

THE MAID OF ARTOIS

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Music by **Michael W. Balfe**

ACT I

Scene I

**Gardens of the Palais Royal,
at the end of the reign of Louis XV**

On the rising of the curtain, groups of promenaders are discovered, walking and lounging about. On the O.P.S. Soldiers are seen drinking at several small tables.

[2] CHORUS—Soldiers & Sans Regret

Drink, boys, drink
Of this sparkling wine,
And think boys, think
As around you pass,
The mantling glass
Of nought but the perfumed vine.
[Various parties of male and female Citizens mix with the Soldiers;
they take up their glasses, rise, and salute the females.

And if woman's love is crowning
With her smile its stream, the frowning
Of the fickle world we'll drown in
Ev'ry bumper that we sip;
And thus while its tide is glowing
With the beam her glance is throwing,
We may fancy it is flowing
From the honey of her lip.

[Chorus of Women, singing to one another, and occasionally looking at the
Soldiers and returning their pledge with curtsies.

Such a pleasant set of fellows,
If but half be true they tell us,
Are enough to make us jealous
Of each other's happy lot.
Then so kind they are, you'll grant, too,
And so frank, yet so gallant, too,
Just the same to niece and aunt, too,
Young or old, it matters not.
With the beam her glance is throwing,
We may fancy it is flowing
From the honey of her lip.
[The MARQUIS DE CHATEAU-VIEUX and some of his Staff come forward.

[3] SCENA—Marquis de Chateau-Vieux

The rosy hours
Of this life are but few;
For they die in their birth
E'en as the showers,
Which the morning's first dew
Weeps on the earth,
As the sun displays
His rising rays;

Then silly is the heart that grieveth
Over the pangs their absence leaveth,
Which there is no preventing:
When, after all, 'tis doubtful whether
Their pleasures blended all together,
Are even worth lamenting.

Chorus & Sans Regret with Marquis.

Then with glory o'er us beaming,
And the wine before us streaming,
And the eye of woman gleaming
All the beauty of its ray:

Marq. Then silly is the heart that grieveth &c.

Chorus. Then with glory o'er us beaming &c.
With heart as light as the feather,
Whose plume unites us together,
We are all regardless whether
Fate her smile, or frown, display.

[The Marquis, Sans Regret and Chorus exeunt

[4] ANDANTE

*JULES enters to music, wan and exhausted in appearance. He sinks into a chair by
the side of one of the tables, leaning on his hand.*

RECITATIVE —Jules de Montangon.

Oh, if at times no stain of grief
upon my cheek appears
It is because my sadden'd thoughts lie far,
far too deep for tears.
But my heart is torn with anguish,
since the only one could sway all its hopes
and affections, from that heart is torn away.

[5] CAVATINA—Jules de Montangon.

My soul, in one unbroken sigh,
Breathes forth its love for thee;
And all the thoughts that treasur'd lie
Within my memory
Were first engendered, and will die
For thee, and only thee.

This world would be to me a wild,

If it were not for thee.
And more than parent's love for child
Or bird or bird for mate on a tree,
Or sunlight on its leaves that smile'd,
Is what I feel for thee.

Each throb within my heart that wakes,
Still beats for only thee,
Each passion like the wave that flakes
The bosom of the sea,
Subsides, or swells, yet as it breaks,
Comes back again to thee.
This world would be to me &c.

Each throb within my heart that wakes &c.

SANS REGRET, the sergeant, enters in search of Coralie with whom he is in love. He sees Jules and asks why he is sad. Jules confides that he is in Paris without a friend, nor any money to exist.

Sans Regret realises he has in his grasp a soldier recruit and offers to give a purse of money in return for a signature.

[6] DUET—Sans Regret & Jules de Montangon

Sans R. (*offering purse*)

Here take the contents—they are yours,
'Tis a balm for grief
And a sure relief
For the ills which this life endures.

Jules. (*hesitatingly*)

Borne down by fatigue and sorrow,
I still would accept your aid—

Sans R. If not as a gift, why then borrow,
And be it some day repaid.

Jules. My heart's with anguish wasted—

Sans R. (*holding up purse*)

Fresh hearts this will supply:

Jules. My lips hath nothing tasted—

Sans R. 'Twill wine the brightest buy

And cafés in plenty, are nigh.

Jules. This rooted grief can ne'er be calmed

[together] By all the mines of gold,

Nor drowned in all the waves of wine

That have o'er memory roll'd.

Sans R. (*aside*) There is no grief that is not calmed

[together] By but a sight of gold,

And he no more will weep, or pine,

When once he is enroll'd.

Jules. Without a friend or home—

Sans R. Why both ?

With money you may find;

Jules. A stranger too—

Sans R. (*aside*) At present loath,

He yet may change his mind.

Jules. Be not deceived—no means have I

Your bounty to repay.

Sans R. Your fortune yet may mend—

And then return it as you may

(*Aside*) And if no luck his fortune brings,

The "bounty" is the king's !

Jules. What shall I sign ?

Sans R. (*drawing a paper from his pocket*)

Hereon inscribe

Acknowledgment by hand,

And as I am not of that tribe

Who interest demand,

I shall content me, 'till we meet,

With only such receipt.

Jules. Jules de Montangon is my name—

My home— I have no home—

The brokenness of heart and fame

Pursues me where I roam.

Sans R. Rest here 'till I return,

My comrades to a man

With ardour all will burn

To aid you, and they can

First sign—(*gives him the paper & pencil*)

(*Jules writes his name*)

Behold ! 'tis done.

Sans R. Here is the promised fruit.

(*gives him the purse*)

Jules. (*aside*) I thus new hope have won—

Sans R. (*aside*) And I a new recruit!

Jules. But rooted grief can ne'er be calmed

By all the mines of gold,

Nor drowned in all the waves of wine

Which have o'er memory rolled.

Sans R. There is no grief that is not calmed

But by a sight of gold,

And he no more will weep or pine

When once he is enrolled.

[Exit Sans Regret

Jules contemplates the purse, puts it in his pocket and sinks down again despondingly

at the table, as CORALIE steals in. She recognises Jules.

As companion to Isoline, she explains that Isoline is innocent in leaving her home town of

Artois where they met. She promises to arrange a meeting with Isoline, but warns him to be

careful since the Marquis has a spy in every lackey.

Sans Regret now returns with a file of his soldiers and discovers them talking

together. Jules explains that Coralie is a friend of one dear to him.

Sans Regret tells Jules that his days of freedom are over and to follow in the King's

name. Jules now realises the betrayal and protests. He pleads for a short absence to decide the misery or happiness of his future life.

7 TRIO—Coralie, Jules & Sans Regret

Jules. Then thus oppressed, your tyranny I brave
A freeman's crest no freeman
should enslave
Sans R. Advance in order and—
Jules. By numbers,
The strongest you may overcome.
Cor. (*coaxing*) Your better nature only slumbers.
Sans R. To all entreaty I am dumb.
Jules. Let them advance, I fear not,
Unarmed, alone, and weak !
Sans R. Away, I say, and seize
A traitor to the King.

Chorus. Why such recruits as these
Will but discredit bring;
But march away to the distant play
Of yonder martial mustering.
Cor. If he, appeal will hear not,
I the Marquis will seek.
Jules. Stand back, ye slaves, unhand me—
Sans R. If you your death prefer
In double file, secure him fast;
If he step from it, be it his last.
Chorus. If he step from it, 'twill be his last.
Jules. The thought which has unmanned me
Is when I think of her.
Sans R. March on,
while I the Marquis go and find,
And know if he to mercy be inclined.
March!
Chorus. (*advancing upon Jules, seizing him*)
Come, follow with us,
'Tis a useless strife,
You ne'er will repent,
Such change of life.
Sans R. What a waste of time,
To make all this strife,
When but on a word depends his life.
Jules. Deserted and lone,
'Tis a hopeless strife—
But, only outnumber'd, I yield my life.
Chorus. Come, follow with us &c.
[Exeunt the Soldiers, marching off Jules on one side, struggling as Sans Regret, directing them with a wave of his hand goes off in the other direction towards the Marquis's mansion.]

Scene II

An apartment in the Marquis' mansion

Dialogue only during this scene

The MARQUIS is instructing a servant about Count Saulnier's arrival when interrupted by SANS REGRET. The Marquis is told about the new recruit who now objects to joining the service. Sans Regret explains that he paid the bounty for which he was thanked twenty times, and shows the enlistment signature. The Marquis recognises the name 'Jules de Montangon' as the one betrothed to Isoline. The sergeant is asked to secure him as a closely guarded prisoner and await further orders.

Scene III

A splendid apartment in the mansion

A large window, back C; on the O.P.S. is the entrance to the apartment; on the P.S. a glass door, leading to a dressing room. A table with two covers is richly laid out. ISOLINE is discovered on a couch, fainted away, surrounded by her Maidens. CORALIE seated on a footstool by her side.

8 CHORUS OF MAIDENS

The sigh from her heart that crept, is still,
The tear which its waters wept, is chill—
Open yon casement, 'the fresh' ning air
Is a charm, however brief—
It never hath breath'd on a form more fair
With a heart so charg'd with grief.
[A female opens the window—it seems to revive her.]
Like the misty moon,
With the cloud that strives,—
From the passing swoon
Her sense revives
[Isoline gradually exhibits signs of animation; she partly lifts herself up on the couch, and looks around her.]

9 RECITATIVE—Isoline

My thoughts which forth had wandered
On some forgotten track,
Like truants, chid by memory,
At length are welcomed back;
Yet, they are but as fragments
Which the sudden tempest cast
Upon the shore, whereon the wreck
Of happiness hath pass'd.

SCENA—Isoline

The heart that once hath fondly teemed

With hopes which it the fondest deemed,
Should keep them treasured gem by gem,
For love to deck its diadem !
From the first springs of feeling drawn,
When our beliefs are in their dawn,
Before the nipping touch of care,
Hath press'd his icy finger there. Ah !
They are so pure, that in the range.
Of our affections after change,
No hope so free from sorrow's stain,
Can ever 'wake the heart again !

[10] Oh, could I but that peace regain,
I prized beyond a crown,
E'en though its circle clasp'd my brain,
I'd dash the bauble down !
But time, with stern dominion,
Hath borne them all away;
Oh, could I but that peace regain
I prized beyond a crown.

Chorus. Yes time, with stern dominion,
Hath led her hopes astray;

Isoline. Oh could I but that peace regain, &c.

Isoline asks Coralie for her help in averting the fate of Jules. She decides to go to speak with the Marquis when he arrives and pleads with him to save Jules. The Marquis reminds her that he is the Colonel and may send Jules on a detachment about to depart for foreign service. However, on condition that she ceases to love him, and thus removing his rival, she is told that she can save the man. Isoline confesses she cannot love another, and so is reminded that whatever danger may befall Jules she has only herself to blame.

[11] DUET—Isoline and Marquis

Isoline. Oh, leave me not thus lonely—
One moment— I implore—

Marq. On one condition only—
That he is named no more,
But to pronounce his fate!

Isoline. (*aside*) Oh, how can I decide,
The sport at once of love and hate,
Of virtue, and of pride ?

Oh, feel for one who ne'er
Caused you a sorrow !
Oh, still the anguish spare,
Such words impart!
Thus while from grief my mind
Feeling can borrow,
Your worth shall be enshrin'd
Within my heart.

Marq. Oh, I would ever spare
One prized so dearly;
With thee, those transports share
Love can impart:
Thus would thy tranquil mind,
cherish'd sincerely,
Partake the joys it twin'd around my heart.

[Isoline turns away from the Marquis]

Isol/Marq. Thus while from grief my mind, &c.
[together]

Marq. (*aside*) If feeling has no sway—

Isoline. (*aside*) I shrink beneath each word I hear.

Marq. (*aside*) I may, perchance, her spirit sink
With the spell of fear.

(*then addressing Isoline*) His death perchance—

Isoline. His death !

Marq. Depends upon your breath,
His happiness and thine—

Isoline. Each prospect I resign—

Marq. The hopes of both respect,
Though mine you may reject !

Isoline. Distracted thus, and—

Marq. Swear! Forever mine to be;

Isoline. Lost—wild—

Marq. And I repair, at once to set him free.

Isoline. (*aside*) Of other means bereft.

What course for me is left ?

Marq. (*on his knee*) If you can feel for his,
oh, pity my distress.

Isoline (*turning round*) My heart will break—

I falter— and faintly murmur “yes”,

[Hiding her face in both her hands, in an agony of
grief and shame— The Marquis rising up exultingly]

Marq. The boon I long had craved,
[together] At length is won !

Isoline. The step his fate that saved,
[together] Hath mine undone !

[12] Isoline. (*turning away in a state of dejection*)

Oh why should I weep

for when sorrow appears,

Its furrows can never be

washed out by tears,

Forgive them whatever new feeling you will,

Their course will but plough them
more lastingly still.

Oh, why should I weep &c.

Marquis. (*turning fondly towards Isoline*)

Oh, weep not fair maid

for when sorrow appears,

Its furrows can never be
washed out by tears,
Forgive them whatever new feeling you will,
Their course will but plough them
more lastingly still
[Towards the end of the duet, the moon becomes obscured and a storm begins. The Marquis exits. Isoline goes over to the window.]

13 BALLAD—Isoline

Yon moon o'er the mountains
Wanes heavily still,
Her light o'er the fountains
Falls pallid and chill,
The dews of the morning
Are melting away,
In the sunlight adorning,
The blushes of day.
My warm tears in falling
Weeps o'er this proud shrine,
In remembrance recalling
The scenes that were mine;
I wish I were roving
Along the green plain
With the heart I loved, loving
My fond heart again.

[The storm gets nearer]

Isoline is about to close the window when JULES, carrying a soldier's uniform jumps in. Isoline staggers back, alarmed. Isoline declares her innocence as Jules scolds her for living in such splendour when a mere orphan of Artois. She agrees to follow him to the world's end and leave the detested place. The storm now grows in intensity as they are about to leave and they decide to wait. Isoline now offers food and wine that Jules reluctantly accepts. As he sits eating, a knock is heard at the door.

14 FINALE—Jules, Isoline & Marquis

Jules. What sounds are those I hear

Isoline. You have no cause for fear
But that none may approach
Nor domestics encroach,
The doors I will secure
From all intrusions sure,

[Isoline runs to the doors, fastens them and returns to Jules, as the MARQUIS appears at the glass doors leading to the dressing room.]

15

Jules. My bosom with hope that had bounded,
And on you that hope had founded,
Feels as some voice had sounded

The tones of our last farewell.

Isoline. Each sense though by sorrow astounded *[together]* 'Midst the
anguish that surrounded

With love for you was bounded

More fondly than words can tell.

Marq. *(aside)* My reason is almost confounded

[together] And suspicion too well grounded,

'Tis her own voice has sounded

The tones of her lover's knell

16

Marq. *(entering)* Deceitful woman ! thus to brave

One who your dupe has been.

Isoline. *(clinging to Jules)*

From his unjust resentment save

The hapless Isoline.

Jules. What wretch are you, to lay a hand

On one so dear to me ?

And by what right ?

Marq. Those I command, my fittest answer be.

[Goes and unlocks the door and opens the window.]

Appear ! Appear !

I summon you here,

My servants, friends, and guard at hand.

[STAFF & SERVANTS enter, followed by a guard of soldiers headed by SANS REGRET, followed by COUNT SAULNIER. Isoline is at the side of Jules who has drawn his sword and is defending himself against the Marquis, who has assailed him as they enter.]

Jules. *(as the Marquis advances upon him)*

Your death you but invoke!

Marq. Your life to me belongs !

Jules. With my good sabre's stroke

I thus revenge her wrongs.

[They fight. Jules disarms & wounds the Marquis]

Isoline. Oh which way shall I turn ?

My brain fresh tortures burn !

[During this they endeavour to separate]

Jules and the Marquis who falls

wounded in an Attendant's arms.

Sans R. *(advancing)* And so at last

I have you, and I will keep you fast.

[The Soldiers advance, seize, and disarm Jules.]

Chorus. Away with the traitor,

And never did greater

Involve in his ruin

Another's undoing Away ! Away !

Count S. What regiment is he in ?

Sans R. To-day I swore him, in our own, by bond.

Isoline. *(who has watched the Marquis, and sees the enlistment of Jules hanging*

out of his breast,

rushes to him, seizes it, and tears it in pieces)

Ha, see the fatal paper.
I have it, I have it—
And he's saved!

Jules. (*embracing her*)

Oh let me die within these arms,
And hush this heart's alarms !

Sans R. (*who has suddenly caught sight of Jules' uniform, brings it down to Saulnier*)
Behold this dress, will prove
His Colonel's blood he shed.

Count S. (*to the attendants supporting the Marquis*)

Lift up his fainting head,
Which gently hence remove.

Chorus. He faints, he bleeds !
A death-like swoon succeeds.
Away with the traitor. Away ! Away !

[*The Marquis revives—then joins in the following*]

17 FINALE ENSEMBLE—Full company

Isoline. (*breaking from them and trying to reach Jules, as the Soldiers repulse her, and the Attendants drag her back*)

Here take my life, but never
Will I be torn from him
Until their grasp shall sever
The fibre from each limb.

(*she stretches out her hands to Jules for his assistance*)

Chorus of Attendants (*holding Isoline*)

Your struggle is but vain,
You meet no more.

Chorus of Soldiers (*holding Jules*)

Hence away, upon him
The stain of noble gore.
Away with the traitor,
And never did greater
Involve in his ruin,
Another's undoing.

Chorus. Away with the traitor &c.

Jules. Oh, if I am destined to tear this heart

[together] From the one in its love enshrined,

The blow which shall sunder
their ties apart,

Will the feelings of both
more firmly bind.

And over the ruin their hatred leaves,
Let them revel e'en as they may,
The tear which united affection grieves
Shall wash the stain of their malice away.

Isoline. Oh, if I am destined to lose the heart

[together] In the love of mine own unshrined;

The blow which shall sunder
its ties apart,

Will the feelings of mine
more strongly bind.

And over the ruin their hatred leaves,
Let them come not to wipe away
The tear which a blighted affection grieves
Or chide the pangs they can never allay.

Marq. (*lifting himself up in the arms of Attendant*)

[together] Oh, though I am destin'd to lose the heart

Which my own had no charm to bind,
The blow which such anguish
doth now impart

In my feelings shall yet
no rankling find,

And the sting which resentment
often leaves

Has passed from me ever away.

And the only sorrow my bosom grieves,
Is to know that their's I can ne'er allay.

Jules & Isoline & Chorus.

In vain we meet no more
Our struggling is but vain
For on him is the stain of gore
You meet no more

[*The Soldiers under the command of Count*]

Saulnier, and headed by Sans Regret, drag off Jules, while Isoline in the hands of a party of Attendants struggles to the last to tear herself away from them; and the Marquis unable to take either part sinks again in the arms of his Officers, as the Act Drop falls.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II Scene I **Inside of a Fortress at Sinamari,** **overlooking the sea**

On the O.P.S. is a large building with a clock in the front, beneath which is written "Inspector's Office"; on the P.S., the first three entrances represent the doors of cells, numbered 1, 2, 3 &c; the 4th and 5th entrances P.S. form a bastion with a sally port, between which is a large bell. The back ground is a redoubt planted with palm trees, and lined with pieces of canon ; in the centre of this redoubt is a large opening

enclosed by an iron grating, communicating with the sea by a flight of steps. A terrace all round the court leads up by steps to the redoubt.

On the rising of the curtain parties of INDIANS are grouped about the terrace, as if looking out for some vessel; in the centre on the steps, NEGROES, NEGRESSES, and their children are occupied in preparing a triumphal arch of leaves and flowers; in the interior of the court below the steps, others are at different kinds of work: some drawing hemp, others twisting cordage, several men are dragging a large field-piece up towards the terrace to point it on the redoubt; women are mending sails; NINKA is tying up a hammock, by 1st cell D.P.S. and yet watching Jules, who, seated on a gun carriage, leans thoughtfully on his hand and looks upon the sea; Soldiers are dispersed in various parts of the fort, some under arms, others grouped together lounging on their muskets; canoes manned by Negroes stud the sea.

[1] CHORUS—Soldiers & Indians

Soldiers. Here's to the soldier lover
With heart and hope, unfailing;
Women. Over the purple waters
Our Father sun is shining
As bright, as if his daughters
Had never known repining.
Slaves. Beneath his warm beams basking,
The day we thus are whiling;
Soldiers. And free as is the rover,
Yon pathless ocean sailing.
All. And thus together blended,
Pleasure comes to brighten
These joys that were intended,
The cares of life to lighten.
Here's to the soldier lover &c.

[At the end of the chorus, SYNNELET enters from the house, O.P.S. followed by MARTIN, the jailor, with bamboos and whips in their hands.]

Synnelet criticises the company's laziness and tells them that the new governor is shortly to arrive as his vessels are now in sight and rapidly nearing the fort. He warns them to behave themselves, and notices they have not done any further work since his last round. The Negroes tremble: he threatens that he will make them shake to some purpose!

[2] AIR—Synnelet & Slaves

Was there ever known a set
Of such slaves together met:
There's a fellow at his work
Just as lazy as a Turk;
And another by his side
Skulking back himself to hide;
That rascal's giving him the wink
To leave his task and cut a caper;
And now through faces black as ink,
They're blushing white as writing paper.
Why one the Fort in walking through
Would think there nothing was to do;
And yet from rise to set of sun,
One thing is certain,
nothing's done, nothing's done. Ah !
See a couple at their ease
Doing just whate'er they please;
And that dingy looking whelp
Lending both of them a help.
Five or six there in a heap,
As I live are fast asleep.
Rise at six,
Eat at seven,
Playing tricks
'Till eleven.
Dance at one,
Drink at four
Labour done,
Work no more.
So day by day this rogue connives
At all the mischief that contrives.
Why one the Fort in walking through, &c.

(Then, turning round to the Slaves, raising his bamboo and addressing them)

What, already sick of working !
In each hole and corner lurking,
And the task I set you shirking,
If a moment I'm away ?
As there's no means of abashing
Such a system but by thrashing;
You shall each incur alashing,
When I catch you next at play.

Chorus. *(to each other)*

His attention by engaging,
Is the best way of assuaging
As he's getting such a rage in,
So let's industry display.

Synn. *(to Negro)* What is that you murmur, villain

Negroes. *(crouching)* Pardon, pray !

Synn. *(shaking his bamboo)* A little drilling

Will do ye good

Negroes. *(submissive)* We all are willing

Master's orders to obey—

[During the latter part of this Air, a vessel has been seen nearing the fort; she comes alongside the redoubt; Slaves, &c., crowd towards her, when some SAILORS spring from the yards and side of the ship and land near the redoubt.]

[3] INDIAN DANCE

ISOLINE in male attire is among them; she appears pale, timid and yet anxious; and as she steps on the redoubt, gazes intently round the fort, as if in search of someone.

4 BALLAD—Isoline

Oh, what a charm it is to dwell
On long departed years,
E'en though we recollect too well
How stained they were with tears;
And though their days in fondness nurst,
Were yet in sadden past
For ties that were a engender'd first
Are those forgot the last.

The most enchanting words of all
That passion's lip can pour,
However sweet they be, recall
But sweeter heard before!
And throbs which seem the heart to burst
But echo back the past;
For ties that were engendered first
Are those forgot the last.

[Looks around in great anxiety and intenseness, when her eye fixes on JULES, who has reseated himself on the gun-carriage.

Jules has turned, and caught sight of Isoline as she advances. She is on the eve of exclaiming, and running to him, when SYNNELET and the Sailors come forward.

Synnelet asks the Sailors to make preparations to receive the Governor because his vessel is in sight.

5 CHORUS & ENSEMBLE

From shore to shore,
Though we explore,
And welcomed though we be;
Yet if we roam
The world our home
Is after all the sea.

Jules. And do these eyes again behold
[together] The form denied me to enfold ?

Isoline. I, once again, that form behold
[together] My bursting heart would fain enfold.

Ninka. *(who has been watching Jules & Isoline)*
[together] Some form he thought not to behold
Those garments, in disguise, enfold !

Synn. And that his Highness may behold
[together] Our joy, each banner now unfold !

[The royal flag is hoisted from the Fort, and various ones from the vessel.

Sailors. We love the breeze,
That crisps the seas,
And scuds along the sky
Whose breath we hail
To fill each sail,
And bear our flag on high.

Jules. Oh, why should the heart
[together] that loves have fear—

Isoline. When in sight of all that heart
[together] holds dear—

Ninka *(aside to Jules)* Betray not yourself,
[together] lest they overhear—

Synn. Look out, and report if the ship be near.
[together]

[As the Sailors and others are running up towards the redoubt, the CLOCK STRIKES ONE

Negroes. *(advancing to Synnelet)*

The clock now chimes
Which labour times!

Synn. Then a respite from labour take.
(to Martin) And let the bell the summons make.

[Martin crosses the court, and rings the bell.

Synn. *(to Negroes)* To recreation then away

Negroes. To recreation then away
And welcome mirth and holiday.

Isol. & Jul. That sound each wretched victim feels
[together] With spirit so elate:

To one more wretched vainly peals
Its cold and iron weight.

All. To recreation now away
And welcome mirth and holiday

[Exit Synnelet, followed by the Sailors and Isoline, looking fondly after Jules; Ninka follows, cautioning Jules not to advance, and implying that he may rely on her aid.

Jules soliloquises over the likely dangers Isoline has gone through on his behalf. NINKA re-enters cautiously from house O.P.S. and warns Jules not to betray himself, but instead put his trust in her. She exits.

6 BALLET Divertisement

Pas de Deux

MARTIN enters and orders the prisoners into their respective cells, putting Jules in cell No.1. He tells them all to rest after their 'dancing and jiggling'. ISOLINE with NINKA now re-enters and explains to Martin the story surrounding Jules' capture. Isoline, backed by Ninka, begs Martin to let her see his prisoner for a few minutes. Enticed by pieces of gold, Martin reluctantly agrees to allow the lovers five minutes.

[Martin goes to No. 1 cell, unlocks it; Isoline watches him anxiously, as he opens

the door and JULES re-enters; she utters a piercing scream and runs into his arms; Ninka runs towards the door of house O.P.S. as Martin takes his station in the centre of the court, opposite the clock, counting the minutes.

[7] DUET—Jules de Montangon & Isoline

Jules & Isol. And do these arms thy form then clasp

Once more within their madden'd grasp?

Jules. But oh, what change—

Isoline. Perhaps the stain of grief is on my brow,
But my heart ne'er felt nor can again
more ardently than now.

Jules & Isol. And do these arms thy form then clasp

Once more within their madden'd grasp?

[8]

Jules. I have strength to bear up against the stream
Of sorrow however rough it seem,
And even though in this garb of shame
Unhonoured, debased I be,
Disgrace or fame are to me the same,
If mine eye but gaze on thee—

Isoline. I have not deserved this warmth of love
Though mine own hath been
its warmth above

The tears which down my cheek that steal
For my griefs you would not see,
For their anguish I ceased to feel
The moment 'twas shared by thee.

Isoline. I have not deserved this warmth of love

[together]

Jules. I have strength to bear up,
[together] against the stream of sorrow, &c.

[9] ENSEMBLE

[*Martin advances.*

Martin. (*pointing to the clock*)

Five minutes are expired,
My patience too is tired.

Jules & Isol. A moment's more indulgence pray.

Martin. (*to Isoline*)

'Tis useless, you must hence away.

Isoline. A woman's anxious feelings spare.

Jules. A little respite—

Martin. (*pointing authoritatively to No. 1 cell*)

Enter there—

Isoline. (*taking off bracelet and ear-rings,*

and giving them to Martin)

Think on what I have known
Of torture since we met,
Take these, take all I own,
But do not part us yet.

Martin. (*balancing the trinkets in his hand—aside*)

I can't resist, she really seasons
Her wishes with such weighty reasons.
Well, five more minutes—

Isol. & Jul. (*rushing to Jules, opening her arms*)

[together]

Pass them here !

Martin. (*as he retires—aside*)

This love making is rather dear.

Jules. Let me gaze again on thy raptured sight,
And drink from thine eye its lovely light.

Isoline. There is not a glance
from its rays that shine,
But is warmed into life
by the light of thine,

Jules. Let me gaze again on thy raptured sight &c.

Isoline. Do these arms thy form once more clasp,
[together] Ah yes, my love, there is not a glance

From its rays that shine
but is warmed into life
by the light of thine

Jules. Do these arms thy form once more clasp
[together] Ah let me gaze again on thy raptured sight
and drink from thine eye its lovely light

[*Ninka enters hurriedly from the House.*

Ninka. The Chief whom the Fort inspects,
His steps this way directs—
Synnelet comes !

Martin. (*running down to Jules*)

Here's a pretty disgrace
You may both have cause to fear;
If he finds you here I may lose my place

And you perchance your head !

Martin & Ninka. Lose not a moment

Martin. (*to Jules*) Repair to your cell.

Retire—

Jules & Isoline.

[together]

What struggling thoughts my bosom swell

Ninka. (*to Jules loud*)

Obeys, we must all our duties mind
Do not enter the door, but slip behind,

(*NINKA appears to be directing JULES towards the cell No. 1. as she goes to the hammock hanging by its door, and at her bidding JULES slips behind her; she spreads it out to hide him. Martin is ordering Isoline to enter house O.P.S. and she is about to retire when SYNNELET enters from it.*)

Synn. (*to Martin*) See that each man has fitting fare,
Then to the courtyard back repair.

[*Exit Martin into house*]

(*to Isoline as she is about to follow*)
Stay—I have heard your story told,
And would with you
some converse hold;
'Tis not each day, or ship, can bring,
Whate'er its freight,
such a charming thing !
The form I see doth my fancy strike,
And each feature such
as a king might like!
Come hither—

Isoline. (*timidly*) If you have heard my story told,
'Twill plead for me more than tear or word !
(*retiring*) And my presence
will but your sight displease !

Synn. (*stopping her*) 'Tis seldom we look on such
charms as these!

Come nearer—your hand—what ?
a smile refuse
To one who will grant
whate'er you choose ?
Deign but my heart
with thy love to bless,
And my slaves and myself
their Chief possess.

Isoline. Your tone and ruder words but shock
The sorrows which such feelings mock
'Tis yours to torture, while I live,
The heart which is not mine to give!
I rather would in such torture die,
Than a breath of its purity falsify.

Synn. This idle nonsense—

Isoline. (*repulsing him*) Come not near !

Synn. You threaten one unused to fear

Isoline. Upon my bended knee I pray !

Synn. At once my will obey !

Jules. (*aside to Ninka*)

'Twixt love and rage the strife—

Ninka. (*aside*) Oh speak not for your life.

Isoline. If you have power, have mercy too.

Synn. (*seizing her*) All here belong to me—

Isoline. (*recoiling*) My senses sicken at his view—

Synn. And mine you too shall be.

Isoline. (*as he is dragging her*)

Rather than that, these hands shall tear
The life blood from each vein they bear !

[*As Synnelet is about to drag her to the house, Jules rushes from behind Ninka.*]

Jules. Monster! let go your hold!

Isoline. I feel each pulse benumbed

Synn. What slave art thou thus bold

Unbidden here to come ?

Jules. You see one driven mad !

(*aside, and looking about*)

Is there no weapon to be had ?

[*Ninka sees a musket in the stand, seizes it, and gives it to Jules, who presents it at Synnelet's breast.*]

Retreat, or this court shall drink the flood
Of thine inhuman blood.

Synn. Villain you dare not—

Jules. If you but raise your tone,
you number at once your days—

Isoline. I tremble—

Synn. To think a slave—

Jules. Retire!

Isoline. I am bewildered—

Jules. (*as Synnelet is about to come near him*)

Advance, and I fire!
And in a slave an avenger know.

[*Jules still holds the musket against Synnelet, who retreats towards cell No.1; Ninka watching.*]

Synn. A master to be by a slave thus braved!

Jules. (*to Syn*) Advance not —

[*As Synnelet passes the threshold of the cell No.1, Ninka who is behind the door, slams, and double locks it; jumping up for joy and rubbing her hands.*]

(*rushing into the arms of Isoline*)

Thou art saved !

Ninka now organises their escape. She dissuades Jules from using the obvious route because they will be seen and instead suggests they let themselves down by the sally port of the bastion where the batteries cannot fire. She runs back to the house and brings a basket of provisions, a water bottle and a veil.

[*She places the basket on the stage, runs and pulls some string from the hammock and ties it to the water bottle. Jules has run up to examine the bastion, when Ninka places her veil over the shoulders of Isoline, signifying it is to protect her from the heat. JULES returns.*]

Jules explains that the bastion is too high for the descent of Isoline: Ninka indicates some cordage that will make a ladder.

[*Isoline and Ninka collect together bits of cordage and ropes which are about the Court, and bring them to Jules; he ties them together, making several large knots; he then fastens one end of it to a hook in the wall, and giving the other to Isoline tells her to follow him; she embraces Ninka affectionately, who continues to watch for them.*]

Jules and Isoline then reach the bastion, and with great care he lowers her down. He then runs to Ninka to take a grateful leave of her, when a loud knocking by Synnelet, inside cell No. 1, awakes the attention one of the Centries, who, seeing Jules effecting his escape, fires at, and wounds him; he manages to descend by the rope, and disappears; a faint scream is heard; the drums roll; the Soldiers get under arms. Martin enters hastily from the house, followed by the Soldiers; knocking still continues; he opens all the cells; the Slaves enter; then he opens No. 1, and Synnelet rushes out, furious. The Centry comes forward, and is just indicating the spot where Jules and Isoline have escaped by, when signals are heard from the large ship, having on board the new Governor. They are answered from the Fort; she gradually nears the open space in the redoubt.

A platform is placed from the vessel to the terrace, when the MARQUIS DE CHATEAU-VIEUX and his STAFF, with SANS REGRET, CORALIE, and Attendants land and advance. Synnelet, Martin, Ninka, and all kneel, while the Negroes raise over his head the triumphal arch they have been making. The firing of cannon &c., continued.

10 FINALE—Chorus & Ensemble

Those joyous sounds upon the ear,
Proclaim that our ruler is here;
Welcome the Chief they send !
Welcome the bondsman's friend !

Synn. (*as he rushes out of the cell*)

Such an outrage on their Chief
Surpasses all belief:
And the trick which they have played
Shall with their lives be paid !

(*to Centinel*) But which way are the culprits fled?

Centinel. (*pointing*) By that port,
where I discharged—

Martin. Behold the vessel's canvas spread !
And the convicts all enlarged.

Synn. (*giving directions*)

Prepare the landing rafter,
Fire a full salute !
Welcome the Chief they send !
Welcome the Bondsman's friend !

Synn. Those wretches, shortly after,
We'll follow in pursuit !

Soldiers. (*mounting guard*)

Up with the royal banner,
And as the vessel rides,
Its rippling folds shall fan her
In triumph o'er the tides, yes in triumph !

Soldiers & Sailors.

Welcome the Chief they send !
Welcome the bondsman's friend.

11 RECITATIVE— Marquis de Chateau Vieux

Marq. (*on landing from the deck of the vessel*)

I gaze upon the stranger land
which I am sent to sway,
And on the captive hearts it holds
who must that rule obey;
But its shores, on waves that wash them,
where on I stand thus lone,
Contain not one amongst them
all so withered as mine own.

12 AIR— Marquis de Chateau Vieux

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past;
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last.
The world which morning's mantle clouded
Shines forth with purer rays;
But the heart ne'r feels, in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days!

The leaf which Autumn tempests wither
The birds which then take wing,
When winter's winds are past, come hither
To welcome back the Spring !
The very ivy on the ruin
In gloom full life displays,
But the heart alone sees no renewing,
The light of other days.

13 FINALE—Chorus & Ensemble

Hail to the Chief, yes hail
He has crossed the billow
O'er which the winds rave,
To smooth the pillow of felon and slave.
Then high ardour evince
For our Chieftain and Prince !

Marq. Welcome my friends, it shall be my care
To lighten the chains you wear !

(*To Synn.*) You govern here ?

(*Synn. bows*) Then see due caution taken be of the unshipment—

Synn. (*bowing*) Your will we obey !

Marq. And let them all have holiday.

Chorus. Hail to the ruler sent

To soothe their/our banishment !

Marq. Let all things be prepared,
We shall start with the morning's sun,
And reach Cayenne if spared
before the day be done.

Cor. If this is the pleasure of crossing the main
 [together] I'd much rather at Paris be back again
 Marq. Some bitter thoughts recur in vain
 [together] To the object I never can see again.
 Synn. As soon as all matters are put in train
 [together] The slave who has fled
 Sans R. As I'm promoted I can't complain,
 [together] But I heartily wish I was back again.
 Martin. Welcome the Chief who has come
 [together] o'er the main
 To the land he governs again and again!

Chorus. Hail to the Chief, they send hail !
 Hail to the bondsman's friend,
 Welcome the Chief
 who has come o'er the main.
 To the land which he governs
 again and again
 Welcome our Chief again and again
 Welcome ! Welcome again.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

**A vast sandy desert in French Guiana,
 lying between the sea-coast and Cayenne**

Its solitude presents no sign of tree or herbage, but bounded in the distance by lofty mountains; occasional movement and swelling of the sands.

JULES, a water-bottle, hanging round his neck, and a basket of provisions at his side, is discovered, his face to the audience, and his head resting on the knee of ISOLINE; she is binding up the wound in his arm, and occasionally looking back to see if they are pursued.

14 RECITATIVE—Isoline

The sounds which have pursued us,
 And the peopled city's roar
 Has died away upon the wind,
 And haunts the ear no more:
 A desolation reigns around,
 And nature too seems dead.
 The night will overtake us soon
 And even hope is fled.
 An outcast from my kindred,
 From all communion hurled,
 I stand alone on earth with him
 Who binds me to the world.

15 AIR—Isoline

Oh, beautiful night,
 Let thine ebon wing
 As its dark plumes light
 O'er his fainting sight
 Such composure bring.
 That the respite from pain
 in which sorrow may sleep,
 Shall be hushed as if angels
 its vigils should keep !

16

There's blood upon his arm—
 Its drops are on the ground—
 The impress of the desert sand
 Is ingrain'd in the wound;
 His brow is pale and languid—
 his pulseless hand and head
 Are tranquil too,
 As if they were apportioned with the dead.
 The light is in his eye again:
 The beating of his heart,
 Proclaims the fragile spirit
 Unwilling to depart.
 His pulse, a throb responsive gives
 He breathes—my lover lives !

Jules. My, sense that had pondered
 Too long in the past,
 From reason had wandered
 And sunk down at last;
 Once more with animation strives
 And life in all its force revives.
 Let us haste still further,
 'Ere the pace of their pursuit
 Our footsteps trace;
 The wound thy care hath gone to heal
 Chafes not, and strength renewed I feel.

Isoline. *(who is exhausted, and yet tries to conceal it from Jules)*

Yes, we will fly—
(aside) But no, each limb
 Fails in the power to follow him.

Jules. What say's my love ?

Isoline. I am well,
(aside) 'Tis but a thirst
 that parches my fevered lips;
[She exhibits signs of a desperate thirst by the movement of her lips,

which Jules perceives and takes the water bottle from his neck.

Jules. Alas, she faints,

Isoline. No, no—

Jules. This draught,
More precious than all the wines,
Kings have quaffed—

Jules. Oh God, the stream she has drained,
To heal the wound
Which my blood has stained.
My brain is bewildered—its fibres crack
Despair is before me,
and death on our track.

Isoline. No, no—be calm—see—I can smile
The drouth which had seized me
hath passed awhile!
We will fly—and though feeble—
each limb—may be,
It hath strength—
through the whole earth—to cling to thee!

Jules. Make this heart a bed for thine aching head

Isoline. My force—forsakes me—let me rest
On the desert's sandy breast!

[Jules lays her gently on the ground, watching over her—she pauses—then lifts her herself, resting on one hand.

At my latest hour the wrongs forgive
I have heaped on thee and thine !
I would yield them all could I ages live,
To make their anguish mine !
My lover—my husband or what other name
More dear than the fondest faith may claim
Enchained to each part
of my breaking heart
Entered by a bond other ties beyond.

[Grasps his hands—kisses them—and continues to hold them till she finally sinks down upon the ground. Jules takes up her hand, presses it against his heart, it falls as if lifeless,—he kisses her forehead, raises her on his knee—and presses his hand on her heart to see if it beats.

O come to me nearer, oh nearer still
And let me hold thy hand
Ah, let me hold thine hand in mine
Until its pulse be chill.

Isoline My husband ! Ah, come nearer.
Jules, I die ! Ah !

Jules. 'Tis hushed for ever, now—
To the highest will I bow,
*(Seizes both her hands, and clasps them
to his breast, fervently)*
Let me warm each pulse
with my latest breath,
I could not share thy life—
I will thy death.

*[He throws himself in a state of great distraction
on the body of Isoline.*

17 MILITARY MARCH

Distant sounds of music are heard, and a faint outline of a cortege is seen along the horizon; the sound becomes louder, and the outline expands by degrees, until it eventually covers the entire stage, displaying the procession of the MARQUIS to Cayenne; he is attended by all his Staff, SANS REGRET, CORALIE, SYNNELET, MARTIN, NINKA, &c.,&c.

When the sounds first grow louder, Jules lifts himself up as if to listen; he leaves Isoline an instant as if to convince himself; he then runs to her body, takes off his outer garment, places it between her and the earth, then covers her with the white veil. and awaits the arrival of the procession; as it nears, Isoline exhibits signs of animation, Jules assuming a feeble posture of defence, though with his eye still fixed upon Isoline.

Ninka recognises the couple and runs to them. She then beckons the Slaves carrying baskets of wine and provisions; she pours some wine in her mouth by which time Synnelet with another part of the procession advances. Synnelet tells Martin to remove the vagrants from his Excellency's presence.

On hearing this Ninka goes to plead with the Marquis and tells the story of their pitiful escape.

The Marquis rebukes Synnelet for abusing his power. Now recognising the pair he is touched by their everlasting love for each other and forgives them. Asking them to understand his personal grief Isoline's strength recovers and he binds the couple together.

[The Marquis unites the hands of Isoline & Jules.

18 FINALE—Isoline [L'Air de Balfe]

The rapture swelling
Through my breast,
And fondly telling
Its fears to rest;
Comes o'er me weaving
Its charmed chain;
No vestige leaving
Of sorrows stain. Ah !
Cherished for ever be
The feelings now we see
The smile, all smiles above,
Which friendship lends to love.

All.

END OF ACT III