

180159

CATHERINE GREY;

A GRAND OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE LINLEY,

THE WHOLE OF

THE MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

Represented, for the First Time,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

ON SATURDAY, MAY 27TH, 1837.

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

The New and Splendid Scenery Painted by the Messrs. GRIEVE,

The Costumes by Mr. PALMER, and Mrs. BENTON.

The Properties and Decorations by Mr. BLAMIRE.

The Machinery by Mr. NALL, and Assistants.

LONDON:

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PRICE TEN-PENCE.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford..... Mr. M. W. BALFE,
Lord Grey,....(*Uncle to Lady Catherine*)..... Mr. SEGUIN,
Sir William Cecil,....(*Secretary of State*).... Mr. HENRY,
Sir Edward Warner, (*Lieutenant of the Tower*) Mr. S. JONES,
Elizabeth, Queen of England, Miss ROMER,
The Lady Catherine Grey, Mrs. WOOD,
Maid of Honor to the Queen,..... Miss POOLE.

The Child of Hertford and Catherine, Knights, Pages, Counsellors,
Maids of Honor, Yeomen of the Guard, Soldiers, Attendants, Halberdiers,
Conspirators, Executioner, &c.

*The Scene takes place in and about the Tower of London—once at a
Palace on the Thames.*

“The Romantic Annals of England” and “Lucy Aikin’s Memoirs of
the Court of Elizabeth,” have furnished the ground work of this Opera.

*The Music of “CATHERINE GREY” is published by
Messrs. CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE, 201, Regent Street.*

CATHERINE GREY

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A distant View of a Tilt-Yard; on the right of the Stage, a Tent decorated with Shields, Lances, &c. Several Knights and Pages discovered drinking,—Soldiers and Yeomen of the Guard line the Stage.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy to the fair,
 Fill, boys!
Dispel every care,
 Fill, boys!
With heart and with voice,
Rejoice, rejoice,
 Here pleasure's gifts abound;
All hail this blest day,
 Fill, boys!
Be happy and gay,
 Fill, boys!
Let all on the plain
Unite in the strain,
 And echo repeat the sound,
 Long live the Queen!

Joy, joy to the brave,
 Fill, boys!
On land or on wave,
 Fill, boys!
Be honor'd the smile
Of Albion's isle,
 Home of the bold and free!
All hail this blest day,
 Fill, boys!
Be happy and gay,
 Fill, boys!
May virtue and fame
Encircle her name,
 To the Queen let glory be,
 Long live the Queen!

MARCH AND CHORUS.

Give breath to the trumpet,
 Strike loud the tambour,
 Brave Hertford's victorious,
 And triumphs once more.
 Lo! he comes, exult we now,
 Bind the laurel round his brow.

(Enter Hertford).

CAVATINA AND CHORUS.

Hertford.

Fortune with her fav'ring smile hath crown'd me,
 Wherefore should I throw her gifts away?
 Long in icy fetters hath she bound me,
 Now, we meet the best of friends to-day.
 When, in arms, the fickle dame would view me,
 Glowing to be foremost in the field,
 Often have I thought she faintly whisper'd,
 The bravest knight to fortune still must yield.

Chorus.

Knight! in honor's cause renown'd,
 Thus, with fame and fortune crown'd,
 Gladly England's Chief we greet,
 And lay our tribute at thy feet.
 Our praise receive:

Hertford.

Your love I prize,

Chorus.

Our thanks we give,

Hertford.

My heart replies.

Hertford and Chorus.

A soldier's name with joy I bear,
 A soldier's duty gladly share,
 Proud a hero's meed to gain,
 On tented field or battle plain.

(Exeunt Knights, Pages, &c.)

Hertford.

'Tis thus, while basking in the lap of fortune,
Ambition starts to life. 'Twas thus that, erst,
By her capricious, wanton gale first fann'd,
My father's precious bark was sadly wreck'd.
O thou! who light'st a flame in every breast,
Be mindful of thy votaries. Pow'rful love!
Still reign triumphant here; thine arm can quell
A host of deadlier passions.

(*Enter, veiled, a Maid of Honor to the Queen.*)

Maid of Honor.

To thee, brave champion of the tournament!
(My maiden-bounds o'erstepp'd) I, greeting, come.

Hertford.

Fair stranger! be thine errand kind and good,
Let me behold that face.

Maid of Honor.

It may not be;
She whom I serve commands thy presence straight.

Hertford.

None save the Queen or Lady of my love,
Shall e'er *command* me.

Maid of Honor.

Pardon me, sir knight!
My loving mistress doth *entreat* you come.

Hertford.

(Truly, a woman, nought could plead so well.)
How callest thou the loving dame thou serv'st?
Say, is she passing fair and nobly born?

Maid of Honor.

This signet-ring will answer. (*Exit.*)

Hertford.

'Tis the Queen's!
Now, do I feel as in some fatal snare—
Lie still, proud thoughts! nor tempt a trusting heart—
Bear witness, heaven! my love to Catherine. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E II.

A Chamber in the Royal Palace.

(Enter the Queen).

Queen.

These doubts and dangers rack our royal breast—
 My rival Queen of Scots, that peerless beauty!
 Boldly disputes our right unto the crown.
 Thanks! to the will of our good father Henry,
 No blood of Margaret can govern here.
 Elizabeth will die the Queen of England!
 To wed—be mother to a line of Kings,
 My sage advisers prompt.—Repugnant thought!
 I cannot share my pow'r and throne with man!
 And yet had Hertford woo'd, would he become
 A suitor to his Queen, farewell the claims
 Of haughty Guise and Suffolk!

AIR.

O! I could love him
 With a woman's love,
 Worship the light
 That kindles in his eye;
 Not with a passion
 Colder hearts approve,
 But with a love
 That could never die.

Like some rich pearl
 In ocean-cavern sleeping,
 Deep in my breast
 His image long hath lain;
 O! may the treasure,
 Love delights in keeping,
 Prove a bliss to her
 Who, else, will love in vain.

He comes—he comes—'tis he—oh! hour of bliss.

(Enter Hertford).

My Hertford!

Hertford.

Princess! lo, a faithful knight
 Lays at your royal feet, his warm devotion.

Queen.

Your zeal to serve us hath been nobly shown.

(*The Queen places a Miniature round Hertford's Neck*).

Preserve, dear Earl ! this pledge of our esteem.

Hertford.

How poor are thanks for such a valued gift ;
Your royal bounty, that hath given me title,
And render'd back my father's forfeit lands,
Now makes me debtor more than life can pay.

Queen.

Arise ! thou shalt have power to cancel all.
Thy gallant mien hath won the heart of her
Who holds thee as the mirror of our court,
Thou art beloved !

Hertford.

Beloved !

Queen.

Aye, even so,
And 'tis our wish her passion be not slighted.
To-night, my lord ! we hold a festival,
And graciously request your welcome presence—
There shalt thou gaze, the while, on her who loves
thee.

DUET.

Queen.

In hope and in fear,
I look on thee now,
And sigh lest a change
Should come o'er that brow.

Hertford.

In smiles and in tears
My lot hath been cast,
But love that is constant
Endures to the last.

Queen.

Oh ! chill is the feeling
That o'er me is stealing,
My fond bosom trembles
With doubt and despair.

CATHERINE GREY.

Hertford.

Oh ! moment of anguish,
When true love doth languish,
A heart that dissembles,
I'd spurn from my care.

(Festive Music is heard at a distance).

Queen.

I hear the glad sounds
Of revelry nigh,
I read the fond rapture
That dwells in his eye ;
Rank, splendor and beauty,
All, all shall combine
His heart to inspire
With affection for mine.

Hertford.

Oh ! fairer than dreams,
Which fancy could frame,
The praise and the glory
That's link'd with her name ;
No passion less holy
Shall reign in this breast,
My love shall be constant
Tho' still unconfess'd.

(Exeunt at opposite Sides).

SCENE III.—*A Chamber.*

(Enter Catherine Grey).

Catherine.

Contending passions shake my inmost soul—
My honor'd uncle, with ambitious mind,
Would urge, alas ! the claims of fallen Suffolk—
Claims that were sealed with a sister's blood !
Oh ! horrid thought—revolting to my soul.

RECITATIVE.

Not for ambition would I peril all—
Not for ambition risk one tie of life ;
Better to weep o'er hapless Suffolk's fall,
Than add fresh victims to the tyrant's knife.

AIR.

Sweet peace! true harbinger of pleasure,
 Thy balm extend unto this breast;
 Restore my love, my soul's best treasure,
 Oh! lull this beating heart to rest.

Through cloudless skies of azure winging,
 I sigh to see thy form once more;
 Like the lone dove, some promise bringing,
 Some hope that strife's dark reign is o'er.

(*Enter Lord Grey*).

Lord Grey.

Well; gentle niece! dost thou applaud my wish
 Wilt thou cope fairly with this tyrant Tudor?

Catherine.

I dare not yield myself to such bold scheme.

Lord Grey.

Then art thou surely doom'd to sad defeat.

Catherine.

Still, I am happy, blest with Hertford's love—
 I would not barter that for England's throne.

Lord Grey.

Restraint and persecution yet will haunt thee.

Catherine.

I can find solace in some lone retirement—
 So wills the Queen—

Lord Grey.

Who doth regard thee, ever
 The object of her fear and jealous hate.
 The gossips of the court do whisper much
 Of certain favors shown unto thy husband.

Catherine.

My lord! I can avouch for Hertford's faith—
 He bears no scorpion on his shield to sting me.

Lord Grey.

Fear not for him, beware the fell revenge
 Of thy proud Queen.

Catherine.

Ah! saidst thou well—but yet
 She hath not gain'd the tidings of my marriage?
 Nor e'er beheld the pledge of our affection?

Lord Grey.

'Tis for that darling pledge, that princely boy,
My tongue would plead with thee. He may be King!
His goodly brow be girt with England's crown.

DUET.

Oh! 'tis a noble theme,
Ambition's glorious dream;
The giant pow'r that springs
From the blood of mighty kings,
To rule with sceptred hand,
The courtiers of the land,
And from a monarch's seat
See empire at his feet.
Oh! 'tis a noble theme,
Ambition's glorious dream!

Catherine.

Oh! never be it mine
To worship at such shrine;
My heart, to theme more sweet,
Hath taught its pulse to beat;
Ambition's course but leads
To danger and misdeeds,
I envy not the great
A ceaseless war with fate.
Oh! be not mine the theme
Ambition's glorious dream!

(*Exeunt*).

SCENE IV.

A magnificent Pavilion in the Palace of the Queen. A Terrace and Gardens. On the right of the Stage a Chair of State. The Guards and Attendants of the Queen enter and file to a triumphal March. Lady Catherine enters with Lord Grey—afterwards Hertford—lastly the Queen and her followers. The Queen seats herself—Hertford advances to Catherine—Elizabeth perceives the movement and looks uneasily towards them. The Queen makes a signal, the Dancers enter and the Festival begins. During the Dance Hertford and Catherine converse—the Queen regards them and frequently betrays her emotion. At the conclusion of the Dance the Queen rises and looks towards Hertford—he approaches—Catherine and Lord Grey advance to the front of the Stage.

DANCE AND CHORUS.

Strike the harp ! to the warrior's praise,
 The gallant English knight,
 Thrice renown'd in the tourney's blaze,
 Victorious in the fight.

Hail to him ! whose unbroken lance
 Hath won the meed of fame,
 Strike the harp ! let the song and dance
 The hero's deeds proclaim.

Queen (to Hertford).

Brave Earl ! this festive pomp is due to thee.
 How like you, thus, our royal wish to please ?

Hertford.

The Queen's approval and all-gracious smile
 Outvie the pomp and splendor of her court !

Queen.

(How doth my anxious heart exult to hear him !)

Catherine.

(An icy terror runs through all my frame.)

Queen (aside to Hertford).

All may be thine, this pomp and pow'r, and love,
 So thou'lt fulfil the wishes of thy Queen.

Hertford.

His sov'reign's wishes are as laws to Hertford.

Catherine.

(My heart misgives me !)

Queen.

(Blissful moment ! stay.)

Thou wilt consent ?

Hertford.

(Oh ! agonizing hour !)

To all that my poor, feeble service can.

Queen.

Thy hand and heart, then, are at our disposal ?

Catherine.

(Support me heav'n !)

Lord Grey.

Fear not, my child ! take courage

Queen (aside to Hertford).

In her who loves thee, Earl! behold thy Queen!

Hertford.

(Eternal powers!)

FINALE TO THE FIRST ACT.

Queen.

Whence this coldness, this confusion?
Why a cloud upon that brow?
True affection, rank and power,
Doth thy Queen award thee now.

Hertford.

My confusion hath discover'd
Feelings it were vain to quell,
Now, for ever lost and broken
Love's long-treasured, secret spell.

Catherine and Lord Grey.

Oh! what terror thus consumes me,
Hope my breast no more can sway,
We shall mourn the hapless moment
Did Love's fatal truth betray.

Chorus.

Wherefore doth his lip thus falter?
Why a cloud upon his brow?
Does he scorn the rank and power
Which his Queen awards him now

Queen.

What means this strange reserve?

Hertford.

My hand—and heart—I can—I can no more—

Queen.

(Suspicion haunts and racks this tortured breast.)

Hertford.

Both—both are pledged!

Queen.

Ha! base dissembler!
(But I discern the cause;) beware my vengeance!

Catherine.

Oh! what torture, thus, to view him,

Lord Grey.

For his fate I grieve and tremble;

Queen.

Hate and vengeance shall pursue him,
Who, thus, basely could dissemble.
Now with rage my breast is fired,
And with vengeance is inspired;
My anger 'twere in vain
To stifle, or restrain.

Catherine, Lord Grey, Hertford, and Chorus.

Now with rage her breast is fired,
And with vengeance is inspired:
Her anger 'twere in vain
To stifle or restrain.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Morning.—A Palace on the Banks of the Thames—
a Terrace and Gardens—Boatmen are heard singing
in the distance.*

BOAT GLEE AND CHORUS.

Now to oars! the morn' is glancing
With its bright and ruddy beam;
Row we gently, row we gently
Down the clear, unruffled stream.
Brothers! brothers! feather lightly,
As we troll our matin theme!

Gently row! gently row!

*(The Sounds gradually increase and a stately Barge
is seen to approach).*

Oh! 'tis sweet to see the water,
Like some cradled thing, at rest;
Not a breeze brings wave or ripple
To its quiet, silvery breast.
Brothers! now our task is o'er,
See our bark gains on the shore.

Gently row! gently row!

(Hertford lands and ascends the Terrace).

Hertford.

The sun is up,
 And the glad lark warbles aloud for joy :
 Delicious morn ! so full of peace and fragrance !
 Here could I rest, forget ambition's dream,
 And on this odorous bank in peace recline !—
 O love ! that mak'st a home of every place,
 Well may thy feet delight to wander here.

AIR.

Look forth, look forth, my fairest !
 Thy faithful knight is nigh ;
 The rosy tint of morning
 Hath deck'd the eastern sky.
 Behold these fragrant flowers
 That weep the coming day,
 Oh ! fly thee, swiftly fly thee,
 And kiss their tears away.
 Look forth, look forth, my fairest !
 My bosom pants for thee,
 Look forth, look forth, my fairest !
 Thy looks are life to me.

Awake, awake, my dearest !
 Oh ! bid this heart rejoice,
 Mine ear now thrills to welcome
 The music of thy voice.
 Come here, my fond, my fair one !
 Love's tender call obey ;
 Before thine eye's bright mirror
 Dark shadows flee away.
 Look forth, look forth, my fairest !
 My bosom pants for thee,
 Look forth, look forth, my fairest !
 Thy looks are life to me.

*(Enter Catherine).**Hertford.*

Sweet Catherine !

Catherine.

Hertford dear !

Hertford.

My life !

Catherine.

My love !

Hertford.

Still, angry fate against our peace contends,
This faithful bosom doth thy solace crave.

Catherine.

Say, what new sorrow thus o'erclouds thy brow?

Hertford.

The Queen, inflamed with mortal jealousy,
Hath banished me her presence.

Catherine.

I the cause?

Unhappy Catherine!

Hertford.

Incensed deep,
She meditates a foul revenge.

Catherine.

Oh! heavens!

Nought, gainst thy life?

Hertford.

Not so! her selfish breast
Hath but devised a plan to part us.

Catherine.

Part! ah me!

Hertford.

The Queen commands me to the court of France.

Catherine.

I will brave all, dear love! and follow thee.

Hertford.

My life! it cannot be—her jealous heart
Doth but suspect my love for thee—thy rashness
Might fatal prove to both.

Catherine.

Cruel resolve!

Hertford.

Her anger past, thy Hertford will return
To bless thee.

Catherine.

Anguish! must thou then so soon?

DUET.

Oh! must we say farewell, at last?
 Am I no longer priz'd?
 Is love's delightful vision past?
 Is my fond heart despis'd?

Hertford.

Farewell! farewell! my own true love,
 Thy fears have boded right;
 The fatal spell is round us cast,
 We part, we part this night.
 Belov'd and blest! where'er I go,
 Whatever lot is mine,
 This anxious breast no joy can know
 Till once more prest to thine.

Both.

Yet, unto thee, my doating heart
 Will ever true remain;
 The pow'r that dooms us thus to part
 Can never break love's chain. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

(*Enter Cecil and Lord Grey.*)

Cecil.

Let me beseech you to delay your suit,
 A more propitious period will arrive.

Lord Grey.

When ev'ry moment teems with new oppression?

Cecil.

Fear not, my lord! these sallies of her passion
 Will soon subside.

Lord Grey.

Sooner the hungry wolf
 Lay by its fierceness, than her untam'd breast
 Its passion for revenge. Yes, worthy Cecil!
 The lady Catherine's claims and passing beauty
 Furnish a pretext for restraint and hate.

Cecil.

I will exert my influence with the Queen
 In right of thy fair niece,

Lord Grey.

If thou shouldst fail,
A sacred duty doth devolve on me—
To gain the public ear, to raise a cry
Shall shake this haughty tyrant on her throne.

Cecil.

Be not so rash—we have our enemies;
I am accus'd of favoring Suffolk's claims,
And even now, conspirators do plot
Against my liberty. Still doth the Queen,
(Who knows my zeal will nought endanger her),
Stand fast my friend. Thou hast proclaim'd abroad
Thy niece's rights—nay more, art feared and watch'd,
Beware, my lord! to whom you trust such thoughts.

(Exit Cecil).

GRAND SCENA.

Lord Grey.

This odious Queen! this hypocrite! (dissembling
More than tongue can tell,) creates a terror
In every breast. Ill-fated, injured niece!
(Thou who hast been my sole delight and care)
How art thou now oppress'd! be firm my soul!
And shriek not in the bold attempt to aid her;
Swear to avert the vengeance of this Queen,
Or, failing, perish in the wrong'd one's cause.

To curb the tyrant's pow'r,
To break oppression's chain,
To see fair freedom's smiling face,
My heart hath sigh'd in vain.

The sword of vengeance still doth leap
From out its blood-stain'd sheath,
And hearts, that truth and valour fired,
Are doomed a traitor's death.

My trusty friends and tried companions come
To aid me in this glorious strife. Shine out,
Fair day! on hearts now bursting to be free.

(Enter Conspirators).

CHORUS.

Not yet the bold emprise,
 For danger is at hand;
 The state, with Argus eyes,
 Hath read the deed we plann'd.

Lord Grey.

Hath fear o'erta'en you, that you parley, thus?
 We may defy the state—our cause is just.
 It long hath slumber'd but it shall not die.

Lord Grey and Chorus.

Oh! welcome the hour, whenever it come,
 When Liberty's voice shall drown trumpet and drum,
 When tyrants shall tremble and despots shall feel
 That a people's affection is stronger than steel.

(Exeunt).

SCENE III.

Throne Room in the Tower. Counsellors, Maids of Honor and Guards discovered.

CHORUS.

Lo! she comes, her brow is shaded
 With dark despair and sadness;
 Hope's bright dream hath quickly faded,
 Hush'd ev'ry sound of gladness;
 Be tranquil and disturb not
 Her bosom's gloom profound,
 She comes she comes to judgment,
 Let silence reign around.

(Enter the Queen—followed by Cecil).

Queen.

The wanton! she has rid me of my fears—
 Wedded to some proud noble of the land,
 Haply, the chaste and high-born Catherine
 Had rendered insecure my maiden throne—
 Who, now, will link with this abandon'd woman?

Cecil.

Kows, my great Queen, the father of her child?

Queen.

I know not—chance 'twill prove some base plebeian,
Who will with shame and infamy o'erwhelm her.

Cecil.

Forefend it heav'n !

Queen.

Thou wouldst not plead her cause ?

Cecil.

I would not triumph over fallen virtue.

Queen.

Now, by mine oath ! I do rejoice me, well,
In this proud beauty's fall ; the minion girl !
She shall be made the mark for scorn to point at.

Cecil.

My Liege ! my humble voice would plead for mercy.

Queen.

Saidst thou, for mercy ? is she not a wanton ?

Cecil.

She is your Majesty's near kinswoman.

Queen.

And she shall feel my vengeance—trusty Cecil !
Summon the Lady Grey and child before us.
We'll give the culprit audience.

(The Queen ascends the Throne—Cecil retires, and re-enters, leading in Lady Catherine and the Infant Boy—Catherine throws herself at the Queen's Feet).

Catherine.

Great Queen ! I crave your pardon.

Queen.

Pardon ? woman !

Dar'st thou offend a maiden Princess' ears
With a request for pardon ? by King Henry !
We sooner could have pardoned an offence
Against our sovereign crown and dignity,
Than this pollution of the royal blood.
Thou must to the dungeons of this fortress,
There learn, in sighs and penitence, to bear
A captive's life.

Catherine.

My liege! ah! say not so—
 Yourself once pass'd some months' captivity—
 Bethink you of the horrors of a life
 So spent in loneliness.

Queen.

Peace! saucy minion!
 Whene'er Elizabeth commits your crimes,
 Then must she learn to bear your punishment.
 Away with her! and let her thank our mercy,
 Instead of dooming her to grace the Tower,
 We have not shewn her head upon its walls.
 (*The Guards attempt to seize Catherine, but she
 breaks from them.*)

RECITATIVE.—*Catherine.*

It cannot be that, thus,
 My Sovereign's lips would doom me unto vengeance.
 Great Queen! tho' I may supplicate in vain,
 (*presents her Child*)
 Behold one, here, whose innocence and beauty
 Will plead, with eloquence, a mother's cause.
 Nay, scorn me not! thy kind and princely heart
 Will deign to listen.

AIR.

Not for me, not for me,
 Regal halls and courtly life;
 Oh! more blest my lot would be,
 Far from every scene of strife.
 From the world, from all retiring,
 Gladly would this heart remove,
 One dear boon alone desiring,
 Still to be with him I love.

Grant my prayer, beauteous Queen!
 Doom me not to be exiled;
 Oh! let mercy intervene
 For the sake of this dear child.

Let me seek that tranquil home
 Once I knew in happier hours;
 Free to wander, free to roam
 Thro' my own, lov'd, peaceful bow'rs.
 Not for me, the world's false pleasures,
 Not for me, where splendour moves;
 More than these, a mother treasures,
 More than these a mother loves.

Grant my prayer, beauteous Queen !
 Doom me not to be exiled ;
 Oh ! let mercy intervene
 For the sake of this dear child.

Queen.

Away with her ! (*looking on the Child*) yet ah ! that
 infant face,
 Methinks, I have seen features like to these.

(*The Queen rises and extends her clenched Hand
 towards Catherine.*)

Tell me, I charge thee, girl ! (ere I revoke
 That mercy which did guarantee thy life,)
 Who is the father of thy child ?

Catherine.

Ah ! why
 Should I conceal his name ? 'tis Edward Seymour,
 The gallant Earl of Hertford !

Queen. (Raising her Hands)
 Curs'd be thou !

Said I, my lords ! her life should not be forfeit ?

Cecil.

E'en so, my liege ! your royal word is pledged.

Queen.

Wretch ! that thou art—that thou must e'en indulge
 Thy vilest passions with the noble Earl,
 And hast succeeded in corrupting him,
 The most accomplish'd knight in all our court.
 Could none but Edward Seymour share thy guilt ?

Catherine.

Great Queen ! although it is a Sov'reign speaks,
 Neither the names of Seymour nor of Grey
 Shall e'er be branded, thus, with infamy.
 I am the child of Francis, Earl of Brandon,
 And, before God, the lawful, wedded wife
 Of Hertford's noble Earl.

Queen.

What do I hear ?
 Tremble, O traitress ! tremble for thy guilt.

FINALE TO THE SECOND ACT.

Queen.

Minion ! away,
 Thy fate is sealed for ever ;

Catherine.

Yet thy vengeance stay,
For mercy I would pray.

Queen.

'Tis in vain, thy fate is sealed,
Hope thou for mercy never.

Catherine.

Not one ray of pity?

Queen.

No!

Queen and Chorus.

Thou art }
She is } doom'd to endless woe!

Catherine.

Hear me, gracious Queen!

Queen.

Begone!

Catherine.

Is there none to aid?

Chorus.

Not one!

Cecil.

Tho' she weep and tho' she rave,
Not one arm hath pow'r to save.

Chorus.

Who would tempt the thunder's wrath?
Who dare cross the lightning's path?
Guilty breasts, by torment riven,
Only find a rest in heaven.

Catherine, Queen and Chorus.

Oh! thus, by all abandon'd,
I look }
Thou look'st } for help in vain,
My } fate } unjustly dooms me
Thy } } hath justly doom'd thee
To drag a captive's chain.

Queen. (After a pause)

Away with the wanton to her dungeon!

All.

Hope now is fled,
And mercy expires;
The stern call of vengeance
A victim desires.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A Prison.—A Couch, &c.—Catherine and her Child discovered.

GRAND SCENA

Catherine.

Never, till now, I knew the bitter pangs
That rend the captive's heart. My husband dear!
My helpless child! was it for this, alas!
I was reserv'd? ah! wretched fate! for this?

For so much love, such fond affection,

A cruel lot, alas! is mine:

Well may the heart, in sad dejection,

Be full of anguish and repine.

Oh! when will come that happy hour

Shall free me from the tyrant's pow'r?

When will fate propitious prove,

And bless two hearts that deeply love?

(Enter Warner).

Sir Edward! ease my anxious breast and say
How fares my loving spouse, my bosom's lord?

Warner (hesitatingly).

With grief, I speak—

Catherine.

What means that falt'ring tongue?

That chilling look? oh! say, reveal the worst—

Say, what of him?

Warner.

He is a captive too.

Catherine.

He captive too! know'st thou his doom and where?

Warner.

Pris'ner for life, in this, same, gloomy tower.

Catherine.

Said'st thou this tow'r? then canst thou grant we meet?

Warner.

I dare not!

Catherine.

One brief glance, one passing word.

Warner.

The Queen's commands are strict.

Catherine (kneels).

On bended knee,
I do beseech, implore you.

Warner (raising Catherine).

'Tis in vain,
I may not, for my life.

Catherine.

Oh! bitter lot.

Art thou a husband?

Warner.

Yes!

Catherine.

A father too?

Warner.

E'en so!

Catherine.

Hast thou a loving wife and child?

Warner.

These, too, I have.

Catherine.

And canst refuse my pray'r?

(Points to her Child).

Gaze on that face—behold that infant boy,
(My own dear offspring nurtur'd by this breast),

Able he pleads a captive mother's cause!

He will grow up to bless thee. Thou'lt consent?

Warner (weeps and after a pause).

My nature yields and I must grant thy suit.

Catherine (falls on her knees and presses Warner's hand to her lips).

Now, be the captive's pray'r and blessing thine!

Warner (raises her).

Stay but thy fond and fluttering heart awhile,

And thou shalt clasp thy Hertford in thine arms.

(Exeunt Warner).

Catherine.

Oh! joy beyond expression,

To look on him again;

My bosom is forgetting

Its solitude and pain.

One smile of his will banish

Each gloomy thought away;

Oh! much as I have sorrow'd

I will not weep to-day.

(Re-enter Warner, leading in Hertford to last symphony—they rush into each others arms, forming a Tableau as the Scene closes.)

SCENE II.

The Royal Chamber—a Table on which a rich Casket is placed. The Queen enters followed by Cecil and a Page.

SCENA.—*Queen.*

There's treason in't! a prelude it would be
 To foul rebellion did we pass it by.
 Commit my Lord of Grey and his companions
 To the Tower. *(Exit Cecil.)*
(To the Page) Summon Sir Edward Warner
(The Page goes out).

To our presence. The step I mean to take,
 (Did I reveal it to one else than him
 On whose good faith and prudence I rely),
 Might furnish matter for the world's vile tongue.

(the Queen goes to the Table, opens a Casket and takes therefrom a Miniature).

Short was thy triumph, noble Earl! this gift
 That haunts my aching sight—this pledge return'd,
 That I did place in fondness round thy neck,
 I would thou still hadst worn. *(Lays down the Picture and rises).* It was the price
 Of true, but unrequited love for thee.

Oh! what a heart have I o'erthrown!
 A heart that once I deem'd my own;
 And tho' my suit he coldly spurns
 In me love's fatal passion burns;
 Tho' not one spark of hope remains,
 My bosom all its warmth retains;
 I cannot stifle what I feel,
 The pangs I suffer cannot heal.

(Warner enters and kneels to the Queen.)

Queen.

Sir Edward! rise.

The guilty pair in yonder tower confined,
 I would restore unto a sense of shame,
 By measures mild and by persuasion soft,
 Rather than by these harsh, coercive means.

Warner.

Would my most honor'd liege commission me
To reason with the Earl, and so express
Your Majesty's kind favor towards him?

Queen.

Not so! myself will reason with the Earl—
This very moment to his dungeon lead,
Thus hooded, I shall be unknown.

(Warner trembles). How now!

My resolution may seem somewhat strange,
But there is nothing so appalling in't
That it should chase the blood from out thy cheek,
Or cause thee tremble so. Lead on! I say.

Warner (tremulously).

Dread Sovereign! I entreat you pause awhile
Before you take this step.

Queen.

This moment lead!

Dare you dispute the wishes of your Queen?

Warner (kneels).

Then, gracious liege! oh! pardon and behold
A guilty subject at your royal feet.

Queen.

What dost thou mean?

Warner.

The noble Earl, great Queen!

Is not within his dungeon now.

Queen.

Escaped!

Ha! traitor—slave—hast thou permitted this?

Warner.

The Earl is in the Lady Catherine's cell.

Queen.

What ho there!

(Enter Guards).

Seize that traitor,—guide me straight

Unto the dungeon of the Lady Grey.

*(The Guards seize Warner who invokes the Queen—
she repulses him).*

Queen.

Hence! thou base, perfidious slave,
Daring, thus, my pow'r to brave,
Bear him to his fate, away!

Chorus.

Mighty Monarch! we obey.

Queen.
Bind him in the prison's gloom,
He shall know a traitor's doom.

Warner.
Spare me!

Queen.
Tremble!

Warner.
Spare me!

Queen, Tremble!

Bear him to his fate, away!

Chorus.
Mighty Monarch! we obey.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

The Lady Catherine's Cell, as before—the Child is sleeping, and Catherine and Hertford are discovered gazing upon it.

Catherine.

Oh! my dear Lord! I do remember well,
And I would look into thine eyes and say
Our gentle boy resembled thee.

Hertford.

Alas!

My Catherine, those halcyon days are past;
The sweet and fadeless memory of their joys
But throws the present into darker shade.

(*A noise of undoing the dungeon bars.*)

Sir Edward comes, and we must part—

Catherine.

Ah me!

The moment for fresh grief arrives—
(*The Queen rushes into the cell followed by the Guards*)

Oh! heavens,

Hertford.

It is the Queen!

Queen.

Seize, Guards, and part them.

(*The Guards arrest each.*)

(*To Hertford.*) My Lord! prepare for death.

Catherine.

Have pity! spare him!

Queen.

Peace! woman! he'd no pity on himself,
When, thus, he ventured to break prison here,
Even within the precincts of our palace.
His doom is fixed!

(Catherine falls into the arms of the Guards).

Hertford.

My ever-honor'd Queen!
The life which I have ventured in the field
I would lay down to aid my Sovereign's cause.
If I must perish by your royal word,
Let me not die an ignominious death.

Queen (aside).

Hertford! (and by that name I call thee still),
Thou knowst, that I have wish'd thee well—no pow'r,
Save mine, can spare thy life. Thou mayst yet live
On one condition.

Hertford.

Name it!

Queen.

—Listen, then.

Swear to disown this odious marriage,
For ever shun the Lady Catherine's arms,
And thou art rescu'd from a dreadful doom.

Hertford.

Rather I'll die, than such an ingrate prove.

Queen.

Then dost thou seek thine own destruction.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Queen.

Oh! still resolv'd with fate to cope,
Vain, vain is every care for thee;
Rashly thou scornst the only hope
That could have bound thy heart to me.
O'er thee will close the silent tomb,
And some will weep and some reprove,
But all will read that, in thy doom,
Stern death could triumph over love.

Catherine.

Leave not this breast to endless woe,
Thus, thus in tears, I plead to thee,
Spare him, his cruel fate forego,
And oh! let vengeance fall on me.

To this poor heart, the silent tomb,
 A refuge and a rest will prove,
 In mercy, then, avert his doom,
 And death will triumph over love.

Hertford.

No more in pity plead for me,
 Calm, calm to rest, each struggling sigh,
 I scorn to yield my love for thee,
 I grieve, but tremble not to die.
 O'er me will close the silent tomb,
 And some will weep and some reprove,
 But all shall read, who mark my doom,
 That death alone could quench my love.

Chorus.

O'er him will close the silent tomb,
 And some will weep and some reprove;
 But all will read who mark his doom
 That death alone could quench his love.

(They enchain Hertford. The Guards strive to bear Catherine away, she breaks from them and appeals to the Queen who repulses her. In despair Hertford sinks on the seat). (Exeunt the rest)

Hertford.

Life's fitful dream will soon be past. These chains
 Proclaim me, now, a victim doom'd to death.
 To-morrow's sun will rise to glad the earth,
 But what will cheer my Catherine's widow'd heart?
 My gentle boy will seek a father's kiss,
 Will call on him, by tend'rest names in vain,—
 The tree will fall before the tyrant's axe,
 And bud and blossom perish at one stroke.

BALLAD.

Torn from all I lov'd, caress'd,
 Life seems dark and drear,
 Hope, that once could sooth my breast,
 Now no more can cheer.
 Severed from each tender tie,
 Love's fond dream is o'er;
 Nought is left me but to die,
 Fortune smiles no more.

Yet within this faithful heart
 Fear shall never reign,
 Love, unquench'd by time or fate,
 Spurns the tyrant's chain;
 Friendship's tear, affection's sigh,
 Will my lot deplore,
 Nought is left me but to die,
 Fortune smiles no more.

Enter Sheriff and Attendants.

My Lord! the hour is come, the duty mine
 To lead you to the place of execution.

Sheriff.

Strike off the captive's chains.

Hertford.

(*The Guards unfetter Hertford*) 'Tis done—lead on—
 (*Exeunt*).

SCENE IV.

A Gallery with a spacious Window looking on the Place of Execution. A Scaffold covered with black, around which a crowd of Spectators is gathered. Halberdiers, &c. surround the Scaffold.

(*Enter the Queen and Cecil.*)

Cecil.

My gracious liege! I do but thus indulge
 The feelings nature hath implanted here.

Queen.

Saidst thou her last request?

Cecil.

To see, and speak
 With her lov'd Lord, once more ere yet he die.

Queen.

Ourselves would look upon this parting scene;
 Is there no danger if we grant her pray'r?
 No plot against our life?

Cecil.

I will be pledge,
 No evil to my honor'd Queen is meant.

Queen (after a pause).

In mercy, then, we yield us to her suit.

(Exeunt).

A March faintly played, announces the Procession which moves in ordinary time along the Gallery in the following Order:—

An Executioner in armour, his axe sloped.

Soldiers and Yeomen of the Guard—arms reversed.

Sheriff and Attendants.

Hertford, followed by Knights, Pages, Officers, and Yeomen of the Guard.

The Executioner and Soldiers pass on, the former is seen to ascend the Scaffold and raise his axe to the shoulder position.

The rest form a group, the Guards lining the sides of the Stage.

(The Queen re-enters, followed by Cecil).

(Catherine enters hurriedly,—her hair unbound,—she looks wildly on the scene, then rushes into Hertford's arms).

Catherine.

Hertford! Hertford!

Hertford.

My dearest life and love!

Catherine.

Was it a dream? Art thou then safe? Ah! yes,—
Thou art restored to me again! Methought
I saw thy mangled corse all bath'd in gore.

Hertford.

(O anguish! thus to hear)

Queen.

Part them, she raves!

(The Guards advance).

Catherine.

That voice! where am I now?

(Looks on the Scaffold). What do I see?

Oh God! have mercy *(falls at the Queen's feet)*

Spare, oh! spare him yet.

AIR.

At thy feet, to plead and languish,
View a fond, distracted wife;
By these bitter tears of anguish,
Spare, oh! spare my Seymour's life.

Queen.

His doom is fixed!

Catherine (grasping the Queen's robe).

Not yet—great Queen! not yet.

Can nought him save?

Queen.

Nought but my death,—or thine.

(Catherine starts suddenly to her feet and plucks from the belt of one of the Guards a dagger, which she raises as if about to plunge it into her own breast).

Catherine.

Thus, then, oh Queen! thy promise do I claim,—
Pardon my Hertford,—spare my Seymour's life,
—For Catherine Grey now dies to save her loving Lord.

Queen (arresting Catherine's arm).

Rash woman! hold.—The arm of vengeance falls
Before the shrine of mercy.—He shall live.
Such love hath quenched the mem'ry of my hate.
Receive the fond reward of thy devotion.

(The Queen presents Hertford to Catherine and they embrace).

RONDO AND FINALE.

Catherine.

Joy's bright fountain is o'erflowing,
And sweet hope her balm bestowing,
Oh! what transport now is glowing
In this fond and anxious breast;
Hand in hand once more united,
We shall rove life's path delighted,
Every sorrow is requited,
And again my heart is blest.

THE END.