang! Dogs, go hang! Out, ye beg-gars!

Dogs, go hang! Dogs, go hang! Out, ye beg-gars!
(The peasants are all driven off. The soldiers have returned, and Rosamund is seen approaching in custody)

Coraín

Here be more seek-ers af- ter lost kings.

(The soldiers move as if to bind Rosamund)

Sain't of the Ab-bey! Let her go! When an-gels fall, The bet-ter for the world.

(The soldiers revere)

Rosamund

(to the soldiers)

My lord,

Leave us!
Where lies the road to Fairy-land?

The road to...

Prett-y one, so call what-ev-er way Was thine.

Nay, but I seek the king in

to fol-low hith-er.

Fair-y-land.

He is found. I Am the king here-a-bout.
Lento

Thou dost not know, *pianissimo* Sir, I be - mon thee of thy
gentleness. Make no jest of me._ I have_ I have known. The Prince of
faery in a waking dream, And I will fol - low
him to Fa - ir - y-land. And find him, and de - light him, or I
Die.

Sicr: When the nuns find thee, thou shalt surely die.

Poco mosso

But for me thou art safe with me.

Nay, then, Beautiful child, look upon me.

Rosamund

Surely.

look well. Dost thou not remember?
Corvain, the king.

Thou!

Thy king.

Look a-gain!

Like—yes, Strange-ly like—yet thou art not the same

There is no wonder in thine eyes.

Corvain (gently)

Who knows His dreamy

daylight?

Who hath known in dreams Any-thing un-re-membered?
Allegretto

Come then! Now I will

show thee all of Fairy-land That is true. Thou hast found thy prince a King!

Rosamund

Touch me

(He draws her to him)

not! not! it is all wrong, all wrong!
Thou dost not know!

I know this: My-ri-of Will burn thee, burn thee with fire!

Standing so, The lash behind thee and the

love be-for, Choose be-tween that flame and
this!

Sweet, am I not thy master?

Surely thou hast found thy dream.

(Rosamund turns to fly, but at a sign from Corvain the entrance fills with men-at-arms)
They who come here, abide here, sweet-heart. Wait thine own time.

When the nuns find thee, thou shalt surely die. But for me... Thou art safe with me: Think well!

O far away, beyond all human need, The songs and flowers and crowns of Fairy-land!

Why must the pain seem
In a garden glad and green blooms a rose, unknown, unseen, ruby-sweet like a flame, ho-by, like a ho-by name, all the world hath part and right in the garden's rich delight, each way gather all he knows... I alone have known the rose, the Rose!... in a world of waste and wrong...
bene\-\-i\-son of song, Pour\-\-ing on the mul\-ti\-tude All their

souls can bear of good; Bring\-\-ing them who know and care Beauty,

laughs, pain and prayer: Each his own real\-i\-tion Mine, the sing\-er's lips and

eyes! And the Rose, ah, the Rose! Ah!

a tempo

Rose!

pp a tempo

Allegro (Robin enters)

(Men's laughter)

Auburn (enters, looking back) (to those outside)

Peace! am I not your

(Men's laughter)

(More laughter, dying away)
(Auburn gestures toward the departing soldiers, turns, and comes slowly down)

Moderato

Robin

Fair-land!

That is not like The songs our mothers sang of Fair-land.

Moderato

(Rosamund slowly recognizes Auburn, looking eagerly in his face)

Thou art come!

(Auburn stares at Rosamund quite blankly)

Auburn

Lady most fair,

Rosamund (with growing agitation)

Oh, my lord, thou thou!

Beautiful stranger...
Thou dost not know?

Who is this?

One who knows Thee: a strange creature.

Now, if thou be

Your own king, Auburn.

Marry, what king?

He is king in Fairy-land!

Who should I be?
(tapping his forehead)

Not at home here, nor here. Good sir, we have all seen Auburn!

Auburn (to Rosamund)

No-thing now.

What dost thou know of Fairy-land?

Ye shall know more, having seen what wonders I have known. Children of earth, think ye this flower bloomed in any earthly garden? Robin

I have seen such
A. \( \text{Auburn (to Rosamund)} \)

\( \text{What dost thou say?} \)

R. \( \text{some-times Even in kings' crowns.} \)

R. \( \text{Rosamund Menu mosso} \)

\( \text{Not like the Rose of Fairy-land.} \)

R. \( \text{Mono mosso See there, now!} \)

R. \( \text{Auburn Allegro} \)

\( \text{Are your ears faith-less? Then believe your} \)
eyes! Rouse the village, gather my people here,

And ye shall see, deep in the heart of the Rose, The light of Fairyland burst forth like fire.

And hear what songs the Little People sing To crown their own! Robin poco tranquillo

I can not call to mind That Auburn wrought
Rosamund (very angry)
Allegro agitato

Out! A-way! Thou

mir-a-cles

Allegro agitato

earth! Thou no-thing! Who art thou? Dross of the fur-row,

drain-age of the vine, Waste wa-ter flung a-way in-to the mire! Thou judge him!

Be-gone! Do his b'd-ding!
Nay, Here is one who believes! I go:
Take heed, Brother!

Ros-es have thorns and so have crowns!

It is not good to walk too near a

(Robin goes)

thron-e!

Rosamund

Dost thou not re-mem-ber?

Auburn (seats him-

self, Rosamund at his feet)

changed? Lo, since I woke into the world a-again,
None re-mem-ber! My peo-ple
Thou and I.

mock at me. No mat-ter. They shall know soon, molto espress.

Plii mosso

Were we not crowned in Fair-y-land?

I have been king in Fair-y-land. Al-so I am king

Plii mosso

I have dreamed such an one Should be king. Tell me.

Here. Dost thou know?

Auburn

While I prayed, there fell Dark-ness, and out of dark-ness brake like flame A
Rosebud

Was there No queen?

burned With a star for the heart thereof... She sat a-

(Myriel is seen at the entrance)

bove me, throned on flow'rs And crowned with stars, all heav'n in her eyes, And on her
(half rousing himself) breast the rose of all the world... Thou art here, at my feet. And there-up-on

Suddenly changed the Abbey bell. The fire in the heart of the rose faded, and there came

Lightning, and thunder, and broke the vision.

Rosamund (tenderly)

Dear, look on me—look well.

Auburn

Rose of the world.
Rosamund (shrinking; Auburn rises)

Myriel

Hast thou found me so soon? (The nuns follow Myriel)

Animato

Forbear!

Animato

Let her not escape!

Nay, Father, she is beyond Thy charity... A

torn veil, a soul ruined, a lost nun. Waste not heav'n upon her!

Auburn

Myri-el, Dost thou know me?

Myriel

I know thee for a
saint Out of the Holy Land, having beheld In a vision the very Mother,

Rosamund (half aside) Ah! but she does not know What we have known!
crowned Among angels. Moderato

Auburn Thou shalt know more of heaven Soon, having seen Fairy land.
molto p

Even now The king comes. pp leggerissimo
(Corvain enters with his guard)

Presently I shall be king.

(Corvain (to the soldiers))

Heaven's angels come to help us! A-side my sign;

—with an embracing gesture

We do not draw swords on a flock of doves, we spread a net around them.

—(Corvain goes slowly toward Myriel. Some of the soldiers leave)

Corvain (nostalgically)

Good Moth-er, this place is earthly carnal, and this hour appointed for
Myriel

No-thing more. Here is

such joys as are not thine...

What is thy will?

Moderato

Allegro

Who fled from us. We have found her.

Not so! Ye have

Allegro

lost her. It is I who have found. She is beyond your danger.

Cor.

Pliss allegro

vain! Thou art king While God waits. Be-ware!
Meanwhile the king reigns!
Meanwhile I do my will! Ye have a

scourge There, Mother, with a sword—a lash, to drive This pretty trembler to my arms,

a spar To prick her on to pleasure. Look upon her

Shrinking there, look up on me, and rage to think Ye can—not work us
c. harm. Cloister yourselves From the bloom of all for-gone joy, whose

d. grave Rank-les your con-secrat-ed flesh! Toil, pray,

Piu allegro

c. Dream, and close your eyes! I have o- pened mine: I see how rich-ly we

may drink who dare, What crowns long to be con- quered; and I see On-ly a

c. fai low drouth of wo-men here, Hating and yearn- ing.
Moderato  Myriel

Let us leave him now.  Take her!  Corvain!

C.

Moderato

A; take her!

Auburn (coming between)

A- bide my sign.  It

A.

is not yours to say what ye will do;  I am the king!  Corvain

C.

To

Myriel

Cor- vain!

Auburn

(The Chorus rushes in tumultuously)

Be- hold!  my people

m-

men-at- arms!  Ho, king's men!  Ho!
Flame shining, blood flowing, And life plowed under
year by year... The seed of your sowing Hath ripened its load of
Is a-venged a-gain!
From watch-ing, from

Is a-venged a-gain!
From watch-ing, from

Is a-venged a-gain!
From watch-ing, from

Is a-venged a-gain!
From watch-ing, from

weep-ing, From days of shame and dreams of fear, We rise to the reap-ing, We
weep-ing, From days of shame and dreams of fear, We rise to the reap-ing, We
weep-ing, From days of shame and dreams of fear, We rise to the reap-ing, We
weep-ing, From days of shame and dreams of fear, We rise to the reap-ing, We
rushed to the standing grain!

Our King, re-

rushed to the standing grain!

Our King, re-

rushed to the standing grain!

Our King, re-

rushed to the standing grain!

Our King, re-

tutti forza

tutti forza

tutti forza

tutti forza

tutti forza

rushed with wonders of sorcery, and thunder of heaven in his keeping, shall re-
rushed with wonders of sorcery, and thunder of heaven in his keeping, shall re-
rushed with wonders of sorcery, and thunder of heaven in his keeping, shall re-
rushed with wonders of sorcery, and thunder of heaven in his keeping, shall re-

turned with wonders of sorcery, and thunder of heaven in his keeping, shall re-

tutti forza

tutti forza

tutti forza

tutti forza

tutti forza

233731
store and reign!

shall re-store and reign!

shall re-store and reign!

shall re-store and reign!
Molto moderato

Auburn (assuredly, facing Corvain)

Broth-er,
Corvain (spoken)
(roughly) Broth-er?!
Crown? Look at him! Listen to him!

Molto moderato

p p cresset.

not done well there-with.
agritote

Ye redless fools, Have ye ever seen Auburn?

Watch, and be still. There is no need for you to understand;
p express.

It is enough that ye obey.
My prince of dreams! My prince of dreams!
Father, pull down the strong man!
Rose of all the world, If ev’er from the world I followed

thee Over the hills of dawn, beyond the plain Of sea and desert

breath less beneath noon,

Thro’ mid-night forests whispering dreadfully, Till I came to thy
burning like fire,

And hear what songs
elfin people sing!

(A pause—not quite long enough

to suggest an accident in the lighting)
Allegro moderato

The Old Woman

The Scoffer (Old Man)

The Joker

The Bumpkin

The Coward

Corvain (loudly, throwing back his head)

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho!

Allegro moderato
(Gradually everyone on the stage begins to move, mocking and threatening. Aubern, who alone stands rigid)

Bahl...

Ah! I said so! I said so!

May the King forever reign!

How now, wizard?

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Look at him!

Just

Cor -
I knew it from the first, I knew it from the first, I knew it from the first.

Do your worst! Do your worst! Do your worst!

Look at him! Look at him! Look at him!

Just look at him! Just look at him! Just look at him!

Look at him! Look at him! Look at him!

Ha! ha! ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Rosamund

Have done! Keep

Now just look at him! These

first! (threatening Aubert, who alone stands right)

Look at him! Look at him! Old wives'

Look at him! Look at him! Old wives' tales have turned his brain!

How now, He'd be-

Look at him now! Look at him! Look at him!

bo! Look at him!
silence, clowns! Have your dull dreams beheld Fairy-land,

Old wives' tales have turned, have turned him, have

Old wives' tales have turned his brain!

him! Look at him! Look at him! and know I said so! I

wizard? Do your worst, your worst! How now, witch us if he durst! He would bewitch us if he

We have heard his magic strain, his magic strain!

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

Look at him! We have heard his magic strain! Cor -

Look at him! Look at him! We have heard his magic strain! Cor -
(A great wind. The petals are blown from the rose; Alcmen holds up the bare stem.)

that ye mock your King?

Oh! turned him, have turned his sorry brain!

Turned him! Old wits' tales have turned his brain!

Tales have turned his brain!

said so! I said so! I said so!

Wizard? Do your worst! Do your worst! Do your worst!

Durst! May the King forever reign!

Cor vain! Cor vain! Cor vain!

Cor vain! Cor vain! Cor vain!

Vain! Cor vain! Cor vain!

Cor vain! Cor vain! Cor vain!
Old wives' tales have turned his brain! He'd be-

We have heard his strain! We have heard his magic strain!

We have heard his magic strain! We have heard his magic strain!

Wiz-ard, do your worst! How now, wiz-ard, do your worst! Old wives'

Look at him! Cor-vain! Look at him! Cor-vain!

Old wives' tales have turned his
(Corvaln opens his arnsto Rosamund, who fears him suddenly and goes to Myr(on. They leave.)
(Asbarn sits down hopelessly among the petals, while the crowd rushes out)

T.B.  
Ay, let us go!  
We have heard his magic strain!

J.  
Ay, let us go!  
We have heard his magic strain!

D.  
Corvain!  
(going)  
(off stage)

T.G.  
Look at him!  
(Painting and going)  
(off stage)

V.  
Come away!  
Corvain!  
Corvain!  
Corvain!
We have seen how fairy roses blow!

Seen how fairy roses blow!

vain!

vain!

Cor-vain!

Ha! ha! ha! Ha! Hoh! hoh!

Cor-vain! Cor-vain!

Ha! ha! ha! Ha! Hoh! hoh!

Cor-vain!

Ha! ha! ha! Ha! Hoh! hoh! Hoh! hoh!
C. Corrain

(auburn is alone but for Corrain)

C. John-a-Dreams!

who looks at him vaguely

C. What! Is the name of King So great a matter?

C. So ho! So ho!
Give ye good-den, Brother!

(Corvain goes into the palace. The doors close)

Auburn ad lib. Curtain

I have been King in Fairy-land.

End of Act II
ACT III
The Village

Allegro moderato (\textit{d}=116)

\begin{align*}
\text{Curtain} \\
\text{The Abbey Bell}
\end{align*}

(Rosamund is discovered, chained to a stake)

Soldiers (off stage)

\begin{align*}
\text{TEN. I} \\
\text{TEN. II}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Good Saint Aloys, one winter's night, Walking in ghostly} \\
\text{meditation, Came on a lady} \\
\text{brave and bright, Strove to achieve her soul's salvation;}
\end{align*}
(The soldiers enter)

Bade her be-ware of mort-al bliss, Turn, and a-men her, and be shriv-

Guard-mounting. One of the soldiers shows Rosa-

munde's face by the light of a lantern)
Bade her beware of mortal bliss, Turn and amend her
and be shriven.
"Father," quoth she, "be
cause of this Be thou rewarded and forgiven."

(The soldiers move off stage)

of her heart she plucks a rose Lighting the dark with holy splen...