

**THE DEVIL'S IN IT! AN
ENTIRELY NEW
AND ORIGINAL COMIC
OPERA, IN TWO ACTS**

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The devil's in it! An entirely new and original comic opera, in two acts by Mr. Bunn

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MR. BUNN

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THE
DEVIL'S IN IT!

AN
Entirely New and Original Comic Opera,

IN TWO ACTS,

THE OVERTURE AND MUSIC COMPOSED BY

MR. M. W. BALFE,

THE LIBRETTO BY

MR. BUNN, OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

FIRST REPRESENTED AT

THE ROYAL SURREY THEATRE,

MONDAY, JULY 26th, 1852,

UNDER THE SOLE DIRECTION OF

MISS ROMER,

PRODUCED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. W. WEST.

London:

JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND COMPANY,

5, SHOE LANE, & PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

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Fleet-street.

ARGUMENT.

The Countess of Wallenberg having acquired a temper of extreme violence, tyrannises over her husband, and makes the victims of her caprice all who approach her. Whilst the castle is thus made a wretched abode, the cottage of the basket-maker, opposite, shows a happier scene; though slightly chequered by Hermann's passion for drinking, and his wife Letty's love of dancing and singing. They joyfully accept an invitation to the marriage fête of Albert and Bridget (attendants on the Countess). The festivities are suddenly interrupted by the presence of the Countess, who, in a furious passion, destroys the violin of the Blind Fiddler, and disperses all assembled. The poor musician, full of sorrow, is alone left; but Letty, taking advantage of the Countess's absence, endeavours to console him with what little money she possesses; her charity is well bestowed, for the Fiddler is no other than Lunastro, a powerful magician, who, determined to repay the kindness of Letty, and punish the cruelty of the Countess, commands his supernatural agents to remove Letty to the castle, and the Countess to the basket-maker's cottage. For one day Letty passes for the Countess, who at the same time is mistaken for Letty. The ill humour and idleness of the Countess calls forth the anger of Hermann, even to the discipline of a wicker rod. While Letty, overwhelmed with astonishment, curiosity, and delight, enjoys all the luxuries of the castle—her simple manners being unsuited to the dignity of her new position—Lunastro, by his magic power, suddenly endues her with all the accomplishments of a noble lady. At a fête given at the castle, the spell, by virtue of which all these changes have been effected, is dissolved through the agency of Lunastro, who, having checked the arrogance of the Countess, and re-proved the propensities of Hermann and his wife, restores them to their respective homes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Count Wallenberg,	Mr. TRAVERS,
Albert,..... (<i>his State Porter</i>).....	Mr. C ROMER,
Hermann,..... (<i>a Basket Maker</i>).....	Mr. H. CORRI,
Lunastro,..... (<i>a Magician</i>)	Mr. BORRANI,
Music Master,.....	Herr KUCHLER
Huntsman,	Mr. HOWLETT,
Butler,	Mr. J. COLLETT,
Footman,	Mr. YOUNG.
Coachman,	Mr. E. GREEN,
Valet,	Mr. ROBERTS,
Gusset,	Mr. PENDEGRASS,
Genius,	Mr. HODGES,
Gnome,	Mr. MOELDER,
Fiend,	Mr. BERNARD,
Countess of Wallenberg,	Miss POOLE,
Letty,..... (<i>Wife to Hermann</i>).....	Miss ROMER,
Bridget, . . . (<i>the Countess's Lady's Maid</i>) . . .	Miss H. COVENEY,
Nymph, ●.....	Miss DAY,
Naiad,.....	Miss CLARISSE DORIA
Nobles, Guests, Huntsmen, Vassals, Genii, Nymphs, Najads, Gnomes, Peasantry, &c.	

SCENE—IN THE VICINITY OF THE DANUBE.

THE DEVIL'S IN IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE MAGICIAN'S GLEN.

The MAGICIAN is discovered seated on a block of granite, on which are engraved cabalistic characters; he rises, advances, and waves his wand. Distant waves, prominent trees, &c. &c.

INCANTATION.

- Lunas.* Deep in the farthest cells of earth,
Where ye now dwell, and had your birth,
Hear me, hear me, hear me!
Within the trunk of gnarléd oak,
Where ye escap'd the thunder stroke,
Hear me, hear me, hear me!
High in the brightest realms of air,
Spirits who now are dwelling there,
Hear me, hear me, hear me!
Down in the tranquil depths of sea,
Where all is known so calm to be,
Hear me, hear me, hear me!
Come in your fullest garbs of might,
Whence it is dark, where it is light,
Hear me, hear me, hear me!
- Gnome (from below)* The voice of thy sway
I obey, I obey!
- Demon (from the oak)* Thy summons bath swept
Where I peacefully slept!
- Spirit (from above)* Thy call reached mine ear,
In this innocent sphere!

Nymph (from the water) The charm of thy spell
Came down where I dwell!

(The Gnome-Demon, Spirit, and Nymph all suddenly appearing)

We come! we come! a task to fulfil;
Teach us, and tell us, what is thy will?
Lunas. Call up from water, from air, and from land,
All the best Spirits ye have at command.
The pride of a high-born dame
I would at once reclaim;
And the low-born, free from fault,
I would at once exalt.
Transform them so, that they are known
But unto themselves alone:
Neither husband's jealous eyes
Must his own wife recognise;
And the illusion be so strong,
That none discern the right from wrong.
Be the spell work'd, and be it riven,
When the known sign by me is given.
All. In the calm of the sunshine,
In the rage of the storm,
Our task is to listen,
And thy will to perform.
Away! away!
We obey! we obey!

[The MAG. waves his wand, they disappear, and he enters the granite stone on which he was seated.]

SCENE II.—THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE.

At the left side is the chateau of the Count, with a pavilion attached thereto, the large window of which faces the audience, and is open. On the right is the cottage of HERMANN, with a window also facing the spectator. In the back-ground is a rich, expansive country. A body of Huntsmen stream out of the chateau, and sing the following

CHORUS.

The horn that o'er the hills they sound,
The distant bay of deep-mouth'd hound,
Which now through vale and wood is heard,
Proclaim afar the game is stirr'd.

Hunts. (sounding horn) It's echo send back !
Follow their track !
Spare not spur, nor breath,
Be in at the death !

Enter ALBERT from the chateau, conducting in BRIDGET, whom he presents to the body of Foresters.

Albert (solo) Friends and companions, here,
In amity allied,
I bring you one to me most dear—
Behold your comrade's bride !

Chorus. Who would not envy their happy lot,
Whom Hymen ties with his mystic knot ?

Albert. He who has chosen a charming young wife
Can only *one* wedding day want in his life ;
And that no one here may repine,
I invite you all to mine.

Chorus. Welcome, welcome, the joyous day,
'Tis a forfeit all bachelors ought to pay.

Enter the COURT from the chateau.

RECITATIVE.

Count (in the most affable manner to them all)

It gladdens me to see you all around ;

[taking BRIDG. by the hand.

And you, in whom such charms and worth abound,
To mark the sense we entertain of thee,
This golden trinket shall thy dowry be.

[Gives BRIDG. a purse of gold, when both she and ALB. fall at his feet.

Both. Praised be your bounty ! to complete our task,
We would, in open air,
Here to our wedding festival now ask
The good folks of the village to repair.

RECITATIVE.

Count. By all means, be it so. *(Aside)* If, day by day,
We thus could chase the ills of life away,
Old cares get rid of, nor establish new,
How soon a good day's work one might run through !