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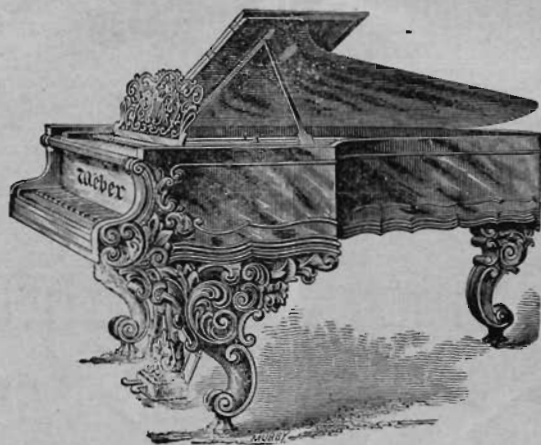
**Bohemian Girl.**

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THE THEATRE TICKET OFFICE, No. 111 BROADWAY,  
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# THE BOHEMIAN GIRL,

A GRAND OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

THE MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

AS REPRESENTED AT THE

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON, AND THE ACADEMY  
OF MUSIC, NEW-YORK.

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PUBLISHED AT

THE THEATRE TICKET OFFICE, No. 111 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARLINE, the Count's Daughter.

BUDA, her Attendant.

QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES.

COUNT ARNHEIM, Governor of Presburg.

THADDEUS, a proscribed Pole.

FLORESTEIN, Nephew to the Count.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

FIRST GIPSY.

DEVILSHOOF, Chief of the Gipsies.

Nobles, Peasants, Gipsies, Soldiers, &c.

## ARGUMENT.

THE action of this opera commences with an assemblage of villagers, with Count Arnheim, Florestein, and others, for the purpose of hunting. They depart for that purpose, and Arline, the Count's daughter, induces her attendant, Buda, to allow her to join the party, at safe distance. Thaddeus enters, exhausted by long flight from pursuing soldiers, and soon Devilshoof, and a party of gipsies appear, and purpose to rob Thaddeus, who, however, proposes to join their band, and is accepted. Suddenly there are loud alarms and confusion, and it is announced that Arline, and her attendant, are being attacked by some wild animal. On hearing this, Thaddeus seizes the rifle which Florestein had left, runs up a rock, and fires. Arline is brought in, wounded in the arm by the stag in its death-struggles. The Count is profuse in his acknowledgments of the service rendered him by Thaddeus, and the fête begins. The Count offers as a toast, the Emperor's health, a toast Thaddeus refused to do honor to; and on being pressed to do so, hurls his glass with contempt at the statue of the emperor. The nobles draw their swords, and demand the life of the traitor. The Count endeavors to save Thaddeus from their fury, gives him a purse, and urges him to fly. He rejects the purse, and Devilshoof appears to protect Thaddeus, but is himself seized and confined in the castle—and the fête continues. While all are engaged, Devilshoof descends from the roof of the castle, enters the chamber of Arline, and bears her away, pursued by the Count and the nobles. Devilshoof knocks away the trunk of a tree, which serves as a bridge, after he has passed over it bearing Arline, and the act closes with the despair of the Count, and the sorrow of his friends.

The second act is twelve years later than the first, and Arline, now eighteen years old, is discovered sleeping on a tiger-skin, in the gipsy camp. Florestein enters, and is confronted by Devilshoof and a party of gipsies, who rob him of his watch and jewels; but the Gipsy Queen enters, and commands them to restore every thing, a command which they all obey but Devilshoof, who has gone, bearing a jewelled medallion of Florestein's. Arline awakening, hears from Thaddeus the incidents of his first meeting with her, and they plight their mutual love

when the Gipsy Queen enters, and claims the love of Thaddeus for herself. Taunted by Devilshoof with the hopelessness of her love, she dissembles, and joins the hands of Thaddeus and Arline, still muttering revenge. Then turning fiercely to Devilshoof, she forces him to deliver to her the jewel he has taken from Florestein, and they part with mutual vows of revenge on each other. The gipsies afterward assemble at a fair in Presburg, and Arline, while telling fortunes, attracts the attention of Florestein, who asks a kiss, but receives a slap in the face instead. The Gipsy Queen has noticed Florestein's attentions, and tried to make Thaddeus jealous, but professing now to reward Arline for her truth, puts on her neck the jewel taken by Devilshoof from Florestein. Florestein sees the jewel, and denounces Arline as leagued with robbers. Arline is seized and taken into the hall of justice, to be interrogated by the Count. In her anger at the unjust accusation, she is about to stab herself, but her hand is arrested by the Count, who sees the scar upon her arm, and soon recognizes his daughter.

In the third act, Arline is discovered in the Count's palace, dressed for a ball, but looking at the gipsy dress she used to wear, all the joys of her gipsy life recur to her memory, and she breaks out in one of the wild songs of the gipsies. At this instant, Devilshoof enters, and proposes to make her the Gipsy Queen. She refuses, and Thaddeus appears; but the great doors are thrown open, giving scarcely time for Devilshoof to escape by the window, and Thaddeus to conceal himself in a closet. The Gipsy Queen enters the brilliant assemblage, and tells the Count his daughter has a lover concealed in the closet. Thaddeus is discovered, but Arline boldly avows he is her lover, and shall be her husband; and on the Count's despairing attempt to avert the tie which he supposes dishonorable, Thaddeus proves that he is of noble birth, and displays the commission he held in the service of Poland, when the Count withdraws his objections, and the lovers are united. The Gipsy Queen has hired a gipsy to kill Thaddeus, but Devilshoof strikes the gipsy and changes its direction at the moment of discharge, and the Gipsy Queen is herself killed.

# THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*[The chateau and grounds of Count ARNHEIM, on the Danube, near Presburg. On one side the principal entrance to the castle; opposite is a statue of the Emperor, above which a party is employed raising the Austrian flag. On rising of the curtain, the retainers of Count ARNHEIM are discovered preparing for the chase.]*

### CHORUS.

Up with the banner, and down with the slave  
    hall dare to dispute the right,  
Wherever its folds in their glory wave,  
Of the Austrian eagle's flight:  
    Its pinion flies  
    As free in the skies  
    As that of the airy king,  
And through danger fleets,  
Like the heart that beats  
    Beneath his plumed wing

*[After they have fixed the flag they all come forward.]*

Now the foeman lieth low, and the battle-field's won.  
We may honor in peace what in war we have done.

The stirring chase, the festive board,  
The varied charms which each afford,  
    Shall the day and night beguile.  
And care shall be drowned in that glass  
Which nothing on earth can surpass,  
    But a lovely woman's smile.  
    Then up with the banner, etc.

*[At the end of the chorus Count ARNHEIM and FLORESTEIN enter from the chateau (S.E.L.) followed by various neighboring nobles, pages, huntsmen, etc., and his child ARLINE, attended by BUDA, etc.]*

### SOLO.—COUNT.

A soldier's life has seen of strife,  
In all its forms so much,  
That no gentler theme the world will deem,  
A soldier's heart can touch.

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

CHORUS.—RETAINERS.

Hail to the lord of the soil,  
His vassal's love is the spoil  
That lord delights to share.

CHORUS.—HUNTERS.

Away to the hill and glen,  
Where the hunter's belted men,  
With bugles shake the air.

[The Count, after bowing to his friends, sees  
ARLINE, and takes her in his arms.

*Son.* Ah! who can tell save he who feels,  
The care a parent's love reveals,  
How dear, fond thing, thou art  
To this lone, widowed heart!

*Ch.* Away to the hill and glen, etc.

[During this, a retainer brings down (R.) a  
rifle to FLORESTEIN, who puts it away from  
him. Count ARNHEIM exits into chateau.  
Nobles and hunters ascend rocks and exeunt.  
ARLINE petitions BUDA to let her accompany  
them, and goes off by a footpath, at side of  
rocks, with her and FLORESTEIN.

{ Enter THADDEUS, breathless and exhausted, in a  
state of great alarm.

SCENE.

*Tha.* Whither, ah! whither, do my errant footsteps guide  
me? I can no longer elude the vigilance of my pursuers  
If I find not aid or shelter, I am lost!

CAVATINA.—THADDEUS.

A tear bedews my lingering eye,  
As thus I quit my land of birth;  
My bosom throbs with painful sigh,  
To leave all dear on earth.

Alas! alas! my native land,  
I heed not now wherever I dwell,  
Since banished by stern fate's command,  
I bid to thee—a sad farewell!

[At the end of song, a troop of gipsies, headed  
by DEVILSHOOF, their leader, suddenly appear  
(R.) and are about to seize and rob THADDEUS,  
but, presuming by his dress that he is a sol-  
dier, they stop and examine him.

CHORUS.

In the gipsy's life you read,  
A life that all would like to lead  
Through the wide world to rove,  
Be it sunny or drear,  
With but little to love,  
And still less to fear:  
Sometimes under roof, and sometimes thrown  
Where the wild wolf makes his lair,  
For he who's no home to call his own  
Will find a home somewhere.

'Tis the maxim of man,  
What's another's to claim;  
Then to keep all he can,  
And we do the same!  
Thus a habit once, 'tis a custom grown,  
And every man will take care,  
If he hasn't a home to call his own,  
To find a home somewhere.

*Tha.* The sight of these wanderers has inspired me with  
a project. (To Dev.) Your manner and habit please me.  
I should like to join your band. I am young, strong,  
and have, I hope, plenty of courage.

*Dev.* Who are you?

*Tha.* One without money, without home, and without  
hope.

*Dev.* You're just the fellow for us, then!

*Gip.* (who is on the look out on rock R.) Soldiers are  
coming this way.

*Tha.* 'Tis me they are in search of.

*Dev.* Indeed! then they'll be cunning if they find you.

[In a moment they strip the soldier's dress off  
THADDEUS, and as they are putting a gipsy's  
frock, etc., over him, a roll of parchment with  
seal attached, falls at the feet of DEVILSHOOF,  
who seizes it. THADDEUS has just time to  
mix himself with the gipsies, when a body of  
soldiers enter in pursuit.

*Off.* (scrutinizing gipsies.) Have you seen any one pass  
this way—any stranger?

*Dev.* No one—stay—yes, a young Polish soldier ran by  
just now, and passed up those rocks.

*Off.* That's him—thanks, friend! forward!

[Exeunt soldiers up rock.

DUET AND CHORUS.

*Dev.* Comrade, your hand  
We understand  
Each other in a breath.

[Shaking his hand

This grasp secures  
Its owner yours,  
In life, and until death.

*Tha.* The scenes and days to me,  
Which seemed so blest to be,  
No Time can e'er restore.

*Cha.* In the gipsy's life you may read, etc.

*Tha.* My wants are few—

*Dev.* Want we never knew,  
But what we could supply

*Tha.* Then what is worse,

I have no purse—

*Dev.* We nothing have to buy.

*Tha.* My heart 'twill ring—

*Dev.* That is a thing

In which we never deal.

*Tha.* But all I need—

*Dev.* 'Twere best, indeed,

To borrow, beg, or steal.

*Cha.* In the gipsy's life you may read, etc.

*Tha.* The scenes and days to me,  
Which seemed so blest to be,  
No time can ever restore.

ENSEMBLE.

*Dev.* Then rest ye here while we  
Explore each spot and see,  
What luck there is in store.

*Cha.* Oh! what is the worth of the richest man's wealth,  
Which the chances are likely he came to by stealth,  
Unless he can rove abroad in the free air,  
As free as we are, from all sorrow and care?

[All exeunt R.—Loud shouts and alarms are heard, which become more and more distinct, when a body of huntsmen are seen to cross the tree over the rocks, etc., and exeunt by the path where ARLINE, etc., went off. Alarms continue when FLORESTEIN rushes in, apparently frightened to death. THADDEUS and PEASANTRY rush in, evincing the greatest state of terror.]

*Tha.* What means this alarm?

*Pea.* The Count's child and her attendant have been attacked by an infuriated animal, and are probably killed are this?

*Tha.* What do I here?

[He perceives the rifle that FLORESTEIN has left on the stage, utters an exclamation, seizes it, runs up the rock, aims, fires, and instantly rushes off. The discharge of the rifle, and the alarm of the peasantry, bring Count ARNHEIM and his party to the spot. All maintain a painful silence, when THADDEUS enters, conveying ARLINE, who is wounded in the arm.]

*Tha.* I return thee thy child.

*Cou.* (clasping his child in his arms.) Praised be Providence her life is saved, for she is all that renders mine happy.

[Looking at her arm, then addressing BUDA.]

Let her wound have every attention, though it presents no sign of danger.

[BUDA goes into the castle with ARLINE, and Count ARNHEIM advances to THADDEUS.]

Stranger, accept the hand of one who, however different to you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the service you have rendered him. I trust you will remain, and join the festivities we are about to indulge in; and will gratify me to hear how I can be useful to you.

*Tha.* I thank your lordship; but—

*Cou.* (to the Nobles.) Pray, my friends, join your entreaties to mine.

[Here the nobles all surround the COUNT and THADDEUS. Then be seated, friends, and let the fete begin.]

[They all seat themselves at the tables, which have previously been laid on the O.P. opposite the castle. THADDEUS takes his seat at the farther end, FLORESTEIN occupying a prominent position. When they are seated, a variety of dances are introduced, during which BUDA is seen at one of the windows holding on her knee the child, whose arm is bound up. At the termination of the dancing, the COUNT rises.]

*Cou.* I ask you to pledge but once, and that is, to the health and long life of your Emperor.

[Here the guests fill their glasses, rise, and turning towards the statue of the Emperor, drink, while the peasantry surround it respectfully. THADDEUS alone keeps his seat, on perceiving which FLORESTEIN goes up to the COUNT, and points it out to him.]

*Flo.* Your new acquaintance, my dear uncle, is not overburdened with politeness or loyalty, for he neither fills his glass, nor fulfills your wishes.

*Cou.* (filling a glass and going up to THADDEUS.) I challenge you to empty this to the health of our Emperor.

*Tha.* (taking the glass.) I accept the challenge, and thus I empty the goblet.

[Goes up to the statue and throws down the glass with the utmost contempt. A general burst of indignation follows.]

Chorus of guests, rising, drawing their swords and rushing towards THADDEUS.

Down with the daring slave  
Who disputes the right  
Of a people's delight,  
And would their anger brave!

*Cou.* (To the nobles and guests, interposing between them and THADDEUS.)

Although 'tis vain to mask  
The rage such act demands,  
Forgive me if I ask  
His pardon at your hands;

If from your wrath I venture to have craved.  
The life of one, my more than life who saved.

(To *Tha.*) Stranger, I answer not  
One moment for your life;  
Quit, while you may, a spot  
Where you have raised a strife.

[Throws THADDEUS a purse of gold  
Your longer presence will more excite,  
And this will the service you did me requite.]

*Dev.* Where is the hand will dare to touch,  
One hair of a head I prize so much?  
[DEVILSHOOF rushes in.]

[Taking the hand of THADDEUS.]

(To *Cou.*) That pulse of pride you boast  
Within me beats as high,  
You and your titled host,  
Proud lord, I do defy.

*Flo.* (Aside, with a glass in one hand, and a leg of a bird in the other.)

Upon my life 'tis most unpleasant,  
Just as one had attacked a pheasant.

*Tha.* (who has taken up the purse, throws it at the COUNT'S feet.)

Take back your gold, and learn to know  
One—above aught you can bestow.

CHORUS OF NOBLES, ETC.

Down with the daring slave  
Who would our fury brave.

*Dev.* Stand back, ye craven things,  
Who dares obstruct our path,  
Upon his rashness brings  
The vengeance of my wrath.

[DEVILSHOOF, defending THADDEUS, retreats, pressed upon by the nobles, guests, etc., when the COUNT orders a party of his retainers to divide them; they seize DEVILSHOOF and take him into the castle.]

*Cho.* Seize him and bind him, and there let him find,  
Escape from those walls better men have confined.

Here a party of the huntsmen and retainers separate THADDEUS and DEVILSHOOF; they march THADDEUS off, and exit among the rocks, while DEVILSHOOF is dragged into the castle.

*Dev.* (as they are dragging him off.)  
Though meshed by numbers in the yoke  
Of one by all abhorred,  
Yet tremble worthless lord,

At the vengeance you thus provoke.

*Cho.* Down with the daring slave  
Who would our fury brave!



[DEVILSHOOF is dragged off into the castle; the COUNT, NOBLES, etc., reseat themselves, when other dances are introduced and the festival continues. BUDA is seen to leave the window at which she has been seated with ARLINE, and she enters and converses with the COUNT. In the midst of the most joyous movements of the dance, DEVILSHOOF is seen descending from the roof of the castle, until he reaches the window of ARLINE'S chamber, into which he is seen to enter, and to shut it immediately. BUDA then enters the castle, and in a minute afterwards the festivities are interrupted by a violent shrieking, the window is thrown open, and BUDA, pale, and with dishevelled hair, signifies by her gestures that ARLINE has disappeared.

Cho. What sounds break on the air?  
What looks of wild despair  
A grief as wild impart.

Cou. My child! that word alone,  
With agonizing tone,  
Bursts in upon my heart!

[COUNT and NOBLES dash into the castle. A general movement of all—some are seen at the window of ARLINE'S chamber, signifying that she is gone.

Cho. Be every hand prepared  
Their liege lord's hall to guard,  
With devotion whose bond  
All ties is beyond.

Flo. (kneeling and appearing greatly alarmed.  
Why, what with dancing, screaming, fighting,  
One really is a shocking plight in,  
And it puzzles quite one's wit  
To find a place to pick a bit.

[The COUNT rushes from the castle, dragging BUDA, and followed by NOBLES. BUDA, trembling, falls on her knees.

Cou. Wretch! monster! give me back  
The treasure of my soul;  
Go—all—the spoiler's footsteps track  
That treasured prize who stole.  
But no, vain hope! unless we pray to Him  
Who healeth all sorrow, with suppliant limb.

## PRAYER.

Thou, who in might supreme,  
O'er the fate of all reignest,  
Thou who hope's palest beam  
In the mourner sustainest.  
Vouchsafe to lend an ear  
To the grief of the wailer,  
Cut short the dark career  
Of the ruthless assailer.

[During the prayer DEVILSHOOF is seen climbing up the rocks with ARLINE in his arms.

## CHORUS.

Follow, follow, with heart and with arm,  
Follow, follow and shelter from harm  
The pride of Arnheim's line,  
Where all its hopes entwine.

Follow, follow,  
O'er break and through hollow!  
Climb the hill, ford the stream,  
High in air weapons gleam!  
Dash through where danger lies!  
Danger—ay, death despise!  
To save let all combine  
The pride of Arnheim's line.

[At the most animated part of the Chorus bodies of gentry, retainers, servants, etc., are seen rushing towards the rocks, and over every part, in pursuit of DEVILSHOOF, who, perceiving his situation, knocks away, the moment he has crossed it, the trunk of the tree which serves as a bridge between the two rocks, and thus bars their passage. COUNT ARNHEIM, in his distraction, is about to throw himself into the gulf—he is held back by attendants, into whose arms he falls senseless. Some are in attitude of prayer—others menace DEVILSHOOF, who, folding ARLINE in his large cloak, disappears in the depths of the forest.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

[NOTE.—Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the First and Second Acts.]

## SCENE I.

Street in Presburg by moonlight. Tent of the Queen of the Gipsies, large curtains at the back—it is lighted by a lamp. On the opposite side of the stage are houses, one of which, a Hotel, is lighted up.

[ARLINE is discovered asleep on a tiger-skin—THADEUS is watching over her. As the curtain rises a Patrol of the City Guard marches by, and as soon as they are gone off, DEVILSHOOF and a party of gipsies, wrapped up in cloaks, suddenly appear.

## CHORUS.

Silence! silence!—the lady moon  
Is the only witness now awake,  
And weary of watching, perchance she soon  
To sleep will herself betake.  
Silence! silence! from her throne in air  
She may look on and listen for aught we care,  
But if she attend unto our behest,  
She will quietly go to her rest.

## SOLO—DEVILSHOOF.

There's a deed to do whose gains  
Will reward the risk and the pains—  
[The Gipsies all draw their daggers and appear delighted.  
Fie! fie! to a gentleman when you appeal,  
You may draw his purse without drawing your steel;



With bows, and politeness, and great respect,  
You may take more than he can at first detect.

[Pointing to the lighted windows of the hotel

See, where in goblets deep  
What sense they have they steep—  
Watch here! till each to his home  
Shall reel on his doubtful way.  
Watch here! and the goblet's foam  
Will make him an easy prey!  
Silence! silence! this way, this way!

[As the Gipsies retire up the stage, FLORESTEIN staggers out of the hotel—he is elegantly dressed with chain, rings, etc., and a rich medallion round his neck.

Flo. Wine! wine! If I am heir  
To the Count—my uncle's line— [Hiccu,  
Where's the fellow—will dare  
To refuse his nephew—wine? [Hiccu,  
That moon there, staring me in the way,  
Can't be as modest as people say,  
For meet whom she will, and in whatever spot,  
She often looks on at what she ought not.  
Wine! wine! wine!

[The GIPSIES have by this time advanced, and DEVILSHOOF goes politely up to FLORESTEIN.

Dev. My ear caught not the clock's last chime,  
And I beg to ask the time?

[FLORESTEIN reels, recovers a little, and after eyeing DEVILSHOOF

Flo. (Aside.) If the bottle had prevailed,  
Yet whenever I'm assailed,  
Though there may be nothing in it,  
I am sobered in a minute—  
(To Dev.) You are really so polite,  
That (pulling out his watch) 'tis late into the  
night.

Dev. (taking the watch and putting into his fob.)  
You are very kind—can it really be!  
Are you sure it is so late?

Flo. (assuming courage.) May I beg to ask?—

Dev. I am grieved to see  
Any one in such a state,  
And will gladly take the utmost care  
Of the rings and chains you chance to wear.

[Taking from FLORESTEIN his rings, chain, and the rich medallion. FLORESTEIN draws his sword.

Flo. What I thought was politeness is downright theft,  
And at this rate I soon shall have nothing left.

[At a sign from DEVILSHOOF the Gipsies instantly surround FLORESTEIN, and take every valuable from him.

Tho. Advance with caution, let every man  
Seize on, and keep whatever he can.

[The GIPSEY QUEEN enters.

Queen. To him from whom you stole,  
Surrender back the WHOLE.

Flo. [The Gipsies return the different things to FLORESTEIN. (trembling and looking over the things.)

Thanks madam—lady—but might I request  
A medallion in diamonds—worth all the rest.

[At a sign from the QUEEN, who seems to command its restitution.

CHORUS OF GIPSIES.

On our chieftain's share we ne'er encroach  
And he fled with that prize, at your approach.

Que. (to FLORESTEIN.) Be your safety my care—

Flo. (trembling.) I'm in precious hands.

Que. (to Gipsies.) Follow and list to your Queen's commands.

Tho. Yes, we will list to our Queen's commands.

[Exit QUEEN, holding FLORESTEIN, all of a tremble, in one hand, and beckoning the Gipsies to follow with the other. As soon as they have gone off, ARLINE, who has been awake by the noise, comes from the tent followed by THADDEUS.

ArL. Ah, Thaddeus, would you not like to know my dream? Well, I will tell it you.

I DREAMED THAT I DWELT.

I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls,  
With vassals and serfs by my side,  
And of all who assembled within those walls  
That I was the hope and pride.

I had riches too great to count—could boast  
Of a high ancestral name;

And I dreamed, which charmed me most,

[Taking both his hands in hers

That you loved me still the same.

I dreamed that suitors besought my hand,

That knights upon bended knee,  
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,  
That they pledged their faith to me.

And I dreamed that one of this noble host

Came forth my hand to claim;

Yet I also dreamed, which charmed me most,

That you loved me still the same.

[At the end of the ballad THADDEUS presses ARLINE to his heart.

ArL. And you do love me still?

Tho. More than life itself.

ArL. Yet is there a mystery between our affections and their happiness that I would fain unravel. By the love you say you bear me, solve it.

DUET.

Tho. (taking her hand and pointing to the mark.)  
That wound upon thine arm,  
Whose mark through life will be,  
In saving thee from greater harm  
Was there transfixed by me.

ArL. By thee?

Tho. E'er on thy gentle head

Thy sixth sun had its radiance shed,  
A wild deer, who had lain at bay,  
Pursued by hunters, crossed the way,  
But slaying him I rescued thee,  
And in his death-throe's agony

That tender frame by his antler gored  
This humble arm to thy home restored,

ArL. Strange feelings move this breast  
It never knew before.

And bid me here implore  
That you reveal the rest.

THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH.

*Tha.* The secret of her birth  
To me is only known;  
The secret of a life whose worth  
I prize beyond my own.

*Ar.* The secret of my birth  
To him is fully known,  
The secret of a life whose worth  
I prize beyond my own

*Ar.* Speak, tell me—ease my tortured heart,  
And that secret evil or good impart.

*Tha.* I will tell thee, although the words may sever  
One who so loves thee, from thy love forever.

ENSEMBLE

WHERE IS THE SPELL.

Where is the spell hath yet effaced  
The first fond lines that love hath traced,  
And after years have but imprest  
More deep in love's confiding breast?

*Tha.* Arline!  
*Ar.* And yet few spells  
Have ever effaced  
The first fond lines  
That love hath traced.

*Tha.* Ah! what spell hath yet effaced  
The first fond lines that love hath traced?

*Ar.* Doubt not!  
*Tha.* And after years have but imprest  
More deep in love's confiding breast.

*Ar.* Where is the spell hath yet effaced  
The first fond lines that love hath traced,  
And after years have but imprest  
More deep in love's confiding breast?

*Tha.* And yet few spells have ever effaced  
The first fond lines that love hath traced,  
And after years have but imprest  
More deep in love's confiding breast.

ENSEMBLE

[At the end of the duet THADDEUS throws himself, in an ecstasy, at the feet of ARLINE, and is bathing her hand with kisses, when the back curtains of the tent are withdrawn, and the QUEEN appears, pale and trembling with passion. She advances towards ARLINE, and pointing to THADDEUS.

*Que.* And dare you aspire to the love of him who possesses the heart of your queen?  
*Ar.* Let him speak for himself, and choose between us.

[THADDEUS, who has been anxiously watching the two, here runs and embraces ARLINE. She surveys the QUEEN with an air of triumph.

*Ar.* (to the QUEEN) I made no idle boast; (then to THADDEUS,) summon our comrades hither.  
[THADDEUS calls the Gipsies together.

CONCERTED PIECE.

*Ar.* Listen, while I relate  
The hopes of the Gipsy's fate.  
I am loved by one, by one I love  
All other hearts above,  
And the sole delight to me  
[Taking the hand of THADDEUS.  
Is with him united to be.  
*Cho.* Happy and light of heart be those  
Who in each bosom one faith repose!

*Dev.* (Aside—Mausciously pointing to the QUEEN)  
A rival's hate you may better tell  
By her rage than by her tears,  
And it, perchance, may be as well,  
To set them both by the ears.

(To QUE.) As queen of the tribe, 'tis yours, by right,  
The hands of those you rule to unite.

*Cho.* (To the QUEEN, who draws back and hesitates.)  
In love and truth, by thee  
Their hands united be.

*Que.* (Haughtily advancing and taking the hands of ARLINE and THADDEUS.  
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,  
Who shall those I have mated part?  
By the spell of my away,  
Part them who may.

[Joining their hands.

*Cho.* Happy and light of heart be those  
Who in each bosom one faith repose!  
[During this scene the stage has been growing somewhat lighter. GIPSY enters.

*Gip.* Morning is beginning to dawn, and crowds of people are already flocking towards the fair: the sports begin with daylight.

*Que.* Summon the rest of the tribe, and meet me forthwith in the public square. (To DEV.) Do you remain to bear my further orders.

[Exit THADDEUS and ARLINE, hand in hand, followed by the other Gipsies, repeating chorus.

DUET.

*Que.* This is thy deed—seek not to assuage  
My jealous fears and a rival's rage.

*Dev.* I neither fear nor seek to calm—

*Que.* (Aside to DEV.) Revenge is the wounded bosom's balm.  
That jewel with which thou hast dared to deck  
Thy foredoomed neck,  
Answer me—where didst thou get it—where?

*Dev.* 'Twas intrusted to my care.

*Que.* This very night, on this very spot  
Thy soul for once its fears forgot,  
And a drunken galliard who crossed thy way,  
Became thy prey—

*Dev.* Fiend born, 'twere vain to fly  
The glance of her searching eye!

DOWN ON THY KNEE.

Down on thy knee, and that gem restore,  
E'en in thy shame amazed,  
Or long years of sin shall deplore  
The storm which thou hast raised.

*Dev.* (Aside.) It best might be the prize  
to restore,  
Much as I seem amazed,  
Or hereafter I may deplore  
The storm which I have raised.

*Dev.* (Kneeling and presenting the medallion to the QUEEN.) Queen, I obey.

'Tis the wisest thing  
Thy coward soul could do. [Takes medallion

*Dev.* (aside.) Who from my grasp such prize could  
wring,  
The doing it may rue.

*Que.* Depart and join the rest.

ENSEMBLE

*Que.* I do thy high behest— *[Aside.*  
 The wrongs we forgive not and can  
 not forget,  
 Will the edge of our vengeance  
 more sharply whet.

*Que.* The wrongs we forgive not and can  
 not forget,  
 Will the edge of our vengeance  
 more sharply whet.

ENSEMBLE.

*[Exit the QUEEN and DEVILSHOOF at separate sides.*

## SCENE II.

*Another street in Presburgh. Daylight.*

*[Enter ARLINE in a fanciful dress, followed by a troop of Gipsies. She has a tambourine in her hand.*

## CHORUS.

In the gipsies' life you may read  
 The life that all would like to lead.

## ARIA.—ARLINE.

Come with the gipsy bride,  
 And repair  
 To the fair,  
 Where the mazy dance  
 Will the hours entrance,  
 Where souls as light preside !  
 Life can give nothing beyond  
 One heart you know to be fond,  
 Wealth with its hoards can not buy  
 The peace content can supply :  
 Rank in its halls may not find  
 The calm of a happy mind.  
 So repair  
 To the fair,  
 And they all may be met with there.  
 Love is the first thing to clasp,  
 But if he escape your grasp,  
 Friendship will then be at hand,  
 In the young rouge's place to stand !  
 Hope too will be nothing loth  
 To point out the way to both.  
 So repair  
 To the fair,  
 And they all may be met with there.

## CHORUS.

In the gipsies' life you may read,  
 The life that all would like to lead.

*[Exit ARLINE, followed by the tribe of Gipsies.*

## SCENE III.

*A Grand Fair in the public Platz of Presburgh. On one side a large hotel over which is inscribed "The Hall of Justice." Various groups of Gentry, Soldiers, Citizens, Peasantry cover the stage. Foreign shops are seen in various parts, curious Rope-dancers, Showmen, Waxwork, a Quack Doctor, Exhibitions, etc., etc., are dispersed here and there. Flags hung out at the windows, and ringing of bells, enliven the scene.*

## CHORUS.

Life itself is at the best  
 One scene in mask of folly drest.  
 And there is no part of its wild career  
 But you will meet with here !  
 To these symbols of life your voices swell  
 Vive la masque, et vive la bagatelle.

*[At the end of the Chorus and during the Symphony, a movement is perceived at the further end of the Place, which is followed by the entrance of a double party of men Gipsies, headed by DEVILSHOOF and THADDEUS, who force a passage down the centre of the stage, which they occupy; they then open their ranks, when another file of female Gipsies, headed by their QUEEN and ARLINE, pass down them. FLORESTEIN and a party are seen watching them with great curiosity.*

## QUARTET.

ARLINE, QUEEN, THADDEUS, DEVILSHOOF.

From the valleys and hills  
 Where the sweetest buds grow,  
 And are watered by rills  
 Which are purest that flow,  
 Come we ! come we !

## CHORUS.

Light of heart, fleet of foot, reckless of slight or  
 gibe,  
 Who can compare with the free happy Gipsy  
 tribe ?

*[During this the body of Gipsies have been enacting characteristic dances, when ARLINE, carrying a flower-basket in her hand, glides round to the assembled company, and sings.*

## SOLO.—ARLINE.

Sir knight, and lady, listen !  
 That bright eye seems to glisten

As if his trusted tale  
 Did o'er thy sense prevail !

*[To a lady*

[To another—pointing to her heart.  
**Pretty** maiden, take care, take care,  
 What havoc love maketh there!  
 [To a third—pointing to a ring on her finger.  
 And this token, from love you borrow,  
 Is the prelude of many a sorrow.  
 There are those who have lived, who knew  
 The gipsy's words to be true.

CHORUS.

[As the same dance of the other gipsies continues.  
 Light of heart, fleet of foot, reckless of slight or  
 gibe,  
 Who can compare with the free happy Gipsy  
 tribe!

[At the end of the dance and Chorus **COUNT ARNHEIM** and some Officers of State enter; his hair has become gray, his step is slow, and his appearance is that of sorrow. He is accosted by **FLORESTEIN**. He gazes attentively at **ARLINE**, sighs heavily, then exit with his retinue into the Hall of Justice.

**Flo.** (Goes up to **ARLINE**.) Fair creature, your manner has enchanted me, and I would fain take a lesson from you.

**ArL.** Of politeness, sir? By all means: to begin then, whenever you address a lady always take your hat off.

**Flo.** Very smart (with a titter)—'pon my word, very smart. Your *vanité* only increases the feelings of admiration and devotion which a too susceptible heart—

**ArL.** (bursting out laughing.) Ha! ha! ha!

**Flo.** Your indifference will drive me to despair.

**ArL.** Will it really?

**Flo.** Do not mock me, but pity my too susceptible nature, and let me print one kiss upon—

[Here **ARLINE** gives him a violent slap on the face; the **QUEEN**, who has gone up the stage with **THADDEUS**, now brings him on one side and points out the situation of **ARLINE** and **FLORESTEIN**; he is about to rush upon **FLORESTEIN** just as **ARLINE** has slapped his face; on receiving it, he turns round, and finds himself between the two, and both are laughing in his face.

**Que.** (eyeing **FLORESTEIN**.) It is the very person from whom they stole the trinkets I made them give him back again.

[Taking the medallion from her bosom. This too is his, and now my project thrives.

[**FLORESTEIN** turns up the stage to join his party, and the **QUEEN** crosses to **ARLINE**.

You have acted well your part, and thus your Queen rewards you.

[Places the medallion round her neck. Forget not the hand who gave it.

**ArL.** (Kneeling and kissing the Queen's hand.) Let this bespeak my gratitude.

**Que.** And now let our tribe depart.

[Chorus and dance repeated, and the Gipsies are all about to march off. **THADDEUS** and **ARLINE** bring up the rear of their body; and as they are going off, **FLORESTEIN**, who with his friends has been watching their departure, perceives his medallion on the neck of **ARLINE**—he breaks through the crowd and stops her—she and **THADDEUS** come forward.

**Flo.** Though you treated me so lightly some moments past, you will not do so now. That medallion is mine; my friends here recognize it: and I accuse you or your accomplices of having robbed me. Guards!

CONCERTED PIECE.

Chorus of Populace surrounding **ARLINE**.

Shame! shame! let us know the right,

And shame on the guilty one light!  
 (rushing before **ARLINE** to shield her.)

**Tha.** He who a hand would on her lay,  
 Through my heart must force his way.

**Cho.** Tear them asunder, but still protect,  
 Until they can prove what they but suspect.

**ArL.** To all who their belief have leant,  
 Heaven can attest I am innocent.  
 [**FLORESTEIN**, who has during this movement entered the "Hall of Justice," is now seen returning, followed by a strong guard, who file off each side of the steps.

**Flo.** (to **CAPTAIN OF GUARD**, pointing to **ARLINE**.)  
 There stands the culprit, on you I call  
 Conduct her away to the Hall—to the Hall.

**Cap.** To the hall [**ARLINE** is arrested.]

**Cho.** [trying to rescue her.] Hold!

**Cap.** Soldiers seize her.

[Soldiers drive back the populace.

[To the people.] They who would

brave the law,

Against themselves but draw.

**ArL.** Oh! heaven's mercy!

**Tha.** Free me, or else the law

Upon your heads you draw.

**Flo.** Now it is with the law,

I beg leave to withdraw.

**Gip.** Why should we fear the law,

Or all the arms ye draw?

ENSEMBLE

**ARLINE** is conducted by a file of the Guard, preceded by **FLORESTEIN** and his party into the "Hall of Justice;" **THADDEUS** and others follow.

SCENE IV.

[Interior of Count **ARNHEIM**'s Apartment in the Hall of Justice. A full-length portrait of **ARLINE**, as she was in the first act, hangs on the wall. Count **ARNHEIM** enters, thoughtful and dejected; he contemplates **ARLINE**'s portrait, and wipes the tear from his eye.

RECITATIVE.

Whatever the scenes the present hour calls forth before the sight,  
 They lose their splendor when compared with scenes of past delight.

ROMANCE.—**COUNT**.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe,  
 To weakest hope will cling,  
 To thought and impulse while they flow  
 That can no comfort bring,

With those exciting scenes will blend  
 O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,  
 But memory is the only friend.  
 That grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair  
Still ponder o'er the past,  
On moments of delight that were  
Too beautiful to last.

To long departed years extend  
Its visions with them flown  
For memory is the only friend  
That grief can call its own.

*At the end of the song, a confused noise is heard outside, when the CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD and a mob of citizens, guards, and gentry enter. FLORESTEIN is in the midst of them, who instantly rushes up to the COUNT.*

*Flo.* It is your lordship's nephew—I, who have been robbed!

*[Pointing to ARLINE standing in the centre, pale, and with dishevelled hair, but still haughty in her demeanor.]*

*Cou.* (*aside.*) 'Tis she I saw but now in the public square. That girl—so young, so beautiful—commit a robbery, impossible!

*ArL.* (*looking contemptuously at FLORESTEIN, and turning with dignity to the COUNT.*) Heaven knows I am innocent, and if your lordship knew my heart, you would not deem me guilty.

*Flo.* (*pointing to his friends.*) My witnesses are here, who all can swear they saw it on her neck.

*All.* We can.

*Cou.* (*To ARLINE, in a kind tone.*) Explain this matter to me, and without fear.

*ArL.* From the infamy with which I am unjustly threatened, thus I free myself.

*[She draws a dagger from beneath her scarf, and is about to stab herself, when Count ARNHEIM rushes forward, seizes her arm and wrests the dagger from her.]*

FINALE.

*Cou.* Hold! hold!  
We can not give the life we take,  
Nor reunite the heart we break!  
Sad thing—

*[Taking the hand of ARLINE, and suddenly seeing the wound on her arm.]*

What visions round me rise,  
And cloud with mists of the past mine eyes?  
That mark! those features! and youth!

*[Dragging ARLINE forward and in great agitation.]*

My very life hangs on thy truth—  
How came that mark?

*ArL.* (*Recollecting THADDEUS'S words.*)  
E'er on my head

My sixth sun had its radiance shed,  
A wild deer who had lain at bay,  
Pursued by hunters, crossed my way;  
My tender frame by his antler gored,  
An humble youth to my home restored.  
The tale he but this day confessed,  
And is near at hand to relate the rest.

*[Here a tumult is heard, and THADDEUS, having escaped from those who had confined him, breaks into the room, and rushes into the arms of ARLINE. The COUNT, on seeing him, reels back. A general excitement prevails.]*

*Cou.* With the force of fear and hope  
My feelings have to cope!

*ArL.* (*Approaching the COUNT, and pointing to THADDEUS, who starts on beholding him.*)  
'Tis he the danger braved;  
'Tis he my life who saved.

SOLO.

*Cou.* (*Seizing ARLINE in his arms, and in a transport of joy.*)

Mine own, my long-lost child!  
Oh! seek not to control  
This frantic joy, this wild  
Delirium of my soul!  
Bound in a father's arms,  
And pillowed on his breast,  
Bid all the rude alarms  
That assailed thy feelings, rest.

*[COUNT clasps ARLINE to his heart—kisses her head, hands, hair, and shedding tears of joy.]*

*ArL.* (*Bewildered, starts from the COUNT and runs to THADDEUS.*)

Speak—speak? this shaken frame  
This doubt, this torture, see—  
My hopes—my very life—my fame  
Depends on thee.

*Tha.* (*Pointing to COUNT ARNHEIM with deep emotion. Aside.*)

Dear as thou long hast been,  
Dear as thou long wilt be,  
Mourned as this passing scene  
Will be through life by me,

Though his heart, and none other, like mine can adore thee,  
Yet (*aloud*) thou art not deceived—'TIS thy father before thee!

*[ARLINE staggers, and then rushes into the COUNT'S arms.]*

*Cou.* Praised be the will of heaven  
Whose light on them smiled,  
And whose bounty hath given  
The father his child!

*Dev.* (*Suddenly emerging from the crowd and dragging THADDEUS away.*)

Better to go ere driven,  
Than e'er be reviled,  
For the bounty hath given  
The father his child!

*Flo.* Praised be the will of heaven,  
Whose light o'er me smiled,  
And whose bounty hath given  
A father his child!

*Tha.* Though from this bosom riven,  
That heart is beguiled,  
The bereavement hath given  
The father his child!

*[THADDEUS hides his face in his hands much moved.]*

ENSEMBLE

*Ar.* Praised be the will of heaven,  
Whose light o'er me smiled,  
And whose bounty hath given  
A father his child!

*Cho.* Praised be the will of heaven  
Whose light or them smiled,  
And whose bounty hath given  
The father his child!

ENSEMBLE.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*A splendid Saloon, in the Castle of Count ARNHEIM.*

*On the Ground Floor, a large window at the back opening on the Park. On the o. p. side, the door of a small Cabinet, doors at the back, leading into spacious Galleries.*

*Enter ARLINE, elegantly dressed for a Ball.*

*Arl.* The past appears to me but a dream. Yet my heart recalls enough to convince me it was all reality. Will I think of the wandering life I led, my memory will revert to him who in every trial preserved its honor.

ROMANZA—ARLINE.

Though they bid me wear a smile  
And look joyously around,  
Naught can e'er my heart beguile,  
Which to love and truth is bound.  
'Tis not palace, pomp, or state,  
Princely gifts, though rich and rare,  
In this heart can change create,  
While his form is imaged there.  
Give me back the lowly cot,  
Brightest home of earlier years;  
Oh! what joy was then my lot,  
Now o'ercast by silent tears.  
Though I dare not breathe that name,  
Fondly cherished in my breast,  
Wealth and power I'd yield to claim  
His fond love with truth impressed.

*Ar.* (*Going round the room to see if any one is watching.*) Now no eye beholds me, I may at least indulge in a remembrance of the past. (*Goes to the Cabinet, o. p., and brings out her gipsy dress.*) [*To herself.*]  
"In the gipsy's life you read—

*Dev.* (*springing into the apartment.*)  
The life that all would like to lead."

*Ar.* (*screaming.*) Devilshoof here!

*Dev.* Hush! fear not; we want you to rejoin our tribe. You shall become our queen.

*Ar.* Impossible! Leave me, I pray.

*Dev.* I have brought with me one who has greater powers of persuasion than I. (*Calling THADDEUS*) Friend!

[*Here THADDEUS appears at the window.*]

*Tha.* I thought you had forgotten me.

*Ar.* Forgotten you! (*pointing to the gipsy's dress.*)

Had I nothing else to remind me of you, this would always speak to me of you. Forgotten you!

[*DEVILSHOOF goes up to the window, on the look-out.*]

When other lips and other hearts  
Their tales of love shall tell,  
In language whose excess imparts  
The power they feel so well,  
There may perhaps in such a scene,  
Some recollection be  
Of days that have as happy been,  
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight  
The beauty now they prize,  
And deem it but a faded light  
Which beams within your eyes;  
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask  
'Twill break your own to see;  
In such a moment I but ask  
That you'll remember me.

[*THADDEUS has barely time to take refuge in the cabinet, and DEVILSHOOF to escape by the window, when the great doors are thrown open, and a brilliant assemblage enters, led by Count ARNHEIM, FLORESTEIN, etc. COUNT takes ARLINE's hand and presents her to the company.*]

*Cou.* Welcome, welcome all—share with me all the joy I feel, while I present my loved and long-lost daughter.

FINALE.

*Cho.* Welcome the present, oh! ponder not  
On the days departed now,  
Let the cares that were theirs be forgot,  
And razed from pleasure's brow.

*Flo.* (*seeing the gipsy dress on a chair, and taking it up.*)  
This is not an ornament fit to grace,  
At such a moment, such a stately place,  
And perchance 'twere best to hide the prize  
In this recess (*pointing to cabinet*) from his lordship's eyes.

*Ar.* (*whose attention has been riveted on the cabinet, and seeing FLORESTEIN go near it.*)

That room and its treasure belong to me.  
And from all intrusion must sacred be.

*Cho.* Never mind time, nor what he has done,  
If he only the present will smile upon!  
Welcome the present, oh! ponder not  
On days departed now;  
Let the cares that were theirs be forgot,  
And razed from pleasure's brow.

[*A confused murmur is heard at the back of the stage.*]

What sounds break on the ear,  
Checking young joy's career!

[A female closely veiled, enters the apartment, and goes up to Count ARNHEIM.]

*Fem.* Heed the warning voice!  
Wail, and not rejoice!  
The foe to thy rest,  
Is one thou lovest best.

[She lets her veil fall and discovers the QUEEN of the GIPSIES.]

*Con.* Who, and what art thou? Let me know  
Whom dost thou deem my foe?

*Que.* Think not my warning wild?!

'Tis thy re found child!  
She loves a youth of the tribe I sway,  
And braves the world's reproof;  
List to the words I say—  
He is now concealed beneath thy roof;

*Con.* Base wretch, thou liest—

*Que.* Thy faith I begrudge,  
Open that door, and thyself be the judge.

[Count, rushing to the door of the cabinet, which ARLINE in vain opposes.]

Stand not across my path,  
Brave not a father's wrath.

*ArL.* Thrown thus across thy path, } ENSEMBLE  
Let me abide thy wrath.

[The COUNT pushes ARLINE aside, opens the door, and THADDEUS appears—the COUNT reels back, and every one seems panic-struck.]

QUINTET AND CHORUS.

COUNT, FLORESTEIN, THADDEUS, ARLINE, and QUEEN.

*Tha.* Though every hope be fled,  
Which seemed so bright before,  
The vengeance I scorn to dread,  
Which they on me can pour!

*Con. (to ARLINE.)* To shame and feeling  
dead,

Now hopeless to deplore,  
The thunder bursting on thy head,  
Had not surprised me more.

*Que. (Maliciously eyeing ARLINE.)*  
All other feelings dead,  
Revenge can hope restore,  
Its thunders on her daring head  
I only live to pour.

*Flo.* And this is why she said,  
I must not touch the door:  
It clearly would have been ill bred,  
For rivals are a bore!

*ArL. (Horror-stricken on seeing the QUEEN.)*  
To all but vengeance dead,  
She stands mine eyes before!  
Its thunders waiting on my head  
In all her hate to pour.

*Con. (Advancing to THADDEUS.)*  
Leave this place thy polluting step hath crossed,  
Depart, or thou art lost.

*Tha. (Casting a sorrowful look on ARLINE as he is about to go.)*

To threats I should contemn,  
For thy dear sake I yield.

*ArL. (Summoning resolution.)*  
The bursting torrent I will stem,  
And him I live for shield.

[She takes THADDEUS by the hand, and goes to the COUNT, then turns to the company.]

Break not the only tie,  
That bids my heart rejoice,  
(With energy.) The husband of my choice.

*Con. (rushing between them and drawing his sword.)* *Tha.*  
THADDEUS.)

Depart, ere my thirsty weapon stains  
These halls with the blood of thy recreant veins!  
(To ARLINE.) False thing! beloved too long, too  
well,

*Que. (Seizing THADDEUS by the arm.)*  
Brave not the madness thou canst not quell!

List to the warning voice that calls thee!  
Fly from the peril which enthalls thee!  
[Darting a furious look at ARLINE as she passes her]  
Weep rivers—for ages pine!  
He shall never be thine.

[As the QUEEN is dragging THADDEUS towards the window, ARLINE stops him.]

*ArL. (to the assembly.)* Your pardon, if I seek  
With my father alone to speak.

[Exeunt every one at the large doors each side of the windows, which close upon them; the QUEEN is seen to pass out of the window, ARLINE falling at the COUNT's feet.]

See at your feet a suppliant one,  
Whose place should be your heart;  
Behold the only loving thing  
To which she had to cling,  
Who saved her life and watched o'er her years  
With all the fondness faith endears,  
And her affections won—  
Rend not such ties apart.

*Con.* Child! Arline! wilt thou? darest thou heap  
A stain thine after life will bewep,  
On these hairs by thee and sorrow bleached—  
On this heart dishonor never reached?

*ArL. (rising and seeking refuge in the arms of THADDEUS.)*  
Whatever the danger, the ruin, the strife—  
It must fall; united we are for life.

*Con. (with rage.)* United! and would'st thou link my  
name

In a chain of such deep disgrace?  
My rank, my very blood defame  
With a blot no time can efface?  
The child of my heart, of my house the pride,  
An outcast gipsy's bride!

*Tha. (breaking from her, and going up with great dignity to Count ARNHEIM.)*

Proud lord, although this head proscribed,  
Should fall by the weapons thy wealth hath  
bribed,

Although in revealing the name I bear,  
The home I shall see no more:  
The land which to thee in its deep despair  
The deadliest hatred bore,  
I may fall as have fallen the bravest of foes.  
'Twere better like them to die!  
And in dishonored earth to lie,  
Than bear unresented reproaches like those.

[Count ARNHEIM and ARLINE betray symptoms of astonishment, yet great anxiety.]  
Start not, but listen!

When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the  
hoof

Of the ruthless invader—when might,  
With steel to the bosom and flame to the roof,  
Completed her triumph o'er right;  
In that moment of danger, when freedom invoked  
All the fetterless sons of her pride,



In a phalanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yoked,  
I fought and I fell by her side;  
My birth is noble, unstained my crest  
As thine own—let this attest.

[Takes his commission, seen in Act I., from his bosom, and gives it to the COUNT, who stands fixed and bewildered.

*Con.* (greatly moved.) The feuds of a nation's strife,  
The party storms of life,  
Should never their sorrows impart  
To the calmer scenes of the heart.  
By this hand let thine hold  
Till the blood of its veins be cold!  
[THADDEUS, moved to tears, is about to fall at the Count's feet, who checks him.  
Not at mine—be that homage paid at hers,  
Who the fond one of feeling on thee confers.

## TRIO.

*Con.* Let not the soul over sorrows grieve,  
With which the bosom hath ceased  
to heave:

Let us not think of the tempest past,  
If we reach the haven at last.

*Art.* Ne'er should the soul over sorrows  
grieve  
With which the bosom hath ceased  
to heave;

Never should we think of the tempest  
past,

If we reach the haven at last.

*Tha* Why should the soul over sorrows  
grieve,

With which the bosom hath ceased  
to heave;

Why should we think of the tempest  
past,

If we reach the haven at last?

ENSEMBLE

[During the trio, the wan figure of the QUEEN has been seen at the window in the back, and at the end of it, as THADDEUS is about to embrace ARLINE, the QUEEN, in a transport of rage, points him out to a Gipsy by her side, who is in the act of firing at him, when DEVILSHOOF, who has tracked their steps, averts the Gipsy's aim, and by a rapid movement turns the musket towards the QUEEN—it goes off, and she falls.

[The distant sound of joyous instruments heard in the saloons, which the intelligence of the catastrophe is supposed to have reached, ceases, and crowds of nobles, ladies, guests, etc., pour in at each door. ARLINE rushes into the arms of THADDEUS, and then passes over to the COUNT.

## ARLINE AND CHORUS.

Oh what full delight,  
Through my bosom thrills,  
And a wilder glow  
In my heart instills!  
Bliss! unfelt before,  
Hope! without alloy,  
Speak, with raptured tone  
Of that heart the joy.

THE END.

# BOHEMIAN GIRL.

"I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls."

*Andante.*  
*dolce.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/8 time signature and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same 3/8 time signature and key signature, featuring a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The second system continues the musical notation from the first system, maintaining the same two-staff structure and musical elements.

The third system continues the musical notation, with the lower staff ending with the marking *rall. pp*.

The fourth system continues the musical notation, showing the continuation of the melody and accompaniment.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The lower staff includes the markings *cresc.* and *Ped.*, and ends with a double bar line and a small asterisk symbol.

*Moderato.*

"In the Gipsy's life you read."

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with a 3-measure rest. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

*Allegretto.*

Musical notation for the second system, including a 6/8 time signature change and a forte (f) dynamic marking. The treble staff continues the melody, while the bass staff features a more active accompaniment.

Musical notation for the third system, ending with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic marking. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

"MARCH."

*Allegro moderato e marziale.*

Musical notation for the fourth system, starting with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic marking. The key signature changes to three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

Musical notation for the fifth system, continuing the march with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic marking. The melody and accompaniment maintain the march's character.

Musical notation for the sixth system, featuring trills (tr) and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The piece ends with a final melodic flourish in the treble staff.

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