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AIRS, CHORUSES,

Sc. Sc.

IN

ALBERT & ADELAIDE,

OR THE

VICTIM OF CONSTANCY;

A

GRAND HEROIC ROMANCE,

IN THREE ACTS,

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

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THE MUSIC

SELECTED AND COMPOSED BY

Mr. STEIBELT, and Mr. ATTWOOD.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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MEN.

<i>Rudolph,</i>	.....	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Albert,</i>	.....	Mr. H. Johnston.
<i>Henrico,</i>	.....	Mr. Incledon.
<i>Adolphus,</i>	.....	Miss Webb.
<i>Bertolt,</i>	.....	Mr. Townsend.
<i>Gariga,</i>	.....	Mr. Simmonds.
<i>Jocelin,</i>	.....	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Guards and Attendants,</i>	.....	{ Mess. Gray, Street, Abbot, Curtis, &c.

WOMEN.

<i>Adelaide,</i>	.....	Mrs. Johnson.
<i>Rosella,</i>	.....	Miss Wheatly.
<i>Cicely,</i>	.....	Miss Walcup.
<i>Algonde,</i>	.....	Mrs. Whitmore.

*Villagers, Peasants, and Guards of Henrico.*

SCENE—The BLACK FOREST, in SWABIA.

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# ALBERT AND ADELAIDE.

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## ACT I.

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SCENE I. *An extensive Prospect. A Ridge of Mountains that form an Amphitheatre. On one Side, the BLACK FOREST discovered in the Distance. On the other Side, Part of the CASTLE built on the Summit of a steep Rock; by the Side of the Castle a Torrent falling from the Rock into a large Stream, which separates the Mountains from the Meadows. A Hamlet in Front: ALGONDE's Cottage on the same Side as the Castle.*

### ACTION of the OVERTURE.

*Composed by Mr. STEIBELT.*

[*After a few Bars expressive of the serious Part; Sun-rising, the warbling of the Birds; Herdsmen and Shepherds with their Flocks; Chasseurs, &c. Peasants and Village Girls gathering Flowers, and weaving Garlands, to decorate a rustic Car for a Swabian Peasant's Wedding; Another Groupe advance dancing. The ringing of the Church Bells heard. Children sporting and dancing. Towards the Conclusion of the Overture, BERTOLT is discovered coming down the Hills and singing.*]

### SONG. BERTOLT.

TO love and joy, Rosella dear,  
Arise! the lark's sweet carol hear:  
The breeze is soft, and mild the ray,  
Illuming bright thy bridal day.

She hears me not,---sure something's wrong;  
Dear maid, awake! you sleep too long.

DUET. BERTOLT *and* ROSELLA.

What greater transports can we know  
Than those which love and youth bestow!

SYMPHONY

*For* PROCESSION *of* VILLAGERS, &c.

CHORUS *of* VILLAGERS.

All hail, Rosella, happy bride!  
Of all our village maids the pride!

BERTOLT.

Rosella smiles with sweet regard,  
Of years of hope, my bright reward.

ROSELLA.

Ah! spare, nor chide the crimson hue,  
Believe, I happy am as you.

CHORUS.

All now join the rustic throng,  
Thread the dance, or troll the song!  
Lovely maidens, be not shy,  
'Twill be your turn bye and bye.

SCENE II. *The Black Forest.*SONG. HENRICO *and* CHORUS.

What, tho' she's lost for ay,  
 In thy heart, her tomb,  
 Cherish'd shall she bloom,  
 The sweetest flower of May!  
 Dear shade! awhile we pause:  
 Tears shall cease to flow,  
 All our bosoms glow  
 To conquer in thy cause!

What conflict must his bosom prove,  
 With anguish torn, and filial love!  
 Friends! should he fall---you still pursue:  
 His wrongs must be reveng'd by you.

## CHORUS.

All his wrongs we make our own;  
 His foe shall soon with blood atone,  
 Here we swear!

*Hen.* O sympathy divine!

## CHORUS.

We never will betray;  
 But you, our chief, obey.

*Hen.* I feel thy power benign.

## CHORUS.

We never will betray;  
 But you, our chief, obey,

## GRAND CHORUS.

We pant the force to prove  
 Of friendship and of love.  
 Then on without delay,  
 For vengeance points the way.

*Hen.* Thy solace now impart,  
 Friendship! thou art, still,  
 Balm of every ill,  
 That tries the human heart.  
 Of fate no more complain;  
 A seraph now above,  
 Mindful of thy lov,  
 Will soften every pain.  
 To glory, then, devote the hour;  
 Thy wrongs we feel: within thy power  
 A great revenge we soon will prove;  
 'Tis friendship's cause, and filial love.

## CHORUS.

Every breast with ardour glows,  
 To hurl destruction on his foes,  
 Here we swear!

*Hen.* To heaven the vows ascend!

## CHORUS.

We never will betray;  
 But you, our chief, obey!

*Hen.* In supplication bend!

## CHORUS.

We never will betray;  
 But you, our chief, obey!

## GRAND CHORUS.

The oath is seal'd on high,  
 To conquer or to die!



SCENE III. *A Gallery.*

## SONG. ROSELLA.

In early life, when blithe and gay,  
 We laugh'd the roseate hours away,  
Rida, rida, rida,

When blifsful moments swiftly flew,  
 And we no real sorrow knew,  
 O then! why then---

Our little wranglings soon would cease,  
 Lull'd by the charm; the kifs of peace!  
Rida, rida, ra!

Soon lovely misses, each a pet,  
 We made our lovers fume and fret,  
Rida, rida, rida.

Betraying what we would disguise,  
 Our frowns o'erbalanc'd by our sighs,  
 O then! why then---

They soon subdu'd the feign'd caprice,  
 And tried the charm, the kifs of peace!  
Rida, rida, ra!

So, now in lasting bondage tied,  
 I always mean to be the bride.  
Rida, rida, rida.

And when life's fun withdraws its light,  
 The torch of love shall burn more bright:  
 O then! why then---

Each low'ring storm I will suppress,  
 And try the charm, the kifs of peace!  
Rida, rida, ra!

SCENE IV. *A large Gothic Saloon.*

## SONG. BERTOLT.

## I.

Come listen, friends, to what I tell,  
 You all will be delighted;  
 In autumn, so it late befel,  
 Our miller was benighted.  
 He is both rich and bold,  
 As no one will deny;  
 And yet his blood run cold,  
 He heard so strange a cry.

## CHORUS.

O friends! said he, where'er you go,  
 The Forest black beware O!

## II.

Last Whitsun Eve, young Isabel  
 Among its shades did wander;  
 Why there she stray'd I do not tell,  
 A goose may meet a gander;  
 She is no timid maid,  
 'Twas not the hour of night;  
 Yet Isabel, 'tis said,  
 Return'd in dreadful fright.

## CHORUS.

O friends! &c.

## III.

Once thro' the wood my business lay—  
 As fast as I could scramble,  
 I took, by choice, the shortest way,  
 O'er many a tangled bramble.



A path I tried to find,  
 But soon my way was lost;  
 Whene'er I look'd behind,  
 I saw our curate's ghost!

CHORUS.  
 O friends! &c.

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FINALE.

*Guard.* Be not alarm'd; but hear,  
 Our story will surprize you;  
 Of danger we'll apprise you.

*Guests.* Be quick! say on! we hear.

*Gariga.* Approach in silence near me,  
 And, then, with wonder hear me.  
 As nigh the mill I wander'd,  
 'Twill sure excite your pity,  
 A band of soldiers seiz'd me,  
 Or 'twas, perhaps, banditti.

*Guests.* Banditti! Banditti!  
 How's that? Banditti!

*Gariga.* They dragg'd me to their chief,  
 (In vain you all were waiting)  
 I look'd just like the thief,  
 And they the court debating.  
 At last my merit finding,  
 They fain would urge my stay;  
 When I, their converse minding,  
 O'erheard them thus to say:—  
 “ Yon castle now conceals  
 “ A man of blood suspected.”

*Guests.* The castle now conceals!—

*Gariga.* “ A man of blood suspected!”

*Guests.* He soon must be detected.

*Cicely.* Perhaps they mean these strangers here,

*Jocel.* } Perhaps they mean the master here.  
*to Alb.* }

*Guests.* They seem alarm'd---observe their fear.

*Rosella.* Let them alone!

To my husband they are known;  
They came for hire, to sing and play,  
Poor mistrels! on my wedding day.

*Bertolt.* They both are strangers unto me.

*Guests.* Unto thee!

*Bertolt.* They came not at our feast to play.

*Guests.* Not to play!

*Bertolt.* I never saw them here before.

*Guests.* Not before!

*Bertolt.* Methinks they both look very shy,  
I do not like their minstrelsy.

*Guests.* They certainly look very shy.

*Bertolt.* (*to Alb. & Joc.*) On you suspicions fall,

We mean not to offend;  
You strangers are to all,  
So confidence must end!  
To-night we must with care  
You all alone detain  
This flask your hearts may cheer,  
Until we meet again.

*Jocelin.* They see our drift I fear.

*Albert.* Our friends will soon be here.

*Jocelin.* 'Tis dangerous to stay.

*Albert.* We cannot get away.

*Guests.* Observe them well;---they whisper---see!  
Here danger's plain---no doubt have we,

BERTOLT *and* CHORUS.

Good night—good night--- I pray  
Your slumbers may be easy,  
And may no dreams affright—

*Focel.* Good night---good night---dare say  
Our slumbers will be easy,  
And may your dreams delight!

*Foc. & Alb.* } I'm sure that they suspect.

*Guests.* Don't let them see that we suspect.

*Foc. & Alb.* } Let's gently both retire!

*Guests.* Let's gently all retire!  
Within the hall we'll silent keep.

*Foc. & Alb.* } Within we'll watch--'twere death to sleep.

*Guests.* Again they speak---can you not hear?

*Foc. & Alb.* } 'Tis over with us both, I fear.

*Guests.* My doubt each moment stronger grows.

*Alb. & Foc.* } Now I'm sure they think us foes.

*Guests.* To-morrow 'twill appear  
What you really are!

*Alb.* } To-morrow 'twill appear

*& Foc.* } What we really are!

*Guests.* You may in safety sleep to-night.

*All.* Good night! good night! my friends,  
Truth soon will come to light.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A large Gothic Saloon.*

SONG. JOCELIN.

I.

Tol de rol, &amp;c. &amp;c.

When I was a little boy,  
 Lively; brisk, and airy,  
 Nothing could my rest destroy,  
 Goblin, ghost, or fairy;  
 Little cat,—guinea-pig;  
 Sparrow, mouse, or linnet—  
 Sometimes singe my master's wig,  
 In mischief every minute.  
 In all sports—every trick,  
 I carried every jest on—  
 I could learn wond'rous quick,  
 All except my lesson.

When I was a little boy, &amp;c.

II.

Pastime was my whole employ,  
 Sportive was my nature;  
 Lads, would call me hopeful boy!  
 Lasses, wicked creature!  
 Fighting dogs---poney race,  
 Pleas'd as I grew older,  
 Sparkling eyes, pretty face,  
 Taught me to be bolder.

This had like to cost me dear,  
 I must needs be cooing:  
 Quite in love with beauty, where  
 Twenty more were wooing;  
 Broken heads, bleeding hearts,  
 Prov'd but cruel sport, Sir;  
 Blunted soon beauty's darts,  
 Cut the matter short, Sir.  
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

“ O Friends, said he, &c.”

SCENE II. *The Gallery.*

QUINTETTO.

ALBERT, JOCELIN, BERTOLT, and two Attendants.

- Alb.* Alas! I fear it is too late,  
 In every eye I read our fate---
- Joc.* O say no more---good Sir, forbear,  
 I quake from top to toe with fear.
- 1st Att.* They tremble now, and seem surpriz'd.
- Bert.* One's the servant  
 I will warrant,  
 And the master is disguis'd.
- Joc.* For heaven's sake, be prudent, Sir,  
 Their eyes are steady, do not stir.
- Alb.* Is there no way? consult your brain;  
 We may perhaps, be free again.---
- Joc.* Despair not! but be steady!
- Ber. & Att. }* Let's be watchful, all will do.
- 2nd Att.* If I can judge, they are already  
 Scheming what they shall pursue.

- 1st Att.* Your silence keep---hush! be collected--  
We have them now, be you but still!
- Joc.* We are undone, we are detected,  
They understand each other's will.
- Bert.* I'll speak to them, we can dissemble.
- 1st Att.* Yes, 'tis a plan will answer well.
- Joc.* Pretend you want to write a letter.
- Bert.* I beg your pardon, gentlemen,  
Our conference will soon be over,  
We will attend to you again.
- Alb.* Will you, so kindly condescending,  
Grant me a matter of import?  
I wish to write a word or two—
- 2nd Att.* To your wish we are attending.
- Ber. & others.* } This will afford more time to watch 'em,  
And they will not find our clue.
- Alb.* Alas! I suffer more than dying!
- Joc.* Cold sweats o'er all my joints are flying!
- Ber. & others.* } Appear to look another way.
- Alb.* Sir, I would wish to write a letter,  
Pray furnish me the means to write.
- Joc.* After supper, 'twill be better,  
Or we sha'n't eat to-night.
- Alb.* The gentlemen do not object.
- Joc.* Well, write!  
O! here's the wine!  
When before me, 'tis in vain,  
I must drink---I can't refrain.
- Alb.* Imprudent man! what is he doing?
- 2nd Att.* Suppose I pour them out their share:
- Bert.* There is no haste; for both prepare,  
I think we have them in the snare.
- Alb.* O Heav'n! he rushes to his ruin!
- Joc.* Why, gentlemen, is this good breeding,  
What, suffer me to drink alone?  
Your visitors not heeding,  
What the devil have you done? [*To Alb*



Bert. What do you mean, that note destroying?

Foc. Some love affair, some tender toying!

Bert. Pooh! pshaw!

They only trifle time away.

Att. Now in our net the game decoying,  
We'll bumper round, and seize our prey.

Foc. Come, then, my boys! let's all be jolly!

Bert. With all my heart---so here begins.

Alb. How now, are you mad? will you drink?  
What a folly!

Foc. Let me alone---I know who wins.

Drink, drink!

The wine will not affect you;

'Tis all secure, I think--.

Victory! I'll protect you.

Bert. Why in such haste? some minutes over

They will be lock'd in slumber sound;

Then all you wish you may discover,

And their secret plot be found.

Alb. May this delicious draught requiting

Treach'rous friendship, fatal be!

But souls of honest worth delighting,

A generous pledge of social glee.

Foc. } Good! good! our work will soon begin.

Alb. } Good! good! our work will soon begin.

Foc. } They little think what we have done.

Alb. } They little think what we have done.

Att. What's the matter? I'm all confusion!

Foc. Nothing but a strong delusion!

Att. O heaven! the room and all runs round!

Foc. You will very soon be found.

Bert. Zounds! why every thing seems double!

Foc. True; you won't have much more trouble.

*Ber. & others.* } Well, never mind---let us look sharp.  
*Joc.* Ay, do look sharp! careful guardians, do!

*Ber. & others.* } Our duty is to watch, you know.

*Joc. & Alb.* { my } superior art prevailing  
 { your }

A momentary joy supplies---  
 My languid constancy was failing,  
 Now every hope again will rise.

*Ber. & others.* } Our duty is to watch we know,  
 } I am quite faint with dozing so.

*Joc. & Alb.* } Good! good! good!

CHORUS of GUARDS.

What traitors, did you hope  
 All your mischief to conceal?  
 Be quick! secure! they can no more dissemble  
 A punishment severe  
 You shall ever feel!  
 See, see, my lord is here---  
 Tremble!

SCENE III. *The Outside of the Castle.*

SONG. HENRICO, *to his Soldiers.*

'Tis revenge! for the awful hour prepare;  
 With zeal in the conflict your glorious deeds I  
 share.  
 Stain not the laurel; but let your well-earn'  
 fame  
 Arise from deeds of mercy, which the fall'n fo  
 shall claim.

Now our friend, perhaps surrounded,  
 Refigns his gallant breath,  
 Or neglected, faint and wounded,  
 Implores relief from death.

In embattled order stand,  
 And be firm, my faithful band !

Be prepar'd—

He calls ! He calls ! Let's shape our course,  
 Resistless our united force !

---

HENRICO.

Advance my warriors now,  
 Inflict the dreadful blow.---

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BATTLE PIECE.

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FINALE.

GRAND CHORUS.

Victorious is our cause !  
 To heaven ascribe the deed !  
 A moment let us pause.  
 'Till wretched Albert's freed.

*Hen.* Speak ! where is my hapless friend ?  
 That we may succour lend.

CHORUS.

Speak ! speak !

CHORDS.

(*Rudolph speaks.*)

## CHORUS.

How ! a female, and expiring ?—  
 Speak ! speak ! speak !

## CHORDS.

(*Rudolph speaks again---*)

*Hen.* Bear him away---save, save his life---

Take courage---no delaying---  
 The path we'll soon discover,  
 Success our toil repaying,  
 His freedom will recover.  
 Let's on with prudent daring,  
 The glorious labour sharing.  
 We'll rend the walls asunder,  
 He'll hear the welcome thunder ;  
 Soon the tott'ring mass will fall ;  
 One mighty ruin bury all.  
 Be firm, and persevere,  
 To save a friend so dear !

Revenge!

Redouble the blow,  
 The castle o'erthrow !  
 It totters ! away !  
 Not a moment delay !  
 Search, search---never fear,  
 Our voice he will hear.

END OF ACT II.

**ACT III.**

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**SCENE---***The Subterranean Part of the Castle.*

**FINALE.**

**CHORUS.**

Go on, 'twill do---the walls give way,  
The work will soon your toil repay,  
Oh persevere! we must succeed,  
The mighty labour never heed---  
O spread the tidings round,  
The captives we have found!  
For joy and bliss again prepare,  
Every heart the triumph share,  
'Tis Heaven's own deed, and virtue is its  
care!

**THE END.**

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NOT IN

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SCHEMATA

IN THE

CHURCH

The first thing that strikes the eye  
 The words will soon be found  
 In perfect! we must be  
 The mighty labor never  
 O! such the ill that  
 The captive we have found  
 For you and his  
 Every heart that  
 The spirit of our

THE END