

STATE LIBRARY OF N.S.W.
MITCHELL LIBRARY

DSM/
782.4/
H



David Scott Mitchell.

THE OPERA LIBRETTO.

The Hermit's Bell

(LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS).

Romantic Opera, in 3 Acts, composed by

A. MAILLART.

Translated and adapted from the French by
ARTHUR BAILDON, Esq., expressly for Mr.

MARTIN SIMONSEN.

The right of performing this, the only English version of the Opera "Les Dragons de Villars" (The Hermit's Bell) belongs to MR. MARTIN SIMONSEN, for England, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and all English Colonies. Neither the entire Opera nor any part therefrom can be performed without his written permission.

1877.

Printed at the "Advertiser" Office, King William St.,
ADELAIDE.

THE HERMIT'S BELL.

ACT 1.—INTRODUCTION.



Cho While the sunbeams play here around us
We cull fruit ripe and rare
That by kind Nature here is found us
In our valley so fair.
There to prepare
Be now our care,
Fruit such as these
Ever must please.

Geor While our husbands now are wending
To the town this market day.
Here each wife her spouse attending
Knows he'll soon return this way

Cho While the sunbeams, &c.
1st Peasant Dear Georgette, pray sing us something
to pass the time away.

Geor Willingly!

CHANSON PROVENCALE.

Geor Colin going away
To his love did say,
Our dear fatherland doth want me ;
But while I'm at sea,
That you'll constant be
Just one little proof now grant me.
She replied, "Then you
Tell me what to do."
And Colin answered this
By stealing a sweet kiss.
"Go," said she, "this believing.
When you return to home
Constant you'll find me waiting
Where orange blossoms bloom."

Cho In bright youth
Each heart doth
Yield to love?

Geor By the tempest tossed
Was the good ship lost,
With her gallant crew together ;
And the girl so fair
Cried in her despair—
"Must ! as an old maid wither ?
Oh, what must be done,
Such a fate to shun ?
Peter close by heard this,
And from her stole a kiss !
No longer sad tears shedding,
Bright smiles dispersed her gloom,
While with young Peter wedding
Where orange blossoms bloom.

Cho While the sunbeams, &c.

- Geor What sound so near
 Is that we hear ;
 The echo from the hills rebounding,
 Of a trumpet loudly sounding.
- All Oh ! Heaven, should these be the dragoons !
 What fears do through each bosom spread ;
 What will become of us we dread ;
- Thi Let each female hide
 Now, without delay ;
 Woe will else betide—
 Soldiers, come this way.
 Safely each door fasten.
 Widow, wife, and maiden
 Hide yourself, I say—
 Soldiers, come this way !
- Cho Can it be ? soldiers here !
- Thi Through the valley I was trudging,
 Counting all my money o'er,
 As I have often done before,
 When not far from me appearing
 Came the soldiers that I dread,
 And then with all my might I fled
 As I saw them come
 Didn't I just run,
 Heeding not at all
 Many a hard fall. Let each female hide, &c.
- Thi Quick ! quick ! hide yourselves in the barn ; and
 you wife, conceal yourself in the fowl-house. For your
 lives do not stir while the dragoons are here.
- Cho We here will halt, the day is glowing,
 Fiercely beams the sun at noon ;
 And soon the wine-cup we'll set flowing,
 And drink a health to the bold gay dragoon.
- Bel When after a long hard day's ride
 The bold dragoon, whate'er betide,
 Still will slight his own need,
 And his first care will bestow on his good steed.
 We groom it with love, and with tenderest
 care,
 Till glossy as silk doth its bright coat appear ;
 And gallantly then to-morrow we know
 The steed and its brave rider will show.
 The grenadier when his rest taking
 Heeds not how matters take their course ;
 But the dragoon, though fatigue o'ertake him,
 Ere he will rest thinks of his horse.
 Bright as silver sheen
 He'll the harness clean,
 Nor his wants make known
 Till his steed is done.
 And thus proceeds he on his way,
 The bold dragoon, so blythe and gay,
 My lads, no doubt you oft did hear
 Here is wine that cannot be equalled,
 So when you our horses have stabled

What I think of it I'll declare.

Away! From work now never shrink,
 Meanwhile I to the health of our good king
 will drink.

Cho We here will halt, &c. [*Exeunt DRAGOONS.*]

Bel Are they all dead or asleep in this village? I have not yet seen the shadow of a human form. Now then, wake up, here some of you. Hilliho, you country bumpkins!

Thi Do you want any one, please, Mr. Officer?

Bel Yes; you or any one that happens to come first; I am glad it is you.

Thi Thank you, Mr. Officer.

Bel Well-to-do sort of dress, good! Pretty house, good! Comfortable look about it, good! I intend to make my headquarters here; so get me some dinner. I will find the bread and you the meat; as for the adjuncts you must provide them.

Thi Thank you, Mr. Officer.

Bel Have you anything to eat?

Thi Only just do for myself.

Bel Good; it will do for me! Have you a bed?

Thi There is mine.

Bel Good, it will do for me!

Thi Good for me! Is there anything else you would like, Mr. Brigadier?

Bel No; at least not for the next quarter of an hour.

Ah! one trifling question. Are you married?

Thi What a question to put! Well, I have been.

Bel A widower, I suppose.

Thi Heaven be praised. I mean, alas! yes.

Bel You'll find no woman to look at you.

Thi Nor you either. Women are scarce this season.

The epidemic swept them off.

Bel All of them?

Thi There is not a villager got a wife left.

Bel A village of widowers. What do you mean?

Thi Well, you know! Look at the cattle plagues?

Illness had something to do with it; but there was something else.

Bel What?

Thi So long as the war carried on by His Majesty Louis the Fourteenth against the Calvinists was confined to the mountains of the Cevennes we did not trouble ourselves much about it; but now that they are driven from their country, and pursued by the dragoons of Marshal Villars, it was thought likely that some of them might seek a refuge in our mountains of Esterel, where surely they would not long be left in peace. To prove that we are right here you are in search of them; and our neighbors, thinking it was of no use waiting between the hammer and the anvil, sent away their wives and daughters—some to Cannes and others to Antibus—so that they should be out of the way, you understand.

Bel The idiots!



Thi Ain't they? Just now, you see, there is not a petticoat for two leagues round.

Bel The idiots!

Thi Ain't they?

Bel Quick, my dinner.

Thi Immediately.

Bel And a guide

Thi Are you going?

Bel What the devil do you suppose I am to do here now?

Thi Oh! nothing; but do you not command the detachment?

Bel I do; at least in the absence of the lieutenant, whom I have left guarding the valley. A nice post it is—no water, no wine, no food, and no forage; but as the choice of quarters was left to me I chose this for myself.

Thi The best place?

Bel Of course. Now, rustic, one more question. Are we far from the place called the Grotto of Saint Gratien?

Thi Not more than an hour's march. It is up yonder by the hermitage you see from here. Have you received orders to search it?

Bel We have. Can you procure a guide?

Thi A guide? I shall have the greatest pleasure in life in showing you myself. Silvan! I shall be so glad to see you go, Silvan!

Bel While you are getting ready I will just take a nap.

Thi There's the barn.

Bel I prefer your bed.

Thi No accounting for taste.

Bel This is mine. What idiots these bumpkins are!

(Enters Thibaut's House)

Thi So they are, Mr. Officer, so they are.

Enter SILVAN.

Sil Dragoons here!

Thi Got rid of him at last! Silvan!

Sil You want me, master?

Thi Oh, here you are. What has kept you all this time since you started at daybreak with the olives for the hamlet of Luz?

Sil Do not mention it, master. I am in too much trouble to answer you.

Thi I am not to mention it, am I not? But I insist upon knowing. Now listen, Silvan, since you have been in this part of the country you have got yourself known for a good, prudent, hard-working lad; but if you go on as you have for some time past, loitering here and there, and 'going no one knows where, you must look out for another place. Now I have warned you. Go and saddle my mule.

Sil Do you want it?

Thi It seems so, since I ask you for it.

Sil There, I knew this would happen, and that you would want it to-day.

Thi Why should that distress you ?

Sil It distresses me because—

Thi What ?

Sil It is not here—none of them are here. I have lost them all.

Thi Lost my mules ! Where ?

Sil Up the mountain by the Grotto of Saint— I mean up the mountain ; I do not know how they went astray. I loved them so much.

Thi Of course they were stolen.

Sil Stolen ?

Thi Do you think not ? Are there any up the mountains that would do such a thing ? Do we not know that for some time past bands of fugitives have been concealed there ?

Sil Oh ! Heaven.

Thi Those rascals would steal my mules to escape the quicker.

Sil No, no, master ; nobody passed me on the road ; nobody stole the mules. Had any one done so, Rose Moineau, who was there watching her goat grazing, would have told me.

Thi Do you think so ? Would Rose Moineau help any fellow creature ? Why she is the most mischievous of all the country round, and wanders about the mountains by night as well as day, attended by her spiteful little goat—she is avoided by all, and even the children when they meet her throw stones at her.

Sil The less said about that the better, Master Thibaut. It is that that makes her so wild, and I think it is shameful to treat her so.

Thi Of course. You say that because the other day, when a stone was being thrown that might have hurt her, you threw yourself before her and received the blow instead, like a fool as you are. Perhaps you think that in return she ought to help you to find your mules, but she would rather help to drown them if she knew where they were.

Sil Listen.

Thi To what ?

Sil I thought I heard—down the road—Yes, it is their bell—I know it—They are here.

Thi My mules ?

Sil I tell you they are coming.

Thi But I never knew them to trot like that. Ah ! there is that Rose Moineau riding them. Come off, will you ? There is the ditch in front, and she is going to jump it. Run, Silvan.

Sil Yes, master.

[Exit.

Thi Will you stop, you wicked Rose ! You will break their legs ! Now she jumps off, and runs to hide in the orchard. Just wait till I catch you !

RECITATION.

Rose Master Thibaut, no mules could e'er be better,
I now return them, as you've no cause to chide ;

Your leave we did not ask, but ambled on
together,
And in the clear morning air joyously did we
ride
Through each vale high and low.
Like the wind we did go.

AIR.

Go, go, light as a zephyr,
Gallantly bear me thro' each pleasant vale ;
Go, go, speed o'er the heather,
What greater pleasure o'er this can prevail.
Good mule, when thou'rt with me,
Like lightning we there
Then cleave thro' the air.

No queen more proud can be
Than I saluting the morn bright and fair,
Go, go, onward speeding,
Let nothing stop thee, but still canter free.
Go, go, and swiftly leading
To yonder forest, whose cool shade we see,
It is fate rules, you see,
What our fortune must be ;
And if riches crown you,
I'll have my pleasures too.
Our sweet valley so free,
Where I sing merrily
Clic, clac.

Gallop on while you may,
Gentle mule, haste away,
Clic, clac.

While I sound row your bell
To the winds I will tell.

Go, go, no thoughts distressing,
I'm free to roam here, light-hearted and gay ;
Go, go, while youth possessing,
Fear not the future, but let come what may.
When thro' the meadows we're racing,
Glad thoughts then cheer us, all sad ones
chasing ;

Who would from pleasures like this ever part ;
And until life from me sever,
Roaming these mountains in freedom ever,
This is the joy of my heart.

Enter SILVAN.

Sil Do not be afraid master, they shall not get away again. I have come purposely, Rose, to thank you for the trouble you have taken in bringing the mules home ; and though you might have driven them home more gently, still you will find me not ungrateful for your kindness.

Rose So, Master Silvan, after nearly being discharged for his negligence, is actually going to remember that poor friendless Rose Moineau has done him a service. Many thanks for your kind promise, it will help to buy me an estate some of these days.

Sil You say that as if you did not believe my word, Rose ; but I always keep it, and have never yet forgotten any one who has obliged me.

Rose What do you generally give them ?

Sil Choose for yourself. The first time a pedlar passes this way you shall take your choice amongst his handkerchiefs and caps.

Rose A handkerchief for fetching back your mules ? It is not enough.

Sil If you require your services to be paid at its full value, I will give you what money master holds of mine.

Rose Money for running away with your mules ? That would be too much.

Sil What do you mean ?

Rose He does not know yet ! When you found your mules gone did it never occur to you that Rose Moineau might have taken a fancy to gallop them over the mountain ?

Sil You, Rose ?

Rose Ha ! ha ! It takes the simpleton two hours to find that out.

Sil It was you who took them from me ?

Rose Is that anything wonderful ?

Sil And you did not care for the anxiety it would cause me ?

Rose I am afraid you are not well.

Sil Nor the reproaches I should receive through you ?

Rose Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sil Nor the trouble it would give me ? Or did you only think of it to laugh at me as you are doing now, while I, like a fool was wandering up and down the roads in despair, and tearing my hair in my rage. I will not deny, Rose, that you have some feeling in your heart, for I have seen you weep when they spoke ill of your dead mother, but as for good actions or kindness they are not to be looked for from you.

Rose Poor fellow ; that is all he can say to one who has kept him on the trot all day.

Sil Yes, there is one thing more I can say which alone is sufficient to justify the bad opinion that is held of you, and which makes your conduct unworthy as your mockery is disgraceful. Behold the mark of the stone I received in saving you from it. I have no more to say to Rose Moineau—had you any heart there would have been no need to remind you of this.

Rose Who told you I had forgotten it ?

Sil The knowledge that we never harm those whose remembrance we cherish.

Rose That is true. It is much better to let them get into trouble without caring for them. Oh, yes, that would be a much better way of showing one's good heart. After all, you are making noise enough because I thought proper to bring on the mules. I had better have waited till the Bailie of Luz, who was following you, found them at the same place they were left yesterday and other days

Well, at least, I can wait on you while you dine.

Bel As you please, my dear. I am dying of hunger and thirst. That rustic damsel is not amiss at all.

DUETT.

Bel Come on my dear,

Fill me a glass to cheer me ;

With travelling I am weary,

So fill up without fear.

That country bumpkin I opine,

Would send me only his best wine.

Rose What he has sent there is no saying,

For very oft he'll tricks be playing

Just where'er he has a chance.

Bel Would he dare tricks be playing ?

Rose Where'er he has a chance.

Bel Ah, pah ! What wretched stuff is here ?

I never tasted worse, I swear.

Rose If a dragoon I chanced to be

No one should ever laugh at me.

No, no ; no tricks for me.

Bel This farmer, here, has he no private cellar

In which he hides his choicest liquor ?

Rose I must not tell,

But look round well.

Bel Say where ?

Rose I really must not tell it.

Bel But with a look you can reveal it

On this side ? Or yonder ? Or over there ?

Is this it ? Yes, it is here.

Ensemble His cunning now $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{you} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$ see

This little fact revealing ;

His bad wine here gave he,

His good liquor concealing.

Rose This joke is most cheering,

Yes, almost past belief.

And Master Thibaut we'll hear him

Crying out, " Stop, thief."

And thinking how with rage he'll jar,

I can't help laughing, ha, ha, ha !

Bel In truth all jokes this does beat far,

Shows you a girl of spirit are.

Rose Dragoon, come drink,

A pleasant journey to ye.

Bel 'Tis well, I'll drink

A pleasant journey to me.

Rose Your troop will soon here ready be to go,

Then drink their healths ere they are starting.

Bel It grieves me much now to be parting

From this place pleasant to the view,

For all that if I must speak true

What can a soldier here find to do ?

Come on, my dear,

A parting glance to cheer me.

In spite of the good wine from here now let me go.

How in this village they can be
So happy, really puzzles me,
When widowers they all are here,
'Tis something awful, I declare!

Rose What truth's in this there is no saying,
The master oft will tricks be playing,
Just when e'er he has a chance.

Bel This cap by which the truth's betrayed
For one of our sex ne'er was made.
This pretty cap, there's nothing clearer,
Must have a female for its wearer.
Then where is she?
I pray tell me.

Rose I must not tell,
But look round well.

Bell Say where—

Rose I really must not tell it.

Bel But with a look you can reveal it.
On this side? or yonder? or over there?
Is this it? Yes, it is here!
O woman!

Ensemble His cunning now $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{you} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$ see
This little fact revealing;
A pretty woman he
Was like his wine concealing.

Rose So soon to go, and leave this place, must you?
The wine is good, and here is beauty too;
Leave your departure till to-morrow.

Bel So soon to go and leave now will not do.
The wine is good, and here is beauty too—
We'll not depart then till to-morrow;
The dragoons of you will be proud
If to serve women were allowed.

Geor Help me, some one, help!

Bel Nay, be not alarmed.

Rose Now I will go and look after my husband.

Bel Fear not, my charmer. I am not here to behave
rudely before such loveliness. Discipline and education
make it my duty to protect you from every one—even
your husband, if it be true you do not love him.

Geor You are quite wrong, Mister Soldier; I love him
very much.

Bel You love your husband? Well, it cannot be where
I have taken up my quarters.

Geor My husband, sir, is Farmer Thibaut; that is our
house.

Bel So it is he after all? You surprise me. His name
is Thibaut? What an ugly name! Mine is Belamy;
my rank, quarter-master; my regiment, dragoons; my
colonel, Marshal Villars. I do not tell you this to dazzle
you, but simply that you might know it. I suppose it
was your husband that was childish enough to shut you
up yonder?

Geor Yes, Mister Soldier, so that you should not find me.

Bel How well his plan succeeded.

Geor You know soldiers are said to be fascinating.

Bel Merely polite, that is all.

Geor And my husband is so jealous. I am sure I do not know why.

Bel Nor I either! it is quite ridiculous.

Geor Especially as he has nothing to fear.

Bel Nothing at all

Geor No more have any of the others, for the hermit up there watches over them.

Bel Is there a one-sided hermit that does such things?

Geor The hermit of St. Gratien. Did you never hear of him?

Bel He is not known in the regiment.

Geor He is the terror of all the women in the village.

Bel A tell-tale?

Geor That hated him. He injured them all he could while alive.

Bel Is he dead then?

Geor For the last two hundred years at least; but that does not prevent him coming back whenever he can do them some malicious turn.

Bel Why the deuce cannot he mind his own business in the other world?

Geor Through that tell-tale hermit's bell,

So ready to betray,

Here husbands only, we know well,

Are allowed to be gay.

Though husbands as we know

Are zealous found elsewhere;

Yet here it is not so,

That bell saves them from care.

For them, while they are sleeping,

The hermit watch is keeping

As cunning as can be.

But if a wife by chance

Bestow a passing glance

Upon a youth, although quite innocent is he,

Ding, ding, ding, ding!

That hermit's bell will quickly ring

From out that tower, ruined and grey,

As if Old Nick himself had come the deuce to play.

Scarcely dare a smile be seen,

A word we must not say;

Nor to a young man on the green

Like neighbors, say Good-day.

If when we cross the brook

A youth should help in this,

And when our thanks we look,

He chanced to steal a kiss.

And if our collar is crumpled,

Our hair a little tumbled,



As sometimes it may be ;
Or when nightfall is near

Who'd to the grove repair

Unless there are of us at least, in number, three

Ding, ding, ding, ding !

The hermit's bell will quickly ring

From out that tower, ruined and grey,

As if Old Nick himself had come the deuce to play.

Bel Oh, this is too bad ! Do the husbands here trust
to the hermit up there ?

Geor That they do ; and I should like to know what
was the use of shutting me up in the fowl-house and hid-
ing the others in the barn.

Bel They are in the barn, are they ? What folly !

Geor Is it not ?

Bel You must take me to the hermitage.

Geor With pleasure.

Bel This evening.

Geor Certainly.

Bel I should like to go there with you, without saying
a word to any one, to find out—

Geor What ?

Bel An experiment I mean to make—and see if he will
ring his bell. [THIBAUT heard without.

Geor Somebody is coming.

Enter ROSE, THIBAUT, SILVAN, and Dragoons.

Cho 'Tis time, dragoons, that we resume our course ;

Come, friends, now quickly to horse.

Thi (to Belamy) My mule is ready,

He's firm and steady,

And I will lead ye—

Your guide am I this time preforce.

Bel Halt awhile, I've changed my mind,

In this place now I find

My comrades brave, are all delights combined.

The wine

Is superfine,

And of the best I say ;

Beside,

Those that reside

Here, beg that we awhile will stay.

Let us their wish grant,

And stop one day more as they want.

Cho Worthy people, good and true,

Since to soldiers you incline,

One day more we'll stop with you,

And attack your rosy wine.

Sil } What I hear, is it true ?

Thi } Such a change whoever knew.

Rose Hopes of pleasure the soldiers keeping.

They will not in a hurry go.

And for him no more grieving [*indicating SILVAN*]

But sweet hope in his heart will glow,

Sil New hope my heart doth here regain,

While I my joy scarcely restrain,

- Thi New fear my heart now doth pain,
Myself I scarcely can sustain.
- Bel Good friends with you will we remain,
We'll find no better rest 'tis plain.
- Thi So secretly ; What does he say.
- Bel Now that you know, be quick away.
My friend, on you I'll pity take,
I'll soon your widowhood be ending.
- Thi What mischief now is pending ?
- Bel And just for friendship's sake
Your wife to find I you will make.
- Rose All goes well as it could be.
Although fortune once was frowning ;
Now success my efforts crowning,
Shall the fugitives set free.
- Sil May the exiles rescued be
Though fate on them now be frowning,
May success my efforts crowning,
The poor fugitives set free.
- Thi Oh, poor husbands ! lost are we,
Fortune now on us is frowning ;
These dragoons all will be owning,
Worse^r than any plague must be.
- Bel Gallant comrades, trust to me,
Fortune will your hopes be crowning
While the wine is good here owning
Something better still you'll see.
- Thi This is too bad,
Their hiding-place betrayed,
- Women Good gentlemen,
O pray refrain !
Behold our tears ;
Allay our fears !
- Geor Gentlemen, on us pray pity take ;
Pity our poor husbands for our sake !
- Bel Fair gentle dames let nought alarm you ;
With us you're safe, no one shall^r harm you.
All we desire
You now shall hear :
A dance just to make the time pass,
And with your husbands drink a glass.
- Women No cause for fear now here we see ;
Then let us all now merry be.
- Geor Vain the fears that we've o'er us creeping.
Like the morning mist they go ;
In the gay dance time keeping,
Let each fair one her pleasure show,
- Rose The dance begin—your partners take.
- Bel [*To THIBAUT*] Worthy fellow, our cupbearer you we'll
[make.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

- Rose^r Who'd a pretty girl be wooing
Must he sigh, his passion showing,
If he'd gain her for his own ?
- Dra No, no, no.

Bel Let his words be warm and glowing,
Like the clarion's warlike tone,

Rose Bravo ! It is so.

Bel & } The trumpet bravely sound,

Dra } And let its notes ring out afar ;
The trumpet bravely sound,
For deeds of love as well as war.
It drowns the rattling battle cry,
As well as lover's tender sigh.

Rose [to SILVAN] While they are dancing here, and no one is watching you, take advantage of these moments.

Sil. How ?

Rose I say, your friends have this night to make their escape, and you can go to them to the Grotto of Saint Gratien. No more ! Be silent !

Bel [to GEORGETTE] This evening then to the hermitage.

Thi Oh, these sad rogues, the greatest known.

The women and our wine they will not leave alone !

Rose When a jealous husband's near him
Should one seem as if one feared him,
And let him have his own way ?

Dra No, no, no !

Bel Boldly let him sing to scare him,
As if the devil was to pay.

Rose Bravo ! It is so.

Bel & } The trumpet bravely sound, &c.

Dra }
Rose } These soldiers dancing now away,
Geor } Until to-morrow will remain ;
Thi }

Their court to women they will pay,
And the wine cup they will drain.

Dra We'll dance and drink all care away,
Until to-morrow here we'll remain,
Where sparkling eyes invite we'll stay,
And the wine cup we will drain.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Ruin of the Hermitage St. Gratien.*

SCENA PASTORALE.

Oh, the sweet Springtide
When birds are gaily singing
As 'midst the trees they hide,
Whose young are just springing,
Shady thickets bright and green,
Meadows decked with flowers are seen,
Where glides the brook between,
Tra, la, la,
Ah, that time so dear
Will soon be here.

Here the silence round my voice only is breaking,
Take heart, it is Hope that is speaking,
To you now, exiles that hide amidst the rocks
so drear,

To your suffering this night an end we'll be making,
 No prison dark you'll longer fear.
 Do you now hear the words of Hope, I say ?
 There while I watch let all kneel down and pray.
 Oh, the sweet Springtide
 The shepherdesses' glory
 As their flock they guide,
 And listen to love's story,
 When my fair one's eye to see,
 There I read as said to me
 Let Hope your watchword be !

Rose Ah, that time so dear

Will soon be here !

Sil She is coming, yes, it is

She is here.

Together Ah, that time so dear

Will soon be here !

Sil You here, Rose, why did you follow me ?

Rose Well, indeed ? Cannot I leave the dance as well as you ?

Sil Of course you can, and I am not complaining of your being here. I would be very ungrateful were I to forget that but for you the dragoons would already have been at the grotto of St. Gratien, two steps from here.

Rose How do you know it was I detained them !

Sil The way everything occurred just as wanted, and the few words you whispered to me during the dance. I know it is your way always to appear ignorant of the good you do, and even to hide it by the mocking manner you seem to delight in ; and if I, like others, have been deceived by that appearance, and could not read in your face the goodness of your heart, I am now so sorry that you need not further punish me. I see, Rose, it is not easy to hide a secret from you, but it is a blessing that you discovered it, for you have only used knowledge to aid it.

Rose If I only had money enough to pay the schoolmaster I would get him to write those nine words in big letters on a placard that I would stick on a pole in the middle of the village that every one might read it far off.

Sil You are laughing at me, but as you are here, as you have followed me to the hermitage, you have done so because some new danger threatens, and you will be able to help me.

Rose Ha, ha, ha ! He will take me for his guardian angel next.

Sil Perhaps so, for you do not know what I owe you. Listen, Rose, I was very young when left an orphan. An aged pastor found me weeping by the road side, and taking me by the hand said to me "You have lost a father, come with me, charity is of all religions, you shall be my son." Soon after the war compelled him to fly, and I was once more left alone, so in despair I left the country where I had lost all those I loved. I came here and found work,

and it would seem that Heaven itself had brought me hither that I might pay my debt of gratitude.

Rose Ah, the way is often shown to people who are often in no hurry to do it, but go on.

Sil For some days past amidst these rocks have been concealed men upon whose heads a price is placed—women, children, and entire families worn out by suffering, whose only bed is the cold hard ground. Who delivers them to their enemies will receive 200 pistoles.

Rose Yes, yes, I know! Go on.

Sil Who would help those unfortunates and assist their flight, expose his liberty and his life, but I willingly risk both for them, although the business is new to me, and I do not get on so well at it as at my own work. The thing is, I must preserve them at any price, Rose, for my benefactor is concealed there with the others, and proscribed like them.

Rose Oh, Heaven, my heart sinks at thinking what woe might have been caused by one word from me; but I said nothing, Silvan!

Sil I shall owe his life to you. Everything is ready. In one hour when the night is darker, they, with me, will noiselessly descend the path that leads round the mountains.

Rose I came to tell you that it is guarded.

Sil Then we must go by the two rocks.

Rose That is guarded also.

Sil Then that to the town of Palene.

Rose Palene is occupied by the troops.

Sil Oh! What is to be done, what is to be done?

Rose There is a mountain path that no one knows, as no one has ever been that way except my goat and me—by it the frontier can be reached in four hours. It is getting dark. The dragoons are still dancing. In one hour I will be here, rely upon me.

Sil Ah, I knew that if you followed me, it was to save me again.

Rose Now that pretty speech is made I will go.

Sil Must you leave me?

Rose Well, I would not like it known that we were here together, or all the good dames of the village, with their amiable tongues, would tear from me what little bit of good name is left of me.

Sil They do not know you, Rose; they do not know your worth. It deeply grieves me that they do not do you justice, and that you yourself, Rose, seem to care so little about it. Remember, Rose, that respect is a young girl's fortune.

Rose It is true, Silvan, and I deserve that you should remind me of it; but when I am spoken to with kindness I am not insensible to my faults, and I will correct them, I promise you.

Sil You will find it easy to do, as well as to dress with a little more care. Do you know, Rose, one must look at you twice to see that you are really pretty.

Rose Oh, now you are laughing at me, Master Silvan.

DUET.

Rose Call me pretty ?

Sil That's nothing wonderful, I'm sure.

Rose You're only jesting,
No one has said that before !

Sil Know, then, that since I first saw you
I often to myself said so

As you passed by ;

Ah, then, said I,

Bright as the skies

Are Rose's eyes,

And what a charm

Doth grace that form.

Rose As I passed by ?

Sil As you passed by !

Rose Did your thoughts thus to me apply ?

What joy supreme

O'er me doth gleam ;

Ah, can it be

One thinks of me ?

Those accents dear

Must be sincere !

Well, gentle Silvan, I will also say

What I thought of you as you passed this way.

Yes, to myself said I,

As you passed by,

In self communion, none else nigh.

To Silvan here alone my thought's are turning,

My heart with love for him is burning,

As you passed by, ah ! thus said I.

Sil Did such thoughts to me apply ?

Rose Yes in my cottage lonely,

Sil And you said as I passed by ?

Rose Here I will love thee only.

But there's no one here doth care

For poor and humble Rose,

And to love her no one here would dare.

Sil Oh, say not so, dear Rose, for I would dare.

Rose This now from you can I demand,

Dare you the lover of Rose appear ?

Sil Yes, have no fear, but take my hand.

Rose Oh, Silvan !

Ensemble In my bosom gladness reigning,

And with rapture thrills my heart,

To think ^{his} love I am obtaining,
_{her}

And never more we'll part.

Rose But see the night is falling,

While in the mountain's shade

Are the exiles on you calling.

And them to save I you will aid.

Sil Farewell then, dear !

Rose The hour calls you away.

Sil You'll wait me here ?

Rose For you, dear Silvan, I'll stay.

Ensemble With your love ever mine

What joy will on me shine

Of this joy did I dream

That now doth brightly beam.

Yes, as you passed by,

To myself said I,

Oh, would that love most pure and bright

Would for ever us unite.

Thi My wife has disappeared from the dance, and so has the dragoon. I saw them. I followed them—a uniform with a female on its arm; it must have been my wife. No one here? They must have turned to the left, and so I lost them. Ah!

Rose Ah!

Thi Rose Moineau!

Rose Really Master Thibaut, you shouldn't fright one like that.

Thi Rose Moineau here! It seems that I am to meet you everywhere.

Rose What can have brought him here?

Thi Am I blind? Is everyone coming this evening to the hermitage where no one ever comes? How foolish of me; it must have been she I saw far off arm in arm with the uniform. What are you doing here at this hour?

Rose What are you?

Thi That is no business of yours.

Rose I could make you the same answer but for respect.

Thi But I know why you are here.

Rose Indeed! Why did you ask me then?

Thi For fun, for my own amusement. Where is he hidden?

Rose Who?

Thi The other, he with whom you came, to whom you gave the appointment this evening

Rose Gracious Heaven!

Thi It was she. Fa, ha! So you disappear from the dance without pretending, climb the path to the hermitage in the twilight; sit down snugly with your lover, and fancy that no one will disturb you, but that you can get back and resume your place as if nothing was the matter. But there are eyes that see, ears that hear, and legs that run; you are found out, and that your secret may be the better kept I will go and bring all the village here.

Rose Master Thibaut!

Thi This will give them something to talk about. Ha, ha! And I thought it was my wife.

Rose Your wife?

Thi That she had left with the dragoon.

Rose What dragoon?

Thi Why, yours—the one that came with you.

Rose A dragoon?

Thi Well, it was not a grenadier, I suppose. And as

he disappeared during the dance, and I could not find her either—

Rose Your wife?

Thi Of course; that was what made it so strange, for I naturally thought—

Rose Yes, yes, I begin to understand. You thought at first it was she with the dragoon, and now you think it is—Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Thi Ha, ha, ha, ha. What are you laughing for?

Rose Oh, nothing, Master Thibaut.

Thi What are you laughing for? It annoys me, and I want to know.

Rose Oh, nothing, only I advise you not to bring any one with you.

Thi Why not? What do you mean by that? Do you mean to say I am a fool, to think it was you I saw, when on the contrary it was—What is it you say?

Rose Nothing, Master Thibaut.

Thi That is what enrages me; I want you to say something.

Rose But I do not know anything.

Thi No more do I. You carry it off so. How stupid I am. Soldiers have more taste, and no doubt it was my wife. They turned to the left, and I turned to the right, like an ass.

Rose Where are you going like that?

Thi What is that to do with you? Mind your own business.

Rose I should like to know.

Thi Go to the devil, I have no time to spare. O, ancient hermit, I put myself under your protection. However little may be the danger, still help me, and do as I do; don't go to sleep on the road. They turned to the left.

Rose Master Thibaut! Master Thibaut, do not run like that or you will get there too soon. The others—his wife—just in time. How unfortunate!

TRIO.

Geor 'Tis there; behold, 'tis there,
The ancient famous pious hermitage.

Bel So it is there?

Geor 'Tis there!
From here—you see from here
Of the hermit the holy image.

Bel I am sure it is well worth the pilgrimage;
And what is that?

Geor That is
The belfry, old and grey,

Bel So terrible they say
To fair ones of the village yonder.

Rose It's seen so far from here,
What need to come so near;
What brings them to this place, I wonder?

Bel And there—Your'e sure it's there
Is the ancient, famous, pious hermitage!

- Geor Yes, it ts there.
- Bel It's there
You're sure it's there ?
- Geor It's there.
Now in this hermitage
Must you devoutly kneel and pray.
- Bel One moment yet I pray you stay
My charming guide, why run away ?
Now let your heart tender be,
Do not fly thus from me.
- Geor I can no longer stay,
What would the people say ?
'Twas wrong for me to come,
I must at once away.
- Rose Alas ! unlucky day,
How long here will they stay !
Soon Silvan will return,
To warn him now what way.
She now is going, Heaven be praised !
- Bel To go so soon I can't permit.
- Geor I dare no longer now stay here,
I have, alas, too much to fear.
- Bel What do you fear ?
- Geor I fear the hermit.
- Rose How fortunate, she fears the hermit.
- Bel One moment stay
Here you I pray
- Geor But he would tell,
And ring his bell,
- Bel No. Of cavalry, you'll see
He'll be afraid,
And dumb he'll be.
- Rose But in that case I'm here to aid.
- Geor O, let me go, I may not stay,
Or he'll ring out a horrid peal
That will by Thibaut, now away,
Be heard, and all the truth reveal.
- Bel No, no Of cavalry, you'll see,
He'll be afraid to ring his bell.
A soldier he will not betray,
But only of the others tell.
- Rose Soon both of them, I mean to say,
Away from here'll be glad to steal,
The cavalry shall lead the way
Soon as rings out the warning peal.
- Bel She is yielding,
- Rose Now will I the hermit's bell set ringing.
- Geor And yet a moment is so short
It cannot surely rouse his anger.
While with me of fear take no thought,
He'll do nought that will us endanger.
- Geor One moment's stay is all you ask ?
- Bel One moment's stay is all I ask !
- Geor O, heaven ! you heard that dreadful bell ?
- Bel What this means I cannot tell.

- Geor The hermit is ringing his bell !
 Ding ! ding ! ding !
 His bell doth he ring,
 From out that tower, ruined and grey,
 As if Old Nick himself had come the deuce to
 play !
- Rose They hear the dinging,
 The hermit ringing.
- Bel I hear the dinging,
 The hermit ringing
- Geor O, what a storm is o'er me pending,
 On my head, alas, descending ;
 All the village, malice lending,
 Here will point me out with scorn.
 While jealous thoughts his heart engaging
 Will set Thibaut fiercely raging,
 And in disdain from me he'll turn.
- Rose A storm is now descending,
 And o'er the village pending,
 The husbands, while attending,
 With fear their hearts will turn.
- Bel Now rage my heart is rending ;
 Just when fortune was me here befriending
 That bell should ring, all ending.
 No, no, I will treat it with scorn !
 And woe to him if once I learn
 Who was it did to me this turn !
 Your surprise I see with wonder ;
 Why dread a noise of slightest kind ?
 It merely was the wind
 In passing through the bell tower yonder.
- Geor It was the hermit !
- Bel You mean his ghost
- Rose A living ghost, sir, to your cost.
- Bel Do not believe in such a story.
- Geor The hermit's bell tower ?
- Bel A fiction surely.
- Geor The hermit too ?
- Bel Is false as well.
- Geor Ah ! if I were but sure !
- Bel To show that I am right, my dear,
 A simple way to you I'll tell
- Geor O let me know how I may prove this !
- Bel You have only to let me imprint one small kiss
 On the cheek blushing fair
 I see there
- Geor No, no, I fear the hermit !
- Rose How fortunate, she fears the hermit.
- Geor He would tell,
 And ring his bell.
- Bel No, no, no, it is not true
 But by husband's told to frighten you.
- Rose It may or else may not be true ;
 But I am here to wait on you.
- Geor And yet, what is there in a kiss ?

I'd like the secret to be learning.

Bel And then you may be sure of this
That no one else you now are harming.

Geor One little kiss is all you ask.

Bel One little kiss is all I ask.

Geor Oh, Heav'n! You heard that dreadful bell?

Bel What means this I cannot tell.

Rose Thou hermit bell,
My thanks to thee;

From thy dread spell
All dangers flee.

Geor Thou hermit bell,
Now pity me;
Thy potent spell
At once I flee.

Bel Fear not the bell,
But tranquil be;
All dread dispel,
And list to me.

Thi The bell has rung!

Bel The husband?

Thi He has rung the bell, and perhaps too late.
Dragoon!

Bel Hollo! Is that you? It seems we have just got
here at the same time

Thi At the same time! Where is she?

Bel Who?

Thi My wife!

Bel Did you leave her in my care?

Thi Not likely. I would not trust you.

Bel Then why do you ask me for her?

Thi Because she is here.

Bel Have you seen her!

Thi I saw her when she was on your arm coming.

Bel Plainly?

Thi What is that to you? It is enough that I saw
her.

Bel I suppose you have the presumption to think that
your wife is the only woman in the world.

Thi I did not say that?

Bel And that consequently I could admire no other
charms than hers.

Thi I did not say that. I say you did not come here
alone; there was some one with you, and that some one
was she, and not the other.

Bel What! is there another?

Thi As if you did not know.

Bel That is where you are mistaken, for it was the
other, and not she.

Thi Nonsense! She told it was not.

Bel Who?

Thi The other.

Bel Have you spoken to her?

Thi Yes.

Bel He knows more about it than I do.

Thi Yes, I have spoken to her, and I do not think much of your conquest.

Bel Same old woman, I'll be bound!

Thi It did not need a handsome uniform like yours.

Bel Ah, I see you would rather for my sake it had been your wife.

Thi I did not say that. I mean to see her. I have made up my mind not to leave here till I have seen her.

Bel But, blockhead, if she is not here?

Thi She is.

Bel If you found her quiet at the dance what would you say?

Thi I would say she is not there, for I am certain she is here.

Bel But should you see her there, and speak to her, and she answer you, what would you say?

Thi I would say that you wanted to send me back to remain here with her.

Bel Suppose I go with you?

Thi You?

Bel To the end of the road.

Thi You will? Then of course it must be the other!

Bel I have been telling you so for the last hour.

Thi You are sure it is the other. He rings out for maidens as well as wives. So it was that Moineau!

Bel What is her name?

Thi Whoever would have thought it—a fine man like you to take such a fancy as that. I would never have believed it!

Bel Wouldn't you? No doubt she is hideous.

Thi Ha, ha, ha! Well, I declare! You soldiers are funny fellows.

Bel And so are you.

Both Ha, ha, ha!

Thi Funny fellows! funny fellows!

Bel I will soon return.

Rose They are gone at last! I could count the minutes by the strong beating of my heart. I thought I heard them mention my name! Well, what of that? what do I care? Let me now wait patiently and quietly. It must be getting late, for I who am never tired could even go to sleep I think if I had not so many reasons to keep my eyes open. Poor Silvan! how noble is the devotion he displays, and how much he must have suffered! He told me he thought me pretty! that was because he loves me. It is the first time I ever dreamt of such a thing, and now it perplexes me. Pretty! he called me pretty—pretty—

Bel By jove, I mean to find out who is that joker of a hermit that hung on to the bell, and served me out so. No doubt it is the old woman Thibaut accused me of.

Rose So, so. I must have been asleep.

Bel Well, she is not old, at all events.

Rose How could I?

Bel No, by jove, nor ugly! It is the girl that danced with us.

Rose Silvan might have been surprised!

Bel She is expecting some one. I was in the way, that is clear; and then she—Not a bad idea for her.

Rose Nothing yet. Yes; I hear him. It is he!

Bel Was it a lover? Let me see. Yes, it was! Two—three—four; no wonder she wanted all the place to herself.

Men Let's on in silence glide,
Heaven be our guide!

Women Sons of our faith, so long death scorning,
Of your relief the blissful day at length is dawn-
ing.

Omnes Come friends, while shades of night descend,
Let faith with hope our steps attend!

Past All of us now are here;
To save us from despairing,
And perils that are near:

What means are you preparing?

Sil Alone, no more can I;
On her you may rely.

Past On this young and fair maiden?

Sil The trust you have in me
To her transferred now be,

All Quickly speak—no delay;
We all rely on you.

Rose When the gloomy dark rocks yonder
Were by tempests rent asunder,
There a narrow path you'll find.
To the frontier as you follow,
It leads through a woody hollow,
That through the ravine doth wind.
Soon a precipice disclosing,
In your path you'll find before;
Woe to him his foothold losing
Thence will he rise never more.

Chor What shall we do?

Rose With courage boldly proceed, and fear not
The wintry wind
Has blown, you'll find,
A tree across
Over which you must pass.
Say, will you dare?

Chor Yes, we will dare.

Rose When once that danger's past:
The parents with the ones they love,
Will have been saved by the power of Heaven
above.

Chor May blessings rest on thy heart so tender and
kind,
The mercy shown us may you in Heaven one
day find.
Even on thee
May blessings be!

- Sil Dear Rose, I love thee.
Thy heart, whose value is unknown,
Bestow on me ;
And I will worthy prove me :
To-morrow our hands at the altar we'll join.
- Rose You'll wed with me ?
- Sil I love thee.
- Rose 'To-morrow thou wilt wed with me ?
- Sil To-morrow thou my bride shalt be !
- Both Oh, what supreme delight !
To-morrow we'll our hands unite.
- Chor Too long we stay,
We must away.
- Past Yonder our safety lies.
Let us now pray to Heaven
That it will bless our enterprise.
- Chor Great Power, thy aid we crave
The innocent to save.
We plead to thee,
Our woes to see ;
Of danger 'tis the hour.
Sustain us by thy power ;
Aid us we pray,
Inspire our hearts and guide us on our way.
Farewell each dear native vale,
Where plenty and peace in our humble abodes
did dwell.
Farewell, dear land of our love ;
Here forced to part,
Each sorrowing heart
Bids thee a sad farewell—
Dear France loved so well.
Now Heaven be our stay,
And guide us on our way.
No fears our hearts can ever move
While we're protected by the mighty power
above.
Dear France, while thus our sad tears swell,
Farewell ! Farewell !
- Bel The very ones we are in search of. My fortunes
made !

 ACT III.

SCENE—*The Village Street showing the front of Thibaut's house.*

MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE.

- Oh, have you heard the news ?
That Rose to-day will Silvan wed ;
'Twill every one amuse ;
A pretty match will they have made.
- M. Peasants Oh, have you heard the news ?
The hermit rings the ancient bell ;
So e'ne faithless wife it shows,
And doth an injured husband tell.
- One Whose wife it was I can't divine ;

It surely was not mine !

All Nor yet mine !
One thing is plain to see—
It one of us must be !

Thi Ha ! ha ! ha !
With doubts their simple minds they torture.

Geor He nothing knows of my adventure.

Thi Each one is frightened as can be.

Geor This is a lucky chance for me.

Chor Oh have you heard the news ?

Thi Oh, yes, I've heard the news.
Moreover, I tell you, I was the first to know
This day both Rose and Silvan wed ;

Men So Rose to-day will Silvan wed ;
A pretty match will they have made !

Thi The hermit rang his bell,
His future fate to tell.
And let him know before,
What for him there is in store.

Men Oh, now we see right well,
Why he did ring his bell :
For Silvan's wife a sign ;
I knew 't as not for mine.

Chorus Oh, have you heard the news, &c.

Sil Yes, you had better run, you rascal, you ! The
first that sneers and points at me as I go by will be made
to remember it, I warn you !

Thi Why, my lad, what does this mean ? Quarrelling
the day you are to be married ; for I hear you are going
to be married.

Sil Yes, Master Thibaut, and I have come to get
the hay in betimes, so as to be ready for the ceremony.

Thi Ah, your marriage is the great news of the day.
You may be sure everyone is laughing about it, but you
must not mind that. The funniest thing, as you yourself
must confess is, that Rose Moineau has found a lover at
last. So you are going to marry her ?

Sil This very day, Master Thibaut.

Geor You made up your mind very quickly, Silvan.

Thi Why should he not ? When one is determined
to make a fool—I mean a match, it may as well be done
at once as lose time by considering. Of course he knows
he is not marrying a gold mine ; he has chosen her not
for her riches, but for her qualities.

Sil Yes, Master Thibaut, for qualities.

Thi For her good conduct

Sil Exactly.

Thi I thought so. I believe you will be very happy.

Sil I am sure of it, and as you are my master, out
of the consideration and respect I have for you I hope
you will honor me by being one of the witnesses of
our marriage.

Thi What, be one of your witnesses ?

Sil Would you refuse me ?

Thi I should think so. If you choose to commit an

absurdity I am not obliged to help you in it.

Sil Mind what you say, Master Thibaut. You have a right to refuse me, which I acknowledge, but you have no right to pass your opinion as you have just done, of my thoughts and sentiments, about which you were not asked.

Geor He is quite right, you drew this reply on yourself, and to make some amends for your refusal I will assist at the wedding, and will undertake to prepare the bridal wreath.

Thi I feel my temper rising.

Sil Will you, indeed, have that kindness, Madam Thibaut? Then I accept it, and thank you sincerely. This morning I sent the wedding things which had to be made during the night to Rose's cottage. She was not at home, but I dare say she has by this time returned.

Thi Returned! returned! Do not be too sure.

Sil Why not?

Thi Who knows? Perhaps the bride is earning her dowry.

Sil What do you mean?

Well, if she is not in the village on her wedding day, there is a reason for it, I suppose.

Sil There is, and I know it.

Thi So much the better. Only, you know that yesterday evening, in the middle of the dance, the dragoons were suddenly called to horse.

Sil Is that anything wonderful? That is their profession.

Thi Do you know that they went to lie in wait on the road, to intercept the fugitives?

Sil Yes, I knew, too.

Thi And that the quarter-master came back triumphantly at daybreak, so sure beforehand of their capture that he has ordered me to prepare a barn to receive the prisoners.

Sil Well, Master Thibaut, you must do as he told you.

Geor These poor people must have been betrayed and given up.

Thi So it seems.

Geor Who would ever have the heart?

Thi If I knew I would tell you with pleasure, but as yet do not. However, by putting certain circumstances together—

Geor What?

Thi Madam Thibaut go and prepare the wreath for the bride.

Geor But say—

Thi Go immediately, that is quite unbearable; it will never be ready.

Sil Betrayed! Given up! Oh, it is impossible!

Thi How impossible? Listen. Two hundred pistols reward for doing it. It is a good sum—a fortune—and I have often asked myself how it was that Rose

Moineau, who is penniless, never thought of—

Sil Wretch!

Thi No doubt it was because she did not know where the hare was concealed.

Sil Hold, master, hold! Let me go on with my work, and do not try me too far.

Thi What is this?

Sil It is shameful! If there be any bad action to be done it must be ascribed to Rose. Rose to think of such treachery! You believe her capable—you suspect her at this moment! Oh, it is shameful! Know then that if they were taken, the poor girl would be lost with them, and for them

Thi Rose Moineau?

Sil It is she who leads them.

Thi She—do you mean it? She knew their hiding-place? All is clear now—the meeting last night—the information given to the officer—his quick departure on returning from the armitage—that opens my eyes. Can't you see it, you that are about to marry her? Ha, ha, ha! Stay there awhile.

Sil What for?

Thi Stay there—to learn—to listen.

Sil Nay, let me be. I do not want to learn. I do not want to listen.

Thi But I tell you he is in the cellar.

Sil Who?

Thi The dragoon; since this morning. It was only by putting him there I could keep him out of the house.

Sil What is that to do with me?

Thi I say—

Bel Here's your health!

Thi Thank you. He seems to be getting on well with my wine. So she is with them. I say!

Bel I am coming.

Thi Stop where you are, and I will get him to talk.

DRINKING SONG.

Bel The sage so full of learning,
 Still doth love the rich rosy wine.
 Friends, I say to you,
 And peasants too,
 That this is true.
 To it for solace turning
 You'll find its power most divine.
 Tic et toc.
 Now merrily our glasses let us ring,
 Tic et toc.
 In praise of wine we'll sing,
 If trouble you are meeting,
 Or sad the moments pass,
 The dose then be repeating,
 And take another glass.
 To see a brave youth fasting
 Without wine our pity should move.
 Friends, I say to you,

And peasants too,

That this is true.

The nectar when not tasting,

Mars is dead to war and love.

Then how to prevent our hearts wasting!

Tic et toc.

Why, merrily our glasses let us ring,

Tic et toc.

In praise of wine we'll sing,

Flow on then, sparkling vintage,

Joy in your train doth move,

The timid you encourage,

And tune each heart to love.

Thi Capital! I like you, I like your style—always contented with what does not belong to you—always merry.

Bel I do not see why I should be melancholy, especially to-day, when one is about to be promoted.

Thi You? Not possible!

Bel Why not, pray? Is not my form sufficiently the thing? Then, as for intelligence and education, I am superior to my lieutenant, who is only a nincom.

Thi Oh, as regards that, you ought to be.

Bel Besides, it is the least the king can do for the service I have just done him.

Thi Ah, yes; I was just going to speak to you about that. Are they taken?

Bel Who taken?

Thi The fugitives—the insurgents.

Bel Caught in an ambuscade, my friend.

Thi You must have been put on their track, for you would never have found them yourself.

Bel Do you suppose I have got a nose like yours, to scent the game myself, fool?

Thi Was it last night you got your information?

Bel Last night.

Thi At the hermitage?

Bel At the hermitage.

Thi During that love meeting?

Bel With your wife!

Thi Eh?

Bel No, no! I mean—not with your wife.

Thi I know that. What a thickhead he is! I know that, because you were there with that girl.

Bel Hush!

Thi The one with the goat?

Bel Hush!

Thi Rose Moineau.

Sil With Rose.

Thi And through her you learned all?

Bel What has that to do with you?

Thi Oh, nothing! I merely say it was through her?

Bel Inquisitive?

Thi It was through her?

Thi It was as you say, my friend.

Sil Oh, betrayed!

Bel Hollo! what was that?

Thi Oh, nothing; merely the husband that has heard all—for she is to be married to-day.

Bel Nonsense!

Thi Fact! Ha, ha, ha!

Bel Ho, ho, ho!

Dra The reply of the lieutenant. I was to tell you he does not know what you mean, but as the affair is urgent he will mount without knowing why, and be here in an hour.

Bel Good. I must prepare quarters for him. Will you come with me to the Bailey?

Thi Willingly. Let us march. If any one should inquire for me—I am with the dragoons.

Geor But Master Thibaut— Ah!

Bel The wife!

Thi Ah, your lieutenant is coming without knowing why? Your commanders do not seem up to much—they should be chosen from the most intelligent. For example, you see this one, who is only a soldier. Ha, ha! you are the right, sir, you are.—Are you coming?

Bel I follow you.

Geor What is Thibaut to do with the soldiers, and how is it the bride is not here!

Bel Hist!

Geor He has stopped here! Why do you not? If they knew—if they thought—there is my husband—and the hermit—and the bell. I shall die with fright! O pray go.

Bel It is enough, my charmer, that you will it. Sadly I go, while my heart is sighing.

Geor The idea of him remaining. Ever since yesterday I feel as if that wicked hermit was watching me with the bell-rope in his hand, that he never lets go.

Geor Ah! Be quiet, sir, else I shall call. Why, he is not ringing.

Bel Of course not, my beauty, I told you the tale was quite untrue.

Geor Then he does not ring? Why, he does not ring at all.

Thi I say, dragoon.

Geor My husband. No matter, so long as the bell does not ring.

Enter THIBAUT.

Thi Is that the way you come?

Bel Well I have not gone back, have I?

Thi You said to me, "I follow you."

Bel So you expected to see me march before you!

Thi You are funny fellows, you soldiers.

Bel And so are you.

RECIT AND ARIA.

Rose He loves me!

That thought so charming dispels all sadness,
From all painful doubts free,

Is my heart filled with gladness,
 And pleasure beams bright as can be.
 Hope sweetly smiles, for Silvan said I love thee,
 And since those dear words the world doth seem
 more bright
 The woods, and meadows, and the skies above me,
 All seem to wear now a look of calm delight.
 No more I'll be alone
 When summer warmth doth glow ;
 When winter cold doth come,
 With tempest, hail, and snow.
 But one more hour
 When his bride they all see me ;
 And then Mamsella Moineau
 Will Madam Silvan be.
 And light and gay
 We'll lead the way,
 While then around,
 As friends surround,
 What each one says
 In friendly tones so warm and dear.
 From all those present we shall hear.
 Only look and see, she full of grace.
 What a charming figure, form, and face
 In that bridal costume, who would know
 Her we knew so well as Rose Moineau.
 She's full of grace,
 How sweet a face ;
 Now, who would know
 Poor Rose Moineau ?
 He's chosen well,
 As all can tell.
 But should they laugh, that would not stir my
 breast ;
 Rose can laugh as loud as the rest.
 Should they be jesting when I am by
 They'll find me ready—I'll thus reply :
 Yes, to me, who love him dearly,
 His heart hath he given freely.
 No gift could richer prove
 Than the treasure of his priceless love.
 On earth for me no greater delight,
 No hopes could e'er prove more bright.
 Farewell to grief, all sadness I leave ;
 Content with him the world to brave.

Enter GEORGETTE.

Geor Come, Rose, the time is getting near, and you must be impatient for the ceremony to take place.

Rose So I am, Madame Thibaut, very impatient ; but I should have liked to have spoken to Silvan first. He expected me sooner, and no doubt is anxious because he has not seen me.

Geor Very likely, as he has already been this morning to your cottage, but you were not there. Since this morning every one has been talking about your marriage, but you

must not mind that, as you cannot stop them. Idle tongues are like our mill, that goes on turning while there is any grain, but stops as soon as the grain is done.

Enter THIBAUT.

Thi Ah, ah! when it is known what she has done, a pretty scene there will be in the village. Ah! the charming bride! but how is this—not yet wreathed for the ceremony?

Rose Make yourself easy, Master Thibaut, it never takes me five minutes to deck myself, and to day you may be sure I will not keep them waiting.

Thi Yes, run my dear—be quick, we must not keep the music waiting. A perfect little demon as I told you.

Geor Of whom are you speaking?

Thi A wicked creature, a hundred times more spiteful than her goat, though that is malicious enough. But everything gets found out at last—all discovers itself as clear as day.

Geor What discovers itself?

Thi Everything. She must not suppose because she has her fine things on that she will reach home like that; no, let her look as innocent as she can; no not even if the notary should be present.

Geor Oh, then, I suppose they mean to set about her again?

Thi Serve her right, too!

Geor That is what those say who cannot forgive her for having more spirit than themselves.

Thi It is what all the village says that hate her.

Geor Because she does not allow them to attack her with impunity; she has nails to defend herself with, and uses them, and quite right too. I would do the same in her place if I had her spirit, and if they treated me as they treat her I would console myself in thinking that only the foolish ones hated me, and so much the worse, if you are as numerous as you are.

Thi Well, we shall see if you will always be of the same opinion. If they are arrested, as some hope, as I fear, as is very likely, as is quite certain, according to the dragoon, who believes he will be promoted as high as his lieutenant, who is a nincom—we will see if you will then take her part.

Geor I do not know what you are talking about

Thi We shall see, we shall see.

CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE.

Cho The time has come, now, pretty bride,
If you are ready, let us go;

The bridegroom may begin to chide,
If you should keep him waiting so.

Rose So many friends I ne'er expected
At my poor wedding here to see.

Thi But where the bride is so respected,
Who is there would absent be?

Women To honor you we have hither come,

Our merry village lads and lasses.

- Men The notary has donned his gown,
And polished up his gold-framed glasses,
- Cho To honor you we'll laugh and sing,
With laughter shall the woodlands ring.
What a day of delight, such a pair to unite.
- Thi One moment friends, ere onward speeding,
Whene'er there is to be a wedding,
Twixt me and you,
Of persons must there not be two,
- Geor Of course, that's true, we see ;
Now, where can Silvan be ?
- Cho Ho, Silvan, ho !
- Geor He is there !
Come forward, happy lover, here.
- Thi But what air, so sad and gloomy !
- Men A fine beginning this is, truly.
- Rose Silvan, say what sadness oppresses,
To me tell the grief that your heart distresses ;
Oh, say is your love no longer mine own—
Alas ? So soon ?
Oh, Heaven, he turns from me again ;
Silvan, at once explain.
- Sil Here, when the harvest fails to yield,
And cattle die out in the field ;
When o'er your head burns your humble dwell-
ing,
By whom it was done, if one would know,
You'd say at once—by Rose Monieau ;
Her name to all around here telling.
But list, and you shall be told,
What she has lately done for gold.
No pity did her false heart soften,
Like Judas of old, a vile bargain she made,
And as to the soldiers here betrayed
The exile, widow, and the orphan !
- Chorus Oh, wretched girl, can this be true ?
- Rose O, Silvan, dear, you do but jest—it is not so !
- Cho No marriage will take place then, now !
- Thi Of course that's certain any how.
- Rose Would I betray the widow and orphan forsaken !
You could not say these words—no, no, I was
mistaken !
- Sil Approach me not ; away from here !
- Rose Silvan, O, Silvan dear.
- Sil Away, now go !
- Rose You do not know—
- Sil Away, I said
- Rose You are misled.
- Thi We know her well—you may rely
That everything she will deny.
- Rose To accuse, and think me guilty,
Shows that he never knew my heart.
Sad my days henceforth will be,
Grief from me never more will depart.

- Geor Poor unhappy maiden !
 Silvan does not know her heart.
 She's with sorrow laden,
 That from her no more will part,
- Chor Was there e'er such treason,
 Showing such a wicked heart ;
 Let her dread with reason
 Grief that justice will impart.
- Rose While the clouds of woe thus gather o'er me ;
 Nought but endless sorrow lies before me.
 Ah, for me is there woe that never will depart ?
- Sil Let the crime of which thou'st guilty,
 Here punishment bring to thy bad cruel heart ;
 And the scorn that ever thine will be,
 Prove a sting that will never depart !
- Chor Good Master Silvan, all must say
 A charming bride you chose to-day ;
 And as your choice so well you've made—
 Be quick the girl to wed.
- Sil Those poor forlorn ones by her betrayed,
 Will vengeance call upon any head !
- Chor Be quick the girl to wed.
- Thi The girl now wed !

Geor Do you not see, Silvan, she cannot have done that of which she is accused. They are all unjust to her. I was like you at the first moment, but when I considered how happy she was this morning at being your bride, why, then should she betray you? You know she is proud, and that when she feels herself unjustly accused she will not defend herself. I am sure that if you understood her you would save your heart from a great grief, and that she is well able to justify herself if she would.

Geor. Four o'clock in the morning—Frontiers of Savoy—we are saved.

Sil What do you say? Saved! *Enter BELAMY.*

Bel Halt there, girl

Sil Saved by her, and I accused by her.

Bel You were not able to arrest them? What, you were placed in ambush, lying flat in the torrent bed, and you come away? Arrest that rascal.

Rose Silvan!

Bel He is the heart of the plot.

Rose Arrest him? What do you mean to do with him?

Bel Shoot him, as I have the power to I am very sorry my dear, but you won that game, and it is my turn now. You take from me my promotion. I take from you your husband. We are even.

Rose He is lost! I have saved the others at the cost of his life.

Bel Take him away.

Rose One moment more; one moment, Mr. Soldiers.

Oh! sir, have pity on him? Bel No!

Rose Grant me his pardon. Bel No!

Rose I implore you on my knees. Bel No! No!

Rose So you refuse me? You will revenge yourself on me by having him shot? Bell I will

Rose Very well, then; you shall be shot also, I promise you. Bel What are you talking about.

Rose Do you suppose it would be very difficult for me to procure myself that pleasure, and that I have not got my plan ready? Calm yourselves, fear nothing. Who was it stopped yesterday dancing in the village instead of proceeding to the Grotto of St. Gratien, according to the orders of his superiors? Who, instead of searching round the mountain, went sighing amorously to a gallant rendezvous at the hermitage.

Geor Oh! Heaven—should she say that!

Rose Who let the fugitives so easily slip through his fingers when he held them in his hand? A certain gay dragoon of my acquaintance, who will be taught to know his duty better. You talk about your turn, my cards are not yet played out. The king takes my husband, I take his dragoon. Tit-for-tat.

Bel What a vixen!

Enter THIBAUT.

Thi Dragoon, here comes the lieutenant at full speed.

Rose Now for us two.

Bel Do you think you can frighten me?

Geor If you speak I am lost

Rose If you speak I tell all.

Bel You shall see.

Geor Ah!

Thi Hollo! my wife is not well.

Geor Pity me.

Thi I say, what is the matter with my wife?

Bel I can see plainly—Confound it, how am I to get out of this, and there is the lieutenant that I have brought here in such a devil of a hurry, all hot. No matter, let come what may. Bel Lieutenant.

Rose Lieutenant. Bel Lieutenant.

Bel Lieutenant, there is nothing fresh.

Sil Rose!

Bel And now allow me to present to you the new bride.

Thi Was it to say this he made him come here at full speed? Why did you always come too when he began to speak. Why did she always cut you short?

Bel Silence!

Thi But I want to know.

Bel Silence?

Thi I begin to think.

Bel Silence! or I will have you shot. That would relieve one a little, and no one would trouble about you.

Chorus The trumpet bravely sound,

For deeds of love as well as war;

It drowns the rattling battle cry

As well as lover's tender sigh.

FINALE.



DSM
782.4
71 H

DSM/ 782.4/ H

The hermit's bell = Les
dragons de Villars :
romantic opera in 3 acts

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



N2017937

