

**THE CROWN
DIAMONDS: A GRAND
OPERA IN THREE ACTS**

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The Crown Diamonds: A Grand Opera in Three Acts by D. F. E. Auber

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D. F. E. AUBER

**THE CROWN
DIAMONDS: A GRAND
OPERA IN THREE ACTS**

THE

GROWN DIAMONDS.

Grand Opera, in Three Acts,

THE MUSIC BY AUBER.

AS PERFORMED BY THE

RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

COUNT DE CAMPO MAYOR, Minister of Police.

DON HENRIQUE DE SANDOVAL, his Nephew.

DON SEBASTIAN D'AVEYBO, a young Officer.

REBOLLEDO, Chief Coiner.

BARLONGO, } Coiners.
MUGNOS, }

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

COURIER.

NOTARY.

LA CATARINA.

DIANA, Daughter of the Count.

Lords, Ladies, Coiners, Monks, Soldiers, Pages, Guards, &c., &c.

SCENE—PORTUGAL, 1777.

THE CROWN DIAMONDS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The ruins of a Castle surrounded by mountains, near the Monastery of St. Huberto. A broken staircase at the back conducts to a gallery, opening to the country. P. S. A descent through fragments of stone into a vault. Thunder and lightning.

[DON HERNANDEZ descends with precaution by the broken staircase.]

Hen. At length I am safe. Let me reconnoitre. Oh! I recollect, scarcely a league from the Monastery of St. Huberto—this vault too, broken in by that ruthless despoiler, time, (*looking down*) deep, dark, and impenetrable as ever. (*storm*) Ah! well might the terrified horses refuse to cross the mountain—my rascally groom, Pedro, will scarcely be able to drag them to the nearest tree for shelter, till I can proceed on my journey, and ere that time I fear they will begin to give me up for the night at Coimbra, where I am to play the part of bridegroom to my pretty cousin Diana. (*storm*) Still more threatening—if I had but been able to reach the Monastery of St. Huberto; but, egad, in a storm like this, one ought not to grumble at any shelter which serves as a conductor to the elements.

ARIA.—HENRI.

Rain on—roll on—ye clouds and thunders!
What errant knight that e'er romanced?
Never dreamed of soaking wonders
'Neath skies serene, when sunbeams danced?
Yet happy he while storms were roaring,
The sky as dark as sky could be,
With sword in hand, some cave exploring,
His joy enhanced by mystery. [Thunder.]

Ever the same dull round of gladness,
Let peace on other hearts bestow;
Give me excitement—call it madness—
'Tis happiness! I knew not how!
I detest all in life so quiet,
The humdrum round so stale and flat,
I prefer, yes, a little riot,— [Blow of hammer.]
Ah! the devil! what noise was that? [Listens.]
Beneath my feet—no—(*looks a.*)—nor that way—
What hear I? Through you cavern grey,
Rising flames now appear— [Looks through chasm a.]

And by this chaam here!
 Ah! what sight astounding,
 Sure brigands they are all,
 Or coiners held in thrall,
 Whose heavy hammers fall
 One cadence deep resounding—
 But no—in yonder crucible's singular mould
 Lo! a metal more radiant than steel I behold.
 It is marvellous quite—

[Footsteps heard.]

That sound!

[Perceiving REBOLLEDO, MUCROS and BARBOSICO, who descend at the back.]

Some alchymist arrives, perhaps renown'd,
 Or sorcerer profound.
 No—no—they're brigands, that's quite clear,
 Caution assist me here,
 Or death I fear.

REBOLLEDO.

Oh, happy he, when storms are roaring,
 Yet not so dark but one may see,
 Such pleasant neighbors fast approaching,
 By their features, brigands three.

[Conceals himself's L., as REBOLLEDO advances behind a column F. S., as MUCROS and BARBOSICO enters after REBOLLEDO, the former carrying a trunk. They are armed with pistols and daggers.]

Reb. Here we are at last, once more in the old ruins. Fosh! I'm as wet and as weary as a bird of passage. [Wringing his cap.]

Mug. Weary, Captain? you? What must we be then, juggling this d—d heavy trunk up the slippery side of the mountain?

Hen. (aside, observing.) Trunk? By all the saints, 'tis mine—the robbers!

Bar. Heavy do you call it? I wish it were heavier, with all my heart. It must be light coin indeed which this contains.

[Shaking trunk.]

Reb. Coin! no doubt the scoundrel of a groom robbed us of that, by his galloping off so fast at the sight of us—the dishonest villain.

Hen. (apart.) My rascal Pedro escaped; Good!

Reb. Well, what have you discovered?

Bar. (who has opened the trunk.) Nothing but the clothes of a cavalier, a mantle of velvet, a plume of feathers, and trunks with point lace.

Mug. That's fortunate, mine having become a little unfashionable.

Bar. A purse of ducats! papers! and the portrait of a woman! (Kissing it.) My pretty creature!

Hen. Poor Diana; what profanation!

Mug. (joyfully.) A bundle of cigars. (Taking them out.)

Bar. That's some consolation! (Producing a light.)

Mug. And here are papers to light them with—see—

Reb. Papers! (Looking at them.) They may be of more value than we calculate, but I'll reserve their disclosure till Catarina arrives; she understands these things—we must consult her.

Mug. (grumblingly.) As usual on all occasions—

Reb. Yes, and obey her too on all occasions—is that so difficult?

Mug. (taking a cigar and lighting it.) It's d—d humiliating to receive the word of command from a woman—Instead of our former

liberty, since Catarina came amongst us, we have done nothing but slave and toil in that (*pointing L.*) cursed vault, like a parcel of miners, day and night.

Reb. Well, a miner's is an honest calling; but that, I suppose, doesn't suit you, eh? Ha! Ha! Enjoy your cigar, and to relieve your melancholy, I'll sing you a carol which has often beguiled me, when I was a muleteer amongst the mountains of Segovia.

SONG.—*Rebolledo.*

O'er mountain steep—through valley roaming,
How happy is the muleteer!
With joyous heart, with joyous song,
From blush of day,
To twilight grey,
Laughing winds be his way along,
The merry, happy muleteer!
At vine-clad door a welcome guest,
By toil subdued, how calm his rest.
Fading grandeur,
Dreams of splendor,
Build no rainbow castle in his breast.
Thoughts of home therein are dear,
O'er mountain steep—though valley roaming,
Oh, happy, &c.
How happy, &c.

His native vale where flowers see blooming,
Enchants alone the muleteer.
His chalet home, his lovely bride,
Their heart's best joy,
The smiling boy,
Slumbering serenely by her side,
These—these delight the muleteer.
For them he braves the mountain way,
The wolf by night, the storm by day.
Halls of splendor,
Dreams of grandeur!
Never lead his manly, honest heart astray,
Thoughts of home alone are dear.
O'er mountain steep, &c. &c.

Bravo! Bravo!

Reb. Let me hear no more of your discontents respecting Catarina—
Mug. (*puffing a cigar.*) Why not—who is she? We knew nothing of her till you brought her hither.

Reb. Who is she? My niece! The daughter of your former chief—of my brother Salvator Rebolledo, King of the Bohemians, and Captain of the Contrabandiers of Estramadura, who for twenty years, enriched our band by his address and bravery.

Mug. Ah! That comes of having a man for a leader. Had his enemies, the cursed Inquisition, spared his gallant life, we should never have been compelled to disgrace our ancestors, by submitting to hard labor.

Reb. Well! If you fear, in obeying Catarina, to disgrace your ancestors by dying in your bed, which none of them did, why you are at full liberty to quit our community—

Mug. Thank you, but I'm too fond of booty—I'm content enough; only, why did you make Catarina our leader?

Reb. Gratitude! Perhaps you never heard she saved my life, when the pious fathers of the Inquisition, in their tender mercy, consigned me to the stake?

Mug. For honestly disposing of what was your own: money of your own coining! Ha! ha! ha! *[The others laugh also.]*

Reb. (smoking.) Ah! it's all very well to laugh now, but I didn't laugh when I saw the glare of the torches, which were to light my funeral pile gleaming through the grating of my dungeon. And, when Catarina appeared before me in that dungeon, I did not refuse to follow a woman, without so much as asking a single question, as to what powerful means she employed to snatch me from the jaws of the devil.

Mug. Well, well, Catarina for ever, say I.

Reb. Where would you find a better leader? Isn't she as brave as a young lioness? as beautiful as a young angel? Since she became acquainted with the grandees, who gave us the orders, which our men are now executing at the furnace below, there, so secretly, and, for which we are to be so well paid, she lives more like a princess than the niece of Rebolledo; taking up her head-quarters at the old convent of the mountains, from whence, apropos, by the subterranean pass, she is to arrive here, within this very hour, to inspect our toil. Ring yonder bell, (*pointing*) summon the workmen.

Hen. (apart.) What will become of me?

Mug. (who approaches, and begins to ring the bell, L., perceiving HENRIQUE.) Ah! a spy!

All. A spy! death to him!

Hen. My sword.

[Drawing his sword to defend himself from REBOLLEDO, and all the Coiners, who surround him.]

All. Death! death!

[As they are about to strike, CATARINA enters suddenly, from behind, and appears unexpectedly amongst them.]

CONCERTED AND CHORUS.

Quick! let him feel our vengeance,

Strike all the deadly blow!

Death—death unto the traitor,

Who would our secret know.

Cat. (entering)

Hold! Forbear!

Hen.

Ah! what beauty!

Reb.

'Tis Catarina! Confusion!

All.

Catarina!

Cat.

Yes 'tis I, your Queen, Catarina!

Whose power alone protects you here!

I preside over these cavern'd mountains,

Yes, it is Catarina; Fear!

My spell is mystery and terror,

By which I every where command!

Yes, I!

Is there a sprite involc'd with horror,

'Tis I!

The leader of this fearful band!

Cho.

Live! Catarina, the mountain Queen!

- Cat.* Yet, this hand from its empire,
Would exile crime alone;
Alguazils false! Injustice,
And traitors, every one!
If when soft evening is closing,
Steal a maiden to the grave,
In innocence reposing,
All alone—or with her love.
On them I smile,
For true love knows no guile!
They hither come—the maiden and her lover:
Kneeling to breathe an Ave Maria,
Imploping but to join their hearts for ever—
The mountain saint! They call her Catarina!
- All.* Yes, that name attached to all things dear
Rules o'er each heart existing here! [*HENRIQUEZ advances.*]
- Cat.* May that name confirm'd by all things dear,
Rule every heart existing here. [*seeing HENRIQUEZ.*]
- Hen.* Stranger! Speak! Say, who art thou?
Don Henrique di Sandoval!
- Cat.* Marquis of Santa Cruz!
- Hen.* Ah! A noble brave Signor,
Who from Portugal hath absent
Been, six years! 'Tis so!
- Hen. (surprised.)* Ah! You know!
- Cat. (coldly.)* I know all. To complete your studies,
Your noble parents sent you
To every foreign shore:
And doubtless you've returned now,
From abroad,
Your mind well stored—
Yes!
- Hen.* Yes!
- Cat. (with sarcasm.)* With all but wisdom!
- Hen.* You're too severe!
- Cat.* Nay, sir, the proof is pretty clear—
Your presence in this place—
What folly led you here?
- Hen.* Chance alone, I assure you!
- (with gallantry.)* But a chance I now gladly bless,
Sincerely I confess.
- Reb.* Within his traveling trunk before you
Were papers—this gold—a portrait—see!
- Cat. (to HENRIQUEZ taking the portrait.)*
Tho' ladies' eyes I greet, sir,
Still I can be discreet, sir,
Back, with these promptly, your gold you'll receive—
Such honor scarce can I believe!
- Hen.* Your letters, when we've time, shall be read.
- Cat.* Is't your wish that we off with his head?
- Reb. (whispering.)* No—I fear it scarcely is worth the taking.
- Cat. (smiling.)* No—I fear it scarcely is worth the taking.
- Hen. (angrily.)* How pleasant that jest.
- Cat. (to HENRIQUEZ, laughing.)*
Why thus good temper forgetting?
Be tranquil, sir! Now for the rest.
- (To REBOLLEDO, gravely.)*
Here must he be detained,
Strictly watched, though not enchained,
As a prisoner—yes—let me see,
Three months.
- Hen.* Here for three months?
- Reb.* Be silent!
- Hen.* Gentle lady, oh, stay thee!
One word alone, here!
Listen, I pray thee!