

STATE LIBRARY OF N.S.W.  
MITCHELL LIBRARY

DSM/  
782.1/  
O



David Scott Mitchell.











THE OPERA LIBRETTO,

*Benford & Boucicault*

BENEDICT'S

GRAND OPERA

OF


THE LILY OF KILLARNEY

AS PERFORMED BY

The Grand Opera Company.

Melbourne :

PRINTED BY AZZOPARDI, HILDRETH AND CO.,  
POST OFFICE PLACE.





# THE LILY OF KILLARNEY.

(BENEDICT.)

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Hall in Tore Cregan.*

- Cho. Another cheer—one more—one more,  
To split the roof asunder ;  
Across the water let it roar  
As potent as the thunder,  
To show we honour well the toast,  
To show we all respect our host ;  
He is a jolly bachelor.  
Another cheer—one more—one more ;  
And when he leads a wedded life  
We trust he'll shun connubial strife.
- O'Mo. Another cheer then for his wife,  
Your kind attention I beseech.
- Chor. Hear—order—silence for a speech.
- O'Mo. Though unaccustom'd I may be  
To public speaking, you'll agree  
Upon occasions such as this,  
When friendship, love, and wedded bliss,  
The soul of honour, power of beauty  
Impress upon us a duty—  
The task of wishing happiness and wealth,  
And wealth and happiness.  
We can't, I'm sure, do less ;  
Then, Hardress Cregan, here's to your good health.
- Cho. Another cheer—encore—encore,  
A mighty speaker is O'Moore.
- Har. My feelings—
- Cho. Hardress, Hardress.
- Har. For a speech are much too strong ;  
So, if you please, I'll answer in a song.

#### SONG.

- Har. The bachelor's life is gay, careless, and free,  
From beauty to beauty unchained flutters he ;  
He kisses the dark, and he flirts with the fair,  
And ne'er is weighed down with the burden of care.
- Chorus of Men. He kisses, &c.  
A sensible song, very true, very true,  
Another loud cheer now to Hardress is due ;  
We all would get married, we own it, but yet,  
The days of his freedom, who would not regret.

Har. But soon comes a moment when liberty palls,  
 Who thinks where he's going when young beauty calls;  
 The chains forged by woman are pleasant and bright,  
 Sure none would be free when a prison's delight.

Chorus of Ladies. The chains, &c.

A sensible song, very true, very true ;  
 We're glad, sir, you give even ladies their due.

Har. But single or married you'll find me the same,  
 When kindred or friendship can proffer a claim ;  
 And often, I trust, when my life's in the sere,  
 The comrades of youth I shall find gathered here.

Gentleman's Chorus. No doubt in the world, that will do,  
 that will do,

An excellent song, and there's heart in it too.

O'Mo. (to Hyland) Your nag will win ? Pooh, nonsense, no !

Hyl. Upon my word, I tell you so.

O'Mo. If you had said the same of mine—

Hyl. Yours ! *That* I like ; that's mighty fine.

O'Mo. To strong expressions you incline.

Hyl. Would you insinuate that I—

O'Mo. D'ye mean, sir, that I tell a—

Har. Fie ;

Don't quarrel, friends, about your horses,

'Tis very plain the wisest course is,

To test their merits here, and now—

A steeplechase—

O'Mo. and Hyl. The very thing, I vow.

Cho. A race now by moonlight, in this very place !

Could aught be more fit for a good steeplechase ?

The candles shall light up the start—so away—

With moon and with candles we're sure of fair play.

Mrs. C. What a mad frolic—a race by moonlight ! There  
 will be necks broke ere morning.

Cor. Your humble servant, Mrs. Cregan. It's a fine night  
 entirely.

Mrs. C. Corrigan. What can he want with me ? I hate  
 this man ! May I ask your business, sir.

Cor. Ma'am, I would not intrude but for a devil of a pinch  
 I'm in. I've got to pay eight thousand pounds to-morrow, or  
 lose the Knock-ma-Kitty farms, or I would not trouble you.

Mrs. C. Trouble me, sir ?

Cor. Yes, ma'am, ye'd be forgetting now that mortgage I  
 have on this property ; it ran out last May, and by rights—

Mrs. C. Mr. Corrigan, state in a few words as possible what  
 you demand.

Cor. Mrs. Cregan, ma'am, I depend on Miss Chute's fortune  
 to pay me this money ; but will Master Hardress marry the  
 lady ? He does not love her, or if he does he has a mighty queer  
 way of showing it. He has another girl on hand, and between  
 the two he'll come to the ground, and bedad so will I.

Mrs. C. This is false ! It is a calumny, sir.

Cor. I wish it was, ma'am. Do you see that light over the lake? It is in a cottage window; there is the love of Hardress. It is a signal watching for his arrival—there is the secret rival of Miss Ann Chute.

Mrs. C. Who is this girl?

Cor. I'd give twenty pounds to find that out. He keeps her close in the cottage by day, but every night, after you're all in bed, he slips out, and like Leander—barring the wetting, he sails across to his sweetheart.

Mrs. C. What madness! he shall give up the girl.

Cor. I would like to have security for that.

Mrs. C. Security! What security?

Cor. Miss Chute's written promise that she will marry Master Hardress.

Mrs. C. That is impossible.

Cor. Well then, I'll take your personal security instead.

Mrs. C. What do you mean?

Cor. I mean your promise to marry me, if your son fails to marry the heiress. [Danny heard singing without.

SEBENADE AND DUET.

Danny Mann. The moon has raised her lamp above,  
To light the way to thee my love;  
Her rays upon the waters play,  
To tell me eyes more bright than they  
Are watching through the night.  
I come, I come, my heart's delight.

Mrs. C. Are you mad?

Cor. Hark! that's the voice of Danny Mann, your son's boatman. He's waiting below to take him across the lake. Step aside with me, and you shall see for yourself whether I have spoken the truth or not.

[Mrs. Cregan and Corrigan conceal themselves.

Enter Hardress.

Har. Danny's signal. Thank heaven, I have got rid of those fellows.

DUET.

On hill and dale the moonbeams fall  
And spread their silver light on all:  
But those bright eyes I soon shall see  
Reserve their purest light for me.  
Methinks they now invite;  
I come, I come, my heart's delight!

[Danny appears at the window.

Har. Danny?

Dan. Sure it's myself, Master Hardress. There's none but you and I can sing that song. Well, the boat is below, are we going across to-night?

Har. Be silent. It is the hour when my love awaits the signal. Give me that candle. Do you think she is looking for me to-night?

Dan. Looking for you! Her eye is never off this place.  
 Try now. (*Hardress lifts candle and hides it.*) Look, that's  
 once. (*Repeats the action.*) That's twice. (*Repeats the action*  
*again.*) That's thrice. [Exit Danny.]

Har. No longer I'll delay;  
 She calls me to her arms, at once I must away.

Oh, never was seen such a beautiful star,  
 As yonder bright taper that sparkled afar;  
 Those gems are but lifeless that twinkle above,  
 The star of the cottage is beaming with love.  
 If, goddess of beauty, a star thou wilt own,  
 The star of the cottage befits thee alone.

Mrs. C. & } Alas, our suspicions, not groundless they are;  
 Corrigan. } He summon'd the signal that shone from afar.  
 The charms of a peasant to him are above  
 The pride of his race and his fond mother's love.  
 He hurries to dangers, unheeded, unknown;  
 Thus prospects are blighted, thus hopes overthrown.  
 Re-enter Danny.

Dan. Make haste, Master Hardress, 'tis ready you are,  
 You surely will follow yon beautiful star.  
 The boat is below and the moon is above,  
 So all's made convenient and pleasant for love.  
 Sure yonder that's Venus, who's waiting alone.  
 And wicked young Cupid's myself you will own.

SCENE 2.—*Woody pass leading to Gap of Dunloe.*

Enter Corrigan.

Cor. From the rock above I saw the boat leave Tore Cregan.  
 It is now crossing the lake to the cottage. Who is this  
 mysterious mistress of young Cregan's? I must and will find  
 out. Here comes that poaching scoundrel, Myles na Coppaleen  
 the horse-dealer, with a keg of illicit whiskey on his shoulder,  
 as bold as Nebuchadnezzar. Is that you, Myles?

Myl. No, it's my brother.

Cor. You may as well give me a decent answer; civility  
 costs nothing.

Myl. Don't it though! Civility to a lawyer costs six and  
 eightpence a bow.

Cor. Come, Myles, I'm not so bad a fellow as you may  
 think. You have come down in the world lately. A year ago  
 you were a thriving horse-dealer; now you are a lazy drunken  
 fellow.

Myl. It's the bad luck that's in it, sir.

Cor. No, it's the love of Eily O'Connor that's in it. It's the  
 pride of Garryowen that took your heart away. You live like  
 a wild beast, in some cave or holes in the rocks above. After  
 dark your gun is heard shooting the otter as they lie out on the  
 stones; on a cloudy night your whisky-still is going. Now, if  
 I put you in a snug farm, stock you with cattle and pigs, and  
 roll ye up comfortable, don't ye think the Colleen Bawn would  
 jump at you?

Myl. Begad, she'd make a leap, I believe. And what must I do for all this luck?

Cor. Find out who it is lives in the cottage on Muckcross Head.

Myl. That's easy; it's Danny Mann, no less, and his old mother, Sheelah.

Cor. But there's another' a girl who is hid there, who only goes out at night. She is the mistress of Hardress Cregan.

Myl. What's that [*seizing Corrigan, but recovering himself*]? Never mind, I don't mean to hurt ye, I'm on my keeping against the gaugers; go on, you want to find out who the girl is?

Cor. I'd give ten pounds for the information. Here's ten on account (*counts the money into Myles's hand*). That's the money; now you'll come to my office in the morning, and tell me all the particulars.

Myl. Oh, never fear, you shall breakfast on the particulars.  
[Exit Corrigan.]

Myl. I'll give him a cow's tail to swallow, and make him think it's a chapter in St. Patrick—the spalpeen. When he called Eily the mistress of Hardress Cregan, I nearly stretched him. Oh! Eily, Eily, as the stars watch over Innisfallen, and as the waters go round it and keep it, so I watch over and keep round you, mavourneen.

Myl. From Inchigela, all the way,

I travelled unto Kerry,

And mighty weary seemed the day;

My poor heart was not merry.

To every cabin door there came

A dark-eyed Connor or McShane.

"Ah, Myles ashore," the colleens cried,

"Oh, won't ye step awhile inside,

And take the welcome cup and smoke?"

"Oh, no," says I, "my heart's too full; with love I choke."

It is a charming girl I love,

She comes from Garryowen,

She's gentler than the turtle-dove,

Her hair is brown and flowing.

Her eye is of the softest blue,

Her breath is sweet as mountain dew,

Her step is lighter than the fawn,

And oh! she's called the Colleen Bawn.

Botheration, her likeness I never shall see,

There's but one Colleen Bawn, and she does not love me.

You ask me what I'm hoping for,

Then listen to the sequel;

The Colleen Bawn I'll love no more,

When I can find her equal.

Mayhap now such a girl is here,

With step as light, with eye as clear,

Oh, she'll be welcome as the dawn,

Although she's not the Colleen Bawn.

SCENE 3.—*Interior of Eily's cottage:*

Father Tom and Eily discovered.

F. Tom. The night is getting towards morning. I must be going.—(*calls*)—Eily, Eily! Where is the girl? Oh, there she stands looking over the lake. Eily?

Eily. Far o'er the lake his signal light I see.

He comes!

F. Tom. He comes!

Eily. His boat before the wind spreads its flowing sail, and cleaves the waters, like a bird wafted by the breath of love. He comes!

## ROMANCE\*

Eily. In my wild mountain valley he sought me,  
My heart soon he knew was his own;  
When he made me his bride then he taught me  
Contented to dwell here alone.  
When the day in the west is declining,  
His boat on the dark lake I see,  
And, led by my taper's bright shining  
He comes o'er the waters to me.

I ask not if others be fairer,  
How rich or how noble they be,  
I know that to him none are dearer,  
And who could be dearer to me?  
My heart it would ever beat lightly,  
Nor shrink from each day's coming dawn,  
Could he but still smile on me brightly,  
Nor part from his own Colleen Bawn.

F. Tom. Is it by signals like a smuggler that your husband comes to see you, as if his love was illegal? You are his wife, and this game of hide and seek shall go on no longer with my consent.

Eily. If he took me as his wife amongst his grand friends he would be ashamed of me, for I am only a poor, ignorant, vulgar girl, not his equal at all.

F. Tom. But his family should know this secret; why the whole county believe he is going to be married to Miss Anne Chute. He is deceiving his own mother, and would deceive you, Eily, if I was not by to protect you from his wiles.

Eily. No, oh no! He is so proud and quick, that if you spoke to him like that he'd leave me for ever.

F. Tom. Then will you promise to make him inform his family of your marriage?

Eily. I will, sir, I will.

F. Tom. I trust you; now I must be going. [*Enter Myles.*

Myl. Not yet sir; not before you take the deoch-andu-ruis. Hurry now, Sheelah, it's getting late, and Father Tom wants to be off.

F. Tom. I must indeed, Myles. I left my pony tied to the haystack outside.

\* The words of this Romance were contributed by Francis W. Brady Esq., of Dublin.

Myl. Oh, never fear, sir, he won't break loose from that.

F. Tom. Eily, look at that boy, and say haven't you a deal to answer for?

Eily. He isn't so bad about me as he he used to be. He's getting over it.

Myl. Yes, darling, the storm is passed over, and I've got into settled bad weather. Eily, aroon, why wasn't ye twins, and I could have married one of ye—only nature couldn't make two like ye. It would be unreasonable to ask it.

Eily. Poor Myles, do you love me still so much?

Myl. Didn't I leave the world to follow ye, and since then there's been no night nor day in my life. I lay down on Glenapoint above where I could see this cottage, and I lived on the very sight of it. Oh, Eily, if tears were poison to the grass there wouldn't be a blade on Glena Hill this day.

Eily. But you knew I was married, Myles?

Myl. Not then, aroon; but when you told me you were Hardress Cregan's wife, that was a great comfort to me entirely. Since I knew that I haven't been the blackguard I was. Well, well, it's passed, we'll think of it no more. Come, Eily, couldn't ye cheer up his reverence with a song?

Eily. Hardress bid me not sing our old Irish songs. He says the words are vulgar.

F. Tom. Put your lips to that jug, and while that true Irish liquor warms your heart, may the music of old Ireland never leave your voice, and our true Irish virtue never die in your heart.

Myl. Come, Eily, it's my liquor, haven't you a word to say for it?

CONCERTED PIECE.—“THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.”

Eily. Let the farmer praise his grounds,  
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,  
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;  
But I, more blessed than they,  
Spend each happy night and and day  
With my charming little cruiskeen lawn.

Myl. Immortal and divine,  
Great Bacchus, god of wine,  
Create me by adoption thy son,  
In hope that you'll comply,  
That my glass shall ne'er be dry.  
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

She Whist! What's that?

Har. The moon has raised her lamp above,  
To light the way to thee, my love.

Eily. 'Tis he!

F. Tom. That voice!

Myl. Has ended all our fun—it means  
That two are company and three are none. We'll go.

She We'll go.

Eily. Yes, go!

Myl. Good manners in these cases well we know.

Eily. 'Tis he, no doubt, that voice so well I know.

Enter Hardress.

Eily. Oh, Hardress, asthore!

Har. Don't call me by those confounded Irish names; the very sound of them seems to remind me of the difference in our positions, and it galls me to think of it.

Eily. I won't Hardress, dear, don't be angry. What has happened? You are pale!

Har. Nothing—that is nothing but what you'll rejoice at.

Eily. What do you mane?

Har. "Mane"—can't you say mean? Well, I mean that after to-morrow there will be no necessity to hide our marriage, for I shall be a beggar, and my mother an outcast, and amidst all the shame who will care what wife a Cregan takes?

Eily. And dy'e think I'd like to see you dragged down to my side. You don't know me. See now—never call me wife again—don't let out to mortal man that we're married. I'll go as a servant to your mother's house. I'll work for the smile ye'll give me in passing.

Har. You're a fool! My mother discovered my visits here, and I told her who you are, and her heart is broken. She has always hoped to restore our fortune by my marriage to the richest heiress in Kerry—her fortune alone could have saved us from ruin.

Eily. Hardress, is there no hope?

Har. None; that is, there is one, but I dare not name it.

Eily. Oh, Hardress, speak if there is a hope!

Har. Well, then, you were a child when we were married, and I could get no priest to join our hands but one who had been disgraced by his bishop. He is dead. There was no witness to the ceremony but Danny Mann; no proof but his word and your certificate.

Eily. This? And if you had it back would it save you, and could your mother forgive me?

Har. She would bless you, and take you to her heart.

Eily. She would?

With this treasure must I part,  
Which is dearest to my heart;  
Which has often check'd my tears,  
Often quell'd my anxious fears.

Har. Forms are nought to love like ours;  
Lightest wreaths of fragile flowers,  
Firm our faithful hearts remain,  
As an adamantine chain.

Eily. Yet of thy love this is the dearest token,  
Methinks a sweet enchantment will be broken.  
Yet take it, thou'lt forget me not.

Har. Oh, never!

My Eily thou art dearer now than ever;  
Thou knowest well we cannot part,  
Whatever may befall;

Then perils may assail my heart,  
 It will surmount them all,  
 A flame less pure may soon expire,  
 When breezes rudely blow ;  
 My love is fed by deathless fire,  
 And through the storm can glow.

Eily. No, dearest, no, we cannot part,  
 Whatever may befall ;  
 Yes I will trust thy loyal heart,  
 I give thee life and all.      A flame less pure, &c.

Enter Myles.

Myl. No, hand that paper back ;  
 You are beguiled.

Ah! why deceive this fond and trusting child?  
 Thou low-born cur, felon, outlaw—dost thou dare?  
 Har. Hardress, I implore—oh, Myles, forbear  
 Eily. 'Tis true I am an outlaw, but I'd scorn  
 Myl. To do such dirty work as you high-born.

Enter Father Tom.

F. Tom. If not to him, to me those lines restore.  
 Har. Eily, are those your spies? a plot! am I betrayed?  
 Eily. No, no. Oh, father! spare me I implore.  
 F. Tom. That paper I demand.  
 Har. Oh! 'tis a trap well laid.

[Hands the paper to Father Tom

F. Tom. Oh, place that proof of honor near your heart,  
 And swear it never from that spot shall part.

Har. That fatal oath shall be our parting knell,  
 To all our love for ever a farewell.

Eily. I swear, I swear, no father! Hardress stay.

Myl. Oh! love and duty—which will she obey?

Eily. Oh, Hardress forgive me, I cannot rebel ;  
 Forgive me, I love you, ah! say not farewell.

F. Tom. Against every danger you'll find it a spell,  
 That over your happiness ever shall dwell.

Eily. Thus kneeling before thee, I solemnly swear  
 That nought from my bosom this treasure shall tear ;  
 I'll guard it through life, and with grief though I die,  
 Here, here, on the heart which is broken 'twill lie.

F. Tom, Oh! Eily, remember, you solemnly swear,  
 That nought from your bosom this treasure shall tear ;  
 The daughters of Erin misfortune may try,  
 But foes to their honour they bravely defy.

Har. O! false one, that oath you now solemnly swear  
 Consigns me to ruin and you to despair ;  
 Remember! this hour you have uttered the knell ;  
 I go ; and I bid thee for ever farewell.

Myl. He cannot escape, he is caught in the snare,  
 His love he must either deny or declare ;  
 What dangers may threaten her no one can tell,  
 But Myles will be there to watch over her well.

## ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Exterior of Tore Cregan.*

Enter the Huntsmen.

Cho.

Tally ho!

Tally h o o h!

The wind is in the sou-sou-west,

A fine and cloudy morning;

It is a glorious hunting day,

The cheery dogs give warning.

Does she you love despise your sigh?

Does debt or trouble bind ye?

To horse! to horse! and as you fly,

Leave sorrow far behind ye.

Enter Anne Chute.

Anne.

No, no. This morning Hardress leave me not,  
He cannot join your chase.

Away; to-day love only be his lot—

Your claims to mine give place.

Hun.

The hunting chorus when we bawl

He'll leave all else behind him.

Anne.

But I can sing it, if that's all,

And to my side I'll bind him.

Tally ho!

At evening when returning home

A cold and weary sinner,

I like to find these three things warm,

My glass, my wife, and dinner.

Tally ho!

Enter Hardress.

Anne. Hardress, see, I have prepared myself for a ride,  
tempted by the freshness and beauty of the morning.

Har. Ah! sweet one, you must ride far before you will find  
anything so fresh and beautiful as your own face.

Anne. Do you indeed think so?

Har. Why should you doubt it?

Anne. I cannot tell you why; but I doubt my own happiness.  
I often find your eyes fixed upon me with sadness, as if  
you almost pitied me.

Har. What folly,

AIR.

Anne.

The eye of love is keen,

And readily can trace

In the lov'd one's face

The passing shade that to the world remains unseen;

The grief that lurks beneath a smile,

The tear that scarcely dims the eye,

The wrath that scarcely curls the lip,

Love can readily descry,

Love's eye is keen and searches deep,

Nought, nought can love beguile.

A change has come over thee ; strive not to hide  
 The heart from the playmate of youth ;  
 Thy face, once so frank, now is turned half aside,  
 As though it avoided the truth.

Thou shrink'st from my glance, and thine eyes seek the ground,  
 Thy cheek speaks of sorrow or fear,  
 A sigh thou would'st check, but too plainly its sound  
 Falls, spite of thyself, on mine ear."

Har. Oh ! never let that faithful breast  
 By idle doubts be cursed,  
 The love with which I first was blest,  
 Is still as fondly nursed  
 Within my constant heart.

Anne. Let not suspicion in my breast  
 Be like a serpent nursed,  
 At once be all the truth confessed,  
 And I will bear the worst,

Although with aching heart. [Exit Anne

Har. She suspects me. Alas ! how can I deceive her thus ?  
 Enter Danny.

Dan. There's something troubles you, Master Hardress.

Har. Oh ! Danny, why did I refuse to listen to you when  
 you warned me to have no call to Eily O'Connor ? Well, it's  
 done, and can't be undone !

Dan. Begad ! I don't know that ! Easy now, and I'll tell  
 ye. Pack her off to America, put her aboard a three-master  
 without saying a word, then ye'll have Miss Chute all to your-  
 self and no trouble ? Leave all to me ; I'll clear the way for-  
 nent you.

Har. Fool ! she possesses that certificate—the proof of my  
 first marriage—how can I dare to wed another ?

Dan. And won't she give it up ? Could't ye coax her ?

Har. No, she would part with her life first.

Dan. Then only give me the word, and I'll engage that  
 the Colleen Bawn will never trouble ye any more.

Har. What do you mean ?

Dan. Don't ask me any questions, only if ye want to be rid  
 of her take off that glove from your hand, and give it to me for  
 a token.

Har. Villain ! Dare you meditate a thought of violence  
 towards the girl.

Dan. Oh ! master, oh !

Har. Mark me well, now, respect my wife as you would the  
 queen of the land—whisper a word such as those you uttered  
 to me, and it shall be your last breath.

Enter Mrs. Cregan.

Mrs. C. Hardress ! what is the matter ?

Har. [to Danny] Silence ! away with you, and forget not  
 what I have said.

Dan. Long life to you. But ye shan't be ruined by the  
 Colleen for all that. [Exit.

Mrs. C. Hardress, are we alone? The moment of our destiny is come—Corrigan waits below to receive my answer; it is for you to decide. Will you give up this girl, your mistress, or see your family broken and disgraced?

Har. Mother, my heart and faith are already pledged to another, and I cannot break my engagement.

Mrs. C. Engagement! I would rather see you in your grave than married to this poor low-born creature, whom you will blush to call your wife. To Anne you are acting a dishonorable part; her name is coupled with yours at every fireside in Kerry.

Enter Servant, announcing.

Ser. Mr. Corrigan.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Corrigan.

Mrs. C. What answer shall I give this man?

Cor. Good morning, ma'am. I am punctual you perceive.

Mrs. C. We have considered your offer, sir, and we see no alternative but—but—

Cor. Oh, Mrs. Cregan, I understand your soft confusion; I am proud to take this hand, the object of all my—

Har. Begone! touch her, and I'll brain you.

Mrs. C. Hardress, my darling boy, restrain yourself.

Har. Villain! you dare—

Cor. Young man, have a care.

Mrs. C. Hardress, my darling, beware, oh! beware—

The serpent is nigh thee, beware of its sting.

Cor. A serpent—oh! no, quite a different thing—

A dove or a lamb, believe me I am.

Har. My mother a low-born adventurer's bride!

Cor. The lover of Eily has family pride.

Mrs. C. You, Hardress, could save me;

Cor. How nobly you brave me;

The lover of Eily has family pride.

Mrs. C. Would you aid your hapless mother?

Every angry feeling smother—

Calmly be your duty done.

Take the wife that heaven provides,

Vain is every hope besides—

Save me, save me, oh, my son!

Har. Add another word—another—

Cast one glance upon my mother—

And your race will soon be run.

When the upstart beggar rides

On his horse—we know who guides,

He is sure to be undone.

Cor. What an uproar! what a bother!

Pray these angry feelings smother;

Be advised, my future son!

Love and fortune are my guides,

I shall laugh at all besides,

When my victory is won.

[Exit followed by Hardress.]

Enter Danny.

Dan. Whisht, missus, is he gone? I know the trouble he is in; and sure and I strove hard and long to impeach him from doing it. But now she holds him tight, and feeling kindly and soft-hearted for her, he dare not do what another would.

Mrs. C. Dare not.

Dan. Sure, she might be packed off for America, and who'd ask a word after her—barring the master—who'd murder me if he knew I whispered such a thing.

Mrs. C. But would she go?

Dan. Oh, madam, with a taste of persuading; but there is another way again, and if ye'd only coax the master to send me his glove, he'd know the meaning of that token, and so would I. If he'll do that, I take my oath you'll hear no more of the Colleen Bawn.

Dan. Trust me, the glove will be a token  
As plain as any word that's spoken.

Mrs. C. His glove, his glove! I do not see—

Dan. Oh, never mind, leave that to me.

Mrs. C. But if his freedom 'twould secure?

Dan. It would; of that you may be sure. [Exit Mrs. C.]

Oh, Colleen Bawn, your reign is over,  
Pleasure kept your high-born lover.

'Tis not you alone that love him;

Other hearts now watch above him.

Oh, I'd give my life to-morrow,

To save him from a moment's sorrow.

And if your life's his stumbling-stone,

I'd take it as I would my own.

Re-enter Mrs. Cregan with glove.

Mrs. C. I have the glove. Is this what you desire?

Dan. He gave it then. Oh, let my fears expire!

The Colleen Bawn no more his foe shall be,  
Don't fear her charms, but leave her fate to me.

Mrs. C. No blot on our escutcheon shall e'er have a place,  
But pure as of old shall be Cregan's high race.

Dishonor has threatened, but threatened in vain,  
The towers of Tore Cregan rise proudly again.

Dan. Bad luck to the eyes and the Colleen's fair face,  
That makes the bold Cregan forget his high race.  
Her charms are no value, her arts are in vain,  
The Cregan will rise to his glory again.

[Exit Mrs. C.]

Dan. Yes, my mind is made up. If the Colleen Bawn does not give up her marriage lines, and allow the young master to marry Miss Ann Chute, like a respectable gentleman there is one that will teach her manners, and that's Danny Mann.

RECIT:

A lowly peasant girl would blot with shame

The Cregan's ancient name.

No, sooner shall she part with life

Than come before the world as Hardress' wife  
 With life! Can I sufficient courage find  
 To harm a girl so gentle and so kind?  
 The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn,  
     From childhood I have known;  
 I've seen that beauty in the dawn,  
     Which now so bright has grown.  
 Although her cheek is blanched with care,  
     Her smile diffuses joy.  
 Heaven formed in her a jewel rare,  
     Shall I the gem destroy?  
 Down cursed scruples. Hold thy peace remorse!  
 My duty to my master I'll fulfil,  
     Through good and ill.  
 Nought, nought can check me, well I know my course.  
 Duty! Yes, I'll do my duty.  
 What is love and what is beauty,  
 To a rough misshapen creature,  
 Crook'd in back, and hard in feature?  
 Hearts that melt with soft compassion  
 Beat in frames of other fashion.  
 I'll help my master where I can;  
 No other law has Danny Mann.

SCENE 2.—*Interior of Eily's Cottage.*

Enter Eily.

Eily. No word from Hardress. The long night has passed wearily; but daylight brought no joy to the darkness of my heart, for I am alone. I am alone. Oh, Hardress, return—if only to tell me that you will see me no more.

BALLAD.

I'm alone! I'm alone—  
     I watch the stars as they rise,  
     I hear the sound of my sighs,  
 Mock'd by the breezes moan.  
 All things round me say  
 That I am sad, and so are they;  
 But could I see my heart's delight,  
 His smile would cheer the blackest gloom of night.  
 The night of my soul would be chased away,  
 And the sun of my heart would leap into glorious day.  
     I'm alone—I'm alone—  
     Methinks each gathering cloud  
     Becomes an air-woven shroud,  
 Floating to graves unknown.  
 Sailing slowly by—  
 They crowd and darken all the sky.  
 Oh, could I see my heart's delight, &c.

Enter Danny.

Dan. There she is, his foe—his enemy—she alone stands between him and his fortune.

Eily. Ah! you have returned. Have you seen him? Has he spoken of me? Tell me. Speak.

Dan. Yes, I have his commands.

Eily. You are pale—you tremble—your eyes are red—and frightful.

Dan. 'Tis drink, drink, ah! ha! don't fear, d'ye think I'd hurt ye.

Eily. Hurt me! no, why should ye?

Dan. No, no, course I wouldn't—you are to meet the mather—

Eily. When?

Dan. To-night!

Eily. To-night?

Dan. At a place below, on the Devil's Island.

Eily. Ah, what joy! I shall see him then once more.

Dan. You'll never breathe to mortal of where you are going, but slip down to the landing below, where I have the boat waiting for you.

Eily. I feel so happy that I am going to see him.

Dan. She is happy—she—a—

Eily. Danny, I am afraid you are not sober enough to sail the boat.

Dan. Sober! the drunker I am, the better I can do the work I've got to do so; there leave me alone—

Eily. What has come to you, Danny?

Dan. Nothing, acushla—nothing. I'll be better by-and-bye. [Exit.

Eily. Oh! he has forgiven me, and I shall see him again.

Enter Myles.

Myl. Wasn't that Danny that left you this minute?

Eily. Yes; and I am going to—Stop—sure I promised I would not tell where Danny is going to bring me.

Myl. Going where, Eily?

Eily. No matter; what's that to you, sir?

Myl. Ah, Eily! sure I cannot breathe any air but what is round yourself; I don't know what is to come to me, but I fear something bad is going on. I fear Danny.

Myl. I give the best advice I can,  
In bidding you beware of Danny Mann.

Eily. That poor, deform'd, afflicted creature?

Myl. A crooked back, my dear, don't mend our nature.

Eily. A friend to Hardress ever true.

Myl. But then he may be false to you.

I give the best advice I can,  
In bidding you beware of Danny Mann.

Eily. Oh, no! oh, no! I never can  
Believe there's harm in Danny Mann.

Myl. I've lately seen the surly lout,  
Go creeping stealthily about,  
Like one whose brain is mischief brewing,  
Which very soon he would be doing.

So mighty strange all this appears,

I must confess I have my fears,

And give the best advice I can,

In bidding you beware of Danny Mann.

Eily. Though strange perhaps all this appears,

I'll not encourage any fears ;

Oh, no ! oh, no ! I never can

Believe there's harm in Danny Mann.

Myl. Oft to himself I have heard him grumble,

Sometimes your name I've heard him mumble.

Eily. Well, what care I who breathes my name,

There's none can couple it with shame.

E'en the weak, in innocence

Find a strong and sure defence ;

When this mighty truth I know,

Shall I live suspicion's prey,

Thinking every friend a foe ;

No, no, in truth I'll walk, and safe will be my way.

Myl. Honest folks in innocence

Sometimes find a weak defence ;

That's an ugly truth I know.

Trusting hearts are oft a prey

To the smooth and smiling foe ;

Who walks in doubtful paths should neatly pick his way.

SCENE 3.—*The Water Cave.*

Myl. Botheration ! her likeness I never shall see ;

There's but one Colleen Bawn, and she does not love me.

This is a pretty night for my work, cloudy and dark ; the smoke of my whisky still won't be seen. There's my distillery beyond in a snug hole up there, and here's my bridge to cross over it. I think it would puzzle a gauger to follow me. What's that ? It was an otter I woke from a nap he was taking on that bit of rock there. Oh, you devil ! if I had my gun I'd give you a leaden supper. I'll go up and load it. Maybe I'd get a shot.

Enter Danny and Eily in a small boat.

Eily. What place is this you've brought me to, Danny ? It is like a tomb.

Dan. Step out on this rock. Come now, be quick, the boat is leaking. Eily, I have a word to say to you. Listen now, and don't tremble. No boy in all Kerry was brighter than I was ; I was straight as a dart, and fitted to win any young colleen's love. This is but a wreck of myself that you see now. You know how it chanced.

Eily. Yes, I heard it from Hardress.

Dan. It's a mighty bad tale, but every word is true. He made me a cripple, but I bear him no hatred for it, I loved him before, and I doat on him still. He might crush me to pieces, my last breath would be to declare that I loved him. But you—his darling—withhold what he prizes more dearly than life.

Eily. What would you have ?

Dan. The paper that you carry in that fair bosom—faith a power too fair.

Eily. I have sworn never to part with it.

Dan. I, too, have sworn from the depth of my soul to have it—destroy it—and I'll keep my oath!

Eily. Don't hurt me, Danny!

Dan. That paper—that paper, I say!

Eily. No; sooner my life!

Dan. Then down with you to the depths of the lake.

[Pushes her off, she clings to the rock.

Eily. Spare me, for Hardress' sake.

Dan. No! he wants you dead—and gone.

[He pushes her in—she sinks. A shot is fired and he falls into the water.

Re-enter Myles. Sings.

There's but one Colleen Bawn, and she does not love me.

Come, that was a pretty good shot. As sure as the taxes, I hit the otter that time, but faith I can't see him. No, devil a bit.

Yet he was here moving. No, I see something. Stop—wheugh! What is this? It is a something white.

[Catches Eily's dress. Lifts her out of water Frightened, lets her drop again.

Eily!

[Takes off his coat and saves her.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*The Exterior of Myles's Cottage.*

Enter Myles, looking round cautiously. Listens at door.

Myl. She's sleeping still, poor darling. It's the only time she smiles and seems happy. So I'll go back to the mountain, from which all night I'll watch this cabin; 'tis there I've got my bed, where my bolster is stuffed with rocks, and a cloud is my blanket.

Your slumbers, och! soft as your glance may they be,

Although I am sure you're not dreaming of me;

Once more see the image of him you love best:

What matters my trouble, if you are at rest?

Small joy, my poor Eily, the morning will bring,

It is not for you that the lark comes to sing;

There'll be dew on the grass, there'll be dew in your eye,

Sleep gently, my Eily, my love, lullaby.

Exit.

Enter Father Tom.

F. Tom. Ouf! I'm here at last. I wonder if Myles, is at home. (*Knocks.*) No! (*Looks in at Keyhole.*) Yes, he is in, for I see the key inside in the keyhole. (*Calls*) Myles—(*pause*)—Myles—are you at home?

Enter Myles.

Myles. No, I'm out. Oh, Father Tom, is it you?

F. Tom. Come inside; I've a word to say to you.

Myl. I can't sir, I—I've lost the key.

F. Tom. Sure it's sticking inside.

Myl. Eh! is it now? Yes. Whenever I go out, I always lock the door on the inside and leave the key there.

F. Tom. Myles, is it lying you are? Look me in the face! Why did you kill Danny Mann?

Myl. Och, murder! Who told you that?

F. Tom. Himself!

Myl. Himself! Is he alive?

F. Tom. Yes, but dying fast of the wound you gave him. Come now, tell me how it was, and no lying.

Myl. Oh! would I deceive you, sir? No. Now look at this, Father Tom. It was on that night, ten days ago, the storm you'll remember, when passing Murty Dwyer's shebeen he asked me to join in waking old Callaghan, and I did: and as we was talking, says he, Myles . . .

F. Tom. Myles, you're deceiving me.

Myl. Oh, is it deceive you, I would, oh, no. For if it was the last word I'd got to speak, I'd say, I'd—for Murty will tell you the same—that time when—the time of the storm—me and him talking—and he—that is, Murty. Now, look at this, Father Tom.

F. Tom. Myles! Myles!

Myl. Oh! don't ask me any more, sir; sure I'm bound by an oath never to speak a word about it.

Enter Eily from the Cottage.

Eily. And I release you from that oath.

F. Tom. Eily! Alive!

Myl. Do you think I'd be alive if she was not?

[Father Tom embraces Eily.]

Myl. I live, and Eily dead!

Sure never such a bull was made;

Were the Colleen under ground,

Not alive would Myles be found.

Although she never can be mine,

'Tis only by her light I shine.

She's sun, moon, stars—when she goes out,

Och! dark 'twill be with me, I doubt.

Eily. Blessings on that rev'rend head.

Though your hapless child was dead,

Deep below the waters drown'd,

Heav'n a brave preserver found.

Still joyless days upon me shine,

Still life, with all its woes, is mine!

For dark is life, my love without—

A dungeon, when the lamp is out.

F. Tom. Blessings, girl, upon thy head,

For the future do not dread;

Heaven, who thy preserver found,

Watching oe'r thee, hovers round.

Still happy days may on thee shine,

And life, with many joys, be thine.

Be hopeful, Eily, do not doubt,  
The cup of woe will soon run out.

SCENE 2 — *A Ball Room in Castle Chute.*

Table with lights and papers on it. Enter Anne Chute,

SONG.—“CAILIN DHAS CRUTHEIN NA-MBO.”

It was on a fine summer's morning  
The birds sweetly turned on each bough  
And as I walked out for my pleasure,  
I saw a maid milking her cow.  
Her voice so enchanting melodious,  
Left me quite unable to go,  
My heart it was loaded with sorrow  
For my cailin dhas cruthein na-mbo.  
Then to her I made my advances,  
“Good morrow, most beautiful maid,  
Your beauty my heart so entrances.”  
“Pray, sir, do not banter,” she said.  
“I'm not such a rare precious jewel,  
That I should enamour you so  
I am but a poor little milk girl,”  
Says my cailin dhas cruthein na-mbo.  
“The Indies afford no such jewel  
So bright and transparently clear,  
Oh! do not add flame to my fuel,  
Consent but to love me, my dear  
Oh! had I the lamp of Aladdin,  
Or the wealth of the African shore,  
I' rather be poor in a cottage,  
With my cailin dhas cruthein na-mbo.”  
Enter Mrs. Cregan, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Men. The wedding-day is come at last ;  
The time of wooing now is past,  
Which lovers find so long, but yet  
In after life will oft regret.

Lad. Oh, fie! the lovers we despise  
Whose love in holy wedlock dies ;  
To such a constant pair as this  
Each day will bring increase of bliss.

All. Then hail to the bridegroom, and hail to the bride,  
May happiness with them for ever abide ;  
United by love, may they keep side by side  
Down life's smoothest path as they peacefully glide.

1st Bridesmaid (*arranging Anne*)

Let the mystic orange-flowers  
Presage be of happy hours.

2nd Bri. Let this veil, thou lady fair,  
Lightly rest upon thy hair.

Other Bri. Take the gifts which here you see,  
Trifling though their value be,  
Still of loving hearts they tell ;  
Dearest maiden, prize them well.

F. Tom. A gift I bring—  
This golden ring—  
'Twas found beneath the waters of the lake  
By the great O'Donohue into the waters cast ;

Anne. A happy chance. Pleased, the gift I take,  
Enter Mrs. Oregan.

Mrs. C. Now to the church ! Happy am I at last ;  
The day of sorrow now is past.

Lad. and Gen. The wedding-day is come at last ;  
The church will bind the lovers fast.  
Enter O'Moore, meeting Corrigan.

O'Mo. You sent for me, sir.

Cor. Yes, sir, you are the chief magistrate hereabouts—this warrant must be signed ; it is for the arrest of the murderer of Eily O'Connor, called the Colleen Bawn.

O'Mo. A murderer !

Cor. The accomplice, sir ; the man who did the deed is dying of a wound. He has confessed all in my presence ; here is his deposition. There are lights in the next room ; please you come this way. [Exeunt O'Moore and Corrigan.

Enter Hardress alone.

Har. The image of the dead pursues me—I see her face in every shade—her voice whispers near me. Oh ! Eily, Eily, mavourneen, fairer than ever, thou art ever before me ; I cannot forget thee.

SONG.

Har. Eily, mavourneen, I see thee before me  
Fairer than ever with death's pallid hue ;  
Mortal thou art not—I humbly adore thee,  
Yea, with a love which thou knowest is true.  
Look'st thou in anger—ah, no ! such a feeling  
Ne'er in thy too gentle heart had a place ;  
Softly the smile of forgiveness is stealing,  
Eily, my own, o'er thy beautiful face.  
Once would my heart, with the wildest emotion,  
Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou ;  
Now I regard thee with calm, deep devotion,  
Never, bright angel, I loved thee as now.  
Though in this world were so cruelly blighted  
All the fond hopes of thy innocent heart,  
Soon in a holier region united,  
Eily mavourneen, we never shall part.

Enter Anne Chute.

Anne. Hardress, why have you left the room ?

Har. To gain courage to deceive you.

Anne. To deceive me ?

Har. Yes; but I have failed. Before I swore the oath to love you, listen how I have kept a similar oath I swore to one not less fair than yourself. I loved a peasant girl named Eily O'Connor.

Anne. The Colleen Bawn.

Har. She was my wife.

Anne. Your wife?

Har. Goaded by mother's contempt for this poor girl, I treated her with cruelty, and drove her to suicide.

Anne. Hardress, you wrong yourself.

Har. I am her murderer. and the accusing image of the dead stands between us.

Anne. What tumult is that? Heaven save us! What has happened?

Enter Mrs. Cregan, with looks of terror.

### CONCERTED PIECE.

Har. Mother, what mean these looks so wild?

Mrs. C. Fly, fly at once, my son, my child!  
No, not that way—oh, hear me, I implore;  
A soldier stands at every door.

### TRIO.

Mrs. C. From the window—haste away,  
All is lost if you delay.  
When ocean rolls between us, write;  
Now let your only thought be flight.  
Away, away.

Anne. Question not, but haste—away,  
There is danger in delay;  
Be sure your mother counsels right,  
And let your only thought be flight.  
Away, away.

Har. Mother dear, what would you say—  
Like a thief to flee away.  
Yet I am sure you counsel right,  
No trifle would your heart affright.  
So I obey.

Anne. Explain—explain—what dreadful cause?

Mrs. C. He's threatened with the vengeance of the laws.

Anne. Of what is he accused?

Mrs. C. Of murder! ask no more,  
Go to your room, and leave me, child, before  
My brain is turned—horror!—they burst the door.

Enter Corrigan, O'More, and Father Tom, with soldiers.

Cho. What portends this strange confusion,  
Surely it is some delusion.  
Soldiers Castle Chute invade;  
Are the Red Coats not afraid?

Cor. Naught—naught we fear, we come in the King's name.

Mrs. C. I see the wretch exulting in our shame.

- Anne. Brave Irishmen, you hear the voice of honour call,  
It bids you drive the stranger from this ancient hall.
- Cho. Gentlemen, of Ireland all,  
On the bold invaders fall.  
Drive them, drive them from this ancient hall.
- O'Mo. Peace, peace—no time is this for idle fray,  
A charge of murder has been brought this day  
Against young Hardress.
- Cho. Murder—Hardress, no,  
He's innocent.
- O'Mo. Yes, I believe him so,  
And therefore do I think it best  
Among his friends this weighty charge to test.
- Cho. That course is best, that course is best.
- Cor. Oh, certainly, a clever plan,  
We find the truth, but lose the man ;  
While here we learnedly debate,  
He'll slip away as sure as fate.
- [To soldiers]. Quick, search the house.
- Mrs. C. This outrage must we bear ?
- O'Mo. The law requires—
- Mrs. C. My sleeping room is there.
- O'Mo. With deep regret—
- Cor. Yet, madame, yet—  
Our duty we must do, you see.
- Mrs. C. Enough, enough ; here take the key.
- Cor. She had it—in that chamber he must be.
- Mrs. C. He's fled, he's fled ; they come too late ;  
The chamber they will search in vain.
- Anne. This is not justice—this is hate,  
Although respect for law they feign.
- Mrs. C. His voice—his voice—I'm paralysed with fear.
- Enter Corrigan.
- Cor. Behold, behold, the prisoner here !
- Enter Soldiers with Hardress. Mrs. Cregan rushes to his arms.
- Ah, Hardress ; my son, my boy.
- Cho. The worst let hate and malice do,  
Your friends will still be firm and true ;  
Whate'er misfortune may befall,  
Rely upon us one and all.
- Mrs. C. and Anne.  
Their worst let them who hate him do,  
Kind friends, he stands absolved by you  
Whate'er misfortune may befall,  
By you he's honor'd—thank you all.
- O'Mo. Their worst let them who hate him do,  
His friends will still be firm and true ;  
Whate'er misfortune may befall,  
He can rely upon them all.

Cor. The law offended claims its due,  
While justice feeds my vengeance too;  
Oh, when he spurned me from this hall,  
I swore his pride should have a fall.

Anne. Hardress, though all the world rise against you, I'll stand by you—so stand you here by me.

Cor. I will lay before you, sir, proofs enough to hang a whole jail delivery. Here is the confession of Danny Mann, servant of the accused, who swears on his death-bed that he did the deed—murdered the girl by the orders of the prisoner.

Har. 'Tis false, he offered to do the hellish work.

Cor. Mark that; he acknowledges that it was talked of between them.

Har. But I repelled his suggestion.

Cor. Ay, at first you did; but he told you to reconsider that, and if you changed your mind and wished her disposed of, you were to send him your glove.

Mrs. C. Ah! what do I hear? His glove!

Cor. His glove, that was to be the token.

Har. But that token I never gave.

Cor. No!

Har. No, by Heaven!

Cor. (*holding out glove*) Here it is. Do you deny it?

Mrs. C. Hold! he is innocent. Oh, mercy, what, what have I done; that token, 'twas I who gave it. I am guilty.

Har. No, believe her not.

Mrs. C. 'Twas I! twas I! release my son.

## FINALE.

Myl. Stop!

To put an end to everything,  
A witness most infallible I bring,  
Who'll prove the Colleen Bawn not dead at all—  
Yes, yes, herself I call. [Enter Eily.

Har. My Colleen Bawn, my love, my wife,  
Oh! welcome, welcome back to life.

All. The Colleen Bawn his lovely wife.  
Oh! welcome, welcome back to life.

Anne. There's happiness in plenty and to spare,  
But still there's none for me, this is not fair,

Myl. Not alone you'll have to sigh,  
A victim like yourself am I;  
But of my love I don't repent,  
For if she's happy, I'm content.

Anne. From you a lesson I will learn,  
Nor your humble teaching spurn;  
I've lost a husband, found a friend,  
May both prove true unto the end.

Eily. By sorrow tried severely,  
Happiness we find at last;  
The future beams so clearly,

Lost in darkness seems the past.  
Yet calm thyself, fond heart,  
Nor in thy gladness  
Forget thy sadness ;  
We think the sun most bright,  
When freed from night  
We hail his light.

Cho. A cloudless day at last will dawn  
Upon the hapless Colleen Bawn.

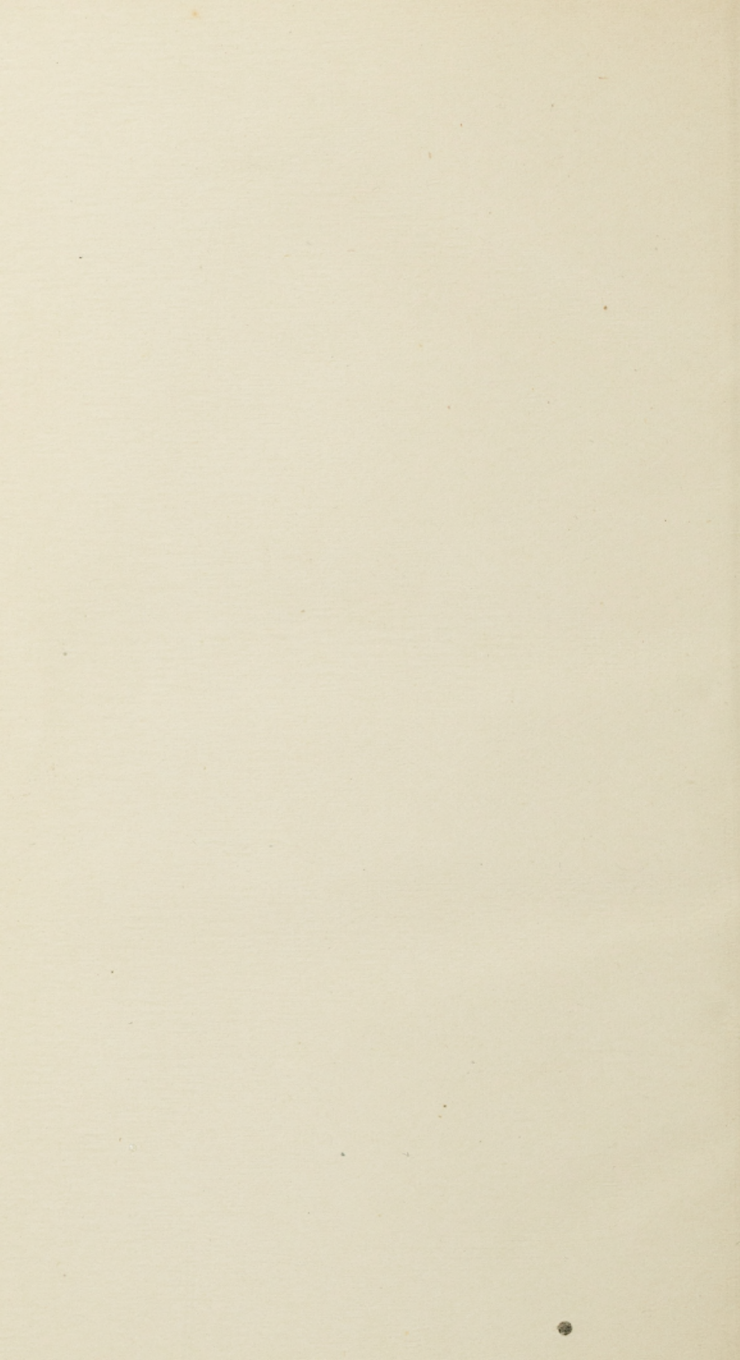
THE END.

*H  
a.*



DSM  
782.1  
6





a.n. 26738206





DSM/ 782.1/ 0  
Benedict's grand opera of  
The Lily of Killarney, as  
performed by the Grand Opera  
Company.

**STATE LIBRARY  
OF N.S.W.**



N2145910

