

ADELMORN, THE OUTLAW.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Hall.*

Servants are employed in arranging it.

CHORUS.

BUSTLE, boys! the Duke is near.

MAURICE [*entering*].

Philip! Caspar!

MEN SERVANTS

Here, sir, here!

MAURICE.

Strow some rushes! bring perfumes!

Burn some myrrh, and scent the rooms:

Lotta! Bertha!

FEMALE SERVANTS.

Here, sir, here!

MAURICE.

Bustle all, the Duke is near.

ORRILA [*enters, followed by HERMAN*].

Cease, fond Herman, to upbraid me,

Cease to tell your bosom's smart:

HERMAN.

Cease, proud fair one, to persuade me

From your presence to depart.

B

DUO.

ADELMORN, THE OUTLAW

DUO.

Other } eyes have captive made me,
Your bright }
And must ever rule my heart.
[The bells ring a peal of joy].

Enter HUGO, with an Harp.

HUGO.
Zounds! Who set the bells a-ringing?
Why must all this clatter be?
Rascals! you so spoil my fingering,
Scarce I know F sharp from C!

MAURICE.
Leave us, leave us, master scraper,
Come not here to scold and vapour!
HUGO, [seeing HERMAN and ORRILA].
Ha! A Duo Amorofo,
But, I fear, perform'd but so so!

HERMAN.
Dearest creature!
HUGO [listening].
Not so ill!

HERMAN.
Every feature.....

HUGO.
Now a trill!

HERMAN.
Makes me nurse the fond delusion,
You will grant at length my boon;

HUGO [advancing].
Pray excuse this bold intrusion,
But you sing quite out of tune.

HERMAN [not minding him].
Dearest!

HUGO.
What a fine soprano....

Fairest!

HERMAN.
HUGO.
Would this stripling make!

HERMAN.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA.

HERMAN.
Lovely tyrant!.....

HUGO.
Now piano,
And then finish with a shake!

HERMAN [angry].
Tirefome dotard!

HUGO.
You're too flat now.

MAURICE.
Will you troop, Sir?

HUGO.
You're too sharp.
Here's the note!—[touching the harp].

MAURICE.
Why, what's he at now

HUGO [to MAURICE].
Friend! you must not touch my harp.

CHORUS.

Pr'ythee, Hugo, leave your playing,
Here you must not think of staying—

HUGO.
How their discords wound my ear!
Louder!—softer!—slower!—faster!
Can there be a worse disaster
Than such horrid tones to hear?

CHORUS.

If our work proceeds no faster,
Ere we half have done, our master
Will conduct our sov'reign here.

[All retire, except HUGO and ORRILA].

HUGO. Stay, stay, Orrila: what talk they of
a sovereign?

ORRILA [going]. Maurice will tell you, master
Hugo; farewell!

HUGO [*detaining her*]. Maurice indeed? Shall I suffer my ears to be wounded by his discordant accents? I'd as soon listen to a bag-pipe! As to yourself, sweet Orrila, nature has endowed you with her greatest blessing, a musical voice! Your tones are universally harmonious, and I can find but one fault with your singing; you don't always keep your time.

ORRILA. Very likely. When I'am talking with you, master Hugo, I am sure, I always lose it. But are you really ignorant why the Castle is in such confusion?

HUGO. I protest, I know no more about it than St. Cecilia. I've been employed the whole morning upon a new cantata, had finished the first chorus, and was in the act of penning an adagio truly sublime, when the sudden noise put my ideas to flight, and I fear my adagio is gone along with them.

ORRILA. Know then, a sovereign prince is just arrived here!

HUGO. Dear! dear! couldn't he have stayed till I finished my adagio?

ORRILA. Marry, to have made his serene highness dance attendance at the door, would have been highly proper!

HUGO. Certainly it would, for then he might have danced to my adagio. And what brings him here? I warrant he has heard of my skill, and comes to know whether fame has not exaggerated.

ORRILA. Heaven help you, man! I dare say, he doesn't know you are in existence. 'Tis the Duke of Saxony, who in a tour through his dominions honours our Lord with a visit at his Castle.

HUGO.

HUGO. And so all this bustle is about the Duke of Saxony!

ORRILA. And whom could it be about more properly than Sigismund the good, the glorious!

HUGO. Good he may be; but as to glorious!—Why, he doesn't know a note of music!

ORRILA. A great crime, truly!

HUGO. There is his daughter, indeed, the Princess Innogen—

ORRILA. There was, you mean: alas!! near two years have elapsed since she joined her sister angels in heaven!

HUGO. Lack-a-day! Ah! I always thought she was too good for this wicked world; for when she was quite in voice she could go up to C! But what occasioned her death?

ORRILA. Love, good Hugo!

HUGO. I thought so. I never knew love good for anything, except in a ballad, when it was set to music.

ORRILA. Perhaps your crotchets and quavers have made you forget how tenderly she was attached to the guilty Adelmorn?

HUGO. No. I remember their affection perfectly, and how much I grieved that the old Count's prejudice against marriage prevented the union. It would certainly have been an happy one, for their voices harmonized together extremely well.

ORRILA. Their hearts harmonized no less, but their persons were destined never to be united. Stained with his uncle's blood, Adelmorn fled from Germany; and to prevent all intercourse with her guilty lover, the Duke confined his daughter in the Ursuline convent. There she forrowed, sickened, died!

HUGO. Poor soul! poor soul! I'm sure, had

I heard of her death, I'd have composed her funeral service with a great deal of pleasure.

ORRILA. That would have been very kind of you. But, as I said, she died, and with her the Duke's happiness! He doated upon his daughter, and, since her loss, delights in nothing.

HUGO. Except in music, I suppose?

ORRILA. In that least of anything.

HUGO. Bless me! what a want of taste! But I'll cure him. He shall hear some of my soothing strains, and I warrant they will soon lull his sorrows to oblivion.

ORRILA. Very likely, for I warrant they'll soon lull him to sleep.

HUGO. To sleep? Why, Orrila, you couldn't be more saucy if you were first singer at the Opera! To prove your mistake, I hasten to complete my adagio. As soon as he hears it, if the Duke has the least taste, he'll jump from his seat, clasp me in his arms, and exclaim *con spirito*—"Bravo! bravo! Oh! most melodious Hugo, compared to you, Timotheus himself was no better than a blind fiddler!"—

Enter HERMAN.

HERMAN. Hugo, you are called for.

HUGO. There, Orrila! the moment he entered the Castle, the Duke asked for me! I hasten to throw myself before his Highness's ears. I'll melt him with my adagios, surprise him with my capriccios, and put him into such spirits with some sprightly allegro, that his Serene sides shall shake again! He shall say—"Most divine Hugo!"—

HERMAN. He shall say, "Most divine Hugo, why didn't you come when I sent for you?" Quick, quick, old boy! Count Uric's in haste.

HUGO.

HUGO. Quick, quick, old boy? And who are you, you insignificant chorus singer? You talk as if you were leader of the band! And is a man of my place and talents to be commanded by a fellow who scarcely knows his *so feggio*? by a boy, who is little more than a mere masculine semi-quaver! Oh! Hugo! Hugo! Hugo! thou art indeed a second Orpheus, for thou fiddlest to none but brutes! [*going.*]

HERMAN. Orpheus? And who was he, pray?

HUGO. What! not know Orpheus? not know the first person who gave a public concert, and a ball afterwards, at his own expense? May I never draw a bow again if this fellow's stupidity doesn't put every string of me out of tune! Who was Orpheus, indeed? Listen, young ignorance! listen, and learn.

SONG.

HUGO.

OLD Orpheus play'd

So well, 'tis said,

That, whenever he touch'd his fiddle,

Wild beasts and flocks,

Streams, woods, and rocks,

Danc'd about to his hey diddle diddle.

Here figures out

A tower so stout,

There figures in a fountain;

While a sea-port town

The dance leads down,

And goes back to back with a mountain,

Sing tweedle-dum!

At his strum strum strum

Forests and fields cut capers;

Sing tweedle-dee!

Oh! was not he

The prince of cagut scrapers?

2.

See, ranged in pairs,
 Twelve dancing bears
 Go as fast as e'er they can-go;
 A lively pig
 Performs a jig,
 And a graceful goose a fandango:
 While an arm of the sea,
 Introduc'd by a tree,
 To a fair young whale advances,
 And, making a leg,
 Cries—"Miss, may I beg
 Your sin for the two next dances?"
 Sing tweedle-dum, &c.

3.

Now rage inflames
 The Thracian dames;
 Though he brings such charming strains out,
 They lay him low
 With his own fiddle-bow,
 And uncivilly batter his brains out.
 Than his possess'd
 No musical breast
 More taste, or genius riper;
 Yet in spite of his harp
 And his flat and his sharp,
 Poor Orphy at last paid the piper!
 Sing tweedle-dum, &c.
 [*Exit, dancing.*]

HERMAN. At length he's gone—And now, fair Orrila....

ORRILA. And now, good Herman, take my answer once for all: I will not love you, and shall be extremely obliged to you to leave off loving me.

HERMAN. Ah! Orrila, 'tis so difficult not to love you!

ORRILA. Nonsense! to talk of love at your age..!

HERMAN.

HERMAN. My age? Why I'm fifteen; and what I want in years, I'll make up in love, Orrila.

ORRILA. [*after a pause.*]—Look you, Herman; as this business might grow serious, and as your understanding seems as ripe as your heart, to prevent your cherishing a hopeless passion, I must e'en confide to you my dearest, in truth my only secret. Know then, I love.....

HERMAN. Me, dear Orrila?

ORRILA. No, indeed, dear Herman; but you will stare when I tell you that the happy man is no other than.....my husband!

HERMAN. Your husband? I knew not that you were married!

ORRILA. The old Count's unconquerable prejudice against marriage, his own having been unfortunate, at first obliged me to conceal mine; and at the end of one little month my husband fled from the Castle, and from me!

HERMAN. Fled from you? Was it possible?

ORRILA. That a man should run away from his wife? Heaven help you, there's nothing in the world so easy! But let me not wrong my good Lodowick, for his motives in quitting me were noble: Doubtless you know Baron Adelmorn's tragic history?

HERMAN. But imperfectly. I have heard that his claim to these domains was prior to Count Ulric's, and that he was obliged, for some enormous crime, to fly from Germany; but I know no more.

ORRILA. Know also, that a strong attachment subsisting between him and our Duke's youngest daughter, his uncle, the last Count of Bergen, was applied to for his consent and assistance: both were refused: his own unhappy marriage had given

given Count Roderic an aversion to the very name of matrimony, and avarice permitted not his parting with a single florin to further the union, though Adelmorn was his darling and his heir. In consequence, the match was broken off.

HERMAN. Unhappy Adelmorn!

ORRILA. Ah! he deserves not your pity! One fatal night—never shall I forget it!—A loud shriek alarmed the Castle! All flew to the spot; the old Count lay weltering in his blood, nor ever spoke again! Search was made for the assassin, and Adelmorn's sword was found still dropping with blood. He was seized, and condemned to perish on the wheel.

HERMAN. Owned he the murder?

ORRILA. He did, but said 'twas committed in self-defence. Though his guilt was evident, and though no one doubted his having murdered his uncle to obtain possession of these domains, many intercessions were made in his favour; but on his first accession, murders were so frequent among the Saxon nobles, that our Duke took a solemn oath never to pardon an assassin. In consequence, Adelmorn's execution was ordered, and Ulric, as next heir, was declared "Count of Bergen."——

HERMAN. And how did the culprit escape this doom?

ORRILA. By an unlucky means for poor Orrila! Lodowic, whose union with me Count Roderic's prejudice obliged us to conceal, had been brought up from infancy with Adelmorn: he procured the prison keys, enabled his master to escape, and consequently was compelled to share his flight—since then nothing has been heard of either.

HERMAN.

HERMAN. Perhaps, then, he is dead: in that case, lovely Orrila.....

ORRILA. Hush, child! No surmises if you please.

HERMAN. Child, indeed! Let me tell you, Orrila, if you knew.....

LODOWICK [*singing without.*]——

'Tis not a lye,
For here am I;
If you doubt me, come and try!

ORRILA. Hark! Who is that?

HERMAN. To judge by her song, I should think 'tis the gypsy who lives by the wood-side.

ORRILA. Dame Bedra? Oh! prythee, Herman, bring her hither! [*Exit Herman.*]

ORRILA. Perhaps she may give me some intelligence of poor Lodowick!—Mercy! What a comical figure!

[*Re-enter HERMAN, leading LODOWICK disguised as a female Gypsy.*]

SONG.

LODOWICK.

I.

LASSES, haste your hands to show me,
Haste, for mother Bedra's here:
Skill'd in witchcraft, all who know me
What my lips unfold revere.
None my magic pow'rs deny:
'Tis not a lie,
For here am I;
If you doubt me, come and try.

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