

## On Shore & Sea

*The action is set at a port of the Riviera, near Genoa, and on board of a Genonese and Moorish gallery at sea in the Mediterranean*

### [1] CHORUS OF SAILORS

The windlass ply, the cable haul,  
With a stamp and go, and a yeo-heave-ho!  
Your sails to the wind let fall!  
Joys of the shore we must forego,  
But ours are the joys of the sea—  
To brave the storm and to sink the foe,  
And the spoil of victory.

### CHORUS OF WOMEN

You leave us here, to watch and weep  
The lonely night—the dreary day—  
Tis women's hearts your anchors keep,  
Their lives you bear away!  
{ Then up with the Red Cross broad and brave  
And sweep the Crescent from the wave.

### [2] RECITATIVE (II Marinajo)

'Tis the mid-watch of night—  
stars glisten keen—  
The winds are piping loud in sheet and stay—  
Over the bulwark, gazing on the sea,  
The sailor thinks of those he left on shore.

### SONG

The wave at her bows is afire,  
And afire in her wake behind—  
And higher, and ever higher,  
Are rising sea and wind—  
As in man's heart love's desire,

And home thoughts in his mind.

### CHORUS OF SAILORS

Maris Stella—from on high  
Guard our homes that sleeping lie!  
Maris Stella, comfort pour  
On the hearts we left ashore.

### SOLO (II Marinajo)

What doth now the maid I love?  
Does she sleep and dream of me?  
Or prays she her saint above  
Shield of her sailor to be?  
Sending her heart, like a dove,  
Hither across the sea!

### CHORUS OF SAILORS

Maris Stella—from on high  
Guard our homes that sleeping lie!  
Maris Stella, comfort pour  
On the hearts we left ashore.

### [3] RECITATIVE (La Sposina)

From Springtime on to Summer draws the year,  
And still they come not, still we watch and weep  
But see, yon cloud of canvas—faint and far!  
They come, the loved,  
The longed-for, home from war.  
Streamers and pennons wave!  
They near the shore!  
Signal to signal ans'wing—fleet to fort!  
But many a noble ship and gallant crew  
That sail'd exulting forth, returns no more.  
Where is the galley that bore hence my love?  
It shows not with the rest! Oh, presage dire!

Mourn, mourn with me— my love is lost, or slain.

### [4] SONG & CHORUS (*La Sposina & women*)

Soft and sadly sea wind swell,  
Soft and sadly roll, oh wave—  
Wind that tolled my sailor's knell—  
Sea that made my sailor's grave—  
Dark my life for evermore  
As that ocean grave shall be—  
Sad my voice along the shore,  
As the wind that wails for thee!

### CHORUS OF WOMEN:

Dark her life for evermore  
As that ocean grave shall be,  
Sad her voice along the shore  
As the wind that wails for thee!

### [5] MORESQUE (*Orchestra*)

### [6] RECITATIVE (*II Marinajo*)

The Crescent o'er the Cross is hoisted high,  
And cymbals clash, and pipe and drum are loud,  
While o'er the Christian captives, chained, and sad,  
The unbeliever's song of triumph sounds.

### CHORUS: MOSLEM CALL TO PRAYER\*

Alla'hu akbar! alla'hu Akbar  
Mohammadar rasoolu-l-la'h!  
La'ila'ha illa-l-la'h!

### [7] RECITATIVE (*II Marinajo*)

They chain not Christian souls that chain their limbs!  
While now the Moslem feasts, or sleeps secure  
Shape we our freedom; brothers as we are,  
In faith, and suffering, be brothers too

In striking for release, and for revenge!  
The key, won from the sleeping Moslem's hold  
Unlocks our chain—a stout stroke does the rest!

### [8] CHORUS OF CHRISTIAN SAILORS

With a will, oh brothers, with one will for all,  
Think of wives and mothers as the oars rise and fall;  
Heavy hearts make weary hands, and heavy ours  
should be  
Toiling for the infidel far out at sea!  
But there is comfort, brothers, in life and in death;  
Hold to Christian manhood, firm in Christian faith.  
Faithful hearts make fearless hands,  
and faithful hearts have we,  
The Christians 'gainst the Infidel,  
chained though we be.  
Pass the word, my brothers, pass it light and low,  
Oars will break to weapons,  
chains will weight a blow;  
Manly hearts make mighty hands,  
it is but one to three.  
Then up, and on the Infidel—a blow—  
and we are free!

### [9] RECITATIVE & DUET

(*II Marinajo & La Sposina*)

II Marinajo:  
Hark! on the night—the clash of falling chains  
The rush of sudden feet—and desperate hands  
That make, or master weapons! Smite nor spare!  
The galley's ours! 'n'bout ship, and steer for home.

### DUET (La Sposina and II Marinajo)

Here on thy heart, where I ne'er hoped to rest,  
The weight of my brow, and the woe of my breast—  
Here on the heart of my love let me lie;

Here in my joy, let me live, let me die!  
Come to the heart that ne'er thought to find rest  
In the Chain of thy arms, on the wave of thy breast;  
The lash and the oar as a dream are gone by,  
While thus in the clasp of my true love I lie.

#### **[10] CHORUS**

Sink and scatter, clouds of war,  
Sun of peace, shine full and far!  
Why should nations slay and spoil,  
With hearts to love and hands to toil?  
Wherefore turn to mutual ill  
God-given strength and skill?  
Blest the prince whose people's choice  
Bids the land in peace rejoice.  
Blest the land whose prince is wise,  
Peaceful progress to devise—  
Closed the brazen gates of Mars.  
Peace her golden gates unbars—  
Let the nations hear her call,  
Enter, welcome, one and all.

\* English translation for No. 6

God is most great! God is most great!  
Mahommed is God's apostle!  
There is no Deity but God.

## **Kenilworth**

*A masque set in the days of Queen Elizabeth I*

#### **[11] 1. INTRODUCTION – A SUMMER NIGHT**

##### **[12] 2. SOLO AND CHORUS**

Solo: Hark! the sound that hails a king,  
Yonder cannon signalling.

Chorus. She is near! she is near!—

Solo: Lo! the blaze more bright than day,  
Spreading down the throngèd way.

Chorus. She is here! she is here!

Solo: Hail! the flower of England met,  
Mitre, spear, and coronet,  
To salute our Sovereign dear.

Chorus: And a bevy fair of Pleasures  
Waits to greet her with their treasures;  
For the Lady of the Lake  
Does her haunted couch forsake.

Sylvans come in jolly train:  
Old Arion from the main,  
Thespis in her gilded ear  
Dancers, who the nimblest be,  
Minstrels, harping, lustily,  
Crowd around the brightest star

Of the host that brightest are,  
As she sweeps in maiden state  
Through her vassal's palace gate ;  
While the trumpets' pompous breath,  
And the bells that thundering peal  
Till the towers with gladness reel,  
Welcome our Elizabeth.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

#### **[13] 3. SOLO: THE LADY OF THE LAKE**

I have slept beneath the water,  
On my quiet bed of green,  
As the great magician's daughter,  
Who hath dreamed, unheard, unseen,  
Since the times of brave King Arthur,  
When the Knight was used to roam  
In the search of wild adventure,  
And the Lady wept at home.—  
But I wake to life and summer,  
With my lilies on my brow,  
For there's joy for each new comer,  
And the joyous days are now.

I have dreamed beneath the water,  
On my quiet bed of green,  
While above me storm and slaughter  
Have passed, though heard, and seen.  
But the secrets I have treasured  
Will my lake to none betray;  
For below they hide in twilight,  
Though above you have the day.  
Now I wake to life and glory,  
With my lilies on my brow,  
To forget that old rude story,  
For the golden days are now.

#### **[14] 4. CHORUS & QUARTET (Sylvans & Echo)**

Let Fauns the cymbal ring,  
And blow the cornet sweet,  
While Sylvans tribute bring, to Oriana's feet.  
And from her secret cell,  
Where she alone doth dwell,  
Let Echo's voice declare

How proud she is, how fair!  
Oriana!

Like Summer's bounteous noon,  
Most radiant to behold;  
As chaste as yonder moon,  
But not one half so cold.  
Hark! while in joyous crowd  
Stout Dryads shout aloud,  
Her part will Echo bear,  
And far away declare  
How brave she is, how fair !  
Oriana!

#### **[15] 5. SLOW DANCE, with a burthen**

##### **[16] 6. SONG (*Arion*)**

I am a ruler on the sea,  
Over these sturdy Mariners,  
Who feel not fear so much as glee,  
Whenever wind old Ocean stirs.  
Let e'er so blithe its dolphins play,  
Let e'er its waves so wildly roar—  
Go east, go west—go where we may  
Our hearts are firmly moored on shore.  
And from the deep, or from the strand,  
Where Tritons fling their trumpets down,  
This is our message through the land,  
“We guard from harm Old England's Crown.”  
Who dares to brag and taunt afar,  
Like thunder-clouds that threaten rain ?  
What need we care if jealous war  
Be brooding in the ports of Spain ?  
Our Queen may let such bodings pass,  
And answer with a haughty smile,  
No Don shall touch one blade of grass  
In any border of our isle !—

The very highway stones would rise,  
The shepherds' hills rain ruin down,  
Were we not there against surprise  
'To guard our glorious England's Crown!

**17 RECITATIVE**

Place for the Queen! our show to see.  
Now speak, Immortal Poetry!

**18 THE PLAY**– *Scene from “The Merchant of Venice”*

**RECITATIVE** – LORENZO:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Look! how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But, in his motion, like an Angel sings  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd Cherubims:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls !

**DUET (Lorenzo & Jessica)**

LORENZO: In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents  
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA: In such a night,  
Did This be fearfully o'ertrip the dew,  
And saw the Lion's shadow 'ere himself,  
And ran, dismayed, away.

TOGETHER: In such a night

Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,  
Upon the wild sea banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

**19 A BRISK DANCE**

**20 FINALE – Solo and chorus**

**Solo:** After banquet, play, and riot,  
Cometh timely hour of quiet;  
Bower and hall and corridor  
Are with poppy leaves bespread,  
Morpheus stayeth by the door  
Of tho guest so cherished.

**Chorus:** Sleep, great Queen! and do not dream.  
Sleep in peace—our watch is set  
Till to-morrow's dawn shall beam  
On the masque not ended yet.

Day shall bring thee new delight.  
Trumpets! sound! before “Good-night”  
O'er our Sovereign's couch is said,  
With a blessing to her bed.  
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!