

The Beauty Stone



An Original Operatic Miracle Play in Three Acts

Written by Arthur Wing Pinero

Lyrics by Joseph Comyns Carr

Dialogue by David Eden

Music by Arthur Sullivan

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The Characters

PROLOGUE

PHILIP, Lord of Mirlemont

GUNTRAN of Beaugrant

SIMON LIMAL (a Weaver)

NICHOLAS DIRCKS (Burgomaster of Mirlemont)

PEPPIN (a dwarf)

A SENESCHAL

A LAD OF THE TOWN

BALDWYN OF ATH

THE LORDS OF SIRAULT, VELAINES, AND ST. SAUVEUR

THE DEVIL

LAINE (the Weaver's daughter)

JOAN (the Weaver's wife)

JACQUELINE

LOYSE, from St. Denis

ISABEAU, from Florennes

BARBE, from Bovigny

A SHREWISH GIRL

A MATRON

SAIDA

**Chorus of Knights, Dames, Pages, Aldermen, Soldiers, Townsfolk,
Country-folk, Dancers, Lute-players, Serving-men, and the rest.**

**The story is laid in the Flemish town of Mirlemont in the
beginning of the 15th century.**

ACT I.

Scene 1. -- The Weaver's Home.

Scene 2. -- The Market-place.

ACT II.

Scene 1. -- A Hall in the Castle.

Scene 2. -- The Weaver's Home.

Scene 3. -- Between the Castle and the North Gate.

ACT III.

Scene 1. -- The Terrace of the Castle.

Scene 2. -- The Market-place.

THE BEAUTY STONE

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE: A Market Square about the year 1500. A stage or pageant is set up, with a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a play is about to begin. During the introduction the players enter in procession. They take their seats or places.

Introduction

Prologue: Welcome, sweet lordings, and you, ladies fair,
To this brief pageant under God's good care;
The players gather in their several parts,
Willing to please you with their practised arts;
And I, as prologue of the play, am sent
To seek your grace, and show you our intent.
Our scene is Flanders, at the Flemish town
Of Mirlemont, so famous in renown;
Lord Philip rules there with a slothful sway -
All feast, all gallantry, all holiday.
He has a mistress, Saida called by name,
Whom you shall see, but do not give her blame;
The torches of his love no longer burn,
And he abandons her, as you shall learn.
To his disgrace, and Saida's deepest woe,
He seeks another in a beauty show.
But first we bring you Laine, a crippled girl,
And Jacqueline, a mirthful maiden churl -
Peppin, the hunchback, eager for a kiss -
The Devil, whom we pray you pelt and hiss;
Simon and Joan, bent low, and worn with pain -
These are the parents of poor crippled Laine;
Weavers they are - behold them as they weave -
Toil is their lot, and as they toil they grieve.

Enter JOAN and SIMON

No 1: - DUET. (Simon and Joan.)

Simon: Click, clack, click, clack -
For ever the shuttle flies!
Here in the gloom
From out the loom
It groans and rattles and cries!
Oh, would that the day were ended when the end of the daylight dies!
Click, clack, click, clack -
For ever the shuttle flies.

Joan: Click, clack, click, clack -
The night and the day are one!
The moon may sleep
On castle keep,
But our travail outstays the sun!
Yea, when the daylight is ended our day is only begun!
Click, clack, click, clack -
The night and the day are one!

Both: Across the narrow street
The crooked shadows meet,
And the sound of falling feet
Echoes faintly and grows dumb;
And the moonbeams creep and crawl
Down each gable to the wall.
Ah, could the night but end it all,
We would pray the night were come!

Simon: Goodwife, where is our daughter, can you tell?

Joan: Gone to fetch bread, and water from the well.

Simon: Will she be safe? The festive crowds are out;
She may be mocked or injured by some lout.

Joan: The saints protect her! Who would harm our child?

Simon: No one, alone, and yet the mob is wild.

SOUNDS OF APPROACHING MOCKERY & LAUGHTER

Simon: I hear them coming - Peppin and his crew.

Joan: The idle Devil finds them work to do.

ENTER LAINE, FOLLOWED BY PEPPIN, JACQUELINE & CHORUS

No 2: - CHORUS WITH SOLOS. (Simon and Joan.)

Chorus: Hobble, hobble, now we've caught her,
Scuttling homeward like a rat;
Limping Laine, the weaver's daughter!
By St Joseph, look at that!

Joan: Aye, 'tis Laine, our crippled daughter!
By St Joseph, look at that!

Chorus: Saints above us, what a couple!
Sooth, he's fashioned like a sickle,
All his back is bent in double,
And his legs are not a pair!
Lo! Her skin is made of leather

That has soaked too long in pickle,
And her eyes are hung with cobwebs!
See, there's mildew in her hair!

Simon: Holy mother! Have a care!

Chorus: That's her father! And the other?
That's her mother! What a pair!

Simon: Holy mother! Would ye dare?

Chorus: Nay, sir weaver, spare your cudgel, and when next your crooked daughter
Limps and hobbles o'er the cobbles, with her body turned askew,
Patch and mend her ere ye send her to the gossip's well for water,
Lest we take her crutch and rend her! Holy mother! What a crew!

Simon: Carrion kites, what would ye do?

Simon: Out of my house, you rabble, and be quick;
I'll break your bones in pieces with my stick.

Laine: But father, I was saved by Jacqueline.

Jac: They taunted her for being lame and mean –
I scolded them, and warded off their blows.

Girl: (*Mocking*) Yourself the mistress of a twisted nose

Jac: Look at your own red chops and owlsh eyes;
Your beauty will not win Lord Philip's prize -
No daughter of this town can meet his taste.

Peppin: What is the matter with a great fat waist?
Or even bandy legs and twisted lips? (*To Laine*)

Laine: Father, he caught and held me by the hips.
He tried to kiss me - would not let me run.

Jac: I think no harm was meant, and none was done.
But Peppin must do penance for his hurts -
Let him be stuck with flowers and wrapped in skirts;
Fair Peppin is a girl to make men sweat,
She will be victor in the contest yet.

PEPPIN IS GOT UP CRUELY LIKE A GIRL

No 2a: - CHORUS¹

Chorus: Maidens and men of Mirlemont town,
Hither we come at your call!

¹ This is pages 43 letter C to 45 letter D in original vocal score but is printed in full in this edition.

Ye have bidden the fairest, then needs must ye own
We bring you the fairest of all!
White lilies she wears for a crown,
For her cheek as a lily is white,
And straight as a lily she grows,
Straight and slender and tall!
Yet day shall not draw to its close
Ere the lily be changed to the rose,
For shall ye not crown her tonight
The fairest of all?

EXEUNT CHORUS WITH PEPPIN PRETENDING TO BE A GIRL.

Joan: When is this contest for the fairest face?
Laine: Soon after mid-day, in the market place.
Joan: Then stay at home - such things are not for us.
The Blessed Virgin has decided thus. (*Indicates statue*)
Laine: I long to see the Prince come forth in state,
With Lady Saida from the castle gate.
They say he won her in the Eastern war.
Simon: He is a dribbling fool, and she a whore.
Joan: He's tired of her, and wants another slut -
Simon: He will not find one in our humble hut. (*To Laine*)
Your pitcher's broken - have you lost the loaf?
Laine: It was snatched from me by a jeering oaf.
Simon: We'll fetch another - keep you out of sight,
Bar up the door, and bolt the shutters tight.
Joan: Take comfort, child, these blows will soon repair;
Pray to the Virgin - she will hear your prayer.

EXEUNT SIMON AND JOAN. MANET LAINE.

No 3: - PRAYER (Laine.)

Laine: Dear Mary Mother, unto thee I bring
A poor maid's prayer'
I am a crooked, wan, misshapen thing,
And may not dare
To lift mine eyes to thine, lest haply so
Thy heart should find no pity left to spare
For all my woe!

Mother of Jesu, at thy feet I cry;
I do but crave for love
That so my heart may live,
Else what am I?
Nay, and if God above
Hath naught of love to give,
I fain would die.

To him who gave the rose its vermeil hue
'Twere vain to pray
That he should make this body straight and new
And fair alway.
Sooth that were vain, yet thou canst bid God send -
Whereas the night-time endeth every day -
My day may end!

Mother of Jesu, at thy feet I cry,
For well I wis 'tis so;
Love sorts but with the fair,
And naught am I!
Wherefore I fain would go,
Praying but this one prayer,
That I may die!

ENTER THE DEVIL DRESSED AS A FRIAR - LOUD KNOCKING

- Laine: Who is it knocks? Who makes this dreadful din?
- Devil: Peace on this house, and all who dwell herein. *(Devil comes in)*
- Laine: Good Friar, my parents are away from home.
- Devil: My child, I come with pardon, hot from Rome,
But virtue conquers in this honest house;
You are as quiet and harmless as a mouse.
- Laine: Well, Father, we are poor as any mice;
And ugly, though we shun all thought of vice.
- Devil: My child, in ugliness there is no shame.
- Laine: But, holy Father, I am also lame.
- Devil: I limp myself - an ancient wound, of sorts.
I also read a limping maiden's thoughts.
- Laine: I am not loved, and so I do not live.
- Devil: Then, child, I have a miracle to give.
Here in this pouch a little pebble sits - *(Holds up pouch)*
A prize beyond the reach of human wits;
The crooked flesh that wears it is made straight -

The ugly features change, and catch a mate.
The stone is yours - but first you must confess.

Laine: Father, I will, if you will me so bless.

ENTER SIMON AND JOAN WITH BREAD

No 4: - QUARTET. (Laine, Joan, Simon and The Devil.)

Simon: Who stands within?

Joan: Hush! 'Tis a holy Friar.

Devil: Chide not this simple maid; the fault was mine!

Joan: No fault, in sooth

Simon: 'Twas not 'gainst such as thee our door was barred!

Joan: Yet, holy Father, say
How comes it that the light of heaven hath crept
To our dark home?

Devil: My children, I have heard
Ye stand in little favour in this town;
Wherefore I thought to pause upon my way
And proffer comfort. Sooth, and as ye came,
In pleasant converse with yon crippled child
I chanced to show her this! *(Holds up stone)*

Simon & Joan: What is it? Speak!

Devil: Well may ye ask, for hidden here doth lie
A little stone hung from a sunken rock
Whose giant shadow rising from the deep
Empurples the blue sea! Yet long ago,
In holier days, it reared its sacred head
Moss-mantled o'er the wave: and on its crest
Once trod the Virgin's feet. And since that hour
This little particle of precious stone -
A relic rescued from the wreck of time -
Hath so much virtue, that on man or maid,
Whoe'er it be that owns it, there doth fall
The gift of perfect beauty!

Simon: Beauty!

Joan: Beauty!

Laine: Yea, truly 'twas of beauty that he spake
E'en as ye came.

Simon: Father, I fain would know
How falls this miracle!

Joan: Aye, tell us that!

Devil: Draw anear and ye shall hear *(Holds up stone)*
Tremble not, 'tis naught to fear;
On the bare breast of man or maid,
Naked must this stone be laid;
Snug and secret must it lie,
Hidden close from every eye,
For one and only one shall own
The mystic virtues of this stone.

Simon: Father, bestow it! Aye, bestow it here!
No home in Flanders is so waste and drear;
Lacking a comely presence we are worn,
And bent with years of toiling night and morn!
Our child is sickly, hapless was she born!
Bestow it here!

Devil: Weaver, thou didst not heed me; I have shewn
This wondrous gift is not for all to own,
But whoso wears it, he or she alone,
May hope to win
The beauty that lies hidden deep within
This glittering stone.

Simon & Joan: Though that should be, yet on our knees we pray,
Grant to this darkened house the light of day!
O hear our prayer!
In pity hear us! Let but Heaven's sweet ray
Make one face fair!

Laine: Ah, Holy Mother, little need had they
To crave this lamp to light them on their way
Had I been fair!
Wherefore I too would kneel to thee today –
O hear their prayer!

DEVIL GIVES STONE TO SIMON

Devil: Take it! My blessing go with it.

Simon & Joan: Father, we thank thee! Day has dawned at last!

SIMON HANDS THE STONE TO LAINE

Simon: Take it my daughter, may it cure your ills,
If Mary, mother of Our Saviour, wills.

Devil: Take it, and wear it gladly - I repeat,
It bears the imprint of the Virgin's feet. (*Bows piously to statue*)

EXIT LAINE

Joan: You spoke of rock - does this gem stand alone?

Devil: There is no relic but the Beauty Stone.

Simon: How came you by it? Can it do us wrong?

Joan: Laine wears it now - to whom does it belong?

Devil: Children, these questions prove your lack of trust;
Bring me some water and a humble crust.
I'll tell you how this miracle can be -
I give the stone, which then comes back to me.

No 5: - RECIT. AND SONG (The Devil.)

Devil: Since it dwelt in that rock whose hallowed crest
Lies sunk in an Orient sea,
This stone it hath pressed full many a breast
Of Gallant and proud Ladye.
For all have sued for this glittering thing,
And squire and lord and clown;
Yea, once it lay next the heart of a king
Who counted it more than his crown.

I gave it away to a love-lorn maid
Who wept for her heart was free;
And lo, when this stone in her breast was laid
She grew passing fair to see!
And a knight rode by, and he knelt and prayed,
'For thy beauty my life were freely paid -
Now what will you give to me?'"
"Sir Knight, I have naught!" laughed she,
"Sir Knight, I have naught for thee!"
But still at her feet as he made his moan,
From out of her bosom she drew the stone;
And that knight rode forth, but he rode alone,
And he laughed, for his heart was free!
And they buried a maiden all skin and bone!

And so it befell
At the toll of a bell,
This stone had come back to me.
And anon it sped over sea and land,
It journeyed o'er land and sea,
It hath lodged in many withered hand -
Yet it always comes back to me.

Then it passed to a miser of grisly hue,
With a beard that fell to his knee;
He had cuddled his gold, though he fain would woo
A lady of high degree!
And he laughed when he saw how fair he grew –
Yet ever she sighed as he came to sue,
“Nay, what wilt thou give to me?”
“Rich gems have I none,” groaned he,
“I have naught but my love for thee!”
But at night, as he lay and dreamed of gold,
She drew from his gabardine’s innermost fold
This glittering stone - and his heart grew cold;
But she laughed for her heart was free!
And they buried a miser all withered and old;

And so it befell,
At the toll of the bell,
This stone had come back to me.
And anon it sped over sea and land,
It journeyed o’er land and sea,
It hath lodged in many a withered hand -
Yet it always comes back to me.

No 5a: - ENTRANCE OF LAINE.

ENTER LAINE, NOW BEAUTIFUL. EXIT DEVIL.

Prologue: The Devil works his magic, and departs -
Pleased with the practice of his evil arts.
Laine and her parents are too slow, too good
To catch the whiff of brimstone, as they should.

EXEUNT LAINE & HER PARENTS.

END OF ACT 1 SCENE 1

ACT 1 SCENE 2

No 5b: - MELODRAME (under dialogue.)

Prologue: Imagine, now, not Simon's wretched den
But Mirlemont at play, with maids and men
Gathered for carnival; the church bells peal;
They dance in fellowship with toe and heel.
The town is full of strangers - come to gape
On perfect beauty in the female shape.
Savour with them the cheeks and dimpled chin
Of one such vision, whom her mates bring in. *(Enter Chorus)*

No 6: - FULL CHORUS

Semi-Chorus of eight extra Girls (competitors.)

Chorus: The bells are ringing o'er Mirlemont town,
Lord Philip rides forth on his way!
From his saddle-bow hangs a rosebud crown,
And a silver cord that shall girdle the gown
Of her who is fairest today.

Girls: Then tell us, ye burgers of Mirlemont town,
Who is it that rules ye today?

Men: Lord Philip he rules over burgher and clown –
From his castle gate he comes riding down
With his gallants in proud array.

Girls: Sir burghers, we tell ye nay,
'Tis not to a gallant ye pray;
Who rules ye now was never a lord,
She needs no spear and she bears no sword,
Who wins with a smile or a frown,
With soft eyes hazel or gray,
With tresses golden or brown,
'Tis Beauty that rules ye today,
Ye burghers of Mirlemont town!

Men: With soft eyes hazel or gray,
With tresses golden or brown -
'Tis Beauty that rules us today,
We burghers of Mirlemont town!

ENTER PEPPIN AS A GIRL, WITH JACQUELINE & CO

Girls: Maidens and men of Mirlemont town,
Hither we come at your call!
Ye have bidden the fairest, then needs must ye own
We bring you the fairest of all!
White lilies she wears for a crown,

For her cheek as a lily is white,
And straight as a lily she grows,
Straight and slender and tall;
Yet day shall not draw to its close
Ere the lily be changed to the rose,
For shall ye not crown her tonight
The fairest of all?

Men: If this indeed be Beauty's Queen –

Girls: We say not so! We say not so!

Men: Then every maiden lank and lean
With waxen cheeks and eyes of green
May win that wreath of budding rose.

Girls: In sooth 'tis not of her we speak –

Men: Then bid her go! Then bid her go!

Girls: Yet look again; for though her cheek
Be all too white, that blush ye seek
Hath fled to warm her ruddy nose!

All: Maidens and men, etc.

Welcome ye strangers to Mirlemont town,
Hither ye come at our call!
We have bidden the fairest, yet needs must we own
Ye bring not the fairest of all.

ENTER DEVIL, DRESSED IN ITALIAN FASHION

Devil: Be still, my children. Have you all run mad?
Why is your Queen of Love an ugly lad?

Girl: No. She's a lady, graceful in her wimple -

Man: Gaze on her warts - admire her purple pimple.

Peppin: Rescue me, sir! I don't deserve this trick.

Jac: Silence, trollop. I'll give your rump a kick.

Devil: Let him go free. Are you this rabble's head? *(To Jacqueline)*

Jac: I lead them only where they would be led.
The game's done now - My Lord will come at noon.

Devil: Then go get ready, lest he come too soon. *(To Chorus)*
(To Jac) But not yourself. We'll talk together first.
I like bold girls, and you are much the worst.

EXEUNT CHORUS

Jac: Are you a gentleman? Your clothes look strange.

Devil: Italian. The fashions there soon change.

Jac: Italy's warm and sunny, is it not?

Devil: Truly, my native country's rather hot.
And who are you? - a lass beyond the law.

Jac: I live alone - my bed is in the straw.
I'm strong and crafty - Jacqueline's my name.

Devil: Then join with me; our pleasures are the same.

No 7: - DUET. (Jacqueline and The Devil.)

Jac: My name is crazy Jacqueline,
I rule a rout that love not labour,
From morn till e'en I dance and sing,
And though I neither toil nor spin,
Yet, should I lack some simple thing,
I sally forth and rob my neighbour!
My castle is a musty stall
In old Dame Clovis' empty stable;
There on the straw my court I keep
With a whiskered rat for a seneschal,
And a troop of mice who guard my sleep
Till the lazy sunbeams 'gin to peep
With a rosy face o'er the topmost gable.
Then men may call me Ne'er-do-Weel,
And Rag-a-Bag and Pick-and-Steal -
So let them cry,
I care not, I!
For I can dance from morn till e'en,
And in my kingdom I am Queen!

Devil: Then, marry, come here and dance with me,
Thy humour it liketh me well;
There is room for a rogue like thee
In the land where I chance to dwell!
(Aside) For this is a truth I tell,
Yet marvel how it should be -
There be few that can dance and sing
In that kingdom where I am king!

Jac: But idle folk have work to do -
Pure mischief takes a world of brewing;
Though simple fools know naught of this,
Yet true it is, and pity too,

Things will not always go amiss
If no one sees to man's undoing!
And so, o' nights, when all is still,
I wander forth and weave a tangle;
I milk the cows and leave them dry,
Then draw the sluices from the mill,
And when I've set things all awry,
I laugh to hear the watchman cry
As the city bells go jingle-jangle!
Then men may call me Ne'er-do-Weel,
And Rag-a-Bag and Pick-and-Steal -
I care not, I!
Whate'er they cry,
For I can dance from morn till e'en
And in my kingdom I am Queen!

Devil: Then, marry, come dance with me,
For never a maid or man
Was fit to be fellow with thee
Since ever the world began!
(Aside) Yet read this riddle who can,
And the answer I fain would see -
How long will she dance and sing
In that kingdom where I am king?

DANCE

Devil: You're an odd beggarmaid - more lad than lass -
Bright as a button, and as bold as brass.
I need a page - if you're in need of place.

Jac: Vixen I am, but not a boy, Your Grace.

Devil: Urchins like you have never been in love.

Jac: Nor hope to be, so please the saints above.

Devil: So much the better for a life of hate.
Come, be my page - live easy, and lie late.

Jac: I will not - there is something in your look
That frightens me, by candle, bell, and book.

Devil: My page! Go! To the stable where you sleep,
Look in your bed of straw, and rummage deep;
You'll find a suit of clothes, and on the shelf
A pair of silken shoes. Prepare yourself,
And come to Court as Count Foscano's page.
Do it at once - if not you'll meet my rage.

Jac: *(Faltering)* I will not come. I fear your dreadful eye.

Devil: Will not! You'll come - unless you wish to die.

EXIT JACQUELINE. MANET DEVIL. ENTER DIRCKS AND CHORUS.

No 7a. - ENTRANCE OF THE BURGOMASTER. (Chorus)²

Chorus: The bells are ringing o'er Mirlemont town,
Lord Philip he waits in the hall;
And before him they bear a rose-bud crown
And a silver cord that shall girdle the gown
Of her who is fairest of all!

ENTER PHILIP, SAIDA & GUNTRAN. DIRCKS READS A PROCLAMATION

Dircks: Hail Philip, Lord of Mirlemont by name!
This present proclamation doth proclaim,
As all bear witness who are heretofore
And hereinafter mentioned, by the law -
To wit, the merchants, who have made their marks,
The ancient Aldermen and learned clerks -
That on this famous morning, by request,
Every distinguished beauty shall contest
A silver belt or girdle, which great prize -
Great in esteem, that is, if not in size -
Waits on this velvet cushion her who wins.
But first, before the beauty show begins

Philip: Good Burgomaster, we have not all week,
These girls are growing older as you speak.
Let them come in, those who are not in jail.

Dircks: Sir, they are in the tavern at their ale.

Philip: Then fetch them, Burgomaster, if you will.
Hurry their ladyships - and pay the bill.

DIRCKS SENDS SOMEONE TO FETCH THE COMPETITORS

No 8: - SCENA.

(Saida, Loyse, Barbe, Isabeau, Philip, Nicholas, The Devil and Chorus.)

Dircks: Know ye all both great and small,
That by Lord Philip's sweet command,
This day within our City wall
By summons we have bidden all
The fairest maidens in our land!
Then note them well, for here they stand -

² This number contains the vocal work from vocal score pages 36 – 38 but is printed in full in this edition.

Loyse the fair, from St Denis,
And Isabeau from far Florennes,
With Barbe who comes from Bovigny
To feast the eyes of greedy men;
And Gabrielle, the chosen maid
From that proud city, St Hubert,
And Colinette from Lenalède,
Who counts herself the fairest there;

With many more who fain would own
The budding wreath and silver zone.

Philip: Peace! let us on, or ere the day be flown
Our budding roses shall be overblown.

Dircks: Sir, by your leave! Sweet maid, I call on thee!

Loyse: I am Loyse from St Denis;
Fairest there beyond compare,
So men say!

Chorus: So men say!

Loyse: Yet their praise is naught to me,
If today
Philip, Lord of Mirlemont, deems another maid more fair.
Thou alone canst tell me true,
Thou canst answer yea or nay,
Are mine eyes of that sweet blue
The rains of April grant to May;
Shines my hair like ripened wheat;
Can it be my red lips meet
Like coral laid on ivory,
Aye, and that my little feet
Move so very daintily?
For this and more do all men say,
Men who dwell at St Denis,
Else I might not dare to pray
That today
Beauty's crown should fall on me.

Chorus: And what if it be true that her eyes are softest blue,
And her lips like winter berries shyly peeping through the snow,
That she wears a smaller shoe than some other maidens do?
Yet for all she's not fairest: therefore, prithee, let her go.

Saida: Aye, let her go. We waste the sunny hours
Seeking a rose among these wind-sown flowers.

Philip: Rise, little maid, for one and one alone
Shall win this wreath of roses and wear this silver crown.

Dircks:³ Next, by your grace, in order as they go,
I summon her men call proud Isabeau!

Isabeau: In the hills beyond Florennes,
Where the river grasses grow
Soft and green –

Chorus: Soft and green!

Isabeau: Once the shepherds from the glen
Crowned me Queen!
And when I knelt beside the stream,
And saw this face that floated there -
With lips like cherries dipped in cream,
And laughing eyes and raven hair -
I wondered not those shepherd men
Had crowned me fairest in Florennes.

Chorus: And in truth, if that be so, it is plain they do not grow
The fairest maids in Flanders where those simple shepherds dwell;
Or, perchance, for aught we know, it was very long ago
When this maiden first discovered that she loved herself so well!

Saida: Nay, blame the guilty brook; 'twere hard to scold her
For deeming true what this false stream had told her.

Devil: Aye, yet henceforth each crone should warn her daughter,
Truth lurks in wells but lies in running water.

Philip: Yea, many maids are fair, yet one is fairest;
Enough for thee to win that shepherd's crown thou wearest.

Dircks: In truth an ugly wench. Come hither, thou!

Barbe: I am Barbe of Bovigny,
Where all other maidens say
They wonder why –

Chorus: They wonder why –

Barbe: My love bid me come to-day
That I might try,
Philip, Lord of Mirlemont, to win that rosy crown from thee.
Yet while he kneels and sighs to me,
"Love, for thy beauty I could die!"
I wonder why
I may not bear that wreath away!

³ This sequence in blue type appears in the first edition of the printed libretto but is absent from the vocal score. Sullivan did compose this section and it is present in the autograph full score but appears to have been cut from performance, probably for reasons of length.

Chorus: And to this we would reply, it is plain to every eye
 When he praised the maiden's beauty that his senses must have fled;
 And we fancy, by and by, she will weep and wonder why
 Men should choose to go a-wooing when they never think to wed.

Chorus: Vainly on thy bended knee
 Thou shalt pray,
 Here today.
 Wreaths and crowns are not for thee,
 Haste away,
 And get thee home to St Denis.
 Haste, haste,
 Where they count thee fair to see.

Philip: Enough of this - these creatures are not fair.

Saida: There's more of beauty in a Flanders mare.

Philip: Give them a groat apiece, and let them go.

Dircks: But sir, the people wish to see the show.
 Do not deny them their expected sport.

Devil: Sir, may I speak? I have a pleasant thought.
 The town lacks beauty - we'll be ugly, then.
 Who is the ugliest of all your men?

Dircks: Peppin the hunchback - there he is, my Lord. *(Points)*
 Son of a beggar by a worn-out bawd.

Devil: And who's the ugliest girl, of many such?

Dircks: Laine Limal, sir, a cripple with a crutch.

Devil: Let them be married - with my Lord's consent –
 We'll have a dwarf inhabitant by Lent.

Dircks: My Lord, this marriage will amuse the crowd.
 I beg your Highness, let it be allowed.

Philip: Go fetch the bride, then. Give her fifty groats.
 And bring out ale for all these thirsty throats.
 We shall return. We have no cause to stay.

Saida: My lord, remain, and see the oafish play.

No 9: - FINALE ACT I
(Saida, Laine, Jacqueline (with chorus only), Joan, Philip, Simon, Guntran,
Dircks, The Devil and Chorus.)

Chorus: Go! Bring forth old Simon's daughter!
 Here's a lord who counts her fair;
 Long in wedlock he hath sought her,
 And would crown her golden hair
 With this garland he hath wrought her
 Out of gems most rich and rare!
 Faith, a gallant knight we've brought her;
 Come then, greet the happy pair.

***DURING THE CHORUS PEPPIN IS DIVESTED OF HIS GIRL'S CLOTHES. ENTER
LAINE***

Philip: By Our Lady, she is fair!

Chorus: What is this? Nay, look again!
 It is! And yet it cannot be!

Philip: Angel face without a stain,
 Eyes that muse in ecstasy!

Chorus: Away! We sought the cripple Laine!
 Nay, look again, for this is she!

Philip: Sweet, wondering maid, if thou wilt deign
 To take thy crown, it waits for thee!

Dircks: Where then hath fled that hump upon her shoulder,
 If this be Laine?

Philip: Nay, whence have come those tresses that enfold her,
 Like golden rain?

Dircks: Her hollow eyes were dim, her wan cheek whiter
 Than frozen snow!

Philip: Lips like a rose-red flower, those eyes are brighter
 Than earth can show!

Saida: *(To Philip)* Oh, turn thine eyes away,
 Let not her lure thee on;
 Though fair she seems today,
 Bid her begone!
 For how shall beauty stay
 Where all was foul before?
 Then turn thine eyes away,
 And gaze no more!

Chorus: Oh, turn thine eyes away,
Let her not lure thee on;
Though fair she seems today,
Bid her begone!

Philip: Was ever sprite or fay
So fair to look upon?
Shall beauty hold its sway
When thou art gone?
Then lift thine eyes and say,
Wooed from what faery shore,
Thy feet have found their way
To earth once more!

Chorus: Yet how shall beauty stay
Where all was foul before?
Then turn thine eyes away
And gaze no more!

Saida: In vain we plead, some magic spell enthrals him!

Guntran: Aye, 'tis in vain! He will not heed your cry!

Devil: What if it be the Devil's voice that calls him!

Saida: Yea, 'tis a witch he worships! Let her die!

Chorus: A witch! A witch! Beware! Beware!
Round about her draw not nigh!
Bind her! Burn her! Have a care,
For see, she hath the evil eye!
A witch! A witch! Beware! Beware!
Or on a broomstick she may fly
Up and up and through the air!
A witch! A witch! Then let her die!

ENTER JOAN AND SIMON

Joan: What would ye do? Lord Philip, spare, oh, spare her!

Simon: Wretches! Ye knew her well an hour ago!

Joan: What though her poor, wan cheek be now grown fairer,
'Tis Heaven's sweet miracle hath made her so.

Simon: Yea, Heaven hath made her fair, then wherefore fear her?
This is no witch ye look upon today.

Joan: Down on thy knees! Sweet Lord, we prithee hear her!

Philip: Stand back, ye knaves, and thou, sweet maid, draw nerarer
Whence came thy wondrous beauty, speak and say!

Laine: I can but tell I knelt and prayed
To her who hearkens when we cry,
“Mother, as Thou wert once a maid,
Oh, let me love, or bid me die!”
Still I was crooked, bowed and lame,
And knew not then she heard my prayer,
But now I know, for, lo, there came
A holy man who made me fair.

Philip: Enough, Enough! Ye have but to behold her!
Nay, scan her well and tell me, if ye dare,
What devil’s art or witch’s wile could mould her
There where she stands the fairest of the fair!

When the rose-leaf lies on the dew, do we ask if it fell from the rose?
If honey be sweet on our lips, know we not it was stored by the bee?
When the wind blows salt in our teeth, do we wonder from whither it blows?
Nay, though the shore be afar, yet we know that it comes from the sea!

Chorus: When the rose-leaf lies on the dew, do we ask if it fell from the rose?
If honey be sweet on our lips, know we not it was stored by the bee?
When the wind blows salt in our teeth, do we wonder from whither it blows?
Nay, though the shore be afar, yet we know that it comes from the sea!

Philip: Sweet maid, Heaven too lies afar, yet we know that from Heaven alone
Come those lips that an angel hath kissed, and those eyes with the light of a
star!
Though with roses we crown thee today, and girdle thee round with a zone,
Is there aught that shall bind thee or stay thee whose home lies beyond and
afar?

Chorus: Sweet Maid, Heaven too lies afar, yet we know that from Heaven alone
Come those lips that an angel hath kissed, and those eyes with the light of a
star!
Though with roses we crown thee today, and girdle thee round with a zone,
Is there aught that shall bind thee or stay thee whose home lies beyond and
afar?

PHILIP CROWNS LAINE, AND PLACES THE GIRDLE ROUND HER WAIST

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE - A HALL IN CASTLE MIRLEMONT

Prologue: Now is the evening of the holiday;
We see Prince Philip's court at dice and play -
Ladies and Lords, and Squires of high degree,
Vicious as all such idle folk must be.
Laine's at the castle, brought by Philip here;
Safe in her innocence, she does not fear;
But Saida knows his mind - her cause is lost -
She loved her lord, and now must bear the cost;
Philip himself hears nothing of her call -
Love and the devil have him in their thrall.

No 10: - CHORUS.

Chorus: With cards and dice, and with wine and laughter,
And a leaven of love, if love be light,
We care not a jot what may come hereafter
So love and laughter be ours tonight!

Then scatter the cards as we fill the cup;
Though the sun be down, and the moon be up,
Our day doth only begin!
Our day doth only begin!

For the coming of night is the dawn of day, is the dawn of day;
Yet tell us, we pray,
What card to play,
And where is the card shall win?
Yet tell us, we pray,
What card to play,
And where is the card shall win?

Men: Honour and fame, and the lust of battle,
We yield them freely to sturdier lords;

Ladies: For the coin shall clink and the dice shall rattle
When honour and fame are but empty words.

All: Then scatter the cards as we drain the cup;
Though the sun be down and the moon be up,
Our day doth only begin!
Our day doth only begin!

For the coming of night is the dawn of day, is the dawn of day;
Yet, if as ye say,
'Tis a heart to play,
Then where is the heart shall win?

Philip: Where is the weaver's daughter? Bring her down.

Lady: The needlewomen work to make her gown.

Philip: Let them be quick. I want her at my side.

Saida: My Lord, you injure me. You gall my pride.
The kitchen's where her common sort belongs.

Philip: You know my will. Forget your sullen wrongs.
Let her have music for her jealousy. *(To Musicians)*
My friends, I'll join you if the game is free. *(To Gamblers)*

PHILIP JOINS CARD GAME. MUSIC.

No 10a: - LUTE MUSIC

Devil: *(To Saida)* Madam, you struggle vainly for his heart.
The girl and Satan hold him by their art.

Saida: Her mother brewed the charm. I'll have them burned.

Devil: But first they have a secret to be learned.
Discover it - my page and I will help -
And you shall be as lovely as this whelp.

Saida: The Devil tempts - my conscience stands aghast.

Devil: Do what you must, and win your Lord at last.

Saida: I will consider - we will speak again. *(To Philip)*
My Lord, forget this child, this crippled Lame,
Whose liveness comes - and still may go - by chance.
I will perform your pleasure with my dance.

Devil: Her skill in dancing, sir, is not in doubt.

Philip: Well, I will watch her till my star come out.

No 11: - SCENE.

(Saida, Philip and Chorus with Semi-Chorus of Eastern Maidens (eight girls))

Chorus: Though she should dance
Till dawn of day,
Twere all for naught;
For if perchance
His eyes should stray
And find here there,
They would but glance
And turn away;
For all his thought

Is otherwhere!
Yea, though her feet
Should prove as fleet
As is the wind,
'Twere all in vain;
They know no art
Whereby to find
To Philip's heart
Their way again!
Then she may dance
Till dawn of day,
He will not care;
He heeds her not,
He needs her not,
He hath forgot
If she be fair!

Saida: Safe in her island home, whose sloping glades
Lean sun-ward till they kiss the Eastern main,
Happy she dwelt a maid amidst her maids,
Who knowing nought of love knew naught of pain;
When, westward steering, came those knights unbidden,
Sea-worn, and weary of the clang of war,
And one there was beneath whose helm lay hidden
A face she knew, yet knew not, from afar.
For round about her ere he came
Aye, ere his feet had pressed the sand -
The woodland blossoms turned to flame,
And Love was lord of all the land;
Till dawned that day his sail was set,
And all his thoughts were sea-ward turned,
Then one there was remembered yet
What love had taught and love had learned;
One heart that knew not how to stay
If love were fain to flee away.

Knights & Dames: Why, it is of herself that she sings,
For she followed him so, as we know;
And his was the love that found wings!
Nay, hath it not ever been so?

Eastern Maidens: We are dreaming, we are dreaming of that little island valley,
Where, beneath the silver olives, at the ending of the day,
Swaying gently to the music, as they thread each winding alley,
Comes a troop of laughing maidens dancing downward to the bay!

Saida: South blows the wind as the veil of night is falling,
Warm is the wind that is blowing from the South;
Far in bay she can hear the sailors calling,
Warm lies the breath of his kisses on her mouth.
South blows the wind, yet northward they are steering,

Love leaps aboard and the North and South are one;
Lo the stars are darkened, and the bitter gale is veering,
Bleak and cold and drear lies the shore they are nearing;
Woe is the day when he bore her from the sun!
Love lies not here; he hath fled and we would follow
Where the sapphire sea is breaking in a ring of silver foam;
Southward speeds his barque, for his pilot is the swallow -
Love! could we but follow, thou wouldst lead us safely home!
North blows the wind; once again the gale is shifting,
The wrack of heaven stands open, and the night is past and done;
North blows the wind, yet southward we are drifting;
The rosy day is dawning, and the sullen clouds are lifting;
North blows the wind that shall bear us to the sun!

Eastern Maidens: Love lies not here; he hath fled, and we would follow
Where the sapphire sea is breaking in a ring of silver foam;
Southward speeds his barque, for his pilot is the swallow -
Love! could we but follow, thou wouldst lead us safely home!

Knights & Dames: Why stays she here? Love hath fled, he will not follow,
For his heart hath found a haven and no longer needs to roam;
Southward she may sail, flying southward with the swallow -
Lord Philip will not follow, for his love lies nearer home.

ENTER LAINE

Knights: Nay, see ye not this maid is fair?
What wonder then he finds her so?

Dames: Yet, little maid, beware! beware!
For love will come and love will go!

Knights: That angel smile, those wondering eyes,
Were never fashioned here below!

Dames: Yet, little maid, be wise! be wise!
For love will come and love will go!

Philip: Sir Knights and Dames, now grant me, by your leave,
That I may speak with this sweet demoiselle.

Knights & Dames: Though Philip's heart she may beguile,
And wear the lady Saida's shoes,
She cannot choose but she must lose
The glory of that angel smile!
Yea, well we know 'twas ever so,
For love will come and love will go.

EXEUNT CHORUS. SAIDA AND THE DEVIL REMAIN, WATCHING

Philip: You are more welcome than My Lady's song.
I never thought to wait for you so long.

Laine: My Lord, the dress they gave me did not fit;
They took the afternoon to alter it.

Philip: Well you must stay. I'll have a room prepared –
It might be near my chamber, if you cared.
I cannot have you, like the finest peach,
Far on the branch, for ever out of reach.

Laine: The far peach plucked is not itself, My Lord;
Something is gone that cannot be restored.

Philip: It must not hang there to no purpose, Laine.
Tell me I do not stretch my hand in vain.

Laine: My Lord, I saw you once go by in state;
You glanced at me, and that glance was my fate.

Philip: I did not see you. I was lost and blind.

Laine: You did not notice weavers and their kind;
And, sir, I am a weaver's daughter still.

Philip: What's that to me? I must obey love's will.

No 12: - DUET. (Laine & Philip.)

Philip: I love thee' Aye, I love thee!

Laine: Nay, nay, thou lov'st me not!

Philip: Dost thou not hear? I love thee!

Laine: My lord, thou hast forgot
Thou couldst not give me all,
For, ah! Full well I know
That thy fond glance doth fall
On one set high above me;
Then prithee let me go!

Philip: 'Tis false! My heart is free!
Yon Heav'n may hear my vow -
I ne'er have loved but thee,
I knew not love till now!

Laine: Ah, no, it may not be!
Thou art too high, too great;
I am not fit to mate
With one like thee!

Philip: Yet Beauty's star doth shine
Above all earthly state;

It makes the lowliest great -
Aye, and it makes thee mine!

Laine: Nay, though it gleamed afar,
Set high in Heaven above,
In dreaming long ago
I too had seen a star;
And now, ah, now I know
That shining star was love!
For here, upon thy breast,
My heart hath found its rest,
Dear lord, in love for thee -
Ever in love for thee!

Philip: For here my life's long quest
To find the loveliest
Doth end, sweet love, in thee -
Ever in love for thee!

ENTER GUNTRAN OF BEAUGRANT

Guntran: My Lord, your guests approach - the Knights, I mean,
Who go to join the army at Flourines.

Philip: Let them be honoured as befits their cause,
But I am done with fighting and the wars.
I have no taste for it - pray tell them so.

Guntran: Will Philip, Lord of Mirlemont, not go?
Is Beauty more than Honour to My Lord?

Philip: Where is the honour in a soaking sword?
Tell them I am not now the man they knew.

Guntran: I will, My Lord, and how it is with you.

No 13: - SCENA.

(Laine, Saida, Philip, The Devil, Guntran, Three Lords (One Tenor, One Bar, One Bass) & Chorus of Men)

Guntran: I'll tell them what thou wast when first I knew thee;
A stripling boy in deeds of valour nursed,
Ere yet this plague of beauty came and slew thee
And left the thing thou art - accursed! accursed!
Aye, slew thee! for 'tis beauty hath bereft us
Of all we loved, and he that fills thy place -
This craved that the ruined years have left us -
Bears but the waxen image of thy face!
Yea, Philip, for thy soul is dead
That made thee once fit mate for men,
As steadfast midst the rout that fled

Thy sword withstood the Saracen!
'Twas there I knew thee, loved the, first!
Behold thee now - accurst! accurst!

'Twas not enough thy youth should waste and wither
Beneath yon Eastern wanton's blighting spell;
Nay, though her charm be spent, yet now comes hither
This flaxen toy to lure thy soul to hell!
Whate'er was left of manhood when she found thee –
Ah, none can say from when her beauty came -
Is hers to win; her arms shall wind around thee,
And hers the honeyed kiss shall end thy shame!
Then drink the poison from her lips,
But few short hours are left to thee;
Yea, for thy heart's blood drains and drips,
And Time draws near to claim his fee.
Go fan ye passion's lingering flame,
Or passion's self shall cry thee shame!

EXIT GUNTRAN. THE DEVIL RESTRAINS PHILIP.

Philip: Release me! Shame! My sword! My sword!
He may not live that spake that word!

Laine: Ah! Let me hence!

Devil: Heed not what that poor dotard cries;
'Tis naught to thee - thou hast Love's prize!

Laine: Let me go hence!

Saida: Yet see those angel eyes are wet
With scalding tears!

Philip: Weep not, thou shalt soon forget
These passing fears!

Laine: Nay, let me go! I must! I must!
My heart is stricken to the dust,
Each word as with a javelin thrust
Did pierce it through!

Philip: Thou shalt not go. I'll hear no more;
I hold thee close! Shut fast the door!

Laine: What wouldst thou do?
Nay, wert thou more than all he said thou art,
Yet even so,
Some pity lingering in thy fallen heart
Would bid me go!
What have I done? If love were my offence,
That love is slain;

It cannot hurt thee more, then let me hence
Or end my pain!
Aye, kill me! Or should beauty prove my fault,
I'll pray to Heaven to make this body halt
And lame again,
So thou wilt let me go from whence I came,
And hide my head!
Thou wilt not? Then I too cry thee shame!
'Twas sooth he said -
This is some other lord that bears thy name;
And thou art dead!

Philip: I prithee peace! Let be! Let be!
Go, take thy way! For thou art free!

EXIT LAINE

Saida: She's gone! My power returns at last! *(To Devil)*

Devil: Not yet! Not yet!
The mem'ry of her holds him fast.

Saida: He shall forget.
Nay, grieve not; in a little while *(To Philip)*
Thine eyes shall gaze on that sweet isle
Where first we met!
'Tis there, where flowering valleys smile,
Love's bower is set!

Philip: I see her tears; I hear her cry,
"Twas sooth he said!"
Away! Away! The end draws nigh,
The broken cup of life runs dry;
My heart is dead!

Saida: He will not heed! What need to stay? *(To Devil)*
All, all is gone!

Devil: Nay, didst not hear that maiden say
That now she fain would fling away
What scarce was won?

Saida: Think you her beauty may be mine?

Devil: Yea, thou shalt taste of life's new wine!
Or magic spell, or gift divine,
This maiden's beauty must be thine
Ere night be done!

Both: Or magic spell, or gift divine,
This maiden's beauty must be mine/thine
Ere night be done!

***EXEUNT SAIDA & DEVIL. ENTER GUNTRAN WITH THE LORDS OF SIRAUTL,
VELAINES & St SAUVEUR.***

Guntran: Lords of Sirault, Velaines, and St Sauveur,
Would seek Lord Philip? Then behold him now!
Ye that have known him in the days that were,
Say what hath writ that brand upon his brow?

Three Lords: Philip, at the dawn of day
Forth we ride upon our way;
Beware! The dawn is near!
Night is spent! Awake! Awake!
Lift those leaden eyes and say
What answer dost thou bid us make
To him that sent us here!

Philip: Go hence and say my race is well-nigh run,
From out this breast all lust of war hath fled;
Yea, shame and fame and glory all are one;
Go tell him this - that lord ye sought is dead.

Guntran: Enough, enough! From this day forth,
Whate'er my chance I know thee not!
These withered limbs be little worth,
Yet this right arm hath not forgot
Its ancient use. On, on, my lords!
Yea, though the end of all be nigh,
I'd liefer meet those rebel swords
Than serve with one who dares not die!

Philip: A lie, my lords! A lie! Whate'er he saith, *(Draws sword)*
There lives no man can boast that he hath seen
These eyes affrighted at the eyes of death!
Go, tell your liege I'll greet him at Flourines!
And ye who serve me, see, this sword is drawn
That all too long within its sheath hath lain!
If so ye love me, ride with me at dawn
Or meet me not in fellowship again!
Who called me coward? Guntran, it was thou!

Guntran: Philip of Mirlemont, I know thee now!

All: All hail to Philip, Lord of Mirlemont!
All hail! All Hail!

END OF ACT 2 SCENE I

ACT 2 SCENE 2

No 13a: - INTRODUCTION ACT 2 SCENE 2.

Prologue: We leave the castle, and return once more
To Joan and Simon's hearth and humble door.
They sought out Laine, but Philip had them beat,
And battered, bruised and bleeding, through the street.
Laine will soon join them, for the love she sought
Cannot withstand the Devil's power at court.

ENTER JOAN AND SIMON

Joan: Do they still follow? Is the danger near?
Simon: The alley's dark - they will not brave it here.
Joan: But Laine's a prisoner; I am on the rack.
Simon: When I can breathe again I'll venture back.
I'll tell her how they beat us. When she knows
She'll come straight home in spite of all their blows.

ENTER LAINE, CARRYING A BUNDLE WITH HER OLD CLOTHES.

No 14: - TRIO. (Laine, Joan and Simon.)⁴

Joan: 'Tis she! 'tis she! Our little Laine!
Laine: Mother! Mother!
Simon: The flood is out, the night is wild!
How came you through the blinding rain?
Joan: 'Tis Heaven hath sent us back our child!
Then weep not; thou art home again!
Laine: Mother! Mother!
Joan: Hush! Think no more of what is past!
Enough that thou art safe at last!
Laine: Not safe, not safe!
I may not rest
The while this stone
Doth tend to chafe
My wounded breast!
O! Would 'twere gone!

⁴ This trio in blue type appears in the first edition of the printed libretto but is absent from the vocal score. Sullivan did compose this section and it is present in the autograph full score but appears to have been cut from performance, probably for reasons of length.

Yea, that were best!
Mother! Mother!

Laine:

Then let me cast
Away this snare
That made my lord
To use me ill,
For all the past
Still lingers there;
My heart is scored
And aching still!

Simon and Joan:

Stay, Stay! Hold fast
To what is there!
Though this false lord
Hath used thee ill,
That now is past,
Still thou art fair;
And life's reward
Awaits thee still!

Joan: Aye, truly all are not as he;
Thy beauty yet remains to thee!

Laine: Beauty! Ah, let that beauty go!
'Twas Beauty brought Lord Philip low,
Whose spirit once had soared so high;
'Tis Beauty that hath wrought my woe!
Dear Mother Mary, hear my cry! -
Take it away, away!
It breeds not joy, but sorrow,
Though seeming fair today,
'Tis false tomorrow.

'Twas Death, not life, that came
When Beauty first was born!
It brings not love, but shame,
And hate, and scorn!

Once more I fain would be
Crooked, as when to-day
I knelt and prayed to thee!
Ah! Take this thing away!
Away! Away!

Joan:⁵ What is it, daughter? Tell me quickly, child.

Simon: Philip shall answer if she is defiled.

Laine: Mother, it is not right. I cannot rest
While this stone lingers on my breast.
The Devil made it as a sinful snare
To send our souls to Hell and sink them there.

Joan: No. Keep your beauty. Hold to one thing fast.
The Virgin must set all things right at last.

⁵ If the trio is performed, the dialogue is omitted and the action proceeds to the next stage direction.

Laine: Beauty it was that brought Lord Philip low;
Beauty it is that brings on me my woe.
The Virgin loves, and she will take away
The curse that cured my crooked back today.

***LAINE HESITATES, THEN TAKES OFF THE STONE AND THROWS IT AWAY. SHE
TAKES HER CRUTCH FROM THE CORNER AND HOBBLER INTO HER ROOM.***

Simon: Let her go in and cry herself to sleep;
This wound she talks of is not wide or deep.
As for the stone, it is a sacred thing
That makes the wearer like a queen or king.

HE PICKS UP THE STONE AND HOLDS IT UP TO THE LIGHT

Joan: A Holy Relic, and a blessed sight –
There is no evil in a stone so bright.

Simon: The worthy friar spoke nothing but the truth -
We might recall the beauty of our youth.
Wear it for me - I want to see again
The girl that chose me from all other men.

Joan: I want to see the man, whom age now sours,
Who won me with a foolish bunch of flowers.
Take you the stone, and wear it for my sake.

Simon: Let it be you - and let my old love wake.

No 15: - DUET. (Joan and Simon.)⁶

Simon: I would see a maid who dwells in Zolden -
Her eyes are soft as moonlight on the mere;
The spring hath fled, the ripened year turns golden –
Shall I win her ere the waning of the year?
The reaping-folk pass homeward by the fountain;
What is it then that calls me from the dell,
What bids me climb the path beside the mountain
To the down beyond the sheepfold? Who can tell?
Then take it, for this magic stone hath power
To change thee to the fairest; yet to me
Thou wert fairest as I knew thee in that hour
When a maiden dwelt in Zolden!
Ah, take it, 'tis for thee!

Joan: I would see a youth who comes from Freyden –
He is straighter than the pine-trees grow;
Gossips say he comes to woo a maiden,
So the gossips say - but can they know?

⁶ This is printed as number 14 in the published vocal score.

Three laughing maids are in the hollow,
Yet none will see him straight upon his way;
Nay! Soft! For he hath found the path to follow -
He is coming! Little heart, what will he say?
Then take it, for this magic stone hath power
To change thee to the fairest, yet to me
Thou wert fairest as I knew thee in that hour
When a youth came up from Freyden!
Ah, take it, 'tis for thee!

***JOAN GIVES STONE TO SIMON. EXIT SIMON. JOAN REMAINS, BUSYING
HERSELF ABOUT THE ROOM. EXIT JOAN. ENTER THE DEVIL & SAIDA.***

Devil: This is the hovel where I found the wench.

Saida: No good can flourish in such filth and stench.

Devil: The Virgin's miracles, as all men know,
Are done among the humble and the low. *(Knocks)*

***ENTER LAINE, WEARING HER RAGS.
SHE LOOKS AT HERSELF IN HER MIRROR.***

Laine: My crooked limbs return, and every wart.

Devil: Where is Laine Limal? Is she back from Court?

Laine: I am Laine Limal, sir, and yet not she.

Saida: Is this the beauty that so troubled me?

Devil: The stone the good friar gave you - where is that?

Laine: Flung on the floor, and stolen by a rat.

Devil: Then find it, girl. The Blessed Virgin's gift
Must not be treated with so short a shrift.

***LAINE LOOKS FOR STONE. ENTER JOAN AND SIMON. HE IS NOW
HANDSOME AND WEARING HIS BEST CLOTHES. HE STARES AT SAIDA.***

Simon: The Lady Saida is most welcome here.

Devil: Are you the weaver that ran off in fear?

Simon: My name is Simon, sir. I am not bold.

Saida: Simon the weaver is diseased and old.
You are a young man, with a young man's face.

Devil: Why, bless him, he has found the good friar's charm. *(To Saida)*
Humour him now - you hold him in your palm.

SAIDA BECKONS SIMON – JOAN TRIES TO RESTRAIN HIM.

Joan: What is it, Simon? We are as we were.

Simon: Leave be, old woman. I must go to her.

No 16: - QUINTET. (Saida, Laine, Joan, Simon and The Devil.)⁷

Devil: (*To Saida*) Haste thee! Haste thee!

Use thy cunning!
Do not waste the
Hours that fly!
Time is running,
Night is waning;
Use thy feigning,
Dawn is nigh!

Joan & Laine: 'Tis her beauty doth ensnare him;
Naught he hears of all we say!
Lady, then in pity spare him,
Speak, oh, speak and bid him stay!

Saida: (*To Simon*) Weaver, hear me - wouldst thou wander
Ever near me till the day,
Rising yonder through the gloaming,
Finds thee roaming far away?

Joan & Laine: See those eyes his eyes enchaining
Nothing now his heart can stir;
Naught he recks of our complaining,
All his thought is bent on her!

Simon: (*To Saida*) Onward! Onward!
I will follow,
Sea-ward, sun-ward,
Still thy slave;
Though the hollow Earth should sunder,
Though the thunder
Roar and rave!

Joan, Laine & Devil: All in vain! He will not hearken;
Sea-ward, sun-ward, he will roam!
Day shall dawn and night shall darken
Ere his heart shall lead him home.

***EXEUNT SAIDA AND SIMON TOGETHER. JOAN AND LAINE TRY TO FOLLOW,
BUT THE DEVIL PREVENTS THEM.***

END OF ACT 2 SCENE 2

⁷ This is printed as number 15 in the vocal score.

ACT 2 SCENE 3

No 17: - DUET (with dance). (Jacqueline and The Devil.)⁸

Jac: (*struggling against her drowsiness.*) Up and down,
And through the town,
Out of the gate and across the meads,
Hither and thither
He wrecks not wither;
He needs must follow where'er she leads.
Yet, O, he sighed,
As ever she cried, -
"Now say what magic hath made thee fair?"
"In sooth, sweet dame,
How this beauty came,
Though I fain would tell thee I may not dare."

Devil and Jacqueline (*aping Saida and Simon*).
Thou art he!
And I am she!
For so she beckoned, and so he came;
Through fire and water
He would have sought her,
With jaws agape and with eyes aflame.

Jac: On and on,
Till, one by one,
The pale stars flickered and fled away;
With eyes entrancing,
She led him dancing
Beyond the river and through the hay!
Yet still he sighed
As ever she cried, -
"Whence came thy beauty, oh, tell me true?"
"Nay, how it befell
I am loth to tell,
For none may know how this wonder grew!"

Jacqueline and Devil: I am he!
And thou are she!
For so he followed where'er she led;
She crooked her finger,
He dared not linger
Though day was dawning and night had fled.

Jac: In and out,
And round about,

⁸ This duet in blue type appears in the first edition of the printed libretto but is absent from the vocal score. Sullivan did compose this section and it is present in the autograph full score but appears to have been cut from performance, probably for reasons of length.

She led him at last to that hidden bower;
And here with pressing,
And soft caressing,
She wooed him fondly for all an hour!
But though she sighed,
Yet ever he cried, -
"How came this beauty I may not say!"
Then up she leapt,
And away she stept,
"Enough, false lover! then go thy way!"

Devil and Jacqueline: Thou art she!
Oh, let me be;
The way from the valley is long and steep!
Nay, faster! Faster!
Good my master,
My feet are weary – I needs must sleep!

Prologue: Our scene is now the common, at first light,
Where Philip's army gathers for the fight.
Simon the Weaver, in the Devil's grip,
Longs for the Lady Saida's lovely lip;
And she tempts him, to gain the mystic stone,
And win the cold Lord Philip for her own.
Simon resists her wiles; he will not speak
Of how he lost the wrinkles from his cheek;
But she must learn the secret of his powers -
Behold her woo him with the scent of flowers.

ENTER SAIDA AND SIMON

Saida: Simon, I bring you forty drowsy heads,
Of roses gathered from their morning beds.

Simon: Do you forgive me, then? And may I hope?

Saida: I cannot love you, by the Holy Pope,
Until I know your secret. Tell me, sweet,
And I will lay these roses at your feet.

Simon: Lover I am, but not a simple fool.

Saida: I did not think a man could be so cruel. *(Stamps Foot)*

ENTER JOAN & LAINE, LOOKING FOR SIMON

Joan: There is your father with his Jezebel,
Still in the power of Satan's evil spell.

Laine: Father, come home; give up your foolish dreams.

Joan: This woman will destroy you with her schemes.

Simon: I cannot! Will not! Go from me at once.
I am not now your foolish, fond old dunce.

ENTER PHILIP & GUNTRAN, FOLLOWED BY CHORUS.

Saida: My Lord, we meet you early out of door.

Guntran: The trumpet sounds. Lord Philip goes to war.
He is himself again - a mighty man.

Saida: My Lord, I will prevent you if I can.
Beauty still holds you, and it will be mine.

Philip: I will not worship at a faded shrine.
When I return, we'll speak; but now I fight
For honour, glory, and my sacred right.

No 18: - FINALE ACT 2⁹

Guntran: There he stands, that Lord ye knew
In the days of yore;
Stout of heart, and brave and true -
See, he dreams no more!
Vainly now shall Beauty sue,
All her reign is o'er
Say ye then doth Flanders need us?
'Tis Lord Philip that shall lead us,
Here as heretofore!

Chorus: Hail to the lord of our land!
Philip of Mirelemont, hail!

Philip: Men of Mirlemont, no longer
Wrapt in heedless dreams of sense
Sleeps this heart, for clearer, stronger,
Sounds the cry that calls me hence!
Stayed are Beauty's fond caresses,
Broken lies Love's silken chain;
Where the shock of battle presses,
I would lead ye forth again!
Let us on, where, loud out-ringing,
War's acclaim doth rend the air!
Let us hence, though Death be winging
Every blow that waits me there!
Say ye then that I am dreaming?
Nay, Lord Philip wakes at last!
Look, where yonder sun is gleaming -
Day is dawning, night is past!

⁹ This is number 16 in the published vocal score.

JOAN AND LAINE APPROACH PHILIP

Laine: My lord!
Philip: What would you?
Laine: Good my lord, my father!
Philip: I am not he! Poor cripple, stand apart!

SOME WHO ARE ABOUT PHILIP LAY HANDS ON LAINE & JOAN

Laine: Nay, nay, in pity here me! There is one
Who by the enchantment of her beauty holds

My father as her slave. Ah, go not forth
Till thou hast set him free!

Joan: Yea, give him back To them that love him!

Laine: Look on me, my lord. Dost thou not know me?

Philip: Nay, not I, in faith! What gossip's tale is this?
Go, get thee hence
And buy thee a new crutch! *(Throws her a purse)*

Laine: Oh! Oh!

Philip: On to the market-place!

Chorus: Hail to the lord of our land!
Philip of Mirlemont, hail!
Forth from the anvil and the loom,
Up from the depths of the vale,
Hither, thy liegemen, we come
Ready to answer thy call,
Heedless of what may befall,
Fearless of heart - for we know,
Even though Death be thy foe,
Thou shalt not falter nor fail!
Hail to the lord of our land!
Philip of Mirlemont, hail!

***AS THE CROWD DISPERSES LAINE IS DISCOVERED LYING ON THE GROUND,
TRAMPLED ON AND SENSELESS***

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE - THE TERRACE OF THE CASTLE

Prologue: The wars are ended - Philip will return -
His tragedy in triumph you shall learn;
Strong in the siege, and foremost in the fight,
The burning sulphur robbed him of his sight.
Laine has not learned he cannot see her face
As she awaits him in the market place.
Her song is sung, and when she quits the stage
The Devil enters with his urchin page,
Who loves him, which the Fiend had not foreseen -
He mocks the plight of maiden Jacqueline.
And then the Lady Saida, all alone,
Rejoices in possession of the Stone -
The foolish Simon, yielding to her prayers,
Has bought her beauty with his own grey hairs.
At last the love of Laine's rewarded well,
And Satan goes defeated down to Hell.
All this, and more, our pageant shall enact,
Just as it was, with very truth to fact.

No 19: - INTRODUCTION & SONG. (Laine.)¹⁰

Laine: (*offstage*) An hour ago 'twas the moon that shone –
Oh, for the moon on the city wall!
But the night is done, and now one by one
The banners are set afloat in the sun -
Oh, for the sun on the city wall!
Yet night and day I kneel and pray
At the foot of the castle stair;
Then tell me, I pray, ye gallants gay -
Ah, tell me, ye ladies fair! -
If your lord should chance to ride this way,
Would he list to a poor maid's prayer?

The white moon lay on the ruined hay,
White as a shroud on the city wall!
Though they cried him nay, yet he went his way;
For all their sighing he would not stay -
Oh, for the moon on the city wall!
Then tell him, I pray, ye gallants gay –
Ah, tell him, ye ladies fair! -
There is one doth wait by the castle gate,
At the foot of the castle stair;
And she cries Alack! come back, come back!
Ah! why doth he linger there?

¹⁰ This appears as number 17 in the published vocal score.

EXIT LAINE. ENTER DEVIL & JACQUELINE

Devil: Tell me, my page, has Saida won her game?
Jac: I saw her wheedle Simon past all shame.
Devil: But did she win? Does Simon still resist?
Jac: He did, until she let herself be kissed;
And then he placed the baubel round her throat -
His beauty vanished, and she ceased to dote;
Soon he was beaten forth with whip and thong.
Devil: And we must celebrate with dance and song.
Jac: I love to laugh, but not at such a fall.
Devil: Well, page, you are a maiden after all.
Jac: This is no pastime, but a sinful thing.
Devil: Hear me, vixen, take up your lute and sing.

No 20: - SONG. (Jacqueline.) ¹¹

Jac: Ah, why dost thou sigh and moan?
Ah, why? Ah, why?
Mad, merry Jacqueline,
That danced from morn till e'en -
Good-bye! good-bye!
Yea, for all the mirth has flown;
The strings have all one tone -
Ah, why? Ah, why?
It is the lute that sings,
Not I! Not I!
Methinks some sleeping heart
That once had felt love's smart
Doth wake and cry!
Nay, hark! 'tis love's own wings
That fan the trembling strings -
Not I! Not I!

Devil: What song is that, by all the Saints above?

Jac: My own song, sir, about the grace of love;
Telling how love is innocent and sure.

Devil: Ave Maria! That I can't endure.
Where did this fount of foolish fancy start?

¹¹ Number 18 in the published score.

Jac: I found it in the bottom of my heart.

Devil: Who is the fellow who has moved you, then?
You said you hated all this town of men.

HE SIEZES HER WRIST

Jac: My Lord, my courage fails; I cannot speak;
But I have loved him ever since this week.

Devil: I am the man, you baggage! Spit it out!

Jac: My Lord, you have my secret. Can you doubt?

Devil: Go from me. Go. Collect the filthy bags
In which you left your beggar-maiden rags.

Jac: I only seek to serve you as your page.

Devil: Go from me. Go. And take your parting wage.

HE FLINGS HER A BAG OF COINS. EXIT JACQUELINE.

ENTER SAIDA, NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE STONE. SHE FACES THE DEVIL IN TRIUMPH; HE BOWS IRONICALLY & RETIRES UPSTAGE.

No 21. - RECIT. & SONG (Saida.)¹²

Saida: Mine, mine at last! Poor vanquished slave, begone!
Say you my lord hath conquered? Look on me!
That fading wreath of laurel he hath won
Vies not with beauty's crown of victory!

What laggard steed doth carry
Lord Philip home to-day?
Ah! Wherefore doth he tarry
So long upon the way?
Knew he that beauty's flower
Refashioned waits him here,
Methinks each fleeting hour
Would seem a lingering year!
Ride on, my lord, ride on!
Ride on and thou shalt find
Cheeks of whitest snow
Where reddest roses grow
O'er mounds of moulded pearl;
Eyes of darkest jet

¹² Number 19 in the published score

Rimmed round with violet,
Tresses that unfurl
Like banners in the wind
Whereon the sun hath shone!
Ride on, my lord, ride on!
Nay, though the crowd be thronging
To kiss thy finger-tips,
Ride on! These lips are longing,
Sweet love, to greet thy lips.
Ungird that sword thou bearest
Cast the laurel from thy brow;
Those eyes that sought the fairest
Shall behold the fairest now.

ENTER SIMON, STILL FINELY DRESSED, BUT OLD ONCE MORE.

Simon: My lady, you will send me to my doom.

Saida: Go back, old man. Your place is at the loom.

Simon: My body may be old - my heart is rich.

Saida: Go back. I'll have you broken as a witch.

EXIT SIMON. A TRUMPET SOUNDS

Saida: What sound is that? Lord Philip comes at last. *(Devil comes forward)*

Devil: But not the man called Philip in the past.
This is another - changed by God's decree.

Saida: I do not trouble, if he comes to me.

ENTER PHILIP BLINDFOLD, LED BY GUNTRAN. SAIDA GOES UP TO HIM, BUT HE CANNOT SEE HER.

Saida: Philip, My Lord, the people shout your name;
All Flanders hears the echo of your fame.

Guntran: My Lady, you must learn his dreadful case -
He hears your words, but cannot see your face.

Saida: Take off his bandage - it will soon unwind.

Guntran: He cannot see you, madam; he is blind.
Sulphur and pitch, belching from murder-holes,
Destroyed his eyes, and thirty soldiers' souls.

Devil: It seems, My Lady, we have worked in vain.

Saida: Surely My Lord will have his sight again,
And see me as I am? My lips are red -

Philip: Madam, I cannot see you, as he said.
To me all things are dark, and all flesh one;
Saida: Then all my power to welcome you is gone.

LAINÉ'S VOICE IS HEARD

No 22. - SONG. (Laine.)¹³

Laine: With roses red they crowned her head –
Bright was the sun on the city wall' -
But the light hath fled, and the day is dead -
And the rose-leaves all are withered -
Oh, for the sun on the city wall!
Then tell me, I pray, ye gallants gay,
As ye climb the castle stair,
If your lord should chance to ride this way -
Would he list to a poor maid's prayer?
Alack, alack could he give her back
A heart that is prisoned there?

Philip: Whose voice is that? I seem to hear her call.

Saida: Only a beggar by the castle wall.

Philip: It is the weaver's daughter. Bring her here.

Devil: Another nasty case of love, I fear.
I'd better go. My plans are all awry.

Philip: I see her beauty with my inward eye. (*He points*)

Saida: She is a cripple now, with yellowed skin.

Philip: And yet her soul is beautiful within.

Saida: Mine is as fair, My Lord, with love as true.

Guntran: Madam, I think his love is lost to you.

GUNTRAN LEADS PHILIP OUT. SAIDA TURNS TO THE DEVIL.

No 22: - SCENA. (Saida and The Devil.)¹⁴

Saida: So all is lost for ever! And 'twas thou
Didst lure me on to steal this treacherous stone!

¹³ See page 179 of the published vocal score.

¹⁴ This appears in the vocal score as number 20.

Devil: Nay, Beauty's crown still rests upon thy brow;
Though love be blind, that beauty is thine own!

Saida: Mine own! Mine own! What devil lurks in thee
To mock my shame? And this accursed spell,
That leaves yon crippled maid her victory -
In hell 'twas born, I yield it back to hell!

SAIDA THROWS THE STONE TO THE GROUND & EXIT. THE DEVIL PICKS UP THE STONE.

Devil: And so it befell,
At the sound of a bell,
This stone had come back to me.
And anon it sped over sea and land,
It journeyed o'er land and sea,
It hath lodged in many a jealous hand -
But it always comes back to me!

No 22a: - THE FLIGHT OF THE DEVIL

EXIT DEVIL. ENTER JOAN & SIMON, NOW IN HIS OLD CLOTHES.

Joan: Shall we go on? The morning is fair set.

Simon: I seem to have escaped some dreadful net.
I could not see, although I had my eyes.

Joan: The Devil had deceived you with his lies.

Simon: But will you have me, foolish as I am?

Joan: Even the Devil's dupe must have his dam,
And I shall have you, foolish as you be.
What other man could mean as much to me?

ENTER JACQUELINE, IN HER RAGS AGAIN.

Jac: What day is this? I think I must have slept.
The Devil knows what company I kept.
I seemed to love the Count, but all in hate.

Simon: I too have suffered from the same foul weight.
It's over now - the day is fine and clear.

Jac: As long as Count Foscano is not near.

Joan: Have you seen Laine, our daughter? Is she well?

Jac: She waits her Lord, as far as I can tell,
Singing and pining at the castle keep,
Waking when all the lazy household sleep.

Joan: Then take us where she is - you know the path.
 We must return her to our home and hearth.

EXEUNT SIMON, JOAN & JACQUELINE.

ACT 3 SCENE 2

SCENE - THE MARKET PLACE

ENTER CHORUS.

No 23: - CHORUS & DANCE¹⁵

Chorus: O'er Mirlemont city the banners are flying -
Sing heigh for the garlands that swing in the sun!
And hearts that but yesterday sadly were sighing
Are crying Sing Ho! for the battle that's won.
Sing Heigh for the war that is done!
And now the war's over,
Each husband and lover
Is welcome in Mirlemont town.

DANCE.

No 23a: - ENTRANCE MUSIC.

PHILIP ENTERS, LED BY GUNTRAN

Philip: People of Mirlemont, you think me blind,
But now, at last, I hold my proper mind.
I could not see before I lost my sight -
Now, being blind, I see all things aright.
I thought that love was beauty. Now I know
That love is not in any earthly show,
But in the constant mind, where all holds fast,
Faithful, and innocent, and long to last.
Therefore I marry, not the shape of youth,
But one whose form is goodness, trust, and truth.
Set her a seat beside me. Bring her down.
She is the victor. She shall wear the crown.

No 24: - FINALE.¹⁶

(Laine, Joan, Jacqueline, Philip, The Devil, Simon, Guntran , & Chorus.)

Chorus: Hail to the lord of our land!
Philip of Mirlemont, hail!

ENTER SIMON, JOAN, AND JACQUELINE. THE DEVIL, DRESSED AS A FRIAR AGAIN, IS SEEN IN THE CROWD. LAINE IS LED IN BY LADIES OF THE COURT.

Guntran: Behold this maid whose simple faith hath proved
Both shield and spur to that true lord she loved!

¹⁵ Number 21 in the published vocal score.

¹⁶ Number 22 in the published vocal score.

Chorus: What is this? Nay, look again!
 It is! And yet it cannot be!

Joan: And I who sought her all in vain -
 'Tis thus my child comes back to me!

Chorus: Lord Philip weds the cripple Lame?
 Yes, look again; in sooth 'tis she!

LAINE ADVANCES AND EMBRACES HER PARENTS & JACQUELINE.

Laine: Oh, father! Mother! Father hath come home!

Simon: Yea, home again and nevermore shall roam.

Laine: I dreamt not this! And thou, dear Jacqueline!

Jac: What, wouldst thou greet the rabble's tattered queen?

Philip: Where hast thou fled? Come hither! Take thy place,
That all may see the glory of thy face. *(To Laine)*

Devil: I'll get me hence. 'Tis but a sorry jest
When love, though blind, hath wit to choose the best.

Philip: In truth I am not blind. At last, at last,
I see thee truly, know thee as thou art.
Though heaven hath set a veil upon these eyes,
It doth but blacken out the ruined past;
And love's one star that lights my sunless skies
Shows clear the way that leads me to thy heart.
If the cloak of the winter be naught but the glittering garment of spring;
If the whispering silence of night but tells of the dawn that is there;
Then the veil on these eyes is no more than a shadow that falls from Love's
wing,
For 'tis Love that proclaims thee to-day the fairest of all that are fair.

Chorus: If the cloak of the winter be naught, etc.

PHILIP & LAINE SIT SIDE BY SIDE; SIMON & JOAN KNEEL BEFORE THEM, STRETCHING OUT THEIR HANDS; THE DEVIL IS BEATEN AWAY. THE PICTURE IS HELD DURING THE EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

Prologue: Thanks for your patience with our homely play,
Our Lady cures the Devil's wiles today;
But he is cunning, and will come once more
Knocking in stealth on every open door.
Only Her grace can drive him foolish thence,
Or pardon those who share his grave offence.
Pray to her, then - her mercy will come in;
And pray for us, that we may ward off sin.
We for our part will bid you all God speed,
And seek the tavern, which our dry throats need.

END OF OPERA