



THE
NEW GRAND OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS,
ENTITLED
THE CRUSADERS

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

On THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1846.

PRICE—ONE SHILLING.

LONDON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. F. JOHNSON, "NASSAU
STREAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

MDCCLXVI.

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On THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1846.

THE MUSIC, COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS THEATRE, BY

M. BENEDICT.

Is Published by Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, and Co. Regent Street.

THE WORDS, WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES, BY

A. BUNN, Esq.
FR. NIC. MANSKOPFSCHES
MUSIKHISTORISCHES
MUSEUM, FRANKFURT A.M.

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Sg Hamble Am. I 189/86

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Conrade, (<i>King of Jerusalem</i>)	MR. HOWELL
Bohemond, (<i>Prince of Tarnetum</i>)	MR. W. HARRISON.
Raymond, (<i>Count de Toulouse</i>)	MR. BORRANI.
Amaury, (<i>Count of Champagne</i>)	MR. H. HORNCastle.
Sanserre,	MR. S. JONES.
Martel	MR. MORGAN.
William, (<i>Archbishop of Tyre,</i>)	MR. WEISS.
Hassan, (<i>Prince of the Assassins, surnamed "The Man of the Mountain,"</i>)	MR. STRETTON.
Ismaël, (<i>a Young Fedavi, or follower of [the Sect of the Assassins,]</i>)	MR. D. W. KING.
Melech, (<i>one of the same Tribe,</i>)	MR. T. MATTHEWS.
Officer,	MR. BURT.
Herald,	MR. HENRI.
<i>Crusaders, Saracens, Fedavis or Assassins, Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, Heralds, Pages, Guards, Soldiers, Pilgrims, Populace, &c., &c.</i>	
Alméc, (<i>a Sumnite Girl, of the Sect of the Assassins</i>)	MISS ROMER.
Iseult, (<i>Daughter of the Count de Toulouse,</i>) ..	MISS RAINFORTH.
Bertha, (<i>her Attendant,</i>)	MISS FITZJAMES.
<i>Ladies of the Court, Bridal Attendants, Sumnite Women, Alméc, Waiting Maids, Populace of Jerusalem, &c., &c.</i>	

PREFACE.

THE incidents introduced into this work are partly historical, partly legendary; and the object of these few observations is to conciliate the forgiveness of the reader, by admitting the anachronism of the writer.

The points of history herein made subservient to the purposes of the drama comprise the capture of Jerusalem, in the first Crusade, under Godfrey of Bouillon and his followers, (immortalized in the pages of Torquato Tasso), anno 1099, and events connected with the third Crusade, under Richard Cœur de Lion, anno 1191. The most illustrious writer on the subject, and one of the purest and most devoted supporters of the Holy War, William, Archbishop of Tyre, was not born at the time of the first Crusade—a remark equally applicable to the MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, a character introduced for the first time, to the best of my recollection and research, on our Stage, and both embodied in the Dramatis Personæ; and it is necessary therefore to acknowledge the violation of all chronological order, in this leap over a period of nearly one hundred years.

A more immediate reference to the latter character, who performs a prominent part in the following pages, may not be unacceptable to the reader. Hume, in his Life of *Richard the First*, says, (quoting from Heming, page 582, and Brompton, page 1243):

“ There was a petty Prince in Asia, commonly called ‘ *The old Man of the Mountain*,’ who had acquired such an ascendant over his fanatical subjects, that they paid the most implicit deference to his commands; esteemed assassination meritorious, when sanctified by his mandate; courted danger, and even certain death, in the execution of his orders; and fancied, when they sacrificed their lives for his sake, the highest joys of Paradise were the infallible reward of their devoted obedience. It was the custom of this Prince, when he imagined himself injured, to dispatch secretly some of his subjects against the aggressor, to charge them with the execution of his revenge, to instruct them in every art of disguising their purpose; and no precaution was sufficient to guard any man, however powerful, against the

“attempts of these subtle and determined ruffians. † The greatest monarchs stood in awe of this Prince of the Assassins (for that was the name of his people, whence the word has passed into most European languages.”)—*History of England, 8vo edition, vol. 2, pages 18 and 19.*

This extraordinary class of men, and their powerful ruler, are similarly treated by Mr. James, who cites as his authorities, James of Vitry; Mathew of Paris; William of Tyre; Ducange ou Joinville:

“For many years a horde of plunderers had been established in the mountains of Phœnicia, in the neighbourhood of Tortosa and Tripoli, who, in the end, obtained the name of assassins, from the small dagger, which was their only weapon, and which was called *hassassin*. Their religion was a corrupted species of Islamism, and their government a fanatical despotism. Their chief was called sometimes the Ancient, sometimes the Lord of the Mountains, and among the Christians he obtained the name of THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS. By working on the excitable imaginations of an illiterate and fanatical race, the Lords of this extraordinary tribe had obtained over them an influence unknown to any other power which was ever brought to sway the mind of man. The will of ‘The Old Man of the Mountains’ was absolute law to each of his subjects. Whatever were his commands, whether to slay themselves or another, they asked no questions—paused not to consider of justice or injustice—but obeyed; and when sent to execute the will of their Lord upon any one, they followed their object with a keen sagacity and unalterable perseverance, that placed the life of each individual in the hands of their remorseless monarch. Nothing could turn them aside from the pursuit; no difficulties were too great for them to surmount; and when they had struck the victim, if they escaped, it was well; but if they were taken, they met torture and death with a stoical firmness, feeling certain of the joys of Paradise as a compensation for their sufferings. The number of this tribe was about sixty thousand, all conscientious murderers, whom no danger would daunt, and no human consideration could deter. From this tribe we have derived the word ASSASSIN!”—*History of Chivalry, chap. 12., pages 255-256.*

Reference will be found in particular places to the legendary assistance derived from Tasso

M. Benedict having been so obliging as to express a desire to compose a work with the co-operation of my esteemed friend, M. de St. Georges, and myself, we have had the utmost pleasure in complying with the wishes of that amiable and accomplished master.

A. BUNN.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 26, 1846.

The Enchantment.

THE CRUSADERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Banqueting-room in the Palace at Tyre—hung round with flags, trophies, garlands of flowers, &c., giving an air of great luxury—large doors in flats. CONRADE, the King elect of Jerusalem, is on an elevated seat, before a table set out, surrounded by BOHEMOND, BAUDOIN, SANSERRE, MARTEL, and other Chiefs of the Crusade. Young Sumnite girls, in Mussulman costume, are lying at their feet, or standing by their sides, variously grouped, filling their goblets, and endeavouring to intowicate them, as well by their beauty as by the wines they offer them. Other young girls execute a graceful dance, and perform several pas, during their libations.*

CHORUS OF CRUSADERS.

Though here it is forbid to quaff
A mantling cup of wine,
Yet at such law we Christians laugh—
For 'tis that stream
Alone, whose beam
The banquet makes divine!
With fame when flushed the soul,
When ended glory's task,
The sweets to sip
On woman's lip
Then bathe them in the bowl—
What more can glory ask?

[Chorus of Sumnite girls, to which others dance around the tables.

By the spell to beauty given
Be the charms of discord riven,
And for ever hence be driven
The sound of arms!
And each sense while thus delighting,
While your love with love requiting,
Listen now to the inviting
Of Eastern charms!

[The Chiefs, rising and advancing to the Sumnites.

Oh, woman's matchless charms
Are victory's surest arms!

[Then repeating the former chorus.

With fame when flushed the soul,
 When ended glory's task,
 The sweets to sip
 On woman's lip,
 Then bathe them in the bowl—
 What more can glory ask?

[The young girls dance to the ritournelle of this Chorus—the Crusaders join their groups, and every thing has the appearance of an extravagant and voluptuous orgie, when the doors are suddenly and violently thrown open, and the venerable ARCHBISHOP OF TYRE enters, dressed in his sacerdotal robes.

Arc. Great Heavens! at risk of honor's loss,
 The champions of the Holy Cross,
 The chambers of this sacred place
 With shameless riot to disgrace!

[At a sign from the ARCHBISHOP all the dancers retire.

The Chiefs (in alarm.) William of Tyre, rigid and austere!

Arc. (continuing) Those whose high task, alike devout
 And pure, has been by Heaven marked out,
 To shame that calling 'neath a dome
 Where sanctity should find its home!

Con. Heaven with its servants is not thus severe!
 'Tis Conrade, whom this day the throne

Arc. And sacred altar claim their own—
 'Tis he would outrage with such scene
 Halls that have pure and tranquil been!
 Woe to thee, Conrade! woe unto thy cause!
 If in such blind career thou dost not pause,
 The Christian world, whose trust is now in thee,
 Thy fall, and not success, will gladly see.

CHORUS OF CRUSADERS (to each other.)

Yield to his threatening voice,
 Prelate of Heaven's choice!
 And constant to our vow
 Here humbly let us bow!
 Let us such vice controul,
 Such folly throw apart,
 And with the warrior's soul
 Combine the Christian's heart!

SONG OF THE CRUSADERS, (energetically, and without accompaniment.)

On, Chieftains, on, with cross in hand,
 Jerusalem upon ye calls;
 Beneath that ensign take your stand
 And plant its emblem on her walls!

Arc. My brethren, your passions, not yet subdued, have yielded to the seductions of these children of the prophet, come here bent on your destruction. But I call upon ye in the name of Heaven to banish them hence for ever.

Con. Father, be your will obeyed.

Arc. Illustrious chieftains of the Christian army, in two days hence we shall be at the gates of Jerusalem. The accomplishment of such sacred duty being so near at hand, we should strive to propitiate Heaven, by prudent and virtuous conduct.

Boh. Heaven has hitherto protected us, holy prelate—for after

having in safety braved the burning climate of the desert, and the fatigues of long and fearful marches, we have escaped the daggers of assassins, and the accurst accomplices of the monster they call "THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN," whose crimes have so long deluged in blood every Christian kingdom.

Con. THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN has vowed, they say, the death of every Christian, bold enough to take upon himself the title of King of Jerusalem.

Arc. Heaven will protect you, my son, against every barbarian power, for its hand is more mighty than that of the assassin. (*Sacred music is heard outside.*) Come, noble Conrade, those holy sounds call you to that temple where, a few moments hence, you will receive the crown from my hands.

[*All the Chiefs bow respectfully to CONRADE and the ARCHBISHOP, who retire, as the music dies away in the distance.*

Arm. A word, my lords. I hope our worthy Archbishop has not included, in his expulsion of the Mussulman beauties who have invaded our camp, the lovely Alméa.

Boh. (*warmly.*) Alméa has placed herself under the protection of the Crusaders, and it would be utter baseness to withhold our support from her.

San. (*ironically.*) Our ally, the Prince of Tarentum, would undoubtedly prefer being the sole protector of the lovely stranger, although he is betrothed to the noble Iseult, daughter of the Count de Toulouse.

Boh. While adoring from the bottom of my soul her to whom I am affianced, I cannot deny that Alméa exercises over my senses a powerful fascination. I deplore my infidelity, yet have not energy enough to tear myself from the magic influence of her charms, and this is why I will yield to no one the right of protecting her.

San. Then, Prince of Tarentum, there will be two swords drawn, and two breasts naked to receive them.

Bau. Two swords, say ye? There will be mine.

Mar. And mine—

All. And all!

Boh. Draw then all, for I alone mean to be the protector of the beautiful Alméa, unless she should choose another.

San. (*Drawing his sword with the rest.*) Draw then—each be for himself, and God be for us all.

MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE.

Stand then on guard, and may each blade
Be crimson'd to the hilt;
The blood that is by woman swayed
Should be for woman spilt!

ALMÉA, at the end of this morceau, enters dressed in a rich Eastern costume, followed by ISMAEL and several Slaves.

All.

Behold the beauty we so prize!

Alm.

Ah! do I hear the sound of arms

'Mongst those of peaceful vows who boast?

All. Subdued by those angelic eyes
Each would possess thy matchless charms—
Do thou decide—

Alm. —Who loves me most?

[*The Knights place their hands upon their hearts, advancing towards her.*

RECITATIVE.

I understand what each would say,
But not in thoughtless words must be
Made known the feeling you'd display,
Or breathed the love that's meant for me!

CAVATINA.

They little know the charm whereby
The love of woman's bound,
Who trust to words the lip may sigh
However sweet they sound!
Despite the vows such suitors swear,
Her heart for ever feels
More moved by deeds the soul can dare,
Than all the tongue reveals!

(*Coquettishly.*) Submit unto her will—
Her mandate to fulfil—
Anticipate each thought
By which that will is wrought—
Read in her speaking eye
Those thoughts that deepest lie—
And, acting thus your part,
Perchance you'll win her heart!

All (earnestly.) Speak! for our fate hangs on a breath—
Thine are we all, through life—till death!

Alm. (playfully.) That will be better shewn by deed—
But, first of all, we are agreed:

REPRISE OF THE CAVATINA.

They little know the charm whereby
The love of woman's bound,
Who trust to words the lip may sigh
How sweet soe'er they sound:
Despite the vows such suitors swear,
Her heart for ever feels
More moved by deeds the soul can dare
Than all the tongue reveals.

(*Coquettishly, as before.*) Submit unto her will—
Her mandate to fulfil—
Anticipate each thought
Whereby that will is wrought—
Read in her speaking eye
The thoughts that deepest lie—
And, acting thus your part,
Perchance you'll win her heart!

[*The Knights take up these last eight lines, and sing them in chorus.*

Submit we to thy will—
Thy mandate we'll fulfil—
Anticipate each thought
By which that will is wrought—
Read in thy speaking eye
The thoughts which deepest lie—
And each will act this part,
In hope to win thy heart!

Boh. Speak, and command us, beautiful Alméa, for not one amongst us can behold you without loving you.

Ama. And we all swear to continue the friend of him who shall be your choice.

Alm. A noble oath, my lords, and worthy the chiefs of the Christian cause; but, believe me, the love of a poor infidel, like Alméa, would not be worth the life of the least illustrious among ye. You have dangers enough to run in this land without creating fresh ones.

Boh. There is no danger we could encounter face to face, and sword to sword, that would pale the cheek of a Christian knight—but there is a peril alike odious, infamous, and terrible, perpetually hanging over our heads, and that is—assassination.

San. For my part, I am inclined to think the power of THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, and his horde of assassins, very much over-rated.

Alm. (*With strong emotion.*) Do not think so, Count de Champagne. All that is said of him does not come up to the truth.

Ama. Mere infidel gossip.

Alm. Listen then to the fearful tale, which is sung throughout the East, respecting the sway of THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, and may its recital put you on your guard against his attempts. Sing, Ismaël.

Ism. (*Aside to ALMÉA.*) I know not if I ought.

Alm. (*Authoritatively.*) I command you.

SONG.

Ism.

Within yon forest stands a rock
Whose summit none can climb,
Unscathed by blast, or tempest's shock,
And blackened o'er by Time!
An aged being there resides,
Circled by spirits who act as he guides,
Sworn by their faith with poignard to strike
Kings, and those whom they govern, alike!
Tremble! THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN calls
From his lofty throne, aloud;
Wherever that sound of terror falls,
'Tis followed by sheet and shroud!

From his tribunal, reared on high,
He judges all below;
And those whom once he dooms to die
Succumb beneath his blow!
His weapon human aid derides—
Silent as dart of the serpent it glides
Whether in shade, or in light it be,
When he has issued his dread decree!
Tremble! THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN calls
From his lofty throne, aloud;
Wherever that sound of terror falls,
'Tis followed by sheet and shroud!

San. Sheer fiction, invented, to intimidate the weak, and to blind the strong.

Boh. It is, however, too true, Count de Champagne, for every day brings to light some fresh instance of the hidden power of this monster.

San. As an ally of the Mussulman, he is leagued with them to decimate the Christian army, and to prevent its arrival at Jerusalem.

Bau. My lords, every thing is prepared for the coronation of Conrade, the new King of Jerusalem. Let us repair to him, and accompany him to this august ceremony.

Ama. (To ALMEA.) Nothing but a sacred duty, lovely Alméa, could force us thus to leave you.

[*They all salute her, and exeunt, except BOHEMOND; ISMAEL approaches ALMEA, who dismisses him with an imperious movement of the hand.*]

Ism. (Aside, pointing to BOHEMOND.) By Mahomet, it is he whom she loves—but ties such as those this dagger can soon cut asunder. [Exit, casting a glance of hatred on BOHEMOND.]

Alm. (Addressing BOHEMOND coquettishly.) Do you not follow them?

Boh. I cannot bring myself to leave you thus. You know how I loved you, Alméa, from the day you first sought a refuge in our camp.

Alm. (moved.) Reflect on what you say, and that every thing divides us—your rank, your religion, and—other ties perhaps.

Boh. Recall not the past, or the present will be but too guilty. As it is, I see but you, I sigh but for you, and will never more leave you.

Alm. Only think on what I am, while you make such a vow.

Boh. Whate'er it be, I heed not.

ROMANCE.

Whate'er thy lot in life may be,
My heart is wholly thine;
For pilgrim ne'er hath bent the knee
Before a brighter shrine!
With thee, though storms should round us fly,
I henceforth fain would dwell;
No cloud will ever wreck the sky
Which love cannot dispel!

I feel the pride of honor's laws,
Their charms before me see,
But in their course my feelings pause,
And hasten back to thee!
With thee, though storms should round us fly,
I henceforth fain would dwell;
No storm will ever wreck the sky
Which love cannot dispel!

Alm. (With transport.) Ah! Bohémond, if I could believe that thy faith would yield thus to thine affection—

Boh. (Falling at her feet.) You love me then?

Alm. (With abandon.) I do.

Ism. (Appearing in the back ground, as ALMEA says these words.) She loves him: my hatred told me so, before I heard her own it.

Boh. (Turning round, and seeing ISMAEL.) What does this person want?

Ism. (Advancing to BOHEMOND.) Forgive an humble slave of the

beautiful Alméa, for presuming to announce to you, my lord, that the chiefs, your illustrious friends, are all assembled in the Temple, where they are about to crown the new King of Jerusalem.

Boh. I come—(then turning to ALMÉA)—but ere I leave you, Alméa, give me the hope of seeing you again, alone, and far from the observation of my rivals.

Alm. To-morrow, ere dawn of day, in the wood of Alamon.

Boh. I will be there. (To ALMÉA with rapture.)

Ism. (aside.) So too will I.

[BOHEMOND exit hastily. During the foregoing and following dialogue, the religious music which accompanies CONRADE'S coronation is heard in the distance.]

Ism. (with bitterness.) And can a Sumnite girl, a daughter of the holy prophet, dare to love a Christian?

Alm. What does it concern thee to whom I give my heart? dost thou forget, thou art but my slave?

Ism. (Drawing himself up.) I am thy master, Alméa,—such is the will of him who commands us all. He recalls thee, and has ordered me to conduct thee to him.

Alm. No, no, that is impossible.

Ism. (Unfolding a parchment.) Behold his sacred firman—the firman of our implacable and terrible master—THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN!

Alm. What are his orders then?

Ism. (Seizing her by the hand, and dragging her.) That you follow me instantly, for he awaits us both.

[ISMAEL is hurrying ALMÉA away, when a violent tumult is heard outside, and BOHEMOND, SANSERRE, AMAURY, BAUDOIN, and all the other Chiefs enter in confusion, and in the utmost dismay.]

CHORUS.

(Finale of the First Scene)

Despair and fury seize

The maddened soul—

Revenge lifts up her voice

Beyond controul!

Conrade, our chosen King, lies low

Beneath the assassin's blow!*

The ARCHBISHOP enters.

SOLO.

Oh, shame, beyond prevention or belief!

Oh, horror! passed almost the bounds of grief!

The thread of life, with all its charms in view,

Snapped, on the threshold of the throne, in two!

* It was the highest indiscretion in Conrade, Marquis of Montferrat, to offend and affront THE PRINCE OF THE ASSASSINS. The inhabitants of Tyre, who were governed by that nobleman, had put to death some of this dangerous people: the Prince demanded satisfaction; for as he piqued himself on never giving any offence, he had his regular and established formalities in requiring atonement. Conrade treated his messengers with disdain—the Prince issued the fatal orders; two of his subjects who had insinuated themselves in disguise among Conrade's guards, openly wounded him mortally; and when they were seized and put to the most cruel tortures, they triumphed amidst their agonies, and rejoiced that they had been destined by Heaven to suffer in so just and meritorious a cause.—*Hume's History of England, vol. 2, page 19.*

All. What wretch has done this deed?
San. (stepping forward.) —In such a scene
 But one such homicide could e'er have been—

[Presenting a bloody dagger.

The parchment read, sealed to this reeking blade
 Which cold in death our noble chieftain laid!

[BOHEMOND, (taking the parchment and reading,) "Assassinated
 by command of THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, and thus
 shalt perish ALL the Kings of Jerusalem!"

All. (uttering a loud cry.)
 Heaven, in thine intentions mercy yield,
 And from assassin's steel thy children shield!

Repeat of CHORUS by all.

Despair and fury seize
 The maddened soul—
 Revenge lifts up her voice
 Beyond controul!
 Conrade, our chosen King, lies low
 Beneath the assassin's blow.*

Arc. In him, whose sacred cause you serve,
 Crusaders, still believe!
 Let not that loss your souls unnerve
 O'er which you vainly grieve!
 Another king, another shall succeed,
 Whose course no Infidel shall dare impede!
 Jerusalem's the prize,
 Whose throne before ye lies!

[CRUSADERS' former chorus without accompaniment.

On, Chieftains, on, with cross in hand,
 Jerusalem upon ye calls:
 Beneath that ensign take your stand,
 And plant its emblem on her walls!

[ARCHBISHOP, taking a helmet from one of the Knights.

SOLO,

Where each is worthy of a throne,
 The choice must rest on chance alone;
 Within this helmet throw your rings,
 And his, first drawn, shall be the KING'S!

[CRUSADERS, throwing their rings in the helmet, and repeating
 the chorus without accompaniment.

On, Chieftains, on, with cross in hand,
 Jerusalem upon ye calls:
 Beneath that ensign take your stand,
 And plant its emblem on her walls!

[ARCHBISHOP, presenting the helmet to a young Deacon near him.

* Conrad was stabbed by two of a class of men called the Assassins, at the moment that Richard, to obtain concord, had consented to his coronation as King of Jerusalem, in opposition to the claim of Guy of Lusignan. The French attributed the death of Conrad to Richard, and all parties flew to arms; but in the midst of this confusion, Henry, Count of Champagne, came forward, married the widow of Conrad, and the united host once more prepared to march to conquer the kingdom, for which they had just been providing a king.—James's History of Chivalry, pages 255-56.

Choose from that casque a ring whose worth
Confers one other King on earth !
Whose mission will by Heaven be sent—

[*Taking the ring presented to him by the young Deacon.*

'Tis Bohémond's—Oh, blest event!
Is Bohémond our King ?

All.

Boh. (modestly.)

—Such high estate,
For one so little worth, is far too great,—

Arc.

All (bowing before

'Tis Heaven hath chosen thee—

BOHEMOND.)

—And here each knight

To thee his honor, faith, and heart doth plight.

[ISMAEL, *re-appearing, and advancing to BOHEMOND, says to him in a whisper,*

One waits thee near at hand, by feeling led—

Boh. (to ISMAEL, in an under tone.) I fly to meet my love—

Ism. (aside.)

—Thy death, instead !

CHORUS OF CRUSADERS, (*to BOHEMOND.*)

On to the Temple—to the throne—where now
Each Chieftain guards thee, to record his vow ;
And in the ears of Infidels we'll ring,
The King lives once again—long live the King !

[*Execute all, surrounding BOHEMOND, and preceded by the ARCH-BISHOP OF TYRE.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of a Forest, sombre and wild in appearance—rich moonlight. On the r. s. is a lofty rock, on the summit of which is discovered HASSAN, Prince of the Assassins, surnamed THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN. He is enveloped in a long white robe, covered with a red mantle—a thick, white beard falls down upon his breast. At his feet, on the steps of the rock, and in the different pathways of the forest, his SEIDERS and FEDAVIS are kneeling, in attitudes of profound respect.*

CHORUS OF FEDAVIS.

Master, and Monarch ! whose will alone
Above all law, and all will we own :
If Kings must perish, and subjects bleed,
Weapons and hearts have we for the deed !

Has.

The Sylphs of the Fountain
Which Paradise laves,
The Nymphs of the Mountain
Who bathe in its waves,

With beauty and extacy none else can know,
Hath Mahomet promised through me to bestow !
Sons of the Prophet ! where Christian shall tread,
That spot must be marked out as doomed for the dead—
Track him, attack him, concealed from his sight,
In the silence of eve, and the shadow of night !

REPEAT OF CHORUS.

Master, and Monarch ! whose will alone
Above all law, and all will, we own :
If Kings must perish, and subjects bleed,
Weapons and hearts have we for the deed !

Has. (In a solemn voice.) Listen, all, to the orders of the Prophet, which I, Hassan, his Minister of Justice and of Death—I, THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, am about to transmit to you.

All. Speak! speak!

Has. (*Descending and placing himself in the midst of them.*) These Christians, in their blind folly, dare to choose the king of a city they have not yet conquered. The prophet calls upon ye to sacrifice every one who shall impiously usurp such title. Baudoin fell, as his foot touched the soil of Palestine. Lusignan perished likewise, and if my holy orders have been fulfilled, Conrade has expired on the steps of the altar, at which he was about to be crowned.

A FEDAVI enters, and runs to HASSAN.

Fed. Conrade is no more.

Has. Who slew him?

Fed. (*Prostrating himself.*) An unworthy slave of Allah, who hopes to merit the supreme joys destined for the elect.*

Has. (*energetically.*) Then do not these shameless Christians tremble?

Fed. Far from that, oh master! they brave your power, and have just chosen another King of Jerusalem.

Has. Prepare your poignards, my sons—but withdraw for the present, for I perceive our much loved child, Alméa, coming this way.

[*All, repeating the Chorus as they exeunt,*

Master and Monarch! whose will alone
Above all law, and all will, we own:
If Kings must perish, and subjects bleed,
Weapons and hearts have we for the deed!

ALMÉA, entering and bowing.

Alm. Master, in obedience to your orders I am here.

Has. Come hither, my child, and render me an account of thy mission.

Alm. (*Falling at his feet.*) Father, I have betrayed you.

Has. (*With fury.*) Wretch!

Alm. Hear me! Carried off at a tender age, by your slaves, brought hither amidst the terrible people over whom you reign, educated in your dogmas, and your dreadful belief, I went by your directions amongst the Christians to beguile their senses, and to wean them over to the Prophet—but a strange revolution soon

* The murderers were taken and tortured. Bromton (col. 1243) says, nothing certain could be gained from them. Hoveden (p. 717) and Vinesauf (whom that excellent compiler, Samudo, has followed), make them declare that they murdered Conrad in revenge for an injury which he had done their master. But Bohadin (c. 144) affirms that they said they were employed by Richard. Against the testimony of this Arabic writer must be placed that of another Arabic historian, namely, the continuator of Tabary, who says, (according to Father Berthereau, cited in Michaud, *histoire des Croisades*, xi. 422) that the murderers, when under the hands of the executioner, would not confess the names of those that had employed them. The same author says that Saladin offered ten thousand pieces of gold to the "Old Man of the Mountain," if he would assassinate the Marquis of Tyre and the King of England: but that the Prince of the assassins did not think proper to deliver Saladin entirely from the Franks, and therefore performed only a moiety of what was required of him. The generosity of Richard to Conrad is admitted in Sicard's *Chronicle*, cited in *l'Art de Vérifier les dates*, l. 449. And it seems that Conrad, with his dying breath, recommended his wife to surrender Tyre to Richard.—See notes to *Mills's History of the Crusades*, vol. 2, page 387.

operated on my heart; and, while I feel you will curse me, I have given my soul and my love to one of our enemies.

Has. (*enraged.*) Infamous slave! And hast thou abjured thy faith?

Alm. Instead of having so foresworn, I have formed a project of gaining over the adherence of the most illustrious of the Christian knights.

Has. If it be so, my child, Hassan will protect and pardon thee. Speak!

Alm. In a few moments the illustrious Bohémond will be here. Give orders that the various illusions by which you have obtained so many proselytes, shall charm and intoxicate his senses—his love for me will accomplish the rest. I, however, attach two conditions to this conquest.

Has. Conditions to *me!* But no matter, I pledge my faith to fulfil them.

Alm. The first is, that you suffer me to leave this place for ever, to follow Bohémond.

Has. I grant it, for I would the whole world knew that a disciple of THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN had made one of our deadliest enemies renounce his religion.

Alm. The second is, that the life of Bohémond, Prince of Tarentum, shall be held sacred by you, and by my brethren.

Has. He whom thou lovest has nothing to fear, for we have only sworn the death of the Kings of Jerusalem.

[*A distant sound of the horn is heard.*]

Alm. (*quickly.*) He comes.

Has. This way, my child, this way—and may Mahomet sanction thy design,

[*He goes out hastily with ALMEA.*]

BOHEMOND enters R.

Boh. At length I am in this redoubted wood, where, they say, every species of witchcraft and magic is practised to entrap the souls of the Christians. I feel as if committing a double sacrilege on my religion, and on the pure affections of my childhood. At the bare thought of Iseult my footsteps falter; and at the next moment the inexplicable influence of this stranger leads me on. Thus love which guides me surely will protect me.*

BALLAD.

Oh, Love! to whom the fond heart pleadeth,
Watch thou o'er me;
The spell which here my footsteps leadeth,
Is faith in thee!

* The reader need scarcely be reminded, that this scene is founded on the exquisite description of "The Enchanted Wood," in the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, of Torquato Tasso, given in verses 18 to 30, of the eighteenth canto, with those variations deemed necessary for stage representation.

Although all dangers may surround me,
And dread they be,
I shall not heed the ills around me
If led by thee!

[*Mysterious Chorus, in the Trees.*

Come! thou art bidden
By beauty, here!
Happiness hidden
Awaits thee near!
Bravest are weakest
At woman's shrine!
She whom thou seekest
Will yet be thine!

Boh. (in amazement.) Is it from Heaven above,
And wafted on the breeze,
Descend those tones of love
My doubting heart to ease?

[*He advances through the underwood of the Forest, throwing aside the boughs which obstruct his path—he plunges on into the thick of the wood, which gives way before him—then making another effort, he removes some shrubs and bushes which bar his passage, and the farthest branches fold up of themselves, discovering a delightful garden, brilliantly illumined by a fantastic light, and dazzling with flowers—at the back of which flows a tranquil lake, whereon the rays of the moon are playing. BOHEMOND has scarcely entered the garden, when from every tuft of flowers a YOUNG ODALISQUE arises—they group themselves around him, and entangle him in their garlands, while at the same moment other young girls execute around him the most voluptuous dances—all of which is done to the Music of the*

REPEAT OF THE CHORUS.

Come! thou art bidden
By beauty, here!
Happiness hidden
Awaits thee near!
Bravest are weakest
At woman's shrine!
She whom thou seekest
Will yet be thine!

Boh. Who in such Paradise doth reign?
What spot her form infolds?

[*Mysterious Chorus, answering.*

Thou, by thy tenderness, may'st gain
What she by love now holds.

[*At this moment a mass of roses open, as if by magic, and discover the beautiful ALMEA, who advances to BOHEMOND.*

DUET.

Boh. There needed not this fairy place,
By strange illusion wrought,
Which cannot add one single grace
To her's, I only sought!

Alm. Within these realms no being lives
Who is not pure and just;
And such abode the Prophet gives
To all in him who trust.

Boh. These gaudy scenes deceive not
Those who such faith believe not;
And all their charms amaze not;
If on thy form I gaze not!
Alm. (tenderly.) Thou lov'st me then?
Boh. —By this suspended breath—
Alm. And thou wilt swear to love me?
Boh. —Until death!

Alm. & Boh. *Ensemble* { This passionate excess,
Those vows so fondly given,
'Twere impious to suppress,
Because they breathe of Heaven!
Alm. In proof thou wilt not break
The heart thou should'st assuage—
That none thy love partake—
[*Pointing to the cross which BOHEMOND wears.*
I ask that simple gage!

Boh. Great Heavens! it is the cross my mother gave,
Placed on my heart the soul within to save—
My life-blood take—all—all—I prize as much,
But that one gift 'twere sacrilege to touch!
Alm. Thy love thou seek'st then to estrange?
Boh. Each vein for thee would bleed—
My very nature thou may'st change,
But can'st not change my creed. (*Turns away.*)
Alm. (despairingly.) He leaves me then?

Boh. (going back to her.) —Oh, place no bar
Between that Heaven and me;
But change thou to its brightest star,
Whose light will purer be.
Alm. (aside, with deep emotion.)
Some ray of love, some beam of grace
Unworthy projects doth replace,
And telleth, by celestial sign,
My lover's faith will yet be mine!

Alm.

ENSEMBLE.

Boh.

A light of prizeless worth
Breaks on my dazzled eyes;
The pledge of love on earth,
And bliss beyond the skies!

A light of prizeless worth
Breaks on her dazzled eyes;
The pledge of love on earth,
And bliss beyond the skies!

[*At the end of this duet a violent noise is heard outside.*

Alm. (To BOHEMOND.) What do I hear? Such unaccustomed
sounds in this calm and peaceful dwelling make me apprehend some
misfortune to thee. Follow this young girl, and do as she directs.

[*ALMEA whispers to a young girl, pointing at the same time
to BOHEMOND, who recovers the sword he had dropped.*

Boh. (Turning to ALMEA.) Let me hope that but a few moments
will separate us.

Alm. (Making a sign to him to retire.) Leave me I implore
thee, and feel assured that my faith shall be thine, as my love is
already. [*BOHEMOND retires, guided by the young girl.*

FINALE.

ISMAEL rushes in, followed by HASSAN, and a band of FEDAVIS, brandishing their pignards.

Is. (to Has.) Prince! Father! lend thine ear
To tidings that I bring;
The Christian Knight, to Alméa dear,
Is their new chosen King!

- All.* Vengeance! let vengeance be the cry
On such unholy mockery!
Arise! stab through his guilty heart—
- Alm.* (*rushing in the midst of them.*)
Ye are deceived by Ismael's art!
- Ism.* (*to HAS.*) He succeeds Conrade—is the King elect—
- Alm.* (*falling at HASSAN'S feet.*)
I knew it not—*thy* word, *my* love respect!
All. No word of pardon, nor forgiveness hear,
And let the name of king no more appear!
- All* (*rushing forward.*) Follow his track—this instant he was here—
Alm. (*distractedly.*) He's lost! for me this fate he braved!

[*Looking in the back ground, and uttering a scream of joy.*
The Heaven he serves his life has saved!

[*At this moment BOHEMOND is seen, in the distance, crossing the lake in a small but splendidly decorated vessel, fully manned and oared, and steering towards the city of Tyre, which is seen on the horizon.*

- Has.* He has escaped, but yet shall feel
That chance not always foils the steel!

[*All the FEDAVIS falling at the feet of HASSAN, (who stands erect with a feeling of concentrated passion,) presenting their daggers to him, and repeating]*

THEIR FIRST CHORUS

Master! and Monarch! whose will alone
Above all law, and all will we own;
If Kings must perish, and subjects bleed,
Weapons and hearts have we for the deed!

ALMEA *lifts her hands to Heaven, in token of gratitude, and the curtain falls on the Tableau.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

The Siege.

ACT, II

SCENE I.—*The royal tent of BOHEMOND, on the platform of a mountain at Emmaus, some leagues from Jerusalem. On the o. p. side a rich camp bedstead, hung with damask curtains, embroidered with gold. In the centre a table, on which a plan of the country is lying. The tent is circular and enclosed with draperies that can be all lifted up together. From the ceiling of the tent is suspended a silver lamp, a light.*

BOHEMOND, AMAURY, SANSERRE, and [the principal leaders of the Crusade are seated round the table, and examining the map lying before them.

Boh. Noble knights, we have pitched our tent to-night on the heights of Emmaus; to-morrow's sun will shew us the walls of the sacred city.

Ama. To-morrow, sire, shall put an end to the campaign, if such be your orders, by the army of the Crusade entering victoriously into Jerusalem.

Boh. I know your ardour, my brave companions; but we must await the arrival of the reinforcement led hither by our brave ally, the Count de Toulouse, now in full march to join us.

San. The Count de Toulouse is not only accompanied by his brave troops, but also it is positively said by his daughter, the charming *Iseult*, to whom your majesty has been betrothed from childhood.

Boh. (*Rising and much moved.*) *Iseult!* here? who told you this, Sanserre?

Sans. General rumour confirms the truth of the affection the beautiful countess has long felt for our king.

Boh. (*Aside.*) Should this be true! such proof of devotion for me, at a moment when I almost feel unworthy of it; but no, I cannot believe it.

Enter an OFFICER, P. S.

Offi. (*to BOHEMOND.*) Sire, the near approach of the Count de Toulouse, and his noble daughter, in this moment signalled.

Boh. (*agitated.*) My wish, although my fear is then realised. What must be done?

Ama. Would not your majesty deem it fit that we go and meet our illustrious ally?

Boh. Undoubtedly, my lords; let us begone, (*then aside*) and may Heaven grant me resolution to drive from my heart a love it ought never to have known.

[*They exeunt hastily amidst the flourish of martial music, which announces the arrival of the COUNT DE TOULOUSE. Several warriors remaining in the tent, then lift up the vizors of their helmets, and discover HASSAN, the Man of the Mountain, and several of the assassins seen in the first Act.* Silently withdrawing the curtains of the tent, they make a sign to several of their accomplices, and, amongst them, ISMAEL, to join them, and they all form a circle round HASSAN.*

Has. They are gone, and thus far, all is well—introduced in the camp, clad in the armour of the christian soldiers, we are now in the very midst of our enemies, to learn their plans and to annihilate them.

All. Speak, speak!

Has. Silence and hear me. This Bohemond who has dared to penetrate into our retreat, must be our next victim, and thus scattering disorder and alarm in the ranks of these Crusaders, they will not venture to approach Jerusalem, though the object of their vows and their ambition.

All. Speak—command!

Has. It falls to the lot of Ismael, the youngest of you all, to undertake this sacred combat.

Ism. (*falling at the feet of HASSAN.*) Thanks, prince, thanks; I will prove myself worthy of this mission, and my hand shall be firm and sure, to serve *thy* cause (*aside*) and *my* revenge.

Has. (*to ISMAEL*) Be it so my son, thou shalt shortly receive full instructions. (*aside*) Still will I watch him, for my mind mis-gives me. (*then to the rest.*) In the meantime secretly follow all the movements of your enemies, and meeting here again during their evening repast, inform me of all I seek to know—now separate.

[*They all drop their vizors at the same moment, and exeunt stealthily at the different entrances of the tent to solemn music, introductory of the following duet. ISMAEL is about to go out with the rest, when a young warrior holding him back, lifts up his vizor, and discovers ALMÉA.*

DUET. :

Ism. (*with a loud exclamation*) Alméa here?

Alm.

Yes! to implore thee

One who is guiltless, to respect!

Ism.

Never!—The heart that dares adore thee

Shall quail to his thou dar'st reject!

Alm.

What has he done?

* This disguise of the assassins, in the armour worn by the Crusaders, was suggested by the plot laid against Godfrey of Bouillon, depicted in the 86th and 87th verses, Canto 19, of *Jerusalem Liberata*.

Ism. ———My bosom rified
Of hope, and joy, thy love, thy soul,
And anguish for a moment stifled,
Bursts out again beyond control.

Alm. I never loved thee—

Ism. Though deceived,
'Twas rapture to have once believed;
And that bright fate which o'er me beamed,
Mine, and mine only to have deemed!

Alm. Mistake me not, I ne'er can be
Allied with thoughts that govern thee—
A nobler feeling, purer tone,
And virtues to thy heart unknown,
With mind from guilty purpose free,
Point out a higher destiny!

ENSEMBLE.

<p><i>ISMAEL (aside)</i> 'Tis vengeance that can calm This bosom's rage; Only her sacred balm My pangs assuage! Ne'er shall this passion sleep, Or poignard rest, Until 'tis crimson'd deep Within his breast.</p>	<p><i>ALMEA.</i> Let thoughts of mercy calm Thy bosom's rage; And may her sacred balm Thy pangs assuage! Oh! bid that passion sleep Which robs thy rest; Or sheath thy poignard deep Within this breast.</p>
<p><i>Ism. (as if retiring)</i> No! he shall die—that law which I revere Thy love for him, both arm me!</p>	<p>Hear me—hear!</p>
<p><i>Alm.</i> If my sad voice, whose tones to heaven ascend, Thine unforgiving purpose cannot bend— If 'tis my love that whets the murderer's knife, I here renounce that love to save that life!</p>	<p>To my remonstrance yield, Thy deadly aim resign— What do I hear?</p>
<p><i>Ism.</i> <i>Alm.</i> <i>Ism.</i> <i>Alm.</i> <i>Ism.</i></p>	<p>And henceforth be his shield, And save him—I AM THINE! Oh, tempt me not—those charmed words recall— I must their spell withstand; I shall betray my God—my faith—my all! Betray them! THERE'S MY HAND!</p>
<p><i>Alm.</i></p>	<p>[Here HASSAN appears for a moment at the back of the tent.]</p>

ENSEMBLE.

<p><i>ISMAEL (entraptured)</i> Some ray more pure and bright, My prisoned heart hath freed; She, now its sole delight, Gives me her hand and creed! Although this act no more The prophet may forgive, On me his hate may pour, If loved by her I live!</p>	<p><i>ALMEA (resignedly)</i> To day that seemed so bright Do darker hours succeed, Some spell, my hopes to blight, Binds me unto his creed! My lot while I deplore, May heaven such thought forgive, And peace, now lost, restore, If doomed with him to live!</p>
<p><i>Ism.</i> <i>Alm. (aside)</i> <i>Ism.</i></p>	<p>Then he shall live! No longer feel my hate— But thou art mine! Oh, agonizing fate! I swear it—but his life must sacred be, His shall be spared—but <i>thine</i> belongs to me!</p>

ENSEMBLE (*repeated*)

ISMAEL (*with transport*)
 Some ray more pure and bright,
 My prisoned heart hath freed ;
 She, now its sole delight,
 Gives me her hand and creed !
 Although this act no more
 The prophet may forgive,
 On me his hate may pour,
 If loved by her I live !

ALMEA (*resignedly*)
 To day that seemed so bright
 Do darker hours succeed ;
 Some spell, my hopes to blight,
 Binds me unto his creed !
 My lot while I deplore,
 May heaven such thought forgive,
 And peace, now lost, restore,
 If doomed with him to live.

[*At the end of the Duet the sound of approaching footsteps is heard—they separate, and exeunt hastily at opposite sides, instantly the COUNT DE TOULOUSE holding his daughter ISEULT by the hand, and accompanied by BOHEMOND, AMAURY, SANSERRE and others, chiefs of the Crusade.*]

CHORUS (*addressed to ISEULT*)

To you our Queen, by choice,
 By claim, by beauty's spell,
 Now, let each gladdened voice,
 With grateful homage dwell !

AIR.—ISEULT.

While here a father's steps I traced,
 Where danger threatened near,
 By feelings distance ne'er effaced,
 And absence made more dear ;
 Each fervent wish, each guileless thought,
 I breathed for him alone,
 And little deemed the hand I sought
 Could lead me to a throne.

CABALETTA.

In the héart's early dream,
 In those fond days of youth,
 When we are what we seem,
 And when love is all truth ;
 Oh, how oft hast thou sighed,
 "Thou wert mine, only mine,"
 To a soul that replied,
 "I am thine, only thine !"

When those days passed away,
 Still they left the delight
 Of beholding their ray
 As intense and as bright,
 As when first thy lips sighed,
 "Thou wert mine, only mine !"
 To a soul that replied,
 "I am thine, only thine !"

Ray. (To BOHEMOND.) Sire, my noble Iseult was affianced from childhood to Bohémond, Prince of Tarentum ; but now a throne is yours, our holy cause may require some other marriage. Reflect awhile, sire—to-morrow, no doubt, will see us enter Jerusalem victoriously—to-morrow your reign will begin—and it will then be time to renew your vows, and consecrate them for ever, at the foot of the altar.

Enter an ESQUIRE.

Esq. A tent is prepared for the Count de Toulouse, and his suite.

Ise. Suffer me to remain, my father, for a few moments with the king—we have been so long separated, that I seek to learn my fate from him alone.

Boh. Let me join my wishes to those of your noble daughter, Count de Toulouse.

Ray. Be it as you wish, sire,—but I repeat, that the thought of your glory, and the object of our enterprise, justify me in leaving you free to withdraw, or to confirm your obligations.

[*Exeunt omnes, except ISEULT and BOHEMOND. BOHEMOND embraces her during the symphony.*]

DUET.

Ise. (coquettishly.) The truant, Time, which all things changeth,
The heart and it's regards estrangeth!

Boh.

Ise.

Boh.

Ise.

Boh.

Still the heart believeth

That which its feelings most deceiveth.

I am not changed—and if a thought

In other scenes their hue had caught,

To see thee near me still the same

I left thee, would such thought reclaim.

I doubt thee not; and if to me

Still friend and brother thou could'st be,

I still should claim thy love mine own—

But placed by fate upon the throne,

The faith which thou didst pledge as KNIGHT,

As KING, I hold thee free to slight!

Of crown, and what is dearer—thee—

I should alike unworthy be,

Could I become that fickle thing

With fortune's turn which taketh wing.

ENSEMBLE.

ISEULT.
What joy the soul we love to bind,
With one unbroken chain;
But greater bliss it is to find,
We are beloved again.

BOHEMOND.
What joy the soul we love to bind,
With one unbroken chain;
But greater bliss it is to find,
We are beloved again.

Ise. (affectionately.) And thou wilt love me fondly, as of old?
In me thy better angel still behold.

Boh.

Ise.

Boh.

My better angel ever! Come to shield

The passions, lured to waver, or to yield—

To shed thy light upon this land accurst,

Whence shame is banished, and where crime is nurst.

Each word in former days so dear,

With sweeter accent charms mine ear,

And lulls to calmness in my breast

The doubt which had its hopes depressed.

I am thine own—as fond as when

By winding path and shady glen,

Our youthful spirits used to rove,

In the first innocence of love!

Repeat of ENSEMBLE.

ISEULT.
 What joy the soul we love to bind,
 With one unbroken chain;
 But greater bliss it is to find,
 We are beloved again.

BOHEMOND.
 What joy the soul we love to bind,
 With one unbroken chain;
 But greater bliss it is to find,
 We are beloved again.

[At the end of the Duet, ISEULT exit to join her father, and BOHEMOND seats himself at the table. Night has been gradually coming on. During the symphony to the following Ballad, an Officer is seen to place a Sentinel at the entrance of the tent, the back curtain is then closed, and everything assumes an air of tranquillity.—BOHEMOND then advances from the table.

Bob. My heart has regained the tranquillity and happiness of former days.—Like the blast of the desert, which sweeps down everything before it,—the blind passion with which Alméa had inspired me, had driven from my thoughts the image of my beloved Iseult; but, beholding her again in all her beauty and affection, the feelings of the past revive once more within me.

BALLAD.

When saddened thoughts the spirit sink
 And gloom is round us cast,
 Oh, what a charm it is to think
 On happier moments past:
 To feel returning back once more,
 Our fondest hopes above,
 In all its beauty as before,
 The heart's first dream of love!

When tempted o'er the world to roam
 For fancied joys—in vain,
 How sweet it is to welcome home
 Our wandering thoughts again:
 To feel returning back once more,
 Our fondest hopes above,
 In all its beauty, as before,
 The heart's first dream of love

Mine eyes are oppressed with sleep, and rest may relieve me. (*He goes to the bed and lies down.*) But to-morrow will come, and glory follow in its wake. (*His head falls on his breast, and he sleeps.*)

[Soft Music is heard—the curtain at the back of the tent is lifted up—the Sentinel, placed at its entrance, penetrates into the interior, and, lifting up his vizor, discovers HASSAN. After assuring himself that he is unseen, he goes out for a moment, then re-enters leading in ISMAEL.

Has.

My spirit, ever watchful, hath foretold
 Thou hast thy faith, our due, to others sold:
 Hast thine allegiance daved aside to fling,
 And spared, at woman's shrine, the Christian King.
 Pardon! oh, master! let me humbly crave—
 Talk not of pardon for a traitor—slave!
 Obey thy prince—at once this poignard take—
 The Christian King must never more awake!

Ism.

Has.

[HASSAN points out to him, with an imperious action, the bed on which BOHEMOND is reposing, and withdraws to the further end of the tent, the curtain of which he holds up, to watch all that is passing. ISMAEL advances with a firm step, and stops a moment, on hearing the King faintly utter the last two lines of the Romance :

In all its beauty, as before,
The heart's first dream of love !

[The last words have scarcely died away on the King's lips, and ISMAEL has lifted his dagger over him, and is about to thrust it in his breast, when, all of a sudden, the curtains at the side of the bed open—a warrior, with his vizor drawn, seizes the assassin's arm, and wresting his dagger from him, utters a loud scream.—On hearing this, HASSAN rushes up to ISMAEL, and drags him out of the tent. The KING, starting out of his sleep, sees the warrior, who has saved his life, still holding the dagger which he had taken from ISMAEL, and imagining him to be the assassin, violently seizes him, exclaiming, —“ Guards !—guards !—here !” On hearing the KING's voice, the CHIEFS OF THE CRUSADE, AMAURY, SANSERRE, the COUNT DE TOULOUSE, with numerous Officers and Soldiers. rush, in great confusion, into the Royal Tent.

Boh. (pointing to Warrior.) The assassin see ! and in his grasp the knife,
Raised, with revengeful aim against my life.

CHORUS.—(Surrounding the Warrior.)

Seize on him ! and each recreant limb
In fetters bind !
Give him the torture,—and his frame
Give to the wind !

Ama. Of the Assassin Chief, for ever nigh,
He is some Seide, or some accursed spy !
Omn. (rushing up to the Warrior.) Who is the wretch ?—

[They take off ALMEA's helmet, and the tresses of her hair fall upon her shoulders.

(Loudly exclaiming,) A female in disguise !

Boh. 'Tis Almea !—Heavens !—Can I believe mine eyes !

Omn. (with fury.) No matter, let her die upon the spot !

Boh. (throwing himself among them, and protecting ALMEA)

Stop ! stop ! for pity's sake, oh, harm her not !

(then to ALMEA)

Oh, no, thou art not guilty ! could'st not seek
On me some dream of blind revenge to wreak !
Speak out, and fear not—

Alm.

I will tell thee all—

Boh.

Speak ! speak !

[As ALMEA is on the point of explaining every thing, ISEULT enters, and runs up to BOHEMOND.

Ise.

—What sounds my sadden'd soul appal ?

My lord ! my lover ! whom one lasting oath

First hath made mine, and now unites us both !

Alm. (aside) What words are those I hear ? he hath betray'd
The faith which trusted, and which all believed !

Boh. (to Alm.) Now, thy defence !

Alm. I make none—by that blade
 Thou now had'st perish'd, but mine hand was stay'd.
 (*Then aside to BOHEM.*) Strike thro' his heart, thine own hath so deceived!

Repeat of CHORUS.

Seize on the slave!—each recreant limb
 In fetters bind;
 Give her the torture, and her frame
 Give to the wind!

Ray. (*stopping them.*) Within the sacred city's walls, not here,
 Fit punishment apply.

Omn. There her accomplices shall learn to fear.

Boh. (*aside.*) I'll save her, yet,—or, die!

[*On a sign from BOHEMOND, they lead off ALMEA, at the very moment the ARCHBISHOP OF TYRE makes his appearance.*]

Wil. Chieftains, your course is run,
 The brightest man's can be!
 Down from these heights, by morning's sun,
 THE HOLY CITY see!

[*At this instant, all the curtains of the circular Tent, are drawn up, and display an extensive Panorama of the City of Jerusalem. On beholding it, the Crusaders fall on their knees, stretching out their hands towards it, and shouting—“JERUSALEM!”**]

Wil. March on! undaunted by alarms,
 Know that a power on high
 Will bless,—and can direct your arms,
 When dangers hover nigh.

[*OMNES springing up with great energy, brandishing their swords, and repeating together the unaccompanied chorus in Act I.*]

Omn. On, chieftains, on,—with cross in hand,
 Jerusalem upon ye calls,—
 Beneath that ensign take your stand,
 And plant its emblem on her walls!

[*The Chiefs all rush out of the Tent, led by BOHEMOND, and followed by their troops, to the ritournelle of the previous chorus.*]

SCENE II.—*Public place in the City of Jerusalem, near the ramparts. At the extreme back, is the principal gate, with a drawbridge, raised up, and supported by chains. The ramparts are practicable, and covered with battering rams, cranes, mangonels, engines, catapults, the vinea, or sow,† and other warlike implements. The ramparts partly broken in by the attacks of the Crusaders, exhibit several breaches, against which, large fagots, and chevaux*

* Discovering the city afar off, it was a pretty sight to behold the harmony in the difference of expressing their joy; how they clothed the same passion with divers gestures; some prostrate, some kneeling, some weeping; all had much ado to manage so great a gladness.—*Fuller's History of the Holy War, book i. chap. 24.*

†“The machine which the ancients called a *vinea*, and the Crusaders a *sow*, was constructed of light timbers, the roof covered with thin boards and wicker work, the sides defended with undressed hides, protected the soldiers within it after the manner of a sow, proceeded to undermine the foundations of the walls.”—*Malmesbury, page 441.*

de frise, are piled up, the whole presenting a picturesque but fearful aspect of a besieged city, resolutely defended. The ramparts are covered with MUSSULMEN bringing up various machines, and throwing down a shower of stones, on the besiegers, whose shrieks are heard in the distance. Within the walls, women dishevelled, carrying their children in their arms,—old men supported by their daughters,—other women carrying away their treasures, are seen running pell-mell, on all sides, and in the utmost alarm, escaping from the horrors of the siege.—After a few moments' combat, a portion of the wall, situated on the highest rampart, gives way with a tremendous crash, and a Christian warrior rushes on the remaining fragment, and boldly plants the Cross upon it.*—that warrior is BOHEMOND—at the same moment, the gates of the city are burst in and fall in cumbrous masses,—the chains of the drawbridge are broken by the projectiles the besiegers hurl against them,—the bridge, no longer supported, falls down, and the body of the Christian Army is seen through. While this is going on, the Crusaders, who have followed their KING to the ramparts, spring up on them, throwing down every thing which bars their passage, and seizing the colors of the Infidels, throw them into the dyke below—then, struggling, hand to hand, with the Mussulmen, who quail beneath their blows, they become masters of the walls, amidst the joyous sound of trumpets, and the shouts of the assailants.

The Grand March of the Christian Army then commences, accompanied by brilliant Music; the Cavalry of the Crusaders, clothed in mail—then their infantry—then, their engines of warfare—their baggage, and their entire force. Each different detachment of the Crusaders' army marches, preceded by the banner of its respective nation, the English, and their Leopard—the French and their Royal Standard—the Germans, and their Double-headed Eagle, &c. &c. In the centre of the cavalcade, BOHEMOND is seen, with the crown on his head, wearing the regal mantle, and surrounded by AMAURY, SANSERRE, the COUNT DE TOULOUSE, and other Chiefs of the Christian Army. At the KING'S side, is seen the ARCHBISHOP OF TYRE, in his episcopal robes, followed by his Clergy, one of whom carries an immense Cross of Gold, which he plants in the centre of the public place. BOHEMOND and the ARCHBISHOP, with the Chieftains, advance. The inhabitants—men and women, rush in on all sides, and prostrate themselves at the KING'S feet, imploring his pardon—while a group of Mussulmen, soldiers, rebels, &c., in chains, survey him with a haughty look, and appear to brave his power.

FINAL.

Sons of the Infidel, arise,
 Fear not our hate, nor rage,
 Your disbelief while we chastise,
 Your griefs we would assuage.
 The mission Heaven hath hither sent,
 Like Heaven is pure and innocent—
 Gives hope of peace for life's short day,
 And bliss, when earth hath passed away!

* The stirring description of planting the cross on the ramparts, given in verses 99 and 100 of the 18th canto of *Jerusalemme Libérée* must be familiar to the reader.

CHORUS of MUSSULMEN.

Blest be that noble mercy, which all fame,
All triumph, will outlive—

Ray. (to BOH.) Sire! while such thoughts of justice you proclaim,
One crime you can't forgive!

Boh.

What mean you?

Ray.

We must crush that nest
Of slaves, whose poignards seek each Christian breast,
Whose hands in Christian blood have long been stained,
I ask the death—

Boh. (alarmed)

Of whom?

Ray. (pointing to ALMEA, who appears, loaded with chains)

Of her, enchained,

They hither lead—

Boh. (uttering an exclamation) Great Heaven! some pity take!

[Then advancing one step towards ALMEA.

Retract thy words! :

Alm.

I wait the axe, or stake—

Ray.

Lead her to death, then—

Boh. (almost beside himself)

Never!

Ray.

And her guilt
Thus punish'd, for the blood her sect have spilt,
May, yet, avert the vile assassin's blow
Aimed at the throne—

Alm. (raising her eyes to Heaven) May Heaven its grace bestow!

[The Guards are about to lead her off, when a loud noise is heard amongst the crowd, and a man, pale and distracted, precipitates himself into the midst of the assembly.

Ism.

Stop! stop! let justice take her stand—
Spare her! (*then to BOHEM.*) She sav'd thy life!
Accursed king! 'twas her heroic hand
That snatch'd from mine the knife!

QUINTETTE.

ALMEA, BOREMOND, ISMAEL, ARCHBISHOP, and COUNT.

Alm.

'Tis over, and the past
Was but a dream,
Too beautiful to last—
O'er which the faithless beam

Boh.

Of hope was vainly cast.
All danger now is past,
Again the gleam
Her beauty o'er me cast,
Shines out with brighter beam,

Ism.

As if its light would last.
'Tis over, and the past
Was all a dream,
O'er which hope vainly cast
A lengthened, faithless beam,

Wil.

Its brightest—and its last!
All danger now is past,
And may the gleam
Of hope, though overcast,
Shine out, as if its beam,
In brighter days would last.

Ray.

Tho' danger now, is past,
Yet never deem
This peril is the last,
Whose spell would rather seem
Around us closer cast.

All. What can this mean ?
Boh. (to ALMEA.) Whence is thy wish to die ?
Alm. (to BOHEMOND.) Thou hast betrayed me ! that is my reply !
Boh. (moved) She has heard all !
Ray. (pointing to ISMAEL) The self-accused we see,
 And he shall perish—
Ism. Death will welcome be—
 My sole regret, as life shall pass away,
 Will be, that vengeance hath not grasped its prey .
Cho. Here, on the spot the debt of vengeance pay !
Ism. Heaven will avenge my fall—e'en now the tomb
 Before your king all yawning lies !
 For, by one hand, if fate avert his doom,
 Another, and another, shall arise !

[ISMAEL is led out by the Guards, and BOHEMOND advances to the centre.]

Boh. (with an inspired air addressing the Crusaders.)
 March on ! march on ! seek out the fatal den,
 Where dwell these demons in the form of men !
 Their dark retreat, their darker plots lay low,
 And in their grasp arrest the murderer's blow.

FULL CHORUS.

'Tis heaven inspires our cause !
 We combat for her laws !
 The sacred zeal
 Of our bosoms feel,
 Derives from Heaven its worth
 Imparting hopes of bliss,
 In worlds succeeding this,
 With glory upon earth.

END OF ACT II.

The Bridal.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in the Palace of the Kings of Jerusalem—in the flats a large door of stained glass, opening upon a vast gallery.—On the P. S. side, in a niche, facing the audience, an inner door, concealed by a tapestry curtain.—Side doors, O. P. and P. S., leading to the apartments of the Palace.*

[ISEULT is surrounded by her waiting maids, who have just finished her toilette. BERTHA, her principal attendant, is seen, placing a crown of flowers upon the forehead of ISEULT.

CHORUS.

Nor gilded wreath, nor gaudy dress
Can add to thy young loveliness,
Which doth thy cheek so sweetly flush,
[That nature's is compelled to blush.

RECITATIVE.

Ise.

We meet with feelings as serene,
As they had ne'er known pain—
Like waters which have parted been,
Yet mingle once again!

ROMANCE.

In childhood's calm and sinless bloom,
Our feelings were the same:
And Time all vainly would consume
The still undying flame
Of deep affection, whose excess
No grief hath e'er abated:
For Heaven that love will ever bless,
Which Heaven itself created!

Oh, ne'er may Fate, in after years,
On darker moments light,
Nor cloud the hope which now appears
So beautiful and bright,
Of that affection, whose excess
No grief hath e'er abated:
For Heaven the love will ever bless,
Which Heaven itself created!

[*At the end of song religious music is heard outside.*

Ise. What sounds are those?

Ber. (*running and opening a window.*) Some Christian pilgrims seek the Lady Iseult, to implore alms of her.

Ise. Bid them enter. (*Exit BERTHA.*) Perchance they may bring me tidings of my beloved Bohemond.

Re-enter BERTHA, shewing in the Pilgrims.

CHORUS of PILGRIMS.

Lady, hear the pilgrim's plaint
Who hither wend their way,
[Here, at the altar of their saint,
In humbleness to pray!

[As Iseult bestows alms upon the Pilgrims, one of them says to her in a low voice

Pil. I must speak with you this instant, and alone, on matter which affects the life of Bohémond.

[Iseult trembles, recovers, then makes a sign to all to withdraw, who going out,

REPEAT THE CHORUS,

"Lady hear the pilgrim's plaint," &c. &c.

Pil. Listen! Every religion has its fanaticism, and every nation its worship. The Christians have endeavoured to subvert ours, and their blood must expiate their crime. Bohémond, above all, has excited our eternal hatred. At the head of his troops he has penetrated into the dwelling of the Man of the Mountain, who barely escaped with life, leaving behind him his castle of Alamon reduced to ashes, and most of his followers buried beneath its ruins. He has, however, formed one more project for the accomplishment of his sacred cause.

Ise. Good heavens!

Pil. To realize that object you must second him, by renouncing the love of Bohémond.

Ise. (with vehemence) Never!

Pil. He has already deceived you by preferring, in your absence, a lovely Syrian, named Alméa.

Ise. Can this be true?

Pil. So true, that the whole Christian camp can bear testimony to his devotion.

Ise. This is too much to bear.

Pil. If you do not consent to give him his freedom, by refusing him your hand for ever, I swear to you, by your heaven, and by mine, that this very day shall be his last.

Ise. No! no! impossible.

Pil. Every thing is possible to him who speaks to you. (*retreating a few steps*) One word more! If you reveal to any one that you have seen me, or that it is not of your own free will you renounce Bohémond, even such sacrifice shall not save his life.

Ise. (in great alarm) Who, then, art thou?

Pil. THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN!

[*He disappears.*

[Iseult is nearly fainting with terror and despair, scarcely daring to look around her, when the COUNT DE TOULOUSE enters.

Ray. My child, my Iseult, what means this paleness on thy cheek?

DUET.

Ray.

My bosom of those fears disarm

Its hope and rest which wring.

Ise.

My words will soon dissolve the charm,

To which my life did cling!

Ray.

My child, while urged by duty's task,

Oh tell me, for thy peace—

Ise.

Hear—all—e'en more than thou would'st ask,

I Bohémond release

From each fond vow, each thoughtless word

Mine ear too credulously heard—

And though no foolish, idle oath
Which, made by each, hath bound us both :
From childhood's days, from reason's dawn,
My mind no image else hath drawn—
I yet renounce his love, aware
My heartstrings from their depths 'twill tear !

Ray.

Ise. (to COUNT.)

Ensemble.

Upon the grief her tears proclaim
May Heaven some pity take ;
Poor thing ! to quench that gentle flame,
The heart it lights will break !
Yet while these feelings I proclaim,
My purpose 'twill not shake ;
Although to quench this sacred flame,
The heart it lights will break !

Ise.

These sorrows on a bosom light,
Whose fate should happier be ;
Since Bohémond can live to slight
The vows he pledged to me.

Ray. (vehemently.)

Ise.

Has he betrayed thee?
Rumour's busy tongue
His falsehood in my ear but now hath rung.
A Syrian maid her fatal spell hath wrought,
And on my widowed heart this ruin brought.

[Then despairingly.]

The struggle's past—my life now take,
Since he is lost to me !
One who thy truth could thus forsake,
Should unremembered be !

Ray.

ISE.

ENSEMBLE.

RAY.

Oh, loved the dearest !
Although deceived,
And thus thou searest
One who believed !
Yet while bereaved,
My bosom's only fears
Are felt for thee,
Unmindful of the tears
In store for me !

Oh, loved the dearest !
Although deceived
By blow severest,
Love e'er received !
And, while thus grieved,
My bosom only fears
Thy woes to see ;
Regardless of the tears
They cause to me !

Ise. (with resignation.) Seek him—the king—my father—let him know
All claim upon his faith I do forego,

This ring will make him free— (gives COUNT a ring.)

(Then aside.)

Though every ray,
Of hope on earth is passed from me away !

Repeat of ENSEMBLE.

ISEULT.

Oh ! loved the dearest !
Although deceived,
And thus thou searest
One who believed !
Yet while bereaved,
My bosom's only fears
Are felt for thee,
Unmindful of the tears
In store for me !

RAYMOND.

Oh, loved the dearest !
Although deceived
By blow severest
Love e'er received !
Yet while thus grieved
My bosom only fears
Thy woes to see,
Regardless of the tears
They cause to me !

[At the end of Duet, exit ISEULT O. P. door, and immediately
after BOHEMOND enters, greatly agitated, and holding a
parchment in his hand, followed by AMAURY, SANSERRE,
BAUDOIN, and other Crusaders, by C. P.]

Boh. My lords, this paper contains so strange a proposition, that I deem it a duty to submit it to you. (*reads*)—"The King of Jerusalem has destroyed the castle of the Man of the Mountain—but the Man of the Mountain has escaped, and while he lives, his followers will ever hold their daggers hovering over the heads of the Christians; but if Bohémond will consent to espouse Almêa, the Sumnite, by whom he is beloved, the writer of this document swears, within one hour, to deliver into his hands, "The Man of the Mountain."

All. How! (*in great amazement.*)

Boh. Calm this transport, my lords. It is true, that in the absence of my betrothed, the lovely Almêa had slightly seduced my heart—but while I regret my inability to serve your cause in delivering up to you, by the means proposed, your implacable enemy, I remain faithful to the daughter of Count de Toulouse, and will keep the vows I made her.

Ray. Sire, my daughter is aware of your sentiments towards this stranger, and unable to support such thought, has urged me to give you back this ring, and to tell you that she considers you released from your obligations.

Boh. Good heavens!

Ray. Thus situated, the safety of Jerusalem, and that of the army, require you to accept these proposed conditions, and to deliver us from our common enemy.

Boh. Count de Toulouse, with a feeling of profound despair, I accept the freedom Iseult gives me back,—and it is right I should be so punished, for even an imaginary infidelity. Call Almêa hither—she is not undeserving such elevation, for she has already saved my life.

[*Exit an Officer, who re-enters with ALMÊA, during this*

FULL CHORUS.

All homage here be paid to her,
All honours grateful hearts confer
On her, who by divine decree,
Our ruler destined is to be!

[*The Knights respectfully salute ALMÊA, as she enters.*

Alm. (*Kneeling to the KING.*) Sire, my heart is already rewarded in having preserved a life, so dear to all who love and esteem you.

Boh. (*raising ALMÊA up.*) Hear me, Almêa.

[*BOHEMOND, struggling between his regrets and affection seems to hesitate as to the fulfilment of his promise, when a man, pale, and almost falling, staggers into the centre of the Chiefs, and addresses BOHEMOND.*

Has. King of Jerusalem, thou hast kept *thy* promise, and I come to fulfil *mine*—thy bitterest enemy stands before thee—Hassan, the Man of the Mountain!

Alm. Hassan?

All. Down with him! (*lifting up their daggers.*) Death! death!
Has. (*feebly*) The poison is already in his veins—the hand of death is on him—his cause is ruined—his castle in ashes, and his life now rendered valueless—but his vengeance will survive him. (*then*

taking ALMEA aside) My child, I wished to make thee Queen of Jerusalem, that we might ever have an enemy amongst these Christians—that a worshipper of Mahomet, true to the creed of her fathers, might ever cause sorrow and misfortune to these unbelievers. For this I have sacrificed the last drop of my blood, and the last hour of my life.

Alm. Hassan, thy star hath forsaken thee—I have become a Christian.

Has. Christian! wretch, let me curse thee!

Alm. I brave the Infidel's malediction, for Heaven will be my protector.

Has. I die, and it is thy treachery which gives the final blow to my existence. [HASSAN is borne out.]

Boh. (*offering his hand to ALMEA*) Thus, then, I redeem my pledge, and will speedily repair to the ceremonial.

[BOHEMOND respectfully kisses the hand of ALMEA, as she retires with the attendants who entered with her at the P.S. door—while the Knights exeunt at the C.D. repeating the previous chorus, leaving BOHEMOND.—Night gradually sets in.]

Boh. I know not what strange grief has seized upon my heart. The fortitude of the noble Count de Toulouse, amid all the sorrows I have unwillingly heaped upon him—the tears which I have caused his child to shed—all, all, encompass my soul with a painful and insupportable emotion—and this ring! the token of a love I once deemed so sacred! this ring which my inconstancy has torn from a hand from which it ought never to have been parted!

BALLAD.

Ill-gifted ring! how many a vow
Of faith on thee I've sworn:
And blighted hopes are all which now
Thou leavest me to mourn!
This pledge—o'er which such burning tears
Have flowed without relief,
Though given by me in happy years,
Comes back to me in grief.

Oh, if from mem'ry far away,
'The thought could now be chased,
That in my first affection's day,
Thou on her hand wert placed!
Sad, pledge, o'er which such burning tears
Have flowed without relief,
Which given by me in happy years,
Comes back to me in grief!

Boh. Ah, I feel I cannot support, with calmness, the idea of Iseult's sorrow, without seeing her again—without hearing her own lips pronounce my pardon! Whom do I see?—a female here?—gliding in the dark—Should it be Alméa?—Gracious powers!—tis Iseult!

Ise. (*Nearly fainting.*) The King!

Boh. (*Supporting her.*) Is it you, madame,—you, whom I feared, with such a deep regret, to see no more?—You, without whose forgiveness, my life would never again know happiness or repose?

Ise. (*With a faint voice, and wishing to retire.*) Leave me—

my—lord—my father awaits me to take our departure, and I had hoped, that, favoured by the shadow of evening, I could have crossed this gallery, without being seen.

Boh. Iseult! for pity's sake, say, say that you forgive me!

Ise. (*greatly moved.*) My father has said it for me, sire.—*My* heart suffers without complaint, and *yours*, I feel sure, has betrayed me without intention. The King of Jerusalem has acted wisely, in choosing for his subjects a queen more fitted for them than the simple Iseult.

Boh. Oh, speak not to me thus—your grief and resignation afflict me a hundred times more than all the anger and reproaches you could heap upon me.

Ise. Anger? Sire, I feel none; besides, I was not born for a throne—where the happiness I hoped to share with you is not to be found. Do you remember, sire, the days of our childhood—those moments of so much calmness and delight—when our souls overflowed with all the unchecked freedom of feeling? we sought not then, nor power nor grandeur—for in our devotion lay our present hope, and our future expectation. Though passed away for ever, I may yet weep over the recollection.

DUET.

- Boh.* I well remember we were wont to roam
By the still lake that winded near our home,
Beneath thy sky, Provence, whose azure ray
Reflected on its waters calmly lay!
- Ise.* Oh, why has recollection twined
That bitter thought around my mind?
Each cherished word, each tender tone
Which memory should now disown—
That spot, the spell 'tis link'd with, all
I must not, if I would, recal!
- Boh.* (*aside.*) To thoughts like these, nor pomp, nor pride,
"Nor rank can yield relief,
- Ise.* (*aside.*) Let me the pangs I suffer hide,
Unknown by him my grief!"
- Ise.* (*despairingly*)
And thus, without one pitying thought
Of the poor girl to sorrow brought,
You dwell on moments past, which rush
Back on the heart such feelings crush,
In words, with like enchantment wreathed,
You have unto another breathed!
- Boh.* (*greatly agitated*)
Hold! hold! my fevered brain—
I feel, with deep disgrace,
Our first affection, ne'er again
Another can replace!
- Ise.* What do I hear? Oh, let me fly!
My father let me seek!
- Boh.* (*detaining her*)
One moment more—
- Ise.* 'Twere better die
Than hear the words you speak.
- Boh.* (*falling at ISEULT'S feet*)
Angel of truth, for whom its first
And fondest hopes this heart hath nursed,

I have, in passion's sudden growth,
The ceaseless sorrow caused of both,
And expiated, now I see,
Is all the grief I've heaped on thee;
For love can only once reveal
That force it can, and ought to feel!

ENSEMBLE.

BOHEMOND (*aside*).
From scenes of such distress
Far let me fly!
The anguish they impress
Can never die!

ISEULT (*aside*).
From scenes of such distress
Far let me fly!
The anguish they impress
Can never die!

Boh. And now, farewell! though bow'd by grief and pain,
A sense of duty must my soul sustain—
Oh, at the altar let me think no more
On broken vows I shall through life deplore.
Ise. I do forgive you—in this dire extreme
Think what I rather *am*, than what I *seem*—
In losing you, I know, and feel, I part
With the last life-drop of my streaming heart.

REPEAT OF ENSEMBLE.

BOHEMOND (*aside*).
From scenes of such distress
Far let me fly!
The anguish they impress
Can never die!

ISEULT (*aside*).
From scenes of such distress
Far let me fly!
The anguish they impress
Can never die!

[BOHEMOND rushes out in the utmost confusion, and ISEULT sinks overwhelmed on a chair. No sooner has BOHEMOND left the apartment, than the tapestry curtain at the back is lifted up, and ALMEA appears, pale, trembling, and distorted in feature, —she speaks in an under-tone, unseen by ISEULT, and points to the door by which she has just entered.—Slow and soft music accompanies this scene.

Alm. I was there, and overheard all. She, it is then, whom he loves—whom he adores, and who has never once lost possession of his heart.

Ise. (*not seeing ALMEA*) Oh, let me quit this place, and hide from every eye my grief and my despair—(*seeing ALMEA*) whom do I see?

Alm. (*with bitterness*) She whom you ought to detest, noble Iseult, for she it is whom Bohemond prefers to you.

Ise. (*exclaiming and attempting to fly*) Almea?

Alm. (*with dignity*) Your QUEEN! Countess de Toulouse, for Bohemond has pledged his faith to me—(*then ironically*) as once he did to you; and you know, noble Iseult, how the king of Jerusalem respects his oath!!!

Ise. Madame—let me fly—

Alm. Hear me! The moments are precious—to-morrow will see Bohémond lead me to the altar, and encircle my brow with the crown of Judéa—but ere that honour be conferred upon me, I must speak with you, Iseult—alone—and away from this spot (*then in a marked manner, and pointing out the door*)—from this spot, where all may be overheard, and cruel secrets laid bare. Follow me then—Alméa beseeches you,

Ise. (hesitating) But—Madame——

Alm. (energetically) Then, if it must be so, your Queen commands you—come.

[*She hurries ISEULT out by the tapestry door.*]

SCENE LAST.—*The principal place in Jerusalem. At the second entrance, o. p., the Temple of St. Sepulchre, the portico of which projects on the stage, and a large flight of steps lead up to it. At the third entrance, on the p. s. side, the principal entrance to the Convent of the Knights' Hospitallers of Jerusalem. The street at the back, leading to the place, is hilly, and terminates with a triumphal arch of verdure, crowned with the standard of France.*

The place is filled with a crowd of Christians and Moors, mixed indiscriminately together. European and Saracenic dances are going on, and every thing wears the aspect of a general fête.

GENERAL CHORUS.

All around is smiling,
Time and toil beguiling;
Nature's o'er us laughing,
With her look divine.
Some are deeply quaffing
Bowls of purple wine.—
Others careless whether
Dance or song
Can lead along
Two nations thus together.

[*Dancing takes place during this chorus.*]

Enter HERALD AT ARMS, preceded by TRUMPETERS, who announce his approach.

Her. Christians and Moors, your King approaches, come hither to give his hand and faith to his affianced bride, chosen from the daughters of Asia—uniting thus his own fair land, and your's, in lasting bonds of peace.

[*A long and loud flourish of trumpets.*]

Peo. (shouting) Long live the king!

[*Triumphal Music is heard, and BOHEMOND is seen approaching in kingly attire, surrounded by all the Chiefs of the Christian Army. BOHEMOND advances, and places himself in the midst of his companions in arms.*]

Bol. (pointing to the Temple.)

'Tis here, within this sacred dwelling,
Your Queen accepts our plighted vow—

[*Then aside, with deep emotion.*]
The anguish which my heart is swelling,
May Heaven, in pity, soften now!

[*The vast doors of the Convent slowly open, and the Grand Hospitaller of Jerusalem carrying a cross of gold, and surrounded by his religious attendants, majestically advances on the threshold, leading ALMEA entirely enveloped in a long bridal veil.*]

Boh. (advancing to ALMEA.)

Words are too weak my feelings to impart—
The King gives thee his hand—

Alm. (in deep grief.) —But not his heart.

[ALMEA drops her veil, and appears dressed in the religious costume of the Hospitallers of Jerusalem—Surprise of BOHEMOND, and all—

Boe. (uttering an exclamation of surprise.) What do I see?

Alm. (to BOHEMOND,) The glory I would share,
The love and bliss I seek, are found but—THERE!

[Pointing to the convent.

Boh. Alméa, say, what can make thee thus disown
The love thou gav'st me;

Alm. (with resignation.) —Sire, yourself alone!

My startled senses heard but now
Thy lip to Iseult's ear avow,
"That love can only *once* reveal
"The force it can and ought to feel!"

[Taking up the motive of the preceding DUET.

Boh. Then she knows all—

Alm. Yes, and for thy sake,
For her's, such honour worthy to partake,
The bridal crown none other had so graced
On her, thy first beloved, this hand hath placed!

Boh. Oh, noble woman! is this true?

[ALMEA, pointing to ISEULT who appears in bridal costume, surrounded by young girls, and led by the COUNT DE TOULOUSE.

—Behold!

It is no fiction which despair has told—
May she thy hope for ever be,
And I be but—its memory!

Boh. (To ALMEA.) Thus sacrificed for both, what fate is thine?

Alm. (pointing to the convent with resignation)
Beneath that roof, and at its altar's shrine,
I will but pray that we may meet in scenes
Where no regret nor sorrow intervenes.

DUET.

Alm. & Ise. However firm and dear the bonds of love,
Recorded here—and sanctified above—
The ties of friendship, free from all alloy,
Impart as pure, and far more lasting joy!

[ALMEA makes a sign to BOHEMOND to advance to ISEULT, who holds out her hand to him, and then preceded by the Grand Hospitaller, she enters the convent, the doors of which close upon her, at the very moment those of the Temple of St. Sepulchre open to receive BOHEMOND and ISEULT, and their entire retinue, on which tableau the curtain falls.

END OF OPERA.

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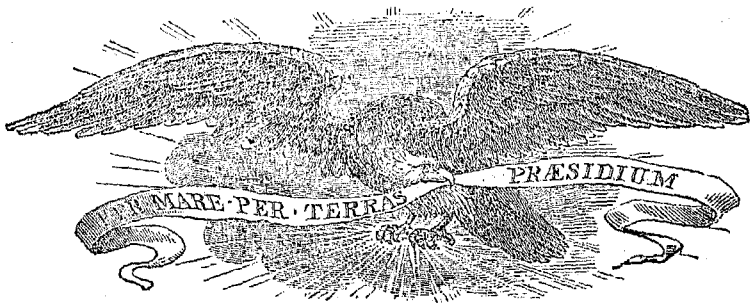
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