THE LADY OF THE LAKE

A Reconstructed Piano-vocal Score with Commentary on the Historical Background

Edited by

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The document consists of a commentary on the historical background of the work and an edition of the restored score. The commentary treats its relationship to the ballad opera, sources and alternate settings of the music and libretto, a history of the development of "Hail to the Chief," biographical sketches of the primary composers, and a section on early productions in England and America. The commentary includes a history of the English and American premieres, lengths of the first-runs, and the names of the theatres in which the performances were mounted.

The reconstructed score is a piano-vocal performance edition with dialogue, cues, scenery, costume and property plots indicated in detail.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to thank William Lichtenwanger of the Library of Congress for his assistance in locating many of the musical scores used in the preparation of the edition, and Mr. Lester Levy for his invaluable help in supplying me with reproductions of musical movements only available from his private collection. Also I wish to thank Dr. Thurman L. Morrison whose encouragement and initial suggestion gave rise to this project.

This document was prepared as a master’s thesis in musicology at North Texas State University.
# CONTENTS

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

iii

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

vii

### Chapter

1. **I RECONSTRUCTION OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE**
   - The Relationship to the Ballad Opera 1
   - The Music and Libretto 4
   - Development of "Hail to the Chief" 9
   - Composers and Librettist 11
   - Early Productions 16

2. **II MUSIC OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE**
   - A Keyboard Score of the Reconstructed Work with Libretto 22
   - Critical Notes 129

### APPENDIX

131

- **BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOURCES OF ADVERTISEMENT AND PRODUCTION DATES**

134

- **BIBLIOGRAPHY**
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Table

1. Musical Numbers and Composers used in the Reconstructed Score 23

Plate

1. The Surrey Theatre, London, ca. 1810 5

2. The Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, ca. 1820 6
CHAPTER ONE

RECONSTRUCTION OF
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

The Relationship to the Ballad Opera

The Lady of the Lake, in this first setting for the musical stage, is basically a ballad opera. Comprised of an overture, arias and aria-like ballads, recitatives, trios, choruses, and later optional extemporized incidental music, the work also exhibits some early characteristics of Romantic musical theatre. These are the usage of extensive spoken dialogue, spectacle scenes, dances and marches, spoken dialogue accompanied by music, and a real or mythical setting in an earlier time. The last, recalling man’s great deeds and conflicts, utilizes nobility and honor as stimuli for plot and character development.

The Lady of the Lake, though more romantic in nature, follows in the tradition of Gay’s Beggar’s Opera of 1728, Barker’s The

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3 Donald J. Grout, A Short History of Opera (New York, 1965), p. 158.
Indian Princess, 1808 and Benjamin Carr's The Archers or Mountaineers of Switzerland, 1796.

It was first billed as "A New Grand Melo-Dramatic Romance in Two Acts." In spite of its romantic leanings, the idea of the Ballad Opera, in its original sense of altering English serious opera of the eighteenth century for the enjoyment of the masses, is still maintained in The Lady of the Lake. The work in Dibdin's setting uses an artful mixture of lengthy direct quotes from the original 1810 poem of Sir Walter Scott, as well as extensive paraphrases. The aspect of parody, however, in the sense of its present day meaning, is not fulfilled as The Lady of the Lake is quite sombre in its tone, and is very serious in its portrayal of the events that led to the subjugation of Sir Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu to Fitzjames I, regent of Scotland, 1394-1437.

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4 Ibid., 491-492.


In his study of the English musical drama, Michael Winesanker extensively described the beginnings, development, and culmination of the ballad opera until 1800. The Lady of the Lake was composed after the period covered by Winesanker, and is part of the period when the form was changed and assimilated into musical drama or musical theatre. By mid-century, ballad opera was no longer a major genre. Even though its libretto was taken from an earlier source, George F. Bristow’s Rip Van Winkle, produced in 1855, is generally considered an opera. A notable exception, and really a re-incarnation, is Kurt Weill’s Die Dreigroschenoper of 1928, which mimics all of the elements of the early ballad opera.


10 Chase, 329.

11 Apel, 72.
The Music and Libretto

Sir Walter Scott wrote the epic poem of The Lady of the Lake in late 1809; the first published edition appeared in 1810. This work was produced during Scott's period of metrical romances and drew its subject matter from the medieval history of Scotland.\(^9\)

The stage production of The Lady of the Lake, with libretto by Thomas Dibdin and music primarily by James Sanderson,\(^13\) was mounted on Monday, 24 September 1810, at the Surrey Theatre (Plate 1) in London,\(^14\) where it ran until 10 December. A "very ample success" for both Dibdin and the manager of the Surrey Theatre,\(^15\) The Lady of the Lake was then transferred to America, where it opened in Philadelphia at the Chestnut Street Theatre (Plate 2) on Wednesday, 1 January 1812.\(^16\) After its American premiere, the production was given frequent performances until 29 January 1812.\(^17\) The numerous subsequent productions in Philadelphia and other American cities will be discussed later in this study.

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12 Pooley and Anderson, p. 372.


The Dibdin and Sanderson version of *The Lady of the Lake* is by no means the only dramatic setting of this popular Romantic story. Immediately following the Surrey Theatre success, a musical drama entitled *The Knight of Snowdoun*, with music by Henry Bishop and libretto by Thomas Morton, was performed at Covent Garden in 1811. Simultaneously, the producer-musical playwright Edmund John Eyre brought out a three-act version of *The Lady of the Lake* in New York City; numerous later versions of *The Lady of the Lake* are extant, but none of them date from as early a period as these two examples.

The Dibdin libretto, used as the basis for the reconstruction of the edition found in Chapter Two, interprets the text of the Scott epic poem with reasonable accuracy. It does not utilize, however, all of the dramatic action or suggested musical numbers allowed for in the poem. Scott indicates twelve places in the text for the inclusion of set pieces. Dibdin calls for music in only seven of them, and even three of that number are not specified in his libretto save for stage

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directions that indicate a certain character sings an appropriate air. Then, with the aid of Sanderson, Dibdin adds eight more numbers for a total of fifteen — actually three more than the number called for in the original. The Dibdin-Sanderson truncation (from twelve pieces to seven) stemmed from the setting and paraphrasing of only those stanzas of the poem that suggested an inherent musical treatment; but they augmented the whole with an overture, a march, some flourishes, three ballet movements, as well as several arias. All of the later group are the original creations of Sanderson and Dibdin. The optional incidental music not originally indicated in the Sanderson-Dibdin libretto has been deleted from the reconstructed score because of a lack of any indication of the exact nature of the music or the way in which it was to be performed or improvised. Indeed, all attempts to discover and obtain a complete score of The Lady of the Lake were frustrated, and the reconstruction resulted from a compilation of separately published musical numbers and

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21 Thomas Dibdin, The Lady of the Lake, A Melodramatic Romance, In Two Acts (New York, 1812?), pp. 5, 6, 11, 13, 14, 23. The musical numbers indicated in the libretto are: Act I, “Soldier Rest,” “Hail to the Chief,” “Not Faster Yonder Rovers,” “Merry it is in the Good Greenwood;” Act II, “They Bid Me Sleep,” “Coronach,” and “My Hawk is Tired.”

22 Ibid. The numbers created by Sanderson, Dibdin, Carr, Clarke-Whitfield, Whitaker and Schetky are the overture, “March,” “Rustic Dance,” “Morris Dance,” “Hornpipe,” “What Groans Shall Yonder Vallies Fill,” and “My Hawk is Tired.”

23 Richard J. Wolfe, Correspondence of 19 March 1977. In his letter he writes: “The scores of American ballad operas are practically non-existent,” a conclusion reached after many years of extensive study and research for the preparation of his Secular Music in America, 1801-1825, A Bibliography (New York: New York Public Library, 1964), 3v. However, Wolfe does say in the beginning of the letter that “In going through millions of pieces of music for my 1801-1825 list, I remember coming across an English vocal score (piano score) of this ballad opera, and various parts of it which were reprinted separately;” unfortunately he could not recall where the score was located as it had been too many years since he had encountered it.
Further, the horn calls, flourishes, and trumpet fanfares called for in the libretto are here comprised of examples authentic to the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth century, and were chosen because they seemed suited to the theatrical nature of the stage production of The Lady of the Lake.

Development of "Hail to the Chief"

Most of the Sanderson-Dibdin set pieces became popular during the tenure of the production and were subsequently published apart from the complete work. Over the years, all of them except "Hail to the Chief" have fallen into obscurity. This march with chorus seems to be the only remnant of the work generally known to the public, though few, if any, know the actual source of the celebrated music.

"Hail to the Chief" seems to have been introduced to the American public in 1810, shortly after the English premiere. It first appeared in the collection of Six Ballads from the Lady of the Lake, published in that year by Carr and Schetky of Philadelphia. This preceded by about two years the January 1812 premiere of The Lady of the Lake in Philadelphia. This was probably the first printed source of "Hail to the Chief" in America. No English published source has been found that antedates the American publication.

In early 1812 "Hail to the Chief" again appeared in another collection, here entitled Six Favorite Songs from the Lady of the Lake.

24 Ibid.


26 Robert A. Gerson, Music in Philadelphia (Philadelphia, 1940), Part II, 52.
Lake, published by George E. Blake of Philadelphia.\textsuperscript{27} This was followed by John Paff's separately published version later in 1812.\textsuperscript{28} Numerous publications followed up to the mid-nineteenth century. After this time, four-part choral arrangements became popular and appeared in many parlor-song books\textsuperscript{29} and hymn tune collections.

During the period 1820-1861, the march was often used to herald prominent officials and dignitaries.\textsuperscript{30} By the time of the War Between the States, "Hail to the Chief" had been unofficially adopted for the use of the President. In fact, it was one of the last pieces of music heard by Abraham Lincoln. On the evening of 14 April 1865, its performance interrupted the first act of Our American Cousin at Ford's Theatre in Washington, D.C., signaling the late arrival of Lincoln and his wife as they entered their box in the theater.\textsuperscript{31}

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century John Philip Sousa arranged and greatly shortened the march. During his administration, Chester A. Arthur banned the playing of "Hail to the Chief". Throughout the late nineteenth and early twentieth century it had only been unofficially used, but in 1954 Dwight Eisenhower issued an

\textsuperscript{27} Wolfe, II, 830.

\textsuperscript{28} Ibid., 772. The version published by Paff was titled "Hail to the Chief. The Lady of the Lake."

\textsuperscript{29} A version of "Hail to the Chief" is included in the famous 1870 Franklin Square Song Collection.

\textsuperscript{30} William Lichtenwanger, Correspondence, September, 1975.

\textsuperscript{31} James Alonzo Bishop, The Day Lincoln was Shot (New York, 1955), p. 195. "The President of the United States was leading his party down the side aisle, through the white door, and into the State Box...Professor Withers raised his baton and the band swung into 'Hail to the Chief.' "

\textsuperscript{29} 10:32
order reserving the piece for the Presidential theme. It is not, however, a mandatory trapping of the Office of the President. It was used from the Kennedy through the Ford administrations, but has been deemphasized as a presidential theme and removed from frequent service during the Presidency of James Carter. Even though appropriated by the chief dignitary, it has always been available for public use, as it now remains.

Composers and Librettist

The success of The Lady of the Lake as a ballad opera was due to a great extent to the skill and experiences of its dramatist, Dibdin, and its composers. The most important of the composers were Sanderson, Carr, and Clarke-Whitfeld.

James Sanderson, born about 23 April 1769 in Durham, died in London in 1841. As a self-taught musician, Sanderson must be praised for his perseverance and innate talent which led him to become respected as a violinist and theatrical composer in the late eighteenth century. In 1783 he was retained as a violinist at the Sunderland Theatre. In 1784-7 he went to South Shields where he was engaged as a violin and pianoforte teacher, and through his efforts met with substantial acclaim. By 1787 he was selected as the leader of the Newcastle-on-Tyne theatre orchestra, and a year later assumed a similar position at the Royal Salon (later Astley’s Amphitheatre) in London. In the year 1789 he began his career as a

32 Lichtenwanger, correspondence.
composer of music for dramatic works with his illustrative pieces for *Ode on the Passions*. His continued success resulted in his selection as the composer for Astley’s Amphitheatre in 1792. A year later he moved to the Royal Circus, afterwards the Surrey Theatre. Here he functioned as the resident composer, music director, and ensemble leader. It was apparently during his tenure in this position that he assisted with the 1810 premiere of *The Lady of the Lake*. As evidenced from the differing published copies of his own and other’s arrangements of the set pieces, it appears that the music for *The Lady of the Lake* differed slightly with each of the revivals after the premiere and initial run of the show. Because of the majority of Sanderson publications of the music, it seems most likely that both the English and American premieres used predominantly his works. For this reason my reconstruction is principally structured around the Sanderson music, with the remaining material completed from the works of Carr, Dr. John Clarke-Whitfeld, John Whitaker, and Theodore G.C. Schetky.


34 Benjamin Carr, *Six Ballads from the Poem of the Lady of the Lake, etc.* (Philadelphia, 1812?).

The Carr works used in the score are as follows: *Rondo from the Overture to the Opera of the Archers.* (being also) No. 7 of Carr’s Musical Miscellaneous occasional Numbers (Baltimore: B. Carr, 181-?); *Dances and March in the Mele-Drama of the Lady of the Lake* (Baltimore: Carr’s Music Store, 1813?); *The Archer’s Tune, as performed at the Philadelphia (New) Theatre in The Lady of the Lake, Pelissier’s Columbian Melodies* (Philadelphia: 1812), no. 2, p. 20.

35 Dr. J. Clarke, *Blanche of Devon’s Song. From the Lady of the Lake. Written by Walter Scott, Esqr., etc.* (Philadelphia: Published by G.E. Blake, ca. 1812.)
Benjamin Carr, born in London 12 September 1768, made his debut as a composer at Sadler's Wells on 16 October 1792. The next year he emigrated to America with his father and brother, and opened a publishing firm in Philadelphia, 1793-1812.\(^{37}\)

As a youth in England, Carr had studied with Samuel Arnold and Charles Wesley. This training prepared him for the London debut and gave him a firm basis for his later endeavours in both England and America.\(^{38}\) Prior to his work on *The Lady of the Lake*, Carr had distinguished himself as an actor, singer, pianist, organist, arranger, concert manager, and composer in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York.\(^{39}\) His activities as a publisher in New York lasted from 1794 to 1797, and were resumed during the period 1822-1830. During the first period he brought out his renowned *Federal Overture*, 1794, a medley that included many popular tunes of the period, and premiered his opera *The Archers* on 18 April 1796. This was one of the earliest versions of the William Tell story in America; the libretto was by William Dunlap. In 1800 Carr achieved a high point in his career with the editorship of the *Musical Journal for the Piano-forte in Two Sections*. Aside from his publication of the ballads and several other movements from *The Lady of the Lake* around 1812, Carr’s last important activity was the founding of the Musical Fund Society at Philadelphia in 1820.\(^{40}\)

\(^{37}\) Wolfe, I, 152.


\(^{39}\) Ibid.

\(^{40}\) Op. cit.
John Clarke, later known as Dr. John Clarke-Whitfeld, was born in Gloucester on 13 December 1770 and died at Holmes, near Hereford, on 22 February 1836. He received his early training under Philip Hayes at Oxford and was granted a Bachelor of Music, also from Oxford, in 1793. During the interim, he held various church-music positions in Ireland and was granted the degree of Doctor of Music in Dublin in 1795. The Irish Rebellion precipitated his flight to England in 1799, where he was engaged as organist and choirmaster at Trinity and St. John’s Colleges, Cambridge; here he was given the degree of Doctor of Music ad eundem from Dublin.

In 1805 Clarke published four volumes of cathedral services and anthems. In subsequent years he also published numerous glees and songs.\(^\text{41}\) Among the songs of the 1810-12 period one finds his settings of several movements from The Lady of the Lake. By 1820 he had become organist and choirmaster at Hereford Cathedral. At the death of Hague in 1821, Clarke-Whitfeld was also elected Professor of Music at Cambridge. He maintained both positions, continuing in his appointment at Hereford until 1832, when he was forced to resign due to paralysis, but held his post at Cambridge for the rest of his life.\(^\text{42}\)

The final biographical sketch is that of Thomas John Pitt Dibdin, the librettist of The Lady of the Lake. Born in London on 21 March 1771,\(^\text{43}\) he first “trod the boards” at the age of four in the role of

\(^{41}\) Grove, II, 334.

\(^{42}\) Ibid.

Cupid. He soon became a choirboy at St. Paul's, but later was apprenticed to an upholsterer. His apprenticeship was short-lived, as he finally ran away to become an actor, scene-painter, and always "a dramatist of a fatal facility."

A first he used the stage name S. Merchant, but later, in 1800, he resumed the name of Dibdin, much to his estranged father's consternation. Although he composed some 2,000 songs, he was most successful as a writer, and the 1806-7 Covent Garden production of *Mother Goose* was regarded as his best work. Other popular works were *The Mouth of the Nile*, 1798, *Nelson's Glory*, 1805, and of course, *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810. Meanwhile, Dibdin was the joint proprietor of Sadler's Wells Theatre after 1802. Later he married an actress named Nancy Hilliar, who bore him four children, all destined for the stage under the name of Pitt. After a long and prolific career, Thomas Dibdin died at Clerkenwell, London, on 16 September 1841.

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47 Brown, *British Music Biography*. 
Early Productions

The initial performance of The Lady of the Lake occurred on Monday evening, 24 September 1810, at the new Surrey Theatre in London. Unfortunately few details concerning the opening are available; however, the public advertisement states,

This Evening, the Entertainments will commence with a New Grand Melo Dramatic Romance, (taken from the celebrated Poem by Walter Scott, Esq.) called THE LADY OF THE LAKE. Mr. Willig, Roderick vich Alpine. With entire new music, scenery, and stage actions; principal character, Fitzjames. 48

The American premiere was staged in Philadelphia on Wednesday evening, 1 January 1812, at the “New Theatre” (Chestnut). The contemporary advertisement is extensive in its description of the stage actions and scenery plot. Further, instances of musical numbers and characters in their roles are also indicated. Subsequent credits reveal the librettist of the work, the original author of the poem, the composers of the music, and the directors of the various technical aspects of the production. Following is the list of credits in its entirety:

THE LADY OF THE LAKE
Written by John Edmund Eyre,⁴⁹ (from the much admired Poem of that name, by Walter Scott, Esq.) performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, with the most distinguished success. With entire new scenery, Dresses and Decorations. The Scenery designed (exactly after the poem) by Mr. Robbins, and executed by him, assisted by H. Warren and T. Reinagle. The Dances and Processions by Mr. Francis, assisted by Mr. Harris. The Dresses by Shraeder and assistants. The Music by the celebrated Sanderson & Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, and Mr. Pellesierre, the accompaniments by the latter.⁵⁰

Further information appeared in another description of this premiere:

On the first of January, 1812 (the first night of the new Olympic,) the Chesnut (sic) street theatre produced, for the first time in America, “THE LADY OF THE LAKE.” This piece was very beautifully put upon the stage. The scenery, dresses, properties, etc., were entirely new and costly. Without any exaggeration, it was unparalleled at that day. Nor have we seen the neatness of business since equalled. Mr. Wood appeared as Fitz James, Mrs. Waits as Ellen Douglas.

The celebrated Tramp March was, on this occasion, made and arranged by old Mr. J. Durang, which was a very original thing in its way . . .⁵¹

⁴⁹ John Edmund Eyre is listed as the librettist in this instance as it was his rendition, substantially different from Dibdin’s, that was used at this particular performance.


⁵¹ Durang, The Philadelphia Stage, 91.
After the American premiere in Philadelphia, The Lady of the Lake toured many major cities along the eastern seaboard. One of the most unique productions occurred in Baltimore, Maryland, on 2 May 1812. On the fourth night of the run, an elephant was introduced into the evening performance. The advertisement for this notable production boasted,

This evening, by Request, will be presented, (for the 4th time) A celebrated Dramatic Romance, in 3 acts, called THE LADY OF THE LAKE. ... In the course of which will be introduced, A LIVING ELEPHANT, Now in this city—richly caparisoned—attended by Guards, Drivers, &c. 52

In what capacity the elephant was used is not definitely known; however, it was probably as a member of the procession in the march in the first act, where Roderick Dhu makes his grand entrance through the mountain pass.

By the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, The Lady of the Lake had become a repertory piece. As such it no longer got the special attention from producers and audiences that it had enjoyed in previous years. This remained its fate until "the first important 'production' — in all that the term implies — on Barriere's enlarged stage, was shown on September 19th 1825; this was an imposing revival of The Lady of the Lake..." 53 A period account reveals,


... when Mr. Henry Wallack produced the piece at Chatham Garden, in New York, in the summer of 1825, the march was very cleverly constructed by Ferdinand Durang. Certainly "The Lady of the Lake," as produced by Wallack at the above theatre, was one of the most precious melo-dramatic gems every contemplated or beheld on any stage. That point has been fully conceded by many excellent judges. It ran consecutively through one entire season, almost without any falling off in the receipts, comprehend- ing neatly one hundred and fifty nights, and was equally patronized during the great part of the ensuing season, 1825-'26.54

After these productions, The Lady of the Lake received fewer and fewer performances, but existed in the repertoire until the early 1880's.55 Like its genre, the ballad opera, The Lady of the Lake did not survive the nineteenth century. Further, all traces of it seem to have been concealed by time save the much altered "Hail to the Chief."

54 Durang, p. 91.

55 Odell, Annals of the New York Stage, XII, 358, 675.
CHAPTER TWO

MUSIC OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE
A Keyboard Score of the Reconstructed Work
with Libretto
Table 1.

Musical Numbers and Composers
Used in the Reconstructed Score

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Piece</th>
<th>Composer or Attribution</th>
<th>Piece</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rondo (Overture)</td>
<td>Benjamin Carr 28</td>
<td>Piece 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice Brand</td>
<td>Attr. James Sanderson 67</td>
<td>Piece 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Archer’s Tune</td>
<td>B. Carr 94</td>
<td>Piece 94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blanche of Devan</td>
<td>Attr. J. Sanderson 97, 103</td>
<td>Piece 97, 103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coronach (He is Gone)</td>
<td>Attr. J. Sanderson 99</td>
<td>Piece 99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dances and March</td>
<td>Attr. B. Carr 91</td>
<td>Piece 91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Hornpipe</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Rustic Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Morris Dance</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. March</td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail to the Chief</td>
<td>J. Sanderson 47</td>
<td>Piece 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Hate to Learn the Ebb of Tide</td>
<td>Attr. John Clarke-Whitfeld or J. Sanderson 122</td>
<td>Piece 122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Imprisoned Huntsman</td>
<td>John Whitaker 125</td>
<td>Piece 125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Invisible Chorus</td>
<td>J. Sanderson 40</td>
<td>Piece 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not Faster Yonder Rowers</td>
<td>Theodore G.C. Schetky 53</td>
<td>Piece 53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Groans Shall Yonder Vallies Fill</td>
<td>Attr. J. Sanderson 117</td>
<td>Piece 117</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

A MELO-DRAMATIC ROMANCE, IN TWO ACTS

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT

BY

MR. THOMAS DIBDIN

TO WHICH IS ADDED
MUSIC COMPOSED PRIMARILY

BY

MR. JAMES SANDERSON, et al.

TO WHICH ARE FURTHER ADDED:

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.
Dramatis Personae

FITZJAMES, monarch of Scotland

SIR RODERICK VICH ALPINE DHU, a Powerful Outlaw

DOUGLAS, father of Ellen

MALCOLM GRAEME, suitor to Ellen

ALLAN BANE, a Minstrel attached to Douglas

BRIAN, a fiend-like Hermit (Elf), attached to Roderick

NORMAN
SANDY
MALISE
MURDOCH

Followers of Roderick

HERBERT
LUFFNESS
DEVAUX
HERRIES

Attendants on Fitzjames

LADY MARGARET, mother to Roderick (a mystic)

BLANCHE of DEVAN, a Maniac

ELLEN, the Lady of the Lake

Scotch Lords, Ladies, Outlaws, Soldiers, etc.
FITZJAMES—Green hunting-dress, bound with gold—cap and feathers—russet boots—spurs—leather belt—small bugle—sword, etc.
SIR RODERICK DHU—Complete Highland chieftain's green plaid dress, with green tartan—bugle—sword and shield.
DOUGLAS—Ditto, with red tartan.
MALCOLM GRAEME—Highland dress and cuirass.
ALLAN BANE—White cloth mantle, trimmed with blue—gray hair—blue belt—flesh-colored arms and legs.
BRIAN—Dark brown mantle—naked arms and legs—black wig.
NORMAN, SANDY, MALISE, MURDOCH—Highlanders.
HERBERT, LUFFNESS, DEVAUX, HERRIES—Scotch gentlemen—fringed plaids—cuirasses.
HIGHLAND OUTLAWS—Plaid skirts—breast-plates.

SCOTCH LORDS—Similar to Luffness.

LADY MARGARET—Dark green robe—scarlet plaid sash.

BLANCHE—Maniac's torn light blue and white dress.

ELLEN—White, with light plaid shoulder sash and trimmings.

LADIES—Silk plaid dresses and robes, various.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

ACT I
Overture
SCENE I.—Romantic View on Loch Katrine—horns and distant hunting-cries heard—Hunters seen passing on the ridges of the mountain above the lake—the broad red sun is seen to go down behind the brows of the hills—a solitary horn sounds.

A voice without. Hillio! hillio!

The horn sounds nearer, and the voice is heard louder.

Enter FITZJAMES. R., quite weary, and leans against the rock.

FIT. So, crossing yonder rugged dell,
My gallant horse exhausted fell;
I little thought, when first thy rein
I slack’d upon the Banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e’er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed.
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That cost thy life, my gallant Gray!

He looks around, and sounds his horn (as above) it is echoed—he listens—all is quiet.

’Twas echo mock’d—the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place;
But foes may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better miss’d than found.
To meet with Highland plund’rers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.
Well, fall the worst that may betide,
E’en now this faulchion has been tried.

Sounds his horn again (as above)—he listens, looks, and sees a lady in the Highland costume navigating a little skiff, L.—at the same time the white-robed figures of an ancient bard (allan Bane) appears on the mountain, L., with a cross in his hand—he points
Fitzjames out to the lady, who gracefully beckons him to enter the boat—he is too much employed with gazing on her, to look at the bard, who disappears, L.—the Lady rouses him from his astonishment by beckoning again—he steps into the boat, which she is going to push off—he gently takes the boat-hook from her—she points out the way—he pushes off the boat, L., and the scene closes.

SCENE II.—picturesque Entrance to a retreat, half covered with copse-wood, birch, willows, etc.—A lodge on one side, formed of rough half-hewn materials, fronted with a portico of fir, twined with clematis, ivy, and wild vines. C.—a mysterious air distinguishes every footstep, look, and action.

Enter ALLAN BANE, the bard, cautiously, L., step by step distinctly, looking back as if expecting some one—he sees them coming—seems pleased, and exits hastily into the retreat, C. Enter the Lady in the same way, L., followed at a distance by the wondering and anxious Fitzjames—she points to the portico, C.

LADY. On heav’n and the lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall.
FIT. My hope, my heav’n, my trust
must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee.

Music.

Exit Fitzjames, following the Lady into the portico, C.

SCENE III.—The Hall of the Retreat, hung around with instruments of war and hunting—trophies, banners, heads and skins of animals, etc.

Enter THE BARD, L.—he taps at a door in the flat, which opens. Enter the LADY, L., conducting Fitzjames—as he approaches a trophy, a large Highland sword, falls at his feet with a terrific clang—he starts—the Bard seems struck with horror, and goes off at the door in the flat—Fitzjames takes the sword up, examines and seems struck with the form and workmanship of it.
—while he is thus employed, Ellen opens the door in the flat.— Enter LADY MARGRET, D.F., dressed handsomely, but in the rude masculine style of the ancient Highland dames—she approaches Fitzjames, who, turning to Ellen, is amazed at seeing her—Ellen goes off, R.—Fitzjames is about to follow, when he is repelled by Margaret.

LADY M. Think not you unexpected come
To this lone isle, our desert home.
Before the heath had lost the dew
This morn, a couch was pull’d for you.
On yonder mountain’s bed,
Have ptarmigan and heath-game bled;
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your ev’ning cheer.

FIT. No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest;
A wand’rer here by fortune toss’d,
My way, my friends, my courser lost.
I ne’er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake’s romantic strand
I found a fay in fairy land.

LADY M. A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the vision’d future bent,
Foresaw your steed, a dapple gray,
Lie dead beneath the Birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green;
And bade that all should ready be,
To grace a guest of high degree.

Music.—(Morris Dance)—

Morris Dance

\[\text{Music.} \text{—(Morris Dance)}\]
Fitzjames seems absorbed in thought—he asks Lady Margaret in action whose is the sword that fell—she, in a mysterious manner, imposes silence, and takes the sword from him—he is more thoughtful. Enter ELLEN, L.—she intimates to Lady Margaret that all is ready within—Fitzjames takes the two ladies by the hand—leads them forward, and seems earnestly to inquire who they are—Music stops.
LADY M. Wierd women, we, by dale and down,  
We dwell afar from tower and town;  
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,  
On wond’ring knights our spells we cast;  
While viewless minstrels touch the string,  
’Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.

DUET——(Without.) Accompanied by the Harp.
Soldier Rest

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Music fill, ev'ry sense in slumber dewing,
Fitzjames stands listening in fixed astonishment—the ladies each offer him a hand—he hesitates, looks toward the sword as if in doubt, shakes off his apprehensions, similingly takes their hands, and leads them off. D.F.7

SCENE IV.—A Mountainous Pass—the Lake at a distance.

GRAND HIGHLAND MARCH.—Enter the Procession, R.U.E. Pipers and Minstrels arrange themselves, R. and L.
The Banner of the Grahams.

MALCOLM GRAEME follows, pointing to it as he leads his Men, who pass during the chorus. (The march to Hail to the Chief is played while the men pass before the minstrels and pipers).

Chorus. (Spoken over the music). Welcome, chief of early fame, Matchless, bonny, Malcolm Graeme.

The Banner of Douglas (a Bleeding Heart).

DOUGLAS.

HIGHLANDERS two and two during the chorus.

Chorus. Welcome Chief of ancient fame,— Welcome, Douglas' glorious name.

The Banner of black Sir Roderick (a Green Pine).

RODERICK DHU.

HIGHLANDERS two and two during the chorus.

OFFICERS and SOLDIERS.

Chorus. (Sung) Hail to the Chief, etc.
March and Chorus of Hail To The Chief
1. Hail! Hail! Hail to the Chief who is no oppressor.
2. Round and round the fountain Bloom and flourish in winter to fade;
3. Hail! Hail! Hail! 

O, what the rose and that pride of the Highlands stretch your sail for the ever green pine!
Via ela~e~ is5, e re'9, ~ga~

grace your Islands, where nestled in a garden around you in twine.

O)—-

On that same seedling gem, Walking on a crystal stem, Diamond and crystal in their

shadow might grow!

Ring from her deep seats, Tenderly Al—pianely
ho! i-e-roe!

ho! i-e-roe!

Allegro
Hea'n and it happy—

dear, Earth lend it

Allegro

Sap a-new

sp a-new

begin—by to

bouge-on and

broad—ly to
grows

grows
While ev'ry highland glen, sends our shout back a-gain, Ro-der-ick Vic-tor y.

All—pine ah—ho! i—e—roes.

While ev'ry highland glen, sends our shout back a-gain, Ro-der-ick Vic-tor y.
As the Procession finishes, the Pipers and Minstrels join in and march off, following the Soldiery, L.U.E.

SCENE V.—The view on the Lake, as at first—Sunrise.

ALLAN BANE discovered, seated on a fragment of rock, tuning his harp—he rises and advances, C.

Vainly I strive to wake the strain,
Till now unwont to strive in vain;
Alas! than mine some mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spann’d
To mournful melody.

The gladsome march which victors tread
Sinks into wailings for the dead;
Sad harp! shouldst thou my fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel’s knell,
With mournful melody.

Music.—AIR—LADY ELLEN—from her boat in the distance.
Not Faster Yonder Rowers

Andantino

Not faster yonder rowers might flings from their oars the spray.

Not faster yonder ripples bright that tracks the shallop course in light waves.
in the tale away The men from memory erase the

benefits of former days, then

Stranger go good speed the while Thor

Think again on the lonely isle.
place to thee in Royal court high place in battled line good

hawk and hound for sylvan sport where beauty sees the bride resort the

honoured need be thine true be thy word thy friend sin-

(9)h 55 = 89
Tender

There's the Lady, constant and kind

Dear and lost in loves and friendships

Smile be memory of the lonely

Isle.
Blind Man's Bluff

But if beneath you southern sky a plaid stranger

Express

roam, those drooping bent and stifled sigh and sunken cheek and

heavily the pine for his Highland home. The warrior then be wise to

show the care that soothes a wanderer's
sail, as faithful wise and true in shine, wave, wind, and exile

You sustain, beneath the fickle fate, waste not a

sigh on fortune changed, on

courts or friends estranged, but
Come where kindred worth shall

smile, to greet thee in the

lonely isle.
Enter ELLEN and FITZJAMES, in the boat, L.U.E.—they land—Ellen points the road out to Fitzjames—he unwillingly takes leave—is going to kiss her hand—Allan strikes all the strings of the harp—Fitzjames starts, looks up, and perceives Allan Bane, who, with some degree of respect, mingled with firmness, bids them begone—Fitzjames seems to struggle with his pride, but subdues it.

FIT. Hear, lady, yet a parting word.
It chanced, in flight, that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland’s lord;
This ring the grateful monarch gave,
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Poorly, with this, my hosts I pay:
Shouldst thou to Stirling every stray,
Ask of the king, with spirit free,
And claim thy suit, whate’er it be,
In ransom of this pledge to me.

Exit, R.—Allan Bane watches his departure, comes down the mount, and approaches Ellen.

ALLAN. Daughter of Douglas, woe the while
That brought yon stranger to our isle.
Thine outlaw’d father’s sword of yore,
Forg’d by the art of fairy lore,
Did, self-unsheath’d, fall down, to show
The footsteps of a secret foe.
If courtly spy, and harbour’d here,
What may my lord the Douglas fear?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Rod’rick say?

ELLEN. From James of Scotland’s wrathful ire,
Sir Rod’rick sheilds my banished sire,
And to his mother’s care I owe
All that a mother can bestow:
For which, Sir Rod’rick shall command
My blood, my life, but not my hand.
ALLAN. Yet though might guide, with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread.
And who, in all this western wild,
Nam’d black Sir Rod’rick’s name, and smil’d?
ELLEN. Allen, thou well may’st ask me who?
In Holy Rood a knight he slew.
The hand that for my father fought
I honor as a daughter ought;
But, ere I clasp it, reeking red
From peasants slaughtered in their shed,
An outcast pilgrim will I rove,
Nor wed the man I cannot love.
ALLAN. Yet, should thy love of Malcolm Graeme
Once more light up fell Discord’s flame—
ELLEN. Allan, no more. A bugle sounds.

From Mainland east,
I hear my father’s signal blast;
And see, to meet her son’s fierce band,
Where Lady Marg’ret seeks the strand.

DISTANT MILITARY MUSIC (as above)—Enter Lady Margaret, with Ladies who land from a boat, L.—Ellen goes to her—Douglas and Party land, R.—his daughter runs to him—they embrace—Allan Bane kneels to him—Douglas raises him with regard and respect—Sir Roderick Dhu lands, R., is received by his mother, and pay particular attention to Ellen, who receives him with great respect—Malcolm Graeme lands, R.—is greeted by Allan and Douglas—he bows, with emotion, to Ellen, who receives him with suppressed regard—Douglas seems rather pleased with their mutual emotion, and claps Malcolm on the shoulder to encourage him—Sir Roderick Dhu looks on.
them with jealous fury—his mother, also marks them, but seems to counsel her son to hide his anger—a horn sounds

Enter a Courier, L., and gives a letter to Roderick Dhu—he reads and seems disturbed—they mark his emotion.

SIR R. Kinsman and father—if such name Douglas vouchsafe to Rod'rick's claim, 
And Graeme, in whom I hope to know, 
Full soon, a noble friend or foe, 
List all:—
The king who sways the Scottish throne, 
So faithless and so ruthless known, 
Comes hither; for his spies, I ween, 
By some mischance, have Douglas seen.  
DOU. Then, in some forest cell, 
We will, like hunted quarry, dwell; 
Till, on the mountain and the moor, 
The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er.  
SIR R. No, never! Blasted be yon pine,— 
My father's ancient crest, and mine, 
If either go! Grant me this maid 
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid; 
And, when I light the nuptial torch, 
The guards shall shake in Stirling porch, 
And thousand villages in flames 
Shall seare the slumbers of King James!  
DOU. It may not be. Forgive me, chief, 
Nor hazard aught for our relief: 
Against his sov'reign, Douglas ne'er 
Will level a rebellious spear.  
'Twas I who taught his youthful hand 
To rein a steed, and wield a brand; 
Though injur'd by base sland'rous tongues, 
I love him still, despite my wrongs.
Roderick Dhu exhibits anger, and again consults with his mother——Allen Bane respectfully grasps his master's hand in approbation of his loyalty——Ellen seems terrified——Malcolm Graeme runs to support her——Sir Roderick Dhu darts furiously on him——Malcolm recovers himself, and draws his sword——Sir Roderick also draws——Douglas interposes——Ellen runs to Lady Margaret, who haughtily rejects her, as the cause of the quarrel——the Chiefs of the soldiers form a picture of agitation, each half drawing his sword, and Allan kneels, with a look to plead for forbearance, in front of the group——they at length separate, indignantly sheathing their swords.

SIR R. [To Malcolm]. Rest safe till morn!
To court! and tell
How Roderick keeps the lake and fell;
Next, all our strength and passes show,
Then come and meet they mortal foe.
Give him safe conduct, Malise, ho!

Malcolm Graeme shows his honest scorn of Sir Roderick Dhu——he takes a respectful leave of Douglas and Ellen, refuses the escort, and plunges into the lake, from L.——Douglas, seemingly much hurt at Roderick's conduct, takes his daughter by the hand——Allan Bane, who is equally concerned for his master, takes her other hand——the Followers of Douglas arrange behind their chief, and are going off——Sir Roderick Dhu offers his hand——Lady Margaret, also, Ellen——she deprecates the probably fate of Malcolm——suddenly, he is seen on the distant hills of the opposite shore, waving his scarf——he kisses his hand, and disappears——Douglas, Allan, and Ellen, return his salute, and look after him——Lady Margaret, with one hand, is waving to him, and, with the other, pressing Sir Roderick's, with a short significant look——he takes the hint, points out the distant figure to Malise, his henchman, and, placing a poniard in his hand, the other receives it, and nods, as if he perfectly understood his master.

SIR R. [Aside to Malise]. Speed, Malise!
Speed o'er barren fells,
To where ferocious Brian dwells.
Bid the dread monk prepare the rite,
Our chiefs and vassals to invite;
With cross of fire to bless or ban,
And call a gather of each clan
Who own no oath but by this hand,
No law but Roderick's command.

[Aloud] The muster-place is Lanrick Mead.—
Speed for the signal, Malise!—Speed!

Exit Malise, R.—Douglas brings Roderick forward.

DOU. Roderick, my king I'll ne'er oppose,
Yet pledge I will not join your foes.
Be Ellen still your mother's care,
While Douglas and his few repair
To yonder wild and strange retreat,
Scarce trod by even outlaw'd feet;
Happy to counsel means of peace,
And bid these jarring discords cease.

After great reluctance on all sides, Ellen is permitted to go on with Lady Margaret and Norman, an Attendant, in the boat. L.—Roderick leads his men off, R., and Douglas remains—he sends off all his friends but Allen Bane, L.

DOU. And think ye, gallant clansman
Will, in the strife, stand idle by?
My debt to Roderick must be paid,
Yet Malcolm Graeme shall wed the maid.
Lest fiery Roderick should feel
The vengeance of the royal steel,
And lest—heav'n grant me not too late!
Malcolm may rue a rival's hate,
I'll risk my life.—My king once smil'd
On Douglas. But to leave my child
With Margaret—

ALLAN. Surely, heaven forefend
But woman should be virtue's friend!
Yet, 'would young Malcolm's gallant arm
Had charge to guard the maid from harm!..

Malcolm suddenly comes from behind the rock——Douglas is delighted, and receives his assurances to follow and protect Ellen——
Malcolm explains that his distrust made him return—he borrows Allan Bane’s long white robe, and goes off in a boat, L.—Douglas, now confident of his daughter’s safety, goes off with Allan Bane. R.

SCENE VI.—Entrance to the Retreat, as before.

Enter NORMAN, the Lady Margaret, and Ellen, L., sorrowing for her father and lover—Lady Margaret consoles her—Norman gives a signal—Ellen goes into the retreat, C.F.—Margaret is thoughtful, calls Norman, and shows him a large stone turning on a centre, with which she bids him close the entrance—he asks how she is to get in then—she fiercely bids him do as he is ordered—he obeys, and, while he is slowly moving the stones, she hangs a label on a branch, and, suddenly opening another entrance, she goes hastily in—Norman, coming forward, is amazed at missing the Lady Margaret, and reads on the tablet:

"ADMIT NO ONE, ON THY LIFE: THOU SHALT BE SPEEDILY RELIEVED."

He shrugs his shoulders, shows his mull and bottle both empty, goes towards the stone as if he meant to move it, hesitates, comes forward, says "Heigho!" and sings.
Merry It Is In The Good Greenwood

Trio
1st time very Piano 2nd time Forte or in Chorus.

Merry it is in the good green wood where the means and merle are sing-ing.

Deer runneth by the sound of the horn is ring-ing.
Solo Tenor Voice

4...10

Alice, Brand my native land is lost for love of

you and we must hold by wood and wold as

coward went to do & Alice 'twas all for thy

looks so bright was all for thine eyes to blue that
on the night of our luck-less flight thy brother told me to tell thee now I must teach thee how the beach the hand that held the grave for leaves to spread our lowly bed and stake to fence our cave and for rest or fall thy
Fingers small that went on harp to stray a

slow

Lento

sawed deer to keep the cold away

Recit.

Richard if my brother died 'twas but a fatal

So chance for daub-line was the battle tried and
Fortune sped the lance if fall and fair now
more it near nor thou the crimson shear as
worn will say is the russet—gray as gay the forest
Green and Richard if our let be hard and lost thy native.
An i-Olt, Ag X %

NOW, WNW a 400a

52 AMW !zd AIW .dew 11101 "llom ML -REEL 36 C

Ask I
ring - ring Lord Richards are is ring - ring

elfin ring who walked within the hill like wind in the sound of a

ruined church his voice was ghostly shrill "why sounds you strike on"
teach and oak our moonlight crossed screen or who comes here to

chase the deer beloved of our elfin queen or who may dare on

wold to wear the faerie's fatal green

up to you mortal hie for you were christend man for
Recit.

Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart the

curse of the sleepless eye

poco lentando

Life would part nor yet find leave to
Trio  1\textsuperscript{st} time Piano  2\textsuperscript{nd} time Forte or as a Chorus

'Tis merry 'tis merry in
good green wood tho' tho'
the
day?
'Tis merry 'tis merry in
good green wood tho' tho'
the
day?

birds have still their
120 singing

birds have still their
120 singing the evening these days

Alice raise and
Richard is full going

ringing
Richard is faggots bringing up that hideous dwarf before lord Richard stands and as he cried and bade himself fear not sign quicksly closed the gate this is
Solo Treble Voice

made with bloody hands... but out she spake she Alice. "Wond'ring at the sight of her, "the sight of her, "for a moment as she looked and up at the sky in bewilderment..."

Solo Bass Voice

but his but the blood of our own... but your... your... "told of..."... but... your... your... "told of..."

...to his hand... the stain of..."
fairy shine the fairy mound but all is glittering snow like the

fading the that varied gleam is our inconstant shape who

now like bright be joy deemed how we aright of age
was between the night and day when the fairy King has power that

and down in a sinful tower life of death and death away to the

dayless abode and but writ of a woman bold who

from my brow would sign might remain my mortal world
[Act 2] Solo Treble Voice

She stood him

She stood him twice that lady was so

tried, the fooler grew his goblin hue, the dam, as from the

case, she seemed him twice that lady told he rose nearby her
404) [444]

A, ILL IL t, M., is.

Now r w w F Ir IL

Trio 99

Money it is in the good.前端分号the mavis & mables are

— thet Brand Money it is in the good.前端分号the mavis & mables are

sing ing

singing but assmeri was hehinde.前端分号weyl syh when all the belly were

Ch=N 84 = 134
So come all yeMen and Women
Singing when all the bells were
Singing when all the bells were
Singing when all the bells were
when all the bells were ringing

when all the bells were ringing

when all the bells were ringing
NOR. Seeing Malcolm Graeme, L. Oh, Lord!

Enter MALCOLM GRAEME, cautiously, L., in the long white robe of Allan Bane—Norman starts—Malcolm retires, R.—Norman pulls off his plaid, and, with all his might, lowers the stone.

NOR. Calling softly. Hoot, Sandy!

Enter SANDY, C.

SANDY. Weel.

NOR. Trembling. My flask and mull
Yestreen, ye ken, were baith right full
They're empty noo, and I were wishing
Just a wee puckle drink and snishing.

SAN. What gars ye, dither? What's the matter?

NOR. I've seen the de'el, mon.

SAN. Haud ye chatter! Gi' me your mull,
I'll fill it.

NOR. Aw in white.

SAN. Stay, gin I fetch my Andrew. I delight I' threshing devils, coward?

Exit, C.F.

NOR. Coward! what!
I'd face the de'el, ere pass for that.
And there he is again. Odswns! I'll try
Which is the best mon, Beelzebub or 1.

Malcolm Graeme is seen ascending an eminence, R. and standing at the top, with his arms extended—Norman beckons him down—he returns no sign—Norman threatens to fetch him, and goes off, R.—Malcolm Graeme is now seen to descend on the other side, catches hold of a bough, and drops down, having left the white robe and hood stretched on the cross branches above, which, being waved by the wind, deceive Norman—he approaches, cuts at the robe with his broadsword—Malcolm, below, utters a hollow groan—in the meantime, he picks up Norman's plaid, and is going into the recess, C., from whence Sandy returns—Malcolm runs off, L.
SANDY. [Taking Malcolm for Norman].
Wuns, what a coward!

[Sees the robe, which Norman is trying to disengage from the bushes.]

There's his cause o' fright;
We'll see, now, with what spirit ghosts can fight.

He sees Norman coming with the white robe, runs at him, and drives him back—Malcolm returns, running in at the centre entrance, and the scene changes.

SCENE VII.—The Gathering of the Clans—a Rocky Dell, forming a vast, grand, natural Amphitheatre—in the centre, a rude Altar, with the bones of an animal burning.

BRIAN, The Monkish Hermit, discovered standing near the altar, wild and terrific in his dress and manner—by his side Sir Roderick Dhu, in a widely extended semicircle of Chiefs, Soldiers, Minstrels, Women and Children—Groups of Highlanders are seen on all the surrounding hills, looking down at the ceremony.

Roderick takes a cross of yew from an attendant, lights it at the altar, and presents it to Brian.

SIR R. Brian, this is burying cross of yew,
When quenched in blood, by ritual due,
Will give thee power to bless or ban
Each chief or vassal of my clan.

Brian advances, holds up the burning cross.

RECITATIVE.—(spoken)—BRIAN.

Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yre
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the Heav'n's their holiest dew,
On Alpine's dwelling low!
Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
CHOR. Woe to the traitor, woe!
BRIAN. Sunk be his home in embers red,
    And cursed be the meanest shed
    That e'er shall hide his houseless head.

CHOR. Woe to the traitor, woe!

\[\text{Brian quenches the cross in a vessel at the foot of the altar—he gives it to Sir Roderick Dhu, who hands it to Malise.}\]

FULL CHORUS. (spoken).

Speed! Malise, speed!
the muster-place be Lanric Mead.
Speed! Malise, speed!
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward on thy fleet career,
For danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy track.—Speed! Malise, speed!

END OF ACT I
INTERMEZZO MUSIC
ACT II
SCENE I.——A Pass in the Mountains.

Enter BRIAN, ferociously, L.—he sees some one coming, and retires, L. .

Enter FITZJAMES, L.—he seems bewildered, and looks out as if he saw something surprising.

AIR.—A female voice (Blanche) faintly heard without, R.
Blanche of Devan

They bid me sleep they bid me

pray they say my brain is warped &

wrong I cannot sleep on highland

true I cannot pray in highland tongue.
Your followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Yonder he winds, and seeks a guide;
Murdoch shall lead his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
I'll wait with those shall bring him down.

Exit Brian, R.

SIR R. 'Tis well—who comes his news to show?

Enter MALISE, L.

Malise! what tidings of the foe?
MAL. At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive,
Two barons proud their banners wave:
I saw the Moray's silver star
And mark'd the sable pale of Mar.
SIR R. By Alpine's soul! high tidings those—
I love to hear of worthy foes.
Where is the Douglas?
MAL. He is gone. (Advances and sings).
He Is Gone Upon The Mountain

Very Slow

The is gone on the
mountain, he is lost to the
forest, like a
summer dried fountain—when our need was the
Where winds the path its dizzy ledge
Around yon precipice's edge.
At distance, lo! a female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tatter'd weeds and wild array,
Stands on a cliff beside the way:
But now, her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung.
Perchance deranged—more mad were I,
The skill of such a guide to try.
She winds the cliff—bewildered lost.
I'll follow her, be life the cost!

Exit, R.S.E.

Re-enter BRIAN. L.—he strides across in busy meditation, scowls around him, looks out, R., follows some object with his eye, but loses it, and turns round.

Enter SIR RODERICK DHU, L., meeting Brian.

SIR R. Well, Brian, since last eventide,
Hast thou the promised augury tried?
That horrid rite which must not be
Unless in dread extremity;
The Taghairm call'd, by which, afar
Our sires foresaw the event of war?

BRIAN. Yes; witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
And shapes that sought my fearful couch,
Which human tongue may ne'er avouch.
At length the fateful answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul?

"WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."
SIR R. Thanks Brian for thy zeal and care—
Good is thy augury and fair:
Clan Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broadswords tasted blood.

\(\text{Meditating}\)

"WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN’S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE;"

Said'st thou?

BRIAN. Ah, and a victim sure I know,
Self offered to th' auspicious blow;
A youth hath cross'd our lands this morn,
No eye shall witness his return;
With Lady Margaret left alone
His daughter mourns—

SIR R. His daughter!—why
Does thus the breeze affect mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd fear,
A messenger of doubt or fear?
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benlodi from his stance.
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu?
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.—
Each to his post, all know their charge!

_Exeunt Sir Roderick Dhu and Malise, R._

SCENE III.—Another part of the Mountain—the remains of a Gray Horse lying among the underwood.

Enter BLANCHE, L., wildly habited—a garland of broomflowers and heath upon her head—she is sorting eagle's feathers and mountain flowrets, as she sings
Blanche of Devan

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray, they say my

They bid me sleep, they bid me sleep on highland

true, I cannot pray in highland tongue, but were I

now where the man glides or heard my native Devans
Dances so sweetly would
Dolce e piano
Rest and pray that heaven would
Close my wintry day that heaven would
Twas thus my
Tempo Primo
fair they bade me braid, they bade me to the church re-

c'st was my bridal morn they said and my true

c' love would meet me there but we be—tide the cruel

guile that drowd in blood the morning smile and
woe be to the diary

dream only to go

sob and scream, only to sob and scream.
BLANCHE. They've slain my William!
and I heard some say
That comely youth must die today [Looking out.]
'Twere pity, too—-they're coming—-see!
'Tis pity! ah! who pitied me?

Exit, R.

Enter FITZJAMES, L., following Murdoch, distrustfully——Murdoch puts is horn to his mouth.

FIT. [Arresting his arm]. Why wouldst thou sound?
MUR. [Ferociously]. Why? 'Twas to scare
Yon coming raven from his fare. [Pointing to the gray horse.]
FIT. My own brave steed, my gallant gray!
And art thou, then, the raven's prey?
I doubt this guide—-poor steed! 'twere well,
We'd neither cross'd this dreary dell.
Move forward, sir! and silently, [Draws his sword.]
Or whoop, or sound, and thou shalt die [They are going, R.]

Re-enter BLANCHE, R.—she crosses to C., and catches hold of Fitzjame's arm.

BLANCHE. The toils are pitch'd and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily!
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet, Hunters live so cheerily!

FITZ. [Turning to Murdoch.] Who is this maid?
Her mournful lay
Thus thrice has crossed the hollow way.
MUR. [L.] 'Tis Blanche of Devan as 'tis said,
A crazed and captive lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick ravaged Devan side.
The bridegroom gay resistance made,
And felt our chief's unconquered blade.

BLANCHE. [Singing].

[99=107] 404
FIT. Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still.
BLANCHE. Ay! thou look'st kindly, and I will.
MUR. Hence! brainsick fool, or by this bow—

[Chorus]

FITZ. Stopping his arm, L.C. Hold! if thou offer'st but a blow,
I'll pitch thee from a cliff as far
As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!
BLANCHE. Thanks, champion! thanks!
these I prepare To seek my true love through the air:
I will not lend yon savage groom,
To break his fall, one single plume.
The stag he met with a wounded doe,
Ever sing warily, warily!
She warn'd him of the toils below,
Where hunters watch so narrowly.

[Exit R., looking at Fitzjames significantly.]

FIT. This caution must to me relate—
Traitor! one step is certain fate.

[Exit, after Blanche, R.—Murdoch looks after them—is irresolute—at length he draws his bow, takes aim, shoots off, R.—a faint scream is hear—he listens, looks, and is just going to blow his horn, when Fitzjames rushes on with the rapidity of lightning, cuts Murdoch's bow asunder, and pursues him, L.]

Re-enter BLANCHE. R., pale and trembling, supporting herself
against the trees, with the arrow in her hand, and falling against a ledge of rock.

Re-enter FITZJAMES, L., with his sword bloody, looking terrific in his anger, which softens on seeing Blanche—he advances towards her, drops his sword, and kneels by her side.

BLANCHE. Stranger, this hour of death gives more
Of reason's power than years before;
A helpless, injured, wretch I die,
And something tells me, in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.
Take this blood-stain'd tress—once worn

[Giving a braid of hair.]

By murder'd William! it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave.
And when thou see'st a darksome man,
The Outlaw Chief of Alpine's Clan,
By thy heart bold thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong.
They watch for thee by pass and fell
Avoid the path—oh, Heaven! farewell!

[Dies.]

FIT. Kneels. By all of good and truth I
swear
No other favor will I wear,
Till this sad token I imbrue
In the best blood of Rod'rick Dhu!

[Shouts at a distance.]

But hard! what means yon faint halloo?
The chase is up, but they shall know
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.

[Exit, R.]
SCENE III.—The Pass in the Mountain, as before—Evening—a watchfire burning.

Enter RODERICK DHU, R., meditating.

SIR R. "WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN’S LIFE THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

Would my indulgent stars decree
The victim might but fall by me!
Hark!

He retires, R.U.E.

Enter FITZJAMES, L.

FIT. Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat will prove my last.
Like bloodhounds, now, they search me out!
I’ve heard the signal and the shout.
Well! I can perish sword in hand.

As he turns his strength fails—he leans on his sword.

SIR R. (Coming forward). Thy name and purpose, Saxon? Stand!
FIT. A stranger,
SIR R. What dost thou require?
FIT. Rest and a guide, and food and fire,
My life’s beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chill’d my limbs with frost!
SIR R. Art thou a friend to Roderick?
FIT. No!
SIR R. Thou dar’st not call thyself his foe?
FIT. I dare! To him, and all the band
He brings to aid his murdr’rous hand.
SIR R. Bold words! Brave youth, they
surely lie,
   Who say thou cam’st a secret spy?
FIT. They do, by heaven! Bring Roderick Dhu,
   And of his clan the boldest two,
   And let me but till morning rest,
   I’ll write the falsehood on each crest.
   SIR R. Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
   A clansman born, a kinsman true.
   Yet more: upon thy fate, ’tis said,
   A mighty augury is laid:
   It rests with me to wind my horn
   Thou art with numbers overborne.
   It rests with me, here, brand to brand.
   Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
   But not for clan, or kindred’s cause,
   Will I depart from honour’s laws.

   To assail a wearied man were a shame;
   And stranger is a holy name!
   Then rest thee here, till dawn of day;
   Myself will guide thee on the way.

   FIT. I take the courtesy, by heaven
   As freely as ’tis feely given;
   And, though thy foe, will proudly share
   Thy soldier’s couch, they soldier’s fare.

[Scene IV.—Exterior of the Retreat.]

Enter LADY MARGARET, from the private opening—she looks around, and sees, with astonishment, the stone removed at the other entrance.

   LADY M. Open! no guard! What treacherous hand
   Has dared, despite of my command—

Enter MALCOLM GRAEME, leading Ellen from the retreat, C.
LADY M. [Apart]. So, traitress! [Draws a dagger] thou wouldst thus depart! Yet—hold a while, my bursting heart—[Observes them.]

ELLEN. Malcolm, though dear my life must be, Since it is worthy care for thee, Yet, while my father is a man, Outlaw'd and exiled, under ban, The price of blood set on his head, With me 'twere infamy to wed! No—mark! A stranger gave this ring; He said 'tis passport to the king. My father! oh, should it be true, That this has power to pardon you! Then, Malcolm, from each danger free—

LADY M. Hold! Grateful Ellen, ere you flee, Ask Margaret's leave. Rash youth, for you, Who dare my vassal's faith subdue, Advance not! All of strife is vain; This dagger proves thy Ellen's bane.

Enter NORMAN AND SANDY, C.—Margaret forces Ellen off, L.—Malcolm engaged the two Men, and they follow off, fighting, R.

SCENE V.—A picturesque Assemblage of Craggy Rocks, etc.—Daybreak.

Enter SIR RODERICK DHU and FITZJAMES, THROUGH A DEFILE, C.

SIR R. Now, stranger, say why wonder'd you, Without a pass, from Roderick Dhu?

FIT. My safest pass, in danger tried, Hangs on my belt here, by my side. Perhaps I sought a greyhound stray'd; Perhaps I seek a Highland maid.

SIR R. Yet, stranger, if you peaceful came, Bewilder'd in the mountain game, Whence the bold boast, by which you show Vich Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?

FIT. He's chief of a rebellious clan; A savage outlaw'd, desperate man, Who, in the regent's court and sight, With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight.

SIR R. What reck'd it, if he shed that blood On Highland heath or Holyrood?
He rights his wrong, wherever given.
FIT. He is a robber!
SIR R. By yon heaven!—Curbs his anger.
FIT. What deem ye of my path waylaid,
My life given o'er to abuscade?
SIR R. Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die.
FIT. Satirically. Save to fulfil an augury.
I am, by firmest promise, tied
To match me with this man of pride.
Twice have I sought Clan Alpine's glen
In peace; but, when I come again,
I come with banner, brand and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe!
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bow'r,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I do, till before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band.
SIR R. Have, then, they wish! thy rashness rue!

Blows a whistle.]

Enter the whole Band of Highlanders, amongst the Rocks, so as completely to fill every part.

SIR R. These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu.

Fitzjames is astonished, and draws his sword.
FIT. Recollecting himself. Come one, come all this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!

Roderick waves his hand—the Warriors all disappear.

SIR R. You seem surprised! I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant.
Deeming this path you might pursue,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu,
This murd'rous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
And now dismiss's my every guard;
Man against man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
FIT. And yet my debt for life preserv'd,
A better meed has weel deserv'd.

Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?
SIR R. None, stranger, none.
And hear, to fire thy flagging zeal,
The Saxon cause rests on they steel:
"WHO SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS ON THE STRIFE."
FIT. The riddle's read: beneath yon cliff,
Your faithless guide lies stark and stiff:
Thus fate has solv'd the prophecy.
Then yield to fate, and not to me:
To James at Stirling let us go:
I pledge he will not be thy foe.
SIR R. Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Think'st thou to conquer Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor fate.—
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate.
For Murdoch's blood shall vengeance light,
Unless thou art some carpet knight,
Whose proudest boast may be to wear
That braid of some fair lady's hair.

Strikes the tress in Fitzjames helmet.

FIT. I thank thee, Roderick, for that word
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword:
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Then, doubt or score e'en as thou wilt,
We'll try this quarrel hilt to hilt.

A desperate combat ensues—Roderick is at length disarmed and
thrown down, when he suddenly springs up, and catches at
Fitzjames's throat—they struggle, and fall together—Roderick
again rises on his knee, draws a dagger, but, exhausted, misses his
aim, and strikes it into the ground, and falls over Fitzjames, who,
regaining his fee, stands a moment triumphantly over, then throws
him on his shoulder, and bears him off, Ṫ.

SCENE VI.—That part of the Mountain where the horse lies dead.
Enter LADY MARGARET, ELLEN, NORMAN, and SANDY, L.—Lady Margaret points to Ellen to go on before—she sits disconsolately down on a piece of rock—Norman and Sandy tell Margaret they have slain Malcolm Graeme, and show his bonnet and scarf bloody, in proof of it—Ellen rises in despair and snatches it—a distant trumpet sounds, R.—

—another (as before)—horns—then drums—

burst ensues, like the roar of thunder—all are alarmed but Ellen, who listens with half-pleased expectations of relief.

LADY MAR. Is it the thunder’s solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread?
Or echoes from the yawning ground
The warrior’s measured tread?

Enter MALISE, who, in action, informs Lady Margaret that Roderick cannot be found.

LADY MAR. Desert my son? Then Marg’ret’s hand
Shall animate the fainting band.
Guard well the maid! Clansmen, unite—
’Tis Roderick’s mother bids ye dare the fight!

Exit Lady Margaret, R., followed by Malise.—The battle rages louder—Ellen runs and looks off, R., in an anxious expectation—shouts.

NOR. See hither rolls the battle’s tide;
Sandy, stay here—I cannot bide
A Roderick!

Draws, and exit R.U.E.

SANDY. Lady, safe, ye’ll be,
Till we return. Wuns! stop for me.
Draws, and follows Norman, R.U.E.

Enter ALLAN BANE, L.

ALLAN. O lady, stay not here alone,
But haste where Douglas bends at Scotland's throne,
To buy our safety with his own.

ELLEN. He's gone to do what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son.

ALLAN. Lady no longer here abide;
I'll stay to stem the coming tide.
A minstrel's sacred art can charm
E'en savage foes from pow'r to harm.

He leads her off, R., then sings.
What Groans Shall Yonder Vallies Fill
Battle's done, thy sword un垢 ere set.

Sun a brows' breath not of the time.

Alpine's honor! O woe for Alpine's
honor'd fine for

alpine honor'd

pines

pines
SCENE VII.—Outside of Stirling Castle.

Enter HERBERT and LUFFNESS, with soldiers, R.—The ceremony of placing a guard—a horn sounds

Herbert sends Luffness to answer it—he returns with Douglas, who looks wistfully about—shows a scroll and packet, “TO THE KING”—Herbert bids Luffness take two of the Guard, and conduct him to the castle—a very lively blast is heard—

the soldiers all stand to their arms—Luffness returns, with two officers, C.

Enter FITZJAMES, gaily, R.,—he pulls off his bonnet to the Officers, who respectfully bow to him—he looks out, R.,—sees someone coming—holds up two fingers—the Officers take off the guard.

Enter ALLAN BANE and ELLEN with two soldiers, R.A.—Fitzjames bows to Ellen, who recollects him.

ELLEN. \( \text{To Fitzjames} \), Oh, welcome brave Fitzjames
Now may an orphan maid
Pay the deep debt.
FIT. Oh, say not so—
To me no gratitude you owe.
Nor mine, alas! the boon to give,
That bids your gallant father live.
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland’s king thy suit to aid.
Come, lady, come, ’tis more than time;
He holds his court at morning prime.

\( \text{He recognizes Allan, shakes hands with him, cheers Ellen, and leads her off, L.} \)

Enter LADY MARGARET, guarded, R.—her hair dishevelled—MALCOLM GRAEME, also guarded—Margaret turns back,
wishing to speak to him—the Guards prevent her—she clasps her hands, as if in acute agony of mind—they lead her off, C.—Malcolm seems also much distressed—he kisses a riband that he has before received of Ellen, and is led off, C.

SCENE VII., part ii.—A cell in the dungeon of Stirling Castle. Roderick Dhu is discovered at his couch.—he reclines and stares ahead as if fallen into a deep trance.—a mystical chorus is heard off, L.
inch along the wall.

These towers although a Kings they be, have not a hall Joy for me.
As the chorus ends, Roderick awakens from the trance—moves, D.R.—looks ahead as though seeing a vision of his highland home—he exhibits extreme anguish, then plaintively sings.
The Imprisoned Huntsman
captive thrill if I were as free as I have been, ranging the short thus.

Forest green, hunting the plow in Forest green, with bend—ed bow and

bloodhound free, for this the life is meet for me. For this the life is
The music ceases—he clasps his head in his hands and falls to his knees—he despairs.

SCENE VIII.—The Royal Presence Chamber—Galleries filled with Ladies and Spectators—a Magnificent Throne, C.—trumpets sound.

Enter FITZJAMES and ELLEN, who cross from R. to behind the throne, followed by ALLAN BANE—a Grand Procession of Nobles, Guards, Knights, Ladies, Banners, etc.—all recognize Fitzjames, and two Knights put a splendid coronation robe over him, a third presenting him with a royal cap and feathers—Ellen fearfully recedes—Fitzjames ascends the throne, to a grand flourish of trumpets—

Ellen throws herself on her knees, and bows her head to the ground.

FIT. Rise, Ellen rise.

She points to DOUGLAS, who enters, L., and kneels opposite to her—Ellen shows the King his ring—he descends, raises and embraces Douglas, who runs to his daughter.

ELLEN. To the King, still kneeling. O, mighty sovereign, pardon, too, For gallant, helpless Roderick Dhu.
FIT. Forbear thy suit: the King of kings Alone can stop life's parting wings. Hast thou no other boon to crave, No other captive friend to save.

Ellen points to MALCOLM GRAEME, who enters, R.

FIT. For thee, rash youth, the lady sues, Put thus shall vengeance claim her dues; Thou, nurtured by our royal smile,
Hast paid our care with treacherous wile,
Dishonoring thy loyal name—
Chains, and a wardour, for the Graeme!

Grand Flourish—

The King takes off his gold chain, places it on Malcolm’s neck, and unites him to Ellen—Douglas blesses the lovers—they all kneel to the King, amidst a tremendous shout accompanied by drums and trumpets—

while the Ladies from the galleries of the court wave their handkerchiefs, and the Knights their plumed caps.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

Throne
FITZJAMES.
DOUGLAS.

Guards.

ELLEN.
ALLAN BANE.
LUFFNESS.
DEVEAUX.
Nobles.

MALCOLM GRAEME.
A Noble.
HERBERT.
KERRIES.
Nobles.

Guards.

THE END
CRITICAL NOTES

The notes below show the original printed copy readings for passages that have been altered in the preparation of the score. The abbreviated form employed gives the measure number, the voice (SATB or AT, Accompaniment Treble, or AB, Accompaniment Bass), the note or portion of the measure, and the original version. For example, 190 B 2 : B natural indicates that in the one-hundred ninetieth measure of the copy the second beat of the bass line was a B natural.

Alice Brand

126 STB AT AB 2: repeat signs
143 S 2 : dotted eighth-note
190 B 2 : B natural

I Hate to Learn the Ebb of Time

25 AB 5½ : E flat

Not Faster Yonder Rowers

1 AB Pick-up : eighth-rest missing
8 S 1 : AT chord placed on this line instead of in its correct position
18 AT, AB 1¾ : eighth-rest
31 S 2½ : D natural
59 AB 1 : G
65 AT 1 : G
108 AB 1 : B flat
What Groans Shall Yonder Vallies Fill

15 AT 2 : F sharp
16 AT 2 : C sharp and E missing
23 AB 2: D sharp
24 AT 2½ : D sharp
30 T 2 : D natural eighth-note
31 T 2 : E natural eighth-note
APPENDIX
APPENDIX

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOURCES OF ADVERTISEMENT AND PRODUCTION DATES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Paper</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alexandria, Virginia</td>
<td>Alexandria Daily Gazette</td>
<td>4 Sept., 1815</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
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<td>5 Sept., 1815</td>
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<td>22 Sept., 1815</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baltimore, Maryland</td>
<td>Baltimore American and Commercial Advertiser</td>
<td>3 Apr., 1812</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>6 Apr., 1812</td>
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<td>13 Apr., 1812</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charleston, South Carolina</td>
<td>The Charleston Courier</td>
<td>28 Feb., 1812</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>2 Mar., 1812</td>
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+ The advertisement for this performance states "THIS present Evening, October 12th, will be presented Dibdin’s New Ca’edonian Spectacle, (taken from the celebrated Poem by Walter Scott, Esq.), called The LADY OF THE LAKE. ...

++ During this production was introduced “the Musical Infatuation Scene, called the WILDMAN. Prince, Mr. Giroux; Theodore (his son), Miss L. Giroux; and Wild Man, Mr. Boulter."
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<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Paper</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Page</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia, Pennsylvania</td>
<td>Aurora General Advertisers</td>
<td>1 Jan., 1812</td>
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<td>24 Oct., 1812</td>
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<td>7 Nov., 1812</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>National Intelligencer</td>
<td>14 July, 1812</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>8 Aug., 1812</td>
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