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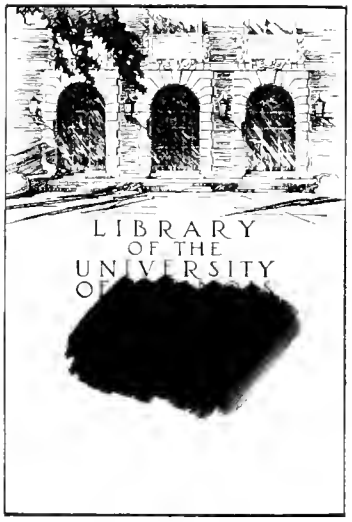

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IVANHOE

A Romantic Opera

ADAPTED FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVEL

Words by

Julian Sturgis

Music by

Arthur Sullivan

Arranged for the Pianoforte by ERNEST FORD

.....

Vocal Score, 7/6 — Pianoforte Solo, 4/-

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.....

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M1503
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MUSIC

Dedicated

by special permission

to

Her most Gracious Majesty

The Queen!

at whose suggestion this work was written;

in grateful acknowledgment

of Her Majesty's kindly encouragement

by

her humble and devoted Subject

and Servant

Arthur Sullivan.

M1503

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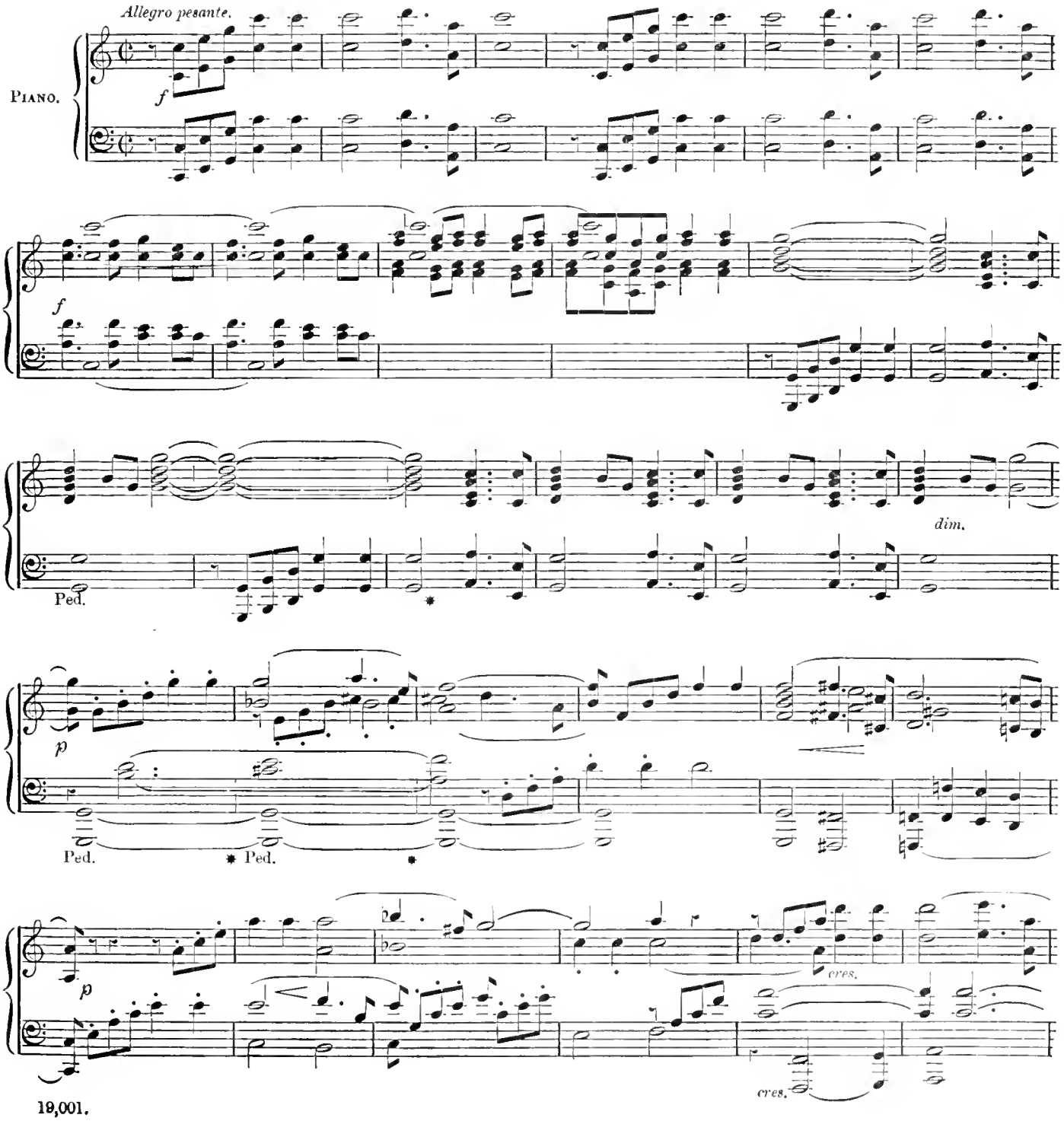
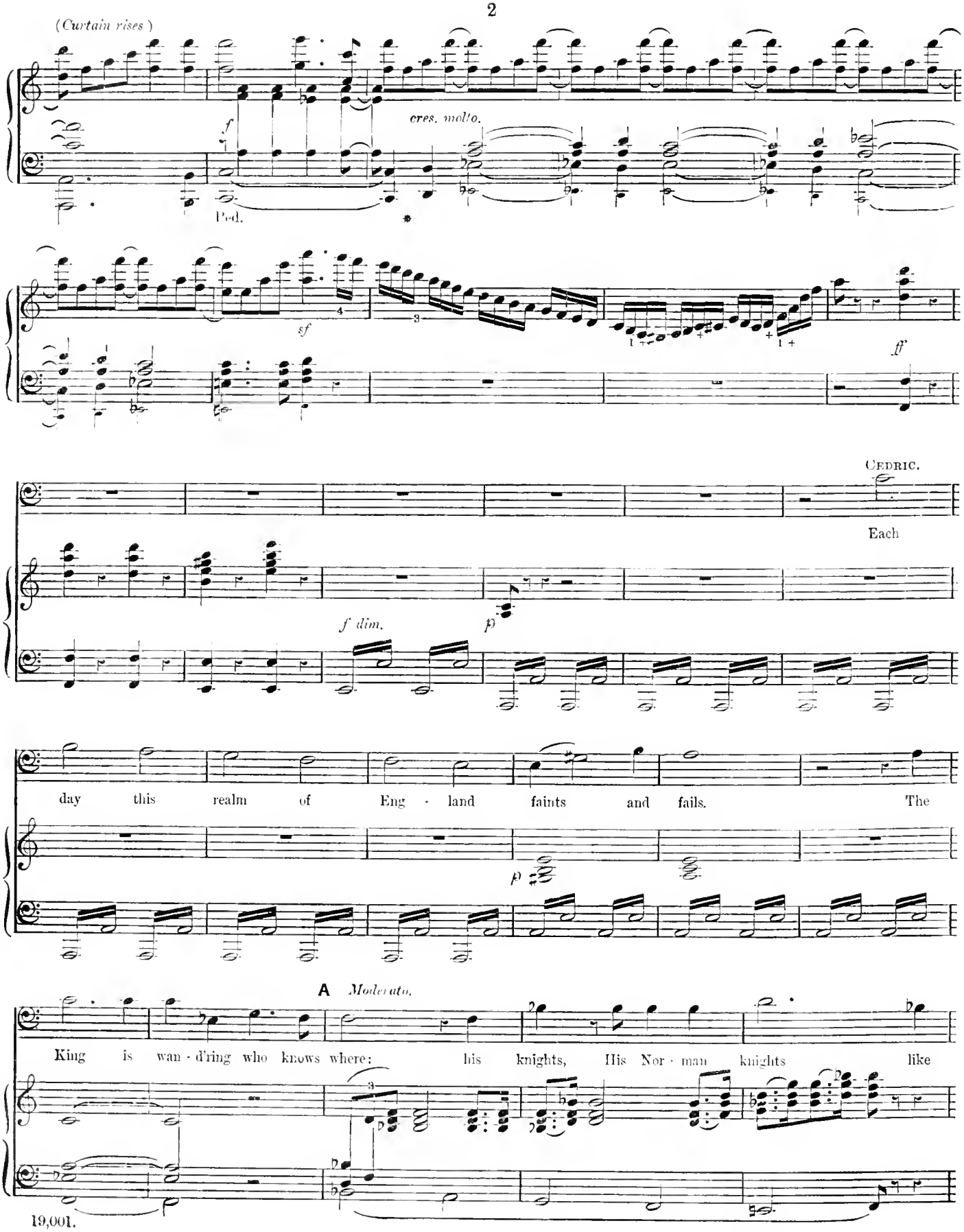
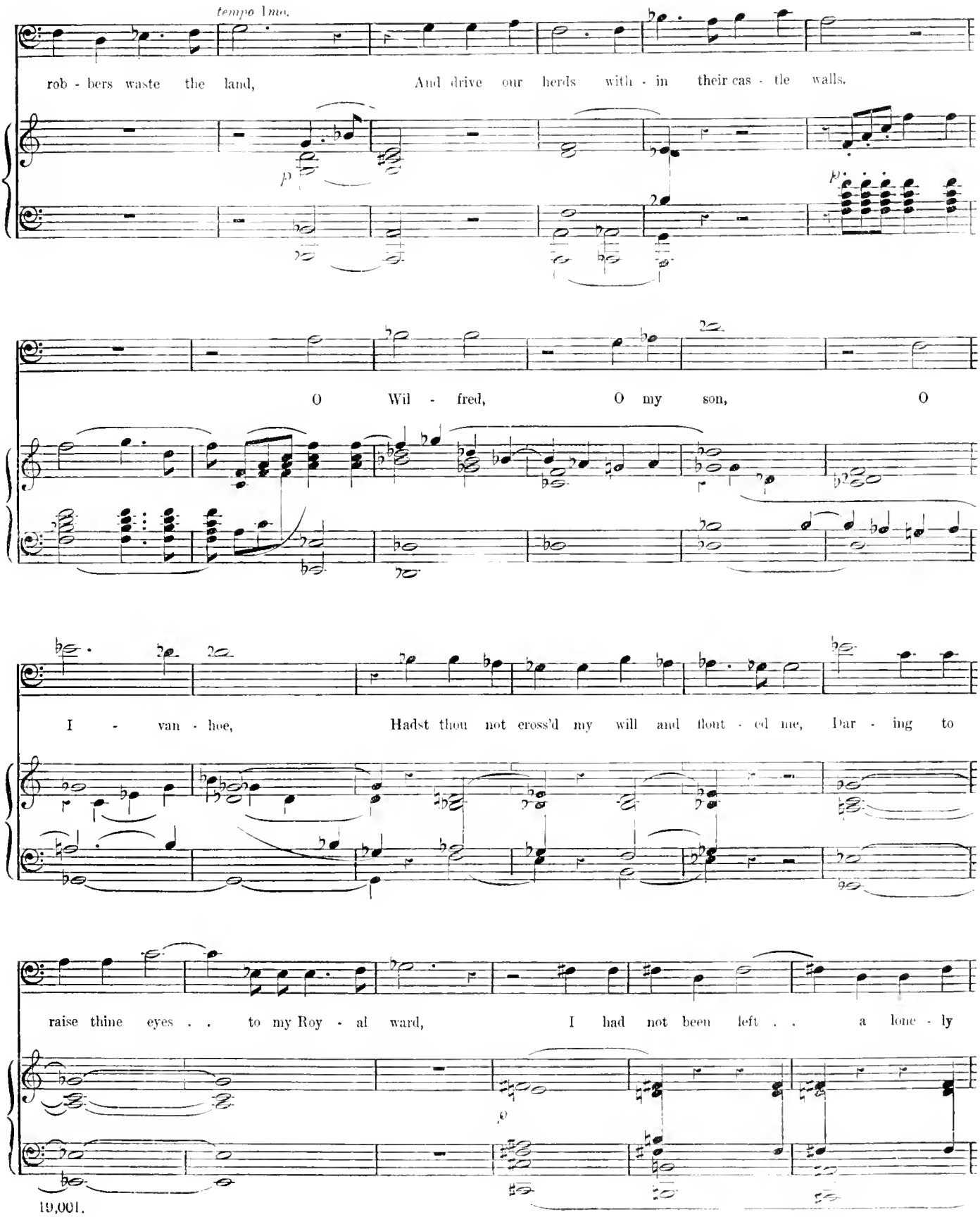
IVANHOE

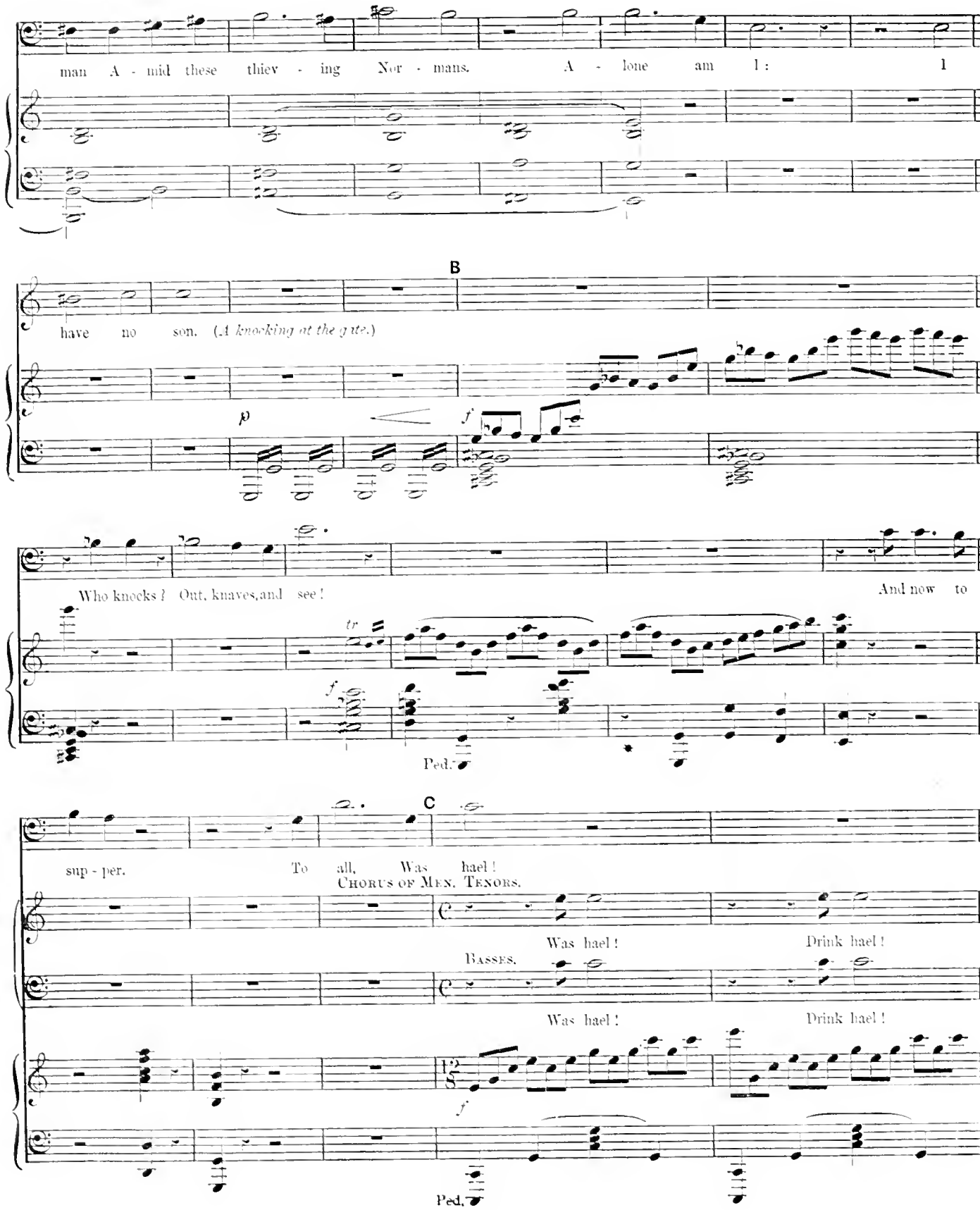
ACT I.

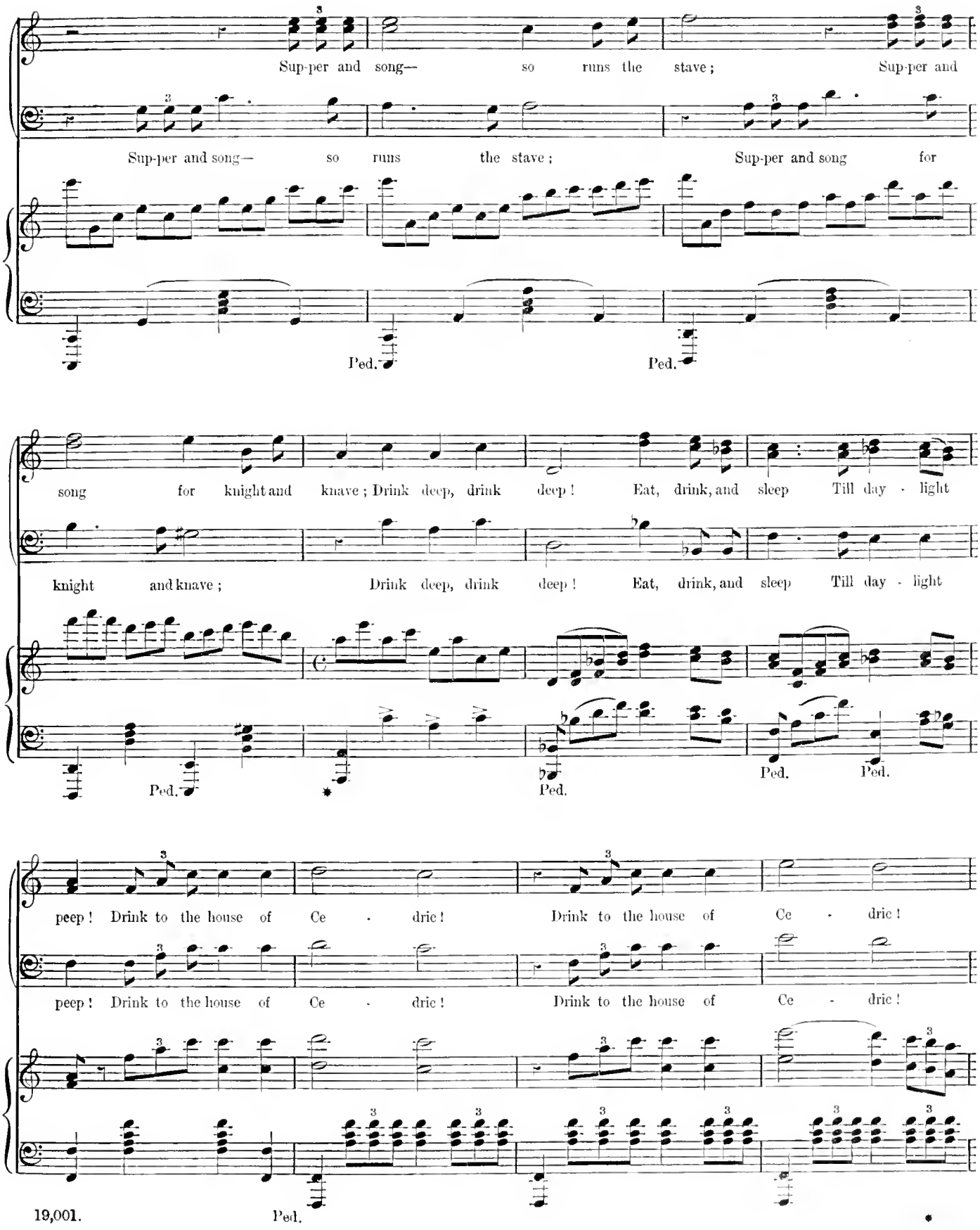
SCENE I.

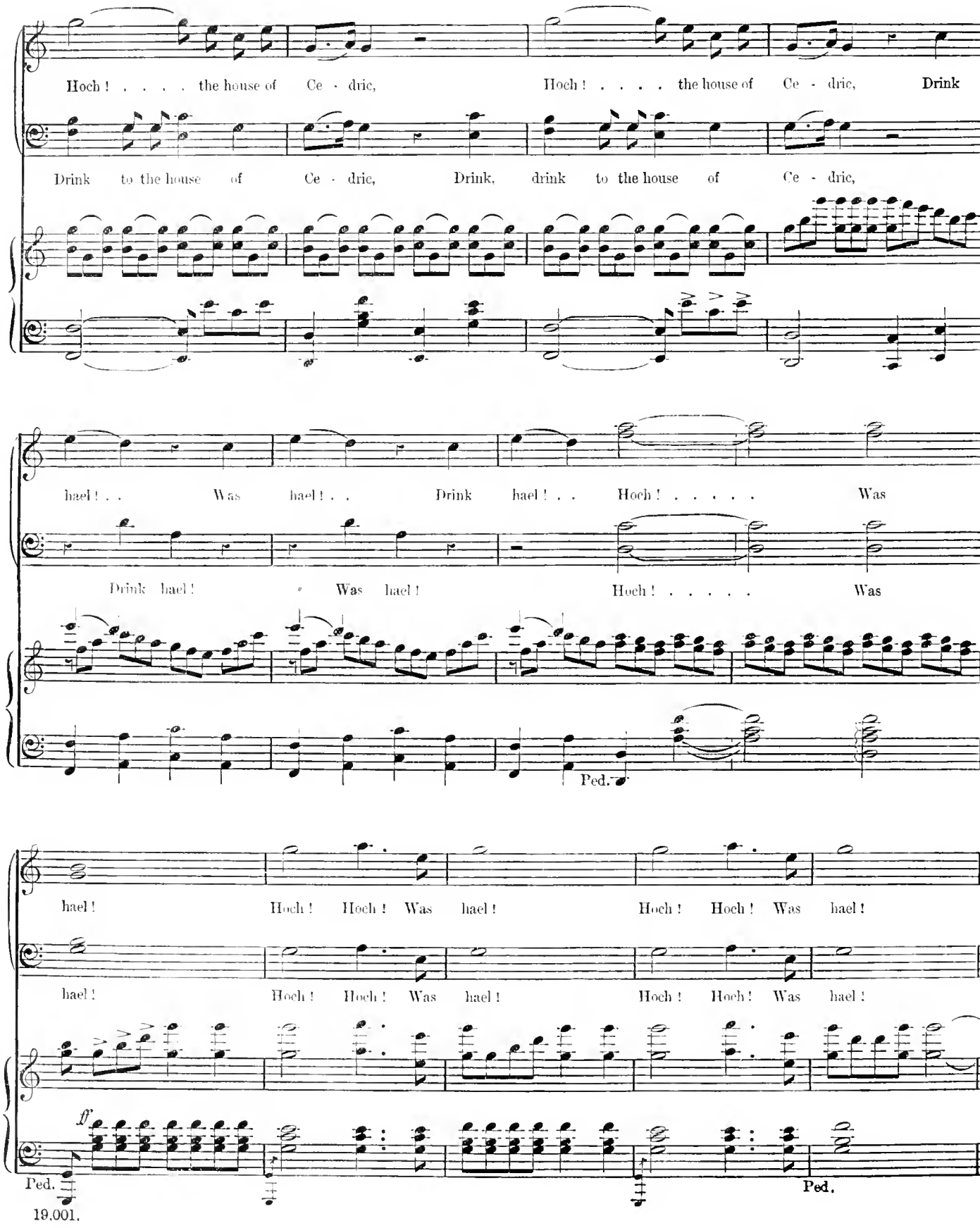


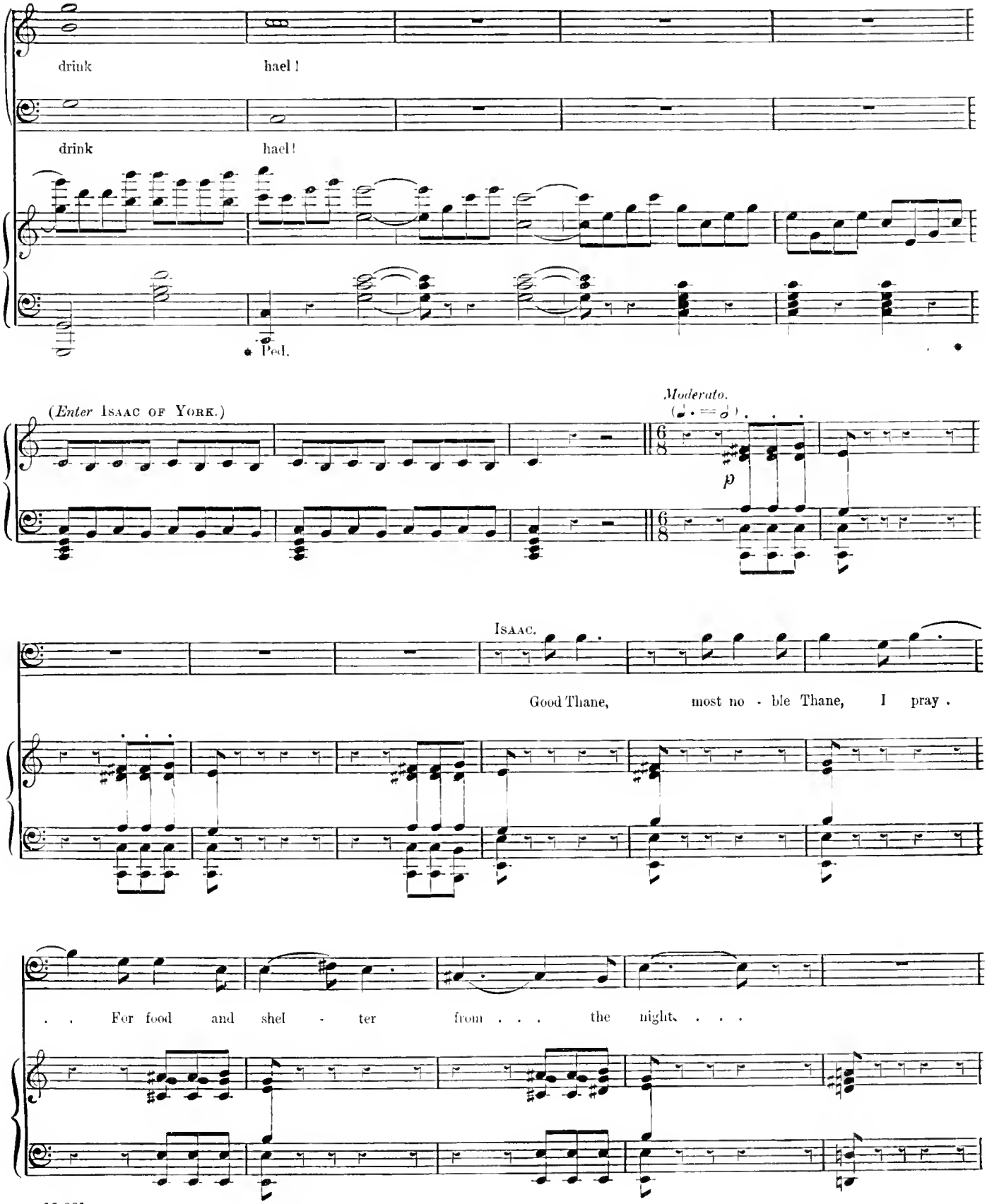

(Curtain rises)
f
cres. molto.
Ped.
sf
ff
CEDRIC.
Each
f dim.
p
day this realm of Eng - land faints and fails. The
p
A Moderato.
King is wan - d'ring who knows where: his knights, His Nor - man knights like

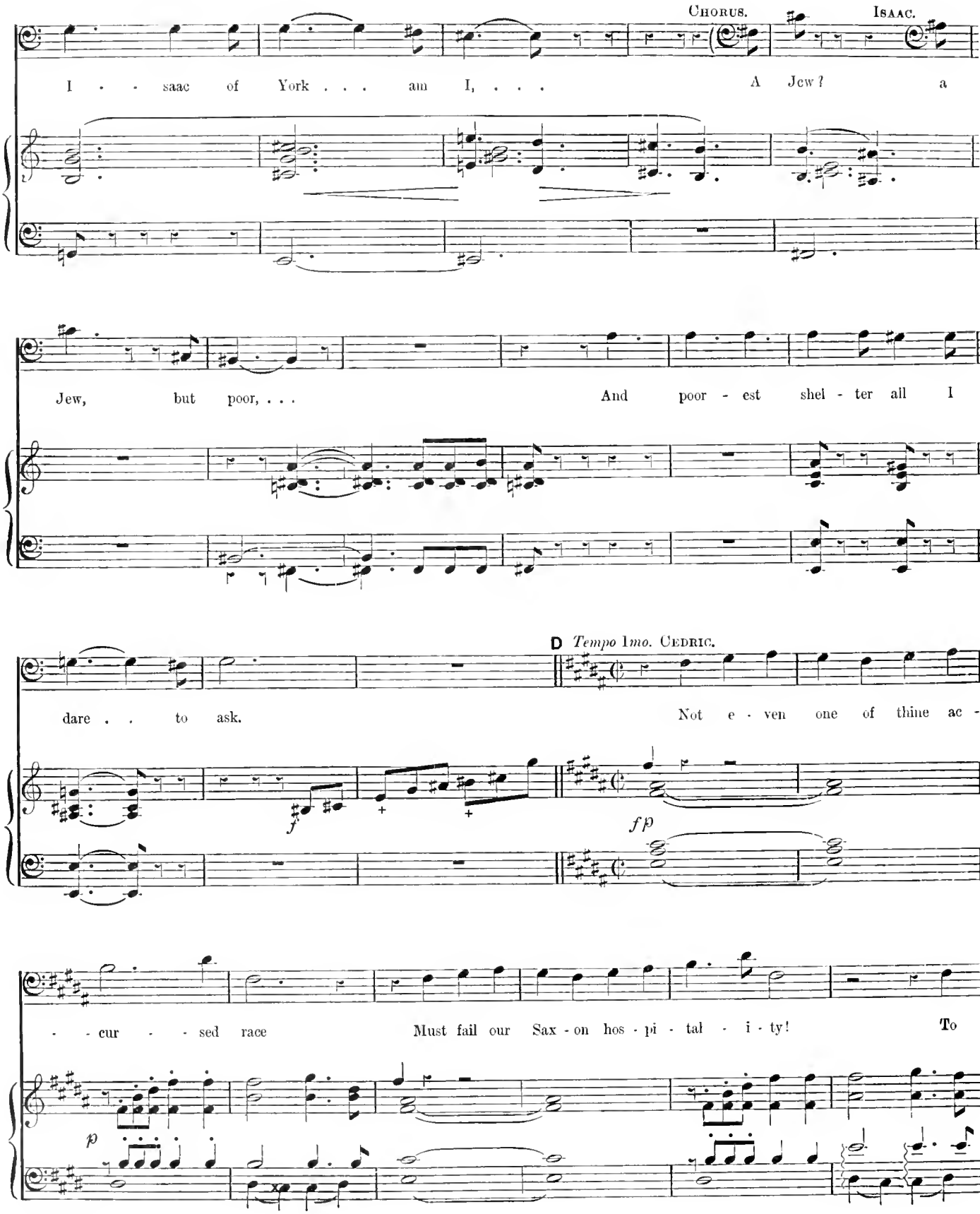

tempo 1mo.
rob - bers waste the land, And drive our herds with - in their cas - tle walls.
O Wil - fred, O my son, O
I - van - hoe, Hadst thou not cross'd my will and flout - ed me, Dar - ing to
raise thine eyes . . to my Roy - al ward, I had not been left . . a lone - ly

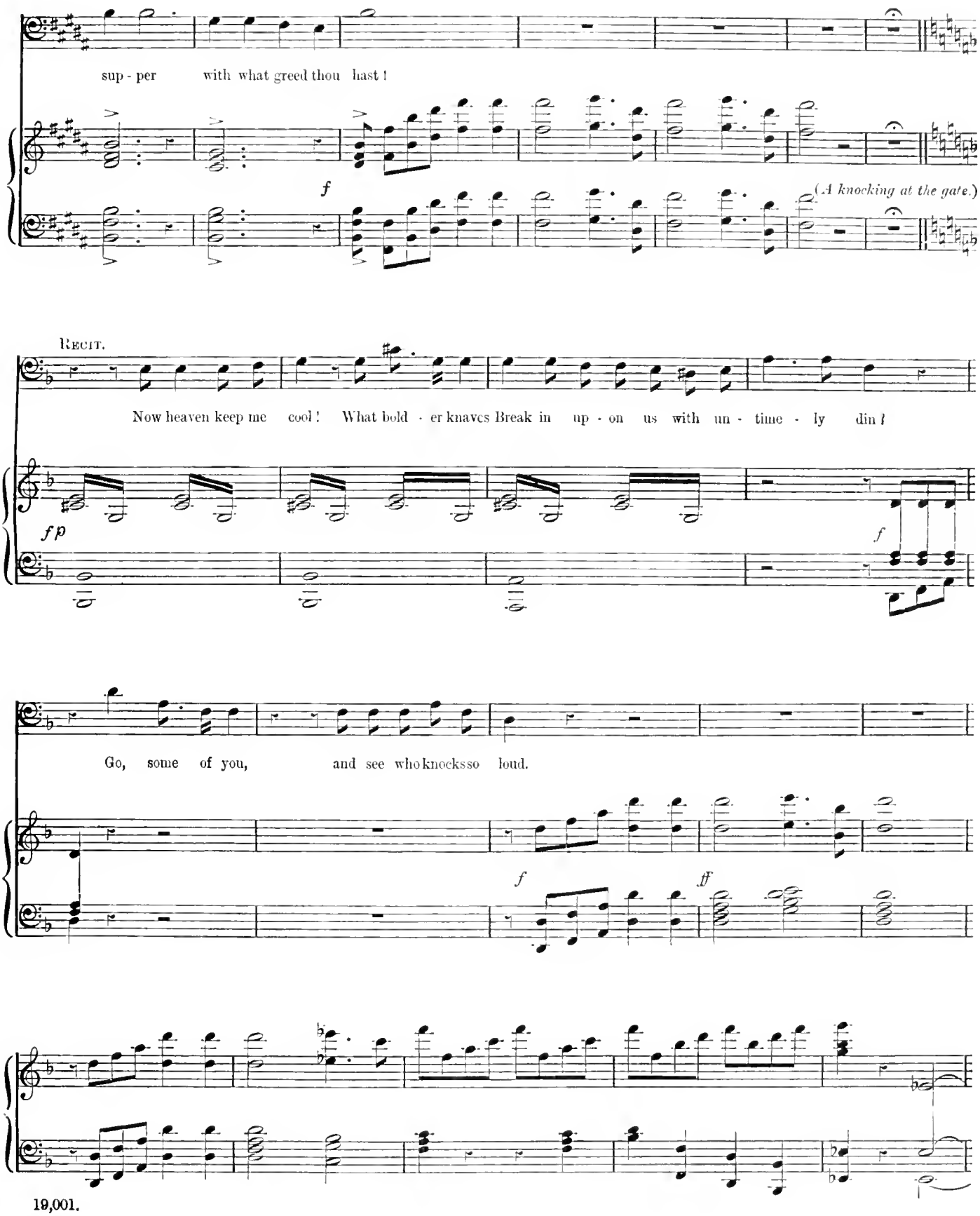

man A - mid these thiev - ing Nor - mans. A - lone am I: I
B
have no son. (A knocking at the gate.)
p
f
Who knocks? Out, knaves, and see!
And now to
tr
f
Ped.
C
sup - per.
To all, Was hael!
CHORUS OF MEN. TENORS.
Was hael! Drink hael!
BASSES.
Was hael! Drink hael!
f
Ped.

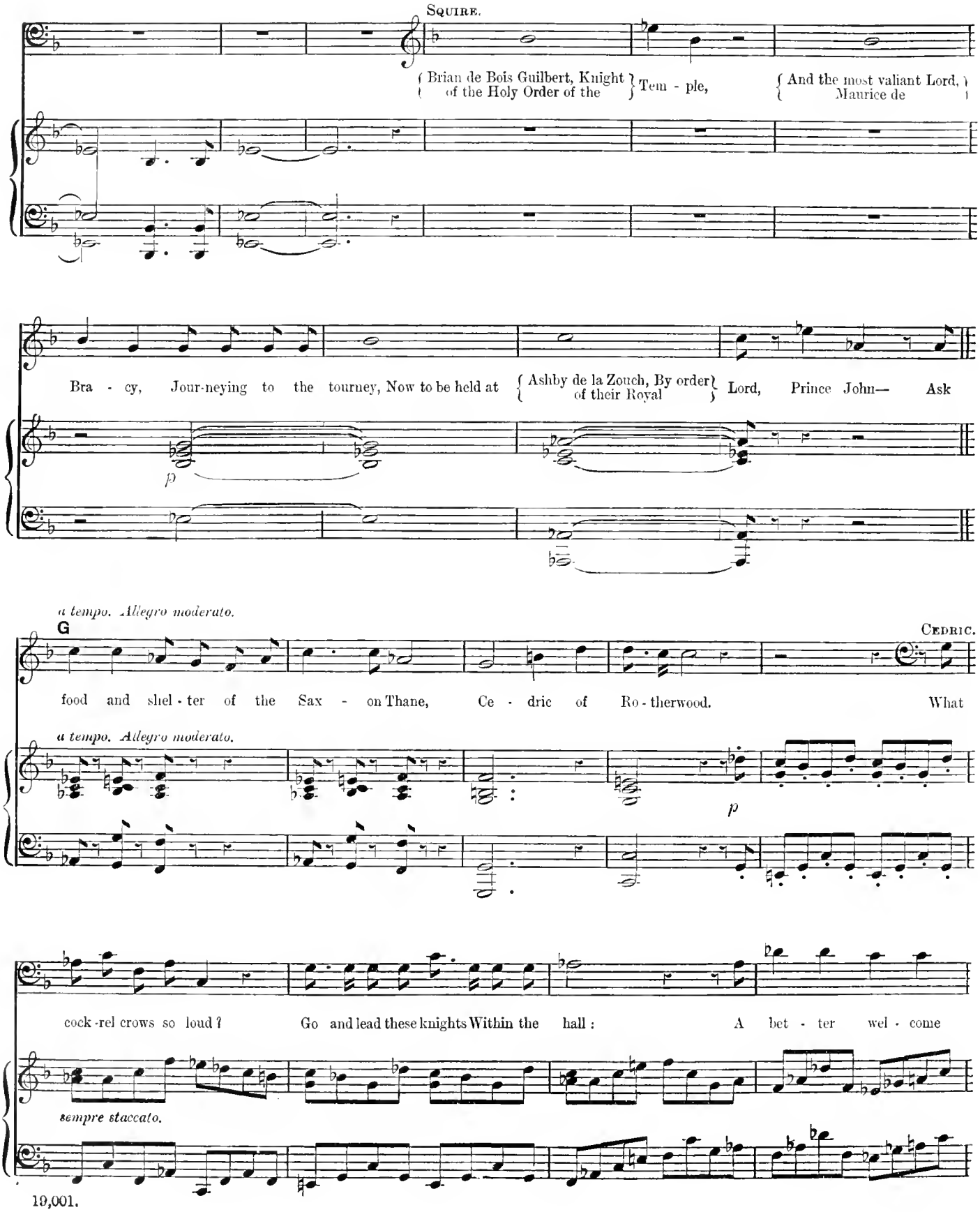

Sup-per and song— so runs the stave; Sup-per and
Sup-per and song— so runs the stave; Sup-per and song for
Ped.
Ped.
song for knight and knave; Drink deep, drink deep! Eat, drink, and sleep Till day - light
knight and knave; Drink deep, drink deep! Eat, drink, and sleep Till day - light
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
peep! Drink to the house of Ce - dric! Drink to the house of Ce - dric!
peep! Drink to the house of Ce - dric! Drink to the house of Ce - dric!
Ped.

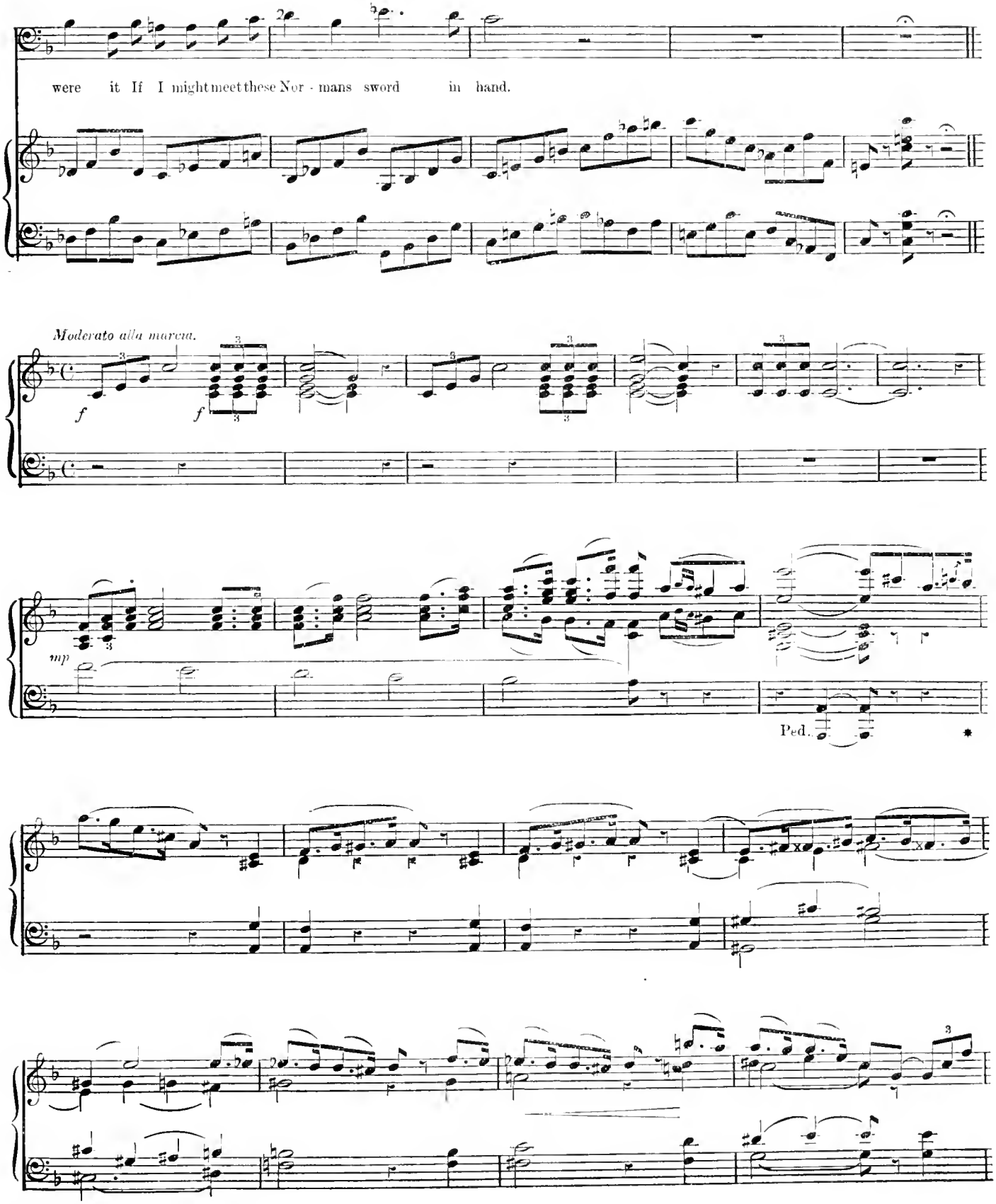

Hoch ! . . . . the house of Ce - dric,
Hoch ! . . . . the house of Ce - dric, Drink
Drink to the house of Ce - dric, Drink, drink to the house of Ce - dric,
hael ! . . Was hael ! . . Drink hael ! . . Hoch ! . . . . . Was
Drink hael ! Was hael ! Hoch ! . . . . . Was
Ped.
hael ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Was hael ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Was hael !
hael ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Was hael ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Was hael !
ff
Ped.
Ped.

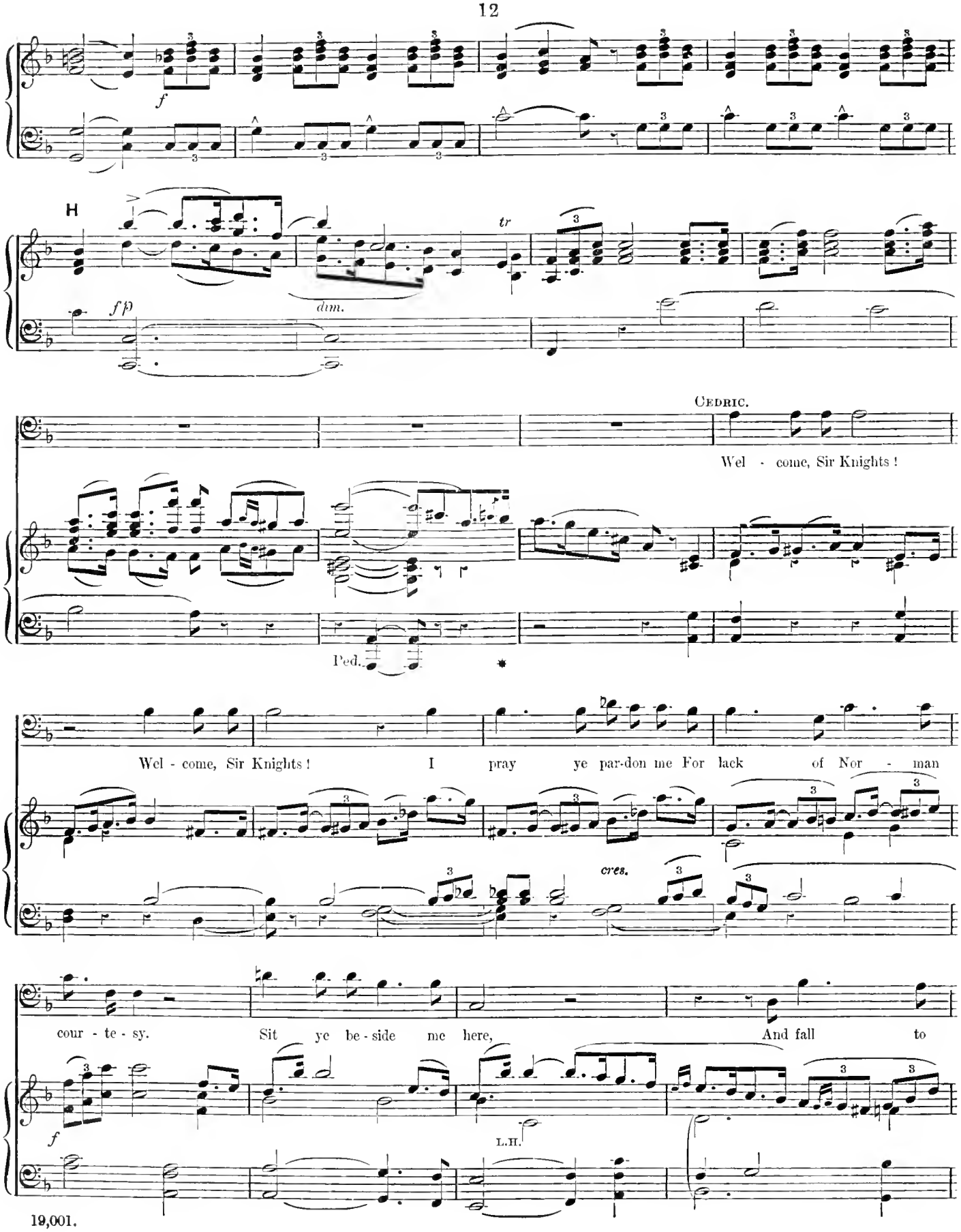

drink hael!
drink hael!
Ped.
(Enter Isaac of York.)
Moderato.
p
Isaac.
Good Thane, most no - ble Thane, I pray.
. . For food and shel - ter from . . . the night. . . .

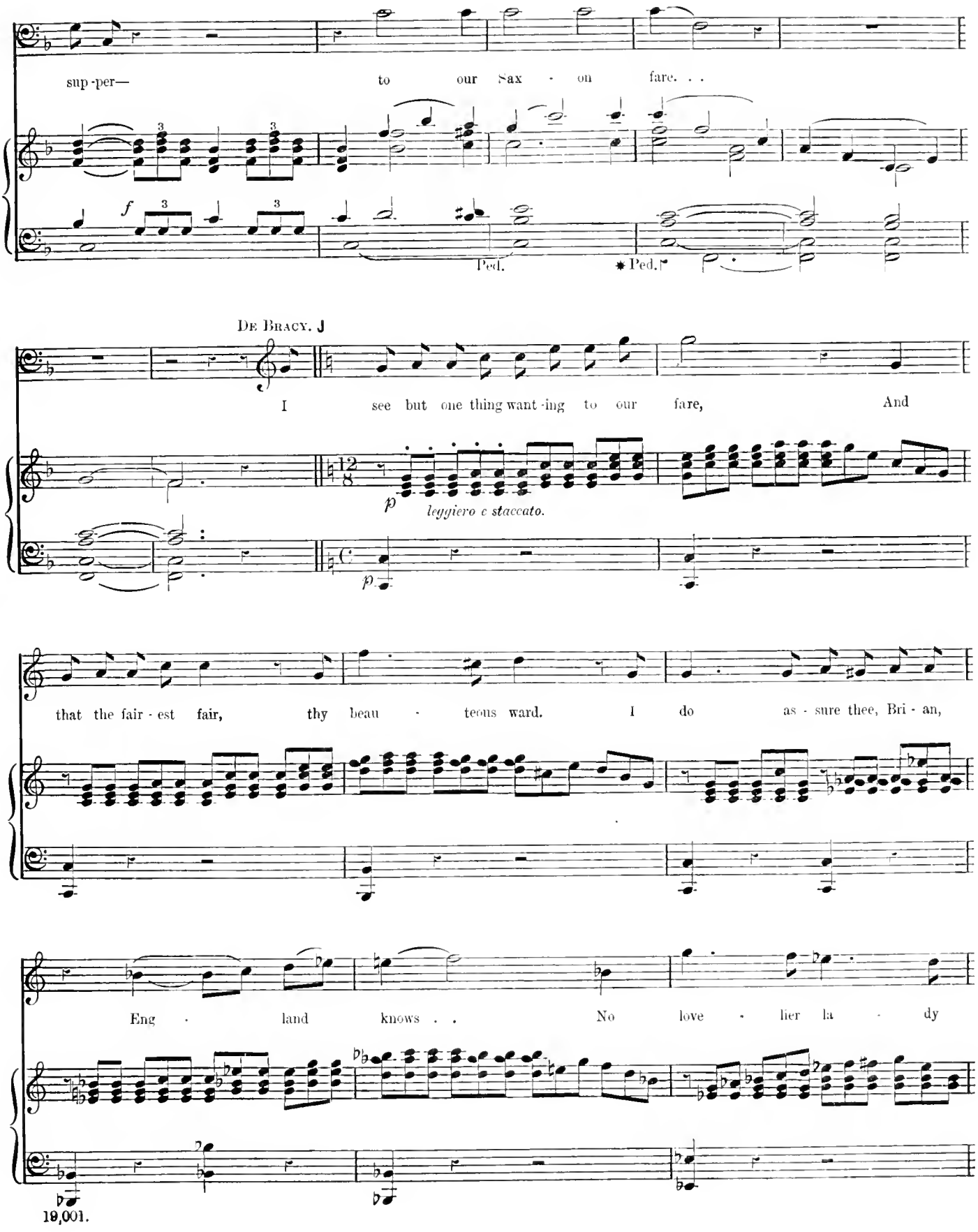

Chorus.
Isaac.
I - saac of York . . . am I, . . .
A Jew? a
Jew, but poor, . . .
And poor - est shel - ter all I
D Tempo 1mo. Cedric.
dare . . to ask.
Not e - ven one of thine ac -
f
fp
- - cur - - sed race
Must fail our Sax - on hos - pi - tal - i - ty!
To
p

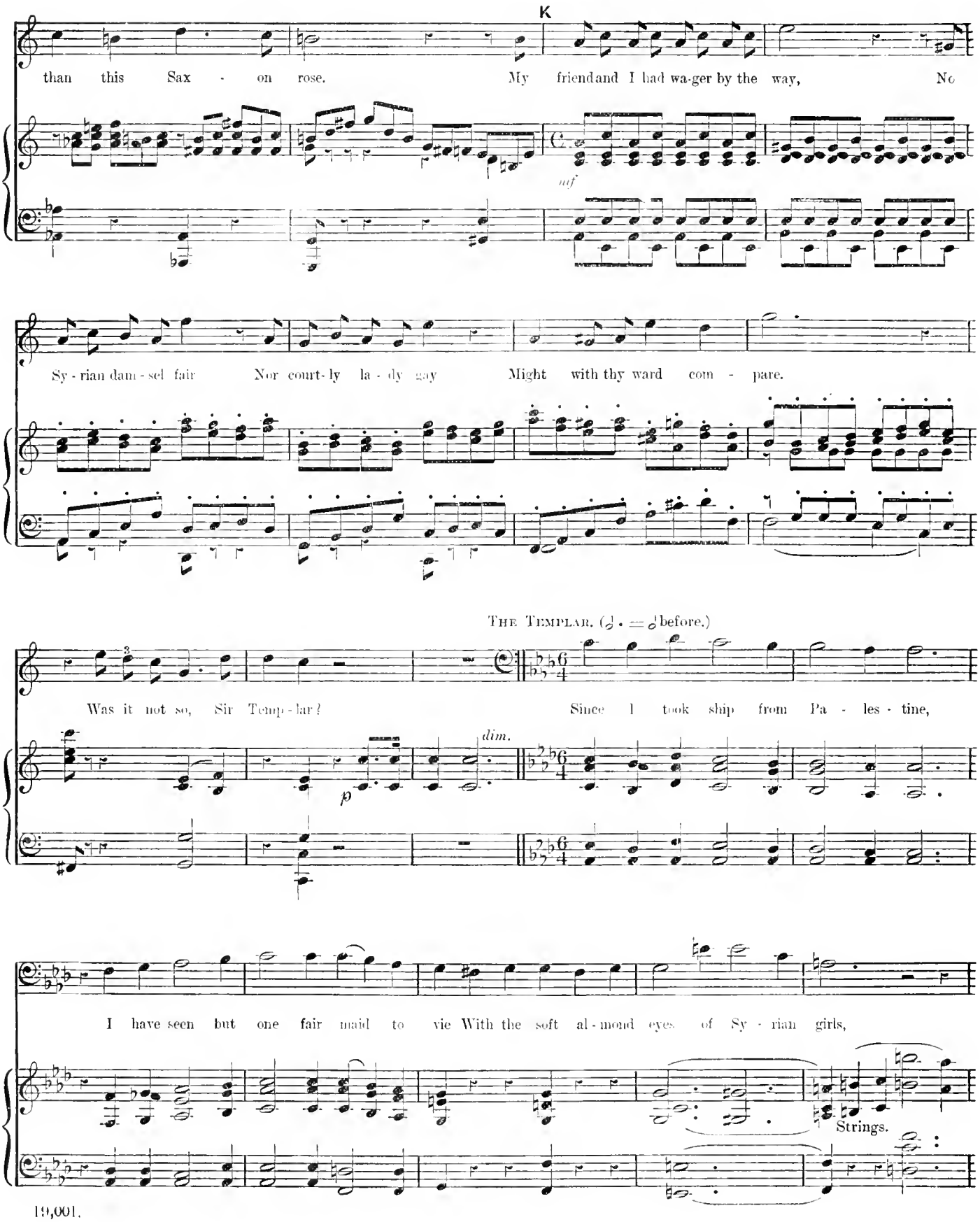

sup - per with what greed thou hast!
f
(A knocking at the gate.)
Recit.
Now heaven keep me cool! What bold - er knaves Break in up - on us with un - time - ly din!
fp
f
Go, some of you, and see who knocks so loud.
f
ff

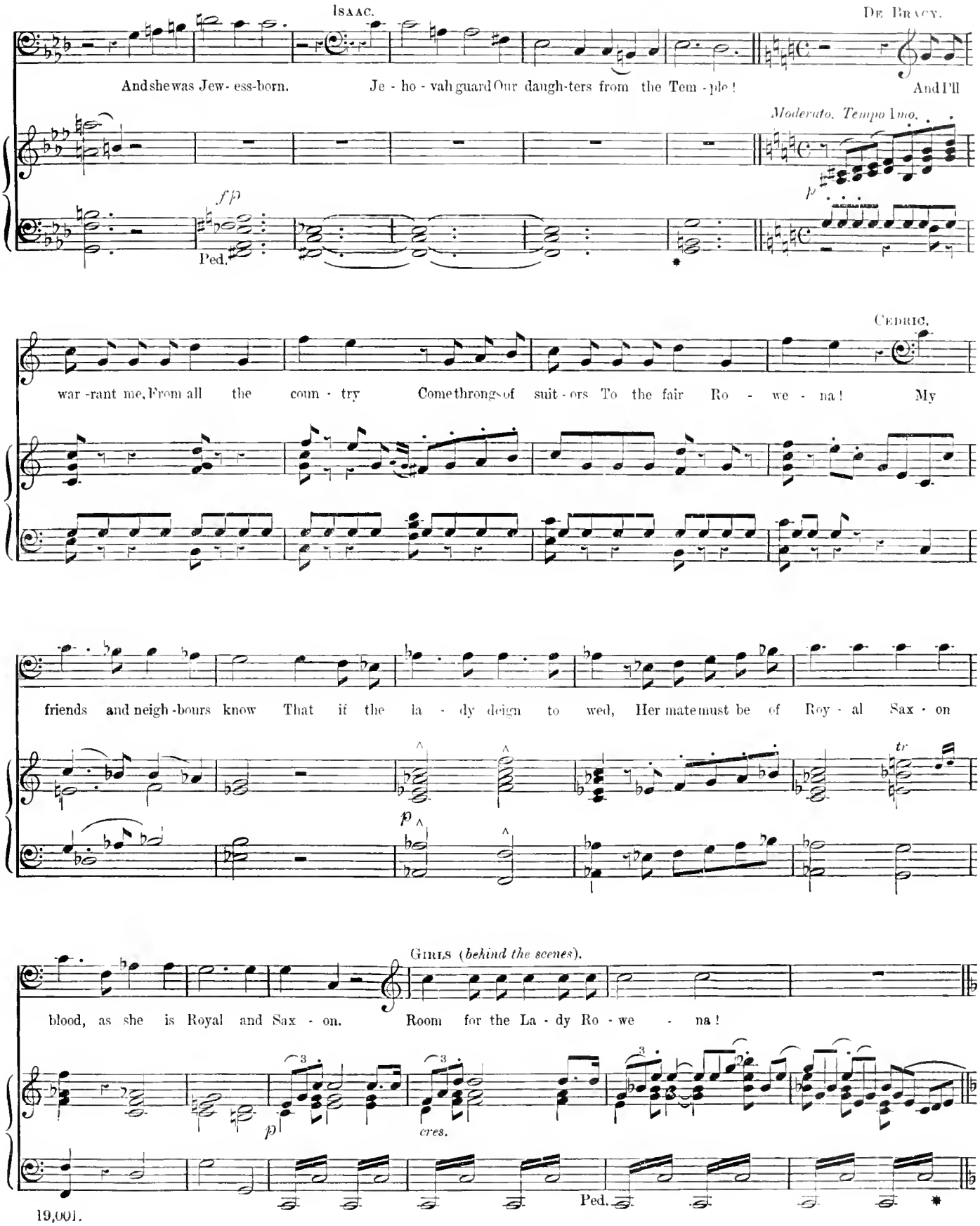

SQUIRE.
{ Brian de Bois Guilbert, Knight of the Holy Order of the } Tem - ple,
{ And the most valiant Lord, Maurice de
Bra - cy, Jour-neying to the tourney, Now to be held at { Ashby de la Zouch, By order of their Royal } Lord, Prince John— Ask
p
a tempo. Allegro moderato.
G
CEDRIC.
food and shel - ter of the Sax - on Thane, Ce - dric of Ro - therwood. What
a tempo. Allegro moderato.
p
cock - rel crows so loud? Go and lead these knights Within the hall: A bet - ter wel - come
sempre staccato.

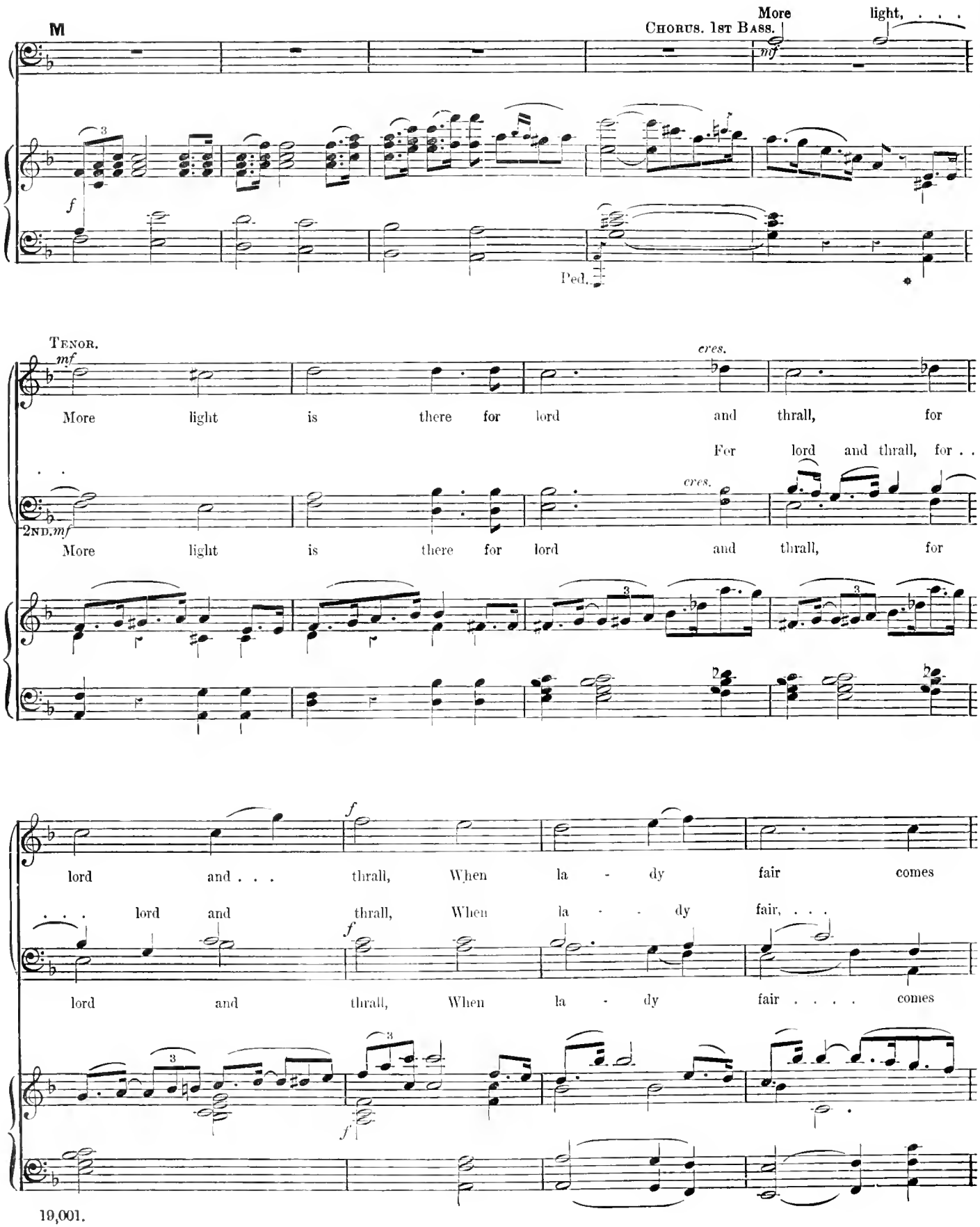

were it If I might meet these Nor - mans sword in hand.
Moderato alla marcia.
f
f
mp
Ped.
*

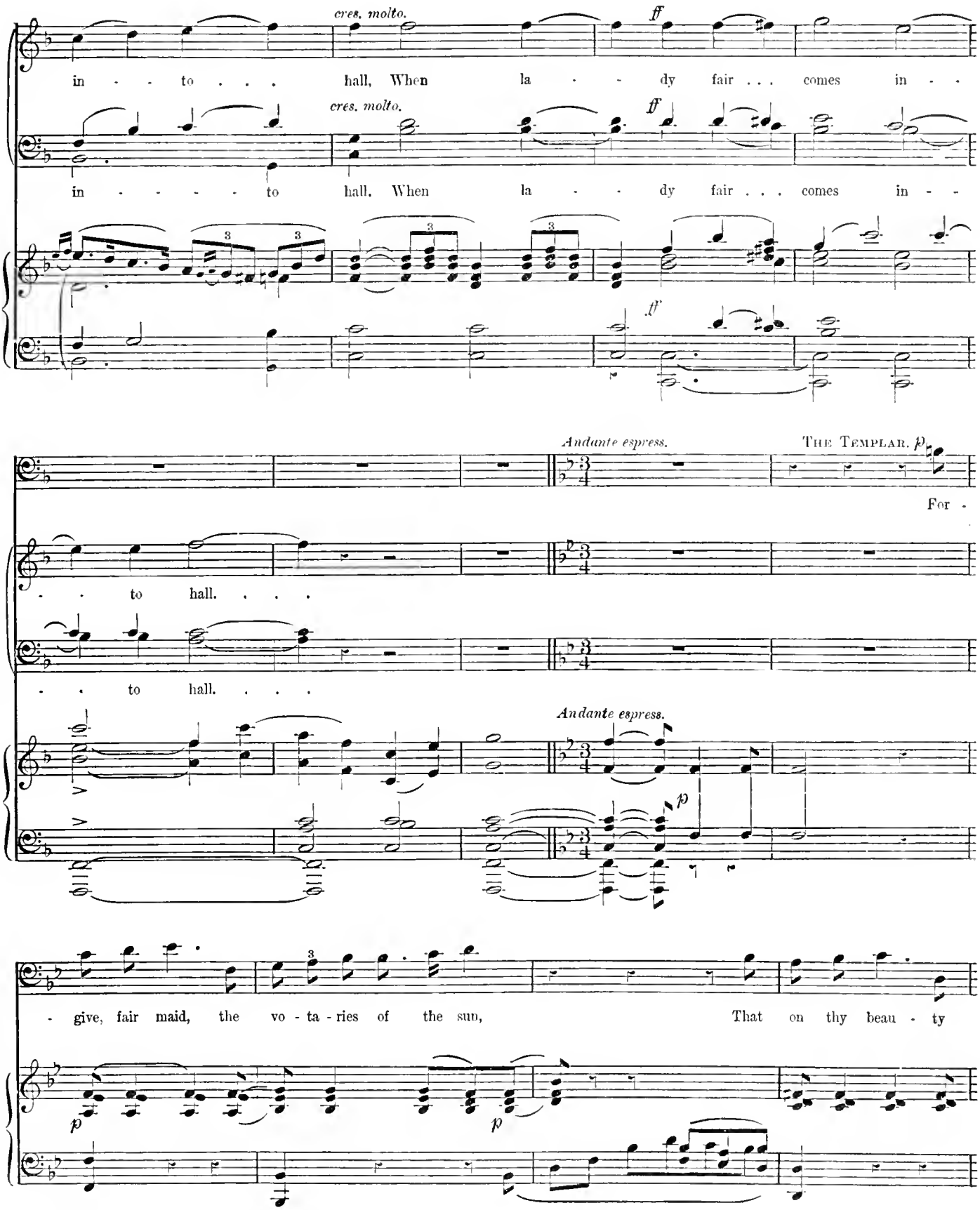

f
H
tr
dim.
fp
CEDRIC.
Wel - come, Sir Knights!
Ped.
Wel - come, Sir Knights! I pray ye par-don me For lack of Nor - man
cres.
cour - te - sy. Sit ye be - side me here, And fall to
f
L.H.

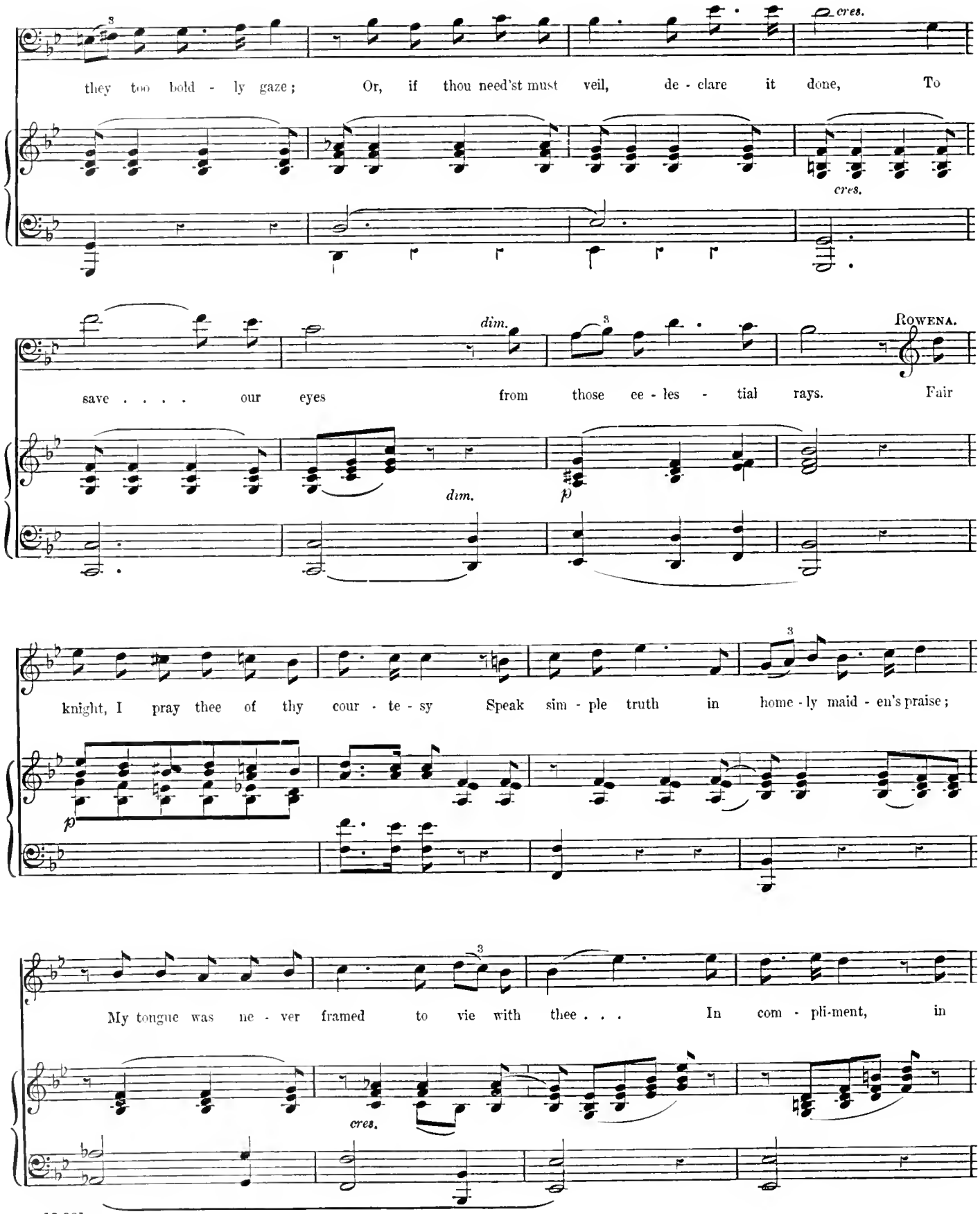

sup-per— to our Sax - on fare. . .
Ped. * Ped.
De Bracy.
I see but one thing want-ing to our fare, And
leggiero e staccato.
that the fair - est fair, thy beau - teous ward. I do as - sure thee, Bri - an,
Eng - land knows . . No love - lier la - dy

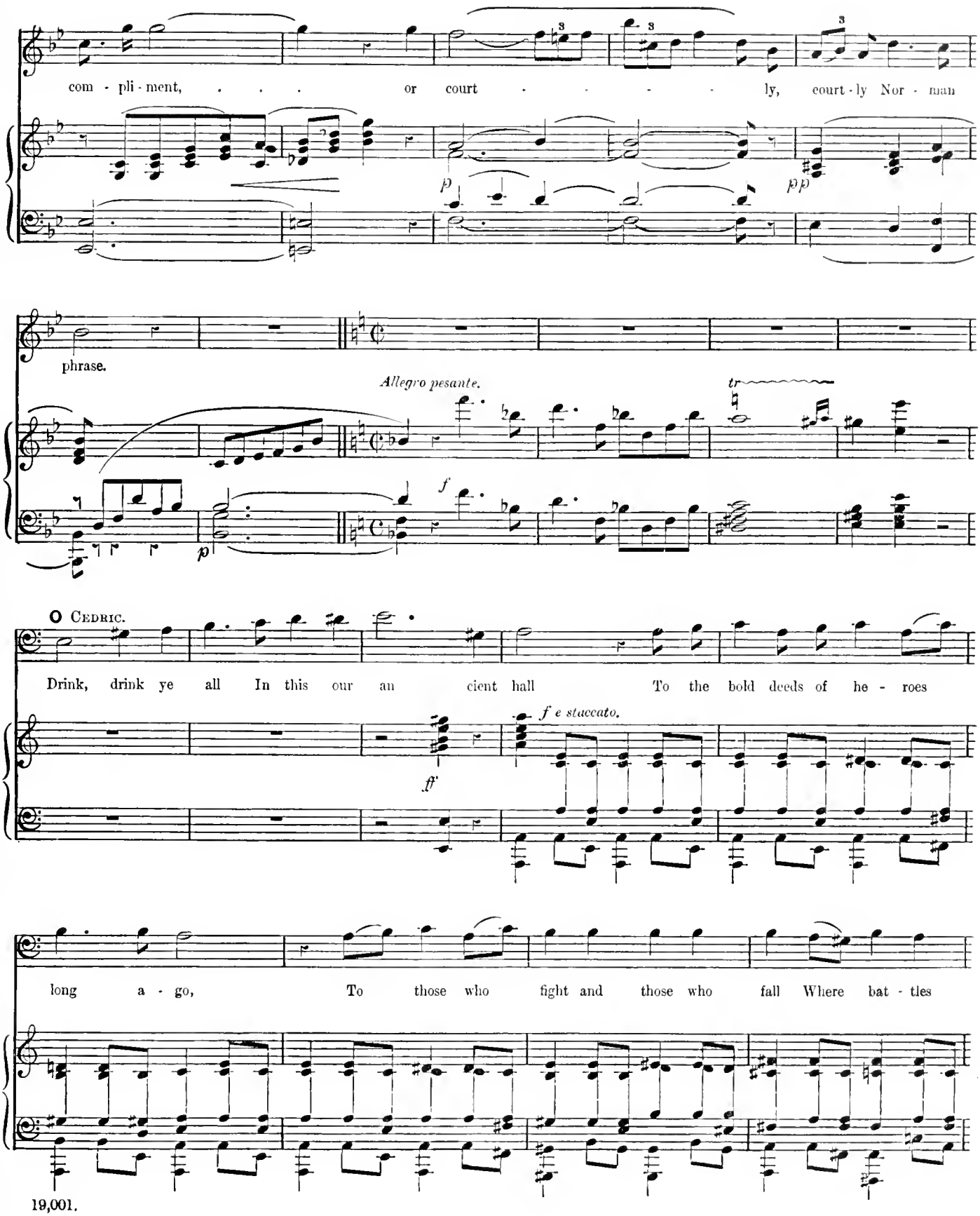

K
than this Sax - on rose. My friend and I had wa-ger by the way, No
Sy - rian dam - sel fair Nor court-ly la - dy gay Might with thy ward com - pare.
The Templar. (𝅗𝅥. = 𝅗𝅥 before.)
Was it not so, Sir Temp - lar? Since I took ship from Pa - les - tine,
I have seen but one fair maid to vie With the soft al - mond eyes of Sy - rian girls,
Strings.

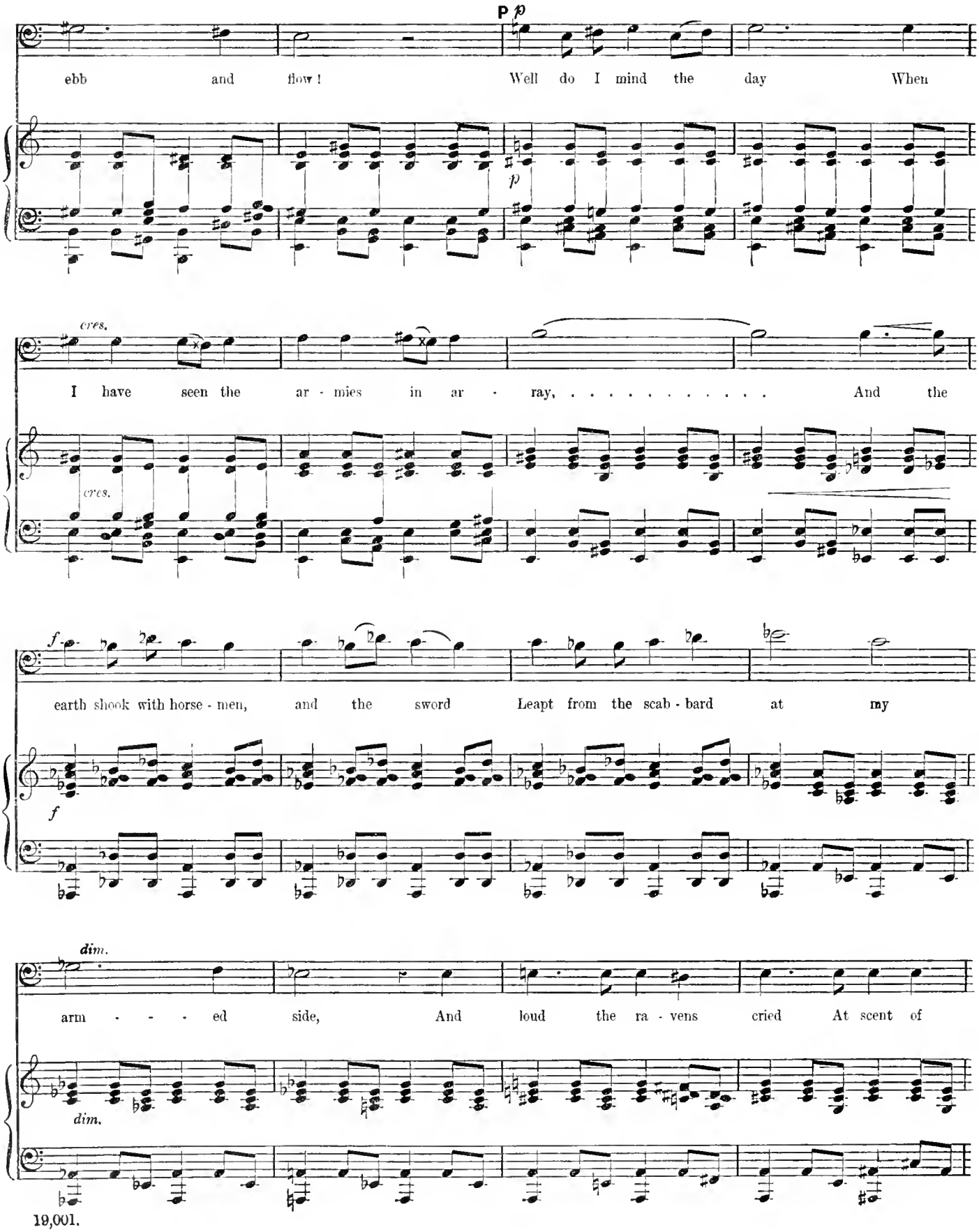

Isaac.
De Bracy.
And she was Jew- ess-born. Je - ho - vah guard Our daugh-ters from the Tem - ple! And I'll
Moderato. Tempo 1mo.
fp
p
Ped.
Cedric.
war -rant me, From all the coun - try Come throngs of suit - ors To the fair Ro - we - na! My
friends and neigh -bours know That if the la - dy deign to wed, Her mate must be of Roy - al Sax - on
tr
p
Girls (behind the scenes).
blood, as she is Royal and Sax - on. Room for the La - dy Ro - we - na!
p
cres.
Ped.
*

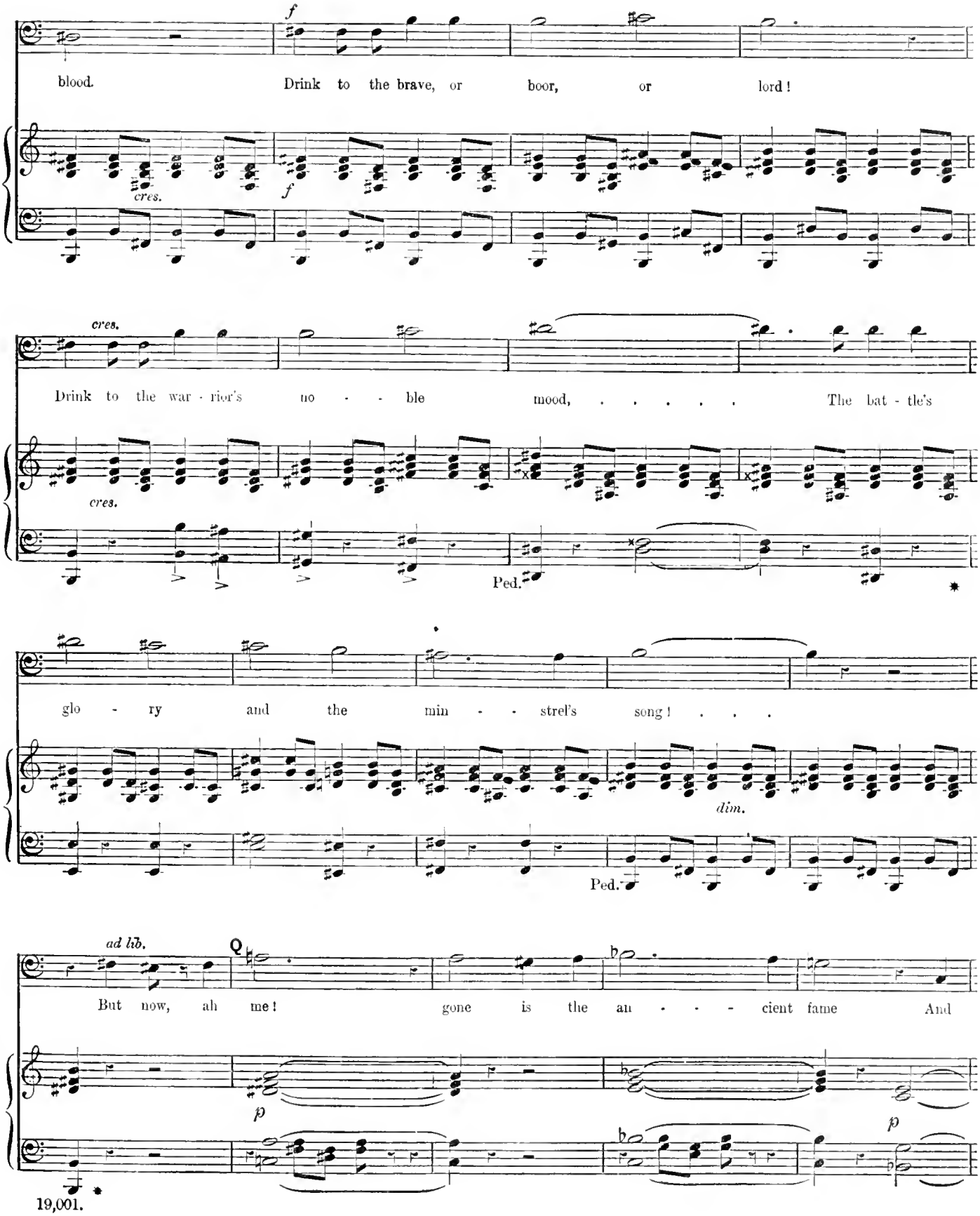

M
Chorus. 1st Bass.
More
light, ...
mf
f
Ped.
Tenor.
mf
More light is there for lord and thrall, for
cres.
For lord and thrall, for . .
2nd. mf
More light is there for lord and thrall, for
cres.
lord and . . . thrall, When la - dy fair comes
. . . lord and thrall, When la - - dy fair, . . .
lord and thrall, When la - dy fair . . . . comes

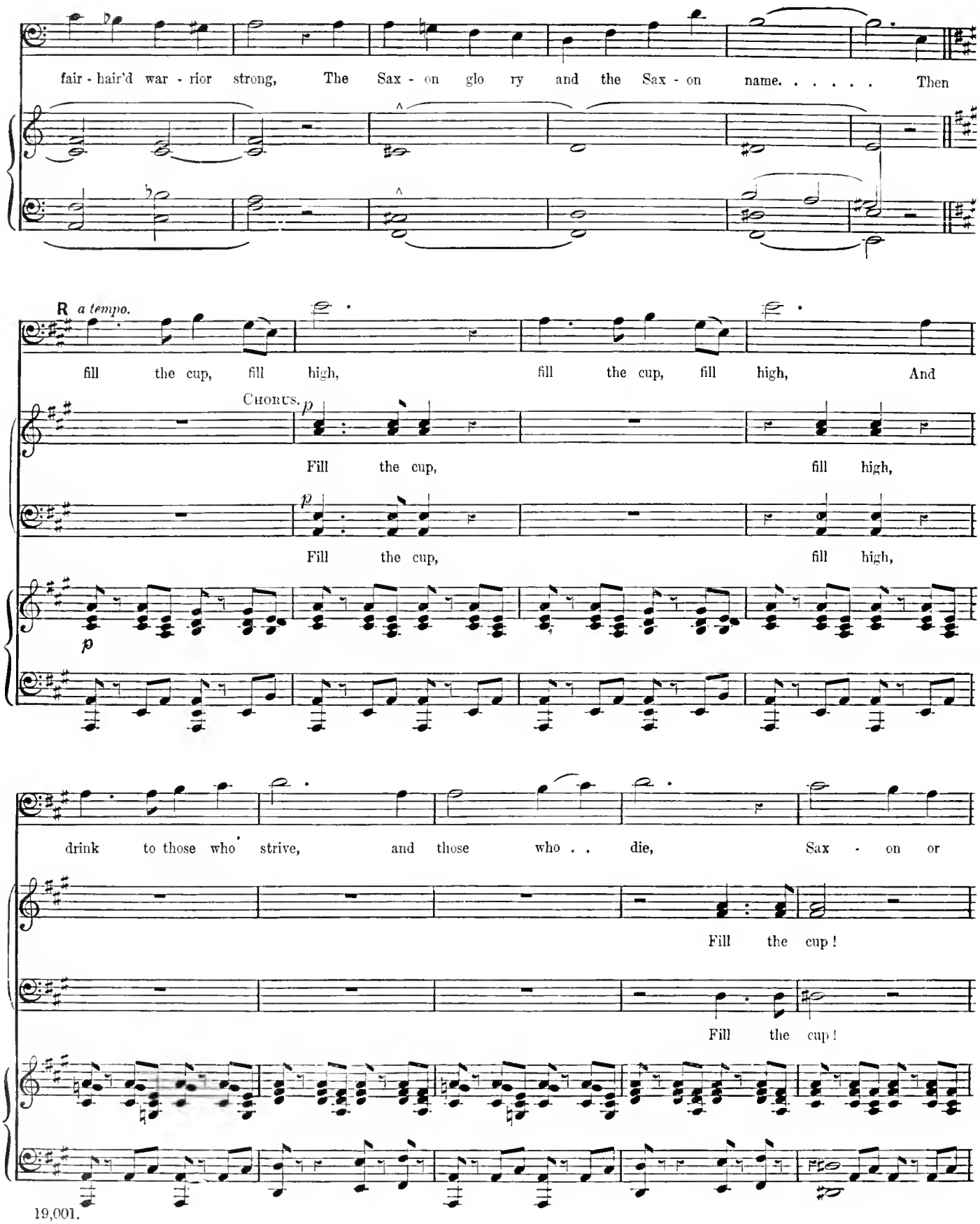

cres. molto.
ff
in - - to . . . hall, When la - - dy fair . . . comes in - -
cres. molto.
ff
in - - - - - to hall. When la - - dy fair . . . comes in - -
ff
Andante espress.
THE TEMPLAR. p
For -
. . to hall. . . .
. . to hall. . . .
Andante espress.
p
- give, fair maid, the vo - ta - ries of the sun, That on thy beau - ty
p
p

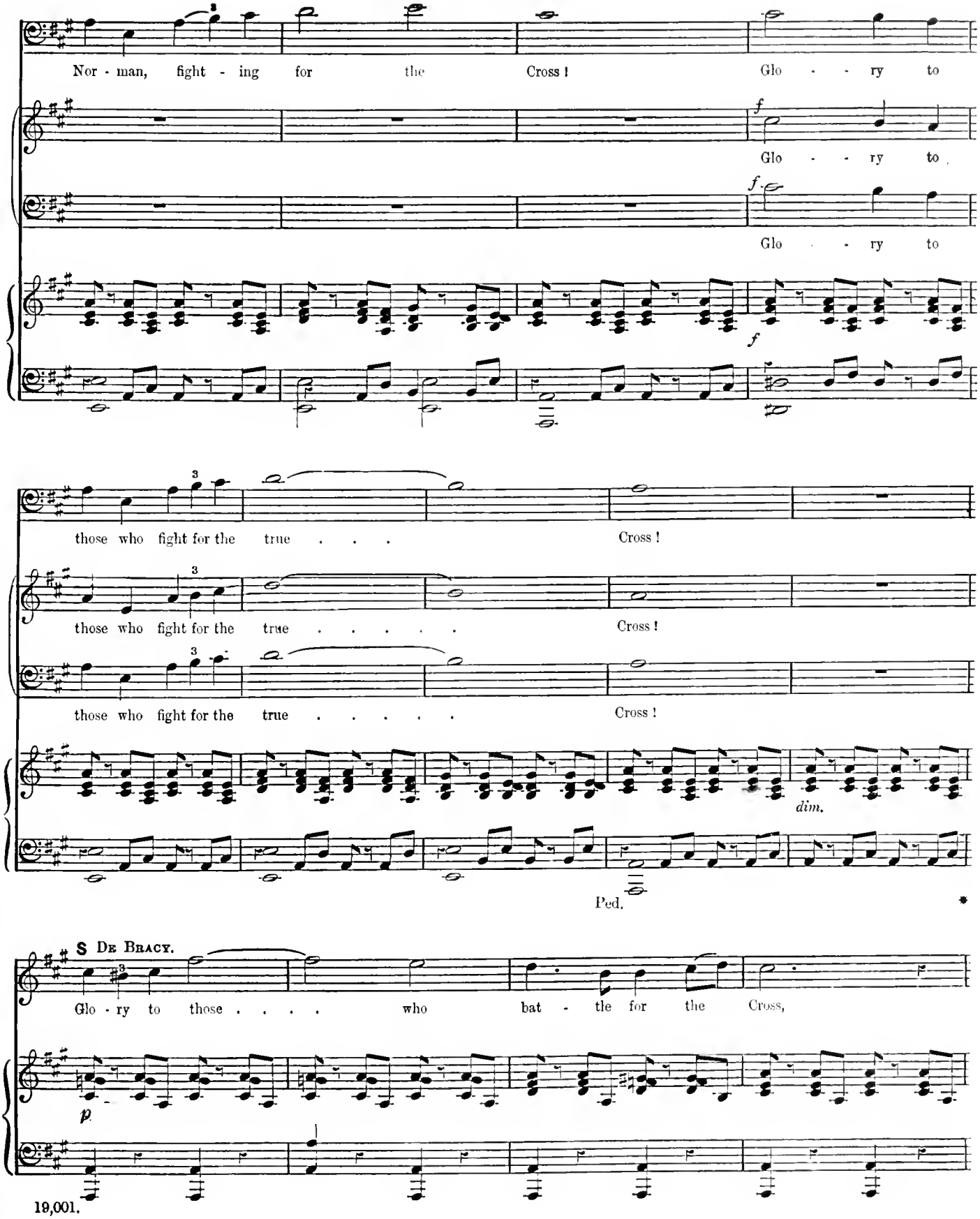

they too bold - ly gaze; Or, if thou need'st must veil, de - clare it done, To
cres.
cres.
save . . . . our eyes from those ee - les - tial rays. Fair
dim.
dim.
p
ROWENA.
knight, I pray thee of thy cour - te - sy Speak sim - ple truth in home - ly maid - en's praise;
p
My tongue was ne - ver framed to vie with thee . . . In com - pli-ment, in
cres.

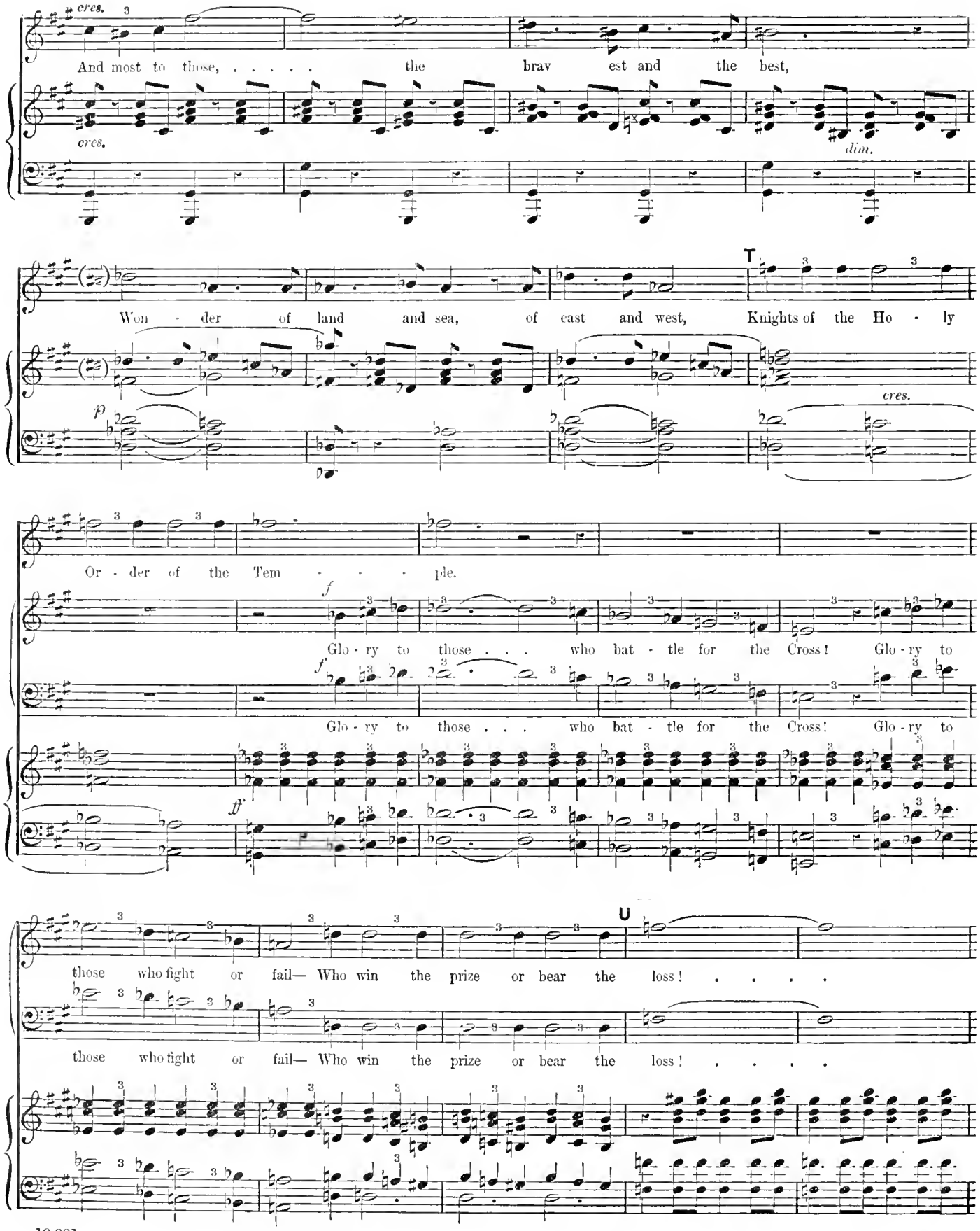

com - pli - ment, . . . or court - - - - - ly, court - ly Nor - man
phrase.
Allegro pesante.
O Cedric.
Drink, drink ye all In this our an cient hall To the bold deeds of he - roes
ff
f e staccato.
long a - go, To those who fight and those who fall Where bat - tles

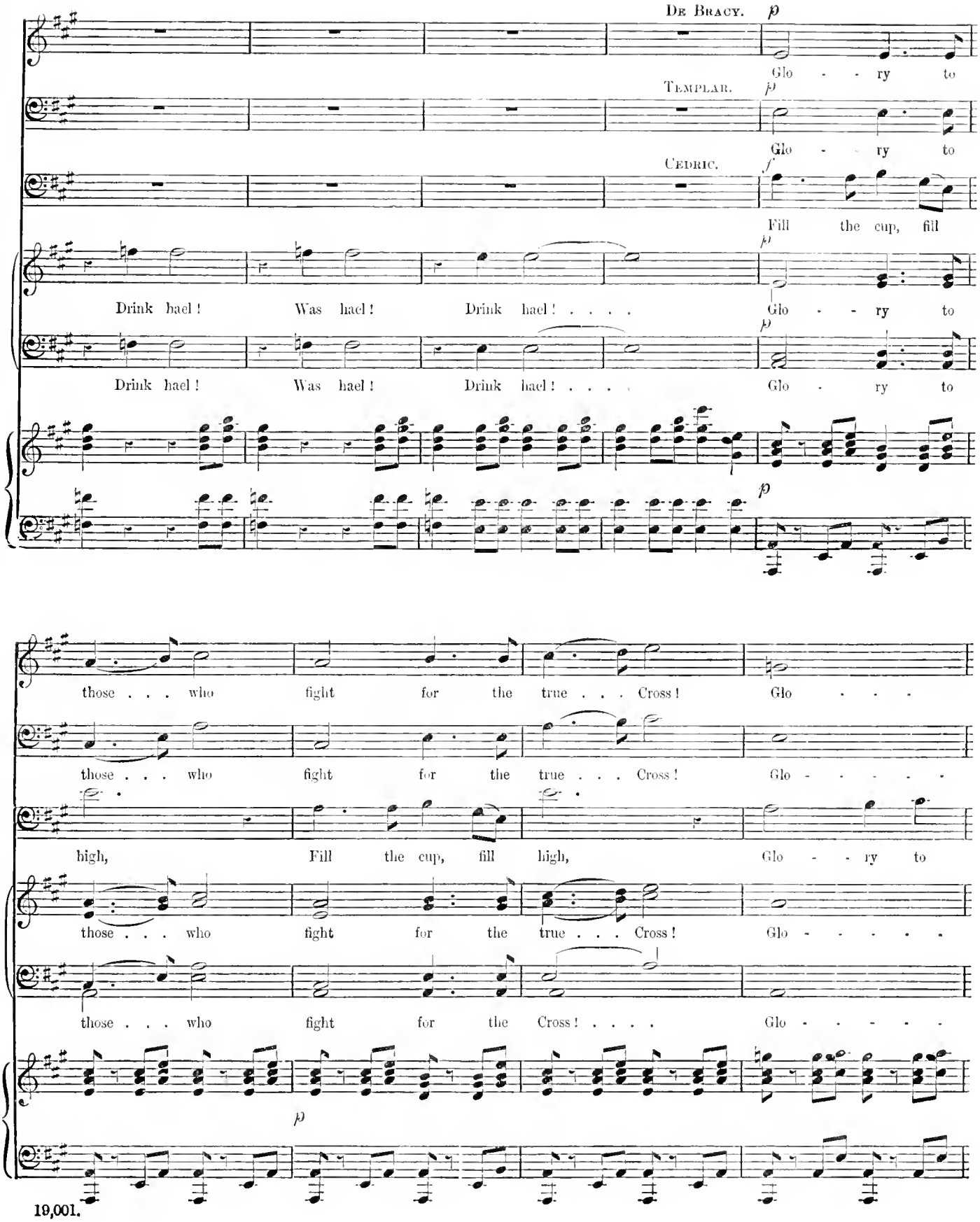

P p
ebb and flow! Well do I mind the day When
p
cres.
I have seen the ar - mies in ar - ray, ... And the
cres.
f
earth shook with horse - men, and the sword Leapt from the scab - bard at my
f
dim.
arm - - - ed side, And loud the ra - vens cried At scent of
dim.

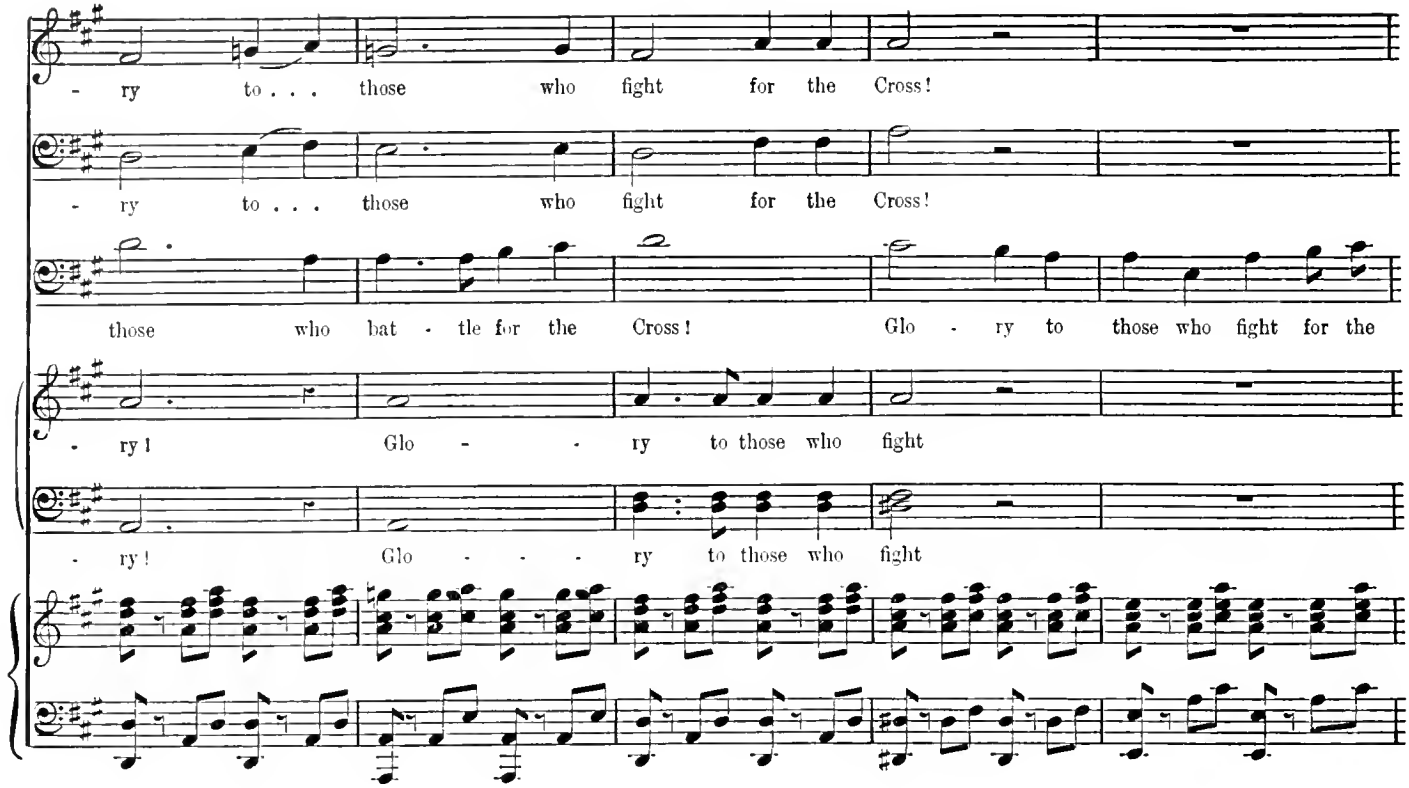

blood.
Drink to the brave, or boor, or lord!
cres.
f
cres.
Drink to the war - rior's no - - - ble mood, ... The bat - tle's
cres.
Ped.
glo - ry and the min - - - strel's song! . . . .
dim.
Ped.
ad lib.
But now, ah me! gone is the an - - - - cient fame And
p
p
19,001.

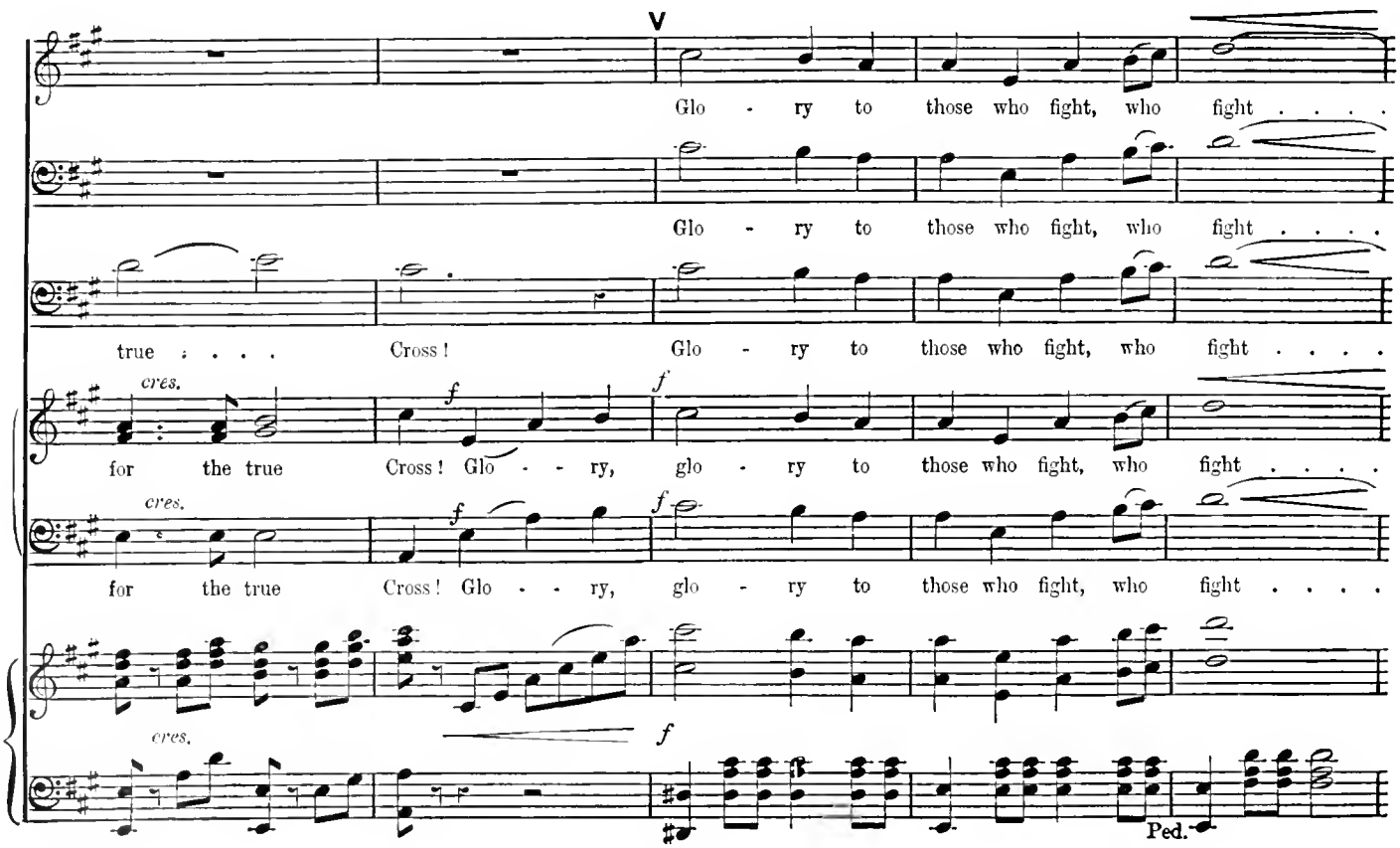

fair - hair'd war - rior strong, The Sax - on glo ry and the Sax - on name. . . . . Then
R a tempo.
fill the cup, fill high, fill the cup, fill high, And
Chorus. p
Fill the cup, fill high,
p
Fill the cup, fill high,
p
drink to those who strive, and those who . . die, Sax - on or
Fill the cup!
Fill the cup!

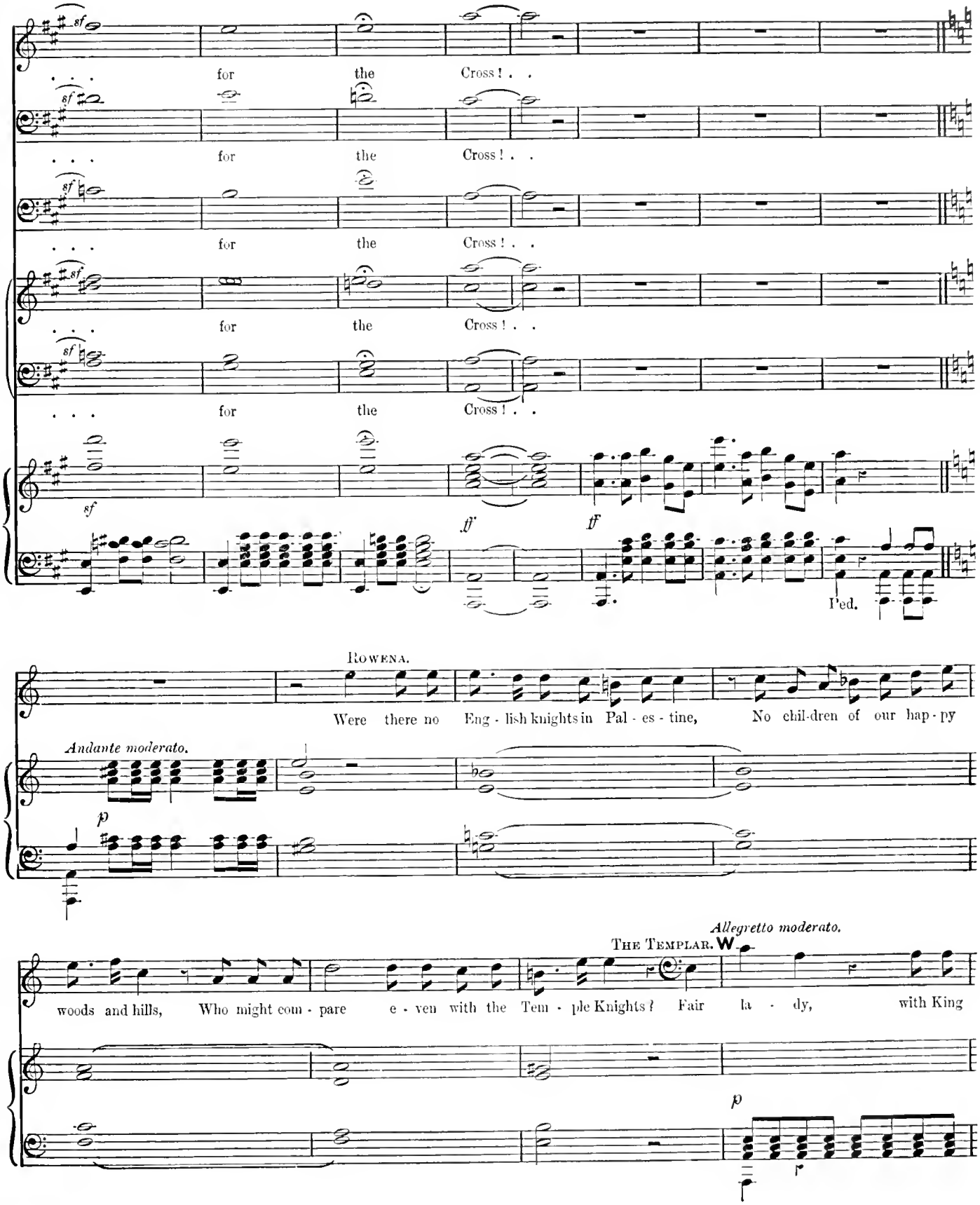

Nor - man, fight - ing for the Cross ! Glo - - ry to
f
Glo - - ry to
f
Glo - - ry to
f
those who fight for the true . . . Cross !
those who fight for the true . . . . . Cross !
those who fight for the true . . . . . Cross !
dim.
Ped.
S De Bracy.
Glo - ry to those . . . . who bat - tle for the Cross,
p

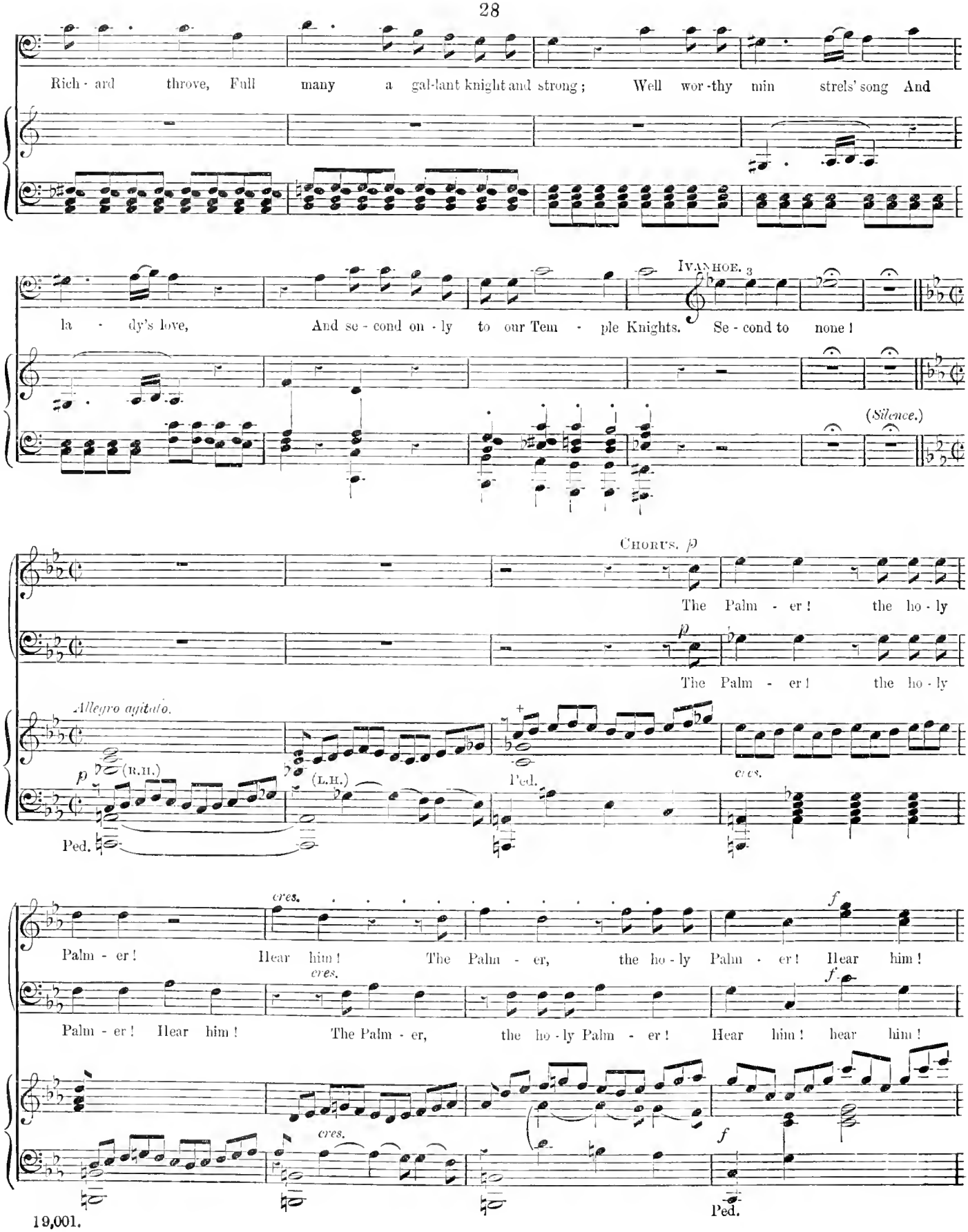

cres.
And most to those, ... the brav est and the best,
cres.
dim.
T
Won - der of land and sea, of east and west, Knights of the Ho - ly
p
cres.
Or - der of the Tem - - - - ple.
f
Glo - ry to those . . . who bat - tle for the Cross! Glo - ry to
f
Glo - ry to those . . . who bat - tle for the Cross! Glo - ry to
ff
U
those who fight or fail— Who win the prize or bear the loss! . . . . .
those who fight or fail— Who win the prize or bear the loss! . . . . .

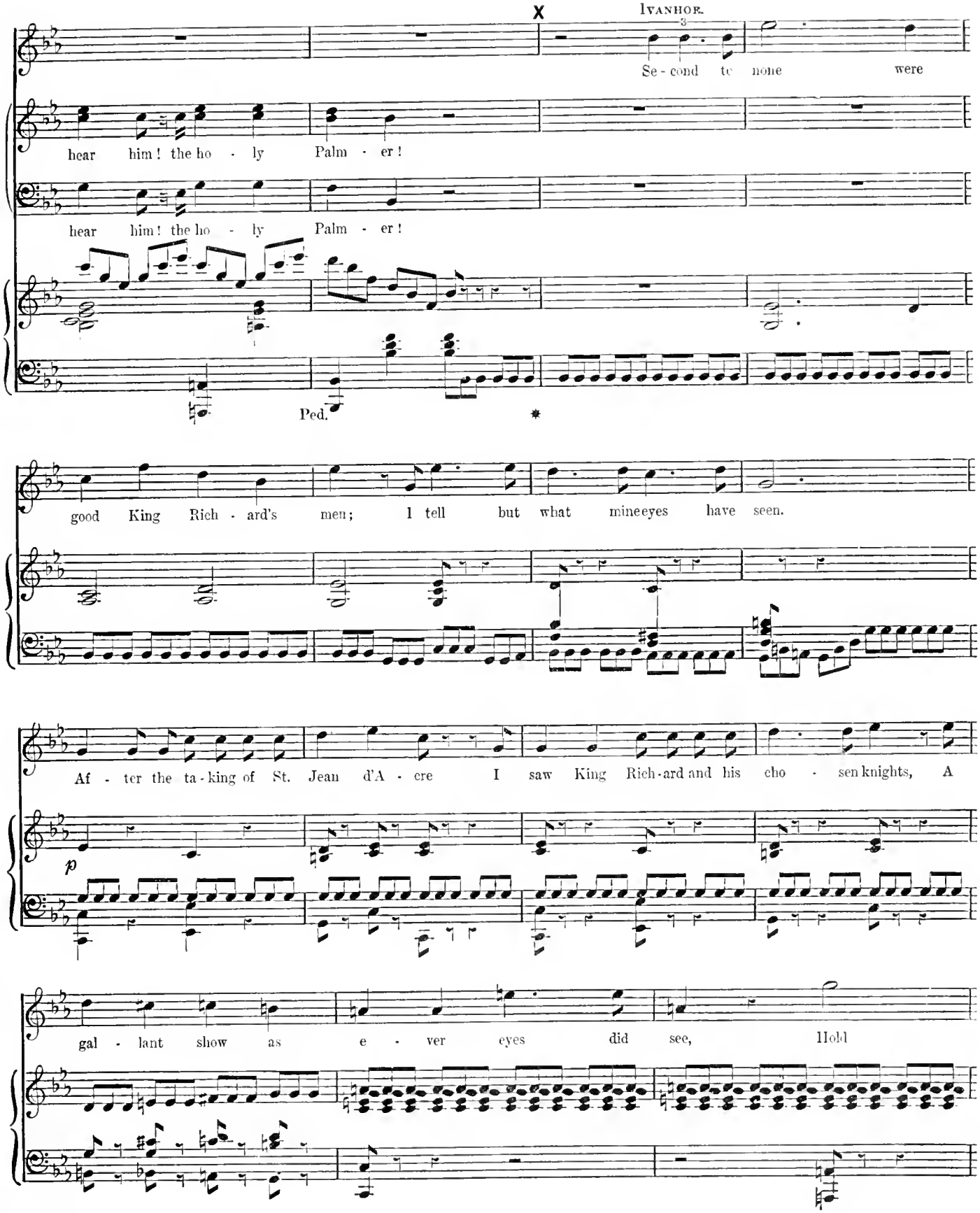

De Bracy.
Templar.
Cedric.
Glo - - ry to
Glo - ry to
Fill the cup, fill
Drink hael! Was hael! Drink hael! . . . .
Glo - - ry to
Drink hael! Was hael! Drink hael! . . . .
Glo - ry to
those . . . who fight for the true . . . Cross!
Glo - - -
those . . . who fight for the true . . . Cross!
Glo - - - - - -
high, Fill the cup, fill high,
Glo - - ry to
those . . . who fight for the true . . . Cross!
Glo - - - - - -
those . . . who fight for the Cross! . . . .
Glo - - - - - -

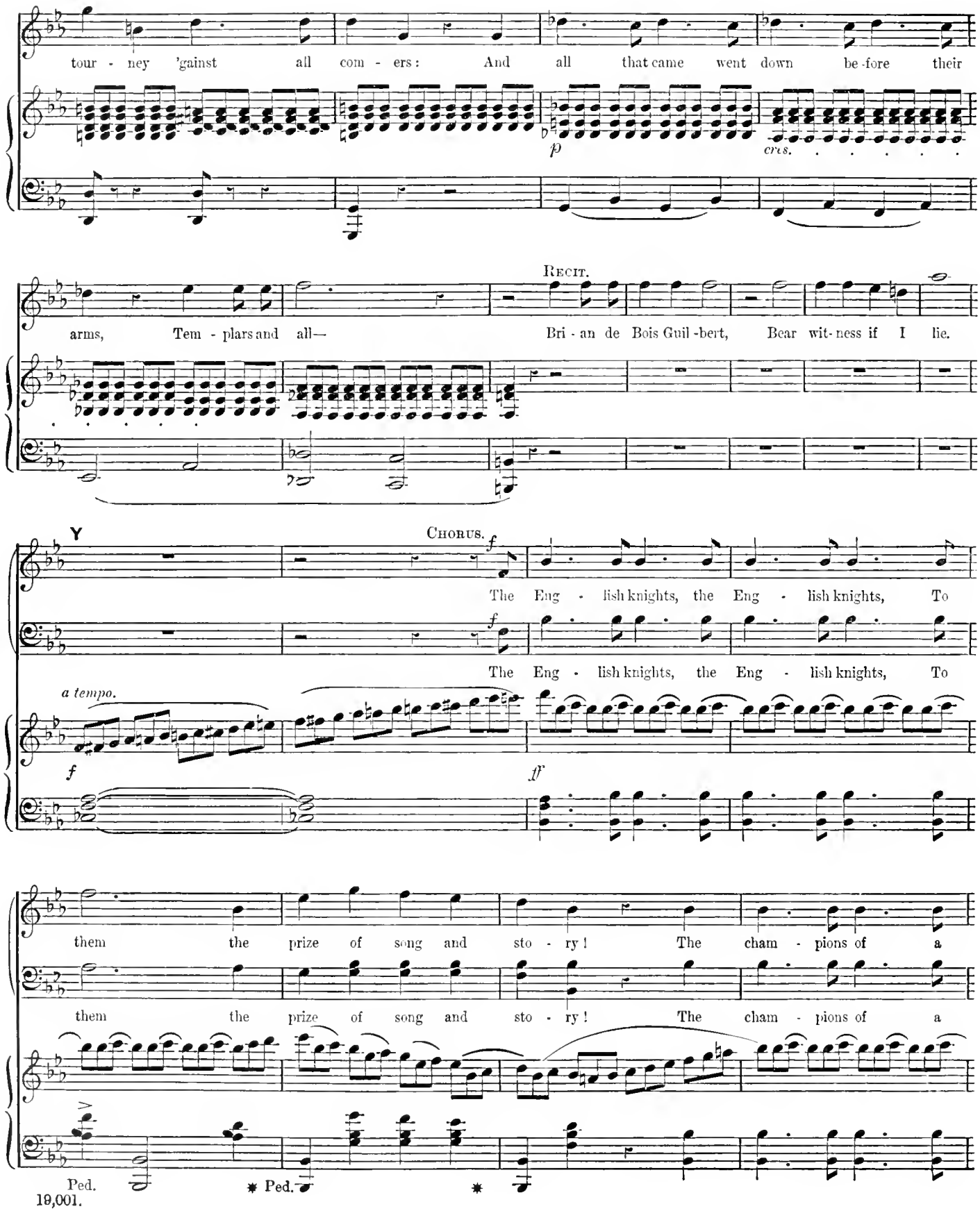

- ry to . . . those who fight for the Cross!
- ry to . . . those who fight for the Cross!
those who bat - tle for the Cross! Glo - ry to those who fight for the
- ry! Glo - - ry to those who fight
- ry! Glo - - - ry to those who fight

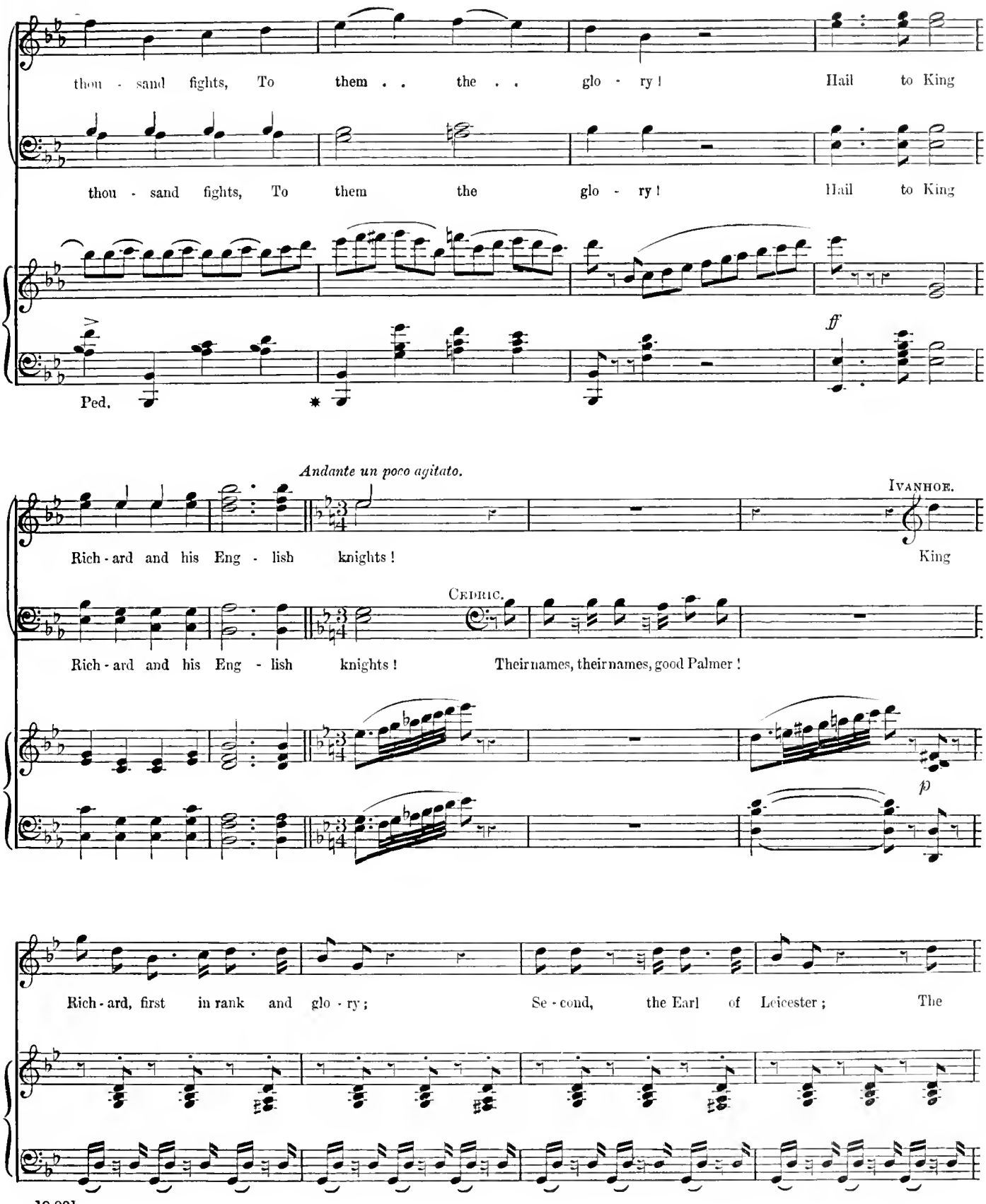

V
Glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
Glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
true . . . . Cross! Glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
cres.
for the true Cross! Glo - - ry, glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
cres.
for the true Cross! Glo - - ry, glo - ry to those who fight, who fight . . . .
cres.
Ped.

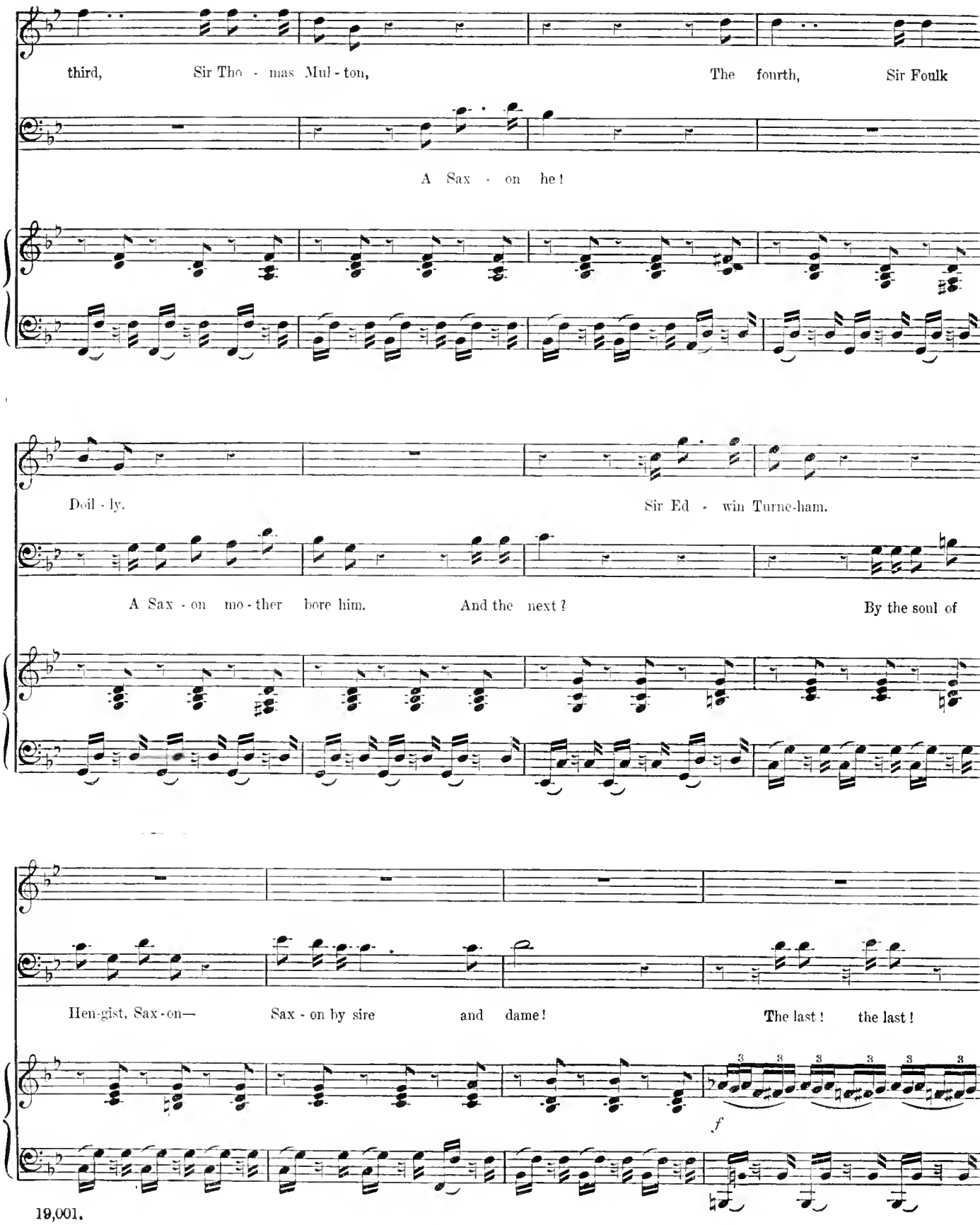

sf
. . . for the Cross ! . .
ff
Ped.
ROWENA.
Were there no Eng - lish knights in Pal - es - tine, No chil-dren of our hap - py
Andante moderato.
p
Allegretto moderato.
THE TEMPLAR.
woods and hills, Who might com - pare e - ven with the Tem - ple Knights ? Fair la - dy, with King

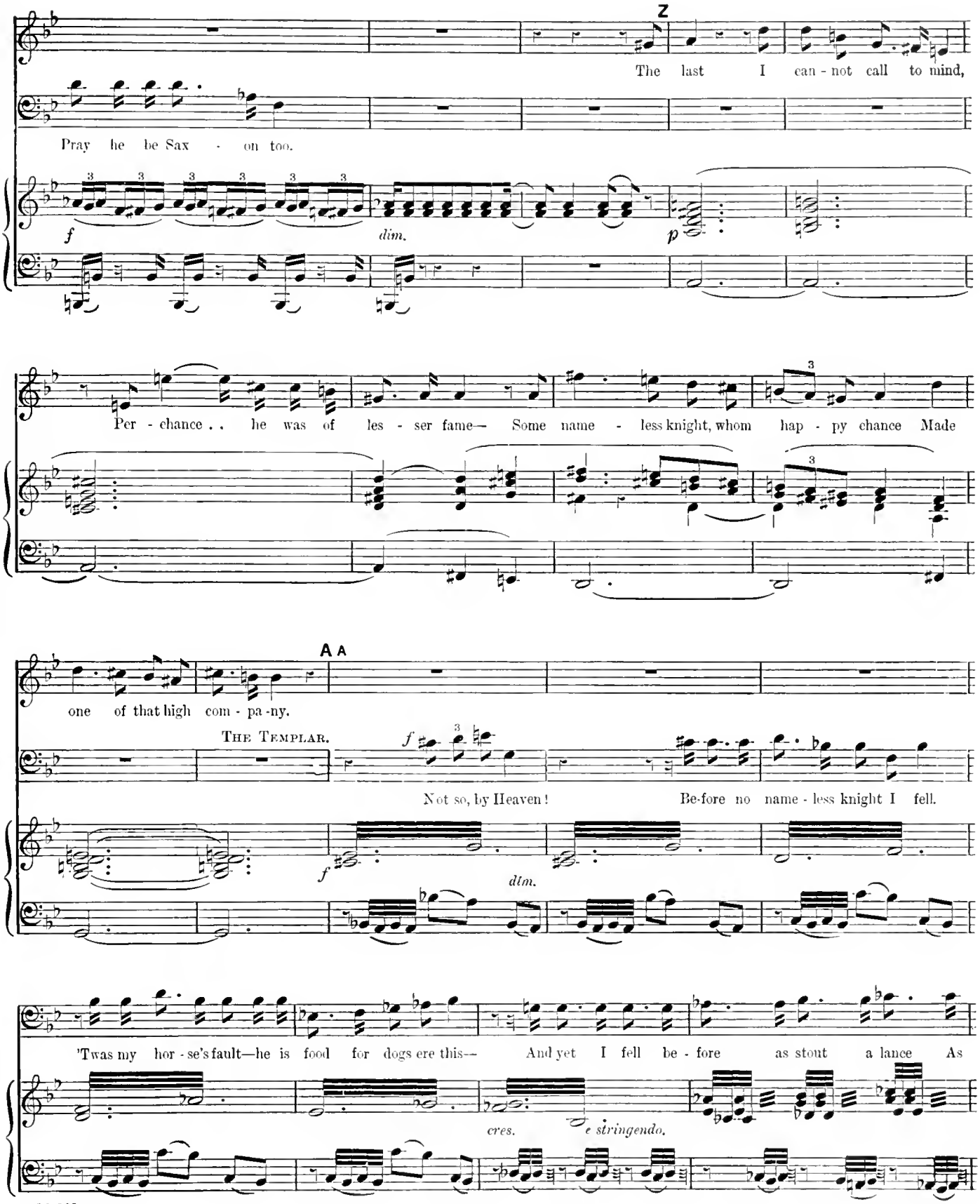

Rich - ard throve, Full many a gal-lant knight and strong; Well wor-thy min strels' song And
la - dy's love, And se - cond on - ly to our Tem - ple Knights. Se - cond to none!
IVANHOE. 3
(Silence.)
CHORUS. p
The Palm - er! the ho - ly
The Palm - er! the ho - ly
Allegro agitato.
(R.H.)
(L.H.)
Ped.
cres.
Palm - er! Hear him! The Palm - er, the ho - ly Palm - er! Hear him!
Palm - er! Hear him! The Palm - er, the ho - ly Palm - er! Hear him! hear him!
Ped.

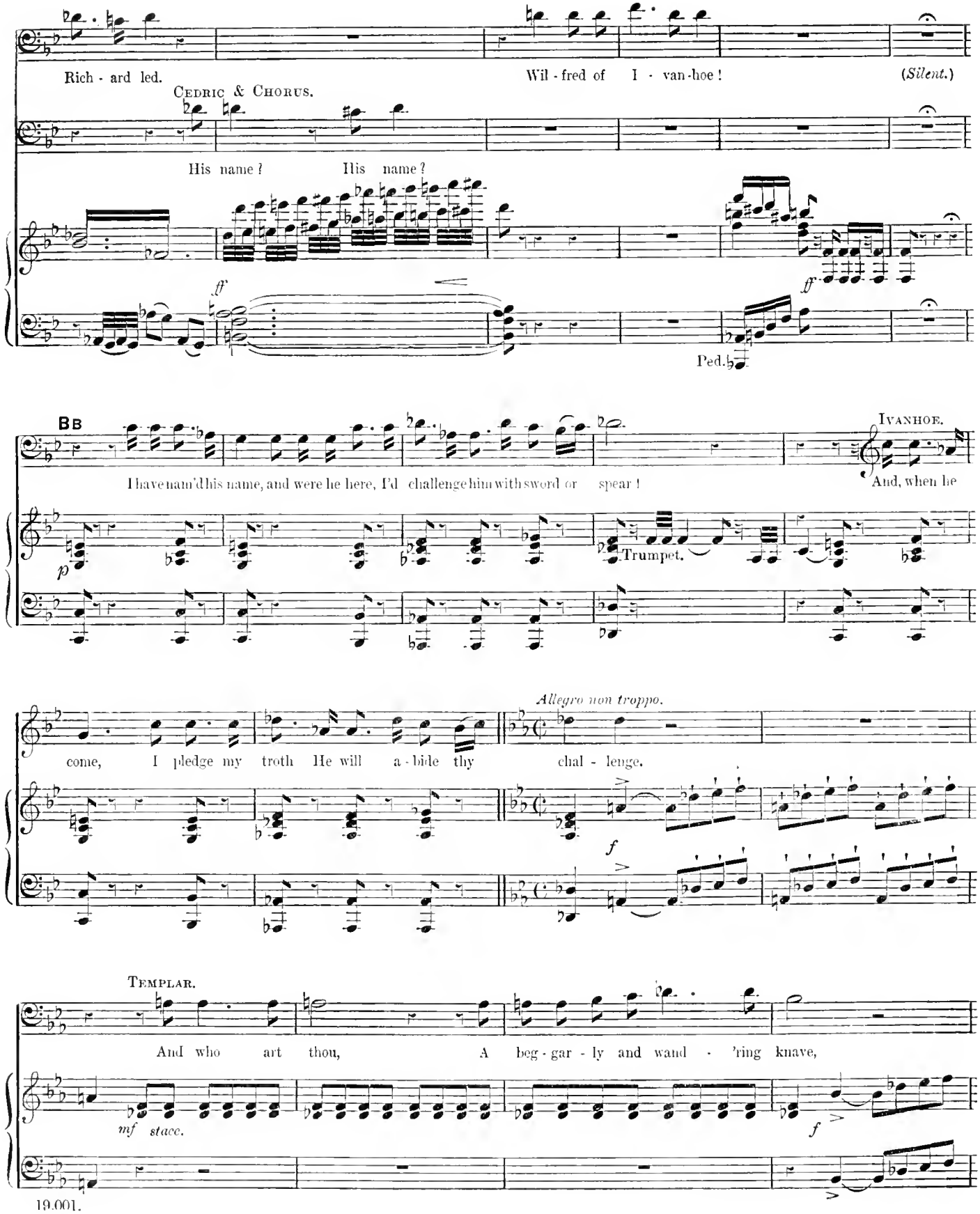

X
IVANHOE.
3
Se - cond to none were
hear him! the ho - ly Palm - er!
hear him! the ho - ly Palm - er!
Ped.
*
good King Rich - ard's men; I tell but what mine eyes have seen.
Af - ter the ta - king of St. Jean d'A - cre I saw King Rich - ard and his cho - sen knights, A
p
gal - lant show as e - ver eyes did see, Hold

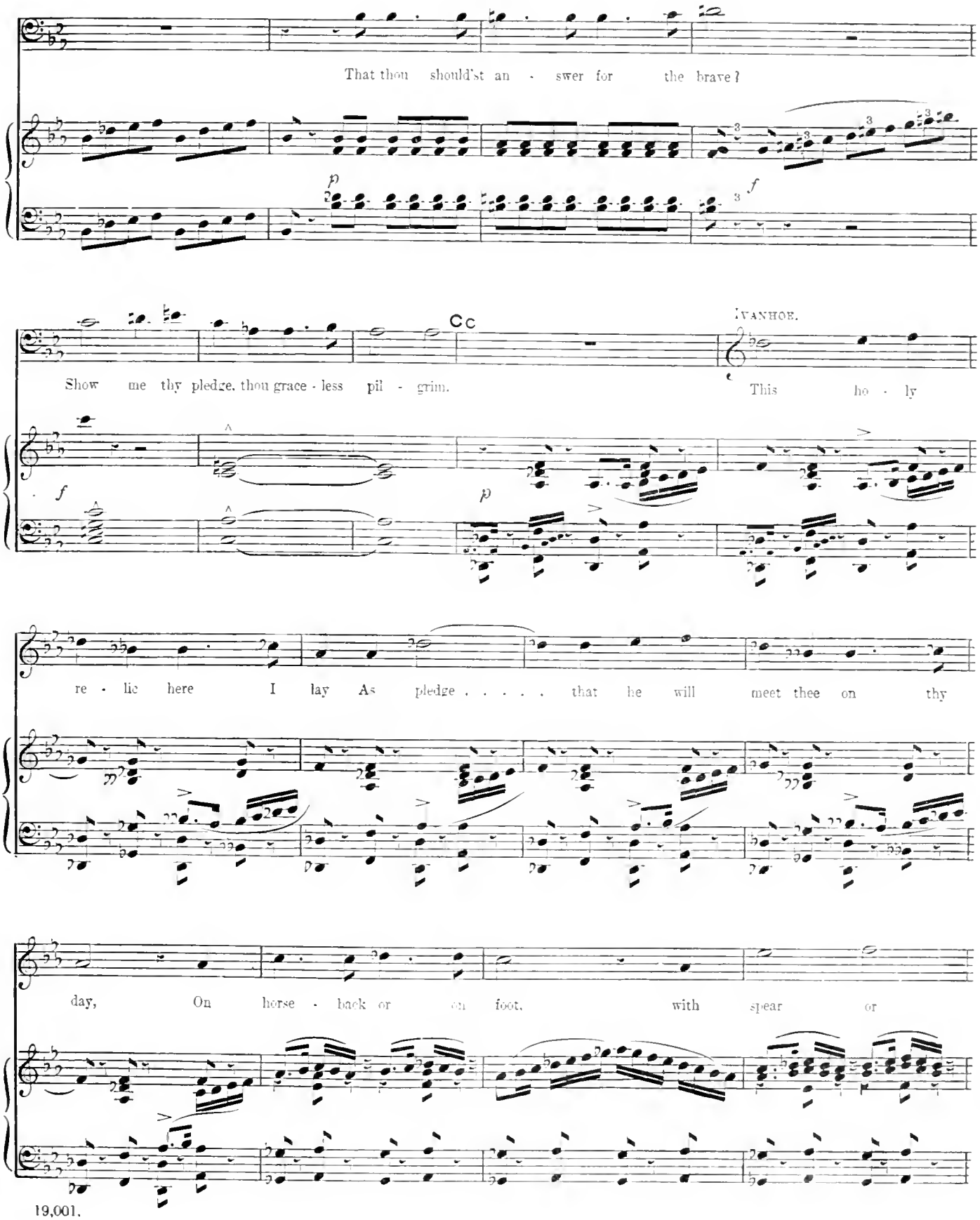

tour - ney 'gainst all com - ers: And all that came went down be-fore their
p
cres.
RECIT.
arms, Tem - plars and all— Bri - an de Bois Guil -bert, Bear wit- ness if I lie.
Y
CHORUS.
f
The Eng - lish knights, the Eng - lish knights, To
The Eng - lish knights, the Eng - lish knights, To
a tempo.
f
ff
them the prize of song and sto - ry! The cham - pions of a
them the prize of song and sto - ry! The cham - pions of a
Ped.
Ped.

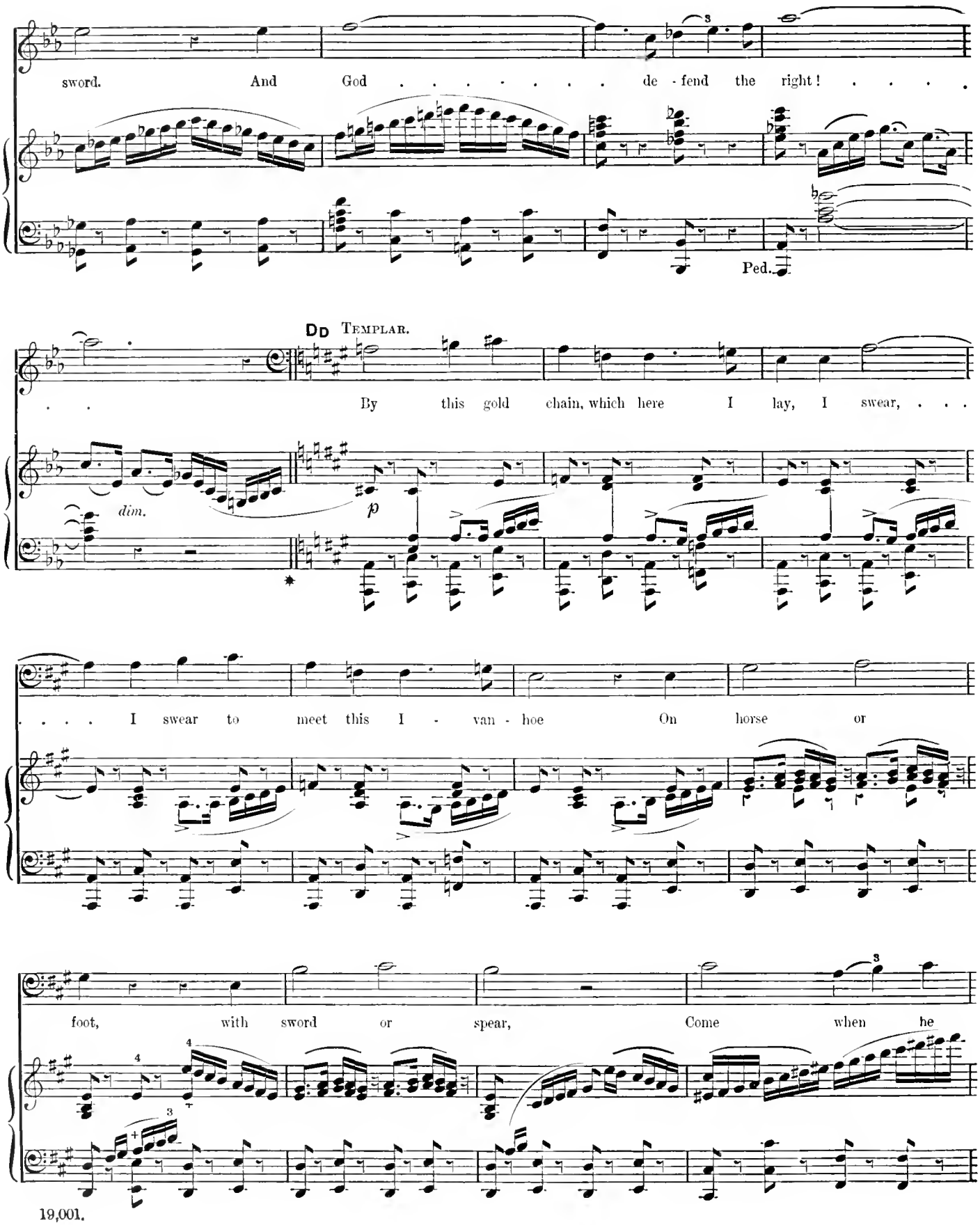

thou - sand fights, To them . . the . . glo - ry! Hail to King
thou - sand fights, To them the glo - ry! Hail to King
ff
Ped.
Andante un poco agitato.
IVANHOE.
Rich - ard and his Eng - lish knights! King
CEDRIC.
Rich - ard and his Eng - lish knights! Their names, their names, good Palmer!
p
Rich - ard, first in rank and glo - ry; Se - cond, the Earl of Leicester; The

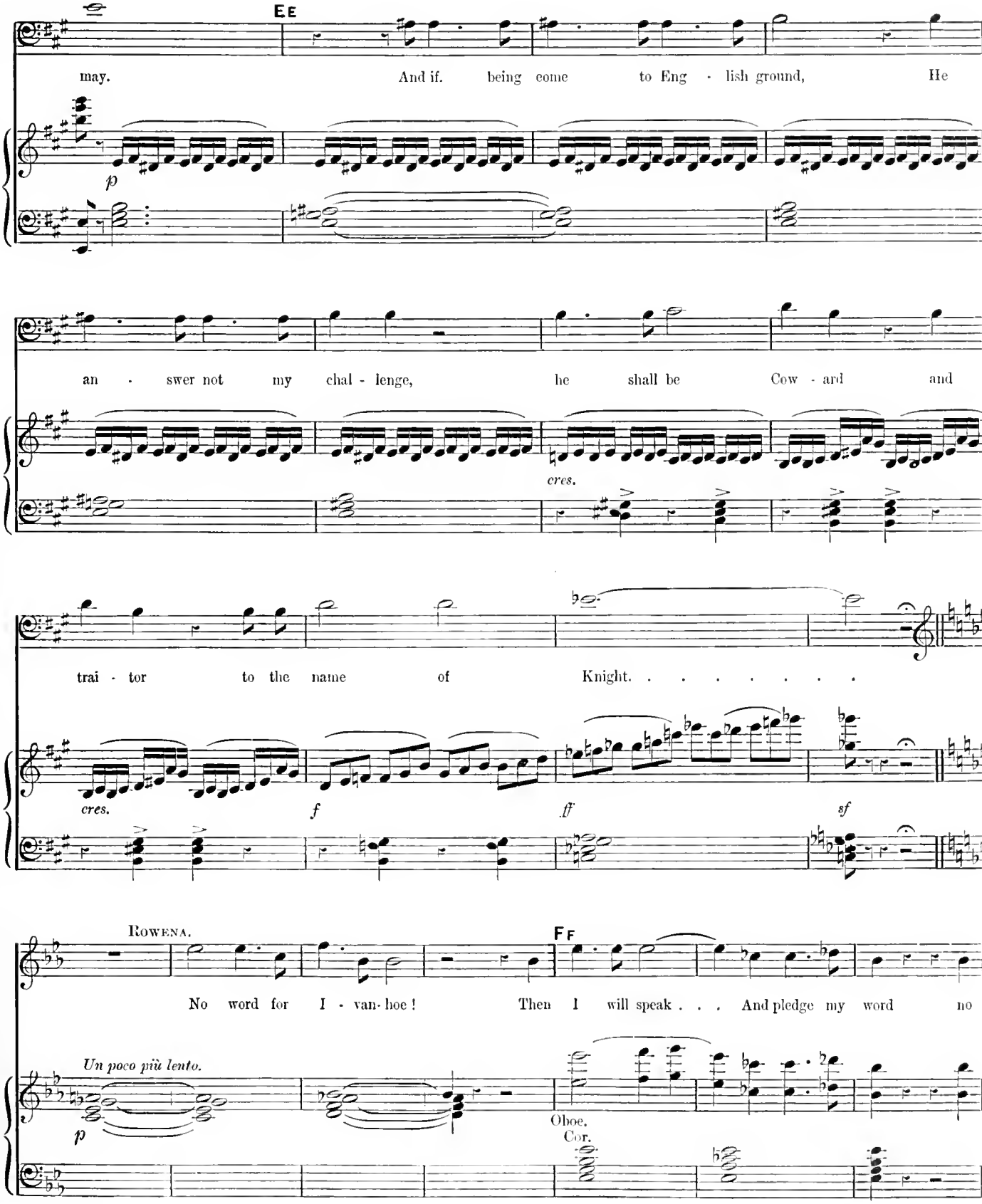

third, Sir Tho - mas Mul - ton, The fourth, Sir Foulk
A Sax - on he!
Doil - ly. Sir Ed - win Turne-ham.
A Sax - on mo - ther bore him. And the next? By the soul of
Hen-gist, Sax-on— Sax - on by sire and dame! The last! the last!
f

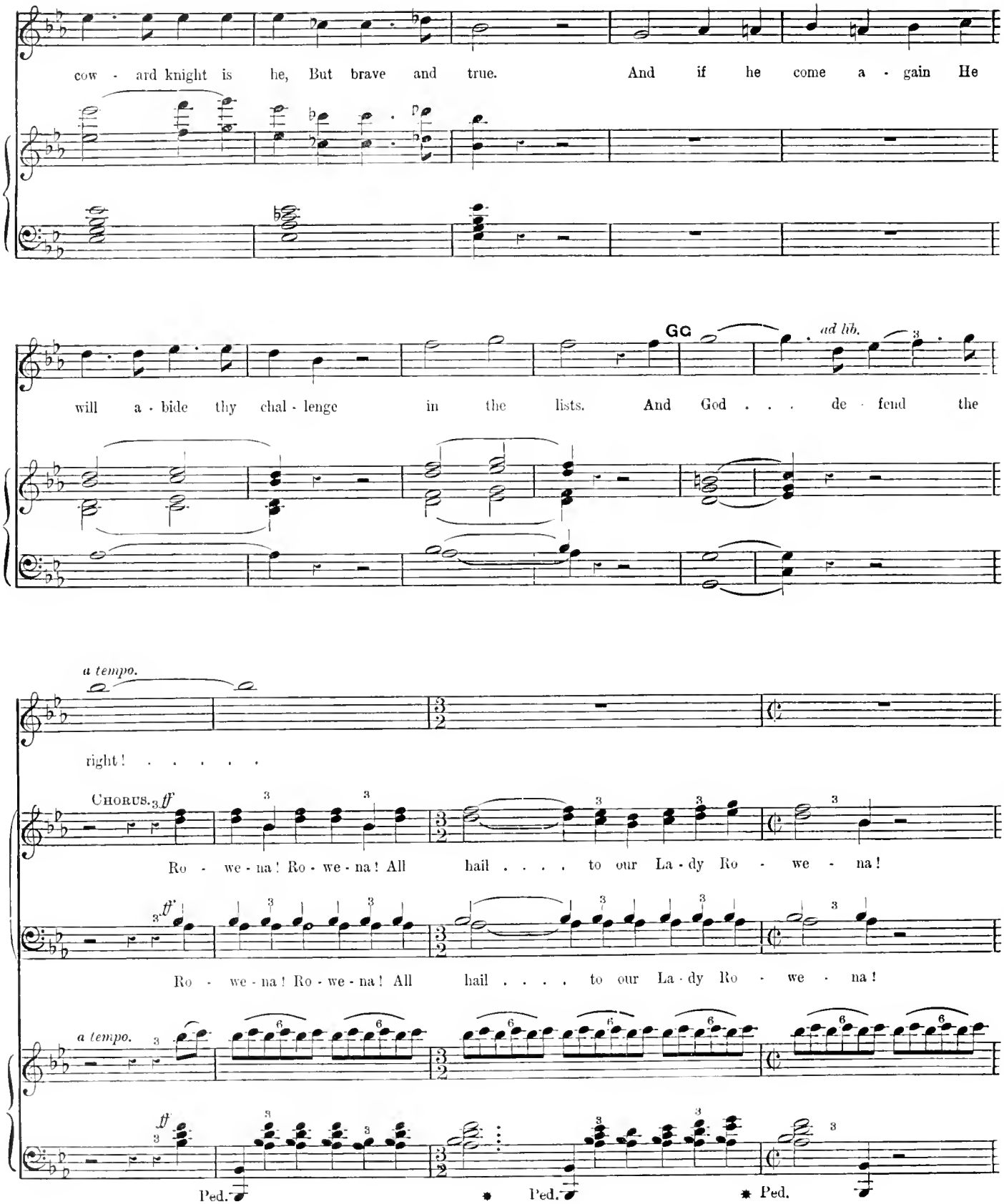

Z
The last I can - not call to mind,
Pray he be Sax - on too.
f
dim.
p
Per - chance . . he was of les - ser fame— Some name - less knight, whom hap - py chance Made
A A
one of that high com - pa - ny.
THE TEMPLAR.
f
Not so, by Heaven! Be-fore no name - less knight I fell.
f
dim.
'Twas my hor - se's fault—he is food for dogs ere this— And yet I fell be - fore as stout a lance As
cres.
e stringendo.

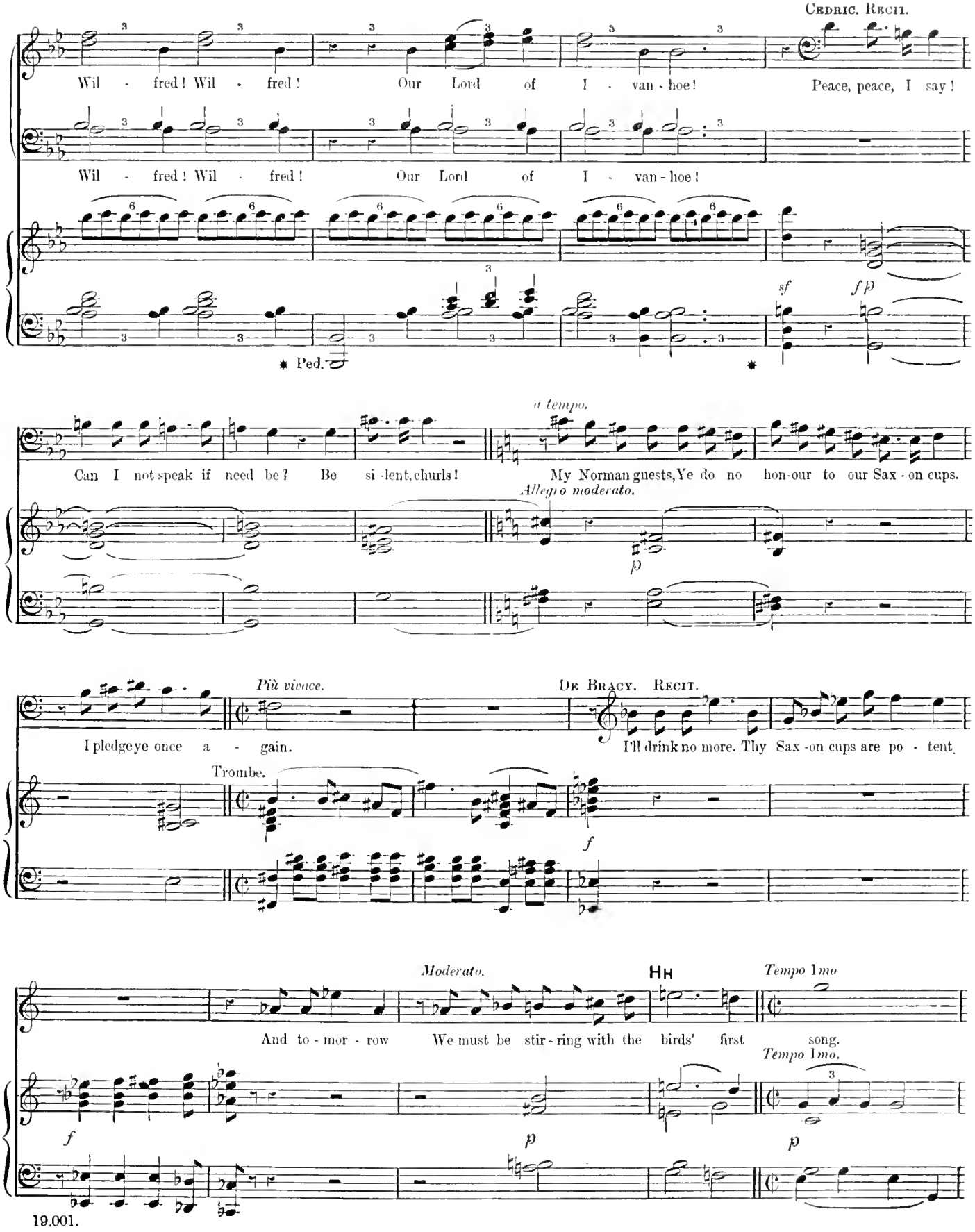

Rich - ard led.
Wil - fred of I - van-hoe!
(Silent.)
Cedric & Chorus.
His name? His name?
ff
ff
Ped.
Bb
Ivanhoe.
I have nam'd his name, and were he here, I'd challenge him with sword or spear!
And, when he
p
Trumpet.
Allegro non troppo.
come, I pledge my troth He will a - bide thy chal - lenge.
f
Templar.
And who art thou, A beg - gar - ly and wand - 'ring knave,
mf stacc.
f

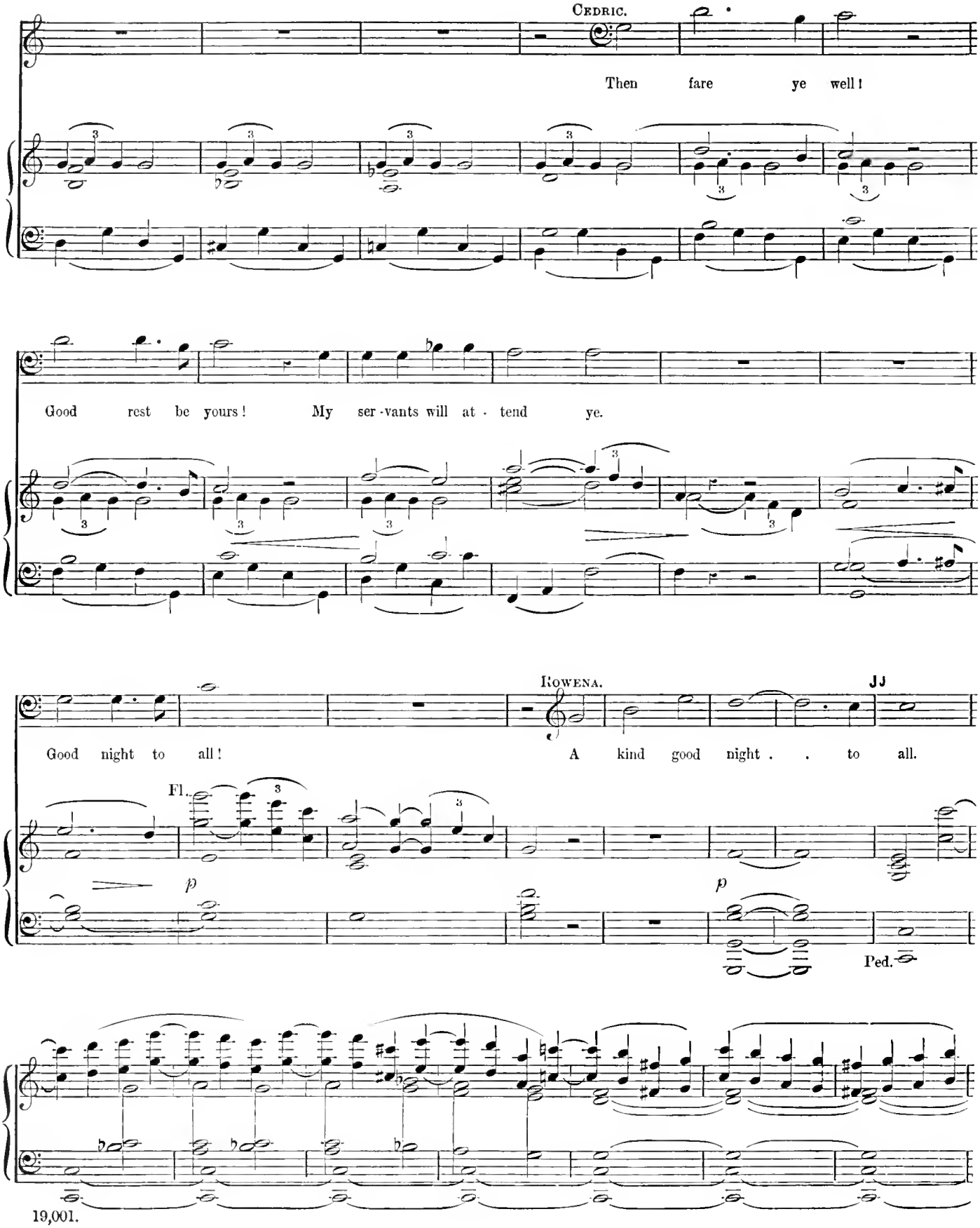

That thou should'st an - swer for the brave?
Cc
IVANHOE.
Show me thy pledge, thou grace - less pil - grim.
This ho - ly
re - lic here I lay As pledge . . . . . that he will meet thee on thy
day, On horse - back or on foot, with spear or

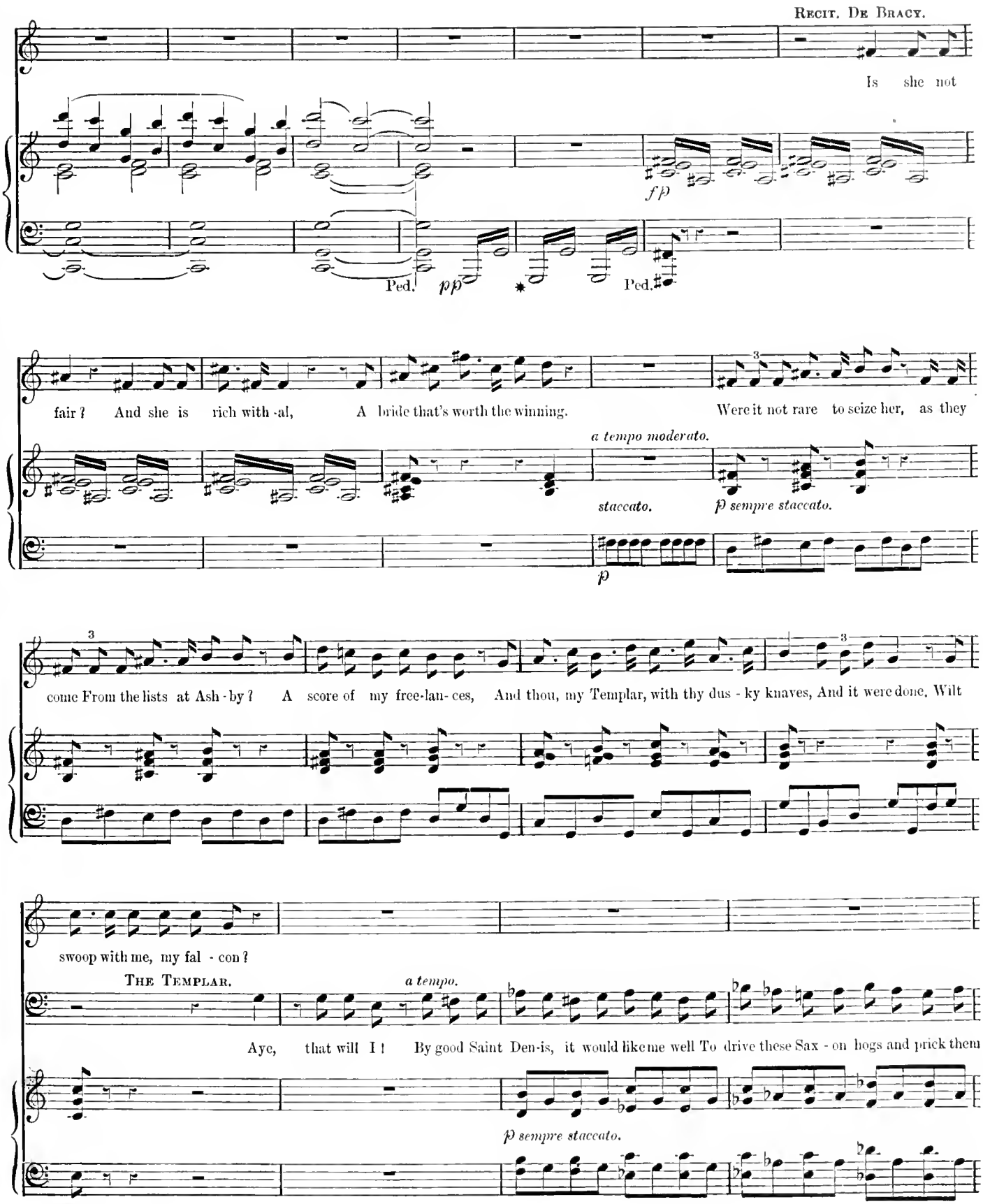

sword. And God . . . . . de - fend the right! . . . .
Ped.
Dd Templar.
. . By this gold chain, which here I lay, I swear, . . .
dim.
p
. . . . I swear to meet this I - van - hoe On horse or
foot, with sword or spear, Come when he

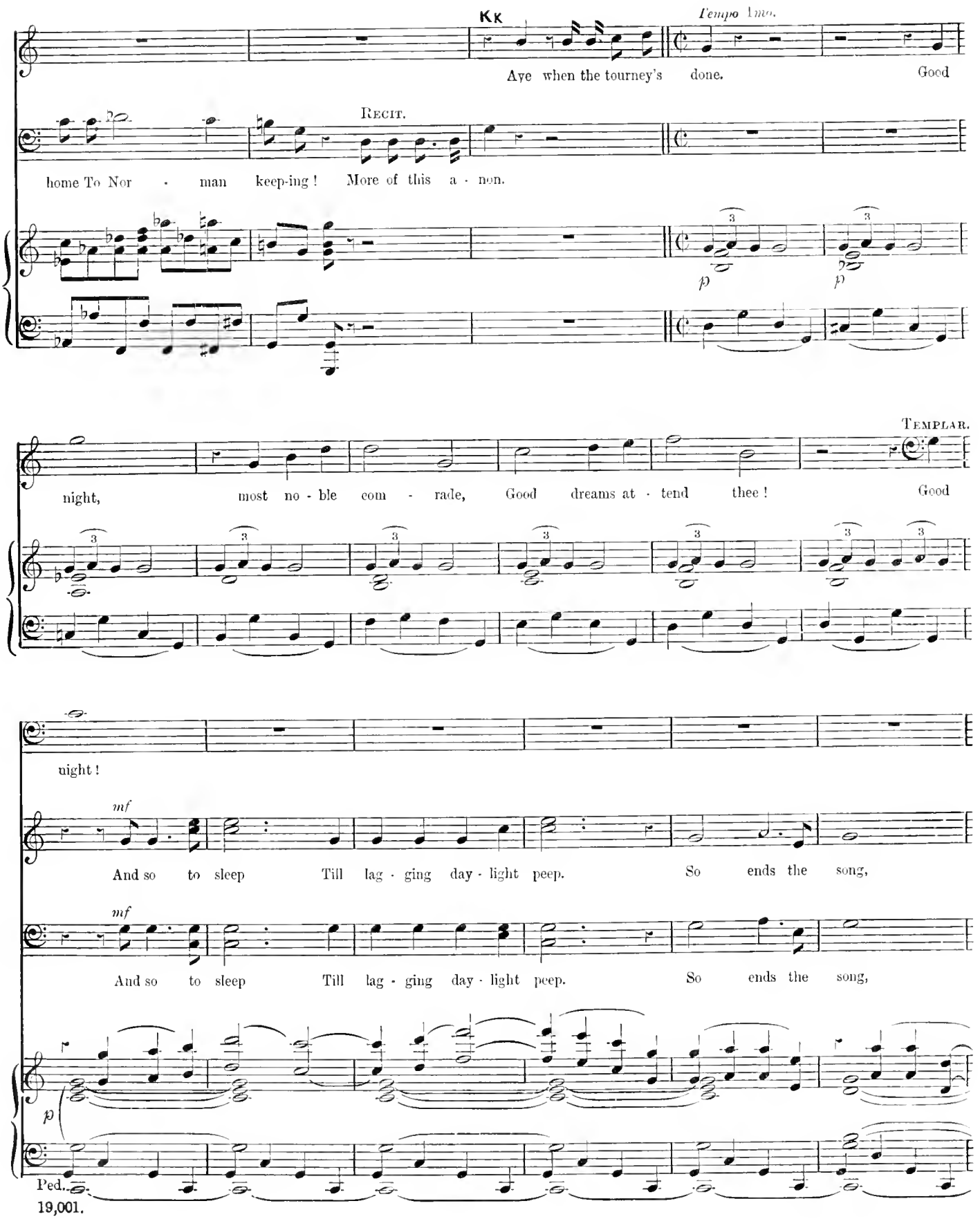

Ee
may.
And if. being come to Eng - lish ground, He
p
an - swer not my chal - lenge, he shall be Cow - ard and
cres.
trai - tor to the name of Knight. . . . . .
cres.
f
ff
sf
Rowena.
Ff
No word for I - van- hoe ! Then I will speak . . . And pledge my word no
Un poco più lento.
p
Oboe.
Cor.

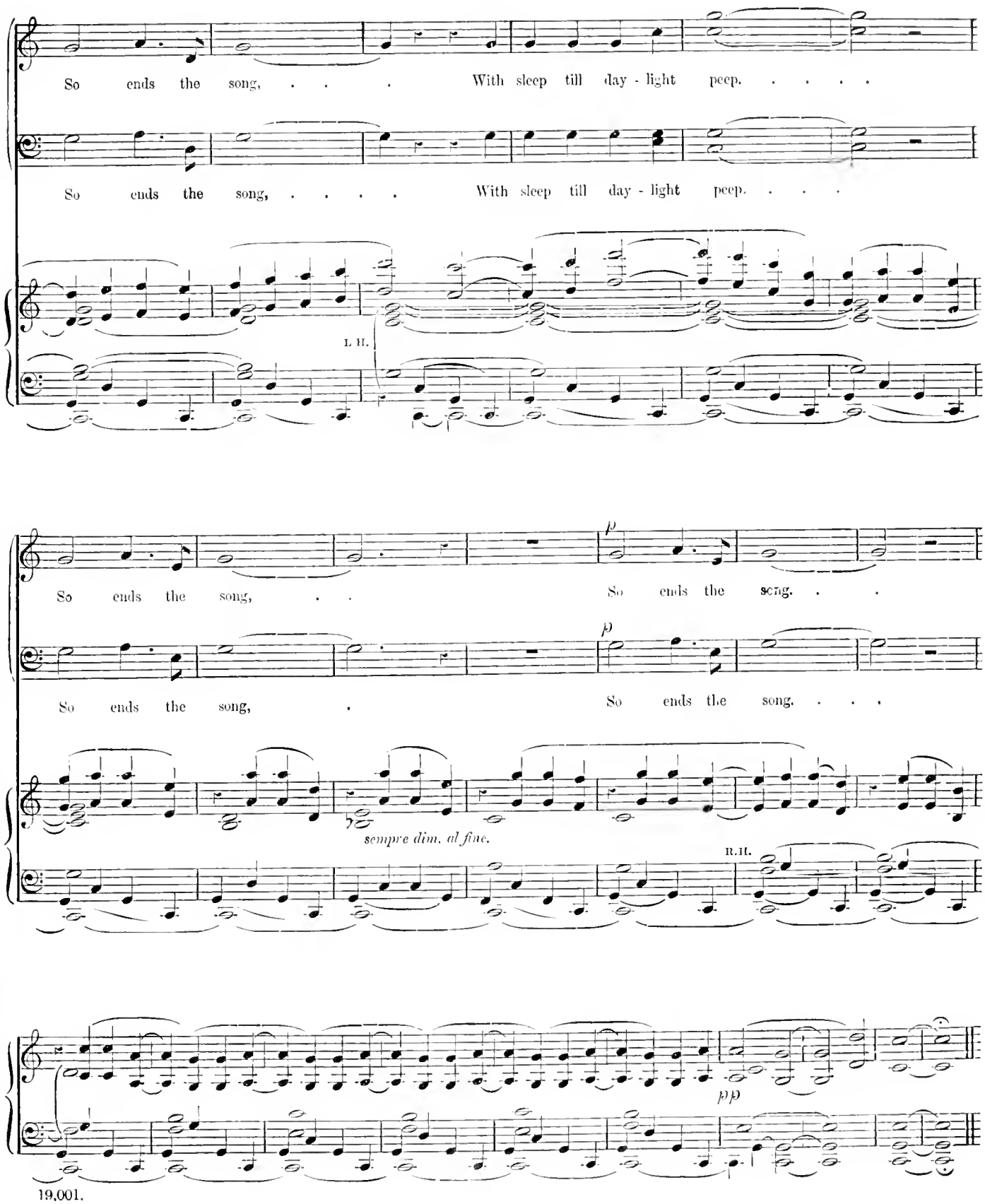

cow - ard knight is he, But brave and true. And if he come a - gain He
will a - bide thy chal - lenge in the lists. And God . . . de - fend the
GC
ad lib.
a tempo.
right! . . . . .
Chorus. ff
Ro - we - na! Ro - we - na! All hail . . . . to our La - dy Ro - we - na!
Ro - we - na! Ro - we - na! All hail . . . . to our La - dy Ro - we - na!
a tempo.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Cedric. Recit.
Wil - fred! Wil - fred! Our Lord of I - van - hoe! Peace, peace, I say!
Wil - fred! Wil - fred! Our Lord of I - van - hoe!
sf
fp
* Ped.
*
a tempo.
Can I not speak if need be? Be si - lent, churls! My Norman guests, Ye do no hon-our to our Sax - on cups.
Allegro moderato.
p
Più vivace.
De Bracy. Recit.
I pledge ye once a - gain. I'll drink no more. Thy Sax - on cups are po - tent
Trombe.
f
Moderato.
Hh
Tempo 1mo
And to - mor - row We must be stir - ring with the birds' first song.
Tempo 1mo.
f
p
p

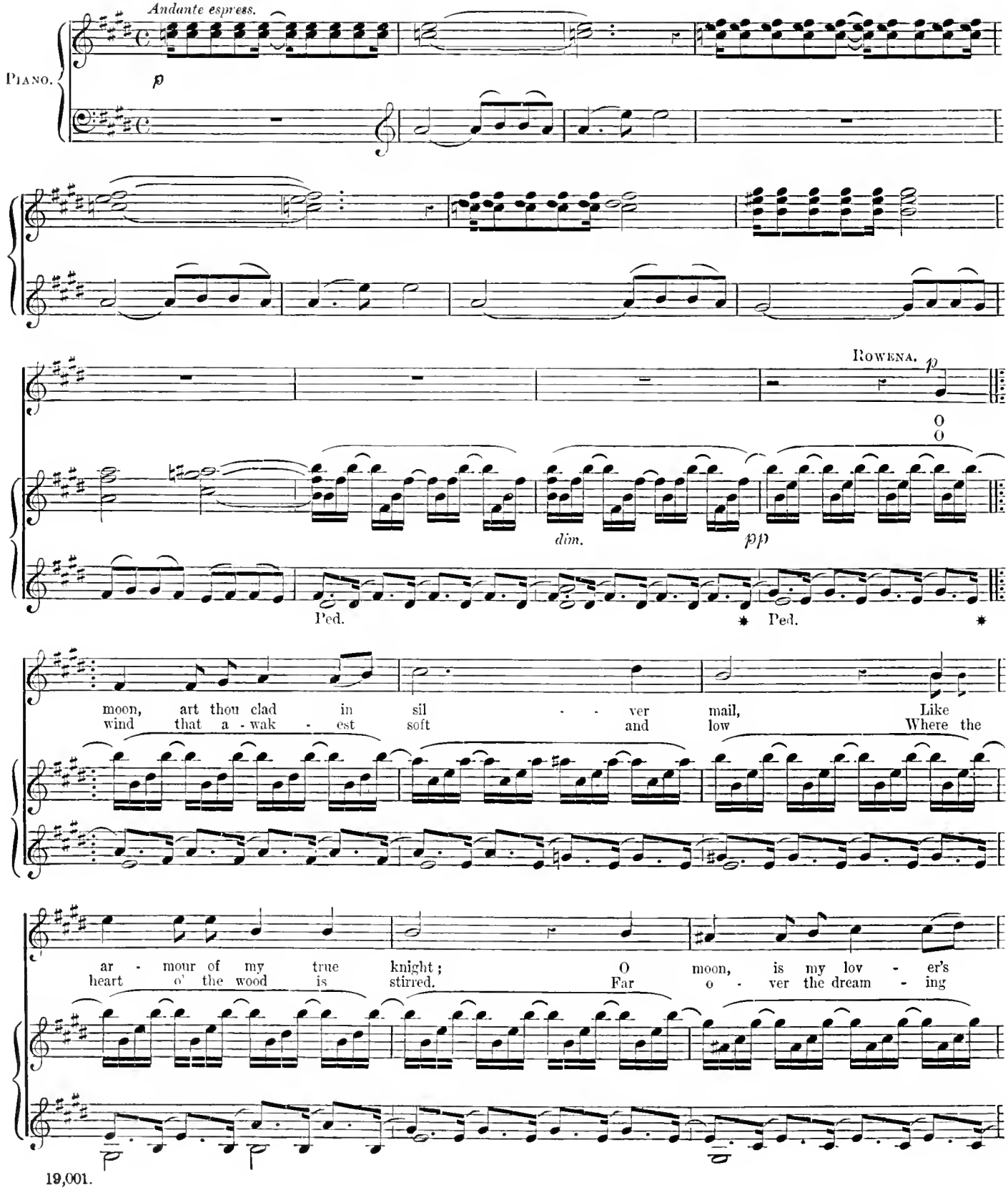

CEDRIC.
Then fare ye well!
Good rest be yours! My ser-vants will at-tend ye.
ROWENA.
Good night to all! A kind good night . . to all.
Fl.
p
p
Ped.

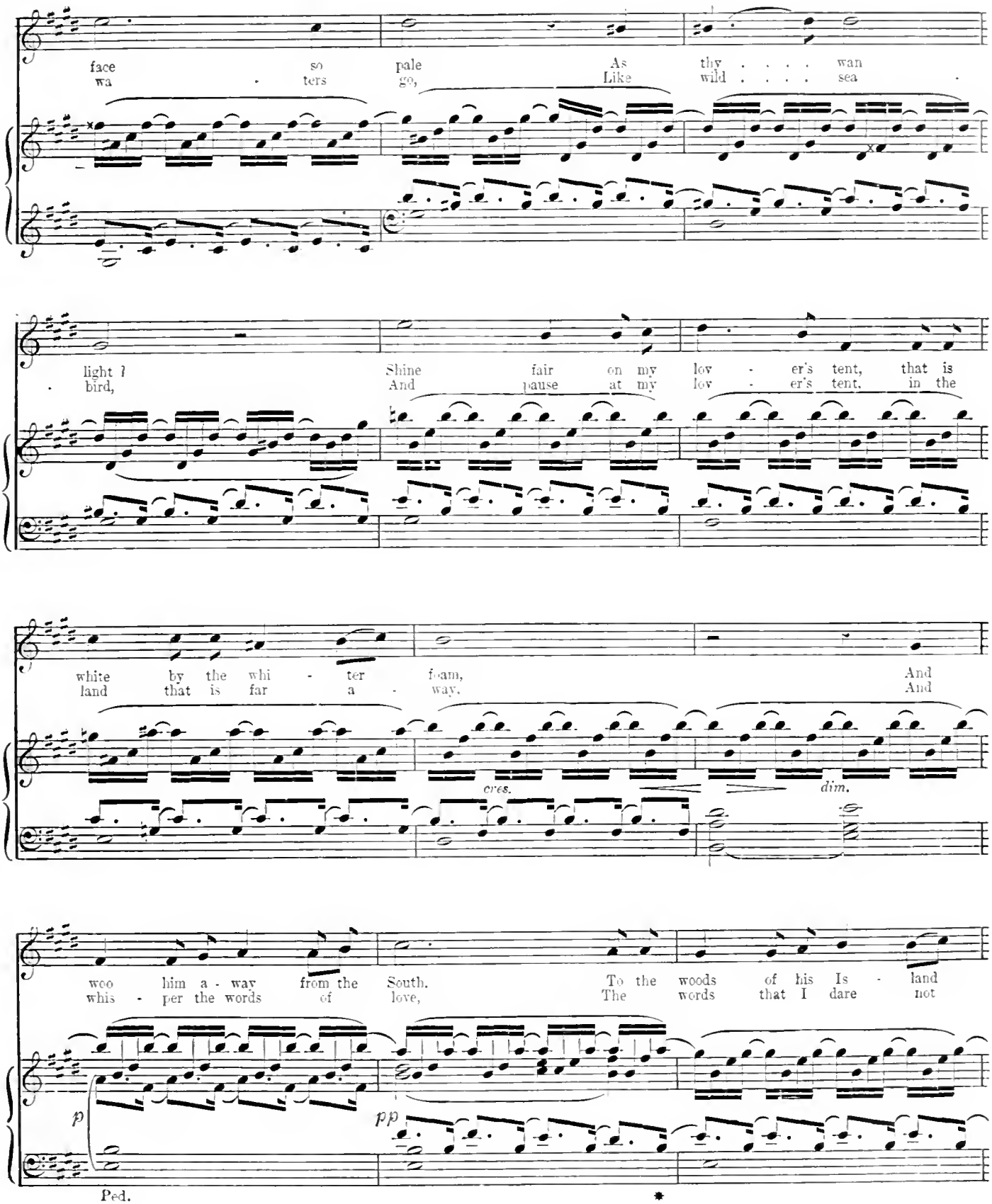

Recit. De Bracy.
Is she not
fp
Ped. pp
Ped.
fair? And she is rich with -al, A bride that's worth the winning. Were it not rare to seize her, as they
a tempo moderato.
staccato.
p sempre staccato.
p
come From the lists at Ash - by? A score of my free-lan- ces, And thou, my Templar, with thy dus - ky knaves, And it were done. Wilt
swoop with me, my fal - con?
The Templar.
a tempo.
Aye, that will I! By good Saint Den-is, it would like me well To drive these Sax - on hogs and prick them
p sempre staccato.

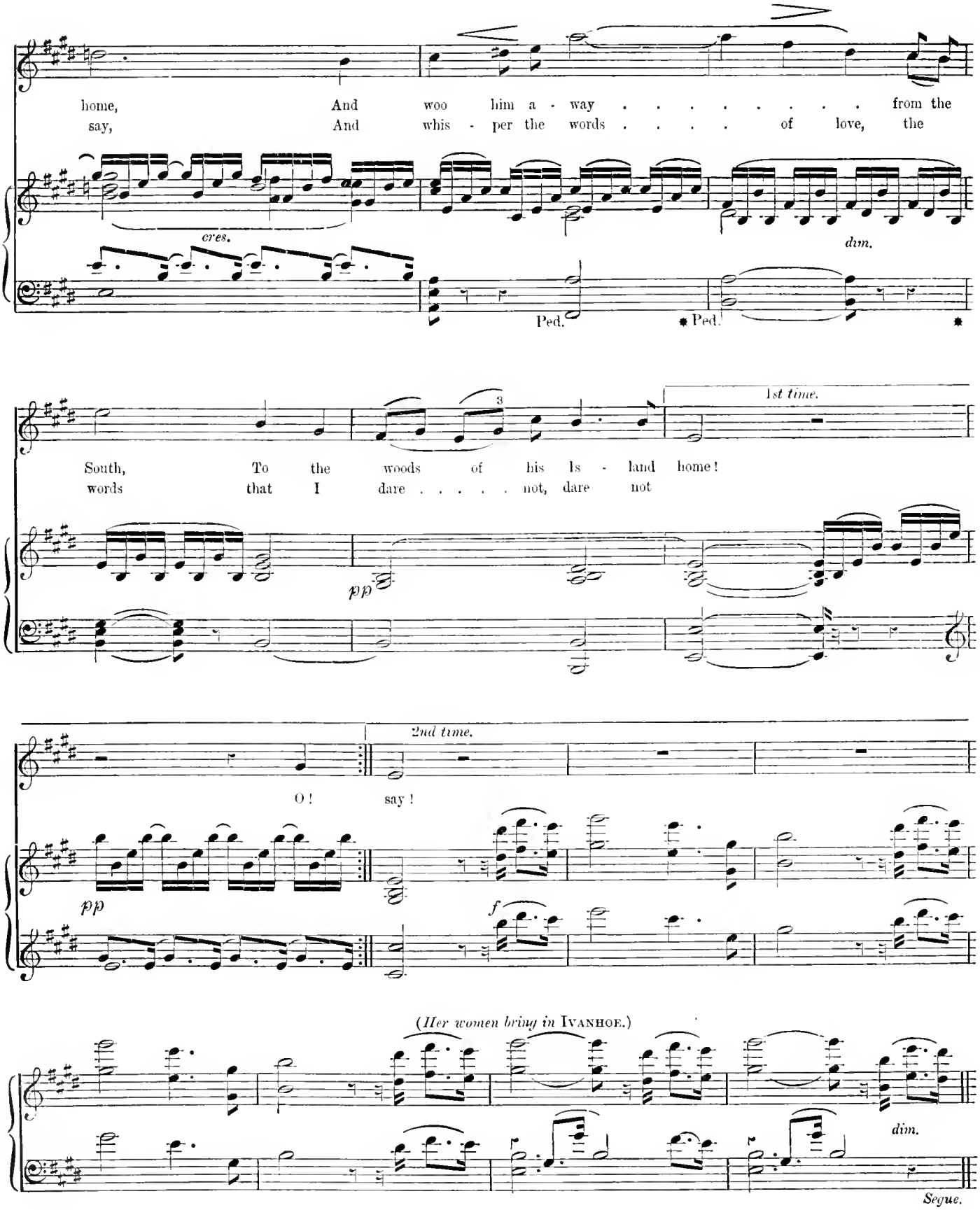

Kk
Tempo I^mo.
Aye when the tourney's done. Good
Recit.
home To Nor - man keep-ing! More of this a - non.
p
p
Templar.
night, most no - ble com - rade, Good dreams at - tend thee! Good
night!
mf
And so to sleep Till lag - ging day - light peep. So ends the song,
mf
And so to sleep Till lag - ging day - light peep. So ends the song,
p
Ped.

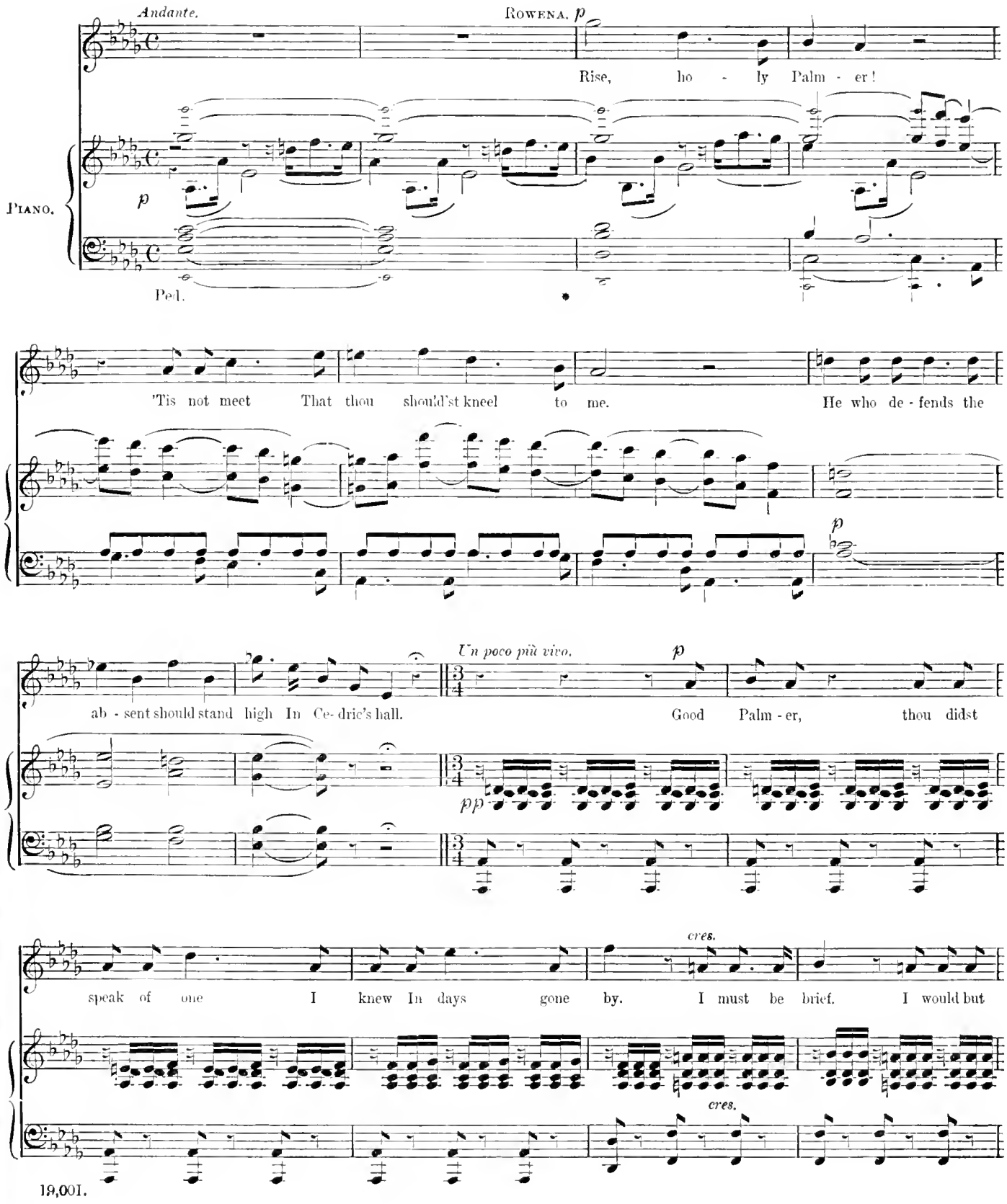

So ends the song, . . . With sleep till day - light peep. . . . .
So ends the song, ... With sleep till day - light peep. . . .
L. H.
So ends the song, . . So ends the song. . .
So ends the song, . So ends the song. . . .
sempre dim. al fine.
R. H.
pp

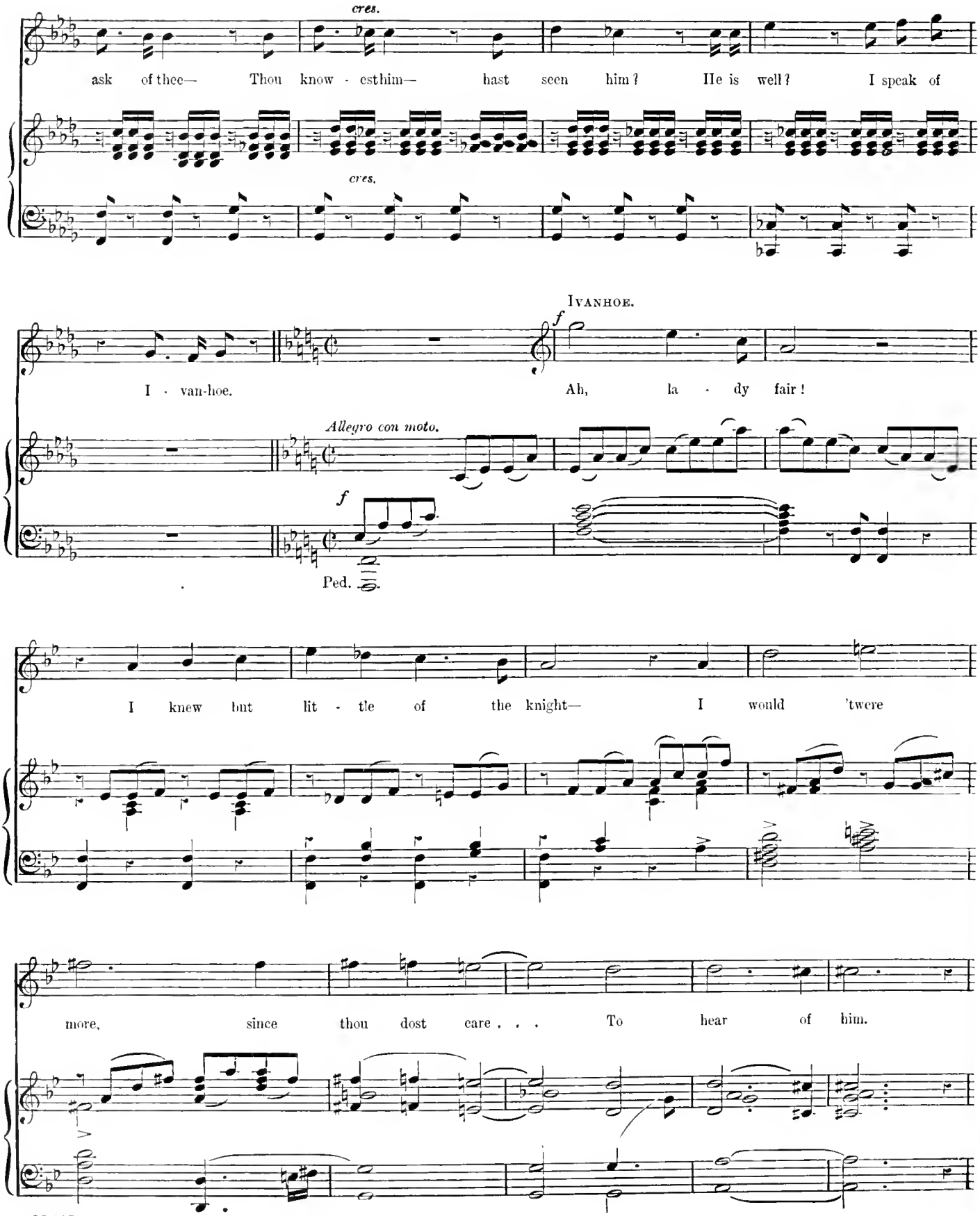
SCENE II.

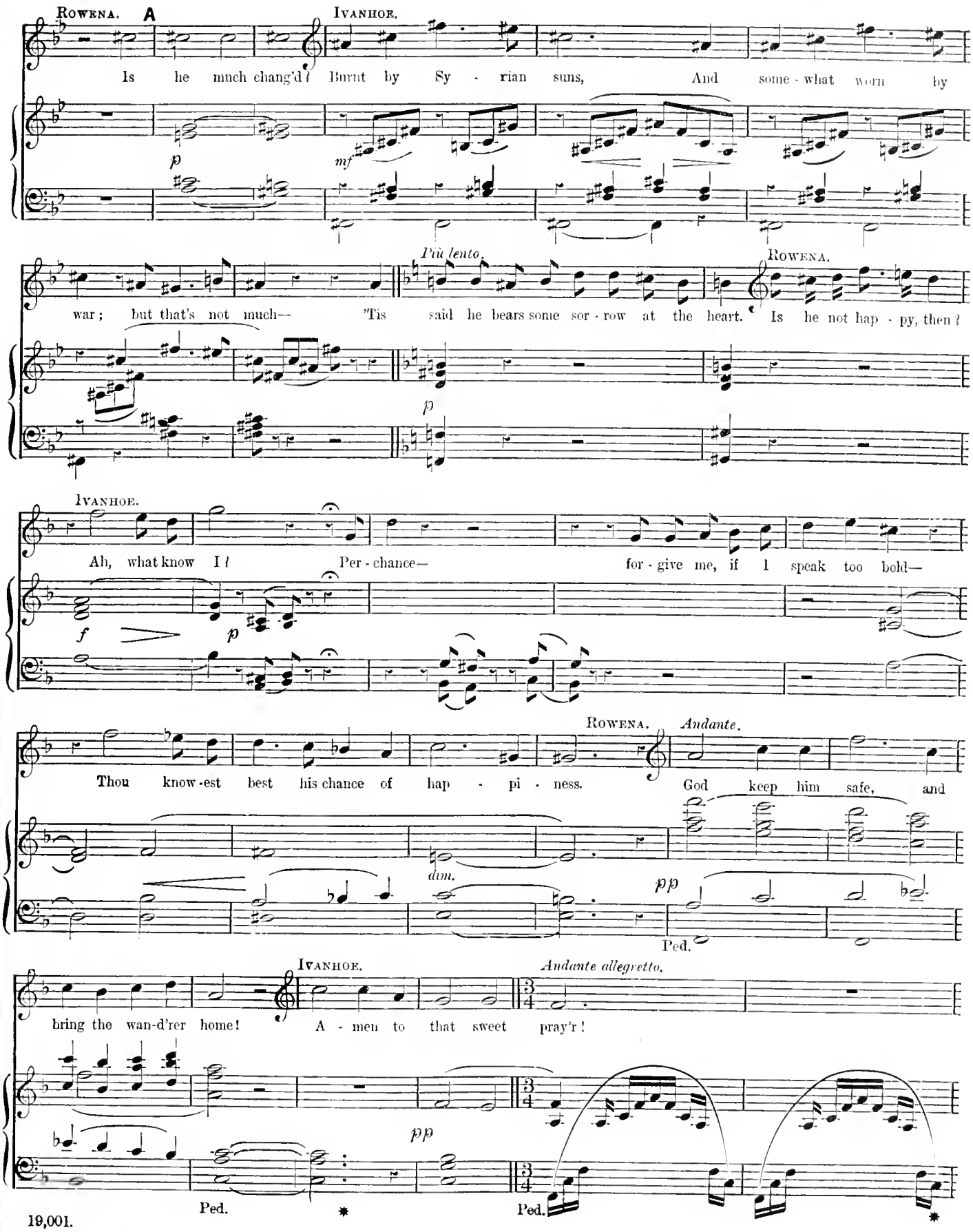

Andante espress.
PIANO.
p
ROWENA.
p
O
O
dim.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
moon, art thou clad in sil - - ver mail, Like
wind that a - wak - est soft and low Where the
ar - mour of my true knight; O moon, is my lov - er's
heart o' the wood is stirred. Far o - ver the dream - ing

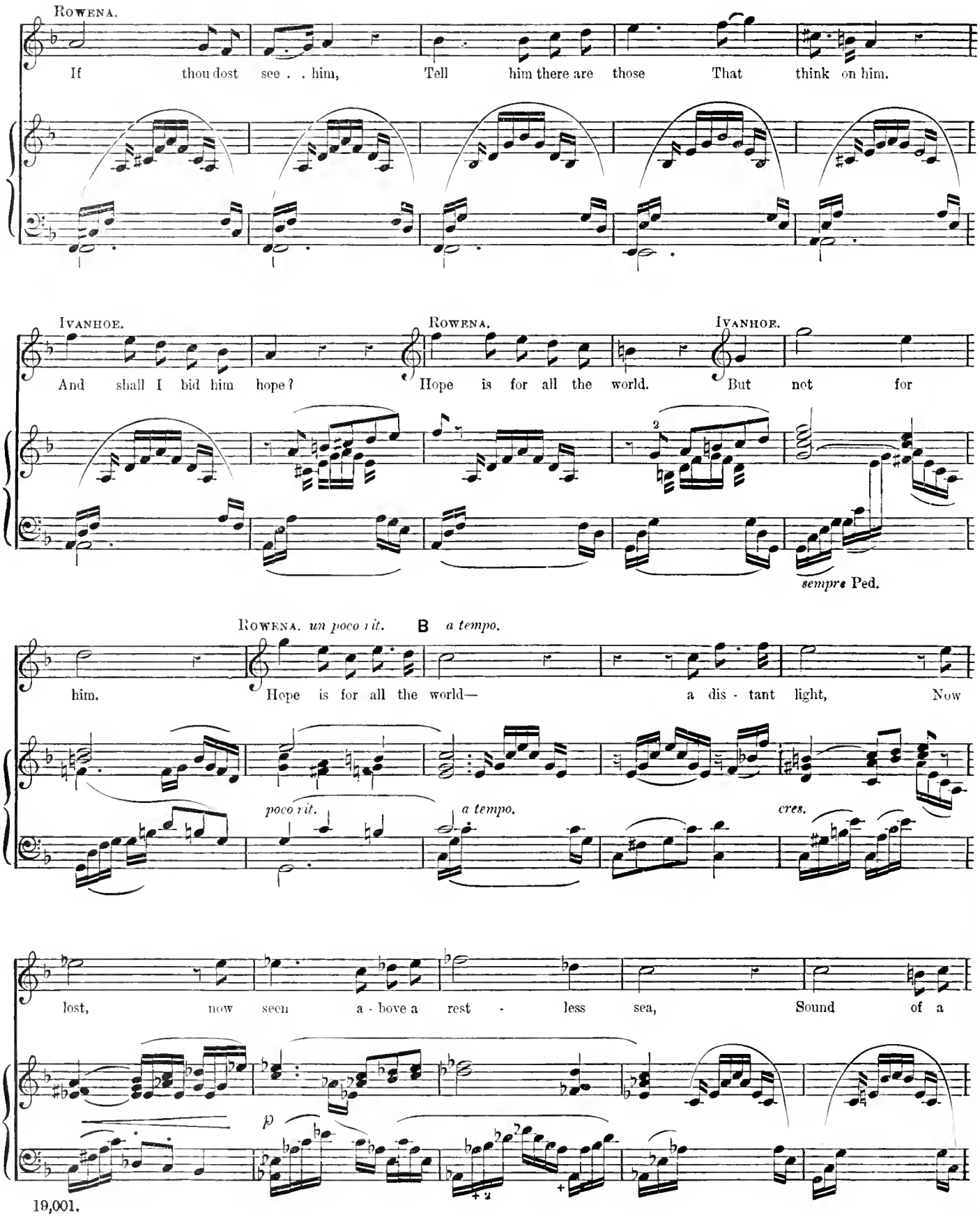

face so pale As thy . . . . wan
wa - ters go, Like wild . . . . sea .
light I
bird,
Shine fair on my lov - er's tent, that is
And pause at my lov - er's tent, in the
white by the whi - ter foam, And
land that is far a - way, And
cres.
dim.
woo him a - way from the South. To the woods of his Is - land
whis - per the words of love, The words that I dare not
p
pp
Ped.
*

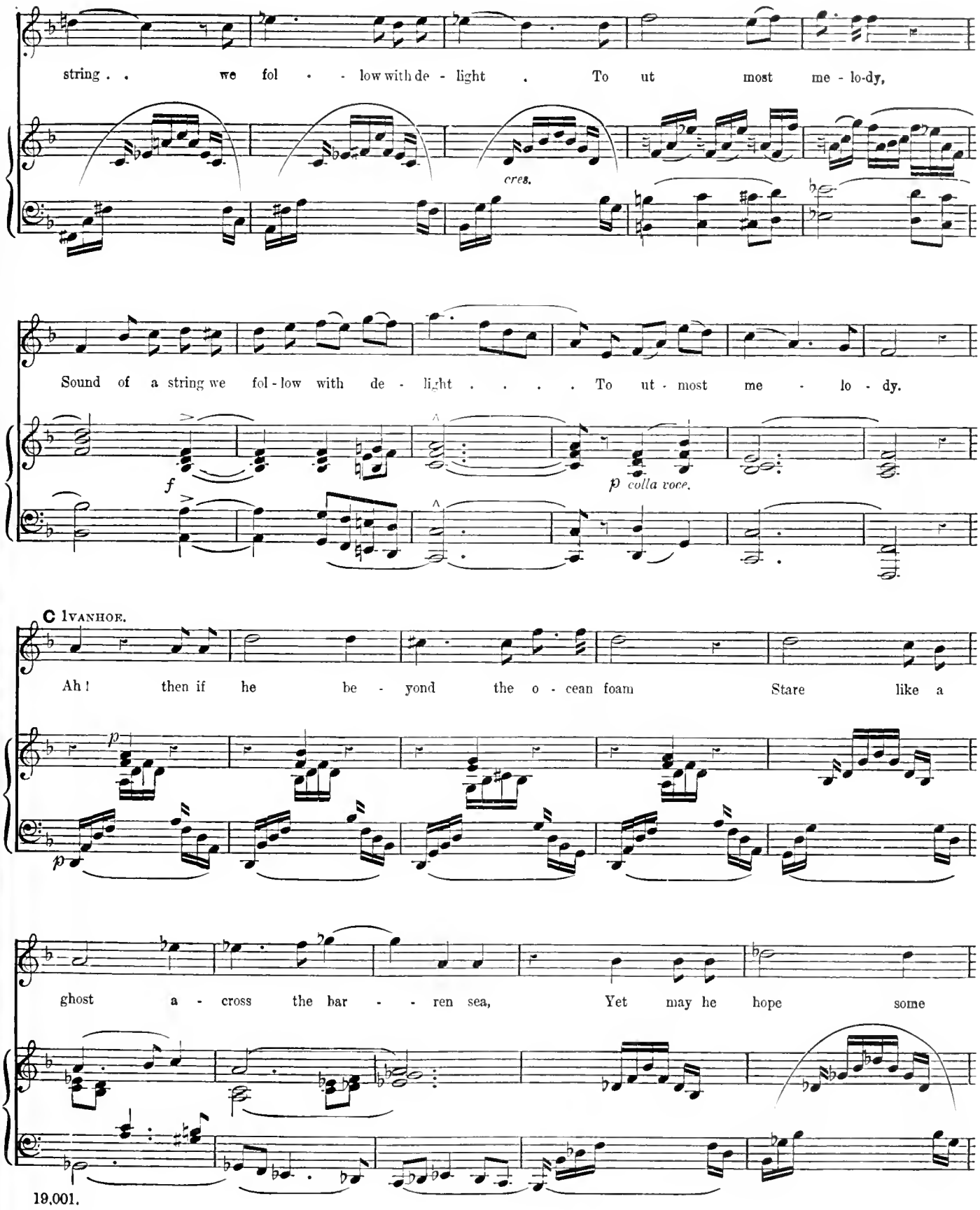

home, And woo him a - way . . . . . from the
say, And whis - per the words . . . . . of love, the
cres.
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
South, To the woods of his Is - land home!
words that I dare . . . . . not, dare not
1st time.
pp
2nd time.
O! say!
pp
f
(Her women bring in IVANHOE.)
dim.
Segue.


Andante.
ROWENA. p
Rise, ho - ly Palm - er!
PIANO.
p
Ped.
'Tis not meet That thou should'st kneel to me.
He who de - fends the
p
ab - sent should stand high In Ce - dric's hall.
Un poco più vivo.
p
Good Palm - er, thou didst
pp
speak of one I knew In days gone by.
cres.
I must be brief. I would but
cres.

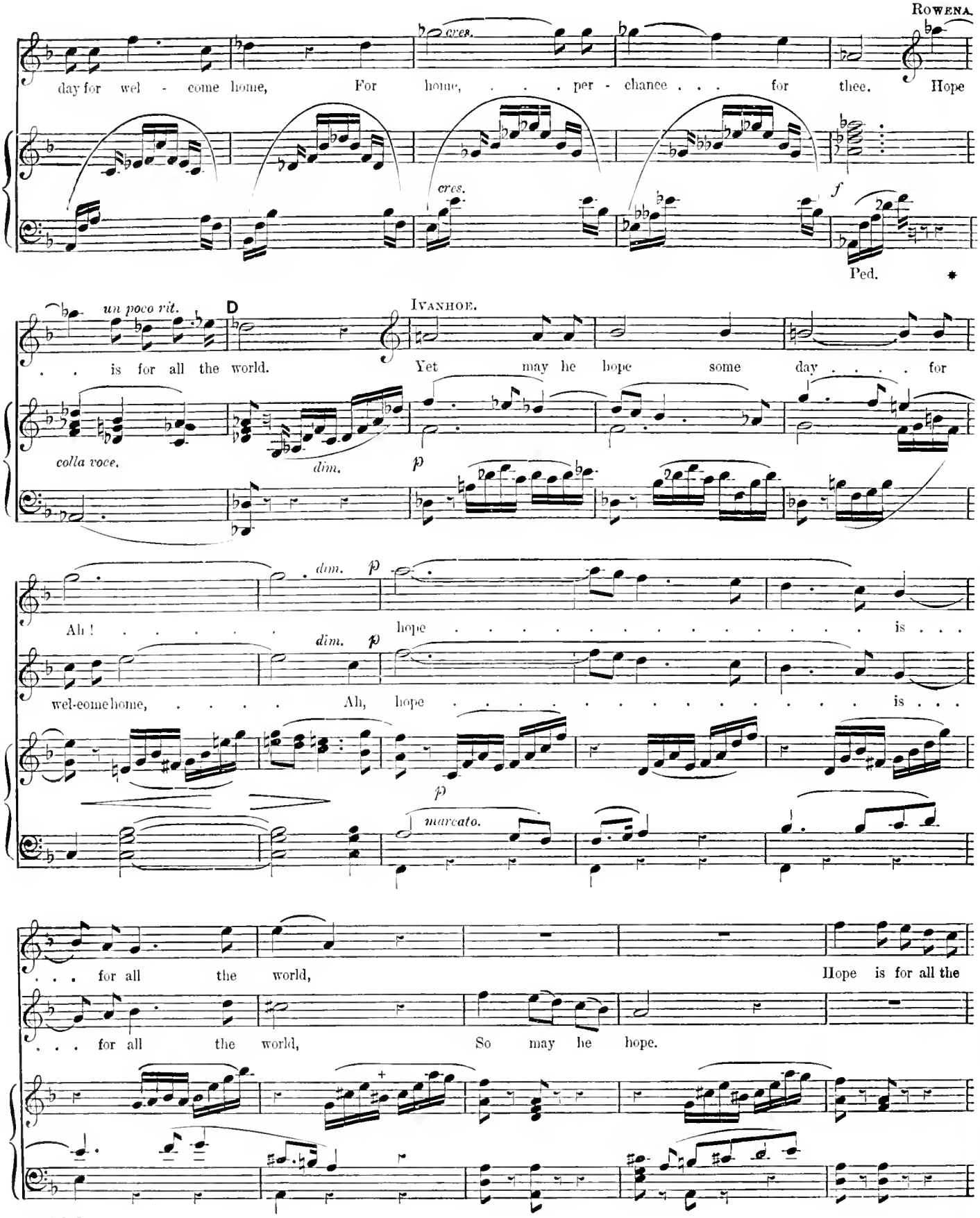

cres.
ask of thee— Thou know - est him— hast seen him? He is well? I speak of
cres.
IVANHOE.
f
I - van-hoe.
Ah, la - dy fair!
Allegro con moto.
f
Ped.
I knew but lit - tle of the knight— I would 'twere
more, since thou dost care . . . To hear of him.

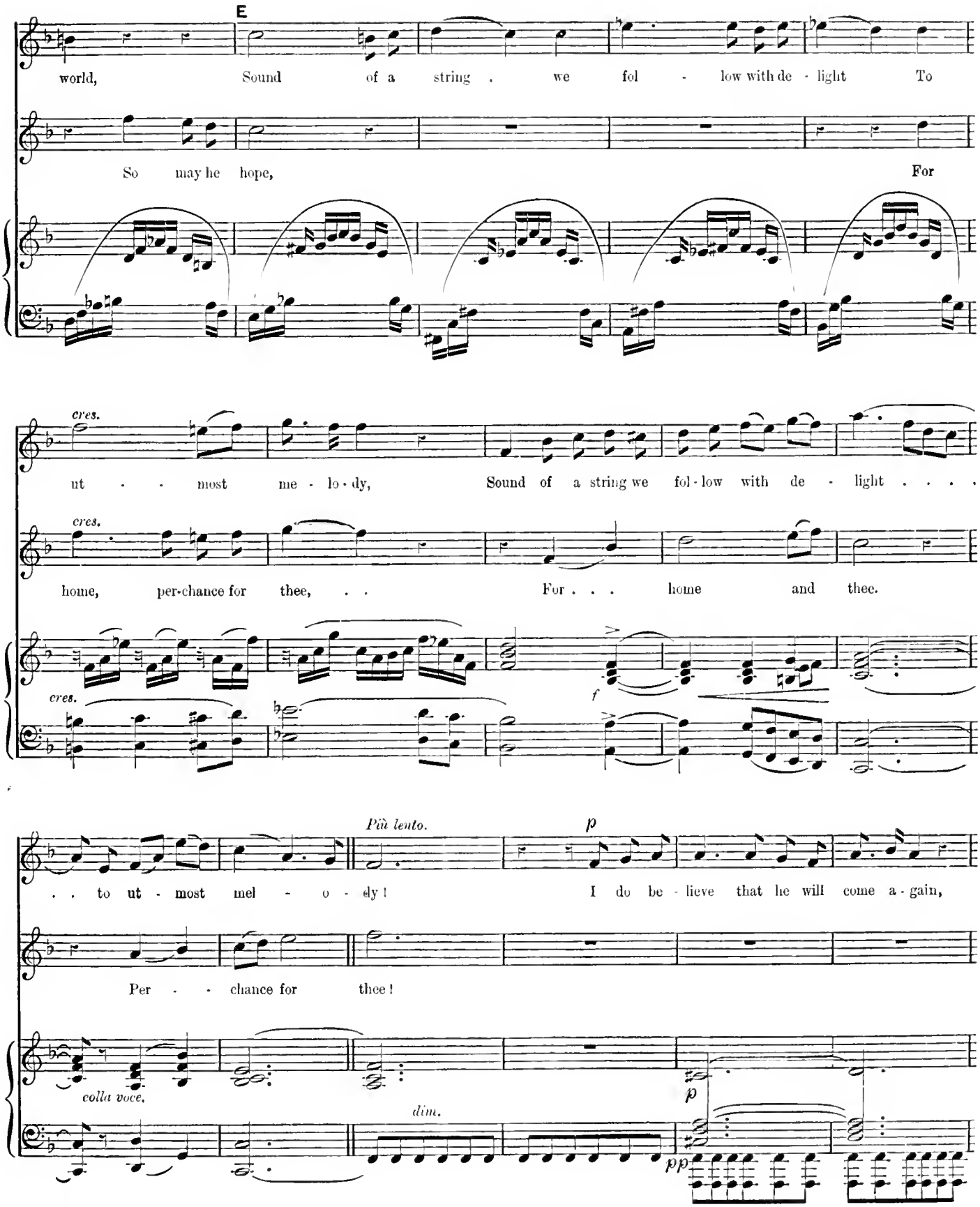

ROWENA. A
IVANHOE.
Is he much chang'd? Burnt by Sy - rian suns, And some - what worn by
p
mf
Più lento.
ROWENA.
war; but that's not much— 'Tis said he bears some sor - row at the heart. Is he not hap - py, then?
p
IVANHOE.
Ah, what know I? Per - chance— for - give me, if I speak too bold—
f
p
ROWENA. Andante.
Thou know - est best his chance of hap - pi - ness. God keep him safe, and
dim.
pp
Ped.
IVANHOE. Andante allegretto.
bring the wan-d'rer home! A - men to that sweet pray'r!
pp
Ped.
Ped.

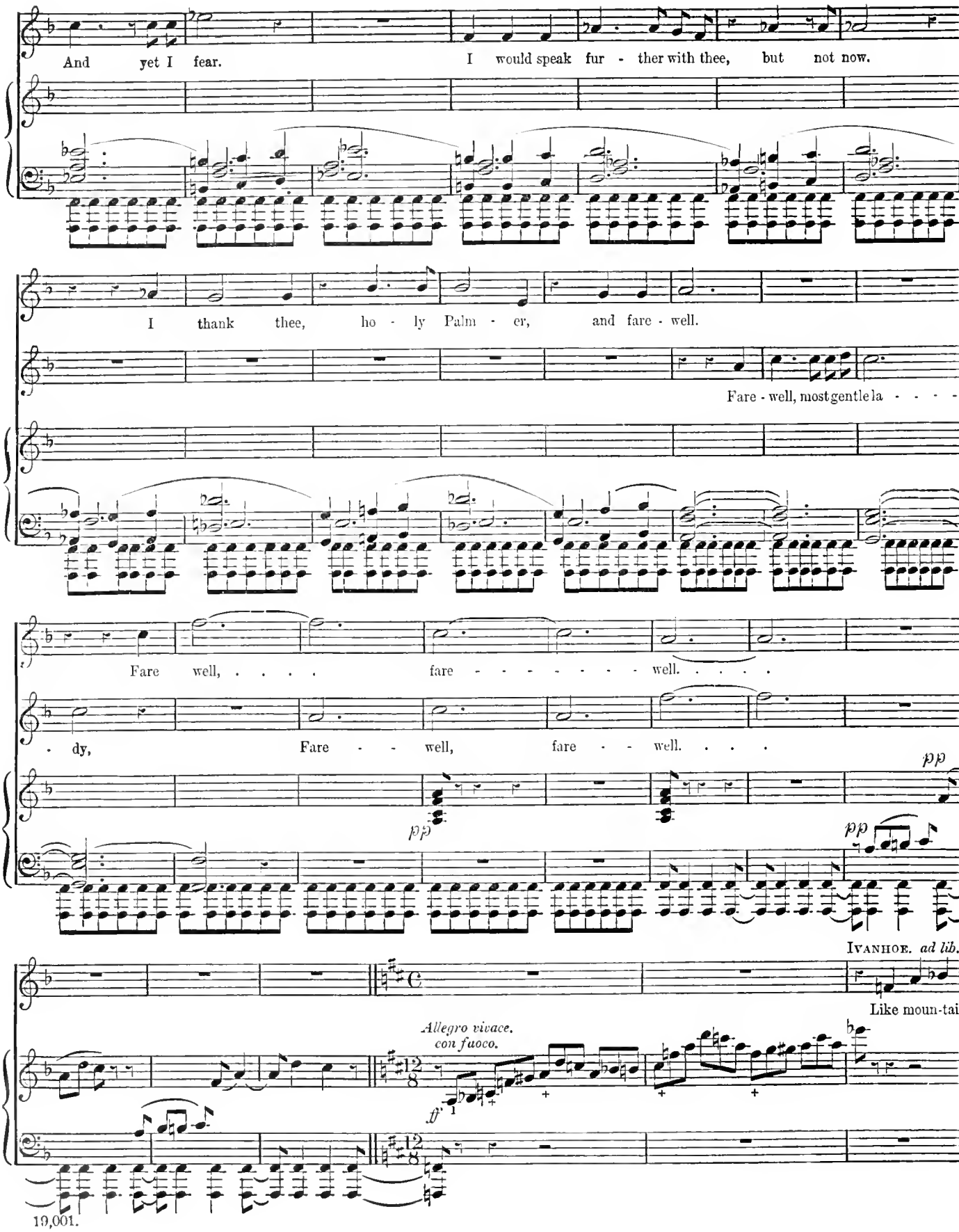

ROWENA.
If thou dost see . . him, Tell him there are those That think on him.
IVANHOE.
And shall I bid him hope?
ROWENA.
Hope is for all the world.
IVANHOE.
But not for
sempre Ped.
ROWENA. un poco rit.
B
a tempo.
him.
Hope is for all the world—
a dis - tant light, Now
poco rit.
a tempo.
cres.
lost, now seen a - bove a rest - less sea, Sound of a
p

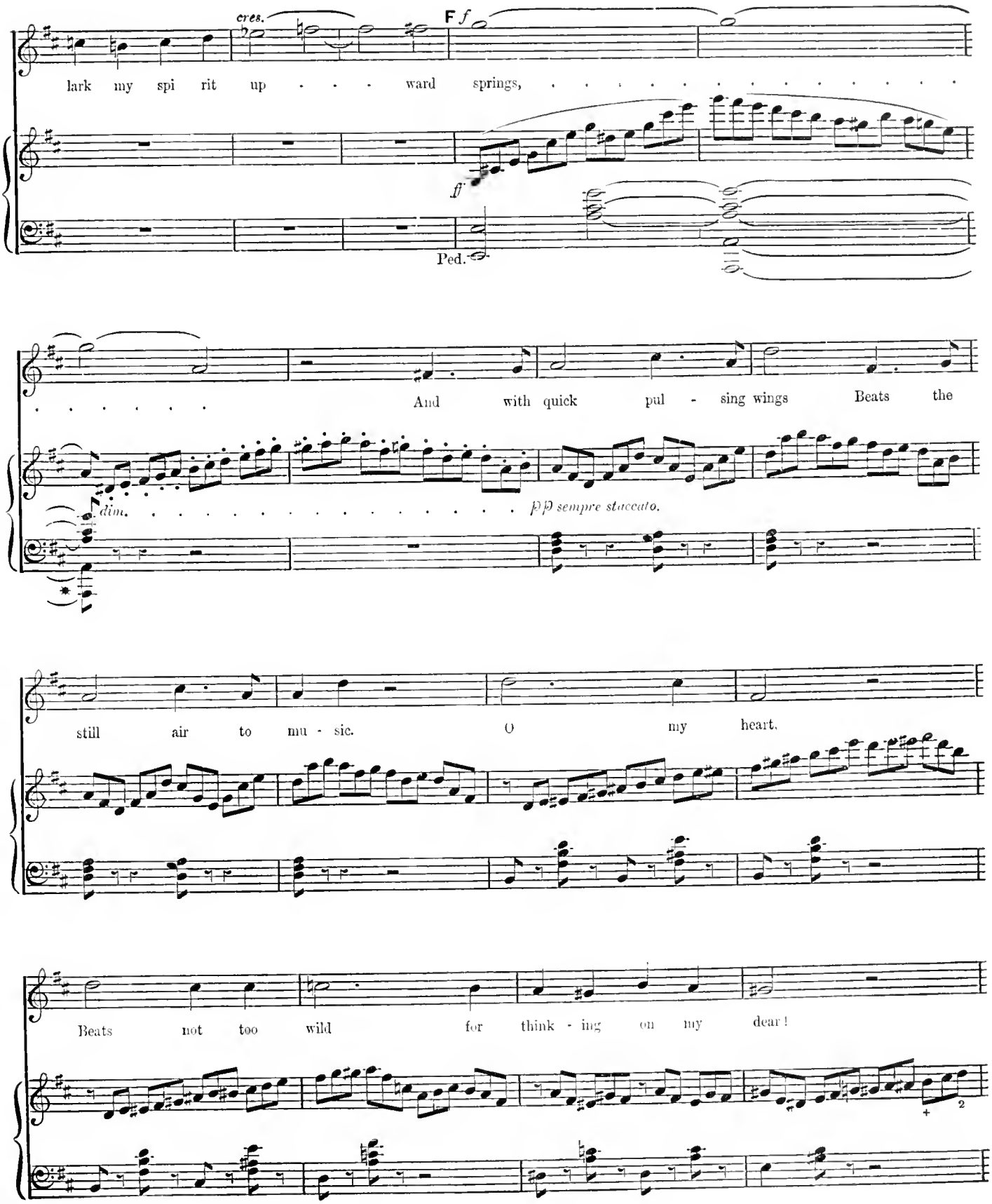

string . . we fol - - low with de - light . To ut most me - lo-dy,
cres.
Sound of a string we fol - low with de - light . . . . To ut - most me - lo - dy.
f
p colla voce.
C IVANHOE.
Ah! then if he be - yond the o - cean foam Stare like a
p
ghost a - cross the bar - - ren sea, Yet may he hope some

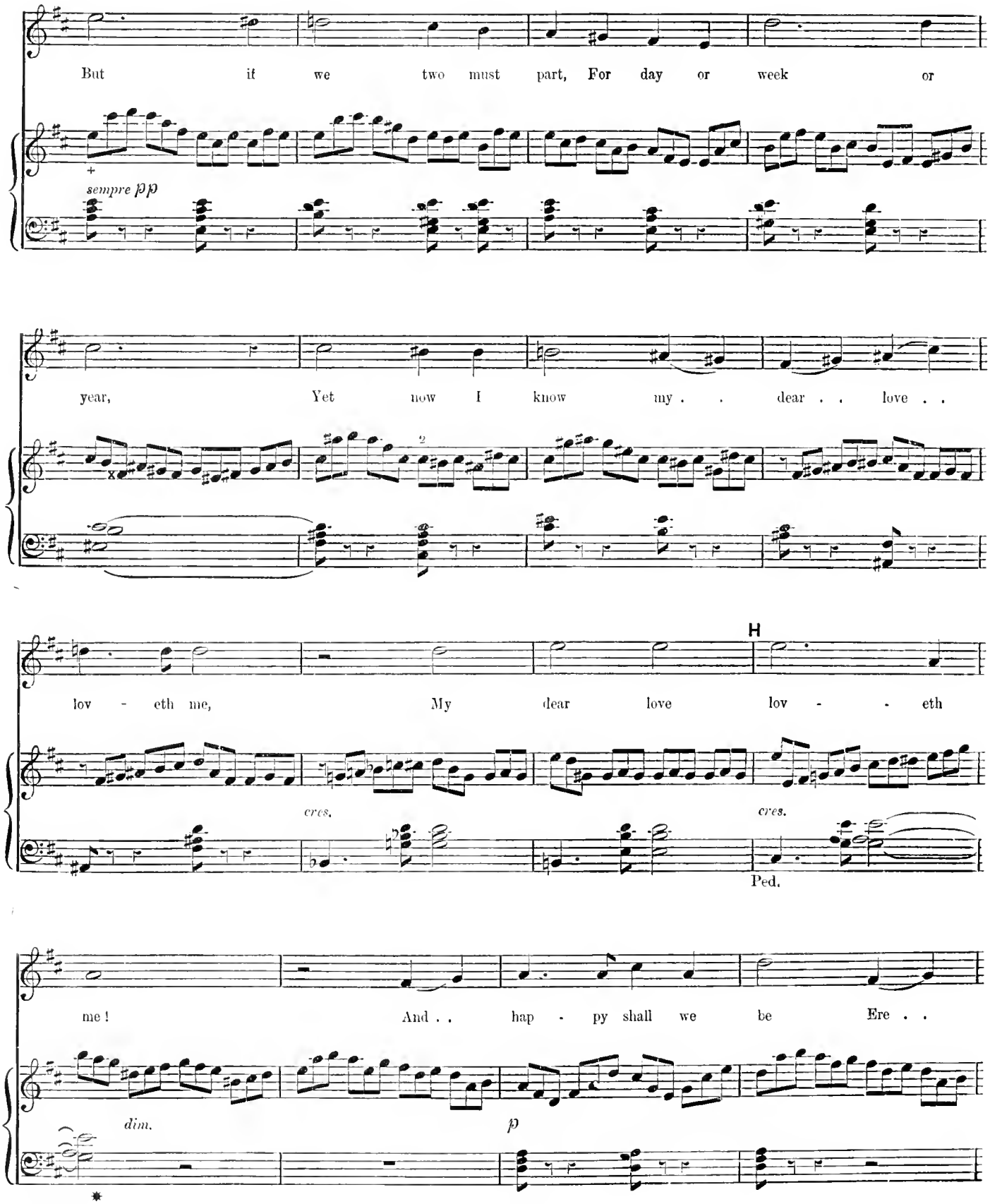
U. OF ILL. LIB.

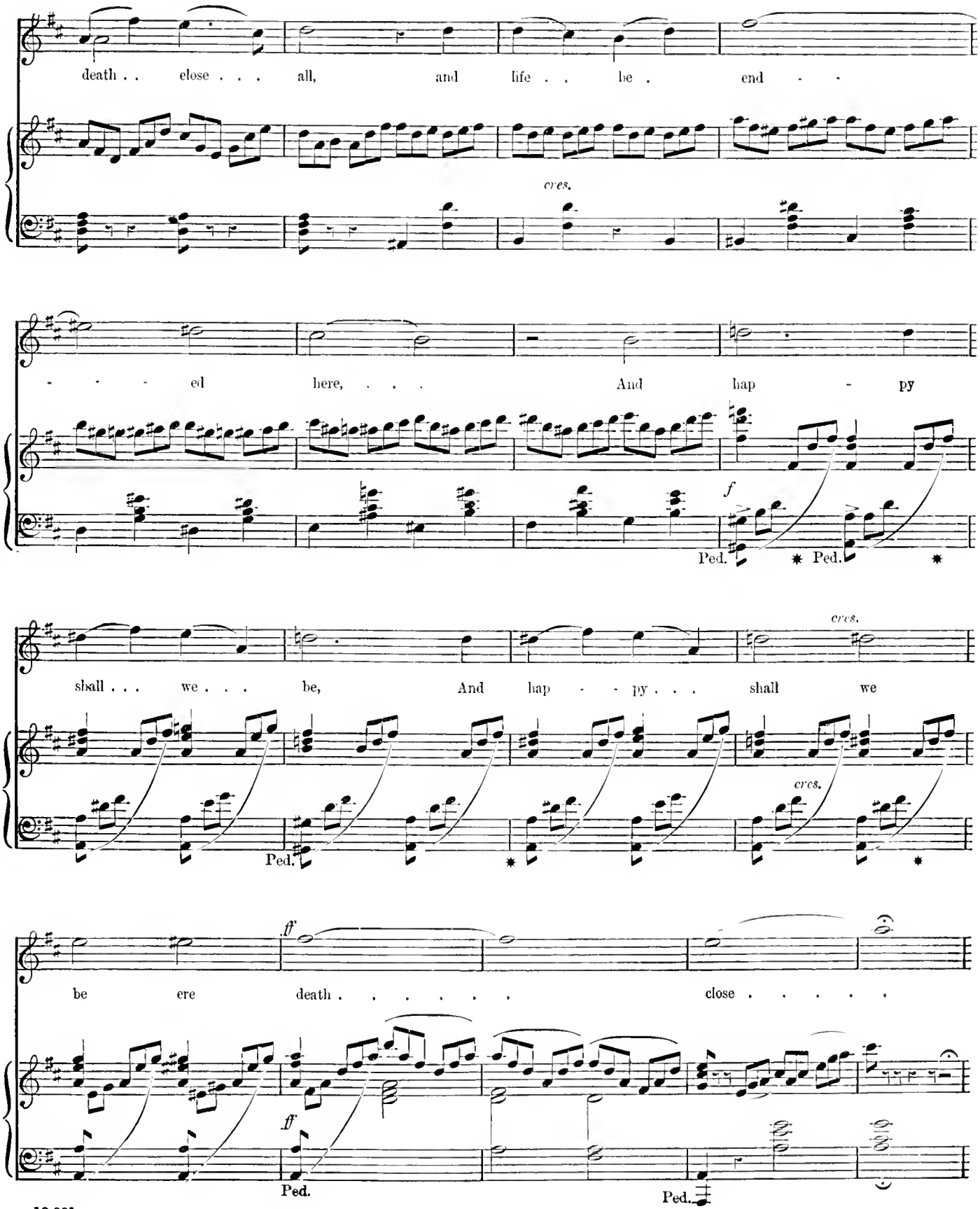

ROWENA.
day for wel - come home, For home, . . . per - chance . . . for thee. Hope
cres.
cres.
f
Ped.
un poco rit.
D
IVANHOE.
. . is for all the world. Yet may he hope some day . . . . for
colla voce.
dim.
p
dim.
p
Ah ! . . . . . hope . . . . . is . . .
dim.
p
wel-come home, ... Ah, hope . . . . . is . . .
p
marcato.
. . . for all the world, Hope is for all the
. . . for all the world, So may he hope.

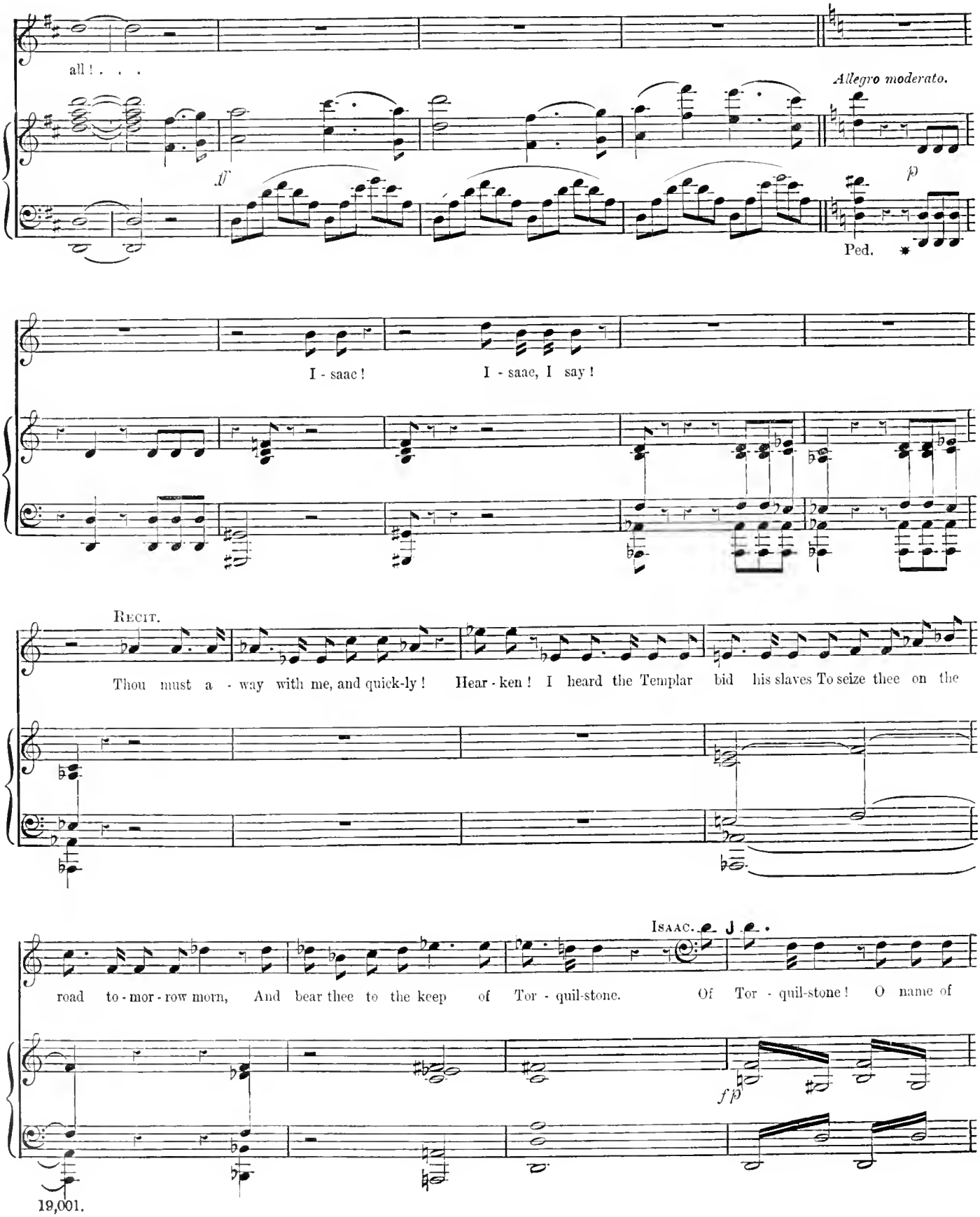

E
world, Sound of a string . we fol - low with de - light To
So may he hope, For
cres.
ut - - most me - lo - dy, Sound of a string we fol - low with de - light . . . .
cres.
home, per-chance for thee, . . For . . . home and thee.
cres.
f
Più lento.
p
. . to ut - most mel - o - dy ! I do be - lieve that he will come a - gain,
Per - - chance for thee !
colla voce.
dim.
p
pp

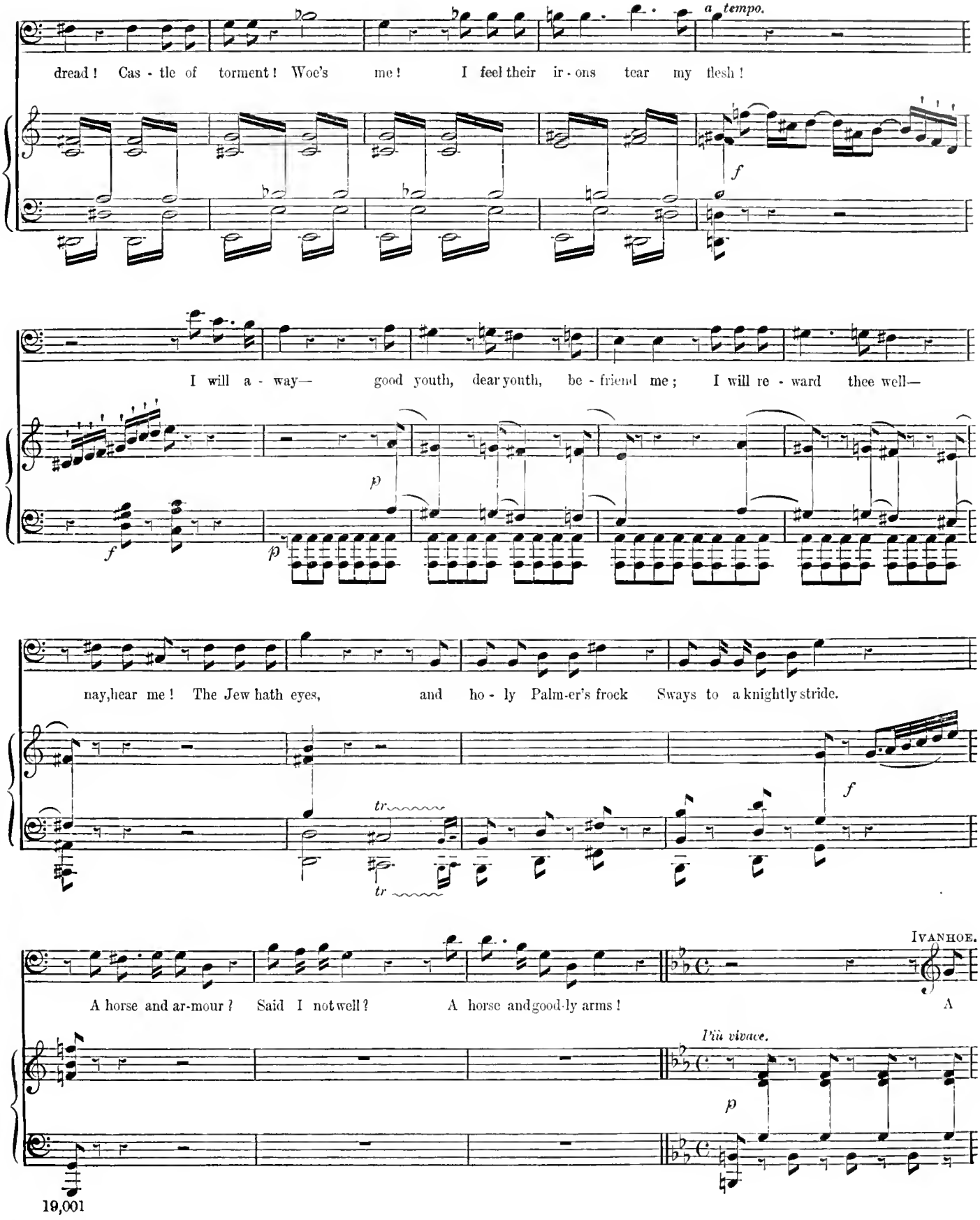

And yet I fear.
I would speak fur - ther with thee, but not now.
I thank thee, ho - ly Palm - er, and fare - well.
Fare - well, most gentle la - - - -
Fare well, ... fare - - - - - - - well. . . . .
- dy, Fare - - well, fare - - well. . . .
pp
pp
pp
Ivanhoe. ad lib.
Like moun-tain
Allegro vivace.
con fuoco.
ff

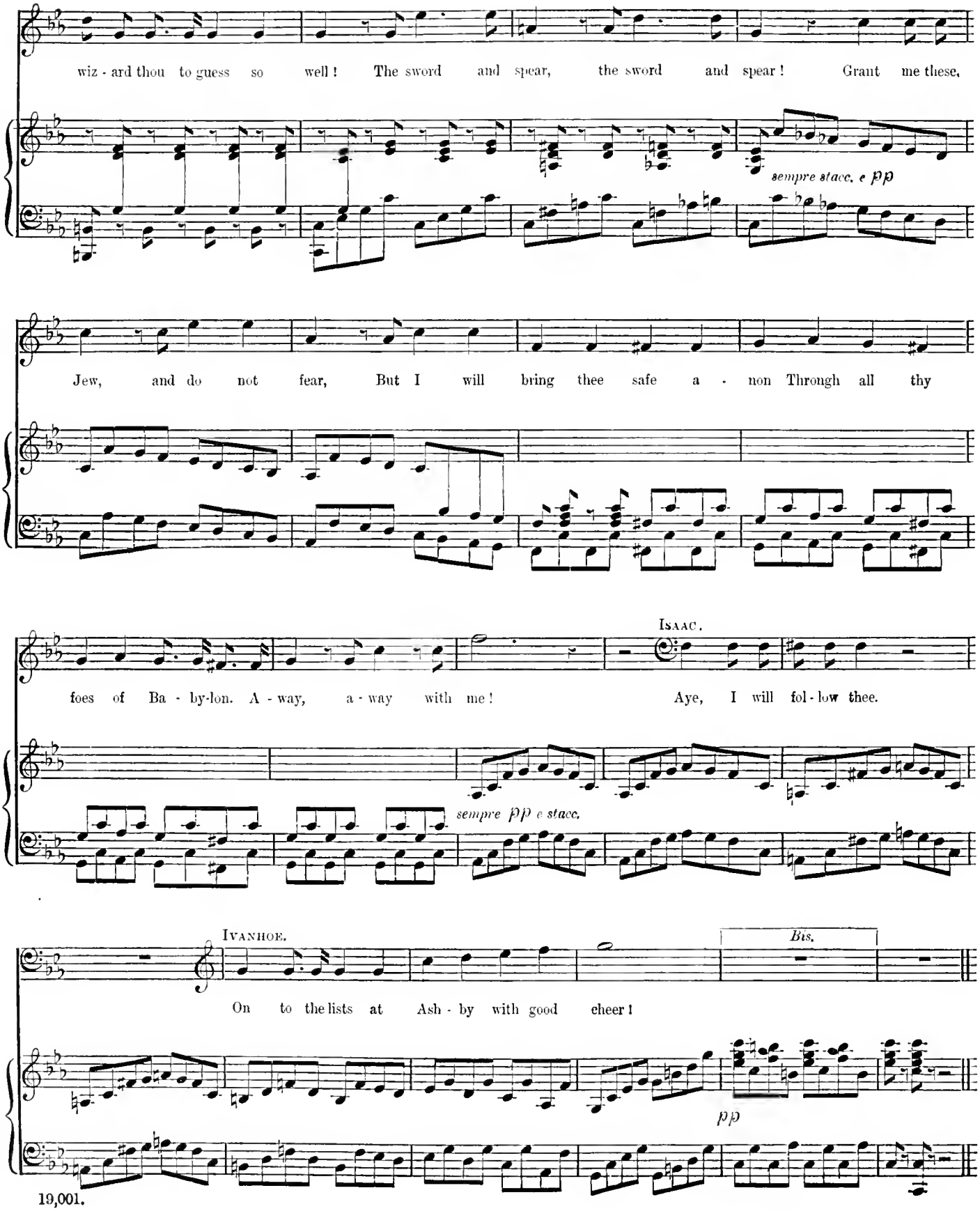

cres.
F f
lark my spi rit up . . . ward springs, ...
ff
Ped.
. . . . . And with quick pul - sing wings Beats the
dim. . . . . pp sempre staccato.
still air to mu - sic. O my heart,
Beats not too wild for think - ing on my dear!


But it we two must part, For day or week or
sempre pp
year, Yet now I know my . . dear . . love . .
H
lov - eth me, My dear love lov - - eth
cres.
cres.
Ped.
me ! And . . hap - py shall we be Ere . .
dim.
p

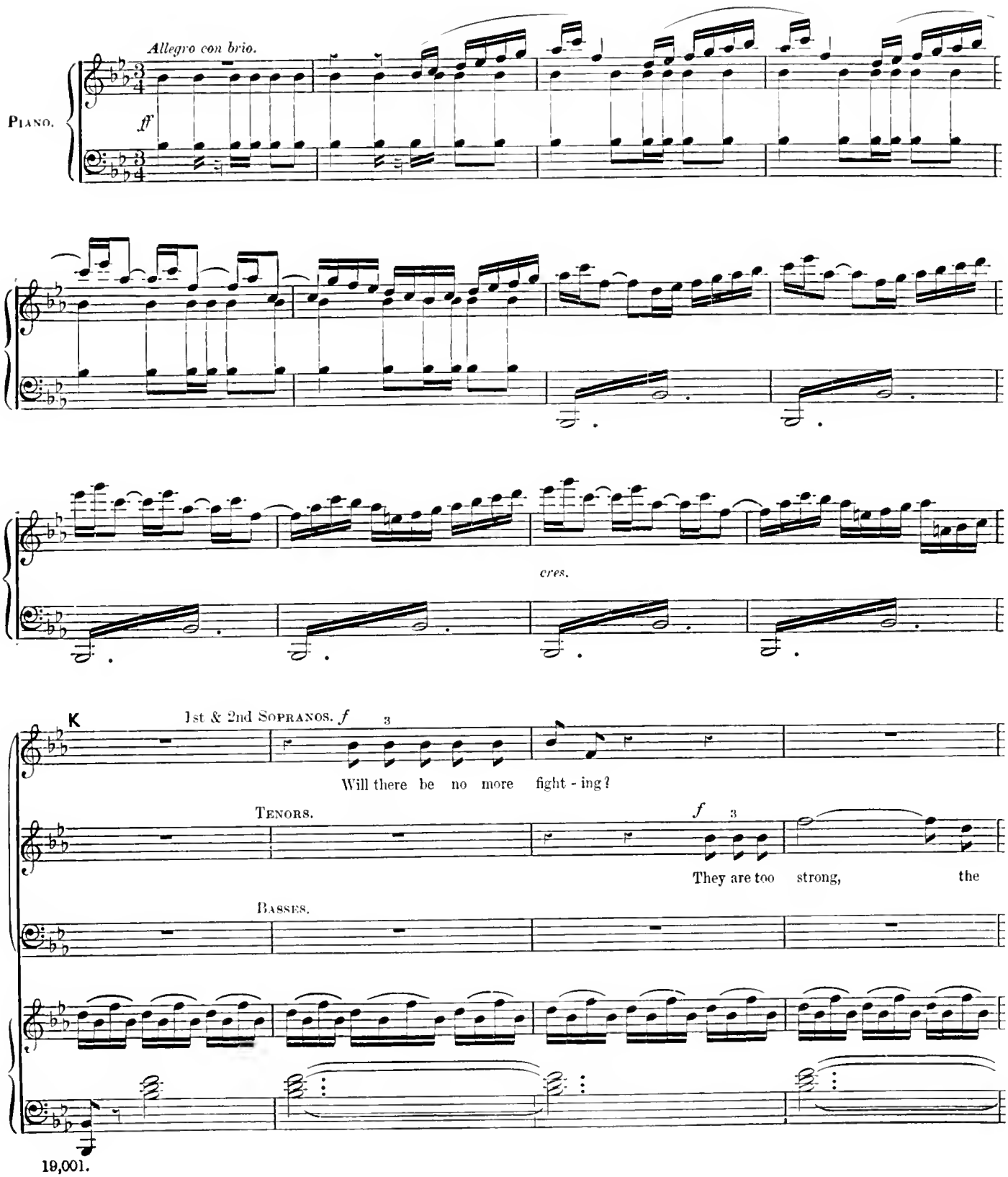

death . . close . . . all, and life . . be . end - -
cres.
- - - ed here, . . . And hap - py
f
Ped. * Ped. *
shall . . . we . . . be, And hap - - py . . . shall we
cres.
cres.
Ped.
ff
be ere death . . . . . close . . . . .
ff
Ped.
Ped.

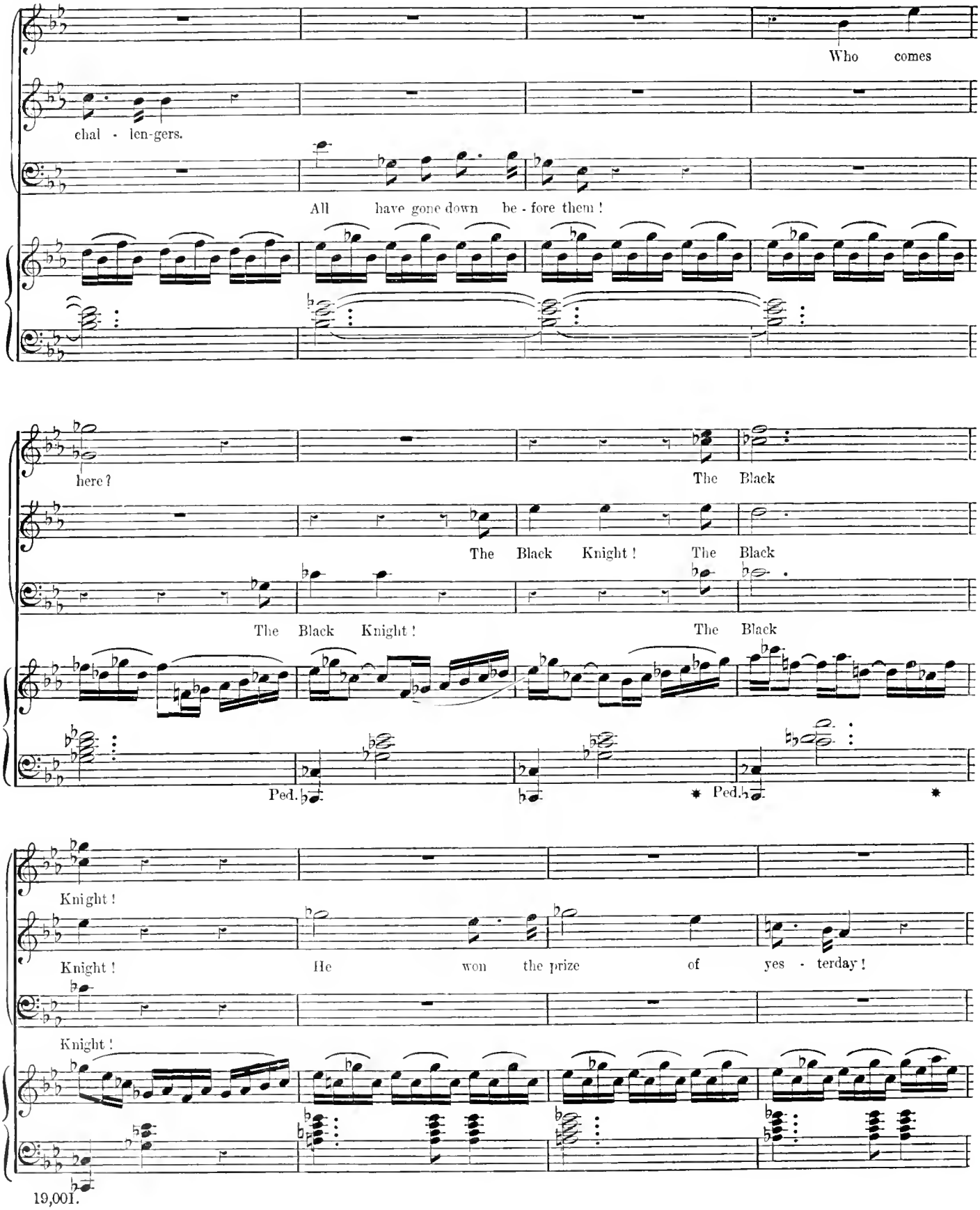

all ! . . .
Allegro moderato.
ff
p
Ped.
I - saac !
I - saac, I say !
Recit.
Thou must a - way with me, and quick-ly ! Hear - ken ! I heard the Templar bid his slaves To seize thee on the
Isaac.
road to - mor - row morn, And bear thee to the keep of Tor - quil-stone. Of Tor - quil-stone ! O name of
f p

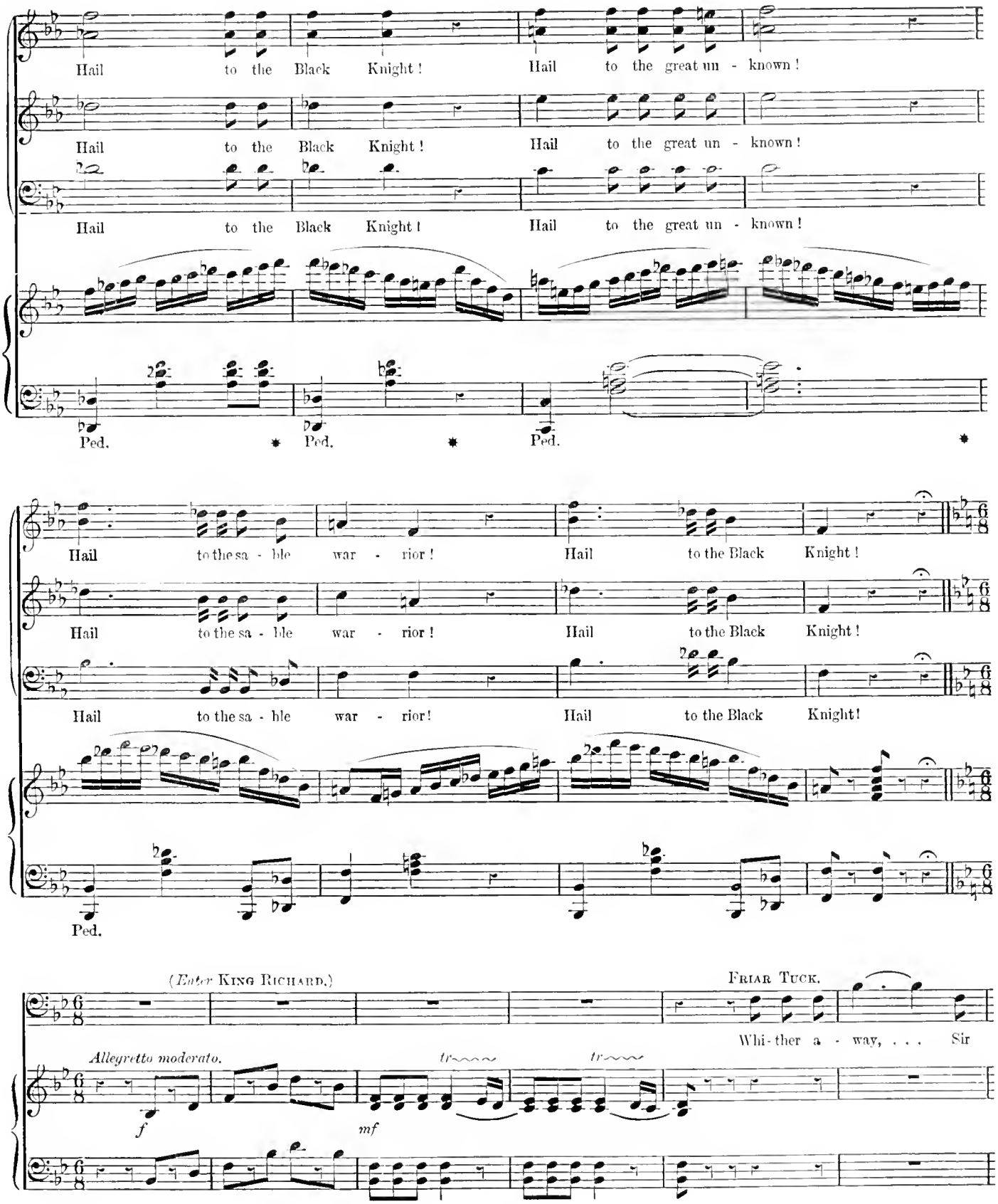

a tempo.
dread! Cas - tle of torment! Woe's me! I feel their ir - ons tear my flesh!
f
I will a - way— good youth, dear youth, be - friend me; I will re - ward thee well—
p
f
p
nay, hear me! The Jew hath eyes, and ho - ly Palm-er's frock Sways to a knightly stride.
tr
tr
f
IVANHOE.
A horse and ar-mour? Said I not well? A horse and good-ly arms! A
Più vivace.
p

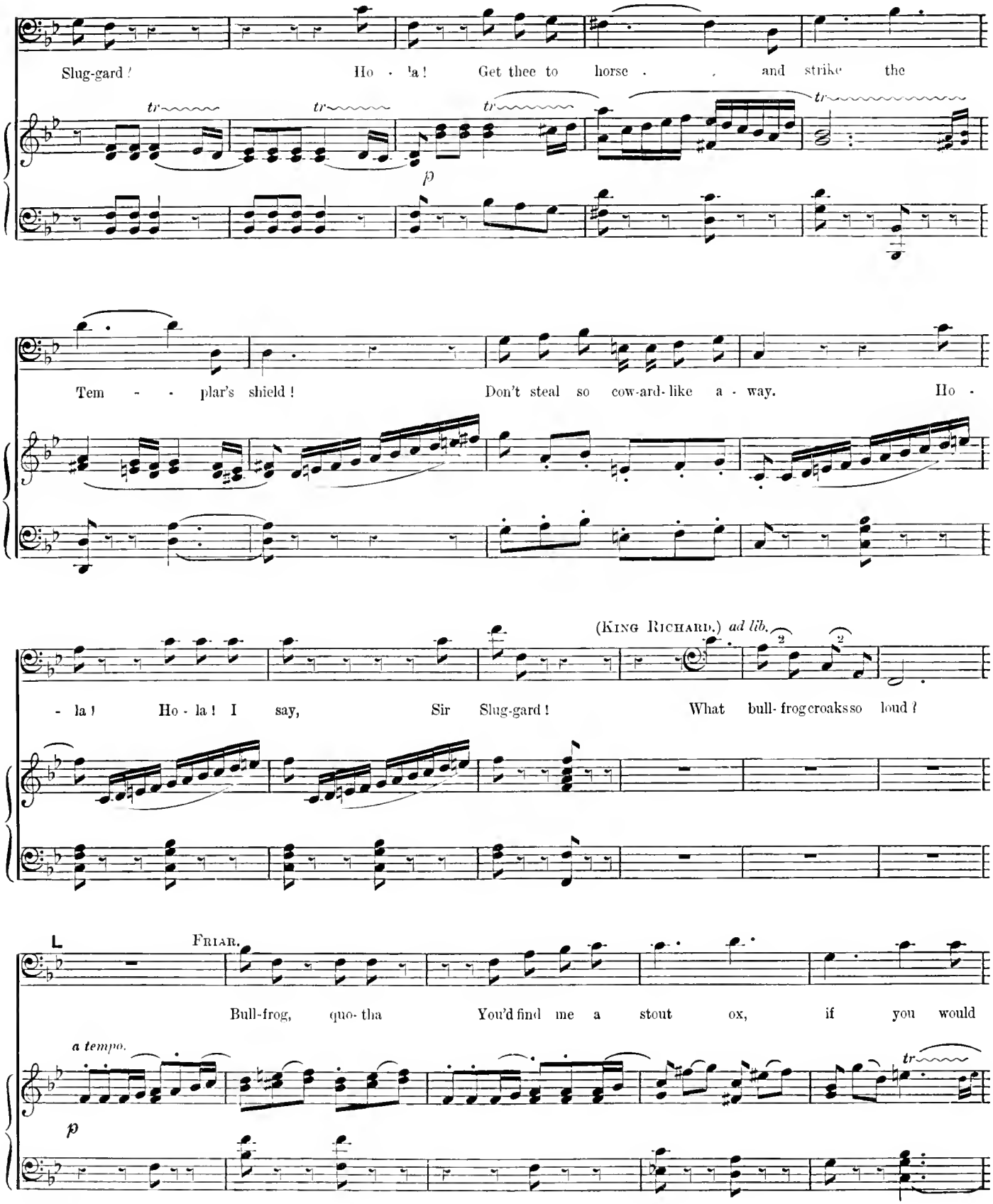

wiz - ard thou to guess so well! The sword and spear, the sword and spear! Grant me these,
sempre stacc. e pp
Jew, and do not fear, But I will bring thee safe a - non Through all thy
Isaac.
foes of Ba - by-lon. A - way, a - way with me! Aye, I will fol - low thee.
sempre pp e stacc.
Ivanhoe.
Bis.
On to the lists at Ash - by with good cheer!
pp

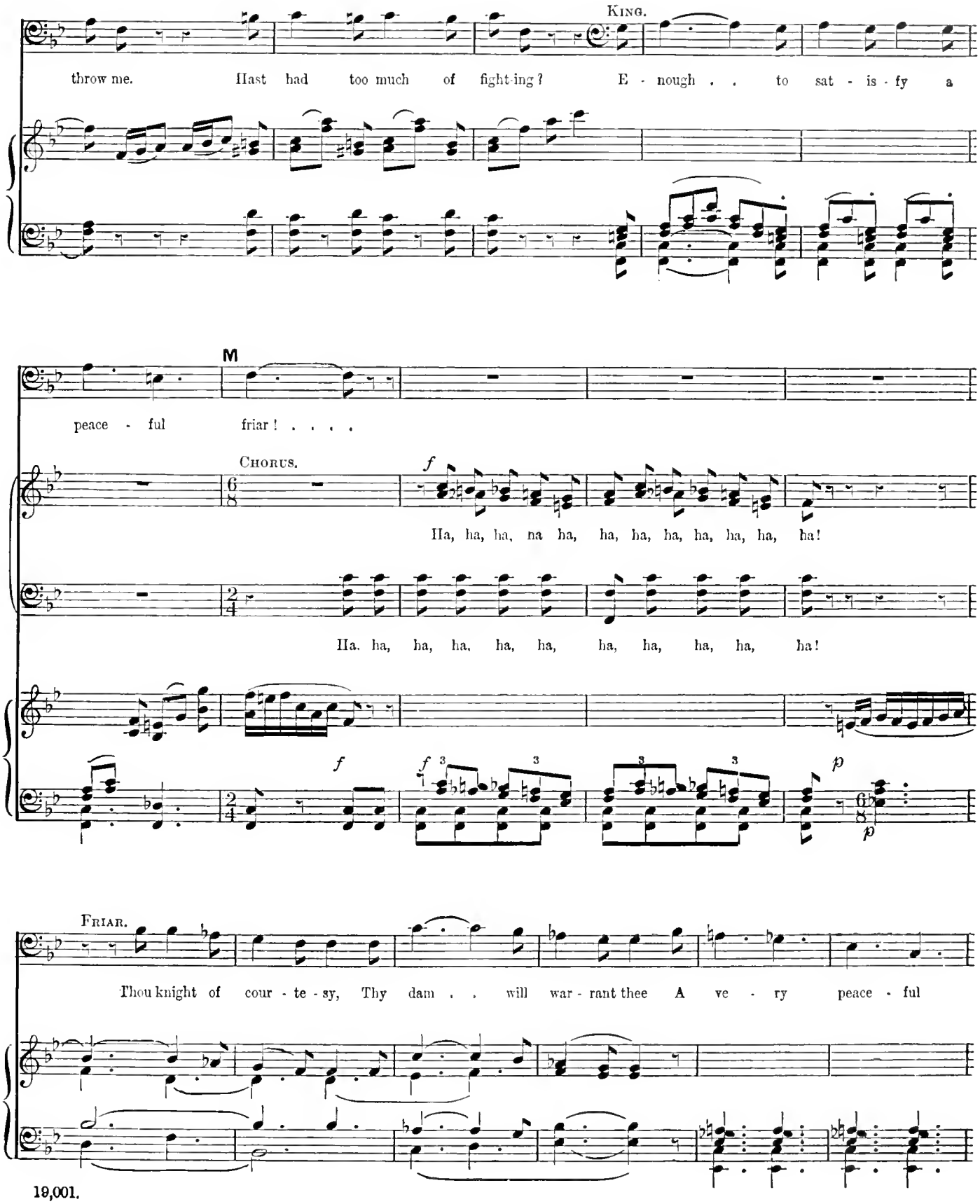
SCENE III.

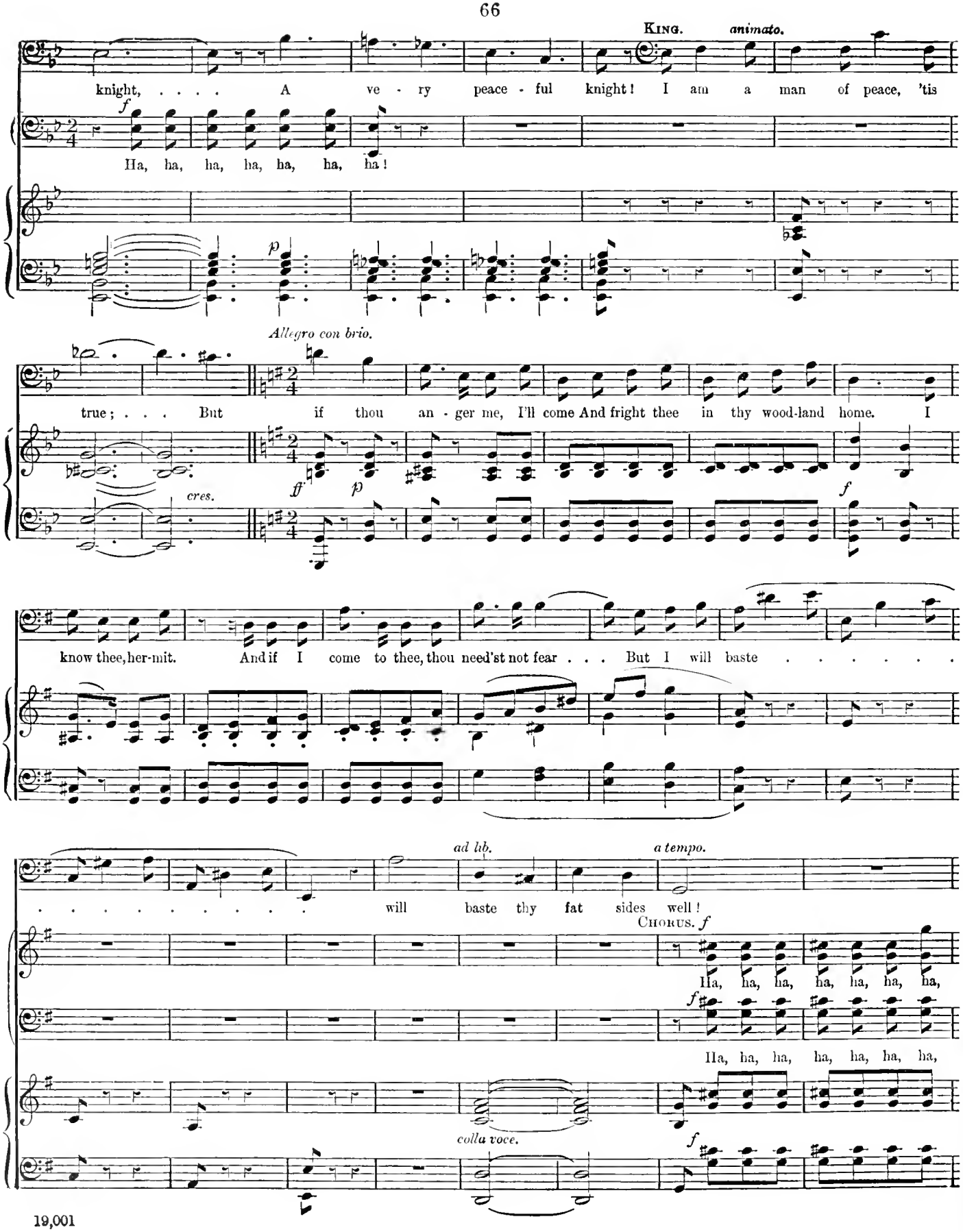

Allegro con brio.
PIANO.
ff
cres.
K
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS. f
Will there be no more fight - ing?
TENORS.
f
They are too strong, the
BASSES.

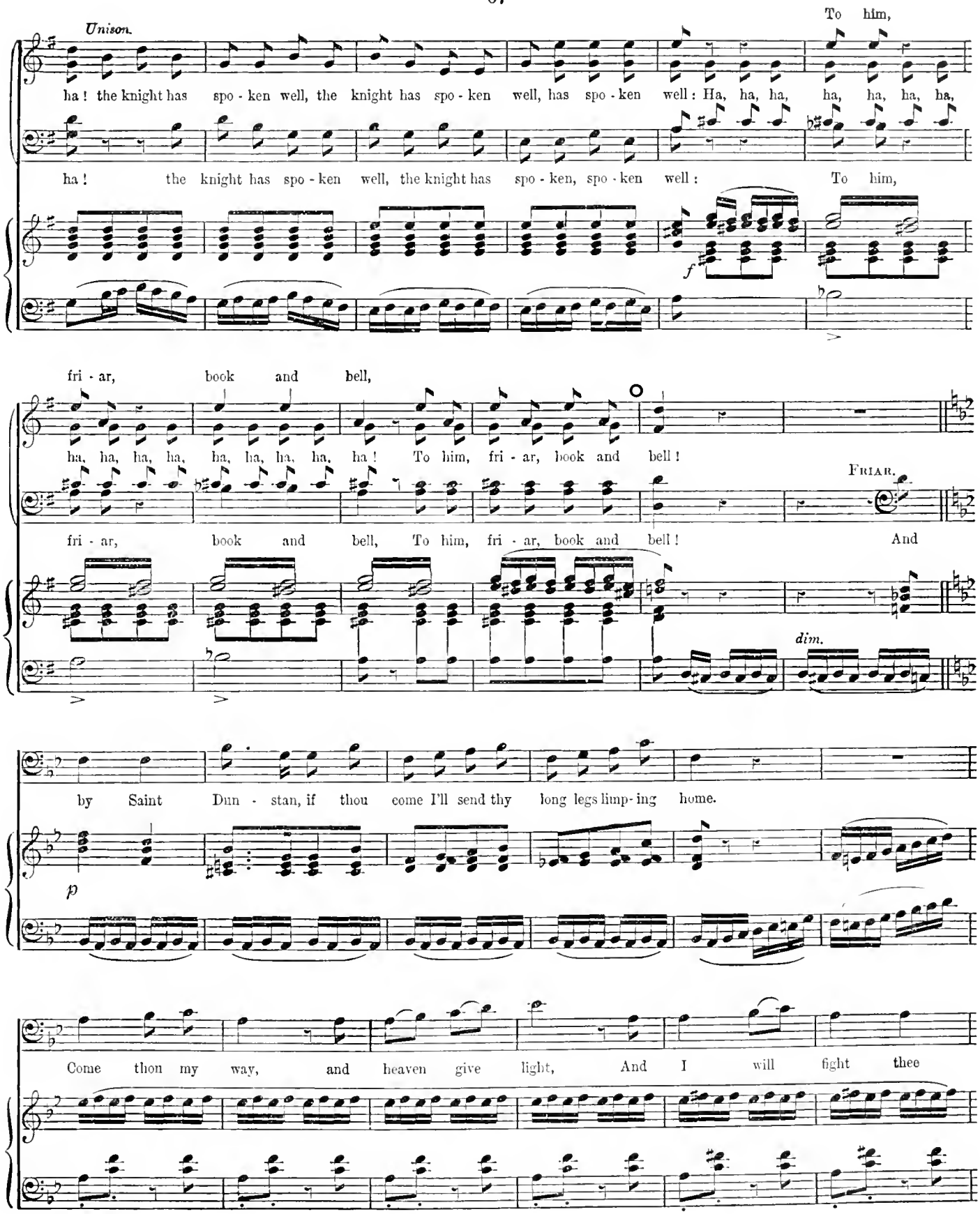

Who comes
chal - len-gers.
All have gone down be - fore them !
here ?
The Black
The Black Knight ! The Black
The Black Knight ! The Black
Ped. * Ped. *
Knight !
Knight ! He won the prize of yes - terday !
Knight !

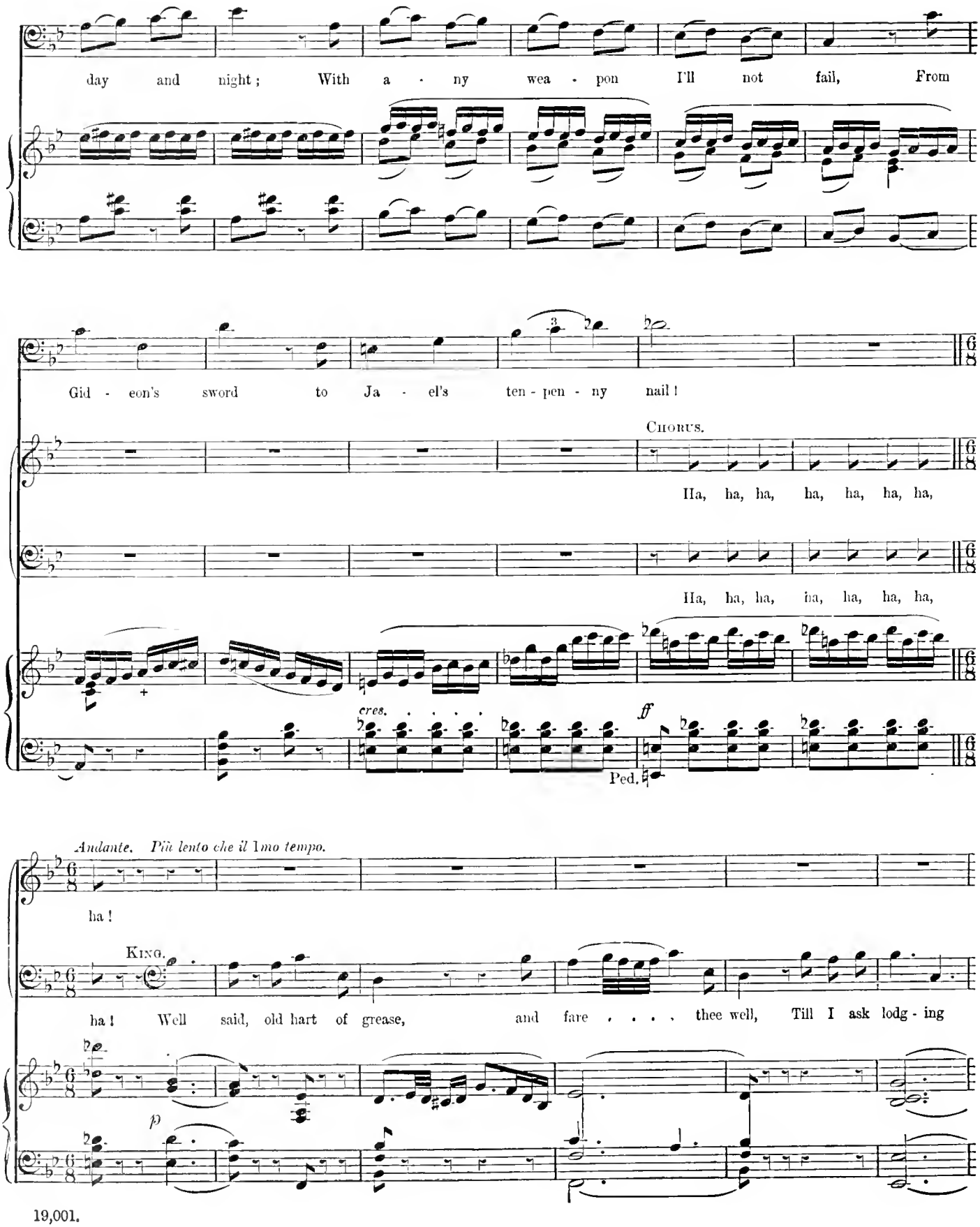

Hail to the Black Knight! Hail to the great un - known!
Hail to the Black Knight! Hail to the great un - known!
Hail to the Black Knight! Hail to the great un - known!
Ped. Ped. Ped.
Hail to the sa - ble war - rior! Hail to the Black Knight!
Hail to the sa - ble war - rior! Hail to the Black Knight!
Hail to the sa - ble war - rior! Hail to the Black Knight!
Ped.
(Enter King Richard.)
Friar Tuck.
Whi-ther a - way, . . . Sir
Allegretto moderato.
f
mf
tr
tr

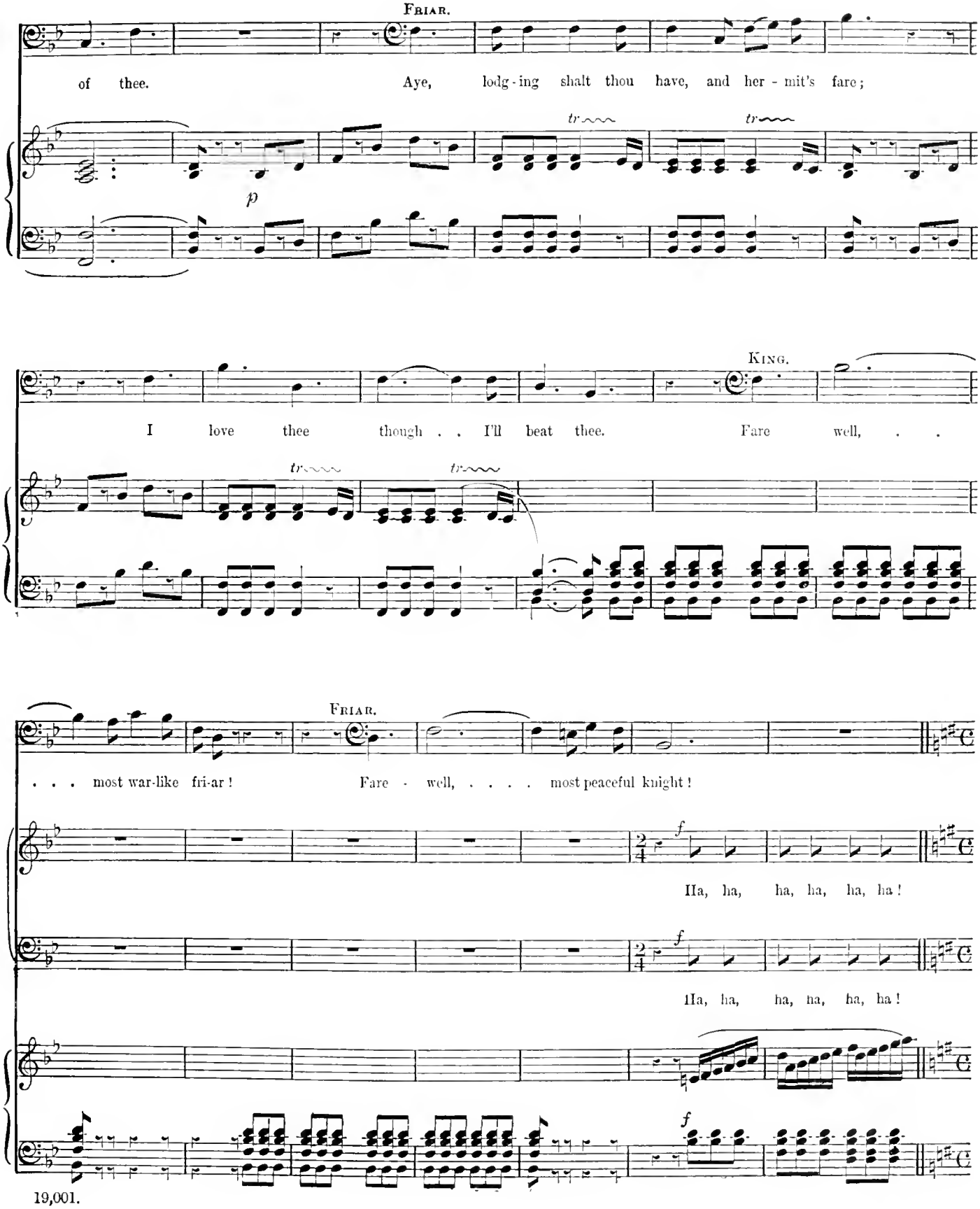

Slug-gard ! Ho - la ! Get thee to horse . . and strike the
tr
tr
tr
tr
p
Tem - - plar's shield ! Don't steal so cow-ard-like a - way. Ho -
(King Richard.) ad lib.
- la ! Ho - la ! I say, Sir Slug-gard ! What bull-frog croaks so loud ?
L
Friar.
Bull-frog, quo-tha You'd find me a stout ox, if you would
a tempo.
p
tr

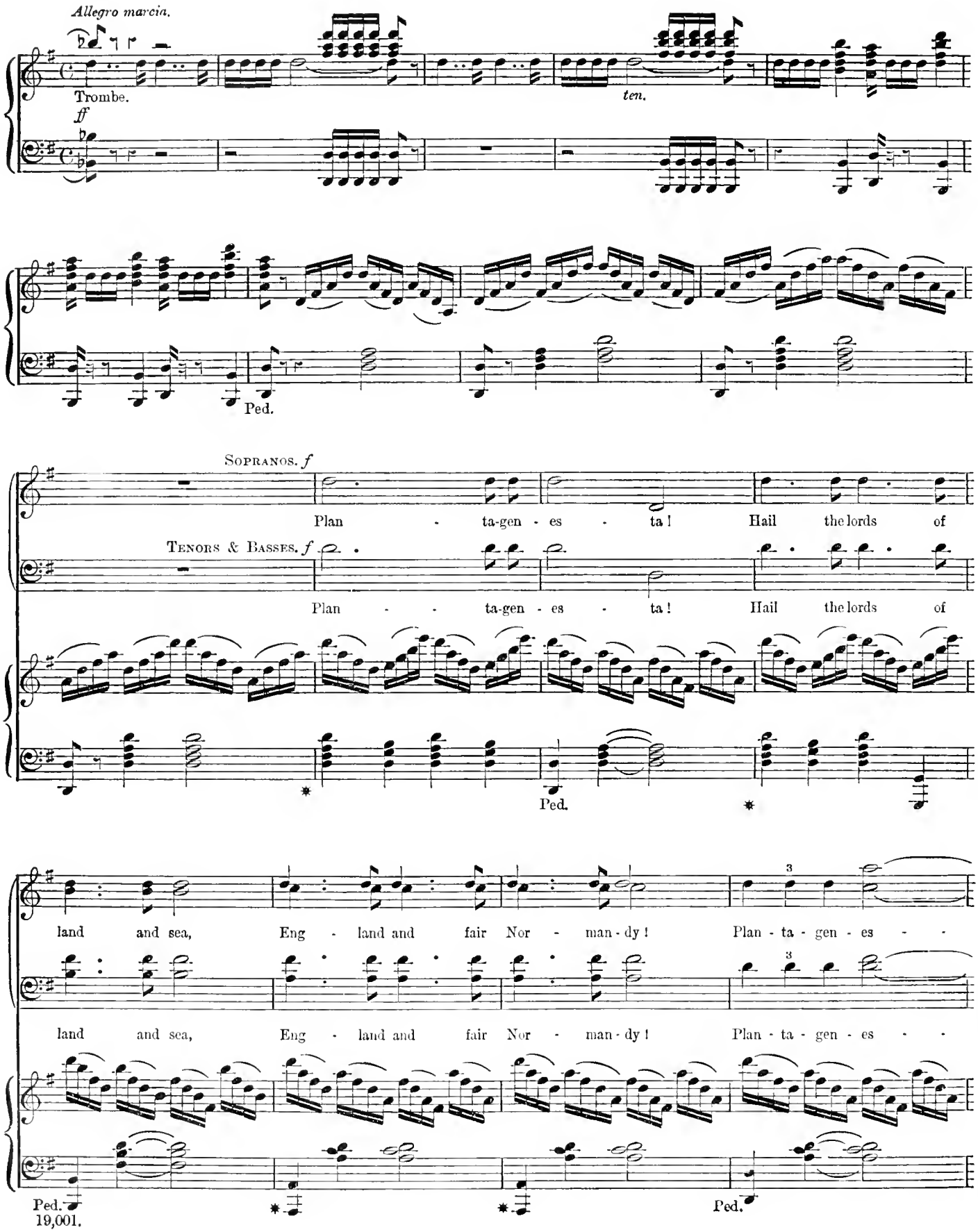

KING.
throw me. Hast had too much of fight-ing? E - nough . . to sat - is - fy a
M
peace - ful friar! . . . .
CHORUS.
f
Ha, ha, ha, na ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ha. ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
f
f
p
p
FRIAR.
Thou knight of cour - te - sy, Thy dam . . will war - rant thee A ve - ry peace - ful

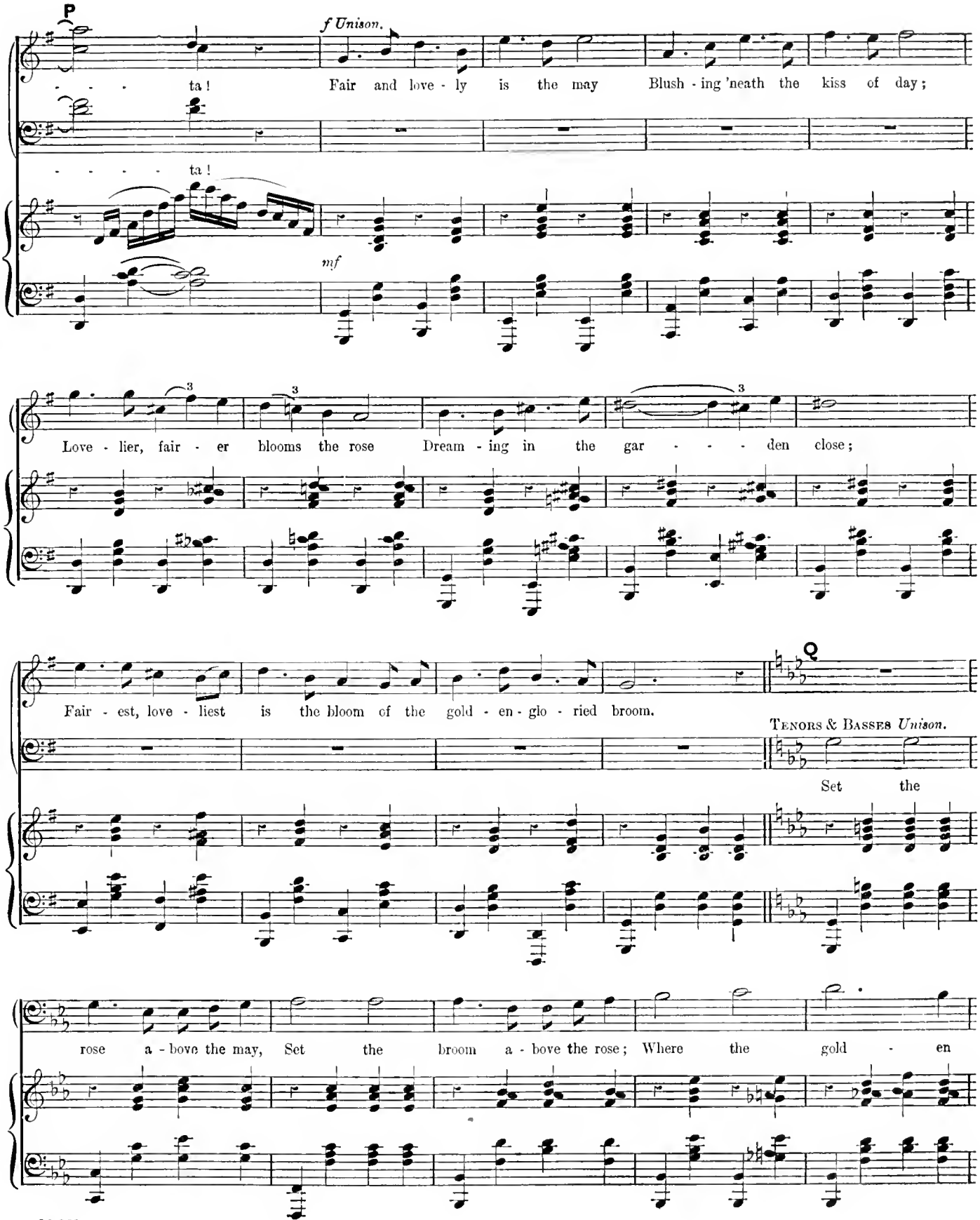

KING. animato.
knight, ... A ve - ry peace - ful knight! I am a man of peace, 'tis
f
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
p
Allegro con brio.
true; . . . But if thou an - ger me, I'll come And fright thee in thy wood-land home. I
ff
p
cres.
f
know thee, her-mit. And if I come to thee, thou need'st not fear . . . But I will baste . . . . . .
ad lib.
a tempo.
. . . . . will baste thy fat sides well!
CHORUS. f
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
f
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
colla voce.
f

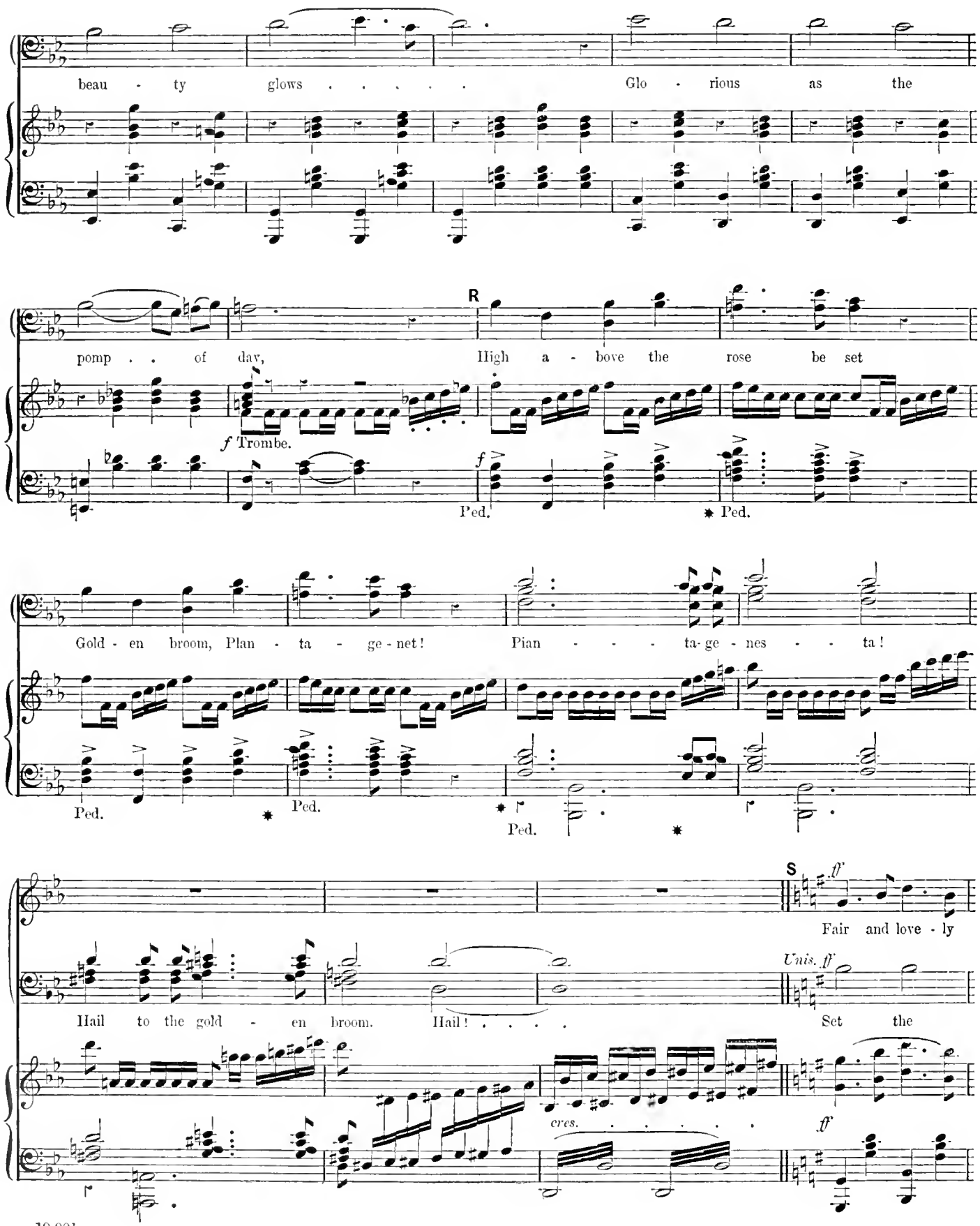

Unison.
To him,
ha! the knight has spo - ken well, the knight has spo - ken well, has spo - ken well: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha! the knight has spo - ken well, the knight has spo - ken, spo - ken well: To him,
f
fri - ar, book and bell,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! To him, fri - ar, book and bell!
FRIAR.
fri - ar, book and bell, To him, fri - ar, book and bell! And
dim.
by Saint Dun - stan, if thou come I'll send thy long legs limp - ing home.
p
Come thou my way, and heaven give light, And I will fight thee

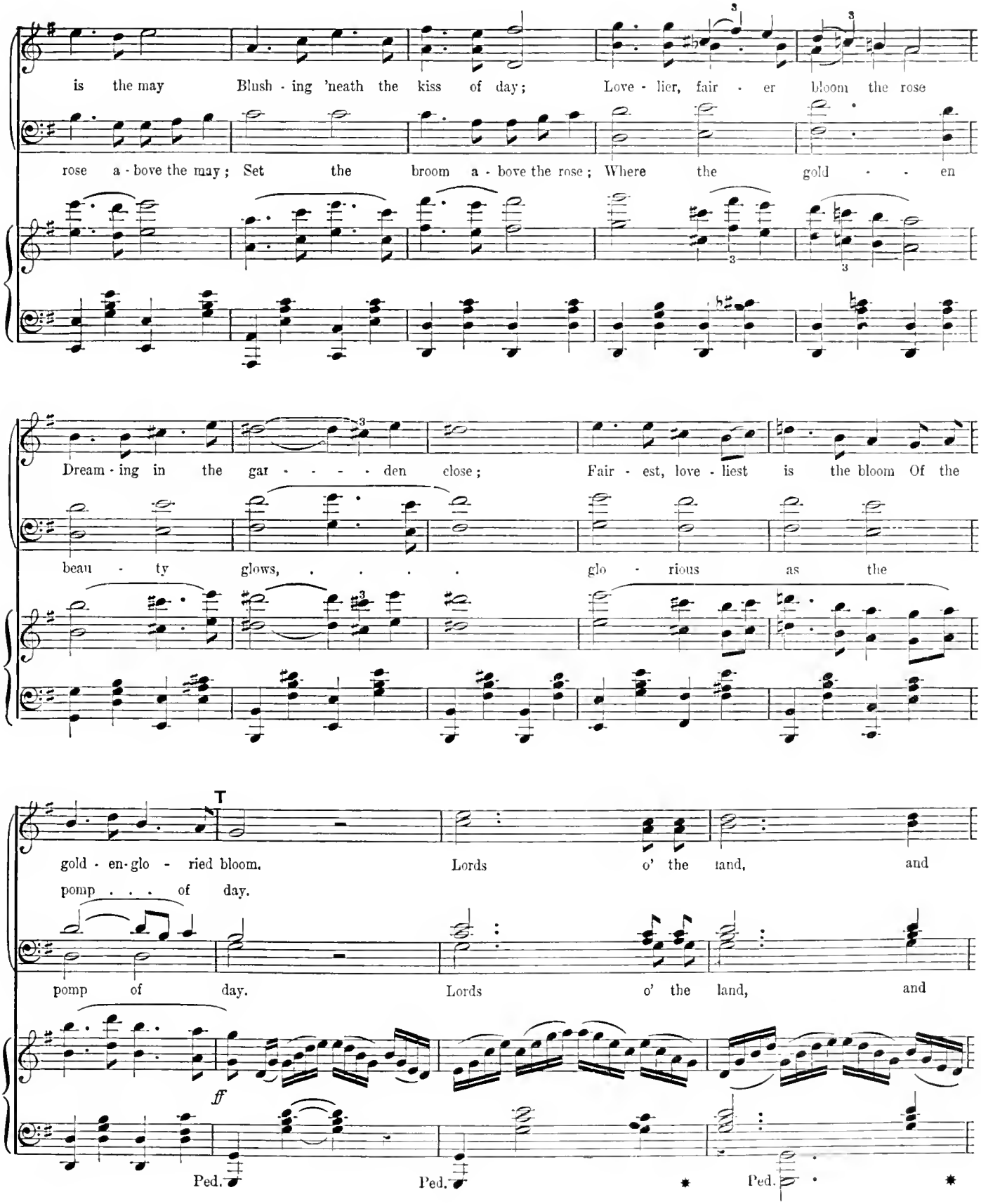

day and night; With a - ny wea - pon I'll not fail, From
Gid - eon's sword to Ja - el's ten - pen - ny nail!
Chorus.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
cres.
ff
Ped.
Andante. Più lento che il 1mo tempo.
ha!
King.
ha! Well said, old hart of grease, and fare . . . . thee well, Till I ask lodg - ing
p

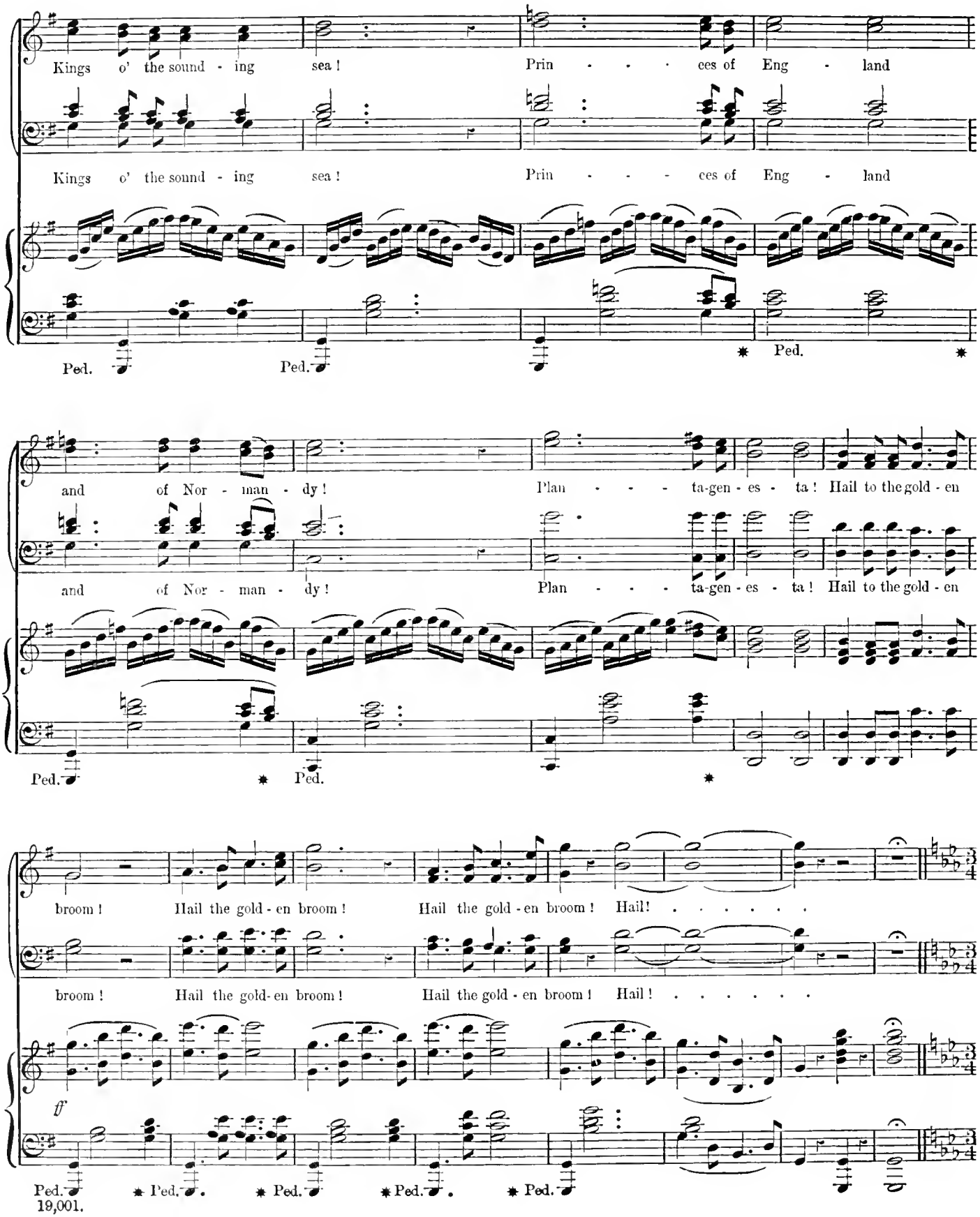

Friar.
of thee. Aye, lodg-ing shalt thou have, and her-mit's fare;
p
King.
I love thee though . . I'll beat thee. Fare well, . .
Friar.
. . . most war-like fri-ar! Fare - well, ... most peaceful knight!
f
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
f
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
f

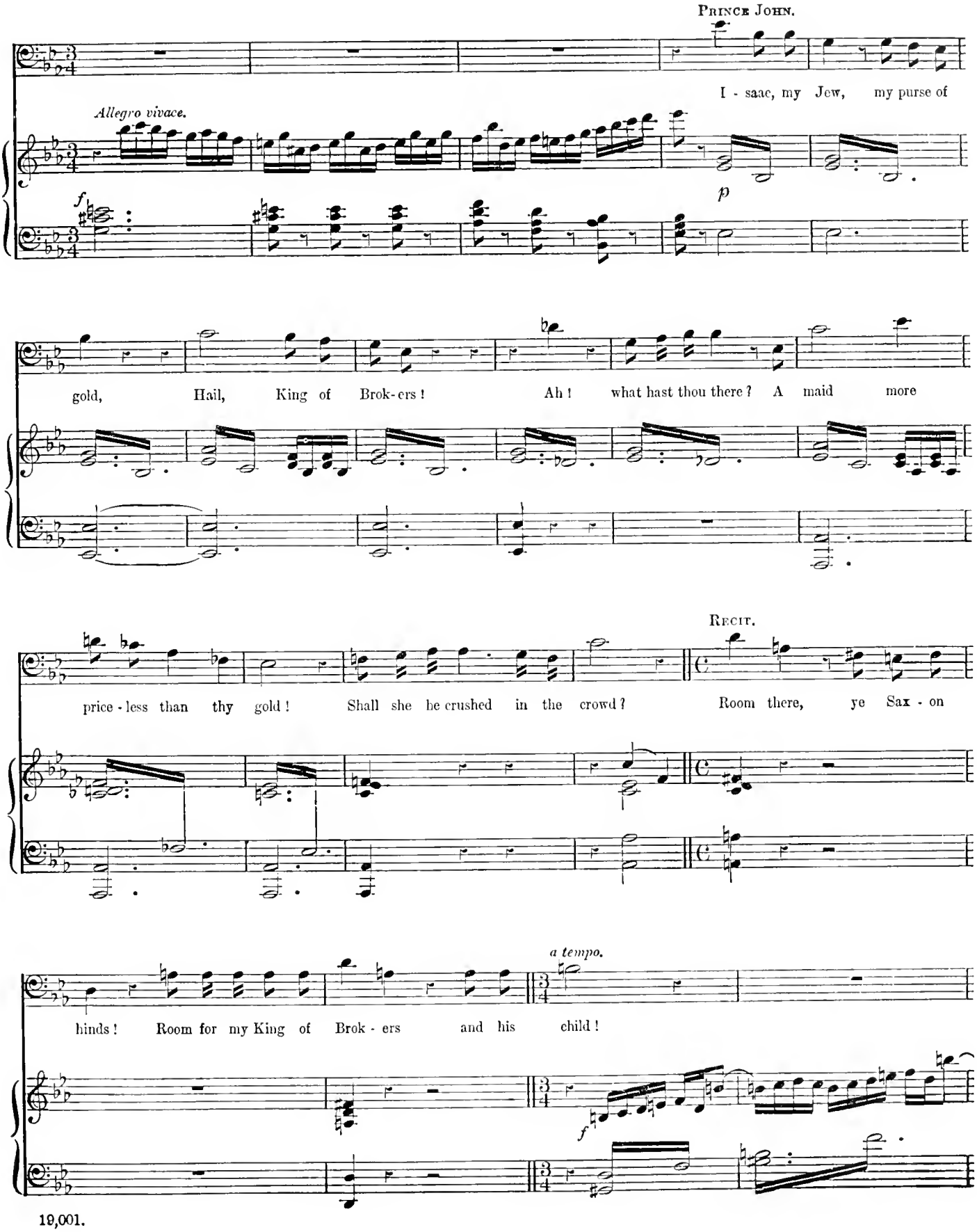

Allegro marcia.
Trombe.
ff
ten.
Ped.
Sopranos. f
Plan - ta-gen - es - ta! Hail the lords of
Tenors & Basses. f
Plan - - ta-gen - es - ta! Hail the lords of
Ped.
land and sea, Eng - land and fair Nor - man-dy! Plan-ta-gen-es - -
land and sea, Eng - land and fair Nor - man-dy! Plan-ta-gen-es - -
Ped.
Ped.

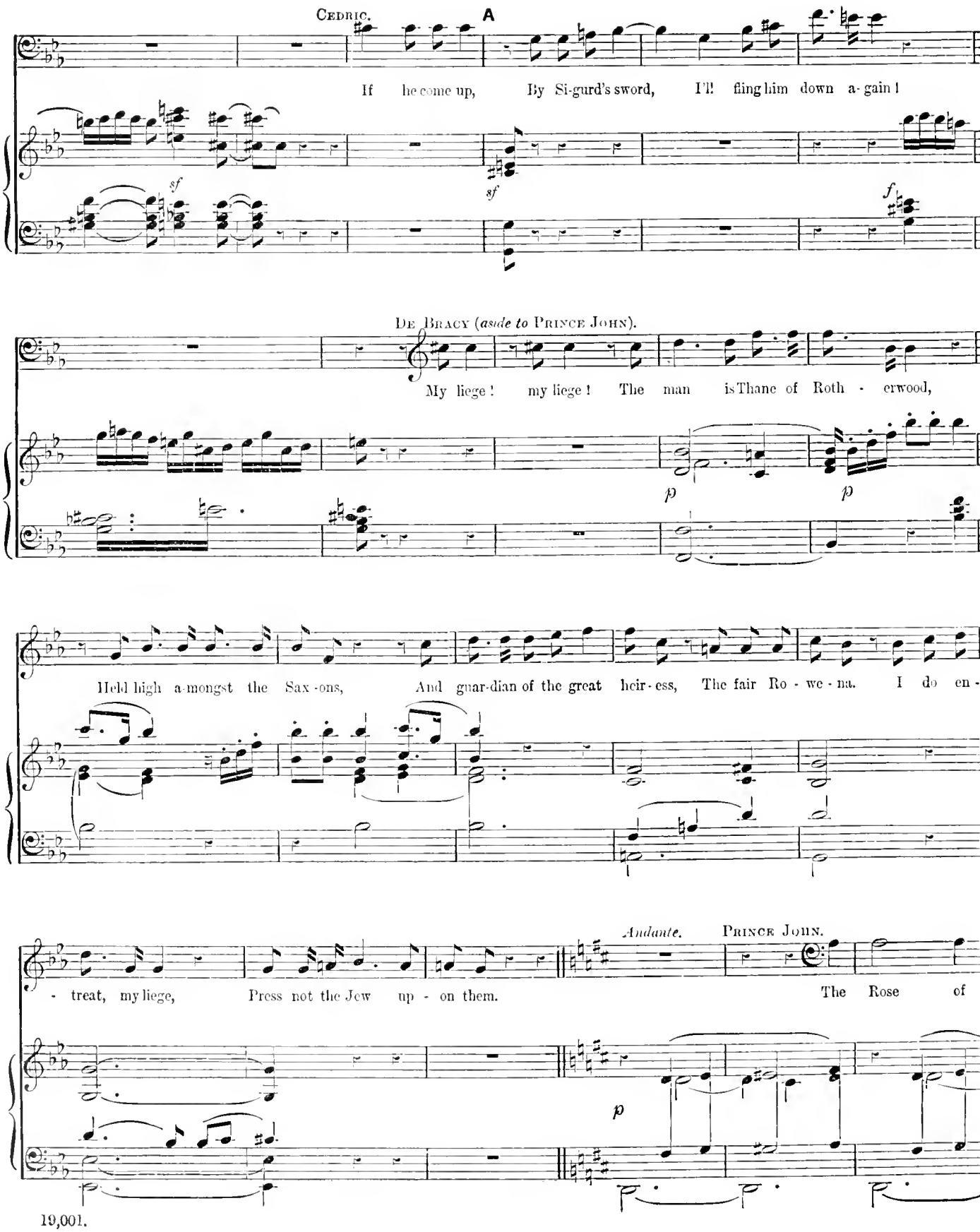

P
f Unison.
- - - ta!
Fair and love - ly is the may Blush - ing 'neath the kiss of day;
- - - - - ta!
mf
Love - lier, fair - er blooms the rose Dream - ing in the gar - - - - den close;
Fair - est, love - liest is the bloom of the gold - en - glo - ried broom.
Tenors & Basses Unison.
Set the
rose a - bove the may, Set the broom a - bove the rose; Where the gold - en

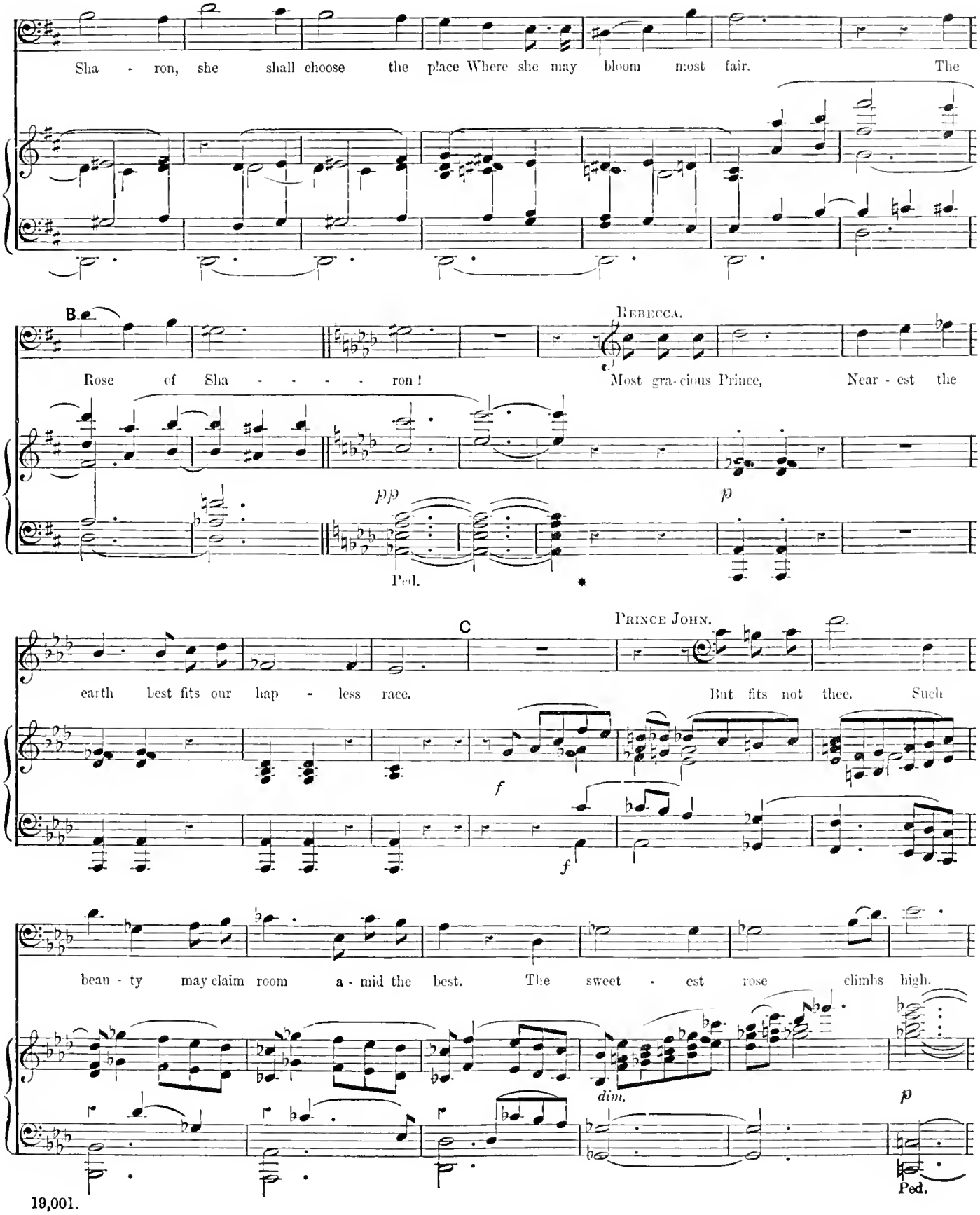

beau - ty glows . . . . . Glo - rious as the
pomp . . of day, R High a - bove the rose be set
f Trombe.
f
Ped.
Ped.
Gold - en broom, Plan - ta - ge - net! Pian - - - - ta - ge - nes - - ta!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
S ff
Fair and love - ly
Hail to the gold - en broom. Hail! . . . . Unis. ff Set the
cres. . . . . ff

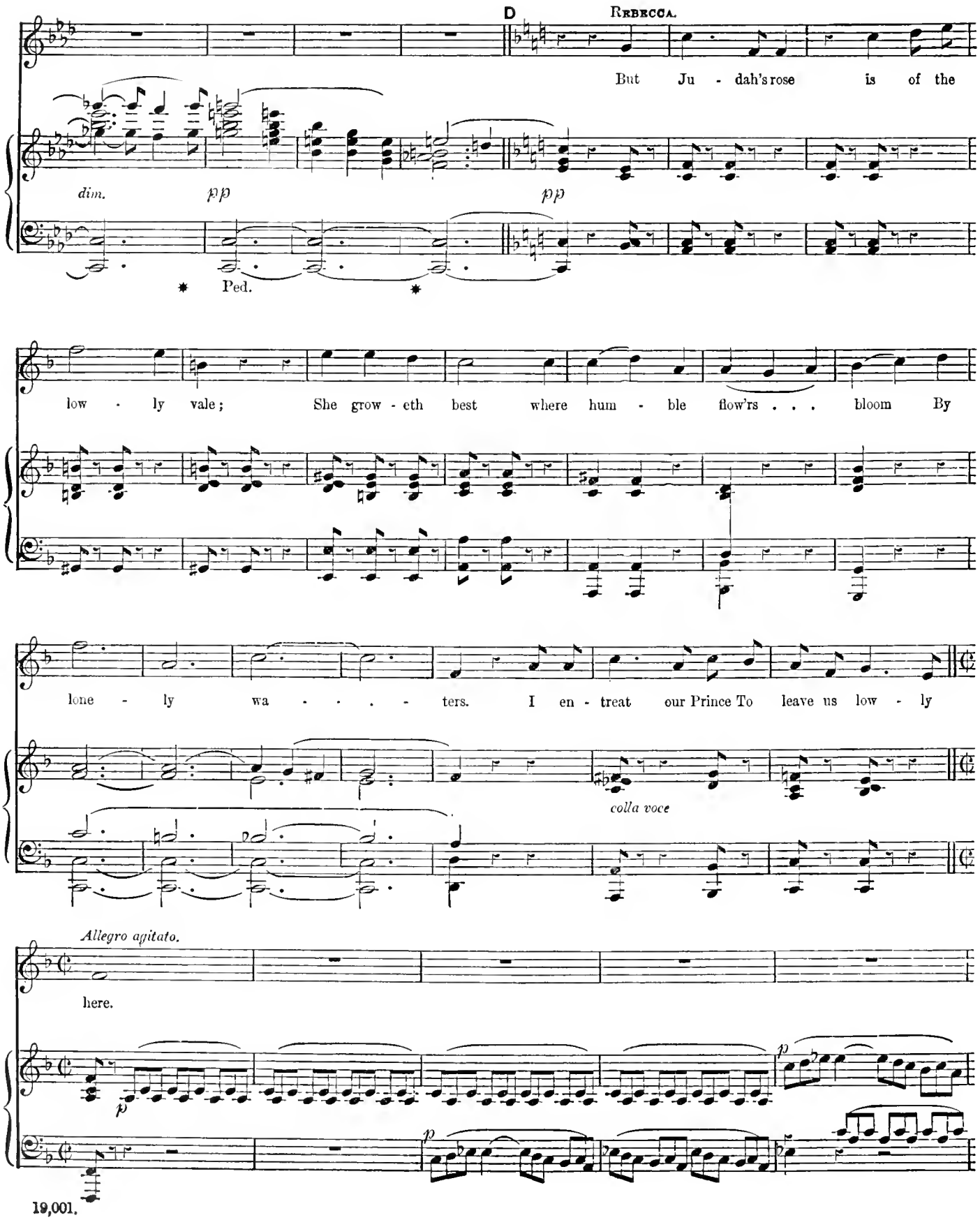

is the may Blush - ing 'neath the kiss of day; Love - lier, fair - er bloom the rose
rose a - bove the may; Set the broom a - bove the rose; Where the gold - - en
Dream - ing in the gar - - - - - den close; Fair - est, love - liest is the bloom Of the
beau - ty glows, ... glo - rious as the
T
gold - en-glo - ried bloom. Lords o' the land, and
pomp . . . of day.
pomp of day. Lords o' the land, and
ff
Ped. Ped. Ped.

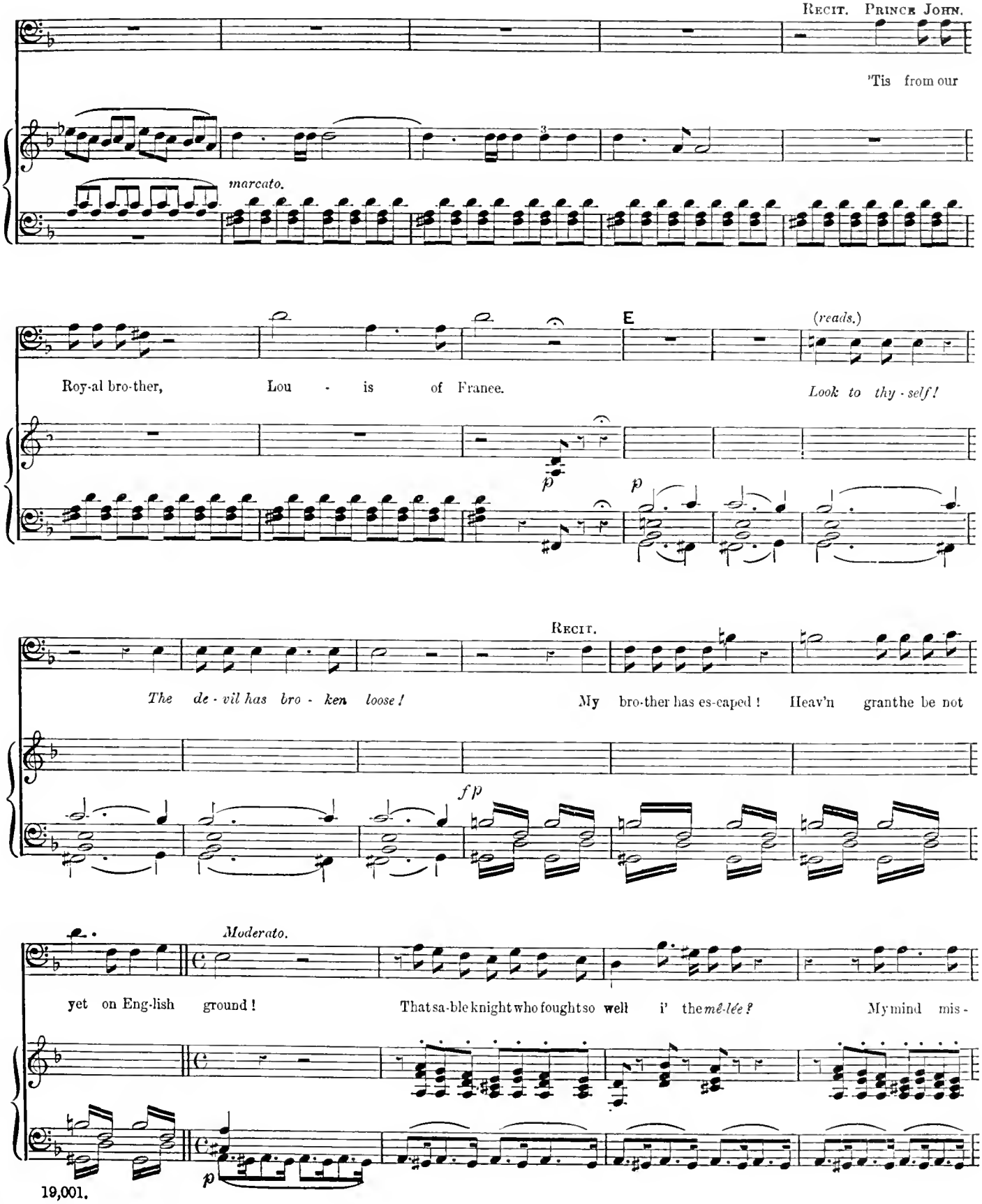

Kings o' the sound - ing sea ! Prin - - - - ces of Eng - land
Kings o' the sound - ing sea ! Prin - - - - ces of Eng - land
Ped. Ped. Ped.
and of Nor - man - dy ! Plan - - - - ta-gen - es - ta ! Hail to the gold - en
and of Nor - man - dy ! Plan - - - - ta-gen - es - ta ! Hail to the gold - en
Ped. Ped.
broom ! Hail the gold - en broom ! Hail the gold - en broom ! Hail! . . . . . .
broom ! Hail the gold-en broom ! Hail the gold - en broom ! Hail ! . . . . . .
ff
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

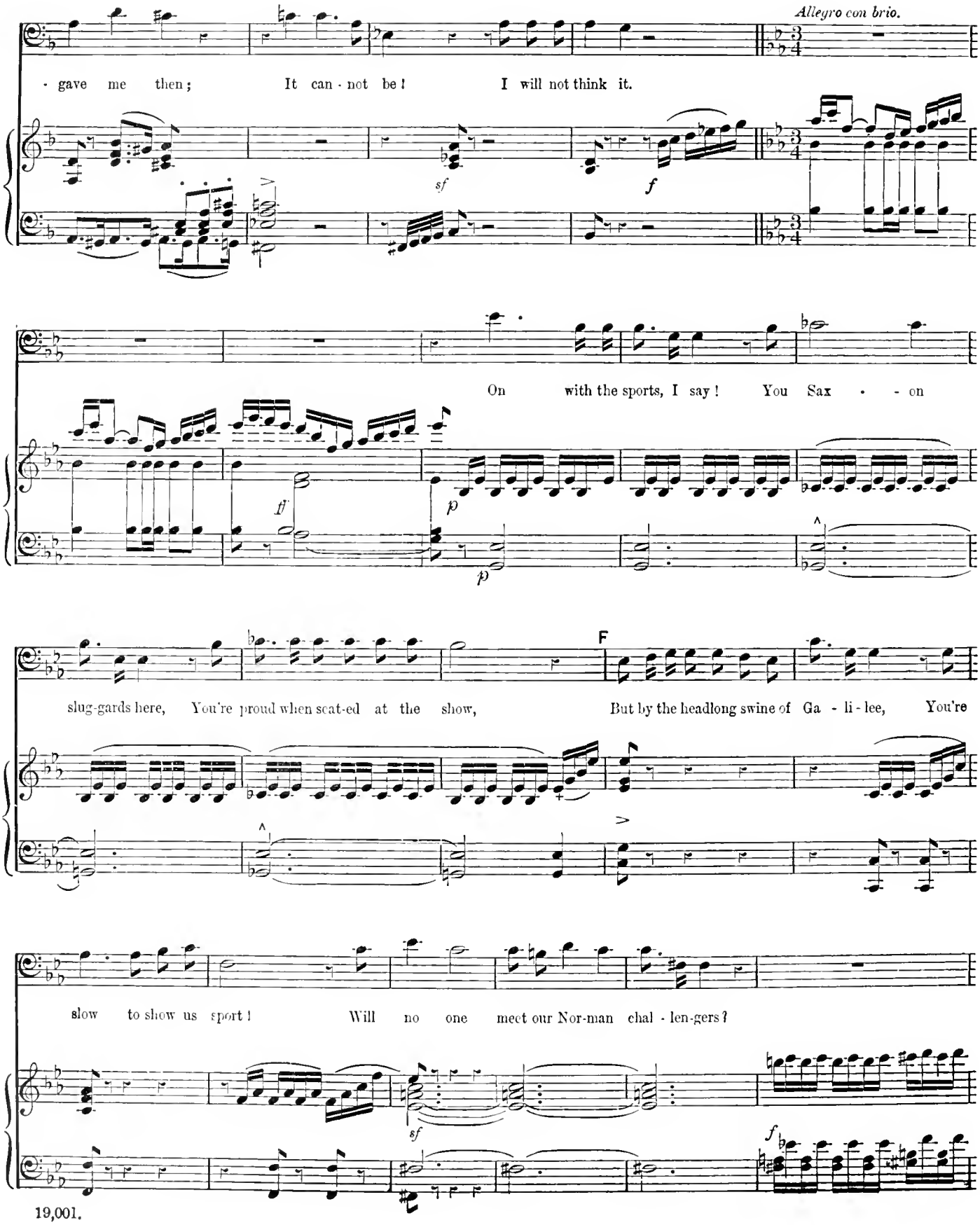

PRINCE JOHN.
I - saac, my Jew, my purse of
Allegro vivace.
f
p
gold, Hail, King of Brok-ers! Ah! what hast thou there? A maid more
RECIT.
price-less than thy gold! Shall she be crushed in the crowd? Room there, ye Sax-on
a tempo.
hinds! Room for my King of Brok-ers and his child!
f

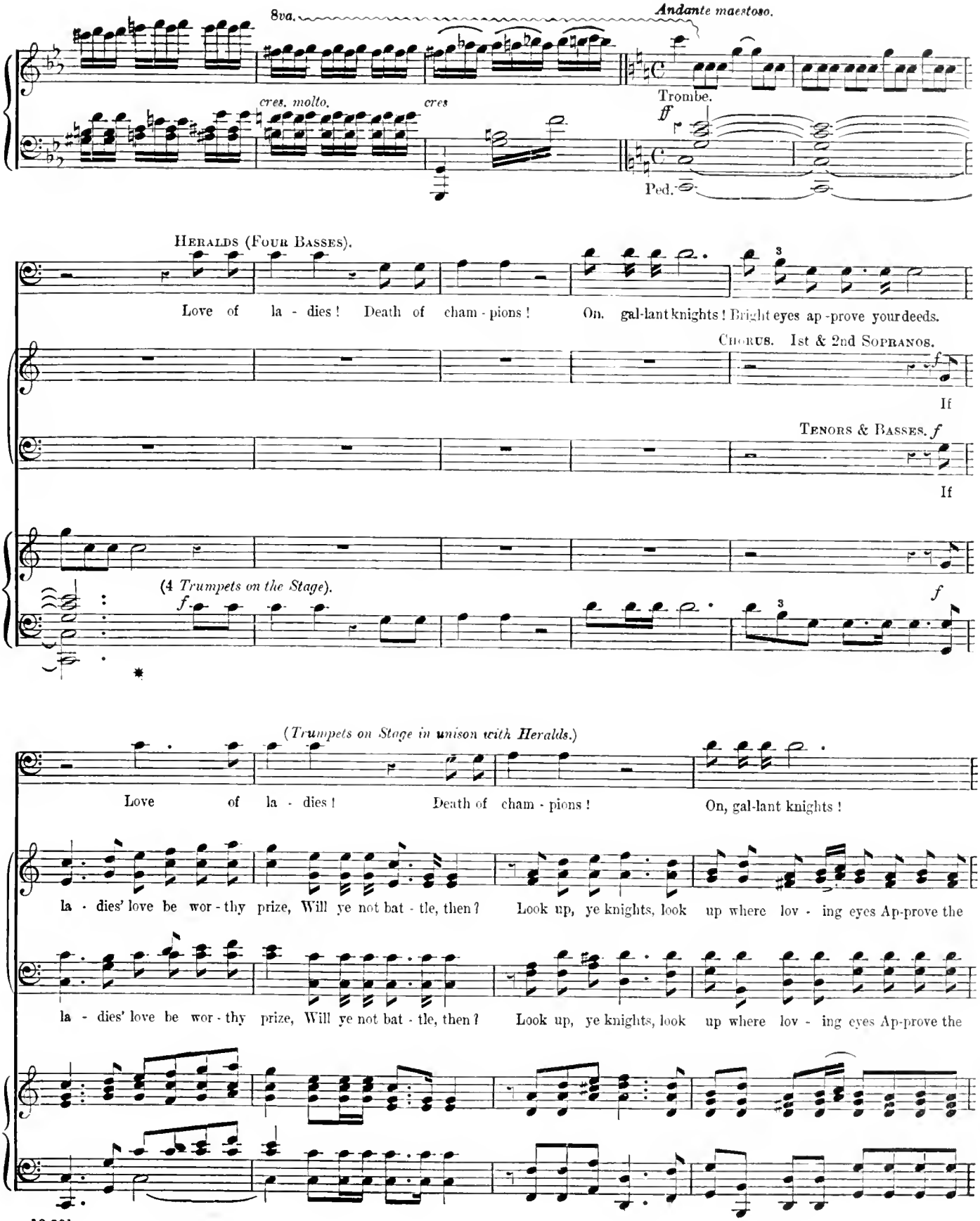

CEDRIC.
A
If he come up, By Si-gurd's sword, I'll fling him down a-gain!
sf
sf
f
DE BRACY (aside to PRINCE JOHN).
My liege! my liege! The man is Thane of Roth - erwood,
p
p
Held high a-mongst the Sax-ons, And guar-dian of the great heir-ess, The fair Ro - we - na. I do en -
Andante.
PRINCE JOHN.
- treat, my liege, Press not the Jew up - on them. The Rose of
p

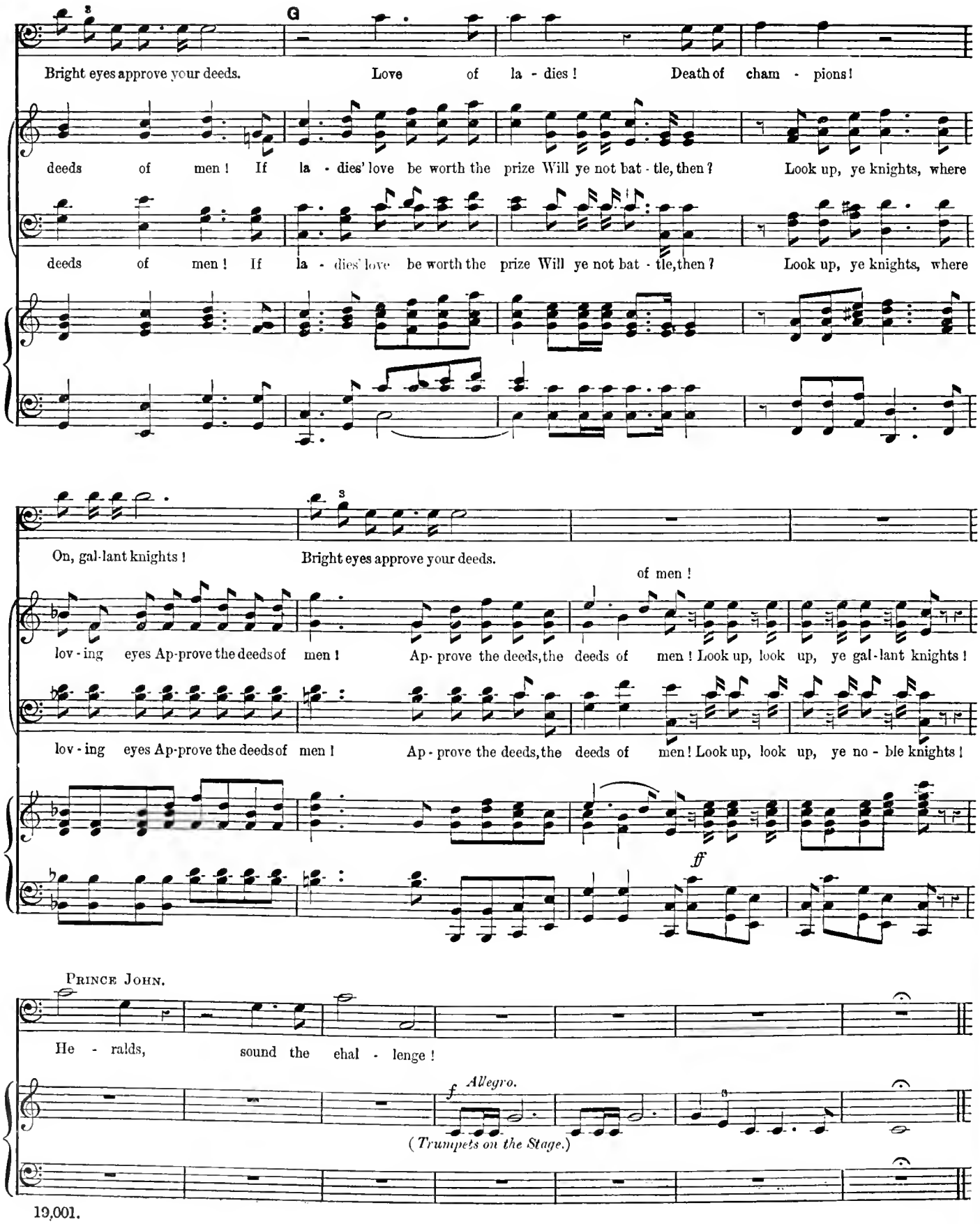

Sha - ron, she shall choose the place Where she may bloom most fair. The
B
Rebecca.
Rose of Sha - - - - - ron! Most gra-cious Prince, Near - est the
pp
p
Ped.
*
C
Prince John.
earth best fits our hap - less race. But fits not thee. Such
f
f
beau - ty may claim room a - mid the best. The sweet - est rose climbs high.
dim.
p
Ped.

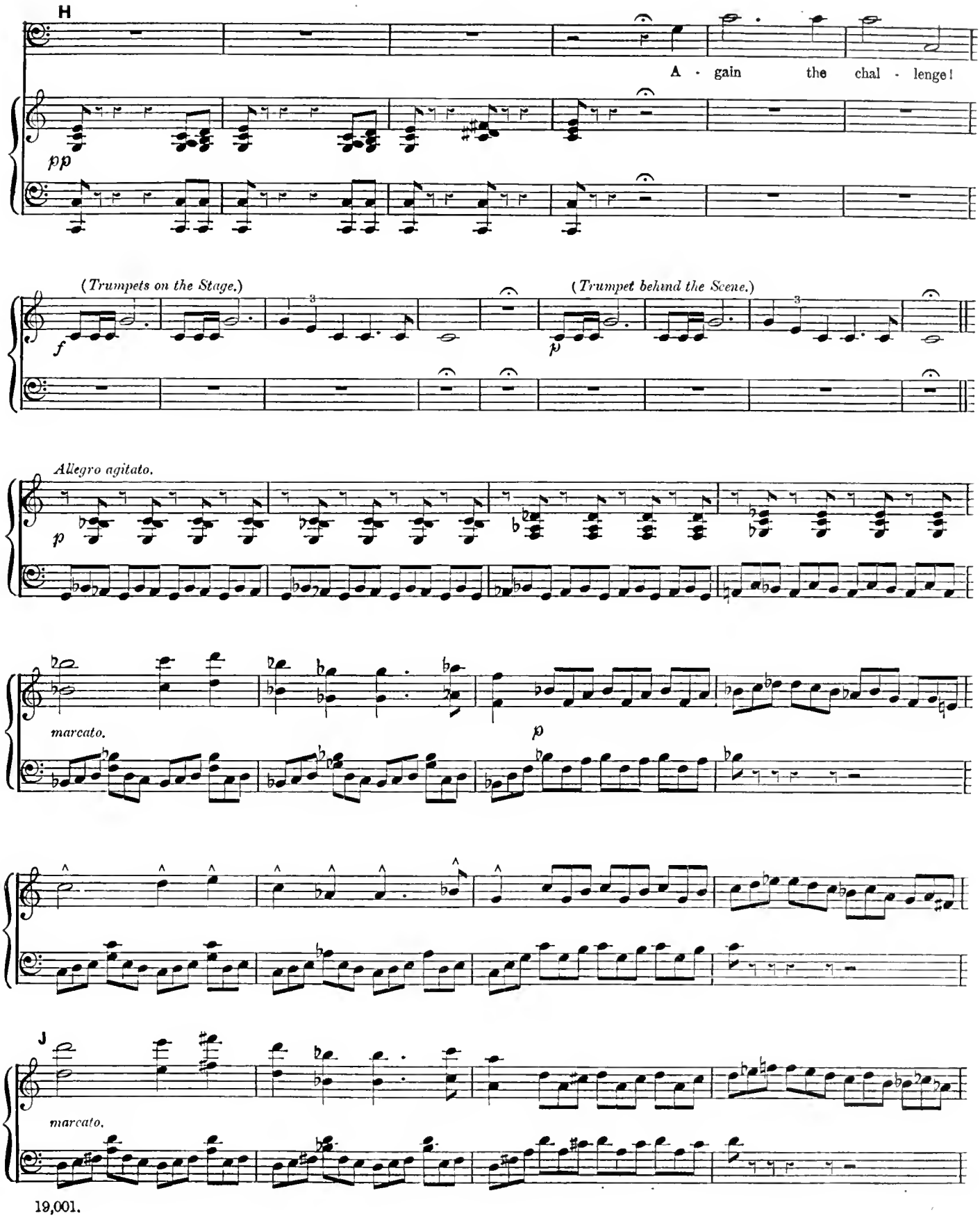

D
Rebecca.
But Ju - dah's rose is of the
dim.
pp
pp
Ped.
low - ly vale; She grow - eth best where hum - ble flow'rs . . . bloom By
lone - ly wa - - - - - ters. I en - treat our Prince To leave us low - ly
colla voce
Allegro agitato.
here.
p
p
p

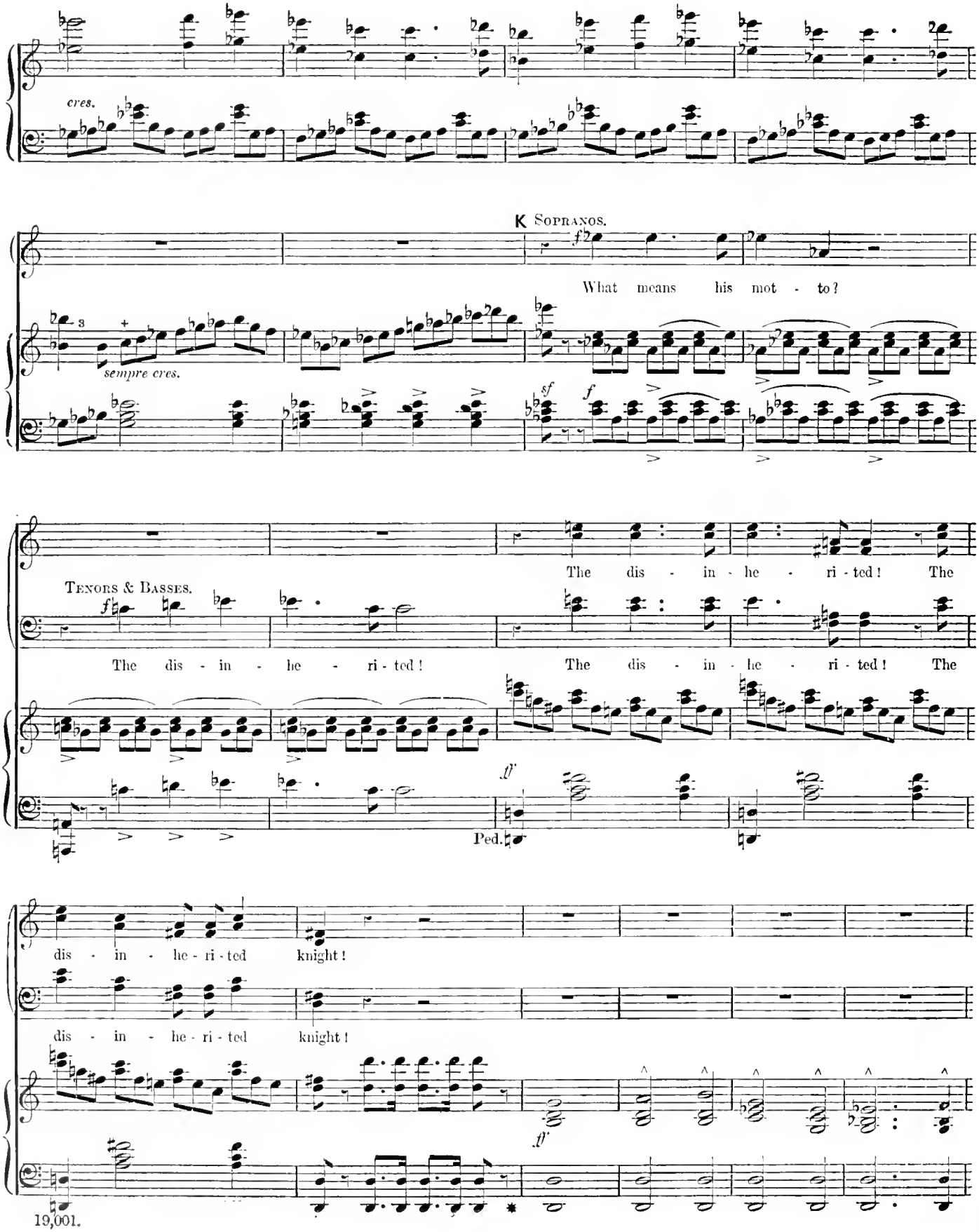

Recit. Prince John.
'Tis from our
marcato.
Roy-al bro-ther, Lou - is of Franee.
E
(reads.)
Look to thy-self!
p
p
Recit.
The de-vil has bro-ken loose!
My bro-ther has es-caped! Heav'n granthe be not
f p
Moderato.
yet on Eng-lish ground! That sa-ble knight who fought so well i' the mê-lée? My mind mis-
p

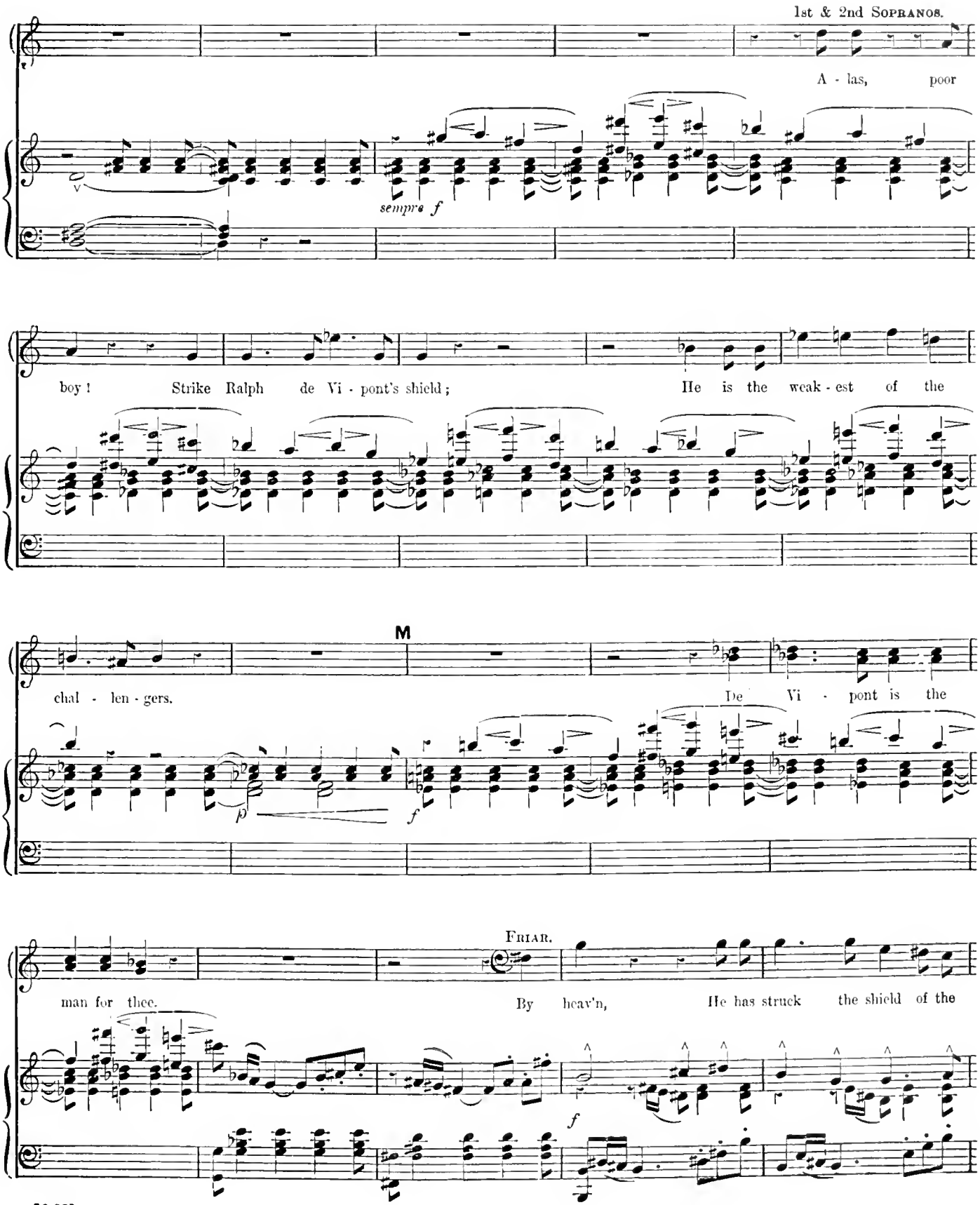

Allegro con brio.
- gave me then; It can - not be! I will not think it.
sf
f
On with the sports, I say! You Sax - - on
ff
p
p
F
slug-gards here, You're proud when seat-ed at the show, But by the headlong swine of Ga - li - lee, You're
slow to show us sport! Will no one meet our Nor-man chal - len-gers?
sf
f

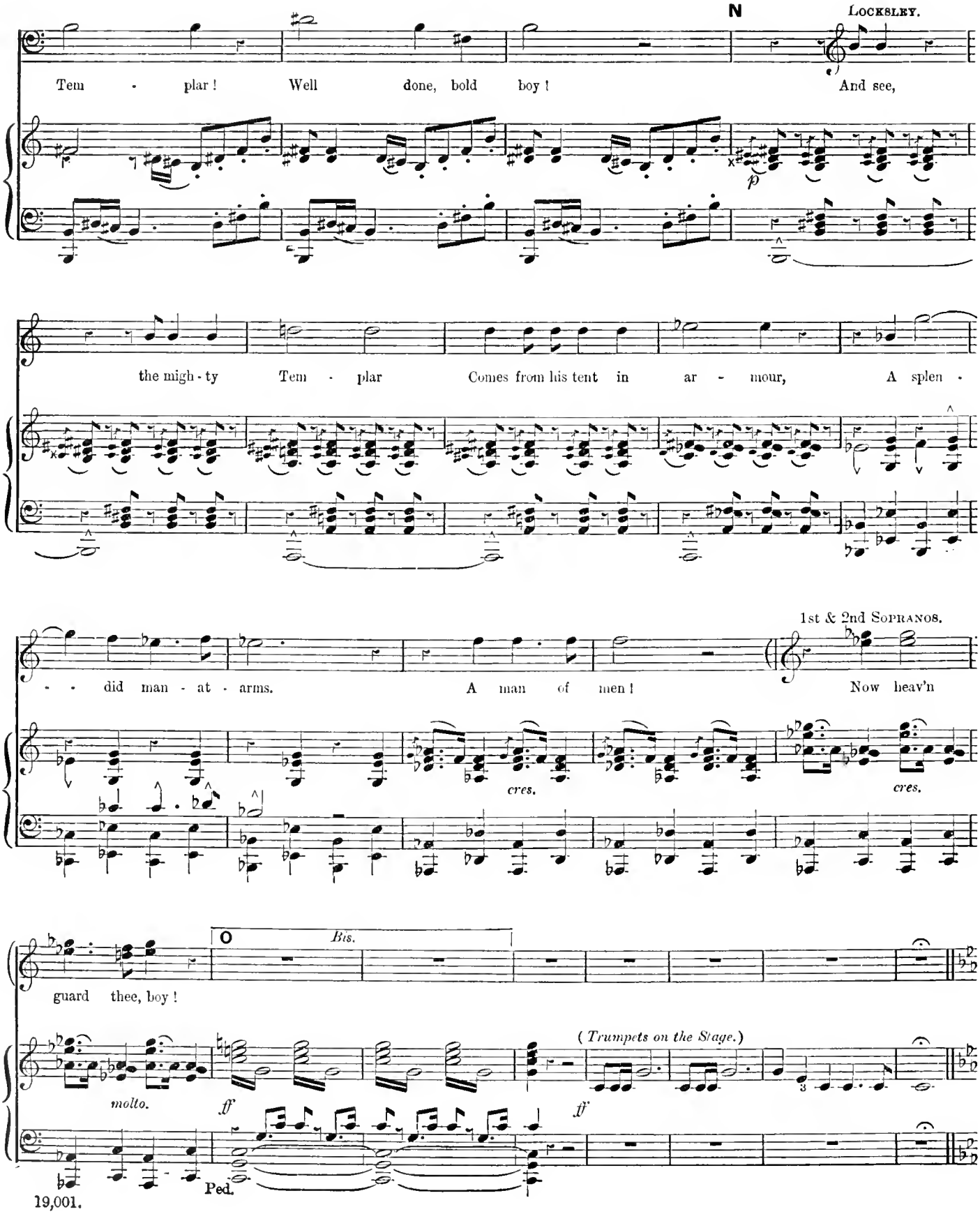

8va.
Andante maestoso.
cres. molto.
cres
Trombe.
ff
Ped.
Heralds (Four Basses).
Love of la - dies! Death of cham - pions! On, gal-lant knights! Bright eyes ap-prove your deeds.
Chorus. 1st & 2nd Sopranos.
f
If
Tenors & Basses. f
If
(4 Trumpets on the Stage).
f
f
(Trumpets on Stage in unison with Heralds.)
Love of la - dies! Death of cham - pions! On, gal-lant knights!
la - dies' love be wor - thy prize, Will ye not bat - tle, then? Look up, ye knights, look up where lov - ing eyes Ap-prove the
la - dies' love be wor - thy prize, Will ye not bat - tle, then? Look up, ye knights, look up where lov - ing eyes Ap-prove the

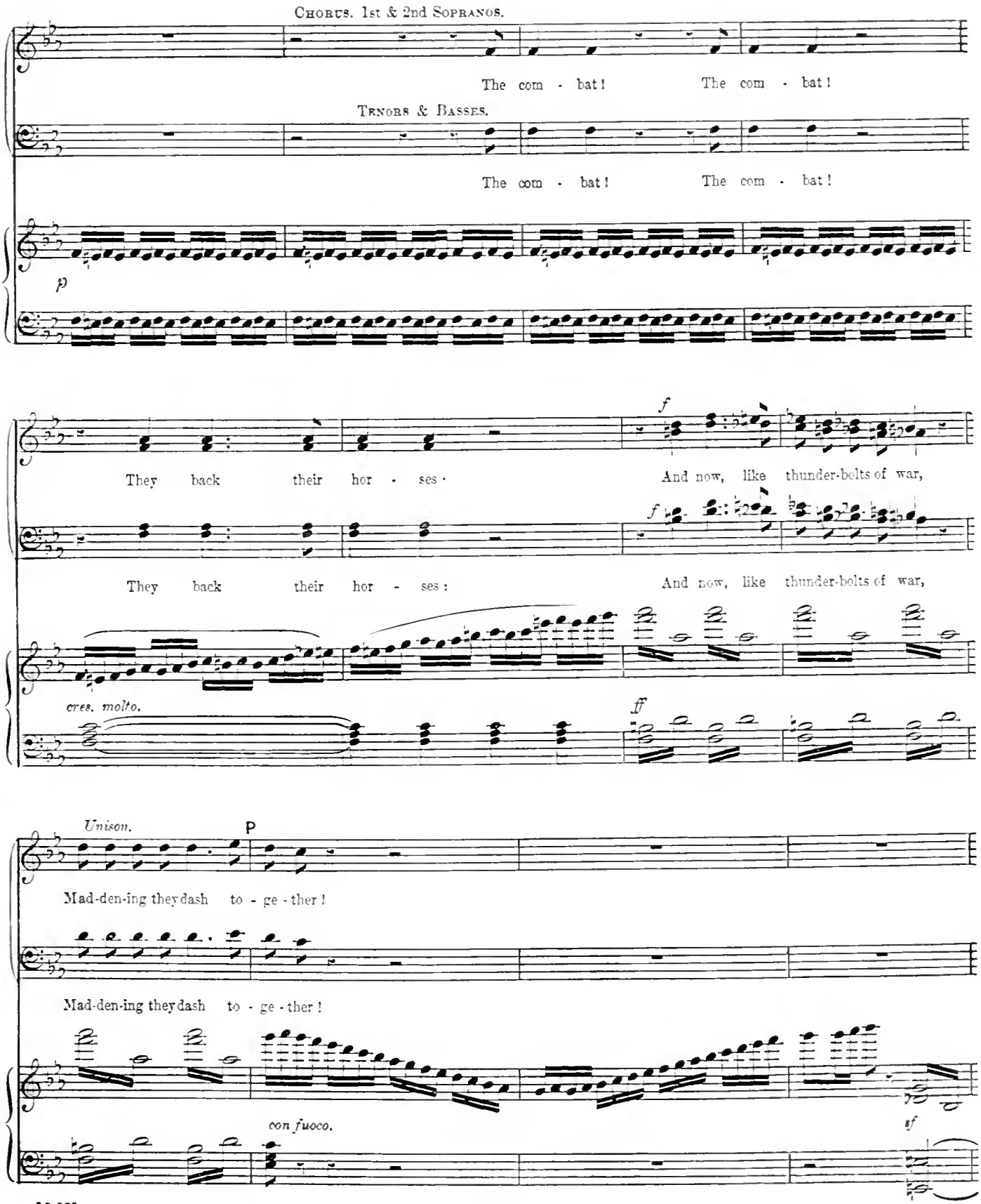

Bright eyes approve your deeds. Love of la - dies! Death of cham - pions!
deeds of men! If la - dies' love be worth the prize Will ye not bat - tle, then? Look up, ye knights, where
deeds of men! If la - dies' love be worth the prize Will ye not bat - tle, then? Look up, ye knights, where
On, gal-lant knights! Bright eyes approve your deeds.
of men!
lov - ing eyes Ap-prove the deeds of men! Ap- prove the deeds, the deeds of men! Look up, look up, ye gal-lant knights!
lov - ing eyes Ap-prove the deeds of men! Ap - prove the deeds, the deeds of men! Look up, look up, ye no - ble knights!
ff
PRINCE JOHN.
He - ralds, sound the chal - lenge!
f Allegro.
(Trumpets on the Stage.)

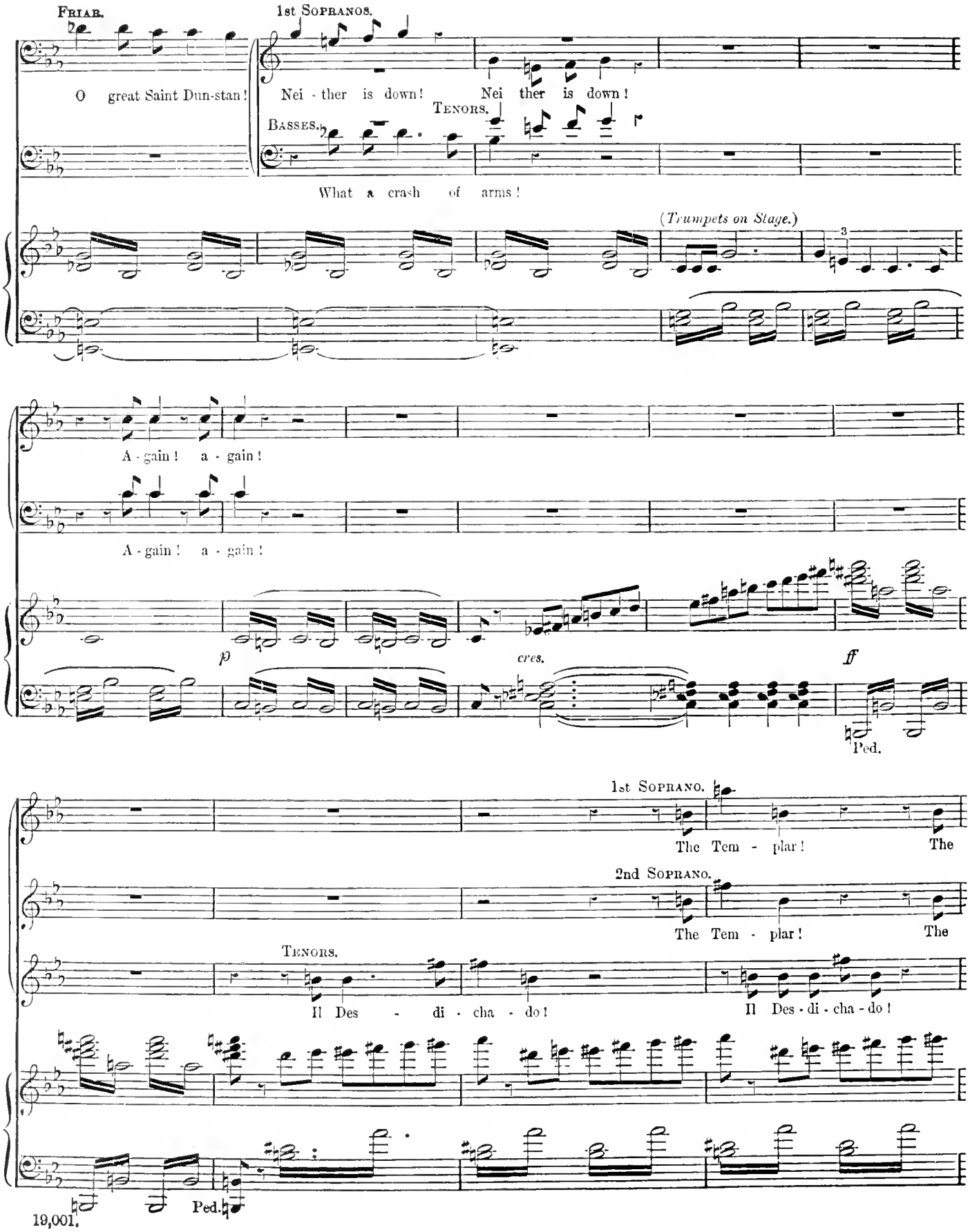

H
A - gain the chal - lenge!
pp
(Trumpets on the Stage.)
f
(Trumpet behind the Scene.)
p
Allegro agitato.
p
marcato.
p
J
marcato.

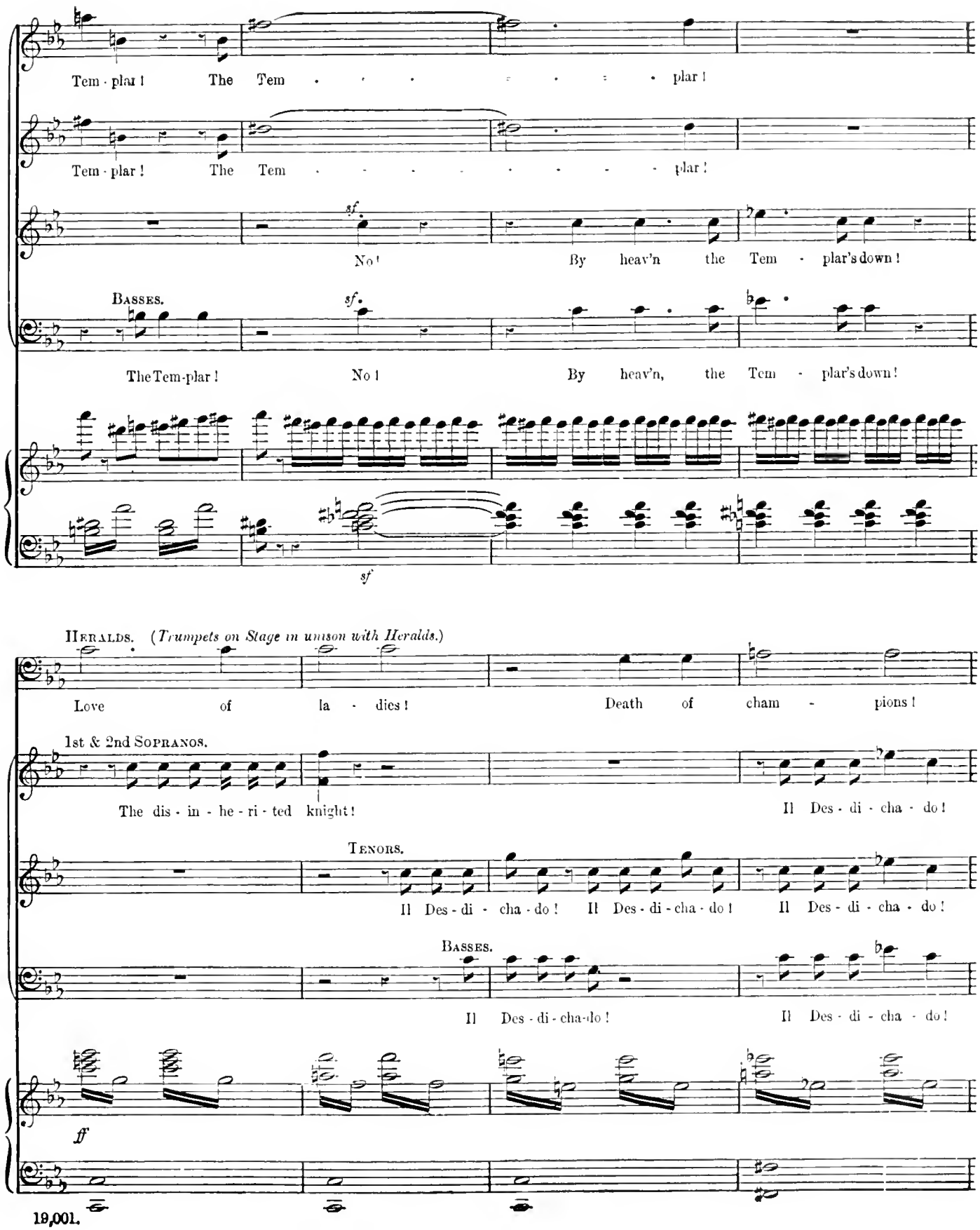

cres.
K Sopranos.
What means his mot - to?
sempre cres.
Tenors & Basses.
The dis - in - he - ri - ted!
The dis - in - he - ri - ted!
The dis - in - he - ri - ted!
The dis - in - he - ri - ted!
Ped.
dis - in - he - ri - ted knight!
dis - in - he - ri - ted knight!

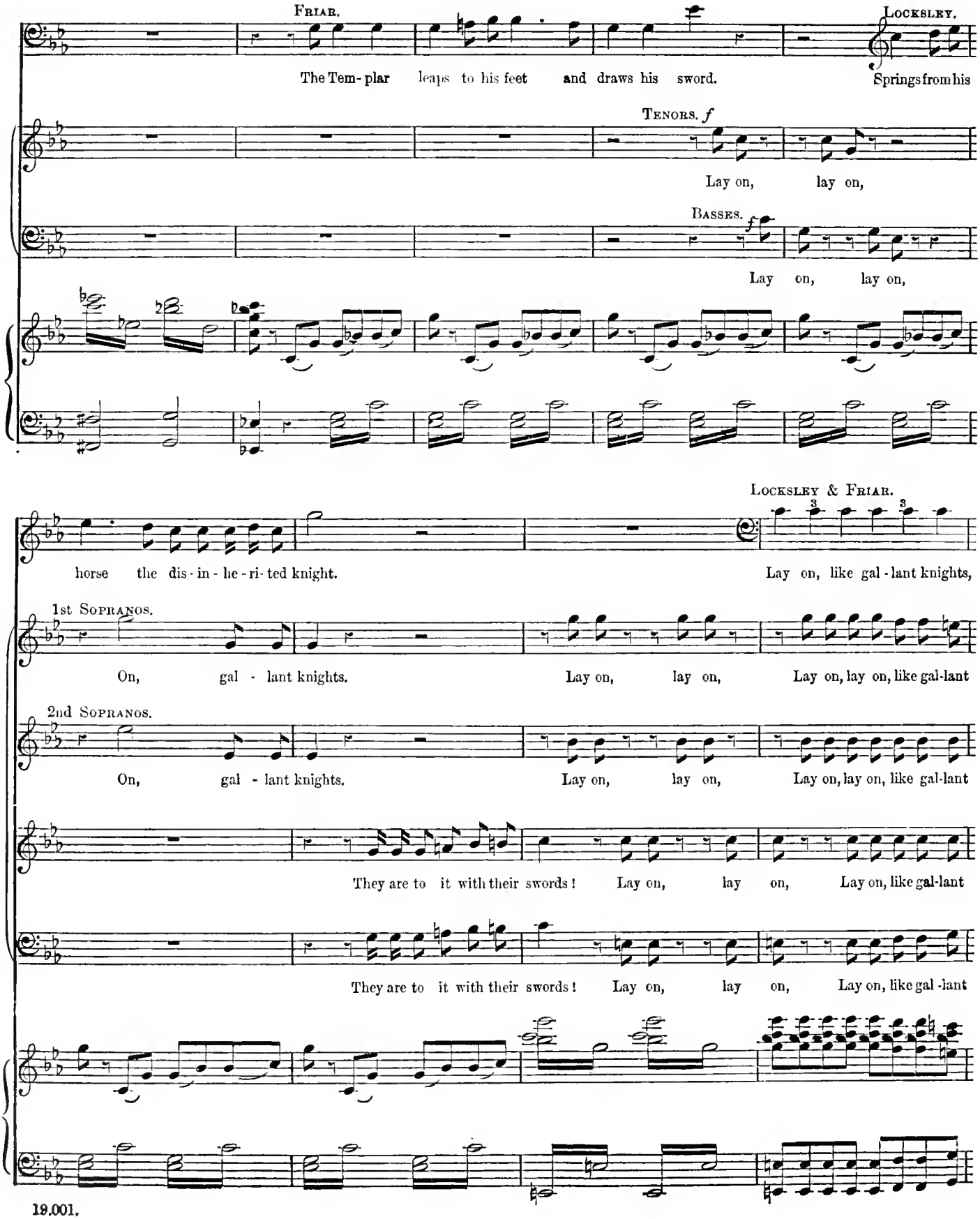

1st & 2nd Sopranos.
A - las, poor
sempre f
boy! Strike Ralph de Vi - pont's shield; He is the weak - est of the
M
chal - len - gers. De Vi - pont is the
p
f
Friar.
man for thee. By heav'n, He has struck the shield of the
f


N
LOCKSLEY.
Tem - plar! Well done, bold boy! And see,
the migh - ty Tem - plar Comes from his tent in ar - mour, A splen -
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS.
- - did man - at - arms. A man of men! Now heav'n
cres.
cres.
O
Bis.
guard thee, boy!
molto.
ff
(Trumpets on the Stage.)
ff
Ped.


Chorus. 1st & 2nd Sopranos.
The com - bat! The com - bat!
Tenors & Basses.
The com - bat! The com - bat!
p
f
They back their hor - ses · And now, like thunder-bolts of war,
f
They back their hor - ses: And now, like thunder-bolts of war,
cres. molto.
ff
Unison.
P
Mad-den-ing they dash to - ge - ther!
Mad-den-ing they dash to - ge - ther!
con fuoco.
tf


Friar.
O great Saint Dun-stan!
1st Sopranos.
Nei - ther is down! Nei ther is down!
Tenors.
Basses.
What a crash of arms!
(Trumpets on Stage.)
A - gain! a - gain!
A - gain! a - gain!
p
cres.
ff
Ped.
1st Soprano.
The Tem - plar! The
2nd Soprano.
The Tem - plar! The
Tenors.
Il Des - di - cha - do!
Il Des - di - cha - do!
Ped.


Tem - plar ! The Tem - - - - - - - plar !
Tem - plar ! The Tem - - - - - - - - - plar !
sf.
No ! By heav'n the Tem - plar's down !
Basses.
sf.
The Tem-plar ! No ! By heav'n, the Tem - plar's down !
sf
Heralds. (Trumpets on Stage in unison with Heralds.)
Love of la - dies ! Death of cham - pions !
1st & 2nd Sopranos.
The dis - in - he - ri - ted knight ! Il Des - di - cha - do !
Tenors.
Il Des - di - cha - do ! Il Des - di - cha - do ! Il Des - di - cha - do !
Basses.
Il Des - di - cha-do ! Il Des - di - cha - do !
ff


Friar.
Locksley.
The Tem- plar leaps to his feet and draws his sword.
Springs from his
Tenors. f
Lay on, lay on,
Basses. f
Lay on, lay on,
Locksley & Friar.
horse the dis - in - he - ri - ted knight.
Lay on, like gal - lant knights,
1st Sopranos.
On, gal - lant knights.
Lay on, lay on,
Lay on, lay on, like gal-lant
2nd Sopranos.
On, gal - lant knights.
Lay on, lay on,
Lay on, lay on, like gal-lant
They are to it with their swords!
Lay on, lay on,
Lay on, like gal-lant
They are to it with their swords!
Lay on, lay on,
Lay on, like gal -lant

PRINCE JOHN.

Lay on, for chi - val - ry! Lay on, lay on. Stop the com-bat!

knights! Lay on, lay on, for chi - val - ry! Lay on, lay on, lay on, lay on.

knights! Lay on, lay on, for chi - val - ry! Lay on, lay on, lay on, lay on.

knights! Lay on, lay on, for chi - val - ry! Lay on, lay on, lay on, lay on.

(*Trumpets on Stage.*)

Moderato. PRINCE JOHN.

Since by mis - hap, the gal - lant Bois Guil - bert was first un-horsed, I here - by name the name - less knight The

S

vic - tor in our list! And now, Sir

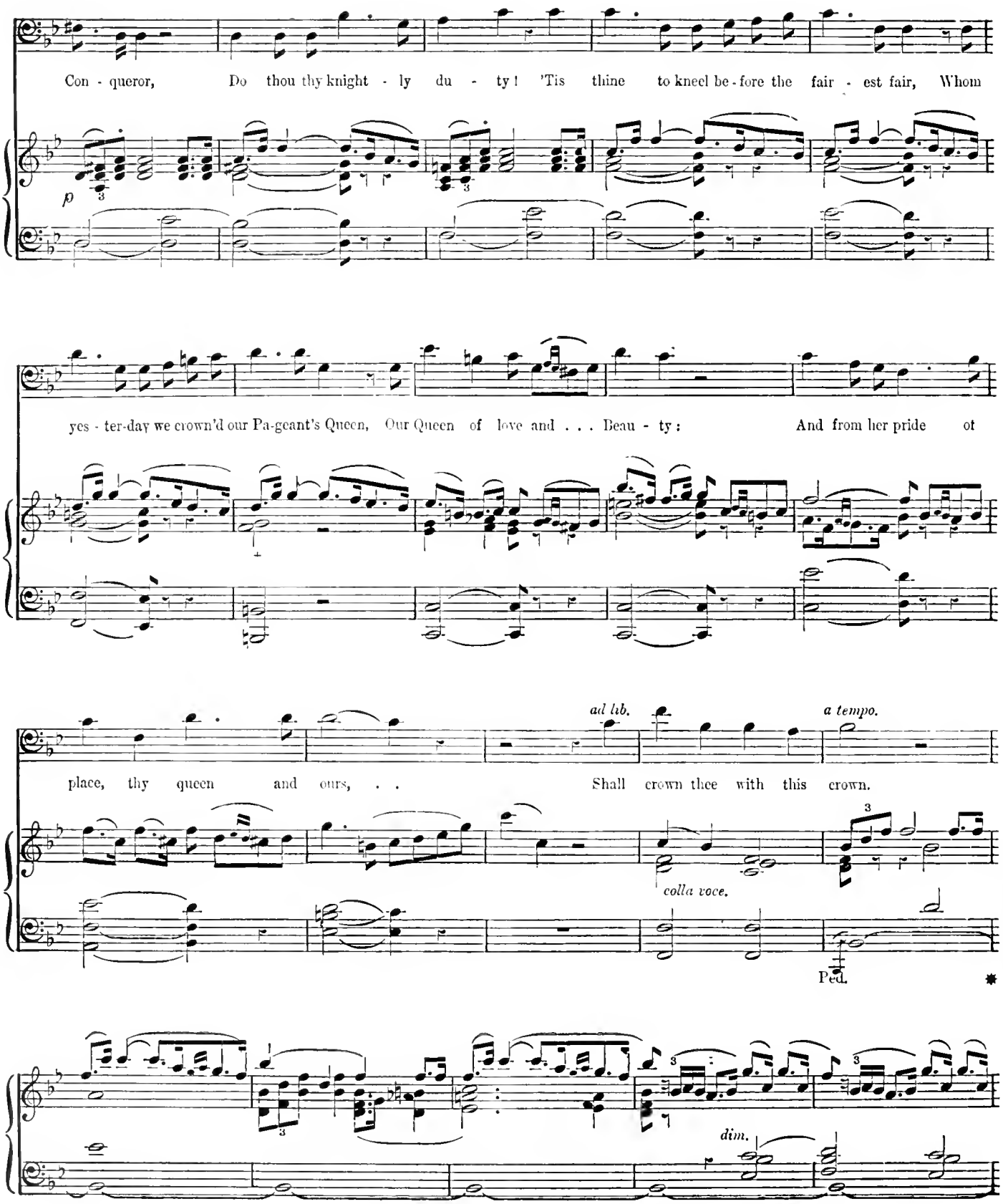
CHORUS. *f*

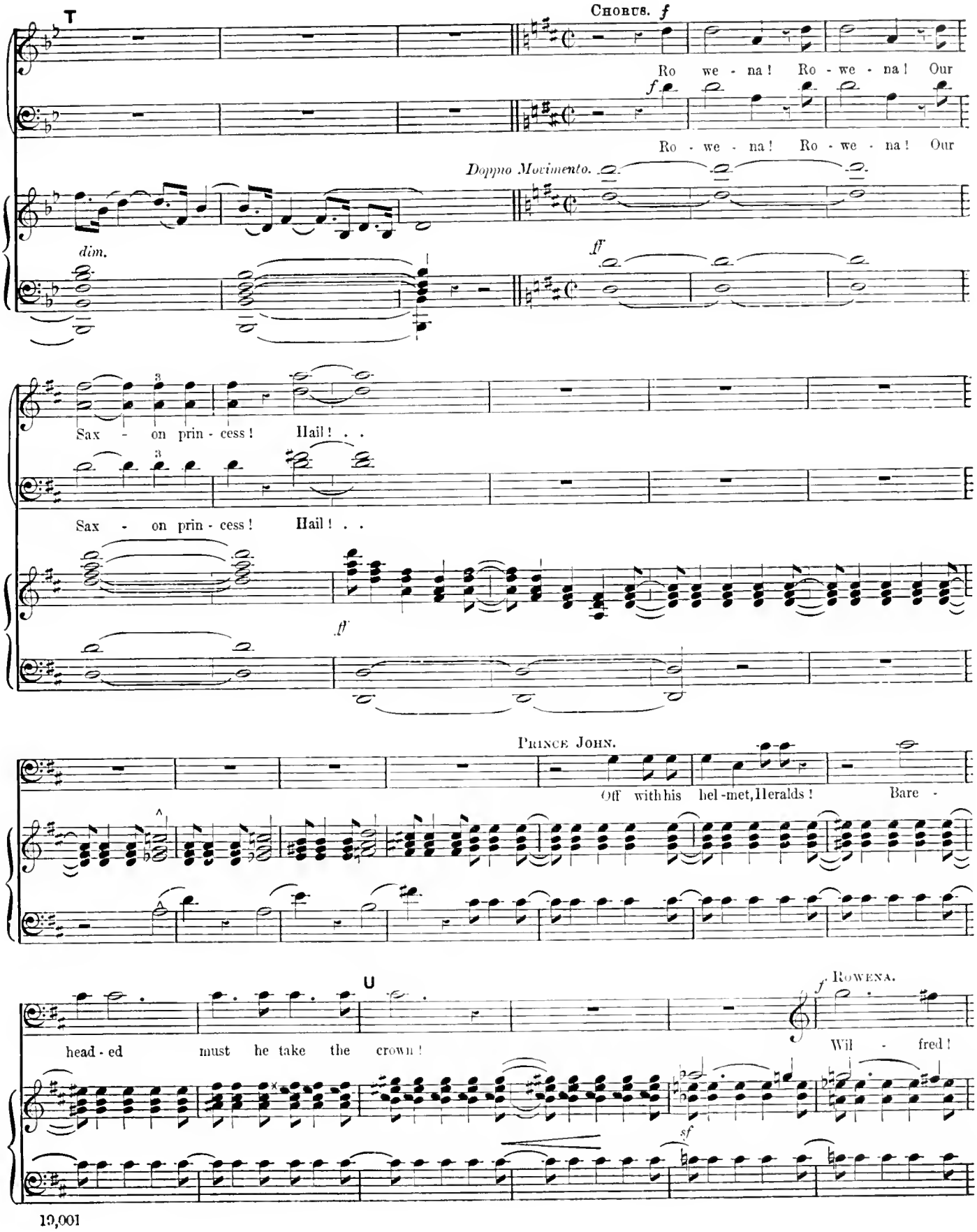
Il Des - di-cha-do! Il Des - di - cha - do!

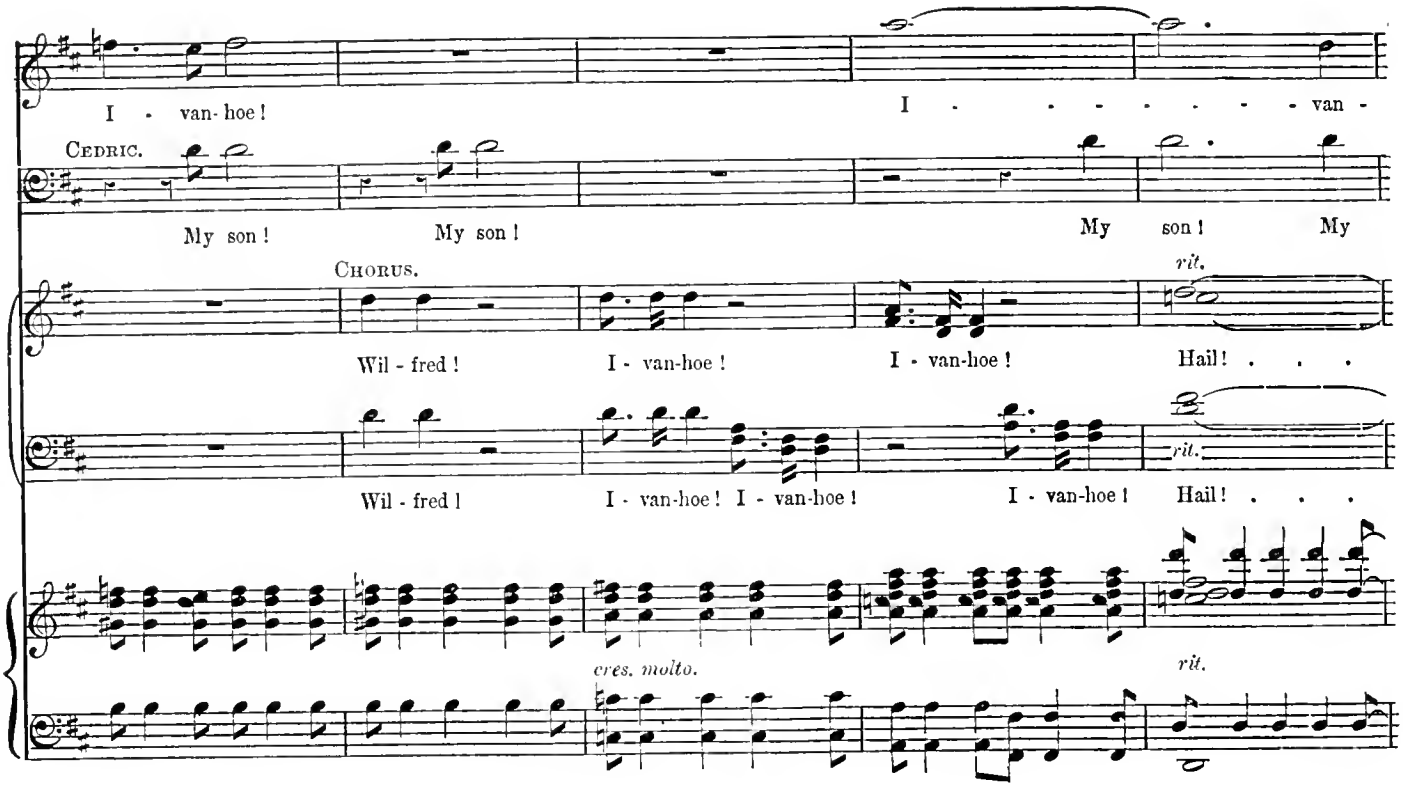
f

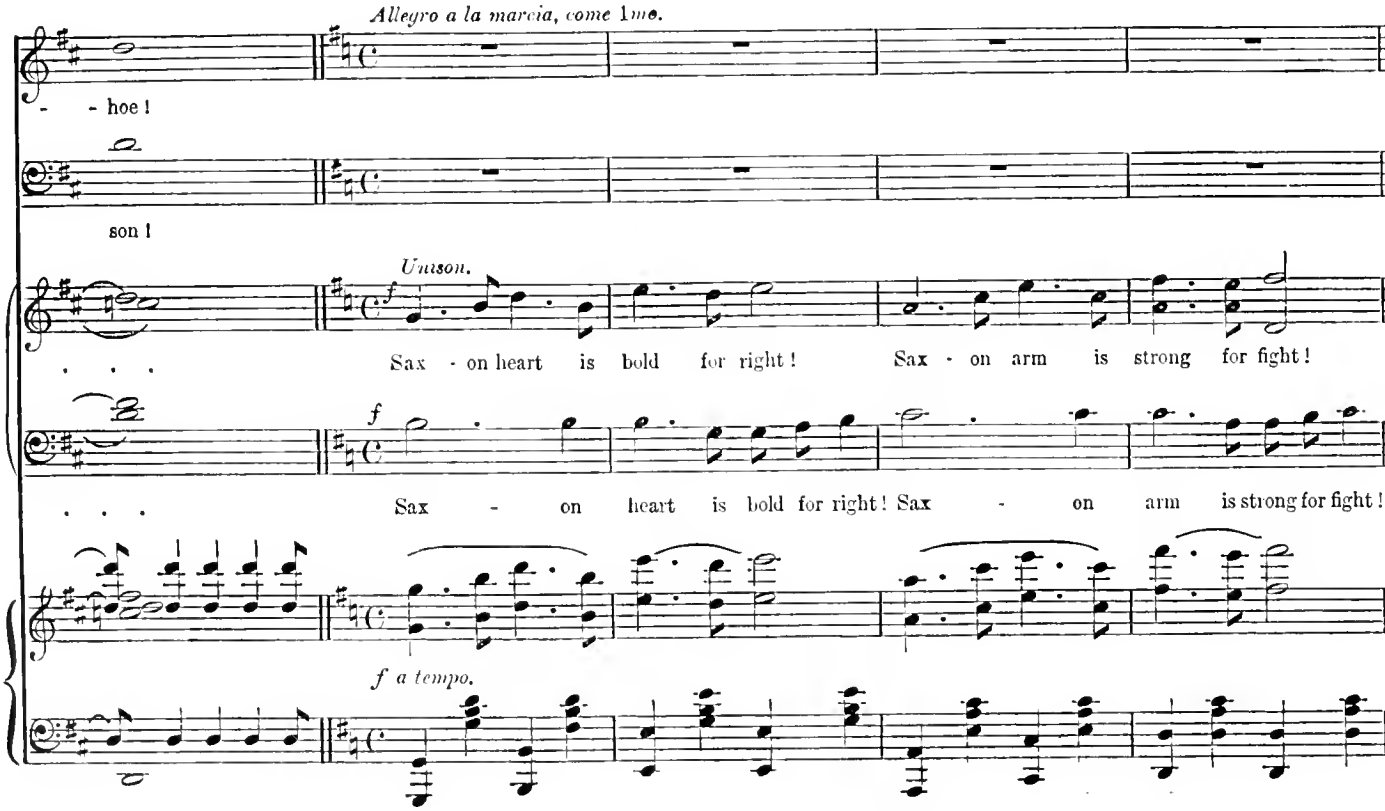
Il Des - di-cha-do! Il Des - di - cha - do!

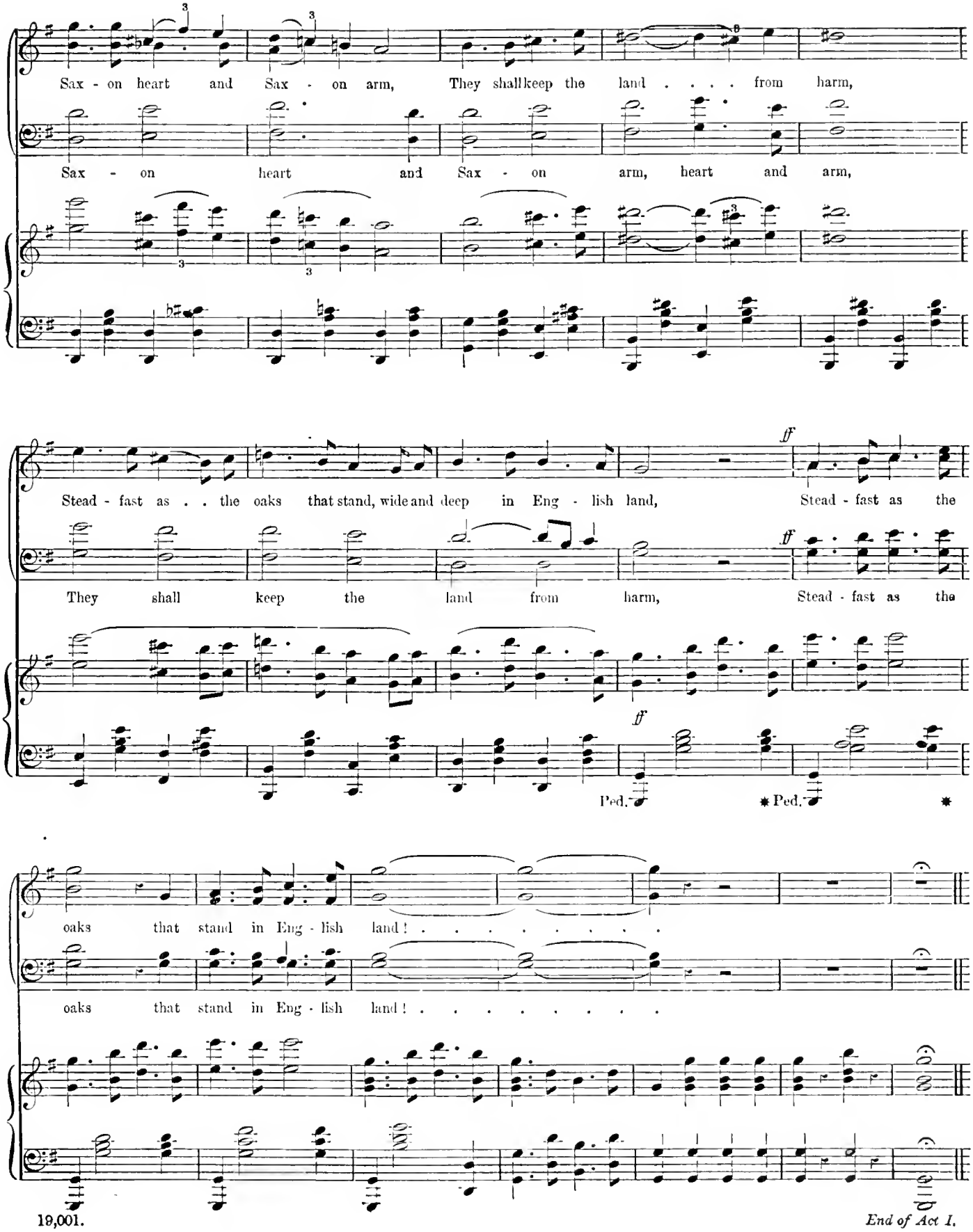
ff *p* *p*


Con - queror, Do thou thy knight - ly du - ty! 'Tis thine to kneel be - fore the fair - est fair, Whom
p
yes - ter-day we crown'd our Pa-geant's Queen, Our Queen of love and . . . Beau - ty: And from her pride ot
ad lib.
a tempo.
place, thy queen and ours, . . Shall crown thee with this crown.
colla voce.
Ped.
dim.


T
Chorus. f
Ro we - na! Ro - we - na! Our
f
Ro - we - na! Ro - we - na! Our
Doppio Movimento.
dim.
ff
Sax - on prin - cess! Hail! . .
Sax - on prin - cess! Hail! . .
ff
Prince John.
Off with his hel - met, Heralds! Bare -
U
head - ed must he take the crown!
f Rowena.
Wil - fred!
sf


I - van- hoe !
I . . . . . - van -
Cedric.
My son ! My son !
My son ! My
Chorus.
rit.
Wil - fred ! I - van-hoe ! I - van-hoe ! Hail ! . . .
Wil - fred ! I - van-hoe ! I - van-hoe ! I - van-hoe ! Hail ! . . .
cres. molto.
rit.

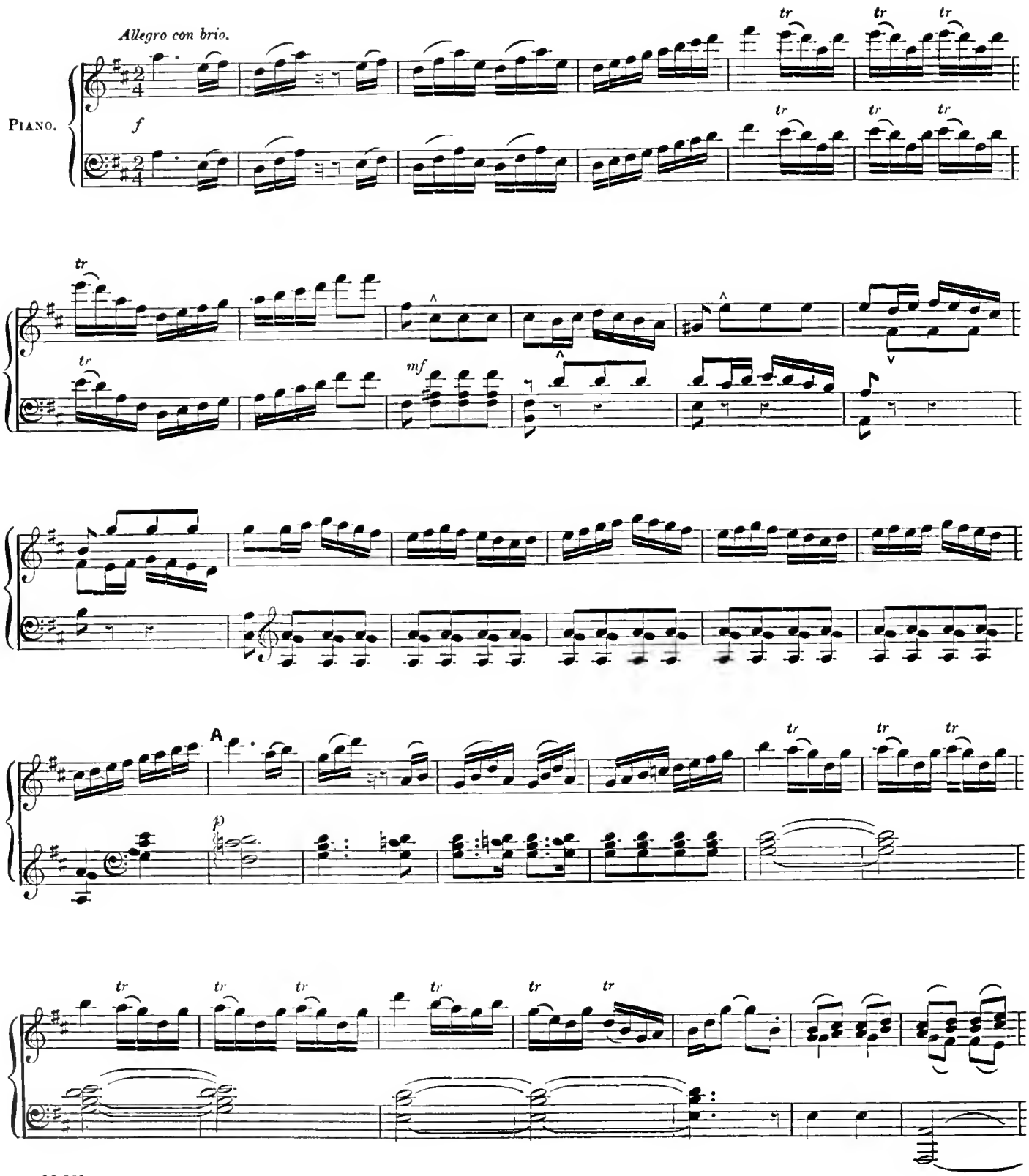

Allegro a la marcia, come 1mo.
- - hoe !
son !
Unison.
f
. . . Sax - on heart is bold for right ! Sax - on arm is strong for fight !
f
. . . Sax - on heart is bold for right ! Sax - on arm is strong for fight !
f a tempo.

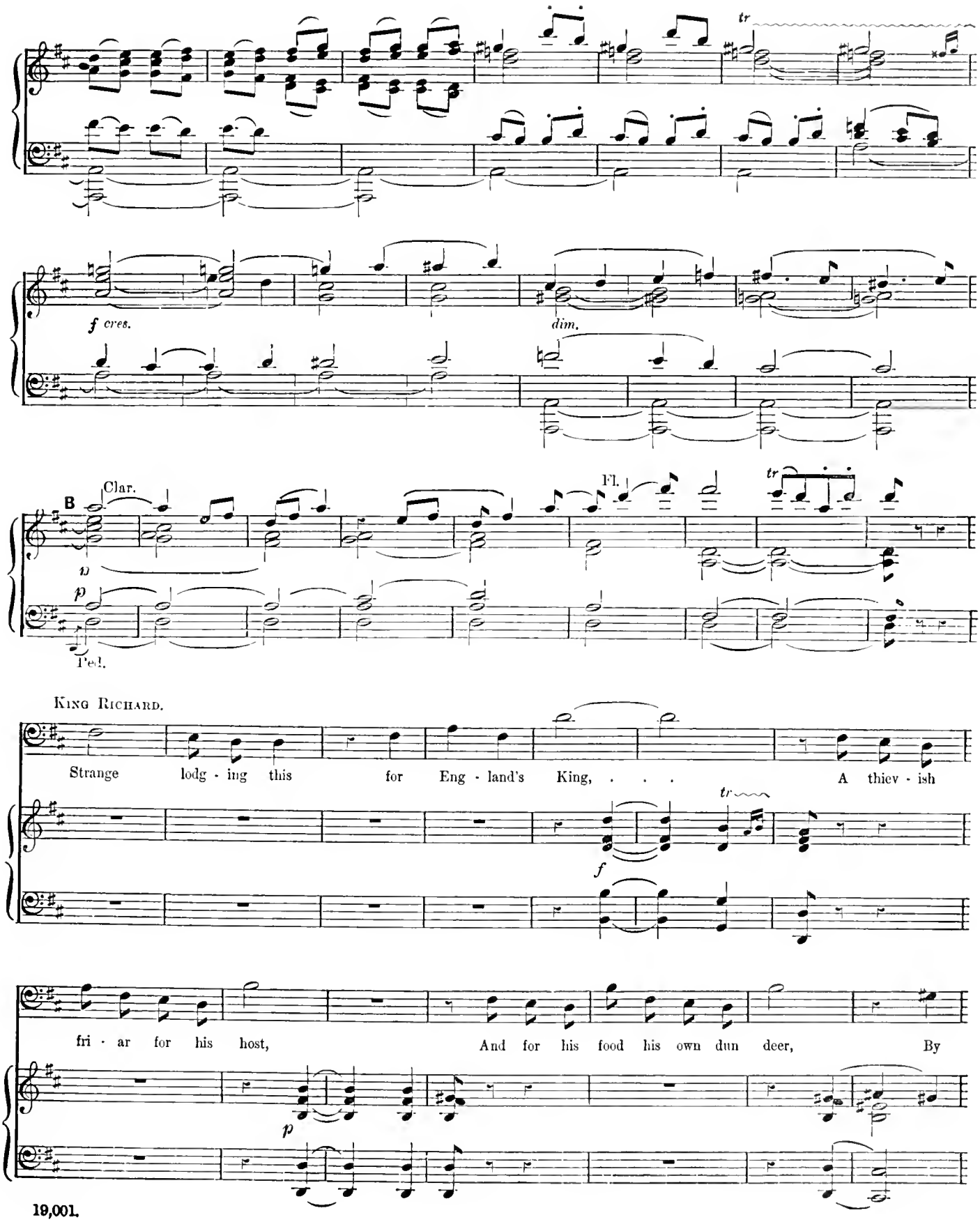

Sax - on heart and Sax - on arm, They shall keep the land . . . . from harm,
Sax - on heart and Sax - on arm, heart and arm,
Stead - fast as . . the oaks that stand, wide and deep in Eng - lish land,
Stead - fast as the
They shall keep the land from harm,
Stead - fast as the
ff
ff
ff
Ped.
* Ped.
*
oaks that stand in Eng - lish land! . . . . . .
oaks that stand in Eng - lish land! . . . . . .

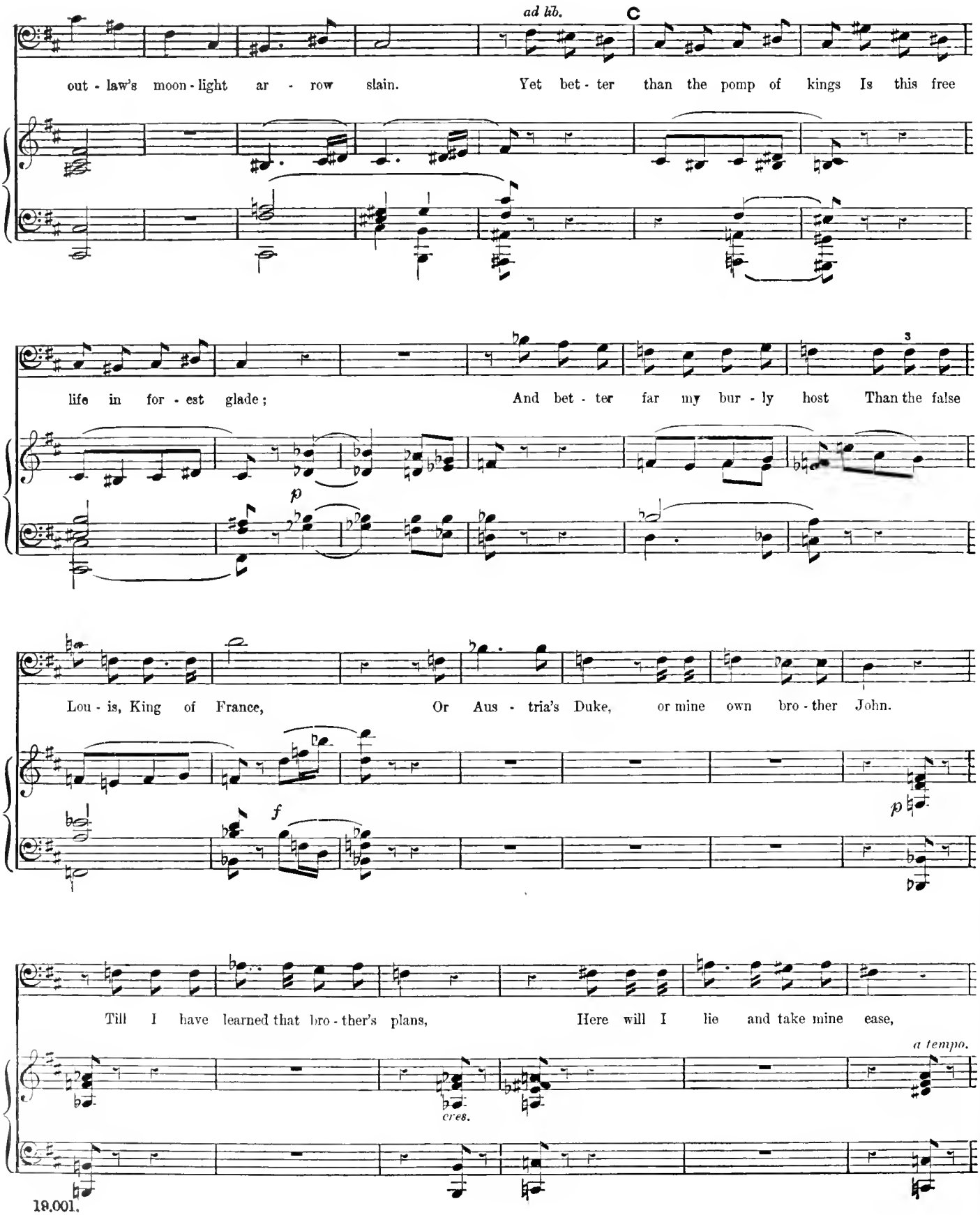
End of Act I.

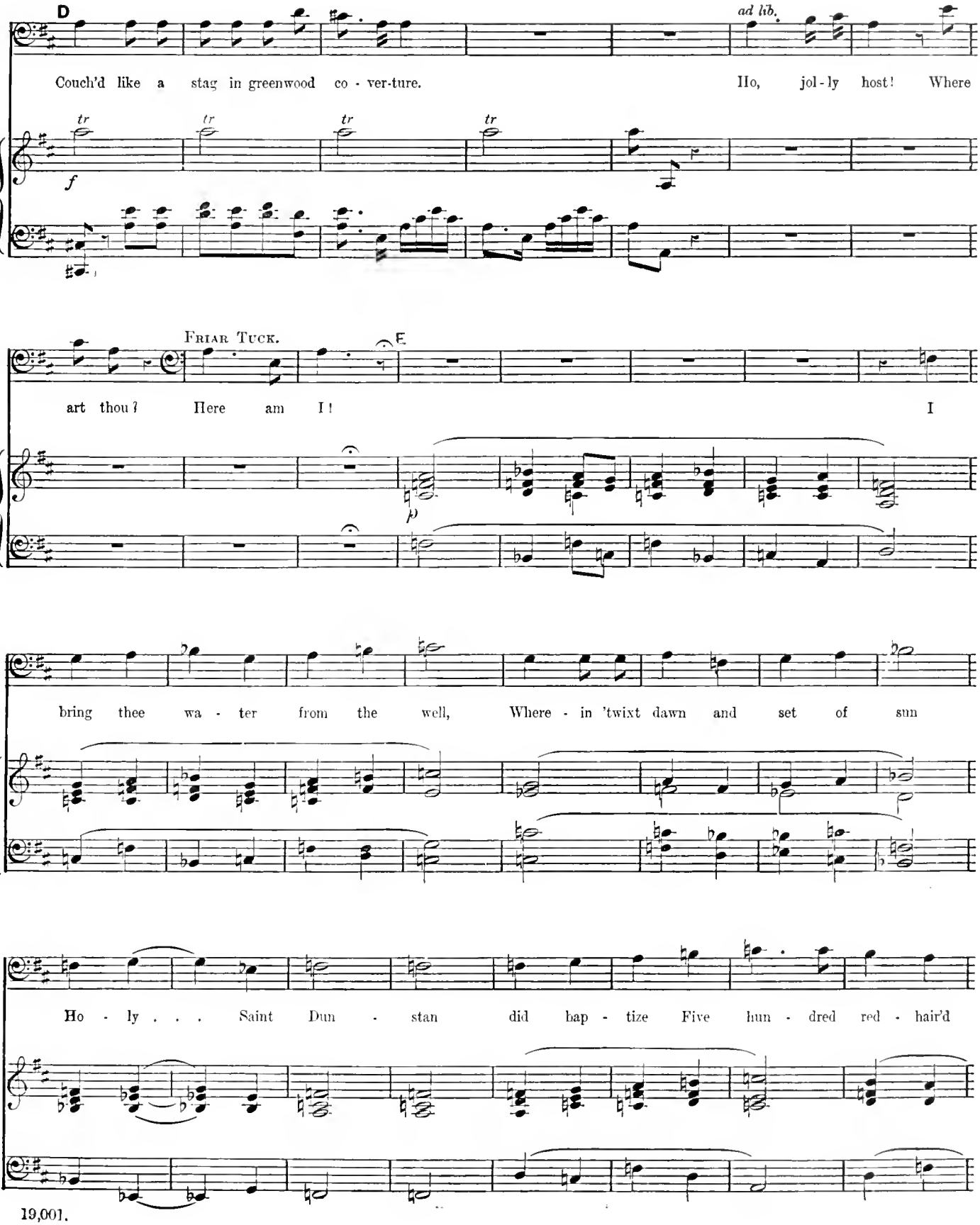
ACT II.

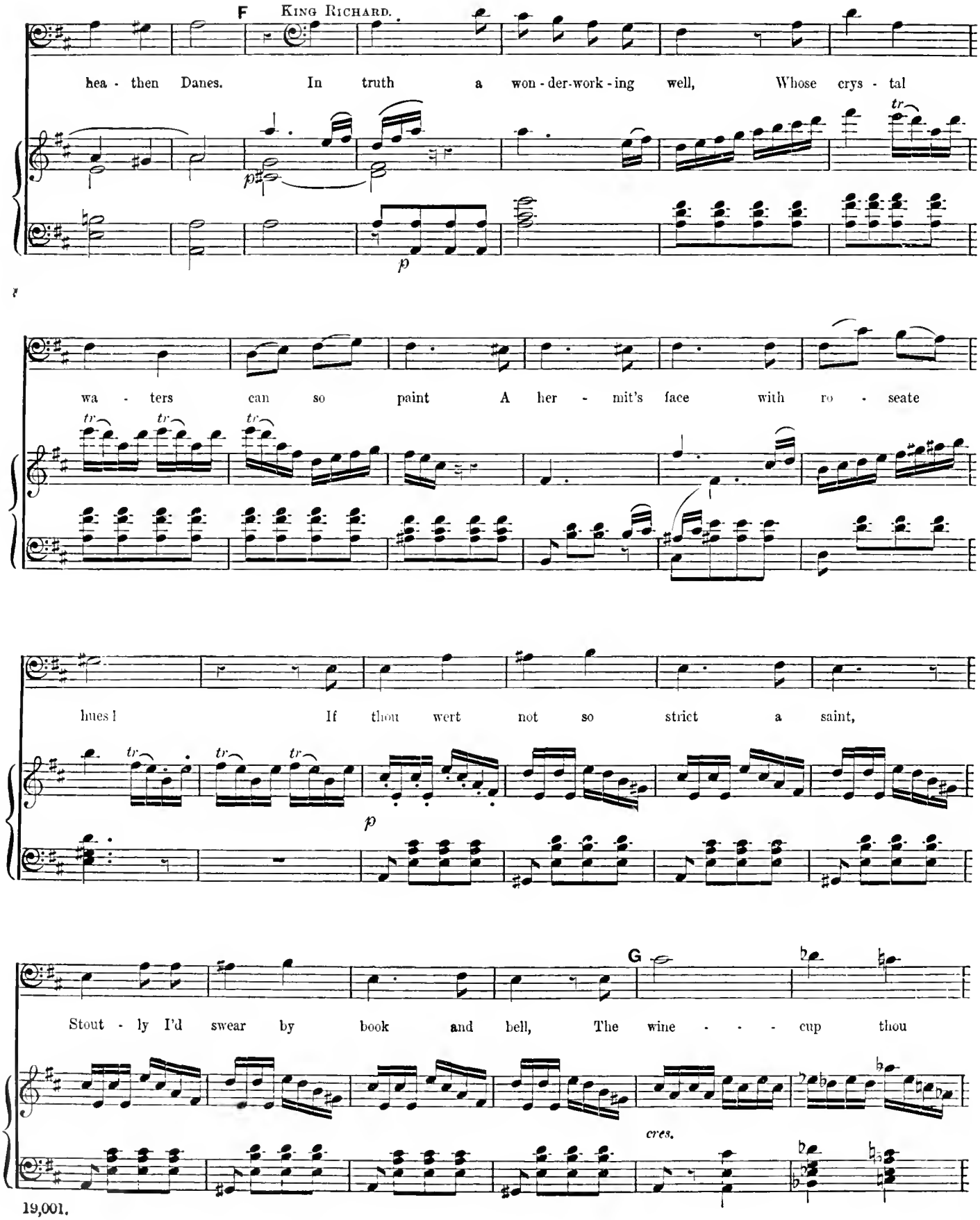
SCENE I.

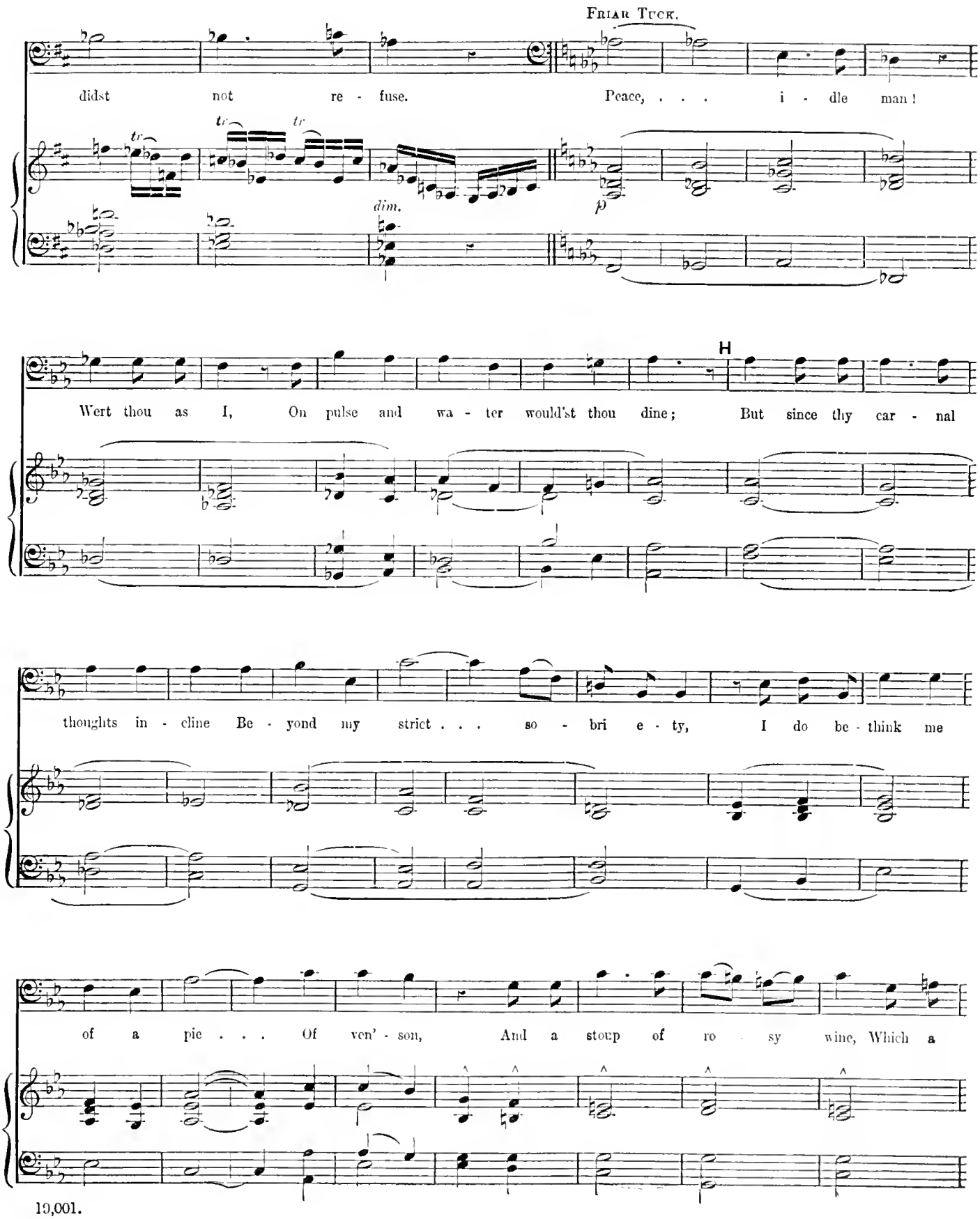


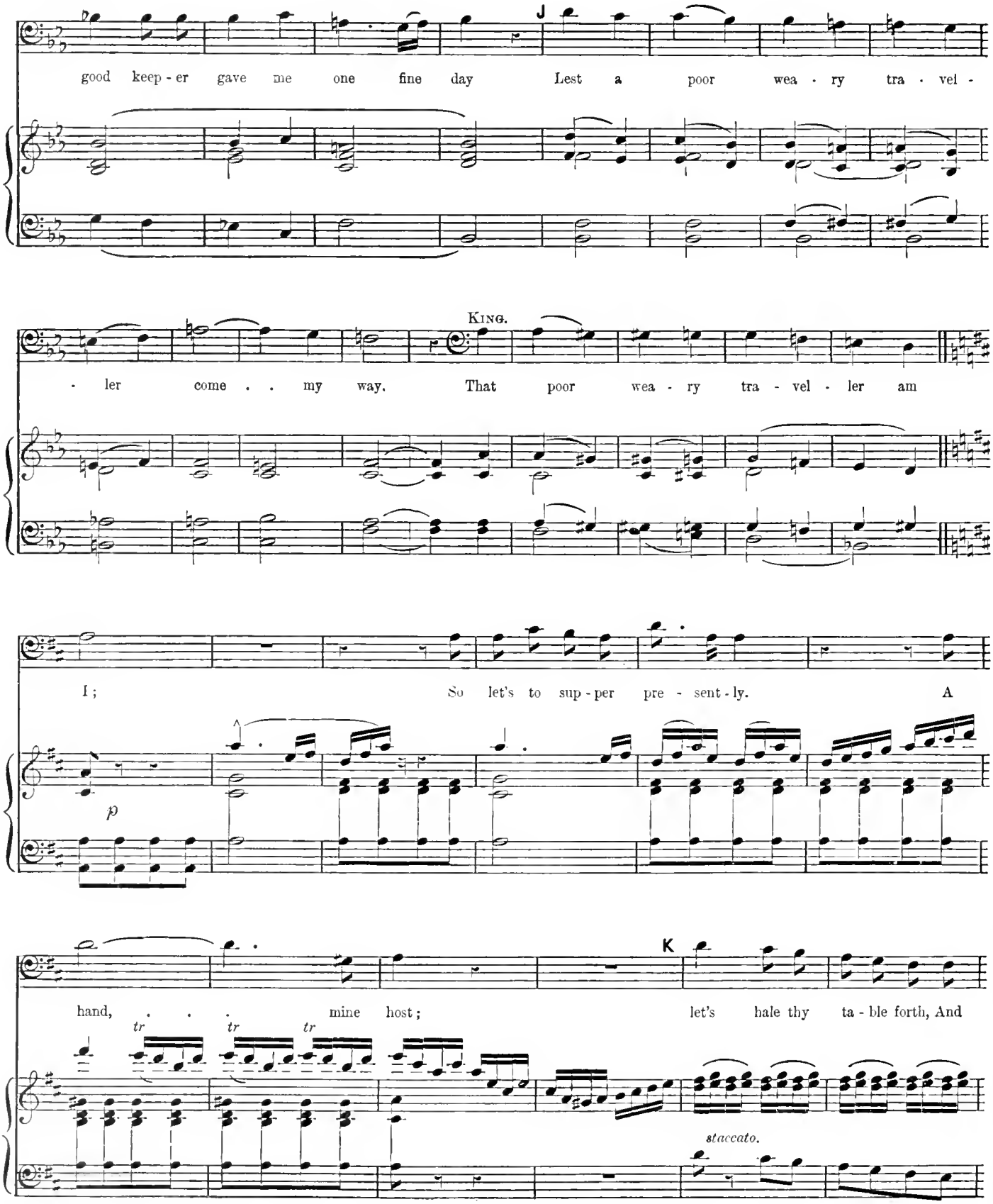

tr
f cres.
dim.
B
Clar.
Fl.
tr
p
Ped.
KING RICHARD.
Strange lodg - ing this for Eng - land's King, . . . A thiev - ish
tr
f
fri - ar for his host, And for his food his own dun deer, By
p

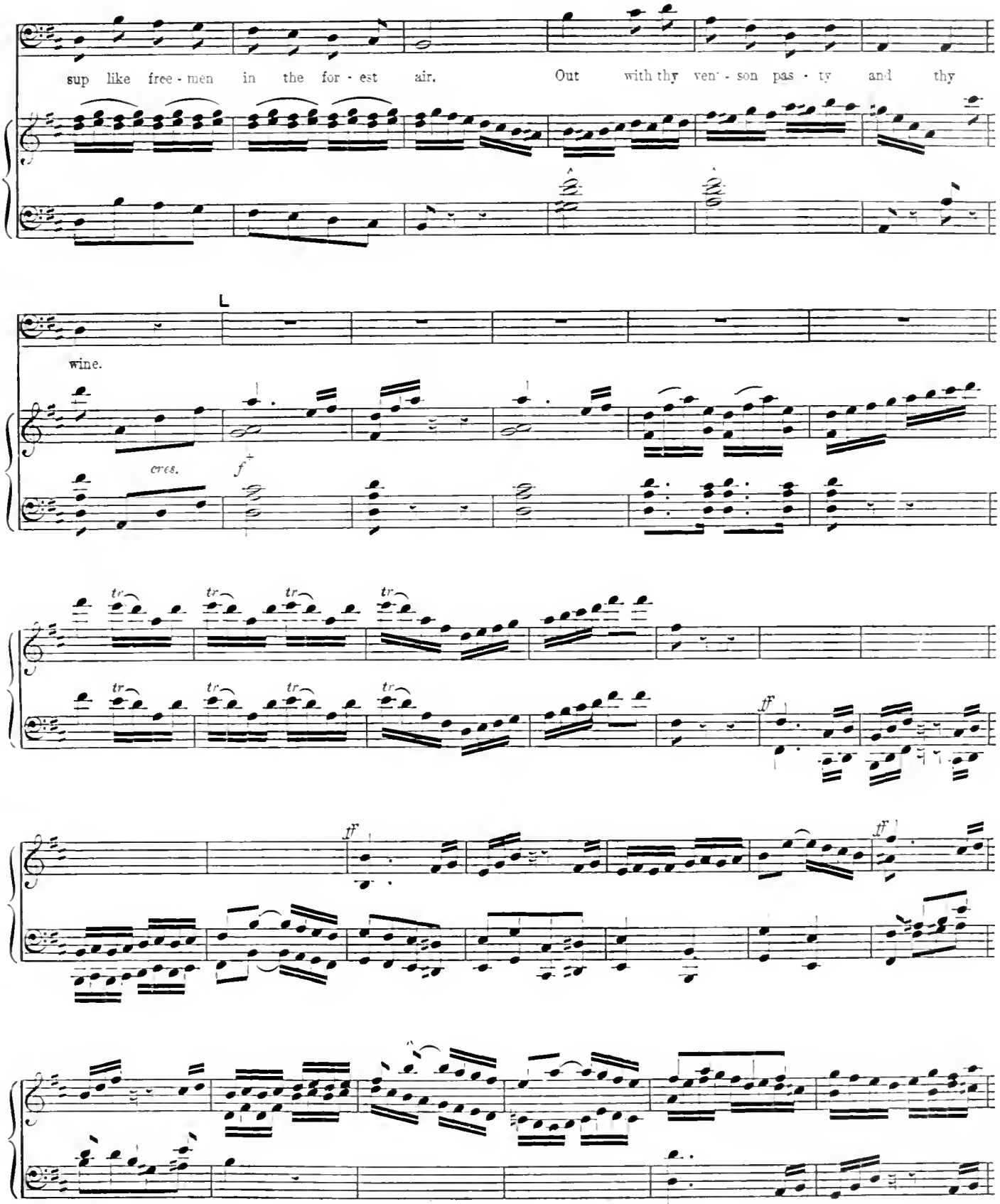

ad lib.
C
out - law's moon - light ar - row slain. Yet bet - ter than the pomp of kings Is this free
life in for - est glade; And bet - ter far my bur - ly host Than the false
3
p
Lou - is, King of France, Or Aus - tria's Duke, or mine own bro - ther John.
f
p
Till I have learned that bro - ther's plans, Here will I lie and take mine ease,
cres.
a tempo.

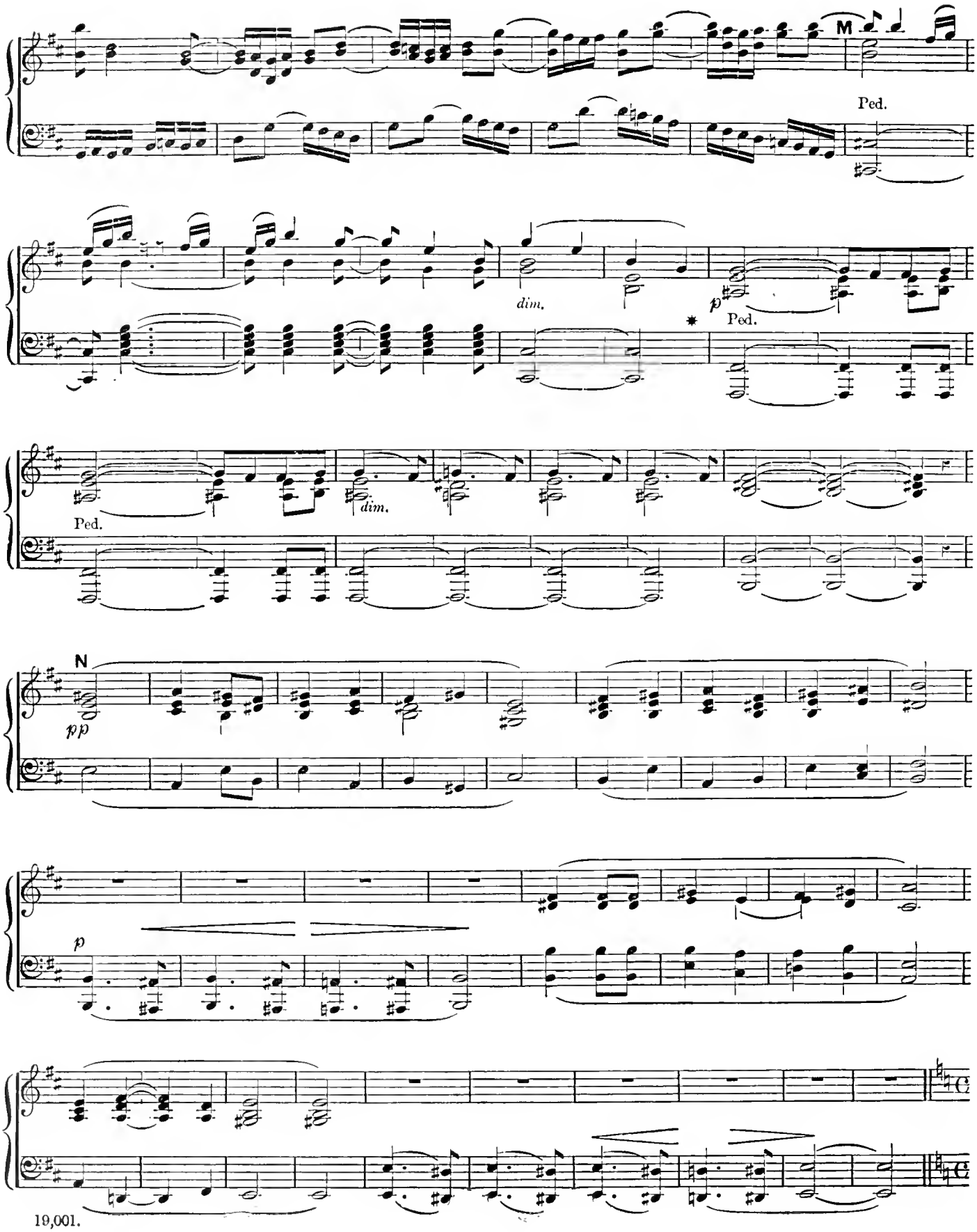

D
ad lib.
Couch'd like a stag in greenwood co - ver-ture.
Ho, jol - ly host! Where
tr
tr
tr
tr
f
Friar Tuck.
E
art thou? Here am I! I
p
bring thee wa - ter from the well, Where - in 'twixt dawn and set of sun
Ho - ly . . . Saint Dun - stan did bap - tize Five hun - dred red - hair'd

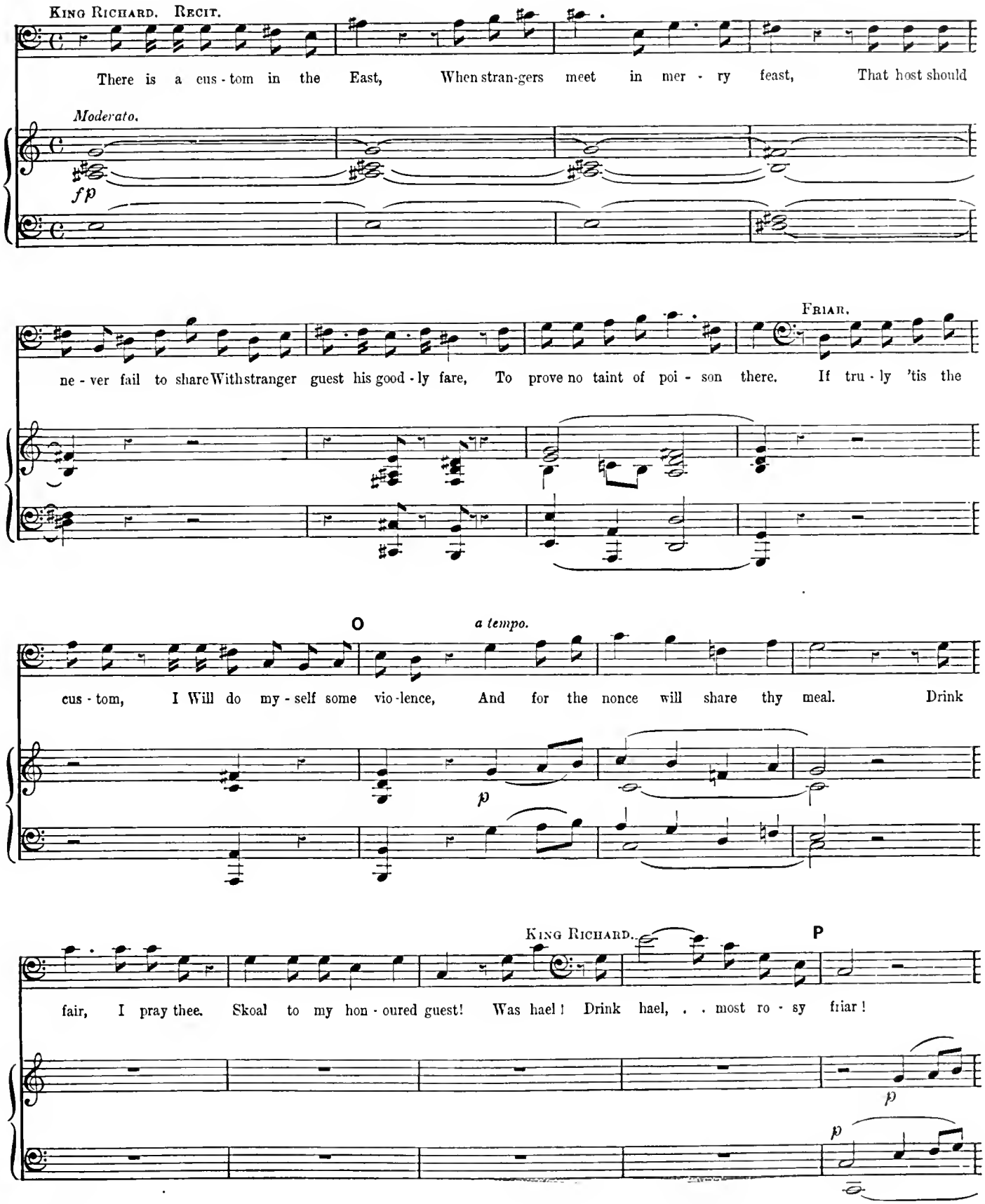

F
King Richard.
hea - then Danes. In truth a won - der-work - ing well, Whose crys - tal
wa - ters can so paint A her - mit's face with ro - seate
hues! If thou wert not so strict a saint,
G
Stout - ly I'd swear by book and bell, The wine - - - cup thou
cres.

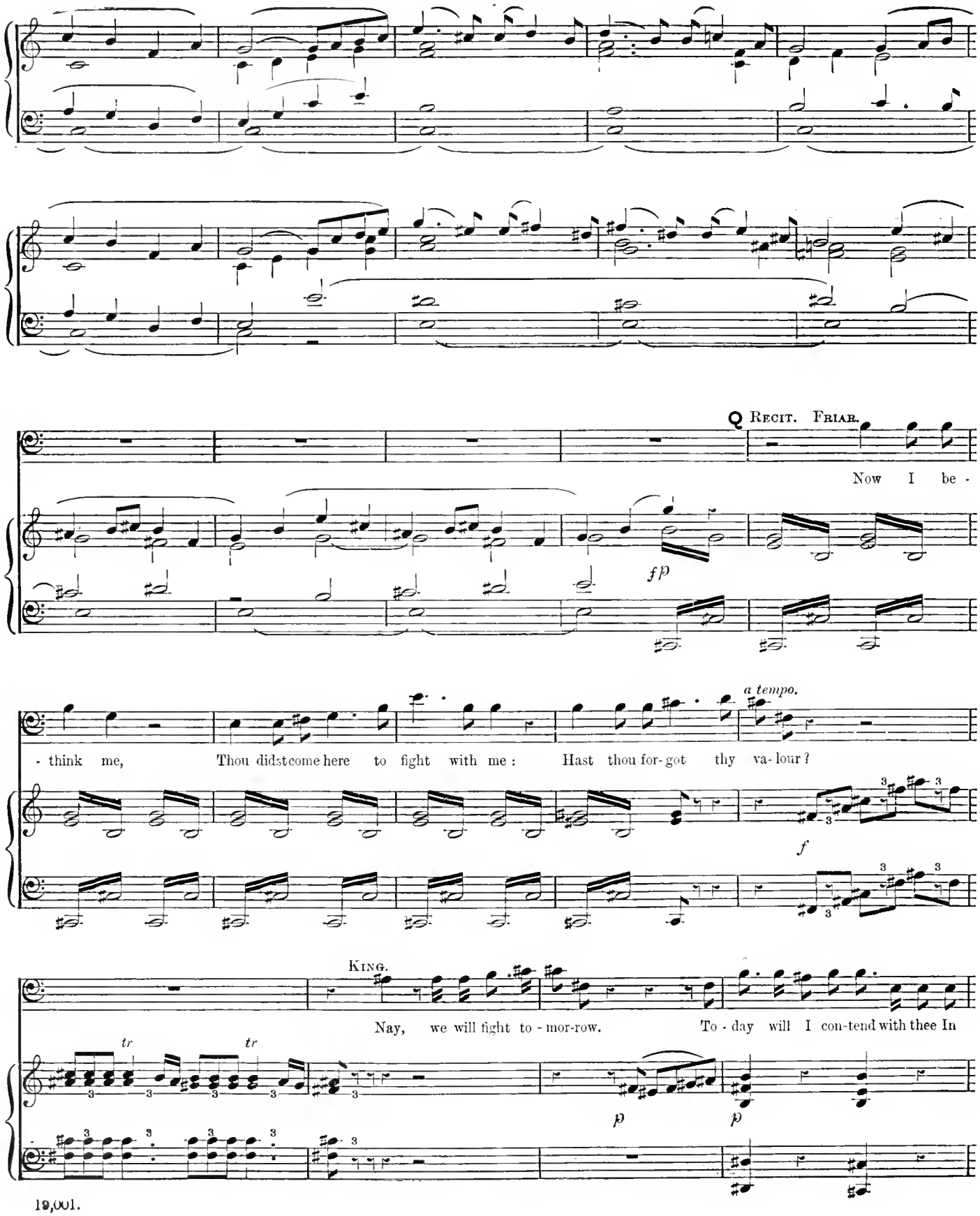

FRIAR TUCK.
didst not re - fuse. Peace, . . . i - dle man!
tr
tr
tr
dim.
p
H
Wert thou as I, On pulse and wa - ter would'st thou dine; But since thy car - nal
thoughts in - cline Be - yond my strict . . . so - bri e - ty, I do be - think me
of a pie . . . Of ven' - son, And a stoup of ro - sy wine, Which a

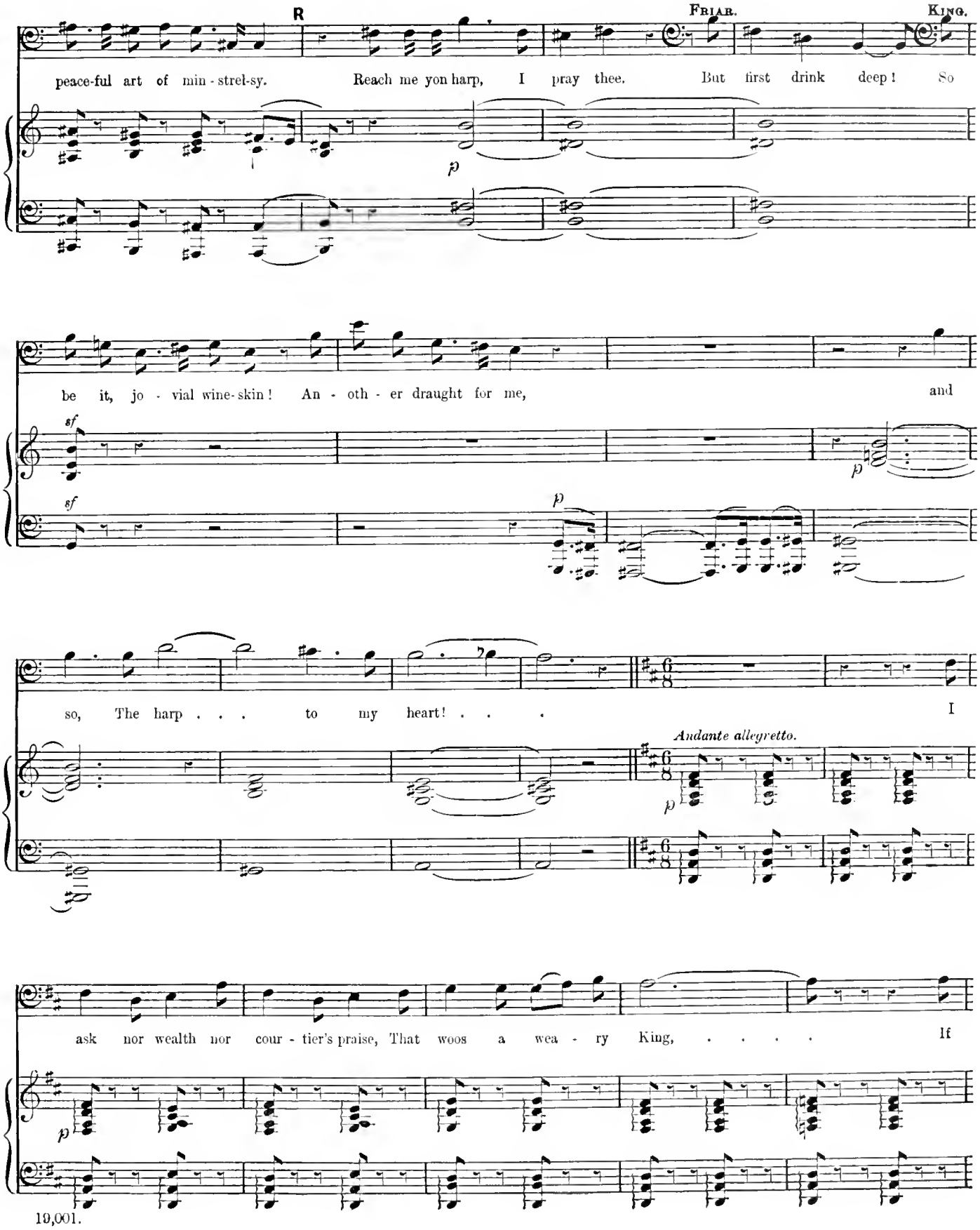

J
good keep - er gave me one fine day Lest a poor wea - ry tra - vel -
KING.
- ler come . . my way. That poor wea - ry tra - vel - ler am
I; So let's to sup - per pre - sent - ly. A
p
K
hand, . . . mine host; let's hale thy ta - ble forth, And
tr
tr
tr
staccato.

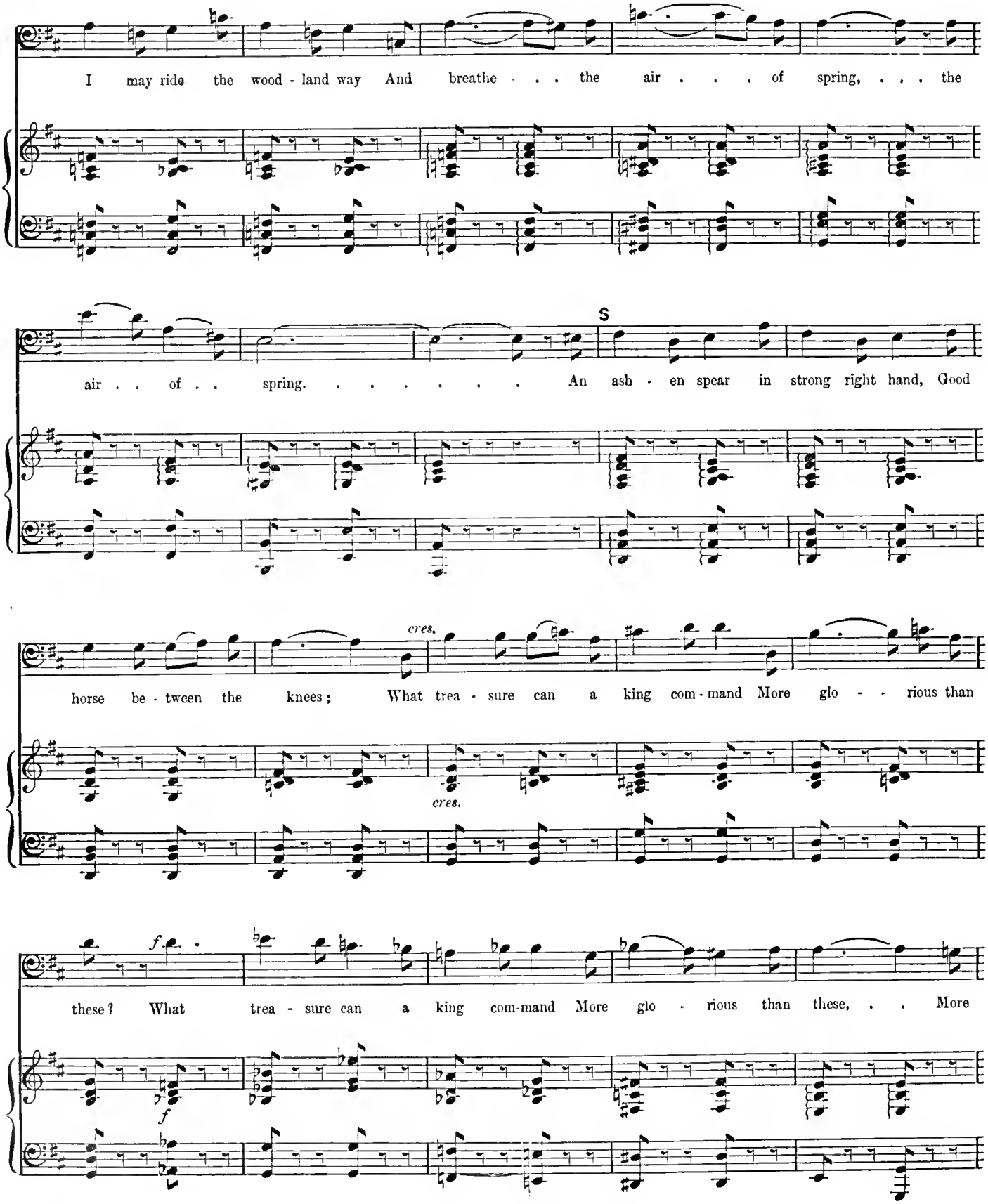

sup like free - men in the for - est air. Out with thy ven' - son pas - ty and thy
wine.
cres.
f
tr
ff

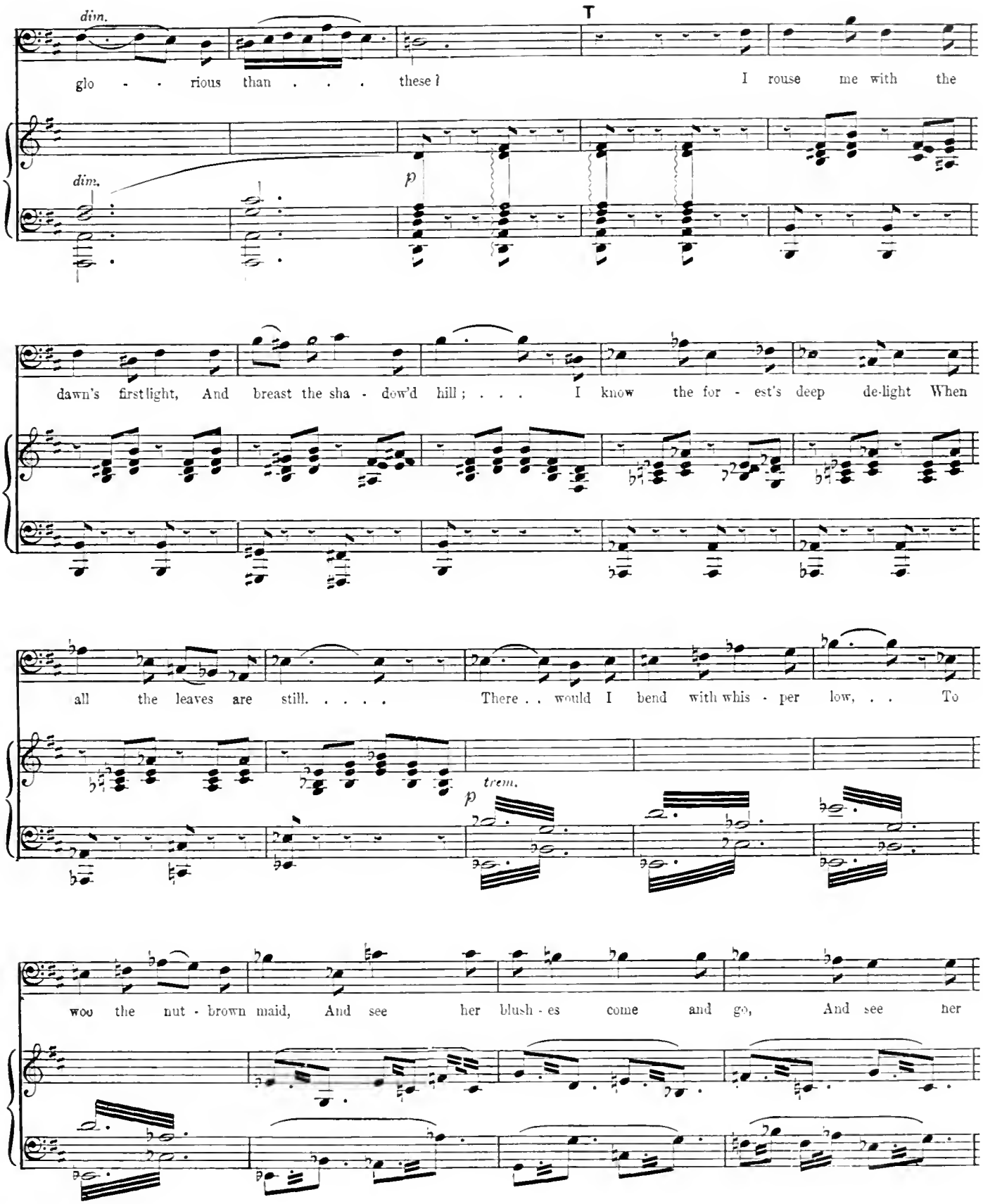

M
Ped.
dim.
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
dim.
N
pp
p

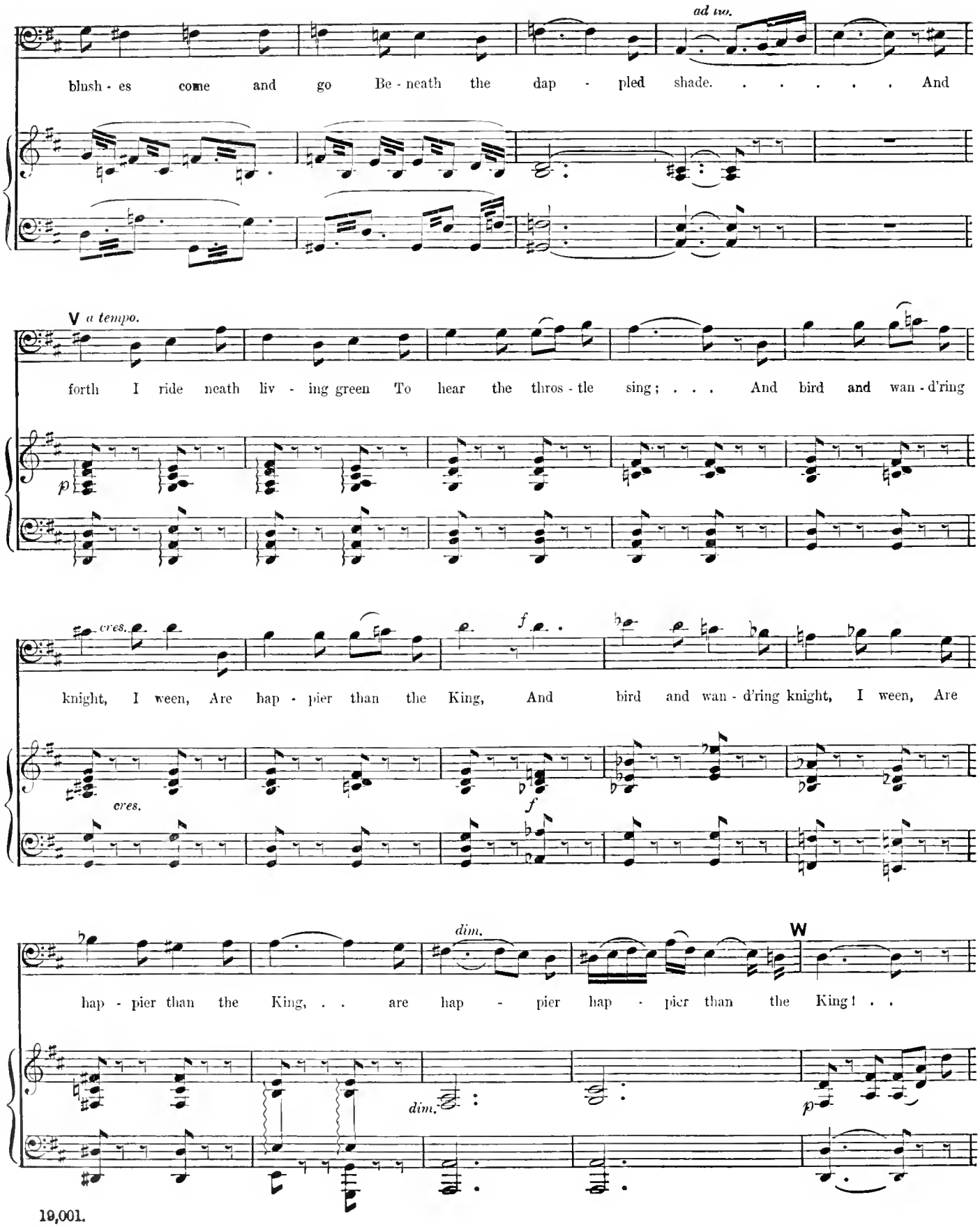

KING RICHARD. RECIT.
There is a cus - tom in the East, When stran-gers meet in mer - ry feast, That host should
Moderato.
fp
ne - ver fail to share With stranger guest his good - ly fare, To prove no taint of poi - son there. If tru - ly 'tis the
FRIAR.
O
a tempo.
cus - tom, I Will do my - self some vio - lence, And for the nonce will share thy meal. Drink
p
KING RICHARD.
P
fair, I pray thee. Skoal to my hon - oured guest! Was hael! Drink hael, . . most ro - sy friar!
p
p

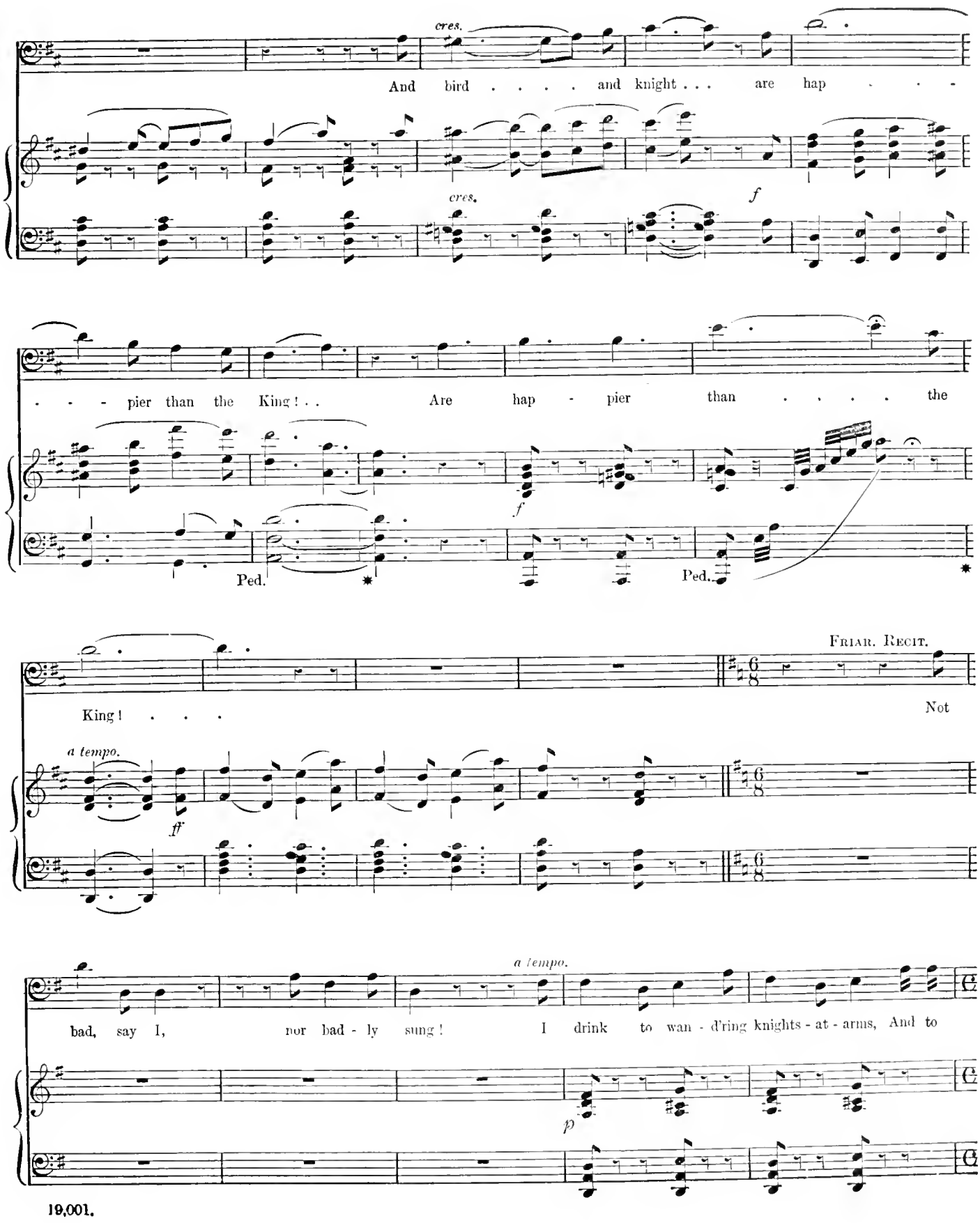

Recit. Friar.
Now I be -
fp
a tempo.
- think me, Thou didst come here to fight with me: Hast thou for-got thy va-lour?
f
King.
Nay, we will fight to-mor-row. To-day will I con-tend with thee In
tr
tr
p
p

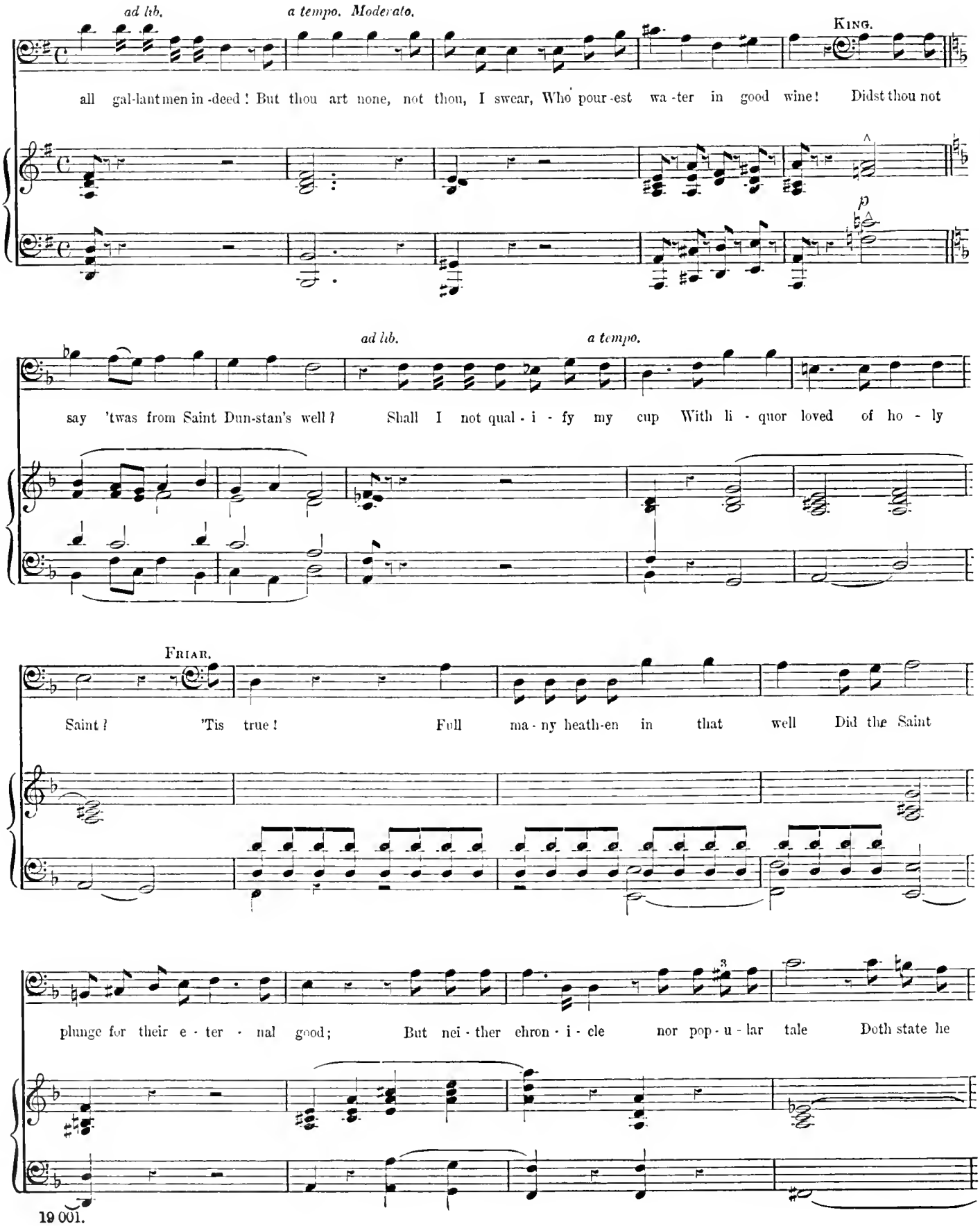

R
Friar.
King.
peace-ful art of min-strel-sy. Reach me yon harp, I pray thee. But first drink deep! So
p
be it, jo-vial wine-skin! An-oth-er draught for me, and
sf
sf
p
p
so, The harp . . . to my heart! . . . I
Andante allegretto.
p
ask nor wealth nor cour-tier's praise, That woos a wea-ry King, ... If
p

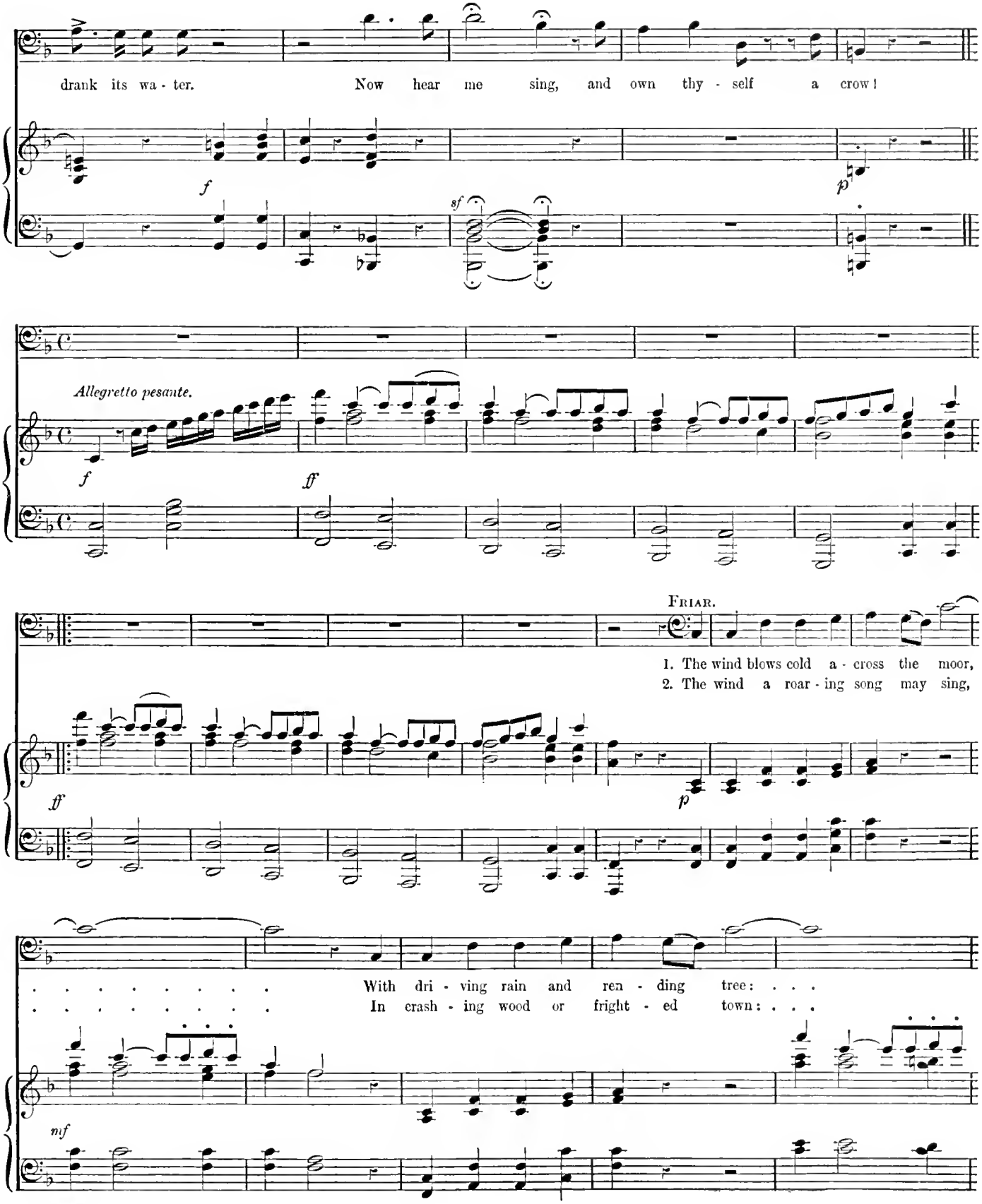

I may ride the wood - land way And breathe . . . the air . . . of spring, . . . the
air . . of . . spring. . . . . An ash - en spear in strong right hand, Good
S
horse be - tween the knees; What trea - sure can a king com - mand More glo - - rious than
cres.
cres.
these? What trea - sure can a king com-mand More glo - rious than these, . . More
f
f

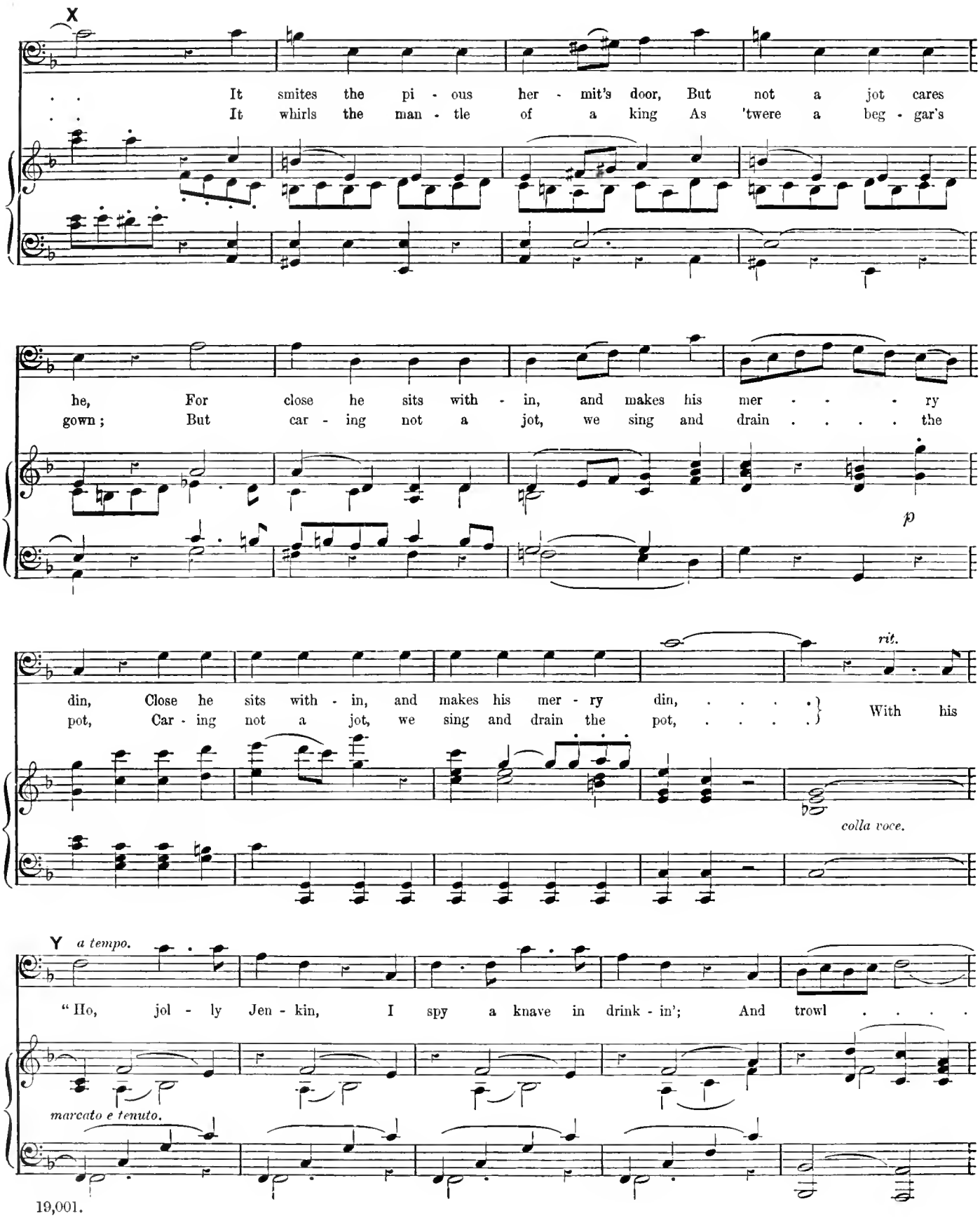

dim.
T
glo - - rious than . . . these I
I rouse me with the
dim.
p
dawn's first light, And breast the sha - dow'd hill; . . . I know the for - est's deep de-light When
all the leaves are still. . . . . There . . would I bend with whis - per low, . . To
trem.
p
woo the nut - brown maid, And see her blush - es come and go, And see her

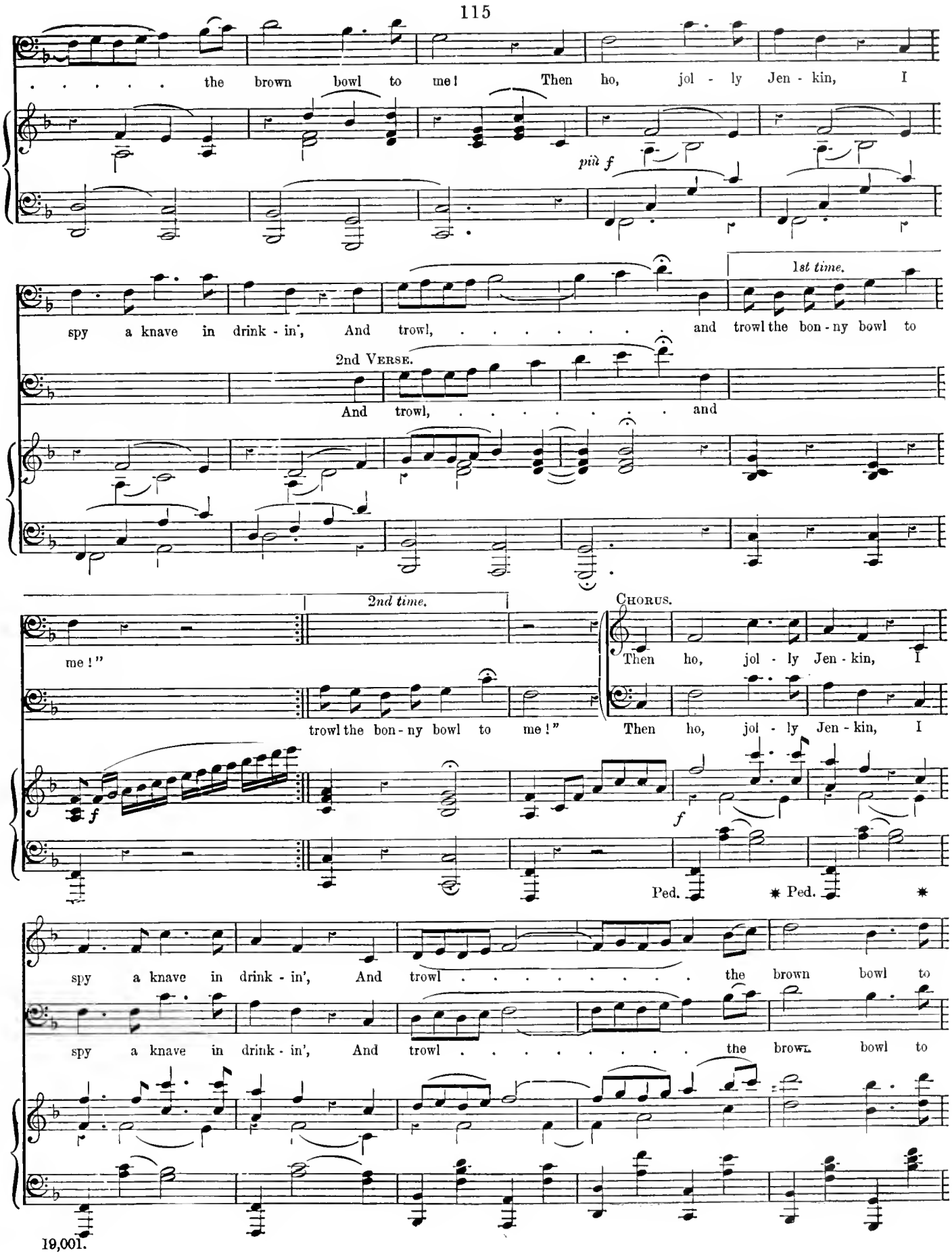

ad lib.
blush - es come and go Be - neath the dap - pled shade. . . . . And
V a tempo.
forth I ride neath liv - ing green To hear the thros - tle sing; . . . And bird and wan - d'ring
p
cres.
knight, I ween, Are hap - pier than the King, And bird and wan - d'ring knight, I ween, Are
cres.
f
f
dim.
W
hap - pier than the King, . . are hap - pier hap - pier than the King! . .
dim.
p

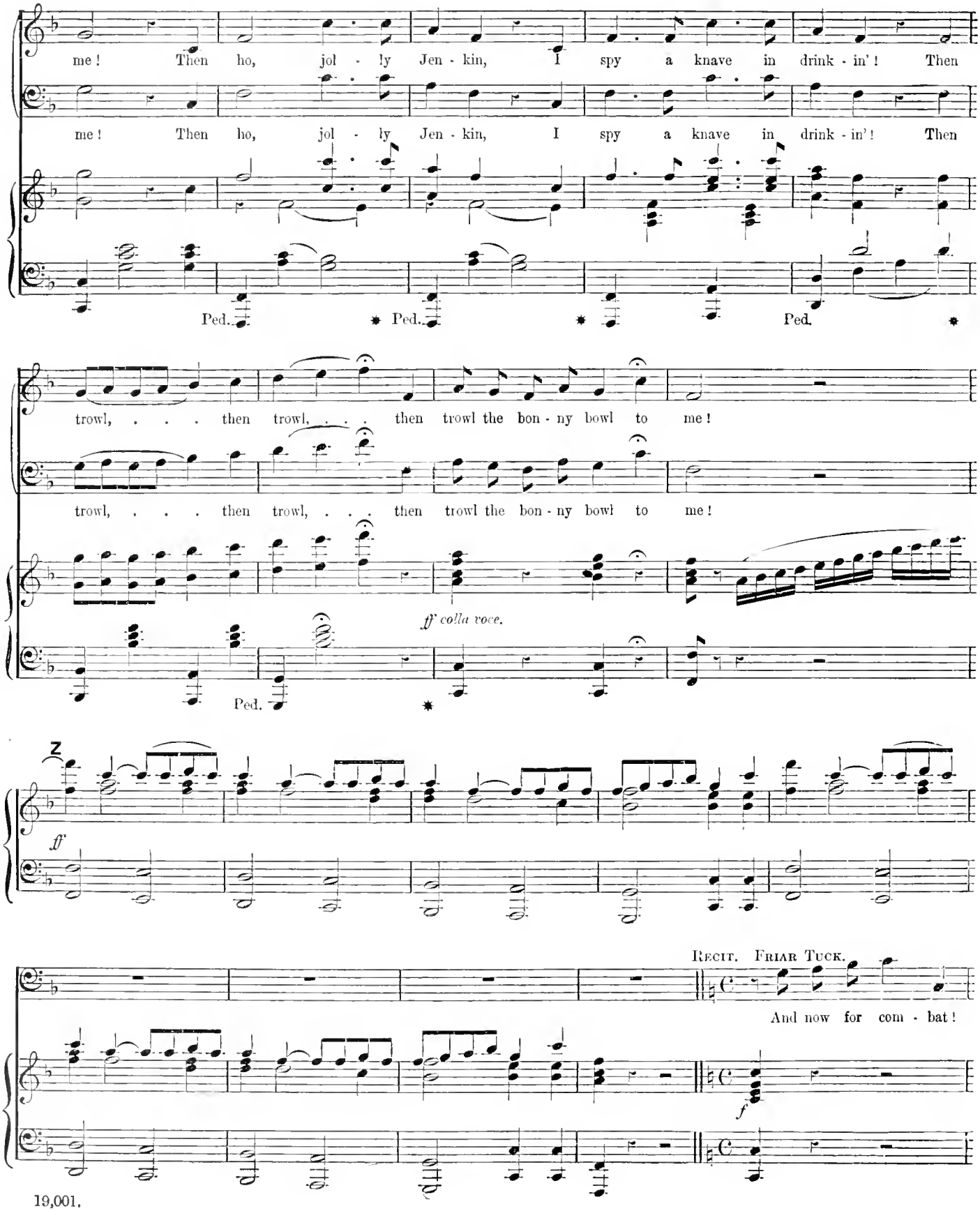

cres.
And bird . . . . and knight . . . are hap . . . .
cres.
f
. . . . pier than the King! . . Are hap - pier than . . . . the
f
Ped.
Ped.
FRIAR. RECIT.
King! . . .
Not
a tempo.
ff
a tempo.
bad, say I, nor bad - ly sung! I drink to wan - d'ring knights - at - arms, And to
p

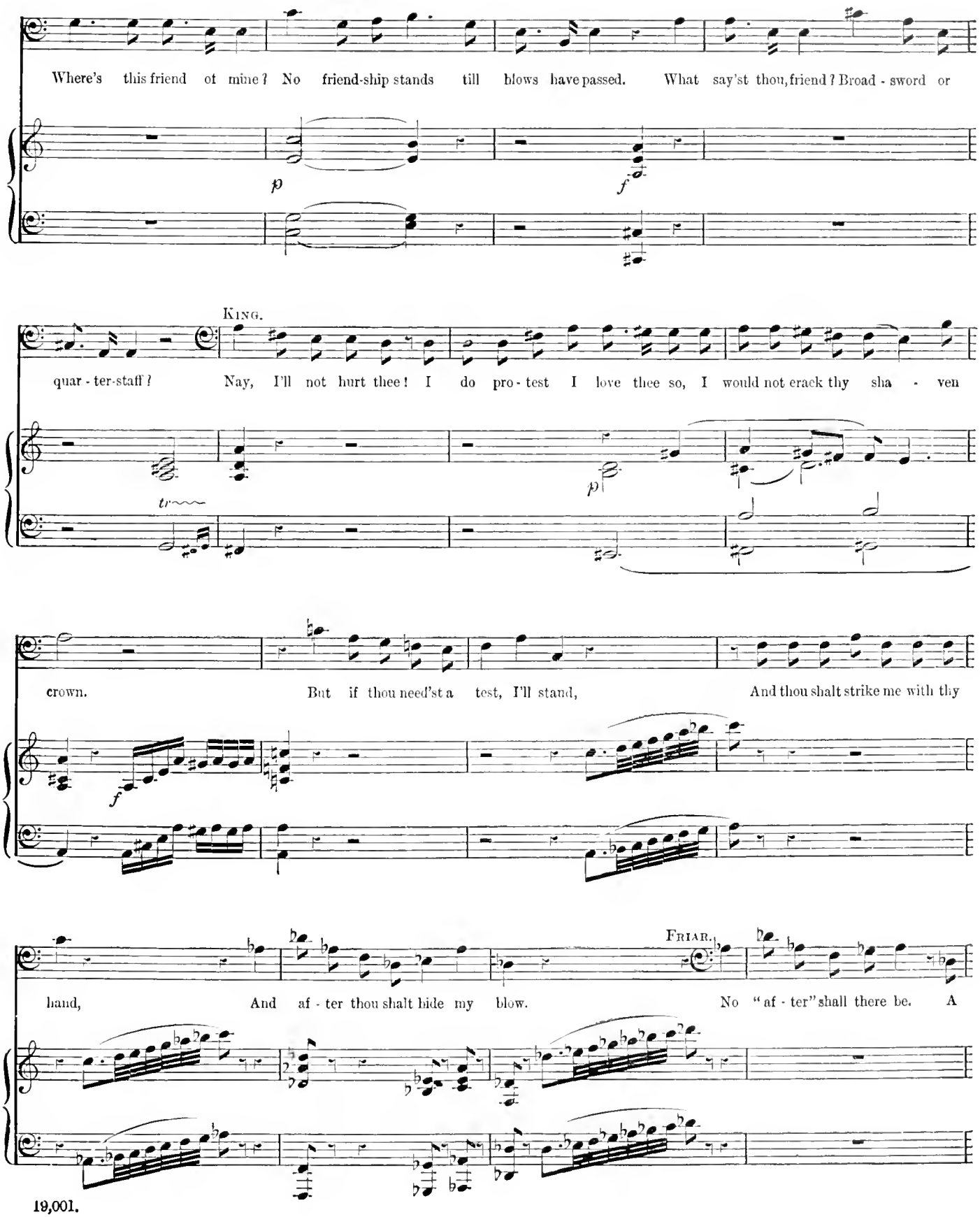

ad lib.
a tempo. Moderato.
KING.
all gal-lant men in-deed! But thou art none, not thou, I swear, Who pour-est wa-ter in good wine! Didst thou not
p
ad lib.
a tempo.
say 'twas from Saint Dun-stan's well? Shall I not qual-i-fy my cup With li-quor loved of ho-ly
FRIAR.
Saint? 'Tis true! Full ma-ny heath-en in that well Did the Saint
plunge for their e-ter-nal good; But nei-ther chron-i-cle nor pop-u-lar tale Doth state he

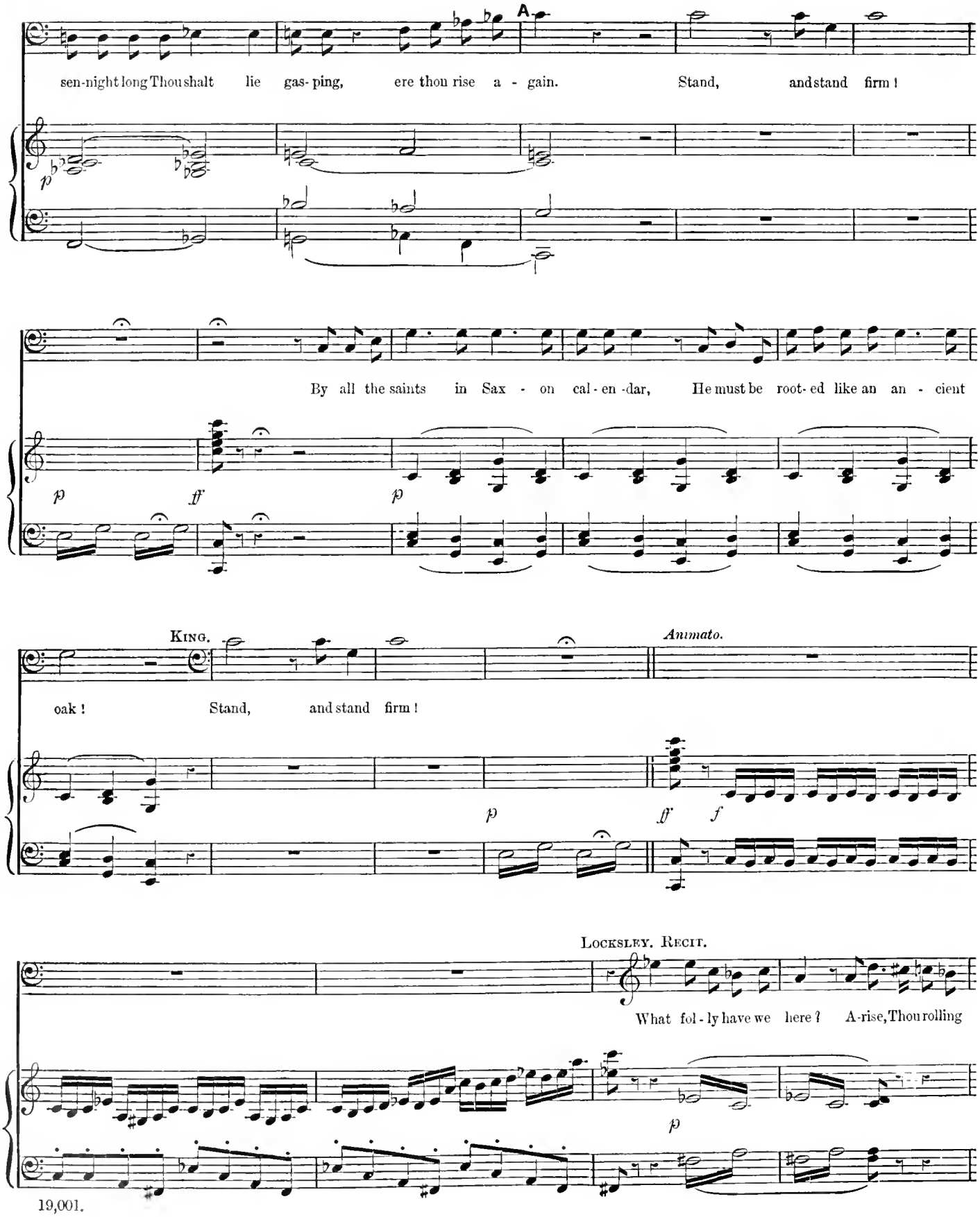

drank its wa - ter.
Now hear me sing, and own thy - self a crow!
Allegretto pesante.
FRIAR.
1. The wind blows cold a - cross the moor,
2. The wind a roar - ing song may sing,
With dri - ving rain and ren - ding tree: . . .
In crash - ing wood or fright - ed town: . . .

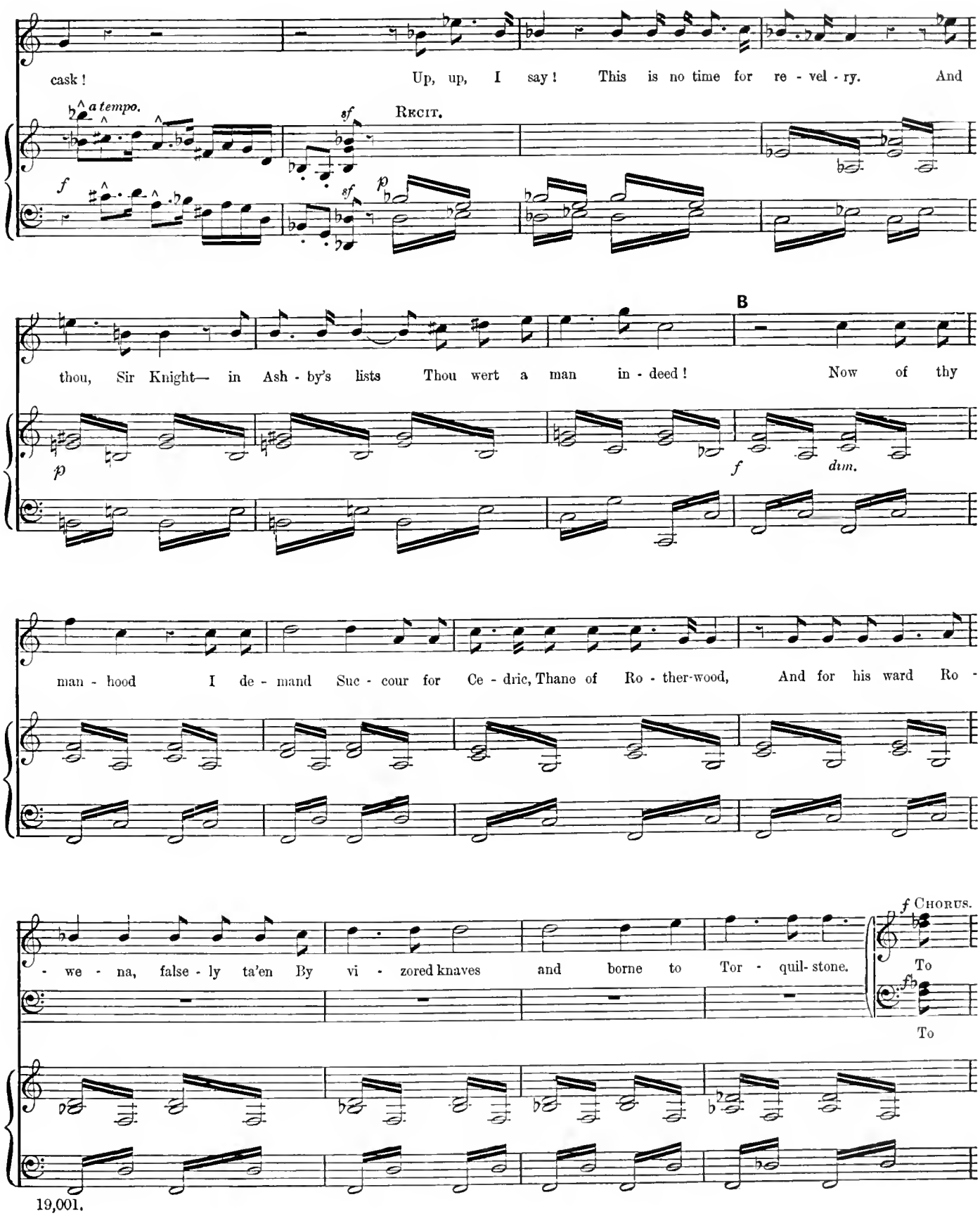

X
It smites the pi - ous her - mit's door, But not a jot cares
It whirls the man - tle of a king As 'twere a beg - gar's
he, For close he sits with - in, and makes his mer - - - ry
gown; But car - ing not a jot, we sing and drain . . . . the
p
din, Close he sits with - in, and makes his mer - ry din, ...
pot, Car - ing not a jot, we sing and drain the pot, ...
rit.
With his
colla voce.
Y a tempo.
"Ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I spy a knave in drink - in'; And trowl . . . .
marcato e tenuto.

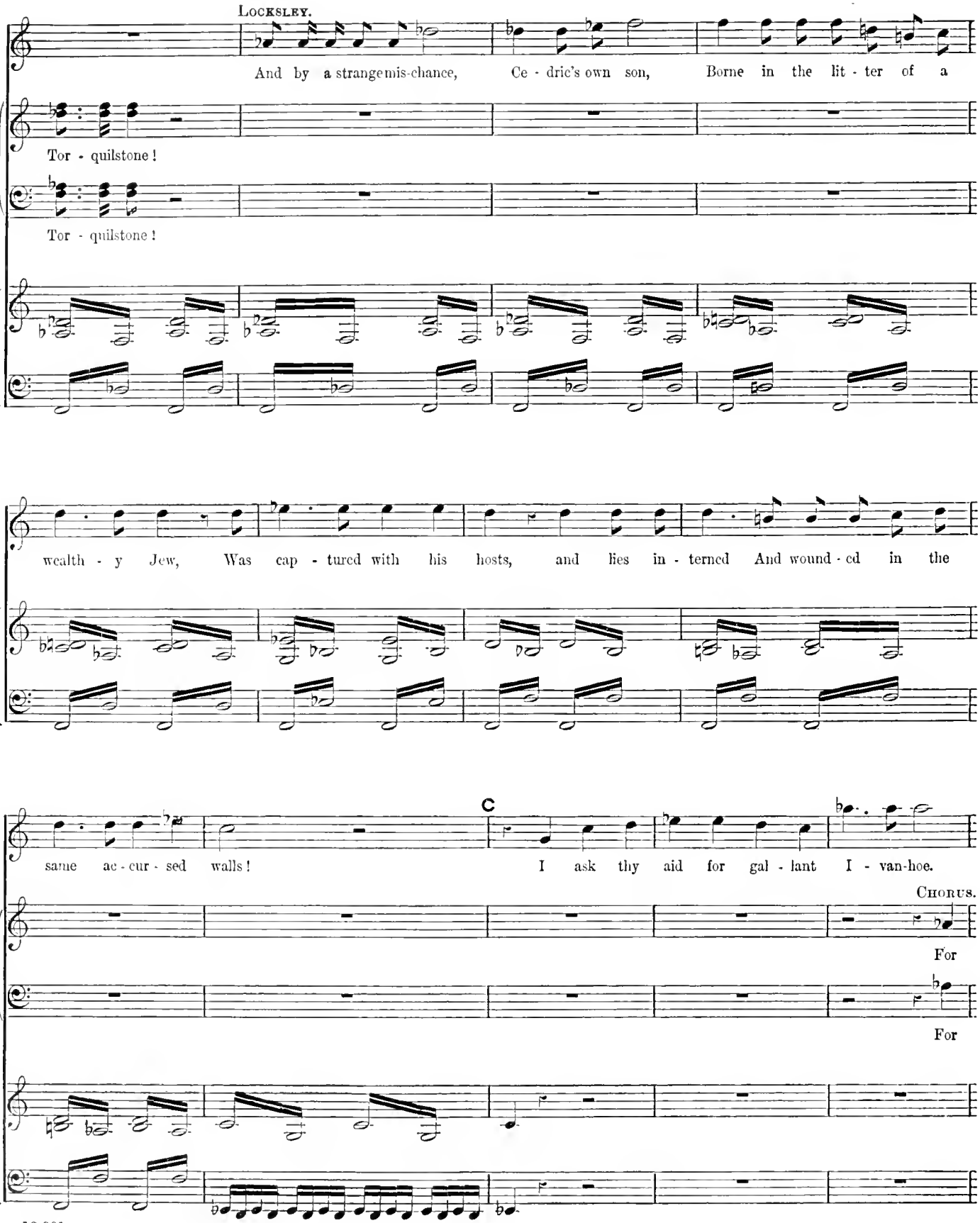

. . . . . the brown bowl to me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I
più f
spy a knave in drink - in', And trowl, ... and trowl the bon - ny bowl to
1st time.
2nd Verse.
And trowl, ... and
2nd time.
me!"
trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!"
Chorus.
Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I
Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I
f
f
Ped. * Ped. *
spy a knave in drink - in', And trowl . . . . . the brown bowl to
spy a knave in drink - in', And trowl . . . . . the brown bowl to

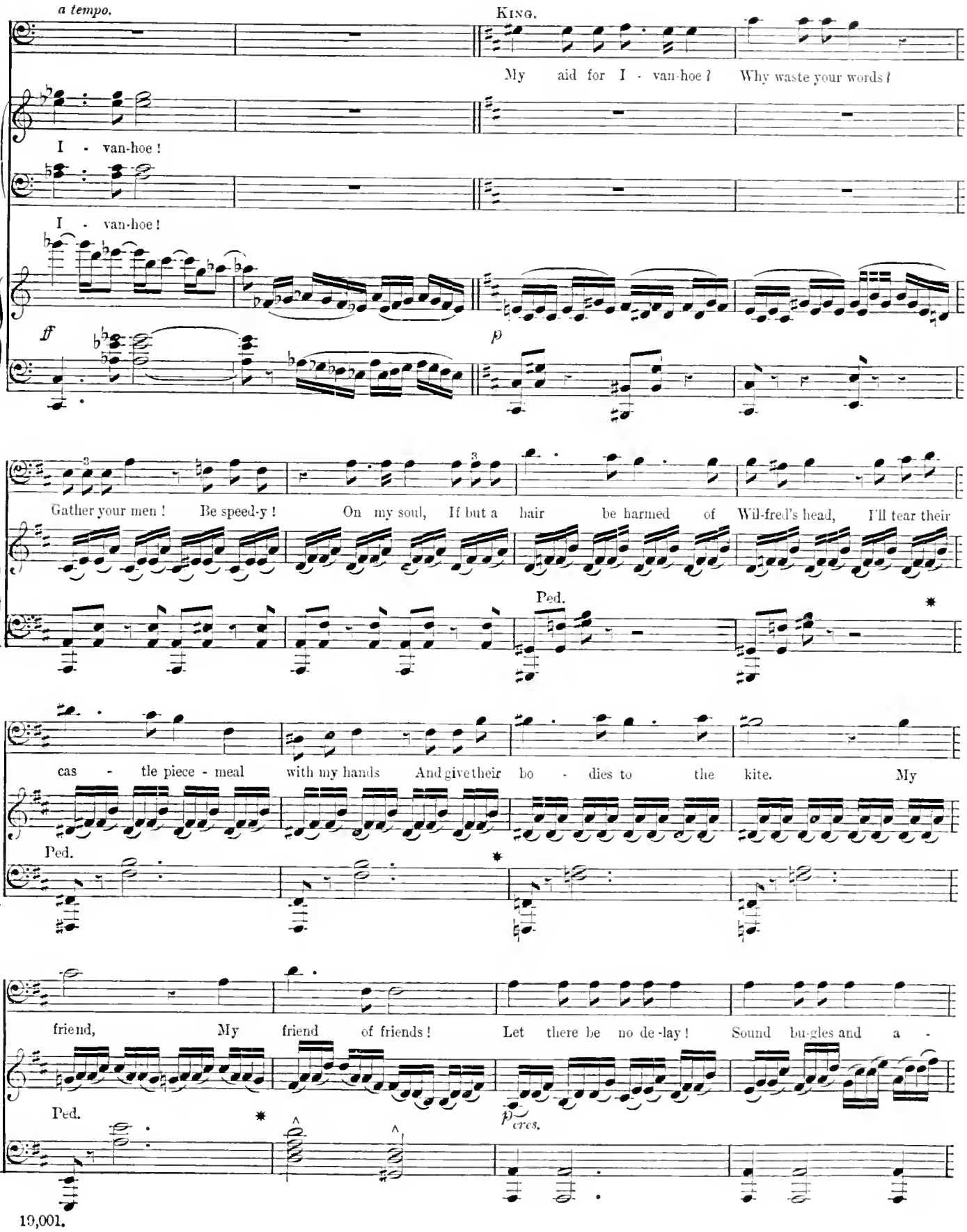

me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I spy a knave in drink - in'! Then
me! Then ho, jol - ly Jen - kin, I spy a knave in drink - in'! Then
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
trowl, . . . then trowl, . . . then trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!
trowl, . . . then trowl, . . . then trowl the bon - ny bowl to me!
ff colla voce.
Ped. *
Z
ff
Recit. Friar Tuck.
And now for com - bat!
f

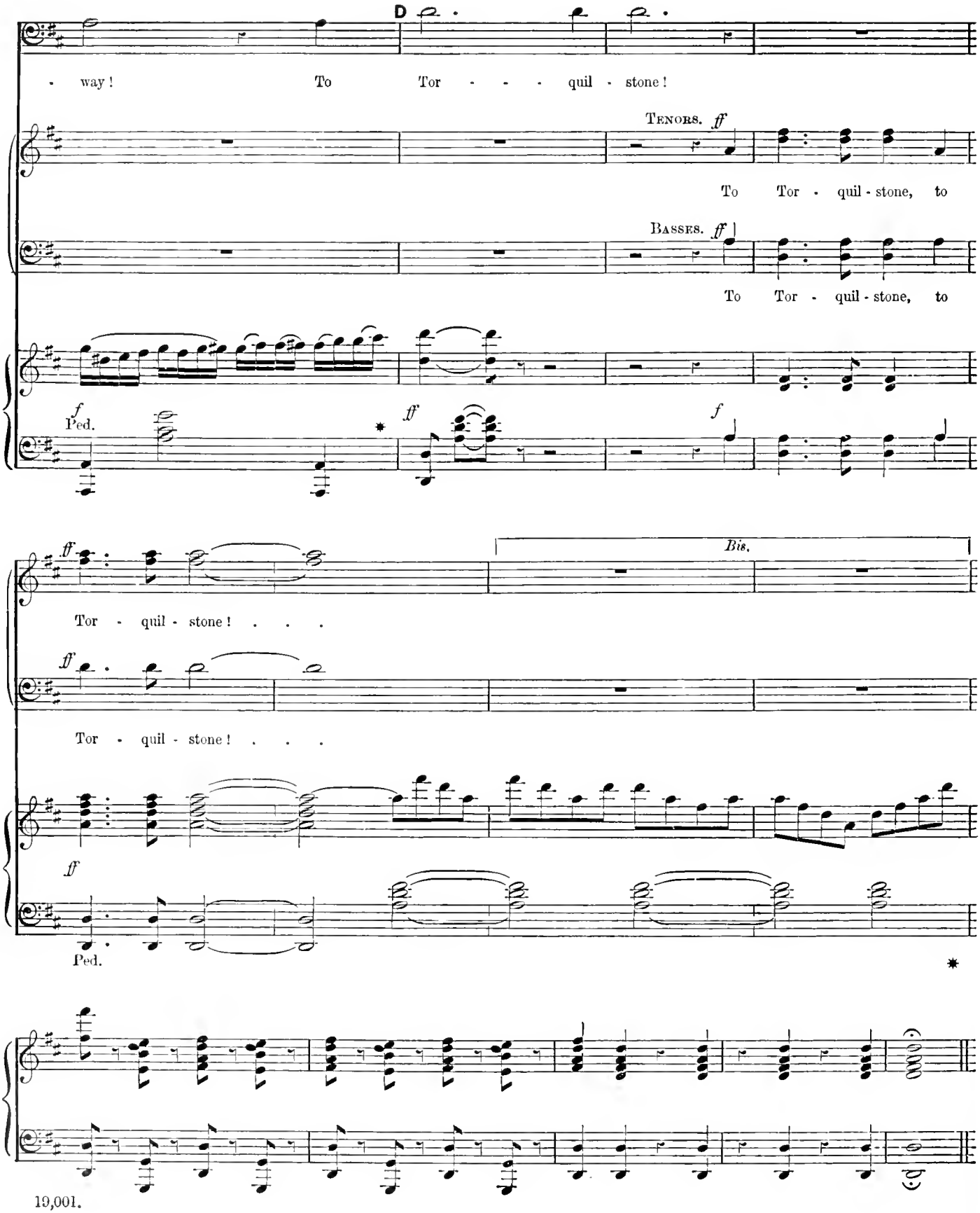

Where's this friend of mine? No friend-ship stands till blows have passed. What say'st thou, friend? Broad - sword or
p
f
KING.
quar - ter-staff? Nay, I'll not hurt thee! I do pro - test I love thee so, I would not crack thy sha - ven
tr
p
crown. But if thou need'st a test, I'll stand, And thou shalt strike me with thy
f
FRIAR.
hand, And af - ter thou shalt hide my blow. No "af - ter" shall there be. A


A
sen-night long Thou shalt lie gas-ping, ere thou rise a - gain. Stand, and stand firm!
p
By all the saints in Sax - on cal-en-dar, He must be root-ed like an an - cient
p
ff
p
King.
Animato.
oak! Stand, and stand firm!
p
ff
f
Locksley. Recit.
What fol-ly have we here? A-rise, Thou rolling
p

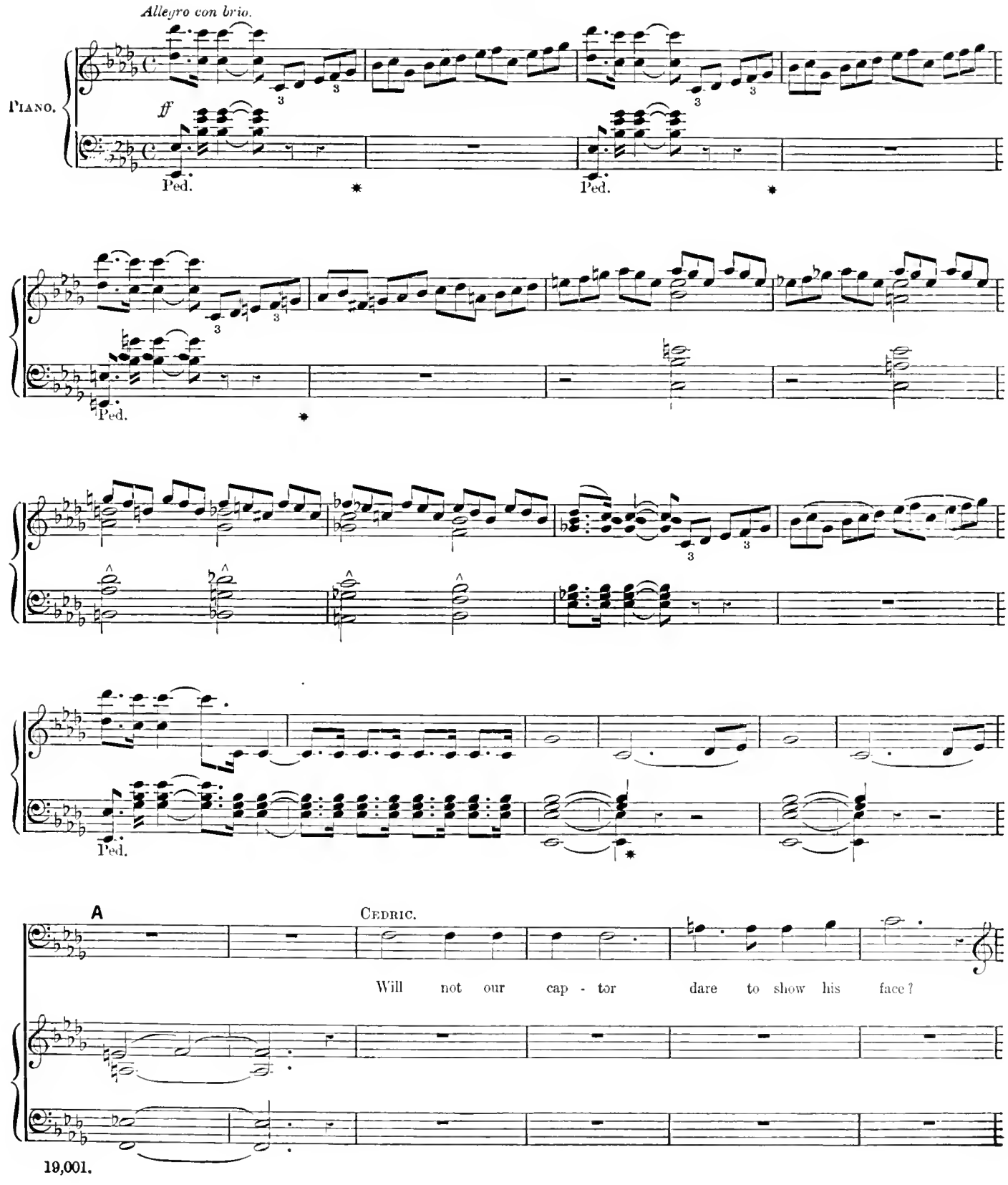

cask ! Up, up, I say ! This is no time for re - vel - ry. And
a tempo.
sf
RECIT.
f
sf
p
B
thou, Sir Knight— in Ash - by's lists Thou wert a man in - deed ! Now of thy
p
f
dim.
man - hood I de - mand Suc - cour for Ce - dric, Thane of Ro - ther-wood, And for his ward Ro -
f CHORUS.
- we - na, false - ly ta'en By vi - zored knaves and borne to Tor - quil- stone. To
fp
To

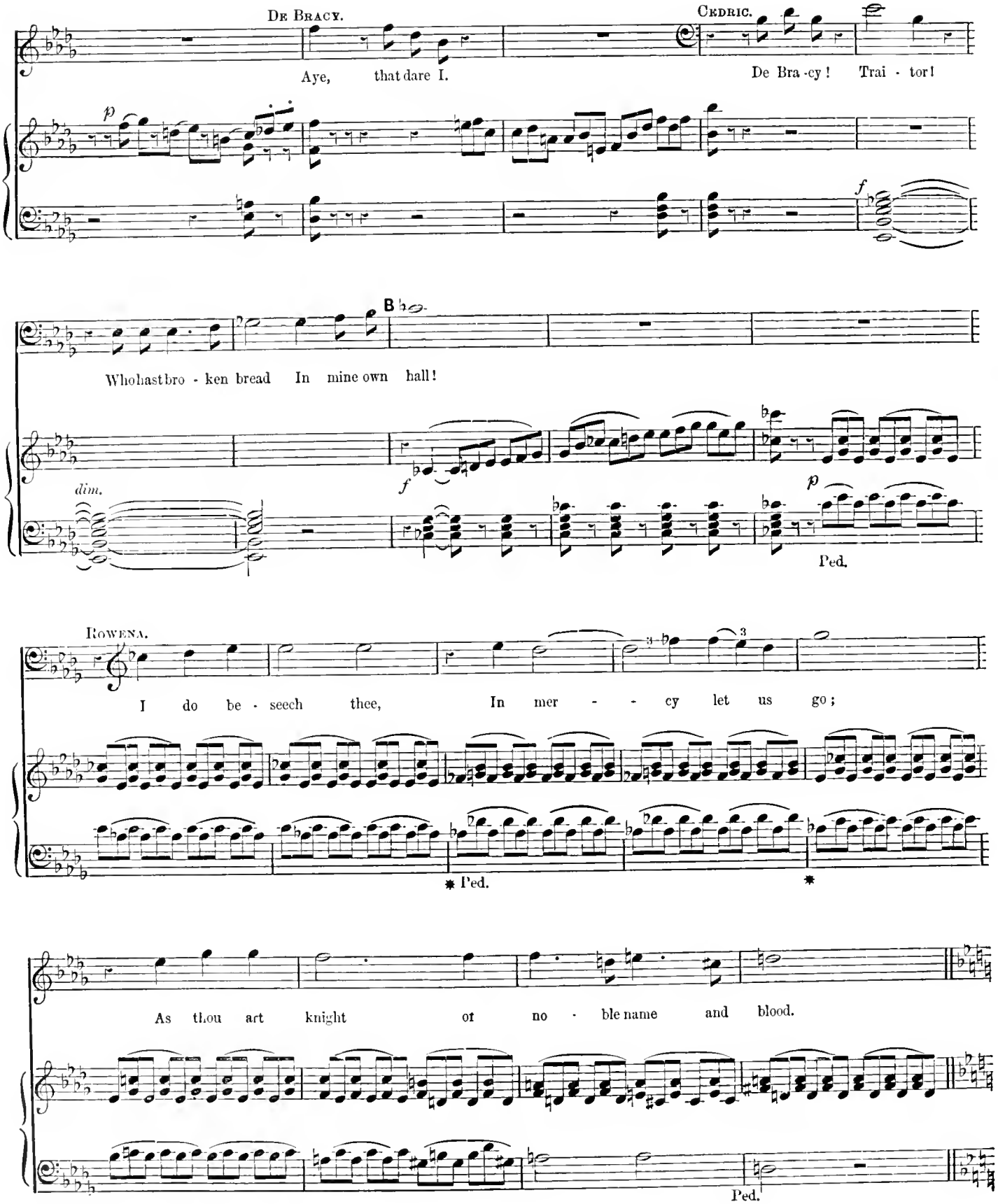

Locksley.
And by a strange mis-chance, Ce - dric's own son, Borne in the lit - ter of a
Tor - quilstone!
Tor - quilstone!
wealth - y Jew, Was cap - tured with his hosts, and lies in - terned And wound - ed in the
C
same ac - cur - sed walls! I ask thy aid for gal - lant I - van-hoe.
Chorus.
For
For

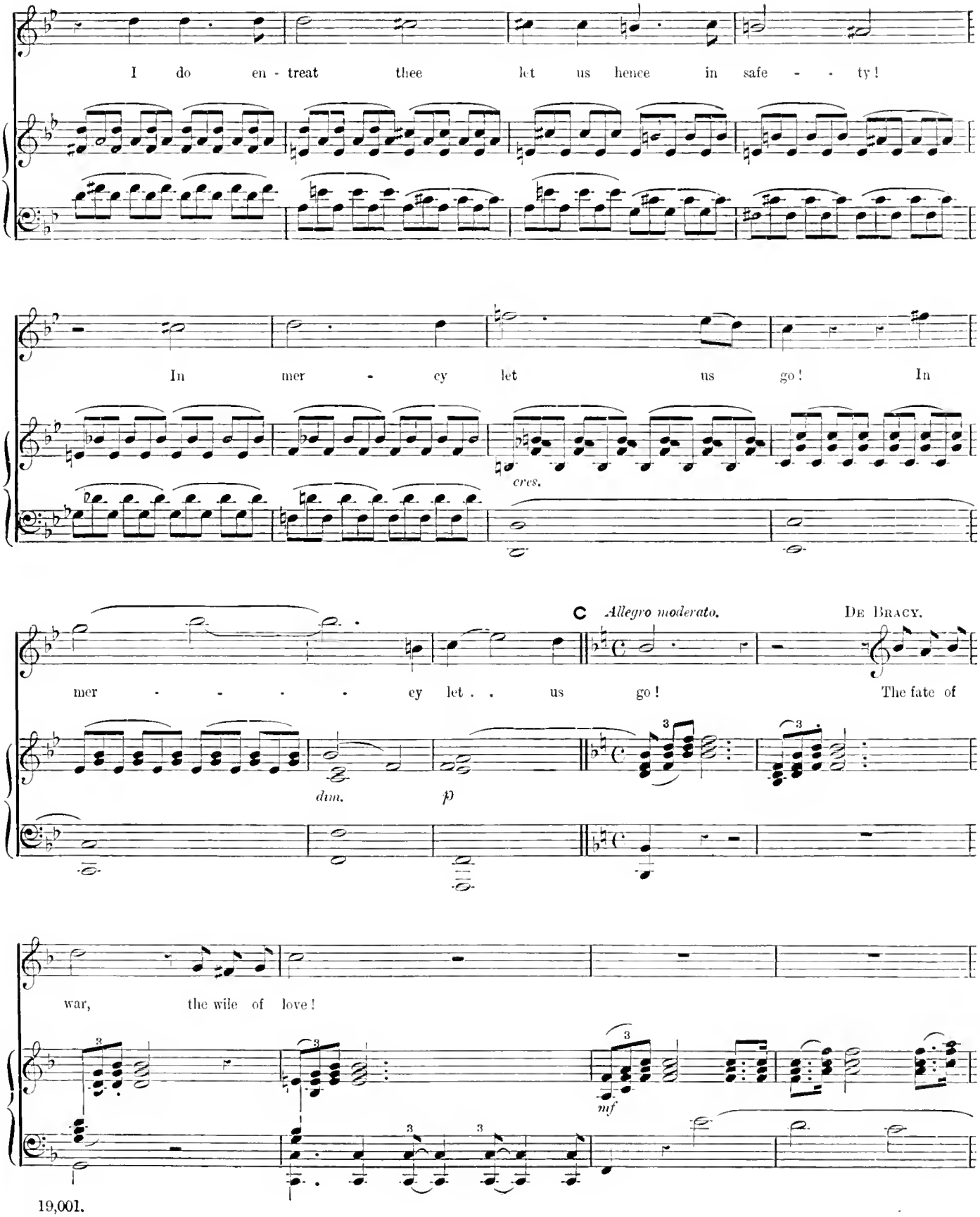

a tempo.
KING.
My aid for I - van-hoe? Why waste your words?
I - van-hoe!
I - van-hoe!
ff
p
Gather your men! Be speed-y! On my soul, If but a hair be harmed of Wil-fred's head, I'll tear their
Ped.
cas - tle piece - meal with my hands And give their bo - dies to the kite. My
Ped.
friend, My friend of friends! Let there be no de-lay! Sound bu-gles and a -
Ped.
p cres.

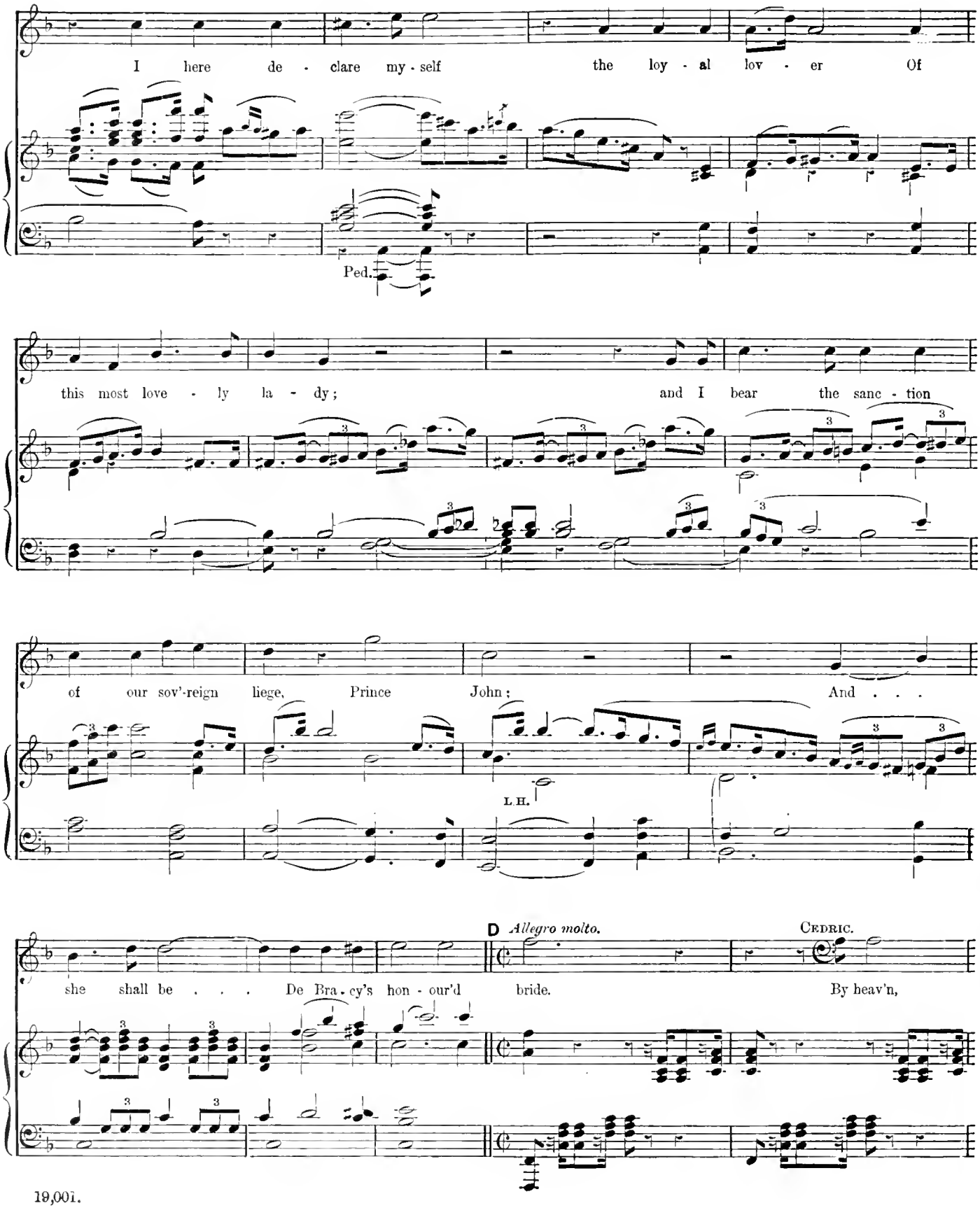

D
- way ! To Tor - - - quil - stone !
Tenors. ff
To Tor - quil - stone, to
Basses. ff
To Tor - quil - stone, to
f
Ped.
ff
f
Bis.
Tor - quil - stone ! . . .
Tor - quil - stone ! . . .
ff
ff
Ped.

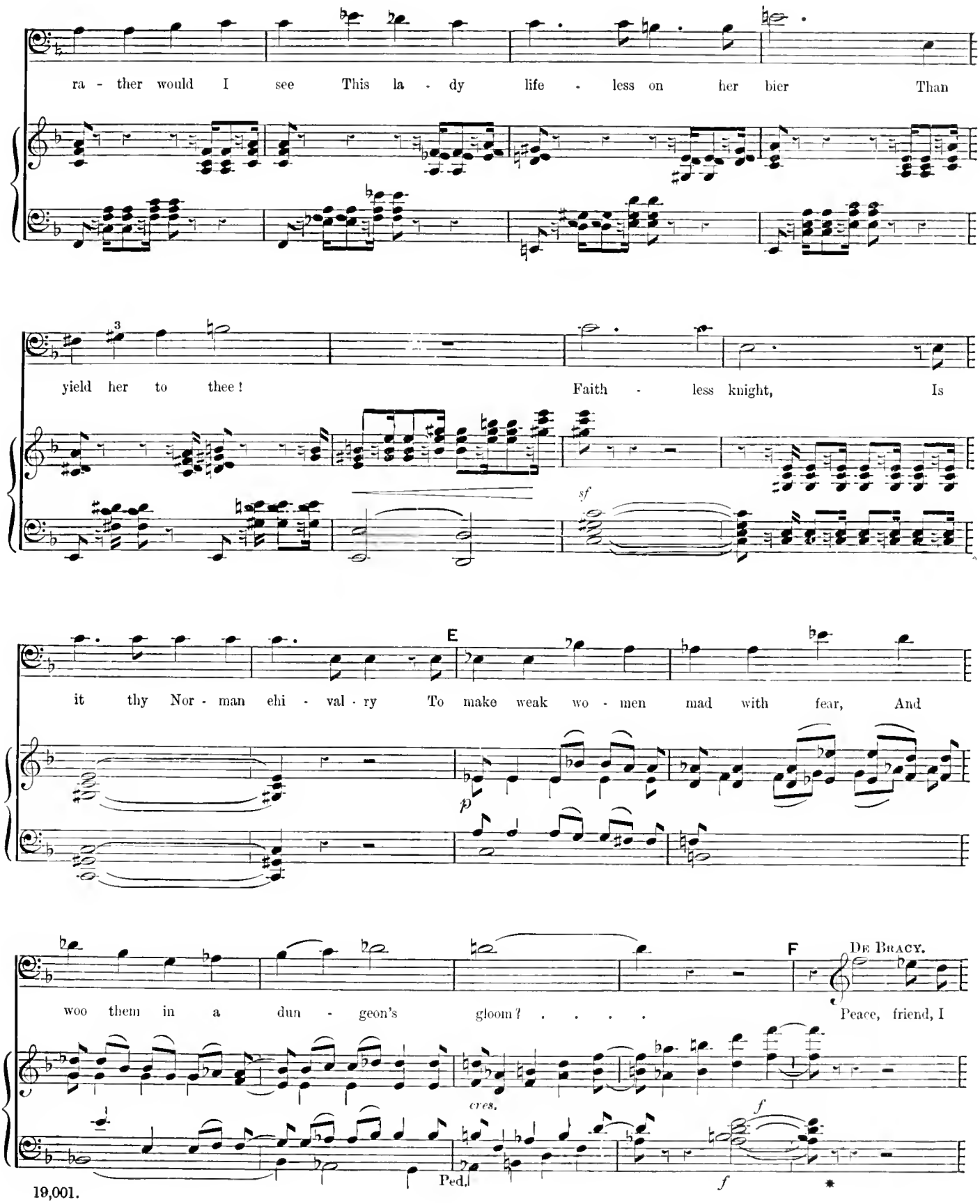
SCENE II.

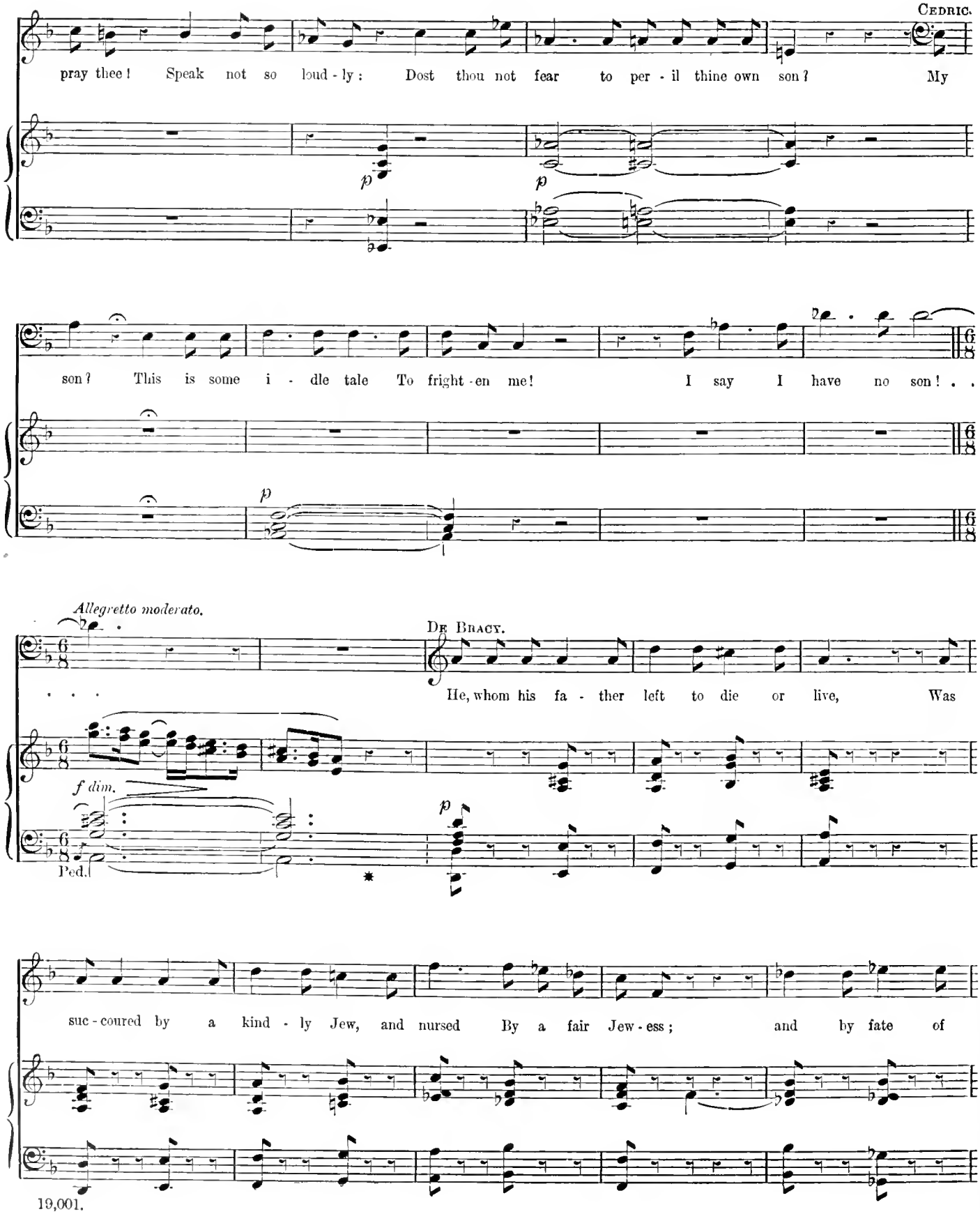

Allegro con brio.
Piano.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
A
Cedric.
Will not our cap - tor dare to show his face?

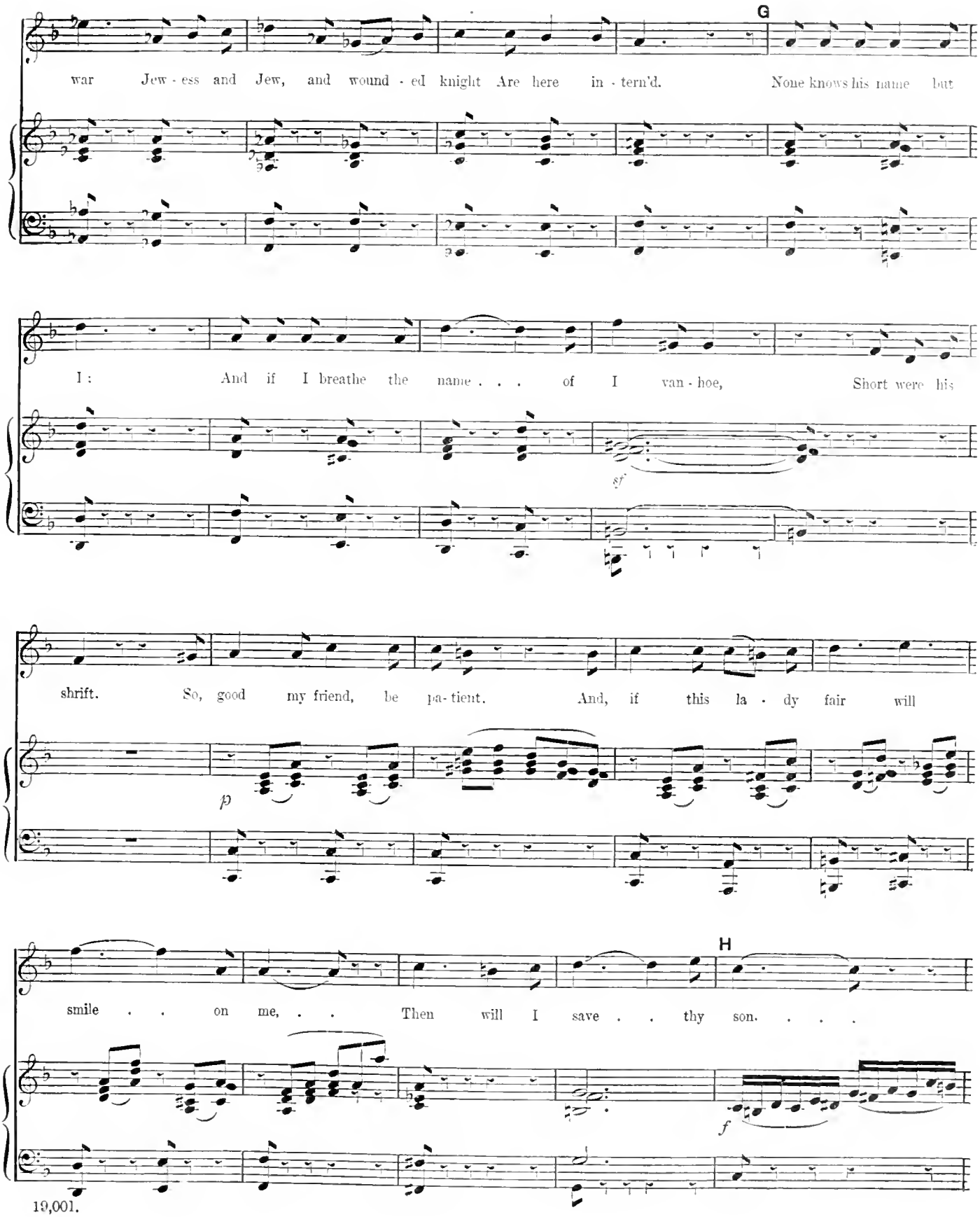

De Bracy.
Aye, that dare I.
Cedric.
De Bra - cy! Trai - tor!
p
f
B
Who hast bro - ken bread In mine own hall!
dim.
f
p
Ped.
Rowena.
I do be - seech thee, In mer - - - cy let us go;
3
3
* Ped.
*
As thou art knight of no - ble name and blood.
Ped.

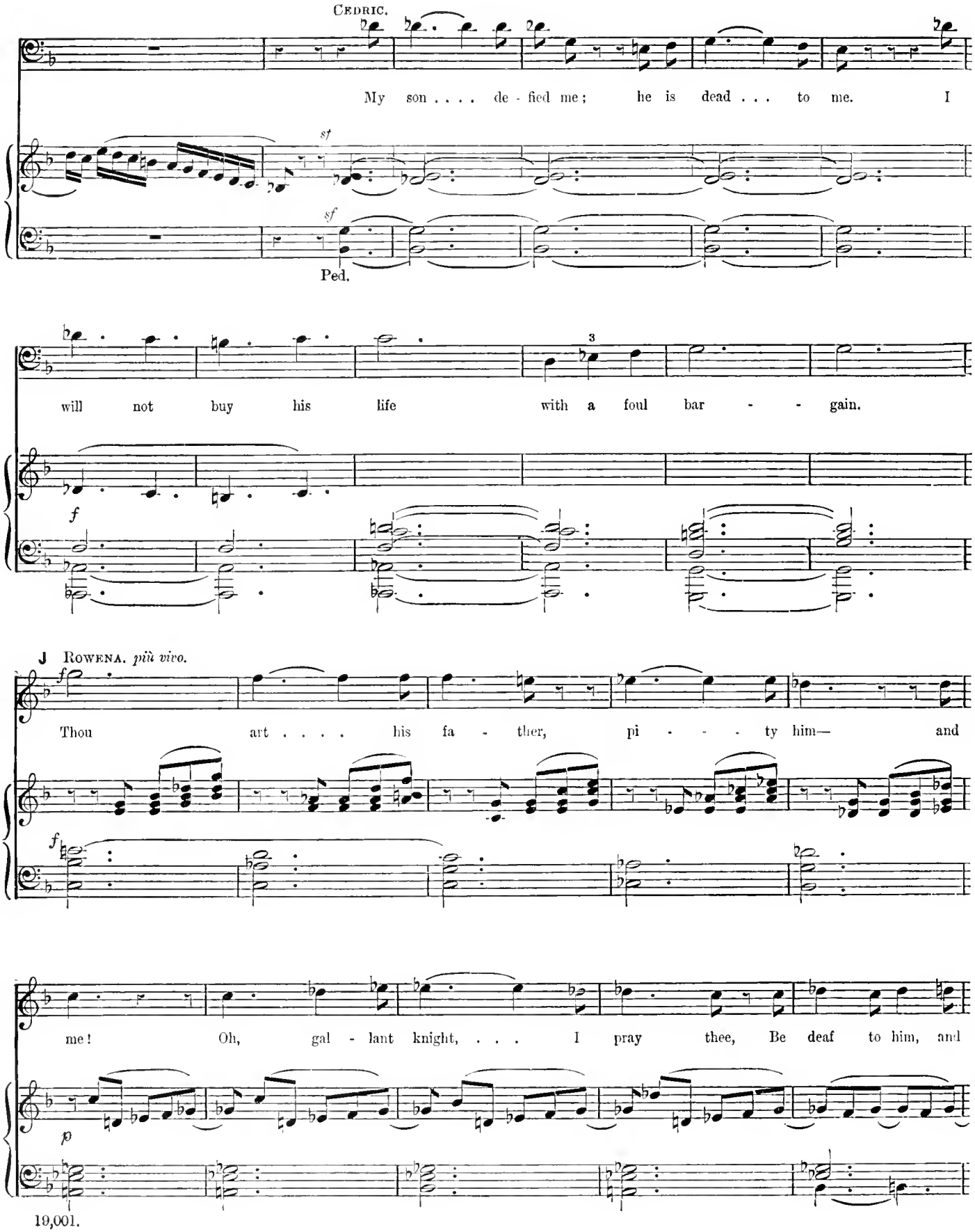

I do en - treat thee let us hence in safe - - ty!
In mer - cy let us go! In
cres.
mer - - - - ey let . . us go!
C Allegro moderato.
De Bracy.
The fate of
dim.
p
war, the wile of love!
mf

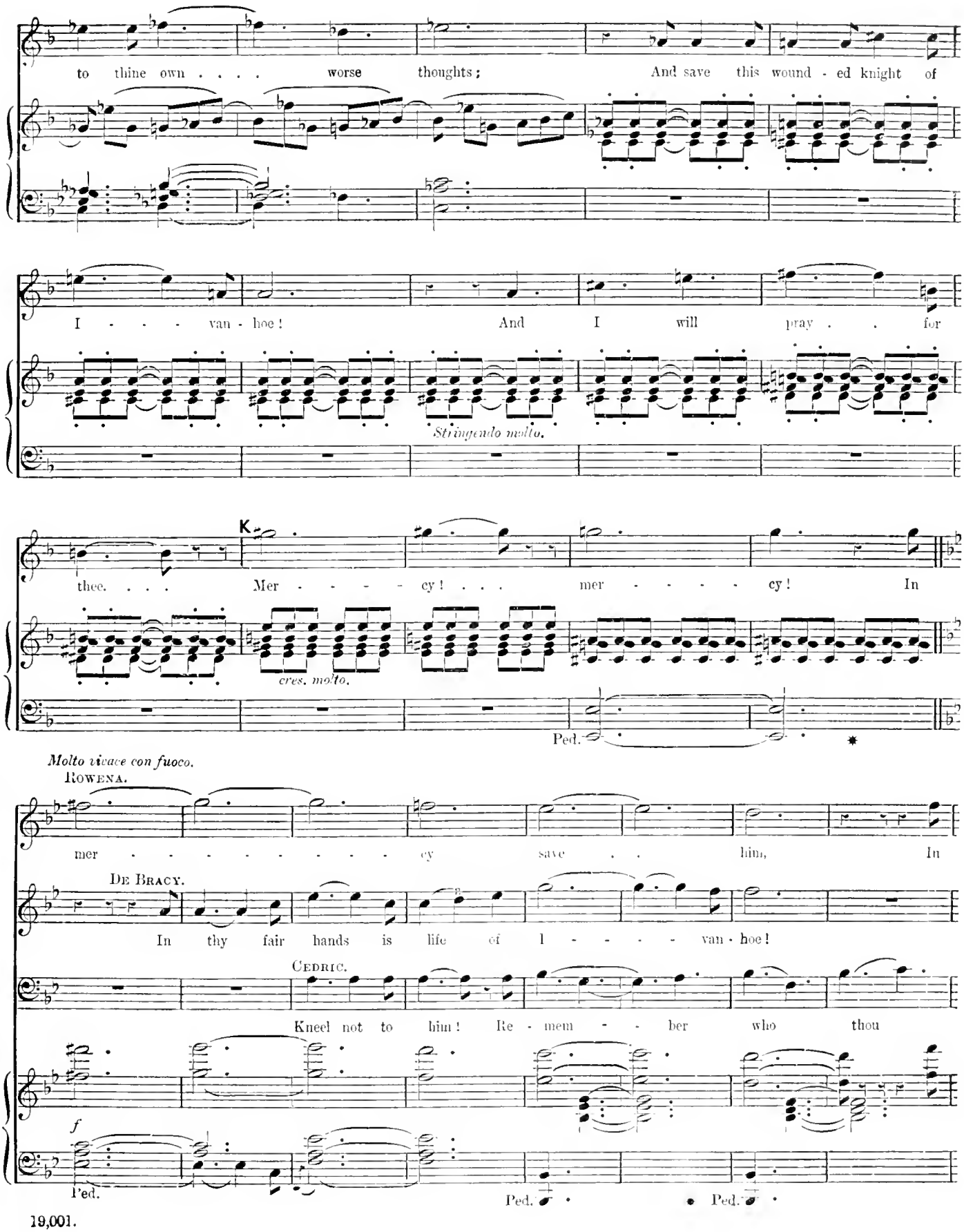

I here de - clare my - self the loy - al lov - er Of
Ped.
this most love - ly la - dy; and I bear the sanc - tion
of our sov'-reign liege, Prince John; And . . .
L.H.
D Allegro molto.
CEDRIC.
she shall be . . . De Bra - cy's hon - our'd bride. By heav'n,

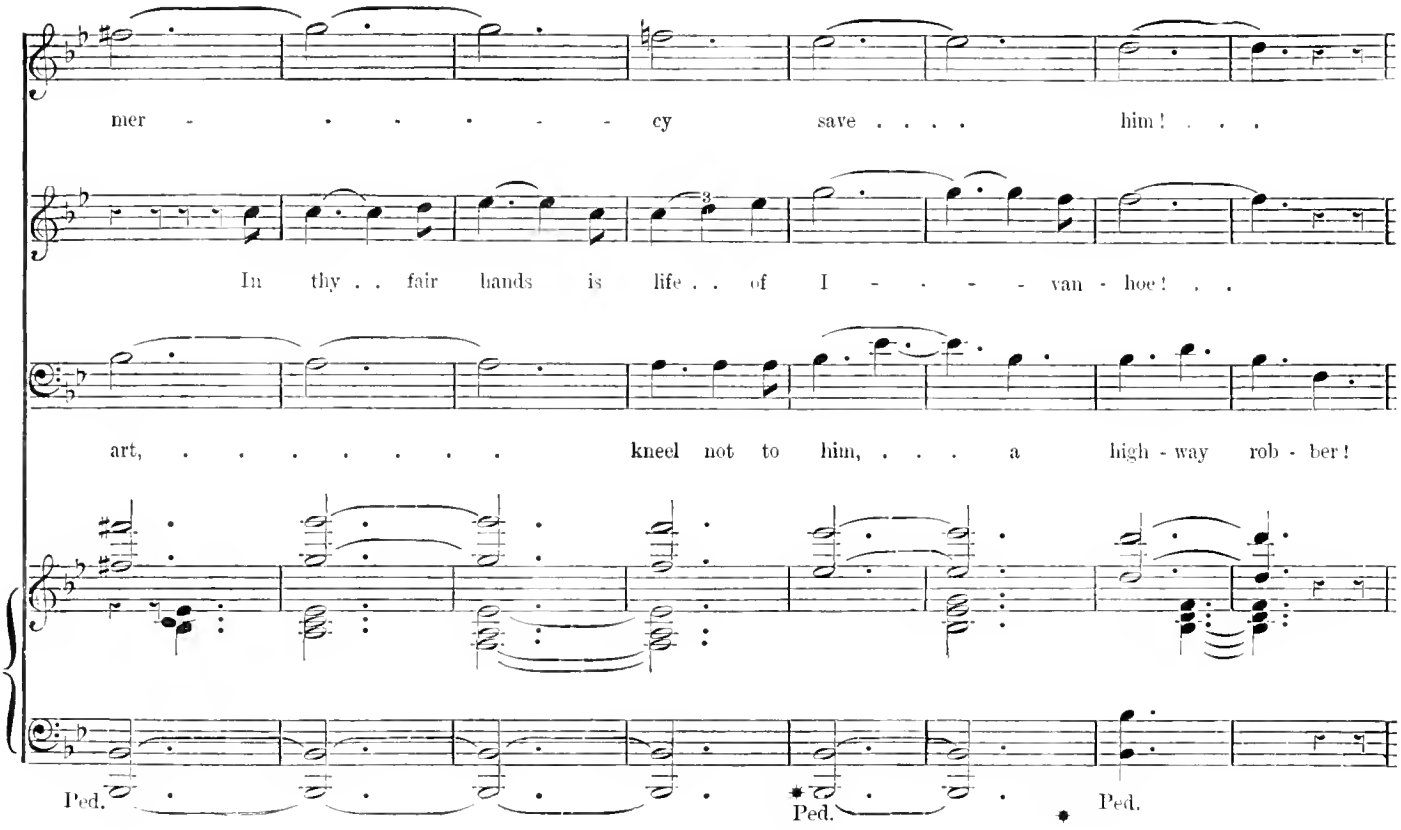

ra - ther would I see This la - dy life - less on her bier Than
yield her to thee! Faith - less knight, Is
sf
E
it thy Nor - man chi - val - ry To make weak wo - men mad with fear, And
p
woo them in a dun - geon's gloom? . . . .
F
De Bracy.
Peace, friend, I
cres.
f
Ped.
f
*

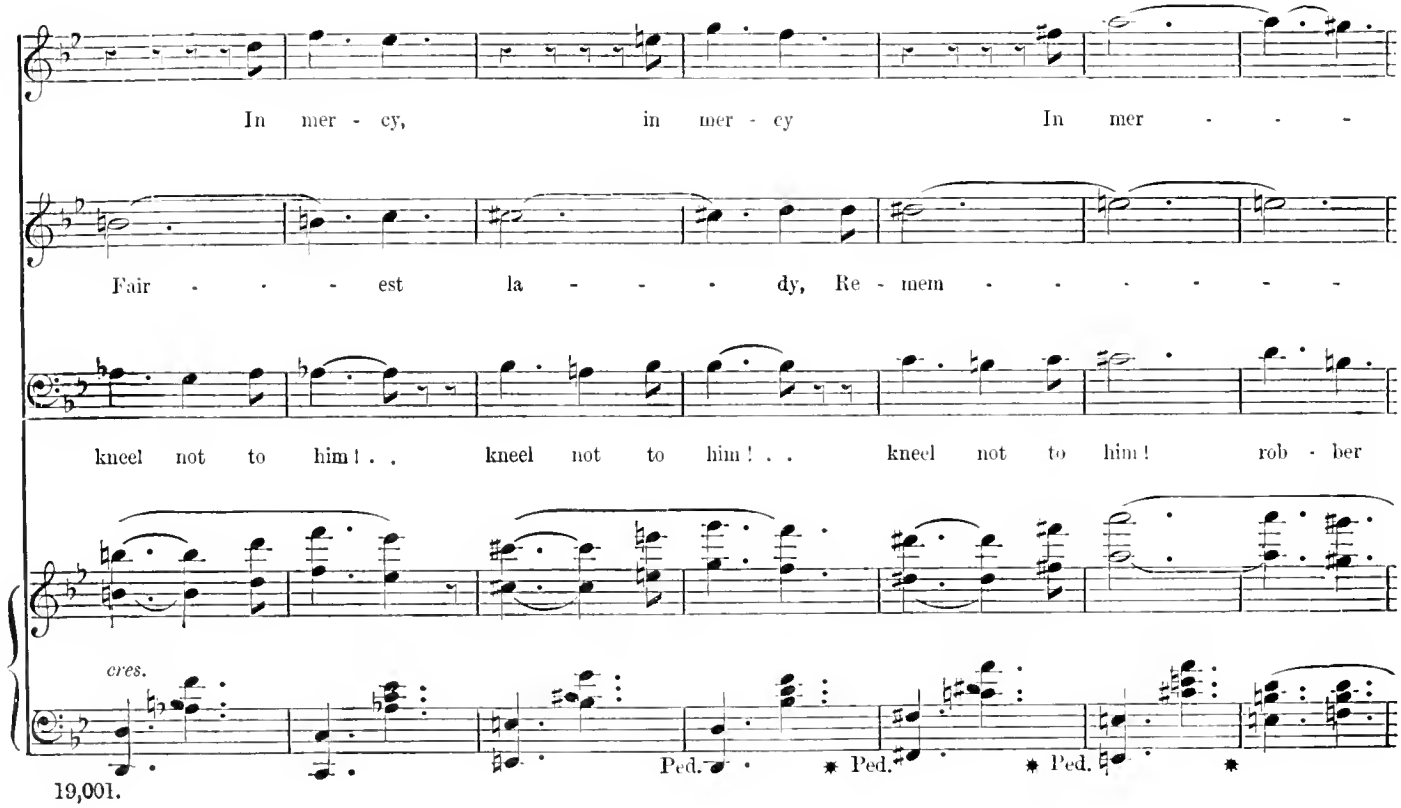

Cedric.
pray thee! Speak not so loud-ly: Dost thou not fear to per-il thine own son? My
p
p
son? This is some i-dle tale To fright-en me! I say I have no son!
p
Allegretto moderato.
De Bracy.
He, whom his fa-ther left to die or live, Was
f dim.
p
Ped.
suc-coured by a kind-ly Jew, and nursed By a fair Jew-ess; and by fate of

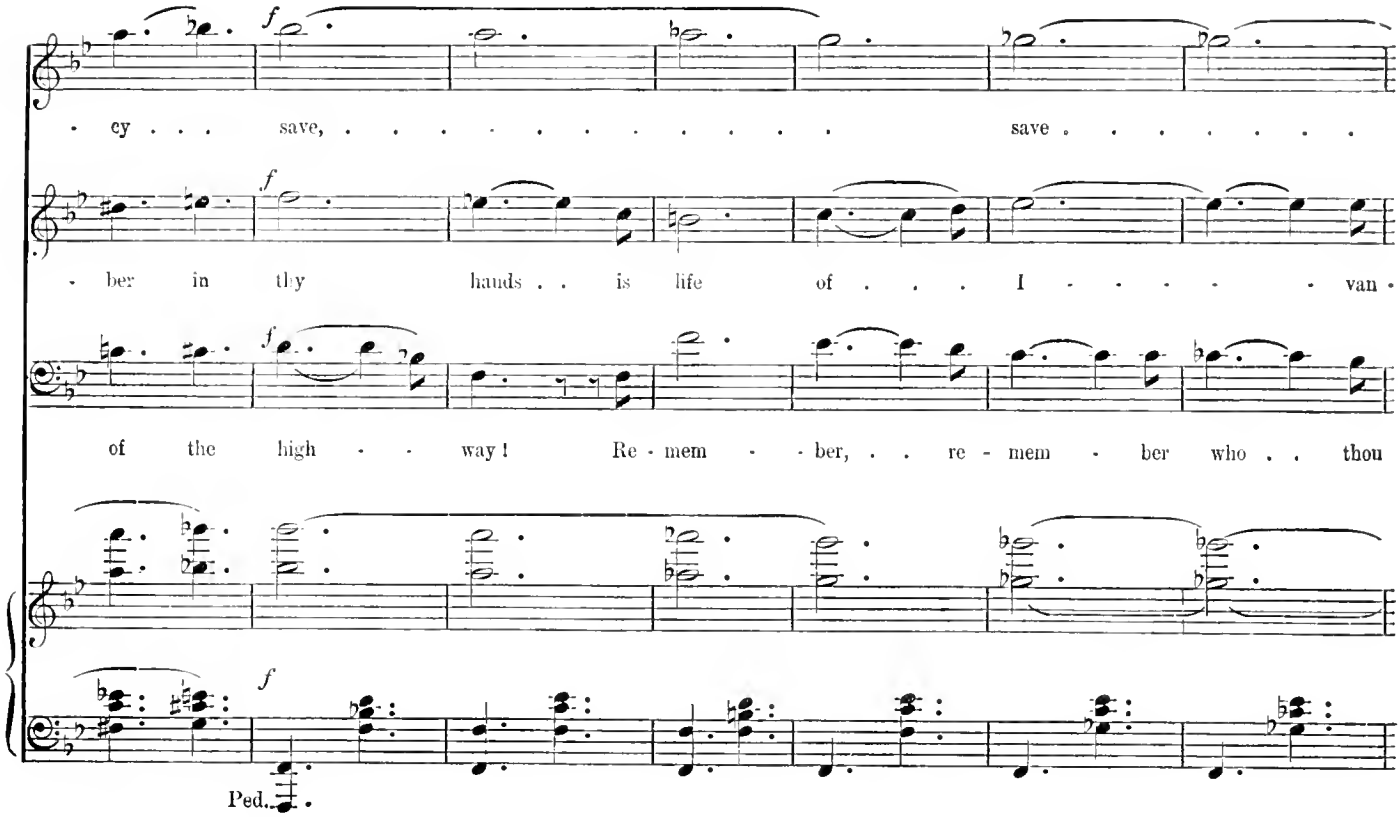

G
war Jew - ess and Jew, and wound - ed knight Are here in - tern'd. None knows his name but
I: And if I breathe the name . . . of I van - hoe, Short were his
sf
shrift. So, good my friend, be pa - tient. And, if this la - dy fair will
p
H
smile . . on me, . . Then will I save . . thy son. . . .
f

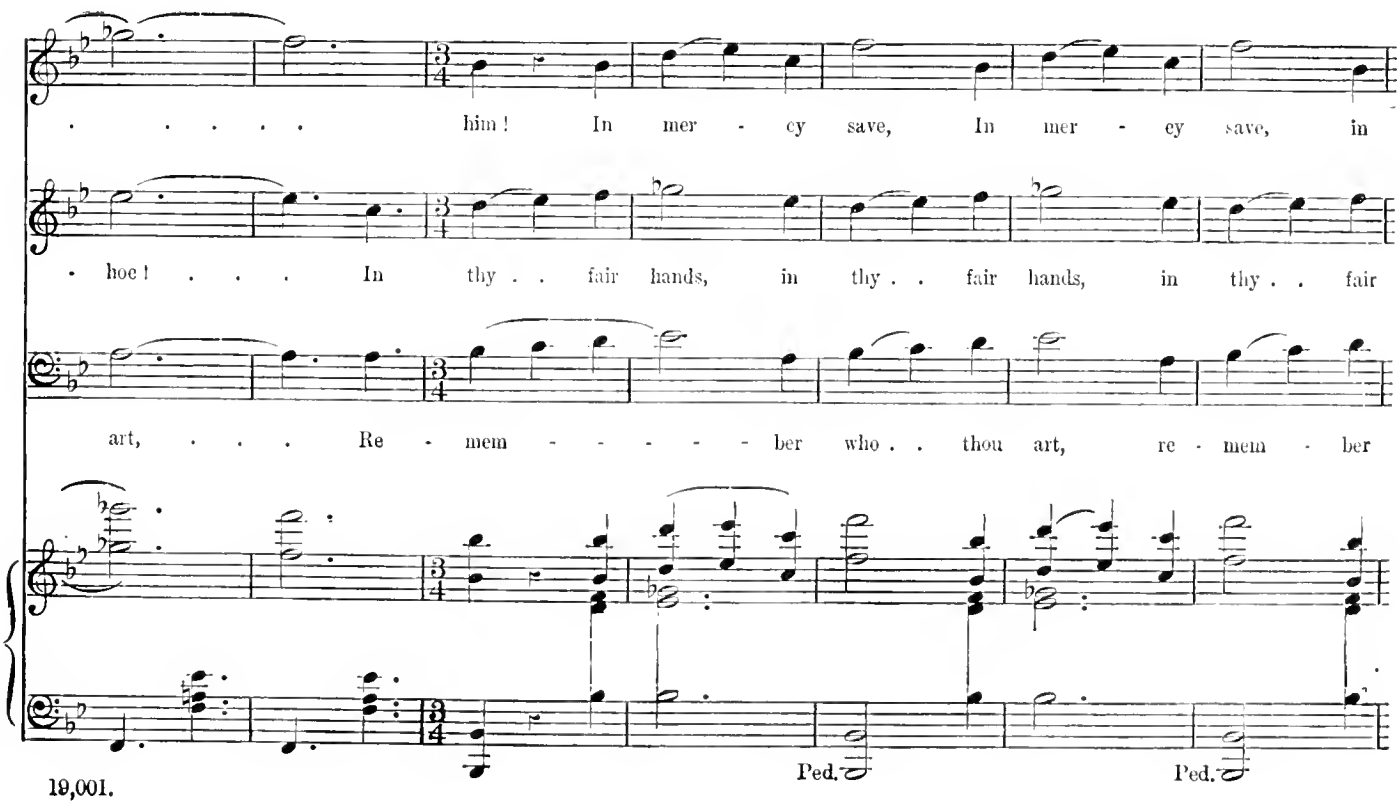

CEDRIC.
My son . . . . de - fied me; he is dead . . . to me. I
sf
sf
Ped.
will not buy his life with a foul bar - - gain.
f
J ROWENA. più vivo.
f
Thou art . . . . his fa - ther, pi - - - ty him— and
f
me! Oh, gal - lant knight, . . . I pray thee, Be deaf to him, and
p

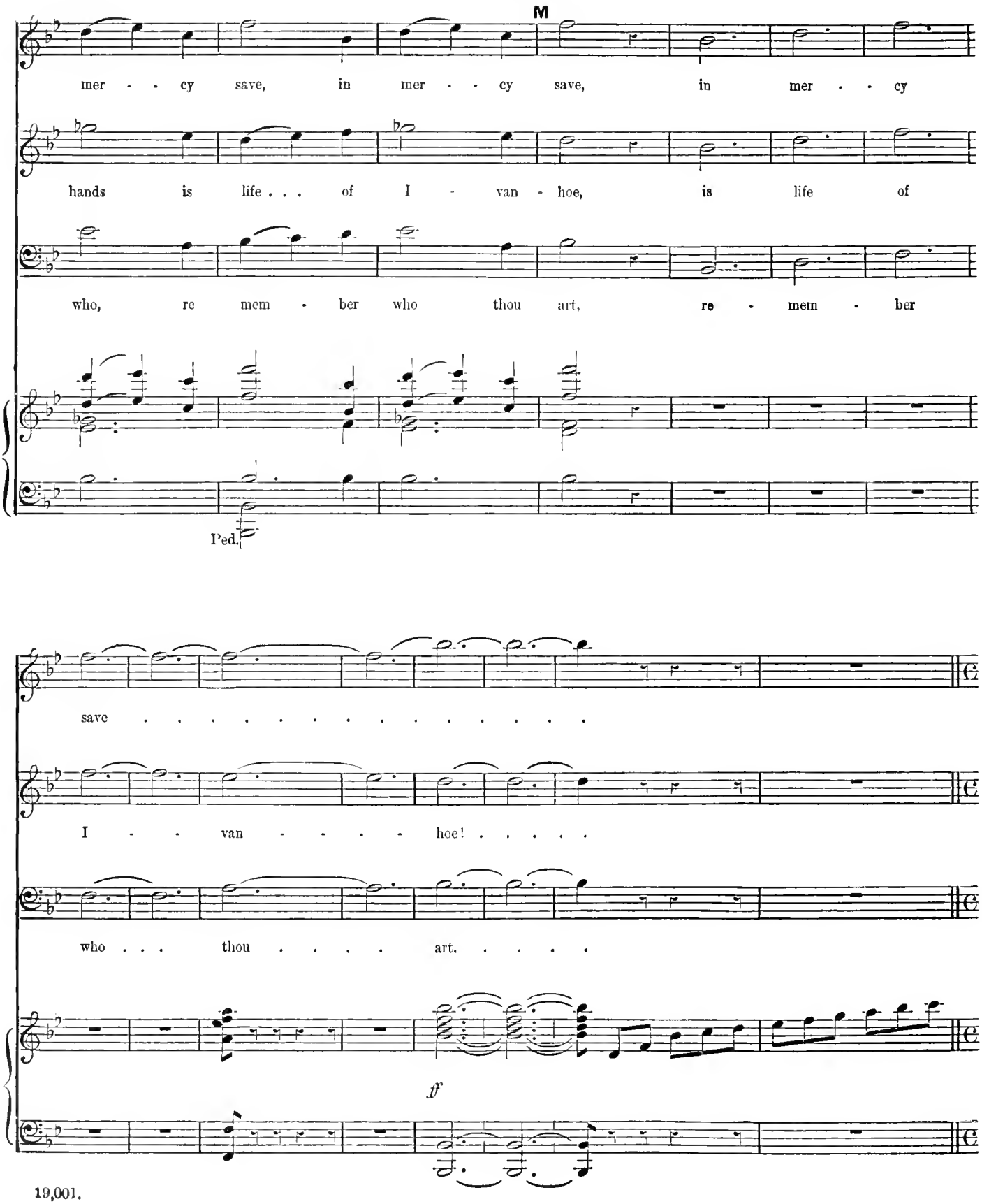

to thine own . . . . worse thoughts; And save this wound - ed knight of
I . . . . van - hoe! And I will pray . . for
Stringendo molto.
thee. . . . Mer - - - - - cy! . . . mer - - - - - cy! In
cres. molto.
Ped.
Molto vivace con fuoco.
Rowena.
mer - - - - - - - - - cy save . . him, In
De Bracy.
In thy fair hands is life of l - - - - - van - hoe!
Cedric.
Kneel not to him! Re - mem - - - ber who thou
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

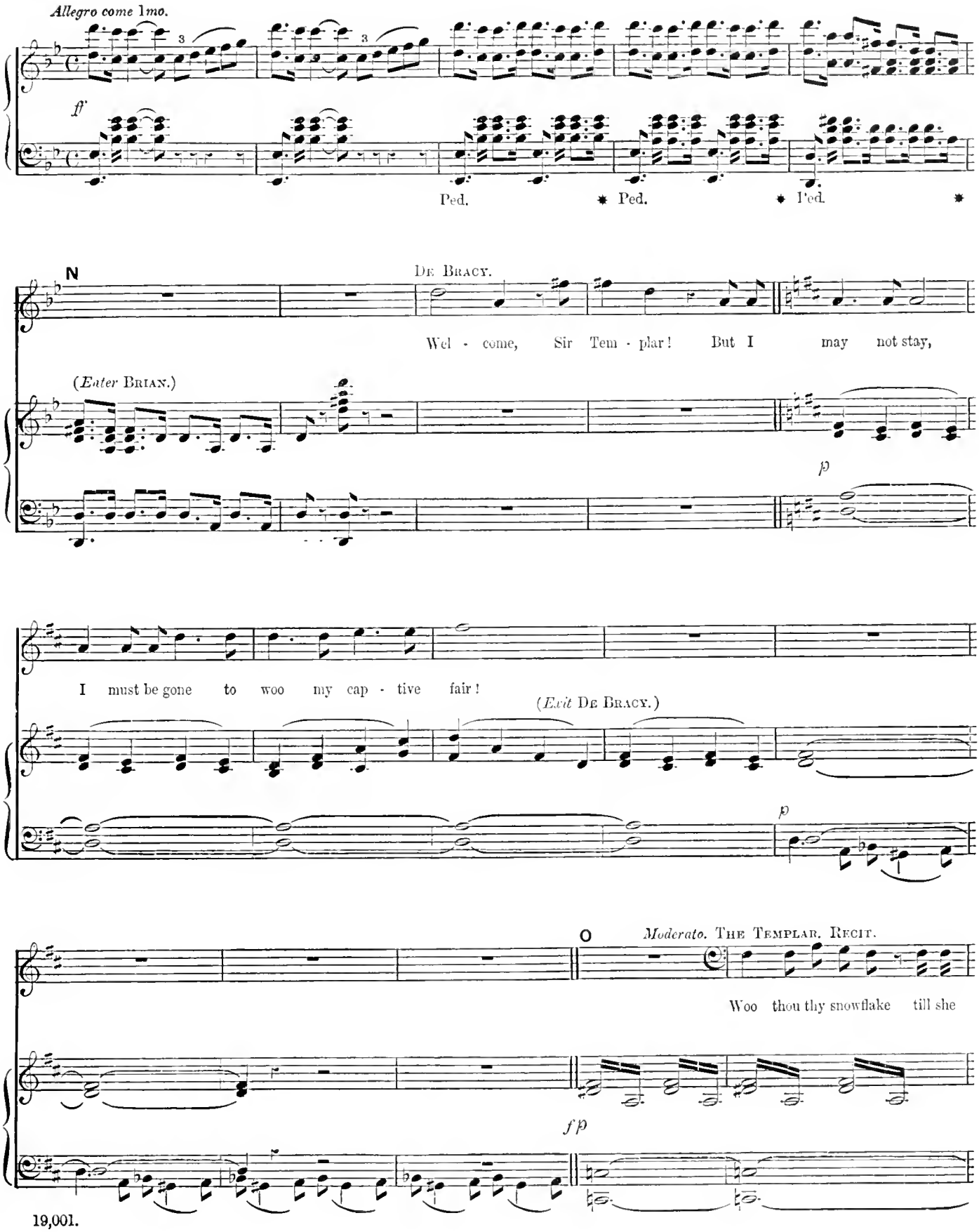

mer - - - - - - - cy save . . . . him ! . . .
In thy . . fair hands is life . . of I - - - - - van - hoe ! . .
art, ... kneel not to him, . . . a high - way rob - ber !
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

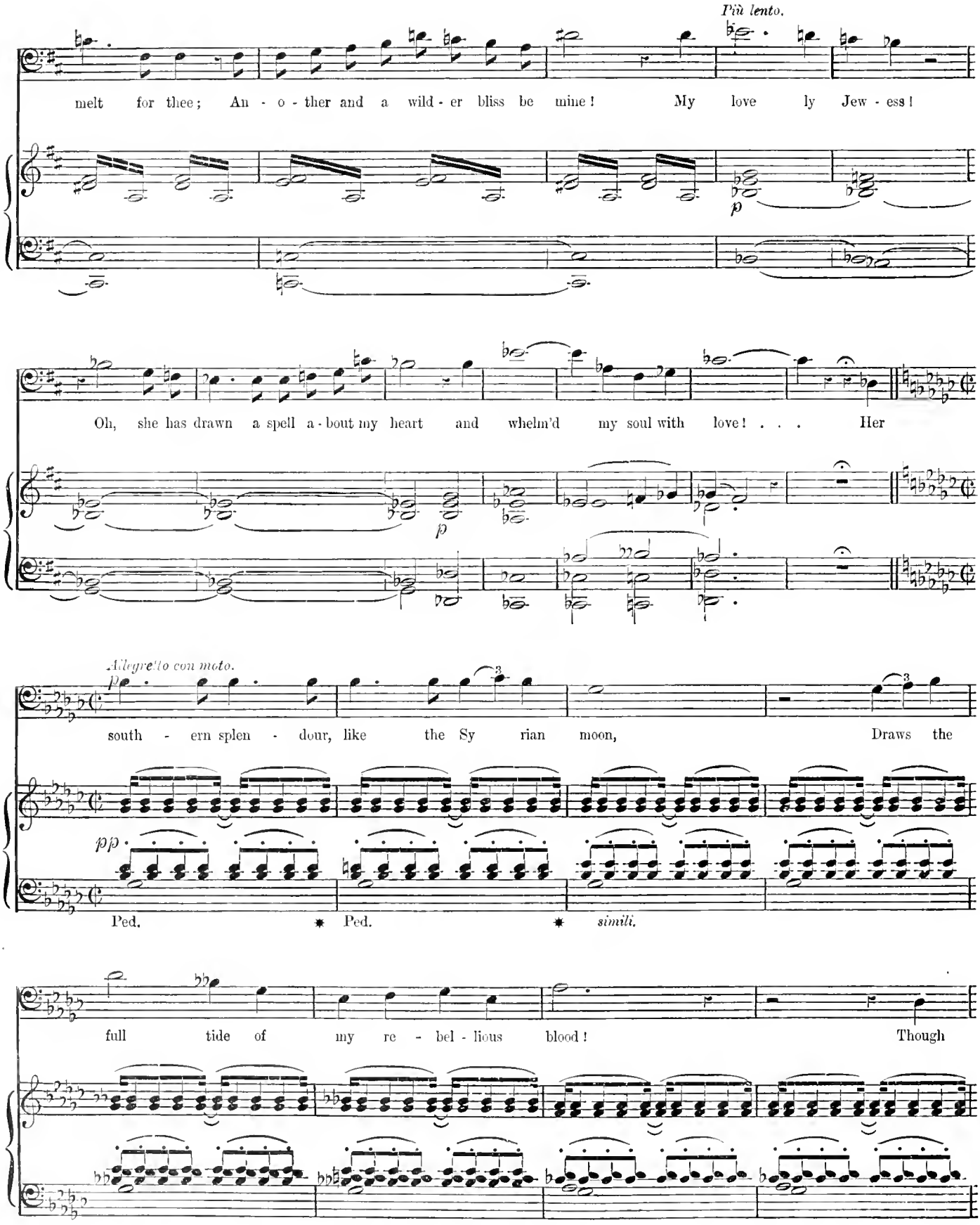

In mer - cy, in mer - cy In mer - - -
Fair - - - est la - - - dy, Re - mem - - - - - - -
kneel not to him ! . . kneel not to him ! . . kneel not to him ! rob - ber
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

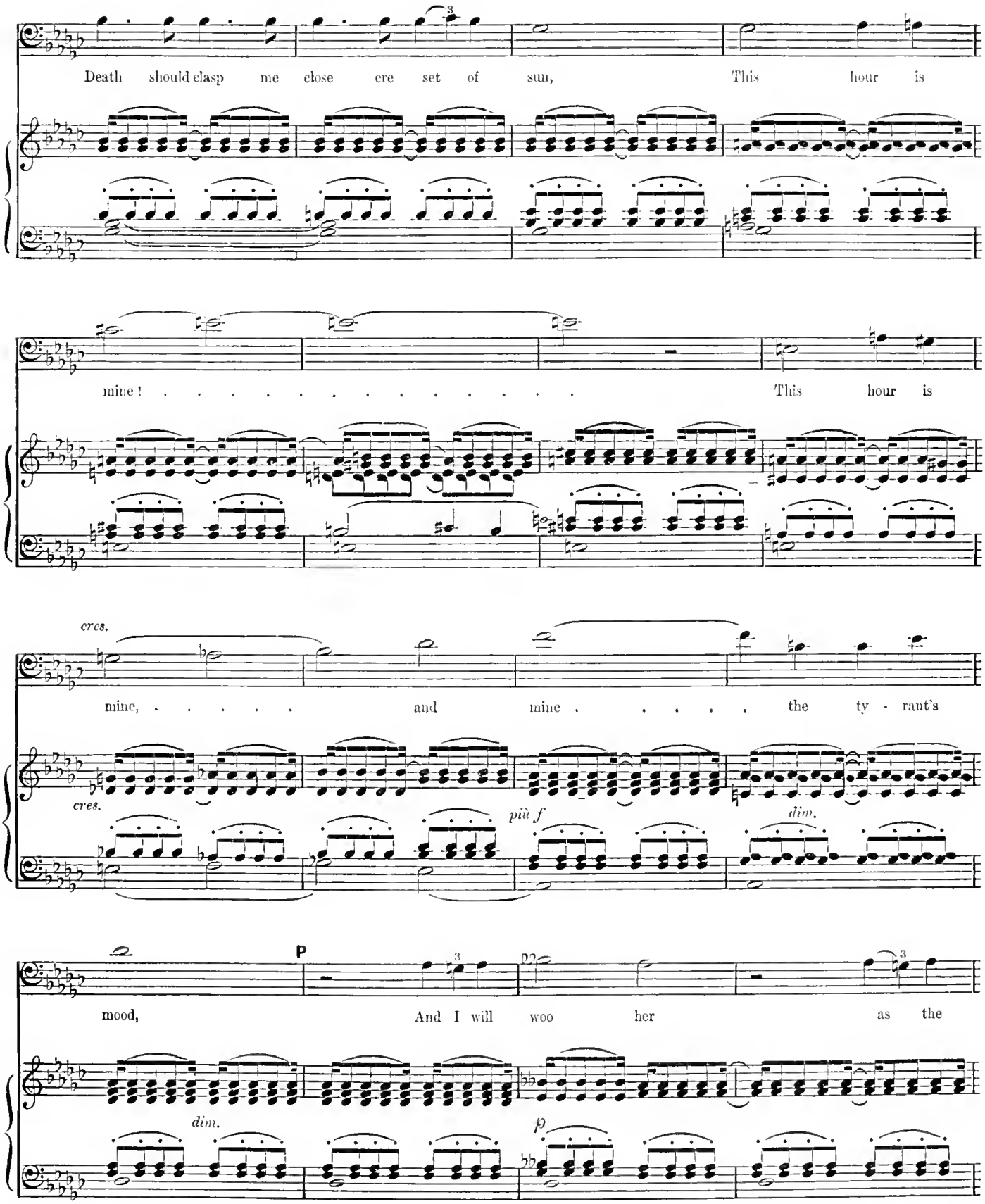

f
cy . . . save, ... save . . . . . .
f
ber in thy hands . . is life of . . . I . . . . . van -
f
of the high - - way! Re - mem - - ber, . . re - mem - ber who . . thou
f
Ped.

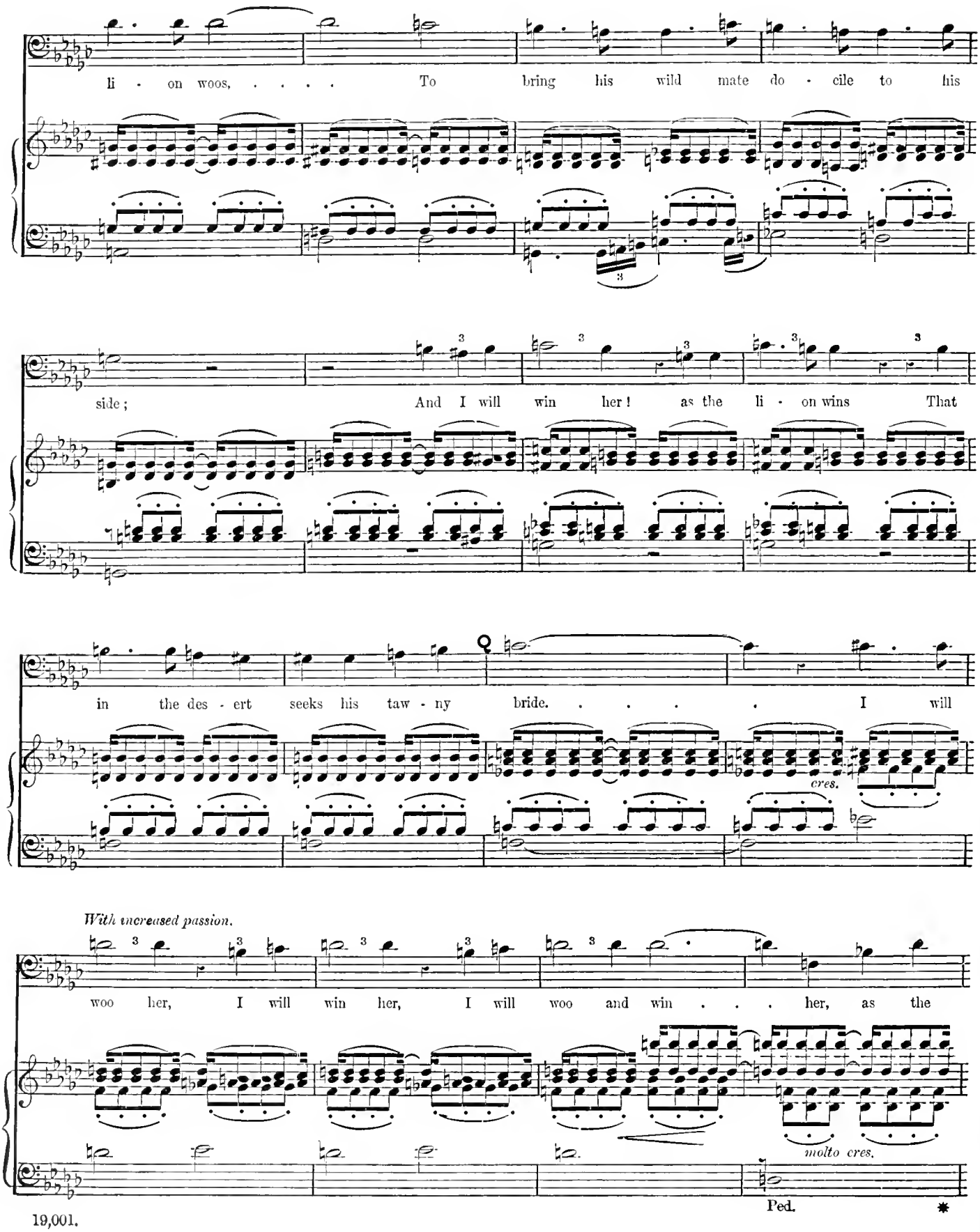

him! In mer - cy save, In mer - cy save, in
- hoe! . . . In thy . . fair hands, in thy . . fair hands, in thy . . fair
art, . . . Re - mem - - - - - ber who . . thou art, re - mem - ber
Ped.
Ped.

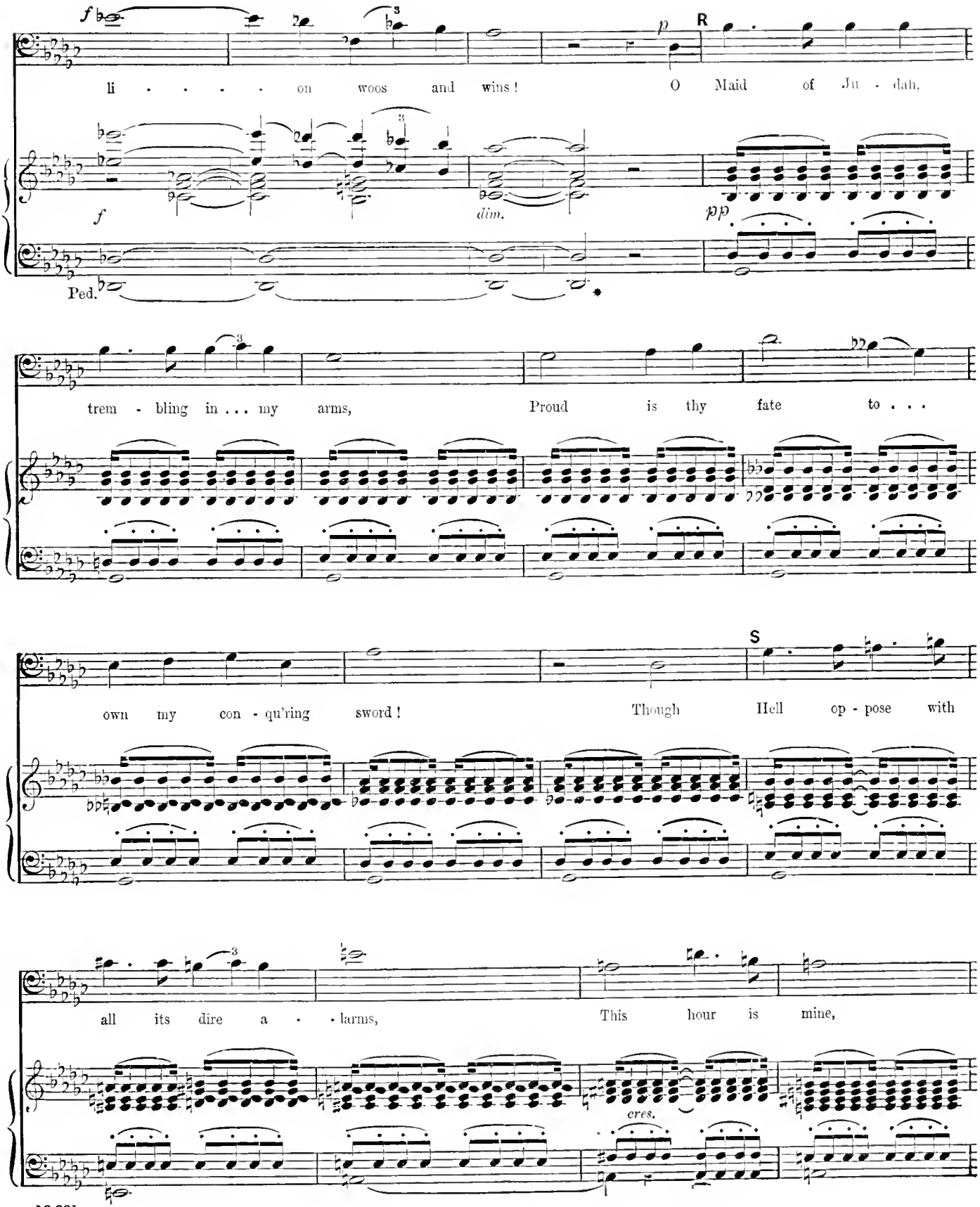

M
mer - - cy save, in mer - - cy save, in mer - cy
hands is life . . . of I - van - hoe, is life of
who, re mem - ber who thou art, re - mem - ber
Ped.
save . . . . . .
I - - van - - - - hoe! . . . . .
who . . . thou . . . . art. . . . .
ff

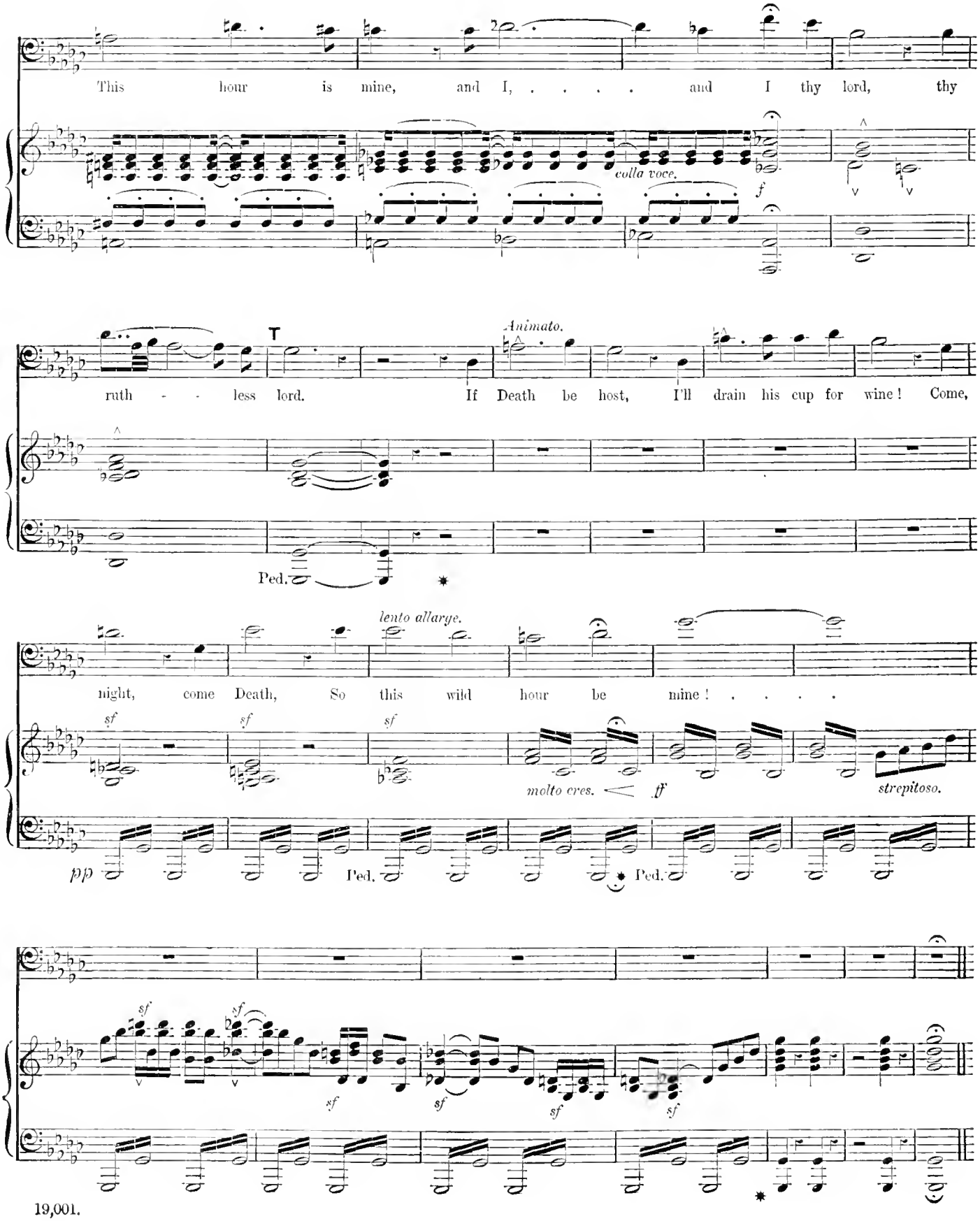

Allegro come 1mo.
ff
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
N
De Bracy.
Wel - come, Sir Tem - plar! But I may not stay,
(Enter Brian.)
p
I must be gone to woo my cap - tive fair!
(Exit De Bracy.)
p
O
Moderato. The Templar. Recit.
Woo thou thy snowflake till she
fp


Più lento.
melt for thee; An - o - ther and a wild - er bliss be mine! My love ly Jew - ess!
p
Oh, she has drawn a spell a - bout my heart and whelm'd my soul with love! . . . Her
p
Allegretto con moto.
south - ern splen - dour, like the Sy rian moon, Draws the
pp
Ped. * Ped. * simili.
full tide of my re - bel - lious blood! Though


Death should clasp me close ere set of sun, This hour is
mine ! . . . . . This hour is
cres.
mine, ... and mine . . . . . the ty - rant's
cres.
più f
dim.
P
mood, And I will woo her as the
dim.
p

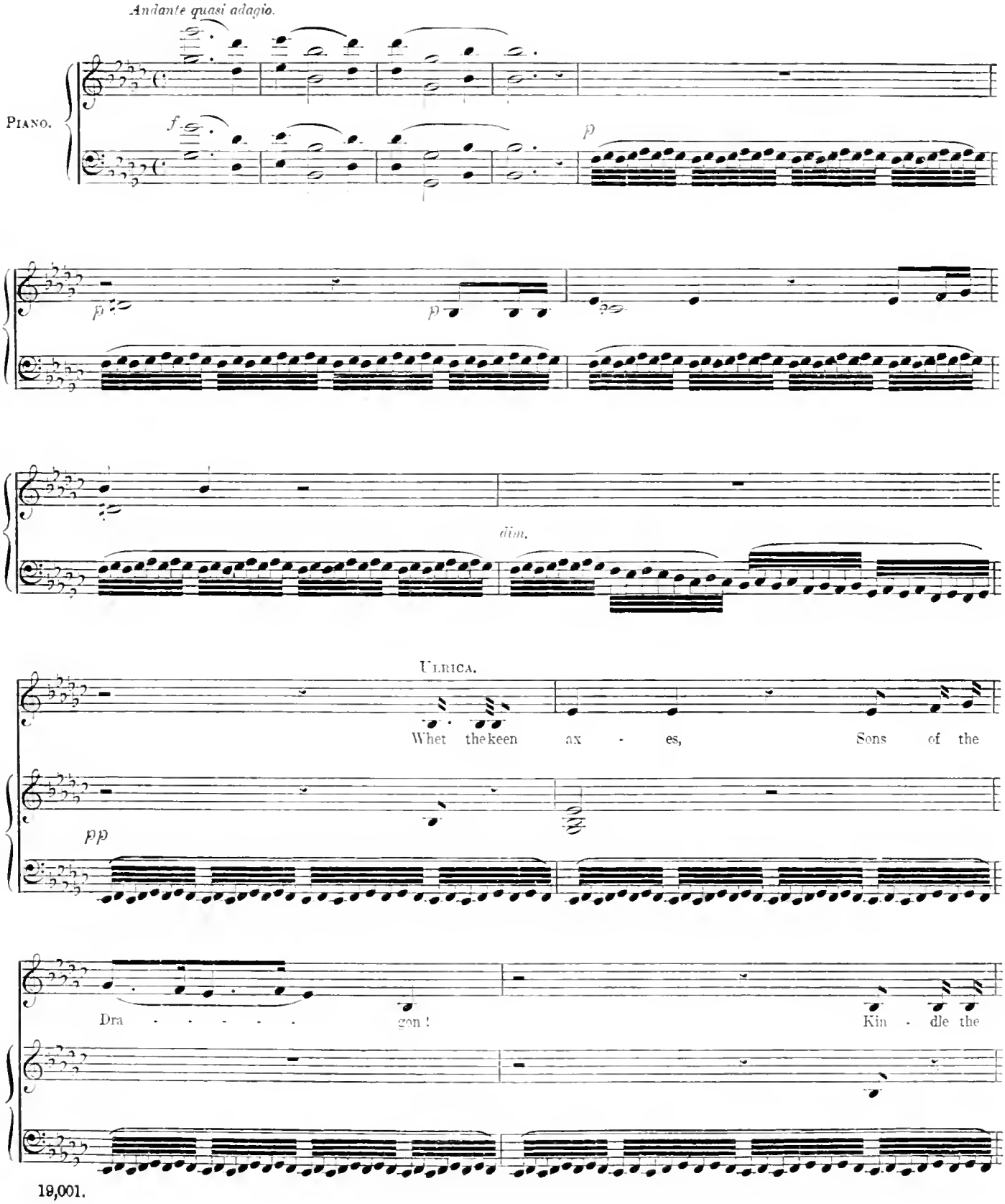

li - on woos, ... To bring his wild mate do - cile to his
side; And I will win her! as the li - on wins That
in the des - ert seeks his taw - ny bride. . . . . I will
cres.
With increased passion.
woo her, I will win her, I will woo and win . . . her, as the
molto cres.
Ped.
*

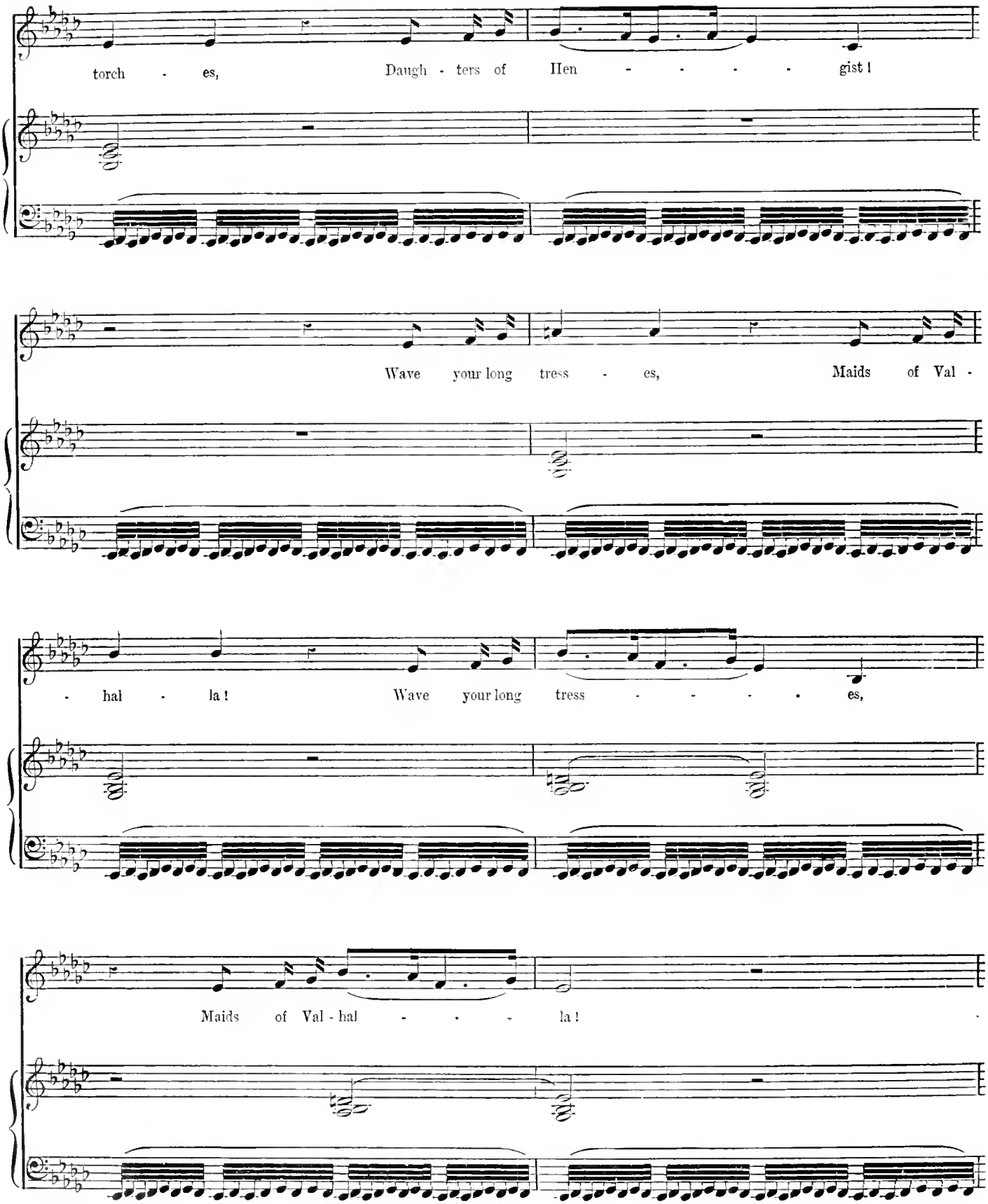

li . . . . . on woos and wins ! O Maid of Ju - dah,
trem - bling in . . . my arms, Proud is thy fate to . . .
own my con - qu'ring sword ! Though Hell op - pose with
all its dire a - larms, This hour is mine,
R
S
dim.
cres.
Ped.

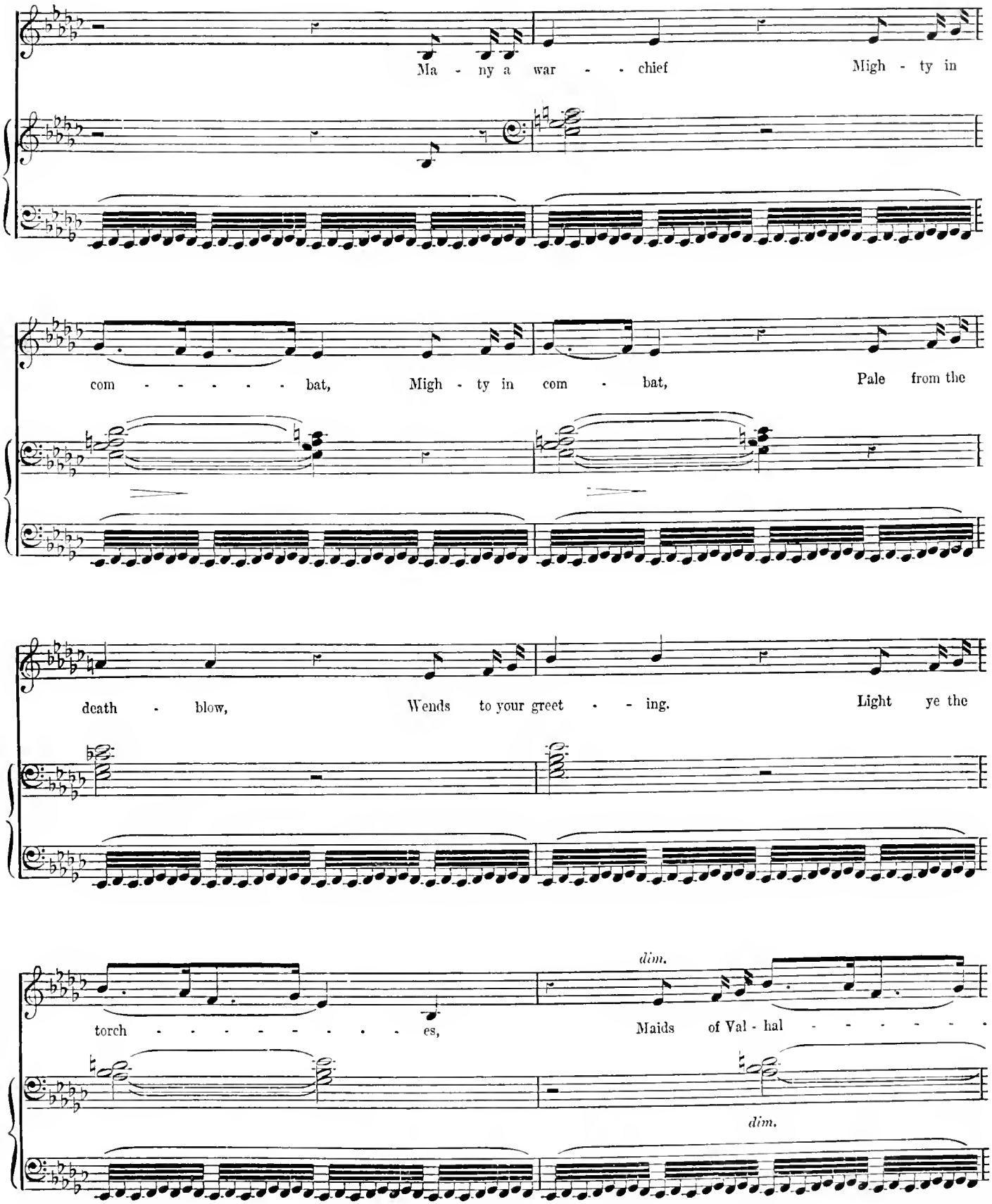

This hour is mine, and I, ... and I thy lord, thy
colla voce.
f
ruth - - less lord. If Death be host, I'll drain his cup for wine! Come,
Animato.
Ped.
night, come Death, So this wild hour be mine! . . . . .
lento allarge.
sf
molto cres.
ff
strepitoso.
pp
Ped.
Ped.

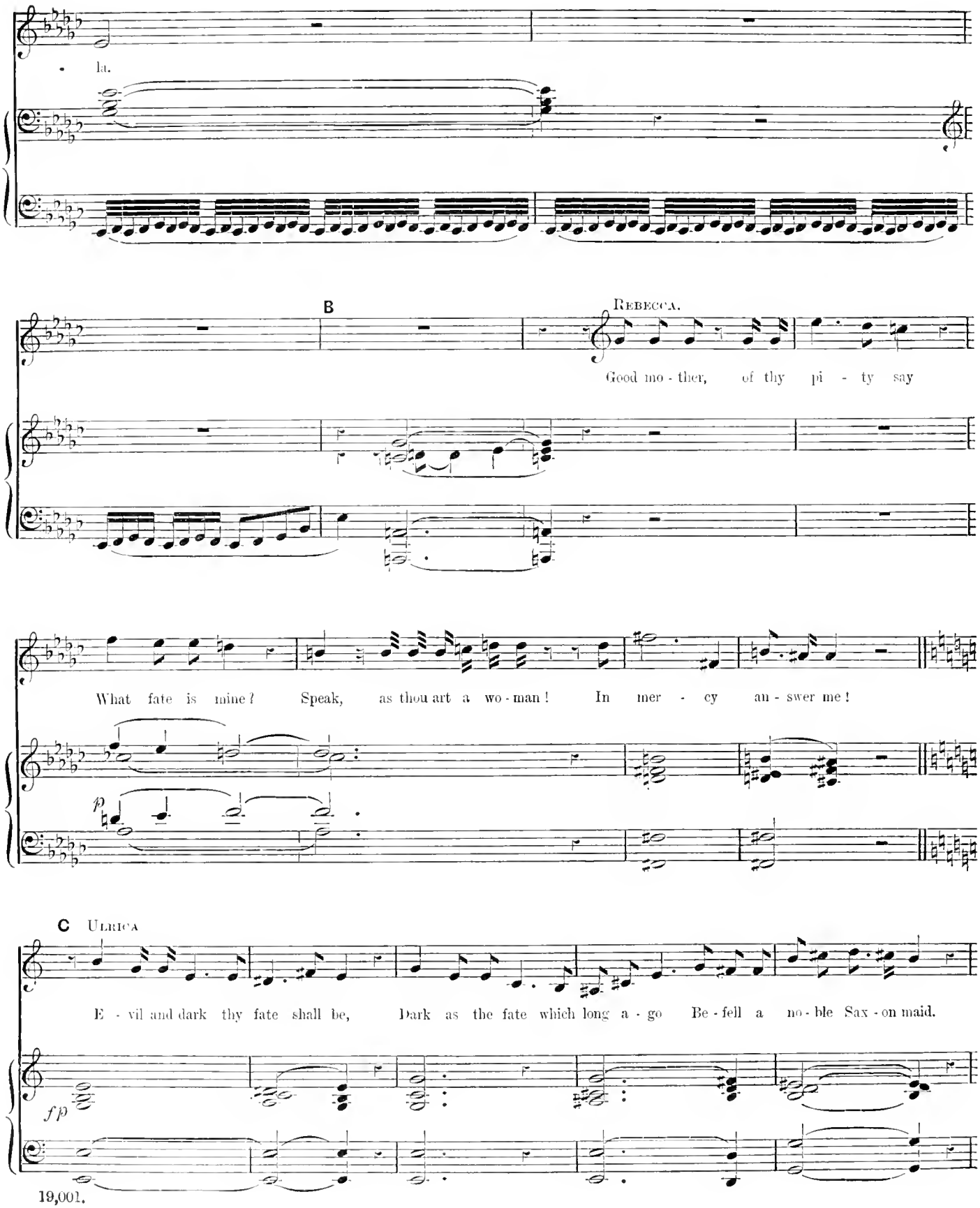
SCENE III.

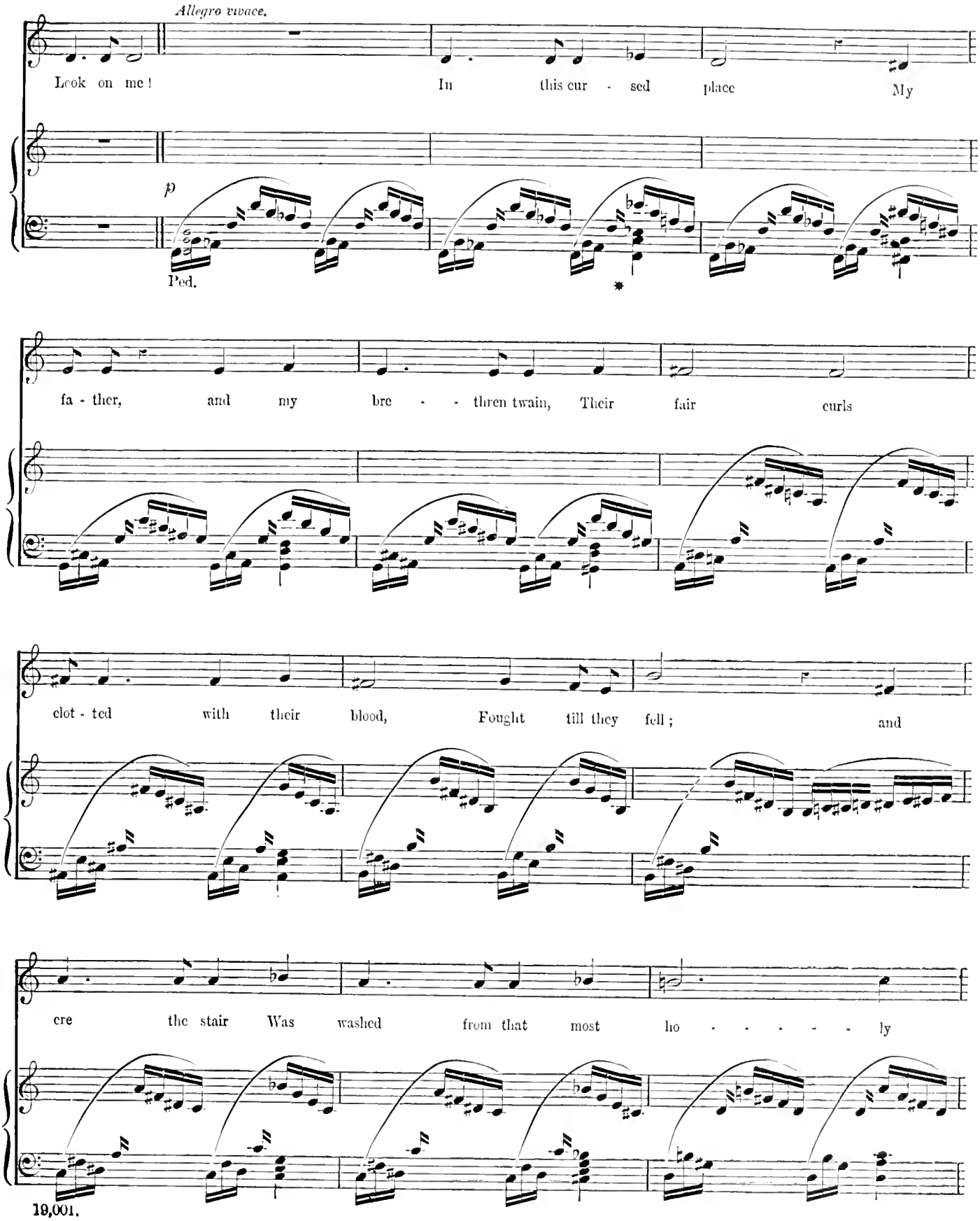
Andante quasi adagio.

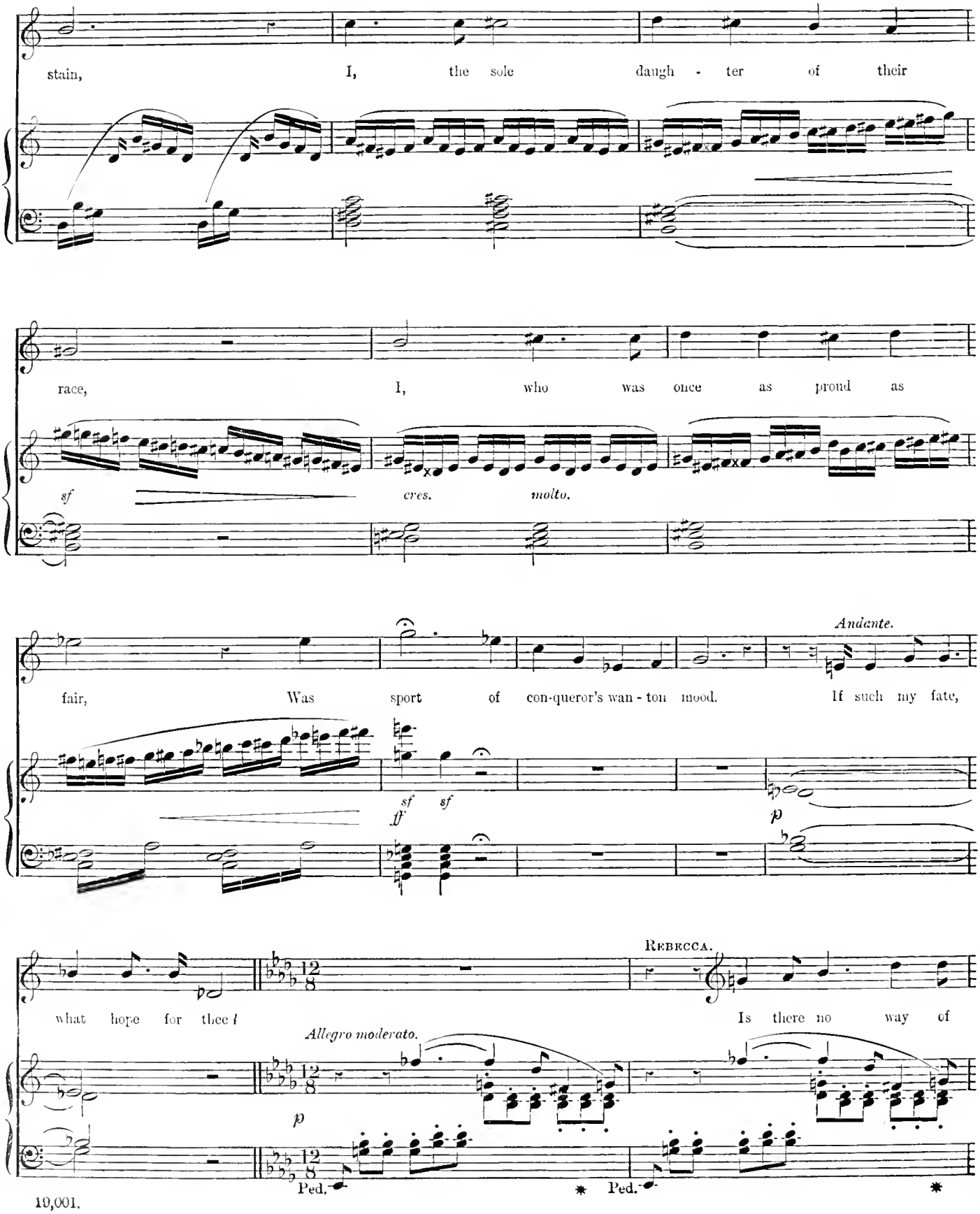


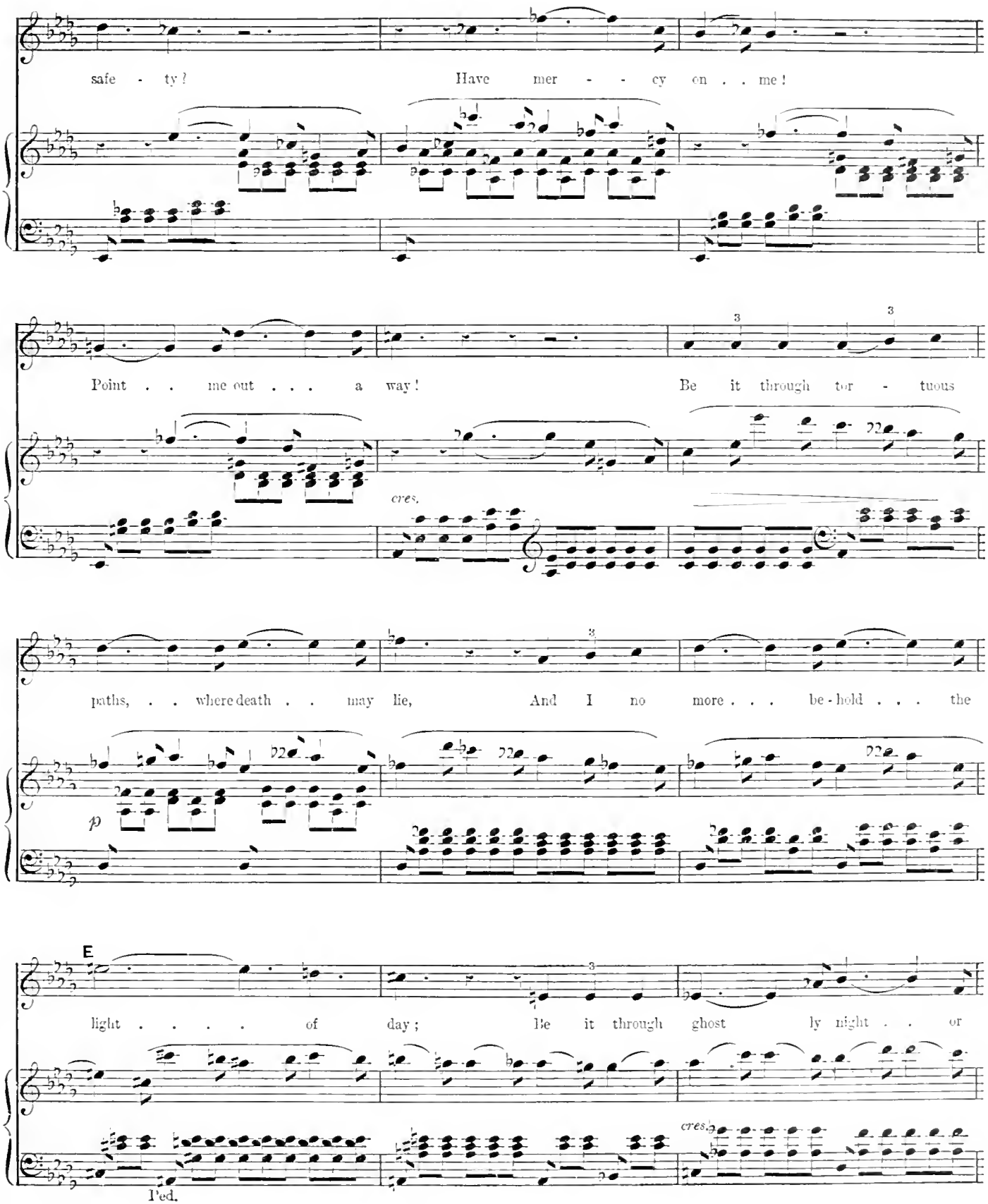

torch - es, Daugh - ters of Hen - - - - gist!
Wave your long tress - es, Maids of Val -
- hal - la! Wave your long tress - - - - es,
Maids of Val - hal - - - la!

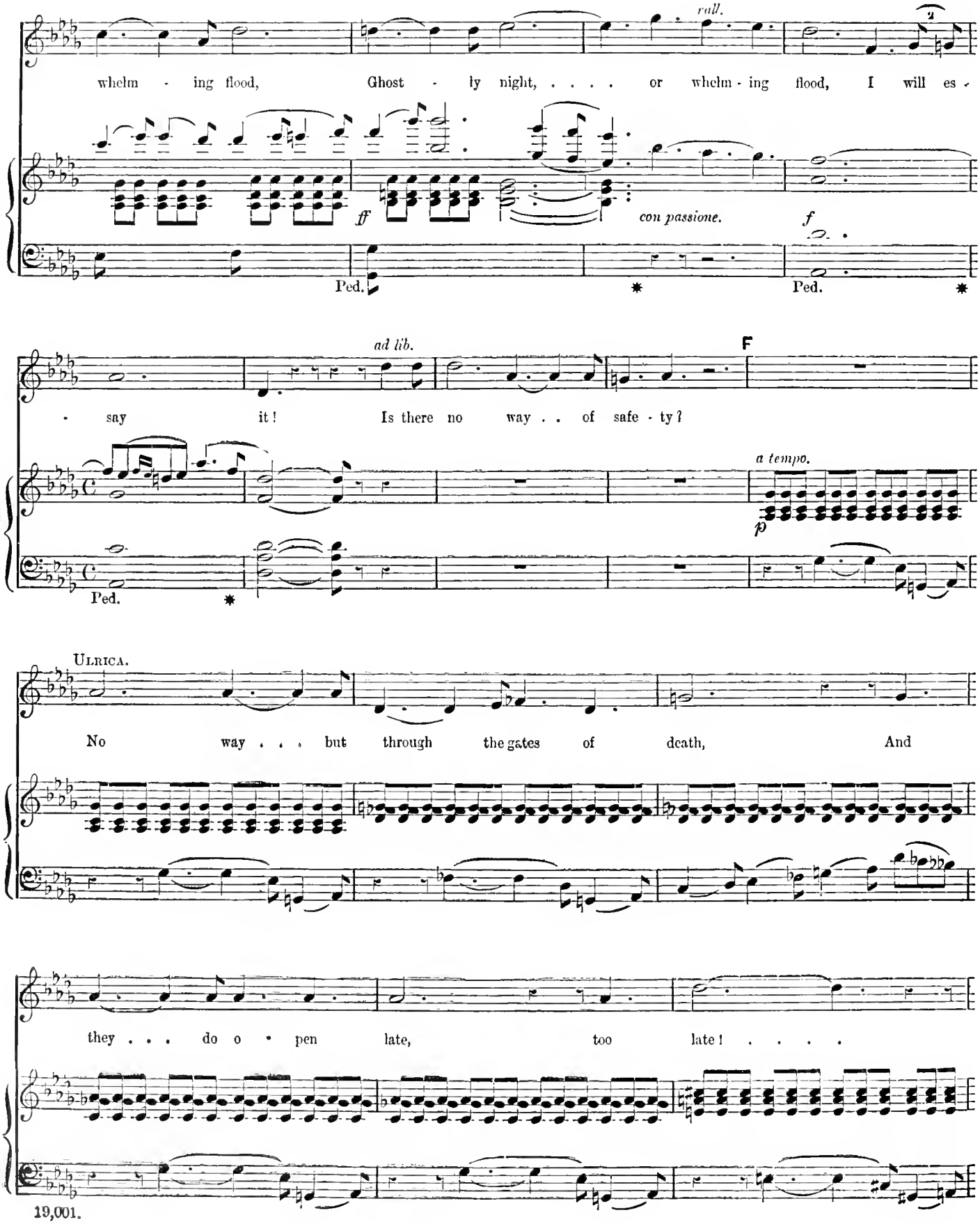

Ma - ny a war - - - chief
Migh - ty in
com - - - - - - bat,
Migh - ty in com - bat,
Pale from the
death - blow,
Wends to your greet - - ing.
Light ye the
dim.
torch - - - - - - - - - es,
Maids of Val - hal - - - - - - -
dim.

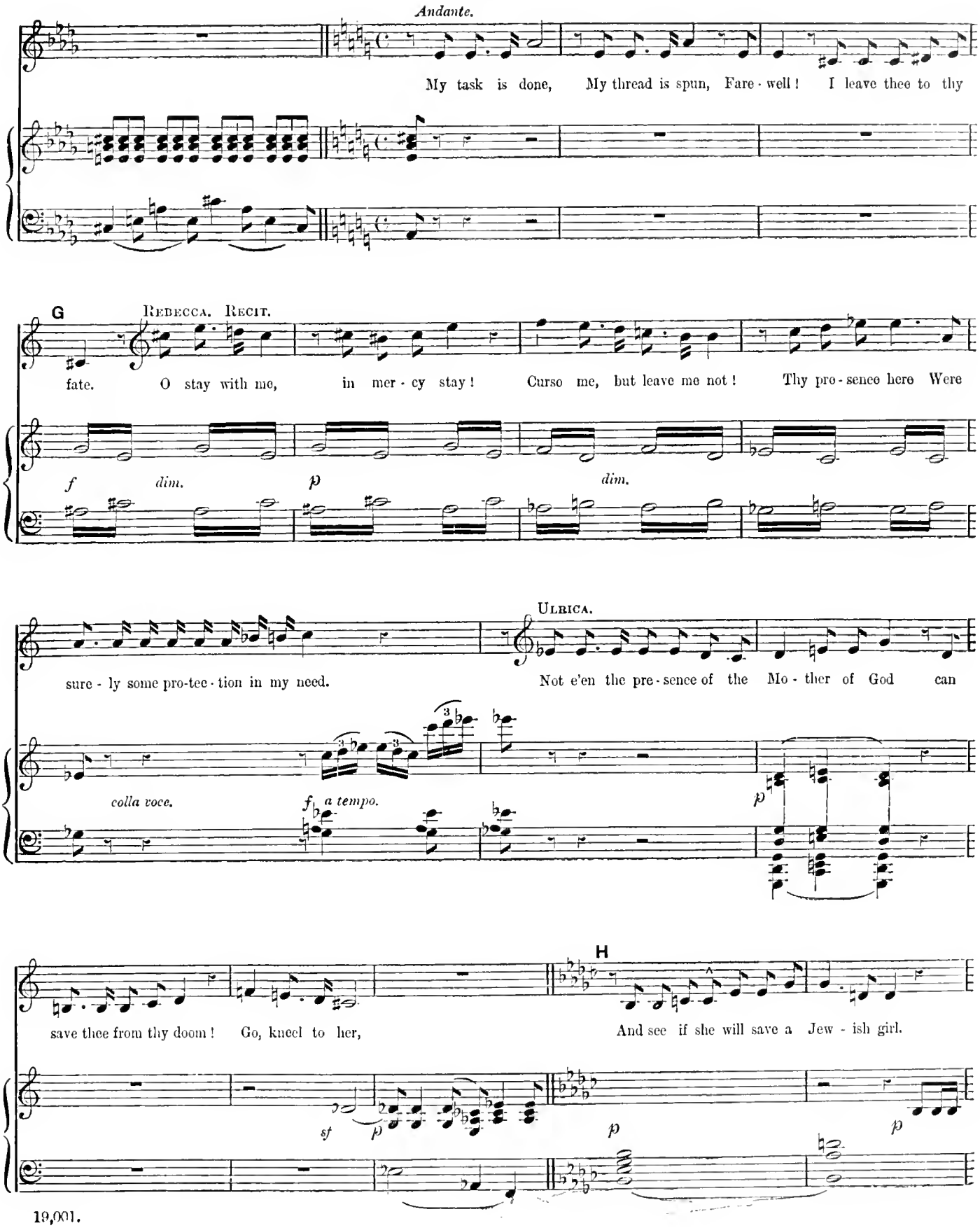

la.
B
Rebecca.
Good mo - ther, of thy pi - ty say
What fate is mine? Speak, as thou art a wo - man! In mer - cy an - swer me!
p
C Ulrica
E - vil and dark thy fate shall be, Dark as the fate which long a - go Be - fell a no - ble Sax - on maid.
fp

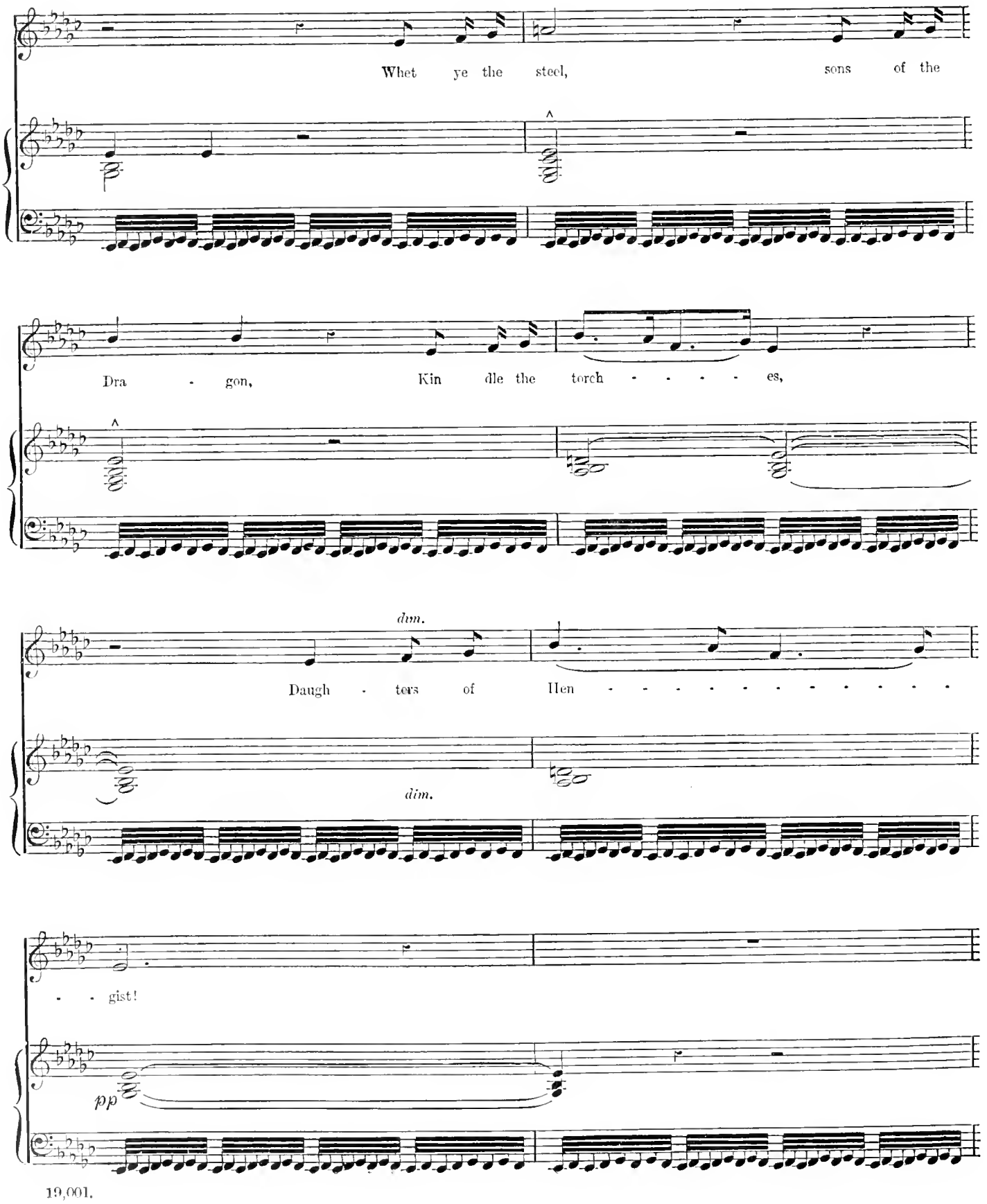

Allegro vivace.
Look on me! In this cur - sed place My
p
Ped.
*
fa - ther, and my bre - - thren twain, Their fair curls
clot - ted with their blood, Fought till they fell; and
ere the stair Was washed from that most ho - - - - - ly

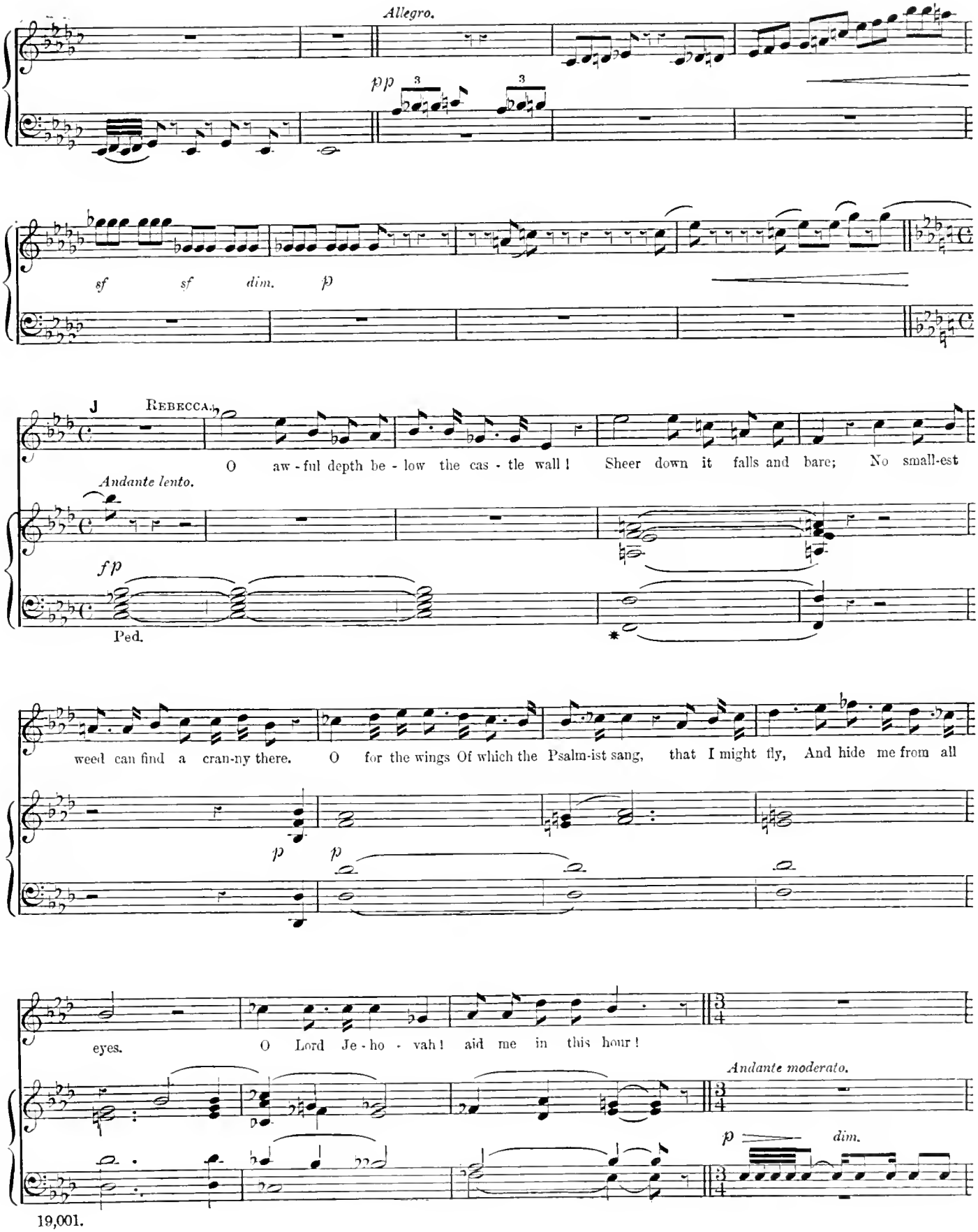

stain, I, the sole daugh - ter of their
race, I, who was once as proud as
sf cres. molto.
Andante.
fair, Was sport of con-queror's wan - ton mood. If such my fate,
sf sf
ff
p
REBECCA.
what hope for thee? Is there no way of
Allegro moderato.
p
Ped. * Ped. *

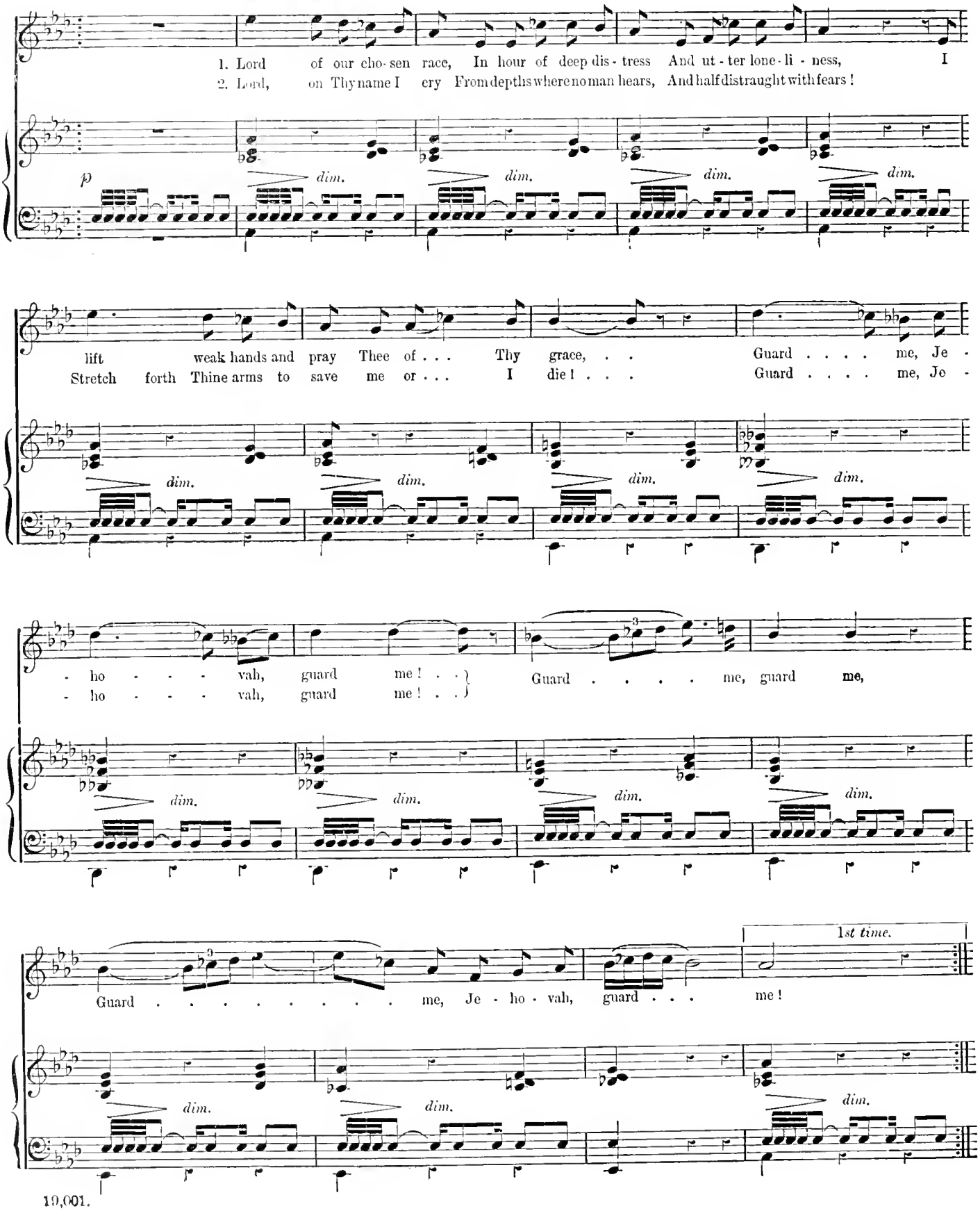

safe - ty! Have mer - - cy on . . me!
Point . . me out . . . a way! Be it through tor - tuous
cres.
paths, . . where death . . may lie, And I no more . . . be - hold . . . the
p
E
light . . . . of day; Be it through ghost ly night . . or
cres.
Ped.

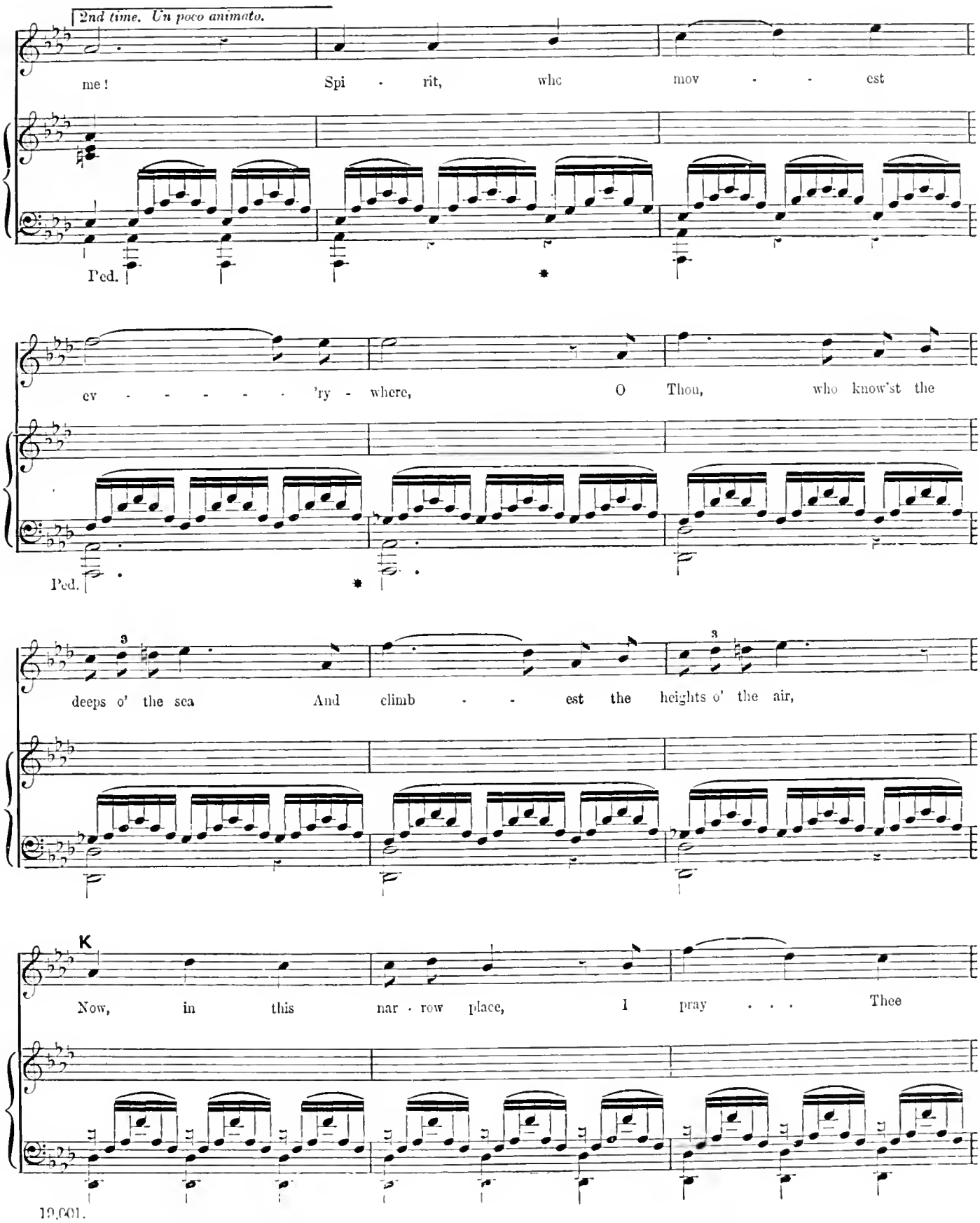

rall.
whelm - ing flood, Ghost - ly night, ... or whelm - ing flood, I will es -
ff
con passione.
f
Ped.
Ped.
ad lib.
F
- say it! Is there no way . . of safe - ty?
a tempo.
p
Ped.
ULRICA.
No way . . . but through the gates of death, And
they . . . do o - pen late, too late! . . . .

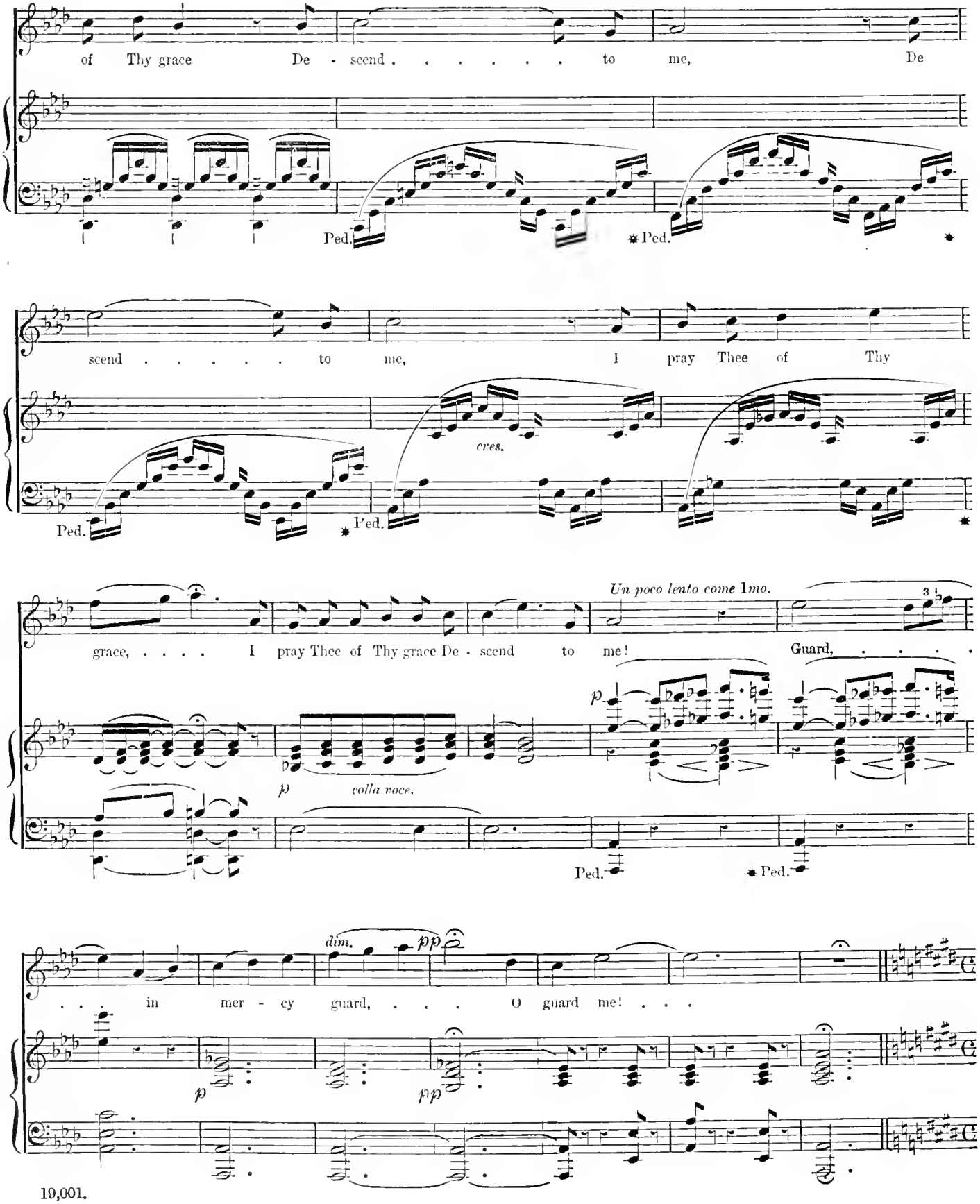

Andante.
My task is done, My thread is spun, Fare - well! I leave thee to thy
G
Rebecca. Recit.
fate. O stay with me, in mer - cy stay! Curse me, but leave me not! Thy pre - sence here Were
f dim. p dim.
Ulrica.
sure - ly some pro-tec - tion in my need. Not e'en the pre - sence of the Mo - ther of God can
colla voce. f a tempo. p
H
save thee from thy doom! Go, kneel to her, And see if she will save a Jew - ish girl.
sf p p p

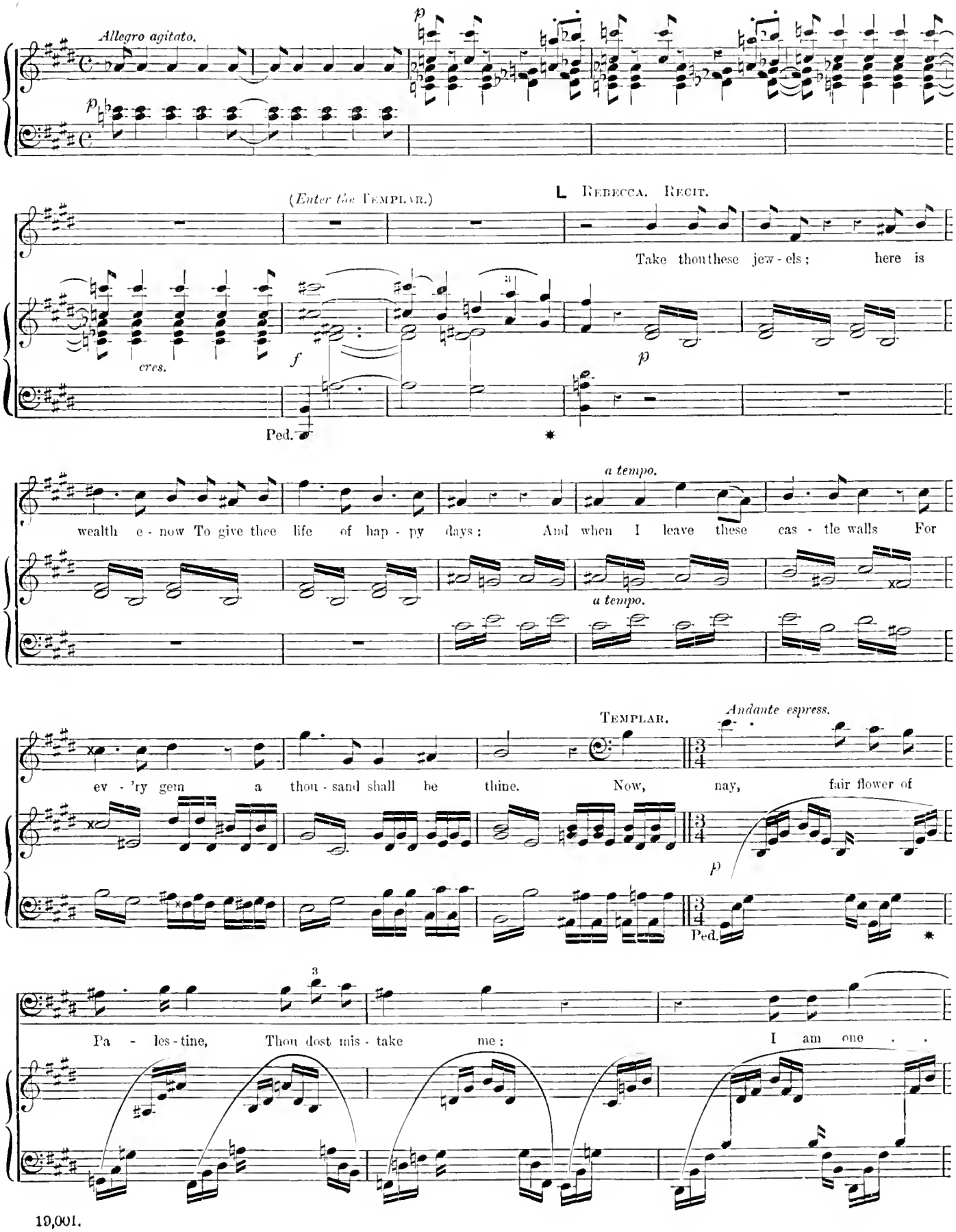

Whet ye the steel, sons of the
Dra - gon, Kin dle the torch - - - - - es,
dim.
Daugh - ters of Hen - - - - - - - - - - -
dim.
- - gist!
pp

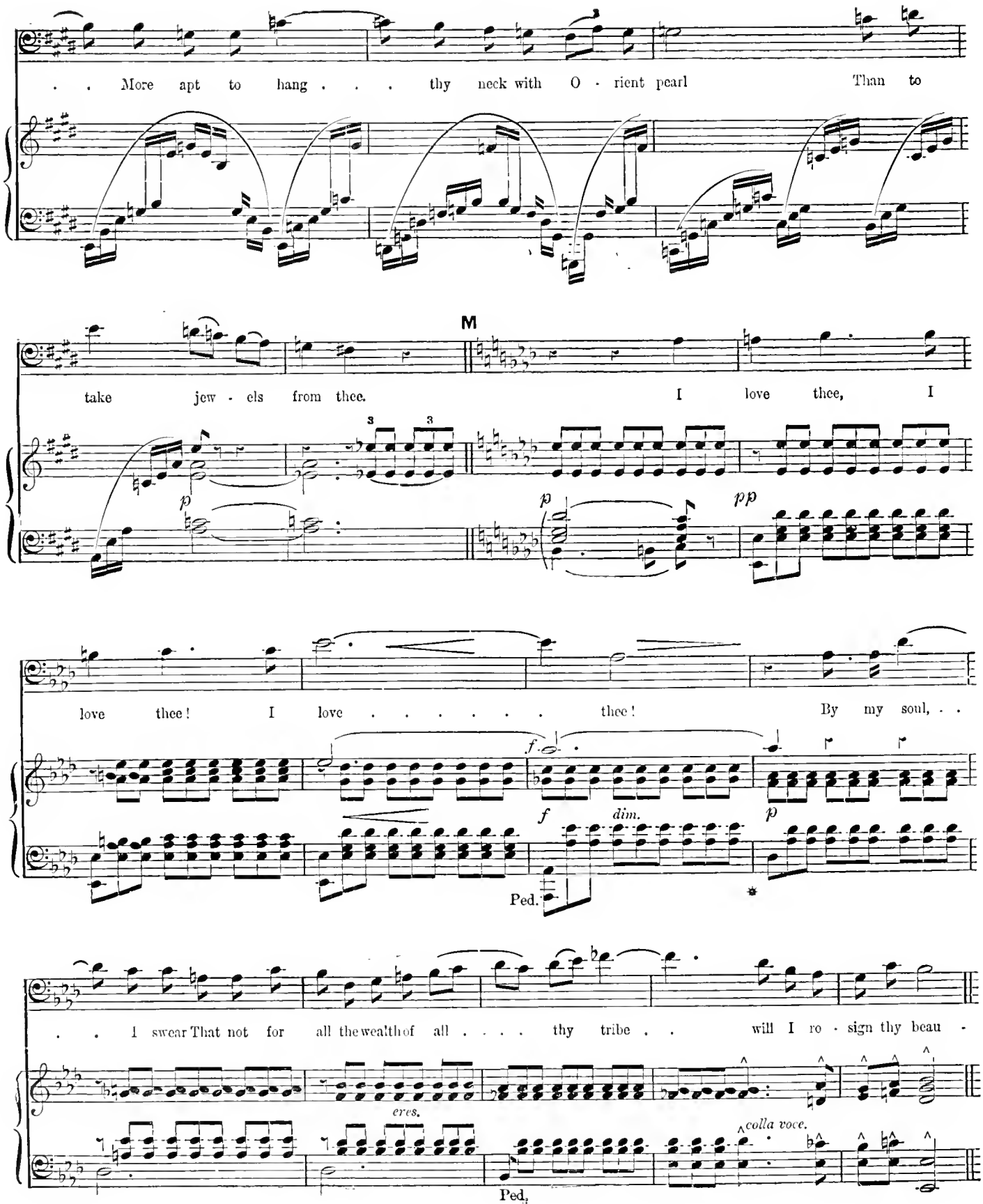

Allegro.
pp
sf sf dim. p
J REBECCA.
O aw - ful depth be - low the cas - tle wall! Sheer down it falls and bare; No small-est
Andante lento.
fp
Ped.
weed can find a cran-ny there. O for the wings Of which the Psalm-ist sang, that I might fly, And hide me from all
p p
eyes. O Lord Je - ho - vah! aid me in this hour!
Andante moderato.
p dim.

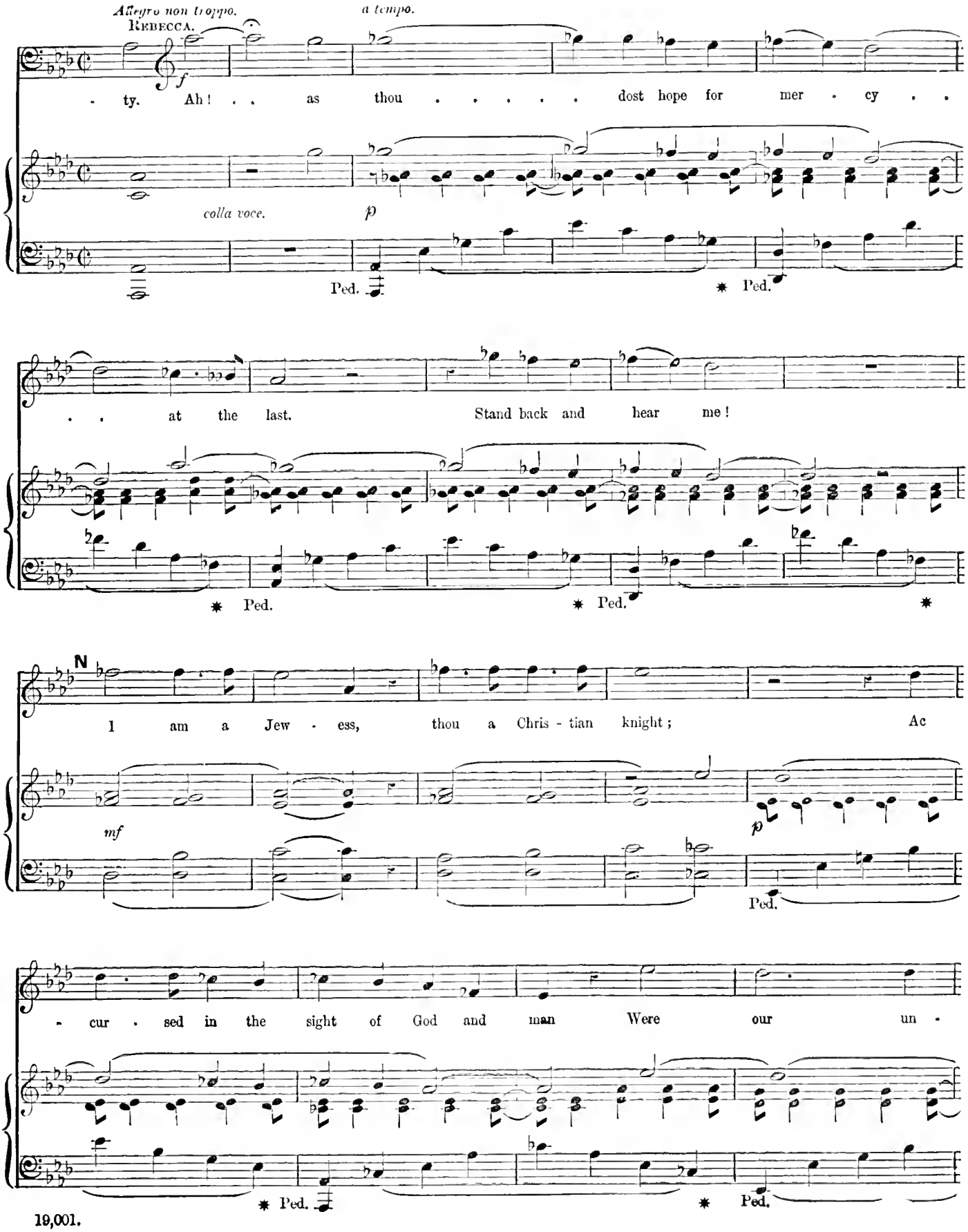

1. Lord of our cho-sen race, In hour of deep dis-tress And ut-ter lone-li-ness, I
2. Lord, on Thy name I cry From depths where no man hears, And half distraught with fears!
p
dim.
lift weak hands and pray Thee of . . . Thy grace, . . Guard . . . . me, Je-
Stretch forth Thine arms to save me or . . . I die! . . . Guard . . . . me, Je-
-ho - - - vah, guard me! . .
-ho - - - vah, guard me! . .
Guard . . . . me, guard me,
Guard . . . . . me, Je-ho-vah, guard . . .
1st time.
me!

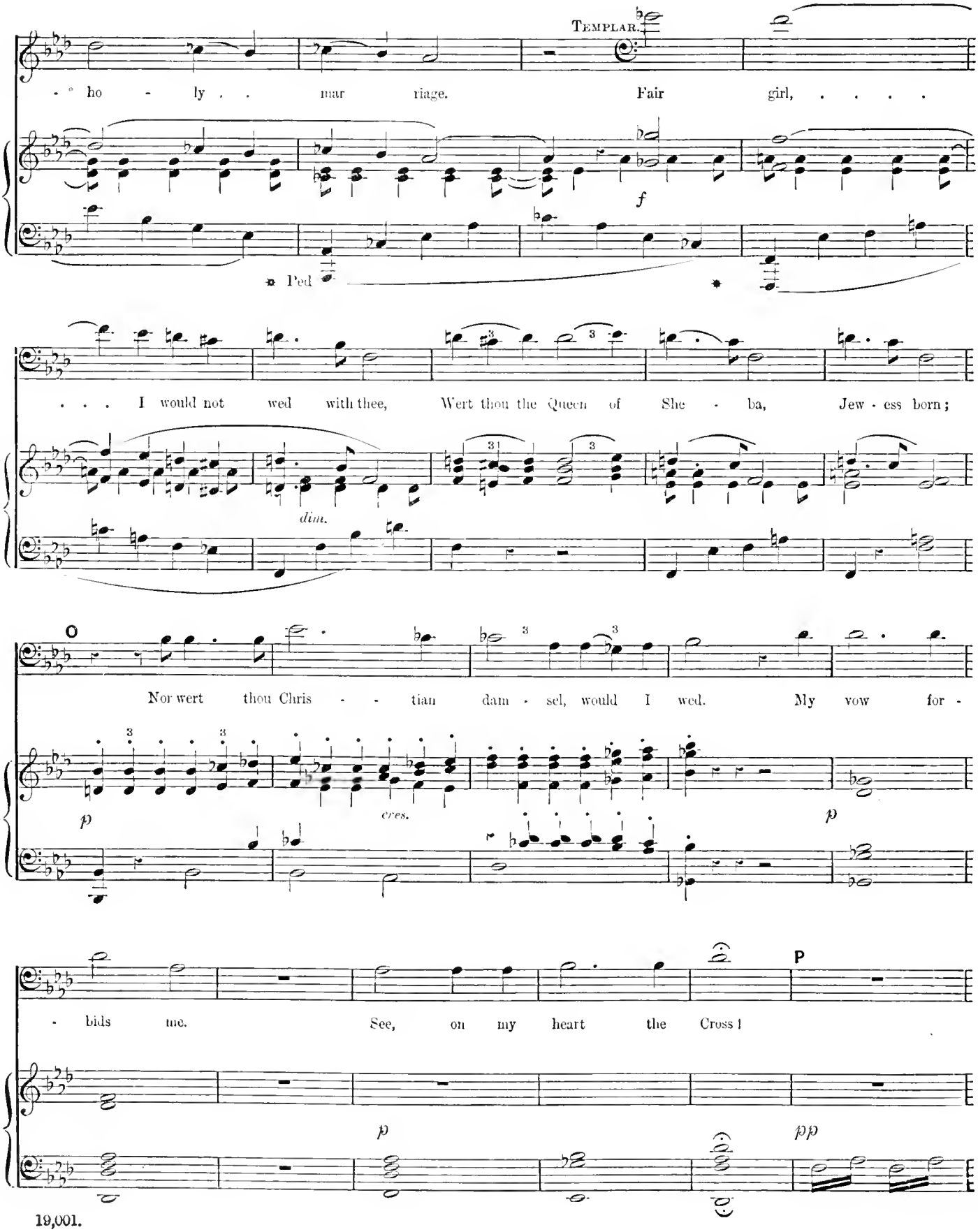

2nd time. Un poco animato.
me! Spi - rit, who mov - - est
Ped.
ev - - - - - 'ry - where, O Thou, who know'st the
Ped.
3
deeps o' the sea And climb - - est the
3
heights o' the air,
K
Now, in this nar - row place, I pray . . . Thee

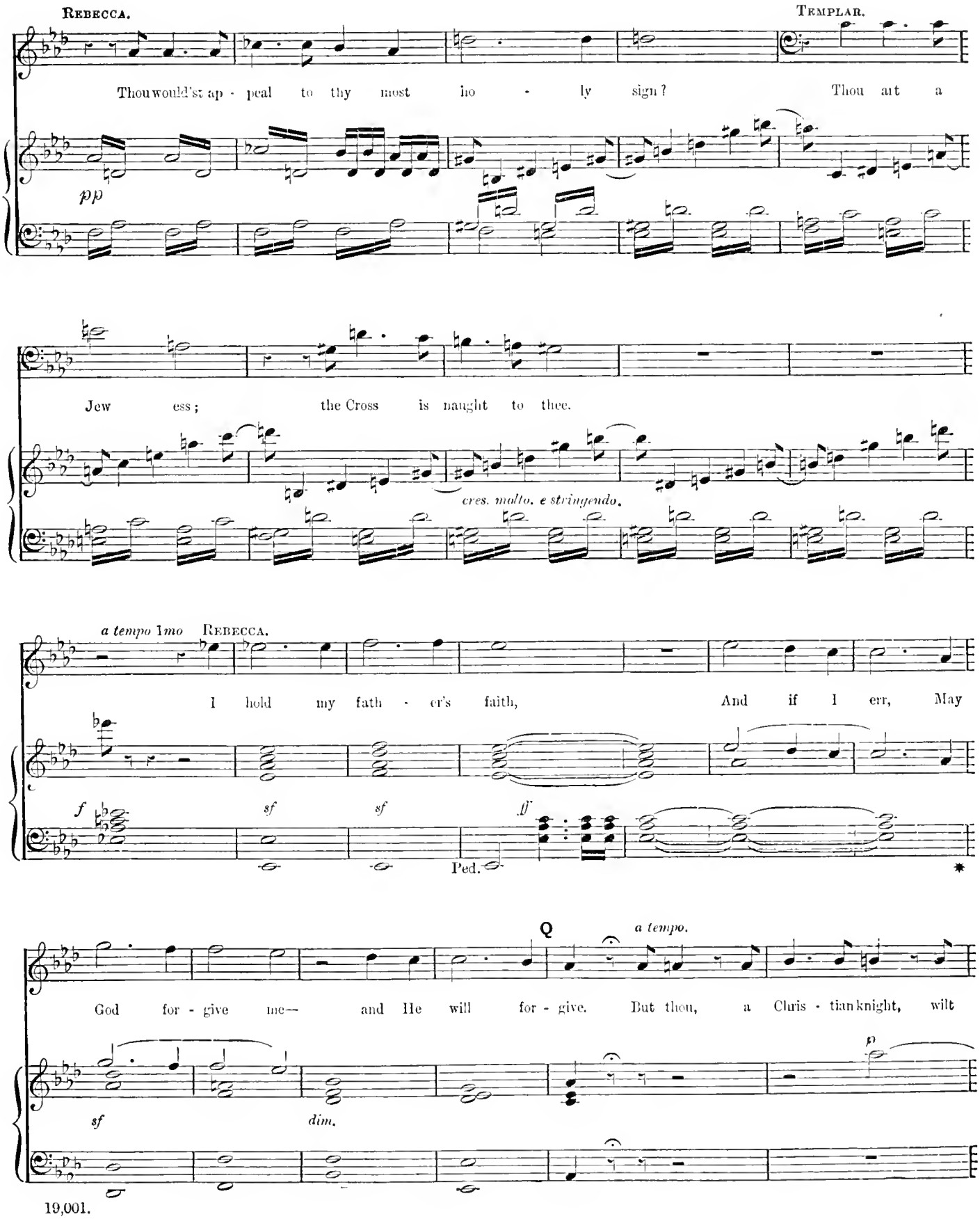

of Thy grace De - scend . . . . . to me, De
Ped.
Ped.
scend . . . . . to me, I pray Thee of Thy
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
grace, ... I pray Thee of Thy grace De - scend to me!
Un poco lento come 1mo.
Guard, ...
p
p
colla voce.
Ped.
Ped.
. . . in mer - cy guard, . . . O guard me! . . .
dim.
pp
p
pp

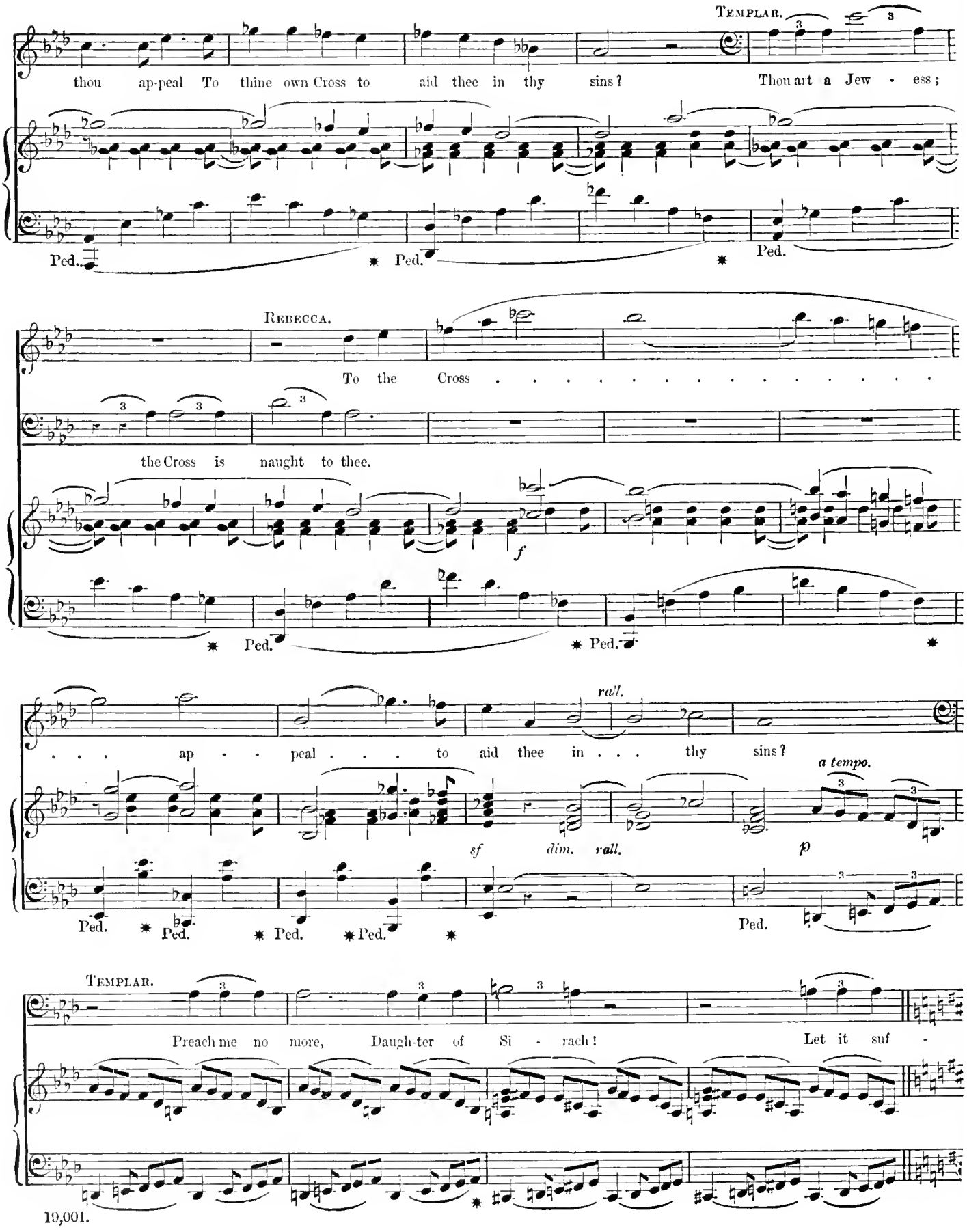

Allegro agitato.
(Enter the Templar.)
Rebecca. Recit.
Take thou these jew - els; here is
cres.
Ped.
wealth e - now To give thee life of hap - py days; And when I leave these cas - tle walls For
a tempo.
a tempo.
Templar.
Andante espress.
ev - 'ry gem a thou - sand shall be thine. Now, nay, fair flower of
Ped.
Pa - les - tine, Thou dost mis - take me; I am one . .

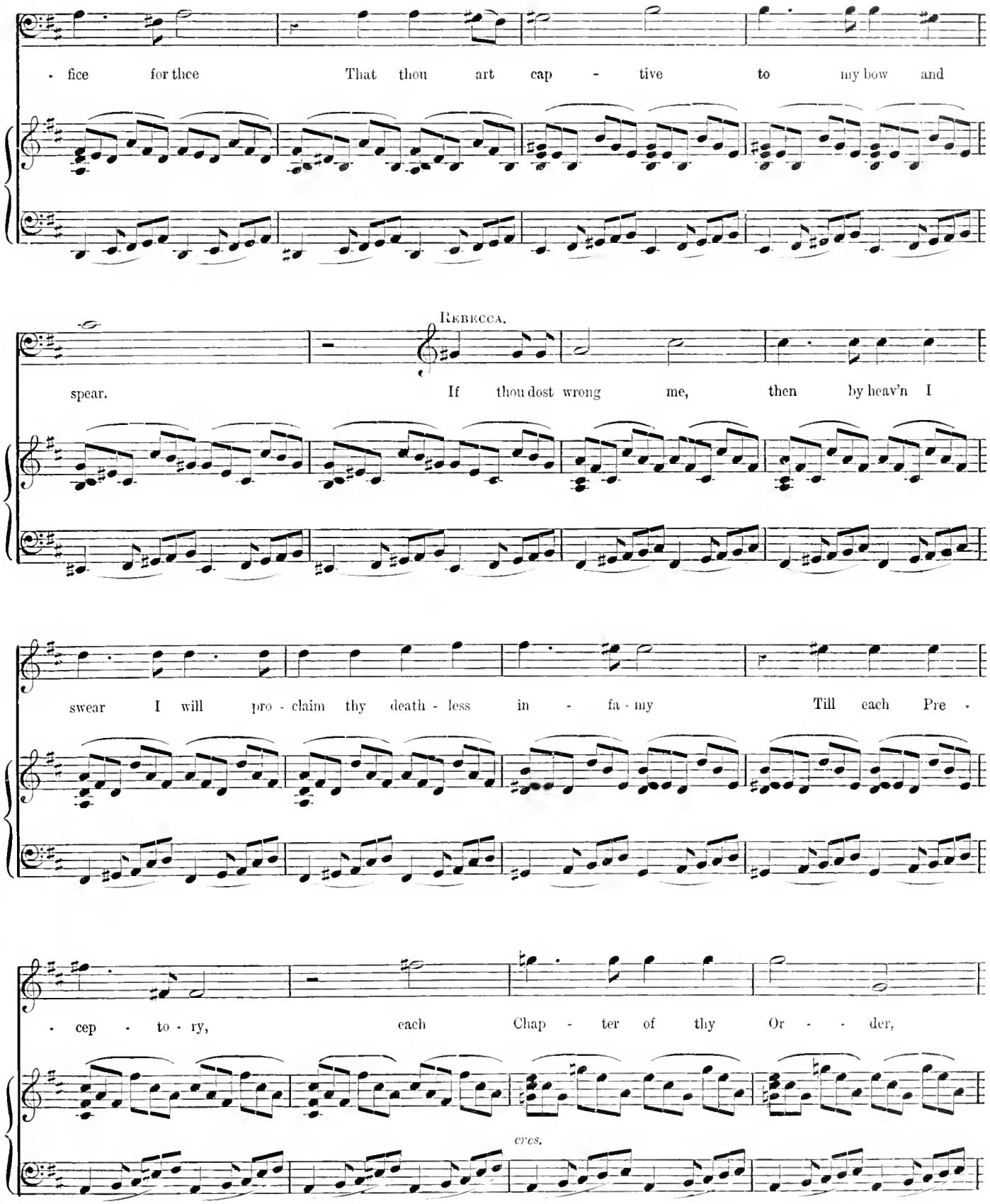

. . More apt to hang . . . thy neck with O - rient pearl Than to
M
take jew - els from thee. I love thee, I
love thee! I love . . . . . thee! By my soul, . .
. . I swear That not for all the wealth of all . . . . thy tribe . . will I ro - sign thy beau -
Ped.
Ped.
colla voce.

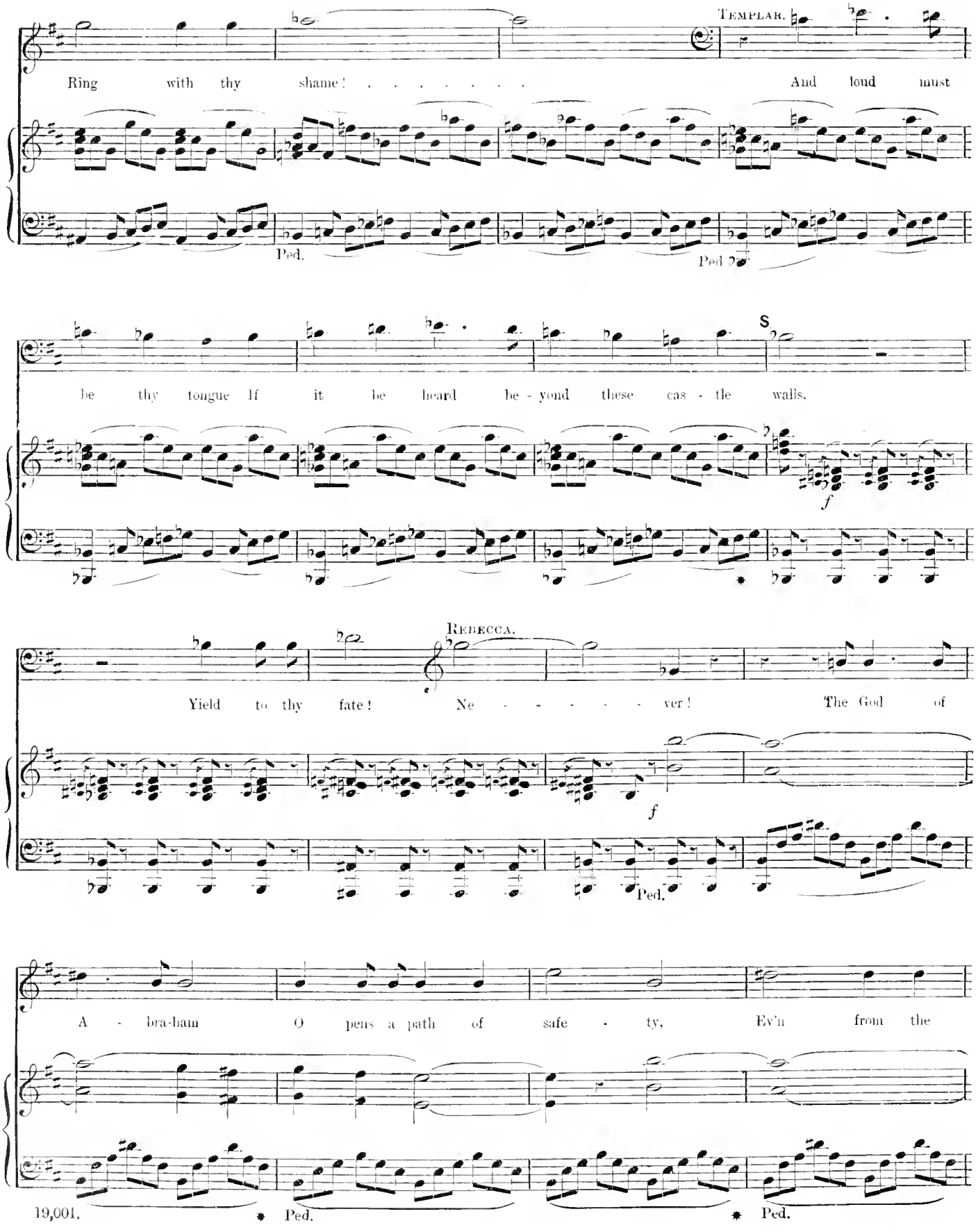

Allegro non troppo.
REBECCA.
a tempo.
ty. Ah! . . as thou . . . . . dost hope for mer - cy . .
colla voce.
p
Ped.
Ped.
. . at the last. Stand back and hear me!
Ped.
Ped.
N
I am a Jew - ess, thou a Chris - tian knight; Ac
mf
p
Ped.
- cur - sed in the sight of God and man Were our un -
Ped.
Ped.

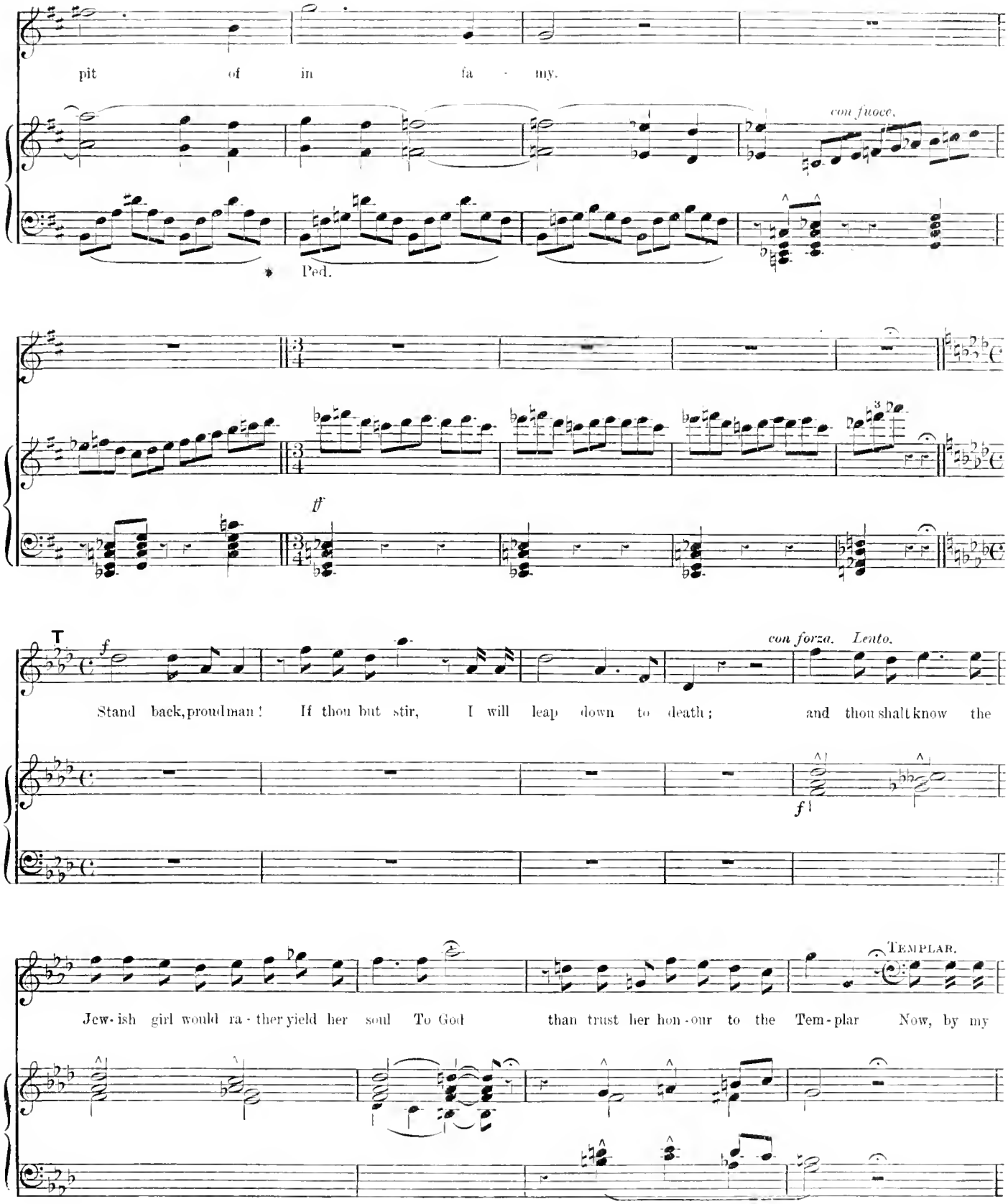

TEMPLAR.
ho - ly . . mar riage. Fair girl, ...
f
Ped
. . . I would not wed with thee, Wert thou the Queen of She - ba, Jew - ess born;
dim.
O
Nor wert thou Chris - - tian dam - sel, would I wed. My vow for -
p
cres.
p
- bids me. See, on my heart the Cross!
P
p
pp

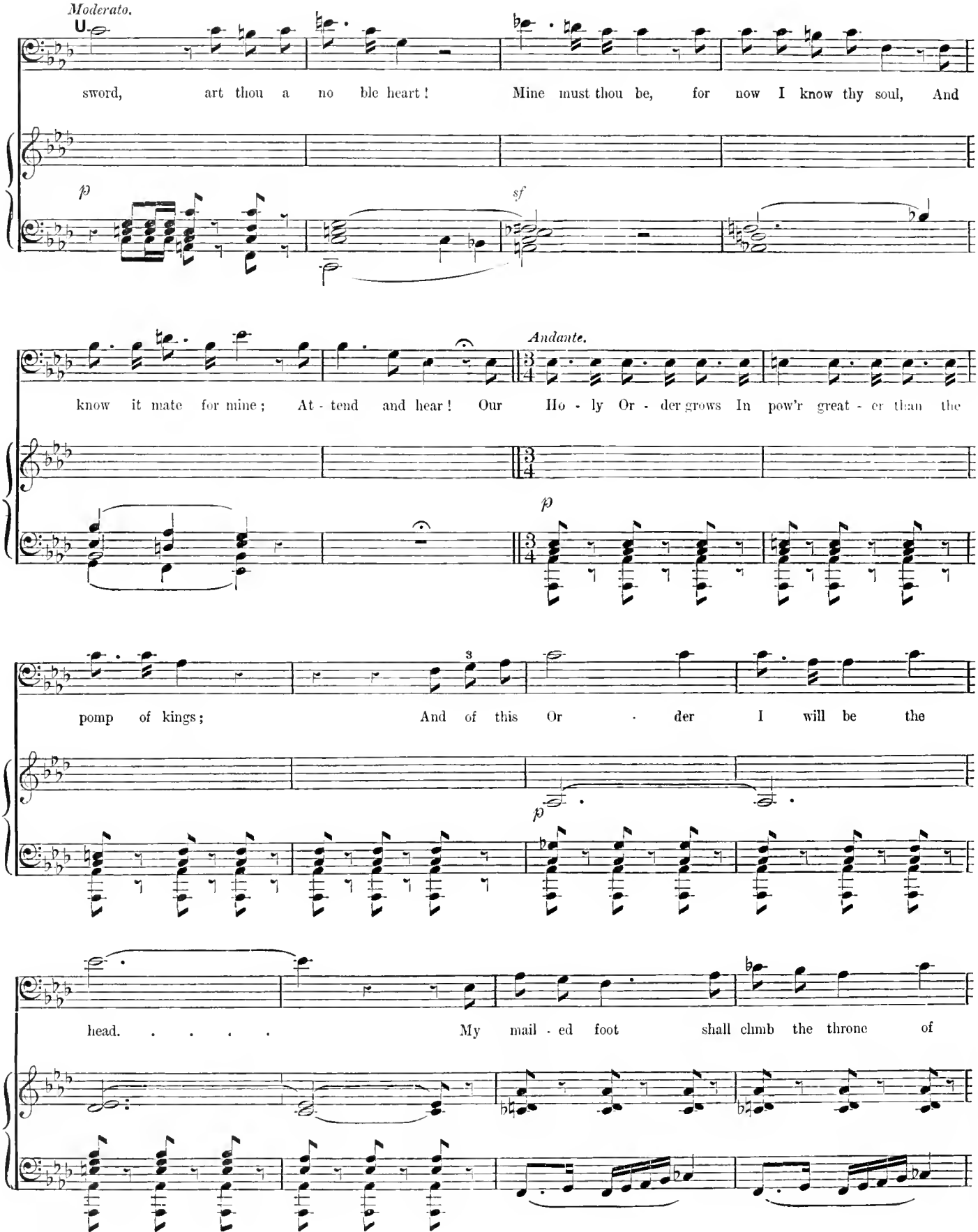

Rebecca.
Templar.
Thou would'st ap - peal to thy most ho - ly sign? Thou art a
pp
Jew ess; the Cross is naught to thee.
cres. molto. e stringendo.
a tempo 1mo Rebecca.
I hold my fath - er's faith, And if I err, May
f
sf
sf
ff
Ped.
*
Q
a tempo.
God for - give me— and He will for - give. But thou, a Chris - tian knight, wilt
sf
dim.
p

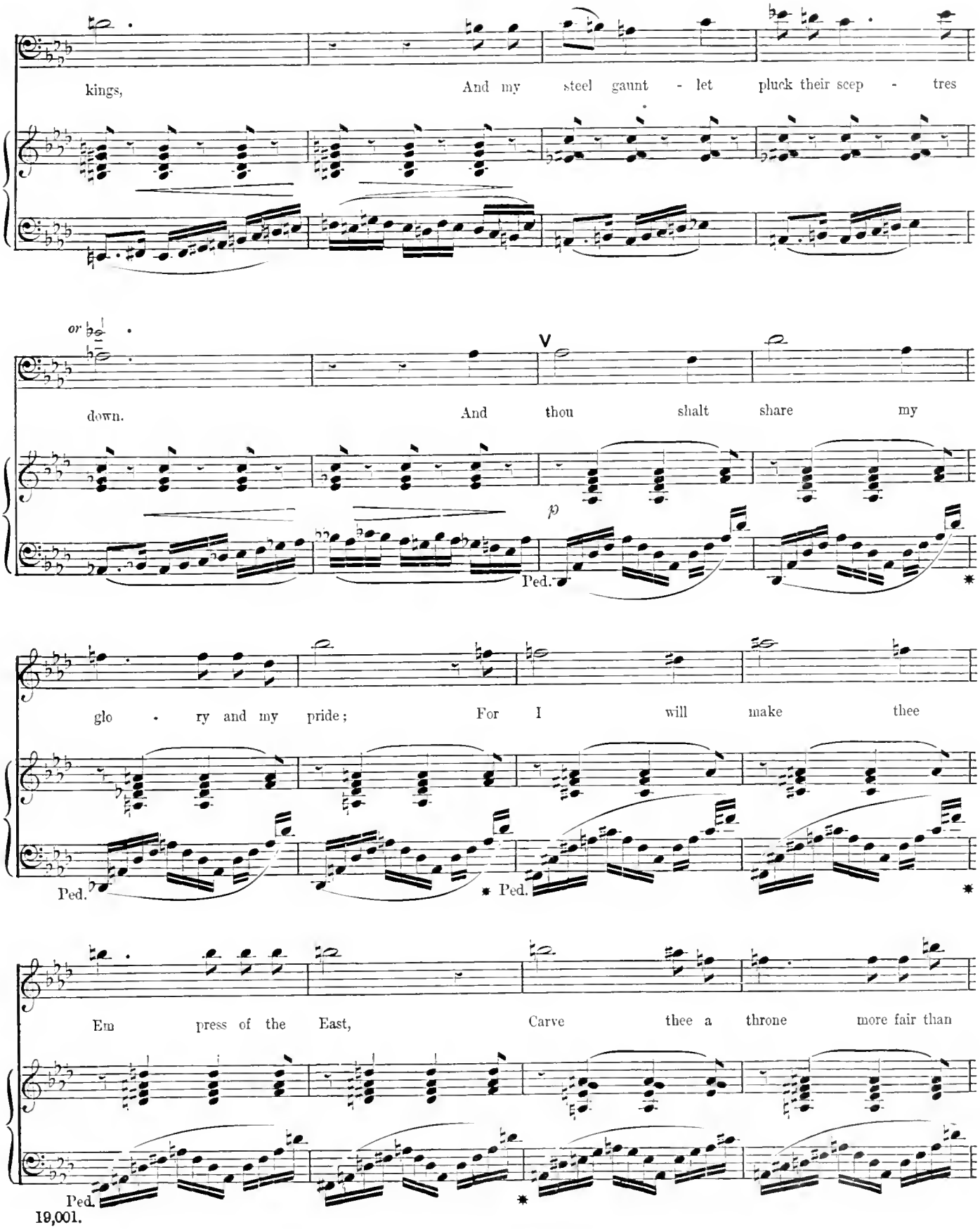

TEMPLAR.
thou ap-peal To thine own Cross to aid thee in thy sins? Thou art a Jew - ess;
Ped. Ped. Ped.
REBECCA.
To the Cross . . . . . .
the Cross is naught to thee.
f
Ped. Ped.
rall.
. . . ap - peal . . . to aid thee in . . . thy sins?
a tempo.
sf dim. rall. p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
TEMPLAR.
Preach me no more, Daugh-ter of Si - rach! Let it suf -

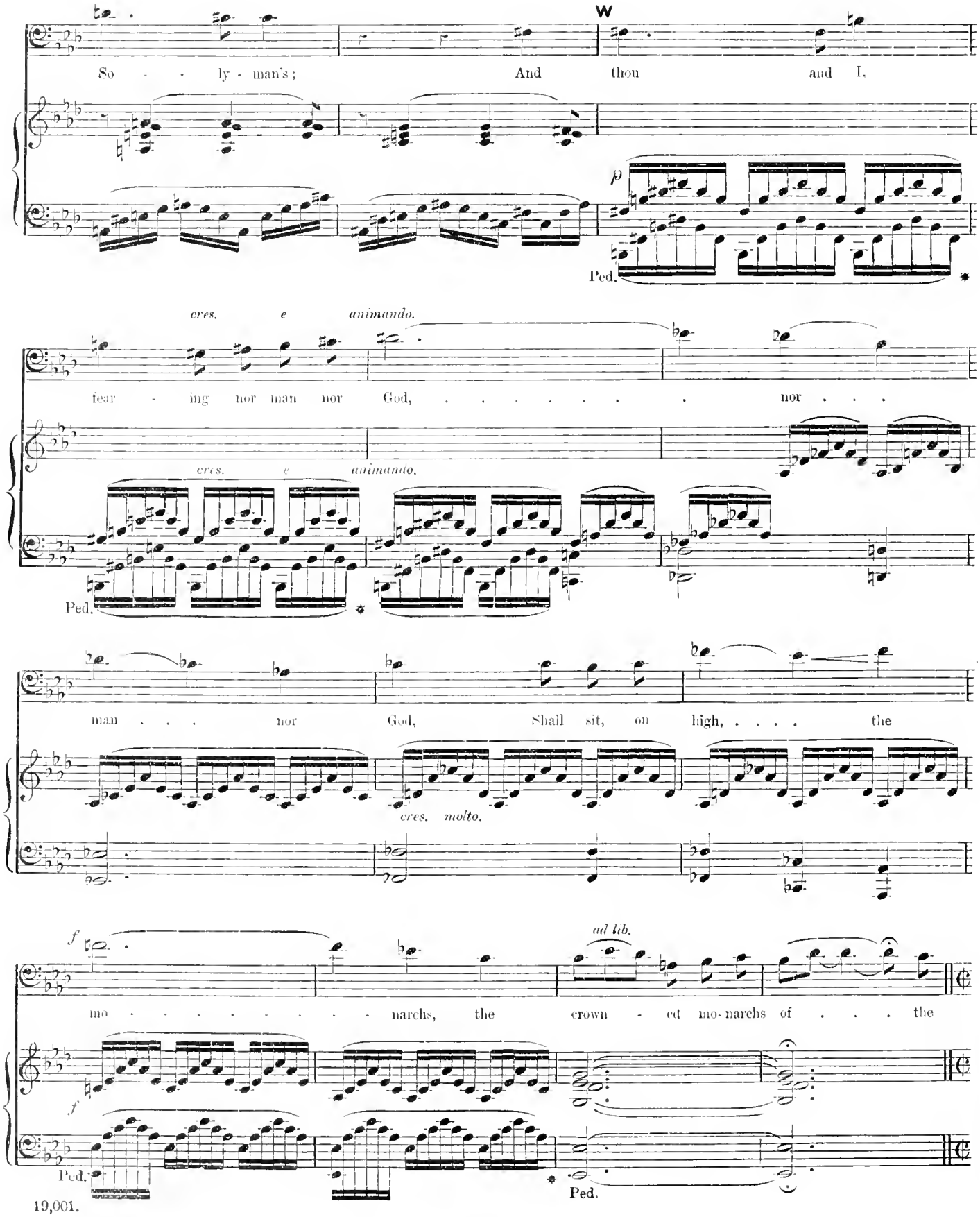

- fice for thee That thou art cap - tive to my bow and
REBECCA.
spear. If thou dost wrong me, then by heav'n I
swear I will pro - claim thy death - less in - fa - my Till each Pre -
- cep - to - ry, each Chap - ter of thy Or - - der,
cres.

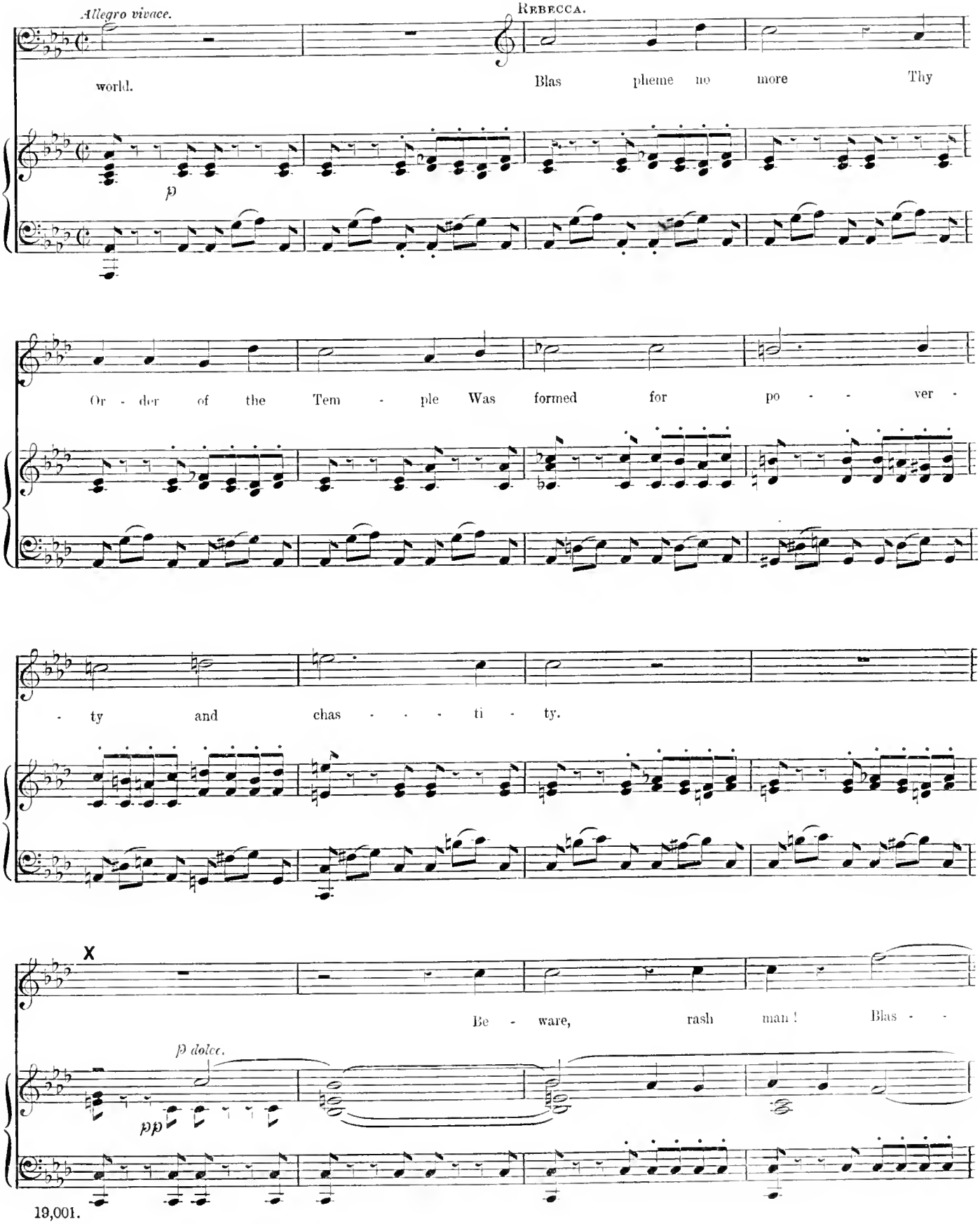

TEMPLAR.
Ring with thy shame! . . . . . And loud must
Ped.
Ped
be thy tongue If it be heard be - yond these cas - tle walls.
S
f
REBECCA.
Yield to thy fate! Ne - - - - - ver! The God of
f
Ped.
A - bra-ham O pens a path of safe - ty, Ev'n from the
19,001.
Ped.
Ped.

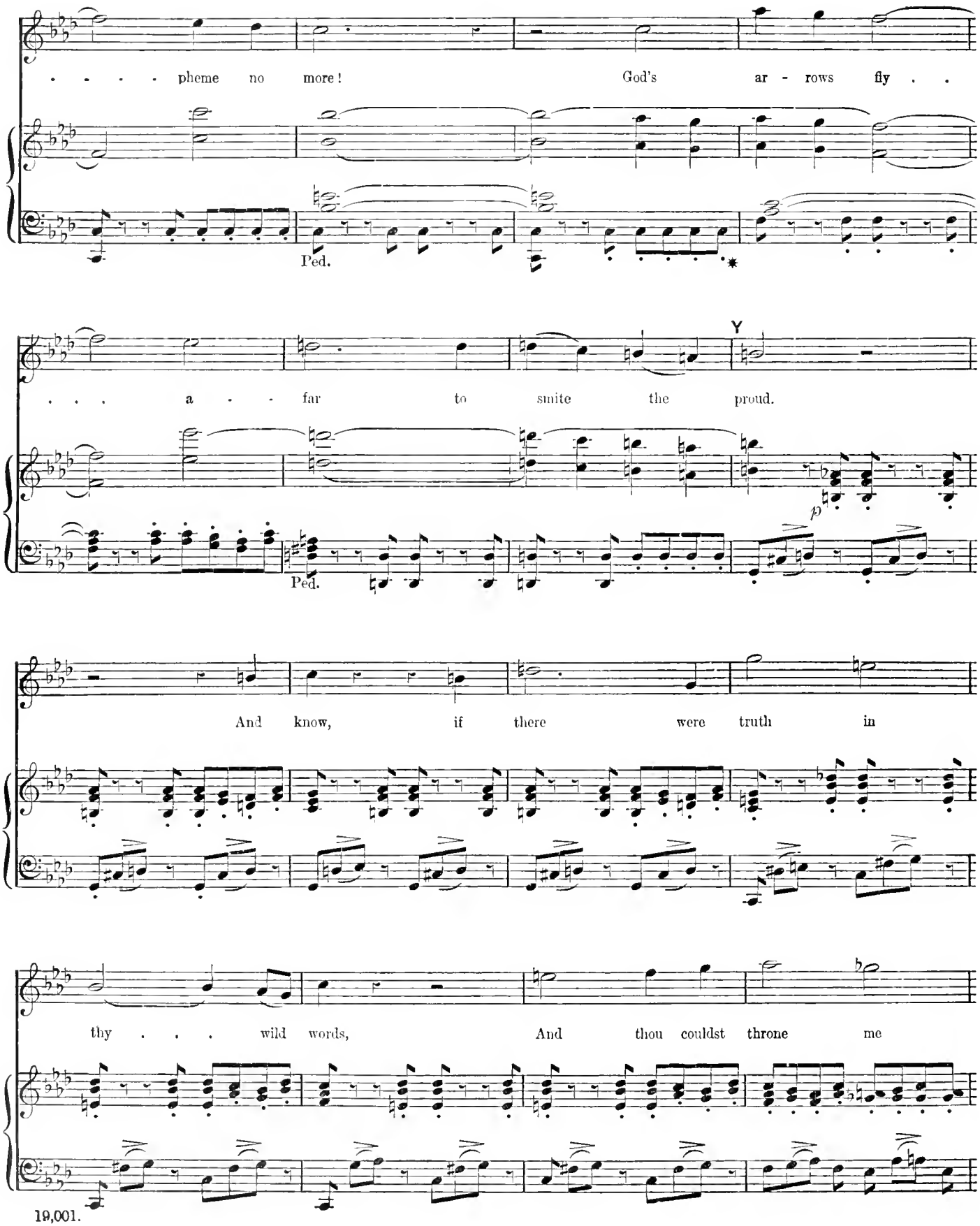

pit of in fa - my.
con fuoco.
Ped.
ff
T
f
con forza. Lento.
Stand back, proud man! If thou but stir, I will leap down to death; and thou shalt know the
f
Templar.
Jew-ish girl would ra-ther yield her soul To God than trust her hon-our to the Tem-plar Now, by my

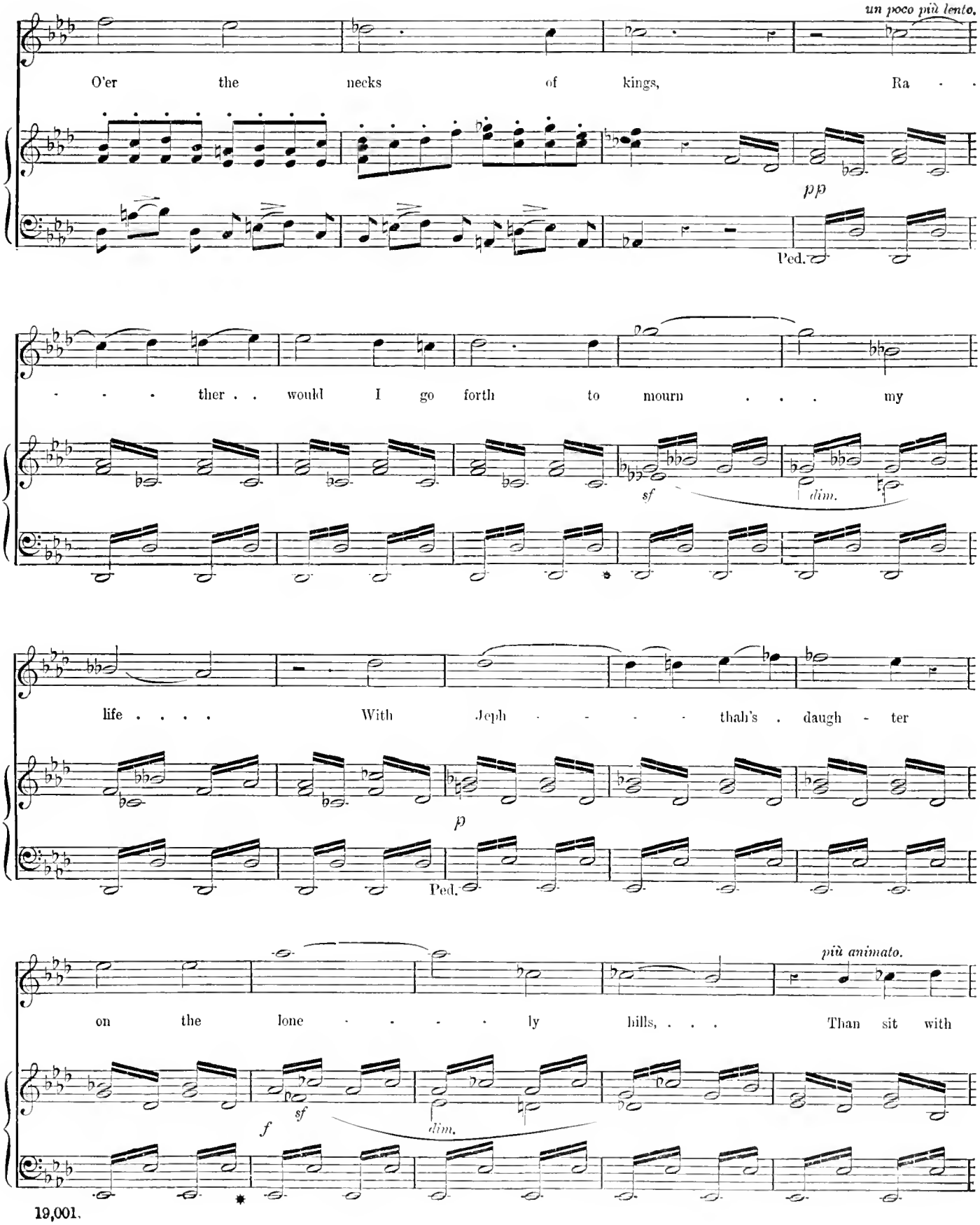

Moderato.
sword, art thou a no ble heart! Mine must thou be, for now I know thy soul, And
p
sf
Andante.
know it mate for mine; At - tend and hear! Our Ho - ly Or - der grows In pow'r great - er than the
p
pomp of kings; And of this Or - der I will be the
p
head. . . . . My mail - ed foot shall climb the throne of

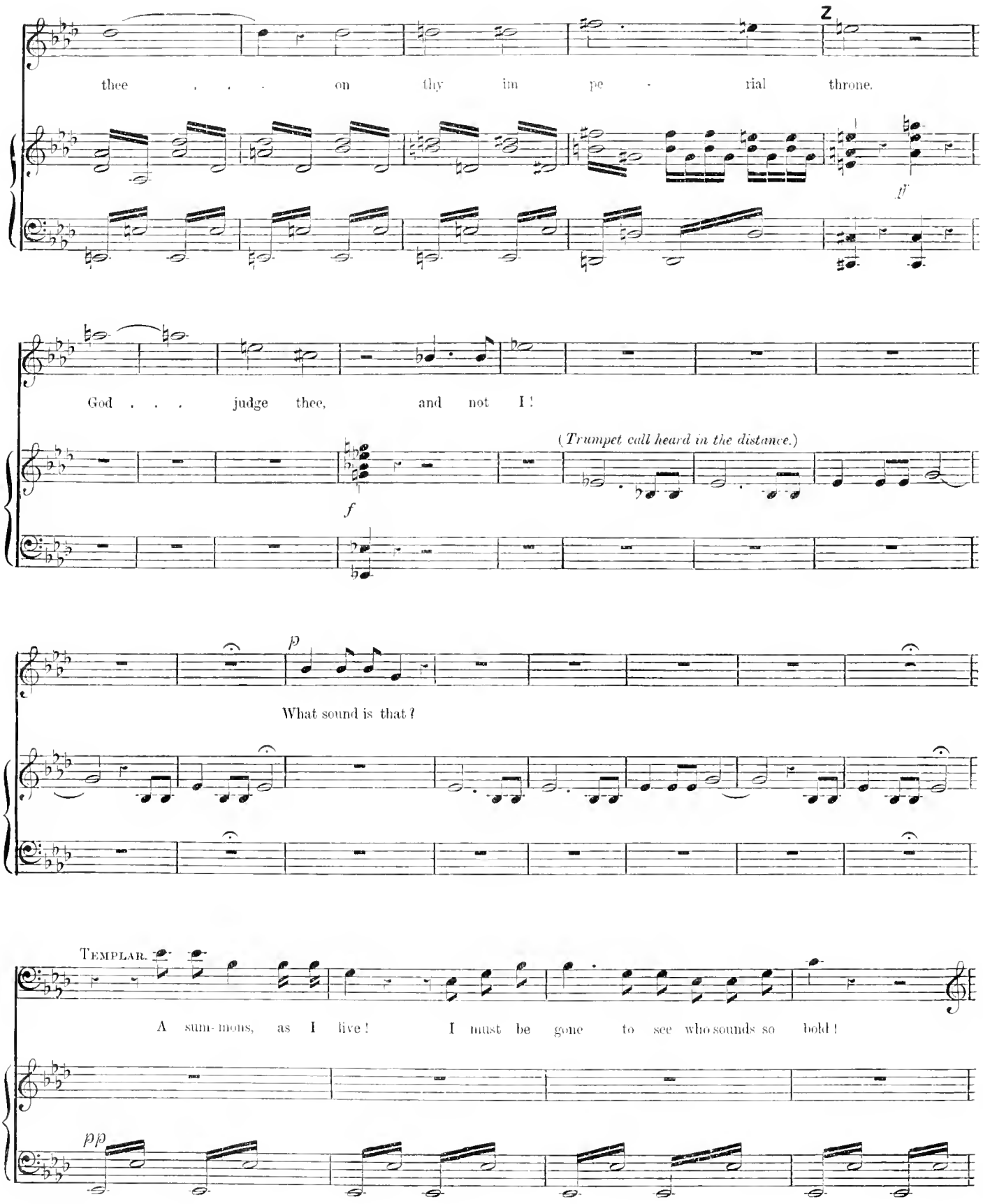

kings, And my steel gaunt - let pluck their scep - tres
or
down. And thou shalt share my
p
Ped.
glo - ry and my pride; For I will make thee
Ped.
Ped.
Em press of the East, Carve thee a throne more fair than
Ped.

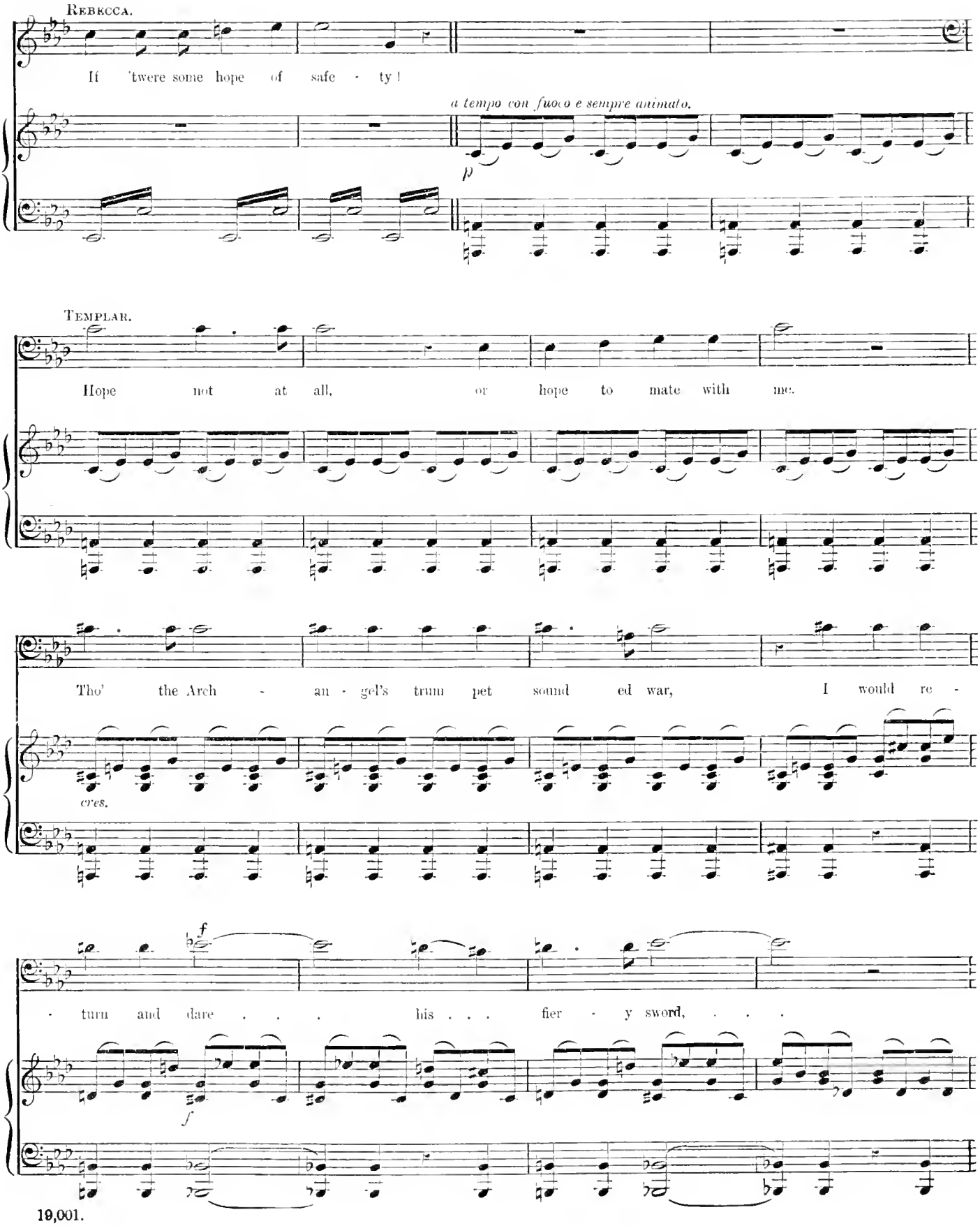

W
So - - ly - man's; And thou and I,
p
Ped.
cres. e animando.
fear - ing nor man nor God, ... nor . . .
cres. e animando.
Ped.
man . . . nor God, Shall sit, on high, ... the
cres. molto.
f
ad lib.
mo - - - - - - - - narchs, the crown - ed mo - narchs of . . . the
f
Ped.
Ped.


Allegro vivace.
REBECCA.
world.
Blas pheme no more Thy
p
Or - der of the Tem - ple Was formed for po - - - ver -
- ty and chas - - - - ti - ty.
X
Be - ware, rash man! Blas - -
p dolce.
pp


. . . . pheme no more! God's ar - rows fly . .
Ped.
. . . a - - far to smite the proud.
Y
Ped.
And know, if there were truth in
thy . . . wild words, And thou couldst throne me


un poco più lento.
O'er the necks of kings, Ra - -
pp
Ped.
- - - ther . . would I go forth to mourn . . . my
sf
dim.
life . . . . With Jeph - - - - thah's . daugh - ter
p
Ped.
più animato.
on the lone - - - - ly hills, . . . Than sit with
f
sf
dim.


thee . . . on thy im pe - rial throne.
ff
God . . . judge thee, and not I!
(Trumpet call heard in the distance.)
f
p
What sound is that?
Templar.
A sum-mons, as I live! I must be gone to see who sounds so bold!
pp


Rebecca.
If 'twere some hope of safe - ty!
a tempo con fuoco e sempre animato.
p
Templar.
Hope not at all, or hope to mate with me.
Tho' the Arch - an - gel's trum pet sound ed war, I would re -
cres.
f
- turn and dare . . . his . . . fier - y sword, . . .
f

A A

Ere . . . . I would cease . . . to . . .

sf

sf

claim thee mine . . . . own. . . . REBECCA. And if thou

sf

sf

Ped.

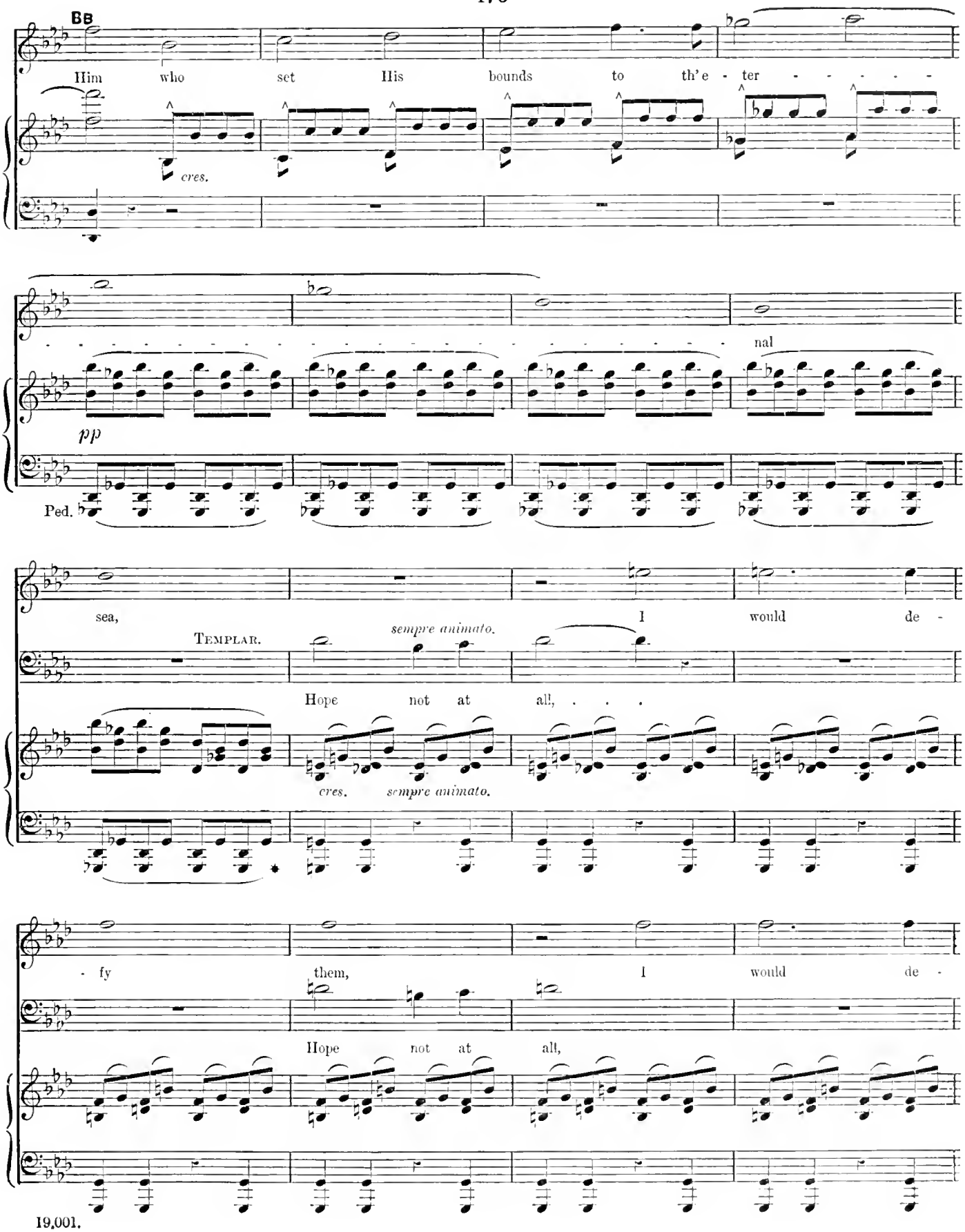
canst will all the Lords of Hell, . . . I would de -

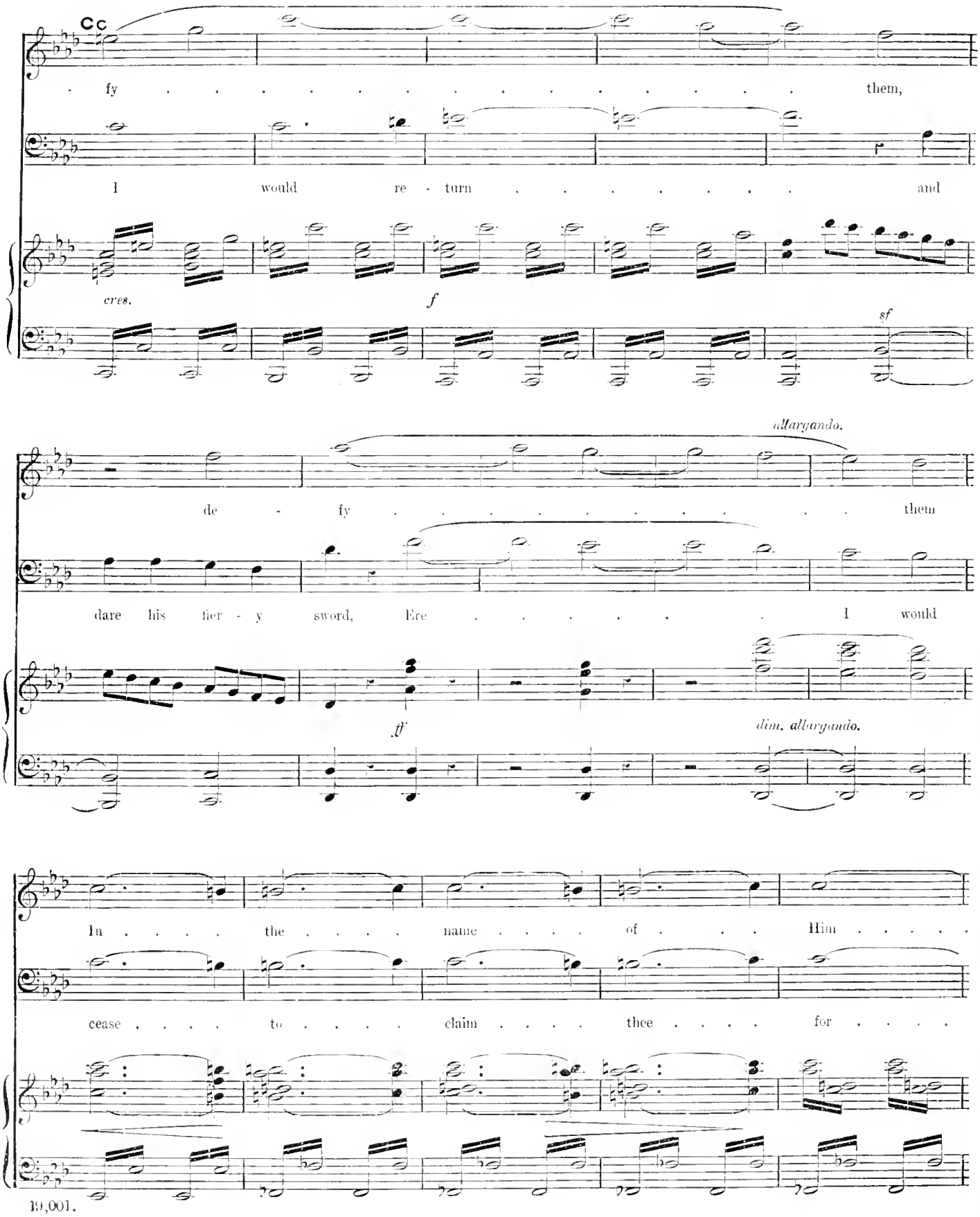
sf

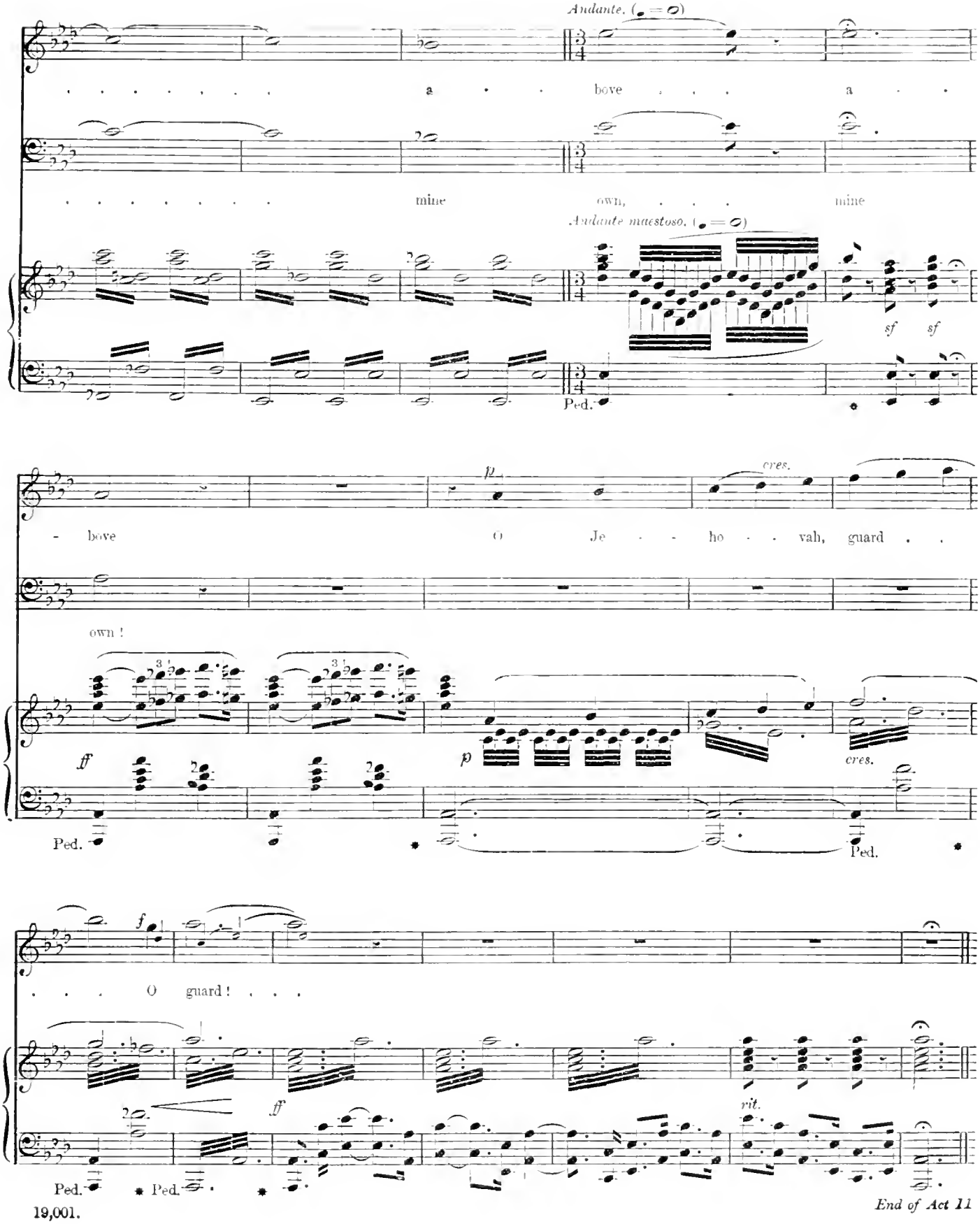
Ped. Ped.

fy . . . . . them in the name of . .

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


Bb
Him who set His bounds to th'e - ter - - - - -
cres.
nal
pp
Ped.
sea, I would de -
Templar.
sempre animato.
Hope not at all, . . .
cres. sempre animato.
- fy them, I would de -
Hope not at all,

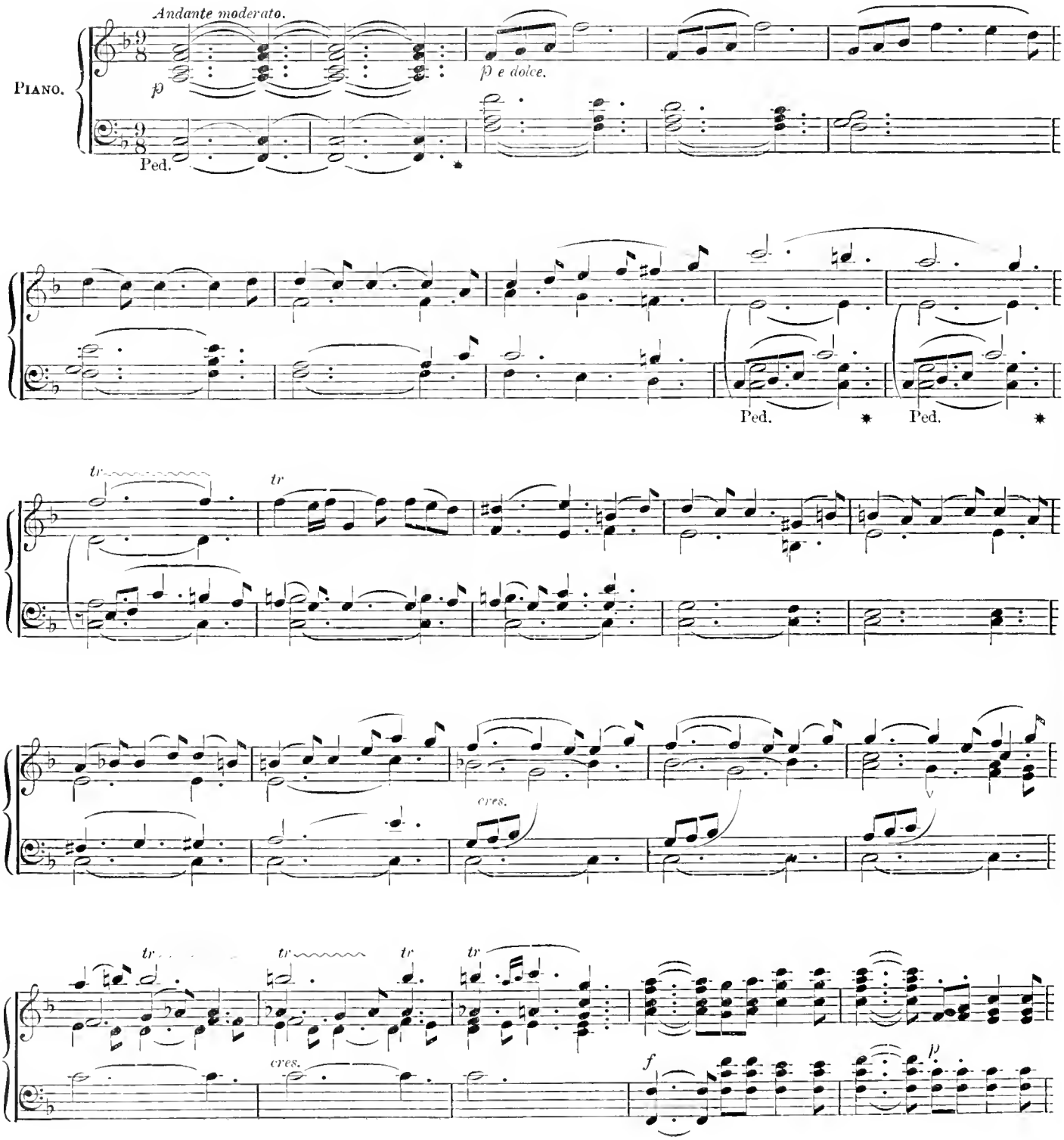

Cc
fy . . . . . them,
I would re - turn . . . . . and
cres.
f
sf
allargando.
de - fy . . . . . them
dare his fier - y sword, Ere . . . . . I would
ff
dim. allargando.
In . . . . the . . . . name . . . . of . . . Him . . . . .
cease . . . . to . . . . claim . . . . thee . . . . for . . . .

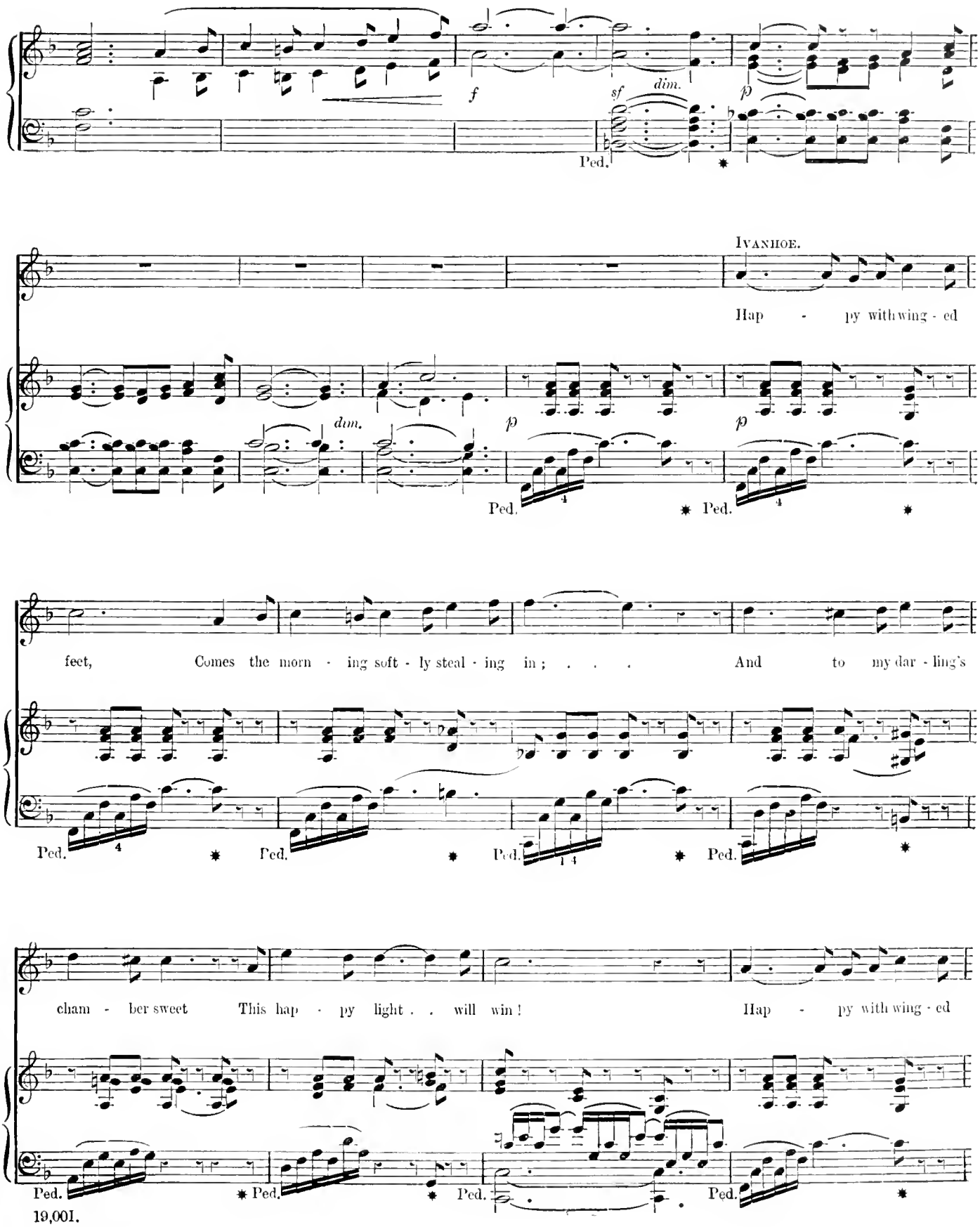

Andante. (♩ = ♩)
a bove a
mine own, mine
Andante maestoso. (♩ = ♩)
sf sf
Ped.
p cres.
- bove O Je - ho - vah, guard
own !
ff
p
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
f
O guard !
ff
rit.
Ped. Ped.

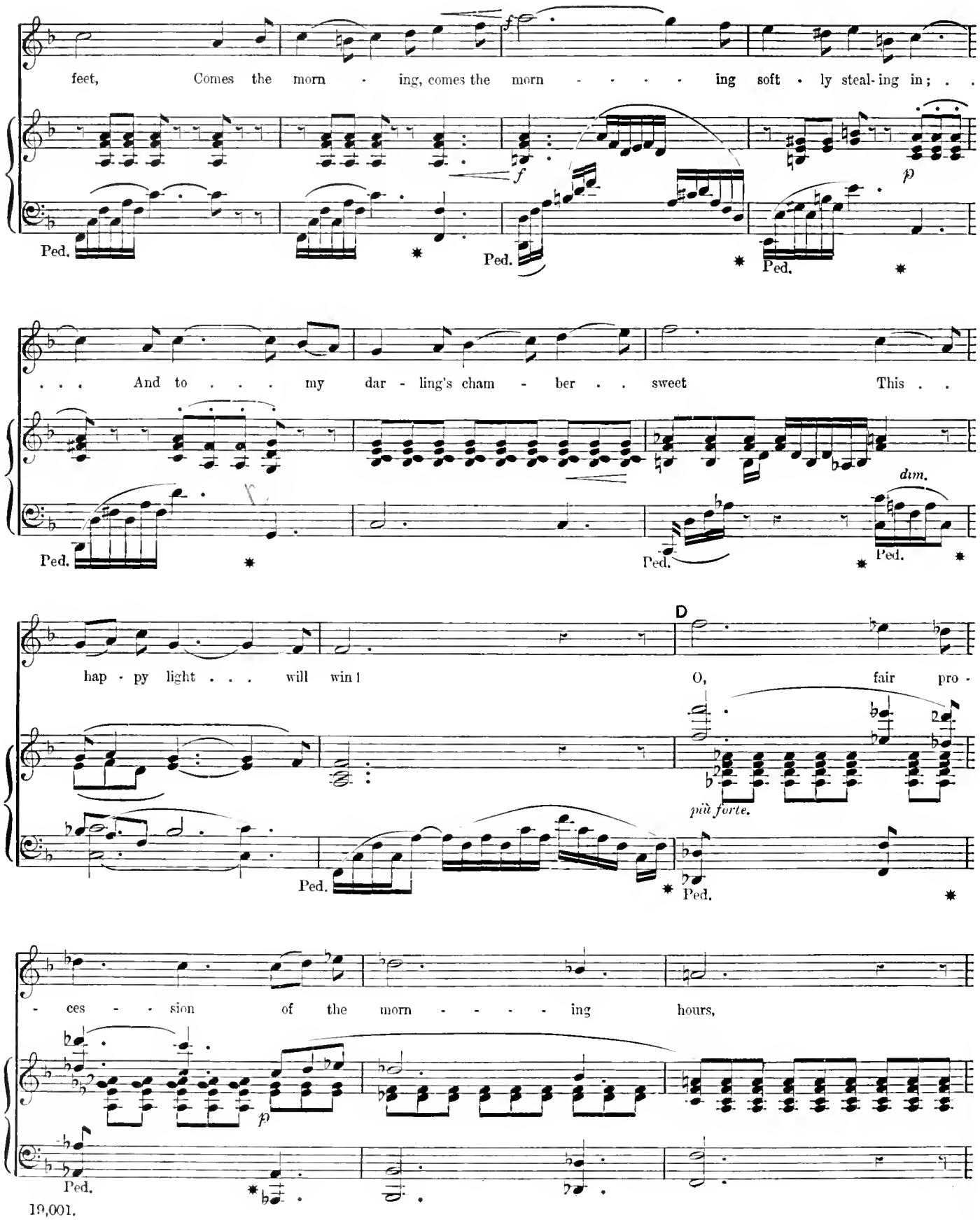
End of Act II

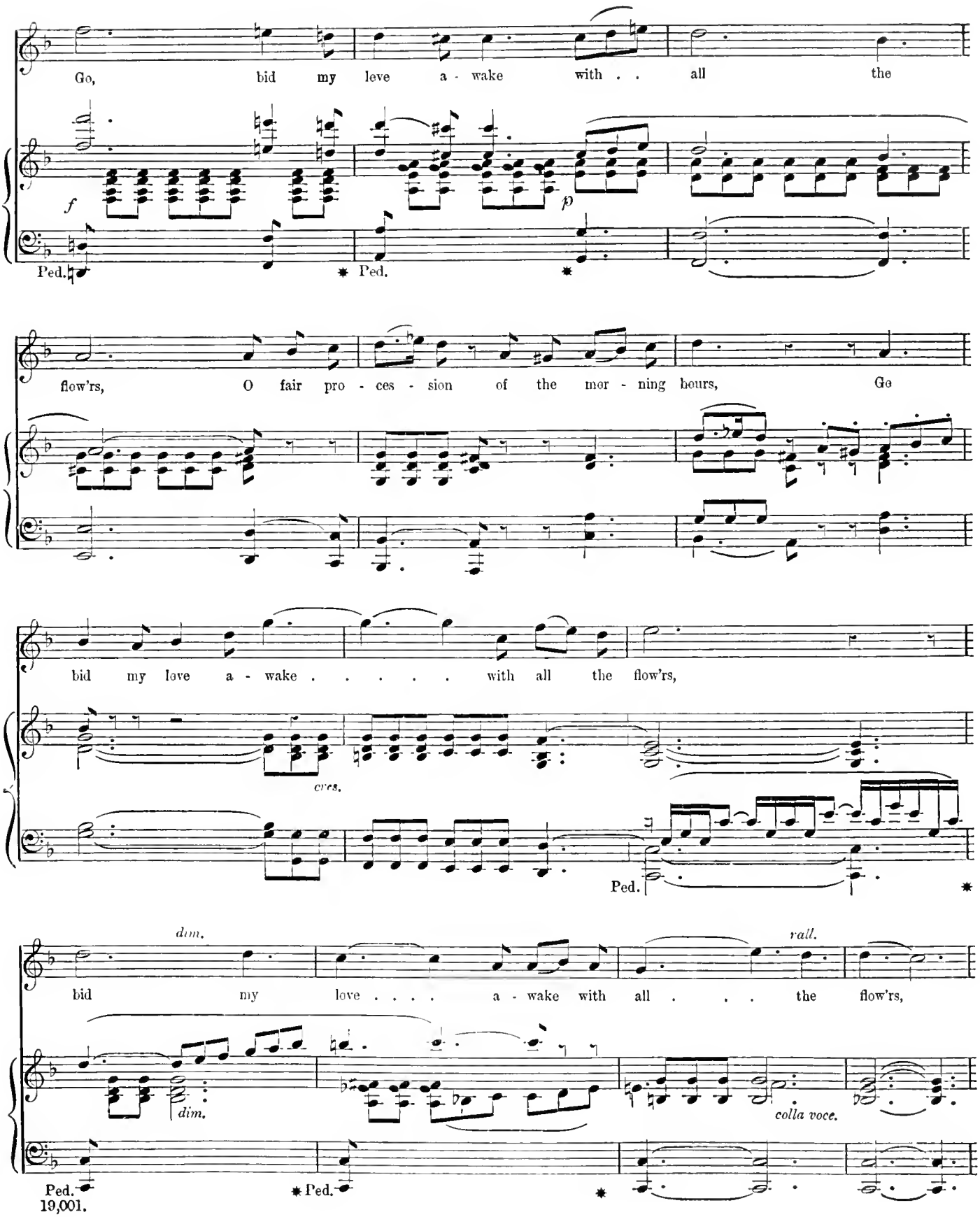
ACT III.

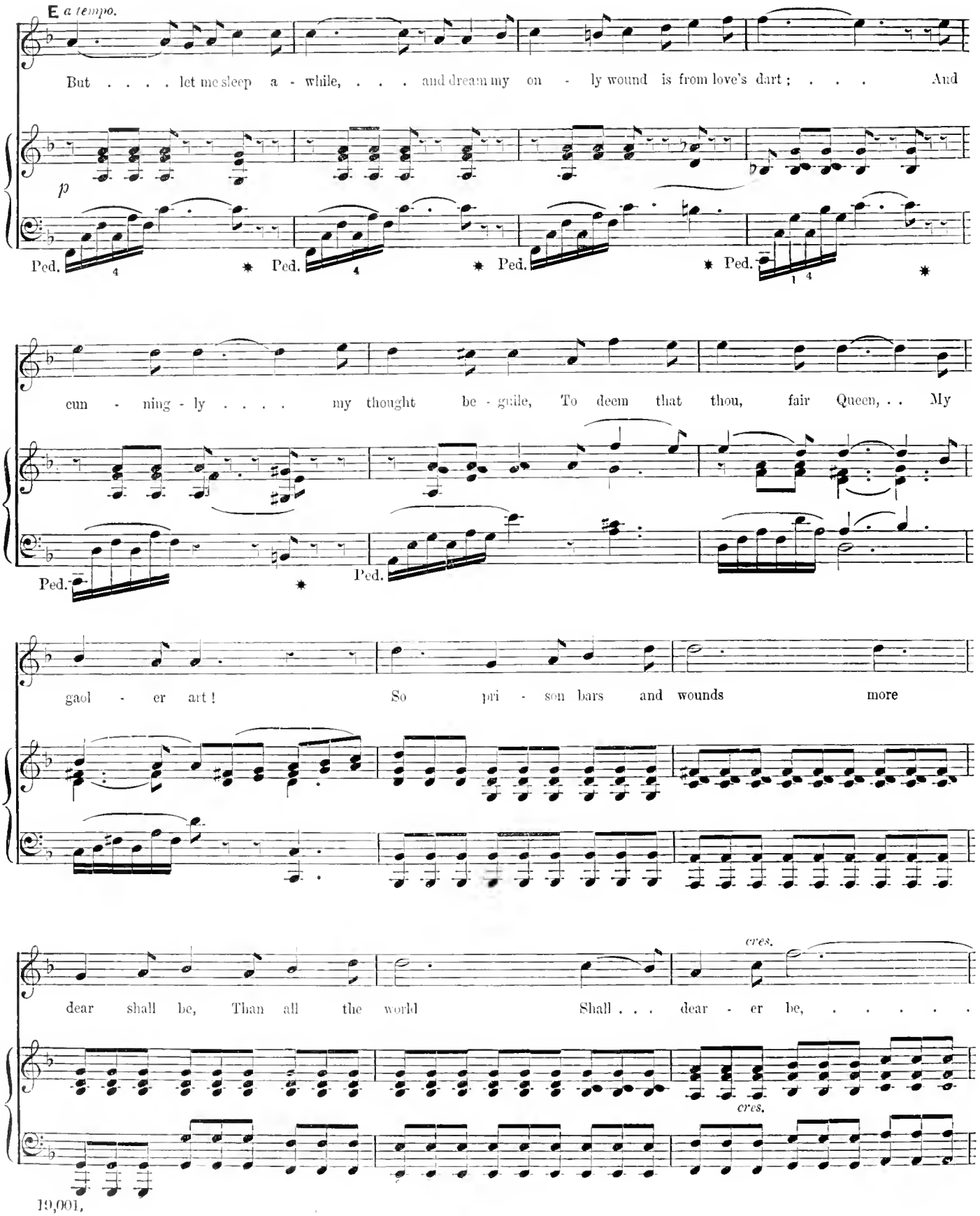
SCENE I.

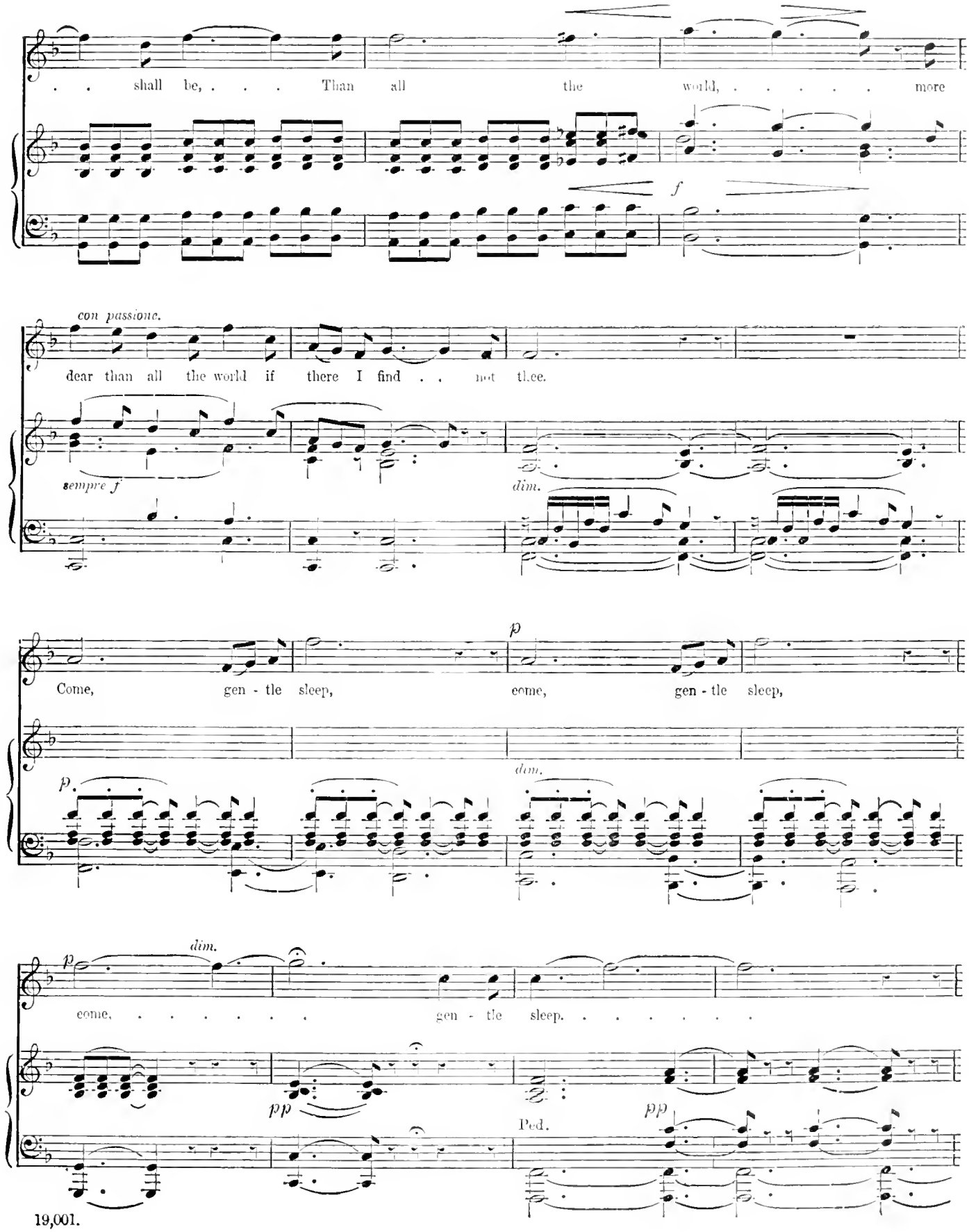


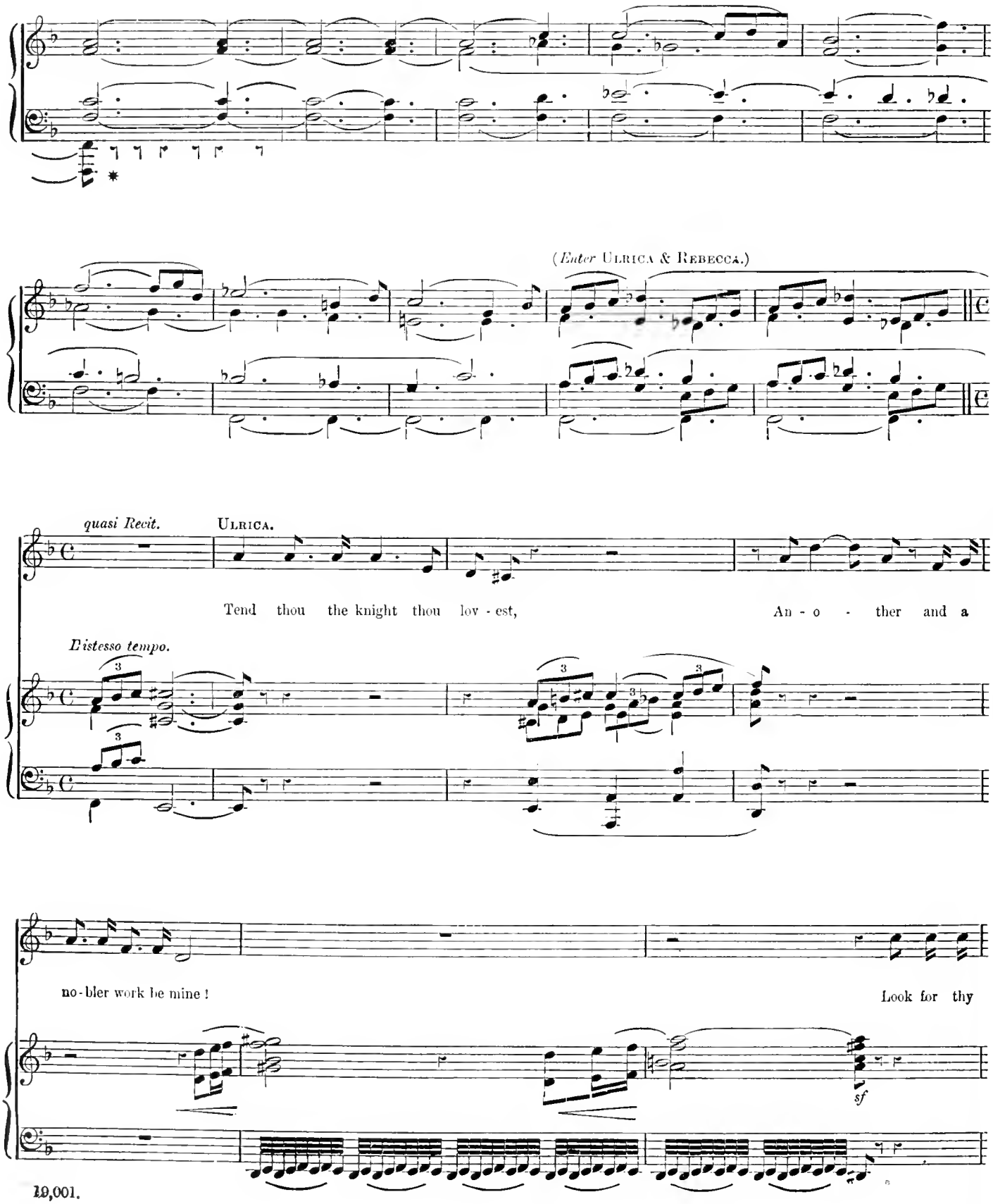

f
sf
dim.
p
Ped.
IVANHOE.
Hap - py with wing - ed
dim.
p
feet, Comes the morn - ing soft - ly steal - ing in; . . . And to my dar - ling's
cham - ber sweet This hap - py light . . will win! Hap - py with wing - ed


feet, Comes the morn - ing, comes the morn - - - - ing soft - ly steal-ing in; . .
f
f
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
. . . And to . . . . my dar - ling's cham - ber . . sweet This . .
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
D
hap - py light . . . will win! O, fair pro -
più forte.
Ped.
Ped.
- ces - - sion of the morn - - - - ing hours,
p
Ped.


Go, bid my leve a - wake with . . all the
f
p
Ped.
Ped.
flow'rs, O fair pro - ces - sion of the mor - ning hours, Ge
bid my love a - wake . . . . . with all the flow'rs,
cres.
Ped.
dim.
rall.
bid my love . . . . a - wake with all . . . the flow'rs,
dim.
colla voce.
Ped.
Ped.


E a tempo.
But . . . . let me sleep a - while, . . . and dream my on - ly wound is from love's dart; . . . And
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
cun - ning - ly . . . . my thought be - guile, To deem that thou, fair Queen, . . My
Ped. Ped.
gaol - er art! So pri - son bars and wounds more
cres.
dear shall be, Than all the world Shall . . . dear - er be, ...
cres.


. . shall be, . . . Than all the world, ... more
f
con passione.
dear than all the world if there I find . . not thee.
sempre f
dim.
p
Come, gen - tle sleep, come, gen - tle sleep,
dim.
p.
dim.
p
come, ... gen - tle sleep. . . . . .
pp
Ped.
pp


(*Enter* Ulrica & Rebecca.)
quasi Recit.
Ulrica.
Tend thou the knight thou lov - est,
An - o - ther and a
Distesso tempo.
no - bler work be mine!
Look for thy
sf

(*Exit* ULRICA.)

REBECCA.

bri - dal tor - ches!

Aye, she speaks

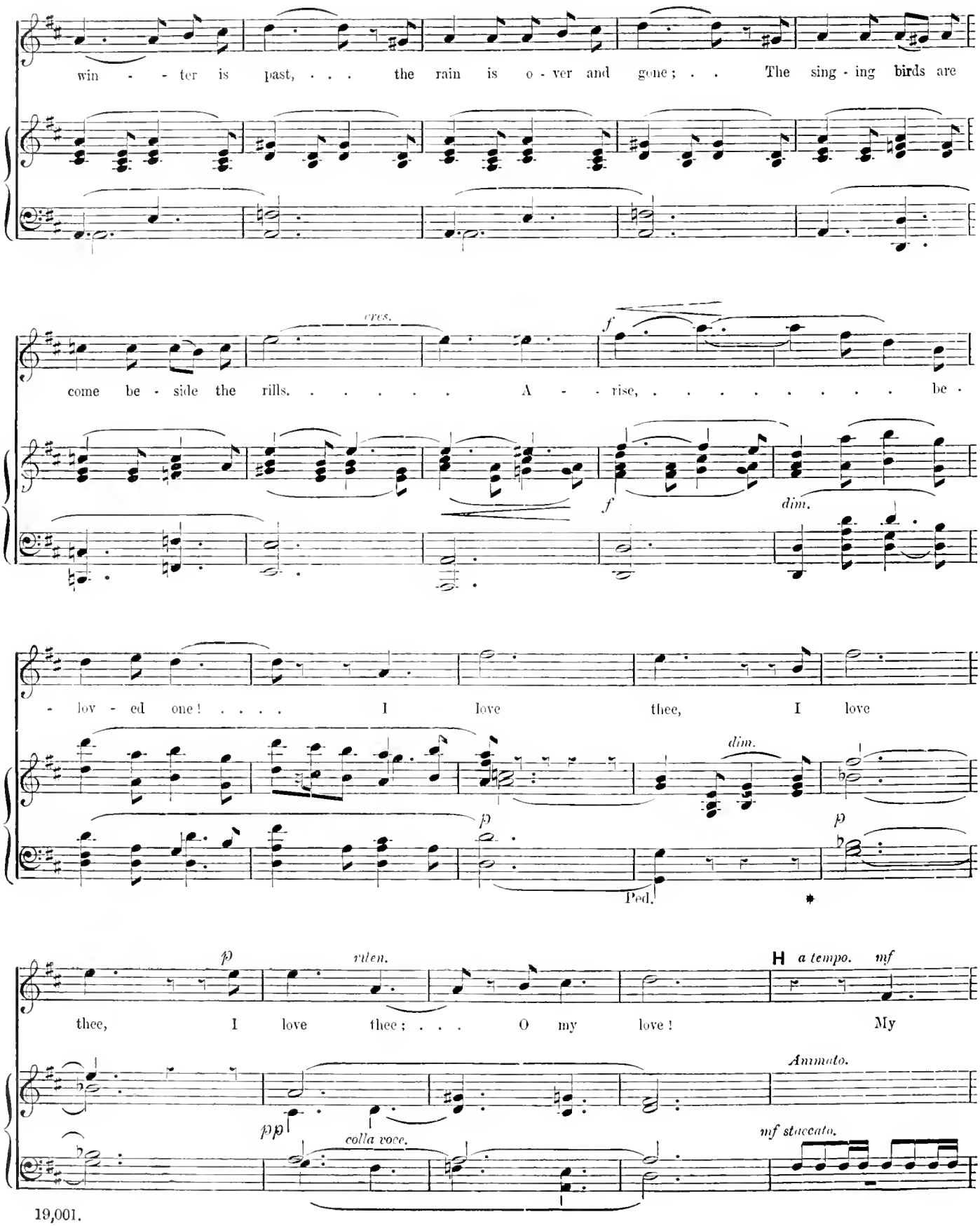
truth; I love him. Now, in this hour of doubt and dan - ger,

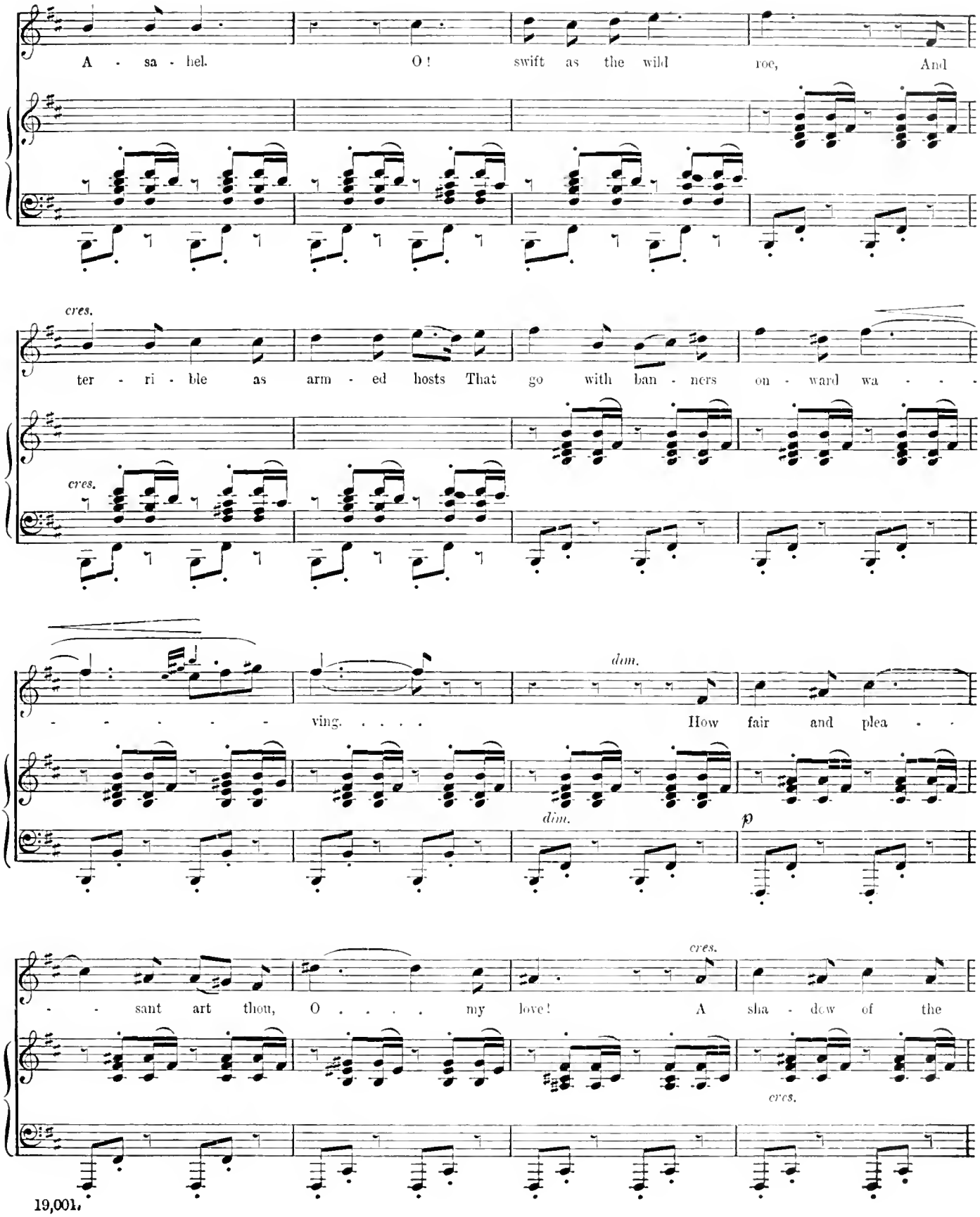
To my weak heart I say, "Be still, I love him." . . . .

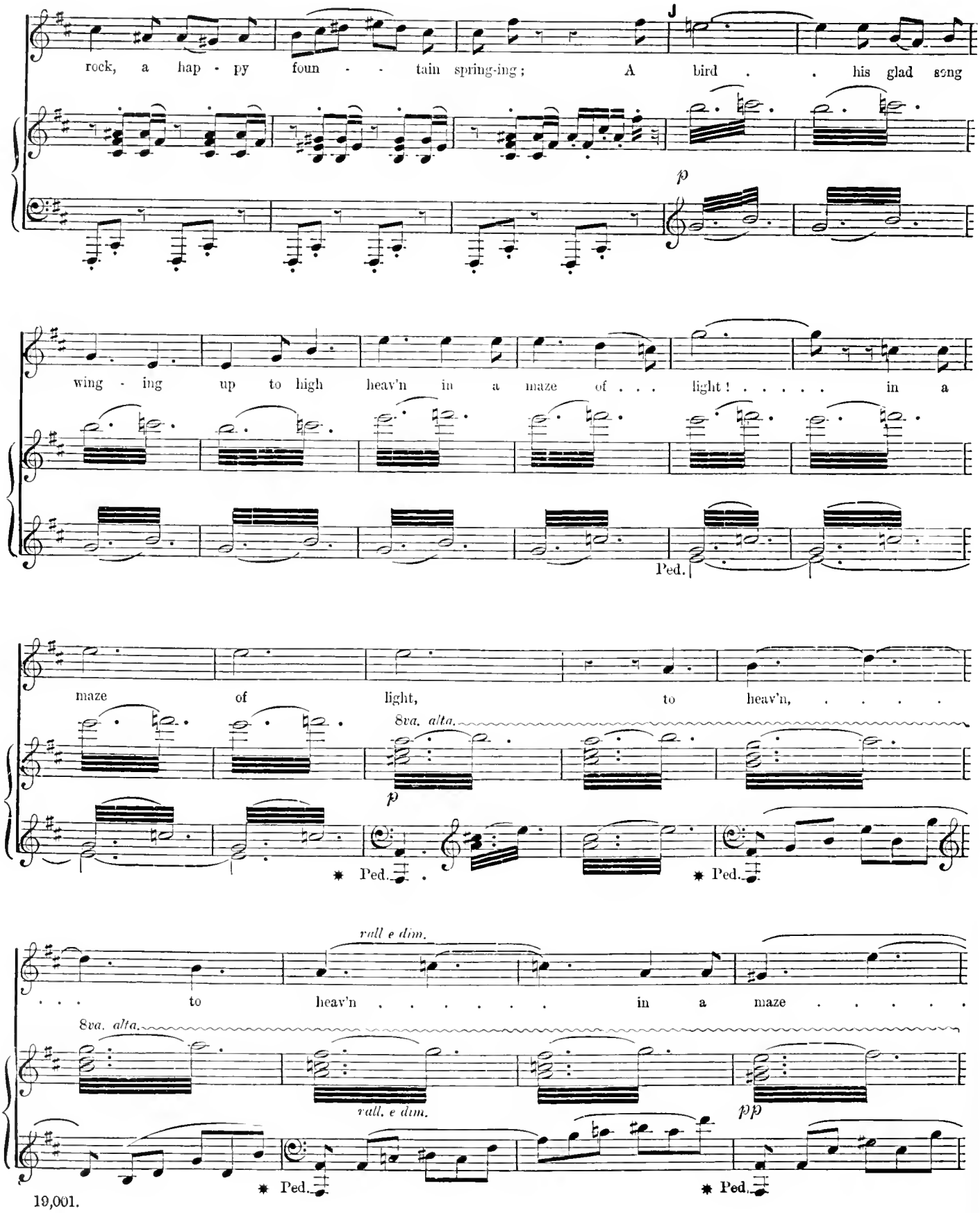
Ped.

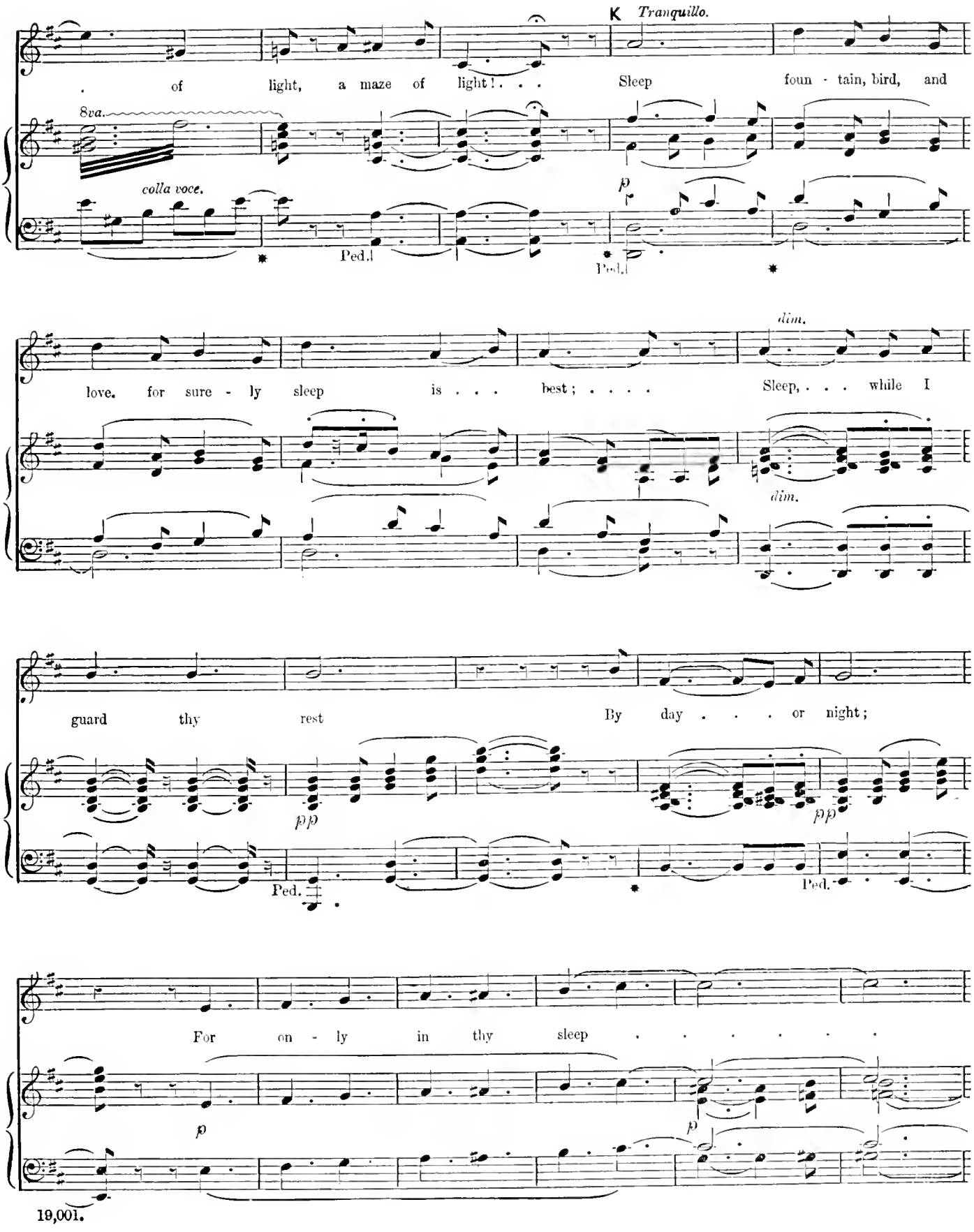
Allegretto pastorale e con moto.

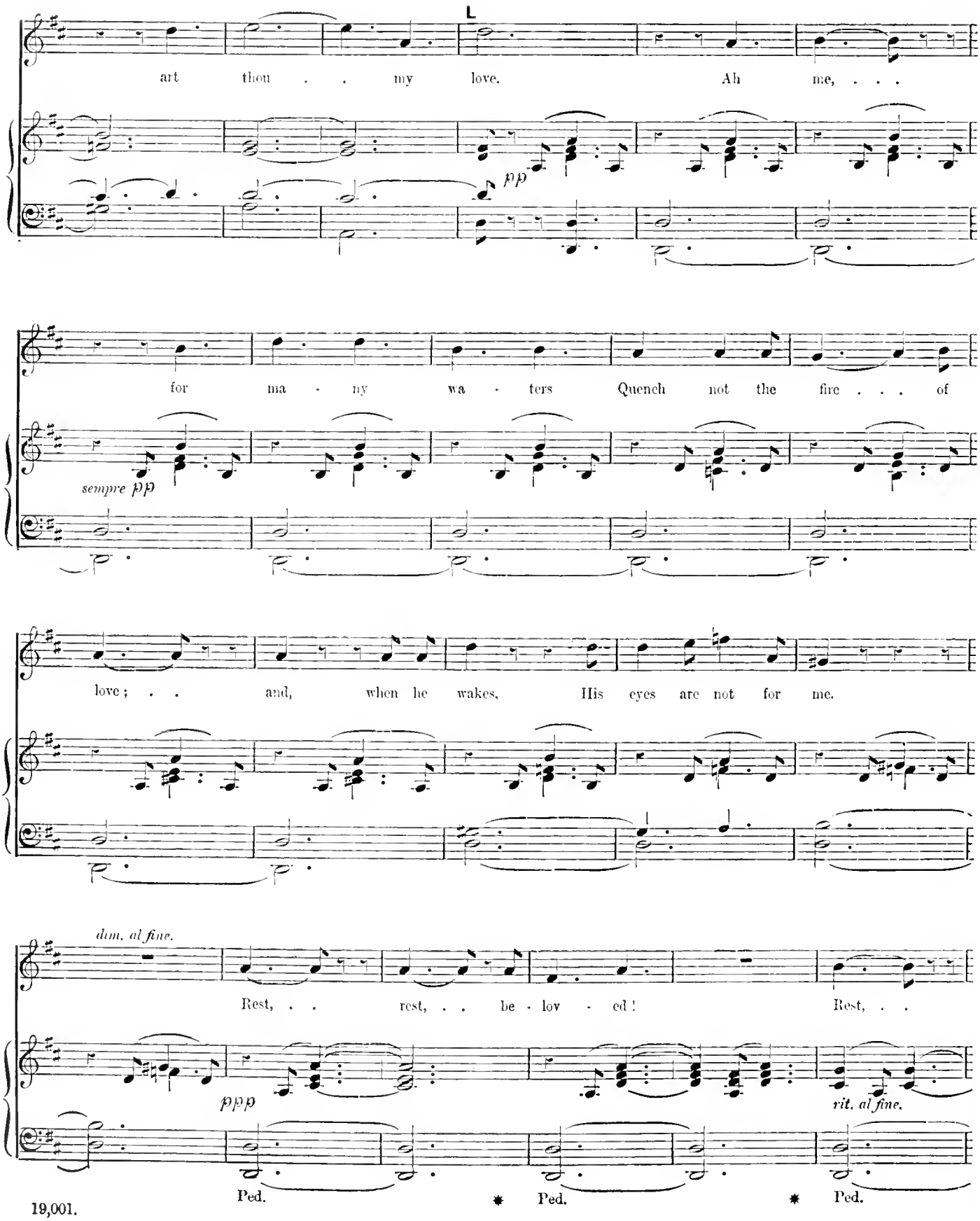
Ah, would that thou and I might lead our sheep A - mong the fold - ed hills! The

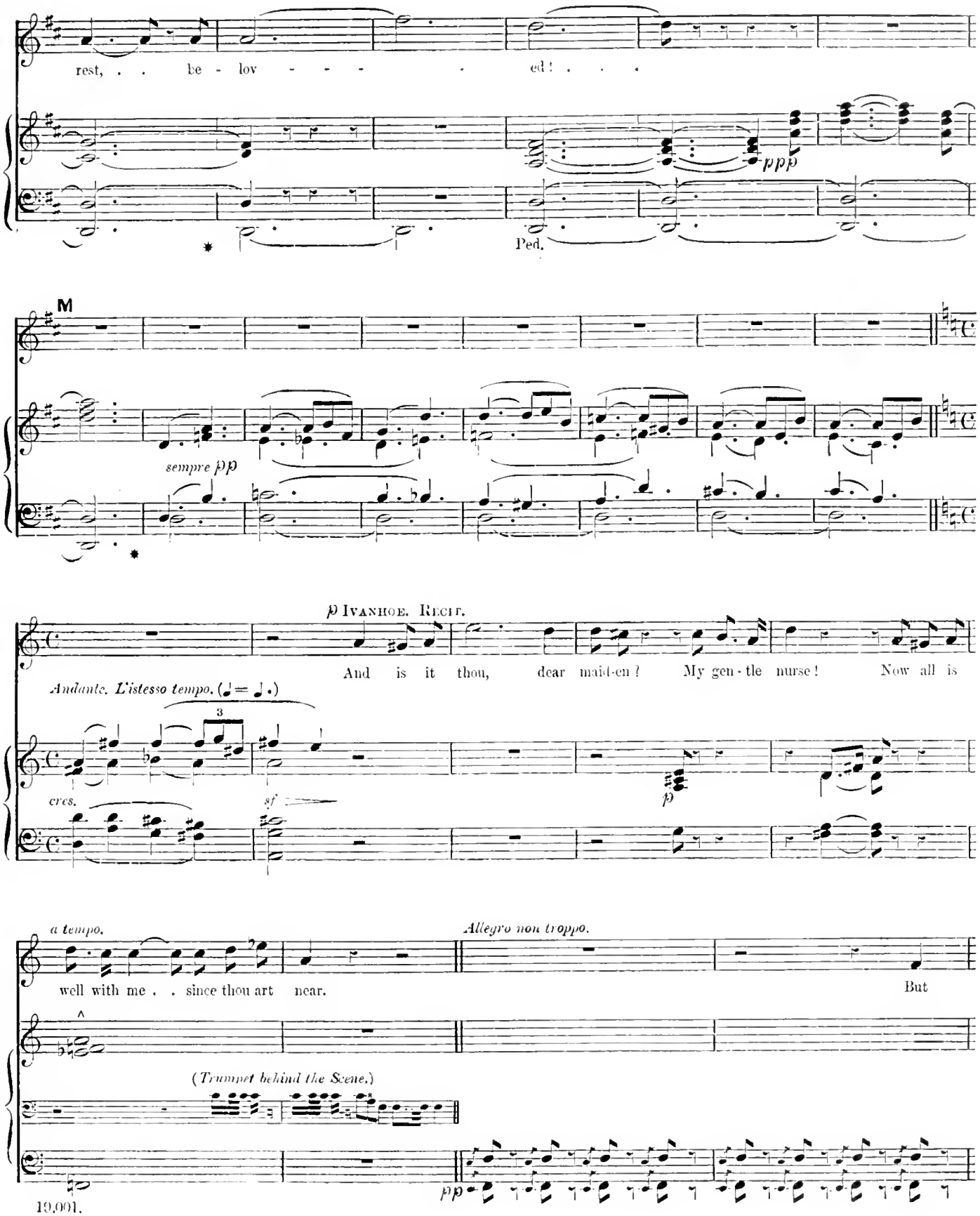

win - - ter is past, . . . the rain is o - ver and gone; . . The sing - ing birds are
cres.
f
come be - side the rills. . . . . A - - rise, ... be -
f
dim.
- lov - ed one! . . . . I love thee, I love
dim.
p
Ped.
*
p
thee, I love thee; . . . O my love! My
rilen.
H a tempo. mf
Animato.
pp
colla voce.
mf staccato.

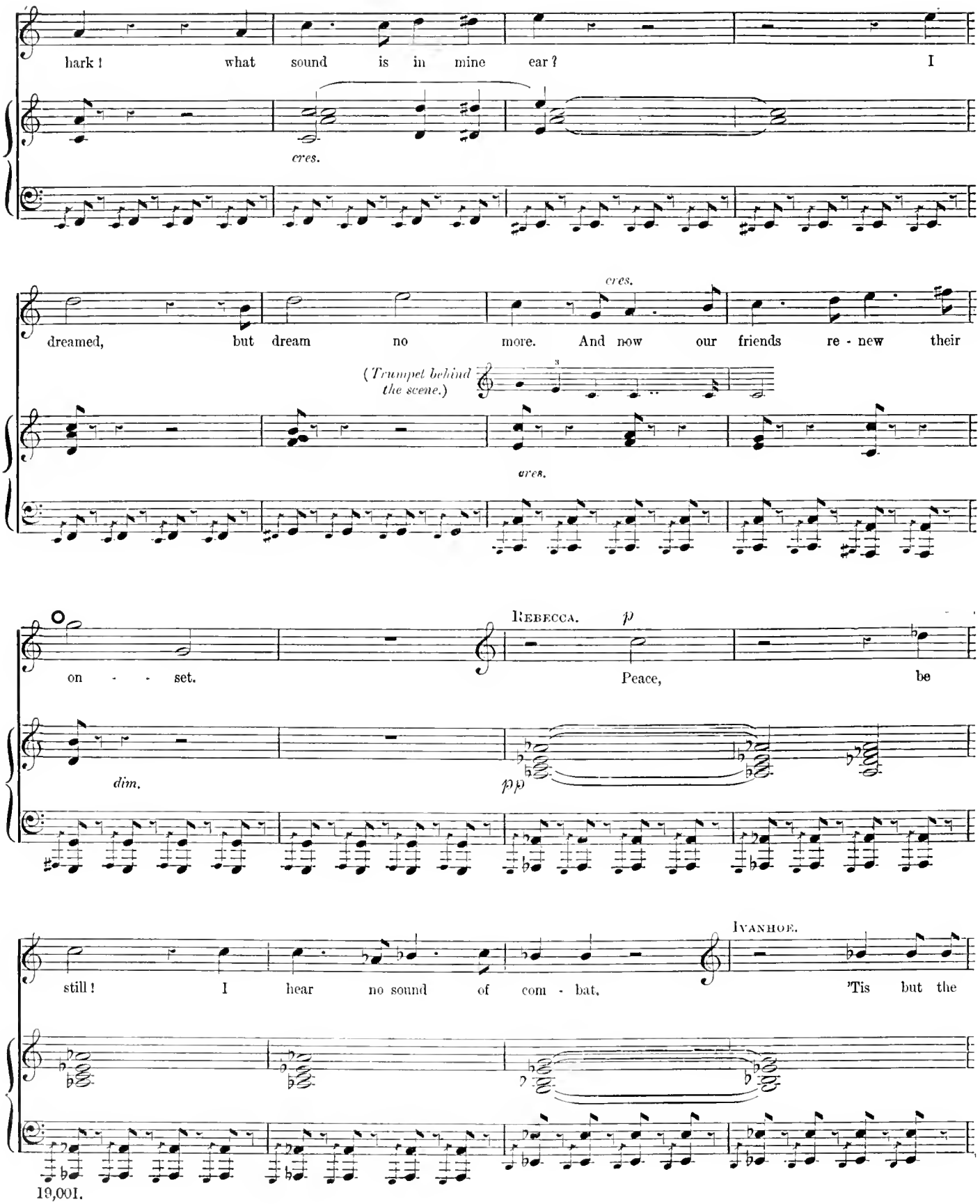

A - sa - hel. O! swift as the wild roe, And
cres.
ter - ri - ble as arm - ed hosts That go with ban - ners on - ward wa - - -
cres.
- - - - - - ving. . . . .
dim.
How fair and plea - -
dim.
p
- - sant art thou, O . . . . my love! A sha - dow of the
cres.
cres.

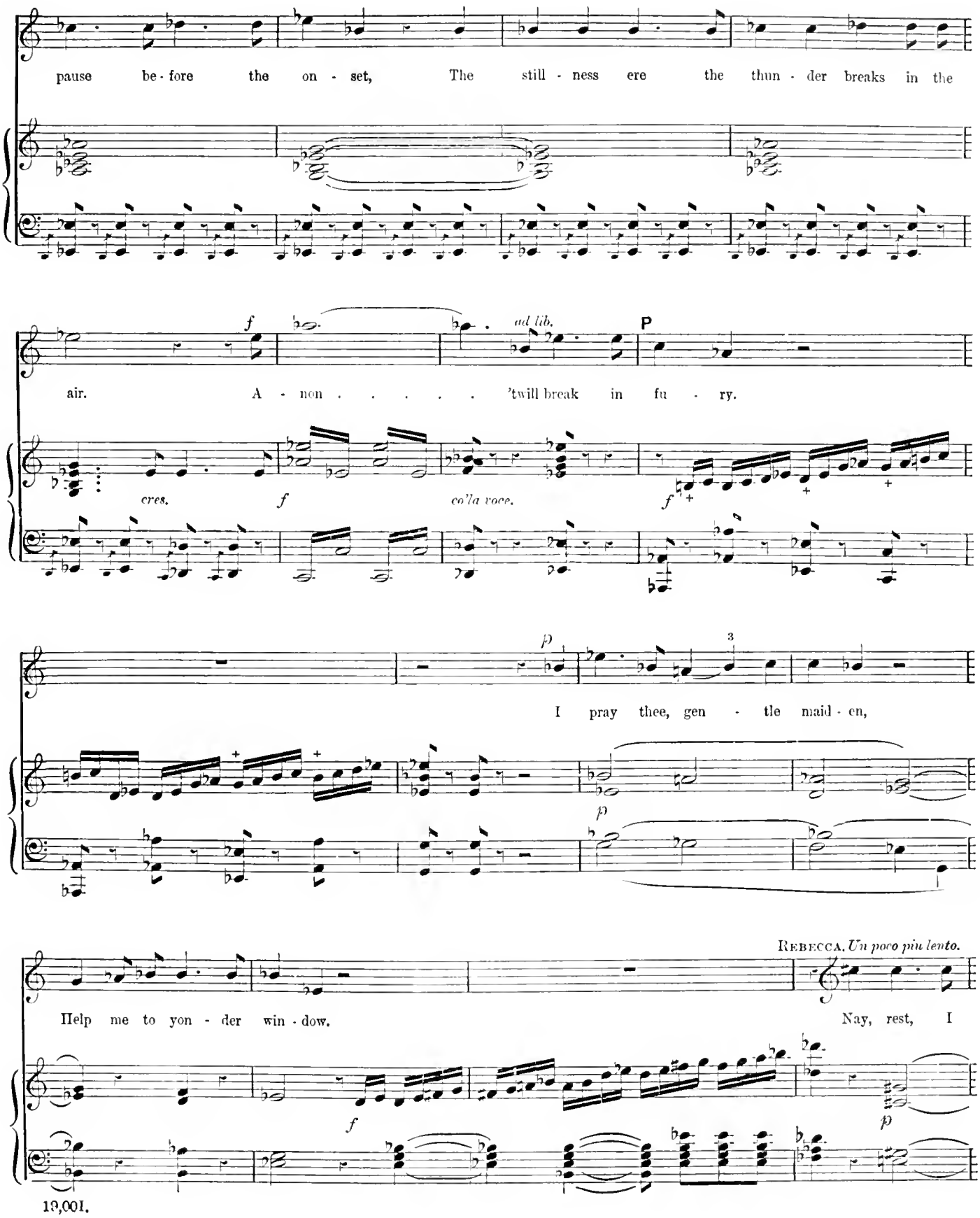

rock, a hap - py foun - - tain spring-ing; A bird . . his glad song
J
p
wing - ing up to high heav'n in a maze of . . . light! . . . . . in a
Ped.
maze of light, to heav'n, ...
8va. alta.
p
Ped.
Ped.
. . . to heav'n . . . . . in a maze . . . . .
rall e dim.
8va. alta.
rall. e dim.
pp
Ped.
Ped.

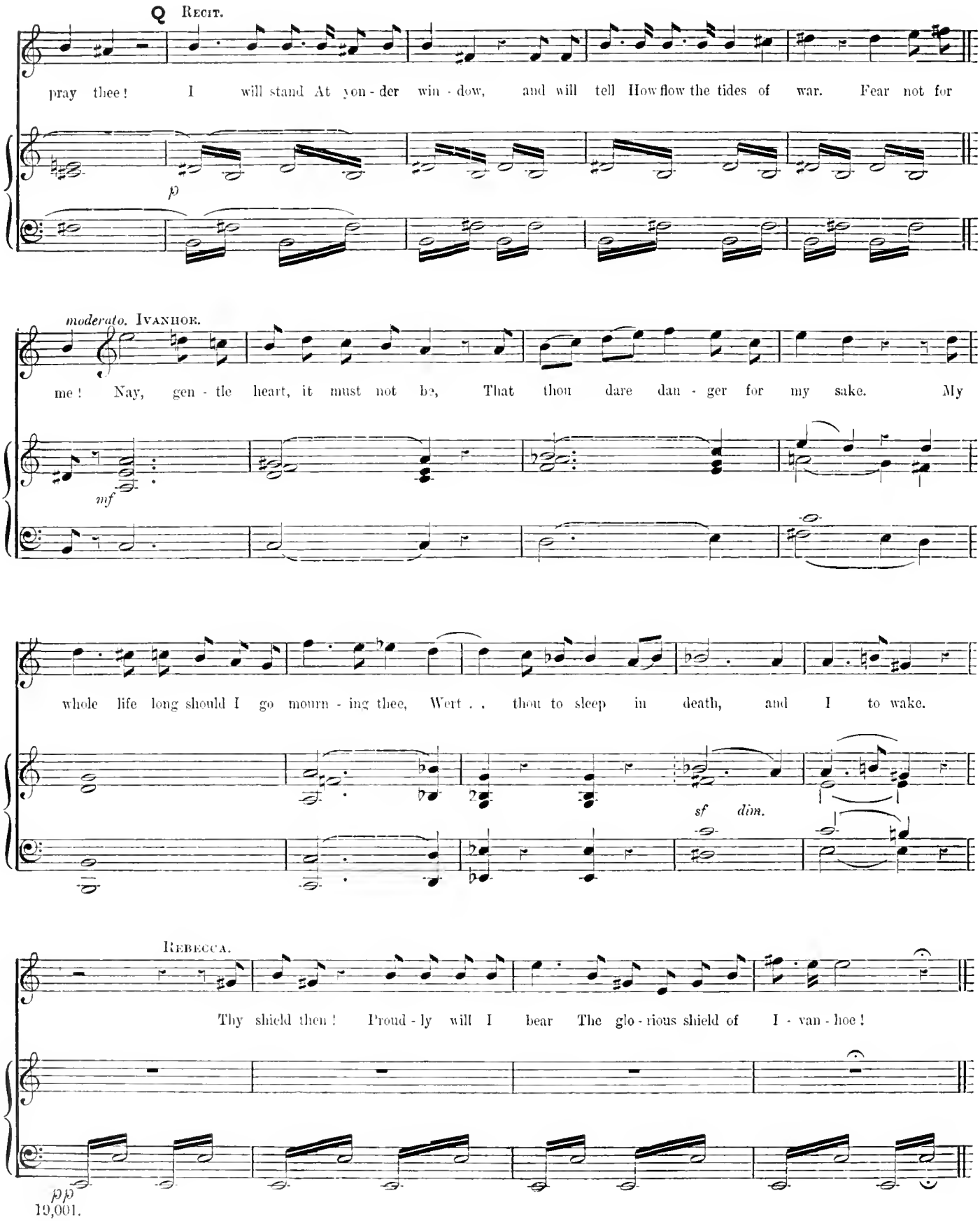

K Tranquillo.
. of light, a maze of light! . . . Sleep foun - tain, bird, and
8va.
colla voce.
Ped.
p
Ped.
dim.
love. for sure - ly sleep is . . . best; . . . . Sleep, . . . while I
dim.
guard thy rest By day . . . or night;
pp
Ped.
pp
Ped.
For on - ly in thy sleep . . . . . .
p
p

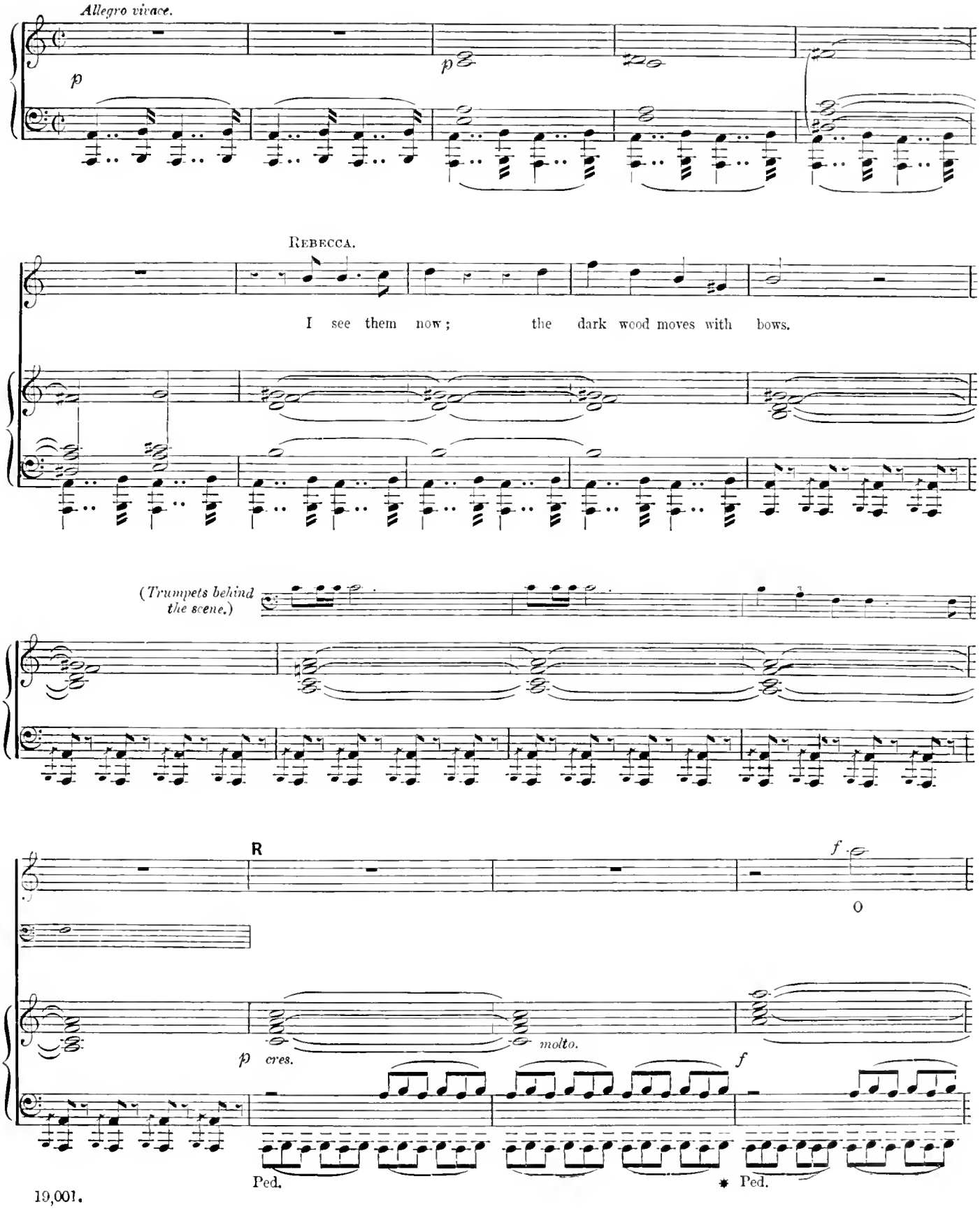

L
art thou . . my love. Ah me, . . .
pp
for ma - ny wa - ters Quench not the fire . . . of
sempre pp
love; . . and, when he wakes, His eyes are not for me.
dim. al fine.
Rest, . . rest, . . be - lov - ed! Rest, . .
ppp
rit. al fine.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

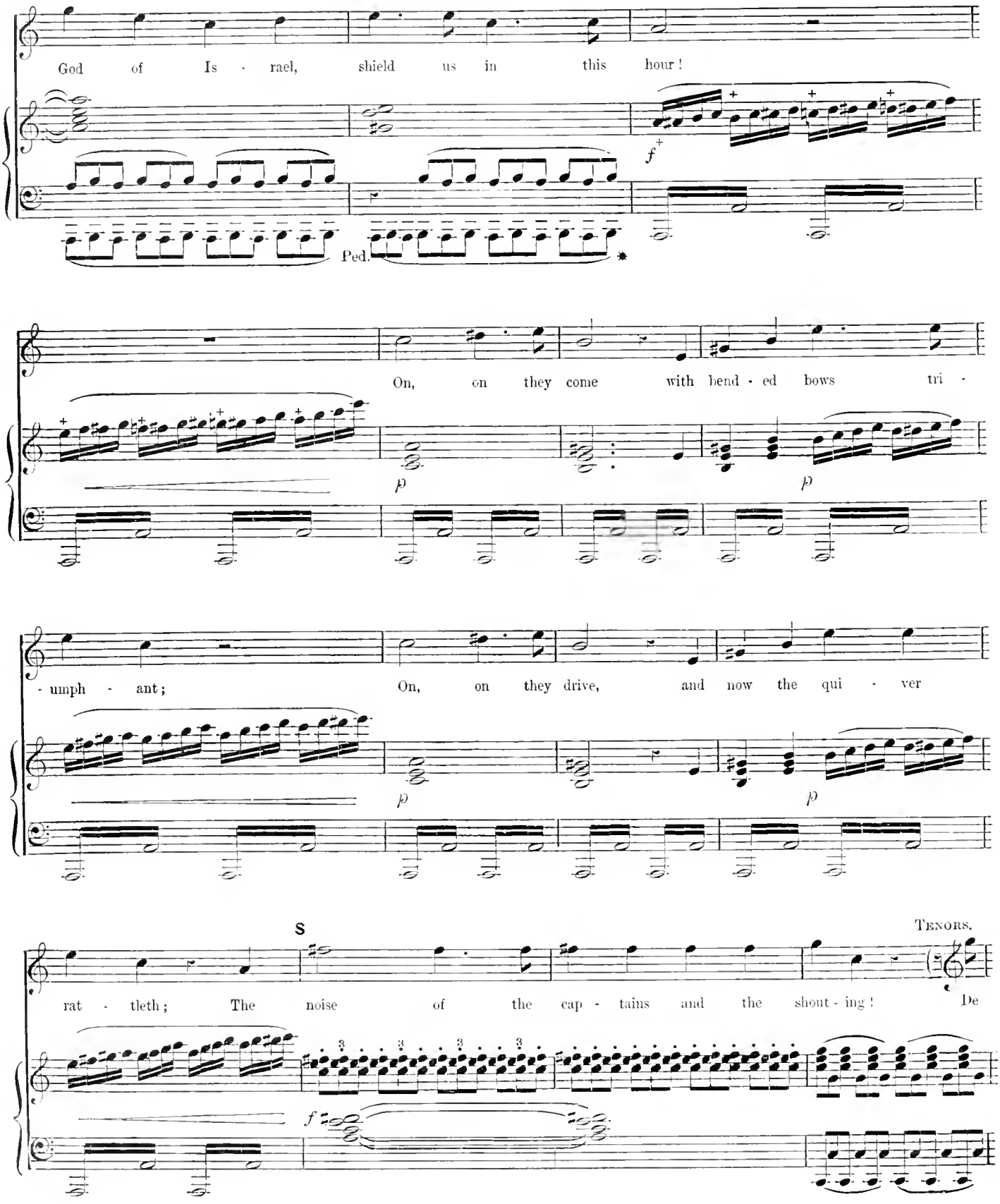

rest, . . be - lov - - - - ed! . . .
ppp
Ped.
M
sempre pp
p IVANHOE. RECIT.
And is it thou, dear maid-en? My gen-tle nurse! Now all is
Andante. L'istesso tempo. (♩= ♩.)
3
cres.
sf
p
a tempo.
Allegro non troppo.
well with me . . since thou art near.
But
(Trumpet behind the Scene.)
pp

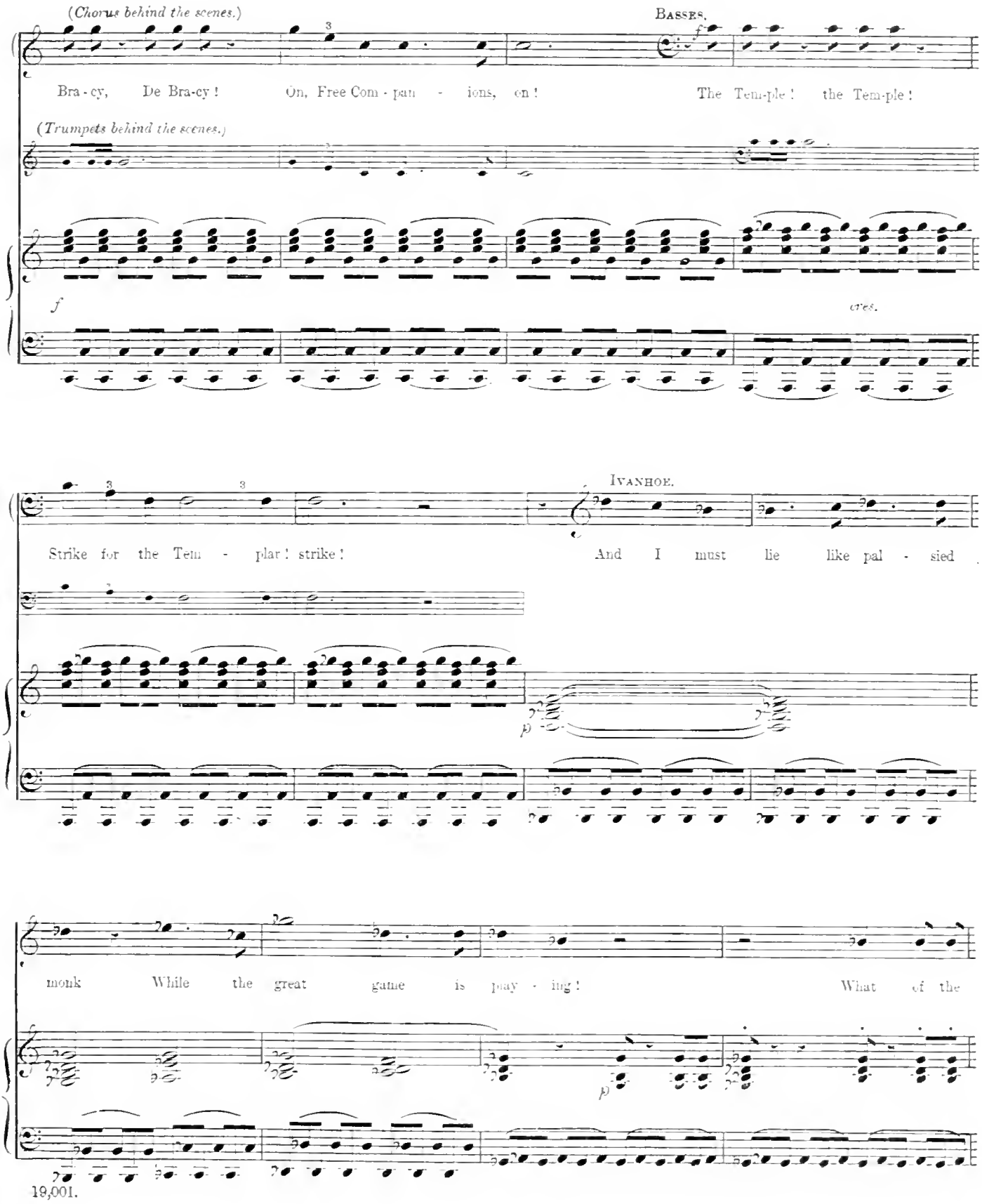

hark! what sound is in mine ear? I
cres.
dreamed, but dream no more. And now our friends re - new their
cres.
(Trumpet behind the scene.)
cres.
on - - - set.
REBECCA. p
Peace, be
dim.
pp
still! I hear no sound of com - bat.
IVANHOE.
'Tis but the

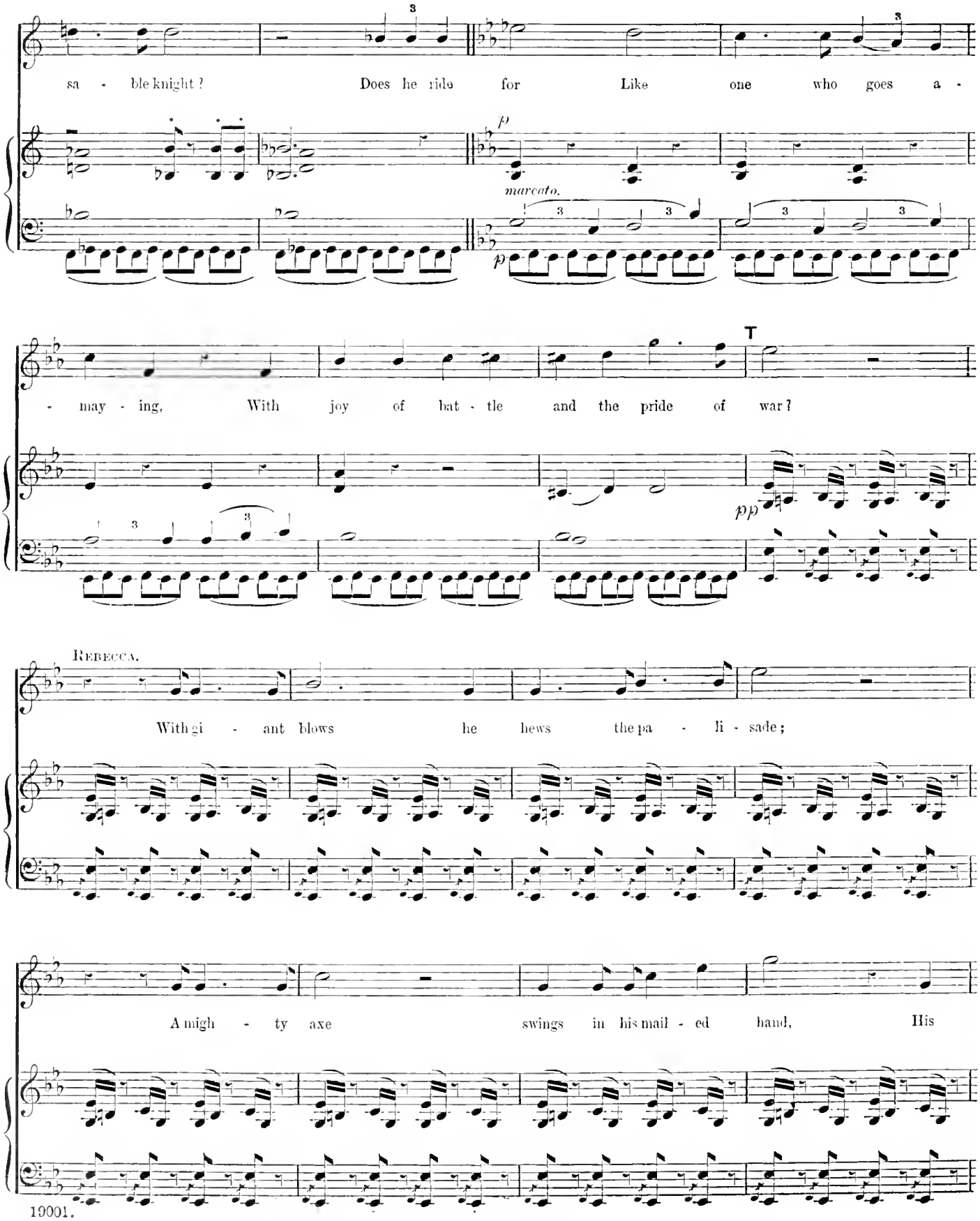

pause be - fore the on - set, The still - ness ere the thun - der breaks in the
air. A - non . . . . . 'twill break in fu - ry.
cres.
f
ad lib.
P
colla voce.
I pray thee, gen - tle maid - en,
Help me to yon - der win - dow.
Rebecca. Un poco più lento.
Nay, rest, I

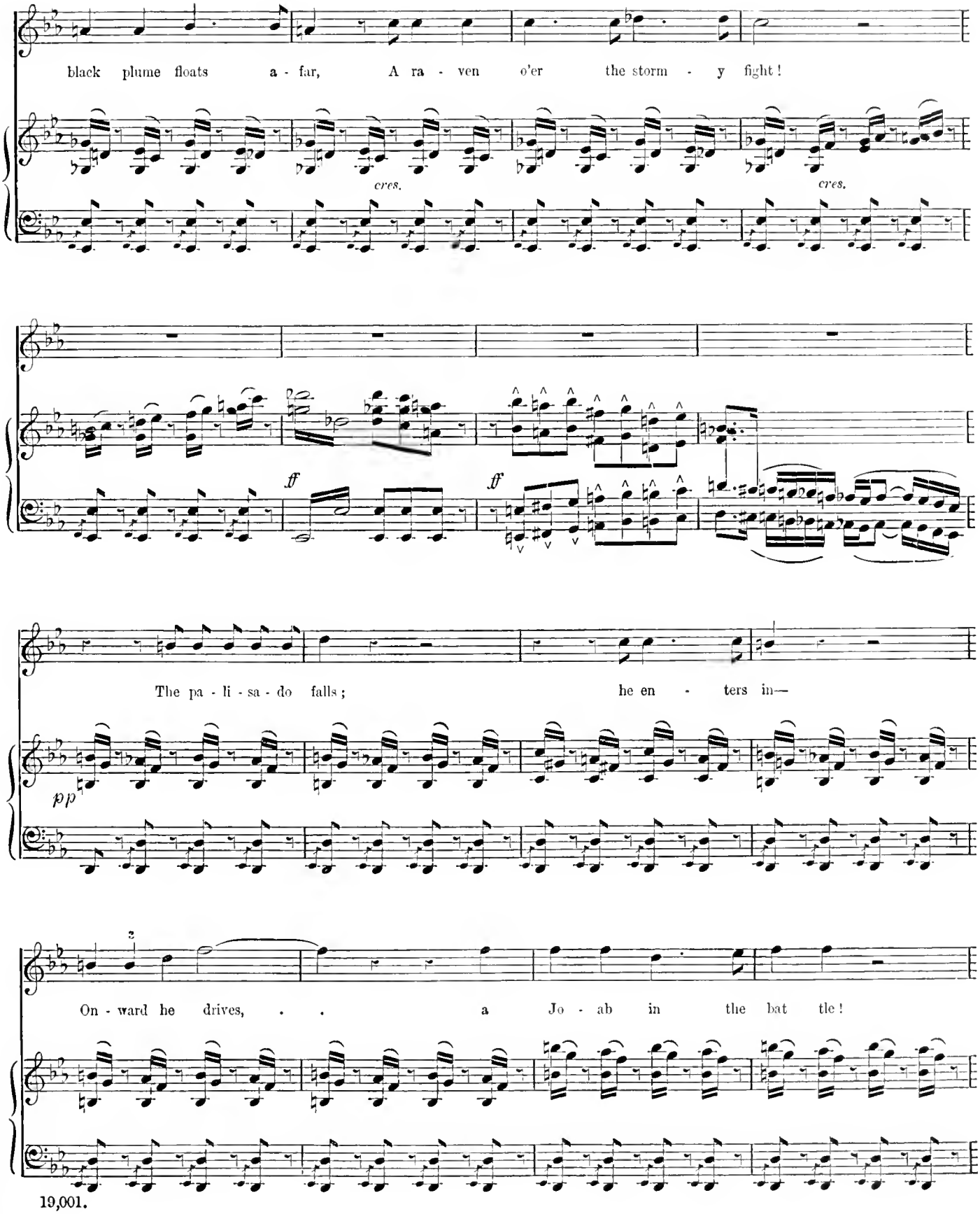

Q Recit.
pray thee! I will stand At yon-der win-dow, and will tell How flow the tides of war. Fear not for
p
moderato. Ivanhoe.
me! Nay, gen-tle heart, it must not be, That thou dare dan-ger for my sake. My
mf
whole life long should I go mourn-ing thee, Wert . . thou to sleep in death, and I to wake.
sf dim.
Rebecca.
Thy shield then! Proud-ly will I bear The glo-rious shield of I-van-hoe!
pp

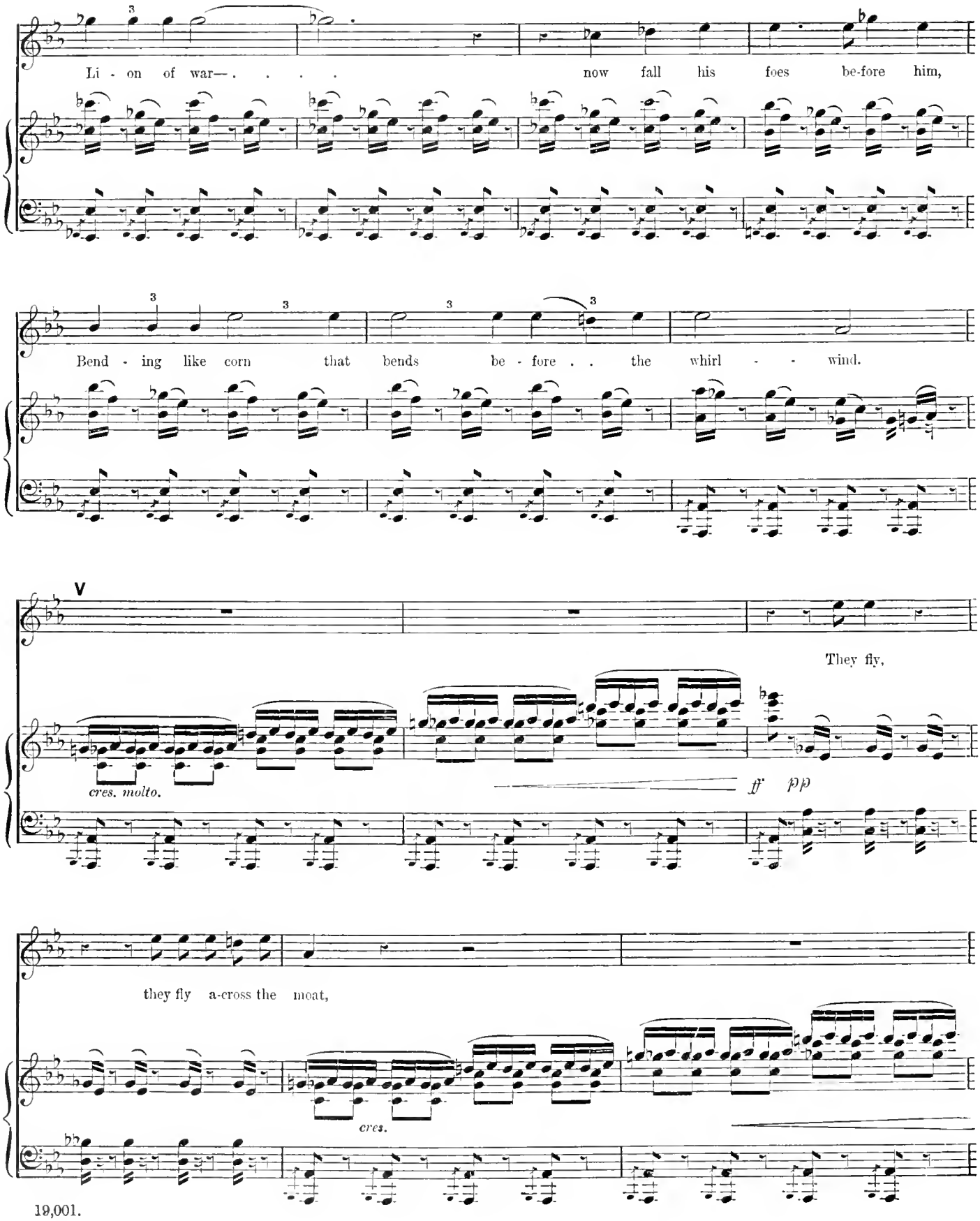

Allegro vivace.
p
p
REBECCA.
I see them now; the dark wood moves with bows.
(Trumpets behind the scene.)
R
f
O
p cres.
molto.
f
Ped.
Ped.

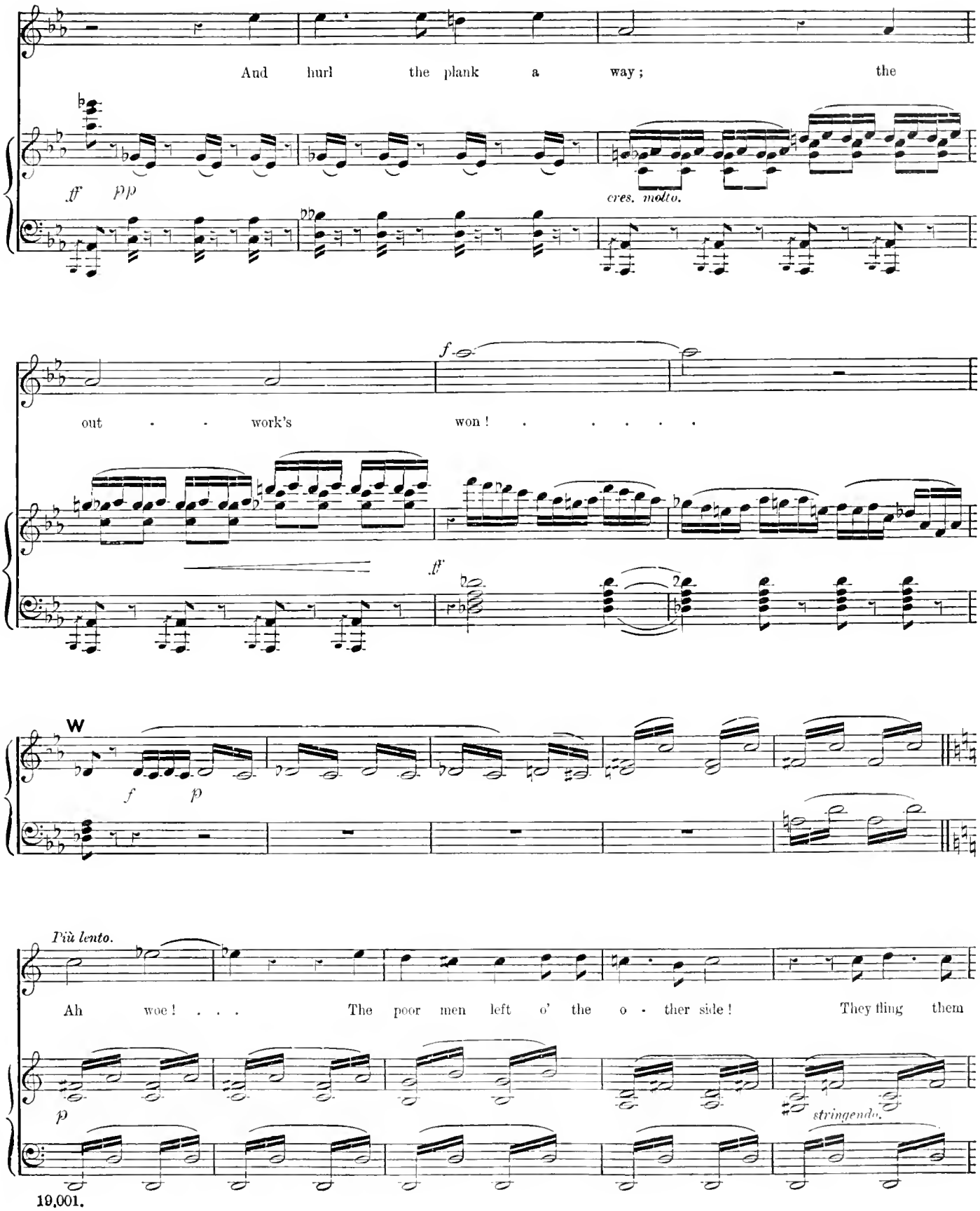

God of Is - rael, shield us in this hour!
Ped.
On, on they come with bend - ed bows tri -
- umph - ant;
On, on they drive, and now the qui - ver
S
Tenors.
rat - tleth; The noise of the cap - tains and the shout - ing! De

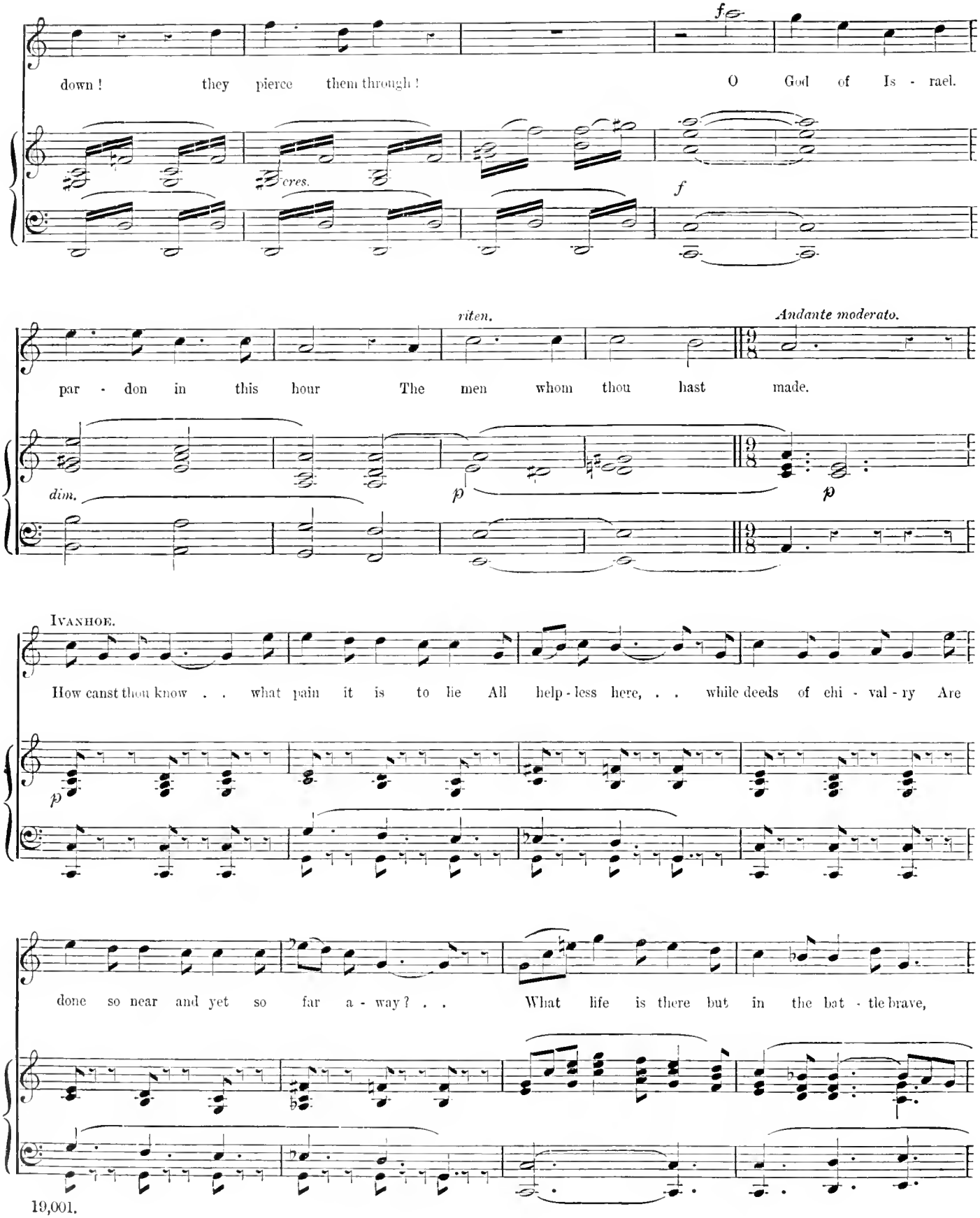

(Chorus behind the scenes.)
Basses.
Bra - cy, De Bra-cy! On, Free Com - pan - ions, on! The Tem-ple! the Tem-ple!
(Trumpets behind the scenes.)
f
cres.
Ivanhoe.
Strike for the Tem - plar! strike! And I must lie like pal - sied
p
monk While the great game is play - ing! What of the
p

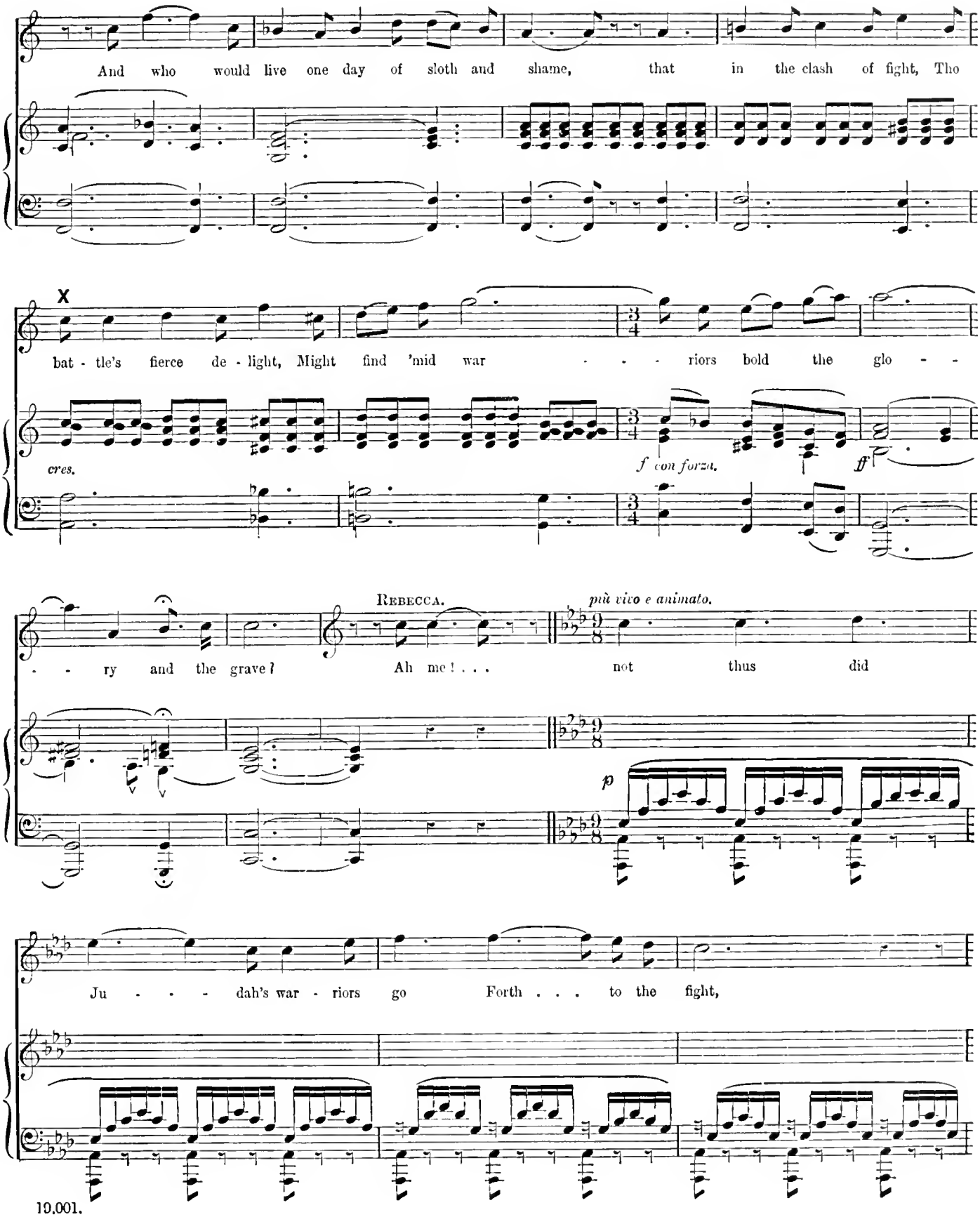

sa - ble knight? Does he ride for Like one who goes a -
marcato.
- may - ing, With joy of bat - tle and the pride of war?
T
Rebecca.
With gi - ant blows he hews the pa - li - sade;
A migh - ty axe swings in his mail - ed hand, His

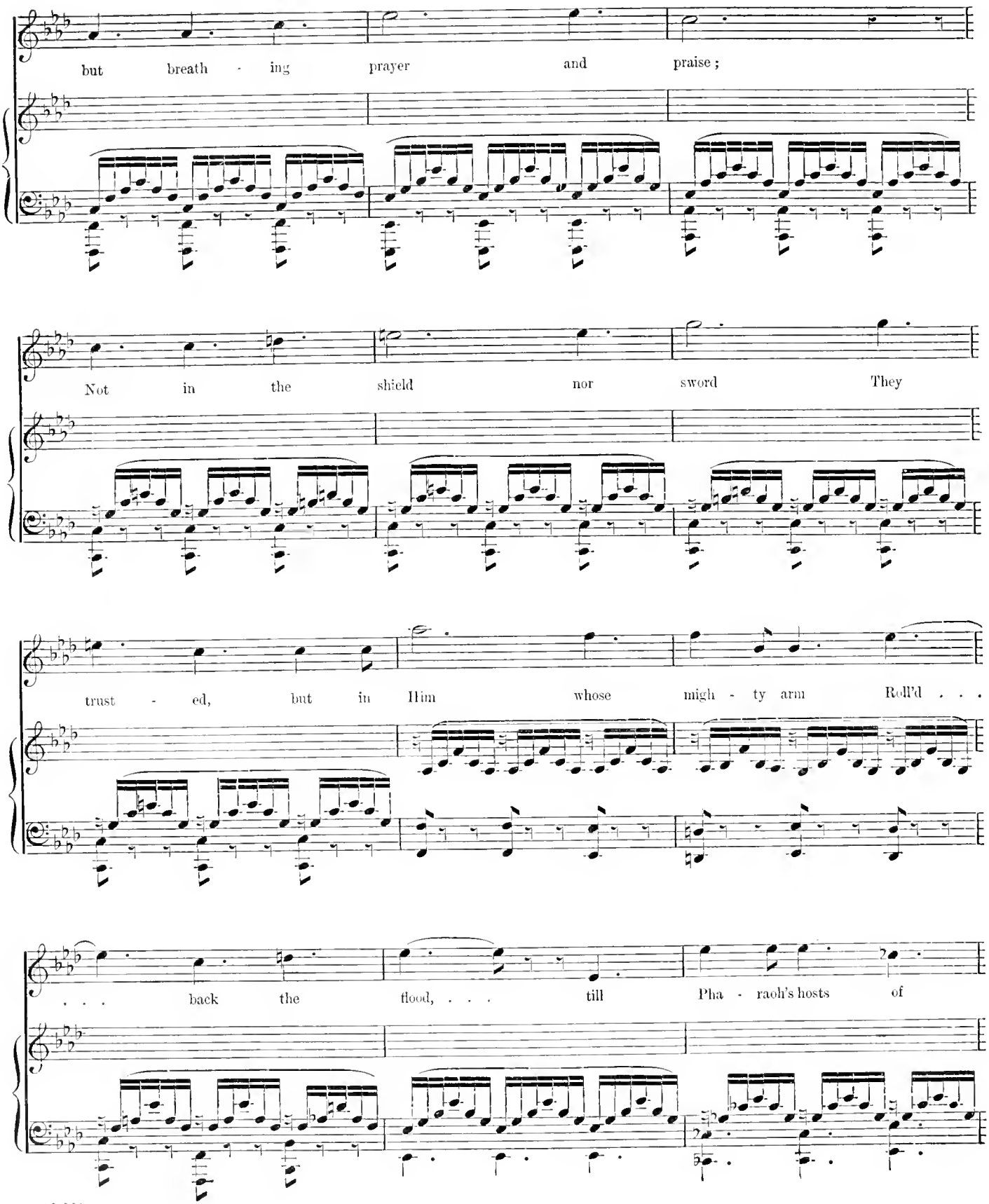

black plume floats a - far, A ra - ven o'er the storm - y fight!
cres.
cres.
ff
ff
The pa - li - sa - do falls; he en - ters in—
pp
On - ward he drives, . . a Jo - ab in the bat tle!

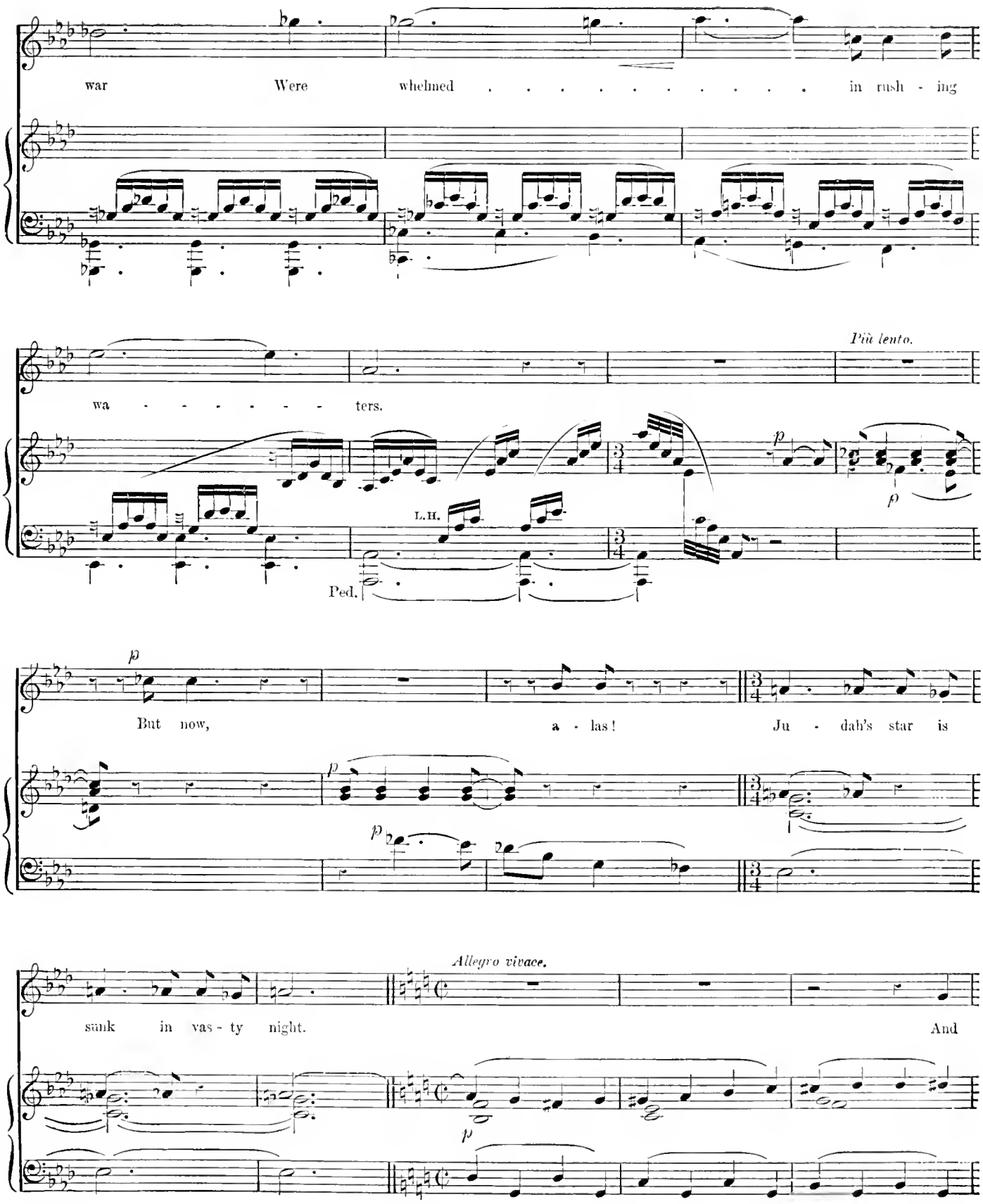

Li - on of war— . . . .
now fall his foes be-fore him,
Bend - ing like corn that bends be - fore . . the whirl - - wind.
V
They fly,
cres. molto.
ff
pp
they fly a-cross the moat,
cres.

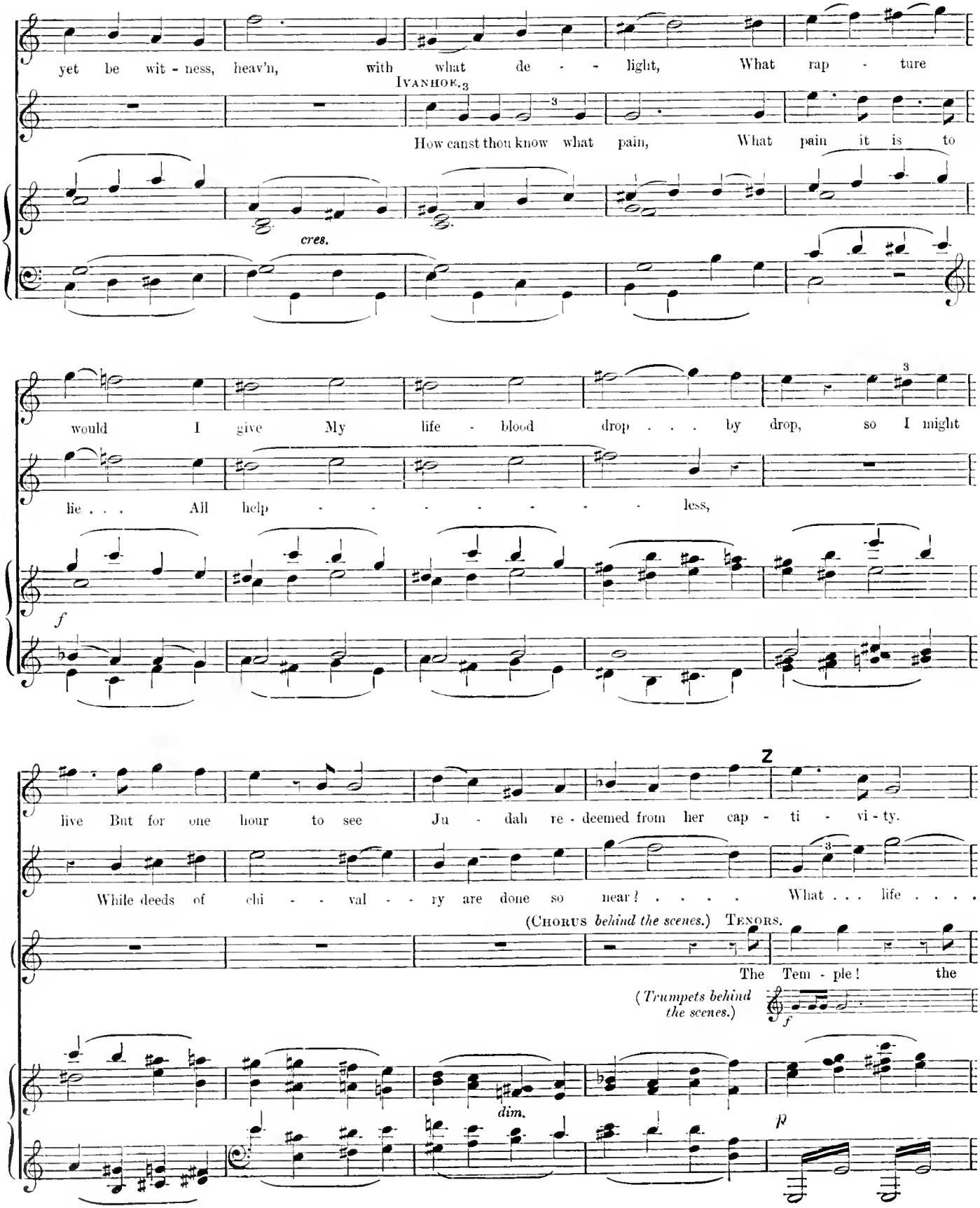

And hurl the plank a way; the
ff pp
cres. molto.
f
out . . work's won! . . . . .
ff
W
f p
Più lento.
Ah woe! . . . The poor men left o' the o - ther side! They fling them
p
stringendo.

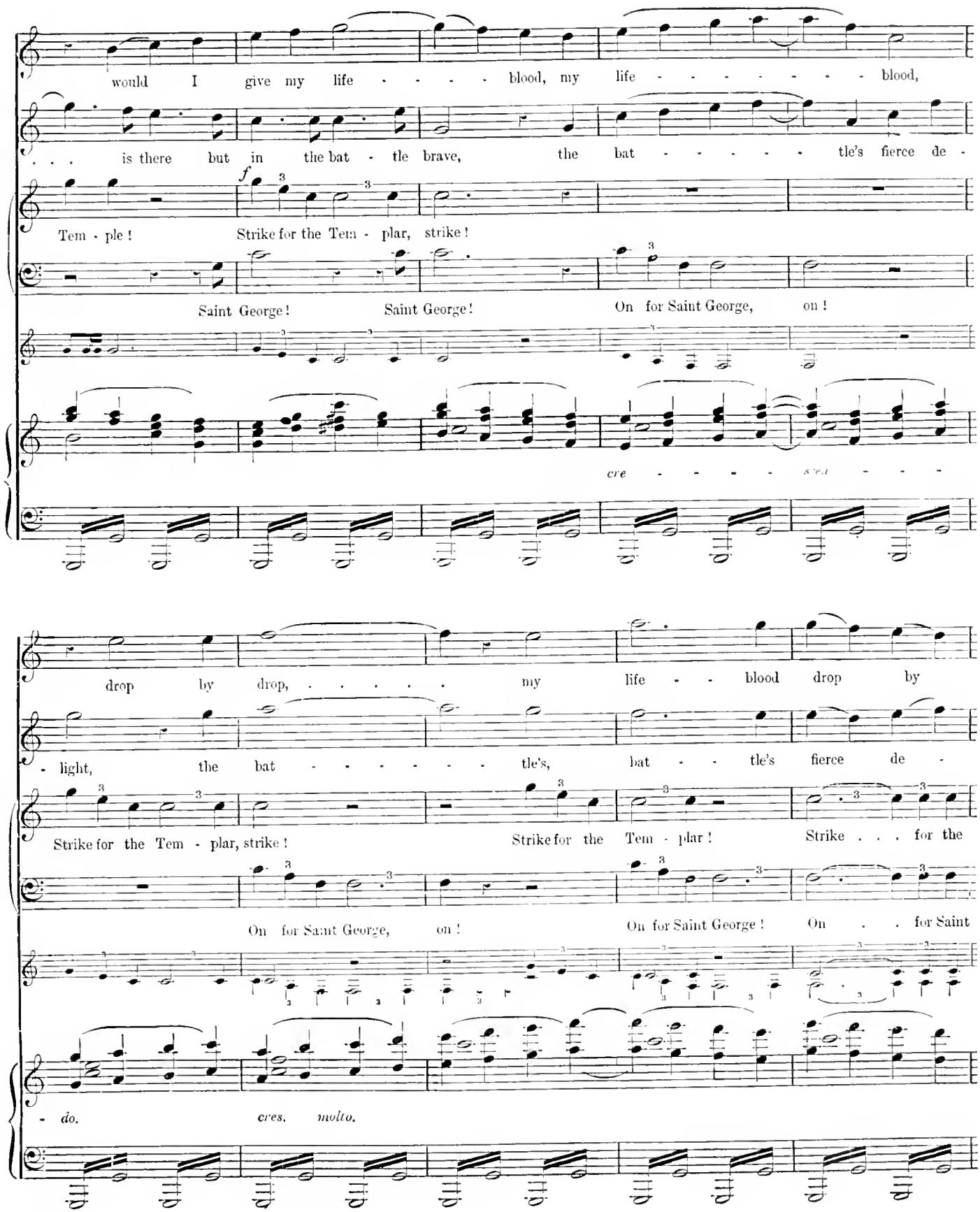

down ! they pierce them through ! O God of Is - rael.
cres.
f
f
riten.
Andante moderato.
par - don in this hour The men whom thou hast made.
dim.
p
p
Ivanhoe.
How canst thou know . . what pain it is to lie All help - less here, . . while deeds of chi - val - ry Are
p
done so near and yet so far a - way ? . . What life is there but in the bat - tle brave,

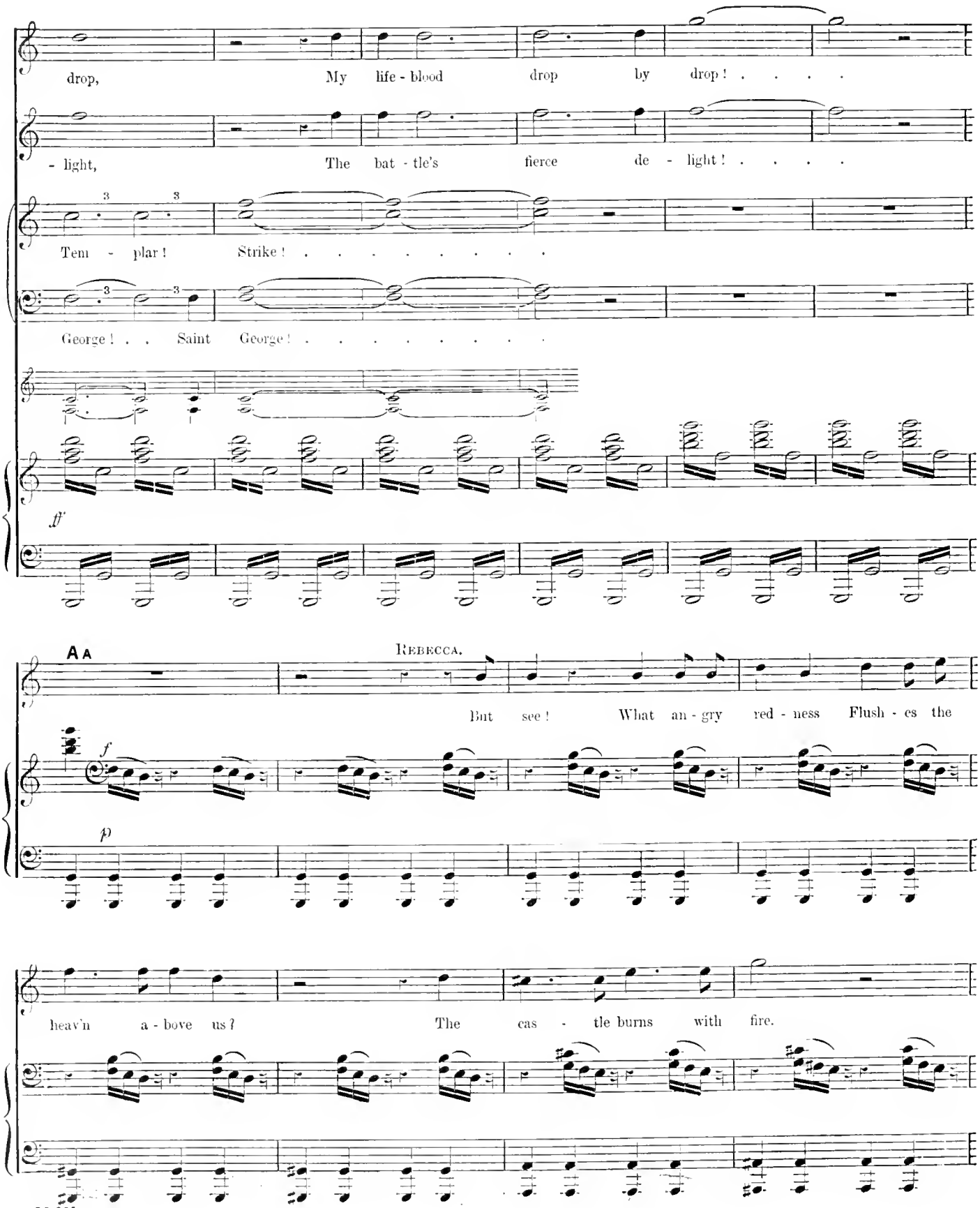

And who would live one day of sloth and shame, that in the clash of fight, Tho
X
bat - tle's fierce de - light, Might find 'mid war - - - riors bold the glo - -
cres.
f con forza.
ff
- - ry and the grave? Rebecca. Ah me! . . . più vivo e animato. not thus did
p
Ju - - - - dah's war - riors go Forth . . . to the fight,

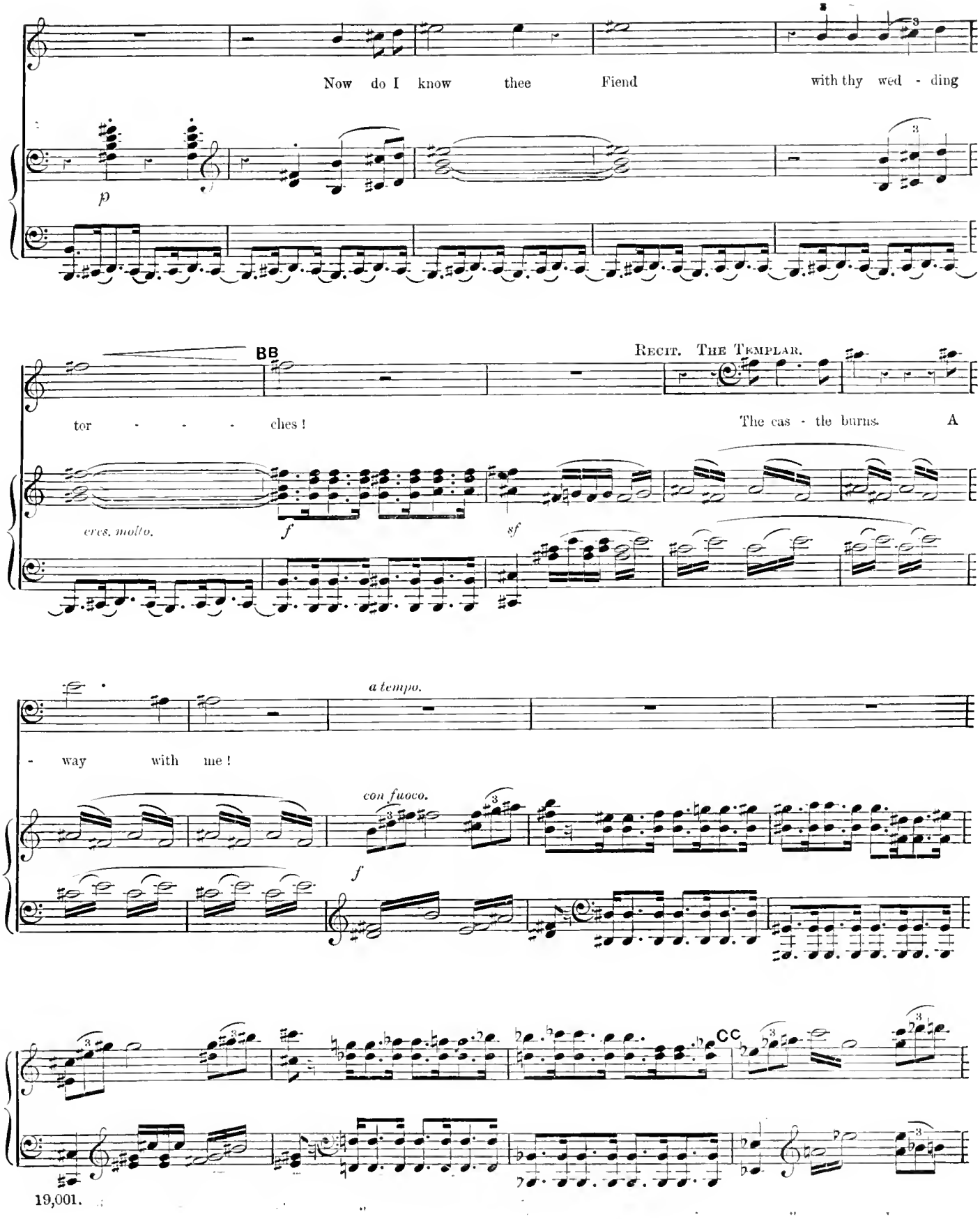

but breath - ing prayer and praise ;
Not in the shield nor sword They
trust - ed, but in Him whose migh - ty arm Roll'd . . .
. . . back the flood, . . . till Pha - raoh's hosts of

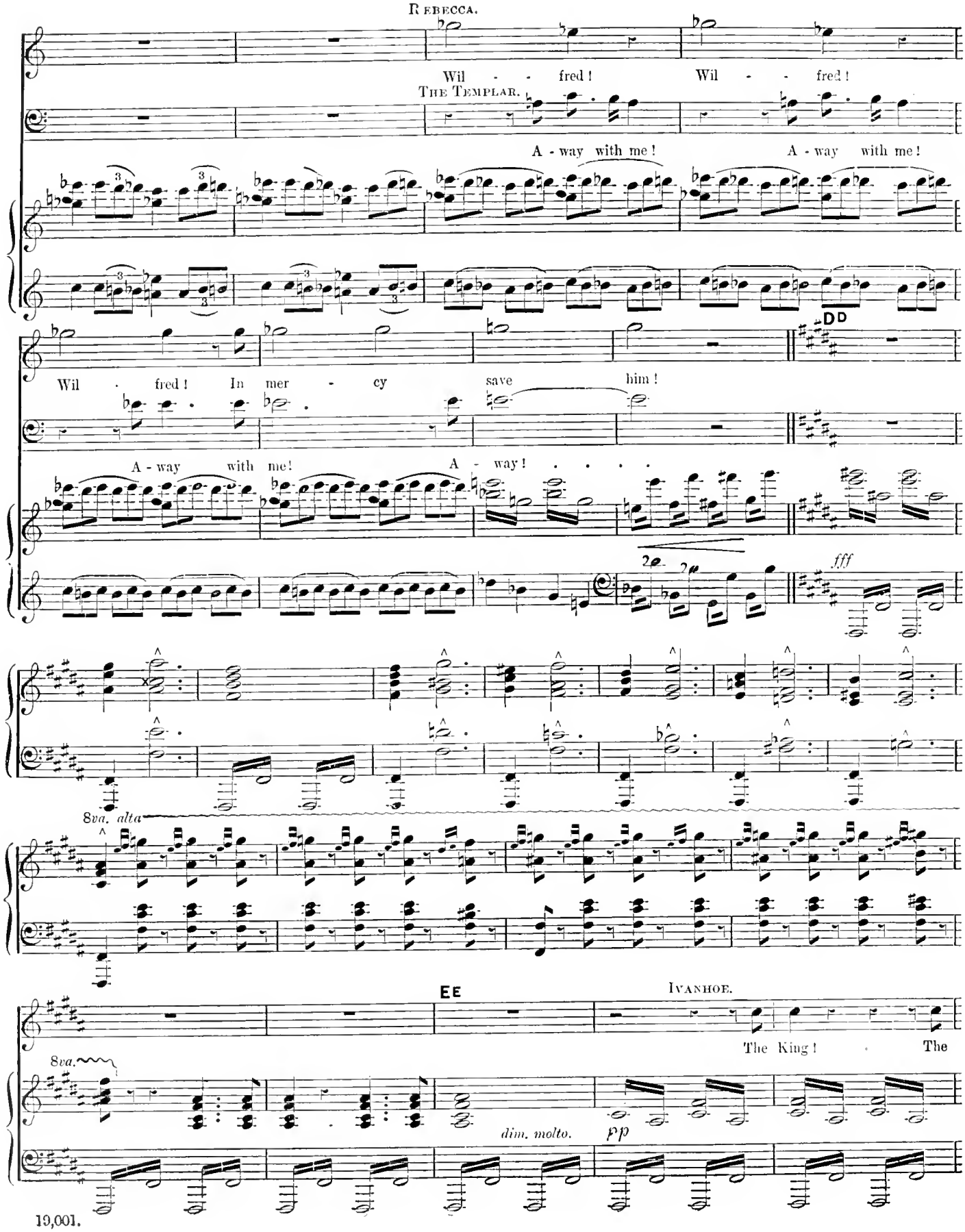

war Were whelmed . . . . . in rush - ing
Più lento.
wa - - - - - - - ters.
L.H.
Ped.
But now, a - las! Ju - dah's star is
Allegro vivace.
sunk in vas - ty night. And

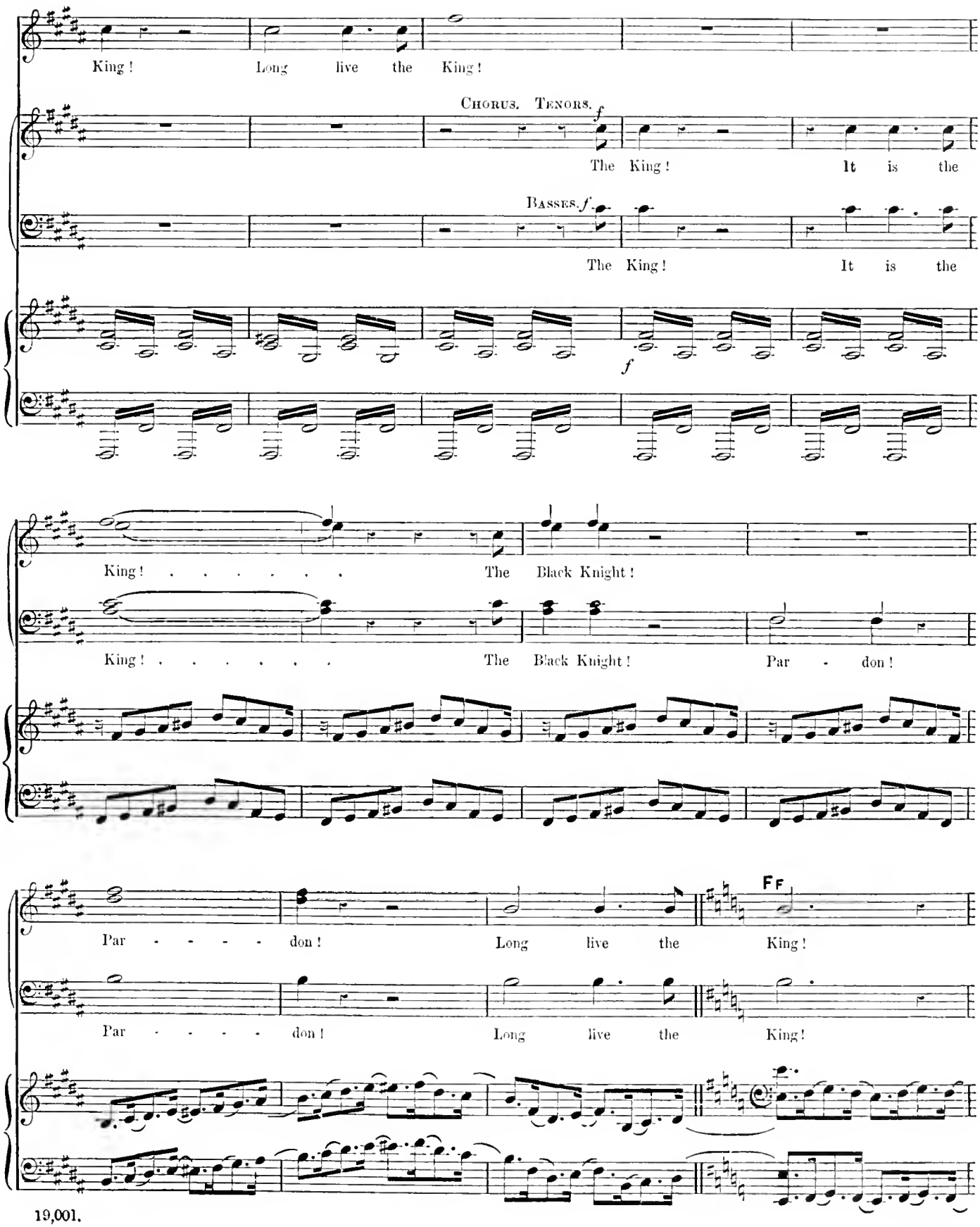

yet be wit - ness, heav'n, with what de - - light, What rap - ture
IVANHOE.
How canst thou know what pain, What pain it is to
cres.
would I give My life - blood drop . . . by drop, so I might
lie . . . All help - - - - - - - - less,
f
live But for one hour to see Ju - dah re - deemed from her cap - ti - vi - ty.
While deeds of chi - - val - - ry are done so near? . . . . What . . . life . . . .
(CHORUS behind the scenes.) TENORS.
The Tem - ple! the
(Trumpets behind the scenes.)
f
dim.
p

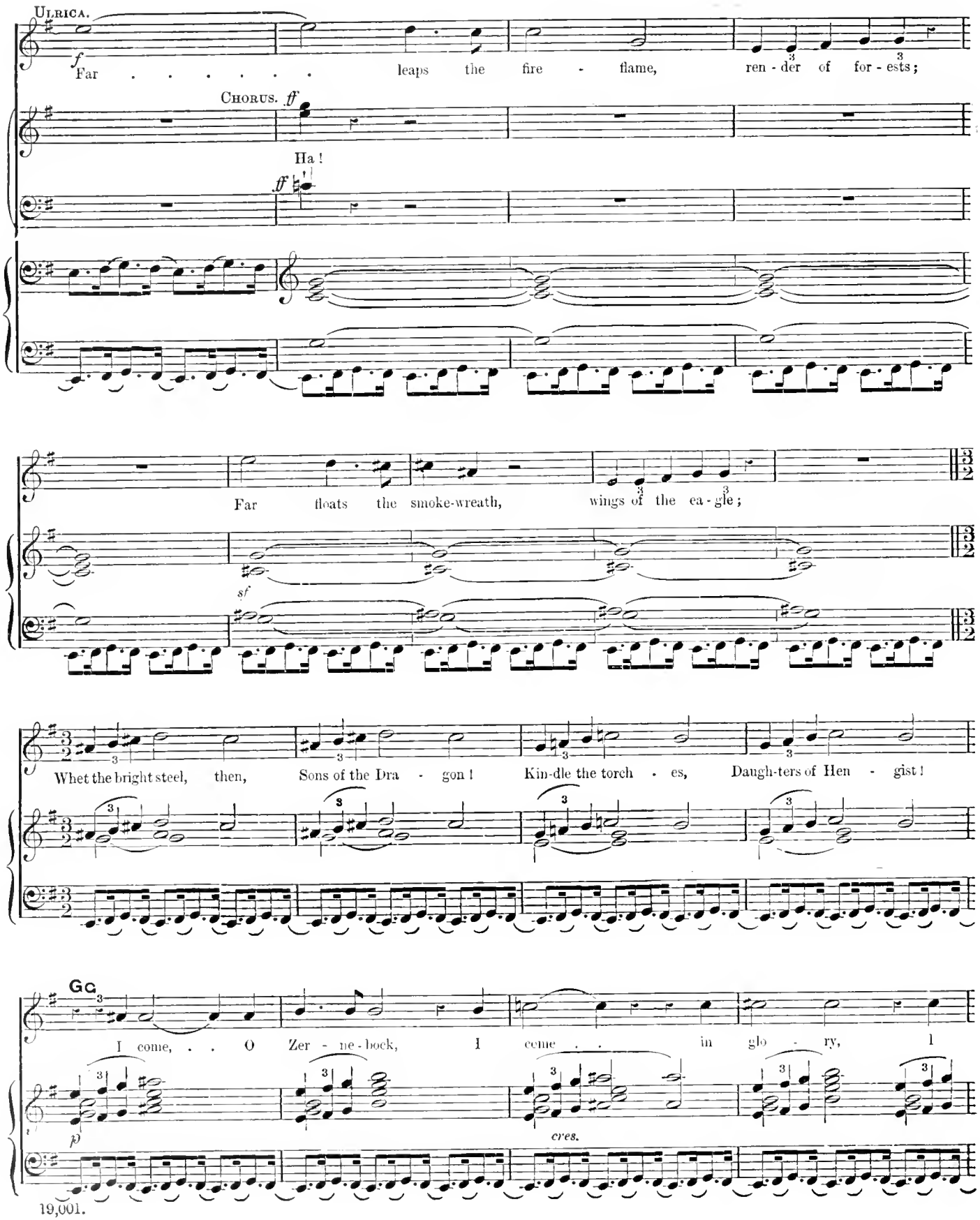

would I give my life - - - - blood, my life - - - - - - - - - blood,
. . . is there but in the bat - tle brave, the bat - - - - - - tle's fierce de -
Tem - ple ! Strike for the Tem - plar, strike !
Saint George ! Saint George ! On for Saint George, on !
cre - - - - - scen - - -
drop by drop, ... my life - - blood drop by
- light, the bat - - - - - - - tle's, bat - - tle's fierce de -
Strike for the Tem - plar, strike ! Strike for the Tem - plar ! Strike . . . for the
On for Saint George, on ! On for Saint George ! On . . for Saint
- do. cres. molto.

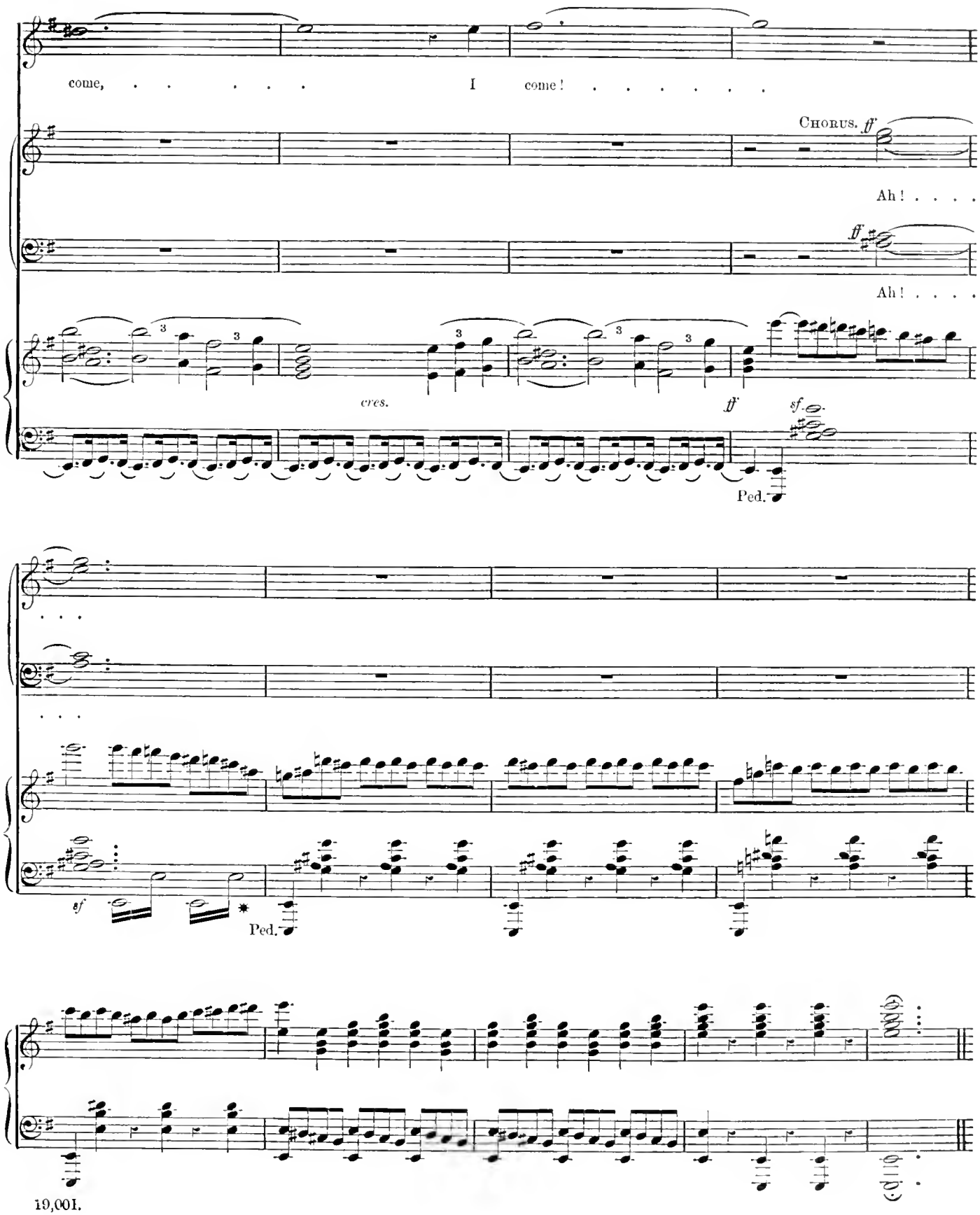

drop, My life - blood drop by drop! . . . .
- light, The bat - tle's fierce de - light! . . . .
Tem - plar! Strike! . . . . . .
George! . . Saint George! . . . . . .
ff
A A
REBECCA.
But see! What an - gry red - ness Flush - es the
f
p
heav'n a - bove us? The cas - tle burns with fire.


Now do I know thee Fiend with thy wed - ding
p
BB
Recit. The Templar.
tor - - - - ches!
The cas - tle burns. A
cres. molto.
f
sf
a tempo.
- way with me!
con fuoco.
f
CC

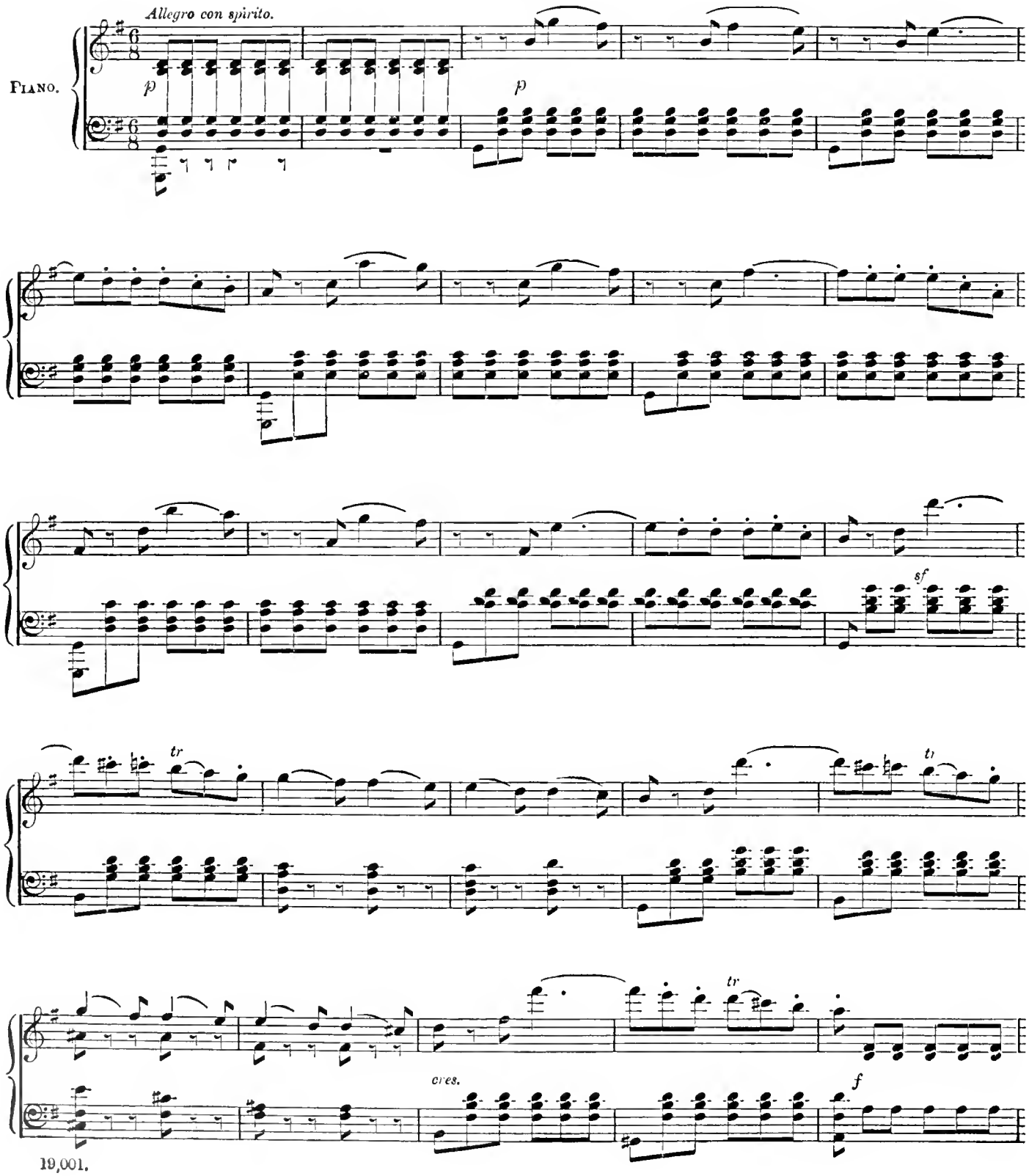

REBECCA.
Wil - - fred! Wil - - fred!
THE TEMPLAR.
A - way with me! A - way with me!
DD
Wil - fred! In mer - cy save him!
A - way with me! A - way! . . . .
fff
8va. alta
EE
IVANHOE.
The King! The
8va.
dim. molto.
pp

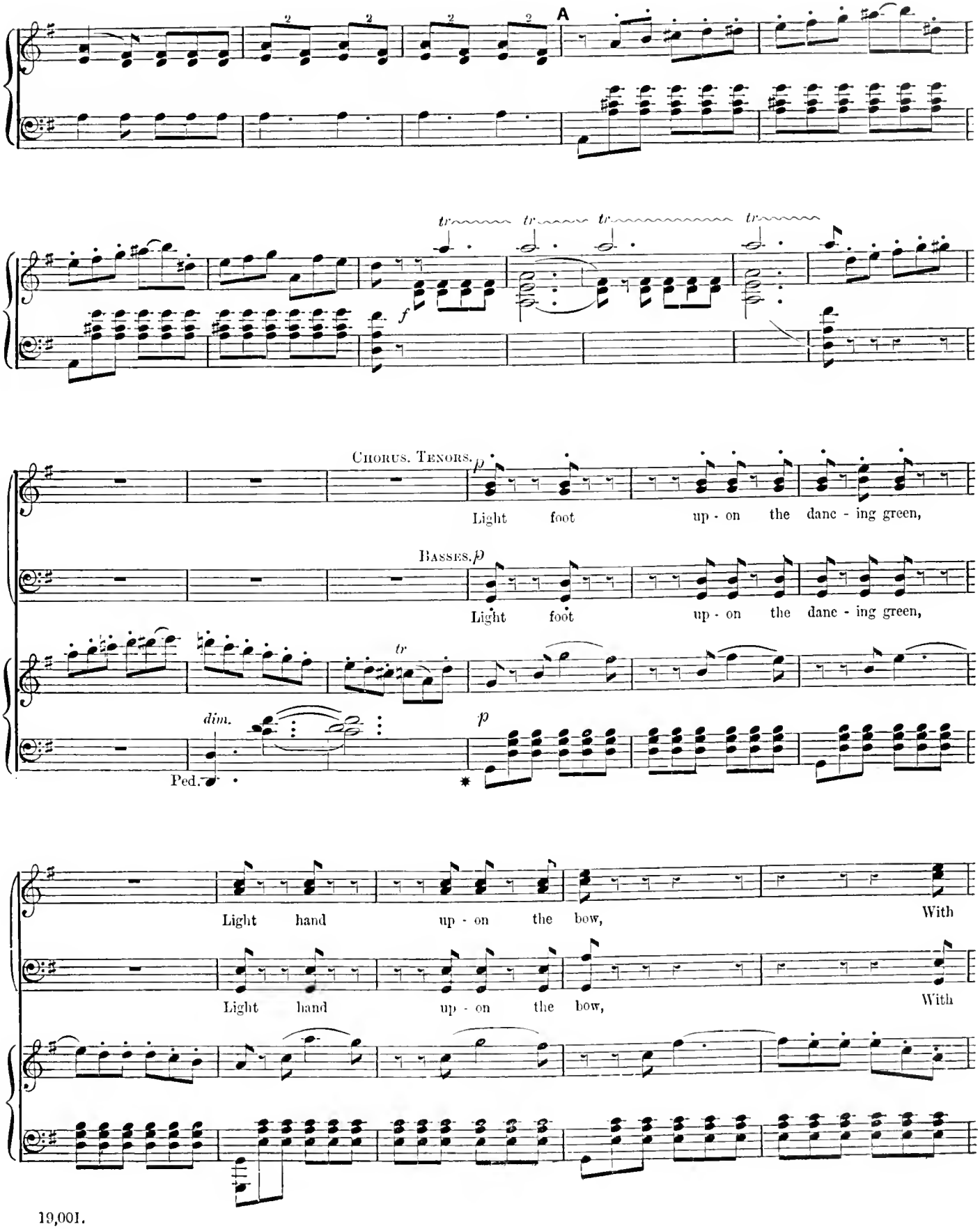

King! Long live the King!
Chorus. Tenors. f
The King! It is the
Basses. f
The King! It is the
f
King! . . . . . The Black Knight!
King! . . . . . The Black Knight! Par - don!
Par - - - - - don! Long live the King!
ff
Par - - - - - don! Long live the King!

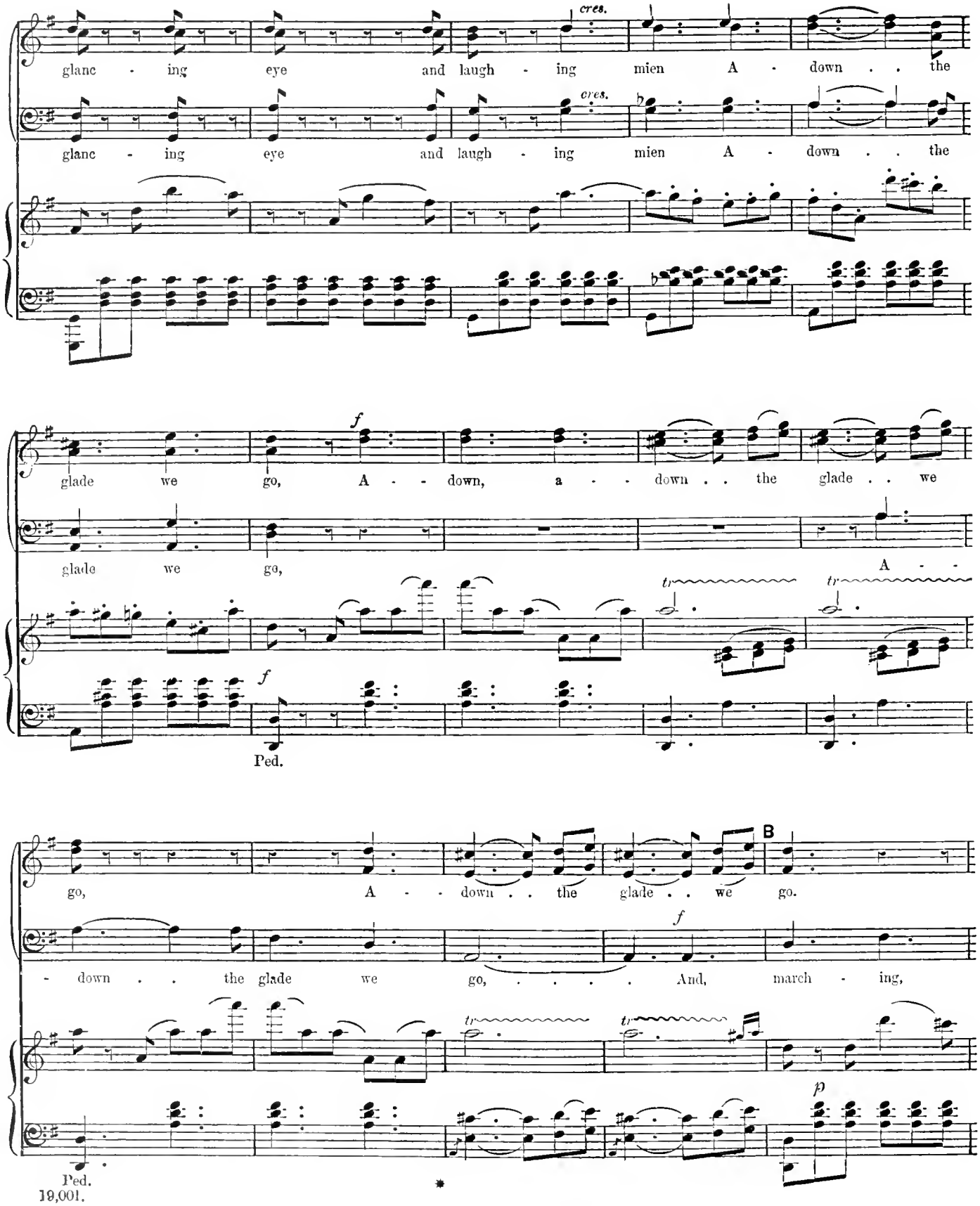

Ulrica.
Far . . . . . leaps the fire - flame, ren - der of for - ests;
Chorus. ff
Ha!
ff
Far floats the smoke-wreath, wings of the ea - gle;
sf
Whet the bright steel, then, Sons of the Dra - gon! Kin-dle the torch - es, Daugh-ters of Hen - gist!
Gc
I come, . . O Zer - ne - bock, I come . . in glo - ry, I
p
cres.

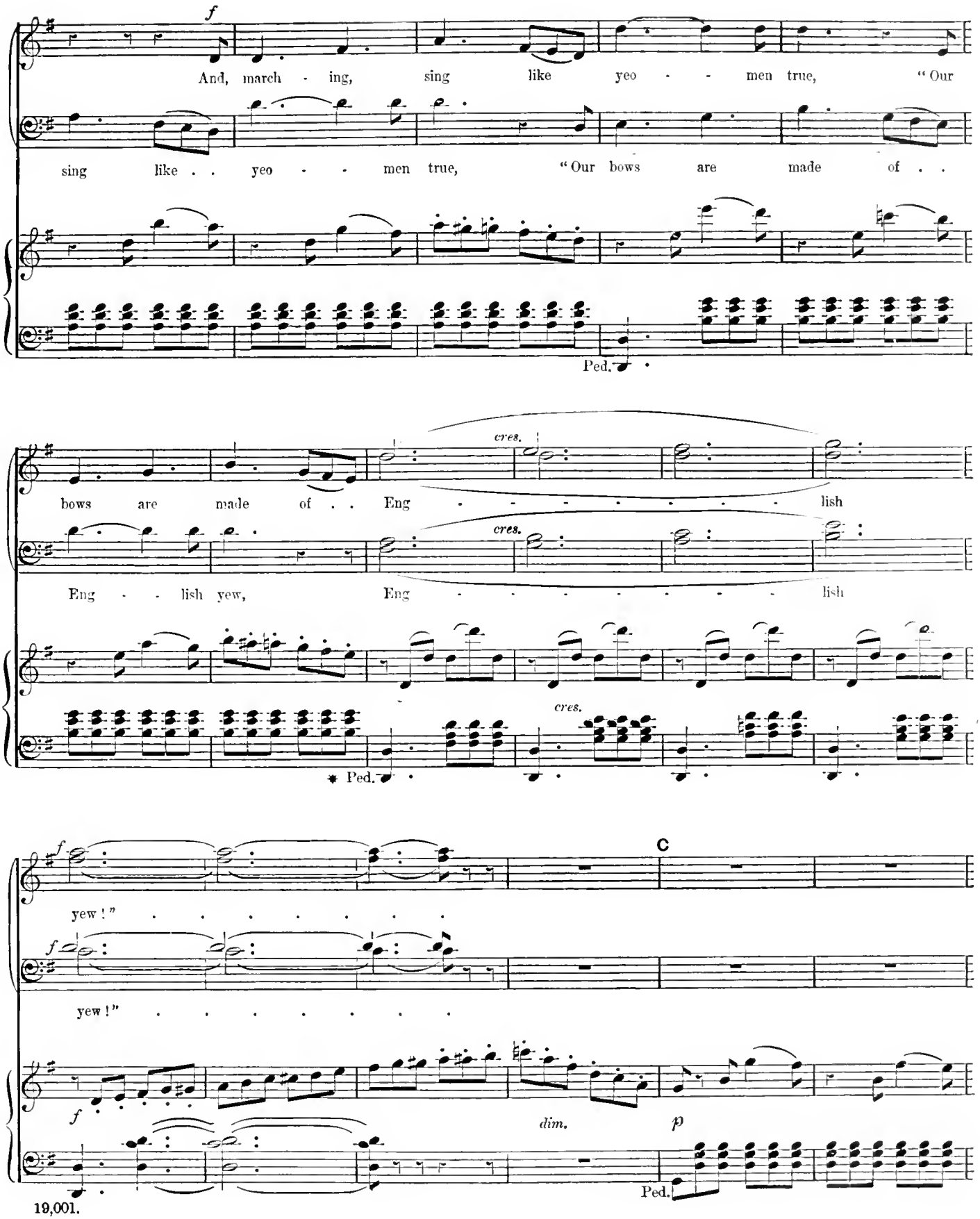

come, ... I come! . . . . . .
Chorus. ff
Ah! . . . .
ff
Ah! . . . .
cres.
ff
sf.
Ped.
. . .
. . .
sf
Ped.
Ped.

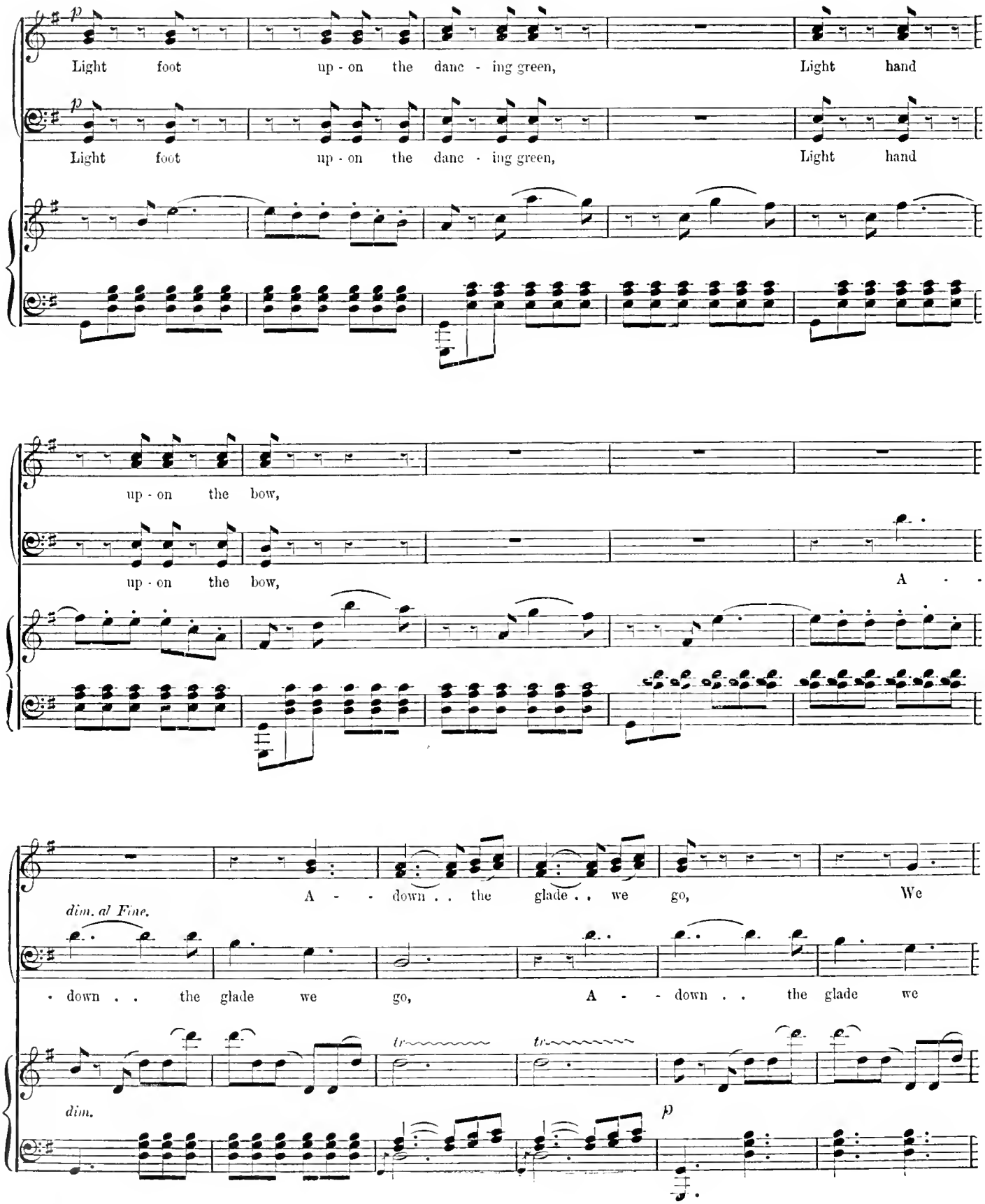
SCENE II.

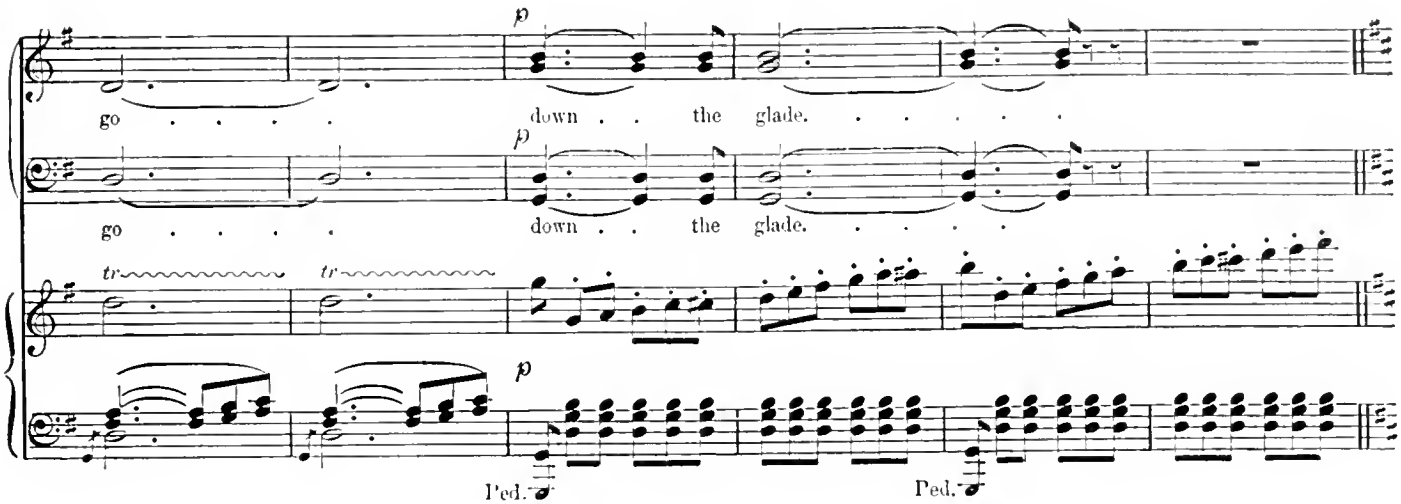


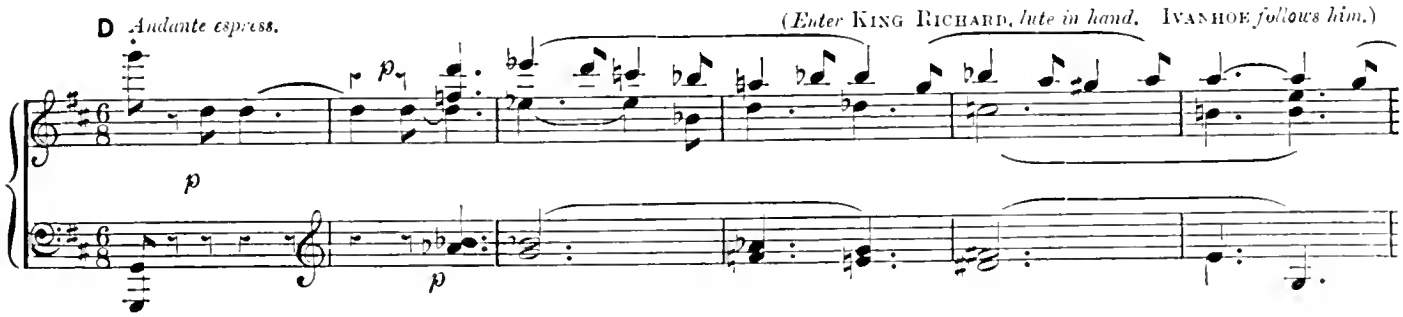

A
tr
f
Chorus. Tenors.
p
Light foot up - on the danc - ing green,
Basses. p
Light foot up - on the danc - ing green,
dim.
Ped.
*
Light hand up - on the bow, With
Light hand up - on the bow, With

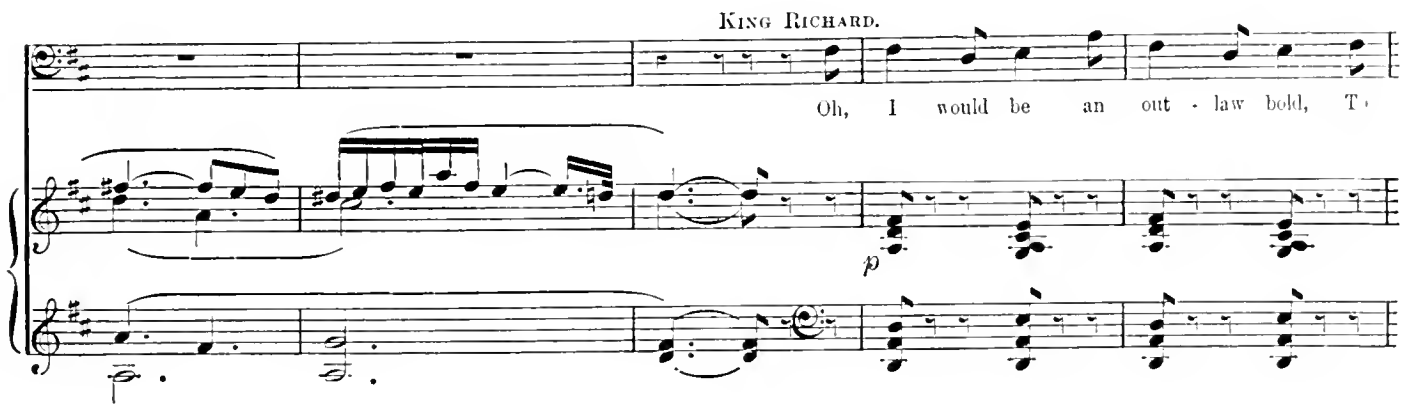

glanc - ing eye and laugh - ing mien A - down . . the
cres.
glanc - ing eye and laugh - ing mien A - down . . the
cres.
glade we go, A - - down, a - - down . . the glade . . we
f
glade we go, A - -
f
Ped.
go, A - - down . . the glade . . we go.
B
- down . . the glade we go, ... And, march - ing,
f
p
Ped.
19,001.

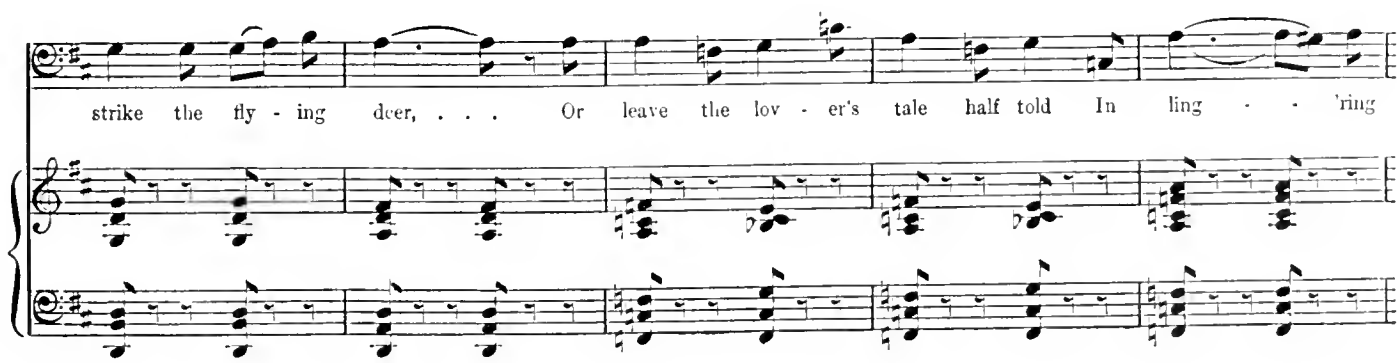

f
And, march - ing, sing like yeo - - men true, "Our
sing like . . yeo - - men true, "Our bows are made of . .
Ped.
cres.
bows are made of . . Eng - - - - - - - - lish
cres.
Eng - - lish yew, Eng - - - - - - - - lish
cres.
* Ped.
f
yew!"
C
f
yew!"
f
dim.
p
Ped.

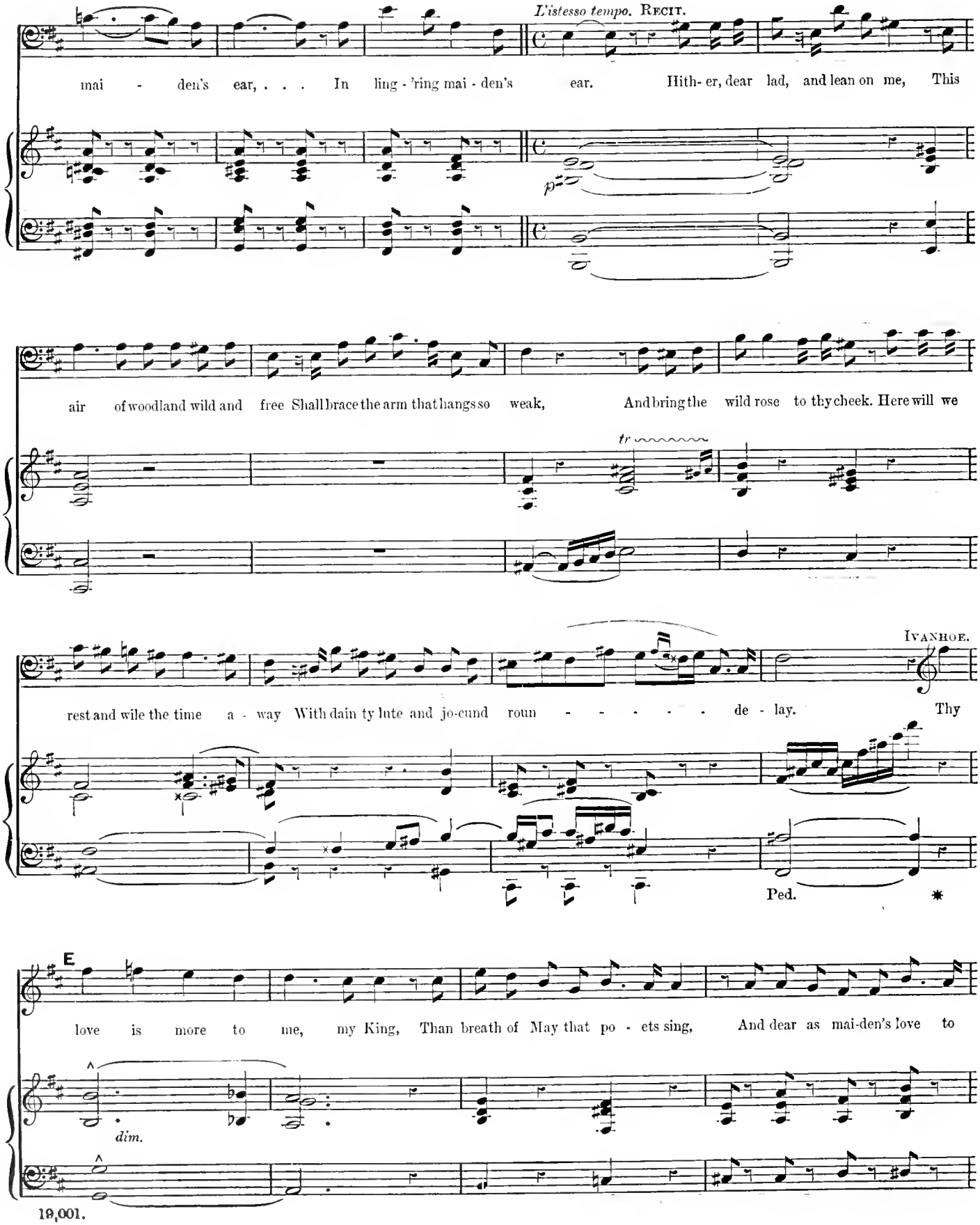

p
Light foot up - on the danc - ing green, Light hand
p
Light foot up - on the danc - ing green, Light hand
up - on the bow,
up - on the bow, A - -
A - - down . . the glade . . we go, We
dim. al Fine.
- down . . the glade we go, A - - down . . the glade we
tr
tr
dim.
p

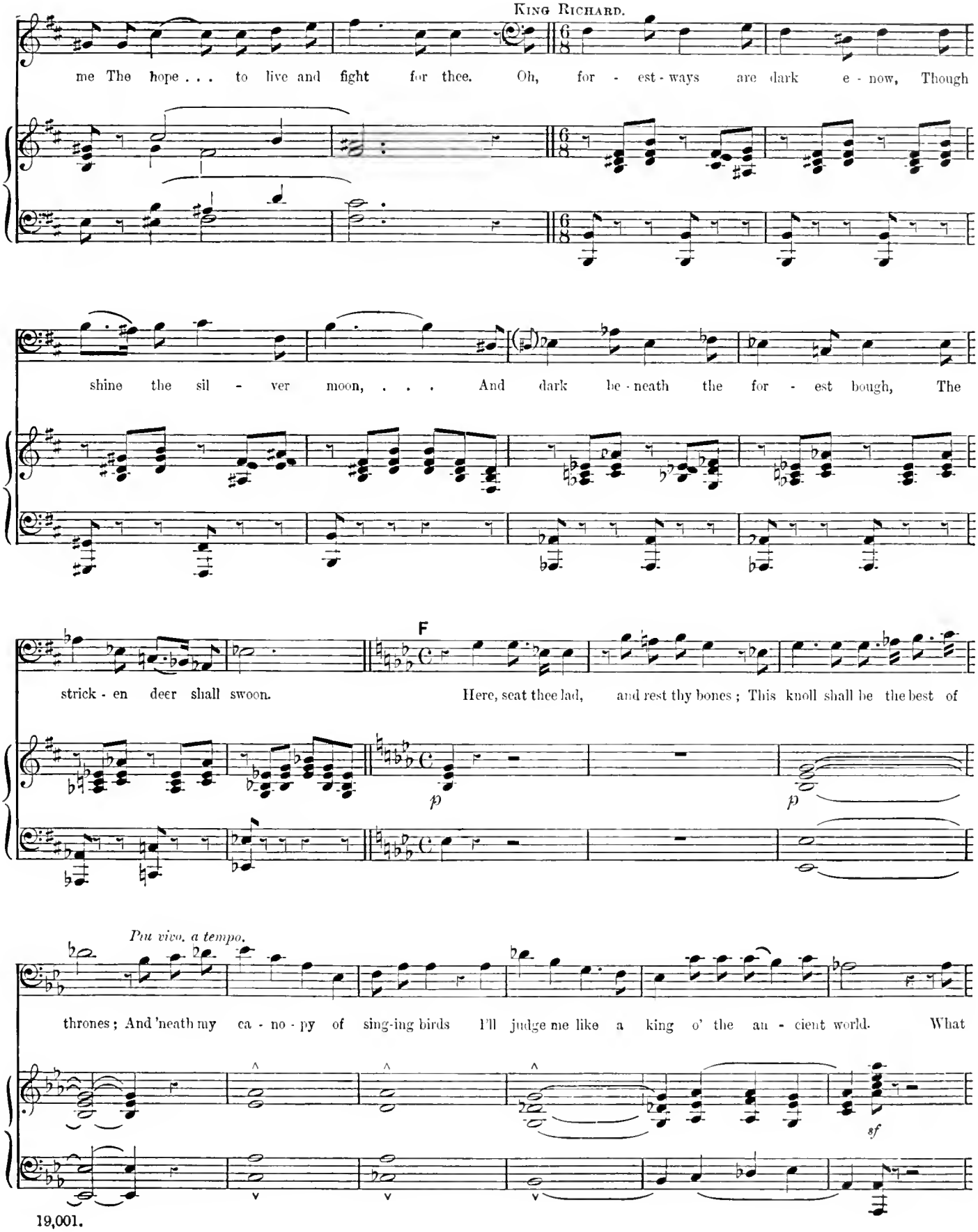

go . . . . down . . the glade. . . . . .
go . . . . down . . the glade. . . . . .
tr tr
p
Ped. Ped.

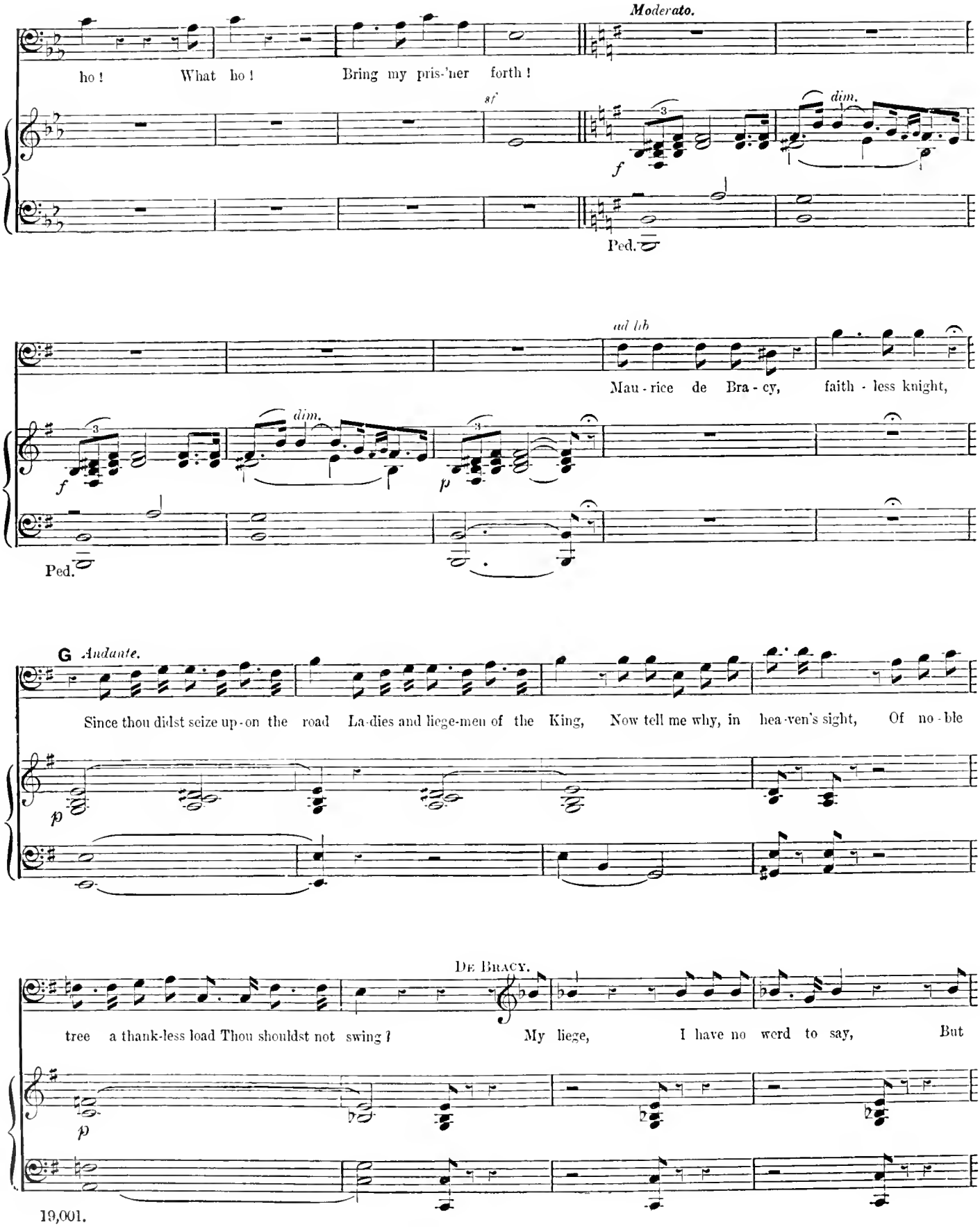

D Andante espress.
(Enter KING RICHARD, lute in hand. IVANHOE follows him.)
p
p

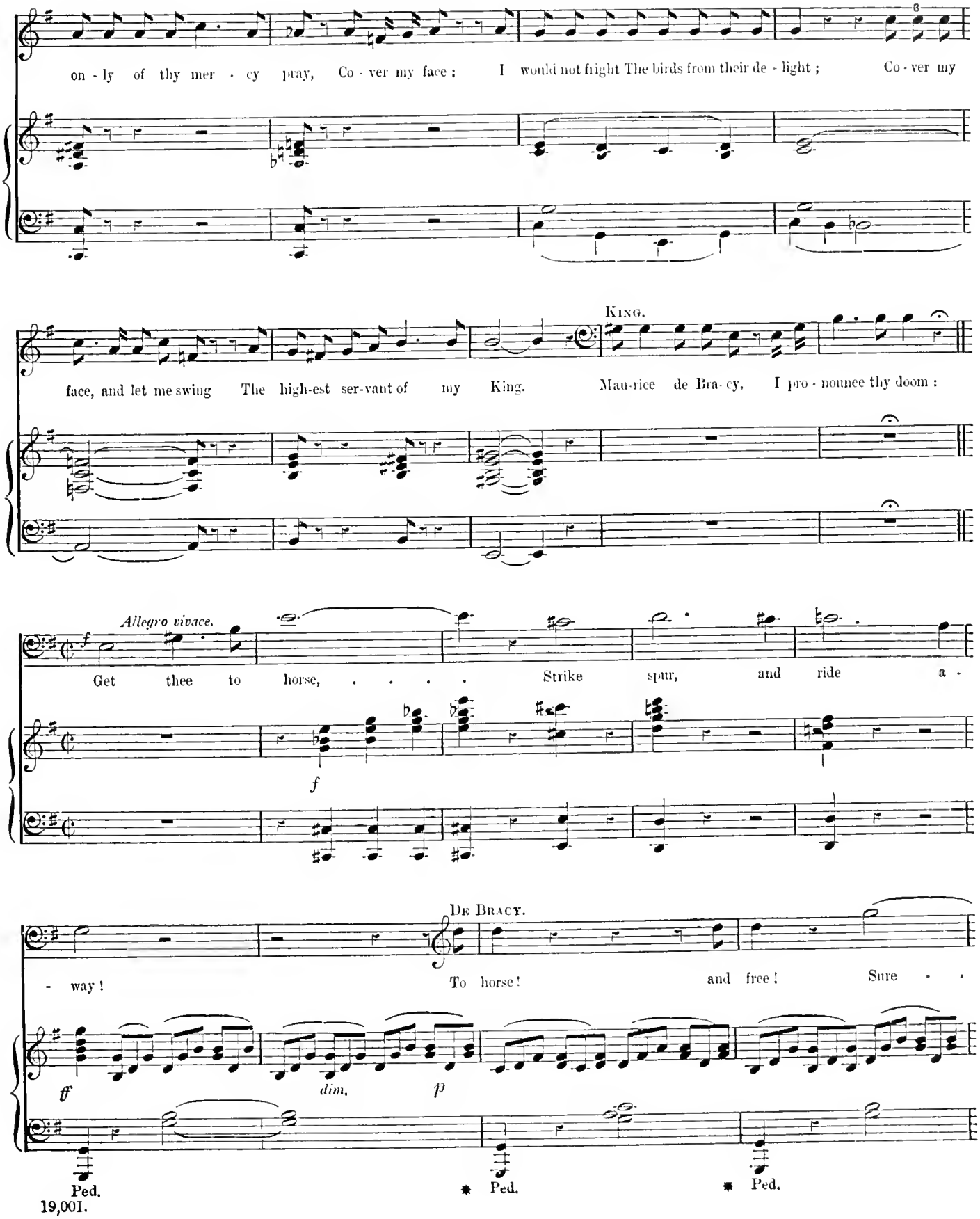

KING RICHARD.
Oh, I would be an out - law bold, T
p

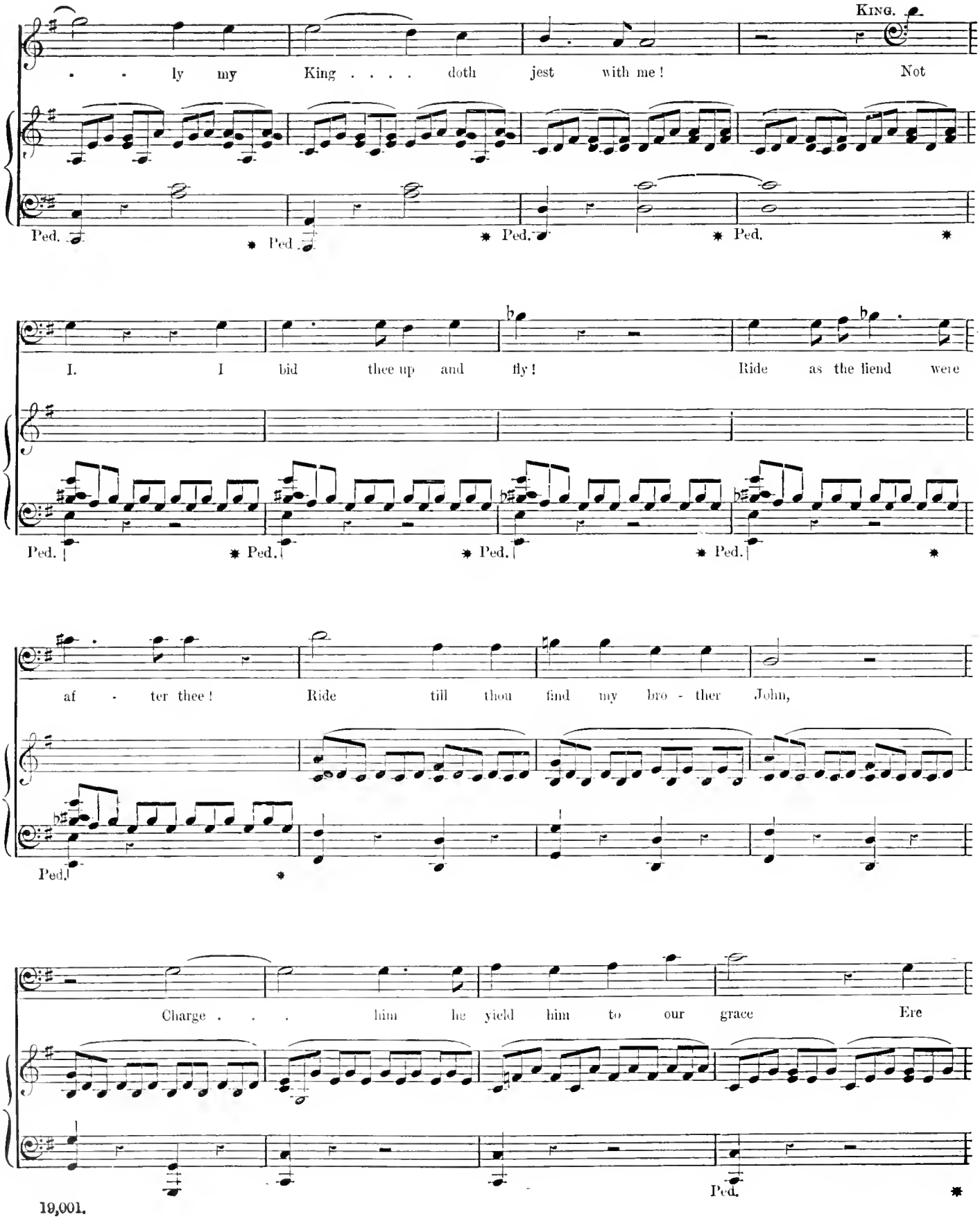

strike the fly - ing deer, . . . Or leave the lov - er's tale half told In ling - - 'ring

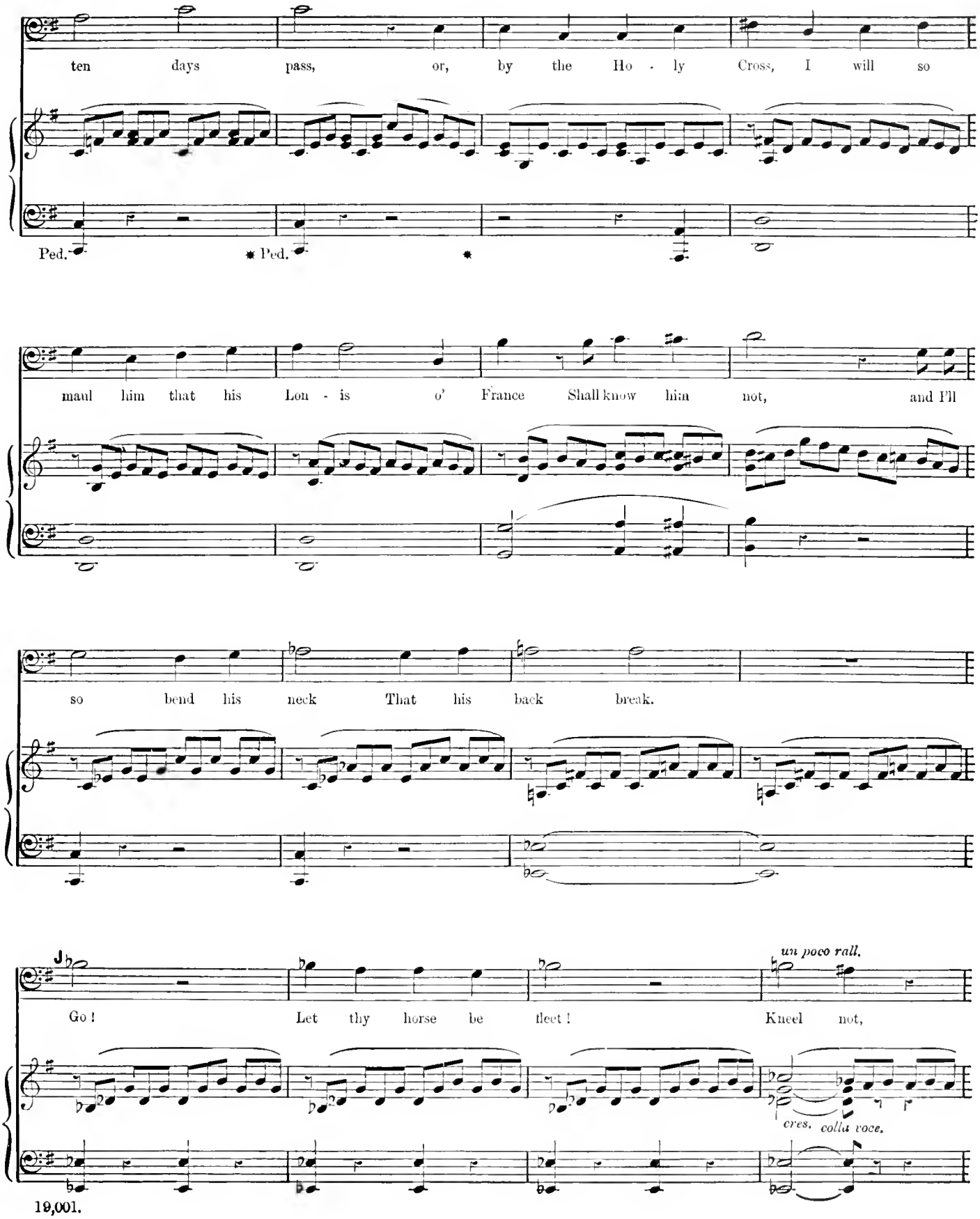

L'istesso tempo. RECIT.
mai - den's ear, . . . In ling - 'ring mai - den's ear. Hith- er, dear lad, and lean on me, This
p
air of woodland wild and free Shall brace the arm that hangs so weak, And bring the wild rose to thy cheek. Here will we
tr
rest and wile the time a - way With dain ty lute and jo-cund roun - - - - - de - lay. Thy
IVANHOE.
Ped.
E
love is more to me, my King, Than breath of May that po - ets sing, And dear as mai-den's love to
dim.

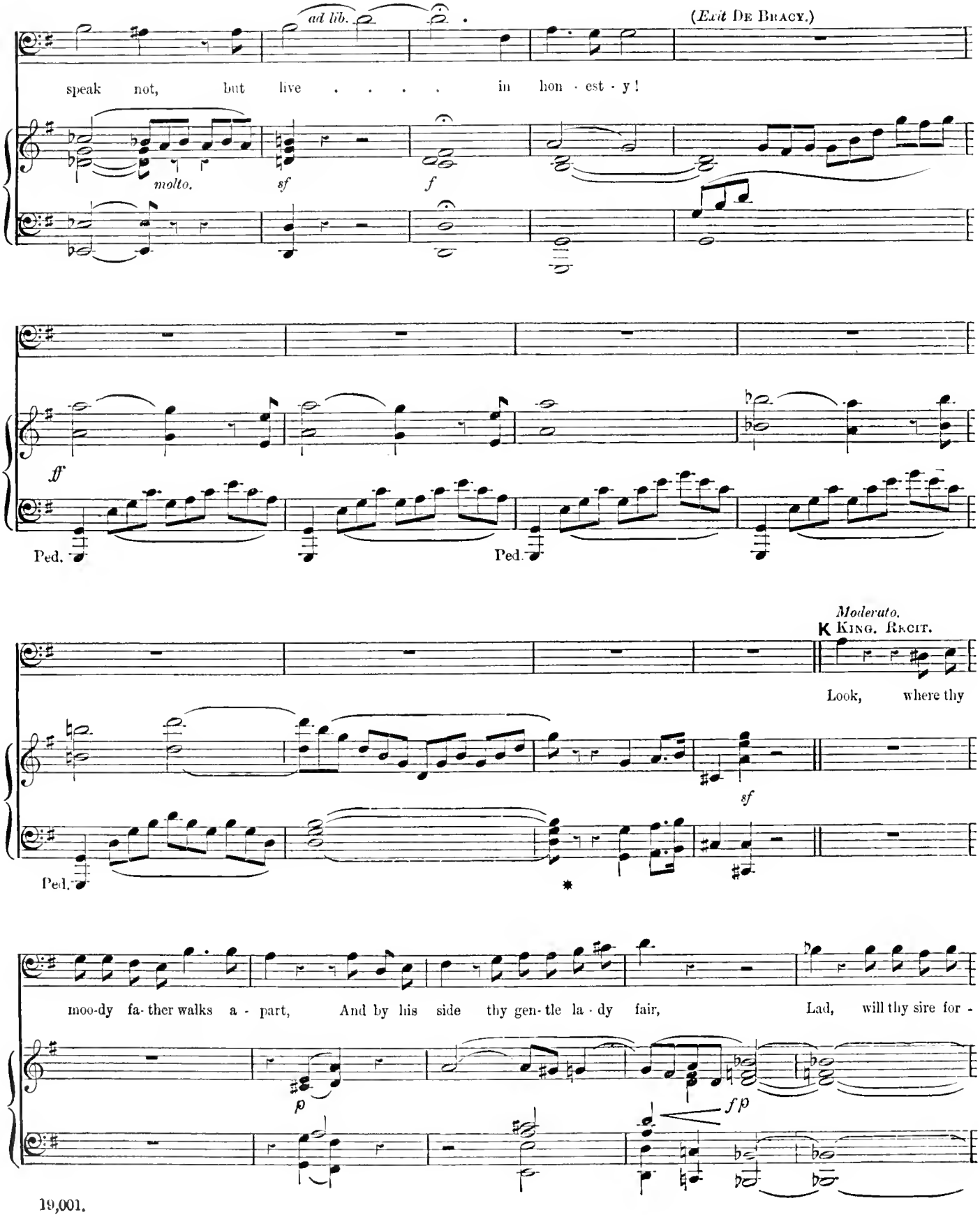

King Richard.
me The hope . . . to live and fight for thee. Oh, for - est - ways are dark e - now, Though
shine the sil - ver moon, . . . And dark be - neath the for - est bough, The
F
strick - en deer shall swoon. Here, seat thee lad, and rest thy bones; This knoll shall be the best of
p
p
Piu vivo, a tempo.
thrones; And 'neath my ca - no - py of sing-ing birds I'll judge me like a king o' the an - cient world. What
sf

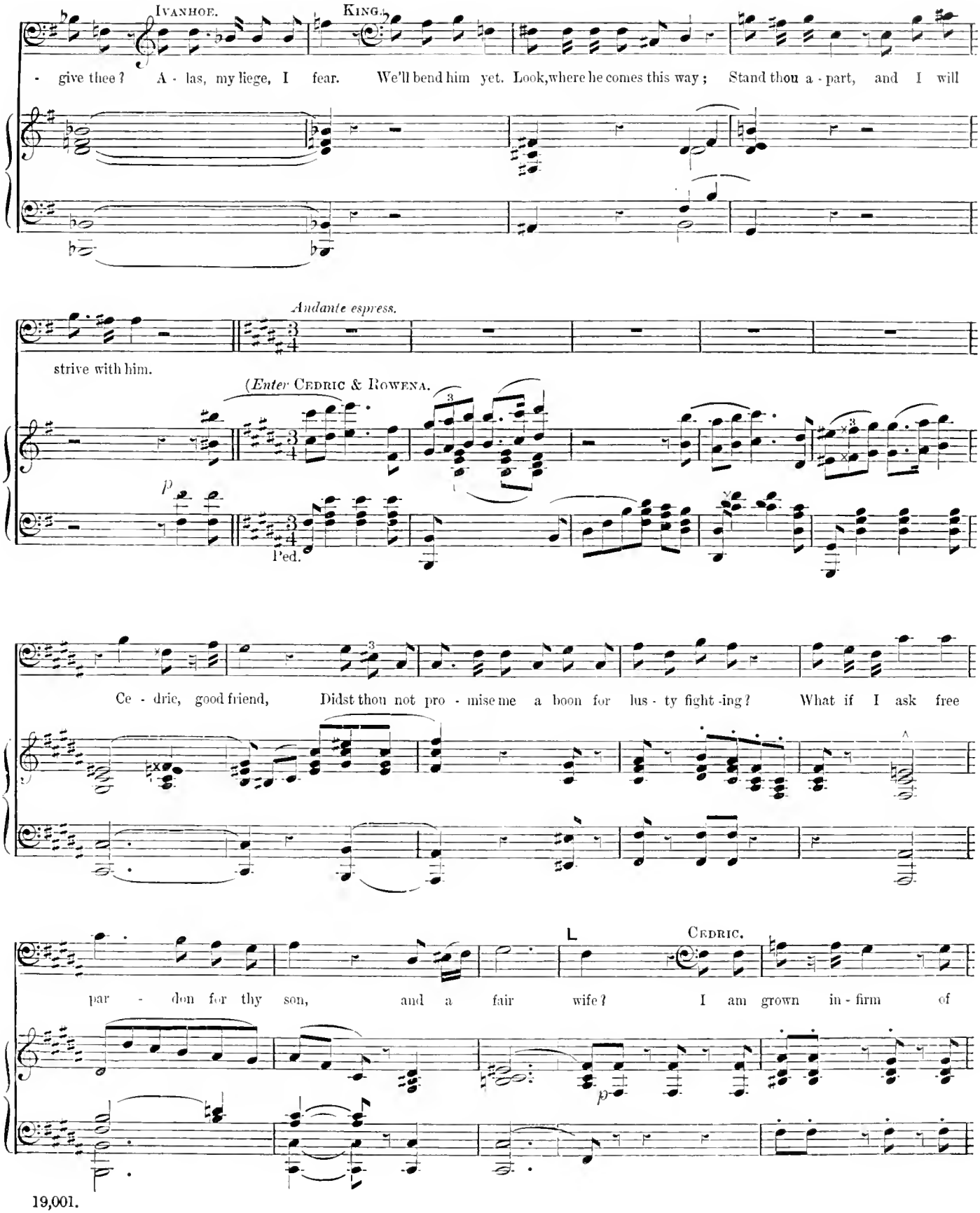

Moderato.
ho! What ho! Bring my pris-'ner forth!
sf
f
dim.
Ped.
ad lib
Mau-rice de Bra-cy, faith-less knight,
dim.
p
Ped.
G Andante.
Since thou didst seize up-on the road La-dies and liege-men of the King, Now tell me why, in hea-ven's sight, Of no-ble
p
De Bracy.
tree a thank-less load Thou shouldst not swing? My liege, I have no word to say, But
p


on - ly of thy mer - cy pray, Co - ver my face : I would not fright The birds from their de - light ; Co - ver my
face, and let me swing The high-est ser-vant of my King.
KING.
Mau-rice de Bra- cy, I pro - nounce thy doom :
Allegro vivace.
Get thee to horse, ... Strike spur, and ride a -
DE BRACY.
- way ! To horse ! and free ! Sure . .
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


KING.
. . ly my King . . . . doth jest with me! Not
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
I. I bid thee up and fly! Ride as the fiend were
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
af - ter thee! Ride till thou find my bro - ther John,
Ped. *
Charge . . . him he yield him to our grace Ere
Ped. *


ten days pass, or, by the Ho - ly Cross, I will so
Ped. * Ped. *
maul him that his Lon - is o' France Shall know him not, and I'll
so bend his neck That his back break.
Go! Let thy horse be fleet! Kneel not,
un poco rall.
cres. colla voce.


ad lib.
(Exit De Bracy.)
speak not, but live . . . . in hon - est - y!
molto.
sf
f
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Moderato.
K King. Recit.
Look, where thy
sf
Ped.
moo-dy fa-ther walks a - part, And by his side thy gen-tle la - dy fair, Lad, will thy sire for -
p
fp


IVANHOE.
KING.
- give thee? A - las, my liege, I fear. We'll bend him yet. Look, where he comes this way; Stand thou a - part, and I will
Andante espress.
strive with him.
(Enter CEDRIC & ROWENA.
p
Ped.
Ce - dric, good friend, Didst thou not pro - mise me a boon for lus - ty fight - ing? What if I ask free
CEDRIC.
par - don for thy son, and a fair wife? I am grown in - firm of
p

Andante con moto—l'istesso tempo.

pur - pose; I know not— If for the love of wo - man's face My life - long

p

task must end - - - ed be, And lost, the hope of Har - old's race, What work re -

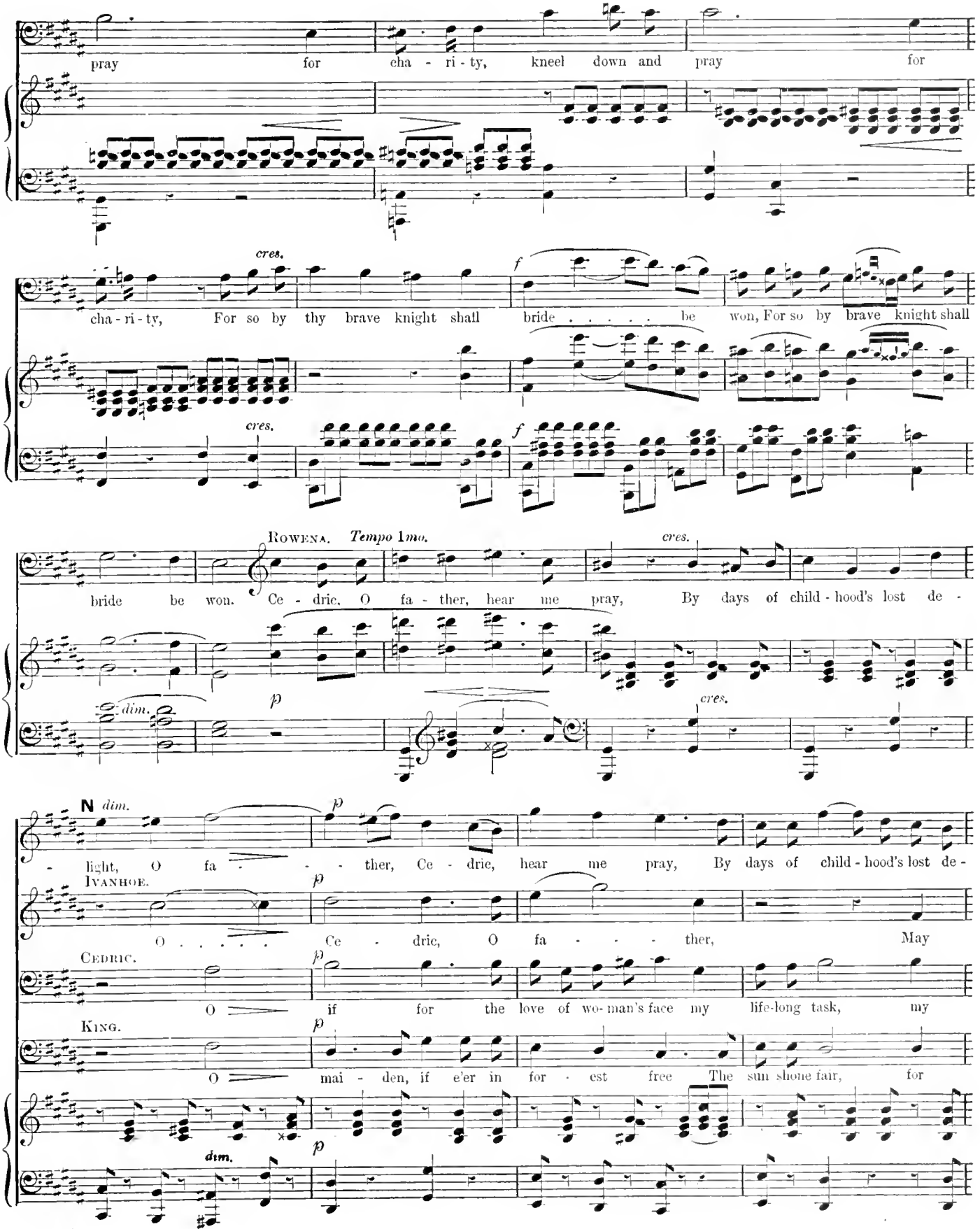
- mains for me, re mains for me, Be - neath the sun?

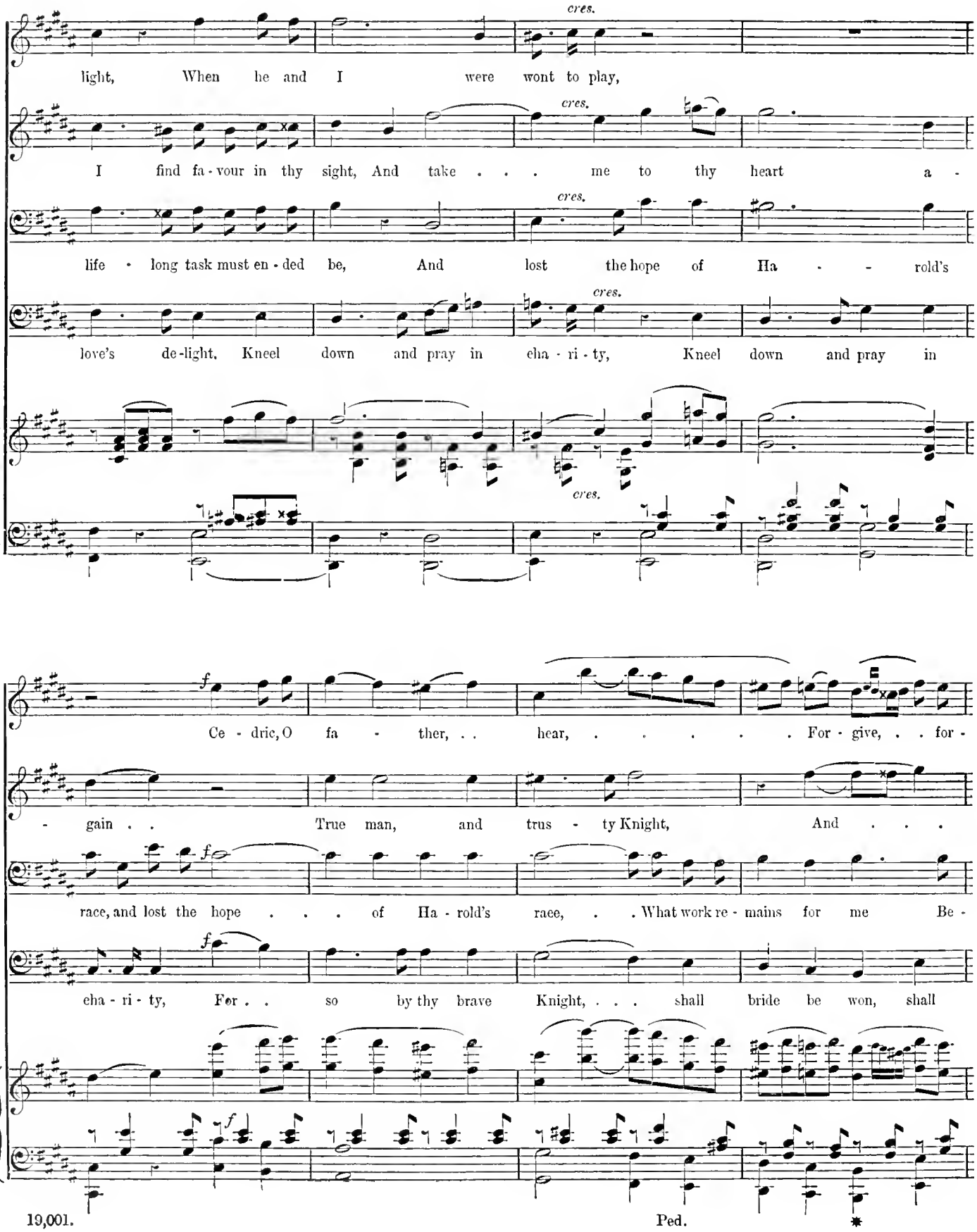
cres. *dim.* *p*

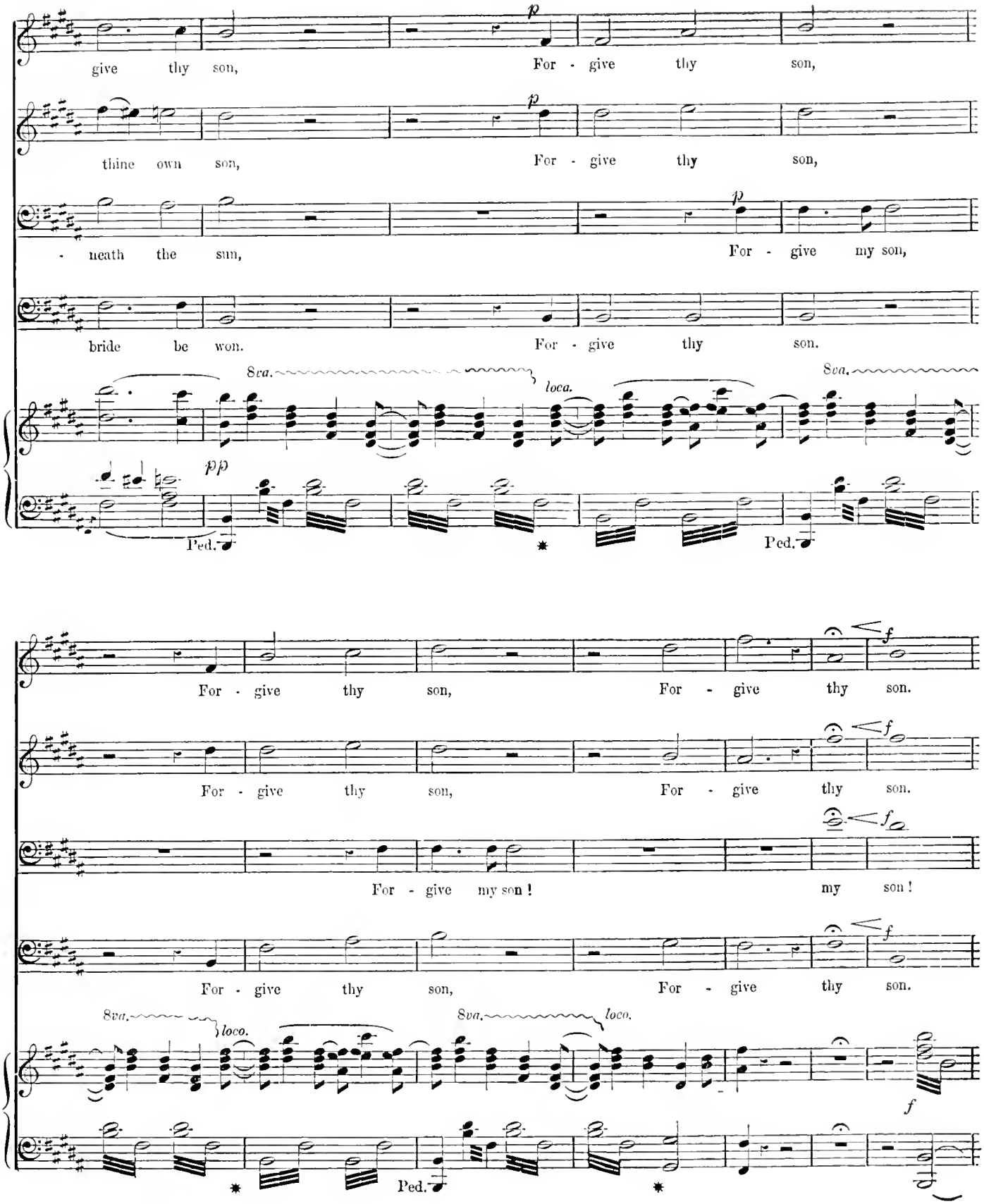
M KING RICHARD. *un poco animato.*

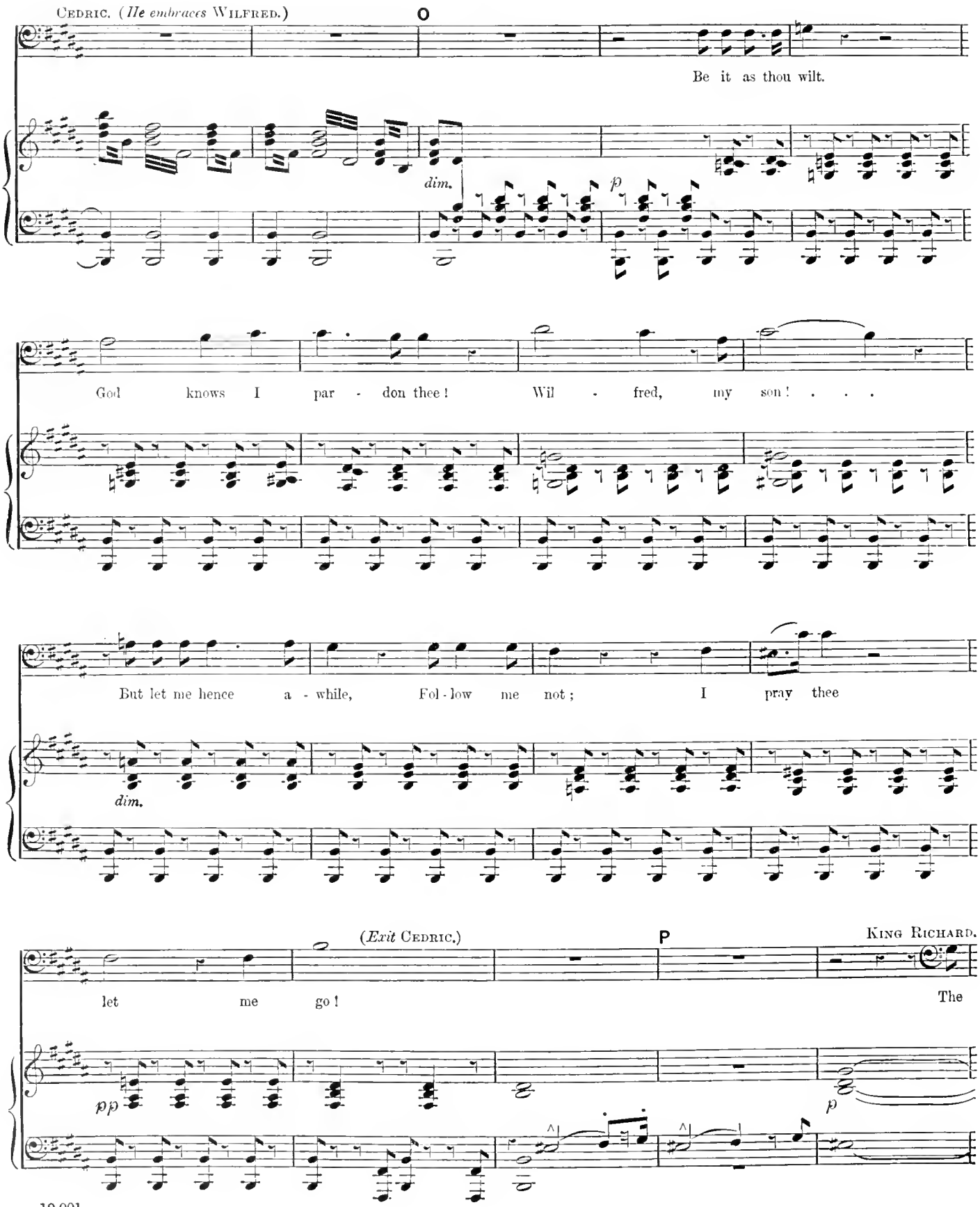
Mai - den, if e'er in for - est free The sun shone fair . . . for love's de - light, Kneel down and

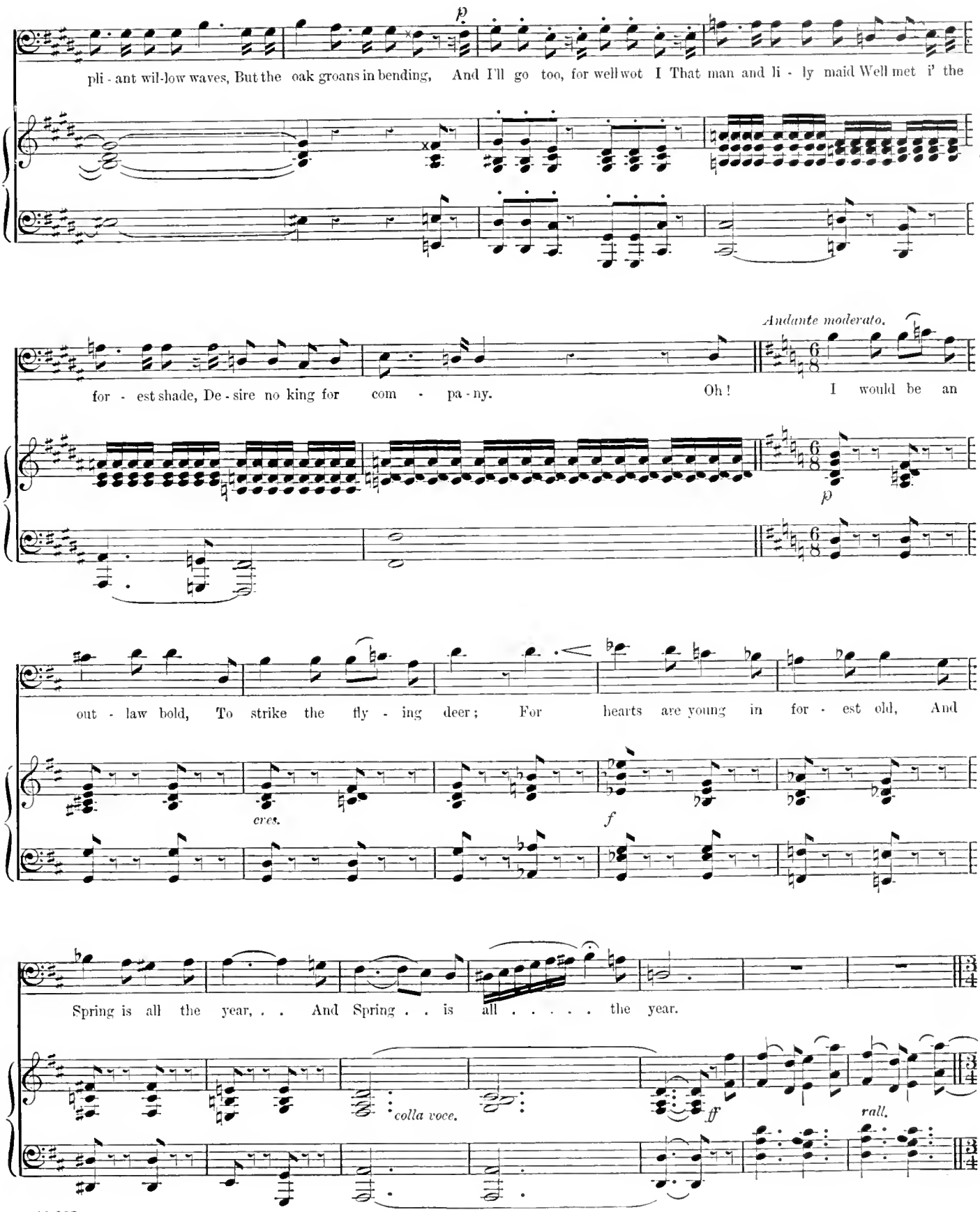
p staccato.

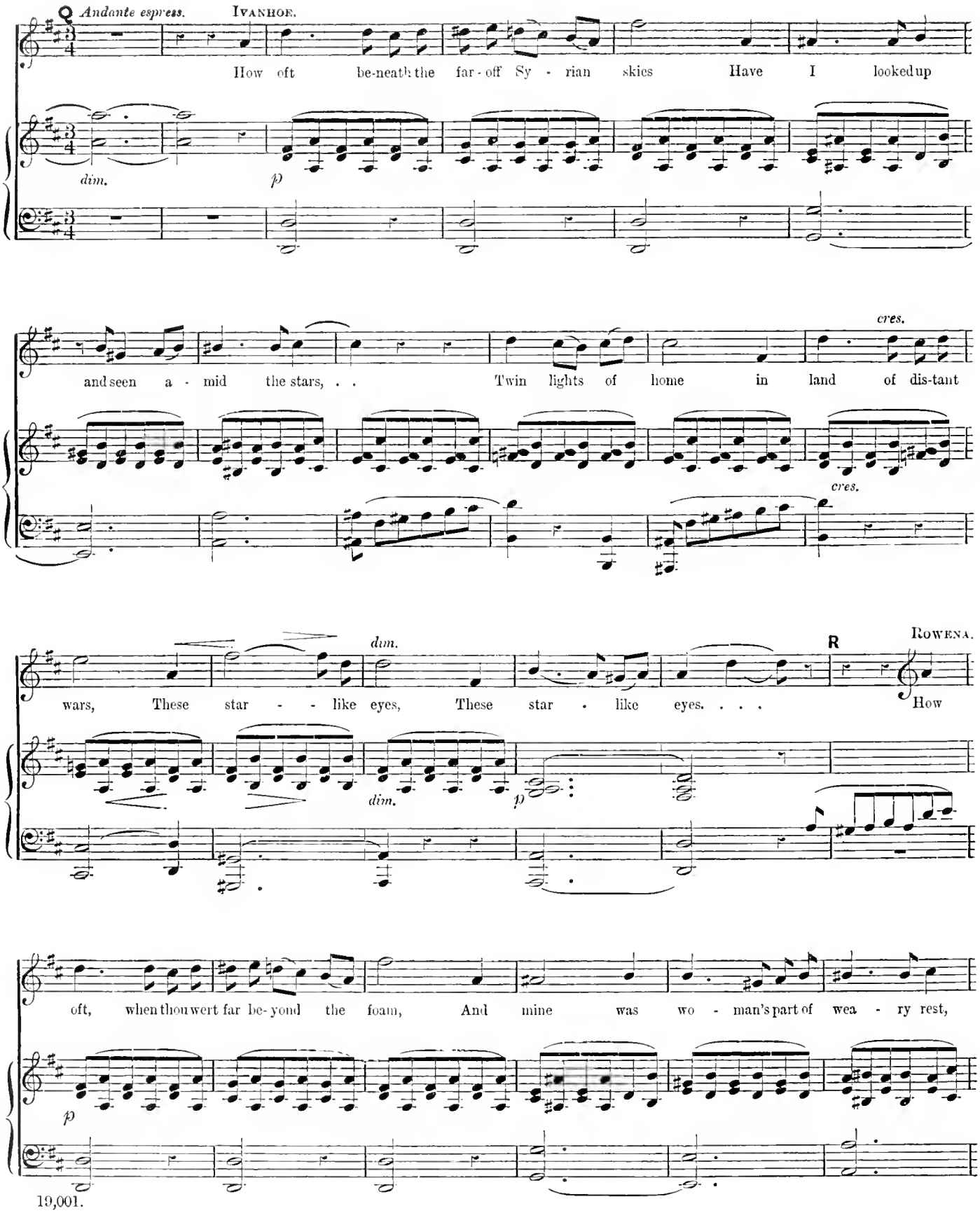

pray for cha - ri - ty, kneel down and pray for
cres.
cha - ri - ty, For so by thy brave knight shall bride . . . . . be won, For so by brave knight shall
f
cres.
f
ROWENA. Tempo 1mo.
bride be won. Ce - dric, O fa - ther, hear me pray, By days of child - hood's lost de -
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
N dim.
- light, O fa - - - - ther, Ce - dric, hear me pray, By days of child - hood's lost de -
p
IVANHOE.
O . . . . . Ce - dric, O fa - - - - ther, May
p
CEDRIC.
O if for the love of wo - man's face my life-long task, my
p
KING.
O mai - den, if e'er in for - est free The sun shone fair, for
p
dim.

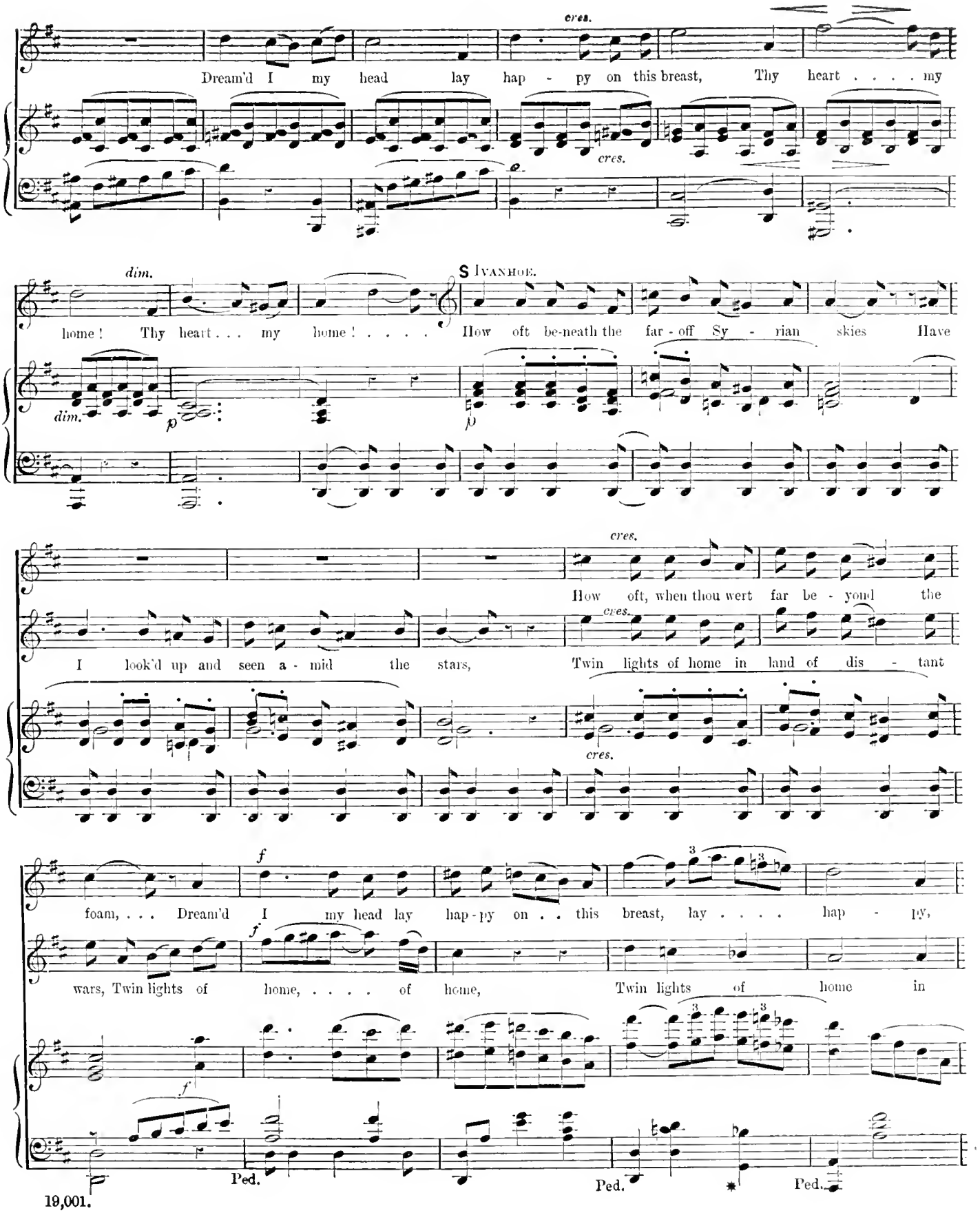

cres.
light, When he and I were wont to play,
cres.
I find fa - vour in thy sight, And take . . . me to thy heart a -
cres.
life - long task must en - ded be, And lost the hope of Ha - - rold's
cres.
love's de-light. Kneel down and pray in cha - ri - ty, Kneel down and pray in
cres.
f
Ce - dric, O fa - ther, . . hear, ... For - give, . . for -
- gain . . True man, and trus - ty Knight, And . . .
f
race, and lost the hope . . . of Ha - rold's race, . . What work re - mains for me Be -
f
cha - ri - ty, For . . so by thy brave Knight, . . . shall bride be won, shall
f
Ped.
*

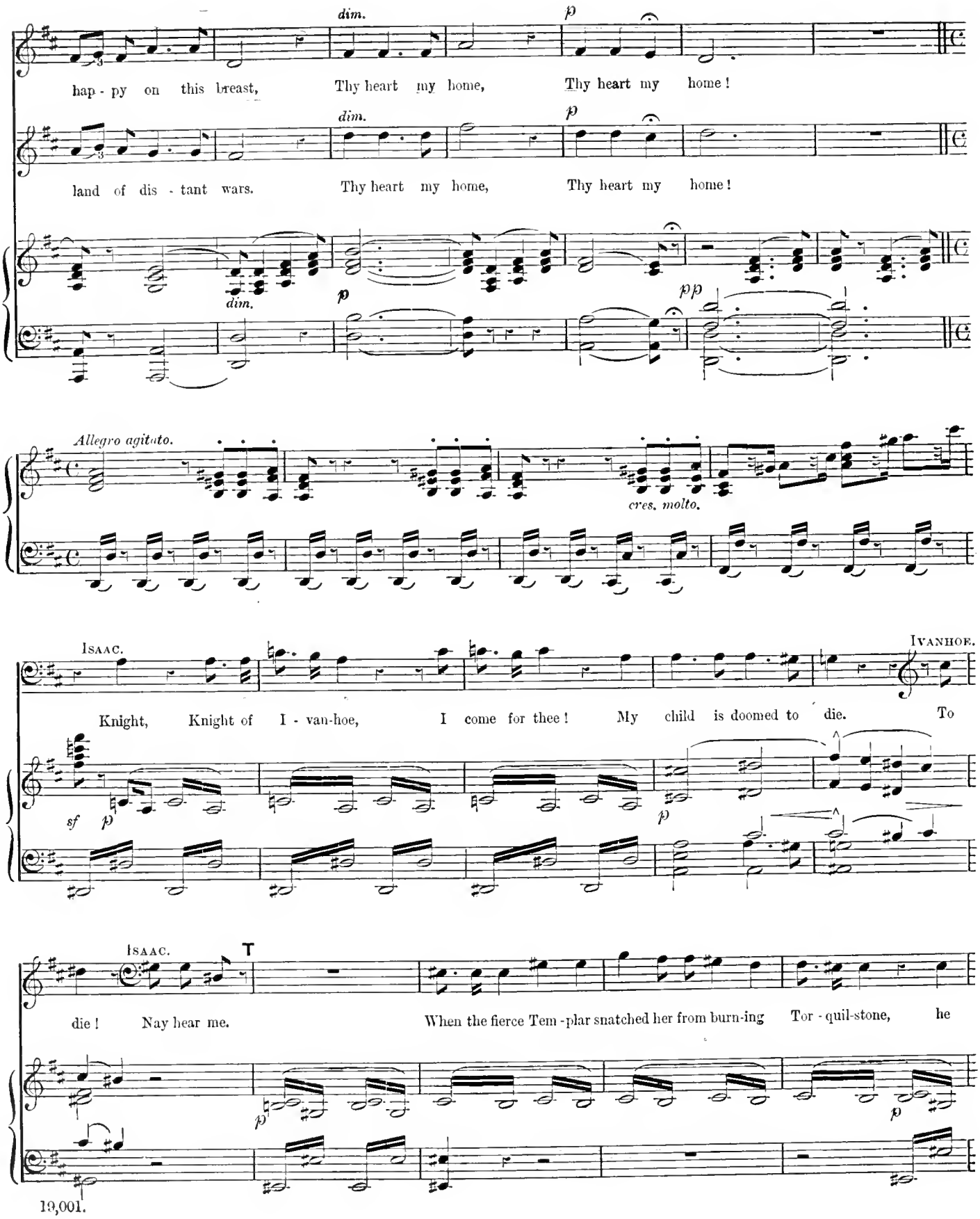

give thy son, For - give thy son,
thine own son, For - give thy son,
- neath the sun, For - give my son,
bride be won. For - give thy son.
8va. loca. 8va.
pp
Ped. Ped.
For - give thy son, For - give thy son.
For - give thy son, For - give thy son.
For - give my son ! my son !
For - give thy son, For - give thy son.
8va. loco. 8va. loco.
Ped.

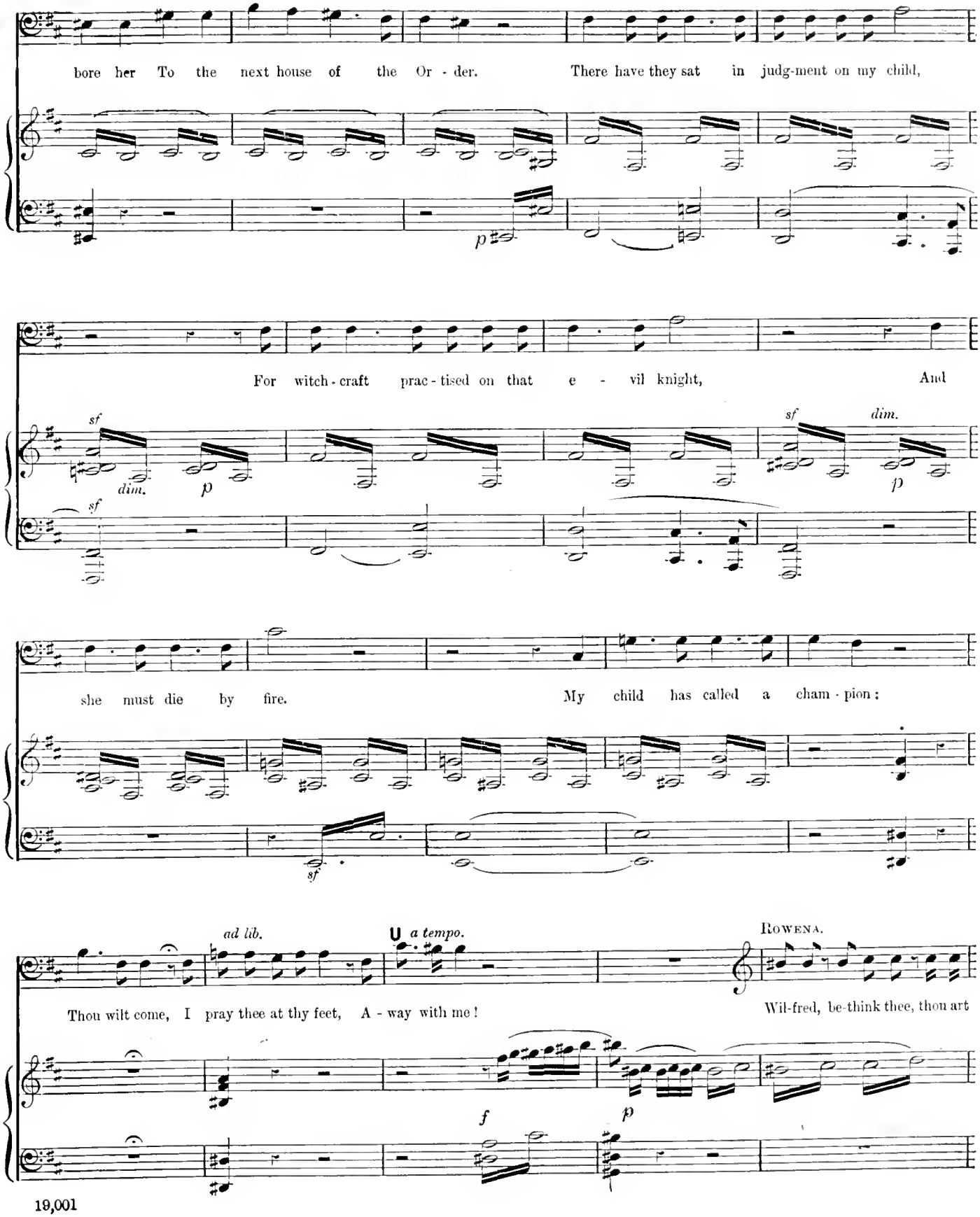

CEDRIC. (*He embraces* WILFRED.)
O
Be it as thou wilt.
dim.
p
God knows I par - don thee! Wil - fred, my son! . . .
But let me hence a - while, Fol - low me not; I pray thee
dim.
(*Exit* CEDRIC.)
P
KING RICHARD.
let me go!
The
pp
p

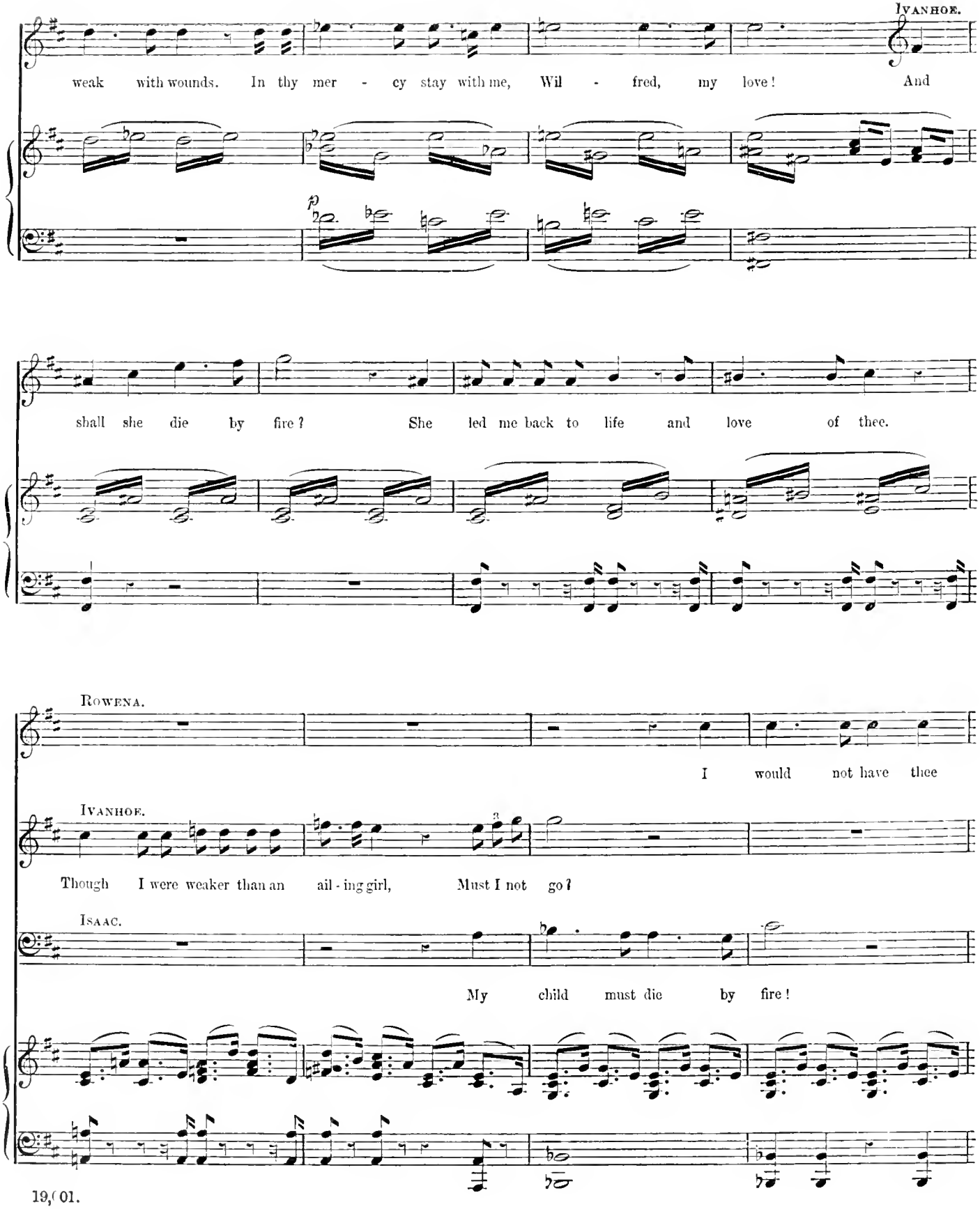

p
pli - ant wil-low waves, But the oak groans in bending, And I'll go too, for well wot I That man and li - ly maid Well met i' the
Andante moderato.
for - est shade, De - sire no king for com - pa - ny. Oh! I would be an
p
out - law bold, To strike the fly - ing deer; For hearts are young in for - est old, And
cres.
f
Spring is all the year, . . And Spring . . is all . . . . . the year.
colla voce.
ff
rall.

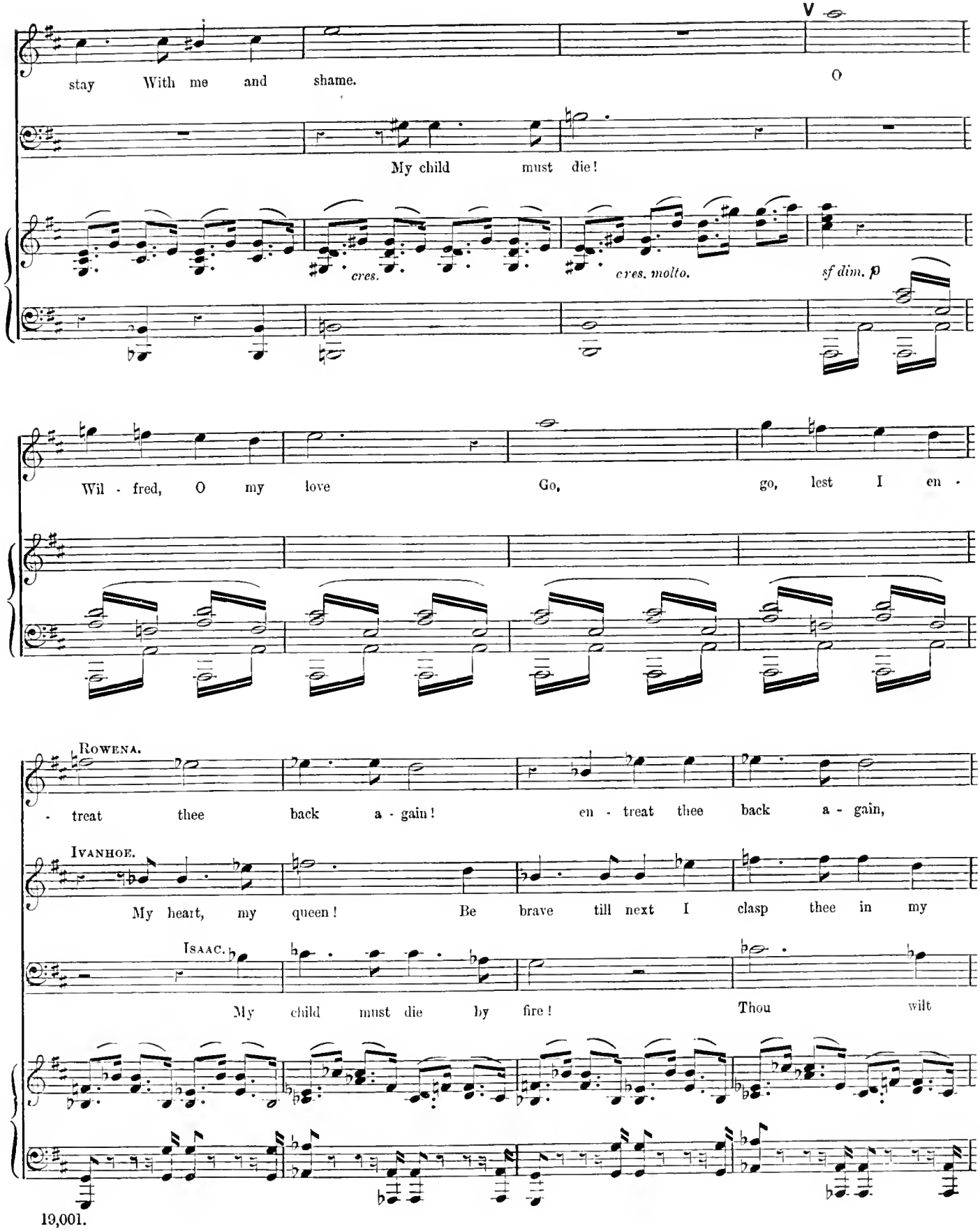

Andante espress.
IVANHOE.
How oft be-neath the far-off Sy - rian skies Have I looked up
dim.
p
and seen a - mid the stars, . . Twin lights of home in land of dis-tant
cres.
cres.
wars, These star - - like eyes, These star - like eyes. . . .
dim.
dim.
p
R
ROWENA.
How
oft, when thou wert far be-yond the foam, And mine was wo - man's part of wea - ry rest,
p

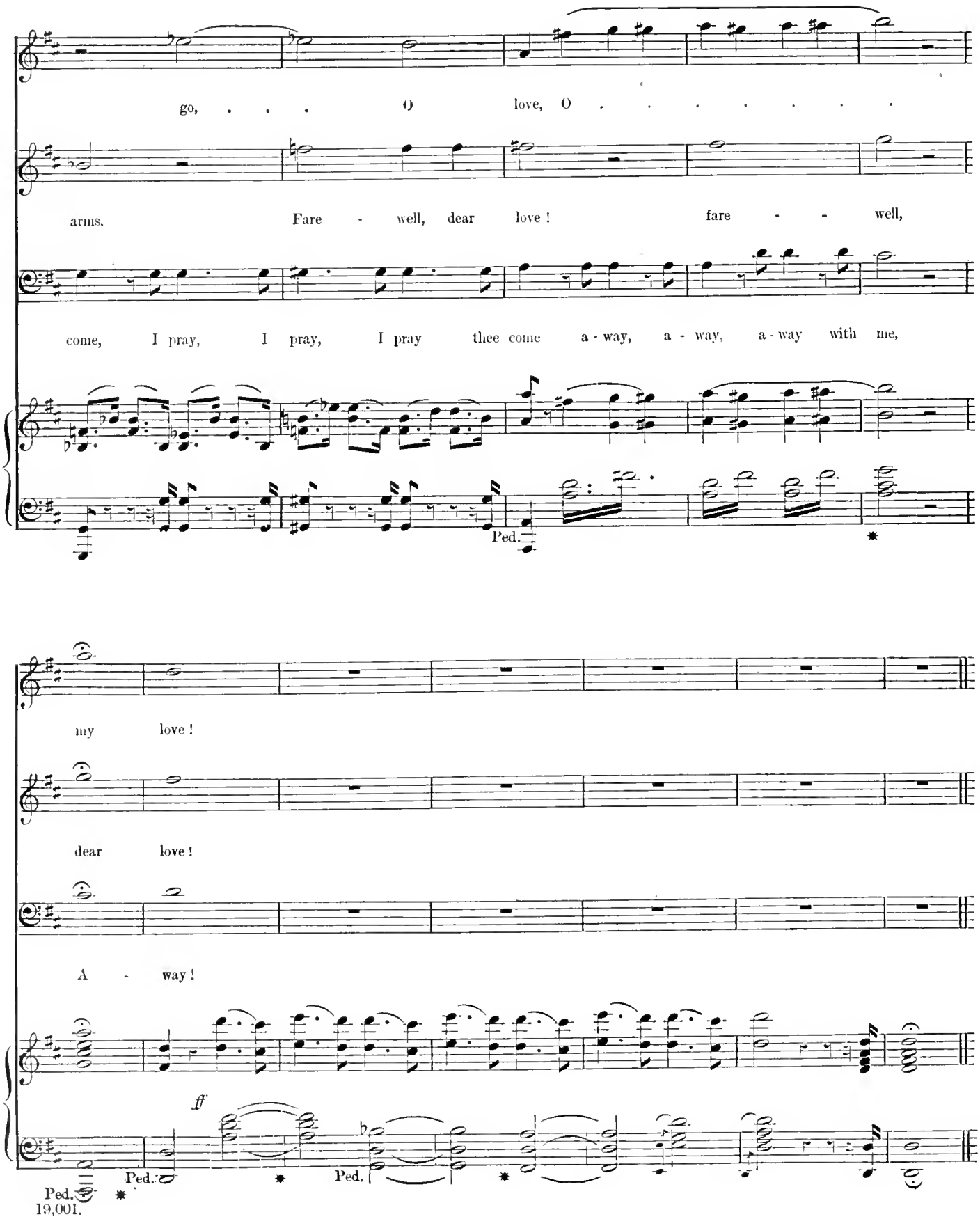

cres.
Dream'd I my head lay hap - py on this breast, Thy heart . . . . my
cres.
dim.
home! Thy heart . . . my home! . . . . .
SIVANHOE.
How oft be-neath the far - off Sy - rian skies Have
dim.
p
p
cres.
How oft, when thou wert far be - yond the
cres.
I look'd up and seen a - mid the stars, Twin lights of home in land of dis - tant
cres.
f
foam, . . . Dream'd I my head lay hap - py on . . this breast, lay . . . . hap - py,
f
wars, Twin lights of home, ... of home, Twin lights of home in
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


dim.
p
hap - py on this breast, Thy heart my home, Thy heart my home!
dim.
p
land of dis - tant wars. Thy heart my home, Thy heart my home!
dim.
p
pp
Allegro agitato.
cres. molto.
Isaac.
Ivanhoe.
Knight, Knight of I - van-hoe, I come for thee! My child is doomed to die. To
sf
p
p
Isaac.
T
die! Nay hear me. When the fierce Tem - plar snatched her from burn-ing Tor - quil-stone, he
p
p


bore her To the next house of the Or - der.
There have they sat in judg-ment on my child,
p
For witch - craft prac - tised on that e - vil knight,
And
sf
dim.
p
sf
dim.
p
sf
she must die by fire.
My child has called a cham - pion:
sf
ad lib.
a tempo.
ROWENA.
Thou wilt come, I pray thee at thy feet, A - way with me!
Wil-fred, be-think thee, thou art
f
p

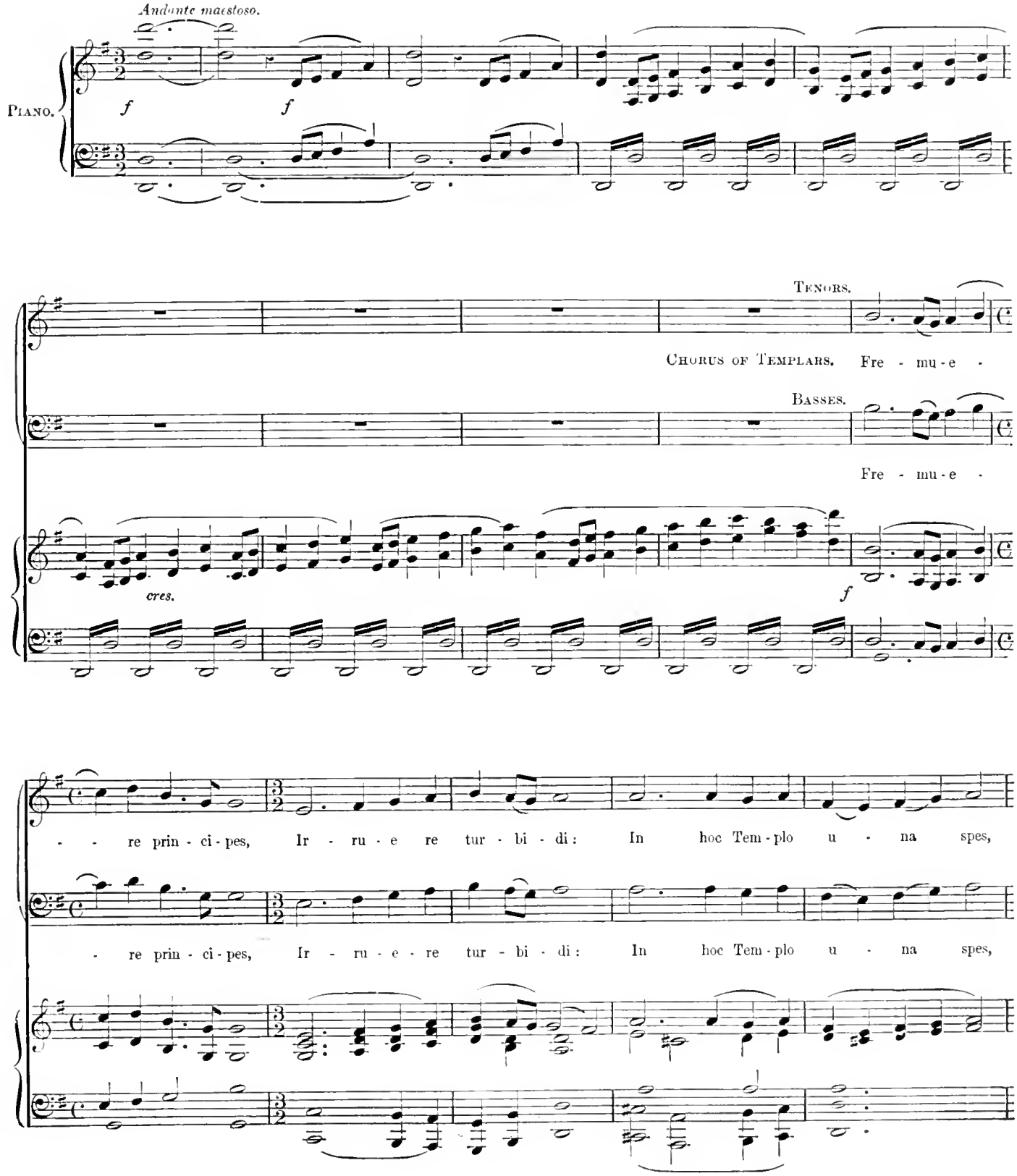

IVANHOE.
weak with wounds. In thy mer - cy stay with me, Wil - fred, my love! And
shall she die by fire? She led me back to life and love of thee.
ROWENA.
I would not have thee
IVANHOE.
Though I were weaker than an ail - ing girl, Must I not go?
ISAAC.
My child must die by fire!

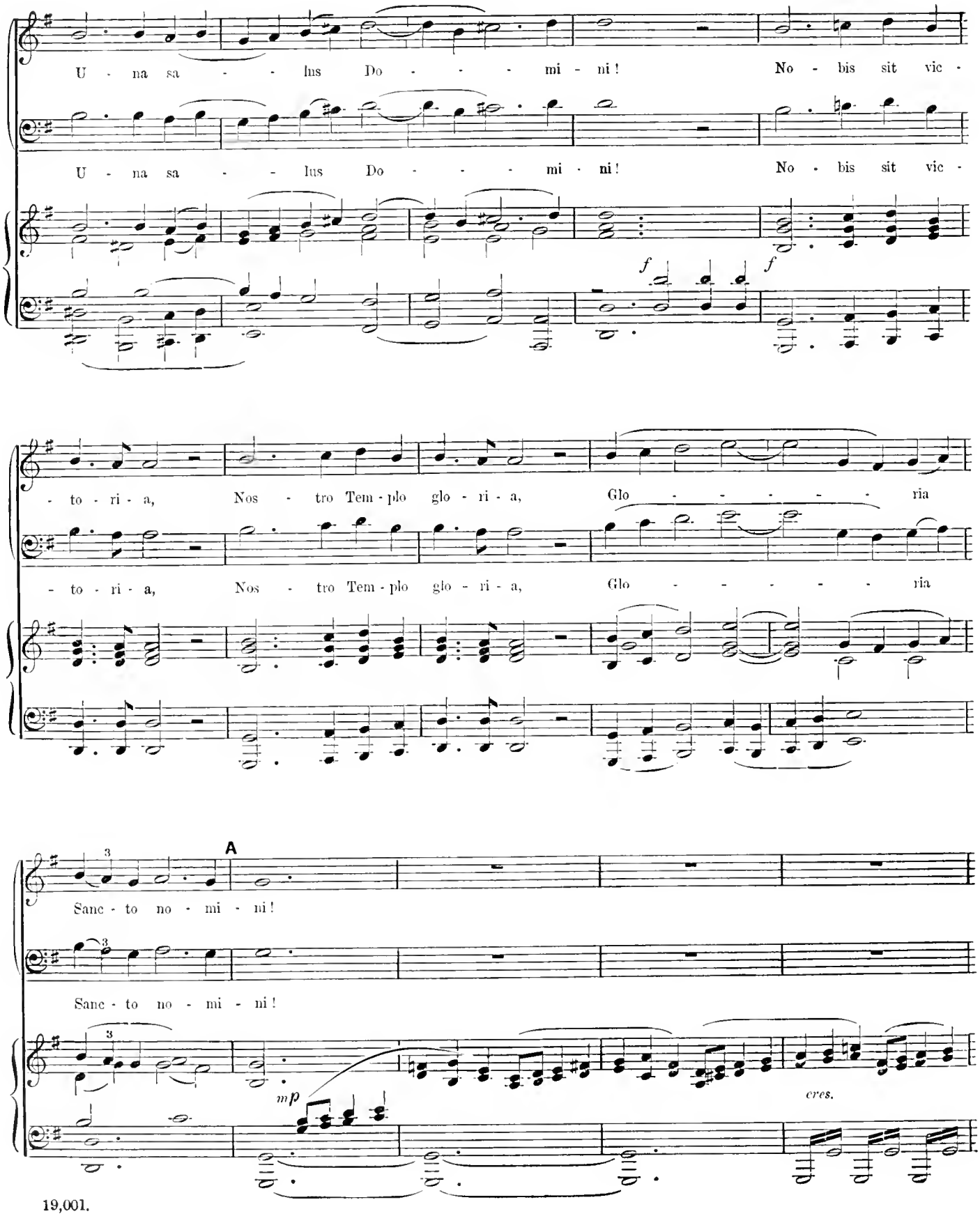

V
stay With me and shame.
O
My child must die!
cres.
cres. molto.
sf dim. p
Wil - fred, O my love
Go, go, lest I en -
ROWENA.
- treat thee back a - gain!
en - treat thee back a - gain,
IVANHOE.
My heart, my queen! Be brave till next I clasp thee in my
ISAAC.
My child must die by fire! Thou wilt

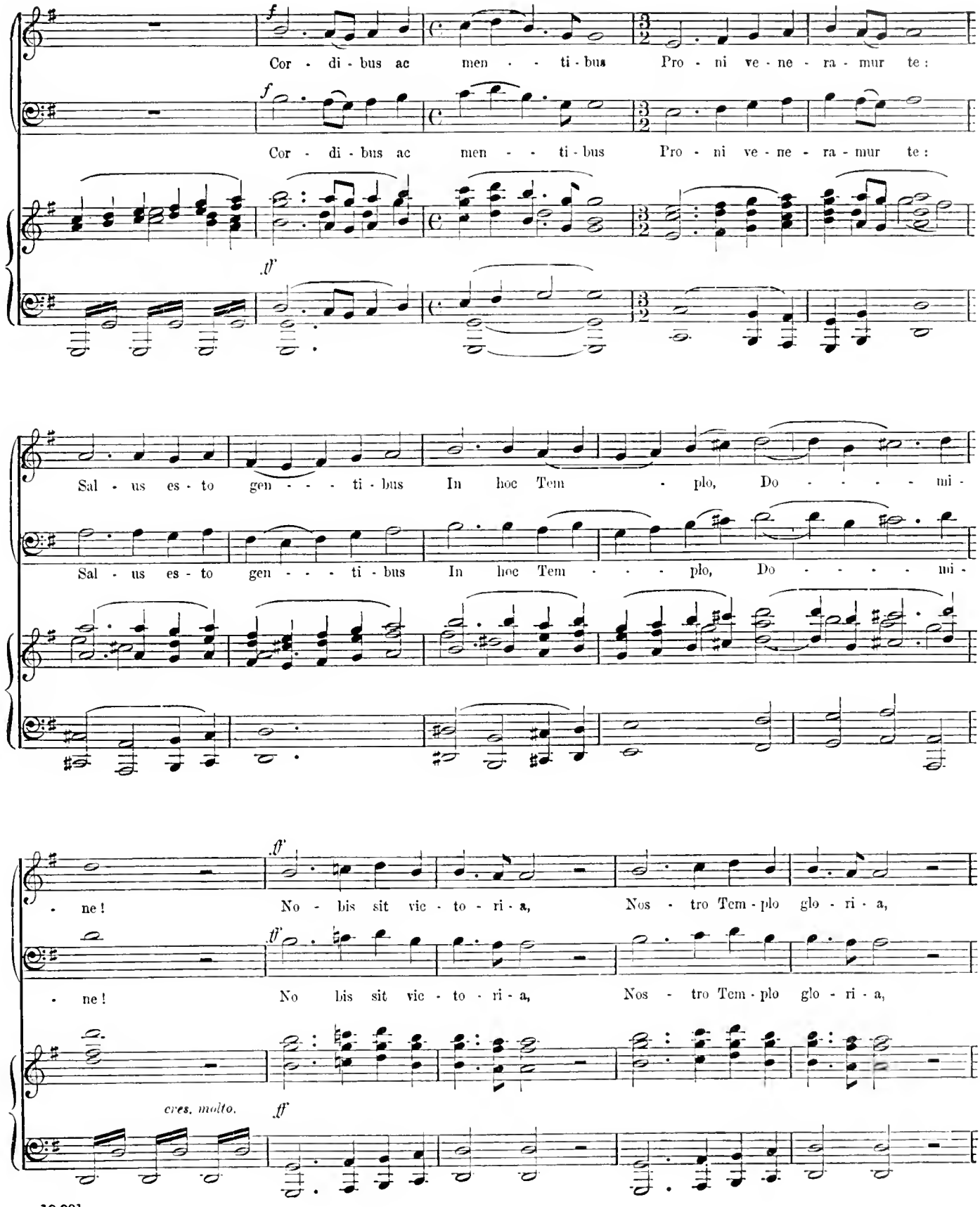

go, . . . O love, O . . . . . .
arms. Fare - well, dear love ! fare - - well,
come, I pray, I pray, I pray thee come a - way, a - way, a - way with me,
Ped.
*
my love !
dear love !
A - way !
ff
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

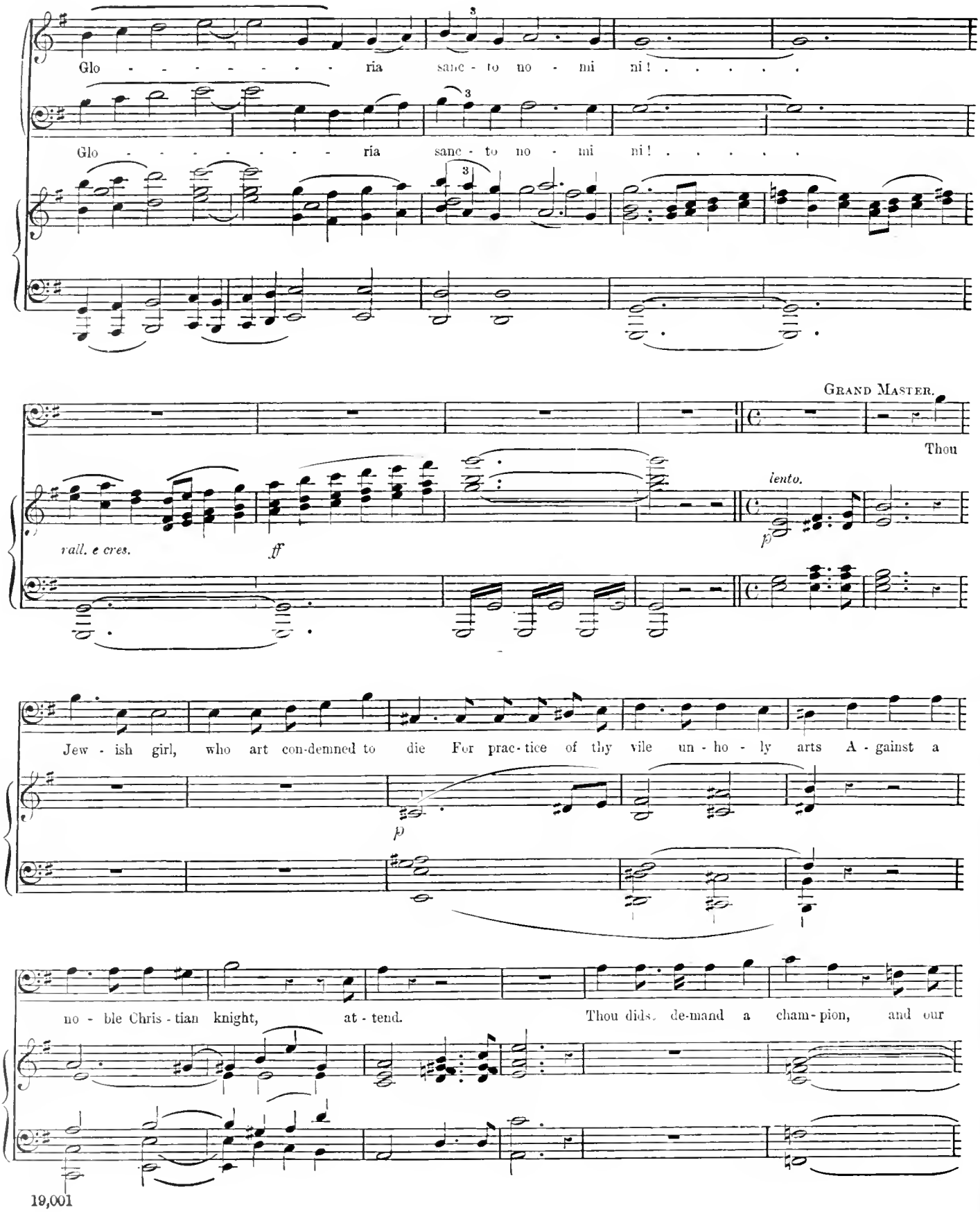
FINALE.

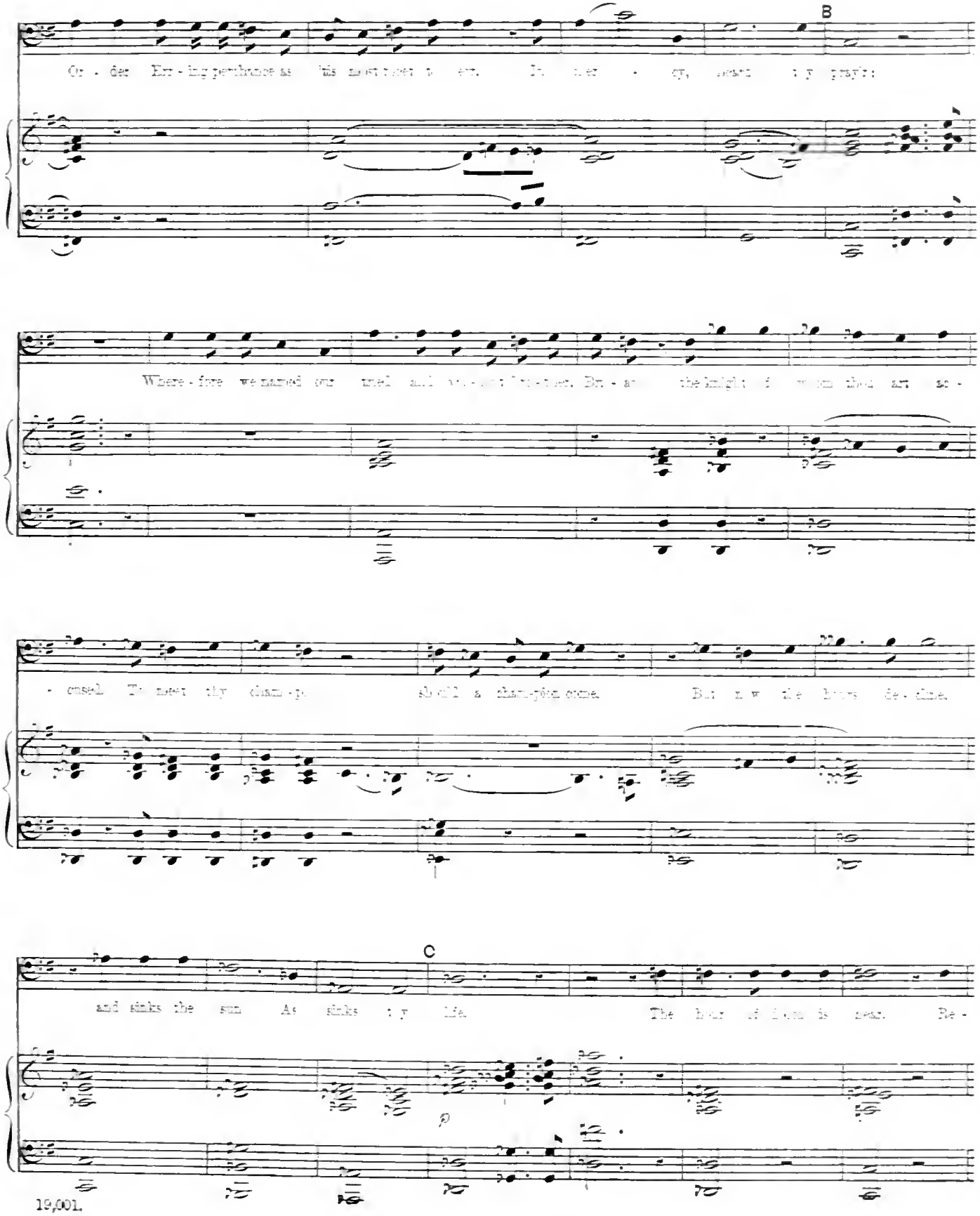
SCENE III.

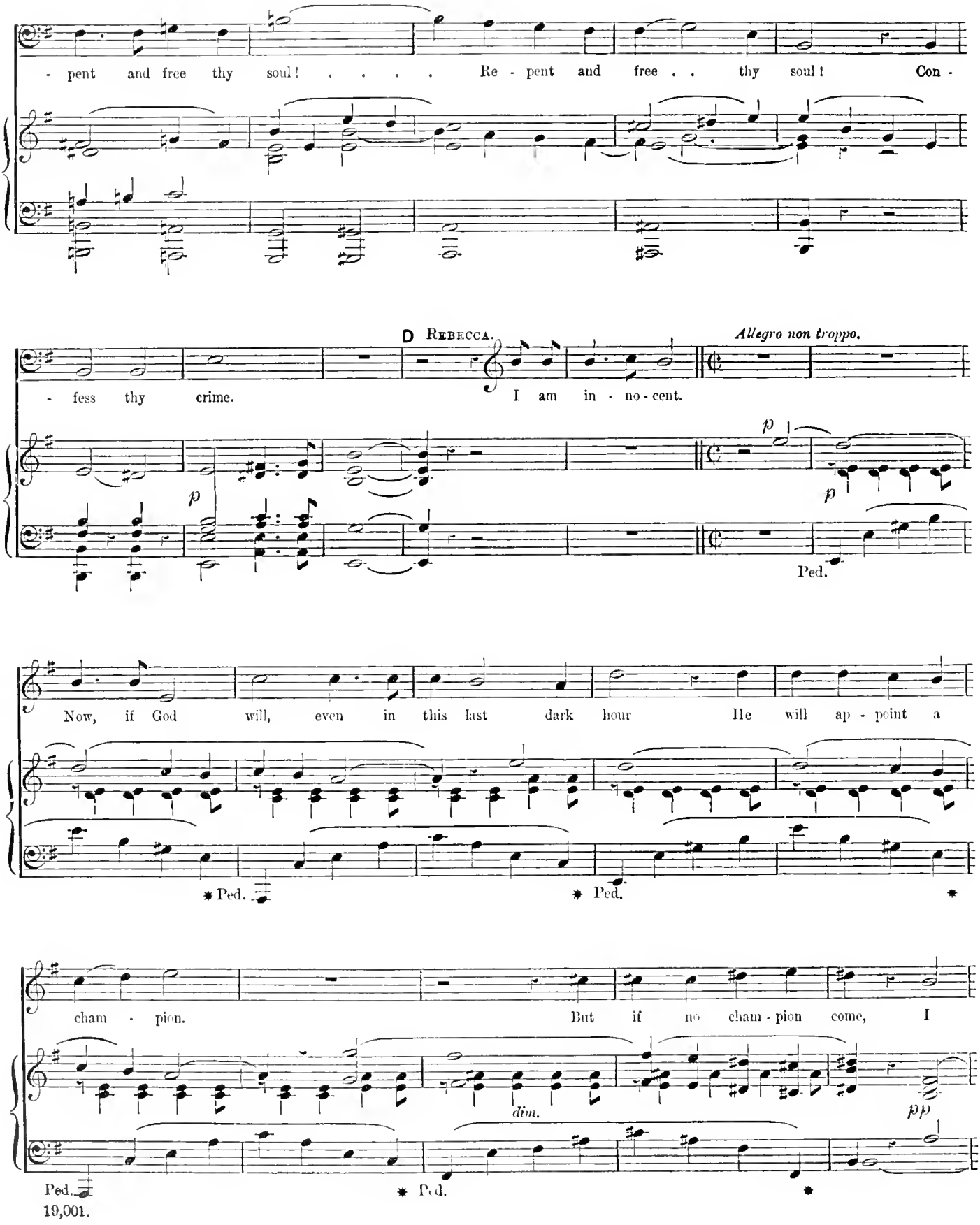


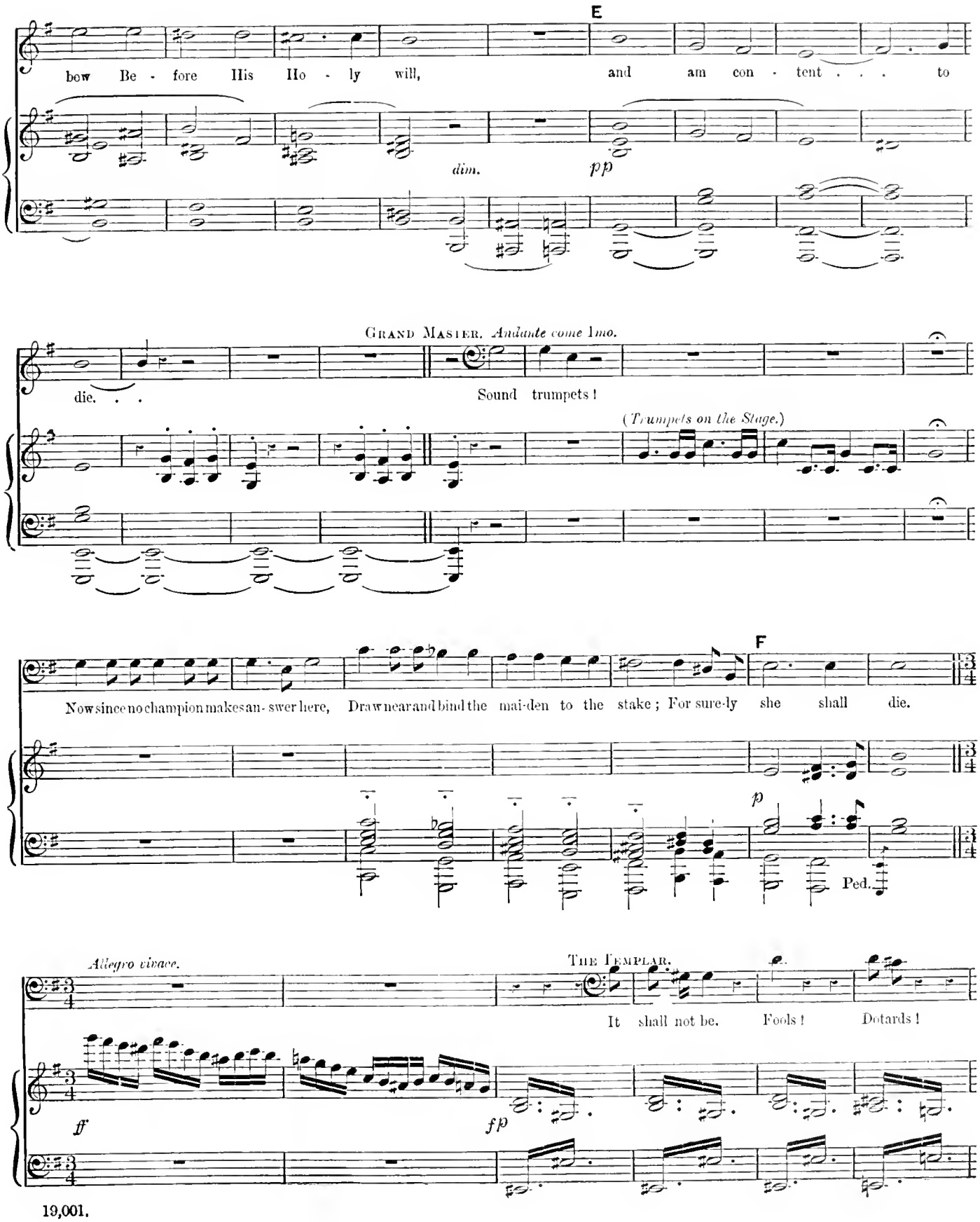

U - na sa - - lus Do - - - - mi - ni! No - bis sit vic -
U - na sa - - lus Do - - - - mi - ni! No - bis sit vic -
f
f
- to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a, Glo - - - - - - ria
- to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a, Glo - - - - - - ria
A
Sanc - to no - mi - ni!
Sanc - to no - mi - ni!
mp
cres.

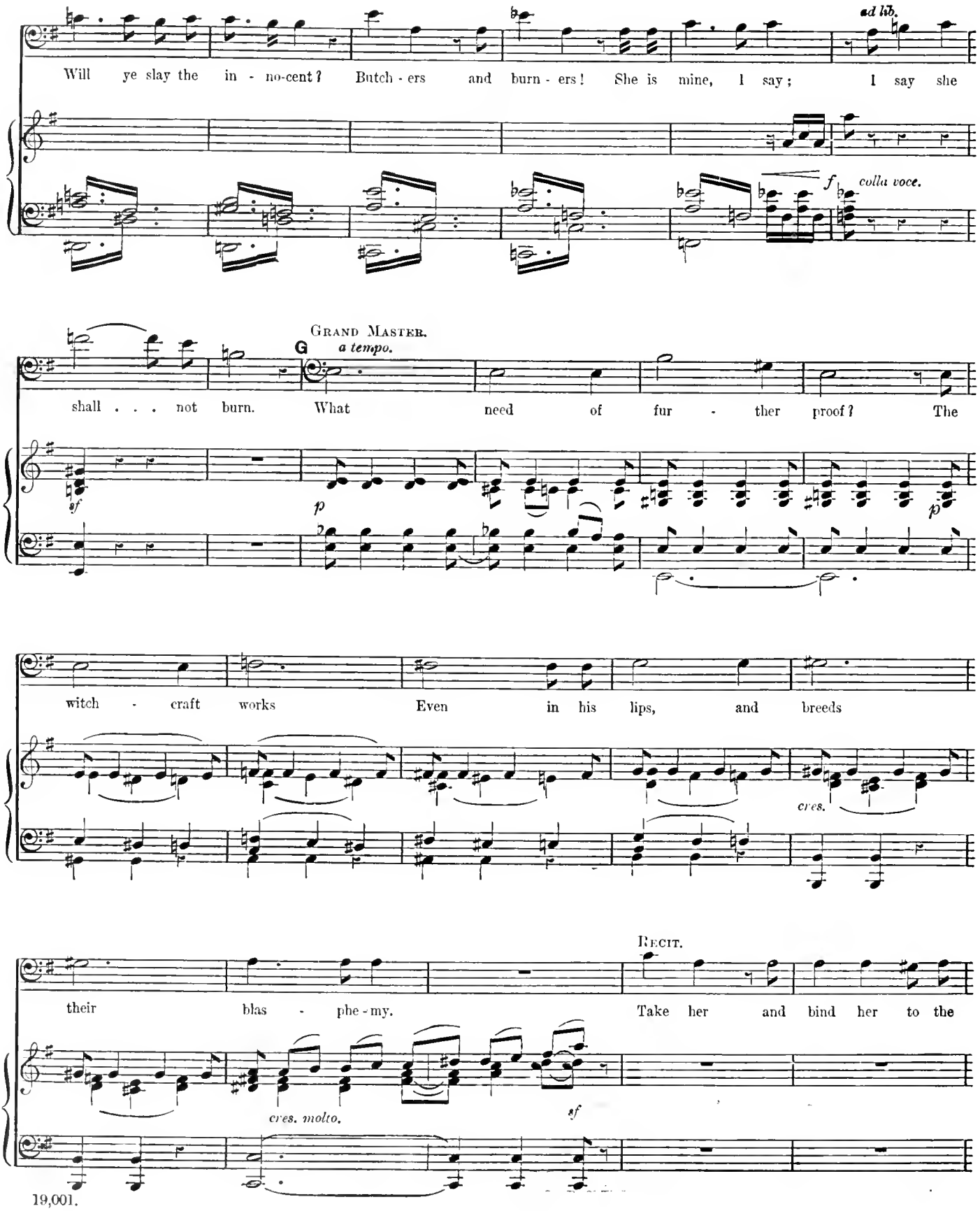

Cor - di - bus ac men - - - ti - bus Pro - ni ve - ne - ra - mur te:
Cor - di - bus ac men - - - ti - bus Pro - ni ve - ne - ra - mur te:
Sal - us es - to gen - - - - ti - bus In hoc Tem - plo, Do - - - - - - mi -
Sal - us es - to gen - - - - ti - bus In hoc Tem - - - plo, Do - - - - - - mi -
- ne! No - bis sit vic - to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a,
- ne! No bis sit vic - to - ri - a, Nos - tro Tem - plo glo - ri - a,
cres. molto.


Glo - - - - - - - - - ria sanc - to no - mi ni! . . . . . .
Glo - - - - - - - - - ria sanc - to no - mi ni! . . . . . .
GRAND MASTER.
Thou
rall. e cres.
ff
lento.
p
Jew - ish girl, who art con-demned to die For prac-tice of thy vile un - ho - ly arts A - gainst a
p
no - ble Chris - tian knight, at - tend. Thou dids. de-mand a cham-pion, and our


B
Or - der Err - ing perchance as 'tis most
Where - fore we named our
- cused. To meet thy cham - pi
should a cham-pion come. But now the hours de - cline,
C
and sinks the sun As sinks thy life.
The hour of doom is near. Re -
p


- pent and free thy soul! . . . . Re - pent and free . . thy soul! Con -
D Rebecca.
Allegro non troppo.
- fess thy crime. I am in - no - cent.
p
p
p
Ped.
Now, if God will, even in this last dark hour He will ap - point a
* Ped.
* Ped.
*
cham - pion. But if no cham - pion come, I
dim.
pp
Ped.
* Ped.
*


E
bow Be - fore His Ho - ly will, and am con - tent . . . to
dim.
pp
Grand Master. Andante come 1mo.
die. . .
Sound trumpets!
(Trumpets on the Stage.)
F
Now since no champion makes an-swer here, Draw near and bind the mai-den to the stake; For sure-ly she shall die.
p
Ped.
Allegro vivace.
The Templar.
It shall not be. Fools! Dotards!
ff
fp


Will ye slay the in - no-cent? Butch - ers and burn - ers! She is mine, I say; I say she
ad lib.
f
colla voce.
GRAND MASTER.
G
a tempo.
shall . . . not burn. What need of fur - ther proof? The
sf
p
witch - craft works Even in his lips, and breeds
cres.
RECIT.
their blas - phe - my. Take her and bind her to the
cres. molto.
sf

THE TEMPLAR. RECIT.

H *a tempo.*

stake. Back! as you hope to live!

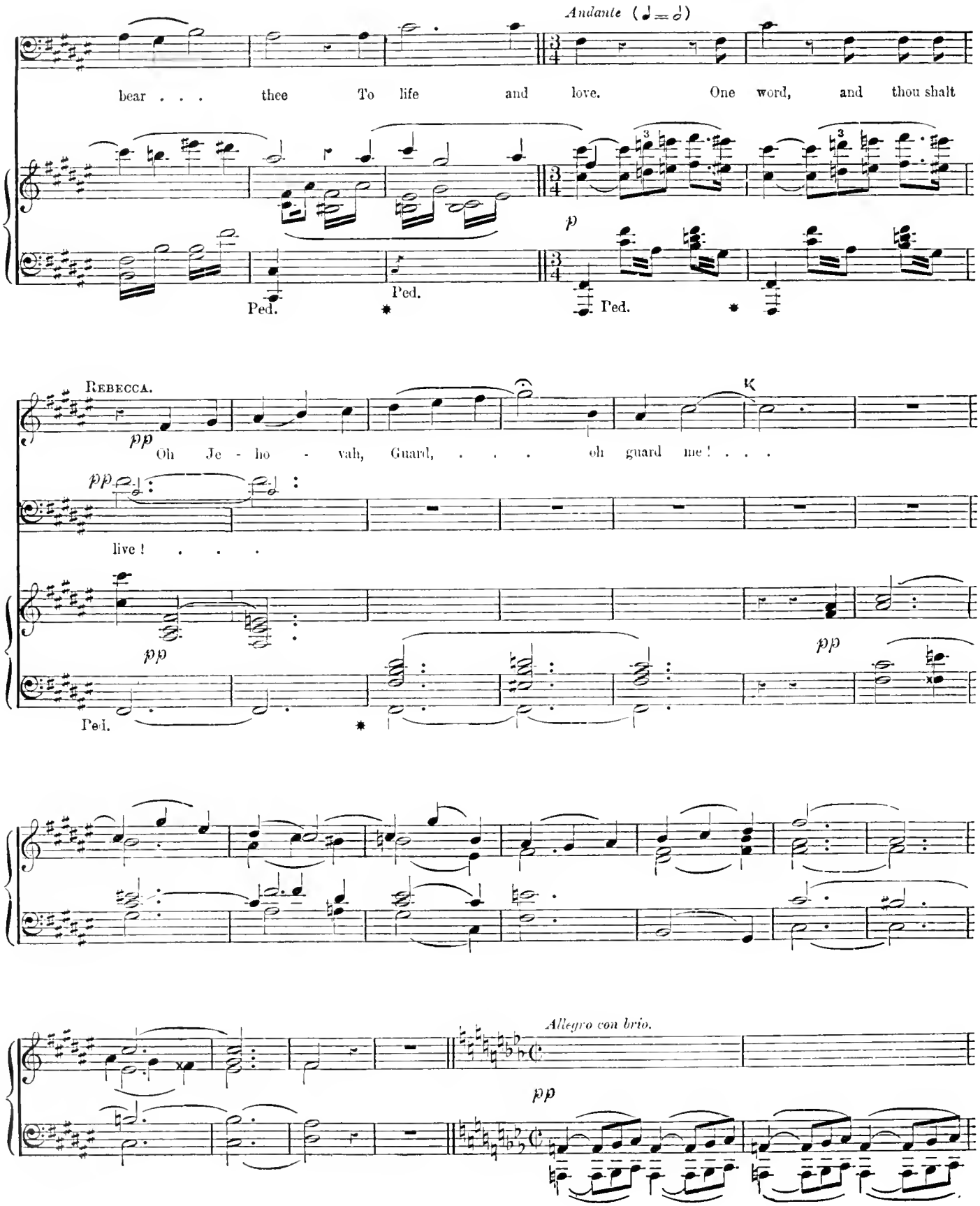
p *molto cres.* *sf* *f*

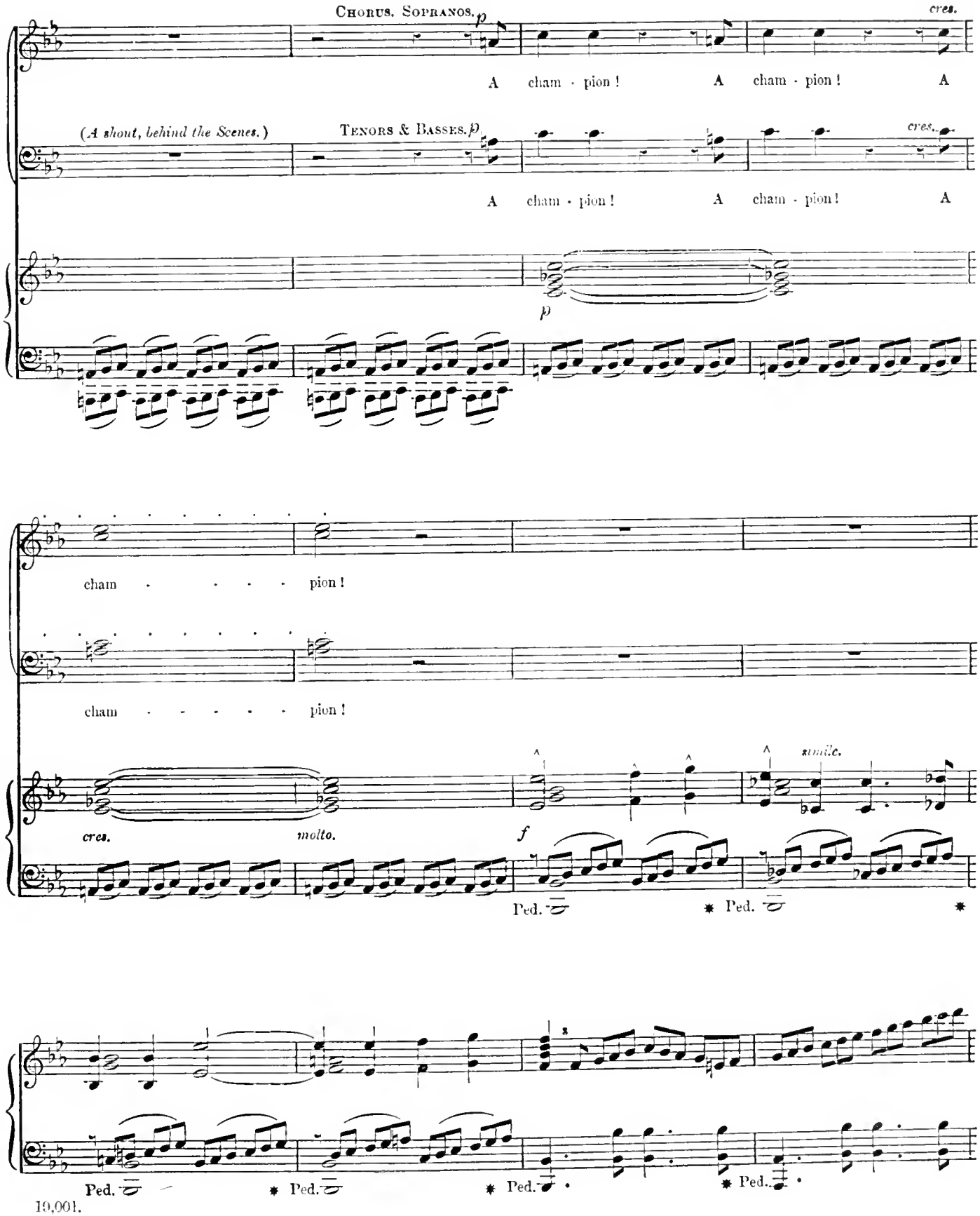
rall. *dim.* *p* *Andante con moto.* *pp*

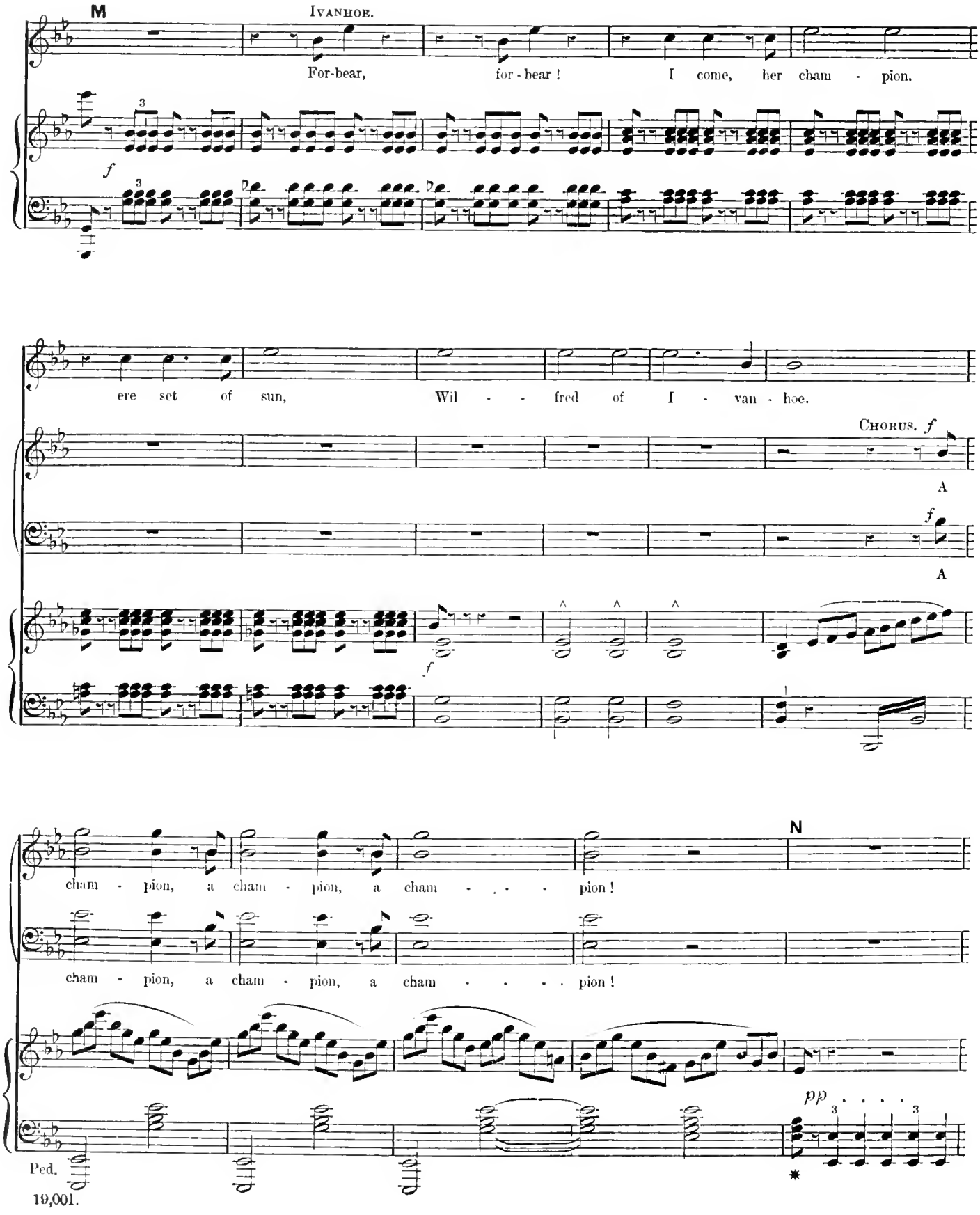
Swear to be mine, and I will save thee now. My horse is nigh at

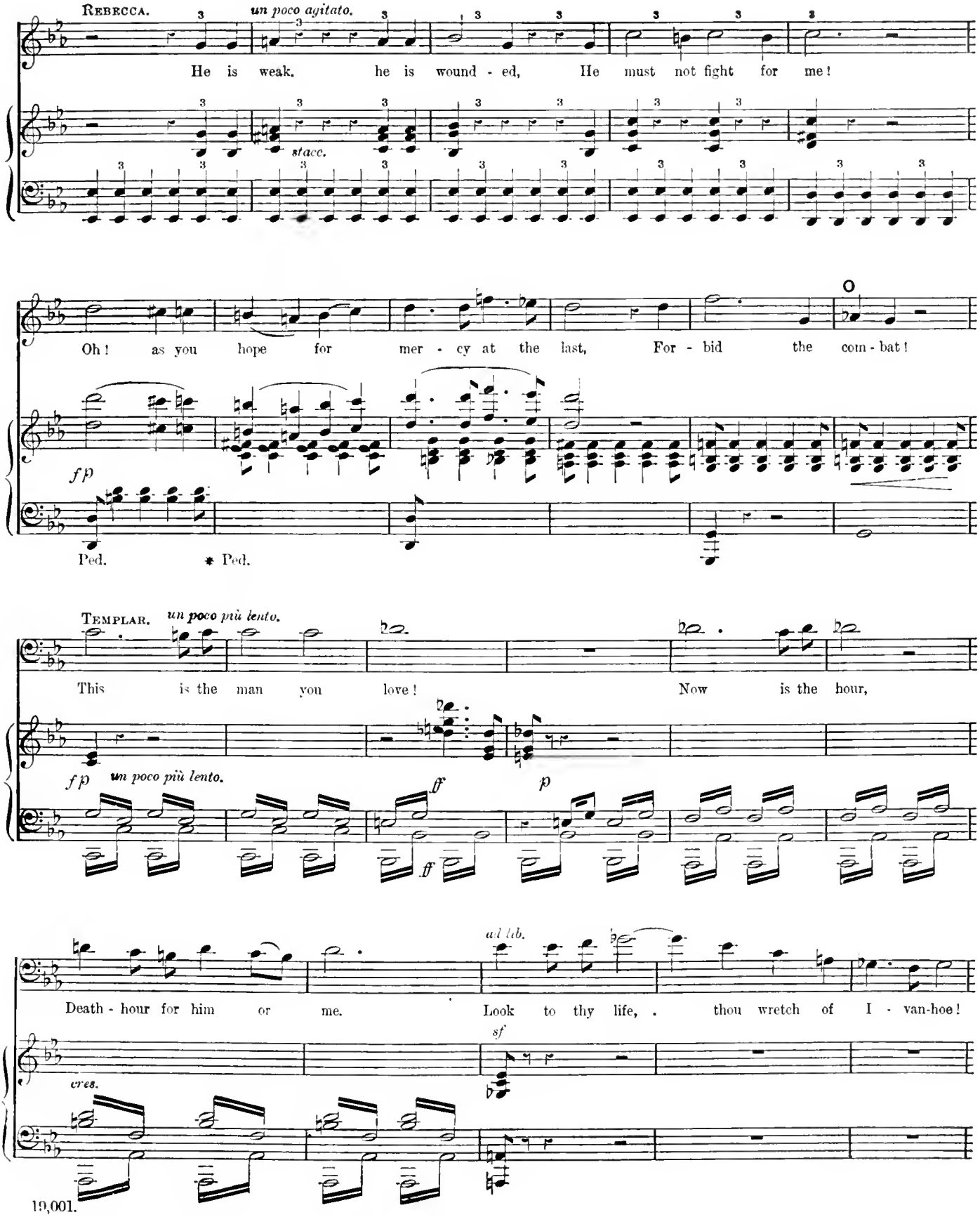
hand, Za - mor my horse who nev - er failed me yet; and he will

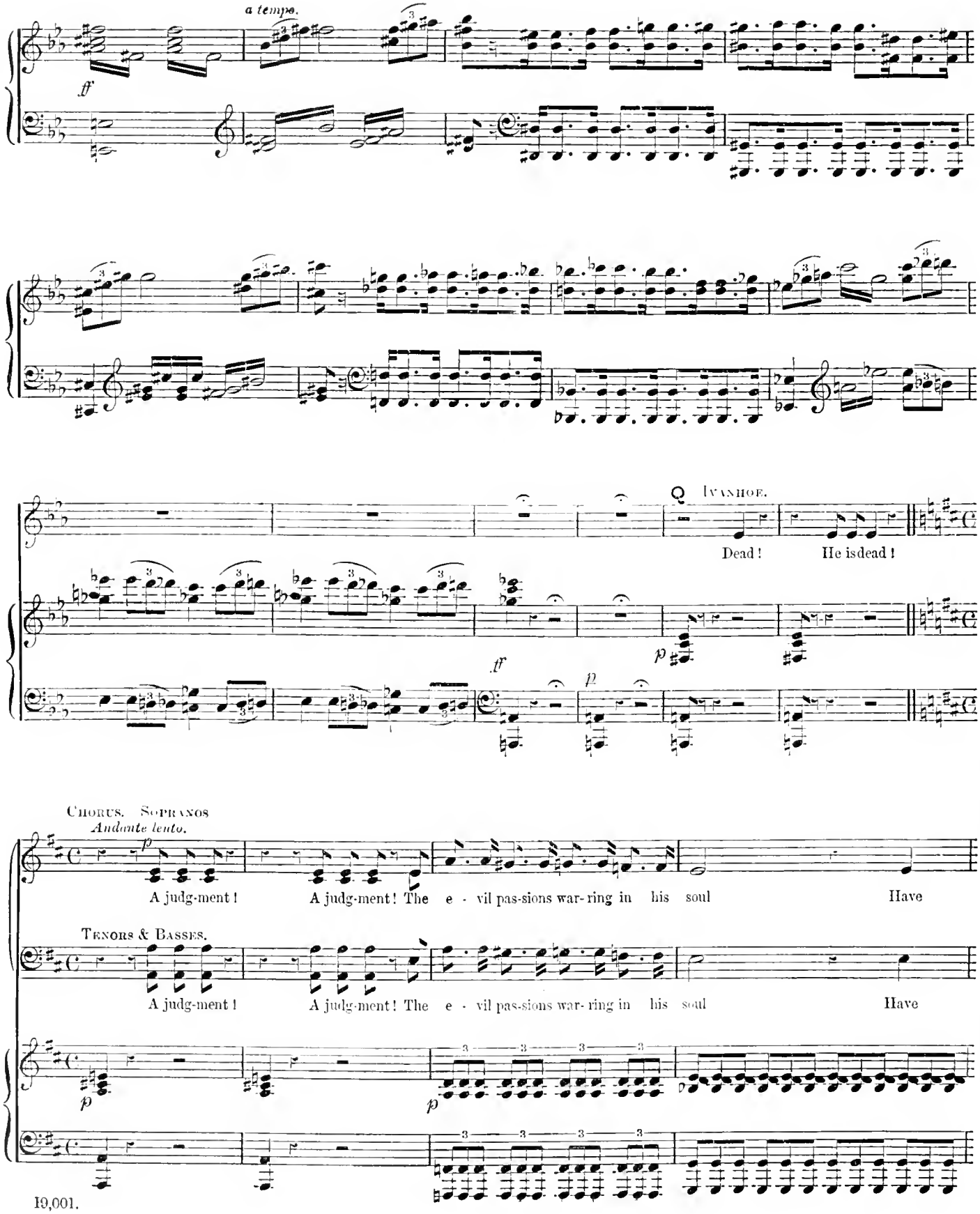
Ped. Ped

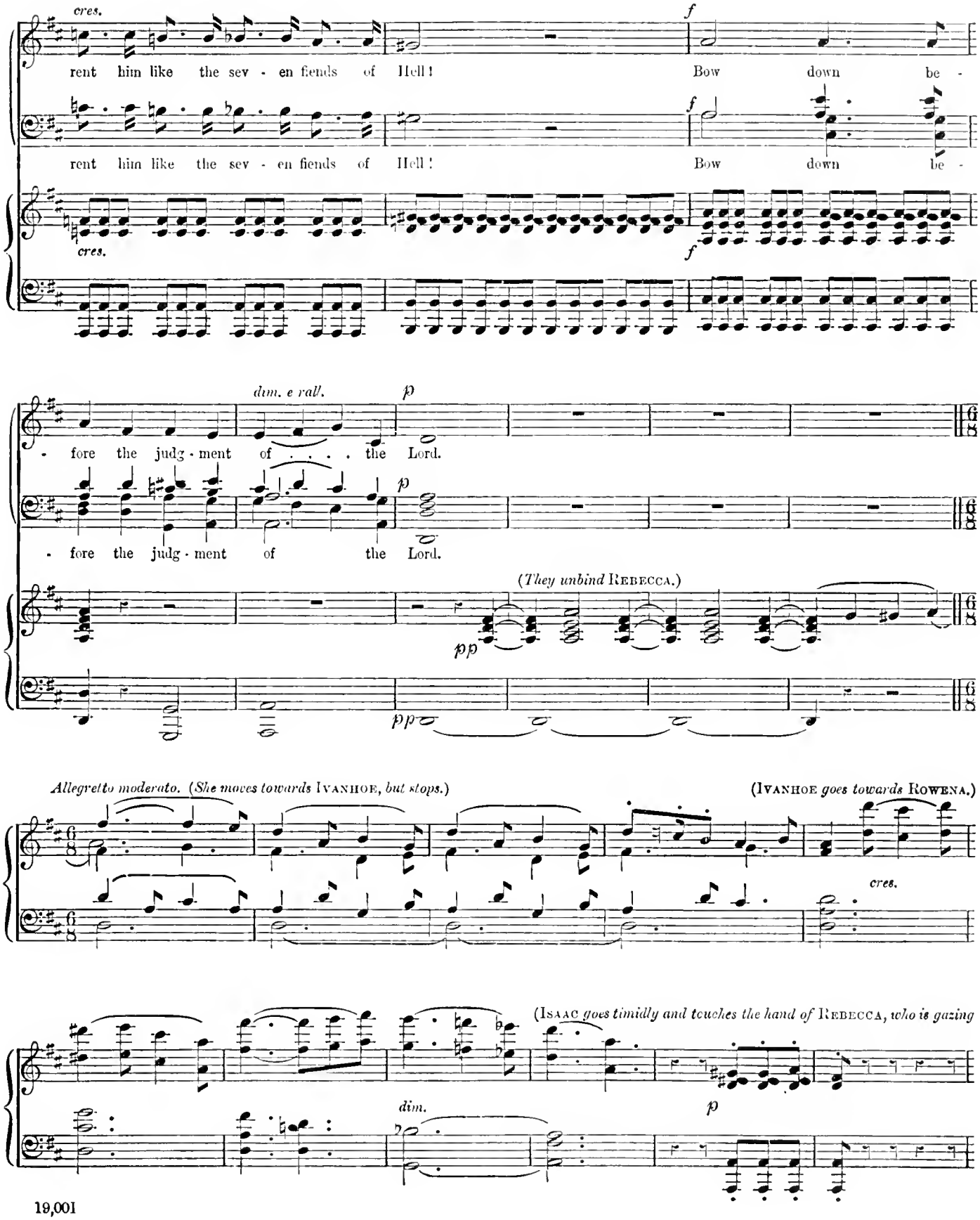

Andante (♩ = 𝅗𝅥)
bear . . . thee To life and love. One word, and thou shalt
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Rebecca.
pp
Oh Je - ho - vah, Guard, . . . oh guard me! . . .
pp
live! . . .
pp
Ped.
pp
Allegro con brio.
pp


Chorus. Sopranos.
p
cres.
A cham - pion! A cham - pion! A
(A shout, behind the Scenes.)
Tenors & Basses.
p
cres.
A cham - pion! A cham - pion! A
p
cham - - - - - pion!
cham - - - - - - pion!
cres.
molto.
f
smallc.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

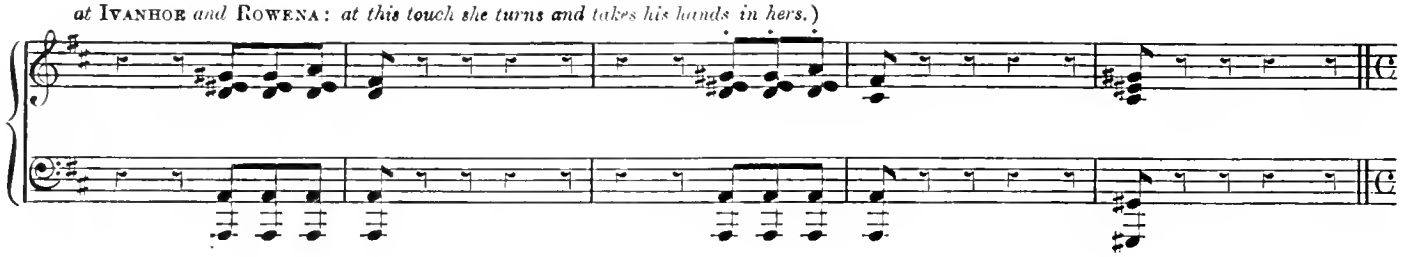

M
IVANHOE.
For-bear, for - bear ! I come, her cham - pion.
ere set of sun, Wil - - fred of I - van - hoe.
CHORUS. f
A
A
cham - pion, a cham - pion, a cham - - - - pion !
N
cham - pion, a cham - pion, a cham - - - - pion !
pp
Ped.


REBECCA.
un poco agitato.
He is weak, he is wound - ed, He must not fight for me!
stacc.
Oh! as you hope for mer - cy at the last, For - bid the com - bat!
fp
Ped.
Ped.
TEMPLAR.
un poco più lento.
This is the man you love! Now is the hour,
fp
un poco più lento.
ff
ff
p
ad lib.
Death - hour for him or me. Look to thy life, . thou wretch of I - van-hoe!
sf
cres.


a tempo.
ff
IVANHOE.
Dead! He is dead!
ff
p
p
CHORUS. SOPRANOS
Andante lento.
p
A judg-ment! A judg-ment! The e - vil pas-sions war-ring in his soul Have
TENORS & BASSES.
A judg-ment! A judg-ment! The e - vil pas-sions war-ring in his soul Have
p
p

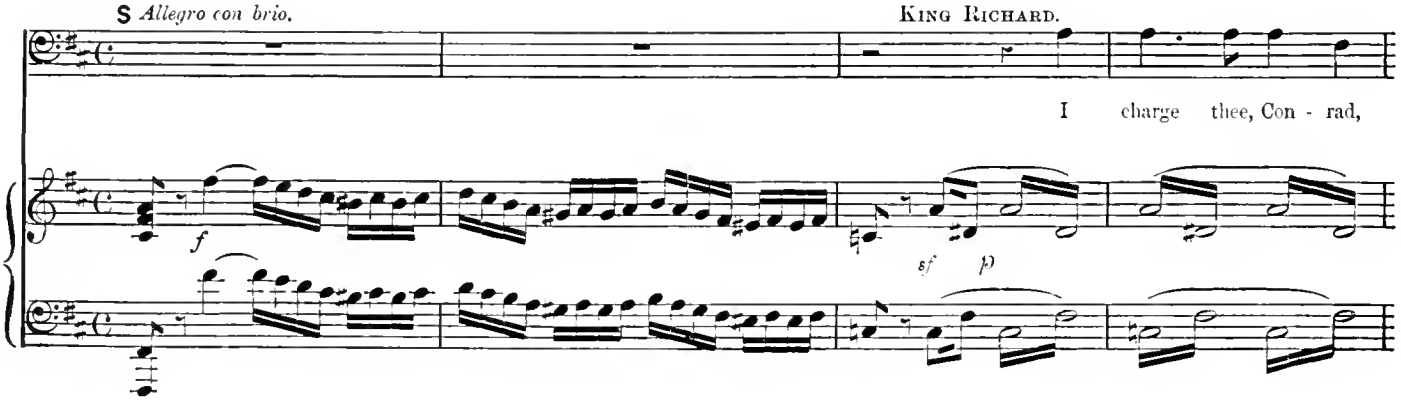

cres.
rent him like the sev - en fiends of Hell!
Bow down be -
f
rent him like the sev - en fiends of Hell!
Bow down be -
cres.
f
dim. e rall.
p
- fore the judg - ment of . . . . the Lord.
p
- fore the judg - ment of the Lord.
(They unbind Rebecca.)
pp
pp
Allegretto moderato. (She moves towards Ivanhoe, but stops.)
(Ivanhoe goes towards Rowena.)
cres.
(Isaac goes timidly and touches the hand of Rebecca, who is gazing
dim.
p

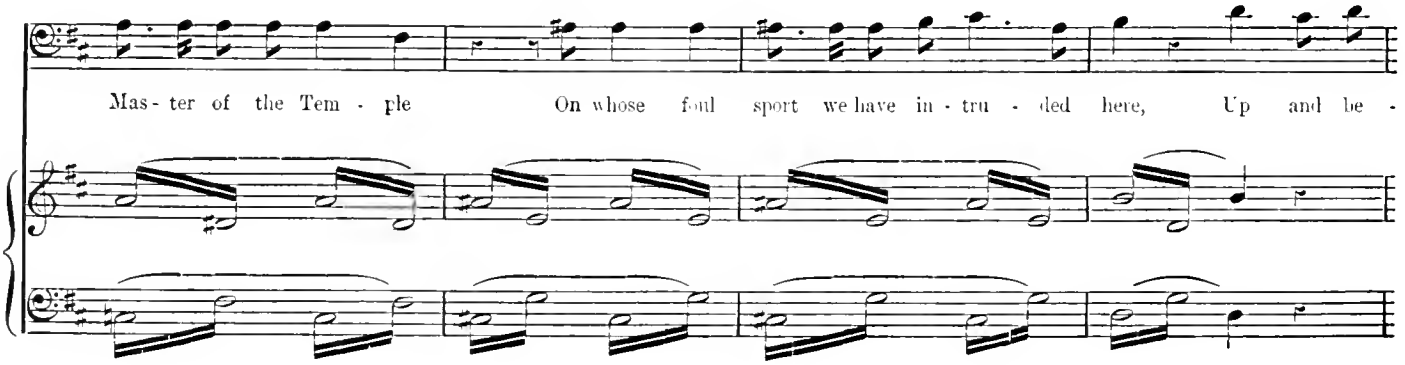
at IVANHOE *and* ROWENA: *at this touch she turns and takes his hands in hers.*)

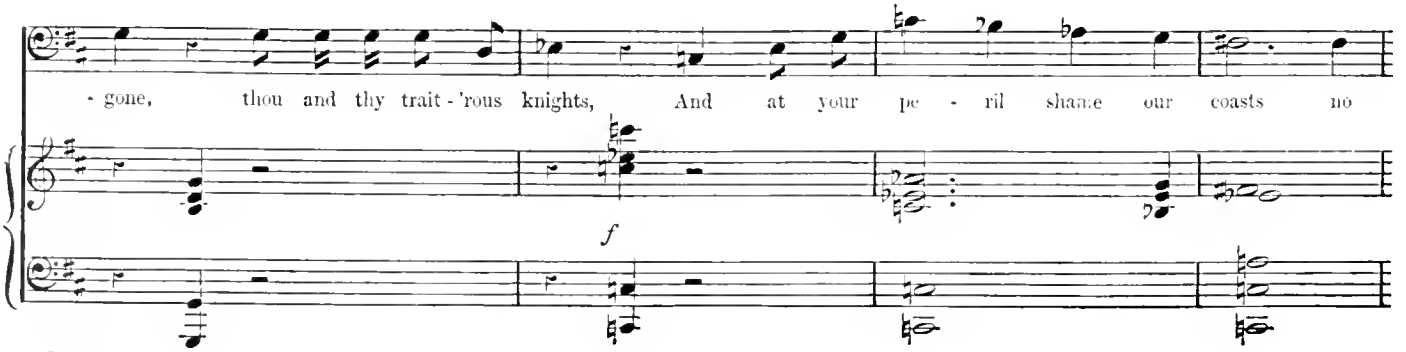


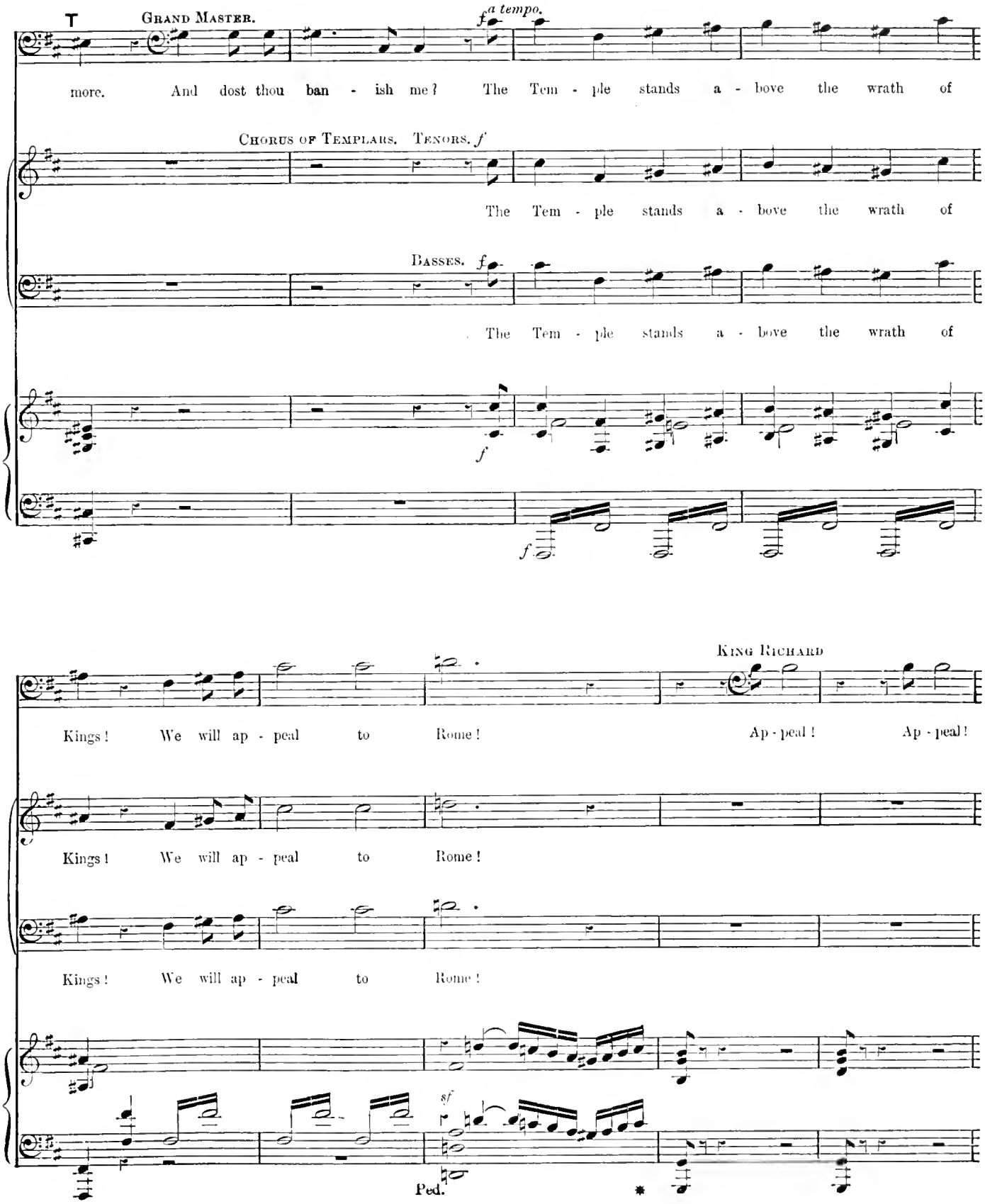
S *Allegro con brio.*

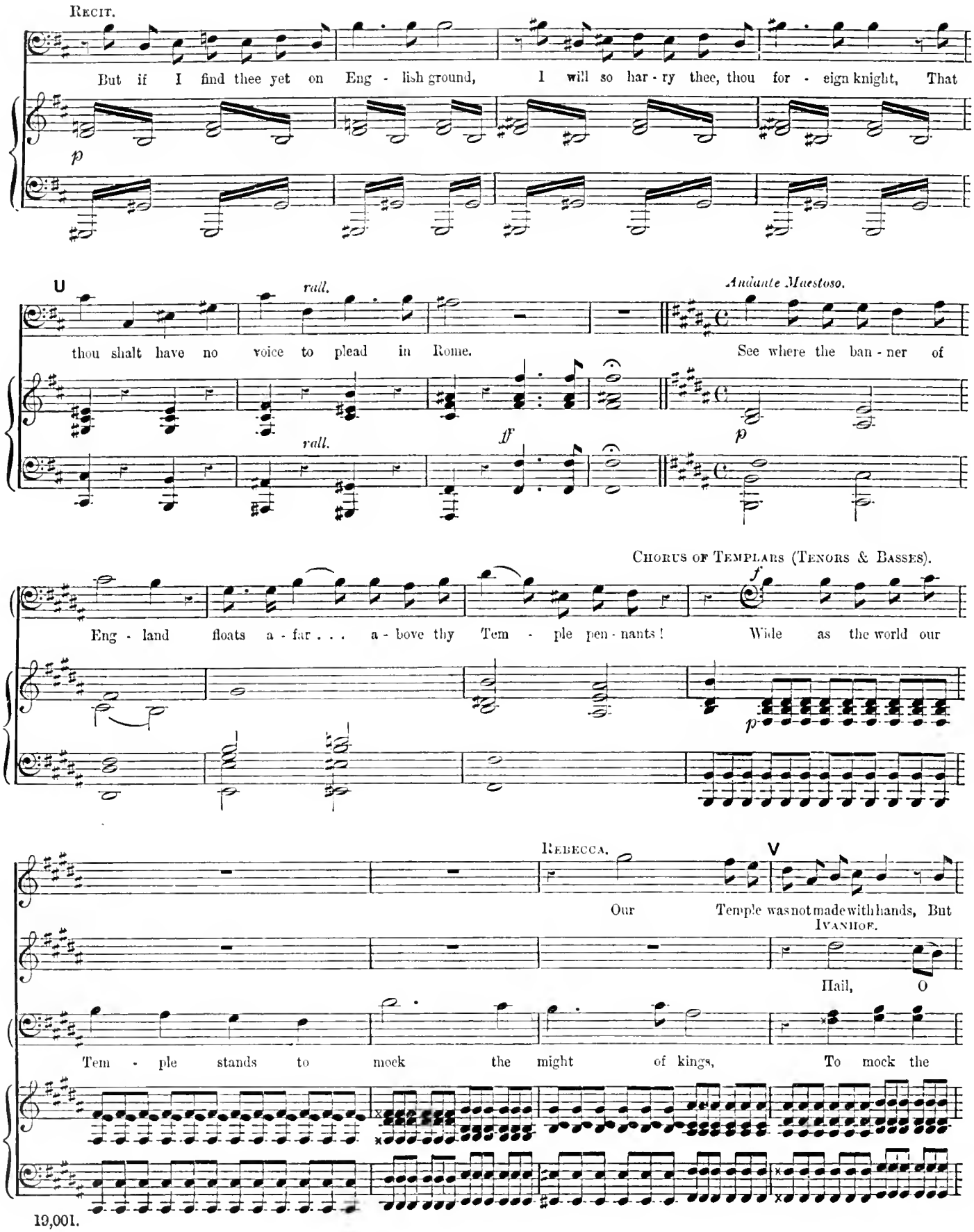
KING RICHARD.

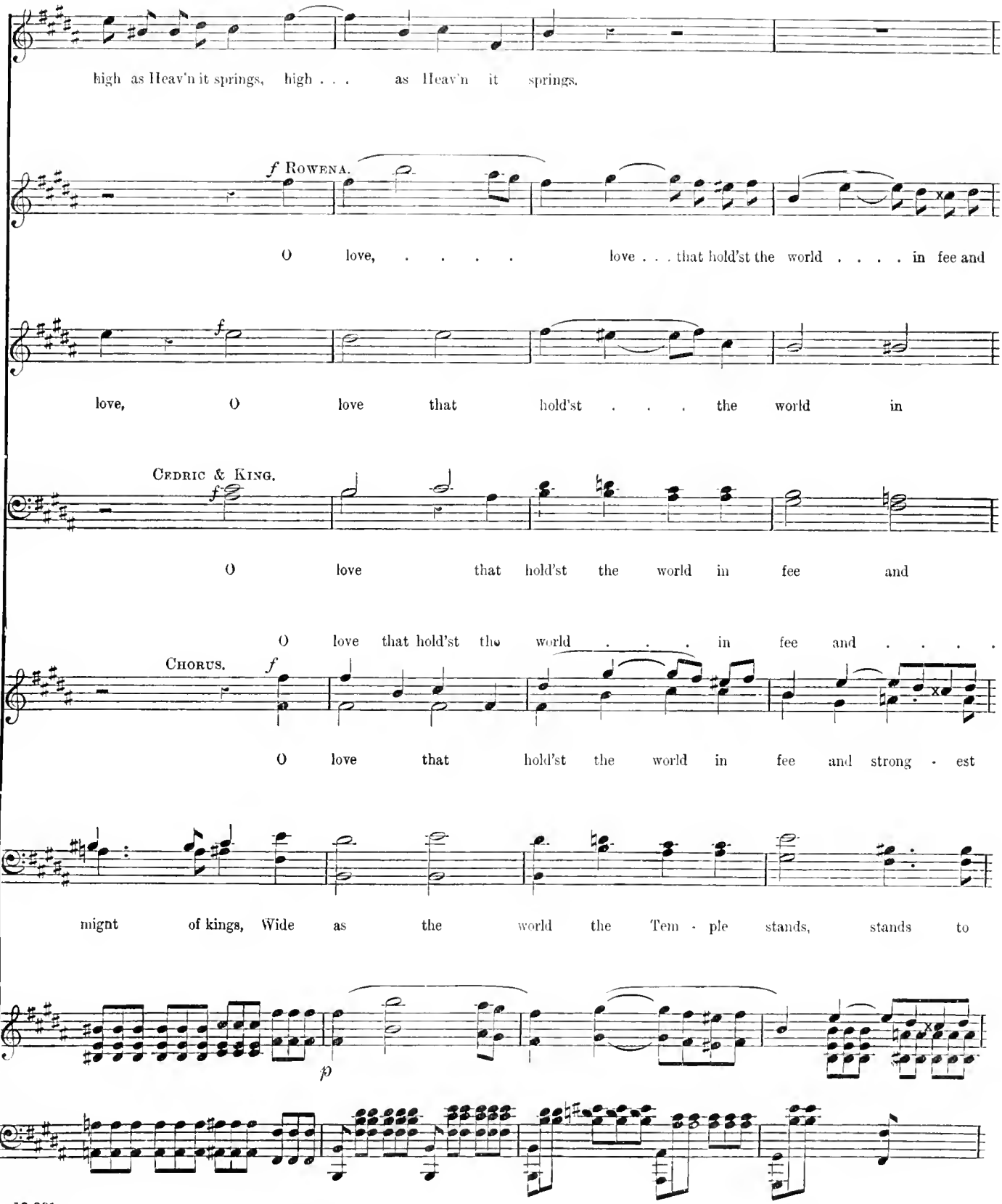


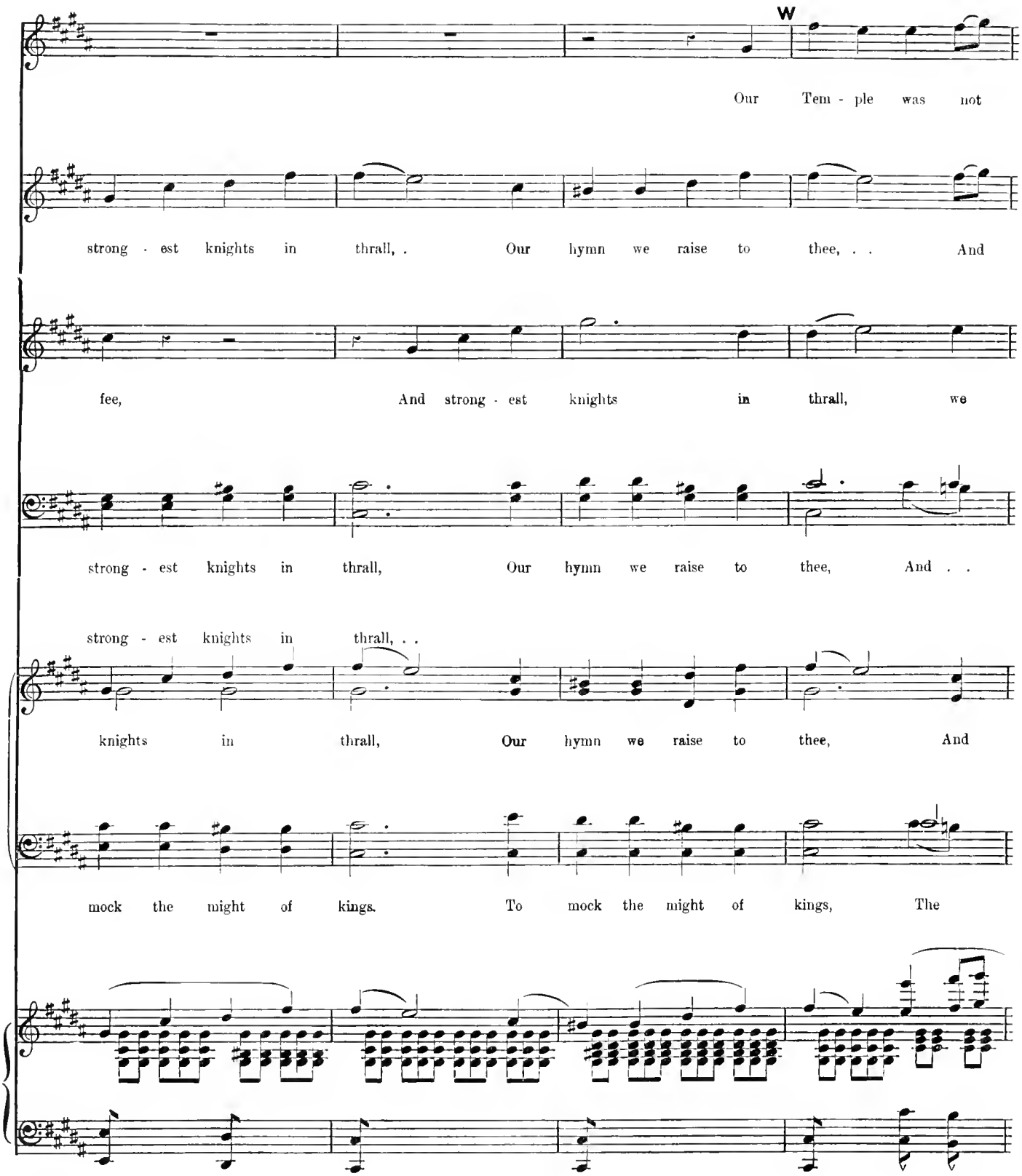


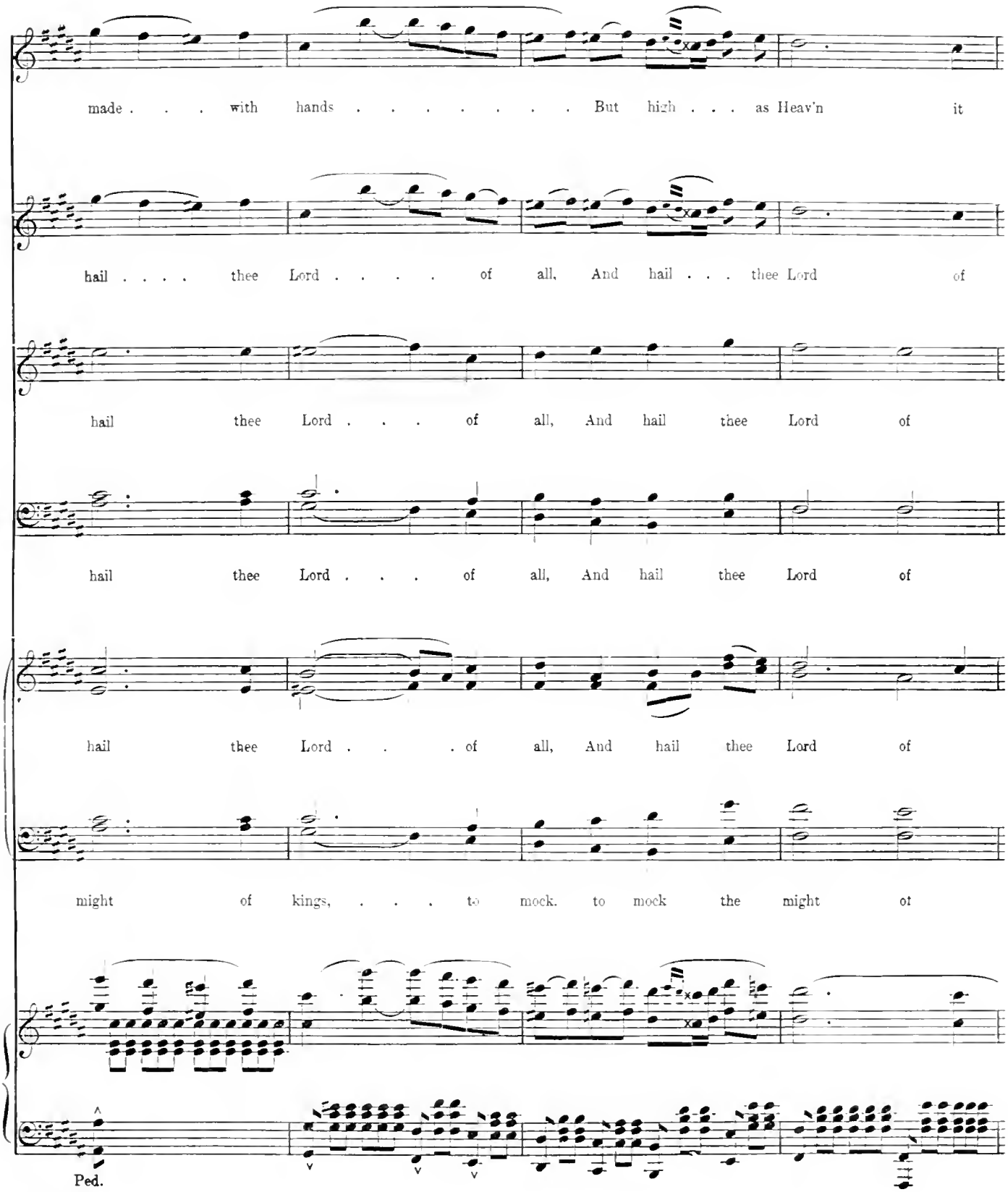


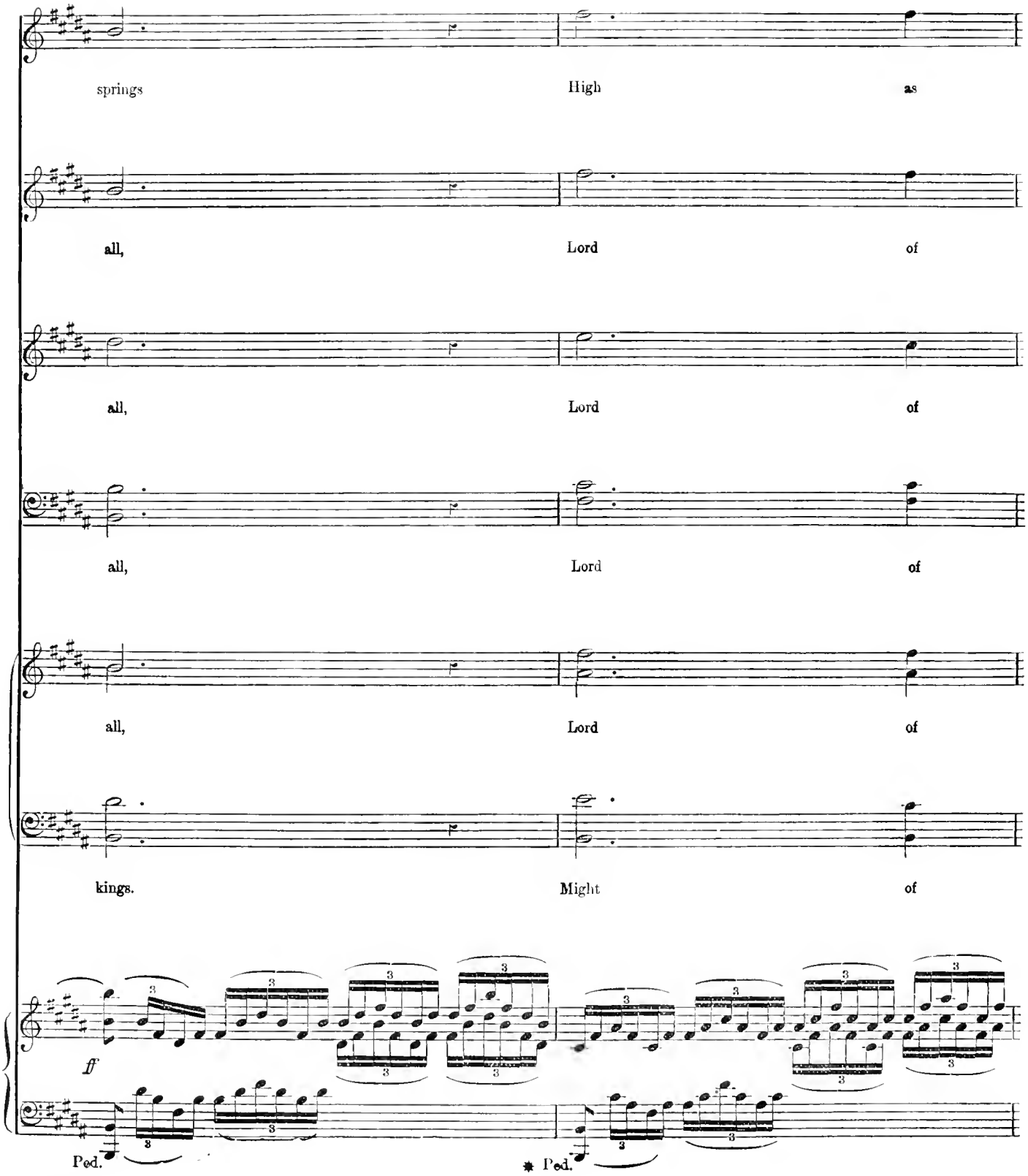

T
Grand Master.
a tempo.
more. And dost thou ban - ish me? The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of
Chorus of Templars. Tenors.
The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of
Basses.
The Tem - ple stands a - bove the wrath of
King Richard
Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome! Ap - peal! Ap - peal!
Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome!
Kings! We will ap - peal to Rome!
Ped.

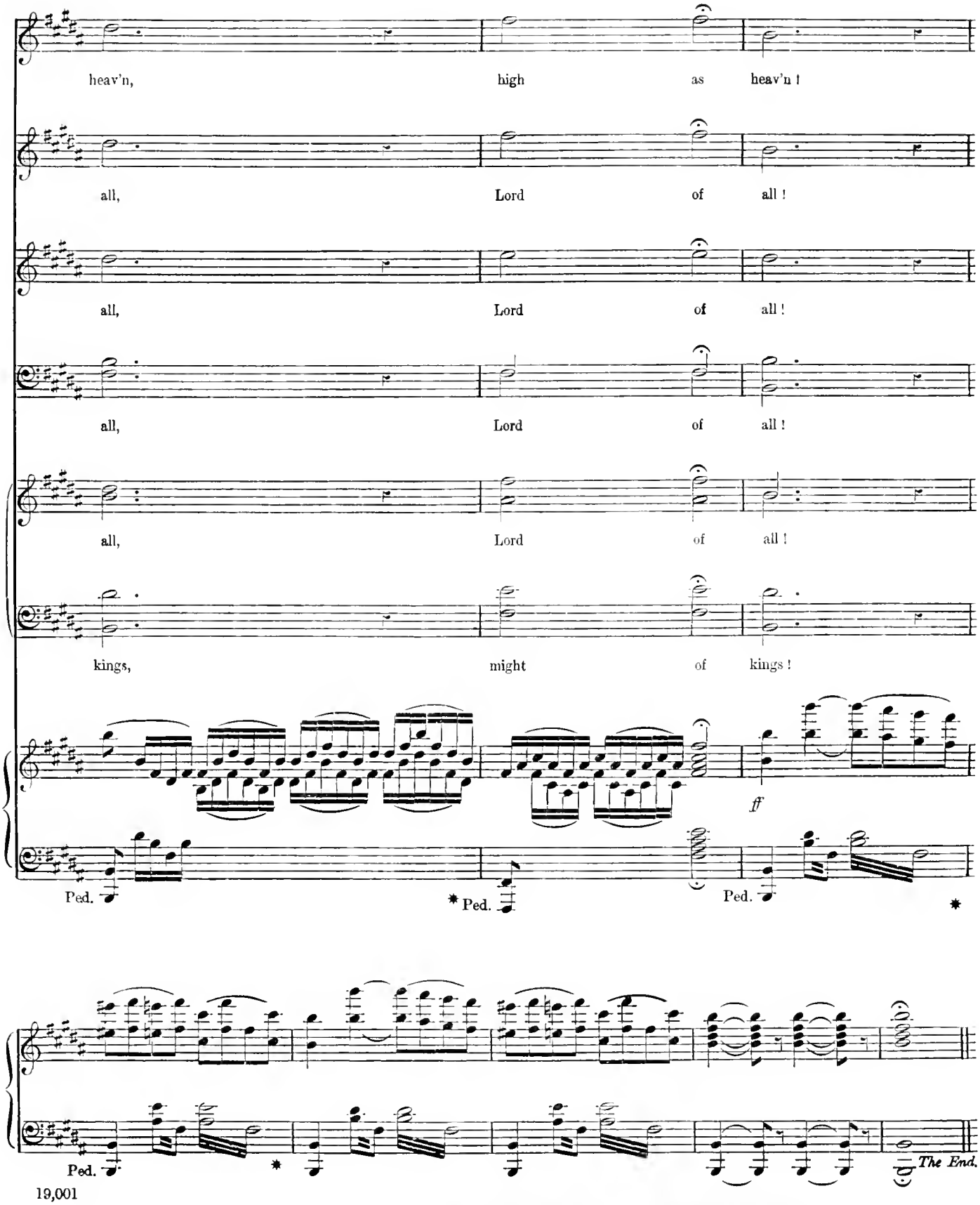

Recit.
But if I find thee yet on Eng - lish ground, I will so har - ry thee, thou for - eign knight, That
p
U
rall.
Andante Maestoso.
thou shalt have no voice to plead in Rome.
See where the ban - ner of
rall.
ff
p
Chorus of Templars (Tenors & Basses).
Eng - land floats a - far . . . a - bove thy Tem - ple pen - nants!
Wide as the world our
f
p
Rebecca.
V
Our Temple was not made with hands, But
Ivanhoe.
Hail, O
Tem - ple stands to mock the might of kings, To mock the


high as Heav'n it springs, high . . . as Heav'n it springs.
f ROWENA.
O love, ... love . . . that hold'st the world . . . . in fee and
f
love, O love that hold'st . . . the world in
CEDRIC & KING.
f
O love that hold'st the world in fee and
O love that hold'st the world . . . in fee and . . . .
CHORUS.
f
O love that hold'st the world in fee and strong - est
mignt of kings, Wide as the world the Tem - ple stands, stands to
p


W
Our Tem - ple was not
strong - est knights in thrall, . Our hymn we raise to thee, . . And
fee, And strong - est knights in thrall, we
strong - est knights in thrall, Our hymn we raise to thee, And . .
strong - est knights in thrall, . .
knights in thrall, Our hymn we raise to thee, And
mock the might of kings. To mock the might of kings, The


made . . . with hands . . . . . But high . . . as Heav'n it
hail . . . . thee Lord . . . . of all, And hail . . . thee Lord of
hail thee Lord . . . of all, And hail thee Lord of
hail thee Lord . . . of all, And hail thee Lord of
hail thee Lord . . . of all, And hail thee Lord of
might of kings, . . . to mock. to mock the might of
Ped.


springs
High
as
all,
Lord
of
all,
Lord
of
all,
Lord
of
all,
Lord
of
kings.
Might
of
ff
Ped.
* Ped.



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LIBRETTO	nett	1	0

VOCAL MUSIC.

"Three Little Maids from School." Trio	4	0
"The Sun whose Rays"	4	0
"They never would be missed"...	4	0
"Brightly dawn's our Wedding Day." Madrigal	4	0
"The Mikado's Song"	4	0
"Hearts do not break"	4	0
"Willow, tit-willow"	4	0

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS.

WINTERBOTTOM'S Selection, *as played by all the Military Bands*... ...	4	0
KUHE'S Fantasia	4	0
Do. Duet	5	0
BOYTON SMITH'S Fantasia	4	0
SMALLWOOD'S Fantasia	4	0
LANGE'S Fantasia	4	0

DANCE MUSIC.

QUADRILLE, Solo or Duet ... ... P. Bucalossi	4	0
LANCERS, do. ... ... P. Bucalossi	4	0
WALTZ, do. ... ... P. Bucalossi	4	0
POLKA ... ... P. Bucalossi	4	0

Orchestra, 2/- nett. Septett, 1/- nett.

VIOLIN.

SELECTION	nett	1	6

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

HENRY FARMER'S Fantasia	5	0

WINTERBOTTOM'S Selection from "The Mikado," arranged for Orchestra by J. Pougher.

Orchestra	nett	3	4
Octuor	nett	2	8
For Military Band	nett	15	0

LONDON: CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND STREET, W.

PTLP Review:
- Brittle
- Acid Free

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