

**A NEW AND ORIGINAL OPERA, IN THREE
ACTS, PRECEDED BY A PROLOGUE,
ENTITLED THE
ENCHANTRESS: AS FIRST PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,
WEDNESDAY, MAY 14TH, 1845**

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A new and original opera, in three acts, preceded by a prologue, entitled *The enchantress*: as first performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Wednesday, May 14th, 1845 by M. W. Balfe & Henri Saint-Georges & Alfred Bunn

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M. W. BALFE & HENRI SAINT-GEORGES & ALFRED BUNN

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ENTITLED

THE ENCHANTRESS,

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 14th, 1845.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS THEATRE, BY

M. W. BALFE,

THE LIBRETTO WRITTEN BY

M. DE ST. GEORGES AND MR. BUNN.

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Wednesday May 14 1845
Olney Lane Theatre

. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

Ramir .. (<i>Lieutenant of the Pirates</i>) ..	MR. BORRANI.
Forte Bracchio	MR. S. JONES.
Nuguéz	MR. H. HORNCastle.
Pietro	MR. MILLER.
Sacripanti	MR. NEALE.
Zambriño	MR. MORGAN.
Lasarillo	MR. BIRT.
Théobaldo	MR. HEATH.
Child of Juan Tellés	MISS PAYNE.

CHARACTERS IN THE OPERA.

Duke d'Aquila	MR. WEISS.
Galéas (<i>First Minister</i>)	MR. W. H. PAYNE.
Seneschal	MR. WILLIAMSON.
Chief of the Senate	MR. JONES.
Don Sylvio	MR. W. HARRISON.
Doctor Mathanasius	MR. HALLBY.
Ramir (<i>disguised as the Hermit "Fra Antonio"</i>)	MR. BORRANI.
Nuguéz	MR. H. HORNCastle.
Forte Bracchio	MR. S. JONES.
Chief of the Assassins	MR. HOWELL.
José (<i>a Peasant</i>)	MR. T. MATTHEWS.
First Officer	MR. MORGAN.
Second Officer	MR. NEALE.
First Pirate	MR. HEATH.
Second Pirate	MR. PRIDGON.
Third Pirate	MR. BIRT.
First Peasant	MR. JOHNSON.
Second Peasant	MR. CHAPING.
Stella (<i>The "Enchantress"</i>) ..	MISS ROMER.

Nobles, Ladies, Magistrates, Senators, Officers, Heralds, Pursuivants.
Royal Guards, Pages, Esquires, Soldiers, Pirates, Gypsies,
Greek Slaves, Citizens, Peasants, Servants, Masqueraders,
Assassins, &c. &c.

The lines between inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE—*A part of the Archipelago, in sight of the Island of St. Michael. A decked vessel is lying at anchor in the middle of the stage. Sailors and Pirates are crouched about the deck, on the poop, and in the shrouds—some are smoking, others cleaning their arms, and all singing the following*

CHORUS.

By the glimmering stars
So pure and pale,
A gentle wind
Yet awails our sail!
Sons of the sea,
The horizon's mark
Is the constant guide
To our gallant bark;
And whether in sail,
Or at anchor, we be,
Who are so light
As the sons of the sea?

"SOLO.

" However bright
" The sea, to-night,—
" Its treacherous wave
" Engulphs the brave,
" Fathomless deep
" Where myriads sleep,—

" Trust not, then, that sea,
" Though her wave of blue,
" Be calm as the seaman
" Could hope to view.

"CHORUS, (repeated.)

" By the glimmering stars," &c. &c.

Fort. Bra. Holla, Nuguez,—thou art a pretty fellow to be sleeping thus, at thy post!

Nug. (rousing). It's all owing to that infernal Barbadoes rum, of which we eased the Portuguese vessel the other night.

Fort. Bra. Well, I shan't betray thee, because Juan Tellès, our chief, never forgives a man found sleeping on his watch.

Nug. He's right—for there are not two such vessels as his on the world's seas.

Fort. Bra. And no crew so devoted to their chief.

Nug. Every one of whom would die for him.

Fort. Bra. As he would for us all!

Nug. Tellès is too brave—and misfortune will some day come out of it.—He's not satisfied with being master of the sea, and securing all the booty he finds on it, but he must seek new dangers ashore.

Fort. Bra. There, he's wrong.

Nug. Nevertheless, Tellès, with four of the crew, went ashore three days ago—Heaven knows what for,—and one thing's certain, that, as he is known by all the coast-guard, if he's once taken, his business will be soon settled.

Fort. Bra. I've no fear but he'll be prudent, if not for his own sake, at all events, for his daughter's—the little dear we are all so fond of, whom he brought us about two years ago, from one of his Sicilian expeditions.

Fort. Bra. Silence!—'Tis the signal, no doubt, of Tellès return—our worthy chief.

All. Long live Tellès!

Nug. (looking out) A boat is nearing the vessel,—to arms, all!—in case of surprise!

All. To arms!

Sac. I recognize the corsair's flag!

Fort. Bra. Cannoneers to your guns—to give our captain a salute.

Nug. There are but three in the boat.

Fort. Bra. Then fire no salute, for one of our men is dead.

Nug. They're alongside.—Ramir has hold of the ladder,—he passes before the chief,—what's the meaning of that?

Fort. Bra. Then, the chief is not there!

Enter RAMIR and two Pirates.

Ram. We have no longer a chief!—Tellès is taken!

All. The devil!

Ram. Taken by the Portuguese.

All. (surrounding Ram) Speak! Explain!

Ram. You all know Tellès has but one affection in the world—that is, for his daughter,—the little Stella;—about eight days ago, Tellès took me aside, on deck—he seemed low-spirited and uneasy—"Ramir," said he, "I must consult, at all risks, some learned man upon my daughter's health,—and, as no one would venture to pay us a visit out at sea, we must find one on shore,—carry him off, and bring him hither." Upon which, we lowered a boat, and, in four hours, landed."

All. Go on!

Ram. We found out a doctor, and gave him a rendezvous that very evening on the outskirts of the town, but he had us surrounded by a body of soldiers in disguise, who despite every effort, seized the brave Tellès—and, what is still worse, our noble captain was recognized by a Portuguese soldier, whom he had roughly handled in one of our last battles; no sooner had this important capture become publicly known, than the people surrounded the fortress, demanding the death of the terrible Tellès, and the Admiralty decide upon his fate to-day.

Nug. Up with all sail,—make for land—kill and massacre every soul,—force a passage to Tellès, and, if necessary, perish to the last man to save our chief.

Ram. Stop! Tellès forbids ye!

All. How!

Ram. I lay concealed for three days near the fortress, determined to sacrifice my own life if I could only save his, when, yesterday, I received this letter, sealed, for his daughter, when she shall be old enough to read it, and this paper for ourselves,—which has changed all my projects.

All. (*uncovering*) Let us hear.

Ram. (*unfolding the paper and reading.*) "In the name of Heaven, which I have so often offended, and of which I implore pardon, I adjure all my brave comrades to obey my last will:—Should I die on a hostile shore, I wish my child to be *their* child, their chief, their queen!—I call on them to give her, no matter at what cost, nor in what country, the most brilliant education possible, and when she arrives at eighteen years of age, she shall be at liberty to continue at their head, or to disband them,—but, first of all, they must give her this document, wherein I require her, for the repose of my soul, to accomplish the sacred vow I entrust to her honor. Adieu, comrades, if at day-break you hear three guns, I shall have escaped death,—if you hear a fourth, Tellés will be no more;—lament me not, but avenge me!"

Nug. Be his will obeyed.

Ram. Brothers,—we have never made war but upon the enemies of our country—the brave can, therefore, address themselves to Heaven, and pray for the life of their chief,—kneel, all, and may Heaven hear—and give us back Juan Tellés.

All. Kneel (*kneeling.*)

PRAYER.

Thou, who when winds are high,
Art still the seaman's friend,—
And when the wreck is nigh,
Thy mighty aid doth lend!
Oh, thou, in whose all boundless grace
His trust the mariner doth place,
When danger is at hand,
At sea, or on the shore,
To his devoted band,
Their dauntless chief restore!

[*Day beginning to break.*]

Ram. See where the golden sun
Span's the horizon's girth—
Friends, a few moments more
Our chief has freedom won;
Or, the last hours are o'er
Which he can know on earth!

All. [*Repeating the prayer with more animation.*]

Thou, who when winds are high, &c.

All. (*in suspence*) Comrades, be silent,—that signal hear;
Listen! the fatal moment is near!

[*Another gun is heard.*]

All. Mercy on him may Heaven bestow!

[*A third gun is heard.*]

May Heaven arrest the pending blow!

[*Dead silence.*]

All. (*in alarm*) He's saved! and Heaven has heard our vow!

[*A fourth gun is heard.*]

All. (*in despair*) He's lost,—and all is over now!